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<www.airforceescape.com>

Why Reunions are good for you:

By JERRI DONOHUE

Brecksville, Ohio

AFEES Friend Member

As a volunteer for the Library of Congress Veterans History Project (VHP), I have attended numerous reunions of WW II vets. Despite different histories and customs, I have repeatedly observed that these events share something in common:

Reunions are good for those who attend.

Because of this, at the end of each VHP interview, I now ask the veteran if he/she participates in reunions. If the answer is "no," I ask why not. Here are some of the responses I get, and my rebuttal:

1) **I'm too old to travel.** Oh, yeah? I have interviewed nine men aged 90 or older at reunions. Four of those were attending their first reunion ever! Another fellow was two weeks shy of his 95th birthday.

Many (most?) veterans find it easier to travel to reunions with family members. Draft a younger relative to come with you. He/she can do the driving or fetch luggage from the airport carousel and do any necessary leg work.

One interviewee was an 89-year old ex-POW attending his first reunion—his college student granddaughter brought him to it. Another first-timer was 91 and confined to a wheelchair—his niece's husband accompanied "Uncle Louie." Reunions are good for adult kids of veterans, too.

Sometimes they learn important pieces of their father's history when they listen to him speak with other vets. And they get to mingle with a crowd of exceptionally nice baby boomers.

2) **I won't know anybody there.** Yes, that can be tough. But you probably will know somebody within about a half hour of your arrival. The people hosting the reunion want you to be there and they want you to have a good time.

They look forward to meeting you because you're all members of the same endangered species. If you come to an AFEES reunion, you will be with other evaders. No wife, child or friend, no matter how loving, has experienced war as you have. But other evaders have lived it and they understand you in a way nobody else can.

3) **It's too expensive.** It's a shame to realize some veterans pass on reunions because of finances. Would your kids chip in to help?

Please be honest with them. They may be searching for suitable Father's Day, birthday and holiday gifts. You probably already have all the shirts, baseball caps and Benny Goodman CDs you'll ever need. (Incidentally, I did not come up with this suggestion on my own—it worked for one of those 90-year old vets mentioned above.)

4) **It will awaken sad memories.** That happens at any reunion. An AFEES reunion, however, celebrates the best in human nature because it emphasizes the courage and kindness of helpers who kept evaders out of enemy hands. In addition, you will swap stories and share laughs with other evaders in the hospitality suite. Of course you will think of comrades who are gone. But the reunion also gives you the opportunity to remember them in a meaningful way during a beautiful memorial service.

Come to Colorado! You'll be glad you did!

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THE SOCIETY'S PURPOSE IS TO ENCOURAGE MEMBERS HELPED BY THE
RESISTANCE ORGANIZATIONS OR PATRIOTIC NATIONALS TO CONTINUE
EXISTING FRIENDSHIPS OR RENEW RELATIONSHIPS WITH THOSE WHO
HELPED THEM DURING THEIR ESCAPE OR EVASION.

ELIGIBILITY REQUIRES THAT ONE MUST HAVE BEEN A U.S. AIRMAN,
HE MUST HAVE BEEN FORCED DOWN BEHIND ENEMY LINES AND AVOIDED
CAPTIVITY, OR ESCAPED FROM CAPTIVITY TO RETURN TO ALLIED
CONTROL.

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

SPRING 2010
Wounded vets
to participate
in warrior games
after our reunion
at the Springs

WASHINGTON (AFNS) --

Approximately 200 wounded
active duty members and military
veterans will compete in the
inaugural Warrior Games May 10
to 14 in Colorado Springs, Colo.,
Defense Department officials
announced Jan. 7.

The U.S. Olympic Committee will
host the games, and events will
include shooting, swimming, archery,
track, discus, shot put, cycling, sitting
volleyball and wheelchair basketball,
said Army Brig. Gen. Gary Cheek,
the commander of the U.S. Army
Warrior Transition Command, at a
Pentagon news conference.

The competition is open to
military members and veterans with
bodily injuries as well as mental
wounds of war, such as post-
traumatic stress and traumatic brain
injury.

The Army will be represented by
100 soldiers chosen out of a pool of
almost 9,000 wounded warriors. The
Marine Corps will send 50
competitors, while the Navy, the Air
Force and the Coast Guard will send
25 each, General Cheeks said.

"The value of sports and athletic
competition and the fact that you can
get great satisfaction from what you
do is really what we're after," he said.
"And we're really looking for this
opportunity to (grow) this program in
May and have it get bigger and
stronger."

For more information, contact the
Air Force Wounded Warrior office at
800-581-9437 or e-mail
afwounded.warrior@randolph.af.m
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NEW MEMBERS

Welcome!

Hope to see ya in the Spring at the Springs!

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Our overseas friends respond to the annual greeting cards

In early December 2009, the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society mailed 275 greeting cards, mostly to overseas addresses. At presstime for this issue, we had received replies: from Belgium 11, Canada 1, France 66, United Kingdom 1, United States 3.

Six cards were returned due to having moved, an incorrect address, or death.

Many recipients from around the world responded and sent a seasonal message to our members.

From Belgium:

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Schutters sent a Happy New Year card with the American and Belgium flags pictured on it.

Roberti Lintermans wrote, "Our numbers dwindle but the spirit remains. To you Americans we have a debt for the many men who died far away from home to give us back our freedom. A few days ago I went to Bastogne for the 65th anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge. I saw American veterans but unfortunately I never saw again some of My Flyers since many, many years. Best wishes for you and for My Comrade Flyers, for health happiness and for prosperity. God Bless You "

From the Netherlands:

Colleen Monster replied. She and her husband Bert heard of Clayton David's death. A few days later Bert also died. "It is sad when old friends leave us, but she has wonderful memories from the Reunions and staying with them and they staying with us." She wishes the new leadership all the best and blessings.

From France:

Mr. & Mrs. Pierre Montaz-Rosset sent a postcard picturing the monument to the Maquis of L'Oisans and the liberation of Grenoble.

Mr. & Mrs. Louis Ledanois sent a copy of Rev. Ford Henry Wilson's (departed AFEES member) obituary, as well as a poem that Rev. Wilson had written.

Mr. & Mrs. Christian Babled wrote, "Thank you so much for your card and greetings for the coming year. Thank you for keeping alive the spirit and the courage of these people who helped us in the dark period of our history. We will never forget the risks they took endangering their lives for us to be free today.

"Let's have a thought for those who are away from home in the Middle East today leading the same combat for other people to be free."

French government honors evader

From the San Francisco (Calif.) Chronicle, Dec. 30, 2009

By CARL NOLTE, Staff Writer

The government of France awarded the Legion of Honor Tuesday, Dec. 29, to a Bay Area man who was shot down over occupied France during World War II and then joined up with a secret French underground to fight the Germans.

William Kalan (E&E# 1105), 91, a retired advertising executive who lives in the Rossmoor retirement community in Walnut Creek, received France's highest decoration from Pierre-Francois

Mourier, the French consul general in San Francisco, during a ceremony at Rossmoor. Mourier called Kalan "an exemplary human being."

"You left your country, your family and friends to fight at the risk of your life," he said.

He pinned Kalan with the Legion of Honor - a five-pointed Maltese cross with a red ribbon - then embraced the old hero. "Your sacrifice and that of your comrades has not been in vain," Mourier said.

Kalan got a standing ovation from about 100 family members and friends.

Receiving the Legion of Honor was a surprise, Kalan said. "What can I say except thank you, thank you, thank you."

Kalan had seldom discussed his wartime adventures after he returned home, but Tuesday he told his war story slowly and softly: how he joined the U.S. Army Air Corps when he was 24 and learned to be a pilot, though he had never before flown a plane of any description.

A year later, he was pilot of a B-24 Liberator of the 493rd BG on a mission over occupied France.

Bailing Out

On June 22, 1944, German anti-aircraft fire knocked out one of his plane's four engines. Kalan took the crippled plane out of formation,

hoping to get away. But then German fighters hit his bomber and knocked out two more engines. With only one engine left, Kalan ordered his nine crew members to bail out and then jumped, too.

Just before he hit the ground, he saw his plane swerve and miss a huge white building, which turned out to be the Chateau de Chambord, one of France's Renaissance treasures. Inside, the French had hidden priceless objects from the Louvre, including the Mona Lisa.

Later, when he learned what was in the chateau, he was amazed.

"I almost killed the 'Mona Lisa,' " he said.

At the time, though, he had to hide from German patrols, saving his own life. He climbed a tree and hid there for two days.

"I was lucky," he said. "The Germans looked but they didn't look up."

Later, a French couple, Yvonne and Andre Roussay, took him in. The Roussays lived with their family in the village of Huisseau-sur-Cosson, in



An undated photo of Andre and Yvonne Roussay. The couple took in and cared for William Kalan after his plane crashed in German-occupied France.

Andre was the leader of a Resistance group in the area.

RAY SHERK -- FLYING AT 87!



2nd Lt. William Kalan, 493rd BombGrp., was shot down over France on June 22, 1944.

the Loire Valley, and, as it turned out, Andre Roussay was the head of an underground resistance group. The family risked their lives to save Kalan. Death was the usual German punishment for harboring Allied airmen.

The Underground

Kalan then risked his own life by working in disguise with the underground. "We were harassing the Germans, watched the roads, kept track of their movements," he said.

Eventually, he and his co-pilot, Kenneth Klemstine (E&E# 1104), who was hidden in a nearby village, managed to hook up with U.S. troops and their war was over.

After many years, Kalan got in touch with the Roussays. They are dead now, but their youngest son, William Roussay, was on hand at Rossmoor to see Kalan get his medal. William Roussay was named for Kalan.

The crowd, mostly older people from the retirement community, drank Champagne and toasted Kalan, a hero after all those years.

"This generation is fading away very, very fast," said Mourier. "It is important to remember what they did. It is important for us -- for France -- and for America."



From the Journal of the Spitfire Society, No. 53, Westerham, Great Britain

Following a call for members who still fly their own aircraft comes this picture from Life Member Raymond Sherk from Toronto, Canada.

Raymond (called Ray in AFEES circles) flew a Spitfire in June 1941 at Heston. While flying them in combat, Raymond suffered two separate descents into enemy territory. The first involved Spitfire MkVc BR359 (601 Sqn) where he was taken prisoner for a year before escaping and returning to join 401 Sqn operating out of Tangmere on the South Coast.

In March 1944, Raymond went down again -- this time with Spitfire MkIXB MH 744 where he avoided capture and returned to the UK via Spain. His last flight in a Spitfire was on 11th May 1944.

Raymond has continued flying for pleasure since WWII and has maintained instructor qualifications. The picture above shows Ray beside his Piper PA12 seaplane. In his letter accompanying the picture, Raymond writes:

"At the end of each float flying season, I land it on the grass at the St. Catherines Airport in Ontario and have it towed into the hangar for winter storage. It is not amphibious, so I fly it away from dollies (which continue down the runway) in the spring. Now 87, I am due for my next Annual Transport Canada Medical, after which I plan launch my seaplane in May and go fishing as usual. Flying members of the Society are welcome to join me (Tel. 416-756-4403.)"

Raymond Sherk of Ontario, Canada, is a Life Member of AFEES and has attended many of our reunions.

Paul was betrayed after 81 days

By Mark Meltzer

Daily News assistant business editor

(Published in 1995)

STONE MOUNTAIN, Ga. -- Paul Kenney was 22 years old and driving a truck part-time when he decided to enlist in the Army Air Corps, the predecessor of the U.S. Air Force.

Being a hero was the last thing on his mind.

But years after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor plunged the United States into World War II, Kenney's courageous adventure seems all the more remarkable.

In the course of 15 harrowing months from February 1944 to May 1945, Kenney was shot down over Nazi-occupied France, hidden by the French Resistance and held in a series of prison camps before escaping and finding freedom.

Three months later, the United States dropped a pair of atomic bombs on Japan, and the war was over.

Kenney, a Michigan native, was driving a truck for package shipper Railway Express when he first thought about enlisting. It was October 1941, two months before the Pearl Harbor attack.

"My idea was to get in a year's service and get out," said Kenney, a retired banker and science teacher who moved to metro Atlanta in 1982. "The problem as I saw it was I was earning the grand sum of \$21 a month. I thought if I got in the cadet corps and got into flight training they paid you \$50 a month. After you graduated you got hazard pay, flying pay, of \$246 a month -- which was more than some of the guys in the defense plants made all during the war."

Kenney spent 58 hours in flight training but washed out. He switched to bombardier/navigator training and completed that in April 1943. He was assigned as the bombardier on the 10-man crew of a B-17 heavy bomber, a rugged plane that could fly at 30,000 feet, cruise at 150 miles per hour and had a 1,000-mile range. The crew was stationed in Grafton-Undervood, in the Midlands section of England.

Kenney guided his bombs to their targets without problems on his first 12 missions. Typically, they were runs across the English Channel, over France and into Germany to bomb air bases, factories and targets in the central cities.

But the 13th mission, on Feb. 11, 1944, brought bad luck to the crew.

"Over the target we got hit by flak, anti-aircraft fire, and it knocked out our oxygen system. That's when we lost this fellow here," Kenney said, pointing to a photograph of gunner Richard Lee, who died quickly in the thin air.

"At 30,000 feet, you can live about two minutes without oxygen," Kenney said.

The pilot did the only thing he could -- break out of formation and drop to an altitude that would allow the



Paul E. Kenney was proud to wear his World War II flight jacket.

crew to breathe. That made the aircraft immediately vulnerable to attack by German planes.

Kenney, who was the first-aid officer, moved around the plane treating injuries. The pilot tried to get the aircraft home before an engine fire forced it down or caused an explosion.

"We were having a running battle with some FW-190 pursuit planes on our tail and trying to get back across the channel," Kenney said. "Either that or ditch in the channel so the rescue boats could get us out. We didn't make it."

The pilot executed a "controlled" crash landing at about noon, bringing the plane down in northeastern France, about a half-hour flight short of the English Channel.

The crew survived the crash, although everybody was banged up, both from the crash and the shooting that preceded it. But there was no time to rest. Kenney was shot down less than four months before D-day, when Allied forces stormed the French beaches at Normandy and liberated Europe. Because Hitler knew an invasion was coming, there were hundreds of German troops near the crash site. The crew knew it would be only minutes

before they were found.

Kenney, the pilot and the engineer, who was badly wounded, ran to a nearby barn, and stayed there until it got dark. After dark, the three were able to get to a village, and sought refuge.

"We went to this schoolhouse, because in France a lot of teachers live in apartments right in the school, so we knew there was somebody there, and we knew that teachers usually would help if they could," he said.

"This woman came to the door and took us right in. She patched us up -- we were covered with blood -- gave us a couple of loaves of bread and a few jugs of wine and told us where to hide out."

Kenney and his colleagues hid in another barn for the night.

Kenney and the pilot got away and within a few days, found refuge with the French Underground. He stayed with the Resistance for 81 days, hoping to get out through one of several established escape routes. Before he could do that though, Kenney was turned in by a counterespionage agent and taken prisoner.

The Germans took him to an interrogation center, where he stayed for four weeks. He wasn't beaten but conditions were poor. A wooden slab was his bed, and there was little food.

From there he was taken to Brussels, then Amsterdam, then Poland, just before D-day, June 6. After Europe was freed, Kenney thought he'd be home by Christmas. But it took almost another year.

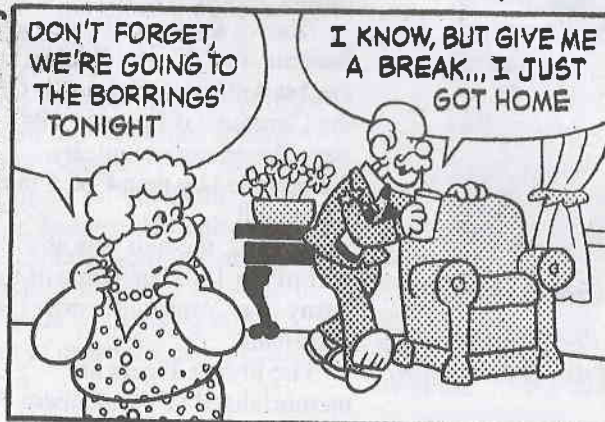
By January, Kenney and his fellow prisoners could hear the big guns as Soviet troops took to the offensive. Patton's 3rd Army also was moving through Europe from the west and his captors forced the prisoners to march to Czechoslovakia, then to Nuremberg, where Kenney believed he was likely to be executed.

Instead, he escaped into the foothills of the Bavarian Alps. "I decided I wasn't going to go in the front door and out the chimney," said Kenney.

He remained in hiding until gaining real freedom in May, when Patton's troops stormed through the area.

The late Paul E. Kenney served many years as treasurer of the AF Escape/Evasion Society. His widow Dorothy is still active in the society.

Beetle Bailey



Crowne Plaza provides reunion shuttle service

Colorado Springs Airport to/from Crowne Plaza Hotel:

- Complimentary shuttle service to and from the Colorado Springs Airport is provided by the Crowne Plaza in Colorado Springs. By picking up the phone for the Crowne Plaza in the airport baggage claim area, the shuttle will be dialed automatically.. Hours of operation are 6:00a.m. – 11:00p.m.

- Taxi service is approximately \$20 each way to and from the Colorado Springs Airport.

Denver International Airport to/from Crowne Plaza Hotel:

- Colorado Springs Shuttle service to and from the Denver International Airport is available for a fee. Reservations and advance payment are required. (It is recommended that reservations be made three or more days in advance as May is a busy travel month.) The length of the trip is approximately 2 hours each way. Basic fee is \$50 **each way**, with lower rates available for military, seniors, couples, children and pets.

The phone number for the Colorado Springs Shuttle is: 877/587-3456. Reservations can be made on the web site, which provides detailed information: <www.coloradoshuttle.com>

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'Tiger' is a hero in China

**From the LOMPOC (Calif.)
RECORD**

Sunday, Dec. 28, 2009

By Julian J. Ramos
Staff Writer

Glen Beneda doesn't think of himself as a hero.

"I'm not used to this," he said. "I'm just an ordinary guy."

However, Beneda, one of the famous "Flying Tigers" fighter pilots during World War II, is treated like a celebrity in China.

Shot down over China while escorting American bombers on a May 1944 attack mission into Japanese-occupied mainland China, Beneda was helped by Chinese Communist soldiers--- one of whom became the president of China in the 1980s.

On Dec. 9, a Chinese TV crew interviewed Beneda, 84, at his Vandenberg Village home about the mission, what happened after the crash, and how he was treated. Beneda said the crew was from a Chinese version of the History

Channel and he was overwhelmed by the amount of attention.

"I don't understand it," he said.

Although he wasn't prepared for their visit, the crew was cordial, Beneda said.

During trips to China in 2001 and 2005, Beneda and his family were similarly embraced by the Chinese people.

On the 2005 trip, Elinor Beneda, his wife of 62 years, said they were treated "like royalty" wherever they went.

The Chinese hospitality included police escorts from one place to another.

Her late brother, Ralph Egle, was the friend her husband hitched a ride with in 1942 to enlist in the Army. Egle died in a B-24 crash over Europe during the war.

At their home, the Benedas have a coffee table filled with elaborate gifts from their China visits.

The Chinese government paid for the 2005 trip as part of a gathering of Chinese and American World War II veterans to mark the 60th anniversary



Glen carried a blood chit like this to communicate with local people after he was shot down over China during WWII.

of the Japanese-Chinese peace treaty.

Beneda was one of 40 living Flying Tigers invited to China for the symposium.

People associated with the name "Flying Tigers" are treated "like a hero" in China, Elinor Beneda said.

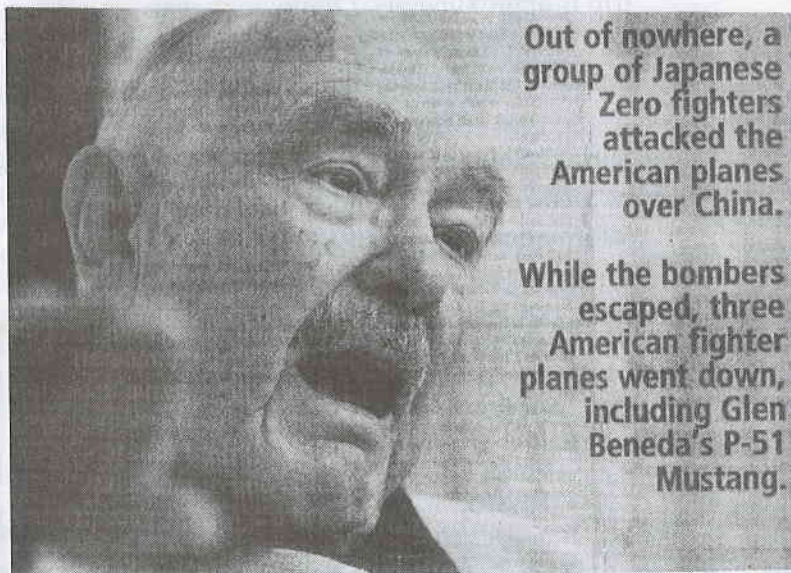
"He signed a thousand autographs," she said.

As part of the trip, Beneda was given an honorary certificate of citizenship to Kunming-- where the Flying Tigers were based -- from the mayor of the city for his "contribution to Chinese Anti-Japanese War and Kunming people during World War II."

Known for their classic tiger shark insignia, the "Flying Tigers" began as the 1st American Volunteer Group of the Chinese Air Force in 1941. They were American volunteers commanded by then Col. Claire Chennault.

In 1942, the unit was absorbed as part of the 14th Air Force of the U.S. Army Air Corps under now Gen. Chennault.

The Flying Tigers are memorialized at Vandenberg Air



Out of nowhere, a group of Japanese Zero fighters attacked the American planes over China.

While the bombers escaped, three American fighter planes went down, including Glen Beneda's P-51 Mustang.

'Flying Tiger' pilot Glen Beneda describes being shot down over China during WWII. He has become a celebrity of sorts there, being honored with gifts, medals, an honorary citizenship and soon, a museum.



Photographers swarm around 'Flying Tiger' Glen Beneda during a recent visit to China. Glen was shot down over China and rescued by Communist guerrillas.

Force, home of the 14th Air Force headquarters.

Born in McCook, Neb., on Jan. 6, 1924, Beneda enlisted in the Army Air Corps when he turned 18, less than a month after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Arriving in China in May 1943, Beneda flew 80 missions over the next year as part of the 23rd Fighter Group, 76th Squadron.

In May 1944, Beneda and a dozen other fighter pilots were flying cover for a group of B-24 and B-25 bombers on an attack run against a Japanese air base located in Central China.

Out of nowhere, a group of Japanese Zero fighters attacked the American planes over Hubei Province.

While the bombers escaped, three American fighter planes went down, including Beneda's P-51 Mustang.

Trying to bailout of the plane, however, became difficult.

The canopy wouldn't release, so Beneda flew the plane down so it would glide while using all his strength to move the canopy aside to jump out.

The tail of the plane hit his right leg as he jumped out and pulled the parachute cord.

"It whacked me pretty good," he said.

The plane smashed into a lake.

Upon landing in a rice paddy, Beneda was met by a group of rural farmers. Using a "pointie-talkie" translation book and carrying a small Chinese flag -- a kit U.S. pilots called a "blood chit" - he was able to identify himself.

"They were a little shy," he said.

Knowing Beneda was one of the Flying Tigers, the farmers hid him from the Japanese.

Being shot down was not uncommon, Beneda said, "Lots of people got shot down."

But unlike their counterparts who were downed over Europe, all American pilots saved by the Chinese were kept out of enemy hands and returned back safely, he said.

On the day of his early afternoon crash, Beneda was at the base of the New 4th Army -- Chinese Communists guerillas who were fighting a civil war against Nationalist troops -- by the early evening. At the base in the hills,

3,000 to 4,000 troops were hidden.

There he met another American pilot who had been downed on the same mission.

For two months, Beneda was carried by a makeshift stretcher, on carts and horses, until his leg healed. The leg wasn't broken but he had a serious bone contusion.

The trek through hills and mountains included a gun fight on a dark overcast night with no moonlight where the only light came from muzzle flashes.

Beneda said his bad leg miraculously healed in the firefight as he scrambled on foot.

"It got well in a hurry," he said.

One of the men who helped Beneda is a revered figure in China -- considered one of the "Eight Immortals" of the Chinese Communist Party.

Li Xiannian, then the general of the New 4th Army, ended up becoming the third president of the People's Republic of China from 1983 to 1988.

Beneda described Li as a "remarkable guy" who had no formal education but still rose to the top of the Chinese government.

His daughter Madam Li Xiaolin, vice president of the Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries, has become a friend to the Benedas and a constant companion on their visits to China.

Gen. Li gave Beneda a Japanese ceremonial sword that had once belonged to a Japanese major general as a present to Chennault.

The sword is mentioned in a book written by Chennault and featured in a photo of Chennault cutting his wedding cake with the sword, according to Beneda.

Eventually, Beneda made it to an airfield and was flown back to his squadron -- along with the sword.

For two months, he had been listed as dead. Beneda was promoted to captain after he returned to his squadron.

He left the service in 1946 with a Distinguished Flying Cross and a Purple Heart. He went on to serve 23 years with the Los Angeles

County Fire Department.

As part of the 2005 trip, Beneda, his wife Elinor, son Edward, and grandson Brian, were taken back to the village where his plane had crashed. He met some of the villagers who had helped him.

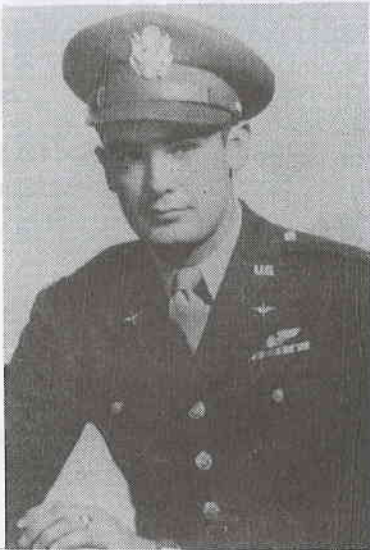
The remains of his plane had been found in a lake drained for use as farmland. He was pre-sented pieces of the plane as a gift.

Officials in the province where Beneda crashed plan to turn the area into a museum featuring the restored plane from the wreckage that was found. It is scheduled to open in 2010 and Beneda has been invited to the opening.

There is tremendous pride in the remote, poor village for having rescued an American pilot and he's treated "like a trophy" there, Glen Beneda said.

Edward Beneda, of Garden Grove, went to China in November and spoke on behalf of his father at The Great Hall of the People in Beijing before a gathering that included Xia Kui, a New 4th Army soldier who helped his father and eventually became a Chinese Army general.

During a visit to Chongqing, China, Edward called his father that a Tv crew would be coming to visit him. He also met with officials about the museum and plane display.



Lt. GLEN E. BENEDA
American Volunteer Group

Baker Crew kinfolk plan to be with us

Descendants and relatives of the Walt Baker crew, 95th Bomb Group, plan to be in Colorado Springs in conjunction with the AFEES meeting. Several of them have joined AFEES as Friend Members; others will be considered as guests.

The Baker Crew went down Aug. 17, 1943 over Belgium. Co-Pilot Martin Minnich (E&E# 229), Bombardier Henry P. Sarnow (E&E# 230) and Gunner John White (E&E# 95) evaded. The other seven crewmen were captured and became POW.

By JACOBUS de SWART

Nijenheim 52-09

3704 BC Zeist

The Netherlands

<jdeswart@ziggo.nl>

Starting in 2001, I discovered that a Luftwaffe pilot (Lt. Erich Burkert/JG26) had downed two B-17s on the western front.

See <www.mighty8thaf.preller.us/gallery/OurBayBee>

In the process of research I learned from the family album of the Burkert's in Germany, this pilot had downed a 'Viermot.' on Aug. 17, 1943, that crashed in "the province of Antwerp, Belgium." Checking all downed and crashed 8th AAF Heavy Bombers in that area on that day, time of crash etc and matching results, I concluded that this Heavy Bomber was the one who crashed at Mol-Desschel.

Ongoing research delivered a Belgian Police report (Rijkswacht of Mol) of this crash in which some names of U.S. airmen were mentioned. First found was the family of co-pilot Martin Minnich and his war-time address in Piqua, Ohio.

The other U.S. families of the 10-men crew were found later.

I contacted them and sent them what I had found out. They coöperated by sending me wartime material on the AAF career of their fathers, uncles, nephews etc.

Though I had a lot of research done over a period of nearly eight years, the families of the original crew deserve credit for assisting me in making this story complete.

The rescue of three Americans

From the book 'FROM
PURGATORY TO HELL'

By the late

AUGUST FRUYTHOF

(Translated by Phyllis

Jean Minnich-Monroe)

August 17, 1943 ... A hot summer day that I will never forget At 12 noon, German fighter planes attacked an American B-17 Flying Fortress over Mol.

I watched the outcome of the air

battle from the Sandpits. The Fortress was in trouble. With engines flaming and smoking, it slowly descended in the north. I watched several parachutes open and float gently toward the ground.

I counted four, five, six, seven ... a pause ... then one, two, three separated from the others. I began bicycling in the direction of the last three airmen who were headed for a landing two and a-half miles away.

They were coming down in a pine grove. In the meantime, the bomber crashed and burst into flames. Truck loads of German soldiers rushed to the open area behind Achterbos where the first crew members came down.

The trucks could not get into the woods, so there was time for me. I was determined that the last three men were mine.

I pedaled to the highway, then across an open field toward the woods. It was an infernally hot day. My heart was in my throat. Sweat streamed out of every pore of my body.

My only concern was the three men coming down slowly, dangling from their parachutes. With my last ounce of strength, I zigzagged through the trees toward the first man.

The moment he touched the ground, I helped him extinguish his smoldering flight suit and disconnect his pistol and dagger holster. I pushed them into a rabbit hole and told him to run northward until he reached a short junction canal, then wait for me.

He was in a state of shock and for an instant didn't seem to understand what I said. I yelled, "Quick, man. Run!" and pointed my finger in the direction I wanted him to go.



AUGUST FRUYTHOF
Belgian Resistance man

About 200 yards further, I reached the second man. He was not injured, so from my bicycle I gave him the same instructions as the first man. I found the third one. My only thought was to get them out of the area before the Germans arrived. We hurried to the canal where the others were waiting. I told them to remove their outer clothes and to swim across the canal. The first two men swam off immediately, but the third man, John White, who wore a Mae West safety belt, wouldn't go into the water. I pushed him in.

I could hear the Germans moving and shouting in the woods only a few hundred yards away.

Time was running out. We had to get out of there. I told him, "Go on. Try it again. Quickly!" I don't think he had ever been in water over his knees. Again, he yelled for help and again I pulled him out. Now, I had to choose whether to abandon him or lose all three men. I looked in the direction of the bridge and saw Marcel Coppin rowing toward us. Marcel was one of my men who lived on the waterside.

"Come. Follow me." I said to White. When we reached Marcel's boat, I shoved White into it and crossed the bridge to help the first two men.

In the meantime, the Germans reached Kempen Canal and searched to the west. The opposite side of the canal, 100 yards further north, was also occupied by German soldiers.

The men and I were positioned between the two enemy factions. Fortunately, heavy foliage surrounded the Canal and provided cover for my rescue preparations. However, we were not as fortunate when we withdrew from the area.

I gave Minnich the overalls to wear and tied a large, red handkerchief around his neck, pulled my felt hat down over his eyes to hide the burns that he suffered when the oxygen tanks exploded and explained to him as we walked that I would talk about fishing. The only thing that he needed to do was act interested and nod knowingly now and then.

To complete our disguise, as we

passed a shed near the Canal bridge where week-end anglers stored their gear, I grabbed a bundle of fishing rods. Without breaking stride, I handed a few rods to my companion and proceeded toward the throng of curious villagers who were gathered on the bridge straining to see the burning plane.

As we neared the road, a woman busily talking to her friends, suddenly stopped when she saw me and shouted, "Gustje, aren't you going to see the plane?"

I answered, "No. I'm not interested. We're going fishing."

Because of her shouting, other people looked in our direction. We stopped a second and I spread my hands wide indicating the size fish I had caught and continued talking to my companions. No one appeared suspicious because my passion for angling was common knowledge in Mol.

Minnich removed his disguise and entered the water at a barren spot, then swam back into the reeds leaving no trace of entry.

Having gotten one man out of the danger zone, I had to get the other one. I put the overalls, hat and handkerchief on, took the fishing rods in my hand and crossed the road again.

There was a larger group gathered on the bridge than before, but they hardly noticed me as I returned for Hank Sarnow.

I took Sarnow to the Sand pit the same way that I had taken Minnich and promised to return with something to drink and bandages for Minnich's wounds. I was concerned that Minnich might develop a fever so suggested that Sarnow give him the overalls and hat.

I admonished them not to leave their hiding place until they heard the slapping sound of the eel which I made with my mouth. I added that if the Germans were still searching for them and I was unable to get back that afternoon, I would return after dark.

When I arrived home, I prepared food for the fish and tied it with the bait and fishing rods on my bicycle. Ida made a large bottle of tea and some sandwiches to take along and

said she would prepare beds for the airmen. She also contacted Gerardine in Mol and told her to bring bandages and ointment for burns. I pushed some gauze down in my rubber boots and cycled back to the sandpit where I set up my fishing gear, threw some food into the water for the fish, baited the hook and started to fish.

Periodically I stood up and looked around to be certain I was alone. After a half hour of fishing, I made the sound of the eel and the Americans came out of hiding. The food and drink filled their bellies and lifted their spirits.

By this time, Minnich's burns were bright red and swollen --much worse than I thought. I applied Purol Salve to the burned areas and explained that they would have to stay in hiding until 11:00 that night.

The water was a wet hideout, but fortunately, only waist high. It was the safest place to hide them that I knew. Hunting dogs couldn't track into the reeds and the entire area was densely overgrown with no paths leading to it. I fished for a while longer. The area was quiet. I packed up my gear and went home.

On the way, I stopped to visit my friend Coppin and learned that John White was in Geel.

Preparations were already made to get him out of Europe.

At the hiding spot, I gave the signal and the two men appeared as before. After they had gotten into the dry clothes, I explained that they



MAJ WALTER A. BAKER
AO 736458 19 FEB 55

B-17F, USAAF, 95 BG, 335 BS # 42-30274

Crew (last-) Mission: Aug. 17 - 1943

Captain and pilot : 1 Lt.	Walt Baker
Co-pilot:	2Lt. Martin Minnich
Nav.:	2Lt. Cedric Nussbaum
Bomb.	2Lt. Henry P. Sarnow

Enlisted men:

ROG	T/Sgt. Walter T. Mc, Dermott
AEG	T/Sgt. Alvin O. Forney
BTG	S/Sgt. John White
TG	S/Sgt. Albert G. Bergeron
RWG	S/Sgt. William H. Binnebose
LWG	S/Sgt. Roscoe J. Alderman

were to follow about 30 yards behind me and that if I were stopped by anyone, they should run back to the sandpit.

We travelled two miles across the highway and through some fields. As we approached my house, I could see the all-clear signal (a little opening between two slats of the Venetian blind).

We were safe, at least for the moment. We slipped into the house. There was total darkness. We waited a moment and listened. When all remained quiet, I turned on the light.

This was the first chance we really had to introduce ourselves and become acquainted. In spite of the serious situation we were in, we had some cordial moments together. Ida had prepared a good meal and warm baths for the men, and as soon as Minnich's burns were properly dressed, they retired. Five minutes later they were snoring.

While they slept, I sat at a table in a room at the front of our house holding a Sten gun and watching the street. Gerardine, armed with a pistol, was on guard at the window overlooking the back garden. For five days and five nights we kept our

surveillance.

One day, I sent Gerardine to the woods where the Germans were persistently searching for the three American airmen. She returned to tell me that the soldiers had been ordered to search without food or drink until they found the missing men.

I told Gerardine, "Take this bread to the man and ask him why they don't search the houses. Suggest that maybe the Americans are being hidden by members of the White Brigade."

Gerardine went back to the officer. She learned that the Germans believed no one would give the Americans shelter because it was logical that the houses might be searched since they were scouring the neighborhood.

Minnich's fever rose to 103 degrees and his wounds developed wild tissue that needed to be cut out and medicated. Gerardine had access to silver nitrate which she brought to treat his wounds. She medicated and dressed his wounds daily. Even if we wanted, Minnich could not be moved.

My normal daily activities were

curtailed during this time. The third day away from my job, I received a letter from my employer summoning me back to work immediately and threatened to turn me over to the occupational forces. That same day Captain Beckers stopped by. He informed London of the incident but was instructed to not get involved. His advice was to move the men as soon as possible.

The proof that Becker's concern was justified came a week after we moved the men. Petit Jean, an electrician at the Power House, confided to me that he was one of the inquisitive people on the road watching the burning plane and that he watched my movements with amazement. He said, "I have told no one of my observations. I want to cooperate and work with the Resistance. I saw your courage and daring and would like to work with you."

He proved to be a very reliable man.

The fourth day, Martin's fever broke and his burns were less swollen which gave us reason to think seriously about moving Sarnow and him. That day, both Beckers and the Third Man came to the house. Beckers asked the Third Man if he knew of a safe hiding place for some American airmen.

This was the first inkling the Third Man had that the escaped airmen were in my custody.

Without hesitation, he said, "They can stay with my Uncle Jos who lives on the Rond, but there is one problem --next Sunday is the fair."

My home was filled with commotion the next night when the men were getting ready to leave. Martin Minnich dressed in my best suit and Henry Sarnow donned a suit belonging to Rene Smet of Dessel which Albert provided.

When the men were dressed and the helpers had arrived, Calixte and the Third Man led our entourage toward the Rond. Gerardine and Henry formed the second duo. Martin and I followed them. Loewieke rode rear guard about 75 yards behind us.

He was instructed to ring his bicycle bell as loudly as possible and fall to the ground to get our attention if police or soldiers passed him. If we were stopped, we would say that we were taking a sick workman to the hospital. Gerardine was our verification.

We arrived safely and without incident at Uncle Jos Verbruggen's where we were heartily welcomed. After explaining the situation to the host, we promised to return the next day at the same time to treat Martin's wounds.

The following night upon arrival at Uncle Jos we found the Americans dressed for going out. "Heavens! Are you going to the fair?" I asked jokingly. In my wildest imaginings I

never dreamed that was exactly their intention.

Martin said, "Gus, (Gus was the only name he knew me by) the Third Man said that he was coming to get us at 10:00 tonight to visit a cafe. I told him that we couldn't leave the house without your permission, but he wouldn't listen."

I was flabbergasted and even more so when the Third Man arrived and explained his reasoning. "I bet the owner of Belle Vue Hotel a bottle of Brandy that I could bring two American pilots to his cafe this evening," he told me.

"Are you totally insane?" I asked. "You have been sitting in a bar and boasting when there are so many people milling around?"

After Gerardine and I left, the Third Man, his aunt and uncle quarreled. The old couple were afraid that their nephew's reckless behavior would bring trouble to them and they decided that they didn't want the Americans to remain in their home. Uncle Jos informed us of this change in events the following evening when we returned to treat Martin's burns. He did not know where the Third Man had taken the two men and we were greatly concerned for their safety.

Later, we heard that the Third Man had literally "made the rounds" with them looking for someone to take them in.

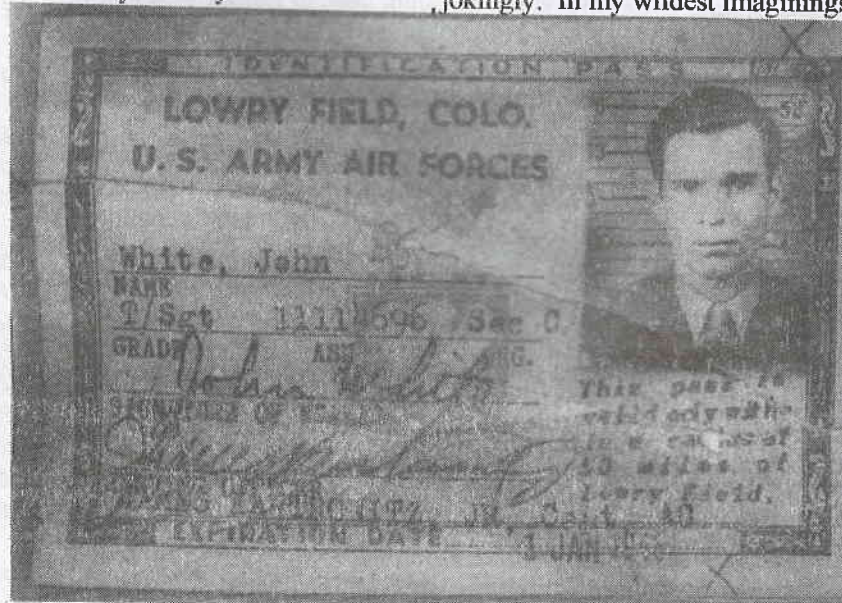
His parents wouldn't take them and neither would several other families he visited. They ended up at Ward Deckx, a very careful and quiet man who made it quite clear that no one was to know their place of abode.

The Third Man was not to try to contact the airmen again.

Sometime later, word reached us that two men were in very good hands and the Martin was being cared for by Doctor Gomand.

After a short time Captain Van Gijsegem took them by train to Brussels. From there, they travelled through France and Spain, then to Rio de Janiero and finally England.

After debriefing, they were returned to the United States where they became flight instructors.



Piqua man never forgot his friend who saved him

From the Piqua (Ohio) CALL

Feb. 7, 1981

By Tom Millhouse

Call Staff Writer

Martin Minnich had never forgotten the Belgian Underground leader who saved his life when his bomber was shot down during World War II, but after losing contact with his friend 30 years ago, the Piqua man thought he would never see "Gus" again.

However, through a stroke of luck, the two men were reunited in 1980, 37 years after they first met in German-occupied Belgium.

Minnich's B-17 bomber was shot down by German fighter planes on Aug. 14, 1943. He and his crew bailed out of the plane before it crashed. Some of the crew members were quickly captured by German soldiers, but Minnich and his bombardier, Hank Sarnow, landed a distance away and were able to elude searchers by hiding in some reeds at the edge of the river.

A member of the Belgian underground resistance, August "Gus" Fruythof, found the American airmen and later that night took them back to his house.

There, Minnich recovered from his wounds, and initial plans were made for their eventual escape through occupied Belgium and France to safety in the British embassy in Spain.

Before leaving the homes of Fruythof and other members of the underground who helped him during his journey, which took about four months, Minnich left his name and address on a piece of paper.

Underground members then hid the names in a secret place like a brick in a fireplace, Minnich explained. After WW II, Minnich was contacted by about 30 families who inquired about how he was doing and informed him about others who helped him. Minnich said many of the people who offered him assistance were arrested by the Nazis and thrown into concentration camps where they suffered inhumane treatment or death.

A local war hero Minnich, 62, told several Piqua service groups the story of his escape. One of the groups, the Elks lodge, decided to help those who aided Minnich by sending them food and other commodities after the war.

Included in the packages were copies of the lodge newsletter, "Elks' Echos." It was one of those newsletters which led to the reunion of Minnich and Fruythof.



Martin's first solo flight, September 1942

--Photo from family collection

Fruythof had kept that worn copy of "Elks' Echos" and used the address to write the lodge in an effort to find his old friend. Minnich said he received a phone call from the club secretary, Marion Fessler, who told him he had a letter for him. Minnich was overjoyed to find the letter Fessler spoke of was from Fruythof.

Minnich responded to the letter with correspondence of his own, telling Fruythof of his life since the war and asked for an update on his friend. Minnich said he had often regretted not going back to Europe to see those who helped him, but in the return letter said "maybe it's not too late" to make the trip. "I wanted to retrace my footsteps and see the people who helped me," Minnich said.

Arrangements were made and Minnich and his wife, Catherine, visited Fruythof and his wife, Ida, for 10 days at their home in Arendonk, Belgium, in September 1980. "After 37 years, we finally got together," Minnich said.

"Needless to say it was a very happy meeting," Minnich recalled about the reunion at the Brussels airport. The men had exchanged recent photographs of each other so they would recognize each other when they met.

Minnich said he had been in contact with Fruythof after the war and corresponded with him until 1950. Minnich said his friend's health had been poor after the war and "he was in and out of hospitals." When he was unable to contact his friend, Minnich said, "I thought poor old Gus had cashed in."

Minnich was amazed by the way he was treated in Belgium. He found himself regarded as a celebrity as three newspapers and two televisions conducted interviews on the reunion of war friends. "I was just flabbergasted," Minnich said. He was also the guest of honor at local functions.

"For the people of Belgium it was like the war was just yesterday," Minnich said. "They came up to me and shook my hand and said, 'Pleased to meet you. Thank you for liberating us,'" he said. Minnich said the war affected the Belgians and other Europeans far more than Americans since it was fought on their homeland. "There wasn't a home that wasn't affected by the war," he said.

Minnich visited with four other families "or what was left of them" during his trip. He was pleased to note that Fruythof, his wife, his daughter and her husband will be visiting Piqua in early May. It will be the Fruythof's first trip to the United States.

During an interview this week, Minnich reminisced about his military years. He was one of the initial groups to leave Piqua through the draft in January 1941 and underwent artillery training in Mississippi in preparation for possible action in North Africa.

Minnich recalled, "Back then it was 'goodbye dear, back in a year.'" He said it didn't take long in the artillery for him to realize there had to be better jobs in the Army.

And the breaking point came one rainy night while eating a supper of green beans while out in the field. "We had had a rough day, and I had a flashlight trying to see the green beans I was eating," he said. "About that time I heard a plane fly overhead and I knew that guy was going back to sleep in a warm bed and to eat a hot meal, so I decided that was the job (pilot) for me," Minnich said.

The short term in the service turned into an indefinite stay when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor Dec. 7, 1941. Minnich said pilots were in demand after Pearl Harbor and he jumped at the chance to fly.

After nine months of training, it was off to Europe for Minnich in mid-1943 as co-pilot of a B-17 "Flying Fortress." Flying bombing missions over Germany and other Nazi occupied countries was risky business at the time. Minnich said the casualty rate for airmen was very high.

"You were considered an old-timer if you were there (he was based in England) for five missions," he said. After 25 missions, airmen were sent back to the United States.

Minnich made it through 13 missions, but on his 14th flight the crew ran into heavy gunfire from German planes. Two engines were knocked out by gunfire, so it was decided to turn back in hopes of at least making it to the English Channel where rescue crews were very successful in recovering downed airmen.

However, enemy fire struck the plane's fuel tanks, setting them ablaze. Members of the crew began bailing

out, and just as Minnich began his jump, oxygen tanks aboard exploded. The impact threw him from the plane, his clothes afire.

Minnich landed in a tree but was able to free himself from his parachute. Badly burned, Minnich was joined by Sarnow. They were approached by a Belgian boy who sought to help them. A short time later a man approached and Minnich recalled putting his hands up in surrender, thinking the man was a German soldier. However, the man turned out to be Fruythof who later took them back to his house where Minnich began his recovery and hid from German search parties who were looking for the two airmen.

After leaving Fruythof's house, Minnich and Sarnow made their way to Brussels. While in Brussels, they were aided in their escape by Anne Brusselman, a leader of the Belgium underground. She was credited with helping hundreds of Allied airmen escape from the Nazis.

Several years later, Minnich went to New York City at the request of television network officials to appear on Garry Moore's "I've Got A Secret" show where a panel tried to guess Anne Brusselman's secret. Minnich and several other airmen she aided appeared to surprise her after the panel had guessed her secret.

Using fake identifications and with an underground member as a guide, Minnich and Sarnow made their way through France. He said several times they narrowly escaped after being detected by the Gestapo. He said they were shot at several times.

Finally arriving at the Pyrenees Mountains, the two men with the aid of natives of the mountain region climbed the peaks into Spain.

Reaching Spain, they journeyed to the British Embassy. Spain was supposed to be a neutral country, but Minnich explained Spanish officials would have turned them over to the Nazis if they had been caught.

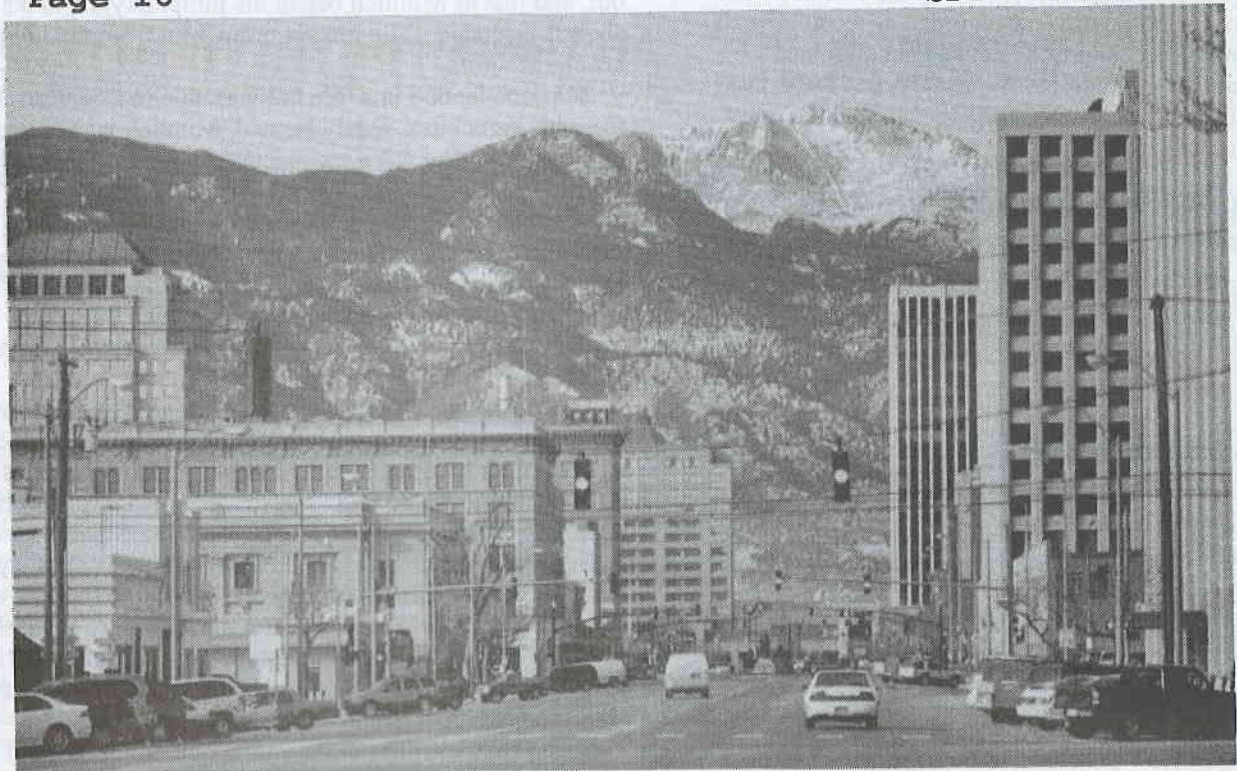
The British then took them Gibraltar before returning to England on Thanksgiving Day. They were questioned by Allied personnel for possible valuable information they had picked up during their escape. Minnich later returned to the United States where he served as a flight instructor.

Minnich's friend Fruythof has written a book about his experiences in Nazi concentration camps. Minnich said 650 people from Fruythof's area went into the camps and only 14 came out alive. He said his friend had weighed about 180 pounds when he had helped him but had shriveled to just 72 pounds when he was freed by Allied soldiers.

Minnich said the title of the book, written in Flemish, is translated "My Purgatory to Hell." On the cover of the book is the drawing of a man in a cage. Minnich said his friend spent 63 days lying naked in such a cage.

"The only people who could really tell the story of what happened are those who really went through it," Minnich said.

That was the reason for Fruythof's writing the book. "He felt it was time the story was told," Minnich said.



At the edge of the Plains, Colorado Springs sits against a dramatic backdrop along the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains.

Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society Reunion

Wednesday, May 5, 2010	1:00 p.m.	Hospitality Suite Opens
Thursday, May 6, 2010	A.M.	Registration Opens
	P.M.	Tour Desk Opens
	1:00 p.m.	Colorado Springs City Tour (Optional)
	6:00 p.m.	Welcoming Dinner
Friday, May 7, 2010	9:00 a.m.	Board of Directors Meeting
	10:30 a.m.	Base Tour with lunch included (Optional)
Saturday, May 8, 2010	8:00 a.m.	Buses Depart Hotel for Air Force Academy
	9:00 a.m.	Memorial Service in Cadet Chapel
	10:30 a.m.	Visitors Center
	11:30 a.m.	Lunch at Officer Club
	2:30 p.m.	General Membership Meeting
	6:00 p.m.	Annual Banquet
Sunday, May 9, 2010	7:30 a.m.	Farewell Breakfast

REUNION RESERVATION FORM**AIR FORCES ESCAPE AND EVASION SOCIETY****Thursday-Sunday, May 6-9, 2010****Crowne Plaza, Colorado Springs, Colorado****Please complete and return this form with check or money order (No Credit Cards.)****Your Check is your receipt.****MEMBERS:** *Make check payable to AFEES REUNION and mail to:***AFEES, c/o Lynn David, 225 South Meramec, Suite 1232, St. Louis, MO 63105****HELPERS ONLY:** Send both Hotel Reservation Form and Reunion Reservation Form to:**AFEES, c/o Lynn A. David, 225 S. Meramec, Suite 1232, St. Louis, MO 63105****Please Indicate Your Choice of Events****Number**

_____	Registration Fee @ \$25 per person	\$_____
_____	5/6/10 Colorado Springs City Bus Tour, 1300-1630 hrs., \$20 per person	\$_____
_____	5/6/10 Thursday Night Dinner, \$32 per person	\$_____
_____	5/7/10 Air Force Academy Tour - 9 a.m. - 2 p.m. \$15 per person	\$_____
_____	5/8/10 Memorial Service and tour in Cadet Chapel 9:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon \$10 per person	\$_____
_____	5/8/10 Saturday Banquet, \$37.50 per person	\$_____
_____	Choice of Entrée: Beef _____ Chicken _____ Fish _____	
_____	5/9/10 Sunday Farewell Breakfast, \$16.60 per person	\$_____
	TOTAL ENCLOSED	\$_____

(Total of all events is \$156.10 per person)**For Reunion information, contact Lynn David, 1 (314) 863-1954****Cell Phone (314) 422-1567, www.ldavid@airforceescape.com****NOTE:** If you have a blue AFEES lanyard from a past reunion, please bring it for use at registration.**NAME BADGES:** List names as you wish them to appear:

NAME (please print): _____ Service Unit _____

Spouse's Name: _____ Guest's Name _____

Mailing Address: _____

City, State, Zip Code: _____

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

Any Special Needs? _____

'TENSHUN, you vets!

ATTENTION!! ATTENTION!!!

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO PARTICIPATE IN THE *"One More Mission"* PROGRAM at the Air Force Academy on Friday, May 7, AND YOU HAVE NOT ALREADY DONE SO, CONTACT Col. Steve Mac Isaac ASAP!! with the FOLLOWING INFORMATION: Name, Crew position, Type Aircraft, date your EVADER adventure started. -- again, MAC needs this ASAP!!

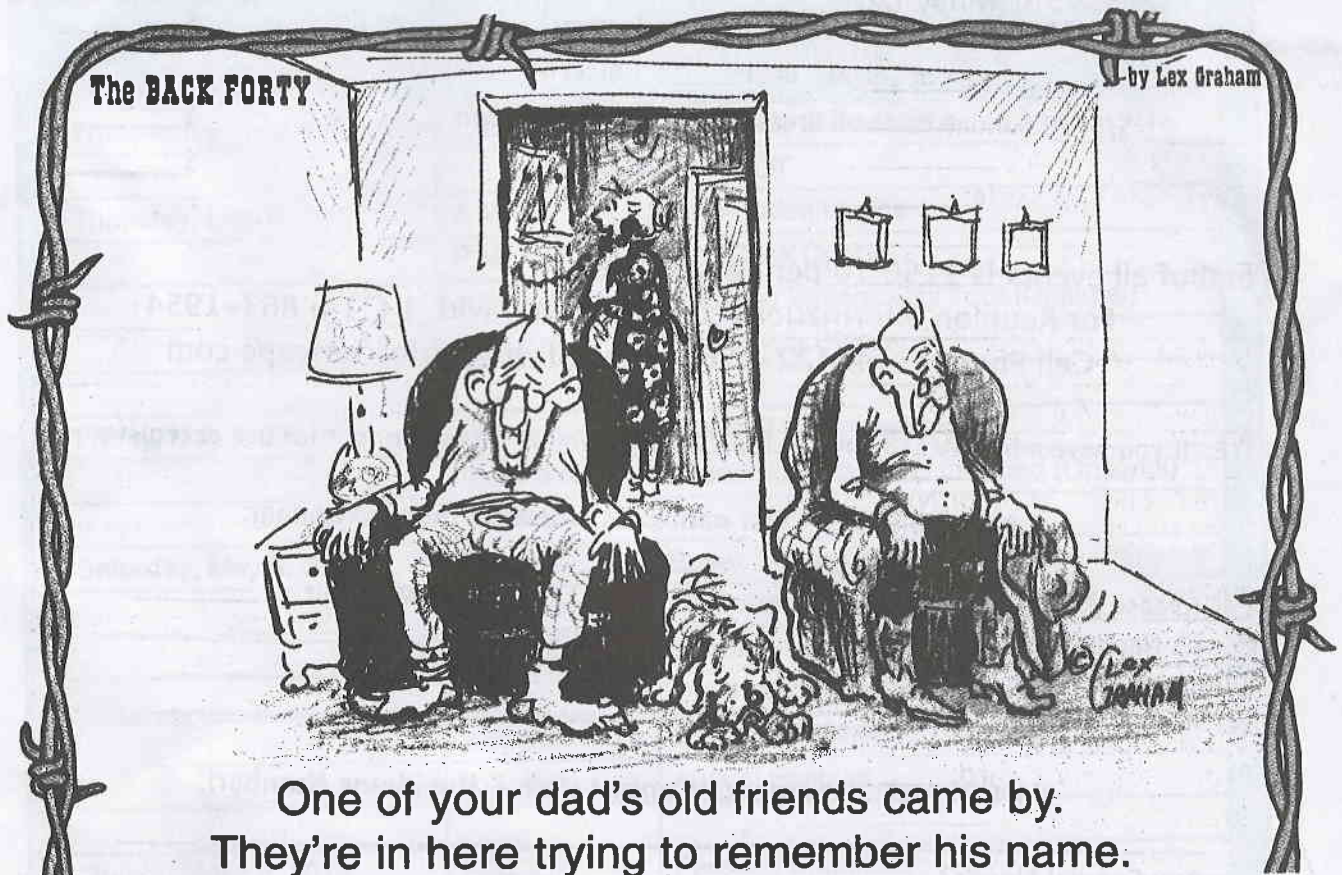
The 'One More Mission' project was described on Page 13 of the Winter 2009-10 issue. Evaders and Resistance people who volunteer for the project will spend time in the classroom with Cadets at the Academy, providing an opportunity to meet with the young people in today's U.S. Air Force.

REACH MAC: By e-mail <colmacmac@mac.com>

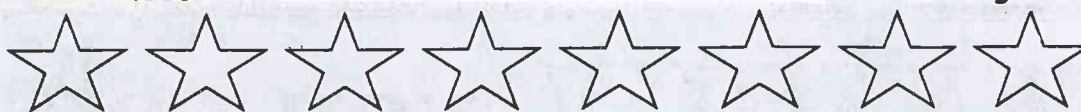
Snail Mail: 6449 Coventry Hills Dr., NE, RIO RANCHO, NM 87144.

Call 505-867-3367

This is your chance to do one thing more for your country!



One of your dad's old friends came by.
They're in here trying to remember his name.



CROWNE PLAZA

Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society Reunion

May 3-11, 2010

HOTEL RESERVATION FORM

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The Crowne Plaza - Attention: Reservations

2886 South Circle Drive. Colorado Springs, CO 80906

Phone: 800-981-4012; Fax: 719-576-0507

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Reunion Hotel Rates guaranteed only until April 4, 2010

HELPERS ONLY: Send both Hotel Reservation Form and Reunion Reservation Form to:
AFEES. c/o Lynn A. David, 225 S. Meramec, Suite 1232, St. Louis, MO 63105

Last Name: _____
First Name: _____
Mailing Address: _____
City/State/Zip Code: _____
Phone: _____
E-mail: _____

Arrival Date:	Departure Date:
Number of Adults:	Smoking Preference:
PAYMENT METHOD	
Check Enclosed (Y or N)	
Visa Number:	
AMX Number:	
MC Number:	
Other CC Number:	

Name on Credit Card: _____
Expiration Date: _____
Signature: _____



Joe Maloney stands outside his Nova Scotia home next to his mail box where he was surprised to find a newspaper article about his experiences in Yugoslavia 65 years ago when his B-24 was shot down in World War II.

Joe puts together his story

This is translated from an article printed April 2, 2009, in DOLENJSKI LIST, a newspaper published in Slovenia, which was part of Yugoslavia at the time.

The date was the 65th anniversary of Joe Maloney being shot down during WWII. He and Bill Kollar are the only two crew members still alive.

APRIL 2, 1944 PALM SUNDAY

Joe Maloney, a 20-year-old American was in the U.S. military and sent to Lecce, Italy. He was a tail gunner in a B-24, day by day going to destroy Hitler's industry. So many planes flying-- huge block

formations flying over our country -- not always all came back.

Joe was very joyful to celebrate his April 4th birthday with friends. Three weeks after this day his mother received a telegram saying he was shot down on April 2nd. He was put in action over Sture, Austria.

So today (April 2, 2009) in Yarmouth, N.S., where he now lives, he is celebrating 65 yrs. And on April 4th, 2009 he will be 86. Without the courageous partisans from Podgrad, this article would not be written.

Many times the crew put pictures of beautiful girls on nose of aircraft. Each girl signified a mission. Plane's name was "Maggie's Drawers."

German planes circled downed aircraft as men parachuted. Wanted to bail out over Adriatic Sea but couldn't go that far. Aircraft hit over Slovavia and lost altitude and was

hard to fly. The German hunters attacked the plane. The crew jumped out over country unknown to them. When Joe bailed out he saw a German plane circle him, waved at him and flew away. Joe landed very hard on the ground.

American in Podgrad

Partisan Carkarjeve Brigade was looking over the south to Nova Mesto. Now Mesto was fortress of 700 German soldiers SS Panzer Regiment, 1000 Domobranci-Solvenins under German command.

On the same post was 25-year-old Stanko Kusljan. He went through many battles. Today he is 90 years old and still in good health and very strong. He remembers April 2nd very well.

Stanko says, "I heard strange, strong noises and saw a huge aircraft near Sentjerneja and two German

planes around it." These two planes were going after Joe's plane. The crew jumped out from the aircraft one after another. Wind took them to Podgrad. One landed between German sympathizers and the partisans.

Joe was stopped by two men who said they were partisans but he did not understand that two armed men in uniforms wanted him as a friend, so he ran, but they took him and he walked between them.

They said "Tito American" and pointed to themselves and Joe. They walked long and late in the afternoon, went up a steep hill with a church on top with a huge house nearby.

What surprised the young Americans in the middle of the village were a number of people who were looking surprised around a well built about two meters high watching blue uniforms fall from the sky -- his crew.

One of the men from the village stepped out and gave him a hug. Joe was in Podgrad, situated in Mahouskin. He was feeling lucky that he was still alive and healthy and wondering about the rest of the crew. The next day all of them got together

one by one and taken by partisans to Podgrad, happy because everybody wanted to tell his crew story.

Art Fleming with parachute was hanging on a tree and found and liberated by Joze Sladek from the tree. Joze was happy with cigarettes.

Fred Striecker jumped last from the plane and twisted both ankles when he landed.

Franc Brule helped Fred. Fred was in American uniform but cursuing in German. His family came from Germany many years ago. Brule was glad he was not German because it would have been the last second of Fred's life. Franc put him on a horse and took him to Podgrad wrapped in a parachute.

The next day April 4th, Joe's 21st birthday, partisans took all his crew to Semic after a short rest.

The same spring the partisans started to settle near the village Otok on River Kolpa, one airport. Even though work was not finished the military aircraft could land and rescue airmen. When they arrived the Germans were there and plans were dropped. Near Cromlja were about 80 allied soldiers which were rescued by partisans -- all of them



STANKO KUSJLAN was 91 last May and remembers very well April 2, 1944, when Partisans rescued 10 airmen who bailed out of their B-24. Joe Maloney and Stanko have been friends for more than half a century.

from Slovenia. In escort by partisans in columns they started on a long and dangerous road through Croatia to Bosnia to the emergency airport near Bosanskem Petaven where they arrived the 28th of April, 20 days after they bailed out of flying fortress.

The area they traveled there was full of Ustasev and Germans. They bailed out of fortress when hit on the Garjanork, behind mountains. On the road they were attacked by Utasev and Fred Striecker was wounded. One of the crew members, George Marsell, tried to help him and was mortality wounded. Germans rescued Fred from Ustasev because Ustasev wanted to kill him.

In a field hospital in Garn, a German doctor amputated Fred's leg. January 1945 he was rescued from the Germans by the Red Cross. The last of the eight American airmen was rescued from Besanskega Petrovca Flight to Bari, Italy 1st of May 1944.

Next day Germans destroyed town and killed all the people in the town.

Cover - Bucket - Comb

The unfortunate crew of the B-24 bailed out and landed about 100 meters from old town Gracarjev



Three fighters for freedom

Joe Maloney (in the middle) visited Slovenia about a half century after his plane went down on Palm Sunday, 1944. Partisans helped him and his crew. At the left is Edi Selhous, a journalist, and Stanko Kusjlan, who gave Joe a part of his B-24 machine gun.

behind Tolstima near Sentjerneja. During the descent of the airplane gasoline was flowing out and a farmhouse and hayrack caught on fire.

At the same time the aircraft crashed, Tone Gazvoda from Gabrja, a partisan and children from surrounding area arrived at crash site.

Between them was little Joze Franke from Hrastja. Aircraft landed in a vineyard. The children were thinking the aircraft had a secret radio. They ran to collect small parts from the plane and ammunition. Later partisans took everything from the plane which they needed and left the rest for the people.

The Conta took out engine from the ground and sold it for waste. Many years after the war, people from surrounding area were using covers, buckets and combs made from airplane parts. Crafted by Tone Zorke from Dolmokrega, crafted from aluminum shell.

Back Half a Century

Joe Maloney retired as a licensed real estate broker and appraiser in America and then with his wife moved to quiet Yarmouth, Canada. He was remembered by the Slovenia partisans even though he didn't know how to get together with them.



In 1993 Joe Maloney visited at that time 84-year-old Franciska Sparovec. They were sitting on the same bench that she sat on in 1944 with some members of Joe's crew. She fed them goulash and homemade wine.



When the airmen arrived back in Bari, Italy they didn't know who saved them because they were told not to know a person, town, or place because the people who helped them could be killed by the Germans.

After a while Joe met in Canada a partisan, Aric Brodarec from Zagret, Croatia. He told her his story and asked for help.

When she returned to her country she found very well known Edi Selhous, photo newspaper journalist and Partisan. He had already collected the story about Allied airmen and published "Stotinka Sreca". He wrote the story about Fred Striecker and his crew. In September 1993 Joe, his wife and journalist Ray Zinck visited Slovenia and Ray wrote his book "The Last Flight of Maggie's Drawers," the airplane's name.

Edi took Joe to Novo Mesto where he met newspapermen, partisans and people who rescued the American airmen. He also met

Stanko Kusijan who gave him a part of the machine gun from his aircraft.

Stanko got it from a friend from the town of Zapuz, which was near where the plane went down.

Maloney and Stanko are still friendly and write each other all the time. Joe's wife, Flora Ann, wrote to Stanko that Joe picks up the gun part and looks at it.

Joe visited Podgrad and was happy to see the people many years later. They met him with open arms and hearts in the village graveyard. Joe prayed for all who helped him and his crew and all the others who have died.

When Joe parachuted out of the falling aircraft around noon on that beautiful Palm Sunday and breathed the fresh spring air, Andrie Bertelj took his first breath in the hospital in Novo Mesto, the town Joe saw the same hour. You could say that they both have their birthdays on the same time (Joe his second one and Andrie his only one.)

Joe, Andrej have 'birthdays' on Palm Sunday of 1944

By JOSEPH MALONEY
Yarmouth, Nova Scotia
15th AF, 98th BG

It was a wonderful surprise on May 5, 2009, when I went to my mail box and found a copy of the newspaper *DOLENJSKA LIST* from Slovenia, the country my crew was shot down in on April 2, 1944 during WWII.

This paper containing my crews' experience was published on April 2, 2009, the 65th anniversary of the day we landed by parachute in their country.

A journalist, Andrej Bartelj, wrote in his letter to me that there was another coincidence to the story and that is:

It was about noon on Palm Sunday, 2 April 1944 when my crew was trying to land near Novo Mesto, hoping to have our lives saved.

They were and we started our second life. At the same hour, his mother was in the hospital and Andrej was born. Andrej says that we both have birthdays on the same day and hour. I had my second birthday and he had his only one!

There is another coincidence connected to our experience in April 1944 and that is we met Maj. William Jones. He told us he was working for British Intelligence (S.O.E.) and was with Tito's Partisans and together they would get us back to our own troops in Italy.

After a month of walking, I was returned to Italy on April 28.

Pilot picked his own target on the way back!

By **EDOUARD RENIERE**
Comete Sympathizer
Brussels, Belgium

Jean de Selys Longchamp, a Belgian born in 1911 had, like many others, left the country after the capitulation on May, 28, 1940 (the King, leader of the Army, had decided to avoid unnecessary added bloodshed) to continue the fight. He had reached England and volunteered for military service. He chose the Air Force and earned his wings in a Belgian squadron attached to the Royal Air Force (RAF).

On Wednesday, January 20, 1943, he and another pilot left the airfield of Manston, England, on a strafing mission to Belgium. They attacked locomotives in the vicinity of Ghent, in Northern Belgium.

The mission accomplished, only the other pilot flew back to Manston, apparently not knowing that de Selys, flying alone in the direction of Brussels, had other plans.

The young pilot's plan was to strafe a Gestapo installation in Brussels.

So he took it on his own to get on with his daring enterprise. Flying very low to evade German radar, he flew his Typhoon above Brussels and approached his objective, a 12-story building on the Avenue Louise.

In a deafening noise, he fired his cannons at the upper floors of the building, with glass and concrete flying everywhere. He threw two flags, one of Belgium, the other of the United Kingdom, after having flown upwards above the building and taken altitude to get out as soon as possible. Twenty-five minutes later, after having flown low over hilly Flemish countryside, the seashore and the sea, escaping detection by radar and anti-aircraft guns, he landed safely in Manston.

Four Germans had been killed in the raid, amongst them one of the highest officers of the Gestapo in Brussels, Alfred Thomas.

A dozen other Germans were wounded, and the top of the building was in shambles. The news spread all over Brussels and the people rejoiced at the kick in the butt that raid meant for the Germans who made life harsher and harsher everyday for the hungry, un-free population.

The Germans were raving mad and arrested many innocent civilians as a retaliatory measure, but that courageous gesture from one of ours, fighting on despite a seeming German invincibility, lifted the spirits of a whole country.

At first, pilot de Selys saw his rank reduced, but he was later decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross for his gallant action. He died aged 31 in a crash-landing at Manston upon return from a mission to Ostend, Belgium, on Aug. 16, 1943. The building he strafed is still standing on n° 453 of the Avenue Louise, a plaque on the façade recalls the incident and so does a monument nearby.

ROSTER CHANGES

(As reported to Richard Shandor)

Mrs. Iris BENNETT "W", 1202 Durbin Way,
San Antonio TX 78258, phone, 210.495.3430

Silas M. CRUSE, c/o 7150 Mobley Walk Dr.,
Columbus GA 31904-3257, phone 706.576.4674

Mrs. Scotty M. DAVID, 4590 Knightsbridge
Blvd., Apt. # 245, Columbus OH 43214-4353, phone,
614.457.5329

Mrs. Stephanie FRIGO, 106 Lakeview
Commons Dr., Statesboro GA 30461-0751,
phone, 912.748.7114

William O. GIFFORD, 5128 Stratham Dr.,
Atlanta GA 30338-4325, phone, 678.320.0049

Col. Robert Z. GRIMES, 9110 Belvoir Woods
Pky., Apt. #210, Fort Belvoir VA 22060-2718,
phone, 703.781.3215

Mrs. Lois J. HAMILTON, PO Box 707, Grove
City PA 16127-0707, phone, 724.748.5001

Mrs. Irene M. HART "W", 48 Lambert Way,
Novato CA 94945-1757

L. D. (Doug) HICKS, 3211 W. Division St., Trl.
#9, Arlington TX 76012-3403, phone, 817.261.4517

Mrs. Jacqueline KERVIZIC "H", 108 Old
Bridge Lk., Houston TX 77069-3401

George F. MESSICK, PO Box 437, Franklin NC
28744-0437

Goffred F. MORETTO, 200 Glenridge Ct SW,
Huntsville AL 35824-1319

Col. Donald PATTON, USA(Ret.), c/o World
War II Round Table, 7220 Fleetwood Dr., Edina MN
55439-1810, phone, 952-941.5700

Terrence D. RUSSELL, 2720 S. Arthur St.,
Spokane, WA 99203-3357, phone, 509.747.9149

Lewis C. SCHLOTTERBECK, 105 Diamond
Dr., Ladson, SC 29456-4059,
phone, 843.771.3605

Hugh C. SHIELDS, 86 New Tudor Rd., Pittsford
NY 14534-4661, phone, 585.355.4759

Merlin B. SMITH, 1992 Arkansas Rd., West
Monroe LA 71291-8604, phone, 318.340.0270

John L. SNEDE, 3701 Chandler Dr., NE, Apt.
#404, Minneapolis MN 55421-4414, phone,
612.782.9608

Mrs. Philip SOLOMON "W", 3435 Enchanted
Hills Dr., Salt Lake City UT 84121-5406

Thomas C. WILCOX, 4912 Lucina Ct., Fort
Myers FL 33908-1684

K-State grads get to work for AFEES

(Prepared for the Kansas State University
Alumni Magazine, 2002)

Larry E. Grauerholz, a 1939 graduate in Journalism who now lives near Wichita Falls, Texas, and Clayton C. David, a 1941 graduate in Agriculture now living in Hannibal, Mo., barely knew each other in college. Larry was editor of the *Collegian* for the Fall 1938 semester and was sports editor of the 1939 *Royal Purple*.

Clayton was a member of Farmhouse and was a member of the dairy cattle and dairy products judging teams.

They were brought together in retirement by a series of events that began during World War II.

Now, they meet and confer with each other regularly. They are key members of a unique veterans organization, the U.S. Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society, which has as a slogan, *We Will Never Forget*.

They are part of the society's efforts to honor persons in Europe and Asia who risked their lives to assist Allied airmen downed in enemy-controlled territory.

After graduation, Larry worked for several small newspapers in the Midwest. In early 1941, with a low draft number, he was working for a newspaper in Chesterton, Ind., when he decided to volunteer to get his one-year military obligation behind him. After Pearl Harbor, that year was extended to nearly five years, during which time he was commissioned and assigned as a navigator on a B-17 bomber.

In November 1943, his crew was assigned to the 96th Group stationed in East Anglia as part of the 8th Air Force which flew strategic bombing missions against the Germans. On Jan. 5, 1944, on a raid to the airfield at Bordeaux, France, their plane was downed by flak and German fighters and was forced to crash-land at the edge of a lake near the village of Hourtin on the French coast.

That was when Larry's *tour de France* began, mostly on foot. It led him and his copilot to the foothills of the Pyrenees Mountains that separate France and Spain. The pair had several close calls before they were able to make contact with the French Underground.

They eventually were delivered to two Basque guides in Perpignan and were led across the mountains into neutral Spain. The group included two other Americans, a South African pilot, an RAF airman, two French agents, two internees who had come out of Switzerland and one infantryman who had been captured in North



The late Clayton David (left) and Larry Grauerholz pose with Gen. Duncan McNabb, an honorary director of AFEES, at a reunion.

Africa and successfully escaped from a German prison camp.

After reaching the border, they were taken to the British Embassy in Barcelona, then to Madrid and on to Gibraltar, the British colony at the tip of Spain, from where they were flown back to London for interrogation. Later Grauerholz was returned to the States and served with the Ferry Command in California and as a navigation instructor in Tennessee until the end of the war.

Clayton David took Civilian Pilot Training during the spring semester of 1941 and received his private pilot's license. After graduation, he worked for a national dairy company until his draft board called him on Dec. 1, 1941. For both men, events of Dec. 7, 1941, converted their one-year military obligation to "For the Duration."

After serving as a meat and dairy inspector for the Veterinarian Corps, Clayton was accepted for pilot training in the Army Air Corps. He received his wings and commission in June 1943. He was assigned to a B-17 crew as copilot for training and was sent overseas to the 303rd Bomb Group of the 8th Air Force in late November 1943. He flew his first combat mission on Dec. 20 as copilot with a combat-experienced crew.

On Jan. 11, 1944, the 303rd engaged in one of its most deadly air battles to bomb a target at Oschersleben,

Germany. After more than two hours under fighter attacks, they were returning over Holland with two engines out when a final fighter attack set a gas tank afire.

It was David's final mission in the European war. After his first and only parachute jump, he managed to land between the Zuider Zee and a lake near Amsterdam.

Clayton was not spotted by the Germans, but he was seen hiding by members of the Dutch Resistance. Eventually, the Dutch passed him as far as Paris on his way to Spain. In Paris, several members of the group were arrested and the eight flyers they were helping were forced to flee. David paired with an airman from North Carolina and together they traveled to south central France with help along the way.

Finally, they were placed with a group of Maquis (French Freedom Fighters) who delivered them to a guide to take them to the Spanish border. After being arrested and interned briefly in Spain, it was on to Gibraltar and back to England, where he arrived May 25, 1944.

Of the 109 Missing in Action men from the 303rd on Jan. 11, 1944, 47 were finally declared Killed in Action. Clayton was the only one to return to his unit before the end of the war in Europe. After separation from active duty in December 1945, he remained in the Reserves and retired as a Lt. Col., USAF.

Larry met his wife, the former Ruth Luckett, while he was in pilot training at Jackson, Miss., in 1942. They were married on Easter Sunday 1944 after his return from Europe.

After the war, they operated weekly newspapers in Arkansas and Texas. In 1963 they both joined the staff of the Wichita Falls (Texas) Daily Times-Record News, where both worked until retirement. They now live on a small ranch in Archer County, Texas, near Wichita Falls.

Clayton met his wife, the former Lenora Scott, an Ohio State graduate, in 1944 when he was taking a pilot instructor course at Lockbourne AFB near Columbus, Ohio. "Scotty" got a taste of military life before Clayton returned to work with the milk company that moved them to several states. They reared two sons, Lynn and Jim, with first degrees from the University of Arkansas.

What was it that brought these two widely separated K-State graduates together in retirement?

It was their common experience of being MIA during WWII and evading capture to be returned to military control. At debriefing after return to England, airmen were sworn to secrecy for 50 years regarding their experiences in order to protect the identities of the people who had risked and, in too many cases, lost their lives helping downed Allied airmen.

In 1964, a small group of men who had evaded capture by being evacuated by British PT boats off the French coast got together to establish contact with some of the Resistance people who had helped them during

For the SCOOP ON THE GROUP

visit the AFEES website:
<www.airforceescape.com>

(or have a grandkid do it!)

the war. The Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society was born.

In 1978, Clayton and Scotty went to Pittsburgh, Pa., to meet a group from the Netherlands who were being hosted. Clayton was reunited for the first time with two people who had helped him in Holland in 1944. Those individuals inspired Scotty to locate more American pilots and aircrew aided by the Underground. It became an intensive volunteer project that continues to this day.

AFEES now includes MIA flyers from every U.S. conflict starting with WWII. Scotty and Clayton have located more than 2,000 of the 3,000 U.S. airmen who evaded during WWII. Records also exist on more than 600 people, mostly in Western Europe, who resisted the enemy by helping Allied airmen and who survived.

For several years, Clayton and Scotty have served as the membership committee of the Society. Some of the Helpers are honored at annual reunions, which have been held in various U.S. and Canadian cities, and in Spokane, Wash., where today's airmen are taught the techniques of evasion and resistance at Fairchild AFB.

In addition, Scotty has prepared 16 (now 24) newspaper-sized scrapbooks about the airmen, their helpers and stories of their wartime experiences.

The Davids and the Grauerholzes met at an 8th Air Force Historical Society meeting in Wichita, Kan., some years ago. There they learned that each had graduated from Kansas State and a bit about their individual careers. When the editor of the AFEES newsletter died suddenly, Clayton recalled Larry's newspaper experience and asked if he would assume those responsibilities.

He agreed to do so, and since 1994 has served as editor of the 32-page quarterly Journal. Some 1,200 copies are mailed to members in the U.S., and to Canada, England, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, the Balkans and Australia.

Clayton and Larry devote many hours to the Society. In July 1999 they were together in the Pyrenees Mountains as they watched Mary Grauerholz-Zuck and Sue Ellison from the Grauerholz family and Lynn David spend four days in a group re-enactment crossing from France to Spain to experience a taste of what it was like for their fathers 55 years earlier, dodging the Germans.

Paratrooper and evader meet again

*Article from a Redlands, Calif.,
newspaper, probably
about 1965.*

By FRANK and BILL MOORE

When Bill Weatherwax of Redlands and Louis Guyomard of Morocco get together here on May 16, it will be different.

Now Bill is manager of the Redlands eights packing house. Guyomard is a member of a French zone citrus delegation which is coming to Southern California to see how we do things here.

Their first meeting was another story.

During May 1944, American airplanes by thousands were flying out of England to bomb rail centers and industrial targets in occupied France and in Germany.

As co-pilot of a Flying Fortress, Bill was about 75 miles east of Paris on May 29 when the B-17 was shot down.

He wound up at a French farm house at Orbais L Abbaye (church in the valley) and was a guest there for six weeks. The family consisted of a mother, her middle-aged daughter and a son. They were hospitable to the American airmen and members of the underground, although the Germans came around weekly to take their produce from them.

The night of July 19 proved to be a busy one for the underground.

From England the OSS dispatched an airplane with eight paratroopers. Since the drop had to be made in darkness and over somewhat wooded territory, quite a number of the men got hung up in trees.

The French had to move fast to rescue the men and having done that, to go back and get the tell-tale



Bill Weatherwax is shown (in light clothing) near the middle of this photo taken of the Maquis de la Rue des Meulieres in the forest. Canadian Nick Carter is at the left of three men in prone position at the right.

parachutes out of the trees.

Not only did the new arrivals make the farm an unduly populous spot. One of them, Guyomard, had brought a radio transmitter and would be keeping in contact with Intelligence back in London.

During the few days that Bill remained on the farm, he came to know that Guyomard had escaped from his native France to England, had joined up with the Americans and was a second lieutenant.

Since it was quite possible that the radio transmitter might attract the attention of the Germans, Bill decided that it was time for him to move out into the nearby forest and to live with the underground.

Although this has the sound of high adventure, Bill speaks lightly of it. The invading Allied armies were giving the Germans more than they could handle. They had no time to go chasing around in the woods to round up individual airmen and others who were living there.

"After all, we weren't giving them any real trouble," Bill explains.

The woods gave plenty of cover to hide in and one morning, from a rise, he could see 21 different columns of smoke rising from scattered camp fires -- an indication of the numerous men who were living there.

On September 21, the American troops arrived and for a few days, Bill again saw Guyomard.

But that proved to be the last time. Nor did he communicate with him during the intervening two decades. He has, however, written periodically to the French family at Orbais L Abbaye. Through them contact was re-established by Guyomard in anticipation of his forthcoming visit to California.

Before arriving here, his recollections of 1944 will be refreshed. In New York, his first spot in the U.S., he will stay with M. E. Oesterle. "He was a paratrooper, too," Guyomard wrote to Bill. "We were together in England."

'The French had to move fast'

Cherbourg man helping keep war memories alive

My name is Christian Levaufre and I am a member of a local association in a small town of the Cherbourg Peninsula at Normandy France.

It mainly aims at welcoming the veterans and/or their relatives when they come back to the battlefields and to work on keeping the memory of their sacrifice alive.

I made also a few searches on lost aircraft and crews that sometimes led to the dedication of small memorials on the spot of the crash.

My last trip to the States was on August 2009 when I brought back some pieces of a fallen B-26 to the relatives of her crew members. The Dallas Morning News made me very proud by putting a short account of that story in their newspaper.

I also received a copy of the fall edition of your newsletter and discovered with pleasure that the article about Hitch-Hiker had been forwarded to you.

I just wanted to let you know that I was feeling proud of that and wanted to thank you for publishing it. I also wanted to let you know that I feel forever grateful to all your members for what they did for the freedom of my country.

Because of a specific search I went to Langeais recently and took pictures of the wagon displayed outside the railway station in memory of the escape that happened there on Aug. 6 and 7, 1944. The train loaded with Allied prisoners of war was strafed by U.S. planes and many prisoners were killed but many were also able to escape, thanks to the help of the local population.

Here is the link in case your members would like to give a look to the pictures or download them:
<<http://picasaweb.google.fr/LEVAUFRE/LangeaisWagon67Aout1944?feat=directlink>>

Would you have some testimonies from your members of what exactly happened during those 2 days?



A TOAST

Do One More Roll for me

By Capt Jerry Coffee, USN (ret) [a Vietnam POW]

One night during a bombing raid on Hanoi, I peeked out of my cell and watched a flight of four F-105s during their bombing run. As they pulled up, it was obvious that lead was badly hit.

Trailing smoke, he broke from the formation and I watched the damaged bird until it disappeared from sight. I presumed the worst. As I lay there in my cell reflecting on the image, I composed a toast to the unfortunate pilot and the others who had gone before him.

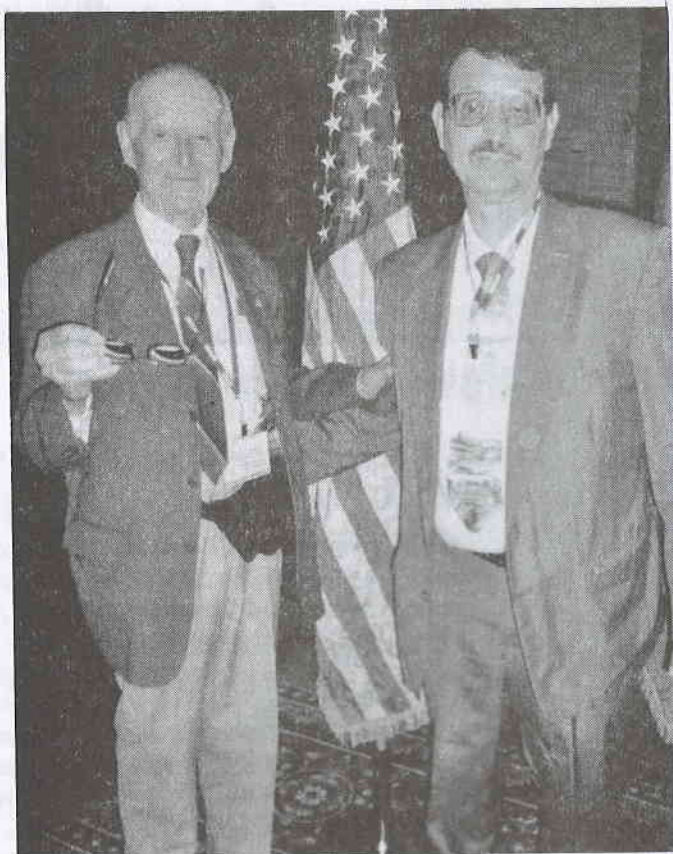
On New Year's Eve 1968, Captain Tom Storey and I were in Hoa Lo (wa-low) prison. I whispered the toast under the door to Tom. Tom was enthralled, and despite the risk of terrible punishment, insisted that I repeat it several more times until he had it committed to memory. He then promised me that when the time came, and we were again free men, he would give the toast at the first Dining-In he attended.

Tom's first assignment following release in 1973 was to the U.S. Air Force Academy. During that same year the Academy hosted the Annual Conference for General Officers and Those Associated Dining-In. The jovial clinking of glasses accompanied all the traditional speeches and toasts. Then it was Tom's turn. Remembering his promise so many years earlier, he proposed Jerry's "One More Roll." When he was finished there was total silence.

"We toast our hearty comrades, who have fallen from the sky, and were gently caught by God's own hands to be with him on high. To dwell among the soaring clouds they have known so well before, from victory roll to tail chase at heaven's very door. And as we fly among them there, we're sure to hear their plea: Take care, my friend, watch your six, and do one more roll for me."

[A toast to all our comrades -- POWs, missing in action, living or dead, whatever their duty, whatever their war, whatever their uniform.

Bless them all.]



A LOOK BACK — Belgian Helper Roger Anthoine (left) and AFEES Director/Photographer Richard Shandor found time to pose during the St. Louis reunion in 2007.

Alternate lyrics for *TAPS*

The day is done -- gone the sun.
Fare thee well -- darkness has fell.
Goeth the sunlight -- bringeth the starlight.
Night has come -- it has begun.

From the dell -- all is well.
From the lake -- everything is 'Jake.
From the sky -- God is nigh.
All is well -- can't you tell?

Thanks and praise -- for these days.
For their worth -- on this earth.
As we go -- this we know,
We'll never fear -- God is near.

--Composed in 2008 by Keith McLaren Abbott

SPRING 2010

Maria Gulovich Liu helped U.S. agents

From The Los Angeles Times

Oct. 1, 2009

Maria Gulovich Liu, who as a young schoolteacher in Slovakia during World War II joined the underground resistance as a courier and later helped a small group of American and British intelligence agents evade the German Army as they fled through the frigid mountains to safety, has died. She was 87.

Liu, who received a Bronze Star for her "heroic and meritorious" service to the Office of Strategic Services, died of colon cancer Friday at her home, said Jim Downs, a family friend.

"I interviewed men who were with her, and they were flabbergasted by how brave she was," said Downs, who first met Liu when he interviewed her for his 2002 book "World War II: OSS Tragedy in Slovakia."

In the book, former U.S. Army Sgt. Ken Dunlevy, who escaped Slovakia with Liu and three other intelligence agents, called her "our little sweetheart for whom I am and will be grateful forever. To her, it is no doubt that I owe my safety and perhaps my life."

Liu was born Maria Gulovich on Oct. 19, 1921, in the village of Jarabina, near the Polish border. She was attending the Greek Catholic Institute for Teachers in Presov when her homeland came under German dominance in 1939. The next year, she became a teacher, first in Jarabina and later in the farm community of Hrinova.

But her life began to change dramatically in early 1944.

A Jewish family friend, who operated a lumber mill and was considered useful to the Germans, had been hiding his sister and her young son. When he came under suspicion, he asked Liu to take in the woman and child.

She reluctantly agreed: If caught and arrested, as Downs noted in his book, Liu faced likely imprisonment or worse.

A few weeks later, according to Downs' account, a Slovak Army captain turned up at the school and confronted Liu with her "crime."

But the captain was secretly part of a rebel group conspiring against the Slovak fascist government and gave her a choice: If she would join the underground espionage operation against the Germans, he would find another hiding place for the woman and her son, and he would see that no charges were made against Liu.

"She didn't want to be a courier; it was very dangerous," said Downs. "But once she did, she went at it 100%."

As part of her bargain, Liu moved to Banska Bystrica, where she worked as a dressmaker for an underground sympathizer.

'Troublemaker' pilot passes away

**From the Eighth Air Force
Historical Society
8th AF NEWS,
December 2009 Issue**

Robert W. Harrington (E&E# 2964), pilot of the B-24H "Troublemaker" of the 466th Bomb Group in 1944, died on Oct. 9, 2009 at his home in San Francisco, Calif.

In August 1944, Bob was shot down in a Luftwaffe attack over the Netherlands, successfully evading capture with the assistance of the Dutch underground, and finally making it back to the U.S. eight months later.

In the 1990s, he served as president of the James H. Doolittle Chapter of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society.

He joined the Army Air Corps following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941, and trained as a pilot.

In early 1944, Bob was commissioned as a second lieutenant and given command of a B-24 crew formed in Salt Lake City. Shortly thereafter, he and the crew of "Troublemaker" were deployed to the war in Europe, joining the 466th Bomb Group in Attlebridge, England.

Troublemaker began its combat missions in late June 1944, hitting targets such as Hamburg, Ghent, Rostock, Strasbourg, and Ludwigshaven. Some missions were milk runs; in others, Harrington and his crew dodged weather, flak and unwelcome attention from German fighters, but returned relatively unscathed.

After 10 missions with his Troublemaker crew, on the morning of Aug. 15, 1944, Harrington was mustered to fly a different B-24, the "Rambling Wreck;" due to the absence of another pilot. The mission involved bombing an Me-260 base near the town of Vechta, Germany. Due to the crew mix-up, they were late getting to the aircraft and were

"Tail-End Charlie" in the formation that morning.

With his unfamiliar crew, Harrington took out the runway at the Luftwaffe base, and headed home in clear weather. But shortly after crossing into Dutch territory, the back of the formation was jumped by a swarm of German Me-109s and FW-190s.

Four B-24s were shot down in a matter of minutes, including the Rambling Wreck; the tail gunner and engineer on Harrington's crippled plane were killed, but the rest of the crew managed to bail out safely. All but Harrington and one other crewman were quickly rounded up by German soldiers.

Harrington landed in a muddy canal near the market town of Steenwijk. He hid in a thorny hedgerow, pistol at the ready, while German soldiers searched the hedge with bayonets. After they left, he was approached by members of the Dutch underground. They gave him new clothes and transported him by bicycle to the town of Steenwijk, where he could more easily blend into the population.

Over the next eight months, as Allied armies fought their way toward Germany, Bob was moved from house to house in Steenwijk avoiding the ever-present German patrols and assisting in Dutch resistance activities. In April 1945, when Canadian forces liberated Steenwijk, Bob hitched a ride to Paris with a French cadet pilot. After a few fun-filled days in liberated Paris, American authorities collared him and assigned him to accompany a group of POWs from North Africa back to the U.S. by ship.

He arrived safely in New Jersey on the eve of the German surrender.

He kept in touch with his Troublemaker crew and some of his Dutch helpers, who occasionally visited him in the U.S. For many years he was active in the 8th Air Force Historical Society, often



BOB HARRINGTON, 1944

speaking of his adventures in the European theatre.

In 2004, on the 60th anniversary of being shot down, Bob recounted his story in a non-commercial DVD documentary entitled, "Troublemaker- a Pilot's Story of World War II." It resides in various WWII oral history collections, including the Eighth Air Force Museum in Savannah, Ga.; the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library in Norwich, England; the Imperial War Museum, and a number of university collections in the U.S.

Copies of the 80-minute documentary are available by contacting

<trouble_makerdvd@yahoo.com>



-FOLDED WINGS-

Monsieur Edmond Duruisseau left us on 28 January 2009 in his 99th year. Edmond was a French Helper and BOA Resistance Member. He worked with Captain Jacques Nancy out of the resistance camp named Charente-Maritime, derailing trains and committing sabotage against communication channels, bridges and roads. This group participated in the battle of Javerlbac and liberated Angouleme. Herb Brill, a recently deceased AFEES member, was aided by the BOA group and then assisted them with attacks and sabotage against the occupying Germans.

Etienne L. Kervizic, husband of French Helper, Jacqueline Carabelli Kervizic died during 2009. He was a World War II veteran.

E&E#368 Sgt. Raymond F. Chevraux died on 20 October 2009. Sgt. Chevraux flew as a left waist gunner with the 381st Bomb Group's 532nd Bomb Squadron of the 8th Army Air Force. On 5 January 1944, his B-17 "Baby Dumpling" #42-30676 was shut down by German fighters firing rockets. After making contact with the French, he returned to Great Britain in February 1944. Raymond was one of three evaders from his crew. Six became POW and one was KIA.

E&E#759 Capt. Jack Ilfrey died on 15 October 2009. His second tour of duty was as the squadron commander of 79th Fighter Squadron of the 8th Air Force's 20th Fighter Group. On 13 June 1944, while strafing a train with his P-38, Jack was shot down. As he tried to evade, he was captured by German troops. He then escaped and made it back to Great Britain within four days after he was shot down. After his return he was busted down to 2nd Lt. because of a rules infraction, but still remained squadron commander. At that time he most likely was the only 2nd Lt. who was a fighter squadron commander. Because of the D-Day invasion, he was allowed to resume flight duties over Europe. He flew a total of 142 missions during his two combat tours.

T/Sgt John W. (Bill) Petty died 18 November 2005. He was a 15th Air Force nose gunner with the 761st Bomb Squadron of the 460th Bomb Group, stationed near Bari, Italy. On 20 January 1945, his B-24 "Dinah Might" #42-52164 while returning from a mission to Lienz, Austria was hit by flak and heavily damaged. All 10 crew members bailed out near Caporetto, Italy. Four men were captured by the Germans, while Bill and the other five evaded. The radio operator, one waist gunner and Petty banded together and escaped detection. For two days they walked in waist-high snow in the mountains, then made contact with Yugoslavia agents, who took them to a small village where they were housed and fed. Then they were taken to Zagreb, Yugoslavia and flown back to Bari, 72 days after they had been shot down.

S/Sgt. W. Cecil Wink passed on 21 November, 2009. Cecil served as a ball turret gunner flying for the 15th Army Air Force on a B-17 bomber. On 6 June 1944, he was flying his 11th mission, when his bomber was shot down over Belgrade, Yugoslavia. When the Flying Fortress took heavy damage, the whole crew parachuted out. S/Sgt Wink and 8 others were picked up by the Chetniks, while the 10th man became a POW. For 66 days Mihailovich and his Chetniks keep them on the move, while Yugoslavia peasants were sheltering and feeding them. He and 252 other airmen were airlifted back to Italy in Operation Halyard.

***** **EVADERS** *****

ANTHONY KOSINSKI

Anthony Kosinski (E&E# 2320) died in Chicago, Ill., on Feb. 12, 2010, after a four-month illness. Interment was at Lincoln National Cemetery in Elwood, Ill.

1st Lt. Tony Kosinski, P-47 pilot, 78th Fighter Group, was shot down while strafing the Dijon airport on May 11, 1944. He was aided by the French Resistance and others who helped him reach neutral Switzerland.

Survivors include his wife, Jean.

FRED D. GLEASON

E&E# 1065 T/Sgt. Fred D. Gleason of Pine, Ariz., died on Oct. 5, 2009. He was a top turret gunner on a B-17 Flying Fortress stationed at Rattlesden, England.

Fred was attached to the 709th Bomb Squadron of the 447th Bomb Group. On 13 July 1944 they were flying a night mission to Munich, Germany, when his plane was hit by enemy fire. The crew bailed out over Boullare, France

Fred was sheltered by several families and taken south to the Freteval Forest, with nine other American airmen. They left the forest on 13 August 1944, after they ran out of food. On their way to the coast, they met General Patton's troops. T/Sgt Gleason was then flown back to England and to the United States on 19 August.

Fred and his wife, Evelyn returned to France in 1984 and 1991.

Air Force, DOD

pioneer passes away

WASHINGTON (AFNS) --

The first woman to serve as major general in the Air Force, and the Department of Defense, passed away Feb. 15.

Retired Maj. Gen. Jeanne M. Holm is credited as the single driving force in achieving parity for military women and making them a viable part of the mainstream military.

The Portland, Ore., native attained the rank of two-star general in 1973 after a career that began 31 years earlier in 1942 when she enlisted in the Army. General Holm entered Women's Army Air Corps in January 1943 where she received a commission as third officer, the WAAC equivalent of second lieutenant.

She was promoted to brigadier general July 16, 1971, the first female airman to be appointed in this grade. She was promoted to the grade of major general effective June 1, 1973, with date of rank July 1, 1970 -- the first woman in the armed forces to serve in that grade.

Please send roster changes to Richard Shandor!

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

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

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Phone _____ Email _____ at _____

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Other comments _____

The editor has the last word

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ
<afees44@hotmail.com>

WICHITA FALLS, Tex.. -- In this issue you'll find all you need to know about the 2010 reunion, set for Colorado Springs in May.

From what I hear, we will have a good turnout, so it is suggested that you complete and send in your hotel and events reservation forms asap.

Steve the Mac is still lining up evaders to meet with classrooms at the AF Academy when we visit there May 7.

See Page 18 for his sales pitch!

We hope we have a good representation of helpers, especially from overseas. We will continue to welcome them as special guests, entitled to three nights complimentary basic lodging at the Crowne Plaza Hotel and registration for all reunion events.

Of course, guests of helpers are also welcome, but will be expected to pick up their own hotel tab if they occupy a separate room.

Our struggle to get congressional recognition for evading capture in enemy territory continues.

HR # 925 was introduced by Rep. Peter DeFazio of Oregon and Cliff Stearns of Florida early in the current session of Congress. Michael Hayes, legislative correspondent for Rep. De Fazio, tells me that they have enough co-sponsors to meet requirements of the House Armed Forces Committee.

A Dutch researcher is working to learn more about the crash of a Halifax 51 Squadron, RAF, at Oegstgeest, Holland. He wants to learn the ID of the pilot who was brought to the police station at Rolde (Drenthe-Holland) in early 1945, was handed over to the underground, and made it back to the U.K.

If you can help, contact: Dick Breedijk, De Bovenkruier 16, 7707DN, Balkbrug, the Netherlands, <dick.breedijk@ziggo.nl>

The 22nd Salute to Veterans celebration is scheduled in Columbia, Mo., May 26-31.

AFEES was the honored group there in 2000. Mary Posner tells me that they would like to have us back again, perhaps in 2011!

For info: contact Mary McCleary Posner (a Friend member of AFEES) at 303 West Boulevard South, Columbia MO 65203.

<airshow@salute.org>

Website: <www.salute.org>

The last founding member of the Royal Air Force Association died on July 18, 2009. Henry Allingham, at 113, was an honorary life member.

In February 2007, he became the UK's second oldest living person, and on March 29, 2009, the oldest living man in the world.

Honorary director Gen. Duncan McNabb was the subject of a Dec. 20 interview published in the *Christian Science Monitor*. He heads the U.S. Transportation Command and discussed logistics of the "surge" of our troops into Afghanistan.

His wife Linda, has assured me that they intend to join us at our reunion this year!

Mary Spinning Shier (known as "Beanie" in some circles) is working

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on an E&E Society flag that would replace the one encased at Dayton last reunion.

The design would include some expanded ideas, such as evaders who crashed landed. Beanie expects to have the model ready for display at the Springs reunion.

If you have thoughts for the new ensign, contact her at <spwheel357@aol.com>

OK, I goofed. After 16 years on this job, you might think I could sort out pictures. Wrong.

In the Winter 09-10 issue, two 1-column photos were transposed. The pics on pages 22 and 28 were reversed on some copies of the edition. P'haps you were able to figure that out on your own!

ABOUT OLD AGE:

A guy lived to be 105. He spent the last five years of his life in bed; he wasn't sick at all. His daughter asked him when he was 104, why he never got up and dressed.

"Daughter, after you've buttoned and unbuttoned for a hundred years, you get damn tired of doing it."

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