

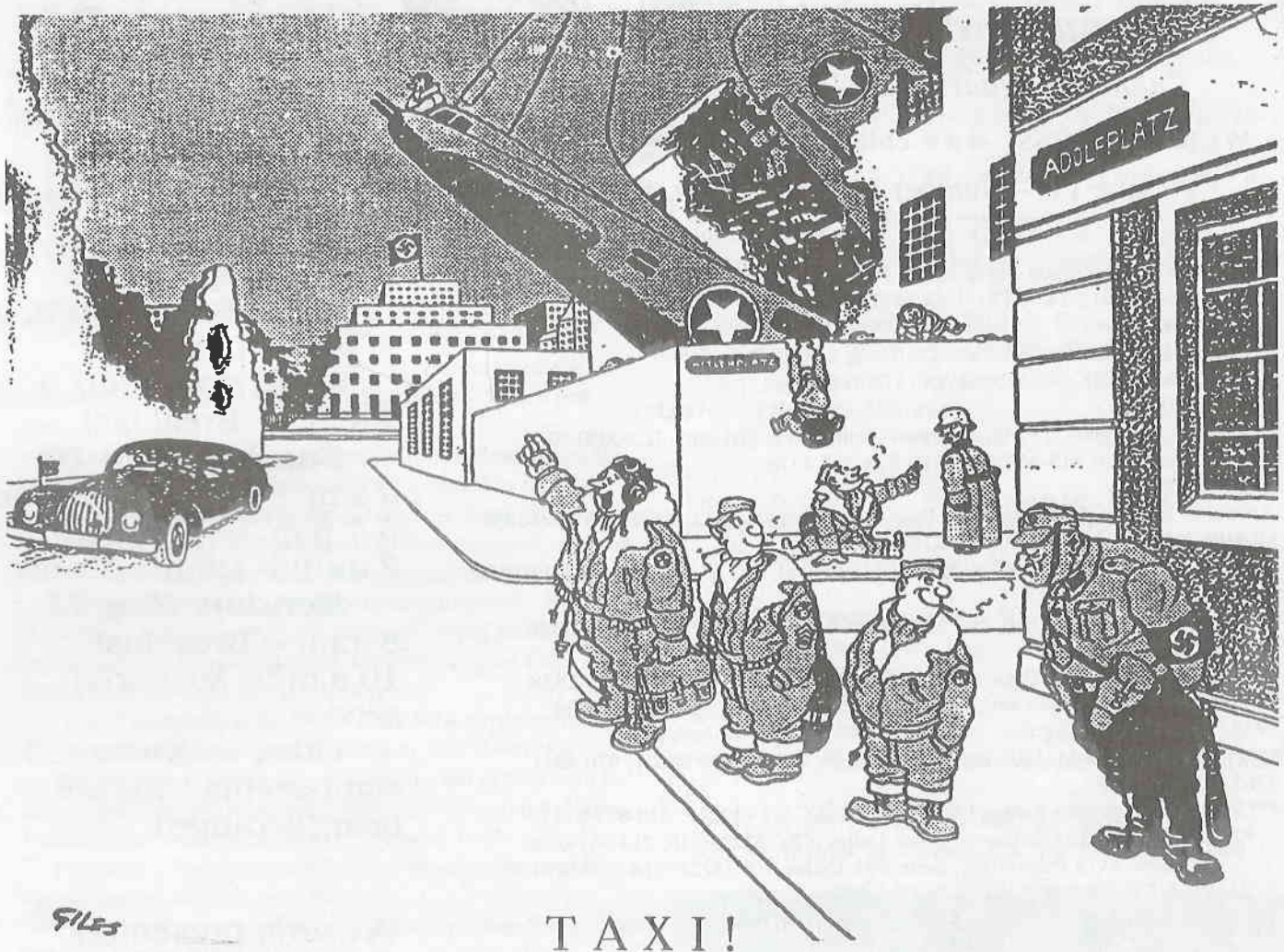
THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

Fall 1997 *Communications*

VOLUME 11 -- NUMBER 3

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS 76307

SEPTEMBER 8, 1997



The British never lost their sense of humor

This is from a London newspaper (probably *PUNCH*), published in 1945. By that time, the tide of the war had turned and the accounts of escape and evasion adventures of American airmen had become so commonplace that they inspired this example of hyperbole.

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**PRELIMINARY
BASIC SCHEDULE
AFEES 1998 REUNION**

**The Marriott
Falls Church, Va.
(Washington, D.C.)**

Thursday, May 7
Registration open;
Hospitality Suite and
Memorabilia Room open
daily

Friday, May 8
2 p.m. -- Board meeting
6 p.m. -- Dinner

Saturday, May 9
7 a.m. -- Breakfast
Sunday, May 10
9 a.m. -- General session
6-7 p.m. -- Cash bar
7 until -- Dinner/Dance

Monday, May 11
8 a.m. -- Breakfast
10 a.m. -- Memorial
service

Other activities and
sight-seeing trips are
being arranged.

**Awards presented
to Slovene Partisans**

At a ceremony this summer in
Cerkno, Slovenia, AFEES awards signed
by President Dick Smith were presented
at the Idria Museum to Partisan Danilo
Suligoj and Partisan nurse "Franja" by
Tania Adams.

Janez Podobnik, State Assembly
President of Slovenia, was in attendance,
along with journalists with several
regional newspapers.

Tania's grandfather, American airman
Harold Adams, was rescued and nursed
back to health by the recipients while
evading capture in early 1944. The
account was documented in a book by Edi
Selhaus published in Slovenia in the late
1970s.

CHAIRMAN:

***Ralph K. Patton, 5000 Alden Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15220-1023;
Phone: 412-343-8570; FAX: 412-343-2296

PRESIDENT:

*Richard M. Smith, Route 2, Box 222, Battle Lake, MN 56515;
Phone: 218-495-2106; FAX: 218-495-3000

VICE PRESIDENT:

*Russel S. Weyland, 1117 W. Northeast Shore Drive, McHenry, IL 60050-9211;
Phone (O) 815-459-2075, (H) 815-385-4378

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***Clayton C. David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539; 573-221-0441

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OTHER DIRECTORS:

*James J. Goebel Jr., 9 Georgia Park, Conroe, TX 77302-1077; 409-273-2828

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***John C. Rucigay, 14 Ashley Dr., Ballston Lake, NY 12019; 518-877-8131

*David Shoss, 5439 Castlewood Road, Dallas, TX 75229-4316; 214-361-0536
Office: 8115 Preston Rd., Suite 240, Dallas, TX 75225; 214-373-1670

PERMANENT REPRESENTATIVE IN FRANCE:

Leslie A.G. Atkinson, 29 rue des Trouvres, 66000 Perpignan, France;
Phone: 011 33 04 68 55 12 63; FAX: 011 33 04 68 55 12 73

LEGAL COUNSEL:

R.E.T. Smith Esq., PO Box 38, Wahpeton, ND 58074; 701-642-2666

COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR:

**Larry Grauerholz, PO Box 2501, Wichita Falls, TX 76307-2501; 940-692-6700

*Class of 1998

**Class of 1999

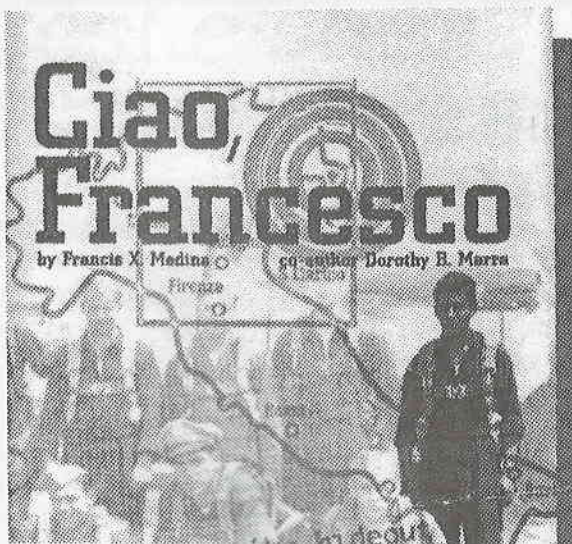
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FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY. AFEES IS A TAX-EXEMPT
VETERANS ORGANIZATION UNDER IRS CODE 501 (C) (19). IT WAS
FOUNDED IN 1964 AND IS CHARTERED IN THE STATE OF GEORGIA.

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.



'Ciao' into 2nd printing

Francis Medina of Kansas City, Mo., has received the second printing of his book, "*Ciao Francesco*," with a new dust jacket.

Francis attended the Experimental Aircraft Association fly-in in Oshkosh, Wis., this summer and participated in the Author's Corner Program at the convention. Each year some 25 authors of books with aviation content are invited, offering them a chance to display and autograph their books.

He reports that sales of his book are going well. Since publication in March 1995, his book has spread across the nation and into Mexico, Canada, Monaco, Vatican City, Italy, Netherlands, Sweden, Brazil and Germany.

"Ciao Francesco" is the story of the MIA experiences of 20-year-old Corporal Francis X. Medina, shot down over enemy territory in World War II. Medina, tail gunner on a B-24, jumped from his burning plane and parachuted into Nazi-Fascist-controlled Northern Italy in August 1944.

He became Francesco, wearing Italian garments, speaking Italian, and joining the local Partisans.

His story, "Eight Months behind Enemy Lines," was published in the Spring 1995 issue of *Communications*.

Price of the book is \$22.95, p&h included. Order from Francis at 7125 Grand Ave., Kansas City, MO 64114-1426. Upon request, he will autograph your copy.

Polish memorial honors airmen

Memorial site is along Berlin-Warsaw-Moscow Highway E-30 near the village of Woroniec, adjacent to the spur to the village of Swory.

The memorial incorporates a plaza, raised 16 inches above the surrounding grass and wildflower areas, in the full-sized planform shape of a B-17 whose black color symbolizes the shadow of a bomber overhead. The vertical fin/rudder segment will incorporate memorial tablets. Nearby trees of the weeping willow family characterize the sorrows of war.

The people of Poland have never forgotten the sacrifices made to liberate Europe, and wish to affirm their gratitude to USAAF fliers who made the supreme sacrifice in lands very far from home.

UPDATES TO 1996 AFEES ROSTER

(Changes are in **BOLDFACE** type)

- Lester Brown, **6401** Lakewood Dr., Austin, TX 78731
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AND THE WINNER IS -- Charles Fisher (at right) of Jeannette, Pa., took home \$75 from the 1997 AFEES raffle after having his name drawn at the Dayton reunion. President Dick Smith and Francine Weyland presented checks to the raffle winners.



AIR FORCES

ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

Richard M. Smith
PRESIDENT

Summer
RR# 2 Box 222
Battle Lake, MN. 56515
Phone 218 495 2106
Fax 218 495 3000

Battle Lake, MN
Aug. 28, 1997

Dear Members and Friends of AFEES:

Plans for our 1998 reunion are falling into place. We will be at the new Fairview Park Marriott in Falls Church, Va., just across the Potomac from Washington, D.C.

It is quite near the Metro, and busses run every half hour. We are working on sight-seeing trips, and on an extended stay plan for those who might consider coming early and/or staying longer. More information and early reservation forms will be in the December newsletter. The basic reunion schedule is shown on Page 2 of this issue.

We are expecting a large attendance, so make your plans early for next May 7-11.

I have talked to Wayne Eveland concerning the proposed Commendation Medal for all AFEES members. We may have a new contact who has some weight with the Medals Awards branch of the military. Stay tuned on this one!

Again: Let us get behind the fund-raising effort for the Heritage Museum in Savannah. Were it not for the E&E exhibit there, little would be left to show future generations what we did to fulfill our duty in WWII. The exhibit also will show future visitors from Europe how much we appreciate the help we received from the Underground and Resistance groups.

We need only about \$15,000 more in contributions from members to fulfill the pledge of \$100,000 which has been made in the name of AFEES. Surely we can help make certain that Escape and Evasion history is permanently recorded. As the sneaker commercial says, "Just do it!"

Sadly, summer in Minnesota is coming to an end! We will be heading for California before the snow gets too deep.

Fraternally yours,

RICHARD M. SMITH
President

Leslie says 'it rained aviators'

From The Arizona Republic
(Phoenix), April 22, 1994

By Gail Tabor
and Kathleen Ingley

Claude Murray could hear the shouts of the German soldiers searching the house. He held his breath as their stomping boots moved from room to room.

It was 1944, and the 23-year-old American pilot had been shot down over Holland. Members of the Dutch Resistance rescued him and stashed him in an attic cubbyhole when the Germans came looking. If he was found in civilian clothes, it meant certain death.

Murray, who lives in Phoenix, was one of about 4,000 Allied airmen saved by Resistance "helpers." He owes his life to the people who hid him for seven months.

"We call them the real heroes of the war," Murray said. "They risked their lives to save us. There were thousands of them, but no way to know how many."

Several trips to reunite helpers and the servicemen they saved are planned this year and next around the 50th anniversaries of two of the key dates in World War II.

D-day, June 6, 1944, was the day Allied troops invaded Western Europe. V-E Day, May 8, 1945, is the day the Germans surrendered.

One member of the French underground, Leslie Atkinson, visited Phoenix to help arrange the reunion trips.

In the worst days of the war, he said, "it was raining aviators."

The Germans shot down half a dozen planes a night near Atkinson's hometown on the English Channel, and he helped rescue the survivors.

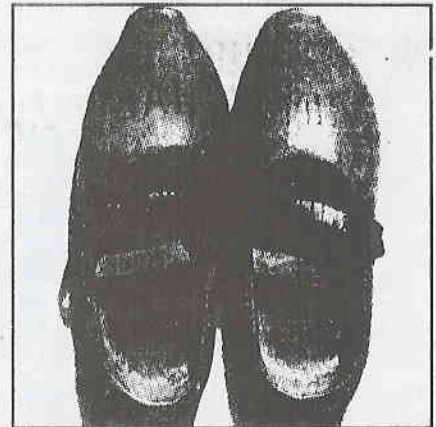
Atkinson, now 73, has to be coaxed into talking about his years in the French Resistance.

He recalls one American pilot who bailed out when flak brought down his plane. Peasants squirreled away the man in a granary, burrowed into the wheat. Germans combed the village but couldn't find him.

Atkinson's mother treated the pilot's head and leg injuries, and Atkinson helped retrieve the body of the co-pilot from the wreckage. Villagers held a funeral Mass, buried the co-pilot in the local cemetery and put flowers on the grave.

"The Germans were furious," Atkinson said.

Another young soldier, not yet 20, was sent to hide on a farm. When the Gestapo showed up to search the place, the quick-thinking farmer jumped out of bed and put the American in his place. The soldier lay stiff as a board, not daring to move a muscle--less from fright than at the embarrassment of being under the covers with someone's wife.



A pair of wooden shoes carved with his alias, Jan Smit, were part of Murray's disguise during his time in hiding.

The downed airmen often were moved every three or four days until they could be sent through the underground railroad to safe countries like Spain, Switzerland or England.

Helpers smuggled the pilots out of the country on regular trains, dressing them in working-class clothes, sometimes having them pretend to be deaf and unable to speak. Others slumped drunkenly in their seats while French companions did the talking for their soused "brothers."

When the Gestapo infiltrated the Holland underground's escape routes, helpers were told to hide the airmen rather than risk smuggling them out.

So Murray became Jan Smit, a deaf mute who milked cows on a farm. His Dutch name was carved on the wooden shoes his helpers gave him to complete the disguise. Those shoes now hang on a wall in his family room, along with a picture taken in the square of the village on the Fifth of May, Holland's liberation day, three days prior to V-E Day.

For the celebration, Murray shed his milkman's clothes and once again donned his flight suit. He is wearing the biggest smile of all.

Murray was among 15 American and 40 Canadian airmen who went to Europe in 1969 to meet their saviors.

The trip, organized by the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society, visited France, Holland and Belgium.

The society has about 900 members, Murray said, and some of them are still looking for their helpers.



LITTLE FRIENDS -- These fighter pilots ganged up for Scotty David's camera at the Dayton reunion. From left: Bill David of Ormond Beach, Fla., Cliff Williams of Nederland, Tex., Bud Loring of Monument Beach, Mass., Leonard Schallehn of Saratoga Springs, N.Y., and Tony Kosinski of Chicago, Ill.

Herb Brill has a major art exhibit

Herb Brill started to study painting in 1945 while living in New York City. His teachers at Pratt Art Institute and at the New School for Social Science included the well-known artists Robert Gwathmey, Yukio Kuniyoshi and Camilo Egas.

In 1948 he and Millicent, who had come to New York from Towanda, Pa., in 1945, were married. They soon went to Paris to study until 1951. Under the GI Bill, Herb enrolled in the Paris studio of Fernand Leger, a world-renowned French artist who is being honored in Paris this year with an exhibition that will later go to the U.S.

Millicent worked in Paris at U.S. Army headquarters and in the personnel office at SHAPE under General Eisenhower. Her office was in the building which now has become "Le Drugstore" on the Champs Elysees near the Arc de Triumph.

The Brills returned to New York in 1951 and Herb began working for Pepsi Cola, a job which was to last 33 years, plus eight more as a consultant. Their first son, Eric, was born in Manhattan in 1953; their second, Rob, in Babylon, Long Island, in 1956 and their third, David, in 1959 in Hong Kong, the first of many overseas postings with Pepsi.

Herb has had exhibitions in New York, Paris, Tokyo, Guatemala City and Caracas. Until May 1998, he has a major exhibition in three different sites at the University of California, Irvine. His representative in California is Trish Voss, who can be reached at 714-462-0037 (Voice Mail 452-1222).

Generally, Herb uses the medium of oil painting to record people, events and places in life: the people who helped him during the war and their families, events and people in the places he has lived around the world, military ceremonies in France and rural scenes of areas close to his house in Nontron, France.

Herb and Millicent will be in Nontron where he has his studio, until Oct. 30. He is busy painting, preparing for another exhibition next spring. Millicent works as a volunteer at the Museum of the Resistance and of the Deportation in Angoulême, acting as interpreter and docent for English-speaking visitors.

The Brills regularly visit the American cemetery at Omaha Beach, where Millicent's brother is buried, and are members of the American Overseas Memorial Day Association. They also visit the American cemetery at Draginan, near Nice. They assisted French authorities in repairing a monument for crew members who died when their B-17 crashed near Montendre on the same raid as Herb's plane.

At the AFEES reunion in Dayton this year, Herb was reunited with the pilot of his plane, Coleman Goldstein, and also Shirley Casey, the co-pilot whom Millicent located on the Internet last April. The Brills hope that Goldstein, Casey and Bill Weber, the engineer who stayed with Herb in France in 1944, will come to France next summer for a reunion with the people who helped them during the war.

Herb Brill (E&E 1371) was shot down Dec. 31, 1943, near Cognac, France, and spent nine months in Occupied territory. During that time, he joined the local Resistance forces, the Section Speciale de Sabotage, in Dordogne. One battle, in Javerlhac on July 24, was against Germans who had received orders to destroy the town of Nontron. Later, Herb bought a home in Nontron and now is a part-time citizen of the town he helped defend in 1944. Now the Brills divide their time between France and their permanent home in California.

Old B-17 radio stirs many memories

From the Los Angeles (Calif.) Times, April 23, 1996

By JERRY HICKS

Herbert and Millicent Brill display an old, drab yellow radio in the study of their lovely Corona del Mar home. I doubt they'd trade it for the Hope diamond.

It was an emergency radio aboard Herbert Brill's B-17 Flying Fortress bomber during World War II. Brill was the navigator on a 10-man crew.

The morning of New Year's Eve 1943, the exhausted crew was scheduled for a three-day pass when a new mission came up to bomb a German-controlled air strip in the south of France. Just "a quick milk run," they were told.

Some milk run. They lost an engine

from German firepower, then had to dispose of their bombs in the ocean in time to make a forced farm field landing. They burned up their own plane to keep it out of German hands, then split up in twos to escape.

Four made it to safety in Spain. Four were captured and made prisoners of war. Brill and the engineer, Bill Weber, hiked 55 miles through the countryside for several days before finally being befriended by the French Underground.

Some villagers in German-occupied France feared for their own safety in aiding Americans, others were scared the two fliers were Germans in disguise. But Brill and Weber eventually found many brave French eager to help.

They were turned over to a local

postman, who finally overcame his strong conviction they were German spies and led them to the French Underground. Brill worked in the Underground for nine months before he could be rescued.

He spent part of one morning telling me fascinating and deeply moving vignettes of those difficult months--sleeping in a hole in the ground for weeks, being moved from town to town to stay ahead of the enemy, the violent deaths of some who had helped them.

But also compelling is what happened to the Brills after the war. His career with Pepsi-Cola International took them all over the world. But he never forgot that close bond with France. Millicent had her own French bond: A brother had been killed during the invasion of

MORE ABOUT--

The old radio

(Continued)

Normandy on D-day. The Brills spent years locating the many villagers who had helped him after his plane went down.

"We found everybody but the postman," Herbert Brill says. "When we tracked him down, we learned that he had died the year before."

It took him 44 years to trace Weber, who was living in Florida. They talked like old friends.

The French ties are so strong for the Brills that they now own a home in France, in a small town call Nontron. It is just 85 miles from where Brill's plane went down. They spend part of each year living there.

"I was frequently asked by the French if I knew what happened to the men they had hidden in their homes, or their barns," Herbert Brill says.

This yearning for reunification led the Brills to get deeply involved in a movement called the Air Force Escape and Evasion Society. It tries to reunite airmen shot down during World War II (and later wars) with the civilians who had aided them. Many of its efforts have been successful. The reunions, the Brills say, always bring tears to everyone's eyes.

If you know of an airman who survived getting shot down, you might let the Brills know. They're bound to find someone who wants to see him again.

Wrap-up: In 1985, the Brills returned for a commemoration ceremony to the very spot where his plane had crash-landed. What a welcome the Brills received. The French had re-created the airplane's outline with French and American flags.

It was at this ceremony that one family approached Herbert Brill with the yellow radio.

A villager who had watched the plane on fire that day had run to the scene. Miraculously, he grabbed the radio before the fire reached it. He told his family that someday he wanted to give the radio back to one of the heroic Americans who had crashed. The old man had died a year before the 1985 ceremony, but his family didn't forget his promise.



92BG -- Getting in a good visit at the Dayton reunion were these crew members who went down Dec. 31, 1943. From left: Shirley and Faye Casey of Midland, Tex., Coleman Goldstein of Amherst, Mass., and Millicent and Herbert Brill of Corona del Mar, Calif.

WANTED

B-17 VERTICAL FIN & RUDDER. Needed from E, F or G model for memorial to USAAF veterans who gave their lives liberating Europe in WWII. Fin aft from assembly joint ahead of horizontal stabilizer is desired; rudder need not have fabric cover. Memorial planned in Eastern Poland near where B-17 and P-51 were shot down by Me-109s on June 21, 1944, on Mission Frantic II, England to Russia. Contact Al Lea at 713-664-1915.



CREW -- These 95BG crewmen went down in Destiny's Tot, a B-17, on Dec. 30, 1943, after bombing Ludwigshaven. All evaded by way of Plouha and Operation Bonaparte. From left: AFEES President Dick Smith of Battle Lake, Minn., Bill Booher of Coreia, Me., Louis Feingold of Emerson, N.J., and Tony Ones of Niagara Falls, N.Y.

A genuine American heroine

She risked her life to aid downed airmen --and she didn't break

From Philip Morris Magazine, November-December 1989

By JIM CALIO

The house sits back from the road, down a lush green lane, at the end of a crushed-stone drive. As the car pulls up, a small, white-haired woman walks out the front door to greet her visitors.

"Bonjour," says Virginia d'Albert Lake. "Good morning."

Her smile is pleasant, almost girlish. She is a lively 79 years old, and lives in retirement with her ailing husband, Phillipe.

She is a genuine American heroine who lives in France. Last summer, (in 1989) on the 200th anniversary of the French Revolution, she was awarded the Legion of Honor, France's highest civilian medal. It cited her bravery during World War II, when she fought with the French Resistance against the Nazis. Her job was to help Allied airmen shot down over France to elude the German occupiers and get safely out of the country. For her efforts, Virginia was captured by the Gestapo, interrogated and eventually sent to the concentration camp in Ravensbruck, Germany. Only 25 women in her work detail of 250 survived. Virginia herself nearly died of starvation. "I don't like to think about that," she says quietly. "It still makes me upset."

Says an airman whose life she saved: "There are a lot of guys who think that Virginia is a saint."

She was born Virginia Roush in Dayton, Ohio, the eldest daughter of a doctor. His poor health forced the family to move to St. Petersburg, Florida, when she was very young. She was trained to be a schoolteacher, but early on she

developed a case of wanderlust. In 1936 she went to France, where she met a dashing young aristocrat of French and English descent, Phillipe d'Albert Lake. It was love at first sight. "We sat on the floor and talked of marriage the first night," she recalls. Within a year they were married and living in Paris.

But war clouds were gathering over Europe, and in 1939 Phillipe was mobilized. When France fell to the Nazis in 1940, Phillipe became a civilian again, retreating to a quiet life with his bride at the family estate in Brittany, in the northwest corner of the country.

"It wasn't easy to know who was in the Resistance, so you just learned to keep your mouth shut," says Virginia. "We just tended our vegetable garden and tried to wait it out."

But in 1943, something happened that jolted them into action. A local baker in a small town outside of Paris, where the couple had a house, asked Phillipe and Virginia to come down to his shop to meet some "friends." When they arrived, they were taken into the back room. There, to their amazement, sat three American airmen.

"I was so excited to see them, and they me," recalls Virginia of that dramatic moment. "I hadn't seen any Americans in three years. From that moment, Phillipe and I decided to join the Resistance." Virginia and Phillipe did not even consider the risks involved. They just knew that they could no longer

sit idly by. And with properties in and just outside of Paris and in Brittany, they were in a good position to justify their movements. They became links in the "Comet Line," the underground railroad that ferried downed pilots out of France and back to Allied-controlled territory.

Virginia and Phillipe housed the fliers in their own apartment in Paris and worked with the underground to get them false passports. On occasion, they even took their guests on tours of the enemy-held capital city.

"She was absolutely fearless," says Tom Yankus, a B-17 tail gunner who came under her care briefly. "And she was beautiful. She took us out for a walk in the streets. She put her arms in ours like we were old friends and told us not to speak, to pretend we were French and deaf and dumb. She told us to take our hands out of our pockets, because that was a giveaway that we were Americans. And she taught us how to eat like Frenchmen--you know, to eat with both hands, knife in one, fork in the other. One day we were in a restaurant, and she said, 'See the Gestapo over there? They are watching you eat.'"

Virginia also interrogated new arrivals for the Resistance. This was an extremely sensitive procedure. A lot of Germans were impersonating American airmen in hopes of infiltrating the Comet Line. It was Virginia's job to question supposed American airmen to determine if they were impostors.



MORE ABOUT -- American heroine

"She was great at this," says William David, a former P-38 pilot now living in retirement in Florida.

"We were lucky," Virginia says. "We never found any German infiltrators." But in 1944 her luck ran out.

It was June; the Allies had just landed at Normandy; and the Nazis' days were numbered. Virginia was asked to help guide a group of airmen out of Paris to a meeting place about 50 miles south in the town of Chateaudun--a trip she had never made before. Along with her husband, several other guides and about a dozen American fliers, she set out by train. Because the rails had been bombed by the advancing Allies, they were forced to walk the last few miles to their destination through a dense forest.

Almost in sight of their goal, the group was stopped by two German soldiers. Virginia and one of the airmen were riding bicycles about 30 yards ahead of the others, who were by then being transported by a horse-drawn cart because they were so exhausted.

The Germans asked Virginia for her pocketbook. It contained, among other things, a list of contacts along the route who would provide food and shelter for the airmen and their guides. "It was so stupid," she says. "I should have memorized it, but in our haste to leave Paris, I didn't. I felt so ashamed." Amazingly, the Germans gave her back

her pocketbook and the list.

The airmen in the cart behind Virginia saw what was happening and quietly disappeared into the underbrush. The German soldiers packed Virginia and her American bicycling companion into the car for a short ride to nearby Gestapo headquarters. Once there, Virginia was asked to hand over the list.

"What list?" she asked.

"The list in your pocketbook," demanded the Gestapo chief.

"I don't have a list," Virginia said.

After a few moments of silence, the interrogator looked Virginia in the eye and said, "You ate it, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Virginia.

During the car ride, wedged into the seat between the soldiers, Virginia had managed to rip the list into small bits in her pocketbook. And while waiting to be questioned, pacing the waiting room, she quietly ate the bits of paper.

"It was not easy to swallow," she says now, laughing gently. "I didn't have much saliva. But I managed to do it."

The Gestapo's reaction was instantaneous: She was locked in a cell and told she would be shot at dawn.

"I did not sleep very well that night," Virginia recalls. "I was all alone in a black hole."

The next day, she was transported to a prison just outside of Paris. Despite threats of torture, she still refused to reveal anything. After several weeks, Virginia was sent to Ravensbruck.

For more about the Freteval Forest as a refuge for Allied airmen, see the next page

"I'd heard she had been captured," says one of the airmen who was at the transit camp south of Paris. "We all knew that, if Virginia talked, the Germans would show up and we probably would be killed. When they didn't, we knew she had not cracked."

But Virginia's year in Ravensbruck and two other German concentration camps almost killed her.

Virginia was forced to perform all kinds of hard labor--digging ditches, building roads, patching airstrips.

When Virginia first was transported to Ravensbruck by cattle car, she could hear the Allied guns rumbling in the distance. Virginia thought it would be just a matter of days before she and her fellow prisoners would be liberated. But it took almost a year.

Finally, with the collapse of the Nazi regime in early 1945, Virginia was freed by her tormentors. At the time, she weighed 76 pounds--50 pounds less than when she entered the camps.

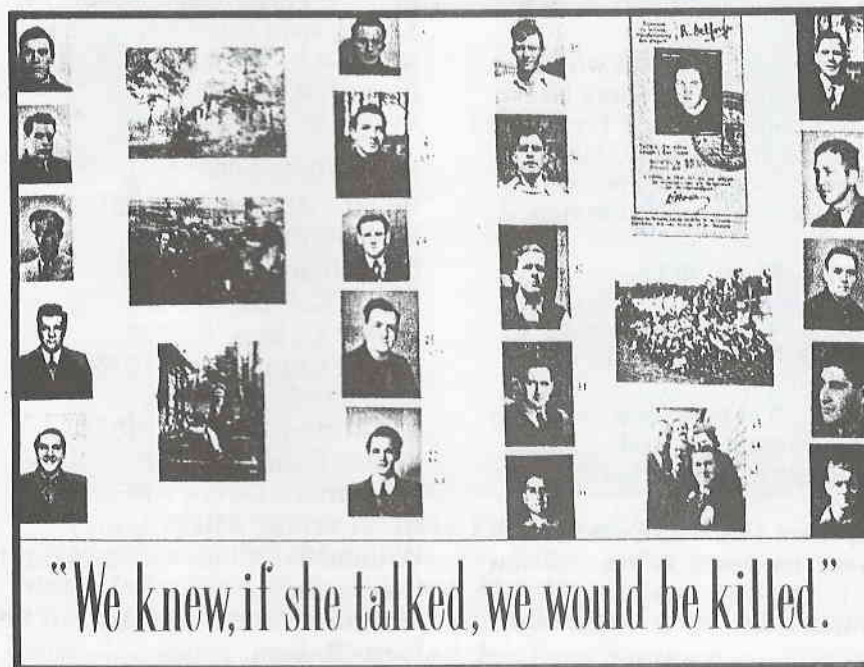
While in the camps, Virginia had learned from another Resistance fighter that Phillipe had escaped to England and was now back in France searching for her. "The first time he saw me, he said I looked like a little man," she remembers. "My head was shaved. And I'd lost so much weight."

After Virginia recovered from her ordeal, she became pregnant and bore a son, Patrick, now age 43. "That was my gift to myself for surviving the camps," she says.

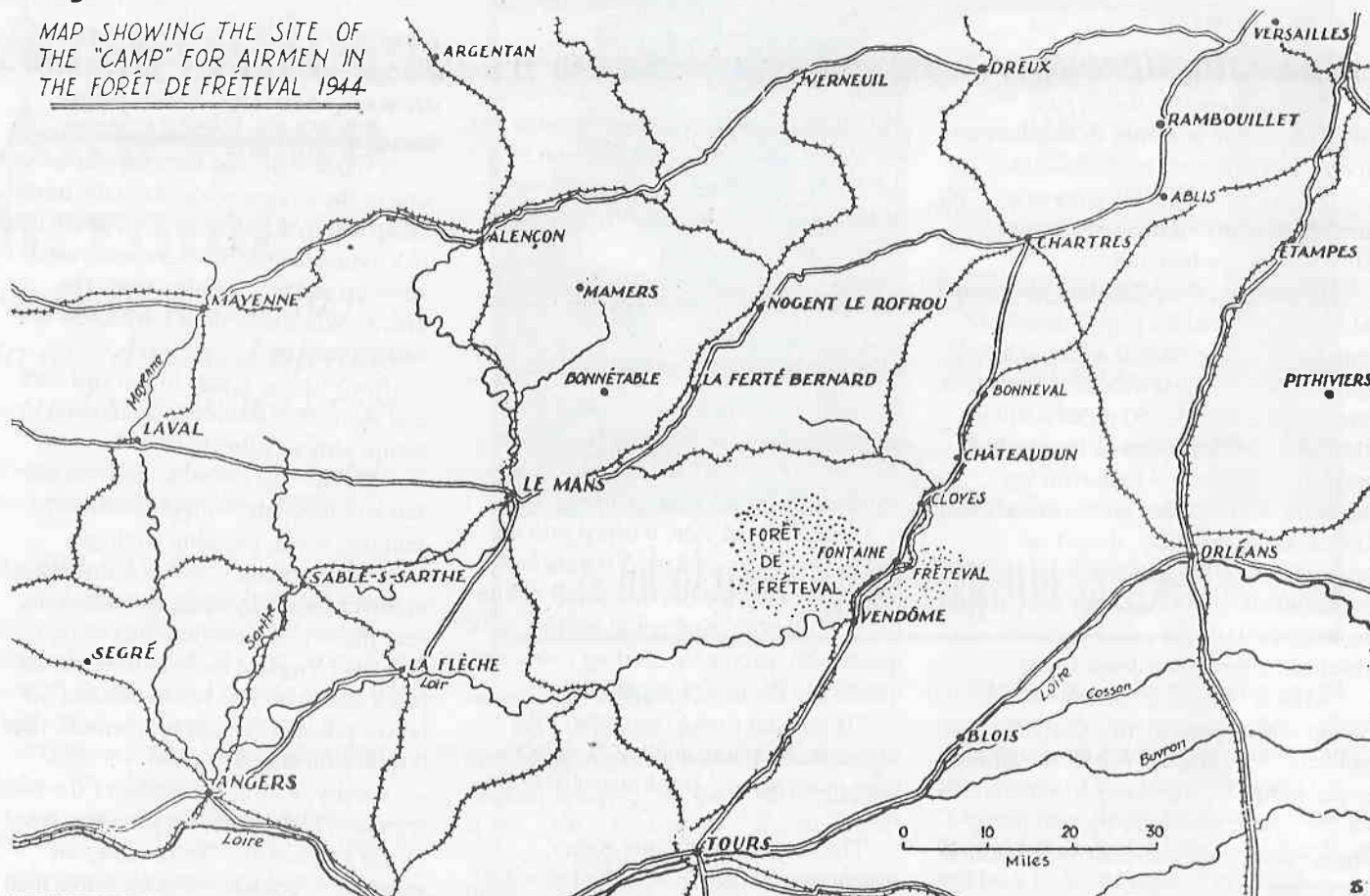
As the perfect light of a Brittany afternoon begins to fade, Virginia warmly bids her visitors farewell, kissing them on each cheek. Upstairs, in an old wood and glass case, sit 10 medals, all in recognition of her wartime heroics. And next to them the shiny new Legion of Honor medal, a testament to the enduring human spirit and a remarkable woman.

"I never felt I was doing my duty," she says. "There was nothing else I could do. I was simply doing the right thing."

Although both are in declining health, Virginia and Phillipe still live near St. Malo in France.



MAP SHOWING THE SITE OF
THE "CAMP" FOR AIRMEN IN
THE FORÊT DE FRETEVAL 1944



--Map from "Escape Room" by Airey Neave, Doubleday, 1970

Evading airmen sheltered in camp

Before D-Day in 1944, when it became apparent that it would be impractical to continue to convoy evaders south into Spain, Airey Neave and Baron Jean de Blommaert of MI9 decided on the Forêt de Freteval as location for a camp where evaders could await the arrival of Allied ground forces. The site near the small town of Cloyes was chosen because there was a strong local Underground and not much German activity in the area.

De Blommaert and Philippe D'Albert-Lake set up the organization of a camp. Lucien Boussa, a Belgian fighter ace, became *Chef de Camp* with Francois Toussaint as *Radio*, who entered from Spain. They were assisted by Omer Jubault, the FFI chief for the area.

The first airman arrived at the Chateaudun rail station on May 20, 1944, and was taken to Cloyes. On June 6, 30 airmen were moved to the camp in the forest. Philippe and his wife, Virginia, and other guides brought airmen to the camp. Virginia was arrested June 12, but the airmen she had been guiding were safe.

Most of the 152 evaders at the camp were U.S. and Canadian airmen. Others were from Great Britain, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand.

On August 13, tanks of General Patton's 3rd Army reached the forest.

ESCADRILLE SOIXANTE-NEUF (Squadron 69)

This list of U.S. and Canadian military personnel harbored at the Freteval Forest was compiled by Scotty David from information supplied by Leslie Atkinson and from other sources. E&E numbers follow the names of Americans.

E. G. Allen, #998*
Eugene Anderson, #1451
Emmett Bone, #1011*
Clare Blair, #1008
Stuart K. Barr, #1061
Walter C. Bies, #2277*
Joseph Connables, #1025
Paul Clark, #1062
A. Gordon Claytor, #1021
Robert Couture, #997
William M. Davis, #1039
Cliff Derling, #1037(Army)*
William T. Dillon, #1308 (Army)*
Geno Dibetta, #962*
Malcolm K. Eckley, #1004
Fred Gleason, #1065

(Continued)

Marvin T. Goff, #999
 Guy H. Golden, #1000*
 John F. Goan, #1020
 Joseph Gorrond, #1010*
 Donald Hoilman, #1052*
 Ralph L. Hall, #1019
 Alfred Holt, #1009
 Kenneth L. Houghton, #1003
 H. M. Harrell, #994*
 Burl E. Huitt, #1005
 Rex Hjelm, #992*
 Edward Hewitt, #1058
 Joseph Johnson, #1012
 Marion Knight, #1057
 William Kellerman, #1306 (Army)

Ted Krol, #1017*
 W. E. Loring, #993
 Don M. Lewis, #964*
 Kenneth E. Neff, #1376
 Charles Middleton, #1023*
 Edward Peterson, #1018
 Jonothan Pearson, #1063*
 Joseph O. Peloquin, #1054
 Lawrence Richards, #996*
 Roy Rice, #1022*
 David Soulder, #1024
 Robert Sidders, #1056*
 Kenneth Schilling, #1029
 George Solomon, #1217
 Hayward C. Spinks, #963*
 Russel Tickner, #1006*

Roy Vitkus, #1026
 E. C. Weseloh*
 Norman Wright, #1157*
 Thomas Yankus, #1064
 William Yanzek, #1027*

CANADIANS

N. Beavchesne
 William Bender
 Rodney Banks
 Jack Bester
 Norman Binnil
 W. G. Brayley
 James Calderbank
 Alec Cambell
 Bert Chapman
 Jack Chapman
 Sam Dunseith
 C. M. Forman
 Maurice Grimsey
 Bruce Hyde
 Sam A. Harvey
 Earl Jones
 James Kennedy
 Stanley Lawrence
 Joseph Mollison
 Gerry Musgrove
 William Shields
 Sam Taylor
 William K. Vickerman

*Known to be deceased

**MONUMENT AT THE FRETEVAL FOREST**

Roughly, the translation reads, "Here nearby were concealed 152 Allied aviators, May to August 1944." (Photo taken by Rene Charpentier of Senlis, France, on June 25, 1997, and furnished by Tom Yankus).

One year later, it's Cleveland!

**From the Cleveland (Ohio) News,
August 13, 1945**

French berets and a banner made from a silk parachute formed the backdrop today for a meeting of one of the war's most unusual group of heroes.

Calling themselves Escadrille Soixante-Neuf, 21 Allied airmen met in Hotel Cleveland according to prearranged plans made in a forest camp south of Paris a year earlier.

These young men -- and there are a hundred others still on active duty in various parts of the country -- were shot down in France during 1944 and 1945. They lived dangerous lives by day and night until General Patton's Third Army liberated them last August.

It was then that the battle-worn men, who come from the U.S., Canada, England, Australia, Belgium, South Africa and New Zealand, set August 13, 1945, as a reunion date. Cleveland was chosen as a centrally-located spot.

The French hid the good stuff

From "My Stories of WW II" by Virgil Marco, Dallas, Texas

Late on the afternoon of April 24, 1944, I found myself sitting in a freshly plowed field after bailing out of a 305BG B-24 somewhere in France. My head was throbbing, and I felt a stabbing pain in my right hip. I could not remember floating down with my parachute.

I remember my legs collapsing on contact with the ground, my buttocks absorbing the shock of the landing along with the rest of my body including my head.

One of my first thoughts was to hide my parachute from the enemy pilot circling above. I jumped up, disconnected my parachute harness and began to hide the chute by raking freshly plowed dirt on it with my hands.

It was a good feeling to be on the ground even though I was behind enemy lines. I was relieved to find the pain in my hip was not severe enough to prevent me from walking. My next thought was, "How long can I evade capture?" I wished I had taken French or Latin in high school.

After covering the parachute with dirt, I turned to see a middle-aged man a few yards away. I rushed over to where the farmer was chopping weeds and exclaimed, "I am an American." The friendly response I expected never came.

He obviously didn't want to get involved.

Then I heard a voice calling my name, "Virgil, are you OK?" I turned and saw Gene Snodgrass, a fellow crew member, running toward me from a wooded area across the field.

At the same time I saw a woman and a young girl who seemed to be working in the field also running in my direction, saying something in French, pointing toward the woods. As the enemy plane passed out of sight, we got up and ran as fast as we could for the woods.

I was running with only one electrically heated boot on. The other had jarred loose from my foot when the chute opened. These boots were not made for walking.

Gene and I ran to the nearby bushes and trees and crawled inside to hide and discuss our predicament.

We opened the escape kits and found silk road maps of France, Belgium and Holland, a chocolate bar, a tiny compass, a rubber container for water, some water purifications pills, Dutch and French money, civilian photos of ourselves and a card with French and English phrases such as "I am an American Flyer." "Will you hide me?" "I am hungry."

We left our hiding place and began to explore the terrain. Down a ravine we walked to where a teen-age boy named Pierre Bonnet approached us. He made

signs for us to follow him. We followed about 25 feet behind, across an open field where we came to a large forest. Pierre pointed to my watch, indicating he would return at midnight and from the card of French and English phrases, let us know he would bring some civilian clothes.

About midnight Pierre arrived with two pair of black coats and pants. He also brought me some hobnailed shoes. We removed the wool liners in our heated flying jackets and wore them for shirts.

After about an hour's walk, we reached the home of a priest in the town of Aubenton, near the French-Belgian border. Apparently the black coats and pants we were wearing had belonged to the priest who could write English better than he could speak it.

The priest drew some water from the pump in his kitchen and gave each of us a pan of water and a bar of soap. It was refreshing to wash my minor facial wounds and my dirty hands. The priest assisted Gene by cleaning the burns on his arm and putting on bandages.

The priest sliced some cheese and filled our glasses with wine. He proudly informed us that the French saved their best wine by spreading propaganda after the occupation that the best wine was of the poorest quality and the poorest was the best. The Germans promptly confiscated the poor quality wine, leaving the best for the French.

We told the priest of our plan to reach Spain. He smiled and said he did not believe we would ever reach Spain safely. He gave us a good road map, far superior to the one in our escape kits. He circled certain villages in a westerly direction from Aubenton, pointing out that if we needed help, to go to the Catholic churches in the villages marked.

After a short visit, the priest led us to the road marked on the map and bid us farewell. We started walking down the dark, narrow road, wondering if we would taste the good wine again.

Virgil and Gene were sheltered by the Resistance until they were liberated in Chauny, France, by the U.S. 28th Infantry Division in September 1944.

Gene Snodgrass died of a heart attack in Tulsa, Okla., in 1978.



CAMERA READY -- These folks were willing to line up for Scotty at the Dayton reunion last May. From left: Alice Davey of Dover, Del., Howard and Catherine Turlington of St. Louis, Mo., and Sylvia Beall (sister of Dorothy Kenney) of Tampa, Fla. Alice's brother, Sam Gevokian, was KIA in the war after successfully evading.

Lloyd Bott believes the memories can continue

Lloyd Bott of Victoria, Australia, was "First Lieutenant" of M.G.B. 502 during many of the operations to evacuate evading airmen and agents from Brittany during the first three months of 1944.

He has written some graphic descriptions of those operations in his book, "The Royal Navy's 15th Motor Gunboat Flotilla," now on file in the Australian War Museum in Canberra and the Imperial War Museum in London.

Lloyd has been a friend of Ralph Patton since 1967 and often has provided AFEES with information concerning the crews of gunboats of the 15th Motor Gunboat Flotilla.

Three members of the crews have attended AFEES reunions: Norman Hines, Billy Webb and Andrew Smith. In addition, Commander Peter Williams and several crew members have attended various ceremonies at Bonaparte Beach near Plouha, France.

In a recent letter to Clayton David, Lloyd wrote:

"As an ex-member of the 15th M.G.B. Flotilla, I visited the Plouha area, a visit organized by Marcel Cola in Paris, sometime in the early 1960s and met with Mathurin Branchoux, Pierre Huet and Jean Gicquel.

"With M. Branchoux, I visited Madame Emilie Cellarie, who at one time had up to 15 airmen billeted with her. Her eyes filled with tears that she was remembered. It brought back memories. It made her proud and it made me proud. That same bond is what exists between the people of Shelburn and AFEES.

"As a matter of interest there is at Kingswear, Dartmouth, a plaque which remembers the 15th M.G.B. Flotilla and the French Resistance, the agents and Allied airmen who were carried by the 15th M.G.B. Also, a sister school relationship has developed between schools in Kingswear and Plouha. So the memories may continue for a long time yet.

"I have enjoyed the quarterly *Communications* which I receive. The story is never finished. Thank You, AFEES!

"Nous n'oublierons Jamais!"

Lloyd Bott can be reached at 13 Amberwood Court, Templestowe 3106, Victoria, Australia

It still happens on London streets

By The Associated Press

LONDON -- An American tourist died after being hit by two vehicles when she looked the wrong way while crossing a busy London street.

Gladys Arlene Quinones, 31, of Miami was walking along Victoria Embankment with her boyfriend recently when she stepped off the pavement and was hit by a scooter and then a van, police said.



Col. Stone Christopher holds his 60-year Masonic award, presented in a ceremony at San Antonio, Tex.

Col. Christopher receives 60-year Masonic award

Col. Stone Christopher, a Life Member of AFEES, received his Masonic 60-year membership award from the Grand Lodge of Florida F&AM on Wednesday, April 30, 1997, at Air Force Village II in San Antonio, Tex.

The award was presented through the Grand Lodge of Texas as a courtesy. It was presented to Colonel Christopher by Right Worshipful Harry G. Cunningham, Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Texas with about 60 other brothers and ladies present.

Colonel Christopher has been a member of Freemasonry for more than 60 years. His membership is located in Canaveral Lodge No. 339 F&AM, Cocoa Beach, Fla.

Colonel Christopher says that this is proof that "Masonry is still Alive." The presentation was followed by a reception.

Colonel Christopher's work in U.S. Intelligence during WWII was described in the June 1995 issue of *Communications*.

Life with the Polish Home Army

An armada of more than 1,200 heavy bombers and 1,000 fighters headed for targets in the Berlin area on June 21, 1944. Included was the B-17G "BTO in the ETO," of the 452BG, piloted by Lt. Louis R. Hernandez of El Paso, Tex. Shortly before reaching Berlin, two combat wings totalling over 160 B-17s and their P-51 escorts peeled off to hit a refinery complex near Ruhland/Elsterwerda with "BTO" in the low slot in the low element.

They comprised *Operation Frantic II*, the first England-to-Russia shuttle raid.

After bombs away the formation turned eastward continuing on their more than 1,450-mile flight. They performed a dog-legged maneuver called a "Double Drift" away from their briefed course to fly directly over the German occupied city of Warsaw, Poland. This morale boosting gesture caused rioting in the streets where Allied planes hadn't been seen since 1939.

About 50 miles further east, attacking Me-109s sent "BTO in the ETO" down in flames with #2 and 3 engines disabled. The crew parachuted--three were taken POW by Wehrmacht troops, seven were rescued by members of the 34th Regiment, Polish Home Army.

The regiment consisted of some 200 men, led by a commander, code named "Zenon". They had been fighting the Germans since Poland's surrender.

Each member of the regiment had a code name, fearing reprisals against their families should their true identities be discovered. The man who served as interpreter had been --and still is--a movie director. His code name was "Dreadnaught," and he and the Americans became fast friends.

A radio had been dropped to them by the RAF with which they could communicate with London in coded messages. They had a bicycle with a generator mounted on it. The sprocket could be shifted to enable the rider to power the generator. If there was anything important to communicate with London, they would send radio messages after dark. That night, word was sent that the seven were under the protection of the Underground. They were Pilot Hernandez, Co-pilot Thomas J. Madden, Bombardier Joseph C. Baker, Navigator Alfred R. Lea,



THEY SAW WARSAW -- Three members of the crew of "BTO in the ETO" had a few laughs together after their escape from Poland after being downed on the *Poltava* mission of June 21, 1944. They are believed to be the first Americans ever to fight with the Polish Underground Army. Left to right: Pilot Louis Hernandez, Engineer Tony Hutchinson and Navigator Alfred Lea.

Engineer Anthony Hutchinson, P-51 Mechanic/Waist Gunner Robert L. Gilbert, and Waist Gunner Herschell L. Wise. The other three had been taken prisoner by the Nazis and were presumed to be alive: Radio Operator Jack P. White, Tail Gunner Arnold Shumate and Ball Turret Gunner William Cabaniss.

According to Lea, when the unit had a military action or maneuver, they didn't look like a bunch of ragtag people. They weren't frightened of the Germans. A systematic method of sentinels and signals was maintained well in advance and to the rear of their caravan. They moved about without fear, since they knew the whereabouts of German troops at all times.

Lea was given the code name Mueller after a Gestapo officer. He was told he looked like a Gestapo guy.

He and the other crewmen were well protected by Commander Zenon and his army of freedom fighters. The Americans soon came to admire Zenon as a born leader and a formidable warrior. He considered himself personally responsible for their safety. Says Lea, "That night in the

farmhouse, our first night in Poland, Zenon spoke to us as we lay in our straw beds. With Dreadnaught as interpreter, he urged us not to worry, promising that we would be safe. He gave us his pledge that we would be captured by Germans only after every Pole in the Underground army unit assigned to that district was killed."

During their experiences with the Polish Home Army, Al and the crew developed quite a camaraderie with the Commander and Dreadnaught, the interpreter.

On July 3 the Americans participated in bombing and derailing an armed German supply train using plastic explosives; immediately they retreated into the forests, making a forced march of almost 45 miles during the night. Along the way a cow was "requisitioned" from a German army operated farm. During early morning on July 4 the Polish soldiers held a parade the full length of a village main street in honor of American Independence Day. Afterwards beef stew was served to everyone.

During the next nine days, the group traveled through several small towns

(Continued)

toward the Russian lines. Every day, they could see German planes overhead. Many flew quite low. Says Lea, "The Germans were flying JU-52s with red crosses on the sides. The Poles called them 'meat wagons,' because they would bring back wounded from the Russian Front. It was a well known fact, however, that they would carry fresh troops and supplies to the front."

The partisans had developed an effective tactic to combat these low-flying planes. The transports were referred to by the Underground as the "Morning Express", as they normally operated just after dawn.

Within the Resistance unit, there were several men who had been in the Polish cavalry, and they possessed what Lea refers to as "the most beautifully trained horses I've ever seen in my life." Lea continues, "Lookouts would be strategically posted so that they would know from which way the planes were coming. These cavalymen would ride out and hide in hedgerows or under trees and wait for them to fly over. Then they would come out of hiding and ride out right under them, firing at the planes with machine pistols. The JU-52s quite often flew real low, and the partisans would literally "saw a hole in the cockpit" with automatic weapons. In the 40 or so days that we fought with the Poles, we saw them shoot down four of them."

By this time, the force of partisans had grown to over 300 men. The unit was being joined by fighting men of many

nationalities, including Poles, Hungarians, Romanians, Czechs, Germans who hated Hitler and Russians who hated Stalin. The Russians were rapidly advancing during that period, and casualty rates on both sides of the conflict were increasing dramatically.

Later in July a scouting cadre took the Americans to a secure position overlooking a Luftwaffe base equipped with JU-88 medium bombers. For several days and nights they watched operations and studied Junkers operational manuals provided as if by magic. Plans were made to take over the base at dusk, long enough for the Yanks to steal two planes and escape to Allied territory. After careful consideration the fliers decided to abandon the scheme feeling too many Polish lives would be lost to justify the result.

For the next two weeks, the partisans and evadees fought side-by-side in their attempt to reach the Russian lines.

Soviet relief arrived late in the afternoon of July 27. As Lea explains, "The Russian commander, a colonel, came to see us Americans. Zenon, who spoke Russian, introduced us after which the colonel promised to notify his HQ and facilitate our return as soon as possible."

The next day, a Russian major requested that the Americans, Zenon, Dreadnaught and the Aide de Camp to General Bor accompany him to Soviet headquarters. "The Russian HQ was only a few miles away," says Lea. "There, the oddest transaction took place. Zenon didn't trust the Russians, so he made the Soviet

colonel fill out a receipt for 'seven American airmen,' which he said he would deliver to the Polish Underground HQ in Warsaw. This receipt was signed by the Russian colonel and by us. The original was kept by Zenon and the colonel got a duplicate. They had the Russian enlisted man with a typewriter with 32 characters on it, trying to type our names in Russian. It took guts, but they stood up to the Russians and made them put down our correct names and serial numbers before they would release us!"

It turned out that the Russian contingent was the major Red Army that was moving on the Germans. Their commanding general, Marshall Zukhov, was there. "We didn't get to meet him," says Lea, "But he came around to look us over. Apparently, the word got around that there were Americans there. We recognized him from pictures."

Their good friend Dreadnaught stayed with the Americans for the next few days. Early on the morning of July 30, he sadly told them that he had to leave. "We tried to tell him how much we owed him," said Lea, "but he merely replied, 'It was my duty. We fight for the same end, Comrades, all.' We were to fly from a secret air base in Poland to an American base in Russia. We saluted Dreadnaught, shook hands and left. We saw him standing there. He looked dejected. I knew we were!"

Within the next few days, Lea, Hernandez and Hutchinson returned to their base at Deopham Green. The debriefing with Allied intelligence took six hours. Their detailed account amazed the Intelligence officers, who said that the experiences of the seven men that floated from a crippled B-17 to the farmlands of Poland on June 21, 1944, were "beyond parallel in the European Theatre." They were the first Americans in history known to have fought with the Polish Underground Army.

They concluded the narrative of their adventure by saying, "If we worked all our lives for the Poles, regardless of the dangers and hazards involved, we should never be able to repay what they did for us."



Soldiers of the 34th Regiment, Polish Home Army, with Maria (nurse)

This story, submitted by Alfred Lea of Houston, Texas, is adapted from Confederate Air Force Dispatch, Jan.-Feb., 1985, and March-April, 1985.

To preserve the E&E story

Many members have donated already to Heritage Museum

If we are to raise this amount by the end of the year, we must all take a careful look at how we feel about our Escape & Evasion exhibit at Savannah.

--Ralph Patton

By RALPH K. PATTON
AFEES Chairman

As of Aug. 21, AFEES members and friends had contributed the total of \$84,128.75 to the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Ga., against a total pledge of \$100,000.

This is an outstanding accomplishment. But we cannot lose sight of the big number than remains. Sixteen thousand dollars is still a lot of money to most of us.

What follows is a list of AFEES members and friends who have opened their checkbooks to support our exhibit. Contributions have ranged from \$10 to \$10,000. If you have made a contribution and your name is not listed here, please let me (Ralph Patton) know asap; it is possible that AFEES may not have received credit for your donation.

Preston Abbot, Burbank, Calif.
William Allison, Brookings, Ore.
Charlotte Ambach, Green Valley, Ariz.
Lester E. Andersen, Springfield, Mass.
Robert Anderson, Mendham, N.J.
James R. Anslow, Houston, Tex.
George F. Bennett, Horseshoe Bay, Tex.
Robert Borst, Laurel, Miss.
Herbert Brill, Corona del Mar, Calif.
Sterling Call, Burlingame, Calif.
Stanley Chichester, Sarasota, Fla.
Ruth S. Christenson, Pasadena, Md.
Stone Christopher, San Antonio, Tex.
James A. Cook, Savannah, Ga.
Ford C. Cowherd, W. Palm Beach, Fla.
*Clayton David, Hannibal, Mo.
George Day, Shalimar, Fla.
Samuel Deutsch, Temecula, Fla.
Elmer E. Duerr, Munhall, Pa.
Wayne Eveland, Helena, Mont.
*Lee Fegette, Red Oak, Tex.
Louis Feingold, Emerson, N.J.
Charles Fisher, Jeannette, Pa.
*Larry Grauerholz, Wichita Falls, Tex.

Louis L. Halton, Arlington, Va.
*Howard Harris, Wolcott, N.Y.
W. L. Harvey, Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla.
L. D. (Doug) Hicks, Arlington, Tex.
James Hodgins, Greensboro, N.Car.
Peter B. Hogan, Springfield, Mass.
Glenn L. Hovenkamp, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Douglas Hoverkamp, Tequesta, Fla.
*Elton Hoyt III, Cleveland, Ohio
*Glenn B. Johnson, Greers Ferry, Ark.
Howard Justin, Jackson Heights, Ky.
John Katsoros, Haverhill, Mass.
E. Robert Kelley, Shasta Lake City, Calif.
*Paul Kenney, Stone Mountain, Ga.
Conrad Kersch, Stagecoach, Nev.
*Jacques Keshishian, Dover, Del.
Harold Kilmer, Dallas, Tex.
Mary Lantigne, Carthage, N.Y.
Francis Lashinsky, Old Lyme, Conn.
*J. William Lincoln, Dunkirk, N.Y.
Earnest V. Lindell, Moses Lake, Wash.
*Warren Loring, Monument Beach, Mass.
Joseph E. Manos, Sacramento, Calif.
Andrew Marcin, Castle Shannon, Pa.



Paul E. Kenney of Stone Mountain, Ga., treasurer of AFEES, has conducted the traditional Memorial Service that concludes our reunions for many years. Here he leads the service at Dayton in May 1997.

Clyde Martin, Mackinaw, Ill.
 Roy Martin, Rison, Ark.
 *Howard J. Mays, Mesa, Ariz.
 Charles McClain, Rockledge, Fla.
 Lloyd E. McMichael, Minnetonka, Minn.
 John Mead, New Orleans, La.
 Clay Mellor, Rochester, Vt.
 *Mrs. Wm. J. Miller, Denver, Colo.
 Edward C. Miller, W. Sedona, Ariz.
 William E. Mountain, Duncansville, Pa.
 Joseph P. Murphy, Wildwood Crest, N.J.
 Claude Murray, Phoenix, Ariz.
 Joseph Navarro, Rolling Meadows, Ill.
 Donald Ogilvie, Winter Park, Fla.
 *Ralph Patton, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Cobern Peterson, West Grove, Pa.
 Claude Rathgeben, Port St. Lucie, Fla.
 Bernard Rawlings, Colchester, Conn.
 John Roberts, Oxford, Pa.
 Otto Roskey, Chriesman, Tex.
 William O. Ross, Monte Zuma, N.Car.
 Paul Ruska, Abilene, Tex.
 *Kenneth Shaver, York, S. Car.
 Gilbert S. Shawn, Longwood, Fla.
 *David Shoss, Dallas, Tex.
 *Richard M. Smith, Battle Lake, Minn.
 John Spence, Memphis, Tenn.
 *Catherine Spinning, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.
 Henry M. St. George, East Marion, N.Y.
 Jack Stead, Dearborn, Mich.
 *Arthur Steinmetz, New York, N.Y.
 Myrle J. Stinnet, Staunton, Ill.
 Helen Tunstall, Silver Springs, Md.
 Don W. Vogel, Brandon, Vt.
 Joseph Vukovich, Medford, Ore.

* Joseph J. Walters, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Russel Weyland, McHenry, Ill.
 *Clifford O. Williams, Nederland, Tex.
 Clay Wilson, Stanford, N.Car.
 Robert I. Wilson, Peoria, Ill.
 Alvin J. Winant, Marblehead, Mass.
 Francis Witt, Strongsville, Ohio
 Thomas Yankus, Palm Bay, Fla.

* Major contributor

Nearly \$18 million was spent on the American Air Museum in Britain, dedicated August 1, but it contains not one word concerning escape and evasion. The Air Force Museum at Dayton completely ignores E&E. Our only chance to preserve our story for future generations and the museum-going public is the Heritage Museum at Savannah.

If you can help meet our pledge, please send a contribution, large or small, to me or directly to the museum:

RALPH PATTON
 5000 Alden Drive
 PITTSBURGH, PA 15220

OR

8th A.F. HERITAGE MUSEUM
 PO Box 1992
 SAVANNAH, GA 31402

Make checks payable to the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum and be sure to mention "Credit to AFEES".



At the memorial service at the conclusion of the AFEES Dayton reunion, President Dick Smith holds the mike for Ruth Ivey of Acworth, Ga., while David Shoss of Dallas, Tex., and Howard and Jeanette Harris of Wolcott, N.Y., await their turn. --Photo by Jim Goebel

Historian says bribes from Churchill kept Spain out of the war

By The Associated Press

LONDON -- Winston Churchill resorted to bribery to keep Spain out of World War II, a British historian said Wednesday, Aug. 6.

David Stafford, a professor at Edinburgh University, said documents show Churchill authorized payments totaling about \$10 million in 1940 and 1941 to military commanders in Francisco Franco's government.

"It's important because it indicates how desperate Churchill was to keep Spain out of the war," Stafford said. "If he hadn't spent the money, would Spain have stayed out of the war? It's difficult to judge."



The Queen meets guests at the opening of the U.S. Air Museum at Duxford

Dream comes true at Duxford

Estimates are that more than 100 million people watched at least some of the television coverage as Queen Elizabeth of England opened the American Air Museum at Duxford on August 1.

More than 4,000 veterans of the U.S. 8th Air Force were in attendance as the British, with their famous pomp and pageantry, dedicated the \$17.8 million museum to the U.S. Air Forces based in England during World War II.

The opening ceremony included remarks by Sheila Widnall, U.S. Secretary of the Air Force, Maj. Gen. Ramsay Potts, former 8AF group commander, and Charlton Heston, co-chairman of the U.S. fund-raising campaign. Highlight of the ceremony was a flyover of a B-17, a P-51 and a P-47.

Veterans were represented by Hubert Childress, president of the 8AF Historical Society, and John Greenwood, past president of the 8AFHS and now president of the 8AF Memorial Museum Foundation.

Greenwood, a friend of AFEES, wrote to Ralph Patton that "the format for all the ceremonies concerning the dedication of the new American Air Museum in Britain was one of

cooperation between the USA and Great Britain. This theme was reflected by those at the podium; there was an RAF band and a U.S. Air Force band that played alternately; the WWII flyover included RAF and USAAF planes. The final flyover was by a formation of modern USAF F-15s. The highlight of the event for me was being introduced to Queen Elizabeth and it was evident by her mingling with the other 8AF veterans that she represented the people of Great Britain in saying 'Thank You' for our help with the war effort in their hour of need."

Col. Robert Vickers, past president of the 8AFHS, was quoted in an English newspaper as saying, "The museum was a monumental tribute to the 30,000 U.S. airmen who gave their lives flying from British bases during the war."

Heston, the film star and former airman, called the dedication a "remarkable demonstration of the relationship between the RAF and the American Air Force."

A group of 8th AF veterans were received by Margaret Thatcher at the Cabinet War Room in London on the evening of July 30.

U.S. air museum opened in Britain

From the Chicago Tribune,
Friday, August 1, 1997

By RAY MOSELEY
Tribune Staff Writer

DUXFORD, England -- John Greenwood, 75, of Alton, Ill., and nearly 4,000 fellow Americans will gather on an airfield near this Cambridgeshire village on Friday (Aug. 1, 1997) for what, to many of them, will be some unfinished business from World War II.

The Americans will watch as Queen Elizabeth II dedicates Britain's new \$17.8 million American Air Museum. It contains 21 planes that link all of America's wars in the air age, from World War I to the Persian Gulf conflict.

The Americans who will be a centerpiece of the ceremony are veterans of the deadliest air war ever fought, the battle that the slow, lumbering Allied bombers and their fighter escorts waged in World War II against German Messerschmitts and anti-aircraft guns.

The U.S. 8th Air Force, based in Britain, lost 26,000 of its personnel during the war. The Royal Air Force, which fought the air war alone until the U.S. came in, lost 70,253 men. The honored dead of the 8th Air Force will be the absent guests at Friday's ceremony as far as Greenwood and many of his companions are concerned.

"The average age of these guys was 21 years old when their lives were snuffed out," said Greenwood, a stockbroker who is president of the 8th Air Force Historical Society and its Memorial Museum Foundation. "Some of them were just 18 and lied about their age to get into the war. We owe a big debt to all of them.

"Not many people realize it, but the 8th Air Force lost more men than the entire U.S. Marine Corps did all of the Second World War. The Marines lost just 21,000." (According to the Defense Department, the Marines had 19,700 battle deaths, 4,800 otherwise.)

Americans, many of them 8th Air Force veterans, have contributed nearly \$4.9 million toward the cost of the museum, which is part of an Imperial War Museum complex that includes 140 historic aircraft. It is Europe's leading

aviation museum.

Another \$10.9 million came from the National Lottery Heritage Fund and \$1 million from the Saudi Arabian government in recognition of U.S. contributions in the Gulf war. Another \$1 million remains to be found.

The site is an appropriate one, for during World War II Duxford was the base of the U.S. 350th Fighter Group and then the 78th Fighter Group, which flew P-47s and later P-51s. Today it is the site of a museum and an active airfield.

Actor Charlton Heston, who served on a B-25 bomber in the Aleutians during the war, is co-chairman with Britain's Field Marshal Lord Bramall of the American Air Museum in Britain Campaign, which has more than 60,000 founding members.

Heston will speak at Friday's ceremony, along with former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and U.S. Air Force Secretary Sheila Widnall.

Ted Inman, director of the Duxford complex and a driving force in creation of the American museum, enlisted the help of the late Gen. James Doolittle, a one-time 8th Air Force commander, in raising funds in the U.S.

Inman said the museum is fitting recognition of American air power as "the dominant factor in 20th Century conflict, much as the Royal Navy was in the 19th century."

The museum is housed in a curved, concrete building with a 297-foot-long glass front that was designed by the British architect Sir Norman Foster.

Most of the displayed planes are on permanent loan from the U.S. Air Force, but a few have been purchased by the museum. A giant B-52 bomber, which took part in 200 raids over Vietnam and is the only B-52 in Europe, dominates the museum.

"The restoration of some of these old planes is perfect," Greenwood said. "They were coming off assembly lines so fast that some of them were not well built.

Chris Chippington of the museum staff, who directed the restoration project, said some planes were in relatively good shape, but his most difficult job was restoring a P-47 Thunderbolt which had

crashed while being flown in the U.S.

Greenwood, who will have a front-row seat Friday and be introduced to the queen, was a 22-year-old second lieutenant and a navigator on a B-17 bomber when he came to England in 1944.

Normally air crews were rotated out of Britain if they survived 25 mission, but Greenwood somehow lived through 34. His most terrifying experience, he said, occurred when his plane suffered an engine failure while climbing on a planned attack on Berlin. The plane rapidly dropped to 17,000 feet as it turned back toward Britain and came out of cloud cover near the German port of Emden, a heavily defended U-boat base.

"They just pummeled us," he said. "The tail gunner was hit, and then the waist gunner. The waist gunner fell on his microphone button, so his screams were broadcast to every station on the plane."

Another engine was knocked out, and a third was damaged. The B-17 was flying at an altitude of just 200 feet when it limped back to an American base in England. The pilot overshot the field, and Greenwood, sitting in the plexiglass nose of the plane, watched as it headed toward a collision with a line of parked B-24 bombers.

It cleared the bombers, but then faced a collision with a hangar. At the last moment, the pilot pulled the plane up, circled the field and came in for a safe landing.

"Every crew in the 8th Air Force could tell you similar stories," Greenwood said.

His saddest memory is of the trip home at the end of the war. One B-17 in his formation, carrying its crew of 10 and 10 ground staff, crashed into a Welsh mountain in bad weather and all aboard were killed.

Greenwood visited the American military cemetery at Cambridge earlier this week and shed a few tears for his lost comrades.

"Going up there is a very moving experience," he said. "Nine-tenths of the burials in the cemetery are 8th Air Force guys. It is a beautiful cemetery, and some of our English friends often go there to find solace."

In the jungles of Borneo . . .

Seven months with the headhunters

From The Arizona Daily Star,
Tucson, Ariz., June 25, 1995

By **BONNIE HENRY**

The Arizona Daily Star

He began the day in an aluminum bomber, bristling with 20th-century firepower. He ended it crouched on a woven fiber mat, surrounded by headhunters.

Somewhere in the jungle, his B-24 lay twisted and smoldering. He had no idea what had happened to the rest of his crew. And the island was crawling with Japanese soldiers.

All in all, "I felt pretty lucky," says Tucsonan John Nelson.

Fifty years ago (June 27, 1945) Nelson, now 69, was airlifted out of Borneo -- seven months after parachuting into it.

During that time, he, along with six fellow crewmen, would learn to speak rudimentary Dyak, hunt wild boar with a blow gun, and abandon their flight suits for more suitable garb.

"Six days of the week, we wore bark loin cloths. But on Sundays, we wore cloth," says Nelson, who still has a sample of the latter.

Sundays and hymn singing, after all, were still big with the natives, says Nelson, thanks to earlier contacts with Christian missionaries.

"When the Japanese came in, they told the missionaries that if they didn't give up, there would be reprisals against the natives. The missionaries gave up and the Japanese cut off their heads."

Consequently, though headhunting had been outlawed, the natives still lopped off heads from time to time, though usually just those of Japanese origin.

His descent into darkness began just before dawn, Nov. 16, 1944.

The crew of 10, plus a special photographer along for the mission, were part of a large group of B-24 Liberators lifting off from Morotai to bomb a Japanese carrier and its escorts which had settled into Brunei Bay, Borneo.

But instead of a lone carrier, the bay was filled with Japanese warships.

"I could see what looked like the whole Jap fleet below us, shooting everything they had," says Nelson, a 19-year-old gunner flying right waist position that day.

The flak was intense. "Before we even got over water, the front section was hit," says Nelson.

A large shell burst in the cockpit, instantly killing the navigator and mortally wounding both pilots.

With the wounded co-pilot at the controls, the plane left formation and immediately headed back to base, flying at about 12,000 feet.

Meanwhile Nelson and a few other crewmen were in the back of the plane, strapping on parachutes and stuffing whatever looked useful into their pockets.

Not long after came the order to jump. Nelson was the first one out.

Parachuting, he says, "is like stepping off a porch. But then you get into the slipstream and realize what it's like being in a 150-mile-an-hour windstorm."

Right behind him was the photographer. "He didn't make it," says Nelson.

Neither did the navigator and the co-pilot, who went down with the plane. Though the pilot managed to jump, he too would die that day.

Nelson landed in a tree so tall he plummeted through 20 feet of it before coming to rest in its branches, still a hundred feet from the ground.

"My chute was hopelessly tangled," says Nelson, who managed to extricate himself from the harness and slide to the ground.

While floating to earth he had spotted smoke rising from the jungle floor.

"I started down from the hill where I had landed, following a small stream." He kept following the stream until he found a path that led to a long house.

"By then, it was nearly dark.

"I noticed that my ankles and legs were covered with leeches and there was blood all over," says Nelson.

"I was tending to this when a fierce-looking dark man appeared. He dropped his spear and bowed down. I thought I



John Nelson was a 19-year-old gunner when his B-24 was shot down over Borneo during World War II. He was in flight school when this photo was taken.

was pretty lucky."

Using his "best high school Spanish," Nelson told the man he was an "Americano."

The man motioned Nelson into the house. Inside were about 30 men, women and children. Most of the men were covered with tattoos and men and women alike sported devices that stretched out their earlobes.

He was given a bowl of rice and meat to eat, then started tackling a glossary the missionaries had left behind.

"Their language was Dyak. They gave me a pencil and paper and we started pointing to pictures in the glossaries. I started working on words that way."

That night, he slept on a woven mat in the middle of the room. "I was entirely in their hands," he says.

Three days later, the natives found tail gunner Francis Harrington. The two crew members would be constant companions for the next seven months.

A few days later, the two Americans were escorted to the village of Lg Nuat. In the village lived a native missionary who could speak English.

"When he heard our story, a meeting was called with the people of his district

More about -- With the headhunters in the Borneo jungle

and they decided to hide us near his church," says Nelson.

At the same time, they learned through the jungle grapevine of at least four other Americans on the island, 10 days' travel-time away.

They also learned that the Japanese knew about them, and were trying to hunt them down. "The natives had built these little shelters out in the rice fields. They'd hide us there."

Every week or two, the men were moved to a different native house. Finally, says Nelson, their protectors tired of playing cat-and-mouse with one of the Japanese patrols. "So they ambushed them and killed them."

In the beginning, says Nelson, he and Harrington wore their flight suits. "Then after awhile we went to loincloths and started going barefoot."

They also went out with the natives on hunting expeditions, and learned how to aim blow guns at wild boar and monkeys.

Thanksgiving and Christmas came and went. The Battle of the Bulge was fought and won in Europe. Great battles were being waged in the Pacific. And here they remained.

"We figured to be there til we were old men," says Nelson.

Meanwhile, his family back in Boise, Idaho, kept receiving doleful messages from the War Department concerning his missing-in-action status. "My father gave up hope, but my mother never did."

In January of '45, a Navy plane with a crew of nine went down over Borneo. Five were found and executed by the Japanese. Four survived.

A few weeks later these survivors were escorted by the natives to Lg Nuat where Nelson and Harrington were still living.

The six men were then escorted to the nearby village of Lg Betang where Nelson and Harrington were reunited with the rest of the survivors from their old B-24 crew.

Though the two villages were fairly close to each other, three mountain ranges separated them, says Nelson.

There at Lg Betang, the 11 Americans

all lived in a house built by missionaries. Life settled into a routine. "We'd get up, have a breakfast of rice, take a swim in the river, hike around a bit," says Nelson.

They caught fish in the river, ate bananas and papayas, and smoked green tobacco, rolled up in banana leaves.

Though one of the men, says Nelson, briefly entertained thoughts of romance-- "The natives didn't think much about our mixing with the women. They were a modest people."

Instead, the men passed the time in playing poker with homemade cards and browsing through back issues of Reader's Digest left behind by the missionaries.

Despite these somewhat idyllic conditions, malaria, dysentery and malnutrition dogged the men, including Nelson.

Salvation came calling in April when a small band of Australian commandoes, led by a British major, parachuted onto the island near Bario, with the idea of organizing a native guerrilla force.

"The natives told them some Americans were in there so they sent one of their officers over to us."

At last the men were able to catch up on what was happening in the rest of the world. "We heard how the war was going. And we learned that President

Roosevelt had died."

The Aussies, as well as the natives, then helped the men -- some too weak to walk-- over the mountains to a valley where an airstrip was under construction.

"It had become their task to get us out of there," says Nelson.

For three weeks, the men were flown one by one to the nearby island of Labuan, under Australian control.

"They flew the ones who were the worst off out first," says Nelson, whose day of liberation came on June 27, 1945.

And, no, he and the others didn't fly out wearing loincloths.

"This lady had made us some shorts," says Nelson. "And when we got to Labuan we were issued Aussie uniforms."

From Labuan, the men flew on to Morotai. There Nelson spent a week in the hospital before rejoining his outfit.

By November of '45, he was back home in Boise, recounting his adventures to about every service organization in town, and making plans to attend the University of Idaho on the GI Bill.

Tucsonians since 1977, Nelson and wife Aileen now have four children, four grandchildren.

Fifty years past their rescue, four men from that B-24 are still alive. Says Nelson: "I still feel lucky."



SOME GOOD GUYS -- There was a lot of good visiting accomplished at the AFEES reunion in Dayton last May. From left, Peter Hogan of Springfield, Mass., Francis Heekin of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Francis Lashinsky of Old Lyme, Conn., swap a few yarns.

B-25 down on Chinese river bank

By JIM POWELL
Newhall, Calif.

I was the engineer-gunner (top turret) on a B-25J bomber with the 71st Squadron, 38BG, 5AF, stationed at Lingayen, Luzon, Philippines.

On my 4th mission, March 29, 1945, while on a minimum altitude bombing mission against an alcohol refinery at Byoritsu, Formosa, our plane was hit by anti-aircraft fire and collided with the lead plane at the start of the target run. Our plane, piloted by 2nd Lt. W. G. Nash and 2nd Lt. J. W. Luddeke, veered down and to the left under the lead aircraft which appeared to pass within a foot over my turret and sheared about one foot from the top of the left rudder/stabilizer and raked the right one over sideways.

The lead plane with bomb bay doors open, pulled up sharply to avoid ours. The co-pilot of the lead aircraft, 2nd Lt. Toivo Johnson, had instinctively raised the lead plane to avoid a catastrophe which would have claimed the lives of both crews. Even so, their aircraft sustained damage to the right wing, the tail, and radio antennae, but they completed the bomb run.

Our pilots struggled to maintain control over our damaged aircraft and headed westward through a deep valley for the South China Sea. Throughout the trip through the valley, anti-aircraft fire came from both sides. As we passed over the northwestern Formosa coastline, almost at wave-peak level, the pilot ordered the crew to prepare to ditch. But the sea was too rough and the danger of capture by the Japanese was too great.

The navigator, 2nd Lt. Floyd King, gave a heading for Southeastern China to an emergency landing field in unoccupied territory. As we circled through the mountainous Chinese territory we missed the landing strip and ran low on fuel. We passed over several Japanese military truck convoys and headed away from the main roads. With only one engine fully operational, the pilots crash-landed the



RIDE IN CHINA -- This B-25 crew got to ride in a Jeep after being downed on a raid to Formosa. They were rescued by Chinese Security Forces after being forced to crash-land. Cpl. J. W. Powell, author of this account, is directly behind the unidentified Navy driver. This photo was taken March 30, 1945, in Kienyang in southeastern China.

aircraft, down the side of a mountain, skimmed across a rice paddy, plowed through a narrow shallow river (Fu-t'un Ch'i), and nosed into the eastern bank.

This was near the village of Qin Tian in northwest Fukien (now Fujian) Province. Everyone was shaken; no one was seriously hurt. We had landed in a small pocket of territory which hadn't been occupied yet, either by the Japanese or by the Chinese Communists, who were known to take Allied airmen prisoner.

Each crew member carried a small American and Nationalist Chinese flag with instructions about turning us over to friendly authorities. We were picked up by Chinese Security Forces and greeted cautiously by local villagers who took us to a farm building where we were fed sweetened hard-boiled eggs. After showing them our flags with their appeal to help friendly forces, they contacted Chinese government officials.

Within an hour, Mr. Yuan Guo-Qin, the mayor of Shao-wu, brought Mr. Cao Cheng Zhou, an English interpreter, Mr. Yun Hong and Mr. Lin Jing-Run, president of Fukien Christian University (also known as the American University) to greet us. He brought additional Security Forces to guard the plane.

Our crew was taken first to a Catholic

Church compound which consisted of the church, the priests' residence and a medical clinic. Two missionaries from New York City greeted us and accompanied us to the home of the university president who had invited us to clean up and have refreshments. As we were preparing to clean up, there came a loud banging at the entrance, accompanied by shouts of "Open Up!" A contingent of U.S. Navy and Marine personnel hustled us to their Jeeps.

The rescue party of Navy and Marine volunteers were from the Sino American Cooperative Organization. They worked with Chinese Intelligence, training Chinese guerillas, spotting and directing the destruction of Japanese coastal installations and naval forces. They also provided Allied air and naval forces with weather data. SACO also worked closely with the Air Ground Aid Service to return downed Allied airmen to safety. The rescue party drove us about 50 miles to their Kienyang (or Chien-yang) headquarters which was within another Catholic Church compound. Here we were provided with heavy jackets as the weather was cool in the evenings.

On March 30 we spent the day in Kienyang awaiting transfer to what was known as the "Underground Railway" in China. While there, we were

photographed in a Jeep. We departed Kienyang on March 31 by Jeep for Nan-ping.

In the company of a Lt. Bolger and a Chinese driver-mechanic in a weapons carrier, we left Nan-ping for Yung-an on April 1. At Yung-an we met John A. McClellan and rested. We left Yung-an at 0830 April 2, again in a weapons carrier, and arrived at Changting about 1630 the same day. Shortly thereafter, we boarded a C-47 for Chihkiang and left April 3 by C-47 for Kunming.

At one of the stops along the way, we learned that the Japanese were following us. Thus, it was with great urgency that we traveled to Changting where the only Allied air field in Southeastern China not yet occupied by the Japanese, was located.

From Kunming, the pilot, co-pilot and myself were flown by B-24 bomber to Tacloban, Leyte. Afterwards we were returned to combat duty at Lingayen. The navigator, 2nd Lt. Floyd King, radio operator, Cpl. Bob Beck, and tail gunner, Cpl. Bob Juillerat, were routed indirectly to Tacloban, then to Lingayen.

After our crew's rescue in China, the 71st Squadron re-emphasized Escape and Evasion tactics through special briefings.



TOGETHER AGAIN -- Four members of a 303BG (364BS) crew were reunited at the AFEEES Dayton reunion for the first time since World War II. Their plane crashed in Holland on Feb. 22, 1944. From the left: Joseph De Luca of North Bellmore, N.Y., Robert Hannon of Healdsburg, Calif., Lou Breitenbach of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Roy Cheek of Lawson, Mo.

--Photo by Gil Shawn



French city honors P-38 pilot

By The Associated Press

TOULOUSE, France -- Though his body was whisked away before anyone could learn his name, the American World War II pilot would not be forgotten by Toulouse. He was shot down while trying to liberate the city in southern France from the Germans.

More than half a century would pass before residents finally discovered who he was. On Wednesday, August 20, 1997, as "The Star-Spangled Banner" played, Toulouse unveiled a memorial honoring him: 2nd Lt. Daniel Haley of Chicago.

The story was well-known in Toulouse, 430 miles southwest of Paris. Many people had witnessed the crash on Aug. 17, 1944.

The Lockheed P38 had been hit on its right engine. The pilot tried to bring the nose of the plane up so he could jump, but the maneuver failed. He rolled the plane over to try to bail out upside down. His parachute opened, but he landed in trees and then plunged head-first into a concrete wall.

The Germans swooped in and made off with the body, wrapped in the parachute.

Over the years, he came to be known simply as the "unknown pilot."

But the Toulouse daily, *La Depeche du Midi*, began searching for clues to the man's identity. It took reporters months of investigation on two continents to piece together the last moments of Lt. Haley's flight from Italy.

U.S. Air Force archives in Montgomery, Ala., led them to Roger Weatherbee, one of two pilots to survive the three-plane bombing run. The newspaper published a series on Lt.



IN TOULOUSE -- AFEES was represented on Aug. 20 at the dedication of a memorial to a P-38 pilot who was KIA in Toulouse on Aug. 17, 1944. From the left: Herb Brill (E&E 1371), Lorraine Weatherbee, Roger Weatherbee of Windsor Locks, Conn. (P-38 pilot on the same raid), and Renee and Leslie Atkinson, our official representative in Western Europe. Weatherbee is president of the 14th Fighter Group Association. He completed his combat tour of 50 missions with the 15th Air Force.

Haley, and then witnesses came forward, adding more details to the story.

With Mr. Weatherbee's help, the newspaper managed to contact Lt. Haley's younger sister, Mary Haley Poole, who lives in Charlotte, N.C. Mrs. Poole said she never thought she would live to know

U.S. military officials had told her parents that 20-year-old Daniel was missing in action, she said. After the war ended, his status was changed to killed in action.

A body eventually was found and buried in a military cemetery in Liege, Belgium. The Poole family had never been certain that it was Daniel.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Poole, 72, thanked the people of Toulouse for remembering her brother.

"This is the best day of my life," she said tearfully.

Her daughter, Mindy Chebaut, who lives in Paris part of the year, added: "This is a very touching gesture. It shows that the French and Americans--contrary to what people say sometimes--are friendly and united people."

A message for you gad-about

TEMPORARILY AWAY! It costs AFEES 50 cents to learn that the newsletter is not delivered. That happens when your first-class mail is held or forwarded (the newsletter is mailed under bulk mail permit).

You can expect the newsletter in your mailbox between the 5th and 20th of March, June, September and December. Clayton David needs to know when you change from *W* winter to *S* summer address and vice versa. Normally, the December and March issues go to the Winter address unless Clayton is advised otherwise.

Your cooperation saves AFEES some money and keeps Clayton from tearing out the rest of his hair.

Phil Fink surprised with birthday cookie

Phil Fink of Lancaster, N.Y., was honored with a surprise birthday celebration at the AFEES Sunday night banquet in Dayton.

A group of Phil's friends conspired to arrange a little something extra for the dinner. Seems that one of Phil's daughters had mentioned that it would be nice if somebody would do something special for her dad's birthday.

There was no pastry chef or baker on the staff of the hotel, so it was not possible to have a cake prepared on short notice.

So Lloyd and Dorothy McMichael located a bakery and ordered up a g-r-e-a-t big cookie. Phil also was presented an AFEES clock by a group of his friends.

Phil Fink (E&E 113), went down in Normandy on June 26, 1943, while flying with a B-17 of the 384BG. He was one of the first to evade via Andorra and Spain and arrived back in the U.K. in October 1943.



Phil Fink and his birthday cookie

Author: Germans invaded Swiss airspace

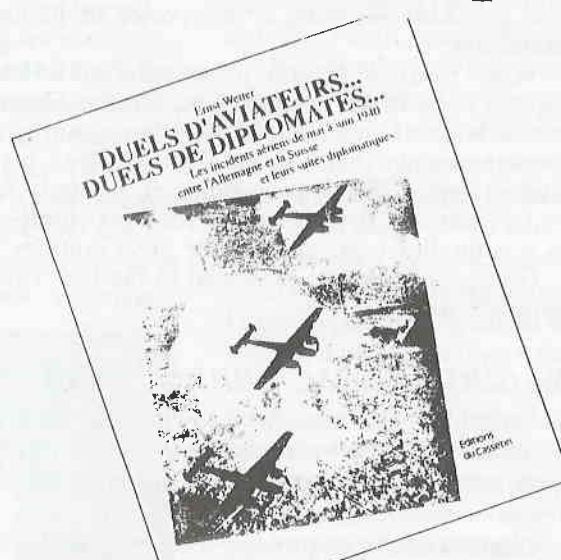
"Duels of Aviators -- Duels of Diplomats" is the title of a new book by Ernst Wetter, a former colonel in the Swiss Air Force. It is in French.

In May and June of 1940, several times German pilots violated Swiss air space. Swiss Me-109s attacked them and shot down five of the invaders.

The Luftwaffe was vexed and on June 4-5, three squadrons of Me-110s were ordered to teach the Swiss a lesson and to bring down the greatest number possible of the 109s. As many as 44 aircraft were involved in the violent aerial combat. The Germans lost 11 aircraft; the Swiss only three. Several pilots were killed or badly wounded; many aircraft were damaged.

General Guisan did not hold back praise of his pilots: "The determination with which our pilots have accomplished their mission is a symbol of our willingness to resist."

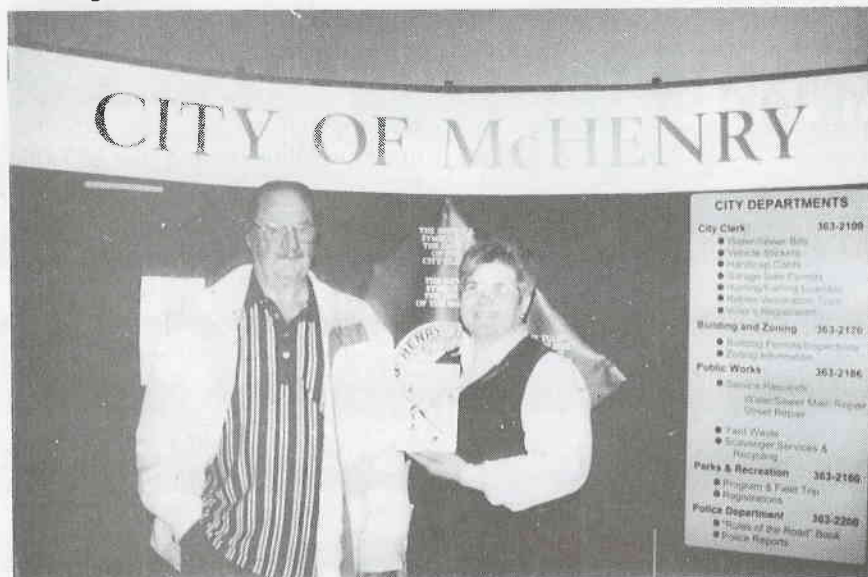
These aerial duels loosened a cascade of other events. The government of the Reich reacted by sending veiled threats to Swiss authorities. Hitler intervened personally. Ten saboteurs were sent on a mission against Swiss airfields. Marshall Goering, the commandant of the Luftwaffe, ordered the Swiss to return to Germany the Me-109s they



had purchased. If they did not, deliveries of coal would be suspended.

Under pressure from the Federal Consul, General Guisan ordered flexibility in the defense of Swiss air space, and forbid his pilots to engage in aerial combat. The interned Allied crews and their flyable aircraft were generously turned over to Germany.

"Duels" is available from the Librairie de l'Aviation, AERODIF, 14, rue Lissignol, CH-1201, Geneva. 172 pages, 38 photos. Price: Fr. 39.



LIBRARY GIFT -- Arlene Kaspik, McHenry, Ill., librarian, accepts a copy of "In the Shadow of the Swastika" from the author, George H. Van Remmerden, an AFEES Life Member who stopped off in McHenry while on his trip to the Dayton reunion in May.

'Little George' drops off a book

George H. Van Remmerden, Dutch helper who now makes his home in California, made a stop in McHenry, Ill., on his trip this spring to the AFEES reunion in Dayton.

"Little George," as he known in AFEES circles, stopped in to visit Fran and Russ Weyland after repeated invitations to come and see them sometime.

While in town, George presented the McHenry Library with an autographed copy of his recent book, "In the Shadow of the Swastika," the story of his activities with the Resistance during the war, and also of his experiences since then. In the final words of his book, George, now a U.S. citizen, says, "Thank you, America, not only for giving my native country freedom but for giving me the opportunity to fulfill my life here as a naturalized citizen of your great country."

George's book was reviewed in the Fall 1996 issue of AFEES Communications.

Now, about those annual membership dues

Regarding membership dues, AFEES operates on a calendar-year basis. Soon it will be time to renew dues for 1998. If you are not a "L" Life Member, "H" Helper, or "W" Widow and your membership card does not show "Dues Paid to 1/1/98", you are delinquent for 1997.

Clayton David does not enjoy sending out dues notices and surely doesn't like to drop members or friends. Why not be a Good Guy? Volunteer one more time and send in your check promptly for next year!

Annual dues are \$20 US. A \$100 check for a Life Membership is a good way to catch up and be forever paid up.

Make that check payable to AFEES and send it to Clayton C. David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401. Please include your current address and phone number. Your dues pay for printing and mailing the newsletter, postage, the Seasons Greetings to our Helpers and incidental expenses. AFEES has no employees; all the grunt labor is done by volunteers.

Send address and phone number changes and obituary notices to Clayton and Scotty David, the membership committee. Their phone is 573-221-0441; they have no answering machine.

NEW MEMBERS

GLYNDON D. BELL
4424 Kathy Street, Fayetteville,
NC 28303; Ph.: 910-867-9773
E&E #298, 8AF, 385BG

DAVID C. CONNER
7050 S.W. Hoodview Place,
Beaverton, OR 97008-8816;
Ph.: 503-646-4306; 15AF, 99BG

JOHN R. NELSON
8111 E. Broadway, Apt. 260,
Tucson, AZ 85710; Ph.: 520-290-
2544; 13AF, 5BG

ROBERT E. O'NEILL "L"
153 Garden Road, River Ridge, LA
70123-2400; Ph.: 504-737-8824;
E&E #2310, 9AF, 406FG

HUBERT E. TRENT
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Rue Paul Pastur 8,
5190 Ham-Sur-Sambre, BELGIUM
(Resistance/Historian)

RICHARD P. SHANDOR "L"
94 High St., Cresson, PA 16630;
Ph.: 814-886-2735 (Son of
Joseph Shandor 100BG)

98-year-old woman ready to serve country

By The Associated Press
OSLO, Norway -- When the
Norwegian military put Gyda Kaland on
its reserves list, she was ready to serve
her country, even at age 98.

"I'll be there if they need me," she
said in the *Bergens Tidene* newspaper.

Kaland ended up on the military's
reserve roster because she bought a new
farm tractor last year. The military
maintains a list of potentially useful
civilian vehicles, such as trucks and
tractors, and advises owners that they and
their vehicles may be summoned to active
service in wartime.

* A sentimental journey to Belgium

From the Weekly Vista, Bella Vista, Ark., July 25, 1984

By Marilois Bach

Yvonne Powell had never been in Europe until this year (1984), and she says it was indeed the thrill of a lifetime. She made the trip in May with her husband, Bill Powell. They did not see Paris. They did not see Rome. They never heard the violins in Vienna. They spent their time in a rather obscure city of 5,000 people in Belgium. It was a first-time meeting for Yvonne and a 40th reunion for Bill with special friends who speak a different language but communicate with warm handshakes and affectionate hugs.

Bill was a navigator on a B-17 bomber that was shot down in 1944 near the town of Lobbes, Belgium. He and three of his crew members hid in the woods until they were found by some Belgian resistance fighters. All four of them were taken into homes in Lobbes, never leaving their hiding places in the daytime, but sometimes venturing out at night. Some of the crew members were moved from place to place, but Bill spent seven months with a family named Gilbert. He managed to make his way into France to rejoin the Allied forces, but he was captured by the Gestapo and sent to Buchenwald, where he was confined with 80,000 other prisoners for four months.

"We were not tortured as the political

prisoners were," he said. "Of course, we did not have any shoes on our feet and we slept on the bare ground." Later he was moved to Stalag Luft III, and remained there until the liberation.

After World War II, Bill was called back into the Korean conflict and lost contact with his Belgian friends. He decided that the 40th anniversary of his meeting with them was an appropriate time to make a return visit and thank them personally for rescuing him and preserving his life.

"Americans do not really know what war is all about," says Bill Powell emphatically. "Of course, you are touched by it when a friend or relative is killed in action, but Americans do not know what it means to have the enemy right in the backyard. The European people had nothing. The people who took me in into their home put their lives on the line. They could have been executed on the spot, or sent to an atrocious concentration camp for harboring an American in their home."

When the people in Lobbes learned that Powell was returning for a visit, they planned a stirring reception for him and his wife. Fifty old friends greeted him at the Town Hall in Lobbes. American flags flew with Belgian flags. The Supreme Headquarters of Allied Powers in Europe sent a representative, and also an interpreter to the luncheon. For the most part, Belgians speak French. The mayor

gave a speech and presented Bill with a silver medallion from the city of Lobbes. Yvonne received flowers and many warm greetings.

A personal letter from President Reagan to Powell was framed and presented to the people there, and it now hangs in their city hall.

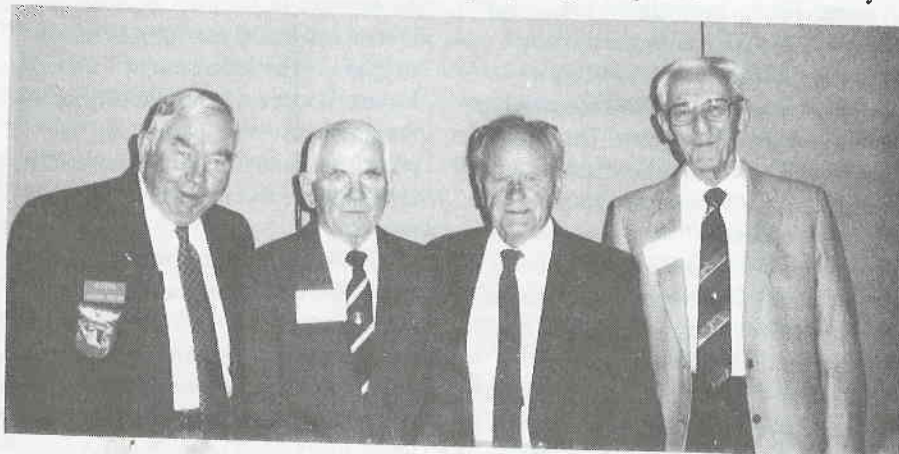
Before returning home, the Powells made one more stop. They went to England to visit Great Field Church, located near the air base where the 385th Bomb Group was stationed during the war. The men had contributed to a memorial while they were there and they continue to send contributions every year. The American flag flies there today just as it did 40 years ago.

Powell enjoys telling about his friends and benefactors. People who were united 40 years ago for their mutual protection, fiercely determined to defeat the Third Reich, are now bound together in loving friendship.

"There was so much nostalgia," Powell said quietly. "Lucian was a 14-year-old boy when I was there 40 years ago. I had made him a little model plane of a B-17 bomber, and had painted the name of our craft on it, The Hustling Hussey. When I walked into his home this year, the little model plane was in the middle of his table. I talked with a woman and daughter who were in a boxcar on their way to a concentration camp when the liberation troops arrived. I came to personally thank all these wonderful people, but they continued to thank me and all Americans who had fought in the war. 'If it were not for the Americans, we would be speaking Russian or German today,' they say. They have great respect for our country and the present administration. They know from first-hand experience that Russia is power-mad. One man asked me to send him a Reagan bumper sticker! Europeans have a high regard for our fighting men."

Of course. We go to war reluctantly, but when we do, it's a Hallmark war. We send our very best.

AFEEs members J. D. Coffman of Orange, Calif., and G. L. Horwege of Fair Oak, Calif., were with Bill Powell.



OTHER AIR FORCES -- These fellows from the 9th and 12th AF got in a little hangar flying time at Dayton. From left: Mike Fisher of Ormond Beach, Fla. (12AF), Bill Davis, also of Ormond Beach (9AF), Leonard Schallehn of Saratoga Springs, N.Y. (9AF), and Peter Hogan of Springfield, Mass. (9AF).

Chez Alphonse, the Channel Ferry

From "CANADIAN MILITARY,
Then and Now, *esprit de corps*,"
May 1997 issue

By **NORMAN SHANNON**

Sgt-Maj Lucien Dumais splashed ashore at Dieppe on White Beach, landing between two wrecked landing craft. With other members of the Fusiliers Mont Royal, he immediately came under heavy fire from the nearby headland and castle which dominated the beach. He then stumbled towards the Casino over rocks as big as potatoes where for five hours Canadians sniped at Germans from the first and second floors while Germans sniped at Canadians from the third.

When withdrawal came, at about 11 a.m., Dumais stumbled over a wounded man in the dash to the landing craft. He was too heavy to lift and Dumais returned to the Casino where he collected two prisoners and used them as stretcher bearers to get the man to the departing boats. In the chaos of the evacuation, he found himself in a beached LCT with Padre Foote who was shutting wounded out to the assault craft. It was Foote's decision to stay behind with the wounded, but Dumais made no conscious decision to do so: he was among the abandoned as the last craft left.

He later jumped from a train bound for a German POW camp, and managed to establish contact with the underground. Eight weeks after coming ashore, Dumais was flown out of Gibraltar and became a high prospect at M.1.9. as a potential operator of an escape line.

About the time Dumais went to Dieppe, the British agency was recruiting Sgt. Ray LaBrosse for a mission to France where they would set up an escape organization for downed aircrew.

LaBrosse and a partner were parachuted into France where they operated an escape line for six months until it was infiltrated. The partner was arrested but LaBrosse escaped across the Pyrenees.

Back in England, he was made an offer most men would have gladly rejected out of hand: M.1.9 wanted him to go back to France to establish another escape line. This time LaBrosse teamed up with Dumais and their Lysander touched down some 50 miles north of Paris in



The French Resistance helped many Allied airmen evade capture.

November 1943.

Their mission came as the German net was closing around escape lines, and it almost ended the day after they arrived when a contact and several airmen were arrested. But gradually the two Canadians developed the Shelburne line which consisted of several safe houses and small colonies of evaders or downed airmen. These were fed through Paris and then out to the coast of Brittany near the village of Plouha. In six months Shelburne evacuated over 300 airmen by various routes, and the key to the channel route was Bonaparte beach in Brittany and the House of Alphonse.

La Maison d'Alphonse sat on a cliff in the heart of enemy-occupied territory. A minefield ran between the house and the cliff which descended to the beach which was flanked on the left by a German outpost containing searchlights, cannon and machine guns. The Giguels was a small cottage but it became the key assembly point for evaders about to become escapers.

As the backlog of evaders built up in houses along the line and camps in the woods, LaBrosse finally got word from the BBC on Jan. 29, 1944, which announced: "Good evening to everyone in the House of Alphonse."

This told LaBrosse that a British

In an article on the following page, Chairman Ralph Patton tells the story of his visit to La Maison d'Alphonse.

Motor Torpedo Boat had left Portsmouth and would soon be standing-by off the beach for the first pickup of 18 men bound for England.

La Maison d'Alphonse was the end of the line for evaders who had been shuffled from point to point like pawns in a chess game.

The packages were moved from place to place until they graduated to the modest cottage near Plouha. Many Frenchmen, like Francois Kerambrun, were involved in the process. Kerambrun lived in the village of Guingamp, the second-last stage in the escape route, and delivered dozens of evaders to La Maison d'Alphonse.

On one occasion, while transporting 20 Americans, his truck became impaled upon a spike of a tank-trap in broad daylight. When accosted by Gendarmes, Karambrun decided he would have to tell the truth and evoke patriotism. If patriotism failed, he would have to shoot men in blue. Fortunately, they were patriotic.

The success of the line and the Bonaparte operation was due to the courage of natives who undertook great risks and the strong sense of discipline provided by LaBrosse and Dumais. Many of the airmen ultimately rescued by Shelburne were Americans who were suffering heavy bombing casualties. In one week, in this period, they lost over 4,000 airmen. Ralph Patton was among the missing and gradually ended up at La Maison d'Alphonse.

A tale of PW life, escape, recapture

By Richard M. Smith
AFES President

"Memoirs and Musing of a POW Escapee" is an interesting account of POW time, escape and recapture, then escape and evasion through Germany.

Lt. David Conner, then of La Grande, Ore., was pilot of a B-17G stationed at Foggia, Italy. Near the end of July 1944,

his plane from the 99BG, 15AF, was briefed for a mission to Ploesti. Over the target there was heavy flak, an engine was hit and the plane took heavy damage.

As they headed for home another engine quit and not long after that the third engine quit. It maintained a reduced altitude--not high enough to clear the higher coastal range of mountains in

Patton and companion had explaining to do

By Ralph Patton

"What was your last stopping point before you left the USA?" The GI .45 was pointed at my gut and the interrogator barked. "Where were you stationed in England?"

A motley bunch of English, French, Canadians and Americans crowded the small room. Most had no idea why they were there and a voice broke out in my defense. "You don't have to answer any of those questions. You're an officer in the US Air Force...name, rank and serial number!" There was a loud mumble of assent.

"Shut up!" snapped the interrogator. "It's my job to get you back to England. Some of you may have holes in your bellies, but you'll get back." The man who called himself Capt. Harrison wasn't much on protocol. I later learned he was Sgt-Maj Lucien Dumais, head of the Shelburne Line.

But the stranger who glared at me wanted to know how two extra airmen had arrived at La Maison d'Alphonse. Lt. Jack McGough and myself had been on the run since our B-17 was shot down eight weeks ago. All the other men crowded into the tiny stone building underwent similar experiences. But McGough and I were the uninvited because Dumais didn't know we were coming from Guingamp, a staging centre up the line.

We were transported by Francois Kerambrun's truck, but apparently we were not scheduled to arrive until the next major mission. We finally convinced Dumais that we were genuine and he explained the plan.

A Corvette was enroute from England and boats would pick us up on Bonaparte Beach, less than a mile away. Dumais was emphatic: "This is the most dangerous part of your escape. Do exactly as you are told. Follow the man in front of you very closely. Don't deviate one step, left or right. When you get to the cliff, sit down. Dig your heels and hands in tightly. Don't slip or you might take the whole line down with you. And, above all, keep your damn mouth shut!"

Enemy patrols, mines, coastal defences and weak hearts were obstacles encountered en route to the beach. A French pilot located the mines while organizer, Francois Le Cornac, had patrols timed so 35 of us could slip through.

As we reached the beach, Dumais flashed a "B" in Morse code. Minutes dragged and doubts swept in with the tide. Then the night was ripped by fire and the roar of cannons on our left. It came three times, then there was silence. More signals to see, more impatience, more waiting and more grumbling. At about 3 o'clock, we heard the first faint sound of oars as five plywood skiffs drifted in on gentle swells.

We boarded the boats and, as we cast off, Dumais and his band of French patriots waved adieu. He turned wearily to climb the cliff and prepare for the next mission. After the war, he admitted that this was the hardest part of his job: climbing the cliff instead of getting into a boat.

Albania.

Over an open meadow, Conner gave the bail-out signal, encountering ground fire from guerrilla forces as they floated to the ground. No one was injured but all were picked up immediately.

After sharing personal belongings with their captors, they were taken into the mountains to a herdsman's shack where they were given a little food and some not-very-good wine. Thinking they were in the hands of Allied Resistance people--they felt betrayed when they were turned over to a squad of German soldiers.

They were taken to the small town of Sjenicia and held for several days in the basement of a local building.

After being separated from the enlisted men, they were taken on to Stalag Luft II, located between Berlin and Breslau.

Several months later they were evacuated to avoid liberation by advancing Russian forces. They endured a forced march in a severe blizzard in which one or two German guards froze to death.

After several days, 50 men were packed into a line of WWI type French 40-or-8 box cars for a long train ride to Stalag VII A at Mooseburg, near Munich.

Enroute to Mooseburg, Conner and Jack Abbott pried the barbed wire from a small window and jumped from the moving train for a 36-hour unsuccessful escape attempt. Later, following liberation by passing U.S. Army forces, Conner and three others confiscated an automobile. Living off the land with occasional help, they made their way through unoccupied territory back to American military authorities in Metz, and on to Camp Lucky Strike, near Le Havre.

I found these 141 pages to be fascinating and readable, containing accurate detail, along with revelations previously untold due to national security constraints prior to enactment of the Freedom of Information Act and the collapse of the Soviet Union. Conner's opinions relating to POW history are worth noting.

To order this book, contact David Conner, 7050 S.W. Hoodview Place, Beaverton, OR 97008; phone 503-646-4306. Price is \$10, which includes postage and handling.

FOLDED WINGS

MEMBERS

- #1665 Charles V. Carlson, Morris, Minn., 96BG, Aug. 6, 1997
 James C. Hensley, Beaverton, Ore., 303BG, May 3, 1997
 #1904 Edward F. Latham, Navarre, Fla., 94BG, Jan. 9, 1997
 George F. Ruckman, New Orleans, La., 384BG, April 20, 1993
 #1577 Chas. Westerlund, Flower Mound, Tex., 445BG, May 3, 1997

HELPERS

Mr. Henri PJM Hoogeweegen, Rotterdam, Holland
 M. Julien Plume, Chapelle-Lez-Herfaimont, Belgium, July 22, 1997

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French Helper coming to U.S.

George Michel, author of "Out of Switzerland, the Hard Way" in the Summer 1997 edition of *Communications*, is asking for help in locating any other of the 118 airmen who were helped out of Switzerland by M. Raymond Servoz and his family.

Raymond recalls that at least one group that came through Lugrin and his family home were Canadian and spoke very good French.

George is seeking anyone who escaped from Switzerland between October 1944 and February 1945. If you were involved, you would have made your way to the train station in Lausanne around 10 p.m., been met by a tall American in a fur coat who would have guided you down to the shore of Lake Geneva, where you were met by a teenager rowing a small boat.

That teenager was M. Raymond Servoz. He and his wife are coming to visit the Michels in October and he would like to meet any of the airmen whom he and his family ferried out of Switzerland to the French shore at Lugrin and started on their way back to the States.

George can be contacted at 3900 N. Main St., Apt. 302, Racine, WI 53402-3678; phone 414-681-1349.

E&E exhibit dedicated at Rantoul museum

The Hall of World War II Allied Airmen's Escape & Evasion Organizations (HERO) was dedicated in June at the Octave Chanute Aerospace Museum near Rantoul, Ill.

The exhibit features the Royal Air Force Escaping Society; the RAF Canadian Branch, the Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society, the Slovenian Partisan Volunteers, and related material.

The AFEES section occupies a 10x30-ft. wall featuring 120 mounted frames of photos taken from the 1992 Yearbook, an 8x10-ft. wall showing French escape routes, a display describing Operation Bonaparte and related memorabilia.

The museum, located at the former Chanute AFB, is open every day except Tuesday.

The editor has the last word

By **LARRY GRAUERHOLZ**

WICHITA FALLS, Texas -- About 50 air shows are scheduled across the country this year as the U.S. Air Force marks its Golden Anniversary.

Among the main attractions are the HH-38 helicopter, the F-16 Fighting Falcon, the supersonic SR-71, reconnaissance plane, and the new UAV, a pilotless spy machine. And then there is the B-1, the F-117 Stealth Fighter and the B-2 Stealth Bomber.

For information on the air show schedule, call 703-696-8500.

Lucien Dewez, Belgian Resistance worker, escaped political prisoner and a new Friend member of AFEES, would like to hear from two U.S. airmen he met briefly in early 1944. The first one was hidden at a farmhouse in Spy, a village 15 km southwest of Namur. The other was in a suburb of Charleroi.

Several of our members plan to attend the Canadian Escaping Society annual meeting at the Royal Brock Hotel in Brockville, Ontario, the weekend of Sept. 18-21.

One of my spies reports that President Dick Smith, Bud Loring and Russ Weyland, with spouses, will be there to try to match yarns with our Northern comrades. There may be others. You can call Jim Kelly at 416-499-6185 if

you want to make last-minute plans to join them.

A sister of Nel Lind, Dutch helper who died May 22, has notified Gen. Buck Shuler at the 8th AF Heritage Museum that the family is very grateful for the memorial fund established at the museum in Nel's honor. Several AFEES members have already contributed.

The latrine rumor mill has it that the 1998 AFEES reunion will be one of the most popular ever. There is so much to see in the Washington area! And for many of our overseas guests, it could be the chance of a lifetime.

Some of our members have expressed interest in a directory of AFEES members who have Fax or Internet capability. If there is sufficient interest, we might incorporate it in future issues of the newsletter.

Speaking of the 'Net, the June 9 issue of *Newsweek* included an article, "Where Did All the Fliers Go?" It pointed out that CompuServe and AOL military forums are full of tributes and search queries. Maurice Rowe, a retired British air traffic controller who survived the Blitz as a child, is using his knowledge of military records to help find missing persons.

Sooner or later, I was sure to make a mistake. In the Summer issue, I referred

to Frank Griffiths as a Canadian.

Actually, Griff put in 41 years with the RAF. My apologies to his widow and family.

You 8th AF guys can have your military record preserved for history at the Heritage Museum in Savannah. Just provide the museum with the pertinent data, such as your medals, missions flown etc. A form for supplying that information (and more) is available by request from 8AFHM Archives, PO Box 1992, Savannah, GA 31402. That way, when your great-great-great grandchildren punch in your name in the year 2050, they can read all about your heroic efforts in the Big 'Un on the computer screen.

I LIKED THIS: Some residents of Dallas are complaining about being referred to as "Dallasites." A letter writer suggested that it could be worse; after all, they might be living in Paris, Texas.

Your editor, spouse and assorted clan (some 35 strong) had a wonderful vacation on Cape Cod in July. Thanks to the Loring and Ted Kaveney for their hospitality and also to George Dickie of Sandwich, editor of the 461BG newsletter, who demonstrated extreme courage by hosting our menagerie of grandkids at a clam-digging expedition in the bay. Quite a treat for us flatlanders.

I might as well go public and thank daughter Mary (an editor at the Cape Cod Times in Hyannis) for making all the arrangements.

The office of my congressman reports that H.Res. 50, our effort to gain congressional recognition for meritorious service, seems to be stalled in committee. On Page 25 of the Summer issue were listed names of the National Security Committee, to which the measure has been assigned.

A reunion is scheduled June 27-28, 1998, at the Partisan airstrip in Otok (South Slovenia) of WWII Allies, evadee airmen, POWs and Partisans.

For more information, contact John Rucigay, 14 Ashley Drive, Ballston Lake, NY 12019; phone 518-877-8131.

Best Bumper Sticker I've seen lately: Lottery: A Voluntary Tax on Stupidity.

THE SAGE SAYS: Every man should have a wife; some things you just can't blame on the government.



PHOTO TIME -- *Scotty David, the semi-official AFEES photographer, was busy as usual at the Dayton reunion. Here is the result after she persuaded Katie and Mike Fisher of Ormond Beach, Fla. (left), and Mary and Bob Grimes of Fairfax, Va. to pose.*



AFEES Membership & Life-Membership Application Form



Regular AFEES membership is \$20 per year, including first year.
Includes all rights and privileges. Life Membership is \$100 with
no annual dues or assessments. Includes all rights and privileges.

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NOTE: Use extra sheet of paper if necessary. Give all the details you can.

Tell briefly the names of crew members and Helpers

Enclose check or Money Order, a **TAX DEDUCTIBLE** contribution for paid up dues

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