

THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

Fall 1998 *Communications*

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Picture postcard distributed by Rock Photographic Service, 252 Main St., Gibraltar

Gibraltar today . . .

One of the ancient pillars of Hercules and the destination of many Allied evaders during WWII stands at the entrance to the Mediterranean.

Now about half a million tourists come to Gibraltar every year to enjoy a holiday where sunshine, sea and new beaches give pleasure to visitors. This view of Main Street shows the main shopping area today.

During the early 1940s, hundreds of downed British and American airmen, as well as French patriots, made their way through neutral Spain to "The Rock," as the British Colony was nicknamed.

Dee Harper got some OJT . . . Page 19

**U.S.
AIR FORCES
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**Caterpillar Club
goes back to 1922**

(From 461BG Liberaider,
June 1994)

The Caterpillar Club was formed in 1922 after a Lt. Harris bailed out of an airplane over Dayton, Ohio. Since that time, thousands of airmen, flyers and passengers have enrolled in the organization, which has no dues and an initiation fee of \$10.

Attempts were made to formally organize the club into chapters in 1943 and again after the war, in 1947. The club is incorporated and Caterpillar Club is copyrighted.

The Caterpillar Association was formed in 1983.

Among the famous Caterpillars who carry or have carried Caterpillar Club membership cards are former President George Bush, General Doolittle and Colonel Lindbergh, just to name a few.

The Club requires some documentation as to the authenticity of the jump before a card is issued (military orders, reports and/or newspaper accounts). The Caterpillar Association sells membership cards without restriction for \$3 each.

For information on the Caterpillar Club, contact:

Cheryl Davis
The Caterpillar Club
Switlik Parachute Co. Inc.
1325 East State Street
PO Box 1328
Trenton, NJ 08607

AN ITEM WORTH SAVING

**Lt. Col. J. W. Bradbury
reports that the archivist
specializing in E&E who has
been helpful to him, is:**

**Richard L. Boylan
Sr. Military Reference Archivist
National Archives II
8601 Adelphi Road
College Park, MD 20740
Tel.: 301-713-7520
e-mail:
richard.boylan@arch2.nara.gov**

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September 14, 1998

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**Class of 1999

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AFEES COMMUNICATIONS IS THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AIR 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.



4611 N. Scottsdale Rd. • Scottsdale, AZ 85251 • (602) 945-0721 • (800) 845-4356 • Fax: (602) 946-4703

The 1999 AFEES reunion is scheduled for the Safari Resort, Scottsdale, Ariz.

Confirmed dates are April 29-May 3.

The Safari Resort has it all

The Safari Resort in Scottsdale, Ariz., an affluent Phoenix suburb, will be the site for the 1999 reunion of the Air Forces Escape/Evasion Society, it has been decided by the board of directors.

The opening night welcoming dinner will be on Thursday, April 29, and the concluding Memorial Service will be on Monday morning, May 3.

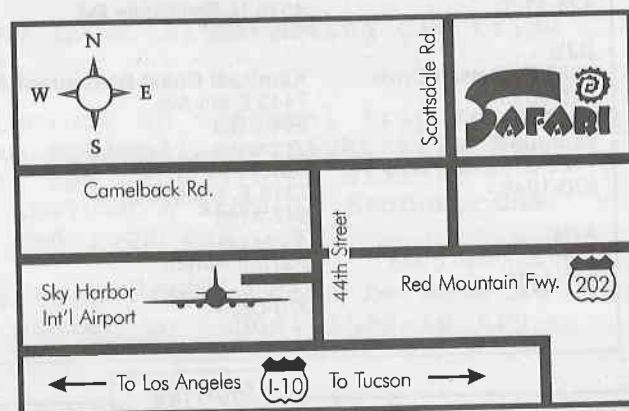
The hotel rate will be approximately \$70 to \$75 per night, not including taxes.

Located in the heart of Scottsdale, at Camelback and Scottsdale Roads, the Safari Resort is only 10 miles from Phoenix Sky Harbor Airport. Super Shuttle offers a round trip from the airport for \$20, according to the last information.

The resort is directly across from Scottsdale's Fashion Square Mall and it is just a short walk to Old Town Scottsdale and the famous Fifth Avenue Shops & Galleries.

A variety of dining and entertainment facilities surround the Safari. (For details, turn the page).

The Safari Convention Center features more than 11,000 sq. ft. of versatile convention and banquet space. Four additional meeting rooms are located



throughout the property.

The Safari is situated on 12 landscaped acres and the two-story property features patios and balconies overlooking spacious courtyards.

Two outdoor pools offer plentiful sunbathing areas with whirlpool, putting green, horseshoe pit and shuffleboard.

Non-smoking and disability access rooms are available. Parking is complimentary.

A QUICK GUIDE TO SHOPPING, DINING & ENTERTAINMENT WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE

RESTAURANTS

American
Peppercorn Grille
 Safari Resort Lobby
 \$\$

Coco's
 4700 N. Scottsdale Rd.
 947-5555
 \$

Safari Coffee Shop
 Safari Resort Lobby
 994-0771
 \$

Original Pancake House
 6840 E. Camelback Rd.
 946-4902
 \$

Roaring Fork
 7243 E. Camelback Rd.
 947-0795
 \$\$\$-\$\$\$

Tomatoes American Bistro
 Scottsdale Fashion Square
 994-3944
 \$

First Watch
 4422 N. 75th St.
 941-8464
 \$

TGI Fridays
 4343 N. Scottsdale Rd.
 949-3800
 \$

Barbeque
Don & Charlies
 7501 E. Camelback Rd.
 990-0900
 \$\$

Tony Romas
 4218 N. Scottsdale Rd.
 949-8900
 \$\$

Cajun
Baby Kay's Cajun Kitchen
 7216 E. Shoeman Lane
 990-9080
 \$\$

Continental
Rolands
 4515 N. Scottsdale Rd.
 946-7236
 \$\$\$

Jetz
 7077 E. Camelback Rd.
 970-6001
 \$-\$\$

French
Jean-Claude's Petit Cafe
 7340 E. Shoeman Lane
 947-5288
 \$\$\$-\$\$\$

6th Ave. Bistrot
 7150 E. 6th Ave.
 947-6022
 \$\$\$-\$\$\$

German
Mueller's Black Forest Inn
 4441 N. Buckboard
 970-3504
 \$\$\$-\$\$\$

Italian
Sfuzzi
 4720 N. Scottsdale Rd.
 946-9777
 \$\$\$-\$\$\$

Bravo Bistro
 4327 N. Scottsdale Rd.
 481-7614
 \$\$\$-\$\$\$

Un Bacio
 4400 N. Scottsdale Rd.
 994-0606
 \$\$\$

Mexican
Julio's Too
 7305 E. Camelback Rd.
 423-1500
 \$

Oriental
Kyoto (Japanese)
 7170 E. Stetson Drive
 990-9374
 \$\$\$-\$\$\$

Kyoto Bowl (Japanese)
 4400 N. Scottsdale Rd.
 945-5282
 \$

Mikado (Japanese)
 7111 E. Camelback Rd.
 481-9777
 \$\$

Mr. C's (Chinese)
 4302 N. Scottsdale Rd.
 941-4460
 \$\$\$-\$\$\$

P. F. Chang's China Bistro
 (Chinese)
 Scottsdale Fashion Square
 949-2610
 \$\$

Seafood
Aldo Baldo Ristorante
 Scottsdale Fashion Square
 994-0062
 \$\$

Landry's Pacific Fish Co.
 4321 N. Scottsdale Rd.
 941-0602
 \$\$\$

Southwestern
Z Tejas Grill
 Scottsdale Fashion Square
 946-4171
 \$\$\$-\$\$\$

Scottsdale Fashion Square
 Palm Court

Pricing
 \$- Under \$8.
 \$\$- \$8 - \$14.
 \$\$\$- \$14 and up

NIGHTSPOTS/PUBS

Safari Lounge
 Safari Resort Lounge

The Blarney Stone
 4341 N. 75th St.
 424-7100

DJ's
 7320 E. Stetson Drive
 945-9693

Famous Door
 7421 E. Indian Plaza
 970-1945

Axis
 7340 E. Indian Plaza
 970-1112

Downside Risk Restaurant & Bar
 7419 E. Indian Plaza
 945-3304

Eli's Bar & Grill
 4519 N. Scottsdale Rd.
 949-1100

Kamikazi Coast Restaurant & Bar
 7443 E 6th Ave.
 994-9183

Maloney's
 7318 E. Stetson Drive
 947-8188

Martini Ranch
 7295 E. Stetson Dr.
 970-0500

Rockin' Horse Saloon
 7316 E. Stetson
 949-0992

Stixx
 7077 E. Camelback Rd.
 970-6001

Craig's Place
 7137 E. Stetson Dr.
 941-0592

Everything Yogurt & Salad Cafe
 Johnny Rockets
 La Salsa
 Sakura-Japanese
 The Great Steak & Fry Co.
 Paradise Bakery
 Panda Express
 Sbarro's
 Le Madeleine
 Coffee Plantation

THEATRES/MOVIES

Fashion Square 7
 Scottsdale Fashion Square
 423-1400

IMAX
 4343 N. Scottsdale Rd.
 949-3105

Camelview Plaza Cinemas
 7001 E. Highland
 945-6178

Camelback Mall Cinema
 7033 E. Camelback Rd.
 949-5425

SHOPPING

Scottsdale Fashion Square
 (across Scottsdale Rd.)
 Robinsons-May, Dillards, Cafes, Cinemas
 Neiman Marcus

5th Avenue Shops/Marshall Way
 (2 blocks south of Camelback)
 Unique southwest boutiques & galleries

Old Town Scottsdale
 (Downtown Scottsdale)
 Western-style shops, galleries & atmosphere



SAFARI
 A SCOTTSDALE RESORT
 4611 N. Scottsdale Road
 Scottsdale, AZ 85251

... Plus much more throughout the Scottsdale area!



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

*For all you wonderful members and friends of AFEES,
Greetings from the land of Sky Blue Waters:*

I hope all of you will understand some changes in the way our reunions are conducted. Having some 89 guests at our Washington reunion has forced the Board of Directors to consider some revision in the way we handle the financial arrangements of invited guests and Helpers.

It is proposed that for the 1999 reunion in Scottsdale, that AFEES will pay for the Reunion Package for First-Time invited guests, including helpers. Certainly, we fully intend to welcome and offer our continued appreciation to our Helpers, but the financial burden has forced us to make some changes. In other words, the first reunion is Free for Helpers; after that, members and helpers pay the same amount.

For first-timers in Arizona, AFEES will pick up the tab for the full reunion package, which includes up to four nights lodging, one scheduled breakfast, two dinners and the annual banquet.

AFEES also will pay for any LOCAL sight-seeing day trips included in the reunion package.

Tentative plans for 1999 include an optional trip to the Pima Air Museum at Tucson and an optional overnight trip to the Grand Canyon. The price for the Canyon trip will be about \$200 U.S. The trip will include a stop in Sedona, the artists' colony famous for its red rock canyons.

As always, it is important that reservations be made as early as possible. It is much easier to cancel than to try to get in at the last moment!

Of course, more 1999 reunion information will be included in future newsletters, along with hotel and reservation forms.

Stay happy and healthy until we meet again!

RICHARD M. SMITH
President

Cliff witnessed the German retreat

By CLIFFORD O. WILLIAMS
Nederland, Tex.

I was shot down the afternoon of May 27, 1944, in northern France near St. Leger. Our 55th Fighter Group, flying P-38s, had escorted bombers to Stuttgart and then had been relieved by P-51s.

On the return, my flight was sent down to seek targets of opportunity. After I became separated from my flight, I found myself flying across a canal with loaded barges tied up -- the perfect target! Soon flak was exploding all around me -- I was flying down the runway of a camouflaged German airfield!

I got away from the airfield, past a hedge and as low as you can fly without the props digging up dirt. After a quick check, I began to hope that I might fly out of there. But then a stream of tracers came from the left and I was flying right into it.

Before long, I had an engine on fire. Too low to bail out, not able to climb, it was just a question of where to put the plane. I throttled back, put down a little flaps, cut the switches and held it off until the tail dragged. The 38 slapped down hard, bounced once and settled into a nice green field of sugar beets.

I had landed on the side of a long ridge. Just beyond the ridge was a French village and within a few minutes a number of people had shown up and some of them motioned me away from the plane and into the woods. I did what they indicated and met two young Frenchmen ages 18 and 19 years who had ridden bicycles up from the side opposite the burning plane. One exchanged outer garments of clothing with me and remained in the woods while the other and I rode off on the bicycles with him leading the way. We had barely left the woods and turned onto a dirt road, in a direction away from the plane, when we met a truck load of German soldiers on their way to the plane, looking for the American pilot. They paid no attention to two young men riding bicycles.

I was led through a small village and on out to the open countryside, where cultivated fields, green with spring crops, stretched away to the horizon. We left the bicycles at the edge of a field and my young guide led me to a culvert under a railroad embankment where I was left to spend the afternoon alone. Near sundown the father of my guide led me back to the village where I spent the next 36 hours in the upstairs living quarters of a cabaret.

Early Monday morning, two Frenchmen came with bicycles and led me to Pas-en-Artois, about 25 miles to the west, where I was hidden in the home of Madam Cresson.

Madam Cresson's son, Pierre, a married farmer living in a nearby village, had been a lieutenant in the French army before the defeat by the Germans. Each day he would come by and try to talk to me, asking questions continuously, although his limited English and my no-French-at-all made it almost impossible to communicate.

After several days he became suspicious of me and finally decided that I was not an American pilot, but a German agent trying to infiltrate the Resistance organization. With that he decided to kill me and a few nights later he and another

member of the Resistance took me to a house nearby and down into the cellar where Pierre displayed a revolver with the obvious intention of shooting me. Before doing so Pierre handed me a shovel and indicated for me to start digging a hole in the dirt floor. The hole was obviously to be my grave. By then I understood what was happening, so I gave the shovel back to Pierre and told him that if he wanted a hole to dig it himself. After a good bit of conversation, of which I understood none, the two Frenchmen abandoned the whole idea and returned me to Madam Cresson's house. In the following weeks Pierre and I became good friends.

The next place to which I was moved was a large, two-story chateau in the country, surrounded by a low stone wall. The house was inhabited only by an elderly woman, Pierre's aunt, who used two rooms on the ground floor.

I was installed in a second-floor bedroom on the front of the house and given strict orders not to leave the room unescorted and to remain silent and out of sight. I willingly agreed when I looked out the window and saw that in the house across the road the Germans had set up a sort of headquarters. In the long days that followed my only diversion was to watch the German patrols come and go. Once a day I was allowed to leave the room. The old lady would lead me downstairs and give me something to eat--usually a boiled egg and some bread or sometimes fruit. I could go to the toilet. Those were perhaps the most trying days of my evasion and I was glad when Pierre came to move me again.

In the next weeks I was moved several times, at first alone and later with a Canadian airman, Pat Brophy, who Pierre had picked up after Pat was shot down on a night mission.

Around July 1 Pat and I were moved several miles across fields and open land with no moon and only starlight by which to follow our guide. Beyond a stone wall as we followed our leader, we could barely make out what appeared to be rows of markers. I paused to examine one and realized that we were in a cemetery. Following our guide, we entered a small one-room shed. We could sense that we were not alone. Our guide lighted a candle to reveal three men sitting on the floor staring back at us. We were introduced to our new companions, an Englishman, a Canadian and an Australian, airmen who had been shot down and then picked up by the Resistance.

We lived in the cemetery shed for a few weeks with Resistance members bringing us food and water once or twice a day. It was a 1918 British cemetery and the man who guided us there was the caretaker and a member of the Resistance. Living in the cemetery was not bad. The July weather was nice, the cemetery was out in the country, quiet, with only occasional traffic on a nearby highway to avoid.

Caring for and concealing us became too much for the small group so we were transferred to a larger group in an urban area near the Belgian border. The leader of this group was Madame Heller and she moved us from the cemetery to Billy Montigny where we were placed in the home of an elderly couple.

Several times a week Madame Heller came by to see about us and to bring money and ration stamps--obtained from the

Germans. She also had other downed Allied airmen housed in homes nearby. At the time of liberation she was overseeing the care of 21 evaders.

We were still in Billy Montigny in early September when the Allied armies broke through the German lines and forced them to withdraw to the Rhine. Since our upstairs window faced a major highway, we had the opportunity to watch the German army in full retreat. For more than 24 hours, an unbroken stream moved as we sat behind curtained windows and watched. Tanks, artillery, troop transports, ordnance, heavy equipment--a seemingly endless stream of Germany's finest.

Still they came--foot soldiers, trucks, vans, but now it was not so fine. The equipment was older and more worn; the soldiers were weary. Now the vehicles were horse-drawn wagons and carts. The soldiers were old men and boys, a seemingly endless procession. We watched through the day and through the night and the next day, falling asleep at the window, waking to watch again. We were almost afraid to believe that our liberation was at hand. For our hosts, so much more was at stake. The day of liberation for their nation was drawing near, yet through the days and nights not a person except the retreating army was to be seen.

Then the Germans were gone--the last truck, cart, young boy soldier. Still the

streets remained silent and empty. We waited. Would there be more Germans? What next? The tension was almost unbearable. How could it possibly be so still, so quiet, the street so empty?

Suddenly there seemed to be an explosion--an explosion of humanity. Doors burst open and people poured into the streets in ever-increasing numbers. In what seemed like an instant, flags were everywhere. They hung from windows, over doorways, were being waved in the streets. French flags, also British, Belgian and the Stars and Stripes. How could they be there so quickly? It was impossible, but there they were. The air seemed torn asunder by sounds of laughing, shouting, singing, cheering--so much it almost drowned out the sound of American tanks rolling down the streets! There was the cause of it all! That's what broke the dam! The tanks!

We bolted from our window, down the stairs and into the streets to join the hysterical mass that filled the street from wall to wall. The tanks had stopped half a block away. They had to stop or else crush those singing, shouting, cheering, flag-waving Frenchmen. We wanted to get close enough to say something to the guys in the tanks and finally we did, just before the street cleared enough for them to move on. Just a word of "Boy, are we glad to see you!" and the reply, "What are you doing here?"

As the battle lines moved east and

north, away from us, our life style changed. Now we could walk the streets without fear of detection; we could be seen by the neighbors and it was OK. Still it would be several days before we would find transportation back to England.

In the meantime, we were able to go back to Pas-En-Artois to see our original helpers and to say our sincere "good-byes." Back in Billy Montigny we were honored guests at a gala banquet as well as parades and celebrations.

When the Air Corps began to use the local airport to bring in supplies to the tanks, we hitched a ride back to England.

After a few days of de-briefing and interrogation, I was on my way back to the 55th and finally home.

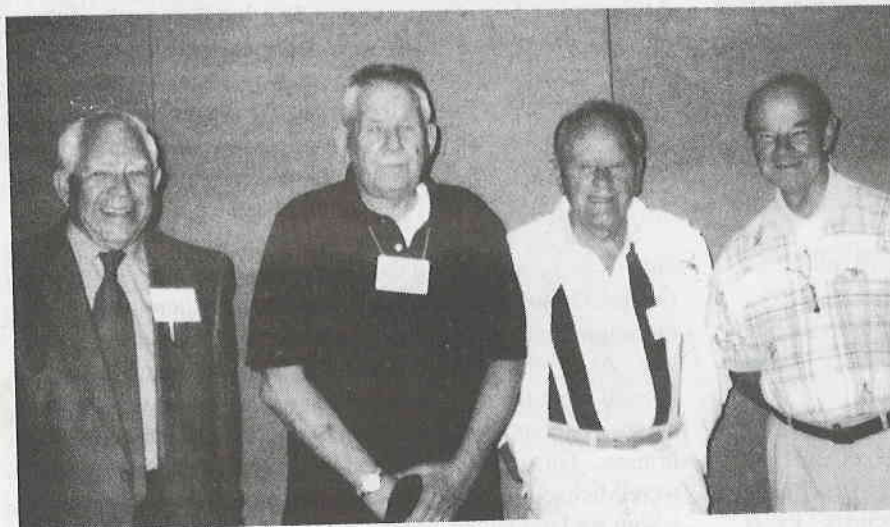
NEW MEMBERS

VERNE H. COLE
673 E. Ellery Ave.
FRESNO, CA 93710-5417
Ph.: 209-435-8410
15th AF, 483rd BG
Wife "Dorothy"

JAY H. WILLIAMS
9154 Riggs Lane, Apt. E
OVERLAND PARK, KS 66212
Ph.: 913-642-9660
5th AF, 35th FIG Korea
Wife "Mary Virginia"

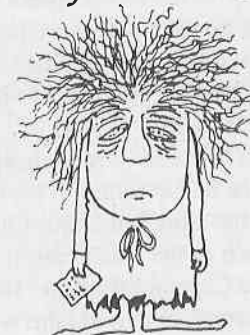
NEW 'FRIENDS'

BOB PORTER
#2603 - 4288 Grange St.
BURNABY, BC V5H 1P2 Canada
Ph.: 604-433-3237
6 Group RCAF
Wife "Fran"



NO FIGHTER PILOT JOKES, PLEASE -- These P-38 jockeys got together at the 1998 AFEES reunion. From left: Elmer Springer of Burke, Va., 406FG; Warren (Bud) Loring of Monument Beach, Mass., 55FG; William Davis of Ormand Beach, Fla., 370FG, and Paul Clark of Hixson, Tenn., 363FG.

I try to take just
one day at a time...



but lately several days
have attacked me at once.

'George' was busy helping airmen

By DURA (George) JANOSEVIC

Milesevska -- 3 ULAZ 2

11110 Belgrade, Yugoslavia

One day in the spring of 1944, while I was in reserve officers school in the village of Brajici, Yugoslavia, I came upon two American pilots, Lt. Thomas Oliver and Jack Barrett, who were surprised that I spoke English and who told me they were housed in another village with 20-some other American airmen.

On their return flight from Ploesti, they were attacked above Serbia and had to bail out near Bor. Officers of the Yugoslav Home Army from the corps of Ljuba Jovanovic--"Patak", saved them and looked after them. An improvised airfield had been laid out near Pranjani for the landings of Allied planes and for the evacuation of Allied airmen to Italy. All the downed pilots throughout Serbia were directed to a point in the environs of Pranjani from where they were evacuated. Thus it was that the above-mentioned group of American airmen was brought to Pranjani from the environs of Bor by Captain Milac, an officer of the Yugoslav Homeland Army.

I helped the two American pilots spend the night in Brajici and to reach the village designated for their accommodation the following day. On that day, the commandant of that sector, Lieutenant Nedeljkovic sought me out and told me that Captain Milac was to return to his unit and that I was to take up his duties in looking after the American pilots until their evacuation. Lt. Nedeljkovic immediately escorted me to the supreme command which at that time was in the vicinity. However, as it was three o'clock in the morning, General Draza Mihailovic was sleeping and we were received by Colonel Baletic who immediately issued an order empowering me for this task. On that early morning I took up the duty of looking after this group of some 20 Americans. As far as I can recall their names, they comprised the crews of two Flying Fortresses and one fighter plane.

The crew of the first plane: Thomas K. Oliver, pilot; Cammillus Recktin, co-pilot; John Thibideau, bombardier; Donald Sullivan, radio operator; machine gunners: Franklin Bartels, Norman Werner, Robert Hooper, Robert Moor, James Mortimer and William Man.

The crew of the second plane: Robert Howard, pilot; Fred Irwin, co-pilot; Charles Grasz, bombardier; Temple O. Looney, navigator; Griffin Goad, radio operator; and machine gunners: John Fox, Malwin Jarvis, Herbert Foreman, Martin Vasquez and Jodie T. Oliver.

Captain Milac, a Slovenian, spoke very good English. However, he had to return to his unit in order to personally hand back the arms that Major Ljuba Jovanovic "Patak" had given to each of the Americans for their own security. I was sorry to see Captain Milac go. I did not know then that I would be spending two months with the Americans.

As a rule, we were quartered for two to three days in various village houses and then we would be moved to another village. We were fed by the peasants but the Americans, if

they had money, paid in dollars for the food.

One day we were visited by Dura Durovic, one of Draza's main advisors, accompanied by Milenko Radosavljevic, an American of Yugoslav origin. After finishing his university studies sometime in 1934, Radosavljevic came to Belgrade, where he taught English for a while. I had been a pupil of his and we were both pleasantly surprised when we met again in those changed circumstances. Both these men assured the American pilots that all would be well and that soon they would be returning to Italy.

Soon we were joined by another two groups of about 20 pilots each. One was headed by Sgt. Bora Kacarevic who as an English soldier parachuted from his plane in 1943 with one other Yugoslav parachutist, Danilo Belic. The second group of also about 20 men was led by Lt. Spasojevic.

In mid-July 1944, we were joined by the crew of a British aircraft that was shot down in Maeva over the Sava River, where it was laying mines.

As I spoke English, French, German and Italian at that time, three Frenchmen and five or six Italians who were fleeing from the Germans, were sent to my group. We were given an army escort among whom Radojica Cirovic took best care of us and who had been with us all the way from Lucani. We then moved to Dragacevo, the village of Goracici on Mount Jelica.

Most of the airmen expressed a wish to go to the Adriatic Coast and attempt the crossing to Italy by boat. I was of the opinion that we should inform Bari by radio communication that the number of downed airmen was increasing each day and that the Allies should send planes for their transport. For this purpose, two Americans from my group, Thomas Oliver, whose father was a three-star general in the U.S. Army, and telegraphist Sullivan sent an uncoded radio message to Bari. At the end of July, Oliver informed us that Bari received the message and replied: "Help will arrive soon." As a result, we all set out from Dragacevo to Pranjani and there waited every evening at the airfield for the arrival of American planes.

One night early in August, Draza Mihailovic unexpectedly appeared among us. He gave a short speech which was translated into English by a young man with him.

Several nights later, a plane appeared, first dropping first-aid kits by parachute and then three men parachuted down. I ran quickly towards one of these men and as there was no moonlight one could only see something white landing on a tree. As I rushed over to help the parachutist, he extricated himself from the parachute and fell directly upon me from a height of about two meters which gave me several good bruises. This man was George Musulin. The other two men were Michael Rajacic and radio-operator Arthur Jibbillion, whom we later called Jibby.

On the following day, Musulin gathered us all together and informed us that planes would soon be coming, but prior to that the airfield would have to be lengthened and broadened because in May when it was being used by Allied forces one of them had scraped a tree and had nearly crashed. Musulin then

entrusted me with the task of organizing a hospital for the wounded and injured airmen. This was in addition to my task of looking after the accommodation and food for approximately 100 fliers.

By sheer luck, on that very day I came across an Italian surgeon who had just fled from a German prisoner-of-war camp and whose name was Carlo Masselis, from Bari. With his assistance I formed a hospital organized in various village houses. We had about 20 wounded men but none seriously. In those days the number of American fliers arriving had risen to about 250. While I had to find lodgings and meals for about 100 Allied airmen and additional 20 patients, the rest were under the care of Bora Kacarevic and Danilo Belic, the Yugoslav parachutists, Lt. Spasojevic and the young man from Trepca mine who spoke excellent English.

Among the American airmen there was Luke Pavlovic, whose forbears were from Dubrovnik, but who did not speak a word of Serbian. As far as I can recall, the following airmen lay in the improvised hospital: Lt. D. H. Parkson, Lt. Frederick Barrett, Sgt. David O. Connell, Herbert Marker, Edgar Smith, William Keepers and Harris Lee.

One evening I was told that planes would be arriving and that the patients in my improvised hospital would be the first to be evacuated.

The first evacuee was Lt. Cammillus Recktin. On that night 48 American airmen were evacuated in four planes, 12 men in each. The following morning twelve planes escorted by 20 fighter planes arrived and 20 airmen were put on each. A dozen Russians and Ukrainians who had escaped from prisoner-of-war camps, several Italians from my group and Surgeon Masselis, were boarded as well as Lt. Nino Fusoroli of Florence, who had fled from German POW camps and joined the Americans. The latter was of great help to me because he spoke some English and was fairly familiar with circumstances in Serbia.

A few days later, Musulin directed me to go southward toward Kopaonik where an American had been shot down. And, indeed, after searching for a few days, I found four American fliers in Guca playing bridge in a small tavern. As I, too, knew how to play bridge, we spent the rest of the day playing cards.

The pilot of that plane was Glen Kerres and the rest of the crew were Victor Clarke, Hugh Balfanz and Lt. Charles Kear.

At the end of August, I saw a group of Americans leave for Italy. Musulin also left with them while Nick Lalic, a Yugoslav-American, replaced him. Lalic had arrived on the first of four DC planes.

I was again dispatched southwards to find the crew of another downed plane. But, when I set out, the Partizans had already occupied that terrain and I had to try to return to the American headquarters. The American HQ had already withdrawn from Pranjani and I could not find it. In the meantime, Soviet forces were making ready to enter Yugoslavia.

After all these events, I received numbers of letters from the airmen even though at that time I had not used my full name, but was called simply George by all of them. Only a few had my Belgrade address. I concealed my real name so that if I was caught by the Germans, they would not be able to take

revenge on my family in Belgrade. My family name was quite well known in our city as was my father's large store founded in 1889. The store was first established by my grandfather whose name was also Dura (George) Janosevic and was located in the building of the Serbian Academy of Sciences and Arts in the heart of town.

I had no contact with George Musulin until April 1980 when we met, quite accidentally, on All Saints Day in a Serbian Orthodox Church near Washington, D.C.

Musulin told me that Rajacic had died and I told him I was working in the Canadian Embassy in Belgrade. The group of Americans I was with in the second half of 1944 did not all survive the war. The first group of Americans, after reaching Bari, were dispatched to other battle areas. Those Americans saved at the end of August 1944 continued their flights over Europe.

On May 13, 1995, in memory of the day 54 years earlier when Draza Mihailovic refused to recognize the capitulation of the Yugoslav Army and withdrew to Ravna Gora, in the heartland of Serbia called Sumadija due to its rich forests, a rally was held of its old soldiers and present day sympathizers, at which about 100,000 persons gathered.

Present were three of the former airmen who had been in Serbia in 1944, namely Charles Davis, Richard Felman, and Nick Lalic. As I, too, attended the celebration, I wanted to meet with the former pilots, but due to the huge crowd, it was only at a common lunch that I was able to meet with them.

I would like to underline the self-sacrifice and bravery of hundreds and thousands of Chetniks and our population who risked their lives to save the downed airmen. These brave people were never rewarded for their sacrifices and efforts but many of them, like myself, had to spend years in jails in "liberated" Yugoslavia.

It was by luck that after 50 years I managed to find the addresses and names of the airmen which I had to conceal after my first arrest in 1945. Although I am certain that most of these addresses are no longer valid, I nevertheless want to publish them:

Thomas K. Oliver, Vicksburg, Miss.; Charles Grasz, Chicago, Ill.; Donald Sullivan, Tucson, Ariz.; Franklin Bartels, Ceres, Calif.; Jodet Oliver, Bruni, Tex.; Robert Howard, Greenwood, S. Car.; Robert Moor, Iowa; Robert Hooper, Everett, Wash.; Herbert D. Foreman, Vanceburg, Ky.; Al Maas or Herbert Marker or Harris Lee, Hillsboro, Tex.

Also, Jack W. Barrett, Belleville, N.J.; Cammillus G. Recktin, Dayton, Ky.; Edgar Smith, Condon, Ore.; Griffin Goad, Louisville, Ky.; William Keepers, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.; John Fox, East Peoria, Ill.; Fred Irwin, Duluth, Minn.; Edward Ford, Huntington Park, Calif.; William P. Whelan, East Pittsburgh, Pa., and William Man, East St. Louis, Ill.

Also, James R. Mortimer, Creighton, Pa.; Norman C. Werner, San Francisco, Calif.; Malwin W. Jarvis, Wood River, Ore.; David B. Osborne, San Bernardino, Calif.; Frederick Barrett, Watertown, N.Y.; D. H. Parkeson, Chicago, Ill.; Victor Clarke, Des Moines, Iowa; Charles Kear, Newark, Ohio; Temple O. Looney, Houston, Tex.; Martin Vasquez, Tulare, Calif.; David O. Connell, Chicago, Ill., and Glen A. Kerres, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Joe's picture has made the rounds

By JANINE D. ADAMS
Brookhaven, Miss.

To Joe Walters:

You might not remember me since we met very briefly in the kitchen of Joseph Godin, where Albert Tilkin had taken you for safekeeping. Earlier that day, Albert had asked my father to let me come by and translate to you their plans to get you back to England.

I was so scared! We had just passed a German patrol on the way to Godin's

house and I fully expected to be shot on the spot if I were caught helping an American flyer. You were the first "live" American I had ever seen and I found you so tall with such dark hair and you stood up when my mother and I entered the room which impressed me more than anything else.

I wanted to come by and see you off the next morning but my folks pointed out that a young girl standing alone on the main road at 5 a.m. would surely look

suspicious and jeopardize the whole operation. So we stood at an upstairs window -- our house was less than a block away, and heard the truck arrive and leave and we wished you a safe journey.

The most amazing thing is that, although at least a hundred people knew where you were hidden and who was helping you get away, no one, not one person, ever talked. The whole village kept mum for over a year.

I ate the K-ration chocolate you gave me while still in sight of Godin's house. I'm a chocolate freak and I had been deprived for three long years. I kept the little compass in my jewelry box and the Chieftan lasted me six months. When it was not in my mouth, it was in a glass of water. Of course it had lost all its taste and most of its elasticity -- but, hey, it was American!

Then one day when some PWs had escaped there were rumors of house searches, so I buried the compass under an apple tree (not the one you fell in) and swallowed the gum.

We were liberated in Boirs on Sept. 1944, but it was not yet the end of the ordeal. Since we were so close to Liege we had to contend with a lot of V1s and V2s, and finally the Battle of the Bulge. The war lasted two days short of five years.

In June 1945, my English having improved considerably, I went to work as an interpreter for the U.S. Army at Depot 0-6014 M.A.M. in Liege. In December of the same year, I married my boss, S/Sgt. Versie B. Adams. We left for the States April 15, 1946, and I have been in Brookhaven ever since.



This picture shows Joe Walters (E&E 224), now of West Mifflin, Pa., being led away from the wreckage of his B-17 by two Resistance workers after his plane was downed near Boirs, Belgium, on the first Schweinfurt raid, Aug. 17, 1943. Janine Adams, now of Brookhaven, Miss., recently contacted Joe to offer him a copy of the photograph.

The Belle being moved

Brent Perkins, president of the Memphis Belle Association, announced that the USAF Judge Advocate General has issued a paper clarifying that the "Memphis Belle, Serial Number 41-24485" is the property of the USAF Museum Programs, Wright Patterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio.

It is planned to move the airplane from its present location on Mud Island in Memphis to the former Millington Naval Air Station nearby.

Lee had 30 months with the 303rd

Lee Fegette (E&E 32) of Red Oak, Tex., was on the first combat mission flown by the 303BG on Nov. 17, 1942, and on the group's last mission flown April 25, 1945.

(From BRIEFINGS, N. Tex. Chapter, 8AFHS)

Young Lee Fegette entered the Army Air Corps shortly after Pearl Harbor and soon found himself a radio operator on a 303rd Bomb Group B-17F, headed for Molesworth, England, in October 1942. He was soon in combat as the 303rd launched its first mission to the sub pens at St. Nazaire on Nov. 17, 1942. The third time out was a mission to Romilly-sur-Seine on December 12 and things got real exciting before they reached the target. FW-190s swarmed the formation and soon Lee's airplane was out of engines and going down. Since the pilot had not brought a parachute, a crash landing was selected near Melun, France. Lee picks up the story from there.

"The crew took off in different directions to avoid capture and I paired up with the engineer, Bill Whitman. We spent the night in a barn. The next morning we met some workers who pointed out that my brand new shiny shoes would be noticed by the Germans, so I traded footwear which caused a blister which got infected making walking miserable.

"While walking across a freshly plowed field, we met an irate farmer who didn't care for us messing up his handiwork. When he recognized us as American airmen, he hid us in a grove of trees. Later he returned with his small daughter who spoke fluent English and we went to his house. He brought a doctor to attend to my infected foot.

"Our host, Maurice Plorias, a machine gunner in World War I French army, wanted to help. He contacted a friend in Paris who came to take us to Paris. We stayed in an upstairs apartment, across the street from the American Hospital, with a man and six children. I was concerned that the children, all of school age, might reveal our whereabouts, but my host assured me that they would say nothing.

"Our host had a virtual grocery store in his closet. We stayed there two nights while the Underground found us another hiding place in Chateau du Bricu on the Marne River east of Paris. We were there about two months. Here we were furnished papers. The Chateau was also a home for German soldiers. While this was rather nerve-racking, it provided us with good food intended for the Germans. The folks who took care of us were Paul and Mimi Fischard, who visited with us after the war.

"We left for Paris to board a train for Bordeaux and then to Spain. In Paris we stayed in an apartment just off the Champs Elysee, near the Arch de Triumphe. During our two weeks there our host was a Mati Hari type spy from Switzerland during World War I. We lived on orange marmalade and black bread until it ran out. I remembered the food closet in the first apartment and off we went to get some. After nearly being caught by German soldiers, we returned empty-handed and hungry.

"The next morning food arrived, as well as a Russian refugee who soon left. We spent a few more days awaiting our

identity papers and getting briefed on escape plans.

"We were taken to the Gare de la Est and told to get to the head of the boarding line as the identity papers of early boarders were not checked as closely as late arrivals. We arrived at the boarding point and saw that our transportation was a German troop train! We boarded the train and went to our compartment which holds six people, and sat down opposite three German soldiers. One German tried to talk to me in French, but, following our instructions I just gave him a dirty look and ignored all of them. The trip to Bordeaux took 18 hours.

"We arrived in Bordeaux with no problem except fatigue. Our guide, an Italian nobleman, told us that we had to get out of the station because the Germans were suspicious of us. We caught another train to the Spanish border in the town of St. John Deluge. Our guide took us to a house at the foot of the Pyrennes Mountains where we bathed and were served food. Our guide told us that the Germans had killed her father and son.

"We had French money in our escape kits so my partner and I gave the lady our money. We had all that had been issued to us as no French person had ever asked for money.

"After dark, it began raining and our guide said it was time to go as the Germans and their dogs went to their quarters when it was raining. The guide, myself, Bill Whitman and a Spitfire pilot started the trip. Each of us was given a walking stick to aid in the climb. We were cautioned to walk one behind the other, each holding the other's stick and not to take a step to the side. After a few hours climbing, we stopped to rest. I tossed a pebble over the side and never heard it hit bottom.

"The Spanish guards at the border marched between block houses and only looked at each other, making it very easy to cross the border. Over another hill, we stopped at a shepherd's shack for a nap. Our guide went down to San Sabastian to the British Embassy. Shortly afterward two security guards came to retrieve us. We bypassed a prison camp where Germans were holding Allied personnel.

"The security folks took us to Madrid to the British Embassy where we had a physical exam. We were then transported to Gibraltar and stayed there a week. We hopped a B-17 courier flight from Africa. We had a week's interrogation by Air Force Intelligence and then another week touring American bomber bases and lecturing on our experiences.

"It was then home and a short tour in the Pentagon.

"Some time later I volunteered for another combat tour. I didn't feel that I had done my part in the war effort. I was shortly on my way back and wound up in the 303rd BG again. Normally, I would not have been able to get back on combat status except for the action of Lt. Chuck Yeager, the fighter pilot and later the first to break the sound barrier, who went to General Eisenhower and had the rule against returning to combat after evasion revoked."

Lee was assigned as a spare radio operator and flew 30 missions, each with a different crew. His last mission was the last of the war, flown April 25, 1945.

Homer goes back to visit his helpers

Homer McDanal (E&E 444; 401BG) spent the last two weeks of July visiting southern France, where he was shot down Dec. 31, 1943, on a raid to the Bordeaux sub pens).

**From the Denver Post,
July 12, 1998**

**By SUSANNA FRENCH
Special to the Denver Post**

Homer McDanal had never seen enemy fighters before. He had never been shot at, never jumped from a burning airplane, never fled through enemy lines.

All that changed over Bordeaux, France, on New Year's Eve, 1943. As the bomb bay doors opened on McDanal's B-17, German fighters attacked the formation. One fighter broke from the pack and headed straight for McDanal's plane.

Gunfire blew the tail off and set the bomber on fire. Five crewmen were killed; five more bailed out over Bordeaux.

Blceding from a flak wound, McDanal hit the ground running, heading south to Spain. German soldiers were nearby tracking parachutists from downed bombers.

The Germans weren't the only ones watching. In the nearby town of Levegnacq, a 9-year-old boy watched the battle from his home. On Monday (July 13), McDanal and Jean Boucau, now 64, will meet for the first time.

A successful Paris businessman, Boucau has dedicated much of his life since 1943 to preserving the memory of the people who shaped the history of the village including the Allied flyers who helped free France during World War II. This week, Boucau's dream will become reality as he opens a museum in their honor.

Boucau sent McDanal and his wife round-trip tickets for the event. He also has tracked down many of the people who helped McDanal escape from France and will take McDanal to places he hasn't seen in 54 years.

Back in his Greenwood Village home, McDanal, 80, says his adventure began long before he fell into France.

A graduate of South High School and the University of Denver, McDanal worked at his family's glasses factory, the Mountain Optical Company, and got his pilot's license before he enlisted. He

learned to fly B-17s in Sebring, Fla., before flying to Ephrata, Wash., to join his 10-member crew. They trained in Redmond, Ore., before going overseas.

The morning of McDanal's only mission was the last morning that five of his fellow crew members would live to see. The dead included 18-year-old Bud Reasoner, his ball turret gunner.

Reasoner never got a chance to bail out. McDanal did, although he wouldn't see the other four survivors for months.

The day after he was shot down, McDanal ran into Jean Laborde, a poor farmer who could offer him little more than protection. After eight days, Laborde sent McDanal on his way with threadbare civilian clothes and a fake ID that christened him Henri Laborde. In return, McDanal left the family his uniform and 1000 francs from his survival kit.

"They were wonderful people, all those people," McDanal said. "We have nothing but admiration for those people, because if they'd been caught, they would have been shot."

Farther south, McDanal met three other downed fliers and the French Underground, which drove them to the Pyrennes foothills. From there, they were guided over the 13,000-foot mountains into neutral Spain by a relay system of Basque smugglers.

In three winter nights of walking, the men covered 75 miles, in civilian clothes. None suffered frostbite.

"They didn't give us time for it," McDanal said. "They walked us just as fast as they could all night. But, boy, I wished I hadn't left Laborde my GI shoes!"

Once over the border, McDanal and his comrades were taken to the American consulate at the northern city of Pamplona, outfitted in civilian clothes and housed in camp with 33 other escaped GIs.

McDanal said that wasn't so bad. The U.S. Army had taken over a hot-springs resort, which provided the men with hot baths and shaves every morning. "That was good duty!" McDanal laughed.

By March 1944, the men were back in England. But the military had nothing for McDanal to do, so he spent a month

My name is Andre

February the 8th 1944, over Northern France;

Have you been there before, by just a little chance?

Your frigid fingers, to your parachute harness,

From Crisolles those 3 villagers freed them from its hardness.

They took you to the nearest bistro; you drank a shot of brandy,
In there for 15 minutes or so, French clothes your new identity.

The German patrol was approaching, quick,
The backdoor exit, out alone, a dreadful feeling.

54 years ago, please tell me, I was Andre, what was your name?
Texan, or what state. What was your fate, what was your fame?

Old Frenchman, my circle may be closed now to your dear letters,
Maybe friends and family can give you an answer somehow.

It was so long ago, tell me, you were a young and courageous one,
You know all the circles become one; don't be sad to close the
years without me.

*Andre Nahdin can be contacted through John Pena,
141 N. Marshall St., York, PA 17402; 717-755-4967*

at the Red Cross Club in London. During air raids, instead of hiding in the subway tunnels with the rest of London, McDanal and his friends would go outside and watch the battle while flak rained down around them.

"It was exciting!" McDanal said. "Just like hail. You could hear it all over."

McDanal was shipped home in April 1944 on the Queen Mary. The ocean liner had just taken 20,000 troops--at once--to Europe in preparation for the invasion of France, but McDanal and only two other men had the run of the ship on the way home.

But the Army wasn't done with him yet. McDanal spent a year in Waco, Texas, and six months in Long Beach, Calif., as an accident investigator. He says California was "more good duty" because the Army had commandeered local luxury hotels for its men.

McDanal's first son was born the day Japan surrendered, and he was discharged at the end of 1945. His family lived on Krameria Street in Denver until his wife Betty died in 1968. A year later he married Janet, the ex-wife of a Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity brother.

He is retired from his optical business and from the Air Force Reserve where he earned the rank of lieutenant colonel.

The McDanals will fly to France with fellow escapee Jim Ross. Homer McDanal said Boucau will take them to all the scenes of his flight through France, including his crash site, the Laborde's house and the Spanish resort. Homer McDanal visited the Laborde 10 years ago, but he has never seen the wreckage of his plane, still sitting in the Levegnac woods.

Boucau has also gathered many of the people who helped Homer McDanal and Ross escape, including Laborde's wife and the truck driver who brought the men to the Pyrenees.

The McDanals say the best part of the trip will be meeting the people who risked their lives all those years ago, including Boucau, who made the reunion possible.

"It's fabulous that he's gone to all this work and all this time to put all this together," Homer McDanal said.

"I think it's the most exciting thing in our life," Janet McDanal said. "It's kind of like a movie."

AFEES PX PRICE LIST

WINGED BOOTS

Pewter Bolo Tie (new item)	\$ 15.00
Lapel Pin, 3/4 in. Pewter	6.00
Tie Tack, 3/4 in. Pewter, with Chain.....	6.00
Lapel Pin, 1 in. blue shield with boot	6.00
Tie Tack, 1 in. blue shield with boot & chain	6.00
Cloth with metallic thread (dry clean only)	5.00
Cotton Sport Shirt Patch (can be laundered).....	2.50

BLAZER PATCHES

Royal Blue Only	\$10.00
Blue with metallic thread	15.00

AFEES MERCHANDISE

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T-Shirts, sizes S, M, XXL	10.00
Lapel Pin, blue and silver	6.00
Clock, Helping Hand logo (with battery)	15.00
Umbrella with belt (from Reunion)	14.00
10-tool Knife (from Reunion)	13.00

OFFICIAL AFEES CAPS

Mesh Back, Navy Blue	\$12.00
Mesh Back, White	12.00
Closed Back, Navy Blue only	12.00

Add \$1.50 per order for shipping & handling

Make checks payable to AFEES; mail to:

FRANK McDONALD, PX Manager
1401 Brentwood Drive
Fort Collins, CO 80521
Phone (970) 484-2363

The PX ready to serve you

Frank McDonald, the AFEES PX manager, reports that he is expecting a new supply of mesh blue and white caps. Some members have been waiting for them.

The new bolo tie, introduced at the Washington reunion last May, is proving to be a highly popular item in the PX inventory.

Frank says several members are interested in blue caps without the scrambled egg pattern on the bill, and some are now available.

Frank has had requests for the patch some evaders received from the British RAF upon return to the U.K. He would like to borrow one of those patches so that he can have a supply prepared. The item he is looking for is the boot on a piece of khaki material.

Frank has been under the weather a bit recently, but now is back attending to business from his home in Colorado. He wants to thank everyone who has been patient with him during the past few months. Frank is due a round of applause for the time and effort he has devoted to handling the PX store.

He does ask that members who expect him to use Priority Mail for their order enclose \$3 extra to cover the cost of such service.

Downed B-17 was a BIG airplane to a boy

By ANDRE PARNAIX

Rue de l'Eglise

60190 Avrigny, France

(Translated by Yvonne Daley)

It is difficult for younger French generations to understand the trauma of World War II; imagine what it must be for young Americans. Only veterans can fully understand the feeling we have, whether national or personal.

In the 1940s, the French people were humiliated, martyred by the Gestapo and the German army. We were barely surviving with little food, few clothes, empty shelves in stores. All wealth was looted; 3 million war prisoners, not to mention the ones deported to work in Germany. How can we explain all this to young Americans?

And yet, a flicker of light on June 6, 1944, with freedom at last on Sept. 1st. Although free at last, we civilians in Fontenay still had to survive. We planted vegetables, raised farm animals in order to eat better.

Now a reply to your question about the crash of a B-17. (Page 28, Spring *Communications*). I was in a garden

abutting my parents' house when a B-17 flew over at very low altitude over the Aisne valley facing west. Soon we heard a U.S. plane was down.

I took my bike and rode toward the crash site, about 2 km. Already two or three farm hands were at the scene of the crash. The crew is standing on the wings; some are smiling and chewing gum. I notice their lamb-lined jackets.

The crew is surveying damage to the plane, especially holes in the left wing caused by flak. Soon Jeeps arrive from a depot, the crew boards the Jeeps and leaves the area. Three sentries are posted at the plane.

My memories are those of an adolescent who sees a BIG airplane for the first time. The size of the plane, the armament, the propellers bent from the crash.

A feeling of admiration for the crew I have been looking at. Who is the pilot? He must be a superman to have the might to pilot such a piece of machinery. He must also not feel any fear to bring the war to Germany's doorstep and finally, to its heart.

Before, I used to see them in formation, shining in the bright sunshine, trailing steam trails. And now, here is one of these mechanical birds right in front of me. I returned home with a piece of the plexiglass. The USAAF came to recover the motors, the ammo, the instruments. The carcass was abandoned in the middle of the field.

I have in my possession the pilot's belt, the navigator's wooden table together with the wooden planks that allow the crew to walk within the fuselage and an oxygen bottle. I would like to return the belt to the pilot if you can identify him. It would be a humble token of gratitude towards an ex-USAFAF member.

Airmen join Slovene vets in 55th anniversary event

A contingent of WWII OSS personnel and American airmen rescued by the Partisans in Slovenia during the war were guests of the Slovene War Veterans organization (ZZB) in the capital city of Ljubljana for a 55th anniversary celebration over a four-day period last June.

Americans invited included, from the OSS: Franklin Lindsay, Bob Plan and Ed Welles; airmen were: John Andreson, Jim Ashley, Charles Dougherty, John Rucigay and Sal Scanio. Denny Rusinov also attended. Many were accompanied by their spouses.

Also present were guests from Great Britain, Russia, Czech Republic, Australia and Bosnia/Herzegovina.

The event featured many programs and receptions, in addition to side trips that included a gala event attended by thousands on the final day, June 28, in Metlike, Bela Krajina, site of a WWII memorial featuring an American C-47 used in rescue operations. The president of the Slovene Republic, Milan Kucan, was guest speaker.

Ceremonies at the airstrip included parachute drops and military aircraft fly-bys, plus entertainment by a military concert band.



Andre Parnaix displays the belt of the American pilot of the 305BG B-17 which crashed in Fontenay, Aisne in March 1945. Andre says, "I would be very happy to give it back to the pilot or his family as a testimony of gratitude to our liberators."

Preserving memories

From the Norwich Evening News
Monday, April 20, 1998

They lost their lives more than half a century ago so we can enjoy the freedom we take for granted -- but will our memories of them fade away in the mists of time?

Not if one group of young Frenchmen have anything to do with it. They are fighting a new campaign. One to remember and honor brave airmen.

Men who were shot out of the skies over France during the second world war. Men who perished in a foreign land to leave wives, mums and dads, brothers and sisters, weeping at home.

If you lost a relative then you'll be interested to hear about the work of Claude Hellas, his friend Francois Cadic and their colleagues, a small but dedicated group of aviation buffs. Their aim is to preserve the memory of the air war over Brittany and remember the achievements of the airmen and those on the ground who helped the survivors.

Over the last few years they have pieced together the story of the war, have researched the RAF and USAAF losses, collected relics and now plan to open a museum.

They have battled through stacks of paper and bureaucracy as they try to find out more about these airmen who never returned home -- and some of them came from Norwich and Norfolk.

Claude has already been in touch with Marie Bradshaw, of Norwich, whose husband, Douglas, was killed, along with the rest of his Wellington crew, when the plane came down in November 1942.

She says: "I am pleased that Douglas and the rest of the airmen are being remembered in France and I am sending them his uniform for the museum. I believe it is a fitting tribute."



WHAT A FIND -- A relic from a Wellington bomber was being excavated from the crash site by members of the *Alles Anciennes Armorique*, an association of French aviation enthusiasts based at Vannes-Meucon airfield, during the summer of 1989.

Conservatoire aeronautique de Cornouaille

THE ASSOCIATION

The Conservatoire aeronautique de Cornouaille is a non-profit making association which was formed in 1994 by a small but dedicated group of World War two aviation buffs.

OUR AIMS

To preserve the memory of the events of the air war in Brittany during World War Two.

To perpetuate the achievements of the Allied airmen who participated in operations in Brittany and the work of the escape lines and helpers in our area.

To honor the memory of those who fell to give us the freedom we enjoy today.

To research and disseminate

information on their deeds and the air war in Brittany.

To seek, acquire and maintain friendly relationship with RAF and USAAF veterans as well as their relatives.

OUR ACTIVITIES

To study the air war in Brittany from 1940 to 1944.

To research RAF and USAAF losses in Brittany.

To seek, collect and restore memorabilia (from relics of crashed aircraft to items of uniform and flying gear), documents, photographs, etc., pertaining to the air war in our area.

To present exhibitions on the air war in Brittany. It is hoped that these efforts will culminate in the creation of a museum.

CONTACTS

Francois CADIC, 52 rue Louis Pasteur, 29100 DOUARNENEZ, FRANCE (phone 02 98 92 31 80)

Claude HELIAS, Ty-Ar-Groas, 29700 PLOMELIN, FRANCE (phone 02 98 94 25 61)

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A graphic showing evacuations of Allied airmen by sea from Brittany, as prepared by French historians Francois Cadic and Claude Helias, is shown on the next two pages of this issue.

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Clogourouan

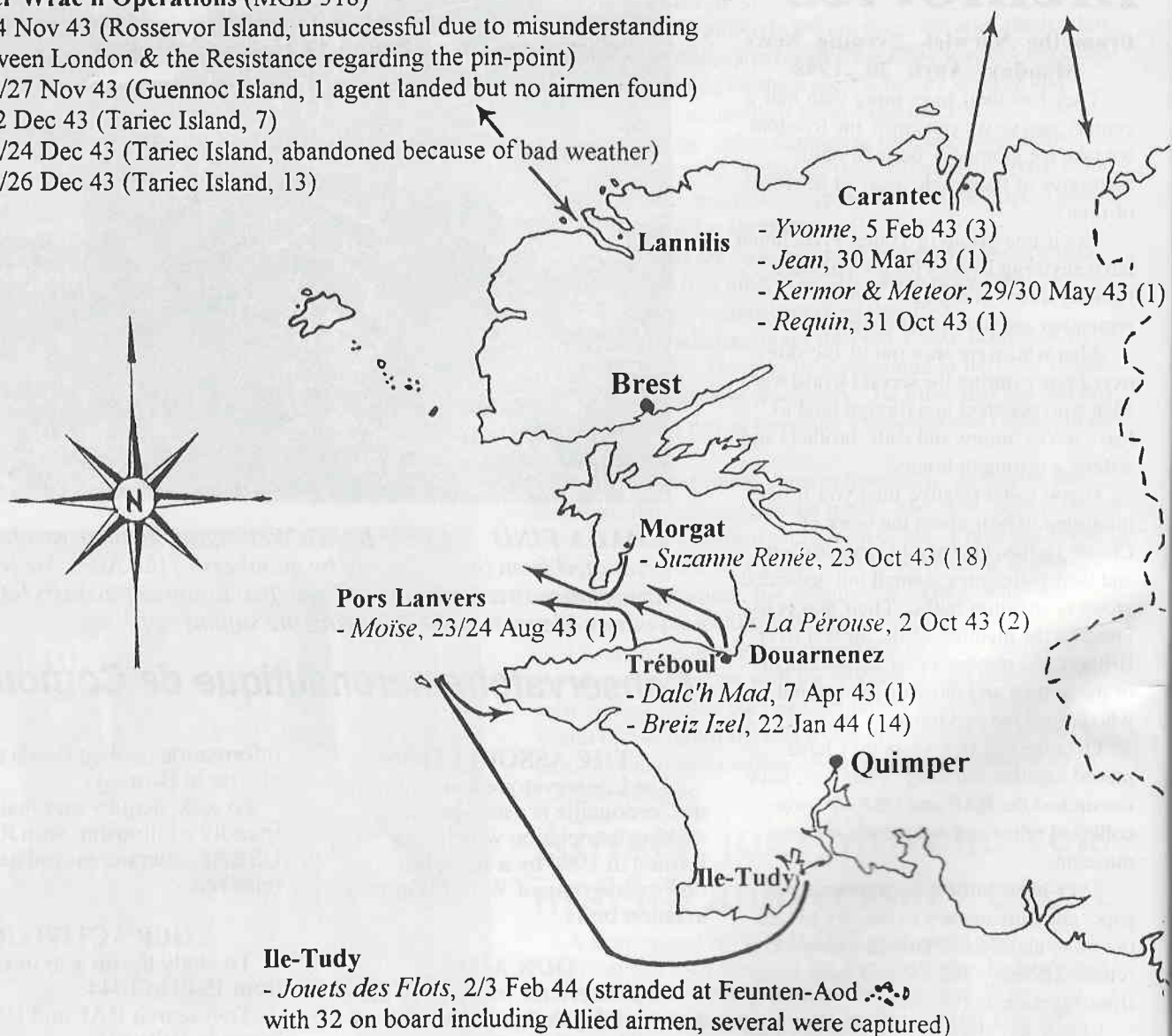
- MGB 324, 9 Mar 43 (unsuccessful operation to pick up 2 RCAF airmen, surf boat went to wrong beach)

Aber Wrac'h Operations (MGB 318)

- 3/4 Nov 43 (Rosservor Island, unsuccessful due to misunderstanding between London & the Resistance regarding the pin-point)
- 26/27 Nov 43 (Guennoc Island, 1 agent landed but no airmen found)
- 1/2 Dec 43 (Tariec Island, 7)
- 23/24 Dec 43 (Tariec Island, abandoned because of bad weather)
- 25/26 Dec 43 (Tariec Island, 13)

Beg an Fry

- MGB 502, 26/27 Feb 44 (1)
- MGB 503, 17/18 Mar 44 (1)
- MGB 502 & MTB 718, 15/16 Apr 44 (?)



EVASION OF ALLIED AIRMEN FROM BRITTANY

CAPTIONS

- Fishing boats
- ↔ MGB operations

0 10 20m

(12) Number of airmen picked up

Bonaparte Beach

- MGB 503, 28/29 Jan 44 (16)
- MGB 503, 26/27 Feb 44 (20)
- MGB 502, 16/17 Mar 44 (30)
- MGB 503, 19/20 Mar 44 (25)
- MGB 503, 23/24 Mar 44 (19)
- MGB 503, 12/13 Jul 44 (15)
- MGB 502, 23/24 Jul 44 (2)

Saint-Cast

- MGB 502, 23 Dec 43 (unsuccessful operation to pick up 2 USAAF & 1 RAF airmen)





AT THE FALLS CHURCH REUNION -- From left: Letti Vrij, Mia Lelivelt and Jacques Vrij, all of Holland, Lynn David of St. Louis, Mo., and Ann G. Feith from Spain.

Changes for Friends and Helpers in the U.S.

Michael Carpenter "F" "L", 3464 Paces Ferry Circ., SE, Smyrna, GA 30080-3122; Ph.: 770-444-0252

Mrs. Dorothy Smith-Hentic, 77 Great Plains Rd., Southampton, NY 11968-4628

Mrs. Jacqueline (Guy) Kervizic "H", 449 Florian Dr., Kerrville, TX 78028-2757

Terrence D. Russell "F" "L", PO Box 8751, Spokane, WA 99203-0751
HQ, JSSA, Attn: DOI-L/Library, 10244 Burbeck Rd., Bldg. 358, Ft. Belvoir, VA 22060-5805; Ph.: 703-806-6420 (Sherry Massie)

Now, about those due dues

Some of you out there, members and friends alike, have let payment of annual dues slip your mind. Clayton David, our membership chair, won't sic the dogs onto you, but he will be forced to mail out some "Intent to Drop" notices if your dues are not caught up *my pronto*.

AFEES dues are on a calendar-year basis, which means that if your membership card does not show **Dues paid to 1/1/99**, you are delinquent.

Life Members (an L after your name on the mailing label), indicates that you are paid for the duration. Widows (W) and Helpers (H) are not expected to pay dues, although some do as a donation.

Dues are \$20 a year; Life Membership is \$100.

Send your dues or, if you have lost interest in AFEES, a request to be dropped, to Clayton C. David, Membership Chair, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401. His phone (he now has an answering machine so you can leave a message) number is 573-221-0441.

Make checks payable to AFEES. And please tell Clayton when you have an address change! It costs AFEES money when the postoffice tells us you have moved. The newsletter is mailed bulk rate; it is not forwarded with 1st class mail.

Airmen honor Slovak rescuers

From The Press-Enterprise,
Corona, Calif., Aug. 30, 1998

By The Associated Press

POLOMKA, Slovakia -- Fifty-four years after they were shot down over Nazi-occupied Europe, five former U.S. airmen honored Slovaks on Saturday who helped them and other Americans escape.

Joined by veterans of the Slovak wartime resistance, the five men raised plastic glasses of blueberry brandy and toasted the memory of those who helped save them.

"They did so much for us," said Jack Kellogg of Vista, the only one of the five who was captured by the Germans. "You know when you get back here, it makes you glad."

Kellogg and the others--Neal Cobb of Carmel, Ind., John Schianca of Enfield, Conn., Roy Madsen of Salt Lake City, Utah, and George Fernandez of Bellevue, Wash., were shot down over Nazi-occupied Slovakia during raids in July 1944 and September 1944.

Both raids were targeting an oil refinery in Lauchhammer, Germany, about 40 miles north of Dresden.

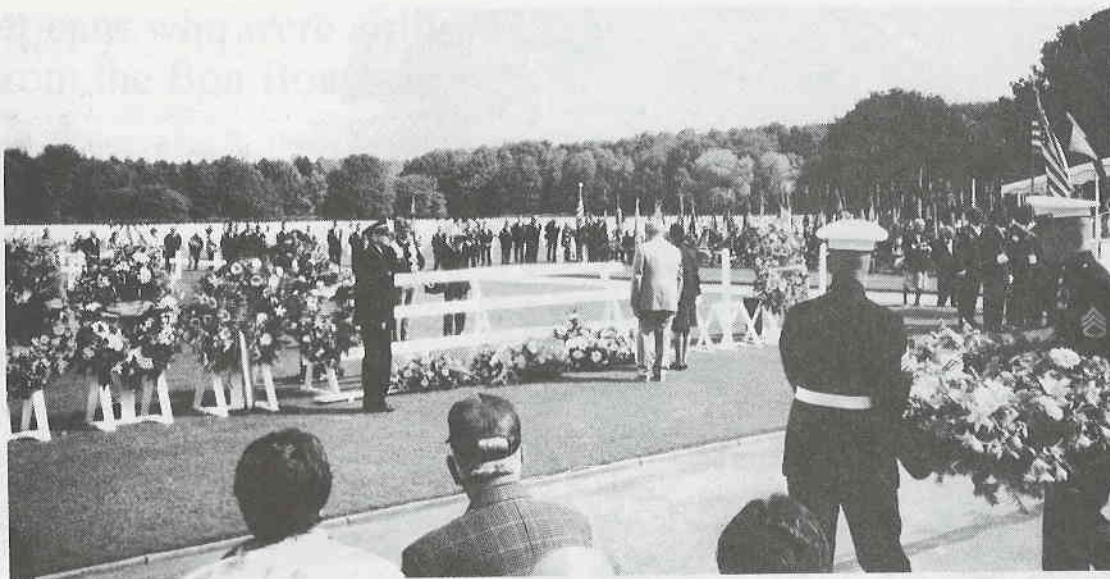
Kellogg, shot down in the first raid, landed in trees outside a village. After a week of evading the Germans he collapsed in a field, tired and dehydrated. When he awoke, a Slovak boy was tending him.

The boy pointed the way to Allied lines and they parted, having never exchanged names for security reasons. Kellogg was later taken prisoner crossing into Hungary and was held in Hungarian and German jails until the war in Europe ended in May 1945.

The other four were luckier. They eventually were picked up by anti-Nazi Slovak partisans and taken to an airstrip controlled by Slovak guerrillas in Banska Bystrica, about 30 miles east of Polomka.

On Oct. 7, 1944, a team from the U.S. Office of Strategic Services, the forerunner of the CIA, landed at the airstrip.

Cobb, Schianca, Madsen and Fernandez flew back to American lines aboard the plane that brought in the OSS agents, who were accompanied by Associated Press reporter Joseph Morton.



AFEES REPRESENTED -- Frank Caubergh, Belgian helper, attended the 1998 reunion in Washington and then on May 23 represented AFEES at the Memorial Day observance at the American Cemetery of the Ardennes. He reports a great and emotional event with about 80 wreaths being placed, including the one he presented in the name of AFEES.

Dee got his OTJ training in France

Flamm D. (Dee) Harper of Las Vegas, Nev., has been a combat fighter pilot in two wars. In addition, he was forced down in enemy territory in both wars and managed to avoid capture and return to friendly control both times. His story "No. 1 SNAFU," published in *SabreJet Classics* magazine, Vol. 4 No. 3, describes his experiences after being shot down in Korea. He says his experience evading in WWII in Europe was excellent on-the-job training for Korea.

By FLAMM D. (Dee) HARPER, 479th FG
In collaboration with Alonzo J. Walter

On the afternoon of July 15, 1944, I crash-landed a P-38J near the small town of Montmorillon, France, about 40 miles southeast of Poitiers. It was my 29th combat mission, an armed recon and fighter sweep over south central France.

We were looking for targets of opportunity when we

spotted what appeared to be an ammunition dump with storage igloos covering several hundred acres. We began our attacks and on my second strafing pass, a tremendous explosion occurred in front of my fighter. I could see concrete from the igloos blown 300 feet into the air and my P-38 became a wreck in mid-air as we flew through the debris at about 100 feet above ground level.

When I gained some sort of control, I knew I was in deep trouble. The right engine was on fire and the left engine had a heavy vibration. Because of the slipstream, smoke from the engine fire and blood in my eyes, I had to fight to see as far as the wing tips. For all practical purposes, I was blind and had no visual contact with the ground since the explosion.

At the last moment, the aircraft rolled into a steep bank, turned left, then rolled out and went down in a meadow alongside the river. The aircraft cut down some small trees and slid into trees at the far end. All this time, I thought I was flying straight and level!

At the crash site, I immediately evacuated the aircraft because I feared a fire or an explosion. A Frenchman standing at the edge of the meadow beckoned me to follow him. He took me to a farm house where I exchanged my flight suit for civilian clothes. He then picked up a couple of fishing poles and handed one to me. We went to the river and proceeded to fish our way upstream, actually working our way through the Germans and Vichy militia who were closing in on the site.

Later that afternoon I was escorted into a village and entered a bar which had the appearance of a small night club and spent the next couple hours sipping brandy and wine.

Everyone but me was in a jovial mood. I was totally



Lt. Harper in Flight Gear, 1944

(Continued on Next Page)



THE BON BON AIRFIELD CONSTRUCTION TEAM -- From left: Trooper Keeble, Sgt. Ward, Capt. Tonkin, Sgt. Holmes, Tpr. Cummings, Tpr. Smith, Lt. Dee Harper (in British uniform), Tpr. Fielding (standing), Sgmn. Plumb, Capt. David Dane. The Jeep was used as a tractor pulling disc and spike tooth harrows to rip the hedge rows. The farm tools were provided by members of the Maquis, not shown in photo. (Photo courtesy of Capt. Dane)

MORE about -- Dee's OTJ Training

petrified! I had very little understanding on what was going on since I spoke no French and no one in the group spoke English. Everything that had happened was contrary to information we had been given at escape and evasion briefings. We had been told that anyone willing to help would be extremely secretive for fear of informers. Only people supporting the Germans would have access to guns, automobiles or fuel. From this, I was convinced that I had been picked up by the wrong people.

Later than evening, we left the bar and went to a large farm house. Soon a British officer arrived in an American Jeep, which added to my confusion, since I knew the Allied forces were still on the Normandy beaches. The Brit introduced himself as Captain Tonkin and began to question me to establish my identity. The grilling was intense until one of the Frenchmen said he had seen me crash and leave the aircraft. After that, I was treated as a friend and fellow officer.

Capt. Tonkin was commander of a Special Air Service (SAS) detachment, parachuted into the area several weeks

before the invasion.

The next day, Tonkin drove me several miles along lanes and back roads to a forest area where the SAS detachment was camped. The group consisted of about 18 troopers and another captain, a South African named Ford. Several civilian cars and four Jeeps were parked nearby. The Jeeps had no windshields, but Lewis .303 machine guns were mounted at the engine fire wall. They had direct radio contact with HQ in England.

Capt. Tonkin briefed me on how the detachment disrupted the movement of German troops into the Normandy area by attacking transportation facilities. He explained that the network which had been used by downed airmen was now all but dead.

He gave me three options. He would find a safe place where I could hide until Allied forces overran my location, or I could stay with the detachment strictly as a guest as long as they were in the area, or I could join up with them and actively continue to battle the Germans. Since it was not in my makeup to be a free-loader, I decided to join the operations of

(Continued on Next Page)

Americans who were airlifted from the Bon Bon strip

Flown out of France Aug. 7, 1944, via Hudson

E&E 881 2nd Lt. Flamm D. Harper, 479FG, MIA 15 Jul 44

E&E 882 1st Lt. James M. Bradley, 96BG, MIA 5 Jan 44

E&E 883 S/Sgt. Clarence C. Norton, 96BG, MIA 5 Jan 44
(Norton died July 2, 1993).

Flown out of France Aug. 9-10, 1944, on a C-47

E&E 917 1st Lt. William H. Banks, 474FG, MIA 27 Jul 44

E&E 918 2nd Lt. Thomas H. Scott, 96BG, MIA 5 Jan 44

E&E 919 T/Sgt. Joseph Gross, 96BG, MIA 5 Jan 44

E&E 920 T/Sgt. Clinton S. Word Jr., 381BG, MIA 4 Jul 44

E&E 921 S/Sgt. Kenneth F. Hitchcock, 381BG, MIA 4 Jul 44
(Word died in 1972; Gross in 1996)

the detachment and soon I was issued a British uniform and became a member of the British "Operation Bulbasket."

The next 22 days I spent with the SAS. After the Germans occupied most of France, the Maquis were formed to provide armed resistance against the Germans and their associates such as the Vichy French militia. The Maquis were a source of intelligence for American OSS and British SAS operatives behind enemy lines.

From the time I crashed until I departed France, the situation on the ground was extremely fluid. In central France, German forces were using the main highways; the Maquis and other Resistance forces were using the back roads. By Aug. 7, the situation had reversed. Allied airpower had forced the Germans to use the back roads and the French Resistance forces were on the main roads.

A note of real interest: One day I signed a requisition note in favor of a local Frenchman for his 1932 Citroen. The note said the U.S. government would repay the farmer for the automobile. Whether our government ever honored this requisition, I never learned.

On a recommendation from the Maquis, four members of the detachment spent a day surveying the area near Bon Bon to determine the best site for a landing field.

The next day we moved our camp nearer to the Bon Bon site and began work on construction of a runway which was to be about 3,000 feet long. Several of the Americans were farm boys, but all of us were shocked at the mass of roots we encountered between the three fields needed for the runway.

At first, the RAF intended to send in one Lockheed Hudson to pick up only the SAS detachment. Captain Tonkin suggested the Air Ministry ask the USAAF to dispatch a plane to pick up the Americans. The USAAF advised the Americans to just hide out until Allied forces overran them. They did not realize that we had an entire SS division trying to find us and that we would likely be captured before the Allies arrived. Realizing the situation, the RAF scheduled an additional Hudson for the mission and said it would be followed later by a C-47.

Captain Tonkin was an outstanding military leader. He was able to balance the need for mission success with the welfare of his men. His perseverance resulted in all personnel,

including Americans, being returned to England.

On the night of August 6, two Hudsons from an RAF Special Duty Squadron arrived and off-loaded Free French SAS troopers to replace the British. Operation Moses had begun as Operation Bulbasket ended. We landed in England about 1:30 a.m. at Tangmere, a coastal fighter airfield. That was the last contact I had with the wonderful fighting men of the British SAS and French Maquis.

A USAAF Dakota landed in France for a third pickup on August 9, picking up my friend Surrey Dane and five more Americans, among others.

At SHAPE, we were debriefed for about a month. We received our back pay, got new uniforms and I pinned on silver bars of a 1st lieutenant.

I returned to my outfit in early September 1944. Since entering combat in April, the unit had experienced heavy losses. I was the first pilot from the group to have been missing and evading capture to return to base.

Little did I know that I would be evading again in another war, on the other side of the world, eight years later. But that's another story!

On my return to the U.S., I reported to a new CO at a California base. I was proudly wearing the flying boot above my right blouse pocket, the emblem of an evadee. This was OK in the ETO. The commander's first words were, "The next time I see you, you had better not be wearing the flying boot. It is not authorized." I got his message -- back to the real world.

ADDENDUM

Since I received a letter dated Feb. 10, 1998, from the French Historian/Archeologist Christian Richard, a flow of correspondence has resulted in new contacts and more bits of information.

The French girl who met me at the crash site was Jacqueline Thomas, now Mrs. Jacqueline Briand. Her home was in the village of Concise. Today she lives near the Mediterranean Coast in Prades-le-Bouissouse. At age 68 and still a handsome lady, she has four children and seven grandchildren.

Her father, the man who took me fishing in La Gartempe River on July 15, 1944, died in 1982. Jacqueline has sent me several maps and photographs and recently visited the crash site with Christian Richard to pick up a piece of my aircraft as a souvenir.

Christian has provided me the address of Sgt. John Fielding, a member of the British SAS Det. 1. John informed me that Capt. Tonkin died several years ago and also sent me newspaper clippings of the deaths of David Dane and Air Vice-Marshall Sir Alan Boxer.

From Trooper John I learned the first Lockheed Hudson to land at Bon Bon airstrip was flown by Alan Boxer, who made the decision to bring in the second Hudson. I returned to England in his aircraft. David Surrey Dane was the SAS captain who dropped into our camp one night to supervise the selection of the site for an airstrip and exercised ground control during the pickup

MINUTES

AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP MEETING

Falls Church, Va., May 10, 1998

President Richard Smith called the General Meeting to order at 9:05 a.m. Minutes of the 1997 Annual Meeting were distributed, as well as the meeting agenda. Members of the Board of Directors, with the exception of Frank McDonald, were introduced. Motion made, seconded and carried to accept the 1997 Annual Meeting minutes as printed.

Nominating Committee Report: No interest shown by members. Therefore, the current Board of Directors will continue for another year. Nominations from the floor: James Goebel nominated Robert Grimes for director; he declined the nomination.

President declared a quorum in attendance (about 190 total)

COMMITTEE REPORTS:

Finance: Paul Kenney: AFEES is in very good financial condition; full report in June newsletter.

Raffle: Russel Weyland: about \$6,000 to date; tickets still available.

Membership: Clayton David: 813 members; 53 Friends and widows; 29 helpers living in U.S. Since last reunion: 23 new members, 15 new Friends, 39 members reported deceased, 12 members dropped due to no response, mail returned, and/or unable to contact, 24 helpers reported deceased. First time to attend a reunion: 97 members, friends and helpers.

Newsletter: Larry Grauerholz: Publish 4 times a year, explained the process of printing and mailing about 1400 newsletters; urged members to contribute material for publication.

PX: Frank McDonald not present. President Smith thanked Robert Grimes for setting it up for the convention, recruiting local members to help with the PX and the Hospitality Room.

Christmas Cards: Paul Kenney reported that his wife Dorothy does the artwork for the 600 cards and handles this important project.

OLD BUSINESS:

Herbert Brill inquired the reason for not having an auction. President Smith explained that it was a labor intensive job for the Weylands, so the Board decided to try the raffle which is far more successful. All members now have the opportunity to contribute to the Helper Fund and many members send in an extra donation at the same time.

AFEES has been trying to obtain a commemorative medal from the government; long discussion concerning the problem. The bill has died in House committee for the past 10 years. Members of veterans groups were urged to pursue the matter through their local chapters.

Other topics discussed: New York State veterans medal, Veterans Administration and health care, POW standing.

NEW BUSINESS:

1999 Convention Site: Presentations given for the following cities: Phoenix, Atlanta, Charleston, Las Vegas.

Suggestions made: That AFEES plan two years in advance, to help family members plan ahead. Millicent Brill said that the Helpers feel that the Grand Canyon *IS* the United States. Phoenix was chosen by show of hands.

Home Run: Discussion led by Ralph Patton concerning a climb/walk from southern France to Spain in 1999. Suggested that AFEES sponsor one or more participants.

Col. Bradbury discussed plans for exhibits for special operations organizations at the Air Force Museum at Wright Patterson AFB.

Suggestion Made that AFEES plaques be installed in each museum devoted to Resistance. Janine Anderson offered to serve as guide and interpreter in France.

Internet Web Site information to be published in newsletter.

American Battle Monuments Commission discussed relating to war memorial monument for AFEES. Matter to be discussed at Board meeting.

Armed Forces Reunion representative suggested that Helper registration forms for reunions be prepared in the language of each country.

President Smith announced that 85 Helpers were in attendance; that the French Minister and Ambassador would be attending the banquet.

Scotty David was given a round of applause in appreciation of her devoted work for AFEES.

Motion made, seconded and carried to adjourn at 11:15 a.m.

WARREN E. LORING, Recording Sec.

Who was it in Toulouse with the sketchbook?

In the spring of 1944, five evaders from B-17 No. 42-97979 found themselves in a safe house in Toulouse, France. A dark-eyed handsome lad of 9 or 10 years eagerly showed them his treasures, a notebook of airplanes sketched by Allied flyers who had passed through, and a watch given him by one of the airmen.

Earl Woodard (E&E 808), one of the five evaders, writes, "We had parachuted from our burning plane on April 25 near La Goulaferie, Normandy, and were making our way, with the help of the French Underground, back to England. Our visit with the youngster was very brief. His mother had been called away suddenly to identify her husband, the boy's father, who had been killed when the train on which he was traveling was strafed by the Allies.

"Fearing that the escape route had been compromised, our guides hurried us off to another location.

"It has occurred to me that some other AFEES member might remember sketching his plane in that bright young man's book, might even remember his name."

Any information would be appreciated by Earl, who can be contacted at 918 Rochdale Drive, Kirkwood, MO. 63122-2414; 314-821-8589. His friend Claude Masson, a retired French journalist, would like to help find the lad.

Information is yours on the 'Net

With a modem-equipped computer and a connection to an Internet provider, anyone can surf the 'Net from any location.

This list of veteran or aerial related addresses provides information which AFEES members may find of interest. Try it! You might like it!

AFEES Roster

<http://www.cbiinfo.com/afeeslis.htm>
(Membership to 1997)

The World War II Veterans Website
<http://ww2.vet.org/>
(Database of those who served)

The Center of Military History
<http://www.army.mil/cmh-pg/default.htm>
(Topics relate mostly to Army)

U.S. Army Online (U.S. Dept. of Defense Alumni Search)
<http://www.army.mil/vetinfo/default.htm>

Military Reunions (Your Outfit's Reunion)
<http://www.usmc.mil/reunions/reunions.nsf/approved>

Veterans Administration
<http://www.va.gov>

Veterans Administration Info Locator
<http://www.va.gov/gils/index.htm>
(Information on benefits, hospitals and other topics)

Arlington Cemetery
<http://www.mdw.army.mil/cemetery.htm>

Collings Foundation (All American B-24, The 909 B-17)
<http://www.cyberhighway.net/~cessna/>

Rutgers Univ. Daily Chronology of Air Force in WW II
<ftp://ftp.rutgers.edu/pub/wwii/usaf/>
(Lists air operations worldwide on daily basis)

The Internet B-24 Veterans Group
<http://www.mach3ww.com/b24/>

Air Affair Aviation Hot list
<http://www.airaffair.com/hotlist.html>

The Hangar -- Your Aviation Encyclopedia
<http://www.the-hangar.com/default.asp>

Air Force Link (Official web site of the USAF)
<http://www.af.mil/>
(The USAF, present and past)

The Eighth Air Force Museum & Heritage Center
<http://www.gacoast.com/navigator/mighty8af.html>

List compiled by Francis Lashinsky



READY TO PARTY -- Eleanor and Sidney Willig, Staten Island, N.Y., are dressed up for the evening at Falls Church. It was her first AFEES reunion.

UPDATES TO 1996 AFEES ROSTER

(Changes are in **BOLD** type)

Mary K. Akins "W", **862** Evergreen, Hemet, CA **92543**,
Phone unchanged: 909-658-1537

George F. Brennan "L", **9125** Copper NE, Apt. 721,
Albuquerque, NM **87123**; Ph.: **505-296-3086**

Jack J. Caravello (S), **969** Jeffrey Lane, Langhorne,
PA **19047**; Ph.: **215-757-7449**

Robert D. Couture "L", **164** Holly Ct., Warrenton, MO
63383-5255; Ph.: **314-456-0888**

Francis X. Harkins, **1932** Camelia Circ., Midlothian,
VA **23112**; Ph.: **804-763-1638**

Mrs. Eleanor B. Kirkner "W", **9** Monument Ave., #1,
Malvern, PA **19355-2624**;
Ph.: **610-296-9886**

Charles L. Moore, **4835** E. Mohave Ave., Las Vegas, NV
89104-5828; Ph.: **702-432-6569**

Eugene P. McDonnell "L", **7250** Guider Dr., Apt. 208,
St. Paul, MN **55125-5315**; Ph. **612-738-2888**

Carl F. Runge "L", **567** Saint Andrews Rd., Winter
Haven, FL **33884-1244**; Ph.: **941-324-7826**

Milton V. Shevchik "L", C/o Liz Allison, **1320** Dutch
Rdg. Rd., Beaver, PA **15009-9733**;
Ph.: **724-728-1995**

L/C Paul L. Wolff, **3410** E. Lester St., Tucson, AZ
85716; Ph.: **520-325-1269**

William E. Wolff "L", **6310** Doral Rd., Tobaccoville, NC
27050; Ph.: **336-924-2831**

John Yandura, New Area Code: **724-568-5544**



AYLENE SPEVAK

Aylene Spevak enjoyed reunions

Services were conducted Aug. 6 in the First Congregational United Church of Christ at Watertown, S.D., for Mrs. Edward (Aylene) Spevak.

She died Monday, Aug. 3, 1998, in her home in Watertown.

In January 1944 Aylene was office manager of the officers' club at Sioux City AAFB where she met Capt. Edward Spevak. They were married May 12, 1944, and after the war, returned to Watertown to make their home.

She was a member of her church choir for more than 55 years and held offices in the woman's fellowship and guilds. She served 17 years as a trustee of Yankton College.

She had enjoyed many military reunions with her husband, especially those of the Escape & Evasion Society.

Survivors include her husband, two sons, a daughter and seven grandchildren.

Geo Jouanjean guided and escorted many airmen

Georges "Geo" Jouanjean, former head of the Pat O'Leary escape line in Brittany, died June 30, 1998, at age 81. He died unexpectedly in the ambulance that was taking his wife to the hospital after she suffered a broken leg.

Geo, born in Carhaix, was taken prisoner in May 1940 when serving with the French artillery. He was interned in Stalag IIB from where he escaped in April 1942 by having himself sealed in a goods train loaded with seed potatoes bound for France. Thirteen days later he slipped out and away when the train reached Creil, just north of Paris.

Geo soon joined the "Mithridate" resistance organization, and then the "Pat O'Leary" network which earned him the temporary rank of captain. The reseau rescued Allied aircrew shot down over Western France, helped them evade capture and organized and assisted their return to freedom. Backed up by his family and friends, Geo personally sought out, sheltered and guided some 60 to 70 Allied airmen. He either escorted them to Paris and turned them over to his network contact or arranged for their escape by fishing boat from the west coast of Brittany. Or when his escape route was suddenly cut off, he found a refuge for them in the famous Chateau du Bourblanc of Betty De'Mauduit in Northern Brittany.

In the spring of 1943 the Germans succeeded in infiltrating the organization and so became aware of his activities. They arrested his mother and 80-year-old grandfather and held them as hostages. Geo was picked up in Paris by the



GEORGES JOUANJEAN
(Wartime Photo)

Gestapo on June 18, 1943, whereupon his parents were in due course released. He was imprisoned first in Fresnes near Paris, then Rennes, Angouleme and Compienne, before being reposted by cattle truck to Auschwitz in April 1944.

He was unaccountably transferred to Buchenwald in July where his stay was brief for the camp inmates who "screened" new arrivals ruled against his admittance. He was thereupon sent to Flossenburg, a concentration camp for German criminals. He somehow survived and was freed by the U.S. Army in May 1945.

Geo was decorated by the French with the Croix de Guerre, the Medaille des Evades and the Legion d'Honneur. He was awarded the British Empire Medal and the Medal of Freedom with Silver Palm by the Americans. In June 1945 he gave in marriage one of his sisters to an English RCAF navigator (Gordon Carter) whom he had helped escape by sea from Treboul in April 1943.

FOLDED WINGS

MEMBERS

E&E 450 -- Joseph L. Kirkner, Malvern, PA, 401 BG, June 24, 1998

HELPERS

M. Georges JOUANJEAN, Carhaix Plouger, France, June 30, 1998

M. Rene' PONTIER, Saint-Cyr, France, June 11, 1998

Veterans take a salute at Beale AFB

Airmen get their medals

From the Beale AFB High Flyer
May 1, 1998

By S/Sgt. JAMES BRABENEC

Three Air Medals and one Prisoner of War medal were awarded to four World War II Army Air Corps veterans during a ceremony at 9th Reconnaissance Wing headquarters at Beale AFB, Calif., on April 23.

Ernest Kelley, Leonard Lincoln and Joe Vukovich each received the Air Medal while Lloyd Huth received the POW Medal.

The ceremony, held in conjunction with the weekly wing staff meeting, brought past and present military personnel together to recognize outstanding service, now a fading memory, but never forgotten.

"It was a great honor and privilege to recognize these four outstanding men and to lead the applause on their achievements," said Brig. Gen. Charles Simpson, 9th RW commander. "Their service and sacrifice helped achieve world peace and paved the way for Air Force airmen to come."

Each recipient said he was pleased with the awards, and Vukovich spoke of its value now as compared to when he left the service after the war.

"I am glad the medal caught up to me," he said. "It did not seem as valuable at the time, but now I have something to leave my kin which points to my service accomplishments."

Vukovich, a first lieutenant, spent only three months as a B-17 pilot. However, during that time he twice had to bail out, once in North Carolina when his plane caught fire and later in Germany on his first combat mission. Because he was shot down behind enemy lines and rescued by underground personnel, Vukovich was sent home to serve out his service commitment.

Huth agreed with Vukovich and added that right after the war, many veterans did



From left: Ernest Kelley, Leonard Lincoln, Joe Vukovich and Lloyd Huth talk with wing personnel following the awards ceremony.

not value their medals.

Now, Huth said, he deeply appreciates the medal and the ceremony.

"I took it very hard; there were a lot of tears and I was embarrassed," said Huth. "When I think about what we did in our youth and how we managed, it seems overpowering."

While Kelley, Vukovich and Lincoln battled the Germans in Europe, Huth, a staff sergeant in the Army Air Corps, fought the Japanese in the Pacific. He fought in the Battle of Bataan, and later endured the Bataan Death March, a 70-mile march to prison camps on the Bataan Peninsula.

Of the 70,000 American prisoners who began the march, 10,000 perished along the way to hunger, heat exhaustion and diseases.

Huth overcame 3.5 years as a POW.

Kelley spoke of youth, noting most active-duty officers present at the ceremony were much older than his compatriots during the war.

He was impressed with the sophisticated technology modern pilots operate in, but said each generation has a hard time comprehending what the next deals with. Kelley said his father was impressed he was allowed to fly the B-17, considered sophisticated in its time.

Kelley, a second lieutenant in the AAC, was shot down over France. With help from the French underground, he managed to evade capture. While in hiding, Kelley said he remembered the daily bombing runs where 1,000 B-17s would drone overhead shaking the earth for two to three hours, a sound the French called "music to their ears."

Lincoln, a sergeant assigned to a B-24 crew, was shot down on his third combat mission and spent 10 months as a prisoner of war.

Vukovich expressed his appreciation for Simpson calling the room to attention when the medals were presented and was grateful for the genuine concern people showed as they shook hands with each of the award recipients following the ceremony.

Col. Charles Cinnamon, 9th RW chief of staff, spoke for many about the privilege to attend the ceremony.

"It was an honor to meet such distinguished gentlemen and hear their stories," he said. "Their awards serve to remind us why we wear the uniform and defend this country."

Robert E. Kelley (E&E 2075), lives in Shasta Lake City, Calif., and Joe Vukovich (E&E 1349), lives in Medford, Ore. Both are AFEES members.

Surviving a 4-mile drop in the tail

On Jan. 11, 1944, James Raley was tail gunner on a B-17 based near Foggia, Italy. On a mission to a port near Athens, Greece, he survived a mid-air collision and four-mile fall over enemy territory. Eight planes and about 70 airmen were lost in the disaster which is described in the Winter 1997-98 issue of Communications, pages 28-29. This account was written about a year later.

**From The Raven, 301 Veterans Association, May 1998
(Excerpts from the personal account of James A. Raley, Winter Springs, Fla.)**

Suddenly, there was a great ripping and tearing sensation. The tail section shuddered and seemed to stop. The plane seemed to be falling and spiraling at a great rate of speed. I took steps to extricate myself, so as to take to the parachute, but realized that after several minutes, the spinning motion of the ship abolished any probability of my freeing myself.

Then there was a great swishing sound as we crashed through the tops of some small trees and, as abruptly as it began, it stopped. I lay still, certain in the knowledge that I was among the deceased. I opened my eyes, and looked past the guns, which were bent nearly double. I could see the earth, pebbles, and vegetation. The ship had come to rest in a dense growth of shrubs. The inside of the compartment was in disarray and debris was piled high on my back. The left side of the ship was stove in, crushing my right leg between the ammunition box and the seat. It required all the effort I could manage to extricate myself.

The ship was sitting on an even keel, so escape via the hatch would be impossible, as it was directly on the ground. I would have to use the bulk-head passage into the waist section. I kept wondering if the others were alive and if I would be able to assist them. I swung open the bulk-head door, expecting to see heaps of wreckage. Instead, all I could see was geography--in quantity. I stepped out of the tail section and glanced at my watch, which was still ticking. It

was 1:10, 30 minutes since the last time I checked. I surveyed the wreckage. The bottom of the tail section was in shreds, the stabilizers were broken and hanging in pieces. Small particles of metal the size of a coin and tiny lengths of fuel line and electrical wiring were scattered about. The tail compartment had broken off clearly, just forward of the bulkhead.

I started the long descent down the northern slope of Mount Oros. The going was quite steep, and was made worse by the uneven terrain. I half-climbed, half-fell from tree to tree, down the near-perpendicular mountainside for about 100 yards when I came to a trail. I sat down on a boulder and, before long, I was lying across the trail.

As I lay there, the rain beating into my face, I looked through the heavily wooded area down into the valley below. I could see a number of houses and one place with walls and parapets that had the appearance of a fortress.

At about 5 pm, daylight began to diminish. I scrambled to my feet to find a better place to spend the night. I climbed upward for a few feet, away from the trail, and fell, exhausted. I moved over to a tree with dense foliage, and found the earth under the branches quite dry. I stretched out on the ground, making a pillow of the shoes and gloves, and removing the escape kit from my hip pocket. I lay there staring up at the branches overhead, wondering when I would get back to Italy.

Suddenly, I heard voices in the distance.

In the loudest voice I could manage, I called to them again and again. Finally, they heard me.

There were five or six of them--shepherds--small, skinny, unshaven, and poorly dressed. During the next three and half hours each earned my eternal gratitude as they helped me down the mountainside. The trail was very steep, strewn with boulders, and was wide enough for only one man most of the time.

The trail led around two sides of the stone wall to a huge double-doored gate. The man leading the donkey approached the door and banged several times with

the heavy knocker. There was the sound of footsteps on the cobblestones, the rasping of the latch being thrown, followed by the creaking of a door swinging on rusty hinges. A small figure in a flowing black garment stepped through the opening and conversed with the mule driver. The two of them then helped me inside the stockade.

We proceeded to a room jammed with people, four of them Americans--a navigator, two radio operators, and a photographer. Some of the women present made a pallet of blankets beside the fireplace so I could lie down. A Greek who spoke a bit of French was able to tell an American who understood a bit of French that a doctor was on his way. We learned we were in the northern part of the Peloponnesian Peninsula, at a monastery held together by a couple of Eastern Orthodox priests and a few nuns who had been driven out of Pyrgos Peninsula by the Germans.

Neil Daley, the navigator, was apparently suffering severely. He had made his descent in half a parachute, and had been bounced around considerably. The doctor eventually arrived with an interpreter, but no medical supplies or instruments to speak of. He managed to give Daley a hypodermic and bandage some of his abrasions. The doctor did everything possible to comfort us. He visited us four times at the monastery, walking six hours each way to do so.

While we were at the monastery, a constant stream of poorly-clothed and undernourished visitors would burst into the room, shake our hands, stare, talk to the other Greeks, and shake our hands again. They brought gifts of food which they could ill afford.

On the third day, a British Army captain from Ireland, O'Donnell, "O. D.", joined us. He brought many useful items--soap, towels, toothbrushes, toothpaste, but no razor. He left behind a gold sovereign, worth about \$8 in America, but worth a man's life at that time in Greece. Our English-speaking, self-appointed protector, Martin, would bargain for an egg, a bit of fruit, or a loaf of bread.

O. D. had agreed to send a messenger

who would arrange to move us to British intelligence headquarters. When we left, Daley gave our good doctor a sovereign from his escape kit. We gave a parachute to the ladies who had attended us the first week, as well as one to the mother superior.

We departed the monastery in the early morning of January 23.

On February 14, we began our trek to Zakharo, south of Pyrgos, near the Ionian Sea, with the thought of escaping from Greece uppermost in our minds. The snow was deep, the terrain uncertain, and the journey took the better part of two weeks. I found out much later that Daley and I had been selected to remain behind, but someone made the trip possible for us.

In the beginning, our party consisted of 16 Americans, the owners of the donkeys, and Erick, the Greek who led us. Pretty soon, we gathered up a few members of the Italian occupational troops, other British, more Italians, Greeks, Cretes, Cypriots, deserters from the German army, and a Russian. By the last days, our party numbered over 40. All wore cast-off, worn-out army uniforms of various nations. Many were

hatless and half had no shoes, but wrapped their feet in rags, and were suffering from injuries, skin rashes and ugly running sores.

Each night we would impose on some good Greek's hospitality. We would split up so no more than one or two would be at any one house.

Our travels ended when we arrived at Zakharo on March 4. The British officer in charge explained it would be at least a fortnight before we would be rescued. For safety, we were to move further inland, away from unexpected visits by German troops, so we retraced our steps to Areni, where there was little activity.

Peter Tetley, the British captain in charge, sent many messages to Allied headquarters in Italy begging for transportation. There were many false starts--the departure date was set for "tomorrow night" a dozen or more times. We would trek nearly ten miles down to the beach in the evening and sit among the dunes until an hour before dawn, at which time we would drag ourselves back to the village to wait for another false alarm.

On April 3, we made one last try and proceeded to the the point of evacuation

that night. A tiny light flashed from out at sea. Tetley had a candle set inside a perforated fuel tin covered by a gunny sack. He removed the sack and signaled the ship. Immediately, there followed a similar signal. Tetley had a pair of infrared binoculars which he passed around. The night was very dark, but with the glasses I could look past the beaches to a number of small boats being towed ashore by a motor launch. Behind them was an Italian destroyer.

As the boats neared the shore, lines were cast off from the launch, and the sailors in each boat rowed until the bottoms grated against the sandy beach. Everyone raced down to the shore to unload the cargo of arms and ammunition. As soon as the boats were unloaded, we lost no time scrambling aboard. Several of us had to tranship to the motor launch to proceed to the destroyer, about a half mile off shore.

Once we were aboard the destroyer and below decks, the motors began to turn up. We set off, shortly after midnight, to the north and west, 84 days since we came to Greece. At about 5 p.m. the same day, April 4, 1944, we dropped hook at Taranto, Italy.



RUSS SHARES SOME HISTORY -- Russel Weyland, a member of the Board of Directors of AFEES, recently visited with 5th grade students at Landmark School in McHenry, Ill., to tell them about his experiences in World War II. He was a crew member of a B-24 shot down over Toulon, France in 1944. As part of his presentation, he showed a video about the air war over France. Pictured, from left: Ms. Freudenheim, teacher's aide; Weyland; Ashlee White, his granddaughter; Grace Annarella, teacher, and Liliane Brochet of Le Brusc, France.

'Home Run' attracts great interest

By **RALPH K. PATTON**
'Home Run' Coordinator

More than a dozen persons, mostly relatives of AFEES members, have expressed an interest in "Operation Home Run", known in France as *Le Chemin de la Liberte*. In addition, several older persons are planning to travel to Saint Giron to see the U.S. group off and to welcome them after the hike next July.

It has been suggested that AFEES act as sponsor for one or more hikers, but as of yet no money has been budgeted for such expense. It is possible that some AFEES financial support may be provided.

As is explained elsewhere on these pages, the ground cost from St. Giron back to St. Giron is about \$170 U.S. Additional expense would be involved with early arrival or extended stays.

Travel agents report that fare from New York City to Toulouse is about \$700, so it would seem that

the trip could be made for about \$1200 per person.

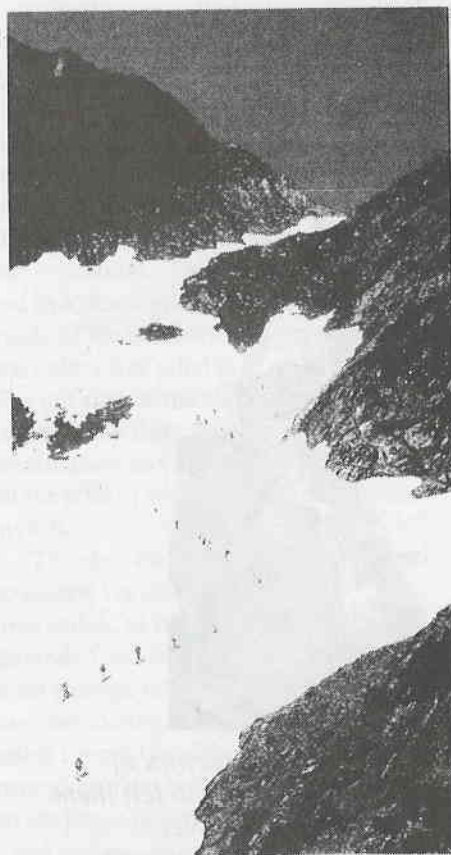
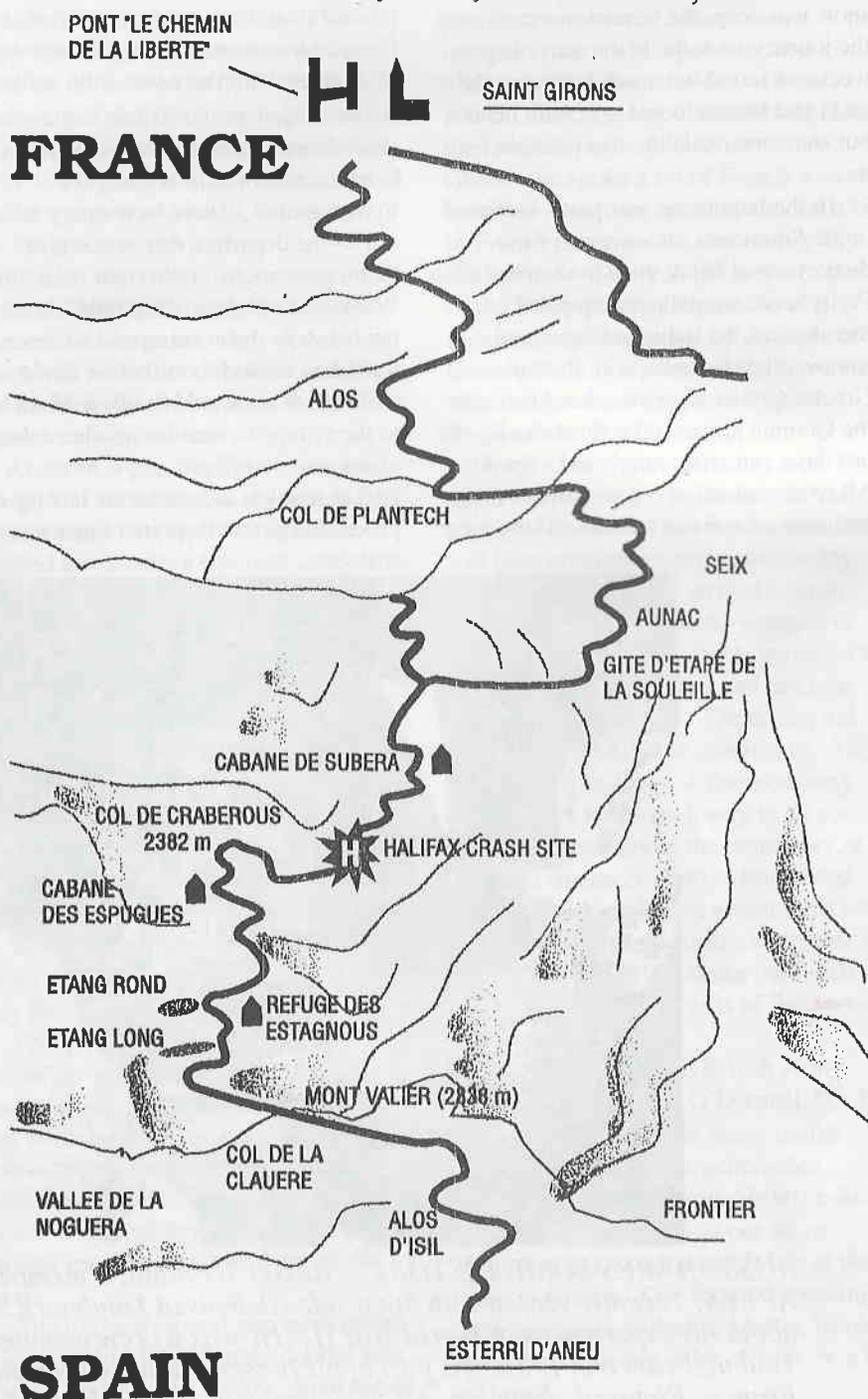
You should realize that French hotel rooms are expensive by U.S. standards: about \$110 U.S. for medium class accommodations.

The travel agent who organized our very successful trip to France in 1994 has agreed to work with us to handle transportation to and from Toulouse. That could be by

air via Paris or London, or by air to Paris and TGV (*tres grande vitesse*) train to Toulouse.

Persons who have notified me of their interest will be updated as time goes by. If your interest has evaporated, please let me know.

Final commitment is not needed for several weeks, so there still is time to plan a few days in the Pyrenees next July!



Heading for the Col de Craberous
 (2382 meters)

A challenge: 4 days crossing the Pyrenees

The *Le Chemin de la Liberte* is an annual event held the second week of July. In 1999, it begins on Thursday, July 8, and ends on Sunday, July 11. A completely free day to relax before and after the hike is strongly recommended!

The French treat the occasion as a sporting challenge mixed with ceremonies along the way in honor of the guides, passeurs and ex-Allied servicemen who were forced to use this escape route for very different reasons during World War II.

The schedule looks something like this:

Thursday, the 8th: 0730, a ceremony at the Chemin de la Liberte bridge in Saint Girons. 0800, walk begins. First day, 15 miles to the hamlet of Aunac. Free lunch provided at the Col de l'Artigue at a barn where one of the local guides was killed in 1943.

Arrival at Aunac is at 1800, followed by a short ceremony at a memorial stone, then a *vin d'honneur* with the mayor. Spend the night at a hiker's rest house; food and dormitory-type accommodations provided. Cost: about 160F (\$26) each for evening meal (wine included), accommodations and continental breakfast. Walking time, day 1, nine hours. (Pyrenean foothills, often gullies, thick beech woods, sometimes no tracks).

Friday, the 9th: Aunac to La Cabane de Subera (1499 meters). Short, stiff hike into the mountains proper. Time, four hours. At Subera, we sleep rough, bivvy bags or waterproof sleeping bags. Provide our own food for this day and night.

It is possible that we take a different, slightly longer route via Le Col de la Core, where there is a new monument to local passeurs. Although the path is longer (six hours), it is easier. If this alternate route is used, there will be lunch at Col de la Core with French mayors, but we provide our own food, as we do all this second day except for breakfast.

Saturday, the 10th: The hardest day, 10.5 hours on the hoof! Subera to the mountain refuge of Estagnous near the summit of Mont Valier (2838 meters). The majority of French hikers and the mountain guides join us at Suberta on Saturday morning. Depart, 0830. There is a brief ceremony at the wreckage of a wartime British Halifax bomber at about 1100. Then up and over the (usually) snow-filled Col de Craberous (2382 meters). Picnic lunch at 1400, at the Cabane des Espagnes, provide your own food. We reach the Estagnous refuge at about 1800. We sleep in the refuge or in group tents provided outside. Accommodation, plus an excellent evening meal (wine included), and breakfast are provided at a cost of about 160F (\$26).

Sunday, the 11th: Start, about 0800. Straight down, straight up. Spanish border reached at 1130. Another steep descent to a mountain lake, picnic lunch at 1300. Provide own food. Reach the valley floor at 1500. Normally 4x4s ferry hikers along the last stretch to Esterri d'Aneu. In Esterri, there is a reception laid on by the Spanish mayor, free drink, speeches.

Then a good evening meal, cost about 100F (\$16). Coaches take us back to St. Girons at midnight, arriving at about 0230 -- hence the need for a free day to follow.

Usually there is a reception in the mayor's office on Monday morning. Total cost per head for the four days of the St. Girons/Esterri trip, including local accommodation, coaches and meals, would be about 1000F (\$170). This includes one night's meal and accommodation in St. Girons before and after the walk. Price of the coach for walkers returning from Esterri is 70F each (\$11), included in the \$170 estimate.

-- Scott Goodall

Arrangements are made for ex-servicemen to be driven to the local ceremonies if they do not intend to take part in the hike. Transport is available to go to Esterri in Spain for the reception at end of the hike.

Trail begins at St. Girons

The bridge over the River Salat in Saint-Girons (Pont le Chemin de la Liberte), now marks the starting point of an escape randonnee or hike which takes place every year the second week of July. Walkers come from all over Europe and even America to take part, and recent British participants have included ten young soldiers from the Royal Signals Army Apprentices' College in Harrogate, a team from the Special Forces Club in London (five very determined young ladies from the Corps of First Aid Nursing Yeomanry among them), and a mixed male-female detachment of R.A.F. and Royal Signals personnel flown in from Cyprus specially for the occasion.

This annual event combines a tough sporting challenge for the young with several moving ceremonies along the way in remembrance of all those local 'helpers', passeurs, Allied servicemen and French evadees who fought for freedom and in many cases lost their lives in this part of the central Pyrenees during the last war.

Statistics tell us that between the years 1940 and 1944, there were 33,000 successful escapes by Frenchmen along the entire length of the Pyrenean chain. Of these, 782 escaped over the mountain peaks of the Ariege, the high point being in June 1943, when there were 113 successful evasions along or close to Le Chemin de la Liberte.

As the war progressed, several other escape trails were established near the town of Saint-Girons, each one known only to its particular guide or passeur. Neighbouring towns and villages such as Foix, Tarascon, Aulus-les-Bains, Massat, Castillon, Seix and Sentein, all had a network of invisible mountain routes leading to the Spanish frontier.

At the beginning of 1943, due to increased German surveillance and often betrayal by Frenchmen who worked for the feared and hated Vichy-run paramilitary force known as La Millce, ambushes along many of the trails became more and more common. In all, more than a hundred passeurs were arrested and deported or shot out of hand as they tried to flee.



CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA -- Among those attending the Falls Church reunion last May were, from left: Phil Fink of Lancaster, N.Y., Elly Manion of Minnetonka, Minn. (widow of Clyde Manion), and Jeannette and Howard Harris of Wolcott, N.Y.

A REAL GOOD WAR, by Sam Halpert, former navigator.

This is a fictional story based on Sam's experiences in the 91st BG. The story is told by a fictional navigator. Many writers tend to heroize their characters. Not so with Halpert. He lets the chips fall where they may. There are goof offs, screw ups and good guys. And he maintains a warm sense of humor throughout.

There is a resemblance to the character, Yossarian, in Heller's "Catch-22." The language is rough at times, but that's realistic too. This should not be confused with the author's writing skills. This is an accomplished author.

The book is published by Southern Heritage Press, PO Box 33733, St. Petersburg, FL. Tel: 800-282-2023 at \$19.95 (224 pp.) Clothbound.

A typical review: "If you want to know what World War II air war was like; the blood, fire, death and hell for American boys, *A Real Good War* is the book to read."



HONORS DESERVED -- This memorial in a park-like setting in Toulouse honors the memory of Marie Louise Dissard, known in the Resistance as Francoise. Mme. Francoise headed the *reseau* of the same name after the capture of its creator, code named Pat O'Leary. She died in 1957. For more about the work of Madame Francoise in the French Resistance, see pages 28-29 of the Winter 1997-98 issue of *Communications*.

--Photo by courtesy of Maita Floyd

The editor has the last word

By **LARRY GRAUERHOLZ**

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- No, so far I haven't seen the hit movie, *Private Ryan*, which is currently explaining what war is all about in theaters across the country.

Our younger generations need to learn too that General Sherman was right and that war is good only for hurting people and smashing things, but sometimes there is no choice if we are to protect freedom.

Our Canadian comrades, the branch of the RAF Escaping Society, are getting together in London, Ontario, the weekend of Sept. 17-19 for their AGM.

I hear that AFEES Chairman Ralph Patton, President Dick Smith and Bud Loring, along with their respective spouses, are planning to attend. Dick may have some great stories to share since he has been up in the north woods recently, supposedly fishing.

West Knowlton of North York, Ont., has written about a visit to Belgium last May. The town of Herselt, northeast of Brussels, had three aircraft fall on it during the war. They decided, 54 years later, to pay tribute to the airmen who were KIA. The mayor invited immediate relatives of those airmen to attend a ceremony in which a monument was dedicated in the town square.

There has been some traffic on the Internet concerning a report that veterans stand to lose medical benefits unless they register with the government by Oct. 1. NOT SO! Although the law requires that

a system be in place by Oct. 1, it does not cut off vets who fail to register by that date. They can register any time.

The city of Columbia, Mo., wants us to join them over Memorial Day weekend year after next by choosing their city for our year 2000 reunion. For more than a decade, Columbia has sponsored a Salute to Veterans Celebration, six days of honoring and remembering the men and women who served and are serving in the Armed Forces.

The event is handled by a local non-profit corporation, with about 3,000 volunteers and 50 committee chairs putting on quite a show.

Columbia, home of the U. of Missouri, is located on I-70 between St. Louis and Kansas City.

The invitation will be considered at our meeting in Scottsdale next May. Personally, I am confident that we would be among friends at Columbia! And that comes from a K-State ex.

Several of the photos from the Washington reunion published in the Summer newsletter were taken by Richard Shandor of Cresson, Pa. I fully intended to give him credit for his pictures, but I guess another Senior Moment kicked in at the wrong time and I failed to do so. Richard, I apologize -- and be nice to your Mom.

Howard Harris, a faithful AFEES member, received the Outstanding Citizen Award from the Elks lodge in his hometown of Wolcott, N.Y., this year. He was chosen for his work with the

ambulance corps, his church and for maintaining the grounds at the veterans monument in the town park. It couldn't happen to a nicer guy!

Back here in Wichita Falls (our newest claim to fame: Training Camp home of the Dallas Cowboys), a military history collection is included in the new public library. The collection is a research center with books and videos of factual information. There are exhibits of uniforms, documents, pictures and other artifacts of military life.

Bruce Kilmer of Dallas, Tex., whose story was described in the Summer newsletter, reports that all six enlisted men of his crew successfully evaded and made it to Switzerland. They were Jim Murray, the first of the crew to join AFEES, of Port Richey, Fla., Bill Martin of Sun Lakes, Ariz., Jimmy McKeon, and Fran Sylvia, Emmett Hood and Louis Rackowitz, all deceased.

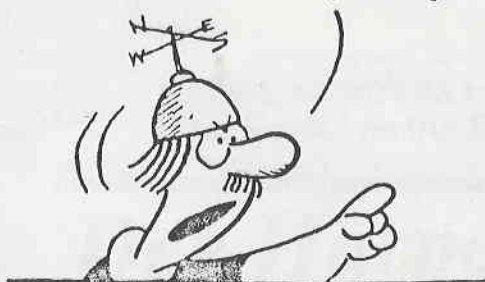
"The B-17 Remembered," published by the Museum of Flight, Boeing Field, Seattle, Wash., is a book about the museum's own B-17, the only Boeing-built "F" model in the world still airworthy. The book relates its history from the time it was delivered to the AAC to its present status.

The airplane has been restored to original delivery configuration by volunteers and The Boeing Company.

JUST REMEMBER: You're smart if you believe only half of what you hear. You're a genius if you know which half to believe.

Hagar

HAGAR, I'M SICK OF THE CREW MAKING FUN OF MY NAVIGATIONAL SKILLS!





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.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ PHONE () _____

Duty Info GROUP _____ SQDN _____ AIR FORCE _____ CREW POSITION _____

WIFE'S NAME _____ TYPE AIRCRAFT _____ WHERE WENT DOWN _____

WHEN, DATE _____ HELPERS _____

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

Send to Clayton C. David, Membership Director, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539, U.S.A.

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