

THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY
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‘Little People’ of the Resistance

UNRECOGNIZED RESISTANCE, The Franco-American Experience in World War II

Edited by Francois-Georges Dreyfus

Francois-Georges Dreyfus is professor emeritus of contemporary history at Sorbonne (Paris IV) and has also taught history and political science at the IEP de Paris and the Institut for Europäische Geschichte a Mayesnce. He is also the author of several books.

TRANSLATED BY PAUL SEATON

By MARCY SWEATT THOMPSON

This book, an edited summary of the colloquium in the Salle Medicis of Palais du Luxembourg in Paris in Dcember 2000, is for those interested in the history of World War II and the relationship developed between France and the United States.

This colloquium, or informal conference, was organized by the Club Temoin. Club Temoin is a diverse group (an ambassador, a general, a deputy, a journalist and a Sorbonne professor) and wanted to honor those from the general population, the “little people,” the many farmers and “simple individuals,” the ones who worked with the networks, the underground, and movements.

Those they call the “unrecognized resistance.”

In the section, *Studies*, Francois-Georges Dreyfus outlines the essential facts in the forming of the Resistance. Other speakers explain in detail the forming of networks, the importance, internal struggles, and/or conflicts that faced the “unrecognized resistance.”

As General de Gaulle said: “The resistance took all forms, but it was everywhere and always the same battle for the Fatherland.”

And as stated by Ambassador Albert Chambon, “Resistance is to risk your own life in order to say no, when the interests, the sovereignty, the independence, the liberty of France are at stake.”

In the next section, *Testimonies* and

Testimonials, one common thread, patriotism, is woven throughout actual stories representing the “unrecognized resistance.” It was the love for their country that so many of the individuals composing the “unrecognized resistance” took an active part in the liberation of France. Though many go without medals, they are remembered by their heroic deeds.

Sabotage activities, helping with escape and evasion networks, and the gathering and transporting of information was carried out with the help of “every day” people. One example was the testimony of Louise Balfet, an AFEES life member, who tells of working with her aunt and interacting with everyone, from people to people of a village to German officers.

Ralph Patton’s testimonial tells of his experiences with farmers, a teacher, a mayor and a local policeman, and many others, all of whom helped him return home safely.

Throughout the book, one realizes the great risks each person faced as he/she fought for freedom.

In conclusion, General of the Army (CR) Jean Simon, Chancellor of the Order of the Liberation, stated: “Moreover, when we fought (I speak of the Free French to which I belonged) in Abyssinia, in Eritrea, in Libya, in Tripoli, and elsewhere, our fight would have had no meaning if we hadn’t known that in France men and women were resisting. That braced us, gave us the necessary energy.”

The book, *UNRECOGNIZED RESISTANCE*, portrays the true legacy of the brave men and women who fought for freedom.

***Nous n’oublierons jamais.
 (“We Will Never Forget”)***

++++
Mary Thompson, daughter of Life Member Robert and Mary Sweatt, lives in Houston, Tex. with her husband, Tommy. She has taught school for 26 years.

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

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

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

FALL 2005

The Prez Sez

By Richard M. Smith

<afeesone@hotmail.com>

Some of you may know that North and South Dakota are part of the United States. What you may not know is that there is one-yes-one evader from North Dakota. He happens to live in a thriving metropolis of 39 souls. It so happens that I spent some formative years myself in Doyon, N.D., ages 2 through 5.

Our member, Jim Tronson, spent 5 1/2 months hiding on a farm near Abbeyville. The word was out to NOT move evaders. Wait for the liberation forces to reach him.

Two years ago, Jim and his wife returned to the farm, and this year, his benefactors from France repaid the visit to North Dakota. Two men and their sister came for five days.

Jim asked me for some help, which I was glad to provide. Had a great time at the banquet for some 250 rural countryside attendees. It was hot and humid, but they all stayed to the end. Great Folks!

(See story on Page 9.)

Just so you know, Margaret and I have celebrated our 100th wedding anniversary. Fifty years in Palm Desert, Calif., and 50 years at our home on the lake. Adds up to 100.

The photo at the bottom of this column is not a South Pacific jungle. It is my backyard at the lake after a summer storm.



Overseas friends respond to Katrina

New Orleans, the city that hosted the 2005 AFEES reunion, is now a wasteland. Memories of that reunion have more meaning since we gathered at a hotel on Canal Street in the heart of the city.

It is probably the greatest natural disaster the U.S. has suffered since the 1906 earthquake in San Francisco. It is easy to use hind sight to understand how a city below sea level would be subject to such a hurricane and flooding. Perhaps this disaster will force us to better prepare for whatever emergencies the future holds.

Messages of support have come from many friends of AFEES in other nations.

For example, French Helper Jean Pena sent along 50 UR as a donation for hurricane victims.

From St. Girons in southern France, Scott and Judy Goodall write:

"We just would like to say how saddened and shocked we are by the appalling news from the Deep South. After the wonderful time AFEES had

last May, this calamity must hit home in a most personal way."

Raymond Itterbeek, secretary of the Comete Association of Brussels, expresses his deepest and heartwarming sympathy to AFEES on behalf of members of the Belgian association.

All of us in AFEES and in America should be touched by the concerns that come from our friends.

Donor recalls liberation

WASHINGTON -- An anonymous 90-year-old donor turned up at a U.S. diplomatic office and presented an envelope with 1,000 euros -- about \$1,250 -- for Hurricane Katrina relief efforts.

It was a way of repaying a debt to the United States for being liberated by American soldiers from a concentration camp and treated more than 60 years ago, Sean McCormick, the State Department spokesman, said.

"This is a selfless act by somebody who is repaying what they felt was a deeply felt debt of gratitude to the United States," McCormick said.

International aid still arriving

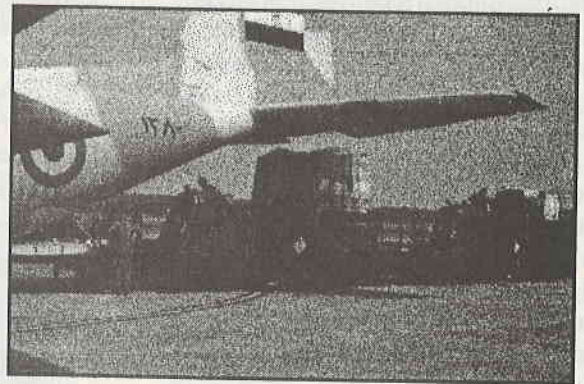
LITTLE ROCK AFB, Ark., Sept. 12, 2005 --More than 30 international aid flights have landed here, the hub and clearing house for all international aid going to help Hurricane Katrina victims in Louisiana and Mississippi.

More than 94 countries and international organizations have offered aid for the hurricane victims, according to a State Department spokesman.

Since Sept. 5, Belgium, China, Denmark, Egypt, France, Israel, Italy, Russia, Spain, Tunisia, Thailand and the United Kingdom have all landed here bearing needed supplies and aid. The international effort brought supplies like generators, packaged meals, water, baby food, tents, personnel, medical supplies, blankets and water pumps/purifiers.

"When you talk about the number of nations that have contributed here and the miles of oceans they had to cross, we are one of the luckiest nations in terms of partnerships," said Brig. Gen. Kip L. Self, 314th Airlift Wing commander. "This is all about taking care of people."

As of Sept. 11, the base had received more than



A C-130 Hercules from Egypt lands at Little Rock AFB with international aid onboard to help areas affected by Hurricane Katrina.

1,155 tons of cargo and expected to receive an additional 76 tons in the next few days, officials said.

"By working with other nations, other services and other agencies within our government we take pride in knowing we're helping during this time of need," General Self said.

A constant flow of contracted tractor-trailer trucks are arriving here to bring the international aid to the Gulf Coast.

More international aid flights from Austria, Denmark, India, NATO, Russia and Sweden are tentatively set to arrive in the next few days, base officials said.

Don was officially declared a KIA

From Lane County (Oregon)
HISTORIAN, Winter 2005 Issue

By DON FISHER
Eugene, Ore.

On Jan. 2, 1942, two of my friends and I enlisted in the Army Air Corps.

We were sent to Sheppard Field, Texas, some of the first recruits to be sent there. We had nothing but mattresses to sleep on, a blanket and an overcoat for covers.

We were green as the liver that the inexperienced cooks prepared.

After training, our destination was the air base at Chelveston, England. There we flew a few training missions and I learned to handle the ball turret. It's a scary place because the turret actually vibrates madly when the guns are fired.

Our first missions were along the coast of France and Germany where German submarines were serviced. Hardly a plane in the squadron lacked bullet holes from German fighter planes and .50 calibre bullet holes from our own planes.

On April 4, 1943, we were on our way back from Paris after bombing the Renault truck factory when the fighters attack. The fighters and the flak were hot and heavy. Two engines were shot out and a third was damaged; inevitably the plane began to circle downward, losing altitude.

The pilot told us to bail out the best we could. The tail gunner had been seriously wounded in the attacks by the Folke Wulfs. I, with the waist gunners, managed to get him out the door.

Then I went out. All I remember was falling out the door.

It was a bright sunny afternoon. I could see people walking around. Our plane crashed about two miles from the little village of Preux.

Later I learned that the rest of my ten crew members were taken prisoner and spent the balance of

the war in a camp in Germany.

It was so quiet. There wasn't a sound in the air.

The German pilot who had shot us down circled me and gave a high sign, as if to say, "Well, I beat you this time." Then he flew off.

It seemed to me that the ground was coming up to me instead of me falling. Suddenly I could see the horizon and realized the sensation of falling.

I landed in a freshly-plowed field, uninjured. A Frenchman came running over to me. He was a French doctor who spoke English.

I learned I was in Normandy. He directed me to leave the parachute and hide in the woods close by.

I crept along the edge of the woods until I saw a farmhouse. I heard little kids shouting in French and that's when I realized I was in France, alone, and couldn't speak French. What was I going to do?

I waited til dark, then went up and knocked on a farm house door. A middle-aged man opened the door. He was shocked at the sight of me, grabbed me and pulled me inside.

His little girls knew a bit of English. They told me that the

Germans knew there was an American airman in the area. One had gotten away; the others had been captured. I was the "one."

The family was sympathetic. They gave me dinner, but said I couldn't stay there, because the Germans were looking for me. They could be in big trouble for sheltering an American.

The next morning I started walking through the woods going south. I had no equipment, just the lunch the family had prepared for me.

After several miles I came out of the woods near a small farmhouse that I watched until late in the afternoon. A man wearing a beret and smoking a cigarette, bicycled up to the house and went in.

I was hungry, so I walked toward the house and just then the man came out. I stepped out in the lane. He looked at me. I looked at him. Neither of us spoke.

I later learned his name was Henri Debuissou. He motioned for me to follow him. We went into the house where he lived with his wife, a huge pleasant woman, and their 7-year-old son Jacques.



B-17 Gunner Don Fisher, 305th Bomb Group, cleaning equipment at his base in Chelveston, England, 1943.

They also knew there was an American in the area. Word had spread quickly about the American evading the Germans.

The same family had sheltered a British aviator months before.

I stayed in their home for six months. The main way I could help was to cut small tree limbs in the woods that Henri bundled up and sold in Rouen -- 10 miles away -- for fuel. Henri was about 45. He worked in Rouen and farmed his small acreage.

They gave me some of Henri's old clothes because I was still wearing my military jump suit. They shared everything they had with me including their famous aged apple cider. The time was the spring and summer of 1943.

The Debuissos had visitors from time to time (mostly German officers) wanting to buy hard cider and talk to what appeared to be a friendly French woman. When that happened I'd go upstairs to my room.

My upstairs room looked down at a little table with several chairs where Mme. Debuissos served cider to the German officers. She got a big kick out of getting cigars from the Germans for her husband -- really me.

I stayed quiet so that no one ever knew I was there. Their 7-year-old son never said a word to anyone.

The family had an occasional customer and visitor from Rouen who it turned out was connected to an underground group. They had not been aware of M. Nivremont's connections to the underground.

Subsequently, Nivremont was able to obtain a false set of identification papers and counterfeit ration cards. My name on the passport was Monsieur Guy Fischer, my address from a town in the Alsace area that had been destroyed early in the war. Records of its people no longer existed.

The plan was to get me to Spain, but first I had to go to Paris by train. By myself! I was told that when I got to the train station in Paris a man with a briefcase, from which hung a piece of flexible

tubing, would meet me.

I was warned not to say a word to anyone because there were German soldiers on the train. Fortunately no one spoke to me. In the train compartments, the French stayed to themselves, the Germans to themselves, and I sat alone.

It was like a spy movie. I was scared. I worried. What if I couldn't find the man? Then what would I do in Paris? But I had been launched and had to go with the plan.

When I got to the Gare St. Lazare in Paris, there he was, the man with the briefcase. He introduced himself as Monsieur Mathivet, the contact who would arrange for me to go to Spain. He spoke no English but by then I could limp along in French.

We took the subway to his house in Colombe, a suburb of Paris. The plan was that from there I would go to Spain. I couldn't have predicted that I would be in his house, with his wife and 12-year-old son, for a year.

The three-story house was surrounded by a high stone wall giving them the privacy the French people prefer. It was reassuring to me. The large yard was planted in potatoes, our major food supply that year.

About this time the Germans occupied Southern France. M. Nivremont was picked up by the Gestapo in Rouen. Evidently the underground cell had been breached. Mathivet, my host in Paris and contact to Spain, was also in danger. He took off for Southern France, where he stayed for three months.

In Colombe my bedroom was on the third floor with a great view of the city. We were cold most of the time. The house had no central heating and fuel was scarce.

"It was like a spy movie.

I was scared spitless.

I worried.

What if I couldn't find the man?

Then what would I do?'

When I returned to the States, I learned that I had been declared missing and after one year, I was declared dead. My GI insurance policy of \$10,000 had been sent to my parents.

In the summer of 1944, the Americans landed in Europe and my French hosts thought I should just stay where I was until the Americans got to Paris. That took more than three months.

When they arrived there were huge parades and celebrations. A British group came through to follow up on information about an American in the area. It was through them that I reconnected with my unit. I was sent to a large hotel in Paris where I was questioned about my claim that I was an American.

I also learned that the families with whom I had stayed would receive compensation for shielding me. It was small payment for the risk of being shot or sent to a labor camp in Germany.

My legitimacy being proven, I was sent back to my base in England. My parents heard from me firsthand at last.

From the U.K. I returned to Miami Beach, Fla., where the Air Corps treated me to two weeks in a beach hotel.

Madison, Wis., was eventually the site of processing for discharge. Severance pay included flight pay for the entire time, which produced a nice nest egg. Then the government immediately requested that my parents refund the GI insurance benefits. That was in 1945.

Before his retirement, Don Fisher was vice president of land and timber for Bohemia Wood Products of Eugene.

Dedication on display at museum

From the Charlotte Sun,
Englewood, Fla., April 14, 2005

SALUTING OUR VETERANS

By Don Moore

Bob Grace of North Port got the surprise of a lifetime when his phone rang recently. Peter Hrechbakian from Belgium was on the line and wanted to find out more about his rescue by the Belgian Underground in World War II.

It turns out that Hrechbakian is an amateur historian and businessman who lives near Florennes, Belgium. He is researching incidents during World War II that involved Florennes.

Grace was shot down on May 29, 1944, in his P-47 Thunderbolt fighter plane along the Belgian-German border. He bailed out over the Ardennes Forest and was rescued by the underground. For months he lived in the home of Angele Hudot in Florennes, an underground member.

In a book he wrote called "Silver Wings," Grace chronicled what happened to him when he parachuted into Nazi-occupied Belgium in the middle of WWII. What the people in Florennes particularly appreciated was the dedication in the front of his book.

Grace's dedication is on display in the Ardennes Museum that focuses on the Battle of the Bulge, the largest land battle on the Western Front in WWII. His dedication reads:

"This book is dedicated to the remarkable people of Belgium, who refused to surrender themselves and their country to the occupation by German forces



Bob Grace of North Port, Fla., is shown at his home looking at a map and old photographs of the people who rescued him after he was shot down in Belgium.

Now a couple of historians want to know more about his story.

during World War II.

"It is especially dedicated to the members of the Resistance and their courageous fellow countrymen who risked their lives to save thousands of allied airmen and soldiers when they unselfishly gave hope and support to many of them hunted by the enemy.

"I dedicated this book to them. Because of them I still live."

It was all because of Father Ambrose that Grace received the initial phone call from Hrechbakian. Grace sent the Catholic brother a copy of his book. The priest initially sheltered him in an abbey near where his plane was shot down by enemy anti-aircraft fire. From the abbey he was eventually moved into Angele Hudot's home in Florennes.

Since that first phone call from Belgium, Grace has received several maps from Hrechbakian tracing his secret odyssey through Belgium more than six decades ago. His Belgian friend took the time to note every spot and incident involving

the young aviator during his escape from the Nazis.

"Peter has talked to every single person who is still living or their relatives, that had anything to do with hiding me out," Grace said. "He's also talked to me at length over the phone."

In addition, Grace has also been contacted by Roland Charlier of Florennes who is working with Hrechbakian on the history project. Not only will what they found out about his exploits be on record in the Ardennes Museum, but Grace said they told him the information would be provided to the Belgian National Museum in Brussels.

Charlier provided Grace a dozen or more pictures of people who were involved with him during his escape from the Nazis. Victor Willemart is a name Grace never knew, but a face he will never forget. He was the Chief of Zone II of the Belgian Underground.

"The pictures brought back so many memories. This guy Willemart looks like a movie star, like Douglas Fairbanks Jr.," Grace said.

When he was on the run from the Germans 60 years ago, he met

Willemart who called himself Robin Des Bois. It was his people who kept the aviator out of the clutches of enemy for months.

There are several pictures of American tanks rumbling through the streets of Florennes as the allies liberated the Belgian town. Local residents can be seen along the sidewalks waving happily at their liberators.

Grace tells the story of being one of those standing on the sidewalk holding a handmade American flag crafted by his host, Angele Hudot, who kept him out of harm's way in her home for weeks. He yelled at the lead tanker and asked him if he had any cigarettes.

"You speak good English for a 'frog,'" the tanker replied. "Frog, hell, I'm a P-47 pilot who got shot

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

New Member

BERTRAM R. THEISS

108 Trent Lane

Camillus NY 13031

Phone: 315-487-3769

E&E # 218, 8thAF, 92nd BG

Wife: Ann

New Friends

WARREN E. CARAH

11464 Eagle Way

Brighton MI 48114-9019

Phone: 810-227-4458

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(Son of John M. Carah, who died in 2003)

JON DAVID

515 Winding Trail Lane

Des Peres MO 63131-2243

Phone: 314-965-1216

(Grandson of Clayton and Scotty David)

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<macisaac@mac.com>

(Son of Col. Steve "Mac" Isaac)

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down," Grace yelled back at him.

The tanker jumped down from his Sherman and offered him a whole pack of cigarettes. Then the two of them found out they both grew up in the Cleveland, Ohio area. After the war, Grace learned that his tanker buddy was killed a short time later during the Battle of the Bulge.

With one of the maps Hrechbakian sent him spread out and the old pictures scattered all over the map, the 84-year-old Grace summed up his WWII thoughts: "There are not enough words in the English language to express my feelings about the Belgian people and what they did for me."

*2nd Lt. Robert J. Grace, 373rd
Fighter Group (E&E 1599)
went down near Liege.*

*Victor Willemart was Chief of
Zone II for the Belgian
Underground.*



*Indian Pueblo Cultural Center --- National Atomic Center
New Mexico Veterans Memorial --- Ballooning
Sandia Peak Aerial Tramway --- Albuquerque Old Town
Santa Fe tour and Loretto Chapel --- Golf
Tour of Kirtland AFB and Lunch*

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RENDEZVOUS IN PARIS -- From left, Evader Louis DelGuidice, Wartime Helper Genevieve Camus, Paulette Pavan, Sandra Comstock (Lou's daughter), and Jean Camus (Genevieve's husband) got together near the Eiffel Tower to stir memories from more than 60 years ago.

Going back to Paris for a visit

By Louis E. DelGuidice
North Haven, Conn.
E&E #405

Two years ago, when the 2nd Air Division had a reunion in the U.K., we had a chance to add on a trip to France. Since I had never been back to the town where I was hidden, we decided to do so.

My wife contacted Paulette Pavan. Then my daughter Sandy, my wife Alberta and I took a side trip to Juvisy, near Paris, where I was shot down.

We had lunch with Paulette. In the course of conversation, I asked her if she knew Genevieve Soule,



From the left, Lou's wife Alberta, daughter Doreen, and Genevieve Camus with the Eiffel Tower in the left background.

whose last name is now Camus. After we were shot down and brought to Paris, Genevieve was the person who met us.

Paulette had the phone number and I was able to speak to Genevieve by phone. Since we planned to leave the next day for home, I was not able to see her.

But I had not given up the idea of going back to Paris.

That opportunity presented itself last May when the 93rd Bomb Group decided to go back to England for the celebration of VE-Day. My wife contacted Genevieve, and we made arrangements to meet in Paris on May 1. This time another daughter, Doreen, was able to go with us.

We first met at our hotel. What a thrill to meet again after 60 years!

Both a little older, moving a

little slower and more than a few gray hairs. We had lunch at the Jules Verne Restaurant in the Eiffel Tower. Paulette Pavan came in from from Juvisy. Jean Camus, Genevieve's husband, joined us, along with my wife and two daughters.

It was an occasion that none of us would forget. Genevieve showed us the Medal of Freedom she received from the United States, along with the medal she received from the U.K. She showed us a list of names of the 144 airmen she helped during her time with the French Resistance.

After lunch, we were able to go to the top of the Eiffel Tower. What a view!

Although the time was far too short, we were able to reminisce about that time so long ago and to recall things long forgotten.



Genevieve Camus (left), Lou DelGuidice and Paulette Pavan pose at a hotel in Paris.

Friendship of 60 years

**From the Devils Lake (N.D.)
Journal, July 2005**

Shot down over Nazi-occupied France, his crewmates captured, the North Dakota farm boy evaded the enemy by hunkering down, hiding in tree rows and hedges by day and moving by night, heading toward Paris and what he thought was safety.

Sixty years ago in World War II, Jim Tronson of Doyon, N.D., found himself alone behind enemy lines.

After five long, hunger and thirst-filled days of hiding, members of a small village, specifically the DeMachy family, bravely reached out to help the young American, hiding him from the enemy for six months.

Together they forged a friendship that bridged 60 years and half-way around the world.

Fast forward to 2005: Virgil Benoit, associate professor from the University of North Dakota, put together a slide presentation chronicling Tronson's six-month ordeal in 1944.

Based on interviews with Tronson, who now is in his 80s, Benoit pieced together a slide presentation of Tronson's photographs and recollections.

Benoit's research was presented last week as hundreds gathered to hear Tronson's story and to meet several members of the family that sheltered Tronson during the war.

Ginette DeMachy was 19 years old, her brothers, Jean 14, and Andre 12, when their family took in Tronson and hid him. Sixty years later they visited Tronson and his family in North Dakota to receive the thanks of a grateful state.

Gov. John Hoeven sent his gratitude in a plaque that was presented to the family on his behalf by state senator Jack Trayner.

Researchers work on role of Spain

Juan C. Salgado of Lugo, Spain, is a member of a research group investigating the role of Spain in World War II. He writes:

"Tens of American aircraft crashed or landed in Spain and a few USAAF and USN aircrews were rescued by Spanish ships. But above all, thousands of Allied airmen escaped or evaded capture via Spain (and Gibraltar).

"Books have been published abroad on the subject but little has been done in Spain itself. This is a gap we are trying to fill.

"The Spanish Air Force Archives have limited information on the subject because most evaders were never traced by the Spanish police. Those who were, were handed over to the Air Force, and most of them are identified. Information in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is dispersed and not easy to track.

"Please remember that that Spaniards in exile in France fired the first shots against the Nazi forces and organized the early evasion nets. After all, it was they who knew the best way into the Pyrenees and beyond and some of them paid with their lives.

"Most have gone into oblivion and we think they deserve rightful recognition."

*Juan can be contacted by e-mail at
<juancarxx@mundo-r.com>*

*On Dec. 20, 1943,
Commander John C. Lusk
(Air and Naval Attache)
quoted 89 evaders,
62 internees and
13 castaways repatriated
since March 1, 1943.*

USAAF evaders arrested in Spain

-- Ejercito del Aire (Spanish Air Force) Archives

Aug. 28, 1943

**Alhama de Aragon,
province of Saragossa**

O-663947 1/Lt William Clokey Wetzel, pilot
O-729437 1/Lt Ralph D. McKee, navigator
O-740774 1/Lt John L. Dunbar, bombardier
O-734337 2/Lt Roscoe F. Greene
36221534 Sgt. Lawrence A. Templeton

Nov. 8, 1943

Miranda de Ebro, province of Burgos
14138863 Sgt. William J. Koger
(Arrested at Lecumberri)

Nov. 12, 1943

Alhama de Aragon
31152049 Sgt. Beverly C. Geyer

Saragossa, capital of province of same name
31128306 Sgt. Rudolph Richer

Barcelona, capital of province of same name
O-736459 1/Lt Olaf M. Ballinger, pilot
O-701154 1/Lt Arthur Steinmetz, navigator
34337979 Sgt. Louis Weatherford

**Gerona (Hotel Peninsular) capital of province
of same name**
33237317 T/Sgt John M. Wagner, radio operator
12145982 Sgt Joseph Manos
12060630 Sgt Peter Seniawsky

Irun (Hotel Norte) province of Guipuzcoa
O-8855969 1/Lt Jackson T Clary
32382034 Sgt James I. Berry, engineer
33152998 S/Sgt Paul F. Shipe, engineer

Lecumberri, province of Navarre
O-743061 1/Lt Sebron A. McQueen, co-pilot
15114879 Sgt Hedley E. Cassidy, engineer
Sgt William S. Wood

Nov. 26, 1943

Irun
O-800093 1/Lt William H. Booth
O-801345 1/Lt Ralph Dill Smith
35430340 Sgt Jarvis Allen
39900663 Sgt Robert Metlen
35374532 Sgt Harold Sheeps

Saragossa
31172594 Sgt Edward Fountain

Gerona
O-732689 1/Lt James Wilschke
X-11190708 1/Lt David G. Prosser, navigator
11069662 Sgt Robert Neil
17088525 Sgt Willard McTain

Dec. 18, 1943

Miranda de Ebro
15103808 Sgt William Utley

Barcelona (Hotel Colonias Extranjeras)
16052287 Sgt Ivan L. Schraeder

Lerida, capital of province of same name
O-739401 1/Lt Edward Burley
15105969 Sgt Robert Hamrick
12156852 Sgt Lawrence Sheck

Lecumberri
O-749676 1/Lt George Glatther

Figueras, province of Gerona
O-798860 1/Lt Harry O. Ochochi
O-669393 1/Lt Ordille H. Taylor
37461810 Sgt Warren Lash
33002838 Sgt James Bornuth
11072020 Sgt Francis Anderson

Irun
O-798860 1/Lt John J. Naiorca
O-738012 2/Lt Raymond J. Nutting Jr., co-pilot
34257794 T/Sgt John W. Burgin, engineer

Jan. 12, 1944

Madrid (Hospital Anglo-Americano)
13153375 Sgt Levaun Jamgochian

Barcelona
39085856 Sgt Verdis Pryor

Lerida (Hotel Palacio)
32143679 Sgt Gerald Greene
33248286 Sgt Bertil Erickson

Gerona (Hotel Peninsular)
O-799566 1/Lt John Herrick
O-799803 1/Lt Warren Laws
O-673506 1/Lt John Dougherty
O-735866 1/Lt John Heald
6391477 Sgt William Quinn
38152388 Sgt Charles K. Bailey, waist gunner
33267030 Sgt Thomas Mezynski
6903658 Sgt Robert Sheets
20820644 T/Sgt Floyd H. Terry, radio operator
36341183 Sgt Herbert Dulberg

Figueras

O-804652 2/Lt James A. Grumbles, pilot
O-798016 2/Lt Eugene V. Mulholland, co-pilot

Irun (Hotel Norte)

O-736598 2/Lt Arthur J. Horning, navigator
O-797521 1/Lt Robert Grimes
O-673929 1/Lt Lloyd Stanford
O-732214 1/Lt Allen Dwight Fry
O-677601 1/Lt Richard Stakes

Lecumberri

32557848 Sgt Frank Visalli

Pamplona (Hotel Pasquelana)

O-423503 1/Lt Richard Christianson
O-674288 1/Lt William McNatt
O-795784 1/Lt Andrew Lindsay, co-pilot
O-743442 1/Lt Robert C. Gilcrest

Jan. 21, 1944

Saragossa

O-796562 1/Lt Paul H. McConnell, navigator
O-735954 2/Lt Paul Gregory
31144643 Sgt Steve Krawczynski
17040657 Sgt Gary Hinote
12141782 Sgt Raymond C. Nield

Barcelona

35310260 Sgt Roswell Miller

Alhama de Aragon

O-729472 2/Lt Daniel Goetsch, bombardier

Pamplona (Hotel Pasquelana)

O-738937 2/Lt William I. Olsen, navigator
O-803840 2/Lt Homer E. McDanal, pilot
O-801126 1/Lt Charles Adcock
39186613 Sgt Herbert Ruud
39084648 Sgt Umberto Rocha
38395449 Sgt Elton Aldridge
14084440 Sgt Francis Earl Anderson, engineer
11111586 Sgt Nicholas Carusoni
39185482 Sgt James Ross

Lecumberri

O-696917 2/Lt Glen A. McCabe, co-pilot
O-667460 Lt Reuben Eckardt
17064663 Sgt Russell H. Jevons, engineer
19110225 Sgt Arthur Enders

Aug. 23, 1944

Alhama de Aragon

O-815012 2/Lt Robert C. Disbrow, co-pilot
T-123005 F/O Frank A. J. Champ, navigator
O-757861 Lt Abraham Wiseman
16150721 Sgt George Solomon
37473383 Sgt Ralph E. Crawford



In 1950, General de Gaulle visited the Sibiril boatyard in Carantec to salute the uncommon adventure of this family. They managed to take 169 people to England by boat without any help from other evasion lines or Allied intelligence and special operations services.

In this picture, Ernest Sibiril is showing General de Gaulle the way the evaders used to take.

Evaders fled from Sibiril boatyard

**From *Quest-France*,
Sept. 24, 2003**

(Translated by Claude Helias)

The Sibiril boatyard in Carantec put a mark on the history of Resistance in Brittany. The brilliant idea of owner Ernest Sibiril enabled 169 members of the Resistance and airmen to evade to England.

The Sibiril's boatyard epic during the war is symbolic of this family's spirit which marked the history of evasion lines. Their occupation goes back to 1790 exactly, when these woodcarvers lost their customers, clergy and nobility, with the French Revolution.

Ever since then, they have been building small fishing boats. When World War II began, the boatyard was producing sailing boats, small motorboats, fishing boats, etc. Ernest Sibiril ran it.

In June 1940, with Jacques Gueguen, the skipper of a sand-carrying cargo boat, he organized three trips to

Jersey before the island was invaded by the Germans. Most of the passengers were British soldiers stranded in Brest by the German offensive. On 4 July 1940, another trip to Fowey harbor, Cornwall, England, enabled 31 people to come out of Brittany.

"This time, the British wanted to seize the boat," said Alain, Ernest's son. "My father had to negotiate to get back to Carantec. From that time, he was aware that passages to England were compromised."

Very quickly the German watch all along the coast, now a "forbidden zone," got organized. They set up watch posts, bunkers, machine guns, field guns. It was impossible to leave the estuary. All boats were registered and checked. Only a few were allowed to fish in a very restricted area.

Then Ernest Sibiril had the brilliant idea to search for unregistered wrecks on the shore. He told the Germans that he wanted to salvage pieces to repair boats allowed to sail. Actually, he secretly repaired these wrecks.

"We had the advantage of the Germans' perfect organization," Alain Sibiril said with a smile. "Every

two weeks, on Friday, they would come to inspect the boatyard. It took about ten days to reassemble a wreck like a kit.

"A sail here, a piece of frame there, a patched-up car engine. We only had to make the Germans believe that our stock hadn't changed."

In two years, from February 1942 to February 1944, Ernest Sibiril and his family organized fifteen departures, allowing 169 people to get to England.

An incredible feat, especially as conditions were very difficult. "Volunteers were hidden in a house located behind the boatyard. They had to be very cautious. Indeed, the four estates around the boatyard housed 75 Germans. You couldn't dream of a better neighborhood!"

Today, Alain Sibiril is still amazed by this adventure. "I was 12. I was involved in the adventure with all my family. A mere chattering with pals might



Alain Sibiril, son of Ernest, stands beside the Requin, one of 15 boats that took 169 people to England. After World War II, Ernest Sibiril brought his boats back to Carantec.

have been fatal. But I didn't say anything." At the end of World War II, Alain was a Warrant Officer in the French Fighting Forces. He was 13, less one day.

During the Moonless Nights

Volunteers hidden by Ernest Sibiril in his house at Carantec were escapers, resistance workers wanted by the Gestapo, secret agents, downed British and American airmen.

"We had no connections with resistance networks. But people who wanted to get to England would come to Carantec. We were very cautious. In the village, nobody suspected what we were doing."

In 1943, however, the Germans suspected that something was going on at the boatyard. On 18 July, the Gestapo raided the Sibirils' home and the boatyard. They were looking for Ernest; they were sure he was involved in contacts with Royal Navy motor boats.

A neighbor informed him and he had time to flee with his wife Louise and their son Alain. The family hid in a farm owned by cousins in Henvic. Another cousin helped the fugitives to get to Brest hidden in cupboards.

Grandfather Sibiril, called Alain like his grandson, took over. In ten days, with help from the boatyard's workers and a mechanic, he managed to build a boat. The *Requin* (Shark) was ready to sail on 31 October, 1943.

Ernest boarded with eight other evaders. He left behind his wife and his son who had to hide in very difficult conditions. For example, they spent four months in an attic before they were liberated by Free French paratroopers on 8 August 1944. A last boat built at the Sibiril boatyard set sail from Carantec in February 1944.

Allied Airmen with Sibiril Line

L'Yvonne left France on 5 February 1943. There were ten passengers on board, including E&E 12 2nd Lt. Mark L. McDermott, E&E 13 S/Sgt. Sebastian L. Vogel, 303rd Bomb Group, and Sgt. Reginald Geoffrey Smith, RAF.

Jean set sail for England at midnight on 30 March 1943 in bad weather. It reached England on 1 April 1943 with 18 passengers on board, including E&E 24 S/Sgt Ernest T. Moriarty, 306th Bomb Group.

Kermor and *Meteor* set sail on 30 May 1943 at 2 a.m. They reached England on 31 May 1943 after 28 hours at sea. Twenty-eight passengers were on board the *Meteor*, including E&E S/Sgt Harold E. Tilbury, 305th Bomb Group.

Le Requin set sail on 31 October 1943 and was picked up by a minesweeper off the Eddystone lighthouse after 30 hours at sea. Seven passengers were on board, including F/Sgt George Albert Wood, RAF.

Maita honored for wartime heroics

From the Daily News-Sun,
Sun City, Ariz.,
Friday, June 10, 2005

Maita Floyd lost her teenage years to World War II, but her courageous efforts as an underground messenger earned her an Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society Medal of Recognition.

The Sun Citian has published several books and given lectures on various topics, including World War II, caregiving and domestic violence. At 80 years old, Floyd is able to look back on an adventure-filled life, but says her teenage years weren't the carefree times she'd hoped for.

It's the everyday things that Floyd missed the most as a teen. Born and raised in the Basque region of France, she was accustomed to living a free-spirited life.

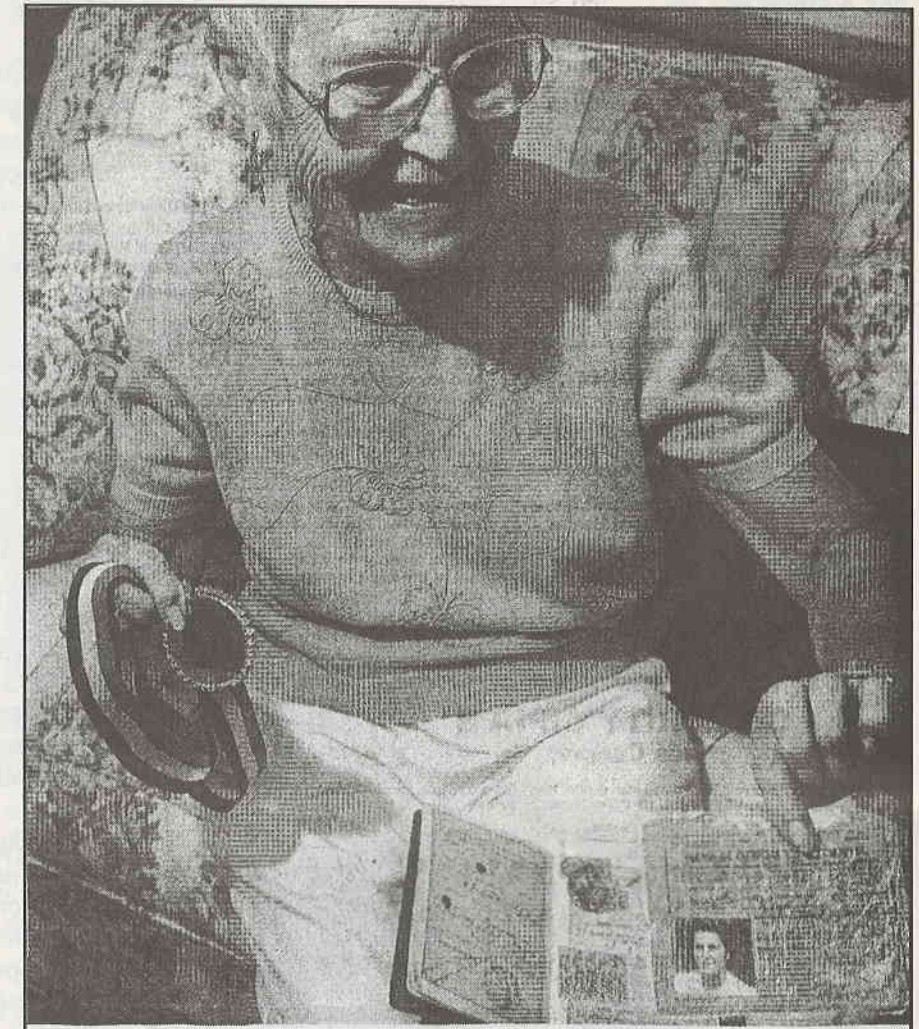
However, when German troops occupied her hometown of Saint Jean-de-Luz from 1939 to 1944, Floyd was forced to leave luxuries behind. No full meals, no shopping, no education, no social life -- elements of a teenage girl's bliss.

Germans displaced her family from their home, the Hotel de la Poste, and the family relocated to a country house, void of electricity.

"My teenage years were stolen from me," Floyd said. She wrote a book, which chronicles her wartime sacrifices, titled: *"Stolen Years: In My Little Corner of the World."*

"I didn't lead the normal teenage life I was to supposed to have," she said. "Before the war, there was a society with rules, and then all of the sudden, there's a war and everything goes out the window. What do you do with a teenager then?"

Thinking back to the war's impact on her life in southern France, Floyd remembers making her own clothes, reading only during the day, as candlelight was a precious commodity, and giving up French bread for small rations of



--DAILY NEWS-SUN PHOTO

Maita Floyd of Sun City, Ariz., displays the medal she received at the AFEES reunion in New Orleans for her efforts in helping Allied troops escape to Spain.

rotten bread.

Floyd's brother, Michel Branquet, was a member of the French army who went into hiding in the country house after escaping German imprisonment.

In 1943 at age 19, Floyd's brother recruited her to deliver verbal messages for an underground escape network perilously smuggling downed Allied air force crews, Jews and political escapees over the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain.

The Allies fled to the Basque region by train, and with the help of the underground network in the southern border town of Saint Jean-de-Luz, they escaped on bicycles

into Spain.

For a year, Floyd rode her bike into town, delivering messages and speaking in code with Allied forces. Messages like, "The birds are arriving," meant a shipment of Allies who'd been shot down in battle were on their way into town.

Floyd remembers one couple being shot by German Special Units, who had discovered they were helping Allies. Though her role was risky, Floyd said she was never afraid.

"My part was just the messages," she said. "Like a typical teen, I asked my brother why I couldn't just write them down, but he said

no."

In 1946, Floyd left France and made her home in the United States. She retired after a 30-year career with Trans World Airlines and has made a name for herself as an author, lecturer and artist.

Floyd was awarded the AFEES Medal of Recognition at a reunion in May. The medal pictures a parachuting soldier landing in an open hand. The text reads, "We Will Never Forget."

She says she appreciates being recognized as a part of history for her efforts in saving Allies who fought for liberty.

"We gave each other the gift of



freedom," Floyd said.

She is also a member of the U.S. Special Forces and the World War II Escape Lines Memorial Society.

U.S. supports Tattoo

RAF FAIRFORD, England (AFPN) -- More than 150,000 people attended the 2005 Royal International Air Tattoo here July 16-17.

The air show has been officially named by the Guinness Book of Records as the world's largest military air show with participation of more than 500 aircraft from more than 30 nations.

This year's theme was surveillance and included aircraft such as the E-8C Joint Stars and a unmanned Global Hawk from the U.S. Air Force.



THEY MADE IT HAPPEN – AGAIN! Reunion Coordinator Yvonne Daley has enlisted a group of friends for planning and arranging AFEES reunions for several years. Here is the Tampa Team in session, from left: Cappy Bie, Assistant Coordinator Francene Weyland, Kay Harmon, Yvonne, Cindi Bie, Jerry Harmon, Ellen Spearel and of course, the master of the Daley household, Sir Lancelot, the basset.

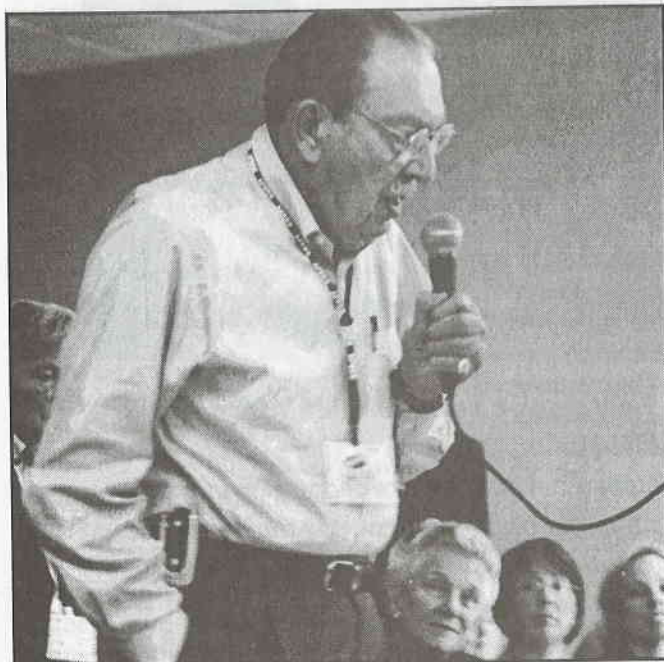
Don Spearel is not in the photo; he was wielding the camera.

Yvonne would like to extend special thanks to the ladies who provided the table centerpieces, to Ellen for the 2006 reunion posters, and to Jerry and Kay for their contributions during the year on printing and decorating .

Reunion photos add memories



Gabriel Sauer, Wilmington, N.C., a Dutch Helper, visits with Fanny Duerr of Bethel Park, Pa., at the reunion. She is the widow of Elmer Duerr, who evaded after being downed in Holland



Harvey Hewit of Haverford, Pa., prepares to light a candle at the AFEES Memorial Service.



Miograd Pesic of Belgrade, Serbia, points out a passage in his book, "Operation Air Bridge, Serbian Chetniks and the Rescued American Airmen in World War II," to John Rucigay, who was rescued by the Chetniks in WWII.



Author Peter Eisner(left) and Member Robert Grimes are at the podium for a reunion session. Peter's recently-published book, THE FREEDOM LINE, documents Bob's experiences behind enemy lines during WWII.

From Belgrade to New Orleans:

Miodrag attends his third reunion

(Translated from the magazine *Pogledi*, Serbia, June 2005)

By MIODRAG D. PESIC

Once again I was on my way to

United States, invited by the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society. AFEES is an association of American airmen from WW II which were rescued by members of

the resistance movements across Europe. Thanks to the resistance movements, these airmen were not captured and were evacuated to airbases in England and Italy.



Doris and James Anslow, Houston, Tex., were pleased to have John Oliphant, Colorado Springs, Colo., sit between them for a photo op at the AFEES reunion.



William and Bonnie McGinley (center) are shown with Victor and Chantel Schutters of Belgium in New Orleans.

In total more than 3,000 airmen were rescued; 1,088 of them were rescued in Yugoslavia. The AFEES community is now reduced by age and illness. This association today has around 300 active members. Last year, the annual meeting gathered around 100 of AFEES members.

This year there was no need for me to consult the map for the reunion location, as I did in year 2000 when the gathering took place in Columbia, Missouri or Wichita Falls, Texas in 2003.

Now there was no need for the map, because everybody knows about the city of New Orleans and the state of Louisiana.

I had a very special reason to make the journey across the Atlantic Ocean for the third time. I will be awarded a medal of gratitude in presence of the Pentagon representative, Gen. Duncan McNabb. I will also visit the city on the Mississippi River with very special charm that was established by the French 200 years ago.

Getting the visa for the U.S. was a lot easier this year than in 2000, when I had to go to Bulgaria and wait for hours in front of the U.S. consulate. Same thing happened in Belgrade in 2003.

But this time everything was much easier, thanks to the U.S. Air Force attache in Belgrade, Col. Samuel Shult. We met in front of the embassy at scheduled time. We entered the building through "employees only" gate.

While we had a conversation about my upcoming trip, visa was

ready -- valid for next three years.

Federal state of Louisiana (LA) is a region where waters of the great Mississippi-Missouri river system, draining the continental interior of North America, flow out into the warm, northward-curving crescent of the Gulf of Mexico.

Louisiana has around 125,000 square kilometers with around 4,500,000 inhabitants. Around 75 percent of population is Caucasian and around 25 percent Afro-American and Hispano-American. Major city and port in this state is New Orleans with 500,000 inhabitants. The capital of the state is Baton Rouge.

Louisiana is an industrial and an agricultural state. This state ranks among the nation's leaders in petroleum production, next to the state of Texas. Louisiana has a well developed agriculture with large farms.

Main agricultural products are sugarcane, cotton, rice, tobacco and maize. Cattle-breeding, food industry and commercial fishing are also developed.

Ex-French colony of Louisiana was purchased by the United States from France in 1803. Purchase was made in time of Napoleon for 15 million USD.

Out of this empire the states of Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Oklahoma were carved in their entirety; in addition, the area included most of the land in Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, and Minnesota.

At midnight, after a 14-hour flight, I arrived in New Orleans. There was no one at the airport and passport check gate. Other airplanes landed or departed long time ago.

Thanks to an Afro-American in uniform and five bucks I was soon taking my luggage and heading for the airport exit. Cab was waiting for me. I gave the hotel address to the driver, telling him also that I am

a Serb from Belgrade. He was looking at me like I am coming from Mars. I realized that he had never heard of Belgrade.

He was driving me in circles on the way to hotel, charging me 50 dollars, which was a real rip-off. A day later I learned that the regular airport-to-hotel cab fare is around 10 bucks.

Since I had arrived the day before the reunion, I had breakfast without anyone familiar to me except Ms. Francene Weyland, the person in charge of organizing reception of the guests. She informed me that my friend Larry Grauerholz and his wife Ruth had arrived. I was very happy.

I will meet him again for the third time. He lives in town of Wichita Falls in Texas. Larry is the editor of the AFEES bulletin *Communications*. Soon Larry and his wife came to breakfast. We hugged and kissed because I became very fond of them and vice versa.

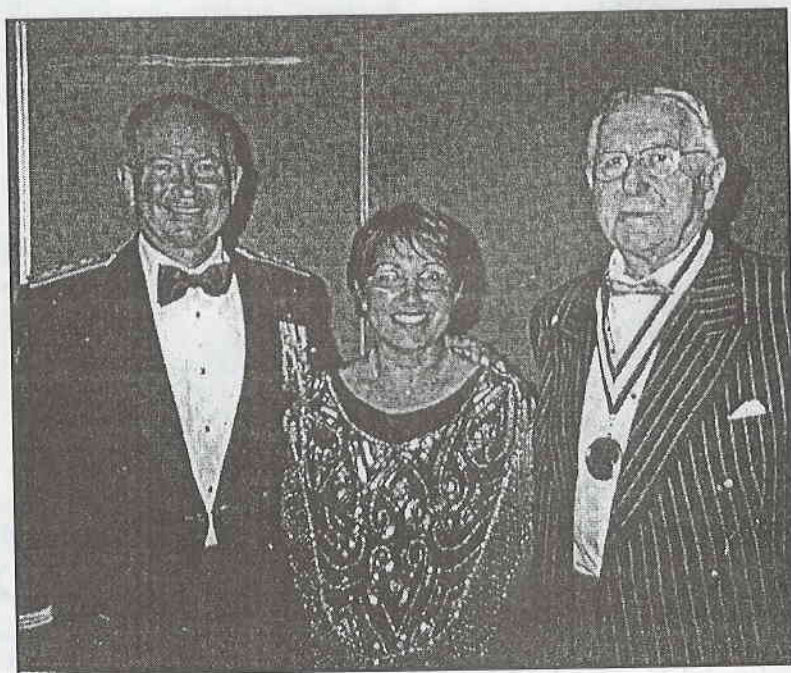
I asked them about their eight kids and learned that only the eldest son with his wife and their grandson will come. I've also learned that their daughters Mary and Liz are not going to come and I was very

sad because they did so much for me in the past.

During the next day General Duncan McNabb arrived, accompanied by his wife. Gen. McNabb works in Pentagon, U.S. Air Force HQ. Later during the evening Welcoming Dinner took place and Gen. McNabb was there, as well as his wife and three other high ranking officers from Pentagon. They have stayed until the end, including the time they spent on farewell banquet when medals of gratitude were given to airmen helpers from the Europe.

We had a very solemn reception at the Welcome Dinner. There was a platoon (color guard) holding state and armed forces flags. Navy orchestra was playing military march while platoon was entering the hall. When platoon soldiers stood, orchestra started to play the anthem. After the anthem they left the ceremony followed by a loud applause.

AFEES president Richard Smith welcomed everyone. He asked all aircrew helpers present in the hall to stand up and everybody applauded. I was unable to count all



Miodrag Pesic (right) poses with General Duncan McNabb and Linda at the New Orleans reunion in May 2005.

of them precisely, but I knew that most were from France, Belgium and Netherlands and only I was from ex-Yugoslavia. There was about 15 of us altogether.

As years are passing by, there are less and less helpers and AFEES members alive.

Tomorrow we will visit the D-Day museum. This museum is so huge that a two-day tour is planned. D-Day was a first day of the Allied landing in Normandy, France on June 6th of 1944.

The Allied invasion of Western Europe was called Operation Overlord which can be translated also like "Everything is in His Hands." This operation is also known as D-Day.

Buses were waiting for us in front of the hotel. This museum is located in another part of the city -- in a specially-constructed building four stories high.

Huge space of museum's ground floor contains landing ships, armored cars and amphibious vehicles including a part of the ship's deck. Huge video screen is showing documentary footage filmed during the Normandy invasion. Each floor has a separate cinema hall playing various films because invasion took place on various locations.

Next day I have decided not to go to the museum again, but to visit a part of New Orleans called the French Quarter. This quarter is downtown, next to the river Mississippi. Quarter was built by the French and it is very colorful. Decorated blocks are located on both side of the street, drawing attention of curious tourists.

I felt like I was in Paris. Instead of cabs, there are coaches awaiting tourists for tours around the city.

I was standing next to the Mississippi River. My memories were focused on childhood, on the time when I was reading Mark Twain books of Tom Sawyer's and

'I felt like I was in Paris'

--Miodrag D. Pesic in New Orleans

Huckleberry Finn's adventures.

This river does not look like the one from my childhood, but the old famous steamboat is there, waiting for tourists. Like me, he seems dilapidated so his two chimneys looks to me more like heating plant chimneys.

Finally, as I spotted huge Coca Cola sign attached to the boat hull, I've concluded that this is not the river of Mississippi from my childhood.

Anyway, I am not disappointed, as the old store buildings with goods in the front are like in old times. All of them look like stores from my hometown, from the time of my childhood. In front of each one there are young men asking potential buyers to come in, with no obligation to buy anything. I made a mistake and entered one of them to buy postcards. Soon, my hands were full of many gifts for my family and friends.

Town, as I already said, was established by the French, but I failed to mention that it was established by Calvinists -- Huguenots. This branch of Christianity was established in 16th century as a part of church reforms in Europe. I have visited Calvinist church, built in 18th century New Orleans.

After the disband of Edict of Nantes which granted a large measure of religious liberty to his Protestant subjects, they were hunted by Louis 14th.

After massacre on St. Bartholomew's day, Huguenots have immigrated to many European countries. Many migrated even to Louisiana.

They were not wrong, I would

say. They came to the country of great religious tolerance. They also brought to America French culture which is visible up to nowadays.

On our last day of being in New Orleans, a Farewell dinner was organized. It was the moment when the medals of gratitude were given to airmen helpers from Europe.

As other helpers did, I also expressed gratefulness for the medal. I also informed everyone that a delegation of downed U.S. pilots from WW II was at that moment in Belgrade, invited and hosted by the Serbian government. This delegation brought to Belgrade the Legion of Merit medal.

General Draza Mihailovic, Chetnik commander from WW II, was posthumously awarded this medal in 1948 by U.S. President Harry Truman. The medal was given by the delegation to Mihailovic's daughter, Gordana.

The day after we said goodbye. Everyone started a journey back home. Goodbye America! I saw more than I have planned to and maybe more than I should dare at my age...

Miodrag Pesic, at age 18, joined the Chetnik Movement fighting the Germans and the Communists in Yugoslavia during WWII.

He has published political and historical essays for various publications. He is the author of Operation Air Bridge (1977), Error Facti (1997), Red Dungeon (1998) and Old Chetniks (2000). He lives and works in Belgrade, Serbia.

Murder in the Chimay woods

From MY STORIES OF WORLD
WAR II by Virgil R. Marco Sr.,
Dallas, Tex.
366BS tail gunner

(Information for this article was used with permission from his book, CHIMAY: Life, Death and Murder in World War II, Copyright 1999 by Dan Frey. A newly revised and expanded book on the Chimay tragedy is soon to be published.)

By VIRGIL R. MARCO

AIRMEN MURDERED

George Eike, Rochester, N.Y.,
306th BG

John Pindrock, 19, Cleveland,
Ohio, 306th BG

John Gemborski, 24, married,
Chicago, Ill., 306th BG

Charles Nichols, 29, Stockton,
Calif., 306th BG

Orian Owens, 27, Lisbon, Iowa,
306th BG

Robert Benninger, Pittsburgh,
Pa., 306th BG

Vincent Reece, 36, Philadelphia,
Pa., 303rd BG

Billy Huish, 25, Douglas, Ariz.,
91st BG

April 22, 1944, was one of the worst days of World War II in the Chimay region of Belgium. On this date eight U.S. airmen were executed in the Chimay-Remy woods and many Belgian patriots were arrested and sent to Nazi prisons where some never returned after the war.

Chimay is located in the southern portion of the Hainaut province, 50 km south of Charleroi. It is noted today for the production of good beer and cheese.

Hiding in the Chimay woods, a group of evaders was waiting to be moved by the Belgian Underground. These Americans were in the care of

They made the ultimate sacrifice for freedom

a cell known as Group Richard -- named after the alias of its founder Arthur Cacheux. The fliers had been stranded for nearly two months following the collapse of the connecting escape line to Brussels.

It was now mid-April and life in the woods was cold, wet and dreary. As long as they had their "dog tags" they would be treated as a POW, not as a spy. This was another worry.

In the woods, the Americans plotted their trip to Spain. It may have seemed as though the underground was prepared to move them. Clothing had been obtained, but had not yet been delivered to the woods.

Early the morning of Saturday, April 22, Nazi forces of 1,000 to 1,500 men converged on Chimay. About 0500 hours the rumble from the trucks awoke Fernand "Albert" Delporte, who was asleep at home. In the pre-dawn darkness, he saw six German trucks with soldiers coming down the main road from Charleroi.

First, trucks carrying troops dropped men off at key crossroads around the area, sealing it and turning Chimay into the center of a giant web with a radius of three or four miles to trap the resistance within.

By 0600 hours the enemy troops began arresting those believed to be active in the underground within Chimay and the village of St-Remy.

The eight Americans and Henri Fontaine, a Belgian helper, were captured. They were taken by truck to the community schoolhouse in Chimay, headquarters of the local Gestapo where those arrested during the raid, 33 civilians and eight airmen, were interrogated.

When a young captive civilian, Henri Bastien, the baker's son, was brought into the school, he was taken upstairs to the second floor. As he passed a door, he could see into a large room where the

large table with hands above their heads.

Their outer clothing had been removed and placed on the table as the Germans searched them.

One airmen, the tallest one, turned to look at Bastien, whereupon a German hit the flyer with a club. As Bastien continued down the corridor, the Americans passed from his sight. He never saw them again.

The Germans had confiscated the airmen's dog tags and their false identity papers. Billy Huish had hidden a small pouch containing one dog tag and some currency between two undershirts he wore. Since the Germans only searched outer clothing, his secret stash went undiscovered.

The Germans took the mens' watches but they were allowed to keep their rings and wedding bands.

At about 1430 hours, the civilian prisoners were taken outside to the schoolyard and separated into groups. The American flyers were loaded into one truck with a group of guards.

The civilians were carted off to a prison in Mons, but the vehicle with the Americans took another route through St-Remy, which led them back to the woods where they had been captured.

The trucks stopped at the tree line and the Americans were ordered out of the truck and lined up in a row. As the procession entered the woods, the commander of the German military police from Mons called out, "Sie wissen Bescheidt!" (You know what to do!)

Each prisoner was led in a different direction. After proceeding 200-300 yards, the woods echoed to the sounds of pistols firing as each American was shot in the back several times and left for dead.

Some time later, a party of Germans removed the bodies

Every day is Flag Day for veteran

Member John M. Marr, a P-51 pilot, 359th Fighter Group, was downed in France on 29 Jan 45. Now he extends his patriotic duty with a flag project in his home town.

From the Tallahassee (Fla.)

Democrat, June 14, 2005

By TONY BRIDGES
Democrat Staff Writer

Every day is Flag Day around this neighborhood.

The street's not a long one, but a couple of shady blocks on a cut-through, but the American flags hang proudly every few feet of the way.

It's been that way for most of the past four years.

"I'm trying to promote love of country," said resident John Marr. "It's sure not for decoration."

This, of course, is the day the nation sets aside to celebrate the flag.

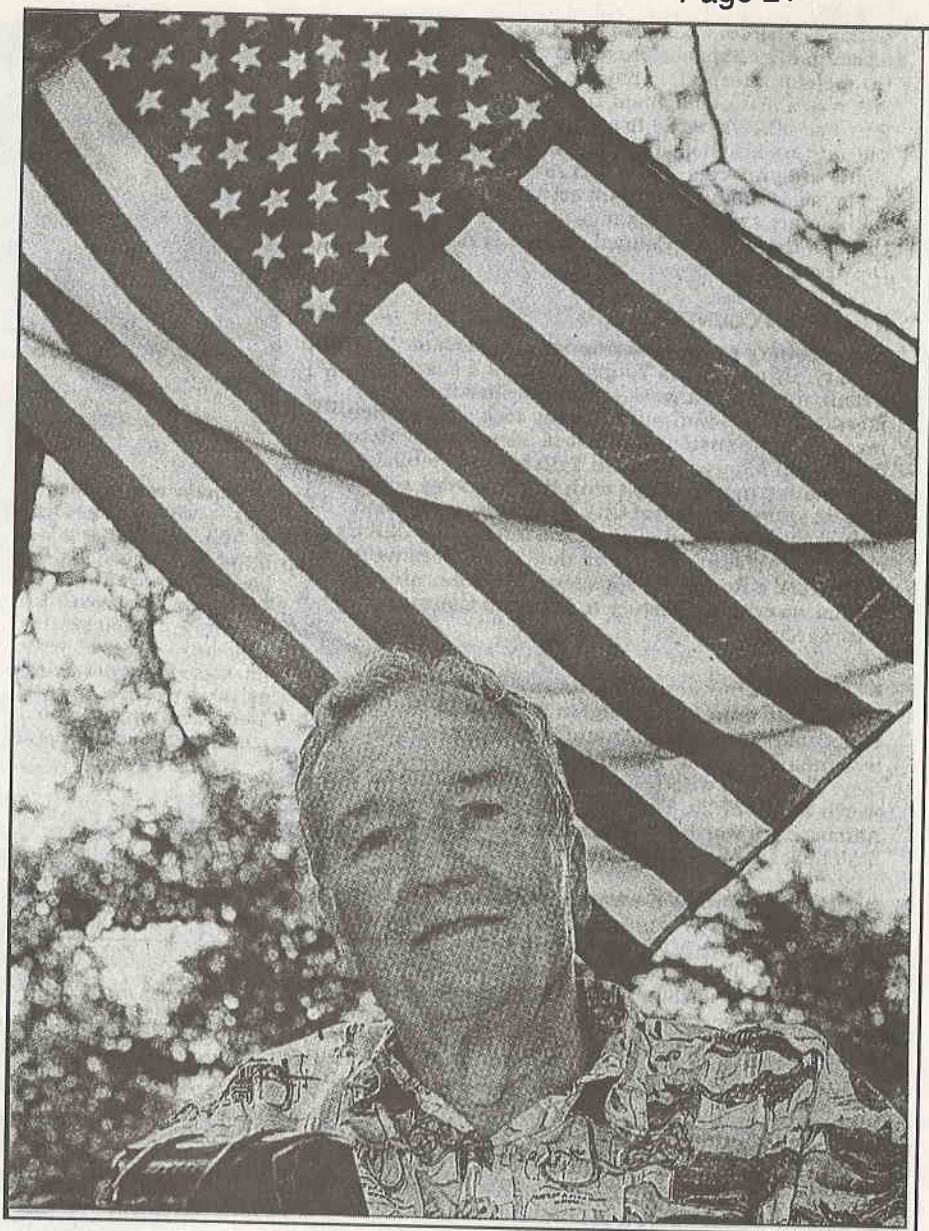
To mark the occasion, the president issues an annual proclamation making the date official and adding in a bit of history.

From this year's:

"For more than two centuries, the flag of the United States has been a symbol of hope and pride. The flag has inspired our citizens during times of conflict and comforted us during moments of sorrow and loss. On Flag Day and throughout National Flag Week, we celebrate the proud legacy of Old Glory and reflect on this enduring symbol of freedom."

Good stuff to Marr.

That's why the former WWII pilot decided to line Brookwood



AFEES member John M. Marr sits under a flag on Brookwood Drive in Tallahassee, which he has lined with flags for the past four years.

Drive with the flag after the Sept. 11 attacks. And why he's kept it up since then.

At 83, maintaining the flags can be a tough job.

He has to ride an electric scooter up and down the street to get to each one, which he buys and hangs by himself, or sometimes with help from his son, another Brookwood resident.

He's hung 38 so far, and plans to add another five to make more flags than neighbors.

Sun washes out the flags and wind shreds them, thieves occasionally

steal them and vandals destroy them. Marr buys replacements -- about \$1200 worth over the past four years -- and runs them out on aluminum poles so they hang toward the sidewalk.

The way he sees it, he's just during what the presidential proclamation demands, remembering his "duty to carry our heritage of freedom into the future."

And it seems to be working, at least in some parts of Tallahassee. "People drive down this street and remember it for the flags," Marr says.

Red Cross said he was KIA

'Mama's prayers kept me alive'

From the *Benton (Ark.) Courier*, 2002

By MIKE DOUGHERTY

Courier Staff

William C. "Bill" McGinley came home from World War II, but not the way his parents expected. Connel and Lillie Tull McGinley, who lived on North Sardis Road, received a telegram informing them that their 22-year-old son, a tail gunner on an American B-24 making a bombing run to Frankfurt, Germany, was missing after being shot down over Nazi-occupied Belgium on Jan. 29, 1944.

Condolences flowed in from dignitaries, including the Army adjutant general, Congressman Brooks Hayes and Gov. Homer M. Adkins.

On March 31, the family received notification that McGinley was being awarded a Purple Heart.

A couple of months later, they received the worst possible news in another telegram from the German government through the International Red Cross: that young Bill, a 1941 Bryant High School graduate, had been killed in action.

Gen. George Marshall sent his regrets on Memorial Day.

But Lillie McGinley received a telegram Sept. 16 that read: DEAR MOM AM SAFE AND WELL HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON BILL.

It was not until Mabelvale postmaster Jack Campbell went back to Sardis after his regular route to deliver that Western Union message that the McGinleys realized, after five months of believing him dead, that their son was alive.

"They were out picking peas when he came by with the telegram," McGinley said. "Mom got so excited that she lost her glasses and didn't find them until three days later."

Bill McGinley was one of about 130 Americans who had been helped by Anne Brusselmans and other members of the underground resistance movement in Belgium after being shot down in the Nazi-controlled territory during the Second War.

"It was my mama's prayers that kept me alive," McGinley said last week. "She never gave up, even though she got all those telegrams from all those people that said I was dead."

McGinley said he joined the Army Air Forces just a week after graduating from Bryant.

"There wasn't anything to do around here, so I joined the Army," he said. "I wanted to be an airplane mechanic."

He didn't wind up a mechanic, but McGinley eventually found himself in more danger than he ever

dreamed as he shipped out to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., just outside St. Louis, for basic training in June 1941.

The aptitude tests didn't indicate he was the mechanical type, so when others in the barracks were sent off for training, McGinley was kept on as "permanent party." "I'd go get soldiers at the train station, work for the quartermaster, help build barracks and whatever they needed me to do," he said.

Eventually, he lobbied his way into the original "flying sergeants" program, and over the next 18 months traveled to such venues as Maxwell Field, Ala.; Helena, Ark.; Columbus, Miss.; Fort Myers, Fla.; Lowrey Field at Denver; and Kearns Field at Salt Lake City for training, and he became -- after "washing out" as a pilot -- a tail gunner.

All the candidates for plane duty were eventually sent to Boise, Idaho, where crews were formed and they started training as units, in McGinley's case on B-24s. his team went for secondary training at Scotts Bluff, Neb., and landed for awhile in Casper, Wyo., where the various teams waited for trains to pick up some of them as "pathfinder" teams. That's where he and crew members discovered that the back room of the cafes often contained slot machines.

In August 1943, they received a 30-day furlough and were told to report back to Boise.

"When we got back there," McGinley said, "we were sent down to Wichita Falls to pick up a plane, but they didn't have one for us, so they sent us up to Topeka.

"While we were there, they gave us all new uniforms, issued us (.45-caliber pistols) and put us on a train headed for Brooklyn, N.Y." It was from New York where they would eventually be shipped to Europe.

"The .45s turned out to be a mistake," McGinley said, laughing. "That first night, some of the guys started firing their guns at the glass insulators on the telephone lines as we rode across the countryside. The conductor had to go through the train and take the .45s away from us until we got to New York.

McGinley and his fellow airmen eventually were placed on a British cattle boat that had been hauling cows from Argentina.

"It had German prisoners that had been captured in North Africa," he said. "I think they were taking them to South America."

He said the boat took them down through the Azores, then headed toward Great Britain.

"We had to lay out a night off the coast of England because the German submarines were looking for us," he said. "Then we went on into Glasgow,



At a 1989 meeting in Benton, Ark., Anne Brusselmans, left, and Bill McGinley, second from left, visited for the second time in the U.S. Lillie McGinley, Bill's mother, and Yvonne Daley, Brusselmans' daughter, joined them.

—Courier Photo

Scotland, and flew sub patrols for a while. The B-24s were good for that because they had a longer range than most of the other planes."

McGinley and his crew, part of the 392nd Bomb Group, 2nd Division (B-24s), Eighth Air Force, started flying bombing missions from an airfield on the coast of England near Norwich. The first missions targeted Bremen, Germany; they were on their ninth mission headed for Frankfurt when their luck ran out.

"We had seen the pathfinders (scout planes) go down before we got to Frankfurt," McGinley said. "As we were going into Frankfurt, we were having trouble with the bomber. We kept dropping out of the formation and couldn't stay up with the others.

"As we made the circle after the (bomb) drop, we saw that the group was gone. We had lost the formation."

Five fighters came after the B-24 as soon as it had cleared the flak area.

"Me and the ball turret gunner eventually ran out of ammunition," McGinley said. "One of the fighters came after us in the back and we had to just watch. We went down into the clouds to get away from him.

"As we (flew over) Waterloo (south of Brussels, Belgium), we broke out of the clouds and two fighters were waiting on us. They turned in and killed our

bombardier and navigator, up in front.

"We finally got the word to start jumping. First, we pushed the waist gunner out. I went back to the ball turret gunner and pushed him out. And while I was down on my knees doing that, one of the fighters tore up our side. If I hadn't been down, I probably would have been killed.

"I got up by the window and swung the machine gun around to get it out of my way, and I accidentally tripped my parachute. There it was going out, so I just jumped.

McGinley landed in a field and started putting his parachute away, not wanting to give the Germans any markers by which to find him. He stuffed the chute in a haystack and looked over to a farmhouse and saw a farmer motioning with his hands for him to get down on the ground. The airman dropped into a nearby low spot in the field and covered himself with an olive drab Army blanket he had stashed in his jumpsuit.

"I stayed there on the ground for about four or five hours," McGinley said. "I could hear the German soldiers walking along a nearby ditch as they looked for me, but they never found me. I was under the blanket, so I don't know how close they came."

After the Germans left, members of the underground resistance arrived and hid him in a nearby

barn.

"They came out to get me in the field. All they asked me was where I had hidden my chute," McGinley said, chuckling. "The women over there had trouble getting silk, so they wanted my parachute for that."

He was housed with a fellow crew member who had landed nearby. They didn't know the whereabouts of another crew member who had jumped just before them.

"We saw him jump from the plane," McGinley said, "and we didn't see him again until Sept. 15, when all of us hidden by the underground were reunited."

McGinley said they were moved from one location to another often, sometimes after a few days and other times, after a few weeks.

He worked at various jobs, driving trucks, delivering furniture and several others.

He said the Belgian people who were part of the resistance gave to the effort in many ways. People who grew things or worked with food supplied things to eat. Others provided shelter. And some helped financially however they could.

Once, McGinley said, he was asked by his host if he wanted to meet some gangsters. He told the man that he would, so he was taken outside town into a quarry. There, he met a small band of men, one of whom was introduced as the light-heavyweight boxing champion of Belgium. They hid in the quarry when they weren't doing their day jobs -- robbing banks for the resistance.

"They would tell the town banker to have his money out," McGinley said, "because they were coming by the bank the next day to rob him."

There were close calls with the Germans.

"Once we were eating at a miller's place -- we stayed near there because he had more food for us -- and the miller's wife came running up the street saying, 'the Gestapo is coming,'" McGinley said. "We hurried out the back door and got away through an alley. I saw him about two weeks later, and I didn't recognize him because the Gestapo had beaten him up

so badly."

Just before the evaders were moved to Paris and their eventual freedom, he was summoned to Brussels. He and his guide boarded a streetcar and headed for the Belgian capital.

"At the second stop, a member of the Gestapo got on the trolley," McGinley said. "About that time, we rolled past a field where a shepherd was working with his dog to round up his sheep. The dog was making such a racket that everyone on the trolley stood up to see what was happening. When they did, we slipped out the other side and walked the rest of the way in. I told you my mama was praying for me."

Near the end of his time on the run, he was sitting in a cafe when a German company of troops rushed through town in retreat.

"Some of the Germans came into the cafe, wanting food," McGinley said. "The owner said no, but the troops left in a hurry to escape from the allied forces. One left his pocketbook, and I have photos from that wallet in my scrapbook to this day."

When it was safe, the allied airmen were moved to Paris, and then a day later, to London, where he wired his mother with news of his safety.

The Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society still meets annually in a U.S. city, where members honor the underground "helpers" or their descendants. Anne Brusselmans was often among them until her death in 1993. McGinley said he used to attend regularly.

"I don't get to see them much any more," he said. But he said he thinks of them often, especially as another Veteran's Day approaches.

Otherwise, he spends his time playing golf and visiting with his family. (He met his wife, Bonnie, at a Little Rock USO club shortly after he returned from the war.)

And, whenever he's asked, he visits schools, clubs and other groups to tell the story of the brave people of the resistance underground who risked their lives to help him and his fellow airmen so many years ago.

ART'S WAR, 1940-45; Part II

Leading the simple life in Febio

Art Mattson was a gunner on *Leakin Deacon*, a B-24 downed June 9, 1944 over Northern Italy.

In Part I of his story in Summer issue, he told of being helped by Italian partisans.

**By ARTHUR MATTSON
Houston, Tex.**

Febio was a community of about 10 stone houses on a low hill. The streets were cobblestone and at the edge of the villa was a pipe flowing with mountain spring water where young girls filled their buckets and carried them home on their heads.

Water from the pipe flowed down the hill to a rock-bottomed pool where women washed their

clothes and hung them on barbed wire to dry.

Italia Bertini had a mother and a young child. Her husband had been captured and taken to Germany as forced labor. Across the valley from her house was the barn where, on the lower level, she kept her cow and its calf. The room above was our bedroom, containing two double beds.

It was our first time in a bed

since Cerignola and since we all had lice, it didn't matter whom we slept with.

We never used the outhouse toilet, since it smelled so and was inundated with flies; the nearby wooded area served as our cover when Nature called.

One family had a stinky male goat that you could smell for a quarter mile when the breeze was right.

When barns needed cleaning, the manure was carried to the field plots. One day I watched a man and his wife clean their barn. Neighbor ladies said the wife had a sick head. The man filled a homemade willow basket measuring about 30 inches in diameter and 12 inches high with manure and then called a neighbor to help him lift the loaded basket onto a pad on his wife's head as she kneeled on one knee.

The men then helped her to her feet and she walked down the cobblestone street to their plot of ground; her husband walked ahead carrying a pitchfork with which to spread the manure.

Febio had a community bread-making oven of stone and located conveniently for all families. The oven was about six feet high and six feet wide. Smoke escaped through a hole in the top and there was a two-foot opening in the front.

On bread-making days, women put dry tree branches inside the oven and set them afire. When the fire died down and left hot coals, the loaves were placed on a long board and slipped into the oven.

In an hour or so they had fresh-baked bread.

All four of us went to the Catholic church in Montorsaro. Paurice, being Catholic, attended most Sundays and I went with him.

One Sunday, we were surprised to see the captain of the local Partisan group at the pulpit, wearing a robe over his clothing that was a British army officer's uniform. I didn't understand his message except he frequently said, "RESIST, RESIST."

The partisans received parachute drops containing weapons, ammo,

shoes, clothing and sometimes food. Since both Paurice and Mazoros needed shoes, they each received a pair. I got a woolen U.S. Army shirt.

One day when the partisans were late bringing Italia our rations, a neighbor woman brought a lamb to Italia's place. While I watched, the woman cut the sheep's throat and Italia caught the blood in a bowl, into which she stirred in flour and let it set. That evening, when the blood and flour was firm, Italia sliced and fried it for our supper; it tasted a little like fried liver. The neighbor took the dead lamb for her family.

Another day while wandering in the area of Mt. Cusna, we found a cherry tree full of ripe fruit. We all ate so many we got the most painful bellyaches and yet, the next day, still hungry for fruit, we ate cherries again and got another belly ache.

One day a fellow from Villa Minozzo came to Febio with a camera. Cameras were a novelty in Febio and everyone wanted their picture taken. The man asked if he could take our pictures, saying he would have prints in a couple weeks. At the time, we had no objections and said okay even though we were hardly presentable for a photo.

About two weeks later two squads of Germans came over the ridge on their way to Febio and when they were about a half-mile away, we grabbed our things and rushed to the east side of Mt. Cusna. That night we saw tracer shots in Febio and just knew the Germans were killing the people who had been helping us.

Then I remembered the guy with the camera; obviously he was a spy and gave our photos to the Germans. Later we went into a tree shelter and got some sleep.

As time passed, my fellow evadees talked about turning themselves in to the Germans as POWs so they could get something to eat. I had read that the SS troops forced prisoners to talk when interrogated and then shot them; that once they obtained

information about the places and people who helped you, they would execute them as well. This would expose the underground members. There was no way I was going to allow myself to be captured.

One day I left my friends and walked to a clearing where I saw a sheep grazing about 25 feet away. I ran out, caught the sheep and dragged it into the trees where I clubbed it an axe and slit its throat with my knife.

With some parachute string I had in my pocket, I tied its hind legs to tree limbs so I could skin it. I was about half through skinning the sheep when my three fellow evaders came out of our shelter and asked what I was doing.

I replied that we would be having mutton for supper. That evening Paurice and Linneweh built a small fire and placed the live coals between rocks; when the meat was done, we had a feast, quite a change from wild blueberries.

After two or three days of our meat diet, we decided to explore the area to the east. We found a burned-out house and another empty building. The Germans had been there and torched the place but since they were no longer there, two of us went to the potato patch. Paurice found a large kettle and some over-ripe tomatoes in the house, all of which we took. That night was lamb stew and boiled potatoes.

Four days later we had eaten all the meat and needed another sheep. The next day I saw another one near our hideout and performed another butchering job. The fellows asked where I learned how to butcher and I told them I had been raised on a farm.

After our evening meal, Mazoros went for a walk; about a half-mile away he met a partisan sentry. It so happened the sentry was an ex-Greek POW who had escaped. Both being Greek, they spoke the language and the sentry told Mazoros that a German unit was camped 600 meters up the mountain from us and that the

partisans had been firing guns all day to keep the Germans from moving.

Mazoros returned and told us about this and within minutes, each of us grabbed a lamb quarter and followed Mazoros to the partisan camp. We gave them the meat and stayed with them until the Germans left two days later.

We then headed back to Febio. We went through Montorsaro and found the community building had been gutted by fire. Before entering Febio, a nervous woman met us and said we should not come back. If we did and the Germans returned, they would burn their houses and people would be killed.

They told us to stay at the foot of Mt. Cusna and they would bring food every. After four or five days of one meal a day, Linneweh and Mazoros decided to leave and head south to the Allied line. On the way they planned to attach themselves to another partisan band.

I liked the idea but Paurice wanted to wait until the Allied line moved north and passed Febio. Not wanting to leave Paurice alone, I stayed with him.

Following sheep shearing and grain harvesting, potato digging was our next job. We worked for a lady and her son, Johnny, who had been a shoemaker in Genoa before the war. Johnny had us digging potatoes in patches about one-third mile

from their place.

Potatoes were dug with a spade like it is done on the farm in Saskatchewan. We dug, picked and packed them in bags weighing about 90 pounds and carried them to the barn.

On evening, Johnny's mother read a letter from her other son who was a prisoner of war in the U.S. In his letter, he said the food was good and they were treated well. She was so thankful he was a POW in the United States and not in Germany for forced labor.

On Oct. 12, a formation of B-24s passed over Febio at 15,000 feet, headed toward Bologna. The locals were crying; they believed many in Bologna would be killed.

An earlier BBC radio broadcast announced that German forces north of the Arno River were withdrawing. Paurice told them the target was not the city but a concentration of Germans retreating from the Florence area.

At our 455th Bomb Group reunion in St. Louis in October 2001, I met a member of the 741st squadron who was on that mission.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NEXT:

Walking to the Lines



Yvonne Daley poses with a pair of international friends at the New Orleans reunion: Tom Wingham, Suffolk, U.K. (left) and Raymond Sherk, Toronto, Ont.



DUNCAN J. McNABB

Duncan McNabb nominated to head AMC

SAN ANTONIO (AFPN)-- July 13, 2005 --President Bush has nominated Lt.Gen. Duncan J. McNabb for the rank of general and to command Air Mobility Command at Scott Air Force Base, Ill.

General McNabb is currently the director of logistics for the Joint Staff at the Pentagon. Before that assignment he was the Air Force deputy chief of staff for plans and programs.

A 1974 graduate of the U.S. Air Force Academy, he has held command and staff positions at squadron, wing, major command and Department of Defense levels. He is a command pilot with more than 5,400 hours in a variety of aircraft, including the C-141 Starlifter and C-17 Globemaster III.

Duncan J. McNabb, an honorary member of AFEES, has attended many recent reunions and has been a valuable contact in reunion arrangements.



Herb Brill is presented with the French Legion of Honor by Gen. Michel Kreher in a ceremony July 16 in front of the monument near Grassac, near where Herb was shot down on Dec. 31, 1943. Millicent Brill proudly observes as the honor is bestowed on her husband.

Herb receives a French decoration

**By MILLICENT BRILL
Nontron, France**

Herbert Brill, my husband and a member of the board of AFEES, was decorated as a Knight (Chevalier) of the Legion of Honor on July 16, in the township of Grassac, Charente, France, by Gen. Michel Kreher of France.

The ceremony was held in the area where Herb and Bill Weber met a young French medical student on Jan. 2, 1944. They had walked about 80 km from where their B-17 -- piloted by Coleman Goldstein and on which they were the navigator and engineer, respectively -- had made a forced landing near Montendre on Dec. 31, 1943, near the northwestern coast of France.

Despite his parents' fears and objections, the young student, Roland Mapas, put them in touch with members of the French Resistance on that day, starting an almost nine-month adventure.

Herb chose the site for the ceremony, at a monument at the junction of four roads in the Forest of Horte, to honor his French friends and fellow members of the Resistance killed by the Germans.

Among the names on the monument is that of Rene Chabasse, head of a group of resisters known as the B.O.A., forerunner of the Section Speciale de Sabotage. It was Rene who asked Herb if he would help their group with sabotage. He was killed by the Germans on Feb. 21, 1944, in Angouleme.

More than 100 people attended the dignified and moving ceremony, held in front of the monument, decorated with French, American and English flags. Beside General Kreher, others present included the American Consul General in Bordeaux, the Deputy of the Charente and the President of the Conseil General of the Charente, as well as several officers of the French army and mayors of several towns.

We were happy to have nine members of our family, our sons Eric, Robert and David -- and their wives and children, as well as two friends from California, all of whom came to attend.

In a position of honor, sitting behind Herb, was Edmond Duruisseau, 95, whose family played an important role in the Resistance.

General Kreher began the ceremony, explaining that the medal, by order of President Chirac, cited

Herb's work with the Resistance during 1944, including his participation in the battles of Javerlhac and the liberation of Angoulême, sabotage of railways, and recovering arms and supplies dropped by parachute.

He mentioned that after the war, Herb studied painting with the renowned Fernand Leger, in Paris, from 1949 to 1951, our many visits to France since and our purchase of a house in the center of the region so we can be in touch with the people who helped him evade.

After the ceremony, Herb and I hosted a reception in the Town of Grassac social hall. Speeches were made by General Kreher, the American Consul General, the Deputy and President of the Conseil General, the president of the S.S.S. and by Roland Mapas.

Roland, now a retired doctor living near Angoulême, described having heard Herb and Bill speaking English in the woods on Jan. 2, 1944. He realized they were American aviators and rushed home, to a small house close to the social hall in Grassac -- to tell his parents.

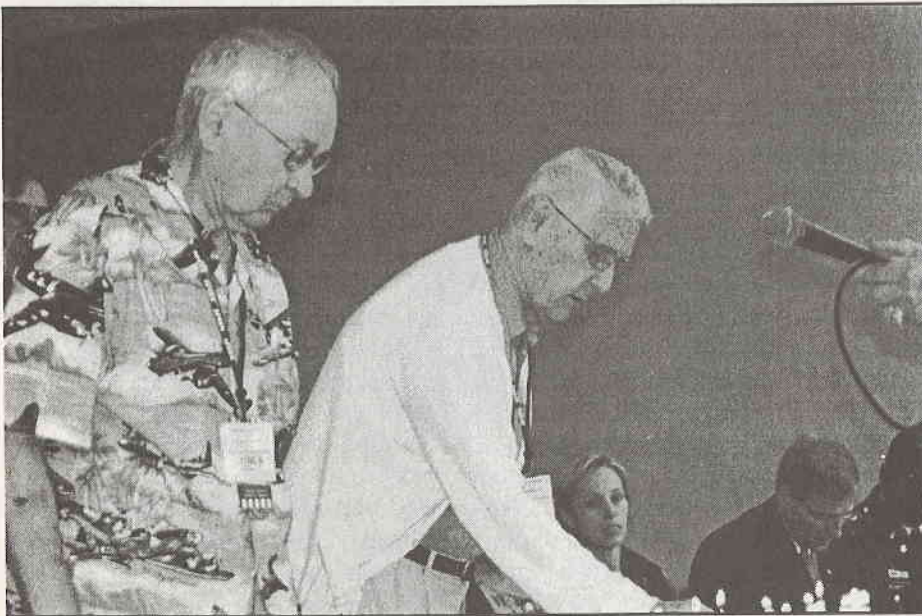
He emphasized that, with his light hair and blue eyes, Herb was thought to be a German spy by Roland's parents, who were afraid to let in the two Americans. They were convinced otherwise when, at a meal they prepared at Roland's insistence, Herb and Bill did not want to drink any wine!

Many of the guests were emotionally affected to hear how Roland met the two Americans.

The final speech was given by Herb, who lightened the tone to one of friendship and celebration. He thanked the other speakers and told why he chose France, and specifically the town of Grassac, in which to be decorated, when the ceremony could have been performed in the States.

He said he will never forget Rene Chabasse and the other brave Frenchmen with whom he worked. He introduced members of families who helped him evade -- the Duruisseaus-Vitals, the Mapas and Bernys in Charente, and the Lasrets, Reytiers, and Villards in Haute-Vienne, some of whom have attended AFEES reunions.

He added a word of dedication to my brother, who he had never met, and to the other 9,000 Americans who are buried in the cemetery in Normandy, which we visit every year. Finally, he introduced our family and friends from California.



Member James Anslow of Houston, Tex., lights a candle at the AFEES Memorial Service while Cappy Bie of Tampa, Fla., awaits his turn.

BLESS YOU, BROTHER IRVIN,
by John A. Neal, Calgary, Alb.;
General Store Publishing,
Box 415, Renfrew, Ontario
K0J 1G0, Canada, \$19.95
(Plus S&H)

The Caterpillar Club. Ever heard of it? It's very exclusive. To belong, you must jump out of an doomed airplane and save your life by parachute.

Writes John Neal: "Thousands of airmen, and a few airwomen, number among their most highly treasured souvenirs of their service a tiny caterpillar badge.

Today offices of the Irvin Industries factory at Letchworth, Hartfordshire, England and Belleville, Ontario, are lined with steel filing cabinets containing the records of tens of thousands of airmen of all nations who have escaped death by jumping with an Irvin parachute.

Switlik Parachute Company was another supplier of parachutes during earlier periods and the company still has many Caterpillar stories in their archives.

Neal has compiled the stories of some of these survivors. Starting with Dolly Shephard, a pioneer Caterpillar who bailed out in 1906, we read accounts of men and women who made daring, astonishing, and even bizarre escapes from burning airplanes and hot air balloons.

Bless You, Brother Irvin is a big Thank You to Leslie Irvin, who developed the parachute system, and to all those unknown men and women who packed the parachutes that saved so many lives.

And this thank you is also expressed in the way that the revenue from the book will be used to remember the many airplanes the Caterpillars abandoned during this critical time of their lives. An organization with a history of wartime airplane recovery, 57 Canada Rescue, is planning to raise a Halifax from the seas off the Hebrides Islands, and bring it to Alberta for refurbishing and display.

The story can be read at
<www.57rescuecanada.com>

Granddaughter Erica pays tribute to Paul E. Kenney

Erica, granddaughter of the late Paul E. Kenney, was chosen to lay a wreath at Arlington National Cemetery in response to an essay she submitted at her school. A visit to the cemetery was part of a senior trip for Erica's 8th grade class.

By **ERICA L. KENNEY**

San Jose, Calif.

13 years old

I would like to be a part of the detail to lay a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington because my grandfather, Army Air Corps Second Lieutenant Paul E. Kenney, was laid at rest in Arlington in November 2004.

Imagine yourself flying above the ground at 12,000 feet in a B-17 Flying Fortress along with nine other men. There are people shooting at you from the ground with cannon, as well as from the air in enemy fighter planes and some of them just miss the aircraft.

Swerving missiles, you deftly navigate the plane to the planned location, and open up a hatch in the bottom of the plane to drop bombs. For a second or two you can see the ground, far, far below.

Then quickly the hatch is closed and you turn the plane around to avoid the blast. This was one of the dangerous missions many of America's courageous soldiers faced in World War II, and my grandpa, Paul E. Kenney, was one of them. My grandfather promised himself to always remember the war and his part in it, and now he is gone. It is up to me to remember it for him.

As a brave second lieutenant, Paul Kenney flew on a total of seven missions over France, dodging deadly missiles while trying to drop large black cylindrical bombs. There was about a 50% chance of survival for flyers. While on his seventh mission, my grandpa was shot down

and was imprisoned in Stalag 17, a prison-of-war camp in Germany.

He stayed there until the end of the war. After the war, he was recognized as an outstanding war hero and later helped create the 8th Air Force Historical Society and acquired a part in a museum.

Although I didn't get to see him as often as I would've liked, my grandpa represented a strong and awe-inspiring person for as long as I knew him. At least once a year my family would fly down to Atlanta to see him and my grandma, and we'd go do fun outings together.

I remember once sleeping in a room in their house where a whole wall was covered with mementoes and awards from Paul Kenney's amazing work as a soldier in World War II.

I didn't ask much about it, not knowing what I'd hear, but I enjoyed my grandpa's company when he told jokes, and I gave him big hugs and painted him pictures. My only regret is that I didn't find out all that I could have, before it was too late. Paul E. Kenney died on Sept. 17, 2004, at the age of 85.

Coping with his death throughout the past months was hard on the whole family. We attended his funeral in Atlanta and there I learned even more about the great qualities my grandpa had possessed -- love for both his country and his family, determination while he worked two jobs to get food on the table, and kindness for all living things.

I wish that I could have had more time to learn from him. Now Paul Kenney is buried at Arlington National Cemetery, along with his fellow war heroes, where he belongs.

I hope that when we go to DC, I will get a chance to visit his grave and say something, like a word of



ERICA L. KENNEY

thanks or good-bye.

The Laying of the Wreath Ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier is a ceremony to honor all the brave soldiers who went off to fight and never came back. I would like to be a part of this ceremony because I feel that when I lay down that wreath I will not only be honoring the brave souls who died in battle, but also my grandfather.

If he were alive, I know he would encourage me to participate in it, especially because many of his fellow comrades died in battle. I feel it would in some way connect me to him, and sort of continue his legacy of proud service to our country. It would make him proud.

My grandfather, Paul E. Kenney, fought in World War II doing the most daring, courageous mission that could be undertaken in the armed forces. I would like to honor him and his comrades, as well as all the brave soldiers who have died in war fighting for the freedom we have today, at the Laying of the Wreath Ceremony.

A Memorial Service honoring Paul E. Kenney was conducted on Saturday, Aug. 13, at the gravesite near the Visitor's Center at Arlington National Cemetery.

Eighteen members of the Kenney family were present.

-FOLDED WINGS-

MEMBERS

RAFES Roy A. Scott, Etobicoke, Ontario, July 10, 2005

HELPERS

Karin Fredericksen, Maribo, Denmark, June 15, 2005

MEMBERSHIP DIRECTORY UPDATES

(Changes are in **BOLDFACE** type)

1. L/C Armando Carlino "L", *S, **1650 Douglas Ave., Apt. 1209,**
N. Providence, RI 02904; Ph.: 401-353-8823
2. *James D. Conrad "L", **236 Franklin St., Wrentham, MA**
02093-1204
3. Maria G. Liu "H", **57 West Garden Green, Port Huenene,**
CA 93041
4. *Goffred F. Moretto, **175 Liberty Court, Oak Ridge, TN**
37830-6867
5. Mrs. Francis Ramsey "W", **1635 Merry Oaks Road, Apt. J,**
Charlotte, NC 28205-3861
6. *Maj. Seymour Ringle "L", **9330 Sunrise Lakes Blvd, Apt. 305,**
Sunrise, FL 33322-2162
7. *L/C Charles J. Salivar, **209 S. Woods Mill Road, Apt. 2102,**
Chesterfield, MO 63107-3476
8. *L/C Ernest C. Skorheim, **5757 Cypress Ave., Apt. 216,**
Carmichael, CA 95608-1389
9. Howard J. Turlington "L", **10919 Village Grove Drive, Unit B,**
St. Louis, MO 63123; Ph.: 314-729-9593
10. James R. Wilson "L", **2651 St. Francis Drive, Waterloo, IA**
50702; Ph.: 319-233-5372 <danno50@mchsi.com>

*Changes reported by the postal service, have not been confirmed.

Winfield S. Gippert Jr.

Winfield Scott Gippert Jr., E&E
1297, 44th Bomb Group, passed
away on Feb. 19, 2005, in Tempe,
Ariz.

He was born in Rock Island, Ill.

He received his wings in 1943
and was assigned to the 8th Air
Force. On Aug. 8, 1944, he was
downed on his sixth mission when a
runaway prop resulted in a fire
which caused the crew to bail out
near Montmort, France.

He was co-pilot on the Bernard
Komasinski crew.

He and most of the crew were
able to evade with the aid of the
French Underground by camping in
the forests until Aug. 28, when they
were liberated by General Patton's
Third Army.

Scott was recalled in 1945 for the
Berlin Air Lift. He retired in 1973
after 31 years in the military.

Military Awards and Decorations Air Force (including Army Air Corps & Army Air Forces)

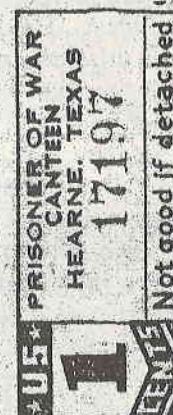
Request for medals:

[http://www.archives.gov/facilities/mo/
st_louis/military_personnel_records/
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Camp Hearne Archive/Texas A&M

A booklet of coupons used to purchase items at the camp canteen, and a one-cent coupon at right.



Clayton and Scotty David of Hannibal, Mo., are prime movers that make AFEES function. Clayton is membership chair and Scotty's scrapbooks have captured the history of our society.

Canadians may cease to meet; are invited to Albuquerque

The RAFES, Canadian Branch, meeting early this month in Toronto, discussed disbanding the group as of next June. A poll of attendees on the issue resulted in a tie, so a mailing is being sent to members.

Only 17 members were able to attend this year, with a total of about 40 persons. Representing AFEES were Bud and Thelma Loring.

Most of the active Canadian members live in the Toronto area, so it is possible that some sort of informal gathering there may be arranged.

Bud Loring extended the Canadians an invitation from AFEES President Richard Smith to the 2006 meeting in Albuquerque. Ray Sherk and Gordon Stacey indicated that they might be able to make it.

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Close-Out Sale A few items left! Get yours now!

Official AFEES Merchandise

Bolo Ties, about 20 left. each, \$2.00

Tool Kit & Case, AFEES Logo, 8 left. 3.00

Tie pins, with boot, only 10 left 4.00

BLUE CAPS WITH AFEES LOGO About 50 left!

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Please add \$3.00 per order for Pins and Emblems;
\$3.50 for Caps. FOR LARGE ORDERS: \$50-\$100,
\$4.50; \$100-\$300, \$9.00

Make checks payable to AFEES; mail to

Thomas H. Brown Jr., AFEES PX Manager

104 Lake Fairfield Drive

Greenville, SC 29615-1506

Phone: 864-244-8420

<tbrown104@cs.com>

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Your address or phone # changed? Let Clayton know!

Dues are \$20 per year. Life Membership is \$100. Make checks payable to AFEES.

**Send payments and changes to Clayton C. David, AFEES Membership Chair,
19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539, U.S.A. <davidafe@adams.net>**

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COMMENTS _____

The editor has the last word

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ
<afees44@hotmail.com>
OR
<archerco@wf.quik.com>

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- The AFEES link to the RAF website (at top of Page 2) has been slightly revised.

Webmaster Frank Haslam says the link has been quite busy. Last report indicated that it has attracted 3,270 hits since July 2004.

It presents a history of our society; good for those who wish to learn more about AFEES.

According to a booklet entitled *Flying Cadets of the Army Air Corps, Aviation as a Career*, published in 1939 by the government as a recruiting tool, the pay was \$75 a month.

Member Harvey Hewit sent me a copy of the pamphlet. Seems to me that perhaps a museum might like to have it.

HERE IS THE NEWS -- CUPID STRIKES AGAIN!

Marguerite Fraser and Edward Miller, both well known in AFEES circles, plan to be married on Oct. 22. Best wishes for many years of happiness and good health to a pair of my favorite people.

PX Mgr. Tom Brown passes along a compliment from the son of a new member, Bertram Theiss, who sent his dad an AFEES blue cap. First day Bertram wore the cap, he had a couple positive responses.

And even his wife thought it was a "very good looking" cap.

You know that the PX is being phased out, so my advice is to stock up while you can! See Page 31.

Can you believe! Scott and Judy Goodall of Southern France are headed for Buckingham Palace this fall to receive an award from the queen.

Scott is being awarded the MBE (Member of the Order of the British

Empire), according to a listing in the June honors list for "Services to the History of the Second World War."

Scott reports that 58 foreigners, including an American, James Barber of Atlanta, and two Canadians from Vancouver signed up for the 12th annual *Chemin de la Liberte* crossing of the Pyrenees this year.

James was helicoptered from the high mountain refuge at Estagnous with possible broken ribs. Scott reports the weather was bad, with rain, mist and near-zero (C.) temperatures.

Helene Nauta-Barge, Dutch Helper who attended the New Orleans reunion for the first time, sends along a note about how much she and her son-in-law Willem Calkoen enjoyed the affair.

She said: "We are thankful for all the American flyers who liberated us. We heard so many stories after 60 years."

While visiting family in the Orlando area early this month, ye ed & spouse visited Gilbert Shawn, long-time AFEES member who took a tumble in the D-Day Museum while we were in New Orleans last May.

Gil has been through several

medical procedures involving the broken hip etc, but is doing OK. He is in a retirement complex where he is receiving excellent care and is in good spirits.

He asked to extend greetings to AFEES members and for the get-well messages he has received.

Mail will reach him at:

Gilbert S. Shawn, 540 Village Place, Apt. 214, Longwood, FL 32779

The annual OSS Society reunion will be in Washington, D.C. October 12-16. Gen. John Singlaub, a friend of AFEES, is the new OSS chairman.

Reunion coordinator Yvonne Daley has been in Albuquerque recently, scoping out the place for our next reunion, May 11-14. Mark that date on your '06 calendar!

We visited Yvonne while in Florida and were gracious enough to let her win a couple games of Scrabble.

JUST REMEMBER: If you lend someone \$20, and never see that person again, it was probably worth it.

USELESS INFORMATION: A giraffe can clean its ears with its tongue.

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