



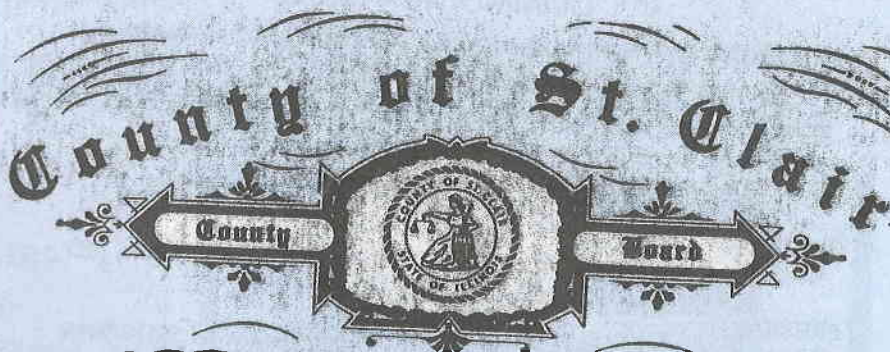
The U.S.
AIR FORCES
ESCAPE &
EVASION
SOCIETY
COMMUNICATIONS

FALL 2007

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Proclamation

May 4, 2007

"Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society DAY"

WHEREAS, the Air Force Escape and Evasion Society (AFEES) has a history that dates back to nineteen hundred and sixty four; and

WHEREAS, the AFEES encourages airmen aided by resistance organizations or patriotic nationals of foreign countries to continue friendships; and

WHEREAS, the AFEES perpetuates the close bond that exists between airmen forced down and the resistance people who made our evasion possible; and

WHEREAS, we honor those members of the World War II resistance movement in Europe who assisted downed allied-forces airman at a great risk to themselves and their families; and

WHEREAS, our country owes a debt of gratitude to these brave men and women.

NOW THEREFORE BE IT PROCLAIMED that I, Mark A. Kern, County Board Chairman, hereby proclaim Friday, May 4, 2007, AIR FORCE ESCAPE AND EVASION SOCIETY DAY throughout St. Clair County, Illinois.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of Saint Clair County to be affixed.



*Done at the Courthouse in Belleville, Illinois,
this 4th day of May in
the Year of Our Lord two thousand 2007*

[Signature]

MARK A. KERN, Chairman
St. Clair County Board

U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY COMMUNICATIONS

<<http://www.rafinfo.org.uk/rafescape/afees-usa.htm>>

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September 20, 2007

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*Class of 2009 **Class of 2010 ***Class of 2008

AFEES COMMUNICATIONS IS THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY. AFEES IS A TAX-EXEMPT VETERANS ORGANIZATION UNDER IRS CODE 501 (C) (19). IT WAS FOUNDED IN 1964 AND IS CHARTERED IN THE STATE OF GEORGIA. THE SOCIETY'S PURPOSE IS TO ENCOURAGE MEMBERS HELPED BY THE RESISTANCE ORGANIZATIONS OR PATRIOTIC NATIONALS TO CONTINUE EXISTING FRIENDSHIPS OR RENEW RELATIONSHIPS WITH THOSE WHO HELPED THEM DURING THEIR ESCAPE OR EVASION.

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

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

FALL 2007

The Prez Sez

By Richard M. Smith

<afeesone@hotmail.com>

Sept. 1, 2007

Good day from warm and sunny
Otter Tail Lake, Minnesota:

There were some problems with selecting a hotel for our reunion in the Savannah area. Downtown hotels that would accomodate our group ranged in price from \$169 to \$189, plus tax.

We have contracted with a very nice Holiday Inn (see details on next page) for \$116.39, tax included, for rooms and suites.

We will have the usual hospitality room, meeting and memorial facilities. We are all set for the last weekend of next April!

Considering the tragic experience of Miodrag Pesic at St. Louis, our helpers should strongly plan for a substantial travel insurance package. Medical costs in the U.S. are expensive!

Some of you may have learned of the accident at Oshkosh, Wis., during the annual aircraft reunion this summer. The pilot who was killed was a good friend of mine.

At the airport memorial gathering in Wahpeton, N.D., there were some 2,500 people, and at the Fargo Air Museum memorial there were some 5,000.

Gerry Beck had many friends. I, for one, will miss him.

Take care, and plan to meet with us at Savannah next spring!

--RICHARD M. SMITH

NEXT AFEES REUNION

In Savannah, April 24-27

HOLIDAY INN

Reunion Room Rate:

\$116.39, inclusive

**Details and Reunion and Hotel
Reservation forms will be published in
December issue of *Communications*.**

ATTENTION HELPERS!

AFEES would like to know how many
Helpers expect to attend the reunion.

If you are a Helper who is considering
attendance, please contact Yvonne Daley,
1962 Brae-Moor Drive, Dunedin, FL 34698-
3250, U.S.A.; Phone 727-734-9573;
<gadabout127@msn.com>



This AFEES reunion team was in the Savannah area last month, choosing a venue for the 2008 reunion, as well as meeting with officials at the 8th AF Museum. From the left: Beverly Patton Wand, Yvonne Daley and Cindy Bie.

Holiday Inn

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*Memoirs of the Tarn Region of France***AGENT DE MA TANTE****(My Aunt's Agent at age 18)**

From *LA SEMAINE*, June 1, 2001

*Translated from the French
by Suzy Wells, Fort Worth, Tex.*

By LOUISE BALFET

*Starting in December 1940
until the liberation, I was a liaison
agent for one of my aunts. I would
never have talked about this
episode if it wasn't for having
been asked to do so by friends in
the AFEES, of which I am a Life
Member.*

*Here are a few memories
relating to the story of one helpe
whose responsibility was to help
American airmen reach Spain.*

**MY AUNT:
AT MARA HARI'S SCHOOL**

Marthe Putman, my father's sister-in-law, was no ordinary person. After her divorce from my uncle Charles Delrue she became Lil Van wijhe. The family kept their distance from her because of her shady past.

She was supposed to have known Mata Hari during WWI. After her divorce she married a Dutch doctor and became a painter. They settled in Capendu, a small town between Carcassonne and Narbonne in Southern France. There she had bought the Chateau du Parc in 1938. I don't know



how my father renewed the family ties with her but we wound up in Mazamet during the exodus (after the German invasion.) I was happy to have been invited to spend Christmas with that unknown aunt.

**MY CHRISTMAS NIGHT
1940: BEING RECRUITED**

We had to travel by train since there wasn't any gas for cars in those days. I met my aunt for the first time at the train station; she was a small woman with piercing eyes.

The date was 24 December 1940, Christmas Eve. There was a knock on the door and she told us she had to hide a Dutchman and help him get to Spain. She told me she needed my help.

I was a senior in high school and was proud to discover that my family was part of the resistance

against Germany. Thus, I became a small link in the organization.

When my aunt needed me she would call me at home in Mazamet. I would make the 3-hour trip to Capendu on my bike. Any time she needed to send a message, I would go by bike or train, always unaware of its content.

Sometimes people were leery of me because I had blonde hair and a Northern accent. I had a very hard time connecting with Georges Dantes, an intern in the hospital and finally when I went to pick him up at the Capendu train station, I realized that I knew him. His name was Gabriel Nahas who used to give lectures to students. My aunt hid him and together they worked on the Réseau "Francoise" based in Toulouse, that was part of the Resistance.

Another lady, Simone Calmes, hid people who were on the run in the the attic of her house during the duration of the war, Jews, escapees, resistants and others.

Sometimes I would go with the doctor and his wife to visit friendly farmers who would give us a jug of wine alcohol that we would hide under the car seat. And so the messages were passed around.

Starting in 1942, we had American flyers. They were 4 or 5 years older than me but in the

feverish hustle of everyday life I never thought of it.

Years later I realized that we were so close in age when AFEES organized a trip to France and we met again. It was such an emotional reunion. It was amazing to think in those days that these young men could fly such extraordinary planes.

Meanwhile, the South of France had been invaded by the Germans. The castle in Capendu was taken over a little at a time, first as a military dental facility and later as a headquarters. The food for the officers was prepared in the large kitchen. We could use the dining room, visited some evenings by "our" parachutists, evadees or runaways.

My aunt used to say, "They'll never look for them here."

One evening a German officer asked if he could come over and listen to the radio in the parlor. My aunt said, "My pleasure, but here, we only listen to the BBC." He answered, "Never mind, they are all lies."

PUNCTUAL OPERATIONS

Two operations, one real and the other planned, need to be told. My cousin from my aunt's first marriage was a participant in her activities. He was a relay for the Spanish network.

He was asked to bring from Spain into France, a microfilm hidden in a fingernail brush, his only luggage. It was foolish to try to go over the border in dead of the winter 1943, from Spain into France.

He paid a guide who fled after

getting his money and he had to walk for hours through the snow. He fell into a crevasse and fractured a vertebra. He reached the town of Elne anyway and was taken in and hidden in a barn by a family.

I don't know how my aunt got wind of that but she sent me to bring him back. A two-day trip where I tried to stay warm wearing newspapers under my coat. In my pocket I had a flask of bootleg alcohol, 50 proof, as it was made in that part of the country.

I had to spend the night in the

train station in Lezignan, without heat, alone, waiting for the morning train. I remember that for breakfast (and only to warm me up, not because I was afraid) I drank a mouthful of that powerful alcohol called 3/6.

Once in Elne, I had a hard time to locate my cousin. Nobody had heard of him. My perseverance finally paid off and with a few good souls helping I was able to get my cousin who was very tired and very sick, leaning on me on the train seat.

He showed me the fingernail



*Loulon (Louise) Balfet accompanied downed airmen from Toulouse to the Pyrenees Mountains.
This 1990 photo was taken by Scotty David.*

brush that I had to save in case of problems. I found out the contents of the fingernail brush after the war without knowing what it could be used for. My cousin went on to Switzerland via the network "Deutch--Paris." There he spent six months in a cast.

The other episode in which I was involved somewhat would have been the most spectacular. The secret service, my aunt's usual channel, had informed her that Field Marshall Von Rundstedt was supposed to stop at the castle. His kidnapping was to take place that night in August 1944 but the Marshall never stopped by.

Maybe we felt that the end of the war was near. We watched with great joy, the German convoys going from west to east towards the Rhone Valley. We would say, "We won."

We had been waiting for that moment since that 1940 Christmas Eve when I was initiated into those secret fights that I followed

The Association of American flyers shot down over France organized a visit to our region in October 1990. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Balfet, and Professor Gabriel Nahas during their visit in the Tarn region.

Jean -Pierre Gaubert wrote an article (La Depeche, October 1990) about that exceptional pilgrimage of the pilots and gunners who returned to salute those, who thanks to their help and working in the shadows, enabled them to return to their units.

in my aunt's wake, in spite of my shyness, without fear and with joy.

I want to pay tribute, with these few lines, to that unusual character who lived a double life for four years, standing out above all with the same ease, among the people

Gen. McNabb enlists 40 airmen before game at Busch Stadium

ST. LOUIS Mo. (AFNS) -- For 40 women and men at the Cardinals vs. Giants baseball game July 7, their thoughts may not have been focused on whether Barry Bonds would break Hank Aaron's lifetime home-run record.

Right hands raised, this young group, standing at Busch Stadium home plate in front of a huge crowd, was sworn into the Air Force during Air Force Week St. Louis.

Despite the size of the crowd, the stadium was a whisper as Gen. Duncan J. McNabb, Air Mobility Command commander from nearby Scott Air Force Base, Ill., swore in the enlistees. The stadium roared at the final words of the oath, "So help me God."

"It's such a special honor to put your life on the line for others so that others might live, and when you think about these great young Americans who stand up and raise their right hand and really swear their faith to our Constitution and the American people, I think it is extremely noble," General McNabb said.

"The country looks around and asks 'Who shall we send?' . . . and we've got these young Americans who say, 'Here I am, send me,'" he said.

Another highlight of the pregame events was the first pitch. Missouri Air National guardsman Senior Master Sgt. Letitia Whitaker was thrilled and proud to represent the Air Force and throw that ball across the plate. Sgt. Whitaker, an air traffic controller who has served for 18 years, helped set up the first

of the village, German officers and myself above all.

Pursuing such an efficient work and risking denunciation, I could really say with her during that last summer of our war in 1944.

WE WON!

airfield in northern Iraq "from scratch." For her hard work and dedication, she was awarded the Bronze Star.

A C-17 Globemaster III let its presence be known as it flew over the stadium as the final notes of the *Star Spangled Banner* were sung.

The crowd went wild as the looming wings were dipped and some of the aircrew waved from the rear of the plane as it passed over.

The plane, from the 437th Operations Support Squadron at Charleston AFB, S.C., also put on a demonstration at the Scott AFB air show that was part of Air Force Week.

Gen. McNabb moves to Pentagon post

SCOTT AIR FORCE BASE, Ill. (AFPN) -- Air Mobility Command's new commander said he will strive to deliver what America and the command's airmen deserve, a continued pursuit of excellence in global air mobility.

"We're going to keep raising the bar -- we'll keep going farther and farther with this command," said Gen. Arthur J. Lichte after the change-of-command ceremony here Sept. 7.

General Lichte replaces General Duncan McNabb, who moves on to become the Air Force vice chief of staff.

Gen. Lichte came to AMC from the Pentagon, where he was the assistant vice chief of staff of the Air Force.

He has served in a number of positions throughout AMC.



General Duncan McNabb and family members got it on for their appearance as they were honored on Sept. 7 at Scott Air Force Base, Ill.

General McNabb and wife Linda are shown at the right in this photo snapped by Yvonne Daley. From the left are Capt. Dave Cochran and wife Katie McNabb Cochran, daughter Marvie McNabb and son Duncan McNabb Jr.

McNabbs get an AFEES farewell

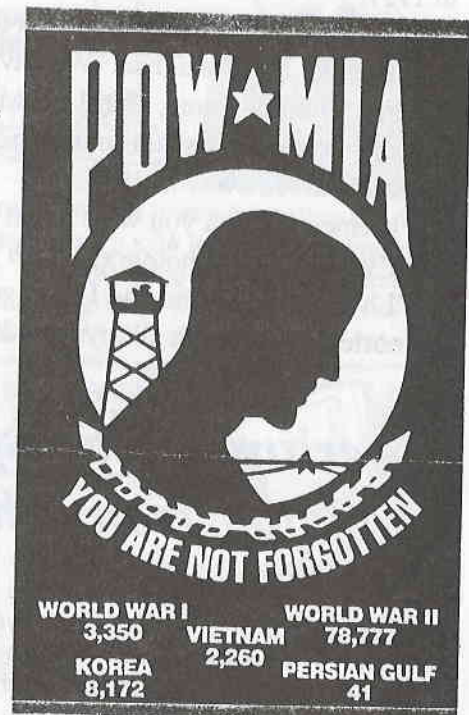
On Sept. 7, 2007, exactly four months after AFEES members were invited to spend the day at Scott AFB, Reunion Coordinator Yvonne Daley-Brusselmans returned to be part of the farewell dinner for Duncan and Linda McNabb as they prepared to leave for his new assignment as assistant chief of staff for the U.S. Air Force.

Video clips of General McNabb at Scott, favorite songs and memories of good times were on the menu that evening.

Surrounded by more than 250 guests, including family members, AMC personnel and long-time friends, the McNabb clan said fond farewell to their beloved corn fields.

General McNabb, an honorary director of AFEES, mentioned his AFEES affiliation in his address, as has done so many times during his service as AMC commander.

Yvonne says, "It was an honor to have been invited to the farewell dinner and I will cherish the time I spent that evening with all the people who made our visit last May the magical event that it was."



Sterling hears from family who helped him

Glen Sterling Call (E&E 1562) of Burlingame, Calif., recently received a letter from one of his helpers in France some 64 years after her family had hidden him from the Germans.

Therese Truchot wrote:

"I'm very glad to write to you after so many years. I often think of your stay in France and I recently took occasion to find your mail thanks to a research on the Internet.

"If I'm not wrong, I think you will remember me, Therese Truchot, and my mother whom you called "Marnan Truchot" when you were living with us during the second World War. At that time, we lived in Allibaudieres at the "Barriere" and you stayed with us several months.

"All the family kept a great memory of you and I would like to hear from you. My mom passed away in 1957.

"I got married in 1947 in Troyes to Jacques Barthelemy. He was a dyer. We have had five children: Gerard, Annie, Jean-Luc, Michel and Claudie. Today, I have 11 grand-children but my husband passed away in 1994.

"I remember that you were about to get married and I've kept your photograph with your fiancée.

"I hope you are fine and I send you my best memories of you, with all my friendship."

--THERESE

Sterling Call responds to letter from Therese

My dear Therese:

What a very very pleasant surprise to receive your letter after 64 years. I still think of you and Guy and Madamet Truchot often and with great fondness. The hospitality and care that you and your family showed me could never be forgotten.

I still think about our last night with your family.



Lois and Sterling Call in a photo taken shortly after their marriage on Dec. 8, 1943.

The German airplanes caught the British bombers going right over your house. About 4 or 5 of the bombers crashed and exploded nearby. Within a couple of hours the Free French (Maquis) picked me up and took me out of the area.

It all seemed to happen so slowly and yet so fast that we barely had time to say good-bye, but I actually still feel that good-byes were not necessary since I have never stopped thinking of you and your family.

The Maquis also picked up an Australian bombardier that same night. The two of us eventually walked down to the Swiss border, thinking we could sneak across to Switzerland somehow.

By the time we got to the border, the invasion of France by the British and American forces was in full force. The Germans had so many of their soldiers deserting to go to Switzerland that they had quadrupled their border guards and we could not get across the border.

We then turned around and went back north toward Paris. On the way we were still in contact with some of the Maquis. They informed us that the British had several units of SOE troops in the area we were traveling. They wanted to talk to a pilot to help them find a field suitable for a small plane to land so

that injured men could be flown back to England. I left the Australian then and joined the British group.

Each of the three groups had several Jeeps mounted with two 30-cal. machine guns in the front and a 50-cal. in the back. They camped out in the many forests in France and ambushed German convoys and supply trains.

One of their Jeeps stopped running and I took a look at it. Since I had owned a car and had done most of my own repairs since I was 12 years old, I could tell that the fuel pump was not working properly.

When I was able to repair it by using a piece of the tongue of one of my boots, I was a "Hero" to them. I joined the group for about two months and went on some VERY exciting raids with them.

All three of the British groups were ordered to move out of France and into Germany. Since the Allied forces were well into France and approaching Paris, I left them and made my way to Paris. I was in Paris the day after it was liberated.

I contacted the American Air Corps and was immediately flown back to the States and became an instructor for B-17 pilots.

After the war, I went back to college and worked nights and weekends as an engraver for my old boss. When he bought another company, I was asked to manage it. After a couple years, I bought one of the lines from him and started my own company, *California Etching Corp.*

My lovely wife Lois and I had three daughters, Diane, Laurie and Nancy. By 1990 we had several grandchildren, two companies and about 130 employees.

At that time, I sold both companies and retired.

We are most fortunate in that both Lois and I have been able to travel and play golf in many places around the globe. We spend about 6 months here in Burlingame and play golf several times a week.

We spend a few months at our condominium in Palm Desert, where we play golf about five days a week. We have a family home at Lake Tahoe where we spend most of August.

We have been blessed with a wonderful life and the Truchots were a very important part of it.

---STERLING

OUT OF THE CLOSET

From the icy-paved runways of central Italy,
To the inviting Axis targets lying faraway,
We attacked Hitler's supply of black gold --
Oil, that is -- more valuable by ten-fold,
Because it was modern war's energy source,
In ancient Greece it was a wooden horse.

But the Eastern Front also had another force,
It was the mighty 15th AF; it was no farce.
A late bloomer, nevertheless a potent doomer,
It contributed greatly, though a late tumor.
It knocked out a vast expanse of Hitler's holding,
Eventually causing massive-resistance folding.

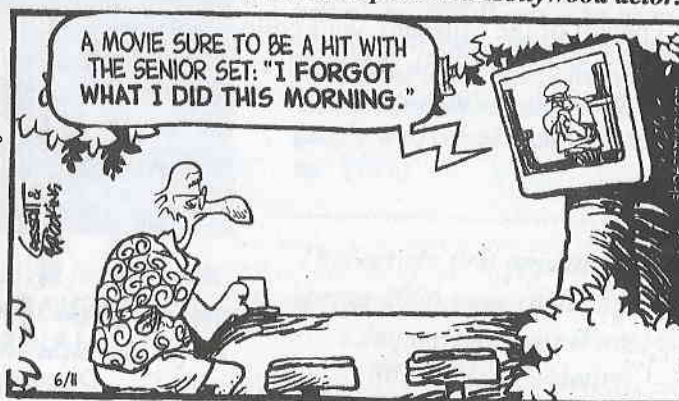
The British Isles 8th AF struck early in the war,
But the Italy-based 15th struck late from afar.
Never let the 15's battle-scarred story go untold,
Weren't all Air Corps men poured from the
same mold?

--Composed in 2002 by Keith McLaren Abbott



The U.S. Postal Service is commemorating the Air Force's 60th anniversary with a special postmark through Oct. 18. The postoffice also offers a special postage stamp honoring Brig. Gen. James "Jimmy" Stewart, a World War II pilot and Hollywood actor.

Shoe



Dayton invites us for '09



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE
1100 SPAATZ STREET
WRIGHT PATTERSON AIR FORCE BASE OHIO 45433-7102

6 July 2007

Mr. Ralph Patton
U.S. Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society
8100 Connecticut Ave., Apt 1205
Chevy Chase MD 20815

Dear Mr. Patton

It was both an honor and pleasure to attend your dinner at Scott AFB and receive the set of DVDs which capture the stories of escape and evasion during World War II. These tremendous stories will be preserved by the Museum for our future generations to experience.

I would like to reciprocate your invitation and extend one from the National Museum of the United States Air Force. We would be honored if you would choose the Museum and Dayton, Ohio, the birthplace of aviation, as the site for the Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society 2009 annual dinner and associated events. This would coincide perfectly with the opening of our Escape and Evasion Exhibit.

The historical backdrop of the Museum provides an unequalled dinner venue. During an evening event, your group can privately tour among the hundreds of aircraft and exhibits, perhaps enjoy a patriotic show provided by the U.S. Air Force Band of Flight and even get up close to some of your aircraft.

Our Special Events Staff can provide you with experienced support during your planning process and throughout your stay. Once you decide to schedule your event, or if you need any assistance prior with activity planning, hotel reservations, or transportation, please contact our Special Events Division Chief, Teresa Montgomery at 937-255-8046, ext 311.

Again, thank you for the DVD's and the opportunity to attend your event and receive, on behalf of the Museum, your collection of DVDs. Please feel free to contact me at any time. I can be reached at (937)-255-8046, ext 336. I look forward to seeing you at the National Museum of the USAF in 2009.

Sincerely

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Charles D. Metcalf".

CHARLES D. METCALF
MAJOR GENERAL, USAF (RET)
Director, National Museum of the USAF

Clayton did take the long way back

By CLAYTON C. DAVID
Hannibal, Mo.

When the 11 January 1944 mission was over, there were 109 of us pilots and crew members from the 303rd Bomb Group MIA. I am shown as the only one returned to the base before the war in Europe ended. Of the 177 B-17s from the 1st Air Division that took off that day to bomb Oscherleben, Germany, 34 did not return. 174 enemy aircraft were reported destroyed, 32 probably destroyed, and 63 damaged. I returned to London from Gibraltar on 25 May 1944. That period turned out to be the most memorable in my life. While I made some true friends in Europe, who we see on a regular basis there and in the U.S., there were many times I was close to being captured and/or killed.

After an air battle that lasted 2 1/2 hours, we were over Holland on our way home with our plane on fire. When Jack Watson ordered, "Bail out!," nine of us jumped at 15,000 feet. He won a gamble with certain death and got the plane back to

England, but his order was the proper one at the time. Thanks to a briefing from a British paratrooper a few days before, my first and only jump in combat was perfect. The delayed opening of the parachute, and my play with the shroud lines, gave me a landing on a 40 yard strip of land between the Zuider Zee and the Kingsmere Lake near Amsterdam. That was the first step in my successful evasion which took me into Amsterdam, across Holland, Belgium, France, over the Pyreneese Mountains in waist deep snow, to Spain, where I was taken to Madrid, then to Gibraltar and flown back to London.

By way of Venlo and Maastracht, Holland, then Brussels, Belgium, the Resistance members of the underground got me as far as Paris on what was the Dutch/Paris line.

There, our benefactors were arrested for black market food being used to feed eight of us at a time. We escaped in pairs in an effort to save ourselves and the instant killing of our helpers. Four were captured the

following day. From Paris, Ken Shaver of the 388th Bomb Group and I traveled alone to southern France. There, our helpers got us into the Maquis group that found us guides that took us to the foot of the mountains to meet our Basque guide. It took three days and nights to reach the top of that mountain. From there, we made our way down to Spain. If airmen had known the odds against evading, and how many people paid with their lives for helping us, few would have ever tried it.

My surviving helpers are among our dearest friends. In an effort to recognize them and others, my wife "Scotty" and I volunteer thousands of hours as the membership committee of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society. We are also producing a documentary that will give proper recognition to what happened to us behind the lines in enemy occupied territory and the horrible price paid for resisting the enemy. To my helpers, I owe my freedom and perhaps my life. Their response is, "Except for you Americans, we would not be free." It was not a one group or one country war. We won it together.

While over one half of the 47,000 8th Air Force fliers reported MIA were later reported KIA, about 2,000 of us evaded capture and did not become POWs. However, the risks that went with trying to evade was great. We now know the percent of casualties among those trying to evade capture was much higher than it was among POWs. In spite of the fact that over half of the WW II survivors have now passed away, we are in contact with about 900 evaders from all theaters and more than 600 of the people who risked their lives to help us.



Mrs. Gabriel Sauer snapped this photo of the David family at St. Louis. From left: Scotty, sons Jim and Lynn, and Clayton. Scotty and Clayton deserve kudoes from all of us for the time and effort spent in maintaining the AFEES archives.

This article first appeared in the Spring 2006 issue of the Missouri Chapter/St. Louis Wing, 8th AFHS newsletter.

At St. Louis reunion . . .

Downed airmen salute their helpers

From *USA TODAY*, May 3, 2007

By OREN DORELL

ST. LOUIS, Mo. -- When Clayton David bailed out of his bomber over Nazi-occupied Holland in World War II, he didn't know that beyond the blanket of clouds stretching as far as he could see was a young woman he had never met who would risk everything to save him.

But after a couple of weeks in which some of his crewmates were executed or captured by the Germans, he was led to freedom by 20-year-old Joke Folmer, a member of the Dutch Underground.

On Wednesday, David and others who were shot down behind enemy lines got together at a hotel here to thank their rescuers once again and recall a time when ordinary people did extraordinary things to defeat evil.

"Those people meant the difference between our sitting the war out in a prisoner-of-war camp and our getting away and getting back to our units," said David, who lives in Hannibal, Mo., and is now 87. "It was almost impossible to evade capture in an occupied country without help."

Folmer, now 83, was among 12 "helpers" being honored at the reunion of the Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society. The society is made up of airmen who were shot down over enemy territory and succeeded in evading capture and returning to their units.

There have been 1,065 members of the society; 38 of them intended to attend this year's reunion. Joining them were former members of the French Resistance, the Dutch and Belgian underground and helpers from the former Yugoslavia.

About 33,000 French citizens and about 6,000 Allied airmen traveled over the Pyrenees to Spain, said Scott Goodall, who lives near Saint Girons in southwest France and has researched the mountain passages used during the war.

The society is an elite group, says Goodall. Of 47,000 men shot down down in the 8th Air Force in which David served, 28,500 were killed and 18,500 taken prisoner. Only 2,150 of the men escaped.

Sneaking across the Pyrenees

Many were spirited to safety by sneaking through France and over the often snow-covered Pyrenees to Spain. Others sailed across the English Channel or were hidden in occupied Europe until liberation. (Others reached neutral Switzerland or Sweden.)

"Their purpose was mainly to gnaw at German

supply troops and their trains," Goodall said of the underground. But they would also take big chances for an American serviceman, he said.

"They felt we were risking our lives to liberate them, so they felt they should risk their lives to try and save us," David said.

After the war David worked for the military, retiring as a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force. In 1983 he decided to tour Europe with his wife, Scotty, and 125 former members of the 8th AF to see the ground that they had bombed from the air. In Belgium, France and Holland, they were often recognized as former U.S. airmen by members of the underground who had helped Americans escape.

"People kept coming up to me, (saying) 'Please find my Americans,'" Scotty David says.

Back in the U.S.A. a year later, Scotty David decided to do something about it. She got in touch with Folmer, who gave her a list of 575 people who were shot down over Holland and rescued. After more than 6,000 letters, she found 2,000 people.

"Some of these fellows, when they came to



SO YOUNG BACK THEN—This photo of Clayton and Scotty David was taken at a Michigan vacation cabin in 1946. Joke Folmer brought the picture to the St. Louis reunion as a reminder of days long gone by.

reunions, hadn't seen each other since they jumped out," she said.

Clayton David and other escaped airmen were ordered to not talk about who had helped them for many years. He said it was a relief to be able to do so with those who shared the experience.

On Jan. 11, 1944, David, then a 2nd lieutenant, was aboard a B-17 trying to return to base in Molesworth, England after having bombed an aircraft manufacturing facility in Oschersleben, Germany. Harassed by enemy fighters for two hours, their fuel tank caught fire. The pilot ordered the 10-man crew to bail out.

David waited until he reached the cloud layer below before pulling his parachute cord, about 500 feet from the ground. He hit the ground near a lake and hid in a muddy ditch. German troops picked his crewmembers out of the water. After dark, a farmer who had been watching approached David and brought him, wet and hungry, to his dairy farm. David ate fresh milk and cheese, dried his clothes in an oven and spent the night in a cow barn. The next day, two men came and smuggled him to a safe house in Amsterdam.

David stayed there three weeks until he was passed off to someone else. In Venlo, Holland, he met Folmer, who was 20.

Folmer was on the lookout for infiltrators, Germans or Dutch who pretended to be downed airmen so they could uncover the secret networks.

"Sometimes they were not the right people and we had to do something about that," she said. "We had an unofficial court with a judge and a lawyer and then they had to be shot, of course."

When she met David, she was impressed by his calm demeanor but she did not take any chances. She copied information from his dog tags for a radio operator to check with British intelligence.

The next day, she bought two tickets to Maastricht, near the Belgian border, and stayed with David during the three-hour train ride. Along the way, German soldiers were "everywhere," David says, but Folmer's confidence helped him relax.

Folmer introduced David to two men who were waiting at the train station and said goodbye.

Three and a half months after dropping behind enemy lines, David walked through waist-deep snow over the Pyrenees and to freedom.

A few weeks later, Folmer was arrested. She spent time in prison camps until she was liberated by the Russian army. She had helped more than 300 people, including 120 Allied airmen.

Three of the men who helped David were arrested. One was executed; two died in prison camps.

Frank Lashinsky, 82, of Cornwall, Pa., was a tail gunner in a B-24 who was shot down over German-occupied Yugoslavia and rescued. "We have a rare bond," he said. "There's such a small number of people who had a situation like us who were behind enemy lines and got out."

Some comments to USA TODAY:

"This was one of the BEST articles I've read in a long time. One of practical courage, endurance and confirmation of conscious commitment. Thank You!"

"The Resistance were great men and women whose names and memories should go down in the history of mankind. I sincerely hope and pray that the world does not see such 'madness' of those days again. Brave men and women!"

"I find it amazing that the American people today will readily 'bash' the French, and other Europeans, but quickly forget that many of them risked their lives in the partisan movements within their countries. This is a great piece, a refreshing break from today's news."



Clayton David uses a Kansas fence post to display his special bomber jacket. The jacket is embroidered with the numbers of every fighter and bomber group based in England in World War II.

*The
cameras
were
rolling
for the
2007
reunion
in St. Louis*



This group includes several new AFEES directors, formed up at the reunion, from the left: Richard Shandor, Gerry Dechambre, Ray Kubly, Sandra Comstock and Beverly Patton Wand.



Active duty personnel at Scott Air Force Base were part of the annual AFEES Memorial Service on Saturday morning, May 4.



Felicia Atkinson, a granddaughter of AFEES co-founder Leslie Atkinson, took part in the annual memorial service at St. Louis.



This is your group of the AFEES Board of Directors, in formation at the 2007 reunion. Back row: Frank Lashinsky, Sandra Comstock, Larry Grauerholz, Clayton David, Bob Sweatt, Richard Smith and Ray Kubly; front row: Mary Sweatt, Francene Weyland, Ralph Patton and Yvonne Daley-Brusselmans.



Members of the Scott AFB precision drill team looked plenty sharp in their appearance before the AFEES reunioneers at the base.



Several helpers at St. Louis stood up for this shot (from the left): Joke Folmer, Godelieve Pena, Gabriel Sauer, Maita Floyd, President Richard Smith, Marguerite Brouard Fraser and Yvonne Daley. AFEES chairman/co-founder Ralph Patton is seated in front .



Gilbert Sauer, French helper now living in North Carolina, prepares to light a candle during the annual memorial service at the St. Louis reunion.



Sandra Comstock, a director of AFEES, found herself in the company of two industrious Friend members: Zig Zigler, barkeep par excellence (left) and Cappy Bie, who has spent many hours (and \$\$\$) recording wartime memories of members on DVD.

She taught evaders how to blend in

Airmen honor our special allies

By JENNIFER A. BOWEN
News-Democrat, Belleville, Ill.

As a young girl during WWII, Yvonne Daley-Brusselmans and her parents helped more than 130 Allied airmen evade capture by German forces.

Daley-Brusselmans is a "helper" member of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society and she, along with a couple hundred military members and other helper members, were at a ceremony Friday morning at Scott Air Force Base that kicked off three days of reunion activities for the organization.

The organization's aim is to encourage airmen aided by resistance organizations or patriotic nationals of foreign countries to continue the friendships they developed with those who helped them get home. Helper members are the people who either directly aided the airmen or are family members of helpers. To be eligible for membership, a person must have been a U.S. airman and must have been forced down behind enemy lines. Members also must have either avoided captivity or escaped from captivity.

Most U.S. members fought in

WWII, and the current list of helpers worldwide is more than 600.

Daley-Brusselmans' mother, Anne, led the men safely out of Belgium as part of the underground support system of Allied troops.

Daley-Brusselmans helped by teaching the men how to fit into European society unnoticed so they could avoid becoming German prisoners of war.

"I sewed dog tags into their cuffs so they could have them but not show them," she said. "I taught them to eat the European way, taught them how to light their cigarettes without looking like they were on an Air Force base. I taught them not to be jangling change in the pockets."

She underplays her role, saying she helped "in a very small way."

"We wanted the Germans out," she said. "It was a duty what we did. My mother always told me that to send back a man to his wife or sweetheart or family, it was a duty that had to be done. I would have wanted someone to do the same for me."

Richard Smith, president of the organization, was one of those aided by European helpers during WWII.

He went down outside Paris and was aided by sympathizers on the ground and returned to Allied forces.

"With the help of those wonderful people on the ground we managed to evade being captured by Germans and put in POW camps," he said. "At one time AFEES had over 1,000 members. But time has taken its toll on us, and we are down to just over 400."

Air Force General Duncan McNabb, commander of Air Mobility Command at the base, is actively involved with the organization and worked to help make Scott Air Force Base the first Air Force base to host its reunion.

"One of these helpers said to me, 'If (Allies) had not come to our rescue, we'd be under Nazi rule today,' McNabb said. "When I talk to these airmen, they say, 'If it weren't for our helpers, we would have never made it home alive..'"

The organization has several private events planned for the weekend at Scott Air Force Base and in St. Louis, including a memorial ceremony for airmen who didn't make it to safety when they went down, and helpers who were caught aiding Allied airmen and killed.

Museum asking for artifacts

The Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum at Savannah is seeking wartime artifacts for the expansion of the escape and evasion exhibit being prepared for dedication in 2008.

Any 3D memorabilia and other artifacts relating to escape and evasion would be welcome.

For more information, contact Kerry Brown at the museum, phone 912-748-8888, ext. 109.



Gen. Duncan McNabb, of the Air Mobility Command at Scott Air Force Base, listens to Yvonne Daley-Brusselmans.



This photograph, published in the FALL 2006 issue of Communications, was taken on or about July 1, 1944, when General Draza Mihailovich arrived at Ravna (Mount) Gora in Yugoslavia. Cecil Wink of Evansville, Ind., a member of the Frederick Barrett crew, has furnished identification of eight members of his crew. Front row, from left: Lewis Pavlovich, photographer; a member of another crew; a Chetnik, W. Cecil Wink, ball gunner; Chester Flower, tail gunner; a member of another crew.

Standing, same order:

an Unknown, David O'Connell, waist; Joe Indrisek, top turret; Robert Leber, waist; General Mihailovich; Donald Parkerson, bombardier, and Vernon Hunt, radio operator. Pilot Frederick Barrett is not in the photo and Co-pilot Emanuel Gerogalas was captured by Germans.

**By W. CECIL WINK
Evansville, Ind.**

David O'Connell, waist gunner on our crew, bought a roll of film from a Chetnik and had him take pictures and then the film was given to David. He brought the film back to the States and had it developed. He sent all crew members a set of pictures.

In 1984, my wife and I were going to Europe to take delivery of a car and were planning to tour Yugoslavia as part of our six weeks there.

My wife wrote the Yugoslav tourist office in New York City, telling them of our plans to visit the

Pranjini area where I was cared for for 66 days. She also asked for information about other areas we wanted to visit in Yugoslavia. No answer was received. But we received our visa without a problem.

We motored in Yugoslavia for a few days in the countryside, stopping in villages for the nights. After a few days in Belgrade, we headed south to try to find Ravna Gora. At the time I did not know that the airfield had been at Pranjani. (Our plane was shot down over Belgrade on June 6, 1944, and we were rescued on Aug. 10, 1944.)

We stopped at a hotel in a small town about 35

miles south of Belgrade. The police appeared a few minutes after I was showing my pictures. The police apparently thought we were revolutionaries!

The car was searched, and after a few hours we had to follow the police back to Belgrade. We were questioned at the Belgrade police headquarters. Our passports had been taken from us but at about 7 p.m. my wife was given her passport and we were released to a hotel for one night.

We immediately went to the American embassy, which was closed for the day. A Colonel McKeever was leaving and directed us to a lovely restaurant in the Old Town part of Belgrade.

We went back to the embassy the next morning and a Yugoslav-born employee was assigned to accompany us to the police station. She held my wife's passport for the visit. The hearing became very heated during the time we were there. Eventually, it was decided to let us travel at will to sightsee.

All my pictures, except the one shown below, were confiscated in Belgrade. I told the police that all the people were Americans. Actually, the man in the center of the back row is a Chetnik. Could that have been Miodrag Pesic?



HIDDEN HISTORY...

How 432 airmen evaded

From The Washington Times,
Thursday, Aug. 9, 1984

By DAVID MARTIN and
THOMAS K. FORD Jr.

For a number of veterans of the Office of Strategic Services and the U.S. Army Air Force, August 9 is a special anniversary marking their 1944 rescue in *Operation Halyard*.

Some 250 American airmen who had been shot down over Yugoslavia on their way back from raids on Axis oil installations and communications in Romania were evacuated by three waves of C-47s from a makeshift airfield only 80 miles from Belgrade, in what was probably the largest and most daring operation of its kind in occupied Europe during the whole of World War II.

Through this and subsequent evacuations from secret airfields in Yugoslavia, the Halyard Mission accounted for 432 airmen rescued and

returned to combat duty.

The airmen who were evacuated had been saved by the forces of Gen. Draza Mihailovich, the Yugoslav resistance leader who had initially been supported by Britain and the United States, but who had been abandoned in early 1944 in favor of Marshal Tito and his communist Partisans.

The central facts about the rescue were not made public at the time, even though security played no role once the Halyard team had completed its mission.

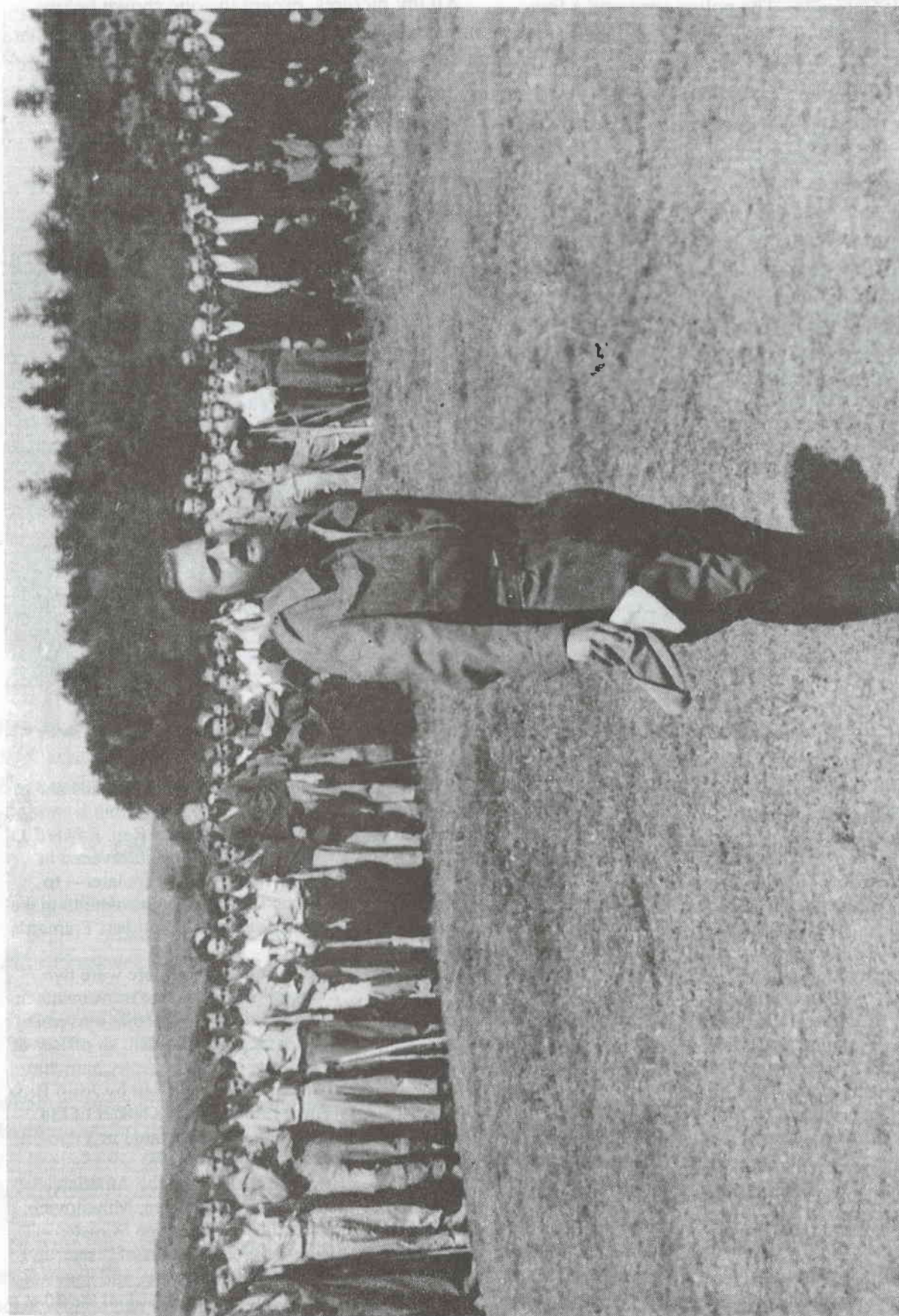
On March 29, 1948, President Harry S. Truman, on the recommendation of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, awarded the Legion of Merit in the Degree of Chief Commander to Gen. Mihailovich in recognition of his services to the Allied cause.

But for the first and only time in American history, the award of the

Legion of Merit was classified and kept secret. The facts about it were not made public until Rep. Edward J. Derwinski of Illinois intervened in 1967 -- almost 20 years later -- to oblige the State Department to make public the text of President Truman's citation.

During the war there were two competitive resistance movements in Yugoslavia -- the Chetnik movement led by Gen. Mihailovich, an officer of the Royal Yugoslav Army, and the Partisan movement, led by Josip Broz Tito, who had been a leader of the communist underground in Yugoslavia during the '30s.

The British and the Americans initially supported Gen. Mihailovich. But in late 1943, Prime Minister Churchill, on the basis of biased and inaccurate intelligence, and against the recommendations of all the 40-odd British and American officers who had been attached to Gen.



At Ravna Gora: Airmen, left; Chetniks, right

Mihailovich, decided to withdraw support from him, and throw Britain's full support to the communist forces led by Marshal Tito.

The justification put out at the time was that the Partisans were fighting the Germans, whereas the Chetniks were allegedly collaborating with them. President Roosevelt, with considerable reluctance, went along with this decision because it had been agreed that Mr. Churchill would have prime say in all matters related to the Balkans.

At the time the rescued airmen were evacuated from Yugoslavia, Gen. Mialovich had been receiving no support from the Allies for months, while the Partisan forces had been receiving massive shipments of arms and ammunition which they were using for repeated attacks against the Chetnik positions.

The policy of abandoning Gen. Mihailovich and the charges of collaboration with the enemy simply wouldn't have made sense if the press had published the story of the rescue of 432 American airmen by the forces of Gen. Mihailovich.

Thus, one of the tightest censorship of WWII was imposed, in both Britain and America.

The Ploesti oil complex in Romania was Hitler's most important source of oil during World War II. Shortly after the Allies installed themselves in Italy in the fall of 1943, they embarked on a sustained campaign of bombing directed against Ploesti. During the first part of 1944, many hundreds of American airmen who were forced to bail out over Yugoslavia found themselves being picked up by the Chetniks.

The casualties were heavy. Since the route home led across Serbia (Yugoslavia's largest state), and since Serbia was solidly under the control of Gen. Mihailovich until the entry of the Soviet Red Army in September 1944, hundreds of American airmen who were forced down over Yugoslavia were picked up by the Chetniks.

The overwhelming majority of the airmen who were evacuated from Gen. Mihailovich's territory had nothing but praise for the attention

the Chetniks lavished on them. William T. Emmett, the Air Force Intelligence officer responsible for interviewing rescued airmen who were evacuated from Chetnik-held territory, told a commission of inquiry in New York in June 1946 that of more than 200 rescued airmen he debriefed, not a single one reported an instance of airmen being turned over to the Germans, of maltreatment or of collaboration between the Chetniks and the Germans.

When the tail end of the British mission was evacuated from Yugoslavia on May 31, 1943, Capt. George Musulin, last of the American liaison officers with Gen. Mihailovich, was evacuated with them, as well as some 40 American airmen who had been forced down at various points in Yugoslavia and assembled at the makeshift airfield near Pranjani.

On Aug. 2, 1944, the Halyard Mission carried out a successful sortie -- on the first attempt. Apart from Captain Musulin, the other two members of the Halyard team were Michael Rajacich, who had joined OSS for hazardous duty after being told he was too old to be drafted, and Arthur Jibilian, a radio operator recruited from the Navy, who had seen earlier service in Yugoslavia on the Partisan side.

They parachuted into the area and hardly were they out of their harnesses when the peasant woman on whose property they had landed came charging up. Not stopping to notice her chicken coop, which had been demolished when the trio landed, she bestowed repeated kisses on the Americans, called them "liberators" -- she apparently thought it was part of a parachute invasion -- and insisted they have something to eat. Captain Musulin gave her 15,000 dinars -- about \$10 -- to cover the cost of her chicken coop, and she directed them to the nearby Chetnik unit.

The trio set off along the road in the direction indicated by the old woman, and around a bend they ran bang into a group of Chetniks. There were cheers and more kisses. Some of the Chetniks who knew Captain Musulin from his previous stay with

Gen. Mihailovich actually wept for joy; although Captain Musulin emphasized they were to attach no diplomatic significance to his arrival, the Chetniks could not help believing that it meant the return of Allied backing.

Some of the American airmen almost wept for joy, too. They informed the mission that there were about 250 airmen in the district, of whom 26 were sick and wounded. The Chetnik peasants had been wonderful to them. The airmen told the mission how the peasants had given them their own beds, and had themselves slept on the floor, and how they had insisted on the airmen eating first while they themselves ate what was left.

The airmen were divided into six groups of 40 to 50 men, each quartered in a separate village, each under the command of its own officer, to minimize the danger if the Germans were to stage a surprise attack.

Each group was assigned to a definite wave of aircraft; they were not to report to the field until shortly before the assigned wave was due.

The Chetniks, for their part, had taken the most comprehensive security measures. The projected airfield was guarded by the 1st and 2nd Ravna Gora Corps under the command of Capt. Zvonko Vouchkovich and Maj. Muzikravich. The troops, numbering some 10,000, were distributed through all the villages within a radius of 10 to 15 miles. They blocked all the roads and even the cow paths, and enforced total ban on movements to and from the operational area.

Two thousand of the best-armed men were distributed in the immediate vicinity of the airstrip.

The first evacuation was scheduled for the night of Aug. 9. At 11 o'clock the first wave of four C-47s arrived. The ground crew flashed letters of the day. The aircraft flashed back. The flares, improvised out of oil cans, were lit. And the aircraft came in.

The C-47s took off half an hour later. Before they did, the airmen who were being evacuated bade

goodbye to those who had rescued them and cared for them. They took off their shoes, they took off their jackets and some of them even their socks and their shirts, and left them with their benefactors. The planes took off to the cheers of the assembled peasants.

At 8 o'clock the next morning, a wave of six C-47s came in with a fighter cover of 20 P-51s.

Half an hour later, another flight of C-47s with fighter cover, came in for the balance of the airmen. When the roll call for the last aircraft was taken, one airman was missing. The C-47 was just taxiing out for takeoff when the missing airman came stumbling onto the field. He had been overindulging in *rakia*, the potent Serbian plum brandy.

Capt. Nick Lalich, who came in on the first aircraft on the night of Aug. 9, took over as commanding officer of the Halyard Mission when Capt. Musulin returned to Italy under orders on the evening of Aug. 26.

With every passing day, new batches of rescued airmen kept arriving at Pranjani. One week after the big evacuation of Aug. 9-10, there was another small evacuation.

Gen. Mihailovich arrived at Pranjani on Aug. 20, and helped plan subsequent evacuations. On the nights of Aug. 26 and 27, another 58 American airmen were evacuated.

In exchange for the more than 300 American airmen turned over by Gen. Mihailovich up to the end of August, the Chetniks received 1 1/2 tons of medical supplies -- half an aircraft load. In certain British and American circles at Bari, there was opposition to sending in even this small quantity.

In early September the Partisan "Serb Lika Brigade" broke through on Gen. Mihailovich southern flank, bypassing German garrisons at Visegrad, Uzice, and Pozhega, and made straight for Chetnik headquarters at Pranjani. On Sept. 9, Gen. Mihailovich broke camp and moved northward through the region of Semberija to Bosnia.

On Sept. 17 the Air Crew Rescue Unit evacuated about 20 airmen from an airstrip near Koceljevo, on the

Valjevo-Shabac highway. While a battle between Partisans and Chetniks was raging no more than four miles away, two DC-3s came in with a cover of six fighters and took off the Americans.

Towards the end of October, another evacuation of American airmen took place from an airstrip at Boljanich, eight miles east of Duboy.

Continuing his travels to Chetnik headquarters, Capt. Lalich picked up another nine airmen near Visegrad, seven injured airmen near Srendaje, 20 km north of Sarajevo, and a few other points. Capt. Lalich, with the 24 airmen he had accumulated by that time, decided to return to the airstrip at Boljanich.

On Dec. 10, the day before they left Srednje for Boljanich, the villagers staged a big dance in honor of Gen. Mihailovich and the Americans. People came from as far as Sarajevo to attend. Gen. Mihailovich made a speech and led the *kolo*.

The following day, Gen. Mihailovich and Capt. Lalich shook hands for the last time.

The general refused an American offer to be evacuated to safety in Italy -- because he considered it a compelling moral duty to remain with his people.

Capt. Lalich, with his wounded airmen on horses, headed north for Beljanich under Chetnik escort. The final evacuation took place from Boljanich airstrip on Dec. 27. At the time reports had arrived of the rescue of several groups of airmen in other parts of Serbia.

In view of the diplomatic impossibility of continuing evacuations from Chetnik territory, the Chetnik command agreed to forward airmen to Partisan units.

What happened to Gen. Mihailovich after he collaborated with the Americans in arranging the evacuation of 432 rescued airmen?

The Red Army had entered Yugoslavia from Bulgaria at the end of September. The Mihailovich forces collaborated with the Red Army in the capture of a number of major centers -- but it soon became apparent that the communist forces,



both Soviet and Yugoslav, were committed to destruction of the Chetnik army.

Gen. Mihailovich and some of his unit held out in the mountains of Yugoslavia for another year and a half, but the odds were hopelessly against them. On March 25, 1946, the Belgrade press proudly announced that Gen. Mihailovich had been captured. On June 10, 1946, he was brought to trial.

After a Moscow show trial which excluded all evidence for the defense and whose blatant unfairness was editorially condemned by every major newspaper in the Free World, Gen. Mihailovich was executed on July 15.

One Liberator crew's experience

By **GEORGE H. KELLING**
San Antonio, Tex.

It was a rough mission. With a late afternoon takeoff and diversion from the primary target at Hamm, Liberator, "K for King," flew down the length of the heavily-defended and closely-observed Ruhr to the secondary at Koblenz. The crew had recently joined the 45th Bomb Group at Tibenham and it was their first mission over Germany.

It was a doozie. At the low and rear place in the formation, the Koblenz defenses had K for King zeroed in with what two of the crew still remember as "flak you could get out and walk on." K for King received a mortal blow and 2nd Lt. Charles Riddle, the pilot, ordered the bomb load jettisoned ("I guess they hit Germany somewhere," remembers John Bryant, the bombardier) and headed west for England. The Channel was in sight, but out of range when Riddle ordered the crew to bail out.

None of the crew was wounded, and all 10 made a safe parachute landing. Strange to say, the wounded Liberator continued to fly level and to make a crash landing in a field near the southern Belgian town of Espierres (Spiere in Flemish) at dusk.

Inhabitants of Espierres swarmed out to see one of the aircraft which they had watched going over their town for the past year. The Germans were not far behind, and they secured the area and salvaged the plane.

Four of the crew were rounded up quickly. Lt. John Sneed, the copilot, gunner sergeants Harold White, and Harry Kolinski were captured within a few hours of their landing. Sgt Charles Coffman, another gunner, made contact with a farmer at Kooigen, but one of the crowd who gathered to see him apparently informed, and he was picked up by the Germans the following day.

Sergeants Cockriel and



Sergeants James Cockriel, left, and John Mahoney, with the Resistance in Belgium in mid-1944.

Mahoney, tail gunner and engineer-gunner respectively, landed near to one another on the outskirts of the village of Ingooigem-Vichte. They soon met student Roger Dubois, of nearby Otegem, who spoke to them in English and hid them in a small wood until nightfall.

With darkness Dubois led them to "De Grebe," the farmhouse of M. and Mine. Michel Vandenbroucke-Jansens and their three children at Ingooigem. Since the penalty for harboring Allied evades was death or shipment to a concentration camp, taking in the aviators was a grave decision.

They asked Father Josef Rathe of Ingooigem to visit them the night the Americans arrived, and the priest not only counseled them to harbor the fugitives, but took on part of their care himself.

The decision to hide the flyers seems to have been almost instinctive. The eldest child of the family, remembered them well:

We arranged that the flyers could sleep that night in a small shed next to the goats. The next day my mother cleaned up the attic. She made up the bed and placed a few chairs and a sofa.

Once hidden, the next order of

business was civilian clothing for the two. The clothes the family found were too big, but a tailor, "silent like a grave" in Josef's words, altered them to fit.

For the next four months, Mahoney and Cockriel stayed in the farmhouse, with occasional visits of several days to Ingooigem to visit Father and stay in the church.

Mine. Vandenbroucke put them to work on the farm, although they had to remain inside the house during daylight. On their visits to Father Rathe, they cleaned the church and polished the brass. Rathe, now deceased, remembered the two Americans well. Two Belgian researchers visited Father Rathe shortly before his death.

Although the priest was extremely ill and somewhat confused, he lit up at the mention of "Jim and "John."

Jim and John were young, strong, well-trained, and had been selected for gunnery school for their intelligence, dexterity, quick-wittedness, and aggression. There was a war on, and they were determined to do their share. They were received by the Waregem sector of the Belgian Secret Army and participated in patrols and other activities with the local guerrilla band.

K for King's ill-fated mission took place 45 days before the OVERLORD invasion, and after an initial bog down in Normandy, Montgomery's 21st Army Group broke out of the beachhead and moved into Belgium. The Waregem Secret Army came into the open on September 5, and took over the town. A British armored vehicle came into the town, and celebrations ensued, honoring the veterans and victims of the two world wars, and in particular the two Americans fighting alongside the local resistance.

The rejoicing was premature, and as the British patrol left, the resistance leaders realized they were

under-armed and vulnerable. The resistants evacuated the college and the town and took to the maquis in the Spitalbossen (scene of an American battle in 1918). German troops reoccupied the town, executing two members of the resistance and six uninvolved civilians.

The resistance party made contact with the British once again by the De Cock house on the edge of the Spitalbossen. One of the resistants, Josef Duthoy, remembers it well: "In the direction of Anzegem, we heard a rattling noise of tanks. An English tank drove by, followed closely by an armored car.. We immediately ran towards the troops to tell them the situation, but we hardly had the chance to do that."

Cockriel put it more plainly: "That was when all hell broke loose. The Germans were up in the woods nearby with an 88. Trees were flying through the air. They knocked the tank and half-track out and captured us."

The British column had gotten in the way of a retreating German unit and in the ensuing melee two British troopers were killed. The resistants, including the two Americans, tried to get back to the forest, but were captured.

As survivor Daniel Demulle remembers: "We crawled over the cabbage field [of the De Cock farm] towards the forest. We were not even halfway when a group of German soldiers came out of the forest, shouting 'hands up. We were brought to a dirt road coming out of the forest."

They were rounded up in front of the De Cock house and De Mulle continues: "A young SS noncommissioned officer, who was in my opinion not older than 18, shouted that all the civilians must be killed." According to De Cock, who saw the incident from his house, resistant chief Josef Duthoy stepped forward, said "Voor God en V..." (For God and country), and was shot down. With his small automatic weapon the SS trooper

emptied a magazine."

De Mulle had the presence of mind to fall just before the shot, and Mahoney fell on top of him. There was more to come. De Mulle continues: On the question 'sind allen todt? [are they all dead?] I heard the click of another magazine pushed into the weapon.

Immediately another salvo came, then I was hit in my shoulder."

Cockriel's narrative fits that of De Mulle: "They searched everybody and one of the resistance men kept his pistol. The leader saw it and he shot all six of us and when we were on the ground he shot us again."

Both Americans and DeMulle were wounded. DeMulle was able to make his way to the De Cock farmhouse nearby. The farmer went back to retrieve Cockriel, but did not realize Mahoney was still alive.

A German soldier returning to the scene of the massacre noted the young sergeant moving and gave him the coup de grace. Five Belgian resistants lay dead, and three others were killed nearby.

The situation at the De Cock house was perilous. The Germans were scared and deadly. In the early hours of September 7, De Cock sent his wife with a note from De Mulle to seek help.



*Photo of 2nd Lt. John Bryant,
taken by photographer for
forged documents.
He died March 24, 2007*

FALL 2007

A doctor commandeered a fire truck to go to the house to pick up the two wounded. The ruse worked, and they arrived at Waregem without incident. During the day, the town was liberated for good, and it was possible to get the wounded to treatment. Cockriel was sent to a British military hospital in Brussels, then repatriated to his unit. He joined his squadron on November 11, after more than five months behind enemy lines.

While the two sergeants were fighting with the guerrillas, the remaining four members of the crew were picked up by the resistance. Pilot Charles Riddle, navigator Ray Hargis, bombardier John Bryant, and radio operator Robert Varty of Illinois parachuted successfully, and by coincidence they were reunited less than a mile from where their aircraft crash landed. Riddle hit the ground at Moen.

He recalled in a postwar letter that he wandered in a generally southerly direction for the night. "The next morning I made my way to a dirt road where two young ladies came along and this was my entrance to the underground." He was picked up by Jean Lefebvrie, a soldier in the campaign of 1940, and a fervent patriot. He never gave up the struggle against the invader, and went out on his bicycle as the bombers returned from Germany, seeking out downed Allied crew members.

Lefebvre took Riddle to the home of Germaine Vercruysse and her brother Henri. Riddle's narrative continues: Jean Lefebvre came with an extra bicycle and we made our way to the home of Andre and Gilbert Delbeke in Dottinges."

In the middle of the night after Riddle had been removed Chez Vercruysse, there was a knock on the door. Filled with fright Germaine went to the door to find another airman, in flight suit and soaking wet, on the doorstep. Germaine (now deceased) remembered it thus:

Monday the 24th of April around 4 o'clock in the morning, I was

already awake when somebody knocked silently on the door. I opened the door and saw a man in a strange uniform. I immediately suspected he was from the bomber and motioned him to enter the house.

She sent her brother to find Lefebvre, meanwhile:

...the crewmember stayed with me and had a cup of ersatz coffee. He opened a map on my table and wanted to know where he was ...That was the second American who ended here.

The airman was Lt. Ray Hargis, the navigator, who had lived in the fields since he landed. Cold and hungry, he saw the light in the window and came to the house. He was suspect, since the Vercruysse house was located between the houses of two known collaborators.

His appearance was good luck for Hargis, but it certainly made the resistance suspicious. The downed aviators looked like Americans, but it was necessary to be certain. Hargis was soon identified by the other crew members, and remained at the Vercruysse house for the time being.

Bryant landed safely and began moving to the south. He was concerned about German search parties with dogs, so he went part of the way waist-deep in a stream. Along the way he ran into Varty and the two of them continued together. Bryant remembers that they were run away from the big houses but that the poor farmers would feed them. One of the farmers gave them an egg in beer, which was new to him, but quite welcome.

The Flemish countryside was densely populated, and the two airmen could not go far without being noticed. They were spotted by a local farmer, who told his neighbor, M. Arthur Ghilbert. Ghilbert took them to a hiding place. That was April 25.

He came back that same evening and brought them to his home in the village of Herinnes. After feeding the two airmen and allowing them to clean up, he showed them where



Waregem Resistance members lead the funeral procession for Sgt. John Mahoney, killed on the eve of liberation in Belgium.

to sleep on his farm while he summoned help.

M. Allard, a businessman from nearby Doornik, had visited the United States several times and spoke good English. He was able to talk to the two aviators, after which he and Ghilbert sent word to the Mayor, Marc Van De Castele, asking him to get the local policeman to assist. Clique, the gendarme, got hold of the resistance, and Jean Lefebvre and Andre Delbeke picked up the two and took them to a new hiding place. After several switches of safe houses, Lefebvre decided that the German hunt had more or less subsided and he reunited the aviators at the Vercruysse house, where they stayed for a further twelve days. They were made welcome there, and they remembered the house with affection.

While the four airmen were hiding, the resistance was making plans to get them into one of the

escape networks. Lefebvre and Vercruysse got bicycles for the four Americans, and led them to a home on the French border. They stayed there for a few days, then Lefebvre conducted them across the frontier.

Writing some 12 years later, Riddle recalled that Lefebvre stopped them near the German border control point, and then went forward to pay off the German guard. They then crossed, the guard turning his back to them. The Americans were then picked up by brothers Joseph and Fortune Fournier from the French side of the line, and Georges Carrette from Belgium.

The next stop was the house of fruit and vegetable merchant Fidele Dubois, in Mons-en-Pevele. Hargis remembers being secreted in one part of the house while Germans were doing business in another room.

On May 14, the Americans were given into the care of an Allied agent, Marcel. He arrived with a big

car, a big cigar, and a lovely woman on his arm. It all looked good. Too good, in Bryant's opinion. He recalled 60 years later, "They were too prosperous-looking and they had a car. It just didn't look right." Bryant argued against going with Marcel, but was outvoted. He should have followed his gut feeling.

Marcel spoke perfect English, and was the spirit of affability as they motored towards Arras. In the course of his conversation, he pointed out the British monuments commemorating the Somme battles of World War I. At a German roadblock on the outskirts of Arras Marcel reassured them, explaining that it was just a driver's license check.

Within seconds, they were surrounded by German soldiers, trapped in the car, and they knew they had been betrayed. After watching Marcel receive his pay from the Germans, the Americans were taken to Arras. Fidele Dubois was arrested. He was sent to Germany in one of the last convoys to leave for the concentration camps, and he died only days before the liberation.

The Germans did not employ any rough stuff but there was no opportunity to escape. Sergeant Varty was separated from the three officers and was never seen again. We will probably never know what happened, but he was shot and killed that day.

The U.S. Army conducted a postwar investigation into the incident, but if the conclusions exist, I have not found them. From the nature of his wounds, being shot in the chest and abdomen, it is likely that he tried to escape and didn't get away.

The three ended up in Oflaf III at Sagan, Prussia, and were reunited with Riddle. Sneed was in the same camp, but they never saw him again.

The identity of the traitor is unclear, but there are two good candidates. Belgian traitor George Prosper De Zitter had lived in

Canada, spoke unaccented Canadian English, and was a plausible con man.

Perhaps an even better candidate was the renegade British Sergeant Harold Cole. Cole began as a helper in the "Pat," or "Pat O'Leary" escape line, then changed sides and to the end of the war some of his contacts did not know he was a German agent.

The eight Americans returned to the States and got on with their lives.

The incident has not been forgotten in Europe. Rue Jean Lefebvre in Espierres runs along the field where the aircraft landed. Rue Fidele Dubois in Mons-en-Pevele commemorates the martyr of that town. I have visited Espierres, and the story is well remembered.

This unfortunate story illustrates

New Members

W. CECIL WINK

113 Thompson Ave.

Evansville, IN 47715-7445

Ph.: 812-491-2844

15th AF, 363rd BG

Wife: Doris

RICHARD R. BOSTER

4710 Marrakesh Dr.

Palm Desert, CA 92260-5819

Ph.: 760-346-4005

15th AF, 455th BG

<rboster@d.c.r.com

New 'Friends'

MAURICE W. McCALL "FFL"

3511 Keesler Blvd.

Wichita Falls, TX 76309

Ph.: 940-692-3080

1st pilot, flew 33 missions
with 493rd BG, 8th AF

MARGUERITE WALLACE "F"

5000 Somerby Dr.

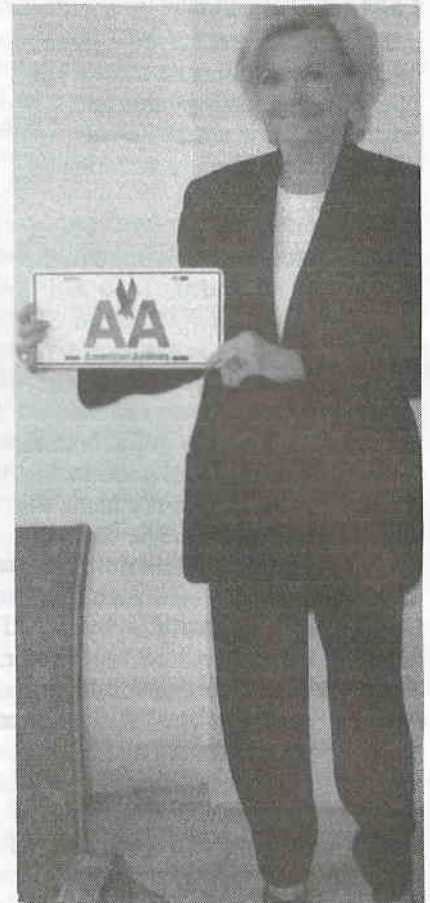
Huntsville, AL 35802-1267

Ph.: 256-882-0539

Her father, William le Petit, was a helper in northern France, near Belgium and the coast. They emigrated to the U.S. after the war.

the realities of underground war. While the resistance had the sympathy of the mass of the people, the opposition was alert. What went wrong?

In the dirty business which was the European shadow war, the crew and their helpers simply lacked the most important asset of all: Luck.



Vera Aster is "one of the nice people left in the world." (See Page 32 Summer Communications).

She is the American Airlines customer service manager at Miami who rescued AFEES Helper Milan Buros when he lost his wallet en route home from the St. Louis reunion.

Vera has worked for AA more than 16 years. She says that she feels honored for being able to touch such an "outstanding group" as AFEES.

DOWN IN THE BALKANS

Paul flown out by a Russian C-47

Fighter Pilot Paul Swanson, an escort of B-24s to Malacky, Czechoslovakia, was shot down by ground fire on 20 Sept. 1944, during the return trip when the squadron went down to seek targets of opportunity.

*He was flown back to Italy on a Russian C-47.
This is his story.*

By PAUL G. SWANSON
Stow, Ohio

The target was a train stopped in a town. Since this was my second mission and the first with our guns being fired, I didn't have a clear idea of what was going on. I do remember that someone called in a warning that the train had a flak car and they were firing at us. I was flying No. 4 position and all I could think of was to stay with my leader.

As I recall, airplanes seemed to be going everywhere. I saw another plane directly ahead of me and I pulled up slightly to avoid running into it.

Someone yelled, "Stay down" and at that moment my plane was hit. There was a hole in the right wing close to the fuselage and I thought, "Boy, do I have something to show the guys when I get back to base!"

The guys being the new pilots with whom I had come overseas and into the squadron

We continued on the deck for some time and I remember shooting at a factory building, but doubt that my attack did much damage. We pulled up over a ridge and went on at a fairly low level for a few minutes, then the engine of my plane quit.

My major concern now was that I was too close to the ground to bail out. So I pulled back on the stick, ejected the canopy, unbuckled my harness, stood up on the seat and jumped. But my foot caught in the

cockpit and I had to pull myself back in to free it. Once I got free of the plane, I pulled the ripcord immediately because I knew I was close to the ground.

The opening was exciting -- and reassuring. As soon as the chute opened I could see that I was not very high. I could see people with guns running toward me. I think that I oscillated twice and then hit the ground, luckily on a field. I rolled up the chute, hid it in a fence row, and took off, running through a corn field.

Freddie Ohr was leading the squadron and he flew over me with wheels down, to show that he was going to try to land pick me up.

He made several passes, but the field was not big enough. In the meantime, I could see all the people running toward me, and many had guns. I ran back into the cornfield and hid. When the soldiers ran by me, headed to the crashed plane which was close to where I landed, I saw the red star on their caps.

I stood up and approached them with my hands up. Then the fun began; no one understood or spoke a word of English. After some time, my college German allowed some conversation with one member of the group. It seemed that I had landed very close to a Partisan headquarters of some type. I spent the night in a farm house which served as their command post. I remember patrols coming and going during the two days I spent with them.

The following morning a man arrived who could speak English. He had been sent for and had walked about 15 miles to reach us. He acted as the interpreter until I left the group. The interesting thing about this man was that he had lived in the U.S. for some time and had returned to Yugoslavia before the war started. He had lived and worked in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, within a hundred miles of my home town.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, I was informed that they were going to move me to another location to meet a British liaison group which was operating in the Partisan-held area. After dark we set out in a captured German automobile. I don't remember much about the trip, except that there were six of us in a very small auto, driving at night without lights and being stopped several times at Partisan checkpoints.

Sometime after midnight we arrived in a city of some size and three of us left the car and crossed a river, climbing and walking along remains of a bombed-out bridge. After crossing we walked for some ways and reached what turned out to be a tavern, with two British soldiers inside drinking up a storm.

I introduced myself and the Partisans left. The drinking continued and I was invited to join in. After some time we left in a British Jeep for a wild ride through the countryside at high speeds -- without lights. We finally arrived at their base, in a farm house. These people had been parachuted in at various times; some had been there for more than two years.

I spent two days with them; during this time the crew of a B-17, which had been shot down, was brought in. This liaison group arranged for the evacuation of wounded Partisans as well as downed airmen. They contacted their commander every night by radio.

Arrangements were made for the B-17 crew and me to fly out on a Russian C-47 that was evacuating wounded to Bari, Italy. The plane arrived and landed on a runway outlined by bonfires. We all flew to Bari and from there I hitchhiked via airplane to our base at Madna.

+++++
Capt. Fred Ohr reported: "As I made several passes to try to make a landing, I saw a number of civilians waving in a friendly manner."

BOOKS

A story of two British lads and the Eighth

David and the Mighty Eighth, the story of a British boy and a Texas airman in World War II by Marjorie Hodgson Parker of Wichita Falls, Tex., is being published this fall.

The book is dedicated to David Hastings and the late Roger Freeman, and to members of the Eighth.

In a dust-jacket comment, Lt. Gen. (Ret.) E.G. Shuler, former commander of the Eighth Air Force, writes:

"Marjorie Parker has proved to be a masterful story teller in producing this gripping story set in World War II England. *David and the Mighty Eighth* is a 'must-read' for young people, especially those who have a thirst to understand what English families endured during the war. I commend it to all readers, young and old alike."

Based on actual events, this historical fiction recounts David's adventures and the forging of his friendship with an American pilot. The friendly airmen of the 8th Air Force give David hope and permanently influence his life.

The book is available from Bright Sky Press, PO Box 416, Albany TX 76430; 866-933-6133 <www.brightskypress.com>. Price is \$17.95, plus P&H.



On her visit to the Mighty Eighth AF Museum at Savannah last month, Reunion Coordinator Yvonne Daley (left) got to pose with Museum CEO Walt and Alice Brown.

FALL 2007

Daughter writes about her dad's time as a POW

Thomas F. Jeffers, bombardier with the 458th BG, was shot down over Germany on his third mission. He was a POW at Stalag Luft III for seven months and then at Stalag VIIA in Moosburg for three more.

His story is told in a book by his daughter, Marilyn Walton, who lives in the Dayton area.

By combing archive records in England, Germany, Poland and the U.S., Marilyn Jeffers Walton has reconstructed the final mission of her father and his crew.

She searched for and located the remaining men of her father's crew and reunited them after 60 years.

The book, *Rhapsody in Junk -- A Daughter's Return to Germany to Finish Her Father's Story*, was published by Author House. It can be purchased by calling 1-888-728-8467 or at <www.authorhouse.com>

British officer spent nine months on the run

Anthony Woods of London has researched the experiences of his father, a British army officer who made a successful "home run" from an Italian prison camp in 1943-44.

The officer spent nine months on the run, the last six months with a resistance group in the Abruzzo. Over the years Tony has traced and paid several visits to families who helped his father, even the leader of the partisans he fought with.

Now Tony has used the research to write a novel, exploring the relationship between a British POW and his Italian helpers and at the same time, giving an account of what conditions were like for both.

The novel, *Wolf on the Mountain*, draws on anecdotes about life at the time and seeks to give an account of what life was like for escapers and their Italian protectors.

The book is available for about \$22 U.S. at <www.amazon.com>

WWI battle site marker dedicated

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Pena Vanlaere of Lancourt, France live near the French community of Cantigny in the department of Somme, site of a World War I battle, one of the huge Allied offensives that would end the war.

The Penas represented AFEES at the July 8 ceremony at the dedication of a monument to the 28th Infantry Division, AEF, in Cantigny.

The base of the monument was dedicated this year as part of the first phase, and a statue of a 28th Infantry American soldier is to be erected and dedicated in 2008 as part of the second phase.

Mrs. Pena says, "The sacrifice from your country in 1917 was the same as 1941, and it was for our liberty and we will never forget."

Author soliciting bale-out stories

The author of *INTO THE SILK*, a long out-of-print book about the Caterpillar Club, is planning to produce an update for re-issue by his London publisher.

The book, first published in the U.K. and the U.S. in the late 1950s, and revised in 1978, dealt mostly with WWII incidents.

Aviation biographer Ian Mackersey, who now lives in New Zealand, is looking for some more good bale-out stories.

He is mainly interested in escapes at high altitude, at supersonic speed, at low altitude, under water, descents into inhospitable terrain, etc.

Contact him at:

Ian Mackersey, 12 Kakariki Ave., Mt. Eden, Auckland 1024, New Zealand; Phone 64-9-638-7585, Fax 654-9-630-0964, e-mail, <imp@ihug.co.nz>



News from the North

RAFES (Canadian Br.) Letter, July 2007

By ROY BROWN, Sec., Oakville, Ont.

Personal Items

Ray and Heather Sherk hosted a number of RAFES, POW's and Friends at the RCMI in Toronto on March 20th to celebrate his 85th birthday.

It is with a great deal of pride that I report Mary & I celebrated our 62nd wedding anniversary on June 8/07

Ken Woodhouse from Saskatoon has moved to an Assisted Living Building in order to be near to his wife who is resident in an adjoining nursing home Ken's New Address is #204 - 1233 Temperance St. Saskatoon Sask S7N 0P2 His phone remains the same 306-374-2056.

Jim and Ann Moffat have moved to Ontario from Pointe Clare PQ. Jim's new address is #308 - 15 Heartwood Drive Belleville ON K8P 5P4 New Phone 613-968-2591

Bill and Vi Robertson have changed residence in Belleville new address is 344 Front St. # 1011 Belleville ON Phone 613 967 1858

I have been advised by one of our members that, in a clandestine move the Board of RCAF Memorial Museum in Trenton changed the name and dropped "RCAF". It is now known as National Airforce Museum!!!!!! I would think this action would be very upsetting to many veterans of the RCAF.

Coffee Time: as in the past 3 or 4 of us have been getting together every few weeks for Coffee or hot chocolate at Tim Horton's in North York. While we don't solve all or any of the world problems, we do keep up on some activities of those attending. Please feel free to join us.

Ray and Heather Sherk attended the AFEES 2007 reunion and AGM held in St. Louis MO. On May 1- 8th they reported that it was a good reunion and they were graciously welcomed.

-FOLDED WINGS-

MEMBERS

POW Ernest C. King, Chanute, KS, 381st BG, Jan. 13, 2007
#607 Victor J. Ferrari, San Antonio, TX, 392nd BG, May 5, 2007
#1100 Harrison Clay Mellor, Gwynedd, PA, 448th BG, July 21, 2007

FRIENDS

RAAF Brian Gregory O'Connell, 463rd Sqdn., RAAF, July 29, 2007
RCAF Tom R. Wilby "L", Brunswick, Canada, 2004

HELPERS

M. Marcel HENNETIER, Rouen, France, 2007
M. Henri MAIGRET, Perpignan, France, 2007
Marie VAN DER MAAS, Kortgene, Holland, June 6, 2007
Mr. G. R. VELZEL, Meppel, The Netherlands, 2004

AFEES Directory Updates

(Changes are in **BOLDFACE** type.)

Leslie M. Avery 'L', **1825 Wishwood Dr.**, Washington, MO 63090-
3415; Ph.: 636-239-4597

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78249-1071; Ph.: 210-492-5475

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77707-5420

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L/C Pat N. Mann "L", **316 Barber Dr.**, **Copperas Cove**, TX
76522-8841

Cliff C. Mabry, **300 N. 3rd St., Ste. 200**, Wilmington, NC
28401-4099

Milton J. Mills Jr. "L", **750 Peyton St. #136**, **Barboursville**, WV,
25504-2057

Harold L. Naylor, **46661 Algonkian Pkwy.**, **Unit 110**, **Sterling** VA
20165-3675

Robert K. Schoonmaker, **685 S. La Posada Circ.**, **GH# 2603**,
Green Valley, AZ 85614-**5156**

Jack B. Sickels "L", **6795 Biley Rd.**, **Canal Winchester**, OH
43110-9630

FALL 2007

'Rosie' downed twice; prosecuted war criminals

From The Associated Press

NEW YORK -- Robert Rosenthal, a World War II bomber pilot (100th Bomb Group) who twice survived being shot down in raids over Europe and later served on the U.S. legal team that prosecuted Nazi war criminals at Nuremberg, died April 20, 2007, in Harrison, N.Y., at age 89.

Mr. Rosenthal's 52 missions included one, on Oct. 10, 1943, in which his aircraft was the only one of 13 to return from a raid on Munster. The rest were downed by anti-aircraft fire and Luftwaffe fighters.

His B-17 reached England with two of its four engines gone, severe wing damage and two wounded crew members.

His bomber was dubbed "Rosie's Riveter," a play on both his name and the sobriquet given to women working in U.S. defense factories.

His plane was disabled by flak over France in September 1944, and he suffered a broken arm and other injuries in a forced landing but was helped to safety by French resistance fighters.

Five months later, he was shot down again during a raid over Berlin, and got home with the aid of Russian troops, via Poland, Russia, Iran, Egypt, Greece and Italy.

Harrison Clay Mellor

Harrison Clay Mellor (E&E# 1100, 448th BG) of Gwynedd, Pa., age 93, died Saturday, July 21, 2007.

Lt. Mellor was pilot of a B-24 that was shot down near Paris on April 1, 1944. The mission was described in a book by Charles McBride, entitled *Mission Failure and Survival*.

Harrison was hidden by the French Underground for six months and sent across the border into Spain and back to England.

He is survived by his wife and two daughters.

FALL 2007

SERE training to be required for all

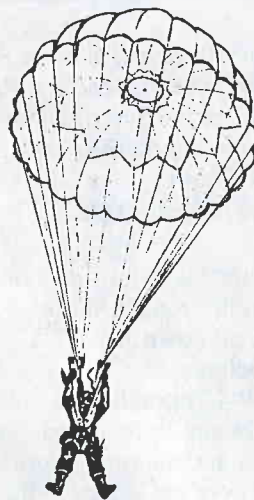
WASHINGTON-- Air Force Chief of Staff Gen. T. Michael Moseley met Aug. 10 at the Pentagon with several Air Force leaders to discuss the road ahead for survival, evasion, resistance and escape training.

Air Force leaders plan to broaden the focus of SERE training for all airmen due to the threat of isolation and capture for airmen supporting the war on terrorism.

"As we've seen recently, the capture of military personnel has the potential of exploding into a larger strategic event with global impacts," General Moseley said. "Today's battlefields are non-linear and non-contiguous; their shape and venue change constantly. I worry we've not prepared our airmen for the world we're operating in."

In today's ever-changing world, airmen increasingly find themselves in a non-traditional environment outside the wire. SERE training teaches airmen principles, techniques and skills to survive in any environment, avoid capture, resist and escape if captured.

SERE training is currently conducted on three levels. All airmen receive entry-level, or A-level, training. B-level is provided



to those with a moderate risk of capture and C-level is reserved for those with a high risk of capture. B- and C-level training is provided primarily to aircrew members, those traditionally in higher risk duties.

Col. Bill Andrews, a guest speaker at the summit, was an F-16 Fighting Falcon pilot flying his 35th mission in the final stages of Operation Desert Storm when he was shot down, captured and spent time as a POW.

"An airman captured faces grave moral and physical

challenges," Colonel Andrews said. "My training gave me a gut understanding that I was still at war and not in a time-out. My SERE training at the Air Force Academy, 14 years earlier, was clear as a bell, giving me the confidence to not break in the face of the enemy."

In addition to aircrews, advanced SERE training currently is provided to battlefield airmen, those with the responsibility for combat control, para-rescue, tactical air control and combat weather.

"This is a great day. For the first time in history, we're talking about preparing all airmen in the total force to deal with the increasing threat of isolation and capture," said Chief Master Sergeant John Myers, SERE career field manager.

"With the issues we've addressed at this summit, we've taken a great step forward in facing this ultimate challenge that confronts our airmen who fall into enemy hands," Colonel Andrews added.

General Moseley's new initiative will be to incorporate SERE training throughout the Air Force.

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Please complete and clip or copy this form to remit dues or to report changes.

(Dues are \$20 per year. Life Membership is \$100. Make checks payable to AFEES)
Send checks and changes to Clayton C. David, Membership Chair, 19 Oak Ridge Pond,
Hannibal, MO 63401-6539, U.S.A.

Name _____ Amount Included _____

Mailing Address _____

City and State _____ ZIP _____

Phone: (____) _____ E-Mail (Optional) _____

Comments _____

The editor has the last word

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ

<afees44@hotmail.com>

OR

<archerco@wf.quik.com>

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- Just so you know, it's Savannah for next year, and Dayton for 2009. That's the schedule for AFEES reunions.

More about the 2008 agenda and reservations forms will be in the December issue of this here rag.

Vice President Frank Lashinsky hitched a ride on a Collings Foundation B-24 on Aug. 18 for a flight from Coatesville, Pa., to Trenton, N.J.

Frank says he really enjoyed the flight but found that it was more difficult to board the plane than it was 60+ years ago.

Ken Brower (E&E 2019) flew the B-26 with the 9th Air Force in the war. I seem to recall that the 26 was called the "Widow Maker" because it was so difficult to land.

Now Ken is famous for something else. He is the Sweet Pickle King of Fort Worth, Tex.. Ken does his own gardening and cans pickles that he distributes to friends. The editor has been fortunate enough to be included in his distribution.

Mighty tasty pickles, Ken!

Ye scribe and spouse spent a few days in Florida early this month, visiting kinfolk in Orlando and barging in on Yvonne Daley for a few days near Tampa, supposedly to work on plans for the '08 reunion.

Actually, it was to test Yvonne's Scrabble expertise and to get acquainted with the new master of the Daley household, a Maltese/Bichou named *Pitchoo*, which in French means "Little Cabbage."

Our webmaster, Frank Haslam, has a new e/m address:
<Frank.Haslam@googlemail.com>

I must have had another Senior Moment when I labeled a photo on Page 27 of the Summer newsletter as Raymond Sherk, the Canadian visitor. It really was Charles Screws (E&E 673) of Abilene, Tex.

A friend is inquiring about Capt. Benjamin Truman Martin, 355th FG, who went down Jan. 29, 1944, near Ath, Belgium.

A P-47 pilot, he was aided by Georges and Romain Leblond, who hid him in their attic before he was turned over to Comete, who delivered him to Gibraltar. The Leblond family still has his flight jacket and whistle.

Any information should be sent to Herchuel Philippe, Sentier maroquin, 28, 7800 ATH, Belgium.

The Sept. 27 tv episode of *JEOPARDY* will feature special video clues taped during host Alex

Trebek's USO tour to Japan, in honor of the Air Force's 60th anniversary this year.

The Jeopardy crew visited Kadena AFB, Japan, in March. The video taped question clues at various base locations.

Featured will be 12 F-22 Raptors on their first overseas deployment from the 27th Fighter Squadron at Langley AFB, Va.

Would be worth watching if you get this issue in time.

Friend Jacobus de Swart in Holland sends along some words of Zen wisdom, such as:

*The journey of a thousand miles begins with a broken fan belt and leaky tire;

*It's always darkest just before dawn. So if you're going to steal your neighbor's newspaper, that's the time to do it.

An order from Gen. George Washington

"The general is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in the American army, has grown into fashion.

"He hopes that the officers will by their example as well as their influence endeavor to check it and that both they and their men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessings of heaven on our arms if we continue to insult it with impiety and folly."

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