

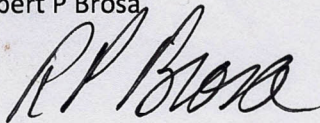
Dear Mel Everingham

Command Pilot Wings by Josten

A little history on these wings of mine, some hearsay, some fact ...my mom, Helene Bertrand, born in Paris became a French war bride at the end of WWII returning to New York City where I was born in 1947. My dad, an army GI, landed at D-Day and did his thing as a machine gunner right into Germany. During the war, Mom was 13 or 14 in 1940, worked with the local resistance, the free French, (There was no organized resistance really) ferrying Jewish kids with her bicycle and school uniform, she was Catholic, from their area (next to Pavillon, France and across the river) northeast of Paris to her area, Pavillon/Aulnay, for transport to the south (Vichy) France. Many of these families were never reunited. She did this numerous times until around 1943 and it became too dangerous. She also delivered free French newspaper, mail and messages. My uncle, Marcel Bertrand, was a resistance fighter in the local marquis, my other uncle, Robert, (My namesake) was killed at the age of 19 while working as a slave laborer for the Germans in Breste, France, in 1941. The stories I heard were that my grandmother house was situated in Pavillon near the river. During the war, downed airmen came through for transport back to England, grandma's house was one stop along the way. Paris was considered a rest area by the Germans and was not subject to harsh treatment. The airmen needed to leave their clothes and any personal items behind. These three wings are supposed to be part of these airmen's belongings and given to me last year, 2011, by my aunt, now 87 years old, from grandma's estate. Grandma's attic had a treasure trove of weapon's and such, which I do remember playing with as an 8 year old boy. The water cooled machine gun was really cool, at least until grandma forbid me from going up there. Where the wings existed for the last seventy years is unknown to me. But it is reasonable to assume a box first with grandma, and after grandma past away in 1972, Aunt Suzanne. My aunt says there were just there, she is 87. So that is the history as well I know it. The 3 wings were a glider wings, a technical observer wings and these Josten Command Pilot wings. I sold two wings and this is the last one. They don't hold any sentimental value to me and I prefer they be in a collection. The only thing my mother treasured above all else was a strange small Cross of Lorraine made of pewter. She said her Cross of Lorraine (it had a sword on each side) confused the Germans. While much of this writing talks around the subject of the wings; this information should provide a platform of existence for the wings, their past and wherever they go in the future. My mother once said there were good Germans and bad French men. It took a while, but after two wars of my own, I have come to understand my Mother's words. There are other stories associated with my family but they do not need to be told here as the nature of war is not kind.

I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the State of Washington that the following is true and correct to the best of my knowledge.

Robert P Brosa



February 16, 2012

Maple Valley, Washington