

306th Echoes



306th Bombardment Group Association

Emmett Ford B-Tour
Colin Neeley G KIA
Rob Williams P French bomber
Eddie Espitalier RO POW
Clay Wilson G Evadee
Warren George CP KIA

Third Annual Reunion, Oct. 7-8, in St. Louis

Over 700 Now In Directory For Group

The directory list now stands at 709 names.

In the first issue of Echoes, last August, we reported over 400 names, and by October it had grown to 463.

It would appear that we will approach doubling the list in a year, but Bill Collins and those working with him to find people do need your help in checking out old address books, renewing old contacts, and in looking over the "Search" list published elsewhere in this issue.

Also in August we said there must be something over 4000 names on the 306th roster. Let's review that a bit and say that the list more nearly approaches 10,000. Russ Strong's card index now has more than 8000 cards in it, and there is still a great deal of room for growth in trying to determine just who did serve with the 306th.

If you have any good leads, follow them, or send what information you have to Collins.



Part of the crew from 17 Nov. 42 raid. Left to right: Emmett Ford, Colin Neeley, Robert Williams, Eddie Espitalier, Clay Wilson and Warren George.

General Kearney Ends Active Duty

Thirty thousand hours in the Pentagon is enough for any man, says M/Gen Lester T. Kearney, Jr., and he has just retired as vice director, plans and policy, Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Gen. Kearney flew his combat tour with the 369th as a pilot, joining the group in mid-December 1944.

He is one of the last 306th men still on active duty, and has spent 34 and one-half years with the Air Force.

Prior to taking his final post in

Washington, he was commanding general of the 21st Air Force for two years, with five operational wings and two support wings under his control. In retrospect, he says that was the best assignment he had.

Before taking the 21st Air Force post, he had been chief of staff for the Military Airlift Command.

Gen. Kearney and his wife have now moved to San Angelo, TX, where they had built a new home.

17 November 1942

'We Bomb the U-Boat Pens'

Editor's Note: This story originally appeared in the 27 March 1943 issue of The Saturday Evening Post, and there is no mistaking its propaganda overtones, especially in the late paragraphs. The 367th Squadron was also featured in SEP, "The Clay Pigeon Squadron," appearing 24 April 1943.

BY Lt. Arthur Gordon

If you were a German infantryman crouching behind the barbed wire that guards the Brittany coast, you would look up and see the tiny formation etched against the wintry sky and say grimly, "Look, the Americans are after the U-boat pens at St. Nazaire again." Americans -- 10 of them in each Fortress -- the kind of boys you used to know, barefooted in summer on the farm, grease-stained under some car in a corner garage.

Suppose you were up there. Which gun would you like to man? Which seat would you prefer to fill? The pilot's of course. He is the leader, the man in command. He makes the final decisions; he is the oldest, the wisest, the steadiest -- or should be.

All right, you are the pilot. Your name is Robert C. Williams, captain, U.S. Army Air Corps, 8th Air Force. That's your real name. Ask anyone. In Flint, Michigan, chances are they'll remember how you used to sing in church choirs there; used to go to the University of Michigan Law School, until -- This is not a big guy, five feet eight maybe, but solid, with steady hands and intelligent, rather tired blue eyes, one a little bloodshot right now, and a reddish mustache. A guy who likes group singing more than anything else, piloting a bomber with the lives of 10 men and four radial engines resting on your

shoulders. This is your first combat mission. Normally, you are squadron operations officer. Normally, you don't go on sorties. But today your roommate was sick, so you borrowed his plane and crew. It's a little like borrowing a valuable set of books -- you want to return them intact, and the sooner the better.

So far, everything is right -- too right. The briefing was clear, comprehensive. The take-off was perfect -- the eternal miracle of lifting tons of metal off the sullen earth into the empty sky. Good weather so far; guns tested and okay; engines okay. Over France now and no sight of enemy pursuits. No flak.

Where are Goering's yellow-nosed Abbeville kids? Where is the flak? Things are too quiet, too easy.

You are on the left wing of the squadron leader. There he sits, not 30 yards away. Beautiful thing, a Flying Fortress. If there were only

At least 200 306th veterans are expected to gather at St. Louis, MO, October 7 and 8 for the third annual reunion of the Group, says Bill Collins contact man for the 306th.

Two years ago 45 gathered in Miami Beach, and last year a hundred came to Dayton.

Who comes and where from? Anyone and everyone, from privates to colonels, from east coast to west coast.

Those who have made the effort previously testify to the great personal enjoyment and just plain fun they had in renewing old acquaintances, and in meeting some of the "living legends" of the 306th.

Most of you receiving this newsletter will already have received a reunion mailer and a registration form. But, in the event you have been missed, or mislaid the folder, we are including the Registration Form with this issue of Echoes, and hope that you will seriously consider making the extra effort necessary to meet a lot of old and new friends.

The Reunion Banquet, always a highlight, will have as its featured speaker this year Roger Freeman, author of The Mighty Eighth and the recent Fortress at War. Freeman is the foremost British authority on the history of the Eighth, and will certainly make an interesting contribution to the lore of those days more than 30 years ago.

more of them! The sunlight picks out the camouflage on the wings, and under the glistening belly the ball turret turns slowly, the gunner inside looking like an embryo chick in a glass egg. In the transparent nose, the bombardier kneels before his bombsight like an acolyte before an altar. You can see the livid yellow of his inflatable life jacket, the dark green of his oxygen mask. The interphone crackles in your ear: "Bombardier to combat crew. Altitude is 22,000. Check oxygen supply."

You turn up your oxygen gauge to 24,000. Over the interphone someone begins to sing Deep in the Heart of Texas, more a metallic croak than a song. Still, it will get some laughs and reduce the tension. Where are those pursuits? Where is the flak? Things are too quiet.

The formation drones on, the roar

St. Nazaire

From Page 1

of the engines muted by the altitude. The flanking ships have their props close behind the trailing edge of the lead bomber's wing, as if from their proximity they gain strength and confidence. The rubber diaphragms of the oxygen masks expand and contract like living lungs. Outside, the sun is bright, but the temperature is 15 below zero. Frost begins to form on the transparent nose, and the bombardier opens a panel to let the icy air stream through, clearing the glass. A thousand feet below, a tiny, circular rainbow with the shadows of three planes in it races across the clouds. A good omen, maybe. Almost across the peninsula now. Down below on enemy airdromes there must be frantic activity.

Have they solved the puzzle of the diversionary lights? Do they know the target is the concrete sub pens at St. Nazaire?

Yes, now they know. Near the target the flak comes up, meaning puffs of brown, oily smoke mushrooming across the sky. But it isn't bad. Low and to the left. Not bad at all -- not like the time the group went over at 8000 feet.

Evasive action now, to fool the gunners down below. Flak can be tough. It can be terrifying, mainly because you can't see it coming up -- just big, ugly puffs spreading closer and closer through the empty sky. But, today it's light. It should be easy to give the bombardier the brief seconds of steady flying he needs.

The bombardier is waiting on his knees, his eye glued to the soft rubber eyepiece. This is his moment. This is everybody's moment. To these fleeting ticks of a watch the whole mission, the whole elaborate preparation, is dedicated. To hit the target -- that is the main thing. Getting back safely? That is desirable, but secondary.

A good man, this bombardier, Emmett Ford by name. Tall and rawboned, with green eyes and crinkly hair. From Siloam Springs, AR. Big and a little sleepy and easygoing. He likes his job, its importance and exact skill. Likes it, too, because he has a machine gun to shoot after his bombs are loosed. He can fight back when he has to. The pilots have to sit there and take it. He has made his calculations.

Now the bomb-bay doors yawn open; his finger is on the little lever that releases the load of death. He talks fast, his lips barely moving, the sensitive disks strapped to his throat carrying his instructions to the pilot.

Under his straining eye, the cross hairs bisect a certain infinitesimal point miles below. He touches the shiny little lever. The bombs are away -- the bombs are away, and they will strike home and maybe one U-boat less will stalk the African convoys. But it's not enough. It's never enough. This is a pin prick. When do we start breaking their backs?

Past the target now and heading for home. Losing altitude. Hoping to hedge-hop across the peninsula. Down to 18,000 feet . . . down to 16,000. Captain Williams has turned over the controls to the co-pilot. Everyone is feeling better. Wait a minute! What's that? Over there on the left, climbing fast. A low-wing

monoplane with a radial engine. Hey, it's a Focke-Wulf 190! Look at him waggle his wings, trying to pretend he's a Spit.

Give him a couple of bursts, navigator. Show him we know who he is.

The navigator charges his gun, slides the safety catch to the right. His forefingers squeeze the twin triggers. The red tracers streak angrily away. He's too far away. Never mind, he'll come closer when his friends have joined him.

A nice-looking kid, this navigator. Small, compact, with brown eyes and skin, a straight nose and neatly parted hair. Jacob Chester Shively, of Fayetteville, PA, "Jake" to the rest of the crew. Grew up on his father's farm with four brothers and two sisters. Pretty place, that farm. All the buildings painted white and trimmed with green, set in the rolling blue of Franklin County not far from Gettysburg, where they also fought a battle once . . . Remember?

The Focke-Wulf on the left disappears. The formation of Fortresses roars on. There is something majestic about that formation. There is security in its united power. But let one bomber lose its place, let it be shot out of formation for even a minute, and the squadron's deadly combined fire power is impaired.

Then suddenly over the interphone comes the warning, "Here they come! Seven o'clock!" The nose of a bomber is 12 o'clock, the tail is six. Out of the sun dive four Focke-Wulfs, one after the other. They are plenty brave, those German fliers, and they can shoot. Their 20-mm. cannon shells, fused to burst at 800 yards unless they strike something first, begin to explode in the thin blue air behind the bomber's towering tail fin.

They move closer and closer. In his lonely turret, the tail gunner watches them grimly until they hit. When a cannon shell hits a plane, the way it sounds depends on where you are. If you're not too close, it's a kind of metallic whoof, like a small bark from a big dog, and you feel a jar that shakes the whole ship. But if it's right beside you, it sounds like some giant slamming his cupped hand down on the surface of still water -- a double sound really, the first from the impact and the second when the shell explodes, ka-plonk, like that. Like firing a shotgun into a rain barrel. And your stomach shrivels up until you know how much damage has been done.

The first shell hits the port elevator two feet from the tail gunner. The nose of the Fortress leaps as the tail is slapped down. She loses speed and drops back somewhat from formation. It takes a strong man to force the stick forward and bring her back to an even keel. The copilot is very strong.

He is Warren George, Jr., of Palestine, TX. Don't forget the Junior--everyone calls him that. Thick crowbar wrists and a round, good-natured face dubiously ornamented with a very new mustache. Plenty of beef around the shoulders and a little under the chin. A strong boy, all 200 pounds of him. His mother wanted to make a concert pianist out of him once, but he was secretly delighted when he broke his hand. He can still play some boogie-woogie though.

Now he wrestles the wounded



Safely on English soil. Note crumpled top turret.



Flak removed chunks of the elevator



Wings and fuselage were well holed.

bomber back to a horizontal flying position and just as he does--whoof--they hit the other elevator. They really wreck that elevator. They hit the port wing. They damage the rudder controls. The tail drops again and the nose rides up, and Copilot Junior braces his feet against the control post and shoves forward with all his might. He can see the post bend under the strain. The old football muscles under his thighs bulge with it. Slowly the nose comes down. But now they are behind their formation, and are a juicy isolated target. The F-W's come whooping in, their guns winking spiteful little tongues of flame.

Waist Gunner Neeley to Pilot, "Houston is hit, sir!"

Radioman Espitallier to Pilot, "Radio room on fire!"

Topturret Gunner Aulenback to combat crew, "Here they come again! Shoot the-----"

Slowly, now, or will it be impossible to follow all this. Nobody can follow it really. Too much happens too quickly, with too explosive violence. They wondered if it could happen to them, and then they thought it wouldn't, and now it is happening. In five minutes or five seconds they may be dead, or maimed, or floating down over the hostile fields of France with the F-W's circling triumphantly. But there is no time for thinking. There is time only for acting.

Waist Gunner Neeley. Who is he? Colin Neeley of Columbia, SC, an old hand and a Regular Army man with

service in Panama. Close mouthed and dependable and tough as an old hunting boot. No nerves at all. A leonine head with tawny, rather ruthless eyes--a hunter's eyes.

Once, on a former mission, the tail gunner's twin guns jammed and he called on Neeley for help. Neeley twisted his own gun and calmly picked off the F-W as it closed in. A dead shot with any kind of a gun. Already one of his bursts has sent an enemy pursuit reeling away, damaged, if not destroyed, but now a cannon shell slices through the fuselage. It bursts and Neeley feels the fragments sting his legs. He sees the other waist gunner go down. Surprisingly, Neeley keeps a diary of his combat missions. Look back a



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Each issue is prepared and printed in Laurinburg, NC, and editorial contributions are welcomed and should be sent to the editor. Mailing is from Poland, OH, and new addresses, changes and deletions should be sent to the contact man.

few weeks and you will find this entry:

"Major (J.W.) Wilson suggested that we have two waist gunners and said we could pick any man in the squadron who satisfied us. I am taking Sergeant Houston, a mechanic on our ground crew, as he seems to be a good man, and think he will make a good gunner. I am going to bed early, as I'll probably need a lot of extra energy tomorrow."

So down goes Houston with a cannon shell in his thigh. Neeley bends over him, stretches him out and applies a tourniquet, although blood flows slowly in the freezing air. Now the sulphur pills. Now the morphia needle.

And Hubert Houston. What do you need to know about him? That he was born twenty-seven years ago in Johnson City, TN? That he went to Happy Valley High School and likes baseball and football? Or is it enough to know that lying there now, with his leg split open like a watermelon, he simply says, "Never mind me. You'd better throw some more baseballs at those ---xxx F-W's."

So Neeley goes back to his gun, but not for long. Down from the radio room staggers Eddie Espitallier with an empty fire extinguisher in his hand. A cloud of smoke billows into the waist behind him. Is the radio-room fire out? No, it certainly is not out.

"Well," says Neeley, without taking his eye from his sights, "take that other extinguisher and go back and put it out!"

But this fire is another matter. It must have started when a machine-gun bullet creased an ammunition can in the radio room and scattered incendiary material from one of the tracers in the belt. Anyway, the green insulation that covers the walls is blazing and the smoke is getting thicker, and there is nothing worse than fire in an airplane. Nothing.

Now Navigator Jake Shively and Bombardier Emmett Ford leave their guns to go help fight the fire. Jake goes first, crawling between the sturdy, widespread legs of Aulenback, the top-turret gunner, who is firing his piece steadily. Jake gets to the catwalk that leads across the empty bomb bay. He has taken off his oxygen mask. They are down to 15,000 feet now, and losing altitude. In his right hand he carries a fire extinguisher. He starts to worm his way into the narrow passage between the girders, but his parachute is too bulky. He must climb around them. He can climb either to his right or his left. He chooses the right, and that is a mistake.

If he had climbed to the left, he would not have been touched. The 20 mm. came through about ten feet from him. He was standing with his head down, and when it exploded, he felt the way he used to feel in his Washington and Lee days when somebody in the boxing ring clipped him a good one on the chin. He hung there, a little dazed, and then he saw the fire extinguisher lying on the floor of the bomb bay. He tasted blood, but his mind had just one idea in it -- to put out the fire. So he jumped down after the fire extinguisher.

It was when he tried to pick it up that he knew his right arm was broken. Ford was right behind him. Ford never liked the sight of blood. It made him feel sick. But he saw some now, and he was to see a lot more.

Names Listed For 'Search' In 8 States

Since our last 306th Echoes was published we have added more than a hundred names to the roster, and the search goes on. We need your help in your area.

Where do you start? Look in your phone book, if its your town. And when you look in any large phone book, be sure to look in all the small towns around a big city. Search city directories. Enquire at libraries and newspapers. Sometimes newspapers will be willing to run a query in a question column for you.

Our first list carried through California. Now here are several more states:

COLORADO - Colorado Springs: Hugh Rose; Denver: Owen Nabors, Robert R. Prior, Edward Marquez, VanDyck McKelvey, George L. Peck, Marvin E. Traver; Erie: Willard M. Colvin; Fort Collins: Calvin P. Conroy; Fowler: Cecil L. Hopkins; Grand Junction: Frank C. Latto; Littleton: Joe Hoffman; Pueblo: Tony F. Mihelich; Salida: Owen K. Nabors.

CONNECTICUT - Bloomfield: Robert L. Long; Bridgeport: Wm. J. McDonald; Hartford: John W. Carolla; New Haven: Robert G. Robel, James H. Thornton, Francis J. Kilbride; Plainville: Andrew Kata; Putnam: Bruno Latic; Rockville: Walter G. Berthold; South Coventry: Eugene J. Kelly; Stamford: Albert J. Gentile; Washington Depot: Frederick W. Zumpf; Waterbury: John T. Ciarrelli.

DELAWARE - Georgetown: James S. LeGates; Wilmington: Edward Szubielski.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA - Dudley M. Fay, Jr., Oleron S. Linn, John J. Richmond, Jr., and Joseph P. Ryan, Jr.

FLORIDA - Brookville: Sam. J. Hutton; Clermont: Jerry O. Hooks; Jacksonville: Wm. T. McCaulie;

He helped Jake Shively out of the bomb bay and did not tell him that part of one of his nostrils had been clipped away by a fragment that had also furrowed his chin. He took the fire extinguisher. Its nozzle was sliced off neatly at the base. And they went into the radio room.

Shively worked the extinguisher, broken arm and all. Espitallier and Ford tore out pieces of smoldering material and flung them out of the hatch. Ford had taken off one of his gloves, and his hand was scorched a bit, but he did not feel it. He kept tearing away at the green insulation and throwing it overboard. The fragments came sailing by the tail gunner and he thought the ship must be breaking up. But he stuck to his guns.

A lonely job, the tail gunner's. No company but the clouds and the harsh voices on the interphone and the F-W's. It takes a man who does not mind solitude and can talk to himself when there's no one else to talk to.

This tail gunner is Willie Williams, of Jasper, FL. Hazel eyes and mousecolored hair and a wide, humorous mouth. A great talker and a lucky guy. Already cannon shells have burst like gigantic paper bags on each side of him. Turning around and

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DECEASED

Crawford W. Crow 368th
Charles E. Flach
Donald Flood 368th, 15 Sep 72
Charles L. Hum, Jr. 368th, Oct 76
Robert C. Miller 268th, 2 Mar 77
Robert L. Mox 423rd, 72
Wm. L. Threatt, Jr. 369th, 75
Robert L. Whitney 368th, Nov 75

Report Balance, Recent Gifts

As of June 27, the balance for the 306th association is \$316.52, and an expenditure of \$184.00 for a good hospitality room at St. Louis has already been made.

The envelopes being used by Collins and Strong in writing to members were provided through the good offices of Charlie Patten, onetime 423rd adjutant and one of those ground men who picked the wrong mission in the wrong plane. (Charlie wasn't the only 306th man ever to make this selection!)

Rubber stamps for association use have been provided by Casey Jones.

We are now using the services of the 8th AFHS for computer printout labels and lists. The total number of people involved has gotten beyond the range of our limited secretarial services.

Other donations to the 306th Association should be made to Collins at any time.

Jacksonville Beach: Morris Butler, Glen P. Woodard, Jr.; Miami: Floyd R. Pollard, Moses Lakser; Miami Beach: Thomas W. Fowler; Orlando: Marvin F. Burelson; Palatka: Charles Bailey; Panama City: Selden M. Wentworth; St. Petersburg: Charles R. Dimter, Wiley W. Glass; Tampa: Wayne H. Erwin.

GEORGIA - Atlanta: Levi B. Irwin, Frank Bob Leasman, Harold W. Whiteman; Boston: Charles T.

Six 'Missing' Crews Still Not Located

After two trips to National Archives, and numerous communications with them, the matter of Missing Air Crews of the 306th still remains unclear.

Missing Air Crew Reports were routinely filed, and eventually made their way to Archives. They are valuable in research as they show not only who was on the crew for a particular mission, but also indicates their individual fates.

Archives' final report indicates that they have no MACR, on the following pilots and their crews: John McKee, MIA 19 Dec 42; William E. Friend, 4 Mar 43; Walter N. Smiley, 17 Apr 43; Thomas E. Logan, 25 May 43; J. W. Johnson, 22 June 43; William Marcette, 13 June 43, and Andrew Kata, 8 Aug 44.

McKee is no mystery, as he has been located and responded.

Any crew members flying in these planes should contact Russ Strong and help solve some of the mystery.

Bullard; Brunswick: Howard O. Hunter, Jr.; Cogsdell: Arthur L. Johnston; Decatur: William H. Forrester; East Point: Thomas E. Boyd; Elberton: James G. Seymour; Ellaville: Willis D. Hogg; Hogansville: David A. Philpot, Jr.; Macon: Arthur B. Hammond; Mazey's: Charles Lambeth; Pendergrass: Lewis A. Hudgins; Thomaston: William S. Landrum; Townsend: Wm. R. Wilkinson.

HAWAII - Oahu: Brewster Morgan
IDAHO - Athol: Roy Peterson; Basco: Melvin N. Schroeder; Boise: Lester G. Williams; Burley: Frank E. Ross; Osburn: Jackson W. VanDever; Payette: Glen E. Tromly; Prospect: Chester H. May.

REUNION REGISTRATION FORM

Name(s) _____ (Unit) _____
(Please print names as they should appear on name tags)

Address _____

If you wish to room with or near a buddy, be sure to register together!

The following charges cover accommodations at Stouffer's Riverfront Towers Hotel, including tax. They also include the cost of food and transportation (tax & tip, too) specified below.

A. REGISTRATION FEE (one fee only for each Registration Form)	\$5.00
B. WEEKEND PACKAGE (Friday evening arrival, includes cost of accommodations for nights of 7 and 8 October, and meals and events listed in the program for Friday Evening, all events and meals listed for Saturday and Sunday).	
ONE PERSON (Single Room)	\$98.00
TWO PERSON (Double Room) (2 x \$78.00 per person)	\$156.00
C. EARLY BIRD PACKAGE (Includes accommodations for nights of 6, 7 & 8 October, and all meals and events listed in program for Friday Evening, all events and meals listed for Saturday and Sunday).	
ONE PERSON (Single Room)	\$126.00
TWO PERSON (Double Room) (2 x \$97.00 per person)	\$194.00
D. 8th AFHS "DUFFERS" GOLF PACKAGE - Lockhaven Country Club - includes green fees, 1/2 electric cart, breakfast at the Club - PLUS PRIZES (Limited to 80 players).	\$ 23.00
Coordinator of Golf Event: John E. Greenwood of 351st BG	
Special transportation to/from hotel & golf course (round trip)	\$4.50
TOTAL PAYMENT (Be sure to include Registration Fee):	\$ _____

Send your check for the full amount to: 8TH AIR FORCE REUNION, BOX 1304, HALLANDALE, FLORIDA 33009

DEADLINE FOR GUARANTEED RESERVATIONS: 22 September
CANCELLATIONS: Full refund if written cancellation is received by 8th AF Reunion office not later than 3 October 1977. Amount of refund for late cancellation will depend upon charges made by hotel and other services required.

Over 100 Names, Addresses Added To Directory Since Last March

- Amrey, Jack, Holdenville, OK 74848
 Antos, George, 10 Alexander Av., Danbury, CT 06810
 Artusy, Ray, 231 Hamilton, Palo Alto, CA 94301
- Baillie, Paul, 6812 N. 73rd St., Scottsdale, AZ 85253
 Barker, Marvin C., 2595 N. 400 East, N. Ogden, UT 84404
 Bartz, Frederick C., 1102 W. Spring St., Appleton, WI 54911
 Bement, James R., 5520 Shady Ln., DeMotte, IN 46310
 Bolding, Woodrow W., 304 N. Catherine, Pickens, SC 29671
 Bongiovanni, Fank, 609 W. Marion, Mishawaka, IN 46544
 Brenner, Robert F., 6 Dell St., Florence, KY 41042
 Burke, William T., Southampton College, Southampton, NY 11968
- Caldwell, Warren, 202 N. Main Av., Maiden, NC 28650
 Campbell, Bennie, 808 Lyndale St., Kingsville, TX 78363
 Carter, Loren, Box 44, Chatsworth, CA 91311
 Chapman, Wm. W., 8718 Ottawa River Cir., Fountain Village, CA 92708
 Chrisjohn, Robert J., Rt. 2, Alden, IA 50006
 Cook, Orval L., 2612 E. Fedora Av., Fresno, CA 93721
 Cowley, Louis T., 326 E. Walnut St., Allentown, PA 18103
 Cox, Don W., 2045 Bryan Av., Salt Lake City, UT 84108
 Craig, Richard A., 7740 Finns Ln, B-1, Lanham, MD 20801
 Currier, Donald F., Box 562, N. Falmouth, MA 02556
 Cuvelier, Harley, Dumont, IA 50625
- Dana, Dwight, 619 W. Southern Av., Mesa, AZ 85202
 DePew, Charles, Paris, AR 72855
 Drew, Lionel, Jr., 402 Co. Courthouse, Savannah, GA 31401
 Dvorak, Lad, 1100 Taft Av., Berkley, IL
- Ellis, Earl C., Whitefish, MT 59937
 Ellison, Howard, 1433 Bering Dr., Houston, TX 77057
 Ellsworth, Ralph E., Box 24, Magnolia, IA 51550
 Espitallier, Eddie F., 745 Lemos Av., Salinas, CA 93901
- Fields, Bob, 723 Via Casitas, Greenbrae, CA 94904
 Fisher, George O., 310 Rickey Dr., Monroeville, PA 15146
 Flaherty, Harry, 163 LaFrance Av., Bloomfield, NJ 07003
 Foose, Wm. A., Good Samaritan Home, 2130 Harrison, Quincy, IL 62301
 Freeman, Howard A., 229 Spring Garden St., Asheboro, NC 27203
 Furay, James, 5923 Garlow Rd., Niagara Falls, NY 14304
- Gailey, Alfred, 1415 E. 100 N, Sandy, UT 84070
 Gilbert, Louis R., 5420 East Dr., Rockford, IL 61111
 Gray, Wayne, Rt. 1, Collins, OH 44826
 Greisinger, Merwyn C., 726 Maplewood Dr., VanWert, OH 43725
 Guthrie, L. C., 20 Maplefield St., Pleasant Ridge, MI 48069
- Haire, Joseph W., 515 Columbus Av., San Antonio, TX 78207
 Hawkins, Russell D., 301A W. Nob Hill, Yakima, WA 98902
 Haynes, Wyndon S., Rt. 2, Box 1003, Odessa, FL 33556
 Heins, Charles, Coaldale, PA 18218
 Holscher, Robert G., American Trust & Savings, Dubuque, IA 52001
 Hoser, Harry, 914 Hartel St., Philadelphia, PA 19111
 Hulings, Thomas, 2366 Leisure Ct., Atlanta, GA 30338
- Johnson, P. K., 624 W. Shore Dr., Madison, WI 53715
 Jones, John Z. Box 195, Pima, AZ 85543
 Jones, Robert F., 4415 Davis Av., Sioux City, IA 51106
 Judas, Maxwell V., Rt. 1, Box 336, Wartrace, TN 37183
- Kastner, Paul, Milan, TN 38358
 Ketchie, Charles Jr., 193 N. Washington Blvd., Ogden, UT 84404
 Kichak, Mike, 14230 Lakewood Heights, Cleveland, OH 44007
 Kolger, Wm. Box 542, Leakesville, MS 39451
 Kramer (Kramarinko), Al, 201 Lake Hinsdale Dr., Apt. 308, Clarendon Hills, IL 60514
 Kriska, Michael, 1733 Sunningdale, Mayfield Heights, OH 44124
- Laughlin, J. H., 3596 Fayetteville Rd., Lumberton, NC 28358
 Lehman, George, 20698 Bowling Green, Maple Heights, OH 44137
 Lindsay, Roger S., 860 Westbourne Ln, Wheeling, IL 60090
- MacDonald, Donald, 1219 Lexington Dr., Vista, CA 92083
 Mason, Gail, 4672 E. Shields Av., Fresno, CA 93726
 Maynes, Alden, Procurement Office, Hill AFB, UT 84406
 McDonough, Frank L. 56 Bowdoin St., Dorchester, MA 02124
 Means, Louis S., 544 Beach Dr., Aptos, CA 95003
 Miazza, Edward, 79 Glenwood Av., Harahan, LA 70123
 Mock, Wm. R., Rt. 3, Weatherford, TX 76068
 Montoya, Eduardo M., 6945 N. Academy Blvd., Colorado Springs, CO 80918
 Moore, Alonzo J. Jr., Tangier, VA 22601
 Moorow, James B., 1614 E. 13th, Hibbing, MN 55746
 Morrow, Robert B., First & Scott, Newport, WA 99156
 Mountain, Wm., Dexter, ME 04930
- Nelson, Maynard, Lakota, ND 58344
 Nesbitt, A.L., 9625 Hardy St., Overland Park, KS 66212
 Nickell, A. W. Jr., 535 Olive Ct., Lexington, KY 40503
 Norris, Franklin, Flintstone, MD 21530
- Olson, Merle A., 1062 3rd St., Beloit, WI 53511
- Patterson, L. R., 1948 Medina Rd., Medina, OH 44256
 Perin, Eddie A., Box 308, Priest River, ID 83856
 Peters, Frank, 12940 Carpenter Rd., Garfield Heights, OH 44125
 Pleasant, Loran, Savannah, TN 38372
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 Pollock, Eugene J., Box 1115, Cocoa Beach, FL 32931
 Potter, Frank B., 13903 Kimberly Ln., Houston, TX 77079
 Potts, Benjamin F., Rt. 2, Box 2839, Grayling, MI 49738
- Quint, Harry Jr., 9209 Colima Rd., Whittier, CA 90605
- Rabe, Elton C., 105 Parker Ct., Wilmington, IL 60481
 Richardson, Allan B., 228 Wolfe, Winchester, VA 22601

St. Nazaire

From Page 3

looking forward, he can see a hole in the port wing that looks as wide as a barrel. But he is still intact, and so are his guns. A thousand yards away, an F-W climbs lazily, hangs in the air and shakes its wings like an old hen getting up out of the sand. Then suddenly it comes boring in close, closer. Willie Williams pours his tracers into it. He sees then enter the propeller arc, glance off the armored cockpit. And then, abruptly, the F-W rolls over, slips gently down and bursts into flames. A confirmed kill for Sgt. Williams.

So now he has shot down an F-W 190 13,000 feet over France, and so he's a hero, of course. But he's still Willie Williams, and that's why we're going to win this war; if you see what I mean, and I think you do. The fight has been going on 20 minutes now, and to some of them it seems like two seconds and to others it seems like two years.

Down in the ball turret, crouched like a squirrel in a woodpecker's hole, Claiborne Wilson, of Holly Springs, NC, is still firing his guns. There is a cannon shell hole the size of a cabbage six inches from his turret. That doesn't bother him. But now a machine-gun bullet drills the No. 2 engine, cutting an oil line. Out spurts the thick yellow liquid over the wing and over the ball turret.

So now Clairborne Wilson cannot see to shoot. All he can do is wave his guns threateningly. So he does that. He's the pet of the crew, really, this little chap who looks more like a Teddy bear than anything else, when he stands up in his sky-blue, electrically heated suit.

And the Germans keep coming, and now they put a 20-mm. shell into the top turret. A direct hit, with

Aulenbach inside the turret. He was a debonair sort of chap, was Kenneth Aulenbach. They called him affectionately, "The Flying Dutchman," or sometimes "that coal farmer," because he came from Reading, Pennsylvania.

Kenneth Aulenbach never knew what hit him. Ford took him out of the turret -- Ford, who hates violence. He did what he could, but it was no use, so he climbed into the turret and tried to man the guns. But they were useless too.

Captain Williams called Ford then to take his place, while he threaded his way back through the ship to estimate the damage. And the ship was a wreck. Fifteen cannon holes at least, and sieved by machine-gun slugs. One elevator damaged, the other destroyed. Trim tabs useless, one motor out, rudder working on three cable strands. No use enumerating the rest of it. The Fort was still flying, wasn't she, on the stamina the boys in the workshops at home gave to her?

But still you can see Williams' face, can't you? Lined with strain and, yes, with rage too. This was his roommate's ship, remember? His roommate's crew. He might have given the abandon-ship order, if it hadn't been for the wounded. Perhaps the other members of the crew could have wrapped their arms around the wounded and jumped, pulling first one rip cord and then the other. But everyone stuck.

The worst of it is over now. The formation has fallen back to protect them. They shut off the No. 2 engine and get rid of the vibration. They stagger over The Ditch at 2000 feet, and somehow, with two men fighting the controls, coax her along to a friendly airfield. The tail wheel is stuck. No matter. Little Wilson jumps on it till it comes down, so they set her down without flaps at 130 mph., leave her there, like a big, tired bird, for the salvage expert. There's not too much left, even for salvage.

Ten men went out that day. They bombed their target. Nine came back alive. Of the nine, three were wounded: Houston, Shively and Neeley. Already, Neeley is ready to fly again. The others are going to be all right. Unusual? Not particularly. It has happened before. It will happen again. War breeds heroes, thousands of them. Captain Williams will get the D.F.C.; the wounded will get the Purple Heart.

They deserve it, but don't forget this: Heroes are people. They never stop being people. They get scared and excited and desperate, like any other people. That's what makes their achievements remarkable.

- Robinson, Laek L., 929 Manor Dr., San Antonio, TX 78228
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- Serafin, Frank A., 118 Lincoln Rd., Hempstead, NY 11550
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 Shine, Joe F., 1487 Hagey Dr., Barberton, OH 44203
 Shively, Jacob C., 918 McKinley St., Chambersburg, PA 17201
 Smatlak, William F., 401 Potter Blvd., Brightwaters, NY 11718
 Smith, John E. Box 72, Estes Park, CO 80517
 Smith, Robert 1893 Claremont PL, Pomona, CA 91104
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 Spencer, Clarence, 1397 Eagleville Rd., Rock Creek, OH 44047
 Strom, Harold P., Hill City, MN 55748
 Szpak, Stephen, Rt. 20, Leighton, PA 18235
- Tackmeir, Wm. J., 149 Garden Ct., Vallejo, CA 94590
 Tapper, George, 1260 W. Juniper, Oxnard, CA 93030
 Taylor, Calude F., Rt. 3, Edinburg, VA 22824
 Thornam, Harold 16202 Fort St., Omaha, NB 68116
 Tillery, Otis B., Box 66, York, AL 36925
 Titus, Arthur F., 224 S. Cove Ln, Panama City, FL 32401
- Walkenhorst, John, 1684 Wise Dr., Napa, CA 94558
 Ward, Paul R., 1621 N. Rodney St., Wilmington, DE 19806
 Winter, August, 501 Jennings, Vallejo, CA 94590
 Wirth, James W. 3668 Gay Way, Riverside, CA 92504
- Zika, Frank, 3699 E. 59th St., Cleveland, OH 44105

Directory Corrections and Changes

After publishing a complete directory in the March issue, it is necessary to follow up with changes and corrections to the roster. They include:

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| Baar, Lee Eli | 159 Grove St. | Elmwood Park, NY 07407 |
| Cheney, James S. | 630 Cinnamon Ct. | Satellite Beach, FL 32937 |
| Coons, Walter H. | 2203 Glenn Summer Rd. | Colorado Springs, CO 80909 |
| Friend, William E. | delete | |
| Hum, Charles L. Jr., | deceased | |
| Hutchinson, Howard E. | Box 22 | Columbia, CA 95310 |
| Kearney, Lester T. | 2559 Lindenwood | San Angelo, TX 76901 |
| Jones, Bruce Lee | 8205 Green Point Av | riverside, CA 92503 |
| Lenaghan, James B. | 13408 Bellaire Rd. | Cleveland, OH 44135 |
| Murphy, John A. | 9213 Pettswood Dr | Huntington Beach, CA 92646 |
| Tzipowitz, Harry | 3408 Westmoreland | Philadelphia, PA 19129 |

At the present time it is anticipated that the complete directory will be run once each year.

Editor's Note: This story covers the raid of 17 Nov. 1942. None of the 11 306th planes were lost, but this plane, "Chennault's Pappy," and that of Capt. John Regan were heavily damaged and landed on the coast. As to the crew: Robert Williams is an attorney living in Winnetka, IL; Warren George, KIA, 17 April 1943, Bremen; Emmett Ford, unknown; J. C. Shively, Chambersburg, PA; Colin Neeley, KIA, 16 Feb 1943, St. Nazaire; Clay Wilson, Sanford, NC, and an evadee 16 Feb 1943 when Wm. Warner, the regular pilot of this crew, was killed; Eddie Espitallier, POW 16 Feb 1943, and living in Salinas, CA; Willie Williams, KIA, 16 Feb 1943; and Hubert Houston, unknown.