

306th Echoes



306th Bombardment Group Association

Regan Remembers First Mission To Germany--January 27, 1943

This article was authored by Col. John M. Regan, an original pilot with the 306th and the third commanding officer of the 368th squadron. He headed the 368th from 9 April '43 to 13 April '44. Retired after 30 years of service, Col. Regan lives in San Mateo, CA, and is a frequent speaker and oft-published writer on aviation matters. This article first appeared in the San Francisco Examiner.

Nazi Germany! My co-pilot tapped me on the knee and pointed straight ahead of my B-17 Flying Fortress. I stared expectantly, and, through a haze and over a great distance of water below, I could see something that looked like land. I squinted and stared long and hard—yes, I could make it out! It was land.

My heart began to beat rapidly and my nerves jangled with excitement, as I knew that what I was looking at was the coast of Germany, and that today I was participating in a bombing mission that would be a significant part of the history of World War II.

It was the first time that United States aircraft were to drop bombs on the German homeland. At last, we were really going in—to prove

to Hitler and his Nazis that their homeland was vulnerable to precision daylight bombing—in to give a much needed boost of morale to our allies and fellow Americans. Up to this time in the war there had been little to cheer about. To say that I was excited is to put it mildly.

That day—Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1943—had started out much like other days of that time for the men in the 306th Bomb Group (heavy)—my outfit, one of the first United States bomb groups flying from England. We had been awakened at 2 o'clock in the morning and advised that breakfast would be served at 3, with a briefing for a combat mission against a German target at 4 a.m. This was somewhat routine, as we had been bombing almost daily for quite some time—routine, that is, if one could adjust to the tremendous pressures of combat and the occasional loss of close friends. Frankly, I knew of no one who could truthfully say that any combat mission was just routine.

I wish it were possible to ac-

curately describe the tension, the emotion that was evident in our 35-man crew huts on those mornings when we were awakened for combat missions. One would have to be present to feel the electricity that filled the air.

Men's nerves were taut with expectation, as all wondered if that day they would successfully complete the mission or be listed as missing-in-action. Some men shouted to relieve tension, others laughed out loud when nothing was really funny, and others were silent with their thoughts, probably fixed on coming events or on loved ones. I even knew some who would silently slip outside in the darkness to become ill—they didn't want their buddies to see them.

Everyone wanted to appear strong and tough—it is only normal, we were all so young—but we all had learned that war is hell and that the only romance or glamour associated with it is fiction.

Little did we know, when we

Turn to page 8

'Who's Who' Of Leaders Needs Help

Tying down the loose ends of the history of the 306th is indeed a challenge, and in attempting to establish an accurate list of those men who held important staff jobs at the group and squadron levels, one finds that there are many loose strands to be rewoven.

Therefore, we are printing herein the best roster of Group and Squadron staff officers we have been able to assemble. We suspect it is not complete nor completely accurate, and the editor invites your attention to the total list. Can you add or subtract any names, or supply inclusive dates for anyone? If you can, please contact Russ Strong.

If you have group or squadron orders, showing changes, in your 201 file, please send him copies.

Dates are given, when known. (?) indicates that present status or location is unknown to us. (dec) indicates that the person is known deceased. (K) means died in non-combat circumstance.

Turn to page 2

ORLANDO OCT 30-NOV 2

The Group Commanders



Charles Overacker



Frank Armstrong



Claude Putnam



George Robinson

306th Bomb Group

Commanders

Charles B. Overacker, 3-18-42 to 1-4-43
 Frank Armstrong, 1-4-43 to 2-17-43 (dec)
 Claude Putnam, 2-17-43 to 6-20-43 (dec)
 George L. Robinson, 6-20-43 to 9-23-44
 James S. Sutton, 9-23-44 to 4-16-45
 Hudson H. Upham, 4-16-45 to 5-46 (dec)

Deputy Commanders

Delmar Wilson, 9-16-42 to 1-23-43
 Henry W. Terry, 6-22-43 to 8-14-43
 William S. Raper, 8-18-43 to 10-30-44
 Maurice V. Salada, 10-30-44 to 11-23-44
 John S. Chalfant, 11-23-44 to 4-21-45 (dec)

Felix Hardison, 4-21-45 to ?

Executive Officers

Curtis L. LeMay, 4-3-42 to 6-19-42
 Delmar Wilson, 7-1-42 to 1-11-43
 Douglas Coleman, 1-11-43 to 7-25-44 (dec)
 Charles G. Duy, 7-25-44 to ?

Air Executives

Delmar Wilson, 9-16-42 to 1-23-43
 James W. Wilson, 2-16-43 to 6-21-43
 Henry W. Terry, 6-21-43 to 7-7-43
 William S. Raper, 8-18-43 to 10-30-44
 John C. Chalfant (dec)

Operations

Delmar Wilson, 3-18-42 to 7-1-42
 Berkeley I. Springfield, 7-1-42 to 7-25-42 (?)
 William H. Cleveland, 7-25-42 to 12-19-42 (dec)

Ralph L. Oliver, 12-19-42 to 1-18-43
 Claude Putnam, 1-18-43 to 2-17-43 (dec)
 Henry McDonald (?)
 Robert C. Williams, 6-22-43 to 5-1-44
 Toy Husband, 5-1-44 to 7-18-44
 Robert C. Williams, 7-19-44 to 10-17-44
 Thomas F. Witt, 10-17-44 to 4-22-45
 John S. Chalfant, 4-22-45 to ? (dec)

Adjutants

William C. Melton, Jr., 3-18-42 to 4-3-42 (?)
 Percy A. Vincent, 4-3-42 to (?)
 Douglas Coleman, 4-15-42 to 1-11-43 (dec)

Charles G. Duy, 1-11-43 to 7-25-44
 Paul S. Baillie, 7-25-44 to 4-19-45
 Joseph A. LaMotta, 4-19-45 to ?

Intelligence

Delmar Wilson, 3-18-42 to 5-1-42
 Watts Humphrey, 5-1-42 to 10-22-42 (dec)
 John B. Wright, 10-22-42 to 8-2-43 (dec)
 John A. Bairnsfather, 8-9-43 to ?

Navigators

Robert Saltznik, 12-16-42 to 4-16-43 (DOW)
 C.F. (Casey) Jones, 4-16-43 to 8-9-43
 John Dexter, 8-9-43 to 9-14-43 (?)
 James S. Cheney, 9-14-43 to 1-7-45
 John D. MacPherson, 1-8-45 to ?

Bombardiers

Frank Yaussi, 12-12-42 to 4-6-43
 Chester May, 4-6-43 to 7-24-43
 Hugh Toland, to 12-4-43 (dec)
 Walter Coons, 12-4-43 to 10-17-44
 Donald Ross, 10-17-44 to (?)

Surgeons

Ralph C. Teall, 4-15-42 to 7-4-42
 Thurman Shuller, 7-4-42 to 8-15-43
 John J. Manning, 8-15-43 to 11-12-43
 Harold A. Munal, 11-12-43 to (?)

Radar

Daniel M. Spencer, Jr., 6-18-43 to (?)
 Roger S. Baird (?)

Flying Control

John H. Crump
 Arnold A. Conrad
 Louis B. Hartzell, 6-19-43 to (?)
 William W. Peterman (?)

Chaplains

Roy M. McLeod (P), to 7-1-43
 Everett E. Denlinger (P), 7-1-43 to 10-18-43 (?)
 Ralph E. Simester (P), 10-15-43 to ? (dec)
 Adrian Poletti (RC), 4-13-43 to ?

Gunnery

Joe Bowles, 9-17-43 to ?
 William E. Foose
 Thomas F. Witt

Provost Marshal

Frank Douthit (?)
 John H. Ely (?)
 John B. Wright, to 10-19-42 (dec)
 Seymour Ramby, 10-19-42 to ?
 George J. Pratt, 4-27-44 to (?)

The Group Commanders



James Sutton



Hudson Upham

Photo

Rudolph Skalak, Jr.

Public Relations

Williams C. VanNorman

Chemical Warfare

Joseph A. LaMotta

Dentist

Rex D. Stutznegger

Postal

William M. Walters (?)
 Harold G. Taylor

Transportation

Harry K. Burton (?)

Utilities

Stanley L. Jarrow

Fire Warden

William Fyfe, Jr.

Weather

Herbert J. Avise, 7-1-42 to 8-13-43 (?)
 Dalton H. Wright, 11-10-43 to ? (?)

Ordnance

Thurman E. Dawson, 1-4-43 to 10-10-44
 Lester G. Williams ?
 Hubert R. Jones, 12-19-44 to (?)

Communications

Ray V. Hooper, 7-1-42 to ? (?)
 Williams C. Golliday, 12-5-43 to ? (?)
 Donald P. Roeber, 11-10-44 to ? (?)

Equipment

John D. Treadgill, 12-18-43 to (?)

Personnel

Paul J. Baillie, 3-17-43 to 7-25-44
 Robert F. Morris, 11-23-44 to (?)

Engineering

Henry J. Schmitz, 7-1-42 to ?
 James M. Venable, Jr.

Special Services

Claude F. McGrath, 7-1-42 to ? (?)
 Henry G. Clarebach, to 11-22-43 (?)
 Darrell S. Mattoon, (?)

Armament

William R. Cain, 4-22-43 to ?

Supply

George L. Sawyer (?)
 Dudley J. Allen (?)

Supply

George L. Sawyer (?)
 Dudley J. Allen (?)

Finance

Ming Rose
 Robert Knox Andrews (dec)

Mess

Wedell L. Hull

Statistical

William M. Walters, 7-1-42 to ? (?)
 Richard B. Walck
 Samuel Cobb (?)

367th Squadron

Commanders

Harry Holt, 3-18-42 to 3-4-43
 John L. Ryan, 3-5-43 to 3-6-43 (MIA)
 William S. Raper, 3-5-43 to 8-18-43
 George R. Buckley, 8-19-43 to 5-2-44 (dec)

Robert C. Williams, 5-3-44 to 7-18-44
 Charles Flannagan, 7-19-44 to 10-14-44
 Earl W. Kesling, 10-15-44 to 4-22-45 (dec)

Thomas F. Witt, 4-23-45 to 5-30-45

Executive Officers

Richard E. Walck
 George Cubberly, to 4-14-45 (dec)
 Donald F. Sheridan, 4-25-45 to

Operations

Lewis McKesson (POW) (?)
 Kenneth M. Reecher
 Dinwiddie Fuhrmester, to 8-20-44
 Earl W. Kesling, 8-20-44 to 10-15-44 (dec)

W.B. Butterfield, to 4-14-45 (dec)
 Albert J. Bowley, 5-1-45 to 8-46

Engineering

William B. Sory (?)
 Stanley J. Jarrow

Communications

Carl G. Smith (?)
 Claude E. Brock (?)
 Donald P. Roeber

Adjutants

Charles G. Duy
 Ronald F. McCormick (?)
 Donald L. Giles (?)
 Richard L. Moore (?)

Navigators

Hugh E. Phelan
 Romulus V. Houck (?)
 William Pleasant (dec)
 Paul V. Osburn
 Stanley G. Mull (dec)

Bombardiers

Walter H. Coons
 Jerome J. Kostal
 Stephen Tanella (?)
 Robert G. Schwein (?)

Armament

William R. Cain
 Percy A. Vincent (?)

Ordnance

Howard L. Ellison (?)
 John Grimm
 John P. Foulkes
 Glen R. Hoover (?)
 Intelligence
 John A. Bairnsfather
 Robert Hogg
 E.T. Murtha (?)
 Shubel J. Owen (POW)
 W.A. Leatherman (?)
 P.W. Haberman, Jr. (?)

Gunnery

Roy W. Griffith (?)
 George D. Bennett

Supply

Donald L. Giles (?)

Medical

Arthur Weihe

368th Squadron

Commander

William A. Lanford, 3-18-42 to 1-19-43
 Mack McKay, 1-20-43 to 4-8-43
 John M. Regan, 4-9-43 to 4-13-44
 Maurice Salada, 4-14-44 to 10-24-44
 Thomas M. Hulings, 10-25-44 to ?

Executive Officers

Edward Miazza, to 1-5-45
 Willie S. Williams Jr. 1-4-45 to ?

Operations

Walter N. Smiley, 4-1-42 to ? (KIA)
 William E. Friend, Jr., (KIA)
 William C. Melton Jr., to 2-13-43 (?)
 Elbert Odle, 2-13-43 to 10-14-44
 George DeVack, 10-14-44 to 4-19-45 (?)
 Robert G. Matzke, 4-20-45 to ? (?)

Engineering

Robert A. Gearhart, 4-1-42 to ? (?)
 Robert S. Stevens, 5-21-42 to 8-31-43
 William Widlansky, 8-31-43 to 12-6-44 (?)
 John P. Walsh (?)

Communications

Elbert Odle, 4-1-42 to ?
 Jesse L. Milburn, 6-27-42 to 6-21-43 (?)
 Robert Klawuhn (?)
 William Foose

Adjutants

Louis Schulstad, 4-1-24 to ? (?)
 Edward T. Miazza, 6-11-42 to ?
 Edghar S. Hallman, to 4-19-44
 Richard L. Moore, 4-19-44 to ? (?)
 Albert Greaves (?)
 Robert L. Whitney (dec)

Navigators

Wallace D. Boring, 12-12-42 to 8-19-43
 Maynard D. Dix, 8-20-43 to 1-11-44
 Roy E. Buchanan, to 1-17-45 (?)
 K.L. Warner, 1-18-45 to 4-27-45 (?)
 Paul C. Wagner, 4-27-45 to ? (?)

Bombardiers

Robert T. Levy, 12-12-42 to 1-3-43 (KIA)
 Joseph E. Kosawkowski, to 8-20-43
 Stanley Silverstein, 8-21-43 to 12-20-43
 Eduardo Montoya, 12-21-43 to 1-4-44
 Irving Norton (?)
 Ralph E. Bordner, 10-12-44 to 2-20-45
 Reginald H. Thayer, Jr. to 2-20-45 (?)

Armament

Louis Schulstad, 4-1-42 to ? (?)
 John E. Bennett

Ordnance

Thurman E. Dawson, 7-6-42 to ?
 Richard L. Moore (?)
 William Winship (?)

Gunnery

William E. Foose
 Edward J. Seifried (?)

Intelligence

Robert W. Smith, 4-1-42 to
 Jeremiah O'Sullivan (dec)
 Alfred W. Weld (dec)
 William C. VanNorman
 Ralph Schreiter

Supply

James Ferguson, 4-1-42 to ?
 Edgar W. Hallman
 Robert L. Whitney (dec)

Medical

Harold D. Munal, 7-27-42 to 10-12-43
 James E. McClung, 10-12-43 to ? (dec)

369th Squadron

Commanders

Ralph L. Oliver, 3-18-42 to 12-6-42
 Henry W. Terry, 12-7-42 to 6-22-43
 Robert P. Riordan, 6-23-43 to 4-18-44
 Charles Flannagan, 4-19-44 to 7-9-44
 Robert P. Riordan, 7-10-44 to 10-1-44
 James A. McKinney, 10-2-44 to ? (dec)

Executive Officers

Paul George (?)
 John T. Stanko (dec)
 Willie S. Williams, Jr.
 Philip G. Kraft (dec)

Turn to page 7



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BAIL OUT, PRISON CAMP

2nd Lt. James V. Vaughter arrived at Thurleigh in July 1943 as bombardier for Lt. John Paul Noack. He was on his 12th mission Oct. 14, 1943, when shot down. This account is one of several we have seen, and is rather representative of the experience many had in evading immediate capture, and then settling into the routine of prison camp life. The editor has seen at least two book-length manuscripts of other 306th men who were shot down. After the war Vaughter became a B-47 and B-52 radar navigator, retiring 31 May 1964. He is now assistant to the vice president for administration, California State University, Sacramento. His home address is 4206 Walnut Av., Carmichael, CA 95608.

About 15:20 on October 14, 1943, after bombing the ball bearing factories in Schweinfurt, Germany, Pilot Ralph Peters, gave the order to bail out. Our Fortress, with a crew of 10, had been riddled with 20mm bullet holes, hundreds of flak fragments, and we had experienced a direct hit by a rocket launched from a JU-88, a two-engine fighter-bomber. With the #3 propeller running away, we had no choice but to abandon ship before the engine was torn loose.

The plane exploded shortly after the last crewman jumped. I was the first officer to bail out, as it was SOP for the bombardier to jettison the escape hatch and tumble out head first. Later, when I arrived in P.O.W. camp, Stalag Luft III, Sagan, Germany, I found out that the other crew members thought I was afraid to bail out, as I was kneeling so long at the escape hatch door. What they didn't know was that the door was jammed and I was working to get it loose.

The other officers in camp with me were the pilot, Lt. Edward B. Hughe, co-pilot, and Lt. Dan Peterson, navigator. They had been in camp three weeks before my arrival, as they were captured as soon as they hit the ground. I was an evadee for four days and was held in solitary longer.

Our altitude was approximately 24,000 feet when I tumbled out of the escape hatch. The Wing Commander had ordered the pilots to climb from 24,000 to 28,000 feet in an attempt to avoid some flak and the enemy fighters were not as effective at higher altitude. This climb put sufficient extra stress on our damaged engines to cause the runaway prop.

We had been briefed many times to freefall when at high altitude over enemy territory to prevent being shot at by enemy fighters. This did not register with me, and I pulled the ripcord at the count of three. When enemy fighters began flying by me so close I could see their faces quite clearly, I was wishing that my brain had been smarter than it was. To this day, I cannot remember reaching down and hooking on the chest chute. One advantage of the chest chute was that, if the ripcord did not open the chute, one could pull the silk out by hand, and this is exactly what some guys had to do. There are so many true but unbelievable incidents that I dare not start writing about them.

I cried as I was floating down in the bright sunshine some 20 miles southwest of Schweinfurt. Tears came, I know, because I immediately thought of Mother, how she would worry, cry, and pray about her baby boy. I'm sure the crying was also the result of being frightened, over realization that I was helpless, was going to become a P.O.W., was not going to make it back to Thurleigh, and because I was so mad that the enemy had gotten the best of us.

The airmen on our crew that day were Sgt. Daniel J. Piedmont, left waist gunner; Sgt. Richard L. Kern, ball turret gunner; Manford Johns, radio operator; Blair S. Steed, right waist gunner; William R. Jones, top turret gunner; and Sgt. Pierre Noisat, was flying as tail gunner in place of Edward J. Mayer.

Steed was okay when he bailed out, but being 6'6", his chest chute was not large enough for him and he broke one leg in two places or both legs, I don't know for certain, when he landed.

Johns was the only one injured in flight. A 20 mm shell blew up in the radio room, hitting the radio equipment and shattering Johns with shrapnel and fragments.

Kern's chute did not open when he pulled the ripcord and he had to pull it out. When it opened, it snapped his back and he prayed to black out. Swaying back and forth, he got sick and vomited. The matter floated right along with him. Kern was immediately picked up by a German soldier.

I landed in a pine forest. The shroud line entangled in a tree and the trunk snapped off only a few feet above the ground. In spite of this, I was not injured the slightest.

Fortunately, my fur-lined leather boots stayed on. I was wearing long johns, my Class A "pinks", and my fur-lined leather pants. For some reason, I did not have a jacket and did not have gloves. I had on heavy socks and G.I. shoes. The "pinks", long johns, shoes and socks stayed with me until the end of the war.

Schweinfurt is as far north as the Hudson Bay region and it was damp and cold. There was an overcast of low clouds and mist most of the four days and nights while I was traveling in a southwesterly direction. I do not have any way of knowing what the temperature was. I do know that as I walked through vegetation at night, the moisture turned to ice as my boots disturbed the moisture on the plants. I would guess that the mid-morning temperature reached 40+ degrees and the maximum temperature was in the 50's. It did seem as if my body

was never really warm.

Immediately upon landing, I hid the parachute, buried my bombardier wing bracelet and experienced a gigantic bowel movement. If you haven't heard the saying, "having the s--- scared out of me", now you have and believe me, it can happen.

One always carried an escape kit attached to the parachute harness. Some of the items I recall being in the kit, which was very small, was a very small compass, a silk map of Western Europe, water disinfectant tablets and a rubber bag to use in mixing water and the tablets, fatigue pills, Horlick's tablets and a "D" bar (a chocolate bar loaded with vitamins and really not tasty), and paper currency--including German marks, French francs, and currency of Netherlands. Perhaps there were other items but I cannot recall them. I know it sounds like a lot but the package was, to my recollection, about 1" thick and 3" square. Oh yes, there was a small translation booklet, giving German-English-French words and phrases.

All during this time, I could see and hear German troops and civilians walking by as they were searching for the many American airmen who had bailed out in this area. By landing in the forest instead of nearby open fields, I was able to keep out of sight.

It was not long until dark, and I started out on my southwesterly journey. The light of the moon was sufficient during breaks in the low-lying cloud coverage for me to read the compass and to observe Ursa Major and hence, Polaris. After traveling along a road some two hours, I heard voices and immediately jumped into a ditch running by the road bed. The voices were from two Germans who were guarding a crossroads. After an hour or two, they left this position, and I continued across a meadow which led me through a pear orchard. Pears served as a midnight snack and for my breakfast. I wonder today why I didn't pick more than two or three. They were the only German food I had until I reached Heidelberg.

When the sun began to come up, I found a haystack and that was my hiding place for the day. The hay was damp and cold but it served to hide me from the Germans walking close by. That night, I walked again. About midnight, I laid down by a stream and fell asleep, but I was suddenly awakened by a big buck deer standing close by -- I don't know which one of us was scared the most -- me or the deer. After walking the rest of the night, circumnavigating

towns and frightened by barking dogs, I found what I thought was a safe place to hide during the day.

About 9:00 a.m., I heard voices of children. I had picked a children's playground as my hideout. Even though they played all around me throughout the day, I was not discovered.

That night, I walked over a bridge leading me into the city of Heidelberg. I had traveled only a short distance until I was stopped by two men. Immediately I told them I was an American airman, was hungry, thirsty, and tired. It turned out they were Polish conscripted workers who immediately started telling me to get back to England so I could return and bomb the factories in Heidelberg. The laborers took me to a bakery where one of them went in and bought some bread. They then took me to their room. One left with a rubber hose and soon returned with a jug of milk. I assumed that he had stolen the milk by siphoning it out of a milk can. I then proceeded to have, what I would rate, a feast of bread and milk. A purchase was made from the Poles of an old tattered coat, a Swiss hat, and a bicycle by payment of marks from my escape kit. A study of my map confirmed that I had been traveling in the right direction to reach the border of France, some 30 miles to the southwest, and that I had traveled some 60 miles.

Having had a meal of bread and milk, purchased clothes and a bicycle, I abandoned my boots and leather pants and started out along the route suggested by my hosts. I did not feel too comfortable traveling through Heidelberg after curfew hours but I did get out of the city and some distance into the country before resting in a haystack. It was a cold and misty morning when I threw caution to the winds and started traveling in daylight. I would pass civilians and soldiers along the road, giving a wave, and keep pedaling. The tires kept going flat but I had a hand pump and would add air to the tires as they became too flat for comfort.

While biking through a small village, at about 1400 a uniformed policeman brought me to a halt. He took me to what I would consider a courthouse, where he searched me and had me place all of my belongings in a cigar box. This included my dog tags (tags included name, serial number, and blood type). The Armed Services had my blood type as "O" when it really is AB+. Thank God I didn't ever need a transfusion! The gentleman then took me to an old German house-

O Blessed Day!

25, 20 or 35--The End of a Tour Was a Joyous Day for Many Fliers



Mike Roskovitch 423rd was the first combat man in the 8th AF to complete a 25-mission tour, and received appropriate ministrations from his fellow fliers. That's William Baker at left, and Pervis Youree, his pilot.

One of the great traditions of the 306th was that of painting those men who completed a tour of missions, a practice that evidently began with Michael Roskovitch, 423rd, the first combat man in the 8th Air Force to complete the 25-mission fling.

We have a modest collection of pictures which seems to indicate that the "Fightin' Bitin'" squadron was more artistic than others.

For a long period, many of those finishing were also treated to a dip in the paint pool near the operations area, a practice which was discontinued in mid '44 because of the reluctance of the medics to continue trying to clean up the "fortunate" ones. And by that time the parade of finishers was joined by at least one on almost every mission.

The 25-mission tour was started in early '43, much at the instigation and agitation of Major Thurman Shuller, 306th group surgeon; later was raised to 30 and then to 35. Manny Klette, 369th pilot, was the first man in the 8th to "officially" fly more than 25 missions, and eventually had 91 missions officially to his credit, with 28 flown at the 306th and 63 as a squadron commander in the 91st Group.

Richard Claeys, 368th pilot, had 71 missions credited with the 306th, earning an Air Medal and nine oak leaf clusters, believed to be the highest total of such medals for the 306th. He was killed over Yugoslavia in 1946.



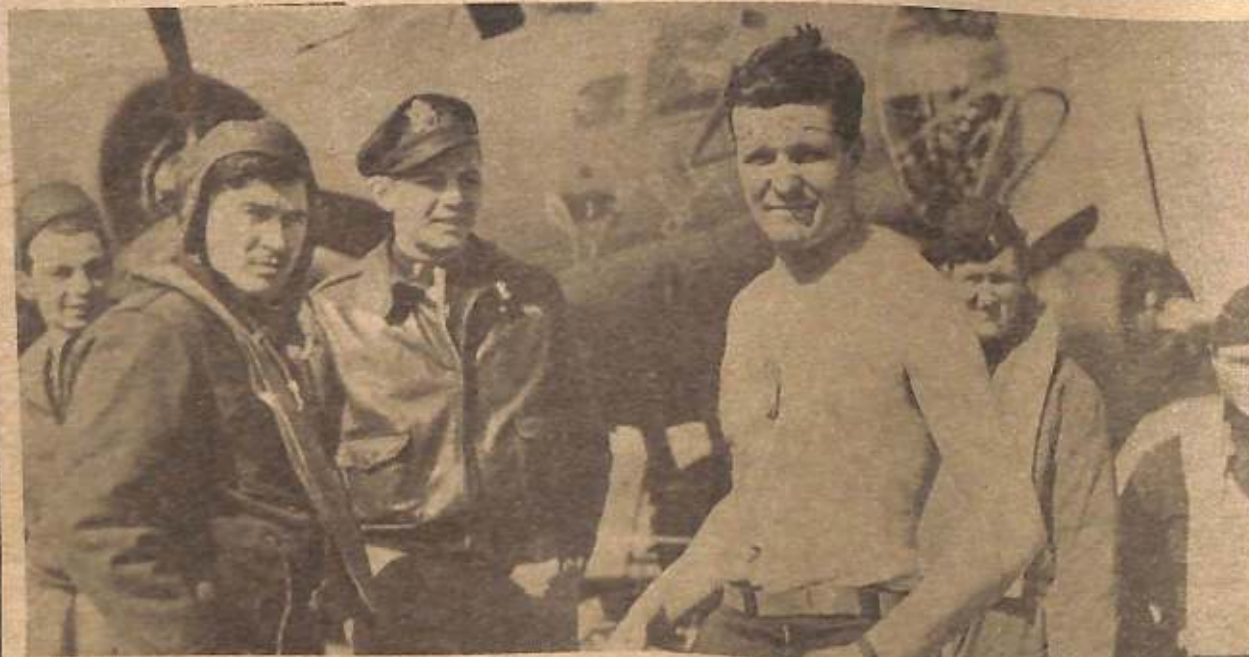
Capt. Henry Hanson, 367th.



Thomas O. Roberts, 369th.



Neal T. Ringvall



Emmet Ford and Harold Gaslin who were two of the "originals" in the 306th, flying those missions when everyone knew it couldn't be done.

Squadron Commander John Regan got the treatment after finishing his tour in "Satan's Lady." Crew Chief Harry Tzipowitz is at left, along with Capt. Norman Hase and Conrey.



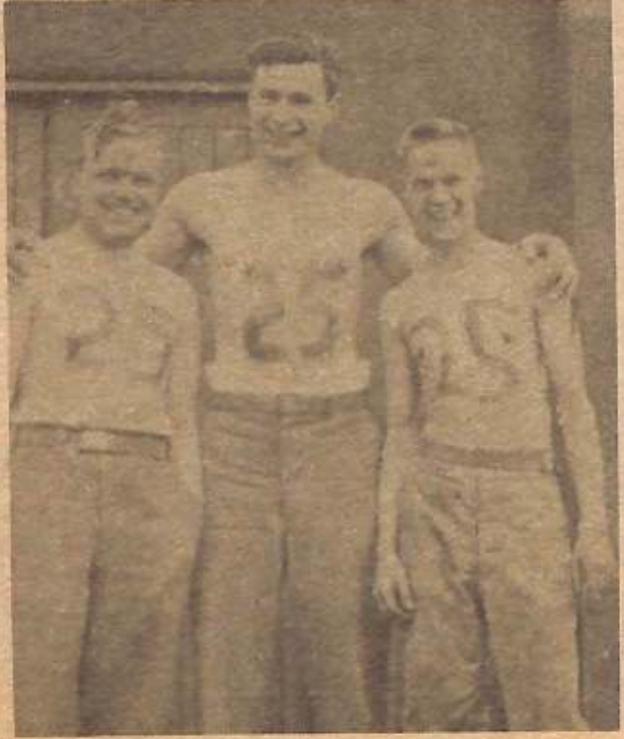
We can't identify any of the participants in this end-of-missions ritual, but note the style of the two hefties who are saluting the "victim". That's the infamous paint pond that is about the receive another body.



Squadron Commander Robert Riordan is the happy returnee at left.



Contingent of 367th gunners who finished the same day.



Vaughter

From page 3

wife to have her interview me. She had been to Canada and supposedly could speak English. Really, she understood very little English (no Texas at all). Of course, I would only give my name, rank, and serial number, so our visit was a short one.

Later, the German took me to his house, where his wife fed me soup. I do not remember the contents, but do remember it was hot and good. I was also served apple cider and given two small apples. It is easy to recall that there were two naked chickens hanging on the kitchen wall. I remember the small, square kitchen table and the straight chairs very clearly, at least I tell myself that I do.

A young lady who could speak good English came to my house, and of course, once again, I would give only my name, rank, and serial number. I did tell her what I thought of Hitler and she got very angry.

I was taken back to the courthouse, where we stayed until late afternoon, at which time we walked some 5 kilometres to another village. There I was taken to a jailhouse. A bunch of Germans were there and as I reached for a magazine which was on a table, an old German man slapped me. My captor immediately intervened. I had learned earlier that he had been a Prisoner of War during World War I and had been treated fairly by the Allies. I was in luck there.

I was put in a concrete cell about 6' x 6' square for the night. They checked on me about every half hour by turning a torch on my face.

The next morning, I was met by a Luftwaffe Sergeant who bought me a cup of ersatz coffee and, I believe, some sort of pastry while he proceeded to tell how many B-17's he had shot down. We then went by train to Dulag Luft, a German Prisoner of War holding pen near Frankfurt. The train was very crowded. The Sergeant had two persons stand while we took their seats. I received cold stares the entire trip, especially when I got my apple out to eat. I started to put it back in my pocket but the Sergeant told me it was okay to go ahead and eat it.

By the way, I never got back my watch or other personal belongings.

At Dulag Luft, I was placed in a solitary cell. The bed was built in posts and boards with rope criss-crossed to serve as a mattress and had one ersatz blanket. There was a small window up too high to look out of. There was no other furniture other than the cot.

There was a rope one pulled to release a board in the hallway to serve as a notice to the guard that you needed to use the toilet. One's shoes were placed outside the door.

Here I met professionals at squeezing military intelligence information from prisoners. They used all kinds of trickery to get information out of us. I was told that four of our crewmembers had been

killed. Since I had not counted ten parachutes, I believed them. (All ten of us bailed out successfully, I found out later.)

The same questions were asked over and over by different interrogators and each time they would slip in some military question like, "Were you in the new group that arrived in England on July 4th?" This seemed to have no particular military value, but to the Germans, a reply might reveal a key detail missing from their intelligence files. They promised a wonderful place to serve out the war in luxurious surroundings if we would cooperate. There would be women, and horses, a fine hotel, plenty to eat and beer to drink. I refused to give any more than my name, rank, serial number.

While at Frankfurt, the British dropped a "Block Buster" only a couple blocks from our building. That was quite a shock! It must have been an accident, as I know they knew where Dulag Luft was located. Later, when we were marched from camp to the railroad station, Germans lined the street screaming, "Schweinhunde" (pig or dog) and "Terrorflieger" (terrorier). We marched through blocks and blocks of bombed buildings. I remember seeing a staircase standing where an entire apartment complex had fallen.

For breakfast, we got a thin slice of bread, a spoonful of jam, and a cup of tea. For lunch, we had a small bowl of soup, and for dinner, we got a repeat of breakfast.

After several days, a group of us were put aboard a low-grade troop train for a long trip across Germany. We were given two loaves of black bread and a small can of some kind of meat for the three-day trip; our guards had the same fare. One of our guards was a nice-looking blond lad who was a graduate of Oxford University. Another guard had lived in Chicago. Finally, we arrived at Stalag Luft III in Silesia, about 60 miles southeast of Berlin. The camp was close to the town of Sagan, which was located on the Odra (Oder) River, which formed the natural boundary between Germany and Poland.

I was taken to a room in one of the many barracks in the South Compound and met those who would be my roommates until January, 1945, at which time we were marched to Moosberg (Stalag Luft VII), a city some 60 miles east of Augsburg and 30 miles northeast of Munchen.

My roommates increased in this 15-month period from 8 to 14. The Germans just kept adding one bunk on top of another. Pity the poor devil on the top bunk when he had to climb down during the dark of night and step in the guy's face below. The latrine call at night had to be strictly to urinate, as full accommodations were located outside the barracks. How about diarrhea? Not a good place to have it.

Even though they were in a different barracks, my pilot, co-pilot,

and navigator were all in the South Compound as well, so we had a reunion and I walked many a mile around the perimeter of the compound with Peters and Peterson, mainly Peters.

Except for a short hot shower we got every three months or so, or the day one received mail or a personal parcel, or the day Red Cross parcels were delivered, every day was the same.

About 8:00 a.m., we would all go to the parade ground for Appel (line up by barracks to be counted). After Appel, we would have breakfast, which most of the time consisted of a piece of toast made from German black bread made with sourdough and weighing five pounds per loaf. Unless it was toasted, one was inclined to eat it by holding one's nose closed -- this was true also of the German-issued blood sausage. We had either Red Cross jam or German-issued ersatz red jam to spread on the bread.

At mid-morning, we had "brew", a term used for a cup of tea or Nescafe. For lunch, it was something like a cracker and cheese or a slice of spam. Evening was our "big meal." We ate after evening Appel, which was held around 1600, so we were finished with dinner by 17:30 or 18:00 at the latest. One dared not drink Nescafe or tea after this time, even if it had been available. The "meals" were prepared in the room, and we rotated "cooks" and dishwashers each week. I was the "room Fuhrer" as a result of being the ranking officer of the room. My responsibilities as Fuhrer were to keep order, relay the BBC News, and see that the light was out at 2200.

BBC News was received by a designated few via crystal radios whose parts were smuggled in by German guards who had been paid off in cigarets and cigars. That was one of the reasons I kept writing home for cigars. The radio fellows would then relay the news to a barrack chief, who would relay it to the room fuhrers, who would whisper it to the other occupants of the room. Of course, we had watchouts for the guards, known to P.O.W.'s as "ferrets", as they were always searching for tunnels. Each compound had at least one tunnel under construction at all times.

The British were in a compound adjacent to ours to the east, there was a north and central compound, also. If there were others, I did not know about them. One was not allowed to go from one compound to another or to talk through the double barbed wire fences, with the rolled up barbed wire inside each fence. A "goon", a name for the German guards who manned the towers, was in each tower, which were located some 50 yards apart. Mounted on a swivel base in each tower were .50 caliber machine guns, and the guards carried rifles. Inside the fence was a one-foot fence some 50 feet from the fence. The space between the wire fence and the board fence was "No Man's Land". Step across the fence and the guard would open fire.

Compound
It was this British P.O.W.'s from which some 75 British P.O.W.'s escaped by means of a tunnel and the movie, "The Great Escape", was made.

We were allowed to write three postcards and two letters a month on forms furnished monthly by the Germans. We were allowed one parcel in a two-month period from home. This parcel was limited to size and weight. I know I was always asking for candy, gum, socks, underwear, razor blades, toothpaste and brushes, soap, etc. A really big day was when one received mail, and a super day was when a package of goodies arrived. I think I received three or four parcels while at Stalag Luft III; no parcels at Stalag Luft VII.

When I first got to camp, we were receiving one Red Cross parcel per week for four P.O.W.'s. This went to one for every six, then one for every eight, then one for every 12, until the Spring of 1945, when we would get a few parcels for the entire camp. The reason for this was at least twofold: (1) bombing of transportation lines, and (2) stealing by the Germans as their food supply was diminishing.

We had Sunday services. Our Protestant Service was led by Padre McDonald of Scotland, and he was an excellent speaker. I'll never forget one sermon he gave on the Lord's Prayer, when he said that those who trespass against me, those who trespass against us or just skip that part.

As time went on and one day followed another with dreadful monotony, we began to realize that the situation was becoming desperate for the Germans. In the Fall of 1944, we engaged in what we called our "panic plans". We had no idea of what might happen to us as the Germans reached the limit of their endurance and the idea that their cause was completely lost seeped into their minds. Our panic plans were to take care of the situation that might develop if it appeared to our senior officers that we might come up for extermination. We had heard stories of what had happened to the Poles and others at the hands of our hosts. Under the plans, each prisoner was given a job to do, if and when the signal was given. Generally, these plans included sudden and overwhelming attacks on our guards with our bare hands. We knew that many of us would die in this mass uprising, but we also knew the guards couldn't kill us all and that a good many would break into the open to live off the land.

We heard that Hitler had a plan to march all prisoners (this would be between 100,000 and 200,000 men) to the Alps and tell the Allies that if they marched a foot further, all prisoners would be shot.

The remainder of Jim Vaughter's story of life in Stalag Luft III, the long march, and Moosberg will appear in the July issue of ECHOES.

'Who's Who'

From page 2

Operations

- Doyle L. Dugger (KIA)
- Charles Flannagan
- Billy W. Casseday

Engineering

- Frank G. Kelly, Jr. (?)
- Robert E. Michaelis (?)
- Frank Phillips (?)

Communications

- Lawrence H. Dammert (?)

Adjutants

- Van VanderBie (K)
- Robert H. Bassett (?)
- John T. Stanko (dec)
- Willie S. Williams, Jr.
- Willis D. Hogg
- Charles E. Murphy (?)

Navigators

- C.F. (Casey) Jones
- George Spelman, to 5-18-43
- David MacGhee, 5-18-43 to 8-13-43
- John Mazanek, 8-13-43 to 12-13-43 (?)
- David B. Dash
- Frank Sovis (?)
- John D. MacPherson
- Alton A. Kester (?)

Bombardiers

- Carl M. Frantz (?)
- Arthur Isaac, to 3-21-44 (?)
- Malcolm A. Phillips, 3-21-44 to (?)
- Donald E. Currier
- Lawrence E. Carroll

Armament

- Charles G. Nowark
- Heward Aronson (?)
- Lyman H. Everly (?)

Ordnance

- Ernest H. Behrens
- William M. Collins, Jr.

Intelligence

- William Berkeley (?)
- Wiley W. Glass (dec)
- John M. Kavanaugh (?)
- Henry L.P. Moore (?)

Supply

- Willis D. Hogg

Medical

- Charles P. McKim (dec)
- Arthur L. McGilvra (?)

423rd Squadron

Commanders

- James W. Wilson, 3-18-42 to 2-19-43
- John L. Lambert, 2-20-43 to 5-5-44
- John S. Chalfant, 5-6-44 to 11-28-44 (dec)

- Eugene C. Lavier, 11-29-44 to 3-19-45 (?)
- John H. Buie, 3-20-45 to ?

Executive Officers

- John T. Treadgill, 7-28-43 to ?
- Donald M. Eckstein, to 10-29-44 (?)
- Phillip G. Kraft, to 1-5-45 (dec)
- Edward Miazza, 1-5-45 to ?
- Willie S. Williams, Jr.

Operations

- Robert C. Williams, 3-18-42 to ?
- Maurice V. Salada, to 4-13-44
- John S. Chalfant, 4-13-44 to 5-6-44 (dec)

- J.M. Kelly, 5-8-44 to ?
- Carl N. Grending
- John Murphy

Engineering

- Rush Poulan (K)
- Alfred C. Gailey
- James M. Venable, Jr., to 10-11-43

Communications

- Jim H. Speck
- Theodore E. Marvis
- Isidore M. Sternberg (?)

Adjutants

- Charles Patten, 9-42 to 6-13-43 (POW)
- John T. Threadgill
- Phillip G. Kraft (dec) d
- Robert F. Morris, 11-17-44 to ? (?)
- Joseph C. Brashares, 5-1-45 to ? (?)

Navigators

- Harold Gaslin
- Luther S. Pierce (?)
- Ralph Zimmerman, to 11-13-44
- C.J. Olenik (?)
- Richard H. Wessler (?)
- Wesley W. Gunkel, 4-45 to ? (?)

Bombardiers

- Chester May
- Donald A.R. Teller, to 1-31-44
- Walter R. Wick, 1-31-44 to ? (dec)
- Hollis H. Baker
- Norman Nissbach (?)
- Harlan P. Wolffe
- Charles R. Dimter

Armament

- John A. Coulter, Jr. (?)
- Henderon N. Knight

Ordnance

- John T. Treadgill
- Edgar A. Digit (?)

Radar

- Morton Schacher (?)

Intelligence

- Beekman Pool (?)
- Maurice Wahl (?)
- Fred C. Baldwin (dec)
- Joseph C. Brashares (?)

Gunnery

- Degland Kenealy (?)
- Roy W. Griffith, to 1-31-44 (?)
- Michael Roskovitch, 1-31-44 to ? (K)

Supply

- Dudley J. Allen
- George J. Lemberger 4-13-45 to ? (?)

Medical

- Samuel D. Simpson
- Henry Dantzig

39th Service Group, later 449th Subdepot

Commanders

- Henry D. Johnson (?)
- Stanley S. Furst (?)
- Henry J. Schmidt

Executive Officer

- Wesley Leeper, to 10-13-42 (?)

Adjutant

- Stanley S. Furst (?)
- Donald F. Sheridan

Engineering

- William B. Sory (?)

Supply

- Robert S. Stevens

352nd Service Squadron

Commanders

- John C. Henderson (?)
- Frank B. Edlebrock

4th Station Complement Squadron

Commander

- Frank B. Edlebrock

Adjutant

- William C. Ewbank (?)

346th Engineers

Commanders

- Ellery L. Rountree (?)
- Charles J. Kupper (?)
- Paul W. Mammon (?)

Company CO

- Harrison C. Jacobs (?)

Adjutant

- George W. Smith (?)

559th AFU

Commander

- Nat Walton

876th Chemical Company

Commander

- Joseph A. LaMotta
- Abraham Grondin

982nd Military Police

Commander

- Frank Douthit (?)

1628th Ordnance Company

Commander

- Herman Blumenthal
- Lester G. Williams (?)

1208th Quartermaster Company

Commander

- George L. Sawyer (?)

156 Infantry

Commander

- Lionel Champagne (?)

Deceased

Frank M. Bongivioanni, 369th mechanic, 1968.

Joseph E. Collette, 367th gunner, 14 Mar. '77 in Chelmsford, MA.

Thomas Donoghe, 367th engineer.

Bernard A. Fahey, 368th flight chief, 28 Oct. '79 at Travis, AFB, CA.

William W. Fahrenhold, 423rd engineer, 1 Feb. '80 at Pittsburgh, PA.

Harry A. Robey, Jr., original 423rd pilot who did not go to England with the 306th, KIA 23 Jan. '43 with 303rd BG.

Otis F. Thomas, 367th tail gunner and POW, 15 Jan. '80 at Bennettsville, SC.

Hugh Toland, 423rd squadron bombardier and group bombardier in late 1943, July '61 in Philadelphia, PA.

Howard W. Wertz, 367th gunner, 1976 in Denver, CO.

840 Air Engineer Squadron

Commander

- William B. Sory (?)

831st Engineers 2976th Finance Detachment

664th Air Material Squadron

11th Veterinary Detachment

There are some notable gaps, particularly in the squadron lists. If you have been omitted, please do not feel offended, because there are just no rosters extant which show these positions, and we are trying to fill them out. If you can put in your own name and dates, it will be most helpful. You may also know the man you succeeded, or to whom you turned the reins.

Also, records are very scanty on the other organizations affiliated with the 306th at Thurleigh, and we would like to have names, dates and jobs on those.

You might also try to think of those who had jobs in other units which paralleled yours.

Please send any additional data to Russell A. Strong, 2041 Hillside, Kalamazoo, MI 49007.

Echoes will republish this list

Other Sources Of 8th Lore

If you are really "into" aviation history and 8th Air Force lore, you may want to extend your memberships and subscriptions beyond the 306th Bombardment Group. Thus, we provide below three reference points, with addresses:

Eighth Air Force Historical Society, PO Box 3556, Hollywood, FL 33023. \$6 per year. Cuts your cost for registration at annual meetings, quarterly newsletter. The 306th boasts the most memberships, 339.

American Aviation Historical Society, PO Box 99, Garden Grove, CA 92642. \$15 per year. Includes an excellent quarterly magazine, and a newsletter.

Aerospace Historian, Eisenhower Hall, Kansas State University, Manhattan, KS 66506. Subscription is \$20 per year for quarterly magazine. Sponsored by the Air Force Historical Foundation, Building 412, Bolling AFB, DC 20332.

West on Ground In Korean War

Henry C. West, Jr., a 423rd radio operator between August 1944 and January 1945, got out of service, as most did, at the end of the war.

But, enrolling at North Carolina State University he entered ROTC training, and ended up with a commission as a second lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers.

As if one war wasn't enough and flying wasn't in his blood, West became a platoon leader with the 65th Engineers, 25th Infantry Division, and was on the ground in Korea in 1951-52.

Construction became his forte after combat, and he was involved in the building of several ICBM bases in Colorado and North Dakota. He retired as a major in 1967.

Construction became his forte after combat, and he was involved in the building of several ICBM bases in Colorado and North Dakota. He retired as a major in 1967. within another year to show any and all additional data that we receive.

EM Leaders of the 306th

To complete a leadership roster of the 306th, we need more detailed information on those indispensable enlisted men who were first sergeants, line chiefs, section chiefs, etc. Please send such data as you may have, including dates if possible, of squadron, group and support organizations.

Name of Contributor _____
 Organization at Thurleigh _____
 Address _____
 City, State, Zip _____

Send to:
 Russell A. Strong
 2041 Hillside
 Kalamazoo, MI 49007

Regan

From page 1

were awakened on that day in 1943, that we were going to participate in an historic mission that would drive another nail into the coffin of Adolf Hitler and Nazi Germany. The 3 o'clock breakfast was routine and all was as usual until the 4 o'clock briefing. This took place in our combat operations hut, which had become very familiar to all of us. We sat together as combat crews, and exchanged small talk while we waited anxiously to find out what our target for the day was to be. There was information displayed in this hut that gave us the formation we would fly that day, general data on enemy fighter disposition and other data that was necessary for us to prepare for combat.

A large map of England and Europe that took up most of the front of this briefing room was covered as usual with a blue cloth, so that crews would only find out what the mission of the day would be after the briefing had started.

At 4 o'clock our commanding officer and the operations officer entered the hut. We came to attention, then sat down for the briefing. After a few short opening comments our commander paused, then said dramatically: "Gentlemen this is it," and with that, drew back the blue cloth covering the map, so that we could see it and the telltale ribbon that would show our course to fly and the target for the day. Initially there was a stunned silence, and then the room erupted with shouts of exultation and wonderment, as the significance of the mission sank in.

Yes, we were actually going to hit the enemy near his heart. The excitement was intense. For a moment, even the fear of combat was forgotten, as exultation reigned. The historic meaning of this event sank in even further when we were told that our group had been selected to lead the mission, and I was doubly thrilled, as my squadron was to lead the total

American bombing effort. The rest of the briefing was anti-climatic, as were the preparation of aircraft, the take-off, the rendezvous with other aircraft and the initial flight to target.

It was shortly after the climb to bombing altitude over the North Sea and a turn toward the coast of Europe that my co-pilot had tapped me on the knee and I had been able to make out the coast of Germany. On that day, 27 January 1943, 53 B-17 and B-24 aircraft of the 1st and 2nd Bomb Wings of the 8th Air Force made history by dropping bombs in daylight on the shipyards and docks of Wilhelmshaven, Germany.

The Germans had been taken by surprise, as they had not anticipated this attack and had probably felt that bombers would not dare penetrate the airspace over their homeland in daylight. There was some anti-aircraft fire over the target, but it was not accurate, and few German fighters harassed our bombers, which attested to the success of the surprise aspect of the mission. All of our aircraft returned to home base. When we landed, those who had stayed nervously behind greeted us with wild and enthusiastic acclaim. The mission had been highly successful.

The raid was the prelude to numerous daylight bomber attacks on Germany. It had proved to many skeptics that key targets in Germany could be successfully attacked by bombers in daylight without severe loss. It certainly was an ominous sign to Hitler and his Nazi leaders, as they now knew that their country could be bombed, not only in the darkness of night as the British Royal Air Force had been doing for some time, but also in the light of day.

It gave to those who took part in this momentous event a sense of accomplishment. It was a big step toward the eventual doom of Hitler and Nazi Germany. I am proud to have participated in it.

New Names and Addresses

- Beach, Ralph G.K., 2105 Lloyd St., Bellevue, NE 68005 369
 Bougher, Harold, 358 N. Maplewood, Orange, CA 92666 423
 Bowers, Charles G., 2824 Garnet Rd., Baltimore, MD 21234 423
 Butschek, Walter H., Box 277, Yorktown, TX 78164 423
 Carlson, John, 62 Briarcliff Rd., Westbury, NY 11590
 Cifelli, Michael N., 124 N. Franklin St., Lambertville, NJ 08530 423
 Cordery, Henry C., 1040 SE 4th Av., #235B, Deerfield Beach, FL 33441 423
 Dann, Raymond J., Box 488, Titusville, FL 32780 423
 Engstrom, Fred, 2047 Crestview Cir., Golden, CO 80401 423
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 Etter, L.F., Box 61, Bassett, AR 72313 369
 Ewell, Calvin, 41st Terrace So., Veterans Village, New Port Richey, FL 33552
 Fehr, Charles E., 6113 Kingston Rd., Oklahoma City, OK 73122 368
 Finley, Marcus M., 624 E Main, El Dorado, AR 71730 368
 Franklin, George B. Jr., Holly Ridge, LA 71248 423
 Frazier, Arthur C., Rt. 1, Humphrey, AR 72073 369
 Geary, John B., 916 Susan, Robinson, TX 76705 367
 Higham, Ernest H., 2125 S. Tecumseh Rd., Lot 56, Springfield, OH 45506 369
 Hill, Richard A., 2436 S. Ogden, Denver, Co 80210 423
 Hubbard, Jack C., 927 SW Meadowbrook Rd., Palm Bay, FL 32905
 Huizenga, Robert, 5425 E. 4th St., Tucson, AZ 85711 423
 Iafate, Renato, 2 Arthur St., Green Hill, RI 02828 369
 Larson, Gerald, 709 Grimes, Red Oak, IA 51560 369
 Leben, Joseph, 9215 S. Sunlakes Bl, Sun Lakes, AZ 85224 369
 Mack, Arthur W., 7207 Oxon Hill Rd., SE, Washington, DC 20021 367
 MacLeod, The Rev. Roy, PO Box 154, Imperial Beach, CA 92032 GP
 Madsen, Waldemar F., 166 Carlyle Dr., Palm Harbor, FL 33563 367
 Madson, Dr. Parley W., 3703 Hillsborough Dr., Concord, CA 94520 369
 Marks, Lawrence E., 739 Jackson St., Oshkosh, WI 54901 368
 McMullen, William F., 2244 W. Parnall Rd., Jackson, MI 49201
 McNaught, David A., 735 SW St. Clair, Portland, OR 97205
 Poore, Forrest V., 23253 Westwood Dr., Grand Terrace, CA 92324
 Prestidge, Robert A., 415 Grand, Coldwater, MI 49036 423
 Prugh, Lee, 4213 W. El Camino, Phoenix, AZ 85021 369
 Reel, William A. Jr., 205 Lynch St., Edgefield, SC 29464 367
 Rhodes, William C., 218 S. Reed Av., Reedley, CA 93654 367
 Rich, Dr. William M., 816 Swifton Center, Cincinnati, OH 45237 423
 Sabeau, Russell, 815 Pelanconi St., Glendale, CA 91202 423
 Robertson, Robert L., 1335 Clinton St., Aurora, CO 80010 423
 Row, Harry S., Maringouin, LA 70757 367
 Schmidt, Jack, 412 N. Cherokee, McCook, NE 69001 367
 Seiler, Robert L., 3729 Stannard, Toledo, OH 43613 423
 Sewald, Albert E., 1200 Louisiana NE, #34, Albuquerque, NM 87110
 Skinner, W.E., Jr., 221 Bantfield Rd., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464
 Smythe, Carl P., 7521 NW 12th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73127 423
 Szymanski, Peter, 33 Central St., Central Falls, RI 02828 367
 Valluzzo, Jack T., 17 Hospital, Danbury, CT 06810 369
 Ventresca, Lennie, 7614 Azalea, Houston, TX 77023 1024
 Walden, James B., Rt. 1, Cochran Ridge Rd. Hiram, GA 30141 369
 Wenrich, Paul R., 3083 Butterfield Rd., Orange, CA 92665 368
 West, Henry C., 1203 Memory Ln, Monroe, NC 28110 423
 Williams, Lester G., 2008 Euclid, Boise, ID 83706
 Wood, Gene, 2100 Harkness St., Manhattan Beach, CA 90266 368
 Youree, Earl, Box 765, Wagoner, OK 74467 423
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 Zuckerman, Frank J., 1146 SW Arioso Blvd., Port St. Lucie, FL 33452 449
- Clarke, Alexander, J., 9524 Amberton Pkwy., Dallas, TX 75243 367
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 Falco, Anthony J., 1910 Trinity, League City, TX 77573 423.
 Foley, Thomas R., 314 W. 6th St., Ontario, CA 91762 368.
 Martin, James, 2836 Scarborough, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118.
 Mulleneaux, Albert V., Jr., 1422 National Savings Bank, Albany, NY 12207 369.
 Terry, Col. Henry W., 810 Panorama Cir., Longmont, CO 80501 367.

If the organization is not listed behind the name, it means that the editor has not been able to locate such information for the individual. He would be most grateful if you would send him such details. Also include your serial number.

HELPING THE 306th

I enclose my check for \$ _____ to support the production and mailing of ECHOES, and reunion activities of the 306th Association. (Mail your check to Wm. M. Collins, Jr., 2973 Heatherbrae Dr., Poland, OH 44514)

I enclose my check for \$ _____ to support the research, writing and publication of a new history of the 306th Bomb Group. Publication is expected during 1980. (Mail your check to Russell Strong, 2041 Hillsdale, Kalamazoo, MI 49007) Contributions of \$100 or more will receive a copy of the history without further charge.

Name _____
 Address _____

306th Also Leads in Reunion Crowds

Each year, as the 8th Air Force reunion registration comes in, we see the 306th BG take up the number one position. The fifth reunion was no different. The 306th BG led the pack and the 351st BG took up second place again. The chart below shows the record for the top five units for the first five reunions (the numbers in parentheses give the numbers registered for each unit shown).

	1st PL	2nd PL	3rd PL	4th PL	5th PL
1975 (650 est)	306BG (73)	305BG (62)	452BG (46)	351BG (44)	352FT (33)
1976 (850 est)	306BG (143)	351BG (66)	96BG (54)	398BG (40)	381BG (33)
1977 (1050 est)	306BG (145)	351BG (112)	398BG (79)	96BG (66)	78FG (51)
1978 (1250 est)	306BG (152)	351BG (148)	303BG (73)	398BG (69)	96BG (59)
1979 (1400 est)	306BG (157)	351BG (116)	390BG (110)	398BG (81)	7PG (72)