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## 306th Bombardment Group Association

# 400 Ready for Sept. Washington Reunion

## 'Paper Doll' New Look At Crew Interactions

By John W. McCollum

A good book should pick you up and set you down in another time and place. Jim Shepard's *Paper Doll* (Alford A. Knopf, New York, NY, \$15.95) does just that. He puts you right in the middle of an 8th Air Force B-17 crew. This is the first air war novel I know of which does that. He starts with the crew forming up in Florida, follows them to England and finally on their missions over the continent.

In introducing us to Paper Doll's crew, more correctly to five or six of them, Shepard breaks through the crust of conventional pictures of war. Crew members are not a carefree, swashbuckling lot, proudly and confidently flying off to war nor are they always pleasant and agreeable fellows. They are immature, a bit boorish; they worry about the effectiveness of their training and grumble about each other. After a take-off collision involving two of the group's bombers and loss of both crews and a series of scrubbed missions, they become hostile, depressed and quarrelsome:

Morale for those five days hit some sort of all-time low . . . Hirsch kept to himself . . . Bean continued to annoy them and now seemed distracted and morose . . . Lewis seemed to want nothing to do with any of them, Piacenti wrote long letters home he then destroyed, and Snowberry sat with his journal, rereading more than writing. They flew practice missions and sat through training sessions sullenly . . .

"You should stop riding everyone, Lewis," Bryant said. "We're doing all right." But he was depressed and wasn't sure he believed it. "You guys," Lewis said, "got the best substitute for nerve. Stupidity." About the copilot, he said. "Know how he got ready for this? Pulling trailers around Arizona. . ."

Shepard's crew is young and naive (they are essentially boys)— "... you gremlins don't even shave. . ." notes one, who points out that another crew named its bomber "Baby Train." They have a party for the children in the village and play

the same games they played in the states a year or so before. They spend a great deal of time reminiscing about life before the war—school, fishing, their parents, as if their pre-war experience is somehow relevant to or makes the war easier to bear. They are inept in dealing with the British girls who are far more sophisticated. They drink too much and are belligerent in the pubs. They engage in games among themselves, most of which end up in contentious bickering. They know little about the grand design and purpose of the war; what they do know is not helpful:

"We're fighting because of what they've done to Europe," Bryant said, a little shocked despite himself. "What they've done to everybody."

"That's good to know," Lewis said. "It doesn't help me shoot any straighter. It sure as shit hasn't helped you."

And they don't get much help from the brass: (Turn to page 7)

## 306th History Out of Print

On 1 May 1987 the last copies of *First Over Germany* were mailed.

It first came off the press in April of 1982, and since that time nearly 2,000 copies have been sold, principally to members of the 306th.

It has also been sold by several book shops in England and copies have gone to Australia, Czechoslovakia, West Germany, France, Belgium, The Netherlands, and all over the United States.

At its next meeting the board of directors of the Association may consider the possible publication of a second edition as there is still a demand for the book.

To further exhibit the reach of this book, the last four copies were mailed to California, Texas, Massachusetts, and England.



## Las Vegas Site For '88 Meet

Las Vegas has been selected as the site for the 1988 reunion of the 306th Bomb Group Association, according to President Donald R. Ross.

Edward Hennessy, 369th, and B/Gen. Barney Rawlings, 367th, will be the co-chairs for the event. Both bring a broad experience to such events, as Hennessy spent many years in the travel business and Rawlings worked with the Las Vegas Visitor and Convention Bureau for a number of years.

A date has not yet been selected for the event, but will be announced at the 1987 reunion.

### Service Units at Thurlleigh

876th Chemical Co. (Det. A)  
2099th Fire Fighters  
204th Finance Section  
982nd Military Police Co. (Det. A)  
1628th Ordnance Supply  
& Maintenance Company  
527th Army Postal Unit  
1121st Quartermaster Company  
352nd Service Squadron  
4th Station Complement Squadron  
449th SubDepot

## Room Rates Will Rise August 10

More than 400 people have already registered for the Washington reunion of the 306th scheduled for the Hyatt Regency-Crystal City, Thursday, Sept. 17 through Sunday, Sept. 20.

A major feature of this facility is that it can easily accommodate all of those persons who wish to attend, both in their rooms and in the dining facilities.

A registration form for the hotel is to be found on page 8 of this issue of *Echoes*, along with a registration form for the reunion. Note that the registration fee is \$25 per person, as it has been for several years, and not \$25 per couple.

You should be aware that the cutoff on registrations at the special rate for the hotel is 10 August. After that rooms will be charged at the normal rate.

If you are driving, the hotel is easily accessible on the Jefferson Davis Highway, which goes south off the Beltway and borders Crystal City on the west. If you are flying, the hotel is within one mile of the terminal at Washington National Airport, and courtesy cars make frequent swings through the airport. Phones to the Hyatt Regency are available for summoning one of their vans.

B/Gen. William S. Rader, chairman for the reunion, would bring to your attention that indications are needed to him if you wish to participate in any of the special trips available, as noted in the tentative schedule appearing elsewhere in this issue of *Echoes*. Please so indicate your desires.

Of special interest will be the Friday noon tour at Arlington Cemetery, which will include the placing of a wreath on the grave of Sgt. Maynard H. (Snuffy) Smith, the

(Turn to page 2)

## Registrations

Registrations for the 1987 reunion now stand at more than 400 persons. According to Chairman William S. Rader, among the men included are:

Ake, Nelson 367  
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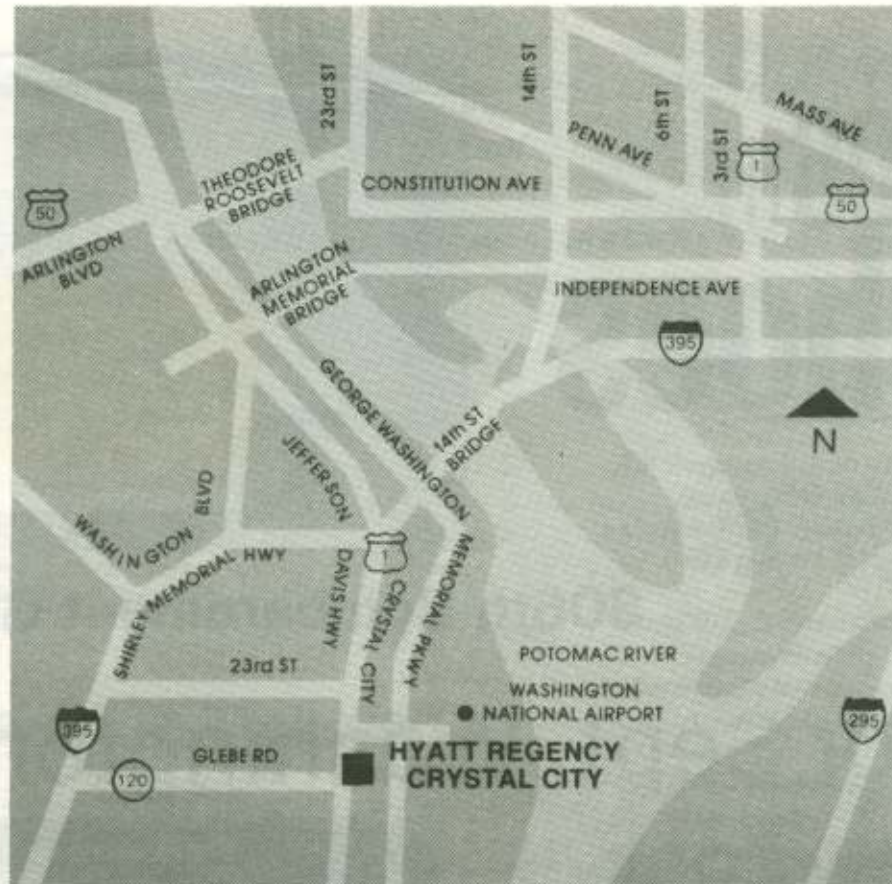


The 306th Bombardment Group Historical Association: Donald R. Ross, president; William F. Houlihan, vice president; Russell A. Strong, secretary; and C. Dale Briscoe, treasurer. Directors: Robert Crane, G. Kieth Jackson, Gerald Rotter, Robert Starzynski, Ralph Bordner and John L. Ryan, past presidents.  
 306th ECHOES is published four times annually: January, April, July and October, and is mailed free of charge to all known addresses of 306th personnel, 1942-45. Contributions in support of this effort may be remitted to the treasurer.

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The 8th AF Association contact man for the 306th is Wm. M. Collins, Jr., 2973 Heatherbrae Dr., Poland, OH 44514.

The 306th Bomb Group Historical Association is a Federally tax exempt organization, and as a veterans' group is classified as 501 (c)(19).



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## Reunion (From page 1)

only Medal of Honor winner in the 306th.

William H. Webster, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, is scheduled to be the speaker for the Saturday night reunion banquet in the ballroom of the Hyatt Regency.

For the ladies, a program will begin Saturday morning at 10, featuring Frankie Welch, an Alexandria shop proprietor, who has been in the women's clothing business for twenty-five years.

She has designed attire for Presidents' wives, and is in much demand as a lecturer on fashions.

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Yerak, Ray 369  
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Zimmerman, Ralph 423

## 17 at Dedication of Benches; Enjoy Tour of England, Scotland

After a series of transportation problems had been resolved, a tour group of seventeen persons, fifteen of whom were connected with the 306th got together in Bedford on May 19.

Some of them joined in Detroit, others came together with them at Boston, and finally Sherwood and Ursula Olds met up with the group at DeParys Hotel in Bedford. Flight delays between Houston and Detroit sent them aboard another airliner to London, and they made their own way to Bedford.

Russ and June Strong led the group, and at Gatwick Airport they picked up a guide and coach, with driver, to begin a sixteen odyssey that took them to many points of interest between London and Edinburgh.

En route to Bedford they stopped briefly at Luton Hoo, and then went on to Woburn Abbey for an interesting tour of the home of the Duke of Bedford and of the grounds surrounding it. Right away the tour group learned that it would frequently be traveling on byways off the beaten path, and with a knowledgeable guide, saw a great deal of England that the average tourist misses.

After a long first day, and dinner at the hotel in Bedford, the group was abed early, and then on the following day set out for the base at Thurlleigh. There they were met by Gordon and Connie Richards, Joe Albertson and others, for a brief dedication of the new benches at the 306th Memorial on the grounds of the old 40th Combat Wing headquarters.

Once back on the bus they headed to Madingley Cemetery, then into Cambridge for lunch, and on northeast of Cambridge to Mildenhall. There we met the commander of the 306th Strategic Wing, had a briefing about the Wing today, and were taken out to a KC-135 for an inspection of the aircraft.

Motoring back to Bedford, we were met there by the Richards, John and Diane Mills, Cyril and Mary Norman, and Ralph and Muriel Franklin. An invitation had also gone to Keith and June Paul, but they were in Bamberg, Bavaria, at the time as part of a sister city program between Bedford and Bamberg.

Leaving Bedford, the next stop for the tourists was in Lincoln, where a meeting had been arranged with the Right Worshipful Mayor of Lincoln, C. R. Ireland, his wife and the city sheriff and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. R. Brindley-Auger.

After being greeted by the mayor, a social time was enjoyed by all, after which the 306th group were guests of the city at a luncheon in the 15th century town hall.

That night was spent in York, and then the coach moved along to Edinburgh for a three-night stay.

One morning was spent in sightseeing around the city, with an afternoon for shopping. On Sunday the group enjoyed a sunlit tour through the Trossachs, before heading south on Monday to Gretna Green and the Lake district.

With an intervening night at Chester, the group visited the heavily bombed city of Coventry, Warwick Castle and Stratford-on-Avon. After viewing Blenheim Palace, Churchill's grave at Bladen, and Windsor Castle, the group moved into London, staying at the Cumberland Hotel at Marble Arch.

City tours were made, shopping was enjoyed, some saw the practice for the Queen's birthday parade to Buckingham Palace, and on the last Sunday the coach went southeast to Canterbury and Dover, then stopping at Chartwell, Churchill's home from 1922 to 1939, when he became prime minister.

With one last free day for shopping in London, the group went out Monday night for a medieval feast, and then made its way back to Gatwick Airport Tuesday morning for its flight home, via Boston.

Those participating included: Nelson Ake, 367th; Cyril and Carol Busch, 369th; William R. Edwards, 367th; William and Mable Guilfoyle, 423rd; John Krische, 369th; Walter and Bobbie Liles, 369th; Sherwood and Ursula Olds, 367th; Russ and June Strong, 367th; Warren and Marilyn Wilson, 368th. The group also included Erwin and Patricia Slesdet of Kalamazoo, MI.

## Evans Takes New Look at War Events

The story of Floyd Evans and Duane Bollenbach is told on page 142 of *First Over Germany*. Because of the wounds suffered by Bollenbach, and the inability to locate him for some years, it was assumed he was probably deceased. But, through the efforts of Russ Strong and Field McChesney, it was learned that Bollenbach was living, indeed, in Kansas City, KS. As soon as he was located, Evans was informed, and the following letter came to the editor in April.

I think it is about time that I got a letter of thanks off to you for all your help and especially for locating Duane Bollenbach for me. We are in contact regularly now and I feel better than I have for many years about the war. In fact, all I had wanted to do was forget about it.

I am enclosing my check for your book and looking forward to reading it. I am quite a voracious reader and very well known at the local library since I am one of its best customers.

I had a very nice letter and



Fortunate Youth arrives 25 Apr 44 at Thurlleigh for assignment to the 369th squadron and to the crew of Lt. Clifford Baxter. He and his crew had arrived 12 April, and had a couple of missions before being assigned to this aircraft. A raid into France on a Noball target brought a flak-induced rupture in an oil line and the left wheel would not drop. After flying around four hours to reduce the gas load, they came in alongside runway 06 to land. The plane was put back into flying condition, with a new wingtip and two new engines in a matter of 28 hours. Fortunate Youth was burned 7 Aug 44 when a cockpit fire in 086 was followed by an explosion that destroyed the two airplanes. Who was the ground crew chief?

telephone call from Reggie Robinson after he got my address from Kilgore (where we grew up together), and of course he put me in contact with you. Also heard from Manny Klette, which I enjoyed very much. The wild preacher's son really was quite the hero of not only the 306th but of the 8th AF. I last saw him when I went to see Bollenbach in the hospital in England and Klette looked like a pin cushion with all the steel pins in his legs.

My very sweet wife of some 42 years this month has convinced me it is time to bury the past and will insist we attend the next reunion in the States.

I lost all my records and pictures of the war in a flood here in 1972 and am having a hard time remembering everything Duane Bollenbach has asked me, so I may call on some of you for help.

Floyd Evans  
Seguin, TX

## New Addressees

- Brooks, Everett, 1101 W. 28th St., #105A, Minneapolis, MN 55408 423.
- Clayson, Frank H., 4798 Tangerine Ave., Winter Park, FL 32792 423.
- Clingerman, Herbert, Rt. 1, Box 46, Carlton, PA 16311 369.
- Corcoran, John W., Rt. 2, Sebring Rd., Beaver, PA 15009 367.
- Cowan, George, 2274 New Clinton Rd., Macon, GA 31201 368.
- Dunn, Clyde, Box 152, Hague, NY 12836 423.
- Gallagher, John W., 258 Wire Mill Rd., Stamford, CT 06903 423.
- Gretton, George T., 24 Spruce Ln., Spring Lake, NJ 07762 368.
- Haynes, George, 18 Mt. Auburn St., Lawrence, MA 01843 369.
- Kappel, Herbert, 55 Datchel Close, Freehold, NJ 07728 368.
- Knapp, Martin, 15 Lincoln Ave., Goshen, NY 10924 423.
- Knudson, Roy E., Rt. 1, Box 1269, Whitney, TX 76692 368.
- Koubek, David S., 1257 Siskiyou Blvd., #121, Ashland, OR 97520 369.
- May, Amos R., 2420 Union NE, Grand Rapids, MI 49505 367.
- McCarthy, Daniel F., PO Box 415, Conway, NH 03818 369.
- Minnick, Hartwell C., 14300 Rock Creek Pkwy., #7227, Little Rock, AR 72211 423.
- O'Neill, James J., 2130 Jackson St., #307, San Francisco, CA 94115 369.
- Orr, Clifford D., 6021 Shenandoah Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90056 423.
- Rucker, W. B., 115 Lady Helen Ct., Fayetteville, GA 30214 423.
- Samway, Jack R., 1206 Commerce, Baytown, TX 77520 368.
- Scheil, William, 5719 Millbridge Ct., Fort Wayne, IN 46825 368.
- Shafer, Russel C., 132 Cooley, Ponca City, OK 74601 423.
- Summers, Duane B., 1513 W. Broadway, Ponca City, OK 74601 368.
- Valenti, LTC Jasper J., Rt. 1, Bo 13A, Tallassee, AL 36078 423.
- Thomas, Gerald F., 55-A Galli Dr., Novato, CA 94949 369.
- Watkins, George T., 4605 10th St. Ct. East, Ellenton, FL 33532 368.



The famed State Line Hotel in early 1942.

## Barren Salt Flats Greeted Early Wendover Arrivals

By John L. Reynolds

I arrived at Wendover Field in early September, 1941, having been reassigned from the Casual Detachment at Fort Douglas, Utah. I was back to the rank of private once again, having taken a short discharge some three months before as a corporal of artillery to enlist for three more years as a private in the Army Air Corps, with the promise that I would be assigned overseas. A short discharge and reenlistment in grade of private was the only way you could change branches of the service at that time. After I had reenlisted however, I was advised that I would not be assigned overseas since I had over four years of service and the Air Corps was retaining all experienced personnel in the United States to train the new expanding Air Corps. So much for reenlistment promises—I ended up in the Casual Detachment at Fort Douglas.

When I received assignment orders to Wendover Field, I did not know where the place was so I had to dig out some maps. I found the town to be located just off the salt flats at the Utah/Nevada line on the highway (then US 40) from Salt Lake City to Reno, NV. The maps of the time showed several small towns along the way between Salt Lake City and Wendover. However, as we drove across the salt flats, we found that at least three of the so-called towns (Barro, Arinosa and Solduro) were only short railroad sidings with one house where the railroad foreman for that section of track resided with his family. There was a railroad tank car on the siding which supplied the so-called town on both sides of it. Actually the three closest towns to Wendover with a population of over 1,000 were Salt Lake City, 125 miles due east; Ely, NV, 120 miles to the south southwest; and Elko, NV, 110 miles to the west northwest—Wells, NV at that time was only a little, crossroad village. The town of Wendover itself was a thriving metropolis of some 300 people. Its major businesses consisted of a railroad roundhouse, the State Line Hotel and Casino, the A-1 Cafe and Bar, two general purpose stores and three filling stations. Except for the A-1 Cafe and Bar, all business establishments were located along the main drag, highway 40. The base, Wendover Field, was on the south side of town and was entirely on the old lake bed of Greater Salt Lake. The State Line Hotel and the A-1 Cafe were on the west end of town just over the Nevada line thus liquor and gambling were legal in these establishments. Needless to say, those were the only two locations of any interest in the town.

The base itself consisted of four 67-man two-story barracks, a mess hall, a theater, a canteen/PX, a dispensary, a Headquarters building, an officer's BOQ, a power plant, a warehouse and about 50 winterized 16 foot x 16 foot pyramidal tent frames beyond the mess hall. Tents and Sibley stoves for the tent frames were stored in the warehouse/supply building.

The airfield itself consisted of two 5,000 foot concrete runways in an "X" pattern with a wide concrete anchor/parking ramp connecting the northern ends of the two strips. There were no hangars, no lights and no tower. To the south of the field out in the "boonies" were three revetted igloos for ammunition storage. One other facility on the base was a railroad spur and siding alongside the power plant. That was Wendover Field in September 1941.

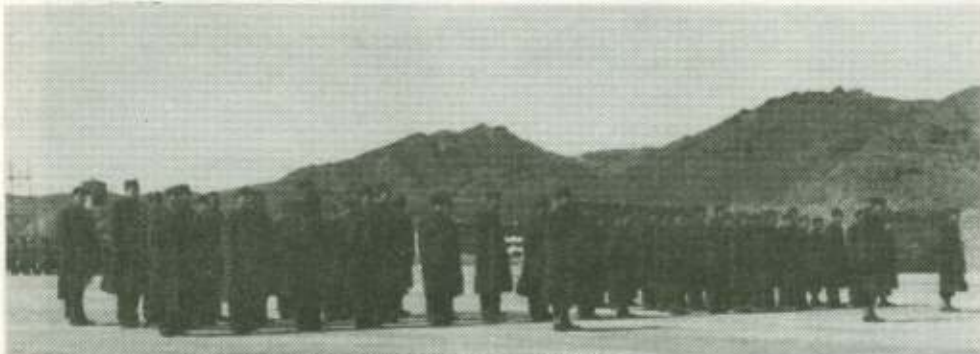
When I arrived at Wendover there were about 65 enlisted men and four officers in the garrison and it was entitled Wendover Bomb & Gunnery Range Detachment. One of the senior NCOs in the detachment was S/Sgt Ed Gregory (Edward S. Gregory, later of the 367th). Our mission was to maintain the several night and day bombing targets located some fifty or more miles east of town on the salt flats ten to twenty miles north and south of the highway plus two floating aerial gunnery target rafts on Great Salt Lake. Before the war, this was a five-day a week job but after Pearl Harbor it became seven days a week.

Within a couple of weeks after Pearl Harbor, a civilian contractor showed up at the base to build aircraft sandbag revetments on the anchor ramp. We, the enlisted garrison, consolidated ourselves into two of the barracks, double decked the bunks in the other two barracks and turned those two barracks over to the contractor for housing his civilian work force. The contractor then built about five large sand bag revetments, each capable of holding a B-17, on the anchor ramp. The contractor worked three shifts and we operated the mess hall 24 hours a day to feed all personnel. After the contractor finished and moved out, we actually had to shovel the dirt out of the two barracks he had used before we could even start to return the barracks to livable quarters. The final ironic ending to this operation, by March it became apparent that the Japanese were not going to attempt a landing on the West Coast so we got orders to tear down the revetments. No contract was to be let to do the job so the task fell to us GIs. We tore down the revetments, spread the sand as fill around the various low areas of the base and cleaned up the anchor ramp.

In January the weather was really cold and the daily range detail became a rough operation—out right after breakfast, service from two to four targets and then return to base, usually after dark, having covered about 200 miles riding in the back of an open 6x6 truck. It was rough enough that Jim Curry (James R. Curry, Jr., later of the 306th) volunteered as a cook and went into the kitchen to get off the range detail. Jim then tried to talk Tippy Tipton (Charles R. Tipton later of the 369th) and myself into doing the same but Tippy and I decided to stick it out on the range detail.



This truck was extricated after breaking through the fragile crust.



Drill on the anchor ramp, with a cool spring breeze blowing.



Removing an old railroad bridge at Gold Hill, Nevada, to salvage the timbers.



Major William A. Lanford, first 368th commander.



1st Sgt. Henry Cordery, later to become the 8th's tallest tail gunner.

Then one morning in early February we woke up to find a railroad train on the siding by the power plant and on it were about 300 new recruits most of whom were fresh into the Air Corps. While the officers were trying to find out what this was all about, we consolidated the Detachment into one barracks and crammed the new men into the other three barracks. A couple of weeks after arrival of the first train, a second trainload of new personnel arrived. Since we had no more barracks space to house them in, we got the pyramidal tents out of the warehouse, put them over the tent frames, set up a Sibley stove in each tent and that is where we housed that second trainload of men. One of the men from that latter trainload whom I remember was Lee Kessler (Leland J. Kessler later of the 368th). I felt sorry for those men in the tents since the weather in February and March was really cold, but that was the best we could do under the circumstances.

About this time we received word that the Army Air Forces planned to activate two B-17 heavy bombardment groups, the 305th and 306th, at Wendover Field about 1 April and that the 600 odd new personnel would be fillers for cadres scheduled to arrive in late March. Concurrent with this information, a civilian contractor showed up and started erecting single story barracks and support buildings like mad. This time the contractor provided his own housing off base. In late March the cadres for both groups arrived and both bombardment groups were activated the first of April 1942.

Meanwhile the civilian contractor was still building furiously but he was being bothered periodically by floating lakes that drifted in across the salt flats when the wind blew from the east for a couple of days. The contractor decided to dig some drainage ditches to lead the water off elsewhere. He used a bulldozer, canted the blade and started to cut a trench. As soon as the track of the bulldozer hit the area where the blade had broken the crust, the bulldozer bogged down. The more the operator rocked the bulldozer backward and forward in attempting to get it out, the deeper it sank. Then the second tread wore itself through the crust and the bulldozer sank still deeper. Finally about five that evening the contractor decided to wait until the next morning to continue his efforts to get the bulldozer backup on top of the crust. By the next morning the bulldozer had sunk almost out of sight. It finally disappeared entirely. This was no surprise since the salt flats actually are an old lake bed from the days when Great Salt Lake covered the whole area; test borings have shown as much as 40 feet of axle grease type muck between the hard top crust and the solid ground below. Floating lakes were just something that we had to live with.

As soon as the 306th was activated, I went searching for a job; I had had enough of the range detail. I was back up to corporal at the time and I had a pretty good working knowledge of administration gained through my prior service—morning reports, sick book, duty roster, training reports, etc. I talked with William A. "Bill" Lanford, then a first lieutenant and commander of the 368th. Bill said that he could use me so I put in for a transfer to the 368th. It came through in rapid order and Bill assigned me as the Squadron Sergeant Major. 2Lt Edward T. Miazza arrived and was assigned as the adjutant. Henry C. "Hank" Cordery was the First Sergeant who came in with the cadre. Hank and I got along excellently; he did not care for paper work so he let me handle all the administration and he took care of the men. Three of the filler personnel assigned to the orderly room were Marshall E. Baker, Warren H. Uttal and Orley Parker, all of whom proved to be very capable men. Baker became my understudy. Uttal became personnel sergeant and Parker became the finance clerk.

All in all things ran pretty smoothly considering the conditions under which we were operating. Construction of barracks and support facilities went rather rapidly since no major modifications to the utilities systems were required. The original plans for the base made provisions for future expansion and the original utilities had been sized and constructed to accommodate such expansion. As fast as the contractor finished a barracks, we moved men in from the tent area. Throughout this period, however, we were continuously getting in groups of new men—recently graduated mechanics, armorers, administrative personnel, etc. Thus, it was necessary to continue using the tent area for housing.

One problem that we ran into with the new buildings was that they had bare wood interiors; the contract did not call for them to be painted and we, the troops, did not have any paint or money to buy same. Solution, someone came up with the idea of staining the inside surfaces with a mixture of road tar and gasoline. It took a couple of days to air out the gasoline fumes but the resulting color was excellent; the walls and overhead appeared to be made out of black walnut. Then Hank Cordery found that Lee Kessler was an artist so Hank started Lee decorating the walls with paintings. One of these paintings was a large mural of a B-17 on the wall of the Squadron Commander's office and another one was of a proposed squadron insignia. It was entitled "Bats Out of Hell" and it showed a stream of bats rising out of a mass of flames.

While this was going on, we were continually getting in small groups of new officers to build us up to the 78 we were authorized. Almost all of them were brand new second lieutenants fresh out of either

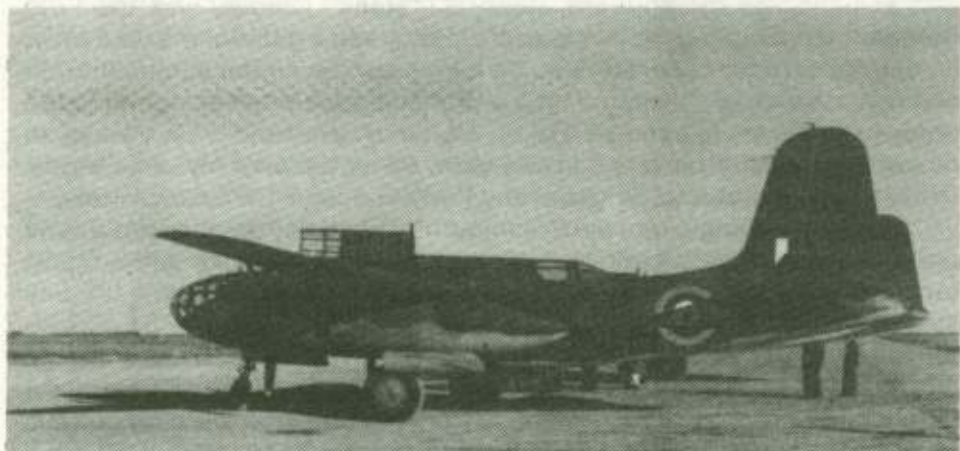


The crowd gathers for a 368th beer bust.

multiengine, navigator or bombardier schools. Bill Lanford found out that I was well qualified on the .45 caliber automatic so he gave me an additional job of instructing new officers and men on the .45 automatic and trying to qualify them on the pistol range.

Concurrent with these activities, we were conducting an intensive training program. This program required numerous reports, one of which was a comprehensive Weekly Training Status Report, which was due at Group Headquarters by noon every Monday morning and had to reflect the training status as of Sunday midnight. That report took most of each Monday morning to compile and it usually was after 1100 by the time I had it typed and ready for signature by the Squadron Commander. Then I would go looking for Bill Lanford to sign it and he would not be around—out flying, in some important conference, etc.—so I would sign "William A. Lanford" at the bottom of the report and turn it in to Headquarters. One Monday however, Bill was around so I had him sign it and I submitted the report to Group Headquarters. It promptly bounced back with a note saying that the report contained an improper signature. I immediately had the report retyped, signed Bill's name at the bottom and resubmitted it to Headquarters where it was accepted.

About this time I came to realize that as long as I remained in the squadron I would be riding a desk and, since I had no intentions of fighting the war from behind a desk, I had better do something about this situation. Further, I had one eye that was 20/40 which at that time barred me from any type of flying school so I decided to apply for Artillery OCS, the branch in which most of my previous service had been performed. I applied, was accepted and departed Wendover Field for OCS at Camp Davis, NC, in early July. Although my tour of duty with the 306th was only a few months long, I was rather sorrowful upon leaving and I still retain many fond memories of Wendover Field, the 368th Bombardment Squadron and the many fine men I served with there.



An A-20 stopped at Wendover on its way to the RCAF.



S/Sgt. Edward Gregory and Sgt. Ed Haynes inside one of the sandbag revetments on an anchor ramp.



What there was of the town of Wendover, Utah, appears in the lower right of this 1942 picture.



The bulldozer eventually sank out of sight and was never recovered.

## DEATHS

**Raymond E. Abernathy**, a 368th crew chief, died 4 Apr 86 in St. Louis, MO.

**Stephen Albee**, an officer with the 4th Station Complement Squadron, died 5 Feb 84. He was also a service pilot.

**Robert L. Alker**, 423rd bombardier in mid 1944, died 23 Aug 83.

**Ellis J. Andras**, 367th copilot who suffered a fractured skull in a crash landing 31 Dec 43 with Charles W. Smith at Stevanage, England, died 30 Sep 44.

**James E. Arden**, 368th gunner in mid-1944, (Paul Paulsen's crew), died 5 Oct 59.

**Guy G. Aubrey**, 423rd gunner (J. T. Toombs' crew), and a POW after bailing out alone 1 Dec 43 at Solingen, Germany, after Toombs'

plane was hit by a falling bomb, died 15 Feb 86 in the Los Angeles area.

**John L. Davis**, 367th pilot from late Aug 44 to Jan 45, died 17 Apr 87 in Encinitas, CA. He crash landed his plane in France 27 Sep 44 en route home from Cologne.

**Joseph H. Galloway**, assistant group operations officer, died 17 Jan 77.

**Jacob Galyaht**, 369th gunner (Irving Dudley's crew), from July 44 to Feb 45, died in 1984 in St. Paul, MN.

**James J. Garris**, 367th gunner after having been an assistant crew chief, died 17 Jun 85. He was the 57th EM to complete a combat tour with the 306th.

**Charles D. Ladage**, 368th gunner (John Coughlin's crew), and MIA 24 Apr 44 at Oberpfaffenhofen (w. Coughlin), died 1 Dec 86 at Haines City, FL.

## More Issues of 'Echoes'

Here's my help for future issues of Echoes!

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ to support the production and mailing of the 306th Echoes. I also want to support continuing reunion activities for those who once served.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: C. Dale Briscoe  
11025 Whisper Valley  
San Antonio, TX 78230

## Paper Doll (From page 1)

And after a briefing, the CO said, "Good luck . . . Remember what's at stake." "What?" someone asked.

When missions are scrubbed, crew members are hostile toward each other, relieved and bored. And they do what youth have done for ages under such circumstances: they get into trouble. In aircraft recognition classes, organized while waiting for good weather, they cover up their inability to recognize German fighters by wisecracking. When the instructor flashes an Me-109 on the screen and asks, "Any ideas?" the answer comes back, "Gene Tierney."

They take their frustrations out on each other and on the ground crews. Aboard the aircraft waiting for a mission to be scrubbed, a jeep drove up. ". . . and a voice . . . called out a 15 minute delay. Do you register pilot?"

"Chew my thing . . . Gabriel called from the cockpit."

They are inexperienced; on their first mission the navigator mistakes flak for clouds:

"It'll be easier over the target . . . without these little clouds." "Little clouds, my butt," Gabriel cried. "That's flak, you idiot." But somehow or other, in the air they click as a crew.

'He spun to face front and angled the guns up to catch an echelon of four fighters coming down across and through the flight, their wings winking light even at that distance. They began taking on features instantaneously and he could see colors, insignia, letters, radio masts, yellow noses, then they flashed past—Me-109's, he understood. He turned the turret again, his gloves light on the controls, and a fighter leaped at him like an apparition, impossibly close, shocking him immobile, and was gone.

The air burst right before him, it seemed, just above Hirsch and Eddy in the nose, and he could see red fire within the black cauliflower shape and the air jarred like water in a bowl. The shrapnel rang over the plane like someone hitting it with steel pipes. . . .

Another echelon came through, and everyone fired forward, Snowberry's and Eddy's and his own tracers braiding and coiling out toward the fighters and he raced the turret around firing as they roared past in an attempt to track them.

He swept the turret the opposite way, feeling overloaded, overwhelmed. On the interphone, Cooper called out bandits reforming ahead. Piacenti tracked one for Lewis, Ball was yelling something, Snowberry said, "My parents'll kill me. I get killed now, my parents'll kill me."

The book closes with a description as authentic and gripping as you will find of the first Schweinfurt raid with all the confusion, ineptness, courage, and carnage.

Why was the aircraft called "Paper Doll?" There was a Paper Doll in the 306th Bomb Group, but in a discussion with the author, it did not appear he was aware of this, so it is not likely he had the 306th in mind. There is the slightest of hints that the name was selected because the B-17 was more a "paper doll" than a "flying fortress." We all know now that the airplane was not up to deep unescorted missions over Germany and that daylight "precision" bombing was only slightly more



Al LaChasse had a special cake to celebrate the 45th anniversary of his entrance into Stalag Luft III. His grandson sports an appropriate T-shirt. LaChasse was one of three survivors and the only POW out of Capt. John Olson's crew 9 Oct 42 on the 306th's first mission of the war.

"precise" than RAF nighttime bombing.

One small issue needs to be set aside. We all have the capacity to remember selectively and in strange ways. One's recollection of events and things is peculiar; we may never forget the size, shape and color of a shoulder patch, for example, but may have only the vaguest recollection of how we felt and behaved after the death of a friend. Shepard's book has its share of "shoulder patch mistakes," which we should not let get in the way. He calls the British "Brits" (a term much more kind than the one we used!) To Shepard, a crew member who signs on to a second tour "reenlists." He has a tail gunner and a bombardier taking off on combat missions from combat positions. He gives the flight engineer an instrument panel. And he has the temerity to create a sergeant gunner more intelligent than a 2nd Lieutenant! However, these minor issues should not impede the reader's ability to relate to the war through the eyes and actions of this crew.

Where would one put this book among war novels? Among the best, I think. It is laced with the realism of such novels as *Piece of Cake* (which depicts the disintegration of pilots in an RAF fighter squadron) and *The Naked and the Dead* which does the same for the infantry. *Paper Doll's* crew behave as war shapes soldiers to behave; they are not moved by noble causes, and gallantry, but by the absurdities, horrors and vulgarities of war. Most air war books with which I am familiar are based on unrealistic and fallacious views of war. They do not depict real people in real situations. To honestly and accurately describe how war shapes soldiers (even if you have a clean bed to sleep in at night), it is fear, tension, stress, and brutality, that are the modes of behavior—not nobility, honesty and daring.

Finally, this is the sort of book that should be read twenty years from now to depict a small slice of

## Bring Plane Information To Reunion

The 306th historian is seeking more detailed information on 306th aircraft than is available through many records. In particular, he has been trying to develop a roster of ground crew chiefs for the planes.

This has proven to be a time consuming and difficult task, as even many of the crew chiefs cannot now account for the planes they serviced except by name. As less than half of the 306th planes bore distinctive names, there are only the numbers to rely on.

Of the planes that were named, more than one hundred cannot now be directly associated with their tail numbers, causing more identification problems.

At the 1987 reunion in Washington, the historian will have several large charts of known data about 306th aircraft, and will encourage everyone to look over the material and to try to bring together names and numbers, and crew chiefs.

He has also been placing on the computer the names of the pilots who flew planes on the various missions. Much of this material is actually available, but it is unlikely that all of it can be brought together. If you pilots have a log of your own missions, showing the planes you flew, make a copy of it for the historian.

Any associated information about aircraft will be welcome from any source.

what the 8th Air Force was really like. Ask your librarian to order the book or go out and buy a copy and it may still be around in twenty years for future generations to read, understand and relate to our war.

## Miller Wants 305th Friend To Know 306th

Charlie Miller, was shot down 15 May 43, just eleven day after he joined the group. His trip to Wilhelmshaven with Gaylord Ritland brought an abrupt end to his flying career.

In prison camp one of Charlie's best friends was Ed Seabourn, a gunner out of the 305th BG.

Since that time they have maintained contact, "we speak at least once a month over the phone."

In a recent letter to the editor, Charlie went on: "Last night he called and I mentioned seeing a man's name in your book that I have been trying to locate. Your book gave me some fresh ideas on how to accomplish this.

"My friend said, 'Will you please order the book for me? Every time we talk you always bring up that book.' I will give it to him as a gift of course with a little dig about the 305th."

The editor has since talked with Ed, and is now waiting to see his



comments on *First Over Germany*. We'll pass them along to you.

Incidentally, for those who are more recent additions to the 306th roster, Charlie, who lives in LaJolla, CA, served as national president of the American Ex-Prisoners of War in 1982-83. Ed and his wife, Kay, carry on the work "hopefully for the betterment of all ex-prisoners of war," visiting VA hospitals and acting as a liaison between the VA and American Ex-Prisoners of War.

## First to Repair Tanks

First sub-depot shop to repair flexible fuel tanks is the one at the 306th Bomb Group base, supervised by T/Sgt. Ralph D. Brown, assisted by S/Sgt. Robert Reichers, Sgts. William J. MacNaughton, Ernest G. Michel, Dewey Stewart and John Kovac—From Stars and Stripes.



The 306th Memorial at Thurligh is remembered often, and on Memorial Day 1987 children from the Thurligh school placed these flowers as a tribute to the men of the 306th—both those who gave their lives and those who lived to return to their homes. This picture was provided by Peg and Joe Albertson.

## Washington Reunion Tickets

September 17-20, 1987

To: **B/Gen Wm. S. Rader**  
1108 Key Drive  
Alexandria, VA 22302

Make checks payable to:  
**306th Reunion**

|   |                 |                 |
|---|-----------------|-----------------|
| Registration Fee (per person)               | \$25.00 x _____ | \$ _____        |
| 9/17 Buffet Dinner                          | \$25.00 x _____ | \$ _____        |
| 9/19 Reunion Banquet                        | \$25.00 x _____ | \$ _____        |
| <b>Total for Registration &amp; Tickets</b> |                 | <b>\$ _____</b> |

Enclose check to assure purchase.

Reunion Data

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse's name \_\_\_\_\_ Guest(s) name(s) \_\_\_\_\_

zip \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

Squadron \_\_\_\_\_ Crew position or otehr duty \_\_\_\_\_

Anticipated arrival date \_\_\_\_ hour \_\_\_\_ Departure date \_\_\_\_ hour \_\_\_\_

Hotel reservations made? \_\_\_\_ If so, where? \_\_\_\_\_

**306th BOMB GROUP  
HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION  
SEPTEMBER 16-20, 1987**

**HYATT REGENCY CRYSTAL CITY  
AT WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT  
TELEPHONE: (703) 486-1234**

| Type of Room      | No. of Rooms | Convention Rates | *Regency Club* |
|-------------------|--------------|------------------|----------------|
| Single (1 person) |              | \$69             | \$160          |
| Double (2 people) |              | \$69             | \$180          |
| Triple            |              | \$69             | ---            |
| Quad              |              | \$69             | ---            |
| 1 Bed Rm. Suite   |              | \$200-250        | \$450          |
| 2 Bed Rm. Suite   |              | ---              | \$550          |

The above rates are subject to state and local taxes.

\*Regency club accomodations include special guest room amenities and special food and beverage services.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone No. \_\_\_\_\_

Sharing room with \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Arrival \_\_\_\_\_

I will arrive via \_\_\_\_\_

Time of Arrival \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Departure \_\_\_\_\_

Check in Time: 3 p.m. \_\_\_\_\_

Check out Time: 12 Noon \_\_\_\_\_

## Outward Bound

The dawn came stealing through the night  
in a sky floodlit with bright moonlight;  
And with the dawn came a murmuring sound  
of great planes on a landing ground.

Their engines throbbing in the cold crisp air  
As I was standing listening there.  
Then they came, and with eager eyes  
I saw them loom into the skies.

On they came with a deafening roar  
ten, twenty, thirty, more still more;  
Their bodies glistening as they passed me by  
and circled in the cloudless sky.

Then with formation quite complete  
The silver-wing-tipped gleaming fleet  
swept on their voyage—I knew not where,  
And left me standing along there.

'Til all was hushed again . . . ne're a sound  
Of those gallant men who were OUTWARD BOUND!

Written 1944 by Muriel Rose Bates of Rushden as she made her way to work one morning. Muriel later married Lt. William E. Foose, 306th Bomb Group Communications Training Officer. They live in Quincy, Illinois, are parents of six children, grandparents of seven grandchildren.

## 16-20 September Schedule

### Wednesday—16 September

Early Arrivals—Golf available at Andrews AFB, at own expense and transportation

### Thursday—17 September

1000-1700—Registration  
1300—Hospitality Suite opens  
1400-1700—Optional trip to **Silver Hill** restoration center for National Air and Space Museum (advance notice needed)  
1830-2030—Buffet, Hyatt Regency

### Friday—18 September

1000-1700—Registration  
0900—Transportation to **National Air & Space Museum** in downtown Washington, or  
Transportation to **The Pentagon**, or  
Transportation to **White House**, limited to 30 people, at White House at 8 a.m., with arrangements in advance for special tour. Others can drive there and stand in tourist line.  
1130—Lunch on your own  
1230—Tour of **Arlington Cemetery** and placing of wreath at Snuffy Smith's grave; the **Lee Mansion** and **Tombs of the Unknowns**. Reservations necessary in advance because of transportation.  
1500-1800—Hospitality Suites open for Squadrons. Everyone welcome. Cash bar available.  
1800—Buffet dinner  
2000-0030—Hospitality Suites open

### Saturday—19 September

0930—Air Staff Briefing, in hotel.  
1030—General membership business meeting  
1000-1200—Ladies Style Show, in the hotel.  
To be followed by buses to **Old Town Alexandria** for an afternoon of shopping.  
1200—Lunch on your own  
1500—Squadron pictures Hotel Lobby  
1800—Cocktail Hour, cash bar  
1900—Banquet  
2200-0030—Hospitality Suites open

### Sunday—20 September

Breakfast on your own  
Bon Voyage

**Mail this Reservation Form to**  
Hyatt Regency Crystal City  
Reservations Dept.  
2799 Jefferson Davis Highway  
Arlington, VA 22202

Reservations must be received by 8/10/87

Reservations requested beyond the cut-off date are subject to availability. Rooms may still be available after the cutoff but not necessarily at the convention rate.

Your reservation will be held until 6 pm unless one night's deposit is received or guaranteed

by credit card below. Failure to cancel 24 hours prior to arrival will result in 1 night's charges billed to your credit card.

Hold until 6 pm only.

Guaranteed by one of the following:

Deposit of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

American Express  Diner's Club

Carte Blanche  MasterCard  Visa

Card # \_\_\_\_\_

Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_