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306th Echoes

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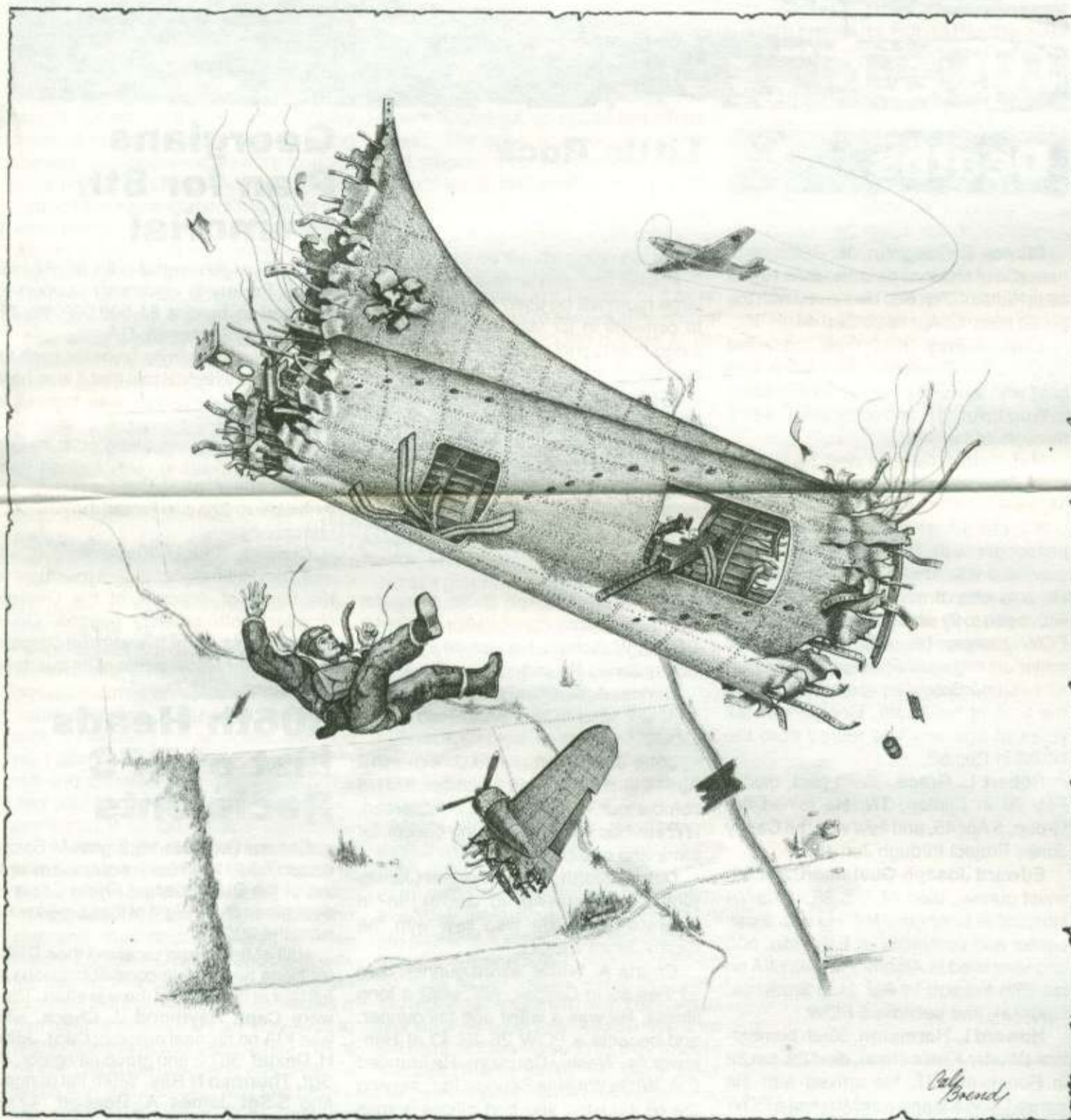
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306th Bombardment Group Association

En Route to StalagLuft IV . . .



Little Rock Activities Scheduled

The schedule is starting to gel for the Little Rock reunion of the 306th Bomb Group, planned to run from Sept. 21 through Sept. 24 at the Arkansas Excelsior Hotel, on the south bank of the Arkansas River, and almost within a stone's throw of I-40.

One of the advantages of Little Rock is the convenience of the hotel to interstate traffic and the proximity of the Little Rock airport, only about three miles from downtown.

Chairman Hugh Phelan has announced that members of his committee include Jack Wood, John Dexter, Fred Sherman, Ted Hood, M.J. Northway and John Kab, all residents now of Arkansas.

Thursday night's activities will center around a "Feast of Arkansas" buffet, scheduled for a lovely park immediately adjacent to the hotel and on the bank of the river. The weather will be the determining factor.

Friday three major activities are planned, although each is limited in the numbers which can participate: a visit to Marlsgate plantation, 13 miles from Little Rock; two one and one-half hour river boat excursions along the Arkansas aboard the sternwheeler, "Spirit"; and an evening opportunity for some who want to attend the Billy Graham Crusade. The latter event is scheduled to be held 17 September through the 24th.

The Marlsgate event is limited to 180 persons, with 90 going out at 9:30 in the morning, and a second group leaving at 1:30. The time at the plantation itself will be two hours. The cost for this is \$10 per person, which includes bus transportation.

The riverboat trips are one and one-half hours, and depart at 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. from the dock behind the hotel. The cost is \$3.50 per person, and there will be a cash bar and refreshments on board. This is limited to 120 persons each trip.

The Billy Graham Crusade will be held at War Memorial Stadium, and 150 tickets are available for the Friday evening service at 7 p.m. The 55,000-seat stadium is two miles from the hotel. Bus transportation will be provided for \$2.00 per person.

Reservations for each of these activities are available by completing the pre-registration form on the back page of this issue. If you have previously registered, you can "sign on" for these activities by filling out the form once again, noting that you have previously registered, and send it along with your

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POWs Fight Lonely Battles For Survival

By Calvin Brend

As a preface to this story, I'd like it noted that for me to recall these events and the thoughts that go with them, was an extreme hardship. I learned to survive in POW camp with humor. Whatever occurred, we made light of it, often times creating jokes out of injury, pain, hardship, and even death. It was at least my way of coping. After the war, I found that in order to cope with these memories, it was necessary for me to avoid crowds, to avoid too much discussion and detail in any conversation about what really happened.

To this day, I have the same outlook and avoid even going to meetings of various veterans organizations to which I belong: I avoid the special POW group meetings at the VA. I do know that these meetings are an effort to help and I condone and thank those who are trying to help. It does seem to work for some, but not for me. And so this effort of mine to relate what happened to me, became difficult to do. I thought perhaps the more that is brought out the better so that those who have not lived through it might understand. One of the greatest God-given gifts to man is the natural ability to forget the bad and remember the good. It just takes longer for some of us, but we try. My story and drawing reflect some of this. I hope it may do some good for some someone. Even though writing this, recalling it, and illustrating it has

been very, very difficult for me, I deem it an honor to do so.

After going through basic training at Miami Beach and gunnery school at Fort Myers, Florida, I was initially assigned to night fighters at Orlando Air Base. We had been held back three times from going overseas. We wondered why. We were transferred to heavy bombers. I was shipped to Walla Walla, Washington, for training. After training and our flight overseas, we landed at Thurleigh, England, near Bedford. We were assigned to the 306th Bomb Group, 423rd Squadron.

We were an eager crew. If there was any flying to be done, we were there. We had seen thirteen missions as a crew, going to Norway, Germany, France, Southern France, etc. We carried various bomb loads, including 500# booby trap bombs, 500# demolition, 100# incendiary clusters, anti-personnel bombs, even leaflets. We loved our job. We were experienced, young and foolish, but pros.

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Project Fund Grows, Seek More Donors

The initial appeals for gifts to a 306th Bomb Group Association project fund have brought in a significant amount of money, says President William F. Houlihan.

But, it is hoped that additional persons will make contributions during the remainder of 1989, and that at least some people will make it a part of their giving program for future years.

One of the major objectives of the Fund, says Donald R. Ross, former 306th president, is to assure the continued operation of the Association in that period when the roll of active members begins a sharp decline. Because of the continued identification of significant numbers of "new" names for the roster, the 306th has not yet gone over the top. But at some point in the next five years this will happen, and the roster will begin a long downward slide.

Another possible use is the publication of several collections of information, namely: the individual squadron diaries, which provide various kinds of information about the day-to-day events of the squadrons, although the information is primarily limited to the combat flying effort; a picture album of the 306th, a project that has been discussed on several occasions; a directory of the names of all those believed to have served with the 306th from March 1942 until the end of the combat phase.

Additionally, the 306th officers and directors are exploring a 50th anniversary observance of the arrival of the 306th in England to begin its long and effective history with the Eighth Air Force from its base at Thurleigh. The arrival of ground forces and the flying crews came during the second week of September 1942, and would most appropriately be held in England.

President Houlihan states that by the time of the annual meeting in Little Rock in September, the officers and directors will have several projects of interest to members to present.



The 306th Bombardment Group Historical Association: William L. Houlihan, president; Marshall E. Baker, vice president; Russell A. Strong, secretary; C. Dale Briscoe, treasurer. Directors are: John R. Grimm, Robert P. Riordan, Robert J. Starzynski and Leo VanDeurzen; Reginald L. Robinson, immediate past president, and Hugh E. Phelan, 1989 reunion chairman.

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 30th Bomb Group Historical Association is a Federally tax exempt organization and as a veteran's group is classified as 501 (c19).



Deaths

Clinton E. Coughlin, Jr., 369th engineer (Cecil McKinney's crew) died 10 Oct 88 in Kansas City, KS. He served with the group from 12 Apr to 25 Sep 44.

Elmer J. Frey, 369th crew chief, died 20 Oct 88 in Columbia, PA, after a long bout with leukemia. He joined the group at Wendover, UT, and continued to serve throughout the war.

Maj. Paul J. George died 24 June 87 in St. Petersburg, FL. He joined the 306th 16 Jul 42 in Wendover, UT, and served until 8 Oct 43, when he was flying as a passenger with Thomas Ledgerwood's crew and was shot down over Bremen. He was one of several ground officers with a yen to fly who ended up in German POW camps. He was first assistant materials engineering officer and 24 Sep 43 became Group equipment officer. At the time of his death, George was 87 years of age and had retired from the USAF in Dec 52.

Robert L. Grace, 369th pilot, died 4 Feb 89 in Clinton, TN. He joined the Group, 5 Apr 45, and flew with the Casey Jones Project through Jun 46.

Edward Joseph Gustafson, a 369th waist gunner, died 24 Feb 89 in the VA Hospital at Northport, NY. He was a carpenter and contractor in East Islip, NY, and later lived in Albany. He was MIA on his 25th mission 11 Apr 44 to Stettin (w. Opdyke), and became a POW.

Howard L. Harmston, 368th bombardier (Walter Kiehl's crew), died 28 Jun 88 in Roosevelt, UT. He arrived with the group 1 Dec 43, and was MIA and a POW 25 Feb 44 at Augsburg (w. Joseph Gay).

Horace W. (Ike) Hoskins, 369th ball turret gunner (Max Williams' crew), died last December in Champion, NE. He joined the squadron 21 Apr 44 and finished his combat tour in October.

Frederick E. Hutchinson, a 367th waist gunner from mid-43 until he parachuted out of the debris after Lawrence Kooima's plane blew up over Bremen 8 Oct 43, died in late 1988 in Republic, OH. He was a POW. Hutchinson was credited with downing one FW 190 on an early mission, and received a Purple Heart, as well.

Paul C. (Red) Jorgensen, 369th pilot, died 14 May 88 after suffering from emphysema for ten years. He joined the 306th as a co-pilot (Robert Schoch's crew) 19 Nov 43, but after Schoch's loss flew most of his tour as a first pilot. He completed his tour 27 May 44 as a flight

Little Rock

(From Page 1)

check.

Once the numbers are filled for each event, a waiting list will be established.

Phelan has also announced that one large room will be used for all personnel to convene in for visitation, rather than trying to set up four distinct rooms. At the check-in large sheets will be provided for members to sign up for each of the squadrons and other units of the 306th, so that other members can quickly locate friends. Both hotel and group registration will be found on the last page of this issue of *Echoes*.

leader and captain.

Donald C. Kuesel, 368th navigator (James Bigham's crew), in Apr 45, died in 1986 in Wisconsin. He also flew with the Casey Jones Project.

Denver A. McGinnis, 367th gunner in 1943-44, died in Apr 88 in Florissant, MO.

John J. O'Brien, 423rd pilot from 12 Apr 44 until July, when he completed his combat tour, died 21 Dec 88 in Patterson, NY. He had been ill with lung cancer for three and one-half years.

Dale L. Smith, 368th engineer (James Bigham's crew) in Apr 45, died in 1987 in Gunnison, CO. He also flew with the Casey Jones Project.

Cedric A. White, 423rd gunner, died 11 Feb 89 in Casper, WY, after a long illness. He was a waist and tail gunner, and became a POW 26 Jul 43 at Hannover (w. Wesley Courson). He founded C.A. White Wireline Service, Inc., serving the oil industry, and had offices across Wyoming.

Lawrence L. Yator, 423rd tail gunner (Norwood Garret's crew), died 31 Oct 88 in Bergholz, OH. He joined the 306th 16 Oct 43 and was MIA 24 Feb 44 at Schweinfurt (w. Garrett), and became a POW.

James K. Young, 367th gunner (George Hatch's crew) died 16 Dec 87 in Springfield, IL. He joined the group 22 Sep 44, but flew most of his mission in 45, finishing in March.

An Omission

An omission has been found in the list published a year ago of master sergeants serving with the 306th. The name left out was that of John R. Battle, who served with group intelligence.

Georgians Plan for 8th Memorial

The Georgia chapter of the 8th AF Historical Society is vigorously supporting an effort to build a \$1,500,000 8th AF Museum at Savannah, GA.

Savannah has in its favor for such an activity the historical fact that it was here that the 8th Air Force was formed in January 1942.

Plans are moving along on a 40,000 square foot building, with support from the Savannah Airport Commission, the Chamber of Commerce and the business community.

Currently Saul M. Kupferman, 423rd, and Tom Hulings, 368th, are members of the board of directors of the Georgia chapter, both recently elected. Other 306th people are active with the chapter, and Saul serves as editor of its quarterly publication, "Tall Tales".

306th Heads List of DFC Recipients

General Order No. 98, Eighth Air Force, issued 7 July 1943 covers only the awarding of the Distinguished Flying Cross to seventeen men. Eight of those men were from the 306th.

Half of this group received their DFCs for flying twenty-five combat missions, a full tour at that point in the war effort. They were **Capt. Raymond J. Check**, who was KIA on his final mission; **Capt. John H. Dexter**, 367th and group navigator; **T/Sgt. Thurman H Ray**, 369th tail gunner, and **S/Sgt James A. Bobbett**, 423rd waist gunner.

Now the unusual group is the other four, each of whom was cited for "extraordinary achievement...while serving...on a B-17 airplane...over enemy occupied Continental Europe:"

S/Sgt Wayne J. Gray, 423rd waist gunner flew ten missions, and had floated around in the North Sea for more than thirty hours when Lt. Robert Smith ditched his plane coming home from Bremen;

S/Sgt Maynard E. Nelson, 423rd waist gunner flew twenty missions for his DFC;

S/Sgt Carl E. Frymoyer, 369th ball turret gunner, flew fifteen missions for his DFC, and

Sgt. John E. Owens, 369th ball turret gunner, flew fifteen missions for his medal.

It is unusual from this period to have a General Order issued which dealt only with the award of one type of medal, and to see the medal awarded at less than a tour without a special citation being issued as to specifics of the award.

306th Express Carries Maps to N. Africa

Contributing to this story have been Col. Robert P. Riordan, Col. Gerald Rotter, Charles M. Davis, and Anthony Santoro all of whom were participants in the action

Maj. Henry W. Terry, commanding officer of the 369th Squadron, called in Capt. Robert P. Riordan in the spring of 1943 and told him that he and his crew had been selected for a special mission that would take them to North Africa and back.

Capt. Riordan then notified his engineer, Anthony Santoro, and told him to get their plane, Wahoo II, ready for the long trip. Working with the ground crew chief, Forest Goodwill, extra ammunition was added at each gun position, and an extra fuel tank in the bomb bay added 410 gallons to the ship's capacity.

The plane and crew were ready for departure from Station 111 at 1445, 3 April 43. They flew to Bovingdon, where the plane was filled with sealed barracks bags. The bags were literally everywhere. Santoro reports they were stacked in the radio room, on one side of the bomb bay, on each side of the top turret, and even in the nose.

Along with the bags came an Army major, who was their custodian. Guards surrounded the plane at Bovingdon until they departed, and when they arrived at Portreath at 1915 hours, more guards were ready to take up their duties.

All was ready for an early morning rising at Portreath, and the wheels left England at 0445 on the 14th.

Riordan reports that their flight plan carried them west of France and over the Bay of Biscay, well to the west of Portugal and Spain, and then east to Gibraltar.

With their six thousand pounds of cargo, they flew at about 1,000 feet most of the way.

"Identification requirements were that we approach the southern end of Gibraltar on a northerly heading. About three miles out we fired the the Very pistol with the colors of the day. We must have had the right signal because they gave us a green light to proceed. We made a wide turn inside the bay on the west side of Gibraltar, being careful to stay clear of Spanish territory," says Riordan.

Both Riordan and Santoro reported a terrific downdraft on their final approach into Gibraltar, with the plane probably dropping 300 feet. Charles Davis, who was in the radio room says that Orville Schulz, the radio operator, was taking pictures out the radio hatch, and had not someone grabbed his legs, would have gone out without a chute on. Later this same thing almost happened to the Army major who was their passenger.

The pilots and crew knew about a problem with hydraulic pressure in the left landing gear strut, but there was no problem in landing at "The Rock".

The crew members spent an enjoyable three days at Gibraltar, with the fresh citrus fruits being a special treat. They also saw the Barbary apes, and delighted in buying white bread and silk stockings.

One of the problems confronting the gunners was the proximity to saltladen



Rip Riordan, a 369th pilot, checks out the painter's work on the nose of his airplane, "Wahoo".

North Africa Crew

Capt. Robert P. Riordan	Pilot
2nd Lt Rogers D. Littlejohn	Co-Pilot
1st Lt. Gerald D. Rotter	Navigator
1st Lt. George J. Spelman	Bombardier
T/Sgt Anthony Santoro	Engineer
S/Sgt Orville B. Schulz	Radio
S/Sgt Charles M. Davis	Ball
S/Sgt Albert N. McMahan	Tail
S/Sgt Robert D. Dwiggins	Waist
S/Sgt Ray D. May	Waist

air, as it rapidly rusted the gun barrels.

Several of the crew met American sailors, and took them to visit the B-17, which none of the seaborne troops had ever seen. The size of the aircraft and the number of guns amazed them. They also liked the nose art, and reciprocated the 306th hospitality by taking their new friends to the American naval ship in the harbor. There the fly boys encountered white bread and butter, and especially liked the homemade ice cream they were served.

On the 17th Capt. Riordan lifted the wheels off the Gibraltar runway for a three-hour flight to Maison Blanche airfield at Algiers. When the plane was parked, two Army 6x6 trucks approached, with guards. They removed the barracks bags from the plane and promptly left.

"We didn't learn until later that our cargo had consisted of thousands of leaflets which were to be air-dropped over Sicily just prior to the Allied invasion of that Mediterranean Island," says Riordan.

The crew lolled in the sun at Maison Blanche, soaking up all they could, before being transported to their billets in the city. They agreed, that the ten of them, walking through the streets of Algiers in flying gear and with .45 automatics strapped to their hips, was something of an incongruous sight.

Housed less than a mile from the harbor of Algiers, the visiting men from Thurleigh were treated to a German aerial attack at night, probably JU88s. The men all rushed to their balconies to watch the anti-aircraft activity and the explosions of the bombs.

Leaving Maison Blanche at 1515 hours on the 18th, they flew southwest over Morocco and the Atlas mountains to Marrakech, arriving there at 2000 hours. Today no one on the crew is quite sure why they went to Marrakech. But they left there at 1130 for the two and one half hours to Gibraltar, and again stayed overnight.

They were airborne at 0800 hours on the 24th, and with cloud cover skirted the coast of France bound for Portreath in England. They arrived there at 1445 and departed for Bovingdon at 1530. Capt.

Air Assault Halts German Reinforcement

Pegasus Bridge June 6 1944, by Stephen Ambrose. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1985. 197 pp.

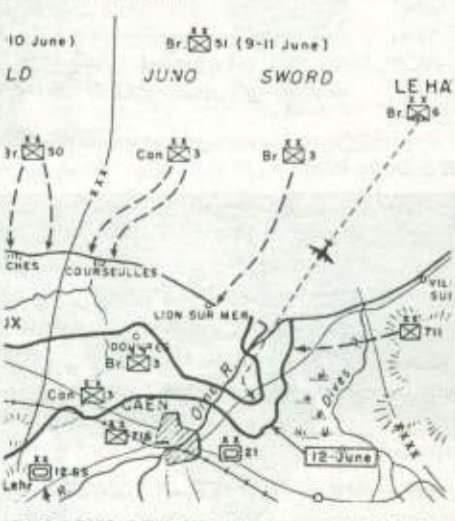
This is an interesting small book on a single incident: the first force to engage the enemy in Normandy. This was D Company, 2nd Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, a part of the Air Landing Brigade of the 6th Airborne Division of the British Army.

It is the story Maj. John Howard and his men of this very special company who went into the Caen area in six gliders, leading the British Army in the invasion.

The objective of Howard's company was two bridges, one of them Pegasus, north and east Caen. By their capture they could prevent the reinforcement of the British invasion front by the German Army, forcing them to take a long and circuitous route to reach the beachhead.

What did it all mean? "At the minimum, then, failure at Pegasus Bridge would have made D-Day much more costly to the Allies, and especially to the 6th Airborne Division. At a maximum, failure at Pegasus Bridge might have meant failure for the division as a whole, with consequences for world history too staggering to contemplate."

Eisenhower and the Allied command did not want German Panzer units loose in the beachhead area. This book tells how Maj. Howard trained his unit and how the men performed in the darkness of the early morning 6 June 1944 to make sure that these two vital bridges were captured and held.



Riordan and his crew were back at Thurleigh at 1805, marking the end of their adventure to North Africa.

New Biography of Spaatz Now Ready

Americans have been a bit slow, perhaps, in detailing the exploits of its principal WWII military leadership. Now, some 45 years later, a biography of Gen. Toohy Spaatz has made its appearance.

Unfortunately, the new book, *Master of Airpower*, by David R. Mets, is good history, but fails as a biography.

The fault perhaps lies more with the subject than with the author. Spaatz is difficult to write about because there is not a good body of material to work from.

This book lacks the impact of Thomas Coffey's two works, *Hap*, and *Iron Eagle*, and of *Air Force Spoken Here* by James Parton. These are the biographies of General of the Air Force Henry H. Arnold, Gen. Curtis E. LeMay and Gen. Ira Eaker.

The difference lies in the fact that Spaatz was not a great letter writer, nor did he have a PR man trailing him during the height of his career, taking notes on what he did.

Coffey is an accomplished biographer, and the craft of the biographer is different from that of an historian. Jim Parton was one of Eaker's aides for the WWII period and absorbed, recorded and remembered a tremendous amount about Eaker from 1942 through 1945.

While this book contains about all there is to know about Spaatz, there is no sparkle to it. Perhaps Spaatz sparkled best around a poker table, but at work he was a cool, methodical, quiet man who got the most out of people, led them confidently, and inspired awe both from those who directed him and those who worked for him.

Perhaps one of the better things said about Spaatz was General Eisenhower's estimate of him, February 1945, "experienced and able air commander; loyal and cooperative; modest and selfless." This was a part of Eisenhower's semi-annual estimates of about seventy-five subordinate commanders. In this listing Spaatz rated equally with Gen. Omar Bradley.

Waugh Finds Easy Answer

Fran Waugh, the 423rd photographer, became curious as to why radio operators failed so often to turn on the bomb spotting cameras as the bombs left the plane, and then if they were on, failed to turn them off when the requisite pictures had been taken.

Thus, Waugh was a passenger on the Pervis Youree crew 5 April 43 at Antwerp. Waugh and Mike Roskovitch were old friends by now, and Fran also wanted to be with Rosky on his twenty-fifth mission.

As Waugh reports, "I found out what the problem was!"

"I managed to get the camera turned on over the target, but got so excited and scared I forgot to turn it off, and thus laid a perfect strip mosaic of the ground and English Channel all the way back to Thurleigh."

With this information now in hand, the cameras were modified to be tripped by a solenoid in the bomb bay, and then turned off automatically after the required number of exposures had been made.

Rendezvous in Las Vegas . . .Rendezvous in Las Vegas . . .

Hubbards Have Great Visit

Jack Hubbard writes:

My wife and I went to Bedford, England, last September for a week. We contacted the Richards and Ralph Franklin - - they were very nice and most helpful to us. The Richards arranged for us to tag along with two bus loads of 305th BG vets and their wives for two days, visiting the cemetery near Cambridge (Madingley), where special services were held and flowers placed on each 305th grave. We then spent a few hours at Duxford (RAF Museum, like the USAF Museum, which was marvelous.

Ralph Franklin showed Karen and me all over Thurleigh in his car. He had maps to show us where various units were located, etc., also showed us the existing building and hardstands - - it reminded me of the beginning of "12 O'Clock High." He even played Glenn Miller music as we drove around the area. I must say I was teary eyed and all choked up several times. Ralph did a superb job!

Of course we visited the Corn Exchange, and the old hotel by the river.

(Jack Hubbard and his wife have just returned after two years of mission work in Australia.)

Stalag XVII Likes 306th

Three members of the 306th and one wife serve as officers of the Stalag XVII-B American Ex-Prisoners of War Organization.

Dr. Luther D. Victory, 369th tail gunner and MIA 24 Apr 44, is the vice commander for 1989.

Helmut V. Roeder, 367th gunner and MIA 20 Dec 42, is the southwestern director.

Leo Gallegos, 368th waist gunner and MIA 17 Apr 43, continues as treasurer and his wife, Betty, is again the adjutant.



Barney Rawlings belted out some great WWII songs for the throng.



Hugh Phelan and Dick O'Hara, in front. Maynard Nelson, Ed Gregory, Bob Shultz and John Walkenhorst in the rear.



Barney & Hazel Rawlings.



Bill & Betty Collins



Bruce Robison



Bill Carlile and Wayne Stellish



Mr. & Mrs. Lee Kessler



Walt & Doris Pilat



Ted Harkin and friend



Ed & Jo Ronczy



Ralph & Neil Bordner



Hugh Phelan, Heather Anderson and Evelyn Phelan

Brend's Tale

(From page 1)

Margie's Finale

Our ship was named Margie. This is a story of Margie's last mission. It was now February 22, 1944. The wake up call came at 2:30 a.m. We quickly dressed in the cold and went off to chow, then to briefing. When the briefing map dropped, drapes were pulled. A great sigh was heard from all. It was to be deep penetration into Germany.

I have forgotten the exact target, but I do remember it was a railroad marshalling yard. Our altitude was 25 to 30 thousand feet or so. It was mixed bomb load through the squadron. Our ship carried demolition and incendiary bombs. We were designated to be second to lead. Rushing to dress for flight, we donned our heated suits, shoes and gloves, sheep-skin pants and jacket, Mae West, parachute harness and helmet. We grabbed our chutes and rushed for the truck that would take us to Margie. When we reached the ship I jumped off the truck. My heated suit cord got caught on the truck and ripped almost completely off. I had to return and change.

When I arrived back at the ground crew tent, all gunners had cleaned their guns and installed them in the ship, while the pilots checked and started the engines. I was the last. It was pitch black, with low clouds. You could not see your hand in front of your face. The pilot was now running up the engines. As I walked toward the ship, I did so rather carefully, not knowing precisely where I was going in relation to the ship. As I approached the ship, with one gun held in front of me, I became aware of a sound I had never heard before. The engines were revving quite high, but there was an added sound. I can only describe it as a whirring sound. I stopped, I listened intently took a slow half step and the sound seemed louder. I think I was walking into the spinning prop. I quickly backed off and went the long way around to approach from the rear.

I had to get to the ball turret of our B-17. It was not easy walking up the slip stream of the engines with a heavy gun. I finally made it and had to repeat the procedure for the other gun. Finally all set, I climbed in and in a few minutes we began to taxi. As we taxied down the perimeter track one ship after the other, there suddenly was a bang. We blew a tire. The pilot pulled off onto the grass. We all jumped out and ran for the spare ship. It was already taken. We went back to Margie.

Soon we got word to stay put, they would change the wheel. Seems that's going to be one of those days that things just don't go right. Soon a truck and a jeep arrived, those in the truck began changing the wheel. The group commander was in the jeep. He was talking to the pilot for a short time, then came over to us. During a brief chat with our C.O., "Seems like you boys don't want to go today." We all said, "You're right, we have a feeling about this one."

The wheel was changed, we climbed in, and took off. The others were already up and mostly formed into formation by now. As we rolled down the runway, an unexpected snowstorm came up. The clouds were high, we were on oxygen before breaking through into sunshine. As we broke through the snow the group came straight at us and very, very close. The pilot rolled to the right and dove, not a thing to do with a B-17 fully loaded, but necessary. We climbed back and joined our squadron. Things settled down now and we proceeded towards the coast. We were the low squadron and the last over the target. We did not worry much as we were supposed to have fighter escort most of the way and most of the way back. Before we crossed the Channel, three of our squadron had turned back with various problems. We were one short to start, but this left now only three planes in our squadron. One of the planes that



Top row: Albert Pulver, navigator; Howard Taunton, co-pilot; Buford Branom, bombardier; and J.P. Toombs, pilot. Front Row: Paul Gaire, radio operator; Calvin Brend, ball turret; William Harris, right waist; John Foley, left waist; Virgil Chappie, tail gunner, and Ralph Wheeler, engineer. Note ground crew member in nose of ship.

Bernburg - 22 Feb 44

This mission was the opening gun of "Big Week", an all-out Combined Bomber Offensive designed to cripple the GAF on the ground and in the air. All assigned targets were flying fields, aircraft manufacturing and assembly plants, and other closely associated industries. The target on 22 Feb 44 was Bernburg, lying southeast of Magdeburg and a third of the way to Leipzig.

This story is that of the crew of J.P. Toombs, Jr., 423rd, and included:

J.P. Toombs, Jr., Pilot	KIA
Howard C. Taunton, Co-pilot	KIA
Albert C. Pulver, Jr., Navigator	KIA
Buford E. Branom, Bombardier	KIA
Ralph W. Wheeler, Engineer	KIA
Paul G. Gaire, Radio operator	KIA
Calvin T. Brend, Ball turret	POW
William V. Harris, Right waist	POW
John C. Foley, Left waist	POW
Virgil C. Chappie, Tail gunner	KIA

Other crews MIA that day were:

367th	
Francis Macomber, Pilot	KIA
Charles R. Wickham, Co-pilot	KIA
Robert W. Wigton, Navigator	KIA
Lawrence J. MacNeil, Bombardier	KIA
Charles E. Graham, Engineer	KIA
Leopold Tortora, Radio operator	KIA
Emil Boharty, Ball turret	KIA
Gunnard M. Johnson, Right waist	KIA
Donald W. Shinner, Left waist	KIA
Bruce D. Cox, Tail gunner	KIA

Carey K. Oliver, Pilot	KIA
George E. Dumas, Co-pilot	KIA
George A. Milburn, Navigator	KIA
Siegel L. Hawkins, Bombardier	KIA
Earl C. Swilley, Engineer	KIA
Silvio R. Paoli, Radio operator	KIA
Maurice D. Pershing, Ball Turret	KIA
Jack E. Osborn, Right waist	KIA
William E. Huddleson, Left waist	POW
William E. VanHoutte, Tail gunner	POW

Fred J. Rector, Pilot	POW
Patrick J. Pierce, Jr., Co-pilot	POW
Herbert C. Edelstein, Navigator	KIA
John E. Caldwell, Jr., Bombardier	MIA

turned back was the squadron leader. Since we were number two to lead, we took our place and proceeded on. Nothing much happened as went on to the target, except that we were somewhat late and missed our escorts all the way in.

Elmer G. Waibel, Engineer	POW
Warren N. Russel, Radio operator	POW
Earl C. Schade, Ball turret	MIA
Raymond F. Fiermuga, Right waist	POW
John M. Elliott, Left waist	POW
William J. Bell, Tail gunner	MIA

368th

Thomas W. Symons III, Pilot	KIA
John R. Wempe, Co-pilot	KIA
Robert G. Jobe, Navigator	KIA
Robert F. Proctor, Bombardier	POW
Oscar V. Ellison, Engineer	MIA
Robert L. Woodruff, Radio operator	POW
Julius G. Parrish, Ball turret	KIA
Joseph P. Fiddes, Right waist	POW
Hayden M. Collier, Left waist	POW
Albert J. Doine, Tail gunner	POW

369th

Rudolph Horst III, Pilot	KIA
Frank E. Wright, Co-pilot	KIA
John C. Joplin, Navigator	KIA
Henry M. Schmitz, Bombardier	KIA
William I. Osgood, Engineer	KIA
Arthur G. Cook, Radio operator	KIA
Laurel M. Kloster, Ball turret	KIA
Edward R. Justice, Right waist	KIA
Edward M. Ryan, Left waist	KIA
Joseph E. Threlkeld, Tail gunner	KIA

William C. Quaintance, Pilot	KIA
Rudolph L. Jensen, Co-pilot	KIA
Arnold W. Ostrow, Navigator	KIA
Henry I. Levy, Bombardier	KIA
Joseph F. Strukel, Engineer	KIA
Francis X. Driscoll, Radio operator	KIA
Robert J. Might, Ball turret	KIA
Maxwell W. Williams, Right waist	KIA
Alexander F. Markowski, Left waist	POW
Richard C. Donohue, Tail gunner	KIA

Thirty-nine planes from the 306th took off at 0900, with 18 flying as the lead group of the 40th Combat Wing, and 21 with the 40th CBW Composite. Nine planes aborted, seven were shot down, and 23 returning target aircraft all suffered flak damage, while 16 of them showed the scars of fighter attacks. Lt. Col. Robert P. Riordan was the air commander for the 306th.

We reached our IP and made a great bomb drop and turned for home. Still no escort. There was occasional flak, no enemy fighters. We began to think of one more mission and we would go for a week R and R in London. Wrong thoughts.

Soon the navigator said that we'd be crossing the Belgian border anytime now.

Then someone said, "Hey, here comes our fighter escort, one o'clock high." We were to meet Mustang escorts at this location. We knew we were late, but figured they were too. Then our hearts bailed out as someone said that they are not P-51's, they are ME109's. Guns began to rattle. A long stream of fighters made a pass between the lead squadron and us, the low squadron. I, being in the ball turret, only got a glimpse of several that dipped below our ship. On this pass they got our left wing man. He went down. I saw several chutes open. The fighters reformed for a second attack from the same location. As they started the attack, our right wing man suddenly left us and pulled up and over to join the lead squadron. The move was stated over the intercom as "Where the hell is our right wingman going?" The next thing I heard, almost immediately, were guns firing again.

Fatal Event

Suddenly there was a great jolt and we started down. I saw flames coming from the number three engine, we started our death dive. I rolled the ball turret up to get out. As I reached behind my head to unlatch the hatch, a heavy G-force held me down. The pilots although they must have been mortally hit, made a last heroic effort to straighten out the ship and allow the others to bail out. I opened my hatch, but only three inches. It was stuck. Panic! All the stories ran through my head about the ball turret getting jammed with shell casings, etc. Yet in this panic I realized the ball had enormous creep that day and I had not turned off the power.

I quickly flipped the handles forward to revolve the hatch up and into the ship and noted the power was beginning to fail. I switched the power off. I jumped out, glanced around. The radio room was ablaze. Turbo amplifiers (for the engines) against the bulk head of the bomb bay were on fire. A terrible smell! Like a mixture of an electrical fire, oil, gas and what I believed was flesh burning.

Standing by the waist door was our radio operator. He seemed frozen. He did not jump. The ship was level now,

(Continued on page 6)

Brend's Tale from page 5

thanks to the pilots. What they must have been going through was unthinkable! I turned to grab my chute which was wired to the ball turret support column, so it would not get tossed around and lost. My thoughts were that I would take the radio operator with me, pull his chute, then pull mine.

At this moment, 20 millimeter shells burst around me. One struck the turret support column just above my head. This sprayed shrapnel over me, striking my head and shoulders. No big pieces, thank god, just very small ones. The fighters must have hit us again seeing that we were flying level. I broke my chute loose with one hard tug and turned, snapping the chute on and took one step toward the rear. BOOM!! The ship exploded.

Consciousness returns

When I came to I was lying on the floor, near the exit. All the ammo belts from the waist guns were wrapped around me and piled on top. I tore through them as though they were cream cheese, something I could never do when I tried back on the ground. As I tore the belts I noticed my gloves were gone, my fingers and hands were stiff and cold and white. Frostbite! I had done it before. The radio operator was gone. The fuselage forward of the ball turret was gone. Everything to the rear behind the tail wheel was also gone. I quickly realized I should not go out these large openings as there was too much jagged metal. Once I removed the ammo belts, I rolled out of the hatch next to me.

I remembered "delay the jump, don't pull the cord yet." Then something asked the question, "How long was I knocked out?" Since I was tumbling through the air, I could not see the ground. I did not know to stretch my arms to straighten my body in the fall. I decided I better pull the cord. Panic again! My right hand could not find the cord handle, I looked down at my chute. I had it on upside down. The cord was on the left side. Would it open upside down? I pulled it; wait, wait, wait! Was it going to open? It suddenly opened while I was looking at it. POW! I got the full impact in my face. Sometime back I had exchanged my chute with an English flyer. He had one that suspended from the shoulders, not from the chest as ours were. The harness joined at the waist in a round connector that was also a quick disconnect, to be used when coming down over water. A turn to the right readied for the hard punch with your fist to release all harnesses, straps, etc. and drop free before entering the water. It was a great chute, but don't look at it. It was about to open as I looked. Since it goes up over your head, you get one hell of a smash in the face.

As the chute suddenly blossomed with a loud snap, I also felt a snap in my lower back. Although this was very painful, I had no time to think about it. I was only about 200 feet in the air. When the chute opened, I saw my walking shoes which I had wired to my chute harness break loose. Now I had only heated boots and sheepskin boots. I also saw the waist section of the ship that I had bailed out of was falling and oscillating back and forth. It was not falling straight down. An ME 109 buzzed by. I braced for impact, keeping my knees relaxed. A hard landing and roll out in the snow covered field. Even a large boulder had it in for me. I grazed it as I landed and rolled.

Limping badly, I gathered the chute to take it into the nearby woods. As I did this, I noticed a farmer and children run into a house, which was about 700 feet away. I buried the chute in the snow when I reached the woods. I also found I could not run or walk very fast with my sheepskin outfit. I took that off and buried it along with the chute. I was now dressed in my heated suit and OD's. I kept the sheepskin boots, but discarded the heated

boots. Heading into the deeper woods, I noticed I was going the right way. Southwest! My immediate thoughts were how I could get back to keep a date with my girl. I knew she would be waiting for me back in Bedford in the Theatre lobby. Funny now, but not so funny then.

A New Jacket

I pressed on through the woods. I came to a field in which stood a scarecrow with an old torn suit jacket on. I borrowed the jacket. It would help me keep warm, if I had to spend the night in the snow. As I trudged through the woods and the snow, I suddenly heard distant voices. At the edge of the woods, I saw two children returning from school, at least that was my impression. "Oh God! They have a dog! Will the dog get my scent?" I found a depression under the trees, which was snow and leaf covered. I laid down and covered up with the snow and leaves. I watched as they passed by. The children were about 11 or 12 years old and had wooden shoes on. This confirmed to me that I was in Belgium; as the navigator had said.

Back to my trudging in the woods, a stream. I had best walk a ways in it to hide my scent from any dogs that might be looking for me. Walk I did and got feet wet for my effort. I trudged up and down hills, across fields, I was trying to get near a railroad, I had heard nearby. I thought if I could get close to the tracks with no houses around I could jump a freight and get out of the immediate area. No such luck. Always homes were between me and the tracks.

As I trudged along the woods, I came upon a wing section of a B17, perhaps ours. No markings! I suddenly felt sick. Would I also find bodies? I came closer and checked it out, but nothing was there for me identify. I walked until I could walk no longer. It was very dark and I kept running into trees and branches. I spotted a light. It was light from a small cabin. I decided to stay nearby, figuring if anyone was looking for me they might go to the cabin. I could hear this and move on. Picking a spot under a low hanging fir tree, I made a snow nest and tried to relax. I distributed my escape kit items throughout my body, pockets, etc. I did not sleep, but may have dozed several times. God, it was cold!!! I wished I had not discarded my sheepskin.

The injury to my back and knee were killing me. My hands and feet were the worst. I pulled the scarecrow's jacket up over my head so that my warm breath would help warm me. I lit a cigaret under the jacket. Amazing how much warmth came from that match and cigaret. Despite this warmth, I was getting colder and colder. It finally got to a point where I could no longer stand it. I stood up, opened my jacket, opened my shirt, jumped up and down doing exercises. Super cold would have been warmer than this. When I tired, I got back down in my nest and buttoned up. That did it! I was now very warm, but only for a short time. I kept doing this all night. When it was light enough to walk without hitting trees, I started out again. As I was climbing one hill, a deer stood about fifty feet away. He looked at me and I looked at him. I wondered how I could kill him and have breakfast. God, I was hungry! I walked and walked.

It was about noon when my attempt to get close to the railroad came upon an ideal setting, just as they say in escape classes. A secluded peasant's home close to the woods, one which you step out of the woods and knock on the door. After observing the house for about an hour, I decided that this was it. Since I was in Belgium, I might be lucky to get help from the underground. I knocked on the rear door. I had my language book from my escape kit in my hand. After I had knocked,

I noticed the rear door was near shut. Just then an old man parted the curtains of the door, I said in Belgian, "I am an American and I'm hungry."

Coffee and Bread

She put her finger to her lips in a quieting gesture and motioned me to go around the house to the left to the front door. Once inside the living room, she handed me a cup and proceeded to pour full of hot black coffee. I noticed an old man sitting in the corner at the dining table. I was scared stiff, freezing cold and nervous. So much that my whole body was trembling so violently that not a drop of coffee stayed in the cup. She took the cup from my hand and placed it on the table to fill it again. I carefully drank some of the coffee as she cut a generous piece of black bread.

Scarfig down the black bread and coffee, which tasted horrible, I asked, "Where am I?" They did not understand. When I had finished the snack, I again asked "Where am I?" This time I took out my escape map and spread it on the table. The old man and woman were not paying attention to me. They were admiring the silk of the map. I pointed to where I thought I was and again asked where I was. Finally she looked more carefully at the map. It was written in English and they did not understand. After some time, she pointed to a spot just a little northeast of Cologne. Oops! This was Germany. Surprise, Surprise! I pointed questioningly to the Belgian side of the border. She indicated no and pointed to the German side. I now noticed a small picture on a wall of a young man in a German uniform. I began folding the map to leave. As I did so I said "thank you" and headed for the door.

Now the most puzzling thing, that still bothers me, happened. As I took several steps, the door opened and a Gestapo officer entered with gun drawn. "Do you have a pistol?" I indicated "No" and raised my hands. He put his pistol away and patted me down. As he more carefully searched me, he found all but two items of my escape kit. I kept hidden a small compass and my peppill. When he started to count my escape money, you should have seen the old couple's eyes light up. It was like they did not know that much money existed. I was ushered down a dirt road to where his car was parked.

Who signalled?

As I previously stated, I am puzzled even today as to how that Gestapo man knew I was in the house. There were no wires at all going to the house. The nearest house was a good 500 feet away and the rest of the houses were about the same distance from each other. There was not enough time for a third person to run out of sight as I moved around the house to the front. The only thing that's come to mind over the years is that there must have been some sort of a signal. Possibly a quiet signal such as we used to employ years ago for the ice man to leave ice at our house. We did this by placing a card in the window. Such a card could have informed another house that they needed the Gestapo man there. They certainly knew that there were many of us in the area. I would have liked to return after the war to find that house and the people to get the answer to this very puzzling question. He drove me about five miles to Gestapo headquarters in a small town. Thus began my fourteen months as a POW.

I was strip searched. A very thorough search! They found my pill and asked what it was. I indicated for headache. They returned the pill to me. I still had the compass. I had palmed it. After the search, I was taken to another room and shown several parachutes. One belonged to my left waist gunner. His name was stamped on it. The pack and harness had a lot of

blood. I was asked if I knew any of these. I played dumb and indicated no. They insisted I did, but left the question. I was brought to a large room and served a bowl of potato soup.

As they handed it to me, I sat at the desk and made a booboo. I said "danke schoen". Up to now I indicated I knew no German, but I did know a very few words. I am German and English and remember a few words from my German grandmother. It just slipped out. You should have seen the Germans. They were insisting that I knew German and was hiding the fact. They picked up the soup pretending they were going to take it away unless I told the truth. I finally convinced them and was given the soup back.

Finding A Crew Mate

Several hours later, I was put on an open back truck with two guards. We drove for hours all over the area picking up captured airmen. It was after dark when we arrived at the hospital in Cologne. There we picked up several more prisoners. I recognized one of my crew members, William Harris. He was our waist gunner. I was never so happy to see anyone I knew before in my life. We kept our recognition very quiet so as not to let the guard know that we knew each other. Harris had been injured by a 20mm in the foot. He was limping badly and needed help getting on the truck. I found out through Harris that John Foley, our left waist gunner, was still in the hospital. He had been hit with a 20mm in the back. He was wearing a flak vest otherwise he would not have been here today. I never saw Foley till after the war. Harris and I stayed together throughout our POW days.

We were driven by truck to an airfield at Cologne, where we were fed and bedded down for the night. The next morning we were briefly interrogated, one at a time. I remember after I would not answer any of the officer's questions he asked for my watch. I said NO, not unless I got a receipt. He had someone make out a receipt and I gave him the watch. We were then all transported to a transfer camp near Frankfurt. This was a great place, nice accommodations, reasonably good food. I remember they even cut the crust off the bread before slicing it. I thought, boy, if this how POW's live it won't be too bad. Was I wrong!! Next we were transferred to interrogation camp in Frankfurt. This was Hell City. First we were all put in big room, we expected as we did before that there might be hidden microphones so we did not talk about anything military. At this point, I removed the cover of my electric wire on the plug to my heated suit and put my compass inside. They took us one by one to another room and strip searched us again. They did not find the compass and I palmed the pep pill. After returning our clothes we were each put into solitary.

I do not know how long we were there, but someone tried to communicate with me through the walls. I did not answer.

Soon an officer entered my room. I stood but did not salute. He asked me what air group I was from. Where was I stationed? What was my mission? To all questions I only answered with my serial number and name. He became very mad and slapped me quite hard. I fell back on a cot. He then calmed down and said how old are you. I answered with my serial number. He said he needed my age so that I could be allowed to eat. That was because of rationing. I said I can't give you that information and I had been eating right along, although it wasn't the best of food. He slapped me again and left the room.

After about an hour or so, I was released from my room and taken to an-

(Continued on page 7)

Brend (Continued from page 6)

other barracks. There were many POWs here and everybody was glad to see each other. Suddenly, someone found a hidden microphone and everyone calmed down. The next day we were put on trucks, driven to a demolished section of Frankfurt to a railroad station. We got on a train. There was even civilians, or what seemed to be civilians, mixed in. Of course, we had many guards.

I thought the guards and many others were very important people as they all carried brief cases. This thought was soon put to rest when they all began to open their cases. In the cases they had a loaf of bread and sausage, and a thermos. That's how they carried their lunch. They ate in front of us. Nothing to eat for us.

My recollection is fuzzy about the next move. But somewhere we were transferred to boxcars. Half the car was sectioned off with eight inch logs. In one half they put roughly 20 or 30 POWs. You could hardly sit down. In the other half there was only two guards. Thus started our trip to Pomerania. It took about two weeks, as we were side tracked many times. A great fear came over us along the way, we discovered we were stopped for a time on a siding and then passed through the same marshalling yards that were our target several days ago. Since we knew that some of us carried booby trap bombs and the 72-hour time limit was just about up, they were due to explode any time. For those who do not know what a booby trap bomb is I will explain. It is a 500 lb. demolition bomb, that when the detonator is screwed in its nose, it is impossible for anyone to remove it. It is designed to bury itself and not explode. Mixed with other bombs that do the damage, the enemy may not find these bombs. If they do and make a quarter turn of the detonator to remove it, it will explode. If they don't find them they will explode in 72 hours. Perhaps after they have repaired the initial damage it will all go up again without another raid taking place.

We arrived at Stalag Luft 4. There were several other searches before the one upon arrival at this camp. Through all these searches I managed to palm or trick my keeping the compass and pep pill. I later contacted the escape committee and donated the compass and the pep pill. If one had a plan of escape, presented it to the escape committee and, if they approved, they would assist in the escape. Such assistance came in the form of make shift German uniforms, compasses, pep pills, sharpening up the plan and other help. At Stalag 4, there mostly English POWs but one lager was for us. At this camp, we spent eight months. During this time I contacted a bad case of scabies. My arms swelled to twice their size. It was very painful. I went on sick call at the onset and was given GI brush and sulfur salve. I was told to take hot showers for which they gave me special permission, and to scrub with a brush then apply the sulfur slave. It got much, much worse. I may have gotten sulfur poisoning as well. Finally I stopped this treatment, and now that the weather was becoming warmer, I sunbathed. The sun seemed to do the trick. The scabies finally went away.

By now all the tiny pieces of flak worked their way out of my skin, both from my head and my shoulders. It was at this camp, that was fairly well supplied by the Red Cross, that I started an art class to keep busy. After a time the escape committee asked me if I would conduct classes in certain spots outside. They wanted my class to hide certain noises from tunnel digging and allow some dispensing of gravel from the tunnel by those who gathered around.

Surprise From Below

Many tunnels were dug, but none suc-

ceeded. One was being dug from under the latrine. I was sitting on the latrine one day and noticed one POW standing near the window for a long time. No one else was present. A lookout, I thought. Sure enough after a time a head poked up from the seat next to me. A POW asked if I had any matches. I gave him some and he went back down to work. This tunnel was later discovered when the ox drawn suction wagon that was cleaning out the latrine suddenly caved in the tunnel. It had been raining for about four days and the ground was very soft.

Another tunnel was abandoned to the Germans as a joke. When a guard found the dirt near the stove and found a dark hole, the guard ran for the commandant. When he showed the commandant what he had discovered, all the POWs laughed and laughed. The commandant said, "I don't understand. I found your secret and you laugh." Some one said, "That's nothing, you should see the other one." With that they showed him another hidden tunnel. The goon guard rattled something in German. The commandant said to him "Dumkopf, go in and see where it goes." The goon snapped to attention and stepped into the tunnel, up to his waist in water. Hysteria broke out and the goon and the commandant left.

Yes, there were many funny moments, but mostly little food, constant harassment, pain and death. A death was witnessed by many. We thought of it as an execution. We were always locked up at night. Dogs patrolled the outside. In the morning a guard unlocked the doors and collected the dogs. One morning as he unlocked the door of the first barracks and proceeded to the next, a POW came out of the first barracks and headed across the parade ground toward the latrine and washroom. He had his soap and towel in his hands. The guard in the tower did not think he was supposed to be out, and shot. The POW fell in the middle of the parade ground. He lay there obviously in great pain as he rolled around several times and raised a hand once. We were all shouting for help for this victim, as we took turns looking out the window. It was almost an hour before someone came. It was too late. The POW was dead.

I never learned the identity of this man, but I did make a painting of the scene. I kept this painting hidden throughout the POW days. Later at home when I was interviewed by the War Crimes Commission, I loaned it to them. I never got it back.

In camp we had special BBC News everyday. Somehow our radio operators put together a small set capable of picking up this broadcast. At one time we had so many radios that we would occasionally let the Germans find one. They would pull surprise searches. A radio would be left semi-hidden. As soon as they found it the search was called off. Many other things were safeguarded because of this.

(The conclusion of Calvin Brend's story will appear in the July Issue of *Echoes*.)

No Heat May Have Saved Langley's Life

This is the story of Sgt. Clifford Langley, 369th, as reported in Issue #20, "Intelligence Reports," December 1943, by the Office of the Director of Intelligence, USAAF.

Bleeding profusely from machine gun and cannon wounds I knew I would run the additional risk of freezing to death if I disconnected the heating cord from my flying suit. But I had a hunch. I disconnected the cord - and that possibly saved my life.

The story begins in the afternoon of December 12, 1942. I was the tail gunner in the Wahoo, one of 18 B-17's in our element of 70-plane formation sent out to bomb France. Lt. Robert Riordan was my pilot. Our primary target was Romilly-sur-Seine, the secondary was Le Havre and the third alternative was Rouen. We found heavy cloud over the primary, so turned west to get to Le Havre. As we flew toward the coast, we were picked up by eighteen FW-190's, apparently based near Paris. These German planes harried us to Le Havre and then, when we had to shift to our third target because of bad weather, followed us to Rouen.

We dropped on the marshalling yards at Rouen. Between the heavy flak and the Focke-Wulfs, the opposition was tough. We made two runs over the target, during which time we were being hit constantly by flak and fighter fire. Wahoo

gunners knocked down four planes; one of those was mine.

During the first run the German fighters came in from all angles, with the heaviest attack from the lower front. My guns were going full-blast. One plane came up under our nose, raked the bottom of the ship and shot up the tail. I reeled under a burst of slugs that caught me in the left leg and left hand. One of my guns was destroyed.

Another plane put a 20mm cannon shot through the tail, but on his second pass I caught him dead in the sights and sent him spinning to the earth. On the second run, several planes hit the tail simultaneously and I was clipped in the head and left wrist. I was no longer able to operate the one gun I had left. The wounds in my leg and arm made it difficult to fight, and the blow in the head made me too dizzy to follow combat.

I could hear the engines missing, and knew we were limping badly. A 20mm cannon shell burst through the bomb bay, and the Wahoo shuddered heavily. Most of the tail was shot away. All our bombs being away, we headed for home, far out of formation, easy prey to attacking fighters.

How we got home alive, I'll never know. I was in a daze, desperately fighting the temptation to slip off into a comfortable, warm coma - I knew that would mean curtains. Without analyzing the action much I disconnected the heating cord from my suit. The frigid cold made my wounds ache, but I thought that I was bleeding less. Medical officers later told me that turning off the heat, so that the icy wind helped coagulate the blood in my wounds possibly saved my life.

Back Issues

If you have a yen to read issues of *306th Echoes* from 1976 through the 1987 issues, they are still available on microfiche for \$5. Send a check made out to the 306th Bomb Group Association to Russ Strong to receive your packet of six microfiche films. You can read them at any library.



With the proliferation of "vanity" license plates, George Watkins, 368th pilot, now sports the above plate on his car.

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A Letter To All Pilots

We are still trying to put together information on aircraft and who flew them.

Therefore, anyone but particularly pilots, if you have a list or a diary that shows what planes you flew on each mission, the historian would like a look at it.

Make a list of missions and the planes which you flew and send it along to Russ Strong for inclusion in the plane roster which he is trying to complete. If you flew in another position in the plane, and kept a diary or other listing of targets, planes and pilots, that would also be helpful.

One of the problems is that there appear to be incomplete records at best at National Archives, with some mission folders missing completely and others having fragmentary information. When the crew interrogation forms are missing there is seldom anything that will take their place.

In fact, in searching for the crew interrogation forms on his own 34 missions, Strong was able to find them for only 28 of his missions.

I'd like to express my sincerest appreciation to the many members who sent cards and letters wishing me a speedy recovery from my recent operation. I am now well on my way to recovery and the many cards and letter gave me the incentive I needed to regain my health.

Jack Murphy, 423rd

8th AF Members

Below is an application for membership in the 8th Air Force Historical Society. The 306th has always had one of the larger Group representations in the 8th, and at the first of this year it totaled 557 persons.

If you wish to join the 8th, use this form and the 306th Bomb Group Association will receive a \$5.00 rebate for each new member, or each member who has not paid his dues for two years will bring the same \$5.00 rebate to the 306th when the arrearage is cleared through the 306th. Mail to the 306th Secretary.

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<input type="checkbox"/> Single \$64	<input type="checkbox"/> Double \$64	<input type="checkbox"/> Double/Double \$64	<input type="checkbox"/> Triple \$64	<input type="checkbox"/> Quad \$64	CONCIERGE FLOOR	<input type="checkbox"/> Single \$82	<input type="checkbox"/> Double \$92
RESERVATIONS ACCEPTED ON SPACE AVAILABILITY AFTER THIS CUT-OFF DATE: 8/21/89					Prices do not include 7% sales tax		
Reservations must be guaranteed by a first night's deposit or approved credit card by cut-off date. Please add refundable \$10.00 for telephone coverage on cash deposits. To avoid no show billing, please cancel 24 hours prior to arrival.							
American Express _____ Diners Club _____ Mastercard _____ Visa _____ Discover _____					Card Number _____ Exp. Date _____		
SUITES AVAILABLE (\$160 - \$525) — PLEASE CALL TO RESERVE							

Recent Additions To Our Roster

Allen, Dudley J., 2011 68th st., Des Moines, IA 50322 423rd
 Allen, George J., 3179 S. Victoria St., Shoreview, MN 55126 423rd
 Allen, Herman F., 4912 Westfield Rd., Columbia, SC 29206 368th
 Allred, Clarence M., 457 Redondo Ave., Salt Lake City, UT 84115 367th
 Ashton, Alfred J., 4704 NW 47th Place, Lawton, OK 73505 423rd
 Beamer, William D., Rt. 2, Box 2770, Williston, FL 32696 SW
 Boerner, Jr., Charles E., 106 Trenton Terr, Yukon, OK 73099 1024th
 Bolin, Robert W., 1728 Madison Ave., Evansville, IN 47714 S367th
 Bolinger, Percy G., 220 NE Elmhurst, Bartlesville, OK 74003 367th
 Bush, Ted C., Box 83, Olustee, OK 73560 GP
 Czerkas, Emil, 112 Bonnie Dr., Auburndale, FL 33823 423rd
 Dow, Russell, 375 Branham Rd. #376, Lakeland, FL 33813 369th
 Lamb, Beverly R., Rt. 3 Box 423, Troutville, VA 24175 368th
 Larwig, Henry J., 2133 NW 25th, Oklahoma City, OK 73107 423rd
 Lowe, Jr., Grover, 104 Miles Ridge Rd., Madison, IN 47250 369th
 Maliszewski, Edward J., 1617 7th Ave., Schenectady, NY 12303 369th
 Masle, Henry H., 41 Furnace St., Little Falls, NY 13365 367th
 Schulstad, Col. Louis M., 3518 208th Ave. NE, Redmond, WA 98053 368th
 Smith, James P., 29 Duffy St., Stamford, CT 06902 423rd
 Thompson, Loren W., Rt. 2, Box 57, Harper, KS 67058 369th
 Weed, Davis H., P.O. Box 1402, Indio, CA 92202 369th

Pre Registration Form Little Rock

Name _____		
Spouse's name (if attending) _____		
Address _____		
City, State, Zip _____		
Squadron or unit _____		
Telephone _____		
Special Room Requirements _____		
RV space needed _____		
Registration Fee	#	Amt.
\$25.00 each	_____	\$ _____
Thursday		
Feast of Arkansas Buffet	_____	\$ _____
Friday		
Marlsgate Plantation Tour	_____	\$ _____
\$10.00 each 9:30 a.m. dep. 1:30 p.m. dep.		
Riverboat Excursion	_____	\$ _____
\$3.50 per person 2:00 p.m. dep. 4:00 p.m. dep.		
Billy Graham Crusade	_____	\$ _____
\$2.00 bus fare		
Saturday		
Reunion Banquet	_____	\$ _____
\$25.00 each		
Ladies Breakfast	_____	\$ _____
\$8.50 each		
Total		\$ _____

Make check payable to:
306th Bomb Group Association

Complete form and return to:
306th Bomb Group Association
c/o Little Rock Convention Bureau
P.O. Box 207
Little Rock, AR 72203