

5323 Cheval Place  
Charlotte, NC 28205  
Forward & Address Correction

July 1990  
Vol. 15, No. 3

Non-Profit Organization  
U.S. Postage  
PAID  
Permit No. 34  
Charlotte, NC



306th Bombardment Group Association



## Gen. Wilson To Reminisce At San Antonio

M/Gen Delmar Wilson, an original 306th pilot and deputy commander of the group as it went into combat, not only is serving as chairman of the San Antonio reunion in September, but is also going to be the featured speaker at the Saturday night banquet.

This was not Wilson's idea, but was something that evolved in the thinking of the reunion planners more recently.

Many will remember the moving "Return of the Prisoners of War" at the Fort Worth reunion in which Wilson played a major role in welcoming them back.

### Reminiscences

Gen. Wilson has indicated that he will reminisce about the early days of the Group, from 1 March 42 until his departure in mid-January 43. His services to the 8th AF continued into the fall of 1944, during much of which time he had a major impact on mission planning for the 8th. He was somewhat of an anomaly as a mission planner for he was one of a few in the headquarters who had flown more than one combat mission.

C. Dale Briscoe, reunion coordinator, states that tickets for the banquet must be limited to 700 persons, and at this writing more than half of them have been reserved through advance registrations.

"We now have more than two hundred 306th veterans who have indicated they will be with us at San Antonio," says Briscoe, "and the total number of registrants is approaching the 400 number."

"It is my expectation that from the time you receive this issue of **Echoes** until the hotel space becomes scarcer in mid-August, that registrations will pick up considerably; in all likelihood we will reach our target number of 700 and probably surpass it."

There are still openings available for the Friday morning/noon luncheon trip to Lackland Air Force Base on the outskirts of San Antonio. Once known as the cadet center, this is a basic training facility now for the Air Force, and at the Friday morning graduation review, the 306th will be featured. The parade ground at Lackland is also an outdoor museum of sorts, as it is surrounded by WWII era aircraft. Lunch will be served at the Service Club. Attendance for this is limited to 300.

While this is taking place, across the northern side of the city, another 300 306th people will tour Randolph Air Force Base, often referred to as the home of the Air Force. They will have a mission briefing on Randolph, a movie of the history of the base, and lunch at the Officers' Club.

**New Combat Squadron patches have been created by Lee Kessler for the September gathering of the 306th.**

## Reynolds Gets New Status in 306th History

Gardner Reynolds spent a couple of weeks with the 306th back in 1942, and left suddenly on 30 December.

He survived the incident, but was startled within the last month or so to learn that **First Over Germany**, the group history, listed him as "Killed in Action." This came about when he and his old pilot, David Steele, got together by telephone and began comparing notes.

From that beginning he phoned Russ Strong, and told his story. Reynolds had been listed as KIA with John Brady's crew on a mission which they shouldn't have flown. Actually, the Missing Air Crew report from National Archives shows the three other officers on the

Brady crew as KIA, while indicating nothing for Reynolds or the rest of the crew.

All that was known was that the crew went down in the water off the Brest Peninsula, and certainly at that time of year there was little chance for survival.

### First and Last Mission

Brady had been delayed on takeoff in the transfer to another aircraft, and did not catch up with the 306th, rather tacking on to a two-plane element of the 91st Group.

Brady's plane followed the 91st formation southeast across France to Lorient, bombing and continuing on south for a period before turning due west and out over the Atlantic. After

about 45 minutes the planes headed north, taking a course that would avoid the Brest Peninsula. The three-ship element made a landfall, assumed to be Land's End. But, like the coming ill-fated mission of 1 May 43, the planes were actually over Brest.

Reynolds reports that they learned later that the winds from the west were 80 miles per hour, and actually blew the planes from the sea back over the land.

It was over Brest that the lone 306th plane broke away from the other two to head for Thurlough, thinking they were over England. In a few moments they were tagged by an FW-190, the Luftwaffe attacker scoring heavily.

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## Reunion

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No dinner is planned for Friday night, leaving attendees the opportunity of dining and visiting with special friends.

### Thursday's Buffet

The preceding night, Thursday, a Mexican buffet will be held in the Alamo ballroom of the Marriott Riverwalk hotel. On this occasion, there will also be available a group of barges which persons will be able to board at the hotel and take the 45-minute ride through the River of the Roses.

One need not fear that there will be abundant places to eat, because the Marriott Riverwalk hotel area has numerous restaurants and in great variety as to cuisine and prices.

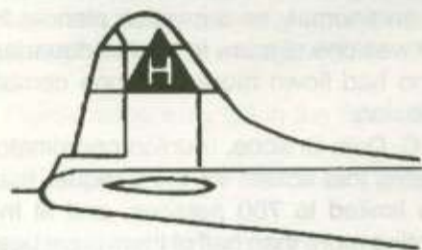
Two major events Saturday morning will occupy most of the attendees, as at 9:30 the annual business meeting and election of officers is held, while ladies attending will be welcomed at a fashion show with a buffet breakfast.

At Saturday evening's banquet entertainment will be led by Larry Emeigh, Barney Rawlings, and a newcomer, Flo Arbeiter, singer and wife of Erskine Arbeiter, 369th gunner. Larry has organized a dance band for the occasion, and Rawlings will be remembered for his great performance two years ago at Las Vegas.

And once again on Sunday morning it will all come to a close for 1990 as people begin reversing their courses and heading once again for home.

## USAF Museum Exhibits

John Grimm, a member of the executive committee of the 306th Association, would remind everyone that two new exhibits at the USAF Museum, Wright-Patterson AFB, OH, are well worth seeing: a restored Italian Caproni bomber, and the USAF's retired SR-71. Shoo Shoo Baby, the restored combat B-17 from the 8th AF, is now also to be seen at Dayton.



The 306th Bombardment Group Historical Association: Robert P. Riordan, president; M. E. Christianson, vice president; Russell A. Strong, secretary; C. Dale Briscoe, treasurer. Directors are: John R. Grimm, George G. Roberts, Leo H. Van Deurzen, and Jack Wood; William F. Houlihan, immediate past president, and Delmar E. Wilson, 1990 reunion chairman. C. Dale Briscoe is 1990 reunion coordinator.

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.

**SECRETARY/EDITOR: Russell A. Strong, 5323 Cheval Pl., Charlotte, NC 28205. Phone 704/568-0153.**

**TREASURER: C. Dale Briscoe, 7829 Timbertop Drive, Boerne, TX 78006. Phone 512/755-2321**

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

## Day-by-Day At San Antonio

### Thursday, 6 September

1000-1700 Registration  
1300-? Hospitality Room Opens (Cash Bar)  
1800-2000 Barges available for a 45-minute river cruise departing from the hotel (river level) at 1800 and again at 1900- limit 140 each hour.  
1900-2030 Mexican buffet in the Alamo Ballroom of the Marriott Riverwalk

### Friday, 7 September

0900-1700 Registration Continues  
0830-1330 Visit Lackland Air Force Base for parade, mission briefing and lunch at the Service Club.  
0900-1330 Visit Randolph Air Force Base for a tour of the Base, a mission briefing, a movie of the history of Randolph and lunch at the Officers Club.  
1400-1800 Hospitality Room Opens (Cash Bar)  
1700- Evening free to visit with friends and explore the Riverwalk.

### Saturday, 8 September

0930-1100 Annual General Membership Business meeting  
0930-1100 Ladies' Fashion Show in the hotel  
1100-1200 Make Banquet Table reservations  
1300-1600 Hospitality Room opens (Cash Bar)  
1800-1900 Cocktail Hour (Cash Bar)

### Sunday, 9 September

No activities scheduled

## New Additions

Bachtelle, Stewart M., PO Box 1144, Sunset Beach, CA 90742 367  
Beckwith, Franklin C., 1950 N. Broadway, Hastings, MI 49058 204  
Broz, George R., 17914 92nd Ave NW, Stanwood, WA 98292 423  
Burgess, Broadus T., 101 Branton Ave., Ladson, SC 29456 367  
Cairns, William C., 915 88th NE, Bellevue, WA 98004 GP  
Chrapaty, Armand N., 1011 Arcola Ln., Silver Spring, MD 20902 39  
Christopher, Sidney Jr., 302 Donnelly, De Soto, MO 63020 39  
Christ, Harry F., 910 Roseanne Dr., Kinston, NC 28501 368  
Corwin, Cornelius, Rt. 2, Box 53, Portland, IN 47371 39  
Davis, John H., 121 Emmitt Goodwin St., Muscle Shoals, AL 35561 368  
Demes, Joe, 1585 Mercury St., Merritt Island, FL 32953 BW  
Dennison, Curtis, PO Box 186, Lucerne, CA 95458 39  
DeVos, Vincent W., 2408 Hamilton Ave., Glen Shaw, PA 15116 369  
Dikmak, Charley, 111 Greenhood St., Dedham, MA 367  
Dillon, John P., 138 Hillcroft Ave., Worcester, MA 01606 368  
Ehrler, Robert H., 17115 Rolando Ave., Castro Valley, CA 94546 368  
Elrod, Lloyd A., 8639 Craig, Overland Park, KS 66212 423  
Farmer, Henry H., 4257 Chanwil Ave., Memphis, TN 38117 423  
Farrell, David, 100 Via Guito, Newport Beach, CA 92660 367  
Forgy, John, 1246 E. Broadmoor, Springfield, MO 65804 423  
Gulbrantson, Ludwig, 1605 Brunner St., Rockford, IL 61103 204  
Hamilton, Orman L., PO Box 758, Sylva, NC 28779 423  
Hanlen, Don F., Rt. 1, Box 1160, Benton City, WA 99320 369  
Huddleston, William E., 3009 John St., Grand Prairie, TX 75050 367  
Isaac, Arthur, 3804 W. Friendly Ave., Greensboro, NC 27410 369  
Jarrett, Charles H., PO Box 64, Tazte, GA 30177 39  
Johnson, Francis B., 5388 W 9910 North, Highland, UT 84003 369  
Jindrich, Richard F., 1641 S. Julian Way, Denver, CO 80219 369  
Lapacz, Edward, 503 Hartung St., Green Bay, WI 54302 367  
Lynch, Henry J., 4208 46th Ave., Sacramento, CA 95824 423  
Maenner, Arthur J., 6809 Old Sauk Ct., Madison, WI 53717 368  
Mantzell, Ernest A., 5502 Teakwood, Galveston, TX 77550 204  
Mapes, George J., 12126 Monticeto, Meadows, TX 77477 367  
Morris, Walter D., 368 Seabrook Dr., Williamsville, NY 14221 367  
Phifer, Norris R., 1847 Shore Dr. S. #706, St. Petersburg, FL 33707 367  
Phillips, Donald E., 20417 Spring Meadow Dr., Sun City West, AZ 95375 368  
Reynolds, Gardner M., 2740 Via Campesina, Palos Verdes Estates, CA 90274 423  
Rich, Don C., 875 S Morgan Valley Dr., Ogden, UT 84050 369  
Schmielau, Robert E., W 283 N 2141 Beach Rd., Pewaukee, WI 53072 369  
Showers, Charles E., 723 Franklin St., Hamburg, PA 19526 449  
Teare, John D., 4227 Van Nuys Blvd., Sherman Oaks, CA 91403 368  
Trobaugh, Arnold G., 8022 W. Hampton Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53218 368  
Walker, James O., Jr., 114 Battle Ave., Franklin, TN 37064 367  
Wehunt, Pazul H., 400 Hiram Page Rd. #15, Yreka, CA 96097 423  
Wolinski, Frank W., 3608 Beard Ave N, Minneapolis, MN 55422 369  
39th Service Group, 204th Finance Company, 367th Bomb Squadron, 368th Bomb Squadron, 369th Bomb Squadron, 423rd Bomb Squadron, 449th Sub Depot, 306th Bomb Wing (Korea), 306th Group Headquarters.

## Widows

Dryar, Mrs. Henry, 8333 Roberts Rd., Elkins Park, PA 19117 368  
Larmer, Mrs. Fred, 6800 Lakeshore Ct., Raytown, MO 64133 369  
MacDonald, Mrs. Donald, 1219 Lexington Dr., Vista, CA 92084 367  
Simmons, Mrs. Andrew V., 3702 Pollard, Tyler, TX 75701 423  
Smith, Jr., Mrs. Allen, 9412 Sheila Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46236 368

## Five Attended Andrews Funeral

Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews and thirteen other officers and enlisted men were killed in an air crash in Iceland in early May 43 on their way back to the U.S. As a result, five sergeants from the 306th were on orders to attend the services in the Royal Military Chapel,

Wellington Barracks, London.

Those on temporary duty for the funeral were S/Sgt William G. Hicks, 367th; T/Sgt Leland J. Kessler, 368th; S/Sgt Carl L. Pugh, 368th; T/Sgt Anthony L. Santoro, 369th, and T/Sgt Michael Roskovich, 423rd.

## Reynolds

(from page 1)

Controls were lost and they were soon over the water again. Bailout came at about 4,000 feet, with the crew having suffered no wounds in the plane.

He followed the navigator out the nose hatch, and the engineer went out third. Even though the wind was spreading them apart, Reynolds saw several other chutes.

As his chute turned around, Reynolds saw a lighthouse not too distant and tugged at his shroud lines in an attempt to move in closer. The light was not operating. As he neared the water, he kept his chute on and became entangled in the shroud lines when he splashed down. He battled his way clear of the chute and lines a couple of hundred feet from the lighthouse, discovering with amazement that he could stand on the rocky shelf which led to the promontory where the tower had been placed.

Seeking cover from the extremely cold December water, Reynolds scrambled up the rocks, reached the lighthouse and then climbed a ladder winding around the structure to the top. Once at the end of the ladder, he found a door and got inside out of the wind, which was a considerable relief.

Shortly he saw a French fishing boat coming towards the lighthouse, and thought it would be great to be rescued, and perhaps to be carried by this small boat back to England. He headed down the ladder to reach his saviors.

When the boat reached the light his heart sank upon seeing two Wehrmacht soldiers were a part of the complement—and thus he became a POW.

On this first mission from Thurleigh, he had only the day before been released from the hospital upon recovering from the flu. The considerable exposure he suffered at the end of this mission racked his aching body. He'd lost his boots on bailout, and his feet were very cold. The boat crew wrapped him in blankets and headed back in to Brest harbor.

### Hospital to Prison Camp

He spent a couple of days in a hospital at Brest before heading on the long trek to a prisoner of war camp, first in a Polish camp with mainly British, before being transferred in the spring of 1943 to Stalag Luft 3 at Sagan, which was peopled with large numbers of 306th men.

When the war ended he returned to his Ithaca, NY, home, completed his studies in civil engineering at Cornell University in 1948, and joined a firm of consulting engineers, eventually working at his profession in various parts of the world.

Now retired, he makes his home in Palos Verdes Estates, CA, and of late has been busy getting reacquainted with some of his old 306th friends and crew mates. And with his phone call to Russ Strong has had the account of John Brady's crew changed in the forthcoming republication of **First Over Germany**.

## Author seeks Enlisted Stories

Capt. Mark Grandstaff is currently writing an official history of the Air Force enlisted corps, covering topics ranging from recruitment and retention to promotions and everyday military life.

He has a questionnaire for former one-term and career enlisted members, E-1 through E-9, and warrant officers.

Copies of the questionnaire can be obtained by writing:

Capt. Mark Grandstaff  
Office of Air Force History  
Bldg. 5681  
Bolling AFB, DC 20332-6098

## Transfer to Combat Gives Starzynski Tour of France

The crew of **Squat N' Droppit** had come to revere their French hosts after being hidden in various French homes following their shooting down on 12 June 1944. Many other American airmen also had to rely on the French civilian population after landing in occupied France. One of them was S/Sgt. Robert J. Starzynski, who was shot down five days after **Squat N' Droppit**, on 17 June 1944.

In the summer of 1943, Starzynski had been assigned to the 4th Station Complement Squadron, attached to the 306th Bomb Group. When the 306th needed replacements to make up losses sustained on bombing raids, it was to the 4th Station Complement that squadron commanders turned. After repeated requests to move to a combat squadron, Starzynski was sent to gunnery school at The Wash and then assigned to 367 in Jan. '44 as a gunner.

His first mission, 6 March, was "rough", the first American bomber raid on Berlin, with Starzynski flying as a tail-gunner. Although there was a lot of flak en-route and on the homeward flight, Starzynski's crew came through safely. He flew several more missions, filling in as a replacement gunner, before being assigned to Lt. Virgil Dingman, whose tail-gunner had been killed on the crew's first mission. Starzynski recalls, "The crew had trained together in the states so it was a little rough getting acquainted. But I fitted in and on 17 June we were briefed for an early morning mission to France."

### Mission Scrubbed; Take Off Delayed

However, the mission scrubbed just before briefing due to last minute changes. A "hurry-up" mission was organized with a briefing at 0900 and take off scheduled for 0945. Although forty aircraft got off from Thurleigh, seven were forced to return after failing to rendezvous with the rest of the formation. Weather conditions deteriorated and cloud covered the primary target. The group was forced to select a visual target of opportunity, a bridge at Noyen, after the PFF equipment failed.

Starzynski continued: "We encountered several bursts of flak just as we hit the coast of France. Our B-17 took a direct hit in the number three engine, which started to burn. We dropped out of formation and Dingham asked Lt. George Clements, the navigator, for their position. He asked which would be the better action to take: fly back across the Channel or head for the Allied lines in France. Clements replied that they were both the same distance. Several minutes passed and number three was getting worse. Flames were leaping over the nacelle and the slipstream was carrying the fire back towards the tail."

"Dingman ordered us to bail out. In the bail-out procedure the tail-gunner is always the first to go so I shouted over the intercom that I was jumping. I reached behind me to pick up my chest chute but it wasn't there! It had apparently slipped down the fuselage to the rear landing wheel compartment. I took off my oxygen mask and crawled back to retrieve my parachute. It was fortunate it was there because there were no spares on board. I crawled to the emergency escape hatch and after a little difficulty, finally got it open. The door blew away and I put my feet out into the slipstream. Hooking on my parachute, I got ready to jump. Luckily, I noticed that one of the hooks was not

properly attached. I quickly remedied the situation and put my hands up to grab the top of the escape hatch. As I did so one of the gunners standing in the waist was also getting ready to jump. (All of the crew survived, with seven going to POW camps.)

"The next thing, I was floating down. I had baled out at about 22,000 feet and by the time I had got my oxygen mask off and my chute on, I had almost passed out. Apparently, the jerk of the parachute opening made me regain consciousness. I floated down and looked around for the aircraft and any other parachutes. The area was very cloudy and I couldn't make out either. After the roar of the B-17 the stillness was something I will never forget. Only the endless swishing of my white silk parachute disturbed the calm air as I continued my steady descent toward the ground with the words, "Pilot to crew, bail out, bail out!" still ringing in my ears and the vision of the fire melting the wing still before me. It seemed like a nightmare. I thought of Petersen's crew and how, on an earlier mission, only two of them got out before the ship exploded.

"It was as if I was suspended; nothing seemed to move. After what seemed to be minutes, but which were probably seconds, a P-51 Mustang appeared and circled several times. I waved to the pilot and he dipped his wings in recognition. He continued on his way, I should think reporting my position as he did so. I kept looking around but I could see no one. As I came through the cloud layers I could at last make out a large farmhouse. What had earlier appeared as flecks of greenery in the distance now emerged as clusters of symmetrically formed trees and hedgerows. I was coming down pretty fast now; probably because my chute was the smaller, emergency type.

"It was only a matter of seconds now. I desperately attempted to maneuver my chute but it was too late. I hurtled towards the ground at an alarming speed. Snap! Crack! Through the branches I crashed, picking up my feet to miss some hedges. By the time I could straighten out again, I was flat on my back on the ground. Fortunately, the ground was soft. I gathered up my chute and made for the hedges. I hid my Mae West and parachute under some leaves and rocks so they would not blow away. It was now around 1115 and I decided to stay in the area. I knew that my escape kit contained French francs, maps, a compass, benzedrine tablets and chocolate. I took stock of these and went through my personal effects, tearing out all addresses, not that any were important. Under the concealment of overhanging foilage, I studied the cloth map from my escape kit. It was still quiet so I decided to stay a little longer, at least until dark.

### No Way to Walk!

"For nine hours I remained hidden not knowing if the German Army had spotted my descent and were, at this moment, searching for me. Now, at about 2330, I decided it was dark enough to start walking. Checking my compass, I decided to head south. All I had were flying boots. I had slung my civilian shoes over my shoulder when I had left the plane but they had been whisked away. I began to feel very conspicuous because I was still wearing my flying jacket and suit and my heated flight shoes. I took my clumsy flying boots off and carefully looking about, I crept across a road and cautiously made my way to a farmhouse with well-tended grounds. I knocked twice on the door. It was quite late and I assumed, that the occupants must be asleep. Eventually



though someone answered. "Aviateur Americane," I replied.

"Two men looked me up and down and I showed them my dog tags. They let me in and began talking rapidly in French, of which I understood nothing. After checking to see if anyone else was outside, one of the men drew the curtains while the other lit a candle. I pointed to my French phrase card and asked if the enemy was nearby. One of the men, using my map, pointed to the town of Buschy, north-east of Rouen and said that the Germans were everywhere in the vicinity. Again, I pointed to the card and asked if I might have civilian clothes and something to eat. They responded with cider, ham, and hard brown bread. The clothes they brought looked as if they had been worn in the last war but I was in no position to refuse them. They also gave me a pair of shoes which were exceptionally tight but I put them on. I offered them all the money I had for the shoes but the offer was refused. I guess they were worth more money than I could offer.

"There were too many Germans nearby for the French family to risk hiding me or contacting the Resistance. Pointing again to my map, he indicated that Le Havre, seventy kilometres to the west, was a safe place to hide. I might be able to make contact with the Underground and slip across the Channel in a boat. I said goodbye to my benefactors wearing an old sweater, cotton jacket, a striped pair of trousers and a pair of shoes two sizes too small.

"It was Sunday, 18 June, when I left the farmhouse and strode out into the night. I headed for Buschy, pausing several times after hearing voices. Several German units were camped in the woods by the sides of the road so I did not stop. It was shortly after midnight when I arrived in Buschy. I heard the heavy clump-thump-thump of boots approaching and ducked into a doorway, losing myself in the shadows. Only a moment later two Germans came around the corner and walked right by me. I could have reached out and touched them. It was then that I decided to discount earlier Intelligence information provided at pre-mission briefings

and walk during the daylight hours rather than at night.

"Scouting for a place to hide until dawn, I looked around and noticed a large house, a courtyard and smaller sheds nearby. Upon closer investigation, the shed, containing a hayloft, seemed the safest hideaway. The loft however, proved inaccessible and I returned to the courtyard. I ducked inside and sat behind a large stone wall. Before I could decide what to do next, I heard heavy footsteps grinding into the gravel path. Were the German soldiers returning? Had I been discovered?

"The door to the nearest shed was partially open. I plunged inside and crouched low in the shadows of a makeshift garage near a camouflaged German staff car. This should have tipped me off where I was but I looked around and discovered a very large barrel of cider. I helped myself. Then I heard the soldiers again so I just sat on the floor, not even daring to look up. The footsteps slowed and then stopped just outside the door. My heart beat faster and faster with each laboured breath sounding like thunder in my ears. Suddenly, two voices-the soldiers had returned. My only hope was to fade into the shadows keeping deathly quiet until dawn. An uneasy silence prevailed throughout the long night.

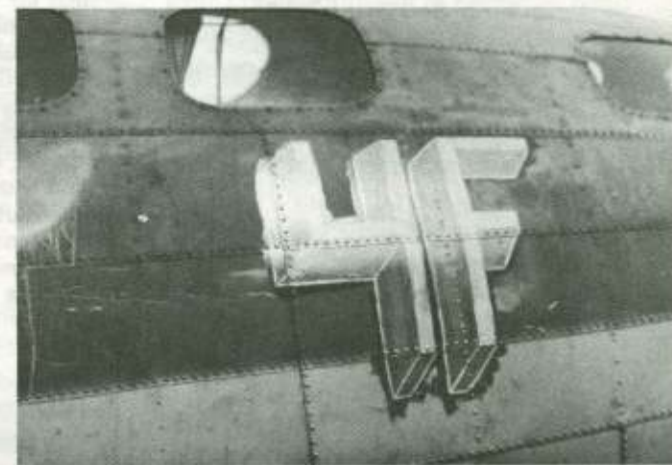
"Sunlight filtering through narrow slits in the wall announced the break of a new day. Had the Germans left? Recalling a bombed-out house across the courtyard, I decided to make a run for it. I had to take the risk.

"The house was a scene of destruction. Stairs leading to the second floor were a mass of crumpled brick and wood. Using the rubble as a ladder, I hoisted myself to the second floor. The two rooms upstairs had nothing in them. All that remained was an empty shell. Being uninhabited for some time, the house offered little chance of discovery. Some of the bricks in the wall had been knocked out allowing me a commanding view of the courtyard.

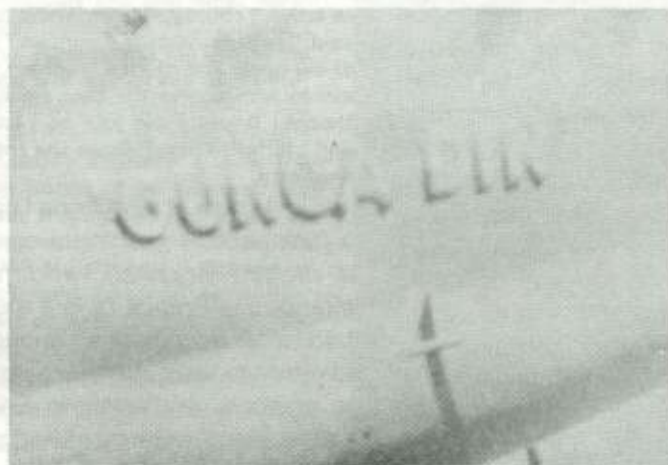
"Lying on the floor, I heard voices of German soldiers once again. Cautious  
(Turn to page 6)

# B-17F Named Aircraft of the 306th

Pictured on these two pages are 35 B-17F models with names. An additional 10 Fs will appear in the October issue, along with a number of B-17G models with names. This is the extent of the picture collection showing aircraft names in possession of the secretary. He is interested in two things: pictures of other named aircraft, and the plane numbers for these aircraft. It has proven difficult to match names and numbers. In the October issue a full list of names and numbers will be shown.



# in 1942 and 1943



# Starzynski

(from page 3)

ly, I crept nearer the opening. In the courtyard below I could see one soldier showing his rifle to another. I was more fascinated than alarmed. I drew back slowly from the opening, fearing they would sense someone watching them. Later I was to discover that the sanctuary I had chosen actually adjoined a German barracks!

"It was still too dangerous to leave because the German soldiers were coming out of the barracks and people were beginning to stir in the streets. Anxiety and restlessness began to mount within me so I left my hide-out and headed towards Rouen. My progress would be slow. Lack of rain had made the road dry and dusty. Blazing sun beat down incessantly. The enemy was everywhere.

## Traveling With Difficulty

"Not until late in the afternoon did I dare stop in a cafe for a drink of cider. Dusk found me near the town of Barantin where I decided to spend the night in an open field. By now my feet were really bothering me, the tight shoes causing my feet to blister. Removing my shoes, I cringed with pain. Blood oozed from my torn flesh, and sweat and dirt added to my discomfort. Mindful of the impending swelling, I carefully eased on my shoes. Overturning a few sheaves of wheat, I laid on the ground and scattered them over me for cover. I was awakened several times during the night by field mice rustling in the coarse grain. Morning, however, brought other visitors. Sharp stinging bites could signify only one thing: lice.

"It seemed like ages that I was on the road and as I limped along each step produced twin bonfires under my painful feet. I had to sit and rest. It must have been my lucky day. An old German guard of about sixty pedaled past me on a bicycle. He was wearing a large leather holster which probably contained a Luger and seemed to be supervising some Frenchmen who were digging trenches alongside the road. Thankfully, he didn't pay me much attention as he cycled past me. Softly up the road I met him again. Suddenly, I seemed to command all of his attention. He came over to me and asked in French where I was going. I answered, "Bolbec, Bolbec" and pointed repeatedly to a road sign indicating the town of Bolbec straight ahead. From what I understood, he said it was a long walk.

"Abruptly, he asked me for my papers. I shook my head. He glared at me once again and looked me over, paying great attention to my old shoes and my clothes. Incredibly, he told me to walk on. Face unshaven, clothes smelly and filthy; he must have taken me for a tramp. I got away quickly although he really should have taken me in. Had he tried, he would have had a fight because I was ready to attack him. I didn't have any weapons because we were not issued any for flying. (Some carried .45 automatic pistols but apparently there was a shortage and we never got any.)

"Shortly thereafter, dusk fell over the countryside. According to my map, I was nearly half the way to Le Havre. How much longer could I continue? Sharp stabs of pain from inflamed feet tormented my sleep. Oh, if only I could reach Le Havre, then cross the Channel to England!

"By the fifth day my bedraggled appearance was beginning to draw people's attention. A

short distance from Bolbec, I asked a woman the directions to a barber shop. She understood when I pointed to my hair and used my fingers to imitate the movement of scissors. "Two kilometres," she said, pointing up the road.

"I arrived at the little barber shop and looked in. There was only a mother, a young girl and a young boy of about twelve years old. An older barber was giving the girl a haircut as I entered. The younger barber, who was about sixteen years of age, directed me to a chair. I removed my jacket and made myself comfortable. As one might expect, halfway through the shave, he nicked me. No sooner had he finished shaving me, then he walked toward the door. I paid little attention, but as I glanced in the mirror to see where he had nicked me, I saw that he was talking to a German soldier. I didn't know what they were saying as they spoke in a muffled tone. Ideas began spinning through my mind. Did the barber know I was American? If he did suspect me, could I escape in any way? Looking about the room for another exit, I noticed their curious glances directed toward me. The soldier mumbled something to the barber and he said something to me in French. Apparently, the German was in a hurry and wanted to know if he could get a haircut before me. I said "Oui" and with that the German soldier left.

"When the barber had finished with the girl the soldier still had not returned, so he motioned me to sit in the chair and began cutting. Almost at once the soldier returned with three other German soldiers. Scowling at me with displeasure they all sat down a short distance away and I thought, "Boy, this is really something". The German whom I had promised could go in front of me kept giving me dirty looks.

"About half way through my haircut the old barber asked me how I wanted my hair cut. I didn't really know what to say so I just motioned him to carry on. In the meantime, I could see in the mirror that the German was looking at me. He was also sitting on the chair where I had left my jacket. In it were all my maps and papers! All he had to do was look down but I didn't give him the chance. I leaped out of the chair, taking the largest franc note I had and gave it to the barber. My haircut and shave cost me sixteen francs but the experience cost me sixteen grey hairs. The barber gave me change and I gave him a tip. I think he was relieved I was finished because he did not want any problems with the Germans. I thankfully grabbed my jacket, left the shop and headed up the road.

## Choosing the Right House

"At twilight I was only sixteen km from Le Havre. My feet were badly blistered and I had to find a place to hide. I selected a neat, medium-sized farm just off the road. My head was reeling with excitement as I approached the house knowing I had somehow overcome tremendous risks. The farmer and his family listened to my story in disbelief. With the help of an English-French dictionary and broken phrases, I told them I received the clothes from a farmer near Buschy not far from the spot where I had baled out. My festered, swollen feet gave evidence of the truth. After providing me with some food, they insisted to bathe my feet.

"Only after resting for a short time was I informed that the German army had a road block ahead. My long walk had been in vain. I needed identification papers to gain entrance to Le Havre but

there was nothing more I could do that night. Taking into consideration my poor physical appearance, they invited me to share one of their beds rather than a hayloft in the barn. After sleeping in fields and haylofts for the past five days, I was most grateful.

"The next morning I bade a reluctant farewell. Dejectedly, I began retracing my steps. I decided after checking my map, to return to Bolbec and then head south to Lillebonne.

"Later that morning, after informing some French men at one cafe in Lillebonne that I was an American aviator, I was refused sanctuary. At another a woman who came to serve me asked me in French what I wanted to order. I could not understand her so I just said, "Je Suis aviateur American." She looked at me oddly and started laughing. She called out to someone in the back room. Everyone thought it was a big joke so I left hurriedly and started walking down the road towards the Seine.

"Just south of Lillebonne I came upon a junk peddler pushing a cart. He was a ragged Brazilian, who had been stranded in France before the war and had never accumulated enough money to return to Latin America. He was able to speak a few words in English and told me that the Germans had taken over the ferry boat which was the only way to cross the river. He added that there was a rowing boat which was operated by the French. He took me to the Frenchmen and told them I was an American airman. What he said must have sounded convincing, for my passage was free. The Frenchmen took me on board the boat and rowed me across the Seine.

"Reaching the opposite shore, we all entered a cafe for sandwiches and beer. We were in Quillebeuf. One of the passengers told me to remain at the cafe. I waited for three hours and nothing happened. I bought some postcards from a stand for some reason, probably to pass the time. Nothing happened and I got up and walked out. Just south of the river I hit the dirt. A sudden burst of machine gun fire and several explosions erupted as two P-38's began their strafing and bombing run in the vicinity of the ferry boat. The ground shook with the bursting of exploding shells. Minutes later it was over.

"Gradually rising to my feet, I hobbled to an abandoned farmhouse. Once inside, I sat down and removed my shoes. My feet were very bad. Unexpectedly, a German soldier walked in and spoke to me. I just muttered, "Oui". He walked over to a wall and took away a home-made ladder. I assume he needed it to repair some of the damage to the telephone lines caused by the bombing. I figured that this was not the greatest place in the world to be so I got ready to leave.

## Finding A Real Friend

"Before I could get far a voice called out, "What are you doing there?" Of course I didn't understand French so I replied in my best accent, "Oui". A blue-eyed blond civilian repeated the question and again I answered "Oui". Making little progress in our conversation, he enquired if I spoke English. I confirmed that I did. We conversed for a time and I told him I was an aviator. He looked so much like a German that I thought I had 'had it'. By this time I no longer cared anyway.

"The blond Frenchman, who turned out to be called Charles Lamour, took me outside to an orchard and told me to wait. I thought he must be leaving to get reinforcements but when he returned an hour later he brought with him a

woman who had some food for me. The woman kept asking for assurances that I was an American. They were ultimately convinced that I was telling the truth when I kept answering nonchalantly, "Sure I am, what do you want?"

"Later, I was to learn that my crossing of the Seine had been well timed. Apparently, the Gestapo had been enquiring about someone fitting my description. The boatman, who was a member of the Resistance, had told them that I had continued walking along the river and had not taken the boat across. Within a hour, they were searching everywhere for me.

"Charles Lamour contacted the French Resistance and they hid me from the Germans. I was taken to another farmhouse in Quillebeuf and only allowed out at night. I stayed in Quillebeuf for ten weeks, hiding in every place imaginable- barns, houses, and air-raid shelters.

## Committing Sabotage

"During my time in hiding we would carry out some limited acts of sabotage like cutting down telephone lines. Twice we stole a cow from the Germans for food and on other nights we stole beans from the fields. The American Air Force tried repeatedly to blow up the ferry boat. Each time they missed. Towards the end, when the Canadians were approaching, the ferry boat was eventually sunk. Three weeks before the Canadians liberated us my hosts went on a big drinking session. Some German soldiers heard them bragging and they barely got away with their lives. Charles decided to have me moved after this incident. He put me in with a couple who had a small child. I stayed on the second floor of their three-story house for three weeks. During that time there was incessant noise from artillery barrages and exchanges between the Germans and advancing Allies. It got so bad on some occasions that we hid in some caves nearby which were used as air-raid shelters.

"I was the first American many of the French townspeople had ever seen. My heart went out to the simple people who had truly saved my life at the risk of their own.

"Eventually, we were liberated by Canadian troops. They wanted me to hop on their tank and leave the area but I could not because I had to get my ID tags back from the underground. I sent word to the fellow who had them, and sixteen pounds. He turned out to be the mayor and at first refused to hand the money and tags over to me. The Canadians suggested I tell him that if he did not hand them over they would drive a tank right through his darn house! That did the trick and I was given back my ID tags and money.

"Word went through about my plight and later a small unit came through to pick me up. They apparently picked up all shot down airmen. I was shipped back to Cherbourg, where we took a C-47 to London and SHEAF headquarters. I was interrogated and after several days I was returned to Thurleigh. There I met my co-pilot, Wilbur C. Pensinger, who had been picked up almost immediately by the Underground, but the other five in my crew had been captured.

# OBITS

**Ralph G.K. Beach**, 468th/423rd bombardier, died 30 Jan 90 in Bellevue, NE, reports Air Force Times. He arrived at Thurleigh 13 Sep 43 with Craig Powell's crew, transferred to the 423rd 4 Mar 44, and completed his tour 26 Jun 44.

**Duane Bollenbach**, navigator for David Wheeler's 369th crew, died 20 Sep 89 in Kansas City, KS. He arrived 12 Apr 43 and ended his combat when critically wounded in the head by a 20mm cannon shell 24 Jul 43, on the raid to Heroya, Norway. Bollenbach was so badly wounded that the bombardier, Floyd Evans, held Duane's head in his hands all the way back to Thurleigh. But Bollenbach recovered sufficiently to marry and assist in raising five children. He retired from USAAF 23 Aug 45 as a first lieutenant.

**Donald J. Casey**, 423rd navigator with Neill Kirby's crew, has passed away at Glendale, AZ, during the spring of 1990, it has been learned. No further details are available at this time.

**Charles M. (Mitt) Comstock**, 423rd ball turret gunner, died in early January in Evansville, IN. He arrived with Robert Welter's crew 27 Nov 43 and completed his combat tour in Jun 44.

**Henry A. Dryar, Jr.**, 368th pilot, died 21 Oct 85 in Elkins Park, PA. He came to the group 28 May 44 and completed his tour in September. Later he was a supervisor for the Philadelphia Electric Co.

**Andrew M. Feranec**, 1628th Ordnance Company, died 21 Jun 86 in Fairfield, CT. He was a bomb inspector prior to his transfer out 22 Nov 43.

**Robert C. Hartzell**, first sergeant of the 449th Subdepot, died in 1972 in Klemmy, IA.

**Jack Jaeger**, 368th, died 5 Mar 90 in Wauwatosa, WI. He was a member of the squadron engineering crew.

**Jacob K. Kim**, 423rd radio operator for Maurice Salada's crew, died 2 Feb 86 in Ellicott City, MD, following a heart attack. He was the 32nd EM to complete a combat tour, 1 Jul 43, having come over with the original group.

**Hubert H. Lamb, Jr.**, engineer for William Allen's 367th crew, died in Dec 89 in Mt. Holly, NJ. He completed his combat tour 25 Sep 44, having arrived with the Group 29 Apr 44.

**Howell L. Lewis, Jr.**, a member of the 204th Finance unit at Thurleigh, died in 1978 in Greenville, NC.

**Timothy J. McCarthy**, 449th Sub Depot, has died at Butte, MT.

**Aram J. Nahabedian**, 423rd pilot, died 12 Jun 90 in Tustin, CA, following a heart attack. Reporting 16 Jun 44 as co-pilot for Ellis Porter, Nobby took over the crew when Porter was MIA 20 Jun. Nobby was rescued along with the entire crew 20 July 44 eight miles off the Belgian coast after ditching on a mission return. On 19 Sep 44 he bailed out of a stricken plane over English. He completed his combat tour 29 Jan 45. Later Nahabedian served as branch manager for contracts, McDonnell Douglas Corp, and had been a regular attendee at reunions.

**William W. Peterman**, who joined the Group 3 May 43 in flying control, and became flying control officer in the spring of 44, died 17 Jan 90 in Glendale, WI. He had preserved the original flying control logs for the Group, and they are now in the possession of the Group Historian.

**Randall Raley**, a clerk in the chemical warfare office at Thurleigh, died in 1987.

**Harold Rullman**, 449th Sub Depot, died 13 Feb 86 in Louisville, KY, of cancer. He was a bin card clerk in Base

## Registrants for San Antonio in September

### 367th

Barr, Earl R & Nina  
Boyle, John W.  
Brakebill, Jack & Laura  
Clarke, Al & Pauline  
Claytor, David & Bette  
Corcoran, John & Marjorie  
Dismang, Robert & Mary  
Duran, Ed & Margaret  
Edwards, Eric J. & Leota  
Emeigh, Larry & Beatrice  
Feeser, William H. & Pauline  
Futchik, William  
Hale, Charles & Ruth  
Hatch, George  
Hawley, Alfred D & Jean  
Holland, Daniel & Mary Ellen  
Holland, Richard R. & Sybil  
Hopkins, Royce & Mollie  
Houlihan, William F. & Ruth  
Kostal, Jerome & Lillian  
Lenaghan, Jim & Mary Edna  
Mullen, Francis  
Nesbitt, Archie & Nadyne  
Northway, M. J. & Miriam Healey  
O'Hara, Dick & T  
Offord, Durwood  
Patton, Willie & Julia  
Phelan, Hugh & Evelyn  
Rawlings, G. Barney  
Roberts, George G. & Norma  
Roeder, Helmuth & Ernestine  
Schmidt, Jack & Gail  
Sheridan, Donald & Faye  
Smith, Bartlett & Donna  
Smith, Wm Sherman & Betty  
Sobie, Edward & Helen  
Sorden, Myron & Kay  
Starzynski, Robert & Louise  
Strong, Russell A. & June  
Tardiff, Paul & Eileen  
Vickers, Robert & Helen  
Visconti, Al & Evelyn  
Wallace, Richard & Marjorie  
Wiehrdt, Ralph & Mildred

### 368th

Bordner, Ralph E. & Nell  
Boswell, Ted & Gloria  
Bourn, O. B.  
Breslin, William H. & Dorothy  
Cavaness, William F. & Dorothy  
Christianson, Chris & Em  
Conroy, Anthony & Patricia  
Cook, Orval & Kathy  
Corderman, Delmar & Peggy  
Houghton, Russell G.  
Jennings, Grafrod & Margaret  
Jones, W. D. & Gene  
Karpman, Irving & Bessie  
Knudson, Roy & Lorraine  
Krajick, August & Dot  
McGinnis, Delbert & Joann  
Morabith, Paul & Frances  
Nelson, Robert F. & Clare  
Oppen, Leon J. & Sue  
Paris, Irene  
Reber, Marlen & Ginger  
Robinson, Reginald L. & Verna  
Ross, Donald R. & Janice

### 369th

Allen, John  
Arbeiter, Erskine & Flo  
Babin, Allen & Betty  
Banas, Charles J. & Carley  
Barber, Rex C. & Delsa  
Beigel, Sheldon & Gloria  
Bennett, Charles & Phyllis  
Bisignano, Frank S. & Beth  
Briscoe, Dale & Beti  
Buchanan, Bennett  
Burton, Dudley & Dolores  
Burwick, Bernard & Helen  
Clark, Charles R. & Loretta  
Clemetson, Donovan & Sylvia

Air Corps Supply.

**Raymond J. Schuler**, 29th Serv Gp and 4th Station Complement Squadron, died 27 Jul 53. He worked in Group headquarters.

**Andrew V. Simmons**, 423rd navigator with Bart Wigginton's crew, died 22 May 85 in Tyler, TX. He arrived with the 306th 11 Dec 42 and was MIA/POW 17 Apr 43 at Bremen with Warren George's crew. He also received a Purple Heart for a wound suffered on an earlier mission.

**Mortimer L. Weil** a duty clerk in Group Operations, died in Feb 89 at Huntsville, AL. He joined the Group at Wendover in Jun 42 and left Thurleigh in Aug 45. He had been an agent for Mass Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Collins, William & Betty  
Damaso, Louis F. & Betty  
Davis, Charles M. & Mavis  
Dwiggins, Robert D. & Helen  
Edeler, James & Verna  
Fedorka, Alfred & Julia  
Ferguson, William & Catherine  
Flanagan, William & Helen  
Fredrick, Vincent & Jane  
Furay, James & Lucy Ruggiero  
Goodwill, Forest W. & Hazel  
Hall, Marian  
Hamilton, Jack & Barbara  
Hansen, Leif H & Anne  
Harkin, Terry & Terry(son)  
Hennessy, Edward J.  
Hoser, Harry W. & Emily  
Howard, Roy W.  
Isaac, Arthur  
Johnson, Francis & Betty  
Jones, Casey & Luise  
Kolger, Bill & Helen  
Krische, John C.  
Langley, Clifford R. & Shirley  
Lateano, Guy & Ysleta  
Lawlor, John & Ruth  
Maliszewski, Edward P.  
Morgan, Paul E.  
Myers, Jerry & Elaine  
Nattier, Clayton & Jean  
Norman, Alfred & Joannette  
Nuessen, Carl & Veneta  
Peckham, W. T. & Georgia Lee  
Riordan, Robert & Miriam  
Rozett, Walter & Kathryn  
Schieb, Ray K. & Ruth  
Stephens, George A. & Elizabeth  
Thompson, Gene & Frances  
Thornam, Harold & Jeanette  
Tordoff, Arthur & Ruth  
Trask, Roy E. & Dannie  
Walter, Raymond & Marguerita  
William, Ralph & Violet  
Williams, Willie & Mazel  
Wood, Jack & Patricia  
Wood, Robert H. & Carol  
Yerak, Ray & Reggie  
Young, Bill

### 423rd

Alleman, Harry G. & Mildred  
Amrey, Jack & Marie  
Armbrust, Norman  
Barberis, Daniel J. & Grace  
Bradshaw, Kenneth  
Brinkman, John  
Choney, James S. & Yvonne  
Daniel, Robert W. & Pat  
Demorest, Harold & Nina

Dickenson, William & Donna  
Edwards, Milton and Elizabeth  
Endicott, John & Gaynell  
Fields, Robert & Anna Lee  
Forgy, John and Martha  
Gavito, Carlos  
Goetz, Leon & Jean  
Guilfoyle, Bill & Mabel  
Hathaway, Joe & Pat  
Hill, Richard & Helen Fraley  
Hutchinson, Howard & Elaine  
Jacobson, Kenneth & Lucille  
Jordan, Edward & Sarah  
Kate, Hendrik & Irene  
Lanyon, Phillip D. & Robbie  
Lynch, William & Jean Marie  
McKay, Mack & Joyce  
Minnick, Hartwell C. & Charlsie  
Morgan, Bill & Margaret  
Murphy, Jack  
Myllykoski, Robert & Lillian  
Persac, Jack & Bernardine  
Pollock, Eugene & Crockette  
Radnofsky, Matthew  
Reioux, Paul & Aileen  
Reynolds, Gardner & Kay  
Riedel, Wilford & Jo  
Roth, Howard G. & Esther  
Schartz, Mark & Betty  
Serafin, Frank & Florence  
Smoot, James & Rosemary  
Stewart, Forrest J. & Ann  
Tinklenberg, John & Alice  
Valenti, Jasper & Elaine  
Van Deurzen, Leo & Florence  
Walters, Eugene & Antoinette  
Williams, Robert C. & Betty  
Wilson, Clay & Rachel Butner  
Wilson, John D  
Youree, Earl & Juanita

### 527th

Richwine, James R. & Constance

### Group

Brenner, Robert & Estelle  
Carlile, William  
Hopper, Ray & Norine  
McHale, William & Jean  
Shuller, Thurman & Joan  
Wilson, Delmar & Vauda

### Guests

Bennett, Jack & Elsie  
Gransie, George & Janice  
Karr, Robert F.  
Moore, Lyle & Laura  
Wirtz, Jane

## First Over Germany by Russell A. Strong

### Available-Publication Offer

First published in 1982, and now out of print for the last three years, *First Over Germany* is a chronological history of the 306th Bomb Group from 1942 to 1945. It is being republished this summer. Unfortunately, prices for printing, binding, and postage have advanced significantly in this period.

Ordering during April, May and June, can save \$5 on the price for the book when it is published. This new edition contains corrections, some changes in the copy, and several brief additions to the original text.

Because this new edition will be limited to about 1,000 copies, early orders will be the ones that are filled. Further information on the publication date will be published in the July issue of *Echoes*.

Order Form — **FIRST OVER GERMANY**, by Russell A. Strong

Please accept my pre-publication order for \_\_\_\_\_ copy(ies) at \$30 per copy plus \$3.00 for postage and handling. My check is for \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

Send to Russell A. Strong, 5323 Cheval Place, Charlotte, NC 28205

## Do You Remember His First Name?

A 15-year effort to assemble a complete roster of the Group has proved a frustrating, but often satisfying task for Russ Strong.

One of the great problems he has faced is even finding first names for all of the men. Sometimes the only source of information has been a picture identification in which only last names were used.

Usually there is more than one opportunity to check a name in his extensive records, but he has a number

of last names which he would like to match up with first names. Thus, you can assist by reviewing the following list and helping to further identify any of these men you may have known:

Morrow, 368th engineering; Muller, 368th engineering; P Noley, 368th headquarters; Norris, 368th ordnance; O'Kerns, 876th chemical; Olson, 876th chemical; Ouslie, 368th armament; Pierce, 2099th fire fighters; H Prince, 368th transportation; Heavin, 423rd gunner.

Hudson, group radar shop; Lowe, 368th armorer; A Magee, 368th communications; M Mahalovich, 423rd communications; Raffaelli, 876th chemical; Runser, group radar shop; J Schutz, 368th operations; Sharpe, 367th engineering; A Smith, 368th operations.

S Spaak, 368th ordnance; Stidham, 367th, killed on ds; Strang, 367th, killed on ds; Sullivan, 368th armorer; Sumner, 368th engineering; Wanson, 368th engineering; Tammare, group radar shop; Thornton, 876th chemical; Wiseman, 876th chemical R Wokowich, 368th armorer; M Ziolkowski.

## 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, make out your \$10 check to the 306th BG Association, and the 306th 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.

A  
C  
U

(For office use only.  
Do not write above these lines.)

---

**Name** \_\_\_\_\_  
FIRST MI LAST

**Address** \_\_\_\_\_

**8AF Unit** 306th BG

**Dates of 8 AF Service** \_\_\_\_\_

## CAF Rep Seeks Interviews

Don Carrel, an ex-WWII liaison pilot and a member of the Confederate Air Force oral history program will be at the 306th reunion Thursday and Friday afternoons, September 6-7. He would like to interview former members of the 306th Bomb Group on their careers and experiences during WWII.

These taped interviews will be transcribed to acid proof paper, catalogued and maintained in the Confederate Air Force Museum so future generations can be knowledgeable of the history of members of the U.S. Army Air Forces during WWII.

## Victory Heads POW Group

In May Dr. Luther D. Victory, 369th, assumed the post of commander of the American Prisoners of World War II, as the Stalag XVII group held its annual meeting in Albuquerque, NM.

Leo Gallegos, who with his wife, Betty, served as reunion co-chairs, became the vice commander of the organization, and Dr. George Economos, 369th, was elected the Northeastern U.S. director.

To keep the whole organization together and moving, Betty Gallegos became adjutant-treasurer, expanding her former duties as just adjutant.



Andy Vangalis, 368th, stands in front of a B-18 which he is helping restore at Lowry AFB, Denver, CO. "Its a lot of fun returning these old birds," says Andy, who drives in to Lowry once each week with his son, Mark, to work on the B-18 and also on a B-29 that shares ramp space there. The nose section of the B-18, a couple of which were present at Wendover, was completely rebuilt from scratch.

## REUNION '90 306th BOMBARDMENT GROUP September 6-9, 1990 SAN ANTONIO, TX

PRE REGISTRATION FORM — MAIL TO:

Dale Briscoe  
7829 TIMBER TOP DRIVE  
BOERNE, TX 78006

REGISTRATION FEE (per person)	\$25.00x	_____	\$
9/6 MEXICAN BUFFET (per person)	\$19.00x	_____	\$
9/7 VISIT RANDOLPH AFB (per person)	\$10.00x	_____	\$
OR: VISIT LACKLAND AFB (per person)	\$10.00x	_____	\$
9/8 LADIES SOUTHWEST STYLE SHOW (per person) (Includes breakfast)	\$10.00x	_____	\$
9/8 REUNION BANQUET (per person)	\$22.00x	_____	\$
TOTAL FOR REGISTRATION AND TICKETS (make check payable to 306th Reunion)		_____	\$
		_____	\$

Name _____		Spouse/Guest Name _____	
Address _____	City _____	State _____	Zip _____
Phone Number _____	Squadron - Duty Assignment _____		
Travel Mode Air/Auto _____	Arrival Date _____	Arrival Time _____	
Have You Made Hotel Reservations? _____ If So, Where _____			
Questions/Comments/Recommendations: _____			

Hotel Reservations Form - Mail Directly To The Marriott Hotel

## There may be no dues, BUT

*It does take money to keep the 306th Association flying. Those who are able are asked to make an annual contribution to keep everything running smoothly. No one is dropped from the mailing list for non-payment!*

Please accept my gift to the 306th BG Association: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET AND NO. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY, STATE & ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

TELEPHONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_ 306th Unit \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: C. Dale Briscoe, Treasurer  
7829 Timber Top Drive  
Boerne, TX 78006

DATE \_\_\_\_\_

## SAN ANTONIO Marriott RIVERWALK

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Reservations received after 8/16/90 will be subject to availability.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Company: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City / State: \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

- Reservations not guaranteed will be cancelled after 6:00 pm on the day of arrival.
- Check in time is after 4:00 pm.
- Parking at the hotel is limited and subject to a daily charge.

GROUP: 306th Bomb Group Association  
DATES: September 4-(11), 1990

Single \$75 Double \$75 Triple \$75 Quad \$75

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

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

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

Room Type  King (1 Bed)  Double / Double (2 Beds)

Room type request is not guaranteed. Should you wish your reservation held for late arrival (after 6:00 pm) a major credit card number or first night's deposit is required.

Credit card \_\_\_\_\_ Number: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. date: \_\_\_\_\_