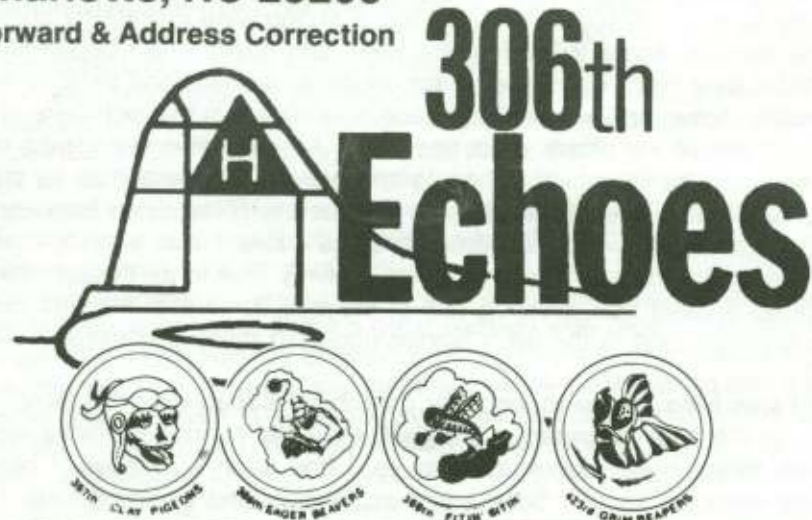


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## Taking the Long Way Home: The Evasion of Ed Maslanka

12 December 1943

E & E Report No. 222  
Evasion in France

Edward L. Maslanka, 1st Lt.  
368 Bomb Squadron - 306 Bomb Group

Age: 23 years  
Length of Service: 1 9/12 years  
Home Address: Chicago, Illinois

MIA: 6 September 1943  
Arrived in Spain:  
29 October 1943  
Arrived in Gibraltar:  
10 November 1943  
Arrived in UK:  
20 November 1943

### Members of Crew:

Pilot	2nd Lt	Wesley D. Peterson	MIA
Co-Pilot	1st Lt	Edward L. Maslanka	Narrator
Navigator	2nd Lt	Donald E. Phillips	MIA
Bombardier	1st Lt	August Winters	E & E Report 179
Radio Operator	T/Sgt	William B. Plaskett, Jr.	MIA
Top Turret Gun	T/Sgt	William L. Utley	MIA
Ball Turret	Sgt	Frederick E. Huntsinger	MIA
Waist Gunner	S/Sgt	George F. Monser	E & E Report 169
Waist Gunner	Sgt	William E. Scott, Jr.	E & E Report 173
Tail Gunner	S/Sgt	Douglas G. Wright	MIA

About 0600 hours on 6 September 1943 we took off from Thurleigh to bomb Stuttgart, I thought we flew the course as briefed, but the navigator said that we went in at 22,000 feet and started back at 17,000 feet, when we should have done just the reverse.

At any rate, we met head winds going in instead of tail winds. We flew north of Paris and had no trouble going in. Over the target we met a heavy barrage and the flak followed us for a few minutes. We opened the bomb bay doors, but because of the heavy clouds we did not bomb. We went on, opening our bomb bay doors three times and closing them again three times. It was about fifteen minutes before we released our bombs on some tiny town in the hills. Clouds were still heavy, but I could see what we hit.

I was getting worried about the gas and the time which we were wasting. We had the heaviest gas consuming plane on the field: we knew it, and apparently they realized it at the field, for they gave us quite a pep talk about it before we left. After we released our bombs, we figured that we had just enough gas to get to the Channel and ditch, with a slim chance that we might make the English coast. We could see the Alps, and a lot of fellows turned off to Switzerland, but we decided that we would try to make it to the Channel.

Our gas got lower and lower, and we saw that we were not going to make it even to the coast. We told the men to put on their parachutes and to prepare to bail out or ditch, and we started destroying any letters or papers which might help the enemy. We flew north of Paris and were already beyond it.

According to the navigator we were only 10 minutes from the coast when #3 engine started to go out. We changed gas from one tank to another, but #1 then began to go out. For about five minutes we were flying with zero indicated on all tanks. We had seen some FW's attacking another group, but none had come near us. When we pulled out of formation a bit, however, fighters started to come in on our tail, so we went up again and put the plane on automatic pilot.

The pilot and I yelled over the interphone the order to bail out. He pulled the emergency release for the bomb bay doors, and I grabbed the parachutes for each of us. I saw the navigator go out the nose. I handed the pilot his parachute and went to the bomb bay. I looked in the back of the ship and saw that only one man was left. He did not seem to be quite sure what he was doing, and he was fumbling with his parachute. I yelled at him to try to bring him out of it. The bombardier did not want to go out the nose and came tearing back to the bomb bay. I went out at about 17,000 feet.

### Those ball turret guns!

I jumped out facing the rear of the plane. I had heard a lot of men express fear of hitting the ball turret if they bailed out the bomb bay. Consequently I was interested to notice that I cleared the ball turret by some six feet, even though the guns were pointing straight down. Furthermore, when the navigator jumped from nose, he cleared the bomb bay doors by about five feet.

I knew there was supposed to be a layer of clouds at 10,000 to 12,000 feet, so I delayed my jump until I came to the cloud level. I could see the plane going on under automatic pilot and, while I was tumbling, I could see the plane gradually pull down down of formation. I could see only one chute far above me; I believed it was the bombardier's. When I pulled the rip-cord, I was on my side. The chute opened with a tremendous jerk, and my heels come up and jolted the back of

(Turn to page 2)



William A. Cavaness  
1993-94 President

## Cavaness New President for 1993-94 Year

Retired Chief Master Sergeant William F. Cavaness of San Antonio was elected president of the 306th Bomb Group Association at the annual business meeting 11 September, following in that post Forrest J. Stewart, who served for the past year.

Other officers are: C. Dale Briscoe, vice president; Russell A. Strong, secretary, and Charles F. Jones, treasurer.

Elected to three-year terms on the board of directors were: Joseph F. Hathaway and Donald L. Snook. Hold-over directors are Victor L. Rose and M/Gen. James S. Cheney. Stewart continues on the board for one year as immediate past president and Robert N. Houser, chairman of the Des Moines reunion in 1994, joins the board for one year.

Also meeting with the board this year was Ralph Franklin, our British representative. The Franklins were guests of the 306th on this occasion in recognition of the great work Ralph did for the 1992 reunion in England.

Completing terms on the board were William Carlisle and Rex Barber, along with Judge Donald R. Ross, who served as past president.

### COUPONS NOT NEEDED:

If you want to save each issue of *Echoes*, don't clip coupons out. Just send a note as to what you want and include the correct amount of money in a check. Be sure you include your own name and address. Or, you may find an opportunity to xerox a copy of the desired coupon, but that isn't necessary.

## 575 Come to Seattle for 18th Reunion

Some 575 306th enthusiasts put in an appearance at Seattle at some point during the 1993, 18th annual reunion of the 306th Bomb Group Association.

They came from far and near, from Hawaii around to England, from Anchorage, Alaska, to the tip of Florida.

It was obvious that the crowd enjoyed most of what went on from Thursday morning through Saturday night. Not everyone got to go to the Boeing Everett plant where 747 and 767 aircraft are manufactured, and some of the other trips had all the participants that could be handled. The ballroom was full for the Saturday night banquet, and talk flowed through each day and night in small groups gathered all over the large Red Lion Hotel at SeaTac.

We ate salmon on an island in Puget Sound, we cruised the great harbor for an evening while enjoying dinner, we crowded onto buses and off the buses, we looked at airplanes old and new, we lunched in the restaurant off the hotel lobby, overlapping with those late for the breakfast menu—and the reminiscing went on.

There were the veterans, many spouses, children, brothers, sisters, friends—all absorbing all that they could from the gathering.

And after we had listened to Don Bevan on Saturday night recounting his experiences with the stage play "Stalag 17," which grew out of his own experiences as a downed gunner, the crowd dispersed while once more Larry Emeigh brought his music mastery to the keyboard.

Once again that old 367th pilot, Barney Rawlings, came to the rostrum to give his special magic to "The Star Spangled Banner," and how many of you have ever heard the third verse sung? "I thought that verse had special meaning to we veterans who had flown and fought from 48 to 51 years ago," he explained later.

For those who were newcomers to our reunions, it was a rousing affair; to many of us it was that welcome chance to see old friends once again, to see that Joe Gabrish had recovered from his health problems of the last two years; to note that some regulars have fallen by the wayside; and to recall with joy and sadness those months and years that we served in and around our beloved B-17s—from Wendover, Utah, to Westover, Mass., with relief in those hazardous initial landings at Prestwick and then on to the short runways at Thurleigh; to the 341 combat missions we flew; to the mechanical work, the bomb loadings and unloadings, the fueling of the aircraft, the engine and prop maintenance, parachute packing, medical assistance to our community of 3,000, and the endless paperwork that was a

(Turn to page 2)

# Seattle Bash

from page 1

part of squadron and group life.

Some among us had last been in Seattle to sing "happy birthday" to the B-17s in the 1987. For many it was a first venture to the Pacific northwest.

Warren Wilson, Din Fuhrmeister and Keith Miller worked early and late with members of their committee to put everything together. The hotel did yeoman duty, but some were forced to wait too many hours to get into their rooms. More and more we find it necessary to select rooms close to the activity centers because we don't walk as well as we used to; or we find a wheelchair may be needed.

Through it all, the triumphs and the mistakes, the noisy and joyous greetings of old friends, and the piles of luggage we brought with us, every step of the way it was worth it to once again be bathed in the spirit of the 306th Bomb Group. All that the combat experience, that ranged from scant days to nearly three years, has meant to us through the last half century.

Those who have not yet partaken of this venture are urged to get 1994 on your calendars now, and to put 1995 on your waiting list. Who knows when it will end?



Clemens and Ginny Amundsen enjoying the reunion.



Em Christianson and Hollis Baker.



Ralph Bordner discusses events with Leif Hansen.

# Maslanka Walks to Freedom from page 1

my head. I blacked out, and when I recovered consciousness, I thought I had broken my back. From 10,000 to 3,000 feet a strong wind rocked my chute, and I became seasick. About 2,000 feet the wind died down, and I began feeling a little better. I saw that I was heading for an apple orchard and tried to avoid it. Unfortunately, however, I had no instruction whatsoever in the technique of using a parachute, so all my efforts were unavailing. I think that every airman should, at the very least, be instructed in how to turn around in a parachute by crossing his arms and pulling. He might have the bad luck to come down backwards, as I did, and not know how to turn around. Since I saw I was willy nilly heading right for the apple orchard, I put my hands over my face to go through the trees. I hit right on a dead tree, bringing half of the tree down with me and breaking a rib on my right side in the fall. I landed about 10 miles southwest of Amiens.

While I was lying on the ground, my parachute draped over the remainder of the tree, an FW flew overhead at 200 feet, evidently hunting for those who had bailed out. When I was about 300 feet up, I had seen a number of people in barnyards watching my fall. Soon some came over and picked me up; I could not arise by myself. I pulled out my cigaret lighter and began to set fire to my parachute, but the French prevented me. They thought I was mad and indicated that they had all sorts of use for a good parachute. I took off my jacket and coveralls and left them. I had lost my cap and gloves on the way down. Before I jumped, I had taken off my flying boots and put on some brown cadet oxfords. If I were doing any more evading which took as much walking, I would make certain that I was wearing good GI shoes.

The French seemed unwilling to do much for me, no doubt because they feared the Germans would be along any minute, so I started off across the fields, going as best as my right side permitted. It was pretty bad; I had to go underneath fences because I could not climb them. When I bailed out, it was 1147 hours, and I walked away from the French people about 1201 hours.

When I had walked about half a mile, I came to a farmyard just off a road. About 10 people were crowded in it. I walked up to them and said that I was an American aviator. I pulled out my phrase sheet and with it asked them if they could help me. They stood around as if they did not know what to do. I was suddenly struck by the fact that they all seemed to be smoking, and the cigarets were not home-made affairs. In fact, they looked like American cigarets. I suspected that one of my crew members must be around and asked them where he was. They went to some bushes rather reluctantly, and pulled out my bombardier, Lt. Winters. They took us both to a haystack and covered us up. Later they brought us some civilian clothes and took our uniforms. When we told them to destroy them, they just laughed and laughed, explaining that they would dye them and make good use of them. Later I saw some uniforms which had been dyed red-brown and other colors, but I would have spotted them as good GI OD's any day. After they gave each of us trousers, a shirt, a cloth jacket, and a beret, and also a jug of wine and half a loaf of bread, they took us to a road, and warned us that the Germans would be along any minute.

We walked on a way with an old man and soon met a woman on a bicycle. She warned the old man that the Germans had blockaded the roads. He took us to some woods about a mile from the place where I had come down and told us to stay there. We plunked ourselves down under some trees. Lots of clumps of bushes were about, but in any close search we could have been seen from 10 feet away.

(To be continued in January, 1994)

## It's YOUR Time to Update

The secretary has received a lot of time to do it today so that YOUR information for the 1994 Directory will be more complete.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Corrected unit \_\_\_\_\_

Corrected street address \_\_\_\_\_

Corrected city and state \_\_\_\_\_

Corrected zip code and four digit extension \_\_\_\_\_

Phone # with corrected area code \_\_\_\_\_

Marital status: Unmarried \_\_\_\_\_ Divorced \_\_\_\_\_ Widower \_\_\_\_\_

Wife's first name: \_\_\_\_\_


Mail to: Secretary  
306th Bomb Group Association  
5323 Cheval Place  
Charlotte, NC 28205-4937



Bob and Anna Lee Fields.



Alfred and Elaine Johansen aboard the cruise ship.



The 306th Bombardment Group Historical Association: William F. Cavaness, president; C. Dale Briscoe, vice president; Russell A. Strong, Secretary; C. F. (Casey) Jones, treasurer. Directors: James S. Cheney, Joseph R. Hathaway, Victor L. Rose and Donald L. Snook; Forrest J. Stewart, past president; Robert N. Houser, 1994 reunion chairman. Ralph Franklin, Keysoe, Bedfordshire, British representative.

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:**  
Handles all changes of address, editorial comments and records.  
**Russell A. Strong, 5323 Cheval Pl., Charlotte, NC 28205. Phone 704/568-3803.**

**TREASURER:**  
Send contributions to and order memorabilia from:  
**C.F. (Casey) Jones, 136 Coventry Dr., Henderson, NV 89014. Phone 702/361-7218**

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

## Des Moines is Our Target for '94 Reunion

Plans are well along for the 1994 reunion in Des Moines, Iowa. The dates are September 15-17.

Headquarters hotel will be the Crystal Inn (225 rooms) located across from the Des Moines Airport. Regular airport shuttle service is provided.

Our overflow hotel is the Des Moines International, a Best Western 144-room facility, located around the corner from the Crystal Inn. Again, airport shuttle service is provided.

For those flying in, Des Moines is served by six major airlines: United, American, Northwest, Delta, TWA and USAir. Gateway cities are Chicago and Cincinnati to the east; Dallas, Kansas City and St. Louis to the south; Denver to the west; and Minneapolis to the north.

For those who want to drive, Des Moines is conveniently located at the juncture of two coast-to-coast interstate highways. These are I-80 (E to W) and I-35 (N to S). Plenty of parking is available on premises for cars and RVs (no hook-ups on site).

The local committee doing the planning consists of John Allen 369th, James Avitt 367th, Jack Frost 369th, Fred Geitz 369th, Myron Sorden 367th and Chairman Robert Houser, 368th.

A number of events and tours are being planned. We want to keep you as busy as you want to be, with ample time for visiting and reminiscing. A special ladies' program is also being planned. Full details with reservation forms will appear in the next issue of *Echoes*.

We don't have any big aviation plants or air museums to show off, so we're going to the other extreme. We'll give you a behind-the-scenes look at Aviation Expo, perhaps the most unusual and exciting model air show in the world.

You'll see portions of World War II reenacted with such radio-controlled planes as a 20-foot wingspan B-17, hopefully with 306th markings, and a 30-foot wingspan B-29, plus most of the fighter planes from WWII. We think this event, put on by the 1/5th Air Force, will knock your eyes out.

Trips are planned to the Dutch community of Pella and to the world-famous German community of Amana. If there are enough romantic novel fans, we'll also visit the well-known "Bridges of Madison County." Local tours will also be a part of the agenda plus opportunities to shop.

Circle the September 15-17 dates on your calendar and plan to come to Des Moines next year. We'll promise you a warm welcome and some rib-tickling Iowa farm food.

## A T-Shirt Does It!

Nelson Ake, 367th, wore his 306th T-shirt one morning when he went to his therapist. Before he got out of the waiting room he had met Ben Scribner, a onetime 423rd gunner on H. William Trease's crew.

Ake got his name and address, sent it along to the secretary and now Scribner has learned about the 306th Association and is on the mailing list. So, wear your hats and T-shirts or Squadron insignia and let's bring aboard more new people. Scribner became #2698 on the current roster.



Don Bevan, 423rd armorer, artist, gunner, POW idol of Broadway for a season, told his own story of how he got from one place to another, and finally found himself as a successful playwright. It wasn't all smoke and mirrors, but he did have a bit of luck along the way. His major effort, "Stalag 17," became a Broadway sensation. And as the banquet speaker at Seattle, he told us about his travails.

## Three Stories To Check Out

If you subscribe, or have a friend nearby who subscribes, or can find at your local library a copy of the September issue of *Air Force* magazine, you may want to read several things.

First is Alfred Price's article "Against Regensburg and Schweinfurt," in which he goes over the 17 August 1943 raid, in part looking at it from the side of the defending Luftwaffe fighter pilots.

Another regular contributor, C. V. Glines, has written "The Jacket That Lives Forever," the story of the reincarnated A-2 jacket and how it became an Air Force legend; and which today hangs in many a closet of WWII veterans, a hallowed piece of memorabilia.

And the third article, "New Skill Codes for Everybody," tells about the first overhaul of the Air Force classification system since 1951, when the new USAF dumped the old Army MOS (military occupational specialty) codes that all of us were tagged with in WWII. This is authored by Bruce D. Callander, former *Air Force* editor and a frequent contributor.

## 63 on Cruise To Alaska

Following the end of the reunion, 63 persons from the 306th reunion left Seattle by bus Sunday morning bound for Vancouver, B.C., where they boarded the M/V Regal Princess for a week's cruise to Juneau, Skagway and Ketchikan, Alaska, and also to Glacier Bay.

At the latter place the ship came up to within a mile of the largest glacier descending into the bay, as the ice grumbled and cracked and large blocks of snow plunged into the icy waters.

On the three major stops during the week, passengers went ashore where a variety of opportunities awaited them: trips by bus and train, helicopter and small plane flights over lakes and glaciers, fishing expeditions, and guided tours throughout the small towns.

## We Made It, In Spades!

Many years ago Bill Collins and Russ Strong asked Harold Lightbown what would happen if the 306th Association broke away from the 8th AF Historical Society for reunions. "I thought we would 'bomb out'! How wrong I was!" recalls Lightbown today.

## The Story of "Stalag 17"

# From Utah to Flight Crew; POW Camp to Broadway

By Don Bevan

I joined the 306th on the Godforsaken salt flats of Utah — fresh from advanced armament training; I was ground crew, an armorer. But once in England: I was recruited, as an artist, to do nose-art on the bombers. When it was learned my talent was more suitable to bare faces, I got assigned to decorating the drab combat hut with sketches of squadron leader James Wilson's 423rd combat crews.

Wilson gave up his little office there as a studio for the "sittings." Above and beyond that gesture, he excused me from all military duties; formations, KP, the works, — allowing me to be my own free artistic spirit, answerable only to him!

Occasionally he would pull me away from the drawing board to drive him somewhere around the base. On one occasion: I drove him to the plane to lead a tow-target mission over The Wash, and he dragged me along for the ride. From the waist-section I watched the crews shoot up the sky as the tow-target made countless passes over, under, and around the formation.

Well into the mission Wilson came back to the waist-section visibly pleased with the high intensity of the gunnery action. He said, "Here, take a shot, Bevan!"

My identity now was "artist;" I don't think Wilson considered my training as armorer. I considered what I learned about bullet deflection in armament school: zero at the nose, increasing to a maximum ninety degrees at midship — reducing back to zero again at the tail.

With the deflection picture clearly in mind: I triggered a short burst; the single tracer arched down to the target, spraying its particles upon penetration. Wilson slapped my back: "You hit it!" he said. Implying, I thought, "Even the artist is hitting." Back on the ground it was reported: only three holes were counted in the big target sack. Gunners were sent to the skeet range to sharpen up. For me, it was proof the deflection theory worked — I went to my "pipe cleaners" for experimentation; I was a pipe smoker. I bent the cleaners in degrees of deflection and bullet drop, and made passes at them with a little object, as a fighter would, from all different directions; and got a startling picture of what shooting from a bomber was all about. It was not about the age old rule of "leading a moving target!" On the ground, shooting skeet, yes. But not moving through the air, shooting against the wind!

That casual mention in armament school about degrees of deflection was the secret of aerial gunnery. I didn't know then what I know now, that the theory was unknown at our bomber base, and all other bomber bases. And the gunnery schools; they didn't have a clue. Col. Delmar Spivey, commander of a Florida gunnery school, admitted that he and his instructors knew nothing about the principles of deflection. He said the scientists and engineers figured all that out for the gunsights — and they just instructed the young gunners in the use of the gunsights. Sorry, Spivey, but only two positions had gunsights; and they couldn't compute close, quick action. They lagged.

Well, NEXT DAY, following the tow-target mission: McKay's right waist gunner begged off the scheduled mis-

sion — emotionally unfit for battle. I took his place. Right there on the parking pad, ready to go, I changed into the gunner's flying clothes. It made news. *The Stars and Stripes* story was reprinted in *Echoes* two years ago: The story was: "ground crewman substitutes for ailing aerial gunner and shoots down enemy plane." That's a good news story. But the real story was the SHOT: ninety degrees deflection and corresponding bullet drop — that's shooting broadside at a head-on attack. Get the pipe cleaners and figure that one out... The same *Stars and Stripes* story reported that three of the bombers accounted for twelve of the nineteen enemy planes destroyed.

I stayed on combat 14 or 15 missions — flying right waist with a replacement crew piloted by Warren George, Jr. We generally flew on the outside of the formation; that's how we went into Germany, first, "First of the first!" It wasn't a follow the leader entrance. The formation flew along the coast, and our outside wing plane led the way, banking into Deutschland many lengths ahead of the field. And if any one member of that crew crossed the wire first, it was the right waist gunner by a gun barrel—.

My European service with the 306th covers the same time frame as *Twelve O'Clock High*. From Overacker's command to the devastating Bremen raid. General Gregory Peck arrived on the scene at plot point I; that generally takes place in a screenplay at page 25. That's when the story takes off in another direction, into 2nd act "confrontation." Speaking of "Gen. Peck:" about three years ago I visited my young sister-in-law in a Beverly Hills maternity ward — a young girlfriend of her's was there, wearing a *Twelve O'Clock High* T-shirt, with the portrait of Gregory Peck staring into the Wild Blue Yonder. I asked her, "Is there any significance to what you're wearing?" "It's my father-in-law," she said. "He considers it his best role."

Okay, end of Part I, History with the Group.

On to Part II, "the creation of *Stalag 17*." It was a hit Broadway play produced and directed by Jose Ferrer; an Academy Award movie for William Holden; and a TV sitcom with a six-year run, called "Hogan's Heroes."

This is what "The Best Video Films," by the Editors of *Video Movies Magazine* had to say about *Stalag 17*: "The greatest tribute to *Stalag 17* is that every prisoner-of-war film since has borrowed from it extensively, from *The Bridge on the River Kwai* to *The Great Escape* to *King Rat*. *Stalag 17* is the father of them all, and it remains the finest film treatment of POWs."

For me: *Stalag 17* is not about "prisoners" as such — it's about the first of the many; when we were few, against the experienced enemy at full strength. When it was unlikely a tour of 25 missions could be completed. And yet they climbed into the planes knowing the odds were stacked heavily against them. That's who the characters are drawn from in *Stalag 17*: the valiant first of the many.

However, for obvious reasons too numerous to mention, the POW experience dominates the combat experience. You couldn't be transported hundreds and hundreds of miles around Germany for weeks, locked in over-

(Turn to page 6)

# A Reunion is People!



Combat crew mates: Talmadge McDonough P, Ed Ronczy N, Larry Ristuccia wg, and Chuck Crunican B.



Ralph Bordner, center, discusses activities with Daphne Franklin, left, and Ralph Franklin, our British visitors.



M/Gen James S. and Yvonne Cheney on board the cruise ship.



Robert Riordan, left, meets old crew member, Al Santoro and Margaret Santoro.



Paul and Eileen Tardiff meet Ruth Houlihan.



John Corcoran, 367th.



Ed Maliszewski, Dale Briscoe and Ed Hennessy, all 369th pilots.



Reggie and Ray Yerak.



Eduardo Montoya, 368th, and Colorado Springs reunion chairman.



Table 129 on the cruise ship: George Kellogg left, and Clements Amundsen, Ginny Amundsen, Ruth Houlihan and Marie Kellogg.



Rex Barber, 368th, retiring director.



Wallace Peckham, left, meets Ann and Forrest Stewart. Forrest is immediate past president.



Bill Caveness, 368th.



Bill Houlihan, medic, Al LaChasse, our first POWs, Bob Seelos and Dr. Thurman Shuller recall early days.



Shirley and Cap Langley talked about '92 French trip with June Strong.



Jack Fraser, 423rd.



Guy Lateano, 369th, and Reginald Robinson, 366th.



Warren Wilson, left, and Dinwiddie Fuhrmeister, reunion co-chairmen.



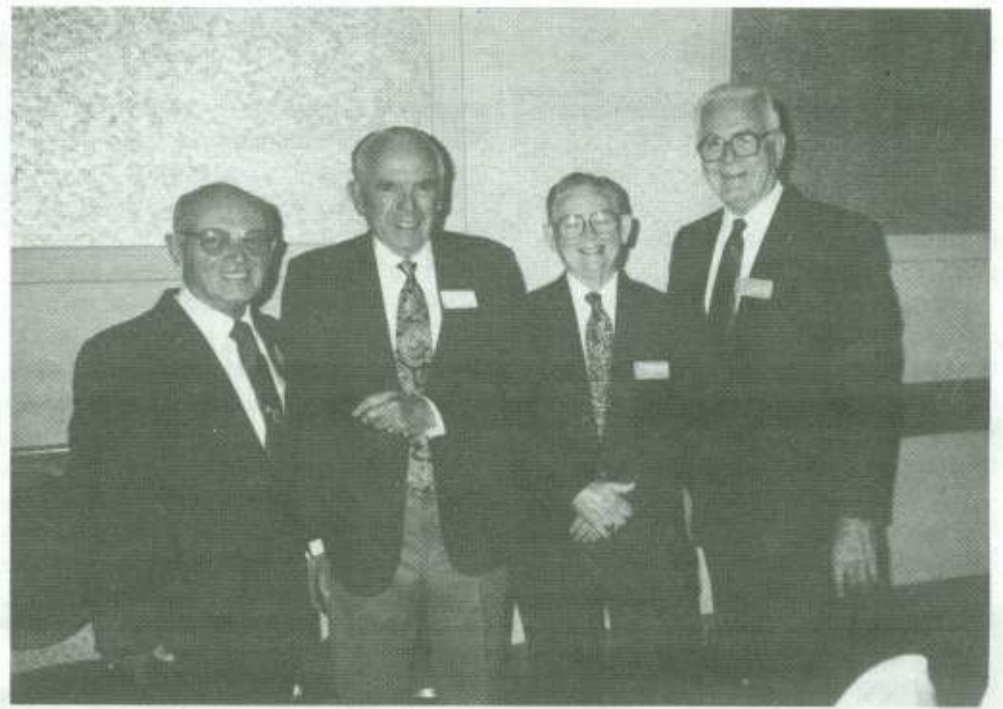
Hugh and Evelyn Phelan, Beti Briscoe, Elizabeth and John Hickey.



Janice and Donald Ross ready to board the cruise bus for Vancouver at the end of the reunion.



George and Martha Paris attend their first reunion.



Four originals: Clay Wilson, Mack McKay, Harry Alleman and Dr. Thurman Shuller.



Bernard and Maryjo Peizel shopping with Ruth Houlihan.



M/Gen Barney Rawlings, soloist, and Larry Emeigh, pianist, with Richard Wallace, left.



Chris Christianson finds his old ship among big photos.



Orval Cook studies the table aboard ship.

## New Members

Birdwell, Raymond S, 3745 Leigh Dr, Paris, TX 75462 (Geraldine) 369  
 Brashear, Dick R, 342 Spindlewood Ave, Camarillo, CA 93012 (Ann) 367  
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 Cresswell, Cloyd M, HCR 2, Box 11, Todd, PA 16685 (Gail) 367  
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 Frankenburg, Paul J, 33 Brent Rd, Manchester, CT 06040 (Elizabeth) 1628  
 Hamilton, John T, 291 Henderson Ct, Abingdon, VA 24210 367  
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 Latta, Cliff G, 778 Jerome Ln, Cahokia, IL 62206 (Margaret) 369  
 Maxwell, Robert L, 419 E State St, Newcomerstown, OH 43832 (widower) 369  
 McCutchan, LTC Robert I, 5080 Wren Way, Sanford, NC 27330 (Mary Jane) 368  
 McKelvey, Donald H, 236 Kirner Rd, Sequim, WA 98382 (widower) CJ  
 Melin, Sr, M/Sgt Ernest L, PO Box 70471, Fort Bragg, NC 28307 (widower) 369  
 Overstreet, Raymond B 50 Cedar Crest, Madison Heights, VA 24572 (Hattie) 367  
 Satinsky, Meyer, 5655 Rosslyn Ave, Indianapolis, IN 46220 449

Senften, Eugene R, 54 La Cresta Dr, Petaluma, CA 94952 (Gloria) 423  
 Swango, Bruce L, Rt 1, Box 96, Oakland, IL 61943 (Mary) 368  
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## Obituaries

LTC **George M. Arnold**, 368th navigator (Joseph Belser crew), died 13 Aug 93 in Little Rock, AR, where he had lived since 1986. He retired from the USAF in 1966. Col. Arnold leaves his wife, four children, 9 gc and two ggc.

**Harold J. Boland**, 367th ball turret gunner and POW (Paul Bailey crew), died 24 Nov 75 in New Hyde Park, NY. He was wounded when Bailey's plane was shot down 12 Sep 44 near Berlin on a raid to Ruhland, Germany.

**Henry G. Clarenbach**, Group special services officer, died 18 Jun 87 in Madison, WI. He was with the 306th from Wendover, UT, until transferred to the 92nd CBW 22 Nov 43

Prof. **Samuel J. Cobb**, the original Group sergeant major, died 9 Nov 88 in Athens, GA. He was a professor emeritus from the University of Georgia. Cobb became the sergeant major of the 306th 3 Apr 42 and served until 9 Mar 43 when he was commissioned a second lieutenant. He was Group statistical officer before moving to the 1st CBW. He leaves his wife, three children and two gc.

**George W. David**, 367th bombardier (Jesse Patten crew), died 24 Mar 90 in Hammond, IN. He arrived at Thurleigh 13 Dec 44 and was wounded 8 Jan 45 at Speyer, Germany. He returned to combat flying later.

**Dale Ebert**, 423rd pilot and Swiss internee, died 11 Jul 93 in Lodi, CA. His plane and crew were missing in action on the Oberpfaffenhofen raid on 24 Apr 44, and became one of three Group planes to be interned in Switzerland that day. They spent 10 months there before returning to Allied control. It was his 23rd mission.

**Robert H. Ehrler**, 368th pilot and POW, died 8 Jul 93 in Castro Valley, CA. He joined the group in December 43 and was MIA on a Berlin raid 24 May 44. He leaves his wife, Helen, two sons and five gc.

**Leonard N. Gibson**, 369th radio operator (William Haase crew) died 28 May 87 in Peoria, IL. He flew his combat between Aug 44 and Jan 45.

**Sigyr R. Gustafson**, 423rd crew chief, died 13 Jul 93 in Tucson, AZ. He was an original member of the Group.

**Clifford K. Hammersley**, 369th copilot (Fred Jones crew), died 20 Jan 74 in Venice, FL. He was MIA 16 Jul 44 with Jones on a mission to Munich, and evaded capture.

**James T. Harrison**, 368th bombardier (Joseph Belser crew), died 31 Jul 93 in Yosemite National Park, CA, where he had worked for the past six summers. He was credited 29 Jul 43 with shooting down an ME 110 while flying as the tail gunner and formation observer, in the lead ship. Harrison later was also awarded a Silver Star medal. He completed his combat Sep 43, the 81st officer in the Group to do so.

**Paul Kastner**, a clerk in the 423rd orderly room, died recently in Milan, TN. He leaves his wife and two sons.

**Frazier T. McDevett, Jr.** 368th copilot (William Reece crew), died 6 Aug 65 while on a business trip in Florida. He completed his combat tour in Aug 44, and later continued flying as a reservist out of Seymour Johnson AFB, NC.

**John F. Moriarity**, 367th gunner (Edward Locke crew), died in Jul 92 in Mt. Prospect, IL.

**Pierre L. Noisat, Jr.** 369th gunner and POW (w. Ralph Peters) died 8 Jun 93 in Oakland, CA. He was MIA 14 Oct 43 at Schweinfurt.

**Roy N. Nupen**, 368th radio operator (Philip Field crew), died in Nov 78 in Cypress, CA. His crew arrived 18 Nov 43, and he completed his combat tour in Jul 44, including a period on detached service with the 305th Group.

**Walter Opolak**, 368th mechanic, died recently in Milwaukee, WI.

**Guynn O. Roberts**, 449th subdepot, died 20 Mar 93 in Ada, OK. He leaves his wife, Norma.

**Albert E. Sewald**, 369th waist gunner (Robert Hoyt crew), and POW 11 Dec 43 (w. J.P. Noack) died 10 Sep 93 in Carlsbad, NM.

**Victor M. Spevak**, 367th tail gunner and POW, died 26 Jun 93 in Frederick, MD, after several years of ill health. He was shot down 3 Feb 45 (w. George Lockett) right over Berlin, one of two survivors from the crew. He leaves his wife, Maxine, three children and seven gc.

**Maynard B. Standley**, 368th tail gunner and POW, died 5 May 93 in Pendleton, OR. He came with Reginald Robinson's crew, and bailed out over Germany as Robinson's plane pulled out of a long dive 15 May 43, having been with the 306th for three weeks.

**Robert P. Stetler**, 367th ball turret gunner (Jesse Patten crew), died 25 Jul 92 in South Gate, MI.

## Bevan's 'Stalag 17' from page 3

crowded boxcars with a sanitation bucket and starvation slop — and compare it with combat. You couldn't float around the North Sea for a couple of weeks watching crew members dying from exposure; finally, you alone in one dingy, the dead piled in the other, drifting in the same current right along with you day after day — and compare it with combat. You couldn't be confined in Belgium's St. Gils prison for months — routinely dragged out of your cell each dawn; blindfolded and thrown into the lineup before a firing squad — spared for one more day by yelling, "I'm an American! I'm an American!" And compare it with combat. There were three thousand stories in the "Naked City" of *Stalag 17* — that's what inspired me. I thought: every kid here has lived the story of his life. "Deep are the roots" we can afford to play comedy.

After the Frankfurt interrogation center our group of 50 Bremen dropouts were "transported" to Stalag Luft III, Sagan — near Berlin, in Polish territory. It was an English camp; they'd been down awhile — some for three years already — and well organized; maintaining a civilized, British, way of life. They had one of the barracks converted to theater and produced classy entertainment: Shakespeare, Shaw, Wilde, Coward — a lot of mannered drawing room pieces. Guys playing women's parts and the audience taking it with a straight face.

Their theater not only entertained the prisoners but the Germans garrisoned there as well. The Kraut officers were faithful patrons; generally attending with visiting brass — they treated it as a formal, legitimate, theatrical outing. The German guards, non-ranking personnel, would all attend sometime during the ten-day run of the show.

I got to entertain in that theatre; a one man show — under the auspices of their debating society. Just one matinee performance. I'd gained a little reputation in the camp as an artist, particularly as a *New York Daily News* artist. It seemed to them a glamorous job; that I must be full of all sorts of kinky, junk tabloid gossip they were hungry for. They had a poster announcing my appearance: "Broadway

After Dark." It was a big success — overflow crowd hanging in the windows. Or was it out the windows? —

As a result they asked me to put on an American entertainment with the pool of 75 Americans. It so happened I was prepared for this sort of thing. I worked as an usher during my high school years in Springfield, Mass. — during the time of live stage shows that played with a movie, four shows a day. They were all alike, one a copy of the other: showgirls parading down staircases — with a semi-nude as a centerpiece. Low comics, singers, dancers. The routines were embedded in my head so I put together that kind of show and called it **HELLZAPOPPIN!** We had a double staircase, showgirls, centerpiece and all — all with these green American PWs with zero experience in theatricals. But willing!

It was a beautiful set, executed by a professional British set designer. He had a little key-hole shaped inset for the nude centerpiece — and I mean "NUDE." He was beautiful; a hairless beauty. We taped breasts on him, and pushed his plumbing to the rear. Looked like a bad case of hemorrhoids from behind, but the full frontal, under a soft blue light, was the real thing! There were British eyeballs rolling all over the stage; they loved it!

The German first-nighters, conditioned to the predictable British theatrical offerings were shocked out of their boots. They gave us an X rating and forbade their lowly garrisoned guards to view our vulgar American burlesque. Soon after our big show stopper we were shipped out to another camp: Stalag Luft I, at Barth, on the Baltic Sea. This was another established British camp — mostly Canadians. They had a theater so we put on **HELLzapoppin** for them; and again got X-rated by the Commandant there.

Another camp another move; this time to Stalag 7A at Mooseburg, near Munich. It was an overcrowded transition camp. Here, I got talked into changing identity with a Canadian flight officer — taking his place in a shipment to another camp; so he could stay, to execute a planned escape on a scheduled date. It was another long, suffocating, boxcar trip. I ended up with a deadly attack of bacillic dysentery. The Canadian was caught; I was dragged out of sick bed and returned to Stalag 7A; in time to make the move with the old gang to Stalag 17 Krems, Austria — near Vienna.

Soon as we settled in, and elected a camp leader, then came the theater: A central barracks was designated for entertainment; and by popular demand **HELLzapoppin!** was selected to open the new "ramshackle" establishment to be called the "Cardboard Playhouse" because the stage and sets were built with Red Cross food cartons. For this revival we had a much more talented pool of performers to select from; professional and semi professional. The ceiling in this theater was too low for the showgirl staircase and the famous centerpiece nude niche — but we now had a talented Australian transsexual who did a smashing striptease to Ravel's *Bolero* — remember how it goes? — exciting stuff! You should have seen the audience reaction from back stage; they were gone; out of sight — far, far from captivity; and that's what it was all about.

Before I get ahead of myself here: I think I told you all these routines were in my head; I didn't write anything down; I just told the performers what to say and do. And that's what I was still doing in rehearsal with this latest production — when this new prisoner came into camp. He was shot down in the area, flying out of Italy. He didn't go through the interrogation center at Frankfurt, they just walked him into camp. His name was Ed Trzcinski — from the Bronx. A tall, skinny Polish guy who looked like Danny Kaye, or Misha Auer, whichever comes first. (You saw him in the film!) The gall of the guy; he's freshly shot down, mind you, and walks into my rehearsal — dressed like a "flasher" — wearing nothing but a great coat — and offers to improve my show with his gag-writing. "I'll hop up your show for you," he said. "Where's the script?" "I don't have a script," I said — "It's all in my head." "Oh, you've got to have a script," says he — "You've got to write it all down." So that's how we started our collaboration, by writing it all down. Thereafter we became a performing comedy team in camp, writing our own shows, at first using routines remembered from home. Then graduating to original material. Most important, what we wrote played the way we meant it to play.

So now that we're so cock-sure of ourselves, we decided to write a play for Broadway but had no idea what. The POW scene in front of our noses didn't occur to us. At one point, though, it dawned on me that these guys were special; the guys that war correspondent, Tex McCrary, was to write about: *The First of the Many*. The play was started there in prison camp — when we stayed in the theater barracks after curfew and got stuck there for the night. That sleepless, bonechilling night was spent roughing out the characters and story — of course the story had to involve "escape" which involved **drama**, but it was "comedy" we wanted to write. What we outlined that night was as far as we got with the play in the prison camp.

We were liberated by Patton's forces May 3, 1945 in the woods of Braunau on the Inns River, after nearly a month long forced march away from the Russians. Air Force transports flew us out to Nice, France — put us aboard trains headed for LaHavre and the voyage home. But we abandoned shipment for a stay in Paris for a couple of months; memories to last forever!

The USO in Paris was the **Madeleine Hotel**, on the Rue de la Madeleine. Red Cross woman, Sally Elting, from the London club, gave us her room for that first night. Five of us in her small quarters with single bed — but with French doors opened to the life of Paris, and the strains of Glenn Miller melodies drifting up from the ground floor ballroom. We didn't try to sleep; just took turns showering all night long. And that's what Paris was like: magic! While there, we connected with Special Services officer, Col. Josh Logan, writer/director of *South Pacific* and *Mister Roberts*. We wanted to write a revue for the G.I.'s in Paris, but he was more interested in our play; he liked the comedy approach to the grim PW scene, and gave us a letter of introduction to the legendary Dorothy Parker. Ms. Parker exposed us to a coterie of literary greats at daily cocktail gatherings in her hotel suite, and there we met a literary lady who was to be a great help with construction of our play, once we completed the first draft.

Except for the two weeks in Provincetown, Cape Cod, where we wrote a 70-page first act, which proved to be the foundation for the whole play, the writing was done at my bachelor quarters on 48th street — the only rooming house on an up-scale East Side block. I shared the "studio" apartment with a guy from art school. We had what once was the "parlor" of a private townhouse; twelve foot ceiling, and large bay-window overlooking the **rear gardens** up and down the line.

German food fadist, Gaylord Hauser, bosom buddy of Greta Garbo, lived next door; we often saw Garbo in the garden with her floppy hat, and space shoes...On the other side of us was a classy townhouse complex called "Turtle Bay" where lived Katherine Hepburn — and E.B. White, journalist Dorothy Thompson, actress

Ruth Gordon and husband, writer/director Garson Kanin — they shared beautiful communal gardens, which we overlooked — often through binoculars.

We were centrally located, which made us a popular drop-in pad for artists and actors—and beautiful young ladies bent on modeling careers; posing for my roommate's unimaginative portfolio photographs. The artists were friends from art school, the actors from Yale Drama—who came down from New Haven, keeping in close touch with the Broadway theatrical scene. Being low on funds, they generally slept on our floor—and we generally used them for acting out the new pages of our working script. Those were truly productive days, creatively juicy! At times, though, it was a common "mob scene"—a basket full of crabs.

Most responsible for the popularity of our pad was a funny looking little theatrical dynamo named Frank Corsaro, the boy genius of Yale Drama School, and a highly articulate theatrical guru. Frank's great passion was "opera." In fact, he became the celebrated performance director of the New York City Opera Co. My roommate was also a devotee of opera, and those two shriek-freaks would play those records volume high; Wilhelm Wagner full blast—we had to hold down the script pages from blowing out into Turtle Bay territory; avoid having to pick pages out of Ms. Hepburn's hibiscus. **Once**, through the din of operatic thunder, we actually heard someone pounding on the door: and there stood this big, hairy, naked neighbor—snorting fire! Threatening to reduce the immediate area to everlasting silence!! Sound like an atmosphere conducive to creative writing?

I once answered the door to a squad of **brass buttons and blue coats**, New York's finest. They had one of our drunken POWs in tow. He **stole** the street cleaner's mobile trash can, somewhere up the block, and led the **sanitation man** a merry "Max Sennet chase scene" to our door. That could be considered good, clean, stupid, drunken fun, except for the fact the Russian Delegation to the newly formed United Nations—consisting of Molotov, Vyshinsky, and Gromyko—were sitting at our curb in an open touring car. Talk about "bad timing"—Molotov's presence was a security nightmare to begin with.

What the Russians were doing there: was holding their place in a 13-vehicle cavalcade of original delegates headed out to Flushing Meadows, Long Island, to open their temporary quarters. They just came from a diplomatic luncheon up the street at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel.

Well, **during this period of writing and rewriting** I was working as an advertising artist for Eagle-Lions Films, located on 46th and Broadway, the heart of Times Square. It was a company formed by an American and a Brit. Thus, "Eagle-Lion." The first picture they made was: Kenny Delmar, as Senator Claghorn, in *It's A Joke Son!* Remember Senator Claghorn on the Fred Allen Show? Does that sound like a stinker of a movie idea—well it was. And the product didn't get much better. The talented staff of artists and writers had to resort to "practical jokes" for a creative outlet. That's how I met my wife—through a practical joke played on me.

I mentioned the lady writer who was helpful with construction of our play—well she was a friend of Paramount film star Nancy Carroll. She made overtures towards getting me together with Nancy's actress daughter, Patricia Kirkland. How she put it was: "I would like you to meet someone your **own** age."

At the office the next day I asked if anyone knew of an actress named Patricia Kirkland? They sure had: She was on the cover of LIFE magazine as one of Broadway's leading young actresses. And she just closed in a play starring with Frederic March, called "Years Ago." I remarked that "Somebody wanted to fix me up with her."

Wouldn't you know, next day I got a call from: **Patricia Kirkland** — inviting me to dinner at her apartment the following evening. I should have suspected; but, hey! I was having a good year. And that's what gave the joke popular office appeal, I was being sent off on a wild goose chase; they wanted to hear what kind of false tale I would tell the next morning. **By a rare coincidence:** the young lady elected to make the call had just, that day, looked at Patricia Kirkland's apartment for a sub-let, and gave me the correct address. Ms. Kirkland was sure surprised to see me at her door for dinner, but we got over that little hurdle.

After a day's work at Eagle-Lion, I would walk cross town to meet Trzcinski waiting at the curb in his Packard limousine, ready to go to work on the play. Trzcinski ran a little ethnic neighborhood funeral parlor for his mother in the Bronx—a store-front establishment; the Packard limo was the company funeral car. It was our transportation around Manhattan. Trzcinski couldn't go across the street without it—two blocks, twenty blocks, it didn't matter. "Let's take the limo," he'd say.

Considering urban traffic problems today, we never had trouble parking in the street. We frequently parked on 47th Street a half block off Times Square, at the Hotel America where our POW buddy, Harry Goldstein, ran a sleazy bar/restaurant called The Bamboo Cafe—lots of bamboo, very tropical. It was a hangout for the typical Broadway types: pimps, prostitutes, gamblers, hustlers, **and us**.

Harry was shot down on his 25th mission, at Bremen. We were picked up by the same search truck; we went through all the temporary camps together enroute to Stalag 17. He was with a 92nd or 95 BG being groomed for a bond tour back home upon completion of combat. Tex McCrary, public relations officer, was covering the crew through combat for return to the States. Harry was close to Tex; and now that Tex had a popular radio show with his wife—the *Tex and Jinx Show*—Harry arranged for us to perform a 10-15 minute barracks scene from our play material. We acted the parts ourselves; Harry played himself, the part of "Harry," the Jewish kid from the Bronx; and my roommate played the German guard, Schultz, mit heavy accent. You could say, this was the first public performance of Stalag 17—pre-recorded in Harry's seedy hotel suite a few floors above his Bamboo Cafe.

We now had a finished script; now to get a production. Not for Broadway; it wasn't ready yet. During our mustering out stay in Atlantic City we attended a USO dance in Philadelphia, where I met a hostess whose mother was prominent in a well established theatrical group, with a beautiful little theater called Plays and Players. I gave "mother" the script for production consideration, and the play committee jumped at it; they were dying to do an original production.

Their pool of actors weren't really suitable for *Stalag 17*—their members were more "social" than theatrical. More comfortable with sophisticated drawing room vehicles—but no way could we turn down a theater.

They asked to mount the show their own way; for us to stay away, until it was well on its feet. We stayed away, for three weeks, until we couldn't stand it. Down to Philly in the trusty funeral limo we went, unannounced; walking in on a full rehearsal with scenery. It was a mess! We called Frank Corsaro, the dynamo, for help; he came running, and pulled it all together in time for the opening. It was an amateur production only **but** it showed we had a play worthy of a first class production.

There was always keen interest in our script; option money was easy to come by, but it was all from unproven producers who couldn't raise production money. The low point came when we signed a production contract on the hood of a car in the street; with one of Broadway's noted "Runyonesk" characters, referred to in tabloid columns as "the most unproduced producer." His idea of flaunting success

was to stroll down Broadway in a full length wrap-around camel hair coat, with a big great dane at his side. That was his **fantasy**. We signed on the strength of his knowing a guy who lived in John Garfield's old neighborhood. Upon signing he would dispatch this guy to "**coast—hitch hiking**. I mean, you can't start from there.

The Lamb's Club on 44th street, Times Square area, was a famous actors club. Its location in the heart of the theater district made it an ideal hangout for actors; the membership, though, was aging—heavy on old vaudevillians, and what wonderful stories they did tell—but new life was required, and the Lambs opened its doors to an inexpensive "junior membership;" that's where we came in. They had an excellent proscenium theater in their classic architectural building, and the new junior members wanted to use it for showcasing their talents. It so happened, the moving force behind the showcasing action was a POW who got his first theatrical role from us, in the prison camp—playing "Cousin Cora" in *Life With Father*. We discovered him in the delouser: while standing bare-ass, packed in there skin to skin—suddenly across the crowded room we saw these big beautiful blue eyes; our perfect "Cousin Cora." This hot new talent answered to the name of Charles Bang. Sometime after the war he married asbestos king, Tommy Manville's sister; old enough to be his mother—old enough to know she did not care to be known as "Mrs. Bang." Bang, became **Baxter**. So Charlie Baxter proposed: that the junior members showcase their talents in a production of our *Stalag 17*.

From here it moved fast: Jose Ferrer was performing in a play with Gloria Swanson. Bob Condon, Eagle-Lion press agent, got Ferrer to a special, after theater, midnight performance: he liked what he saw, and he took us straight to Broadway! There were feverish bouts of re-writing, and a few cast changes; there was no out-of-town tryout, Ferrer couldn't leave town. No opening "night"—Ferrer had his own play to perform nightly. We had an untraditional "afternoon" opening so Ferrer could attend—it was deadly! The critics balked at an unheard of "afternoon" opening; some refused to attend. Even worse: we didn't have the regular opening night audience, of celebrated theatrical couples—which feeds on itself, generating high anticipation.

We had a matinee audience of "women"—I think they were mothers of servicemen come to weep for the poor POWs. It was comedy and no laughs; it was throwing the actors to hell-and-gone. Ferrer want backstage after the first act and told them, "We're dead! Forget the comedy, play the drama!" Somehow we got through it, and the audience called for "Authors! Authors!" Ferrer hustled us out of the theater, around to the stage door; it was locked! As we banged on the door we could see the stagedoor man standing in the wings with his back to us, looking for the authors to appear on stage. We banged as the audience continued to applaud and call for "authors!" Fortunately we drew somebody's attention and the door was opened. As one critic wrote: "the authors took a well tempered, well deserved bow."

Considering the unorthodox, messed up "opening" the critics did pretty well by us:

Brooks Atkinson of the *N.Y. Times* wrote: "Mr. Bevan and Mr. Trzcinski have made a turbulent and gusty play out of a haunting experience—At times their horseplay very nearly shoves their melodrama off the stage. But this is counsel of perfection from this theatergoer who is still shaking from the excitement of the performance."

Walter Kerr, *N.Y. Tribune*, "*Stalag 17* performs a major theatrical miracle every night when it moves the audience to the edge of their seats."

Hawkins—*Telegram*: "*Stalag 17* is unquestionably the most all out excitement in the current theatre."

Garland—*Journal Armer*: "*Stalag 17* is funny and tragic. A play worthy of prize-giving."

Hatch—*Sat. Review*: "*Stalag 17* is a miracle of theatre craft; quite properly it takes the audience into camp—for a wonderful night out."

Watts—*N.Y. Post*: "*Stalag 17* is altogether one of the best shows of the season. It captures an emotional appeal that an audience should find pretty irresistible."

In 1951 Jose Ferrer was king of the American theater, triple threat man: acting, directing and producing plays. He was starring with Gloria Swanson in a revival of *Twentieth Century*; we held our re-write sessions in his dressing room after the performances—which was disconcerting because we arrived through the crowds waiting at the stage door and knew they would wait there until Ferrer and Swanson came out. It was very exciting being around him at that time, he crackled with creative energy. And at that time, while in rehearsal, he won the Academy Award for *Cyrano* and Gloria Swanson won best actress for *Sunset Blvd*. So we were included in the private Ferrer/Swanson awards party held in a little Italian restaurant on the street. *LIFE* magazine was still doing "LIFE goes to a party" coverages and our awards party got the full treatment. In fact, our little East Coast party stole the show from the big West Coast bash. We had the stars!

It was a year of McCarthyism: Ferrer was called up before the UnAmerican Activities Committee—in the middle of our rehearsal period—causing the military to cancel the appearance of the Air Force Band scheduled to perform in the street at our "legendary" afternoon opening. Never mind **what** the play, and its authors, stood for in service and suffering for the country!

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368th Combat Diary	\$17.00	_____
369th Combat Diary	\$17.00	_____
423rd Combat Diary	\$17.00	_____
306th Echoes, microfiche	\$10.00	_____
Men of the 306th, microfilm	\$12.00	_____
<b>Total \$</b>		_____

Make check payable to 306th Bomb Group Association (prices quoted include postage and packaging charges)

Send to: Secretary  
306th Bomb Group Association  
5323 Cheval Place  
Charlotte, NC 28205

### REUNION PHOTOGRAPHERS

Enabling you to "see" the Seattle reunion are the following camera buffs: Nelson Ake, Chris Christianson, Bill Houlihan, John Krische, Ed Ronczy and Russ Strong.



### 306th Logo Quartz Wristwatch

Goldplated Case with Leather Band ..... Ladies' - \$20  
Men's - \$20

### 306th Tie

\$10 ..... Navy with Logo of a B-17 & 306th Bomb Group, Thurlteigh, 1942-45 in Gold

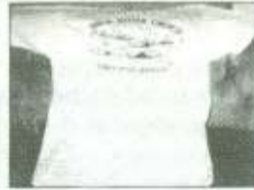


### Squadron Logo T-Shirts - Squadron Emblem ... \$10



In Full Color on the Front, and the B-17 Formation and "First Over Germany" on the Back

367th Available in Size L and XL  
368th Available in Size M and L  
369th Available in Size L and XL  
423rd Available in Size M



### Knit Sport Shirts with Collar

White with 306th Group Logo in Colors  
Available in Sizes L and XL



\$15

### Squadron Patches



Embroidered, Full Color  
5 inch Diameter  
367th, 368th, 369th & 423rd  
306th (2 inch w/First Over Germany)  
306th Patch (3 inches) \$5



### Oil Painting Copy ..... \$2

### "Black Thursday"

Excellent Color Print, Suitable for Framing for Your Den. Serves as the 306th Equivalent to the "Memphis Belle"



### Golf Cap

with 306th Logo  
White Only ... \$10

### 306th Decals ... \$.50

With or Without "First Over Germany"

## New 306th Items Now Available —

**306th COFFEE MUGS** — 306th tail insignia in color on one side, 8th AF insignia on the other — \$5 each.

**306th GLASSES** — \$5 each.

**306th LICENSE PLATE FRAMES** — \$10 each.

## Mail Order Memorabilia

For Shirts Indicate Both Size and Squadron. For Patches Indicate Squadron

Item	Qty	Cost	Total
_____	_____	\$ _____	\$ _____
Name _____	_____	\$ _____	\$ _____
Address _____	_____	\$ _____	\$ _____
City, State, Zip _____	_____	\$ _____	\$ _____
Send Order Form and Check Payable to 306th Bomb Group Association to: Casey Jones, 136 Coventry Drive, Henderson, NV 89014			Grand Total \$ _____