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American Regrets Loss of British Fox Hunting

By Tom Ashcraft, Charlotte, NC
Attorney defends Ancient Sport

The killjoys of the British Labor government, under the leadership of Prime Minister Tony Blair, have banned the grand lark of traditional fox hunting.

In absolute numbers few participate in the sport. But the idea of chasing on horseback through the English countryside, behind an eager pack of barking hounds, kept in line by an eager by the master, the huntsman and whippers-in, followed by a troop of regular mounted hunters, various hunters, variously decked out in riding pink, black velvet caps and other proper attire; and periodically reinforced with bolts of sloc gin, has long capture the imagination of people around the world.

"The English country gentleman galloping after a fox—the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable," Oscar Wilde aptly wrote over a hundred years ago.

But before fox hunting was fun, it was necessary. Foxes can wreak havoc with farmers' livestock. According to the online encyclopedia Wikipedia, the "earliest known attempt to hunt fox with hounds was in Norwich, England in 1534, where farmers began chasing down foxes with their dogs as pest control."

In time the enterprise developed into an elaborate sport, still with the useful purpose of ridding farm areas of marauding foxes. Encyclopedia Britannica has described it as follows:

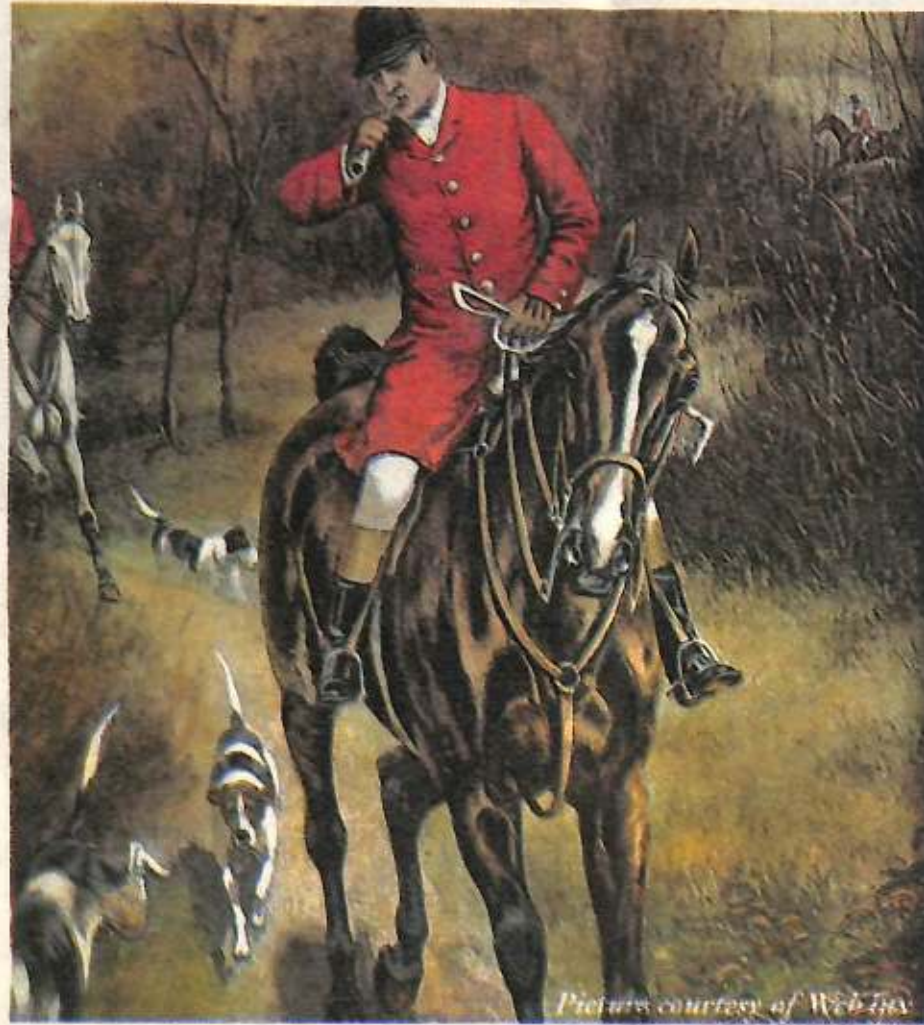
"A day's hunting begins with a meet, at which the followers join the hounds (and) acknowledge the master...On the command of the master, hounds move off to draw (search) the covert, which may be woodland, patch of gorse, or field in which it is suspected that a fox may be. When the fox is found, the fact being signaled by the cry of hounds, notes of the horn, and the shout "Tallyho", the hunt begins and ordinarily proceeds to the stage at which the fox is viewed, a moment signaled by a holloa, a high pitched cry. If the kill follows, the brush (tail), mask (head) and pads (feet) of the fox may be given as trophies by the master to any followers whom he considers to deserve me honor. The body of the fox is then thrown to the hounds."

Fox hunting is not everybody's cup of tea, yet an objective outsider, even a city dweller, can see the sport's appeal. For those who live in rural areas it's a welcome break from the routine of country life during Winter. Moreover, it promotes good husbandry, including the long-term survival of the fox since hunt clubs want to regulate fox numbers, not exterminate the species.

Within the Labor party, however, there has been a long-simmering impulse to outlaw fox hunting, most prominently that the sport is cruel to foxes. Anti-fox hunting sentiment is part of a broader movement in Britain opposing so-called blood sports and promoting animal rights. Further, some observers detect class envy as a motivation; the sport is not cheap, though people from a variety of backgrounds participate.

The issue got little traction until 1999. Tony Blair then made public statements highlighting his party's official position in favor of a parliamentary vote on a ban. From 2002 forward, extensive wrangling took place, not only

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Paints courtesy of WebTay

Midway Patrol Mission Almost End of Careers

By Edwin L. Sterling

On 15 Jun 42, at 8:00 a.m., we taxied out on the line for takeoff. Our command set did not work so we sent the radio operator to get some help and fix the problem. When he got into the Tower personnel told him that we did not need a command set. Therefore, we took off from Hickam Field at Honolulu and everything worked perfectly until we started to come back.

All the way out the navigator was trying to get the sextant to work, but couldn't get a bubble. Our drift meter did not light up so we couldn't get a drift reading. It was impossible to take it with the bomb sight. The only way we could get contact with the Hickam tower was by liaison radio. We estimated our time of arrival at Hickam to be about 1800 hours.

We knew that we were off course and were trying to orient ourselves. Finally we decided that we had missed the Island and climbed to 7500 feet. That was about 1820 hours. We called Hickam on the liaison radio and asked them to take a radio fix on us. That took about an hour. They told us the heading to come back in on, and we radioed them that we had gas for two hours. They replied and told us to keep sending signals. About 1930 hours we were on course and passed over two freighters which we promptly reported. We then had about an hour's fact. We then received word to take a new heading and to come on in. We reported then we had about an hour's fuel supply.

At 2010 hours we ran into a storm. The ceiling was very low, visibility very bad, and it was raining. We let down to 1000 feet. We knew that if we didn't get there soon we would have to land in the water. We radioed our gas supply again and they told us we could make it. About 2025 our No. 2 engine showed 90 gallons. A few minutes later when the gauge showed 85 gallons, the engine stopped, so we had to feather the prop.

We radioed Hickam that we were on our way down to make a landing and would they please send some men out

for us. Before going down we had the enlisted men and the other two officers go back into the radio room and throw everything loose overboard.

The number three engine was almost



Foster Daniels, Edwin Sterling

ready to quit so we feathered the prop. By doing so we lost our instruments, so we had to turn it on again. We held the plane off the water until it slowed up. It quit flying at 120 mph.

We went through the top of one wave and stopped in the second one. Immediately the engineer, who was standing in back of us, pulled the Life Raft handles and the left raft did not come out, so the pilot and I also pulled the handle. We tried to get the top hatch open to get out. It didn't open so we went to the pilot's side window. When we first arrived in Hawaii flying our B-17E, we lost our plane and it was supplanted with a B-17C (see page 8), which neither of us had ever flown before.

Lt. William Raper, pilot, and I were me last two men out of the ship. When I climbed out the engineer was holding the life raft on the right wing. I tried to hold it with him, waiting for Lt. Raper to get in. A wave broke over the wing and washed it back by the tail. When the raft got back by the tail some of the men were climbing in. I ran back over the top of the plane and dove into the water and someone pulled me in. Then we pulled in Lt. Raper and started counting the men. We found we had only seven.

The two missing men were Sgt. Dombrowske, the radio operator, and Pvt. Dutkiewicz. According to the

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Another Good Crowd Aim at San Antonio

A good crowd is being anticipated for our reunion this October in San Antonio. It certainly won't be anything like the 600 we had there in 1990, but half that many this year would leave us in ecstasy. WELL!, WE CAN DREAM CAN'T WE?

Join with the officers, the committee and the editor, who may have stuck his neck out a mile, but he can still dream about the grand time we had 15 years ago, due to the enthusiastic committee put together and guided by Dale Briscoe. Dale said he wouldn't run this one, and when President Al McMahan asked him a few leading questions, Dale pitched right in again and has been most helpful in all the behind-the-scenes events that must take place. Beti Briscoe is there, too and Treasurer Royce Hopkins and Mollie are also in harness.

With good leadership once again, we can't let them down but all of us must turn out for festivities on 19 Oct, 20 Octo, 21 Octob, 22 Octobe, and then head for home on 23 October.

We know that our children are growing older, some of them now retired, so guide them down into Central Texas, with grandchildren and others who want to have fun and relive those unusual days of 1942 through 1945 when the 306th came into being, accomplished its assigned mission from England, and then went home again.

It was the period that then followed that will be forever remembered. It was a period of exceptional educational growth of our nation, of the freedom of all kinds of intellec-

cont. on page 8

England Again!

Using a bit of editorial license, the Strongs are going to England one more time, in early June. We think our reasons are valid, and when we wavered about such a trip, our eldest son said it would very likely be our last such venture. Our health is good currently, but who knows about next year?

So, we have jumped into the venture for this and other reasons. Our granddaughter, Amy, won a scholarship from the University of South Carolina, and has been studying this year at the University of Warwick, which isn't far from Thurligh. And we will see her. She has already been to Thurligh with her parents and an older sister, and they have visited the Ralph Franklin's fabulous 400-year-old house.

Our oldest son will fly to England about a week after we go over. He will pick us up at Thurligh, and we will retrieve our granddaughter so that we can travel by car (I'm too old to drive there) and the four of us will head off to our ancestral digs in Cornwall. We have been there before but we hope to see some distant cousins once again.

Thurligh Museum has developed so much in the last three years that we want to have one more look at it in its contemporary "dress." We hope to bring back some new impressions of OUR Thurligh Museum for all of you to enjoy.

Midday Patrol.....cont. from page 1

reports from the other men these two had been the first out of the plane. We could hear one man calling for help but it was impossible to reach him. We couldn't see him and the waves were about thirty feet high. We shot a flare to locate them but couldn't see them. Approximately thirty seconds after we hit the water the plane sank.

We floated in the one life raft for approximately two hours when one side burst. We all got in the water and hung on to the one good side of the raft and stayed that way until approximately noon of the 16th, when we sighted two B-17E's on a search mission. We shot two flares but they were too far out to see them.

Then we sighted one B-17E coming directly towards us. We shot our last flare and he saw it. He circled us and radioed into the Navy to send an amphibian. About an hour later the Navy ship arrived, a PBV. He flew around for about 45 minutes before deciding to land in the extremely rough sea. He picked the seven of us up and flew us to the Naval Station. Upon arrival there, they took us to the hospital and let us get some rest.

At approximately 1700 hours we returned to our base at Hickam, where we reported the accident to our squadron. We finally got to bed about 2130 that night. The next morning we reported to the colonel and gave him the same information. That noon we were told that we were to return on the Pan American Clipper. We left the island about 0400 on the Clipper, arriving at Hamilton Field 18 June about 1100.

We were very fortunate in not being hurt any worse than we were. The only bad injury was suffered by Pvt. McKeage, who had an injured nose and two black eyes. The rest of us were just badly bruised. We were very weak when picked up due to shock and exposure. Lt. Raper suffered a few cuts. I couldn't get my safety fastened tight and when we stopped so suddenly I took up the slack the safety belt and must have strained myself because I was vomiting blood for quite a while. Other than that were all in fairly good condition.



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Lt. Riordan and King George VI

Riordan Writes His Mother After Meeting King George VI

L. Miriam Riordan has enabled us to get another view of her late husband in loaning us a copy of Bob's letter to his mother right after his meeting with King George VI at Thurleigh.

Mother dearest,

Today was a very important and exciting one for me and our family. I was introduced to George VI, King of England, shook hands with him and we chatted for about fifteen minutes as I took him on a tour of my plane. There were two major generals

and two brigadier generals around too, but they were just small fry. The King was very interested as I pointed out all the places where my plane had been hit and damaged on its last raid.

Neither he nor the generals could understand how I managed to bring it back all the way from France in the condition it was. The King also asked me lots of questions such as where I was from (I told him Houston, Texas), how long I had been flying, how many raids I had made, etc. News reel cameras were grinding all the time and

lots of still pictures were taken as well too, and most of them were of just the King and myself with maybe a general here and there. So I ought to make the news reels in big style and maybe get a picture in *Life*.

I introduced the King to all my crew, less the two who were in the hospital. Naturally, they all got quite a thrill too. The King liked the painting on the nose of my ship, but even more so he liked the eight little Focke-Wulf 190s that we painted on the other side of the nose, together with the eight swastikas painted at the various gun positions.

It was all quite a surprise. I had been told that two generals would be by so I had my crew all ready. I figured that the generals would drive up and then leave after I gave them a snappy salute. Well, the first I knew, a bus drove up and stopped at the entrance to my parking area, and about 20 cameramen and war correspondents jumped and started taking pictures of my plane. Then here comes a procession of about ten big cars led by a long black one. The black one stopped right in front of me and my crew, a man with a black derby hat steps out and opens the rear door and out comes the King of England.

The colonel of my group comes up and introduces me to the King and before I know h I'm laughing and talking with the King showing him around my plane. It was all very easy because h happened so quickly. If I had known he was coming, I would have been so nervous that I probably couldn't have talked. Keep eye on the newsreels and me Houston papers because your little boy will probably gel some high class publicity. On second thought though, it will probably have come and gone by the time you get this letter.

OBITUARIES

John Bodnaruk, 369th bombardier (Gennaro Carrazone's crew), died 24 Jun 2003 in the Nyack NY Hospital. He had been in the 44-3 bombardier class at Victorville, CA, and joined the 306th 17 Jul 44. Finished his combat tour 21 Jan 45.

Claude R. Brown, 368th navigator (Leland Deck crew), died 17 Jan 2003 in Cape May, NJ. He arrived with the Group 3 May 44 and completed his tour in Aug 44. He leaves his wife, Lorene, and was the owner of a bar and liquor store.

Louis DiGuilio, a gunner on George Mapes 367th crew, died 22 Sep 2001 in Broomall, PA. He got to the Group 9 May 44 and in 81 days completed 35 missions. He began flying 20 May and finished 12 Aug.

Eugene V. Fiore, an original member of the 423rd, died during 1996 in Brooklyn, NY.

Harry E. Flaherty, 368th armorer and turret specialist, died in Feb 2004 in Bloomfield, NJ. He was with the original Group and served until Sept 45.

Herbert V. Gaffney, 368th gunner (Fred Jones crew), died 5 Nov 2002 in Metuchen, NJ. He was not with Jones' crew when it went down.

Frank J. Giancaspro, 423rd engineer (Robert Schoch crew), died 7 May 2003 in New Jersey. He had joined the Group 19 Nov 43. He completed his tour in 1944.

Edward J. Haggerty, 369th fuel operator, died 21 Apr 2004 in S. Windsor, CT.

John W. Haugh, assigned to the 4th Station Complement Squadron, served for a period on the crash crew. He left his wife Edna.

Morris Hoberman, a 423rd technical supply clerk, died in Apr 2004 in Bayville, NJ. He was in the original Group, but left the 306th 10 Mar 44, transferred to the 457BG. Hoberman was a widower.

Donald C. Marsh, 367th navigator (Charles Wegener crew), died 30 Nov 2004 in Greenfield, OH, his longtime home. He became a POW 12 Sep 44 on a mission to Ruhland, Germany, with Wegener. Marsh left his wife Margaret 5c, 8gc, 4ggd.

Robert F. Nelson, 368th radio operator (William Raper crew), died 22 Mar 2005 in Port Ormond, OR. He reported to the Group at Wendover, UT, 6 Apr 42, and completed his missions in Aug 43, transferring then to the 11th Crew Replacement Center. He was the 62nd EM to complete 25 missions. He had retired from Electric Machinery Mfg. Co. He leaves his wife, Clare.

Lester L. Plumbtree, 369 clerk, waist gunner and POW, died in June 1993 in Fullerton, NE. He was an original administrative and flight

clerk, moved to the combat side as a waist gunner in early 1944, and was shot down 24 Mar 44 (with Barney Price crew). He suffered a broken leg, and then broke his back in the parachute landing. He had recovered sufficiently in prison camp to make the long winter trek to Stalag Luft 17B. He had retired in 1980 as a farmer. Plumbtree's wife died two years ago and they left 5c, 17gc, and 10ggc.

William F. Shaw, 369th bombardier (William Denton crew) died 24 Nov 2001 in Grafton, WV. He joined the Group 29 Aug 44 and completed his 35 missions 24 Feb 45. He was a train dispatcher for Baltimore and Ohio RR and CSX, retiring in 1981. He left his wife, 4c, 5gc, 4ggc.

William J. Standish, 367th waist gunner (George Buckley crew), died 10 Oct 97 in East Meadow, NY. He was in the original group, transferred to the Combat Crew Replacement Center in Aug 43, and left the 8th 27 Oct 44.

James F. Standlee, 369th engineer (Kenneth

Streun crew), died in Aug 2002. He came to the Group 11 Dec 44 and was MIA 14 Feb 45 on a mission to Dresden, Germany, (w. Boylston Lewis). Their plane went down in Hdrelic, Czech Republic.

William W. Semler, 368th gunner, has died in Baltimore, MD.

Marvin O. Sutor, a gunner on Herbert Cohn's crew, has died in Baltimore, MD, 19 Jan 2003.

Robert S. Whitelaw, 369th co-pilot (Kenneth Streun crew), died 15 Nov 2004 in Hiwassee, GA. He had been an attorney for many years around Georgia. He joined the Group 11 Dec 44 and was MIA 14 Feb 2004 on a mission to Dresden, Germany. Flying with Boylston Lewis, the plane lost the formation and the crew ultimately bailed out near Hdrelic, Czech Republic.

306th Family

Peggy Hill, wife of Charles E. Hill, 368th bombardier, died 2 May 2004 in Baltimore, MD.

306th PUBLICATIONS

Published materials now available from the Group will help you follow the 306th through the combat period 1942-45:

Combat Diaries of the 306th Squadrons

Day by day diaries kept by intelligence offers, of the Squadrons' combat activities. More than 150 pages, also including plane and personnel rosters. Plastic bound.

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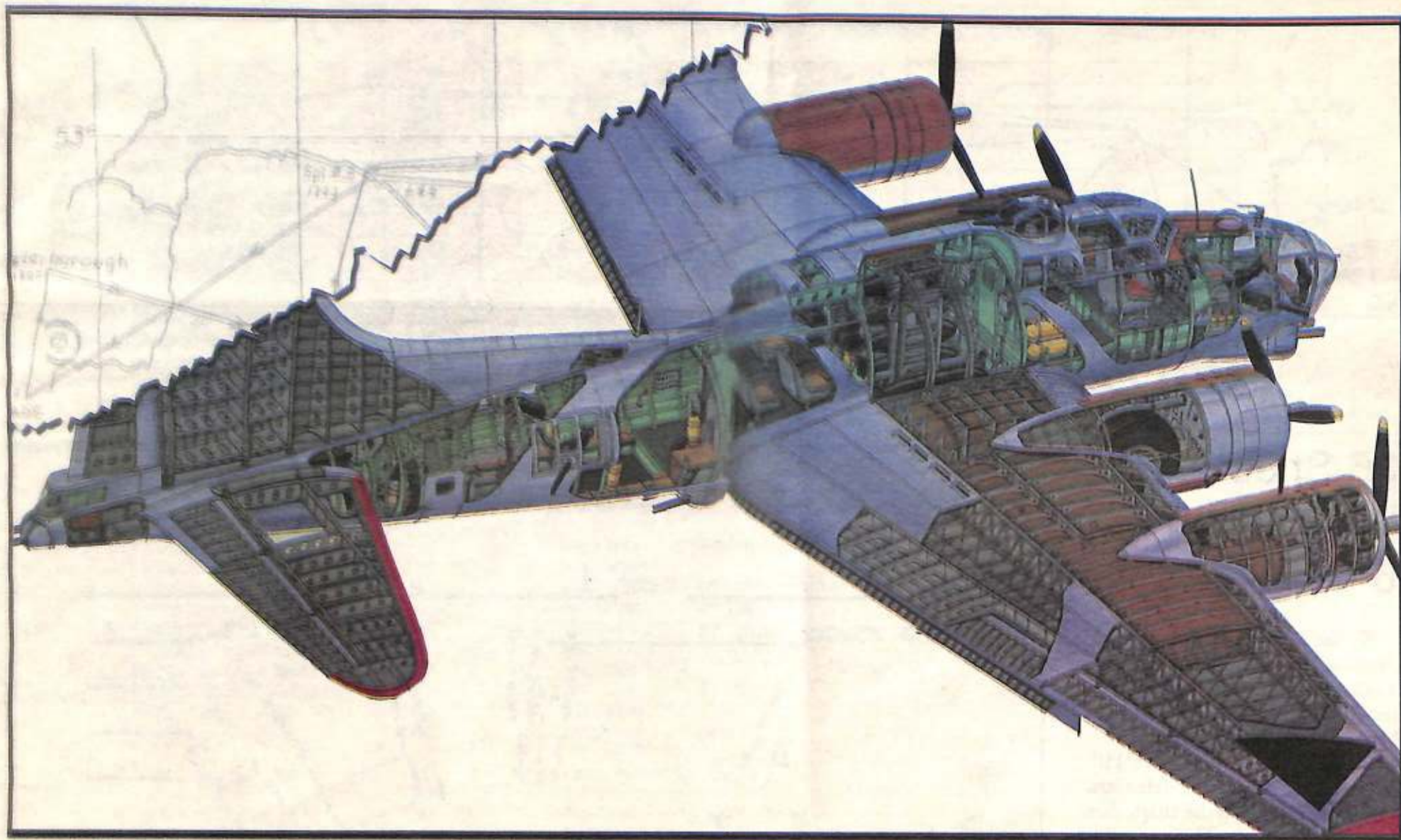
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Life Inside a Wing!

By Russell "Hoot" Houghton

I arrived at Wendover Field in Utah 3 Jun 42 with a group of mechanics from Yakima, WA, as an aircraft electrician. I was assigned immediately to the 368th Squadron.

My first day on the flight line, M/Sgt. Arnold Gunderson saw me and as I was small, five feet five and 112 pounds, he said, "You are just the man I need. Come with me." He led me to a spot underneath the wing of a B-17. An access panel behind the #2 engine had already been removed. The M/Sgt. asked me if I was claustrophobic. "I don't think so," I replied, with which he returned, "Well, we will find out real soon!"

Inside the opening you could see the aft wing spar, and in that spar was an opening 18" across the bottom and 18" tall. There was a rib that ran diagonally from the top corner to the bottom corner. The M/Sgt. pointed to it and said, "That's where I want you to crawl through. That supercharger has to be changed and somebody has to unbolt it from the top." Pointing to some other men who were there, he said: These fellows will put you up in there, then they will put the panel back on so you can lay on it. Don't worry. I'll be right here." And so they did. It was close but I was all right.

Then Gunderson said, "Put your arms straight up over your head to make your shoulders as small as possible. I did so and got my shoulders through but, when I got in up to my hips it was a little more trouble. I finally made it through, they took the access panel back off the wing. That was a little nicer as removing the panel allowed a little more light and air circulation back into the cramped space.

I was told to keep crawling through the space and I would eventually find more room to move when I reached the supercharger. Sure enough, when I reached it there was enough room for me to be able to turn around and put my feet toward the leading edge of the wing.

They handed me the tools needed to remove the dueling and hold the bolts so the guys underneath could remove the nuts and lower the Supercharger. It was really tight up in there but I was doing fine. Once they let the Supercharger down and removed it, I was helped down and out of the wing

through the empty space left behind. That's when I finally got a chance to walk around and get my blood circulating again. The procedure's reverse soon began as I was helped back up into the wing. Next came the new Supercharger and I made all the required connections to complete the installation.

Now, to get back out of the wing, it meant reversing the procedure that had gotten me there in the first place. I had to turn around so my feet went out first so I would end up on the access panel the correct way, then they removed the panel again and helped me down out of the wing.

We only changed that one Supercharger while at Wendover. Once we got to Thurleigh and started high altitude missions there was greater strain on the Superchargers, and the control systems were undesirable, causing many failures of them on the F models.

About this time, maintenance realized we should go to a "specialized maintenance concept" where teams doing one task could work on all the aircraft in the Group, not being restricted to one squadron. This would be a better utilization of available manpower and improve the "in commission" rate.

There was a team from each squadron: Alfonso Vigil 367th, Hoot Houghton 368th, Marion Evans 369, and Daniel Bastida, 423rd. The order in which the Superchargers were replaced was based on the priority of the next day's missions and teams were assigned in that order.

It could take from four to five hours to change out a Supercharger and we just kept moving from one aircraft to the next, until all were replaced. We also spent a considerable amount of time in the aircrafts' wings, repairing battle damage, replacing fuel cells and so on.

With the arrival of the G models, with new electronic control systems, Supercharger replacements pretty much came to an end, and the battle damage at the time was much lighter than before. It was about that time that I returned to the squadron to do electrical maintenance, and modified the F models with the new Electronic Supercharger systems.



Wanted: Bombsight for 306th Museum

There is a desire by Ralph Franklin and others to secure a Norden Bombsight for the Thurleigh Museum. Do you happen to have one sequestered in your garage, or other storage area?

We missed one by a narrow margin of several years. A onetime 306th bombardier had one and only a couple years before the Museum was on the drawing board, our 'aiming' friend disposed of his. We came close because he said he would have given it to a 306th museum.

But now, both the 'aimer and the bombsight have disappeared into the mists of time. There does seem a good chance that the 306th Museum will become the custodian of a .50 caliber machine gun off a watered 'down' 306th aircraft. We'll keep you posted on the matter and given you a good look at a deadly item in our B-17 inventory.

Meanwhile, be on the prowl for good 306th memorabilia for "our" museum.

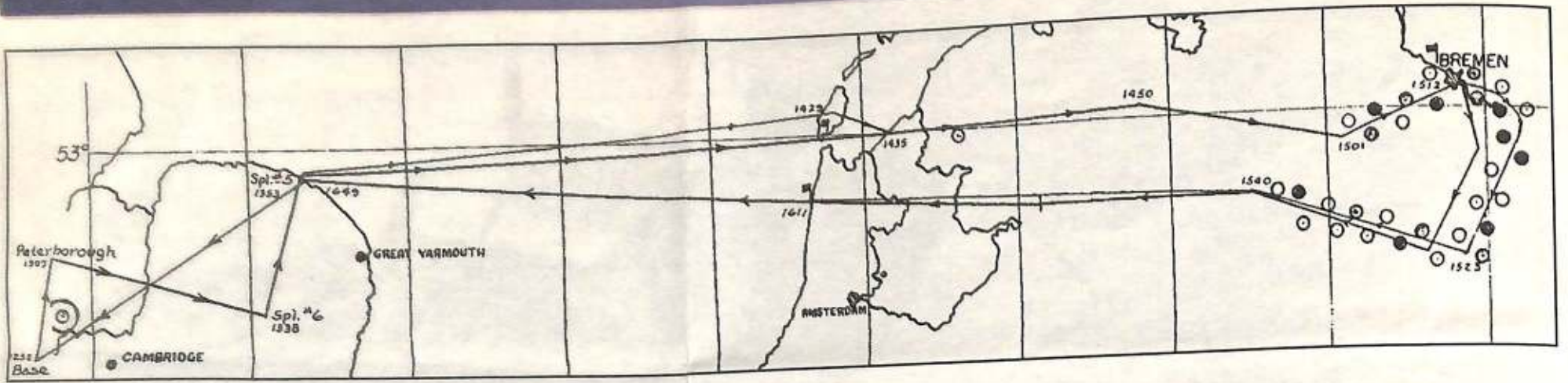
Ralph Brown's Widow Writes

Enclosed find a small donation. As with others in my age group, I am on a tight budget. I enjoy getting Echoes and was extremely pleased to open up the October 2004 edition and see the picture of my husband in the center page. I save all things from the 306th for my grandson, who is greatly interested in what happened during the war years. I myself was a war bride, married 9 Feb 1944, and lost my husband 10 Apr 1998.

Thank you,
Sileen Brown

First Division Battle Honors

"The 1st Bombardment Division (H), is cited for extraordinary heroism, determination, and esprit de corps in action against the enemy on 11 January 1944. On this occasion the 1st Bombardment Division led the entire Eighth Air Force penetration into central Germany to attack vital aircraft factories. After assembly was accomplished and the formation was proceeding toward Germany, adverse weather conditions were encountered which prevented effective fighter cover from reaching the 1st Bombardment Division. Taking full advantage of the relative vulnerability of the lead division, the enemy concentrated powerful forces against it. The scale of the enemy attack is graphically indicated by the fact that 400 encounters were recorded by units of the 1st Bombardment Division. The gunners met these continuous attacks will accurate fire, and the division continued toward the targets as briefed where bombs were dropped with excellent results. On the return trip the enemy continued to concentrate his efforts on the 1st Bombardment Division. Figures of enemy aircraft claimed by our gunners indicate that the heroism of this division inflicted heavy losses on the enemy in the air as well as on the ground. Two hundred and ten enemy aircraft, the largest number ever claimed by any division of the Eighth Air Force for any one mission, were confirmed as 209 destroyed, 43 probably destroyed and 84 damaged. The division lost 42 heavy bombers and many of those which returned were heavily damaged. Four hundred and thirty officers and enlisted men failed to return, 2 were killed and 32 others wounded. The extraordinary heroism and tenacious fighting spirit demonstrated by the 1st Bombardment Division in accomplishing its assigned task under exceptionally difficult conditions reflect highest credit on this organization, the Army Air Forces, and the armed forces of the United States. We lost 7 and our gunners claimed 10 destroyed, 1 probable and 5 damaged.



Big Day, 8 October 1943, on Bremen Raid

36 Shooting, We Claim 18, 6 Credited

We had 20 a/c up for a raid to Bremen, Germany on 8 October 1943, a day when the Luftwaffe joined the party with 150 of their best fighter planes- ME 109, FW 190, JU 88. ME 210 and ME 110. It was a busy day for the defenders. As you can see from the chart, there was a lot of activity. This was a time of intense fighter work and the usual defense came up from our crews. We lost three planes later in the raid, so were at full strength under the leadership of Capt. Tom Witt, 367th, for most of the day.

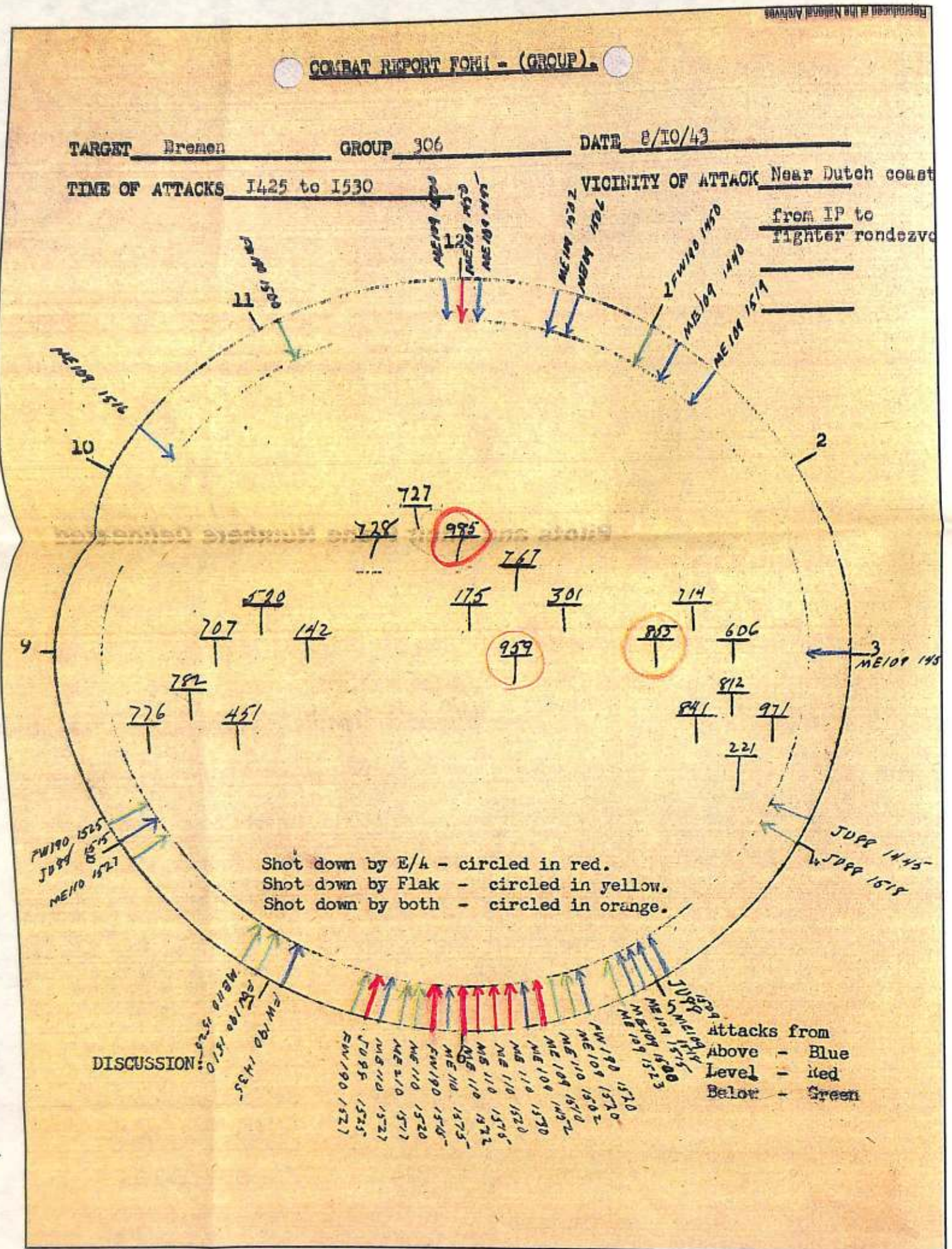
Richard Litherland, ball turret gunner for Paul Paulsen, got two planes, a 109 and a twin engined 110.

Bill Skahan, a 368th radio operator, told newsmen "We fell out of formation when an engine got knocked out and they crawled up on us before we could get back in place. We had every kind of fighter the Nazis had. The crew all got back safely, but that was the toughest of my 18 missions."

William D. Barton, flying in the same plane with Skahan, reported "I got two ME-110's and an FW-190 (note accompanying chart!). The 110s were using rocket guns. They came in slowly and really gave us the business."

Skahan and Barton were flying in Roy Ranck's ship again the next day when it was shot out of formation, and they headed north for Sweden, ultimately bellying in on the Island of Samsøe, off the coast of Denmark.

Ranck says that after they left the formation two 110s made some inept passes at his plane and his gunners shot down two of them (not credited), and they came in over Samsøe Island at 2000 feet, and made a wheels up landing.



Fox Hunt.....cont. from page 1

between opposing Labor and Conservative parties, but also between The House of Commons and the House of Lords.

Not until the fall of 2004 did a ban on fox hunting become law. Under the peculiar English constitution in which the upper house holds a diminished place, the Hunting Act passed the

Commons and obtained Royal assent but never passed the Lords. After unsuccessful pro-hunt legislation to stop it, the law took effect in mid-February.

On the first Saturday the law applied, fox hunters still turned out in large numbers. The Countryside Alliance reported 270 hunts, likely involving hundreds of thousands of participants and

spectators, and at least 91 foxes killed.

It was not immediately clear to what extent the law was violated. The ban permits foxes to be shot, and dogs can be used so long as they don't number more than two. Many hunt clubs staged less exciting "drag hunts" where a dead fox is dragged through fields for the fox hounds to chase the scent, followed by

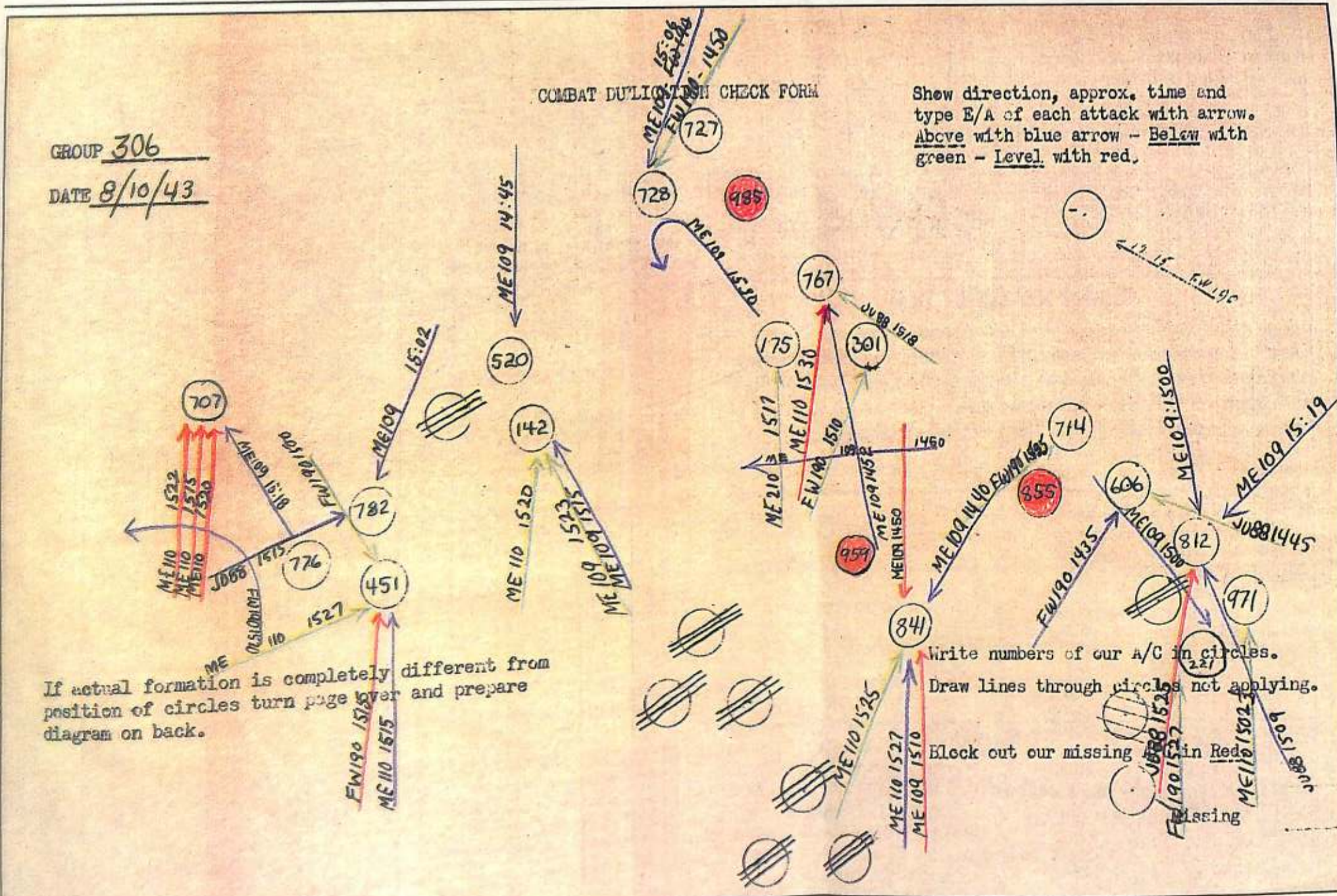
the customary riders.

Anti-hunt forces promised to present evidence of violations for prosecution. Hunt supporters, according to the Mirror newspaper, left a mutilated fox corpse on the doorstep of a Labor member of Parliament. A note around his neck said, "Not over till the last horn blows."

NAME	SQDN	CREW POS.	DESTROYED	PROBABLE	DAMAGED	DISALLOWED
S/Sgt Daniel Antonelli	367	Tail Gunner		Me109		
Lt Roger D Barton	423	Navigator	Me109			
S/Sgt William D Barton	368	Tail Gunner		X		
S/Sgt William D Barton	368	Tail Gunner			FW190	
S/Sgt William D Barton	368	Tail Gunner				Me110
Lt L P Blatnica	368	Bombardier	FW190			
S/Sgt John T Brinkman	423	Tail Gunner			Me110	
S/Sgt William D Brittain	367	Tail Gunner				Me110
S/Sgt. Louis Brofford	368	Ball Turret			Me110	
S/Sgt Walter R Clark	367	Ball Turret	JU 88			
T/Sgt Warren F Day	423	Radio Operator				FW190
S/Sgt Edwin DeBuyser	367	Ball Turret	Me210			
Lt Leon Feldman	423	Bombardier			Me109	
S/Sgt Duane J Foster	367	Ball Turret	FW190			
S/Sgt Norman Hall	423	Top Turret				Me109
S/Sgt James E Harris	367	Tail Gunner				Me109
S/Sgt Edward J Heintz	368	Waist Gunner				JU 88
S/Sgt Edward J Heintz	368	Waist Gunner				JU 88
T/Sgt James K Herman	369	Top Turret	JU 88			
S/Sgt Jerry K Hooks	423	Ball Turret				Me109
T/Sgt Paul F Hughes	368	Top Turret	Me109			
S/Sgt Steve Kriski	368	Top Turret				Me109
T/Sgt Sol D Levine	423	Top Turret	Me109			
S/Sgt Richard C Litherland	368	Ball Turret	Me109			
S/Sgt Richard C Litherland	368	Ball Turret	Me110			
T/Sgt Loren McCullar	367	Radio Operator	X			
S/Sgt Marshall E McDaniel	368	Waist Gunner		Me110		
S/Sgt Willard N McQuarrie	423	Tail Gunner	Me110			
S/Sgt Lester B Parks	423	Tail Gunner				Me109
S/Sgt Lester B Parks	423	Tail Gunner	Me110			
T/Sgt Eugene A Pfister	423	Radio Operator			JU 88	
S/Sgt Cecil Poff	367	Tail Gunner		FW 190		
T/Sgt Thaddeus F Powell	368	Top Turret	Me110			
S/Sgt Donald Richardson	423	Ball Turret	Me109			
S/Sgt Raymond J Ristau	423	Tail Gunner		JU 88		
1Lt Joseph F Ryan, Jr	368	Bombardier			Me109	
S/Sgt Harry E Shutts	423	Waist Gunner	JU 88			
S/Sgt Henry A Steelsmith	423	Tail Gunner			FW190	
T/Sgt John W Walkenhorst	367	Top Turret	Me109			
S/Sgt Othal Woodall	368	Tail Gunner		FW190		
S/Sgt Frederick W Zumpf	423	Waist Gunner				FW190

Pilots and Their Plane Numbers Delineated

Joseph Gay 142 William Bisson 175 George Reese 221 William Kirk 301 Paul Paulsen 451 William Katz 520 Kenneth Bickett 606
 Roy Ranck 707 John H. Lewis 714 Thomas Witt 727 Zias Davis 728 Lack Robinson 767 William Nally 776 Oleron Linn 782
 John Jackson 812 Charles Munger 841 Dean Rodman 855 Lawrence Kooima 959 Robert McCallum 971 Tom Ledgerwood 985



Via DVD an Old Pilot Gets Another Look at Our '42 Beginnings

By E. J. Hennessy, 369th

My DVD arrived and I had two of my descendants over to walk me through the system- three controls- to see the show.

I was more than pleased with the results. I had been wondering what the producer would do to tie together a collection of old pictures using the survivor interviews was very effective. Some were surprisingly lucid. Ralph Franklin seemed born to his role- a couple of the old boys showed signs of wear and fuzziness of memories, but that added reality.

My attention was riveted to the parade of F models taking off in the beginning. I was not aware that there was any color footage of F models, and I wondered if they had used the coloring process that Hollywood has used on a lot of old B & W film- causing much anguish among purists who considered it sacrilegious. Not me!

If I had been consulted I would have provided a couple of suggestions of general interest. Such as actual instrument take-offs from Gander (Newfoundland) at night after an all day "white out" that had shut down Gander until somebody ordered the iffy take off on instruments. Set the gyro compass zero and assume the ground crew had you pointed straight down the runway because you could not even see the edges! Pretty amazing success. Also, it is worth noting that we were the first group to fly a "make believe" formation across the North Atlantic on instruments for over eight hours. A/C were thirty seconds apart on takeoff and flew a prescribed course, airspeed and altitude.

Squadron leaders (squadrons were 1 minute apart) would have their radio operator hold down his carrier wave key for 30 seconds on each half hour as followers were tuned- radio compass- to his frequency. If the needle pointed straight ahead, rejoice; otherwise, hope.

As I recall, we reached broken clouds at about daybreak west of Ireland and could see the Emerald Isle through the holes en route to Prestwick, Scotland, where it was continuous showers, low ceiling and terrible horizontal visibility.

All 33 landed- not John Leahy, lost out of Gander, nor William Melton, who had to ditch in shallow water off Ireland (out of gas and with two engines feathered). One of our crews, either Walter Smiley or Earl Youree, had a close call on landing. As he flared out to land a British plane taxied across his runway when he was below critical airspeed. He jammed on full power, slammed the wheels on the runway and yanked back on the yoke and cut power to overfly the Brit and make a three-point landing just beyond him. (He should have gotten a medal for that maneuver!)

The following morning we took off for Thurlleigh for single flights to our new base. That turned out to be an adventure for many. The topography of England is nothing like the U.S., but is a crazy quilt of fields and forests with few, if any, straight lines. A puzzle in which dead reckoning was essential because visual pilotage was next to impossible. Yes, there were lots of airfields, more than we knew, in fact, because they were camouflaged and we were not acclimated yet! A few lads had to land and ask, sheepishly, for directions to Thurlleigh.

When we found the Irish construction crews were still pouring cement on some runways. When we landed we discovered the art of grading was not in vogue and so the runways followed the contours of the land. Think of tournament golf lining up long putts on undulating greens. When you felt sure your approach was on the mark the runway would drop down and your three point landing would occur 2 or 3 feet in the air. PLOP! Took some getting used to. Also cause a few drag links in the landing gear to snap, causing the wheel to collapse back into the nacelle. Hard landings or misaligned wheels could put fatal side-stress on the drag links causing serious damage to the aircraft and bug problems for engineering.

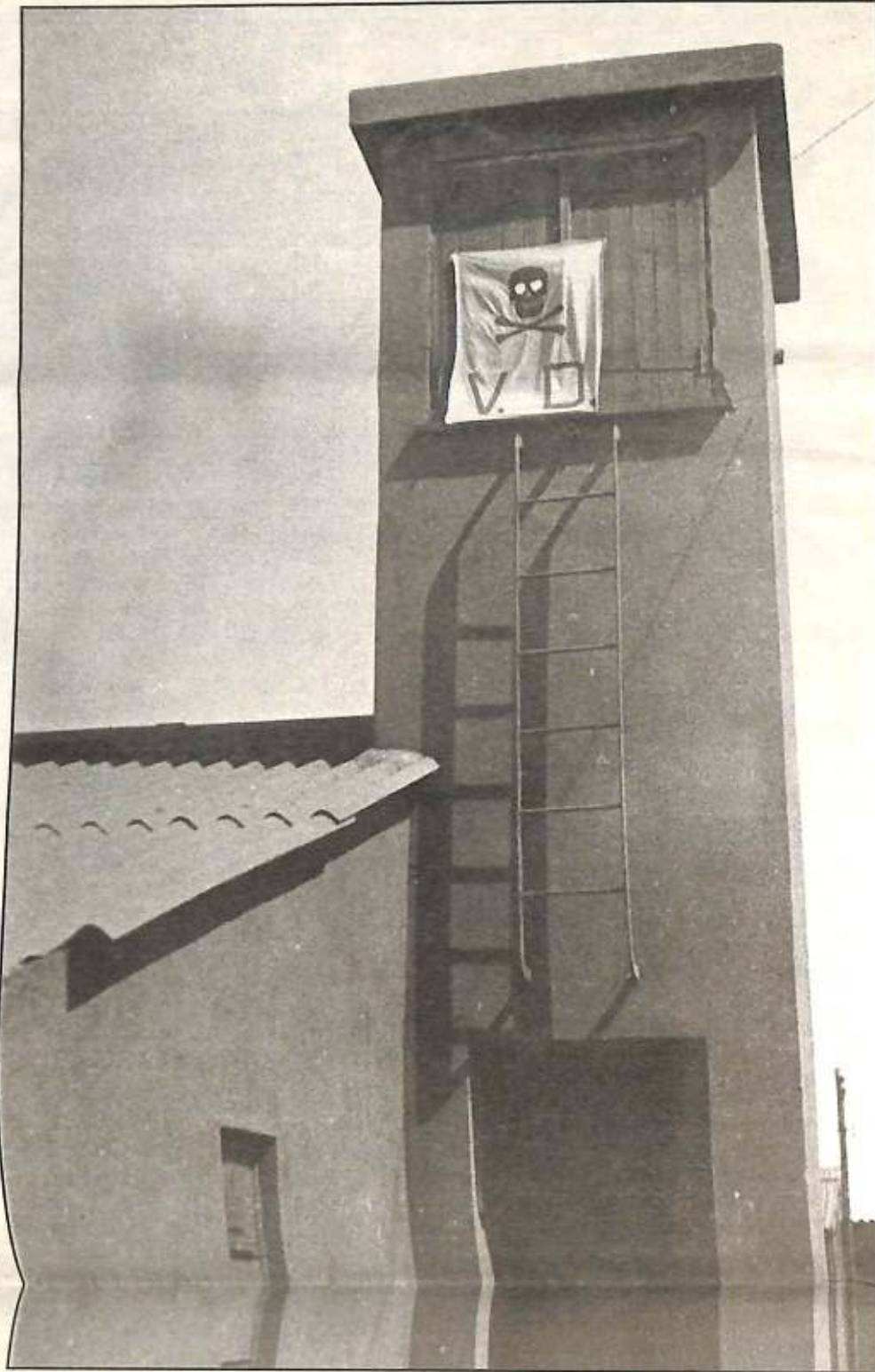
Also lost in most memories was the refueling problem. Thurlleigh had 2 lend-lease tank trucks equipped with 1 inch hoses. It would take 4 hours to "filler-up". A frantic search was organized that finally resulted in 2 U. S. trucks with 2 hoses, large hoses. If you wonder why it took us about a month to fly our first combat mission it was the tank truck problem.

Another example of what Rumsfeld (current Secretary of Defense) is talking about at a Congressional hearing about "inadequately armored Humvees" - "We fight wars with the equipment we have!" It was ever thus! The 306th and the other early groups were decimated by Luftwaffe nose attacks because the F models of the B-17 lacked forward fire power and we had no fighter escorts until summer of 1943.

I cannot recall any fighter "escorts" in my time (Hennessy finished 25 missions 29 May 1943) except once when our "little friends" turned back halfway across the English Channel for lack of fuel. Terrific! We were en route to the target, not from the target.

I have a classic artist's conception of a B-17F bombing mission. The formation is under attack by ME-109s. The ship is full of black flak bursts! No way could the 109s fly into their own flak- they lurked out of range and pounced on B-17s damaged by flak and knocked out of the formation.

Enough already. It is a fine DVD, nevertheless.



This terse medical report was designed to put pressure on base organizations at Thurlleigh and make the men shape up and to improve their conduct.

EIGHTH AIR FORCE

TWO NEW WORLD WAR II DOCUMENTARIES

*DEOPHAM GREEN: THE SAGA OF THE 452nd BOMB GROUP (H)
 *THURLEIGH MEMORIES: THE 306th BOMB GROUP (H) IN WWII

TWO NEW WWII DOCUMENTARIES

DEOPHAM GREEN VHS/DVD 60 minutes - Grades 9-12, College, Adult - Produced and directed by Vernon L. Williams - Teaching web site available for teachers - December 2004 - \$24.95 VHS or DVD (Please specify)
 Traces the dramatic story of the men of the 452nd Bomb Group and the British families who lived on or near their base at Deopham Green in World War II England. The video contains eye witness accounts from both American servicemen and British family members as they remember the air war over occupied territory and the stories of sacrifice and courage that played out every day at Deopham Green and over the skies of WWII Europe. This documentary provides an exciting look into the human side of war as nearby British families suffered the threat of German air attacks and wartime sacrifices while ground crews labored to keep the B-17s flying and the air crews struggled to beat the odds over Nazi Europe.

THURLEIGH MEMORIES VHS/DVD 60 minutes - Grades 9-12, College, Adult - Produced and directed by Vernon L. Williams - Teaching web site available for teachers - December 2004 - \$24.95 VHS or DVD (Please specify)
 In the early days of the air war against Germany, the 306th Bomb Group delivered the first bomb loads into the heart of the German homeland. Faced with terrible losses and limited resources, the 306th helped prove the viability of high altitude daylight precision bombing. This documentary explores the bomb group's early training history in the United States and includes a dramatic look at the combat work performed by the aircrews in the air over occupied Europe and the extraordinary support provided by the base ground crews around the clock. Today the 306th Museum on the old base keeps the spirit of the wartime drama at Thurlleigh alive.

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Dues? No! Gifts? Yes!

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! Your gift is tax deductible.

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 Brookshire, TX 77423-9541

DATE _____

367th Gallery



Tom Witt in middle of line



Unk, Everett Roush, Henry Percic, Lewis Blair



Paul Osburn and Glenn Feltz



Arthur Mack paints Frank McCullagh



Milton Adam, Russell Strong, Arthur Vann, Harold Prescott



Merle Causey, Bill Tackmier, Francis Pierce



John Miller, Dick Wallace, Bill Feeser



Roy Griffith, Din Fuhrmeister, Joe Miller, George Bennett, Stanley Jarow



Roy Connally and Royce Hopkins



Samuel Sin, KIA



John Miller, Arthur Markowitz, Francis Mullen, and Richard Wallace, kneeling



Jacob Earl Klutz



Henry Sall, Gene Kennedy, Bill Houlihan



John Pluta, Clifford Redd, Robert Conger



Maynard Nelson, William Mountain

The Colorful B-17C

Those intrepid early fliers, who eventually came to the 306th, began their careers in E models. But the vagaries of early combat found them in C models, of which only 37 were manufactured. They came out in perhaps the most colorful trim that 17s sported until late '44.



B-17C

The tail of the C had the red and white horizontal stripes on the rudder and were certainly flashy. But it

was the late 17Gs that had plenty of paint, particularly on the large tail surfaces. The big tails first came out

on the E models.

More of the Cs were transferred to the RAF than any other place. One veteran crew chief told the editor that the Fs and Gs were practically the same airplane, except that the Gs were much more likely to have a silver exterior which eliminated 500 lbs of paint, and in some ways they became flying barber poles.

Where Has Our Mail Listing Gone?

The editor and others close to the scene are keenly aware that our mailing list is shrinking. Since the last issue of Echoes it has probably dropped at least a hundred names, perhaps even more. Many men who are no longer listed are represented by spouses, by children and other close and interested friends.

Some of our policies are: widows are listed by their late husbands' first names, rather than as Mrs. Jane Smith. This is really the best way for the editorial shop to keep track of people. And after the squadron designation we try to add some letters such S, D, and W, for son, daughter, widow. Other letters are also used and if you think about them for a moment you can usually make the right connection.

Now we have offered any of you a chance to help us. We will send you lists in zip code order in your area for you to contact. Some have done entire states, others have mailed questionnaires and reply envelopes. Each to his own and the results have been helpful.

Write the editor to join the "lookers"!

San Antonio.....cont. from page 1

tual pursuits that saw America move to the lead among nations in inventions, and fulltime service for most in a variety of ways that continue to impact all of those things that are so important. We had lots of children, we took and excelled in jobs of all kinds throughout the world, benefiting people of all colors, shapes and sizes. We did for ourselves and we did for people in all kinds of ways.

But in all that we did through the fifties, the sixties and seventies, we still often agree that we never encountered another group of men and families that quite equaled the 306th gang!

Please see this page of Echoes for the hotel registration materials and the 306th registration as well.

306th Bomb Group Association 2005 San Antonio Reunion 19-22 October 2005

WEDNESDAY, 19 OCTOBER

Arrival and Registration
Dinner on your own

_____ X \$25 = _____

THURSDAY, 20 OCTOBER

Continued Registration
Breakfast on your own
9:30 AM Visit River Walk, Alamo, & River Center Mall
Lunch on your own
1:30 PM Return to hotel
6:00 PM Welcome reception – includes food and drink

_____ X \$10 = _____

_____ X \$25 = _____

FRIDAY, 21 OCTOBER

Breakfast on your own
8:30 AM Tour San Antonio & Mission San Jose
San Fernando Cathedral & Mexican Market
Lunch on your own
2:00 PM Return to hotel
Dinner on your own

_____ X \$25 = _____

SATURDAY, 22 OCTOBER

Breakfast on your own
10:00 AM Annual Business Meeting
10:00 AM Ladies visit North Star Mall
Lunch on your own
6:00 PM Cocktails - Cash Bar
7:00 PM Annual Banquet

_____ X \$40 = _____

_____ Parmesan Crusted Chicken Breast w/Lemon Caper butter sauce
_____ Sliced Sirloin Beef w/Marsala Mushroom sauce

GRAND TOTAL \$ _____

Mail this form and check to:

Albert McMahan
273 N Peachtree Street
Norcross, GA 30071
(770) 448-8513

Name _____

Guest _____

Address _____

SQUADRON _____

City, State, Zip _____

CHECKS to 306 BG Reunion

Phone # _____



37 N.E. Loop 410, San Antonio, Texas 78216
Telephone: 210-366-2424

Cut-off Date: Reservations received after 9/28/05 will be subject to availability.

Guest Name: _____, Address: _____

City/State: _____ Zip: _____ Phone: _____

Arrival Date: _____ Departure Date: _____

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

Room type request is not guaranteed. All reservations must be guaranteed by a major credit card or first night's room and tax. Reservations not guaranteed by one of these methods will not be honored.

Credit Card: _____ Number: _____ Exp. Date: _____

Signature: _____

Check-in time is after 3:00p.m.

Check-out time is at 12:00noon