

306th Echoes

Change Service Requested

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



In part as a tribute to Lee Kessler, who died in October 2003, we are running this sketch above, which was done by Kessler and sent to Dr. Thurman Shuller, the original flight surgeon for the 306th. In turn, recently, Shuller came across the sketch and Kessler's letter to him.

It is particularly appropriate to run it at this time, as "our" world is in some of the turmoil that many of us may have witnessed ourselves during our times of service for our country.

Lee came to the 306th 16 Apr 42 and became engineer on William Melton's crew, which ditched off the coast of Ireland while en route to Prestwick and Thurleigh. Lee became a POW when as engineer for Maxwell Judas, their plane was shot down 21 May 43 on a Wilhelmshaven mission. Lee was president of the 306th Association at the time of his death.

The book jacket on the first edition of *First Over Germany* was a painting done by Lee of his plane as it was going down. He also did portraits from time to time of 306th men. If you have one, the editor would like to receive a copy of your print that he can use in a later issue. Doc Shuller was one of those he so honored.

Dr. Shuller:

Last week I attended a POW chapter meeting where a doctor, a psychologist, who works at times for the VA was the speaker. He remarked in his talk of attending a reunion of a bomber group, and when he said that reunions were the best therapy the men could have, I immediately thought of you and our group. He said men talk openly of things they've held back for years and should have or just now getting out of their systems. In your recent letter you mentioned the pilot who told you at the Omaha reunion how he felt. This is very true and I found something out this summer along those lines.

I wrote in my Christmas letter about a reunion of POWs. I am sending you a copy of the news article that started the whole chain of events, which, by the way, is still going on. In this article it mentions an Ed Allen who was in the same POW camp with me, but I never knew him until this reunion. At one time in the hotel suite Ed was being

interviewed by some one on the phone and I was listening. The interviewers seemed to ask the standard question, "What seems to stick in your mind most of your days as a POW?" This has a thousand answers, but this was Ed's story:

"When we were being evacuated and were on the road on forced march, we passed the concentration camp, Mulhousan. As we walked along this road there were groups of Hungarian Jews who, as we found out, worked in a quarry nearby. They were walking skeletons. Occasionally we would hear a shot and pass a body lying on the side of the road. A horse-drawn wagon would come along and other prisoners would throw them on. One of these, exhausted from starvation, fell and was too weak to get up. With his last bit of energy he took a photograph from his pocket and kissed it as the SS guard shot him in the head. Ed related that he still had dreams of this incident."

When Ed hung up from the interview, I said, "Ed you are not going to believe

this, but I have something I want you to see. I'll bring it tomorrow." (I was not staying in Cleveland but was driving back and forth from home). On this march we moved in groups of 500. I was not in Ed's group and did not actually see the man shot, but I did see the man's body and the photograph and walked closer, so as to see better. The picture must have been of his wife and two children. There was a very colorful butterfly that had lit on the hand making a marked contrast to the dirty drab striped clothing that he wore. This made such an impact on me that I also never forgot it. I could not get over the fact that here was a person whose family was God knows where, probably scattered over Europe. No one would know the time, place, or how he died and I felt every person should have the right to die with dignity. Not long after this we were given a rest. As we were stopped along the road another small group of these Jews came along and their guards stopped them and talked with our guards. One of our guys thought he was

being nice and threw a cigarette over to these prisoners. It was like throwing a bone to a bunch of hungry dogs. They fought for the cigarette and the guard, infuriated, began to scream and hit them with his rifle and knocked some of them down. He got the cigarette, and then to show who was in charge, he proceeded to hit one of the men who was on the ground, so weak he probably would have died anyway. He kept screaming for him to stand up and actually smashed the man's head. We were all hollering at him, calling him names, and one of our guys went for him as some of the others tried to hold him back. The guard hit him with the butt of his gun, and he walked the rest of the march with a broken nose and black eyes.

Some time in the middle 1950s I decided to make a picture of the man with the photograph. I started and made a rough outline and worked at it, but thinking that no one would understand the meaning or feeling that I had of this,

continued on page 2

OBITUARIES

John J. Allen, 369th crew chief, died 11 Aug 2006 in Des Moines, IA. He spent 28 years as an inspector for the Iowa Dept. of Transportation, retiring in Jul 82. Allen leaves his wife, Doris, 3c, 6gc, 5ggc.



Daniel J. Barberis, 423rd navigator (Jim Leach crew), died 24 Nov 2005 in Middlebury, VT. Dan had a more exciting combat tour than most, ditching with the Robert H. Smith crew in the English Channel and spending a day and a half there before rescue. This was on 21 May 43, and the crew survived, being rescued by a British ship. On his 18th mission he became a POW with Stephen W. Peck's crew on a mission to Kassel, Germany 28 Jul 43. He became a lithographer, and he and his wife, Grace seldom missed a reunion. He also leaves 2c, 2gc.

Hallis F. Chase, 423rd engineer (Harold Fossum crew) died 2 Jul 06 in Foley, AL. He worked for 30 years on the Panama Canal as a shift supervisor. He leaves his wife, Emilia, 6c, 13gc, 12ggc. Hal came to the 306th 3 Apr 44 and finished a tour in Aug 44.

Pete Dascoulias, 423rd waist gunner (Jim Leach crew), died 16 May 2001 in Warren, OH. He became a POW after his plane, piloted by Norman Armbrust, was downed 26 Jul 43 on a mission to Hannover. Returning home, he worked for the Warren Water Dept. He leaves his wife, Bessie, 3c, 4gc, 2ggc.

Arthur B. Hammond, 368th navigator (Ivan Oberhelman crew), died 6 Aug 2006 in Spartanburg, SC. He was retired from USAF Reserve, and as

chairman, BBJ Home Furnishings, Spartanburg. Art leaves his wife, Ann, 2c, 3gc. He was with the 306th 15 May/Dec 1944.

Roy W. Howard, 369th bombardier (Martin Newstreet crew), died 11 Oct 2005 in Austin, TX. He was in USAF pilot training 49-50 and was a B-47 crew commander. In SAC he won a bombing competition. He retired in Aug 71. Graduating from the U-Omaha in 1965, MA-UCal, he became a rehabilitation facilities examiner for the Texas Rehabilitation Comm. Leaves his wife, Dottie, 3c, 11gc, 16ggc.

Jack A. Lawrenz, 368th waist gunner (James Martin crew) died 9 Feb 06 of lung cancer in Bellaire, FL. Coming to the Group in Sep 44, he ended his Tour Jan 45.

Charles T. Niblack, 368th pilot, died 12 Jul 2006 in Houston, TX. He arrived with the Group 4 Jun 44 and finished up 6 Oct 44. He was a graduate of the U-Texas '49 and also from the Pasadena CA School of Fine Arts. He was a certified petroleum land man and also an artist and sculptor. Charles leaves his wife, Eleanor 1s.

Wilbur C Wieland, 423rd pilot, died 5 Jan 2006 in Orangeburg, SC. He came to the Group 3 Apr 44 and finished in Jun 44.

Charles N. Yeager, 423rd waist gunner, (Kenneth Blackshaw crew), died 15 Aug 06 in Nescopek, PA. Post combat, he was a photographer in Casey Jones. He was a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Opticians, and retired from the Yeager Optical Co. He leaves his wife, Carol, 1d.

Thurleigh Museum Now Boasts New Item

Mission Reports are a big item for people to buy. If your Dad flew with us we can probably find his name in Mission Reports. If you are bereft of data we can probably give you an idea as to when he flew and the dates of his missions.

In this way you may learn more about his experiences with the 306th, whether actually in combat or not.

These books are also available in England at the 306th Museum at Thurleigh. The 306th is the only bomb group that boasts it's own museum in England. Significant things to be found in the museum include a .50 caliber waist gun from one of our planes that went into the water off the coast of Sweden. The machine gun was found by Swedish divers, and was later shipped to the Thurleigh Museum where it is now exhibited.

Also in our museum is a Norden bomb sight, which had long been a pos-

session of George Kerr, 423rd bombardier. George shipped it to Thurleigh via express, and it is something that all visitors to the museum want to see. George and his pilot Roy Trask are pictured with the sight.

Soon to be displayed at the museum also will be a Medal of Honor for Snuffy Smith, the first enlisted man to receive such a medal in the 8th Air Force. This was made possible through the efforts of Congressman Michael McCaul of Texas, a friend of Royce Hopkins.

If you are interested in making contributions to the Museum it will help you to be in contact with Ralph Franklin. His address appears in the credits box on this page. He knows the exhibit well and can apprise you what can be used for the future.

Another asset at the museum, for which we are grateful, is the cabinet artistry of one of Ralph's sons and who works for a display company.

Dr. Shuller.....continued from cover

I tucked it away in a drawer and forgot about it. Then in 1974 I had a heart attack, and after intensive care I was placed on a bland diet. One of the meals I was given was plain boiled potatoes with some other tasteless food. With no salt, pepper or butter, I could not finish it. When we were first captured and were in solitary confinement, our food consisted of some warm ersatz tea in the morning and three boiled potatoes at night. I had never eaten boiled potatoes

since without salt, pepper or butter. That night I dreamt I was back in camp. The next day was the most depressing day of my life. I thought of many things, and especially of that man with the photo. As time went on I decided to finish the picture and had my wife bring me the unfinished piece, ink and pens. I worked on it until I was finished. It had become as much of interest to the nurses as to me and they checked daily on the progress. When they understood the meaning of it, I knew it wasn't too bad, as every picture must tell a story. I put it away after I went home and the amazing thing was I never dreamt or thought about it afterwards as though I had cleared it from my mind. It had been stuck away with other drawings and I never looked at it until this summer to show Ed.

We were to appear on a TV talk show that morning and before the show I showed the picture to Ed. He broke down. I didn't realize it would have that effect on him and was sorry I let him see it, but his wife showed it to the producer and he went wild over it. It was panned by the cameras and discussed on the show and the story you are reading was told. Some at the convention saw it and many who saw the actual scene openly talked about it and some of their wives actually thanked me as they seemed to realize what was inside their husbands who never told them because they felt 'you just wouldn't understand.' I just got a letter from a guy in Mississippi, whom I don't know but remembers the incident and just wanted to let me know he saw the picture. I felt good when I came home from that reunion I think because of the confession type talk sessions that brings out things that we thought we had no one to discuss with. I get the same feeling after our 306th reunions and maybe some of the "unseen scars" are relieved a bit.

The fact that you were there as our doctor and a humanitarian, I thought you would understand this picture.

Sincerely,
Lee Kessler



Dr. Herman Kaye, President
Robert Rockwell, Vice President
Russell Strong, Secretary
Royce Hopkins, Treasurer
Directors: William Carnahan, William Houlihan, Hugh Phelan, Robert Rockwell, Roy Connolly
Albert McMahan, Past President

Ralph Franklin, British Representative
National School Cottage, Mill Hill,
Keysoe, Beds MK44 2HP. Telephone
from U.S. 011-44-1234-708715.
306Museum@nscmh.fscmh.net.co.uk

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 contributions and records. Book orders should also be placed with him.
Russell A. Strong
5323 Cheval Place
Charlotte, NC 28205

TREASURER:

Send checks to:
Royce Hopkins
35427 Pontiac Drive
Brookshire, TX 77423

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

306th PUBLICATIONS

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

ORDER FORM

First Over Germany by Russell A. Strong A 325 page narrative history of the 306 th . 100 pictures & 1700 names. Fourth edition is paperback.	\$35.00	_____
306th Echoes Book 800 pages, including 25 years of our quarterly newspaper, BxW & color.	\$40.00	_____
306th Combat Crews More than 300 identified combat crews are pictured. Individuals are indexed.	\$35.00	_____
The Reich Wreckers 80 pages of charts & other data covering 341 combat missions. Prepared by Charles J. Westgate III	\$6.00	_____
Squadron Combat Diaries More than 100 pages each, compiled daily after missions by Squadron Intelligence officers. Also included are rosters of Specialty personnel. Spiral bound.	367th \$20.00 368th \$20.00 369th \$20.00 423rd \$20.00	_____ _____ _____ _____
306th Group Directory	1 Feb '06	\$10.00 _____
Mission Reports Detailed information on specific missions flown between 9 Oct. 42 and 19 Apr 45. May range from 1 to 50 pages. Include the name of individual you are interested in to derive most benefits. List dates, etc. on separate sheet.	3 for \$5.00	_____
	Total	\$ _____

Purchaser's Name _____ Sqdn _____
Mailing Address _____
Zip _____

Make check to 306th BG Assn. and mail to Secretary: 306 Bomb Group Assn.
5323 Cheval Place
Charlotte, NC 28205

Mission Reports Remain Popular

The 306th Bomb Group Association has supplied one more air museum with a set of our Mission Report documents, the wheels turning 6 September 2006 in the office of the secretary. Six boxes of documents, weighing 150 pounds were mailed to the Museum of Flight, a creation of The Boeing Company, in Seattle.

This is the second complete collection to be housed. Two sets of the documents were created at one time, with the first being presented to the 8th AF Museum at Savannah, GA, by Albert McMahan, the immediate past president of the Association. These two sets were made possible through the generosity of Dr. Herman Kaye, our president.

A third set, now in possession of the secretary's office, will eventually be housed in the Kalamazoo Air-Zoo at Kalamazoo, Michigan, along with all the materials now in the secretary's office at Charlotte, NC. This will occur on his retirement or other removal of the secretary. The shipping cost was \$189, which came from the secretary's budget.

With those three sets distributed from coast to coast, will enable future researchers in distant places to make use of the materials.

Apropos of what these normally contain are the commander's report on a mission, charts of the route, formation charts, engineering reports, crew lists, prepared at interrogation of the mission, and in the second half of the war the crew roster was prepared by operations people and then checked and filled in with details for each crew.

Unfortunately, some materials disappeared while National Archives was not keeping a close eye on visiting researchers at their Washington offices. I was told by one of the enlisted Intelligence men late in the war that he was there when the 306th packed up and that great care was taken to insure that these files were complete when they were shipped back to Washington in 1945.

The secretary selected personally the pages which appear in the 306th collection as he was gathering materials for the writing of *First Over Germany*. At that time he noted that out of 18 Berlin missions flown by the 306th, there are full details for only about half the missions.

At first Strong gathered materials on missions which he planned to write about. When he supplied some of this data to Donald R. Ross, the Judge found them so interesting that he convinced our officers and directors to expand the collection to all of our missions. Today the secretary believes that over 10 years or more about \$8,000 was spent for these detailed materials.

In closing it is recalled that the late Reg Thayer asking if it wasn't too much for the 306th to charge \$5 for three mission reports. He grudgingly gave Strong \$5, but within a week called to ask him to supply Reports for all his missions and a check arrived in a couple of days. Thayer flew 50 missions with the 15th AF in Italy, and then wangled a transfer to the 8th and flew another 29 missions, becoming Squadron Bombardier.



(l-r) Royce Hopkins and Michael McCaul

Congressman Honors Smith with Congressional Medal of Honor for Museum by the Honorable Michael McCaul

I am honored to be here today to pay tribute to a true American hero - Sergeant Maynard Harrison "Snuffy" Smith of the 306th Bombardment Group. Sgt. Smith received the Medal of Honor for his selfless and heroic action in the service of his country over Nazi-occupied Europe during World War II.

On May 1, 1943, the airplane on which Sgt. Smith was serving was hit several times by anti-aircraft fire and the cannon shells of Nazi fighter planes. Two crewmembers were seriously wounded, the aircraft's oxygen system was shot out and several vital control cables were severed when intense fires ignited in the radio compartment and waist sections of the airplane.

The fire grew so intense that the ammunition onboard began to explode and the radio, the gun mount and camera melted. The situation became so desperate that 3 of the crew bailed out into the open sea.

It was then that Sergeant Smith, who was serving on his very first combat mission, sprang to action. He threw the

exploding ammunition overboard, manned the workable guns and fought off the German fighters by himself. He then administered first aid to a wounded comrade, and, wrapping himself in a protective cloth, he completely extinguished the fire by hand and ultimately saved the lives of his crewmembers and himself.

Sgt. Smith's selfless gallantry in action, undaunted bravery and loyalty to his aircraft and his fellow crewmembers is an inspiration to all the U.S. Armed Forces. Sgt. Smith was the first enlisted man in the 8th Air Force awarded this

This duplicate Medal of Honor that I am presenting here will be framed and displayed in the Thurleigh Airfield Museum of the 306th Bomb Group in England. The 306th Bomber Group is the only World War II bomb group that has its own museum. Therefore, it is my distinct honor and privilege to present the Medal of Honor for Sergeant Maynard Harrison Smith to Royce Hopkins, Treasurer of the 306th Bomber Group.



Maynard (Snuffy) Smith was the first enlisted man in the 8th Air Force to be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. Several officers preceded him in receiving this honor.

Smith came forward on a 1 May 1943 mission to St. Nazaire. An error in navigation brought the 306th over the harbor of Brest, France, with the 306th formation being subjected to intense anti-aircraft fire at under 12,000 feet.

Three planes went down in the

harbor with only three survivors.

Lt. L. P. Johnson was the pilot of the plane in which Smith was traveling as a ball turret gunner, his very first combat mission.

Smith was unique in actually receiving the Medal of Honor in the combat area. Most are awarded by the President in Washington. Smith flew five more missions and remained at Thurleigh until early 1945 when he was returned to the States. The Secretary of War, Henry Stimson, carried the medal in his pocket to England and pinned it on Smith at Thurleigh on 15 July 1943.

(Chapter 8 in *First Over Germany* has a detailed account of Smith and the Medal).

Brice Robison Funny from the Ball Turret

I listened to all the "shot down" personal experiences of the guys in the prison camp. The tellers of the tales, were all apologetic or humbled, as to why they were spared, and their flying "buddies" hadn't made it.

Omar Khayyam's moving finger wrote the scenario, and the living were suffering in their conscious, as to the "Why of it?"

Bailess asked me, knowing I came into the Air Force from the Canadian Tank Corps. I related to Bailess and any others who were interested, how I got into the Air Force. I transferred from the Canadian to the American Armed Forces in England, Feb. 3, 1943. The transfer was overdue in happening for 14 months. The Canadian authorities assured me, when and if the United States came into the war, I could immediately transfer into the American Forces. The holdup of my transfer wasn't with them, but by the American Government who refused to accept my transfer. A real mish-mash that only the House and Senate could devise.

I was guilty of Swearing Allegiance to a foreign king, and a foreign country, and consequently lost my U.S. Citizenship. There was only one way to legally get it back.

My name and place of domicile had to be read on the Senate floor by my Senator Knowland of California, followed by a voice vote of yea or nay by the Senate Body. A majority vote of yea would reconstitute my citizenship.

As you know, nothing is ever done in haste by the U.S. Senate. My mother contacted Senator Knowland on Jan. 3, 1942, and the transfer came to pass a year plus later.

All the Americans in the Canadian Army who requested transfers were gathered up and sent to a barbed wire fenced in barracks with English M.P.'s at the gate. We were processed by the Canadians on Feb. 2, 1943, and discharged on that date.

Early the next morning, we were given physicals by the American Army, and sworn in as bona-a-fide America GIs Feb. 3, 1943. The Canadians who transferred to the American Army were sent to the Litchfield Barracks, in Litchfield, England. All the prisoners in the Federal Penitentiaries were sent to Litchfield at the same time. (These were convicts who were accepted into the Army.)

We Canadian soldier transferees needed basic training like dogs need fleas. We also received the same contemptible treatment as the ex-convicts, from the Cadre Staff. I stood a Court Martial threat twice for refusing to go into a laundry detail unit in North Africa, and for refusing to accept a Quartermaster Unit to the same desert.

Ernie Kovacs, the soon to be actor comic, procured an Air Force application for himself and me, to formally apply for an Air Force transfer. Ernie went back to the States with an Air Force Bond Sales Group, and I went to an Air Force replacement depot. I was sent from there to the 306th. Bomb Group.

I had never been inside a B-17 until I flew a practice gunnery mission over The Wash. Everybody thought I'd been trained in the States, and that I was sent over as a trained replacement. I didn't want to say anything contrary for fear of being sent back to the Army.

On my first two flights, I thought there were an awful lot of Wilco's and Rogers in the plane with me. I knew my machine guns because we had almost the same type in our Churchill tanks. What I didn't know about was oxygen, heated suits, or parachutes. Fortunately, a waist gunner detected my lack of knowledge, and show of incompetence. He rescued me, especially with the oxygen masks, which were the old balloon type. The mask required that the pin be

continued on page 4

Brice Robison from Ball Turret..... continued from page 3

pulled, and the balloon milked every half hour or so, and the little bitty hard rubber plug be stuck back into the teeny little hole, with heated gloves on my hands, and doing this while bouncing around in the back end of a twisting airplane, was an utter feat of abject concentration.

My chute wasn't adjusted to my body until my fifth mission. If I'd had to use it without the adjustments, I'd probably have gone through the straps, or tore something loose, such as the crown jewels, or whatever.

My sixth mission I flew in the ball turret. I shot the hinges and windup screw off the bomb bay doors of our plane. I shot across both the noses of our wing planes. One of the crew members in one of the planes said later "We see this tracer fire flying across in front of us. We couldn't figure out where it was coming from." It was a wild ride for all in our plane.

There were no covers on the trigger mechanisms where they emerged from the twin control sticks that actuated the movement of the ball turret. The buttons on the tops of the control sticks transversed across to the machine guns. The sticks and the gun sights, were a little high for me. I was a little short in my reach, and didn't know how to adjust the seat. Thus, every time I pulled myself erect to look through the machine gun sight, gripping the twin handles, and without depressing the triggers, the machine guns fired with the roll of my hands on the exposed horizontal bars. I was depressing the trigger bars- the neglect of some armorer to place the covers back into this space. I was as mystified as the people I was inadvertently shooting at. I don't know how I managed to plug my heated suit into the camera plug, but I received double the voltage for doing it.

The heated suit was tightest on my body in four spots; my wrists and ankles. I dropped my oxygen mask pin when I was squeezing water from the mask. I was using one hand to keep the mask pinched and closed, and the other hand to pull my heated suit off my wrists and ankles. Occasionally, I'd reach up and grab a handle to straighten out the creep.

The radioman had an extra pin for my oxygen mask. I rolled up the turret to have it handed down to me. The ball turret had hydraulic creep, since it never stayed in one place. It continued to rotate around from the last position, where I had stopped it. The round window I looked through was covered with a thin film of hydraulic oil. It was almost impossible to see anything clearly through it. I did see the big, black globs of exploding flak.

I was never instructed by anyone to turn my ball turret to face the rear, when the bomb bay doors were open. I was facing the front when the doors opened down. Our bomb load for the day, was some 500 pounders, and mixed in were incendiaries. The incendiaries were rolled up tight in bundles and tied with metal straps. (I was told later this was done that way in order to scatter and arm them.)

When these bombs were dropped from their shackles, the straps they were wrapped in, flailed about, and became tangled in my machine guns, beating a tattoo against my turret. I thought for sure I was on my way down, detached in a ball turret, minus my chute that was sitting on the floor in the plane above me. I was busier than a disturbed ant nest.

Sweating out the entangled straps beating away on my turret, pulling on the sleeves to relieve the heated suit, reaching down and pulling on the heated pants at my ankles, correcting the creep, and squeezing the oxygen mask.

Suddenly the co-pilot called, "Ball Turret, twelve o'clock straight and level. Pick him up!"

Through the hydraulic film, I could make out orange flashes. I hunched up over the gun sights, and the guns went off in a long

burst. Unfortunately the creep kept the turret moving with the guns blazing. The guns got the wind up screw that cranked the bomb bay doors closed.

Another call from the co-pilot. "Ball turret, follow the bombs down." I pushed the twin sticks forward and gasped. There was nothing between me, and twenty thousand feet, except a smeared up plate of glass, and me.

I humored the co-pilot. "They're falling straight down, and looks like they're going to hit the target."

I didn't even know what the hell the target was. Truthfully, I couldn't see a damn thing, but big bunches of black flak clouds, through the oily plate of glass.

I wasn't very popular with the crew. With the bomb bay doors open they were subjected to a vast change in temperature. I wasn't cold. I was still pulling at my wrists and ankles, milking my oxygen mask, fighting creep, and kicking fifty millimeter spent shell casings around.

"Tail gunner to Ball turret, six o'clock low, climbing fast."

I grabbed the handles, pushed down, pulled them to the left and hunched up to look through the gunsight. The guns were chattering, and I hadn't even touched the triggers.

"Tailgunner to ball. That's putting them close. Keep them tracers moving into him. I can't get my guns depressed enough to get a shot yet."

"Ball turret to tail. I haven't even pushed my triggers down yet. I don't know what the hell's going on with these machine guns."

I looked through my gun sights, and finally picked up a plane with crosses on the wings, and moved up the sights on it. My machine guns stopped firing. I couldn't believe it. I had run out of ammunition. By the time I had reloaded and charged the guns again, the excitement was all over. I heard the co-pilot say on the intercom, "We can tuck into that echelon below us."

With the air rushing into our open bomb bay, two things were happening. We couldn't keep up our air speed with the rest of our element. We were falling behind our formation, and it was freezing cold in the airplane. We tucked into a lower echelon until we skirted the Frisian Islands. "Flak Island", the listeners cried out. We headed for the deck.

Once we made it into England, I crawled out of the ball turret. The radioman asked me with a smile, "Whose side you on in this war?"

I replied, "I wish I knew, and thanks for the pin." I took it out of the rubber bladder, and gave it back to him.

The waist gunner smiling, asked, "How many times have you flown in the ball?" I answered, "You have just witnessed the first and last time."

The top turret came in and asked, "What seemed to be wrong with the machine guns?"

I told him, "Every time I grabbed the sticks and hunched up to look through the gunsights, the machine guns went off."

He knelt down, opened the door to the turret, and stuck his head in to have a look. He came out, and looking at me, asked, "Did you knock off the cover plates?"

"First off, I don't know what a cover plate is. Secondly, did you see any in the turret? If so, will you show me what one looks like?"

He snapped at me. "Where'd you get your training?"

"Training for what?"

"Training to be a ball turret gunner?" he shot back.

I smiled casually, and said, "Today. June 13th, 1943, over Bremen"

His patience was wearing thin, "Don't get smart with me."

"How can I get smart with you when you're not even listening to what I'm saying. Listen!! I have never been in a ball turret until today. I have never had so many things

The Fireman: "Twelve O'clock High" Revisited



In *Twelve O'Clock High*, the classic book and movie about WWII air power, the lead character, Brigadier General Frank Savage, takes over a demoralized bomb group

and turns it into a fighting unit. Savage and the bomb group were real, only the name was Armstrong—Colonel Frank A. Armstrong, Jr. This is about the people and events which inspired *Twelve O'Clock High*. It is a story of leadership.

Editor's Note: And for those who still believe it was not about the 306th in large measure let me only remind you that the 918th Group was derived from the multiplication of 306 by three.

It is my... conviction that good group commanders insure good units and that poor group commanders cannot possibly have good units.

—Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker

War diary, 97th Bombardment Group (H), 31 July 1942, England, "Col. Armstrong assumes command of the 97th..."

War diary, 306th Bombardment Group (H), 2 January 1943, England, "Col. Frank A. Armstrong assigned to the 306th Group as commanding officer."

The "fireman" was at work. The two groups had not been performing up to snuff. General Eaker sent in the fireman.

The Reich Wreckers



The Reich Wreckers is a valuable addition to your library, a statistical study done by Charles J. Westgate III, the son-in-law of Grover C.

"Smiley" Ingram, who was a member of the 369th from 11 Jun 44 until completing his tour as a waist gunner on James Edeler's

Many of you may know the fireman as Brigadier General Frank Savage, the lead character in the movie and book *Twelve O'Clock High* by Beirne Lay and Sy Bartlett. The fireman was real and what he did was real. His name was Armstrong, not Savage, and Lay and Bartlett dedicated their book to this man they called a "fighting leader." Real events and real people inspired the book and subsequent movie, and the story of those people and events is as fascinating as the one depicted on the pages and screen.

In the book and movie, Savage takes over the demoralized 918th Bomb Group from a commander whose compassion for his men has impaired mission accomplishment. Savage, on the other hand, insists on "maximum effort" for every mission; but in the end, he breaks down as the losses rise and the field orders for missions keep coming.

There are, of course, differences between the actual events and Lay and Bartlett's story. The experiences of Frank Savage of the 918th are a composite of those of several group commanders, including Curtis LeMay, but they are primarily those of Frank Armstrong of the 97th and the 306th, with the emphasis on the latter group. Unlike Savage who mentally "cracks up," Armstrong did not. He moved from group commander to wing commander, to division commander, served in the Pacific, and retired years later as a lieutenant general after serving as the unified commander of the Alaskan Command. Also, while Savage was with the 918th for a long time, Armstrong's stay with both of his groups was short. He commanded the 97th for about two months and the 306th for only six weeks. Armstrong, like the fireman, put a fire out, prevented a re-flash, and then returned to the fire house to await the next alarm.

crew in October 1944. Those attending the reunion can pick up their copies, which have been provided by the author. Mail orders are \$6 each. Ingram died 24 Jan 2004.

Westgate compiled the information, producing charts and graphs of the information about the 306th and comparing it with 8AF data. His work was done while he was stationed at Maxwell AFB. It makes a significant addition to the narrative history in *First Over Germany*, authored by the Echoes editor and published in 1982.

happen to me in such a short period of time. My heated suit overheated. My oxygen mask filled up. My guns went off without my pressing the triggers down. The turret wouldn't stay in one place. I couldn't see out the face plate on account of oil splashing back and forth on it. I thought the ball turret was going to be ripped off the airplane, by the steel straps dangling around it.

He looked at me. Then he asked quizzically, "How did you get into the Air Force?" "With an application procured from 8th Air Force Headquarters in Bovington, England."

"How'd you get to the 306th?"

"By truck from the 8th Air Force replacement depot", I said caustically.

He spun around, and disappeared into the radio room.

The remaining crewmen just stood and looked at me for a couple of minutes. The waist gunner said, "Hey you told him off in a nice way. He's an all right guy, but sometimes he thinks he's General Eaker."

The tail gunner finally came out from the

tail, saying, "Hey Robison, you scared hell out of that Folke Wolfe, when he saw those tracers arching in."

I relaxed. "Yeah, I shoot better when I'm not aiming, and pushing the triggers down."

After we parked on the hard stand, and were waiting for the trucks to pick us up, I walked over to Major Salada, saluted him, and said, "Major, because of my stature I've played second fiddle all my life. Now that there is a war going on, and Mickey Rooney, Clark Gable, Robert Young, and dozens of other celebrities have picked their service, I've picked mine. I intend to fight this war from the tail end of a B-17. I am comfortable with that."

"Please don't ever ask me to fly in the ball turret again."

Major Salada laughed and said, "I got the message loud and clear, when you tried to shoot us down over Bremen."

The whole crew got a good laugh about this remark. Me too.

Registration, Program Overview for Omaha



Albert McMahan, immediate past president, presents our gift of 306th Mission Report Files to the 8th AF Museum at Savannah, GA.

There is a registration form on the last page that will help you move around Omaha when the 1-5 November dates have arrived.

From a distance it appears that some of the transportation things will be free or at a very low charge for you, your spouse or guest, and others of your family who may appear then.

Roy Connolly, who is the chairman of this Omaha event, and others among the officers and directors are looking forward to seeing you there. And, as the April issue of Echoes will give us a bit more time to get everything arranged, you may see some developments in the July and September issues before it all shakes out.

It's probably a good season for many of us to look back at the reunions we have attended and to think about the great times that been generated with old friends and which have extended into new friends whom you may have never known before.

It's always interesting to observe the crew cohesion that is still evident. Now my crew didn't have much cohesion except in combat situations, but we have all seen many crews who

have enjoyed these situations as long as most of them lived.

We expect people to arrive in many cases on Wednesday, 1 November, with a buffet meal that evening. Thursday morning will also be more of a registration scene. At 10 in the morning officers and directors will come together to scope out the entire event.

Thursday afternoon there will be chances to visit the Joslyn Art Museum, or the Henry Doorly Zoo, or to explore the Old Market. "Wheels" for these things will be provided through the hotel at no charge.

Friday is SAC day, the only time for sure that we will have to pay for our bus transportation. This will be about \$10. On the Friday evening there will be a buffet dinner, with sing-alongs and renditions by the River City Ragtime Band.

At 10 Saturday morning there will be annual meeting for all members of the association. Saturday evening will be annual banquet time in the hotel, with entertainment by Leonard Eby and his four-man combo, playing dinner music and for dancing.

Early Praise Given to Crews Raiding Submarine Pens

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer
(See map on page 7)

American air crews who had to fight their way home from Wilhelmshaven through swarms of Nazi fighter planes found the skies over Brest, German U-boat base in France, strangely free of Luftwaffe opposition.

The raids Friday (on Wilhelmshaven) and Saturday (on Brest) provided the second instance in which some Eighth Air Force combat units have raided enemy territory on successive days. The last time was on Dunkirk and St. Nazaire.

Crews of the Fortresses and Liberators who struck at Brest in daylight Saturday reported seeing "no more than five Huns at one time". Credit for the opportunity to make deadly bombing runs with no appreciable opposition other than flak was given to the escorting squadrons of RAF and Allied Spitfires who, in relays, covered the entire mission.

Closest Call

The crew of 1st Lt. William Casey, of Red Bank, NJ, had the closest call of the Brest

raid. Flying in the Fortress "Little Audrey", because their own ship, "Banshee", had been damaged over Wilhelmshaven, they ran into trouble ten minutes from the objective. No. 4 engine started spouting oil and smoking.

"We were in the lead formation," T/Sgt. Wilson C. Elliott, of Detroit, said. "The engine was smoking, but Lt. Casey didn't feather the prop because the minute you do that German fighters know you are in trouble and start concentrating on you."

T/Sgt. Parley D. Small, veteran tail gunner from Packwood, Iowa, said that the whole crew thought they were done for.

"Our formation passed us and we were left alone until the next group came over. They passed us. We were going pretty slow with only three engines."

Wouldn't Turn Back

"Lt. Casey wouldn't turn back with a load of bombs that close to the target— not Casey," Sgt. Elliott said. "Finally, after our run on the target, the last group in the formation came along and slowed down to protect us on the trip home."

"The Spitfires arrived about then and we began to feel a lot better," Elliott concluded.

Last night Lt. Casey took time off to visit the field where the protecting bombers were stationed just to thank them personally for himself and his crew.

Other members of the crew, known as the "One a Minute Men," ever since one raid on which they are credited with having shot down seven planes, are: 2nd Lt. William H. Owens, Tullahoma, Tenn., navigator; T/Sgt. Thurman H. Ray, Loveland, Col., ball turret; Sgt. Reginald G. Harris, Houston, Tex., waist gunner; S/Sgt. Joseph R. Borzym, Chicago, waist gunner; S/Sgt. Morris J. Gecowets, Mark Center, Ohio; radio operator.

1st Lt. William Wilton Biggs, of Onyka, Miss., a Fortress navigator, commented on the absence of enemy fighters. "There was nothing to it," he reported. "I didn't see a single fighter plane either on the way in or on the way out from the target. We had an uninterrupted run."

Not all the ships were unscratched. 1st Lt. Craig Harwood, of Highwood, Ill., pilot of the Fortress "Tally-Ho", in the lead formation, said his plane caught flak in the wings and stabilizer.

Souvenir of Flak

S/Sgt. Ray H. Erikson, of Chicago, had a piece of flak as a souvenir.

"This came ripping up through the fuselage," he explained, "and buried itself in the ammunition can right behind Ed. He had a close one and never knew it." Ed is the other waist gunner, Sgt. Edward Zabawa, of Cleveland.

Praising the efforts of the Spitfire support, 2nd Lt. R. H. Smith, of La Mesa, Texas, said, "I saw a lone Focke Wulf, far off, but even that disappeared without making a pass at us."

Another gunner, S/Sgt. William S. Buchanan, of Unionville, Pa., said he saw the sky "filled with bombs as the Forts let go over the target. I saw some nice hits. If they were not all on the target they were close enough to do plenty of damage."

S/Sgt. Freel L. Colvard, of West Jefferson, N.C., a waist gunner, said "Everything went smoothly. Except for a few bursts of white flak over the target I saw no enemy opposition."

More details of the Wilhelmshaven raid were disclosed AS combat crews discussed the mission.

Update on George Roberts and His Reactions

Dear Russ,

The Echoes for this past July was especially meaningful to me. It brought back so many memories of my days at Thurleigh. The color pictures of the B17s were fantastic and really something to have at a time when color pictures were almost unknown. Then these items caught my eye:

1. The photo of Colonel Robert Williams who was the group operations officer in 1943-44. I was privileged to fly with him one day on a local flight to an RAF airfield just south of London. He flew mighty low and got away with it. On the return, one engine conked out, but no problem. Then about thirty minutes from Thurleigh another engine on the same side started running rough and he had to feather the prop. He then advised us that he would need to land at Thurleigh with those two engines out and told me to contact the base to advise them to have emergency crews standby. A few minutes later he called me on the interphone to ask that Thurleigh have a good camera crew out to film the landing. He said it could be interesting. Needless to say he made a good landing with no problems, but he sure had the crew worried for awhile.

2. Then there was the notice that Cecil Brooks, 367th RO died this past May. How well I recall Cecil who was in our Nissen hut. I got there early in September of 43 and

he had already flown a few missions when I arrived. He was a quiet reserved person who did not talk a lot. He told me he just wanted to get the tour completed and get back home. Unfortunately he got shot down on October 8th on a trip to Bremen and spent the rest of the war as a POW. That was my first mission and I remember his plane getting hit and go down. I had heard nothing further until I read of his death in Echoes.

3. The death of Charles Vondracheck, 367th engineer. For my first five missions our pilot Lt. Cospers flew as the copilot with Capt. Kirk as pilot. On mission #6 Cospers was promoted to pilot and our enlisted crew were supposed to continue to fly with him for the rest of our tour; however at the last minute, Capt. Reecher, 367th Ops Officer advised us that he felt we should stay on with Kirk and an experienced crew of enlisted men would be assigned to Cospers. Vondracheck as engineer was one of those experienced Em's. On Cospers first mission as pilot he hit the thunderhead over England. The plane crashed, exploded and he was killed. Vondracheck and all the rest of the crew bailed out safely. When I saw Charles back at the base he was not a happy warrior and said we should have stayed with Cospers. Forty-eight years later the town of Princess Risborough erected a monument in Cospers' honor for giving up his life to save the town. The brochure describing the event has Cospers' picture on the front page. A

picture of the crew is on page seven and guess what? It is the crew which left Cospers and was reassigned to Kirk. I am on the crew picture even though we did not even fly with him that fateful day.

4. I read of the death of a Howard C. Frombaugh, May 2005 in Johnstown, PA. That was my home until I went into the service in 1942 and I remember the boy from school. I did not know he was even in the 8th AF and have not seen him since 1941 even though I returned to Johnstown after the war and lived there for several years.

5. The story about Katrina even intrigued me. I could not believe I wrote it and thought you would do a pretty thorough blue pencil job on it. I received several contacts about it, one who was the radio operator on Rose of York for several missions before she was listed as missing. He flew on that raid to Berlin, but to his good fortune he was assigned to another plane for that mission. He related that the Rose bombed the target but never made it back to Thurleigh. He last saw the plane just as they were approaching the North Sea.

Sadly, I will not be able to attend the group reunion this year. After waiting all year for cochlear implant, the VA hospital at Birmingham, AL has advised me that the surgery will be October 26th so I will be out

of action for awhile. It will take about six weeks for the wound to heal and then I will go back for the fitting of the processor.

Norma has improved and can now stand and walk. She is on pain medication for stenosis and really needs additional back surgery but the neurosurgeon says due to her physical condition and medical history further surgery is no longer an option.

Our church has taken on the Katrina relief work through next summer and I have signed on to continue to help the volunteers with feeding, housing etc. Starting October 1st we will be having about 75 workers a week coming from all over the country. The pay is zilch, but the rewards are great. We still have many homes that haven't been touched.

I would like to go back to Bedford one more time; I have never seen the museum. It will not be this year and right now I can make no predictions as to its happening.

Thank you for all you have done on behalf of the 306th Bomb Group. I have never seen a unit paper come even close to Echoes, nor a bomb group so well organized as ours.

George



Headquarters Types Front row: T/Sgt Jack Bartlett, clerk to ground exec; T/Sgt. George Lovelady, Group Sgt. Major. Back row: Cpl. Jack Parker, personnel; S/Sgt. Miles Kontich, Group operations; M/Sgt. Samuel Cobb, original Gp Sgt. Major, to OCS, ret. & was briefly as statistical officer, to 1BDiv; T/Sgt James Cleveland, Personnel Sgt. Maj; Sgt. Charles Saunders, Personnel clerk. Survivors out of this group are George Lovelady, who supplied this picture, and Miles Kontich.



Oliver Smith's 367th aircraft in miserable weather on its way back from a mission to Cognac, France. Nine other planes landed away from Thurleigh and this plane finally got to the ground at Stevanage, England. It was its 19th day as a 306th plane, and in landing its copilot, Ellis J. Andras, was killed.



We can't identify this late model 17-G, as foam was splashed all over by the Thurleigh fire fighting unit. It appears to have been in the #1 engine.

A Bad Day Over Germany
11 January, 1944

Billy Casseday was flying this 369th ship on the big mission to Halberstadt, an industrial city in mid-Germany. A big fighter attack disrupted the flight of our planes and we lost several. Robert Crowley, Casseday regular copilot was badly wounded as the Luftwaffe went after the "wounded" planes in our formation. Casseday landed his plane at Horsham St. Faith, a British field.



Marines Lost Poise on Way Through Security

It wasn't the city of "brotherly" love for a trio of Marine noncommissioned officers escorting the body of a fallen Marine through the Philadelphia airport.

Each decked in their blue dress uniforms, the three enlisted Marines made their way through a security checkpoint at the Philadelphia International Airport about noon on May 3 when they were pulled aside by security workers with the Federal Transportation Safety Administration.

The Marines - a sergeant and two corporals - were escorting the body of Sgt. Lea R. Mills from Dover Air Force Base, Del., to his family in Gulfport, Miss. Mills, who was married and lived in Oceanside with his wife, was killed in Iraq on April 28 by a roadside bomb. He was one of three leathernecks killed that day in Iraq's Anbar province.

They were brothers-in-arms. Like Mills, the Marine escorts are members of the Camp Pendleton-based 3rd Assault Amphibian Battalion.

The trio had to go through the terminal's security in order to reach their flight that would take them to Houston and make sure that Mills' body was properly placed on the airplane. While their uniforms likely would trigger the metal detector, they had figured they would be able to zip through the screening process and get on with their business.

"Wearing the blues, the metal detector is going to go off," said Sgt. John Stock, a mechanic, who was accompanied by Cpls. Aaron Bigalk and Jason Schadeburg.

But as the Marines went through the initial screener in their dress blues, they were stopped by several TSA agents. Each was told to remove their dress uniform blouse, belt and black dress shoes, which were scanned by the detector, as the agents scanned them with hand-held detecting wands.

"They had me take off my shoes and ran them through the screening," Stock said, speaking by phone May 5 from Gulfport, where the men are helping with Mills' family and funeral support. "We all got searched." Then they were taken to a nearby room, where TSA workers patted them down.

At one point, Stock's shoes disappeared, leaving him to frantically search for them and retrieve them from a TSA agent. Separated from their belongings, which included the flag that they bore that would drape Mills' casket for the rest of the journey home, they worried about getting to the gate in time to ensure his safe placement in the airplane.

Time, it seemed like a half-hour clicked by. "I was like, hey, we need to be on the tarmac," Stock recalled. "It just took longer than it should have had to take."

The agents said nothing to explain why all three were singled out for additional search and the Marines didn't protest. "We were just trying to get there as quick as we could," he added.

In all, it was a humiliating experience that left them angry.

"They could probably tell that I was pissed off," said Stock, who noted that he's never encountered that kind of search when going through airport security in uniform.

"I understand if I was in civilian clothes. But with what we were wearing and what we were doing ...," he said, noting that "we had the flag with us."

A call into TSA's public affairs office in the D.C. area was not returned as of press time.

"The Marine Corps is currently cooperating with (TSA) to resolve this matter," the command said in statement issued May 5 and provided by 2nd Lt. Lawton King, a 1st Marine Division spokesman at Camp Pendleton.

EVOLUTION OF THE AIR FORCE

From its very beginnings, America's air arm seemed destined for numerous transformations until it finally achieved independence as a separate service. This evolution included name changes as well as insignia changes.

Aeronautical Division, U.S. Army Signal Corps
Aug. 1, 1907-July 18, 1914

Aviation Section, U.S. Signal Corps
July 18, 1914-May 20, 1918

Air Service
May 21, 1918-July 2, 1926

Air Corps
July 2, 1926-June 20, 1941

Army Air Forces
June 20, 1941-Sept. 18, 1947

U.S. Air Force
Sept. 18, 1947



Hyman Goldberg checks out a damaged vertical stabilizer after return from a battle with flak and fighters.

A Lesson for Leaders

Our faith in, and our willingness to follow, our many leaders has been at a low ebb for long enough. We should be looking for ways out of the slump. Dusting off the old saw about past being prologue, we suggest taking another look at the lessons by example that are presented so vividly and forcefully in a movie that premiered 50 years ago—*Twelve O'clock High*. Remember it? Don't worry about dating yourself if you saw it when it first came out in 1949. It continues to play on TV today.

I had seen this movie as an action-packed, exciting adventure of aerial combat when I was in high school. Lots of action. Lots of excitement. Lots of airplanes. I was so interested in the airplanes and action as the U.S. Eighth Air Force bombed German targets in World War II Europe and was mauled in turn by defending fighters and "ack-ack" that the most important message of the film eluded me.

The second time I saw the movie was not for fun. It was required viewing as part of leadership training when I was going through the U.S. Air Force aviation cadet program in the mid-1950s. That is when I was introduced to the real message of *Twelve O'Clock High*. Some 40 years later, the film is still used in training. The ROTC course syllabus calls it "a classic and accurate portrayal of the problems of leadership in a combat situation."

As the story opens, things were tough for the Allied bombing effort. The Eighth Air Force daylight bombing campaign had not yet reached into the heartland of Germany, and morale was starting to sag. Washington was getting impatient, and the British—who were bombing at night, when it was safer although less accurate—were pressuring the Americans to give up daylight bombing entirely.

Our instructor pointed out—and replayed more than we thought necessary to get the point across—the focal point of the whole story, the part where Maj. Gen. Ira Eaker, Eighth Air Force, restored the flagging discipline and fighting spirit of one particularly ineffective bomb group based in England by recognizing that the problem was a leader who had lost sight of the unit's objectives. Without hesitation, Eaker made a command decision. He relieved the group commander on the spot, without being a jerk about it by putting

the guy down unnecessarily, with the classic line, "Chip, you'd better get your things and go back with me." He then told another officer who had accompanied him: "Frank, you're in command. I'll send your clothes down."

Ask anyone who has had to personally, face-to-face, fire one person who couldn't hack it and replace him or her right there with another one. Chances are they will agree it is about the toughest thing a supervisor can do.

Many in positions of leadership wriggle out of it by doing nothing and letting the situation worsen. Or they pass it on to someone else to do the dirty

work, or wait until they can give it to a successor—who may be replacing them because they couldn't do the tough part of their job.

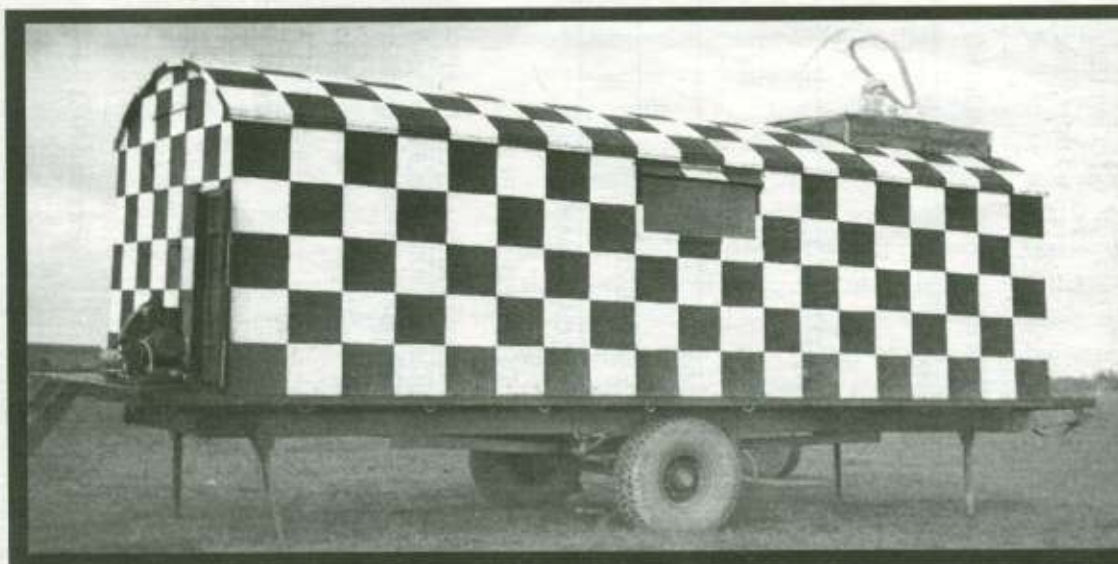
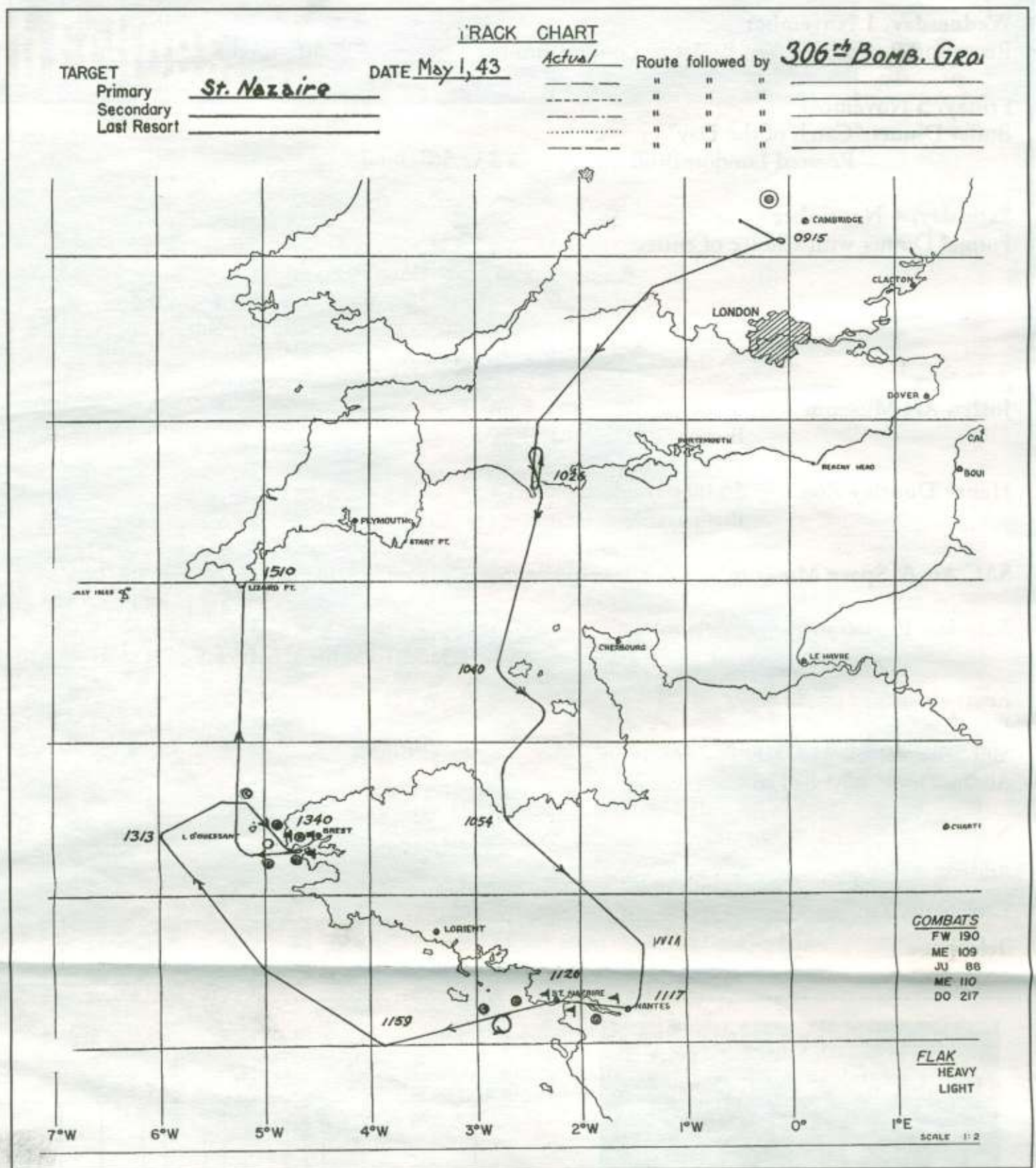
Now, I know that we can't just march our leaders into a classroom and force them to watch *Twelve O'Clock High*. But we can keep an eye on cable TV reruns and encourage them to watch it, emphasizing that they need to see it because of the leadership lessons it offers, because today's leaders need to restore our badly battered faith in them.

In the movie, the new group commander followed through with his reorganization of the bomb group, molding

the unit into one with better focus, better morale and a better fighting spirit that paid off with better results and fewer casualties. There are many parallels to today that can be gleaned from it.

It's still a great movie to watch, and it continues to be a part of Air Force leadership training classes. Watching it with the awareness that there are subliminal leadership messages peppered throughout can be helpful to any supervisor—government, military or corporate—or a potential replacement for a failing supervisor.

- *Aviation History* September 1999



This caravan was placed near the end of the main runway at Thurleigh so that takeoffs could be observed in a southwesterly direction and the tower personnel could be informed as to when the most recent takeoff had been completed. Wayne Stellich, a reunion regular expected at Omaha, was a frequent spotter for takeoff. That's Wayne at the upper right end of the trailer.

On occasion, the caravan was struck by low flying planes. Wayne was observant of activity and on the spur of the moment may himself have taken a dive out of harm's way.

Wednesday, 1 November

Reception Buffet: Chicken Breast or London Broil _____ x \$37.50 total \$ _____

Friday, 3 November

Buffet Dinner "Catch of the Day" or
Roasted London Broil _____ x \$37.50 total \$ _____

Saturday, 4 November

Formal Dinner with Choice of entree:
_____ Pan Seared Atlantic Salmon x \$45.00 _____
_____ Roast Prime Rib _____
Grand Total for dinners \$ _____

Activities

Joslyn Art Museum \$7.00 payable at Museum
Bus payable at boarding

Henry Doorley Zoo \$6.00 payable at Zoo
Bus payable at boarding

SAC Air & Space Museum Bus Transportation _____ x \$10 _____

Reunion Registration (per person) _____ x \$25 _____
Grand Total for activities \$ _____

Reservations and checks to:
Roy Connally
509 Seward Park Ave. NE
Albuquerque, NM 87123

Registration Deadline is October 18, 2006

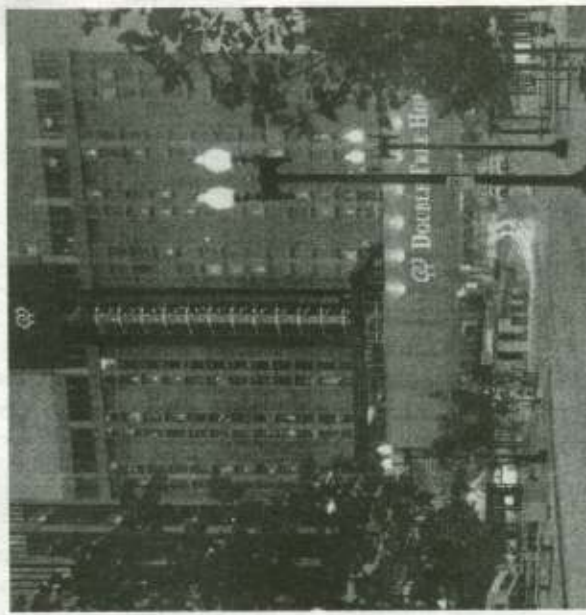
Name _____ Sqdn _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____
Telephone _____

Charles R. Lemon, a navigator on James Butler's crew from February-April 1945, writes a note...

"to thank you and let you know how much your efforts are appreciated. I have used 306th Echoes to encourage more respect for history from my children and grandchildren. The unity and courage we showed during the forties was certainly a light to the nations."



Image from www.jesuspaintings.com



Doubletree Hotel Omaha • Downtown

- Complimentary Transportation to and from the Airport and the Old Market Area
- Warm Chocolate Chip Cookies Upon Arrival
- Indoor Heated Pool, Sauna, & Fitness Center
- Signatures Restaurant Serving Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner, or Room Service
- City Center Pub Located in the Lobby with Your Favorite Cocktails and Appetizers
- Located near the Historic Old Market, Henry Doorly Zoo, and the Joslyn Art Museum

306 Bomb Group

November 1, 2006 – November 5, 2006

RESERVATIONS MUST BE RECEIVED BY Wednesday, October 18, 2006
IN ORDER TO INSURE ROOM AVAILABILITY AT THE GROUP RATE.

PLEASE RESERVE THE FOLLOWING :

1 King Bed \$89.00 2 Queen Beds \$89.00
Triple Rate \$89.00 Quad Rate \$89.00

* Rates are subject to local taxes
NON-SMOKING Adjoining Room with _____

OTHER REQUESTS: SMOKING

NAME 1	ARRIVAL DATE	DEPARTURE DATE
NAME 2	ARRIVAL DATE	DEPARTURE DATE
ADDRESS	PHONE	EXPIRATION DATE
CITY/STATE/ZIP		
CREDIT CARD NAME:		
CREDIT CARD NUMBER:		

NAME AS IT APPEARS ON CARD:
FIRST NIGHTS DEPOSIT OR CREDIT CARD GUARANTEE MUST ACCOMPANY THIS RESERVATION. RESERVATIONS MAY BE CANCELLED UP TO 4:00PM (CENTRAL STANDARD TIME) ON THE DAY OF ARRIVAL WITHOUT PENALTY.

Check in time after 3pm Check out time is 12 Noon

YOU MAY MAIL THIS RESERVATION FORM OR CALL US DIRECT

MENTION THAT YOU ARE WITH **306 Bomb Group**

TO RECEIVE THE SPECIAL RATE!!!

DOUBLETREE HOTEL OMAHA • DOWNTOWN
ATTN. RESERVATIONS
1616 DODGE STREET
OMAHA, NE 68102

Phone (402) 346-7600 / 1-800-766-1164/ Fax (402) 346 - 5722