

306th Echoes



306th Bombardment Group Association

306th Historical Group Set

New 'Black Thursday' Memorial

Jim Vaught, 369th, is pictured standing behind the wreath and plaque unveiled last Oct. 14 at the Air Museum, Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio.

This was an event which has significance for a lot of 306th men. Others from the 306th there that day at Wright-Pat were Ken McCaleb/367th, Howard Turner/423rd, and Ernest Gilbert/369th.

As the enlargement of the plaque shows, this event commemorated "Black Thursday", Oct. 14, 1943, when the 306th lost 10 planes and 100 men over Schweinfurt. With 10 crews lost that day, the 306th had 35 men killed and one who died of wounds.

Eighteen planes took off that morning, with Capt. Charles Schoolfield as the group commander. Three aborted going into enemy territory, 10 were lost and five came home.

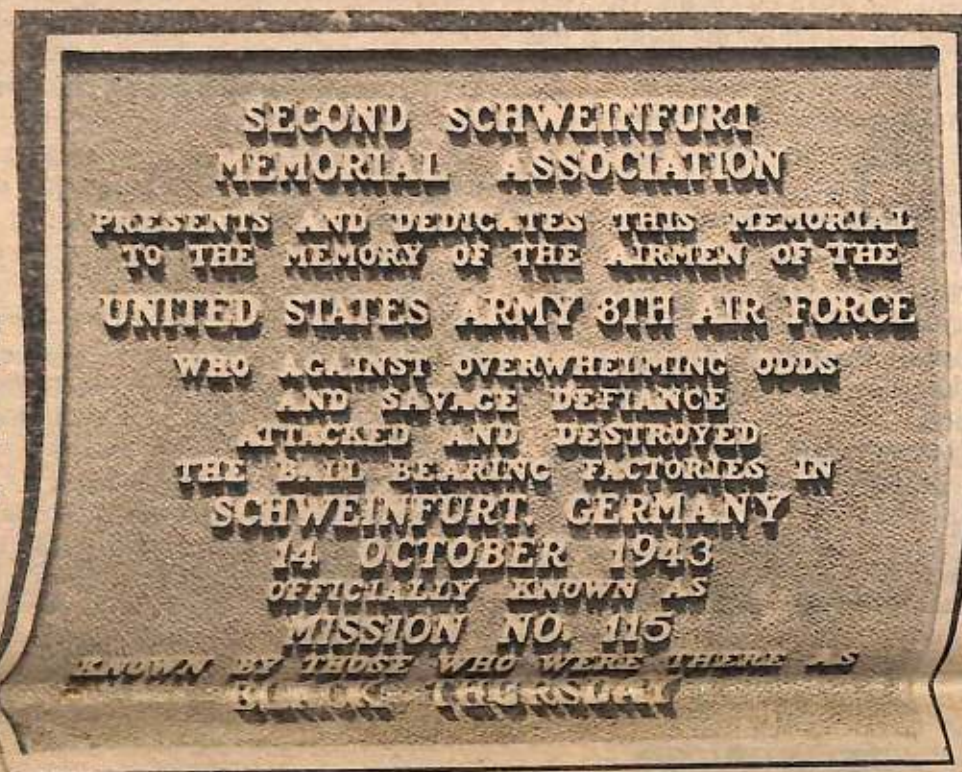
Pilots down that day were: Lt. Richard Butler, Lt. William Bissen and Lt. Douglas H. White, 367th; Lt. George C. Bettinger, Lt. Gustave Holstrom, Lt. William H. Lockyear and Lt. Ralph H. Peters, 369th, and Lt. Vernon K. Cole, Lt. John D. Jackson and Lt. Robert McCallum, 423rd.

Those aborting after entering enemy territory were: Lt. Zias D. Davis, 367th, Lt. Bill Tackmier, 367th and Lt. Charles E. Munger, 423rd. An explosive shell rendered Davis' plane severely damaged.

Besides Schoolfield, his deputy Lt. J. P. Noack completed the mission, as did Lt. William S. Kirk/367th, Lt. Kenneth Bickett/423rd, and Lt. Virgil H. Jeffries/423rd.

Kirk's plane was severely damaged, with numerous hits from 20mm cannon shells recorded. Schoolfield's plane was classed as seriously damaged, with 20mm, .303 and flak damage; with the other three also classed as seriously damaged. Probably Noack's and Jeffries' planes had the least damage.

William L. Threatt (Jeffries) was



Papers Filed, Officers Set, To Aid Study

In order to make possible the finishing of research on the projected history of the 306th Bomb Group, which Russ Strong has been working on for several years, a 306th Bomb Group Historical Association has been formed.

The purpose of the Association is to provide a vehicle for collecting funds from contributors, using what is needed for research and putting the rest into publication of the book, which is now in the writing stage.

The Association has been formed under the laws of the State of North Carolina as a non-profit corporation, and presently non-profit status is being sought from the Internal Revenue Service so that contributions can be tax deductible. This matter is now in negotiation.

Legal work for the corporation was handled by Arthur Vann, 367, Durham, NC, attorney.

The initial officers of the association are Ralph E. Bordner, 368, East Peoria, IL, president; Russell A. Strong, 367, Laurinburg, NC, vice president and treasurer, and William M. Collins, Jr., 369, Poland, OH, secretary.

Contributions have initially been solicited from a selected group of 306th people, and now total nearly \$2,000. Those persons contributing \$100 or more will automatically receive a copy of the completed history.

It is hoped that in excess of \$5,000 can be raised, to assure that research can be completed. With funds available at this writing Strong is planning a trip to California where he hopes to interview about 40 former members of the 306th in a two-week period, to be followed by a week of intensive study of 306th records at the Air University, Maxwell AFB, AL.

Persons wishing to contribute to the Association in any amount should make their checks payable to the 306th Bomb Group Historical Association, and send them to Strong, Rt. 1, Turnpike Rd., Laurinburg, NC 28352.

Mini-meet Planned for Colorado

The weekend of Oct. 19-21 has been set for a 306th mini-reunion at Colorado Springs, CO.

Plans are being made by Andy Vangalis and Joe Marciano for this event, to be held at the Four Season Motor Inn in Colorado Springs.

Vangalis and Marciano are hopeful that this will attract many people who will not be able to make it to the 306th-8th AF bash planned for the following weekend at Phoenix, as well as attracting retirees and vacationers who may plan to drive that way and want to arrive in the area a week earlier.

(Some details on the Phoenix reunion will be found on page 8 of this issue.)

Room rates at Four Seasons are \$32 single and \$38 double per night.

We will carry more details in the August issue of Echoes, but in the meantime if you want to learn more, call Vangalis at 303/772-0482, or Marciano at 303/597-0825.



Schweinfurt

(From page 1)

credited with a FW 190 destroyed and another damaged. James S. Porter (Jeffries) was credited with a JU88. Both Threatt and Porter were hospitalized with wounds.

Lt. Dudley W. Fay (Noack's navigator) was credited with an ME 109.

Robert J. Conley (Schoolfield) got an FW 190, after having his left hand blown off by a 20mm shell. His fellow waist gunner, Bert Perlmutter, put on a tourniquet and Conley went back to his gun to get the victory.

Daniel J. Antonelli (Kirk) got an ME 109 from his tailgunner spot. On a later mission Antonelli was credited with four planes in one day, a 306th record.

Duncan J. Williams (Noack) got an FW 190 from his ball turret.

In first reports the 306th was credited with four victories, but later had six scored.

The big question remains as to how many those on the other 10 planes got that day before succumbing.

Although dropping only 30 bombs on the primary target that day, the 306th had the best circular error record, with 1920 feet for 16 bombs that were identified as 306th.

The Group was "stood down" the next day.

(While Historian Strong has rather complete records on this particular raid, he would appreciate any additional information that participants may have, or observations from others who were waiting at Thurleigh for their return.)

The Second Schweinfurt Association, which sponsored the plaque and ceremony, is seeking members.

Vaughter is secretary-chaplain, and can be reached at 4602 Walnut Avenue, Carmichael, CA 95608. Annual dues are \$10.

Their next reunion will be held Oct. 14, 1980, at Ft. Lauderdale, FL.

(Ed. Note: The recent book, "Decision Over Schweinfurt" by Thomas M. Coffy has been widely praised. We are puzzled by the fact that there is so little mention of the 306th, and that Coffy does not list among those interviewed a single combat crewman from the 306th that day.)

(Also telling the story of 14 Oct. 1943, is Martin Caidin's book, "Black Thursday", published in 1960 by E.P. Dutton and in paperback by Ballentine Books. Only Conley and Perlmutter are mentioned by name in this account.)

(The 17 Aug. 1943 raid to Schweinfurt is covered in "Double Strike" by Edward Jablonski, published in 1974 by Doubleday. Don't look for much on the 306th in this, either.)



Published occasionally by the 306th Bomb Group Association.

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Each issue is prepared and printed in Laurinburg, NC, and editorial contributions are welcomed and should be sent to the editor. Mailing is from Poland, OH, and new addresses, changes and deletions should be sent to the contact man.

THURLEIGH REPORT

Who Remembers 'Maureen's' Last Name?

Many of you will remember the delights of Thurleigh in the winter, the sea of mud, the frost, the snow blowing across the field and into your huts, the rain dripping down your collars and up your sleeves, and the damp cold that seemed to get into your very bones. Well, we have just enjoyed another such winter here on the airfield, but today the sun is shining through my office window, the snow has melted and it looks as if Spring must be just around the corner.

And, of course, in Spring the veterans thoughts turn lightly to the possibility of returning to have a look at the old base once more, which brings me to an important bit of information. As most of you know, Thurleigh is now a government airfield covered by strict security, therefore we MUST have at least five days notice if you want to have permission to come in and look around the old base. You will remember that Wing Commander Rigg and myself were the two folks you could contact last year, but now Wg/Cdr Rigg has taken up another command so, please, if you wish to visit your old base, write to me at my home address: Keith Paull, 2 The Lodge, High St, Clapham, Beds, Mk41 6AJ, England, giving me the names of your party and when you would like to come and I will arrange the security clearance and act as your host for the day. If possible try to allow yourself a whole afternoon at least for your visit because nostalgia takes more time to be enjoyed than you might imagine!

Probably this is as good a place as any to remind you all that June and I like to think of ourselves as Friends of 306, and if there is anything at all we can do over here for any of you guys, like taking photos, hunting out old friends, or anything, well, please just drop us a line and it really is our pleasure to try to help if we possibly can.

Well now, my plea for information about WEARY BONES in the last issue of ECHOES brought several replies for which we are very grateful, and we hope to put all of you WEARY BONES in touch with each other and with the lady who as a little girl used to sit and dream in the scrapped fuselage of your ship. Another problem has come up, however, and that is it seems there were two WEARY BONES, one maybe a replacement for the other! We don't know which of the two ships we are trying to trace but we think it might be the first one, which seemed as if it might have been scrapped in early '44, so please, can anyone help us further?

Now on to another cry for assistance. By an odd coincidence, at the same time that the story of SWEET PEA was published in the ECHOES, June and I had a story about the same girl written up in the BEDFORDSHIRE TIMES in the hope that someone might be able to tell us a little more. For something like two years now June and I have been trying to track down little Maureen because we think she might like to once more get into contact with all those foster-fathers she had in the 367th Sqdn, and I guess many of you feel the same way about her. We have tried several different channels for information but they all say that just a little girl called Maureen who was orphan adopted by a baseload of American Uncles back in 1942 just isn't enough for them to work on. So, please, can I call on you all once again to scour your memories and see if you can remember anything which might help us look for her. Does anyone remember her surname, what orphanage she came from, or, better still, are any of the men who actually did the formalities in adopting her now in the Association? Please, if anyone can offer any help, we would be very grateful.

I am sure that your editor must have other and more important material for this issue of the ECHOES so I had better close this letter from Thurleigh wishing you all well and looking forward to meeting several of you this coming summer.

Planes and Pilots of 2nd Schweinfurt

306th planes taking off on the Schweinfurt raid of 14 Oct 43. All were B-17F models, except 42-37720, a "G".

Plane #	Sqdn	Pilot	Disposition of a/c
42-3169	369	John P. Noack	To RAF, 3 Feb 44
42-3301	367	William S. Kirk	
42-29971	423	Virgil K. Cole	down 14 Oct 43
42-30175	367	Richard Butler	down 14 Oct 43
42-30199	369	George C. Bettinger	down 14 Oct 43
42-30603	423	Virgil H. Jeffries	down 26 Nov 43
42-30707	369	Gustave Holmstrom	down 14 Oct 43
42-30710	423	John D. Jackson	down 14 Oct 43
42-30714	423	Kenneth Bickett	Crashed in England 1 Dec 43
42-30727	367	William Bissen	down 14 Oct 43
42-30728	367	Zias D. Davis	Aborted down 25 Feb 44
42-30767	367	J. W. Tackmier	Aborted
42-30779	369	Willard Lockyear	down 14 Oct 43
42-30782	369	Charles Schoolfield	down 11 Jan 44
42-30811	369	Ralph H. Peters	down 14 Oct 43
42-30812	423	Charles Munger	Aborted To RAF 21 Jan 44
42-30813	423	Robert McCallum	down 14 Oct 43
42-37720	367	Douglas H. White	down 14 Oct 43



'Sis', flown by Capt. Charles Schoolfield, led the second Schweinfurt raid. This is a part of his regular crew, including, front, left to right: Joe Stoner, top turret; Bruce Hardy, ball turret; Bert Perlmutter (who furnished the picture), right waist; Bob Conley, left waist; second row: Hank Somers, tail; Lt. Robert Fallow, co-pilot; Schoolfield; Lt. John Mazanek, navigator; Lt. Joe Kelly, bombardier. Vic Stevens was the regular radio operator.

Escape from Germany by 306th POW

Glenn Loveland's Incredible Saga

Glen Loveland arrived at Thurleigh 4 May 1943 as a gunner on the crew of 1st Lt. William H. Marcotte, and assigned to the 423rd squadron. Other crews arriving on the same orders were those of 1st Lt. Dinwiddie Fuhrmeister and 1st Lt. Gaylord Ritland 367th, and 1st Lt. Jim P. Leach 423rd. Marcotte's crew was shot down 13 June 1943 over Bremen. Loveland's account appears below, as told to 15th Air Force interrogators following his escape from Germany. In the summer of 1944 Loveland came back to Thurleigh, and then was assigned to tell about escape to 8th Air Force crews in England, until illness ended this activity. He now lives in Ashtabula, Ohio.

(Sgt. Loveland's story begins on Sunday morning, June 13, 1943, over the submarine pens at Bremen, Germany, the target assigned to the Fortress group of which he was a member.)

Immediately after bombs away I heard a loud "WHROOMP" and felt the plane shudder. I knew right then and there we were hit badly so I wasted no time in climbing out of my ball turret, and up into the waist where I learned that all our controls were shot out and we'd have to abandon the ship. The pilot trimmed up the ship and gave the order to bail out.

The flak was still coming up all around us when I jumped. My chute opened with a jerk and twisted me around just in time to see my co-pilot leave the airplane. Seconds after his body emerged from the bomb bay he was enveloped in a burst of flak and I figured he was killed instantly. His body was found later and though it was unrecognizable, we were able to identify him by his dog tags.

I saw eight other chutes come from the plane before it crashed and burst into flames just outside the city.

I realized that I wouldn't have much opportunity to evade capture when I hit the ground so I threw away my automatic while I was descending. When I reached the ground, five farmers armed with pitchforks were waiting for me. I made no attempt to get away, but tried to indicate that I wanted to be taken prisoner. Three of the men wanted to kill me on the spot with their forks, but they were restrained by the other two men who wanted to turn me over to the military. Five minutes later a German vehicle, driven by a German officer, approached across the field and at the same time I saw my pilot being brought in under guard from another direction.

The officer immediately searched us, confiscating our watches, money and escape kits. We were taken to a staff office about two kilometers outside of the city of Bremen and only a short distance from where we had landed. Here we were joined by six other members of our crew who had descended safely.

Six or seven German officers in the staff office immediately began hitting, cuffing, and slapping us, even jabbing us with their rifle butts. We didn't suffer any real injuries and apparently the attack was made in a spiteful rage because our bombing had been so successful. This session lasted for about

an hour and a half and then we were forced to strip and submit to a detailed search at the end of which we were loaded into a truck and taken to a prison somewhere in Bremen.

The cells were very clean and we stayed here for about four hours. Then we were taken to another and similar prison where we remained for the night. In the morning we were taken in a truck to the railway station in Bremen. We attracted considerable attention and one group of civilians approached us making threatening gestures, but the SS troops who were guarding us did not permit them to molest us.

We were taken by train to Frankfurt. We were taken by train to Frankfurt. We were fed by the German Red Cross. The food was sufficient at all times. On arrival we detrained and marched 2 1/2 miles to a prison camp. During the march we created quite a stir among the civilians along the route. Some of the people stoned us, called us names, and made threatening gestures. Some gave us the V for Victory sign.

Our camp was a barbed wire enclosure with a single building into which we were led. The officer in charge explained to us in English that we were to be interrogated and that no harm would come to us if we answered all questions. All our military clothing was taken away and all possessions which had escaped the previous searches were confiscated. We were given receipts for the latter.

Each of us was detained in a cell in solitary confinement until the interrogation which was scheduled for the following day. The cells were very poor. The bed consisted of three plain boards covered with one blanket and no mattress. Toilet facilities were inadequate. Food was very bad — one meal a day. We were awakened at five o'clock in the morning, given ersatz coffee and nothing more. At 2:30 in the afternoon we were given our daily meal, consisting of soup and about a quarter of a loaf of hard, stale bread.

The interrogation on the following day followed the lines of what we had always been told about POW interrogations. The interrogator began by giving me a history of my training and all my duty stations in the United States. For example, the interrogator told me that I had gone to gunnery school at Las Vegas, Nevada, which was correct. He

told me that I had been inducted at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, which was also true. Next he told me the history of my organization in England, what raids we had been on, what losses we suffered, condition of our aircraft, names of key personnel in the organization, and he also told me that an S-2 officer in my group was in league with them and supplied them with this information. He also showed me a roster of personnel in the squadrons, but I didn't recognize any of the names.

The interrogation of all prisoners was exhaustive, but was never conducted in a threatening manner, to my knowledge. They frequently would promise better treatment if we answered the questions, but I made no attempt to lie — gave my name, rank and serial number, and refused to say whether or not the things he had told me were correct. For this reason, I think, my interrogation lasted only eight days. Others were interrogated for up to 14 days. Those who broke down and agreed to talk were usually men who were in weakened physical condition and fearful of what the future might bring. How much information of any value they were able to obtain, I don't know. Each day each prisoner was interrogated by lieutenant officers ranking from first lieutenant to major.

When all of the interrogations had been concluded, we were taken to an English camp about 500 yards distant. The camp consisted of several wooden barracks inside a barbed wire enclosure. The barracks were clean, one-story affairs with ten rooms, each of which accommodated four men. The officers and enlisted men were segregated. Up to this time each of us had been kept in solitary confinement, but now we were permitted to mingle and converse freely. The rooms were furnished with two tables and a chair and four bunks built against the wall. We had one blanket apiece and a mattress was furnished by the German Red Cross. We were fed very well.

At the end of a week the enlisted men were assembled in a group and marched to the railroad station. The officers remained at the camp. At the station we were loaded into filthy 40-and-8 boxcars which had recently been used for transporting cattle. We were packed 50 men to a car and taken on a four-day journey to Moosberg which is approximately 45 kilometers northeast of Munich. The food ration enroute consisted of one loaf of bread and one can of ground beef to each five men and a small slab of margarine apiece. Twice during the trip the train was met by representatives of the German Red Cross who gave us hot soup.

At Moosberg, all nationalities were segregated and confined in separate compounds within the prison camp. The guards were, for the most part, soldiers who had returned from the Russian front and hated all prisoners. They were very brutal. The camp was laid out in the form of a large rectangle with a central street running the length of the area. The street was fenced off



from the compounds by barbed wire. double rows of barbed wire and at each corner were guard towers. Inside the area of each compound there was a trip wire. We were instructed that if we went beyond the trip wire, we would be shot by the guards in the tower. In the American compound the trip wire passed over the edge of the baseball diamond and during baseball games the men would sometimes forget the wire in the excitement of trying to retrieve a long hit. When this happened the guards would immediately fire upon them. It was at such close range that the men were always killed with one shot. While I was at the camp ten Americans were killed in this manner.

Opposite the American compound was the Russian compound. They were given very little food and most of them were starving. At times we would try to throw food across from our area into their compound. When the food would fall short and the men inside, crazed by hunger, would make an attempt to retrieve the food, they would be shot by the guards.

The usual daily ration for the Americans consisted of one slab of margarine about 1/2 inch wide and two inches long, a quarter of a loaf of bread, a bowl of soup, and a small portion of jam every other day. In the morning we were given ersatz coffee.

After one week here, I began to save most of my food and make plans to escape. The food was inadequate, treatment was bad and the entire set-up was unpleasant. I made up my mind I'd get out somehow. I managed to steal a pair of wire cutters from a Freshman and then I awaited my chances.

I picked a foggy night about July 1st to make my first try. While the guard was at the far end of his post I cut the first string of barbed wire. Then I crept back into the shadows and hid. The

guard returned to the end where I was hiding, turned, and began the trip back to the other end. As soon as he was out of earshot, I slipped through the hole, cut the outer wires and squirmed through into the fields beyond.

I remained at large in the fields around Munich for a week and a half, living off the country, stealing what food I could and in general keeping myself as inconspicuous as possible because I was still wearing GI overalls. After reconnoitering the countryside and satisfying myself that it was possible to live off the land, I decided to return to the prison camp and make more extensive preparations. I returned one morning, after a week and a half of freedom, but the guards on duty at the gate ordered me away. I spent nearly a half hour convincing them that I really was an escaped prisoner of war. They finally admitted me, checked my story, found it was true, and put me in solitary confinement for four days as punishment. The guards were very much amused by the incident and couldn't understand why I had returned, which was just as well.

I remained in camp for three weeks collecting a food supply from my Red Cross packages and making more plans. I waited until one morning when the Red Cross truck was in the compound unloading packages. When I got the chance I slipped under the bed of the truck and concealed myself between the chassis and an air compressor. In due time the truck moved out of the compound, but due to my discomfort and precarious position I decided to jump off when the truck slowed down about one kilometer away from camp. I wasn't so fortunate this time and was spotted by a group of civilians who set off a hue and cry. The Red Cross before long I was back in the compound again. This escape brought 10 days of solitary confinement.

After this second bid for freedom, I remained in camp for about a month before I tried again. I was aware that the prisoners in the Serbian compound were mostly elderly men and were not too well guarded. I also understood that they had some tools. I succeeded in bribing the guard on duty at the American compound with ten cigarettes to permit me to enter the main street. Then for an additional ten cigarettes I received permission from the guard on the Serbian compound to enter that area. I was accompanied in this enterprise by a Canadian prisoner. In the Serbian compound we secured an old pair of wire cutters and waited for nightfall.

About midnight, and in the midst of a downpour, we crept out of the compound and reached the first strand of barbed wire. With the first snip the cutters broke, alarming the guard. The floodlights around the area flashed on and both of us were afraid we'd be shot. My companion, paralyzed with fear, remained where he was, flattened out on the ground. I slipped along to the corner of a building and tried to conceal myself, but was discovered and taken into custody by the guard only a few moments after they captured him. We were taken to the main office and the food we had collected for the trip was distributed to the guards. I was pretty much "browned off" to see all that good cheese go to waste. We were both given six days solitary.

While I was "sweating out" this latest punishment, I determined that I would give my captors more trouble if possible. Using some cigarettes that were smuggled in to me by friends I bribed the guard to let me out of the solitary con-

finement cell and into the English compound. My tentative plan was based on information that the English prisoners were under orders to leave for a new prison camp near the Russian front. If I could escape detection and get aboard the train I felt my chances of escaping enroute would be reasonably good.

Shortly after I entered the English compound, however, I heard another rumor which caused me to change my plans, namely, that the American compound was also going to be transferred. I resorted to bribery once more and succeeded in getting a clerk in the main office to transfer my records from the file of escaped prisoners back to the American file. I used the same method to get back to the American compound myself.

On September 15th the Americans were moved. There were approximately 3,200 enlisted American personnel, all of whom had either parachuted or crash-landed on German territory. This time our destination was Krems, Austria. Once again we were herded like cattle into boxcars and began the five-day journey to Krems. I watched for an opportunity to make a break but none presented itself. Bomb damage along the railroad right of way was tremendous and the entire system, even at that time, was in very bad shape. Several times it was necessary to halt the train while new tracks were laid in front of us and I lost count of the number of times the locomotive broke down during the trip. Food during the journey was fairly good, but there was very little of it. What was given to us was furnished by the German Red Cross.

At Krems, the prison camp contained all nationalities, again in separate compounds. Only enlisted personnel of the American compound were in the camp. The camp itself was situated on a mountain about eight kilometers from the city.

Treatment was good and there was sufficient food. German officers in various uniforms mingled with the prisoners in the compound for the purpose of eliciting information. Most of these men were "smooth customers" and generally their tactics consisted of engaging a man in conversation and then leading him into an argument during which items of military information would be painlessly extracted, usually without the subject even being aware of the fact.

By the time two weeks had elapsed, I was once again at work planning my next escape attempt. Information was received in the camp, through the guards and from prisoners who had gone into town to pick up packages, that there were civilians in the area who would aid an escapee. It was a simple task to cut the barbed wire enclosure this time and I slipped out of the camp and struck out for St. Polten. I lost my way, however, and wandered around in the mountains for almost a week before I came to a town which I later learned was Wiener Neustadt. Here I was fortunate enough to contact some French laborers who took me in and gave me food, clothing and maps. I remained with them for only one day and then started out again.

I went as far as Mattersburg, but by this time my food supply had given out and I was afraid I would be unable to continue. I decided to take a chance and seek aid in one of the nearby houses. I selected the house and asked the woman who came to the door for something to eat and a place to sleep. She apparently recognized me as an escapee and told me I could not remain in her home. She summoned a little boy and directed him to take me to a place

where, she informed me, I would be cared for.

She was right. He led me directly to the police station where I was immediately jailed. While I was considering this latest turn of events, a woman entered the jail accompanied by two attractive girls of about 18 years of age. She came to the cell where I was being detained and started a conversation. After asking me numerous questions about conditions in the U. S. and about the events leading up to my capture, she asked me point-blank whether or not I would like to escape again. When I answered in the affirmative she promised to return and help me.

She returned later in the afternoon with a shovel which she passed in to me, I presume she had taken care of the other necessary details because when the jailer left he unlocked the door and threw me a knowing wink. That night there was only one elderly guard on duty and long before midnight he was sound asleep. I left the cell as quietly as possible and walked into the courtyard surrounding the jail. There was a wall enclosing the courtyard, but I put the shovel to good use and managed to break a hole large enough to crawl through. Once again I was free.

I set out for the Hungarian border and reached it without incident. At the border I encountered some miners who showed no particular interest in me. They gave me some food and told me I was now in Hungary. Encouraged by their apparent indifference I told them that I was an escaped prisoner of war and was trying to get back to the American forces. This proved to be a bad mistake for one man in the group proved to be an ardent Nazi. He hurried away and before I had an opportunity to decide on a course of action, he had returned with the local police who took me into custody.

I was marched to the city of Sopron and from there I was taken to Komarom where I was once again incarcerated in a prisoner of war camp. The camp was composed principally of Russians with a few Italian Fascists. I was actively disliked by all of the other prisoners in the camp for reasons unknown to me and I believe that if it had been possible for them to kill me they would gladly have done so.

One attempt was made on my life during the month that I remained at Komarom. I was approached one day by one of the Italian prisoners who informed me that there was another American prisoner in one of the camp buildings. I accompanied him to the second floor where the American was alleged to be, but found instead another Italian waiting for us. They grappled with me and attempted to throw me from an open window, but I broke away and ran from the building.

This little episode was sufficient to convince me that my position was anything but secure and that if I failed to take some steps to protect myself my chances of ever getting back to friendly territory would be virtually nil. I complained to a Hungarian colonel about the treatment I was getting, informing him that I was an American officer and as such was entitled to all the privileges befitting my rank. The colonel was very sympathetic and made arrangements to have me transferred to another camp. From this time on I stuck to my story of being a commissioned officer.

Within a few days I was taken to another prison camp near the town of Szombathely. The treatment here was very good. Clothing was supplied by the Red Cross in Budapest and by the

Hungarian and Swiss legations. It was at this camp that I met Lieutenant Richard Bridges who remained with me during the rest of my travels.

I remained at Szombathely for a month and a half. The prisoner personnel at the camp consisted mostly of high-ranking Polish officers, about 150 in all. Their status was not altogether that of prisoners of war, but rather that of internees. Their families resided in the town and they were permitted to visit them with very little supervision. Relative freedom was granted Lt. Bridges and myself and we were permitted to visit the town almost at will, until one day I was caught in the act of purchasing a knapsack. Thereafter whenever we visited the town we were guarded very closely.

We decided that if we were to escape from Szombathely, it would be necessary for one of us to go into town and make the initial contact with an underground organization. I conveniently became afflicted with a terribly painful toothache, and was dispatched to town under the watchful eye of a guard to visit the dentist. The guard, however, remained at a wine shop while I was with the dentist and this gave me an opportunity I was seeking to make the necessary contact. The only drawback to the plan was that I had to have a tooth pulled in order to allay suspicion.

All the arrangements for our escape were made by the underground and the details were not disclosed to us. All I know is that on the night of January 15 we walked boldly out of the prison camp in the company of a guard and boarded the 8:15 train for Szombathely.

We arrived in Szombathely about nine o'clock and waited until midnight for a train to Budapest. Arriving in Budapest the next morning at nine o'clock, we were taken directly to the home of the guard who was escorting us. The necessary supplies had been arranged for and were awaiting us at his home. During our brief stay in Budapest we ate in restaurants in the center of the city, accompanied by our friend and others who were in on the plan. We were given \$50 in green seal U. S. currency and 500 kulas in Serbian money by the leader of the organization who did not reveal his identity. In addition, we were taken, by a woman who spoke English, to several shops in Budapest where civilian clothes were purchased.

Before leaving Budapest we were taken to visit an English Colonel who had been a prisoner of war in Germany and had escaped into Hungary. The Colonel had a radio transmitter and he told us that he was in touch with Allied authorities. Our friends introduced us to an Allied Officer whom they said would leave Budapest with us. We gave him the 500 kulas and \$40 of the U. S. currency to cover expenses.

That night we boarded a train in Budapest and rode all night, detraining the next morning at a small town where we met, by pre-arranged plan, an 18-year-old girl who took us to her home. Preparations for the trip over the mountains to the Yugoslav border included having cleats affixed to our shoes. This night we set out with full packs and accompanied by six Hungarian guides and two Allied friends. At the border we encountered four Hungarian guards who surrounded our party, and at gun point forced us to return to the town we had just left. One of the two foreigners escaped on the march back, but the rest of us were imprisoned under guard in the cellar beneath the Governor's mansion. We were interrogated several times, but all of their attempts to elicit

information about those who had helped us escape were stubbornly resisted.

The following day we were taken by train to Pecs where we were placed in a very modern prison. The administration of the prison was very poor and in some cases women were detained in the same cells as men. We were told that we would be severely punished for our attempted escape, but that if we would give them the information they desired, namely the identity of those who had assisted us, we would be treated excellently. After two days, during which time we refused to answer any questions, we were taken back to Komarom to the Russian prison camp from which I had recently been transferred.

Strangely enough, we were treated much better this time and each day we were permitted to go into town for four hours. It wasn't too bad a life at this point. The Hungarian Colonel who had befriended me and arranged for my transfer from Komarom when I had been there previously, came up from Budapest on a routine inspection. He sent for us and told us that our attempt to escape was very silly.

Three weeks later, Lt. Bridges and I were transferred to a prison camp at Siklos. The camp was supposed to be a punishment camp, but the only punitive measure was confinement. We were permitted no such liberty as we had enjoyed at Szombathely.

We remained at Siklos for a month and a half, until sometime in March. There were 11 other Americans in the camp and we were all treated very well by the guards. The food was also good. About this time the Germans occupied Hungary and took over all prisoners, including Lt. Bridges and myself. We were sent to Zemun together where we were placed in a large prison camp. It was impossible to estimate the total number of prisoners, but they were of all nationalities.

The camp was situated across the river from Belgrade which was selected by USAAF as a target two weeks after our arrival. The heavy bombers came over in force and in the resulting confusion in the camp the guards fled for cover. Lt. Bridges and I, together with a number of others made a mass break. We made our way into the country and after wandering about for about a week we approached a shepherd and asked for cigarettes. He proved to be a Partisan and recognized us as American airmen. He immediately contacted the Partisan organization and we joined forces with them.

For the ensuing three months we remained with various Partisan groups, playing hide and seek with German patrols and moving frequently from place to place to avoid recapture. I am not sure of the names of the towns and cities that we visited in Yugoslavia during this period. On the night of July 20, 1944, we were evacuated from Yugoslavia and arrived in Italy.

For the benefit of Allied personnel who may in the future be shot down over German territory, I'd like to stress a few points that might prove helpful to them in their attempts to return to friendly territory. First, remember that there are many people in Germany, Austria and Hungary who are not hostile to Allied personnel and who will go out of their way to render assistance. I usually made an effort to get in touch with French workers whenever possible. They were, almost without exception, wholly in sympathy with my efforts and were of invaluable aid in securing food. Secondly, I'd like to stress the absolute necessity for keeping escape plans

B-17 on U. S. Postage Stamp Being Pushed

You may want to join other "old" B-17 men who are pushing for a U. S. postage stamp honoring our great and good airplane.

Joe Pearce, a former B-17 pilot and now postmaster at Milford, DE, is promoting a commemorative stamp, and would like your help. The stamp would be issued to tie-in with the restoration of "Shoo-Shoo Baby", now underway at Dover AFB, DE.

Write your congressman, seeking their endorsement.

Write also:

U. S. Postal Service
Citizens Stamp Advisory Committee
Administration Group
Washington, DC 20260

You might send copies of your letters to our own congressman, The Hon. Lamar Gudger, 369th, mail them to him in care of the U. S. House of Representatives, Washington, DC.

Perhaps with these in hand, Congressman Gudger can apply a little extra pressure.

B-17 Etching Now in Process

Judge Donald Ross, onetime group bombardier, is undertaking the development of an etched copper plaque, handsomely mounted, of a 306th B-17. This will be done in England, and should be available at the Phoenix reunion.

Ross reports that samples he has seen are some of the most handsome memorabilia that have come to his attention.

The price may be more than some items, but Ross feels that it is worth the price, and will be something you will proudly display.

completely secret if you have any hopes of their being successful. No one within the confines of a prison camp can be trusted. There are spies and stool pigeons circulating through the camp at all times, and even in the case of those who would not deliberately give you away, if they know about your plans there is always the possibility that confidantes will compromise them by inadvertently making some remark that will "tip-off" your captors.

Thirdly, I suggest that escape attempts be undertaken individually rather than in groups. When a man is working alone he usually determines a course of action and follows it through, but where two or more persons are engaged in an interprise of this type there is very likely to be bickering and indecision. Hesitancy will almost invariably lead to failure.

Editor's Note: This is really an incredible story, so incredible in fact that it is easy to dismiss as a fabrication. But we have seen other documents to confirm that what Loveland tells here is true. This account was written shortly after he reached Italy, and before he came back to the 306th.

New Names and Addresses

(Since November 1978)

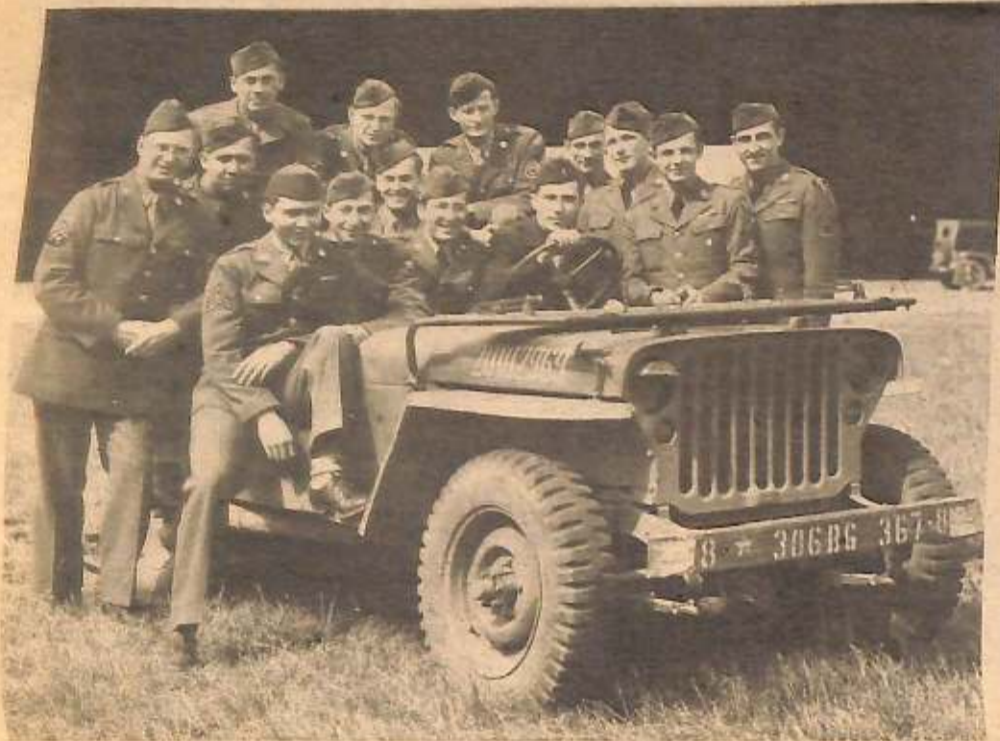
Amundsen, C. A.	4281 E. Caley Dr.	Littleton, CO 80121
Baily, Paul F.	1510 Lewis Av	Des Moines, IA 50315
Barron, Eddie	306 Orchard Terr.	Pittsburgh, PA. 15238
Bennett, Frank H.	206 Mukilteo St.	Everett, WA 98203
Bevan, Donald J.	6927 Camrose	Hollywood, CA 90068
Brown, Marvin L.	% 125 Boat Dock	Peel, AR 72668
Cambi, A.	6024 S. Menard	Chicago, IL 60638
Ceglarski, Walter J.	73 Harvard St.	Dedham, MA 02026
Chandler, Tom F.	Rt. 1, Box 25C	Republican City, NE 68971
Chestnut, Ned R.	104 E. State Hwy.	Copperton, UT 84006
Christenson, Paul W.	3543 Adams	Lansing, IL 60438
Collins, Robert S.	27 S. Fairfield Dr.	Dover, DE 19901
Comarnisky, Michael	511 Troutwine St.	Centralia, PA 17927
Commons, Wayne W.	Rt. 1, Box 117	Halsey, OR 97348
Crabtree, Lloyd G.	3001 Deer Trail Ln.	Medford, OR 97501
Denny, Robert R.	4611 Overbrook Rd.	Washington, DC 20016
Dix, Maynard D.	211 E. 13th St., N	Newton, IA 50208
Dmochowski, Myron J.	217 Fleetwood Dr.	San Antonio, TX 78232
Edeler, James	514 N. 56th	Yakima, WA 98902
Enos, Alvin A.	RFD 1	Cuba, NY 14727
Gerdes, Ronald M.	887 W. Knickerbocker Dr.	Sunnyvale, CA 94087
(FR)		
Giglio, William F.	2640 Greenwich (302)	San Francisco, CA 94123
Gillette, Doran L.	6405 Brentwood St.	Arvada, CO 80004
Gustafson, R. E.	4 Oakwood Av	Acton, MA 01771
Hardesty, C. Joe	121 Shadyside	Wichita, KS 67216
Hayes, Charles W.	Box 287	Claridge, PA 15623
Hill, Harry W.	11430 N. St. James Ln.	Mequon, WI 53092
Hoffman, Kenneth	457 Bell St.	Chagrin Falls, OH 44022
Hollenberg, Leroy	218 Forrester Ln.	Bridgetown, MO 63042
Horstmann, Sylvester L.	5346 Oriole Av	St. Louis, MO 63120
Hursthouse, Murray	324 Gartner Rd.	Naperville, IL 60540
Irons, Ben G.	207 Archer Dr.	Santa Cruz, CA 95060
James, Paul W.	507 S. Tolna St.	Baltimore, MD 21224
Jefferson, Lloyd U.	1500 Monmouth Dr.	Richmond, VA 23233
Johnson, Owens W.	4907 Candlecrest	Houston, TX 77018
Jones, John D.	610 kst St., Apt. 101	Ogden, UT 84404
Jones, Ralph W.	1931 Grouse Ridge Tr.	
Krsystom, Frank	Auburn Lake Trails	Cool, CA 95614
Logan, Thomas E.	1004 Kipling Rd.	Elizabeth, NJ 07208
	10835 County Road 240	
	Garfield Star Route	
	Box 165	Salida, CO 81201
	Rt. 4	New Brighton, PA 15066
Macy, James F.	141 Hamlin Av	Versailles, KY 40383
Masters, A. F.	2412 Chub Lake Rd.	East Aurora, NY 14052
McCarthy, Vincent D.	1775 Woodridge Ln.	Virginia Beach, VA 23455
McClellan, Harry A.	1327 East 2nd South	Florissant, Mo 63033
McGinnis, Denver A.	506 N. Cottage	Salt Lake City, UT 84102
Meersman, Thomas J.	1418 34th Av	Taylorville, IL 62568
Mitchelson, Virgil S.	PO Box 5	Rock Island, IL 61201
Moore, Clark D.	Highway 6 West	Flintstone, MD 21530
Morris, Frank	5611 Joan Ln.	Oxford, IA 52322
Ormond, Waverly C.	23434 Jonathan St.	Temple Hills, MD 20031
Overly, Lowell	Rt. 3, Box 27A1	Canoga Park, CA 91304
Owens, Calvin H.	18909 Forestwood Av	Mansfield, TX 76063
Peters, Ben	Box 401	Cleveland, OH 44135
Rafferty, Robert L.	1510 8th Av, West	Claremont, NH 03743
Raymond, Clifford	56 Grant St.	Pine Bluff, AR 71603
Reese, David T.	2077 Ensenada	Milford, MA 01757
Revoli, David R.	2820 Kensington Rd.	Santa Fe, NM 87501
Rivera, Leon	12503 Millstream Dr.	Redwood City, CA 94061
Ross, Kelly G.		Bowie, MD 20715
Sandler, Irvin J.		Clarence, MO 63437
Schoonover, Ellis L.		Wheaton, IL 60187
Schuering, Alvin G.	25W511 High Knob Dr.	Marysville, CA 95901
Smith, Leonard L.	2241 Sampson St.	Milwaukee, WI 53216
Stauber, Joseph	4244 N. 53rd St.	Keewatin, MN 55753
Stone, John A.	Box 476	South Holland, IL 60473
Stokoski, Edward	1318 E. 168th Pl	Indianapolis, IN 46293
Thorn, J. C.	1770 S. Hawthorn Ln.	Paxton, IL 60951
Tucker, Charles E. Jr.	353 S. Washington St.	Sylmar, CA 91342
Vosburg, C. J.	14079 Ryan St.	Redding, CA 96001
Ward Kenneth	1709 Regent Av	Folsom, CA 95630
Warren, Henry E.	810 Rumsey Way	Madeira Beach, FL 33708
Webb, Jack C.	14950 Gulf Bl	Charlotte, NC 28214
Williams, Ralph	1014 Oakdale Dr.	Austin, TX 78759
Wolffe, Harlan D.	10902 Yucca Dr.	

Search Help in Many Areas Needed

One of the crying needs of the 306th Group today is for help in searching our other veterans of the 306th. If you would be willing to help in your city, area or state, please contact Bill Collins and he will give you some starter material to work on. We have roughly a thousand names and WW II home towns, but particularly need help west of the Mississippi in searching.



Left to Right, Anyone?



The men who made many of the Echoes pictures possible.



Was Axis Sally calling? Who were the listeners?



What happened, and when? Can you identify the plane?



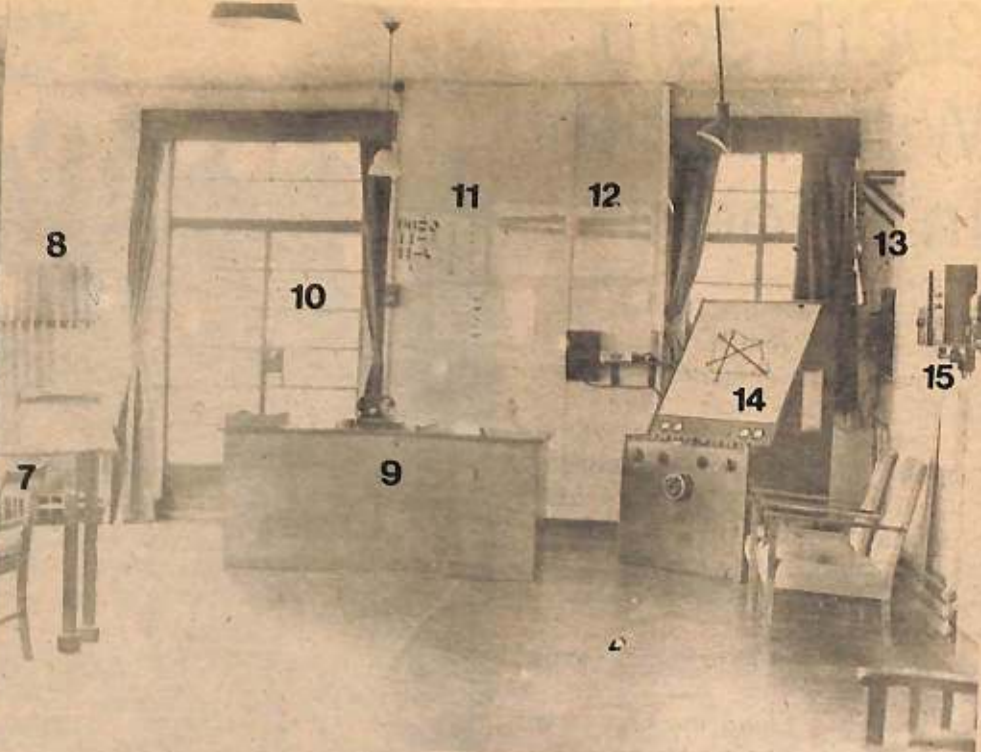
Who was minding the 369th offices?



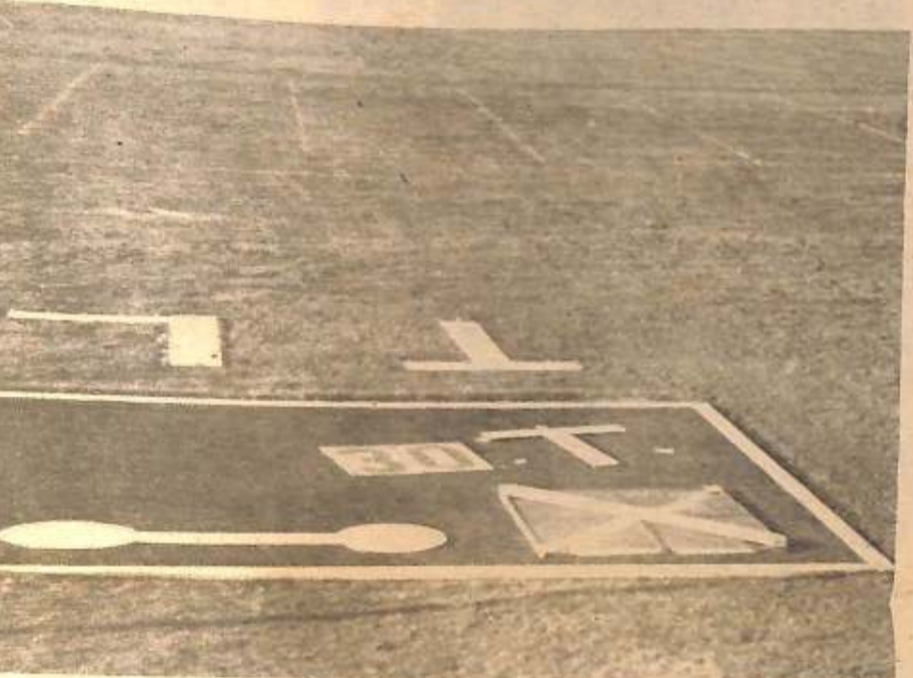
Who was the decorator and his appreciative onlookers?



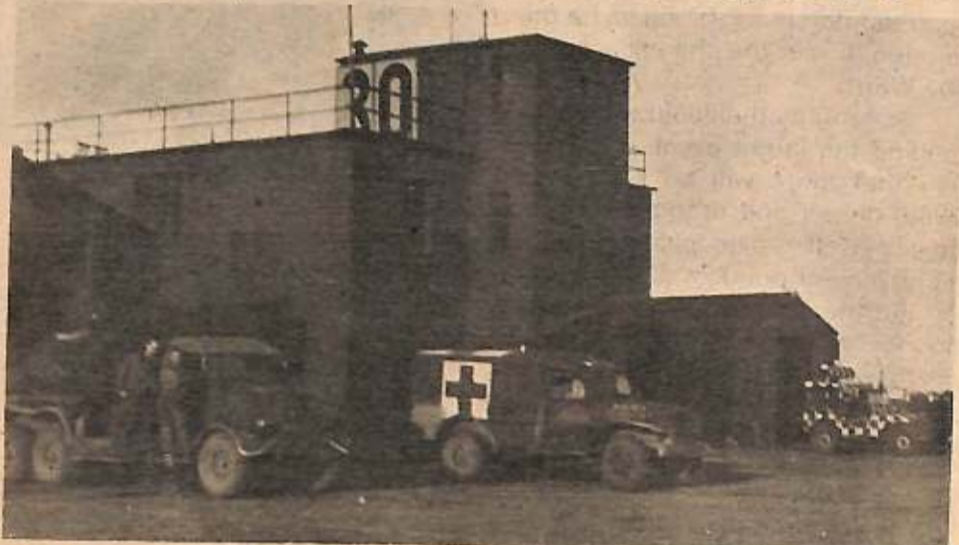
urrent weather information; (2) .30 cal. signal rifle for parachute flares; (3) radio
rs; (4) radio operator's position; (5) diagram of field with all dispersals, a/c num-
pins mark dispersals; (6) telephone jack box; (7) airman's position; (8) signal
; (9) fly control officer's desk; (10) exit to balcony; (11) 8th AF tail insignia; (12)
nding beam chart; (13) tommy gun (broken); (14) runway light control panel; (15)
tercom.



THURLEIGH TOWER



control tower the view is north towards Chelveston, looking over the 423rd dis-
rea. Note crew working on main runway. The signal square reads: TL, code for
h; runway in use is 30, with T indicating direction; square with X means that the
losed to visitors. does anyone remember what the "dumbell" device indicated?
faint yard lines for the football field.



This view of the tower is from the taxiway near hangars and shows the rear of the tower. Weather office was located behind the ambulance, in the rear of the tower. "Follow Me" jeep is parked in front of a storage shed, and crash truck stands at the ready.



lower personnel: bottom row, left to right: William Martin, Fred Naylor, Roger Stanhope, William Niblett, Paul Campbell, William Horner, Herb Vetterman, Woody Randolph, (?) Cain, E. A. (Bill) Williams, Don Lawley and William Cook. Back row: Edwin Clark, Wayne Stellish, and (?) Taylor.



Outside radio positions were maintained at both ends of the balcony of the control tower. A crash truck and crew wait in the background.



Carlisle and Sgt. Woody Randolph "work" the board in the main clearance counting for a/c.

Deceased

- Elliott, John B. 367th, 9 Mar 71
- Massey, Frederick K. 369th, 1 Feb 51
- Quan, Walter 367th, 10 Nov 78
- Sanford, Robert B. 369th, 7 Dec 70
- Edelbrock, Frank B., 4th Sta. Comp. 1979
- Geimer, John R. 368th, 11 Feb 74
- Heyburn, Alexander, 367th, Apr 77
- Hoffman, Roy S. 367th, 1978
- Peck, Stephen W. 423rd, late 1945
- Robinson, Laek L. 367th, 1976
- Spencer, Clarence W. 368th, 1978
- VanDever, Jackson W. 367th, 21 Dec 78

306th Join With Eighth In Phoenix

While there has been considerable talk about the 306th "going it alone" another year, it now appears that the 306th will again join in the 8th Air Force Reunion.

This is set for Oct. 25-28 in Phoenix, and marks the fifth consecutive reunion. On each of the four previous events, held at Miami Beach, Dayton, St. Louis and Washington, the 306th has led in number of members present.

We expect 1979 in Phoenix to be no different!

With this being the first move into the western states, we hope that many of those who have found distances too great previously will be on hand for this event.

Planning is still going on for the reunion, under the chairmanship of Joe Warth.

As long as the 306th will be attending the larger event, it is planned that there will be a separate 306th dinner and program at some time, as well as a hospitality room at a convenient point.

Further information, reservation forms, etc., will be printed in the next issue of Echoes.

'Bomber Pilot' Tells of B-24s in Action

"Bomber Pilot: A Memoir of World War II," by Philip Ardery, University of Kentucky Press, 1978. \$9.95

Phillip Ardery is a veteran of Ploesti and the 389th Bomb Group, flying his combat tour in B-24s, and serving as a squadron commander, group operations officer, and wing operations officer.

Those who went through pilot training in the very early stages--1940-- will find many points of recognition as he recounts his experiences through Lincoln, Neb., Randolph and Kelly, and then duty as an instructor at San Angelo.

But, he finally made it into a combat-bound organization, and went to England, and quickly to North Africa.

Now a Louisville attorney, Ardery writes vividly of the Ploesti raid, several others raids out of North Africa, and then back to England where he flew missions from September 1943 to mid-1944.

Some of his command decisions as a group leader are interesting, and probably open to debate. But, to his credit, he tries to tell what his thinking was, and why he made a turn at Berlin with his wing, while the air division continued far beyond the turning point.

Also of considerable interest are his comments on General Timberlake, General Doolittle, Ed Murrow, Jimmy Stewart, Larry Le-

Money and Men

Payroll for the month of March, 1944, at Thurleigh, was \$590,640.03, including 40th Combat Wing personnel. There were at that time 471 officers and 2,876 enlisted men on the base.



300th mission well wishers

Free Type For Echoes Aids Cause

Just a note about the creation and production of Echoes.

Editorial work is handled by Russ Strong 367th at Laurinburg, NC. As of this issue, typesetting is being done gratis by Bert Perlmutter 369th, at TV Plus, Inc., Tamarac, FL.

When type and screened photos are returned to Strong, he handles all the pasteup and other preparation, and the printing is handled at a very nominal cost by the Laurinburg Exchange.

Once off the press, copies are shipped to Bill Collins 369th at Poland, OH, who handles mailing from there.

Address labels come off a computer at St. Andrews Presbyterian College, with Strong handling the computer records and input to it. We pay a nominal fee to the college for this service.

At this writing, the biggest portion of the total bill for each issue is postage. Note the stamp on this issue and multiply that amount by 1180 names now on our list, and that's just the mailing cost.

Even as this issue goes to press new names are being added to the mailing list, and we hope to go right on adding them. We've located more than a hundred people since the last issue--but, sadly, have had to drop those who have moved and not notified us.

Seuer, T. S. Eliot, and others he came in contact with in England. His portraits of his fellow fliers are vivid, and you'll suffer along with him as he loses them in combat.

Ardery has written a very readable account of bomber operations from the viewpoint of a pilot and staff officer. It is a good addition to the work now being done on the Eighth Air Force.

Personnel Accounting - 15 December 1943

	Off.	WO	FO	Enl	RC
40th CBW	19	1	0	33	0
Hdg., 306th	31	0	0	44	3
367th Sqdn.	93	0	1	399	
368th Sqdn.	91	0	3	403	
369th Sqdn.	88	0	2	397	
423rd Sqdn.	91	0	1	395	
449th SubDepot	9	2		190	
39th Serv Gp				13	
352nd Serv Sqdn				37	
1628th Ord Co.	5			67	
1208th QM Co	3			47	
2976 Finance	2			13	
982nd MP	2			46	
976th Chem	4			59	
346th Engr Hdg	2			5	
346th Engr Co. D	4			183	
18th Weather	2			6	
4th Sta Comp	20			202	
559th Postal	1			11	
	473	3	7	2550	3

Fighter Pilot Helps French

"M.I.A." by Philip Causer. Phipps Publishing Co., Norwell, MA. 1977. 169 pp.

While this isn't strictly bombardment aviation, Phil Causer has put together an interesting tale of his experiences as a P-47 "jockey" who ran into a spot of trouble one day in France.

Causer outlines a few practical "don'ts" for the fighter pilot who wants to continue flying. But he lost his plane in France because he forgot some of these lessons. Had he not, there might not have been the curious tale he weaves.

Most of the book concerns his wanderings in France, mostly with the Maquis, as they fought the Germans at close hand. Causer had not been trained as an infantryman, but that's what he wound up doing most of the time.

Occurring in 1944, Causer had a closeup look at the retreating Germans, and the harassing Free French. There were close calls aplenty, and Causer did not always



appreciate the bravado of his partners in arms.

There is romance, too, and all in all, you'll have a pleasant, entertaining evening with an ex-fighter pilot.