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306th Bombardment Group Association



The above picture of "Pretty Baby," 42-97133, a 367th plane, was painted after the war by famed aviation artist Clayton Knight, and now hangs in The Wings Club, New York.

Wings Club Painting Features 'Pretty Baby' on Heroic Day

When Burns W. Hoper decided that the Air Corps and flying were his cup of tea, no one was unhappier in many ways than his father, Pollster Elmo Roper. The elder Roper hated flying!

Burns ended up in the 367th as co-pilot for Paul Martin, and his most exciting combat mission may well have been his 14th, flown on 12 September 1944 to Rhuland, an oil refinery southeast of Berlin.

The date was significant for the 306th, its last big day of losses, with nine aircraft lost to combat action. One of them, also a 367th plane, staggered back across hundreds of miles of hostile territory to crash at Manston.

There are two stories to tell, one of the painting and one of the mission. We'll relate the mission story first:

"At the moment this incident occurred, I was flying the plane. Paul Martin and I had been alternating every 20 minutes for a couple of hours. We were flying the "hole" position—a position we were considered to fly better than anyone else in our squadron. We were locked into position so perfectly that we had not touched the throttles in well over an hour.

"But suddenly we started to drop back. Instinctively, I pushed forward on the throttles, whereupon all four propellers ran away, vastly exceeding the red line limits. Simultaneously, we lost manifold pressure on all four engines. The blades flattened out, serving as air brakes.

"Paul ordered that the bombs be salvoed to lighten the load, although I did not learn this until later, for I was on fighter channel standby, whereas he and the rest of the crew were on interphone.

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Reunion List Grows for '84 Event

Lt. Gen. William J. Campbell, commanding general of the 8th Air Force, has accepted an invitation to speak at the Saturday evening banquet of the 306th in Fort Worth.

At this writing, 109 306th men have already signed up for the 9th annual reunion of the group at Fort Worth, TX.

A committee headed by Reginald Robinson, 368th, has been hard at work since before the 1983 reunion at Omaha, making arrangements and putting in order a program for Oct. 25, 26 and 27.

It is expected that registrations will continue right up to and after the "opening kickoff" of the event at the Green Oaks Inn.

"We urge you to stay at the Green Oaks Inn," says Robinson, "Each advance registrant will receive a Green Oaks reservation card. You must make your own reservations and pay your own accounts there."

Any overflow will be accommodated at the Green Oaks West, two blocks from the main inn, and there will be shuttle buses running between the two locations. The special discount rate for the reunion is \$45.00 per day for double rooms at the Green Oaks Inn and \$35.00 per day for double rooms at the Green Oaks West. These rates will be effective for several days before and after our reunion dates, for early arrivals and late stayers.

The \$25 advance registration fee for the reunion includes both husband and spouse.

All transportation from the Dallas/Fort Worth airport on Thursday, Oct. 25, and from the hotel to the airport on Sunday, Oct. 28, will be furnished registrants, as well as that needed at other times. Chartered buses will be used, appropriately marked.

For those who come early or stay late, or choose to

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Two Airlines Offer Cuts in Fall Fares

Both Republic Airlines and American Airlines will be offering special discounts for persons all over the United States wanting to go to Fort Worth for our 306th reunion.

American has a toll free number, 1-800-433-1790 (in Texas 1-800-792-1160), that can be called for instant reservations. They offer a 35% discount for tickets purchased 45 days prior to use and 30% for tickets 30 days prior. A \$30 penalty will be imposed on all refunds of discounted tickets.

Through the efforts of the 306th reunion committee, American will give us two free tickets from London to Dallas/Fort Worth if 150 tickets are purchased to the reunion, and if a total of 200 tickets are bought, they will give us an additional two round trip tickets to any location American services

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Reunion (from page 1)

transportation, Green Oaks has a courtesy car to and from downtown Fort Worth. Public transportation is available between the Airport and downtown Fort Worth. One way is \$6.

Morning and afternoon tours are planned for Carswell. The morning tour will get lunch, and the afternoon tour will have dinner. Only the first 325 afternoon reservations for Carswell can be honored. All others will be shunted to the morning.

The General Dynamics tour is a long walk, and two groups of approximately 200 each will be accommodated. Group A will depart and return one hour earlier than group B.

Robinson reports that late October weather in Fort Worth is cool and sunny. The daytime temperatures will range from 55 to 75 degrees.

306th Wing CO Accepts Kiosk For Barksdale

At a hand-over ceremony on 15 February the Bedford Area General Manager, Mr. Fred Laming presented a vintage telephone kiosk to Colonel Richard Hedge on behalf of the 8th Air Force Museum. The occasion took place at what was Thurleigh Air Field, USAAF Station 111, home of one of the pioneer units of the 8th—the 306th Bombardment Group. Colonel Hedge is the Commanding Officer of a direct descendent of this group, the 306th Strategic Wing, currently stationed at Mildenhall.

At its headquarters at Barksdale Air Force Base, Louisiana, USA, the 8th Air Force has established a Museum to preserve as much of its history as possible. A major exhibit is a reconstruction of the features of a World War II base in the UK



The 306th Bombardment Group Historical Association: Ralph Bordner, president; John L. Ryan, vice president; Russell A. Strong, secretary; and William M. Collins, Jr., treasurer.

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Yearous, Leslie J., Fayette, IA, 369.
Yerak, Ray, Willoughby Hills, OH, 369.
Zimmerman, Ralph & Charlotte, Naples, FL, 423.

and a number of appropriate artifacts and memorabilia have already been found by helpers in the UK and sent over to Barksdale.

The Museum's or, "Buck" Rigg, expressed a wish for a vintage GPO Telephone Kiosk. Such kiosks were commonly situated on or near service bases and must have witnessed countless poignant conversations between airmen and their local friends, some undoubtedly happy but all too often, alas, bearing sad news of lost "buddies."

John Mills, a long time 8th Air Force researcher and enthusiast, made known the Museum's requirement to British Telecom Bedford Area. As a result a refurbished kiosk of suitable vintage, fitted out with the now redundant "button A and B" equipment, was donated to the Museum.

The ceremony was witnessed by two former members of the 306th Bombardment Group, Jimmy Czinder and Joe Albertson. Both married British girls.

Newly-Found

Brakebill, Jack A., E622 Pointes Dr. W., Shelton, WA 98584, 423.
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Morrow, Norman, 1605 NE 67th Pl., Kansas City, MO 64118, 367.
Raymond, Richard L., 1801 Eugene Ct., Wilmington, DE 19810, 423.
Robusto, Robert, 4318 Philadelphia Rd., Bellaire, MD 21014, 369.

Kiley Tells His Combat Story

"AAF Bombers at War, Europe 1942-45," is the theme for the Spring 1984 issue of *Air Combat* magazine.

Its series of articles on the 8th and 9th Air Forces will be of general interest to you, but there is one story in particular that has significant 306th overtones, that of "29 Missions Over Europe!"

This piece was authored by Eugene Kiley, a radio operator with 2nd Lt. Chester J. Sutton. Sutton and his replacement crew arrived at Thurleigh 1 December 1943, a day marked by the arrival of new crews for the 306th. Now the group was back at greater strength than it had been before the 14 October maelstrom over Schweinfurt. It also was an indicator of the way things were to become during much of 1944 as new crews swelled the burgeoning 8th.

Sutton, Kiley, et al, were assigned to the 423rd Squadron and flew their tour, ending in June.

Besides Kiley's piece, the others on the various bombers over Europe, but especially the B-17, will furnish you with an entire evening of good reading. There is even a tale by a flight surgeon, and the last is by the late Bert Stiles, one of the better American writers to emerge from the 8th.

Rosener Remembers

Edwin H. Rosener, 369th, has a story to tell of 10 Sept 44 over Stuttgart:

"We were starting our bomb run. I was the toggeleer.

"As I looked ahead the flak was heavy enough to walk on—I closed my eyes for an instant, and as I prayed for help, the Biblical story of Jesus quieting the Sea of Galilee flashed through my mind.

"When I opened my eyes there was an avenue in the sky almost clear of flak bursts—a miracle! We flew down that 'street of dreams,' dropped our bombs and headed back to England and safety.

"I'll never forget that Bible story nor the day Jesus quieted the sky over Germany."

1944 Magazine 'Flies' a Mission with 367th

'RADIO NEWS' Highlights Activities and Concerns of Tom Witt's Plane, 'Jackie Ellen'

Kenneth W. Porter of Radio News magazine flew a mission in 1943 with Tom Witt and his 367th crew, looking at the combat crew from the angle of the radio operator. After the 1983 reunion at Omaha, Col. Witt sent a copy of the article along. The editor's only problem is that he never heard such a well-laundered conversation among members of any crew he ever flew with.

The radio operator in a Flying Fortress during a bombing mission is far from the most talkative gent in the crew—either in buzzer code or actual conversation. His job consists of little or no transmitter work while on the way to and from the target. In fact, radio silence is paramount in the precautions of a raiding party and only in an emergency is the key or talker opened. The radioman becomes primarily a listener—and if he's in the lead ship he must be an exceptionally good one, too.

On the day of a mission the radio operator is briefed with the other enlisted gunners. Then radio men, like the navigators, attend a special briefing of their own. Here they are handed the flimsy, or radioman's kit for the day. The flimsy is a briefcase containing papers—a station and frequency chart, bomber code, "Q" signals, hours of the day, and certain maps, all of which are secret and sacred to the radio operator. His flimsy is as well-guarded as the bombardier's sight, or the navigator's papers, or the special escape kits.

But radio procedure differs in the European theater of operations—it is a combined USAAF-RAF radio procedure. So radio operators are grounded for several weeks when they first arrive in England to attend this combined radio-procedure school.

The radioman is also an expert gunner, for interdependence is vital to a B-17 crew. He has his only fifty calibre playing out of his top hatch. He can operate either the top or ball turret to replace these gunners in an emergency. Since he is the only man in the ship who can see the waist gunners (through his half door) he "guards" them. The ball turret man depends on the waist gunners to free stuck mechanisms, feed him ammunition and do other related duties. The tail gunner is also a responsibility of the waist men.

The most important position of all for a radio operator, however, is in the lead ship. Here he must intercept every message from his home base, for other aircraft following in the flight depend on the leader to keep to a correct course. If the radio operator fails to

hear a message calling the flight back or detailing it to another target, it might find itself flying alone or leading the other ships astray. With such vital information crackling on the receiver, and being unable to see what is going on, radio men often become so detached from the activity around them that even severe enemy action goes unnoticed. It has been known for them to return from missions in planes riddled to almost total destruction, to discover the damage only after landing.

Closed off in a tiny, closely curtained compartment, concentrating on the radio receiver rather than the interphone, the operator often misses the battle entirely. He can hear shots behind and around him, hear his own turrets firing in reply, feel the plane buck and lurch—which might be enemy flak, cannon hits, or just plain evasive action—he's never sure which.

In preparation for the flight which was to become the first on-the-spot account of what actually goes on inside an American heavy bomber, a small portable recording device known as a magnetic wire recorder was installed in the observers' compartment and plugged into the intercommunication system. In addition to the regular crew of ten, Major Howard L. Nussbaum, former New York radio network executive and now Radio Public Relations Officer of the E.T.O. was to go along and record his own description of the flight.

The plane used was the *Jackie Ellen*, so christened by the bombardier, Lt. Walter Z. Morey, of Manchester, New Hampshire, an expectant papa who explained, "If it's a boy we'll name him Jackie, if it's a girl it'll be Ellen."

Painted on the nose of this bomber were nineteen yellow, red and blue miniature bombs, indicating that it had made that many missions over enemy territory—ten over France, eight over Germany and one over Belgium. It was manned by the oldest complete living combat crew in the "clay pigeon" squadron.

There was nothing unusual in the briefing of the crew the day of this particular flight. The men knew they were to bomb Le Bourget airfield just outside Paris and they had been informed about the magnetic wire recorder attached to the intercom. They were also aware that they were participants in a unique experiment which might prove of great tactical value in future bombings.

After the briefing, T/Sgt. Joseph C. Bocelli, Philadelphia, Pa., radio operator of the *Jackie Ellen*, entered the radio compartment



Thomas Witt, 367th pilot, and whose crew was listened to for a 'Radio News' article.

and started his log: "On watch—0810 hours," he wrote . . . "have tested all equipment—OK . . . have tested interphone from every position in plane—OK . . ."

With this the radio operator's duties were over for the moment. He had only to listen for messages meant for his ship and note them in his log, for the pilot takes over with a command radio for the directional control of other planes in the flight and for coordination with fighter escort or for liaison with the other bombers.

The balance of the crew, consisting of S/Sgt. Walter D. Sherrill, Rock Island, Ill., tail gunner, S/Sgt. Charles A. Adams, Cheltenham, Pa., and S/Sgt. William R. Earnest, Delmont, Pa., right and left waist gunners, respectively, S/Sgt. Francis W. Pulliam, Greeley, Colo., ball turret gunner, T/Sgt. Gus Riecke, Trinidad, Cal., upper turret gunner, Lt. Walter Z. Morey, bombardier, Lt. C. A. Alexander, Manlius, N.Y., navigator, Major Nussbaum, observer, and Lt. Douglas H. White, Fort Worth, Texas, co-pilot, all checked in over the interphone to pilot Captain Thomas F. Witt, of Cookville, Texas, and the plane took off in regular formation on its history-making flight.

The radio man sat back on his parachute pack, loosened his "Mae West," relaxed and listened. Over the intercom came the voices of the crew and observer-commentator as the ship sped towards the continent to bomb the Nazi-held airfield.

Nussbaum: "It's now 8:20. Zero hour is at 8:45. In exactly twenty-five minutes, at zero hour, every plane, every bomber, every fighter on this operational mission . . ."

Pilot: "pilot to tail gunner. Check your glasses and see if you can get

the number on that aircraft to the right of us."

Tail gunner: "Tail gunner—Roger. Four two eight . . . I think it is four two eight. Roger."

Pilot: "Thank you. Roger."

Nussbaum: "As I said, at 8:45, which is in about twenty-five minutes, all the planes on this mission, whether they be bombers or fighters, will be in the air on the way to the target. That is known as zero hour. I can now see the wing ahead of us. It is in perfect formation. They are scheduled to go into the target two minutes ahead of us. We have not as yet made our rendezvous with our fighter escort."

Bombardier: "Altitude 10,000 feet. Put on your oxygen masks. We are at oxygen level."

Tail gunner: "Tail gunner. Roger."

Nussbaum: "As you can hear, we are going on oxygen now. I have just put on my mask and it may make my voice sound somewhat muffled. Crews generally go on oxygen at around 10,000 feet. The pilot will check the crew every 10,000 feet altitude or so to make sure the men are still on oxygen and are all right. It is now exactly 8:45, and we are somewhere over the English channel. In just two minutes we are to rendezvous with the fighter escort, all P47 Thunderbolts—the bomber crews' best friend. The navigator is working over his maps closely now. That rendezvous is desperately important. If we are too early for it, our Thunderbolts might never find us, and if we're late, they'll use up all their gas circling and waiting for us, and won't be able to take us as far as Paris.

We're right on the nose! There huge formations of Thunderbolts are swooping down on us from the northwest. They're a good deal higher than we are. That is precision timing for you, especially when you remember that these Thunderbolts took off from different air fields ten or fifteen minutes ago, rendezvoused first with each other, and then came out here to meet us, at a precise time when we would be passing a given pin point on the map. The time is exactly 9:02. We are at bombing altitude."

Pilot: "Calling all to man your guns!"

Bombardier: "Bombardier to navigator—man your guns!"

Nussbaum: "We are now flying over enemy territory. Our parachutes have been adjusted. We have put on helmets to catch any flak that might be coming our way."

Crossing into enemy territory, the radio operator checked his

equipment to see that he had complete radio silence and noted it in his log.

Bombardier: "Bombardier to pilot—go ahead."

Pilot: "Go ahead."

Bombardier: "I'm going back to pull the pins out of the bombs now."

Nussbaum: "That was the bombardier to the pilot. He is now leaving the bombardier's compartment and going back to pull the pins from the bombs. We are getting ready for business."

Bombardier: "That guy at twelve o'clock seems to be hit!"

Pilot: "Pilot—Roger—Roger."

Here the *Jackie Ellen* became engaged in the first contact with the enemy on this flight. Anti-aircraft batteries opened up on them from several quarters.

Nussbaum: "The flak is coming up . . . this is certainly flak-infested . . ."

Right waist gunner: "There! Four fighters right above us—four fighters!"

Pilot: "Are they 47's?"

Top turret gunner: "Yes, sir, they're 47's."

Pilot: "OK."

Nussbaum: "We are nearing the target. We can see the field from here, and just beyond that we can see Paris itself. We are getting some very bitter and determined opposition. They're giving us just about everything they have."

Top turret gunner: ". . . Something around, I think."

Pilot: "Cut the fussing around and get on the ball!"

Another field of flak spread out beneath them and the *Jackie Ellen* tossed and pitched like a bucking bronco.

Top turret gunner: "Enemy eleven o'clock level."

Nussbaum: "We're being attacked! We're being attacked! A Focke-Wulf 190 is coming in on us."

Pilot: "Get at your guns! Get at your guns!"

Nussbaum: "The guns are going—a Folke Wulf came in at about eleven thirty."

Pilot: "Report. Report."

Tail gunner: "Tail gunner—Roger."

Left waist gunner: "Left waist gunner—Roger."

Right waist gunner: "Right waist gunner—Roger."

Ball turret gunner: "Ball turret: Roger."

Radio operator: "Radio—Roger."

Navigator: "Bombardier navigator—Roger."

Pilot: "OK boys, keep your eyes open now."

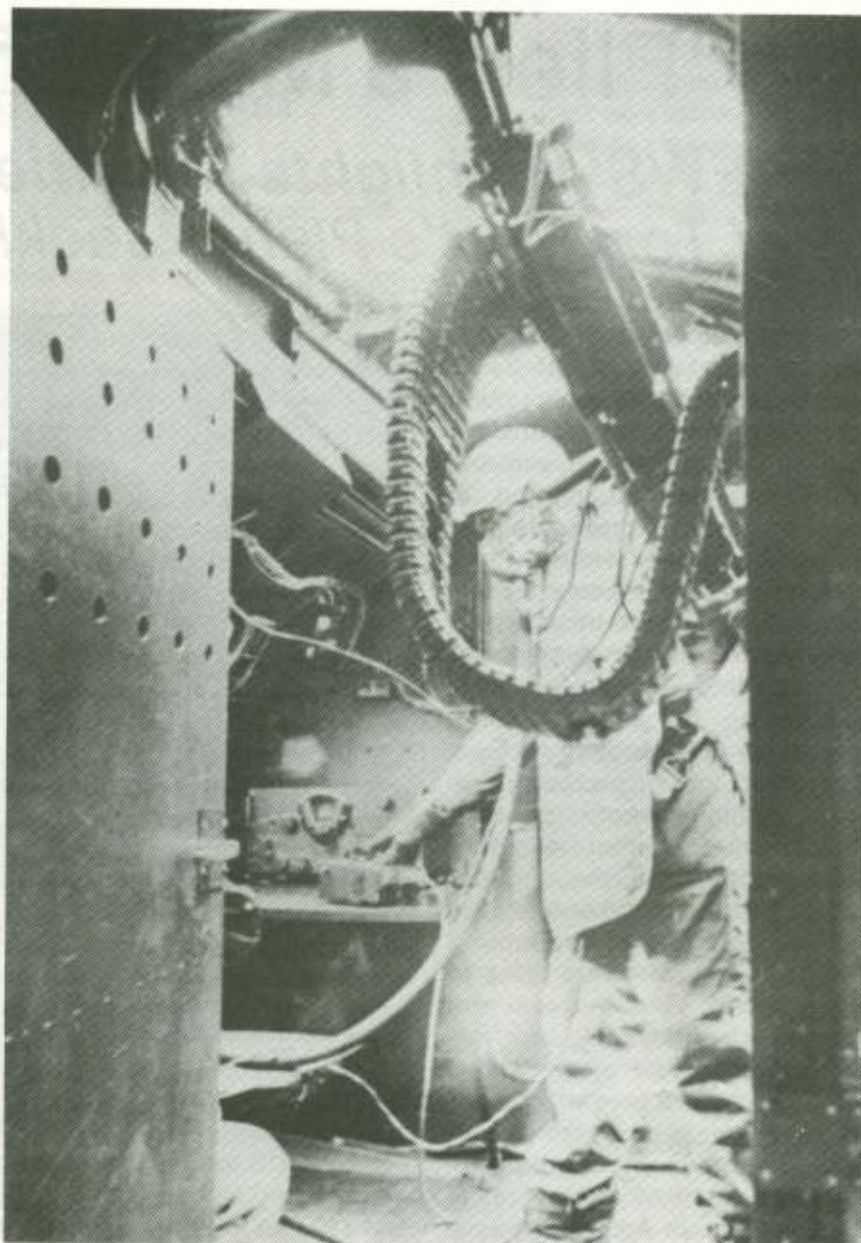
Bombardier: "At twelve o'clock level there seems to be something burning—some plane or something."

Tail gunner: "Flak six o'clock! Six o'clock level."

Bombardier: "Bomb bay doors being opened."

Pilot: "OK. Open bomb bay doors."

Right waist gunner: "Three 47's



A radio-gunner with the tools of his trade on either hand.

at three o'clock high."

Nussbaum: "Our bomb bay doors are open."

Pilot: "Roger."

Top turret gunner: "There's something at twelve o'clock high."

Bombardier: "Don't bother me now, please! On the level there, boy, please."

Nussbaum: "The bombardier is working with his Bomb Sights now. There's been a lot of flak. Our pilot has been taking evasive action. The bombardier wants the ship—he needs the ship level—we're leveling off. The flak is really coming up—some more bursts! The sky is . . . the sky is black with little puffs of smoke."

Bombardier: "Bombs away."

Nussbaum: "The bombardier has just dropped his bombs and we are taking a wide turn to try to avoid the flak. We will be going due east now."

Tail gunner: "watch there—one o'clock low—some enemy fighters."

Nussbaum: "we are directly above Paris now."

Right waist gunner: "Flak four o'clock low! Flak four o'clock low!"

Nussbaum: "Paris is just about four miles directly below. There is not a cloud between us and the ground. I can see the Eiffel Tower. . ."

Bombardier: "Where?"

Nussbaum: "Right out there just about one o'clock—see?"

Bombardier: "Yes, that's what it is."

Navigator: "Attack. Attack—One o'clock."

Nussbaum: "We are being attacked—there go our guns. It was an ME 109, a Messerschmitt 109. It came in at eleven o'clock right to the left of our nose. It swooped down on us, and under as our guns fired. If we missed him, the ball turret gunner got his

Adecided to join the battle. He wrote in his log: "Off watch," closed his set and manned the fifty-calibre gun in the ceiling of his compartment.

When a radio operator engages in the battle as a gunner he must also keep constant vigil on his receiver for code signals come in at regular intervals and he must intercept and record them in the log.

After nearly four hours in the air with their mission successfully accomplished, the *Jackie Ellen* and her crew headed back to their base. Direct hits had been scored on the target and a total of thirty-seven enemy planes were knocked down by the entire flight.

Such phrases as "nine o'clock" and "eleven o'clock" used by the crew during their battle, indicate the direction from which enemy fighters were attacking. The use of the word "Roger" is a radio procedure term of acknowledgement, such as the expression "OK," meaning everything is all right.

The entire crew was wearing oxygen masks, and with the exception of the observer-commentator, all the men used throat

microphones. These can pick up only the individual's speech. A tiny lip microphone, enclosed in his oxygen mask, was used by the observer-commentator.

On the trip home the radio operator switched his automatic gadgets back on and tuned in a little dance music for the interphones while the crew unplugged oxygen lines and heating cables. The balance of the flight was uneventful.

Had the sky been cloudy on their return the radioman might have found himself a great deal busier, for after such battles planes usually become lost from their group and their course. In such weather the navigator cannot get a fix by celestial navigation or from his compass or maps. Then it's the job of the radio operator to take a chance on breaking radio silence to get a radio fix. This is done by working from the flimsy list of stations and frequencies, sending out the signal for a fix.

On long missions deep into Europe, Fortresses and Liberators sometimes land at the nearest air-drome to the English coast. Getting the ship into a strange airport is another responsibility of the radio man.

Back home the ship lands. The radio operator finishes his log for the flight: "equipment OK, except for faulty interphone cables leading to tail gunner," or whatever flaws might have been found in radio, interphone or other power cables. Then he signs: "Off watch—1224 hours," with his name and rank affixed.

He gathers up his precious flimsy and log, attends the regular crew interrogation and his radio operators' interrogation where he is questioned on incidents of the flight. Finally he turns in his flimsy and log and goes to the mess for a drink from the pot of everwaiting black coffee.

B-17s Fantastic Sight Over Holland

John Koning of Bigelow Nurseries, Northboro, MA, recently ordered a copy of *First Over Germany*, telling the following story in his letter:

"Being a WWII reader and having gone through the occupation in Holland as a teenager, I am very interested in the 8th AF.

"We saw you fellows come over while we were swimming in the canal, and laying on the bank, counted the planes—700-800—no end to it. It was a fantastic sight!"

Santoro Pictured

The editor goofed! In the picture in the January issue showing the King George VI being presented to the crew of 1/Lt Robert Riordan, the crewman at the right edge is in fact S/Sgt. Anthony L. Santoro, and not S/Sgt. Herman Albert. We stand corrected!

Gen. Spaatz Studied for Qualities As a Leader

By Russell A. Strong

Military history professionals and military history buffs in the Washington area gathered April 13 at Bolling AFB, to consider the matter of "Air Leadership."

The initial event at the Base Theatre was to focus on one man, and the title for the session was "Carl Spaatz: A Model for Air Leadership?" (Note the question mark in the title because that is a vital matter in the consideration of the subject.)

B/Gen Brian Gunderson served as the chairman for the discussion, which opened with the presentation of a 40-minute paper by Lt. Col. David Mets, who has been commissioned to write a biography of Spaatz, a project in which he has been engaged for the past two years.

Mets is a Naval Academy graduate who became an Air Force pilot. Now retired, he has an earned doctorate in history, and was selected to undertake the study by a committee representing concerned organizations, including the Air Force Historical Foundation and the 8th Air Force Historical Society.

In his remarks on the Spaatz book, Dr. Mets seemed to express the view to this writer that the book should in fact be a training manual for junior officers. While one of the panelists later agreed that Mets had indeed made this remark, he didn't think that he really meant it.

Spaatz' life in its entirety was viewed by the author as a record of success, but success that almost came by accident rather than by design. Spaatz graduated from West Point in 1914 with an in-

On 1 Feb 1945, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower dictated a memorandum, "The order of listing hereon is based primarily upon my conclusions as to value of services each officer has rendered in this war . . . Position occupied and opportunity have inescapably played a certain part in determining my priorities . . ." The memo then continued to rate 38 top ranking officers. Gen. Omar Bradley and Gen. Carl Spaatz were rated equally at the top of the list. Of Spaatz, Eisenhower wrote "Experienced and able air commander; loyal and cooperative; modest and selfless. Always reliable."

auspicious record when viewed from any angle. One of the high points of his career after WWI combat duty as a pilot was the refueling experiment in "The Question Mark." Spaatz was somewhat unusual in that he retained his majority rank gained in WWI throughout the inter-war period without demotion.



King George VI and Lt. Gen. Carl Spaatz at Thurleigh, 11 Nov 1942.

Once Mets had finished his formal remarks, the session was thrown open to a panel of experts that included Gen. Curtis LeMay, Gen. Mark Bradley, Dr. I. B. Holley of Duke University and Dr. Alfred Goldberg of the Secretary of Defense office.

All of these men are experts on WWII air war and all have written extensively on their experiences.

Later in the meeting LeMay remarked that in the two weeks he served directly under Spaatz, he was never issued a direct order. Rather, in the course of the nightly poker game he would receive directions on what he was to do the next day—but they never took the form of an order.

Another matter touched on was aerial refueling, with Dr. Holley asking if it had been tried by the 8th at all.

"We didn't even have enough bombers, to say nothing of tankers," answered LeMay. No experiments were tried at all at that time, with Gen. Bradley pointing out that the first American research was based on a British system which was secured in 1948 by the USAF.

In the course of discussion on Gen. Spaatz' career and leadership style, Dr. Goldberg offered a list of traits that distinguished the air leader as a military leader:

- "He had a good sense of humor;
- "He could see things in proportion;
- "He was not driven by a desire for self-advancement;
- "He was not a toady or sycophant;
- "He was a modest man, informal, unpretentious;
- "He was secure in knowing who and what he was himself;
- "He was lucky, being in the right

(to page 8)

Wings Club Features 'Pretty Baby' (from page 1)

"While we were dropping—maybe 30 seconds after the scene pictured in this painting—seven ME-109s came and circled us in a spiral as we went down. Paul told everyone not to move their guns, and the seven 109s did not open up. They were there to make sure we were going down.

"A crazy P-51 pilot, without even a wingman accompanying him, came out of nowhere and waded into the seven 109s. He knocked down three, had a fourth going away in smoke, and the other three beat it.

"Shortly thereafter, I got power back in the #4 engine, but every time I put on the power, the propellor ran away again. Paul managed to stop the runaway on #1, but couldn't get power back. Our angle of descent leveled out a good deal. He then worked on feathering #2, which was the culprit that caused the whole problem (a cracked cylinder), and in due course, I got #3 back in operation.

"Before we leveled out, we had dropped from 23,000 feet to 9,000, and we climbed back to 10,000 and started to head for Sweden. As we approached the Swedish coast, I got a little concerned that if we got much closer we would be interned, so I said to Paul over the interphone.

"Let's head for home!

"He put it into a turn to the left and we started back towards England. It developed that all the rest of the crew wanted to go to Sweden, and Paul was debating which course to take.

"We got shot at over the Danish peninsula, and over the North Sea. We asked the navigator for an ETA to the English coast. He gave us the time fix. I checked the gas gauges and it looked like we would just make it. A couple of minutes later the navigator came back on the interphone and said he had made a mistake. The ETA would be one hour later than he had said. Paul and I looked at each other, and I pushed the air/sea rescue channel on the radio.

"Half an hour or so later, Frank Whitney got on the interphone to Paul and said, 'Sir, when would you like me to drain the Tokyo tanks?'

"In all the excitement, we had totally forgotten about them. That, being 260 gallons, gave us a little more than an hour more fuel than we thought we had—enough we thought not to just get back to the English coast, but all the way to Thurleigh.

They did in fact run out of gas, with only #1 still turning meaningfully as the front wheels hit on the runway, and the tail wheel landed in the dirt at the end of the main runway. They walked in to squadron headquarters to see on the blackboard.

"Lt. Martin—Missing in Action!"

The other story concerns the painting:

"This painting was commissioned by my father as a surprise to me. It was painted by Clayton Knight, who was a World War I fighter pilot and subsequent to that, an aviation author and artist. He was an official USAAF artist and did the sketches of the Japanese surrender to General MacArthur that appeared in Life magazine.

"On a trip to London for OSS, my father met Clayton Knight. When my father later (several years after the end of the war) said that he wanted this painting to be a surprise. Clayton said that would be impossible because he didn't know enough about the details of the mission to do an accurate painting. My father said, 'Take Bud to lunch and pump him. He'll assume it's just because of your interest in aviation.'

"Clayton did take me to lunch. He did pump me and I did assume it was just his curiosity about how four engines could fail that caused him to be so interested.

"Six months later, Clayton's painting was given to me by my father."

Now, that the story of "Pretty Baby" as she hangs today on the Clayton Knight Wall of The Wings Club in New York. Whenever Burns Roper steps into The Wings Club for lunch he is quickly transported back to 12 September 1944 when he almost did not make it back from Germany.

The mission that day was not to anyone's liking, as the route took the bomber stream north around Berlin to the southeast and the target. Many had misgivings that the route pulled in too close to Berlin, and first the planes were caught in the Berlin flak, and immediately after German fighters roared through the formation.

Five planes from the 367th, one from the 368th, and two from the 423rd were lost over Germany that day, and with a 367th plane crashing on the coast. One Luftwaffe fighter plane was shot down. It had been five months since the group had seen such an onslaught.

Named planes which went down were **Umbrigo, Belle of the Blue, Belle of the Brawl, Tailwind and Methuselah.**

Directory Slowed, But Still Coming

There have been some frustrations in preparing the 306th Directory, and as many of the data processing services have been provided free of charge, it was difficult to keep to the time schedule originally planned. But problems have been ironed out and the first complete 306th directory, 1,772 names, should be on its way to you very shortly.

Dog Tags Once Again Familiar Item For Airmen, After Being Abandoned

This piece was borrowed from Air Force Times, 2 April 1984, and is from Bruce Callander's column, "Commentary."

We're glad to hear that the Air Force is restoring the dog tag to its proper place in the ranks. By next spring, every member is to have a set of the metal identification plates.

Apart from the fact that dog tags are a part of military tradition that we hated to see go the way of KP and the morning report, we take comfort in knowing that technology has not found any really suitable substitute for them.

The Army has been testing a state-of-the-art plastic tag. It contains a microchip capable of storing about 250 characters of data—name, rank, Social Security account number, sex, unit, and primary/secondary job skills. Eventually, it could become standard for all services, but for now the Air Force is sticking with the old clankers.

There have been periodic threats against the tags, but the metal IDs have survived them all. AF's announced plans to return them to universal use set us to browsing in our old files on the subject, and we found a 1951 clipping announcing that dog tags were considered obsolete even then and were about to be abolished.

Officials had concluded then that the atomic bomb would melt everybody's IDs and the services were counting on advances in dentistry for an alternative. Teeth, they said, were more likely than dog tags to survive an atomic blast and provide a positive ID of the owner.

Apparently AF's plan to junk the tags didn't go through, however, because a clipping from 1955 notes that the services were being asked to stamp more religious information on tags. For years, religious affiliation was indicated by a few code letters (P for protestant, C for Catholic, etc.). Now, under pressure from Congress and religious groups, the services were to list specific sects, by abbreviation if necessary, and had worked up a list of about 260 possibilities. Those who found none to suit their needs could have the "no preference" stamped in.

Periodically, the services have tried to squeeze more information onto the tags. In the mid-1950s, they carried not only blood type but the date of the member's last tetanus shot. By 1965, tags no longer carried immunization information. Later, we noticed some shot record information was required on the tags of troops headed for Vietnam.

Over the years, our files show a host of refinements to the services' other record-keeping and ID systems, with computers replacing paper forms and identification cards being crowded with more and more information. But the oval dog tags

have undergone little refinement.

In these days of rapid change and quantum jumps in information gathering, it's comforting to know that a new troop's dog tags will look pretty much like those worn by his father in the early days of Vietnam or by his grandfather in World War II.

The tags have other virtues that may escape the modern wearer.

These days, with men wearing everything from gold neck chains to dangling earrings, it may not mean much. But back in the days of World War II, there was "boy stuff" and "girl stuff" and about the only jewelry a real man dared wear was a class ring, a wristwatch and, maybe, a suitably heavy crash bracelet. But those in service not only were allowed but were required to wear neck chains with dog tags dangling from them. Nobody made fun of a dog-faced soldier in his "necklace."

For a time during WWII dog tags were the answer to the problem of finding a gift for "the man who (courtesy of government issue) has everything." Troops then were not permitted to wear civilian clothes off duty or on. They couldn't carry much baggage and there were limits on the possessions they could have in barracks. Girl friends, wives, and other relatives were hard pressed to think of original presents for the "boys."

The answer offered by some imaginative jewelers was the gold-plated dog tag or, for a really impressive gift, the solid-gold model. If the recipients wore such creations at all, it probably was while on leave and then only in the presence of the giver.

There apparently was nothing illegal about gold dog tags, but they had a jarring effect on first sergeants, some of whom decided that the shiny metal would reflect light and give away the unit's position. In the case of air units, it never was quite clear how the enemy could spot the tags of aircrew members under several layers of flight suits and not notice their formation of bombers.

Wives and girl friends who could not afford plated or solid-gold dog tags for their men turned their domestic arts toward more practical gifts. They knitted tiny bags, one for each tag, with drawstrings at the top. The idea of the little sweaters was not to keep the tags warm but to protect the wearer's chest from the cold metal. Some of these creations actually were worn, but the ones knitted of delicate pink and embroidered with intimate sentiments usually were tucked away in barracks bags.

Without protective covering, dog tags had the effect of waking up the wearer quickly on frigid mornings. But there probably was more danger of burns than of frostbite.

In a hot climate, the tags could take on enough heat to sear an unprotected chest rather badly.

On balance, however, the little tags had a wealth of useful purposes. One could serve as a passable screwdriver for light work. It was a pretty good spoon for digging canned meat out of one's K-rations. And some gunners claimed it worked well as a space gauge and/or shim for a .50-caliber machine gun.

More prosaic uses included those of nail file, pipe scraper, and potato peeler. The tags were not really suited to any of these purposes, but it became a matter of pride with some people to improvise even when the proper implements were available.

There were, of course, even more fantastic claims made for the multipurpose tags. One grizzled troop claimed he filed an edge on one of his tags and shaved with it every morning. From the condition of his face, hht well have done so. Another claimed he scratched out a foxhole with his tags. And a former POW swore that he was digging an escape tunnel with nothing but his dog tags and would have been free in another two months if his camp hadn't been liberated.

There are numerous reports of bullets presumably already well spent, being stopped by someone's dog tags, and one commando type claimed he wore his on a small but extremely tough bit of cable, which served additional duty as a garrot.

One of the more bizarre stories about dog tags is that of the aerial gunner who wore a third bit of metal on his chain. It was a piece of flak that had lodged near his gun position during a mission, and it bore the last four digits of a serial number, presumably that of the original round. The gunner was proud to show anyone who inquired that the numbers on the bit of flak were identical to the last four digits of the serial number on his own dog tags. Having been missed by the projectile with his number on it, the gunner reasoned he now was safe for the duration of the war.

Incidentally, the number on the WWII tags was the member's "serial number." In those days,

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Where to Write for Membership Information

Organizations open to retirees differ in purpose, membership requirements and benefits to members.

Before joining, prospective members should study the literature provided by the association and talk with other retirees who are members.

Among the many groups accepting retirees are:

Air Force Association, 1750 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

Air Force Sergeants Association, 5211 Auth Rd., Suitland, Md. 20746.

American Ex-Prisoners of War, Sally Morgan, national adjutant-treasurer, 2306 Wilmer Dr., Grand Prairie, Tex. 75051.

American GI Forum, P.O. Box 5057, Corpus Christi, Tex. 78405.

American Legion, 1608 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

American Military Retirees Association, Inc., National Headquarters, P.O. Box 973, Saranac Lake, N.Y. 12983.

American Veterans (Amvets), 4647 Forbes Blvd., Lanham, Md. 20706.

Armed Forces Retirees Association, California, P.O. Box 10357, Santa Ana, Calif., 92711.

Disabled American Veterans, P.O. Box 14301, Cincinnati, Ohio 45214.

Eighth Air Force Historical Society, 495 NE 157th Terr., Miami, FL 33162.

American Aviation Historical Society, 2333 Otis, Santa Ana, CA 92704.

B-17 Combat Crews & Wingmen, P.O. Box 382, Southgate, CA 90280.

troops were issued numbers by their service. Later, ne decided that "serial numbers" properly were used to identify machinery and assigning them to humans was degrading. Thereafter the digits assigned to people were called "service numbers." More recently, of course, the services picked up Social Security account numbers to replace those of their own issue, and modern dog tags bear the SSANs exclusively.

Presumably, Army eventually will perfect the microchip tags and be able to crowd a member's full personnel and medical records onto one non-reflective, non-tarnishing, non-jangling plastic disc. We hate to see it happen for the sake of tradition. and we can't imagine that an ID of that sort would be as useful as the old-style tags. But perhaps the troops no longer need anything but the identification function. In these days of pop tops and twist-off caps on beer cans, at least one of the major uses of dog tags has disappeared anyway.



Main entrance to the Kimbell Art Museum, one of a cluster of outstanding cultural entities beckoning the Fort Worth visitor.



The downtown Fort Worth skyline.

306th Planes Checked For New B-17 Book

Steve Birdsall, Australian expert on things in WW II, is completing a new book on the Flying Fortress, following up his excellent earlier work, *The Log of the Liberator*.

He has been in touch with Russ Strong on several occasions seeking 306th information and verifying data.

Birdsall's latest inquiry was to ascertain what plane led the ill-fated 9 Nov 42 raid to St. Nazaire. Capt. Henry W. Terry flew in his 367th plane, "Terry and the Pirates," with Col. Charles B. Overacker, Jr., as the air commander for the day. Terry's B-17F was 41-24489.

The Australian was also interested in the plane leading the 27 January 43 raid, the first venture by an all-American force into Ger-

many, bombing Wilhelmshaven. Col. Frank B. Armstrong, group commander, flew that day with Maj. Claude Putnam, group operations officer, as his pilot. The enlisted crew and the plane were 367th. Don Tunstall reports that the plane was "Skylark," an original plane with the group.

Three Directors for 306th Appointed

At a recent meeting of the executive committee of the 306th Association, the officers have voted to bring before the annual meeting a proposal to change the bylaws to permit the election of three additional directors.

With this in mind, President Ralph Bordner has appointed three men to serve as interim directors until the Fort Worth annual meeting.

They are: Donald R. Ross, 368th, Omaha, NE; William Houlihan, 367th, Belleville, MI and Robert Crane, 369th, Portland, CT.

Deaths

Walter F. Johnson, 367th, from Wendover throughout the war, died March 1 following a heart attack at Theodosia, MO.

Philip W. D. Mantor, 368th gunner in 1943 and the 120th EM to complete a combat tour, was killed in action 14 Oct 51 while serving with the 345th Bomb Squadron, 98th Bomb Wing (Medium), at Yokota Air Base, Japan.

Clifford Mears, 367th, died last October in Toledo, OH.

James C. Mitchell, 368th gunner (Henry Dryar's crew, mid-1944), died Jan. 1 in Flint, MI.

Col. Henry J. Schmidt, who joined the 306th 1 July 42 at Wendover, died in late March at his home in Rancho Cordova, CA. He was group engineering officer until becoming commander of the 449th subdepot, 21 April 44, and was appointed deputy for services, 19 April 45. He retired from the USAF 31 Dec 1953.

No B-36 Lurks In Lake at Carswell AFB

Newcomers to Carswell Air Force Base are often told about a B-36 bomber that is, according to the legend, resting on the bottom of Lake Worth, where it settled after a crash that killed all aboard.

Well, it isn't.

Sgt. David M. Sanchez, historian for the 7th Bomb Wing, has set the record straight on the legend, explaining that there is no ghostly shape of a B-36 on the bottom of the lake.

But there was a B-36 crash at the end of the Carswell runway Sept. 15, 1949, and five of the 13 airmen aboard died.

The bomber was ditched in the lake but two days later was towed ashore, piece by piece.

A survivor, Maj. Toy B. Husband, the bomber's pilot, related that the aircraft was on a routine takeoff and was airborne for a few seconds before it settled back on the ground.

He said an effort to brake the aircraft was made by throwing the propellers into reverse. But that failed and the crew tried to hold the nose of the bomber up as it fell into the water.

Sanchez's study of what happened showed that two of the bomber's six propellers had been reversed and acted as brakes when the B-36 tried to get off the ground. At that time, the only way to tell if propellers were fixed in the right direction was to stand in front of each engine and feel the air current.

The pilot, Toy B. Husband, earlier was a 369th pilot and later group operations officer in mid-1944. This story was published in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, 13 Feb 84.

Transportation

(from page 1)

in the Continental U.S.

Says the committee, if 200 tickets were bought on or before Oct. 1, we could present our English friends free transportation to Fort Worth and have a drawing or raffle for the domestic tickets.

Republic will also offer a 35 percent discount to travelers, but we won't have full details until the June issue.

Otis Bert Tillery, 423rd navigator (O'Hara's crew), died 13 Oct at York, AL, where he had been a business man. He was the 58th officer to complete a combat tour, mid-1943.

Dr. Arthur R. Weihe, 367th flight surgeon, died Feb. 27 in the VA hospital, Biloxi, MS, after a long bout with lung cancer. For some years he had practiced medicine in Friendship, WS, leaving his private practice several years ago to join the staff of the VA hospital at Biloxi.

306th Reunion Order Form

OCT. 25-27, 1984—Ft. Worth

TO: 306th Reunion Make Checks Payable to: 306th Reunion Fund
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 Fort Worth, TX 76162

Please reserve tickets for the 306th Reunion for me as follows:

	No. of Tickets	Total Charge for Tickets
10/25 Billy Bob's BBQ, Dancing, Entertainment per ticket. (Includes transportation)	\$18.00x _____	= \$ _____
10/26 Carswell morning tour and luncheon per ticket (includes transportation)	\$11.00x _____	= \$ _____
10/26 Carswell afternoon tour and dinner per ticket (includes transportation)	\$20.00x _____	= \$ _____
10/27 Banquet, 7 p.m. at Green Oaks, per ticket	\$23.00x _____	= \$ _____
TOTAL price for all tickets—enclose check		\$ _____

Each of these events will be preceded by a cash bar cocktail hour.

INFORMATION

Name _____ Will Spouse Attend? _____
 Name of Spouse _____
 Address _____ Phone No. _____

Squadron _____ Position on Crew or Other Duty _____

Arrival Time: Date _____ Hour _____ Departure Time: Date _____ Hour _____

Have you made Hotel Reservations? _____ If so, where _____

Do you need airport transportation? _____ If so, give Airline, flight number, date and arrival time: _____

What other information can we furnish? _____

Do you need parking place for recreational vehicle? _____

If so, do you need hookup? _____

Will you play in golf tournament? _____ Spouse? _____
 Golf Tournament entry fee is \$28.50 each (includes green fees, 1/2 cart rental and trophy contribution. Send separate check marked "Golf" to: 306th Reunion Fund, Limited entries, early reservations important.

Please assist our English Friends in coming to Fort Worth. Send a separate check to: 306th Reunion Fund marked "FOTE" before July 15th.

More Issues of 'Echoes'

Here's my help for future issues of Echoes!

I enclose \$ _____ to support the production and mailing of the 306th Echoes. I also want to support continuing reunion activities for those who once served.

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Green Oaks Inn, a housing complex reflecting the Southwest in its architectural styling, and "home" for the 306th in October.

Spaatz' Career Probed by Seminar (from page 5)

place at the right time, particularly in the later years of his career."

It was also pointed out that Spaatz had a unique relationship with General H. H. Arnold. Arnold regarded Spaatz as his peer, at least, and constantly promoted Spaatz.

"Gen. Spaatz had a sense of objectivity about himself," pointed out Dr. Holley, "that made him back away from things for which he was not prepared."

On the down side, Dr. Goldberg expressed the belief that Spaatz would not have succeeded in any other branch of service, largely because he was too disorganized.

"Gen. Spaatz was unique," added Dr. Goldberg. "No others reaching the same level were like him. He certainly was not a model for officers to emulate in his own

time, or today.

"Much to his credit was his honesty with the combat crews. He insisted that men be told the truth about tough missions they were about to undertake."

Many of the group adjourned to the Bolling Officers' Club for libations, dinner and an address by Air Commodore H. A. Probert, RAF, chief of the Air Historical Branch, Ministry of Defense.

Probert had been asked to comment on the two books by Dewitt Copps, *A Few Great Captains* and *Forged in Fire*. While Probert was critical at points, he perceived the two books to be excellent histories of the period of pre-WWII and WWII, and echoed the thought of many, that these be followed by a third volume.

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