POWs Fight Lonely Battles For Survival

By Calvin Brend

As a preface to this story, I'd like it noted that for me to recall these events and the thoughts that go with them, was an extreme hardship. I learned to survive in POW camp with humor. Whatever occurred, we made light of it, often times creating jokes out of injury, pain, hardship, and even death. It was at least my way of coping. After the war, I found that in order to cope with these memories, it was necessary for me to avoid crowds, to avoid too much discussion and detail in any conversation about what really happened.

To this day, I have the same outlook and avoid even going to meetings of various veterans organizations to which I belong: I avoid the special POW group meetings at the VA. I do know that these meetings are an effort to help and I condone and thank those who are trying to help. It does seem to work for some, but not for me. And so this effort of mine to relate what happened to me, became difficult to do. I thought perhaps the more that is brought out the better so that those who have not lived through it might understand. One of the greatest God-given gifts to man is the natural ability to forget the bad and remember the good. It just takes longer for some of us, but we try. My story and drawing reflect some of this. I hope it may do some good for some someone. Even though writing this, recalling it, and illustrating it has been very, very difficult for me, I deem it an honor to do so.

After going through basic training at Miami Beach and gunnery school at Fort Myers, Florida, I was initially assigned to night fighters at Orlando Air Base. We had been held back three times from going overseas. We wondered why. We were transferred to heavy bombers. I was shipped to Wailla Walla, Washington, for training. After training and our flight overseas, we landed at Thurleigh, England, near Bedford. We were assigned to the 306th Bomb Group, 423rd Squadron.

We were an eager crew. If there was any flying to be done, we were there. We had seen thirteen missions as a crew, going to Norway, Germany, France, Southern France, etc. We carried various bomb loads, including 500# bobo trap bombs, 500# demolition, 100# incendiary clusters, anti-personnel bombs, even leaflets. We loved our job. We were experienced, young and foolish, but pros.

(Continued on Page 5)

Little Rock Activities Scheduled

The schedule is starting to gel for the Little Rock reunion of the 306th Bomb Group. Planned to run from Sept. 21 through Sept. 24 at the Arkansas Ex- celor Hotel, on the south bank of the Arkansas River, and almost within a stone's throw of I-40.

One of the advantages of Little Rock is the convenience of the hotel to interstate traffic and the proximity of the Little Rock airport, about three miles from downtown.

Chairman Hugh Phelan has announced that members of his committee include Jack Wood, John Dexter, Fred Sherman, Ted Hood, M.J. Northway and John Kato, all residents now of Arkansas.

Thursday night's activities will center around a "Feast of Arkansas" buffet, scheduled for a lovely park immediately adjacent to the hotel and on the bank of the river. The weather will be the determining factor.

Friday three major activities are planned, although each is limited in the numbers which can participate: a visit to Crittenden plantation, 13 miles from Little Rock, two one and one-half hour river boat excursions along the Arkansas aboard the sternwheeler, "Spirit"; and an evening opportunity for some who want to attend the Billy Graham Crusade. The latter event is scheduled to be held 17 September through the 24th.

The Crittenden event is limited to 180 persons, with 90 going out at 9:30 in the morning, and a second group leaving at 1:30. The time at the plantation itself will be two hours. The cost for this is $10 per person, which includes bus transportation.

The riverboat trips are one and one-half hours, and depart at 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. from the dock behind the hotel. The cost is $3.50 per person, and there will be a cash bar and refreshments on board. This is limited to 120 persons each trip.

The Billy Graham Crusade will be held at War Memorial Stadium, and 150 tickets are available for the Friday evening service at 7 p.m. The 55,000-seat stadium is two miles from the hotel. Bus transportation will be provided for $5.00 per person.

Reservations for each of these activities are available by completing the pre-registration form on the back page of this issue. If you have previously registered, you can "sign on" for these activities by filling out the form once again, noting that you have previously registered, and send it along with your
Project Fund Grows, Seek More Donors

The initial appeal for gifts to a 306th Bomb Group Association project fund have brought in a significant amount of money, says President William F. Houlihan. But, it is hoped that additional persons will make contributions during the remainder of 1989, and that at least some people will make it a part of their giving program for future years.

One of the major objectives of the Fund, says Donald R. Ross, former 306th president, is to assure the continued operation of the association in that period when the roll of active members begins to show a drop. Because of the continued identification of significant numbers of "new" names for the roster, the 306th has not yet gone over the top. But at some point in the next five years this will happen, and the roster will begin a long downward slide.

Another possible use is the publication of several collections of information, namely, the individual unit narratives, which provide various kinds of information about the day-to-day events of the squadrons, although the information is primarily limited to the combat flying effort; a picture album of the 306th; a project that has been discussed on several occasions, a directory of the names of all those believed to have served with the 306th from March 1942 until the end of the combat phase.

Additionally, the 306th officers and directors are exploring a 50th anniversary observance of the arrival of the 36th in England to begin its long and effective history with the 8th Air Force from its base at Thurlow. The arrival of ground forces and the flying crews came during the second week of September 1942, and would most appropriately be held in England.

President Houlihan states that by the time the project gets underway in Little Rock in September, the officers and directors will have several projects of interest to members to present.

Deaths

Clinton E. Coughlin, Jr., 369th engineer (Cecil Mckinney's crew) died 10 Oct 88 in Kansas City, KS. He served with the group from 12 Apr to 28 Sep 44. Elmer J. Frey, 369th crew chief, died 20 Oct 86 in Columbia, PA, after a long bout with leukemia. He joined the group at Wendover, UT, and continued to serve throughout the war.

Maj. Paul J. George died 24 June 87 in St. Petersburg, FL. He joined the 306th 16 Jul 42 in Wendover, UT, and served until 8 Oct 43, when he was flying as a passenger with Thomas Ledgerwood's crew and was shot down over Bremen. He was one of several ground officers with a yen to fly who ended up in German POW camps. He was first assistant materials engineering officer and 24 Sep 43 became Group equipment officer. At the time of his death, George was 87 years of age and had retired from the USAF in Dec 59.

Robert L. Grace, 369th pilot, died 4 Feb 89 in Clinton, TN. He joined the Group 5 Apr 45, and flew with the Casey Jones Project through Jun 46.

Edward Joseph Gustafson, a 369th waist gunner, died 24 Feb 89 in the VA Hospital, New York, NY. He was a carpenter and contractor in East Islip, NY, and later lived in Albany. He was MIA on his 36th mission 11 Apr 44 to Stuttgart (W. Germany), and became a POW.

Howard L. Harmsten, 368th bomber pilot (Walter Kiehl's crew), died 26 Jun 88 in Roosevelt, UT. He arrived with the group 1 Dec 43, and was MIA and a POW 25 Feb 44 at Augsburg (W. Joseph Gay). Horace W. (Ike) Hoskins, 369th ball turret gunner (Max Williams' crew), died last December in Champion, NE. He joined the squadron 21 Apr 44 and finished his combat tour in October.

Frederick E. Hutchingson, a 369th waist gunner from mid-43 until he parachuted out of the debris after Lawrence Kooma's plane blew up over Bremen 8 Oct 43, died in late 1988 in Republic, OH. He was a POW. Hutchinson was credited with downing one FW 190 on an early mission, and received a Purple Heart, as well.

Paul C. (Red) Jorgensen, 369th pilot, died 14 May 88 after suffering from emphysema for ten years. He joined the 306th as a co-pilot (Robert Schoch's crew) 19 Nov 43, but after Schoch's loss flew most of his tour as a first pilot. He completed his tour 27 May 44 as a flight check.

Once the numbers are filled for each event, a waiting list will be established. Phelan has also announced that one large room will be used for all personnel to come in for refreshment, rather than trying to set up four distinct rooms. At the check-in large sheets will be provided for members to sign up for each of the squadrons and other units of the 306th, so that other members can quickly locate friends. Both hotel and group registration will be found on the last page of this issue of Echoes.

Little Rock

Check (From Page 1)

Georgians Plan for 8th Memorial

The Georgia chapter of the 8th AF Historical Society is vigorously supporting an effort to build a $1,500,000 8th AF Museum at Savannah, GA. Savannah has in its favor for such an activity the historical fact that it was here that the 8th Air Force was formed in January 1942.

Currently Saul M. Kupferman, 42nd, and Tom Huling, 368th, are members of the board of directors of the Georgia chapter, both recently elected. Other 306th people are active with the chapter, and Saul serves as editor of its quarterly publication, "Tail Tails".

306th Heads List of DFC Recipients

General Order No. 98, Eighth Air Force, issued 7 July 1943 covers only the awarding of the Distinguished Flying Cross to seventeen men. Eight of those men were from the 306th.

The group received their DFCs for flying twenty-five combat missions, a full tour at that point in the war effort. They were Capt. Raymond J. Cheek, who was KIA on his first mission; Capt. John H. Dexter, 367th and group navigator; T/Sgt. Thurman H. Ray, 369th tail gunner, and S/Sgt James A. Bobbett, 369th waist gunner.

Now the unusual group is the other four, each of whom was cited for "extraordinary achievement...while serving...on a B-17 airplane...over enemy occupied Continental Europe."

S/Sgt Wayne J. Gray, 369th waist gunner flew ten missions, and had floated around in the North Sea for more than thirty hours when Lt. Robert Smith ditched his plane coming home from Bremen.

S/Sgt Maynard E. Nelson, 423rd waist gunner flew twenty missions for his DFC.

S/Sgt Carl E. Fremoyer, 369th ball turret gunner flew fifteen missions for his DFC, and

Sgt. John E. Owens, 369th ball turret gunner, flew fifteen missions for his medal.

It is unusual from this period to have a General Order issued which dealt only with the award of one type of medal. To see the medal awarded at less than a tour without a special citation being issued to such specifics of the award.
306th Echoes, April '89

New Biography of Spaatz Now Ready

Americans have been a bit slow, perhaps, in detailing the exploits of its principal WWII military leadership. Now, some 45 years later, a biography of Gen. Tooke Spaatz has made its appearance. Unfortunately, the now book, Maker of Airpower, by Ed R. Moe, is good history, but falls as a biography. The fault perhaps lies more with the subject than with the author. Spaatz is difficult to write about because it is not a good body of material to work from. This book lacks the impact of Thomas Coffey's two works, Hap, and Iron Eagle, and of Air Force Spoken Hereby, James Parton. These are the biographies of General of the Air Force Henry H. Arnold, Gen. Curtis E. LeMay and Gen. Ira Eaker. The difference lies in the fact that Spaatz was not a great letter writer, nor did he have a PR man trailing him during the height of his career, taking notes on what he did.

Coffey is an accomplished biographer, and the craft of the biographer is different from that of an historian. Jim Parton was one of Eaker's aides for the WWII period and absorbed, recorded and remembered a tremendous amount about Eaker from 1942 through 1945.

While this book contains all about there is to know about Spaatz, there is no sparkle to it. Perhaps Spaatz sparkled around a pool table, but at work he was a cool, methodical, quiet man who got his point across to people, led them confidently, and inspired awe both from those who directed him and those who worked for him.

Perhaps one of the better things said about Spaatz was General Eisenhower's estimate of him, February 1945, "experienced and able air commander; loyal and cooperative; good friend of mine." This was a part of Eisenhower's semi-annual estimates of about seventy-five subordinate commanders. In this listing Spaatz rated equally with Gen. Omar Bradley.

Waugh Finds Easy Answer

Fran Wauh, the 423rd photographer, became curious as to why radio operators failed so often to turn on the bomb spotting cameras as the bombs left the plane, and then if they were on, failed to turn them off when the pictures had been taken.

Thus, Wauh was a passenger on the Peris Youree crew 5 April 43 at Antwerp. Wauh knew Mike Roskovech was old friends by now, and Fran also wanted to be with Rosky on his twenty-fifth mission. As Wauh reported, "I found out what the problem was."

"I managed to get the camera turned over on the target, but got so excited and scared I forgot to turn it off, and thus laid a perfect strip mosaic of the ground and English Channel all the way back to Thurleigh."

With this information now in hand, the cameras were modified to be tripped by a solenoid after the bomb, and then turned off automatically after the required number of exposures had been made.

306th Express Carries Maps to N. Africa

Contributing to this story have been Col. Robert P. Riordan, Col. Gerald Hotter, Charles M. Davis, and Anthony Santoro all of whom were participants in the action.

Maj. Henry W. Terry, commanding officer of the 306th Squadron, in Capt. Robert P. Riordan in the spring of 1943 and told him that he and his crew had been selected for a special mission that would take them to North Africa and back.

Capt. Riordan then notified his engineer, Anthony Santoro, and told him to get their plane, Wahoo II, ready for the long trip. Working with the ground crew chief, Forest Goodwill, extra ammunition was added at each gun position, and an extra fuel tank in the bomb bay added 410 gallons to the ship's capacity.

The plane and crew were ready for departure from Station 111 at 1445, 3 April 43. They flew to Bovingdon, where the plane was filled with sealed barracks bags. The bags were literally everywhere. Santoro reports they were stacked in the radio room, on one side of the bomb bay, on the other side of the bomb bay, out on both sides of the tail turret, and even in the nose.

Along with the bags came an Army major who was their custodian. Guards surrounded the plane at Bovingdon until they departed, and when they arrived at Portreath at 1915 hours, more guards were ready to take up their duties.

All was ready for an early morning rising at Portreath, and the wheels left England at 0445 on the 14th.

Riordan reports that their flight plan called them west of France, on across the Bay of Biscay, west to the west of Portugal and Spain, and then east to Bigratit.

With their six thousand pounds of cargo, they flew at about 10,000 feet most of the way.

"Identification requirements were that we approach the southern end of Gulf of Bibrat on a northerly heading. About three miles from the coast we fired a (Bay) pistol with the colors of the day. We must have had the right signal because they gave us a green light to proceed. We made a wide turn in the bay on the west side of Bigratit, being careful to stay clear of Spanish territory," says Riordan.

Both Riordan and Santoro reported a terrific down draft at their approach into Bigratit, with the plane probably dropping 300 feet. Charles Davis, who was in the radio room says that Orville Schultz, the radio operator, was taking place but he had the radio hatch, and had not someone grabbed his legs, he would have gone out without a chute on. Later this same thing almost happened to the Army major who was their navigator.

The pilots and crew knew about a problem with hydraulic pressure in the left landing gear strut, but there was no problem in landing at "The Rock." The crew members spent an enjoyable three days at Bigratit, with the fresh fruit cups being a special treat. They also saw the Barbary apes, and delighted in buying white bread and silk stockings.

One of the problems confronting the gunners was the proximity to saloon

North Africa Crew
Capt. Robert P. Riordan
Pilot
2nd Lt. Roger D. Littlejohn
Co-Pilot
1Lt. G. D. Roderick
Navigator
1Lt. J. S. Spelman
Bombardier
T/Sgt Anthony Santoro
Engineer
S/Sgt Orville E. Schulz
Radio
S/Sgt Charles M. Davis
Ball
S/Sgt Albert N. McManus
Tail
S/Sgt Robert D. Swigert
Wash
S/Sgt Ray D. May
Wash

Air Assault Halts German Reinforcement


This is an interesting small book on a single incident, the first force to engage the enemy in Normandy. This was D Company, 2nd Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, a part of the Air Landing Brigade of the 6th Airborne Division of the British Army.

It is the story of Maj. John Howard and his men of this very special company who went into the Caen area in six gliders, leading the British Army in the invasion.

The objective of Howard's company was two bridges, one of them Pegasus, north and east of Caen. By their capture they could prevent the reinforcement of the British invasion front by the German Army, forcing them to take a long and circuitous route to reach the beachhead.

What did it all mean? "At the minimum, then, failure at Pegasus Bridge would have made D-Day much more costly to the Allies, and especially to the 6th Airborne Division. At a maximum, failure at Pegasus Bridge might have meant failure for the division as a whole, with consequences for world history too staggering to contemplate," Eisenhower and the Allied command did not want German Panzer units loose in the beachhead area. This book tells how Maj. Howard trained his unit and how the men performed in the darkness of the early morning 6 June 1944 to make sure that these two vital bridges were captured and held.
Hubbards Have Great Visit

Jack Hubbard writes:
My wife and I went to Bedford, England, last September for a week. We contacted the Richards and Ralph Franklin – they were very nice and most helpful to us. The Richards arranged for us to tag along with two bus loads of 306th BG vets and their wives for two days, visiting the cemetery near Cambridge (Madingley), where special services were held and flowers placed on each 306th grave. We then spent a few hours at Duxford (RAF Museum, like the US Air Force Museum, which was marvelous.

Ralph Franklin showed Karen and me all over Thurlby in his car. He had maps to show us where various units were located, etc., also showed us the existing building and hardstands – it reminded me of the beginning of "12 O’Clock High." He even played Glenn Miller music as we drove around the area. I must say I was tearful and all choked up several times. Ralph did a superb job.

Of course we visited the Corn Exchange, and the old hotel by the river. (Jack Hubbard and his wife have just returned after two years of mission work in Australia.)

Stalag XVII Likes 306th

Three members of the 306th and one wife serve as officers of the Stalag XVII-B American Ex-Prisoners of War Organization.
Dr. Luther D. Victory, 366th tail gunner and MIA 24 Apr 44, is the vice commander for 1989.
Helmut V. Roeder, 367th gunner and MIA 23 Dec 42, is the southwestern director.
Leo Gallegos, 368th waist gunner and MIA 17 Apr 43, is the secretary and his wife, Betty, is again the adjutant.
Brend's Tale
(From page 1)
Margie's Finale
Our ship was named Margie. This is a story of Margie's last mission. It was now February 22, 1944. The wake up call came at 2:30 a.m. We quickly dressed in the cold and went off to chow, then to briefing. When the briefing was over, we were loaded. We had been assigned the mission to bomb a train yard in Germany.
I have forgotten the exact target, but I do remember it was a railroad marshalling yard. Our altitude was set to 5,000 feet above the ground. It was mixed bomb load through the squadron. Our ship carried demolition and incendiary bombs. We were dressed in wool uniforms, with the exception of a few who had gone into the area in relation to the ship. As I approached the ship, with one gun in front of me, I became aware of the sound I had never heard before. The engines were reving quite high, but there was an added sound. I can only describe it as a whining sound. I stepped on the accelerator and took off at a low altitude. The sound was very loud. I thought I was walking into the spinning propellers. I was not, but my ship was in the long way around to approach from the rear.
I had to get to the ball turret of our B-17. It was not easy walking up the slipstream of the engines with a heavy gun. I finally made it and had to repeat the procedure for the second and third Margie.

Soon we got word to put stay, they would change the wheel. Seems that's going to be one of the first days that things just don't go right. Soon a truck and a jeep arrived, those in the truck changed. We were changed in the jeep. He was talking to the pilot for a short time, then came over to us. During a brief chat with our B-24, "Aren't we all glad," he all said, "You're right, we have a feeling about this one."

The wheel was changed. We climbed in, and took off. The others were already up and mostly formed into formation by now. As we rolled down the runway, an unexpected gust of wind hit us, it was a surprise. A few clouds were high, we were on oxygen before breaking through into sunshine. As we broke through the clouds, the view was straight up at very, very close. The pilot, rolled to the right and dove, not a lot of control. It was not necessary. We climbed back and joined our squadron. Things settled down now and we proceeded toward the coast. We were the low squadron and the last over the target. We did not worry much as we were supposed to have fighter escort most of the way back. Before we crossed the Channel, three of our squadron had turned back with engine trouble. We were the first to start, but this left now only three planes in our squadron. One of the planes that turned back was the squadron leader.

Soon the navigator said that we'd be crossing the Belgian border anytime now. Then someone said, "Hey, here comes our target!" We were to meet Mustang escorts at this location. We knew we were late, but figured they would still show. We had bailed out as someone said that they are not P-51's, they are ME109's. Guns began to roll. A long stream of fighters made a pass, we were a target. Then we saw the low squadron, they were a target, then got a glimpse of several that dipped below our ship. On this pass they got our left wing man. He went down. I saw several chutes open. The fighters returned for a second attack from the same location. As they started the attack, our right wing man suddenly left us and pulled up and over to join the lead squadron. The move was stated over the intercom as "Where is our right wingman going?" The next thing I heard, almost immediately, were guns firing again.

Fatal Event
Suddenly there was a great jet and we stalled. I saw flames coming from the number three engine. We started our death dive. I rolled the ball turret up to get out. As I reached behind my head to unlatch the hatch, a heavy G-force held me down. The pilots although they may have been mortally hit, made a last heroic effort to straighten out the ship and allow the others to bail out. I opened my hatch, but only three inches. I was stuck. Panic! All the stories ran through my head about the ball turret getting jammed with shell casings, etc. Yet in this panic I realized the ball had enormous crap that day and I had not turned off the power.

I quickly flipped the handle forward to revolve the hatch up into and the ship noted the power was beginning to fail. I switched the power off. I jumped, glanced around. The radio room was ablaze. Turbo amplifiers (for the engines) against the bulkhead of the bomb bay were on fire. A terrific smell! The mixture of an electrical fire, oil and gas was all that I believed was fresh burning.

Standing by the waist door was our radio operator. He looked through the oil. He did not jump. The ship was level now.

(Continued on page 6)
Boots. Heading into the deeper woods, I noticed I was going the right way. Southwest! My immediate thoughts were how I would get back to keep a date with my girl. I knew she would be waiting for me back in Bedford in the Theatre lobby. Funny now, but not so funny then.

I pressed on through the woods. I came to a field in which stood a scarecrow. I did not think it odd. My coffee jacket was borrowed. The jacket would help me keep warm, if I had to spend the night in the snow. As I trudged through the woods and over the scarecrow, I suddenly felt voices. At the edge of the woods, I saw two children returning from school, at least I supposed they were children. They have a dog! Will the dog get my scent? I found a depression under the scarecrow, which I sat in. I laid down and covered up with the snow and leaves. I watched as they passed by. The children were about 11 or 12 years old and a spot under a low hanging tree confirmed to me that I was in Belgium as the navigator had said.

I had been trudging in the woods all night, not stopping. I had not seen a house or a town for miles. My chances of running into some farmer were slim. I noticed a scowling face in the woods, I decided to never look back. I was going to get through this.
Brend (Continued from page 6)

No Heat May Have Saved Langley's Life

This is the story of Sgt. Clifford Langley, 36th, as reported in issue #20, "Intelligence Reports," December 1943, by the Office of the Director of Intelligence, USAAF.

Bleeding profusely from machine gun and cannon wounds I knew I would run the additional risk of freezing to death if I went down. Then the heating cord from my flying suit. But I had a hunch. I disconnected the cord - and that possibly saved my life.

The story begins in the afternoon of December 12, 1942. I was the tail gunner in the Wahoc, one of 18 B-17's in our element of 70-plane formation sent out to bomb France. Lt. Robert Riorian was my pilot. Our primary target was Rornily-sur-Seine, the secondary was Le Havre and the third alternative was Rouen. We found heavy cloud over the primary, so turned west to get to Le Havre. As we flew toward the coast, we were picked up by eighteen Fw-190's, apparently based near Paris. These German planes harried us to Le Havre and then, when we had to shift to our third target because of bad weather, followed us to Rouen.

We dropped on the marshalling yards at Rouen. Between the heavy flak and the Focke-Wulfs, the opposition was tough. We made two runs over the target, during which time we were being hit constantly by flak and fighter fire. Wahoc gunners knocked down four planes; one of those was mine.

During the first run the German firefighters came in from all angles, with the heaviest attack from the lower front. My guns were going full blast. One plane came under our nose but it went to the bottom of the ship and shot up the tail. I reeled under a burst of slugs that caught me in the left leg and left hand. One of my guns was destroyed.

Another plane put a 20mm cannon shot through the tail, but on his second pass I caught him dead in the sights and sent him spinning to the earth. On the second run, several planes hit the tail simultaneously and I was dipped in the left and head until I was no longer able to operate the one gun I had left. The wounds in my leg and arm made it difficult to fight, and the slope in the head made me too dizzy to follow combat.

I could hear the engines missing, and knew we were limping badly. A 20mm cannon shell burst through the bomb bay, and the Wahoc shuddered heavily. Most of the tail was shot away. All our bombs were gone, we headed for home, far out of formation, easy prey to attacking fighters.

He was not home alive, it never knew. I was in a daze, desperately fighting the temptation to slip off into a comfortable, warm bed with my wife and kids. Without analyzing the action much I disconnected the heating cord from my suit. The gland cold made my head ache, but I thought that I was bleeding less. Medical officers later told me that turning off the heat, so that the icy wind helped coagulate the blood in my wounds possibly saved my life.

Back Issues

If you have a yen to read issues of 36th Echoes from 1946 through the 1987 issues, they are still available on microfiche for $5. Send a check made out to the 36th Bomb Group Association to Russ Strong to receive your packet of six microfiche films. You can read them at any library.

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36th Echoes, April '89

 devered. One was being dug from under the latrine. I was sitting on the latrine one day and noticed one of the POWs scurrying near the window for a long time. No one else was present. A lookout, I thought. Sure enough, there was a man peeked up from the seat next to me. A POW asked if I had any matches. I gave him some and he went back down to work. This tunnel was later discovered when the ox drawn suction wagon that was clearing out the latrine suddenly caved in the tunnel. It had been raining for about ten days and the ground was very soft.

Another tunnel was abandoned to the Germans as a joke. When a guard found the dirt near the store and found a dark hole, the guard ran for the commandant. When he showed the commandant what he had discovered, all the POWs laughed and laughed. The commandant said, "I don't understand. I found your secret and you go quiet." Some replied, "That's nothing, you should see the other one." With that they showed him another hidden tunnel. The guard in German. The commandant said to him "Durnkopf, go in and see where it goes." The gun snapped to attention and ran into the tunnel, up to the waist in water. Hysteria broke out and the gun and the commandant left.

Yes, there were many memorable moments, but mostly little food, constant harassment, pain and death. A death was witnessed by many. We thought of it as an execution. We were always locked up at night. Dogs patrolled the outside. In the morning a guard unlocked the doors and shut the dogs. He then unlocked the door of the first barracks and proceeded to the next, a POW came out and another guard was unlocked. This was the style of living in the barracks. He had his soap and towel in his hands. The guard in the tower did not think he was supposed to be out. The POW fell in the middle of the parade ground. He lay there obviously in pain and we sent for a doctor. The doctor found him and he was taken to the medical corps. He had a hernia and he was taken to the medical corps. He had a hernia and he was taken to the medical corps.

With the proliferation of "vanity" license plates, George Watkins, 36th pilot, now sports the above plate on his car.

Surprised From Below

Many tunnels were dug, but none suc-
A Letter To All Pilots

We are still trying to put together information on aircraft and who flew them. Therefore, anyone but particularly pilots, if you have a list or a diary that shows what planes you flew on each mission, the historian would like to look at it. Make a list of missions and the planes which you flew and send it along to Russ Strong for inclusion in the plane roster which he is trying to complete. If you flew in another position in the plane, and kept a diary or other listing of targets, planes and pilots, that would also be helpful.

One of the problems is that there appear to be incomplete records at best at National Archives, with some mission folders missing completely and others having fragmentary information. When the crew interrogation forms are missing there is seldom anything that will take their place.

In fact, in searching for the crew interrogation forms on his own 34 missions, Strong was able to find them for only 28 of his missions.

I'd like to express my sincerest appreciation to the many members who sent cards and letters wishing me a speedy recovery from my recent operation. I am now well on my way to recovery and the many cards and letter gave me the incentive I needed to regain my health.

Jack Murphy, 423rd

8th AF Members

Below is an application for membership in the 8th Air Force Historical Society. The 356th has always had one of the larger Group representations in the 8th, and at the first of this year it totaled 557 persons.

If you wish to join the 8th, use this form and the 306th Bomb Group Association will receive a $5.00 rebate for each new member, or each member who has not paid his dues for two years will bring the same $5.00 rebate to the 306th when the application is cleared through the 306th. Mail to the 306th Secretariat.

Hotel Reservation Form

CHECK IN TIME AFTER 3:00 PM
CHECK OUT TIME 12:00 NOON

ARKANSAS' EXCELSIOR HOTEL
Three Testament Places
Little Rock, Arkansas 72201
(501) 274-3400 TOLL FREE RESERVATIONS 1-800-627-1799

INDICATE (3) ROOM PREFERENCE — SUBMIT TO AVAILABILITY AT TIME RESERVATION RECEIVED
D Singles D Doubles D Rooms with Baths D Rooms with Baths D Rooms with Baths D Suites
$64 $64 $64 $64 $64 $64

CONCIERGE FLOOR $82 $82 $82 $82 $82 $82

RESERVATIONS ACCEPTED ON SPACE AVAILABILITY AFTER THIS CUT-OFF DATE.
8/21/89

ARRIVAL Month Day Time
DEPARTURE Month Day Time
NAME
Street Address
City State Zip

AMERICAN AIRLINES IN COOPERATION WITH THE 306TH BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION OFFERS SUPER MEETING SAVINGS FARE DISCOUNTS TO LITTLE ROCK SEPTEMBER 21-24, 1989

Through special arrangements with American Airlines our group has arranged for convention participants to receive a special airfare discount via AMERICAN AIRLINES. For a 10% discount off the coach air fare, or 5% discount off any promotional air fare for which you qualify, call the 800 number below.

1-800-433-1790
ASK FOR STAR FILE #S57605

YOU MUST CALL THIS 800 NUMBER TO RECEIVE THE DISCOUNT - IF YOU CALL THE REGULAR AMERICAN AIRLINES NUMBER, YOU WILL NOT RECEIVE THIS DISCOUNT FARE.

*Call American's Meeting Services Desk 7 days a week from 7:00 AM to 12:00 midnight central time.

*You may purchase your tickets either through American or your local Travel Agent.

*If you qualify for a lower fare, American will offer an additional 5% discount off the lower fare at the time of ticketing. ALL RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE LOWER FARE WILL APPLY.

THE EARLIER YOU MAKE YOUR RESERVATION, THE GREATER YOUR POTENTIAL FARE DISCOUNT.