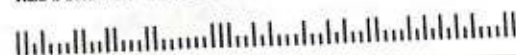


306th Echoes

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Finding Your Way to Dayton

Rocky Rockwell, president of the 306th and also our reunion chairman for our 2007 reunion, has prepared detailed information on this event which is to be found on pages 4 of this issue of *Echoes*.

You should find all of your questions answered, and you should be able to find your way around Dayton, OH, and Wright-Patterson AFB where the greatest collection of WWII aircraft in the world is housed.

One will not have trouble using up two or three days in the USAF collection, and one knowledgeable person defies you to read your way through all the treasures you can find there.

What do you do to house a B-36? There probably is only one extant at this time and it's at Dayton. In order to house it they brought in the airplane and then built the hangar around it. Planes that dropped our two atomic bombs to close out WWII are there, and a whole host of very significant airplanes, including those planes which moved our presidents around the hemisphere and abroad.

The *Memphis Belle*, usually accorded the honor of being the first B-17 to finish 25 missions in Europe, has been moved from an island at Memphis to Wright-Pat so that it can be properly rebuilt and given a permanent home. This editor has always thought that the 25th mission plane may actually have come out of the 306th but *Eager Beaver* did not have the public appeal that the *Belle* had. And that "special" plane may have come out of the 303rd group.

The name of *Eager Beaver* and its nose art is to be found elsewhere in the Dayton museum, when its nose was brought there some years ago and fastened to the wall. Marlen Reber, its original pilot was there, and the nose art had been refurbished by Lee Kessler, who had done the original work.

Other famous planes are to be found there and the stories of them are legion. We hope you will enjoy them. Which reminds me: last night while watching something on TV a B-17 taxied right through the picture.



Lt. Russell A. Strong, 1944.



Echoes editor Russ Strong.

A Look Back- Echoes and Its' Editor

This is my valedictory as editor of *306th Echoes*.

This editor will not produce another, a venture which began in August 1976. It has been carried on quarterly since then. We have gone through a lot of changes, including going from black and white to full color and back to black and white. Our aim has always been to bring you stories of interest.

One early reader protested our running obituaries, but the editor has always felt these were important to "our" story. The news sheet really began as a means of finding people who could tell their own stories of WWII combat so that after eight years of research and writing would produce our book, *First Over Germany*. The book has gone through five printings and is still available. Because it includes 1700 names in its 325 pages, it has often been called the best of such WWII histories.

We began to have reunions, spurred on by the very first 8th AF reunion in Miami Beach, FL. About a hundred men showed up, half of whom were from the 306th.

Bill Collins provided a lot of the early impetus, giving this editor a list of several hundred names and addresses. We had our first reunion in Dayton, OH, finding operating money by cash dropped in a hat sitting on a bar. We've never had any dues, preferring to run on voluntary contributions so that none would be deprived of receiving *Echoes*. It is fitting that our last reunion is in Dayton.

We have built a file of 8,000 men who served in the 306th from the halcyon days that began at Wendover, UT, in March 1942, and by October 1942 the 306th had moved by train and plane to the East Coast, and then by plane and ship to England.

Lt. Col. Charles B. Overacker was our first commander, and was fired in early 1943 by Gen. Ira Eaker. This scene became the opening thrust of the book and movie *Twelve O'clock High*. The tale was written out of the experiences of the first four bomb groups in the eighth, but the opening was pure 306th.

After several years of impromptu gatherings in several states, the organization was formalized with Ralph Bordner as the first president, Collins as vice president-treasurer and this writer as secretary.

Slowly we moved ahead with by-laws and other paraphernalia of organization, and the reunions grew in size and complexity. We had 900 at Las Vegas in 1988 and 400 went to England in 1992 to celebrate the 50th anniversary of our entry into the "shooting" war. We also had special tours to France, Scotland, Ireland, England and Alaska.

By our by-laws and IRS regulations our records have gone to the Kalamazoo Air Zoo in Kalamazoo, MI, which has a well funded and exquisitely appointed Air Museum and good archival space to handle our records. Our money has to go the same route as we have had a tax exemption for years. The recipient organization also must

have the IRS status. This decision was made and approved by the board of directors, followed by a vote of the membership.

My study is now stacked with bankers' boxes, addressed and identified and will be moving shortly to the Kalamazoo Air Zoo. Included are the 36 three-ring binders containing the 306th Mission Reports. Similar sets are also to be found in our museum at Thurleigh, Beds, England, the 8th AF Museum in Savannah, GA, and the Boeing Air Museum in Seattle, WA.

One of the best files though consists of the 8,000 personnel cards which were put together 30 years ago from all kinds of records and contain a variety of data on each person who served with the 306th. I have maintained these cards for years, taking information from questionnaires and other sources, and in recent years have included obituaries from newspapers and other publications. Some of the cards have been expanded to at least four sides to accommodate all of the information.

Much of this data is backed up by materials placed in file folders, which often include correspondence with the secretary.

Pictures are also a part of the files, perhaps as many as 5,000, many of them obtained from Fran Waugh, one of the top people in the 306th photo lab, who had an amazing collection. Other big collections have come from other photo lab personnel, as well.

I have also been fortunate in being able to interview such men as Gen. Curtis LeMay (a five week member of the 306th), Gen. Ira Eaker, Lt. Gen. J. W. Wilson (an original 306th squadron commander), Maj. Gen. James Cheney (306th group navigator), Brig. Gen. William Raper (306th deputy CO), and Cols. George Robinson, Robert C. Williams, James Sutton, Henry Terry, John Regan and Robert Riordan.

I am also proud of having prepared under the auspices of the Memorial Museum Foundation a 200 page book *Biographical Directory of Command Staff Officers of the Eighth Air Force, 1942-1945*.

During the period in which I have served as secretary and editor for the 306th, I have had two bouts with open heart surgery and have never missed an issue of *Echoes*. Today I leave you with my own health in good shape.

Because of my background in college and university relations, I organized a publication program beyond *Echoes* which has produced a history of the 306th, four Squadron Diaries which were edited and published, having been authored by intelligence officers, and *Combat Crews*, a book of more than 300 crew pictures that are identified.

Where do I go from here, my wife asks; off to family history, which I have been working on for years, and have contributed articles to the newsletter of the Strong Family Association of America.

Farewell!

- Russell Strong

Memorial Day Speech at Gettysburg

By MG Robert H. Scales

Friends of Gettysburg and most importantly fellow veterans. What a great thrill it is to return to Gettysburg. I've come to this place hundreds of times. I've walked this ground when it was covered with snow, in the heat of summer, in a pouring rain storm while leading a staff ride with the leadership of the Chinese Army a few years ago.

Coming here never gets old. It never becomes tiresome. It never fails to excite a passion or raise my spirit. To those who have never seen war surely emotions like these seem strange indeed. Some of our citizens who hear old soldiers like me talk about a love for a battlefield conclude that we love war. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Part of my love for this place is personal. A distant relative, Colonel Alfred M. Scales, was seriously wounded leading Scales North Carolina Brigade up Seminary Ridge on the first day of the battle.

Another reason I venerate this place is because it is a soldier's laboratory and a place to learn the art of war. We soldiers practice our profession only infrequently so we rely on past battles to teach us about the future. Even though Gettysburg was fought using weapons that seem primitive to young soldiers the lessons it teaches about leadership and courage and intellect are immutable. We are learning again in Iraq and Afghanistan that war is not a test of technology, it is a test of the collective will and talents of soldiers and the nature and character of that test will never change.

Another reason why this place attracts me is because all of what you see around you is so close to home. This was America's war from both sides, fought on ground that is so familiar and recognizable. It was the first war fought in which most soldiers were literate and, thanks to the recent invention of photography, so recognizable. When you go to the visitors center look into the eyes of the young

continued on page 3

ROCKY'S ROAD TO USAF

OBITUARIES

Albert Berman, 423rd gunner (Wilbur Weiland crew), died 18 May 2006 in Needham, MA, where had been a printer after the war. He leaves his wife, 2c, 2gc. He had joined the 306th 3 Apr 1944 and remained, completing his tour 31 Jul 1944.

George Bright, 423rd crew chief, died 12 Feb 2007 in Coraopolis, PA. He also worked with the engine change teams at Thurleigh, leaving the Group as a master sergeant. He leaves a son, Fred.

Charles W. Bryant, 369th navigator (George Schneider crew) has succumbed to Parkinson's Disease in Morgan Hill, CA. He came to the Group 29 June 44, and completed his tour by the end of 1944.

Joseph T. Hallock, 423rd bombardier (Robert Welter crew) died 1 Dec 06 in Portland, OR. He came to the 306th 28 Nov 43 and completed his tour in May 44. He was a grad of the UOregon, and served for some time as Oregon member for the Pacific Northwest Electric Conservation & Power Planning Council, and also was a senator in the state legislature. He leaves his wife, Jacklyn.

Robert N. Houser, 368th navigator (Henry Dryar crew) and longtime treasurer of the 306th Bomb Group Association, died 2 Mar 2007 in Des Moines, IA. He flew 35 missions and then was called back to active duty for 10 months during the Korean war. He graduated from the U Iowa *summa cum laude* in 1947. Bob spent his entire professional life with the Banker's

Life Company in Des Moines. He served eventually as president, president and CEO, chairman and CEO and retired in 1989 as chairman. Bob accepted appointment as treasurer in March 1944 and was chairman of the 1944 reunion at Des Moines in 1944. Bob served as our treasurer until June 2004, when health problems caught up with him. He leaves his wife Doris, 2c, 6gc.

Alfred P. Johansen, a 369th pilot, died 25 May 2007 in Doylestown, PA. He arrived at Thurleigh 8 Jul 1944 and completed his 35 missions 26 Nov 44. After service he was an industrial engineering graduate from Lehigh U. His wife is deceased and he leaves 2c, 2gc.

Vincent J. Kiely, 367th navigator, (Henry Hanson crew), died 12 Feb 2007 in Rochelle Park, NJ. He was with Hanson when they ditched eight miles off the English coast on their return from Stettin, Germany. He leaves his wife Eleanor, 2c, 5gc.

Clarence R. Marlow, 367th waist gunner (Charles G. Smith), has been removed from our mail list and is presumed deceased. He joined the Group 18 Nov 43 and became a POW 24 Apr 44 when shot down with Walter Peterson's crew en route to Oberpaffenhofen, when we lost 10 planes.

David A. McNaught, 423rd pilot, died in 2007 of lung cancer in Portland, OR. He brought his crew to Thurleigh 1 July 44 and became a POW they were shot down 20 Jul 44.

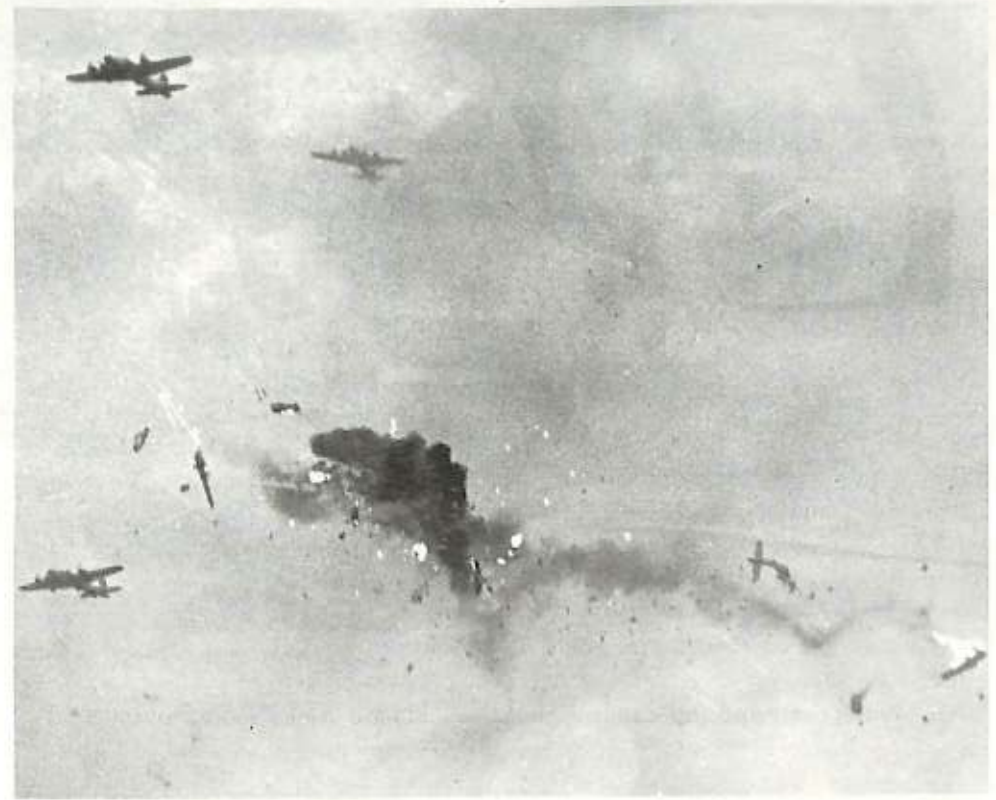
J. R. Parker, 423rd mechanic, died 17 July 1998. He left his wife, Nellie, 2c, 7gc, 2ggc. He had lived at Travelers Rest, SC. Clayton R. Ridge, 423rd gunner (Henry Wills crew), died 27 Feb 07 in Atlanta, GA. After combat he served as a vice president of Marine Coatings International He leaves his wife, Ann, 2gc.

Brice E. Robison, 423rd tail gunner (Jim Leach crew) died in early May 2007 in Mission TX. Brice had become a POW on a mission to Hannover, Germany (w. Norman Armbrust) his 13th mission. After the war he had studied at the UnivCA. For some period he was unit control manager at the Michigan Boys Training School at Whitmore Lake. He has also authored a book about his prison camp experiences, *Raus Mit Du (Make It Snappy)*. He leaves his wife, Betty Jane, 1d.

Eli C. Rogers, 423rd engineer and POW (Edwin Pipp crew), died 18 Nov 2006 in Williamston, NC. Their plane went down in the Harbor of Brest, France, on the return from a raid on St. Nazaire 1 May 1943. We lost three planes there and Eli was caught for a time underwater, but he finally broke free and swam to the surface where he was captured by German forces and eventually sent to Stalag Luft 17. He leaves his wife, Elinore, 2d, 3gc, 6ggc.

306th Family

Vema Robinson, widow of Reginald Robinson, 368th pilot and deceased 20 Dec 2002, died 10 Mar 07 in San Antonio, TX. She leaves 2c, 2 gc.



The day two 305th planes collided over Thurleigh. Approaching from two sides of the field, one squadron went down and the other went up. The last plane to go down erred and climbed instead, hitting a tail end plane. No survivors. It occurred in murky weather at low altitude so was quite visible from our field.



Bomb loading is an essential to bomb dropping, involving numerous men.

Jumping Out of a High Rise May Be Your Ticket to Further Life

Since 11 Sep 01 John Rivers' Executive-Chute Co. has sold thousands of small, light-weight parachutes designed for jumping out of buildings in an emergency. The idea he once thought wouldn't be commercially viable is now expected to generate \$7 million to \$9 million in annual sales for his Three Rivers, MI, company.

Rivers says he sells the Israeli-made chutes primarily to individuals who live or work in high-rise buildings. The parachutes are modified safety reserve chutes commonly used by paragliders and skydivers. The modifications allow the user to automatically deploy the parachute by attaching a rip-cord like device to something in the building before jumping.

Sold individually, the Executive-Chute retails for up to \$995. Large orders can be had at discounts of 20 per cent or more.

Interview with Wm. P. Cassidy at St. Petersburg, FL., 17-18 Nov. 79

Between 1st Schweinfurt and photo recon, Germans camouflaged target area to make it look like it had been destroyed.

Group diary refers to crash by Cassidy 7-28-43:

Landed at Woodbridge, out of gas. Runway was closed for construction. When on ground, and several other planes had also landed, British workers said, "You can't land here." Picked up enough gas to fly on home.

On 1 May 43 raid, Cassidy from his wingman's spot could see someone in L.P. Johnson's plane firing at fighters, and running around putting fire out. Snuffy Smith was on his 1st raid, stayed with plane while three experienced men jumped, landing in water and drowning.

Tail gunner on Cassidy's plane shot down plane that hit Johnson's ship.



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306th Echoes is published four times annually: January, April, July and October, and is mailed free of charge to all known addresses of 306th personnel, 1942-45. Contributions in support of this effort may be remitted to the treasurer.

TREASURER:

Send checks to:

Royce Hopkins

35427 Pontiac Drive

Brookshire, TX 77423

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

MUSEUMS: IMPORTANT

Miracles in the Cold Over Germany

The day was January 10, 1945 and the 306th bomb group was heading for Cologne. This was to be my 23rd mission and with 10/10ths cloud coverage and a fairly short distance to cover, it didn't look too bad.

Our airplane was leading the high element of the lead Squadron that day and the trip to the IP was uneventful. We dropped, following the smoke of the lead and began the turn away from the target when it happened. The Group moved right over a large hole in the clouds and the Germans got a good look at us through those optical sights. The first battery of four 105s blew up the lead airplane and just a few seconds later the next round destroyed the deputy lead. We knew we were third in command and sure enough the next volley took us out.

We took two direct hits from the 105s. One blew the number 3 engine completely off its mount and the second apparently went off just under the radio room. With all the smoke and parts flying out, our wingmen reported that our airplane had blown apart. Not quite so. We did have extensive damage to both the airplane and the crew.

The radio operator was blown out of the airplane. He always wore a full flak suit and his parachute and apparently the concussion opened the chute. We heard from his wife some time later that he was a prisoner of war. Miracle.

The ball turret operator was badly cut

up and the waist gunners helped him out of the turret and laid him on the floor. They went back to get his parka out of the ball and the structure had sagged so badly they couldn't even pry open the hatch. If Ed Danahur had not been pulled out, he would have been crushed when we crashed the airplane. Miracle.

The explosions took out our oxygen, intercom and rudders, as well as the number three engine. Number two was smoking badly and not putting out much power. You can keep a B-17 in the air without rudders as long as you have elevators, ailerons, and some power. The elevator cables go back along the B-17 right close to the rudder cables. What if they had been cut instead of the rudder? We would have made a short trip straight down for almost 5 miles and you would not be reading this account. Miracle.

I always had the Navigator give me a safe heading from the target before each mission and we turned to that heading and began a rather solid decent to get us down where the crew could breathe. Flying left seat was Carl Hathaway and we both put on our walk-about oxygen bottles. We knew the front lines were somewhere in eastern Belgium, and our goal was to get the airplane on the ground just west of there. As we got below 10,000 we wanted to give those in the back of the airplane a chance to jump, rather than ride it down. With no intercom, I took the batteries out of our flashlight and wrote a note telling

them what we planned to do. I crawled part way back in the bomb bay and threw the flashlight to the waist gunner. They had a quick conference and decided to stay with the airplane.

We still had some control of the airplane, though sloppy, but we were concerned about fire and we were losing gasoline pouring out through many openings. Carl found a field on the left and we headed for it only to see it quickly covered up by ground fog. I saw a long narrow field on the right and put the airplane into a flat wheels up landing in the snow. We had warned everyone to get out of the airplane as soon as possible after we stopped, because of the danger of fire and explosion. There was no fire or explosion. The 18 inches of snow did the job and we all cleared the airplane O.K. Miracle.

The field of Brussel sprouts where we landed had large oak trees at the end - right at a small country road. On our right wing there was a hedge row and as we clipped the hedge, it turned the airplane just enough so when we stopped, we had a large oak tree squeezed against the forward edge of the wing between #1 and #2 engines. If the hedge had not turned us, the tree would have smashed right through the nose and ended up in the cockpit. Miracle.

The Norden bombsight was classified secret and we were instructed to bring it back, if we could. When we hit, the bombsight went out the nose, so I organ-

ized a search party back through the snow to look for it. We did not find it, but our tailgunner, Harry Sohn came to me and said "Sir, my legs are hurting pretty bad." I asked Harry to roll up his pants leg and let's have a look. His legs were blue. "What happened", I asked. Harry said when we were hit all he could see was smoke, he had no intercom and he realized he also had no oxygen. He tried to get out of his escape hatch and managed to get his legs in the 150 mph slip stream and passed out. The outside temperature that January day was about minus 65 degrees Centigrade. When he came to, as we reduced altitude, he crawled up into the waist. He was saved. Miracle.

We moved our wounded to a nice lady's house a few yards down the road and since we had been firing off flares as we came down, we hoped for some rescue. The British M.P.s did show up and radioed for an ambulance to take the wounded and then transported the rest of us to a large school house in Brussels where they were gathering shot-down crews from B-24s and B-17s. About 10 days later we managed to hitch a ride with an R.A.F. transport back to the U.K., and I finished up my 35 missions on the 16th of March with a raid of the German high command just south of Berlin. I was still just 20 years old!

The raid on Cologne was not the milk run we were hoping for, but it was a day of miracles!

Harold N. Morris, 368th Pilot

Memorial Day Speech at Gettysburg continued from page 1

soldiers staring at you from across the century and you'll see a reflection of yourselves.

But I'm drawn here mainly to relive and revive in my own soul the unique influences that brought young soldiers here to fight and die a century and a half ago. Again and again, it's the same old question from politicians and media who have the rare privilege of watching soldiers in action in Iraq and Afghanistan: why is their morale so high? Don't they know the American people are fed up with this war? Don't they know it's going badly? Often they come to me incredulous about what they perceive as a misspent sense of patriotism and loyalty.

I tell them time and again what every one of you sitting here today, those of you who have seen the face of death in war, understand: it's not really about loyalty. It's not about a belief in some abstract notion concerning war aims or national strategy. It's not even about winning or losing. On that fateful evening on the last day of June 1863 soldiers weren't sitting around campfires in Cashtown or Emmittsburg roasting coffee and frying bacon to discuss the latest pronouncements from Lincoln or Jefferson Davis. They might have trusted their leaders or maybe they didn't. They might have been well informed and passionate about their cause or maybe not. They might have joined the colors to end slavery or restore the Union or maybe they just were shanghaied on the docks in Brooklyn or Manhattan.

Personal Confessions

Before battle young soldiers then and now think about their buddies. They talk

about families, wives and girlfriends and relate to each other through very personal confessions. The armies that met at Gettysburg were not from the social elite. They didn't have Harvard degrees or the pedigree of political bluebloods. They were in large measure immigrant Irish or German kids from northern farms and factories or poor scratch farmers from the piedmont of Virginia, Georgia, Texas and North Carolina. Just as in Iraq today soldiers then came from every corner of our country to meet in harsh and forbidding places in far corners of the world, places that I've seen and visited but can never explain adequately to those who have never been there.

Soldiers suffer, fight and occasionally die for each other. It's as simple as that. What brought Longstreet's or Hancock's men to face the canister on Little Round Top or rifled musket fire on Cemetery Ridge was no different than the motive force that compels young soldiers today to kick open a door in Ramadi with the expectation that what lies on the other side is either an innocent huddling with a child in her arms or a fanatic insurgent yearning to buy his ticket to eternity by killing the infidel. No difference.

A civil war soldier was often lured from the slums of New York or Philadelphia and coerced into the Army by promise of a 300 dollar bonus and 25 dollars a month. Patriotism and a paycheck may get a soldier into the Army but fear of letting his buddies down gets a soldier to do something that might just as well get him killed.

What makes a person successful in America today is a far cry from what would have made him a success in the minds of

those who we honor here today. Big bucks gained in law or real estate, or big deals closed in the stock market make some of our countrymen rich. But as they grow older they realize that they have no buddies. There is no one who they are willing to die for or who is willing to die for them.

A last point of history before I close today. The Anglo Saxon heritage of buddy loyalty has been long and frightfully won. Almost six hundred years ago the English king, Henry V, waited on a cold and muddy battlefield to face a French army many times his size. Shakespeare captured the ethos of that moment in his play *Henry V*. To be sure Shakespeare wasn't there but he was there in spirit because he understood the emotions that gripped and the bonds that brought together both king and soldier. Henry didn't talk about national strategy. He didn't try to justify faulty intelligence or ill formed command decisions that put his soldiers at such a terrible disadvantage. Instead, he talked about what made English soldiers fight and what in all probably would allow them to prevail the next day against terrible odds. Remember this is a monarch talking to his men:

*This story shall the good man teach his son;
From this day ending to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he today that sheds his blood with me
shall be my brother;
And gentlemen in England (or America) now
a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not
here,
And hold their manhood's cheap whiles any*

speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

You all here assembled inherit the spirit of St Crispin's day. You know and understand the strength of comfort that those whom you protect, those in America now abed, will never know. You will live a life of self awareness and personal satisfaction that those who watched you from afar in this country who "hold their manhood cheap" can only envy.

I don't care that virtually all of America is at the Mall rather than at this memorial today. It doesn't bother me that war is an image that America would rather ignore. It's enough for me to have the privilege to be among you. It's sufficient to talk to each of you about things we have seen and kinships we have shared in the tough and heartless crucible of war.

Some day we will all join those who are resting here. Over a campfire of boiling coffee and frying bacon you will join with your Civil War band of brothers to recount the experience of serving something greater than yourselves. I believe in my very soul that the almighty reserves a corner of heaven, probably around an inextinguishable campfire where some day we can meet and embrace, all of the band of brothers throughout the ages to tell our stories while envious standers-by watch and wonder how horrific and incendiary the crucible of violence must have been to bring such a disparate assemblage so close to the hand of God.

Until we meet there thank you for your service, thank you for your sacrifice. God bless you all and God bless this great nation.

Reunion Activities

Doubletree Hotel has been completely renovated.
Weather Average High- 77.3°F Low- 55.4°F

Wednesday Sept. 12th

9am to 6 pm- Registration in lobby.
Noon to 6pm- Hospitality room (*Montgomery Room*) open.
Lunch on your own. Check restaurant list in packet.
6pm- Welcome Reception in the *Montgomery Room*.

Thursday Sept. 13th

9am- Continued Registration in lobby. Breakfast on your own.
10am- Board meeting in *Victoria Boardroom*, 2nd Floor.
10am- Oregon Historic District, (short walk or shuttle from hotel).
Lunch on your own.
10am to 5pm- Hospitality room (*Montgomery Room*) open.
6pm- Dinner at the *Spaghetti House*. Two blocks from hotel. Shuttle for those who need it.

Friday Sept. 14th

Trip to USAF Museum **MUST HAVE PHOTO I.D.**
Breakfast on your own. Hotel restaurant will be open!
#1 Bus 7am, #2 Bus 7:30am (55 per bus.) Leave hotel for A.F.M.
Wheelchairs and electric carts, no cost. First come, first serve (carts can be saved for return to museum).
8am to 9am- B-17 open to Vet's to go thru. Will be seating for off-springs.
Cameras & videos are welcome throughout museum.
9:30am-10am- Memorial at 306th Plaque in memorial garden. Colors etc.
10:15- Bus across field to visit the Presidential hanger and then see the *Memphis Belle* being restored.
12 noon- Return to Museum for lunch.
1pm- Tour Air Museum (2hrs.) or IMAX movie.
Time for gift shop. Leave for hotel **4:30pm & 5pm**.
Dinner on your own.

Saturday Sept. 15th

Breakfast on your own.
10am-12am- Annual Business Meeting. Room TBA.
10am- Free for shopping. Check list in your packet, for shopping, antiquing, history and lunch. Shuttle for local places from hotel.
6 pm-11pm- Annual Banquet with Cash Bar in the *Daytonian Ballroom*.
7pm- Annual Banquet. \$55 per person, plus tax & gratuities.
Color Guard Enter
Pledge Allegiance to the flag.
Color Guard departs.
Say Grace
Dinner
After dinner, drawing for one night lodging off your bill at check out.

The Doubletree Hotel Dayton Downtown



Bringing back the luxury and exceptional service to downtown Dayton, the Doubletree Hotel has been restored to its historical grandeur with every modern convenience that today's traveler expects and deserves. Ideally located in the heart of downtown, all 185 guestrooms and suites are only blocks from Dayton's leading corporations, convention center and entertainment district.

Enjoy a superb lunch or dinner in "The Polo Grille." Exciting cuisine and relaxed atmosphere offer a wonderful experience for work or play.

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FAX 937-461-3440



Double Tree Hotel
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1-800-222-8733

Ask for 306th reunion room rate. **\$80.00** plus taxes.
Hotel has a shuttle from airport.

Dayton Ohio Reunion Sept. 12th thru 15th 2007

REGISTRATION PER PERSON. # _____ x \$25.00.
Total \$ _____

Wednesday Sept. 12th

9am-6pm- Registration in lobby.

Thursday Sept. 13th

6pm- Dinner at *Spaghetti Warehouse*. Price \$25.00 (tax & gratuity included). Order will be taken at table.

Choice of following:

Spaghetti Feast
Chicken Alfredo
Chicken Parmigiana
Lasagna Platter

Included:

House Salad
Sourdough Bread
Soft Drink

No. _____ x \$25.00. Total: \$ _____

Friday Sept. 14th

Air Museum Bus from Hotel # _____ x \$10.00. Total \$ _____

Box Lunch: \$6.50

Sandwich Choices:

Cheeseburger # _____ x \$6.50. Total \$ _____

Hot dog # _____ x \$6.50. Total \$ _____

Ham & Cheese # _____ x \$6.50. Total \$ _____

Turkey # _____ x \$6.50. Total \$ _____

Peanut Butter & Jelly # _____ x \$6.50. Total \$ _____

Included:

Chips
Cookies
Dizzy Dino Fruit Snacks
Can of Pop or Small Milk

Saturday Sept. 15th

Banquet

Double Tree Duet entree:

Filet Mignon and Oven Roasted Chicken Plate

Included:

Mixed Green Salad
Baked Potato
Assorted Rolls
Coffee, Hot Tea & Iced Tea
Dessert New York Cheese Cake
Red Merlot and Chardonnay Wine

Tax & Gratuity Included # _____ x \$55.00. Total \$ _____

Reservations

Checks made out to *306th Bomb Group*:

Sent to:

Bob Rockwell
229 Beverly Place
Munster, IN 46321

Registration Deadline is August 12th 2007

Name _____ Sqdn. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone No. _____

E-mail _____

No Memory But Flyer Survives

It was Sept. 12th, 1944, Mission Berlin. Maximum effort and our purpose that day on our tour of Germany was to draw out all remaining enemy fighters and engage them. That morning as I did many times before, climbing into my B17 Flying Fortress named *Methuselah*, and not knowing it, I was a dead man. My time had come. By all that is Holy and all that is true, I should not be here today. I truly "Died A Thousand Deaths".

We crossed the English Channel and some time after that I got into the ball turret. I should tell you that nobody wanted that position so I took it from the start. I had qualified at Gunnery School as an expert with 50 caliber machine guns and considered as a Tail Gunner. I liked flying and never remember being afraid of any mission and never gave it a thought. My only worry was on take off with a full bomb load as I witnessed two crashes.

At approximately 12:00 noon that day just south of Berlin we were hit by fighters and flak. My aircraft was severely damaged and blew up.

The next day Sept. 13 back in England at Headquarters, the official intelligence report to the commanding officer would read, 306th Bomb Group losses, nine aircraft, seven to fighters.

At debriefing Lt. Gassmans crew says of my plane 969 exploded as a result of direct hit on #3 engine. Lt. Breed's crew says A/C had all four engines on fire, three chutes seen, peeled off, not seen anymore. Lt. Risk says this A/C on fire, hit by fighters, exploded, one chute. Well, I was in that A/C when it exploded.

It is now 57 years later and I remember every second of every minute in my struggle to survive. It is as clear now as it was then.

My first recollection of events was swinging my turret around from 5 o'clock to about 7:30 o'clock and in a split second an FW 190 no more than 300 yards was firing away with wings lit up like a Christmas tree. I pressed my trigger finger and could see what looked like a ball of fire go over me. At that instance my left leg boot became intensely hot and I could see hydraulics burning. Although temperature was minus 40 degrees outside my leg was hot.

My first split second thought was, I better get out of here. I pushed my control handles forward until turret stopped and shut off master switch. I calmly unlocked the two handles of my hatch and pushed the door up. It opened about 6 inches and would not budge. I began to push with both hands and started to bang the top of my head against the door. It would not open. I peered out of the slot for the first time to see if somebody was around. I could see blood splattered down the floor towards rear escape hatch and it was open. I began to holler, get me out, somebody help me, get me out. I kept banging my head against the hatch with all my strength pleading for someone to help. I thought something had fallen over the hatch door. I hollered and yelled again, some-

body get me out. There was no sound now, only the sound of rushing air through the plane. There was an eerie quiet and I felt tired now. I remember very calmly sitting back down on my seat and just as clearly now as it was 57 years ago, I remember saying to myself, aw, the Hell with it. Those exact words, the Hell with it.

I was tired, just beginning to relax. There was no emotion, no excitement, no worry, no thoughts, no prayers and I felt at peace.

It must have been only seconds and for some unknown reason without any explanation, I reached out and turned my master switch back on. I held the handles forward and the hatch flew open. I calmly turned the switch back off and started to stand up. With one foot on the seat I tried to climb out. Like in slow motion I got my right foot on to the fuselage floor but could not seem to lift the other foot out. I was very tired now, being without oxygen for some time. All my equipment, heat, intercom, etc. had been shot out. Not knowing it, I was never able to hear the words "bail out", or what was happening upstairs. Everything was out, but power remained in my turret.

With all remaining strength I put my right arm and elbow across my right knee trying to pull my left leg out of the turret but could not. I began to fall forward when there was a muffled explosion in my ears and I could see a bright light. Brilliant white and I was out.

I felt a buzzing sound in my ears and as I opened my eyes I could see white again, but this time it was the sky. I was laying on my back and thought I was in Heaven. I tried to focus on what was happening. The buzzing in my ears turned to a whistle and I realized I was floating down. It was a bright beautiful sky above, but I could not move. I strained to lift my head but could not. I started to shift my eyes, first to the left and then right. I could see nothing but felt I was laying on something. I could see no part of the plane.

My head began to move now and turning it to the left saw nothing. I now turned my head to the right and could see my parachute right where I had placed it before getting into my turret. I was falling on a piece of the fuselage, no more than approximately seven feet wide and about ten or twelve feet long. The turret behind me was gone, tail section, top, both sides and only the floor remained.

Still groggy, half unconscious, not sure of what to do next I now realized I must be below 10,000 feet. I remember oxygen is at this level and that is why I came to.

My next thought was, I had better get off of this piece and get my chute on. Slowly, calmly and deliberately I reached out with my right hand to grab the chute. It was laying on the very edge of the side and I said, better be careful or I might push it over the edge. I wondered why I could not grab it with two hands, but my left hand was not there. I finally got my palm under the chute and very slowly raised it up

over the trailing wire that held it in its place. I cradled it in my arm and pulled it to my chest. With one hand I hooked one side up.

I knew I was getting close to the ground and said I better pull the rip cord. I second later I said no, with only one side hooked, it will not work properly, better get the other side hooked. I fumbled with the other hook and got it on. I would come to realize later that my left hand was pinned under me after the explosion that threw me on my back.

Better pull the rip cord now, but wait, this will not work. Laying on my back, chute will pop on my chest, must get air under it to deploy properly. I have to get off of this piece I am laying on, but how? I still could not move my body. But then a thought, rock myself off. First I began to move my head to the left an then to the right. Then my body began to pick up momentum. A few more rocks and I felt the wind in my face. I was off and falling. Now to pull the cord and with my right hand made the sweeping motion as like pulling the handle. Seconds went by and nothing happened. I made a second sweeping motion and nothing happened. Instinctively I made a sweeping motion with my left hand and there was a sudden jolt and my left boot came flying off and I thought my leg was in it.

Within seconds I glanced down and was falling between trees. As I hit the ground my left leg got caught in a low branch and as my right leg touched the ground I felt something pull out of my lower spine towards my left leg. I was in sudden pain and as I rolled on the ground unable to stand I almost passed out again. Within minutes the pain eased and I layed there. I was tired again and unhooked my chute. Remembering to hide it, I gathered it up and put it under some bushes. I could not keep my eyes open, I crawled under some bushes and fell asleep.

I do not know how long I slept but when I awoke it was hot. I started to take off my flight hat but it stuck to my head. I got it off and it was filled with dry blood. My gloves stuck to my hands. Small pieces of flak had torn threw my right hand. I felt pain in my right buttocks and felt a hole in my flight suit. A small piece of flak embedded in my leg. There was a tear in my suit across my left knee and a three inch cut. I had a two inch cut above right knee. I felt no pain now but must have been a mess. I put my hand to my head again and felt what I thought was a big cut, maybe two or three inches. I was cut over my left and right eyes.

I began to feel pain again all over and sat down on the ground against a tree. Still groggy and tired it occurred to me that I just blew up in my aircraft, fell twenty thousand feet unconscious without a chute on, hooked it up and guess what, I am on the ground with two arms and two legs and can walk. I better get out of here.

I started walking through the woods when I heard a motorcycle coming. I

ducked behind some trees and peering out, saw a German Soldier pointing his rifle at me. I was brought to Gestapo Headquarters and interrogated.

I refused to talk which made them very angry. I was placed in a dungeon underground and left for a while, was brought up, and still refused to talk. I was told that other crew members had talked and they wanted me to confirm. I refused again and was told I would be shot. I do not know what I would have done when placed against the wall, but until that time, I would not talk. A new man came into the dimly lit room and the beatings began. I could take that because I used to fight a lot as a kid. I was finally hit over the head and that is my last memory of anything.

I spent approximately 9 months as a P.O.W. but remember nothing. Not the camps I was in, where, who I was with, how I was treated, what I ate, etc. nor how I ever got back to the States. I remember having my German dog tags but they went up in the attic with other things and have since been lost.

I would like to mention here that at no time during my fight to survive did I ever pray to God for help or see my life flash before my eyes. It just never occurred to me even though I had moments for this.

Do I believe in God? Yes I do, but at no time did I ever pray for God. It just never entered my mind. I was too busy doing what I had to. It was just like slow motion and every year I say to myself how did I survive? Some people would say your will to live, but that is not what happened to me.

When I was first trapped in my turret I screamed and hollered for help hoping somebody would get me out. When I realized I was alone and had no help I was giving up. It was like being in a hospital and the doctor gave you a shot to put you to sleep and you were half unconscious.

The true help I got was a delay in time, seconds between each movement, that allowed me to survive. That I died a thousand deaths will soon become clear.

I was in a doomed aircraft, trapped in my turret. What if that FW 190 had fired 18 inches to the right and ripped through me? What if a fire had not started in the turret which was my reason for getting out and I stayed firing away for another minute? What if power had not remained in the turret allowing me that second chance? What if oxygen had not held out? What if I had fallen backward instead of forward on the fuselage? What if the fuselage tipped over instead of staying upright? What if my parachute had gone over the side? What if I could not have rolled off the side to catch air? What if I did not use my left hand to pull the rip cord? What if I did not get the chute on in time? What if, what if.

Incredible but true and 57 years later I remember every second of every minute.

Nicholas Hoolko
306th Bomb Group
367th Squadron

Welcome to Dulag Luft



A P-47 pilot, just released from a POW camp was wondering almost seriously why the Germans lost the war.

"They seemed to know everything about our air forces," he said. "They had accurate information about most of our secret equipment and they could tell how many airplanes and men we had in practically every combat group in England. At Dulag Luft, their interrogation center in Frankfurt, they even could predict what targets we were attacking next.

"When I was captured the interrogators at Dulag Luft greeted me like a long-lost brother. He said they were glad to see me and had been expecting me for some time. *'And you probably won't believe this. That joker actually inquired about my mother's health in Terre Haute and asked how my kid sister was doing in high school.'*"

To our Counter Intelligence officers, there is nothing remarkable in this pilot's story. During the past few months they had heard the same thing from hundreds of other American flyers who had passed through the POW processing of the Luftwaffe. Their own investigations had convinced them long since that throughout the war there was little the Germans did not know about Allied air operations. The CIC was painfully aware that many of our most closely guarded air secrets often came to rest in the files of the enemy intelligence staff within a matter of days or even hours.

Most of our captured airmen were mystified when German interrogators confronted them with a seemingly vast store of facts and figures about virtually every phase of Allied military aviation.

"They must have had spies in every American and British squadron," an astonished group commander reported. "When I came to Dulag Luft they not only knew the name of my adjutant and mess officer but also the fact that I promoted them three days before."

There is no evidence that the Germans had spies planted among Allied combat units. According to CIC, this probably would have been a waste of effort. The truth is that the Germans obtained most of their information directly from Allied sources, a large percentage of it through carelessness and laxity in observing security regulations.

Tucked among the archives of Dulag Luft are thousands of documents, photographs, letters, newspaper clippings and papers of all sorts—carefully indexed and catalogued. From this vast collection, the

Germans extracted the keys that opened the doors to many of our military secrets.

A substantial portion of this voluminous file flowed into Dulag Luft from the pockets of captured personnel or from Allied airplanes that came down in enemy territory. Part of it came from American and British newspapers, books and periodicals and from monitored broadcasts. Practically none of it originated from German undercover agents in Allied areas.

In this file are many odd items. A railroad ticket, good for a one way journey between two English villages; an American army post exchange ration card marked with a heavy black pencil; the crumpled snapshot of a man wearing a checkered suit; a charred, dog-eared diary whose pages were filled with seemingly meaningless scrawls. The job of German intelligence agents at Dulag Luft was to find out everything possible about the Allied air forces.

The fact that they succeeded remarkably well is revealed for the first time in a staff report prepared by Capt. Gordon F. DeFosset of the Counter Intelligence Corps, U.S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe.

It is an amazing account of ingenuity and clever detective work by which the enemy combined the use of captured documents and the questioning of prisoners in order to keep abreast of Allied air developments.

Many thousand of Allied airmen passed through Dulag Luft where all were subjected to varying forms of questioning. There was no torture or other severe physical mistreatment. In contrast with the Gestapo, the administration at Dulag Luft generally observed the Geneva convention and sought to loosen prisoners tongues with methods more subtle than a rubber hose.

It is to the credit of American airmen that most of the information assembled at Dulag Luft did not come from them directly. The average prisoner refused to be lured into a discussion of his job in the air forces or any other military subject. But there were some, of course, who for one reason or another, did talk freely. From what the CIC has been able to learn, 80 percent of the information obtained by Dulag Luft was supplied by captured documents and the rest from POW interrogation.

The documents evaluation section at Dulag was staffed by experts. The amount of useful data they could extract from a seemingly innocent piece of paper testifies to their efficiency and resourcefulness. Nothing in the way of documents, written or printed, was too insignificant to merit close scrutiny. They would pore over a copy of a service newspaper, a letter or an officer's AGO card as though they were blueprints for some new Allied secret weapon. And, not infrequently their painstaking efforts were rewarded.

There was the case of the railroad ticket. The circumstances under which it was found gave the Germans an important lead about the impending transfer of airmen attached to a British Wellington bomber group from one part of England to another. On the basis of this information, the Luftwaffe subsequently learned,

that the RAF was shifting a number of these planes to antisubmarine patrol duties.

Then there was the case of a Flying Fortress pilot who bailed out over Germany. Captured immediately, he was taken to a nearby airdrome for preliminary search and questioning. The pilot refused to divulge anything more than name, rank and serial number, and after relieving him of his watch and wallet, his captors sent him on to Dulag Luft.

Here he was handed a questionnaire containing 27 questions ranging from the identity of his unit to his religion and home address. Quite properly, the pilot refrained from answering these questions.

"Why do you refuse to identify your group," his interrogator asked.

"I am not required to give you anything beyond name, rank and serial number," the pilot insisted.

The interrogator laughed and pulled a notebook from his pocket.

"You Americans must think we are stupid," he said. "We already know everything about you. We know with certainty that you are from the 100th Bomb Group. If that surprises you listen to this."

Reading from the book, the interrogator not only told the pilot the location of his base but also described the English countryside surrounding it. With obvious glee, he correctly named the group's commanding officer and then discoursed for several minutes on the condition of the bar at the 100th Group's officers club.

The astounded pilot's resistance melted. Confronted with so much information about his unit he saw no reason to remain silent any longer.

If that pilot still wonders how the Germans found out he was from the 100th Group, the answer is in the files of Dulag Luft. Inadvertently he gave himself away by the ration card he carried in his wallet.

Although the same type of ration card was issued to every American military organization in the ETO, Dulag Luft's experts could identify the unit to which a prisoner belonged by the manner in which his card was cancelled. The post exchange clerk at the 100th Group always used a heavy black pencil when marking the cards. At this base, the PX counter was constructed of rough board and all the cards from that group carried the impression of its distinctive grain pattern in the pencil marking.

American aircrews always were briefed against transporting papers and other extraneous documents, but in the words of one Dulag Luft officer "their partiality for personal souvenirs had long made itself felt to the advantage of the Germans."

One day, a newly appointed American group commander was shot down and killed during an operational flight over France. A notebook found near the wreckage was sent along to Dulag Luft.

Although it was partially burned and the notes almost illegible, Dulag's sleuths soon managed a substantially accurate interpretation. From this little book, the Germans obtained their first authentic information about the number of bomber crews undergoing training in the United States as well as how many heavy bombers were available for this purpose. More important, the notebook divulged highly secret data about the very heavy bombardment program and also the illuminating fact that at that particular time there were not enough

B-29s on hand for training.

Another time, a Marauder group en route from America to England, was caught in bad weather and crossed the Normandy coast by mistake. Three of its aircraft were shot down and several crew members captured. Among the documents seized by the Germans was the diary of a flight leader listing the names of all the crews in the group as well as up-to-the-minute reports on the serviceability of every plane.

These are extreme examples and fortunately few in number. For the most part, Dulag Luft drew their clues and leads from considerably less conclusive evidence.

A fruitful source for identifying the units of prisoners were the photographs furnished Allied airmen to facilitate their escape through the underground.

Eagle-eyed officials at Dulag Luft could easily identify a prisoner from the 91st Bomb Group if he had one of these pictures in his possession. Photographs carried by personnel from this group had a peculiar brown color. Snapshots, of 95th Bomb Group members also were a dead give-away. Every man in this group wore the same checkered civilian coat when he had his picture taken.

Officers' AGO cards often conveyed a number of helpful hints to the Germans. These cards invariably showed where the prisoner had been commissioned, and in some instances, where he had been trained. An AGO card issued at Langley Field or Boca Raton indicated its owner probably had taken a blind bombing training. Naturally, the Germans subjected these particular POWs to intensive grilling.

Allied-training, operations always were a subject of prime interest to the Luftwaffe. Air training always is a good indication of what the opposing side has up its sleeve. It provides a reliable gauge of how fast replacements are coming in to take their place in combat; it also furnishes a tip-off on new weapons or tactics.

Dulag Luft interrogators found many of their captives willing to talk about purely training matters. Some POWs did not believe there was much military security involved in routine training activities since so much publicity had been given the training program during the early years of the war.

Considering the extensive volume of highly-secret operational data that constantly streamed into Dulag Luft it is a wonder that Allied air losses were not larger.

Frequently, the log books and briefing notes recovered from Allied aircraft contained remarks on the effectiveness of flak, smokescreens or other enemy defenses encountered during the mission. This made highly important reading for the Germans for it showed them the effectiveness of their anti-aircraft defenses.

Captured literature often times indicated the location of targets that were scheduled for Allied attack. Although the Germans once gained possession of the RAF's target folder, the dossier at Dulag was kept current largely through various fragments of information that come in from time to time.

It was not uncommon for large German manufacturers to ask the Luftwaffe if their factories were on the list, and if so, when they could expect to be bombed.

While interrogating prisoners, the

continued on page 7



306th Bombardment Group Museum

Thurleigh Museum was opened on the 27th July 2002 by Dr. Jonathan Palmer of Bedford Autodrome who donated the building.

The building itself is of interest being one of the few remaining on the original airfield built during world war 2.

It's a Team Effort

The non-306th people who have been of major importance in the continuing production of 306th Echoes are headed by my wife, June, who has been a critic, proof reader, telephone answerer and companion beyond my powers of description.

And she continues to put up with my foibles.

I would also mention our five sons: Bill, Jon, Dave, Chris and Tim, who have done all kinds of things to finalize and mail our paper. Also a part of this group has been our daughter-in-law, Jeannie, who takes care of computer glitches and gets the mail list in shape for the mailer.

I am also indebted to Western Michigan University, and my staff there until my retirement as a senior development officer.

I would be remiss if I did not mention the people at Mullen Publications, our compositor, layout artists and printers. Finally, it has been United Mailing Service in Charlotte, NC, who puts on the final touch to get it delivered to you.

It's a Team Effort!

8th AF Reunion Planned for July in Kalamazoo, MI

The 8th Air Force Historical Association is now on a new tack of taking its annual reunions in smaller communities and retaining a reunion organization to handle all of its operational needs.

This is an admission that 80-year-olds are too advanced in years to properly conduct the events, and there is a lot less commotion in getting away from large urban centers.

Thus, this year it will be in Kalamazoo, Mich. *Why?*

Kalamazoo is a city of 75,000 people, midway between Detroit and Chicago, and it is the site of a fine, fine air museum that is privately operated and funded. Much of the impetus comes from financial support of money that was originally earned from the Upjohn Company, with Sue Upjohn Parrish and Pete Parrish.

Sue Parrish has had a long career attached to aviation, dating from her days ferrying aircraft around the U.S. After WWII her mother, a daughter of the founder of Upjohn, bought her a P-40. Sue flew it for years, its pink paint job being familiar in the skies over Kalamazoo. Her former husband, Pete Parrish, who retired as a vice chairman of Upjohn, flew a Navy Wildcat fighter, although he had not flown in WWII in the Navy.

Today the Kalamazoo Air-Zoo is a fabulous collection of aeronautical hardware. It is located south of I-94 on Portage Road and just a bit south of the Kalamazoo Municipal Airport. They hold interesting air shows on the small Kalamazoo airport, but most commercial traffic is handled at the much larger Battle Creek airport, because of its long runways and its convenience also to I-94.

The 8th Air Force Historical Society will be in Kalamazoo July 17-22, and its official residence will be at the Radisson Plaza Hotel in downtown Kalamazoo, 100 West Michigan Avenue, 49007, and its phone is 616-343-3333. It is close to library, museums and shopping.

Dulag Luft..... continued from page 6

Germans took great pains to impress them with the fact that there was little the captive could add to the Luftwaffe's already large stock of information about the Allied air forces. This was done with the obvious intent of inducing the prisoner to talk.

The majority of Allied airmen passing through Dulag Luft had undergone preliminary questioning by some German official agency near the point of capture. Results of this inquiry usually were sent on to Dulag before the prisoner.

Upon his arrival in Frankfurt, the average prisoner usually was placed into solitary confinement while the interrogators studied all the data available on him. Dulag Luft had a large biographical library, material for which had been obtained from various sources, including American and British newspapers and magazines. Service journals and army pub-

lished magazines were also available. Crashed aircraft and in the pockets of prisoners, always proved a fertile ground for biographical matter.

Dulag Luft's historical section possessed voluminous data on various Allied squadrons and groups, all of which was available to the interrogator preparing to question a particular prisoner.

For the most part, Allied airmen remained silent during the questioning process. Interrogators often threatened to call in the Gestapo when a POW refused to talk; prisoners arriving at Dulag Luft without identification tags were warned they would be shot as spies if they persisted in being uncooperative.

This sort of treatment was the general rule for the rank and file of air crews. Higher ranking officers, lieutenant colonels and above, were handled with more refinement. For them Dulag Luft

method. It was customary to invite them to the officers' mess or to a hunting lodge near Frankfurt where their German hosts discreetly sought to pump them for information during the course of friendly conversation over the dinner table. In some cases, however, the Germans felt no compunction about throwing some of their high ranking "guests" into solitary confinement if they felt there was any chance of breaking down their resistance. Col. Hubert Zemke, commanding officer of the high-scoring 56th Fighter Group, said he spent nearly three weeks in solitary while the Germans tried vainly to make him talk about his knowledge of the Soviet Air Force.

But toward the close of the war, with defeat just around the corner, some of Dulag Luft's top personnel spent more time in the "interrogation" process with

high ranking prisoners than they did to ferret out Allied secrets. One captured American colonel was offered the opportunity to escape to Sweden if he would agree to take along the two sons of an important Luftwaffe officer. On another occasion, several German Air Force officers asked their "guests" for advice on how to escape punishment when Germany capitulated.

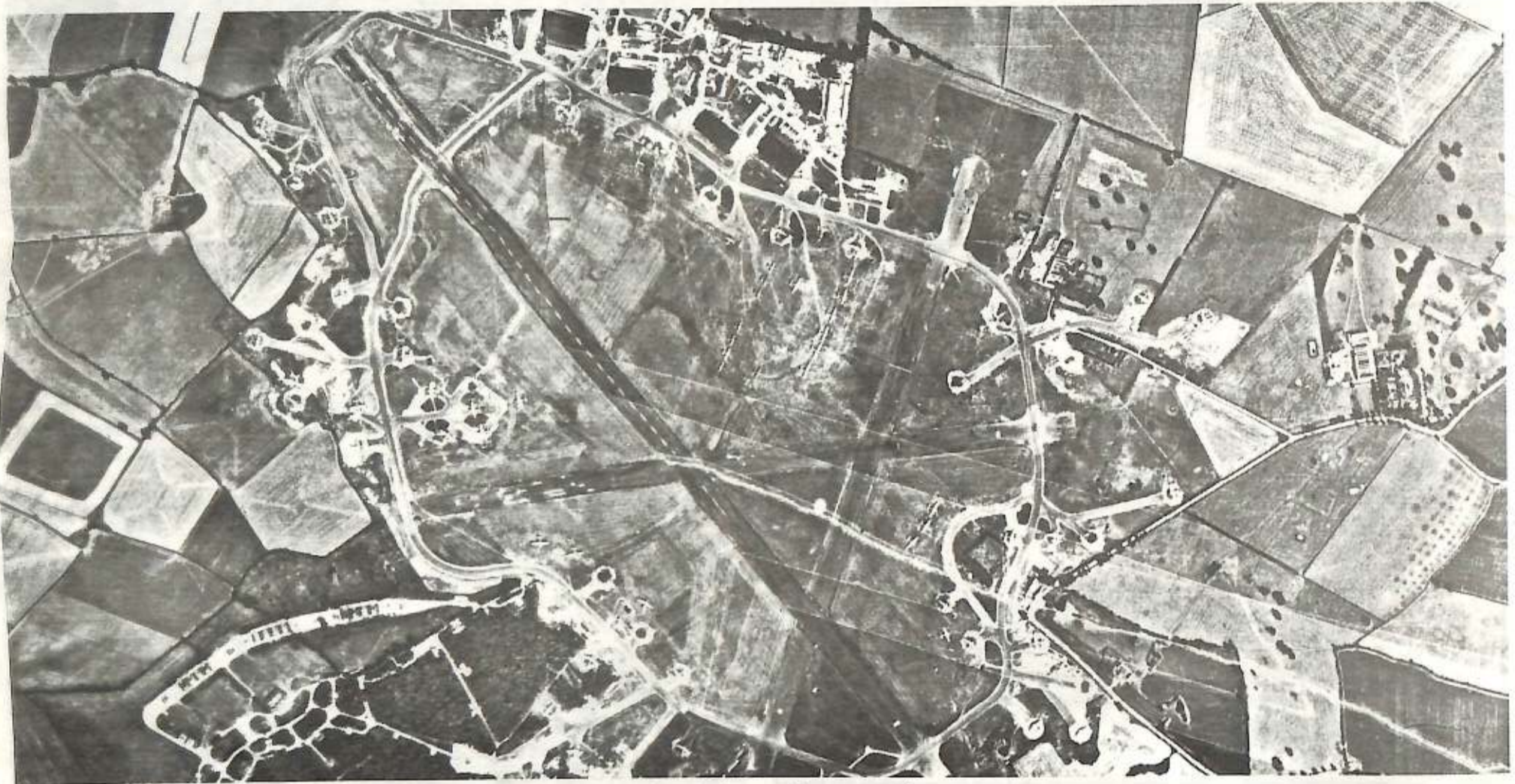
The chief of Dulag's air documents section, now a prisoner himself, commented that captured air crew members simply failed to recognize the importance of the information that could be pieced together from seemingly innocuous documents. In many cases, he said, the ordeal of interrogation would have been lightened for prisoners had their German captors not discovered some extra bit of documentary evidence which gave them a fresh lead or clue that otherwise would not have been obtainable.



Col. George L. Robinson, 306th commander, greets the Princess Elizabeth at Thurleigh.



A major day came in July 1944 when the Princess Elizabeth came to christen the Rose of York, a 367th plane which ended its last mission somewhere in the North Sea. With the Princess (now Queen Elizabeth) is King George VI, then Queen Elizabeth and Lt. Gen. James H. Doolittle.



One last look at the flying field from which the 306th left on its missions and to which most planes returned.



500 pound bombs wait to be loaded into the B-17 bomb bay.



A crowd of fellow fliers greets a pilot who has just completed his 25-mission tour in Satan's Lady and will soon return home.