

3001 Deer Trail Lane
Medford, Oregon 97501
February 3, 1979

Russell A. Strong
Rt. 1, Turnpike Road
Laurinburg, North Carolina 28352

Dear Mr. Strong:

Your letter was forwarded to me by the Daisetta, Texas postmaster. Up until July 1977 I had been living in Houston, Texas since 1952.

After retiring, we moved to Medford.

I thought that memories of the 306th now lingered in only a few people still surviving. It brought back memories when I saw the letter head, especially the squadrons' ensignias.

As I don't know what information that you need, I'll not try to guess. Anyway, I get my mail at the above address if you need it.

Sincerely,
Lloyd Crabtree
Lloyd Crabtree

A HISTORY OF THE 306th BOMBARDMENT GROUP - EIGHTH AIR FORCE

Russell A. Strong Rt. 1, Turnpike Rd., Laurinburg, NC 28352

Name Crabtree, Lloyd G.
Address 3001 Deer Trail Lane, Medford, Oregon 97501
Telephone (503) 535-6850 Date 4-10-79
Occupation Retired Employer _____
Address _____ Telephone _____

Service Record:

Before joining the 306th: Primary Flying Cadet Training at Ontario, Calif. 11-40 to 1-41 (washed out after 10 hours). Pre-Flight Training at Santa Ana, Calif. 1-43 to 4-43, Grad. Deming, New Mex. AAF Bombardier Training Base 7-43, Phase Training with Walker Provisional Group at Ephrata, and Spokane, Wash., and Pendleton, Oregon. Replacement Station at Salisbury, Eng.
After leaving the 306th:

POW at Barth, Germany (Stalag I) 1-44 to 5-45). Discharged at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas 8-45.

306th Record:

Arrival Date 12-44 Squadron or other unit 367
MOS Bombardier Combat Status Active
Missions Completed Shot down on 4th.
Promotions None
Decorations AM olcs DFC olcs SS DSM DSC MH SM
PH Battle Stars none other

(OVER)

Name Crabtree, Lloyd G.

Address 3001 Deer Trail Lane, Medford, Or. 97501

Telephone (503) 535-6850

MISSING AIRCRAFT REPORT

Pilot Ross McCollum

Plane # and Name Bioya

Mission Date 1-11-44

Target Halberstadt, Germany

Cause of loss: AA fire Fighter attack FW190s Other, explain We were over Holland.
one of our B-17s had just ripped open the right end of the leading edge of our plane's wing coming up under us too close to our right. Ross had rung the bail-out signal but then got control of the ship. Before I could get back to my position, three elements of FW 190s attacked us head-on out of clouds about 40 feet over head. One 20mm went through the nose. The plane went into a steep dive.

Describe conditions in the plane as completely as you can: Dan Jones (our Navigator) had popped his parachute during the confusion and the top of the pilot chute was lying on his table. I tugged on his jacket and motioned for him to come on. He just stood and looked at me. I could not get to the cockpit because of the gravitational force and angle of dive. I pulled the red pin on the nose escape hatch, and rolled out. An Me-109 circled me as I was drifting down. I landed on a farm house roof near Apeldoorn, and was captured right away. I later learned that all of my crew were killed in the plane.
There is a ^{BRIEF} account of this in Ernie Pyle's BRAVE MEN - Holt and Co. 1944, (page 207) concerning Rosses father and his reaction. Incidentally I did talk to Arthur, after it was all over and help him identify Rosses body. He told me he had it brought back and buried at Arlington.

1

How and where did you leave plane? See above.

What happened when you got on the ground? Arrested by the Germans right away.

Did you meet any of your crew mates? No.

How were you treated, if captured? No treatment for slight wounds. No treatment for ear-ache caused by bailing out. Weighed 127 pounds when rescued by the Russians. Spent 4 days in solitary at Dulag Luft at Frankfurt before being shipped to Barth.

Any additional details, reminiscences, letters, or documents of these events would be appreciated. If you do send such materials, I will copy them and put them back in the mail to you within 24 hours.

(OVER)

The Mrs. Crabtree that you talked to in Nashville, Indiana could have been Mrs. Lee Dunn Crabtree. Lee was in the same room with me at Stalag 1. The Germans called us brothers. I'm Sorry to learn about Lee. Please send me Mrs. Crabtrees address if you have it. *There were also 2 other Crabtrees at Stalag 1.*

Thanks, *Lloyd Crabtree*

P.S. I don't have any of the orders that you need in my 201 file.

12-18-88
127 Bridgewater Circle
Midland, Texas 79707
(915-697-6378)

SECRETARY/EDITOR: Russell A. Strong
306th BG Assoc.

Dear Mr. Strong:

This is my change of address from Oregon and back to Texas.

I'm enclosing a copy of two different letters concerning the 306th Group, the 367th Squadron and my connection with it. I hope that you don't mind if I lifted the 306th Echoes account of the Halberstadt raid of 1-11-44. I also included my horror story (this was a POW term) of what happened to us on that day.

I was also wondering if there is a copy of your book FIRST OVER GERMANY? If there is a copy still available please let me know how much it sells for now, including mailing, handling cost, and tax or whatever.

I'm also enclosing a small contribution to be applied to the upkeep of the 306th BG Assoc. efforts in whatever way you see fit. Keep up the good work.

Have a good Holiday Season,

Lloyd Crabtree

SQUADRONS

DEAR MR. CRABTREE,

THE REASON THAT I'M CONTACTING AT THIS TIME IS THAT I'M AN ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE EIGHTH AIR FORCE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AND WORKING ON A PROJECT ENTITLED "SQUADRONS" A TRIBUTE TO THE HEAVY BOMB GROUPS, WWII.

IT WILL CONSIST OF DOCUMENTATION AND ASSEMBLING OF INSIGNIA WORN BY THE CREWS OF THE HEAVY BOMB GROUPS, EUROPEAN AND PACIFIC OPERATIONS.

I HAVE GREAT ADMIRATION AND RESPECT FOR THIS ERA OF HISTORY AND FEEL STRONGLY ABOUT PRESERVING IT. MY UNDERSTANDING IS THAT THIS SUBJECT IS RARELY TOUCHED UPON IN OUR CURRENT EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM. ONE OF THE GOALS OF THIS PROJECT, IS TO GIVE NEW GENERATIONS THE OPPORTUNITY TO APPRECIATE WHAT YOU GUYS ACCOMPLISHED.

I AM CURRENTLY TRYING TO PIECE TOGETHER A DISPLAY OF THE 367. BOMB SQUADRON, WHICH I UNDERSTAND YOU WERE ASSOCIATED WITH, I OBTAINED YOUR NAME FROM A ROSTER. FOR THE DISPLAY I'M SEEKING AN ORIGINAL SQUADRON AND EIGHTH PATCH TO REPRESENT THE 306TH ALONG WITH ANY MEMORABILIA THAT WOULD MAKE AN INTERESTING DISPLAY. MY OBJECTIVE IS TO PRESENT THESE FINDINGS AT REUNIONS, AND MISCELLANEOUS SOCIAL FUNCTIONS. IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING YOU WOULDN'T MIND CONTRIBUTING, OR SELLING, YOUR HELP WOULD BE GREATLY APPRECIATED

I AM EMPLOYED BY THE ROANOKE TIMES & WORLD NEWS AS ART DIRECTOR, AND HAVE WORKED ON SIMILAR PROJECTS. I'M DOING THIS ON MY OWN OUT OF PERSONAL INTEREST AND ADMIRATION FOR THE A.A.F. SINCERELY, STEVE HARLOW

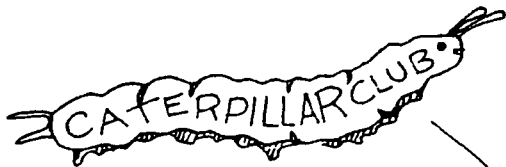
STEPHEN HARLOW

P.O. BOX 1682

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA 24008

SQUADRONS

STEPHEN HARLOW P.O. BOX 1682 RCANCKE, VIRGINIA 24008



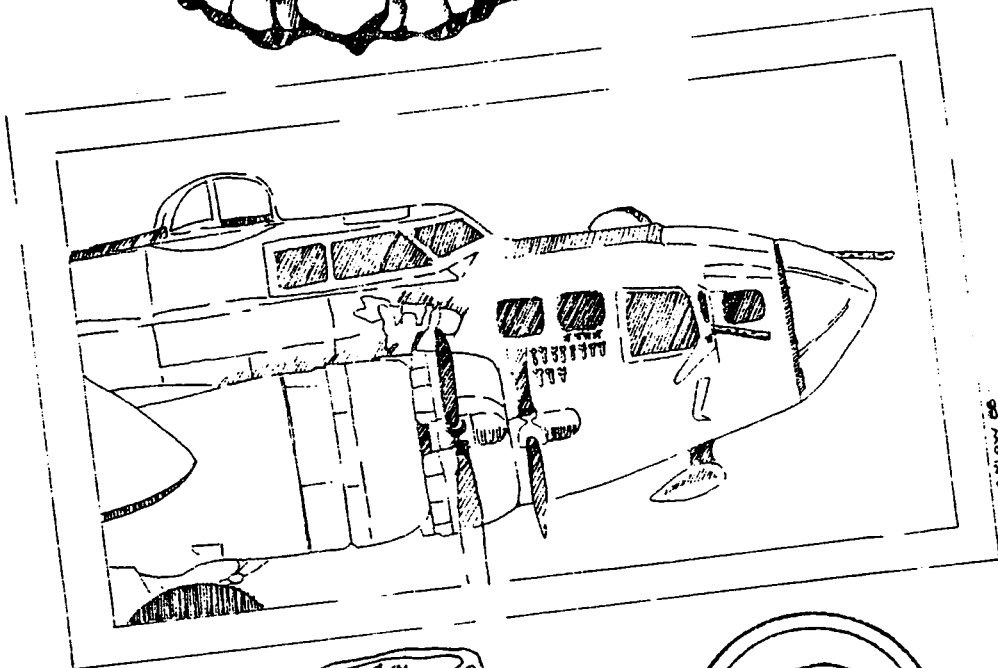
LOOKING FOR THIS PIN.



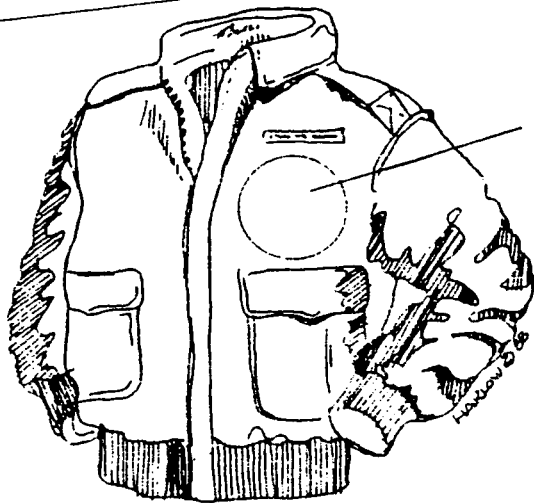
LOOKING FOR THIS PATCH IN BULLION OR CLOTH.



LOOKING FOR ANY STYLE OF WING IN CLOTH OR BULLION OR METAL.



LOOKING FOR PHOTOS OF NOSE ART, CREW MEMBERS, ETC.



LOOKING FOR ORIGINAL ISSUED SQUADRON PATCHES, A-2, FLIGHT JACKETS, ANY FLIGHT GEAR FOR A MANIKIN DISPLAY.

Rozenburg, Holland
November 28, 1988

Mr. Lloyd Crabtree
1200 Mire Mar ~~4~~ 409
Medford, OR 97504 367
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Crabtree,

You might be surprised to receive a letter from Holland. I very much would like to explain the reason why I contact you :

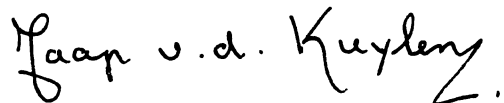
Since over four years I am researching the USAAF 8th Air Force mission no. 182 to Oscherleben, Halberstadt and Brunswick on January 11, 1944. The 8th A.F. lost 60 heavy bombers that day in a relentlessly airbattle over Germany and Holland. I am intending to publish the entire story about that days mission, dedicated to the perished crewmen for their surpreme sacrifices in fighting for freedom.

Your Group, the 306th B.G. lost 5 planes and crews that day. According to my records, your plane, piloted by 2nd Lt. Ross McCollum, went down near Epe - Holland and you were the only survivor of that tragic crash. Less is known about that crash and to clear this up and let it not disappear for for ever is the reason why I contact you.

I would be most grateful as you will be so kind to get in touch with me to learn your experiences about the mission and the circumstances of the crash and what happened to you after the crash. It's my sincere intention to sketch a factual account about what happened that day. Eye witness accounts of crewmen involved will be indispensable to write a true history.

Many thanks in advance for your kind cooperation and I am looking forward to hearing from you soon.

Yours sincerely,



Jaap van der Kuylen

Jaap van der Kuylen
Rietgorslaan 8
3181 SN ROZENBURG
HOLLAND

127 Bridgewater Circle
Midland, Texas 79707
12-19-88

Mr. Jaap van der Kuylen
Rietgorslaan 8
3181 SN Rozenburg
HOLLAND

Dear Mr. Kuylen: :

Thank you for your letter. I have moved back to Texas, but your letter was forwarded to me. I am sending a copy of it to the 306 Bombardment Group Historical Society. I have enclosed their logo together with the names of those in charge and their mailing addresses. Also they did have at one time a book available, FIRST OVER GERMANY by Russell A. Strong, a history of the 306th Bombardment Group. His address is on the logo page.

About eight years ago, when we were living in Oregon, my wife's great niece was in a senior English class in (HIGH SCHOOL) Amarillo, Texas. Her teacher had given the students an assignment to interview someone who had been in combat. So the girl called me and I wrote down her questions and sent her my response. She said that she recieved an A grade for her paper from the teacher. Anyway, the following is a partial quotation from my response:

"Some crews flew their ships overseas to their combat units. We went over on the Queen Mary. There were over 20,000 troops on my voyage. She was too fast for an escort. Our trip from New York Harbor to the Firth of Clyde (Glasgow, Scotland) took 4 days and 18 hours-still pretty fast for a water craft.

We were shipped by train from Glasgow to a pooling station near Salisbury, England. From there the crews were assigned to combat groups as they were needed as resulting from people completing their assigned 25 combat missions, or failing to return because of enemy action (fighters, or anti-aircraft fire, engine failure, or mid-air collisions). Some would come back from a mission too wounded to ever fly again. Still others would be brought back home dead in a plane because of flak or enemy aircraft gunfire, or having their oxygen go out. Two minutes was about all anyone could live without oxygen at high altitude, especially when the temperature was a minus 50 degreesF. O yes, frost bite disabled some aerial combat people-usually requiring fingers or toes to be amputated.

I was assigned to the 306th Heavy Bombardment Group and the 367th Squadron. It was referred to as the Clay Pigeon Squadron because its combat losses were so high. (I'm omitting my description of aerial combat makeup that I wrote because it might have not been accurate).

I was shot down after a raid to Halberstadt, Germany on January 11, 1944. All my crew (9 men) were killed. I parachuted out of the nose of the B-17 and landed near Apeldoorn Holland. I could see the Zuider Zee as I came down. After some scary encounters with the Germans they finally put me in Stalag I (near Barth, Germany)-some 90 miles north of Berlin. After

16 months, in May 1945 the Russians rescued us. They wanted to take us back to Odessa (on the Crimean Peninsula) but Eisenhower said he would come get us. Our B-17s came in, landed at the Barth Airdrome and flew us back to Rheims, France. We were trucked to Camp Lucky Strike (very near Fecamp-famous for its Benedictine and right on the Atlantic). At Lucky Strike we were re-patriated. Lucky Strike was mass confusion. Some 30,000 men were there at one time. I saw chow lines (men waiting to eat) a quarter of a mile long. I had a lot of fun there. I learned how to get thru draw partial pay, go to London and the Isle of Wight, and get back to Camp Shanks (New York) on the Santa Paula.

On the day that I was shot down we lost over 60 four engine bombers. I can remember looking out and seeing over 600 four engine bombers in combat formation over Hitler's Europa.

Ernie Pyles writings were compiled in a book named BRAVE MEN- Henry Holt and Company, Copyright 1944. On page 207, my pilot Ross McCollum and his father, Arthur, are mentioned. I talked with Arthur after I got back and explained to him what had happened. It seemed That Authur had been with Graves Registration of the Army that dug up and identified bodies of U.S. combat personnel that had been buried. He had found two bodies- his son Ross and our flight engineer, S/Sgt Wayne A. Warner, Their ID (dog tags) had been lost and GR could not tell which body was which. I told Arthur that Ross had worn an RAF helmet that he had gotten from the "dead man supply room." This identified Ross. He had his body brought back and buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

To follow up, in 1965 I was in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and asked to see the book that lists the names of the Americans that were killed in action flying out of England during World War II. All of my crew were there along with some 2400 (?) others.

You asked if I had it to do over again , would I go Again? As terrible as it was, it was the price that we had to pay to keep America free. Yes, I would go again. If we had not gone, thiws present generation would probably not be allowed to ask questions to search for the truth."

I hope that this will be of some help.

Sincerely,

Lloyd Crabtree

The good news that came from Italy was tinged with bad for some of us who still had strong roots and half our hearts in that cruel battleground.

The name of Roderick MacDonald may not have been familiar in America, but it meant much to many of us who marched with the wars in Tunisia, Sicily and Italy. Mac was one of our bunch—a war correspondent—and the report came that he had been killed at Cassino.

Mac was a Scot. His family emigrated to Australia and he was schooled there and eventually went to work for the Sydney *Morning Herald*. He left Australia in 1941 and followed the wars in China, the Near East, and all through Africa.

We first knew him in Tunisia. Just after Tunis fell he came down with a savage recurrence of malaria and spent three weeks in a hospital. Finally he got strong enough to get back to Algiers during that peaceful interval between Tunisia and Sicily.

During that time our Public Relations section was set up in a camp on the sandy and gentle shore of the Mediterranean, some twenty miles outside Algiers. That's where I used up those six weeks of peace—one of the grandest six weeks of my life, just lolling in my tent, eating well, working a little, reading a lot, mostly loafing and being wonderfully warm.

Roderick MacDonald sent word that he was in a hotel at Algiers, and I got a jeep and went and picked him up. He was so weak he couldn't even carry his bedroll. We brought him out to camp and put him in the tent next to mine.

For days he lay listless, with strength enough only to get up for meals. The sun was broiling and he would strip down to his shorts and lie there in the hot sand, baking his

body a sleek brown. Gradually he began to flow into him again, his face filled out, the glaze left his eyes, and the famous MacDonald smile and MacDonald barbed retort began to return.

Mac had everything to live for, and he loved being alive. He was young, tall, handsome, brilliant, engaging. He had a sensitive mind, and he would have been a novelist had there been no war. Among Americans he was the best-liked British correspondent I have ever known. With his Scottish and Australian heritage he understood us. He would kid the pants off us about the way we talked, and mimic our flat pronunciation. He in turn took the same razzing about his Oxford accent. He had never been to America but it was his one ambition to go there.

Like most correspondents, Mac felt that he had to write a book. He had it about two-thirds finished when he came to our camp to recuperate. During the latter days of his stay, when his strength had returned, he tapped away belligerently on his little typewriter, cussing the day he ever started the book, resenting the deadline his London publishers were heckling him with. But he did finish it.

The day I arrived in London from Italy I went into a bookstore, and I noticed Mac's book. I bought it just because I knew Mac, and brought it home and put it on the table, but did not get around to reading it.

After he was gone I read it. What an ironic world, that only the compulsion of death makes us do for our friends—in more ways than merely reading a book—what we should have done while they still lived.

Many of the correspondents who had gone through the campaigns in

Africa, Sicily and Italy were in England, and we felt like a little family among all the newcomers.

Before I arrived they had a big banquet for the correspondents who had been in the Mediterranean. There was no general get-together after I got there, but a few of us occasionally called each other up and got together for a meal.

Most of the correspondents based in London and worked out to the camps or airfields, on trips of a few days each, and then came back to write up their stuff and wait on the invasion. A vast Army Public Relations branch occupied one huge four-story building and overflowed into several others. They had set up a "correspondents' room" as a sort of central headquarters for us. We got our mail there, and we went there to ask questions, and get various problems worked out, and meet each other.

The mail was a revelation. In the Mediterranean the average letter took at least two weeks and a half to come from the States, and most of it much longer. In England half of my mail came through in a week. I even had one letter in five days, and the longest was only two weeks on the way.

Obviously no correspondent knew when the invasion would be or where. I imagine you could count on your fingers all the Army officers in England who knew. All we correspondents could do was to be ready.

Only a few were to go in on the initial invasion or in the early stages. Some of the eager ones tried to pull strings to get front seats in the invasion armada. Others with better judgment just kept quiet and let matters take their course. Personally, I tried to get accredited to the British Home Guard to help defend the

Midland town of Burford from German attack.

The American contingent had acquired many new terms. The newest and most frequently heard was "SHAEF," the initials of Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force. SHAEF was planning the invasion, and would direct it. Initials grew into words overseas just as they did back in Washington.

The word ETOUSA still existed. That stands for European Theater of Operation United States Army. That is, headquarters of the American Army as distinct from Allied Headquarters. It was two years old then and still functioning.

When we were there in 1942 ETOUSA was always pronounced "eetoosa." For some unexplained reason the pronunciation had changed to "eetowza." Being old-fashioned and set in my ways, I liked the first one best.

Not long after my arrival, I took a trip up to the Midlands to see a man from Albuquerque. He was, in fact, the man who built our little white house out there on the mesa, and who subsequently became one of our best friends. His name was Captain Arthur McCollum. He was a lieutenant in the last war. He spent twenty years regretting that he never got overseas the other time, and he was very happy that he had made it this time. He was attached to a big general hospital out in the country.

In January Captain McCollum had a reunion with his son, Lieutenant Ross McCollum. Ross was chief pilot of a Flying Fortress. Father and son had two wonderful weekends together. And then on his second mission over Germany Ross didn't come back. Nothing had been heard from

him since. That was nearly four months past.

Captain Mac and Ross were real companions—they played together and dreamed and planned together. After the war they were going to fish a lot and then start an airplane sales agency.

Captain Mac said he kind of went to the bottom of the barrel over Ross. For two months he was so low he felt he couldn't take it. And then he said to himself, "Look here, you damn fool. You can't do this. Get yourself together." And having given himself that command, he carried it out.

I found him the same life-loving, gay friend I had known in Albuquerque. We bicycled around the countryside, celebrated here and there, made fools of ourselves, and had a wonderful time.

Captain Mac talked a lot about Ross, and felt better for the talking, but he didn't do any crying on my shoulder. He felt firmly that Ross would come back, but he knew that if he never did he could take it. (Months later, when both of us were in France, word came that Ross was definitely dead. And Mac took that final news in the same brave way.)

The Zippo Manufacturing Company, of Bradford, Pennsylvania, makes Zippo cigarette lighters. In peacetime they are nickel-plated and shiny. In wartime they are black, with a rough finish. Zippos are not available at all to civilians. In Army PXs all around the world, where a batch comes in occasionally, there are long waiting lists.

While I was in Italy I had a letter from the president of the Zippo Company. It seems he is devoted to my column. It seems further that he'd had an idea. He had sent to our

headquarters in Washington to get my signature, and then he was having the signature engraved on a special nickel-plated lighter and was going to send it to me as a gift.

Pretty soon there was another letter. The president of the Zippo Company had had another brainstorm. In addition to my superheterodyne lighter he was going to send fifty of the regular ones for me to give to friends.

I was amused at the modesty of the president's letter. He said, "You probably know nothing about the Zippo lighter."

If he only knew how the soldiers coveted them! They'll burn in the wind, and pilots say they are the only kind that will light at extreme altitudes. Why, they're so popular I had three of them stolen from me in one year.

Well, at last the lighters came, forwarded all the way from Italy. My own lighter was a beauty, with my name on one side and a little American flag on the other. I began smoking twice as much as usual just because I enjoyed lighting the thing.

The fifty others went like hot cakes. I found myself equipped with a wonderful weapon for winning friends and influencing people. A fifty-one of us were grateful to Mr. Zippo.

I was with an infantry company of the First Division in those bitter mountain battles west of Mateur, Tunisia. For three days I lived in a tent with a British captain attached to us as a liaison officer. The next day before an attack he and I marched up to the lines with separate battalions of the same regiment. Just a few days down the next day I saw a British officer being carried on a stretcher. When I ran over, sure enough it was

my friend, Captain Jack Morris Enfield. He was badly wounded in the back and arm. Our stretcher bearers carried him to the rear and I did not see him again.

There in London I was having lunch in an officers' club when an American colonel I had known in Tunisia came over. He said he had a British girl at his table he'd like me to meet. And when he introduced us, it was Captain Enfield's sister.

She said her brother had recovered. He still had some pain in his back, but she guessed he was all right as he was then in the paratroops. I had missed him by only twenty-four hours.

I suppose to give this the proper ending Miss F. I should have been happily ever after with me too, but she said no.

I think that I have been practically killed by the awful noise of the machine guns. I think that I have been practically killed by the awful noise of the machine guns. I think that I have been practically killed by the awful noise of the machine guns.

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expected too much, for they didn't horrify me half so much as I had thought they would. The noise itself isn't so bad—it's what it sounds like that terrifies a person. For a rocket going up sounds like a bomb coming down. After I learned that and adjusted myself to it, rocket guns weren't bad.

During the noisiest raid of my stay, I slept through the whole thing. When the water came to the room next morning he started talking about the raid and I said, "What raid?"

He said, "Quit joking. Why, every gun in London was going last night." But I didn't wake up. I wish I could arrange it that way for all raids.

We Americans in London fared very well on post-exchange rations. We were allowed seven packs of cigarettes a week, two bars of chocolate, two razor blades, and a can of shaving cream. In addition we could buy tooth paste, shaving cream, fountain pens, and other little things.

My mother begged me to ask them but truthfully there was nothing that I wanted. Nothing, that I wanted. Nothing, that I wanted. Nothing, that I wanted.

I think that I have been practically killed by the awful noise of the machine guns. I think that I have been practically killed by the awful noise of the machine guns.

I think that I have been practically killed by the awful noise of the machine guns. I think that I have been practically killed by the awful noise of the machine guns.

22.

THE TOP COMMANDERS who toiled at the front were under a man-killing

There may be no dues, BUT

It does take money to keep the 306th Association flying. Those who are able are asked to make an annual contribution to keep everything running smoothly. No one is dropped from the mailing list for non-payment! Your gift is tax deductible.

Please accept my gift to the 306th BG Association: \$ 100.00

LLOYD G. CRABTREE

NAME

127 BRIDGEWATER CIRCLE

STREET AND NO.

MIDLAND, TEXAS 79707

CITY, STATE & ZIP

915 697-6378 367 SQ

TELEPHONE NO.

306th Unit

Send to: Robert N. Houser, Treasurer
306th Bomb Group Association
P.O. Box 13362
Des Moines, IA 50310

7-27-95

DATE

TO MR. ROBERT HOUSER:

I HAVE WRITTEN A SHORT BOOK ABOUT MY EXPERIENCES WITH THE 306TH BOMB GROUP AT THURLEIGH. I HAVE NAMED IT "EVERY TWENTY-NINE SECONDS". I WOULD LIKE PERMISSION TO USE THESE TWO PAGES FROM ECHOES. THE HALBERSTADT PAGE IS FROM OCTOBER 88 AND THE SQUADRON PATCHES ARE IN COLOR AND ARE FROM 306TH ECHOES OF JULY 1990. I HAVE THE MANUSCRIPT COMPLETED BUT I NEED THE 306TH ASSOCIATION PERMISSION TO USE THESE PAGES THAT I HAVE ENCLOSED.

SINCERELY

Lloyd Crabtree

Rec'd ck for 100
RHH

17 August 1995

Dear Llygd:

That's a new spelling for Lloyd. I know better, but sometimes my fingers run away from my brain.

I am delighted to authorize you to use the information from the Echoes issue of October '88 for your book, as well as the color rendition of the squadron patches.

However, let me suggest that you use the cover of the 1994 directory enclosed because the color is so much better.

That, in part, is what Echoes and our other publications are all about. That's why we have never copyrighted them. We want them used, and if they help in telling YOUR story, so much the better.

Glad to know you will be leaving something tangible for the generations to follow that tells your unique combat story.

When you get all done, if you have an extra copy I would like to put it in the permanent 306th collection, which will ultimately become a part of the USAF Academy Library collection.

All the best,

Lloyd Crabtree
127 Bridgewater Circle
Midland, Texas 79707

3-28-96
915 697-6378

MR. Russell A. Strong
5323 Cheval Place
Charlotte, North Carolina 28205

Dear Russell-

Well now you have my literary efforts in your hands. It's gestation period was quite lengthy. It spent four months in the US Copyright Office ready to be dubbed one-of-a-kind. Then it went to the Texas Tech Publishing Department. After they surveyed it's sales potential, distribution problems, they kindly rejected it because of it's brevity.

They suggested that I try the periodical route. I chose rather to have my arranger, designer, and printer to make about 25 copies for me to dispose of as I see fit. What with my wife having relatives from Perryton to Midland, Texas and not to mention Pensacola, Florida, and Murfreesboro, Tenn. Then my folks are scattered from Medford, Oregon to Boerne, Texas. So we shouldn't have too much trouble in disposing of the copies.

I've enclosed a copy of my request to quote from and Scripps Howard's reply to use Ernie Pyle's account of his visiting Arthur McCollum after learning of his son's death.

I was quite humbled by Scripps Howard's response. I had never heard of The Ernie Pyle Fund of the Scripps Howard Foundation. If you think it would be appropriate, you might mention the Foundation's purpose in The Echoes sometime.

I appreciate your help. Keep up the good work. You may place this little book in the US Air Force Library Museum or where ever if you think it is up to speed.

Sincerely,

Lloyd Crabtree
Lloyd Crabtree



SCRIPPS HOWARD
FOUNDATION

July 24, 1995

Mr. Lloyd Crabtree
127 Bridgewater Circle
Midland, TX 79707

Dear Mr. Crabtree:

Thank you for your letter, requesting permission to reprint a portion of one of Ernie Pyle's columns. Henry Holt and Company has forwarded your correspondence to the Foundation for reply.

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If possible, we would also like to receive a copy of your book, containing the reprint of Ernie's column, to add to our Ernie Pyle shelf.

Should you have any questions regarding this, please call. Thanks for your interest.

Kindest regards,

Mary Lou Marusin
Mary Lou Marusin
Executive Director

cc: Al Schottelkotte, President, SHF

127 Bridgewater Circle
Midland, Texas 79707

Legal Department
Henry Holt and Company
115 West 18th
New York City, New York 10011

I would like to get your permission to quote from a portion of your 1944 copyrighted edition of BRAVE MEN by Ernie Pyle.

On page 207 and 208 Pyle writes about his visit with Captain Arthur McCollum in England. Please refer to the other page. He relates how the Captain reacted when he learned that his son Ross was killed in action.

I was the only one in Lieutenant Ross McCollum's plane that lived. I am writing a book that includes this tragedy.

Please send me the necessary forms and a bill for the cost of using this account by Ernie Pyle about Arthur McCollum.

Sincerely,

Lloyd Crabtree
Lloyd Crabtree