

RECORD UPDATE

306th Bomb Group Association

(Please complete as much of this form as you wish, and return to  
Russ Strong at the reunion, or mail to Russ Strong, 5323 Cheval  
Place, Charlotte, NC 28205) Little Rock 1989

Date completed SEPT. 6, 1990

LAST NAME: CUSTER FIRST NAME: ROBERT, J. JR TITLE:

Street address: RT. 1- Box 45B Telephone: (512 297- 5304

City, state, zip:

RIVIERA, TEXAS, 78379

Date of Birth: 9/1/1923 Wife's name: ---

College(s) attended: TEXAS A&I UNIV Degree(s): B.S. Year(s): 1952

Last employment and job title:

PLANT PROCESS ENGINEER

Reunions attended: (by year or location)  
---

Serial #: 18231804 Squadron: 423 Specialty:

Date joined 306th: 4- / 44 If combat, what crew: HAROLD L. MILLER

Special duties or assignments w/306th: AIRCRAFT # 42102503 B-17G

Number of missions flown: 33 2, Date of last mission: 8-15-44

Date left 306th: 8 / 44 Highest rank/grade with 306th: T/SGT

Other 8th AF units served with:  
---

Top service assignments after 306th: ~~TOP TURRET GUN~~

USAF retirement date: Rank/grade:  
---

Copies of old 306th orders, either from the Group or Station 111, or any of the  
squadrons or other units, will be welcomed by the secretary.

If you know of other 306th people who do not appear in the directory, please add  
their names and current or former addresses to this sheet so that we may search  
further for them.

WILLIAM CAIN - SILCOAM SPRINGS, ARK. SAM MARSHALL - BOMB.  
DEAN SAUL - BEATRICE NEBRASKA JACKSONVILLE, FLA.  
DALE MAUGHAN - POCATTELLO, IDAHO

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DALE MAUGHAN - POCATTELLI IDAHO

Riviera, Texas  
Aug 8, 1989

Dear Mr. Strong,

You will find enclosed a couple of pictures for the  
306<sup>th</sup> Group - 423<sup>rd</sup> Sqdn. This picture was taken in May 1944 @  
Hurligh, England. This was aircraft # 42-102-503

The picture of the three are left to right.

Robert M. FOMBY - COPILOT - ALABAMA

HAROLD L MILLER - PILOT - FINDLAY, OHIO

SAMUEL MARSHALL - BOMBARDIER - JACKSONVILLE, FLA <sup>904</sup>

Picture was taken by Edward J. Carey - Navigator - career officer USAAF  
(deceased)

The crew picture is as follows:

Kneeling. LEFT TO RIGHT

SAM MARSHALL - BOMB.

EDWARD CAREY - NAV.

HAROLD MILLER - PIL.

Standing left to right

1. PAUL GREEN - W. GUN - APPLETON WIS. ✓

2. DEAN SAUL W. GUN. - BETTRICE, NEB. ~~4007 X~~

3. ASHER BROWN - R. OPER. - ELIZABETH, N.J. ✓

4. ROBERT CUSTER - TUNNER-ENGINEER - KINGSVILLE, TEXAS ✓

5. DALE MAUGHAN - TAIL GUNNER - LAYTON, UTAH 801 ✓ 777-3662

6. ROBERT FOMBY - CO. PILOT. ALABAMA ✓ 825-2461

7. JAMES SLYE - BALL GUNNER - DANIELSON, CONN. ✓

I don't know who took the picture. In case I can't make the  
reunion, this will help anyway.

Robert J. Custer, Jr

Riviera, Texas  
July 8, 1989

Dear Mr. Briscoe,

Thanks a lot for all of everyone's courtesy. Since I have been in contact with the 306<sup>th</sup> & 423<sup>rd</sup> Sqdn, I have been deluged with letters & phone calls. As it stands right now, I have located four of my old air crew members & am about to locate some of my ground crew. In a few days, I am going to write Russell Strong & give him some more members of the 423<sup>rd</sup> that are not listed in your directory. It is hard to believe after 45 years, I was able to talk to my old 1<sup>ST</sup> SGT Lea Van Duerzen. He was very surprised to get a phone call from me.

I would like to go to Little Rock, but am on Federal court jury for six months. Maybe something will work out by Sept 19.

You will find a check for \$10.00 for my part. I would like to see all of you guys again. If you are ever down this way, I live close to Kings Inn on the bay front. Look me up.

Phone: 512-297-5304

Thanks.  
Robert J. Custor, Jr.  
Rt. 1 - Box 45B  
Riviera, Texas  
78379

mind would not be changed & they could take it for whatever they thought that it was worth. Three days later SHAEF & an artist visited us & proved all the info. I believe that was the first jet in the world. That incident was a real shock to me at that time!

I am going to San Antonio in Sept & will participate in the meetings, but probably will stay with some of my kin in that area. I very much want to see Van Housen. He was always good to me. Do I have to make any extra arrangements for the meetings? If I can, I'll bring ~~2~~ an old Pathfinder crewman on "Roundtrip Ticket". He was attached to several groups & flew in our wing with the 305<sup>th</sup>.

Let me hear from you & hope that I get my book.

:PHONE  
512-297-5304

Always a Friend  
Robert J. Custer, Jr.  
RT. 1 - Box 45B  
Riviera, Texas 78379

12 May 1990

Dear Bob:

Interesting piece on the jet fighter.

Don't hold your breath waiting for the book. As you will note in Echoes, it will probably be July before they are ready, and will be mailed then as quickly as possible.

As to the reunion, you will need to register with the Association. There is a registration fee, which helps put the reunion together and makes it go. Of course, any of the meals you partake of will require some advance planning, as tickets will very likely be unavailable at the reunion.

Look forward to seeing you there.

All the best,



Riviera, Texas  
Mon. Sept 10, 1990 7PM

Dear Russel,

I was very elated to receive my book from you. I appreciate your efforts, accuracy & dedication to a hard tough job. I don't see how you did it that takes a lot of perseverance & hard work. I found out a lot of things that were blank to me.

I had told Leo Van Neuzen that I would make that reunion & after a lot of difficulties I got there. I hadn't seen anybody since 1944. I didn't know any of those fellows but I met a bunch. Like I said, I made a promise to him & I carry out my promises. I went to congratulate all of the staff, chairman, directors & everyone that made this possible. I was very tired as I had been working that day very long & hard & rode a bus up there & got a little rest. It was a good deal for me.

I left Thursday night after a long hard day & returned & got back home @ 5:00 AM Fri. morning.

The high lights of this event to me were to be able to talk to all of those old fliers Briscoe, Haulman, Riordan & Ben del Mar Wilson. I talked a long time to him about a lot of things. The events were very tender for me as I conversed with all those guys. Russel, I am not a drinker nor much of a party man & I felt out of place & those expenses up there were pretty hard to absorb. In any respect, I would try it again. I was not disappointed & I had a good time, old Leo is in pretty bad shape & so crippled & handicapped. He cried when I walked up to him & I almost did also. It seems I met the same fellows five or six times.

You are doing a wonderful job for us & I know what's left of my crew appreciate everything.

The best for you always  
Robert J. Custis Jr.  
RT, 1 - Box 45 B  
Riviera, Texas 78379



Riviera, Tefas  
April 27, 1990 8PM

Dear Rensel,

I received my 306 "Echo" in today's mail & am reading it thoroughly. I recognize a name now & then. I ran across your article about your re-issue of your book "First over Germany". I hope that I can get one for my family.

I am in contact with Roger Freeman & he is preparing a new Book on the 8<sup>AF</sup>. "The Mighty Eighth" was thoroughly read & quite accurate. I just finished a letter to a Col Wolfgang D. Col. German Air Force about Munich & that area during May 1944. I still think that I was the first man in the 8AF to encounter a German jet aircraft over Munich. It came thru us so damn fast that I could not track it with a turret gun. I saw it from a distance of about 500 ft. I reported this to our group at Thurleigh & they said we needed a rest. My response was that I was rational, knew what I saw had no proponder & that my

Riviera, Jefas  
Oct 4, 1990 THURS 6PM

Dear Russell,

I received the photo taken by you of Leo Van Amerongen & myself. Thanks a whole bunch. I never knew you took it & it was really a surprise to me. I hated to hear of the news about Gen Curtis LeMay. He was a tough disciplinarian for sure. He left a real spot in aerial warfare I can assure you.

Russell, you will find a couple of photos of me that I thought that you might like to have.

You will find a list of sorties that I was on. These were taken off of a small spiral notebook of mine that I found in my "files". As far as I can remember, they are correct in nearly all cases & in order. I was lucky to find that stuff. It was an accident as I was hunting some old photos.

Yesterday, I sent Ed Jordan a picture of my old ship that later became his & he didn't have one.



He is coming to visit me shortly  
as S.A. is about 185 miles north of here.

Also have ~~an~~ received a letter from  
General Del Mar Wilson & was I ever related  
over that. He impressed me very much &  
I had a long conversation with him in S.A.  
It is after all a small world & 45 years  
late meeting this man. I never did  
think it would happen to me.

Today, I received a letter from Cyril  
Norman from Bedford, Conn. He is in  
pretty bad shape & has <sup>had</sup> a couple of bad  
heart attacks & strokes. His typewritten  
letter was very coherent & precise.

He is a very devoted man to the 8<sup>th</sup> IAF  
& 306 B.G. I am going to write him tonight &  
send him my wishes for recovery & also  
a picture also. He might appreciate that.

It is still hot here 95° F today & dry. We need  
rain badly. I'll close for now.

Again, Thanks for all your courtesies to  
me. As ever -

Robert J. Carter, Jr.

CVSTER, Robert. TT, GUNNER HS. 18231804  
423<sup>rd</sup> Sqdn 306 BG. A.C. #42-102-503  
PILOT. HAROLD MILLER

SORTIES OVER EUROPE TAKEN FROM MY  
OLD NOTE BOOK. This might help someone.

1. BERLIN, GERMANY 23. Ebedsback Ger.
- abandoned 24. Hamburg Ger
2. Special Target France 25. ST. LO
3. Special Target France 26. ST. LO
4. Rennes, France weather ship
5. Illiers - L'evêque, Fr. 27. Murrich Ger
6. Lille - Venderille, Fr. 28. Merckwiller, Fr
7. Etampes, France 29. Anklam, Ger.
8. Nantes, Fra. 30. Stendal, Ger.
- ~~9.~~ aborted (engine trouble) 31. St. Leger Fr
- ~~9.~~ 1ST DIV. Tele 4997 32. Chaumont, Fr.
10. Berlin Ger 33. Chivress, Bel.
11. Ghent Bel (8/15/44) 34. Frankfurt -  
Eschborn, Ger.
12. Bremen, G.
13. Joigny Fr.
14. Leon Fr.
- ~~15.~~ abandoned
15. No Ball France - ? Targets or locations
16. No Ball - France - ? unknown
17. Leipzig, Ger.
18. Amiens Fr.
19. Bauchemane, Ger.
20. Murrich Ger
21. Peenemunde G.
22. Marburg Fr.



Riviera, Texas  
Mon. July 16, 1990

Dear Dale Briscoe,

You will find enclosed a check for \$5 for the 30<sup>th</sup> Directory. I appreciate the directory & all of the guys who worked hard to obtain it.

I am going to send in my reunion money shortly for registration. I'll stay with some relatives while there. This will be a long awaited meeting after 46 years. Leo Van Duerzen was my first Sgt at Thurleigh in early 1944. I hope a hurricane does not work against me. The last meeting in Little Rock caught me on Federal Army Service. I recognize and know a whole bunch from the 423<sup>rd</sup> Sgdn.

With Highest Regards  
Robert J. Custer, Jr  
RT. 1 - Box 45B  
Riviera, Texas 78379  
phone. 512-297-5304

Riviera, Teja

Dec 17, 1990

Dear Russel Strong,

You will find enclosed several pages of blank verse poetry? that may be interesting. I am a personal friend of Mr. Harold. I have his permission to send it to you. He told me that there is a copy of it in the 8AAFH5 files. He told me you could put it in the "Echoes" if you wish. He is a DVM down here is just plain old vanilla to everybody & is an ex from the 91 B6, 305 B6, + 457 B.6. He was on one of those Radar type aircraft & was also the tail gunner on "Round Trip Ticket" a B-17 attack to the 91<sup>st</sup> B.6.

Crutcher

\*\*\*\*\*

He has seen the Fortress ripped and torn by fighter fire and flak.  
He has seen her lose two engines and somehow come limping back.  
He has seen the leaking petrol as it spewed across her wing,  
and a Messerschmitt fall flaming as he framed it in his ring.

He has seen the dead and dying; the frozen and the burned;  
felt the agony of shrapnel for the Purple Heart he earned.  
He has stitched his name on Messerschmitts with armour piercing steel;  
sent a Focke-Wulf to Valhalla on a mission over Kiel.

He has held his head defiantly upright and open eyed, when the  
heavy flak was bursting all around;  
Though the Fortress bucked and wallowed from the fury of the blasts,  
and others spun in flames toward the ground.

\*\*\*\*\*

To those valiant crews of the B-17 Flying Fortresses, and especially  
to that rare breed of soldier, the flying sergeants who manned her  
Browning machine guns.

Flying straight and level into the very teeth of Hell that was the  
Luftwaffe fighter defense, and the massive concentrations of heavy  
anti-aircraft fire, they carried their message of defiance to the enemy  
in their bomb bays. Though their losses were appalling, they never turned  
back. Instead, they came again and again and again, until at last the  
tide of battle turned, and Allied fighters and bombers ruled the skies.  
Only then was an Allied invasion across the English Channel possible.

To those Fortress gunners who met the full fury of the mighty  
Luftwaffe in those cold and bloody skies over enemy held Europe in  
1943/44 the following is dedicated. May their courage and loyalty  
never be forgotten, and may their sacrifices for our country never  
have been in vain.

\*\*\*\*\*

## WHEN EXPENDABLE /

When your dreams of home are shattered by a harsh and strident voice;  
when the bare and glaring light bulb smites your eyes.

When the time is oh-three hundred, and the temperature is five,  
and an orderly now bids you to arise.

When you flip your Zippo into life and light a cigarette, and  
gropé beneath your cot to find your boots.

When you drag your body cursing from the blankets of your sack,  
and you tremble as the cold gnaws at its roots.

When you stumble in the darkness on the frozen muddy path, and  
your messkit clatters in your cold numbed hand.

When the trudging friend beside you curses with each steaming breath,  
expounding on the wonders of this land.

When you stand in line awaiting what the messhall has in store,  
and you know it's powdered eggs and marmalade.

When your lower lip is blistered by the steaming metal cup,  
as the poison they call coffee is conveyed.

When you stand in line again to wash your messkit free of grease,  
and you dip it in each can of soapy swill.

When you pray the dreaded "G.I. Shits" will never strike again,  
and you know within your heart they damn well will.

When you sit in the crowded briefing room with all the crews around,  
and tobacco smoke hangs heavy over head.

When you look from face to youthful face and know beyond a doubt,  
that before this day is done, some will be dead.

When the shade that hides the briefing map at long last is raised,  
and the scarlet ribbon shows where we must go.

When stifled groans and muttered oaths give way to deathly quiet,  
then we're told the things that we already know.

We are told of friendly escort to within the coast of France,  
and from that point we will be on our own.

We are told the Jerry fighters will be waiting: A fact  
most painfully already known.

We are told that we must strike at Oschersleben. Deep in Germany  
the crimson ribbon ends.

While parallel the red route lies a blue one; our homeward course  
to England, back to friends.

We must bomb the Focke-Wulf factories where those dreaded fighters breed.  
We must crush the nest that spawns them ere they rise.

We must blast and burn those factories and, regardless of the cost,  
we must meet their wrath in battle in the skies.

They say we are expendable, and that of course is true. The price  
for victory is death and pain.

A fearsome task must now be done, and we must go and do. We must prevail,  
for if we fail, we must go back again.

When you've braved the buffeting propwash from the Cyclones mighty blasts,  
and you've checked the bomb bays cargo once again.

When you've checked your Brownings ammo, and your oxygen and mask,  
and made sure your inter-com works when plugged in.



When you shiver in your sheepskins and you cup your Zippo close,  
and you light another Players Navy Cut.  
When you peer into the darkness for the towers coming flare,  
and the icy hand of dread grips at your guts.

When the Fortress roars and trembles as she strains against the brakes,  
and then thunders down the runway and lifts off.  
When the landing gear is safely up and checked as locked in place,  
and the mighty Flying Fortress with her bomb load soars aloft.

When you grasp a gunners shoulder and you shake it with a grin,  
and he answers with a gloved thumbs-up salute.  
When you know from past experience that these men with whom you fly,  
are the bravest when the guns begin to shoot.

When you crawl around the tail wheel well, past stabilizer plane,  
and you kneel behind your Browning Siamese Twins;  
You're a lone and lonely warrior in an aircraft manned by ten,  
and you'll fight a lonely battle when that hell on high begins.

When you feed the belted ammo into place, and you charge each "Fifty"  
with a forceful yank.  
When you check each detail over for the hundredth time today.  
If they fail, you've only got yourself to thank.

When you fire a short burst from each gun to make sure all is right,  
and you know your chest pack 'chute is there nearby.  
When your eyes must never cease their scanning vigil, for the enemy  
who strikes at you on high.

He will dive from high above you, or beneath your belly climb,  
or he'll strike you at the level 'long your flanks.  
He will queue up out ahead of you and come at you head-on,  
and do his damndest to set ablaze your tanks.

Or they may bore right in on you, attacking from the rear;  
their cannons winking straight into your eyes.  
And every time you meet them with your armour piercing steel,  
and at almost every pass, some soldier dies.

There are no fox holes in the sky. No jungle growth in which to lie.  
No hedge or wall to crouch behind. No cover here of any kind.  
With only cold thin air between, here soldiers fight and die.  
No rock. No ridge. No forest green. No fox holes in the sky.

When Messerschmitt and sleek Focke-Wulf come plunging from the blue,  
or hang beneath your belly pumping cannon shells at you.  
When the Junkers and the Two-Tens send their rockets crashing in,  
and you see a Fort exploding, and another in a spin.

You must watch for him in sunlight. You must watch for him in cloud.  
You must watch the contrails that your bombers leave.  
For another will come hidden by the misty vapor trail, while you  
watch the pretty patterns that they weave.

When the Fortress there beside you rips asunder in the air, and falls  
earthward in a boiling mass of flame.  
When another slides beneath you with her left wing torn away,  
and you swing your guns still firing as you aim.

When a One-O-Nine comes firing, and pulls up a fraction soon,  
and you catch him in your ringsight as he stalls.  
When you see the pieces flying from his fuselage and cowl, and  
your Brownings keep on firing as he falls.

When you see him plunging earthward, ever faster in a spin,  
and you feel a fierce elation in your heart.  
When you earnestly salute him for the soldier he has been,  
as one airman to another, though apart.

When a man who bunked right next to you, who shared your smokes and beer,  
lies dying 'neath his Browning in the waist.  
When a cannon shell has ripped him, and he bleeds to death inside,  
and there's no way you can help him in your haste.

When a shot of icy morphine is the only thing you have, and  
you pray to God that it will ease his pain.  
When you tuck a blanket 'round him, place a 'chute pack 'neath his head,  
and crawl sobbing to your Fifties once again.

When you're locked into the bomb run, and the fighters pull away,  
and the Eighty-Eights take over from the ground.  
When black puffs of smoke surround you; when the shrapnel crashes in.  
Like a hail storm on a tin roof it resounds.

When your stabilizer's shredded, and your wings are ripped and torn,  
and bright sunlight and cold air come rushing in.  
When the Fortress bucks and wallows from the fury of the blasts,  
and you see another, blazing in a spin.

When you know the men inside are trapped within that furnace blast,  
and you pray God grant them mercy, quick and clean;  
From twenty seven hundred eighty blazing gallons of,  
'hundred octane aviation gasoline.

When the sky becomes a hell of smoke and fire and crashing sound,  
and you know no living thing can there survive.  
When a wingman breaks formation with his cockpit wreathed in flame,  
and then falls away beneath you in a dive.

When you curse and pray within a breath for God to save you now,  
and you flinch with each explosion of the flak.  
When you hear the grinding clatter as its shrapnel rips your hull,  
and you rage because you cannot fight it back.

When at last you feel the Fortress lift, unburdened of her load,  
and you hear the bombardier call "Bombs Away".  
When you see the bombs of others dropping earthward all around,  
and you know that half your journey's made today.

When you leave the pall of darkness of the monstrous flak barrage,  
and your aching eyes keep searching in the sun.  
When tiny dots at three o'clock come plunging in an arc,  
and you know the homeward gauntlet you must run.

When you see a Fortress lagging back at five o'clock and low,  
and you see her feathered props are standing still.  
When you see the One-O-Nines above, now queueing up in line;  
then come diving, cannons blazing, for the kill.

When a shadow drops before you, blotting out the sun and sky,  
and so close you see the rivets in his wing.  
When you fire your guns unaiming as he flits before your eyes,  
and is gone before you frame him in your ring.

a drifting through your ringsight, and you squeeze,  
when you see his engine smoking, and his cockpit fill with flame,  
and your guns keep firing, firing, all the same.

When another rolls beneath you and fires, hanging by his prop,  
into the belly of a Fortress on your right.  
When he's just beyond your field of fire, your guns will swing no more,  
and you cannot get the bastard in your sight.

When you pray their turret gunner, rolling in his ball below,  
will frame him in his sights and feed him lead.  
When you see the ball unmoving, with its Brownings still and quiet,  
and you know the man inside it must be dead.

When the empty brass piles deep around your Fifties in the tail,  
and the ammo in your boxes has run low.  
When the enemy keeps coming like an endless storm of hail,  
you must meet them with your gunfire, even so.

When first one gun, then the other, fires its final vital round,  
and their handles lie there quietly in your hands.  
When you grab an O<sub>2</sub> bottle and crawl panting to the waist,  
seeking food to meet their ravenous demands.

When you drag the steel linked ammo from its heavy wooden box,  
and you start to crawl back tailward once again.  
When a buddy at a waist gun slaps your back and signs "Thumbs-Up",  
and you know behind his mask there is a grin.

When your frozen fingers fumble as you feed the ammo in, and a  
One-O-Nine comes slashing through from five.  
When you charge your guns and hunt him, and you know that you're too late.  
He has fired and slipped beneath you in a dive.

When it's sixty plus sub-zero and there's ice upon your mask, yet  
your woolen undershirt is soggy wet.  
When you pull your mask aside and spit, it crackles on the floor,  
but your clothes are sodden through with combat sweat.

When you see a Fortress lagging with her engines belching flame,  
and the bodies of her crew come tumbling out.  
When the blast rips her asunder in a roiling ball of fire, and  
only smoking bits of debris mark her route.

When the white 'chutes start to open in the leaden sky below,  
and your straining eyes account for only five.  
You recall those boys at breakfast, just a few short hours ago,  
and you wonder which of them remain alive.

When a "jasta" of One-Ninetys forms their "Wheel of Death" ahead,  
and come rolling through your group from dead head-on.  
When your field of fire is rearward, and you cannot see them come,  
and you rage in helpless fury, all alone.

When their cannon shells are bursting with a blinding brilliant light,  
and a Focke-Wulf rams a Fortress head to head.  
When your window panes are shattered, and there's blood in both your eyes,  
and you thank Almighty God that you're not dead.

When the Junkers trail behind you formed in echelons of three,  
out beyond your faithful Browning Fifties range.  
When they blast you with their rockets 'til your squadron's almost gone;  
then come charging with their cannons all aflame.

When one launches all his rockets, then comes boring in on you;  
his cannons winking death straight at your eyes.  
When he overflows your ringsight, and you hold your triggers down,  
and he falls, a blazing meteor from the skies.

When the ice forms thick and heavy out along your Fortress wings,  
and she handles slow and sluggish in the sky.  
When the Messerschmitts keep coming, and your ammo's almost gone,  
and you know that any moment you may die.

When a fleur-de-lis of contrails marks the sky at nine o'clock;  
then another and another high at three.  
When a score of friendly Thunderbolts go streaking over head,  
and the sky around you suddenly is free.

When the "Jugs" cavort like puppies, tracing patterns over head,  
and they fly defensive cover all around.  
When spry Spitfires then take over as you cross the channel coast,  
and you leave behind that enemy held ground.

When you never cease your vigil, though your "Little Friends" are near,  
and you never stop your searching of the sky.  
Lest a jasta that's returning from a raid on Englands shores, catch  
you napping and pounce on you from on high.

When a crippled Fortress ditches 'midst the monstrous swells below,  
and you see a bobbing dinghy there balloon.  
When a man can live but minutes in that wild and freezing sea,  
and you pray that Air-Sea Rescue finds them soon.

When you've let down over channel, and you've taken off your mask,  
and you know the cliffs of Dover lie ahead.  
When you think of mild and bitters in "The Rose And Crown" tonight,  
and give thanks to God Almighty you're not dead.

When you count the planes around you, and you know how few are left,  
and how ripped and torn are those that still can fly.  
When you see the red flares streaking signals "Wounded Men Aboard",  
for the ambulances that are standing by.

When your wheels touch on the tarmac with a squeeling puff of smoke,  
and you taxi to the hardstand down the line.  
When you stand again on Gods good earth and gaze into the sky,  
and a silent prayer of thanks goes through your mind.

When you slide your faithful Brownings out and slip each in its case,  
and you gather up your gear and start to leave.  
When you think of comrades lost today, and raids still to be flown,  
and you know a Fortress gunner cannot grieve.

When you turn to catch the lorry that's interrogation bound, and  
you note her scars of battle as you do.  
When you place a gloved hand gently on the Fortress battered hull.  
She's a lady, Queen of Battle, through and through.



When you've answered all you can;  
as to how the battle went, and when, and where.  
When you've told them of the losses, and the fighters, and the flak,  
and of how the bomb strike looked to you from there.  
When you've told them of the parachutes you counted drifting down,  
and of those who had no chance to make it out.  
When you've told them of the bitter cold that freezes men to death,  
and you've told them of the rockets deadly route.  
When you've had hot tea and brandy, and they're warming you inside,  
but the cup you hold now trembles in your hand.  
Then you'll answer no more questions, and the questioners subside.  
Only those who've lived through combat understand.  
When you clean your Browning Fifties with a tender loving hand,  
and adjust them to perfection at the end.  
When you know that they'll be ready when you call on them again,  
for a Fortress gunner has no better friend.  
When you've stowed your flying suit and boots; your 'chute and  
your Mae West; and you're back inside your dingy Nissen hut.  
When you've finished off three fingers left of Johnnie Walker Black,  
and you've lit another Players Navy Cut.  
When you've shaved in tepid water with a helmet for a bowl, and  
you've bathed from head to toe in what remains.  
When you've opened up your B-4 bag and got your Class As out,  
for a two day pass awaits you for your pains.  
When you shrug into your overcoat and give your shoes a lick,  
and jerk your cap down over your right ear.  
When your buddy stands impatiently awaiting at the door, saying:  
"Come on, boy. I'm starving for a beer".  
When you wear those silver gunners wings so proudly on your chest,  
with a gold edged field of combat blue behind,  
You are one of the "Expendables", and different from the rest.  
You're a soldier of a rare and special kind.  
When the patch upon your shoulder bears a star and winged eight,  
and you man the "Fifties" of a "Seventeen",  
You are proud to be "Expendable", and history will relate,  
you have fought the greatest air war ever seen.

Dr. C. H. Harrel  
Robstown, Texas  
Tail Gunner, B-17s  
1st Div. 8th A.F.  
1943-44

DR. CH. HARREL D.V.M.  
ROBSTOWN, TEXAS

Rivera, Texas  
Sept 9, 1951 MON.

Dear Russel Strong,

First of all it is & has been very hot down  $90^{\circ}$ - $105^{\circ}$  for weeks. Next, I can't make that trip to Pittsburg. It is too far for me to go. I just came back from Providence RI & visited my ball turret gunner, Jim Slye & returned by way of Dayton, Ohio & visited my old Pilot Harold D. Miller & spent a day at the A.F. Museum in Dayton. What a place to see! I wouldn't trade that trip for anything. It is a real tribute to the A.F.

Yesterday, I had a surprise. Ed Jordan came to visit me down here. He is now recovering from double hip joint replacement & is doing pretty well. I was very elated over his visit & he came as he promised last year in San Antonio. I was the first man that he knew & he was the first man that I flew with 47 years ago!

Russel, I wonder if any VCR film are available anywhere that are about the 306<sup>th</sup> B.S. I never have seen any but would like to purchase some. If you have any info



about film of the 306, please let me know.  
The VCR film "Target for Today" & "All the  
Fine Young Men" are very good accounts  
of the 8<sup>th</sup> AF efforts.

I am going to close for now hoping you  
are in the best of health. Give all my  
love in Pittsburg a greeting for me this  
month. Let me hear from you

Sincerely  
Robert J. Custer Jr.  
RT, 1 - Box 45 B  
Riviera, Texas 78379  
ph - 1-512-297-5304

Ann 11 Sept 91

Riviera, Texas  
Fri. Oct 18 - 8 PM

Dear Russel Strong,

I hope the reunion was a good one for everybody. One of the pilots that I flew with, Kenneth Yass, was there. I got a letter from him today. The trip with him was in "Paperdoll" #444 to Berlin.

After all the years, I found a side shot of my old craft & thought this might be interesting to someone. My crew was the first ones to fly this plane. It got shot down over Ruhlend, Germany on 9/21/44.

Ed Jordan, the cop. survived & paid me a visit about 3 weeks ago. (47 years has slipped by?) I knew his crew once before returning to the U.S.

My pilot was Harold Miller of Findlay Ohio & I visited him in May of this year. Four of us are still known to be alive now. I am OK & well & hope the same there for you.

I appreciate that 306<sup>th</sup> register. It has helped me relocate a lot of lost pals. Thanks for everything, Continue your good work. Crocker



Nov. 14, 1991

Dear Russel Strong,

I want to thank you personally for all of your efforts regarding the 306<sup>th</sup> B.G. There would be no history if it were not for you. I would not take anything for the 306 register. I have re-established contacts with all of my old pals that are left. I always await the next issue of Echoes. I just received a letter from Roger Freeman yesterday. Maybe I'll get to see the museum in Savannah one of these days. Have a wonderful Christmas & keep in touch.

Curtis

Wishing you  
a Christmas filled  
with the warmth of caring,  
the joy of togetherness,  
the love of friends and family,  
and happy memories that linger  
long after the season is gone.

Ambassador



AMBASSADOR CARDS

© HILLMAN CARD, INC.  
MADE IN U.S.A.

PX 530 G



There's a place within  
our hearts  
Where we keep  
our favorite memories,  
The ones that never fail to  
make us smile--  
And when life becomes too hectic  
It's such a special feeling  
To close our eyes  
and reminisce awhile--  
And out of all the memories  
Of family and friendships,  
The ones that are most touching  
to recall  
Are joy-filled, love-filled moments  
That we share  
at Christmastime--  
Those are the  
dearest memories of all.

AMANDA BRADLEY



CUSTER - 423 RD. SQDN  
300 B.B.

12/1

Top Gunner #42102503

Berlin, Germany	8:40	24 HAMBURG, GER.	6:25
— abandoned	4:00	25. ST. LO	5:35
SPECIAL TARGET FR.	4:30	26 ST LO	4:50
SPECIAL TARGET FR	4:05	— WEATHERSHIP	
RENNES, FR	6:25	27. MUNICH, GER.	9:25
ILLIERS-L'ÉVÊQUE FR	6:20	28 MECKWILLOW FR	8:05
LILLE-VENDEUILLE, FR	5:00	29. ANKLAM, GER	10:00
LETAMPES - FR	5:45	30. STENDAL GER	9:30
NANTES - FR.	6:45	31. ST. LOUBES FR.	7:50
— ABORTED	—	32. CHAUMONT, FR	7:55
<del>BERLIN</del> 1 <sup>ST</sup> Bomb Div Tele LI-497		33 CHIVRES, BEL.	7:55
BERLIN, GER	9:35	34. FRANKFURT-LECHBORN -	7:40
GHEENT, BEL.	5:10		
BREMEN GER	7:50	Signed by	
JOIGNY FR.	7:00	ROBERT C WILLIAMS	
LAON FR.	6:30	LT. COL. - OP. OFF. A.C.	
— ABANDONED	5:35		
NO BALL FR.	4:55		
NO BALL FR	4:40		
LEIPZIG, GER	8:55		
AMIENS, FR.	5:00		
BAUCHEMINE, FR.	5:00		
MUNICH, GER	9:20		
PEENEMÜNDE, GER	9:50		
MARBURG GER	8:45		
EBLESBACH, GERM.	8:35		

Riviera, Tex.  
Sat. Jan. 11, 1992 - 10:14

Dear Russel Strong,

Enclosed is a list of sorties that I was part of at that time. I found a torn up list & wrote out a copy by hand. They are probably not important to anyone, but it might help you correlate your work. The original copy of this has survived a couple of hurricanes & that is all the info I got off the original copy. I was very lucky to find this record for sure. Hoping everything is going fine your way. I really appreciate your efforts for everybody. I am fine & the weather this date is bad & wet & 46°F. & miserable.

Sincerely  
Curtis

Excuse my stationery as this is all that I had on hand.



## New Directory Due

Our 1992 directory should come out in May, and we need your help!

The Postal Service has been good about sending us changed numbers, but we need more data from many of you.

We also need to have you check your listing in the 1990 directory and to let the editor know what you need changed.

If we don't hear from you we must assume that the data we have is correct as far as your directory entry is concerned.

Check the form below:

Name ROBERT J. CUSTER, JR.

Address RURAL ROUTE ONE BOX FORTY FIVE "B"

City, State and Zip Code RIVIERA, TEXAS 78379-9723

Telephone #, with the correct area code 1-512-297-5304

Can you give us the four-number addition to your zip code? (Look on one of your utility bills for this, if you can't remember it).

On that street address, please designate whether it is St., Ave., Blvd., Road, etc. Rural routes AND box numbers need to be spelled out. In the alpha listing of the Directory, be sure your unit designation is correct. That's the one that counts. (If you were placed in the wrong listing under organizations, don't worry about it. We plan to get it right this time.)

Other data we will store away for possible later use:

Wife's first name ————— 423<sup>RD</sup> Sgdn.

Your birthdate SEPT. 1, 1923

Social Security # 456-28-8568

Retirement date/place of employment/job title CHIEF PROCESS ENGINEER -

LA GLORIA CORP. FEB. 1965 PROF. ENGR. TEXAS

Send the above to Russell A. Strong #18746

5323 Cheval Place  
Charlotte, NC 28205-4937  
704/568-0153

Robert J Custer, Jr  
Rt 1, Box 45B  
Riviera, TX 78379-9723

# 1992 England Trip Reunion Sets Big Schedule For Thurleigh and London

Fifty years ago next September, the 306th Bomb Group flew into history, with its arrival in England for combat duty with the U.S. 8th AF. That signal event in aviation lore will be recalled once again in August when the men of the 306th, their spouses families and friends will join in a reunion visit to Bedford, the old base at Thurleigh, Madingley cemetery at Cambridge, and to the venerable city of London.

Specific details of the trip were included in the mailing of the October issue of **Echoes**, having been announced in detail earlier that month during the Group's reunion at Pittburgh.

Two options are being offered for those participating in the main trip: A. being to spend two nights in Bedford, at either the Swan or Moat House hotels, which lie across the Ouse River from each other at the bridge; or, #2. to spend four nights at Bedford and the remainder in London. Group A will go on to London after the visit to Duxford, a WWII airfield that served both the RAF and USAAF and which has been restored as a WWII field.

As an added fillip, the travel description includes two extended week-long trips following the activities in Bedford

Riviera, Texas.

Dec 12, 1991 3PM THUR.

Dear Russel Strong,

I received your post card in the mail today & am responding quickly. You will find 2-more copies (4x6) & also the negatives that the pictures were made from. There is no enlargement service down here but if necessary I can get one made in Corpus Christi.

I received a Christmas card from Florence & Leo Van Duzer in Wisconsin, received a nice letter from Cyril Norman in England, & also a letter from Roger Freeman in England.

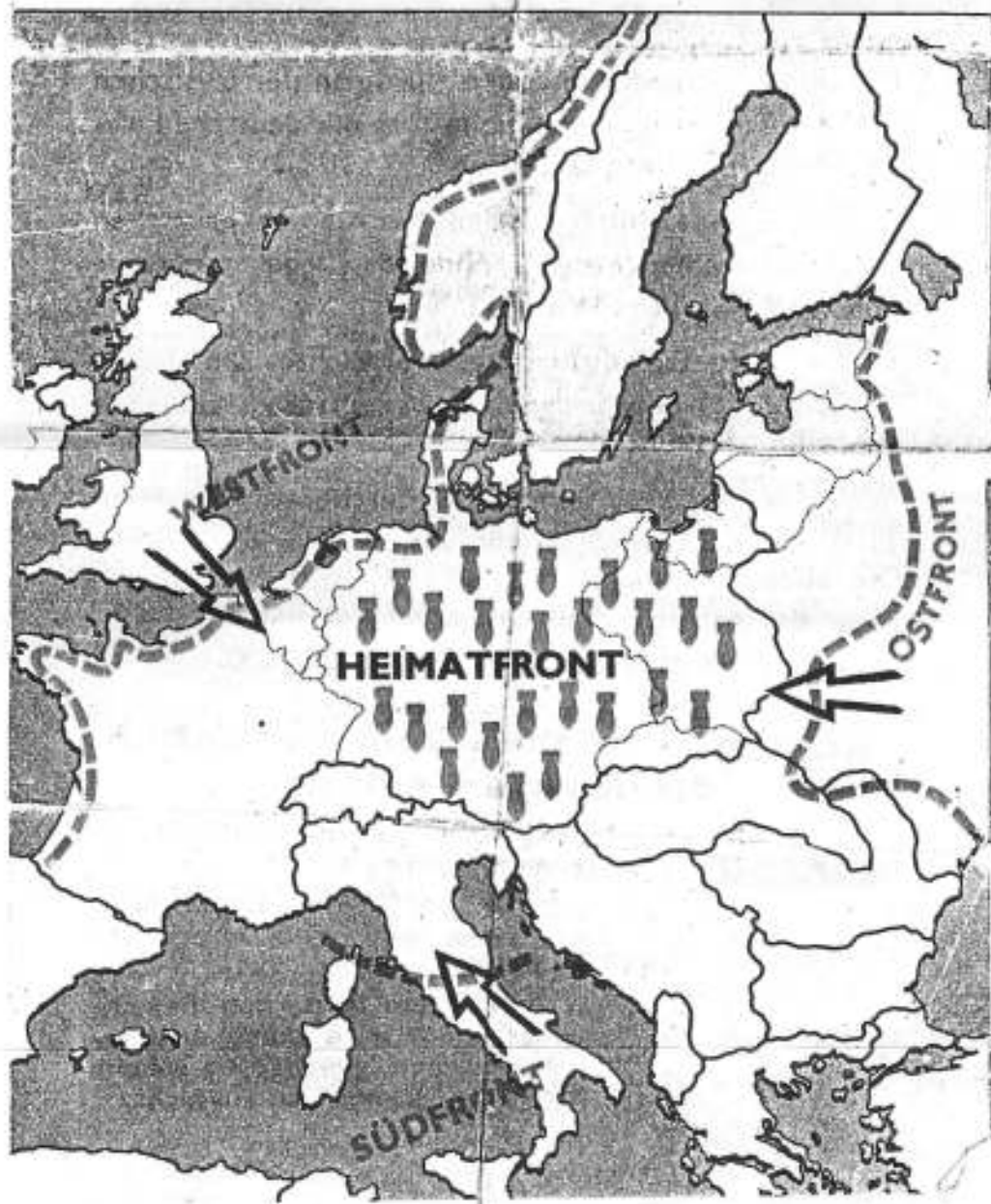
I have enjoyed your book & all of the others to the greatest extent. Cyril Norman asked me if I knew a pilot Pat Morgan of the 423rd.

I did not know this man. I am enjoying my VCR very much. I sure hope you can get one. VCR film about the 306 & am looking forward to your history book on the Squadron trips.

I have established many contacts again from the directory. It has been a blessing to me. You are doing a good job. Have the best Christmas ever

Sincerely  
Robert Euster

# VIERFRONTEN- KRIEG





# WARUM?

---

Die alliierte Expeditionsarmee wurde an der britischen Küste zusammengezogen, ohne dass die deutsche Luftwaffe eingriff. **Warum?**

Viele Tausende alliierter Schiffe wurden in britischen Häfen zusammengezogen, ohne dass die deutsche Luftwaffe eingriff. **Warum?**

Die alliierte Expeditionsarmee erreichte die Küste Frankreichs, ohne dass die deutsche Luftwaffe eingriff. **Warum?**

Die alliierte Expeditionsarmee durchbrach die erste Linie des Atlantik-Walls und schuf sich Brückenköpfe, ohne dass die deutsche Luftwaffe eingriff. **Warum?**

**Montgomery und Rommel haben die Antwort erteilt.**

■ **Montgomery sagte:**

„Zuerst muss die Luftschlacht gewonnen werden, dann erst beginnt die Land-oder Seeschlacht.“

■ **Rommel sagte:**

„Über jedem deutschen Befestigungssystem wird Luftüberlegenheit bestehen, gleichgültig welche Stelle der Gegner sich aussucht.“

Riviera, Tefoo  
Tues. May 14, 1992 8 AM

Dear Russel Strong,

Enclosed you will find a copy of a leaflet taken from one of the original leaflets that was chopped by my aircraft #42-102-503 in 1944 over Germany the day that Hitler was almost assassinated by that Col Von Stauffenberg. I finally found the original accidentally while searching for something else. If you wish some more copies, I'll be glad to send them to you for the 306<sup>th</sup> association or other organizations.

I spent Mother's Day visiting a pilot Col Baumgardner of the C.A.F. at the International airport in Corpus Christi. We had a visit of 8 hrs in that old craft a B-17G. It was in real good shape. We had a few tears shed about several things. He was in the 368<sup>th</sup> Sqdn, I think. Anyway it was a very emotional visit. I was challenged to see if I could still enter the front hatch from ground up & I had no trouble at all as there was a large crowd that

metressed this venture I am going to visit  
a pilot Lt. Jack Millitt of "Chubby Sugey"  
in Lafayette, La sometime this summer.  
Our crews flew together in WW2. He later  
became an airline pilot for American Airlines  
for about 25 years.

I am OK & fine, hoping that you & your  
family are also. Heard about to get  
drowned out with all of this rain. I am about  
ready to start an ask. Let me hear  
from you & many thanks to you for your work  
Sincerely  
Robert Custer

Riviera, Texas  
Aug 16, 1993

Dear Russel Strong,

Enclosed are a couple of pictures & as I collect more I'll send them. Thanks a whole bunch for finding Sam Marshall in Seabrook Tex. After 49 years, I have finally contacted him. This craft was piloted by Harold Miller & Bob Farnby.

In the book on the 423<sup>rd</sup> Egn Harold Miller is listed as killed on page 165. This probably results from the fact that a Lt. Gatis was killed. He piloted the same aircraft when it was shot down. Miller is now out of the hospital & recovering nicely.

Again I sincerely thank you for all of your dedicated efforts.

Robert Croster



Riviera, Texas  
June 14 - 1994 TUES.

Dear Russel Strong,

Enclosed is a crew picture. You might have a copy of it already. In the list of probable pilots in 1943 of the Lechoses, Robert Fernley my co-pilot was a P-51 fighter pilot & got transferred into the 88<sup>th</sup> B.S. 399<sup>th</sup> Sqn at Aron Park. We were together as a crew in the later part of 1943. The crept is B-17 G "Belle of the Blue" #2102503. 42<sup>3rd</sup> Sqn - 306 B.S. Crew is as follows:

THURLEIGH ENG.

NOTE WIND SOCK.

Standing left to right

Paul Green - W.G. - Appleton, Wis.

DEAN SALL - W.G. - BEATRICE, NEB. (CANT LOCATE HIM)

ASHER BROWN - R.O. - ELIZABETH, N.J. (deceased)

ROBERT CUSTER - T.T.G. - KINGSVILLE, TEX.

DALE MAUGHAN - T.G. - LAYTON, UTAH (CANT LOCATE HIM)

BOB FOMBY - C.P. - MONTGOMERY ALA - deceased (0817413)

JAMES SLYE. B.T. - BROOKLYN, CONN.

Kneeling left to right.

SAM MARSHALL - B. - JACKSONVILLE FLA. (you found him)  
FORME - THANKS.

ED CAREY - N. - ROCHESTER, N.Y. (deceased)

HAROLD MILLER - P. - FINDLAY, OHIO (A DAM GOOD PILOT.)

Riviera, Tex.

July 30, 1994

Dear Rereal Strong,

after all of almost 50 years of searching for Dale L. Maughan, my tail gunner, I have found out his fate through the efforts of a professor at Brigham State University. Dale, his ten year old son, & pilot were killed in a single engine aircraft on a hunting trip in Montana @ 31, 1963. It was a tragic ending to a real good fellow. His younger brother who lives in Idaho survived the ordeal. I am now in contact with all of his family thanks to your efforts & every body else's. They were very grateful for my interest. Wishing the best to you & your family

Sincerely  
Robert J. Custer, Jr  
R.T.P. - Box 45B  
Riviera, Texas 78379-9723

Apply 6 Aug 94

Riviera, Tefas  
May 21, 1993 2PM

Dear Russell Strong

I just received the 306 Echoes. I am returning my present data & phone numbers. I am searching for a crew picture & will get one to you somehow in a few days. I want to express my appreciation of your faithfulness to the 306. It takes a lot of dedication & effort on your part. I am trying to figure out a way to get to Seattle, Wash for the reunion. Also in the future, I am going to get the film from the 306<sup>th</sup> of the English ceremony in 1992. In the last few months, I have witnessed a lot of VCR film on the 306 operations & am in several of these film documentaries. I remember when these films were made but did not even expect to witness them. One film I saw was the one involving the King & Queen when they visited Thurleigh. I was cleaning a machine gun barrel on Ramp 13 in very long handles as the parade ~~to~~ went by about 50 ft. from us. I know, I am one of the few who saw the royal family in my underwear. I have really been teased about that. Russell, I think I sent a picture of my crew & craft, but I'll send another one. My filing system is terrible at best. I am well, fine, busy & still alert. My pilot Harold Miller underwent a quadruple bypass in the Toledo, Ohio hospital last Wednesday & he is not doing so good. We are very close pals to this day & he has me real worried.



Imet Delle Baumgardner a year ago in Corpus Christi when he loaned this area with a B-17. He was in the 369<sup>th</sup> Sqdn & is still flying. I spent 8 hours with him & he wanted me to make a tour over the U.S. for the Confederate Air Force. Incidentally that craft had new engines, new props, new tires, etc & was, it seemed to me in better shape than some of the ones we ~~have~~ flew in. I have a list of every B-17 serial number that Sever flew in. I'll send you a copy & also to Boeing aircraft. B-17 ES, B-17 FS & B-17 GS as a passing statement, there was a B-17 - (MAG BOND LADY) Serial # I THINK WAS 2-102180, flown by Lt. Mitchell. This crew was shot down over France & all ten men were executed by the Germans. Do you have any info on this. They were lost in June 1944 around La Harve France. I have a picture of that craft somewhere in my possession.

I'll close, as I am in a hurry. Hope you can read this ~~something~~ scratching.

Keep up the good work, always a friend  
 Robert J. Custis Jr  
 RT-1 - Box 45B  
 Riviera, Texas 78379 -  
 ph. 512-297-5720 9723

Riviera, Texas  
July 8, 1989

Dear Russell Strong,

I really appreciate all of your efforts & giving me all that information, data, & addresses. After all of these years, I contacted my pilot Harold Miller. I wrote him & got a long phone call from him. Likewise, I have had phone calls & letters to & from Leo Van Heurzen. I cannot express my feelings when I talked to these fellows. Through your directory, I found four of my old air crew & one ground crewman.

I have just sent a check to Briscoe in San Antonio for my part & am eagerly waiting the next issue of "Echoes". Give me some more information on your book. I'd like to buy a copy of it.

Listed below is my waist gunner. This address is current.

PAUL W. GREEN  
2871 VANILLA AVE.  
SAN AUGUSTINE, FLA  
32084

I would sure like to be able to contact Lt. Robert Fomby. He stayed in the Air Corp as a regular. Maybe you guys can help me with that.

Listed on the next sheet are three former members of the 423rd Sqdn.

OLIVER NASBY. - HIS FATHER WAS PRESIDENT OF GEORGE HORMEL CORP  
AUSTIN, MINNESOTA

MELVIN SHIPP - TEXAS - TEXARKANA ?  
LONGVIEW ?

MAYNARD L. SMITH - (THIS MAN WAS AWARDED THE CONGRESSIONAL  
MEDAL OF HONOR) - FROM WEST VIRGINIA I THINK

Minelli, NEW JERSEY

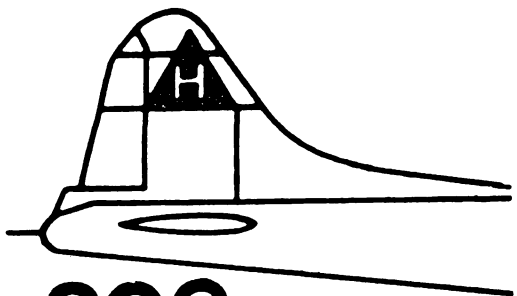
LT. MITCHELL - PILOT - 423<sup>RD</sup> AIRCRAFT --- 180  
LT. NEIGHBORS - NAVIGATOR - 423<sup>RD</sup>

WILLIAM CAIN - 306<sup>TH</sup> GROUP. - 367<sup>2</sup>, 368<sup>3</sup>, 369<sup>2</sup> SQDNS  
HOME TOWN - SILOAM SPRINGS, ARK.

I have some more, but have to do some research.

Thanks for everything. I would like to go to Little Rock, but  
at present for 6 months I am on Federal Jury in the  
Federal Court in Corpus Christi. Maybe something will work out.  
That type of jury is just about as bad as being in jail.

Thanks  
Robert J. Crater, Jr.  
Rt. 1 - Box 45 B  
Riviera, Texas  
78379  
phone - 512-297-5304



367th, 368th, 369th, 423rd Squadrons, and service organizations  
Thurleigh, Bedfordshire, England – September 1942-April 1945

# 306TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP ASSOCIATION

*Secretary/Historian*

Russell A. Strong  
5323 Cheval Place  
Charlotte, NC 28205  
704/568-0153

16 July 1989

*Author*

First Over Germany  
Command and Staff  
Officers, 8th Air  
Force, 1942-45

*Editor*

306th Echoes  
306th Directory

Dear Robert:

In answer to your letter of 8 July, I appreciate the address which you sent me, and also the possible leads on others. We keep adding to our mailing list, still adding more than we are losing.

"First Over Germany" is presently out of print, but I am preparing the copy for a reissue of the book, which should take place some time in the fall.

Fomby retired from the USAF in 1967 as a lieutenant colonel. He is one of many retired officers whom we have not yet been able to locate, but we keep trying.

You listed Snuffy Smith among those whom you had known. Smith died several years ago in Florida. He had appeared at several reunions until illness forced him to cease traveling.

I hope you are enjoying Federal jury. That can be quite an ordeal.

"Echoes" will keep you posted on various activities.

All the best,



Riviera, Texas  
Feb 5, 1990  
Mon. 6AM

Dear Russel Strong,

I am writing so as to correct a mistake in the listing of Paul W. Green of 2871 VANELL AVE, SAN AUGUSTINE FLA. Paul was on my air crew & was a member of the 423<sup>rd</sup> <sup>32084</sup> Squadron. You have him listed in the books as being in the 369<sup>th</sup> Squadron.

I have just received a copy of 306 Echoes & enjoyed reading it. I plan to make the meeting in Sept in San Antonio, however, I believe the only one that I know will be Leo Van Duerzen. Anyway, I live 180 miles south & I'll drive up to the meetings & stay with some of my folks up there.

Last week on NBC @ 8PM there was a program "The Plot to Kill Hitler". This event took place on July 20, 1944 when a brief case bomb exploded in his conference bunker in the Beraniam Alps. This was a plot by a bunch of German officers to kill Hitler. This group was organized by a one eyed, one armed German Colonel Stauffenberg. The story was very realistic & true in every detail. On that day, in the late evening of July 20, my air crew & two other crews were ordered on a very unusual flight. The weather over Europe was terrible & all aircraft of the 8<sup>th</sup>, 15<sup>th</sup>, & RAF were on the ground. We were ordered for briefing & took off. These three crews knew what was happening & not very many people knew of what was taking place

I do not know the names of the other two crews. We were alone over Germany at night with only 4 P-51's with us. I think one pilot was Col Zenneke? Anyway, we were loaded with bundles of propanaganda papers in an attempt to aid this effort of civil war in Germany. This two events happened at the same time. One B-17 went to Berlin, one B-17 went to Hamburg, & my craft went to Rostock. We flew at the highest altitude of a B-17's capability somewhere around 35,000 ft. I was a very scared person. It still is very strong in my memories. We dropped, I think, 6 million papers to create a state of unrest & returned late at night at Thunleigh. The following day, the massive effort of the 8<sup>th</sup> & 15<sup>th</sup> RAF hit Munich. This was a large massive attack. I was on that one too. As a final statement, I have a copy of that pamphlet somewhere in my files. It is in German, I hope I can find it & if found, I'll make some copies for the records.

My old pilot, Harold Miller, of Findlay, Ohio is vacationing in Umtee Haven, Fla & is coming to see me for a visit in March. My last visit was in Aug, 1944. I am still searching for my crew. Two are known dead, 2 are lost, 2 I can't catch up with, & the remaining four have kept contact.

You might not be interested in the aforementioned material, nevertheless strange events & situations occur in a man's life. Let me hear from you

Sincerely  
Robert J. Custer Jr  
RT. 1 - Box 45B  
Riviera, Texas 78379