



SCHOLARSHIP IN HONOR OF

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**GENERAL  
BRUCE K. HOLLOWAY**

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U.S. AIR FORCE

# General Bruce K. Holloway

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From the time he walked the halls of Congress badgering politicians for an appointment to the Military Academy, Bruce Holloway has been a volunteer. He was born in Knoxville, September 12, 1912, and still speaks with a soft accent of the Volunteer State, but his life long habit of seeking something meaningful to do has taken him a far away from Tennessee.

Upon graduation from West Point in June 1937, he volunteered for pilot training. A year later, after successful bouts with PT-3s, BT-9s and P-12s, he volunteered for - insisted on is perhaps a better way to put it - a fighter assignment. That early persistence got him to Wheeler Field in Hawaii with the 6th Pursuit Squadron, a languorous prewar existence where one flew in the morning and enjoyed Oahu in the afternoon.

When he left Hawaii, he volunteered for postgraduate study at the California Institute of Technology. He was well-embarked on his master's degree in aeronautical engineering when Pearl Harbor made further study seem irrelevant. With some difficulty, he managed to wangle out of Cal Tech and back to military duty.

Soon enough, there came another chance to volunteer, this time for observer duty with Chennault's American Volunteer Group in China, and Bruce's hand went up. After an adventurous month long voyage in a series of vintage flying boats, he arrived in Kunming, there to learn fighter tactics from the master, Claire Chennault.

He learned well. Before Bruce left China in March 1942, he had shot down 13 Japanese airplanes. His final mission, a strafing run in Burma, had ended in a Chinese rice paddy. His airplane barely made it back from Burma, but it was touch and go with the Chinese guerillas who were first on the scene. Friendship established, they entertained him royally and saw to his escape. Nonetheless, when Holloway, always a thin man, turned up in Kunming, Chennault took one look at the bedraggled ace and shipped him home.

The story from there on is almost routinely upbeat. Holloway served in a succession of staff assignments related to the fighter business, and then, in January 1946, became Commander of the first jet group, the 1st Fighter, at March Field. From there, it was back to school at Maxwell, then more assignments. The National War College in 1951 was followed by the Pentagon and a first star in October 1953. A second star came along in August 1957, while he served in Tactical Air Command. He got his third star as Deputy Commander in Chief, Strike Command.

Bruce Holloway has always believed in the squeaking wheel theory, which led him to volunteer for command of U.S. Air Forces Europe, just in case. He got the job, of course, along with his fourth star, but his tour there was cut short by the sudden death of William Blanchard, the Vice Chief of Staff. Holloway was called back to become Vice Chief, and while he may have regretted leaving Germany for another Pentagon sentence, the minions on the Air Staff were delighted. He was an understanding, if exacting boss.

His last assignment was as Commander in Chief, Strategic Air Command. The old fighter pilot had finally ended up with the bombers. His years in SAC, from 1968 to 1972, were both immensely satisfying and frustrating. The frustration came from the amateur strategists in Washington who misused the B-52s and the carefully trained SAC crews.

Nevertheless, Commander in Chief, Strategic Air Command, was a grand climax to a most distinguished military career, one that had seen combat, the coveted title of fighter ace, key research roles, and a long run as active pilot. Bruce Holloway and his devoted wife Frances are what Air Force people should aspire to be.

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*Dear General Bellis:*

*The Arthur G. B. Metcalf Foundation is pleased to sponsor this scholarship in the name of General Bruce H. Holloway.*

*General Holloway, fighter-pilot ace and distinguished leader of fighter forces, went on to become the far-seeing Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. strategic forces, and to initially activate our Minuteman intercontinental nuclear strike forces. One of the architects of our nation's airpower, his long and brilliant military career, which began at West Point, exemplifies its highest traditions: Duty, Honor, Country.*

*Sincerely,*



*Arthur G. B. Metcalf*  
*Trustee*



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