

PLANE NEWS CELEBRATES— BORN AT SEA TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO TODAY

Someone ought to bake a cake. It was just 26 years ago today that a band of American doughboys got together, on shipboard, and gave this country's World War I Expeditionary Force its earliest newspaper, the Overseas, a name which in the second edition was changed to The Plane News.

Printer's ink has been splattered over a good many pages since then. For a long time The Plane News was silent, but finally, not long ago, it was revived as the voice of Colonel Budd J. Peaslee's heavy bombardment group.

Thomas W. Ward, one of the paper's early editors and now a resident of Long Island, goes so far as to say that this was not only the first newspaper of the American Expeditionary Force, but "the first soldier newspaper."

This, the twenty-sixth birthday of The Plane News, finds aerial warfare far different from that of the old days at Issoudun. The open cockpit is gone and with oxygen masks and heated suits the work is done at altitudes unbelievable not long ago.

At any rate, The Plane News was published for some two years at Issoudun, France, where the First Aero Squadron was stationed, and which from the start was an important cog in the machinery turning out America's pioneer pilots.

That puts a double responsibility on The Plane News. It must do justice, as a voice of the new era, to the kind of men flying the heavy bombers and to the kind of men who are sweating on the ground to keep them flying. And it must never forget its debt to those pioneer flying men who gave it birth back in August, 1917.

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Bulletin No. 3 SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND August, 1943

250 Soldiers Become Fathers Of War Orphan

Adopt Baby Girl After Pay-Day Drive

Congratulations are in order for Captain Raymond P. Keteles's Squadron, which, collectively, has become the father of a British orphan. Final negotiations for the unit to play the role of foster-parent to a child, whose real parents were victims of the war, were completed when Captain Keteles and First Sergeant George Connor paid a visit to The Stars and Stripes Orphan Fund headquarters in London and deposited 100 pounds. Specification—a girl.

When the squadron learned that only 100 pounds would finance the education and clothing of an orphan for five years, plans for the campaign were set for a propitious pay-day. Ammunition boxes, empty shell casing pieces to pound notes were dropped into a box as the men left the paymaster's table, and within seven hours the 100-pound quota had been exceeded by seven pounds.

As each man made his contribution he simultaneously recorded his preference for the gender of the orphan—a boy or a girl—and the latter went out by a comparatively close margin of 22 votes. "When we heard we could adopt an orphan," Sergeant Connor explained, "we knew that that was a project the men would support heartily. Well, by the time the pay line ended we had our orphan and enough money left over with which to buy her presents."

The child is sponsored entirely by the Squadron's enlisted men as the entire amount of the contributions came from their pockets. "The men are eagerly looking forward to the day when their 'daughter' will pay them a visit. The date for the girl's visit to the station has not yet been determined, but it may occur on her birthday, on Christmas Day, or at an earlier date. Whichever day it does happen she will certainly be the object of lavish attention from her multiple foster-fathers. One tentative plan is to christen a Flying Fortress in her name."

Red Cross Club Is To Open Here

An added recreational facility will be provided for the men at this station when the American Red Cross opens a club building within the near future. It has been announced by William H. Bookmiller, Red Cross field director assigned to the bomb group.

Crew Whiles Away Time with Wisecracks After 'Weary Willie' Wobbles into Sea

A PRAYER a wisecrack, and a goodly share of common horse-sense carried one of our crews to safety and land after their plane, the "Weary Willie," plunged into the North Sea following a raid on Hambrug.

The "Weary Willie" had left early one Sunday morning to bomb the stricken German industrial city, but it was not until five days later and after traveling in every type of conveyance from a life raft to a jeep that the crew trooped back on the field. They had left "Weary Willie" as the bottom of the sea.

"We had gone over the target and were out to sea on the way back when they got us," said Lt. Thomas J. Estes, the pilot. "We made a normal landing under the circumstances, the circumstances being that only the elevator and rudder were working and that three engines had been shot out."

CLINGS TO WINDOW Probably the most hair-raising experience of the crew was that of Lt. David Davis, the bombardier, who spent several seconds clinging to the fuselage of the diving plane and was finally thrown back through the window when the ship leveled off at the bottom of its descent. There had been a loud explosion in the nose, the concussion damaging the ship's communication system.

"There was still one phone working," said Davis, later. "So I called up Estes and asked, 'What are we going to do about this situation?' He said, 'Well, I would recommend ditching,' and he was laughing when he said it. Just then the 'Weary Willie' went into a dive and threw me out the window. I managed to hang on until the pilot leveled the ship and that tossed me back into the radio room."

The purpose of the dive wasn't to shake lose the bombardier but as Davis learned later, to shake off a persistent Pocke-Wulf that was taking advantage of the crippled Fortress. Three of the bomber's engines were out, there was a gaping hole in the nose, and the interior was a mess of twisted control cables. There was nothing to do but ditch.

LAUGH IT THROUGH After the landing the crew had time only to scramble into their two life rafts and paddle about 50 feet before the "Weary Willie" took its last weary plunge. Then someone thought to compliment the pilot on the beautiful landing.

"I didn't do it," said Estes. "I leveled off about 20 feet above the water and told the Good Lord he had control and the Good Lord sure made a wonderful landing."

For 41 hours the crew of the "Weary Willie" floated around in the life rafts, which they had tied together.



Adrift 41 hours in German coastal waters, the crew of the "Weary Willie" picked up a life raft by an enemy fighter, jugged it in their life rafts until rescued. Shown here are, besides the title, T/Sgt. Fred S. Wagner, radio operator; S/Sgt. Burton C. McDuffie, tail gunner; S/Sgt. William J. O'Donnell, right waist gunner; S/Sgt. James M. Self, left waist gunner; Lt. David H. Davis, bombardier; Lt. Thomas J. Estes, pilot; 2nd Lt. James M. Merritt, co-pilot; and (squatting) S/Sgt. George Ursta, ball turret gunner.

Radio Operator Keeps Sending SOS Even as Plane Takes Final Plunge

THE pilot gave the command to prepare to ditch and everybody started throwing things overboard. Everyone, that is, except Freddie. They tossed out the remaining ammunition and the machine guns and some baroque boxes, then they hurried to their ditching positions and braced themselves for the shock.

Fred Wagner, 21-year-old radio operator on the "Weary Willie," won the praise of his shipmates the other day for the way he stuck to his job even while the crippled Fortress was falling into the North Sea.

"As the first shock when I closed my eyes the radio man was still sitting at his position sending out the distress call," said Lt. David Davis, the bombardier. "When the plane stopped and I opened my eyes again Freddie was still there and still sending out the 'SOS.'"

Wagner, himself, had little to say about his conduct during the crash landing. What he remembered was something he failed to do.

"Just after we left the target the ball gunner called back for ammunition," he said. "I had a walk-around bottle and also a ball-out bottle, but both of them ran out of oxygen before I could get to him. I began feeling woozy. So I went back for air. I never did get any ammunition back to him."

As long as they live the guys, who were in "Weary Willie" that day will keep a mental picture of a radio operator sitting at his key during a crash landing that was almost vertical part of the time. All of them, that is, except Freddie.

D.F.C.

Staff Sergeant George J. Kendall, 30-year-old waist gunner on Lt. Clayton R. Wilson's crew, is the first combat crew man in the Group to become qualified to receive the Distinguished Flying Cross. It has been disclosed.

Already a recipient of the Air Medal for the completion of his first five missions, Sgt. Kendall has stretched that total to 10 missions and in addition is credited with shooting down two enemy fighter planes, June 25th, and a third fighter, July 29th. In summary, Kendall's achievements add up to the D.F.C., which is to be awarded him at a future presentation.

FAMILY REUNION

An unexpected family reunion occurred last week on British soil, when Captain George P. Block, of a Military Police detachment, greeted his son, S/Sgt. Jack Block, operations clerk in Captain Raymond P. Keteles's squadron.

The two had last seen one another shortly before the sergeant non-combated for England, and their meeting in a foreign land was totally unanticipated. Captain Block contacted his son

High Command Lauds Ground And Air Crews

Win 'Lasting Place' in the History of War

High praise for the achievements of combat crews in the sustained heavy bombardment of targets in Germany and Axis-occupied countries has been expressed by Major-General Ira C. Eaker, commanding general of the Eighth Air Force, in a commendation message sent to all combat wings and bombardment groups.

Describing the damaging operations as one of the most outstanding yet conducted in this theatre of warfare, Major-General Eaker's statement reads: "The work of your command during the past five days has been outstanding. It has been the greatest effort this Air Force has contributed to the winning of the war to date. The achievement of the crews in flying a mission of 1,900 miles, 1,700 miles and 1,500 miles, with but one day of rest, and executing the deepest penetration into Germany yet made, on still another day, is a remarkable performance."

No Faltering "Even this evidence of hardihood and endurance is overshadowed by the great skill and precision in navigation and bombing which our crews have achieved. Almost without exception, their photos show the best pattern of bombing ever achieved. All targets have been hit and destroyed by heavy and accurate concentrations.

"Despite heaviest enemy resistance, no formations have faltered—all fought their way through to their targets with complete disregard for their safety, bent only on the accomplishment of their missions. "The spirit they have shown, and fortitude and skill they have displayed has, it well deserves, my unbounded admiration and commendation. It has earned a lasting place in the history of this war."

In an earlier commendation report (Continued on Page 3)

Gunner Gets Plane As Birthday Present

T/Sgt. Dennis Lane experienced one birthday celebration he will never forget.

"The ball turret gunner on Lt. James H. Keteles' crew picked out his own present, too—an ME 109, which sent spinning wildly toward the ground in flames. The incident, which climaxed the day of Lane's twenty-ninth anniversary, occurred during a recent mission over northern Germany. He was riding in the Fortress, "Little America."

"This Messerschmitt came up underneath the tail, then went over my back," said Lane in describing his victory. "There was a lot of smoke and flame and he fell into a wild spin. I followed him down to about 5,000 feet."

"Oddly enough, Lane was born on the day the first World War got under way. He isn't sure what time of the day he was born, but he thinks it was about 10:30 a.m.—the hour he shot down his ME 109. "The very next day, Lane went out

POO OD JANET

WE don't want to toss Janet out. Maybe she isn't as young as she used to be. Maybe she doesn't have that lean, smooth action any more. But we don't want to toss Janet out in the end.

Sometimes we lose our temper and fuss Janet, just because she isn't as satisfying as she used to be. But deep in our dusty hearts we know it isn't Janet's fault.

Poo od Janet may have been something to write home about back in 1928, but she isn't worth a tin's dan any more. It isn't that we want to toss on broken down old typewrite out now that three of the keys don't work any more, it's just that we want another one around, as young and fast as Janet used to be.

THE PLANE NEWS

Published apasmodically somewhere in England by the Bombardment Group
COI. BUDD J. PEASLEE
Commanding Officer.

Edited under the supervision of the S-3 and Public Relations sections. Opinions expressed herein are those of the writers, and not to be considered expressions of the Army Air Forces.

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IN TRIBUTE

There may be such a thing as harping too much on the same theme, but now that we've taken up the cudgel The Plane News intends to keep swinging it until something is done to honor the memory of one of its early readers—Jack Woodward.

A pioneer aviator, Woodward flew through the last war, only to pick up a mauling during the peace that followed. He was one of the first to fly the mail, pioneered a route from Salt Lake City to the coast.

Basil L. Walters, well-known writer and president of the Managing Editors' Association, gave our suggestion a boost recently in the Des Moines Register. "The campaign to name the Des Moines airport for Woodward started in The Plane News, published last April in Sioux City," the article concludes. "The paper is a revival of the aviation paper published in France in 1917-1918."

ON THE ROAD

At the fall of dusk, day is almost done,
The flicker chatters an exciting order:
"Tomorrow, prepare to bomb the Hun,
Tomorrow, fly across his shrinking border."

Twilight melts into foreboding night,
Behind the blackened windows, all unseen,
The "duty men" plan out the fight—
Rendezvous, attack, foil the radar screen.

In the dim half light of morning
Witnessed only by a few dim stars
Are men who toil unrelenting,
Loading guns and bombs on sturdy bars.

Before the break of chilling day,
Officers have already briefed the crews.
Rear of engines makes buildings sway;
The men of grease have told their news.

Under the blazing sun and blue sky,
Wearies return; they dropped their load.
All men join in a joyous cry
And say: "We put the Hun on the road."

By CAPT. FRANK A. CELENTANO.

THE CHAPLAIN SAYS

I was talking to a soldier the other day who asked me: "Does it really pay a fellow to try to live a clean life?" Without doubt, this question has entered the minds of a great many men who never before have had to discover the proper answer. It is always true from all ties of home and comradeship these ties tear, we discover the open road of moral laxity before us. It is very easy to sweep along with the careless crowd who tread this highway. Easy to refuse to think and to follow the leading of our physical desires. So easy to build up a "wall of partition" between our knowledge of right and wrong and our foolish craving after pleasure. So easy—yes, so easy that in those words themselves we have the answer to our problem. God, in creating man, saw that ease was failure. Even He took the hard way when He gave man the right to refuse Him. Life must be made up of sacrifice and hardship if it is to be complete. It is easy for the Chaplain to tell you what to do, but it is again TOO EASY. The problems are personal. You prove yourself to be a man or a coward by your answer to these problems. You have the right to make your life whatever you desire. In doing so you prove yourself to be a real man or a weakling. The answer lies in your ability to THINK. If you refuse to put out the effort of thought, your path is open before you and, though it may sparkle and shine, its final end is failure and death. However, if you seek the way to final and real success you may also discover it. It is not easy. It may, at times, be dark and dreary, but its reward is sure. "Does it pay to live a clean life?" Well, you must find your own answer. You will find it buried within your own heart. You must discover it for yourself. The weak will never find it until it is too late. The strong will see and will discover. —Chaplain David E. Schmelle.

NEWSCASTS ATTRACT WIDE SUPPORT

A feature growing in popularity is the newscast presented daily, except Sunday, by Lt. Herbert B. Hamilton at the station theater. From a modest beginning about two months ago with an audience of 40 to 50 listeners, the newscast has now with such remarkable ease that now the theater is usually filled for each of Lt. Hamilton's lectures. An officer in the intelligence section, Lt. Hamilton digests the contents of half a dozen British newspapers, the Stars and Stripes and official military bulletins in preparing his material. The newscast starts at the station (approximately) a day to day account of news developments on the various battlefronts and the areas happenings in the United States. The lectures, which are presented in a brief style of interpretation, compensate for the absence of an access to daily newspapers, which were always readily available in the States. Prior to entering the service, Lt. Hamilton was an instructor of sociology and economics at Ball State University, Muncie, Ind.



I don't give a damn if you are the Engineer! You're not going on this mission—dressed like that!

Wing Slips The Blue Envelope

YOU might not believe this unless you saw it with your own eyes. A very minor character in the cast of one of Hollywood's extravaganzas, the show from gorgeous Hollywood recently at the station theater. This character appeared only briefly at the opening of the picture, but aroused more handclapping and cheers than all the rest of the cast together. The scene: The breakfast room. The main character, so far as the GIs were concerned, A soft-boiled egg being consumed by Robert Young.

Barracks S-3 in Major Ketelsen's squadron fairly reeks with military strategists. Strategist No. 1, Sgt. Nathan Kan, expounding battle tactics from a reclining position on his cot upon returning from London. "Give every soldier in London—American, British, Canadian, Pole, Czech, Norwegian and all the other nationalities—a gun, fly them over to Berlin, drop them and let them go to work. The alternative would be terrific." Strategist No. 2, Sgt. Herbert Beckler, a guy who sits up all night because he's the permanent CO, and thus comes with end-the-war-quick plans: "Load up a Ford with mess hall oatmeal, send it to Hitler and he'll go back to hunting wallpaper."

Cpl. David Bell, who has had firsthand experience at "sweating an out," suggests that the ground crew should likewise be considered when medals are being handed out for deeds of valor. His recommendation is a Ground Medal for every man who "sweats out" five missions. The ribbon would be the same as the Air Medal, only it would have drops of perspiration blurring the colors.

Mother Goose Dept.— If for your stripes you don't give a candle, Just lift chute by the lettered handle.

The Plane News' first attempt at writing the news before it actually happens proved to be a boomerang in the previous issue. The sole excuse for a miscue: A heavy overcast curved in the item concerning the supposed meeting in England between S/Sgt. Jack Block and his father, Capt. George F. Block. When Sgt. Block arrived at the point where he expected to effect the meeting with his father, he learned that the latter had departed seven hours previously—destination unknown.

Newest alibi for face full of surgical tape, bandages, mercurochrome, etcetera: "I blis get pretty drunk last night."

There always harpin about this bein a modern war. They got big airplanes to bomb the casements out of the Hitleries. There's sposed to be even mammoth ones comin over that's gonna wipe the enemy clean off the face of the map. These bigger and better ways of killin people than anybody ever dreamed up before. But hows about the poor guys that gotta run all them fermal machines. This war won't be real modernized until they learn how to keep the soldiers comfortable, giant hot and cold. We got cheap lined heavy stuff for A.M.E. work on the line and the same stuff and electrically heated soots for the fellows that fly, but they still don't keep a guy from freasin smm when the whelther gets cold. Then these fellows who don't work on the line or fly who don't have that kinda stuff and some that do are gonna lose them cause a officer was around here the other day checkin up on ground men, wearin his dress lined boots right in the mess hall, but the fellow woulda ben walkin in his bear feet so he kep them on.

When barracks are big good without any gaps in the walls and when oil burners that can be operated from a bed are installed, and there's air conditioning in the summer and the infantry can wear electrically heated boots then war won't be so bad. But as wars no good as these things, so it this winter, but they sure don't have the energy that has a hard time. I just know how the Germans and the Russians stood in on the battle front last winter and the winter before and how they got on it this winter, but they sure don't have it. I notice we ben getting hot water lately in the morning, and don't think that doesn't help out a lot. A lot of the fellows are gripin about havin to take lousy cigarettes along with these favur brands. They think there outa be a congressional bill on the matter. Sometimes they get a full carton of the best smokes and sometimes seven packs, but lotta other times its five of those and five of them.

Now the Red Cross has relye done right by the enlisted men and we should all show em how we appreciate the club that they opened up for us. Its really a snazzy joint and there's cats in the evening is swell. Then they got lotta easy chairs for us to sit in and read, they furnish the readin material, they got music, a game room and they got some girls that are easy on the eyes ruffin the place. When the club first opened up, we heard that such a swell place would be opened, what with guys carrying there nishals on the tables, rippin up the upholstery, gippin the ash trays and generally beatin up the club. But the enlisted men ain't so dumb, they know a good thing when he sees one and ben relye on his best behaviour. They got and the Red Cross pepul are pleased that their project has ben workin out so good.

Winter a matter with boy outfits. Everybody has ben votin for girls in pickin out war outfits, even includin me. I dunno, I guess we men just got a hankerin for wimmen, weather these little ones or bigger ones. I'm meanin to dumb, but there's a good thing when he sees one and ben relye on his best behaviour. They got and the Red Cross pepul are pleased that their project has ben workin out so good.

Well, sum of the boys in the chair born department what has to wear O.D.s, all the time have ben more than wonderin why the Army don't give em more of them brown combainations to wear if they gotta have em on in the office all the time. Two just ain't enough, they want to go have had to wear extra ones. A typewritin soljer oughta have at least three or four changes of O.D.s, if he's gonna look neat at work and still have one good lookin set for goin out furnish. The fellows that were fatigues got workin have it over the other guys. They got two soots for good.

A GUNNER'S PRAYER

By SGT. ROBERT GRIMES. Broken hearts in every home, Loving hearts turned to stone; Sweethearts gone—husbands lost, Sufferin children who pay the cost. These, Dear God, are things we gain; Give us strength when we grow weak, We offered peace— their heads were turned; They went right on, our offer spurned. And now that war has come to be, Please lead us on to victory; Give us strength when we grow weak, Help us attain the goal we seek. God, make these grey skies turn to blue, And bid a million dreams come true; Bring back sweet days of peace and joy, And send home safe each soldier boy. In my prayer to-night, I'm not alone; For each soldier prays in a way his own. I ask for us, and for all true men; God, hear this gunner's prayer—Amen.

Squadron News

MAJOR GILMORE'S SQUADRON.—Who said that romances and war don't mix? Quite a number of our members have been somewhat fatally bitten by the famous bug, and it's not even spring yet. Some have had it that some are even now faintly hearing the peal of wedding bells, considerably muffled by red tape.

The Gold Leaf contingent has another member who is well known to this outfit. Yes, we mean our CO, former Captain Gilmore, now a Major. The gold findings came on Feb. 13th last month. The proud squadron extends congrats.

In the medical department our squadron doctor, Lt. William R. Crosby, affectionately known as Doc, blossomed out with Captain's bars as of the 8th. Good show, Doc! All squadron illnesses have now been out-ran.

Thankful as we are for the Red Cross Ace Club, we must not overlook the fact that the N.A.A.P.I. girls have done all right in a. Part of the N.A.A.P.I. building will be converted into a day room for this squadron's use only, but it's questionable as to whether the Pollard and her gang will remain to dish out the English poetry and tea, coffee and ale as in the past. They're a grand bunch, and they're as greatly to gyronk the fact that we are thousands of miles from home.

S/Sgt. Lloyd Lane lost his first tooth one day recently—that is, his first one by artificial means. Said later that he sure hated to see that fang leave his hitherto untouched jawbone, and complains about the huge hole left in his smile.

Came a hand from powhere into our squadron and grabbed off our Lt. Atkinson, former mail censor, and set him down in the midst of the Special Services contingent of the group. We wish him well in his new job.

MAJOR KETELSEN'S SQUADRON.—When bigger inspections are announced, First Sgt. George Conner will, as usual, take top honors. "Big" George is fresh from victory in the recent all-out inspection tour made by visiting and local officers. His area was judged the neatest, cleanest and most orderly one on the station, and he has a letter of commendation from the colonel as proof. It was raining and muddy the day the inspectors came to scrutinize, but such obstacles did not deprive the first sergeant of the Blue Ribbon. He even had the ribbon between buildings scrubbed down. "The credit goes to the men," said George, modestly.

Sgt. John Chestnut, whose ancestors set up housekeeping in the States long before the Pilgrims disembarked, claims direct descendancy from Chief Red Dog, last ruling chieftain of the Sisseton (or however you spell it) Indians. The chief was Chestnut's great-grandfather. The Sisseton's were a branch of the Sioux tribe, but it's some reason or other they didn't brag about it, according to the sergeant.

There aren't many men on the base who have been to two fronts, but Lt. Samuel F. Arauz is one. About the time of Pearl Harbor, Lt. Arauz was ordered into the Pacific. He remained in the islands until shortly before coming to this squadron, back in the States. Lt. Arauz is a specialist in flak and in aircraft identification.

Former G.I. client of Cpl. Alexander Wladenski are urging him to resume the pressing business he recently suspended. A tailor in civilian life, Cpl. Wladenski can turn out sharp-tailed cravats and give renewed life to a dilapidated-looking blouse.

Next remark when Capt. Arthur L. Foley, squadron M.D., failed to make his anticipated middle-of-the-night inspection: "It must have been scrubbed."

MAJOR HARRIS' SQUADRON.—Congratulations to our commanding officer, Major Harris, whose leave was never more desired.

Lt. Robert C. Baker has done an excellent job in the squadron area. It really looks like something, but the boys are wonderin if he knows that the three sheep were boarding are eating all his grass.

Pride remark when our top-kick, Anthony C. Salta, took off on furlough: "Here's hoping he enjoys it. We will!"

MAJOR DILLINGHAM'S SQUADRON.—The best news that comes from this squadron is the promotion of our commanding officer from Captain to Major. Congratulations, Major Dillingham. You deserve it.

For the second consecutive month this squadron led the group by winning the efficiency award. M/Sgt. Robert Gibson, M/Sgt. Roger Von Dyke, M/Sgt. Edward Ford and T/Sgt. Arthur L. Jewein, non-com in charge of engineering, armament, communications, and ordnance departments respectively, deserve a great deal of credit, along with their men.

"Scottie" Conway, a native of Scotland, was the first in his unit when he heard that throughs were being

Oak Leaves And Air Medals Are Presented Here

Crews Given Recognition For Combat Service

Air medals, awarded in recognition of the completion of five successful operational missions over enemy territory, were presented to combat crew members at two recently conducted ceremonies at which Colonel Budd J. Peaslee presided. In addition, one Purple Heart, several Oak Leaf Clusters and a special Air Medal award were conferred.

"We've gone a long way since we've been together," Colonel Peaslee commented in making the awards to his airmen at the initial presentation. "This is the first presentation, but I expect to have the honor of presenting many more medals—some oak leaf clusters, too."

As the occasion drew to a close, Colonel Peaslee awarded Oak Leaf Clusters at the second ceremony. Recipient of the Purple Heart which is given for wounds suffered in action against the enemy, was Staff Sergeant James W. McKoon, 22, of Dorchester, Mass., a ball turret gunner in Captain Maurice S. Dillingham's squadron. Sergeant McKoon, a member of 1st Lt. Donald P. Ogilvie's crew, was wounded on the Group's first mission. He recovered and went on to win the Air Medal as well.

The special Air Medal presentation was made to Captain Harry R. Pace, station supply officer, "for meritorious achievement while serving as an observer on a B-17 airplane on a bombardment mission over Germany in May."

Two Oak Leaf Clusters were presented to Staff Sergeant Herbert E. May for his destruction of two enemy fighter craft, while he also received the Air Medal for completing five missions. Sergeant May is the ball turret gunner on 1st Lt. Clayton R. Wilson's crew.

Second Lieutenant Herman D. Stevens, the bombardier on 1st Lt. Wilson's crew, received the Oak Leaf Cluster for the completion of five missions and the Air Medal for the destruction of one enemy plane. Both Technical Sergeant Phillip E. Schmidlapp, engineer on Captain Richard F. Carrington's crew, and Technical Sergeant Leonard E. Neale, engineer on 1st Lt. James H. Kelly's crew, were awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster for the completion of five missions and the Air Medal for shooting down a German fighter.

WINNERS LISTED

Following are the officers presented the Air Medal for completing five missions: 1st Lt. Frank G. Mattes, Capt. Richard F. Carrington, 2nd Lt. Joseph A. Vander Heugden, 2nd Lt. Arthur J. Thompson, Jr., Capt. James R. Martin-Vegun, Capt. Michael H. Smithwick, 2nd Lt. Wayne L. Wentworth, 2nd Lt. Adam Konefal, 1st Lt. Clayton R. Wilson, 2nd Lt. Dewey C. Brown, 2nd Lt. Fred E. Hoesch, 1st Lt. Johnny A. Butler, 2nd Lt. Herman Wolkenweber, Jr., 2nd Lt. Edward J. Knowlton, 2nd Lt. Joseph W. Baugs. 1st Lt. Frank A. Coninciano, 1st Lt. James C. McClanahan, 1st Lt. Donald P. Ogilvie, 2nd Lt. Edmund S. Oulider, 2nd Lt. John W. Barkley, Jr., 2nd Lt. William H. Wilson, 2nd Lt. David P. Warrillow, 1st Lt. Philip M. Aiger, 2nd Lt. Richard V. Wolf, 2nd Lt. Clyde P. Carlson, 1st Lt. James H. Kelly, 2nd Lt. Russell R. Faulkner, 1st Lt. Wilbourne E. Blount, 1st Lt. John E. Ryberg, 1st Lt. David H. Davis, 1st Lt. Thomas J. Estes, 1st Lt. Horace E. Frink, Jr., 1st Lt. George B. Kock, 2nd Lt. Raymond A. Galtner, 2nd Lt. William

OVERSEAS FATHER.

Corporal Weldon W. Phillips, supply clerk in Captain George W. Harris' squadron, is the first member of the Group to become an "overseas" father.

A daughter was born to Corporal Phillips' wife, at their home in Oildale, Calif., since her husband's arrival in England.

Team Play Saves Men After Oxygen Fails

Despite Difficulties Crew Reaches Target

Like the Dutch youth who stuck his fist in the dike to hold out the sea, T/Sgt. Jack DesRochers, radio operator of the "Merrie Hell," held a portable walk-around bottle in the ball turret after waiting for more than an hour during a recent excursion over Germany.

DesRochers finally lost consciousness. So did S/Sgt. Gene W. Fendle. At that stage S/Sgt. George J. Kendall, ball turret gunner, gave up his walk-around bottle to help Fendle and was himself losing consciousness as the Fortress crossed the German coast on the return trip. And Sgt. Ellis H. Klein, a waist gunner, was himself having trouble while trying to bring DesRochers around.

By that time the Fortress was free of opposition and 1st Lt. Clayton R. Wilson, the pilot, dove down to heavier air.

It was that kind of team play which enabled the crew of the "Merrie Hell," which had been having difficulty maintaining the oxygen supply since shortly after the take-off to reach its target "as briefed."

C.O. WINS AWARD

Colonel Budd J. Peaslee, Group commanding officer, who has presented numerous Air Medals to the men under his command, was awarded his own Air Medal August 8th in recognition of his completion of five successful missions over enemy territory.

W. Juart, 2nd Lt. Lester O. Hegstad and 2nd Lt. Arthur R. Bryant.

The enlisted men awarded the Air Medals are: S/Sgt. Jack L. Mason, S/Sgt. James H. Kelly, S/Sgt. John P. Thompson, S/Sgt. Thomas Hay, T/Sgt. Vern P. Long, S/Sgt. Jack F. Root, T/Sgt. John M. DesRochers, T/Sgt. Ardell H. Sellinger, S/Sgt. Ellis H. Klein, T/Sgt. Preston A. Davis, T/Sgt. Howard J. Turlington, S/Sgt. Marion C. Rogers and S/Sgt. Burnie Martin.

S/Sgt. Sylvester P. Dudek, S/Sgt. George J. Kendall, T/Sgt. Emmett A. Hood, T/Sgt. William C. Raiston, S/Sgt. Joe M. Hawkins, Jr., S/Sgt. Clyde H. Savage, S/Sgt. Julius E. Monute, T/Sgt. Roland B. Laviolette, S/Sgt. Loring C. Miller, S/Sgt. John F. Schilling, S/Sgt. Casmer R. Majewski, T/Sgt. James E. Murray, T/Sgt. Roy W. Griffith, S/Sgt. Walter C. Parkins, S/Sgt. Kenneth M. McKay, S/Sgt. Fred S. Wagner, S/Sgt. William J. O'Donnell, S/Sgt. George Urta.

S/Sgt. Francis M. Seager, T/Sgt. Frank H. Hollingsworth, S/Sgt. William A. Shelton, T/Sgt. Milton J. Deville, S/Sgt. Michael J. Vordicko, S/Sgt. Jerome B. Beaupre, S/Sgt. Dennis J. Lane, S/Sgt. Roland L. Killip, S/Sgt. Aloysius W. Mizkorski, Sgt. Peter V. Vaskow, S/Sgt. David L. Cochran, S/Sgt. Thomas E. Purry, Jr., S/Sgt. Claude E. Leslie, S/Sgt. Archie Rutherford and S/Sgt. William P. Igou.

TWO MATTERS OF THE HEART



(1) PURPLE.—S/Sgt. James W. McKoon, first member of the Group to be awarded the Purple Heart, is shown here being congratulated by a few of his buddies, S/Sgt. William E. Martin, S/Sgt. Ashbury L. Perkins, and T/Sgt. Emmett A. Hood, standing, and S/Sgt. Albert F. Chase and T/Sgt. Judson L. Dacus, squatting.



(2) PALPITATION OF THE—W.A.S.C. Gertrude O. Korhonen (second from left, as if you didn't know) is shown receiving a few tips when she visited the station to study the man section. With her are Sgt. David W. Mezo, Sgt. Oliver L. Keeling, and Cpl. Alton C. Bryant.

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"Kept kidding Freddie. Told him he was going to be the first man we see because he was late and clumsy. Someone even suggested we kid him right away before he got worse."

The object of these remarks was Tech Sergeant Fred S. Wagner, who wears a size 12 shoe.

Even when the Fortress was in its vertical dive, when the fellows in the back thought the ship was out of control, David Cochran, the engineer, found time to wisecrack and the others found time to laugh.

"Gosh," said the ex-rancher from Texas, as he was bouncing about the inside of the ship, "this is as rough as breaking in a bunch."

After the crew had taken to the rafts there was a full minute of silence. Then Staff Sergeant James M. Self, a waist gunner, looked about at the bedraggled crew of the proud "Weary Willie," a crew that had been pretty cocky when it left home that morning.

"My my," he said, "Isn't this an embarrassing situation for the Weary Willie crew to be in?"

On wisecracks such as that Lt. Estes and his crew spent a cold night. They wisecracked through another day and another night, then someone sighted a sail in the distance, and finally they were taken aboard a fishing vessel.

It was yet another two days before the crew, an odd-looking lot in ill-fitting lumpy-green overalls, showed up at the station and reported the loss of the "Weary Willie."

Lt. Estes, reporting back five days later after his ship had been ditched in the North Sea, gave this bombardment group a new slogan: "We flew the course as briefed."

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self at this station, the group was congratulated by Brigadier General Frank Armstrong, Wing Commander for his accomplishments in the month of July mission.

Brigadier General Armstrong stated in his message:—

"No enemy in the world can continue to stand up against the concentration of bombing you are now giving the Germans. Your individual bravery and collective technical skill are doing much to hasten the successful conclusion of this war."

Ground Crews Praised

"I have every confidence that our future operations will be with greater concentrations, higher precision, and more devastation to the enemy's ability to wage war."

In still another message, Lieut. General Jacob L. Devers commended both ground and air personnel for the thoroughness of their work.

"Few people realize the hours of work by ground crews, the hours of flying at high altitude by the combat crews necessary to make a mission a success," said the message from the commanding general of the E.T.O. U.S.A.

"Your will to carry out these missions day after day, press home the attack, comes from within yourselves. You yourselves have exerted effort beyond and above any and all expectations. I admire you, I congratulate you. It is only such missions as you have performed, sacrifices you have made, hours you have worked and fought, and courage you have shown in the face of the enemy that will carry this war for America and her Allies to victory."

Every Fortress Has Own Traits And Personality

What's in a Name? Nix On Shakespeare

What's a Flying Fortress without a name? Just another B-17, that's all.

There are thousands of Flying Fortresses (for Hitler's horrifying benefit we'll propagandize and say millions), but when you know it was "The Buzzin' Cousin" that knocked down so many monkeys in Goering's flying circus or dropped a block-buster on Adolf's dinner table, it makes a difference. It wasn't any 'ole B-17, but "The Buzzin' Cousin."

Nicknames are likewise riding into battle with this Group's planes, and when the commanding officer, Colonel Budd J. Peaslee, went aloft in the lead ship on a recent mission he was at the controls of "The Black Ghost." On other days, 1st Lt. Ralph R. Pulecchio usually takes over in "The Black Ghost."

THE JOKER

Captain Raymond F. Keiselen's squadron was originally in the forefront with picturesque designations for its craft, but now the other squadrons have pulled ahead with wholesale christenings of their machines of war.

"The Joker" is piloted by 1st Lt. Floyd C. Edwards, and 1st Lt. Lloyd R. Armstrong gently handles "Doris Mae."

Others in Captain Keiselen's squadron are 1st Lt. Frank G. Mattes' "Deuce Wild," the affectionate "Maisy Kathleen," and "Zephyr." A new addition to the unit is "Kathleen," christened from "Barrel House Bessie." "The Outzler" was also in these parts for some time, but evidently the most have been soured to the cowings because the never moved from her spot in front of a hanger, and then one day—Joke vanished.

The "Vertical Shaft" of Captain William F. Gilmore's squadron has as its master 1st Lt. Jesse D. Bruesch, which recalls to mind an incident on a mission in which "The Vertical Shaft" participated. A live shell lodged between its gasoline tanks, and when the plane landed the crew received a 20 min. specimen of enemy ammunition. In the same squadron are "Kathy Jane" and "Bj. Dauncho."

BATTLE WAGON

In Capt. George W. Harris' squadron, "Battle Wagon" is just that when 1st Lt. Philip M. Aiger is at the controls and a comparative newcomer, 2nd Lt. James E. Armstrong has convinced our "neighborhood" across the channel that "Bad Sack II" is no slouch.

The squadron's line-up is completed by "Snafu," "Little America," and "M' Honey," and then there's old "Alabama exterminator II," the target tow ship.

The swashbuckler in Captain Maurice S. Dillingham's squadron is the fearful sounding "Rudie," piloted alternately by 1st Lt. John W. Davidson and 1st Lt. Donald P. Ogilvie, and naturally enough 1st Lt. Johnny A. Butler's dreadnought of the air is "The Natural."

Notable "Winnies" Winn II, travels its course under the guiding hand of 2nd Lt. Mark S. Willing, Jr., and the reckless "Mad Money" is directed by 2nd Lt. Horace E. Frink, Jr.

A number of the planes have yet to be named, but it is certain that the crews will not allow their beloved ships to go through life nameless.

The greatest of conquests is self-conquest.

—Dr. Jowett

"WINDSOCK WILLIE"



