

## Combat Awards Show Efficiency Of Entire Group

New C.O. Praises Unit For "Outstanding Job"

Numerous combat awards, including Air Medals, Oak Leaf Clusters, and Purple Hearts, were received by the Group's airmen at recent ceremonies. One of the ceremonies marked the farewell formal appearance of Colonel Budd J. Peaslee and the introduction to the combat crews of their new commanding officer, Colonel Julius K. Lacey.

"It is difficult for me to put into words what I feel about you men," Colonel Peaslee stated in prefacing the awarding of the medals to his airmen. "All I can do is thank you for your loyalty and work. I am proud of you. I have been ever since we were first together. It will be difficult for me to think of any other unit but this group."

Colonel Peaslee then introduced his successor, Colonel Lacey, who commented that "I am assuming one of the most difficult jobs of my life." "It is difficult to take over a command where the staff and the men are so attached to their commanding officer and have gone through so much together," Colonel Lacey said. "All I ask is your co-operation."

Colonel Lacey said the unit has had one of the "roughest" jobs of any group to come to this theatre.

Following are officers and enlisted men presented the Purple Heart for wounds received in action against the enemy: 1st Lt. Thomas J. Estes, 1st Lt. David H. Davis, 1st Lt. John J. Dubois, 1st Lt. Edmund S. Goulder, 2nd Lt. Bruce F. Haley, 1st Lt. William R. Harry, 2nd Lt. Wilbert Y. K. Ye, 2nd Lt. Charles C. Carlin, 2nd Lt. Ivan L. Rice, T/Sgt. Judson L. Dacus, S/Sgt. George Ursta, S/Sgt. William J. O'Donnell, S/Sgt. James M. Self, S/Sgt. Burton C. McDuffie, S/Sgt. Kenneth H. Cunningham,

Sgt. Joseph M. Kalas, T/Sgt. Charles L. Kirby, Jr., S/Sgt. James T. Yeater, S/Sgt. Leonard J. Kelly, T/Sgt. Robert C. Corpening, S/Sgt. Edward R. Stammel, S/Sgt. Michael J. Vodilko, S/Sgt. LeRoy Parent and S/Sgt. John C. McKenna were each

## Few More Shopping Days Till Christmas

To even the most optimistic dabblers in that popular quiz game, "How Long Will The War Last," it begins to look as though the armed forces won't be "out of the trenches by Christmas," as they used to say it during the last war.

The slim likelihood of spending the holiday at home brings up the subject of Christmas mailing. The trans-oceanic postal services and those in the States will as usual be taxed to capacity, so the men abroad should begin now to delve into the matter of Christmas shopping and getting their packages mailed by October 15th to assure their arrival in time for Christmas.

No weight restrictions govern the mailing of parcels by Servicemen, although they are discouraged against posting anything as large as a grand piano. Before wrapping a gift it should be made certain that a "dry free certificate" is inclosed. These may be obtained at the station post office.

## DO ENGLISH HAVE INITIATIVE? ASK SERGEANT WATERS. HE MARRIED ONE!

SGT. MILLARD F. WATERS evidently married a woman of considerable initiative. For Mrs. Waters managed to convince military authorities that her husband was more valuable to everyone concerned, particularly herself and their baby son, in England than in North Africa.

Sgt. Waters, now a member of Major William F. Gilmore's squadron, went through the African campaign from the first landing of American troops, and was still around when the Sicilian campaign neared its conclusion.

Then one day came the surprising order which transferred Sgt. Waters from North Africa back to England, where he had been stationed prior to shipping to the Dark Continent. This is no case of hiding behind a woman's skirt, because the negotiations for Sgt. Waters' transfer had been going on literally behind his back. He was totally unaware of what was transpiring.

## PAGE MR. WIMPY!

Real American hamburgers and soft drinks are just two of the numerous advantages provided by the American Cross Aero Club, which recently opened here.

Thursday night is a date to record in your date book, for that's when the burgers are trotted out on the counter of the club's swanky snack bar. The soft drinks may be had on any night of the week, along with sandwiches, salads and pastries.

The attractively and comfortably furnished Aero Club has become a popular gathering place for enlisted personnel, who in addition to the snack bar are making wide use of the game room and the two large reading rooms, with their well-stocked library and newspapers from home.

Plans for the immediate future call for dances to be held regularly on the comparatively spacious floor of the refreshments room. Also to be organized is a committee of enlisted men, representing the various squadrons and other units on the base, to set up the club's policies and regulations and to plan special events.

Director of the Aero Club is Miss Gretchen Leger of Erie, Pa., who is assisted by Mrs. Fanya Pitts, formerly of New York City, who is the wife of a captain in the British Navy. Miss Margaret Rushon, a native of England, is secretary and accountant.

## Chums From Childhood Have Surprise Reunion After 17 Months Apart

A SHORT time ago Sigurd Thompson, 24-year-old pilot, walked into the operations office to report for duty at this station. While waiting his turn he glanced at an officers' roster on the wall.

"Say, I see, putting a forefinger under one name versus, is this fellow's first name Stanley?"

"Yeah."

"Is he from Red Bank, New Jersey?"

"He's from some place in New Jersey."

"Wow! I've been trying to catch up with him for 17 months."

In their knee-pants days Stan Parker and Sig Thompson used to play together in adjoining back yards. They remained buddies through high school, then both got jobs in New York City and they commuted together.

For a while it looked as though even the war couldn't separate them. Early in 1942 they both enlisted and both were stationed at Maxwell Field. But finally came an order sending Stan off in one direction and Sig in another. That was in April, 1942. Some months later their paths crossed again, but Sig arrived at Geiger Field just 48 hours after Stan had moved on to Wendover.

So it is no wonder that Lt. Thompson did a jig when he saw the name "Parker" on the wall of his new operations office.

"Stan Parker, eh?" he said. "Where can I find him?"

"I'm afraid you're a little late, sir. Lt. Parker left two hours ago."

So once again the meeting was postponed, but this time it wasn't for long. Lt. Parker had simply gone on pass, returned after 48 hours to find his lifelong friend had moved in on him.

## Colonel Julius K. Lacey, Veteran Army Officer, Takes Over Station Command in Reorganization Which Shifts Colonel Peaslee to a Combat Wing



A change in station command is represented in this picture, which shows Colonel Julius K. Lacey being greeted, upon his arrival here, by Colonel Budd J. Peaslee. Colonel Lacey took over the command this month when Colonel Peaslee was transferred to a combat wing.

## First Change of Command In Group's History

A change in the post of commanding officer of the Group was effected this month when Colonel Julius K. Lacey, a 38-year-old Tennesseean, succeeded Colonel Budd J. Peaslee, the commanding officer since the unit's inception last January.

Colonel Lacey comes to the Group from a combat wing of the Eighth Air Force with which he had served, temporarily, as the commanding officer. Colonel Peaslee's next role is that of chief of staff of a combat wing.

Colonel Lacey's background in military service extends over a period of more than 13 years. He was commissioned a second lieutenant Feb. 17, 1930, three years after he had graduated from the University of Tennessee with a degree in civil engineering.

## FIGHTERS TO BOMBERS

The new commanding officer's knowledge of aviation covers a wide gamut of the various phases of the field. In addition to his ability as a pilot, he is likewise a skilled engineer, officer and meteorologist. His first three years of service in the Air Corps were spent as an engineering officer with a pursuit group and an observation squadron.

Colonel Lacey interrupted his service in the field in 1934 to spend two years at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as a student in meteorology, and upon leaving there devoted the succeeding five years to this subject. He was then assigned to Army Air Force Headquarters in Washington, D.C., from 1941 until March of this year, when he became a group commander in the Second Air Force. Upon reaching theater, he was assigned to the temporary command of a combat wing.

A graduate of special service schools in engineering, navigation, and air and ground tactics, Colonel Lacey is classified as a pilot, navigator and meteorologist. This is his third visit to this part of the globe. He spent three months on a tour of duty in Europe in 1936, and one month in 1942.

## Another Squadron Adopts War Orphan

Major Maurice S. Dillingham's squadron has become the second unit on the station to adopt a British war orphan, the officers and enlisted men having contributed 100 pounds to provide the clothing and education of a child for the next five years.

Arrangements for the adoption of the orphan were made recently at the Stars and Stripes Christmas Fund headquarters in London by Lt. John Figgins, squadron adjutant, and First Sergeant Donald J. Nichols. The squadron will make its selection from the case histories and photographs of several candidates to be considered.

Demonstrating a definite taste for the feminine gender, the men voted overwhelmingly, in making their contributions to the fund, that they become the fathers of a "daughter." After she is chosen, the child will pay its foster fathers a visit on the station and be their guest at a special entertainment.

## Two Station Enlisted Men Act on Plan To Maintain Anglo-American Relations

Two enlisted men of this station had the same idea—and both put the idea into effect the same day. They got married! The two men with newly acquired wives are Sgt. Louis McClanahan, of Major Harris's squadron, and Pfc. Henry W. Bender, of the service squadron. They were married Sept. 18th.

The "Big Chief," as Pfc. Bender is known to his buddies, was married at about 10 a.m. in a church near here, his wife being the former Miss Kathleen Barker. Many of the couple's British and American friends were in attendance.

A native of Cornelia, Neb., Pfc. Bender is a propeller repairman in the Service Squadron, but the prop shop had to do without his services for a while. Immediately after the marriage knot was tied, the newly-weds took off on an eight-day "turlough-honeymoon."

Sgt. McClanahan was married at 12:30 p.m. the same day in the courthouse of one of the larger cities in the Midlands. His wife is the former Miss Johnnie Harridge. McClanahan, a cook in the officers' mess, is a native of Kentucky.

Both bridegrooms are outstanding men at this station. That's putting it mildly, for Pfc. Bender is six-foot-six-inches tall, and Sgt. McClanahan himself towers two inches above the six-foot mark.

From then on it was serious business—two missions a day for the big Fortresses, which pounded Tunis and Bizerta and raised havoc with Axis troop movements. As the Allies gained ground, the bomber group packed up and moved forward to new bases.

The front lines were never far away, and the base was easily accessible to German bombers. Night and day the enemy attempted to blast the bomber base. And it wasn't a movie plot where all the opposing planes get shot down and the heroes get by unscathed.

Sgt. Waters estimates he experienced about 25 bombing and strafing attacks. "Some of them were pretty accurate," says Sgt. Waters, who at that time was a motor pool mechanic. "I particularly remember one Stuka that did a lot of damage. They'd also drop some delayed action bombs. We let them lie a while where they fell and if they didn't explode we'd dig them out, open them up and remove the powder."

There was no let up, no time for six-hour or 48-hour passes while the campaign was being pushed.

"We flew two missions a day smashing at the Germans and Italians," Sgt. Waters says. "After Bizerta and finally Tunis had been taken, our group then helped pound Pantellaria. After that it was Sicily."

In North Africa the ground forces slept in canvas shelters, with fox-hole refuges close by.

When the bombs would start dropping we'd dash for our holes and really hug the ground," Sgt. Waters says. "The strafing would usually come during the first hours of daylight."

The enemy wasn't the only obstacle that made life generally unpleasant in Africa. "It was hot and really hot in the shade and no shade," is the way Sgt. Waters puts it. "Sand everywhere—in our mess kits, in our food, in our bedding. When it was hot the flies were ter-

ric. Then we'd have our spells of rain and mud."

Sgt. Waters made the return trip to England in a convoy carrying 10,000 Italian prisoners. A Nazi submarine was sunk en route.

"The prisoners were a happy lot," Waters, who is a graduate of the University of Georgia, recounts. "For them the war was over. They talked about going to the States."

"One said he was going to Hollywood," Sgt. Waters added. "We told him, 'Hell, we're going to Rome.'"

One of the six Italian generals on board presented the American sergeant with one of his gold stars as a souvenir.

Landing in England, Waters came directly to this station, and the next day was off on a ten-day furlough to see his wife and to be introduced to his son. Sgt. Waters hasn't fully decided upon his post-war plans, but he's fairly certain the Waters family will make its home in his own Georgia.

Published spasmodically somewhere in England by the Bombardment Group COL. BUDD J. PEASLEE Commanding Officer.

Edited under the supervision of the S-2 and Public Relations sections. Opinions expressed herein are those of the writers, and not to be considered expressions of the Army Air Forces.

Maj. W. E. Dolan, Intelligence. Lt. W. E. Owens, Public Relations. Lt. J. W. McKinnon, Special Services. Cpl. Henry Davis, News Editor.

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 pile up against a mountainside 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 ticker 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. Roar of engines makes buildings sway; The men of grease have told their news.

Under the blazing sun and white sky, Weary crews return; they dropped their load. All men can join in a joyful cry And say, "We put the Show on the Road."

By CAPT. FRANK A. CELENTANO.

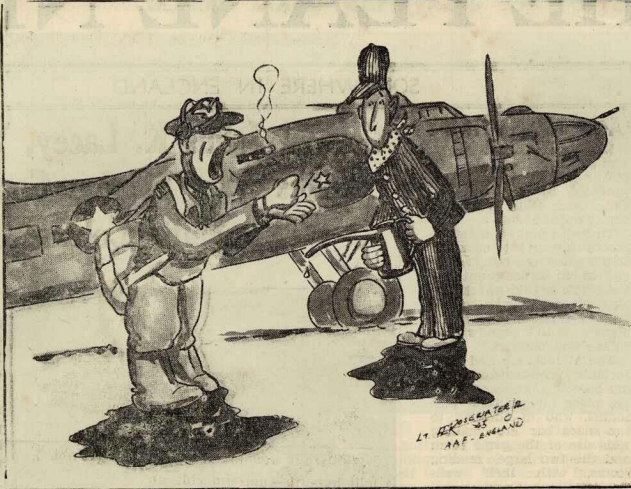
THE CHAPLAIN SAYS

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 in wartime that great moral problems arise. Cut away from all ties of home and censorship these ties incur, we discover the open road of moral laxity before us. It is very easy to be swept 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 to see, so easy to do, in these 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 Dayle R. Schnelle.

NEWSCASTS ATTRACT WIDE SUPPORT

A feature growing in popularity is the newscast presented daily, except Sunday, by Lt. Herbert H. Hamilton at the station theater. From a modest beginning about two months ago with an audience of 40 to 50 listeners, the newscast has met with such favorable response that now the theater is practically 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 teletype bulletins in preparing his material. The newscast affords to the station personnel a day to day account of news developments on the various battlefronts and the news happenings in the United States. The lectures, which are presented in a lucid 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 Teachers College, 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 stole the show from gorgeous Heddy Lamarr 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 GI's 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, Canadians, Poles, Czechs, Norwegians and all the other nationalities—a gun, fly them over to Berlin, drop them and let them go to work. The slaughter would be terrific."

Strategist No. 2, Sgt. Herbert Beckett, a guy who sits up all night because he's the permanent OQ, and thus oozes with end-the-war-quick plans: "Load up a Fort with mess hall oatmeal, send it to Hitler and he'll go back to hanging wallpaper."

Cpl. David Bell, who has had first-hand experience at "sweating 'em 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 Medal, only it would have drops of perspiration blurring the colours.

Mother Goose Dept.— If for your stripes you don't give a candle, Just lift a 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 in our crystal ball. The fumble occurred 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: "My bike got pretty drunk last night."

There always harpin about this bein a modern war. They got big airplanes to beat the cussedness out of the Hunies and theres sposed to be even mammoth ones comin over that gonna wipe the enemy clean off the face of the map.

These bigger and better ways of killin people then anybody ever dreamed up before. But hows about the poor guys that gotta run all them fernal machines. This war wont be real modernized until they learn how to keep the soliers comfortable against hot and cold. We got sheep lined heavy stuff for A.M.'s workin on the line and the same stuff and lectrically heated soots for the fellows that fly, but they still don't keep a guy from freezin sum when the whether gets cold.

Then theres fellows who dont work on the line or fly who dont 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 flyin outfits. He was gonna make one guy take off his fleese lined boots right in the mess hall, but the fellow woulda ben walkin in his bear feet so he kep them on.

When baricks are built good without any gaps in the walls and when oil berms that can be operated from a bed are installed, and theres air cundishing in the summer and the infantry can wear lectrically heated soots, then war wont be so bad. But as wars no good anyhow, I sposs theres gotta be a hard time. I dont know how the Germans and the Rushens stood it on the battle front last winter and the winter before and how there gonna do it this winter, but they sure musta had inside fortiaotud. I notice we ben gettin hot water lately in the morning, and dont think that doesnt help out a lot.

A lot of the fellows are gripin about havin to take lousy cigarettes along with there favrut brands. They think there outa be a congressional look into the matter. Sumtimes they gets a full carton of the best smokes and sumtimes seven packs, but lotsa other times its five of these and five of them.

Now the Red Cross has reely done right by the enlisted men and we should all show em how we appreciate the club that they opened up for us. Its reely a snazzy joint, and them eats in the evening is swell. Then they got lotsa easy chairs for us to sit in and read, they fernish the readin material, they got music, a game room and they got some girls that are easy on the eyes runnin the place. When the club first opened up it was feared that such a swell place would be rooned, what with guys carving there nishals on the tables, rippin up the upholstery, gippin the ash trays and genrally beatin up the club. But the enlisted men aint so dumb, he knows a good thing when he sees one and he ben reely on his best behaveyur. Thats good and the Red Cross pepul are pleased that there prodjict has ben workin out so good.

Whatsa matter with boy orfins. Evreybody has been votin for girls in pickin out war orfins, even includin me. I dunno, I guess we men just got a hanker for wimmen, weather there little ones or bigger ones. Im glad I aint a boy with orfin, altho sumtimes I wonder if I aint. But theres sumfin about the softness and deliktuness of a woman thats real appealin. Us men cuddin get along without em nohow.

Well, sum of the boys in the chair born departments what has to ware O.Ds. all the time have been more than wonderin why the Army dont give em more of them brown combashunns to wear if they gotta have em on in the offices all the time. Two just aint enough to go around and sum of the guys have had to buy extra ones. A typewritin soljer oughta have at least three or four changes of O.Ds. if he's gonna look neat at work and still have one good lookin set for goin out funnin. The fellows that ware fateegs for workin have it over the other guys. They got two soots for good.

A GUNNER'S PRAYER

By SGT. ROBERT GRIMES.

Dear God, I ask of you once more A favor often asked before, That you will keep me safe this fight So I may fly another night. And do my share for this war, That life may go on as before; That people may lift their heads to pray, And fear not the dangers of yesterday. That they may hear the church bells ring And hear the cheerful robins sing; That children once again may play, That parents, free and gay. I pray that this cruel war may cease, And from it spring eternal peace. A peace, Dear God, that shall always be A symbol of true Democracy. That man no more in mortal strife Shall take away his brother's life; Wasted lives and wasted years That cause such heartache, grief and tears.

Broken hearts in every home, Loving hearts turned to stone; Sweethearts gone—husbands lost, Suffering children who pay the cost. Thee, Dear God, are things we gain: Untold suffering, unknown pain. 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 those grey skies turn to blue, And make 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 free men, God, hear this gunner's prayer—Amen.

MAJOR GILMORE'S SQUADRON.

—Who said that romance 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. Rumor has 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 C.O., former Captain Gilmore, now a Major. The glad tidings came on the 7th of this month. The proud squadron extends congrats.

In the medics department our squadron doctor, Lt. William R. Crosby, affectionately known as "Doc," blossomed out with Captain's bars as of the B.H. Good show, Dec! All squadron illnesses have now been cut-ranked.

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

S/Sgt. Lloyd Lane lost his first tooth one day recently, but it 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 therein.

Came a hand from nowhere 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 conducted, 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 days the inspectors came to scrutinize, but such obstacles did not deprive the first sergeant of the blue ribbon. He even had the walks between buildings scrubbed down. "The chief 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 descendency from Chief Red Dog, last ruling chieftain of the Sinihoine (or however you spell it) Indian tribe. Chief was Chestnut's great-grandfather. The Sinihoine's were a branch of the Sioux tribe, but for 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 at two fronts, but Lt. Samuel F. Arauz has. 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. clients of Cpl. Alexander Wladessa are urging him to resume the pressing business he recently suspended. A tailor in civilian life, Cpl. Wladessa can turn out a sharp-edged crease and give renewed life to a dilapidated-looking blouse.

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

MAJOR HARRIS' SQUADRON.

Congratulations to our commanding officer; Major's leaves were never more deserved.

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

Prize 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 Gibbons, M/Sgt. Roger Von Dyke, M/Sgt. Elwood Ford, and T/Sgt. Arthur L. Jesswein, non-coms 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 line when he heard that furloughs were being issued.

# Mechanics Vie For 2-Day Trip Expenses Paid

## Squadron Contest Nears Conclusion

Line crews in Major William F. Gilmore's squadron are racing down the home stretch in an engineering contest which will send the winning crew to London on a 48-hour expense-paid trip.

The prize is to be awarded the ground crew, including crew chief and flight chief, that sends the most ships over the target during a period ending at midnigh, Sept. 30th. The contest is managed by Lt. Jack Maloney, squadron engineering officer. The victors will be provided with travelling and quartering expenses.

According to a recent tabulation of the standings the crew of the "Broadway Rose," led by M/Sgt. George E. Golden, held the lead with six successful missions. Sgt. Golden has crewed 15 successful missions at this station.

In second place with five missions was the crew of M/Sgt. Raymond J. Dlugolecki, which conditions, "The Flackhouse." Tied for third position with three missions each were the crews of M/Sgt. William S. Bilton "Liberty Belle"; M/Sgt. Raymond W. Bailey, "Stella II"; M/Sgt. Elvin E. Ott, "Dallas Rebel"; M/Sgt. John R. Hoggart, "Barfy Bessie."

**AWARDS.** (continued from page 1), awarded the Air Medal for the destruction of one enemy plane, while S/Sgt. Peter T. Yaskow, S/Sgt. Claude R. Leslie and S/Sgt. James W. McKeon received the Oak Leaf Cluster for the same feat.

### AIR MEDALS

Capt. Charles D. Bonnett, 1st Lt. John J. DuBois, 1st Lt. Paul S. Ghivens, 1st Lt. Ralph R. Pulcifer, 2nd Lt. Alfred L. Sprague, 2nd Lt. Albert H. Doman, 2nd Lt. Pendleton G. Baldwin, 2nd Lt. Kermit A. Pierce, 2nd Lt. James M. Merritt, 2nd Lt. Francis R. Farwell, 2nd Lt. Duane A. Conkey, 2nd Lt. James E. Armstrong, 2nd Lt. William Eudey, 2nd Lt. Rudolf A. Martin, 2nd Lt. Leonard J. Fields, 2nd Lt. Robert B. Kilmer, Jr., 1st Lt. Lloyd R. Armstrong, 2nd Lt. Merle Johnson, 2nd Lt. William B. Kinney, Jr., 2nd Lt. Robert E. Brown, 2nd Lt. Bruce T. Haley, 1st Lt. Mark S. Willing, Jr., 2nd Lt. Charles C. Carlin and 2nd Lt. William Boomhower.

T/Sgt. Clarence D. Anderson, T/Sgt. Dean W. Marshall, T/Sgt. George W. Jumper, T/Sgt. Walter L. House, S/Sgt. Abraham B. Abramowitz, S/Sgt. George T. Redding, S/Sgt. James M. Self, S/Sgt. Burton C. McDuffie, S/Sgt. James R. Billingsley, S/Sgt. Clifford Hammock, S/Sgt. James H. Redwing, S/Sgt. Albert F. Case, S/Sgt. Willard D. McLain, S/Sgt. Asbury L. Perkins, T/Sgt. William F. Sears, T/Sgt. Edward A. Thomason, T/Sgt. Francis Gerow, T/Sgt. Durwood H. Holloway, T/Sgt. Joseph F. Pisarski, S/Sgt. Robert E. Ott, S/Sgt. Keating S. Pharr, S/Sgt. William E. Martin, S/Sgt. Robert A. Grimes, Sgt. Francis R. Sylvia and T/Sgt. Judson L. Dacus.

1st Lt. Philip E. Higdon, 1st Lt. Robert L. Lecates, 2nd Lt. Robert T. Wilson, T/Sgt. Leon F. Ausmus, T/Sgt. Richard J. Egan, S/Sgt. Louis L. Ratkiewicz, S/Sgt. Joseph M. Kalas, S/Sgt. James T. Yeater, S/Sgt. Frank H. Bowen, S/Sgt. Seth T. Ripley, S/Sgt. G. Lemmerman and S/Sgt. Walter B. Smith, S/Sgt. Robert L. Compton and S/Sgt. Carl W. Jones.

### OAK LEAF CLUSTER

1st Lt. Joseph A. Vander Haeghen,

# What Kind of Men Did Daddy Fly With . . .

Some Day Janice May Know the Answer

Members of Major Dillingham's squadron have been strutting around like so many Dutch uncles these days. Ever since Jimmy Smith went down on the wrong side of the Channel they had wanted to do something for his family. It seemed a little futile, but —

**BACK** in El Reno, Nevada, Mrs. James W. Smith sat down one day and wrote this letter to Major Dillingham's squadron:—

"This afternoon I received your letter and the baby's present. It's something that went so deep in my heart that I can't describe it. To say 'Thank you' doesn't even begin to tell you how much I appreciate the kindness and thoughtfulness of what you boys did for Janice and me."

"When I think of you boys fighting for us here and then to do what you



did—no wonder I can't express myself. I got the baby a war bond with the money, as I believe that's what you boys wanted to get for her. As soon as she's old enough to understand she'll know it's not an 'ordinary bond' but a bond that shows what kind of men her daddy worked and flew with."

"I received a letter direct from Jimmy yesterday and thought per-

haps you'd be interested in some of the things he wrote. It was dated July 11.

"I have just returned from church (wrote Jimmy). Am just fine and don't worry about me because I am safe and in good health. We do our own cooking, and as one of the fellows was a cook in a cafe, we really have good food. The food comes from the Red Cross. Send me warm clothes."

"An enclosing two pictures taken when the baby was three days old (continues Mrs. Smith's letter). Yesterday she was four weeks old. When she was born she weighed six pounds seven ounces, and to-day she weighs seven pounds 12 1/2 ounces. She grins all the time and can hold a rattle."

"My prayers and thoughts are with every one of you, and I hope and pray it won't be long till you're all home again."

# Gunner Tracks Huns By Unusual Method

How a waist gunner kept his gun firing at great personal risk to himself was told when the Fortress "We Dood II" returned from a recent raid on Germany.

The gunner was Staff Sergeant Henry G. Lemmerman, 22, of Jersey City, N.J., whose gun went out shortly after the first enemy fighter attacks got under way. There were too many fighters swarming about for comfort, so Lemmerman removed the adapter, held the backplate on, and fired by pressing the trigger bar, a dangerous operation because the recoil spring could have shot back from the gun and bored a hole through the gunner. Sgt. Lemmerman had two sprained hands to show for the unorthodox methods of operating his piece.

# Another Chaplain is Assigned to Station

The station has been provided with a permanent Catholic chaplain since the arrival of Father Method C. Billy, a Franciscan priest. The new chaplain's assignment here coincides with the Eight Air Force's policy of supplying each bomber base with a Catholic and a Protestant chaplain. Capt. Dayle R. Schelle, a Protestant chaplain, had previously served alone in providing the religious requirements of the Group personnel, he having joined the unit in the States.

Father Billy, who holds the rank of first lieutenant, was a professor for six years at the Franciscan Major Seminary, St. Anthony-on-the-Hudson, Rensselaer, N.Y., prior to entering the service. He received his commission last November and was attached for a short time to the Aviation Engineers before being assigned to the Air Corps. Before coming overseas, Father Billy was stationed for six months at Moore's General Hospital, Swanna Noah, N.C.

Father Billy is no stranger to this portion of the globe. He studied at the University of Innsbruck in Austria, had the opportunity of traveling extensively through Austria, Germany, Czechoslovakia and other and other Central European nations before the advent of war. Two of Father Billy's brothers are also priests, while he has three sisters who are nuns. The family home is at Plains, Pa.

# English Fans Puzzled By American Baseball

Two softball teams from this station gave a demonstration of the sport before several hundred puzzled British fans in a nearby city recently. The McKinnon Mongrels whipping the M.P. Maggots 6 to 3 in a well-played contest.

Sgt. Andy Gallagher was the mainstay of the Mongrel attack, blasting out two home runs, while S/Sgt. Jacob Minneman twirled a steady game on the mound. The Mongrels' line-up was comprised of officers and enlisted men from Headquarters Detachment.

Although the winners, the victory provided a black eye for the Mongrels' catcher Elton Miller stopping a foul tip flush on his right glimmer.

### 100 PER CENT

The latest communique, covering the first half of September, reveals that Capt. Crowe's men compiled records of 100 per cent in other words finished in first place in the Wings in two departments. These were in submitting special reports and in the speed and accuracy of presenting routine reports.

# Nathan Kan, Philosopher, Turned Mechanic at 46 To Get into the Fighting

**A**T 46 Nathan Kan could be living the life of an American civilian and enjoying whatever goes with it. But at 46, Nathan Kan is a sergeant and pursuing the existence of any other G.I. and enjoying whatever goes with it.

Probably the oldest enlistee man in the bomb group, Kan is in the Army because he wanted to see what went on over where the fighting is conducted.

Back at Wendover, Kan, a Yale University graduate, received a letter from a Connecticut fraternal organization offering him a lucrative position. At his age he was in a position to have chosen a wartime career for himself—either in or out of the Army.

He still was possessed with that hankering for overseas action, so he investigated the matter of whether he would be taken across with his bomber group or left behind in the States on a limited service basis. When he had definitely established that he would make the boat trip, Kan placed the job offer among his souvenirs.

A radio mechanic in Major Raymond P. Ketelsen's squadron, Kan now spends his time climbing in and out of Flying Fortresses adjusting the wireless sets. It's a job entirely removed from what he had never done before the war.

### A PHILOSOPHER

"I was never mechanically inclined," Kan admits, "but if that's what they want me to do, I'll do it to the best of my abilities."

A resident of New Haven, Kan was a student at Yale University when the United States entered the First World War. He continued with his studies, at the same time serving in the Students' Army Training Corps. He graduated from Yale in 1919 with a Bachelor of Philosophy degree, having majored in chemistry.

Kan taught one year of chemistry at Yale as a laboratory assistant and then was an instructor in a school of pharmacy. Finally he became a pharmacist himself and for a number of years operated a pharmacist shop in Bridgeport, Conn.

In 1929 he entered the auto, household and electrical accessories business in New Haven as a chain store manager. Six years later he became the general manager of the entire chain system, which comprises 18 stores in Connecticut and six in Massachusetts.

When Pearl Harbor was attacked, Kan, a bachelor, felt that he wanted a military role. He sought to enlist in the Navy, but was rejected. However, as he was a few months short of 45 when he registered for the draft, he was subject to Selective Service. It caught up with him in June, 1942.

# Golden Leaves Now Sported by Squadron C.O.s.

## Promotions Announced for Officers, Men

A number of officers on the station are displaying newly acquired insignias as a result of promotions during the last month. Included were several elevations to the rank of majors.

Promoted from Captain to Major were William F. Gilmore, Raymond P. Ketelsen, George W. Harris, jun., and Maurice S. Dillingham, all squadron commanding officers; and Harry R. Page, station supply officer.

Officers now wearing captain's bars are Frank A. Celentano, Philip M. Algar, William R. Crosby, James H. Kelly, Gordon K. Stallings and James C. McClanahan. Ray H. Moneymaker, recently transferred to another unit after serving as a squadron intelligence officer with the Group since its inception, was likewise promoted to a captaincy.

Now sporting single silver bars as first lieutenant are Samuel P. Arauz, Charles W. Bishop, Andrew R. Schady, William R. Harry, Walter E. Owens, Francis R. Farwell, Mark S. Willing, Jr., John W. Barkley, Jr., James D. Sheeley, Anthony J. Grimaldi, Robert L. Lecates, John W. McKinnon, John C. Hayes, Charles R. Barr, John T. Ingles, Richard V. Wolf, Roy A. Kealin, Henry F. Wright, Joseph W. Baggs, Clyde P. Carlson, Fred Rosewater, Herbert H. Hamilton, Joseph A. Vander Haeghen, William M. Price, Sidney P. Taylor, Philip E. Higdon, William H. Wilson, William Boomhower, Lester O. Heggstad, Tom L. E. Hunt, Marcus V. Nichols, Edgar E. Urey, Roy T. White, J. R. Wyatt and Charles R. Zeininger.

### NEW STRIPES, TOO

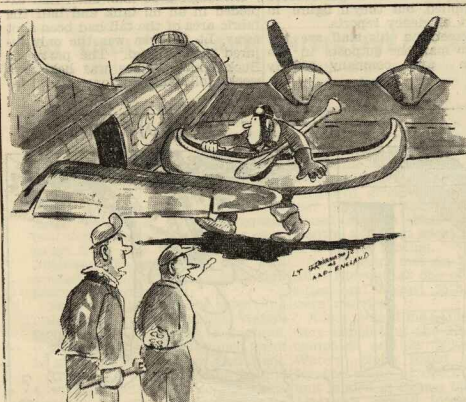
Likewise, a number of brand new sets of stripes have made an appearance recently. The following men have been promoted as indicated:—To master sergeant, Hubert P. Konzem; to technical sergeant, Charles L. Snyder, Howard J. Borchardt, Romulus C. Jennings, Vincent V. Vollmar, Joseph P. Purdy, John H. Houghton, Lester Brown, James B. Michael, John H. Kuberski, Glen W. Gosse and Anthony F. Cucinotta; to staff sergeant, Richard J. Barrett, Hiram G. Howard, Alvey E. Brown, Samuel R. Conde, Francis W. Sopher, James R. Fields, Willard C. Millstead, Edward D. Davis, Clarence H. Olan, William H. Lindsay, Bob Smith, Paul L. Wolf, Thomas J. Vezina, Edward J. Humphrey, William Douglas and Boyd M. Jones; to sergeant, Allan W. Tanner, William J. Jacusky, Chester P. Snyder, Argie G. Knolly, Solomon Gorlin, Vernon H. Peterson, James W. Nelson, Michael J. Wain, Albert J. Kosik, Louis Vadasy, Clarence P. Schmeldi, Jack D. Crockett and Walter T. Stock; to corporal, Jerry Rosa, Ernest S. Hogan, Richard R. Lunn, Harold T. Clark, Bernard D. Ryan, Edward J. Kuc, Thomas A. Burner, Morris P. Gregory, Charles W. Nair, John McKay, Gerald W. Clark, Philip E. Brannon, Jack P. Hillerich, Paul J. Larson, Paul Flansburg, Joseph S. Bezek and Richard F. Kottman.

### CONGRATS!

It's a girl for Major and Mrs. Alfred C. Nuttall.

It's a boy for M/Sgt. and Mrs. Stanley H. Biggs.

The Nuttall baby, who has been christened Linda Lee, was born Sept. 4 at Midland, Texas. She is the operation officer's first child. The Biggs baby was born Friday, July 13, at Boise, Ida., and from now on the number 13 is a lucky set of figures in Sgt. Biggs' estimation. Sgt. Biggs is a flight chief in Major William F. Gilmore's squadron.



Lt. Hotchkiss shows a lamentable lack of confidence in our dinghy.



"Sir, I've notified armament and ordnance that the mission is scrubbed."



It just arrived from th' States, Sir! You'd think they'd notice things like this at th' staging area!

# Loma Lee Limp Back After Bad Fifteen Minutes

## Gunner Sticks to Post in Spite of Injuries

Everything happened to the "Loma Lee" that day. Fifteen minutes from the target a persistent attack left her with no radio and with part of her oxygen system destroyed, and with three injured men on board, yet she still participated in the bombardment of Waimes.

His left leg fractured in two places, S/Sgt. James R. Fields, right waist gunner, shifted his weight onto his good leg and kept his gun on the attackers. The radio operator, T/Sgt. Romulus C. Jennings, got hit in the right thigh, and the tail gunner, S/Sgt. William H. Lindsey, received a heavy blow on the right hip when one of his guns was struck and destroyed.

And half the crew had to resort to bail-out and walk-around oxygen bottles.

But the "Loma Lee" continued over the target and fought off persistent attacks until 2nd Lt. Archie B. Ashcraft, Jr., the 25-year-old pilot, finally brought her down in an emergency landing along the English coast.

Despite their injuries, both Fields and Lindsey stuck to their guns, and they saw at least one of their tormentors go down.

"It kept coming right in while Fields maintained a steady stream of lead on it," said Lt. Ashcraft. "Finally the Focke Wulf wavered and just fell apart."

S/Sgt. Willard C. Millstead, the ball turret gunner, also is believed to have knocked down a fighter.

During a good part of the trip the injured Jennings strove vainly to establish radio contact, unaware that the "Loma Lee's" aerial had been blown away and the radio mechanism put out of commission. The Fortress suffered other wounds. Two large holes were blown in the left wing, the aileron controls were snapped, and the gas line was punctured, but Lt. Ashcraft kept her in formation until the group reached Britain, where he sought an emergency field.

Members of the crew took turns administering first aid. The navigator, 2nd Lt. Kenneth H. Oppenheimer, the bombardier, 2nd Lt. Wallace C. Hearn; the left waist gunner, S/Sgt. Clarence H. Oien, and Millstead, the ball turret gunner, alternated in caring for the wounded.

"While we were coming home the radio operator lay on the floor, worrying about the weather, wondering if we had enough gas, and talking about his damaged radio," Lt. Ashcraft said. "We had to let down to about 100 feet above the water."

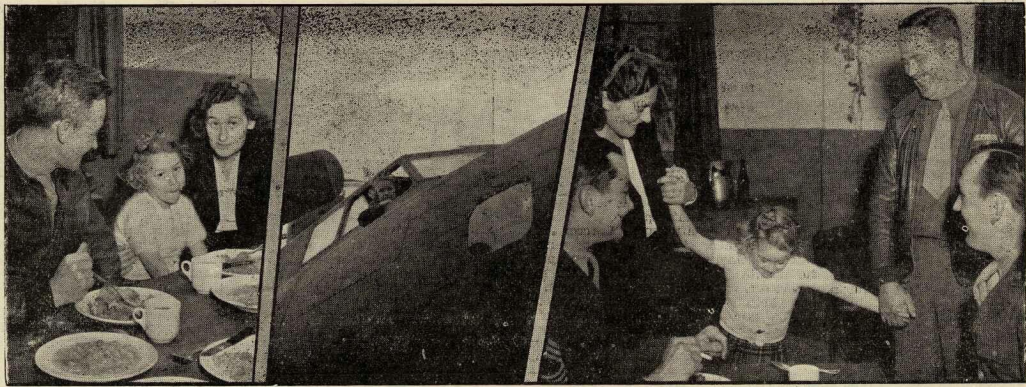
Other members of the "Loma Lee's" crew were 2nd Lt. George C. Riggins, co-pilot, and S/Sgt. Francis W. Sopher, top-turret gunner.

## Bombing at 8,500 Feet Haunts Ops Officer

A bombing run made from 8,500 feet is the raid among the 25 in which he participated that stands out foremost in the memories of Captain Robert R. Fryer, new assistant group operations officer. The low altitude attack was made on the German submarine pens at St. Nazaire, France.

Capt. Fryer, who finished up his combat duty with the Schweinfurt mission, August 17, terms his career as a Flying Fortress pilot in the theater as "rather uneventful," because he says he never had any "really bad moments." Among the biggest raids on which he has flown were those on Kiel, Wilhelmshaven and Bremen, while he has bombed numerous targets in France.

Capt. Fryer, who is 24, is a resident of Spadra, Calif., and holds the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters and the Distinguished Flying Cross for his activities in the air.



They had planned to entertain Gloria Diane at a dinner party here, but as it turned out Gloria Diane did most of the entertaining. The seven-year-old war orphan had no trouble at all selling herself to her new foster fathers. In fact, before the evening was over, some of her new daddies were performing all kinds of antics in an effort to draw Gloria's attention. High point of the evening was the christening of a Flying Fortress in her name. At left Gloria Diane is shown at dinner, right. In the center picture she gets her big thrill as she looks out of

the Flying Fortress which now flies over Germany in her name, the name of a girl who lost her father because of the German warmongers, with William H. Bockmiller, station Red Cross representative, at her. At right, Gloria Diane smiles shyly as she is taken from table to table to be introduced to each one of her new daddies. At the table, left to right, are M/Sgt. Joseph Ramsey, S/Sgt. Vincent Rodgers and M/Sgt. Arthur Guilme.

## Silver Star Awarded To Raymond Gregori

### Tail Gunner is Decorated For Valor

The Silver Star, awarded for "gallantry in action," has been presented to T/Sgt. Raymond P. Gregori, 20-year-old tail gunner in Major William F. Gilmore's squadron, according to an announcement issued Sept. 25 by Eighth Air Force Headquarters. The Silver Star is the third highest Army decoration for valor.

The incident which led to Sgt. Gregori's receipt of the award occurred Aug. 12 on the Gelsenkirchen raid. Approximately 15 minutes before his Fortress reached the target, the tail gunner received a severe shoulder wound during an attack by enemy fighters, which virtually riddled his compartment and damaged his guns.

It was fully 15 minutes after the target had been bombed that Gregori's injury was discovered. All this time, though weak from loss of blood and from shock, Gregori remained by his guns. The entire tail section was so full of bullet holes that it looked like a sieve. The wind through the tail was terrific.

Gregori was blue from the cold when his crew mates reached him. The heating unit for his electrically heated suit had been destroyed, and the ship's internal heating system had been damaged. The temperature at that time, with the plane flying at 26,000 feet, was 40 degrees Centigrade below zero.

A resident of Los Angeles, Sgt. Gregori is now convalescing in a hospital in Southern England.

## Squadron's Adopted Daughter Visits Station: Wants Dog "Just Like Snuffy"

A PRETTY, blue-eyed, six-year-old all of them Americans, when a British girl met her foster fathers, he visited the station on a day set aside exclusively for her entertainment.

She was blonde Gloria Diane — her surname remains undisclosed, adopted daughter of Major Raymond P. Ketelsen's squadron. For Gloria Diane, the day will no doubt be one of the long cherished memories of her childhood, while for the men who lavished their attentions upon her, the occasion will be one of the most pleasant remembrances of their war days spent in England.

Gloria Diane was shown all the courtesies that could be accorded a visiting general. She was escorted about the station in a staff car by Major Ketelsen and First Sergeant George Conner; she had a Flying Fortress christened in her name; she was showered with gifts; and finally she was the guest of honor at supper in the enlisted men's mess hall.

Gloria Diane is exclusively the "daughter" of the squadron's enlisted personnel, who contributed 100 pounds to provide her education and clothing for the next five years. The arrangement was made through the Stars and Stripes Orphan Fund. During supper First Sergeant Conner conducted Gloria Diane to each table to introduce her to the men. All admitted that their investment had been well placed.

**WANTS A DOG**  
Among the gifts she received were a sewing kit, model airplane, books, games and a bag of pennies amounting to one pound. With the pound

Gloria Diane mentioned that she was going to buy a dog "just like Snuffy," the squadron's cocker spaniel mascot.

Gloria Diane demonstrated that she is the true "daughter" of a unit of G.I.s, by selecting the proper person for a bit of apple polishing. She turned on all of her obvious charms on Major Ketelsen, who seemed not in the least displeased at the attention he received. The major had taken the English youngster into the cockpit of her own big bomber, where she took an avid interest in all of the gadgets that operate the plane.

The child, who lives in Portsmouth, was accompanied here by her mother and Miss Ruth Musgrave, a representative of the American Red Cross civilian relief department. In Britain a child whose father is lost in combat is considered a war orphan, because pensions for such cases are inadequate. Gloria Diane's father was lost on H.M.S. the submarine "Dauntless." The mother receives only a small wage for her work in Portsmouth, and was unable to satisfactorily provide for her two children.

A tentative date for Gloria Diane's next visit has been set for Thanksgiving Day. Her foster fathers are looking forward to that occasion.

**"Home of the Group's Most Efficient Engineering Line"** reads the sign erected over the entrance to the engineering office of Major Gilmore's squadron. Observers got the idea when they saw the new engineering officer, Lt. Jack Maloney, diligently helping his mechanics at 4 a.m.

## Communique: Chairborne Troops Establish Bridgehead

WHEN and if medals for achievement are ever awarded for the feats of the military's vast army of chairborne troops, this station's battalion of paper workers will be there in a snappy "Open ranks, march," to collect a fair share of the medals.

War for the Eighth Air Force isn't all dropping of bombs and shooting down of enemy fighters. There are also the boys behind the boys who do the actual fighting to keep the box scores—the runs, hits and errors. It's also a much healthier atmosphere.

In this respect, Capt. Clifford H. Crowe's chairborne forces are establishing formidable records in keeping records, as a report from Wing headquarters, covering the first half of August, testifies.

The report reads like the result of a track meet, but the station's colors

are up there where the points mean something.

The results:  
First in the entire Wing in submitting special reports.  
Second in speed and accuracy of routine reports.  
Second in the proper placement of personnel.

Considering the large amount of detailed work involved, that's a job well done by the personnel men. Those responsible for this outstanding accomplishment are the men in the personnel offices at station headquarters and the various squadron and company clerks of the various organizations on the field.

The staff at headquarters under Capt. Crowe, which handles the finished products that go to Wing include 2nd Lt. J. R. Wyatt, 2nd Lt. Roy A. Kaelin, T/Sgt. Herbert Bar-

Kletner Miller, S/Sgt. Thad Mustal, S/Sgt. John Marr, S/Sgt. Paul Muselman, S/Sgt. Howard LaPrade, S/Sgt. Harold Pettit, S/Sgt. John Hankle, S/Sgt. Lloyd Lane, S/Sgt. Clifton Countryman, S/Sgt. Jacob Minneman, Sgt. Lavern Tomm, Sgt. William Jones, Sgt. Israel Levin, Sgt. Roman Hales, Cpl. Anthony Blamey, Cpl. Leland F. Howe, Cpl. Curtis Seawright, PFC. Joseph Kondrak, PFC. Gerald Schaff, PFC. Alois Jung, PFC. Bernard Balcer, PFC. Frank Getzelman and Pvt. Reed Weaver. Some of the above named have been added to the staff since the high first-half-of-August record was compiled, but they'll figure in the next efficiency reports.

Supplementing this staff are the men who man the outposts in the squadron and company orderly rooms

## Crew Flies to Sea With Deadly Cargo

### Bomb Bay Doors Sustain Phenomenal Weight

A live 2,000-pound bomb worked from its shackles and fell against the bomb bay doors of a Flying Fortress piloted by Lt. John T. Ingles recently. The accident occurred at the start of a mission over enemy territory, and Lt. Ingles was forced to turn away and carry his dangerous cargo out to sea to get rid of it. With the bomb bay doors straining under the unexpected load, members of the crew sat through a tense 15 minutes before they could get away from English territory.

Engineering officers said the bomb bay pins were built to shear under a pressure of 180 pounds, but that by some "miracle" the doors withstood a pressure 1,620 pounds more than that.

Crew members who "sweated it out" with Lt. Ingles were Lt. Harry M. Pratt, co-pilot; Lt. Charles L. Human, navigator; Lt. Earl C. Meson, bombardier; T/Sgt. Clarence T. Morrison, engineer; Sgt. Lawrence W. Smith, Jr., radio operator; S/Sgt. John E. Farley, ball turret gunner; S/Sgt. Alfred J. Brescia, tail gunner; and S/Sgt. Carl W. James and S/Sgt. Charles A. Spaulding, waist gunners.

## Gudyka Entertained By Bomb Chieftains

A bombardier in Major George W. Harris' squadron, Lt. Peter Gudyka, was among the small number of wounded American airmen recently given an audience by Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, R.A.F. bomber chief, at a garden party at Buckingham Palace, London.

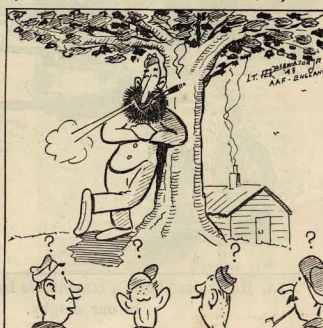
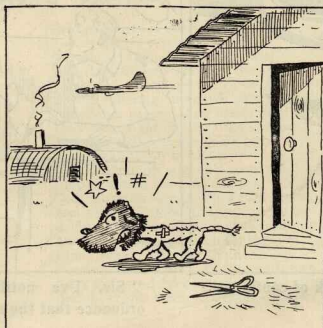
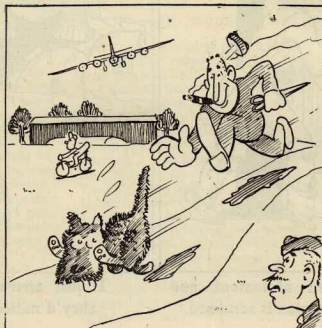
The Americans, about two dozen of them, joined hundreds of wounded British Service men at the party, which was given by the King and Queen. Sir Arthur acting as the royal couple's representative for the occasion.

Lt. Gudyka, 22, and a resident of Pe Ell, Wash., suffered a flesh wound in the leg while his Flying Fortress was returning from a mission deep into Germany in mid-August. The ship shook off a swarm of enemy fighters and limped back to England, setting down on an emergency field.

Although a 20 mm. shell had exploded in an oil tank and half the fabric area of the tail had been shot away, Lt. Gudyka was the only injured man aboard. The party at Buckingham Palace was held two weeks following this operational incident.

## WINDSOCK WILLIE

## (MOUSTACHES)



By F. E. ROSEWATER, Jr.