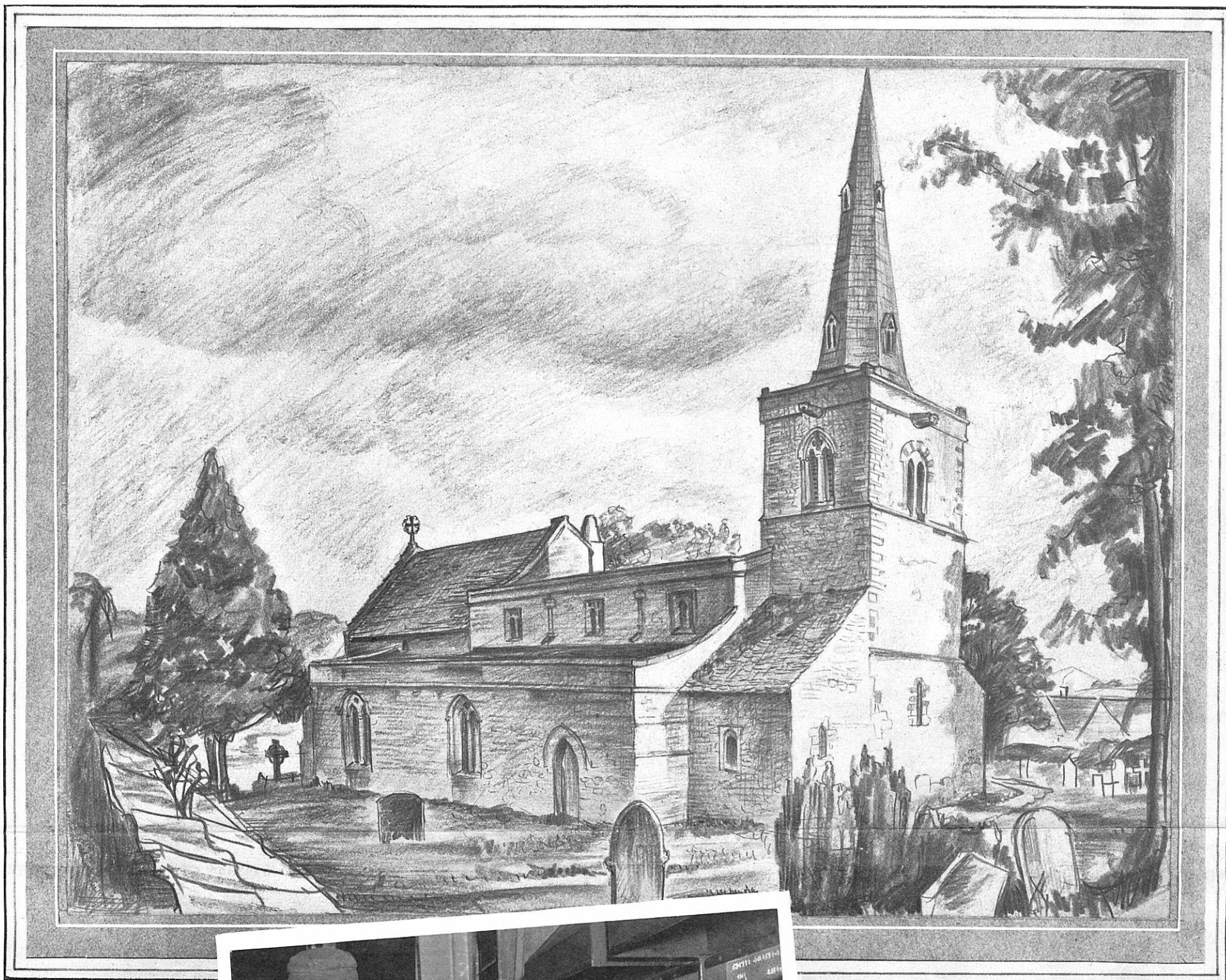
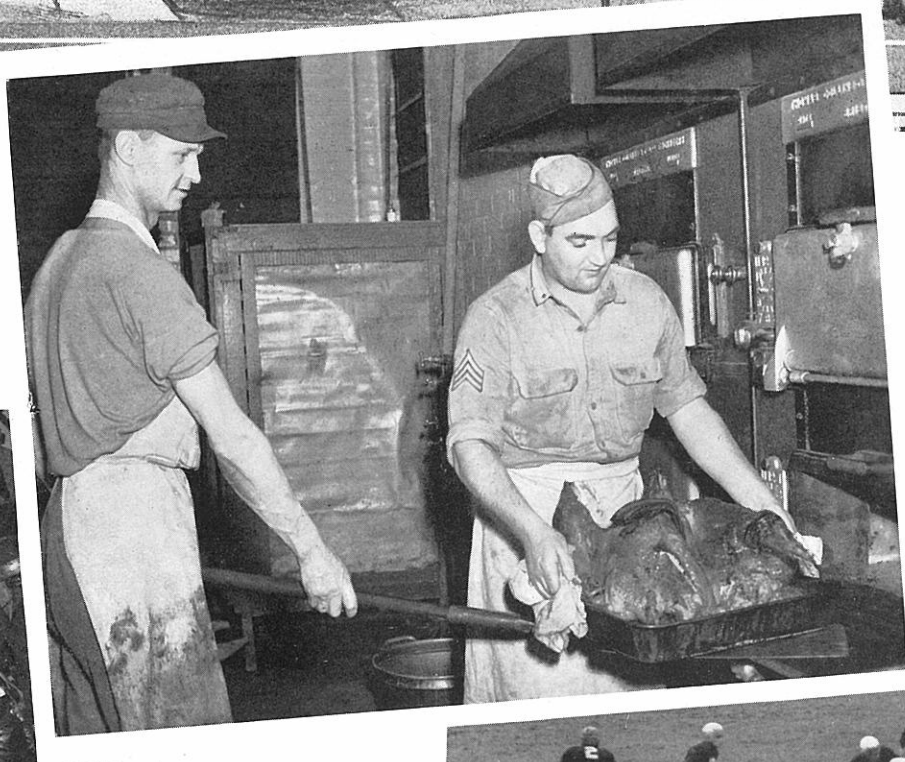


NEW YEAR'S BULLETIN



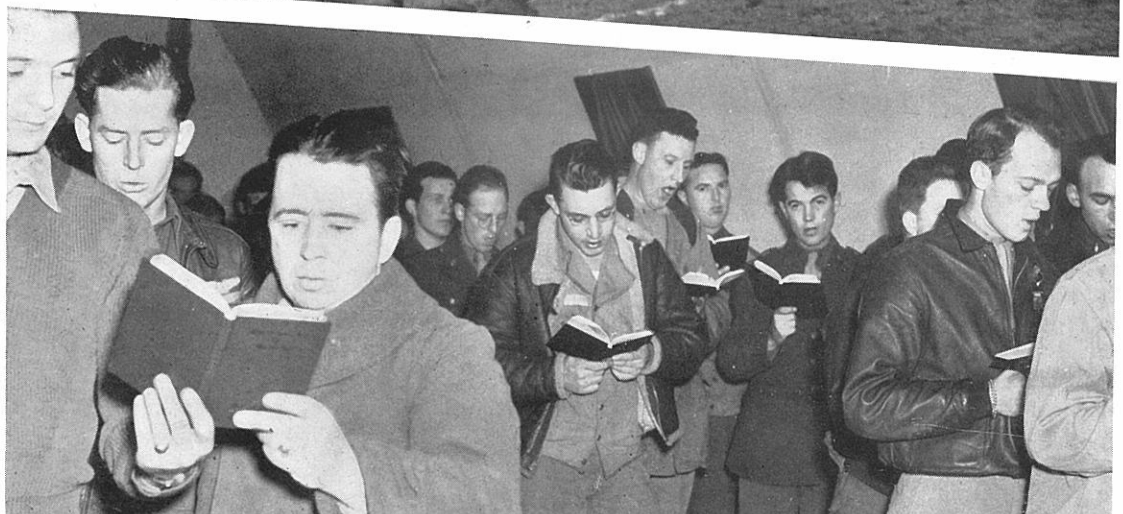
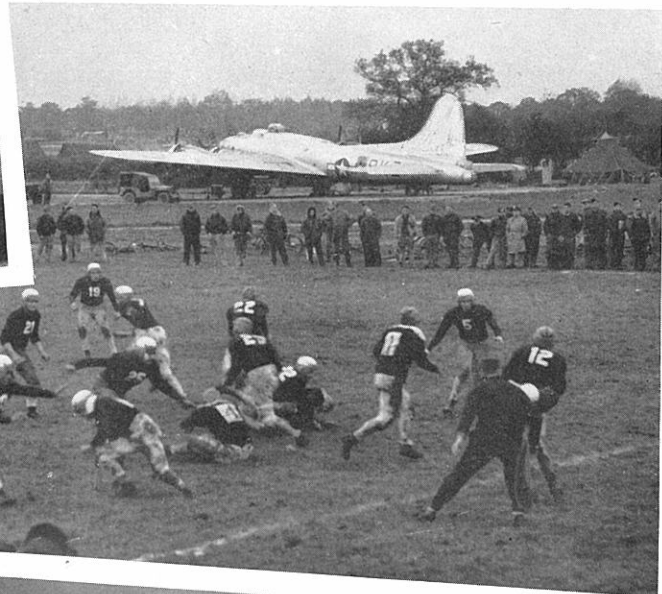
NEW Year's Day has a special significance for us. It marks the anniversary of this bombardment group, which matured in combat only a few months after its birth, two years ago. On this birthday celebration we can look back with pride on our achievements, and ahead with new confidence in what another year will bring.

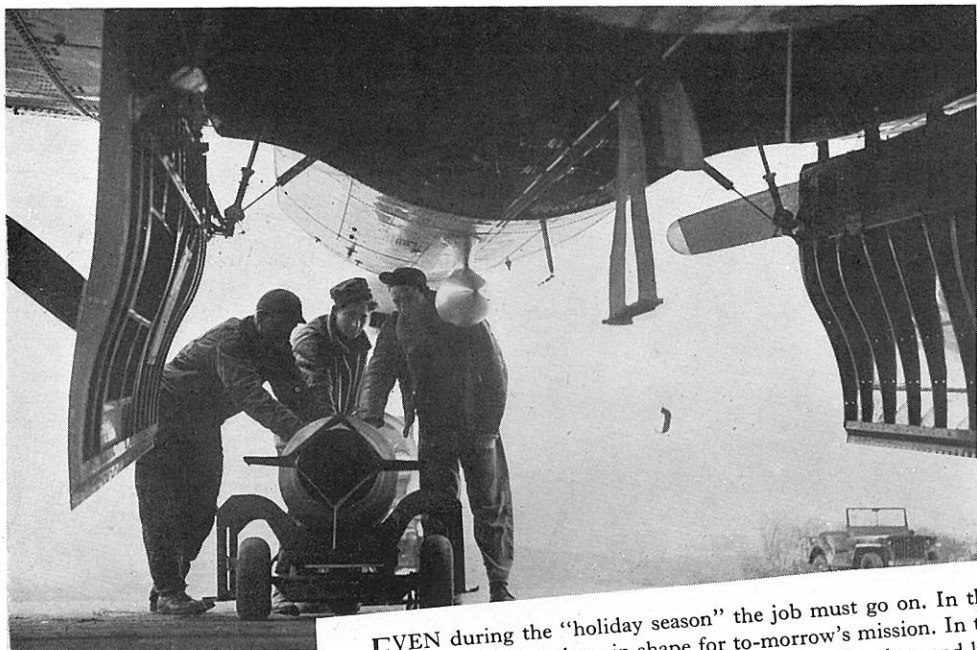


SO far as possible, under war conditions, personnel of this base are starting the New Year in the traditional way. Throughout the holiday season there have been special services in the station chapel. Hundreds of turkeys have come out of the mess hall ovens. There have been holiday dances for officers and men. But the highlight of the season takes place on the other side of the English Channel, where a bunch of French war orphans spend New Year's Day opening package after package of dolls and toys and candy—sent them by the officers and men of this Group.



WHEN you start figuring how much fuel is required to keep our B-17s flying you're likely to forget some of the bigger items. They couldn't go to Germany and back, day after day, on gasoline alone. For instance, it also takes 1,500 pounds of potatoes a day. This high octane fuel flows so smoothly that one is hardly aware of it unless some of the ingredients are lacking. Then the engine may sputter just a little, as it did during the recent cigaret shortage. The mixture on this field includes such items as six tons of coffee each week, 58,000 feet of movie film, 2,100 pounds of incoming mail. Occasionally there is a dance (left), a football game (right). It's all a part of the refueling assignment that helps get our aircraft there and back.



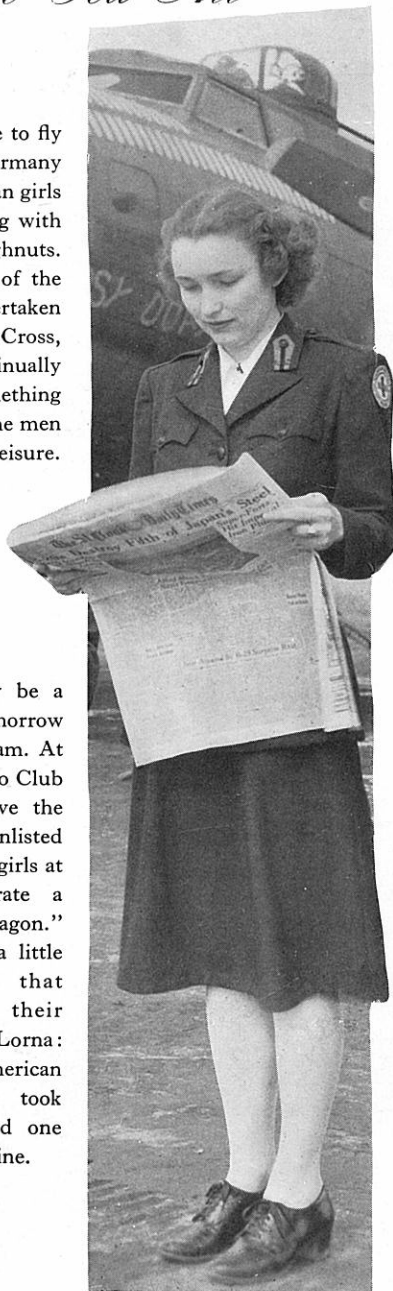


EVEN during the "holiday season" the job must go on. In the tech sites maintenance crews scramble over their planes, putting them in shape for to-morrow's mission. In the communications office teletypes are clattering out their orders from higher headquarters. In propeller shop and kitchen, sentry post and motor pool, instrument shop and control tower—everywhere the work goes on, bringing that much closer the day when the true spirit of Christmas will be felt throughout the world.

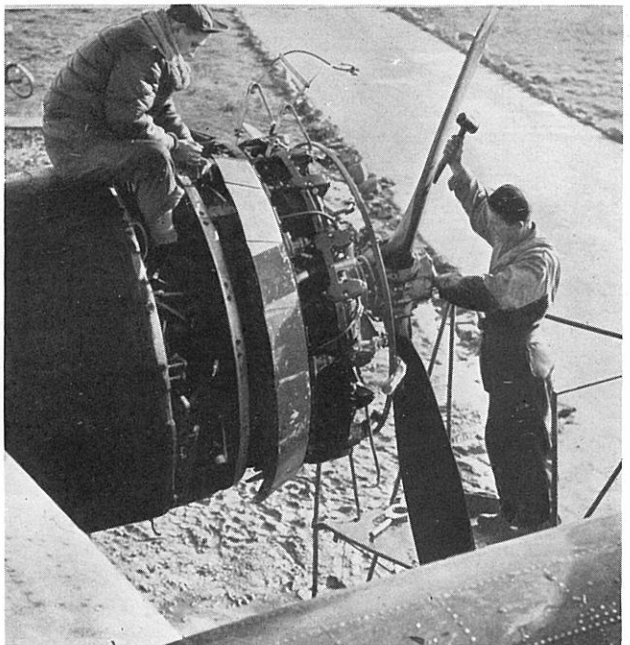


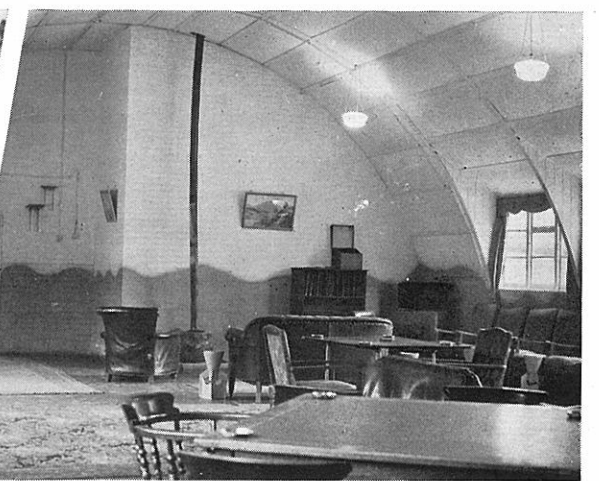
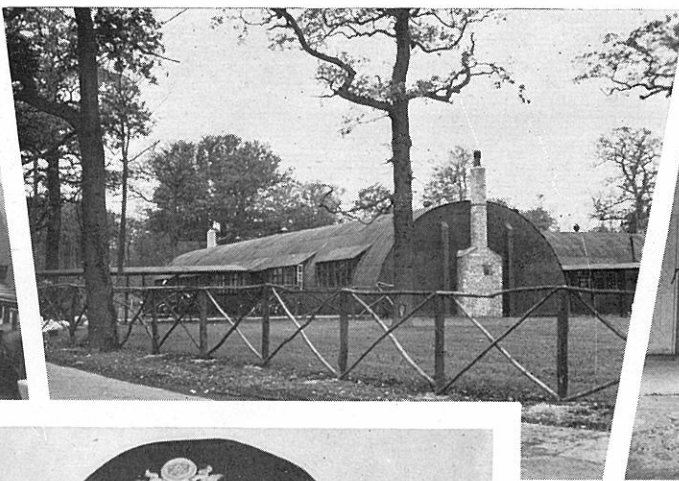
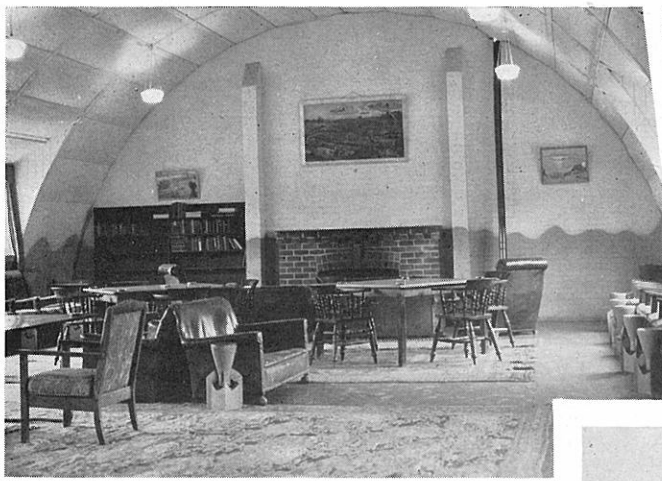
*A
Happy New Year
To You All*

IT'S pretty nice to fly back from Germany and find American girls like these waiting with coffee and doughnuts. That's just one of the varied jobs undertaken by the Red Cross, which is continually thinking up something new to occupy the men during their leisure.



Tonight it may be a quiz contest; tomorrow a musical program. At all times the Aero Club is ready to serve the needs of the enlisted man. The three girls at the right operate a "doughnut wagon." There may be a little plagiarism in that slogan above their heads. As for Lorna: Yes, that's an American newspaper she took time off to read one day out on the line.

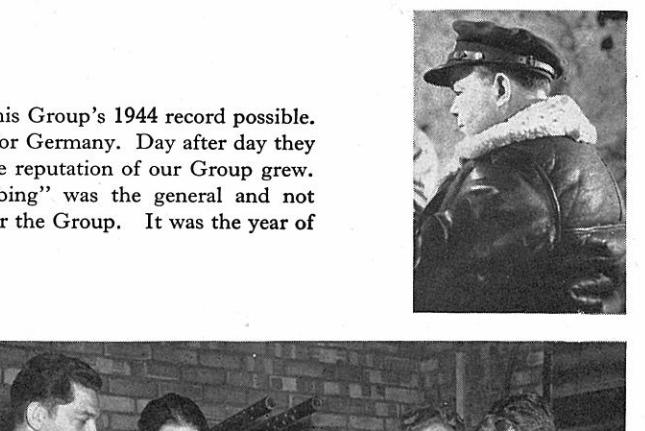
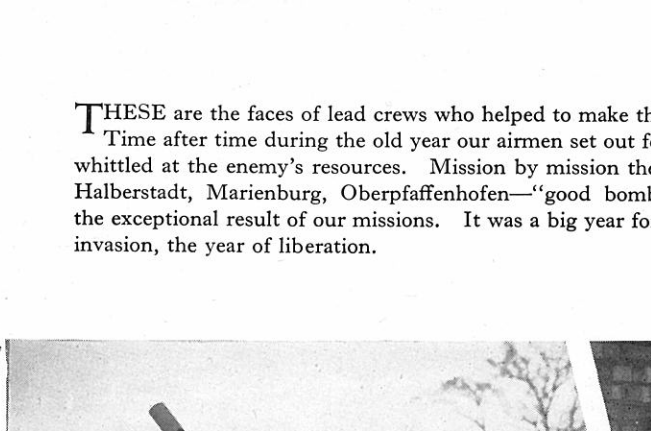




"TO the officers and men of this Group I wish the best of everything in 1945. As individuals and as a fighting unit, you have given me something of which to be intensely proud. Happy New Year."—Lt.-Col. Milton.



THE force of a strong military personality was brought to this station when Lt.-Col. Theodore R. Milton took over the command recently. He was born in Schofield Barracks in the Island of Hawaii, graduated from the Military Academy at West Point, went on to Randolph and Kelly for more training—now wears the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with three clusters, and the Purple Heart.



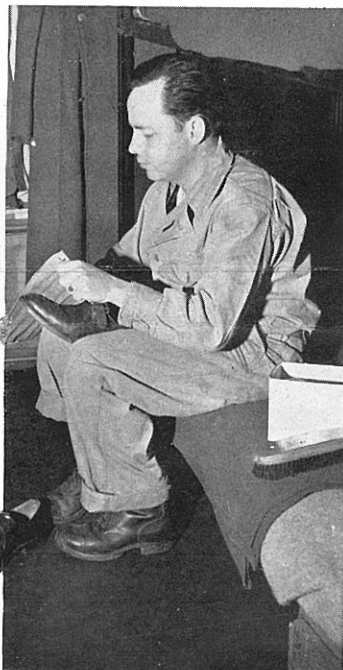
THESE are the faces of lead crews who helped to make this Group's 1944 record possible. Time after time during the old year our airmen set out for Germany. Day after day they whittled at the enemy's resources. Mission by mission the reputation of our Group grew. Halberstadt, Marienburg, Oberpfaffenhofen—"good bombing" was the general and not the exceptional result of our missions. It was a big year for the Group. It was the year of invasion, the year of liberation.





ON the other side of the English Channel more than 2,000 French war orphans spent New Year's Day opening packages from the men of this Group. Toys which came all the way across the Atlantic formed the bulk of the gifts, but there also were crates of candy bars and cookies, donated from their rations by our officers and men. In addition, monetary gifts totalling well over \$2,000 were used to purchase equipment and supplies for several orphanages.

In the series of pictures at the right you see a G-I surrounded by London evacuees at a children's party held on the base. Then there was the occasion when the photographer found Sylvia, a British war orphan adopted by one of our squadrons, walking around the base with two of her 500 foster fathers. The other picture was taken as the Group prepared to play Santa Claus for the French children. It shows soldiers handing over their packages to a French Red Cross worker at the special receiving tent set up near the station theater. Most of us will never see those French kids, but somehow we feel we are getting 1945 off to a better start.



A SCENE which has provoked many an Anglo-Saxon monosyllable is shown in the series below. It's a daily part of your combat experiences—a fight with a stubborn coke stove. The steps involved in the fire-starting process are as follows: (1) You set out in search of combustible materials, returning with an armload of paper and a few scraps of wood and a bucket of coke, (2) the paper usually burns pretty well, (3) there is a half-hour of gentle fanning and blowing and pampering, (4) the fire goes out. When you have turned completely blue you give up trying to read or write letters and crawl into the sack, which is piled high with blankets, overcoats, mackinaws, and anything else which might keep out the cold. Eventually you drift off to sleep, only to awaken in a pool of sweat in the middle of the night. With another Anglo-Saxon monosyllable, you get up and try to slow down that blankety-blank stove—which now that you don't need it has started roaring merrily.

