

## Plane News, Born at Sea, Is A. E. F. Vet

First Edition Published in  
Baltic in 1917

Today The Plane News casts aside its cloak of retirement and stands ready to return with its buddies—both old and new—to the far corners of the earth.

It was in August of 1917 that the famous 1st Res. Aero Squadron left what is now known as Roosevelt Field for service "Over There." That squadron, bolstered by the Fordham Ambulance Unit and several squadrons from Texas, were aboard the 'Baltic' which also was carrying guns and ammunition for Russia. The Baltic was flagship of a convoy upon which the Germans had placed a heavy price, but the price never had to be paid.

In the closing hours of the journey, while the Baltic was lying in the Irish Sea inside Bergenhead Light, an enemy submarine suddenly broke water and released a torpedo broadside at the Baltic. But the ship's quick thinking captain had the Baltic swung bow on and the torpedo, striking only a glancing blow, failed to detonate.

### Dolan Among Founders

General Spaatz and many others of our present air leaders still consider this a top thrill—or chill—of World War 1.

Somewhere in those 3,000 miles of sub infested waters The Plane News rolled from the ship's press to become the first newspaper published in the A. E. F. Among its founders was Capt. W. E. Dolan, our present Group C-2, C-3, C-4, C-5, C-6, C-7, C-8, C-9, C-10, C-11, C-12, C-13, C-14, C-15, C-16, C-17, C-18, C-19, C-20, C-21, C-22, C-23, C-24, C-25, C-26, C-27, C-28, C-29, C-30, C-31, C-32, C-33, C-34, C-35, C-36, C-37, C-38, C-39, C-40, C-41, C-42, C-43, C-44, C-45, C-46, C-47, C-48, C-49, C-50, C-51, C-52, C-53, C-54, C-55, C-56, C-57, C-58, C-59, C-60, C-61, C-62, C-63, C-64, C-65, C-66, C-67, C-68, C-69, C-70, C-71, C-72, C-73, C-74, C-75, C-76, C-77, C-78, C-79, C-80, C-81, C-82, C-83, C-84, C-85, C-86, C-87, C-88, C-89, C-90, C-91, C-92, C-93, C-94, C-95, C-96, C-97, C-98, C-99, C-100.

A sidelight on that trip overseas is given by Thomas W. Ward, one of the originators of this paper's predecessor:

"The journey had been a tedious one," recalls Mr. Ward, now of Freeport, L. I. "I remember Reggie Brooks passing his hours on this trip by painting portraits. He also was helpful to me in preparing the first soldier newspaper, which was composed on the ship's press in spite of many obstructions finally overcome.

"Remember chuckling over some of Hagerty's crazy recipes, and his prophecy of 'I'm the guy who is going to put mudguards on the aeroplanes,' which Rickenbacker had to do later to save the props that were being destroyed fast by the mud and stones of Issoudun. Walter Maguire got quite a kick out of the reference to himself and DuFresne being appointed guardians of the seagulls."

### Who's Who in Air

A roster of men identified with the Aero Squadron, of which The Plane News was the voice, reads like a Who's Who of the Air World—Col. Ray Bolling, Seth Low, Blair Thaw, Jim Miller, Quentin Roosevelt, Cord Meyer, Hobry Baker, Phil Carrol, Francis Walton, all were members of the original unit. Among the cadets who passed through the training school it set up at Issoudun, France, were Gil Winant, present ambassador to Britain, and Colonel Graham, Charley Dolan and Jimmie Doolittle.

Col. Eddie Rickenbacker was engineering officer, later becoming the commanding officer of the famous Hat-in-the-Ring combat squadron. Major Bill Thaw and Rowl Lufbarry both drew pilots and enlisted men from the aero's units to add to their own ace squadrons. It was a Issoudun, too, that Frank Luke and his fellow Canadians developed the technique which enabled Luke, a few months later, to ride the Red Knight of Germany, Von Richtofen, from the sky.

In the varied activities of those men, The Plane News was there as the voice of America's infant air force. The paper also covered several bouts fought by a young marine from the First Air Depot in

## Introducing . . . Your Newspaper

Here it is, the newspaper we hope will remain the voice of our Group until Hirohito and Hitler call quits.

Whether its on the high seas or the desert, in elaborate quarters or dugouts, this paper will be greeting you periodically until the time comes to be mustered out. If presses are available it will come to you in this form. If we can't print it we'll mimeograph it; if we can't mimeograph it we'll write it out in longhand.

Make it your paper. If you have any suggestions or contributions, leave them at your Orderly Room.

## Commander



Maj. Gen. Davenport Johnson, commander of the Second Air Force, is one of that handful of veterans who have been flying for the army for more than a quarter of a century, and was one of the original readers of Plane News at Issoudun France. A native Texan, Gen. Johnson graduated from West Point in 1912. He was in the infantry at that time, but four years later he transferred to the aviation section of the signal corps, and he's been in the air service ever since. As a brigadier general, he was made assistant chief of the army air corps in October, 1940, subsequently served as head of the Caribbean defense command. He is a graduate of the army war college, the command and general staff school, and the air service field officers' school. The air force he now commands stretches from the Mississippi river to the western coastal range and from the Canadian border to Mexico. Maj. Gen. Johnson was awarded the Silver Star and the Purple Heart during the last war.

Romarantin, France—you may have heard of him, Gene Tunney.

That was a quarter of a century ago, but today many of those men are back in the service of their country. And today The Plane News joins them, an old timer back to speak for a new group of airmen as they carry the battle to Tokyo and Berlin.

## Aviation "Greats" Recall Earliest A. E. F. Paper

General Spaatz Among  
First Readers of the  
Plane News

Aviation was still wrapped in swaddling clothes when a young flier by the name of Spaatz left his DeHaviland on the runway and walked into the hanger to pick up his copy of THE PLANE NEWS.

The flier was Carl Spaatz, the scene was Issoudun, France, and the time was early fall, 1917.

General Carl Spaatz was only one of many illustrious men who were identified, in one way or another, with those early editions of the paper. The list also includes Eddie Rickenbacker, Frank Luke, Carroll Cone, Casey Jones, Charles D'Olive and Quentin Roosevelt, all of whom were trainees or instructors at the Third Aviation Instruction Centre at Issoudun.

The commanding officer at Issoudun was red headed Carl Spaatz.

A few years earlier Spaatz, then a cadet at West Point, happened to get a glimpse of an awkward flying contraption fighting its way through the sky above him. In that airplane Glenn Curtis was making a record breaking flight from Albany to New York. Curtis didn't know it, but besides setting a record that day he was helping to shape the career of a young cadet who today is leading the American air assault on Marshall Rommel's Afrika Corps.

For that glimpse of Curtis's record flight started him thinking of the army in terms of the air.

Spaatz had entered West Point in 1910. Six years later he was with General Pershing looking for Pancho villa in Mexico. Then came the first world war, and Spaatz sailed for France. He was assigned to a pilot training job at Issoudun, where The Plane News was leading a spasmodic existence as the first newspaper of a small force of American airmen.

Faded files of that newspaper contain frequent references to General Spaatz and his associates, whose work at Issoudun rapidly began to show the shape of things to come. Carl Spaatz returned from France with a Distinguished Service Cross and an unbounded enthusiasm for the air. He was a disciple of the man for whom the B-25 is named, the late Billy Mitchell.

A year ago the General was serving as chief of the air force combat command when he was suddenly removed to take the important assignment as commander of the Eighth Army Air Force in England. There he remained until taking over the Africa job last December. The result may be seen daily in the communique from Tunisia, where the Air Forces are doing a whale of a job.

Only a few weeks ago Carl Spaatz was made a lieutenant general. He had gone a long way from the open cockpit days described in yellowed copies of his Issoudun newspaper, The Plane News.

## Flying Forts and Heavy Guns to Win War, Says Peaslee



Col. Peaslee

### Comd. Officer Expects Big Things of Group

If you're around the Colonel long enough—and it doesn't take long—you get a pretty definite idea of what he thinks of this organization and the men in it.

It's tops. Col. Budd J. Peaslee is so sure of that himself that simply being in his presence is enough to make a fellow's skin prickle with pride—pride in the absolute certainty that he's in the best damn outfit in the whole damn army.

It's nothing more than a simple truth to the colonel.

"This group already has been first in a lot of things," he will tell you. "And it is going to continue to be first."

Then he'll sort of shrug his shoulders, as though wondering why he happened to mention a truth so self evident it doesn't require any elaboration.

### A Flying Man

Colonel Budd J. Peaslee is a flying man, the kind of a flying man who doesn't sit when he can walk, doesn't walk when he can run, and doesn't run when he can crawl into a fuselage and ride. His initial purpose in getting into the Army was because it offered a convenient way of learning to fly. He stayed because in addition to learning to fly he developed a love of the Army, itself.

A year ago—or almost a year ago—the colonel bumped into his old friend, Jimmie Doolittle, in San Francisco, and ever since that night he's been kicking himself for not stowing away in Doolittle's plane. For that was the night, the colonel learned later, that Doolittle set off for the Shangri-La from which American planes took off on their bombing flight to Tokyo.

The colonel and Jimmie have been close friends since 1928. They were stationed together at that time, Doolittle conducting a safe flying campaign and Colonel Peaslee, fresh from flying school, getting in his first licks in his attempt to satisfy his craving for high altitudes.

The Colonel's Army career began shortly after he left the University of Nevada, which he attended upon his graduation from high school at Salinas, California.

He went to the flying schools at San Antonio, Texas, graduating from Brooks and Kelly Fields in 1927. He subsequently attended the Air Corps Technical Armament School and finally, in 1936 and 1937, the Air Corps Tactical School. As a command pilot he has an enviable record, holding ratings as expert bombardier, celestial and dead reckoning navigator, aircraft observer, and expert aerial gunner.

### A "Perfect" Flight

He took part in the first mass flight of land-based planes from California to Hawaii. The colonel refers to that as "a perfect flight," everything going according to plan, celestial navigation putting the flight directly over Diamond Head.

At the outbreak of the war Col. Peaslee was at Sacramento Air Depot, serving as liaison officer between the depot and the Fourth Air Force, dispatching bombers to their port of departure as fast as they were fully equipped.

Prior to beginning his present assignment, the colonel was commanding officer at Salina, Kansas, where he activated the 346th, a processing group of the 21st wing.

Although his great love is the B-17, Colonel Peaslee flew fighters and pursuits long before he ever goosed the throttle of a heavy bomber. For two years in the early '30s he was stationed in Hawaii, where he was among those pilots testing the old Curtiss Hawk, first

Peaslee

(Continued on Page 3)

## Tunisia Battle Nearing Climax

Reports from the German radio Tuesday indicated that the axis will make a last stand in Tunisia along a natural defense line stretching from the coast, west of Bizerte, south to Mendez El Bab and Pont du Fahs, and from there south to Enfidaville. The Germans asserted it "should prove more formidable to the British coming up from the south than the Mareth line."

### JAP DRIVE REPULSED

From the Allied Headquarters in Australia came the report of an attack by 100 Jap planes on Port Moresby, in what was their heaviest aerial attack of the entire war in this theater.

Thirty-seven of the raiders were shot down or badly damaged in new losses so severe that the enemy's aerial offensive probably has been curbed, allied headquarters announced.

The Japanese have lost 76 planes in the last two days and it is believed that the enemy's offensive has been blunted and his immediate plans dislocated. In addition to the planes lost at Port Moresby, the allied headquarters reported that 15 others were lost in actions early this week.

### 20,000 PRISONERS

Reports from the allied headquarters in north Africa indicated that the allies were almost within gunshot of the new axis mountain line. Rommel's rear guard offered only slight opposition as it raced the final 25 miles under a hail of aerial bombs to join other forces now encamped behind emplacements.

It was officially announced that the British Eighth army has captured 20,000 prisoners since March 20.

## A Globe-Girdling Job, but—

# Air Transport Gets It There . . . . .

THE NEXT time you are confronted with five or six tasks that have to be completed at once, the job might not seem nearly so insurmountable if you take a quick look at what the Air Transport Command has accomplished almost at the snap of a finger.

Even as you are reading this, thousands of tons of war materials are being set down on jungle fringed airports of the equator, on frozen landing fields of the far north, on makeshift fields in every beleaguered section of the world.

This steady flow of aircraft and materials, in a quantity and at a speed undreamed of when Hitler set the world at war with his invasion of Poland, has been made possible by cooperative effort that

resulted in organization of the Air Transport Command.

Less than two years ago the necessities of Lend-Lease resulted in the formation of what was then known as the Ferrying Command.

Making use of already established civil airline facilities, the Ferrying Command launched its globe girdling enterprise on June 7, 1941. It had one purpose: To fly planes to lend-lease recipients and thus save both time and valuable cargo space.

Early in 1942 the Ferrying Command was divided into two wings, one for domestic ferrying and the other for foreign ferrying. In June—less than a year ago—the ferrying, transport and various other commands were consolidated into what is now called the Air Trans-

port Command, with Major General Harold George in charge.

Its job: To deliver aircraft throughout the world; to transport personnel, materiel and mail for the War Department; to establish and operate air routes to every vital section of the globe.

How well it is accomplishing that stupendous job is evident in Russia and Africa, in the Aleutians and the Solomons. In a little factory in our own midwest a worker slaps on a final bolt; the completed article is snatched away; and in a matter of hours it is serving the Allies 10,000 miles away.

So don't let your own little tasks bother you. Just plow in and surprise yourself for being able to get five or six things done at the same time.

## THE PLANE NEWS

of Sioux City, Iowa.

Published by the Heavy Bombardment Group at Army Air Base, Sioux City, Iowa. Address all communications to The Plane News, A. A. B. Sioux City Iowa.

The policies or statements in The Plane News represent the views of the editors and under no circumstances are to be considered those of the United States Army. Articles represent Personal opinions of the members of the Staff only.

News matter contained in The Plane News is Available for general release.

### STAFF

Capt. W. E. Dolan  
1st Lieut. W. J. McNeill  
2nd Lieut. W. E. Owens  
2nd Lieut. F. E. Rosewater

## In Memoriam

Somewhere among the chain of landing fields linking the United States there should be a Woodward airport.

In no more fitting way could tribute be paid to that intrepid trail blazer, Jack Woodward of Des Moines, Ia., who gave his life to aviation. Woodward was a member of the famous Aero squadron with which the Plane News originated. He stayed with aviation after returning from France, pioneering the airmail route from Salt Lake City to the coast. One day he failed to return. They found his wrecked plane on a mountainside in Wyoming.

To his many friends who served in France during the first world war, nothing would seem more appropriate than the construction of an airport honoring the name of Jack Woodward.

## Military Secrecy

The purpose of all military training is efficiency in combat. Individual training is made as realistic as possible with a view toward developing the teamwork, efficiency and organization necessary for smooth functioning in actual battle.

In the training stages, intelligence and its counter measures

### THE WISE OWL

The wise old owl  
Lived in an old oak.  
The more he saw  
The less he spoke.  
The less he spoke,  
The more he heard.  
Why can't we be  
Like that wise old bird?

are exceedingly difficult to impress on the soldier, because an enemy is necessary to make intelligence realistic. What we fail to realize is that our enemy IS here. He is hard to recognize because he hides behind guile and seeming innocence.

That is the reason every one of us must guard against the release of military information. The only effective way to combat enemy agents is by maintaining strict silence concerning military affairs. The enemy wants to learn all he can about troop movements, not only overseas, but at home as well. He wants to know where units are located, their state and type of training. And he gets this information from careless talk by soldiers, or from their letters to friends.

All members of this command are a part of a team, and each is charged with the responsibility of secrecy. Our entire mission might easily be a failure if this is overlooked.

## On Course

It is important that each of us feels secure in the fact that we have utilized to the utmost those training hours that will protect us as individuals and as a unit. This war is not being fought by men who have no regard for their lives; the actual fighting is being done by men who realize that they will "come back" only if they put out and try to learn as thoroughly as possible the necessary tricks of the trade.

The men placed in charge of your training are men who realize that only if they do their job in the most efficient manner will you benefit. The subjects taught, however small, add up in the end to victory for your side. It is up to you and you alone to place in your own mind a feeling of confidence in yourself. Ask yourself; can I hold my own? That statement is meaningless to anyone but you.

## Wing Slips

**H**ARD to imagine anyone losing an article as large as a jeep but that very thing happened in one of our squadrons the other day. After waiting some time for the vehicle to show up, one of the boys jumped in a jeep and began a systematic search of the field. He drove all over the post, finally gave up and returned to the squadron area. When he hopped out of his vehicle a brilliant idea came to him. Acting on it he made a quick check and—

Probably you've guessed it: All this time he'd been riding around in the missing jeep.

**Student Pilot: Can a fellow always depend on his rudder?  
Instructor: No, but you can bank on your ailerons.**

The transportation department reports having trouble with officers who seem to have developed manias for jeep jipping. It took a full morning to round up the entire fleet of one squadron the other day. Success finally came when pilots were told they could jeep again after completing 1,000 B-17 hours.

If a student of psychology had followed Lieut. Ray Lindsey around he could have written a book on "The Death Throes of Bachelorhood." Lieut. Lindsey, who is a squadron adjutant, was married last Friday. Here are some of the incidents occurring during his last 24 hours as bachelor: He had been sitting quietly at his desk when he suddenly got up and whispered, audibly enough for everyone in the orderly room to hear, "Gosh, I can't concentrate." In one six-hour period he received four telegrams from his bride, who was enroute here by train. To make sure he wouldn't miss the 11:30 train on which she was arriving, he started for the railroad station at 8:30 a. m. At one time during his agony he went to a horse opera to get away from it all. And finally, he failed to show up for the bachelor party given in his honor at a downtown hotel.

**Pilot: Now that I've told you about my adventures in the A. A. F., are there any questions you'd like to ask?**

**The Girl Friend: Yes, Honey. What do they need the other pilots for?**

**Modern flying machines may be pretty good, but still the last word in airplanes is—  
"Bail out."**

**First New Pilot: How could you tell that third plane near us was a Jerry?**

**Veteran: Because three's a kraut.**

One lieutenant in our group parked his jeep in the wrong place the other day. When he returned he found he had been given a "ticket." It was only through the use of technique No. 67, which had worked so successfully in 1939 on the cop in Nashville, that said lieutenant convinced the provost marshal that prosecution was not necessary.

**The world certainly is getting air minded. Even Time flies**

This story has been making the rounds, but so far the only one to vouch for its veracity is Ullysses Utz, the imaginary character story appears on Page 4.

It seems that a rookie paratrooper was being given instruction on the use of the parachute. The instructor made "bailing out" seem as easy as breathing: You simply jumped out, counted to 10, then the 'chute would open and you would be floating down on air.

"But what if it doesn't open?" asked the recruit.

"Just count to 10 again, then yank the rip cord for the emergency 'chute. It'll open and let you down as light as a feather." There'll be a truck on the field waiting to pick you up when you land."

Came the fateful day, hour, minute—and our would-be parachutist stepped from his plane into the empty space. He counted to 10 . . . but the 'chute failed to open. He counted 10 more and tried the emergency . . . still nothing happened. With the earth diving up to meet him, our rookie lost all faith in the promises of his instructor.

"Bet that darn truck won't be there, either," he muttered.

## Gen. Spaatz



Lieut. General Carl Spaatz recently named commander of the allied Air Forces in North Africa was a member of the group aboard the Baltic in 1917 when the PLANE NEWS was started. General Spaatz at the time a Major later became Commanding Officer of the 3rd A. I. C. at Issoudun, France where PLANE NEWS continued to function as the Base paper.

## Capt. Dolan



Sometimes in the forefront, often behind the scenes, but always active in the affairs of the group is Capt. William E. Dolan, head of the Intelligence section. Capt. Dolan was a flier in the last war, wears the wings of France as well as those of his native United States. Bears a striking resemblance to W. Churchill of No. 10 Downing street.

## The Chaplain Says

By Chaplain Dayle R. Schnelle

Some time ago a very famous American was giving an address in the interest of public morale. In this speech he made this remark, "We are fighting God's war for Him." The two following questions may help us clarify our thinking.

First, what kind of war is God waging? This is no difficult question. His is a war against Sin and all the forces of Evil. Surely, we say, this describes Hitler. But God's war is not against a man or men. His war is for them. He would destroy the evil that makes men like Hitler possible.

Second, who can fight God's war? Naturally, the only soldier who can fight for the United States are soldiers of the United States. In like manner, God's war is fought by His soldiers. Just any man cannot claim that honor. God has laid down certain requirements to which we must conform if we are to be in His army.

From this we may draw our conclusions. We must not blame

God for our failures and our weaknesses. We cannot force God to join "our side" and exclude another. Our only hope for a final victory and a lasting peace is not in getting God on our side but for us to join "God's side."

### CLEVER, THOSE CHINESE

Japanese soldiers are issued two kinds of shoes: ordinary brogans, which are considerably more clumsy than our own G. I. variety, and a rubber-soled number called "tabi," which has a separation between the big toe and the rest of the foot.

When the Chinese are in doubt as to the nationality of a captured Asiatic soldier, they make him take his shoes off. If his sox have a separate "thumb" for the big toe, or if there is a callous between the big toe and the next one, nine chances out of ten he's a Jap.

You've probably heard about the sky writer who flew through the air with the greatest of E's.

## Squadron News

### Capt. Nuttall's Squadron

The boys are doing all right here. Whether it is spring in the air or just Sioux City, Ia., I don't know but they are certainly keeping the marriage license bureau busy. Even our adjutant, 2nd Lieut. R. L. Lindsey, has taken the plunge.

Must be catching. Staff Sergeant Brace, our parachute man, has taken the biggest jump of his career. He got hooked, too.

Received a telegram from T[5th Gr Paugh of the medical corps who is now on furlough, requesting a six-day extension. Reason: Both his grandmothers are ill. Must want three days for each grandmother.

Lieut. Mazer has taken a leave to visit his wife in Philadelphia.

Question: What 2nd Lieut. of the 544th Armament is making time with a singer from one of the local night clubs?

Stag party for Lieut. Lindsey was held at the West hotel Friday night. Every one had a good time even Major Switzer and Major McMillen.

### Capt. Harris' Squadron

The boys of the Fighting '46th are practically settled in their new quarters. And judging from the consistent run on passes, Sioux City apparently is very much liked.

Private George Loomis is looking for somebody to take care of an extra grill friend. . . . What's wrong, George? Slipping? . . . T[Sgt. William Wagner has been seen working in supply and repairing walks, giving rise to the humor, so far unsubstantiated, that the good sergeant may be in the doghouse. . . . Something strange about Corporal Woody Hinkins. He doesn't seem to like his sleep any more, gets on the job as early as 6 a. m. . . . After several tries, Pfc. William J. Ekry finally made corporal. Congratulations, corporal. . . . Seen on the sidelines: Lieut. James H. Kelly razzing Sgt. Peter Yoskow for being a really good ball player. Two outs on two consecutive errors. Good work, sergeant. . . . In addition to his regular job, First Sergeant Anthony Salta seems to be doing all right, what with seeing his wife every night and so on.

### Capt. Dillingham's Squadron

Well here we are at our new station and now that we are learning to find our way around, we think it's swell. We don't even mind this Iowa grass which we're picking out of our teeth one day and wiping off our shoes the next.

Our heartiest congratulations to Lieuts. Meyers, Keck, Davidson and Taber, who are now using silver polish on their bars. Also a rousing cheer to all the others that have added a stripe or rocker.

Of course the topic of discussion is furloughs. There's nothing like a few days at home to buck a man up for the job we have ahead.

The boys are still ohing and aching over the grand spectacle that our planes presented when they arrived at this base in formation. The very sight of them was enough to tell the people they have a new bomb group with them that's really on its toes.

So we're off to a good start. Let's carry on the good work and when the time comes to leave this field, have everyone convinced that ours was the best outfit to ever come through here.

This is a pretty short column this time, but our big objective was to announce our arrival. What's more, we're glad to be here and—what's even more, everyone else is going to be glad we came. So let's stay on the ball men, and show 'em which squadron is tops.

### Capt. Ketelsen's Squadron

This is like the opening of a letter: "Excuse me for the delay in writing, but," etc.

An excuse is proffered in the presentation of the inaugural edition of squadron news, for the delegated writer was appointed on somewhat short advance notice. Consequently, a slight case of personalized news famine may exist.

Watch for momentous developments soon in the life of Sgt. John Lannefeld. The cause of it all will make its appearance on the premises shortly. The situation is a case of impending bliss.

Captain Raymond P. Ketelsen joins Captain William E. Dolan, Group S-2 officer, in the campaign for the suppression of wild and often dangerous rumors. Those lit-

### Squadron

(Continued on Page 3)

## An Open Letter from Your C. O.

### TO ALL PERSONNEL:

As commanding officer of this group which for the duration of this war will be your home and chief interest I extend my sincere appreciation for the fine spirit and remarkable advancement you have made.

You combat crews have learned to think and work together as a team—your progress is extremely gratifying to me.

To Engineering—All you men on the line, despite the many difficulties and long hours, have demonstrated time and again your ability to do a good job and Keep 'em Flying.

Communications, armament, ordnance, intelligence and the administrative staffs have done an outstanding job in co-ordinating the activities of this group into a balanced efficient unit.

Everyone has taken hold—and I am proud of you—and proud to be the commanding officer of this group.

Remember, we have a definite goal before us . . . to do our best in crushing the enemy. This group, you and I, are dedicated to this task in the service of our country.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,  
BUDD J. PEASLEE,  
Colonel, air corps.

### PEASLEE

(Continued from Page 1)

multiple-gun fighter developed by the Army.

His conversion to bombers came in 1937, when he was identified with the 19th Group. The 19th, one of the most brilliant outfits now engaged in active fighting, changed from medium to heavy bombardment during the four years Col. Peaslee was associated with it.

They got their first Flying Fortresses in 1939, and the Old Man still remembers how proud his outfit was of their big new flying machines.

During that period Col. Peaslee flew with many men who have since become famous—Colin Kelly, Shorty Wheelless, Jack Adams, all those others who have made the 19th a great group. The colonel describes them as serious young men who played hard and worked hard, soldiers who knew the importance of obeying orders.

The results of that policy may be seen in that group's record today.

A native of Santa Cruz, the colonel has a brother now serving in the Field Artillery. The contingencies of war have made it difficult for Col. Peaslee to maintain his family relationships. His nine-year-old son, Richard, and his daughter, Caroline, three years younger, now live with their grandmother, Mrs. G. I. Peaslee, in Santa Cruz.

But he still has his first love—flying.

The colonel has watched airplanes develop from the open cockpit to the covered cockpit and finally to the magnificent flying laboratories of 1943. And he looks forward to bigger and more complete jobs—the flying hotels of the future.

For the present the last word is the B-17.

"The B-17 and the 50 caliber gun will win the war," says Colonel Peaslee. "—with the right men behind them. And we have them!"

The Plane News expresses its sincere appreciation for the help and advice by the staff of The Sioux City Journal. We have found their assistance matched only by their friendliness.

## Flying Fortress

(Reprinted from SALVO)

Twin fifties prod from side and tail,  
With turrets up and down;  
Its innard 'neath the wing is stuffed  
With eggs to flat a town.

With names as "Virgin," "Yankee Boy,"  
And others not so tame,  
Still 'Flying Fortress' as she's known  
Has reached the greatest fame.

Four motors roar and to the blue  
Five thousand horses paw;  
And those who've heard the Fortress'  
deeds  
Have right to gaze with awe.

A score of Mezzies, Zeros, too,  
Have dived on Fortress' neck,  
To find themselves 'out on a limb,"  
Their dive by fifties checked.

A monument we'll build some day,  
And at its blazing peak  
We'll mount a Fortress, guns and all,  
In tribute, so to speak.

### SQUADRON

(Continued from Page 2)

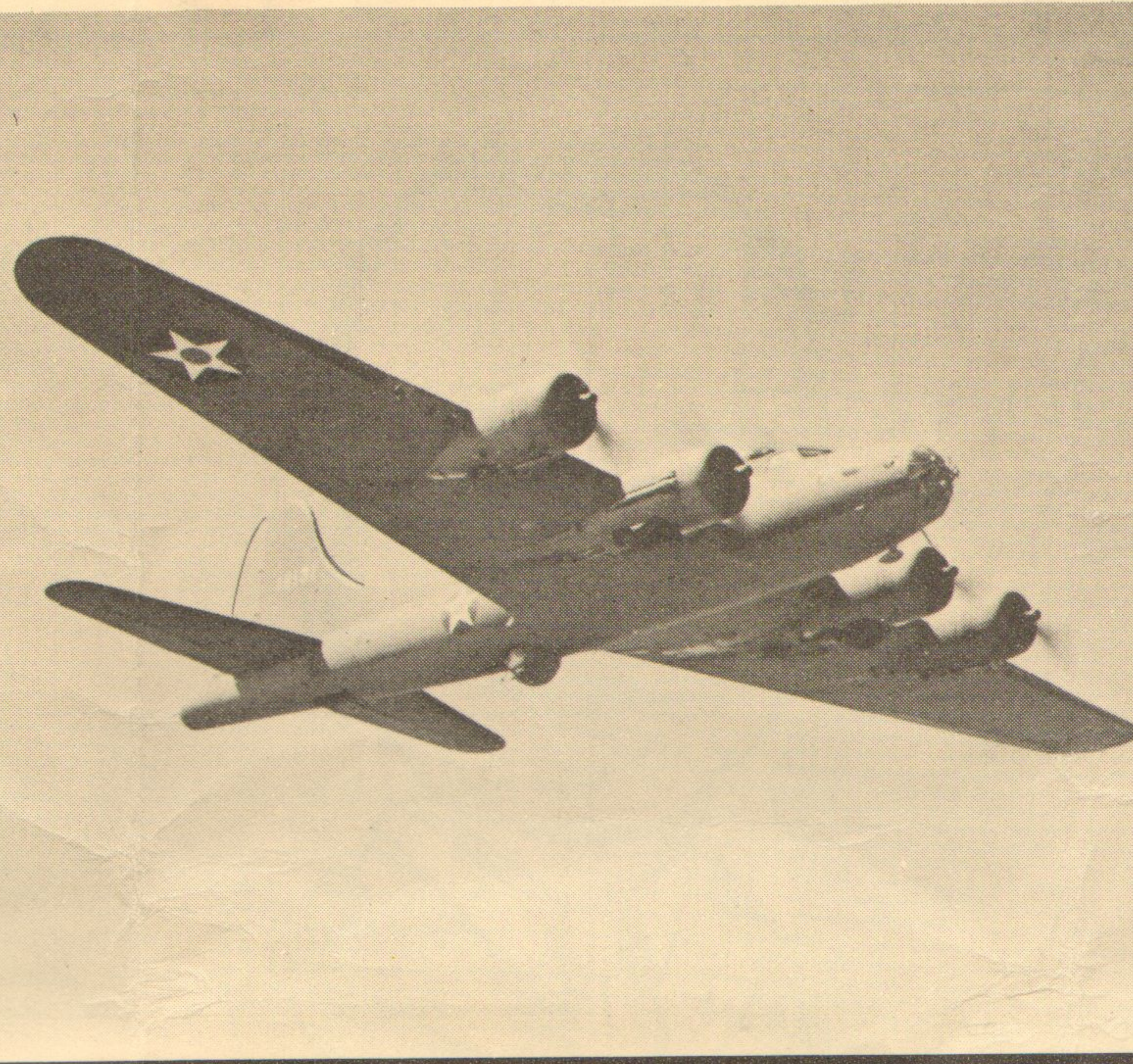
tle, innocent tales that originate (etiquette forbids the lurid identification of that particular place) are permissible, the two officers contend, but those of maior proportions should be squashed before they gather momentum. So watch what you say and where you say it. Follow these principles and you will be doing yourself a favor.

Our very human and understanding first sergeant, George Connors, is experiencing a land office business in the matter of issuing nightly passes to the squadron personnel. Back in the wilds of Wendover passes went practically begging, but this is civilization, as one and all will readily agree. The only drawback is that permits to leave the post are rationed at the rate of three per week. Seven nights' celebration crammed into three is a rather large order.

More than one individual, uniformed and civilian alike, gazed in awe at the skies when the group's handsome formation of planes flew into the new base from a westerly direction. The organization's men of the air conclusively demonstrated why the group is judged probably the best trained unit to reach this base.

Help wanted: Espionage agents to assist a squadron news gatherer better perform the duties of his office. Apply S-2 office and bring samples of work, which will be greedily accepted.

## NOW . . . . AND THEN



As different as the spellings of "aeroplane" and "airplane," the World War Spad and the modern Flying Fortress represent two distinct eras in the history of aviation. When the three pioneer aviators posed for the above picture, back in 1917, the Spad was the last thing in fighting "aeroplanes." Years of evolution changed the picture. Now there is no more formidable airplane in the world than America's Flying Fortress.

In every theater of action today the Flying Fort has proved that it can take it as well as give it. Well protected and well armed, it has built up an enviable record for doing its job and getting back.

Incidentally, the gentleman in the center of the top picture is Charles Graham, now a colonel in the Army Air Forces—until recently stationed in Sioux City.

Col. Graham and men like him could hardly have envisioned today's flying laboratories when they flew their Spads into combat back in 1917 and 1918.

Aviation itself was in its industrial childhood. Indeed, at the outset of World War 1 airplanes were thought of simply as a means of keeping track of the enemy. As a part of the Signal Corps, they were used for observation purposes.

Then someone carried a shotgun up with him, and suddenly pilots were taking pot-shots at each other as they passed. It was not until machine guns were synchronized to fire through the propeller that airplane's became deadly, so far as combat is concerned.

In those open-cockpit days the pilot had little protection. But in the period between wars military men began developing means of protecting their fliers. The United States seems to have placed more emphasis on protection than other nations, as may be seen daily in the accounts of combat. The Flying Fortress became the best-armed airplane in the world.

Only a quarter of a century apart, the Spad and the Fortress, shown above, represent the "best" in their respective eras.

## On Gremlins

A Gremlin is someone, something or nothing, that for no reason, unaccountably and without warning causes things to go wrong or disappear . . . important papers are whisked away from the desk in front of you . . . you drive nine nails and the 10th bends over . . . an instrument working perfectly for months will suddenly do a Margie Hart . . . or the common ordinary variety of zipper may be attacked by a platoon of "Them" and there you are, gentlemen, neither here nor there.

There are many different kinds of Gremlin and latest reports at S-2 indicate they have an ex-

### Picture of Sioux City Gremlin

cellent classification system and are turning out experts in every line of the Duey-Decimal. One of the common types of the "Wolf Gremlin" and like his human counterpart he likes to "annoy" the ladies . . . he takes the curl out of curly hair . . . makes them 15 minutes late for every appointment . . . and then decides that they should go home just when we want to Wolf a little ourselves.

Then we have other little enemies that make the coffee cold and the milk warm . . . the bread hard and the butter soft. Just in parting let us remind you that a Squadron of Gremlin is assigned to each of us and is always on the job ???-\*(-\$??)\*they've just run off with the punch line of this colyn and we're going to press . . . so long . . . see you next week.

### TEST YOURSELF

1. What are "trim tabs?"
2. How much does a "Blockbuster" weigh?
3. Is "Fliegerkorps" the German word for "flak?"
4. What type plane bombed Berlin on the Reich's 10th birthday?
5. What is "dihedral?"
6. What is "azimuth?"
7. What is the meaning of "service ceiling?"
8. Is the Grumman Wildcat also known as the F4U?
9. Is "Havoc" another name for the A-20?
10. Did the U. S. invade Guadalcanal last November?
11. What is the largest tactical organization of aviation units in the U. S. Army?
12. Were aircraft first used for military purposes by the French Army under Napoleon or the British in World War I?
13. What is a Rhumb line?
14. Which of these airplanes has a gull wing: JU88, Wellington, 8-25, Halifax, Zero?
15. Only one British four-engine bomber has angular, square-tipped wings. Is it the Halifax, Stirling, or Lancaster?

## AROUND THE BARRACKS

By F. E. R.



# Darius Greene Makes First Crash Landing

## Being a Pocket History of Aviation

"Birds kin fly, so why can't I?" That Idea, first expressed in the fabled poem of Darius Green and His Flying Machine, had been in the back of men's minds for centuries before the Wright brothers brought it to reality with their Kitty Hawk adventure.

Even the ancient Greeks had their mythical Icarot, who escaped from prison on wings made of feathers and wax. The trouble with Icarot was that he felt so exuberant soaring around in the sky that he flew too near the sun. The wax melted and down came Icarot in the first crash landing on record.

Outside of fable, the process that eventually led to flying was some 500 years in development.

Back in the Fifteenth Century the great Leonardo DeVinci left sketches of flying machines that recognized many of our present theories of flight. Most of those early would-be birds worked on the idea of wing-flappers.

Then, in 1670, a Franciscan monk decided that if air had weight, NO air would be lighter than SOME air. That shifted thought to lighter-than-air flying, but it was more than a century before the world got its first balloon.

When it came, it came rapidly. In 1872 a Frenchman, noticing that smoke rises in the air, filled a container with smoke and let it go. And in November of the following year, human beings were air-borne for the first time.

The development was rapid, leading in the Nineteenth Century to dirigibles and finally, near the turn of the century, to the Zeppelins with which the Germans made 51 raids on London in the first World War.

Meanwhile, men had not given up their effort to fly in heavier-than-air craft. In 1804 an Englishman made the first practical glider. Then came Otto Lilienthal, the German who made a number of long glider flights, and our own Montgomery, who glided in California in 1883.

It was at the Chicago Fair in 1896 that Chanute, a Frenchman, demonstrated lateral control and started a chain of thought that made possible the Wright accomplishments. The Wrights went to work on it that very year, worked exclusively on gliders until 1903.

Then came their idea of the warped wing—and the powered glider, or "aeroplane," was a reality.

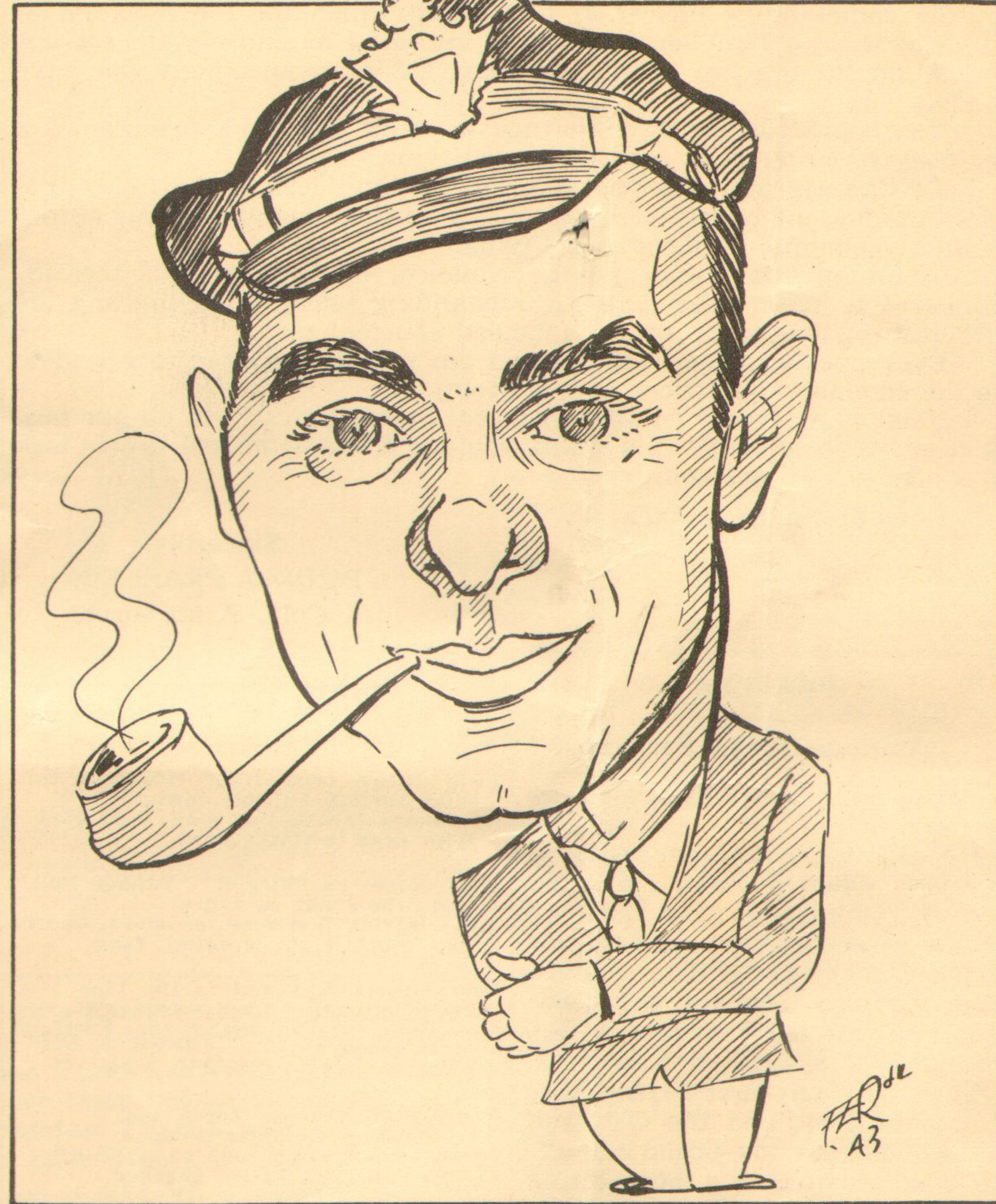
In 1911 the United States army accepted a plane built to its specifications, gave it to the Signal Corps. Then came the period of bailing wire and open cockpits, a period so close that it's hard to visualize when you climb into your B-17's of 1943.

Three thousand years or more after Icarot made his crash landing!

# THE SKIPPER - - - AND HIS AIDE



Col. Budd J. Peaslee, our commanding officer has a wealth of experience behind him and is well qualified to direct the group through this training period and the combat days to come. The colonel has mastered every type of heavier-than-air craft, from the lightest pursuit to the heaviest bomber.



To Capt. Clifford H. Crowe, Jr., falls the task of representing the colonel as the Group adjutant. Capt. Crowe virtually returned to his old stamping grounds when the Group moved to Sioux City. He is a native of Clarion, Iowa, and a graduate of the University of Iowa.

## Army Re-unites College Friends

A strange twist of fate reunited two school day friends, both members of this Group, after they had set out in different directions to answer their country's call.

The two in question are Capt. Clifford H. Crowe, Jr., the Group adjutant, and Lieut. Jack W. McKinnon.

Little did either realize on June 4, 1941, that their paths would next cross far from their native Iowa and with both of them in uniform. It was almost a year and a half later that Lieut. McKinnon, fresh from Officers' Candidate School, reported for duty with this Group.

And the adjutant to whom he reported was the fellow he had left back at Iowa University—Clifford Crowe.

Crowe, then a lieutenant, had come up through R. O. T. C. to win his commission. This week he was notified of his promotion to captain. Lieut. McKinnon had not taken advanced R. O. T. C. at college, went through the Miami Beach school to earn his commission.

After reviving their friendship on the Salt Flats of Utah, both returned to their native state when the Group was ordered to Sioux City. Capt. Crowe is from Clarion, Iowa, while Lieut. McKinnon is from Spencer.

## Sherman Was Right

"Well, men, there's our objective," Our valiant sergeant said, "The zero hour approaches; "Our course is straight ahead."

Our men stood grimly waiting To meet their supreme test; They knew that in this battle Each one must give his best.

At last the sergeant signaled; We charged and charged again; The dust of combat cloaked a mass Of bloody milling men.

A few stormed the objective, The rest lay where they fell; That's how we catch the bus to town— Yes, brother, war is hell. —Reprinted from Topeka State Journal

## STARTED FROM SCRATCH?

In 1935, when Hitler announced he "was going" to have a Luftwaffe, he already had 1,000 first line planes, although the Versailles Treaty was supposed to have ended military flying.

The Luftwaffe was formed about a nucleus of civilian "sports clubs," which in 1932 had more than 60,000 members. When Goering was ready to "organize" his Luftwaffe, the personnel was already trained. They had been trained in the "sports clubs," and in German civil aeronautics lines in South America, and they had men in factories all over the world.

When all these were called back, the German air industry was ready to move.

Buy new Victory War Bonds now.

## Fliers Must Guard Against Tricky

If your microphone comes to life and a high-pitched voice says, "Hey, Joe, wait for me," don't be too sure that an old friend is riding up behind you.

It may be Tojo Hakoijima, trying to fool you with his San Francisco English.

Or it may be Fritz Heindrich. And if it is, you can be sure they have some pals up above waiting for you to satisfy your curiosity.

There are a lot of tricks to guard against in aerial warfare of 1943. They jam your radio and fill it with fake messages. They engage in make-believe dog fights with each other, only to pounce on you when you go over expecting to help a friend. They'll try to edge into your formation as though they belonged there.

And continually they are trying to think of new ways to trick you into leaving your formation—ways to victimize the unwary.

## BETTER THAN SORE FEET

The Troop Carrier Command was organized in June, 1942, to perform a function separate from that of the Air Transport Command. It is the "carrier" organization of the Air Forces. Using gliders and transports, the Troop Carrier Command has the job of moving paratroopers and other troops to the point of attack.

## Quothe the Raven

Poem read by John B. Kennedy on Chevrolet Dealers' Columbia network radio program March 4, 1943:

While the bombers southward flocking Set Italian cities rocking, Suddenly there came a knocking

At Il Duce's office door. He with a heavy decision Opened to admit apparition That had often called before—

Destiny at hand once more. Into that apartment regal Slunk instead a Roman eagle, Moping, molting, and bedraggled, and extremely sick and sore. With its plumage torn and tattered, Beak and talons badly battered, And morale completely shattered, Flapped and flopped upon the floor. Only that and nothing more.

"Answer!" cried the Fascist showman, Emblem of the conquering Roman, Fowl of fate and bird of omen Winging from the Libyan shore . . . When shall my imperial legions Drive the Allies from those regions? When shall I through Alexandria lead the Axis desert corps?" Croaked the eagle: "Nevermore!"

"When, bird, will the Abyssinians Yield up their usurped dominions? When will Suez and Tunisia fall as spoils of glorious war? When will Africa surrender— To Islam's ordained defender— When shall I sweep Mare Nostrum— undisputed conqueror?" Croaked the eagle: "Nevermore."

"When, with Fascist ceremonials, Entering my Rome's colonials, Shall I reign from captive Venice to forfeited Kohedore? When shall my resolve tenacious? Lea do conquests still more spacious? When shall I Rome's worldwide empire of antiquity restore?" Croaked the eagle: "Definitely, positively, unequivocally, categorically, retrievably, inexorably, irrevocably, and finally and for keeps— Nevermore!"

# THE PRIVATE LIFE OF PRIVATE UTZ

## Today: Uley Encounters a Rumor

ULYSSES UTZ, private, United States Army Air Forces, hitched his fatigue cap to the back of his head after kicking the dirt from his shoes at the door of the squadron day room.

There was a mob around the coke machine, so Private Utz whisked a fingerful of perspiration from his forehead as a silent announcement of how hard he'd been working. Then, fumbling in his pocket for a nickel he knew wasn't there, he began the usual process of caging a drink.

Finally he gave up on his "friends" and found it necessary to approach his bay chief, Corporal Zweick. The corporal muttered something about how he guessed he might as well be the sucker today, drew a bottle from the iron vending machine, then suddenly took Private Utz by the arm and led him a few feet away.

"I got the real dope, Uley," he said. He took a quick look behind him, then whispered: "We're sailing for Greenland the 15th of the month!"

"Yeah?" "I'm not joking. That's straight from the Big Wheel."

He must have enjoyed seeing Uley's eyes bulge out. Uley lived from day to day on latrine rumors and ordinarily believed the wildest of them. But this time something strange happened to Uley's conscience. Acting on an inspiration he never will be able to explain, Uley invented a rumor of his own.

"You're away behind, my friend," he said, shaking his head. "I was over at the base a few minutes ago and—well—"

"Where we goin' if it ain't Greenland?"

"I could tell you," lied Uley. "But I ain't sure that I oughta."

"Aw, you could tell me."

"Yeah, I could. But—" Uley

took the last swig from his bottle and deposited the empty in a case. "But I don't wanna get in a jam. You can see that."

"You won't get in no jam."

Uley looked at his corporal carefully to give the impression he was tempted to tell. Then he blurted it out.

"Corporal, we're going to Satellite Field."

"Satellite Field! Where in hell's that?"

"Dunno, but that's where we're going."

His companion eyed him dubiously.

"We ain't goin' to no Satellite Field."

"Hell we ain't." Uley shook his head a little, as though contemptuous of his corporal's mental ability. Then he put his face a few inches closer to the corporal's ear. "Listen, corporal, there's a string of packing boxes with out mark on them sitting along the railroad tracks 20 miles north of here," he lied. "That

makes it a cinch we're getting ready to move. Right? Well, when I was over at the base I overheard the major asking the colonel if we'd need any heavy machinery to lengthen the runway at Satellite Field. So—"

Uley stopped long enough for the whole thing to soak in. Then:

"Well, corporal, you can put two and two together, can't you?"

Rather than admit any mental deficiency, the corporal nodded his head.

"Satellite Field, eh?" he said. "Gosh, that'll be all right."

\*\*\*

The next night Private Ulysses Utz, his hair slicked down and something of a crease in his trousers, was sipping a chocolate soda in a downtown emporium when his girl friend showed up.

"Uley!" she said, sliding onto the stool beside him. "Why didn't you tell me, Uley?"

"Tell you what?"

"Why'n't you tell me you were going to Tunisia?"

Uley unhooked a long leg from the iron piping supporting his stool and sat up straight.

"Where'd you get that?"

"From Ella Smith. She said that Mrs. Prey had got it from her husband, who had been talking to Sergeant Shaffer."

"Where'd Shaffer get it?"

"Ella said it came straight from the colonel's office."

"H-m-m-m."

"Uley, promise me something. Promise me you won't pay any attention to those female Arabs or whatever they are when you get to Satellite Field."

But Uley only nodded. Already he was on his feet and buttoning up his coat.

"I gotta go," he said. "Gotta get back to the field and pack."

For Private Ulysses Utz is the kind of a guy who believes every rumor he hears, even though he starts it himself.