

# 3RD BOMBER

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4 PAGES

## CONTEST CLOSES MONDAY

The contest to select a name for this newspaper will close Monday, April 5. The winner will receive a bottle of liquid sunshine, or, if he prefers, a large photograph of himself suitable for framing.

Thus far, about 30 suggestions for a name have been received. Entries should be sent to the Group Intelligence Office.

## 700 CORRESPONDENCE COURSES AVAILABLE TO ENLISTED MEN HERE

Application forms for enlisted men in the 13th and 90th squadrons who wish to continue their education by taking courses offered by the Army Institute may be obtained from Lt. Sam McDowell, special services officer there. Men in other squadrons may obtain the forms from Group Personnel.

An enlisted man with four months service may take a course, any one of 64 offered by the Institute or a high school or college course from any of 76 universities. All approved courses of the colleges carry credit.

An Army Institute course costs \$2. For a correspondence course from a university, the Government pays half the text and tuition fee up to \$20. Students enrolled in an Institute course are expected to submit at least one lesson a month.

In all, there are over 700 high school and college courses to choose from. Instruction is offered in business, scientific, technical, mechanical, industrial, liberal arts and engineering fields. Anything from accounting and aviation to trigonometry and welding is available.

Further information may be obtained from catalogues which can be had from Lt. McDowell or Group Personnel.

Four top-flight bombardiers have been transferred from the 13th to the 90th. They are: T/Sgt. Robert S. Mal-lard, S/Sgts. Jimmie O. Nails and John H. Bryant and Sgt. Chester L. Hatcher.  
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## 12 PROMOTIONS IN GROUP HQ; TOTAL NOW 101

Twelve enlisted men in Group Headquarters received promotions yesterday. With the 89 promotions in the squadrons announced earlier in the week, the total has now reached 101.

Those promoted in Group Headquarters were the following:

Tech Sergeants: S/Sgts. Roy E. Davis, Harold Plassman, Harold B. Oliver.

Staff Sergeants: Sgts. Laurie C. Arenburg, George C. Tackaberry, Elton L. Tabor, James N. Wammock.

Corporals: Pfc. Robert L. Belous, Peter A. Covitch, Robert B. Burnette, Harold W. Larsen.

Private 1st Class: Pvt. A.P. Hayes.

## 90th OFFICERS TAKE 13th INTO CAMP, 3-1; CRISWELL FANS 8 MEN

By "Pappy" Ayer

Bunching two hits, a walk and an error in the fifth for three runs, the 90th's officers took the 13th's leaders to the tune of 3-1 the other day. The 13th's lone tally came in the seventh on a single, stolen base and two errors.

Clarke took a bow for his shoe-string catch of Hamilton's fly to short center. Howe took quite a sprint to pick a foul over a bleacherite's head. Both are doing nicely now. Criswell, pitcher for the 90th, struck out 8 to his opponent, Smith's, 1.

Cpl. Modest S. Wendowski, mail orderly in the 90th, reports a lot of money is finding its way to the post-office. No matter where this money comes from, it is a good sign that the boys are thinking of the future and those at home who can use the shekels better than we.

During the past month, payroll deductions for war bonds in the 13th amounted to 30.4 per cent of the payroll. Not satisfied, members of the squadron turned back 62 per cent of their pay for more bonds.

THIRD BOMBER

Newspaper published every Wednesday and Saturday by and for members of the Third Bombardment Group, APO 929. Lt. Col. Robert F. Strickland, Group Commander. Maj. Irvine H. Shearer, Group Intelligence Officer.

Staff: Cpl. Byron Edgett, Sgt. Peter Flanjak, T/5 Albert Lehr, S/Sgt. Charles S. Belote, Sgt. James N. Wamnock, Sgt. Roland Guillet, Cpl. Edmond Lewis, S/Sgt. Henry Perkins, T/Sgt. Aurel Tremblay, Pvt. Harold Larsen, Cpl. Clifford Cotter, S/Sgt. C. G. Pelham, Cpl. George Hall, Pfc. John J. Kundell, Pvt. Adrian Bottge, Sgts. Frank Smith, Raymond Perkins, William Swain, Charles Storms.

Adviser: Lt. Selwyn Pepper.

\*\*\*ODE TO A MOSQUITO\*\*\*

Buzzed Off By Sgt. Bill Swain

Out of the still darkness of the night, comes a very familiar sound, "Bzzzzzzz." You wait for the alert to be sounded so that you can grab your clothing and scam for the nearest slit trench, but after a few moments of silence, you turn over on your side once more and again begin dreaming of the blonde back home.

You hear the sound again and this time a flashlight cuts through the darkness of your tent. There, circling above your mosquito bar, flying in perfect formation, is our enemy. Half-asleep, you fail to realize the pest is upstairs.

All of a sudden they peel off, one at a time, like our A-24s, and down they come on their target (a nice bare back or any limb sticking beyond the mosquito bar. The target is soon being bombed with all the fury of these little pests. Your ack-ack fails to rout the enemy. But after a few moments, the attackers leave--their work well done.

Some of these biters are veterans of many battles. Some even have cross-bones on their bodies for actual hits on enemy territory. You can almost tell the old timers from the younger ones by the way they stay high above your ack-ack reach and wait for openings, while the younger set is more daring and sweeps in close and bombs away. Very few of these escape. But there are always a few that hang around to get their fill.

Early next morning, as the sun's rays break over the hills, the sound is heard again, only this time a single plane appears--a recon to see if last night's raid had any effect on the enemy. ("Last night's work was carried

"STEAK AND EGGS" WINS JOYFUL TRIBUTE FROM PERSONNEL OF 89th

By Sgt. Peter Flanjak

All of us--officers and men--of the 89th pay tribute to "Steak and Eggs," our light bomber which was recently converted by skillful ground mechanics into an effective transport and cargo plane. Already it has many trips to Australia and back to its credit.

It's an ingeniously constructed ship and has proven an invaluable asset to the squadron as a whole. Wide interest is focussed on its many possibilities.

The ship was christened by Lt. O.P. Jones in February, following a speech by Capt. Charles Brown. An egg was smashed against the ship's side to make it an official launching (no champagne available).

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To the personnel of the 89th on DS at "Destination X," we say: "You're a fine bunch of men and during the time you're there may you have courage and may God's strength be with you always. Good luck to you all.

FAMILIAR SCENES IN THE 13th

By Sgt. Roland L. Guillet

The mailbox at lunch time and at supper--Though it is obvious that the boxes are empty, everyone looks into his little cubbyhole to see if he can possibly "sweat out" a letter.

The bulletin board--To see what detail you're on or just to read the usual announcements. In the evening, the Guinea Gold is eagerly sought by a crowd, all craning necks and straining eyes to read the day's news.

The chow line--Long lines sit, stand or lean "sweating chow." Suddenly everyone stands, crowds into place and waits 10 minutes for the line to really start moving.

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out beautifully"--report)("Enemy raising hell of a fuss scratching his head off. Bomb hits on left elbow and rear guard.")

These pests are only one of many of Mother Nature's little children that are making the World a little mad. So we take leave of the Little Mosquito. May his life be short and our arms and legs be saved. Ouch, that damn pest, he got me again!"

POME:

Buzz, you bummer, buzz away  
There will come another day  
FLIT!



"HUBERT" by Snyder

"Sir, she wants an invitation to this 'Permanent Petty' she's heard about."

MALE CALL

DEPLOY AS SKOWASERS! HERE COMES MR GOOLTY

DON'T WORRY A MAN TILL HE FINDS OUT THE NAME OF THAT NEW DOLL WHO APPEARED IN DOWDY THE ROAD...

SHE SAID HER FRIENDS JUST CALL HER "LACE"... SHE WOULDN'T TELL ME ANY MORE... SO I LEFT!

AWAY! AWKWARDLY! WELL LET YOU LIVE!

DAT MEGGOLTY! HE'S GONE ALL HIS TIME - AND ALL HE FINDS OUT IS DAT DE NEW CHICK'S NAME IS "LACE"! AIN'T HE GOT NO EN-TUN-PRICE?

WELL...

Moral: Keep Your Brass Warm

"Which one shall I wear?"

# STRIPES ADDED

## 90th SQUADRON

Tech Sergeants: S/Sgts. Charles A. Sherman, John B. Thompson, John B. Chesson, Mack H. Nealy, Jack T. Barford, Albert W. Harper, Doyle A. Eagle, Holbert P. Barnes, James H. Lee, Marvin M. Hall, Thoo M. Green, Andrew J. Swain.

Staff Sergeants: Sgts. Redus W. Harrell, Forrest O. Sampson, Leonard Ayer, Cpls. S.P. Newell, Samuel B. Burch, Pfc. William E. Byrnett, Pvt. James F. Lott, Sgts. Richard A. Poet, Joseph R. Desilats, Woodrow W. Carpenter, Cpl. Astton Carter, Pfc. Woodrow W. Butler, Pvt. Edward M. Casarino.

Sergeants: Cpls. Frederick L. Satterberg, Glenn W. Smoot, James W. Gillmer, Pete D. Duffalo, Pfc. Ernest Moser, Pvt. John C. Boggs, Cpls. John B. Nunn, Robert L. Fecit, Jack E. Beals, Pfc. Joseph M. Garber, Pfc. James H. Chase, Pvt. Herbert W. Divers.

## 89th SQUADRON

Tech Sergeants: S/Sgt. Orvil B. Sullivan, Pvt. Walter N. Medberry.

Staff Sergeants: Sgts. Augustine D. O'Donnell, William M. Sherman, Meredith F. Bryant.

Sergeants: Cpls. Heinz H. Bruestle, Thomas H. Clark Jr., James A. Cunningham, Lewis H. Doty, John W. Fox, George J. Hall, Olaf M. Nelson, John T. Russell, Edward B. Smith Jr., Gerard Chaloux, James J. Corcoran, Harry S. Deen Jr., John L. Dugan, Thomas F. Gideon, Harold S. Morin, Mole M. Rosenfield, Mark H. Smith, Eugene E. Thompson, Pvts. Herbert D. Ford, Kenneth A. Garthwait, Milton H. Kramer.

Corporals: Pfc. William J. Larson, Pfc. William L. Polk, Pfc. Peter Q. Wilshire, Pvt. Vincent J. Canipelli, Pfc. Letcher C. Farrott, Pfc. Meyer E. Weinstein, Pvt. Thomas W. Cleveland, Pvt. Fred H. Mundhenk, Pvt. Theodore L. Hanson.

## 8th SQUADRON

Staff Sergeants: Sgts. Van T. Bates, William L. Buteau.

## 13th SQUADRON

Tech Sergeants: S/Sgts. Albert C. Corbellio, Benhard H. Kero, Jack O. Methvin, Frank H. Stillman, Willis J. Williams, William A. Creel Jr., Vernon J. Main Jr., Norman H. Salles, Jesse Westmoreland.

Sergeants: Cpls. William L. Eason, Joseph P. Haley, Arthur L. Waddle, Samuel Goldstein, Wilbur C. Minnick.

Use your canteen cup at the water bag.

WING TIP BITES DUST IN 90th,  
GENERAL CHEWING FOLLOWS AT ONCE

By Cpl. Byron Edgett

We have Sgt. Leonard E. "Pappy" Ayer to thank for a bang-up job of score-keeping and statistics on the softball league. He is not a novice at this work, having done it for five years in civilian life.

Twenty-four hours a day has been the order of things on the line of late. Work under lights with mosquitos and bugs pestering the life out of you is not exactly a pleasant way to spend time. But we have a job to do and the boys of the 90th will do it--no matter what the cost. A bouquet to the sheetmetal men, engine change crews and attached personnel.

Lt. Bridges tells this eyewitness story: Sgt. Stratton, crew chief, was taxiing a plane on the strip which runs parallel to the runway. One of the line trucks, operated by Cpl. Bernard, was parked with part of it protruding on the strip. When Bernard saw the plane coming, he leaped from the truck, thought better of it, leaped back in and tried to start the engine. Too late! A wing tip bit the dust. The line chief chewed the crew chief, the crew chief invited the driver to a duel with fists, the driver told the line chief he had been threatened, so the line chief went back and took a few more bites out of the crew chief. Do you follow me?

SORENSEN PITCHES ONE-HIT GAME  
FOR 89th, BEATS 13th EASILY, 5-0

By Cpl. George J. Hall

The 13th journeyed to the Texas League ballpark to engage the 89th in a softball doubleheader last Saturday.

In the first clash, officers of the 13th played an excellent game in handing officers of the 89th a 6-0 setback.

But in the nightcap, the 89th enlisted men, gained sweet revenge for the humiliating defeat they had suffered previously on the 13th's diamond. The final score was 5-0, and Cotton Sorenson did himself proud in pitching a one-hitter. Flawless support was given him by "Old Man Pack" and "Line Drive Main." Duke Ellerbee played a nice game at the first sack. Hatcher pitched well for the 13th.

Longjohns colored khaki will be issued in the States soon because material that color is less visible from the air flapping on a clothesline.