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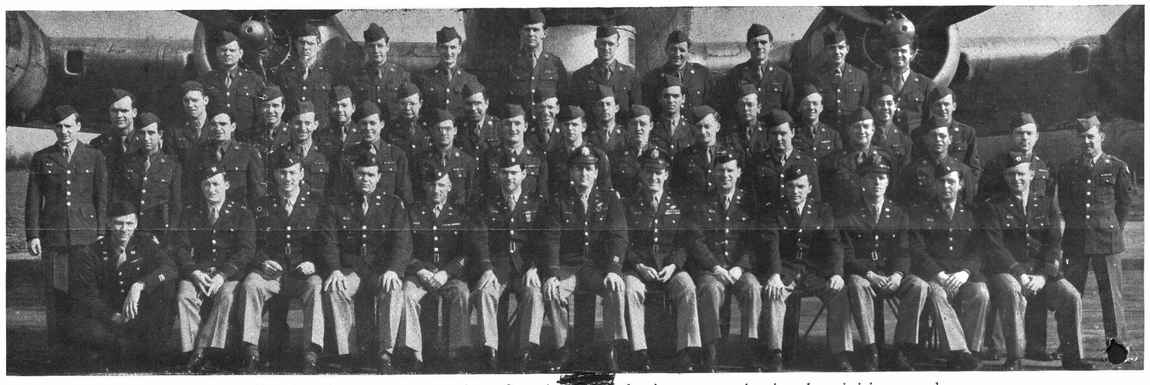
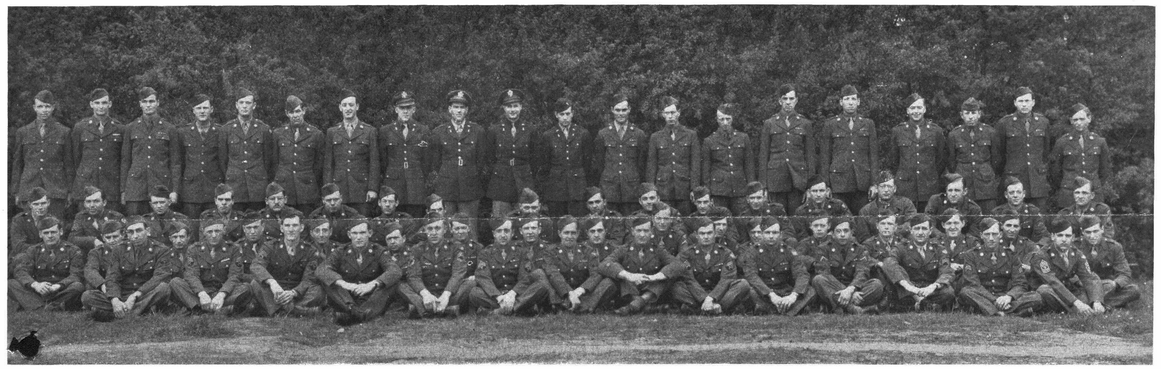
ATTACKED! 300 TIMES SINCE .... 22 JUNE 1943

It has taken team-work. Many as are the faces appearing on these pages, you see only a few of those whose combined efforts made our achievements possible.
Above: a few of the Sub-Depot boys.
Below: the staffs of Operations and Intelligence and the sections identified with them.

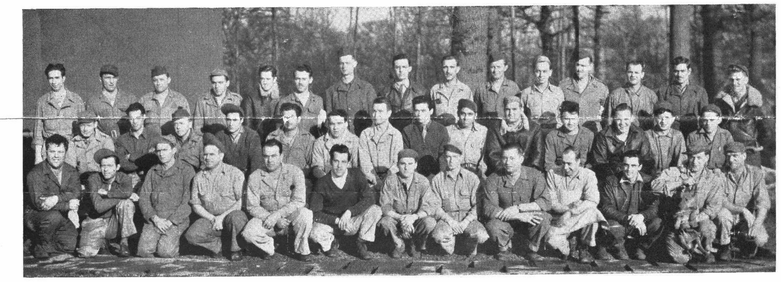
IT has been a long time since that little handful of Flying Fortresses set out for Antwerp and brazenly challenged the Luftwaffe to battle. Since then your Group has returned day after day to Germany or German-occupied territory. It adds up to more than 300 missions now, missions that helped to pave the way for the invasion of the Continent and for the rush across France and for the crossing of the Rhine and for the steady, relentless march on Berlin. Sometimes the weather wouldn't be too good; sometimes the fighter opposition would be overwhelming; sometimes the flak would be next thing to unbearable. But despite any and all conditions, the Group went out day after day to add its weight to the Allied pressure. And now we look back over two years to that first mission . . . and we're proud of it . . . proud of the way a puny midget shook its fist at the Luftwaffe, proud to know that even in the face of terrific opposition we always went back to fight again. More than 300 times now.



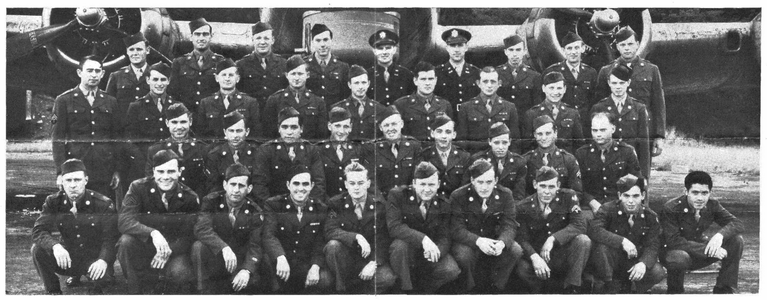
Co-ordinating the various squadron functions and the inter-organizational activities are the men you see here, the men of station headquarters.



The heavy bombers couldn't fulfil their purpose if it weren't for these men, the Ordnance unit that keeps the bomb supply at the necessary level.



Just as important as fueling and bombing up the airplanes is the task assigned these men of Consolidated Mess. Even an aerial army travels on its stomach.



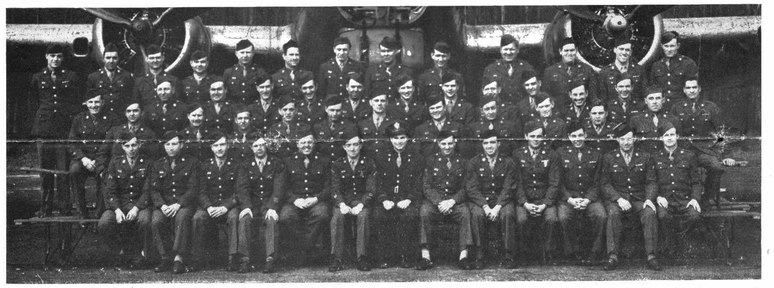
Maybe these men won't worry about your gas mask, but they'll worry you into worrying about it yourself. To them goes the task of keeping the station in a state of constant preparedness.

Key men in the plan for defending ourselves on the ground, should the occasion demand it, are these men of Base Defense. They are trained for their special job.

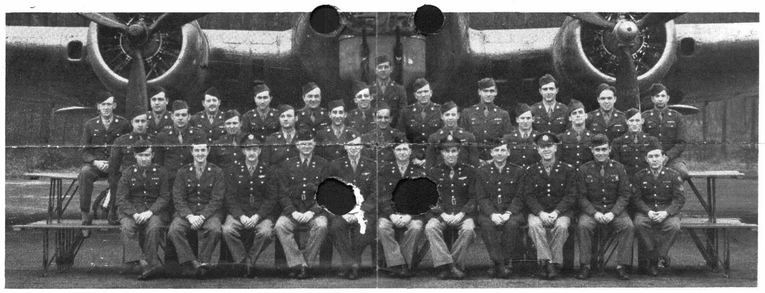
Like seeing-eye dogs, these men help you find your way in and out of the Continent. They maintain the navigational equipment.

Almost as soon as an aircraft's wheels touch the ground, a truck is on the way to fill those ravenous gas tanks again. These are the men of the Refueling Unit.

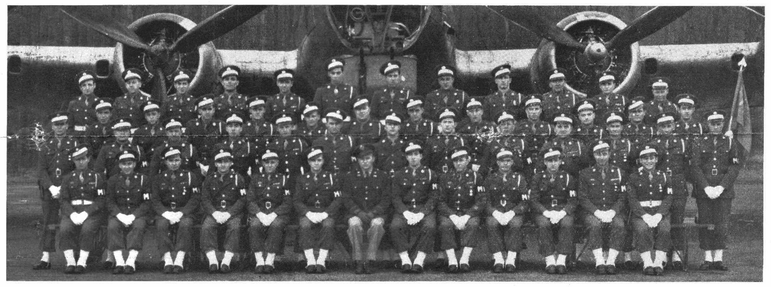
Where do all those supplies and equipment come from ? A steady flow of what it takes to keep the station operating is maintained by these Quartermaster men.



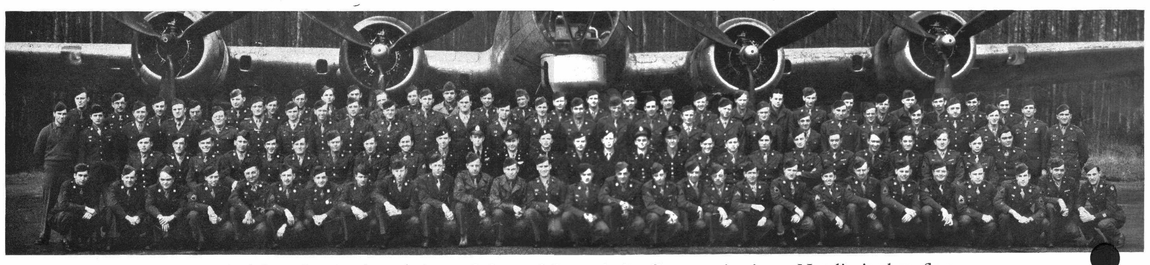
Someone once said that the key man is the driver. Then here are your key men, the men who maintain and operate all types of vehicles: the Transportation Section.



These are mechanics of another type of equipment, the most important pieces of equipment in the American Army: THE MEN. The Medical Section keeps the human machinery going.

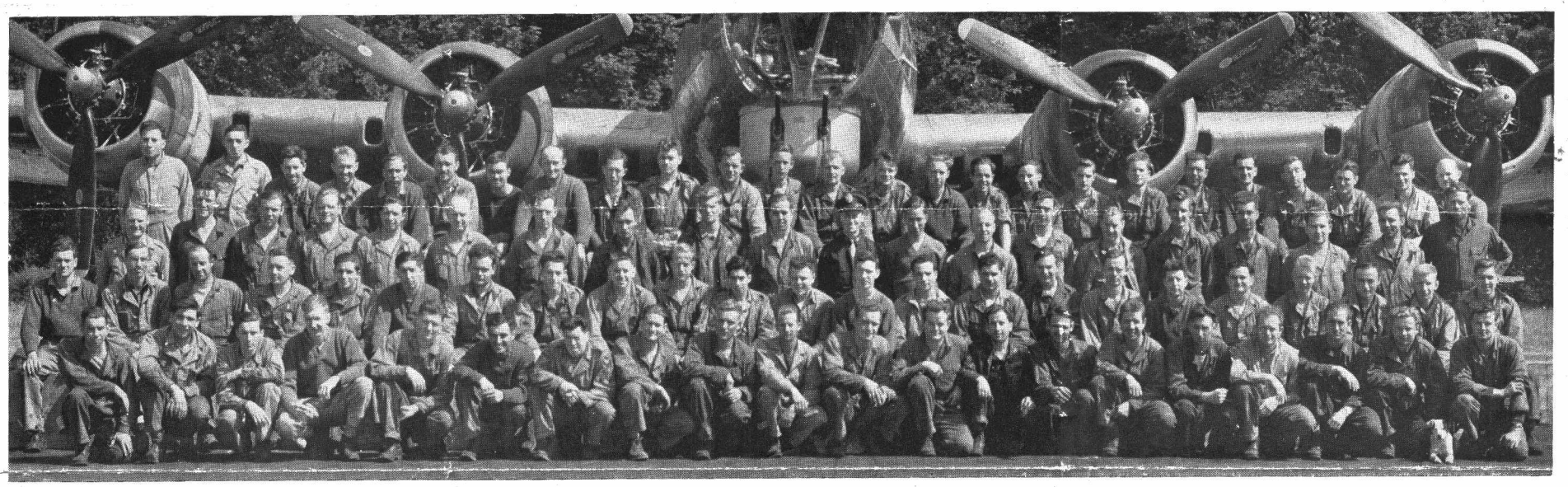
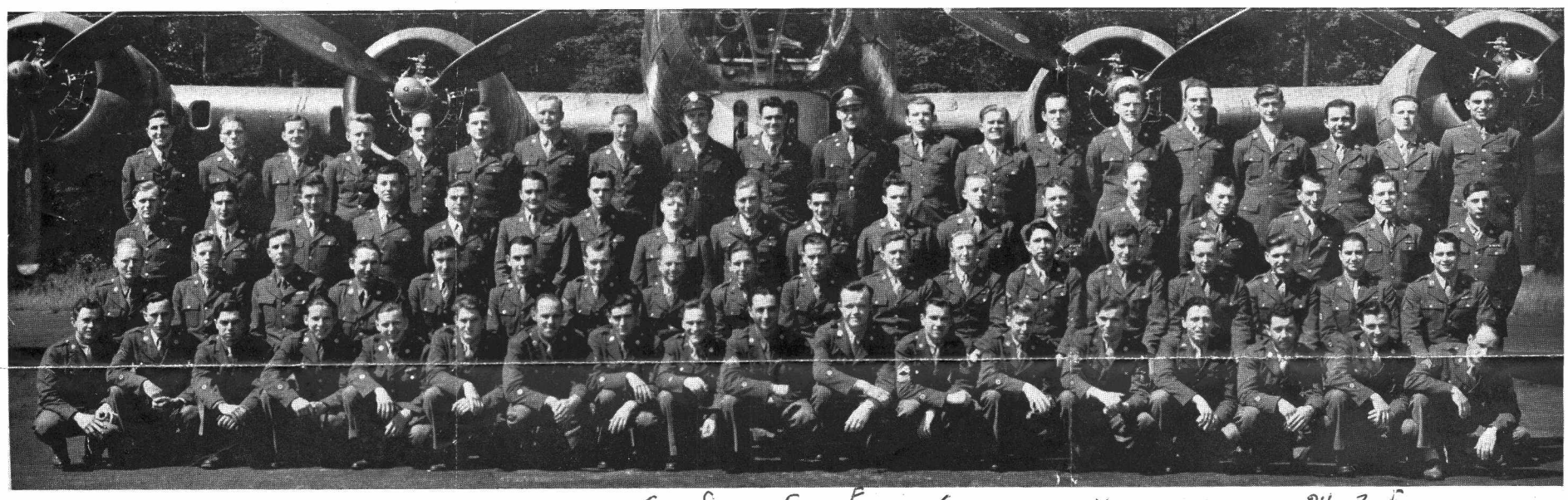


The security of the station depends largely on the Military Police. You can work and eat and sleep in peace because you know they're on the job 24 hours a day.



A vital function in the conduct of the aerial war is its Communications. Not limited to flag or smoke signals any more, it now encompasses radio, telegraphy, telephone, et cetera.

Between them, these men of Armament and Ordnance get a big job done. They maintain the flow of bombs and ammunition from storage point to aircraft.

THE MEN WHO KEEP THEM FLYING DAY AFTER DAY

Grease-smeared faces and oil-stained hands testify to the important part played in the aerial offensive by the men on the line. You see them here, the members of the four squadron engineering sections which kept our planes flying day after day and month after month. No matter how battered the returning formation, no matter how many flak and bullet holes . . . whatever happened one day, another formation was ready to go out the next. It was a job for the grease-monkeys, a job that often entailed many consecutive hours of sleepless endeavour. During all this time our ground crews have tended their planes like a doctor watching over his patient . . . mending their ills . . . pampering them sometimes . . . treating them always like the ladies they are.