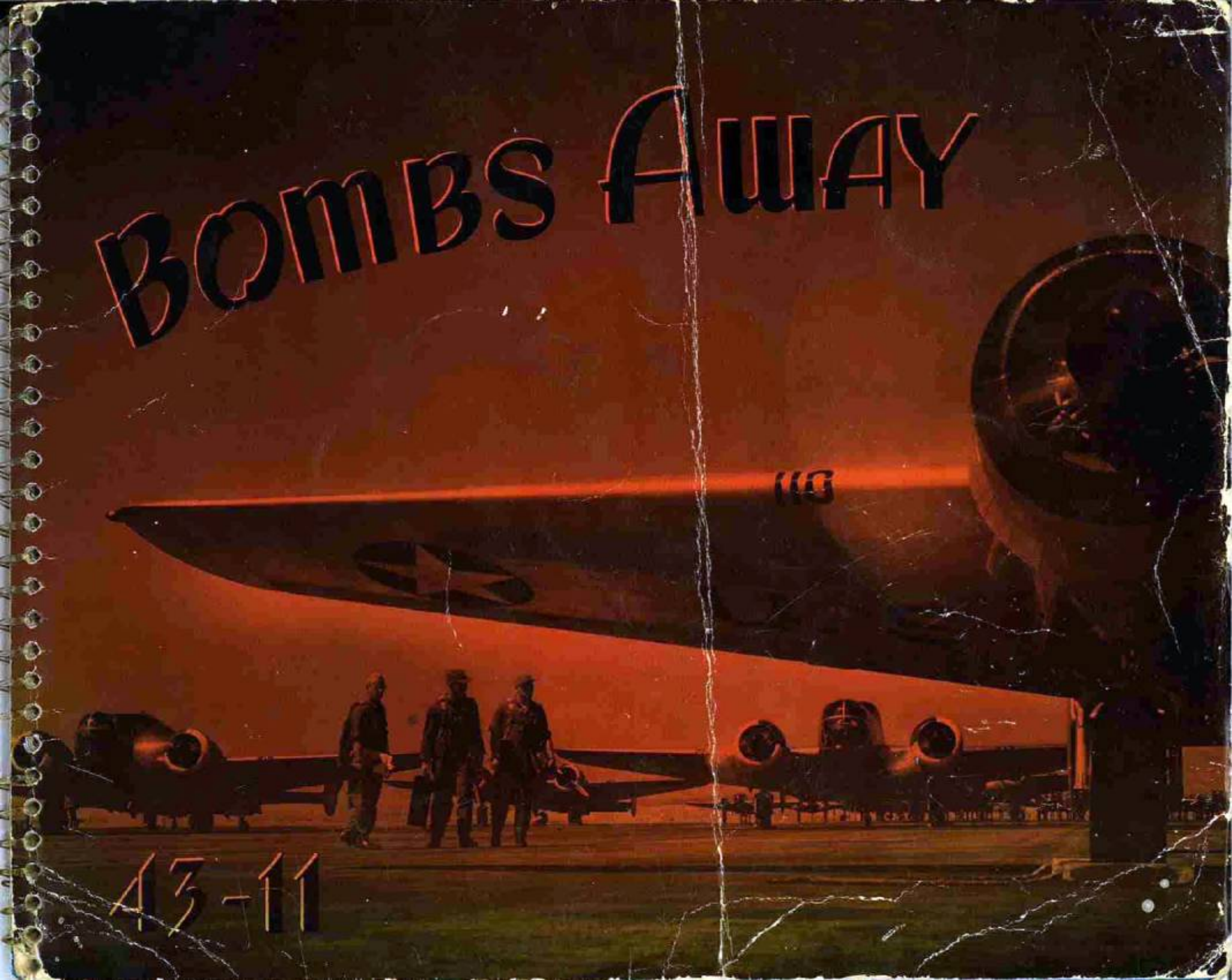


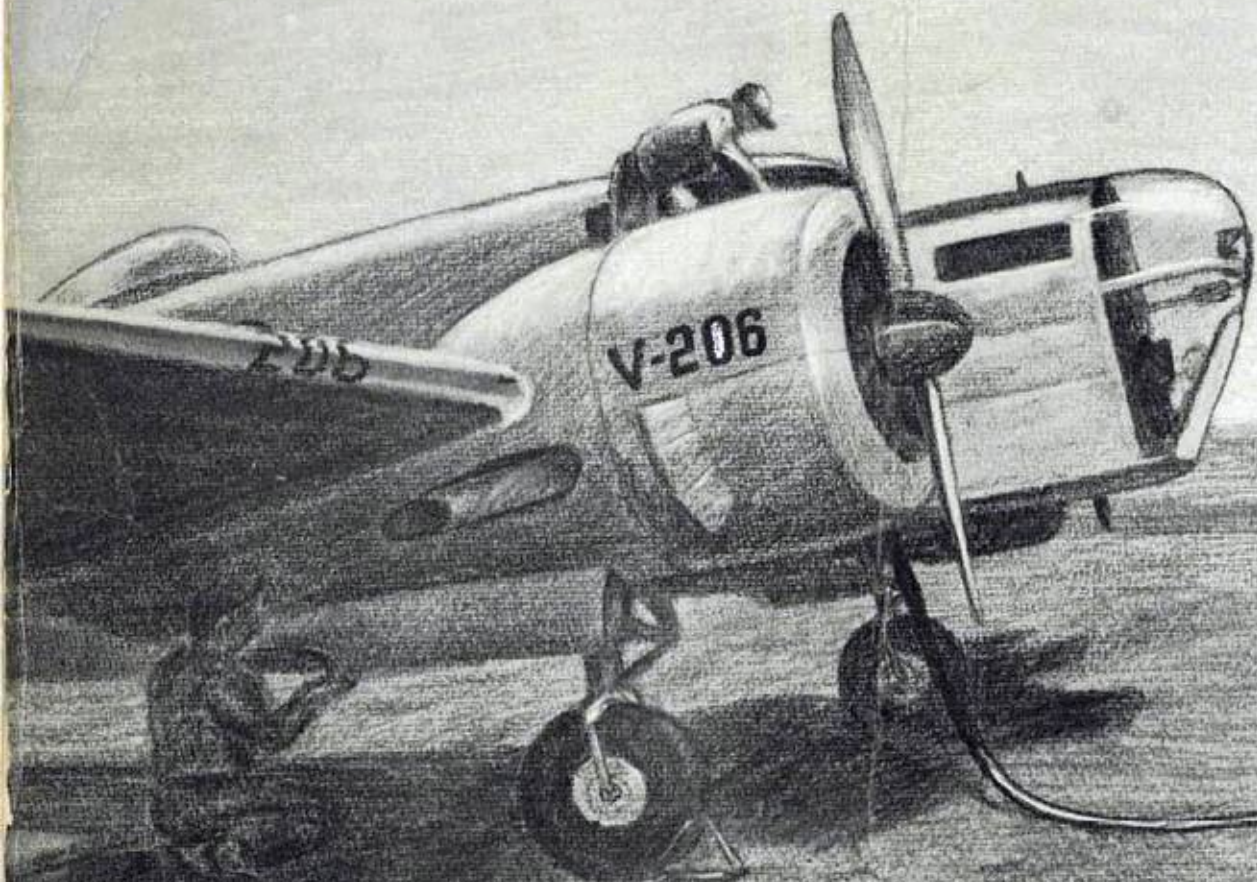
# BOMBS AWAY

113

43-11







Paasche  
43





VICTORVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD



*A Message from Our Past*  
**COMMANDING  
OFFICER**

July 31, 1943

To the Class 43-11:

This is a day you will long remember. It marks the end of your Advanced Training as Bombardiers at Victorville Army Air Field. . . . It is the beginning of your career as Officers in the Army Air Forces.

Soon the most powerful and precious weapon in the world will be placed in your hands. You have demonstrated well your ability as bombardiers.

But along with bombing, you now have another great responsibility. . . . To be leaders who will merit the respect of other men. . . . To be Officers who will use their authority wisely.

I am proud to have been your Commanding Officer, and in parting may I wish you a world of success.

ROY D. BUTLER,  
Colonel, Air Corps,  
Commanding.







**COLONEL A. J. McVEA**  
Director of Training

**LT. COL. ADOLPHUS L. RING**  
Post Executive Officer

**MAJ. PAUL F. KIRKPATRICK**  
Post Adjutant

**MAJ. CHARLES I. SAMPSON**  
School Secretary

# FIELD ADMINISTRATION



**CAPT. JAMES D. WATKINS**  
Commanding Officer, Sec. 1

**CAPT. VERNON E. WAELDIN**  
Commanding Officer, Sec. 2

**CAPT. ROBERT H. MURRAY**  
Director of Flight Training

**MAJOR KEITH S. WILSON**  
Director of Air Safety



# They make the



**MAJOR HAROLD M. SKAGGS, Jr.**  
Commandant of Cadets



**CAPTAIN LOUIS H. GARRETT**  
Deputy Commandant of Cadets

**S/SGT. NORMAN E. PAASCHE**  
Sergeant Major





# Wheels go round

**CAPTAIN A. H. MILLER**  
Chief Tactical Officer



'Round and 'round we went, but we finally came out on top. It was a hectic chase, packed with headaches, tours, drilling, inspections, reviews and interviews. But we made the grade, and we can't help being proud of ourselves.

Officers like Major Skaggs and Captain Garrett made an indelible impression on our minds. They set the pace, and we followed as best we could. The Major and the Captain had to put their foot down occasionally and keep us in line. Sometimes they made us feel foolish when they picked us apart, caught us with a button unfastened, or our hands in our pockets. But all those things counted, and we were the gainers.

S/Sgt. Norman E. Paasche, our Sergeant Major, was a real pal. His patience was boundless. We asked him a thousand questions per day, and we always got the right answer. And even on our classbook, he was right in there pitching. Sgt. Paasche made the charcoal drawing for our back cover.

Captain A. H. Miller, Chief Tactical Officer, took 43-11 under his wing from its start. He served as our Tactical Officer and became our closest advisor. His inspections were sharp; we really had to keep on our toes. He expected



**LT. ARDELL ANDERSON**  
Tactical Officer

a lot of us, but he set the example himself. His military bearing was an inspiration.

In the second phase of our training, Lt. Ardell Anderson took over as Tactical Officer. He soon gained our confidence, and we found we had another real friend. Lt. Anderson guided 43-11 down the "home stretch" and we came out a winner.

# Eleven Arrives . . .

The fanfare was the beating sun as they closed the gate behind us. Man to man, we stood ready to return to Santa Ana rather than start our advanced training at Victorville. We were tired and hot and disappointed by a thousand rumors of the hell-hole Victorville. But here we were and we could do nothing but go on.

We piled out of the buses and the reception committee was a hot breeze that blew sand — desert sand — in our eyes. We lined up. Chow. Well, that was something. At least they intended to feed us. We dragged ourselves to the mess hall. "What a raunchy crew," was the comment of upper-classmen from the sidelines. Raunchy, huh? You haven't seen anything yet, brother. We were determined not to like the place.

Then chow. It was cool in the mass hall. Dinner music, Ha! That's a good way to treat new-comers. They have to do something to make you like the place. Then the food. Steaks. It can't last.

Heartened a bit by dinner, we were taken to our barracks. Individual rooms and all air-conditioned. Well, things were looking up. A shower and then the first formation for Class 43-11.

Raunchy, did they say? If those jerks can get through this, we can. Half of us were washout pilots and the rest ex-G.I.'s, with

exception of a few who came right into the Cadets from civilian life.

We were a mixed bunch all right, but the first formation proved we could walk together for a block without getting out of step, and that proved something. If we could do that without trying, what could we really accomplish if we put some effort into it?

We tried a little more the next day and the next.

They called us eager from the sidelines, and we were. Day after day, we became more and more determined to get through and earn those wings and bars. . . . We lost a few by the wayside, but to the end they were in there trying.

Fashioned into Officers and trained for the job of bombing, we've finally reached our goal. . . . Here we are, that same gang of once-disappointed guys who straggled out of the buses and fell into rank, to form the Class 43-11.







"Pass in Review"





# The Forming of An Officer

Squeezed somewhere between our bombing, trainer, ground school and athletic schedules were certain activities which gave background and emphasis to the making of an Officer.

At Review and on Saturday morning inspections we felt this force. We swelled with pride when 43-11 looked good on the Review field and when our barracks were more or less gig-proof.

We felt this influence individually, too, in our contact with Officers, wondering in the back of our minds what kind of an impression we were making.

As Aviation Cadets, we were on the spot, under constant surveillance as potential Officers. Appearance really counts, and we tried to keep it up. We can truthfully say of our class that we kept right on the beam all through training, and that, too, is a satisfaction.

One thing we'll remember of cadet training as it applies to the making of an Officer, is the meaning of honor that we learned.

The cadet code of honor under which we were taught will be easily carried over to our new army phase. From the time we took our first qualification examination to become an aviation cadet until the after-

noon of July 31st, graduation day, we have lived under an honor code which was more than just another hackneyed phrase. Some of us, some times, scoffed at the honor system, and honor among cadets. But there came a time to all of us, when we realized that honor was more than just a word. It embodied a little of the trust we placed in our fellow cadets. It contained a little of the pride which we took in our work and our accomplishments. It summed up our ideals and our ambitions. Whether we realized it or not, honor played a constant and foremost role in our cadet training.

We of 43-11 are mindful of the glamor of air crew training, and we know that our two-fold program necessarily limits the amount of time that can be devoted to Officer training.

When we do become Officers, we shall therefore try just that much harder to be good Officers, worthy of the uniform and the responsibility entrusted to us.





# HIGH COMMAND



Bright eyed and eager they were

"The toughest jobs of all" . . . cadet officers. First up and outside for 4 a.m. reveilles, stamping around in the cold darkness while others snatch 40 extra seconds of precious "sack-time." First out for school and flight line formations while others leisurely digest those super mess-hall treats. Not to mention wear and tear on the larynx with "E Flight fall in" . . . "All right you guys, cut the talking in ranks" . . . Come on, get in step, will ya" . . . "Straighten it up, here comes an officer" . . . and all the other little passwords that became so much a part of the life of a cadet officer.

Trouble? Yes, plenty of it, but it was worth it. The pride of wearing the bars of a cadet officer, the satisfaction of assuming responsibility successfully, the realization that the training and experience would some day be priceless: all these helped make those tough jobs much easier. With their fellow cadets they learned their ground school lessons, they struggled through the flight line ordeals, they sweated out their check-rides, and still had time to carry out their duties as cadet officers. To them give some of the credit for the team-work and cooperation that has typified Class 43-11.

Wing Commander . . . . . Coopat, Edward Thomas  
 Wing Adjutant . . . . . Brown, Lester Putnum, Jr.  
 Wing Sergeant Major . . . . . Trum, Joseph Sedgwick  
 Group Major . . . . . Jones, John Wesley, Jr.  
 Captain, Squadron V . . . . . Duesing, Donald John

## FLIGHT "A"

Flt. Lieut. . . . . Barnett, V. N.  
 1st Sergt. . . . . Apostolos, J.  
 Supply Sgt. . . . . Astor, Z. R.

## FLIGHT "B"

Flt. Lieut. . . . . Dunn, D. D.  
 1st Sergt. . . . . Carr, J. E.  
 Supply Sgt. . . . . Cole, R. W.

## FLIGHT "C"

Flt. Lieut. . . . . Freeman, E. C.  
 1st Sergt. . . . . Hogg, J. C.  
 Supply Sgt. . . . . Hinds, W. H.

## FLIGHT "E"

Flt. Lieut. . . . . Mounfield, W. P.  
 1st Sergt. . . . . McHaney, J. W.  
 Supply Sgt. . . . . Montgomery, J. M.

## FLIGHT "F"

Flt. Lieut. . . . . Roberts, M. P.  
 1st Sergt. . . . . Stephens, P. P.  
 Supply Sgt. . . . . Riccardi, A. P.

## FLIGHT "G"

Flt. Lieut. . . . . Swan, O. C.  
 1st Sergt. . . . . Weinberg, V. L.  
 Supply Sgt. . . . . Zack, Sam











GAFOOM

T-6II



# Ready for Flight

Hours before dawn when all good people are just going to bed we're up at 4 a.m. and rarin' to go. It's shave, shower, shine, make beds, clean rooms, clean barracks, eat breakfast and be in formation at attention on the dot of 5 a.m. or thereabouts.

With as little confusion as possible, we're ready, and eagerly we march to the flight field.

Column of two's from the right and into the ready room we dash to check out our paraphernalia. This should be an orderly process but we are so eager that checking out our equipment becomes a physical task.

After we have our parachute, clip board, stop watch, tacho-

meter, oxygen mask, camera and a ton of forms, we dash madly to the blackboard to check our flight schedule for the day. Here the excitement is so great that by the time you get an eye in edgewise, you're late to meet the pilot at the ship.

But he doesn't mind. He's had a lot of sleep — about three hours — so he patiently waits until we load our equipment in the plane and check all the bombs to make sure that they have "shack" written on them.

We're almost ready now to take off — except for a few thousand details that must be attended 'forehand — preflight the sight, check the bombs, fill out more forms, check the camera, safety belt, 'chute, etc.

At 4 A.M., we're rarin' to go



Eagerly we march to the flight line







We check out our paraphernalia

Today it's five from eleven







At last we're in the air and over the target. On bended knee, half praying and half working, we take aim and in a twenty-second lifetime we check our work mentally.

Is my altitude right? How about the airspeed, compass heading, trail, disc speed, drift, bubbles? Is my rack switch on? my trigger up?

Before you can do anything about it, it's Bombs

Away, Sir, and another twenty-second lifetime until it hits. Earthward it speeds turning and twisting and then out of sight. You hold your breath. The plane is a mile from the target. Your heart pounds and then — wham. It hits. It's in there at thirty-four feet.

But that's one bomb. You've got four more that day with hundreds still to come.

Last minute check before takeoff



Easy with that camera. . . . I wanna go out this weekend







Dammit! My second bomb hit at 34 feet

Sir, I'll try to do better next time

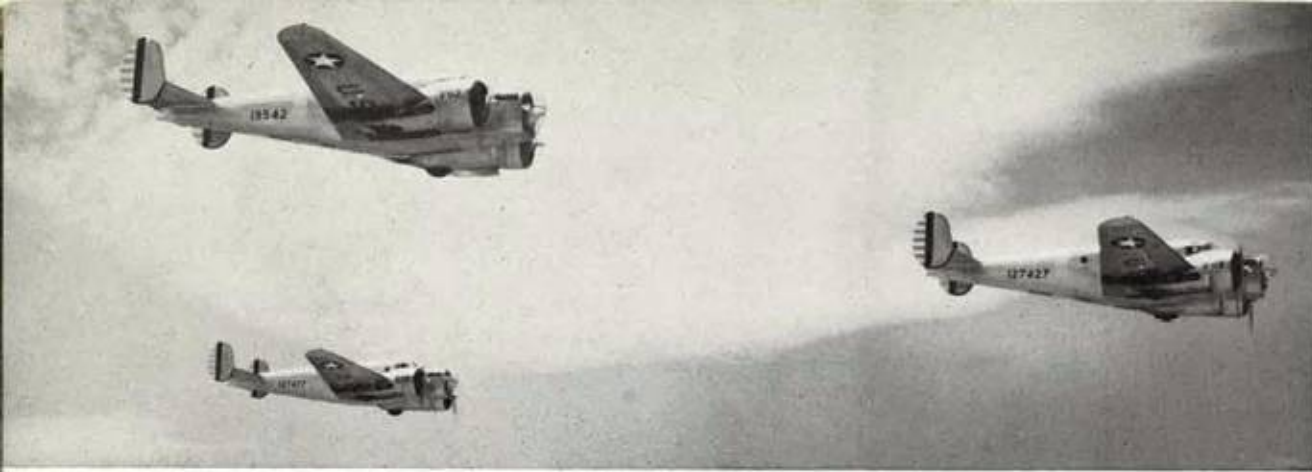
At the end of the mission you come out of the greenhouse smiling. I'll do better next time, Sir. (It says here in small print.)

In the tail, the poor photographer, he isn't smiling. He missed your pictures and Victorville must go on without him this coming weekend.

The mission, however, is completed. That is . . . the actual dropping of the bombs. But there is still much to be done.







The spotting conference with the pilot has many interesting aspects. It's a battle of wits deciding where the bombs hit. Was it 34 feet or 340 feet or 3400 feet?



**"Buddy"**

Yes, sir, it hit at 34 feet . . . or was it 3400?



Then the post mortem, walking back to the ready room where we turn in all the equipment — all the equipment that didn't fall out the camera hatch.

Now the really big job starts. The cursed 12 C form. Hours and hours of blood, sweat, and tears are poured out over these . . . not to mention cold cash, tours, and confinements. It's a great life if you don't weaken, but who doesn't.

At noon when good people are just turning over, we've put in half a day with much more to come. It's a vicious cycle. Round and round it goes and where it stops — who knows?









## 'Brothers in Arms'

The keen rivalry that exists between bomber pilot and pursuit pilot is that healthy spirit of interteam competition so prevalent in our American sports. Who is more important? — the quarter-back or the center; the pitcher or outfielder; the midiron or the mashie?

On our bombers, that spirit is present, too. Who is more important — the pilot, the bombardier, the navigator, the tail gunner or the guys on the ground who keep 'em flying?

It is self-evident that no one ship is more important than the other or one man more important than another. In order to do our job and do it well, there must be teamwork in which each type of plane does its utmost, each man giving his best.

We are bombardiers. We are specialists. We're the guys who deliver the goods to the enemy doorstep. We are the killers, but how could we do our deadly work without the B-17 or 24 or 25 or 34 or without the pilot, the navigator, the tail gunner, belly gunner, the crew on the ground or the pursuit pilot in the P-38 or the P-40, or the reconnaissance pilot, the observer, the photographer, our instructors, our tactical officers, our clerks, the men who design our planes and equipment and the men and women who build them, and even the folks back home who pay for it?

We bombardiers have a great responsibility. It is the combined efforts of all to get us to the target so that we can drop our load where it will do the most good. Without us and our skill, all these efforts fail.

We're part of a great team sent out to meet the enemy. We've been trained for a particular job that depends on teamwork. . . . We're Brothers in Arms.





# Night Flight





# ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

The incendiary hotfoot is the latest type of harassing bomb. While it does not cause widespread destruction and its effect is not lethal victims of the hotfoot suffer excruciating pain and are sometimes disabled indefinitely. To extinguish the hotfoot incendiary use a soda solution. Water helps but the sure cure is to stay away from saboteurs with an arson complex and an extra match.



MAYBE THEY'LE SEND ME TO RADAR!

Bracing is an exaggerated position of attention. Its main purpose is to develop good posture and double chins. If you find yourself sagging at the shoulders and getting lean around the neck, hit a brace. How it's done can't be explained. Good examples, however, are herewith shown.





# MAKIN' US



Being a bombardier is tough work. It requires endurance, stamina, top physical condition. And in the stress and tension of bombardier training, it is easy to concentrate on procedure and tactics, forgetting that bodily endurance is also a part of our schooling.

Whether cramped in the nose of an AT-11 dropping sand bombs on a desert target, or working in a B-17 greenhouse raining block-busters on America's enemies, a bombardier must be tough. Yes, tough . . . for those 10 seconds on the run are the hardest, most nerve-wracking, tensest moments of air-crew existence . . . and the bombardier must be able to take it.

Class 43-11 leaves Victorville with wings for bombing proficiency, with bars for the qualities of an officer, and with bodily endurance and stamina for the required toughness. Thanks to Lts. Ben Lewis and F. H. Anderson, the physical training program at Victorville has given us what we will need to fulfill our later missions.



The meanest obstacle on the course

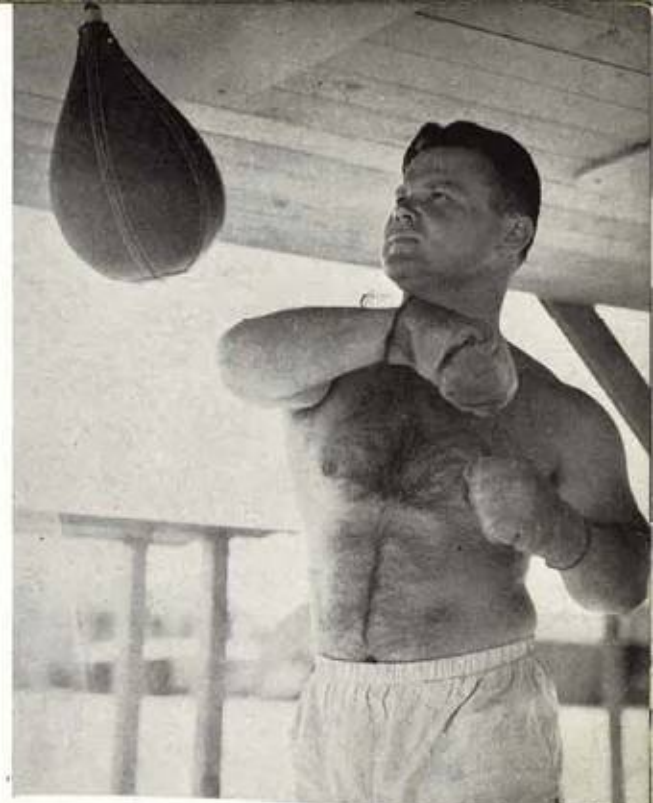




# TOUGH!

There's nothing fancy about the athletic plant at VAAF. Good old-fashioned calisthenics, done to the 1-2-3-4 cadence, loosened muscles, limbered muscles, and then hardened them. Calisthenics, more of them, then: every man to his choice. Weight lifting, bag punching, basketball, volleyball, baseball, swimming, running, horseshoes, all of these were part of the program designed to clear our minds, strengthen our bodies, sharpen our reflexes.

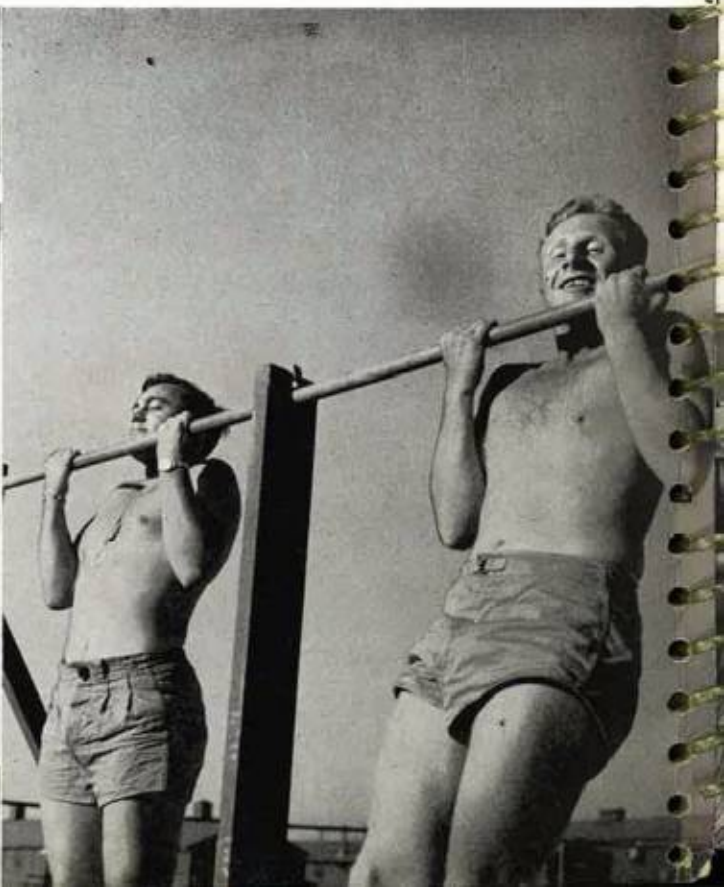
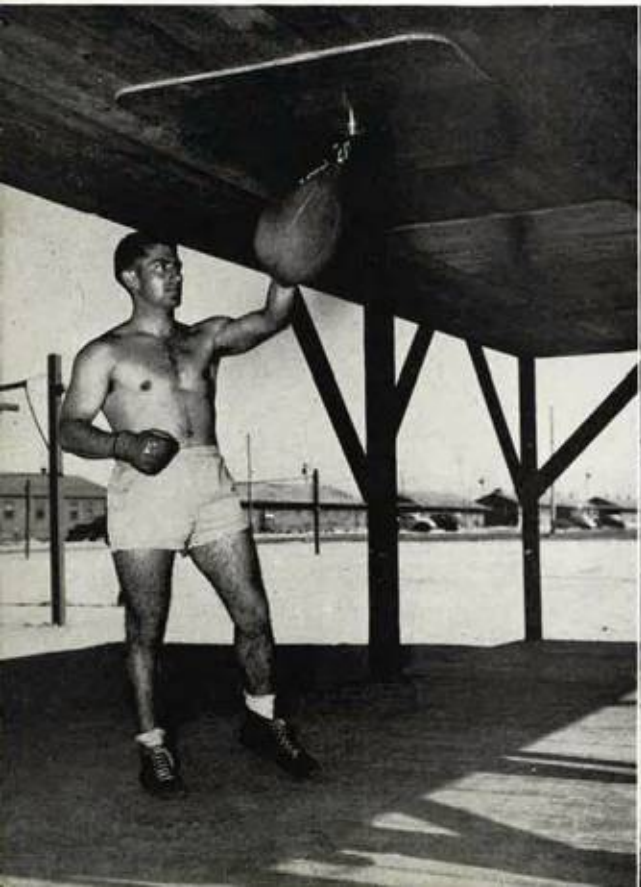
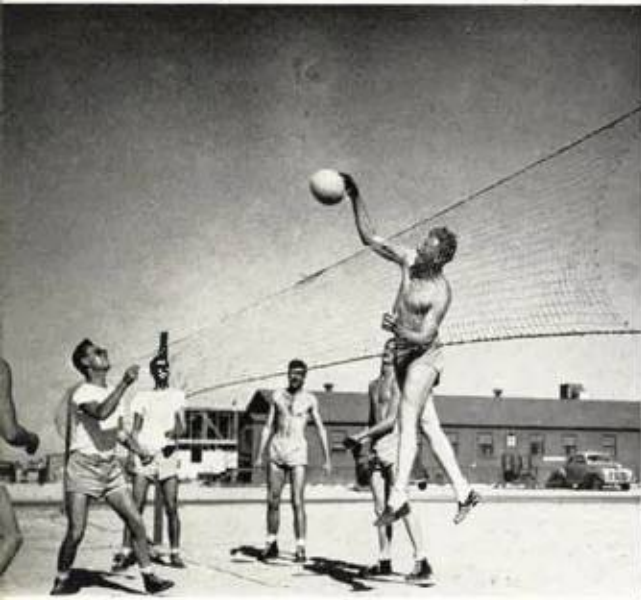
We of 43-11 will always remember the freedom we had during our athletic periods, a freedom we enjoyed and appreciated. Yet, always, our athletic instructors were silently shaping us toward that goal of attainment. And when, some day on a run over Berlin or Tokyo, some bombardier from 43-11 has the ability and the endurance to smash his target, a fond fleeting thought will flash through his mind of Victorville . . . the athletic field . . . 1-2-3-4 . . . AND . . .



This one's a breeze to go over









# Spare Time

We have many free hours to while away. Our day is from 4 a.m. to 9:30 p.m., and you'd think we'd be able to get in some extra sack time. But there is so much to be done in our spare time that we seldom think of sleep. In fact sleep is the last thing we think of — last before we pull up the covers at night and last before we pull them off at 4 a.m.

But ya gotta eat. Even that becomes a bore. Who ever heard of steaks four times a week, meat twice a day, ice cream seven days a week two times a day, salads, three vegetables, all the milk you can drink and the payoff . . . dinner music with each meal. The pity of it.

And we must be spic and span for inspections, so a good part of our spare time is spent running to and from the cleaners, haircuts, getting our laundry together, exchanging sheets and pillow cases, cleaning up the room the morning after the night before.

And we gotta visit the flight surgeon. He likes to have us drop in and see him during our spare hours, for it's his job to see that we are in shape.

Our day room is beautifully cool and comfortable, and once or twice during our stay at Victorville we get a few minutes to sit in an easy chair and relax, if we don't have to study.

War is hell we're convinced. Some afternoons we go swimming in the pool. It's a good healthy way of killing an hour and keeping a date with a WAC.







## More Spare Time . . .

Getting measured for uniforms is a job that takes much of our spare time. Everything must be just so for our big easter day parade.

Then there's the P.X. between classes, for a quick drink, an ice cream bar, a smoke and a WAC or two or three or more.

The eager beavers of us write home once a week just to let the folks know how busy we are. Others of us may, however, prefer a brief respite on our backs.

Music soothes the tired mind. The one place where you can get away from it all is the chapel. Contrary to cadet thought, you don't just go there to have your card punched.

And we gotta be glamorous. You have but to mention "camera" and the riot starts, so much of our free time is spent taking pictures — pictures for the class book, officer identification pictures and public relations pictures.

When day is done and that's never, we can go to the movies, and if you can still stand and have the energy to pick up a ball, there's bowling.

Then comes Saturday and the thought of Open Post. It's hustle bustle, clean up, police up. Outside personal inspection. . . . Gad! No hair cut. Forgot my brass. No shine. Also no weekend.

Then in the barracks. Dust in the corners. Bed not aligned properly. Shirt unbuttoned. Oh, well, maybe it'll only be one tour.

Usually it doesn't work out that way, for there's always a steady stream of marchers on the tour line. Hour after hour it's foot sore, weary and blue. And to think of that date I missed!







# Student Officers



**LT. ROBT. A. GILBERT**  
Garden City, New York

Full of answerless questions and eager to turn every conversation into a debate.

**LT. SETH HEYWOOD**  
Centerville, Mass.

Transferred from the Artillery to the Air Corps because of those pretty peaked caps.

**LT. R. K. JENNINGS**  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Lake Arrowhead loses its Mayor Pro Tem.

**LT. WM. S. SULLIVAN**  
Los Angeles, Calif.

"Adequate," he says; which is a gross understatement for a lot of good Irish.

**LT. EDW. S. THOMPSON**  
Thompstown, Pa.

Thoroughly convinced that Norden dreamed up just a mass of malfunctions.

**LT. L. E. VAN ETEN**  
Brooklyn, New York

He sweats out sweating out whatever he is sweating out.







**ROBERT L. ABRAMS**  
Nyack, New York

From "The Gem of the Hudson." For all his brawn and might he has that gentle touch. Main objective — a redhead.

KIA 8 MARCH 44  
462 B.G.



**WILLIAM B. AGNETTI**  
Seattle, Wash.

A rugged outdoor man. Likes skiing and mountain climbing, but prefers to give private dancing lessons to a select clientele.

Shot down 6 March  
44 - Berlin  
P.O.W.



**THOMAS F. AIREY**  
Woburn, Mass.

Good man in a tight spot—thinks fast. Caught on to soldiering without the usual trouble.



**EUGENE P. ALLAMANO**  
Seattle, Wash.

He's the only one. Has twenty-four chins when he hits a brace—twenty-three otherwise. Never complains of being hungry.



**ARNOLD E. ANDERSEN**  
Fragaria, Wash.

The athletic type. Avoids arguments and scuffles. Talks only when necessary and then says something.

✓  
NPI Student in  
Class 43-11  
Instructor -  
381st B.G. 26 Missions  
as Mickey Operator



**JOHN APOSTOLOS**  
Trenton, New Jersey

"I'm a Greek" A dynamic personality, but would rather be selling oranges in Jolsey than anything else. "I'm a sicka man."

P.O.W.  
51st Lt #3



**ZAVEN R. ASTOR**  
Watertown, Mass.

Z for Zaven. Lowest I. Q., highest C. E. A good man but worries too much.



**RAY A. BALDWIN, JR.**  
Kennesaw, Georgia

✓  
D.I.C.  
The Maxwell Field soldier who would rather brace than eat. All Georgians are his pals—no matter who they are.



**RALPH BARKER, JR.**  
Nassau, New York

A former traveling salesman. Hits the right note with the farmers' daughters in and around Victorville.

KIA



**VERTNOR N. BARNETT**  
Columbiana, Alabama

Knows all the questions and asks them. Producer, director and instigator of the A Flight all male marching chorus.



**RAYMOND G. BEHYMER**  
Strathmore, California

"I love my wife, and as soon as I get this war over we're going places and do things."



**FRANK J. BELES**  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

A sober man with a solemn face who eats his grub and minds his own business.

All thru the service with Gen.  
ending in the 381st B.G.  
as Mickey operator

4 ROOM MATES  
ABOVE





**W. I. BLACKFIELD**  
San Francisco, Calif.

Gets annoyed easily, especially on check rides, but calms down at the Green Spot.

*KIA - Berlin  
381st B.G.  
534th Sq.  
24 MAY '44*



*OK ✓*  
**STEPHAN J. BODNER**  
Latrobe, Pennsylvania

Came to us from 43-10 after a stay in the hospital. Works quietly and well.

*OK ✓*



*OK ✓*  
**GEORGE BOES**  
Vallejo, California

Let George do it and he usually does. Never says much and does his work well.

*OK ✓*



**RAYMOND J. BOSLET**  
Syosset, New York

The pineapple soldier of the old army who still dreams of grass skirts and rum.



**WILLIAM G. BOVIS**  
Camden, Ohio

The number one soldier. Once he made a formation on time but then it was supper not breakfast.

*(Washed out of phase training)*



*OK ✓*  
**CLACK M. BRADSHAW**  
Little Rock, Ark.

Get your head out Bradshaw or the kid from the Ozarks pronounced Ark - Kih - 301v. Gentle as a lamb.

*OK ✓*



*OK ✓*  
**MORRIS W. BREWER**  
Houston, Texas

A man at ease. My wife, Sir, as he hands the check rider a picture twenty seconds before Bombs Away, Sir.

*OK ✓*



*OK ✓*  
**RALPH W. BRITE**  
Pleasanton, Texas

Legal advisor of the Honor Committee. Honor Brite—member of the bar—both of them.

*OK ✓*



*OK ✓*  
**LESTER P. BROWN, JR.**  
Pittsfield, Mass.

Career cadet with experience as squadron commander in pilot, navigator and bombardier schools.

*KIA*



**WM. F. BRUNNER, JR.**  
Crookston, Minnesota

The "Ole Sarge." A good-natured kid except when some smart cadet officer tries to show his authority.



**LELAND F. BURCH**  
Lemoore, California

"Crash Landing Kid." Holds the record for getting from the nose to the rear seat in nothing flat.

*Capt. - died in crash of B-52 in Calif.*



**ROBERT E. BURGESS**  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

I know it's sock time, Sir; but will you go over the rate end just once more. Owns a Permanent Medical Excuse.

*KIA*





✓  
**ROBERT E. BURNEY**  
San Antonio, Texas

The ladies' delight. Silver tongued, smooth and a Texan. Crashed the Coconut Grove stag and scored.

o/c



**L. A. CALVERT**  
Haddonfield, New Jersey

A man of action once he gets started. Believes he who travels alone travels faster.



**P. A. CANNISTRARO**  
Waltham, Mass.

An authority on Massachusetts and early Boston history. Likes ranching and breakfast in bed.



**HOWARD M. CARLSON**  
Chicago, Illinois

Quiet and easy going but lost his head, heart and wallet on one grand spree in Hollywood.



**JOSEPH E. CARR**  
Washington, D. C.

Horse breeder, student and man about town. Knows good horse flesh, women and liquor.



**J. S. CHANDLER, JR.**  
Memphis, Tennessee

Junior is our problem child. Yuyue about his week-end doings but claims he does all right. Likes his corn in humor and liquor.



**FRANCIS E. COCHERELL**  
Farmington, Iowa

Pop to the Boys. A good guy to have around for he's always encouraging. Thinks our problem child is no problem.



**ROBERT W. COLE**  
Woodland, California

Don't know how he does it but he does, and that pays off. Carries a complete art collection in his wallet.



**FRANCIS D. CONNERS**  
Buffalo, New York

Gotta hurry and meet the wife. If he could stay awake in classes he'd have a 100 average.



**THOMAS C. CONZONER**  
Milwaukee, Wisc.

The class comic. Would make a good court jester but couldn't keep his eyes off the queen.



**CHESTER W. COOKE**  
Chicago, Illinois

A western bad man. Handy with a gun but would be lost without his superman belt.



**EDWARD T. COOPAT**  
Brooklyn, New York

The dynamo. Gets things accomplished at V.A.A.F. and North Verde. Coop knows all the angles.





**WM. H. CRAYTON, JR.**  
Towanda, Pennsylvania

The jinx. Everything that can possibly happen to a student bombardier has happened to him.



**ARTHUR C. DAVEY**  
Detroit, Michigan

Nothing bothers him. Has a breezy personality, a stable disposition and a high forehead denoting excess dandruff.



**JERRY C. DEBES**  
Beaumont, Texas

I wasn't her husband but the guy sure had me scared and you'd run too. Expects to settle down in Yankee-land—God's country.

KIA 08-16-44  
489<sup>th</sup> B.C.



**C. M. DELLINGER, JR.**  
Oakland, California

Enjoys hearing dude ranch guests tell him what a thrill it must be to be a bombardier.



**JOHN L. DEVEREUX**  
Berwyn, Illinois

Honest John. Never gets perturbed—just takes it all in his stride. Should be a philosopher.



**AMEDEO A. DI PIETRO**  
Union City, New Jersey

You can have your L. A., Hollywood and Victorville ... as long as I get ten letters a week from my wife I'm happy.



**ROBT. M. DONAHUE**  
Glendale, California

43-11's first papa. He's as efficient in his bombing as in his home work, so Tojo look out, this guy bats a 1000.



**DONALD J. DUESING**  
Menomonie, Wisconsin

Likes fishing but not as much as sleeping. Can that woman make trouble for me?



**LESLIE A. DUNGAN**  
San Mateo, California

While satisfied with life's simple pursuits he has one weakness — jitterbugging — and for an old buck he cuts a mean rug.



**DANIEL D. DUNN**  
Antigo, Wisconsin

He's in love. Likes the great outdoors but seldom gets out because his bunk is too heavy to tote.



**ROGER K. EDDY**  
Rosemead, California

Must be good for he's close to home. Enjoys flying and handles the mike well. Former radio announcer.



**ASA B. EDWARDS**  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

The rootiest, tootiest, shootiest, baminest red-head that the City of Albuquerque ever turned out. Call me Ace.





**ARTHUR C. ELDRIDGE**  
San Jose, California

The mighty mite from San Jose. Sometimes called the "mimic", but better known as the Procedure Kid. Likes arguments.

*pow. & WAF.*



**HERMAN G. FLUGMAN**  
New York, New York

Has a variety of interests—early morning radio playing, cameras, bombing, New York and stick time on the B-17.



**CHAS. L. FRANK, JR.**  
West Haven, Conn.

The family man. His bombing is inspired and for good reason, too—the wife and baby.



**ERNEST C. FREEMAN**  
Dumas, Arkansas

The women are crazy about me but I'll never know why. He's partial to blondes, brunettes and redheads.



**ROBERT D. FREEMAN**  
Los Angeles, California

Where I've been and what I drank I don't know, but I sure had a good time and I'll do it again.



**RICHARD J. GAFFANEY**  
Fargo, North Dakota

Gaff didn't have to fake an ending out. He turned up those peepers and melted the iceberg.



**HARRY F. GANAHL**  
St. Louis, Missouri

The one man terror of Victorville. The only man to compute altitude with a compass.



**JOSEPH A. GARLAND**  
Amboy, Illinois

Thinks Radar will come in its own one day. Likes comfort and is at home anywhere.



**FRED W. GERARD, JR.**  
Amarillo, Texas

A modest Texan. Blames his good C. E. on his amazing luck and it's all on the up and up.



**NATHANIEL GLICKMAN**  
New York, New York

The Bronx boy who made good in a bomb way. Convinced his roommates that the Civil War is over.

*BTHAF - 44TH B.G.  
B-24 Navigator - Mickey  
Shot down 5th June 44  
Purple Heart  
Silver Star  
Completed a tour.*



**WILBUR T. GOODE**  
Alexandria, South Dakota

Father and husband. Likes his pipe and slippers. Knows the places to get extra sack time during classes.



**LEONARD G. GOTSCH**  
Chicago, Illinois

Gone with the wind before we knew it. Spent most of his week-ends riding the range.





**ERNEST J. JOHNSON**  
Paradise, Montana

A bird of Paradise and a gallant gentleman. Risked his life with two irate Amazons to help out his roommate.



**OLIVER T. JOHNSON**  
Port Arthur, Texas

Hawdy, brother. When greeted like that in a rich Texas draw it's Port Arthur's gift to the bombardiers.

*Survived*



**JOHN W. JONES**  
Baltimore, Maryland

Of late a great friend of the Irish Verda Maria. It's the curly hair and the broad smile that does it.



**JOHN B. KANTNER**  
Detroit, Michigan

Businesslike when it comes to bombing. Knows how to get those shacks and does it.



**DALE F. KERN**  
Robinson, Kansas

Would like to spend more time in Long Beach. There must be a reason other than he likes the place.



**ROBT. C. W. KERPEN**  
Rockville Centre, New York

The class' first bridegroom. Predicts they'll be more soon and they'll all like married life, too.



**J. S. KOENIGSBERG**  
Bronx, New York

A right guide who takes his work seriously. Hopes for a grand slam soon so we can all go home.



**LEO J. LEWIS**  
Clayton, Missouri

Bored with too much L. A. night life. Would like a leave and then head east for Tokio.



**WALTER J. LOUGHEED**  
Flint, Michigan

Anyone who doesn't like this life is crazy. I'm having fun and that's important.



**JOHN C. LUTES**  
Venice, California

I like women and the feeling is mutual. Likes other things, too, but they don't matter.



**EDW. J. MAKOWSKI**  
Linden, New Jersey

The early bird catches the worm. Definitely not a lover of worms.



**DEANE C. MANNING**  
Stillwater, Oklahoma

Has a keen memory for facts and figures but conveniently forgets things and places.





**MICHAEL GROFIK**  
Brooklyn, New York

Playboy de luxe. His books, music and a medium sized harem could keep him happy for a lifetime.



**EDMOND C. HALE**  
Detroit, Michigan

A traveling man. Prefers short trips to and from I. A several times a week if he could arrange time with the Army.



**WILLIAM R. HALL**  
New Orleans, Louisiana

The Kid. Happy-go-lucky and always smilin'. Had the bad breaks but never stopped trying.



**BURL P. HANCOCK**  
Modesto, California

A paratrooper by trade and pretty good with alibis. His favorite password—blow it.



**ROBERT J. HANLON**  
Brooklyn, New York

A rabid Brooklynite. Lost his passport to Brooklyn at a party and had to spend a night in Jolsey.



**LEROY E. HANSON**  
Beulah, Michigan

A Michigan farmer, but he has a line like a Philadelphia lawyer. Does all right in Victorville, too.



**JOHN C. HARDEN**  
Plainfield, New Jersey

A hot bombardier and a good co-pilot. If only he would carry his money—a nickle or two for cakes.



**HAROLD E. HICKOK**  
Hamburg, New York

Down but never out. Had a bad start but really laid them in there since removing his head from that well known place.



**WILLIAM H. HINDS**  
Tahlequah, Oklahoma

Oklahoma Military Academy, Sir; and what about it? A dress parade soldier who goes for Saturday reviews. It's the glamour of army life.



**JOSEPH C. HOGG**  
Stuttgart, Arkansas

Spends his week-ends shopping in Victorville. A newlywed who claims to be an authority on redheads.



**DONALD J. HOWE**  
Darlington, Wisconsin

Not lazy—just damn tired. Lost his appendix but got a furlough. Needs a year to catch up on lost sleep.



**JOHN J. JANESKO**  
Forest Hills, L. I., New York

A soft soap artist who works all the angles. Learned all about malfunctions in maintenance but then it was too late.





**PAUL W. MARTISON**  
Long Beach, California

Must write a little letter to the little woman every day. A Californian and he likes it.



**HENRY D. MAY**  
Brooklyn, New York

From Brooklyn, but seldom mentions it. A good room uruberly but hits hard luck during inspections.



**PHILIP B. MILLER**  
Comstock, Michigan

After the war he plans to fulfill a lifelong ambition by moving to Brooklyn — the garden spot of the world.



**JAMES L. MIRAMONTI**  
Herrin, Illinois

An old soldier, "Long Jim" — one of the best in basketball; hit tough breaks but never stopped trying.



**J. M. MONTGOMERY**  
Eldorado, Texas

A west Texas rancher who traded his boots and spurs for a bombsight and silver wings.



**WM. P. MOUNFIELD**  
Roanoke, Virginia

The Virginia cavalier. Shy of women until he hooks 'em with his line of scintillating south talk.



**DONALD L. MURRAY**  
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

And then I saw her cousin. Good at complicated things but goes for the simple things in life — especially women.



**KENNETH A. MCGEE**  
Little Rock, Arkansas

Just bring that julep here, son. I've gwon to relax. Plays at being a gentleman from the old south.



**JOSEPH W. McHANEY**  
Blytheville, Arkansas

Boy, I wouldn't trade Arkansas for all the world combined, wrapped up in cellophane and tied with a big red ribbon.



**THOMAS NASSER**  
Iron River, Michigan

A ninety pound weakling who somehow managed to survive athletics. There's nothing like an hour's sleep.



**PAUL J. NELSON**  
Kenosha, Wisconsin

One more mission like the last one and I'm going to break my engagement. Wedding bells soon.



**WARREN W. PARADIES**  
Brooklyn, New York

Led a sheltered life in Brooklyn until western moonlight, mountains and perfume got him down.





**GEORGE H. PARKS**  
Council Bluffs, Iowa

I guess Radar is about all there is left but maybe we'd better make this function



**THOMAS F. PARRINI**  
Belle Rosa, New York

Sir, I was synchronized. I don't know how that bomb hit out at 300 feet.



**JOHN D. PUFF**  
Kirkwood, Missouri

Old John D. himself. All he thinks about is his C. E. and his rendezvous in the mountains.



**JOHN W. RAKESTRAW**  
Asbury Park, New Jersey

Hartface Jr. has a yearning for Wahoo and Mary the Unknown. Hobby—halfpots and checkrides.



**GEORGE L. RAYMOND**  
Allenhurst, New Jersey

Tubby's from Jaisey and it was never like this. He's been out to athletics but no one ever sees him.



**LELAND A. REHMET**  
San Antonio, Texas

His one desire is to be left alone when sleeping. I'll make it on time, and strangely enough, he does.



**ALPHONSE P. RICCARDI**  
Yonkers, New York

Easy going but serious. Former boxer, actor, writer, singer. Amazing versatility to which he now adds bombardier.



**JOHN F. RIEFLER, JR.**  
Honesdale, Pennsylvania

Junior to his friends. Likes squirring babes around Hollywood. The babes can be any age as long as they are over 35.



**MELVIN P. ROBERTS**  
Galveston, Texas

Now in Texas we do it this way. Quite a ladies' man—up to a certain point. Screams malfunction at every opportunity, legal or not.



**HAROLD L. ROBINSON**  
Houston, Texas

Hardhead hails from Texas— that heavenly place. Hasn't lost an argument yet—he says.



**JACK D. ROGERS, JR.**  
Alto, Texas

Depends on his mathematical background to compute his astronomical C. E. Opera fiend.



**GEORGE E. SANCHEZ**  
Los Angeles, California

Good at spinning endless, pointless yarns. He seems to be healthy but always complains of his aching back.





**RAYMOND B. SCHUCK**  
Minneapolis, Minn.

A "Jekyll and Hyde." Alternates on week-ends from the steady, dependable floy we all know to the Notorious Green Spot Kid.



**ALBERT L. SEAYER**  
Jacksonville, Florida

11's second papa. Came to us from 43-10 and has been right at home. Likes being called Pop.



**PAUL C. SHIRLEY**  
Patton, Missouri

A P.P. farmer in Missouri but a R. H. bombardier at Victorville. Makes extra effort on week-ends to get to San Diego.



**ROY D. SHOTTS, JR.**  
Victoria, Texas

One of those suave gentlemen from Texas with an interest in banking and San Bernardino.



**ELMER M. SIMPSON**  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Sim is a real Eastern Yankee, with a philosophy on life that is damn hard to beat.



**WM. W. SINGLETON**  
Berea, Kentucky

Like it fine. Like it fine. But how am I going to get out of this place?



*OK*  
**EUGENE M. STAHL**  
Portland, Oregon

Sometimes I wonder if I'm really lazy — anyway there seems to be ways and means to accomplish all things.



**HERMAN L. STEINGROB**  
Trenton, New Jersey

The class Ramea — always worrying. But there is nothing a week-end in L. A. won't cure for him.



**PAUL P. STEPHENS**  
Berkeley, California

The lad with the voice and the curly hair. He loves California and half its female population.



**WM. H. STURTCMAN**  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Quiet and easy to get along with. Had the bad breaks, too, but says that's life.



**RICHARD L. SUK**  
Flushing, New York

These week-ends at Arrowhead and the WACs drive me silly. If only they'd assign WAVES to the bombardiers.



**OTTO C. SWAN**  
Traverse City, Michigan

A swell fella'. Another martician out to make business for himself and Tojo.

*Survivor*





**JUNIOR M. SWAYNE**  
Los Angeles, California

And then I said to the General: "Sir, I've been in this army seven long years. . ."



**WM. M. TRESSELT**  
Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Pining for Doris, east coast, pay days, and silver wings. Triple threat man after first mission.



*OK*  
**JOSEPH S. TRUM**  
Beaumont, Texas

The early bird. A Texan who knows and plays all the angles. Write the wife today, Joe?



**E. Z. TUCKER, JR.**  
Greensboro, North Carolina

Z for Zodiac, meaning lady-killer. Doesn't care to be room orderly, but likes C. Q. duties, WACs and furloughs.



**JAMES YELDHEER**  
Holland, Michigan

Likes to take pictures with his eyes closed. His crooning is enjoyed by G. Flight, especially Mr. Tucker.



**THOMAS E. VINOPAL**  
Haugen, Wisconsin

Used to be on the other side of the bar, but how things have changed since becoming a bombardier.



**CHARLES E. WALK**  
Salisbury, Indiana

The happy-go-lucky, hot Hoosier bombardier who still longs for that Indiana moon and the Wabash.



**DAVID H. WATKINS**  
Indiana, Pennsylvania

Basketball star. Still trying to engineer a deal in Baldwin Park. His weakness—orange groves.



**ARCHIE WATSON**  
Seattle, Washington

The smallest and fastest man in the class. The only man who really liked to go to athletics.

*U. of W. Miller  
washed out of cadets*



**VERGIL L. WEINBERG**  
Oskaloosa, Kansas

Veni vidi vici. Nothing too trivial that it mustn't be exact.



**THOMAS R. WHALEN**  
Cleveland, Ohio

Can't make up his own mind. Has difficulty deciding between Victorville and L. A.; between blonde and redhead.



**HENRY A. WILTSE**  
Cohasset, New York

A Phi Kappa Psi from Syracuse who is allergic to malfunctions. Scotch, sock time, and Hollywood women.





**RICHARD C. WINSOR**  
Miami, Florida

Favorite state—Florida. Favorite flower—daisies. Favorite sport—sack time. Pet aversion—camera lens.



**EUGENE W. WOLFE**  
Topeka, Kansas

We lost him via the flight surgeon to 43-12. He's the boy who was "kidnapped" by a blonde in Hollywood.



**SAM ZACK**  
Detroit, Michigan

Sad Sam. Haunts L. A., Arrowhead and Big Bear with his favorite week-end song—"Let's Get Lost."



**EDWARD J. ZADIGAN**  
New York, N. Y.

The little man who is always there. To know him is to like him.



## The Staff

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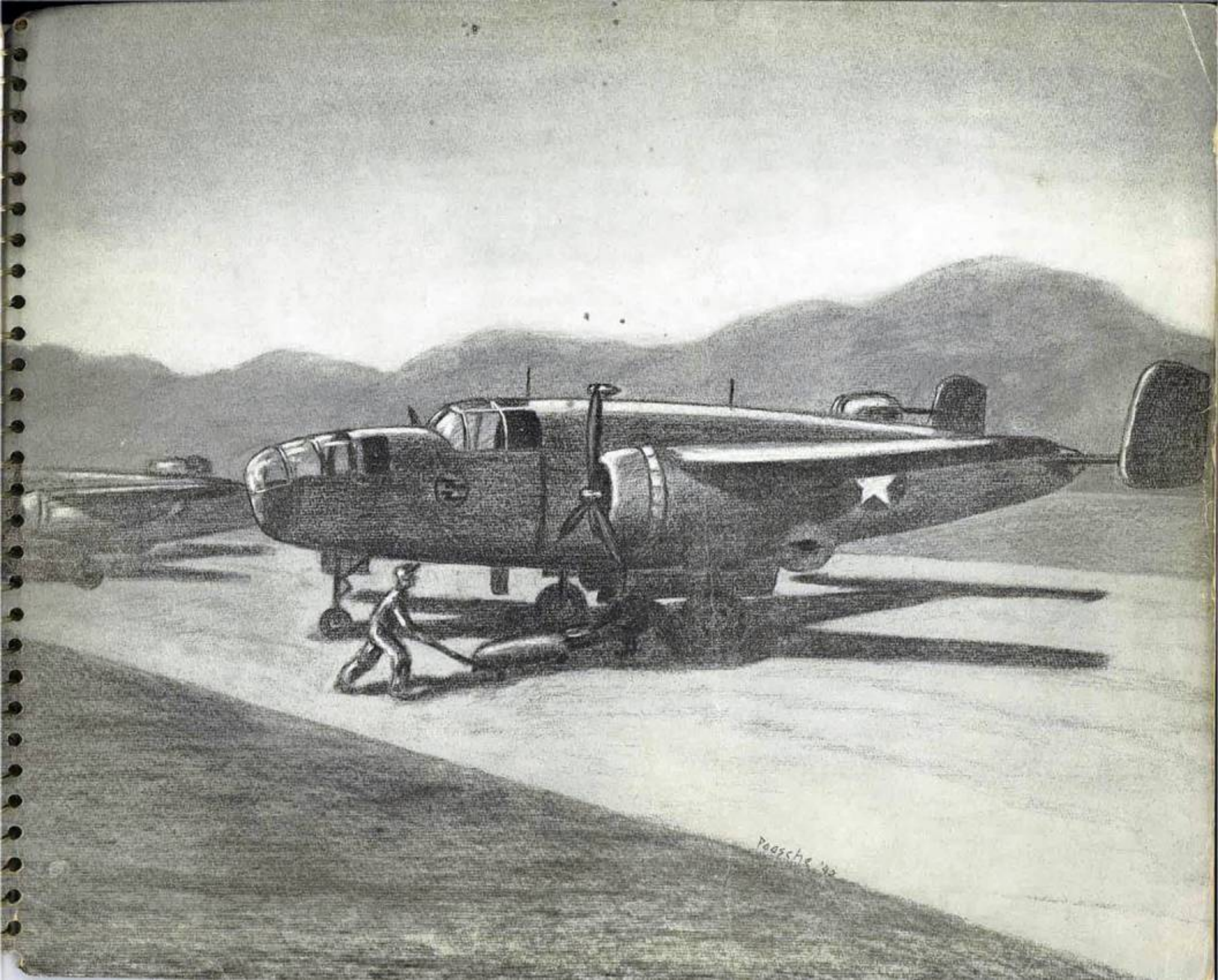
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Paasche '42



