

Bombs Away

44-10







This is the Story of 44-10 . . .

This is graduation. Our last missions are flown over the turbulent cadet airways. We are bombardiers. We're happy now. The wings and bars for which we have strived are neatly pinned on our blouses and shoulders. We shall never forget how we got them . . . never forget our cadet days recorded in these pages . . . days of worry, study, sweating out exams . . . C.E.'s and combat hits. Yes, there was always the bitter mingled with the sweet to formulate pleasant memories for tomorrow's reminiscence.

There was open post and our bomba-dears. There were our buddies who gave us words of encouragement when the road got rough . . . we had our instructors to supply the extra throttling we needed when the flying got tough; and more than all that . . . there was our objective . . . distant, yet glittering, towards which we steered our course.

Now, "Bombs Away, Sir!" Shack! We make this our final entry with an inward glowing of satisfaction as we prepare to take another heading. Rough days ahead, we know . . . but come what may, we are fit for the purpose that is ours . . . to serve now . . . and for the life we are to live after victory comes.

Perhaps all that glittered . . . is gold . . . after all!

VICTORVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD



Farewell from the Commandant

July 22, 1944.

TO CLASS 44-10:

Mingled with the thrill of receiving your wings is the honor of becoming an officer. You have worked hard for both, and you deserve them.

Ahead lies a great task. You have trained for one of the most important jobs in modern warfare. United Nations air victories are being contributed to more and more by the American bombardier. He is the pivotal figure in this war and in him is concentrated the responsibility of every mission. As you leave here for further training, constantly strive to improve your knowledge and technique so that you will be ready when you reach the combat theater. Also in combat, your responsibility as an officer will be equally as great.

Congratulations and remember always—be as good an officer as you are a bombardier!

EARL C. ROBBINS,
Colonel Air Corps,
Commanding.





MAJOR S. A. MILLIGAN
Post Executive Officer



MAJOR ROBERT H. MURRAY
Deputy for Training



CAPTAIN JOHN D. BARNARD
Executive Officer
Training and Operations



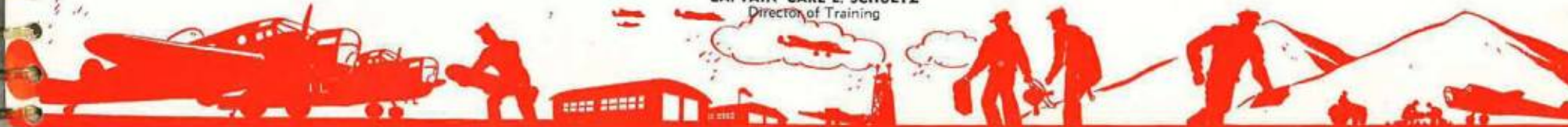
CAPTAIN ROBERT C. DAVIDSON
Post Adjutant



CAPTAIN CARL E. SCHULTZ
Director of Training



LT. STANLEY A. REEL
School Secretary





LIEUT. SANTOS GIAMPAPA
Tactical Officer



Twang and Tillie.
He's a dilly...
She's a Lulu — plain to sec.
Their sharp salutes are strictly proper.
For Lieutenant Giampapa.

LET'S GET TACTICAL...



A room full of babbling, green, awkward cadets was the scene that greeted Lt. Santos Giampapa as he strode upon the rostrum to bid us welcome to VAAF. The badinage ceased abruptly as all eyes focused attention on this little man with the West Point appearance. Yes, he's going to be a stickler.

Fortunately first impressions aren't always accurate. Ours weren't. Lt. Giampapa claimed no past association with the noted military academy. He was assigned a tactical officer by way of Boston and Officers' Training School...the hard way. And we breathed a sigh of relief.

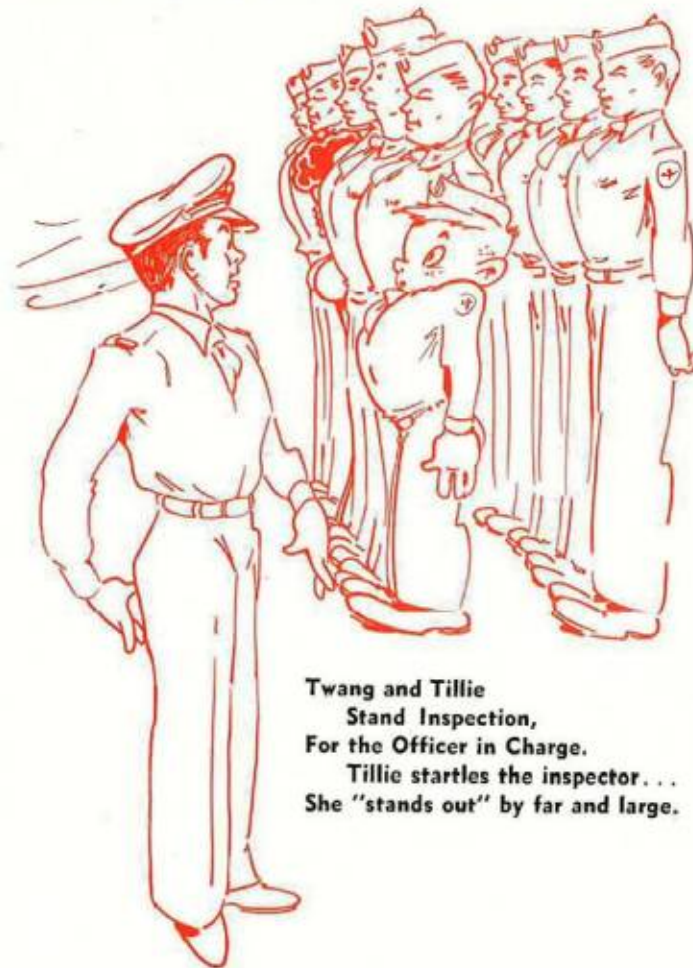
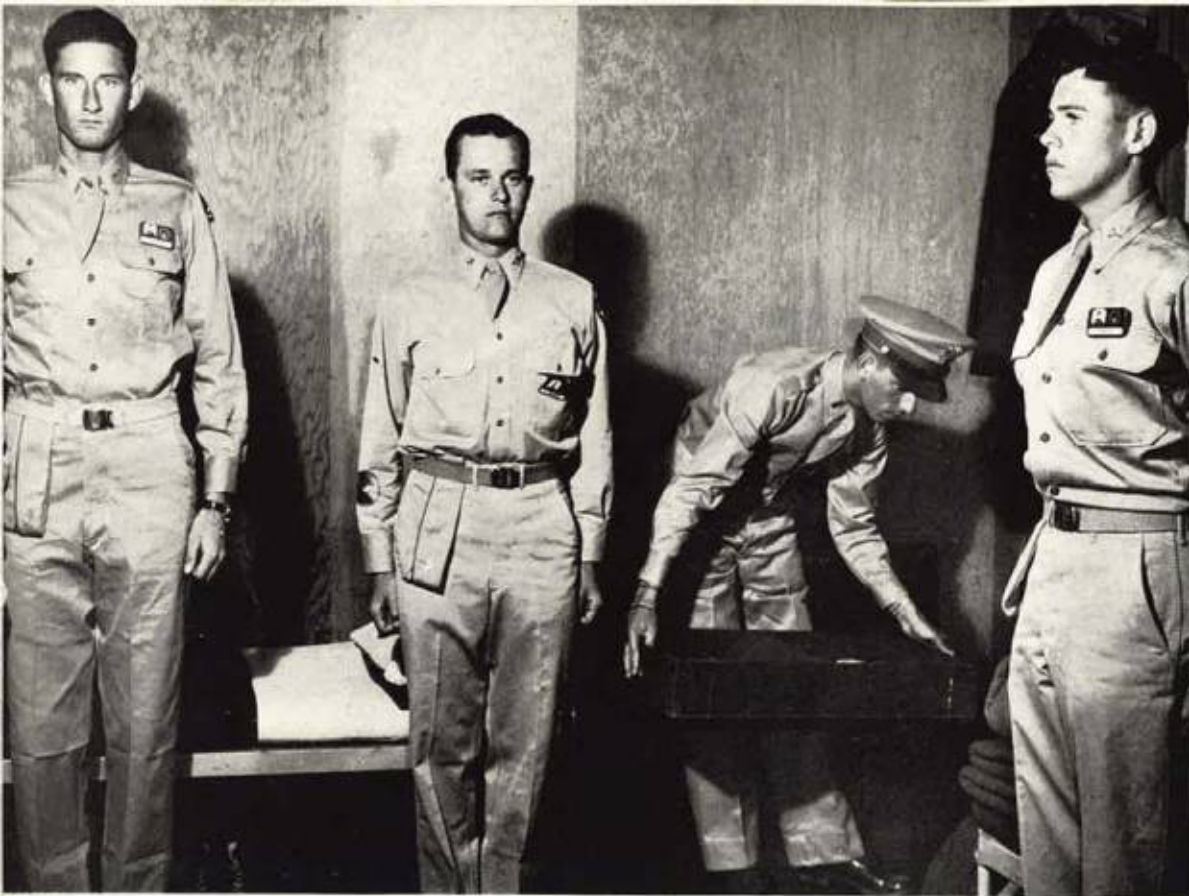
However, when we placed last in one parade, his fighting spirit bristled with indignation. And we felt the full sting of the bristles. Inspections at every

formation! The skeptics attempted to forecast our inevitable fates. "He's G.I. Strictly G.I."

Our fears were misnomers because we won the parade on a glorious 10th of June. It wasn't long before the entire field was aware of the honor bestowed upon us. And why? Lt. Giampapa's publicity department took care of the ballyhoo. He smilingly broadcast the virtues of his "men"; we were proud to be the object of his affections.

If square deals for his men were Lt. Giampapa's goal, he fulfilled it two-fold for the guys of 44-10. If we have emerged from the Victorville mill bearing some semblance of officer-bombardiers, it was all due to Lt. Giampapa who had faith in a motley gang of giddy kids, bent on making good in the Air Corps. Our goal is to strive to emulate a really fine man.





**Twang and Tillie
Stand Inspection,
For the Officer in Charge.
Tillie startles the inspector...
She "stands out" by far and large.**

ON SATURDAY



We were willing to wager our last bottom G.I. dollar that the Army chose its inspecting officers by their ability to spot dust where there shouldn't be dust, with the aid of white gloves and California sunshine.

Yes, no matter how we put our muscles to the task of tidying up our prescribed bunk areas for the Saturday rituals, there was always the steely eye of the inspecting officer to contend with. His 20/20 vision did us wrong.

Military inspections, comparable only to Mother's house cleaning in the Spring and Fall, brought out the mutinous elements in our physical make-up, aggravated by a newly acquired domestic disease...house-maid's knee.

The indoor ceremony followed "the garden" investigation. Inspections in rank on sand-packed desert beds under the

blazing sun of the Mojave assured burnt noses, perspiring brows and dusty shoes. Through all our weeks at Victorville we had not devised a method of tramping through the sands without getting our foot gear dusty. But "sharp" was the keynote of the judicious inspecting officer and we were giggered for "dusty" shoes.

"Giggered for dusty shoes? What are you griping about? He giggered me for sweat on the brow."

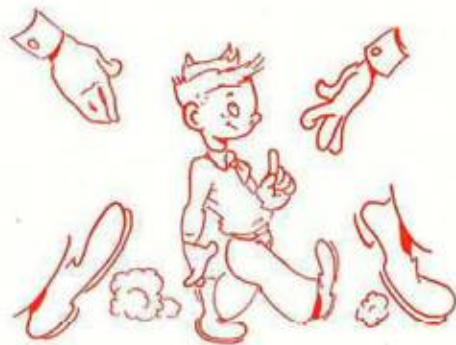
And we cussed by the numbers. Tours were for rookies. Somehow we felt we had never passed the basic training stage. Yet, after a process of trial and error and sessions in shoe polishing, we triumphed.

We're on the ball now. We can make a bed...the army way...and everyone is satisfied.





Twang is Eager.
Combs his hair; he's a beaver.



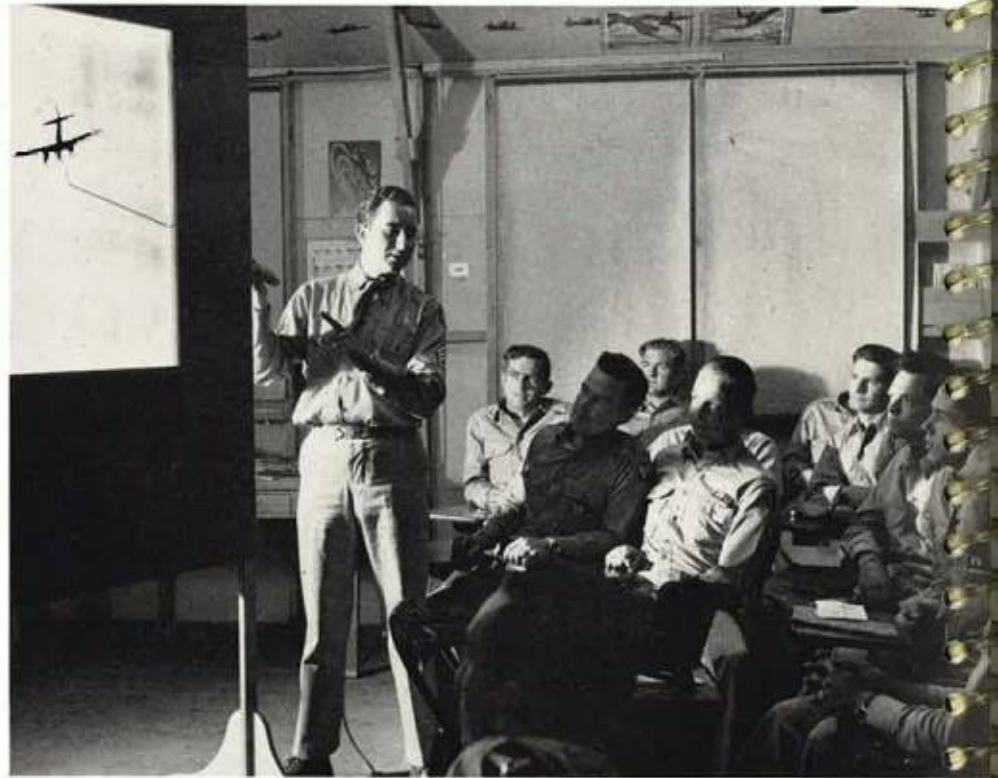
The ten men say a first is due,
At the Saturday review.

THE • RUGGED • TYPE . . .

. . . They had the toughest job of them all — First up and outside for those pre-dawn reveilles while others could snatch 40 extra seconds of precious "sack-time" — First out for school and flight line formations, while others digested those magnificent mess-hall treats. . . . Not to mention the wear and tear on the larynx, what with "E Flight, fall in" . . . "All right, you guys, cut the talking in ranks" . . . "Come on, get in step, you guys" . . . "Straighten it up, here comes an officer" . . . and all the other little by-words that became so much a part of these Cadet Officers.

Trouble? Plenty of trouble, but it was well worth it. The pride of wearing the bars of a Cadet Officer, the satisfaction of successfully assuming responsibility — the realization that the training and experience in leadership would someday be priceless. . . all these helped make the tough jobs easier. Much credit is due these lads who, in addition to other duties, found time somehow to be Cadet Officers.





READIN'...

Twang looks wearily...and drearily...

At this rugged ground school lore.

What's it for?

"Give me a bomb...a pat on the back,
And I'll come back...with a shack."





'RITIN' ... 'RITHMETIC' ...

A foundation necessarily precedes the construction of a building and so we became the timber, the steel braces, cement, nails and the other materials needed as the construction artists, our instructors supreme, built monumental edifices from an unpredictable mob of aspiring bombardiers.

Edifices? Yes, built from the sweat and patience of many instructors who molded us into bombardier-officers.

With kaleidoscopic efficiency we were put through varying stages of learning... theory of bombing, analysis of results, causes of errors, meteorology, C-1 auto pilot, instrument calibration... code... aircraft recognition...

Repetition! The instructors used it as wedge to penetrate our foggy brain matter. We set up walls of revenge. Yet slowly, deliberately in strict adherence to the military doctrines of Air Corps schooling, our instructors supreme succeeded in forging the last stubborn obstruction into an obedient panel of knowledge. The building was finished! We thought of Abe Lincoln's "house divided against itself cannot stand." We were determined to stand undivided.

Today, as we flaunt our bombing ability before the admiring eyes of the undergraduates we can only say, "They did it in Ground School, fellas!"



Twang is just a little weary,
Of all this navigarin' theory.
"Navigation, ETA, EGB,
How I hate thee."



A LETHAL CARGO is contained within that canvas bag... a \$5,000 parcel designed to pack a wallop. Our implement of war is gingerly handled by Gratias on the ladder as he hands the bombsight to Harman. The beholder on the loft is Brunemeir, who seems to frown on the manual chores accompanying trainer instruction.

WE BOMBED FROM 12 FEET and the dizzying heights sometimes brought spots before the eyes of Wimer and DuFresne sharing close quarters with Lt. Silvaggio on the trainer. Collaborators below are Durant and Hart, who restrain comment on the results of this initial "low altitude mission."



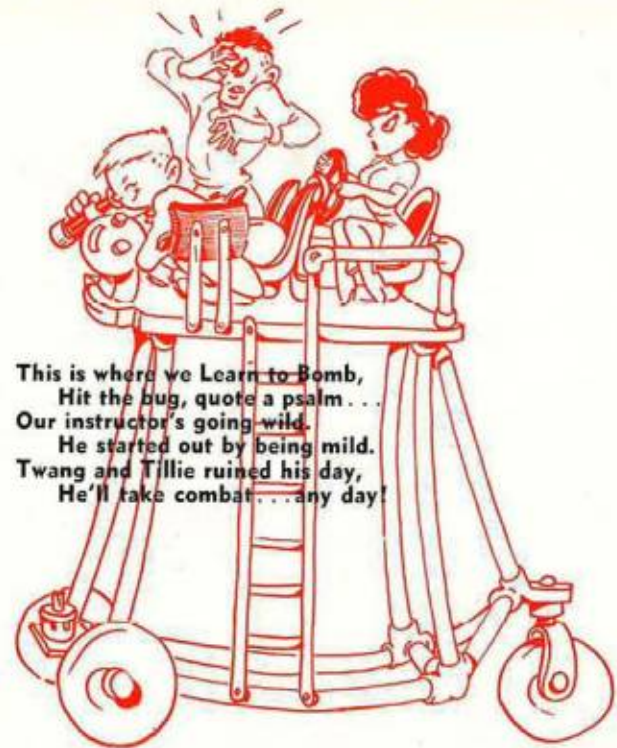
HIGH...WIDE and *Handsome?*



Handsome? Did anyone here say handsome? Handsome possibly to another trainer, but definitely out of the groove in the jargon of the hep cats of 44-10 who stood mute, as if struck by lightning first day in the hangar.

As we filed through a very small door into a very large hangar, we felt like Ali Babas invading the domain of the plundering vagabonds. Huge, massive framework... a sky-hi ceiling, windows and more windows and the feeble pipe-like assemblage before us gave forth solemn and ominous uncongeniality to the motley gang of ten men.

"I've got to hit that Bug," was the lusty battle cry those first irksome days of our learning curriculum. Battle cries turned to visible tears in the grooming process tho' none of us reached the "racked with sobs" stage. We begged and cajoled, pleaded and sometimes prayed and gradually through a process of nerve-shattering endeavor and the will to succeed, nay to conquer, we chalked up an entry on the credit side of the bombing ledger... **One Trainer Course**... completed. The figures balanced while we sometimes found ourselves off-balance.



This is where we Learn to Bomb,
Hit the bug, quote a psalm...
Our instructor's going wild...
He started out by being mild.
Twang and Tillie ruined his day,
He'll take combat... any day!





THE ROAD TO FLIGHT

There are many roads which lead to a goal . . . some pock-marked with obstacles and disappointments . . . others lined with herbaceous borders, weeds and sweet smelling flowers. We conclude now that our "road to flight" can be compared only to a road with detours. But what's a road without detours?

Just as the traveler strays from the marked highways and bi-ways, so did the men of 44-10 cavort a diverted path down the flight road. Detours in our case were profitable. We acquired bombing equipment and target hitting knowledge in the process. A total of three stops netted us a parachute valued by the Air Forces at \$230.00 — one clip board . . . oxygen mask . . . flashlight . . . stop watch and a \$600.00 camera. And we took time out for a swig of

Coke along the way. A good take for one night's work, we thought.

Then we proceeded to the crossroads and checked the road signs of our ready room. Terse directions, neatly written on blackboards gave all the needed data . . . "Mission, pilot, ship, T. O., Target, Alt., C.I.A.S., Instructor, Student."

We picked up a rider (our instructor) and proceeded on our way down the "road of flight."

"Where you going, Mister?"

"Target Series N."

"Good deal, I'm going there, too."

"Hop in."

Destination, dead ahead. There were no more detours this day.



CLIPBOARD

MASK

TAG



CAMERA CHECK OUT becomes a pleasant chore when there's a WAC around to break the tedium of the day's occupation. There's a catch in it though. The WAC doesn't like cadets and she only works there. The Smith Boys with Casanova Wrubelle look on admiringly, but to no avail.

A HEALTHY ARTICLE IS THE PARACHUTE... that all important emergency parasol if Dame Fortune goes askew, which sometimes she does. It's serious business for Smith, Bracken, Nigg, another Smith, Schwartz and Storch who swear by the product of the ambitious little larvae.



WE ROARED AWAY...



April tenth was the date of our initial roar. . . April 10, 1944! A day to remember. Pounding hearts and dry, parched palate heralded our first trip skyward in a noisy AT-one-one special. A series of jumbled questions ran through our minds that day. . . minds wearing a fuzzy coat of doubt as we made preparation for our maiden mission.

"Do I remove the pins before or after take-off?"

"How many do they wash-out on the first mission?"

"When do I open the bomb bay doors?"

In the air: "Sir, I forgot my bombing tables." And what's a bombardier without his tables? Reminds us of eggs without the shells. "Sir, are you certain that my last one hit at 350? The crosshairs were right on the shack. Oh, my bubbles, I forgot about them!" Wailing, wailing.

Gradually the questions simmered down to a few per mission. Grey hairs disappeared from instructor's heads, but not before we had realized that wearing a pair of bombardier wings represented a lot of worry, sweat . . . a lot of pounding headaches. . . and not half so much romance as depicted on the poster in front of the home town post office.

We roar away now with courage, as we trade AT-11's for bigger stuff . . . trade wooden shacks for enemy arsenals.



**Twang strides hurriedly to the line,
He must get there right on time.
Demerits are an awful thing,
When they spoil his week end fling.**





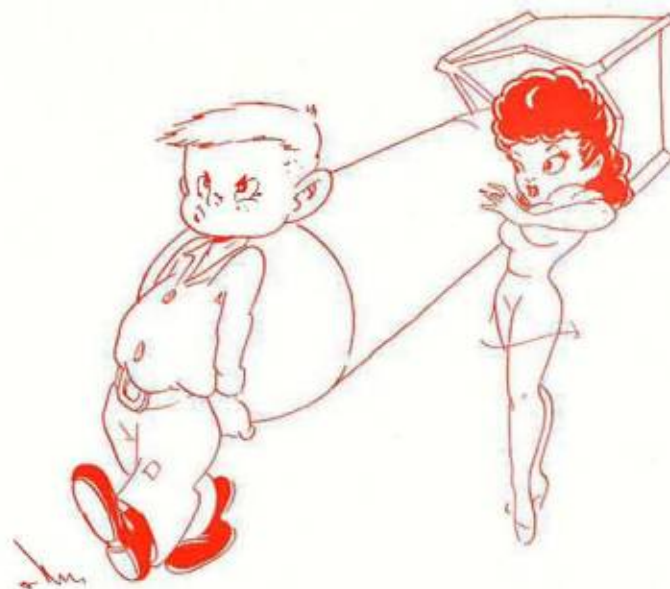
Twang has toiled, alas, alack,
 But he can't hit the wooden shack;
 And for graduation's sake,
 He's going to use his little rake.



LET'S DOOD IT MY WAY. . . .says Romano while plotting a navigation hop with Ball. We have it on reliable authority these two boys arrived 12 minutes late, some odd 16 miles off course. Navigation comes hard to our Green Spot lotharios who find it hard navigatin' back from their week end jaunts.

BIG BUSINESS ON THE LINE. . . .at any rate, this group of 44-10 men are making full use of Air Corps Standard Bombardier Equipment. The Joe with the pencil is Bernie Ravin who appears to be having trouble penetrating the navigatin' noggins of Poe, Richie, Durston, and Bouldin.





Tillie lends a helping hand,
Her services are in demand.
She believes in serving double,
When Twang has trouble
With the bubble.
"Patience, dear," is what she'll say.
"You'll be a bombardier. . . some day."

EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN STOVE is present in this pre-flight photo of 44-10 beavers on the line. It's bound to be a good mission if the calculations of Loffredo, Mahan, and DuFresne are right. They're the lads bending laboriously over their forms on the tail of an AT-11. Toof, Hoffman, and Richie gambol in the near background at the muscular task of loading the blue boys.

THIS AMBITIOUS QUARTETTE, minus their musical instruments, form an abstinent body as the picture implies. Bombing is serious business for Goldstein, Rollins, McKnight, and Winters as they prepare to "roar away." Determination carves deep into the brows of these lads, specifically for the benefit of their instructor who is lurking about the line, out of camera range.

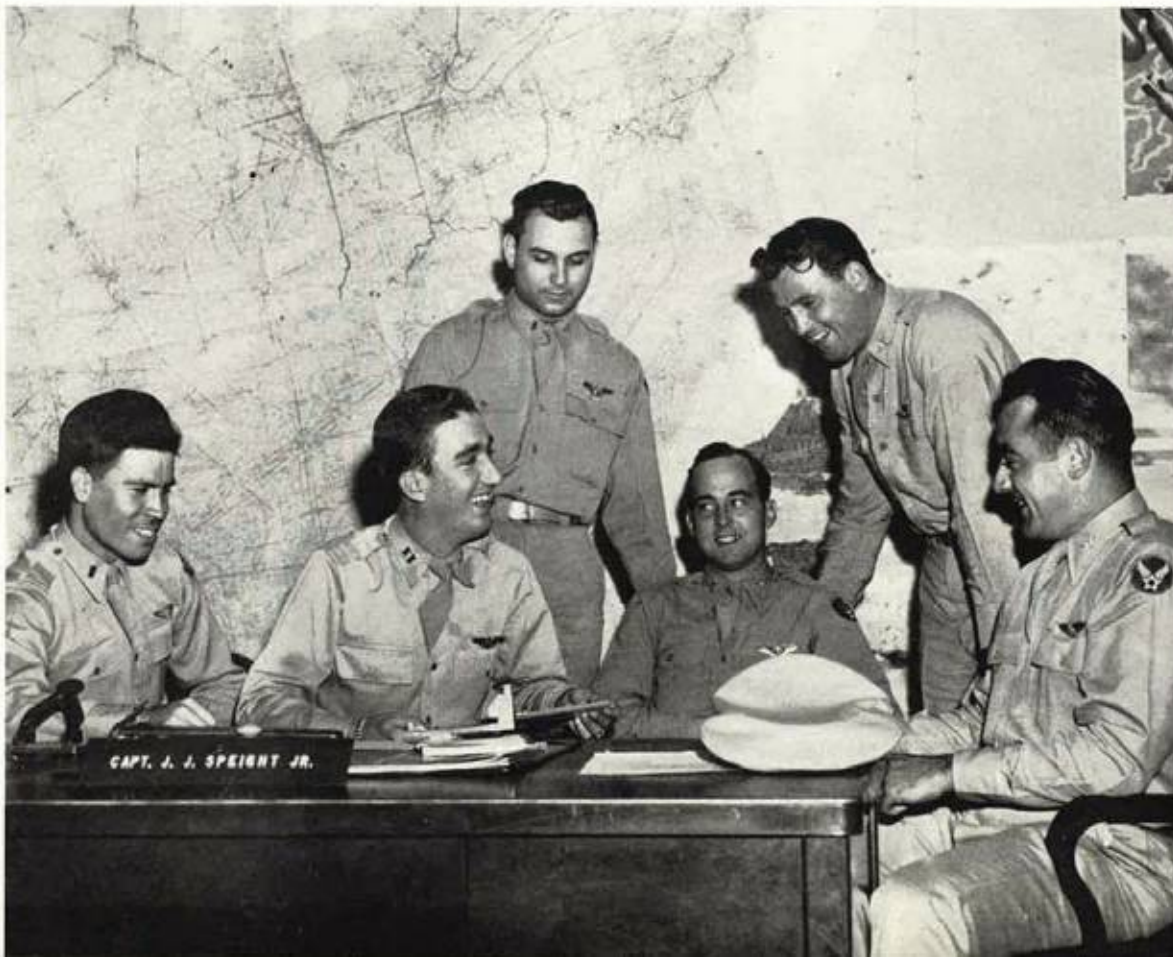
They Taught Us How To Bomb...



We can't help feeling that our instructors are the real heroes of this war — the men who by virtue of their assignment are denied the greater glory of actual combat. These are the men who soothed and consoled, and fretted over us — who slowly but definitely made us expert in the secret craft of precision bombing.

During those first trying hours as we went praying down the bombing run on the way to the target — it was our instructors who shared the ecstasy of the "shack" with us — or who saw us through those black moments that periodically cast a shadow over every fledgling bombardier.

It is our collective hope that their reward will be the reflected glory of our achievements.

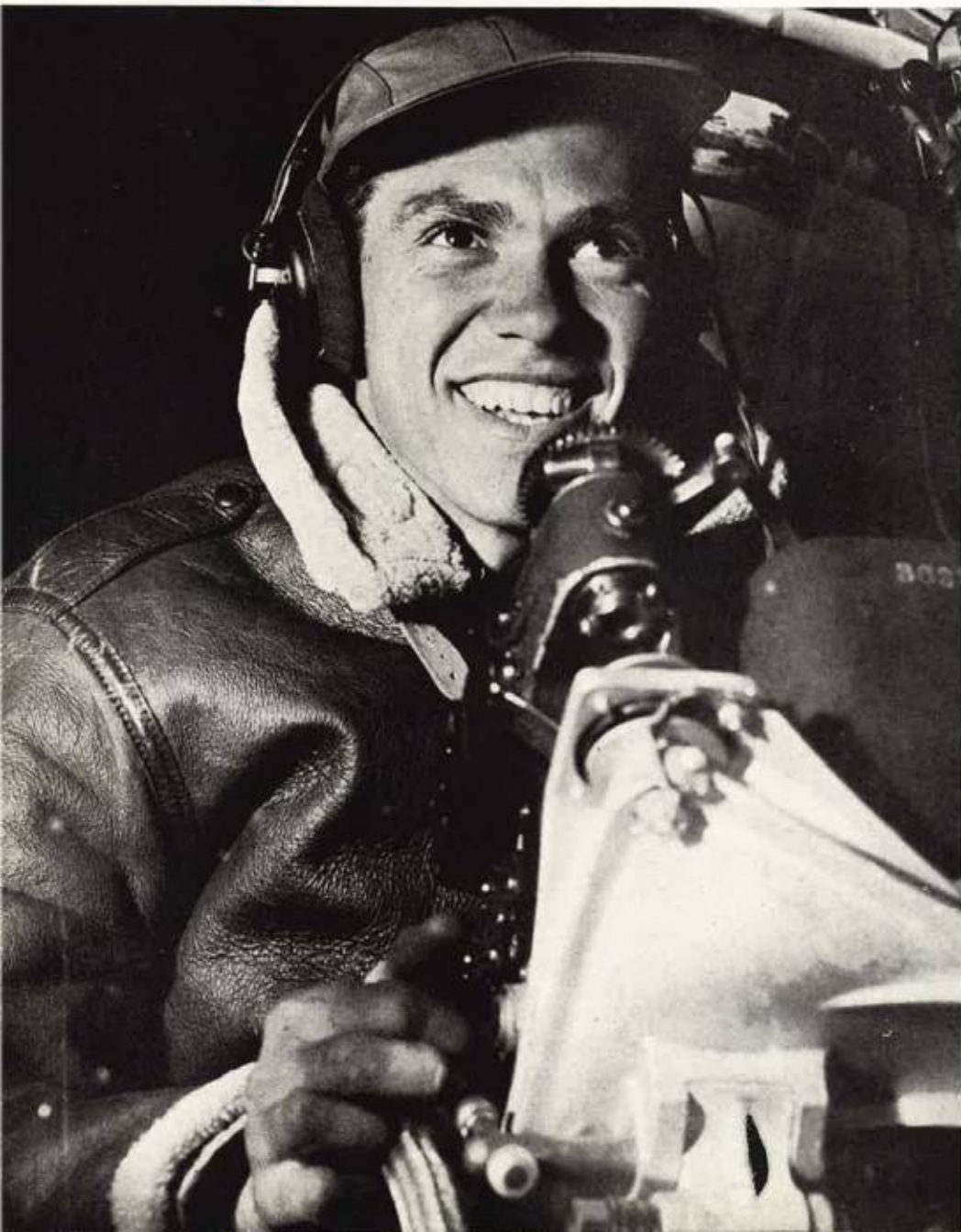


They Taught Us How to Use Our Hands.

Pictured here are the Flight Line Leaders of Squadron Two: Capt. J. J. Speight, Jr., Lt. Carlo Arrobio, Lt. Fred Stotler, Lt. A. W. Grix, Lt. J. J. Balsama, and Lt. R. F. Griego.



MOONLIGHT & TARGETS...



*Moonlight and targets,
Brought misery and pain,
Moonlight and targets,
We'll never hit it again.*

*Moonlight discloses,
My bomb hit 500 feet wide,
Moonlight and targets,
I'll get a check-ride.*

Night flying was the bugaboo and waterloo of many bombardier cadets. Perhaps it was the fact that moonbeams were made for better things. Moreover, the supervisor of the satellites, that shining old man with a market cornered on green cheese, who dominated the constellation decided that the sanctity of his sky domain was not to be invaded by meandering cadets...searching for wings...and bars.

Night lights were for lovers. We were lovers in a remote sense; lovers of bombsights, and glittering targets. Mister Moon frowned on the enlarged explanation of the word.

It was for us to win him over. This had to be done in degrees. 13,000 foot missions afforded us a fair chance to get near the old cantankerous, mischievous buzzard with the shining face.

Swing the sight...where's the target? Moon...be good to me!

We supplicated...sometimes cried...mostly yelled at Mister Moon. Then suddenly a moonbeam darted out from the mellow mass to light up the wooden shack.

Synchronize...course okay...bubbles level, Sir...Up trigger...kill rate...check bubbles...gotta' hurry...synchronization okay, "Bombs Away, Sir." Switches off...a shack for sure!

C.E.'s revealed the success or failure of our night excursions. Whatever the score, we had won a friend in Mr. Moon. A lasting friend.

He was a prankish fellow at the outset. We forgave him though because we too are a bit more playful at night.



THE OMNIPRESENT E6B forms the center of interest as these class ten men compile necessary data for the third mission of the evening. The handy gadget is purported to be able to do anything a wife can do. Mystic Montgomery, Meandering Magee, and Shy-Boy Schwartz claim they're not authorities on the subject. We Wonder!

IRIUM SMILES AND SCINTILLATING GAIT proclaims this the last mission of the week and Peters, Russo, Wolski, and Sams stride hurriedly towards the barracks in preparation for the week end mission. . . not over L. A. but more pleasantly to the Angel city. The happy, passionate, nay wolfish countenances displayed here changed when the fluctuating schedules fluctuated to include bombing on Saturday night.

ACTION AT NIGHT. . .and the 44-10 night-hawks go into their well-rehearsed routine. Wakefield and Wolski hoist the heavies into the buggy while Schwartz and Wilson wield a mean computer. Handling the less arduous task is Martinson, who demonstrates perfect shackling technique, aided and abetted by Mister Moon.



MUSCLES . . . BY THE NUMBERS



It's exactly 10 minutes before P. T. time. Our eager adjutant (but aren't they all) screams the fall out command.

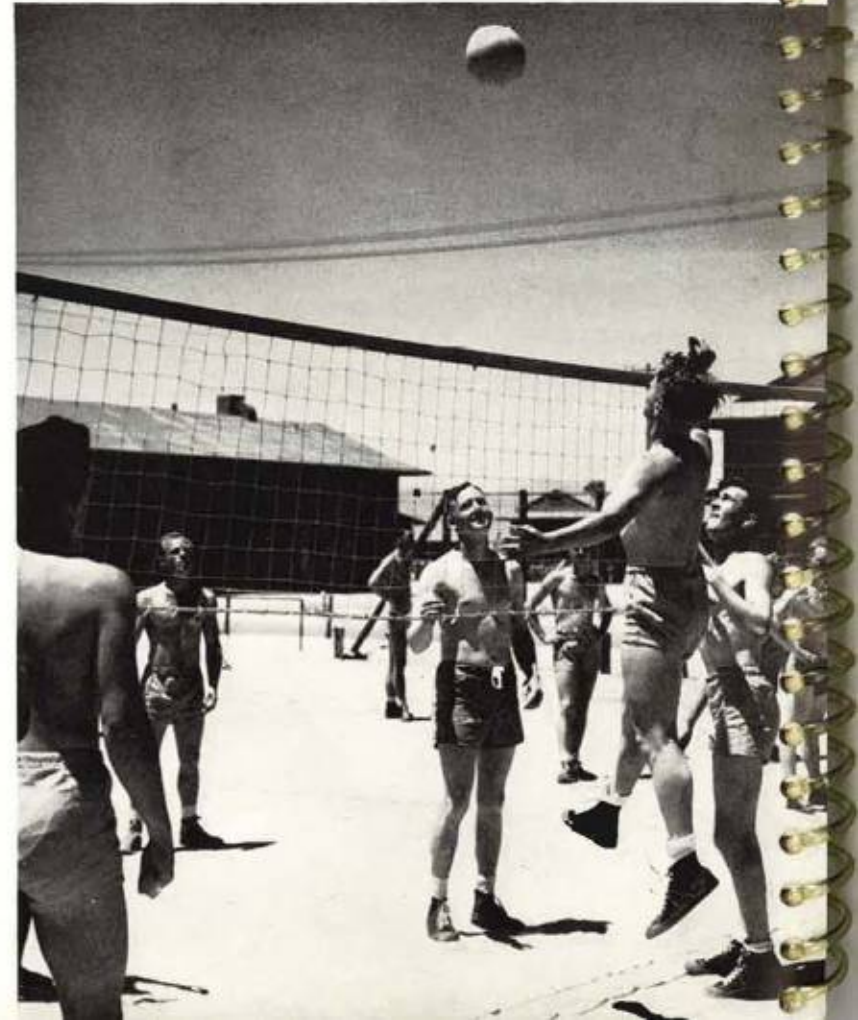
We run out to the stand. Then comes the slaughter. The calijumpics begin with a terrific cadence. On and on they go, without a moment's respite. As we are about to drop by the wayside, the instructor stops, beats his chest like Tarzan and starts another series of exercises. Hours elapse . . . or time that seems like hours. The instructor gives us "halt" and we bite the dust by the numbers. Grinning from ear to ear he announces casually . . . "Two laps."

So we file away on the endless trek, first half is down hill, so we can coast on automatic pistons. Coming back is different. Our tongues hang out, we puff locomotively and push uphill.

We chug wearily around the course again with the pace a turtle could beat and we finally make it . . . but only because omega must follow alpha.

Then off to our assigned areas for the finishing touches. We proceed to kill one another in football, basketball, baseball and the other muscle building chores. Superman would have long passed out . . . but not 44-10. We might wash-out. Superman couldn't!

"Courage, men" was the comforting cry of Lieutenants Fred A. Anderson and Floyd L. Marchant who upheld the integrity of the PT department and made men of us. We're thankful now. We're healthy and strong, thanks to the insistent demands of our instructors who knew what they were doing all along.



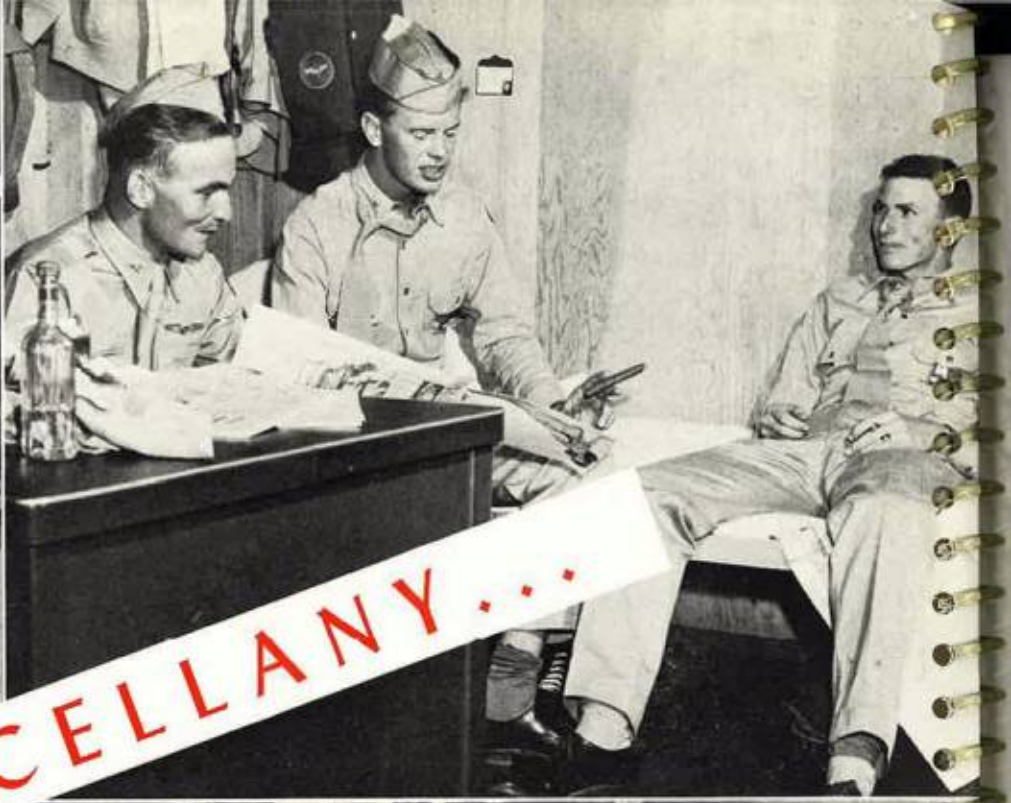
THE GENTLE ART OF MEAT CUTTING fascinates a trio of 44-10 men who lend a helping hand (???) to the cadet culinary staff. The word "art" is purely figurative, but "gentle" is not, for the all-important commodity of the rationed variety rates a soft touch and special handling at the carving hands of Armstrong, Avera, and Ball.



A TRIBUTE TO GOOD FOOD is demonstrated here by Feldman, DuFresne, and Grady who smile graciously in salute to their vitamin-filled victuals. Cadet grub at VAAF comparable only to Mother's brought forth graphic approval as the men of ten get ready to add inches to the midriff. Burp!

A MARVELOUS MESS...and time to relax amid home-like surroundings and soft music. Good meals, compensated two fold for the hectic, split-second training of bombardier cadets. Our mulish tendencies took wing soon after we fortified ourselves with the magnificent bill of fare at Capt. Bert Galindo's happy hall of nutriment.





MISCELLANY...





MEET *the* MEN

of





MARTIN L. ALLEN
Oakland, California

"High Yaller" is the favorite color of this suave, quiet Dude Rancher. Cowboy!



ALFRED D. ANDERSON
La Canada, California

Big worry on the way . . . he's getting hitched. Fretting about the next open post while out on open post. Funster!



S. T. ARMSTRONG, JR.
Los Angeles, California

Perpetual frown marks Armstrong who is purported to be the only man in Sqd. 1 who has never smiled. Get happy!



BENJ. W. AVERA, JR.
Los Angeles, California

One of the few jalopy owners. Flew into L. A. on week ends and earned the title "High Speed." Progressive!



EDWARD LEWIS BALL
Brighton, Michigan

"I lost a week and," is his favorite Monday recital. Big Bear enthusiast!



EDWARD R. BARBOUR
Paterson, New Jersey

A modern Dimitrios who wants us to believe he's quiet and reserved. Why?



FREDERIC P. BENFER
Des Moines, Iowa

A miracle! A squadron captain with friends, and a pretty wife to boot, plus a convertible. Wealthy!



WILLIAM C. BLOUGH
Johnston, Pennsylvania

From the Panama Canal Zone . . . exponent of the rhyme . . . "Through veins today pass blood and wine, Wherein tomorrow worms may dine."



RICHARD J. BOULDIN
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

The WACS chase him on bikes, but he's got long legs. "Tour" list of the first water. Hup, two, three, four!



VIRGIL BRACKEN
Ft. Smith, Arkansas

Our Arkansas member who swears by Gen'l Lee. Likeable, and a good bombardier! We called him Arkie!



WARREN E. BRASS
Helena, Montana

The old gal won't give up his ring and he can't afford another one. Will drown his sorrows in Tequila. Burp!



LESLIE TRAVIS BROCK
San Diego, California

The Flash! Roommates wear bruises of his bone-crushing demonstrations. Met match in L. A. when Joy trumped his ace. Defeated!



F. M. BRUNEMEIER
Piscenia, California

High Mentality Department! Usual week end excuse: "But, it's hard getting a ride on Sunday." Pace-maker!



J. B. BUMGARDNER
Houston, Texas

A Texas wolf in California sheep's clothing with an Altar Boy's voice. "You got 30 seconds." Adolescent!



EDWARD V. BURK
Chicago, Illinois

The "Beat Me Daddy" Kid. "I can't stay in this week," was his Saturday chant. The Grass is green only in Chicago.



FRANCIS C. BUTLER
Newell, South Dakota

Once a Montana cowboy always a cowboy. Rode the airways like a veteran, and bad flying weather didn't bother him at all. Patient!



HAYES W. CAFFEE
Bellevue, Nebraska

A medium-sized "Wing-Ding" from Nebraska. "Quality over Quantity, men!" Yet . . . Caffee is happy!



JOHN P. CANNON
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Baldhead juvenile delinquent. Dies every Sunday to be reborn every Saturday. Holder of order HN., HB., HL. Comes with Tequila holder attached!



L. A. CHRISTIAN, JR.
Kansas City, Missouri

Changeable as Dr. Jekyll. He gets around. "It wasn't like this at Guadalcanal." Veteran!



WILLIAM C. CLARK
El Cerrito, California

Long Island boy. Loves to write so well, he had a triple release just so he could write about it. (Wrote it a thousand times.) Journalistic!



DONALD LEE COOK
Hooper, Utah

Better known as "Hooper Hurricane." Tall and lanky, but quite a sight on the basketball court. Cager!





R. H. CRAWFORD, JR.
Whittier, California

From the home state and expounds the merits of California sunshine. Goes to Whittier by way of Santa Ana. Why?



WILHELM S. DAHL
Los Angeles, California

A smoothie with the charcoals and that Saturday charm. Slogan of L. A. queens is "I'm all for Dahl." Native-son!



EVERETT D. DAWSON
San Francisco, California

A frisky lad from Frisco who claims the typewriter will some day replace the bombsight. Typist!



CLIFFORD F. DECKER
Rawlins, Wyoming

"The Big Brute." He's from Kansas where everything grows tall and strong as evidenced by his agile handling of practice bombs. Hefty!



R. G. DeDONATO
Seattle, Washington

Clank! Clank! The man with the nose. He hears all and "nose" all. Our Washington Wonder Boy. Good guy!



R. B. DEFFENDALL
Indianapolis, Ind.

The original "eager beaver." Always backing for supply sergeant; just got Guidon bearer. Happy!



HARRIS J. DuFRESNE
Trenton, Michigan

"The Brain," with a quiet personality. Managed to hog the "Bombs Away" camera at every occasion! Photogenic!



WILLIE S. DURANT
Hemingway, S. C.

Dynamo Durant . . . the rebel of the outfit. Will not concede Confederate defeat and demands a recount. Shirley Temple catches his eye. Religious!



WM. A. DURSTON
Avery, Texas

Likes pre-flight so well, he goes back to Santa Ana every week end just to be near it and the blonde who lives there. Adonis!



PHILIP FELDMAN
Worcester, Mass.

Our hero, flight lieutenant. "You go get the beer, I'm not dressed." Guzzler!



CARL H. FORBES, JR.
Morgantown, W. V.

P.T. his Waterloo but the muscles grow just the same. A good kid from the Eastern seaboard who made good on the Western coast. Whimsical!



Geo. W. FORGEY
Gladstone, Illinois

Insistent about falling out. Worry-wart of the first water, but he kept us on the ball. Strictly G. I.



BILLY GENE FRENCH
Kennett, Missouri

USO Commando . . . better-known for his smooth line, his Missouri gall and his Victorville women.



JOSEPH GALLEGOS
Los Angeles, California

Bombing separated Joe and his wife on week ends, but the guy survived. Persistent!



ROBERT E. GEIGER
Syracuse, New York

Chants "Oh, you beautiful sack, I love you more than anything else." And the sack was empty and so was Geiger. Nuts!



WM. E. GENDERS
San Diego, California

Cokes and rum his specialty. The Diego boy who wanted to be a Marine! Nautical!



WM. A. GOLDSTEIN
New York, New York

Cynical Bill! Claims New York City should be the capital of the U. S. A. and we don't know why not! Politician!



T. J. GRADY, JR.
Clifton Heights, Penna.

Vocalizing bombardier from Pennsylvania. Claims it takes coal to fly a plane. Huh?



DONALD L. GRATIAS
Seattle, Washington

Rendezvous in San Berdo . . . any old girl will do. Capitalist with gas coupons. Provider!



JOHN HENRY HALE
Santa Monica, California

Our "Peanut Boy," who broke the bank of Flight C. "I was almost in step . . . once." Anxious!



RONALD F. HANSING
Elkhart, Indiana

"Sir, I think it would be more clear to those who don't quite see if you would explain it like this." Would-be-instructor!





LEROY E. HANSON

Buelah, Michigan
Our AFCE man. Knows everyone on the field. Has more connections than the Pipe Line. Popular!



ROBERT D. HARMAN

Decatur, Illinois
Kissing a specialty but modest when there's a friend around. Osculator!



M. J. HARRMANN

Manhattan, Kansas
The old Army Man who really made the "Grizzly Bear" growl. Fuzzy!



CECIL DAMON HART

Louisville, Kentucky
Prejudiced about the sweetness of his wife, but aren't we all. Newlywed.



GERALD LANE HAUPT

Yuma, Arizona
The Arizona roofer. A Yuma agriculturist with a yen for Alfalfa and it doesn't grow out of his ears. Farmer!



RALPH E. HEACOX

Monon, Indiana
Pre-reveille kid! Has first use of latrine and shaves in silence. Pretentious!



R. R. HOFFMAN

Fairchild, Wisconsin
Old army among the new. Likes all forms of activities and a girl in Fairchild. Versatile!



WM. M. HUMMER

Dover, New Jersey
Passionate for Pasadena. A barracks bag is to Hummer what a closet is to Fibber Magee. Annoying people is his hobby. Irritatin'!



CHARLES J. ILSLEY

Memphis, Tennessee
Tennessee ham hocks and hot biscuits to Mojave suns and Iced Tea.



WILLIAM M. INMAN

Sheridan, Indiana
Softball to bombardiering. Carries a wallop and covers first like a book... covers the sight like a veteran. Dependable!



DONALD P. JANSSEN

Stuart, Iowa
Handsome anecdotes for the lonesome Berdoo gals. Lives in Berdoo, eats in Berdoo and loves in Berdoo. Boh hoh. Gifted!



DICK JARVIS

Glendora, California
"Sack time Kid" of the Green Spot tent on desert maneuvers. Sleepy!



SIDNEY W. JENSON

Akron, Iowa
With a sax in one hand, a sight in the other, Si is high and you can put a girl in his lap for laffs. Musical!



KEITH O. JOHNSON

Holdrege, Nebraska
"Cover Boy" from Nebraska. One of those rare good guys you meet in the Army... a swell kid! Likeable!



CALVIN A. KELLY

Yucaipa, California
Hot Navigator. His ETA'S were perfect, but he always ended up at Yucaipa. Home-sick!



CONRAD P. KENNEY

Baltimore, Maryland
"The Shaker." Outstanding for his knowledge of birds, bees, and babes. Shoots clay pigeons well enough to be a pro. Naturalist!



BARTON G. KERKER

Nemaha, Nebraska
Anti-Navy! Says the sailors have no limits in their attempts to steal his girl. Bloating!



JOHN EMORY KLINE

Marysville, Pennsylvania
The "Big Race" Always on the ball, at VAAF, but off the ball on week ends. Eager!



NORBERT H. LEEB

Chicago, Illinois
A quiet guy... set in his ways and his ways are quite the thing: A certain babe at S. C. and home in Chicago. Faithful!



R. CHANCE LEONARD

Philadelphia, Penna.
Newly-wed and ambitious. Thorough and efficient all the way. His middle name proclaims his ability to take anything as it comes. Tough!



LOUIS J. LOFFREDO

College Point, L. I., N. Y.
"Hi Myrt." Unanimously elected the "WAC Pin-Up Boy of '44." Lovable!





ROBERT J. MAHAN
Flushing, New York
"Dats neder 'eah or 'deah', Long Giland is plenty awright." Mad Mahan is a walking ad for Flushing and vicinity. Flush!



COREY E. LYON
Markham P. O., Harvey, Ill.
Silent Yokum, from the Middle West. Claims silence is the companion of virtue and valor. He's a "Lyon" without a roar. Quiet!



JULIUS J. MACEWICZ
Beacon, New York
Our "Polak" gunnery instructor who traded gun sights for bombsights.



JOHN M. MAGEE
Spokane, Washington
"Problem Child" with a full 18 missions of sack time . . . logged!



SUNDAY J. MANILLA
Skaneateles, New York
His first name was on the lips of millions of Sinatra fans. Sunday lives for his Sundays. Amiable!



JAMES R. MARTIN
Blairsville, Georgia
Our "Georgia Cracker." Taught grade school before joining cadets. Traded ABC's for EGB's. Quiet!



N. H. MARTINSON
Milwaukee, Oregon
"Seabiscuit of Right Guides." Special inscribed wings with his name and achievement is his goal. Star-Gazer!



MELVIN MILLER
Janesville, Wisconsin
A true example of blissful marriage and what it can do for a man. Fortunate.



H. R. MITCHELL
Atlanta, Georgia
A former aerial engineer who has a talented hand for beautiful forms. Gentle!



D. L. MONTGOMERY
Marietta, Oklahoma
The quiet half of the Montgomery family with a yen for photography. Lens-man!



D. E. MONTGOMERY
Toronto, Ohio
Well-known around Victorville for his prowess as a horse man at Murray's ranch. Well, shut ma' mouth!



NORMAN MOREAU
Central Falls, R. I.
"Professional Cadet" of Army and Navy. Still Marches with a Navy gait and navigates like an old sea self. Sailing, sailing!



CHARLES M. MURPHY
Oxnard, California
The F.B.I.'s right hand man with a word of wisdom for us all. Profound!



DONALD E. MURPHY
Mitchell, South Dakota
"Old Man" of the outfit. Motto: Good word and a ready smile cure a lot of ills. Happy-go-lucky!



JOHN ROGERS MUSE
Charlotte, North Carolina
Amusin' Muse has a way with snakes and anything that wiggles. Charmer!



GLEN A. McCLURE
Waverly, Iowa
"Hope, innocence, purity . . . that's me." Our man, Mac, loves his bombsight like a father. Good deal!



DAVID E. McKNIGHT
Tyler, Texas
Vehemently insists he's the most "on the ball" guy of the mob. Can't be touched for the honor and he knows it. Fair-haired!



B. H. NICHOLLS
Pasadena, California
Knows the true meaning of tire rationing and tire repair. Perplexed!



KENNETH E. NIGG
Dubois, Indiana
The "Hoosier Hot Shot" with a life ambition including nothing but sleep. Lazy!



DANIEL E. O'BRIEN
Lynn, Massachusetts
Soft soap artist with a line like a Philly lawyer and a sense of humor to match. Funny!



JOHN AMOS OSBORN
Ventura, California.
Our aircraft recog. boy. Has eyes as sharp as hawks, ears as keen as a deer and teeth . . . take them out Ozzie and show them to the boys. Ersatz!





IGOR V. OSSIPOFF
Santa Cruz, California

The Russian pluto-crat, with an unpronounceable middle name. You try it! Bewildered.



G. W. PENBERTHY
Detroit, Michigan

The Dartmouth dilemma with a yen for collecting unusual facts. Says he can spell backwards. Talented!



N. J. PETERS, JR.
Birmingham, Alabama

The Birmingham veteran whose only obsession in life is to wage war in the American theater 'cause, "A man could get killed over there." Worried!



DONALD C. POE
Cape Girardeau, Missouri

Tall, dark-haired Missourian with a fine deep baritone and the kind of a guy "whose gotta" be shown. Doubtful!



C. W. PRESLEY
North Little Rock, Ark.

EGB to T-Bone steaks and the Presley boy is happy. Can down more steaks than a Texas meat packer. Hungry!



RICHARD B. PRESTON
Lowell, Massachusetts

The Irish tenor from Boston who has the pencil manufacturers working overtime. He's easily "lead" around. Unhappy!



C. A. PURKETT, JR.
Bynum, Montana

"Let's get this damn war over with so I can get back to fishing, my girl and Montana." Optimistic!



BERNARD RAVIN
Brooklyn, New York

A man of wide experiences . . . mechanic, machinist, writer, stage prop artist, shipbuilder, college student and now . . . a bombardier. Prolific!



RAYMOND A. REILLY
Derby, Connecticut

Crew chief from Connecticut with a passion for the Bell Aira-Cobra. Passionate!



JOHN S. RICHIE
Hardburly, Kentucky

Claims to be God's gift to the women or as the girls put it, "Oh, God, what a gift." Savior!



F. W. ROBERTS
Mobile, Alabama

Disproves the old adage, "You can tell a book by its cover." Does big things in a small way. "What do you want, Egg in your beer?" Diminutive!



PAUL D. ROBINSON
Columbus, Ohio

The Ohio Fireman who doesn't seem to know his own strength. Can break your arm in 47 different ways. Bone-crusher!



DONALD E. ROLLINS
Rushford, Minnesota

His charms draw the girls all the way from Minnesota. Cold hands, with a loving heart, that's Rollins. Burr!



GERALD J. ROMANO
Plymouth, Massachusetts

The Pilgrim. A swell kid who would do lots of navigating if only he could. In his own words, "Find me Weems plotter." Lost!



MARVIN J. ROMBRO
Williamsport, Pa.

The Monday morning Quarterback whose mind produces those ingenious plays that result in touchdowns for the opposing team. Reversible!



WILLIAM R. RUCH
Allentown, Pennsylvania

A new member of the gang, but quickly won himself fame and fortune in the flight. Proved his worth as skeet shooter. Dead-Eye!



IGNAZIO RUSSO
Brooklyn, New York

Izzy with his Brooklyn accent and love of fisticuffs kept us going when the days got tough. Comedian!



ROBERT LOUIS SAMS
Oakland, California

"Fadder" of G Flight and carries his paternal abilities well. Fatherly!



MALVA D. SAMUEL
Madill, Oklahoma

Struts a mean Oklahoma stride and proud of it. Says Oklahoma's 70,057 miles are better than the whole of California any old day. We don't agree.



B. J. SCHMITZ
Red Bluff, California

If marriage is a fatal plunge, Benny is proof that the fall can knock you speechless. Newlywed.



WM. E. SCRUGGS
Gunnison, Mississippi

From the deep south with an accent to match. Staggeringly admits the Zombie has more punch than the Mint Julep. Hic!





J. D. SCHWARTZ
Los Angeles, California

Musical expert from the Angel City. Dispenser of the latest jive tempo by way of mouth and piccolo. Musical-maestro!



ROBERT J. SHANER
Millville, Pennsylvania

A financial wizard with a smile. Bob's splendid personality and ready smile won him the praises of the entire 44-10 mob. Financier!



ROBERT LEE SHICK
Plainview, Texas

No relation to the electric beard trimmer, but he clips our weak end romances to shreds when he recites his meandering love affairs. Masterful!



ALLEN N. SMITH
Medford, Oregon

A bunk, two sheets, a pillow, 2 blankets and Smith . . . a picture of contentment. Startled us with his sudden spurts of speed. Twang!



GEORGE H. SMITH
Reading, Pennsylvania

An aeronautical wizard with a sheepskin bearing M. I. I. Penn. Lectured from his bunk on bunk. Orator!



RAYMOND M. SMITH
San Francisco, California

Spritely sophisticate from Frisco frightened his room mates. Exponent now of the theory . . . "Live alone and like it." Secretive!



ROBERT C. SNYDER
Rochester, Minnesota

"Reveille is not to be treated lightly, Red." Our warnings were all in vain. Bob says mornings are made to sleep through. True!



H. G. SPILSBURY, JR.
Cranford, New Jersey

"How do you figure ETA with an ESB?" Joisey's gift to the Air Forces, Joisey . . . you done us wrong.



HARRY K. SPRAGUE
Seattle, Washington

Dynamite with a capital D. Flies off the handle at the slightest provocation and will really argue the merits of Seattle and Boeing. Debater.



JAMES C. STILWELL
New Castle, Indiana

The General! Stilwell lives well, bombs well, drinks well, sleeps well. Ho hum!



RALPH STORCH
New York City, New York

Camera hound with a bark to match. If a smile can make a bombardier he's in like Flynn. Huh?



GERALD L. SWIFT
Middleport, New York

"Flying is Okay . . . but I like mine on a beautiful horse." Giddap!



WM. J. TABELING, JR.
Baltimore, Maryland

Maryland Man with girls on his mind. "I took her for a rose, but she turned out to be a thorn." Sad-sack!



JAMES P. TAYLOR
Bridgeport, West Virginia

A nifty little cager on whose "broad" shoulders has fallen more than his share of check rides. Gargantuan!



L. W. THOMPSON
Los Angeles, California

Gentle in manner, firm in act . . . that's Thompson. Claims silence is sometimes eloquent. We wonder!! Mums the word!



CALVIN ELDRED TOOF
Woodland, California

"Oh, dammit. If I'd only corrected my compass deviation, I'd have had a zero-zero mission." Fickle! zero-zero mission." Fickle!



ARTHUR L. VITASEK
Astoria, Long Island, N. Y.

Poop Sheet Art with an inside track on any and all VAAF information. A walking Washington reporter headed for the latrine. Reliable.



KARL YUCHETICH
Park Falls, Wisconsin

Should have been a bartender. Chants: "Who loves not wine, women and song, is a fool his whole life long." We agreed! Burp!



R. A. WAKEFIELD
Cleveland, Ohio

Former Naval Cadet constantly comparing the blue coats' theories with the khaki curriculum. Seasick!



WALTER M. WELCH
Stevensville, Montana

The man of many classes, finally found his niche with the sharpest bombardiers at VAAF. 44-10 take a bow. Traveler!



W. H. WICKANDER
Rosholt, South Dakota

The Arrowhead Adonis with connections in South Dakota. Stat pro ratione voluntas. Eager!





R. K. WILLIAMS
Rochester, New York
The Candy man with a sweet tooth. Rattling doesn't bother this sugary lad whose dad has a candy store. Sugar-daddy!



E. M. WILLIAMSON
Alderpoint, California
"Fisherman's Wharf . . . Top of the Mark. Yea . . . Frisco, that's the place for me." Loyal!



ARNOLD L. WIMER
Imperial, Pennsylvania
From Pennsylvania to San Berdo. Claims the dubious title "Flash." A wolf in cadet clothing. Exhilarating!



STANFORD WINTER
San Francisco, California
The 9th wonder of the world. Scratch the paint on his model "A" and you're a dead duck. Motorist!



J. R. WISCOMBE, JR.
Wichita, Kansas
From the land of Thunderheads. Just fly right thru 'em. Boastful!



CHESTER D. WOLSKI
Detroit, Michigan
God's gift to women, but aren't we all? Called "The Fighter" and has a voice like Gene Austin. Impersonator!



CHARLES T. WOLTER
Honolulu, T. H.
Wacky from Waikiki, women and wins. A military man of the first water. Voice . . . and besides that . . . nothing. Wing-Ding.



GENE E. WRIGHT
St. Louis, Missouri
Long live Wright . . . long live Missouri . . . long live St. Louis. Yeah, boys it's in the U.S.A. Republican!



WM. M. WRUBELLE
Los Angeles, California
The useful with the agreeable and so Wrubelle came to 44-10. Motto: "See L. A. and die." Native!



DONALD L. WYATT
Oakland, California
Matches, cigarettes, nickels for cokes . . . he never had them. A rich, substantial man. Broke!



FLOYD M. YATES, JR.
Reno, Nevada
Let us be judged by our deeds. Claims Reno is a damn good place. We'll admit it's a place. Defender!



IRVING ZIMMELMAN
Beverly Hills, California
Born merely to eat and drink and entertain the L. A. Beauties . . . but Irving . . . pleasures become bitter as soon as they are abused. Terror!



JAMES R. SALISBURY
Houston, Texas
Traded classes by order of the hi command, but insisted on having his pix in ten's book. An accommodating disposition has he! Lucky!



F. R. MICHAELS, JR.
River Forest, Illinois
Our one-handed navigator and bombardier. From 44-9 and he's doing fine. Ranks as one of the "Last Mohicans." Handy-man!



RICHARD A. BOSCH
Philadelphia, Penna.
A Pearl Harbor man who lives for the Biltmore week ends and rum spiked with Cokes. Week ender!

The Song Of The Bombardier . . .

Roar away with the Bombardier,
Rack up the eggs, line up the Golden Goose.
Roar away with the Bombardier,
We're headed for a spot to turn 'em loose.
High, low, rain or snow,

'Neath the tropical sun.
Off we Go! Look out Below!
We've got a Job to be done.
Bomb, Bomb, Bomb, Drop that Souvenir
From the U. S. Bombardier!

**ANGELO
NICHOLAS
LOMBARDO**

Pittsburgh, Penna

A Pittsburgh first aider with friends galore. Claims there is a remedy for all things except Bombardier-ing.



The Staff...

THE CHIEFS

Editor (Dynamic, driving, delirious) . . . Willie Snow Durant
 Co-Editor (Modest genius) . . . Bernard Ravin

THE ARTISTES

Herbert (Innocence personified) Mitchell
 Leon (I offer you my all) Christian
 Wilhelm (Twang's creator) Dahl

MEN WITH MONEY

William (I want your money) Hummer
 Robert (I want your money, too) Shaner
 Norman Moreau (Photos Men!)

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 Esquire Magazine Varga Pin-Ups

The Staff gives sincere thanks and gratitude to Staff Sgt. Al Chopp who produced this outstanding edition of "Bombs Away" for our class. He was aided by Cpl. Gene Walker, one of AAF's foremost photographers. The 44-10 class book is the third "Bombs Away" publication produced by Choppie and Gene. Their combined talents resulted in one of the finest class books in the Western Flying Training Command. Our good wishes go along with those of higher headquarters as we say: "Good luck, Choppie and Gene, and thanks for giving us a really fine book."



WY-MASTER



Twang gets his dough,
 He's jubilant,
 The Army isn't bad . . .



Until the Ax swings hi then low . . .
 "I'm feeling kinda sad."
 They're things to pay and
 Pay and Pay . . .



The Greenbacks Disappear.
 The Army Needs Your money Bud . . .
 To Make a Bombardier!





A BREAK IN THE SCHEDULE



Our manly instincts nurtured by a ravenous yen for Cuba Libres and the fairer sex sent us scampering to the fun spots on those precious 38 hour sojourns.

Precious did we say? Nay — priceless.

So much to remember now...as we stand...chin-up, proud as the C. O. shakes our sweaty hand and delivers the merchandise to us personally. Yes, silver wings and gold bars culminated weeks of struggle, hard work...pock-marked with week ends. Priceless week ends!

Vague jumbled remembrances come to mind now...

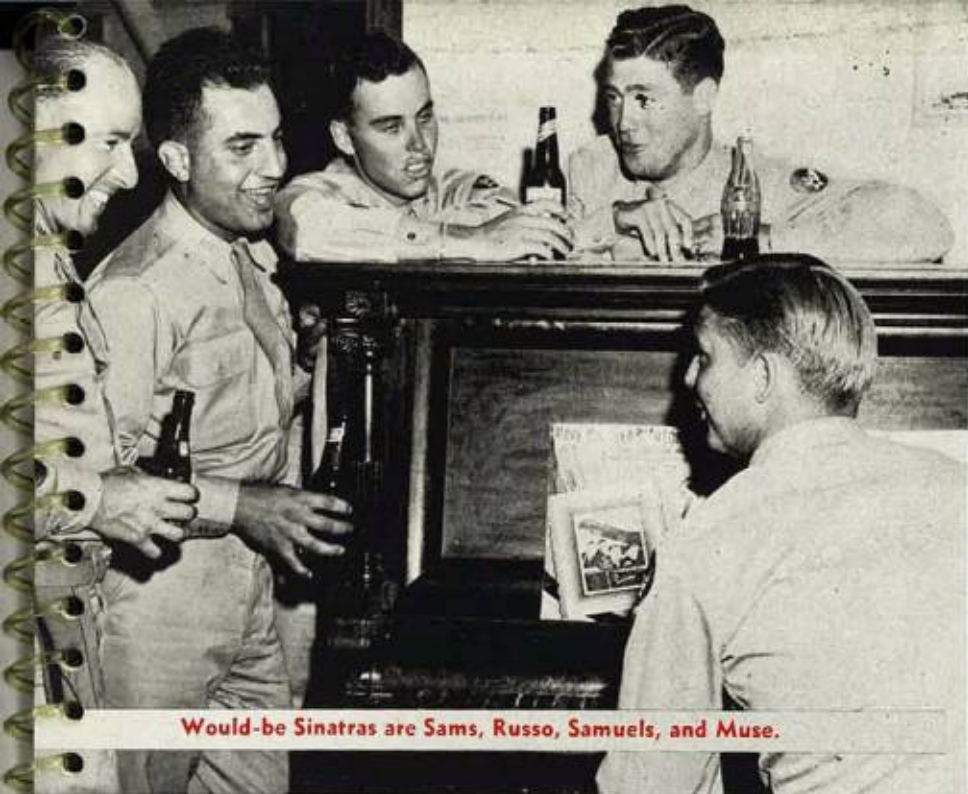
Five in a car on Saturday...gasoline coupons...sleeping at the YMCA...two handkerchiefs (one for the nose the other for lipstick) perfumes, luxurious sofas, hard beds, new cocktails at old bars...soft music...jive music...some sincere love-making...some not so sincere...long distance calls from Hollywood to Mom...to the wife...the wife to be. Yep...these were the little mementos that spelled respite to the target tuggers of 44-10.

Girls...lots of girls...some you will always remember, some you'll want to forget...some you can't forget...one you'll marry.

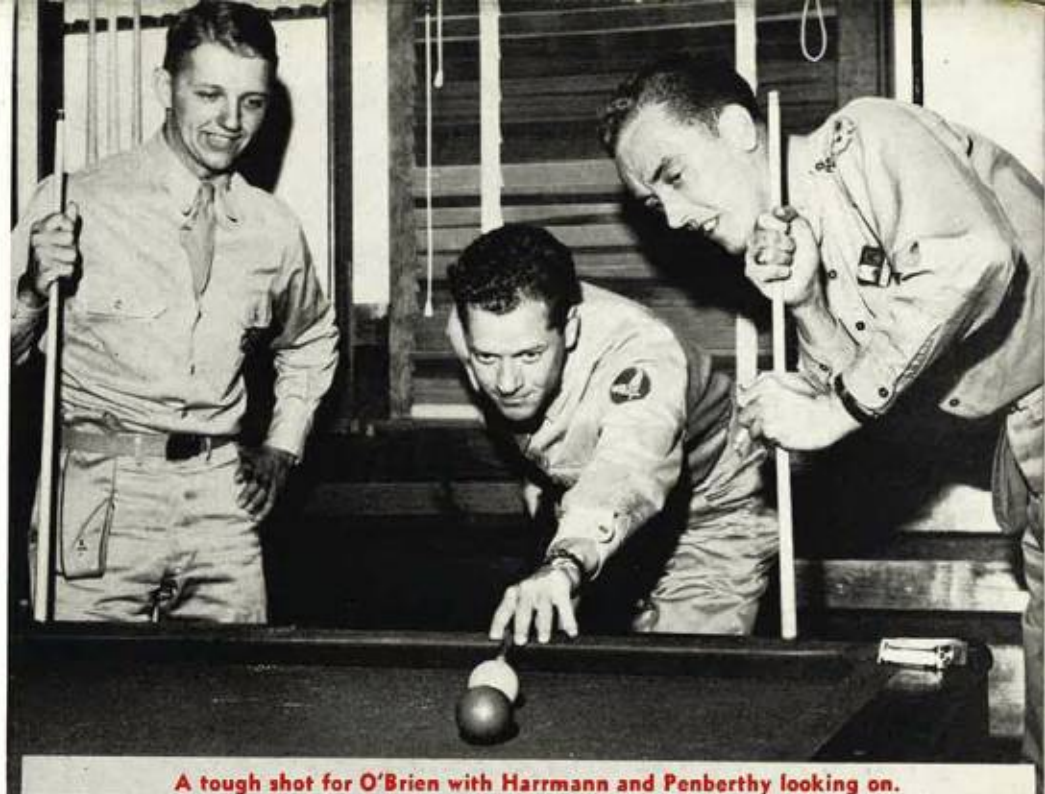
Yes...girls...the L. A. lovelies who upheld the feminine prestige of Southern Cal. made some pretty distinct impres-

sions on the gadgets of 44-10. Girls...hepped to the exuberant cadence of bombing cadets...gazed wistfully at our shining brass and in deep seductive voices proclaimed, "You ah! are the nicest bombardier cadets we've ah! met, you shore are," in the sweetest, most beautifully tinged southern accent this side of Barstow. Week ends were for liars...nay prevaricators. We fought every battle imaginable. We were aide de camps to Nimitz, Arnold...or Eisenhower when the going got too bad...but the girls loved our dribble and we reveled in the joy of flinging it about.

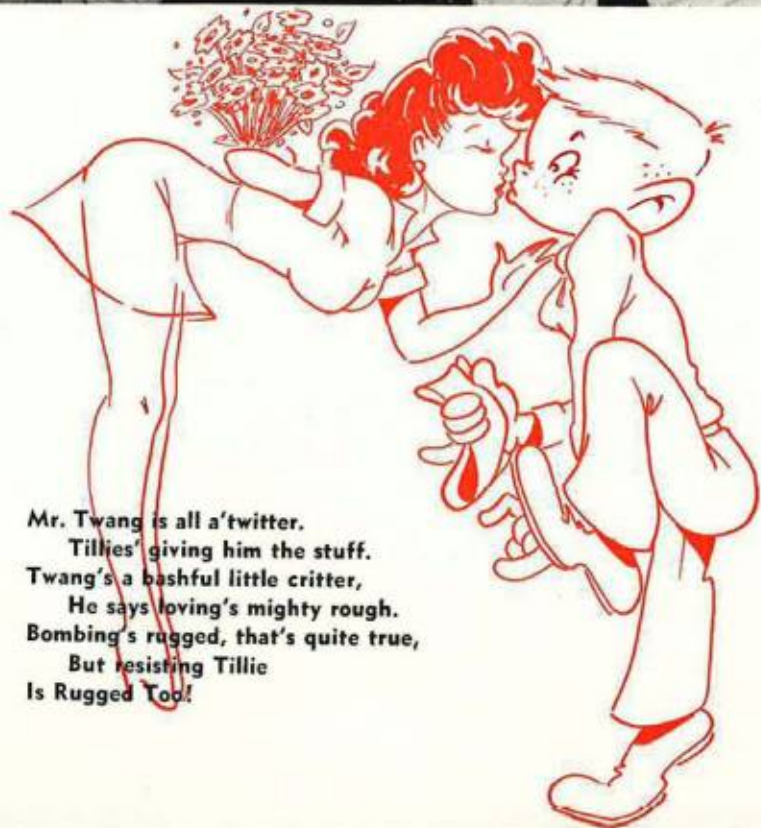
While we tore about the fun circuits, many of the 10 lads stayed at home base. Why? We'll never know. This self-imposed confinement proved advantageous if you liked advantages. First, the stay at home lads hiked about the local lot...seeing the camp for the first time. Sundays gave forth ham 'n eggs at the PX...no time limit on getting calories on Sunday...uh uh. Bathing suits were the uniform of the day...a plunge in the local chlorine pool...an evening flicker...a USO hop...WACS, ranches, chalking up a few extra hours sack time...cramming for that Monday calibration quiz...writing to the royal loyal one at home...day-dreaming...snoring. Yes, we liked our breaks in the schedule. We wished the breaks could have been more frequent.



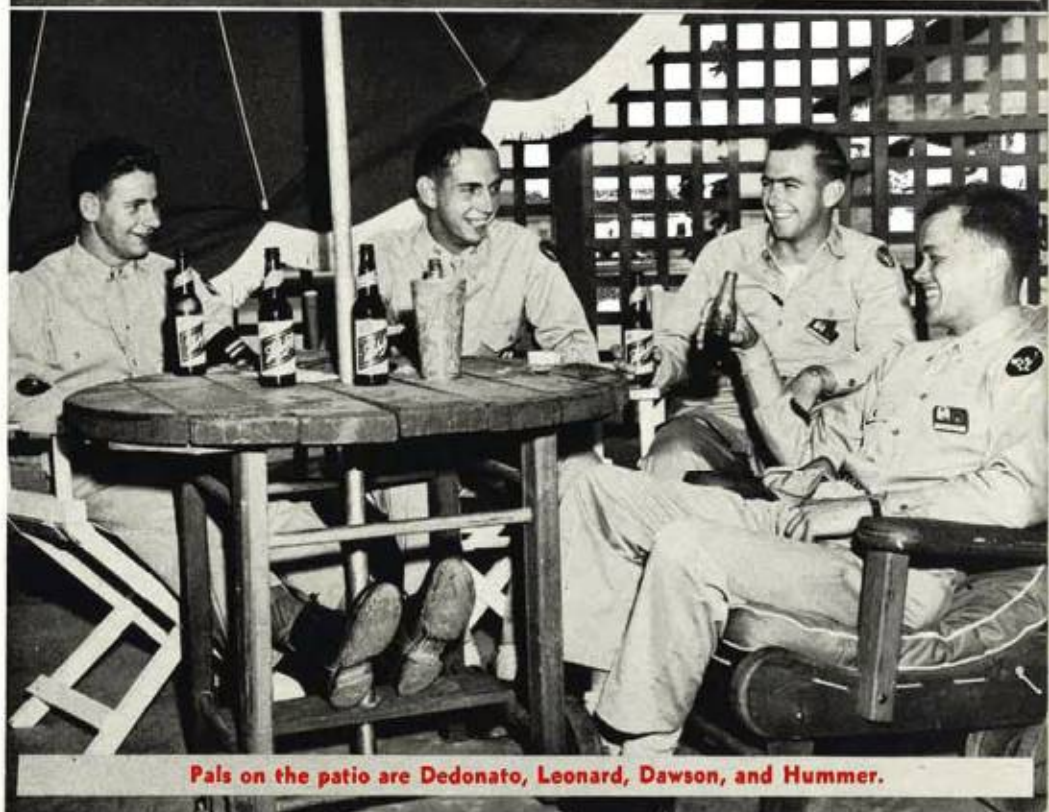
Would-be Sinatras are Sams, Russo, Samuels, and Muse.



A tough shot for O'Brien with Harrmann and Penberthy looking on.



Mr. Twang is all a'twitter.
Tillies' giving him the stuff.
Twang's a bashful little critter,
He says loving's mighty rough.
Bombing's rugged, that's quite true,
But resisting Tillie
Is Rugged Too!



Pals on the patio are Dedonato, Leonard, Dawson, and Hummer.



One of the pauses that refreshes and Barbour, Allen, and Starry-Eyed Storch cool off with a Coke after a bumpy afternoon mission.



Harmonica Symphony on Desert Maneuvers. Peters has an admiring audience in Purkett, Poe and Wyatt who spend their free moments in music appreciation.

Muse amuses Miller, Nicholls, and McClure with a display of snake charming. Muse will tell you that snakes can be real friendly when you get to know them.



The Mark of the Bombardier is the Familiar black ring around the eye. Washing it off sometimes presents a problem. Harman reveals that Boot Cream does the trick!



BEAUTS AND SADDLES

*Here's a pretty Prairie Blossom
And she isn't playing possum
But you'll find her in there "punchin'" in a jam,
For her cowboy, tall and lanky,
Is a patriotic Yankee
And he's roundin' up some rogues for Uncle Sam;
So this little cactus cutie
Will be proud to do her duty
And she'll wear his pants until he wins the war ...
Then with hearts in sweet communion
They will stage a western union
And I bet she wears the pants forevermore!*

**PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK**



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