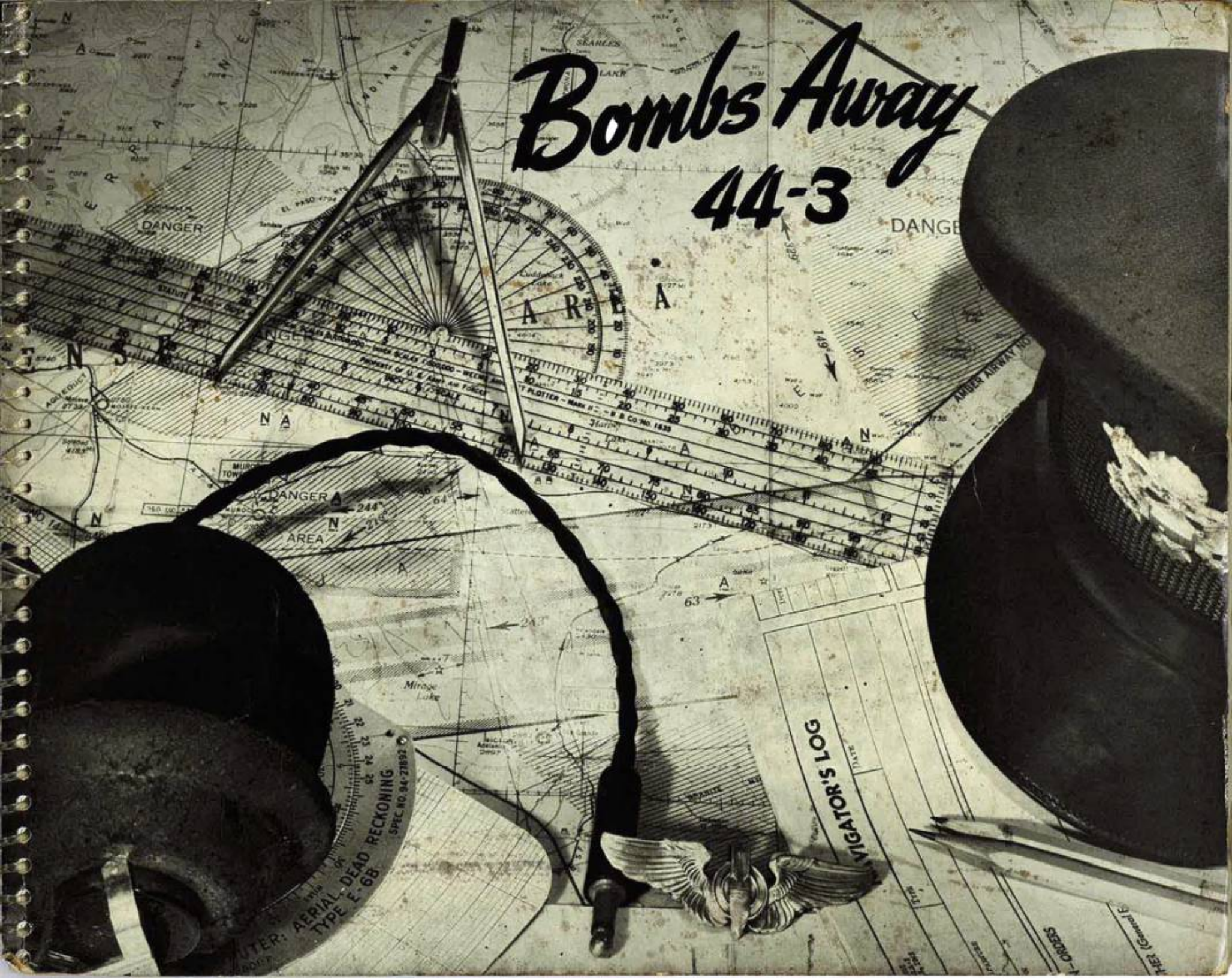


Bombs Away

44-3



AERIAL DEAD RECKONING
SPEC. NO. 94-27892
TYPE E-6B

VIGATOR'S LOG

THE General





CLASS 44-3

To the Class 44-3:

Throughout the past two years I have had the rare privilege of visiting every battlefield of the world on special missions for the Secretary of War, especially pertaining to the Army Air Corps.

Everywhere I found our boys doing a marvelous job with an esprit de corps unsurpassed, which is evidenced by the splendid support being given to the other branches of the service by our Air Force.

To you boys, who are graduating as bombardier officers, will fall the responsibility of carrying on this spirit that those who have gone before you have instilled in our men — I know you will not fail in your duty to them and your country.

May I be presumptuous enough to offer a word of caution and advice. You, as bombardiers, are a vital and intricate part of a bombing team, and unless you are equipped with knowledge and experience that will fit into this team effectively by placing your bombs on the target, you may be the cause of a mission wasted.

Furthermore, prepare yourselves with sufficient knowledge of the duties of your team mates, making it possible to contribute effectively in case of an emergency.

In closing, may I wish for every one of you the best of luck and, in addition to your own knowledge and confidence, never lose faith in that Power above.

Edis R. Peabaker

VICTORVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD



message from the
**COMMANDING
OFFICER**

February 26, 1944

To the Class 44-3:

Nearly five months ago you came to Victorville Army Air Field to work . . . train . . . earn your wings. Today that first mission has been accomplished. Congratulations!

As you leave here you will realize this graduation day is really the beginning of your combat training. The combined navigation-bombardier course at this school has of a necessity been concentrated. There is not too much time these days. You have had to work hard but so have your instructors worked hard. They have given you their best. If you feel that your government has given you good training, make the most of it . . . and as your training goes on constantly strive to improve your knowledge and technique so that you will be ready when you reach the combat theatre. Today we at VAAF are proud of you. We know that you will make your country proud of you. Good luck . . . and put them where they will do the most good!

EARL C. ROBBINS,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.



LT. COL. ADOLPHUS L. RING
Post Executive Officer



MAJOR ROBERT H. MURRAY
Director of Training



LT. ROBERT C. DAVIDSON
Post Adjutant



MAJOR CHARLES I. SAMPSON
Administrative Officer

FIELD ADMINISTRATION



CAPT. JOHN D. BARNARD
School Secretary



CAPT. WALTER P. MENZIES
Director of Flying



CAPTAIN LEO C. AMENDT
Air Inspector, Training



MAJOR KNOX PARKER
Air Inspector

WE CAME, WE SAW . . .



... WE GOT IN STEP!



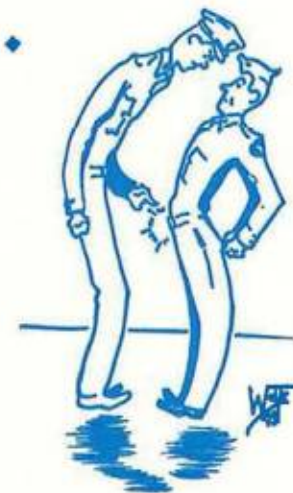
THE LEADER'S LEAGUE...



MAJOR HAROLD M. SKAGGS
Commandant of Cadets



CAPTAIN LOUIS H. GARRETT
Deputy Commandant of Cadets



CAPTAIN A. H. MILLER
Chief Tactical Officer



Victorville Loomed on the Horizon

The giant G. I. two and a half tonners rolled menacingly toward "the hell-hole of the Mojave."

Lugubrious skeptics took over and gibberishly plied the conversation with "the shape of things to come." We thought of H. G. Wells and shuddered. Maybe these jokers had some inside dope about the place. The mere mention of Victorville produced storms of unprintable patter.

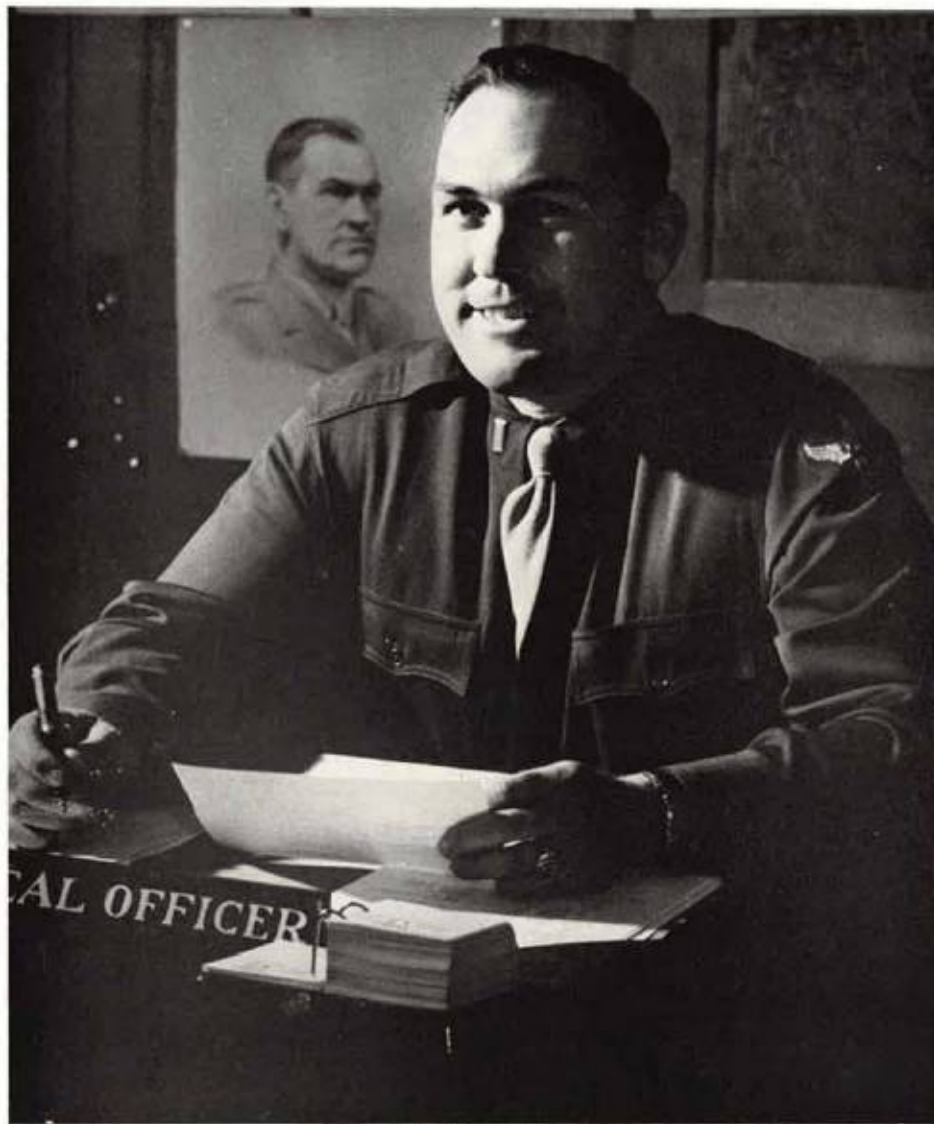
The screeching halt of the G. I. buggies sounded like an overture to doom. We were here...at last. No love...no nothing...no brass band to greet us.

"I'm not kiddin', fellas! This place is really tough. I heard from a very reliable source that the food is terrible and the barracks are even worse...and the tach officers. O-o-o-o-o! Well...you'll find out!"

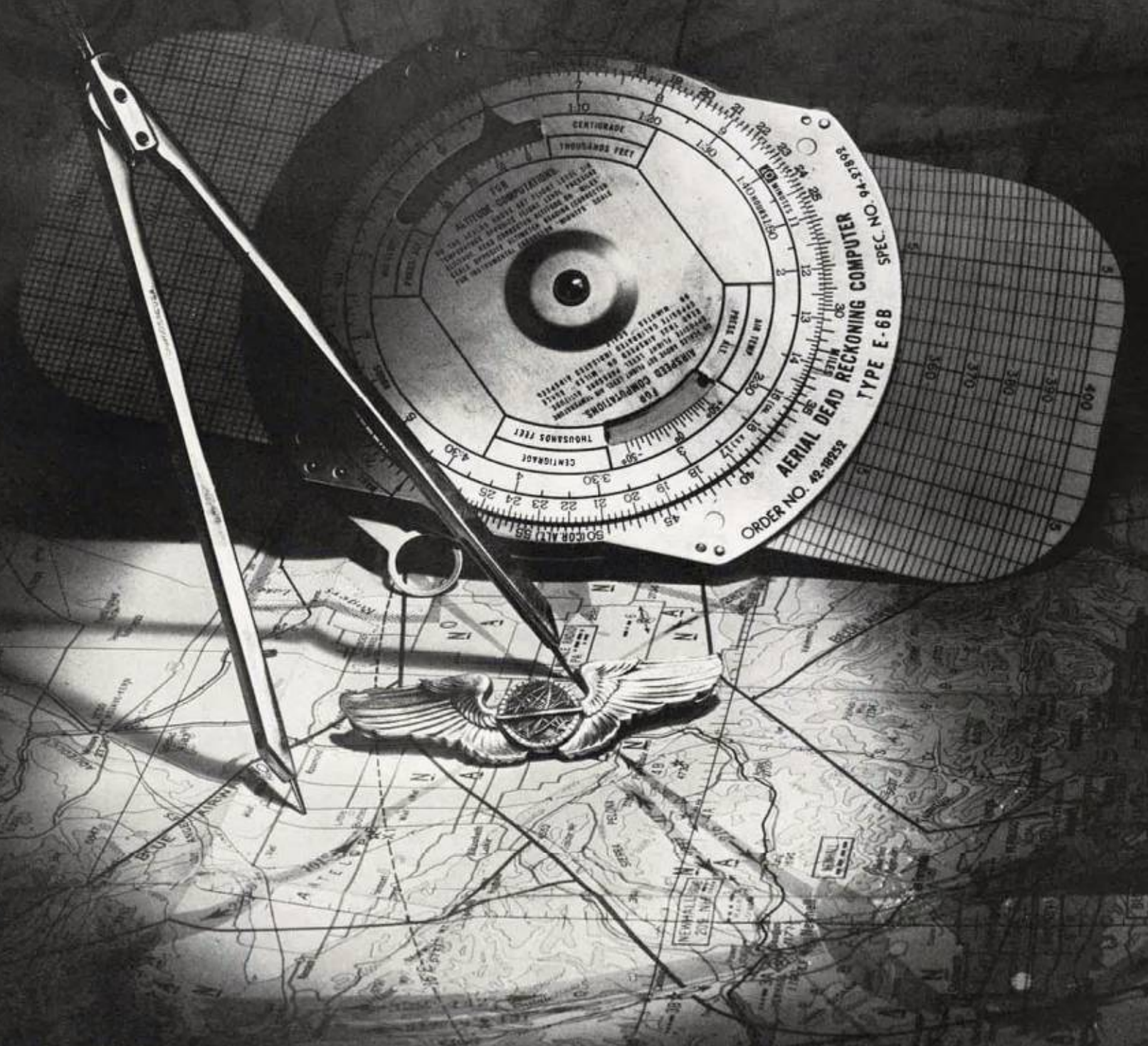
We did find out!

Fears were liberated and skeptics changed their mournful lyrics as Lt. Ardell Anderson took over controls. He made a direct hit first time up. And no flash in the pan artist, either. He knocked home runs with us straight through a long, hard, tedious eighteen weeks of adventure.

In this brief piece, we convey our deep-hearted thanks and appreciation to Lt. Anderson, for it was he who led us through the dark days in October. He taught us proper military discipline and exemplified in himself the right and honor of being an officer. He has imbedded in each of us, the incentive for being a good officer, and with the foundation laid, under his watchful eye, may we never swerve from that incentive. We'll harbor an everlasting remembrance of a "swell guy." At this point memorabilia sets in and we're victims once again of...



LT. ARDELL ANDERSON
Tactical Officer



NAVIGATION . . .

It was an undisputed fact. We were guinea pigs. But even a restive guinea pig has his day... so we lived for the moment when we could pack our gladrags, bid a fond adieu and claim our rightful legacy... bombardier wings... gold bars and a certificate of proficiency in D. R. Navigation.

In retrospect, the art of dead reckoning was a comparatively simple job. We all had our distinct and individual problems. Stan Swenson always had more than his share.

"One day while I was still folding my map, they told me I was going to navigate to Death Valley and back. It seemed very much like a prelude of things to come. Anyway I glanced briefly at a map, drew in a couple significant lines, and hurried out to the plane with an armload of brief cases, computers, pencils and erasers. There I found that the work table was too small, the air too cold and my tools kept jarring to the floor. The drift meter could be quite confusing and I lost all ability to add or

subtract correctly. To top it all off, I couldn't see out of the plane so I hadn't any notion where we were. In desperation I called my buddy in the nose of the ship and asked, 'Will you glance out and tell me where we are? I seem to have lost my bearings somewhat.'

"'I was going to ask you the same thing,' he screamed back. 'I thought we were following a high-tension line until I saw a freight train on it.'

"'That's nothing. I just took a drift reading on a jack rabbit.'

I felt that I ought to be a pretty fair dead-reckoner when my instructor put his final stamp of approval on my mission with... Destination dead ahead... ETA... on the nose."

From navigation, it was just a hop, skip and a jump to the Ground School building for a daily round of verbal vitamins from Lieutenants Horn, Lewis, Borrell and Friday. It was their job to teach us....



THEORY, THEORY

How we performed in the air, depended entirely upon our ability to grasp the paper and pencil work, generously bestowed upon us by "The Four Horsemen." They were out for blood. There was no escaping the deluge...and so Lieutenants Friday, Horn, Borrell, and Lewis took over.

We were past the eager stage and things came harder, but soon we acquired a gourmand's love for gears, gyros...malfunctions and the like. There was little in the books the hardy quartette failed to give us. They were willing to grubstake us for this art of exploration into the theory of precision bombing...fifty per cent of the job remained with us.

But, we were a hard nut to crack. "Why is it, sir...when I'm up there killing drift, I always think of Ella Mae. She's my girl you know. Ella Mae Gossamerfeet." Wild-eyed instructors ventured a loud reply and to "get that damn babe off your mind. You can't bomb and love at the same time."

The hell you say. We were willing to entirely forget Ella Mae if they would only tell us how.

Yes, the things that troubled us most at the time, seem so amusing now. Overs and shorts...deflection errors...synchronization...malfunctions. There was more griping due for this unhappy gang of classmen. The schedule slated us for a session on...

LT. LAWRENCE S. HORN



LT. RICHARD A. BORRELL



LT. JAMES C. FRIDAY



... MORE THEORY



JASZCZAK'S JALOPY



Who invented this elevated monstrosity, anyway? Why don't we dispense with the "kid's stuff" and take the bomb by the fins and go right to it? The High Command was firm. We reluctantly succumbed to the inglorious task of learning how to bomb in trainer hangar No. 3.

Mob hysteria mounted with each new day. We wanted to fly and drop real bombs. And then one night . . . the Kiwi Kids went berserk and sent a brigade of "baby bombers" scooting across the hangar runways intent upon driving straight through the building. There were thoughts of confinement . . . so we veered from our course.

We complained . . . begged . . . pleaded, but still the High Command continued its firm denial, to wit: "No flying 'till you learn this trainer stuff."

We pitched in. Patient instructors tapped anxious feet to the rat-a-tat-tat of our electric bombs. We learned procedure, though, and saved ourselves a million headaches later on. Happiness was short-lived, however. We gulped a few more aspirins and barged into the ready room. . . .

IT'S A GREAT LIFE!





RARIN' TO GO . . .

With plenty of fool-proof theories crammed into our heads, we dashed into the ready room in wild excitement. First glance reminded us of Grand Central Station . . . or . . . the Victorville USO on a particularly crowded night . . . or better still, a change of bill at Minskys. Here was a veritable paradise for a school marm . . . blackboards all around the room . . . and plenty of eager bombardiers with good intentions. Bombardiering would have been ever so much simpler, if the army had only realized the importance of women instructors.

There was an unnatural tingling clear to the bottom of our toes this first night in the ready room. But after all, wasn't this an auspicious occasion. A Bombardier is Born.

"Hey, Bud . . . stop gawking and tell me what you want." The corporal was insistent. We blabbered incoherently, but he understood. "Take care of these things, Bud."

One Parachute . . . \$230.00; One Clip Board . . . \$2.00; One Oxygen Mask . . . \$6.00; One Flashlight . . . \$2.00; One Stop Watch . . . \$20.00; One Camera . . . \$600.00.

"If you lose them, Bud, they'll take it out of your pay for the next ten years."

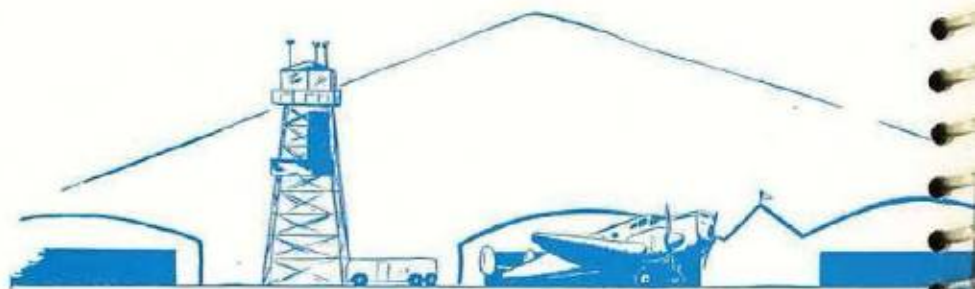
Cold beads of perspiration followed . . . and soon we were . . .



night mission musings



CLIMBING HIGH . . .



... INTO THE SUN





"Get Your Head Out"

Synchronization perfect,

Rubbles level and true,

Air speed at '120'

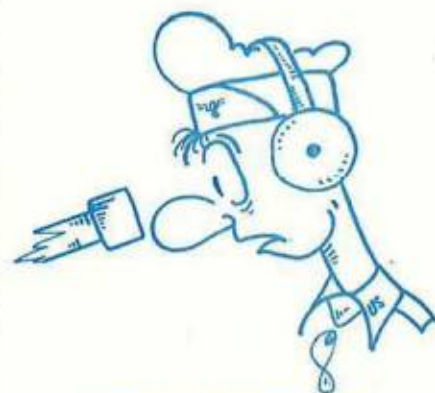
Nothing much to do.

But alas, I hear a clatter,

And now I must report,

I forgot my "extended vision"

The bomb hit three miles short.



"BOMBS-S-S-S A-A-AWAY, SIR"



"C. E." . . . "C. E." . . .

THE CARE OF EQUIPMENT (or) A GOOD C. E.

A little luck, a little skill,

A little prayer, a little will,

A C-2 computer, an E-6-B,

A darn good pilot, and pencils three!

An M-4 camera and NO MISTAKES.

Eliminates the use of. . . .

(A lot of film to track the
impact back to the target.)



"SHACK"



Moonlight Missions

Can we ever forget the romance of Moonlight Bombing... and the unsung slogan, "miss your sack and smack a shack," that accompanied our ventures into the night? Remember what eager beavers we were on the shadowy flight line... anticipating C. E.'s of 25... and synchronizing on the red tail lights of the AT-11 ahead when the black of the night met the bombs of the bay?

Yet, there was a heck of a lot in night flying we thrilled to. F'rinstance... the spectacle that came from glittering targets isolated in the desert and the twinkling stars that coughed because we pulled the instructor's leg instead of the switch in the dark nose. How about L. A. and its suburbs in expansive splendor... the colored lights... and how we wished we could "paratroop" down to the Palladium or the Ambassador. Remember those searchlights... the 5,000,000,000 candle watt giants that scanned the skies and made us "come out, come out wherever you were." Yes, there were many memorable sights in night flying.

Then the landing. We wondered if the pilot would make a soft one between the amber rows of field guides and most usually he did. The mission was over... the result... "No shack... no sack, and no flak either." We rushed from the flight line to home territory for a new kind of battle. The card read....



GALINDO *Versus* LEWIS



"In this corner... at †81 pounds, we have THE KING OF CAI ISTHFNICS... Lt. Benjamin Lewis... and... in this corner... at 190 pounds... we have that famous KITCHEN COMMANDER... Lt. Bert Galindo."

The fight was on. It seemed to us a heartless state of affairs... but we were merely innocent bystanders, rife with the spirit of fisticuffs and this ringfest promised to be a healthy squabble.

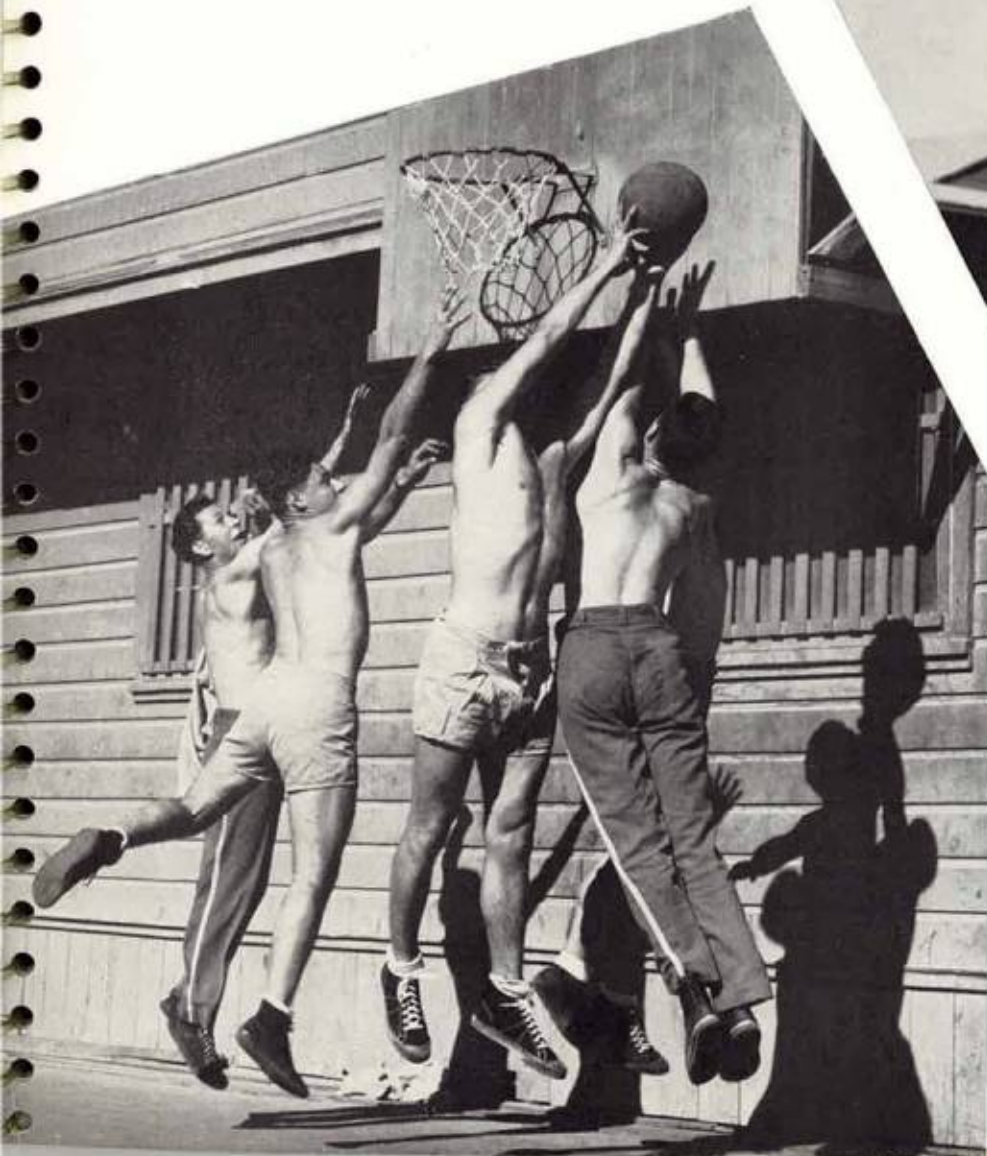
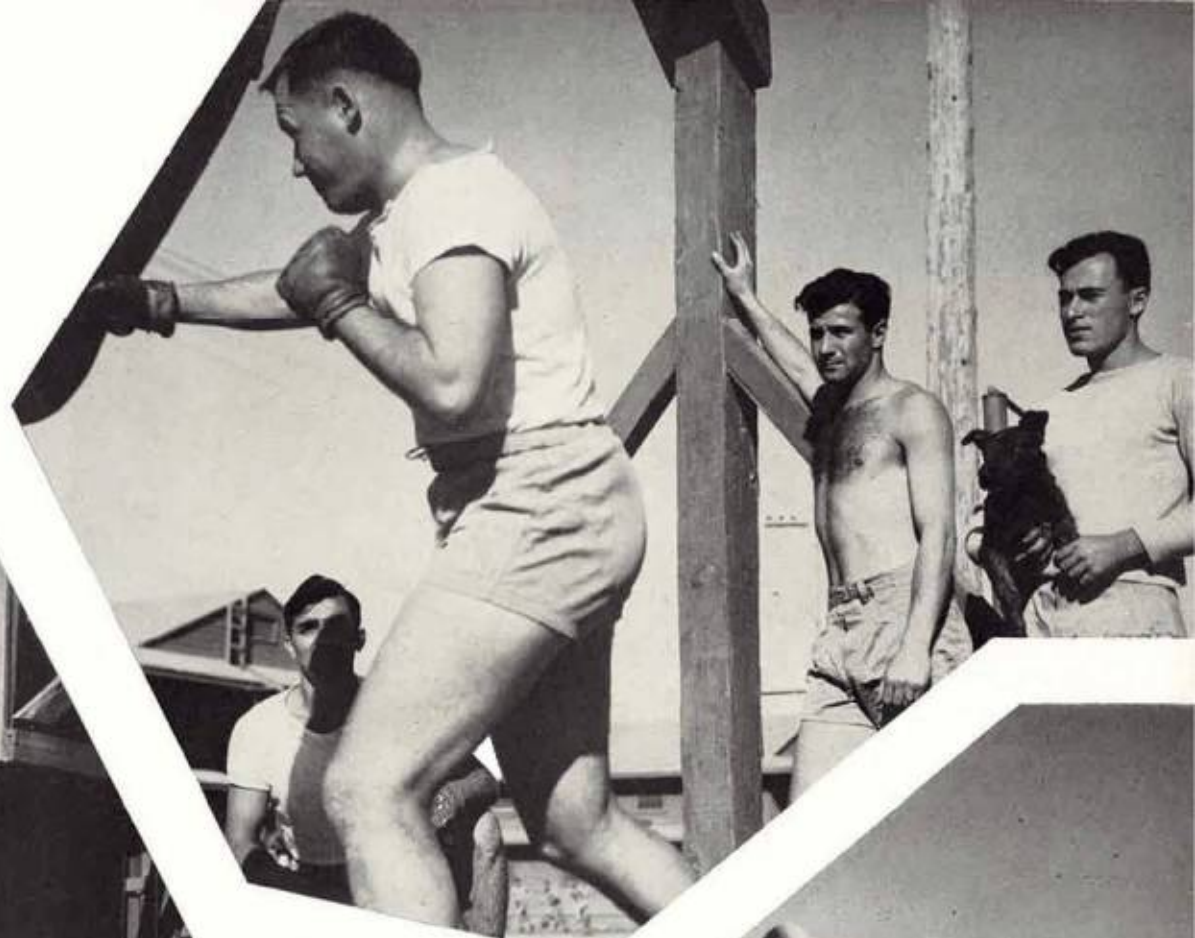
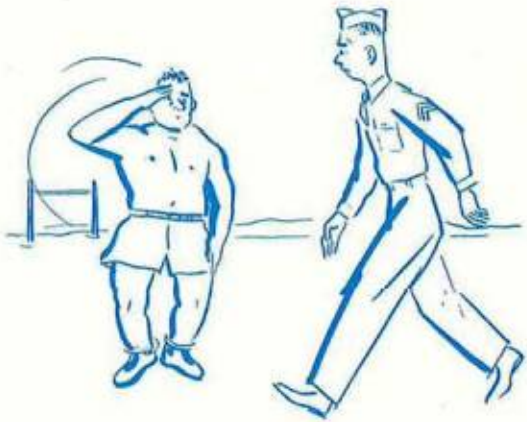
Day after day the battle raged. Lt. Galindo nursing our avoirdupois... producing menus that would have startled the chef at the Ritz. He plied us with monstrous, juicy steaks, mellow white mountains of mashed potatoes, forests of nutritious vegetables and every conceivable delicacy we could name. Faster than you can say Fatty Arbuckle or Katharine Smith, we began to fill out the baggy G. I. issue. But this Utopia was destined to real failure.

Lt. Ben Lewis, sparring in the center of the ring was sworn to revenge. He didn't mind having us fill out our G. I. gladrags, but when the seams started to burst in the most obvious, revealing corners, he got fightin' mad. He scooted off to the source of irritation.

And so we had athletics! Muscles for bombardiers... Yes! But, no paunchy stomachs... no sagging waistlines. Taboo... taboo! The big drive was on. He gave us everything in the books... situps... chin-ups... side straddle hops... wind sprints... shuttle-races... arm exercises... leg exercises, and any other muscle molders on record. A few not on the record were thrown in for that extra good measure. As an added feature, we haunted the cage lots, threw some mighty nifty ringers, pounded a home run into left field and knocked the hell out of the punching bag.

Lt. Lewis smiled. Maybe he was winning this battle of calories after all. Well... he thought so anyway. We didn't stop to figure it out. The schedule read... Mess... and we were starved.

The battle still rages. Lt. Galindo putting it on... Lt. Lewis... taking it off.



PART OF THE GAME . . .



The prolific school secretary's office pleaded not guilty to the charge of riding the fag-end of 44-3, but we knew it was the work of some scoundrel there when our schedule read... meteorology... code... aircraft identification... small arms. . . .

We were a plucky bunch though, and waded through the process of being groomed for that special day with ease and the kind of grace that puts Henry Kaiser and his whirlwind artists to shame.

Bombardiers in eighteen weeks? Yes, but more than that. They were bound and determined to make well-rounded personalities out of us. We took it all with a grin... 'cause this, too... was part of the game.





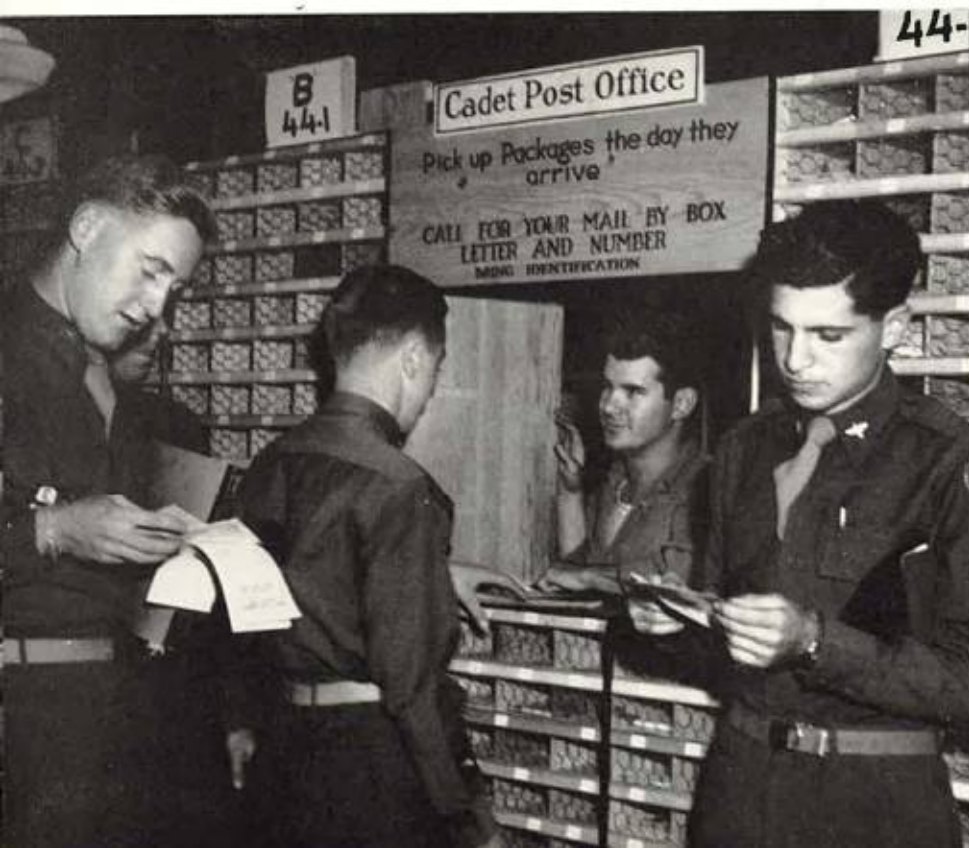
MINUTES TO SPARE

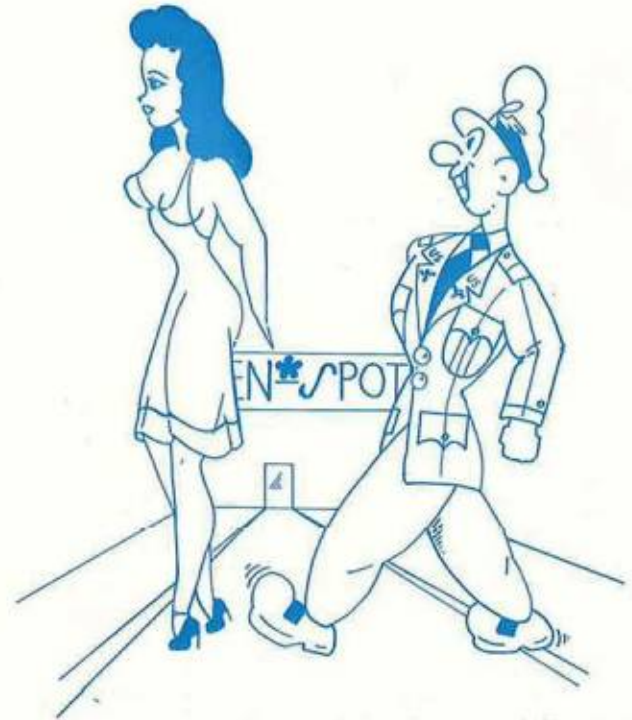
Love of bombardiering registered in first place in our medley of learning. Yet, the sideline attractions coaxed us away on those all too infrequent weekends when King Gyro went to bed. There were minutes between classes for a coke — or maybe a gabfest with the well-stacked blonde at the PX. . . a Sunday session at Arrowhead over a glass of the kind of stuff that makes a bombardier forget.

Melancholia set in sometimes — and so we wrote letters and more letters, repeating the constant confession that "I love you, loads." Then we sweated out a mail line to see if she still cared. Love does silly things to a fella's C. E.

We worked. . . we sweated. . . we prayed. . . yet somehow we always found time in a hectic schedule to shoot the bull. . . just good shop talk or perhaps a recital about that favorite movie and what big. . . big. . . eyes (?) the heroine had. The long-haired boys kicked the libretto 'round and screamed holy hell each time we dialed Dorsey with his "Star Eyes."

There was bowling for the maple marvels. . . basketball for the cagers. Yes. . . we all had fun during our minutes to spare. . . minutes that brought lasting friendships. . . minutes to be set aside and logged for memory.







JAMES C. ALEXANDER
East Liverpool, Ohio

The only J. B. who knows Maxwell Field inside out. Left Ohio State U to join cadets. Good man on the basketball court . . . equally as good over the targets.



RALPH H. ANDERSON
Jamestown, N. Y.

Tall and honest Andy was an ad libber par excellence. Formerly an engraver in the Treasury Dept. before enlisting. A nice low C.E. . . . too.



FRANCISCO A. AVILA
Orangetown, N. Y.

Francisco, the speed demon, set as fast a pace on the track as he did on the track.



JOSEPH P. BAHNKEN
St. Albans, N. Y.

"Longg Giland" to you. Typical Irishman. Deadeye on the basketball court. A genius in ground school. Had more gum than the PX.



DENNIS BAKER
Arlington, Va.

Can't wait until he returns to Washington, D. C., and resumes normal living with his wife and son. Practical Joke fiend.



ROBERT BARNETT
Aspinwall, Pa.

"Junior." A former art student from Pittsburgh, was afraid of nothing . . . but women! Hopes to revolutionize . . . window designing.



RICHARD C. BARTLETT
Bridgewater, Mass.

Studied navigation at Monro. One jump ahead of all of us. Quiet, easy going. . . Dick calls Boston home territory.



ANTHONY F. BARULICH
Bakersfield, Calif.

Neutral when it comes to comparing Florida and California, since he lived in both. Farmer crew chief in A-20.



JOSEPH R. BERMAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Typical civilian of the class. Raced with Bryan for the honor of being the last one out for all formations. "There's no sense in hurrying."



LESLIE BERRY
Wooster, Ohio

Former Wooster College man. Grandfather of the class. Quiet, unassuming, and a good guy to know. Did more than his share of details.



GEORGE H. BLAHNIK
San Pedro, Calif.

The baby of the class. Farmer fisherman deluxe from San Pedro. Favorite hobby: shaving. Wishes he had more to shave, though.



HYMAN BLOOM
New York, N. Y.

Logged more brown time than flight time. He was always willing to help anyone — smoke their cigarettes. Expert pistol shot.



MILTON BLOOM
Los Angeles, Calif.

Los Angeles his home . . . what a lucky dog. A recent father . . . popular in the barracks. Had two cars. Insists he is not related to Hyman.



JOHN BODNARUK
Spring Valley, N. Y.

A former bank clerk, smiling Johnny made friends at VAAF. A camera fiend who snapped all the stars at Arrowhead.



RALPH E. BORDNER
Belvidere, Illinois

Taught school in Illinois. Was in the Ambassador so much, he was considered one of the fixtures.



GEORGE H. BOWER, JR.
Boston, Mass.

Won many arguments by out-shouting the other cadets. Had a double release on his "demos" and plotted them as shacks.



DEWITT F. BROWN
Auburn, N. Y.

"Demented" once had a close shave but recovered rapidly. Entertained the boys by singing Opera in the shower rooms.



FRED WILLIAM BRYAN
Jacksonville, Florida

Moved with a cadence that matched his slow, southern drawl. Charter member of "Boik's Joiks" . . . jovial . . . amiable.



JAMES DRAPER BURKE
Haddenfield, N. J.

Brother of Flight "A's" pin up girl. Ex navigation student. He may be a small man's beard on the desert. man, but he raised a big



DENNIS ALBERT BYRNE
Lexington, Mass.

A New Englander and known as the "Beau Brummell" of "B" Flight because of his neatness of dress. Says he likes VAAF.



ROBERT C. CAMPBELL
Minneapolis, Minn.

A quiet, likeable chap who hails from Minnesota. Ambitious and energetic. You couldn't find a thing wrong with him. Ambition — Tour Alaska.



JOS. CAMPOLONG, JR.
New York, N. Y.

Little Boy "Blew" and "Blew." Requisitioned steam whistle from quartermaster to awaken loads in morning. Hobby: Shower operas and gardening.



ARCANGELO CARLINI
Lackawanna, N. Y.

A product of sunny Italy and we all hope to live up to his fine standard of Americanism. Congenial, with a great sense of humor. Hobby: Spaghetti cookin' mamas!



JAMES A. CARLINO
Freeport, N. Y.

A bombardier with a definite future. On his first mission, he bombed a railroad. He added a touch of much needed youthful innocence to 44-3.



HERBERT CARLSON
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A big Swede from Brooklyn. A hot bombardier from the start. He started out good and had a comfortable C. E. all the way.



H. B. CARPENTER
Pittsburg, Texas

Our lone star representative and a rootin' tootin' one at that. Hopes to buy chicken farm after his share of egg-layin' is done.



NANDO A. CAVALIERI
Chicago, Illinois

His Napoleonic leadership has never faltered until he hit Glendale. Here he met his Waterloo in the form of a blonde. Hobby: Balcony scenes.



PAUL CHRYST
Pottstown, Pa.

Squadron Commander of No. 3 . . . just married! Has the envy of everyone . . . the wife is terrific.



JAMES WALKER CLARK
St. George, N. Y.

It was he who changed our early morning arising with his good humor. Girls think him cute, but his romances have all been malfunctions.



JOHN JOSEPH CLARK
New York, N. Y.

Here we have a modern version of Rip Van Winkle. A brother of a lad who worried about nothing and the only man alive who can sleep while double-timing.



JULIUS DARIUS COBB
Massapequa, N. Y.

Strictly the fresh-air type. He slept with all windows wide open in 20 degrees below. Room-mates slept in winter flying equipment. Hobby: Hunting . . . good hunting.



OWEN GLENN COOPER
Baltimore, Md.

An example of effervescent but mischievous youth. He grew all of 1/16 inches of beard during his week on the desert.



ARTHUR M. CORRIE
Atlanta, Georgia

Valiant defender of the rebel cause and Georgia peach. Claims them to be "yeller" and "fuz-zay."



ROBERT M. COTTON
Woban, Mass.

The energetic, efficient type. He typifies the cool, precise bombardier. Wish we had more of his kind.



ROBERT J. CROOKS
Omaha, Nebraska

The barber's nemesis from Nebraska. Well-known for—"Sir, I'm a little late—chow wuz later today than usual." Glider pilot, too.



JOHN C. DAHMER
Chicago, Illinois

We wonder if the malfunction kid would mind drill so much if Cadet Officers were WAC's. Wife cooks him a steak every Saturday night.



PERRY A. DAWSON
Wilmington, N. C.

A typical rebel who hails from North Carolina. A flash performer in the air. Has an accent all his own. Broke field record with his C. E.



FRANK E. DeBORGER
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Strictly on the ball. Takes real pride in his bombing. Few gigs . . . never out of line. Crack "Bombs Away" salesman.



HARRY L. DELAPLAINE
Chicago, Illinois

Here we have a collegiate bombardier. A Notre Dame lad whom we predict an early championship in the Chow Hound Club.



JOS. J. DEL MARMOL
Philadelphia, Penna.

"Those who don't want to eat, fall out." What do you live on Del? Oh, well . . . we can't all have wives waiting outside the gate.



JOSEPH P. DEMPSEY
Dorchester, Mass.

Quiet . . . reserved. Never failed to get his room ready for inspection before anyone. Going to be a real success.



LELAND HOBART DODA
Duncan Mills, Calif.

"Bombing is just like shooting Ducks." He found out differently. Still persists in giving it all he's got.



WM. P. DORGELOH
Rutherford, N. J.
The track star of the trainer hangar. Also one of the better bombardiers of 44-3.



ROSS E. ELLIOTT, JR.
Terre Haute, Indiana
The love bug got him. Good luck, Ross . . . you'll need it. What are we saying!



JOHN H. ENGELMEIER
Pittsburgh, Penna.
Was quiet. Had a very good sense of humor . . . when he used it. All of his classmates enjoyed working and bombing with him.



IRWIN JOS. EPSTEIN
Chicago, Illinois
A windy city fellow. Lives for two things . . . Chicago and Sena.



JOHN PHILIP FEDAK
Bridgeport, Conn.
He lived for Open Post. Took advantage of all his minutes to spare . . . but good bombing continued. Knows his way around.



JAMES R. FENNESSEY
Maplewood, N. J.
What a strange force pulls you to Death Valley on Navigation missions, Jim?



H. D. FRIEDLANDER
Brooklyn, N. Y.
The terror of Los Angeles . . . great cartoonist . . . great lover. He's the boy who drew most of the cartoons for this book.



ANDREW R. FRIESEN
Hillside, N. J.
Found a home in the army. Boosts MacArthur for President.



LAWRENCE A. FROST
Hansen, Mass.
No instructor alive could keep Frost awake in Ground School. Will never need Ovaltine to relax.



WILLIAM PIKE GATES
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Famous last words . . . "Take off your hat . . . you're in St. Paul's Cathedral."



JOHN STANLEY GAVEL
Batavia, N. Y.
Short but powerful. Will be a proud Papa soon. Congratulations, John . . . and may there be more of them.



LAWRENCE A. GLAZIER
Northfield, Mass.
Talk about noise. This fellow takes the gold ring for all around gabbing. Good ball-player . . . everyone's buddy.



PAUL ARTHUR GOETZ
Bethpage, L. I., N. Y.
Handsome . . . debonair . . . and knew it. Voted the man most likely to succeed. "There's one 'G' in Long Island, Dempsey."



BAILEY GODELL
Wells River, Vt.
Kick 'em out Goodell. You should fly more often with Fedak.



EDWIN JOS. GRANGER
Buffalo, N. Y.
"Take Ten and smarten up." Grange hit the silk in the ready room. Potential Benny Goodman on clarinet?



JAMES L. GRISARD
Chattanooga, Tenn.
The inverted V man . . . Likes VAAF . . . and especially the USO dances. We wonder why?? Maybe it's the music of the post band.



SAMUEL GURLITZ
Worcester, Mass.
A mouse in the barracks . . . a wolf on Open Post. What could be better.



LEONARD A. HAAS
Chicago, Illinois
Hey, Fellas . . . seven pound baby girl but . . . no cigars . . . no payday.



RICHARD T. HABEL
Teaneck, N. J.
Beaver with a brief case. Always a smile on his face . . . a guy we liked to call friend.



RICHARD H. HAGE
San Francisco, Calif.
One of those ardent supporters of the cause, to wit: California should be given back to the Indians!!!



RAYMOND W. HALL
Adelphia, N. J.
Not only am I ignorant . . . but I can prove it. Modest as hell about the whole thing, too.



DONALD W. HAROLD

Rochester, N. Y.
Why, Mister, I have more solo sack time than you have . . . and I can prove it.

HAROLD F. HARSTEDT

Leonia, N. J.
"Lily Pons is a coloratura soprano?? Is she really colored?? I thought she was French." That gives you a rough idea, boys.

JEFFRE DANIEL HART

Mt. Holly, N. C.
Get these insignias off, and tell the C.O. I've gone to the late show.

JOHN RUNDLE HERD

Pen Argyl, Penna.
Get up, Mister . . . you're sitting on my teeth.

A. B. HOUSKEEPER

Newton, N. J.
He left Hart holding the bags. Two bags . . . too bad.

MARVIN G. HOWELL

Memphis, Tenn.
All noise and stomach. Groaned as loud as his gastric juices . . . but still a nice fellow. Slow. Rebel drawl. Volleyball aspirant.

JOHANNES IDEMA

Philadelphia, Penna.
Diamonds and puddin' what more could Mrs. "I" want?



WESTON ORLIE JAYNE

Elmira, N. Y.
No wine, no women . . . but he does sing.

HOWARD A. JOHNSON

Franklin, Ind.
This boy spends two-thirds of his time combing his hair . . . the other half writing letters. Bombing is strictly incidental.

ALLEN BERNARD JUDE

Anoka, Minn.
Being an old G. I. . . he was one of the most cooperative koydets when it came to falling in . . . the sack.

WILLIAM P. KISILUK

Thomaston, Conn.
Will leave his work at Victoriaville by virtue of a record bombing mission. Since then . . . has concentrated on breaking down doors.

MORRIS KLEIN

New York, N. Y.
Our career soldier. Already has seen considerable action by his learning how to aim again.

FRANCIS A. KLUCZ

Norfolk, Va.
Lives for just two things . . . open past and sack time. This Southern humorist is now awaiting the arrival of a little Klucz.

FLOYD W. KNAPP

Painted Post, N. Y.
Had a hard time convincing us that Painted Post was a town and not a dog kennel . . . quiet . . . personable cadet.



LEO HENRY KONOPKA

Scranton, Penna.
One of our eager boys. As a result was Flight Sergeant three times. Disagreed with others on radio programs.

WILLIAM KRAKOVITZ

Cleveland, Ohio
One of the eager boys . . . spent his spare time thinking up questions for his instructors. Eager . . . yeah man!

FRANCIS KUPETZ

Barnesboro, Penna.
When he's not running backwards on the football field, Kupetz was looking ahead to the weekend at Berdoo.

ARTHUR L. LARRANCE

Reno, Nevada
Never could prepare his room for inspection on time or march in cadence. Never worried . . . always smiling.

WALTER JOS. LEAHY

New York, N. Y.
Tried to form Flight E's civilians in uniform into soldiers. He had the rank . . . Flight Lieutenant and Squadron Captain. Amazingly thorough.

VALERIAN J. LEKSAN

San Francisco, Calif.
"The Great Omor." Usually found drawing cartoons or psychoanalyzing one of the numerous visitors to his room.

SANFORD WM. LEWIN

Woodmere, N. Y.
All around good fellow. Swell sense of humor. Has dropped everything out of camera hatch but the instructor.



SHIRLEY CURTIS LEWIS
Indianapolis, Ind.

A quiet boy . . . easy going Hoosier who pulled down the highest marks with the slightest effort. One of the few fathers in the class.



JOS. R. LIMONCELLO
Chicago, Illinois

Bubbles, Bubbles . . . how can they be so evasive. Was sure that every bomb would have been a shack but for them.



MARVIN DALE LITT
Chicago, Illinois

BTO from Chicago. Usually found spending his open posts at Arrowhead. Almost as tall as the tales he told.



HENRY LEWIS LONG
Springfield, Mass.

Could always find something to "sweat out." He is easily recognized by his huge frame and red hair.



WILLIAM S. MACE
Baltimore, Md.

This gentleman from Virginia is always heard from. Ready to argue with anyone about anything. However, too good-natured to be taken seriously.



HORACE MALLINGER
New York, N. Y.

Full of ambition . . . a good natured New Yorker with a booming voice and heart to match.



THOMAS A. MATASSA
San Fernando, Calif.

"Spider." A sock time specialist — first one in, last one out. Uncle Sam claims him but his heart belongs to Juanita. Wedding bells.



ROBERT C. MEEKER
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Sock artist personified. "Daughter, watch out for those quiet fellows." A Good machinist and he follows through on the bombsight.



ROBERT CARTER MILLS
San Francisco, Calif.

The transportation promoter for L. A. Happy-go-lucky on top, but a sentimentalist at heart. Knows Hollywood and the stars like a book.



HORACE RAY MOODY
Clarkston, Wash.

"Horse" is our H. B. A jolly old G. I. with a heart, that fits his smile. His weakness? Weekends in the bright lights. What could be finer.



ROBERT J. MCCOY, JR.
Cleveland, Ohio

"Hey, Meeker, that last one was 600 feet from target four." One of our hot shots from the three C's. Is always ready with a laugh.



HAROLD WM. NADIN
Norwalk, Conn.

"Stud." Remember those "clacks" before first Guess who? A good steady guy fighting for the little woman back home.



FRANK F. NELSON, JR.
San Francisco, Calif.

"powderburn." Moans . . . "But, sir, 11,000 feet is too far away from the target." Was sold on his wife as well as insurance before cadets.



EDWARD I. NICKEL
Gary, Indiana

"Come on, fellows . . . cut it out." Silent "Nick" with the big grin. One of those "one" in a million guys.



ADRIAN OOMS
Lynden, Wash.

"But, sir, if . . ." Our eager beaver boy who ironed his sheets and blankets for inspections. He was always there with the most. A swell guy.



HYMAN OSSOFF
Peabody, Mass.

"Listen, Adrian. It should be done this way. Don't give me any arguments either." A great advocate for the east with two laughs for one.



ROBERT E. PACQUER
Seattle, Wash.

"Berdao, here I come." The human encyclopaedia, always ready with an answer. Serious and studious and claims Washington the best state in the Union.



LEIGH DAVIS PEFFER
Honolulu, T. H.

"Hey, Doc . . . can you hide my bomb during inspection?" Wine, women and song were getting him down. Cancellation — music lessons.



CARL R. PHISTER, JR.
Erie, Penna.

The youngest member in the flight. Weighs about as much as a practice bomb. The boys sure kidded him but he's a nice fellow. "OK to turn — sir-r-r-r-ll!"



ROBERT F. POMMERING
Chicago, Illinois

"You think this is tough? You should have been in the infantry!" Drove instructors crazy by going into detail. Likes everything west of the Mississippi, including Texas.



ROBERT MILTON PRICE
Indianapolis, Ind.

The red headed wit — imitates anyone. Has more trouble with the girls than anyone. One of those guys with big blue eyes that you can't forget.



RAYMOND PETER PUCK
Son Jose, Calif.

The kid next door with freckles and a candid camera. "I can't get them in there . . . the target is too small." Amateur geologist and weather man.



JOHN R. ROBERTS, JR.
Jenkintown, Penna.

"My aching back, this night bombing ruined me!" Has an answer for everything. Orates on the East. A swell lad who deserves the best.



RICHARD T. ROBINSON
Rochester, N. Y.

The really silent one who wasn't stumped by anything. Had his 12C's filled out long before anyone. Oh, those big brown eyes!



HERBERT F. ROSOFF
Middletown, Conn.

Got off to a good start in navigation by giving pilot a mag, heading from the T.A.S. column. Strictly glamor boy, including the curly hair.



JOSEPH MARION RUBY
Flintstone, Md.

Knows more about Panama than their Chamber of Commerce. Will pack his gladrags and make this district his permanent stamping grounds . . . post war.



JACK HYMAN RYFF
Passaic, N. J.

"I'm open to conviction, but I'd like to see anyone convince me."



ROBERT O. STEPHENS
Fullerton, Nebr.

A good soldier. He knows more about the jungles in Panama than the mosquitoes do.



JACK STERNBACH
New York, N. Y.

A bombsight is just an open book to him. Wish we could say the same thing about that devilish flute he plays.



STANLEY F. SWENSON
Cleveland, Ohio

The only thing dumber than a dumb Swede is a smart Irishman.



MARION E. SWOPE
Omaha, Nebr.

I cut these pants off three times and they're still too short.



JOHN F. TAYLOR
Cohoes, N. Y.

Had the deepest voice of anyone in 44-3. A real square-shooter.



OLIVER JAMES TAYLOR
Bristol, Tenn.

"Just fly me a shack course, sir." Thinks his instructors are the finest Men in the Air Corps.



CURTIS E. THRIFT
Ventura, Calif.

Men who know their states best choose California . . . 2 — to — 1.



WILLIAM H. TITTLE
Springfield, N. J.

He could finish examinations faster than most of us could read instructions.



DEAN S. TOWNSEND
Long Beach, Calif.

Was strictly the outdoor type. Liked all forms of athletics as you might have noticed.



DAVID E. TYRRELL
Los Angeles, Calif.

Knows more about rabbits and camera hatches than any man living. We'd all like to have his C. E.



FRANK S. VAN DORN
Matawan, N. J.

He held his head high . . . to keep from stepping on his beard after a week on the desert.



ROBERT M. VERBRYKE
Lebanon, Ohio

He saw the movie, "The Gang's All Here," 18 consecutive times . . . because Alice Faye reminds him of someone at home.



FRANCIS J. VILMINOT
Jackson, Mich.

A steady, consistent man who found no trouble combining married life with bombing.



RAY ODELL WAHLER
LaValle, Wisconsin

Believes that horseshoes are the ideal sport for developing rugged bombardiers. We wonder how?



PRESTON J. WALLACE
Pueblo, Colo.

Dropping bombs is all right but I'd rather be cabinet-making again.



GEORGE B. WALTON
Piedmont, Calif.
G flights weather man. Always had one eye on the clouds and the other on a weather manual.



ROBERT WASHINGTON
Gastonia, N. C.
An all-round athlete with a modest manner. Carolina Boy with a thick Southern Drawl that made the ladies swoon. What ladies??



GEORGE F. WATFORD
Midland, Texas
The only good man who ever came out of Texas. Modest . . . a bang-up cager and a hard cadet class book worker.



E. K. WEBSTER, JR.
Haddon Heights, N. J.
Adolescent? Perhaps . . . but a hot bombardier. Tactful and capable in spite of his modesty.



PHILIP JOSEPH WEITZ
New York, N. Y.
Found bombing very simple and just as simple to be first in the chow line . . . and out of the gate on Saturday.



RAYMOND EARL WELLS
Columbus, Ohio
Quiet, capable with a well-founded self-confidence in his own ability.



PHILLIP F. WHALEN
Canton, Ohio
Old Ironpants himself. Genuinely military . . . but just as genuine in his weekend good times with the rest of the boys.



LOUIS A. WESTPHAL
Kendall, Wisconsin
The Math teacher had plenty of trouble . . . solving bombing problems.



WILLIAM J. WHITE, JR.
Chicago, Illinois
"Guess I'm always in someone's hair." Pappy Bill was strictly a home boy who relaxed on the hardwoods.



W. ST. JOHN WIESLER
Sheboygan, Wisconsin
"The Saint." Managed to have many enjoyable weekends in Los Angeles . . . in spite of bubble-trouble and malfunctions.



R. M. WILSON
Birmingham, Alabama
Sports star of the class. Wonderful coordination helped him. A deadly bombardier!



WILLIAM F. WILSON
Ridgewood, N. J.
No trouble with the instructors, but it took him a long time to solve the mystery of the bombsight.



LAWRENCE R. WOLFF
Chicago, Illinois
Bombing is simple for this Chicago daydreamer. He just takes his time and the sight does the hurrying.



ROY ROBT. WOOD, JR.
Cleveland, Ohio
The youngster of his flight. Showed everyone how to really get hits.



ERNEST YUHAS
Harrisburg, Illinois
Not one to brag, but behind that quiet countenance lies plenty of personality and bombing ability.



EUGENE G. ZAREK
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
King of Salvo. Also tops in bombing and basketball . . . as even officers know.



FRED S. ZIMMERLI
Kansas City, Kansas
The better half of the Three Z's. Found military life a bit different from drumming and crooning.



WILLIAM F. ZOELLMER
Lewisville, Minn.
A mechanical master mind who showed flight H that Norden only beat him to the invention because of his age. Oh, well we can't all be in the big time circuit.



BRUNO H. WAYCIE
Albany, N.Y.
A Character with a loathing for beach heads. Had a genuine love for married life. Notorious in basketball . . . for his "Blue Darter."



SAMUEL JOS. LISICA
Coropolis, Penna.
Seldom found his own room. Was only at home lying in someone else's sack or playing on the ball-field.



112823

Your Signature . . . Please

LOOK . . . IT'S SUPERMAN!

By
STANLEY FORD SWENSON

"Where's my crew?" screamed the pilot as he stood by his sturdy B-29.

"He'll be here in a minute," remarked the mechanic, anxiously eyeing the door of the ready room.

What do you mean, he'll be here? I'm missing a navigator, a bombardier, and . . . half a dozen gunners."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the mechanic assuredly. "This fellow graduated from Victorville Army Air Field and has been precision trained in all phases of air crew training. Actually, he's the most versatile artist in the Air Forces and represents a liberal expenditure of Uncle Sam's funds.

"Do you think it's really necessary for me to go along," queried the pilot with suspicion.

"Not actually . . . but you may as well go along for the ride. The weather's fine." The mechanic was caustically humorous.

Suddenly from the ready room, a Mars-like creature emerged. In awe-struck admiration the mechanic whispered . . . "This is a Victorville-Bombardier-Navigator." The pilot was speechless. Never before had his weary eyes feasted on such a suspicious sight.

This Engine of Destruction lumbered grotesquely toward the mighty bomber. Draped around this form was a parachute, six calibre .50 machine guns and several thousand rounds of ammunition. Yes . . . he even carried a pilot balloon for weather observation A walking arsenal!!

The fingers of his right hand held the stabilizer firmly; his left fingers caressed the bomb sight. Between his teeth he gripped a brief case . . . bulging with computers . . . plotters . . . mercators . . . dividers . . . erasers and more computers.

Having reached the plane, he dropped what he could . . . jumped back from the equipment that crashed to the ground . . . revealing a hidden camera, several screwdrivers, a book on meteorology, and a copy of Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People." (Editor's Note:

He intended to drop that too when he ran out of bombs.)

The propellers bit the air as our human dynamo preflighted the sight with his left hand . . . hand-charging the nose guns with his right hand and making mental calculations concerning the true course, the drift, ETA, ATA, NRS, AFCE, BVD and LSMFT.

Once the plane is in the air, things really begin to move rapidly. The one-man bombshell records the temperature in the nose of the ship at each even thousand feet of altitude; at each odd thousand feet he goes to the back of the ship to record the airspeed. Between trips he checks the flight instruments, sets up the AFCE, shoots down all enemy planes within range, takes a triple drift, makes five-minute entries on his navigation log, prepares a 5 course dinner . . . and logs a few choice minutes of sack time.

Now the plane is approaching the target, so the specialist in murder takes all his maps and other navigation equipment out of the nose of the ship. While he is killing course, he figures out a complicated radius of an action problem for the trip back and does evasive action through a curtain of flak. He jeers the enemy pilot with a monotonous version of "Flat Foot Heinie with Your Flak Flak." As soon as course is killed, he clicks the pilot, fires all nose guns, figures out a pilotage wind and makes another entry in his log. Killing rate is difficult but he easily checks ten belts of ammunition for short rounds, takes a quick

DR position, makes another log entry, reads chapter twelve of Carnegie's book and sets up the intervalometer. At last "Bombs Away." As the demos fall, he dashes back to the camera hatch in time to record a direct hit and shoot down another ME-110.

As he rushes up to the nose, he gives the pilot . . . "Okay to toin, Doc" . . . and then lunges forward to cage the gyro before it topples.

The trip back is quite uneventful . . . he hopes!





IT HAPPENED ON THE DESERT. Simulating combat conditions wasn't bad, but we yearned for the home haunts.



"CHANCE" RULED THE HOME LOT. A constant pal, a real Coke booster, he sweated out each day with us.



CAVALIERI AND GOLDBERGER arrange a few simple props . . . and . . . A Cover Is Born. It all happened at the Base Photo Lab at 2:00 a.m. one morning in January.



The Staff

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Robert Milton Cotton	Business Manager
James Robert Fennessey	Assistant Business Manager
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Staff Sgt. Al Chopp	Producer
Cpl. Edward Goldberger	Photographer



The Cadet Staff deeply appreciates the assistance of Staff Sgt. Al Chopp in layout and production of the book. Thanks to the Base Photo Laboratory and Pvt. Don Pope for the portraits and use of the Base Photo facilities.



MISSION # 3

TARGET # 8

