

Bombs Away
44-4





CLASS

44-4

700

These are the reminders of those study-studded, care-free days when as cadets we were building towards those coveted wings and bars.

These are the fellows who saw us through . . . the fellows who went through the mill with us.

Later years will bring back memories of Victorville . . . memories reminiscent of trials and tribulations . . . fun and f.o. . . then finally achievement.

This, then, marks the milestone in the military career of a swell bunch of guys . . . the Bombardier-Navigators of 44-4.



Victorville Army Air Field



message from the
**COMMANDING
OFFICER**

March 18, 1944

To the Class 44-4:

Whatever prompted your entry into the service . . . whether it was love of aviation . . . service to country . . . or the chance and opportunity to prepare for the future . . . today brings you to the end of the first phase in the goal set for yourself.

Whatever lies ahead . . . bear in mind that to attain your goal you must uphold American traditions. Cooperation and teamwork are the very essence of the American customs which have been winning wars for us since the birth of our glorious nation.

As you know, harmony and the teamplay spirit have personified your activities here at Victorville . . . from the moment you checked in . . . at ground school . . . on the flight line.

If you carry this spirit into combat, there can be no doubt about your success.

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



LT. COL. ADOLPHUS L. RING
Post Executive Officer



MAJOR ROBERT H. MURRAY
Director of Training



LT. ROBERT G. DAVIDSON
Post Adjutant



MAJOR CHARLES I. SAMPSON
Administrative Officer

FIELD ADMINISTRATION



CAPT. JOHN D. BARNARD
School Secretary



CAPT. WALTER P. MENZIES
Director of Flying



MAJOR KNOX PARKER
Air Inspector



CAPTAIN LEO C. AMENDT
Air Inspector, Training



CAPTAIN A. H. MILLER
Chief Tactical Officer



CAPTAIN LOUIS H. GARRETT
Deputy Commandant of Cadets



MAJOR HAROLD M. SKAGGS, JR.
Commandant of Cadets





LT. WILLIAM P. WALKER
Section Commander, Section Two



LT. FRED B. BLANEY
Tactical Officer

They Kept Us On The Ball

In The Air . . .

Lt. William P. Walker, the Southern gent, possessed an iron claw with the touch of velvet. Underneath that cold and bellowing air mass was a warm front that did its utmost to guide cadets to successful missions in the air. No fog in their brain matter when he got finished.

We'll never forget his guttural bursts to wit: "Who had a double release yesterday? What happened, Mister? I want this place cleared out in five minutes."

Lt. Walker is a model officer and a guiding light. We owe much to his sincere and broad-minded approach to our numerous problems. Later years will justify our emulation of a really fine chap.

On The Ground . . .

The work of a Tactical Officer is one that entails a vast understanding of men. Lt. Fred B. Blaney possessed that keen edge of comprehension which is so necessary in the management of Bombardier cadets. He knew us all by name. He did his utmost to correct our faults. A glance at the bulletin board of 44-4 was evidence of the fact that he kept us in step to the cadence of Cadet Regulations.

His work did not end at dusk, nor was it confined to the area about his desk. Advice and precious hours of Open Post were offered with a smile. Now he can observe the fruits of his efforts, step into the rank and file of the Commissioned Bombardiers.

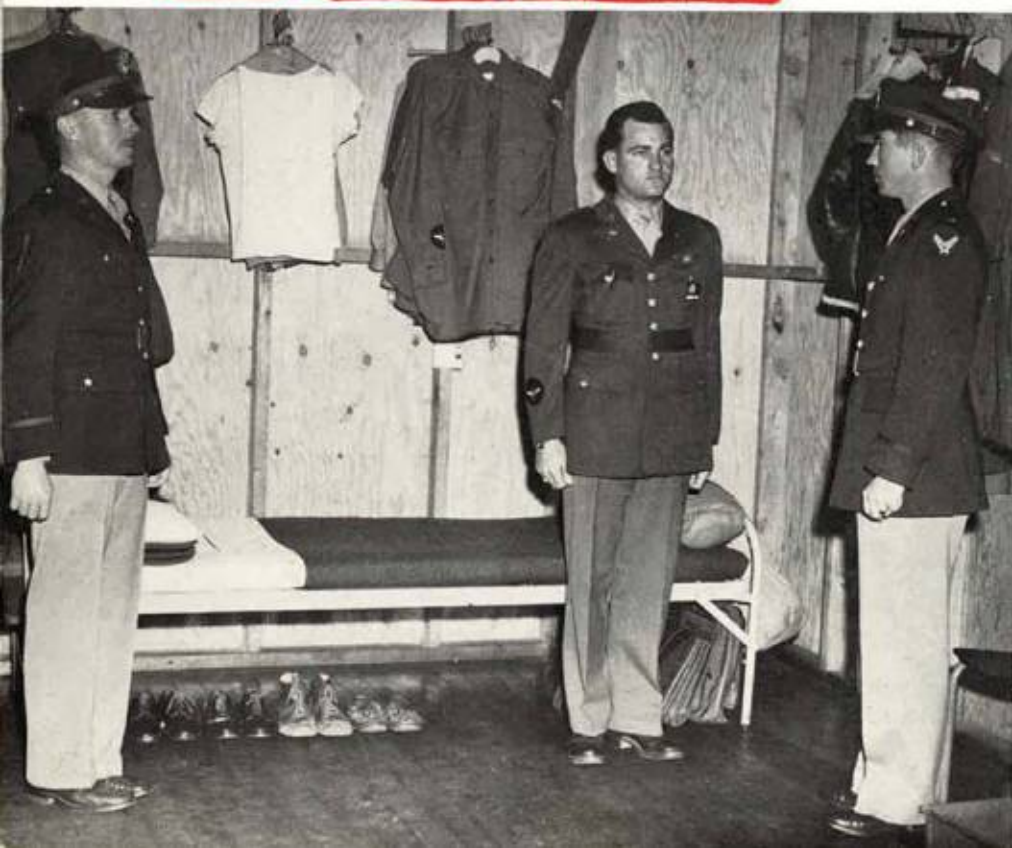
From The Rugged . . .



In a stiff brace . . . with a stiff face . . . we watched the gig-masters go by. A murmur from this royal committee denoting satisfaction brought the subtle warmth of happiness to our well-scrubbed faces for we had put our all into the project.

Prior to this excursion by the inspection intelligencia, the eager beavers of 44-4 attacked the bed-making problem with protractor and ruler. Mathematics played an important part in the scheme of things. Sheets had to have 45° corners . . . 8" collar . . . 4" space between pillow and collar . . . 1" between pillow and the head of the bed. We were miniature Einsteins. The Petty collection hit the seams of overcoat pockets. Clothes draped luxuriously over protruding racks reminded us of 5th Ave. Brook's Bros. A symphony of symmetry!

The dulcet footfalls retreating down the steps brought sighs of relief from the merry mob of fun seekers. What effect a good inspection had on our gastric framework, we'll never know but victuals always tasted better after the ordeal of Saturday morning rituals.



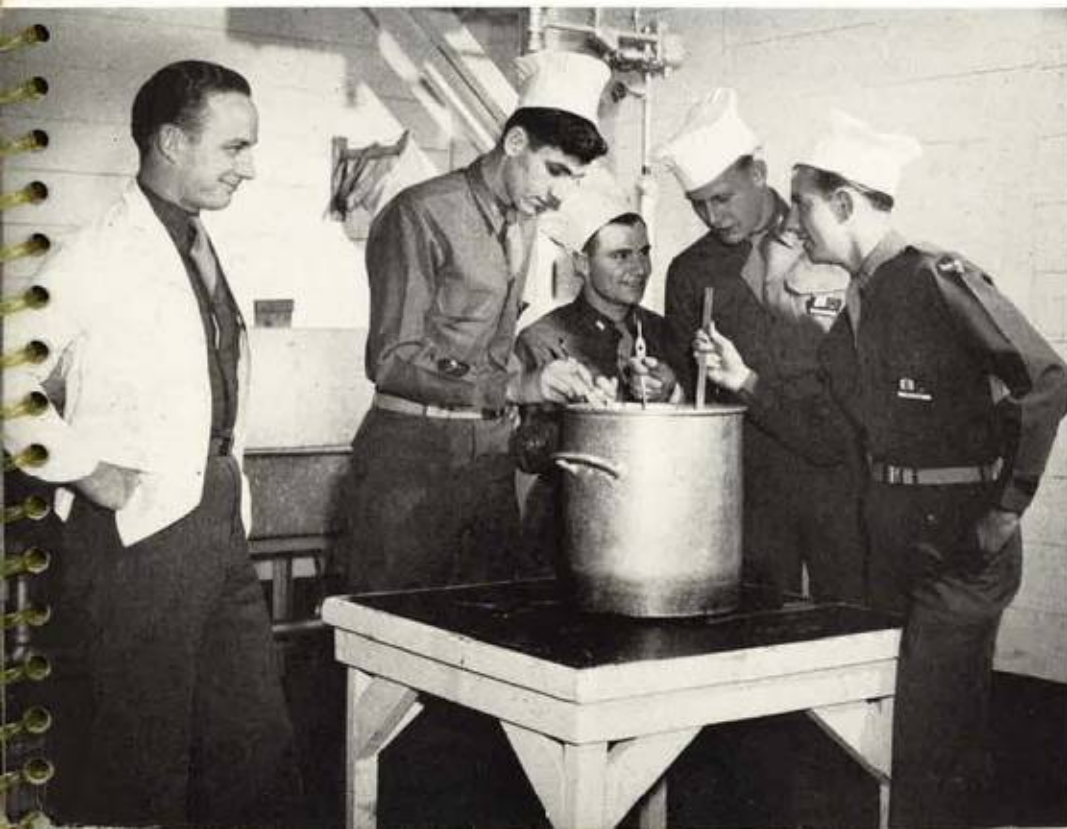
To The Sublime . . .

Webster defines the sublime as the awakening feelings of awe and reverence. And quite an appropriate mouthful, too, for the grandeur of graduation day mirrors the awe and reverence we bestowed upon those tranquil sessions as guests of Lt. Bert Galindo and the Cadet Mess personnel.

We had daily invitations to this happy hall of nutriment. . . flanked with the marvels of culinary arts. . . prepared by the chefs whose handiwork challenged the chef d'oeuvre of the pros.

C.E.'s registered in the lower brackets and ground school with its jungle of theory became just so much melted butter when the Galindo menu supplied our ravenous appetites with the kind of food that helped push our work of bombing to a successful conclusion.

From the moment our Dachshund Shaped Caravans from the Hubba Hubba Campus rolled on to Victorville soil. . . to this climactic day when we stroll from the path of learning to the avenue of doing, we recall with lasting gratitude the fine work of Lt. Bert Galindo and his corps of workers at the Cadet Mess. Thanks for keeping us healthy!



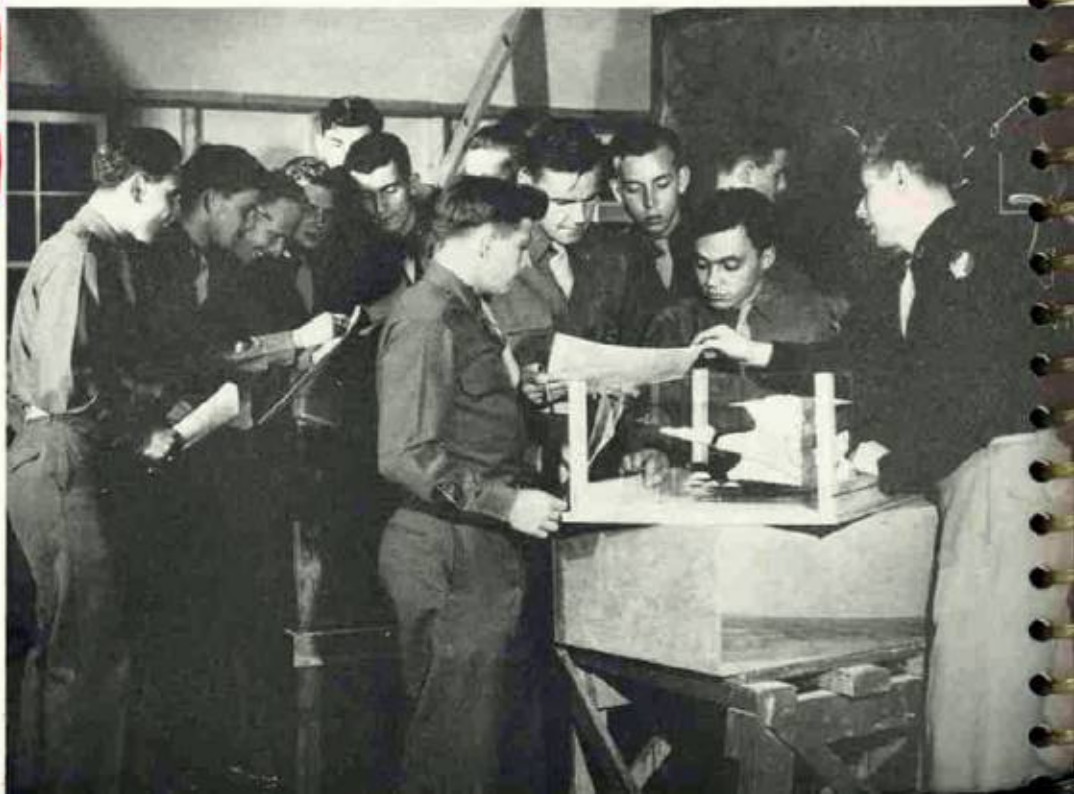
WHERE BOMBARDIERS



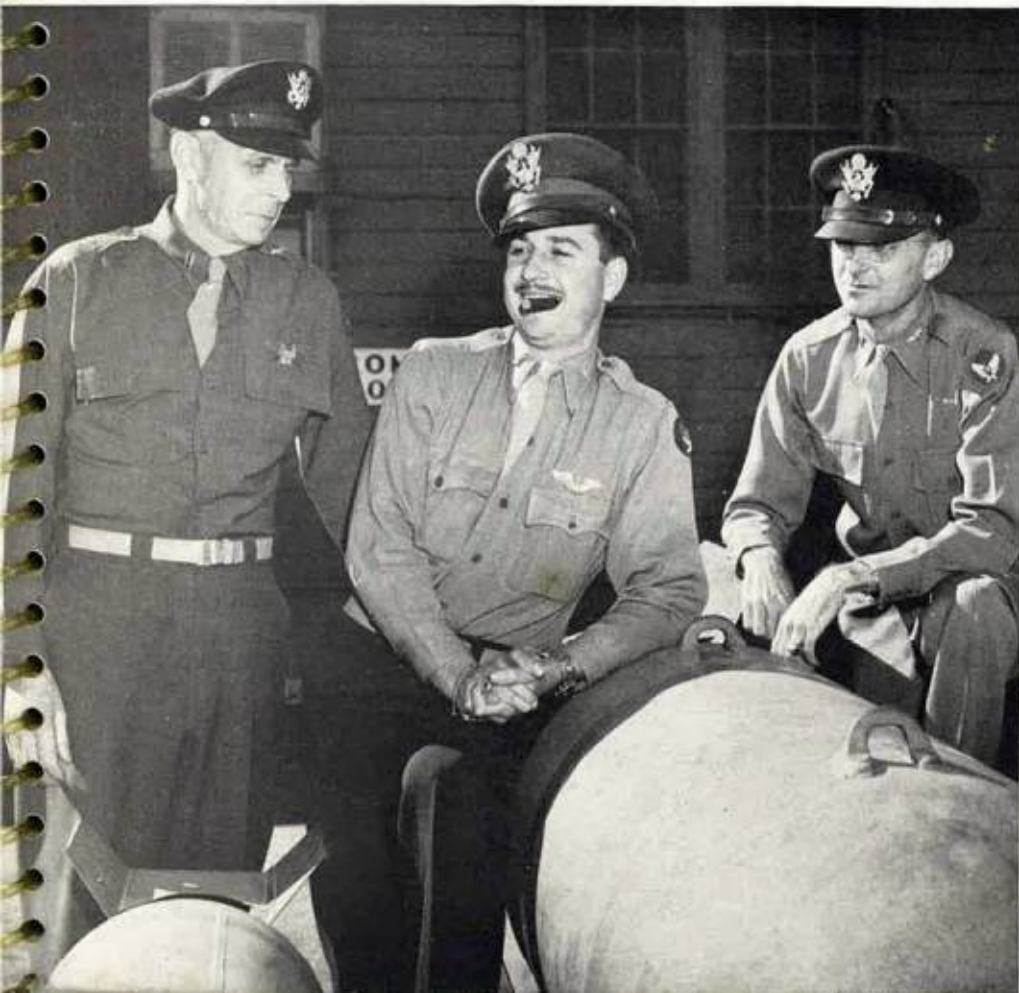
Bombardier-navigators in eighteen weeks? Impossible! Visions of the hatchet loomed as we trudged to ground school. "We're due for a surprise," someone whispered. The whisperer was definitely digging it right on the front burner. Ample supplies of Southern hospitality dismissed the gleaming steel edge first day in class. Source of supply... Lt. "You Kain't Be Wrong" Walker. He and his cohorts in crime paved the way for the kind of amicable relations which would put the Good Neighbor policy to shame. There was the joker who was never separated from his "El Ropo" and the crazy antics of a 20th Century Pagliacci. Yes... these were our instructors who meted out the brain work in liberal doses.

Bombardier-navigators in eighteen weeks? Well... maybe! The fun began! After three weeks of invading the unknown, we yearned for the melodeon intermissions at Minsky's... a brawl session at Ebbett's field... or maybe a choice 5th row center at Shubert's. This business of learning how to bomb was so much Irish Stew without the potatoes. The noble kiwi boys made with the explanations. We got knob-nutty, gear-goofy, bubble-happy and earned a probable section eight trying to absorb by osmosis or otherwise the intricate essentials of bombing the holy hell out of the enemy. Graduation day on the dim horizon lighted only by our shining eagerness... we had to buckle down.

Bombardier-navigators in eighteen weeks? Yes... but definitely!



ARE BORN . . .





FLIGHTS A...C...

FLIGHTS B...D...



WE SWEATED OUT BOMBS . . .



With misgivings and a certain amount of apprehension, we began the saga of the flight line. Many times we felt that both sentiments had been justified—at first it seemed like a primitive battle of survival. . . .

Agonized "But Sirs" rang through the ready room and flooded the interphones. We were all certain that Mother would never approve of the way we were being treated. . . it was all so very nerve-racking. Just when we thought we won over the instructors and the bombsight, both decided to take an aloof attitude. We were perplexed. And then there were those mammoth bombs to load. . . the intricate shackles to place. . . those pictures we didn't get and the ever-patient pilots. We were certain they had been inoculated with the Good Humor serum. Those first few days we'd have sworn that the bubbles were in a pot of boiling water and that the target suddenly developed motive power at "Bombs Away." Our procedure wasn't bad tho'. . . aside from a few toppled gyros. . . dry runs. . . perambulating bubble levels. . . juicy double releases and frequent "600 footers," we had the whole business down to a fine science. . . . "But Sir!" . . .

Then, suddenly. . . professional skill or something faintly akin thereto, emerged from the chaos and squirming. Life became liveable again; the "hot rocks" began to report. . . . "Had a bad day today . . . tossed one out at 50 feet." And even the lesser mortals among us stopped screaming "Malfunction" or "Dud." It was too good to last. . . blackness descended. . . .





"Hot Bombardier"

DOUBLE DRIFT AT 0900 ...

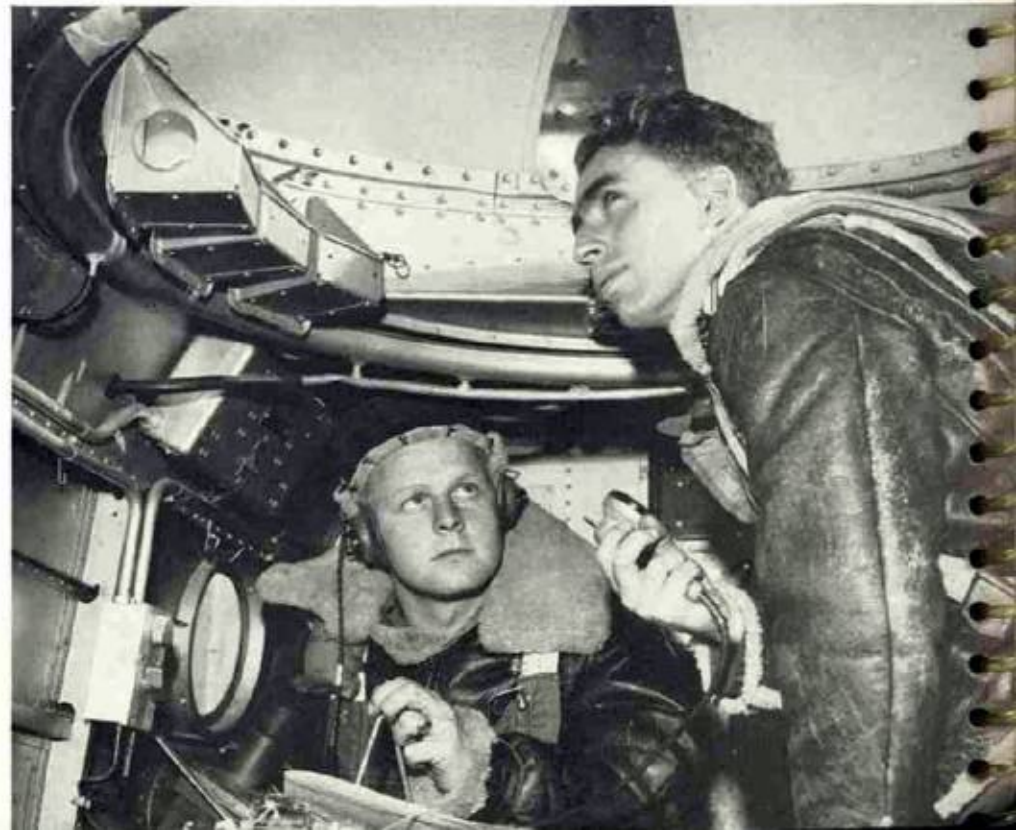
There's the cement plant coming up... better check those coordinates again. "Instructor to navigator. You're on course at 0831." We're off at 0832. You're glued to the driftmeter... something's wrong... the sagebrush doesn't go down the grid lines the way it did in class. No wonder! You were tracking down a jackrabbit. First you read 20° left... then 20° right. Looks like 0° is the best bet. Oh, oh, compass is reading 3° off... but which way to correct! Let's see. It's reading left. Correction should be right.

"Navigator to pilot... 3° right." Where's the dividers? Been gone 14 minutes. Now the computer. Put 14 over true air speed. What! 400 mph?

That doesn't sound kosher. I got it. Read the wrong scale. Boy, could I go for a smoke. "Double drift at 0900, Sir." 45° right for 2 minutes... 90° left for 2... subtract 1 minute lost in turning. YIKES! What a wind star! Big enough to land a B-17 in. Oh well, that will happen every now and again.

"Navigator to Pilot... ETA Boulder City 0923 1/2."

"Pilot to Navigator... ETA okay... but we'll be over Las Vegas instead."
Handy gadgets those compass covers!!





"THOSE BOMBEDEERS shore do scare the pants offn' us folks."





Meet Miss Wings...

She was the master of our destinies. In civilian life she tempted us with savory glances and all the sex appeal that a girl could offer. She created within us an unbridled passion that made our souls long for her thrilling companionship. We wanted Wings and we would have her at all cost... even a year of preparation under the guiding hand of her Chaperon, Uncle Sam...

After a series of moral setbacks in which we proved to our Victory Lady that we could take it from a physical viewpoint (basic training) and also from the intellectual angle (C.T.D.) we entered the den of Classification and Pre-Flight...

By this time Wings had lost all her glamor. Our desire to be a part of her lessened under the ordeal of petty annoyances set forth by the military hierarchy of Pre-Flight School. In our estimation she was a woman of uncertain virtue... the woman responsible for all our gigs, week-end confinements, guard duty and K.P. This wench destroyed our visions of "Climbing High Into the Sun." She was only a *hussy*... a woman you could not trust. She held out her tender bait of Commission... ribbons and medals and above all... a gentleman by Act of Congress. However, a taste of these delectable ingredients left a trace of bitterness. And all because of Miss Wings...

She was commercial, devoid of innocence and liberal of nature... the Cadet Widow. Why doesn't she leave us alone? We were weaklings and quickly succumbed to her tempestuous nature...

On November 13th we formerly announced our engagement at VAAF... a mutual agreement that Saint Patrick would bless us for and send us to Combat in union with our beloved lady. This was a trying period. We loved her and our every thought was concentrated on the day of our nuptials. This would be followed by a short honeymoon with our folks... then the home life of a married couple... "the greenhouse of a bomber..."

Like Mitchell's Scarlett, Miss Wings was worth fighting for after all.





"Evasive Action"

SHOULDA' BEEN A SHACK! No foolin'...bubbles perfect...rate and course okay and it lands 500 feet. Hamann and Guidotti try to figure the whole thing out but it looks pretty rugged.

I TELL YOU FELLAS'...this is the way it's done. Courtenay, Castro and Abrusci disagree on a pre-fighting problem. Castro disagreed with Goldberger, the photographer, about the peculiar pose, but look what a swell picture it made. "Page Goldie."





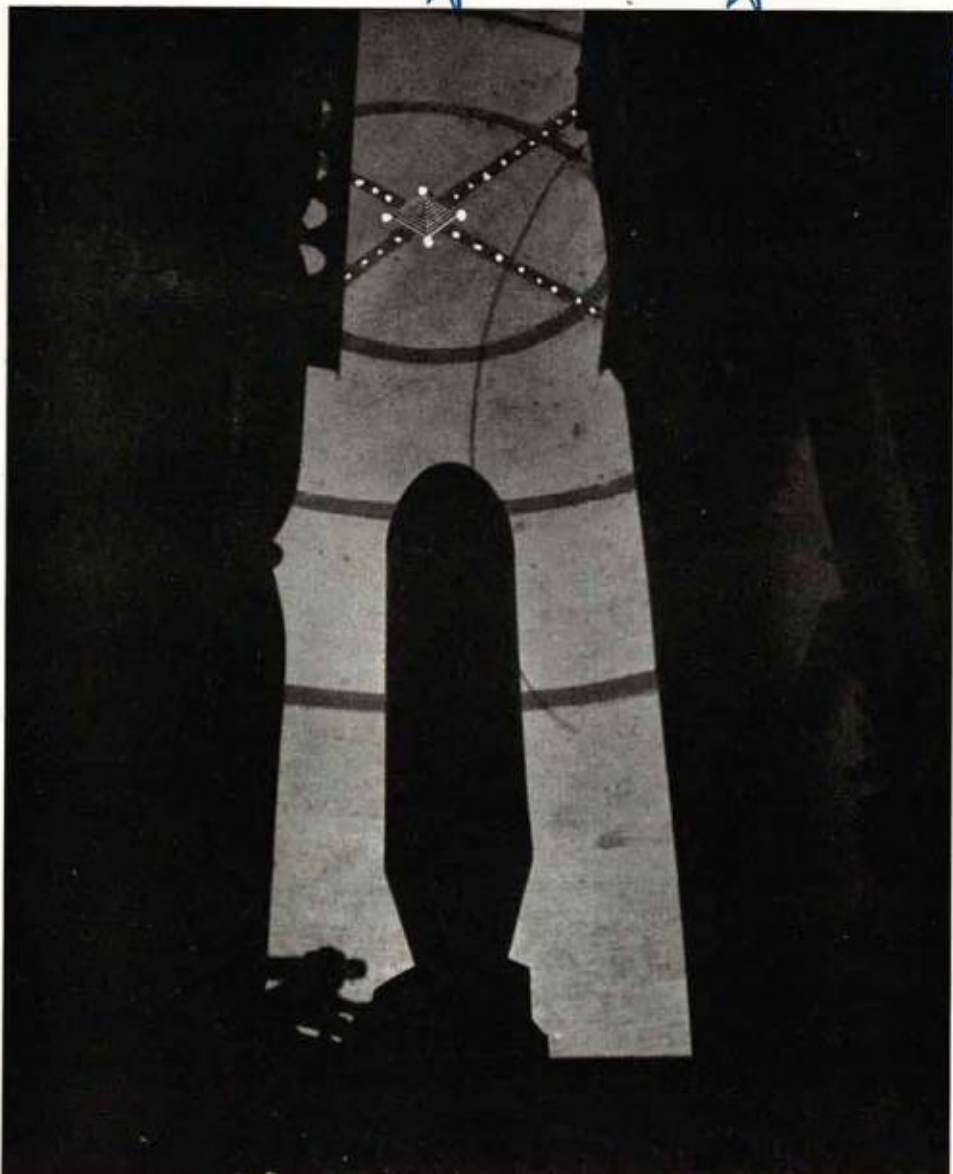
BOLAND LEADS THIS QUARTETTE of bombardiers from the line. Looks like he's in a hurry. He is. This is the last flight of the week and Open Post beckons tomorrow. He's ready.

FENNING, FARLEY AND FISHER stick together as this picture indicates. Farley is cornered in the plane. Seems he knows the correct answers for the forms. Give it to 'em, Farley.

"SO I UPS TO HER." One will get you ten that Lyda and Stumberg are discussing the elevator girl at the Californian. It's all very well, but what's the percentage. . . fellas?



Star Spangled Missions



They surrounded us... luminous guides in a vast sea of inky blackness. That was yesterday. Now... with bars and wings in hand and a rightful place assured for us in this firmament of endeavor... we glance back to those "Star-Spangled Missions" with a certain sense of nostalgia... for there is so much here to be logged for memory....

Cold Mojave nights... the wind lashing against our faces... an adequate revolt of the elements as we ventured into the star-studded heavens.

Thoughts of fickle C.E.'s danced through our minds as we hovered over lighted targets. Was it harder to bomb when the sun goes down? We soon found out. Melancholia set in as the moon mockingly reminded us of the nights when stardust was synonymous with romance and that steady date.

We got into our typical bombardier hunch over the bombsight... things seemed so different now... the glowing lights of the targets screamed revenge to open bomb bay doors.

"Bombs-s-s-s A-w-w-wa-aayy... S-i-i-r." We trembled a bit.

"Nice going, Mister. You're a regular night owl."

We could almost hear the eerie hoot of the kindly old bird who not so long hence had witnessed our attempts at romanticism from his perch in the garden.

Now the garden seemed so far away. We snapped back to reality as the pilot set the trainer down ever so lightly.

"Nice work, Mister." He repeated himself... but we looked on, proud and thankful for a successful mission... and a good pilot. "Hey, look at the time. My wife is going to be plenty sore. She's waiting up for me."

Lucky pilot, we thought... to have someone to come home to.

We? Oh, well... we merely had a vexing C.E.... a cup of G.I. brew... and a COLD SACK to come home to.

War is hell!



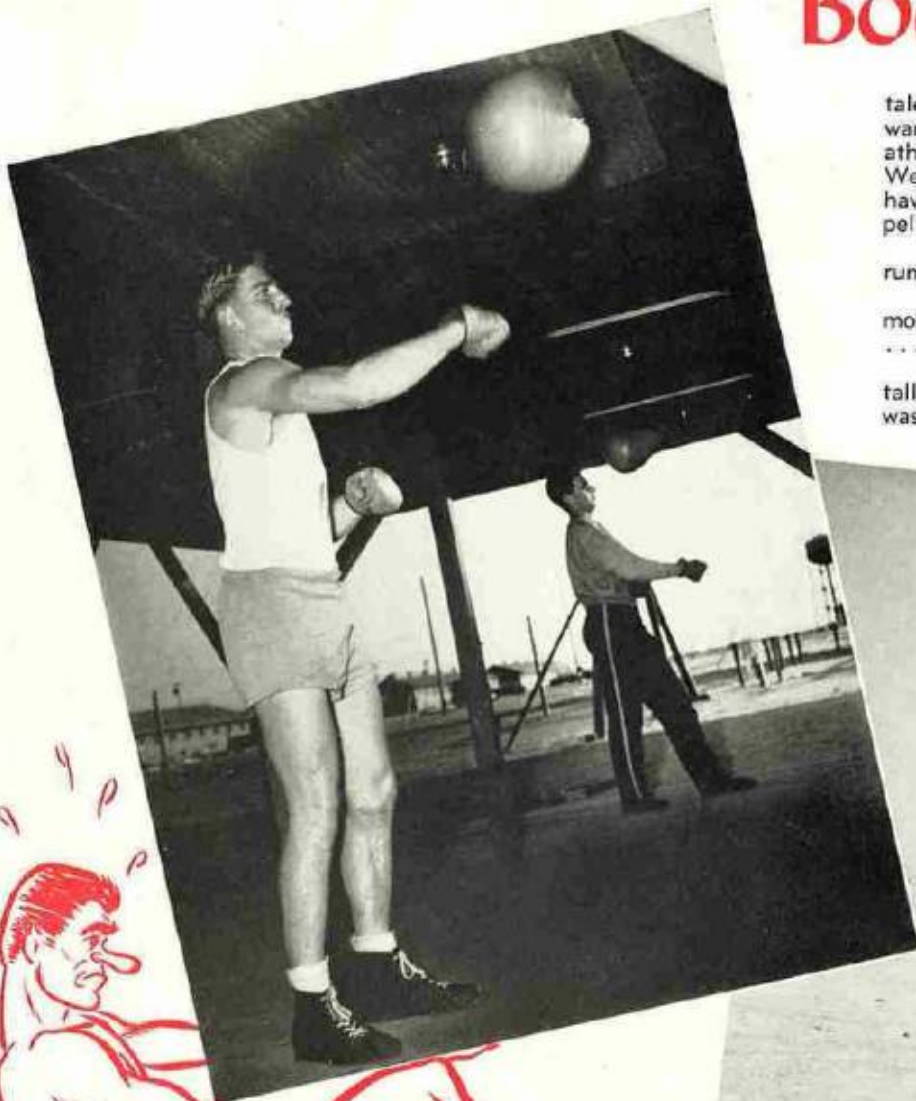
Bodies All Achin' . . .

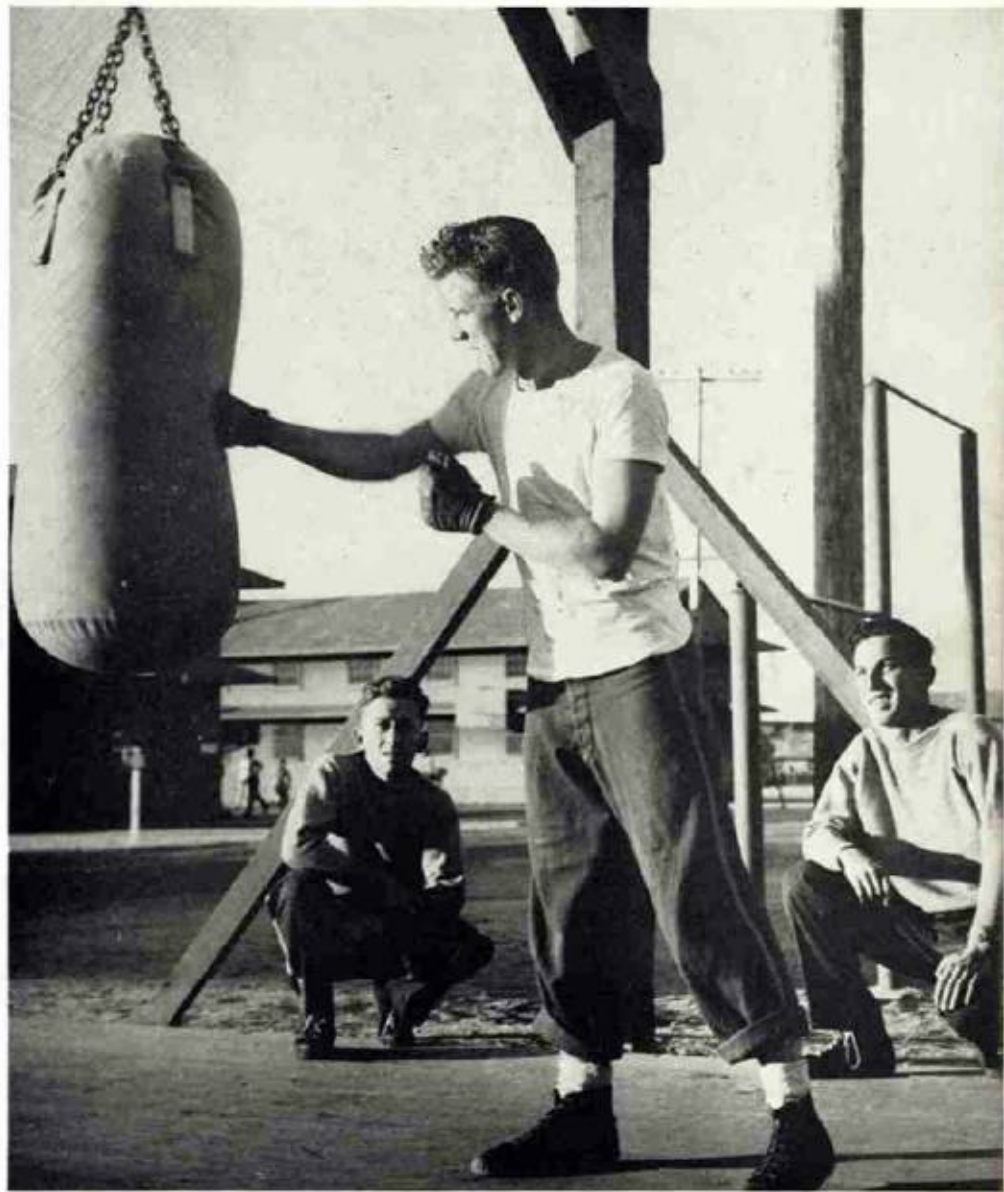
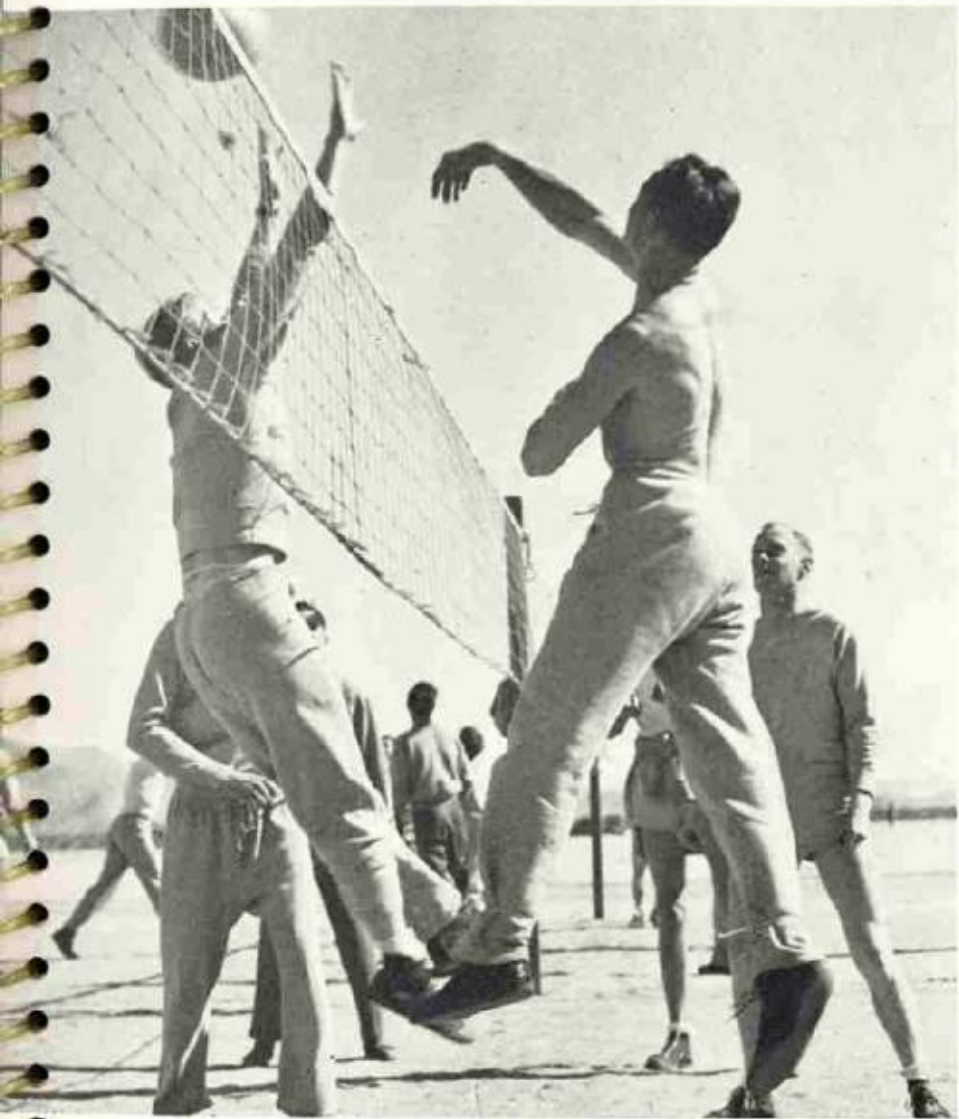
Emanating from the rumor factory (latrine to you) was the story about a talent scout from the big leagues who was hitting the air bases for some post war material. And susceptible as we were to the din and glamor of the athletic spotlight . . . we began the arduous task of impressing the big boy. We were especially agile that day . . . attempting barbell antics that would have startled the champs . . . ran the 300 yard shuttle in nothing flat . . . pelted the leather to within a stone's throw of the Green Spot.

"Hey, bud . . . remember that rumor about the talent scout? It's just a rumor . . . forget it. Better put that weight down before you hurt yourself."

The resulting crash was muffled only by the bestial bellowing of a ruffled mob of muscle men who had put on a show with no audience . . . no applause . . . no nothing but an achin' back.

Lt. Ben Lewis claimed complete innocence in this matter of producing tall stories. His subtle countenance belied his reasoning, however . . . for he was building bodies . . . and as in love and war . . . anything goes.







FLIGHTS G...H...



LORENZO Y. ABRUSCI
Alameda, California
Sweetie's letters keep him going. He would rather argue about the RAF than eat . . . he breezed through ground school.



DAVID GUINN ADCOCK
Knoxville, Tennessee
Old Man Mose kind of wonders if "Sharty" has been true to him. Really a swell guy to have along.



ROBERT ALBANESE
New York, N. Y.
The "Latin Lover" hasn't been wrong yet . . . would give the shirt off his back . . . says the girls back home are taps.



MAX ANDERSON
Des Moines, Iowa
An old soldier who just married the girl back home . . . he's a hot basketball player.



B. WM. BANNIGAN
Utica, New York
The wild Irishman hasn't an enemy in the world . . . always has a good time . . . is nuts about the heart throb at the home territory.



ALEXANDER BARATH
Lawndale, California
The former New Yorker now resides in God's country. Gets daily scribbles from the other half and lives for the mail-man.



DONALD W. BARNES
Erie, Pennsylvania
The only man so far who hasn't a "girl from back home." Lives for the weekends in L. A. Says the war can end any time.



ALLAN VAN B. BEERS
New York, N. Y.
Spends all of his time laying on that sack. Really goes for that Victorville chow. Dreams of New York beer and metropolitan babes.



DONALD L. BIRKENSEER
San Francisco, Calif.
Now he can wear that blouse . . . spends all of his time worrying. His corpuscles fight for his scanty blood supply. Is funny and likes fun.



WILLIAM GALE DRAKE
La Jolla, California
Had the market cornered on tours . . . spends all of his time worrying. Also haunts the movies. He sleeps late.



GERALD D. BLESSING
Ord, Nebraska
Papa always talks about Nikki . . . an ace on the basketball court . . . his ambition is to comb his hair again.



ANTHONY J. BOLAND
Plymouth, Michigan
Heads for L. A. every weekend . . . he is an eager beaver in all respects. The girls down Hollywood way spread the welcome mat quite frequently.



WAKKEN E. BRIGGS
Summit, New Jersey
Always yelling for peace and quiet. He's getting married soon and talks of nothing but the blessings of marriage. Eager . . . but he'll soon find out.



DALE EDGAR BROWN
Freeport, Pennsylvania
Celestial Brown is a hot navigator . . . has a good time all the way around. Says he wants to blast enemy targets from a B-29.



HAROLD R. BRUNSON
Sublay, Iowa
The "Iron Major" is always in a hurry to get to Glendale. He has always been a cadet officer . . . wears his heavy rank . . . well!



MALCOLM S. BURR
Winchester, Mass.
Mal is to stumpy Cameron as Abbott is to Costello. They are invariably together. Mal's beaming face and terse wit are familiar to all.



WILBUR T. CAHOON
Newport, R. I.
Pratt Institute's gift to the Air Forces. Prolific with the brushes and equally so with the feminine gender. Art work within these mighty covers comes from him.



WILLIAM R. CAMERON
Indiana, Pennsylvania
Stumpy, or "the thumper" as we affectionately call Bill Cameron, is a man of tremendous vocabulary and droll humor.



CHARLES B. CASHIN
Belmont, Mass.
Charley is often mistaken for Sinatra and he's Victorville's gift to the female heart. Handsome as the devil and knows it.



EDWARD CASTRO
Tampa, Florida
Ed is as well-known for his fair wife and model A as he is for his Spanish accent and restless nature.



NICHOLAS J. CELICH
Chicago, Illinois
Nick's temper and booming voice are as familiar as the AT-11. He's one of our better athletic wonders and goes with a cute little babe from L. A.



MILTON COHEN

Newark, N. J.
Milton, who is better known as "five for six," is extremely attached to the little woman. In the class of better bomb droppers, too.



PAUL WM. CONNELLY

Reading, Mass.
Obviously from New England . . . tall and lanky . . . he's as genial as he is out-spoken.



ROY RYENE COOK

Manchester, Iowa
"Jim" is an airman from way back and is best recognized by his modest but meaningful manner.



A. P. J. CORCORAN

Weehawken, N. J.
Corky is Weehawken's gift to the airlines. He's full of life and smiles perpetually.



G. T. COURTENAY

Los Angeles, Calif.
Rumor has it Gord lost his woman to some lieutenant and with rank distinctions as they are . . . Gord resigned himself to a loveless stay at VAAF.



R. A. COWPERTHWAIT

Akron, Ohio
Copper is a man who can be depended upon to do just what you expected him not to do. One of the original Quiz kids but doesn't know the answers.



G. C. H. CUMMINGS

Boise, Idaho
"Groverhovich" is a man of the world, he says . . . having travelled to many distant points. Was on Wake Island before the Pearl Harbor fracas.



GEORGE E. DANIEL

Colonial Heights, Va.
Son of the South-land. The original beaver . . . an Old Maxwell Field man.



SAMUEL A. DARBY, JR.

San Antonio, Texas
A Texas drawl . . . a good bombardier, too . . . Claims Texas has the biggest hearted women but he won't vouch for this thing called charm.



EDWARD A. DAVIS

Chicago, Illinois
One of the hi command . . . Is known for his pretty daughters. The kids are proud they take after their dad.



JOSEPH EDW. DEVINE

Peiham, New York
Joe is best known for his red hair and hot pilot's cap. He can be found in any of L.A.'s finer bars.



WM. R. DOMINGUEZ

San Bruno, California
"You think this is cold? You should have been in Alaska." A cool, quiet bombardier who could really lay 'em in.



JOHN DOUGLAS EVANS

Salt Lake City, Utah
His sugar got lost from Salt Lake City. A bit on the studious side . . . but eager as hell.



JAMES R. FARLEY

Snyder, New York
His dry sense of humor kept us going when things got rough. Definitely knows how to choose mates. Page Mrs. Farley.



WILLIAM M. FENNING

Los Angeles, Calif.
His third attempt to fight for Uncle Sam. Has done his chores with the glorious Marines and the Navy. Just wouldn't be 4-F.



HAROLD FISHER

New York, N. Y.
"The Fish." Claims to have been the beau of Brooklyn at one time, but now drags out the pix of the wife and little one at the slightest provocation.



ROGER D. FOLEY

San Francisco, Calif.
An Irish temper. Will rush back to the wife and law school when the last bomb is dropped.



HAROLD FRANKEL

Rochester, N. Y.
A solid citizen . . . and a hot rock on the basketball court. Quiet . . . but quite a chunk o' man.



JOSEPH FRANKIE

Fresno, Texas
A heart as big as Texas. Christened the "Rio Grande Kid," he came to us from the Naval Air Forces . . . and when things got rough . . . "when I was in the Navy."



FLOYD E. FREY

Ann Arbor, Michigan
He owed us with his eagerness . . . our bald on the ball kid. Wants to know the name of a good hair restorer.



PHILIP ELI GERMAN

Bronx, New York
"Mr. Brains." Our cosmopolitan kid. Well-versed on all topics, including women. The ground school instructors' delight . . . but oh . . . that quadruple release.



WILLIAM L. GORMAN
Bradford, Pennsylvania
The perpetual supply sgt. Can and did sleep on every occasion. Hobnobbed with the gold braid come open post.



HOWARD S. GRAHAM
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Life was a series of interludes between L.A. weekends with "Squeakie." Those overseas ribbons will enhance those bars and wings.



HOWARD F. GREGOR
Two Rivers, Wisconsin
Wisconsin's contribution to the war effort. Another weekend in L. A., boy. Collects choice phone numbers . . . hence choice babes. What a man!



JOHN JOSEPH GRIPPE
Staples, Minnesota
"A child shall lead them." He did in class and in the air. Lack of a beard made Jackie class Mascot.



CARL JOS. GUERREIN
Erie, Pennsylvania
"The Voice" made falling out a ritual. As squadron adjutant, Carl kept us on the ball with five minute warnings. "Guerrein Must Go."



ALFRED H. GUIDOTTI
Milford, Massachusetts
An authority on Boston and its beans. Tore L. A. apart on Open Post but languid for his New England haven. Cheer up!



JAMES COWAN HALL
Elizabethtown, N. C.
Always doing the outlandish . . . can bomb anything . . . anytime . . . anywhere. Our rebel is as sharp as a tack.



JOHN HALL
Bridgeport, Penna.
This mighty mite hails from Pennsylvania and that Irish twinkle in his eye spells murder for the Axis.



LORIN WM. HAMANN
St. Olaf, Iowa
If our Iowa farmhand is as handy on the plow as he is at the bombsight . . . then the corn grows high in Iowa.



D. M. HAUSEMAN, JR.
Bozeman, Montana
Montana's pride and joy . . . Mother sent Christmas tree all the way from Bozeman for the cadets of VAAF. The Hauseman's boosted our morale.



WM. H. HEIDERICH
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
El Toro has more gripes than there are sand fleas on the desert. Usually ends up proceedings by laughing out loud.



HAL G. HOBERRECHT
Weatherford, Okla.
Our "student of life" who can be found enjoying his pipe and book. Next to his tobacco-literature sessions, he liked ground school best.



JAMES JOS. HOFFMAN
Los Angeles, Calif.
Our young protege has recently become a man. Can sell more California fruits and nuts than twenty men.



HERSHEL C. HOPPER
Memphis, Tennessee
"Say, I'm from Memphis, where you from?" Seemed to be the happiest guy among us. His giggle was contagious.



WALDON A. HOWARD
Graham, Texas
This Texas lad is waiting for a girl back home; always striving to do better in Ground School and bombing . . . but aren't we all?



REX LEROY HUGHES
Oakland, California
Rex is quiet but he doesn't have much to talk about. Get's gobs of eats from the home front . . . and spends most of his time eating.



IRVING E. HURST, JR.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Hurtle is forever asking questions . . . putting around and raising the roof. Usually had a reason.



JAMES B. JENSEN
Honesdale, Pennsylvania
Little, but liberal. Is a shower-room Pagliacci and murders the classics. A bombardier of deadly accuracy.



FRANK W. JONES, JR.
Salt Lake City, Utah
A family man who comes from Salt Lake City. Never swears . . . says he doesn't smoke or drink . . . one in a million, but we'd like his C.E.



JAMES ARTHUR KARNS
Oakmont, Pennsylvania
The little man who doesn't say much but thinks a lot. Thinking pays dividends for him while at the sight.



RONALD D. KINGSTON
Santa Monica, Calif.
"Spider" with the green eyes. How he crawls into the greenhouse is everyone's wonder. Rates as one of the best bombardiers in 44-4.



RICHARD R. KNIGHT
 Quaker City, Ohio
 Makes with the false teeth to the side-splitting joy of all of us. Wife had the shock of her life when he took them out one day.



GEO. LANCASTER, JR.
 Williamsport, Penna.
 The boys from "E" call him Honest Abe. We wonder why??



CHESTER JOS. LASOTA
 Eden, New York
 Red Hot A-20 man . . . lead bombardier . . . night fighter . . . "C.S." Queen. The Buffalo Flash . . . ah . . . reverie . . .



AUGUST V. LESHNER
 Burlington, New Jersey
 "Taken off advanced shipping orders for buzzin'." 23 solid months as a cadet . . . H.P. . . professional. Most likeable chap around the lot.



IRVING H. LEVIN
 Chicago, Illinois
 From the ether to the etheral . . . 4 years of Basic at U. of Illinois. Don't use Gillettes when Irvin's around.



RICHARD JOHN LEVIN
 Shelton, Washington
 Flight Lieutenant . . . sweat . . . Saturday morning inspections . . . sweat . . . Open Post . . . sweat . . . C.E. . . sweat . . . Come Junior in May . . . sweat, sweat, sweat!!



HERBERT LICKER
 Los Angeles, Calif.
 L. A.'s prodigal son . . . close to home and ready. Good C.E. . . should do wonders over Tokio . . . should do wonders anywhere . . . Should do. Will.



ARTHUR M. LIPPMAN
 Brookline, Mass.
 Proud Hoosier-voiced sons . . . F.D.R. . . A.M.L. . . one of the educated. Wants plenty of action in a B-26 . . . wants action!



WALTER E. LOHMAN
 Santa Monica, Calif.
 The man with a perpetual smile. Lucky lad lived near home. Santa Monica . . . here I come.



EDW. C. LOOKER, JR.
 Flushing, N. Y.
 "But Sir, with the Sperry we do it this way." Perplexed his instructors no end with the competitor's item. Instructors went grey.



NORBERT I. LUCAS
 Rochester, N. Y.
 "Old Pappy" was the hottest flight bombardier we knew. Spent long years as a G.I. Always wanted to fly! Will fly with a VAAF degree.



ROBERT EARL LYDA
 Wichita, Kansas
 Kansas R. R. worker. Going back to "Witchitaww" by way of Albuquerque . . . two days flat. He's a prince.



BRUCE C. MARTIN
 Plainville, Conn.
 Connecticut Yankee. Attended Columbia U., among other high ranking institutions. Calls VAAF one of the highest.



DONALD J. MATHEWS
 St. Louis, Missouri
 D. J. and San Berdoos . . . and of course what's there . . . go synonymously. Can he lose? Nooooo! Does he ever miss? Nooooo! Roger and over.



MELVIN C. MERRILL
 Syracuse, N. Y.
 Another H. P. who lives to fly. Likes dual stick time. In his unbombardiering moments . . . he likes L.A., too.



HENRY G. MILANS, JR.
 Evansville, Indiana
 Squadron Six Fuehrer . . . and an excellent one, too. Firm in his convictions . . . but yet we all liked him. Good luck!



SAMUEL E. MORSE
 Long Beach, Calif.
 He never liked it but we called him Swampy. Andy Hardy flivver or a Harold Teen leopin' Lena . . . his jalopy got him to Long Beach.



FRED L. McCULLOUGH
 Lance Creek, Wyoming
 Baaa! It's that sheep harder from Wyoming. A smile for every occasion, but never an occasion for a smile.



SAM F. McILHANEY
 El Paso, Texas
 Cute little daughter Janice. A Texas lad with a Southern hospitality. Free taxi service to San Berdoos for "F" flight. Thank Mac.



WM. VAN McNABB
 Greendale, Wisconsin
 When I was at C.T.D. Yeah . . . I went to Peabody. Let's give 'em the C.T.D. song. We own this town, WAH, WAH, WAH!



JOHN JAY NEUKOMM
 Columbia, Missouri
 Dusty, Dusty give me your answer true. A product of the best marshlands of the Bazoooka state. Understand him and you've got a friend.



WILLIAM E. NORBY
Minneapolis, Minn.

Grab it by the Norby handle and watch the silk fly. Ball out at 2850. No better "SCHTOONK" ever was bred in Minnesota.



JOHN HAROLD NORRIS
Kimberly, Idaho

Quiet, humble individual, with a code all his own. A grand buddy they say. Beware of the peacock chops or is it eyes of blue.



JAMES PATTON
Seaside, California

A conglomeration of races but very proud of his son. Quite a bit of hardware on that man's blouse. Philosophy: Here today . . . gone tomorrow.



JOHN PERSHING PEEK
Bloomfield, Iowa

A short fellow with the intelligence of the best of them. A married man who sweated out weekend schedules in order to be with wife. And who wouldn't.



ROBERT N. REBILLOT
Canton, Ohio

Came to us from 44-3, and rapidly became one of the gang. He and Lesh sure had their times bombing. "Oh, my happy McHaney."



R. K. RICKABAUGH
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Why you lab. . . He was a good man. A bit of Iowa transplanted in L. A. With a heart belonging in Alabomme . . . he wishes his girl could hear him sing.



JOSEPH EDW. ROZELL
Ft. Bragg, N. C.

Whose dealing? Room No. 5 men. A bit of Brooklyn in Forest Hills. Nothing can stop "Rosie" except the weather. I give up.



NICHOLAS F. SALLESE
Whitestone, N. Y.

Gets headaches at night, but his halo is on top tight. A competitor to Tony DeMarco on his rhumbas and tangos.



ROBERT H. SAMBO
Chicago, Illinois

Sambooooooo. He's on the warpath . . . chased by big squaw. Chicago was never like the California hotel.



DEAN DARRELL SANT
Los Angeles, Calif.

Tough one to lose . . . 10 G's, ten thousand of course . . . The devil with inspections. Let's try him.



JOHN DOUGLAS SAUER
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

"The Dreamer." Recipient of sudden telegrams. Expert on nervous indigestion. A voice only a Mother could love.



MURRAY J. SCHULTZ
Brockton, Mass.

Kept us laughing continuously . . . got us through navigation . . . cried "Flying Saturday night, Sir. But, sir! You see I've told Carole . . ."



WILLIAM C. SHINN
Ashland, Ohio

We called him just plain "Bill." Forever in trouble. Drowled over Barbara from Santa Monica six days a week.



JAMES G. SHOEMAKER
Lenora, Kansas

Vehemently insists he's not a farmer . . . but that drawl belies it. Main ambition in life . . . to get Shinn on the ball.



HARRY SOLNICK
Marion, Alabama

Spent most of his time and money on hair grower. Insisted it was initial retardation of the scalp. Swapped pill rolling for knob twisting. We called him "Grandpa."



CHARLES D. STEWART
Brookhaven, Miss.

"Gas house Charley." Mooned over Lena Harno while his wife slaved away over a hot stationary counter of the PX. Famous last words: "So help me, it was Walker."



WALTER A. STEELE
Denver, Colorado

"And in this case, ladies and gentlemen, we have Stainless." One more hair and he'd been an ape. "Walter lead me to the altar" was the cry of every girl he met.



ROBERT L. STORY
Odebolt, Iowa

Had a pre-war job hiring beautiful women in a government agency in the Nation's Capitol. . . . He'd like to go back. . . . We'd like to go with him.



HENRY E. STUMBERG
San Antonio, Texas

Competent and efficient adjutant. Had the dubious honor of being the star of many a song. Went to bat for us every time we got into a jam. Went to bat a lot.



MARTIN F. TARGONSKY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Class strong man. Five feet and 4 inches of TNT won trophies and ribbons for VAAF, but one Zombie at the Beachcomber floored him. Always smiling.



DONALD M. TIPPETT
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sings like Sinatra . . . looks like Taylor . . . walks like a Duck . . . famous last words . . . "if Mary Jane were only here."



DUANE ELMER ULSTAD
Fort Dodge, Iowa

The P. T. kid. The only sweat he ever worked up was the one in the chow line. Always borrowing someone's radio.



ROWLAND C. VINCENT
Mondovi, Wisconsin

The original "Late to his own funeral kid." Always stood around wrapped in a towel yelling . . . "Where is everyone going?" Need we say more?



ALEXANDER J. WALKER
Yonkers, New York

Gum chewer Deluxe . . . argues about anything. Took copious Jap pilot notes in class. Our Irish tenor. Went into ecstasy every time we marched by the fire house.



LOUIS E. WALLACE
Syracuse, New York

Quiet, hard working . . . volleyball player above average. Always insisted upon the reason behind everything.



SPURGIN ELDEN WARD
Grand Prairie, Texas

A man of his own making and likes the brand he manufactured. Ought to pounce heavily on the manufacturers of this war when he strides into the big time.



JAMES L. WELCH
Guthrie, Illinois

"Hey! Somebody wake Welden up! We're going to the flight line." Spent more hours on the ramp than Schultz did in the pressure chamber.



LOREN K. WELDEN
Los Angeles, Calif.

One could hear him scream seven blocks away. "Hey, got a cigarette?" Always in a hurry . . . first out of the gate open-post.



JOHN E. WERTIN, JR.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Another family man . . . and he moved them to L. A. just to be near the brood. Baldness descending . . . but his good humor carries him thru.



WM. D. WHITAKER
Maywood, Calif.

Made 110, but the fenders slowed him down. Took 'em off and he flew. He drives by night.



RICHARD E. WHITE
Rochester, Minn.

"Sir, the powder train consists of . . ." (with modesty). Took ROTC at U. of Minnesota. He's really White.



BLAINE B. WILCOX
Pacific Junction, Iowa

"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, Mrs. B. B. and the little buckshots and the world is mine." He's happy.



JEROME M. WILF
Philadelphia, Penna.

Hubba, hubba, the odds are 5-3 that I am dropping ten and going to the movies. He's Quaker City.



RICHARD L. WILLIAMS
St. Paul, Minn.

Only two ledges left . . . it's only midnight . . . where's the sandpaper? He's eager.



S. E. WILLIAMSON, JR.
Creston, Iowa

True . . . my camera average is low . . . but what a weekend. He's married.



RAYMOND L. WILSON
Portland, Oregon

Where is Pizzont? Here is Pizzont! They go wild, simply wild over me. He's rugged.



LOUIS H. WILLSON
Ames, Iowa

Let's go to L. A., Louie. Can't . . . gotta' write my girl a dozen letters. He's crazy.



ROGER C. WOLCOTT
Marshfield, Oregon

Been in the army three years. Dozens of girls waiting for him, but he can't get out. He's in a rut.



GERALD T. WOLFORD
Blythe, California

Quite a hybrid kid. Diogenes can stop searching for this Cadet actually had his pockets sewn. What does one do without pockets?



W. H. WOODCOCK, JR.
Forest Hills, N. Y.

Hello, Woodroof! Yes, but you can't get your hair cut in a bar. He's bitter.



EDWIN C. WOODROOF
Swarthmore, Penna.

Hello, Woodcock! A basketball in one hand . . . a beer in the other . . . and a girl in his arms. He's versatile.



WILLIAM ROY WORK
East Liverpool, Ohio

Christmas, '41. dug trenches in Hawaii . . . Christmas, '42, K.P. . . . Christmas, '43, VAAF. The states for me. He's G.I.



GREY H. WYMAN, JR.
Mercersburg, Penna.
Sunday night . . . one eye
sparkles with satisfaction.
The other gleams anticipa-
tion. He's starry-eyed.



JOSEPH YANDIAN
Providence, R. I.
Have you tried sweating it
out? Three shacks should
bring me under the curve.
He's New England.



STANLEY WM. YATES
Clyde, Arkansas
What's that damn noise?
Noise hell, that's music.
Music hell . . . that's Yates.
He sings.



FREDERIC A. YERKE, JR.
Portland, Oregon
Your statement is inherent
with contradiction, but you
have lovely eyes. He's Ed's.



THEO. ZIVANIDIS
New York, N. Y.
Let's see . . . have my E-6B
. . . C-2 stop watch . . . and
oh, yes . . . my paper bag.
He's prepared.



DOUGLAS DORE ZOOK
Akron, Ohio
Welllll now . . . The Wooster-
Booster bulletin reports an
alumni meeting on Tarawa.
He's sure of it.



GORDON F. ZRUST
Minneapolis, Minn.
"But please fall in, fellas!"
Let's not be carried away,
Gordy. He's newlywed.



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.



WILLIAM R. TOBIN
Seattle, Washington
Strictly a civilian in Army
Clothes. Our sound effects
man when we sang
"Rosie the Riveter." Swell
one man audience for corny
jokes. Page Goldberger!



Student Officers . .

Student officers who trained with us have our greatest respect and admiration. Having won their commissioned rewards in other fields, they sweated out the long trail to the land of silver wings and a bright shining spot in the realm of airmen. Now they're serving double in the finest Army in the world. Congratulations, Licu tenants John Roy Gibson and Walter Joseph Victor!

2ND LT. W. J. VICTOR
Detroit, Michigan

2ND LT. J. R. GIBSON
Charlottesville, Virginia





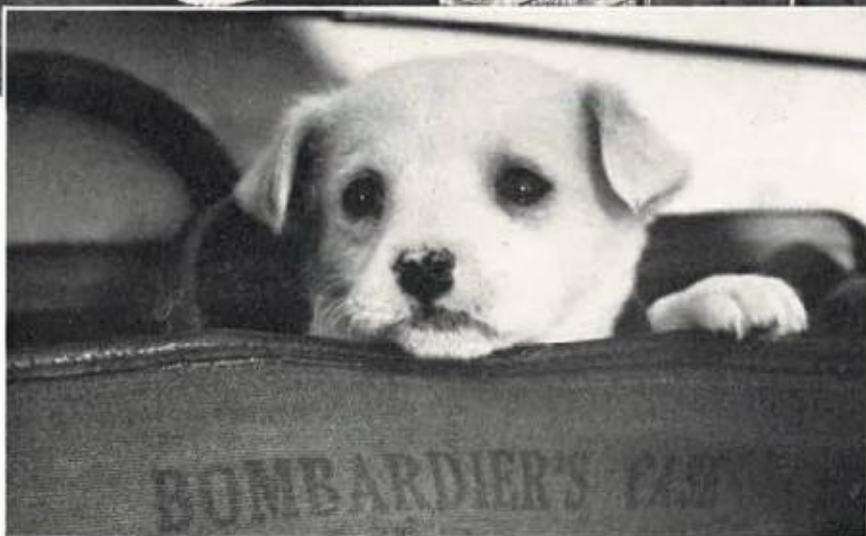
Time On Our Hands?

Some jokester out of sheer exhaustion and with no malicious intent was floored with a G.I. brogan when he gave out lyrically on the song from which our headline was derived. He feigned lonesomeness and said the melody with its more than appropriate lyrics acted as a robust roborant on his weary system. We, however, weren't in the mood for lyrical strengthening and proceeded to count the "spare minutes" between classes... the flight line... ground school. Gigs meant tours and tours meant walking and walking meant less shoe leather and less shoe leather meant depleted stocks of this important commodity. We had no desire to raise havoc with the U. S. economic structure and besides, gigs meant "no Open post." And we were a venturesome bunch, hepped to the cadence of fun and frolic and had no pleasure in living by the gig lists.

There were moments when King Weather would go berserk and Queen Schedule would take a holiday by virtue of this very, very, variable situation. This change in tempo afforded us a chance to scoot about the lot with the alacrity of a wolf on the loose. There was a hamburger at the PX... short chats with a lonesome party of gals representing the Women's Army Corps... a note to write to that all-important Lucybelle dame... making friends with the cute little pup at the ready room... or standing in line for mail... long overdue.

Open Post and a ten cent bus fare was passport enough to the thriving little town of Victorville with its bright lights... a good band... dancing... spirits... pretty girls and lots of happy moments of enchantment a la cadet style.

Time on our Hands? Well... a little... and we made the most of it.



WE HAD OUR CHARACTERS

Birkenseer: B.B. doesn't stand for Beautiful Babe, but it does stand for Bloodless Birkenseer — plasma deficiency. Don is so thin, that when he drinks tomatoe juice he looks like a thermometer. When he took his 64 blood count, the doctor stopped at one. Upon arrival here, Birk posed for a Red Cross Poster, depicting the urgent need for blood. The results were gratifying. We received a dead horse, four chickens and a moth eaten skunk, not to mention four bottles of watered-catsup and a broken syringe. Father's Day, mosquitoes all over the country sent him cards and blood. One day Birk slipped into the latrine, to... of all things... SHAVE. We heard a groan and a thud. That one drop of blood was rushing toward the opening seeking escape from its anemic master. We peppered it with nose spray, Schlamiel No. 5 and finally cement but it was all very futile. A blood transfusion was necessary as evidenced by the accompanying picture. The syringe was quickly prepared and the mess injected. Birk is okay now, though he whinnies in his sleep, cackles continually and no one dares stand near him. Cheer up, Bloodless... maybe you'll get a goat transfusion one of these days. That wouldn't be too baaaaddddd, would it?

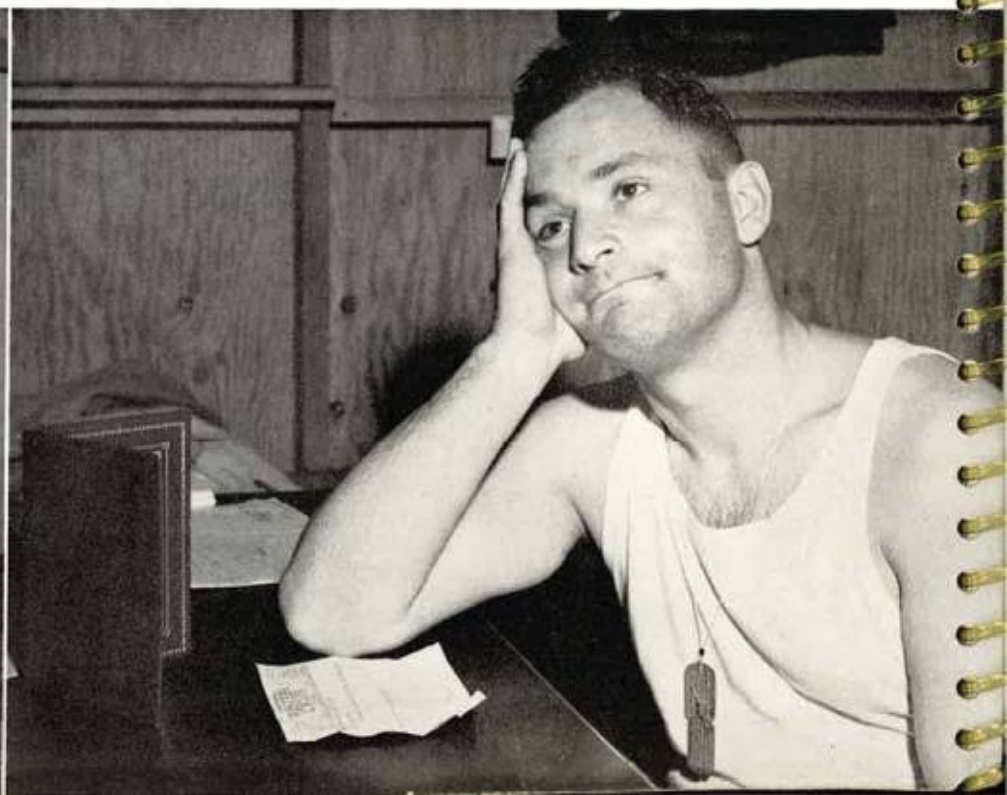
DONALD "THE BLOODLESS ONE" BIRKENSEER



Fenning: Once upon a time there was a glamour boy named Fenning who was a killer with the women. One Saturday night he said, "Think I'll go to Hollywood to give the slick chicks a break." So... off our hero staggered via thumb. "Fearless Fenning," finally arrived and proceeded to "Stinkfoot Jacks," Hollywood's version of a bar, complete with two little doors labeled "Him" and "Her." Quickly glancing around he spied a lovely creature drooling over a brew. "Kismet, 'tis fate for we two to meet," and without further adieu he whisked her away from this den of iniquity to a secluded spot south of Hollywood and Vine. Monday found our Fenning in camp. He could not eat... he could not sleep. Rowena was in his soup, his foot locker, his barracks bags. Egad! An inspiration!

Over the lines went crackling his message of love: "No more Stink-foot Jack's. We'll build a dream house at your apartment Saturday night." Five hours later came an answer. "Sir, you cad... never darken my mail box again... Rowena." The face that had launched a thousand beer bottles had betrayed him. No Rowena, no apartment, no nothing near Hollywood and Vine. Fenning was stricken and sank into more than his usual coma, mumbling... "What did I say to her... or what didn't I say to her?"

WILLIAM "ROWENA" FENNING





JOHN "HAIRLESS" GRIPNE

Gripne: And in this cage, lads, we have Jo Jo the dog-faced boy. John Joseph Gripne has an appearance only a bombing instructor could love. Jo Jo's face is absolutely devoid of hair. . . that item which differentiates between the man and boy. Gripne's face is so smooth that up to the age of five he posed for Johnson's Baby Powder ads. His contract finally ran out because of the lack of large sized diapers. Guerrein on the wielding end prepares to give Jo Jo his first shave. Don't be alarmed though. . . there's no blade in the razor and that white goo is nothing more than flour and and water. We called him "Mascot."

Knight: Damon Runyan would probably squeal with ecstasy if he ever came in contact with our boy Knight. His ambition in life is dedicated to two things: 1. Having Fun. 2. Having fun. Dick is probably the only man in the Army Air Forces with a gorgeous upper plate. With this extended at a 45° angle, and eye-brows up-raised, Tojo himself is in front of us. With arms slung downward (one hand searching for a cootie, sometimes we don't think he's kidding) we have an ape. Dick delights in going through the G.I. dental clinics. He waits for his name to be called and then marches in with the plate, putting it down, in all its pink and white glory. Knight got married a short while ago, keeping from his wife his toothless condition. Well, we always said, "Love is blind but



RICHARD "UPPER-PLATE" KNIGHT



MARTIN "MUSCLE-MAN" TARGONSKY

marriage is an eye opener." Is she going to be surprised when she reads this episode. Pardon us while we make reservations in the nearest bomb-shelter.

Targonsky: 148 pounds of solid muscle distinguishes our boy Targonsky, appropriately nick-named "Tarzan." Marty is our favorite weightlifter. Of course, he's the only one at VAAF, but what the hell. Lifting weights for only two years, Marty has gained 1 1/2" additions to the biceps. . . 2" in the chest and 1/2" to the diminutive frame. In the 148 pound class, he's taken first in the L. A. city meet, the L. A. county meet, the State get-together and the Army, Navy and Civilian meet. "Muscle-buster" Marty presses 210, snatches 190, clean jerks 250, dead lifts 380, one arm presses 185 and knee-bends with 300.

Tarzan has been married one and a half years and says, "It's almost as wonderful as getting a new set of barbells for Christmas." He wants to finish his education after the war and plans to conclude his life's ambition, namely: to teach math. . . preferably at a girl's college. "Paging Mrs. Tarzan!"

Marty is one of our favorite boys. If you have any dumbbells you want taken care of, see him after he knocks off a couple called Adolph and Tojo.



FLIGHTS E...F...



Beechcraft AT-11 Bomber Trainers on the Line
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U. S. ARMY AIR FORCE



"MORNING"



"NOON"



"NIGHT"



MEET THE STAFF . . .

BRUNSON The Big Wheel
 LIPPMAN and HAUSEMAN Lettuce Snatchers
 CAHOON Made with the Brushes
 SALLESE and SCHULTZ The Big Gears
 GERMAN and GORMAN The Little Gears
 SHOEMAKER and SHINN Punched Keys
 GOLDBERGER He Snapped
 CHOPP He Chopped

There's a bouquet or two for tossing purposes here and the class of 44-4 directs its floral barrage at Staff Sgt. Al Chopp who produced this splendid edition of "Bombs Away." Chopp bears the brunt of all the production problems. His day starts at 8:00 a.m. or earlier . . . he hits the sack next morning at 2:00 a.m. or thereabouts. Manages to keep sane and at the same time keep peace among 10 eager staff members, the cooperative Base Photo Lab and everyone else concerned. His aide-de-camp is beaver Cpl. Edward H. Goldberger who moved heaven and the flight line to capture us on film. Thanx in this, too, for the fine work of Pvt. Don Pope (Chopp asked us to add this), and Lt. Jack Cooper for a swell set of individual photos. Thanx all the way 'round till next tissue.



