

Bombs Away





Farewell . . .

from our Commandant

April 8, 1944

To the Class 44-5:

Congratulations to 44-5! United Nations air victories are being contributed to more and more by the American bombardier. He is the pivotal figure in this war. In him is concentrated the responsibility of every mission. His is the obligation for the failure or success of missions on which the lives of other thousands may depend. Today you join your comrades in arms. Help them carry those responsibilities which in due time will bring us Victory.

Victorville is proud of your training achievements. The hard-working folks at home are proud too. Carry the will-to-win spirit with you always. Be the best bombardier and the finest officer.

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

We Proudly Dedicate

We of the class 44-5 proudly unfurl the honor flag and we raise it high in salute to "the men behind the scenes" — the officers comprising the field administration group of Victorville Army Air Field.

Although we rarely ever contacted these officers, we knew them through the department or activity they supervised. Occasionally we saw them and they returned our proud salute. Always we had a feeling that Victorville was well governed and its officers personnel seemed to be constantly on its toes.

Regulations, strict as they had to be, could never be regarded as unreasonable. The morale of 44-5 ran high and our respect for "the men behind the scenes" increased with each new day.

To the officers who shaped our program of training so well, we say thanks . . . for a job well done.



MAJOR ROBERT H. MURRAY
Director of Training



CAPT. WALTER P. MENZIES
Director of Flying



MAJOR CHARLES I. SAMPSON
Administrative Officer



CAPT. JOHN D. BARNARD
School Secretary



44-5 CHECKED IN . . .



Raunchy and paunchy. . . and hungry too, we climbed off the trains from Kingman and Santa Ana. That long awaited furlough was just another grand memory and we were all ready to settle down to eighteen weeks of sand, sweat and what-have-you. That is, we were almost . . . after we had eaten, for it's no fun waiting three hours for meals on those antediluvian trains. We climbed into the trucks, miraculously getting all the baggage and were off with many mingled looks and thoughts of apprehension and question; for this was **ADVANCED**, at long last. Most of our class were off to Deming and Albuquerque, but those lucky ones of us at the tail end of the alphabet were here at Victorville — and glad of it.

We couldn't help but like it immediately, for the first place we were taken was to the mess hall. *Mirabile dictu*. . . wonderful to believe — such food, Venetian blinds and luxury of luxuries. . . music. Was this the Army. . . or Heaven? And we soon found out.

The next three days was a kaleidoscope . . . everything happened. Before we were a day old on the field we were at the inevitable forms. Lectures and more lectures. . . forms and more forms. . . ! When we thought we had no secrets left in the world. . . there were more questions to answer. It didn't take us long to find out that sleep is something a Cadet gets, only if there's nothing else for him to do. But those first few days went by quickly. . . we all found out where we were and what we were here for.





... LOOKING MIGHTY TRIM!

We had to look trim! It was a military directive and we abided by the rules. Inspections were an old established custom and who were we to break down Army traditions. It was more the other way around with the Army dealing the upper hand.

We could never quite understand why the necktie had to go under the second button or why an eight inch span of a clean sheet had to form the white collar of our sacks. Yet, this was the order of the day and the little blonde babe in L. A. wouldn't understand being stood up... for the third time in two months.

To greet the inspecting envoys... we laid our plans carefully. Brass

shined with a brilliant Easter glow... shoes glimmered in the hot Mojave sun... uniforms had that razor blade press... caps were tilted at just the right angle. Yep... the barbarous blades of 44-5 made an amazing transformation... we looked almost beautiful.

We were an affectionate bunch and acclaimed each other the best dressed man hereabouts... and hoped our tactical officer and the Commandant would agree. Occasionally they confirmed our decisions and we enjoyed Open Post.

A few "on the lot" weekends cultivated a vigorous determination within each of us to pass Saturday inspections. We did... and the little blonde in L. A. wasn't disappointed.



They make the



MAJOR HAROLD M. SKAGGS, JR.
Commandant of Cadets



CAPTAIN LOUIS H. GARRETT
Deputy Commandant of Cadets

CAPTAIN A. H. MILLER
Chief Tactical Officer



Wheels go round

An honor and a privilege, for that's what the members of 44-5 have considered our association with Lt. Stanley Reel. Frankly, we were apprehensive at first as to this impressive personage who was to represent the iron hand of Cadet Discipline. However, it only required a few days contact with Lt. Reel to inspire the respect and confidence which has been the keynote of our relationship with him.

For it was Lt. Reel who has wrought the military miracle that is 44-5. We were truly a motley crew. The "beavers" . . . fresh from the tortuous toils of Santa Ana and that mass of unshined, unkempt "characters" from Kingman and Vegas. After hours of drill, lectures and undoubted anguish on his part, we have come to be that unit who can proudly be termed 'officers and gentlemen.' Perhaps the greatest factor in this transformation has been the example that our "tact officer" has set for us. His impeccable appearance and straightforward manner have been the models which we have set forth to emulate. No unreasoning "chewings" nor unexplainable demands have been our guide, but rather intelligent, rational discussions of what is Right and why.

The marks that Lt. Reel has left on all of us and the memories of him that we will carry forth from here are signs of a pleasant relationship that we are all too reluctant to end. The men of 44-5 say to Lt. Reel . . . "Thank you, Sir!"



LT. STANLEY A. REEL
Tactical Officer



GROWING PAINS

Turn on the oxygen . . . this altitude is killing me! So for three weeks we bombed from twelve feet . . . indicated altitude. Without endangering life, limb or public property we got on intimate terms with Mr. Norden's nightmare.

For days we pushed those massive metal highchairs up and down the concrete floors, dreamt about them at night and worried about our mil error in the daytime. Of course, there were those minutes of laughter and joy when someone went berserk and drove a collision course for the neighboring jalopy and when a sleep befuddled, "bubble happy" gadget . . . anonymous by request, reached for the instructor's switch and instead tweaked his instructor's nose. The quality of our bombing was increasing but the quantity, depleted by those stolen "breaks" was not enhanced by the many double releases. At the door of that elusive trigger, we laid those many double releases, causing the perpetual track meet around the hangar floor.

Finally tho', procedure shaped up and just around the corner was that day when we could say . . . "Bombs Away, Sir!" for more than just a dilapidated bit of carbon paper.





Oh, My Achin' Back . . .

Ground School. The words generated scenes of horror. "That's how the place got its name. They grind you to a pulp . . . ground school . . . get it . . . ground . . . grind." This genteel approach at humor by a fellow dissenter met with only widespread revolt . . . the narrator nursing a suspicious bump on the head. But we were an eager bunch and strolled into the learned halls with tongues stuck to the roofs of our mouths. Oh, if we could only have a Coke. Tense nerves twitched under the mental strain . . . the instructor took the platform . . . the stogie became a familiar sight and we knew at once ground school would be a worthwhile, pleasant enterprise.

44-5's assemblage of gleaming greenhouse gladiators could boast too, of its class-room characters. Arthur forever questioned the hygrometer in weather and was offered a personal tour by Lt. Zlotnick to see

if he could clear the matter up. "Sleeping Sickness" Weiner had side boards put on his chair so he wouldn't fall out in his sleep. Dilliner was caught using an air temperature graph for a checkerboard and Waller was found reading "The History of American Literature" instead of TM-225. Walker was the class "brain" and Wells was the . . . you name it . . . we've got it. "Snaffy" Gardner snafued more times than we thought possible and Eichelberger studied and sweated out the courses more than any of us.

No harsh methods were employed by the platform platoon and we soon absorbed theory with the acumen of the notorious quiz kids. We hit the soft sack each night, muttering . . . rate ends . . . cross-trail mechanisms . . . formulas, malfunctions . . . mock-ups . . . more formulas and the causes of errors. Ground school was a stepping stone to the flight line and so we endured the tedious preparation with unwavering determination . . . thanks to the reasonable teachings of our eloquent professors.



"THIS GROUND SCHOOL business is a breeze and besides Lt. Green likes my brand of cigars."



A STRANGE NEW WORLD . . .

Zero-zero and ETA, strange words from a strange new world . . . one into which we were soon to delve. We were to be bombardiers . . . navigators . . . or well, you name it. Eighteen weeks had gone by and we still didn't know the answer to that one. But navigation is no longer just Greek to us . . . perhaps that too is questionable.

After three weeks of tutelage . . . seven hours daily, in the wonders of the navigation log, radius of action, and follow-the-pilot, the embryonic DR navigators of 44-5 were chafing at the bit to find out if it all really worked. To some this flying business was old stuff and airplanes old friends . . . to the novices this was to be their virginal encounter with flight; but in the minds of all there was one hope and prayer. "It better be the right way back!"

Then it rained for a full week, but we finally took off. The first mission was to Kingman, but Voss and Vorhaus made it right on course . . . to Boulder City! Kutchback wowed the world with his zero-zero missions and we all swore that Sirl had mated his E6B with a ouija board. Lang and Larsen finally split the stacks at the cement plant . . . and then it was all over. Navigation was old stuff and next week's bombing was the play.

For the time we parted company, but we all looked forward to the day when all our bombs would be sweated out and we could wield our Weems' Plotters down at the OTU Section and again sing that familiar old theme . . . "Let's Get Lost."



READY AND WILLING

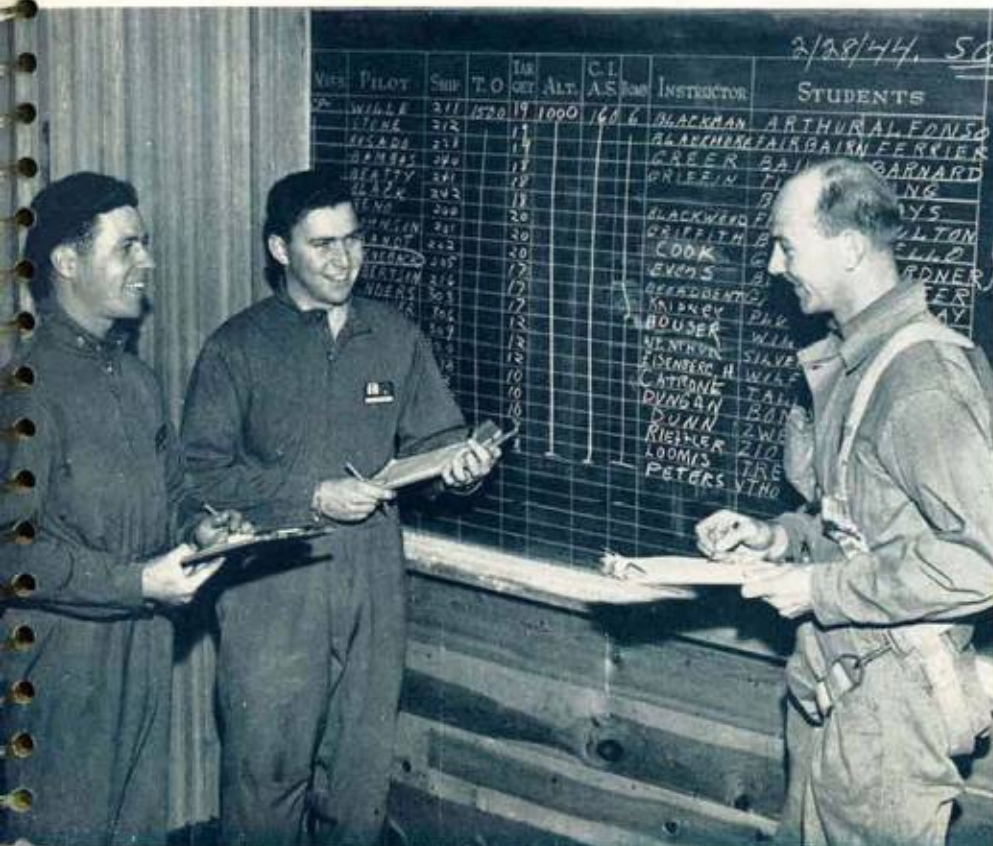
Is this a ready room or a G. I. madhouse? We were fully convinced that here was no place for the perfectly sane. We were a border-line case and this *mélée* worried us. Noise...noise...check the blackboard...what's my mission number...what's with these 12-C forms...don't forget the confidential...gimme that CIAS.

We were willing to abdicate and become just plain simple civilians again...but that sort of wishing was stricken from the record. Before we were permitted to stroll onto the concrete ramp...our names were affixed to the G. I. journals under "accounts receivable" to the unforgettable tally of \$862!

"Damn...that's more money than I'll ever have in my whole life."

Neatly itemized...the near thousand figure accounted for one parachute, one clipboard, one oxygen mask...a flashlight...stop watch and a camera.

Jangled nerves became taut and sturdy as we hit the brisk atmosphere of the long, beckoning runway. Fears liberated...we ascended...thankful for our sessions in the ready room where true friends were made and friendships firmly cemented.





WHEN I DIE, BURY ME DEEP,
WITH MY E-6-B AT MY FEET.

PLACE A 12-C FORM UPON MY CHEST,
AND TELL MY INSTRUCTOR I DID MY BEST.





Sidetracked . . .

Learning to bomb led the parade of activities at Victorville . . . yet knowing how to deposit our lethal cargoes didn't fully prepare us for the big job ahead. And so we sidetracked the principal project at hand . . . ventured into the realm of "extra curriculum" and partook of those hundreds of other little chores which come with learning to become an officer. It was a Round Robin affair with nothing left untouched. Victorville's secret sanctuaries were explored to the fullest. From the dit-dot-dash of the capricious code room . . . we wore a path to a class called Aircraft Identification . . . where we learned in double quick time the distinguishing marks of enemy craft. The ballistic boys advanced theories on the use of the Infantry's Carbine . . . the 45 pistol . . . and the grand Garand. We raised a merry hell of a hullabaloo on the skeet range, too. Sort of reminded us of those lazy Sunday afternoons at home. Yes . . . we enjoyed being "sidetracked" every now and again. Each new subject mastered was an obstacle cleared in our endeavor to reach our respective goals.

Proud Papas . . .

"Are there any questions?" The instructor, orating on the provocative study of the Causes of Errors spied one hand waving frantically. "What I want to know, Sir . . . is . . . why does my little baby boy always get his oatmeal all over his face instead of eating it? I really don't mind . . . but you see oatmeal is so doggone hard to get out of his hair and besides it's an important food . . . and . . ."

The instructor interrupted with a shout. This gentleman of degrees fumed by degrees, turned an odd shade of sky blue pink and roared . . . "Listen, Mister . . . this is a Causes for Errors class. Not the kiddies forum."

The foregoing episode proved typical of the ingenious attacks used by the blabbing beavers of 44-5 to sidetrack the main issue at hand . . . specifically . . . learning how to bomb. But these rare sessions in declamation, inane as they may sound, gave the papas in our class a chance to narrate to everyone's keen delight about that hospital corridor adventure . . . sweating out a "junior."

Charter members of this prosperous Pink and Blue Circle are: Van Ide, whose miniature model, Melinda Jane tells everyone she is "jist tree years old." Peyton and Miller laud the antics of their four kids . . . 2 apiece. Peyton boasts a Jim Junior who struts the age bracket at one and a half years . . . with a cute little pin-up number aged 3 months serenading the house. MacDermott's true love is a small, eight months old blonde baby named Margo Ann. Enoch and Hoberg fill the air with proud papa talk concerning the five year olders . . . boys no less . . . who bear their names. Walbridge proudly parades his two and a half year old Paul before "us future floor walkers." Peggy Ann Ferrier and Ann Talley are two little tikes who wish their Daddies would "peeze tum home." Bailey has a four months old charmer that he hasn't seen yet, but has receipted bills to prove. Hatfield's four and a half year old Phyllis is counting the days 'till Daddy comes flying home again and Linda Lou is right in step . . . waiting for a Dad called Wassom.

Recently added to this impressive list of perambulator papas are Klingensmith and Wassom. For the latter it's the second mission. Their C.E.'s are high. We envied the "famous fathers of 44-5." They have a genuine reason for getting the Axis in their sights. Lots of luck, Pops!



Top left, Van Ide's tidy Melinda. Upper right, "The Wassoms." Center, Walbridge Junior and the Ferrier's Fair daughter, Peggy Ann.



TARGET TUSSLES

"I've got sixpence, Jolly, Jolly sixpence . . . I've got sixpence to last me all the while . . ."

The traditional cadence song lacked its usual harmonious blending. Fright tightened up the vocal chords . . . we were just plain scared. Yet . . . everything was in our favor . . . good ground school average . . . a wow on the trainer . . . and the weather looked perfect. Wonder how you feel when air sickness gets you? We stopped wondering.

"Now relax boys . . . do exactly what you did on the trainer. You can't miss." The instructor smiled. He was trying his damndest to promote a dismissal of the fluttering butterflies, raising a helluva' rumpus down under.

We gulped once or twice . . . then climbed aboard. Parachute in order . . . oh, and another thing . . . keep your equipment handy . . . stop watch, tachometer, oxygen mask (think we'll use it) clipboard, camera, progress, confidential and dear old E6-B, 12-C, and the all important compass cover.

Massive runways turned to ribbons of concrete as we climbed . . . whirring motors hammered mute reminders into our befuddled brains . . . "You're in the air, Mister . . . in the air."

Is that good or bad? We thought of Mom and Dad at home. Gosh, wouldn't they be proud of that dumb kid of theirs. We saw the banner with the little star hanging in the front window. We were proud too. Mighty proud!

From then on . . . bombing became second nature . . . targets just so much apple butter . . . gyros danced their merry ways but settled down quickly under our tenacious grip. We were in! We learned to love our inanimate friend . . . C.E. She ruled our destiny at VAAF. We got on well with her till the very last day.

Yes . . . we all had our target tussles. We would have bombing no other way.









IS IT ME ALL ALONE?

Six little gadgets, looking quite alive

One flunked Theory and then there were five.

Five bombigators full of ground school lore

Forty miles off course and then there were four.

Four H. B.'s off on a spree

One got stinko and then there were three.



Three gay Mist'ers, quite a lusty crew

One C. E. snafued and then there were two.

Out on the desert, miles of sand and stone

His procedure went haywire and I'm all alone.

Now I sit and wonder, oft I sigh and moan.

Who's to be next? Is it me . . . all alone?



HE TOOK A CHANCE . . .

The time worn adage that "man's best friend is his dog," took on firmer meaning for ye old classmen of 44-5 . . . for it was a pit bulldog named "Chance" who took a chance with us.

Part wolf, and something of an eccentric and venerable old codger was Chance . . . and almost anyone would recognize him as the gimpy, bottle-loving dog who grew to be our favorite pal.

Passing by the ordinary ordeals of bombardier training, for Chance never went into the air with us . . . he partook of only those more desirable tidbits at Victorville. Chance dined at the Cadet Mess . . . took refuge inside our glorious halls of learning . . . and camped outside Cadet Headquarters waiting for a hand-out which he knew was sure to come. Rumor has it that Chance sweated out payline with the 44-5 boys. He seemed to understand our problems and whined as loudly as we griped when our C.E.'s brought those frequent verbal barrages.

Yes . . . Chance is truly of the immortal . . . a character who took a chance with us . . . a dog who made training at Victorville full of those pleasant little anecdotes which proved in the sequence to be not only helpful to our morale . . . but good clean fun as well.





WE TOOK A CHANCE . . .

We gazed at the sky . . . black as pitch . . . lighted only by an occasional star which vainly strived to pierce the misty atmosphere. We noted a slight quavering of the lower extremities . . . and our steps to the flight line were slower . . . more deliberate. What was it like . . . flying around in the middle of the night? Well . . . like our pet bulldog Chance . . . we took a chance and the initial ordeal paved the way for a series of what could be termed . . . terrific bomb hits.

As twilight faded . . . the planes on the line became sleek, silver beauties . . . enhanced with the red and green ear-rings, technically called navigation lights. Engines came to life with an angry roar . . . sputtered and bit the air . . . died . . . and then recovered their lusty mechanical cries. Plane after plane turned into the runway . . . hesitated and took off like a glistening arrow. This poignant panorama of men and machines made us feel that at long last we were really part of something big.

Night flying had its lighter moments too. Ask "Eagle Beak" Crandell about the night he turned around in the nose to check his oxygen and almost tore half the pilot's instrument panel out with his proboscis. Up there in the dark, Ed Gilday

dropped his E6B and after fishing around for it . . . finally emerged with the darn thing . . . the computer reading upside down of course. Gilday didn't catch the error and then wondered why his first bomb hit 9,570 feet and 10 inches over. Tony Pizzato flicked on his rate motor when he reached for extended vision. All his instructor could say was . . . "If anyone is killed down there . . . you know who did it." We scrambled down the catwalk on change of bombardiers, fumbled with the camera in the dark . . . picked it up, hardly hearing the silent click and three minutes later discovered that a flick of the thumb had depressed the trigger and the film had all run off. The pilot tells Dumler, riding as co-pilot, to check the wheel and he starts down the catwalk to take a look at the tail wheel from the camera hatch. Oh, my achin' back!

Darkness had its redeemable qualities, too. It concealed our many errors. Luckily our bombs hit with amazing accuracy . . . and good missions called for celebrations. We dropped those good ones again and again over the midnight snack at the Cadet Mess. A warm cup of G.I. brew was prelude enough to our last target of the night . . . the sack!



ROUGH AND RUGGED . . .



Muscles, Inc., could have appropriately and very amply described the cooperative efforts of Lieutenants Ben Lewis and Fred Anderson who were building bodies on a mass production basis.

Lusty commands turned to angry yells when we failed to respond to the Monday morning "freshening-up" routines. And we needed the rest so badly . . . especially on those black and blue Mondays when the beers and highballs . . . whiskey sours and weekends were still fresh in our minds and in our stomachs. Ah . . . cruel world.

To clear the clouded brains and the stubborn muscles of 44-5, Lieutenants Lewis and Anderson devised a tricky set of effective calisthenics which made the Ranger tactics look like child's play.

For that added good measure we huffed and puffed over the obstacle course . . . ran wind sprints until we were sucking air up from our toenails. We trotted cross-country style until we thought our legs would drop off.

It was all very provoking to say the least, but we had only to gaze at the physical prowess of our instructors to understand why athletics covered a sizeable chunk o' time in our diversified training program.

It takes more than courage to drop bombs . . . it requires the kind of skill and steady nerves that result from a well-regulated athletic period.

Nevertheless, the closing whistle always brought a tumultuous response, for the sweat and sand were over . . . for another day.

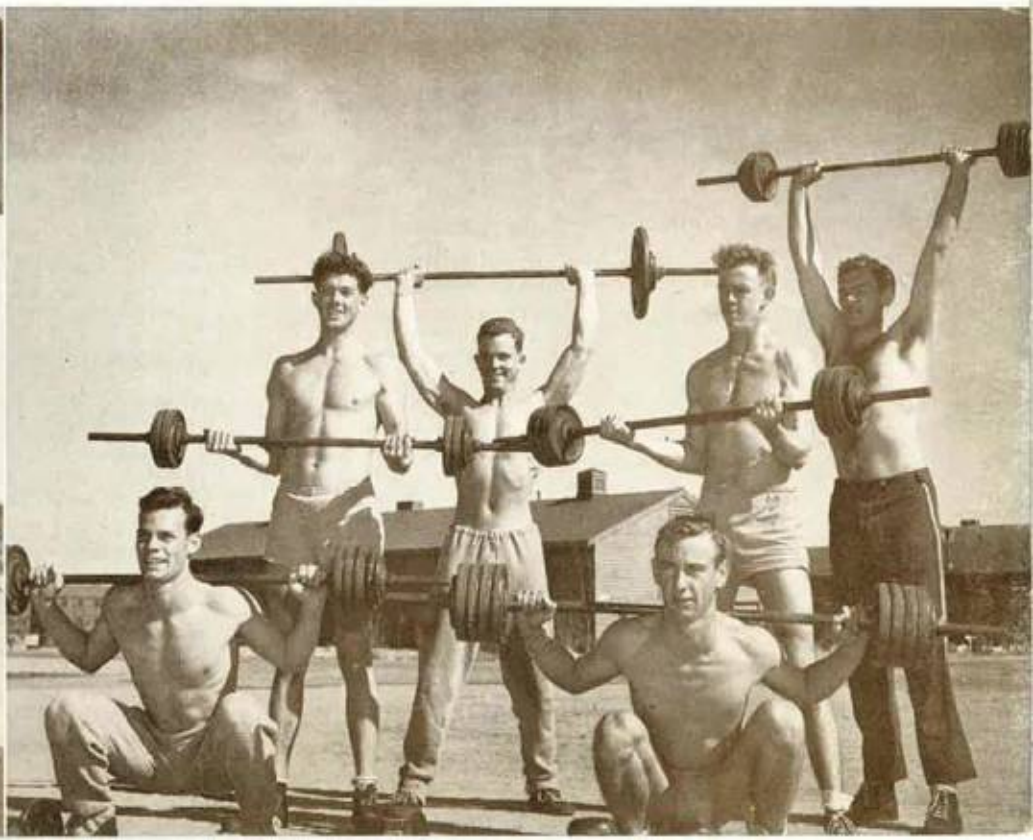
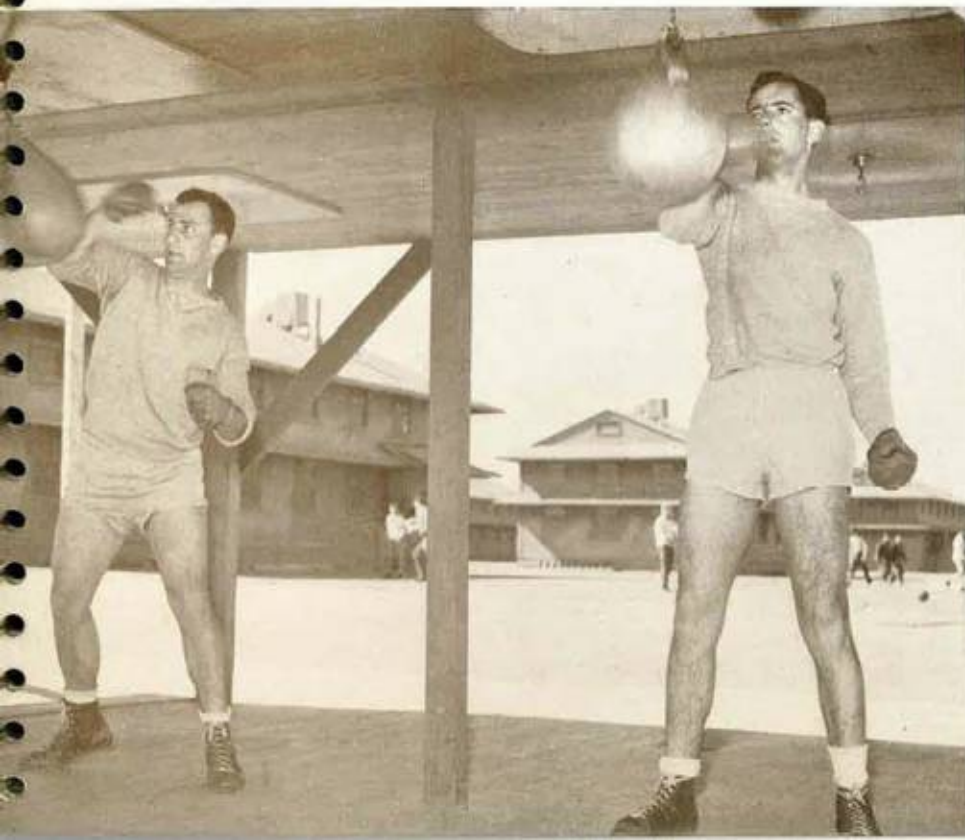




LT. FRED ANDERSON



LT. BEN LEWIS





CAPT. CARL E. SCHULTZ

PEEPSHOW

A glance into the future . . . and a preview of things to come was the real reason back of our last three weeks at Victorville. To illuminate the shape of events for which we are destined . . . VAAF put us through an Operational Training Unit. And the man behind the talk and chalk of blackboard battles was Captain Carl E. Schultz. After blasting enemy targets with the 8th Bomber Command and doing his chores as a member of the first daylight raiders over enemy-occupied France, Capt. Schultz returned to the U.S.A. and fortunately to VAAF to translate the bombing of Schickelgruber's shacks into blackboard, class-room adventure which held us spellbound. With 250 combat hours to his fighting credit, the Captain was well equipped to take us into custody with some pretty fancy formulas.

Each new day at OTU proved to be a novel experience . . . briefing combat missions . . . flights over Los Angeles . . . rescues in rubber rafts . . . new gunnery methods . . . startling, exciting discoveries in the art of precision bombing from our "lethal packing buggies."

Modesty beset our instructor . . . but occasionally we caught him en famille and in a communicative humor. The walls of Trainer Hangar Five rang with yarns of combat . . . acts of heroism . . . lessons that live . . . and the brilliant job of our valorous American "egg-layers" at the front lines.

Yes . . . OTU was a magnificent adventure. Those of us who strive to equal the renowned record of Captain Carl E. Schultz and his corps of workers will more than deserve the hearty handshake . . . the wings and bars.







SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

Good food...cool showers...Open Post...those were the things cadets shouted about. Yes...the transformation was amazing. No sooner had the inspecting officer left the barracks and the Group Commander gave us "rest" than chaos reigned. Another weekend began and Open Post took the spotlight. "Pops" Van Ide was off to L. A. to his pretty wife, Jane. The wolves whipped in for a final session with Tommy Vlassis and a last minute word of advice on how he did it. The "sack-timers" were already under the blankets and dead to the world. It was glorious Saturday!

The Juke Box commandos were at it again and more memories were in the making...not to speak of those Monday morning blues and empty wallets. We were off to L. A...Berdo...Big Bear...Arrowhead...and the Green Spot. And the tales we'd tell on Sunday nights...the big blonde at the Casino Room...the little red head at the Biltmore Bar...the gal at Arrowhead Springs with the big Buick...and whatsername at the skating rink in San Berdo...Ah, those wonderful women!

Scotch and Canadian Club, Brandy and Beer,
But our eyes are still shining and our heads are still clear.
It's a long time 'tween drinks, so lads have your fill...
Don't mix your liquor, you'll never be ill.
Have fun you joy boys, make gay till the last,
For another mad weekend soon will be past!

The smart men stayed at home. There was the show at the Post Theater and a malted at the day room. Twelve hours in the sack and ham'n'eggs on Sunday morning. The boys who slept and studied and caught up on that letter writing were really the smart boys. They were never characterized by the pouchy eyes and black coffee...aspirin...and tomato juice breakfasts, and on Monday, bright Monday they were the lads with the "long green" and little blue bankbooks.

Spend it as we did...weekends came and went...and the sooner they came 'round...the better for us!





ROLAND ALFONSO

Arnold, Pennsylvania
"Al" a vivacious little guy; does everything with spirit and gusto. Packs a terrific wallop in that little frame. Oughta go places . . . will!



CLYDE W. ARTHUR

Los Angeles, Calif.
"Hark . . . the mighty one approaches." Cadet Major . . . hard worker. Took on managing editorial chores of "Bombs Away" in spite of a hefty schedule. Book . . . a success.



FREDERICK W. BAILEY

Sacramento, Calif.
Long legs "Barney" was one reason "A" Flight had to change step. Covered more territory in a few seconds than Bunyon.



B. WM. BANNIGAN

Utica, New York
Wedding bells ring for him . . . Irish from the top to bottom. Only song he knew and repeated constantly . . . "Wearing of the Green."



HAGE N. BARNARD

St. Paul, Minn.
"Focke Wulf" was the spark in our basketball team . . . lieutenant of "A" Flight . . . and devoted to his wife as well. Versatile, eh what?



RALPH H. BAUER, JR.

Fort Mitchell, Covington, Ky.
Victorville — horseback riding . . . Big Bear — more horseback riding. Arrowhead Lake — horse . . . Monday — Oh, my achin' back. He had it coming to him.



GORDON CARROLL BAYS

Salina, Kansas
Known as "Boomer." Dropped one at one hundred feet (from 11,000) . . . brought the rest back with a malfunction report. Yeah Gads! The truth is flexible.



HAROLD A. BELLO

Ossining, New York
Known as "Lou." Liked by everyone . . . including his instructors. What's California got that New York hasn't two of? Oh, you can have Hollywood.



CHARLES E. BERMAN

Detroit, Michigan
"Shorty," the sick coll kid got to know the flight surgeon personally. Hey, Evans . . . bring me some breakfast.



VICTOR H. BESSER

Inglewood, Calif.
"Vic" is a California booster through and through. And why not? The wife lives 100 miles from this sand and dust. Lucky!



CHAS E. BLACKMAN

Wenatchee, Wash.
One of "A" Flight's married men. We called him "Smiley." Jack of all trades . . . an infantry man who got tired of walking. Is he kidding?



R. W. BLACKMORE

Birmingham, Michigan
Weekends in L.A. "It never rains in California . . . not much . . . except when I take a pass." U. of Wisconsin alumni with a pretty little mate called Polly.



ROBT. L. BLACKWOOD

Chapel Hill, N. C.
"Blacky" is a big redhead from the "deep South" . . . way deep! Our poor man's Frankie Swannatra . . . how many "bu-ums" did you drop today?



REED R. BLAIR

Indianapolis, Ind.
Supply sergeant without supplies. Knows all the angles from 0° to 360° and back. A fiend for getting in front of the damn camera. Hog!



JOSEPH M. BONEY

Wetherfield, Conn.
Call for Mr. Anthony, please. Joe had his troubles. Ex hot-pilot by way of Maxwell Field. Likes bombardiering better and he'll make good.



G. K. BRIDGES, JR.

Pittsburgh, Penna.
Bridges of Ridge Ave. . . always burnt his bridges behind him. Has an electric razor but no plug. Hates the OPA.



D. J. BROADBENT

Mason City, Iowa
"Dan" found pencil trouble the only bad feature of bombardiering. Forever lost them. He's easily "lead" around.



EDW. R. BROMAGE

Worcester, Mass.
Charter member of the "First Nighters." What's cooking, Doc. A Blue Book roter . . . and the Bank of America loves him.



ROBT. D. BUTLER

Oakland, Calif.
A plutocrat . . . owned one of the few jalopies. Weekend address . . . Big Bear. Pretty cold for swimming, wasn't it Bob?



HAROLD W. BURTS

Mountain View, Calif.
Tall — was the mainstay of "A" Flight's front rank. Good sport.



BURNS M. BYRAM II

Toledo, Iowa
From out where the corn is high. Always last out of the mess hall. Drooled over his coffee . . . just thinking.





R. C. CHENOWETH
West Los Angeles, Calif.
Tall, lanky, good-natured and he comes from California. Could it be true?



A. A. CHRISTENSEN
Seattle, Washington
Tall, silent type . . . hard worker, too. He's a Washington boy with a yen for the wide open spaces.



JOHN PORTER COOK
Stanwood, Washington
"Cookie" is a jive hound and can spot any band after eight bars of the intro. Can spot any jive sister after eight steps on the floor. Can spot!



CHARLES C. CONN, JR.
Ventura, Calif.
Golden voiced tenor, but oh, how we wished he hadn't taken up singing. Usually seen at the Green Spot with "Weep."



L. L. CRANDELL
Newark, New Jersey
One of the few chaps from the notable Joisey without the Joisey brogue. Women clustered around him like bees. Funny beezness!



MORRIS A. DALY, JR.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Another local boy . . . Stanford no less . . . and he dabbled with the brushes. Artistic as all hell. Waiting for Shirley Temple to grow up.



EUGENE E. DILLINER
Geneseo, Illinois
Officer's Guide Dilliner . . . and quite a title. Smiled only when he had to. Terrific Group Major . . . a real Pop to all of us.



ROBERT F. DIXON
Santa Rosa, Calif.
Tall, good-looking and just good. He and Chris were a duo all of us were proud of.



MILTON DALE DOWNS
Omaha, Nebraska
Had to get a furlough for his wife as well as himself. She's a Wave . . . and when she waves . . . Milt runs her "Downs." Can you're asking for!



ROBERT E. DREW
Harmou, Illinois
Bob had great accuracy in his sighting. Ask the most beautiful WAC on the local campus. Had to be consoled when he got only "four for five" in combat hits.



FRED DUMLER
Greely, Colorado
Squadron one Adjutant . . . finished with excellent record . . . started with one, too. Wants to till the soil after the fracas. Bound to raise bumper crops.



CLINTON E. DYESS
Robertsdale, Alabama
The Bob Hope of our class. Helped pull us through those lean days when "O for S" was in vogue.



JOHN BRUUN DYSTE
Los Angeles, Calif.
Native of L. A. and likes the territory. Never heard of Victorville before the War. Was flabbergasted when he saw his first sand flea. We scratched.



B. L. EICHELBERGER
Pilots Grove, Missouri
"But, Sir . . . I don't understand." Ike had a habit of talking the arm off ground school instructors. Mighty popular, too . . . with the ground school boys [?].



W. E. ELLIOTT, JR.
Dallas, Texas
Wife in San Berdoe . . . Elliott in San Berdoe . . . every Saturday night. Oh, my . . . these lucky beavers.



KENNETH E. ENOCH
New Castle, Penna.
Co-owner of Club 13 . . . our "first tenor" . . . and he should have been our last. Claims membership in the 44-S "Father's Club."



LEONARD K. EPPERLY
Fayetteville, Arkansas
Big strapping boy from Arkansas . . . decided draw . . . but a hot bombardier. Tagged the Beau Brummel by Lt. Reel. Held the title to graduation day.



WAYNE EVANS
Fresno, Calif.
Another one of our happily married men. Trips to Los Angeles . . . quite frequently . . . the wife's expecting. We're expecting . . . Evans is expecting to die waiting.



ROBERT E. FAIRBAIRN
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Better known as "True Love." He lives for his weekends in L. A., and plays a little football on the side. Ambitious . . . but yes.



JERRY H. FERRIER
Portland, Oregon
An Army man from way back when. He's here to teach the rookies a thing or two or maybe three on how the pros do it.



ALLAN HARVEY FILAS
Los Angeles, Calif.
One of the California lads who spent his sack time at home over precious week-ends. He was lucky!





JAMES KING FONG

Sacramento, Calif.
Chinese lad with a real reason for being in uniform. Had the respect of all of us. Handled himself well through the struggling days.



PETER S. FRIGANOVICH

San Francisco, Calif.
California boy . . . made all the pin money taking glamour shots of the high altitude boys. Gave them away for nothing when he saw what the developer saw.



ORAN EUGENE FULTON

Hollywood, Calif.
From the movie city. Said he lived couple of doors down from Rita Hayworth at one time . . . 2,840 to be exact. Loves his wife!



JAIME V. GAMA

Los Angeles, Calif.
"Tobasco" has a floridish idea that no food is good without proper seasoning. Have you ever poured a pint of Worcester sauce down someone's throat?



HERBERT J. GARDNER

Brookline, Mass.
Needs an interpreter for that Back Bay staccato accent of his. Knows the tennis stars intimately. Forest Hills was his hoppy hunting ground.



WM. E. GARRISON

Visalia, Calif.
His wife recently presented him with a little Garrison. Priorities prevented the distribution of cigars . . . we settled for a cigarette apiece.



EDW. JAMES GILDAY

Monroe, Michigan
One of the mainstays of the basketball team when everyone else's feet went sore. Ask him about Kalamazoo stoves!



KEITH L. GREEN

Langview, Washington
"Old Soldier" . . . and married. He had one of the lowest C.E.'s. Eager for Open Post . . . no one blamed him . . . not even his wife waiting at the gate. AFCE specialist!



WILLIAM A. GREEN

Whiting Lake, Indiana
"Question, sir," rang forth in the classroom. Green was forever plugging the instructors with questions about everything on earth.



STANLEY CHAS. GREER

San Francisco, Calif.
"Stan" was a magician . . . no less . . . if you can call a lost "Ace" in a perfectly crooked deck a disappearing act. We loved him, anyway.



JOHN M. GRIFFIN

Detroit, Michigan
Give him a little extra sack time, a comic book, a Petty Picture . . . and he's happy. The lug was easily satisfied.



EDW. A. GRIFFITH

Baltimore, Md.
"King of Burlesque." Loves those old platters of Wingy Manone and Louis Armstrong. Pal from Baltimore is Ben Blue, the movie comic.



WALTER ROY GUHDE

Nebraska City, Nebr.
Quiet and unassuming. The two go hand in hand . . . elegant way to describe an elegant guy.



LEONARD C. HALL, JR.

Bakersfield, Calif.
"Poochie Woodchick." Gave us all the fundamentals of writing love letters . . . 6 easy lessons. After third he had to bring Shelley's book back to library.



TOM DEE HALLETT

Chicago, Illinois
"The Windy City Wonder," is another Flight "C" married gent and the copy reads . . . he loves her.



HAROLD E. HANSEN

Larkspur, Calif.
Han's room mates were never sure of the guy. Seemed he liked to put bags full of water in nice dry beds. Tetched . . . eh?



A. J. HATFIELD, JR.

Sumter, South Carolina
Married . . . father of a 4 year old girl. Ex-highway patrolman. Wants to patrol the skies over the enemy forgets and make a few arrests.



JOHN ROBERT HILL

Rapid City, S. D.
"Johnny" is one of the "Black Hills" and leader of the Browning Blvd. gang in L. A. Versatile . . . but yes!



RICHARD R. HOBERG

Penn. Illinois
"They were absolutely right about P. T.," was his favorite lingo. Will rest up after the war in a soft sack made of feather down.



M. J. HOCHSCHILD

Hartford, Conn.
Hopes to get new bride with bars . . . says he's the best sports editor out of Iowa U where he capped a BA.



ROBERT P. HOEPPNER

Appleton, Wisconsin
Married. . . . After every Saturday inspection we hear him say, "Room 1 is the best damn room in the barracks." Ambitious.





HARRY R. HORAK
Munden, Kansas

A very much "on the ball" cadet. Received only two demerits as a cadet. Ex music teacher . . . loves the classics.



JOHN JACOBS, JR.
Clifton, N. J.

Newly married . . . has more overseas time than most cadets have time in the Army. Claims he's still a civilian at heart. Main interest . . . the end of the war.



EDOUARD J. JACQUES
West Warwick, R. I.

"You want to see a nice looking girl?" Displayed the pix of home town girl at the slightest suggestion. Main-tains she's beautiful and loyal.



ROBERT A. JANOSKY
Corpus Christi, Texas

A wildman on the basketball court . . . equally so on Open Post. Member of the Texas Chamber of Commerce.



ROY LEE JONES
Port Arthur, Texas

An A & M man and proud of it. Has a healthy appetite and has plenty of room for it. "Tell us about this A & M, Jones." He did!



WALTER THOS. JONES
Emsworth, Penna.

"Let me at the D-8 sight," is all he says. Fair bombardier with a fair haired lady waiting for him.



R. KACHADOORIAN
Fresno, Calif.

Known as "Katch." Finally lost the battle of the states . . . Florida won! Cheerful and happy . . . everyone's friend!



J. C. KLINGENSMITH
Moner, Penna.

Married . . . a brand new, bewildered father of a baby girl . . . named Beverly Ann. He sure was sweating the baby even more than he sweated out bombs. A nice fella.



GUS J. KROSCHEWSKY
San Antonio, Texas

Nicknamed "The Battler." Can sell you anything from "sour grapes to nuts," regardless of whether you need them or not. You didn't but he always won out.



JOHN KUSHNER
Binghamton, N. Y.

Tall, well-built New Yorker. Pretty fair bowler. Claims he's a better airplane mechanic than he is a bombardier. His guess is as good as ours.



JOHN E. KUTCHBACK
Cincinnati, Ohio

A good looking kid from the midwest. Claims he hates California . . . cause it never rains here. Clothes model, rug salesman . . . furniture man . . . were some of his feats.



WILLIAM EDW. LANG
Chicago, Illinois

Married . . . continuously making flight laugh while in formation. Victim of a chronic good humor bug and his antics were infectious. Was a plumber about town, pre-war.



PAUL R. LARSEN
Maplewood, Mo.

"Gosh, I'm tired," are this boy's first morning words. "The Kid" is an ardent admirer of the weaker sex . . . but aren't we all.



ROY FRANK LAWSON
Cleveland, Tennessee

Well versed bombardier . . . in all subjects. Never ventured opinions unless asked to.



WALLACE G. LEDFORD
Miami, Florida

Takes him ten minutes to get up every morning. Secret operative for Miami Chamber of Commerce.



MARVIN ORVILLE LEE
Onalaska, Wisconsin

From overseas and overseas his bombardiering work with plenty of the old combat punch.



AUGUST V. LESHNER
Burlington, N. J.

BTO of the first water . . . no worries . . . no troubles . . . no nothing for Lesh. It must have been great to be a hot bombardier.



CHARLES W. LINDSEY
Judsonia, Arkansas

Former Marine. He's happy when the overcast drops to 500 feet.



ROBERT CLARK LOWE
Chicago, Illinois

We called him "Buddie." Our candidate for the "Mister Five by Five" award. Says there's no place like the Windy City.



EDWARD MACEYRA
El Paso, Texas

A juke box on two feet. Staunch defender of the Lone Star State. He is not alone.



KEITH WARD MATSON
Oakwood, Ohio

His main interest is Gloria—San Berdo. Well distributed eyes, ears, and nose made him the handsomest gadget here.





ALVIN GEO. MILLER
Los Angeles, Calif.

U. S. Navy to bombardiering. Mighty proud of his two kids and the Mrs.



ROY ARTHUR MILLER
St. Ansgar, Iowa

Could always be found getting a little extra sock time. Always asleep . . . even on the basketball court. We lost quite frequently.



HERBERT M. MISHKIN
Long Island, N. Y.

"Mish" was our most notorious H. P. . . . and a real athletic wonder.



G. W. Y. MOLLER, JR.
San Antonio, Texas

He never missed a formation but was never on time. Never talks about dames but seems to be thinking quite a bit.



WILLIAM MOREE
Clearwater, Florida

The only true friend of the Florida Chamber of Commerce in Calif. Sincerely thinks Florida is the better state. Propagandist!



FLOYD E. McCRACKEN
Houston, Texas

From deep in the heart of the Lone Star State . . . this royal rogue defended the Texas Chamber of Commerce. We wonder why!



C. L. McDERMOTT
Douglas, Wyoming

"Mac"—a good man with two right feet. When not asking questions, talking about his baby.



BERNARD L. NOGUES
Ventura, Calif.

"Bernie" . . . was the conservative blood of 44-5. "The world revolved around 'Gwennie' and I'll destroy the Axis to prove it." The kid has big ideas.



PAUL CARL ODELL
Los Angeles, Calif.

The L. A. fireball. Can speak with intelligence on any subject if it's about women . . . especially his lovely wife.



EDW. LEON PALMER
Elizabethtown, Ky.

"The Rebel" . . . most famous statement, "Ah'll be damned if ah'll toggle those bombs . . . suh."



JOHN G. PARKER
Fairbault, Minn.

Every bomb over 100 feet was a dud to J. G. Claims he went to school with Smith but stuck to horseshoes at PT.



GEORGE JOHN PENDAL
Beaver Meadows, Penna.

The boy with the cigar. Quite at home with a stogie and soft music. A civilian at heart . . . but aren't we all.



JAMES PEYTON
Detroit, Michigan

"Pop" . . . the ideal husband, with an ideal wife. Voted "the men we'd like to fly with." The ready smile was a habit.



MORTON J. PHILLIPS
Long Beach, Calif.

"Mort" loves an argument almost as much as that certain girl. Will always be remembered as the irate orator of room No. 14.



ALFRED A. PIZZATO
Chicago, Illinois

Tony was the baby of "E" Flight and dead ringer for a Dead-End Kid. To hell with procedure . . . where did the bomb go? A Shu-kaga boy.



HARRY L. PLUMMER
Canton, Ohio

Quiet, studious . . . never refused a touch. Most of his letters are addressed to the cute little trick in a nurse's uniform who will perhaps someday be the Mrs.



STEWART F. REID
Chicago, Illinois

A big time operator from the Windy City. Hashed over his weekends to the misery of us all. Had more women than Solomon, he said.



RAYMOND J. REITER
Hahntown, Irwin, Penna.

An ex-sarge in the infantry before he got the urge. One of the foremost exponents of the early to bed-to rise routine. Benefits are marvelous.



HERBERT E. RUSSELL
Bryte, Calif.

Ex-pro baseball man and flight lieutenant. Genial well-liked by all. Wish we could all have his C.E.



LEON D. SAMPLE, JR.
Sioux City, Iowa

Our own "Bugs Bunny." Former Theta Xi Prom . . . Iowa State where he majored in Engineering. Champagne and blondes . . . cold and sizzling respectively.



ARVID GAYLE SHAW
Boulder, Colorado

No relation to G. B., but has the same Irish Wit and a temper too. Parallels Gallant Barrymore on the love angle . . . proud of it. A Pepsodent smile does the trick.





ERWIN SILVERSTEIN

Los Angeles, Calif.
L. A. born and a UCLA pre-med student. The cadaver kid knew all the hot spots in the big city . . . a few cold ones too. We tagged along.



JOSEPH FORD SIRL

Cleveland, Ohio
Favorite expressions dept.: "What a cast." Leader of weekly invasion of L. A. and the original Macambo Kid.



PETER C. SORENSEN

Los Gatos, Calif.
Runner up for the winner of "last man to fall out contest." His hearty laugh matches his appetite . . . Vehicles and vagish vixens are his pleasures.



ROBERT S. TALLEY

San Angelo, Texas
A gentleman of the old school . . . but not too old. Sincerely believes Texas will join the other 47 any day now.



OLIVER JAMES TAYLOR

Bristol, Tenn.
Small, eager cadet with a typical Southern countenance. Eager as all get out but the hummer list had first call on his time. We wish him good luck always.



WILLIAM R. TAYLOR

Parsons, Kansas
Typical mid-westerner who has a habit of laughing anywhere, anytime. A real character and the zootiest man in the class.



HOWARD F. THEDINGA

Rome, Wisconsin
An SAE from U of Wisconsin where he majored in law and devoted most of his time to football . . . among other things. Fights a hard battle on weekends . . . but the girl still loves him.



CHESTER E. THOMAS

Ralph, Alabama
Quiet, soft-spoken southerner whose low C.E. should take him places. Has a little Southern bello waiting for him in Alabama.



W. W. THOMPSON, JR.

Springfield, Illinois
The all-around man. Hails from Springfield and the District of Columbia with connections in Lincoln and she's in love with him.



OWEN TOMMERAASEN

Inwood, Iowa
The way people spell and pronounce his name will someday drive him to drink.



MILTON JOS. TREFNY

Harbor Hts., Greenwich, Conn.
From way back East. Divided his time between Florida and the East Coast before he decided to trade his sails for wings.



KENNETH P. TRIMMER

Queens Village, N. Y.
Has a hitch with the Coast Artillery in Panama behind him . . . and claims New York is the only civilized place in the world.



R. L. UNDERWOOD

Thomas, Oklahoma
Laughing boy . . . never at attention in ranks. Held us spellbound for hours with his witty stories.



VIRGIL V. VALE, JR.

Oak Park, Illinois
The "cream of the crop." From U of Wisconsin . . . this eager boy wants to help win the war before he forgets all the law he learned.



RAYMOND J. VAN IDE

North Hollywood, Calif.
"Pappy" collected enough pennies from us to start a mint. Says they went to the kid . . . but we wonder.



THOMAS H. VLASSIS

Sacramento, Calif.
Not one to miss a single Open Post. You found him in the Angel City come Saturday.



W. G. VORHAUS, JR.

New York City, N. Y.
This slightly corpulent Manhattan lad is blessed with a taste for Canadian Club and a longing for New York nights.



FREDERICK W. VOSS

South Bend, Indiana
Spent his weekends in Victorville or San Berdo. No place else to go. Claims he could get a hit every time if the sight had skates on it.



ALBERT C. VROOME

Prince Bay, N. Y.
Big 6' 4" . . . Al had a hard time winding himself around the sight. He even got stuck going up to the nose. We applied artificial respiration.



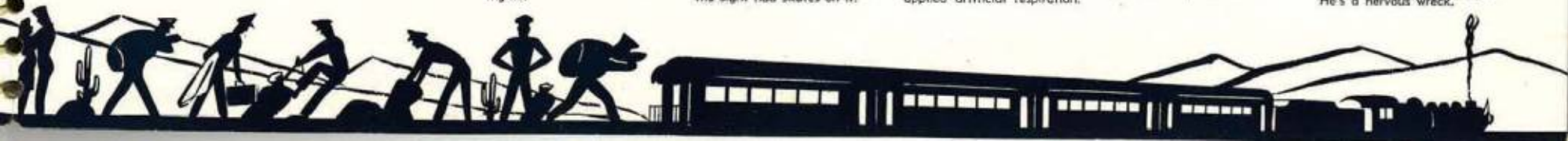
JAMES DAREN WAGG

Osage City, Kansas
Combat hits are easy for Jim even while riding with an Air Inspector. He wanted to make an impression.



M. E. WALBRIDGE

Detroit, Michigan
His son Paul is a well-known character around the barracks . . . and you should see Wally without a seegar. He's a nervous wreck.





JOHN NOAH WALKER
San Jose, Calif.

Always enjoyed a good argument. He made ground school seem like a breeze. Even "analysis" didn't slow him down. Strong!



ROSS ERIC WALKER
El Dorado, Kansas

"What! You haven't heard of El Dorado?" Once a civilian . . . always a civilian.



HARRY S. WALLER
Wilmington, Del.

An artist in his own right. Liked L. A. but was forever comparing it with Wilmington. He was never satisfied.



HAROLD H. WASSOM
Laurens, Iowa

One of our married men. A true Iowan who's going away back home and farm when the mess is over.



W. W. WEAVER, JR.
Clarion, Penna.

"Beaver" took first prize as "Squeak of the Week," with "Forward March." He did a good job as flight sergeant.



GEORGE ELMORE WEBB
San Rafael, Calif.

Always visiting other rooms. "Platter" never misses a chance to build up San Francisco . . . as if the town needs any more building.



ROBERT WEINER
Flushing, N. Y.

Blushing from Flushing . . . a good kid and strictly a gift to the Army Air Forces. The Quiz Kid.



NORMAN WM. WELCH
Hastings, Nebraska

Watch out for those quiet chaps. Dr. Jekyll of the Ambassador every Saturday night.



HENRY G. WELLS
Covina, Calif.

Covina regretted his enlistment . . . he's still their favorite son. H. G. has more write-ups in the local sheet than MacArthur.



LOUIS A. WELLS, JR.
Detroit, Michigan

"Louie the Lip," was cursed with two eager roommates. Presence of the illustrious duo almost drove this sadsack goofy. He'll survive.



EDW. THEO. WENZLIK
Los Angeles, Calif.

Give Ed a convertible and a "C" book and he's happy. An ardent Californian . . . he tries to convert all "furriners."



ALFRED P. WERBNER
Manchester, Conn.

On the ball flight lieutenant of "H" Flight. Ex-journalism student from Missouri U. Keeps us well informed about things.



RICHARD F. H. WESSEL
Seymour, Indiana

A platonic lover with a slow beguiling drawl which caught the women's fancy. Oh, my kingdom for a slow drawl . . . or is that all?



JAMES M. WIENER
Detroit, Michigan

"The hottest little items to ever hit this field." Unquote! Just Call him "The Head."



ARTHUR J. WIERPERT
Macedon, New York

Spent half of his life at the restaurant ogling the lovely lassies. Popular boy with the boys . . . a whiz with the women. Tried hard!



VERNON A. WILK
Random Lake, Wisconsin

A ready smile and a school girl complexion . . . but no girl. A hot bombardier . . . from the dairy state.



PAUL B. WILLINGER
Louisville, Ky.

Old Man of the Mountains. Squadron adjutant with never a harsh word for anyone. We behaved!



JERRY BEN WILSON
Mt. Vernon, Illinois

"At ease, give yourself Parade Rest," was Jerry's favorite expression. Always first man in a formation.



ROBERT M. WILSON
Portland, Oregon

Eggest of our smallest beavers. Bob had a habit of keeping us all on the ball.



WILLIAM H. WISE
Louisville, Ky.

Grand old Army man. Lots of ribbons to prove it. Can claim more cadet time than any man in the class. Let's investigate.



KENUFF D. WOLFORD
Fairmont, Nebr.

Had hopes of becoming a doctor, but a scratch and the sight of blood early in his life scared him out.





DAVID G. WOOD
Pasadena, Calif.

Dave is the smiling member of the Wood combination. A cheery attitude won him a host of pals.



RALPH L. WOOD
Hollywood, Calif.

The better half of the Wood combination. Loyalty for the home state split between California and Ohio.



WILLIAM WORK
East Liverpool, Ohio

With a full hitch in the Army behind him . . . this gentleman of the Pacific area knows a few tricks about pulverizing the Japs. More . . . more!



CHESTER C. WORONICZ
Chicago, Illinois

Managed to keep room full of howling Poles on the beam. Plays a fast game of basketball. Equally as fast with his lusty reprimands of CRZ.



F. D. WORTHEN
North Hollywood, Calif.

"Dusty" was a stalwart flight sergeant of "H" Flight. Claims Hollywood is best city in the world. Says he's met Lana Turner.



KENNETH E. YOUNG
Perris, Calif.

More often seen than heard. "Ken" was a hat gunner by way of KAAF. Flight "H" press agent for sunny California.



JEROME J. ZIOMEK
Chicago, Illinois

Small lad with lots of pep. Dead-eye Dick on the ball court. Thought Victorville women were pretty fair. The guy's slap-happy.



CHARLES R. ZWERKO
Monville, N. J.

Noisest man in Flight "H". Last one to hit the sack and last one to leave it.



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!

BACKSTAGE . . .

If two heads are better than one . . . then thirteen heads must inevitably produce something tantamount to perfection. The staff of 44-5 Bombs Away was an eager bunch. Their ambition is reflected in these fine pages. Here they are:

Clyde Walter Arthur Managing Editor
Maurice Edward Walbridge } Feature Editors
William Grossman Vorhaus, Jr. }
Edward Theodore Wenzlik Personality Editor
Eugene Edward Dilliner Business Manager
Staff Sgt. Al Chopp Producer
Cpl. Edward H. Goldberger Photographer

Personality writers were: Blackmore, Crandall, Hill, Kachadorian, Phillips, Sirl, Webb and Werbner. They played the role of inquiring-desiring reporters and did right well with the short squibs for each man in their flights.

In a more serious vein for a minute, we of the staff want to express our thanks and sincere gratitude to Staff Sgt. Al Chopp (983rd B. T. S.) and Cpl. Edward H. Goldberger (983 B. T. S.) for their leadership and "sweat" in making this book a reality. Without the toil and labors of Al and Goldie this 44-5 edition of Bombs Away would never have come into being. So to them we say . . . "Thanks a million, fellas."

THE STAFF.





SAGEBRUSH SAGA

Sunday... a day of rest! The army had different ideas... so we packed our paraphernalia and headed for that uncharted, dreaded territory beyond the gates of VAAF. G.I. jalopies with their fashionable canvas covering, moved in with deliberation.

Visions of a mass protest rose as we bumped along the sand-packed roads of the Mojave. The historical bugs, for lack of anything else to say, reminded us that some odd thousand years ago this whole valley was a river bed. A thousand years does a helluva' lot to a stretch of land. Not a drop of water in sight. We thought of Brigham Young and crept back into our shells.

A sand storm played a menacing salute as we jumped from the trucks. Here it was... a full week of Desert Maneuvers. Reptant sand fleas moved in unnoticed... sand bore into those vital corners... the sun lashed out in fiery revenge. We had invaded the domain of the Sun God.

Bombing wasn't so much different in the wide open spaces... and tents weren't half as bad as we imagined they would be. Chow was strictly picnic style... we sprawled out on the warm sand and ate to our heart's content. Cold potato salad tasted ever so much better now. "K" rations made an unimpressive debut.

For the outdoor enthusiasts... the desert was fun... sleep came easily... dreams were pleasant... the beer was fine!





