

BOMBS AWAY



44-6



Philip P. Murphy



"Bombs Away"

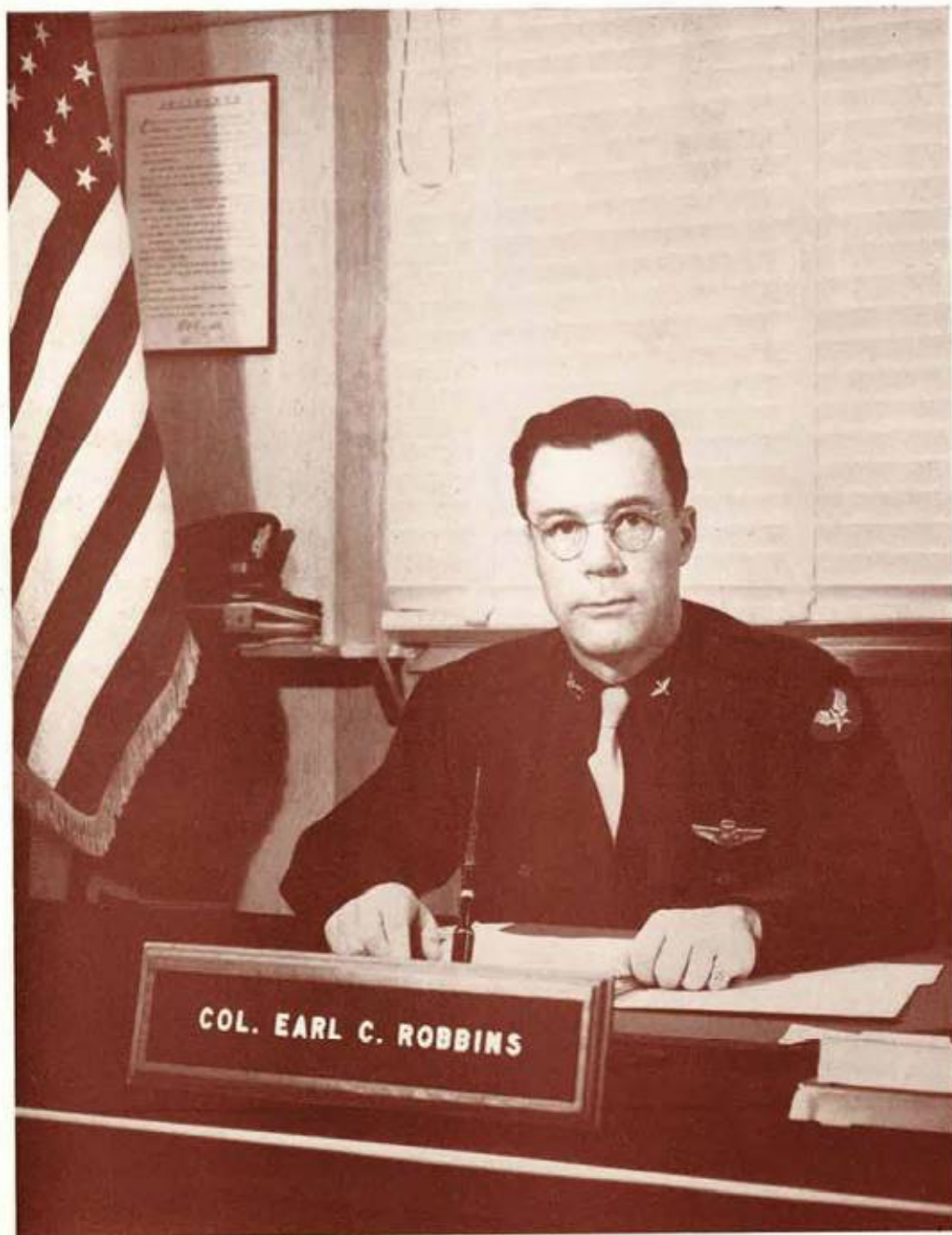
44-6...

Within these mighty covers is recorded those struggling days when as cadets we toiled to reach the top... memories of sun-filled days and star-studded nights... of fickle C.E.'s and patient instructors... of officer's training and misbehaving... of building bodies... of wholesome food... of friends we made....

Yes... within these covers are the stories of patience... of earnest toil... of Americans from every corner of our glorious nation banded together for one common cause.

This then, marks the milestone in the military adventures of a swell bunch of guys... the Bombardier-Navigators of 44-6.

Victorville Army Air Field



FAREWELL

from the Commandant . . .

April 29, 1944

CLASS 44-6:

This is an important day — the day you receive your wings and commissions. It is the beginning of your careers as bombardiers and officers in the Army Air Forces.

You have quickly assimilated technical knowledge qualifying you as bombardiers. It is now your task to apply this learning in combat and teach the enemy that American bombardiers, as all American fighting men, have only one aim in mind — VICTORY!

Added to this job ahead of you is one of equal importance — being a good officer. Remember your oath of office — I know that you are deserving of your added responsibilities. Take them on to the best of your ability. Success to you as bombardiers and officers of the U. S. Army Air Forces!

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



MAJOR ROBERT H. MURRAY
Director of Training



LT. ROBERT C. DAVIDSON
Post Adjutant



MAJOR CHARLES I. SAMPSON
Administrative Officer



MAJ. SIDNEY A. MILLIGAN
Executive Officer

ADMINISTRATION



CAPT. JOHN D. BARNARD
School Secretary



LT. ARTHUR L. BIBERSTEIN
Director of Flying



MAJOR KNOX PARKER
Air Inspector



CAPTAIN LEO C. AMENDT
Air Inspector, Training



LT. JOHN R. LONGLEY
Tactical Officer



JUDGE

Heavy hearts and visions of impending doom disappeared after the first encounter with Lt. John K. Longley, our tactical officer. From the moment we stepped from the G.I. patrol wagons to this memorable day when we can rightfully display the tangible results of our labors, Lt. Longley was the epitome of everything a tactical officer should be. His manner of dealing with the agile lads of 44-6 was comparable to the equitable decisions of the kindly old judge back home.

We of the class 44-6 were indeed fortunate to have been guided up to the high standards of Air Corps officers by the very genial and capable talents of our tactical officer.

One of the characteristics that caused the greater part of the admiration we had for him was the fact that all his corrections were voiced in a manner that was friendly, yet decisive.

At all times, he maintained a strong understanding of the problems that confronted our class whether they were personal or pertaining to the group as a whole. Every member of 44-6 felt that he was our friend as well as our leader and no one ever entertained the feeling that he would get anything but a square deal.

In short, Lt. Longley tried at all times to be himself. He turned out to be a perfect balance of all those qualities so essential in an officer... a gentleman... a good guy!



The Patrol Wagons

AND JURY . . .



MAJOR HAROLD M. SKAGGS, JR.
Commandant of Students

The judge presided but the jury pronounced the verdict and so we are indebted to Major Skaggs, Captain Miller and Lt. Blaney for the fair decisions meted out to the courageous beavers of 44-6.

We looked to the jurors with a hostile eye when gig sheets mirrored those bleak, tiresome tours . . . yet we knew somehow that our behavior justified the punishment. Our brass would shine next week.

"The Three Musketeers" were model of-



CAPTAIN A. H. MILLER
Assistant Commandant of Students

ficers . . . uniforms scrupulously in order at any time of the day . . . the military applied in every instance.

Those of us who emulate the magistrates of the cadet detachment will more than deserve the honor of walking the last long mile to the stand for the coveted wings and bars of graduation.

To the officers of the Cadet Detachment who shaped our program of training so well, the class of 44-6 says, "Thanks for showing us the right way."



LT. FRED B. BLANEY
Adjutant





OFFICERS . . .

We wondered if those rugged old characters of the Spanish Inquisition and the medieval torture chambers knew about stand-by inspections. If they didn't they sure missed a good bet.

Every Saturday, our persons, uniforms and quarters were subjected to the most thorough and painstaking scrutiny and somehow or other, those Saturdays seemed to roll around with more frequency than any other day of the week. Before long we were calculating the time yet ahead of us at Victorville, not in terms of so many more weeks of bombing, but as so many more Saturday inspections.

The frantic rush to get ready for the barracks inspections, making some semblance of military neatness of our week's accumulated chaos in foot and wall lockers. What to do with this stuff. . . put it in the barracks bag. The denim was always a good emergency measure. The bed we so carefully made seemed to develop weird wrinkles and lumps that refused to be smoothed out.

With a cry, "Here they Come!" there was a mad rush to don our blouses, a last swipe at a dusty ledge, a final pat at the bed which suddenly appeared as though someone was still sleeping in it. "My God, look who's making the inspection. We'll be walking tours again tonight, boys."



IN THE MAKING . . .





LT. HARRY Q. PETERSMEYER



BLACKBOARD

Maybe we were never very bright. . . maybe our brain tissues had softened even more than we had expected. . . maybe we never were cut out for this sort of thing, but ground school was practically ground for insanity.

From Navigation (or "How to Tell What State You're in") to the Bomb-sight Trouble Shooting ("What To Do Till the Doctor Comes) with brief side trips into such never-never lands as Plane Identification ("Don't shoot till you see the White of their Eyes") we went through recurrent instruction and examinations which made us look pretty good on paper.

"Eventually" loomed large in our lexicon. Eventually we began to have some idea of what makes the bombsight a precision instrument, eventually we began to get a comprehensive idea of the problems of bombardiering. The synthesis was to come in the air. We silently prayed that our phases would see eye to eye with one another. The rhythm of the flight line was audible in the distance. We buckled down.

LT. WILLIAM G. BARMORE



BOMBARDIERS

Tedious hours in ground school were necessary. . . said the high command. How we absorbed the fundamentals of bombing would reflect itself in the air. When we made the grade up there. . . it was because of our ground school instructors who skillfully and patiently plotted us through the paper assignments.

We can't help feeling that our instructors are the real heroes of this war . . . men who by virtue of their assignments are denied the greater glory of actual combat. These are the men who soothed and consoled and fretted over us. . . who slowly but definitely made us conscious of their part in our training.

During those trying hours as we went praying down the bombing run on the way to the target. . . we were thankful that our ground school instructors had been rough at times. It meant so much now.

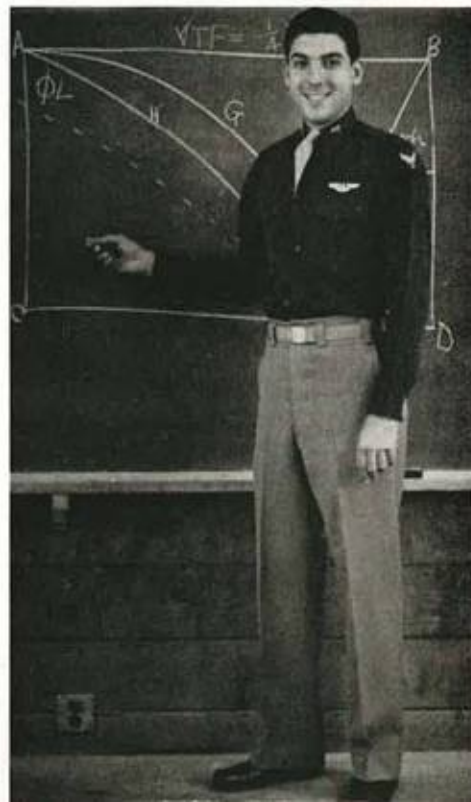
To all our instructors, in ground school and on the flight line, the class 44-6 hopes that their reward will be in the reflected glory of our achievements.



LT. MELVIN C. GREEN



LT. THEODORE A. GARCIA





The Almighty Forms . . .

Forms, forms, forms, forms!

That's all they think of . . . filling out forms!

Headings and tracks

And what's wrong with the racks,

Bubble positions,

The weather conditions,

The target, the series, the number of missions.

Where the bombs landed,

The overs and shorts,

With duplicate forms for malfunction reports.

The type of control.

Your name and your rank.

Measure the pressure and fill out a blank.

The bomb's gone away, let's all take a look.

We haven't got time, we're writing a book

About targets and drift, The time of the night,

The seconds of run, And hours in flight,

The double releases and disc speed increases.

We check the speedometer, intervalometer,

Note the thermometer and model of sight.

And put them all down on the forms, forms, forms, forms!

That's what we're here for . . . to learn about forms.

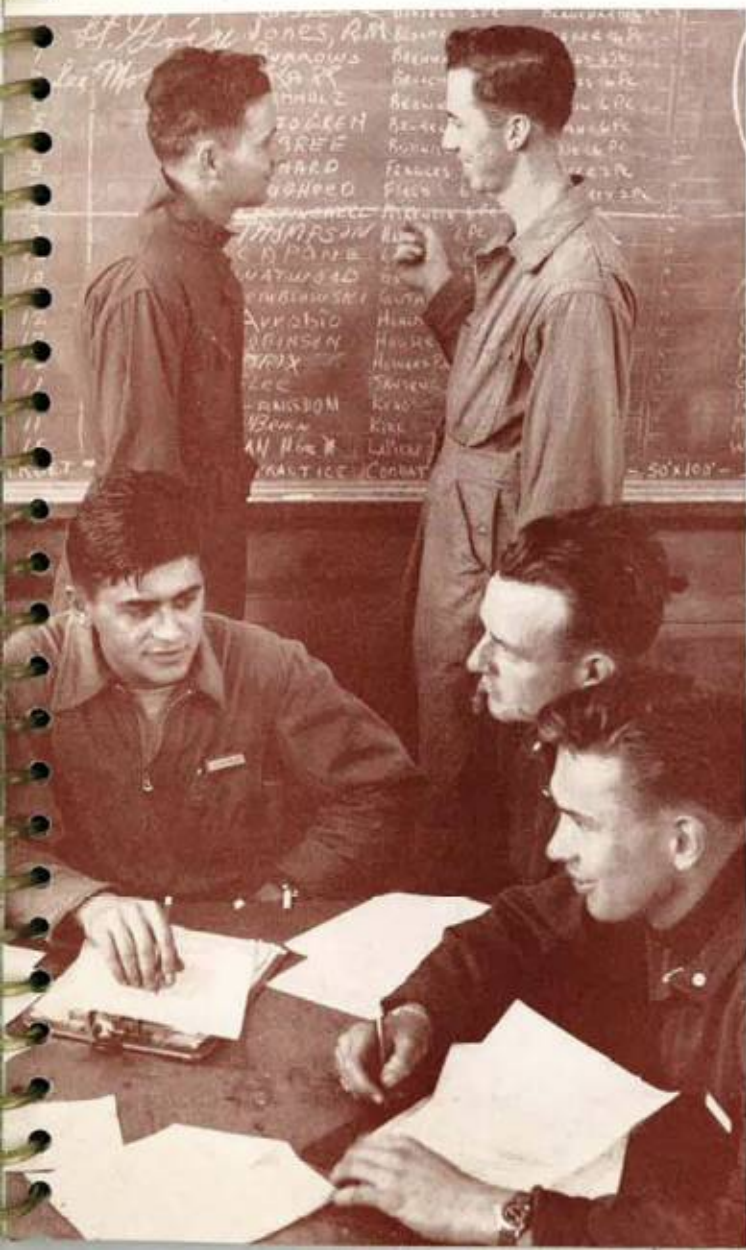
The pilot's initials

And other officials,

We put them all down on the forms.

Mother, mother... we've been thinking, what a grand place
this would be...

If all the bombardier instructors... were across the big blue
sea.





RHYTHM OF THE RUNWAY

There was rhythm in the air . . . not the kind of rhythm that comes from parting with a nickel for a juke box platter session . . . but the down deep badinage set to the tempo of marching feet . . . of whirring motors . . . of propellers biting the air . . . of happy hearts beating a triumphant finale to this first phase of bombardiering.

Learning to play tag with paper targets was a lot of fun . . . and most essential but now we were fully inoculated with the bombing bug and our craving for the real thing had to be justified. Our instructors were sharp and took the subtle hints . . . and so we shelved our notebooks . . . blackboard erasers were destined to gather dust and we hit the line.

Targets slid gracefully under us . . . we gasped . . . the Adam's apple was beginning to play those odd tricks again . . . blood pressure suddenly rose to 140 . . . could we remember it all!

"Zero sight . . . engage directional clutch . . . disengage secondary clutch . . . uncage gyro."

Everything seems according to Hoyle up to this point.

Over the interphones came an instructor's version of Frankie Sinatra. The guy had no bathtub and did his serenading elsewhere.

"Check bubbles . . . and reset hairs with outside hairs."

Bombs Away, Sir."

Damn . . . why did we pick bombardiering in the first place. This suspense is awful.

Our visits to the little white shacks became more frequent . . . bombs were dropped according to schedule . . . C.E.'s reflected our proficiency and deficiency . . . "chewings" were infrequent but loud . . . and somehow through it all we began to twirl knobs with the acumen of a safe-cracker on a busy night.

There were targets and more targets. We headed our course skilfully in the direction of the one called graduation.





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

A little luck, a little skill,
A little prayer, a little will,
A C-2 computer, an E-6-B,
A darn good pilot, and pencils three!
An M-4 camera and NO MISTAKES.
Eliminates the use of . . .
(A lot of film to track the
impact back to the target.)



"... I solemnly swear that I will keep inviolate the secrecy of any and all confidential information revealed to me and in the full knowledge that I am a guardian of one of my country's most priceless Military assets, do further swear to protect the secrecy of the American Bombsight, if need be, with my life itself."



The dogs of Victorville seemed to detect our anxiety each time we hit the line for they dedicated themselves to cheering us up with their captivating tricks and nonsensical antics. Above is "Weasel" a precocious little soup-hound who tread the runway with us and seemed to enjoy bombing more than we did. The earphones are strictly for atmosphere.





"Oh boys . . . you aren't forgetting your little **Blondesight**, are you?"

"*Blondesight*"

(Editor's Note: This introduces *Blondesight*, a vivacious little pinupable number who makes her debut under the onus of what can only be described by saying, "Woo, Woo!" She was that guiding force at ye old alma mater who led us around the campus and made us produce. *Blondesight* was every man's girl. . . an imaginative little bit of feminine allure who radiated our desire to win her over. . . at all costs. She is of the immortal. . . a glamour gal we'll log for future reference.)

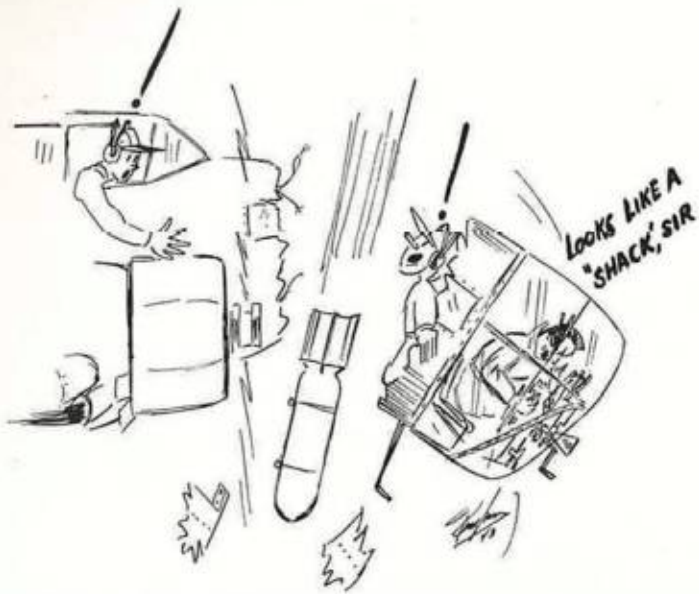
"*What's Cookin' Boys?*"

'Course, if you don't want to talk. . . I can go to any other airbase and make a hit with the boys right off. What! You want me to stick around? All right, but I'm here for just one purpose. No. . . that isn't the purpose, pretty boy. I'm here to bolter morale. That's what I said, mister. . . morale! Now if you'll pay strict attention to what I have to say from day to day, we'll master this bombing in no time at all. There's just one way to bomb. . . and that's the way the Army Air Forces teaches it. It's a long hard road. . . NO! There aren't any detours, mister. I can see you 44-6 lads are on the hunt for a smooth chick. . . which I'm not. I'm really pretty tough when you get to know me better. What. . . you'd like to know me better? Not a chance HB. . . not with an attitude like that.

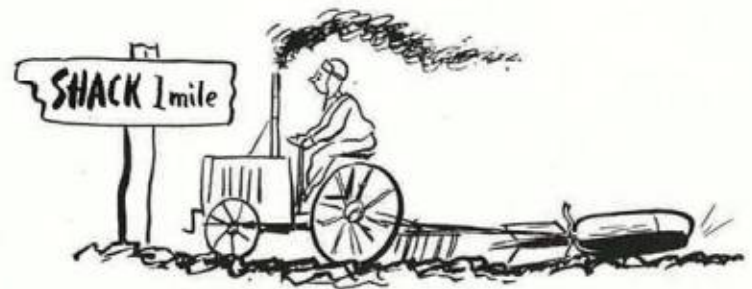
What? You want to take me away from this "den of iniquity." No. . . my home is the nose of a bomber and I like the landlord too much. Ole Sam is really doing right by me. . . and he doesn't make any passes, either.

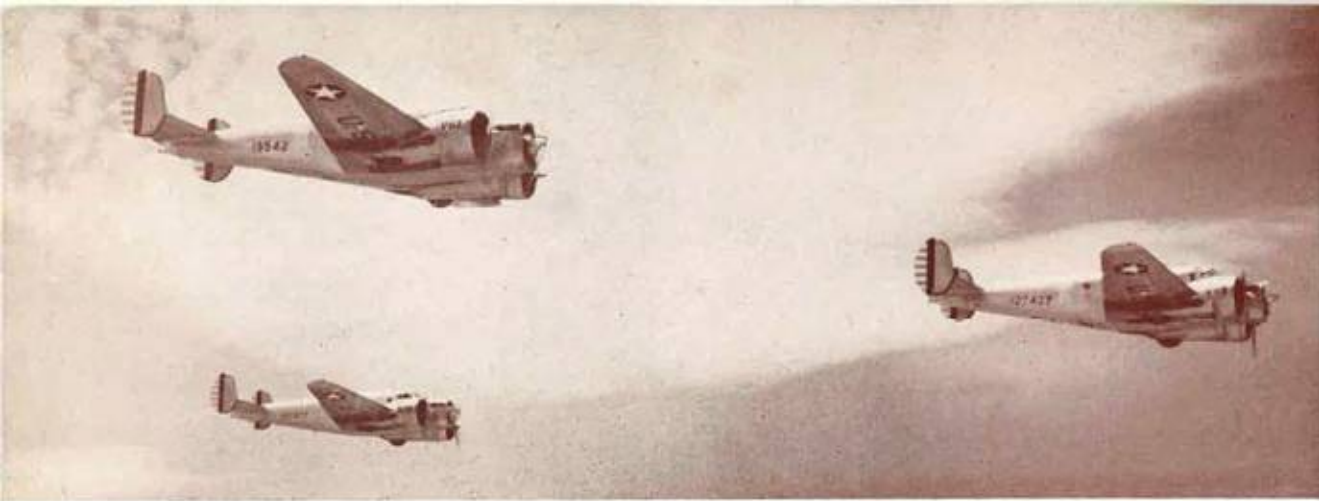
Third mission going up! Okay misters. . . let's go. . . and mind you. . . keep your hands where they belong.





The Bombardier is an extinct species! Yes...we're getting up in the world. No longer do we occupy valuable plane space just for the singular purpose of doing our 30 second chore over the target. Not on your life. We're serving double. Today...we're trained to navigate the ship to and from the target and we rate the correlative title — "Bombigator." Leave it to Uncle Sam to round out our day...and to think we used to go along for the ride.





Bombs Away . . .





Mission Completed...





The Stars At Night



Take-off time, 2345, ungodly hour for the evening's work to begin. Whyhell do I always catch the third mission? That dispatcher must really have it in for me. Let's see won't be back on the ground until almost two . . . then with luck I will have to fill out only one dud report, two copies of rack and sight malfunction reports, dropping both practice and record, that'll require two 12-C's and two of everything.

Why do they drop bombs at night? Why don't they run wars on an eight-hour basis. Oh well, I doubt if that's a very original thought.

Oxygen from the ground on night missions — that'll mean checking out a mask — flashlight, camera, chute, tach. Why not a trailer to lug the stuff out to the ship. . . oh yes, we drew a 400 ship, so we have to take a cross-country to get to it.

Anybody seen 408? Don't think there is such a ship. Well now. . . why would anyone want to hide a plane way out there? Oh - oh! There's the instructor looking for us. Nasty look on his face, too. "Where the hell you been? Do you want to be here all night?" There's a good comeback for that, but we better not use it.

Hurry up with those bombs. . . get 'em loaded. . . they're all plainly marked 100 lbs. . . but those last two must have been blockbusters in disguise.

Pre-flight? Oh, sure preflight. . . check this. . . check that. . . remove sight stem pin, rotate dovetail, crosshairs should not move, or else they should . . . now the pilot's getting impatient. . . shucks. . . it's bound to be all right . . . that's what maintenance is for.

Midnight. . . why. . . by now the bars in Hollywood are closing up. . . maybe tomorrow night. . . Off we go.



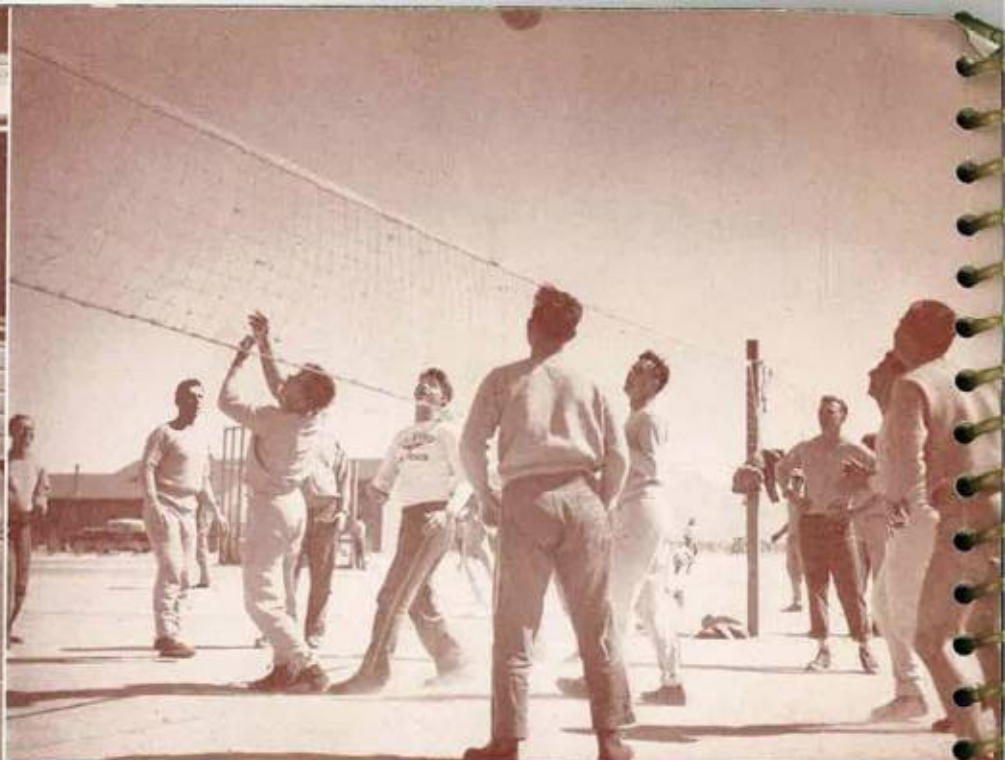
"It's Me Again" . . .

Well, aren't you going to give me a hand? This para gown is quite the nuts . . . but I can hardly breathe. Romantic up there . . . wasn't it? A little too romantic! What you boys haven't learned yet is to keep your mind on the target and forget about what the moonlight and stars used to stand for. Someday soon when the skies are swept clear again . . . you can make with the love dribble to the girl back home. How about concentrating on me for the next 18 weeks . . . purely from a platonic point of view, however. You're really such sweet boys at heart . . . and eager too . . . so I can't blame you for getting a bit rough up there . . . but please . . . I'm fragile.

Haven't I ever been in love? Sure lots of times . . . all kinds of guys. But they up and leave Victorville every three weeks and I'm alone again . . . until you HB's come along and try to do wonders over night. Takes a while to learn about bombing. You'll catch on sooner or later. No . . . I'm not available tomorrow night . . . or the night after and no . . . I can't spend a weekend at Big Bear . . . I've got work to do.

A cup of G.I. brew at the Cadet Mess? Sure . . . let's go!





THE DAILY DOZEN . . .

No matter how one attempts to gloss over the fact, physical training under the guidance of Lieutenants Lloyd Marchant and Fred Anderson is irrevocably classified as exercise, but athletics at Victorville came as close to being positive pleasure as possible.

Of course, there were the regular Monday morning "Keeley Cures" to offset possible malingering effects of Saturday nights at the Green Spot. There were weekly Cook's Tours of the obstacle course. Occasionally we convened and calisthened, and occasionally we galloped around the track with a ringmaster in the center starting and stopping us a la remote control.

The rigors of athletics, however, had its compensations. The photos we sent back home all brought the same complimentary reply. "You're looking wonderful. . . and what muscles." Week-ends too, were more pleasant. . . we attracted the female gender like a peacock at the mating season. Yes. . . the hours we spent under the sun were more than worth while.

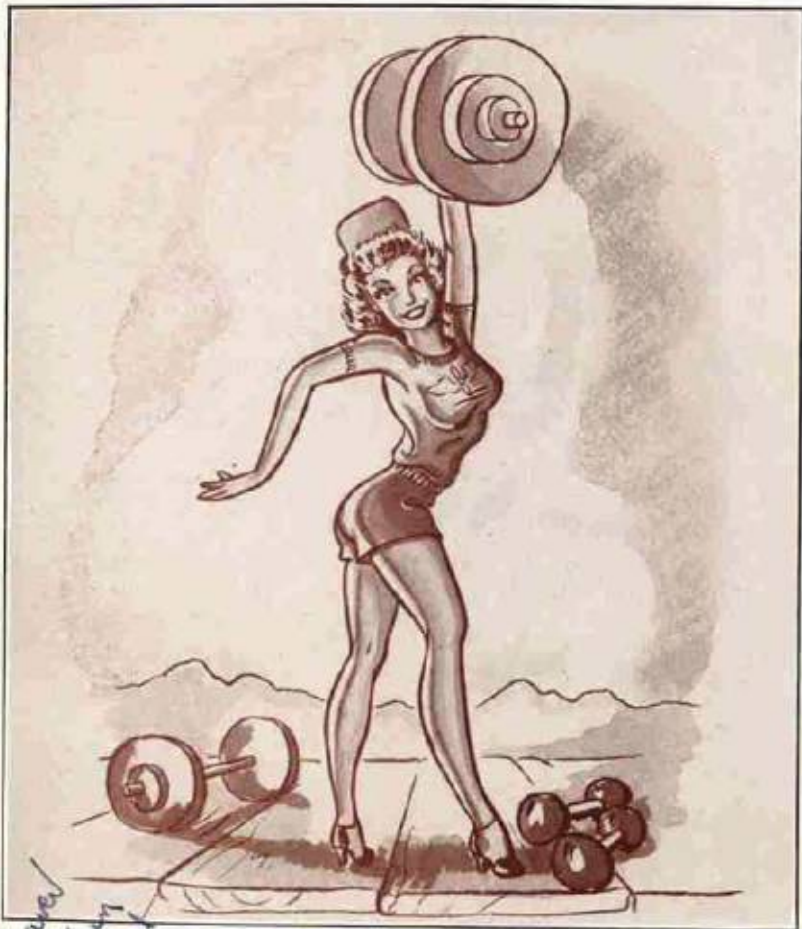


Oh, My Achin' . . . Back???

This PT period certainly develops one doesn't it? Now, if you boys wouldn't complain so much and if you'd put your mind to building up those muscles. . . this PT stuff wouldn't be half so bad. Now. . . look here mister. . . just what are you staring at? No. . . don't tell me. It's the same old routine. A bunch of wolves. . . wrapped up in bombardier's clothing. How did I get such nice big, what?

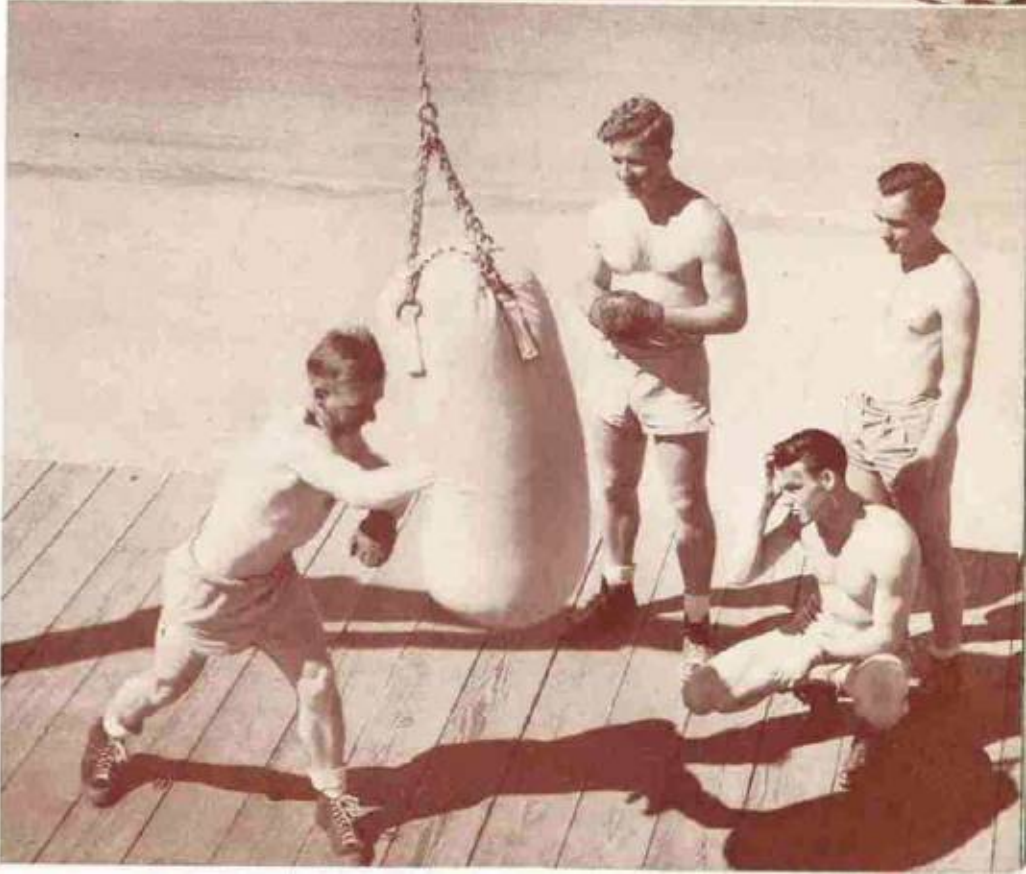
How did I get such nice big. . . muscles? That's a very good question. I'll show you. First of all you. . . OUCH! I wouldn't do that again if I were you, HB.

Oh. . . there's the whistle. Period is over. I'll see you boys tomorrow. No. . . I haven't got a friend.



Chub Gravel
72-
Have fun
and stay out
of trouble!

"Blondesight at PT"





WHEN DAY IS DONE?

Free time: You don't get any at Victorville. The skeptics with a persecution complex began the usual chant the moment we pulled into the Victorville camp. The gullible lads fell easy prey to this sort of jargon. We of the Missouri colony had to be shown.

The bickering beavers later admitted a colossal error and that... "Victorville is swell... after all."

To begin with, 44-6 had its own day room... with a radio all its own... skads of current reading material, if you liked to read... ping-pong tables... and a pool table that would have delighted the most fastidious cue artist.

For the hungry mob (we of the perpetual majority) added inches to the midriff with hamburgers and milk-shakes.

Precious weekends found us headed for L.A... San Berdoo... Big Bear and all those other fun centers within a 100 mile radius. We'll never forget the Biltmore... "Lapu, Lapu" at the Tropics... "Green Death" at the Grizzly Bear... and all those gorgeous gals about the big time circuits.

Inspections and formations and many other chores...

Bombing Theory, Navigation and those vexing Ground School lores They didn't mean a thing at all, 'cause what we loved the most...

Was leaving all our woes behind, when we left on Open Post.





A B.T.O. ADVISES . . .

"Let's get eager son and while you're putting a blaze on those wings, I'll tell you how I got to be the hottest bombardier at Victorville. What's a hot bombardier? You don't know what a hot bombardier is? My — my! Well . . . a hot bombardier is an egg layer who can drop a bomb right into a pickle barrel from 10,000 feet. What! No . . . a pickle barrel ain't the barrel I drink out of when I get pickled! What am I saying! Keep your mind on your shining, boy . . . and stop your pining. Now, as I was saying . . . being a hot bombardier is sort of an honor . . . sort of. Everybody sort of looks up to you . . . and sometimes the situations reverse . . . but that ain't often if you know your way around. Me? I was always on the ball. Me? I never walked more than 200 tours in all the time I was at Victorville."





MARK MENDAL ABEND
 Detroit, Michigan
 Devotee of Harlem, Ping-Pong and weekends in L. A. with pal Blanchard. He helps keep the barracks supplied with goodies from home.



WM. LOUIS ADAM
 West Chester, Pa.
 Quiet and given to a wry humor, he impressed everyone by being called for by a brother in a B-24 and being confined some week end.



ALBERT D. ADAMS
 Bridgeton, N. J.
 Known alternately as "The Mole" or "The Sack." The lump always in Adams' bed was Adams.



ALFRED H. ALBIETZ
 Oakland, Calif.
 Has a wife, a high P.F.R. and a habit of clomping in late at night, turning on all lights, and awakening everybody.



C. H. ALBRIGHT JR.
 Allentown, Pa.
 Alternately sharp and shy, the fancy of "Ol' Dutch" is taken by a phone operator g. f. in Washington (free calls), San Jose.



ALAN HOWARD ALCH
 San Francisco, Calif.
 A would-be Mr. Bones who is willing to discuss anything, any time, anywhere, either side at your option.



CHARLES C. ALLEN
 Brawley, Calif.
 All his underwear proclaims "Property of U. S. C." Is wholeheartedly, nay, passionately devoted to larger and frequenter w.e.'s with wife.



JAMES M. ALTER
 Chicago, Illinois
 A taste for music, food, and other niceties, and a distaste for more crude references to his being "pleasingly plump."



JOHN B. ANDLEMAN
 Boston, Mass.
 Will vehemently deny that he says "Half rate, mahch," because he's from Bahston, but dolefully admits he called his instructor "Big Dick" to his face.



RUSSELL L. ARTHUR
 Marion, Ind.
 A sweet, bouncing boy when he was born (and still one) he refuses to use the water from the butt cans when he shaves dry upstairs.



HENRY VANCE BAKER
 Los Angeles, Calif.
 My, this man has done everything. Well, he was an engineer with Douglas, a bombsight maintenance man, and an engineer (with Douglas). Versatile!



WILLIAM C. BAKER
 Norton, Virginia
 Quiet. Like a clam. The original "Silent Yokum." Once said several words, a good common, and occasionally asks for the salt.



CHARLES H. BARKLEY
 Burke, Idaho
 "Tough, but oh, so gentle." Still a student and boxer, and neat as a solitary pin.



JOHN J. BARRETT
 Los Angeles, Calif.
 Yattedy, yattedy, yattedy. Here comes red-eyed, heel-scraping J. J., his "shallow tank" dragging behind him to bend your ear about lapulapus.



SAMUEL S. BARRETT
 Phoenix, Arizona
 Sweet Sam, formerly man-about-Phoenix, now with his arm about his instructor, and a coming (?) man in Republican power politics.



HOWARD BECK
 New York City, N. Y.
 Happily disgruntled with practically everything. "Rough? Boy, you should have been in pilot training."



MARVIN S. BELKIN
 St. Paul, Minn.
 Former pre-med student and saxophonist (BIG NAME BAND!) and a leader of the group which knows more girls than convertibles in Hollywood than there are girls with convertibles.



S. B. BENSCOTER
 East Mauch Chunk, Pa.
 Already possessor of a nose like a fall-light, the week on maneuvers made him look like a sunset in O. D.



JACK ALEX BERGER
 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Pronounced "Bolguh." Tries to talk instructors into a grade of a "hunyed" instead of one just down in the nineties.



GORDON W. BISSELL
 Renton, Wash.
 A real lover of aviation . . . worked as aircraft worker before the VAAF hitch, Bissell from Boeing is going places.



WM. F. BLANCHARD
 South Windsor, Conn.
 This soccer-happy lad used to make tools before the uniform beckoned. B Flight's hefty lad with blue eyes and brown hair. Still eligible according to the women.



JOSEPH BLOOME
Lynbrook, N. Y.

Camera fiend of the first water . . . and claims Lynbrook is the only city worth putting on film. Is writing the great American epic called, "Here from Lynbrook."



CARL A. BOEGER, JR.
Baltimore, Md.

An electric personality . . . he used to study electricity. Still single too, gals, and he lives at 3803 Woodridge Rd., Baltimore. Address all fan mail there.



RICHARD M. BRENNAN
St. Paul, Minn.

Cuts foretops to shreds with accurate hits . . . used to be a meat-cutter. College time wrapped up in speech pathology. Knows a few good words for Hitler.



JOHN W. BROCKMAN
Highland Park, Mich.

The ice-hockey champ went almost nuts at Victorville . . . no ice. Likes the wide open spaces and plans to return to the dentistry — post war.



JOHN DAVID BROOKS
Reno, Nevada

16 years of athletic prowess are his attainments plus a stretch back of a soda fountain. Reno has no fear for him. He's not married. Knows a few divorcees, though.



JAMES M. BROWN
Tacoma, Washington

Brown's been around. Pound-ed ships together round home when the bombing bug got him. From B Flight, he hopes to carry the achievements of 44-6 to final victory.



THOMAS E. BRUBECK
Los Angeles, Calif.

Artist of some renown. Father is a Colonel and Tommy hopes to parallel the old man's record. With his spunk and talent . . . he will.



SAMUEL BUDISH
New York, N. Y.

Proud of Stalin's record . . . and he has a right to be. Belongs to the great race . . . worked as accounting clerk for the Soviet Govt. . . has some accounts to settle.



RICHARD R. BUDNICK
Bronx, N. Y.

Softball, basketball are this lad's achievements. That was before Dec. 7. Now the lad's concentrating on bombardiering.



JOHN JAMES BUNIO
Philadelphia, Pa.

Structural and jig draftsman before the Dec. 7th day of infamy. Will play havoc with a bombsight over the aggressor's land when he moves from VAAF.



EDW. JOHN BURNS, JR.
Bloomfield, N. J.

Journalism was prominent with this lad till he moved from N. J. to Vville. Only 19 but a smooth operator. Could sell insurance against snow to the Eskimos.



WARREN E. BURTON
Washington, D. C.

ROTC gave him the military bearing . . . VAAF gave him his good C.E. He gives the smooth chicks a break. Twenty-one and full of fun . . . all 6 feet of him.



JOHN GLENN BUTTON
California, Pa.

Button up your lip, Button. Plagued the ground school instructors with questions and really knew the answers. The quiz kid who will be 20 come next July.



THOMAS C. CAINE
San Francisco, Calif.

Not the Cain notorious for his Mable, but this merry man raised a helluva lot of Cain when they told him he couldn't go to Frisco on weekends. He's married!



PANDELIS CEMASAS
Astoria, Long Island, N. Y.

"Could you put about a 16-inch peg in the pants and the blouse about down to here?" A civilian at heart.



ARTHUR H. CARLSON
Portland, Oregon

"Hey! Who took my shine cloth out of my pocket? I'm not really eager, fellas' . . . it's just the way I've been brought up."



WALTER J. CHILSEN
Merrill, Wisconsin

From Wisconsin . . . famed for its cheeses. When he got a package from home it was always good news for the whole barracks. We ate.



BENJ. G. CLARKE
Chicago, Illinois

A hot basketball man with a dry sense of humor, to match the dry Mojave Desert. Logged more lineage in Chi Trib than Mayor Kelly.



K. W. CLEMENCE
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Schlitz made it famous but we'll remember Milwaukee for Ken.



PAUL V. CLIFFORD
Clinton, Illinois

It was not unusual for Cliff to make the O.D.'s "Wait until you see Mrs. C." And he wasn't foolin'.



ROBERT C. COAKLEY
Flandreau, S. D.

"We are the boys of Walnut Ridge," "I hate this place," "Mill around and mumble, men." Prolific as all hell . . . he thought.



EVERETT E. COBB, JR.
Portland, Oregon

The Brain. We'd call him carry if it weren't so. Ground school marks found him close to maximum.



JOSEPH M. COHEN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Plagued fran' Cubre with Fresno's demerits, etc. Cubre didn't mind because he admits that L. A. is only a suburb of Fresno anyway.



JOHN HOWARD COLE
Jackson, Tenn.

When ole' kid gets over there they might just as well call in the dogs. Valiant defender of the old South.



SILVEO G. COLLETTI
Linden, N. J.

If he could only cook. Always on the ball. Always received compliments at inspections while the rest of us received gigs.



PHILIP R. CORRIN
Los Angeles, Calif.

44-5 last this merry chap who thumbed home week-ends. Panic-stricken when gig sheet contained his name. "What'll I tell her?"



A. J. COURVOISIER
Huguenot Pk., Staten I., N. Y.

He never had much to say unless you were talking about basketball or New York.



ANTHONY F. CUBRE
Fresno, Calif.

"Lennie" three times as strong as most boys. Finally had to leave his native state to go to gunnery. Fresno has never recovered.



JOSEPH DAMORE
Los Angeles, Calif.

You guys will have to flip to see who rides to L. A. with me. I've only got room for eight more. No . . . the rumble seat is taken too.



SERGE S. DAVISON
Long Island City, N. Y.

Of the Long Island mob and proud of it. Lens artist for 44-6 class book . . . thought up some fine photos. A gentle boy.



RAYMOND DeBLASIS
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Profile . . . sometimes wishes he were back on the old job routine . . . doing something for the war effort. He's sad.



FREDERICK A. DEEP
Barre, Vermont

From the Deep New England. Takes life seriously . . . but doesn't everyone in Vermont. A Willkie button adorns his shirt.



JAMES T. DELANEY
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Booster for the notorious Bronx. Says the Dodgers will run for president this term. Claims they're the only ones who can do the right thing.



F. C. DIEDERICHS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Master with a brush . . . Denver U. of Art. Paints a lovely verbal pix of the wife. Good kid!



PETER MARIO DITO
San Francisco, Calif.

The wandering Dito finds inspiration for his letters by walking. The supply lieutenant is running out of new shoes.



ALBERT L. DORSEY

Harlowton, Mont.
From the cow-country. Insomnia or its equivalent keeps him talking about bombing in his sleep. Murder!



LESTER E. DUTKA

Berwyn, Illinois
"Ever hear of Berwyn" . . . was his favorite expression. Bristles with indignation when the beavers of 6 asked him whether Berwyn was in the U. S. He's a fighter.



STANLEY EDELMAN

Brooklyn, N. Y.
Has fond visions of a sharp uniform, shiny wings, slick pipe to make 'em swoon on the subway. Who's he kidding?
*Best of
Stan Edelman*



THOMAS S. MORRISON

West Los Angeles, Calif.
Bit of Scotland, laddie . . . our professional soldier. Dreams of Scottish babes while pounding tour area.



PETER G. ENDRIZZI

Corona, L. I., N. Y.
From the patrol wagon to bombardiering. A former flatfoot from Corona who hasn't forgotten to leave his job behind. He's happy.



ROGER J. ERICKSON

North Hollywood, Calif.
Gas coupons and the OPA are his big worry . . . bombardiering comes in fifth in his chain of quandaries. Says he delivered groceries to Hedy Lamar but she was never home.



JACK S. ERLANDSON

Spokane, Wash.
Our little boy Jackie got around Spokane . . . and with a fine tooth comb. Lexicon of jokes beat us all.
*Jack
Erlandson*



GILBERT ERlichMAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Our "uncomplaining companion." Has found L. A. an interesting spot, but haven't we all. Move over, boys.



RICHARD LEE EVANS
Nevada City, Calif.
"Gap" they called him. Biscuits acted up . . . the dentist said yes . . . Evans said no. The dentist won.



WILLIAM RALPH FARIA
Cupertino, Calif.
One of the noisest boys. Stays within flopping distance of his cot, waiting for the "dismissed" signal. San Jose alumni.



JACOB H. FEAGLES, JR.
Pine Island, N. Y.
"The Date Boy." E Flight's Boyer with the accent. Played the field with no appreciable ill effects, but you should have seen his women.



ROBERT WM. FIELD
Hastings, Mich.
The old man of the class . . . never without a comeback. He's not under the F. O. act so he wasn't worried. He loafed while we sweated.



JOHN JERRY FORST
West Palm Beach, Fla.
Upholder of all those nice things a guy hears about West Palm Beach. The guy's got sand in his hair and we don't mean Mojave sand. He's going places.



THOMAS H. FREEMAN
Wakefield, Mass.
"Boston Post" . . . Talked anyone into thinking Boston is the hub of the Universe. Strictly full of beans.



NEIL E. GOODRICH, JR.
West Willington, Conn.
Muscle man of E Flight and an exhibitionist with a Harvard accent. Fully in accord with Air Corps policy . . . chose bombardiering.



JOSEPH GORCHAK
Los Angeles, Calif.
Commonly known as "Flex." He expanded his chest for the L. A. beauties every weekend. A handy man for loading bombs.



DONALD E. GOUNDRY
Binghamton, N. Y.
His heart throbs in San Berdo again . . . but the guy's confined. What a life. What am I supposed to be . . . a photographic bombardier. Let's see what develops.



GLENN S. GRIFFITH
Barstow, Calif.
Son of the desert. Lived 30 miles from the home town. Says Barstow is more than a cattle-hitching station. It's got all of three telephones and a swell ice-cream parlor.



WAYNE A. GRUNDISH
Pittsburgh, Pa.
The original sock time kid. Can be easily identified by raunchy pants and that "shaved" look.



GEORGE G. GUTE
San Marino, Calif.
"Want a ride to Pasadena?" Tire changes went with the deal but the ride was worth it. We paid our way.



GENE RALPH GUTH
Chicago, Illinois
"Gigs Guth" . . . E Flight's recruiting officer for the tour time. He keeps 'em rolling most every night in the study rooms. Eager.



WILLIAM H. HALLER
Scranton, Pa.
Carried lot of weight . . . 126 pounds to be exact. Has been found to cast a shadow on sunny days.



JOSEPH HAYDUK
Keiser, Pa.
The Reveille Kid . . . whose rising accomplishments every morning were something to behold. He made reveille a ritual.



KEITH A. HAYMAN
New York City, N. Y.
A lad with a future . . . so says Hayman. Says New York has none of Victorville's bad weather . . . but what city in the good ole U. S. A. has?



J. J. HEFFERNAN, JR.
Baltimore, L. I., N. Y.
The desert was his meat, but to us it was just in our meat. The rugged type. He loves long hikes and ants in his food. Experimentalist!!!



L. S. HENDERSON, JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Makes the rounds with the most amazing women. The guy has achieved success with the babes. We can't even find any. He's selfish.



A. E. HOHLMAYER
Springfield, Ohio
One of those efficient guys full of the old Hubba Hubba. The desert air no doubt.



LAWRENCE HORWITZ
Chicago, Illinois
The chow-hound personified . . . the only sweat he worked up was the one fighting his way first to the steam table. Hungry.



ELMER JOHN HOUSER
Cicero, Illinois

A little guy who doesn't say much but can really think a lot. Claims he posed for the original "Thinker" stone. Yes, we said "thinker."



DAVID C. HOWARD
St. Helens, Oregon

"I'd like to gang, but my wife won't let me." An obedient slave, but with a wife like he's got, we'd all obey. Has she got a sister, Dave?



PAUL A. HOWARD
Chicago, Illinois

The only guy we know of who can call his instructor by his first name. How's your writing wrist feel, Howie?



BLAND B. HYATT, JR.
Raymond, Wash.

"Why should I turn a report in for a double release when it was a triple one?"



PETER B. JANSEN
Palo Alto, Calif.

A Californian, no less, with a love for oysters. Likes to shout . . . and does about anything.



WILLIAM J. JOHNSON
Brookline, Mass.

"Hell, sir, I can learn that tomorrow. Let me sleep now." Misses breakfast for that ten minute furlough.



ROBERT PETER KENO
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Nothing for this kid to bomb. Wisconsin's contribution to the war effort . . . and what a pair of shoulders . . . wow!



NELSON VICTOR KING
North Monmouth, Maine

"Sorry, Bud, royal flush." And what flushes . . . from Maine to the latrine. We owe him a mint . . . ask Matarrese.

Tom Lyons



ROBERT DUNDAS KIRK
New Haven, Conn.

A boy with a lot of philosophy. The old man to us all . . . and what a heart. Can do a tap dance while marching.

Charles F. Marsden, Jr.



WILLIAM S. KOENIG
Baltimore, Md.

The whistle blew . . . we all fell out . . . but there was Koenig . . . still in doubt . . . always on time.



HARVEY D. KUBIAK
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The head with the marbles. Really makes it his business to learn. The guy can laugh without a sound.

Howard W. Mongold



GILBERT H. LAPIERE
Newark, N. J.

The Lover . . . definitely an asset to the gals in S. B. . . . but really craves the company of one Lena Horne.

William J. Moran, Jr.



EDWARD JAY LATIMER
Akron, Ohio

Our Sinatra . . . we scream every time we see him. Gaudy shorts and legs to match would make anyone cream.

Michael J. Murphy



PAUL ANDREW LONG
Conshohocken, Pa.

Dozens of girls waiting for him, but he can't get out. The four area is his home. Happy walking, Long.



THOMAS M. LYONS
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

This lad can sing the Irish songs. He's got us all doing it . . . but that whistle . . . no . . . not the whistle. Reminds me of home . . . and the neighborhood cop.



CHAS. F. MARSDEN, JR.
Fanwood, N. J.

Gum chewer deluxe . . . and impatient as all get out. Has a bundle from heaven but what the hell . . . he can't get to see it. Hold on, Papa . . . furlough's coming.



JOSEPH F. MATARRESE
Chicago, Illinois

Johnny Apollo of the outfit. Loses more pots than the county hospital. What a guy . . . keeps 'em laughing. We wonder why.



HOWARD W. MONGOLD
Burbank, Calif.

"The Old Timer" logged more yarn time than bombing . . . exponent of "young as you feel" theory. Beginning to creak in the knees.



WM. T. MORAN, JR.
New York, N. Y.

The savior of the fair sex in San Berdo. Transplanted some of his N. Y. technique and did wonders with his sharp tongue. Candid camera fiend.



MICHAEL J. MURPHY
New York, N. Y.

Mighty mite from Manhattan. Found a great Celtic partnership with Murphy P.P.



PHILIP P. MURPHY
Albany, N. Y.

Albany's foreign correspondent . . . great dry humorist Old "Psaqueres" description of Albany makes the L. A. C. of C. look to its laurels. He's an alarmist.

J. G. McCaffrey *Francis I. Neely* *Giles Nelson* *David A. Nicol* *Emil J. Oboikovitz* *Norman E. Olsen* *George C. Phelps*



JOHN G. McCAFFREY
Hartford, Conn.
Flight's leading orator. Look out, girls . . . McCaffrey's got the glam in his eye. "Aw . . . he just needs glasses." A good reason why Hartford needs all of its insurance companies.



FRANCIS I. NEELY
Cleveland, Ohio
There are other things besides coal in Cleveland . . . there's Neely no less. Married . . . great family man . . . sometimes.



GILES FLOYD NELSON
Bradford, Pa.
A solid jack from the Keystone state . . . great fellow to fly with. Tall enough to be automatic corporal . . . but likes the old sock . . . but don't we all.



DAVID ALAN NICOL
Buffalo, N. Y.
It does not snow in Buffalo! Squadron mess council representative. Should be a whiz in vaudeville when it comes back.



EMIL J. OBOIKOVITZ
Chicago, Illinois
Oboikovitz . . . which one, Sir? Lots of name for lots of man. Claims he's Irish . . . we defiantly insist he's not. He won.



NORMAN EARL OLSEN
Fresno, Calif.
A genial gent . . . not at all enthusiastic about early morning mess formations. We carried his breakfast to him in a pail . . . "of cold water."



GEORGE C. PHELPS, JR.
Grosse Pointe, Mich.
"Sorry, boys, can't make it." Hasn't written her since this morning. Letters from Tennessee were his chief inspiration.



JOHN HOLLEY PUGH
Los Angeles, Calif.
Grabbed the San Berdo bus on weekends, transferred to the L. A. 9:00 p.m. and was home . . . sweet home. Thrived on Ma's cooking.



ROBERT F. RISLEY
Horseneads, N. Y.
Behold Union College's mighty brain trust. Phi Delta Scholastic average . . . Intellectual during week but watch the transformation come Saturday.



EVERETT M. ROEDER
Redondo Beach, Calif.
Exponent of "The Heavenly Body," and the great outdoors. Mechanical wizard. Anything from a bombsight to a dollar watch got his attention.



GILBERT C. ROLLINS
Nashua, N. H.
"Hey, what's wid you?" Great all round athlete for Nashua's Big Purple and the Bears of Brown U. as well as VAAF. Brought NE culture to desert.



N. R. SAMUELSEN
Sacramento, Calif.
Wonderful power of relaxation . . . even during ground school. Sleeps anytime but the wide awake comes when it counts. Hey . . . ain't she cute?



JOHN M. SAULSBERRY
Jacksonville, Oregon
From the Northern haunts and forever delivers the virtues of the Oregon camp to us lonesome lads. A writer of some renown . . . hopes to hit hard at the enemy.



GERALD SCHUMER
Los Angeles, Calif.
Oh, please let me go home this weekend. The old home fires (or flames) are burning for him. Always eager. Easy to get along with if you smoked his brand.



RAYMOND L. SEIDL
Olympia, Wash.
Taxi service any time in scenic California. Good all around athlete. Got that way from lugging planes around at Lockheed . . . pre-war.



JOHN D. SHEEHAN
New Bedford, Mass.
From New England. Vehemently denies he's anything but quiet and unassuming. An historical bug of the first water.



M. C. SHUMAKER
Spokane, Wash.
Wedding bells jangling in near future wrought distress to this HB. Imagined wife as co-pilot and the real pilot didn't understand. Oh, well.



WILLIAM N. STARK, JR.
Los Angeles, Calif.
A critic of the first and second water, Bill found confinement most aggravating. A soap box and a typewritten speech were all he needed.



EARL ALBIN SWANSON
San Francisco, Calif.
The movie critic. He has logged more hours in the theater than most of us have in bed. Stays awake during all Monogram thrillers.



ROBERT C. SWITALLA
Chicago, Illinois
California's leading adapted son. His praise for the desert is unlimited. Ours is too, but quite unprintable.



L. E. THERRIAULT
Seattle, Wash.
With great bombing technique, Tajo and the Goebels mob ought to start tracking back to the rat holes. Larry's prolific.

Robert M. Risley *Everett M. Roeder* *Gilbert C. Rollins* *Norman E. Olsen* *John M. Saultsbury* *Gerald Schumer*



