

Bombs Away



44-8



farewell from the **COMMANDING OFFICER**

June 10, 1944

TO THE CLASS 44-8:

Today, your award of silver wings and gold bars indicates two very important things.

First, your bombardier wings symbolize thorough education in one of the most important phases of the entire Air Crew Training Program. They mean destruction to the enemy and security for America.

Second, the gold bars signify responsibility and prestige. To be a gentleman and an officer in the Army Air Forces necessarily brings new responsibility.

You graduates of 44-8 have been carefully chosen as officers and bombardiers. Now, as you depart from the military and technical training of Victorville, you will maintain strict allegiance to the military code. Combine this schooling you have learned here to your business of destroying the enemy.

Proudly we say, "Good Luck," and prouder still will we be as your names are added to an already impressive list of alumni who proved to be good officers and good bombardiers!

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





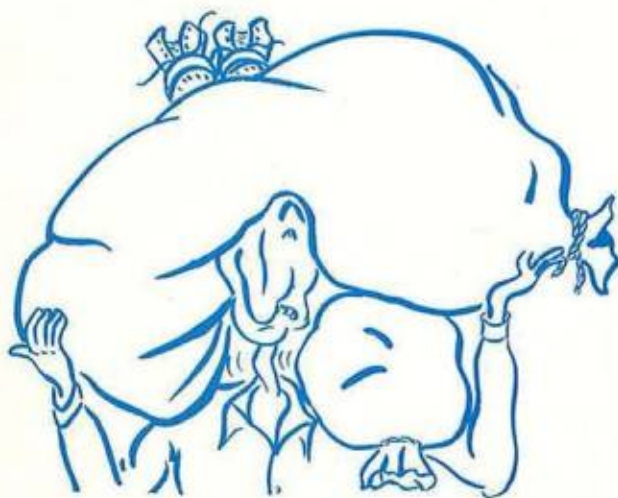
front and center ... you ...

Do you see yourself in the audience? Or your pals... Bob, Pete or Bill? Yep, they're here all right and the rest of the gang is watching the stage from behind the curtain.

Now, take a look at this character on the stage. Ever seen anything like him? Probably not, but don't laugh too hard because he's you and you and you. His name's Benny and you're him too. You were Benny the time you had that double release... the time you dropped a bomb with extended vision.

He's the epitome of all your sorrows and bruised spirits.

VICTORVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD



BENNY'S COUNTERMARCH

It's a wonder Benny ever got through the Gate on that bleak Thursday in February. He was balking and shuddering like a soldier hearing an Aleutian reveille. He wanted to do a back flip and go the other way. But something made him go through onto VAAF soil. Perhaps it was a bombardier's obsession; maybe it was an MP's strong arm. Anyhow, he got here. Too many highballs en route, too many cover girls and Benny just wasn't eager. Didn't seem like the same guy who sweated out Classification with the rest of us.

Then he began to feel the velvet. A top sirloin in cadet mess, a new wrist watch, a truck load of flying clothes, brief cases, shiny-new equipment, a mail box (that was really something) and Bill West... Lieutenant Bill West.

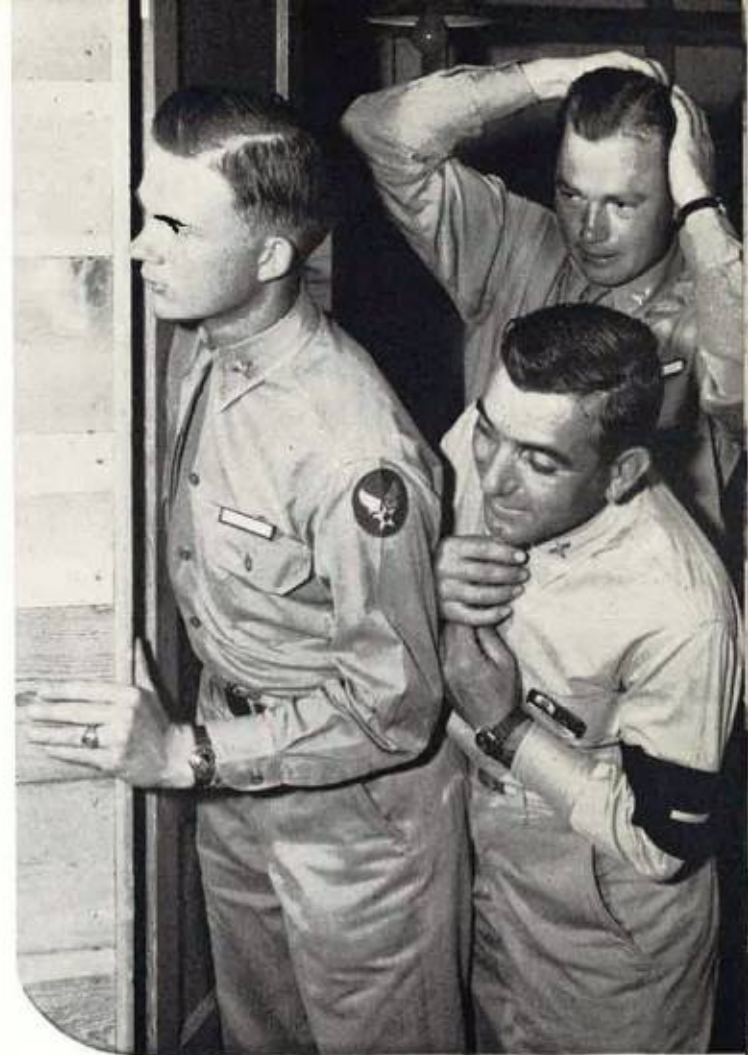
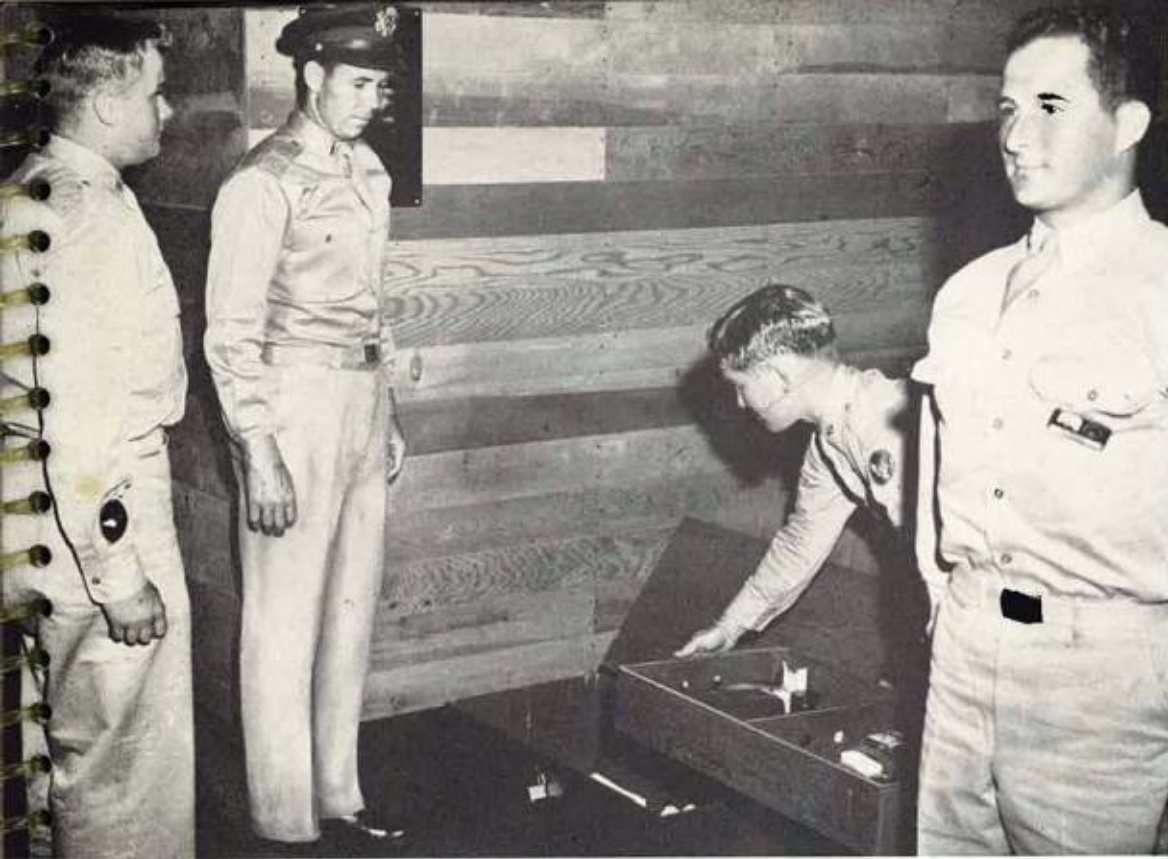
Keep those items in mind and it's easy to understand the new attitude Benny adopted after his first week here. Of course, he still managed to foul up something terrific, but the kid was trying and he got through.

In drill one day, Benny lost track of his feet somewhere in a series of rapid-fire flank movements and somehow found himself marching into the flight, instead of with it. Had he been another Bronko Nagurski he might've knocked the whole flight upon their fannies, but he wasn't and it worked the other way.

Another time during inspection when we were standing as you see in the picture, the Major, who was inspecting officer, and Lt. West, who wanted to show the Major what a sharp outfit we really are, moved down the line to Benny. We had just smoothed his collar down in back and tucked his tie in right, hoping he wouldn't spoil our record as he had a weekend at stake.

Just as the Major got to our protege something happened. One corner of Benny's "spiffy" popped out making a little "zinggg" which we could hear in the inspection silence. There was nothing in regulations to cover that so Benny got off. But it was an anxious moment.





THE LOOKOUTS! Cadets Prieb, Opp and Fiora make a last minute survey of their person. . . glance down the hall to sound the alarm at the approach of the inspecting intelligencia. Our hero Benny is probably hiding behind the door. It's the only way he's found to escape the Saturday deluge of gigs.





BENNY'S TIFF WITH



We never could understand why Norden made his bombsight so complicated, much less understand the sight itself. With us in this frame of mind, you can imagine Benny's dilemma.

We spent three weeks on the ground before flying. Benny beat us to it and was "up in the air" from the start. Our days were split between "Bomb-sight Theory" and acclimating ourselves with the actual sight on trainers, which look like metal giraffes standing on their heads. You'll get the idea from the picture.

Lt. Cunliff did a magnificent job of putting the theory over. But we often wonder just what went on in his mind, when Benny ground pencils on the sharpeners during a delicate explanation of the rate rack pinion gear, or dropped his clip board, or

sneezed, or even... snored. If it was annoyance our instructor felt, it wasn't Benny's fault.

Toward the end of the course when we were all on edge during the grand review before the final exam, the lieutenant put the noble touch on the summary by bravely asking for questions. Silence. The instructor smiled happily, the word "break" formed in his mouth when Benny bounced to his feet. "Sir, why is a bombsight..." and before he could complete his query we drowned him out with laughter. Of course, the kid probably had a perfectly legitimate question, but we couldn't give him a chance. "Sir, why is a bombsight." Immortal!

"The 'Jaszczak Jalopy,'" as someone once called the trainers in tribute to the supervising officer, brought more sorrows than laughs. We never



THEORY . . .

thought one man would voluntarily lug both stabilizer and sight across the hangar to the trainer, up the steel rungs to the mount, but Benny almost did.

One day when we were searching for tape, target forms which aren't so cumbersome to carry, the bent figure of Benny was teetering on the third rung. Climbing the ladder no-handed just isn't done. We'll never know how Benny got to the third rung.

There he was wavering with an anchor hold on the sixth rung with his proboscis; a \$5000 bombsight in one hand, a less expensive but more weighty stabilizer in the other. But even Benny's nose isn't Herculean. A cry of dismay rang out. Men scurried from all directions and a cluster of gesticulating cadets formed under Benny. There was a fall. . . a cushioned thud.

A bombsight, a stabilizer, a Benny were imbedded in the flesh of many, many men. There were no statements of charges that day. Amen.



BENNY MINDS

It's going to be sacrilegious to record Benny's conduct in the mess hall . . . sacrilegious to the finest culinary creations to heap our platters in our Air Corps careers.

Think of a brimming cup of Grade A Milk, then look across the table and you'll notice that Benny's cup is temptingly near the salt shaker. Conceive of a sprawling T-bone, hot and juicy from the kitchen. It's on Benny's plate. You've had one, but two would be nice. Benny turns his head to pick up a spoon and the logical thing happens. Or a square of pineapple cake, or any one of the score of delicacies we were served. In this manner, during the first weeks, we managed to get seconds. . . from Benny's plate.

Now put yourself in Benny's position. He's famished. He's been running the training gamut all morning and dinner formation he eagerly meets. He loads his plate with two of the thickest chops from the counter. He sits down, reaches for the catsup, poises it over his prize chops, but to his horror a mere





HIS MÄNNERS

swirl of grease remains where his chops once were. There are too many innocent faces at the table to make an accusation. And if he did, the accused would merely say "Did you have your name on it?" and Benny would be stumped.

So Benny became a zealous gobbler. He gave no one a chance to pilfer his platter. He might've had three arms for the rapidity bread, milk, asparagus, meat, pie entered his gastronomy. Centrifugal force from Benny's whirring silverware caused many drops of gravy and mayonnaise to detach themselves and fly through space. But Benny placidly tied a napkin under his chin and we just ducked. After all, it was our fault. The members of Benny's table usually left the mess hall well speckled.

Lt. Bert Galindo and his excellent culinary staff, we give thanks for the finest meals we've ever eaten in the Air Corps. Those Saturday dinners were always a touch of perfection.





LIEUTENANT WILLIAM C. WEST
Tactical Officer

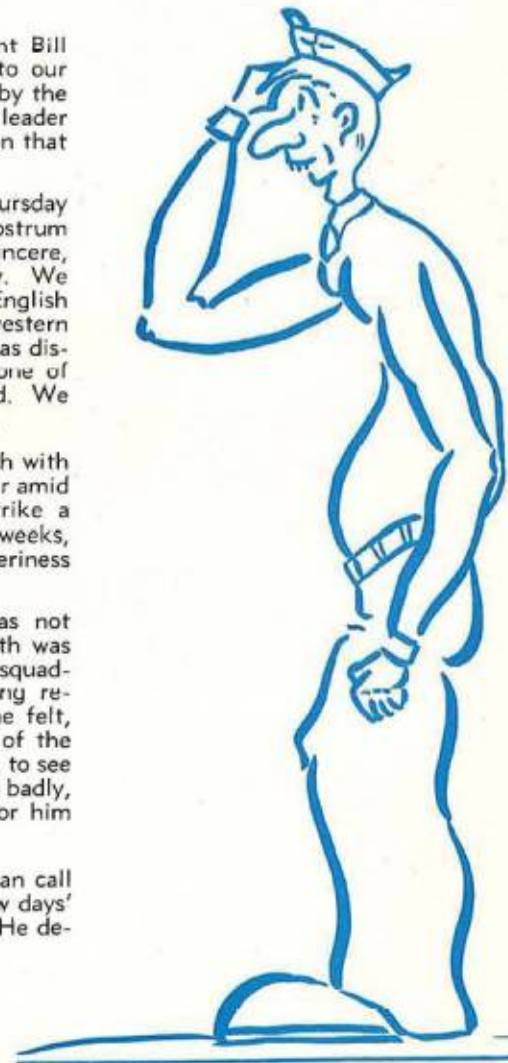
His name was Bill West. Lieutenant Bill West. He was a new type of officer to our experience. The kind of a man who led by the axiom that "yon horizon is clearer to a leader than to a driver," and Bill had his eyes on that horizon.

We met him on a bleak February Thursday in the assembly room. He was on the rostrum to welcome us to VAAF. He was sincere, friendly, and chose his words carefully. We suspected from the first he was an English teacher. He was! He taught at Northwestern in his civilian days. His personality was as distinct as a shack from 11,000 feet...one of those things sought, but rarely attained. We decided we would like him. And we did.

It was his idea to keep in close touch with his men. Friday evenings he would appear amid the bedlam of pre-SAMI fervor to strike a cheery note with "seventeen more weeks, men." Sounded dismal at first. Its cheeriness came in the last month.

Lt. West was not lenient. He was not brutal. He was intelligent. His strength was reflected in his willingness to allow our squadron to share a large portion of training responsibility. Voluminous gig reports, he felt, meant the C.O. was bearing too much of the load. He kept aside, the first few weeks, to see how we'd do by ourselves. We didn't do badly, although it was sometimes necessary for him to remind us this was the Army.

We're leaving Lt. West, guess we can call him Bill now. We hope he garners a few days' rest before he picks up the next class. He deserves it after 18 weeks with us.



ADMINISTRATION



MAJOR SIDNEY A. MILLIGAN
Executive Officer



LT. ROBERT C. DAVIDSON
Post Adjutant



MAJOR ROBT. H. MURRAY
Deputy for Training



CAPT. ARTHUR A. BIBERSTEIN
Director of Flying

Cadet Detachment

LT. FRED B. BLANEY
Adjutant



CAPTAIN A. H. MILLER
Assistant Commandant of Students



MAJOR HAROLD M. SKAGGS, JR.
Commandant of Students

BENNY SPROUTS WINGS



The bedlam of flight line is merely heightened by the presence of the scurrying scooter of 44-8 — Benny.

His capers begin with the collection of forms, forms, forms; arm-loads of forms, forms in pockets, between teeth, in hands, under elbows.

They were considering giving him a special dispatcher, after Cpl. Hunt lost composure on the fifth successive day of red-lining, blue-lining Benny's 12C's long after the others had traipsed off for quieter pastures.

Benny's form-filling difficulties had their compensations.

After the ready room preparations it was our lot to withstand the tedium of two or three long, creeping lines for 'chutes, cameras, et al. But there were no lines for Benny to endure; they had long since vanished by the time he arrived at the scene. Then he would become the "scurrying scooter," flitting from one point to another, like a fox terrier in a hydrant factory.

Eventually, after a half-hour of accumulating paraphernalia, filling out slips, then filling them out right, Benny was ready to seek his ship. One fact he always bemoaned was that our AT-11's were factory made, all coming from the same blueprints and molds. They all looked alike, rows and rows of them; only stencilled numerals to differentiate one from another. Even then, these numbers are usually obscured by a wing or tail of another, so Benny's search for his ship became an odyssey.

Sometimes, when Benny's tardiness was extreme, his final spurt for the ship was reminiscent of Dagwood's scramble for the 8:15, with flying parachute straps instead of coat-tails, tachometer instead of coffee cake.



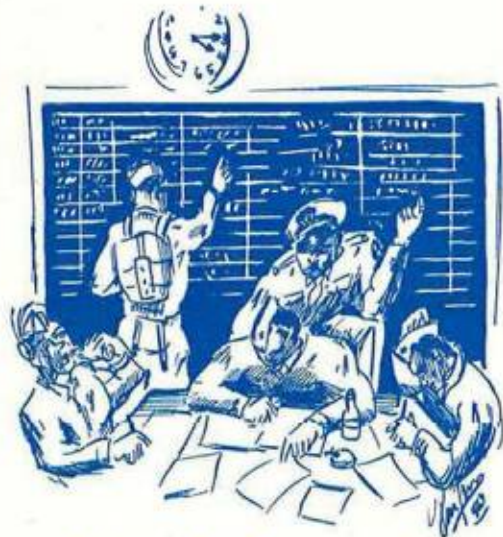




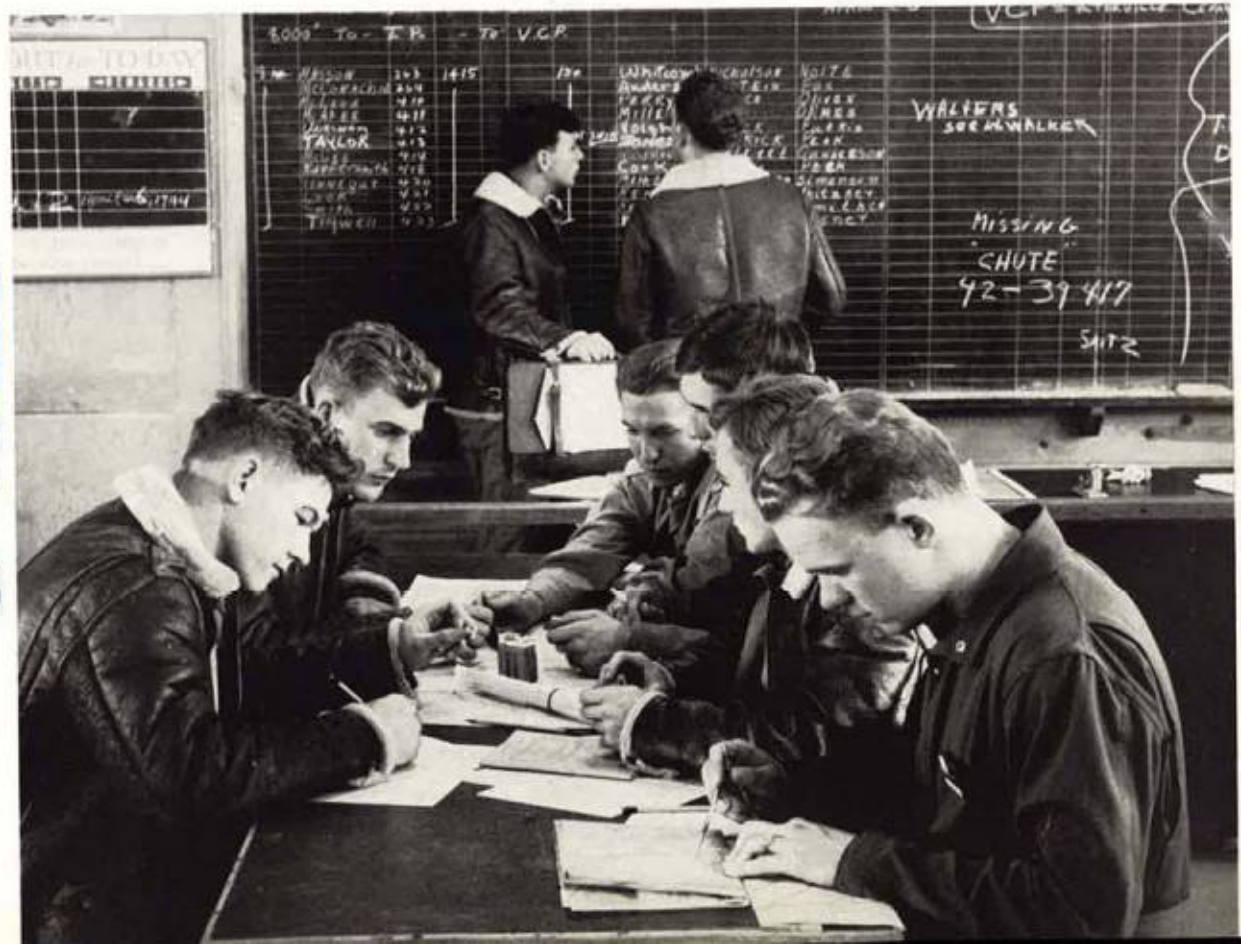
44-8'S LAMENT

Deep from the pages of medieval lore
 Came the idea of a cracking whip
 To lash our backs until they were sore,
 While the master slashed on with curled lip.

We bolted the room in fearful haste
 To battle and elbow and sweat and bask
 In long lines of men who patiently faced
 Supplies of 'chutes and cameras and masks.

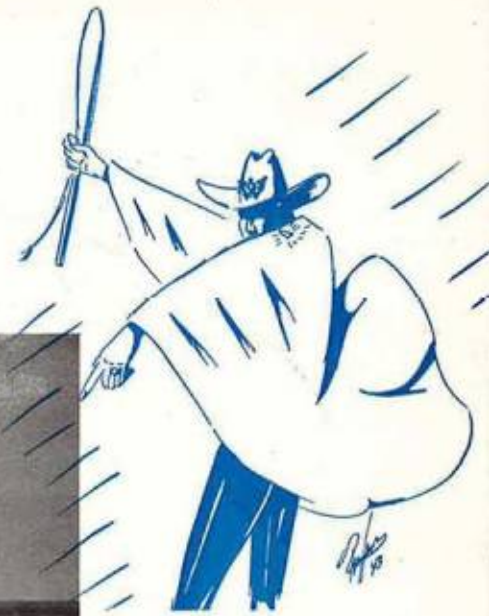


night mission musings



From the far bowels of the ready room came
The echoing bellow of a Simon Legree,

"Load those bombs, you guys ain't lame";
"Spare my back" was our answering plea.





BENNY GOES TARGET HUNTING

There were times, far and few between, when Benny did manage to find his ship in time to help bomb-loading. His troubles therein began with the shackles. The newer model, the B-7, caused him little trouble, but when they were all shipped overseas and the outmoded A-8's were put into use, Benny's Waterloo came.

His first problem was to find an instrument, small and sturdy enough to insert between the plates to snap the shackle to the bomb hooks. His forefinger was unsatisfactory, it split and bled. A match stick broke, his dividers snapped, his camera was too large (although he tried it), his ripcord handle worked fine but a spilled 'chute was difficult to explain, so Benny abandoned that method. At this stage of the game, an armament man would appear with his small and sturdy pliers and the bombs would be shackled. No thanks to Benny there.

Next problem was that of hefting ten 100-pound bombs into the ship. Benny's muscles were of the slim, supple variety, good for snooker and thumbing, he often claimed, but impractical for brute exertion. After

Benny dumped a few bombs heavily upon the door jam, bending it into the shape of a frag hole, his services were requested in the nose as chief pre-flighter of the mission.

Into the air Benny's ship would eventually roar. . . into the air and out to Series N. Benny's scramble for the nose during flight was like the finale of a barnstorming air circus. An elbowed throttle, a bumped mag switch and a brushed stabilizer wheel was all the ship needed to go into a modified snap roll, and Benny himself into an unmodified somersault. That's why Benny's first target run was always dry; there wasn't ample passage room for his gangling frame en route to the nose without trespassing the pilot's domain.

Down the course on the second approach had its thorns, but of a different nature. Knobs, switches, clutches had him in a frenzy, cross-hairs seemed to do a jig every time he put in a correction.

But somehow, when the bubbles were hiding farthest in the tube and the hairs racing from the shack, Benny got his best bombs.

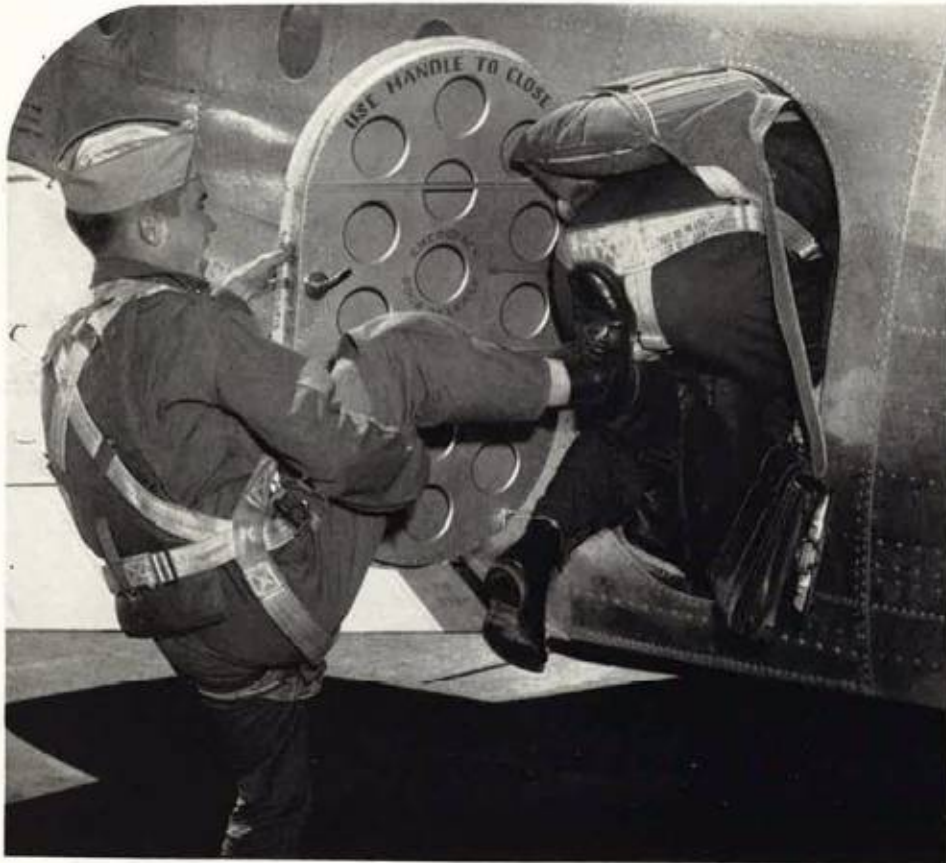




This, of course, is a familiar scene . . . adjusting bombs in the rack prior to flight. What you don't see or hear is the silent prayer going up: "Come on baby, be good to me." This pre-flight ritual occasionally brought results. Benny can tell you more.



"T.S." in this case signifies not what it ordinarily connotes. "T.S." in this instance means "tight squeeze" which is precisely what this particular cadet is having.





BENNY BUILDS HIS BICEPS . . .

Athletics field was the stage for Benny's physical prowess. It was a sight to see him going around the track like a jackrabbit. . . a jackrabbit towing a piano. It just wasn't in him to exercise with the smooth muscular coordination of his compatriots.

When Benny came to bat the fielders moved out. . . out of range of his wildly-flung bat. In a football game there was no one in the line to block him. They weren't fearful of a bone-crushing charge, oh no. There was no need to block a jerk who tripped on his own shoe lace and ground his schnozzola into the turf while the play thundered over him.

The obstacle course with its tunnels, hurdles, ropes, pits and labyrinths were a heyday for Benny's slapstick antics. He would start the run with a flying spurt, trip over the first hurdle, tangle with the rope and finally by-pass it, plunk into the muddy pit after clawing the far side impotently, collapse on the parallel bars, involuntarily weave his appendages in the ladder rungs and be extricated by the first passing kind soul, and end up

with a grandiose bellyflop one pica short of the finish line quite exhausted.

Calisthenics were something else again. In cadence Benny would jab a thumb into a neighbor's ear on the "two" count of the full-burpee, kick the back of a fellow's head on the "one" count of the prone-rocking-chair. On push-ups, Benny was danger only to himself, letting himself down with surplus gusto and a contoured pattern of gravel would imprint his chest.

Wind-sprints, to Benny, was akin to Christmas shopping in Macy's. Stop and go, go and stop, jam and crowd for the inside lane, sweat and fret, go again, then stop and mop. And out of it all came a frayed and battered piece of merchandise. . . Merry Christmas! Happy Bombardiering!

Here we are, fine healthy specimens with good PFR score, thanks to the patient coaching of PT instructors, Lieutenants Fred Anderson and Floyd Marchant.

Look at Benny. . . Gawd!

Benny once read an ad, which adjoined the last page of an Argosy thriller, that "YOU" could be as mighty as Mr. Atlas. The Baron of Brawn was posed with a 500-pound weight held over his head. The "YOU" of the ad reached out and socked Benny between the eyes. Never again would he be ridiculed as the "ostrich-man."

During the next PT period, after the prep jog, Benny hied off to the weight-lifting platform and grasped the crossbar of a 40-pound bar-bell firmly, placing his toes under the bar as instructed. Keeping his tail down, his back straight, with courage in his heart, Benny drew a deep breath and strained. Nothing happened. He relaxed his grip and flexed his muscles, showing no chagrin. He stooped and tried again.

He surmised the weight was too much for a starter, lightened it to 20-pounds. Now I'll do it, he thought. For the third time he assumed the position and heaved. With a Samsonian effort the weights were raised an inch from the floor. But that wasn't enough. Benny wanted that Atlasian pose, with the weights high over his head. He struggled and grunted, heaved and pulled, beseeched the weights as if they could understand. His body glistened with perspiration. It was too much for him. He sighed deeply and mopped his brow.

The athletic instructor spied him.

"Another goldbrick, eh? Two laps for you mister. Get going."







BENNY Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

Benny made his mind up
On Saturday noon,
That tonite would be his
To spoon by the moon.
He leaped into his flivver
And chugged over the Pass;
He made it to Hollywood
And found himself a lass.

Benny made his mind up
On Saturday eve,
That this was a doll
He'd never leave.
He took her by the hand
And looked her in the eye,
"I will always love you,
Even 'til I die,"

Benny made his mind up
On his fifth drink,
That women weren't meant
To stop and think,
To the winds they tossed
The cares of the world,
Into the depths of sin
They blindly swirled.

Benny made his mind up
A little later,
That this was one story
He couldn't tell his mater
There was too much there
That Hays would reject,
So Benny thought it better
If he would inspect.

Benny made his mind up
Late that nite,
That this sweet baby
Didn't treat him right.
He opened up his wallet,
Then he looked aghast,
Every cent he had was gone,
Right down to the last.

Benny made his mind up
On Sunday morn,
That the wool in his eyes
Must soon be shorn.
He snipped the fuzz away
With tonsorial verve,
Never again would he fall
For a wicked curve.





JOHN DOUGLAS ABBOTT
Shaker Heights, Ohio
"Rocks in footlocker."

JOHN H. ACKERMAN
Baltimore, Maryland
Is chow compulsory?

JONES Q. ADAMS, JR.
Royse City, Texas
Will June 10th ever come?

HIRAM E. ALDERMAN
Oakland Park, Florida
Look at that BTO.

CHARLES A. AYMETT
Lynnville, Tennessee
Get those lights out!

STEVE BENSKO
Amsterdam, Ohio
When I was on the farm.

MARVIN BERG
Cleveland, Ohio
So this is 44-B.



FRANK J. BIANCHI
Oakdale, California
We'll take Sinatra.

GORDON W. BISSELL
Renton, Washington
The First National Bank?

W. F. BLANCHARD
South Windsor, Conn.
The sound effects man.

ROBERT JAMES BLETT
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nervous in the service?

ROBERT P. BRADLEY
Blissfield, Michigan
Get those cards out.

JAMES W. BREWER
Greenville, Illinois
Why aren't you married?

ERIC GUNNER CARLSON
Roslyn, New York
Sir, they ARE at all'n.



ASHLEY J. CARSWELL
Homerville, Georgia
Okeefernokee swamp boy.

F. W. CARTER, JR.
Huntington Park, Calif.
Who's going to L. A.?

HAROLD A. CLOUGH
Salem, New York
I'll still take a B-24.

HARRY W. CYPHERS, JR.
Ridgefield Park, N. J.
Men not hungry, fall out.

JAMES ALFRED DAVIS
Brazil, Indiana
I've got all the answers.

ROY ROBERT DE NURE
Ft. Jones, California
On the beam is his theme.

CHARLES E. EGGERS
Great Neck, New York
I'm never wrong, fellas.



WILLIAM EPSTEIN
New York, New York
It was a gift?

FRANK LOUIS FIORA
Union City, New Jersey
Mininni, get up!

DANIEL JOSEPH FOX
St. Louis, Missouri
Ask me about weather.

JOHN FRANCO
San Francisco, Calif.
Day dream, night mare?

NICK FUTRIS
Memphis, Tennessee
The Memphis Canteen.

MILTON W. GLOCK
Ulysses, Nebraska
How about a ride to L.A.?

SIDNEY GOLDBERG
Phoenixville, Penna.
No place like home.



STANLEY G. GOLDSTEIN
New Bedford, Mass.
But it's still dark outside.

DONALD E. GOUNDRY
Binghamton, N. Y.
Synchronized on Berdao.

WILLIAM H. GULLETTE
Van Buren, Arkansas
Ozarks, here I come!

K. G. GUNDERSON
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
You shine mine and . . .

WILLIAM R. HAULEY
Atlanta, Georgia
The Southern gentleman?

ROBERT EDWIN HAINES
Tiffin, Ohio
I'll shine yours.

THOMAS L. HART
Anderson, Indiana
Learned the "Hart" way.



JOSEPH THOMAS HILL
Mt. Vernon, New York
Why am I so handsome?

KEITH A. HAYMAN
New York, New York
Bosom buddy of all.

RAYMOND E. HESS
Salt Lake City, Utah
New groom of 4-4-8.

ROY LEE JONES
Port Arthur, Texas
A beer for a barrel.

CHARLES N. KINGERY
Roanoke, Virginia
Granddaddy of them all.

ARTHUR C. LAUFER
Long Beach, Calif.
But I CAN'T be restricted.

MARVIN LEVIN
Los Angeles, Calif.
MALFUNCTION.



THOMAS R. LUBESKI
St. Louis, Missouri
Tom, people's choice.

EDWARD E. MANN, JR.
Westminster, Md.
News, every hour.

ROBERT C. MANNING
South Euclid, Ohio
Always smiling.

JOE MEDINA
Los Angeles, Calif.
Yeah, what'd Flash do?

HUGO S. MILLER
West Palm Beach, Florida
Bombed best on No. 4.

THOMAS B. MILLS
Keota, Iowa
The coy and demure sort.

BRUNO A. MININNI
Chicago, Illinois
Who wants to be eager?



HOWARD E. MUNSON
San Diego, California
The dazzling personality.

THOMAS E. McDONALD
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Look at those biceps.

ROBERT E. NICHOLSON
Santa Rosa, California
I don't see it that way.

LESTER DANIEL NOLTE
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
The Aleutian Romeo.

PAUL BENCE OLIVER
Rome, New York
The Tarzan in khaki.

HERBERT ALFRED OPP
Appleton, Minnesota
The lone wolf, ah-ooooo!

JOSEPH E. ORMES
Owensboro, Kentucky
Medicine man from Ky.



DOMINIC E. PANCELLA
 Dunbar, Pennsylvania
 Women? and teddy bears.

JAMES R. PATRICK
 Westport, Indiana
 Ain't no football game.

ARCHIE LOUIS PEAK
 Decoto, West Virginia
 You got me all wrong.

RICHARD CLAY PECK
 Decatur, Illinois
 Beau Brummel of 44-8

ROBERT ALLAN PEIRCE
 Waltham, Mass.
 Boston sarcasm.

JAMES A. PENCE, JR.
 Little Rock, Arkansas
 The sophisticated Arky.

STEVEN JAMES PITTS
 Hobart, Indiana
 Forgot to call my wife.



ROBERT F. PORTER, JR.
 Seekonk, Mass.
 What time's sick call?

DAVID ALBERT PRIEB
 Webster, South Dakota
 David the Doodler.

WILLIAM H. PYKE, JR.
 Indianola, Nebraska
 Never a complaint.

DAVID RACHLIN
 Fall River, Mass.
 Who's got two nickels?

EMIT OZENE RAY, JR.
 Afton, Oklahoma
 The ozone "deacon."

JOHN W. REEL, JR.
 Edgefield, S. C.
 Don't like it at all.

WM. A. REINHARDT
 Memphis, Tennessee
 "Gear head."



FRANK JOHN REKUCKI
 Minneapolis, Minn.
 A Pathe man at heart.

JAMES C. RICKSECKER
 San Anselmo, Calif.
 His heart's in Oregon.

MORRIS I. ROMINGER
 Indianapolis, Ind.
 Cigars have got vitamins.

CHRISTOPHER N. ROSE
 Suffern, New York
 If my wife could see me.

DAVID LESLIE ROSS
 Illiopolis, Illinois
 The mighty mite.

DANIEL M. RUBERTONE
 New York, New York
 I got a proposition, fellas.

RUSSELL F. ST. PIERRE
 River Rouge, Mich.
 Back in the old outfit . . .



GEO. P. SAMPSON, JR.
 Phoenix, Arizona
 Is it always windy here?

FREDERICK SCALISE
 Springfield, Mass.
 The screeching Red Eagle.

JOHN M. SCELISA, JR.
 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Pipe the pipe, fellas.

EUGENE W. SCHAARDT
 Woodhaven, New York
 Nothing to show for \$30.

JOHN W. SCHMIDT
 Guernsey, Iowa
 Sometimes I dunno.

WM. J. SCHWEINEM
 Madison, Wisconsin
 Voice of the latrine.

ROBERT E. SEABRIDGE
 Oakland, California
 Lincoln and that blonde.



JERRY BLACK SHINEY
Toledo, Ohio
Shut up so I can yell.

BEN SHUTE
Hartford, Connecticut
Women say, "pant."

DOUGLAS M. SHUTES
Three Rivers, Mich.
Lived in the stratosphere.

WILLIAM F. SIMONSON
Fort Dodge, Iowa
All or nothing at all.

CHARLES ALLEN SMITH
Stuttgart, Arkansas
How'd you make out?

ROBERT FEICK SMITH
Pittsburgh, Penna.
Still looking for his Ideal.

SAMUEL P. SORENSON
Bridgeport, Conn.
Man of many classes.



FREDERICK J. SPRINGER
Rochester, New York
The bitter one.

JOSEPH HENRY TAYLOR
N. Hollywood, Calif.
The sack-time kid.

DONALD L. THOMAS
New London, Iowa
Lived for the WAC.

JOHN WM. THOMAS
Long Island, N. Y.
Got any gas coupons?

WILLIAM R. THOMPSON
St. Paul, Minnesota
Shine, mister?

JOHN HENRY TILSON
Dayton, Connecticut
We've seen everything.

IRWIN TROYKY
Newark, New Jersey
Another sack hound.



LEO KIEL UNDERHILL
Cincinnati, Ohio
Always thinks of mother.

NELSON F. WALDMAN
Cambridge, Mass.
No bottle, no nuthin'.

ROBERT J. WALTERS
Swanton, Ohio
Doc with his medicine bag.

JAMES DELEAL WARE
Littlefield, Texas
The Texas Terror, wow!

DEAN W. WARREN
Madison, Wisconsin
Take me home again.

CHARLES C. WATSON
St. Paul, Minnesota
Holmes, the syringe.

ROBT. O. WENTWORTH
Minneapolis, Minn.
Mr. Atlas, please send..



P. M. WESTERGAARD
Sayreville, N. J.
Hey, Studs, a WAC, heyl!

CLAY ALLEN WHITE
Richmond, Virginia
Pass the cohn pone, suh.

JAMES MURRAY WHITE
Texico, New Mexico
The cactus fuhrer, heil!

JOHN A. WHITTAKER
Merriam, Kansas
I duh-reem of Jeannie...

ROBERT E. WILLIAMS
Alhombra, California
Usher makes good.

HARRY DEEN WISEMAN
Cisco, Illinois
A coupon and I'll do it.

JAMES ELMER WISNER
Kansas City, Missouri
Cheeze it, de cops!



ROBERT WILLIS WOLFE
Dayton, Ohio
Look out, Sinatra!

WILLIAM ROY WORK
East Liverpool, Ohio
Tough one to lose.

PAUL B. ZUCKER
New York, New York
The real Benny.

THE STAFF

A/C Noel B. Young Editor
 A/C Paul B. Zucker Associate Editor
 A/C Joe Medina Cartoonist
 A/C Harry W. Cyphers Business Manager
 A/C Arthur C. Laufer Business Manager
 A/C Marvin Levin Aide de Campe
 Pvt. Gene Walker Photographer
 S/Sgt. Al Chopp Producer

We heartily thank T/Sgt. Norman Paasche for his splendid art work . . . Pfc. Carl Friedman and Lt. Jack Cooper's Base Photo Laboratory, the Provisional Aviation Cadet Detachment for their cooperation, and Margaret Walters, artist.

L'Envoi

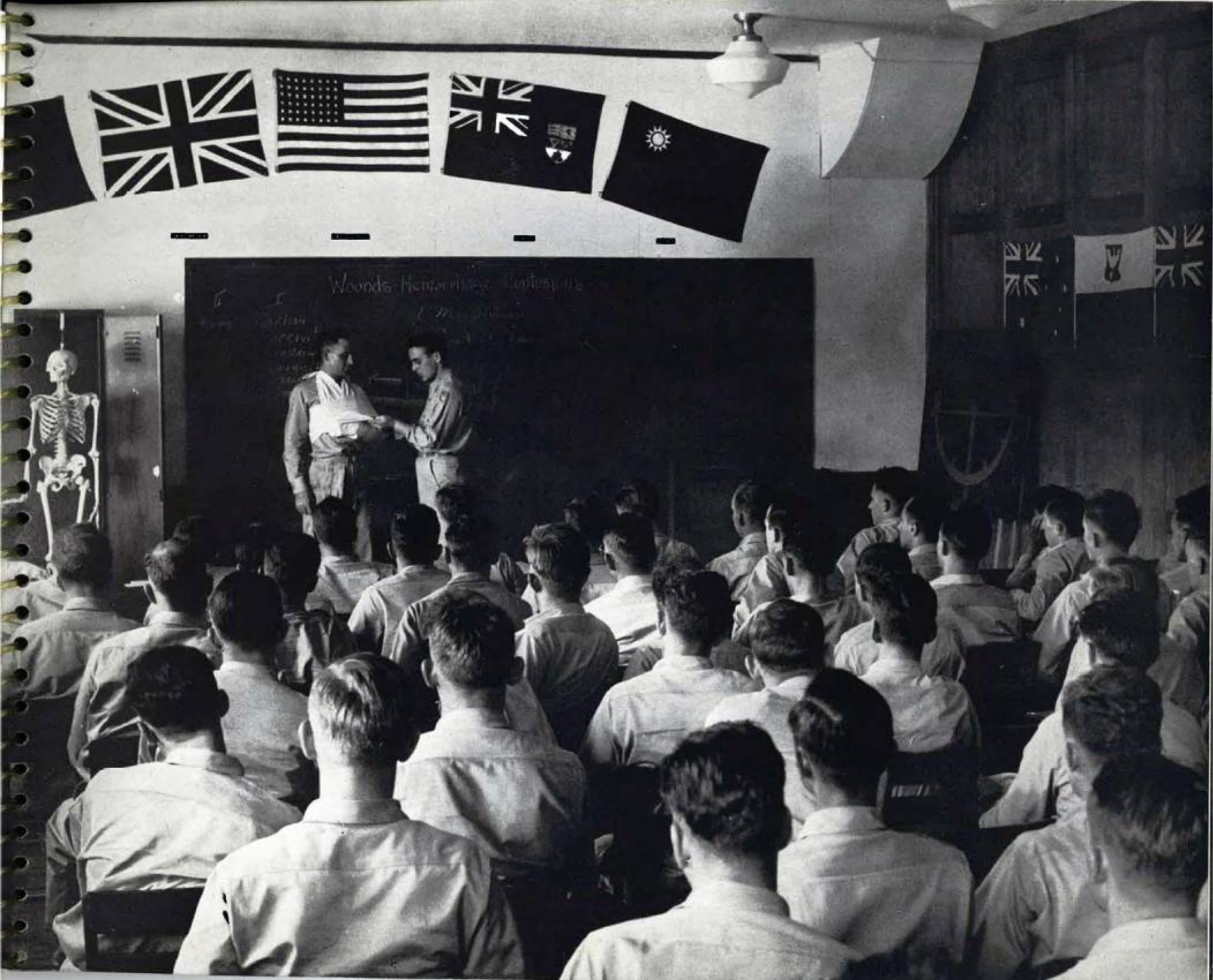
These are the boys who gave birth to Benny. We reared him from a mere germ cell to a full-grown monster. He was conceived one evening over a glass of beer (that 3.2 stuff) when the class book was still a mere date on a far-off schedule. He was named (we knew he'd be a boy somehow) and our hospital staff came running to Doctor Al Chopp, pregnant with ideas. The grand patriarch rubbed his chin thoughtfully, then sanctioned Benny's birth. And things began happening.

The labor pains came and Medina, the cartoonist, became the hustling midwife. Benny was born. His first word was "Mal-function." But work was only beginning. We played day nurse, night nurse and wet nurse for this strange being who threatened to kick off on us at any moment. We worked on him with incubators, respirators and baseball bats and finally knocked him into shape.

Then the publicity scribes got going; our new press photographer, Gene Walker, began hopping and popping. Benny was being groomed for the opening night. Medina was made his governess and he sang and rocked and clubbed (if necessary) Benny to sleep at night on an easel.

But now Benny is on the stage, and you're his public. We are through with him. He has our blessings. Has he yours?







Tall Glasses and Lovely Lasses

Getting away from the ridiculous Benny for a moment, we'd like to record our weekend sojourns for posterity. This will be one of those stories that will gloss blithely over tired thumbs, park bench bunks, pounding heads and vacuous wallets. Let's forget all that, it never happened that way.

Instead, it'll be a chronicle of station wagons and night clubs, sourdough cabarets and perfumed women. We'll make it pretty. This isn't for married men; it's not for the boys being true. It is for those gallant lads whose, shall we say Don Juan, instincts are aroused when open post is in swing. Those are the boys who suffer, triumph, weep, and howl.

"BILTMORE BAR AT NINE LOVE HELEN"

It came collect, but Walt didn't care. He had a date! It was his night to howl.

There she is. The Biltmore Bar is a blurred sea of faces, but one persists crystal clear. . . Helen perched on a patent leather stool at the bar, her red-fox chubby looking soft and warm, her hair upswept exposing a white neck and delicate ears. Walt wondered what he would whisper into them tonight.

Nix on this boisterous, good-time Charley routine, he thought. This evening I will be a Boyer and must remember to keep my voice husky, my words few but well chosen.

"Helen," followed by a calculated pause, "you are a beautiful creature." Walt mumbled it to himself experimentally. Not bad.

"Darling," Helen greeted with an Irium smile, "I thought you'd never get here."

"Well," voice too high, bring it down, "Well, here I am (pause) Helen." Good stuff, he thought.

He lifted his double Scotch, his first draught was a long one. I must drink slowly and steadily; slowly, old boy, but steadily.

His Scotches were double, hers single. They were in a booth now. She pulled the combs from her hair and it fell lightly upon his shoulder. Her fingers rested upon his arm.

Now I shall tell her my life's story. Walt strained for the right effect. He began with his birth. . . on a yacht in the Caribbean. Much better than the Kansas City general hospital.

"Go on," she breathed with parted lips, "tell me more."

She had a Varga expression. Walt wished to be alone with her, but that would come later. He went on.

Father was vice-president of Shoe Lace, Inc., and we lived comfortably through the Depression when everyone existed on shoe strings. Thus, Walt always had his yacht (he didn't mention it was the bath-tub variety.)

At the age of four he decided to become a bombardier when he dropped a tomato from the third floor nursery smack on the head of Stinky, the neighbor's son who was pulling his sister's hair.

"You see, my Helen," his breath was bad, but his voice good, "I have never allowed my social position to interfere with the rescue of a fair damsel in distress."

"You are so gallant," she accented the last syllable. She moved closer and he got a mouthful of fox fur.

"Let us leave," Walt moored, "these people—they are noisy barbarians. We will go where we can. . . (the pause was natural this time) . . . talk."

When she said yes Walt smiled smugly and wished a talent scout might have heard him. He was so very, very suave, even though he felt a little bubbly.

Her roadster groped up a winding road behind Griffith Park and at length they came to a very dark and very secluded spot which she said was her favorite because of the view. Shrubbery prevented Walt seeing more than fragments of the Los Angeles lights, but he really didn't care as long as she was happy.

He hummed a phrase of "Minnie the Mermaid" and strove to capture the mood of Boyer and his love scene with Hedy in "Algiers." Helen wondered at his apparent preoccupation.

"Is anything the matter, Walter? You're so quiet."

"No, my dear, it is nothing." He groped for something poetic, but couldn't find it. His vocal cords had worn thin on the husky notes. Either he would cease talking and make love, or his voice would crack and break the spell of enchantment in which he had wrapped the evening.

She sensed the romance in his breath and stretched her hands upward to catch Walt by the ears and draw his lips down to hers. He inclined his head and leaned toward her. . . lower, darker; sweeter and stronger became the aroma of perfume. . . .

An elbow jabbed into his ribs.

"Hey, jerk, this is no time to sack up. Cunliff's had his eye on you all hour."

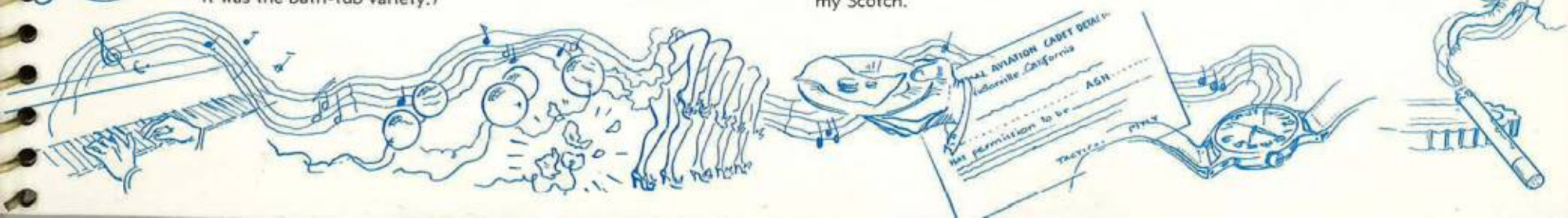
"Huh? Gawd! That dovetail assembly. Think you can explain it to me? Must've been dreaming."

Walt tried to look eager and wise.

"Pssst! Joe. . . think we'll get off Saturday? Gotta be at the Biltmore by nine. Bill had pretty good luck there last week."

"If you can't diagram the bombsight rate end by tomorrow you'll never get off. Better get eager, Walt."

"Yeah, sure. Just watch me make like a beaver. Must have my Scotch."





MISSION #3

TARGET #8

