

Bombs Away



43-12



St. H. M. Wisner

"Never . . . have so many owed so much to so few."

With these words, a grateful leader gave thanks to a handful of fighting men who won a battle that "could not be won." A few, unafraid, when many were in fear, saved a great nation from disaster.

Since that day, the debt of the many has increased a hundred-fold. The story of defeat after defeat has now become victory upon victory. Today, it is the enemy who faces disaster.

Victories are always pleasing to the victors. Battles lost pale quickly in comparison with battles won. Heroes of defeat, once praised and sworn never to be forgotten, are remembered at best only briefly.

Today the Nazi has learned to fear the roar of bombers in the sky. The Jap plays a waiting game, but the waiting is uncertain and fearful.

The battle of the few has now become the battle of the many. But with our mounting successes, there is a story—a hundred stories—that might have been forgotten.

Those are the stories of the battles of the few Americans against the many . . . the stories of Wake Island, Corregidor, Bataan, Manila. Those are the stories of battles lost . . . of men who fought when fighting was hopeless by any mortal judgment. They fought . . . and lost. But because they lost, they gave the many time to prepare. Today we are winning . . . because they lost.

The story of the few is not that of Bataan and Wake alone. There are the few in the hun-held mountains of the Balkans, and in every place where the enemy has conquered. They continue to fight and sometimes their battle leads to still greater defeat . . . Lidice . . . and Warsaw—but the battle continues.

These words of praise come easily. Heroes, as well as men and machines, are expendable. The loss of life, of a million lives, will be noted but briefly in the pages of history once the war is won.

To the few, we pledge our share of that victory. Their part in this war will not be forgotten.



VICTORVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD



A Message from the **COMMANDING OFFICER**

August 21, 1943.

To the Class of 43-12:

Mingled with the thrill of receiving your wings is the honor of becoming an Officer. You have worked hard for both, and you deserve them.

Now comes the application. Your practice missions are over; your tactical lessons are past.

We are confident that in combat you will prove yourselves. Every experience that you have had will be helpful in days to come. With conscientious application, your bombing efficiency will continue to improve.

Also, always remember—be as good an Officer as you are a Bombardier!

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





COLONEL A. J. McVEA
Director of Training



LT. COL. ADOLPHUS L. RING
Post Executive Officer



MAJ. PAUL F. KIRKPATRICK
Post Adjutant



MAJ. CHARLES I. SAMPSON
School Secretary



CAPT. A. W. SHERMAN
Director of Ground School

FIELD ADMINISTRATION



MAJ. JOHN DE PAOLO
Post Operations Officer



CAPT. JAMES D. WATKINS
Commanding Officer, Sec. 1



CAPT. VERNON E. WAELDIN
Commanding Officer, Sec. 2



CAPT. ROBERT H. MURRAY
Director of Flight Training



MAJOR KEITH S. WILSON
Director of Air Safety



Cadet Detachment



MAJOR HAROLD M. SKAGGS, Jr.
Commandant of Cadets



CAPTAIN LOUIS H. GARRETT
Deputy Commandant of Cadets

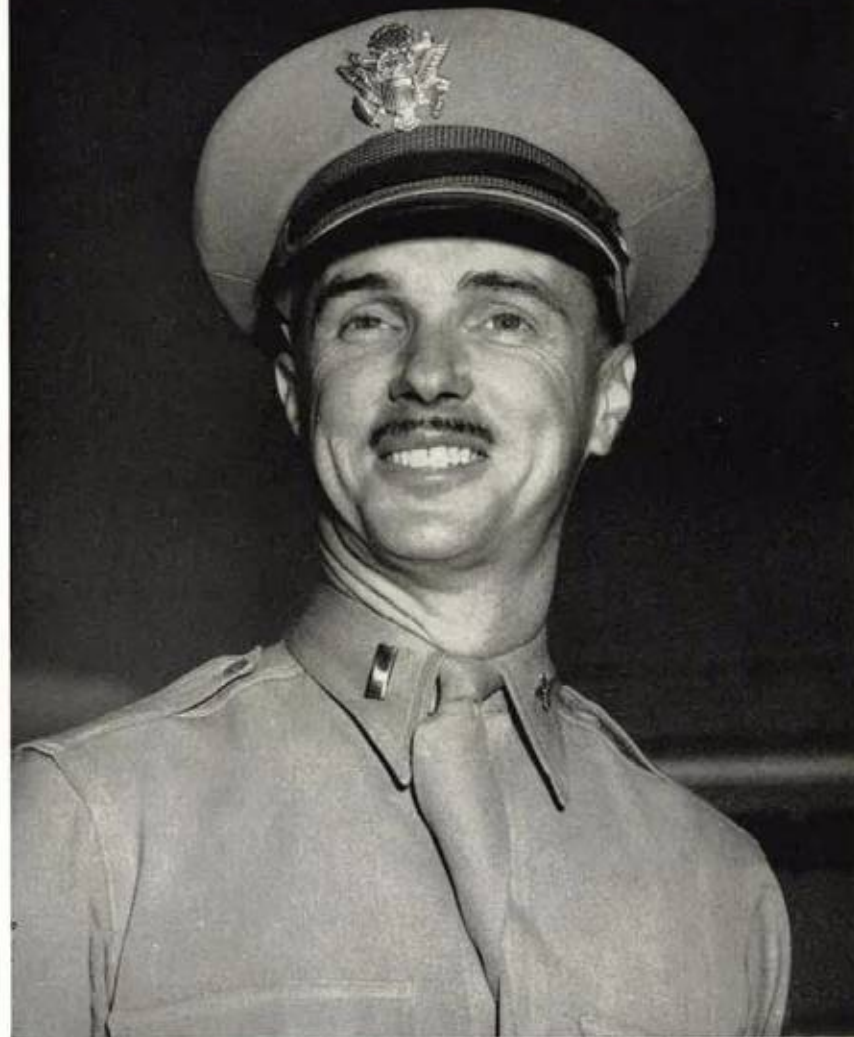
S/SGT. NORMAN E. PAASCHE
Sergeant Major



TACTICAL OFFICER 43-12

"Tactical Officer" was a phrase we heard with apprehension the day we reached Victorville. . . . We still felt apprehensive that first day we saw Lt. Blaney, just as he must have felt when he first saw us. . . . We were his first class. . . . He was our first "Tach" Officer.

A week later we decided our "Tach" Officer was a pretty swell guy . . . and twelve weeks later we thought more so. . . . When we had problems, Lt. Blaney listened and helped if he could. . . . Sometimes he helped when he officially couldn't. . . . When we missed pictures, he somehow found a way so we got passes. . . . If the schedule said late afternoon inspections, it somehow read early morning when it had passed his desk. . . . We learned about military manner, but we weren't fully conscious of how much our "Tach" Officer had taught us, until graduation. . . . That's the kind of a man and a soldier we saluted . . . and liked as we saluted. That was . . . Lt. Blaney.



LT. FRED D. BLANEY





SQUADRON 2



Anyone Got a Shoehorn?

Flight Line INSTRUCTORS

SQUADRON 1







Instructors



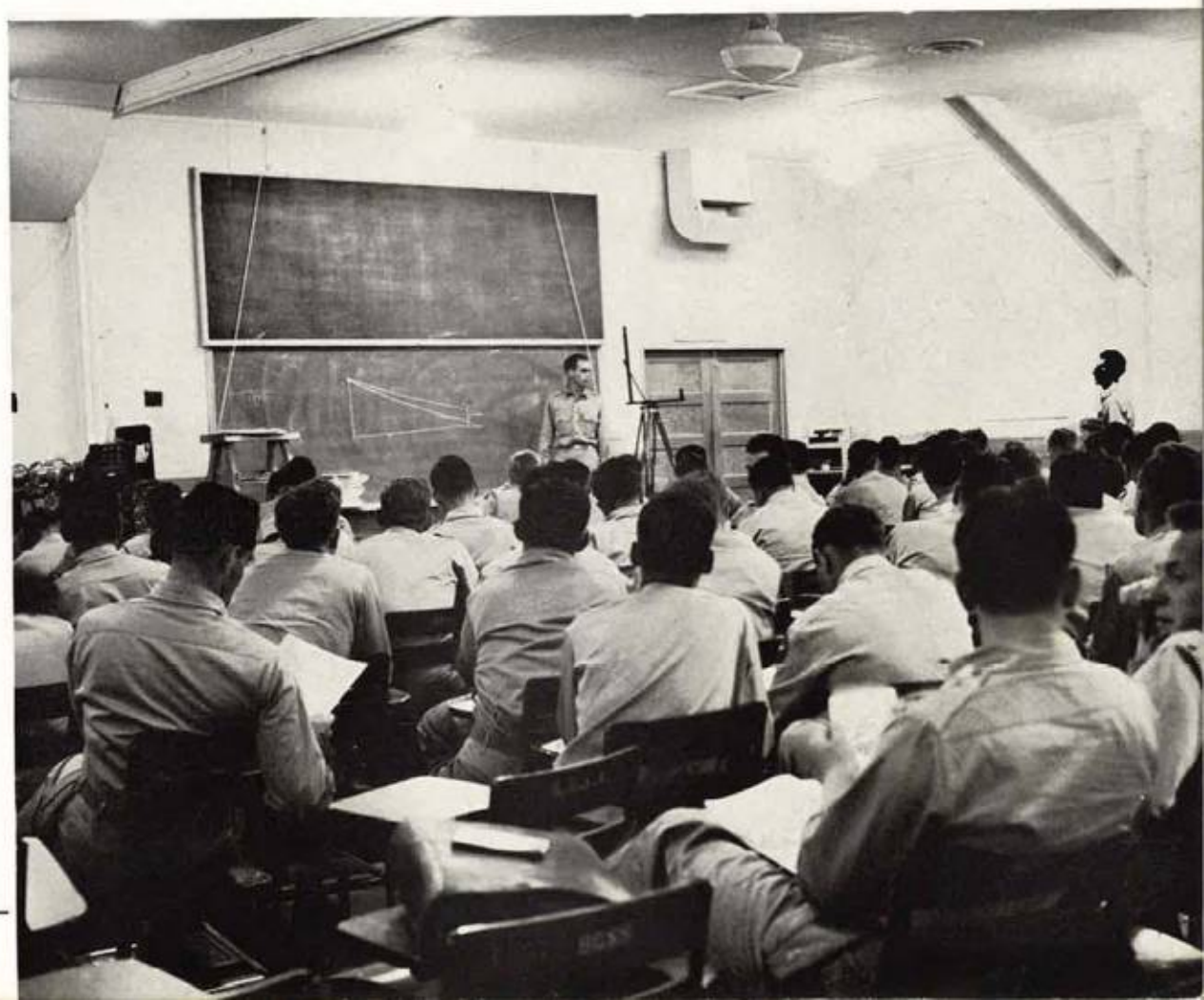
LT. LOOS
after a week with
43-12



In Ground School...

When we weren't praying for a good gyro or cussing the bombsight, we had readin', writin' and 'rithmetic. Ground School saw to that, and Professors Loos and Holt saw to ground school. . . . We got lost among a million gears and levers. We got knob-nutty, gear-goofy, bubble-happy and just about went nuts tryin' to figure out what happened when you turned this knob and turned on that switch. . . . "It's very simple, damn it," said Loos. . . . "Yeah, just like rolling off a log," said Holt. "A six-year-old could figure it out—you see, you have a roller and a disc. . . ." We went to sleep at night counting rollers and discs . . . but we learned.

We went to the line. "It's simple," said the instructors. "Just do everything ground school taught you backwards and you've got it." . . . We know what we'll teach our students when we're instructors. We'll just tell 'em, "It's very simple—you've got a roller and a disc," and let 'em figure it out for themselves. . . . Yeah, it's very simple. You've got a roller and a disc, a roller and a disc and a roller and a . . . but we learned. . . . Flunk a test and we enjoyed Victorville Army Air Field over the weekend. . . . We found out even a movie actor can be a good egg sometimes. . . . We learned about honor from Judge Foss. . . . Yep, we really learned in ground school.





"Damn it you don't subtract pressure altitude—you add it." Like the rest of us, Zak, Werth and With were never quite sure whether bombing goes with bookkeeping or bookkeeping goes with bombing. Across the page, Rosenblum, Delameter, Jamison, Foss and Dorbian get more confused by the second. We argued here, prayed upstairs.

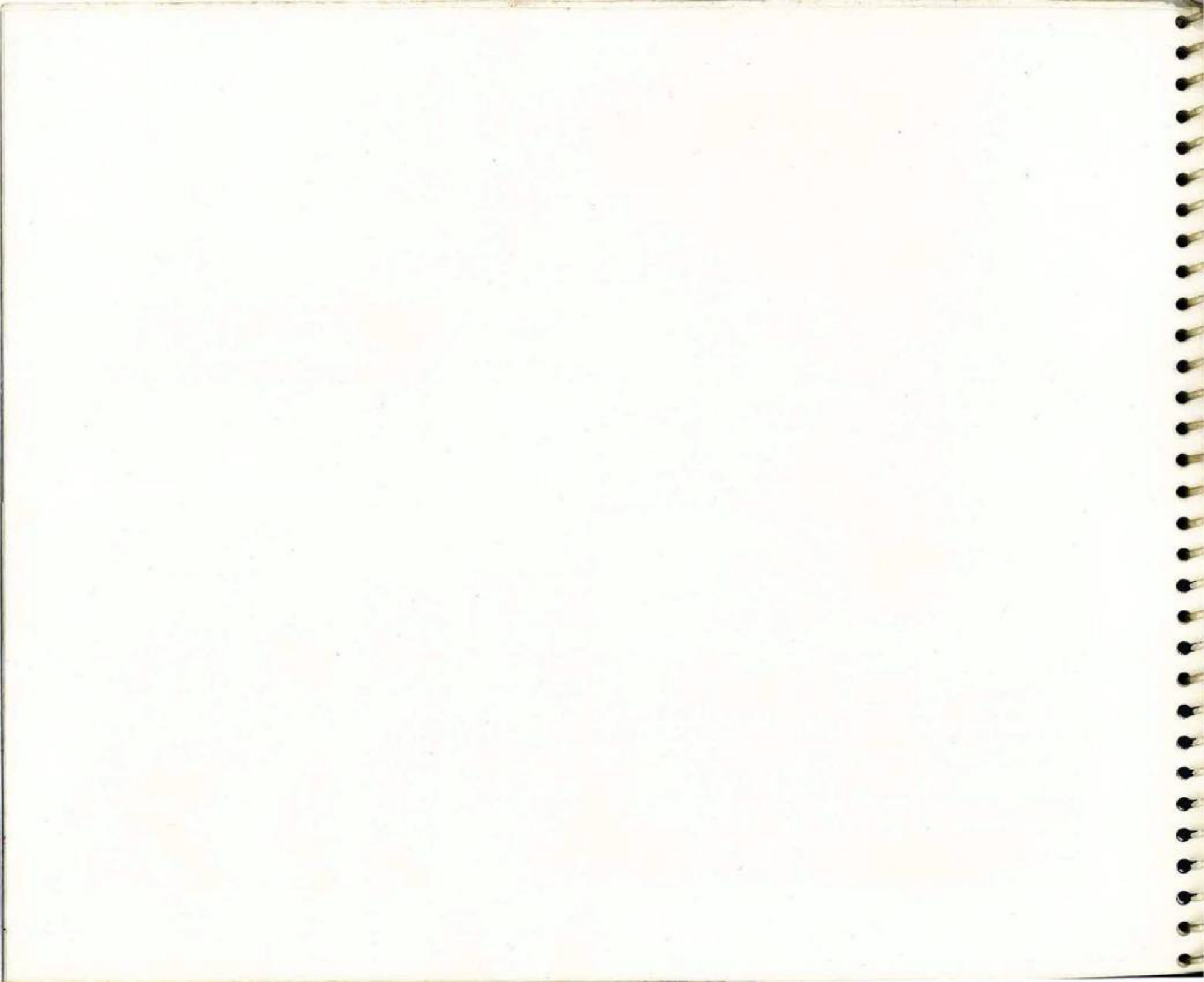


Learning to Bomb . . .

Learning to bomb, like being bombed, is a mixture of blood, sweat and tears. Sometimes it's fun; it's always work. When the weather's calm, your gyro's strong and the pilot's happy—you'd like to fly for hours. But there are nights when you hate the sight of the plane silhouetted against the Mojave—hate the bombsight, hate the bombs, the whole damn business. Those are the nights when things go wrong, the nights when bombardiers are made or broken.

Balance the two, and you have the story of Victorville. Skimming a bare five hundred feet above the ground or anxiously watching for your bomb to hit from two miles up. Those are days and nights to remember. Three hundred foot missions, toppling gyros but no malfunctions, nine hits and but five bombs to drop—those are the days and nights you can't forget. Day record, night record, night record combat, day record combat—and then, if the gods have been with you—graduation. You lose a lot of sleep. You never have time to call your own. Yet you sing on your way to class, and you joke on your way to bomb. You do all this . . . and they call you . . . Bombardier.





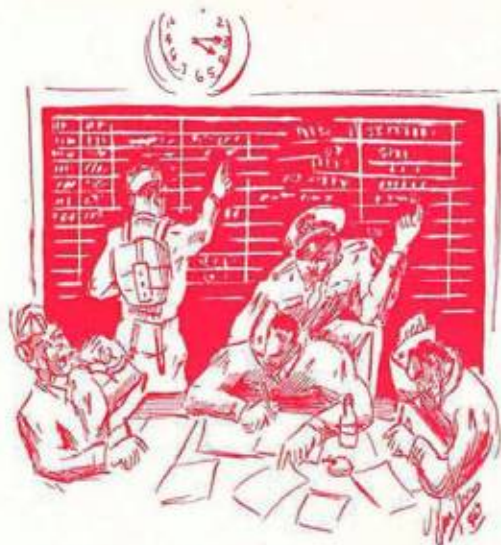


We'll admit this picture looks phoney—but honest, fellers, Squadron One did some funny things in their ready room. And look who's doing it—Boone, Anchondo, Brown, Down, Brown and Crable. We still haven't figured out what they were doing the night we shot this scene.

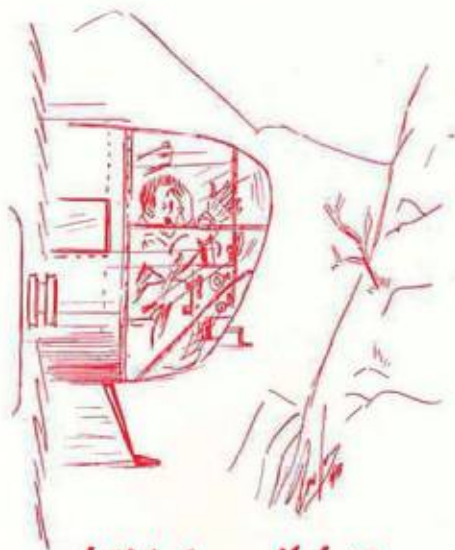
This obviously was shot before these five gentlemen of Victorville flew their mission. Welch, Waxman, Trevithick, Venerofsky and Tate somehow found something funny about their figuring. Bombing was seldom like this.

Lt. Martin was a lovable old cuss, and so was Lt. Kern. If we'd tell you they are flight leader and check rider, respectively, you'd know just what we mean. Section One caught hell for something here—a rare scene we witnessed only about fifteen times a day in the ready rooms.





night mission musings



I think you'd better turn, now, sir!

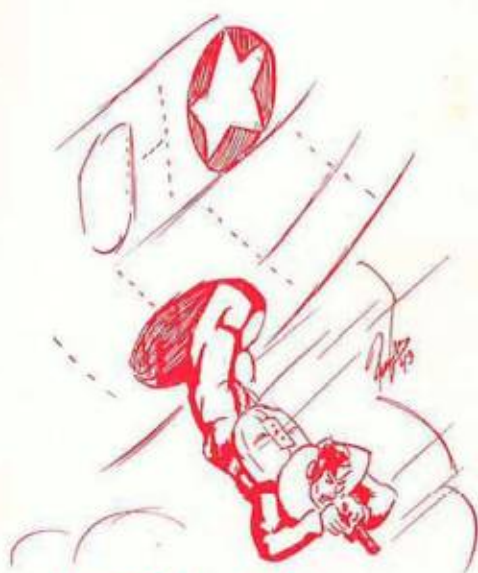


we really should have...





*Instructor ... bad
mission ...*



*must have been
with Pathe'*



*...mission
cancelled!*





LOWER LEFT—Husky brutes were the men of 43-12, the way they handle these block-buster bombs. "Pooh, Pooh," they say, "nothin' to it!" Maybe the fact that they're made of tin had something to do with it.

LOWER RIGHT—Actors Claude Rains and John Loder learn all about bombing from Ward, Walls, Rosenberry, Watson, Williams and Vaal.



WARNER BROS. IN VICTORVILLE

43-12 had a quick treat in seeing how Warner Bros. studio operates. Part of a great new war picture, "Passage to Marseilles," was made on our flight line.

Roaring overhead were Flying Fortresses, painted with Free French and RAF insignias. On the ground RAF trucks were buzzing everywhere, attended by enlisted men in glamour suits. Yes, for a while it looked more like an RAF field than Victorville.

"Passage to Marseilles" can't help but be great with a background such as Victorville. Having a cast like Humphrey Bogart, Claude Rains, John Loder, etc., should help, too.

It's the story of a French patriot, a news writer who warned his people that France was crumbling. Involved in a demonstration, he was imprisoned on Devil's Island, to rot for the rest of his life. But he escaped, was rescued by a freighter headed for Marseilles.

As the journey progressed word was received that the Maginot line collapsed. . . . A mutiny ensues. . . . And the freighter heads for England.

Joining the Free French unit of the RAF, Bogart becomes an inspired fighter, fighting for the country he loves and remembers and for his wife, trapped in occupied France.

It's a great story and we'll be looking forward to it. But every time a ship takes off or lands, we'll know it's Victorville—not "somewhere in England."







43-12 Looked Good!

On the parade grounds and on Saturday morning inspections, 43-12 looked good!

But we didn't always give that impression. As a class, we had our troubles and we had our fun. We won parades, yes, but no matter how many parades we won, we never got our Sunday night passes. . . . And

that was why we won them in the first place.

We had our inspections, like everybody else. If we had all the hours we spent polishing and waxing and scrubbing and dusting and cleaning—we'd take a ten-year furlough and hibernate. Class 43-12 would provide some mighty good wives for lonely and lazy women.

The boys were the singing-est bunch of fellows you've ever heard. They sang their way to the trainer, to the line, to lecture, class and athletics. There's a certain song called "Harrigan" we hope we never hear again. Their singing wasn't purely military, unless "Roll Out the Barrel" refers to the coast artillery—but it was noisy, and occasionally you found it possible to keep in step with the music. Somehow Georgia Tech's "Rambling Wreck" ran afoul of the boys and came out like this: "I'm a sad pill from Victorville and a hell of bombardier!" That'll give you an idea of the kind of men we had.

The Army says it's looking for men who think for themselves. Army—you've hit pay dirt in 43-12. The boys worked and won as a class, but the instant somebody said "Dismissed," the pacifists ran for cover. We had more trouble deciding who took the laundry over or who got clean sheets than your Uncle Sam's troubles with Tojo. That's the way we liked it—hot and heavy.

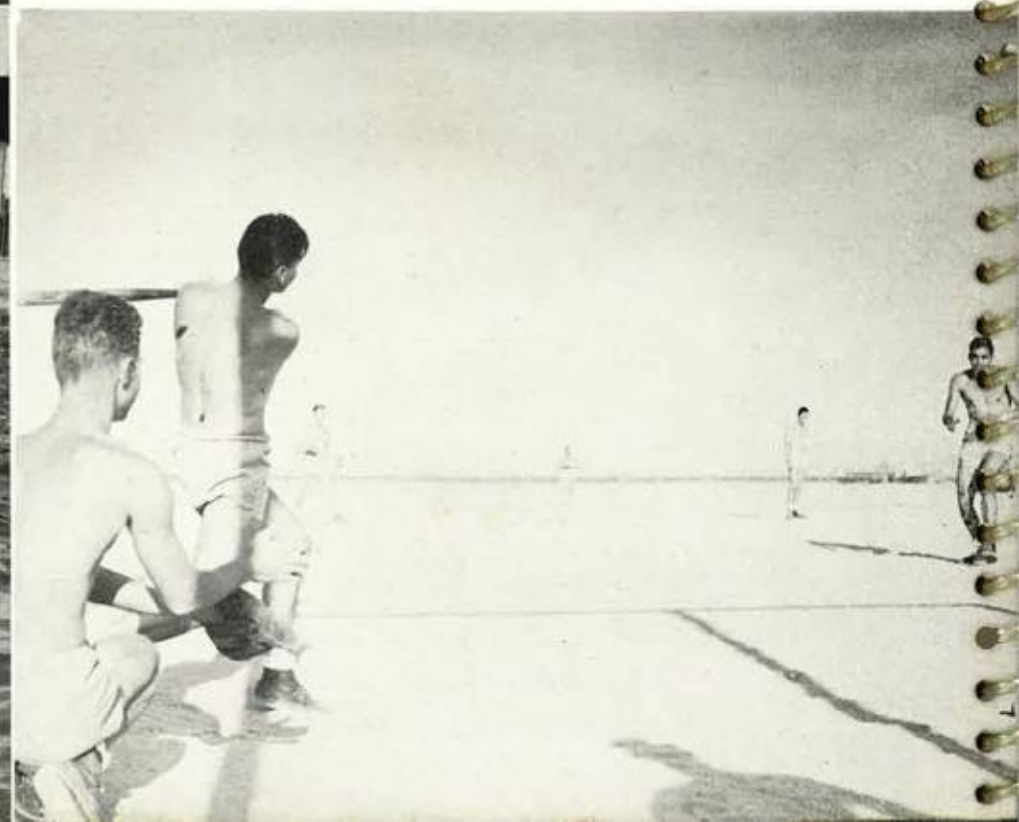
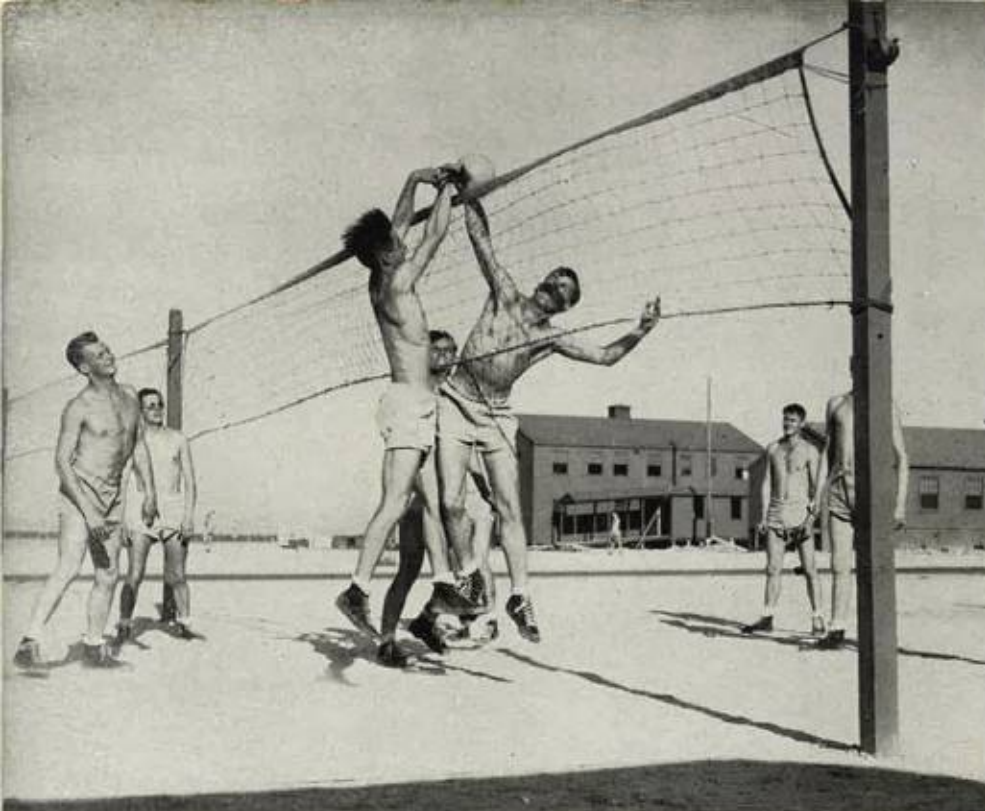
Our week of maneuvers on the desert was a sad sack. We hollered and screamed and yelled and moaned—but we did a good job. That was 43-12.





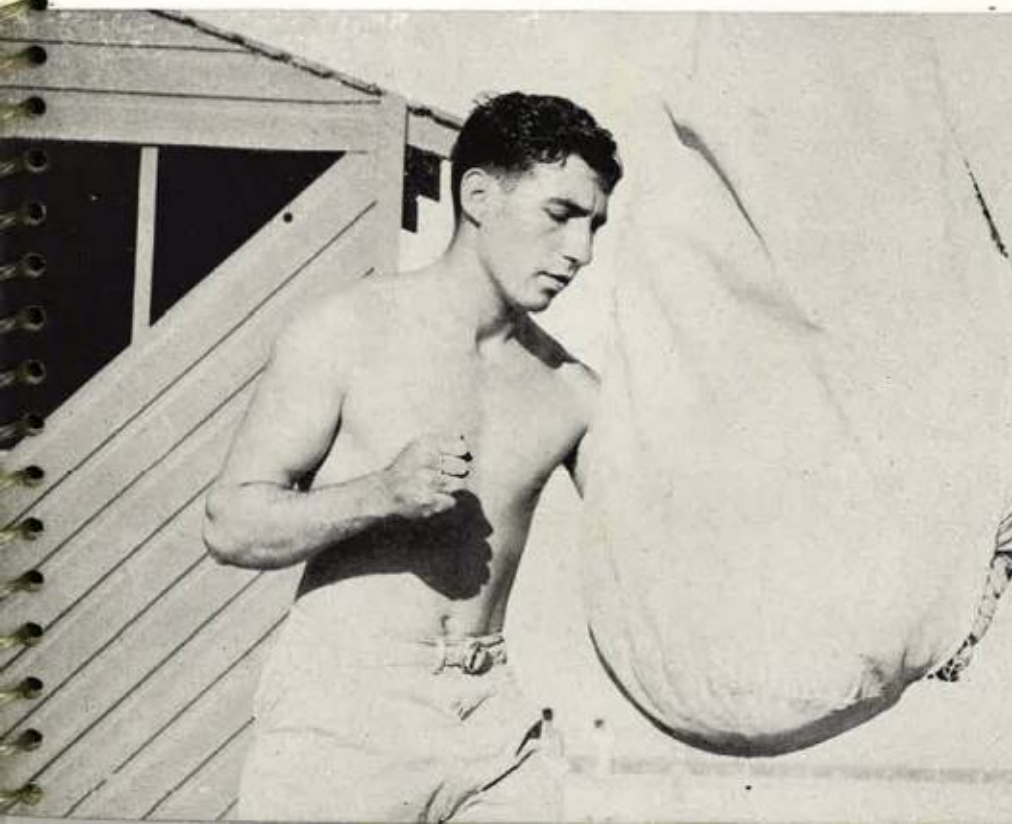
Hut . . . Two . . .

"Our fighting men must have strong, healthy bodies," the Army said. So we had athletics. Sometimes we thought athletics had us. What is most important, we survived. Sometimes we swore; sometimes we grinned. We always sweated. But be it 130° in the shade, sunrise or sunset, we had athletics. . . . "One-two-three-four . . . extend to the left . . . just once around the horn, boys, that's all. . . . Damn it, either run or walk. . . . "A" flight plays basketball, "C" goes swimming, "B" plays basketball. . . . Lt. Lewis . . . Lt. Anderson . . . over the obstacle course on Wednesday . . . sunrise viewed during pushups . . . athletics before noon passes . . . the Army kept us healthy. . . . Brown and Down battled at the net. Adkins watched, he always watched. But hell, we all watched. Volleyball can be a restful game. . . . We took our turn at swim-



.Three . . . Four

ming The Mojave isn't cool, but the water is. Sometimes there were WACS a-swimming. Yeah, we know cadets don't associate with WACS. . . . Baseball was a possibility, if you could stay awake long enough. Nice place to get a tan, too. White always got a hit, even when Gonzales pitched. . . . Watson and Colletti do a few plain and fancy acrobatics on the bars. . . . If you couldn't remember the chaplain's number (39, wasn't it?) you could always get it out of your system by punching hell out of the bag. Colletti's C.E. must have soared to 190 the day we shot this picture. . . . We hated to work, but some of the fellows wanted muscles like the man in the picture on the wall. Anchondo, Ward, Delameter, Allan, Kennedy, and With heaved and grunted and finally got 'em in the air. Weight lifting was definitely healthful . . . shady, too. . . . Yep, we had athletics.



... 28 Hours a Day

Anybody seen my laundry? Brown, Horner, Gonzales and Down load up.

Spiffing up our rooms was an every morning happening, but usually we did it much faster than this.

Comeaux and Dorbian dump 'em out. Five minutes later they'll be back with another load. They should have issued shovels with the brooms they gave 43-12.

Three minutes before reveille and as usual, Daniels still has to shave. Buck, Cuniff, and Brooke always got there with the second whistle, too. The Air Corps ought to let us grow beards. . . . We'd scare the enemy to death.

If you want to get out next Saturday, get those clothes to the laundry on Monday. Son, Barley, Bauer, Bergdorf, Brown and Anchondo

evidently think a wee sma' one is better than a weekend on the post.

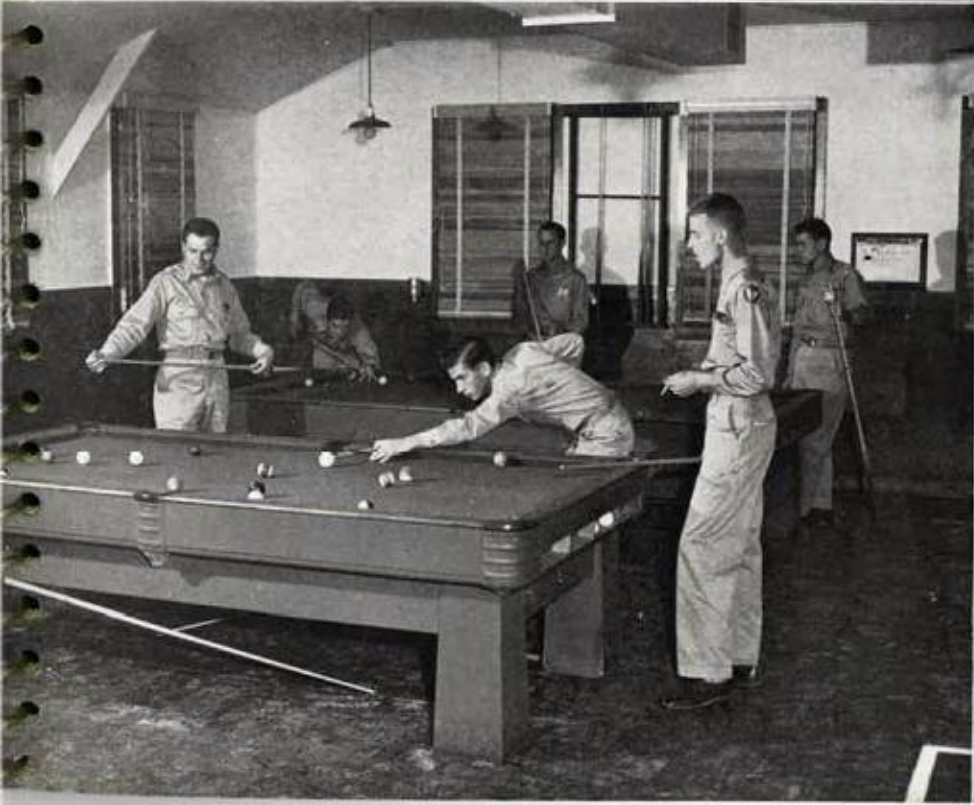
Honest, folks—we're sorry, but we posed the broom and mop picture. Brown, Cagle, Comeaux, Bolin and Bergdorf never were so eager in their lives. We thought you'd like to see how it should—but never will—be done in the Army.

We got to the Day Room exactly twice during our three months at Victorville. When we did, we did just exactly what With, White, Werth, Waxman and West are doing here.

We don't know which formation they skipped to come here, but here are With, West, Werth, Comeaux, Wadleigh and White playin' a little pool.

Sanders, White, Wong, Williams and "Who's it" play a little . . . er . . . bridge.







tonite's "target of opportunity"

Pass Time

Once a week we forgot all about bombing . . . forgot about the roller and the disc . . . wouldn't have recognized a C.E. if we saw one dressed in gingham. . . . In brief, Saturday meant passes. . . . If you somehow missed some pictures — we never could understand that — or forgot to dust the rafters, or didn't notice it was the Major you forgot to salute, Saturday meant just another day on the Mojave.

If you had a pass, you went. . . . Arrowhead and Big Bear were handy. . . . San Bernardino had its points — and its women. . . . Los Angeles was pretty far away, but we went anyway, and prayed we'd get back on time. . . . We had plenty of places to go, but usually no way to get there . . . we went anyway . . . by the best means at hand. . . . If you won the parade, you had until eleven o'clock on Sunday to get back—unless the schedule read otherwise and it usually did. . . .

Wherever you went, you were glad to get there. . . . Whether you had a good time or not didn't matter so much . . . as long as it wasn't desert.

Each time you came back through the gates, you wished a little more you were going the other way. . . . Weekends brought back memories . . . but then you remembered this is the Army . . . and forgot it as much as you could.

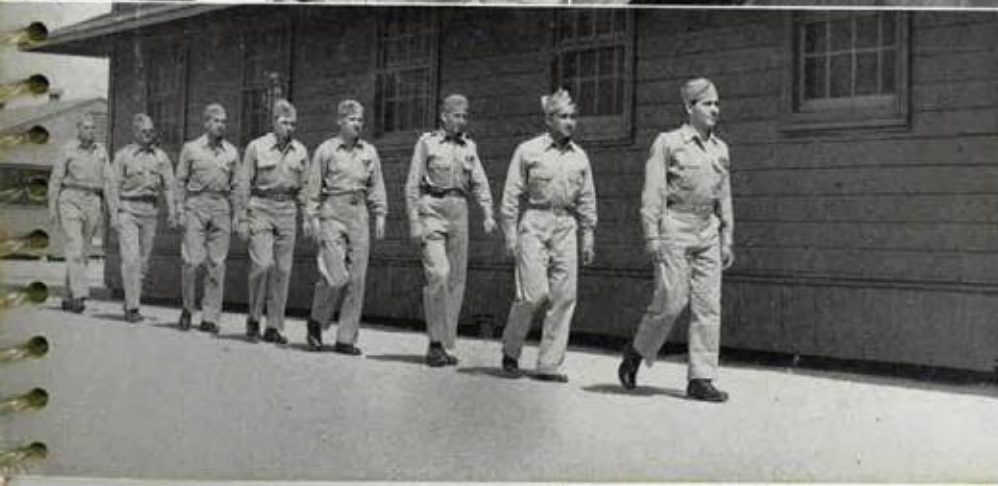
If you were married, maybe your wife came to Victorville, and the fellows *razed* you, but you knew you were lucky. . . . And if you weren't, you met girls by the dozen . . . some you liked, some you didn't. . . . Some you might even have married. . . . You wondered how much you dared allow yourself to feel and believe . . . and wondered if the one back home still felt the same way . . . and a hundred thoughts more. . . . These were our weekends.

The Staff

Robert Bennyhoff Editor
Marshall Waxman Business Manager
Lester Carlson Personal Write-ups
Harris Smith
Norman Buck Ass't Business Manager

Our thanks to Pvt. Robert S. Funk, Producer of Bombs Away, who did more than his share in getting out this edition. The pictures are the work of Cpl. Eddie Goldberger—they speak for themselves. The portraits are excellent, too—thanks to the Base Photo Laboratory. The cartoons are the work of Lt. George R. Loos, as good an artist as he is a bombardier and instructor.







DOUGLAS G. ADKINS

108 Pleasant Avenue
Cashmere Washington
"Whatsa matter, doc; throw
one out fifty feet?"



DONALD A. ALLAN

Rural Route No. 197
Redwood City, California
His father was a general. . .
His week-ends were terrific.



E. C. ANCHONDO

3032 Minnesota Street
Los Angeles, California
"Honest, fellers—the doctor
says it'll be born this week."



ALBERT W. ANDERSON

33 Rankin Avenue
Troy, New York
"I'd do better if I could drop
'em from a glider."



WILLIAM G. BARLEY

530 4th Street
San Bernardino, Calif.
"What'll I do with these
forty bombs, sir?"



ROBERT K. BAUER

314 DeSpain Avenue
Pendleton, Oregon
"All right, fellows — let's
make it good—here comes
the Major."



GEORGE A. BEEDLE

3237 Dupont Street
Minneapolis, Minnesota
"So he spent the 50 cents."
He's a crooner from way,
way, way, back.



ROBT. N. BENNYHOFF

Box No. 963
Quincy, California
We heard plenty about Mike
. . . and the newspaper busi-
ness.



HENRY E. BERGDORF

Rural Route No. 1
Priest River, Idaho
Into the cadets from Hawai-
ian duty. . . The hardest
worker in the bunch.



JOHN T. BERTETTO

510 Sycamore Street
Vandergrift, Pennsylvania
"Turn that radio off—I need
my sleep."



ROBT R. BLAKEWELL

1309 Rose
Lincoln, Nebraska
"Anybody in that bunch from
Nebraska? No? Well, that's
the breaks."



DAYTON C. BOLIN, JR.

Angola, Louisiana
Pigeon trainer. . . then
glider pilot. . . then bom-
bardier—the guy's crazy.



EDWARD C. BONHAM

East Main Street
Westfield, Pennsylvania
"Who's got a crowbar and a
hammer—I'm gonna fix this
sight."



DANIEL BOONE

607 N. Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills, California
"Praise the Lord and pass
the paper bags."



ANTHONY BRAND

5657 Sunset Boulevard
Hollywood, California
"If anybody's ever drunk it,
I can mix it."



ROBERT E. BROOKE

1374 E. 19th Avenue
Eugene, Oregon
"Hell, if the racks won't
work, toggle 'em out."



J. D. BROWN

Eric, Pennsylvania
On his way as a teacher be-
fore Uncle rudely nabbed him
outside the college gates.



JOHN E. BROWN

1324 17th Street
San Pedro, California
The "Major" usually didn't
wish to be bothered."



JAMES M. BROWN

830 Cole Street
San Francisco, California
We could always tell him by
the white of his nose.



NORMAN M. BROWN

1227 Sylvan Street
Red Wing, Minnesota
"Let me show you how to do
the co-ordinated shuffle, fel-
lers."



NORMAN A. BUCK

415 North 2nd Street
Alhambra, California
"There oughta be some way
to put a malfunction in this
thing."



CLAUDE T. BUEL

Bolton, Mississippi
"Ah don't know whatsa matter with y'all—oh understand very word ah say."



EDMUND J. BURKE

115 Dolores
San Francisco, Calif.
"Don't tell me your troubles—I'm not the chaplain!"



JOSEPH W. CAGLE

808 Mineral
Colona, Kansas
"Only thing wrong with the cadets is the number of rookies around here."



LESTER E. CARLSON

4027 N. Michigan
Portland, Oregon
Another "ham." "It's Oregon for me when the war is won."



WM. T. CARRINGTON

Rural Route No. 2
Parsons, Tennessee
"Wonder if I'll ever get out of the cadets."



GEORGE L. CARVELAS

282 Custer Avenue
Youngstown, Ohio
"Anywhere—just anywhere—just as long as it's east of the Mississippi."



CHARLES M. CLARK

710 Garfield
Holdrege, Nebraska
The army was an old story to him . . . but bombing wasn't.



NICHOLAS J. COLLETTI

West Main Street
Jeanerette, Louisiana
"It's like I tell ya—some got it and some ain't."



EVERETT J. COMEAUX

6034 Magazine
New Orleans, Louisiana
"Dry run." He said the fellows oughta learn the English language, like he spoke it.



JAMES E. COPE

304½ Polk
Orange, Texas
We honestly think he'd like to fight the civil war over again.



ERNEST H. COTANCH

111 May Avenue
Syracuse, New York
"My wife will be here in just two days," and he meant it.



ALVIN L. CRABLE, JR.

76 College Circle
Stillwater, Oklahoma
A schoolteacher who's gain' back to Oklahoma soon—if not sooner.



GEORGE G. CRAWFORD

4167 33rd Street
San Diego, California
If you know of any flights to San Diego, tell George for all of us.



JAMES B. CROSSGROVE

Rural Route No. 2
St. Joseph, Louisiana
One of the Louisianians. . . "This bombing's a cinch!"



VINCENT L. CUNIFF

2335 Northwest Glisan
Portland, Oregon
The malfunction kid. He brought back more than we dropped.



GEORGE C. DANIELS

648 South 12th Street
New Hyde Park, N. Y.
Played piano, trumpet and organ professionally. Slept the same way.



THOMAS P. DAVIDSON

1139 West Ninth Street
Medford, Oregon
"Once I landed a glider at night, and . . ."



CLIFFORD M. DAVIS

2218 Broad Street
Wichita Falls, Texas
Cliff came from Texas. "The army's a heck of a place for a Texan."



LYMAN M. DELAMETER

Rugby, North Dakota
Radio amateur, early morning bathing enthusiast, and a bombing gent.



JOHN H. DONAHOO

Box No. 472
Sunnyside, Washington
"I'll trade the whole works for one Washington apple tree."



LOUIS H. DORBIAH

1055 University Avenue
Bronx, New York
"Hey, who changed my pilot? Where's Crossgrove?"



MICHAEL DOSHAN
22 East 43rd Avenue
Gory, Indiana

From steel mills to the army.
"Where'd they find this
bombsight? It won't work!"



JOHN L. DOWN

822 Morgan Avenue
Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania

Glider pilot—tenor, drummer.
"Once I had a level bubble."



JAMES J. DUNN

1424 N. Heyvenhurst Drive
West Hollywood, California

"Will somebody please wake
Mister Dunn up?" Mister
Dunn—how could you!



HAROLD E. DYER

704 Magnolia
South Pasadena, California

His bookkeeping civilian
ways came in handy here.



ROGER D. EGGER

19602 Purnell Avenue
Rocky River, Ohio

"If I never get west of the
river again it'll be too damn
soon!"



PAUL W. FERGUSON

Morgantown, Indiana

Civil engineer for Uncle Sam
in pre-war days . . . he's
still workin' for Uncle.



ELLIS H. FISH

2636 Thomas Avenue North

Minneapolis, Minnesota
The only man we know who'd
honestly rather fly than eat.



WERNER C. FOSS

1021 5th Avenue
San Mateo, California

What can we say about the
judge—he's already said it
all. . . .



ROQUE GONZALES

721 Marshall Street
San Antonio, Texas

Rocky loved volleyball . . .
and hunting . . . and read-
ing . . . and bombing.



OTIS G. GROOM

1040 Southwest Binkley St.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

School teacher . . . wished
he had a Ph.D. in malfunc-
tions.



A. L. HEWITT

Box 114
League City, Texas

Took six weeks to convince
him AT-11 didn't act in the
least like a motorcycle.



JAMES M. HORNER

19 Campbell Road
Montgomery, Alabama

The man with a drawl . . .
but you oughta hear his wife.



HARRY V. HOWARD

78-11 Kew, Forest Lane
Long Island, New York

We'll let you tell about
Mister Howard.



C. G. JAMISON

Lerry, Indiana

Used to manage a dance
orchestra . . . ever hear his
stories? ?



JAMES L. KENNEDY

Lake Villa, Illinois

"You're all mine." Kennedy
claims immunity from every-
thing except calisthenics.



JACK W. KNieVEL

501 West 5th Street
Loveland, Colorado

Was a Glider Pilot — still
thinks the Arming Lever is
Spoilers.



PAUL E. LINBERGER

1644 Elm Street
Youngstown, Ohio

Salesman in Civilian life.
Says he likes to hunt. Hunt
what, Paul?



JOSEPH A. MARASCO

2111 South Rosewood St.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Enjoys Ice Skating, Bombing,
Roller Skating, Bombing,
Bowling, Cycling and Bomb-
ing.



FRANK W. MARTINEK

1449 First Avenue
New York, N. Y.

"Marty," as he is known in
the bars, is a former Glider
Pilot — wants reversible
wings.



W. W. McCOWN, JR.

St. Mary's City, Maryland

"Snatch" is also a farmer
Glider Pilot. Likes Sack Time
and Open Post.



JOSEPH F. MEYER

905 Thorn Street
Sewickley, Pennsylvania

Nearing Graduation he de-
cides he wants to be a
Bombardier.



J. T. NOYAK
1713 Roosevelt Street
Dunmore, Pennsylvania
The bombing cop used to nab 'em for the Penn State Police.



RICHARD J. REESE
1633 Decatur Street
Ridgewood, New York
Married. Likes to ride horses, but can't find a horse!



GLEN R. ROSENBERY
725 North Parrish Street
Uhrichsville, Ohio
Veteran of Pearl Harbor and possesses the Purple Heart. Likes to bomb—SOLO!



STANLEY ROSENBLUM
9412 Avenue "A"
Brooklyn, New York
"It's molder," he says. Hobby: Photography. One'd never know it to look at him!



PHILIP RUHM
201 North Oakland
Arlington, Virginia
A Bombardier who understands RADAR. Writing is his hobby.



ROBERT M. SANDERS
1809 Randolph
Topeka, Kansas
A Grocer in civilian life, he thinks Bombardiering is easier, during war.



LAURENCE N. SCHWAB
534 Muirfield Road
Los Angeles, California
"Just call me a perpetual cadet — I've been in for years."



G. G. SHIPLEY
Box 251
Ute, Iowa
A live-bomber by profession. Before the Air Corps called, played the drums.



HARRIS R. SMITH
West Ridge, Arkansas
In civilian life a cool Statistician. Former Glider Pilot.



JAMES D. SON
22 Southwest 24th Street
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
From 43-10 to 43-12; from the oil fields of Oklahoma.



HAROLD F. STEFFENS
14 Drury Lane
Great Neck, N. Y.
Widely traveled. Doesn't understand use of the "Rake."



ROBERT B. STEWART
1134 South Highland Ave.
Los Angeles, California
Public Speaking enthusiast—still can't get a legitimate malfunction.



THOMAS F. STEWART
1245 University Avenue
New York, N. Y.
Likes to sleep, Bomb, Bowl, Swim, sleep, Drill, be at ease and sleep.



JOHN R. STOCKWELL
561 Vining Street
Toledo, Ohio
Was an accounting clerk in civilian life. Wishes he were that now.



DAVID L. SWANK
825 North Beatty
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Was Inland Marine Underwriter, Civilian. Loves, absolutely loves, PIES!



ALFRED B. TALLMAN
58 North Street
Hamburg, New York
Knows more about P-38's than their pilots. Business executive when a civilian.



FRANK L. TAMULONIS
323 East Centre
Shenandoah, Pennsylvania
Former salesman. Married. Wants to be a World War II veteran.



LUTHER W. TATE
2320 15th Street
Lubbock, Texas
Likes to design model aircraft. Also likes to imitate Sea Lions, "BEEP!"



D. C. TREVITHICK
54 Pine Street
Baldwin, New York
Vies for title, "Champion Obstacle Course Runner," when asleep.



JOHN R. TYRRELL, JR.
37 Wisconsin Avenue
Waukegan, Illinois
Ace Bombardier Cameraman who likes Track and Gasoline engines.



WILLIAM C. URRY
1024 Patterson
Ogden, Utah
Model sized Bombardier who thinks the AT-11 was built for him.



HARRY G. YAAL
1030 Vine Street
Newport, Kentucky

Thinks that people who use their own teeth are old fashioned.



WALTER C. YARDON
801 South Longwood
Los Angeles, California

Was a dress Designer. Doesn't like the WAC's fatigue uniform.



JULIUS YENEROFSKY
582 Hinsdale Street
Brooklyn, New York

Former PFC who still thinks that hiking is a SPORT!



LOUIS A. VOLLMER
Rural Route No. 4
Atchison, Kansas

Ten miles behind the depot, he lives. A natural hunter and fisherman.



JOHN C. VOLLMUTH
122-06 Hillside Avenue
Richmond Hill, New York

Rewriter, Copywriter, Advertising Layout Man, formerly. Doesn't envy a pilot.



FRANK L. WADLEIGH
Rural Route No. 3, Box 431
Los Gatos, California

Says Bob Hope is wrong about California — it does, too, rain. (Somewhere in the State.)



GEORGE R. WALKER
3454 Tilden Street
Los Angeles, California

Loves his instructor, my instructor, your instructor — Graduation Day!



PATRICK A. WALLS
5408 California Avenue
Seattle, Washington

Married. Has what it takes to drop bombs but doesn't want his instructor to know.



CHARLES W. WARD
2820 Koepke Street
Corpus Christi, Texas

A Department of Justice man. Fellas! Watch him Saturday night! — Green Spot.



GEORGE N. WARD
2048 West 78th Street
Los Angeles, California

Married. Used to be a Radiographer. Good job — what was it, George?



LARKIN D. WATSON, III
Thomaston Street
Barnesville, Georgia

Married. College Graduate. A true Southerner with a yen for reading.



MARSHALL WAXMAN
1254 South Avers Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

He did a bang-up job in managing the business and of our classbook.



THOMAS E. WEALAND
133 North Greenwood Ave.
Montebello, California

Was steel and sheet metal worker. Likes to fish — who doesn't?



ROBERT W. WELCH
4853 West 96th Street
Oaklawn, Illinois

Wants to assure his pilot that he has no aspirations for the latter's job.



ROBERT L. WELLBORN
1432 Payne Street
Louisville, Kentucky

Just learned that AFCE didn't mean "All Flights Cancelled Entirely."



JOHN F. WERNER
2356 Parnell Avenue
West Los Angeles, Calif.

Thought "Dry Run" meant he had a dusty road to travel.



BERTON M. WERTH
Rural Route No. 2
Unionville, Michigan

Should be able to shoot a machine gun . . . he used to build 'em.



RICHARD S. WESSON
109 Forest Glen Road
Longmeadow, Mass.

From military family. Good Tennis player, too. Wants to shoot Skeet.



SAMMY A. WEST
Rural Route
Blanco, Texas

Studied Journalism. Was Newspaperman. Hobby is Archery.



ROGER F. WHITE
959 Haight Street
San Francisco, California

Lt. Loos had to explain to him that. "Torque is not something to drink!"



EDWARD E. WHITMAN
1637 Farr
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Puzzle-solving is his hobby. Victorville was a good place for him.



EMIL L. WHITNEY
Kooskia, Idaho

Studied mining, then mined.
Likes great out-of-doors.
(Brother, you got it!)



RICHARD B. WILLIAMS
5315 Cary Street Road
Richmond, Virginia

Likes Classical music. Knows
hardware. Bombsight, he says,
is a CINCH!



ROBERT C. WILLIAMS
301 North Mains Street
Park Rapids, Minnesota

Another policeman. State
Park Patrolman, in our midst!
We don't need MP's.



ALFRED R. WILSON
105-25 St. Marks Avenue
Rockaway Beach, New York

Believes Stem Pin is used to
pin flowers on the girl he
left behind.



CLIFFORD L. WINHAM
89 West Lewis Avenue
Phoenix, Arizona

ONE man who has been in a
hatter place than VAAF—
he was a Foundryman.



DORSEY E. WISEMAN
112 Camden Street
Clarksburg, West Virginia

His hobbies are: Dancing,
Traveling, Reading, EATING
and SLEEPING. (Bombardier.)



HERBERT M. WISNER
5630 South Honora Street
Chicago, Illinois

Worked for Wilson & Com-
pany (Meat Packers). Thinks
OPA should close shop.

Pictures Not Avail-
able for

WILLIAM C. CAIN
405 Georgia Avenue
Mercedes, Texas

EUGENE W. WOLFE
1233 Clay Street
Topeka, Kansas



CLELAND D. WITII
Platte, South Dakota

A Morrell Packing Company's
former employee. Thinks
Wisner is all wrong.



HERBERT W. WITTE
Karnes City, Texas

Likes bombing, Texas, Rev-
ellie, Ground School, Texas,
Open Post and Texas.



NORMAN WOLFF
721 N. Beverly Hills
Los Angeles, California

Used to be an Inspector at
Douglas Aircraft. FBI doesn't
check everybody, huh?



WILLIAM J. WONG
17 South Agassiz Street
Flagstaff, Arizona

Likes to argue the good,
against the bad, points of
Tucson. Knows he won't win.



RICHARD J. ZAK
1213 Prospect Street
Oregon City, Oregon

"No, Dick, BPTS does not
mean Burn Pilots Teaching
School," Lt. Holt said.



JAMES C. LOWRIE
441 W. Canfield Ave.
Detroit, Michigan

"Eager Beaver" from way
back. A seasoned cadet who
worked hard for his wings...
Couldn't be downed.

Student Officers



LEONARD W. BLEDNICK
2329 Braddock Avenue
Swissvale, Pennsylvania

Infantry to air corps...
"How'm I going to get
back?"



ROBERT B. HOVEY
1229 East 53rd Street
Chicago, Illinois

"If it's all the same to you,
I'll take the loop."



RICHARD M. NEWMAN
811 Western Avenue
Lyman, Massachusetts

"That bomb must've hit
somewhere — take another
look."



CHARLES B. PETERS
808 Virginia Street
Joliet, Illinois

"Wish these bombs would act
like soldiers act in the in-
fantry—I'd understand 'em."



RAY F. PFAUTZ
529 East Front Street
Lititz, Pennsylvania

A cavalry import. Ridin' the
C. E. was a natural.



ALEX J. TESTA
2631 N. McVickers Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Here from the engineers. He
said he'd feel more at home
building the shacks than...

Dedication To Our Comrades . . .

The pain of war hurts most when it strikes from among us, men we deeply admire.

On August 13th, one week before graduation, four men—two of our class members, a capable pilot and a bombardier instructor—were lost on an ill-fated bombing mission.

Marshall Waxman and Walter C. Vardon were fellows we knew and admired. Their personalities left indelible impressions. We can never forget them.

"Marsh" had a wonderful smile. His face beamed whenever he approached a friend. His manner was quiet and his work conscientious. He thought things out, and we respected his judgment. He had a good understanding of business, as well as bombing, and it was natural that we turned to him for financial management of our classbook. He had every promise of success.

"Walt" had the knack of making friends easily, effortlessly. Whether among cadets or officers, he was the center of attention. Two things have left him stamped unforgettably in our minds: a whimsically bold "At Ease, Men," whenever he approached; and the perpetual cigar held jauntily in his mouth. He loved practical jokes, had a fine sense of humor—but he was a good bombardier, a conscientious student. Add an easy talent for drawing, a truly happy marriage . . . that is the "Walt" we will always remember.

Lt. Allan R. Peterson, although he was a pilot, was really one of us. He was more than half the bombardier when he flew our missions. An officer and a gentleman on the ground, he was a teacher and a friend in the air. His job was to fly an airplane so cadets could learn



WALTER C. VARDON



MARSHALL WAXMAN

to bomb—his orders read that way. Nobody ordered him to help us the hundred ways he did. He was that kind of an officer . . . and a man.

1st Lt. Bernard Corman was what we spent six months trying to be . . . a bombardier. They say your instructor "makes or breaks" you. Lt. Corman was the kind of a man you didn't worry about—he "made" you. He had a friendly manner, a seemingly effortless way of teaching that always left you wondering just when and how you learned each new technique. "Bombardier Instructor"—that's what they'll call him in their story—but we'll remember him better as Lt. Bernard Corman, bombardier.

IF YOU FEEL LIKE SCRIBBLIN'—

Scribble It Here, Sir!

PEARL HARBOR

CORREGIDOR

BATAAN

WAKE ISLAND

TOKYO EXECUTIONS

Lest ★
WE FORGET



Bombardier—your wings have been won.
Your training, however, has only begun,
For whatever you've heard and whatever you've read
There's still a war to be won.

You'll fly by day and you'll fly by night;
Over jungle and city and sea you'll fight.
For whatever you've heard and whatever you've read—
It's kill or be killed, so do it right.

Of all jobs, this one's the toughest yet;
So you'd better wait 'til the enemy's been met
And you—and not he—come flying back
To join the ranks of heroes—LEST WE FORGET!

... Robert Bennyhoff.



