

**"BOMBS
AWAY"**

43-18







CLASS 43-18

VICTORVILLE
ARMY AIR FIELD





farewell from the **COMMANDING OFFICER**

December 25, 1943.

To the Class 43-18:

Long weeks of rigorous training at Victorville have come to a triumphant conclusion on Christmas Day. . . . And so I want to preface my brief message by extending you the very best Yuletide greetings on behalf of the officers, enlisted personnel and civilians of Victorville Army Air Field.

Today you wear the symbolic wings of an American bombardier. . . the bars of an officer in the United States Army Air Forces.

Essentially, all your activities here have focused attention upon your technical training; however, along with this training and skilled knowledge gained, has gone the molding of an officer.

Your training here has been aimed at developing further, your inherent qualities, so that when called upon, you will act instinctively and not fail . . . duty, honor, country.

Go to your task with absolute confidence and firmness of purpose, and . . . good luck!

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

FIELD ADMINISTRATION



COLONEL A. J. McVEA
Director of Training

LT. COL. ADOLPHUS L. RING
Post Executive Officer

MAJ. PAUL F. KIRKPATRICK
Post Adjutant

MAJOR CHARLES I. SAMPSON
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LT. JOHN D. BARNARD
School Secretary



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CAPT. BALFOUR C. GIBSON
Commanding Officer, Sec. 2

MAJOR ROBERT H. MURRAY
Assistant Director of Training

CAPT. JAMES SEDBERRY
Air Inspector

DISCIPLINE, Inc. . . .



MAJOR HAROLD M. SKAGGS, JR.
Commandant of Cadets



CAPTAIN LOUIS H. GARRETT
Deputy Commandant of Cadets

T/SGT. NORMAN E. PAASCHE
Sergeant Major



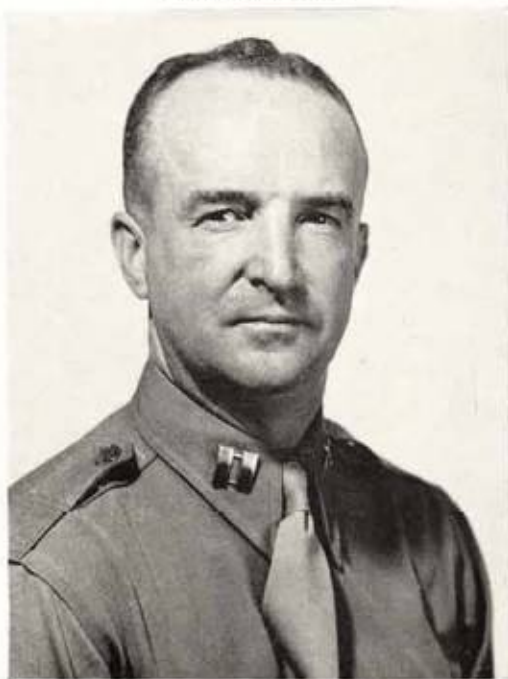
Temptation is strong . . . to toss a lot of heroic adjectives into a victor's wreath and present it with flourish to our tactical officer, Lieutenant Russell H. Harbaugh — a tribute from 43-18 whose sun is setting in the west as far as Victorville is concerned. Happily we can avoid such histrionics by saying simply that he was the epitome of all that a "tact officer" should be. He was entirely reasonable and he had the respect of every one of us.

From the first day in the assembly room when he appeared before us in flawless attire with disposition to match until the day he finally congratulated us on having achieved something tantamount to class spirit, he was the officer personified.

His speeches, delivered only when necessary, were never without an injection of humor, though there were times when the subject at hand ill afforded him pleasure.

Above all, he was fair. That we shall never forget. Those of us who emulate him will more than justify that Act of Congress.

CAPT. A. H. MILLER
Chief Tactical Officer



LT. RUSSELL H. HARBAUGH
Tactical Officer

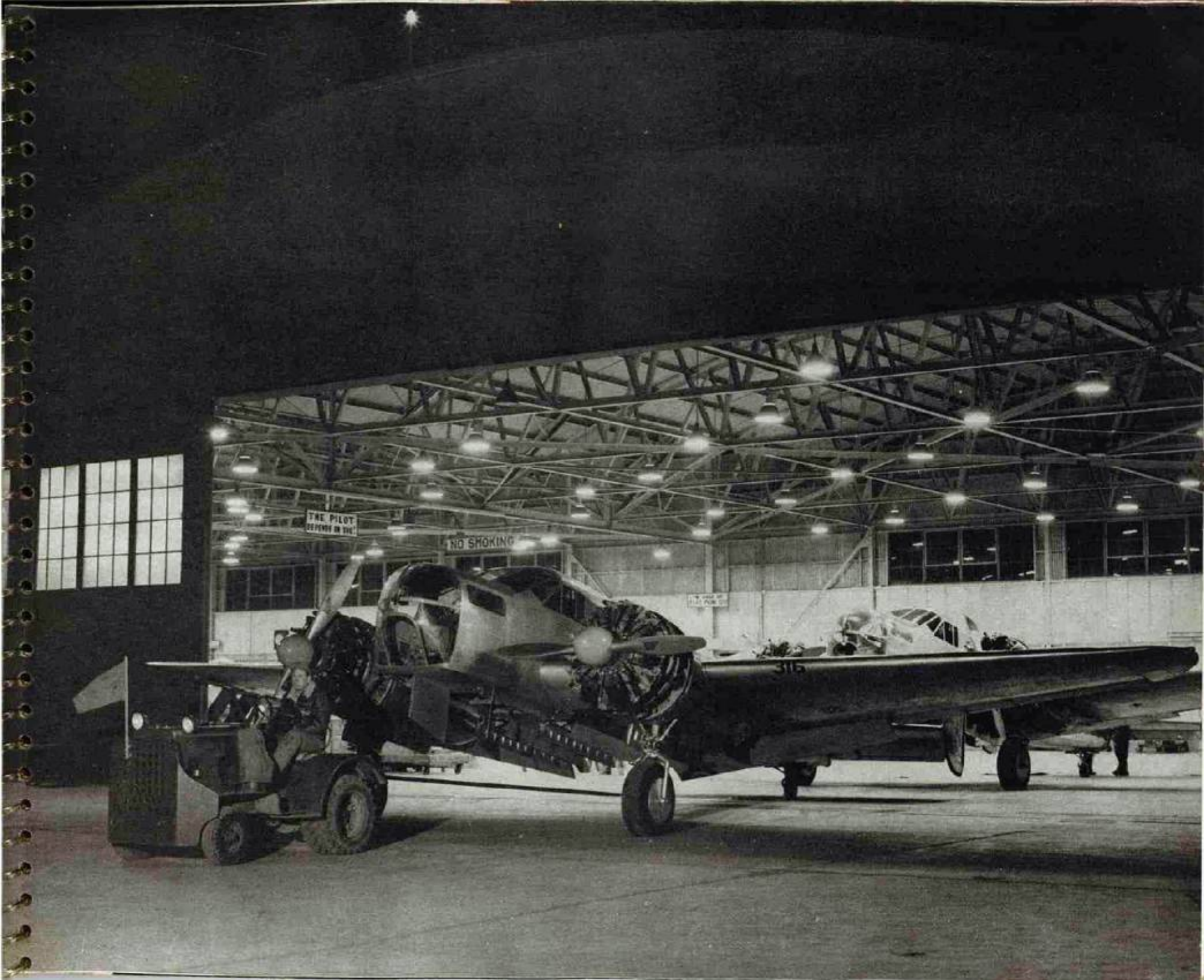
Special Order 232 . . .

Eager? Yes, in a way. Not shoe polish eager as we were in basic . . . Not the kind of eager that wants to drop four bits on the bed and watch it ripple ala CTD or Santa Ana . . . but eager to see at last the place that we'd been waiting for all these long months.

Paunchy? Well, perhaps not those select few from Santa Ana, but the rest of us were. Fresh out of gunnery at Kingman and Vegas, you know we were'n't sharp. Well, maybe like a gumdrop but not really keen. This was our emery wheel.

We disentrained and stood staring at the park by the station. It was the greenest thing we'd seen for a long time. We looked a little green, too. Pretty soon the familiar GI trucks came into view. A short ride . . . then a long awaited sight. Temporary barracks . . . confusion . . . rumors. But a hot shower and food (the kind we used to dream about over a beer and hot dog) proved to us that VAAF definitely had its merits. Maybe this was going to be more fun than work . . .





SO WE GOT IN GEAR





LT. WILLIAM G. BARMORE

We had our own pre-fabricated slogan: "The first three weeks are the hardest." After that—maybe sack time — a nightly flicker — our own little theater group — a glee club. Hadn't we heard that advanced was the country club?

We answered the bell on a Monday morning or was it Sunday night? It was dark — too early! The big putsch was on. . . .

Then it was "the sight" — gears, cogs, linkages, gyros — morning, noon and night. We talked about it all day and dreamed of it after lights out. Sometimes we almost expected to find it under the gravy in the mess hall. Ah, yes. . . and bombing theory, too.

"If a bomb goes away here. . . it will hit here."

"But, sir, I don't quite understand that."

The inevitable answer: "Look mister, I can't explain this thing but PLEASE take my word for it. This is the way it happens."

There was fog for awhile. Somehow it lifted and we were. . . .



LT. RICHARD D. BENNETT



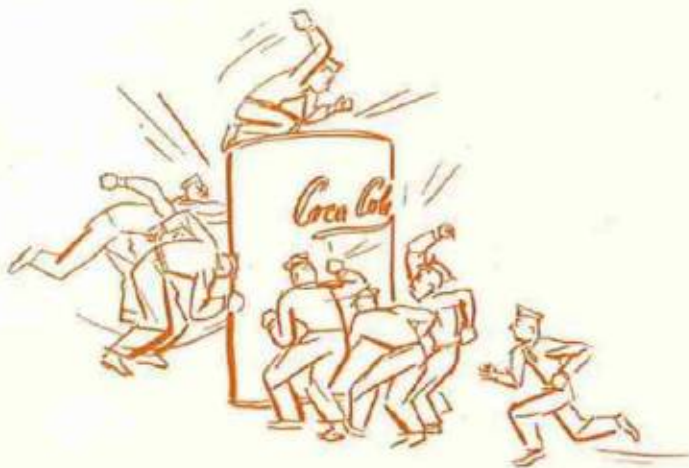
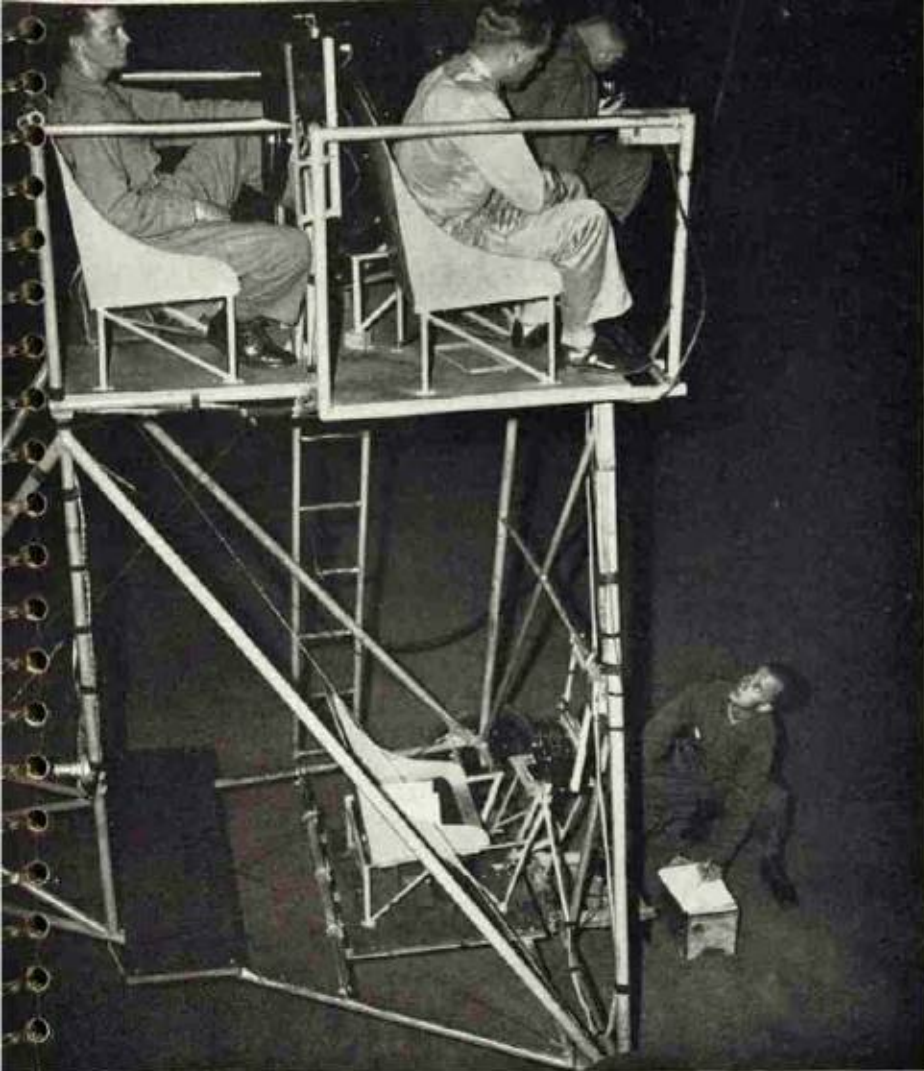
On the trainer . . . We stood in a brace in number one hangar. Around us, the fabled trainers . . . before us . . . the men with specific instructions to chew us, lap us around the hangar, beat our brains out if need be, but above all, make us bombardiers. Here's your material, sir. And so we were a trifle rough around the edges.

Our zoot suits bagged in the oddest places. Our shoes didn't scintillate, and flaura had long since claimed the napes of our necks. But we met our instructors with a snappy salute and climbed aboard our new headache—the trainer.

More fun than a barrel of monkeys, we thought. No drift . . . a dead bug. That was the first day. It got rougher and we got worse or so it seemed. Some of us lost weight. Five laps around the hangar can do much in that direction. It's amazing how many times a day you can forget to put up that trigger and instructor switch!

We learned to pass a hangar inspection . . . managed to keep plumbob and bug together and occasionally hit that microscopic shack.

Then came the memorable Monday when we advanced to . . .





FLIGHT LIFE . . .

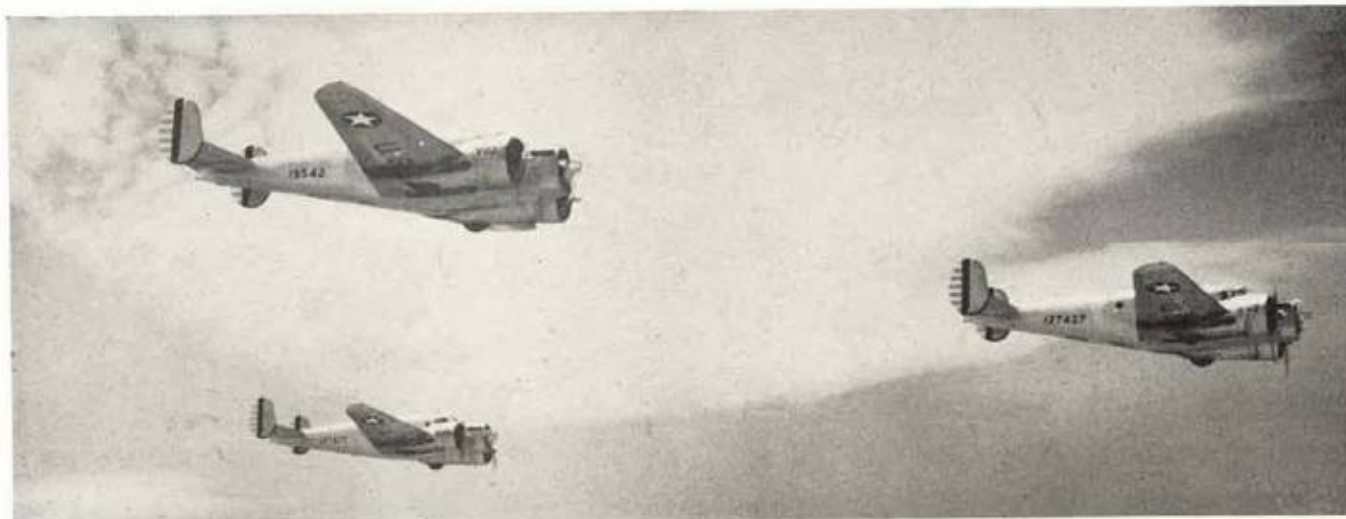
At first it was a one sided proposition. The sky didn't seem to take to us. It was all so damned confusing, heading down the run with a complete understanding of what we were expected to do. Just a few simple things. . . switch on, unclutch, uncage, click the pilot, kill course, click the pilot again, level bubbles, put up trigger and instructor switch, turn on the rate motor, kill rate, "Bombs Away, Sir." "Okay to turn, Sir." That was really all there was to it. Our instructor was flabbergasted when we sat there staring at the sight as if we never had seen the thing before.

"Whatinell's wrong with you? You were a wow on the trainer." We could only shake our bald heads and say: "But it's different up here, Sir." And so it was. One lap would have been fatal.

There were a few things in addition, too. Chute, stop watch, tachometer, oxygen mask, clipboard, camera, progress, confidential, co-pilot, and dear old E6-B and C-2.

It was a rough hustle for awhile. Stuff that should have been on was knocked off. . . switches that had to be on were mysteriously off. Grem-lins! Sabotage! Sometimes you couldn't pick up that target. There it was. . . right in front as fat as a Christmas goose, but damn it all, it wasn't in the sight. . . just wasn't there. What to do in a case like that? OOPS! Extended vision. Now, how did that happen? The pilot wasn't interested in how it came about, he wanted shacks, not cracks — "Damn it, get on the ball, mister!"

But what goes up must necessarily come down and our CE proved no exception. One day we caught ourselves smiling with satisfaction as we trudged back to. . .





The Ready Room...

Something of a misnomer was the ready room. No one was ever ready... a CPA could have cleaned up a fortune filling out 12C forms for befuddled gadgets.

For the benefit of the layman let us explain that a 12C is a flight record report, an inquisitive little thing that calls for such data as the genetic probabilities of your second cousin on your father's side and what you had for breakfast if any....

The maelstrom of the ready room was thus increased by the incessant wailing of us brothers in arms:

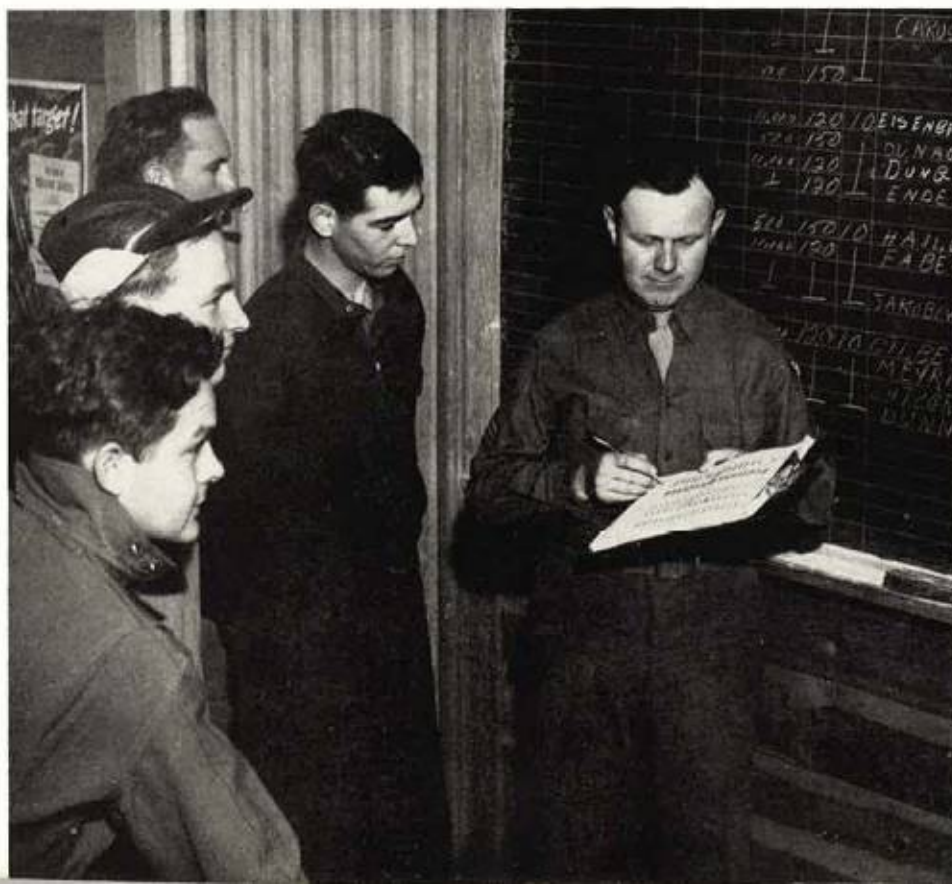
"Hey Hoiman, what was the sight number? Is that surveyed or pressure? What was that co-pilot's name? Give me that malfunction report, I have a

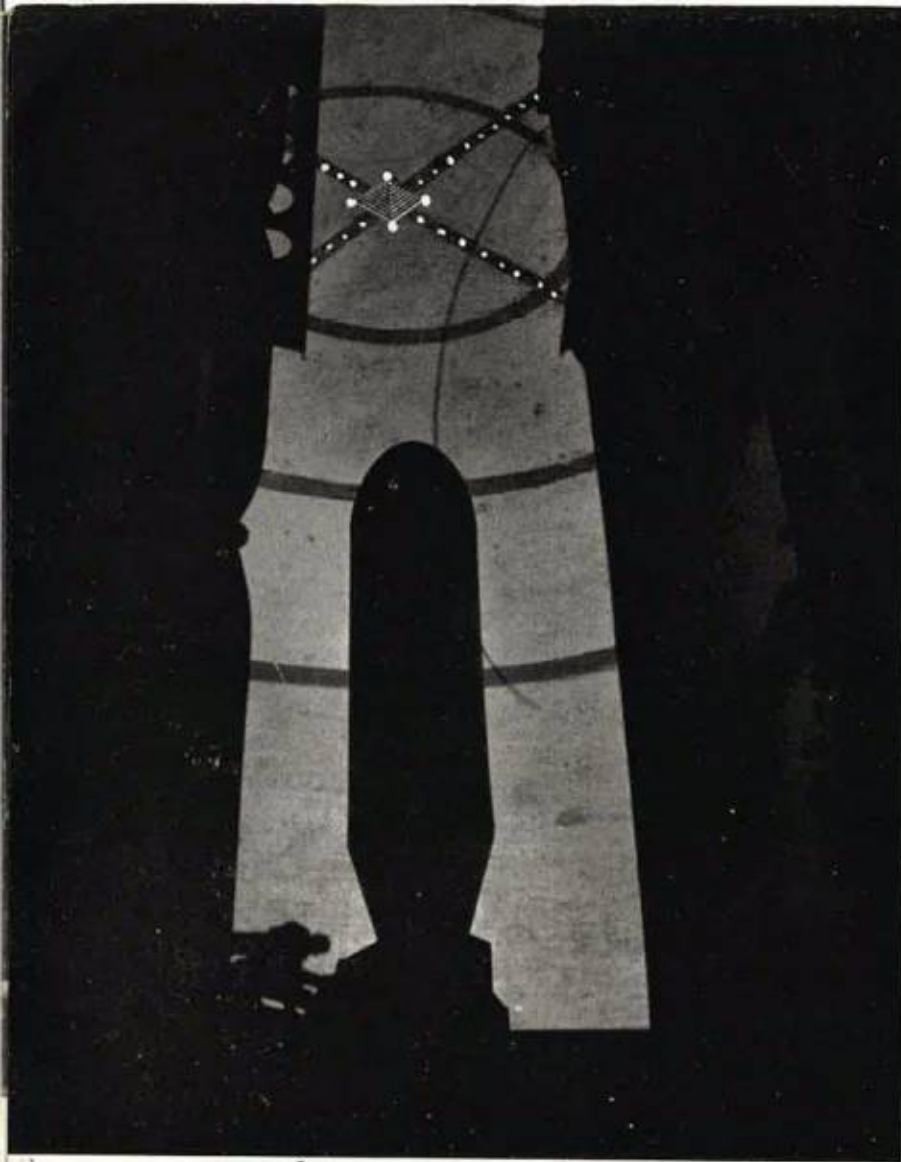


slightly different version. Do you add or subtract on MPI? That's funny, we were in the same plane over the same target and you got left drift and I got right. So . . . who's wrong? Has anybody got two nickels? I can't imagine what was wrong, sir. My synchronization was perfect."

The parachute room was popular. It was there we drew most of our paraphernalia. You went in like Terry and the Pirates and came out looking like an animated hat rack. Our photographic averages were posted there periodically. Sort of a preview on confinement. Remember the happy faces the sergeant made when we weren't sure but thought we had given our flashlight to a guy named Sam?

Then there were cokes and innumerable cigarettes. Someone was always cleaning up but it never panned out. That was because the "dirty-up" committee was larger. We learned how to set up AFCE, read the correct data from the wrong board, load our own bombs with only minor injuries, brief the pilot, set up a computer, toggle out a coke, convince the checker that our combat headings were odd but good and avoid unpleasant scenes with the omnipresent flight leaders. Now we were slated for . . .





Bombs in The

So that was one reason they had insisted on procedure. You know how to run that sight habitually, they told us . . . like driving a car . . . everything mechanical . . . second nature. You've got to be able to do it in your sleep. Hell, now it's all clear. If you can't see it . . . you've got to know it. Your hands have to know those roosts like homing pigeons . . . or else: Double release, no release at all, toppled gyro, or any one of a number of things that make a graduating class look like the spirit of '76.

Targets were more elusive . . . pilots less effusive. It's coolish at 11,000 of a midnight and many people prefer the fireside with the wife or San Berdoo and a blonde. One thing didn't alter . . . Bubbles!! They were the same obstinate will-o-the-wisp.



Night . . .

Gad, you hated those damned bubbles. Temper . . . temper! Remember the bubbles at the Green Spot.

Back to the ready room, half past the witching hour. Forms, forms, forms! We think we hear a voice cry out: "Sleep, sleep — Victorville hath murdered sleep." Our faithful sack awaits without . . . yes . . . without us. Sometimes we wished we were the sack and it were we (syntax before pleasure). Then the stuff of which nightmares are made at the mess hall . . . and home. Praise Allah, we can sleep 'til 0915. Sure we were happy. Another day strangled. Silver wings and gold bars just a bit closer. That was Friday . . . another week over our shoulders. Tomorrow? Let's think about tomorrow. We awakened with a hubba-hubba to GI our reservations for . . .





S A M I



Saturday a. m. inspections . . . were usually held

in the p. m. The Junior birdmen stopped moulting and stood resplendent, a challenge to the world . . . and Lieutenant Harbaugh. Needless to say, the challenge was readily accepted. The issues were clear. G.I. shoes had to shine, mister . . . Brass must be brilliant . . . hirsute adornment of any kind was to be conspicuous by its absence. The "no stoop — no squat — no squint" policy was outlawed. Our methodical Tach Officer was not above assuming positions to discover the "dirt under the Carpet."

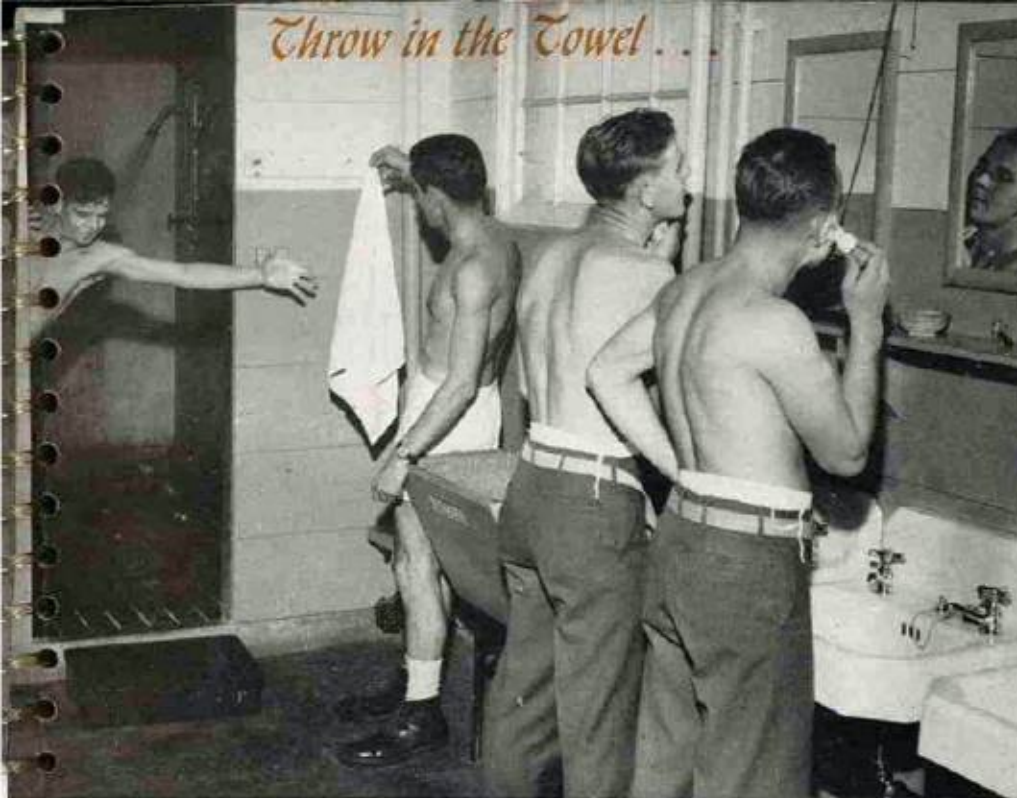
Here, too, the Honor System was invoked. No names taken. Discrepancies were verbally noted and it was the responsibility of the culprit in question to turn himself in. Gigs followed . . . many times resulting in confinement.

That was personal inspection, conducted in the "garden."

There followed a confinement to our rooms of indeterminate duration. We stand fast adjacent to sack and gear, eyeing the corners, smoothing wrinkles in clothing . . . and that bed. Look at it! Smooth as an inland lake at dawn or (more often) the counterpart to the succulent California prune.

"Ten-shut." It was he of the X-ray eye. You must not see him. You heard him glide quietly by, rustling your raiment. His steely gaze assailed your sack and you were certain that even the furtive wrinkle in the sheet near the foot was no secret to him. His hand was in your clothing that hung so limply on the wall. Madre de Dio . . . my woolen gloves, in the raincoat pocket! Don't worry, mister, they won't be there long. Then it was over . . . retreating footfalls in the hallway. You lit a cigarette. Time at long last for . . . Open Post . . . and so we . . .

Throw in the Towel...



*Blitz
Brigade...*



*Chamber
Maids*



Tighter Than a Bat Astroplan



SHINED,

All bedecked in our army finery, we flung ourselves upon an innocent and inoffensive world, rife with hubba-hubba and redolent with the best dime hair oil that money can buy. Today everyone is eager. Saturday! What visions that word conjures up! Ah...what wonderful visions.

There were evenings spent in L. A. Plenty to do if you were bogged in the cash...Palladium...Earl Carroll's...the cadet club at the Ambassador or the famed Cocanut Grove...Mocambo...the Bowl at the Biltmore...the Canteen (Hollywood, no less)...or just walking up and down looking at civilians, trying to remember how it felt to be one and imagine what you'd probably be doing if you were. There were the goofy little "flea houses," on Main Street...Aqui se habla Espanol...that club by the lake out on Wilshire where



SHAMPOOED, SHAVED

everything looked so much like a page out of a best seller that you felt sorta' out of place. The heterogeneous hotels where you managed to get the last damn room every time at a fabulous price. Yep...this was all part of Open Post. Money wouldn't be nearly so important tomorrow...you told yourself. You thumbed a ride back to camp.

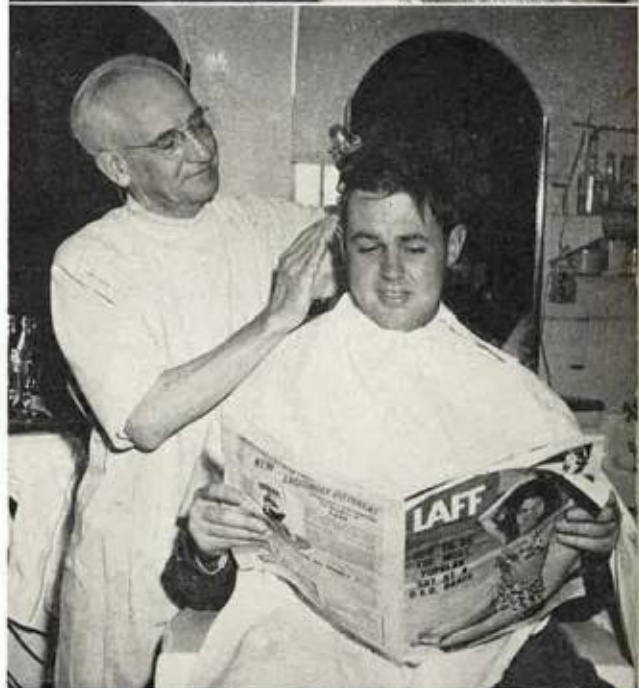
Maybe you tripped the light fantastic at the USO in Victorville, happily engaged in conversation with that cute little trick with gossamer feet until the blue light went out...or dealt in aesthetics over a glass of that corrosive sublimate that passes for the cup that cheers hereabouts.

There were midnight spook shows at the Mesa for those who had the courage.... A club in Ontario that we heard about...but never saw. Big Bear...allegedly stocked with

gamey trout. Long Beach...the Strand and Rialto...San Berdoo..."Nothing to do in Berdoo," they said...but they went there just the same. Someone always had "A beautiful blonde with a '43 convertible, unlimited gas, and ardent patriotism."

Some of us stayed at home...went to the post movies...wrote letters long overdue...bowled a line or two. There were times when we were ravenous for silence and knew we wouldn't find it outside because the gadgets were loose again. So we stayed home and found that the man in room X has a radio and could get "Pistol Packin' Mamma" at any given hour of the day or night...usually accompanied by someone's electric shaver.

Those were a few of the things that spelled respite to the boys. No amount of words could capture each man's prism of feeling.



There was no mistaking PT time . . .

Grim-faced cadets in assorted athletics garb loitered in the hallways . . . made you think of the condemned, half-heartedly hoping for a last minute reprieve . . . the customary odor of elderly tennis shoes and perspiration soaked Tee shirts permeated the atmosphere.

Then it was "Fall Out" . . . amid moans and groans.

But it was like diving into cold water. Once you were in, it wasn't too bad. Only fifteen minutes of the obstacle course, wind sprints, or calisthenics. Then, we played our own game.

"Hey, General, it's my turn to pitch today!"

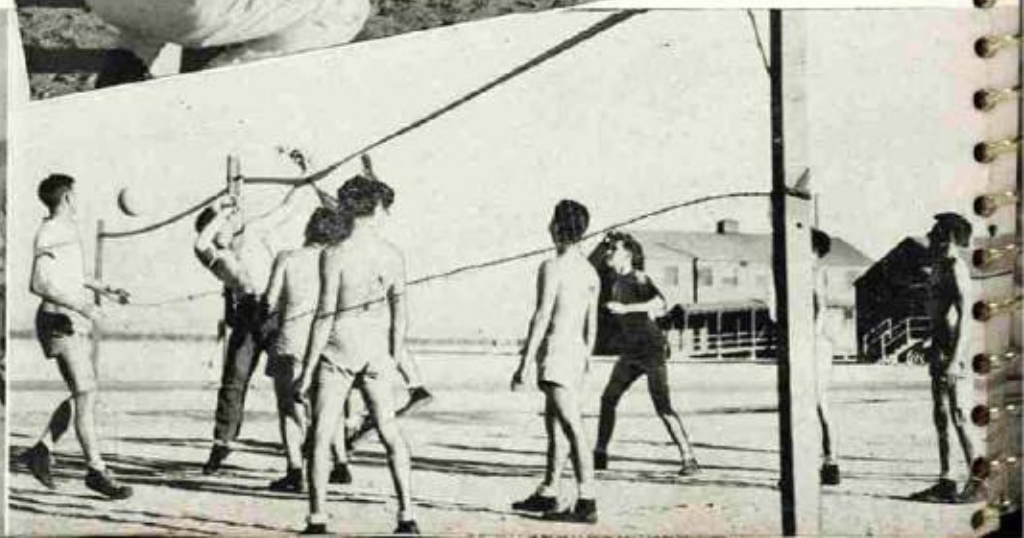
They were building bodies . . . no scrawny necks or skinny arms on a bombardier. Games instilled the teamplay spirit . . . made good sportsmen.

"You're out" . . . "the hell you say."

An hour a day of diversion and exercises . . . a strenuous soiree . . . softball, basketball, football, volleyball, barbells . . . swimming in the inviting pool when the season permitted. You picked your favorite. Competition was keen, play was hard. It was part of the spirit.

Perspiring, glowing, pleased with winning two days in a row, we hit it double-time back home . . .

"Last man in the shower is a" drowned out by the scream of some unfortunate who turned on the cold water by mistake . . . Life was really refreshing . . . after all.

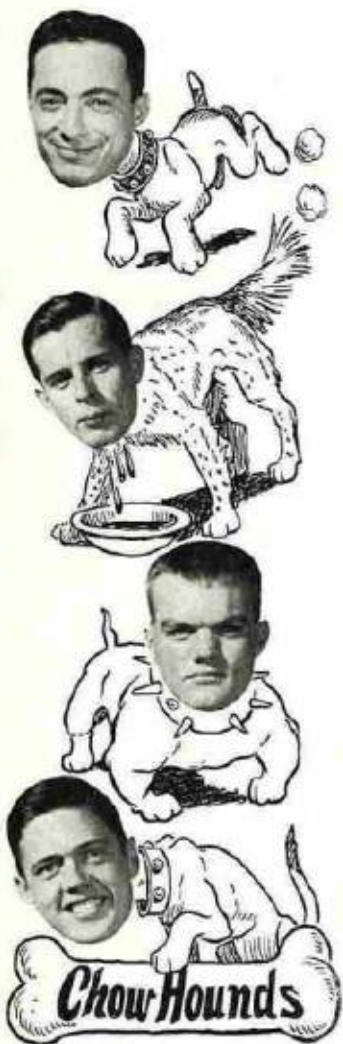




P.T.!

A cartoon illustration of a young boy in athletic wear running towards a large orange exclamation mark. The boy is depicted in a dynamic, forward-leaning pose, suggesting movement and energy. The exclamation mark is a large, bold, orange shape.

OUR OWN BASIN STREET...



To the African Cadence of . . . Ellington

and Basie, we filtered through the line and reached our objective — the steam table. Cauldrons and platters heaped high with culinary objects of art — sizzling brown steaks, mountains of creamy white mashed potatoes, rivers of golden gravy, a veritable wilderness of fresh vegetables, and to top it off, hot biscuits, coffee, fresh milk, ice cream, plenty of butter, or just about anything edible you ever dreamed of.

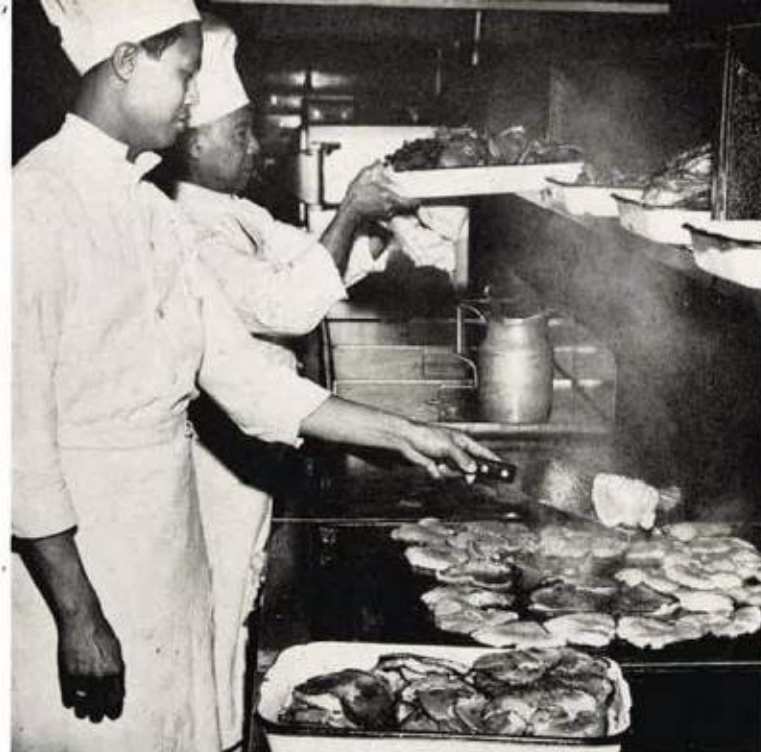
You served yourself and you never left there hungry.

The kitchen was an open book as you passed by. Therein the men in white carried on a ceaseless round of activity in immaculate surroundings. Colored boys, proud of their jobs, as well they might be, dashed indefatigably back and forth bearing trays upon which reposed all manner of delectable tid-bits. Their flashing white smiles were symbolic of the spirit that prevailed at Cadet Mess and those smiles were infectious. You never saw a "sad sack" in that lineup.

Certain items were rationed. No one got two gigantic T-bone steaks. Only defeat awaited the man who turned to the life of crime and tried to appropriate two bottles of milk. The long arm of the law was omnipresent — always cheerful in its firm denial.

At the tables there was friendship — frank discussion — good-natured ribbing — shop talk.

Holiday meals were high spots of our lives in the army.



We, Too, Had Styles . . .



HOW TO PARRY AN INTERVIEWER

By

WILLIAM PERSHING WALSH

Perhaps there was a slight temblor that day. We could have sworn we were shaking violently as we waited in the hallway that fronts the office of the lieutenant. We waited so long to be interviewed.

"Next."

It was the voice of a man whose trial has passed. For a moment we forgot ourselves.

"Once over lightly and no tonic," we said. Then we recovered and lurched unsteadily through the door... had a miserable time getting both feet to arrive at the desk at the same time... snapped a moth-eaten salute... took our seat... all the while straining violently to affect a mien of composure.

The lieutenant was unperturbed. He blew an oblate ring of blue cigar smoke chandelierward and eyed us without malice.

"So you want to be a bombardier!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Why?"

For a moment he had us but we are not without our sang froid.

"It was father, sir. He always wanted to be a precision bombardier but since they didn't invent the sport 'til just recently, his life's ambition was cheated."

The lieutenant looked doubtful but a cadet's word is his honor. He continued somewhat less reassuring:

"Why did you enlist?"

"Temporary insanity, Sir."

"Those bags under your eyes? Do you find our program strenuous?"

"Oh, no, Sir," we averred. "It's the man who wakes us up in the middle of the night."

Out and out disbelief was undisguised.

"Man... in the middle of the night. Hummm... just what does this fellow look like?"

We could have answered that but it would have only led to bloodshed. "Well, then, what does he do?" The lieutenant was persistent.

"He barges into the room at 3 or 4 a.m. switches on the lights and hollers 'surprise.' We've never figured out what he wants. Some things we do in the army are purely mechanical, sir."

"Miss Jones!" The lieutenant was firm. "It's Captain Groggins. He's at it again. Take a memo."

The lieutenant went on to explain that Capt. Groggins was an old army man and liked to see young army men jump out of bed onto a nice cold floor.

"Miss Jones! Take a memo."

We never saw Miss Jones. She was in the adjoining chamber. We heard her sizzle.

Now we got back to the interview.

"How do you like your chow?"

"On the whole, sir, I should say it is exceedingly palatable and highly nutritious."

"Mister, have you any questions?"

Sir, may I have my wife in for meals with me two times daily during the week and twice on Sunday? If not... why not?"

"We used to allow that, Mister, but one fellow had his whole family moved out here from Oklahoma. There were 14 of them. Thirteen of them worked at the cement factory and one of the girls was a chanteuse at Scotty's... but that was an old, old story..."

There was a tear in his eye.

He said that if that was all, we were at liberty to beat it. We arose, saluted, did a smart about face and started for the door. The lieutenant arrested us.

"Mister, did I tell you that you're welcome here and we hope you'll enjoy your stay with us because if I didn't you are, and we do."

We nodded but didn't turn back. Lot's wife turned to a pillar of salt. We feared we might wax a trifle salty ourselves.



**JOSEPH M. ABRAHAM**

Westerly, Rhode Island
Famous for his "Malapropisms." Handsome, likeable, easy-going. His favorite sport of army life is Open Post . . . a born civilian.

**ROBERT L. BACON**

Cervolis, Oregon
Has the kind of dreamy eyes that the women like, but unfortunately for them, is a women-hater.

**THOMAS M. BARRETT**

Grindstone, Pennsylvania
Hulking, good-natured. Loves a shower and the sound of his own deep voice. Known for his sleep-discounting "Barrett-tone."

**LAWRENCE G. BLOOD**

Aberdeen, South Dakota
Former basketball coach. The strong, silent type. Knows more than he tells. A solid citizen . . . Flight Sergeant.

**ROBERT E. BOOTH**

Palmyra, Pennsylvania
Our professional soldier. Claims he fought in World War I. Quite, unassuming . . . a good guy.

**GEORGE F. BRAME**

Kenbridge, Virginia
Virginia's most valuable contribution to the army. Likes to argue because he always wins . . . Flight Lieutenant.

**JOHN F. CAFFERKY**

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Sober, serious, a good bombardier. His sole aim is to put the cross-hairs on the Imperial Palace in Tokyo.

**WILLIAM J. CAREY**

Chicago, Illinois
The Chicago fireball—Can speak with intelligence on any subject if it's about women. Former anti-aircraft man in Hawaii.

**JOHN W. CARSON**

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Personable, likeable. Sleeps at the Green Spot on weekends . . . held us spellbound for hours with his witty stories.

**SANTO F. CARUSO**

West Newton, Massachusetts
Reserved, dignified. Considering an army career as a bombardier-navigator-pilot. Has more sweethearts than Boston has beans . . . Flight Lieutenant.

**N. A. COLACINO**

Des Moines, Iowa
"Chooch"—if you ever needed advice or money . . . he'd give you advice.

**ROBERT J. CORMAN**

Indianapolis, Indiana
Somewhat on the intellectual side. A good fellow with a ready smile. Worked on a class book . . . and worked hard . . . Flight Lieutenant.

**RICHARD T. COTY**

Watertown, New York
A prepossessing lad with a spontaneous laugh. "Phi Gam" from Bucknell U. Says he intends to spend his life in bed after the armistice.

**FRANK S. DESTITO, III**

Rome, New York
His greatest loves are eating and sleeping. Quite a football player but modest to a fault. Thinks his home town is the greatest place in the world.

**BERNARD D. DOOLEY**

Poultney, Vermont
A heart as big as his stomach. A fellow who gets things done. Genial, well-liked. Attended Troy Conference Academy at home. . . . Supply Sergeant.

**NORBERT A. EMERY**

Brooklyn, New York
The one and only Giants' fan from Brooklyn. His avocations include softball, dominoes, (African rules), and women. Brooklyn IS in New York . . . Supply Sergeant.

**JAMES W. ERDMAN**

Catewissa, Pennsylvania
"Junior." A likeable manner, a swell personality. Calls himself "God's gift to the women." Spends most of his time in bed . . . that is leisure time . . .

**CLIFFORD EVANS, JR.**

Roscoe, California
Most "on the ball" cadet in squadron one. Tall, red-headed USC graduate . . . Flight Sergeant.

**EARLE R. FLESHER**

Bedford, Ohio
Laughing boy . . . never at attention in ranks. Always first man in a formation. Sharp basketball player.

**W. W. FLOOD**

Jersey City, New Jersey
Investigated gyro thoroughly, top and bottom, when he attempted to cape it in coordinated turn . . . Salvaged all ten on the runway.

**GEORGE J. FRANZ**

Erie, Pennsylvania
Had a rough hustle getting used to the schedule after months of "goofing off." Hobby: Open Post.



PAUL C. FROST
Cumberland, Maryland
Survivor of both battles of Nashville, battle of Tyndall Field, and a short skirmish at Santa Ana. Tells squadron commander how things should be run.



H. P. GIGUERE
Worcester, Massachusetts
Recently married home town girl. No cigars yet (rising cost of living). A regular fellow and fine bailplayer.



JOHN M. GILMORE
San Francisco, California
Planning near future marriage. Saves money for the big event by smoking his pals' cigarettes.



LEO GOLEC
Cadiz, Ohio
A husky Polish lad who handles hundred pound bombs as if they were firecrackers. Former aircraft supervisor. Ambition: To hit the shack.



EUGENE M. GOTOYAC
Aberdeen, Washington
Bombardier extraordinary. In love with his work and his wife. A good sport and a swell fellow to know.



FREDERICK H. GRAVES
Statesville, North Carolina
Past master in the subtle art of avoiding calisthenics. Burned clear down to the follicles when he had to report "double release" to his instructor.



HUGH J. GREEN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Secretary of the Honor Committee. Good man to have on our side. Every one tried particularly hard to be honest with this ex-barrister.



ROBERT L. HALL
Senoath, Missouri
Former schoolteacher — a jolly, good-looking Kaydet. Loved to laugh at his buddies' wild bombs and had a mania for short haircuts.



FRANCIS J. HANLEY
Providence, Rhode Island
Cagey Frank closed the bomb-bay doors because he didn't want the pilot to see a wild one—Penalty: 10 stars!



ROY W. HARPEL
Antwerp, Ohio
"Would be a wonderful surprise . . . So great we scarce could trust our eyes . . . If by some happenstance of fate . . . Some morning Roy would not be late.



GEORGE C. HAUCK
Newark, New Jersey
Married—was welder in civilian life—glib—peripatetic—will be papa in May.



M. G. HENWOOD
W. Swanzy, New Hampshire
Former master sergeant and a well-informed authority on any subject. Doesn't mind tours and would debate with anyone.



THOMAS D. HOOPER
Old Forge, Pennsylvania
Tall, handsome. Squadron adjutant. Special craving for blondes. Paid through the nose when he cut class one day. P. S. The major was present at the time.



LEWIS W. HUGHES
New Haven, Connecticut
Discovered new way of bombing with both clutches engaged . . . Result: 600 footer. Former engineer—Student of University of Missouri.



ROBERT A. HUGHES
Rockwell City, Iowa
The dead end kid denies any family connection with his classmate of the same name—Borrows his money anyway.



JOHN R. HUNEKE, JR.
Hopewell, Virginia
Drill master deluxe—Finding his squad vanishing in the distance, commanded: "About face." VMI student—tsk, tsk!



C. P. HUNTINGTON
Sumner, Washington
Refuses to divulge any information on himself. Pals say he's a connoisseur and gourmet—



H. S. HURLBURT, JR.
Hopewell, New York
Happy-go-lucky. Father of two-year-old son. His ambition to get back to walking the floor with the baby.



ROBERT F. ISHAM
Lakewood, Ohio
Always made a long story longer. Pals call him "Ishy". Master accordionist. Married.



L. W. JOHNSON
Duncan, Arizona
"Cowboy"—Thinks bombardiering is a sport second only to riding over the desert in a convertible with a blonde.



REESE T. JONES
Shenandoah, Pennsylvania
Ex-aviation mechanic — "Jonesy"—Married. Was always suggesting way to run the outfit. Handy man in a plane or on ballfield.



JAMES A. KELLY
Clifton Forge, Virginia
Ex-mining engineer and AT
11 pilot . . . Wants to go
back to underground farm-
ing when war ends.



T. J. KENNEDY, JR.
Dorchester, Massachusetts
Try to rush old "Goohah"
at reveille and it's no soap,
but BEER—WOMEN—AH—
That's a different story!



MICHAEL D. KINDYA
Elmhurst, New York
Growing up next to La Guar-
dia Field, Mike had an am-
bition . . . Army flying will
help him design better
planes for peacetime use.



CHARLES N. KINGERY
Roanoke, Virginia
The gentleman from Vir-
ginia would like to be a grey
haired wonder . . . All
that's required now is the
"wonder" and in some ways
he's close.



JOHN J. K CROWLY
Monroe, New York
Sometimes longs for old
"zoof suit" but OK as dash-
ing cadet . . . Hobby: Cris-
crafting on Lake Ontario.



PAUL KRASNEWICH
Syracuse, New York
Slightly unpredictable . . .
If targets were basketball
hoops, "Krazy" couldn't
miss!



CLARENCE H. KUBART
Racine, Wisconsin
Former industrial plant fore-
man . . . One of the more
serious men in the class . . .
Taciturn . . . Dependable.



JACK S. KUHN
Niles, Michigan
Gave up precision watch-
making for precision bomb-
ing — Michigan says he's
from Indiana. Indiana says
vice-versa.



RICHARD J. LARKIN
Manchester, New Hampshire
Stalwart New Englander . . .
Was with pioneer tank de-
stroyer units . . . Has no yen
to leave the army . . . Hey,
Mr. Ripley.



MICHAEL G. LAYTAR
Berwick, Pennsylvania
From delivering groceries to
delivering bombs—Mike aims
to please in either business.



ROBERT H. LESTER
Phoenix, Arizona
Possessed with a mania for
speed . . . race cars, motor-
cycles, chow formation. Ar-
dent defender of the desert.



SYLVAN L. LEVEY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Ex-insurance adjuster "Sy"
naturally gets along with
everyone . . . Hard worker
. . . Plays accordingly.



PERCY W. LOY
Vancouver, Washington
Exchange student in the
U.S.A.—Amiable, good-na-
tured Percy has seen the
hot spots of this war on his
own.



WILLIAM S. LUKE
Twin Falls, Idaho
Easy-going but determined,
Bill may make an instructor
answer questions all period—
He won't rest till he knows
the answers.



KENNETH A. LUND
Chicago, Illinois
Hard work doesn't phase
Ken—It's "open post" in
L. A. no matter how tough
the schedule — Ex - Windy
City salesman.



HYMAN J. LUPOWITZ
Brooklyn, New York
Signal Corps . . . Then "Ca-
dets" . . . His wife met the
squadron formations more
promptly than "Lupe"—She
hopes the "bums" will let
him come back someday.



JOHN A. MAGUIRE
Wayne, Pennsylvania
Member of the only Demo-
cratic family in his home
town . . . Jack's a self-made
regular fellow . . . Hopes to
revisit L. A. — You know
when!



K. B. MARSHALL
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania
Jovial, warm hearted, morale
builder. A hail fellow well
met.



JOSEPH C. MARTIN
Citronelle, Alabama
Tall as a mountain and just
as silent. Axis intelligence
would draw a blank trying
to pump him.



JOHN D. MAURILLO
Syracuse, New York
Butt of many jokes which
he accepted good-naturedly.
An artist in his own right—
unfortunately, seldom right.



WILLIAM H. MINKLE
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Leader of "Minkle's man-
keys" — (sometimes called
Squadron I). When he hel-
lowed his commands the
men were sure to respond—
in due time!



JAMES T. MORGAN

Hollywood, California
Often hidden behind a cloud of cigar smoke or a monument of edibles in the Mess Hall. His queries in class were classics.



A. J. MORGANTI

Rochester, New York
Enthusiastic, even ebullient at times. He was always "on the ball."



ERVIN J. MUSIAL

Manitowoc, Wisconsin
Wasn't reticent when it came to choosing the best bombardier on the field. Was solid as the South for Musial.



LOUIS A. McCOOL

Hillside, New Jersey
Blonde, personable, intelligent. A fine example of young American manhood.



EDWARD E. McMULLEN

Freeport, New York
Old "tripod" was nice to have around if you weren't too discriminating. Discussed planes, pulchritude, and portables with a voice that carried amazingly well.



PAUL NEWMAN

Corona, L. I., New York
"Jockey" . . . hundred and twenty pounds of artist . . . The Hoboken Rembrandt . . . Could climb a rope like a simian . . . had a home at Laguna.



L. E. NICKERSON, JR.

Boston, Massachusetts
Quiet, dignified little Bostonian with all the conservatism and dignity of Old New England.



CHARLES G. OHREL

New York, New York
One of the most conscientious and able men in the Squadron. Nothing escaped him.



JACOB PRINCE, JR.

Albany, Oregon
Coincidentally the name describes the man—One time BTO who now longs for his new bride.



WM. H. PYLE, JR.

Denver, Colorado
Once considered quite a "gold brick" himself—then he moved in with J.L.Q.



JAMES L. QUARRY

Hollywood, California
Our own Hollywood correspondent—(Seen in "As Thousands Cheer," third man from left, front row, mob scene!) —Trumpet—Mocambo—Kappa Sigma—ELLEN!!!



JOHN C. QUINN

Flushing, L. I., New York
Was always bogged down with housework. Another roomie ably suited to J.L.Q.



JOHN E. RAGLAND

Hollywood, California
More often seen than heard—"Rags" left med. school to join us—Once fell asleep in the trainer hangar.



RICHARD W. REAL

Elgin, Illinois
One of the few who may yet remember, "Yo, Red, let's go see the WACS"



EDW. A. REEVES, JR.

East Point, Georgia
"Rebel"—From way down South in Georgia, land of hospitality and "peaches"—and is he proud of it!



FRANK H. REISING

Kansas City, Kansas
Pre-war mortician. Overcame the macabre air of former surroundings to become our "party boy." Had trouble keeping women away.



GORDON L. REOCH

Detroit, Michigan
His occupational history is a short, short story of our times: Butcher, bartender, boilermaker—bombardier.



WILLIAM H. RILEY

Roselle Park, New Jersey
Obtrusively Irish, genial—Went to Sperry Maintenance School before coming here. Top likes Food and Fords.



L. N. ROBINSON, JR.

Mexia, Texas
Soft-spoken "Pete" was a stock farmer. One of our older married men and papas (A boy—16 months old).



MARTIN R. ROOS

South Gato, California
We'll miss those Sunday cokes. Hopes to enter U.C.L.A. someday. Sincere, conscientious. Interests: Ships and athletics. An ardent Californian.



A. J. RZESZOTARSKI

Amsterdam, New York
Roll calls breeze merrily along till they get to Albin, then everyone is baffled except Rzeszotarski. He answers "here" anyway.



DAVID C. SAALFELD
Crystal Lake, Illinois
Flight sergeant. Quote: "Bombardiering is rough stuff and if my picture appears here, I'm a good man."



DONALD C. SANSON
Salt Lake City, Utah
E Flight's effervescent youngest. A ski enthusiast. Wants to finish this job in a hurry and go home to good times—gals—dances.



CHARLES F. SCHROCK
Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania
"Chuck" — A youngster, sometimes wishes he was home—most of all wants to help finish the war. Supply Sergeant.



EDWARD F. SCHUSTER
Johnstown, Pennsylvania
Lowest CE in 43-18. Former watchmaker. Keeps watches ticking—shavers purring—zippers zipping.



CHAS. G. SHIVELY
Cincinnati, Ohio
Former Roswell student . . . hot bombardier—habitual L. A. weekend—pennant for breakfast in bed (only a pennant!).



JAMES H. SHORT
Portland, Oregon
Wabash cannonball — Our own snooker and cribbage expert hails from the great Northwest and sings its praises constantly.



JOS. M. SKORA, JR.
Chicago, Illinois
Relatives in Poland—unheard from. Joe had a real reason . . .



GEORGE J. SMIGO, JR.
Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania
Generous, jolly, loquacious. George has been quite a "stay at home" here but intends to make it up soon.



BOB V. SMITH
Sacramento, California
Old man—27 . . . Main interest, Jeanne, (Mrs. B.V.) Then—bridge, books, writing—seeing U C win football games.



DONALD I. SMITH
Steyton, Oregon
His initials are his nickname—this webfoot whose chief interest is his cute, blonde wife.



EDWIN W. SMITH
Portland, Oregon
Young, eager, aggressive . . . ardent Oregonian . . . Will return to school when it's over. Supply Sergeant.



JACK H. SMITH
Richmond, California
Our super student (via U C) and gunner (via KAAF), the man with three appetites. He and Peg (Mrs. S.) have always been sure cure for the blues.



RICHARD W. SMITH
Portland, Oregon
Like the wise old owl he hasn't much to say but he's always right there with the answers when they count. Good natured and a real pal.



THOMAS SMITH, JR.
Trautdale, Oregon
Usually good natured but once in a while shows a flashy temper. Tom and the little woman, Lois, are yet another of our famous couples.



JAMES D. SNODDY
Wellford, South Carolina
The old southern curnel. His drawl sounds like the advertisements for medium priced rye whiskey.



ANDREW V. SOLARI
New York, New York
Used to bump his noggin on the "innards" of a bumpy old "General Sherman" but wized up. . . Now freezes to himself in a smooth-riding bomber.



WILLIAM M. SONTAG
Port Huron, Michigan
Did yeoman work as flight lieutenant of F. Conscientious and sincere. Often victim of Ted's: "Look at the head on Sontag."



ROBERT W. SPROWLS
Claysville, Pennsylvania
"Big Red" . . . Daily mail call: three blue envelopes—sweet agrams—jealous on-lookers—a dash for his room—out of this world.



EDW. J. SPUHLER, JR.
Ventura, California
The "Ventura Vulture" took time out from selling California to strangers to sneak through bombardier school.



JACK H. SROUT
Fairfield, Iowa
"Blackie" did his share of gabbing and even put in extra to make up for the quieter boys—The same goes for hangar laps.



DAVID N. STANDEFER
Plainview, Texas
Pre-war engineer. Quiet, amiable, forceful. Dave was sergeant of F Flight and had charge of all the little hubba hubbas.



FRANCIS M. STANIK

Chicago, Illinois
A big husky fellow from Maine by way of Chicago. Ran a good mile, excelled at basketball and football.



PALMER C. STANLEY

Grayville, Illinois
Our hall of fame nominee—"Ripcord" Stanley... Parachute Palmer crashed "Screen Guide"... Spent every weekend at Hollywood Canteen... Danced with Joan Leslie.



ELDON W. STARKEY

Albany, Oregon
The glamour boy from the north woods. An all around athlete. Look out, gals, old Stark'll get you if you don't watch out!



DONALD C. STEPHENS

Rushville, Illinois
"Steve" took the ribbing. As KAAF Barracks Chief they called him "eager"—as VAAF Supply Sergeant, "glorified mail man"...



DONALD L. STILLMAN

Santa Barbara, California
"Stinky," the drillmaster, sometimes known as the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce. Expert equestrian and winter sports enthusiast.



ROBERT L. STORY

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



LAURENCE STRAKER

Seattle, Washington
"Sack Time" could be tempted out of his flannels and flying suit only by pinks and greens—Hopes he's not Alaska bound.



MILO G. SVENDSEN

Ruthten, Minnesota
"Mike the Medic"—Discarded band aids for bombs. Can't decide whether to concentrate on the Axis or the WACS.



S. H. SWEENEY, JR.

New York, New York
A hard man to beat was Flight Sergeant Sweeney... "Fall in... dress right, dress... ready front... at ease"—All in one breath. Somewhat intractable.



LeROY TESCHENDORF

Plato, Minnesota
You may talk o' gin and beer when you're quartered safe out 'ere—but when it comes to Seattle or Minnesota, Tesch won't let you get a word in edgewise.



JAY K. TEWEL

Palestine, Illinois
Jakes' from Illinois but his palover is strictly Dixie—makes you think of cotton, magnolias and mint juleps—especially mint juleps!



WALTER W. THOM

Columbia, Missouri
Majoried in journalism at Missouri U. Athletic, plays tenor sax, ex-pilot—Stevens women preferred.



ROBERT E. THOMAS

Washington, Iowa
Ex-Chevrolet mechanic, makes weird noises with French horn, loves hunting and fishing. Married.



RICHARD J. TODD

Woodlawn, New York
Our own balmy embalmer. Says this is the biggest thing he has ever "undertaken." Shines his desk with hair oil.



JOHN F. TOOMEY

Bronx, New York
Faith—"It's the likes of him that give the Irish a name for fighter". Good natured, hard working, strictly "New Yawk."



WILLIAM L. TUCKER

Long Beach, California
"What's that one Tuck?" 100 or 10,000 feet, it makes no difference to Billy Lee—He's our aircraft rec expert. Used to work for Douglas.



M. E. TUNTLAND

Long Beach, California
Long distance call to Long Beach... Betty and I... Due to middle-aisle this yuletide... 115 CE... Still worried.



CHARLES C. UPSHAW

High Point, North Carolina
"Tarheel Charley" (Chuck) Upshaw will now assist Kate Smith in bringing the moon over the mountain—Take it away High Point—Take it away Chuck!



RUSSELL C. URICH, JR.

Hagerstown, Maryland
Used to smash clay pigeons at Kingman. As good as Annie Oakley but we'll take Annie—



MICHAEL L. VAGAN

Bayonne, New Jersey
Youthful innocence personified... That 65 conversation!... Candy from home... I wanna be back home for Xmas... The D-8 is a cinch!



SI WACHSBERGER

Cleveland Heights, Ohio
Small and active as a beehive. Has lots of experience, military and civilian, leans heavily to journalism and its allied arts. Was squadron adjutant.

**DENNIS G. WALES**

Seattle, Washington
Young, handsome, plenty of personality and an exponent of the body beautiful. Supply Sergeant.

**R. D. WALLACE**

Los Angeles, California
Ellay boy—between "bombs away" scoots home to chin with family—Some guys have all the luck.

**JACKSON V. WALLER**

Gayner, Iowa
Daughter Kathy Louise was over four months old before Jackson saw her—makes up for lost time surrounded by pictures of mama and baby.

**WILLIAM P. WALSH**

San Anselmo, California
Songbird with bomb racks . . . Copy editor, supply sergeant. Bill has his ups and downs—Wedding bells with Xmas chimes.

**BOB GENE WATKINS**

Wichita, Kansas
All the way from Kansas with a gal in Missouri . . . Looks like a fullback . . . Paints like Michelangelo.

**ROBERT P. WATWOOD**

San Francisco, California
The inimitable "Watty"—ball of fire—Ex-Navy Cadet—entomologist—hog judge—linguist par excellence—faithful fiancé of "Peg"—and our group major.

**RUSSELL G. WEINSTEIN**

Los Angeles, California
New car (?) Two bucks to L. A. Blackjack or paper, just for fun (Hmmm)—Ample, ample, ample. Sack time—Arguments with Watkins.

**WILLIAM J. WELLINGS**

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Who wants some candy, cookies, peanuts, etc. . . . Track man . . . Wait'll I get Tuntland . . . Pittsburgh isn't smoky . . . Blow it out your barracks bag!

**RICHARD H. WESSLER**

Cleveland, Ohio
I lost weight here—Chubby Wessler—Can't wait to see that woman (don't blame him) . . . blintzes and borscht.

**HOWARD J. WHITE**

Denver, Colorado
Smooth operator—classy hooper—Makes his bed two minutes before reveille—if he's up!

**REX WHITNEY**

St. Louis, Missouri
Ex-pilot—Worked in munitions plant and feels right at home around bombs. Noisiest flight sergeant that ever lived—Happily married.

**JOHN L. WHYATT**

Middleport, New York
Proverbial wise cracker—"Crip"—Turned his ankle playing basketball—habbed to classes with cone. Always good natured with a few drops of acid.

**HAROLD L. WIERSEMA**

Morrison, Illinois
"But Sir, this is a record mission." A swell fellow to know and work with. Hal attended Texas Tech.—was machinist at Rock Island Arsenal.

**R. E. WIGGINS, JR.**

Richmond, Virginia
Another southern delegate with drawl to match—soft spoken and diplomatic. Bob has a fine baritone voice—studied under a European professor.

**LEON E. WIKOFF**

Wichita, Kansas
Captain, Squadron 2 Commander. Took beating Oklahomans usually get when they accidentally wander over the California border—good natured.

**EARLE R. WILDE**

Cincinnati, Ohio
Just as gay as Uncle Oscar was sombre. Earle is an ex-flatfoot. Has his serious moments—devoted to wife Twilight and daughter Teri.

**EDMUND T. WILKINS**

Santa Ana, California
Look for him in the big leagues when it's all over. Loves his baseball. Prefers a pretty blonde—married to her.

**T. P. WILLIAMS, JR.**

Little Rock, Arkansas
The old analyst—Tom likes to know what makes people tick—soft spoken, sharp witted—that inscrutable smile.

**R. S. WILSON, JR.**

St. Albans, New York
Sack time artist from Brooklyn. Reputed to be the only man living who sleeps in double time.

**THOMAS M. WILSON**

Wilshire, Ohio
Young and rugged—Tom's a personality plus kid—Could claim the Green Spot a dependent—never worried—never had to.

**R. W. WINTERS**

San Francisco, California
From the intricacies of the gear and tool works to Victorville. Bombights have that elementary appearance to "One foot Zimmel."



MORRIS S. WOOD
Los Angeles, California
Our lexicon of facts and figures. Had loads of technical experience. Worked in aircraft before war—a good student—a swell egg—happily married.



WALTER F. WRIGHT
Delaware, Oklahoma
Faithful to that gal in Oklahoma—Lived (it says here) in the "Watkins Salon"—Fed the artiste cookies.



JAMES C. YOUNG
Los Angeles, California
Weekends in L. A. for Jim—Come Christmas he'll play Santa for Anita, blonde, 5'7"—aaahhh—Flight Lieutenant. Volley ball devotee.



JOHN P. YOUNG
Tucson, Arizona
Tall, quiet, good-natured mystery man . . . We rarely knew his mind . . . Oh well, he rarely knew ours—so we're even.



FRANK ZARELLA
Dorchester, Massachusetts
Charge . . . body block . . . straight arm . . . uppercut . . . basketball the hard way! Pearly-white teeth, big smile—Ravinli is better than spaghetti—Baahhston!



LORIN W. ZICK
Prairie du Sac, Wisconsin
Big, good natured, generous, this 190 pounds of pure Zick from Prairie du Sac. Loves to bowl, play football and eat. Does well in class too.



L. D. KORMAN—2nd Lt. C. E.
That man from Manhattan was definitely "one of the boys". Could draw map of New York from memory and locate every dive. . . . Eager to learn, asked many questions—got strange answers!



BRIGHT EYED AND EAGER

"The toughest job of all," . . . cadet officers. First up and outside for 4 a. m. reveilles, stamping around in the cold darkness while others snatched extra seconds of precious "sack time." First out for school and flight line formations while others leisurely digest those super mess hall treats. Not to mention wear and tear on the larynx with "E Flight fall in" . . . "All right you guys, cut the talking in ranks" . . . "Come on, get in step, will ya" . . . "Straighten up, here comes an officer" . . . and all the other little passwords that became so much a part of the life of a cadet officer.

Trouble? Yes, plenty of it, but it was worth it. The pride of wearing the bars of a cadet officer, the satisfaction of assuming responsibility successfully, the realization that the training and experience would some day be priceless; all these helped make those tough jobs much easier. With their fellow cadets they learned ground school lessons, they struggled through the flight line ordeals, they sweated out their check rides, and still had time to carry out their duties as cadet officers. To them give some of the credit for the team-work and cooperation that has typified class 43-18.



Wing Commander . . . R. P. Watwood
Wing Adjutant . . . E. R. Wilde

Sqdn. 1

Captain G. F. Brame
Adjutant T. D. Hooper

"A" Flight

Flt. Lieut. S. F. Caruso
Ft. Sgt. L. G. Blood
Supply Sgt. N. A. Emery

"B" Flight

Flt. Lieut. R. A. Hall
Ft. Sgt. C. Evans, Jr.
Supply Sgt. H. S. Hurlburt

"C" Flight

Flt. Lieut. K. A. Lund
Ft. Sgt. R. T. Jones
Supply Sgt. J. A. Kelley

"D" Flight

Flt. Lieut. R. W. Real
Ft. Sgt. E. E. McMullen
Supply Sgt. L. A. McCool

Guidon Bearer F. Zarella

Wing Sgt. Major . . . R. J. Larkin
Group Major J. C. Young

Sqdn. 2

Captain S. Wachsberger
Adjutant L. Teschendorf

"E" Flight

Flt. Lieut. F. H. Reising
Ft. Sgt. E. A. Reeves
Supply Sgt. J. H. Smith

"F" Flight

Flt. Lieut. D. L. Stillman
Ft. Sgt. M. G. Svendsen
Supply Sgt. J. D. Snoddy

"G" Flight

Flt. Lieut. R. E. Thomas
Ft. Sgt. W. P. Walsh
Supply Sgt. D. G. Wales

"H" Flight

Flt. Lieut. Rex Whitney
Ft. Sgt. M. S. Wood
Supply Sgt. E. T. Wilkins





DEADLINE DYNAMOS



STAFF SGT. AL CHOPP
Producer
983rd Bombardier Trg. Sqdn.



CPL. EDWARD GOLDBERGER
Photographer
983rd Bombardier Trg. Sqdn.



It happened two weeks ago . . .

"Well, there it is kiddies . . . all wrapped up and ready for the presses." Ten, tired cadets looking on approvingly as Staff Sgt. Al Chopp, producer of "Bombs Away" boarded the airport bus, headed for the print shop in L. A.

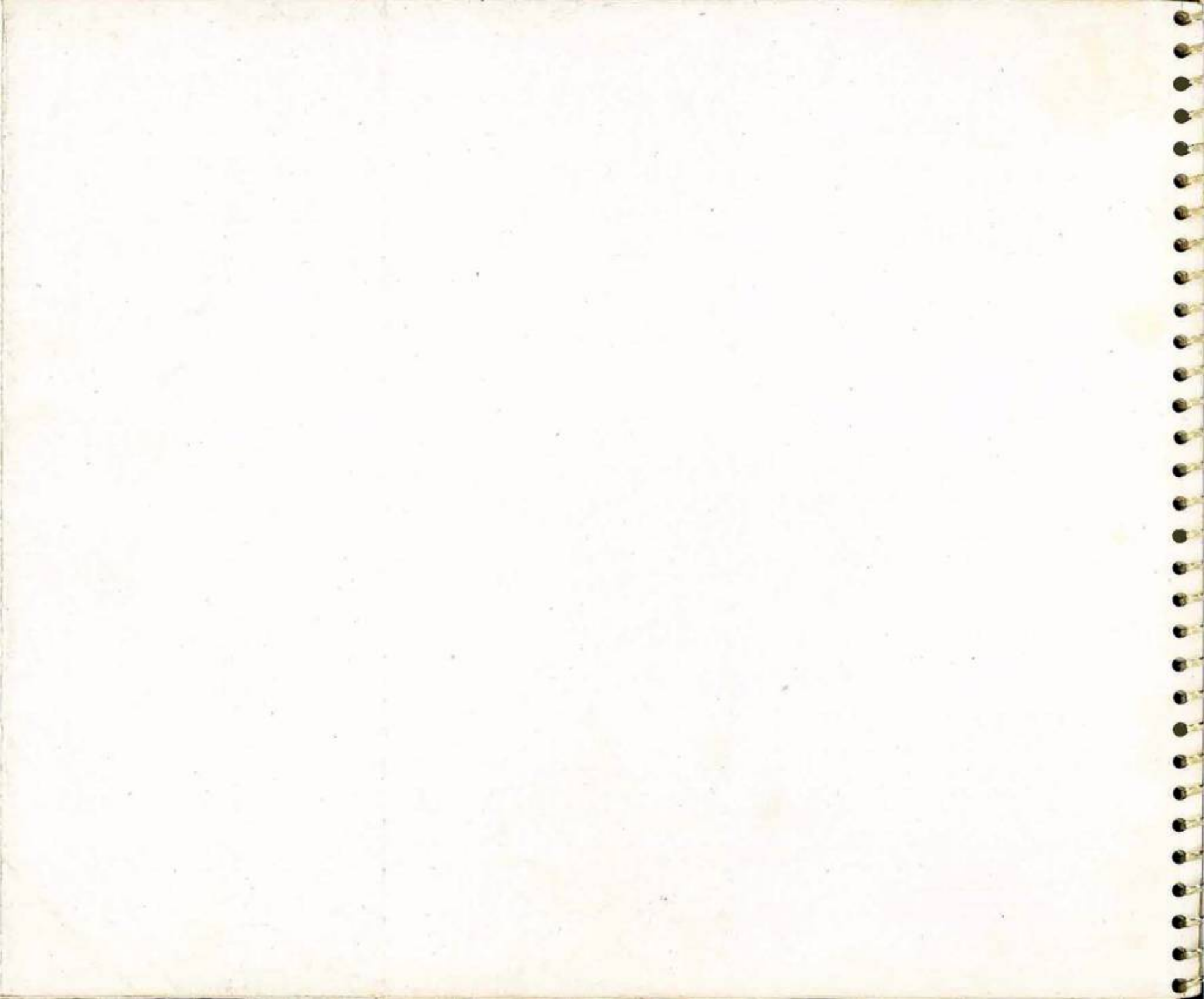
Strolling back to the barracks, sort of nonchalantly, the prolific deadline dynamos were ready for a good night's sleep . . . thoroughly relieved . . . happy . . . and kind of proud, too.

The pages of this book are ample testimony of a job well done.

Pass in review, boys: **Editor**, Si Wachsberger; **Ass't to the Editor**, Edward Alton Reeves; **Art Editor**, Robert G. Watkins; **Feature Writer**, William Pershing Walsh. Flanking this auspicious staff of eager beavers are: William Mathew Sontag, Robert Vernon Smith, Robert James Corman, Leo Golec, Sylvan Leonard Levey and Richard Herman Wessler.



Beechcraft AT-11 Bombing Trainers on the Line
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES



Restful reminiscing. First day here... we asked ...class tough? Chow good? Much drill? Hard to bomb? Chow good? Many eliminees? Inspections rough? WACS cute? Chow good? Gigs plentiful? Lots of P.T.? Chow good?

Restful reminiscing. First day here... we asked ...class tough? Chow good? Much drill? Hard to bomb? Chow good? Many eliminees? Inspections rough? WACS cute? Chow good? Gigs plentiful? Lots of P.T.? Chow good?

Classes started with a plunge into bombsight theory. . . found out that our instructors were more than just instructors. They were our friends. Really wanted us to get our wings. . . never tired of our silly questions. . . were liberal when we closed our weary eyes in class. . . walked out of class to display their faith in cadet honor. (Was it a gag?) Exams . . . exams . . . exams . . . computers, AFCE, causes of error, bombsight maintenance, et cetera. . . . Managed to get passing grade in spite of ourselves.

Trainer classes: Confusing, fun, boring, instructive. An introduction to course, rate, short, over, knobs, switches, pins, screws, peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum... and LAPS! AMPLE LAPS!

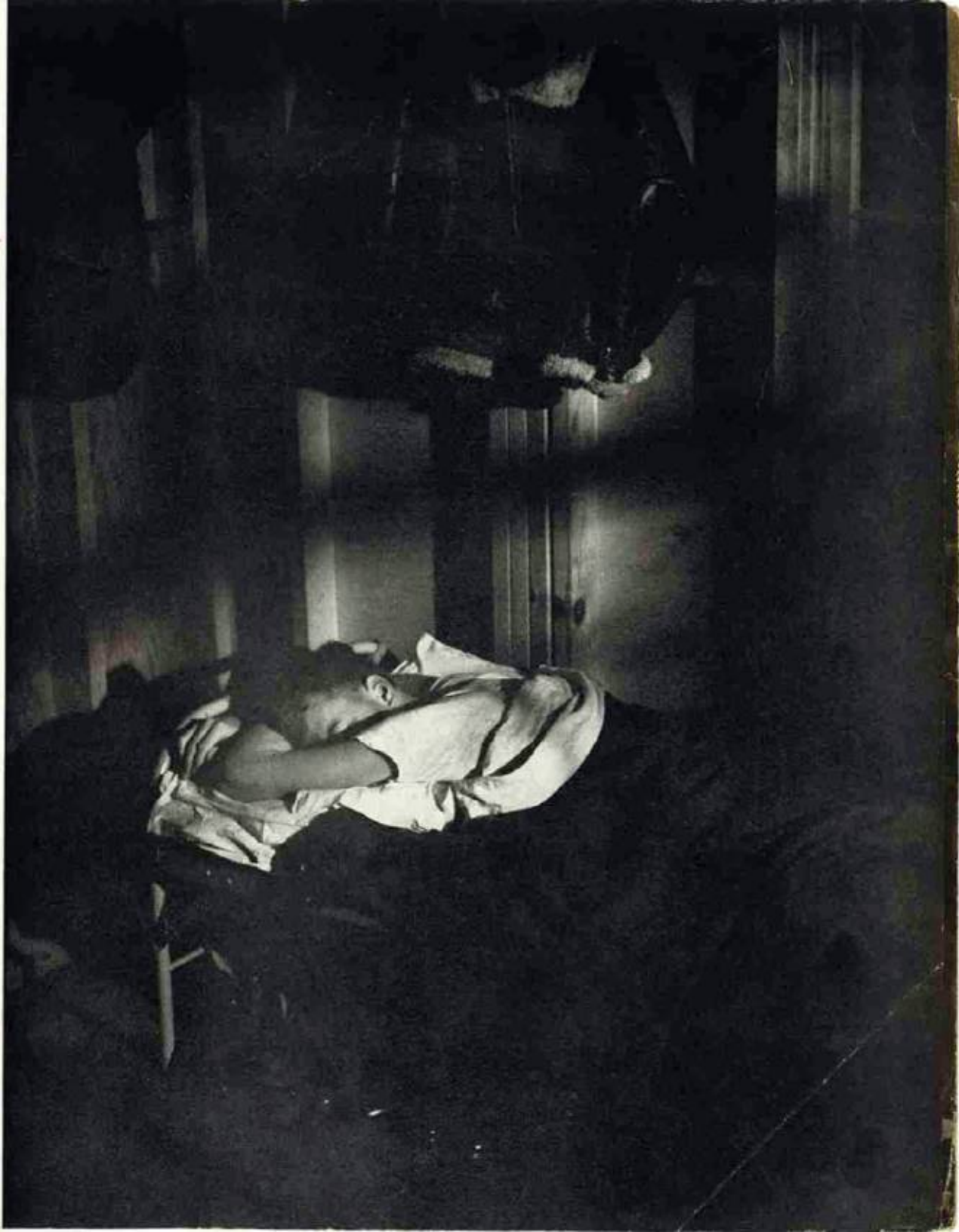
On the flight line: How's the pilot? The wind? The sight? Jumbled thoughts: Cage, uncage, clutch, unclutch, switch on, switch off. PDI right, PDI left. Kill course, kill rate. High altitude, low altitude. Satisfactory, unsatisfactory. Over the curve, under the curve. Shack, 600 footer. Hit, miss. E-6B, C-2. Forms, forms, forms. Check ride, malfunctions, et cetera, et cetera...and bubbles!

The terrible desert. Nine long weeks gone; three to go. Mess kits, tents, firing range, guard duty, K.P., beer, leggings, canteen, cold, cold, cold....

O.D. Room. Gigs, dentist slips...passes...
J. O. G...cadet detachment...Lt. Harbaugh...
Sgt. Paasche...Maj. Skangs...Capt. Garrett...
Sgt. Donahue...Capt. Miller.

Weekends: Blitz and shine; inspections... Vic-
torville... L.A.... San Berdoo... Scotch and Soda
... restaurants... night clubs... tours... sack time
... the wife... the girl... the girls... any girl...

Study...worry...sweat...z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z
hurry, hurry, hurry...rough deal; a good deal
treated like men...warm friendships...good
camp...wings...bars...furlough home...z-z-z



We Pitched Our Tents . . .



. . . On the Mojave

