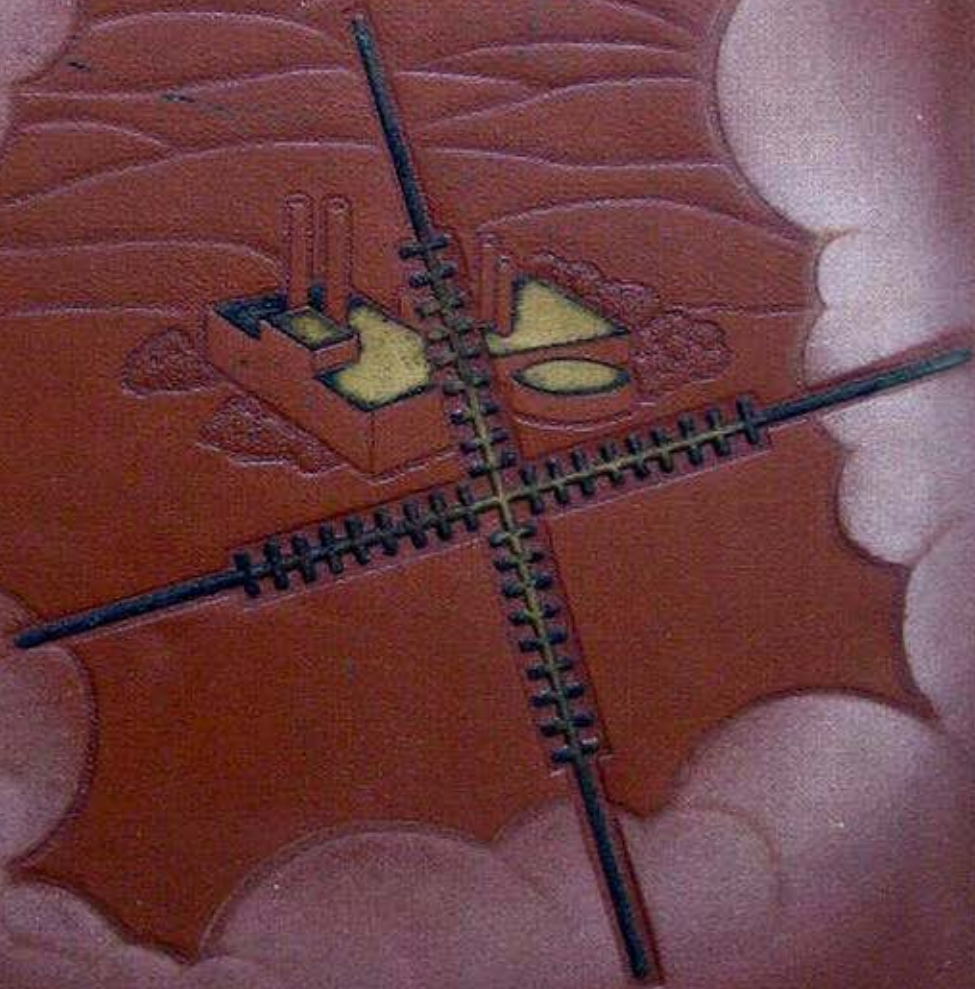


CARO



45 - 15B







302

CLASS 45-15

Presents

GYRO



AAFBS

BIG SPRING, TEX.



Franklin D. Roosevelt

DEDICATION

We the men of class 45-15B, dedicate this book, not only to the memory of a great man who has left us, but also to the magnificent spirit and principles he left to America and the world as beacons leading to the ultimate goal of peace for generations to come.

As a leader in our many battles and darkest moments, his wisdom was there to designate the right path. Although not always at first clear to us, his decisions invariably led to ends that were undoubtedly those for which we sought.

As President of this nation he personified the ideals of the foremost 'ism' of all—Americanism. His was the vital gift of being able to conceive within himself the feelings of others. His every emotion was heartfelt and sincere. He would never just meet occasions—no, it was his trait to absorb and live them.

May our dedication to Franklin D. Roosevelt be in the form of a sincere pledge to apply our training and abilities to our utmost, as a means to hasten the climax of his dreams.

POST PERSONNEL



MAJOR C. O. FRAZIER
Post Executive Officer



CAPT. M. E. HOERGER, JR.
Post Adjutant



MAJOR W. E. TURNER
Public Relations Officer



CAPT. J. S. MILLARD
Intelligence Officer



CAPT. J. R. ANTHONY
Photography



MAJOR H. F. WHEELER
Special Services

OUR CHAPLAINS

Although too often forgotten in the bustle of our daily routines and activities, these men were always anxious to serve us when the occasion arose. They devoted all of their time to us, not only in regards to religion, but also to give advice, aid, or consolation. For this, we hope our thanks will be accepted as sincerely as they are offered.



CAPT. FRANK B. WEBB
Protestant Chaplain



CAPT. THOMAS J. McDONALD
Catholic Chaplain



LT. ALBERT N. TROY
Jewish Chaplain



PHYSICAL EXAMINATION FOR FLYING

(See AR 40-100, 40-105, 40-110)

1. (Last name) _____ (Trade and army or service) _____ (Serial No.) _____ (Age) _____ (Years service) _____

2. (Address) _____ (Date and result last examination) _____

3. Temperature _____; observer _____ (Total) _____; pilot _____ (Last 6 mos.) _____; observer _____ (Last 6 mos.) _____

4. Medical history. (In the case of: pavor nocturnus, mig repeated episodes of arthritis in any form, _____) No. _____ Last _____; smallpox _____ (Date) _____; reaction _____

FLIGHT SURGEON

y, enuresis, headaches, dizziness, vertigo, fainting, stammering, tic, somnambulism, apathy, elation, depression, sensory disturbances, amnesia, spasms, unconsciousness, alcohol, tuberculosis, asthma, hay fever, repeated colds, mastoiditis, sinusitis, tonsillitis, pertinent history? Explain fully.)



Major Rankin

5. Eye: Inspection _____ Nystagmus _____
 6. Associated parallel movements _____ Pupils: Equality _____ Reaction _____
 7. Visual acuity: R. E., 20/ _____, correctible to 20/ _____ L. E., 20/ _____, correctible to 20/ _____
 8. Depth perception (uncorrected) _____ mm. With correction _____ mm.
 9. Heterophoria at 6 meters: Eso _____ Exo _____ R. H. _____ L. H. _____ Prism divergence _____
 10. Red lens test _____ Angle convergence: Pcb _____ mm. Pd _____ mm. °
 11. Accommodation: R. _____ D. L. _____ D. Addition required for 50 cm. R. _____ L. _____
 (Jaeger type): Right J. _____, correctible to J. _____; Left J. _____, correctible to J. _____

12. Color vision _____
 13. Field of vision (form): R. _____ L. _____ Ophthalmoscopic: R. _____ L. _____
 14. Refraction: R. reads 20/20 with _____ S. C. CAx _____ ° L. reads 20/20 with _____ S. C. CAx _____ °

15. Ear: History of ear trouble _____
 16. External ear: R. _____ L. _____ Me _____
 17. Hearing (whisper): R. _____/20. L. _____/20. Audiome _____
 18. Nares _____

19. Teeth:
 (a) Right (Examinee's) Left
 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16

(b) Remarks, including other defects _____
 (c) Prosthetic appliances _____

HEAD NURSE

20. History of swing, train, air, or sea sickness _____
 21. Barany chair (when indicated with results) _____
 22. Posture _____ (Excellent, good, fair, bad) Figure _____ (Slender, medium, heavy)
 23. Height, _____ inches. Weight, _____ pounds. Chest: Inspira _____
 24. Skin and lymphatics _____
 25. Bones, joints, muscles _____



26. Heart _____
 27. Pulse rate, _____ B. P.: S. _____ D. _____ Schneider _____ Pulse immediately after exercise _____
 Two minutes after exercise _____ Character _____
 28. Arteries _____ Varicose veins _____

Lieutenant Marie McDaniels

* Semiannual appointment as cadet, commission in the Air Corps, commission in Air Corps Reserve, transfer to the Air Corps, or any other special purpose.
 † I, II, III, or IV: see par. 3, AR 40-510.

TOIN DA PAGE
AND YOUSE'LL
SEE, - THE BUNCH
O' ROCKS
CALLED

15B





WILLIAM W. DIXON
Wing Commander



HOWARD FISHER
Wing Adjutant

W
I
N
G

S
T
A
F
F



BERNARD C. MIDDLETON
Wing Supply Officer



DAVID D. WARD
Adjutant



JOHN W. COSTELLO
Squadron Commander



CHESTER G. EASTMAN
Supply Officer

S
Q
U
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R
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JOHN E. VAIL
First Sergeant



"LITTLE WHEELS"

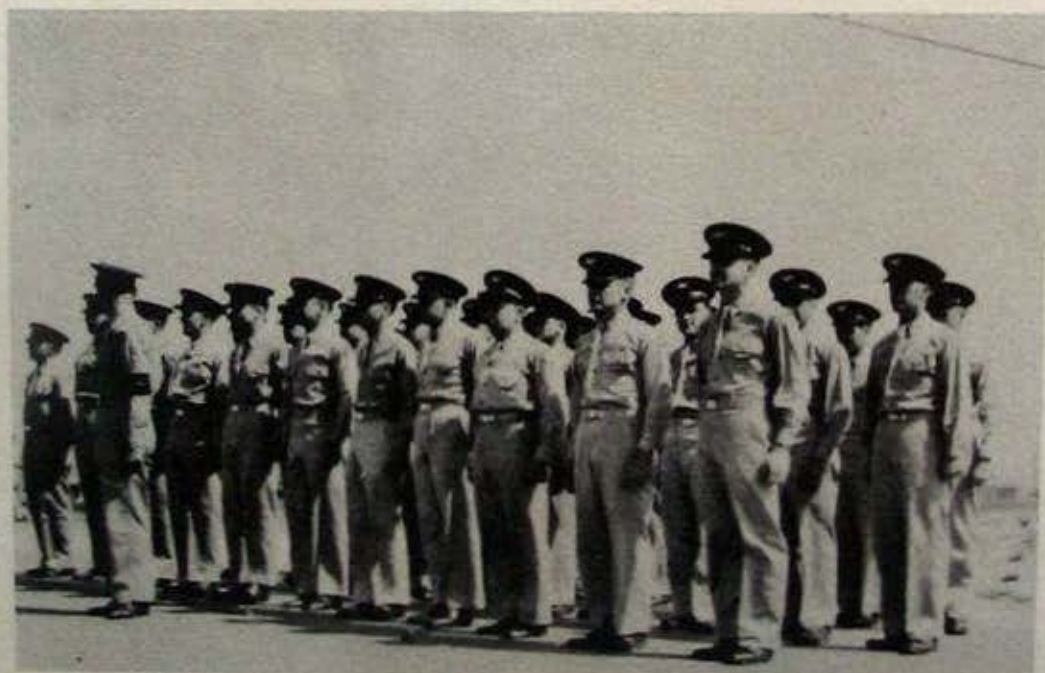
A FLIGHT



DOM V. FORTE
Flight Lieutenant



RAYMOND D. CONNER
Flight Sergeant





Anderson, George H.
"Andy"



Antonio, Peter F.
"But Sir, in Navigation school"



Aptakin, Justin P.
"I'm only five minutes late"



Beldon, Lewis S.
"Come on . . ."



Barnes, Gerald D.
"Just a book and the sack"





Cohen, Sam
"Sir, Which Cohen?"



Conner, Raymond D.
"Dud"



Costello, John W.
"Cos"



Cudworth, Robert G.
"Let's clean the car"



Davenport, Hershel L.
"Hubba, Hubba, any poppin'
bottles?"



De Vries, Bernard O.
"Now I wouldn't say that ..."



"You mean like this, Sir?"



Di Cola, Alfred G.
"Mail call? I'm willing."



Diederich, Leo M.
"Girls, Girls Girls—"



Dill, Robert T.
"Ah, this married life."



DiMaggio, Joseph J.
"Knock it off."



Dispenza, Robert E.
"Apples from home"



DiValerio, Anthony T.
"D. V."



"And that, gentlemen, concludes my lecture on Fusing Bombs."



Dixon, William W.
"Tokio Rose"



Dooley, Aubrey M.
"And the wheels just wouldn't
come down!"



Dryden, Charles T.
"Another P. T. excuse?"



Duffy, William M.
"Where's little Bill?"



Dunn, William J.
"Sweet Boy!"



Eastman, Chester G.
"I've taken all I'm gonna!"



Devine, John
"Bobby Sock"

"You're on course!"



Eaton, Donald L.
"Time for one hand"



Ellis, Earl E.
"Mighty mouse"



Ellsberg, Harry D.
"I fail to see the humor"



Forman, William M.
"Eager beaver"



Forte, Dom V.
"I'm ready, fallout!"



Fox, Sidney J.
"Guide-out"



"Malfunction not granted"



Gendreau, Harvey G.
"Malfunction Joe"



Gerstein, Sidney
"Don't take that picture"



Godett, Nelson C.
"The Personality Kid??"



Gracie, Russell H.
"I'll put to boog on her"



"Dry Run, Sir!!"



Greene, Robert D.
"Art eeeeee, shad up"



Griffin, Clyde B.
"How old are you, Son?"



Grossman, Robert E.
"Oh, Oh, gigged again!"



Gunn, Frederick E.
"You don't know, do you?"



Haverly, William W.
"I'm an old man"



Henderson, Gale G.
"The prettiest of them all?"



"Oh come now! You can set it up better than that!"



Hillenbrand, John
"Beligerent John"



Holmes, Frederick G.
"We're in like big birds."



Hurn, James L.
"The eagerest of them all"



Jablonski, Alfonse B.
"It must have been a malfunction"



"Camera!"



Jeske, LeRoy R.
"Have you ever been to Bahia?"



Johanson, Norman L.
"Wine, Women and Song"



Jordan, Frank S.
"The thing is to keep calm"



Jordan, Lucius G.
"Little Lucius"



Juergens, Robert O.
"Who'll loan me a dirt?"



Kachavos, George
"SACK TIME"





Kaduk, John F.
"But I was synchronized!"



Kaiser, Robert C.
"Get those lights out!"



Kassis, Harry J.
"Aw, Gee fellows!"



Kidd, Malcolm M.
"You've got to compensate!"



Kincaid, James R.
"All you need is a rope!"



Knowles, Robert E.
"But Sir, But Sir, my C. E."



"You trying to give me a 'bad time'?"



Koch, Albert V.
"Fight on Pennsylvania"



Koehler, William F.
"I'm forced to double"



Koerner, John R.
"I will not swing on the wing tips"



Kostyniak, Victor W.
"I never did smoke at home"



Larson, Ralph G.
"Hot Time"



Warnimont, Robert E.
"But I wasn't hypnotized"



C FLIGHT



FRANCOIS E. PIDGEON
Flight Lieutenant



JACK A. MOSIER
Flight Sergeant





Greenberg, Sidney I.
"What's your interpretation of
Duration?"



LaMaster, William H.
"But Sir I don't understand."



LaVelle, Alton B.
"Beautiful Texas"



Leeser, Paul J.
"P. J."



Lewis, Robert J.
"Nuff Sed"





LuBein, Frank J.
"It ain't like Chi"



McBean, William S.
"We were just taking extra P.T."



McFadden, George E.
"Full speed ahead, 6 words per minute"



McKey, Forrest M.
"Speak to me, McKey"



McKinley, Gilbert G.
"But she came all the way from Fort Worth"



THE NEXT TIME YOU TELL ME
TO GET MY HEAD OUT, SAY SIR!!



McMickle, Walter C.
"Pretty girls are from the NORTH"



McNeil, Roy W.
"Cherry"



Mackey, Loy I.
"Rope off the area"



Marino, James J.
"The Clevis pin was in, Sir."



Matchette, Paul A.
"Ah to be back in the Boy Scouts"



Small Refinements! Dammit!
Small Refinements!!



Maxson, Milton E.
"Where's my mail?"



Meents, James R.
"Threw it on Herb's bed!"



Meier, Robert F.
"Come on Mac—Let's go this way."



Muhofski, Harry A.
"Mike checked my brass, Sir."



"He's a born Bombardier!
Feel all the knobs on his head!"



Middleton, B. C.
"Stretch"



Mills, Henry S.
"Wobbler Sir."



Mix, Jack A.
"But I love the Navy."



Mosier, Jack A.
"Squirrel"



Miklosko, Louis J.
"I says go!, prepare!"



Murphy, Theodore W.
"Glensferry Gazette says . . ."





Naramore, Edward F.
"Where is the compass cover?"



Northcut, Herbert L.
"She looked like 14 to me."



O'Conner, Richard F.
"Open the bomb bays"



Ornstein, Julian H.
"Cupie"



"Keep Looking, Sir — It's
in there somewhere!"



Owens, Edwin R.
"I don't mind wearing a barracks
bag"



Palagi, Gene P.
"I can't see the target"



Panagopoulos, John
"Jelly Belly"



Pattillo, LeRoy J.
"Ooooooh, it's dark up here."



Peddie, Harward C.
"Take me back to Tulsa"



Phelan, John R.
"Well, I'll move this footlocker."



"DEAR LORD IN HEAVEN—"



Pidgeon, Francois E.
"Pidge"



Powers, Karl J.
"Who zat meat ball?"



Prussing, William S.
"Hump."



Reichardt, Henry C.
"Can found it"



Campbell, Rufus
'Do they have Cadets in civilian
life?'



D FLIGHT



DALE E. WHITESELL
Flight Lieutenant



JOSEPH P. SCHAEFFER
Flight Sergeant





Dhein, Lyle E.
"Ah those Wisconsin snowbanks"



Reiter, Frederick H.
"Klondike"



Renner, George B.
"Fort Worth interlude"



Rice, Earl D.
"Pipes"



Richardson, Gerald D.
"Locker inspection in 5 minutes"



"WHY DIDNT I JOIN THE NAVY LIKE ANY NORMAL BOY OF MY AGE"



Robinson, Danforth R.
"Robbie"



Rockwell, William A.
"Got a paper bag?"



Ruggles, Lewis W.
"Rough on flight leaders"



Schaeffer, Joseph P.
Ask the wheels



Schmidt, William J.
Fort Worth flash"





Scholl, James
"Speaking of bent nozzles"



Search, James W.
"Dry run, Sir; but, but, Sir?"



Shafer, James B.
"Short Shafer"



Singleton, Jack E.
"What every girl dreams of"



Smith, Russell M.
"Shack? Sir."



"HEH, HEH, GUESS WOTT"



Smith, William S.
"TEX"



Snyder, Robert J.
"The Kid"



Sohaiby, Frank C.
"Sahib"



Spurr, Eugene V.
"Stallworth"



Stanborough, John
"I ain't purty but I'm willin'"



"LEVEL PU-LEEZE SIR."



Vail, John E.
"Is chow compulsory?"



Van Mil, Stephen A.
"Click"



Volpe, Frank
"I was so happy"



Wacker, Kenneth E.
"Short Burst"



Ward, David D.
"Baldy"





Wenckus, Adam J.
"Hide it"



Whitesell, Dale E.
"Did I snafu!"



Wieland, Edward C.
"Airplane Eddie"



Willis, Edwin L.
"Spotts"



Wolfson, Stanley W.
"What's Texas got that Brooklyn
hasn't?"



"Yes! It will even do that!"



GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS

WEATHER
Brady, Wells, Penner, Dickerson

THE BOMBSIGHT
Bowen, Rhoads, Booth, Kercheval



C. AUTO-PILOT
Schiozhaver, Stallworth, Dixon, E. Johnson



CAPT. HOMER H. FIELDS
Head of Navigation



NAVIGATION
Snodgrass, Marshall, Ericson, Shaver, M. Johnson,
Fields, Kinsey, Schubert



ALLIED SUBJECTS
Heinrich, S. Williams, Coverdale, Cardale,
Ruddicombe



Rolland

FRENCH CADET DETACHMENT



Yves H. Gazaniol
Toulouse, France



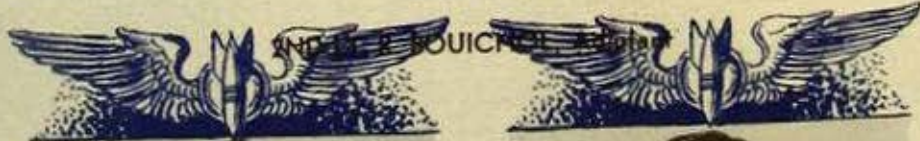
Marc L. Eycken
Paris, France



Denis J. Boulot
Melun, France



1ST LT. B. BONNARD
Commanding Officer
French Cadets



Andre C. Spycerelle
Dunkerque, France



Francis J. Viruega
Oran, Algeria



NOTRE DAME REGAINED

These stones rock of my own loved soil,
In exile ever grown more dear—
My distant heart, in storm and toil,
As heart of France, beat here!

Be now her flame that burned in me
At altar—Flame renewed—
This led her sons on land and sea,
And with her faith imbued.

Susan N. Pulsifer

A NOTRE DAME

Comme elles m'étaient proches oans l'exil des années
Ces pierres jaillies de mon solsaire,
Tandis que par delà les murs et les monts
Mon coeur et celui de France Battaient A L'unisson.

Sa flamme brulait au trefonds de mon Etre;
Tout comme au maitre—autel sans cesse renouvelée
Elle guida ses enfants dans le vent et la tempête
Et leurs fronts de sa foi, en furent aurés.

Adapted by Emile G. Henno



CAPT. LOUIS E. LONG, JR.
Group Commander



CAPT. FRANK JACOBS
Group Senior Instructor

GRO BOMBARDIER

SQUADRON III STAFF

- Capt. Alexander D. McConnell, Sqdr. Commanding Officer
- Capt. George R. Jernigan, Squadron Senior Instructor
- Capt. Carl S. Anderson, Squadron Operations Officer

CAPT. E. C. HUMPHREYS
Flight Leader A

CAPT. ROBERT NELSEN
Flight Leader B

1ST LT. GROVER E. MEYER
Flight Leader C

CAPT. SMITH WALKER
Flight Leader D

SQUADRON III BOMBARDIER INSTRUCTORS

- Lt. D. W. Allen
- Lt. W. R. Anton
- 1st Lt. R. W. Bean
- Capt. L. S. Behrens
- Lt. D. O. Bolon
- Lt. R. C. Bramlette
- Lt. E. E. Briggs
- 1st Lt. D. B. Brown
- Lt. L. D. Bulloch
- 1st Lt. J. E. Byrne
- F/O S. C. Caravello
- Lt. V. J. Cardinal
- 1st Lt. R. M. Carr
- Lt. D. S. Cason
- Lt. H. E. Colburn
- Lt. M. L. Cunningham
- 1st Lt. R. E. Cuddeback
- F/O C. E. Dawson
- F/O A. V. Del Vecchio

- Lt. M. J. Bartolomeo
- F/O C. C. Drennon
- F/O J. G. Dunkle
- F/O J. A. Durnwald
- 1st Lt. J. M. Dyer
- F/O J. S. Dziadosz
- 1st Lt. H. C. Feagin
- 1st Lt. E. J. Fetzer
- Lt. W. C. Fletcher
- 1st Lt. P. W. Flournoy
- F/O R. W. Flowers
- 1st Lt. W. C. Franklin
- Lt. H. O. Gassert
- 1st Lt. R. W. Gibson
- 1st Lt. L. W. Gonyer
- Lt. R. W. Holst
- 1st Lt. F. G. Hunt
- 1st Lt. M. A. Jones
- Lt. P. E. Klein

- Lt. W. B. Kunkel
- 1st Lt. E. T. Leavay
- Capt. W. L. Leirevaag
- Lt. P. Mackler
- 1st Lt. J. A. Malec
- Lt. C. T. Morgan
- 1st Lt. J. H. Nash
- Lt. R. H. Neerland
- 1st Lt. M. Ostinato
- 1st Lt. E. L. Redifer
- F/O R. A. Robichaub
- 1st Lt. J. J. Rohrer
- Capt. C. F. Schlegel
- 1st Lt. H. C. Schoenfeld
- 1st Lt. A. H. Steinmetz
- 1st Lt. O. L. Schultz
- F/O F. L. Stout
- 1st Lt. A. A. Vander Haeghen

JP II

PILOTS



CAPT. RALPH E. BUCHANAN
Asst. Group Senior Instructor



CAPT. JOHN DWIGHT, JR.
Group Operations Officer

FLIGHT LEADERS SQUADRON III

1st Lt. Kenneth Nelson	Flight Leader A
1st Lt. Van F. Ussery	Flight Leader B
1st Lt. Robert L. Hurdley	Flight Leader C
1st Lt. John B. Burdick	Flight Leader D

SQUADRON II PILOTS

1st Lt. W. H. Aderhold
F/O E. T. Alexander
Lt. W. F. Bennett
Lt. B. F. Beane
1st Lt. E. M. Bibb, Jr.
Lt. R. E. Blackburn
Lt. C. W. Blevins
Lt. M. D. Borrillo
1st Lt. W. H. Burner
1st Lt. H. N. Bursten
Lt. A. J. Casey
F/O M. W. Cobb
Lt. R. L. Cobb
Lt. J. M. Conover
F/O F. De Bari
1st Lt. R. E. Dehning
F/O C. P. Demattia
Capt. J. R. Dixon
Lt. C. M. Flatter
Lt. H. L. Dorsey
1st Lt. L. E. Doster
Lt. M. P. Durham

Lt. G. E. Ensroth
Lt. P. H. Forgue
Lt. B. W. Fox
Lt. G. E. Fuller
Lt. H. P. Goldberg
Lt. T. W. Gracie
F/O L. D. Haws
Lt. M. P. Hentrich
Lt. D. D. Hill
1st Lt. H. E. Horton
1st Lt. H. E. Jackson
Lt. M. F. Jolly
F/O C. A. Kastenbader
F/O A. K. Larsen
1st Lt. D. C. Lillard
1st Lt. G. F. Lindsey
1st Lt. I. G. Long
F/O J. M. Martin
F/O E. H. Maske
1st Lt. G. D. McBain
Lt. R. H. McKinney
Capt. H. K. Mickey

Lt. L. D. Mills
F/O J. J. O'Connor
Lt. R. B. Ohme
Lt. D. Otteson
Lt. R. R. Paskert
Lt. A. H. Ragan
1st Lt. R. G. Reading
Lt. J. S. Richardson
Lt. J. B. Roberson
Lt. F. S. Robert
Lt. M. E. Ross
Lt. S. M. Sidney
Lt. J. L. Sappington
F/O J. L. Scharpf
Lt. J. W. Shasteen
F/O D. L. Shields
Lt. R. E. Sorenson
1st Lt. A. H. Swanson
Lt. D. N. Tracey
Lt. C. J. S. Udouj
Lt. J. J. Wahler
Lt. R. F. Wentworth

INCUBAR (Inc)
 FLIGHT
 REMARKS
 PERFORMANCE
 REMARKS

SQUADRON II NAVIGATION



CAPT. OSCAR R. KREBS
Squadron Navigation

SQUADRON II STAFF

Capt. Robert E. Georges Squadron Commander
Capt. Alfred W. Schell Squadron Operations Officer
Capt. James S. Harding Squadron Senior Instructor
Capt. George G. Grinnell Squadron Asst. Senior Instr.

CAPT. VICTOR A. SENECHAL
Flight Leader A

CAPT. DONOVAN W. RULIEN
Flight Leader C

CAPT. VAN C. ELLIOTT
Flight Leader B

CAPT. WARD W. SHOEMAKER
Flight Leader D

SQUADRON II NAVIGATION INSTRUCTORS

1st Lt. G. Burd
Lt. H. L. Bray
Lt. N. L. Cavanaugh
1st Lt. P. A. Cunningham
1st Lt. L. A. Daniel
Lt. P. O. Drews
F/O R. S. Ferlita
Lt. D. J. Garcia
1st Lt. R. A. Garner
Lt. E. D. Grant
Lt. G. Graves
Lt. W. J. Hamilton
1st Lt. D. E. Headrick
1st Lt. F. A. Hendershot
1st Lt. C. A. Jacobson
F/O H. S. Kake

1st Lt. E. T. Langan
F/O W. P. Lucas
Lt. W. A. Malmquist
1st Lt. W. A. McBride
1st Lt. J. B. McNamara
1st Lt. J. E. Neeley, Jr.
1st Lt. V. R. Peck
1st Lt. R. H. Pettit
Lt. G. W. Policastro
F/O C. Rainone
1st Lt. W. A. Reese
1st Lt. J. B. Rodriguez
Lt. J. F. Rynes
1st Lt. E. R. Stanko
1st Lt. W. J. Wilson
Lt. R. E. Witte



CAPT. E. A. FREDERICKSON, JR.
Director of Academic Instruction

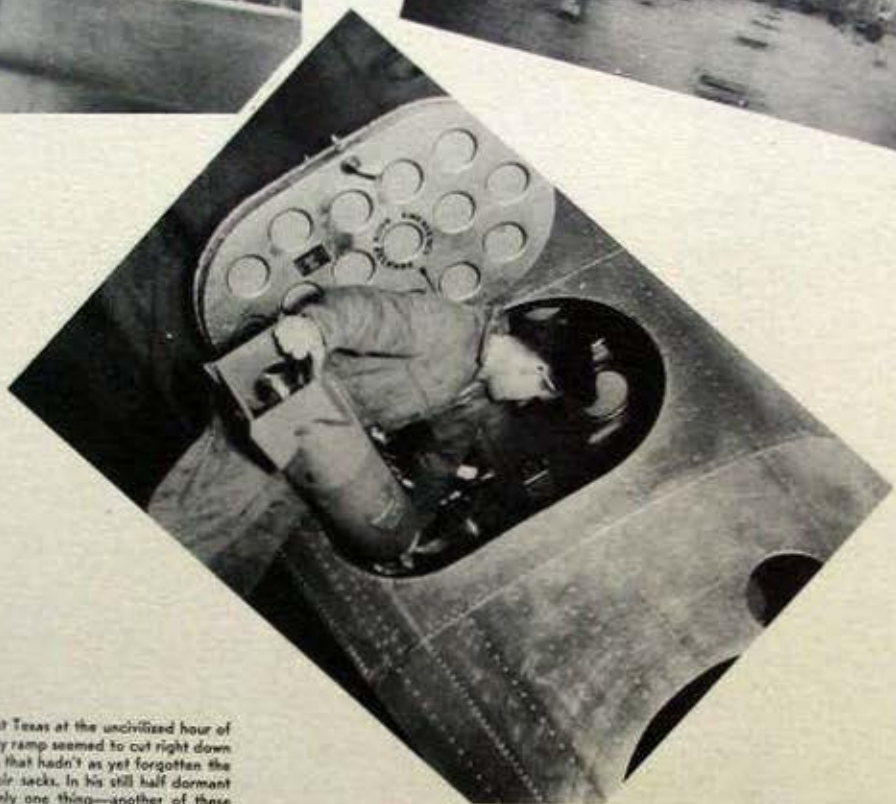
GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS

Capt. E. M. Hulst
Lt. C. H. Barr
Lt. J. E. Wade
Lt. C. O. Dickerson
Lt. O. S. Lafley
Capt. C. R. Ireland
Lt. J. R. Lindsey
Lt. M. B. Johnson
Lt. J. Luria
Lt. L. T. Schubert
Lt. E. F. Endicott
Lt. V. P. Brisson
Lt. E. J. Coverdill
Lt. E. C. Puddicombe
Lt. G. R. Lyons
Capt. H. H. Fields
Capt. I. J. Keefer
Lt. H. I. Herring
Lt. R. L. Capps
Capt. D. C. Rhoads
Capt. C. E. Marshall
Lt. E. W. Schlotzhauer
Lt. E. J. Johnson
Capt. T. W. Stallworth
Capt. R. G. Booth



CAPT. L. K. BOWEN
Director of Ground School (Cadet)

BOMBING



The morning was typical of West Texas at the uncivilized hour of five. The whistling wind on the ghostly ramp seemed to cut right down to and through the marrow in bodies that hadn't as yet forgotten the delicious comfort and warmth of their sacks. In his still half dormant mind, Cal Amnity was aware of only one thing—another of these confoundingly confusing, new, combat bombing missions to struggle through. The short briefing was over and at last he'd crept through the endless line to the parachute room and was now hobbling the final thousand yards to the ship, wondering if he could only amass enough strength to retain his fast weakening grip on the 'oboles. The other two lads were already at the ship when he arrived, but as yet had done no more than remove the shackles, having between them decided to bestow upon our friend Cal the honor of being first to bomb this day. This automatically detailed him the task of pre-lighting the sight. However, the absence of the instructor, as yet, transformed this tedious duty into a case of once-over-lightly. In due time, appearance was made by the pilot and instructor and shortly after the familiar bellow of "Clear," they were soaring to meet the sunrise—and North targets. At a thousand feet, the instructor waved Cal to the nose and as he gathered the assorted computers, papers, tables and such, he was in a state much the same as a man just sentenced. Under the best conditions it is no simple job for a laden man two feet broad to squeeze through a one foot opening, so it was no small wonder that with the instructor as an added hazard, Cal, with a final lunge, ended with his right ear striving to leave an imprint on the plastic nose while a mass of interphone wires entangled his legs. In a brief five minutes of struggle he had simply extricated himself and was nonchalantly recording readings of temperature, airspeed, altitudes, working two confusing computers, holding the P. D. I. centered with one hand, and listening to the first outbursts of the instructor beside him. Came flight level and with it time for a stabilizer level which he would have only had to do once—if the nice man there to teach him had only reminded him to open the bomb-bays first. Having satisfied himself that the bubbles were at least in sight occasionally, there was barely time for a quick gasp before starting a synchronous run to set up the A. B. C. The run itself wasn't too hard, but when it



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came to transferring the data to the computer, he gently cursed out those on the ground who had made this step sound so simple. Sure, put in the drift—but only a true superman could hold that ?\$*!& pointer in place while subduing that wheel you had to turn while tryin' to position the little gadget that indicated the proper tangent. And, it would be sorta nice if the compass would hold still at least long enough to lock down the correct heading. He was still in the process of tightening down the last nut when simultaneously the pilot gave the oncourse signal and the instructor started bellowing for evasive action. It may not have been quite as smooth and gentle as possible, but that was no reason for the lieutenant to scream assertions that he was doing modified slow rolls. He was still giving himself a mental pat on the back for the smoothness of the last maneuver when a gentle tap, of earthquake proportions, dislocated his shoulder as a reminder to take a level. It was not a howling success, as levels go, but once more those elusive dancing bubbles were at least brough into sight. All right, so he'd forgotten to put the select lever in position, the rack switch on and instructor swith on in their sequence, but was that ample reason for the instructor to acquire a scarlet hue? It must have been, judging from a quick glance at him. And now came time for those last few maddening seconds into which had to be crowded such things as; refining course, killing rate, replacing the hairs, putting up the trigger, checking air speed and altitude, and saying a little prayer on the side. At last came another zephyr-like nudge that had a twofold purpose of letting him know that the bomb had gone and also to hurl him into the far corner to make room for the bulk of the instructor as he draped over the sight to check the actions of those hairs which had once been still as death but were certainly now tearing like mad away from the target. Once more his pencil flew to note, in the few allotted seconds, such data as air speed, altitude, drift, tangent, time, compass heading and target number. As he leaned over the top of the sight to see the impact, he could see the dejected image of the instructor huddled with slowly shaking head in hands, praying that the bomb would hit Texas, let alone the range. What he failed to see though was the poor man throw up his hands and collapse completely with the announcement, "O.K. to turn sir—twenty feet at six o'clock."



came to transferring the data to the computer, he gently eased out those on the ground who had made this step sound so simple. Sure, put in the drift—but only a true superman could hold that 75" B pointer in place while adjusting that wheel you had to turn while tryin' to position the little gadget that indicated the proper tangent. And, it would be sorta nice if the compass would hold still at least long enough to lock down the correct heading. He was still in the process of tightening down the last nut when simultaneously the pilot gave the enroute signal and the instructor started bellowing for evasive action. It may not have been quite as smooth and gentle as possible, but that was no reason for the lieutenant to scream assertions that he was doing modified slow rolls. He was still giving himself a mental pat on the back for the smoothness of the last maneuver when a gentle tap, of earthquake proportions, dislocated his shoulder as a reminder to take a level. It was not a howling success, as levels go, but once more those elusive dancing bubbles were at least brought into sight. All right, so he'd forgotten to put the select lever in position, the rack switch on and instructor switch on in their sequence, but was that ample reason for the instructor to acquire a scarlet hue? It must have been, judging from a quick glance at him. And now came time for those last few maddening seconds into which had to be crowded such things as: refining course, killing rate, replacing the hairs, putting up the trigger, checking air speed and altitude, and saying a little prayer on the side. At last came another zephyr-like nudge that had a twofold purpose of letting him know that the bomb had gone and also to hurl him into the far corner to make room for the bulk of the instructor as he draped over the sight to check the actions of those hairs which had once been still as death but were certainly now tearing like mad away from the target. Once more his pencil flew to note, in the few allotted seconds, such data as air speed, altitude, drift, tangent, time, compass heading and target number. As he leaned over the top of the sight to see the impact, he could see the dejected image of the instructor huddled with slowly shaking head in hands, praying that the bomb would hit Texas, let alone the range. What he failed to see though was the poor man throw up his hands and collapse completely with the announcement, "O.K. to turn six—twenty feet at six o'clock."



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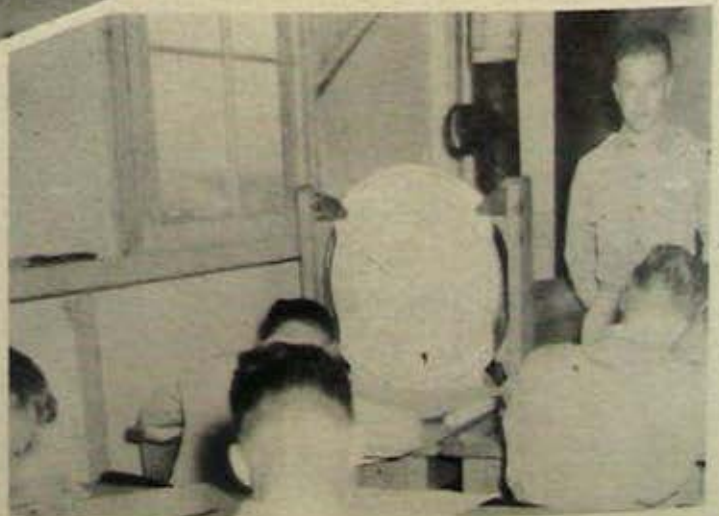
... later ... sorta work it backwards. "SIR, PUT IN A $12\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ CORRECTION ... WHICH WAYS? ... WHY, HEH, UH TH' RIGHT SIR ... CERT'NLY IT'S RIGHT SIR." That oughta be a good guess ... now, where are those computers? Had 'em just a second ago ... Can't see why these sectionals couldn't be made pocket size. Lookit'em ... can't even see outa the nose, not to mention the sight or the computers hidden in 'im ... Now where the H - - is that pencil? ... Nuts ... point's busted ... Ohhh, gimme strength ... Here's the paper with the altitudes, altimeter settings, 'n temperatures, ... but there's millions of 'em ... Which is which?? ... "WHAT'S THAT SIR? ... I. P. COMING UP ... YESSIR, I'M ALL SET" ... 'Set' hmph, I'd like to see anyone 'set'. Can't be done ... Guess about 8° right drift oughta be about it, 'n the fellers say you c'n kill rate swell with the disc speed drum ... Oh me, there's the target already ... well, it sorta resembles the objective folder ... only the river's on the wrong side ... Hafta work fast now ... Push this lever, 'n shux, might's all set ... 'n put all the switches up now ... UH YES SIR ... I'M DOIN' EVASIVE ACTION ... Evasive action 's eye, I'm chasin' that %*!&)? course hair ... UH YES PLEASE SIR ... LEVEL O. K." Here goes ... refine course, kill rate dead, ... reset hair ... put up trigger, ... grab the camera, now for one more peek—oooooww, lookit them hairs gallop, gotta put 'em back 'n take a pitcher ... Oops, where's that

camera trigger?? "Aahhh." (Sweating and gasping, he collapses) "O.K. TO TURN SIR ... WHAT'S THAT SIR? ... OH YES-SIR, NUTHIN' TO IT ... EASY AS FALLIN' OFF A LOG, THIS NAVIGATION!"



GROUND SCHOOL

It's easy for a fellow to look back at our ground school training and say, "That ground school was a snap." For some, I guess that may be so, but few are those who can claim they didn't do any good honest "sweating." To complete the intensive course, the required number of hours reaches up to astronomical figures. No matter who you may be, you are bound to learn things,—lots of things. It is a fact that the course in aerial bombardment is the most technical and complex of all the army has to offer, so even though our learning and absorbing everything seems tremendous at times, the real praises must go to the department of training which so aptly performs the task of preparing and presenting these subjects to us in easily digestible form.





Through the efforts of these men, Big Spring has achieved one of the highest scholastic ratings in this specialized training. As much as possible, the men chosen as instructors are those who can teach through actual experience of having applied the theories and procedures in combat. For the more technical phases, in which this method is not practical, every man in front of a class is there because he is a trained specialist. Each one is in himself a psychologist, though few realize it. It's one thing to present the data for men to learn, and quite another to make it interesting as it is presented.

Yes, the bombsight instructor really knows all there is to know about that complex mechanism; and the weather instructor—well, we can't all be right all the time—can we?



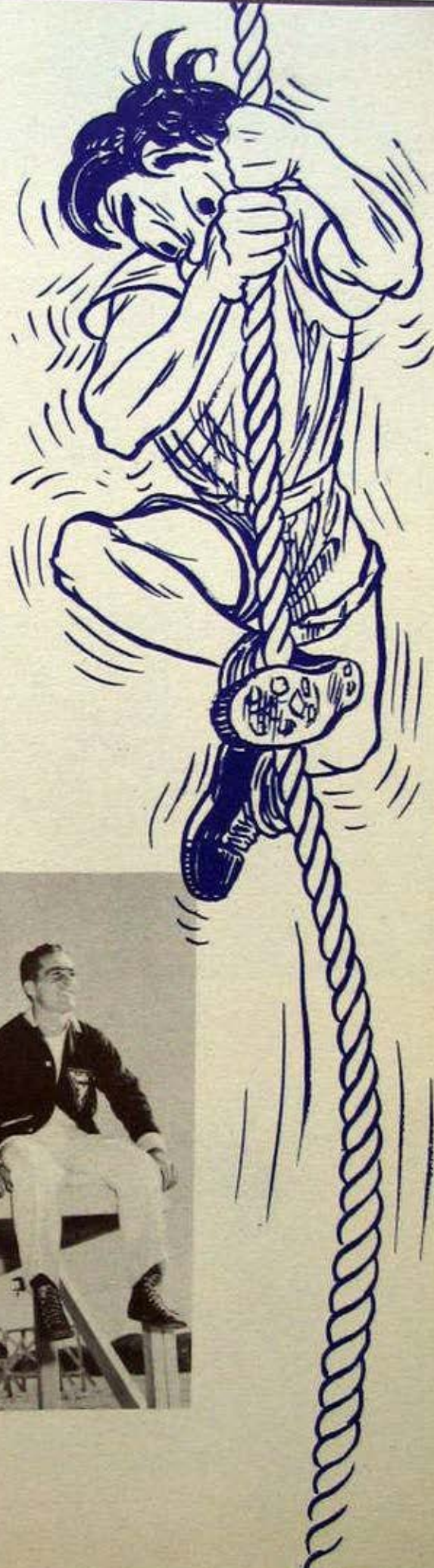
BIVOUAC



MESS HALL



P.T.



INSTRUCTORS



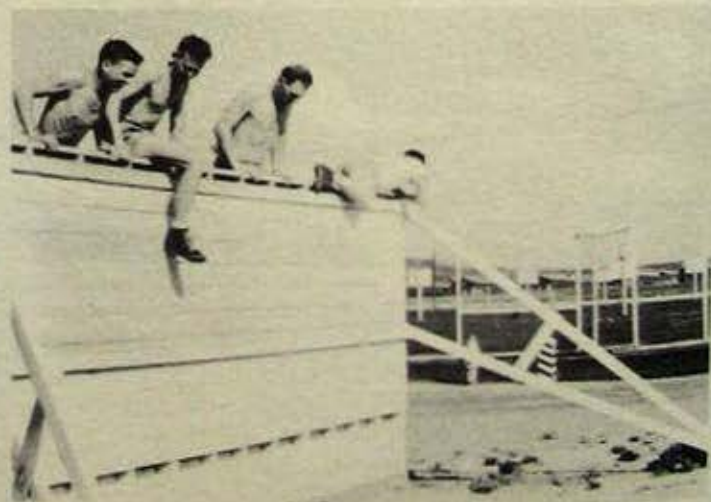
P. T.



"FALL OUT"



"CAL"



"SWEAT AND SPLINTERS"

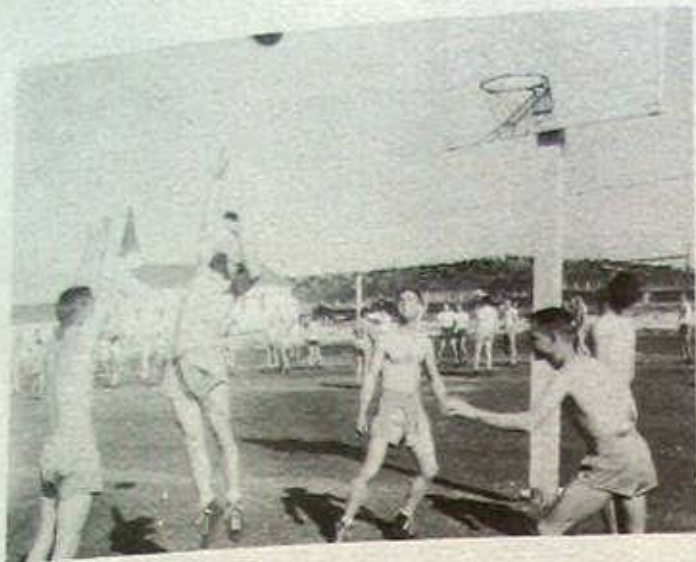
No matter what branch of the service you may be in, P. T. would hardly win first place in a popularity poll. Therefore, who are we to debate this unanimous decision of countless hordes? On a few very rare occasions we were blessed, at just the right moment, by weather that forbade our venturing out; but on every other of the countless days, the formation would trot down to that familiar area to be met by Lt. Bloomingdale, Sgt. Thompson or one of the others. Which ever one it was though, they were sure to be wearing that malignant, gloating smile peculiar only to those who lead the more unfortunate to the slaughter. After the usual confusion of getting everyone spaced just right—it started. First, the invariable side-straddle-hop, . . . then the famed Randolph Shuffle or one of it's more confusing versions that some one had laid awake thinking up. Those to follow may not have always been in the same sequence, but they were inevitable—running in place, torso twisting that grated vertabrae, toe touching that pulverized stomach muscles, arm gyrations til each limb weighed an extra fifty pounds, deep knee bends, and of course the Burpies—which weren't bad until they made you do six more after you could swear you'd done the last possible one three times ago. Then, when every muscle and tendon was screaming for mercy, came those horrors done from the back-leaning-rest position. We will not even go into them, as the mere thought induces quakes and quivers. Finished? . . . Are you kidding?? You might be right though—if you don't count the obstacle course or a few times around the track (by common concensus estimated at $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles per lap), or perhaps a cross country jaunt. By the time these came however, we were usually so beaten that our best efforts could hardly do more than summon a few feeble moans of protest.

Why sure, we had free play too. Remember? . . . Get the equipment, go to the assigned area in formation, fall out, get the first man up at bat, and just as he swings at the first ballpitched—there went

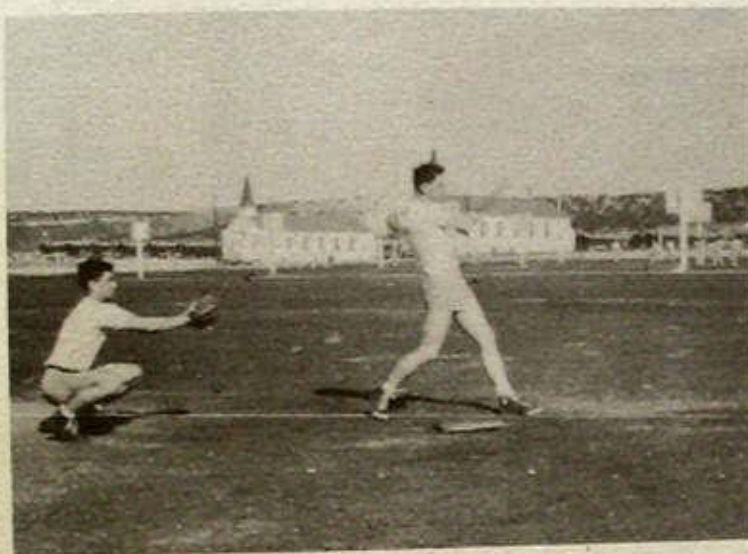
that infernal whistle—free play over, re-assemble . . .

Come to really think of it though, there never was anyone that didn't survive P. T. through all these months. But at the same time, we can recall a few instances where the obstacle course left its mark in the form of scrapes, splinters, cuts and bumps.

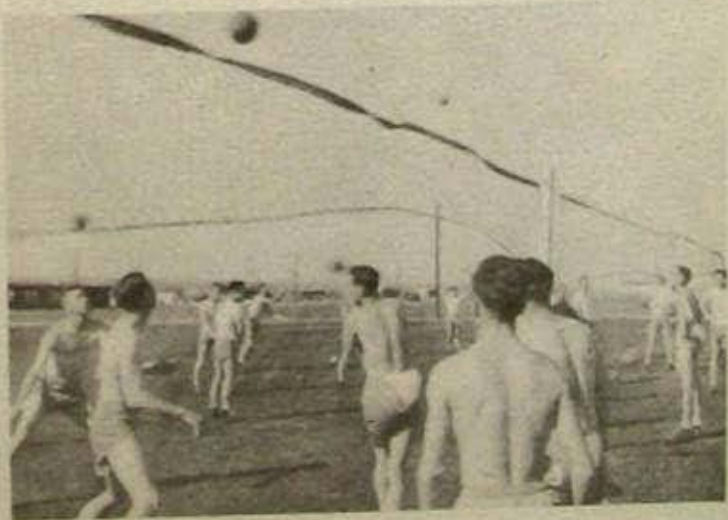
To the date of this writing, Flight D's softball team has really made a good showing and we've hopes of it going far ere we're through here. In the line of sports though, we must hand all of the laurels to the fine performance of our basketball team. Under the guidance of Bill Koehler, and through the excellent playing of Willis, Kachavos, McKinley, Prussing, Dryden, Matchette and La Master they rolled up an envious record of which we are all justly proud. Sure it's 'we',—who did all the yelling and cheering,—anyhow?



WHAT FORM?



BABE DIXON!



TOO MUCH DRIFT!

BOMBA-DEARS



BOMBA-DEARS



BOMBA-DEARS



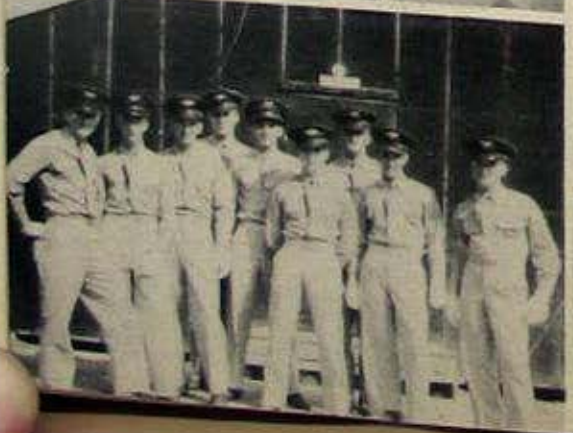
BOMBA-DEARS



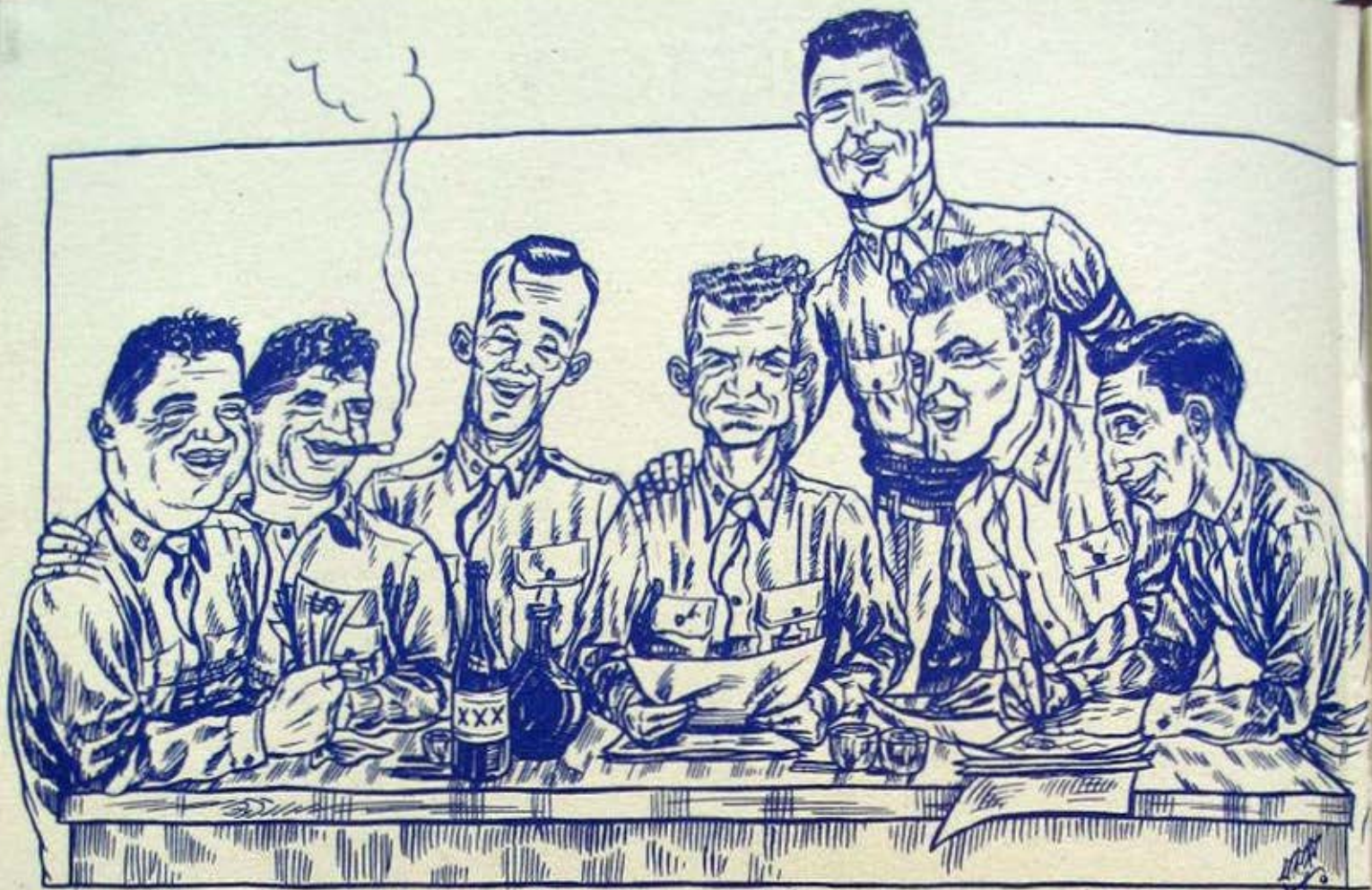


THE NEWS

The Barber has received his instructions from the Commandant of the Station, how to cut the hair of the crew and patients and to report back to the Commandant of the Station.







Left to right: Grossman, Panagopoulos, Stanborough, Baldon, Costello, Gendreau, Robinson

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The staff has enjoyed editing this book for you. We hope that it has come up to your highest expectations. May it now, and in years to come, bring satisfaction and pleasure in remembering your friends and familiar scene.

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