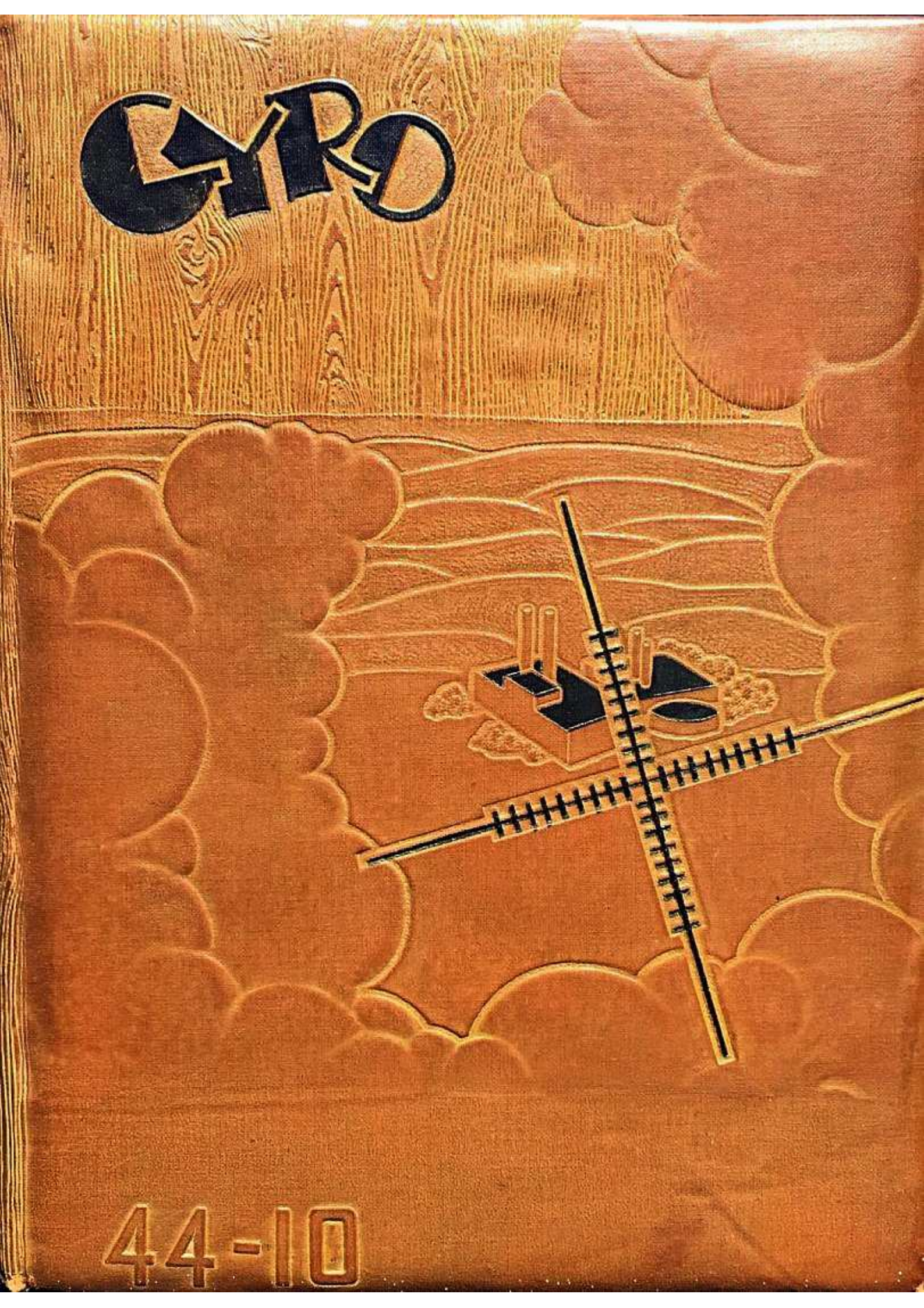
GYRO



44-10

"A Cadet Enters Big Spring Bombardier School"

Night of the Bomber's Moon

By THOMAS V. CALKINS

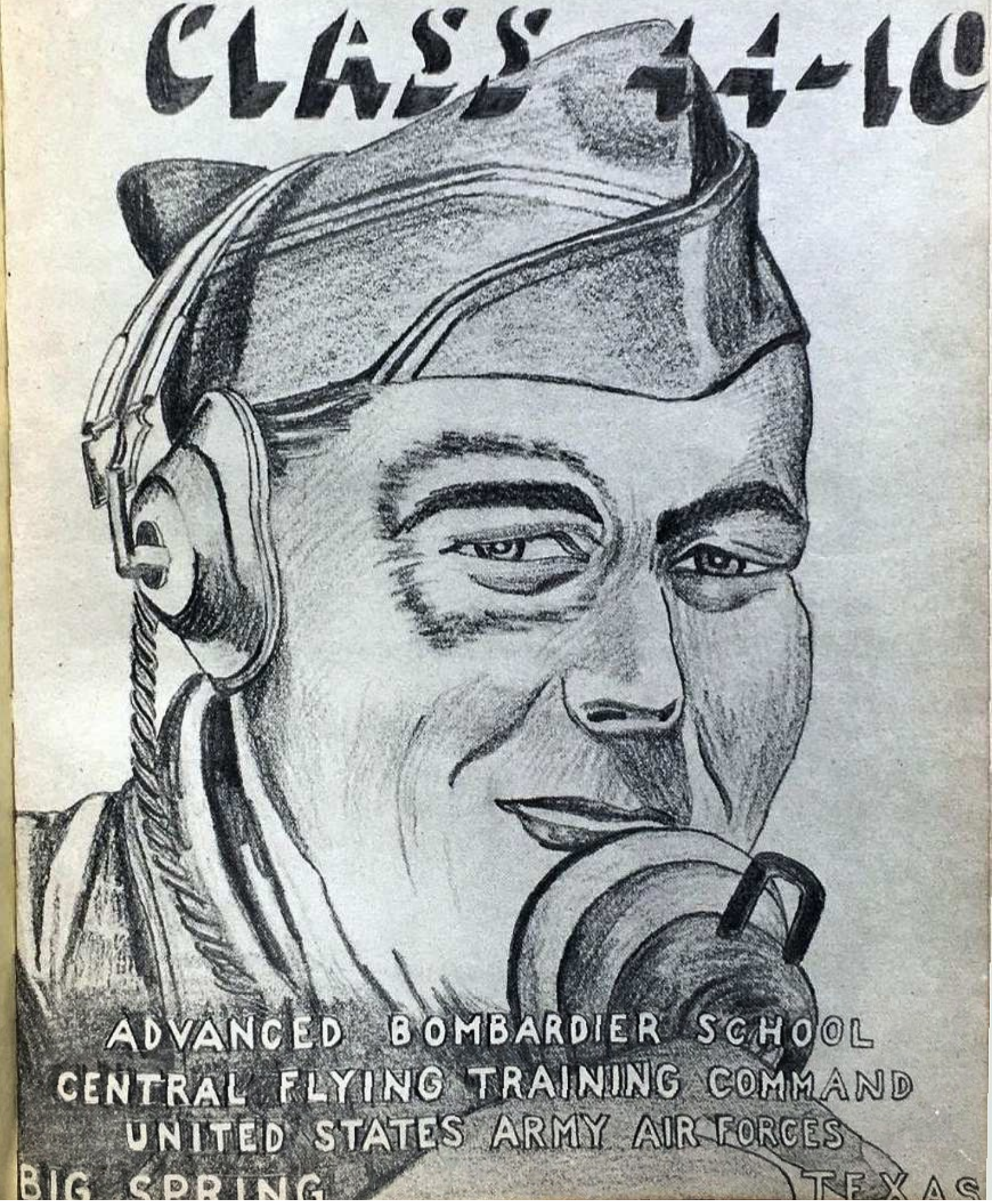
This is a night of the bomber's moon
  And the planes are out again.
The moon is high in a purple sky
  And shadows race the plain.
The earth is stark and vast and dark,
  And her people cringe in fear,
This is a night of the bomber's moon,
  And her king is the bombardier.

Great-engined bats against the moon
  And the bomber's sights are set.
A plane and a score and more and more
  In a widespread silhouette.
Now death is loose, for the golden goose
  Is speeding toward her prey,
For this is a night with the bomber's moon
  And the bombs are on their way.

This was a night of the bomber's moon
  And the planes were out again.
The sun rose red from a fire-red bed
  And a city died in pain.
The planes went out in a roaring shout,
  With a mighty-throated din.
Four score went out with the bomber's moon
  But three score came back in.

Yet evermore great planes shall roar
  From set to rise of sun,
And men shall sleep in slumber deep
  Because of missions done.
Great wraithlike bombers, dim and thin,
  Shall soar—the ones who came not in.
Sleep well, earth, free of war and fear,
  And thank the God of the bombardier.

PRESENTING CLASS 44-10



ADVANCED BOMBARDIER SCHOOL
CENTRAL FLYING TRAINING COMMAND
UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCES
BIG SPRING TEXAS

ARMY AIR FORCES BOMBARDIER SCHOOL
BIG SPRING ARMY AIR FIELD
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER

Big Spring, Texas

CONGRATULATIONS CLASS 44-10

It has been my pleasure to be your commanding officer during the latter half of your training period. I have followed with interest your progress as bombardiers. You men of 44-10 have worked hard and have successfully completed the most thorough and intensive bombardier course in the world.

On this achievement I heartily congratulate you!

As each of you leave here, however, carry this one thought with you: "My training as a bombardier is not yet complete. It will never be finished. I will learn something new every day, and how effectively I learn will depend on how effectively I apply what I already know."

Through your concentrated efforts, your ability to carry through, and your strict attention to duty, our enemies will learn the real meaning of precision bombing. Such contributions to the war effort will expedite final Victory.

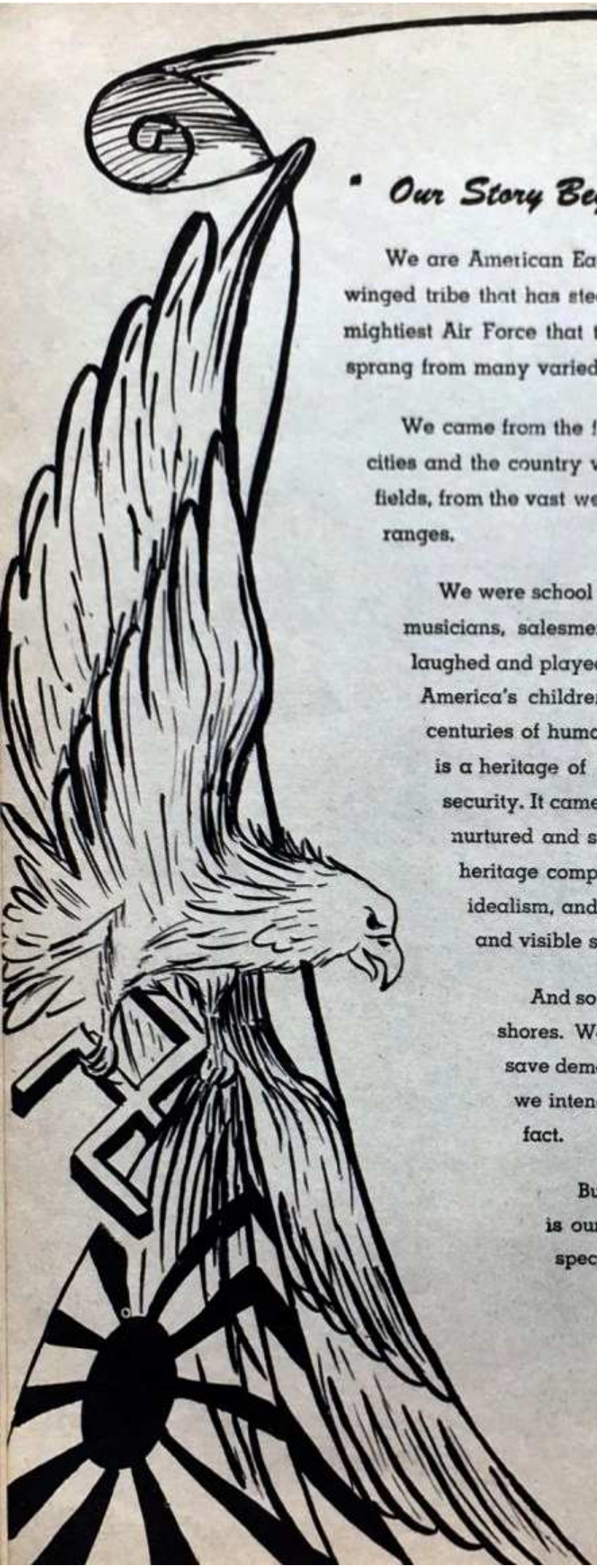
We, who remain behind, have every confidence in you.

Goodbye, Goodluck, and Godspeed!

JOHN P. KENNY
Colonel, Air Corps
Commanding

Colonel John P. Kenny
Commanding Officer

A Regular Army man and a command pilot with fifteen years of broad experience in bombardment tactics, Col. Kenny is one of the "original four" who set up and put into effective operation the present bombardier training program. Formerly commanding officer of Midland Army Air Field, Col. Kenny introduced many new training methods there — methods which are now being used throughout the AAF Training Command.



Our Story Begins . . .

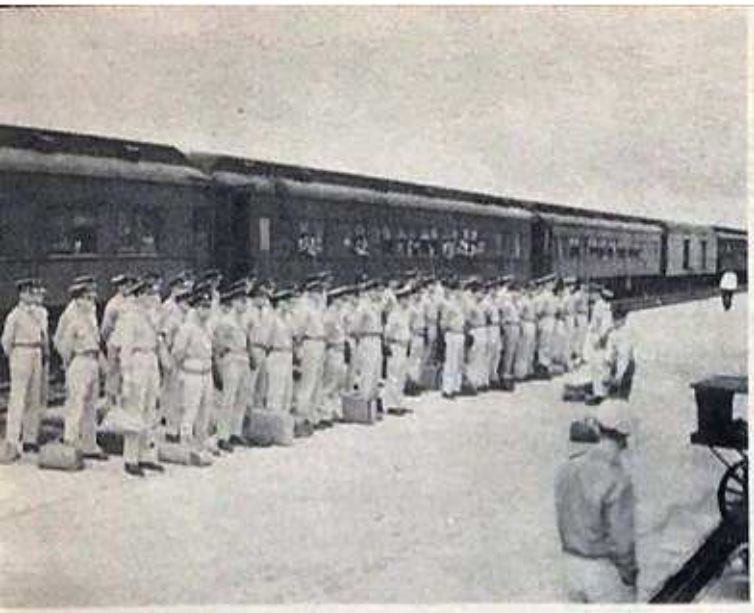
We are American Eagles. We are members of a vast winged tribe that has steadily and proudly grown into the mightiest Air Force that the world has ever seen. And we sprang from many varied nests.

We came from the farms and the factories, from the great cities and the country villages, from the mines and the wheat fields, from the vast western plains and the towering mountain ranges.

We were school boys, laborers, artists, craftsmen, lawyers, musicians, salesmen, and scientists. We have worked and laughed and played in the carefree way that is the heritage of America's children; a heritage that has evolved only after centuries of human misery and longing and determination. It is a heritage of freedom and of opportunity, of peace and security. It came to us from many lands, but it could have been nurtured and strengthened only in these United States. It is a heritage compounded of practical reality and high minded idealism, and our homes and our loved ones are the outward and visible signs of that inner force that drives us onward.

And so we fight to keep the leaping flames of war from our shores. We fight not to save the world for democracy, but to save democracy for the world. Peace in our time was a myth—we intend to see that peace in our children's time becomes a fact.

But before peace there must be victory, and before victory is ours, American Eagles must be fully trained to fulfil their special mission. So it was to receive that training . . .



We Arrived at Big Spring

As our troop train groaned slowly to a stop, we craned from the car windows to take our first look at our new "Home on the Range," and that first glimpse wasn't any too inspiring. After nine weeks in Houston and twelve refreshing hours in Fort Worth, the town of Big Spring seemed to be a mere pin-point of civilization squatting exactly in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by the never-ending, monotonously level plains of West Texas.

We clambered down from the train, lined up for roll call, searched frantically for our barracks bags, and were loaded into the familiar G. I. trucks. In a matter of minutes we were through the town and entering the gates of the post, and here we really got a jolt.

Heaven only knows just exactly what we had expected to find at advanced school, but certainly not this, no, no, not this! Row on row of tar paper shacks, hugging the bare red clay of West Texas! Outdoor latrines! No grass, no trees, no nothing! And the wind was blowing and the dust was flying. Sand clogged our nostrils, gritted between our teeth, stung our ears.

But at least this was to be the last lap, the final hurdle, and we hadn't come here to play around. We had a job to do, a long road to travel, and the man who . . .

Put the Show on the Road

was our first tactical officer, Lt. Myron E. Hoerger, neat, concise, immaculate. He guided our first faltering steps, told us what to expect here, and what was expected of us. Lt. Hoerger was our "tack" officer for a little less than half our stay, but during that time we learned to really appreciate him. He fully realized the pressure, the strain and the lack of spare time that our strenuous schedule produced, and he set his standards accordingly, still without letting us become careless and sloppy. He was always fair and reasonable, "an officer and a gentleman" in the truest sense of the phrase.

Our Director of Training, Lt. Col. James F. Reed, is a man fully qualified to supervise bombardment training, as he holds ratings both as a pilot and as a bombardier.

Colonel Reed was born and raised in Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania. He attended Pennsylvania State College, and received his B. S. degree there.

On October 5, 1938, he enlisted in the Air Corps and began his cadet training at Randolph Field, where he received both his Primary and Basic flying training. He graduated from Kelly Field on August 26, 1939.

Since then Colonel Reed has been to many different fields. He came to Big Spring in 1942, and while serving as Director of Flying, he completed the bombardiering course. Colonel Reed has also served as temporary Commanding Officer of the Post in several instances.

LT. COL. JAMES F. REED
Director of Training

Bright and Early . . .

the morning after our arrival, we marched to ground school to hear an orientation lecture and to meet some of the men who were to have quite a lot to do with us during the next eighteen weeks.

But the lecture wasn't really a lecture, just a friendly talk, and the officers who we thought might take the whip to us seemed to be perfectly normal human beings! The welcome mat was rolled out and . . .

MAJOR DWAIN A. ROCKIE
Director of Flying

Major Dwain A. Rockie holds the responsible position of Director of Flying. The duties of his job, and his friendly and sincere interest in our progress have combined to make him a seldom seen but ever present personality.

He received his pilot training at Randolph and Kelly Fields, and won his wings and commission on July 27, 1940. Since that time he has compiled more than 1800 flying hours to his credit.

Prior to entering the service, Major Rockie attended Washington State College, where he graduated in 1939. While there he served two years in the R.O.T.C. and became a member of the Phi Mu Alpha and Alpha Kappa Lambda fraternities. His home town is Spokane, Washington.

CAPT. L. K. BOWEN
Asst. Director of Ground School

CAPT. E. A. FREDRICKSON
Director of Ground School

The Good Word Was . . .

"gentlemen we are here to help you in every way possible."

So-o, maybe this wasn't going to be too bad after all. Just a little matter of keeping on the ball, of being a little bit eager. Not spit n' polish eager, but eager to learn this business of bombardiering. We picked up and adopted for our own the password that had been the heritage of classes for ages past — "if we're still here after the first three weeks we've got it made." Time was to prove the fallacy of that!

Just to make sure we were physically fit for the arduous task ahead, we paid a visit to the hospital for a quick checkup and there . . .

1st Row, left to right: Lt. H. I. Herring; Lt. J. W. Kercheval; Lt. C. O. Dickerson; Capt. E. A. Frederickson, Jr., Director of Ground School; Capt. L. K. Bowen; Lt. R. G. Booth; Lt. T. W. Stallworth.
2nd Row, left to right: Lt. E. W. Scholtzhauer; Lt. E. J. Johnson; Lt. L. T. Schubert; Lt. O. R. Krebs; Lt. H. H. Fields; Lt. D. C. Rhoads; Lt. S. L. Williams; Lt. S. V. Briant.
3rd Row, left to right: Lt. M. B. Johnson; Lt. L. Brody; Lt. E. F. Endicott; Lt. G. D. Flannery; Lt. E. J. Coverdill; Lt. O. T. Snodgrass; Lt. J. E Wade; Capt. A. W. Dillon.

We Met These . . . and Also . . .

FLIGHT SURGEONS

Major Rankin, Chief Surgeon; Major Hedemark; Capt. Munding; Capt. Laughlin; Major Stephen

THE THREE "BUCKS"

Sgts. Rocha, Fortino, Reich

And Some of These . . .

THE MEDICS

First Row, left to right: Drane, Dickson, Laughlin, Gessel, Walker, Rankin, Eaton, Leonard, Stephen.
Second Row, left to right: Weatherly, Atkinson, Moore, Munding, Creadick, Hedemark, Palen, Klien.

Body and Soul . . .

We had a fine group of sawbones to take care of our physical ills, but in the army a man can be sick at heart too, and there isn't much a doctor can do for that. So we were glad to meet our "Sky Pilots," for we knew that we could always turn to them in time of need.

But Not These . . . or These . . .

FLIGHT SURGEON'S OFFICE STAFF

Hayworth and Schrimsher

NURSES

First Row, left to right: Scherger, Cables, (Hospital Dietitian) Stockwell, Marincic, King, Eager.
Second Row, left to right: Humphreys, Savidge, Fenton, McDaniels, Teske, Nahler, Hoppe.

The Lord is My Shepherd

CHAPLAIN LAWRENCE

CHAPLAIN PATTERSON

BUT SIR, MY COMPUTER SAYS . . .

The Grind Began . . .

and before we knew it we were immersed to our ears in physics, math, and mechanics.

We sat in class and tried to pay attention while our instructors hammered the theory into our heads, but our amazed brains, thoroughly shocked at all that was happening, had gone on strike.

CORPORAL

DAH — DIT-DIT-DIT

We listened, we nodded, we dozed, we slept. We awoke suddenly to find exams upon us, and we realized that we didn't fully understand how the swinging pendulum put the skids to the hunk of phosphorous which lighted the lamp, which started the motor which turned the wheel until the neon sign flashed "Bingo" and it was "Bombs Away!"

All day we talked cogs, gears, linkage, rate, drift, gyros. All night we dreamed of bubbles, indices, extended vision, course knobs, rate knobs, search knobs, knobs, knobs! Finally the mists began to clear and we were . . .

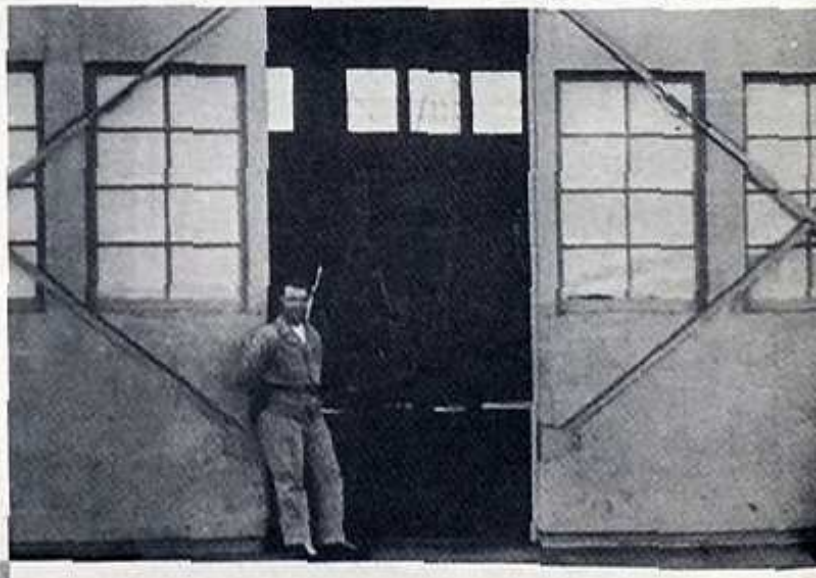
READY — NOW!

"KEEP YOUR HEAD IN THE SIGHT, MISTER!"

On the Trainer . . .

We stood at attention in the huge hangar while a grim-eyed officer made inspection. Then we met our instructors, the men who were to make or break us, who were to sweat out with us every move, every fall of the plunger, and later, the impact of every bomb. And the mists came in again — nomenclature, procedure.

THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY



NO ADMITTANCE

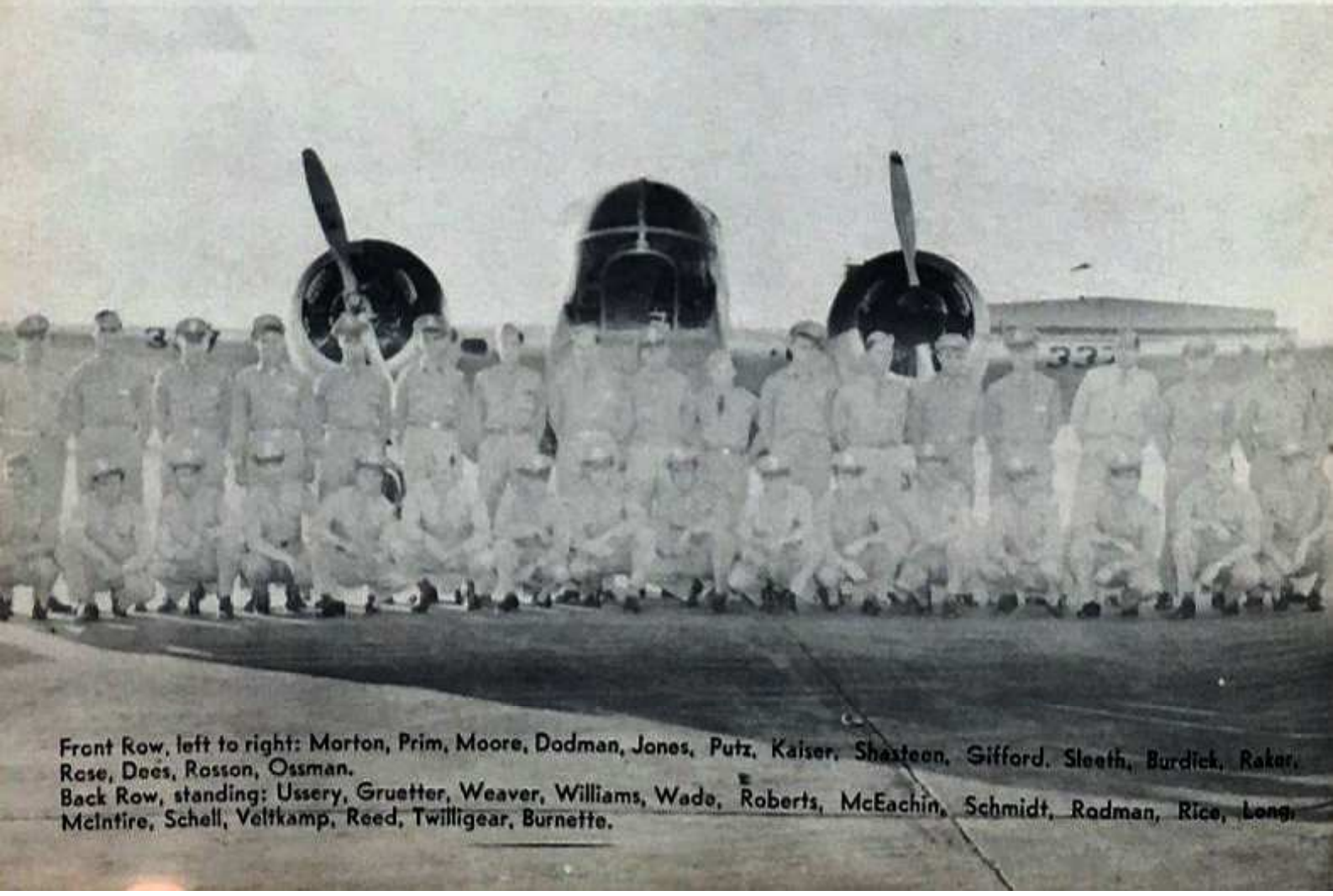
"Gawdamighty mister, how do you EVER expect to be a bombardier?" "Kill that course, kill it" . . . But it was fun, and more fun was to come, for soon we hit . . .

The Flight Line

CAPT. W. W. HARRIS
Group II C. O.

CAPT. C. W. KOBLER
Group II Operations Officer

CAPT. L. E. TWILLIGEAR, JR.
Section I C. O.



Front Row, left to right: Morton, Prim, Moore, Dodman, Jones, Putz, Kaiser, Shasteen, Gifford, Sleeth, Burdick, Raker, Rose, Dees, Rosson, Ossman.
Back Row, standing: Ussery, Gruetter, Weaver, Williams, Wade, Roberts, McEachin, Schmidt, Rodman, Rice, Long, McIntire, Schell, Veltkamp, Reed, Twilligear, Burnette.

CAPT. J. H. HAND
Group Senior Instructor

CAPT. L. W. WOODIWISS
Section Senior Instructor

Front Row, left to right: Moser, Senechal, Williams, Wagner, Anderson, Gaura, Steinmetz, Gilleland, Graves, Byrne, Humphreys, Wisoff.
Back Row, standing: Hardin, Thompson, Odom, Metzger, Looney, Johnston, Woodiwiss, Shultz, Stephens, Walker, Fancher, Smith

OFF WE GO

GRUNT AND GROAN

THE ESSENTIAL DATA

That First Mission . . .

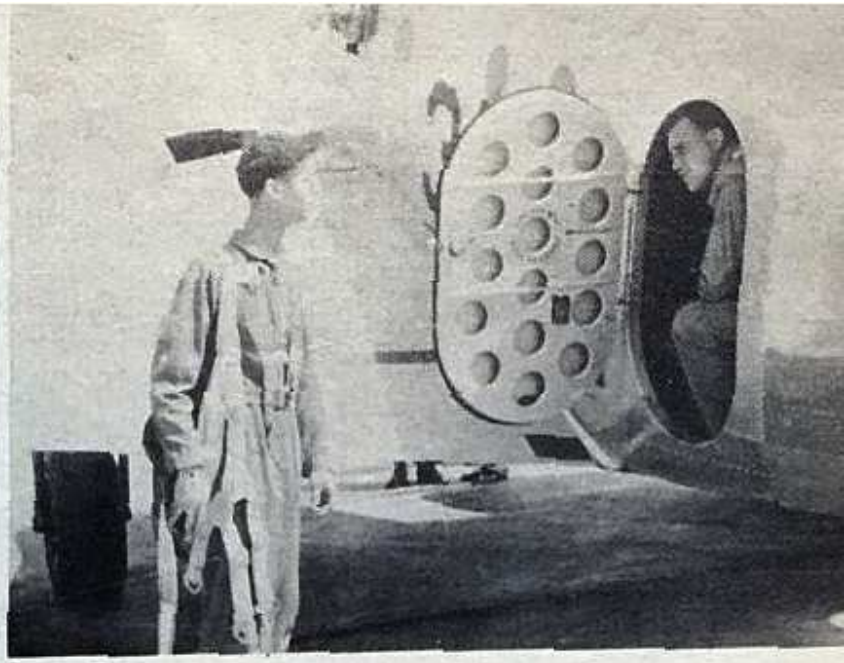
was murder. We sat and stared at the sight as if it were a strange animal. All that technique perfected on the trainer vanished like a dream girl the morning after.

Before every mission the data had to be copied from the Operations Board, and it was always changed just before take-off. Then there was the little matter of gathering equipment and staggering out to the ship with parachutes, camera, stop watch, computers, clip board, form 12-C, progress report and oxygen mask.

FORTY WINKS

A MOTLEY CREW

JUST POSING



A ROYAL CHEWING

The greenhouse was always like an oven and the sweat would pour off while we preflighted the sight. Then up into the blue Texas sky, and no matter how hot it was on the ground, it was always cold at 13000.

"On course." "Can't find the target, sir." A dry run, and the soothing words of the pilot, who wasn't in any hurry at all to complete the mission and get to town for that hot date. But we loved it — we even began to think we were hot bombardiers.

It was after the mission that the big trouble came. No one knows who was supposed to read all the minute data on those forms we filled out, but it didn't matter. It was just another one of those things.

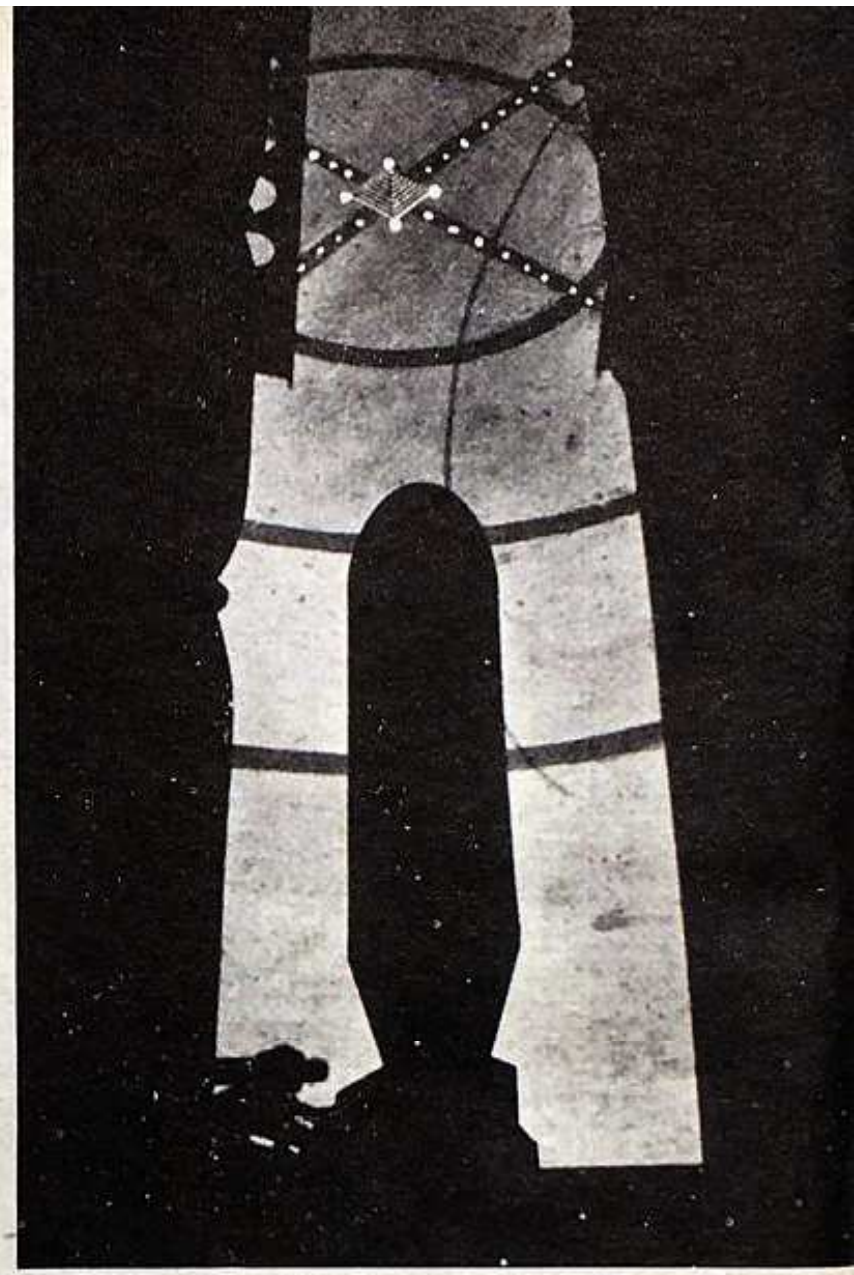
YOU FIX IT — WE'LL FLY IT

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

THE RAMP

The Stars at Night . . .

were big and bright, and the bombs we had to load when the Armament men shipped, were big and heavy. Targets were easier to see — harder to hit. And sleep was a thing of the past. Sack time became our obsession. We grew deathly weary. We were tired — tired of working, tired of thinking, tired of being checked and double checked. But each day was one day less to go, one day closer to wings and bars.



They Called the Play . . .

for the Cadet Corps Activities

MAJ. GAYLORD W. SCHULTZ
Commandant of Cadets

"A good bombardier should also be a good officer," and it was the duty of our Commandant of Cadets, Major Gaylord W. Schultz, to make this statement come true.

The Major was the directing force behind all the varied activities of the Cadet Detachment, and his interests did not lie merely in the field of military instruction. Among other things, we have Major Schultz to thank for our Cadet Club, which is the finest in this Service Command. He continually made every effort to improve conditions for us wherever possible.

Major Schultz was born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. He attended the United States Military Academy for two years, and then went to Oshkosh State Teachers College. Later he entered the University of Wisconsin and it was there in 1935, that he received his reserve commission. He was called to active duty in 1941, and served at Camp Custer and Fort Snelling before coming to Big Spring.

Lt. Myron E. Hoerger, our first tactical officer, has been the Adjutant of the Cadet Detachment since May 1944. However, despite his many duties, he still had time to maintain his interest in our class.

Lt. Hoerger comes from San Diego, California. He attended high school there and was a student at San Diego State College for one year. Later he entered the University of California at Berkeley. While there he had a year of R.O.T.C. training. He entered the service in 1942, and received his commission at Miami Beach on April 16, 1943. Before coming to Big Spring he was stationed at Scott Field, Illinois, and Boca Raton, Florida.

LT. MYRON E. HOERGER
Adjutant of Cadets

Cadet Detachment Officers

LT. H. W. ROBERTS
Tactical

LT. C. S. DORSEY
Tactical

Our tactical officer for our last nine weeks of training was Lt. Bethel A. Snyder of Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

Lt. Snyder was a man well qualified for the task of instructing us as soldiers and future officers, for he had already seen three years of service and had graduated as a bombardier from this school. He was a member of Class 43-3, and received his wings and commission on February 18, 1943.

By reason of his experience he was able to offer us many valuable tips. He was a hard man, Lt. Snyder, and he dearly loved G. I. parties, but he gave us all the breaks and earned our respect and gratitude. He was the type of man a fellow could talk to when in trouble. In a phrase, he was "an all right guy" and that's something that can't always be said for "Tacks."

LT. B. A. SNYDER
Our Tactical Officer

Watch the Birdie . . .

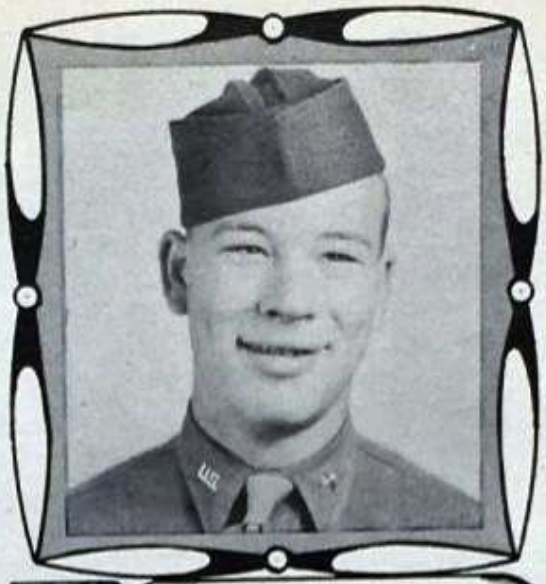
said the photographer as we took time one day to have our pictures taken. The results weren't too bad, and so now we proudly conduct you throught the . . .

LT. E. E. BAKER, JR.
Supply

F/O J. A. VIGNALI
Mess

HALL OF FAME.

Hoyle B. Adams
Winslow Farm
Hendersonville, North Carolina



Roy M. Albert, Jr.
1717 Freeman Street
Houston, Texas

Myron S. Alexander
53 Winchester Street
Brookline, Massachusetts

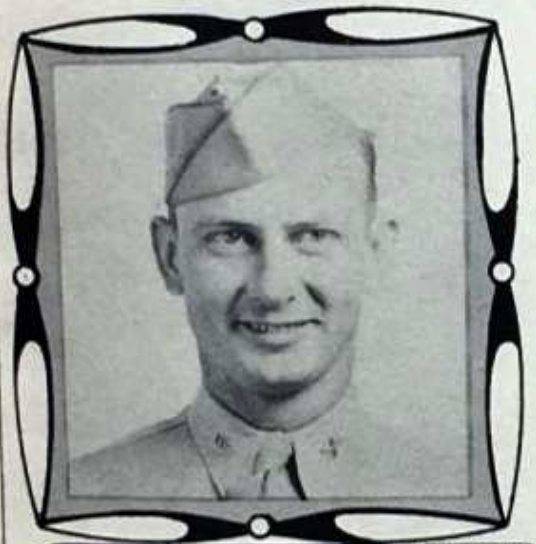
John J. Allen
19 Chestnut Avenue
Irvington, New Jersey

Homer C. Allington
82 Mackey Avenue
Port Washington, New York

Allison L. Aton
Route 2
Binghamton, New York

Ramon E. Barnes
1111 Main Street
Caldwell, Idaho

Garry N. Bean
5 Day Street
Melrose, Massachusetts



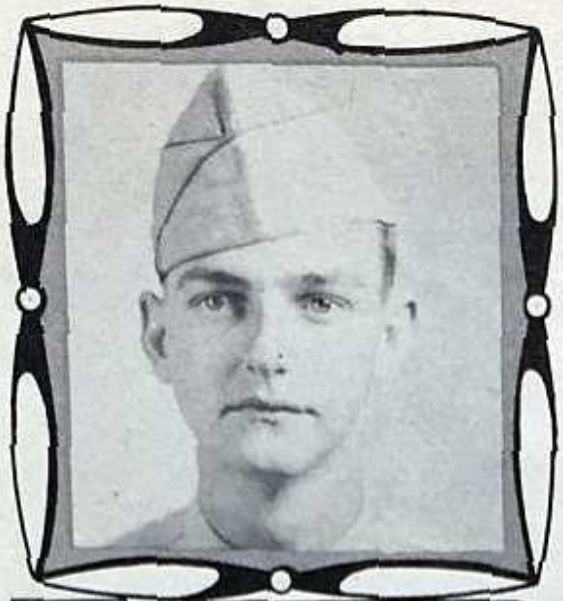
Victor W. Beck
Herington, Kansas

ROOKIE !

David M. Beckerman
214 Wainwright Street
Newark, New Jersey

Verde C. Beede
41 Parkview Drive
Lake Placid, New York

Alfred D. Bouchard
Concord Street
Belmont, New Hampshire



Waldo U. Bowen
North Green Street
Conyers, Georgia

Vernon P. Brisson
84 Mt. Pleasant Avenue
Providence, Rhode Island

Donald J. Burnstein
3205 Tyler Avenue
Detroit, Michigan

COLLEGE DAYS

David A. Byerly
3001 N. 3rd Street
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

James P. Callahan
211 Elm Street
West Concord, Massachusetts

Herman L. Calvert
316 Heights Blvd.
Houston, Texas

Wendle G. Campbell
415 Washington Street
Waterloo, Iowa

Kenneth W. Carpenter
148 Rockwood Place
Englewood, New Jersey

Edward B. Carrillo
1927 Homecrest Avenue
Brooklyn, New York

"I DOOD IT"

Earle T. Castler
Box 65
Upland, California

Loy C. Collingwood
Waldheim Road, Fox Chapel
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

David M. Crausby
320 S. 2nd Street
Timpson, Texas

Raymond D. Dahlgren
206 S. 3rd Street
Missoula, Montana

Theodore J. Dallow
343 E. 173rd Street
Bronx, New York

Vernor T. Davis
308 W. Main Street
Elbridge, New York

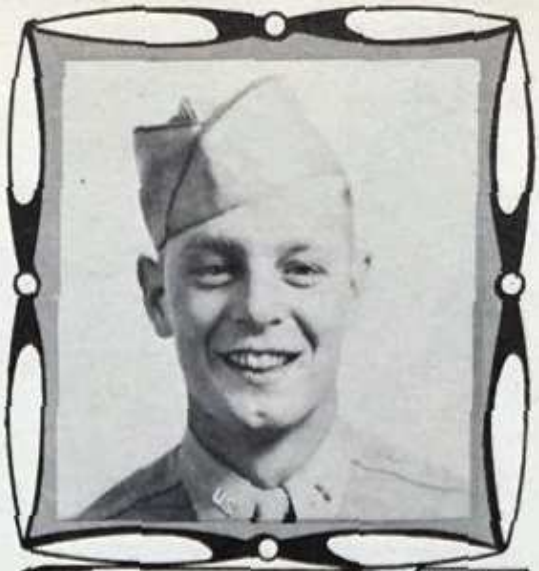
"THE G.I. JIVE"

Lysle J. Dixon
130 Burns Avenue
Syracuse, New York

John T. Doganges
173 Green Street
Annapolis, Maryland

Eugene A. Domanico
944 Loomis Avenue
Des Moines, Iowa

Kenneth R. Egger
Route 1001
Kingsport, Tennessee



Robert C. Emenaker
19136 Cameron Avenue
Detroit, Michigan

Heber G. Fackrell
315 W. 1st North
Preston, Idaho

GARTERS MISTER?

LeRoy G. Fierstos
Route 5
Wabash, Indiana

Earl S. Fox
Hereford, Pennsylvania

Hector H. Gagnon
17 Pleasant Street
Fitchburg, Massachusetts

George J. Gielman
142 Grove Street
Brooklyn, New York

Charles C. Gracek
33 Forest Avenue
Albany, New York

Abraham M. Haddad
906 Ohio Street
Michigan City, Indiana

ADVANCED - AT LAST

Thomas P. Hanley
280 Claremont Avenue
Jersey City, New Jersey

Roy E. Hauser
820 11th Street
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Donald R. Hoffman
376 Doty Street
Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin

James P. Huey
511 11th Street
Auburn, Nebraska

David Iglitz
818 Independence Blvd.
Chicago, Illinois

John E. Ingles
402 Deleon Street
Ottawa, Illinois

IS THAT ALL ?!

Bush M. Jackson, Jr.
1734 3rd Street
Corpus Christi, Texas

James M. Kantor
59 Pamona Avenue
Newark, New Jersey

James J. Kloss
2435 Union Street
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Robert J. Knaus
15400 Kilpatrick
Oak Forest, Illinos

John C. Kroeger
6706 Plainfield Park
Cincinnati, Ohio

James F. Kromphardt
511 Phelps Street
Peoria, Illinois

Eugene S. Kwasniewski
1034 Florence Avenue
Evanston, Illinois

Robert E. Langan
8812 S. Wabash Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Richard L. Larson
127 Summit Avenue
Montevideo, Minnesota

William G. Lawrence
613 State Street
Natchez, Mississippi

Joseph J. Lazar, Jr.
340 Communipaw Avenue
Jersey City, New Jersey

Otto P. Leinhauser, Jr.
222 Sharon Avenue
Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania

Leonard L. Lesch
1032 11th Street
Boulder, Colorado

Albert E. Linell
405 Missouri Street
Artesia, New Mexico

Earl E. Linthicum
1251 Light Street
Baltimore, Maryland

Robert W. McCartney
Route 1
Cisco, Illinois

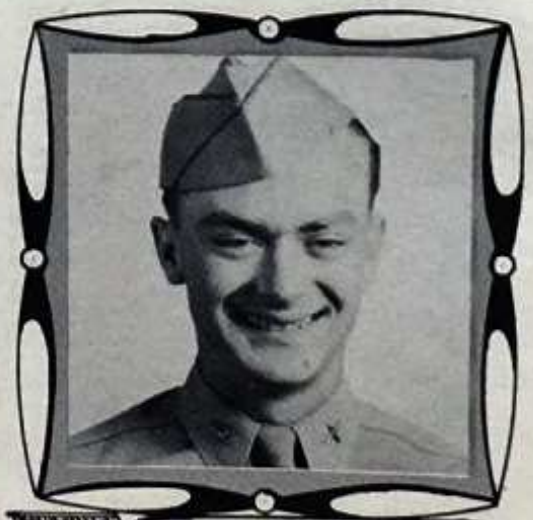
Robert E. McCarthy
16 Lambert Street
Medford, Massachusetts

Charles F. McCormack
439 W. Peach Street
Compton, California

"AGAIN ?"

Joseph C. McCorquodale
Jackson Street
Jackson, Alabama

Raymond E. McCrary
58 N. 30th Street
Battle Creek, Michigan



Leslie E. McDonald
Route 1
Vandalia, Missouri

Oakley W. McIntosh
Topeka, Kansas

Nelson McDowell
1313 W. Ontario Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

James H. McLean
4656 Fernhill Road
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"WHAT TARGET SIR?"

William E. McKendree
3227 Brentwood Avenue
Jacksonville, Florida

George E. Mead
9336 San Antonio Avenue
South Gate, California

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40 N. Champlain Street
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Lt. Fredrick R. Frye
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E.T.A. IN TEN MINUTES

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Cleveland, Ohio

Lt. Joseph E. Harder
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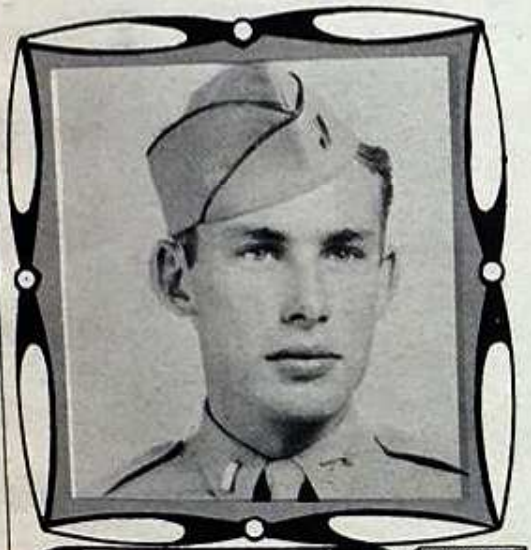
Lt. Elby W. Hudson, Jr.
202 Winnipeg Avenue
San Antonio, Texas

Lt. Robert E. Mathis
11 N. Cambridge Avenue
Ventnor City, New Jersey



Lt. Robert F. Randle, Jr.
Riley, Kansas

"G" DAY

Lt. Robert C. Snowden
Jackson, Kentucky

Lt .George R. Vrablik
157 Hayward Place
Wallington, New Jersey

Lt. James E. Wasem, Jr.
433 E. 18th Avenue
Columbus, Ohio

Carrying the Burden . . .

of responsibility within the squadron, and receiving nothing but abuse from our hands, our cadet officers probably deserved more credit and got less than most of us realized.

They were the first out for every formation, and the first to catch it if things went wrong. And the wear and tear on their vocal chords was terrific.

"Let's GO, 10," "C flight, fall in." "Keep it at ease, here comes an officer."

So here's a hand to the men upon whom we lavished our most complete vocabulary. It's a little late perhaps, but it'll last as long as ink and paper hold together.

Another outstanding classmate who deserves a lot of credit was our Honor Council Representative. He had a position which at times brought him face to face with extremely painful and difficult situations, but fortunately, these cases were rare. So for "squar shootin" Jack Warner there is a place in our book of memories.

JACK L. WARNER
Honor Council Representative

THE WING

Left to right: J. C. McCorquodale, Wing Adjutant; C. C. Gracek, Wing Commander; J. C. Kroeger, Wing Supply Officer.

THE SQUADRON
Left to right: G. T. Vaughn, Sqd. Adj.; N. McDowell, Sqd. C.O.; D. R. Hoffman, Sqd. Supply Officer; J. F. Kromphardt, Sqd. First Sgt.

THE FLIGHTS

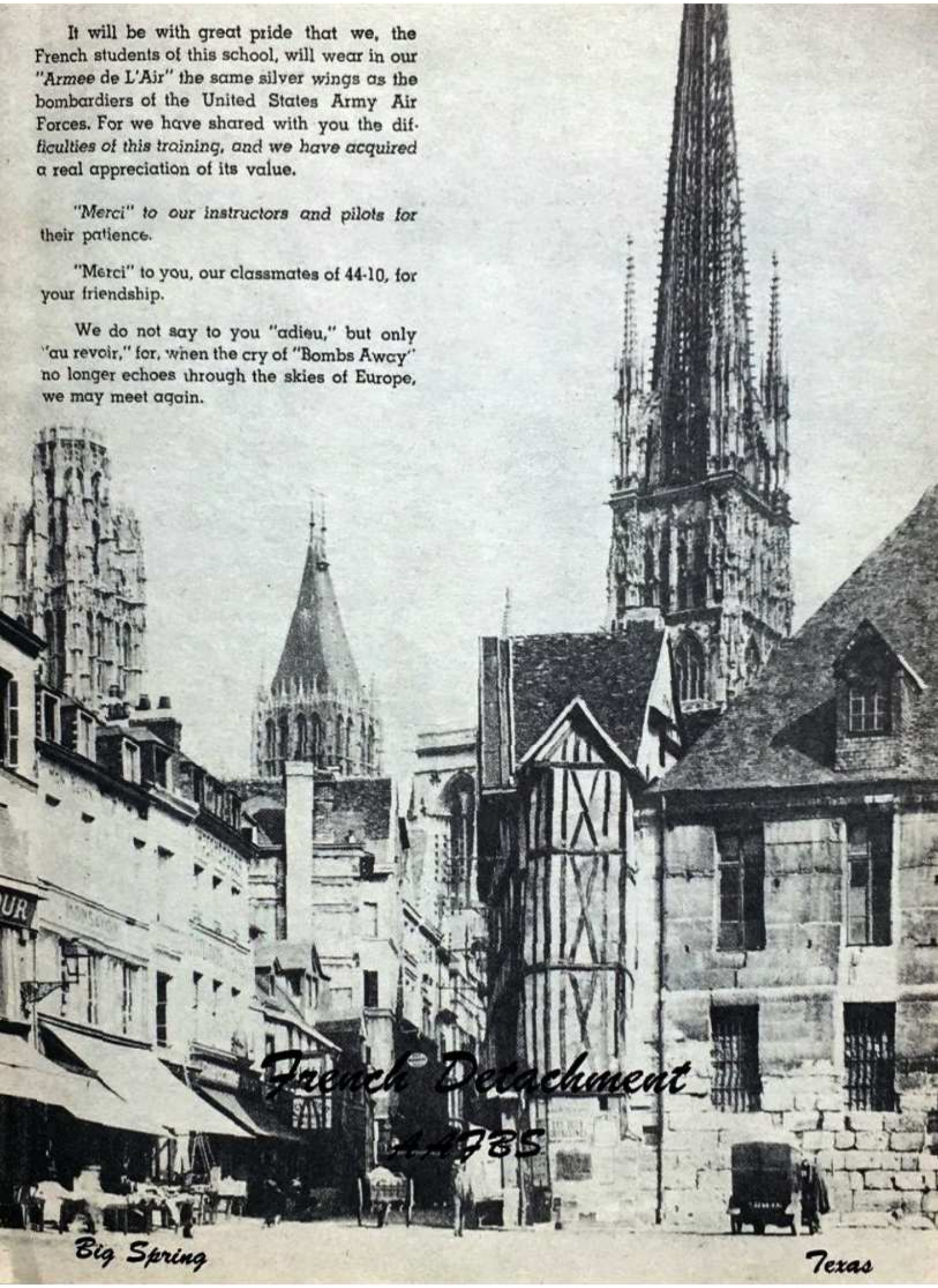
Left to right: A. L. Aton, Flight A; D. Iglitz, Flight B; J. H. McLean, Flight C; I. W. Pitman, Flight D.

It will be with great pride that we, the French students of this school, will wear in our "Armee de L'Air" the same silver wings as the bombardiers of the United States Army Air Forces. For we have shared with you the difficulties of this training, and we have acquired a real appreciation of its value.

"Merci" to our instructors and pilots for their patience.

"Merci" to you, our classmates of 44-10, for your friendship.

We do not say to you "adieu," but only "au revoir," for, when the cry of "Bombs Away" no longer echoes through the skies of Europe, we may meet again.



Les Officers . . .

Joseph Chartois
Bretagne, France
Aspirant

Robert Gladel
Nancy, France
Aspirant

Claude M. Cazaumayou
Paris, France
Aspirant

Maurice Milot
St. Brieuc C. D. N., France
Aspirant

Cadets de France . . .

Marcel Cadence
Frontignan, France

François M. Bruendet
Nogers, France

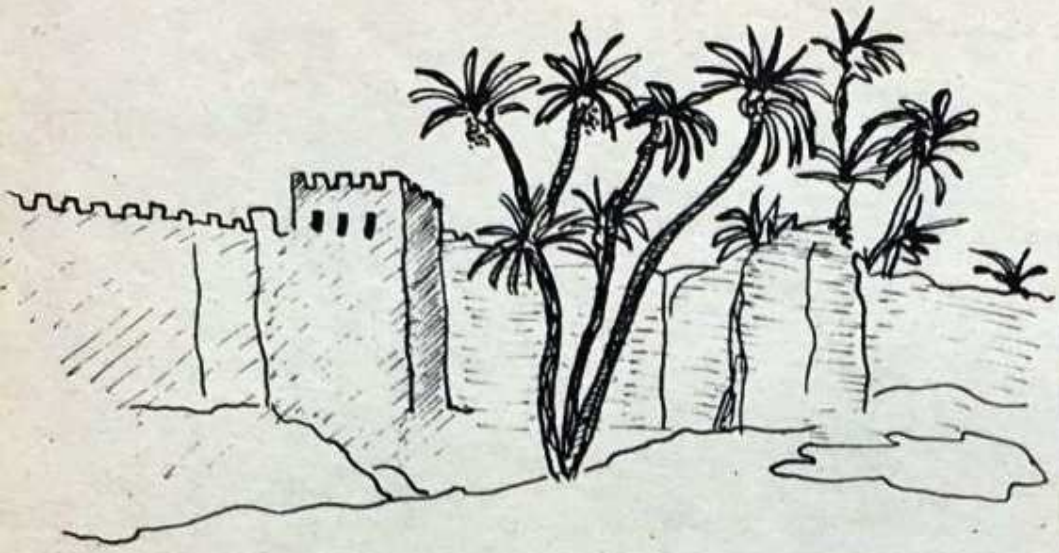
Andre R. Tricard
Limoges, France

Louis M. Guibal
Montpello, France

Jacques E. Florin
Lille, France

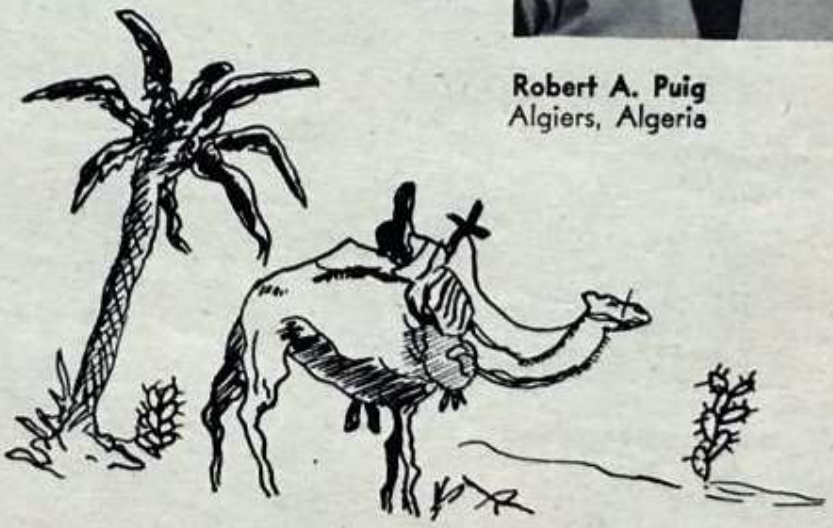
Jean P. Morel
Paris, France

Et de L'Empire . . .



Robert A. Puig
Algiers, Algeria

Andre L. Moreau
Algiers, Algeria



Robert L. Haudricourt
Oran, Algeria

Yvon F. Nakach
Aumale, Algeria

Jean M. Gudin
Constantine, Algeria

EN ROUTE POUR UNE BONNE MISSION!

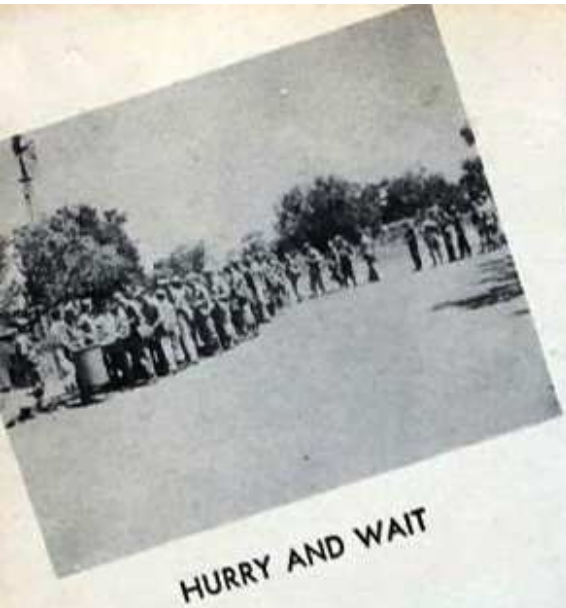
CRITIQUE DE LA MISSION

EN CLASSE DE NAVIGATION

Notre Activités

LES PILOTES ET LES INSTRUCTEURS

LE BAL AU PROFIT DES PRISSONNIERS DE GUERRE



HURRY AND WAIT

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

THE FLYING FRENCHMEN

Bivouac . . .

came as a pleasant break between bombardiering and navigation, and was a prominent milestone in our careers.

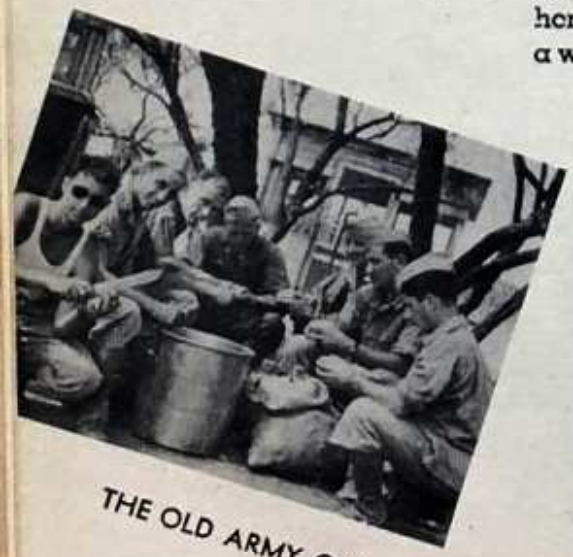
It was nice not to have to worry about classes and combat hits or D.R. and pilotage for a while. It was nice too, to get enough sleep for a change and to be able to be outdoors at leisure soaking up plenty of sunshine.

Of course there was guard duty and K.P. and sanitation details, but we had fun dropping demolition bombs and flying in formation. The grub was good, and we really developed appetites. And with no water for miles around, WE even had showers and a swimming tank!

In fact, looking back on it, bivouac was a pretty good deal, and had we thought of it, we could have sent to all our friends that time honored vacation postcard message, "Having a wonderful time — wish you were here!"

WHEN DAY IS DONE

"LITTLE JOE TO 355"



THE OLD ARMY GAME

MESS MANAGEMENT

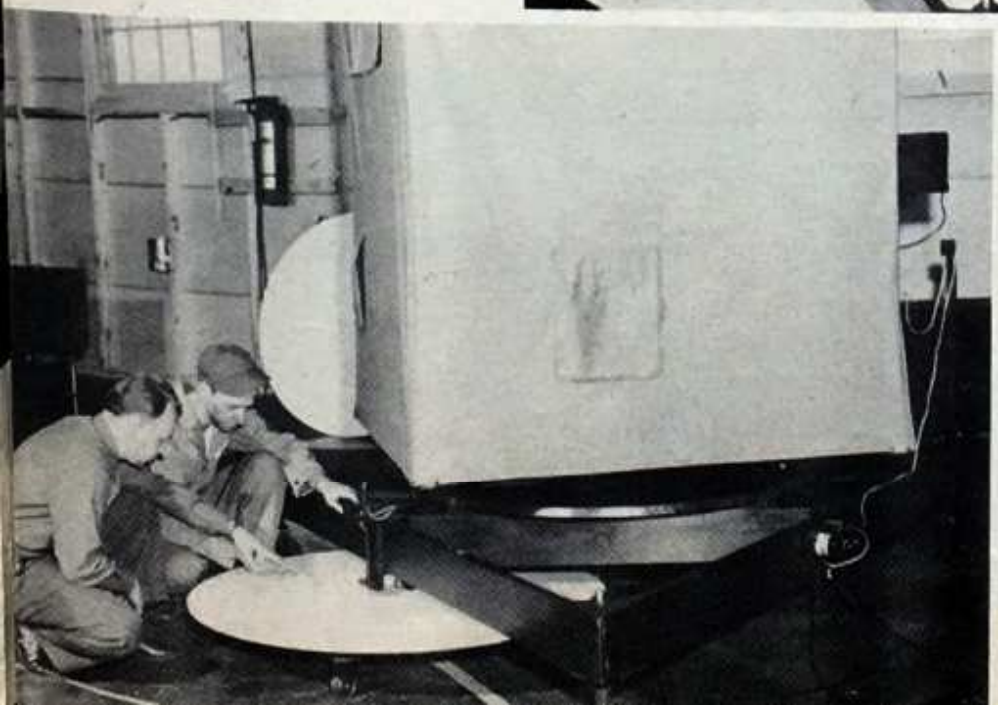
COMBAT STYLE

RENDEZVOUS OVER DESTINATION

We Couldn't be . . .

just bombardiers, co-pilots, aerial gunners, and observers—ah, no, we must also be NAVIGATORS. Somehow, during eighteen weeks of training, the Air Force managed to cram into us twelve weeks of bombardiering and twelve weeks of navigation!

TIME FOR DOUBLE DRIFT



COURSE O.K.

At first navigation classes were a little bit of boredom and a hell of a lot of confusion, but gradually we began to feel we could get to SOME destination SOME time. We began flying navigation missions our twelfth week, and logs, course, ETA, time, distance and metro data replaced the worries of the bombsight. But Allah be praised, before it was over we could navigate in a pretty fair fashion — even tho' we hoped we'd never have to.

THE END OF THE LINE

CHOW TIME

Come and Get it . . .

DISHING IT OUT

or we'll throw it out, and sometimes we didn't care whether they threw it out or not. But taking everything into consideration, the food in the mess hall wasn't too bad, and improved greatly after our first few weeks. And when a man's hungry, chow doesn't have to be a la Ellington to be eaten. P. S. We were usually hungry, especially after a good work-out at . . .

EAT WHAT YOU TAKE

TASTES GOOD—W[illegible]?

Physical Torture . . .

P.T. time always brought forth moans, groans, and medical excuses, but after the first little stretch of "double time," the ice was broken and the hour passed quickly and not too unpleasantly. There was plenty of rotation of free play, calisthenics, track, and the obstacle course, and it was good to be out under the summer sun soaking up vitamins and assuming a *glamour* boy tan. Then a refreshing shower and back to the wars again, unless it was Saturday and time for . . .

LT. L. O. BLOOMINGDALE
Physical Training
In Charge of Cadets

IN CADENCE — HEXERCISE!

MY ACHING BACK

ALL SIZE 13

KEEP MOVING

Open Post . . .

There wasn't too much to do in Boy's Town, but the place really wasn't as bad as our first impressions had lead us to believe. Sure, we were restricted from the worst places, and from the best places too, so there wasn't much left, and the shortage of women and decent fire water was a shame. But the people were the redeeming feature of Big Spring. They were really swell, the world's best, in spite of their slightly prejudiced attitude toward things Texan. And at any rate, the weekends were days of welcome relaxation, a rest from the noise and turmoil, the hubba-hubba that surrounded us sixteen hours a day, six days a week.

THE MAIN DRAG

AH — PAVED STREETS

5000 FEET UP

Our Cadet Club . . .

was a sort of oasis in the desert. It was open to us at any time we happened to have a spare moment. Sandwiches, candy, cookies, soft drinks and occasionally beer were available at the bar. There were big easy chairs and books and magazines for the intellectual, and pool tables for the ambitious.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

A FRIENDLY GAME

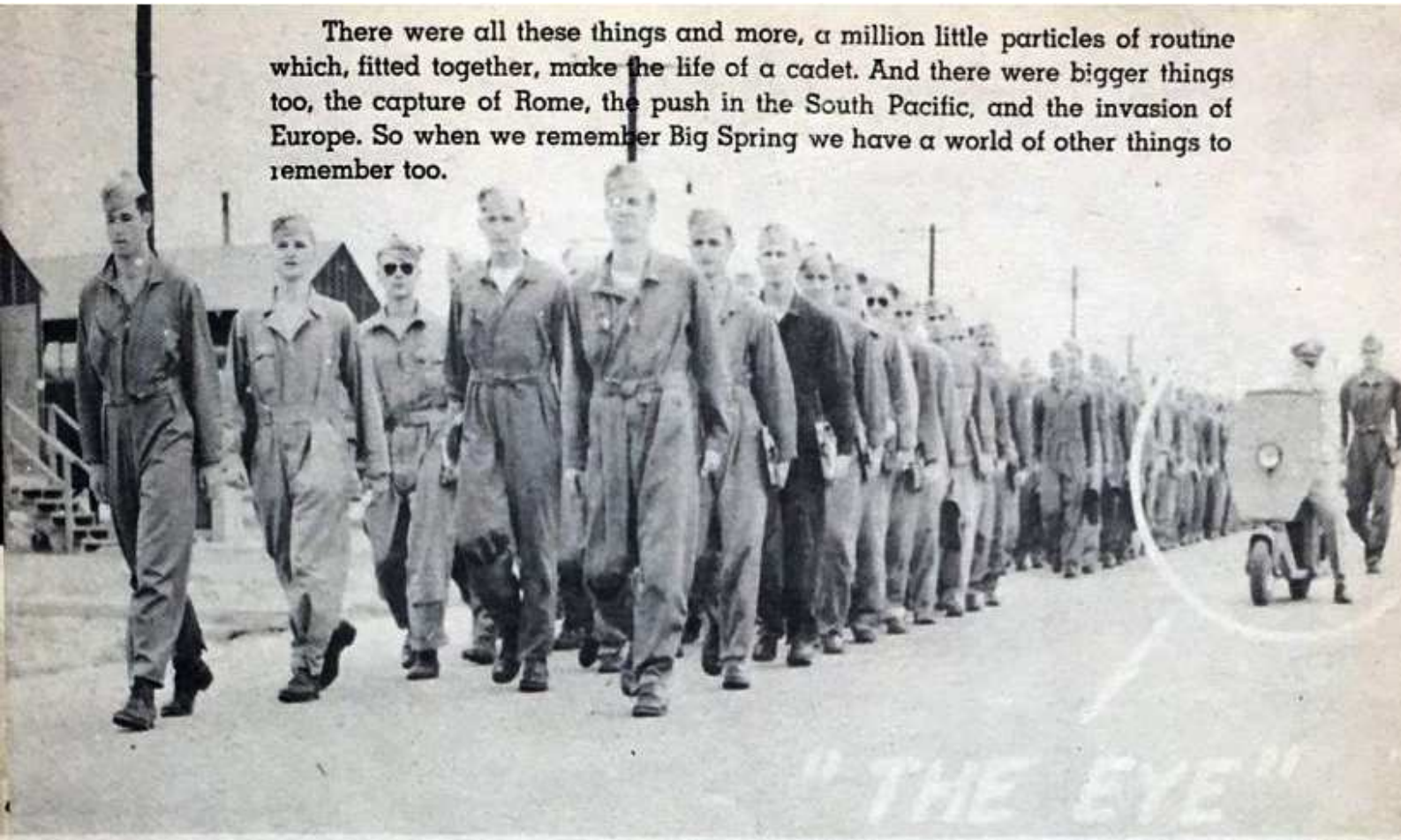
Here 'n There
DOMESTIC

In a World at War

a lot of things can happen in eighteen short weeks, and from March 20, 1944, to July 22, 1944, a lot of things did happen.

There were the little personal things that happened to us such as sweating out exams and C.E.'s and combat hits. There was the wind blowing continually, and the hot sun, and the officers we liked and those we didn't like. There was the problem of being true to the girl at home and of trying to date the one in town.

There were all these things and more, a million little particles of routine which, fitted together, make the life of a cadet. And there were bigger things too, the capture of Rome, the push in the South Pacific, and the invasion of Europe. So when we remember Big Spring we have a world of other things to remember too.



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MAJOR W. E. TURNER

Thanks to . . .

Lt. Col. Paul S. Dewell, Executive Officer, for his capable Administration of post affairs and for his continued interest in our activities.

Major W. E. Turner, Public Relations Officer, for without his sincere interest in our efforts, and his hard work in our behalf, there might not have been any classbook at all. Too much cannot be said in praise of him.

Our cadet club hostess, Mrs. Lynette McElhannon, for making our club such an interesting center of activity. Mrs. Mac was always ready to listen to our problems, and if there was a way out, she could find it.

Captain Anthony, Sergeant Smeltsor, Sergeant Koch, Corporal Raich, and *all the swell gang at the Photo Lab for their invaluable help in the production* of this book. We bedeviled them for pictures 'til they hated the sight of us, but they always came through in grand fashion .

The cadet supply crew, for doing a hard job well. They were the ones who found our missing laundry, replaced our lost computers, efficiently issued equipment and just as efficiently checked it in!

Sergeants Darden and Nelson, for their work on all our records, forms, and papers. They signed us out of the army as cadets and back again as officers! We could never figure out why Sergeant Darden was always in such a jolly good humor, but whenever he greeted us with his friendly snarl, we knew that all was well at Cadet Headquarters.

Sergeant Cantone, as the *most* indispensable man at the Operations Room. The sarge always knew who was scheduled to fly when, where and why. He was often irritable, and sometimes romped on us pretty hard, but we didn't mind that when we stopped to think of all the work he had to do.

Special thanks to Captain Woodiwiss for being the type of officer we would all do well to emulate. He was the kind of man we wanted to have for a friend, *and he was a friend to all of us. Whenever we remember "Woodie," let us* remember that wearing bars merely puts a man in a better position to help others — as we ourselves were helped.

Thanks also to Aspirant Cazaumayou and Sergeant Florin for their fine work on the French Section of this Book.

To these and to many more we owe much, but there is not space here to adequately thank everyone as we should. So to *all the personnel on this field* who contributed so much to our training, we can only say that we appreciate it and that we will try to justify your faith in us.

SGT. DARDEN

SGT. NELSON

CADET SUPPLY

SGT. CANTONE

PHOTO LAB

Our Story Ends . . .

The history of the advance of civilization is nothing but the history of graduations. There have been graduations in this old world since time began — long before schools were ever established or even thought of. Man graduated from the cave to the play ground, from the play ground to the tribal council, from boyhood to manhood. And each step of his progress was offically recognized by those around him.

Our graduations of today are usually solemn affairs marked by a formality befitting the occasion, but the basic idea behind the ceremony remains unchanged. Graduation means that an obstacle has been overcome, success has been achieved, a goal has been reached.

But no sooner do we pass one goal, than another lies ahead. Our graduation from Big Spring probably means more to us than any other single event that has ever happened to us before, and will always be one of the proudest and happiest moments of our lives, but in reality, it does not mark the end of our story, but only the beginning of a new chapter. There are other worlds to be conquered, and we are ready.

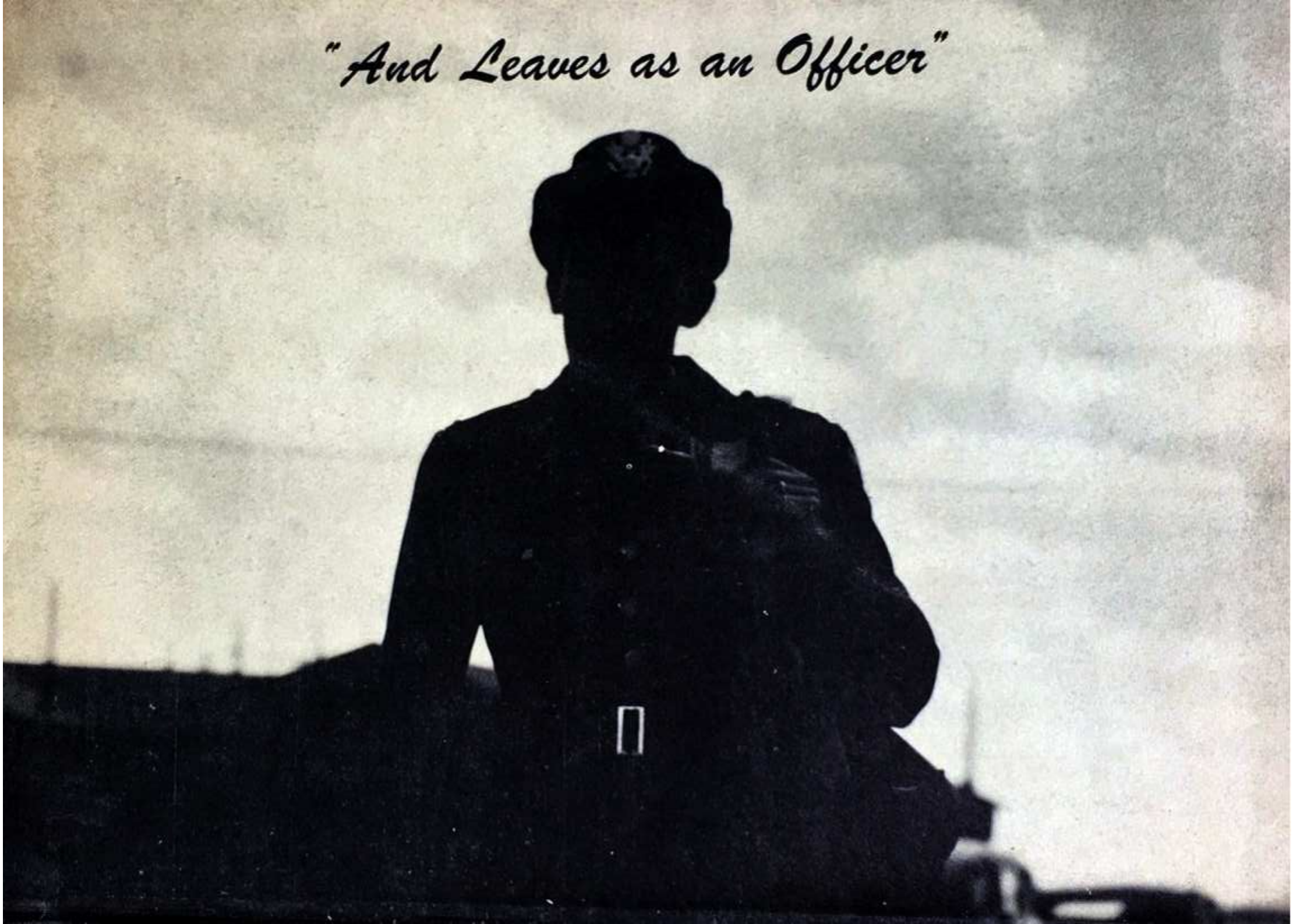
To Our Classmates

For eighteen weeks we have worked together to accomplish a common purpose. We have shared successes and failures along the route and have forged a bond between us that can never be taken away.

We have made friends, and now the time has come when we have to say goodbye to many of them. We don't know what lies ahead, but we do know what lies behind, and we have tried to make this classbook an accurate record of our bombardier training.

But we hope that this is something more than a mere picture album. If, in days to come, this book helps to bring to life again your memories of these days then we will have done our job well.

THE STAFF


"And Leaves as an Officer"