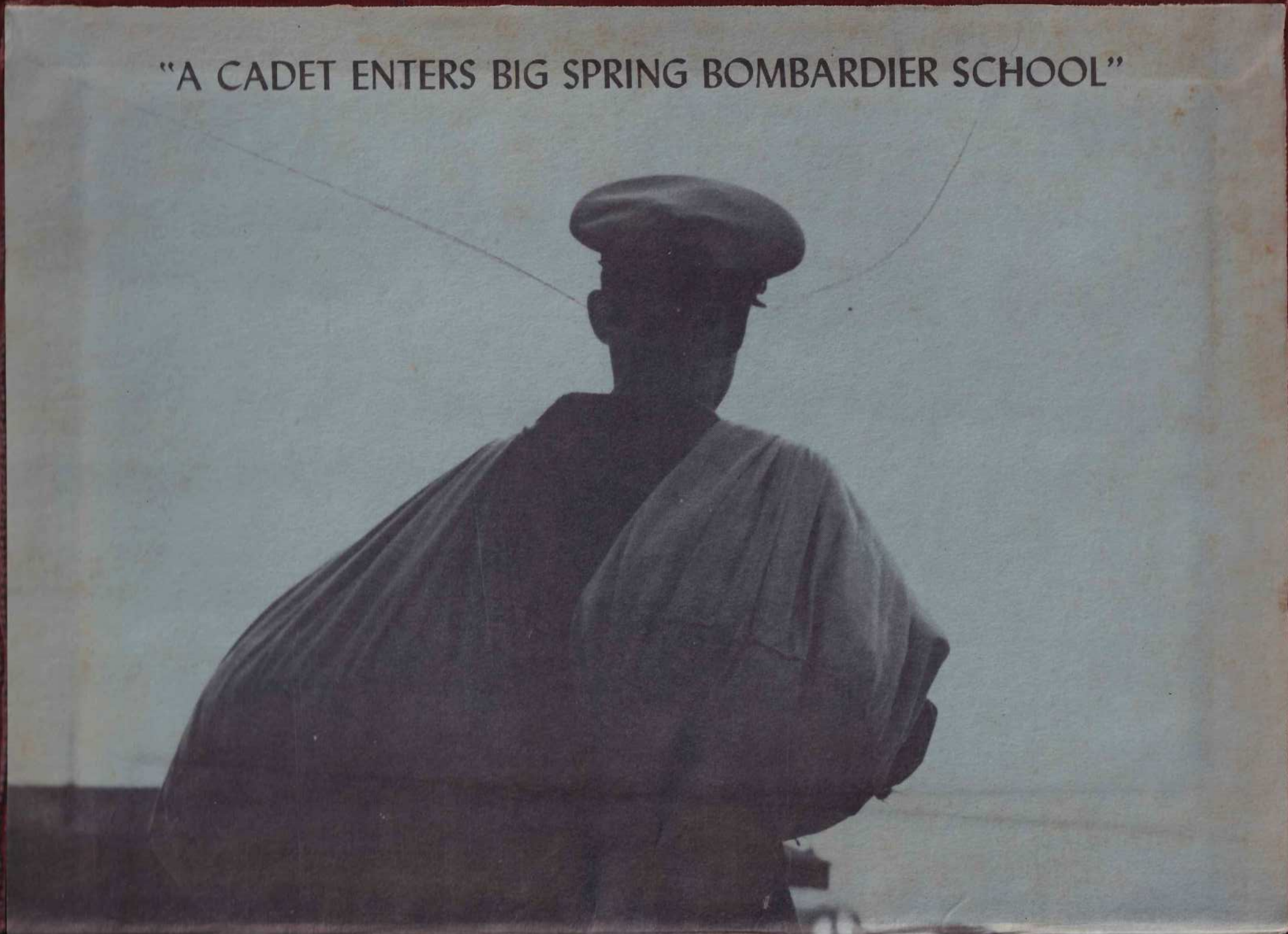
LYRO

44-6

"A CADET ENTERS BIG SPRING BOMBARDIER SCHOOL"



Thanks to our instructor, lieutenant Young,
for our graduation run: course OK, ETA OK.

André Blanchet

Sperry

E. Vacé

Maurras

PRESENTING

CLASS 44.6

THRU THE YEARS
(Ralph P. Levye)

I watched you grow up, from a tot—good 'n sound
To a scrappy, fine youngster, as could ever be found
And thru all those years, such events come to mind
That give folks the happiness, they always seek to find.

The first graduation, when you appeared in the play
To us,—you were outstanding, the star of the day
And maybe a day, will again—soon appear
When you'll star for Uncle Sam, in his Drama—of the year.

Then off to College, to be on your own
'Twas my first watch for letters, to cheer up our home
Letters then, were frequent—the mailman dropped those in
For your letters to-day, Son—we watch and wait, for him.

The few years rolled by, with the wink of an eye
I watched your progress—thru all of them
Up to the day, that came along, with greetings—to join the throng
For Uncle Sam and his Air Force—with the best of men.

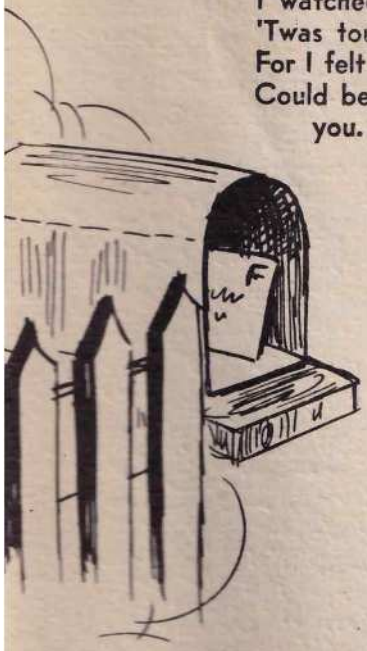
I watched you leave, with banners a'flyin'
'Twas tough—but, I smiled—though inside, I was a'cryin'
For I felt mighty proud, that the job I couldn't do
Could be filled, for my Country, by a fine youngster—like you.

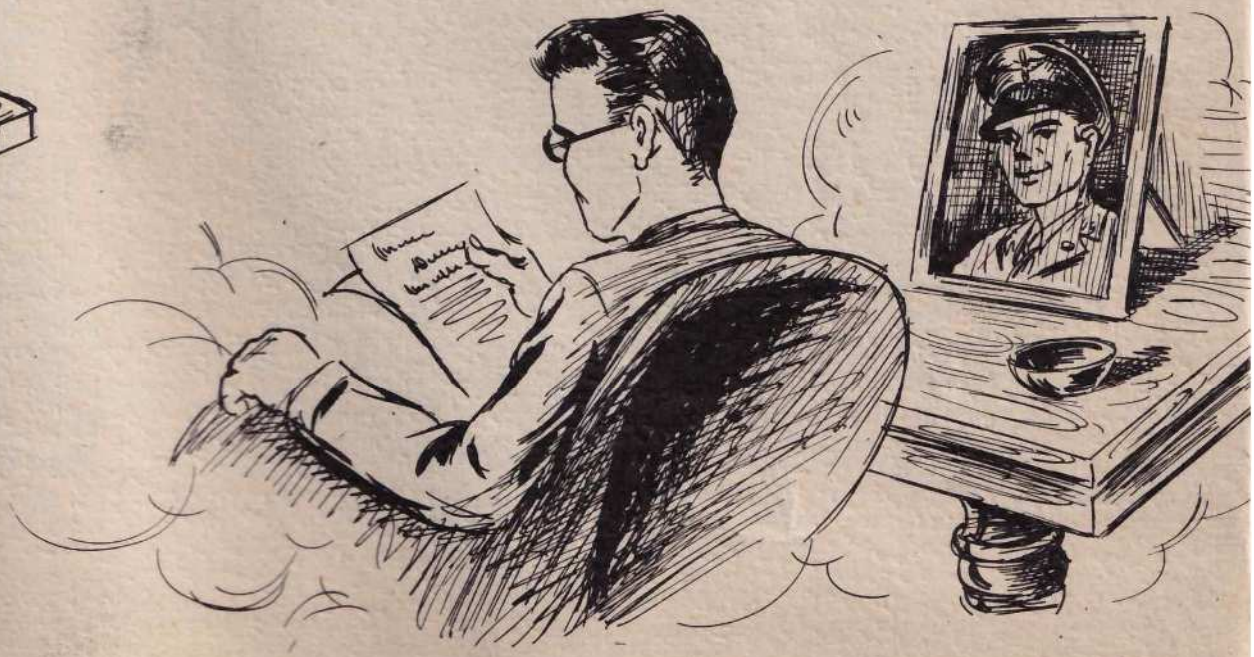
I watched your progress, thru long months of training
Right in there pitching—and never feigning
And I'll watch for the day—That Day—of realization
When they'll pin on those wings, at your graduation.

And when your plane passes by, as I scan the sky
Perchance—good Lad—just for my joy
Dip a wing, once or twice—that alone will suffice
The salute I've been a'waitin'—from my Boy.

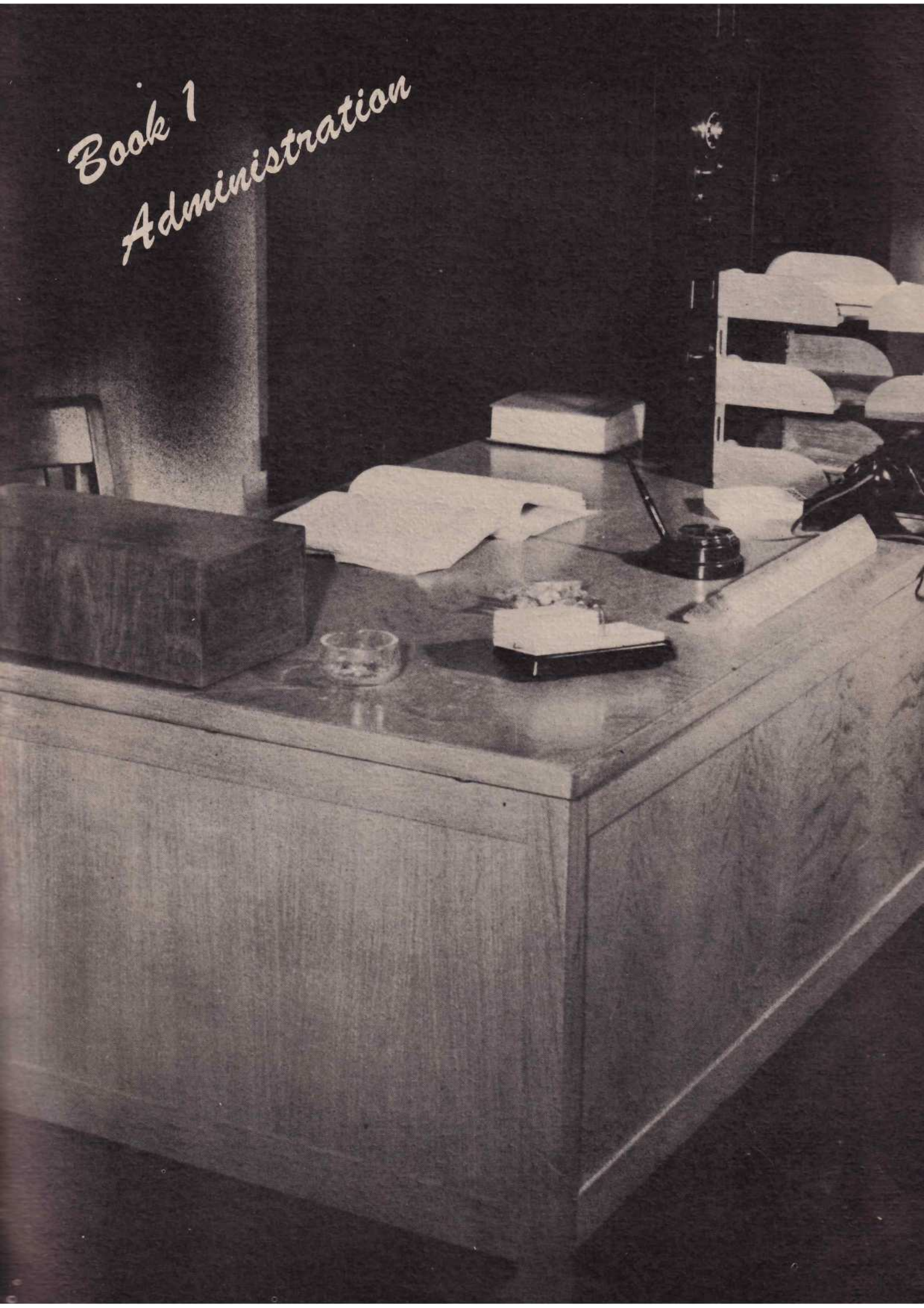
And when you're out there a'hunting, where everything goe
To get the Hitlers and Tojos—and the rest of the Bozos
I'll be right there with you—holding your hand
To press the Kind of Buttons—that will keep our Country—a free Land.

GOD BLESS YOU





Book 1
Administration



Big Spring, Texas

A MESSAGE TO 44-6

Congratulations on your graduation, Class of 44-6!

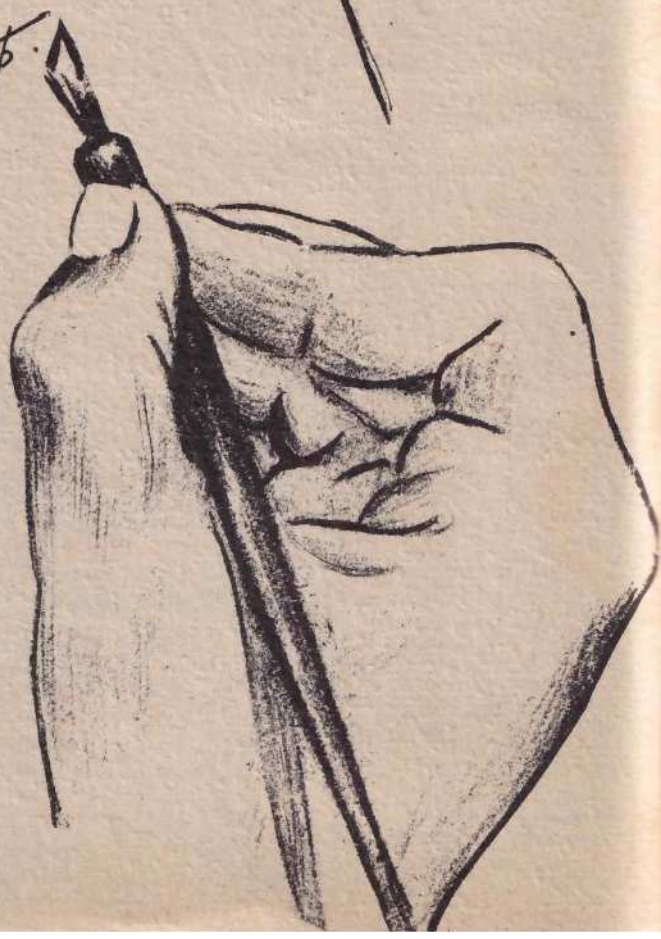
You have just completed a tough, intensive and thorough course of training in precision bombing. You have had at your disposal the finest equipment and facilities in the world. You have been taught by carefully selected instructors—many of them battle-hardened bombardiers.

You're taking off from this school with the deadliest load of destruction ever thrown against an enemy—a highly trained brain equipped with a thorough knowledge of your job. You have that "spark" which will raise your attainments above the commonplace.

Take all you have been given here and use it effectively against the enemy. Remember—you're playing for keeps now. Make every mission count.

Happy landings, men—and may you have no dry runs.

Hell. Arnold



Col. H. M. Wittkop

The Commanding Officer

Lt. Colonel James F. Reed is our director of training. Such a job must be held by a man that knows just what a cadet goes through during his training. Colonel Reed does know, and has two silver wings to prove it. One, as a pilot; the other, as a bombardier.

Born in Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania, Colonel Reed attended Penn. State College, where he received his B.S. degree. On October 5, 1938 he enlisted in the Air Corps, as a pilot, and won his wings at Kelly Field on August 26, 1939. Since that time he has been to many a flying field, always associated as guiding hand for the hard struggling cadets. He came to Big Spring in 1942 and went through the bombardiering course, while serving as director of flying. He now holds the distinctive position of Director of Training.

We thank you, Colonel Reed, for your understanding of our program, your eagerness to help and your ever encouraging spirit.

It is a pleasure to present Major G. W. Schultz. As the commandant of cadets he has the position of making our stay at Big Spring either a pleasant one, or, well . . . it needn't even be said, because he has made it a pleasant one. Many things can be pointed out that could fully show his interest for the happy existance of the cadets here. The beautiful Cadet Club is one glowing example, the improvement of the food is another, and many more could be explained, but it is not only the material advantages he has given us, but he has also been a spirited guidance throughout the course, and for that, we thank him.

The Major was born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. After high school, and two years at the U. S. Military Academy, he entered Oshkosh State Teachers College and then the University of Wisconsin. It was there, at the University, that he won his commission in 1935. Major Schultz then took up a job with General Electric Company, then came the war, and later the rank of major.

Thank you, Major Schultz for understanding and helping us become good officers and good bombardiers.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM W. BENHAM
Adjutant

LT. E. E. BAKER, JR.,
Tactical

LT. M. E. HOERGER,
Tactical

CAPTAIN JOEL S. JACKSON
Supply Officer

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM KARVOONIS
Mess Officer

This little scene is meant to portray what madness fourteen or fifteen months of Bombardier training will drive a healthy—happy—carefree lad to. Would any sane young man keep his head down, and eyes straight, with an "eyepiece" like this around?

Book 2
Instructors and Pilots

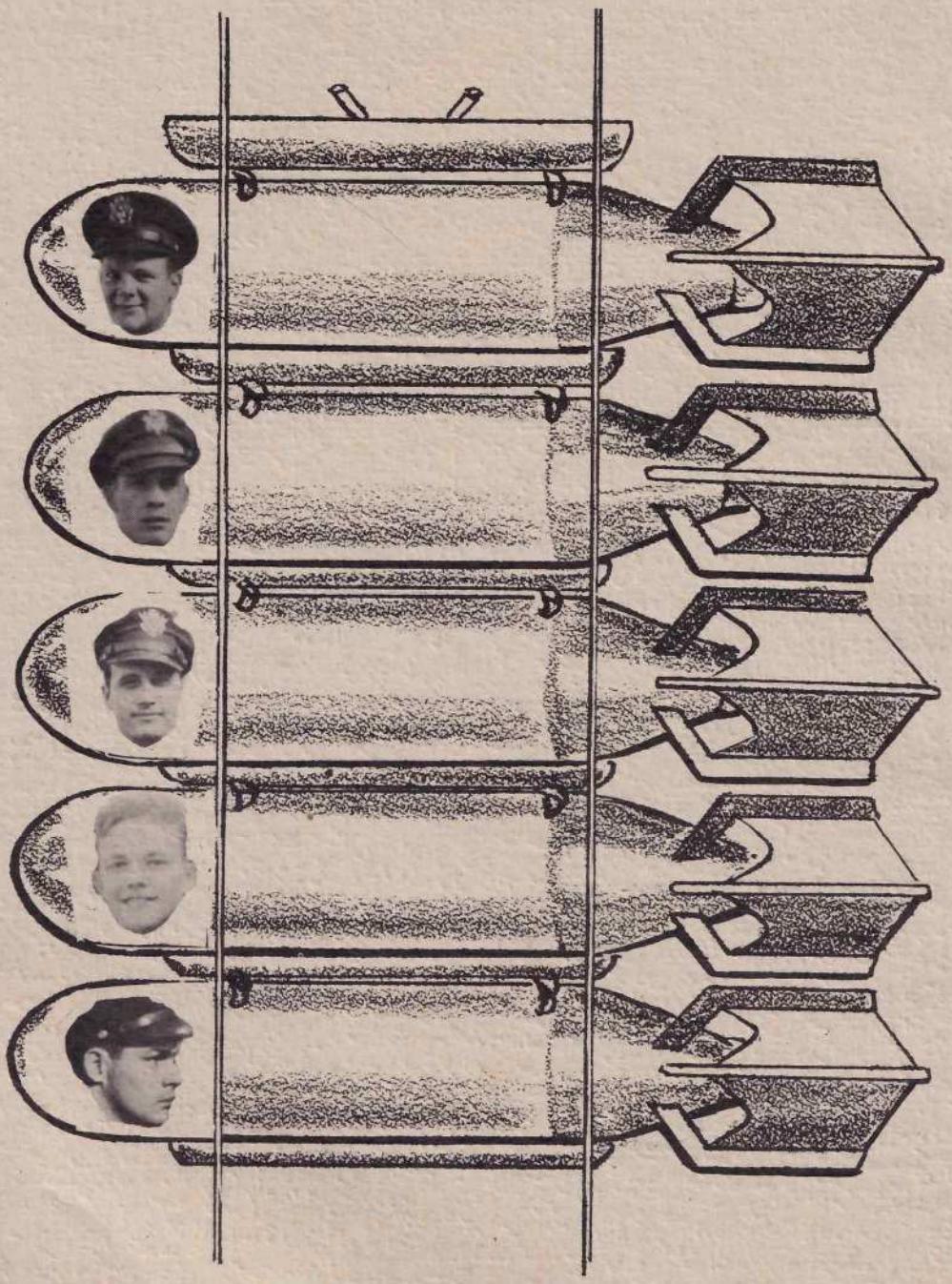
WE SALUTE YOU
374

The Sperry Sweethearts

Here's a motley crew

Can YOU tie a tie, aptain?"

Yes, you'd look good with with captain's bars



Jolly Jake . . . "Granted, Okay"

"You ought to be in pictures"

AN IDEAL BOMB LOAD

"Ever been stung by a WASP?"

For a picture, they'll smile

A MAN—A CAR
A DOG

Book 3
Cadets

Class History

Lt. James Rotunda came to us while we were in our first month here, and from his opening speech, to his last farewell he probably meant more to the boys of 44-6 than anyone else on the field. The job of a Tactical officer isn't the most pleasant one, and many times unpleasant things had to be done, but Lt. Rotunda had a way about him that he could put across his ideas, and still not hurt anyone directly. A form of psychology was in his every act. He meant to make good officers, and he did.

Schenectady, New York was his birthplace and home, and the place he received his education. Physical Training had caught his eye, and it was doing this type of work that gave him this power to coordinate fellows into a smoothly operated unit. Came the war and he meant to carry out his abilities. From O.C.S. in Miami, Florida, Lt. Rotunda went to SAACC, and then to Big Spring, to be our Tac officer, leader, and friend.

The boys of 44-6 have all praise for him, and are all thankful that they had the pleasure of his guidance.

ARMY AIR FORCES BOMBARDIER SCHOOL
BIG SPRING ARMY AIR FIELD

BIG SPRING, TEXAS

April 28, 1944

Hello Bill,

Yep, here I sit . . . only a few hours away from graduation. When you get so close you kinda think about everything you went through.

Doesn't seem like 14 months ago I shed the Shetland jacket, the flannel pants, saddle shoes and argyle socks, and bid goodby to the folks . . . and was shoveled on a basic-training-bound train. That basic, wow, was that lousy! That is where I learned to call off my serial number in groups of fours, that is where I learned the words DRILL, KP, GUARD DUTY, GENERAL ORDERS, and did we sweat . . . brother, that stuff just poured out of us . . . and the more beer we drank, the more we sweated. Yep, basic was a grind, and thank goodness it didn't last too long. One good thing though, it introduced me to a lot 'a swell fellows, gosh, I wonder where they are now? Oh well . . . I left basic training with memories of cold nights, lousy food, nonfitting uniforms, mud, dust, drill, and that constant threat, "you'll be officers some day."

That CTD was a setup—it was a vacation. Right from the first day we arrived, the gals were waiting. As we poured out of the trucks, they were lined up—all sizes, shapes and types—take your pick boys, AND WE DID! The babes weren't the only good deals there. We lived like humans again. Dishes, silverware, sheets (two of them), heated rooms, and good food. Oh, yeah, there were a few things I learned (beside the romantic view point), as GIGS, TOURS, ARMY FORMS, and what the

word "FO" meant. No, kidding Bill, that CTD was a swell deal—I'd like to be a permanent party man there, say as mail clerk, or as a supply sergeant. But we had to get on with our classification. We really got broken up from there, some boys going off to different places, and we found the classification center just another GI camp.

I wrote you a nice long letter, a descriptive epistle, that explained all the "Coney Island Fun House" nonsense we went through . . . and how we sweated out the day when our classifications would be posted. The joint wasn't bad—a few KP periods, maybe a tour of the guard now and then, but I guess the toughest part was hitting that back door when the whistle sounded . . . and the most strenuous PT was the double-timing out the back door when the "fall out" was screamed. Yes, here too, I learned things . . . a little more about the words "FO," "Eager Beaver," GI parties, but it didn't last long, and we left with the same old threat, "wait 'til you get to your next post."

So we got there, and what was it? Preflight, and HOUSTON. My mouth still waters when I think *of that place*. What women . . . honest Red . . . you had to beat them off with a stick. The preflight deal all depended on the *type of a* Tac officer you got. We had a swell one, and that made preflight a pleasure. We started then to really learn *things about* bombardiering, and we had a good time about it too. There were a few student officers that "tore the hair," *but we ignored* them . . . the mops were thrown at you, the windows were kept clean, guess that was the place we were most "on the ball" . . . but that Houston, what a town. Preflight whizzed by, and before we knew it we were off for the BIG place—with the usual, "wait 'til you get to your next field, they're really rough there."

And here I sit, all finished with the Big Place—and I don't think it was so rough. Didn't know from nothing when we came, about the bombsight, the art of bombing, AT-11's, bubbles and such—but we soon learned. Remember that letter when I told you about my first mission, boy, did I have my "head-up" on that one—but they all do. This was the fastest 18 weeks I've ever spent. We had good instructors, and pilots—in fact, it was easy, the way everyone threatened—you didn't know what to expect.

Gosh, Bill—it's getting late, and tomorrow is a busy day. Don't know nil about what comes next and I guess none of us do. Where my next letter will come from, I can't say—but it will be soon. Still doesn't seem like 14 months ago—and it won't seem natural to have gold bars on my shoulder tomorrow . . . it will have to be Lt. on the envelope, instead of A/C, don't forget. But Lt., A/C, or even Mr., I'll not change, and I'll always be

Your pal,

MAL.

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Wenona, Illinois

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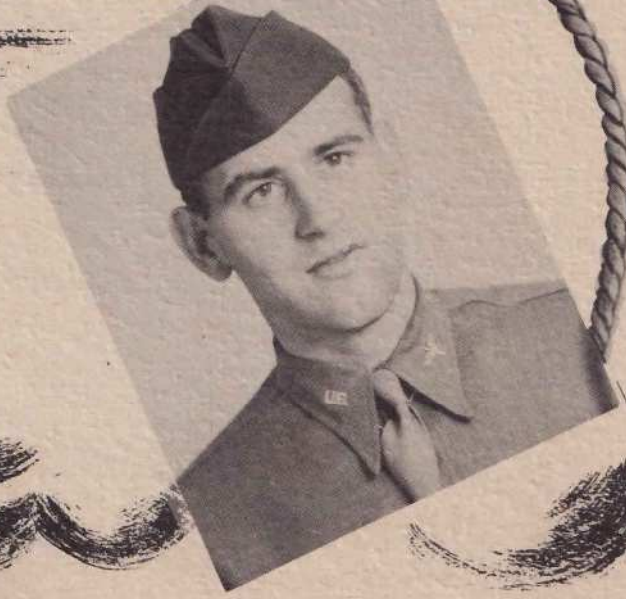

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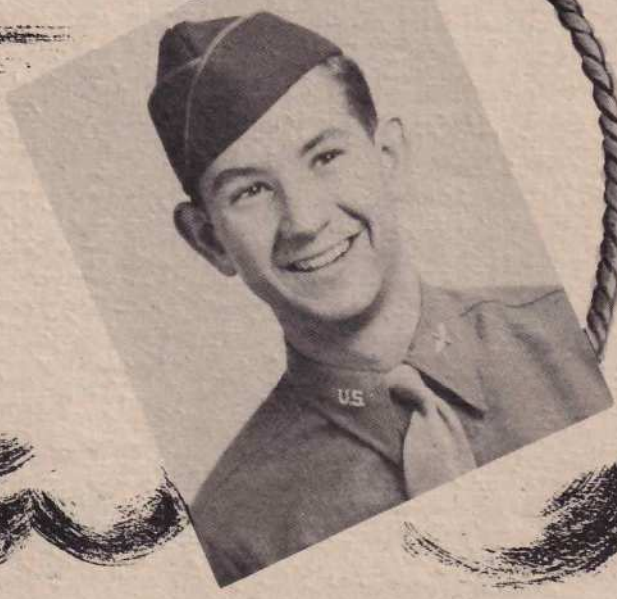

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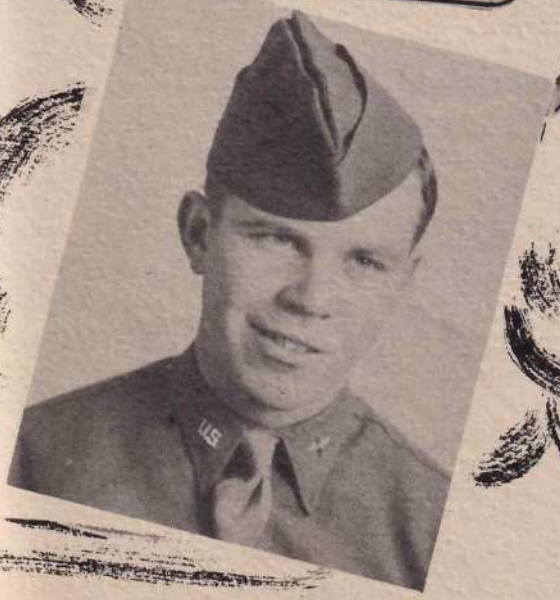

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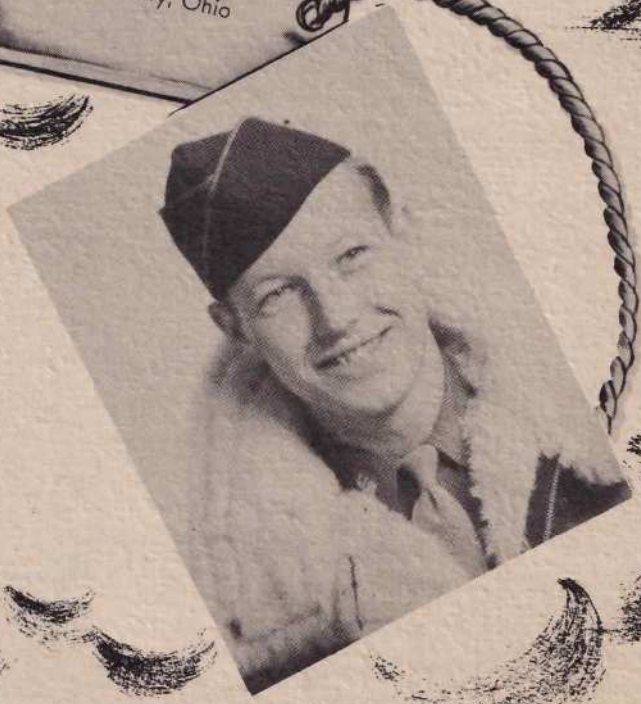

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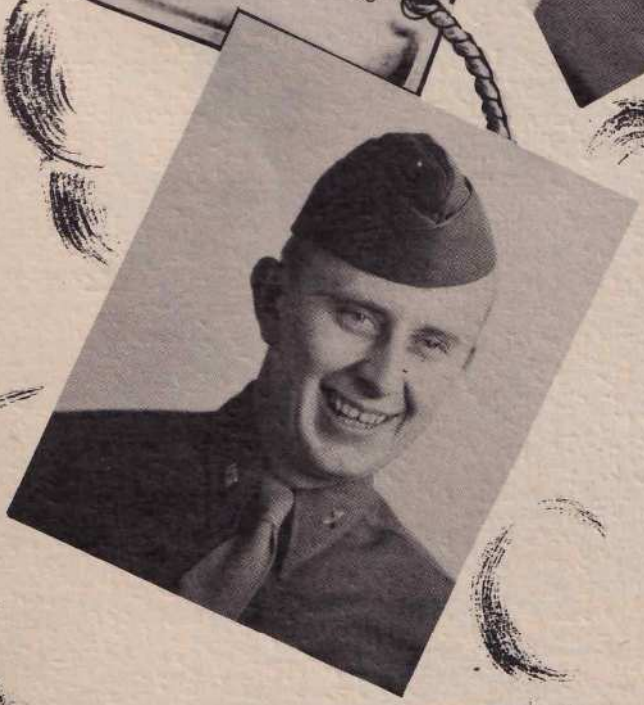

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Dayton, Ohio

CWO Thomas H. Graf
902 44th Street
Brooklyn, New York

FRENCH STUDENT OFFICERS

"My Boys"
The best men who ever got lost!
April 29, 1944

Roger H. Maufras
Aspirant
Pont L'Abbe, Finistere

Edmond E. Vales
Aspirant
Nantes, Loire Inf., France

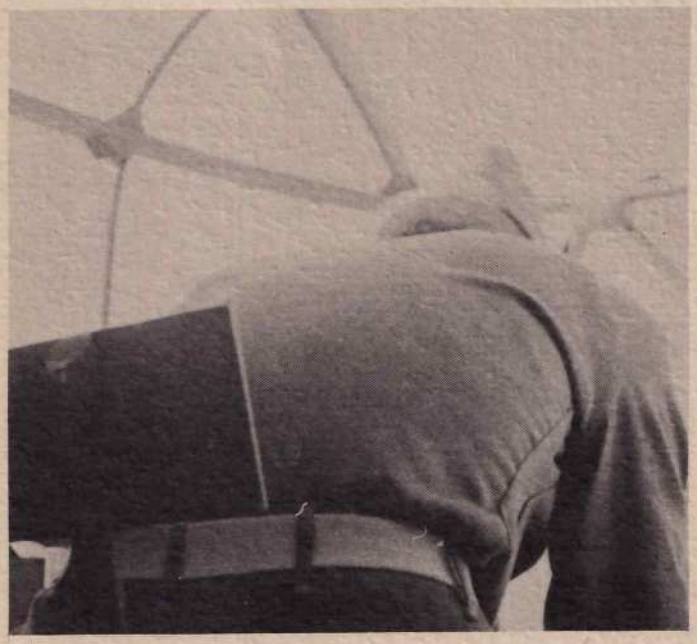
Andre R. Blanchet
Aspirant
Paris, France

Maurice A. Perrin
Aspirant
Saint Villes, Vosges, France
DIE

Cadets at Work

10 MINUTE BREAK

50 FEET AT 12 O'CLOCK MR?



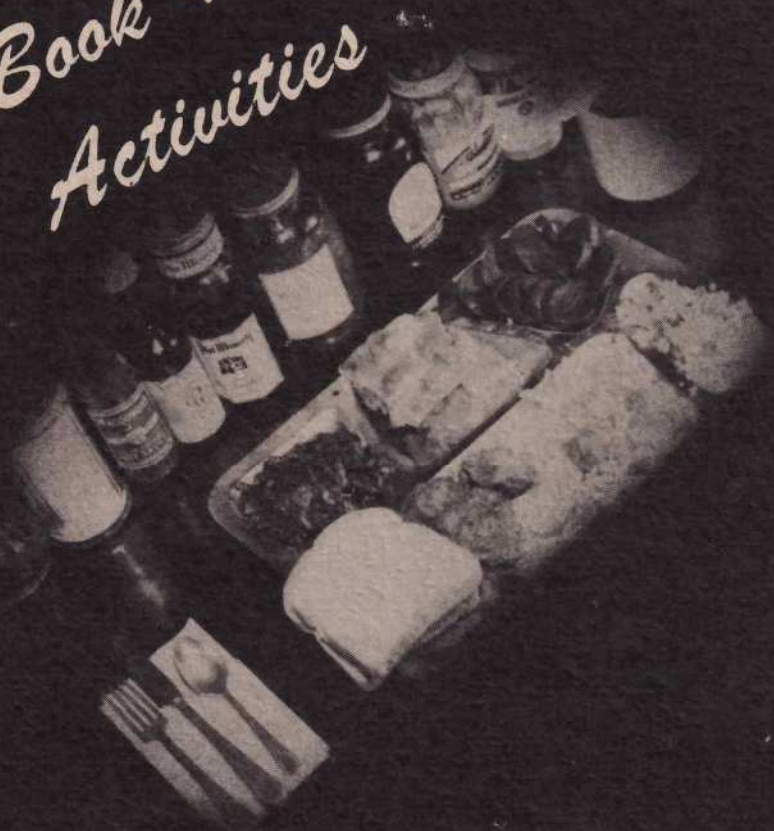
OVER THE GOOD OLD NORDEN

INSPECTION EVE

THE BEST PART OF THE DAY

50 FEET AT 12 O'CLOCK, MR.?

Book 4 Activities



GROUND SCHOOL

ARMY AIR FORCES BOMBARDIER SCHOOL
BIG SPRING ARMY AIR FIELD
BIG SPRING, TEXAS

Big Spring, Texas
21 March 1944

To Class 44-6:

This is a big moment for you. After long weeks and months of arduous training and preparation, the goal that you have set for yourselves is finally in view. You have a feeling of exhilaration and confidence in yourselves and your achievements.

We, in Ground School, have endeavored to instill in you that feeling of confidence, and in addition, an enthusiasm for your work; for without these two factors no man can ever be at his best. And, we all know, that in those few fleeting moments when you are "on course" high above enemy territory, that you must be at your best.

We, who are left behind, as you go forth for further adventure, will be riding with you in spirit.

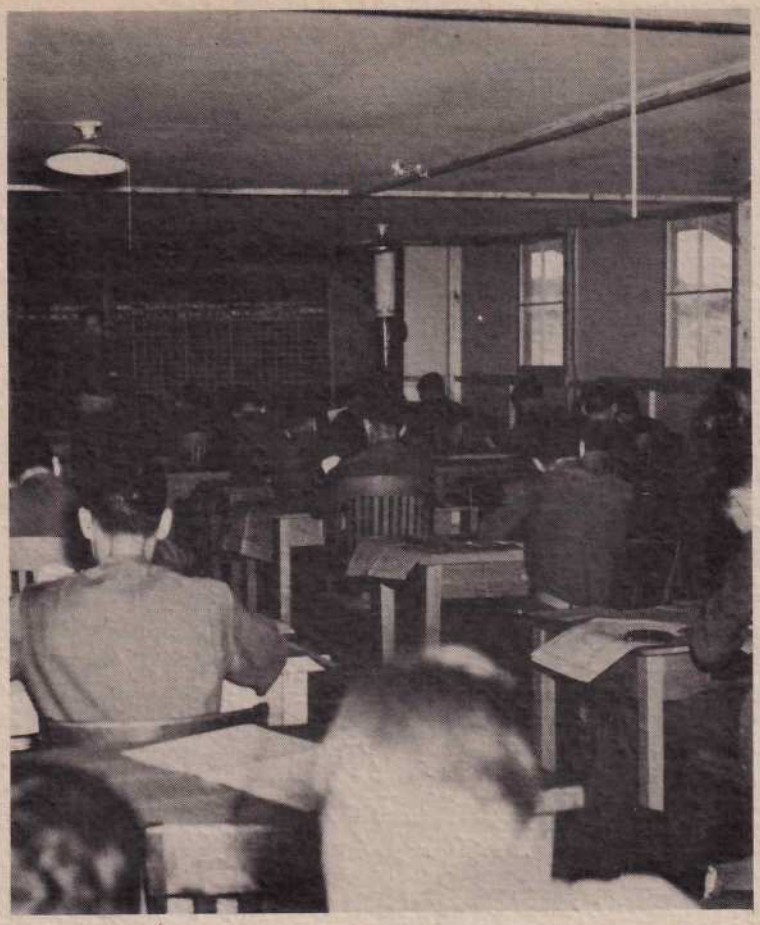
May the training that we have given you at this school help you and your comrades in your fight for victory.

May it bring you back safely.

This is our blessing.

E. W. Frederickson, Jr.

Aren't we eager--
Professor?



The boys are hard at work on their navigation problems. Dividers, triangles, Weem's Plotters, rulers and pencils fly around as the cadets stare blankly at their maps.

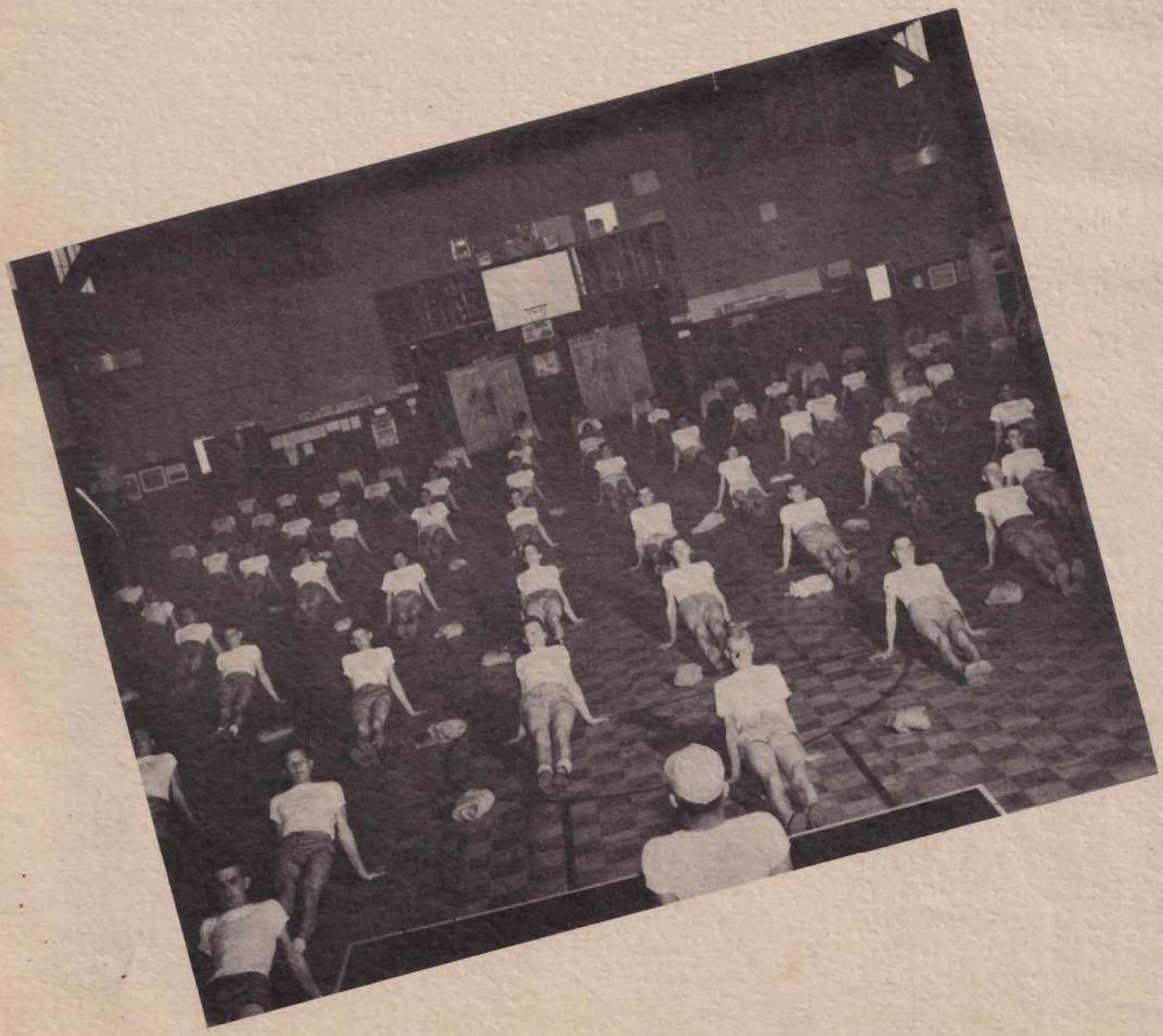
E.T.A., Sir? Oh, we'll be there SOON . . .

PHYSICAL TRAINING

Lt. Leroy O. Bloomingdale sure catches hell from the cadets, and why not—look at the job he has, director of physical training for the aviation cadets. Need more be said? Oh, we may bitch, and gripe, but this Philadelphia born Lt. has really done a lot for us. A good, round program . . . but we still gripe.

Temple University was one of the colleges he attended, and then Juniata, which he graduated from in 1936. For athletic accomplishments he shows, 4 letters in football, 3 in track and basketball, a captaincy of the track team, an award as All-Penn. end in '35, which goes to show he's a good man for the job. After graduation he became a coach at Westfield, N. J., and was there until called to the service. He went through O.C.S. at Miami Beach, and received his commission July 24, 1943. Since then Lt. Bloomingdale has been building men, and building muscles.

We may have argued, and griped, but we will never be able to fully thank him for his part in our training.



The Physical Training Department wishes to extend its appreciation to Class 44-6 for the fine cooperation shown in their physical training classes.

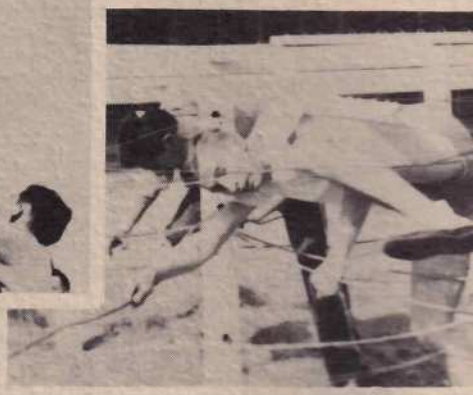
Throughout the training at the Big Spring Bombardier School each cadet is required to participate in physical training one hour each day, six days per week. A physical fitness test is given to each incoming and outgoing class to measure their physical efficiency. It is our aim through a progressive program consisting of supervised callisthenics, cross country, obstacle course, wind sprints, hand to hand combatives, and game activities to provide recreation and relaxation.

We have endeavored to build the strength and stamina, the control and coordination of each cadet so that his physical stability will enable him to do a man's work any hour of the day, every day of the month.

KEEP FIT———KEEP BOMBING

Lt. C. H. Laymon

C. H. LAYMON
1st Lieutenant, Air Corps
Director of Physical Training



CHAPEL

J. L. PATTERSON
Protestant Chaplain

E. A. LAWRENCE
Catholic Chaplain

RELIGION ON THE POST NON-SECTARIAN

The United States statutes require that, when practicable, all Chaplains shall "hold appropriate religious services, for the benefit of the commands to which they may be assigned to duty, at least once on each Sunday."

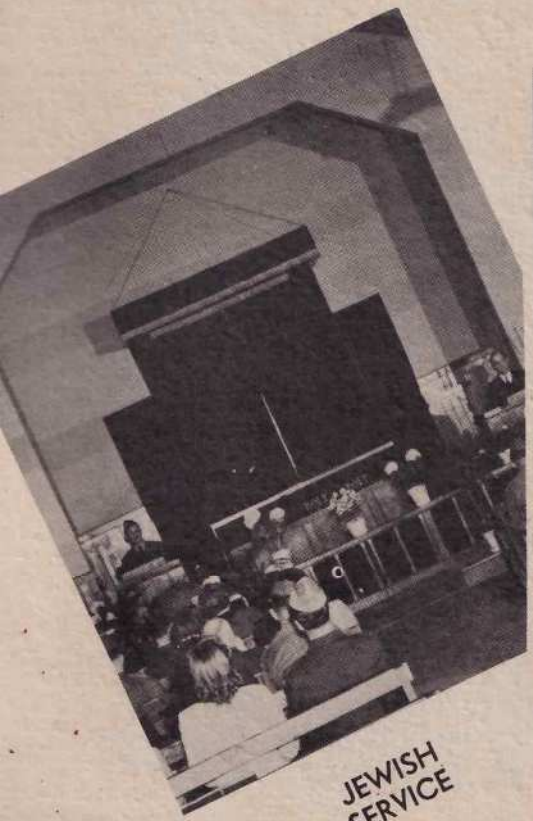
On our Post it has been the policy of the Chaplains to be of service to all of our men in moral and religious need regardless of sect, therefore, making our work non-sectarian.

It is the responsibility of the Chaplains to make provision for full religious ministration to the men of other faiths than their own, thus the continuance of the non-sectarian idea.

The non-sectarian idea if further demonstrated in that all Chaplains are supposed, before departing from place of service, to remove all denominational equipment and decorations, all programs, special prayer books, cards and other appertenances, at the conclusion of each service. This affords the Military personnel an opportunity of entering the Chapels without anything to hinder them from worshiping their God according to their own conscience.

James L. Patterson

JAMES L. PATTERSON
Chaplain (Capt.) USA



JEWISH SERVICE

CATHOLIC SERVICE

PROTESTANT SERVICE

CHOW CALL

COME AND GET IT! ! !

AND THEY SURE DID

AAF
FORM
12C
R.E.P.
E6B
MY. B.S.
SECRET
CE
BOMBARDIER
STUDENT
NIGHTMARE
E. VALÉ

Book 5
Snap Shots

We had our "home-coming" dance—everyone was there.

1. There's Jimmie and Mrs. Rotunda (What, BEER?)

2. Another beer, please, as he struggled for poise.

3. Just like the Astor Bar.

4. Nice back. "Where have I heard that before?"

5. Oh, oh, the big boys—from Major Schultz to yep, smiling Lt. Karvoonis. Don't look so blue Mrs. B.

6. Oh, John—the same old line.

7. Mrs. "YONK" has that look. Have another drink, Mac.

8. Look like wall flowers from here—or wolves.

9. Don't worry Mrs. Z., he'll come soon.

10. PLEASE . . . .

Getting spruced up—for Big Spring—well, there's a show in town.

1. Tie straight—or is it suicide? Here, you'd never know.

2. Watch it, brother. Easy now—I know things are tough, but you'd liable to get blood all over the basin—

3. "Mr. Davidson, you're high man in this outfit—let's get on the ball. PLEASE, at least—shine your shoes. Pretty please, whith suger on it."

4. The sign reads, quote: "CADETS WILL NOT ARGUE WITH THE BARBER—THESE HAIRCUTS (???) ARE MANDATORY," unquote.

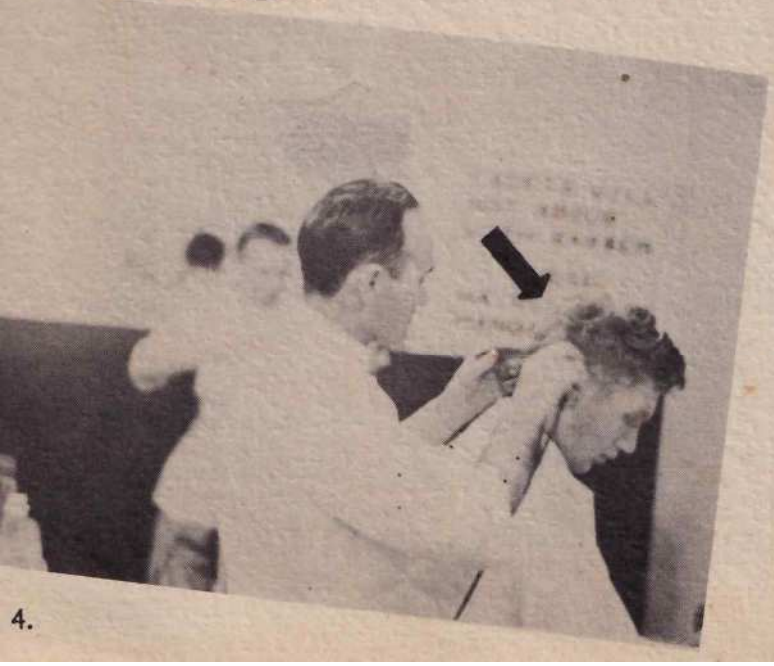
5. This blank is a shot of Big Spring—in a blackout.

6. Restricted? Pictures, or maybe tours, or maybe GDO, or maybe ground school deficiency, or maybe no dough? That means no town tonight—THANK GOODNESS ! ! !

1.

5.

3.



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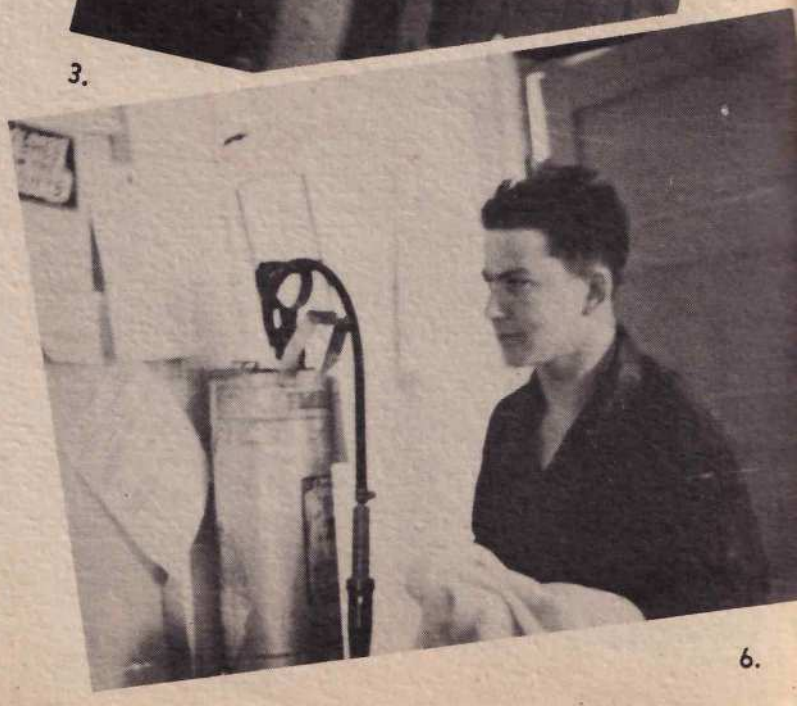
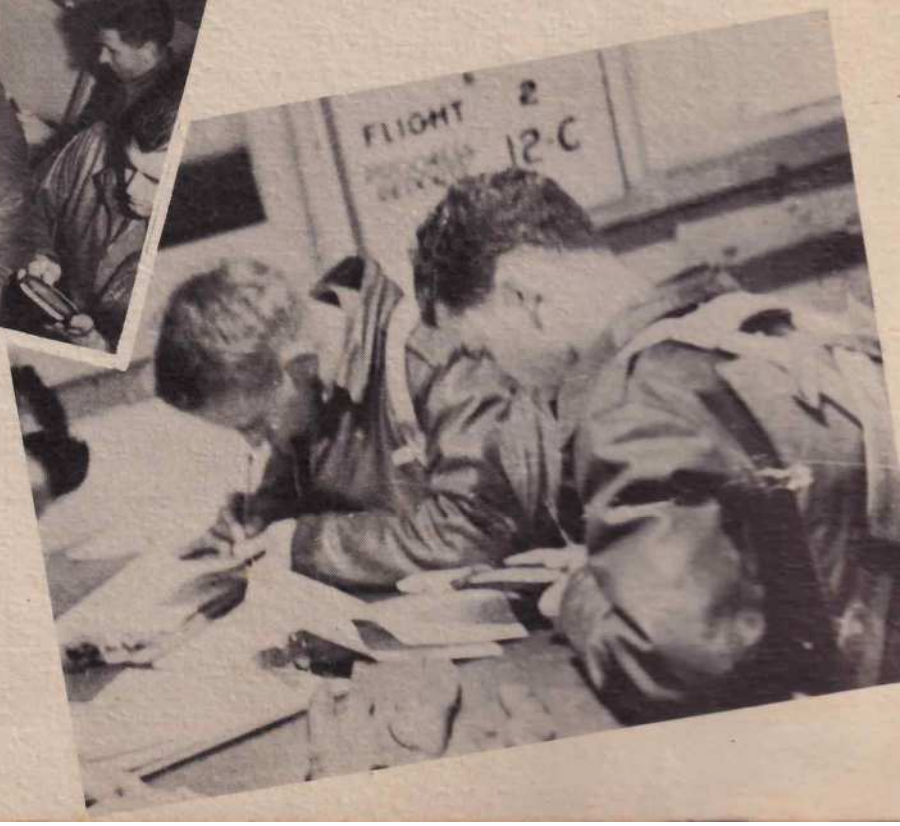


6.

NO CAPTIONS NEED HERE—BOYS ARE PREPARING FOR ANOTHER MISSION



Just fillin' in de empty pages.

1. De last o'de bombardiers.

2. Chin up boys, wait 'til ya get to de next place—I hoid it's rough as hell.

3. Had to get Lolli, A.M. in de book, some way.

4. Oh, my 'achin' back.

5. Life could be woise—

6. Sleep, Sam, ya need de rest. Dream about de goil back home—she's probably runnin' around wid a defense woiker.

7. Oh, dat BLACK GOLD.

8. Presenting—"The Hottest Bombardier of 44-6."

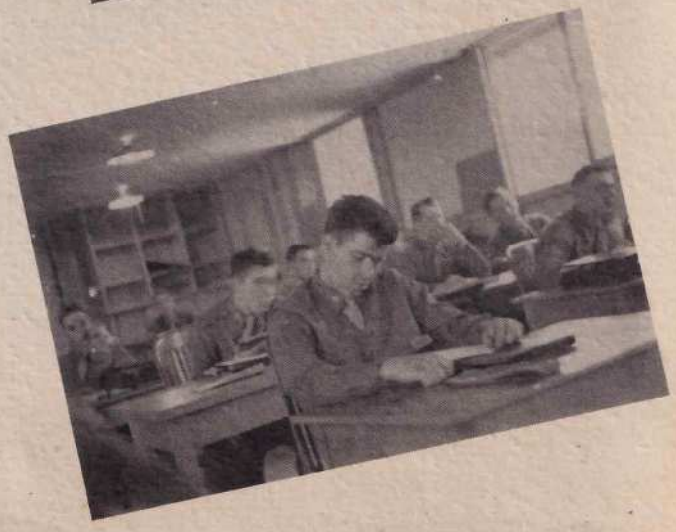
2.

3.

6.

4.

5.



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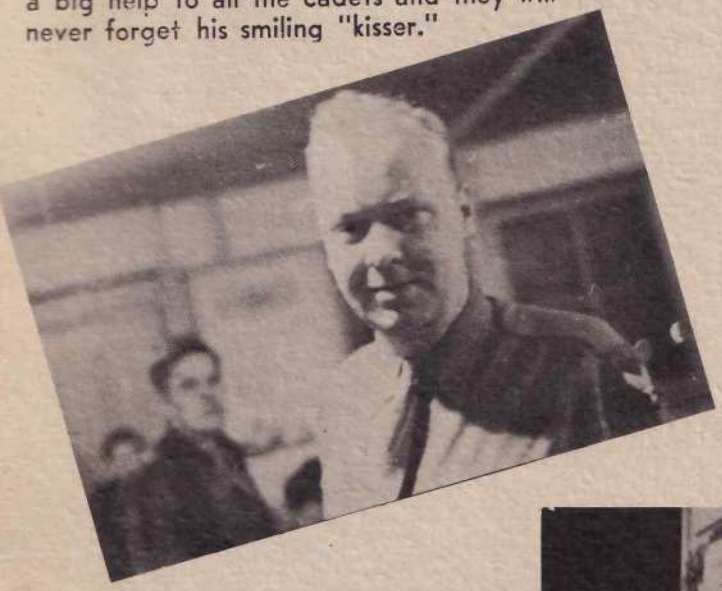
Photography Editor

Thanks to

To the photo-lab lads and lassies. Doubt very much if any lab took such a beating than this one did with this book. The cusses, threats, screams can still be heard—how they ever stood it will never be known. All we can say is thanks.

To Sergeant Johnson. The man who never went home . . . but always stuck around the operational room, picking up old E6B's, pencils and "butts." He sure was a big help to all the cadets and they will never forget his smiling "kisser."



To Major Turner. He was not only the staff's slave driver . . . but also a sympathetic consultant. As public relations officer it was his painful task to supervise the efforts of the GYRO—and without whip or shackles he did the job.

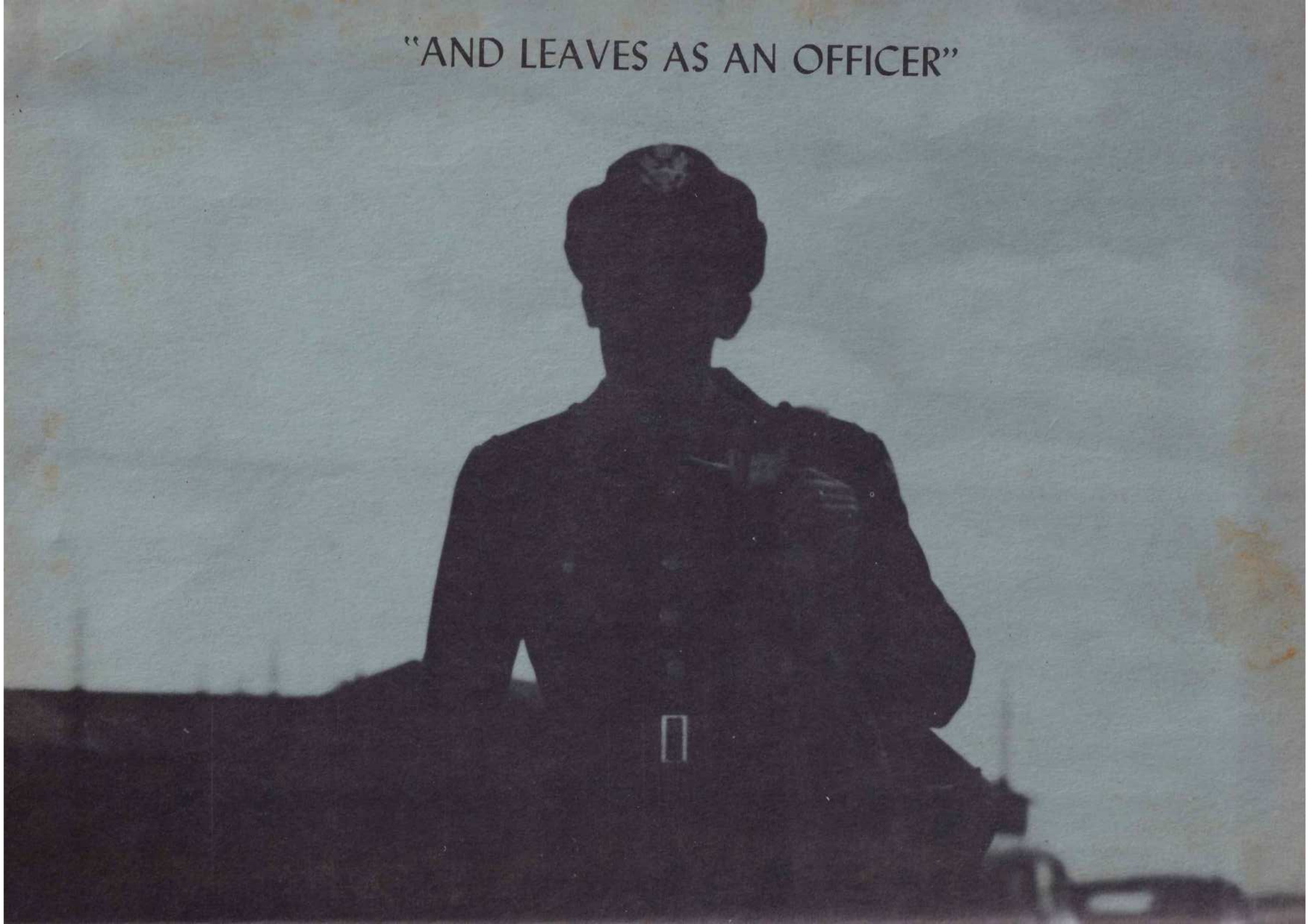
To Cpl. Smith ."Smitty," the only reason the cadets refused to go home. And no wonder—this charming WAC was the only bright light on the line—we thank you, Smitty, for being so lovely.

To Mrs. Lynnette McElhannon. No one knows where she got them, but come dance time at the Cadet Club and "Mac" would waltz in with a truck full of Big Spring Belles. The Cadet Hostess did help make the cadet club our home.

Thanks, also to Aspirant Edmond Valles for his swell art work. Dick McComb did a lot of running around and his efforts were sure appreciated.

'twas the night before graduation

Our Pin-up Girl

This is our "Pin-up" girl. A blend of all boy's girls. Our Jeannes, Mary's, Lil's, Jo's, Hope's, Ab's, Dot's, Ruth's, Fay's and Alice's all rolled into one. It is for them that we fight, and it is for them that we wish to live. Their letters and loyalties have aided to ease the strain and lonesomness of army life. Keep writing, keep loving—and we'll return.

"AND LEAVES AS AN OFFICER"