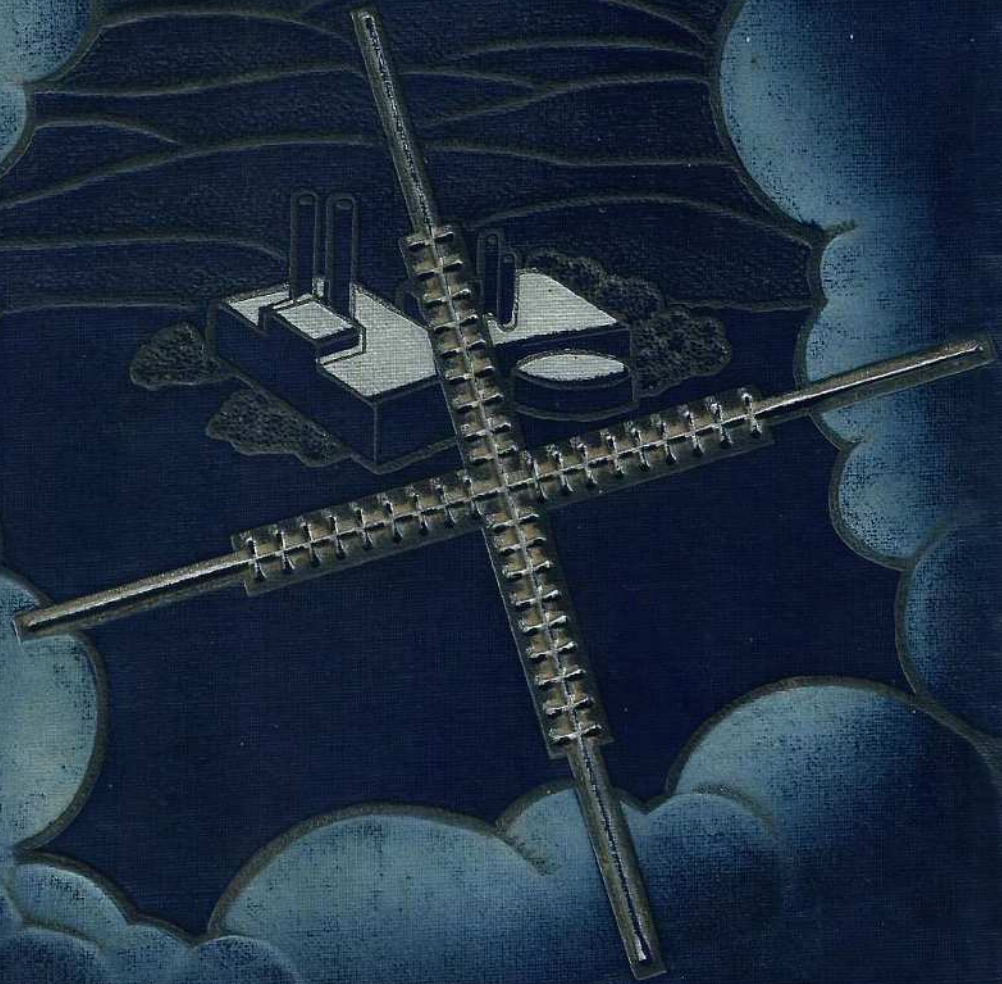


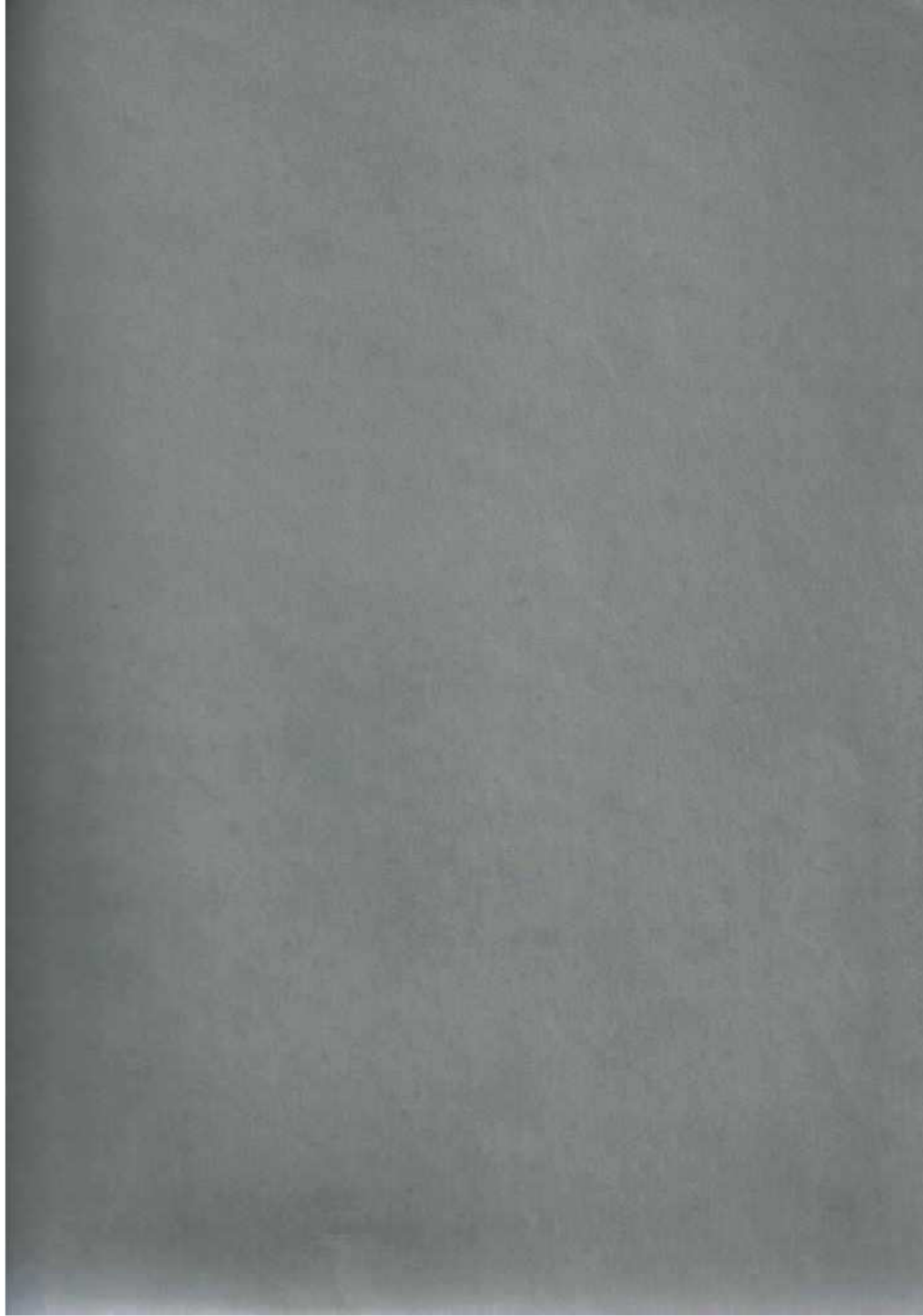
4R

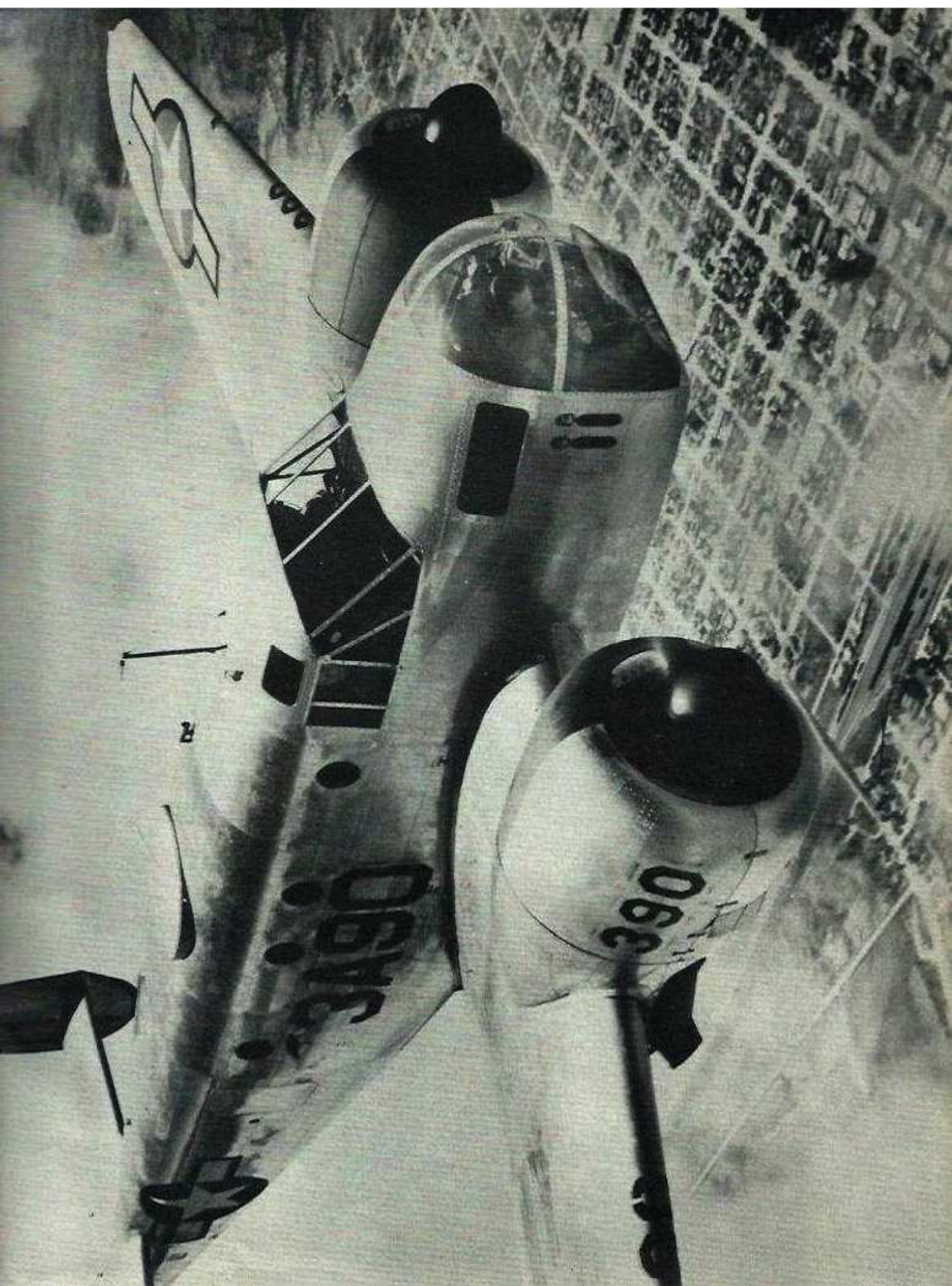


CLASS 315









Bombardiers' Oath

In the presence of Almighty God, I do solemnly swear and affirm, that I will accept the precious trust placed in me by my Commander in Chief, the President of the United States of America, by whose direction I have been chosen for Bombardier Training.

I pledge myself to live and act according to the Code of Honor of the Bombardiers of the Army Air Forces. I solemnly swear that I will keep inviolate the secrecy of any and all confidential information revealed to me, and in the full knowledge that I am a guardian of one of my country's most priceless Military assets, do further swear to protect the secrecy of the American Bomb Sight, if need be, with my life itself.

The Class of 315
United States Army Air Forces
Advanced Bombardier School
Big Spring,
Texas
Presents

Gypsy

A Pictorial Review of the trials,
tribulations, and occasional good
times encountered by us during
our training from March 6, 1949
to August 22, 1950.



Colonel John K. Nissley
Commanding Officer



Col. Elbert Helton

COMMANDANT
OF
CADETS



Capt. E. A. Frederickson

DIRECTOR
OF
TRAINING



Maj. Gaylord W. Schultz

DIRECTOR
OF
GROUND TRAINING



Capt. G. C. Wilson
Gp. I Commander

Capt. J. H. Teasley
Gp. I Sr. Instructor



Capt. L. K. Bowen
Director of Ground School

Lt. C. G. Walker
Sr. Tactical Officer



Lt. B. D. Horan
Adjutant
Cadet Detachment

Lt. E. E. Baker
Cadet Supply



Catholic

Protestant



CAPT. THOM McDONALD



CAPT. FRANK B. WEBB, JR.

HOLY HOLY HOLY



CHAPLAIN A. N. TROY
Jewish

Bombardier-Navigator Instructors

SQUADRON SENIOR INSTRUCTOR
CAPT. E. K. STEINBACHER

Flight A

Flt. Leader — LT. W. W. FRAZIER

LT. J. E. BOWEN
LT. J. J. BARIENTOS
LT. E. E. BELANGER
LT. R. M. CLAUSEN
LT. E. R. JONES
LT. G. M. JONES
LT. MASTELLER
F/O R. J. McLAREN
LT. F. A. MARTUCCI
LT. R. J. RASMUSSEN
F/O R. C. RIHA
LT. L. C. SITTS
LT. W. D. KREITZ
LT. SUROUY
LT. B. K. EAVES
LT. R. A. SIMMONS
LT. D. M. BUSSIERE

Flight B

Flt. Leader — LT. M. W. HOLMES

LT. R. W. ANDERSON
LT. G. BERBARY
LT. W. J. CORBETT
LT. W. F. DELANEY
LT. R. D. ELDREDGE
LT. F. K. GODSHACK
F/O R. G. JACK
LT. J. W. JENNINGS
LT. T. J. PRETTY
LT. H. R. SONNENFELD
F/O W. A. THOMPSON
LT. T. O. THOMPSON
LT. E. L. TODD
LT. R. R. WOOD
LT. T. D. WILLIAMS
LT. H. SELNICK
LT. F. W. GERARD
LT. C. E. COMBS
LT. LEWIS
LT. MOORE

Pilots

Flight A

LT. J. H. FISHER
LT. C. W. GODFREY
LT. A. C. LAMAGNA
LT. D. F. COX
LT. R. C. FOGLESONG
LT. R. E. MAHRLEIN
F/O B. J. IZARD
F/O D. S. CAMPBELL
LT. C. SLOAN
LT. P. C. ELLZEY
LT. W. E. IRONS

Flight B

LT. R. E. GARRETT
LT. R. J. DUNCAN
LT. R. J. POLLACK
LT. F. K. HEEB
LT. R. F. JOHNSON
LT. W. O. McGEE
F/O R. W. HUXOLL
F/O R. ANYIK
F/O H. W. KROHN
LT. H. R. MILLER
F/O H. D. GRAY

Flight C

LT. J. C. MORRIS
LT. R. E. JOHNSON
LT. J. HIGGINS
LT. R. L. COACHMAN
LT. D. M. CROWNOVER
LT. J. O. BRAY
LT. E. F. RANVAL
LT. G. R. GRAFFY
F/O H. C. KOHLER
F/O J. J. COLE
LT. L. W. SMITH

Flight D

LT. R. P. COSPER
LT. J. F. REILLY
LT. R. DEGRAAF
LT. J. A. JANOWIAK
LT. R. J. BAJORAK
F/O J. J. OLSZOWY
F/O R. F. HILBRECHT
LT. R. L. SELBY
LT. W. H. CARTER
CAPT. T. F. PULLEN

Commanding Officer — CAPT. W. G. DORCH
Operations Officer — LT. G. C. WILEY
Acting Operations Officer — CAPT. A. A. CORREIA
Ass't Operations Officer — LT. J. W. KING
Compliance Officer — LT. J. N. BEARD



Lt. Edward F. Walsh

—Our "Tac" Officer the first four months of our course, who, to our dismay, was forced to leave us in favor of a new assignment.

Lt. LeRoy L. Huber

—Who saw us through the last bloody days of the struggle.



Dedication

We have almost reached the end of our training. We have prepared ourselves through long months of intensive work and study for eventual combat that lies ahead. We have prepared this classbook as a testimony to this training and to those who have helped and guided us along the line.

To our instructors and to our comrades who have worked with us, and who in the coming days will face combat with us, we dedicate this book.

Presenting

The Men of Class 315



William R. Anthony
224 S. Prospect Street
Rockford, Illinois
"I'm leading the life of Reilly"



John M. Corbett
200 S. St. Marks Avenue
Chattanooga, Tennessee
"The Character"



Morton J. Davis
4530 Ellenwood
Los Angeles, California
"100%—or bust"



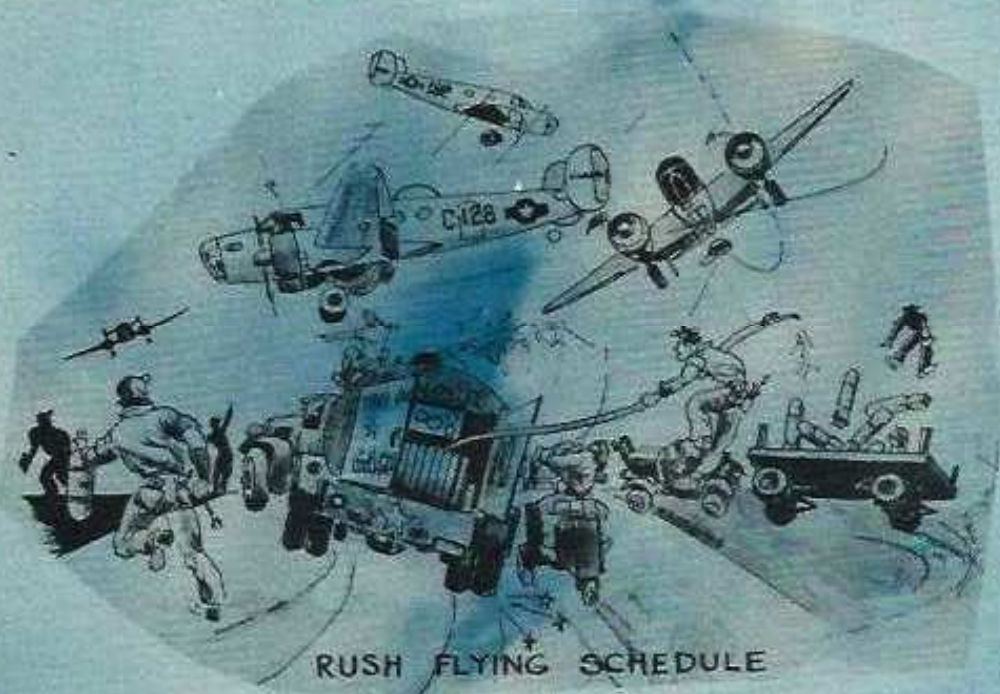
"You think this is tough—you SHOULD HAVE
BEEN AT B₁ SPRING BOMBARDIER School!"



James L. Doyle
14210 Troester
Detroit, Michigan
"What appened?"



George E. Freas
 50 Livingston Avenue
 New Brunswick, New Jersey
 "Really, I'm not eager"



Joseph R. Grosso
 23-06 21st Avenue, Astoria
 New York, New York
 "Yeah, I was a cop—so what?"



Audry E. Jacobs, Jr.
1629 N. Temple Avenue
Indianapolis, Indiana
"The sign setter"



Ira M. Kelley
Sebring, Florida
"Hell, I'm only 28!"



Jack Keyes
1026 N. Humphrey Avenue
Oak Park, Illinois
"Buy me a beer, Mac!"



William A. Killingsworth
324 W. Culver
Phoenix, Arizona
"Just call me Pop"



Melvin N. Kirchmann
734 East 3rd Street
Fremont, Nebraska
"Just following P.D.I."



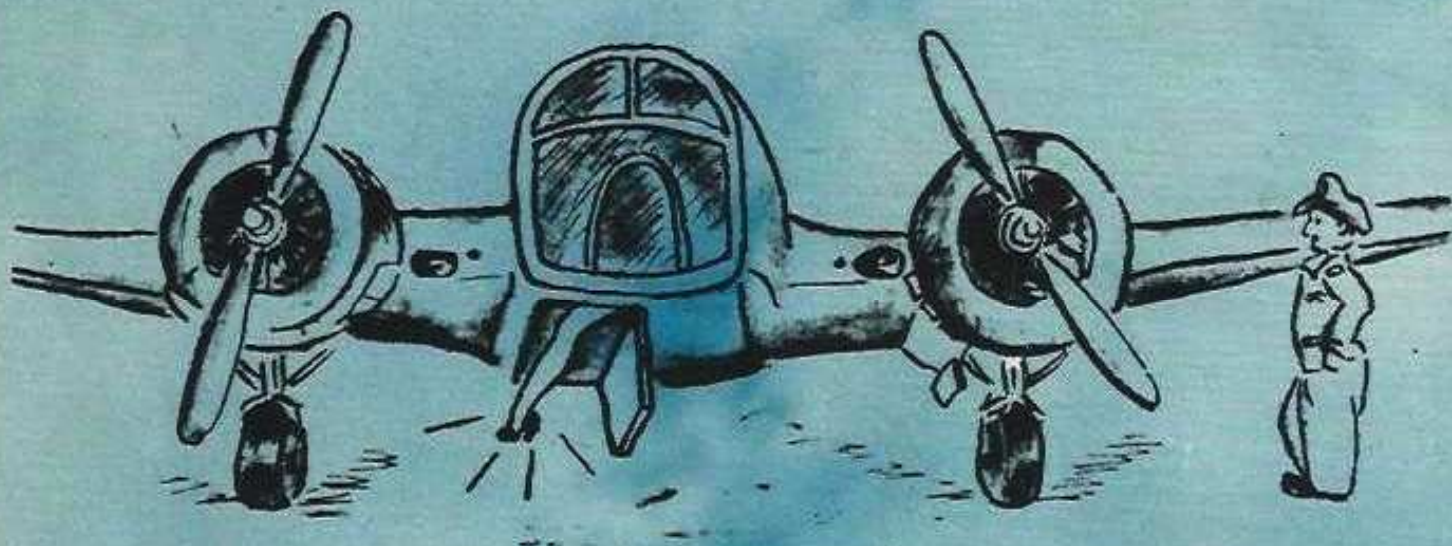
Use your head—
They Say!



George R. Knaub
1206 S. 14th Avenue
Maywood, Illinois
"This stuff is for you kids!"



Kenneth K. Koch
720 S. Oak Street
Sapulpa, Oklahoma
"Too big to mess with"

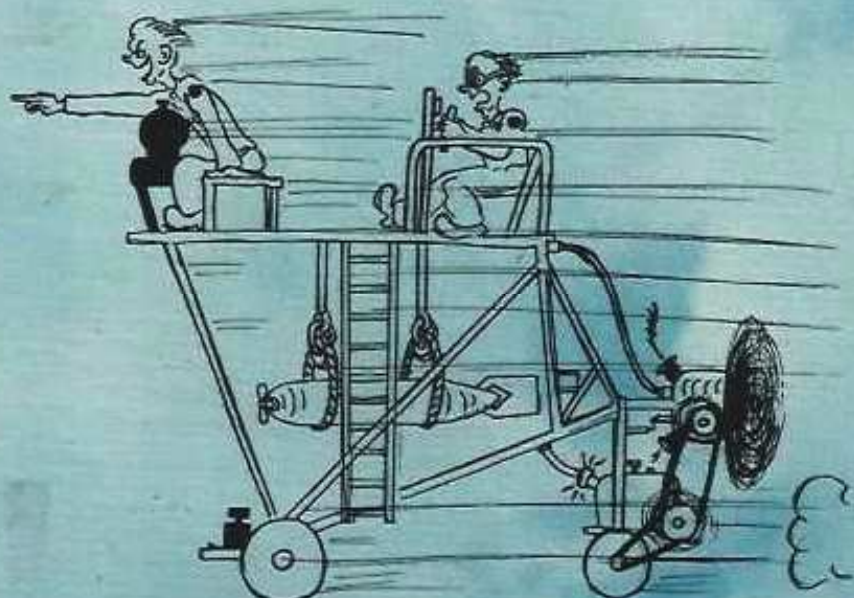


"Through with that pre-flight yet, Mister Suttle?"

Averill H. Koss
3807 W. Forest Home Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
"I object, your honor"



Clyde Reginal Linnell
Box 387
Colebrook, New Hampshire
"227" Boy, that's close!



"O.K. ROLL 'ER OUT!"



George J. Maly
6012 S. Whipple Street
Chicago, Illinois
"The angle shooter"—I can get
it for you wholesale.



William Malecki
15 Bristol Street
Brooklyn, New York
"Hey, when do we eat?"



"OUR INSTRUCTOR'S BECAME QUITE LITERAL AT TIMES"

Ronald Mamich
13333 Avenue O
Chicago, Illinois
"The Merchant"



Robert E. Martin
220 E. Market Street
Cartersville, Georgia
"I was a wheel once"



"Student to instructor,—" "Can't you Hear
me Sir??"

Kenneth T. Mathisen
111-17 126 Street
South Ozone Park, L. I., New York
"Oh, No Sir, That can't be my
bomb"



George H. McConnell, Jr.
684 W. Market Street
Lima, Ohio
"Please fellows, let's get on
the ball"



"We're removing some of the installations. The
WASPs are taking over this ship"

Patrick J. McDermott
33 Washington Street
Ayers, Massachusetts
"That's all right"



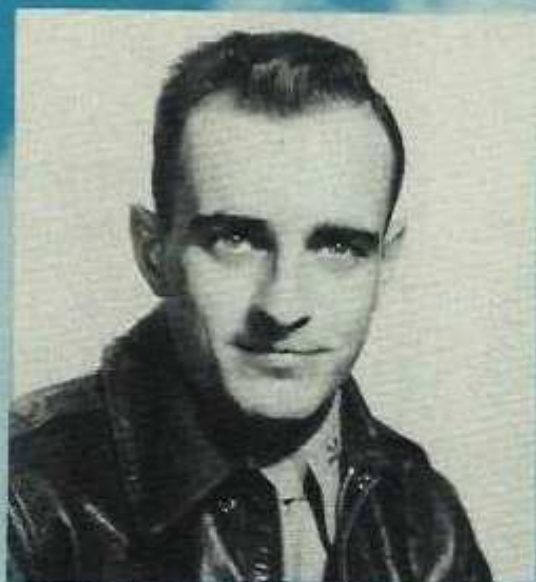
Keith W. Merilatt
Derby, Colorado
"You better not do it!"



WALL, WACHA KNOW—
WACHA KNOW—IT WORKS!!



Otis O. Miller
Poplarville, Mississippi
"Almost a shack, sir. Six miles
at six o'clock"



Joseph A. Musolino
165 Niagara Street
Canandaigua, New York
"Gotta cigarette, Keyes?"



Aldo B. Orin
Corvallis, Oregon
"Yes sir, thank you sir!"



Jack Pollack
5510 13 Avenue
Brooklyn, New York
"Whaddya sore, Mister?"



Ralph E. Rainsberger
2009 38th Street, N. W.
Canton, Ohio
"I had 40 hours Willson—How
about you?"



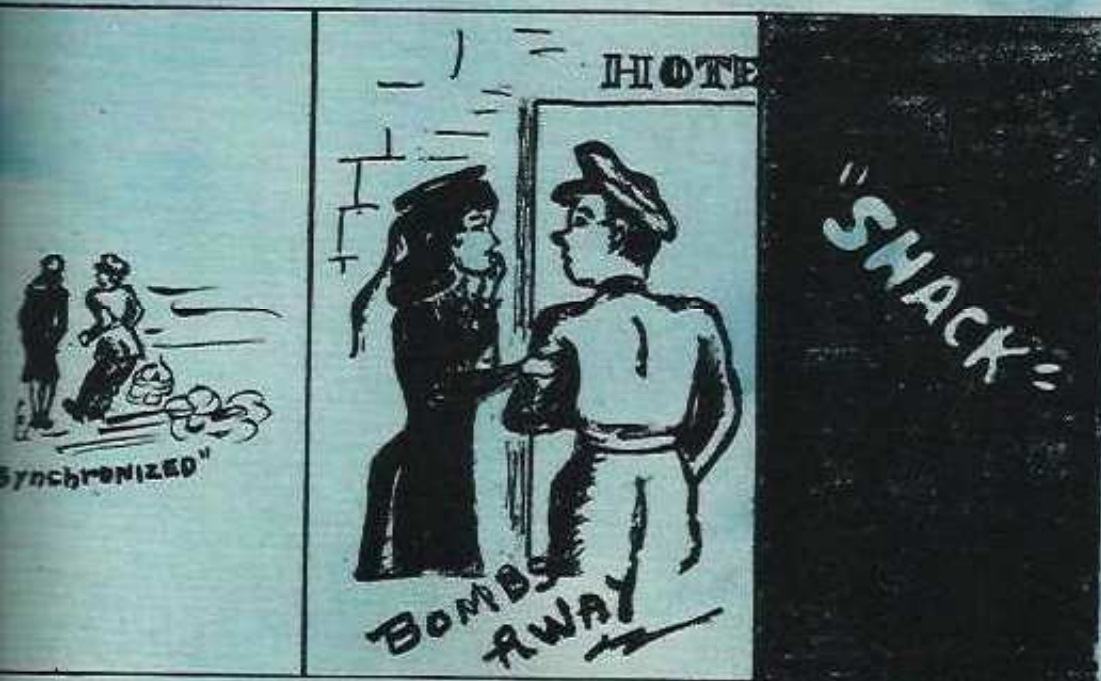
Charles E. Rose
138 Whipple Street
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
"Sweet, shy and strictly G. I."



Ira R. Searby, Jr.
39 Centennial Avenue
Roosevelt, New York
"Search-knob"



Robert B. Simmermacher
 309 South Street
 Crestline, Ohio
 "Sorry, Martha wouldn't approve"
 (Would ya?)



Edwin L. Spjute
 1999 Richards Street
 Salt Lake City, Utah
 "Boy, is that guy chicken!"



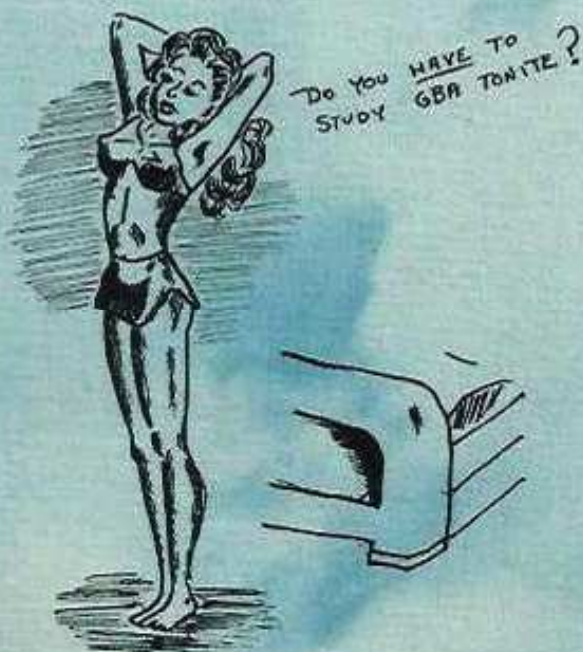
Meyer J. Stone
 5031 Ambrose Avenue
 Hollywood, California
 "How can I sleep with those
 lights on?"



John T. Swanson, Jr.
 Scarsdale Manor Apts.
 Scarsdale, New York
 "What? Another checkride?"



Claude H. Tanner, Jr.
402 South East Street
Culpeper, Virginia
"Bring me a mint-Julep!"



Clayton M. Timmons
4th Street
Freeland, Michigan
"Flak over North-4, Sir"



Alvin J. Wecker
1437 Edgewater Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
"They can't do this to me!"



Mahlon M. Wescott
739 Edmund Avenue
St. Paul, Minnesota
"Well, back in my old outfit, etc."



Kirby L. Wheeler
Walstonburg, North Carolina
"Cute, isn't he girls?"



Roger L. Willson
Route 1
Pittstown, New Jersey
"Jersey was never like this!"



Richard W. Wilson
547 N. Sheffield Avenue
Indianapolis, Indiana
Lost: One Girlfriend—
Answers to "Butch"



"MOOSE"

Herbert Wolitz
612 Crescent Street
Brooklyn, New York
Tours, Tours, Tours!!



Arthur N. Wolke
74 Gatling Place
Brooklyn, New York
Brooklyn's gift to the women



George J. Yater
1578 Victory Blvd.
Staten Island, New York
"What do you want me to
sing, fellows?"



Henry J. Zakutansky
492 Brook Street
Bridgeport, Connecticut
"Sweep the floor, Corbett"



I WANNA' BE BOMBARDIER!

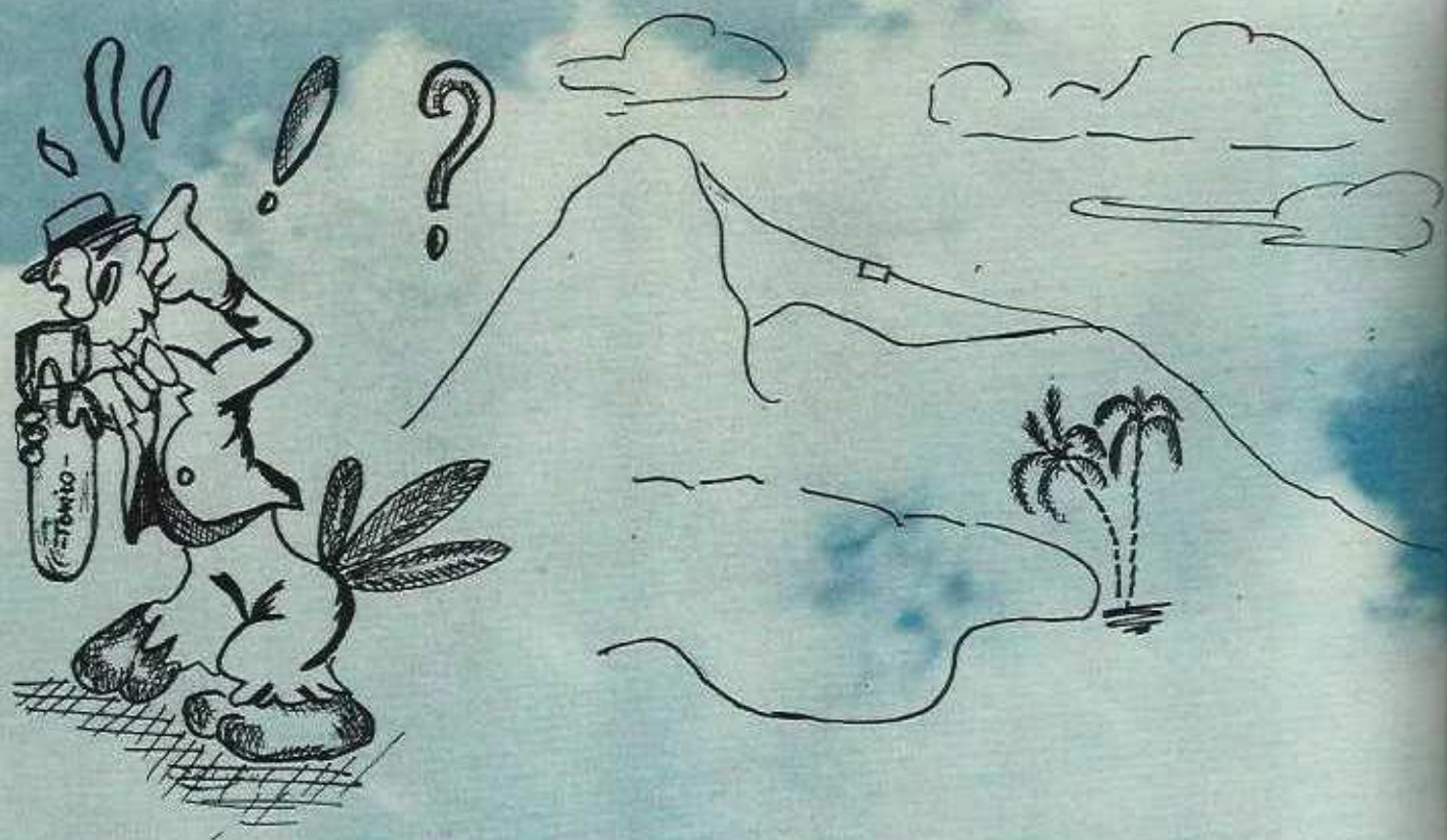
Roy L. Zeno, Jr.
8982 213 Street
Queens Village, New York
"The Dreamer"



Manuel Zimmerman
 412 West End Avenue
 New York, New York
 So I says to him—"Look Melvy,
 let's stop this old s - - -"



1st Lt. Howard W. Ketterer
 1900 Greenup Avenue
 Ashland, Kentucky
 A grand fellow, and a real soldier,
 Lt. Ketterer, as a student officer,
 was "one of the boys" throughout
 our period of training together.
 Good luck to you from all of us,
 Lieutenant.



SACK TIME

JORDAN

Primeira turma de Cadets Brasileiros em treinamento em Big Spring, vimos por seis meses lutando ombro a ombro com nossos colegas Americanos, e, uma vez graduados, sentimos-nos orgulhosos de nosso treinamento, o qual nos capacitou a levar nossas bombas ao coração do inimigo comum.

Aqui ficam estas linhas de confraternização e agradecimento, ao amável acolhimento que tivemos na América, por parte de nossos colegas, e do povo Americano.

Ass: Lauro de Almeida Wutke
Joso Reynaldo da Serra Costa
Ataliba Beck
Luiz Carlos de Oliveira

Six months ago the first group of Brazilian Cadets arrived at Big Spring. Today we are proud of the excellent training which we received and confident that we shall use this training to destroy our common enemy.

We want to thank our instructors and express our deepest gratitude to the American people for the warm and cordial hospitality which we met during our stay in your great country.

RIO DE JANEIRO



Ataliba Beck
Rua Antonio Mandel NRO F26
Santoangelo
Rio Grande Do Sul, Brasil



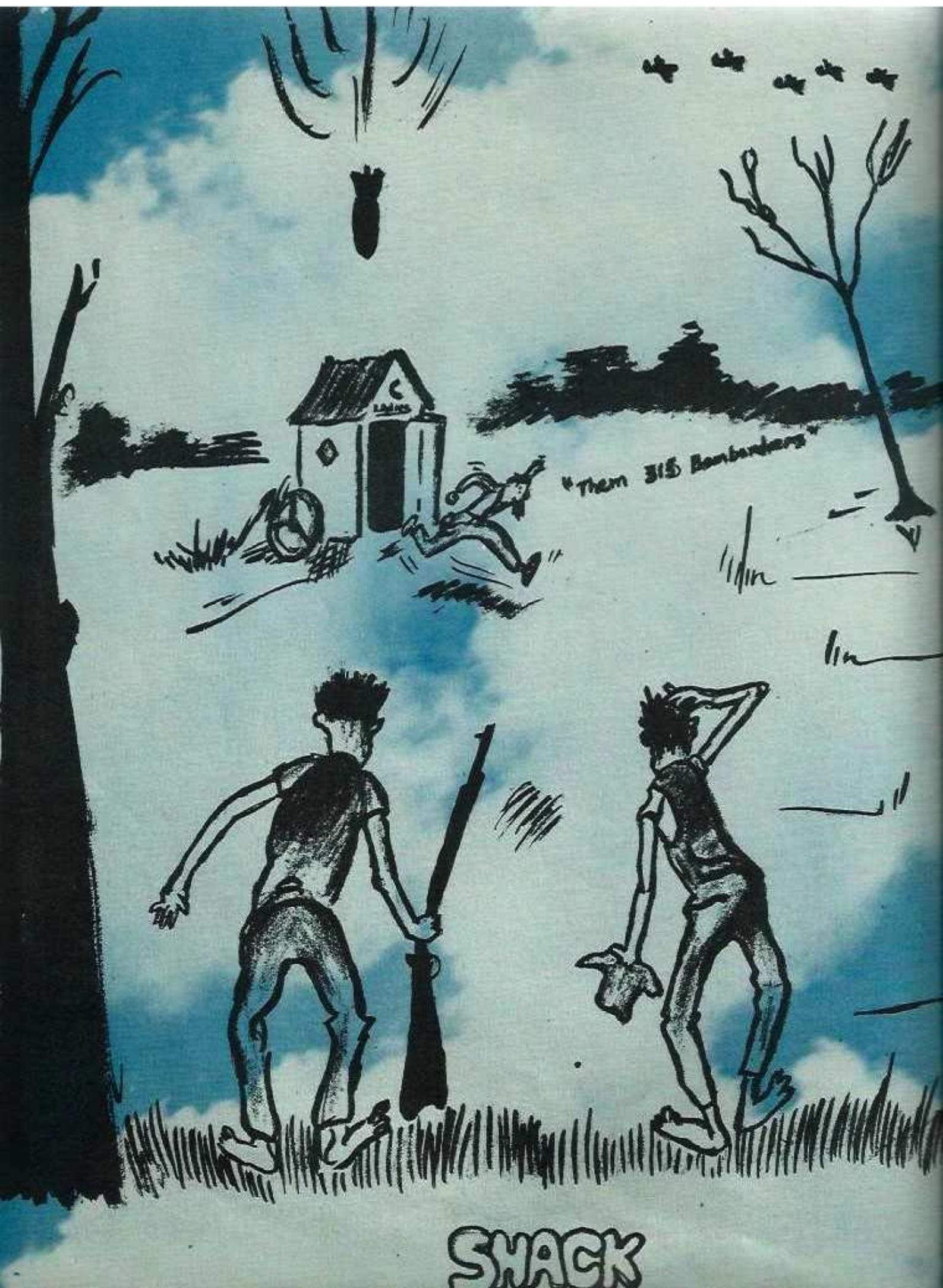
Luiz C. De Oliveira
Rua Joao Pinheiro 43
Caxambu, Minas, Brasil



Jose Reynaldo da Serra Costa
Rua Oswaldo Cruz, 471
Sao Luiz do Maranhao, Brasil

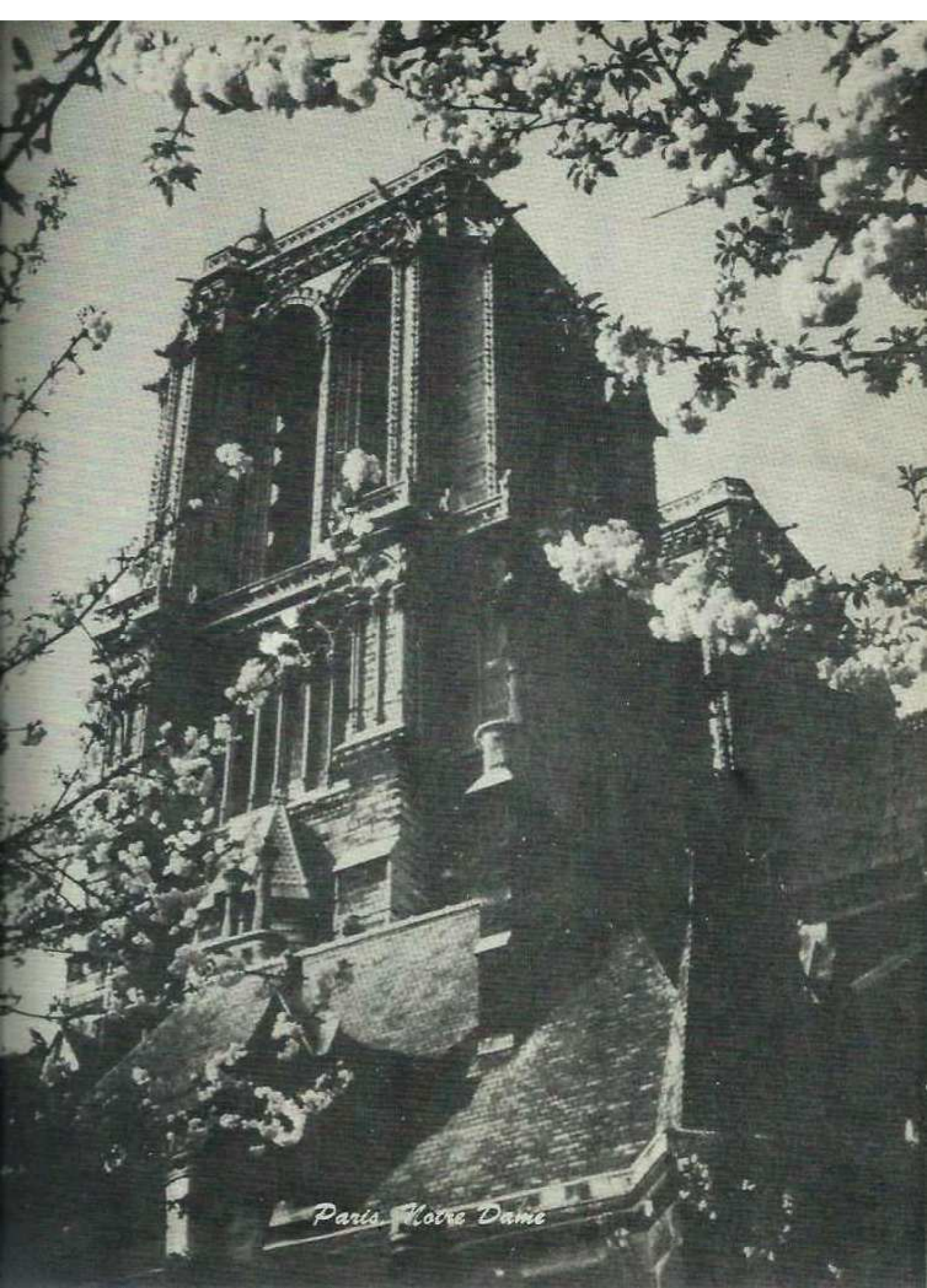


Lauro de A. Wutke
Rua Doutor Quirino, 1764
Campinas, Sao Paulo, Brasil



"Them 315 Bombardiers"

SNACK

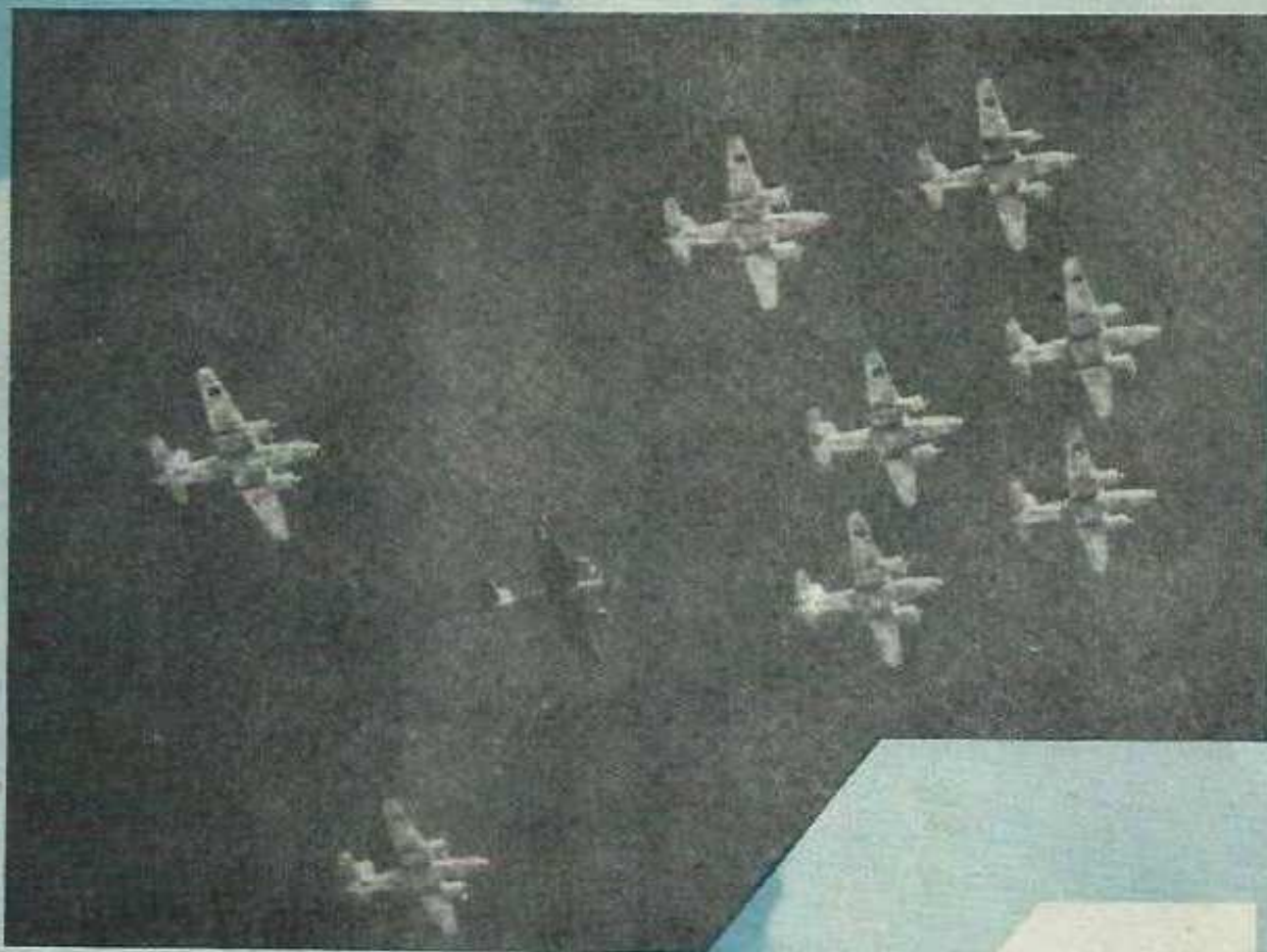


Paris Notre Dame



Lieutenant Benoit Bonnard
French Commanding Officer





*Vol de groupes de (Marauder)
Dans le ciel ennemi*





"Superbes . . ."
Lucien H. Rey
166 Rue De Lyon
Alger



"Joliii es . . ."
Jean A. Magnan
Rue De La Tour D' Auvergne
Oran



"Suis Je Beau?"
Rene Buisso
Aumale, Alger



—Grands Gestes—
Roger M. Giubaud
24 Me Kitchener
Oran



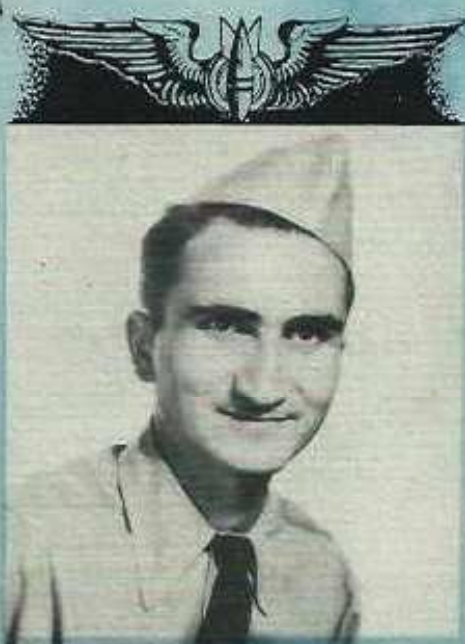
"Mon Amiiii"
Francis E. Comiti
Villa Neptunia
Ajaccio, Corse



—Seul Les Anges ont des Ailes—
Jacques J. Hostiou
 30 Me Brochant
 Paris



"Non!"
Jacques Proesmale
 Limoux, Route Dialet
 Aude



Raphaël Taliervo
 7 Me Gambetta
 Philippeville



"Combien Peut On En Tirer?"
Calude C. Nahon
 33 Me Bugeaud
 Ain Zemouchant, Oran

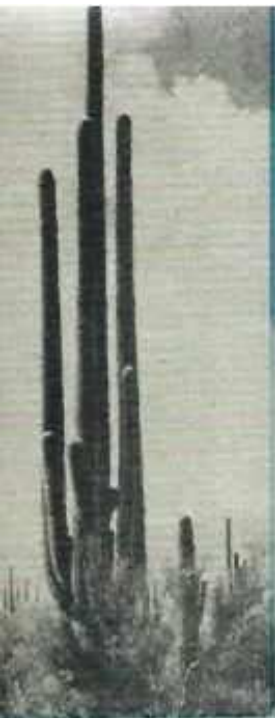


"Ca Vaut Pas La Vache"
Maurice J. Casaux
 Oloron, Ste. Marie
 Basses, Pyrenees

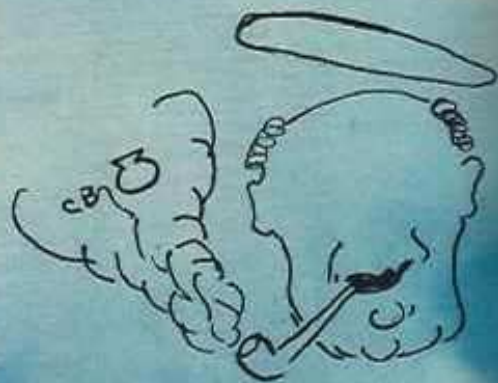


The Next Baby . . .

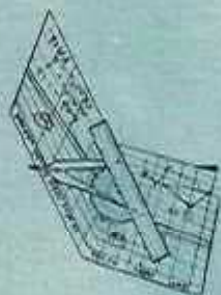
Ground School



LT. KERMIT W. HARDY



WARREN W. KECKER



ALBERT J. HUNDORF



W. L. HARRINGTON



JACOB J. LURIA



MICHAEL F. MALONEY



YVES GAUCI



(Not Pictured)
ROGER BOTEMAN



(Not Pictured)
EUDORA J. ROGERS



Ligne de Vol

Flight Leaders



LT. CLIFFORD M. STEELE



LT. JOSEPH R. COTE



Instructors



F/O BECK

(Not Pictured)

LT. BATHOLOMEW



LT. WILLIAMS



F/O WELKOBROSKY



F/O DAVIDSON

Pilots



LT. FIOCCHI



LT. PLUMB



F/O DURRETT



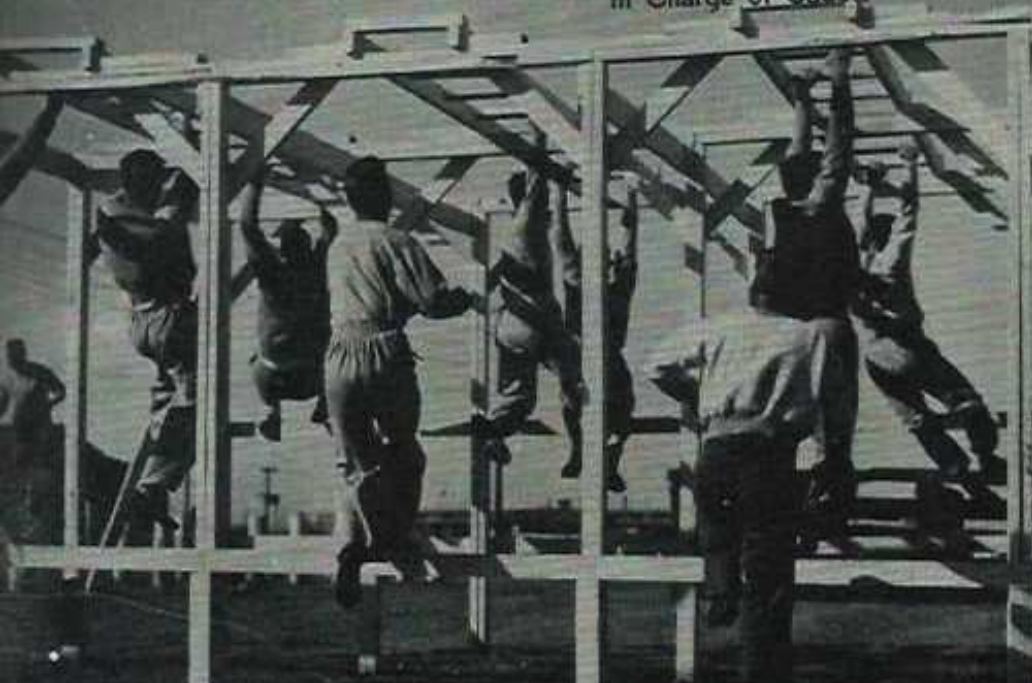
LT. C. HATCHER

P. T.

"DO WE GET FREE PLAY TODAY, SARGE?"



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



"Rain or shine, foul weather or fine," seemed to be the motto of the physical training department.

The class expresses thanks to Lt. Bloomingdale and the non-coms who assisted him. We leave Big Spring physically fit and with a better concept of outdoor play and sportsmanship.





Cadet Officers

A. H. KOSS
Flt. Sgt. "A"

J. R. GROSSO
Supply

C. H. TANNER
Sqdn. C. O.

I. M. KELLEY
Flt. Lt. "A"

J. T. SWANSON
Flt. Lt. "B"

O. O. MILLER
1st Sgt.

L. WUTKE
Flt. Lt.
(Brazilian)

G. H. McCONNELL
Group Staff

A. B. ORIN
Flt. Sgt. "B"

C. R. LINNELL
Adjutant

Gyro Staff

ARTHUR N. WOLKE
Editor

MANUEL ZIMMERMAN
Associate Editor

RICHARD W. WILSON
Layout

OTIS O. MILLER
Art Editor

CAIO JORDAO
Cartoonist

MELVIN N. KIRCHMANN
Associate



"THE HEMP CHAMP"

Or

"Fetch me the rope, Mother—
I just threw another wild one."

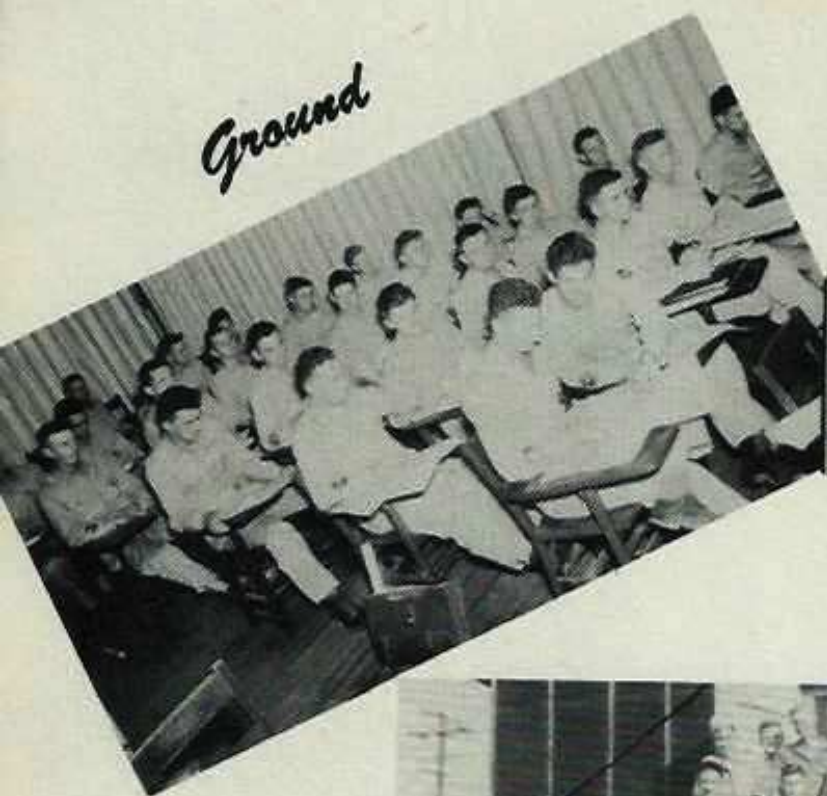
Author: Unknown

Stolen By: Wolke and Wilson

'Twas a chilly night in Big Spring,
As the plane took off the ground.
Off to another mission
Our bombardier was bound.
Our hero's thoughts were mirthful
Since this was his solo flight
He had a premonition
He'd be plenty hot tonight.
The plane was trim and level
As the pilot gave "OK!"
Our hero groaned and grunted
Then he shouted, "Bombs Away!"
He peered down from the greenhouse
And prayed 'twould hit the shack.
The flash shown bright and clearly
Nine hundred feet in back.
Our ace then took his lasso
And the noose he threw was fine.
He called back to the pilot,
"Terrible! About ten feet at nine."
He forgot to cut the master switch,
And a bomb fell throught the door.
It hit between two ranges,
"One hundred feet at four."
He grabbed his rope the third time
As a bomb fell from its rack.
He wearily picked up the mike,
"That time it hit the shack."
The hemp was wearing thinner,
But his face showed no appall.
No matter how it weakened
'Twas better than none at all.
The plane approached the target
And our hero went to work.
He roped another wild one
With one tremendous jerk.
His toggle switch went click-o
And the last bomb floated out.
The pilot beat him to the mike,
"Another Shack, no doubt."

Oh precious twine, I hail thee.
To thy long life I drink,
What would I do without thee
My God! I hate to think.

Ground



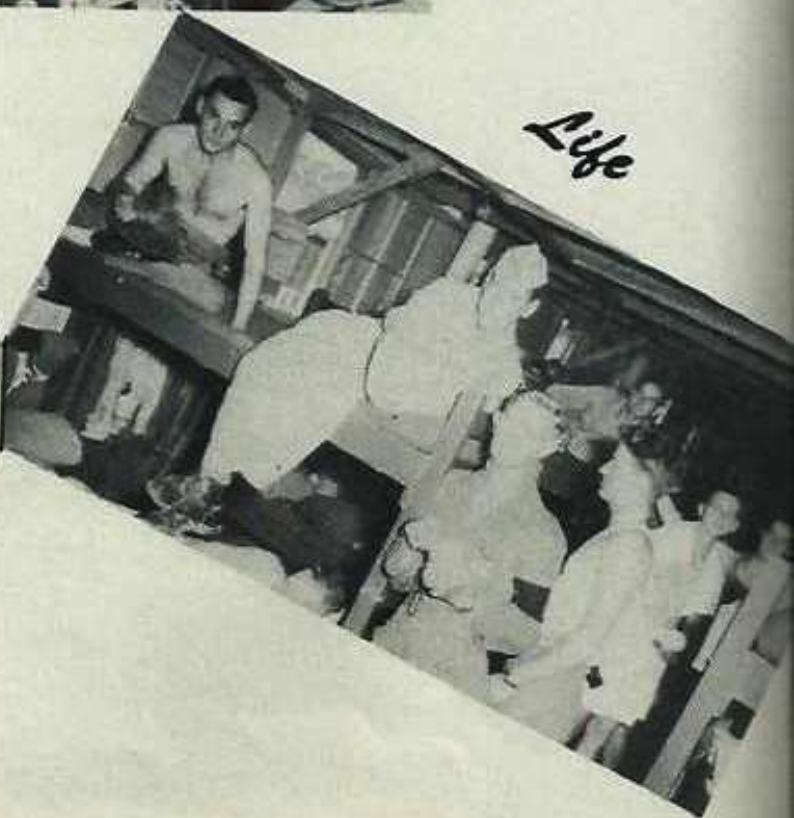
School



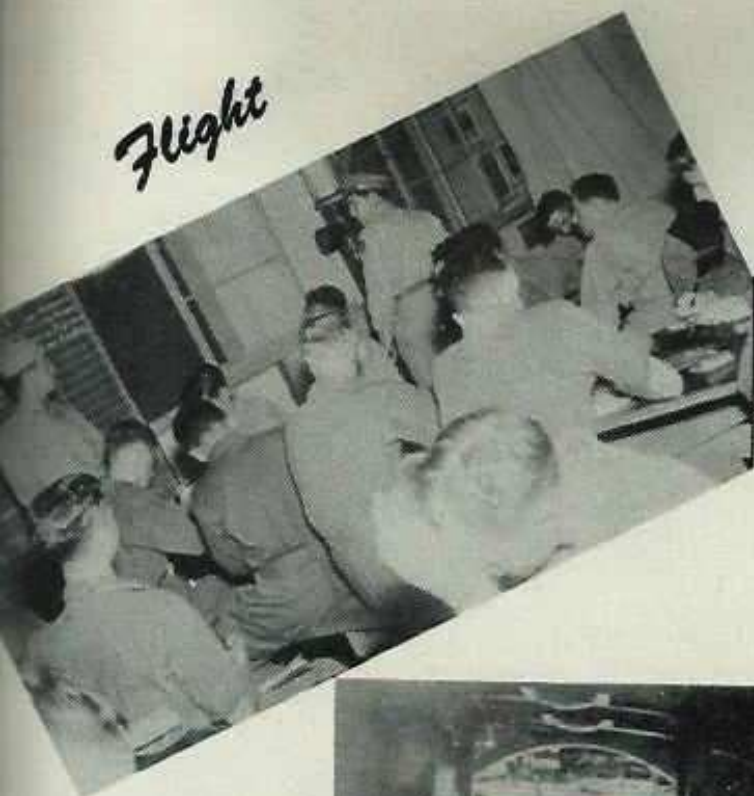
Barracks



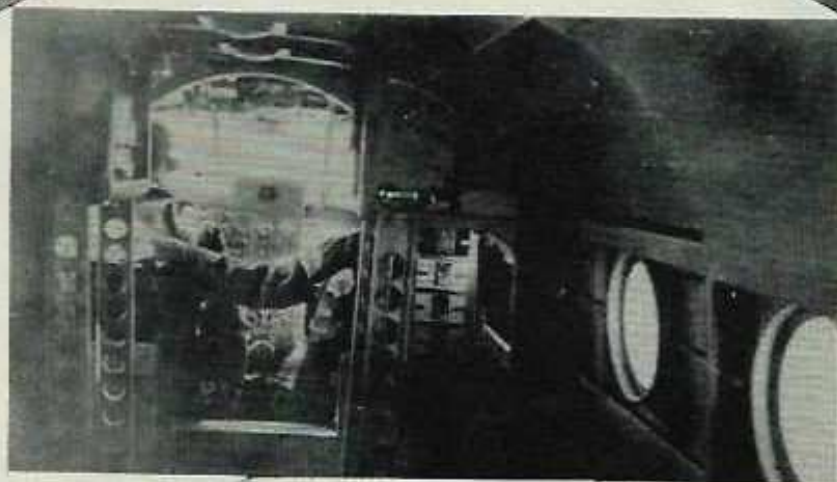
Life



Flight



Line



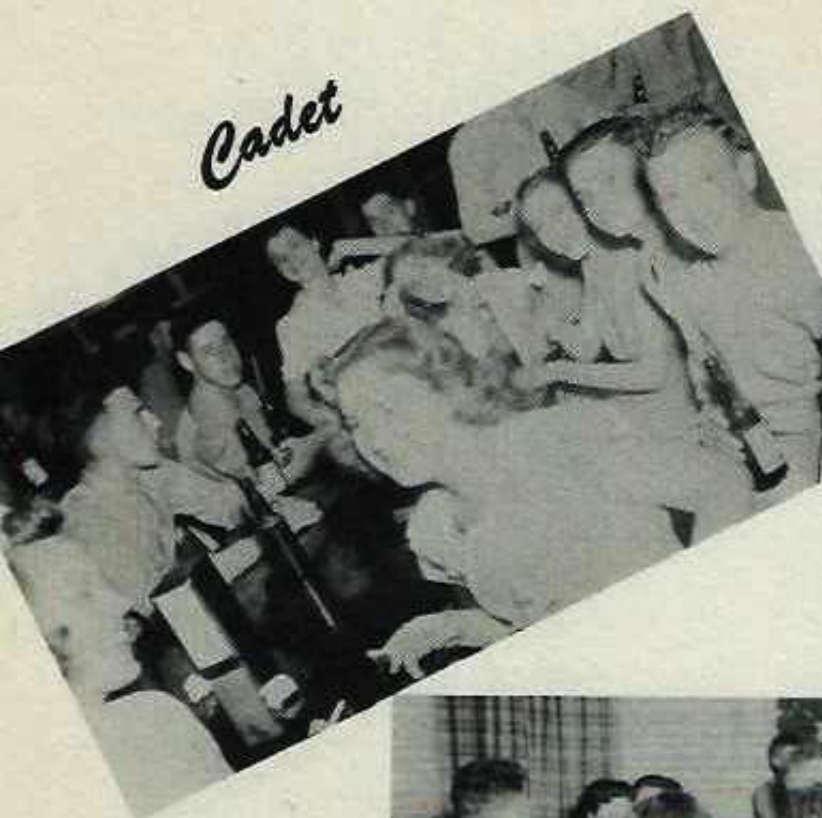
Pilots



Instructors



Cadet



Club





Cadet



Mess



THE LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS

On a lonely road thru a cold black site,
A miserable beggar trudges thru the night.
The people whisper over their beers,
There goes the last of the bombardiers.

What was a bombardier? No reply—
For men turned silent and women sigh,
As a breath-like silence fills the place—
With the gaunt, gray ghost of a long lost race,

It's hard to explain the catch of breath,
As they seemed to sense the approach of death,
Furtive glances from ceiling to floor,
'Til someone or something opened the door.

The bravest of hearts turned cold with fear,
The thing at the door was a bombardier.
His hands were boney and his hair was thin,
His back was curved like an old bent pin.

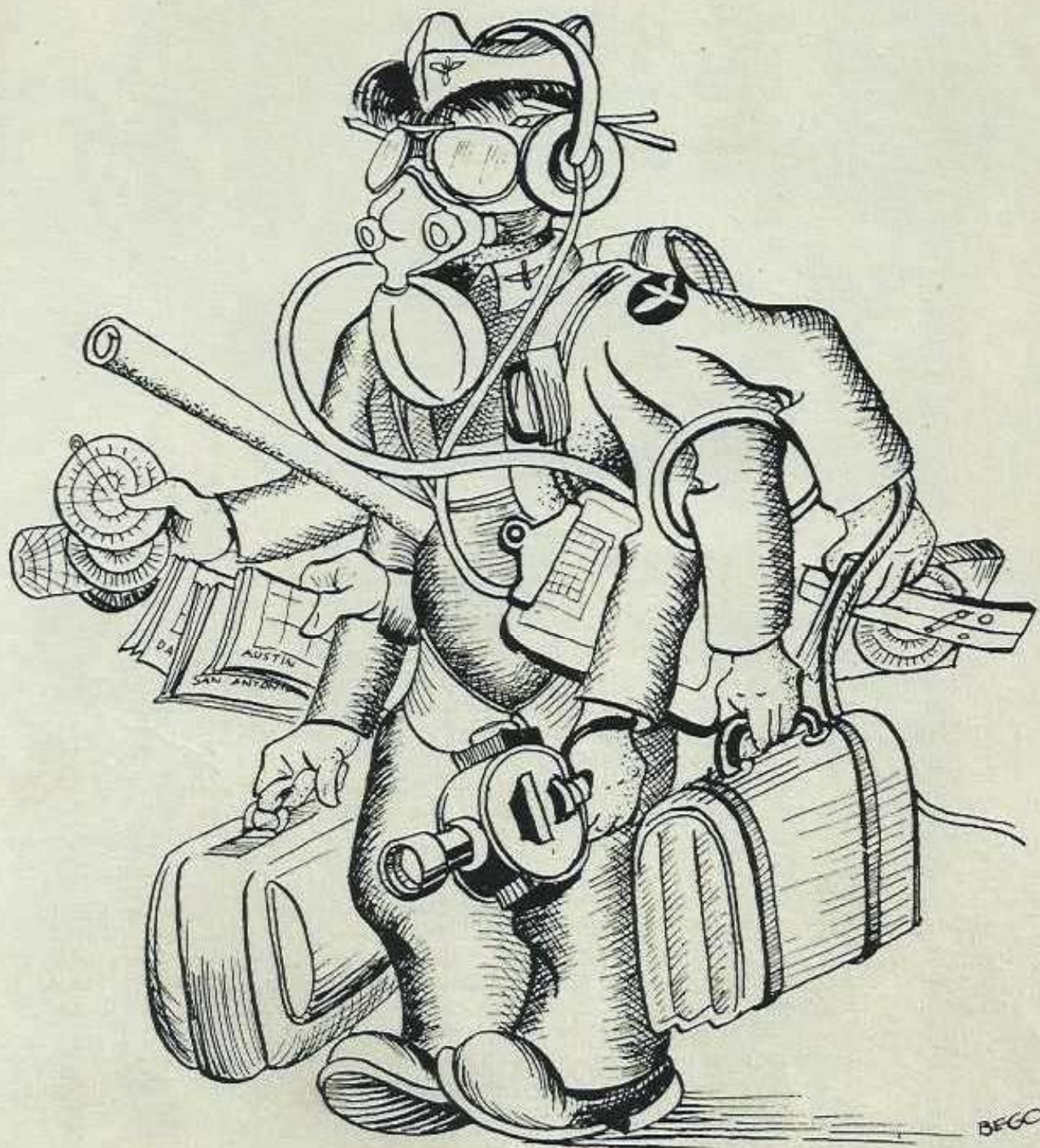
His eyes were two empty rings of black.
And vaguely he murmured, "SHACK! SHACK! SHACK!"
This ancient relic of the second World War,
Crept across the room, and slouched on the bar,

No one spoke, but they watched thru the glass,
As the beggar produced a bombsight pass.
And with hollow tones from his sunken chest
He demanded drink, and only the best,

Glass to his lips, they heard him say,
"The bomb-bays open—Bombs Away!"
Then speaking a word he strolled to the door,
And the Bombardier was seen no more.

People still wonder at the strange last words
'Twas the strangest phrase they'd ever heard,
But all thru the times, the phrase has stuck,
When they say bombardier, they say—"HA-ARD LUCK!"

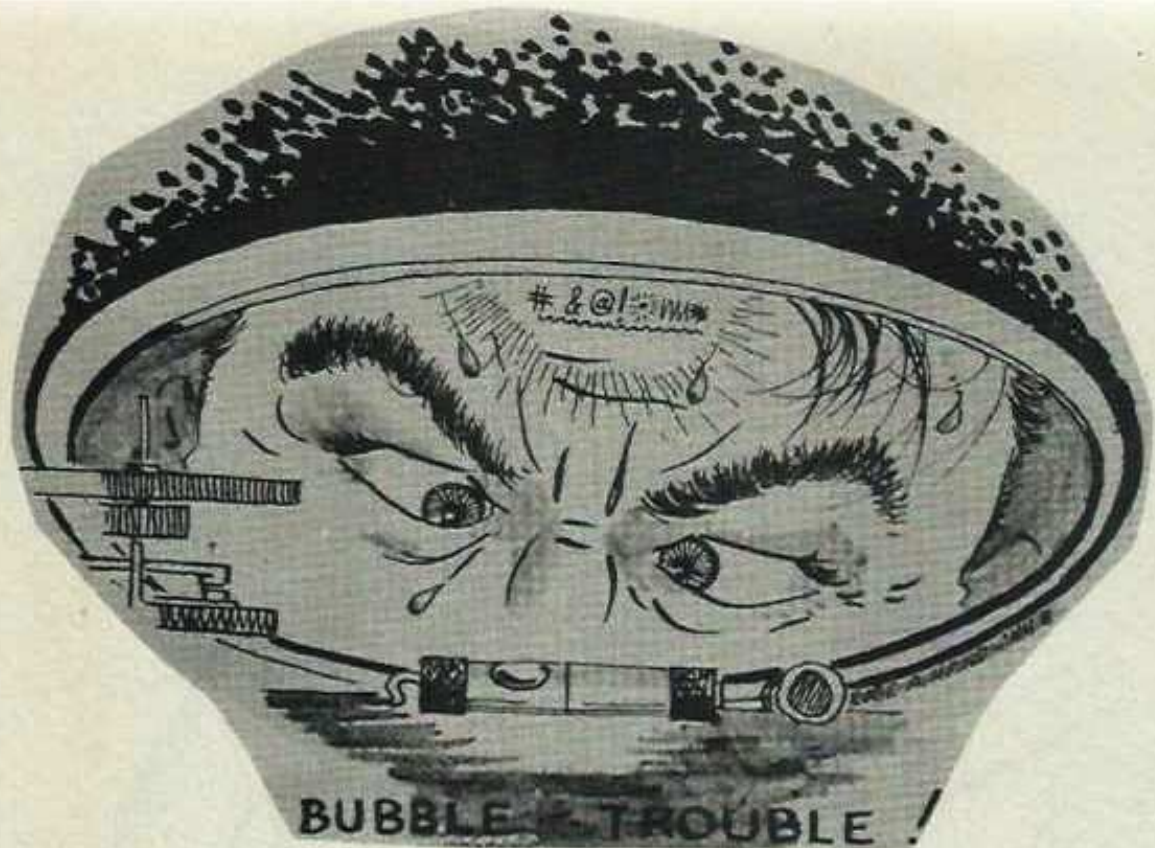




U. S. BOMBAGATOR XMSAAAFBS 315

The head, for purposes of pictorial representation shown here as being placed above the neck, is more often in its normal position—in another part of the anatomy entirely.

The free hand is for saluting.



Ode to a Bubble

Ah, Noble Bubble with powers rare,
Your tricks, your feats beyond compare.
Proud Bubble that hath wrecked the soul
Of many lads so fine and bold.

Why hast thou caused such strife and grief
In those young hearts that held belief;
The fate of all rests in your hands,
Why hast thou disobeyed commands?

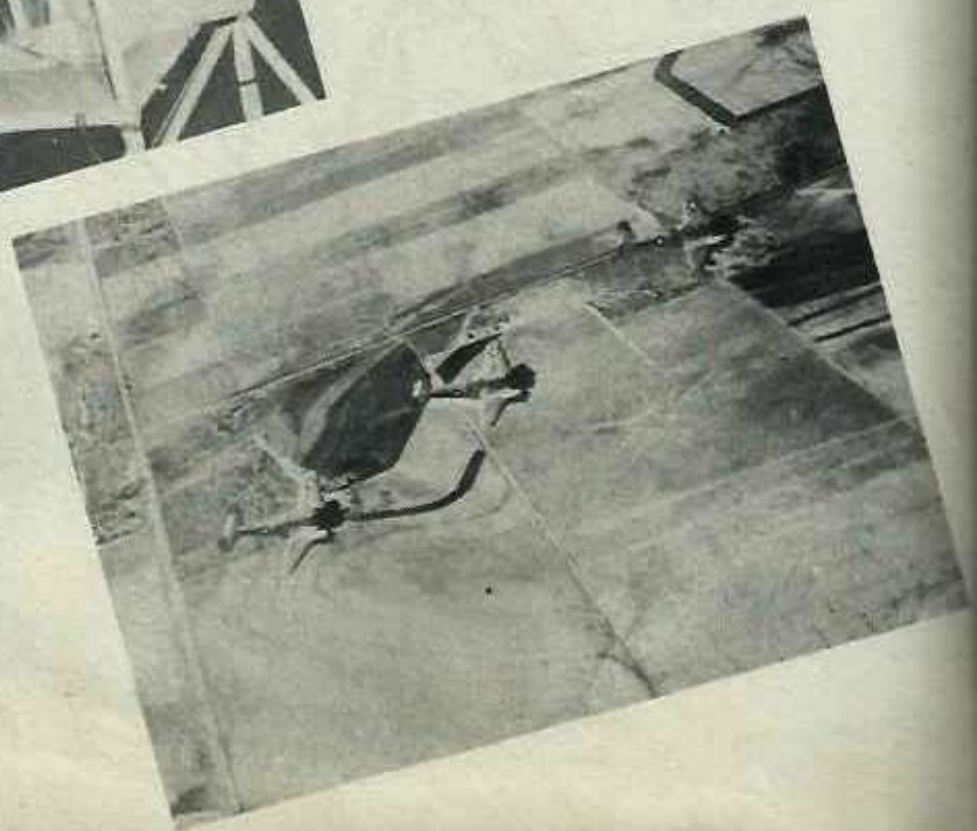
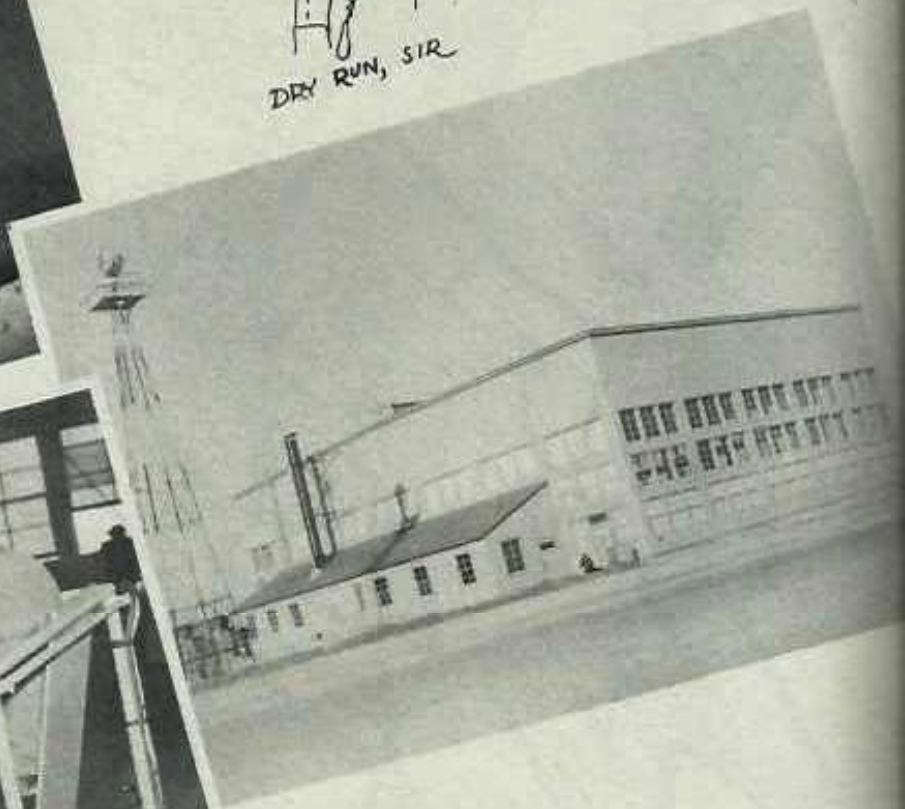
Too many are the days when you
Entirely disappear from view
And cause my foolish heart to pound,
In hopes that you'll again be found.

Then anger within me begins to rage,
And finally I get you caged,
While through my sight I can plainly see
The promise of a low C. E

But once again, your pranks unfold,
Again you've pierced my very soul,
For at the moment of "Bombs Away,"
From your lofty perch you go astray.

In retrospect your vision to me
Is like a straw on an angry sea
Forever bouncing to and fro
My hate for you . . . you'll never know!







TK
YOU'RE ON COURSE

