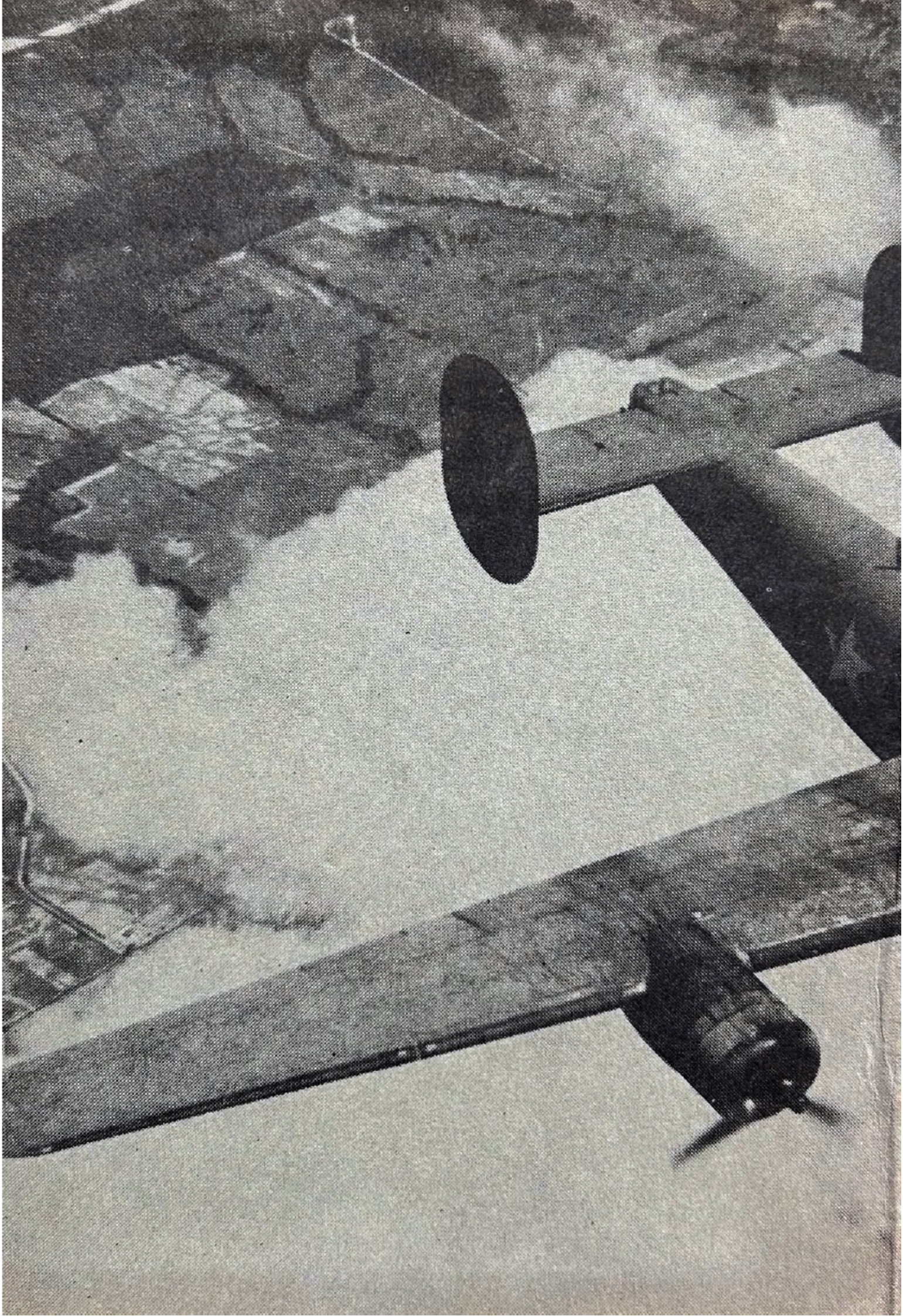
GYRO

44-9



WHEN THE NIGHT IS CLEAR,
AND THE BOMBARDIER DROPS A BOMB
THAT IS WIRED FOR SOUND

44-9 PRESENTS THE

DEDICATION

WE DEDICATE THIS CLASS BOOK TO THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF GREAT THINGS:

To Flying Fortresses and block busters and to the complete annihilation of Axis tyranny for all time

WE DEDICATE THIS CLASS BOOK:

To the men who have gone before us, who have shown that to overcome seemingly unsurmountable obstacles is but an everyday occurrence and duty.

WE DEDICATE THIS CLASS BOOK:

To those who will follow, in the sincere hope that our ideals and beliefs will give them added inspiration in what they have set out to accomplish.

WE DEDICATE THIS CLASS BOOK:

To those who have seen us through the first phase of a tremendous mission, and without whose guidance we might well have never hoped to succeed.

AND WE DEDICATE THIS CLASS BOOK:

And with it ourselves, to all of our Sweethearts, wives and families, who live with the certainty that each of us is fighting for that in which we all believe, and who believe in their hearts that not one of us will let them down.

COL. JOHN P. KENNY
The Commanding Officer

Colonel John P. Kenny, who assumed command of the Big Spring Bombardier school on Tuesday, May 16, is a regular army man with fifteen years of broad experience in aviation behind him.

A command pilot with several thousand hours in his log book, Colonel Kenny won his wings at Kelly Field back in '29 and first entered active service with the 11th Bombardment Squadron, better known as the famous "Jiggs" squadron.

Thereafter his service included a period with the 28th Bombardment Squadron at Nichols Field in the Philippines as well as extended tours through Australia, China, Japan, Manchukuo and the Malay Peninsula.

A specialist in bombardment tactics, Colonel Kenny has also served in many army flying fields throughout the States, and comes to Big Spring directly from Midland where he introduced many improved training methods now being used in bombardier schools of the AAF Training Command.

LT. COL. JAMES F. REED
Director of Training

CONGRATULATIONS CLASS 44-9!

You are leaving us as rated bombardiers and officers in the Army Air Forces. Your training is not finished—it has really just begun.

As officers you have a great responsibility. Through initiative and observation you can develop yourselves to the point where you will be a credit to the Air Corps. We have laid the ground work. Only you can complete that task.

As bombardiers you have been "exposed" to the basic fundamentals. If you don't know "all the answers," you do know where and how to find them. Application during your future training will make you a trusted member of your combat crew.

I offer you this advice with confidence in your ability to equal the records being made by the men who have gone before. We, of the Department of Training, know you will not let us down.

Goodbye, Goodluck, and a low CE!

James F. Reed

JAMES F. REED
Lt. Col., Air Corps

MAJOR G. W. SCHULTZ
Commandant of Cadets

TO CLASS 44-9:

You have just completed an intensive, and what to you must have seemed a long and arduous period of training. You deserve and you most certainly have, my sincere congratulations upon your graduation.

The program of training which you have undergone was designed to prepare you to take your place in a group composed of the finest Officers and Bombardiers to be found in the service of any nation.

You will shortly be given an opportunity to prove that this training was not in vain, that those of us who were charged with your training did not fail in our mission.

You know your mission now. I know you will not fail yourselves, and those who place so much faith in, and depend so much, upon you.

Goodbye and good luck.

Gaylord W. Schultz

GAYLORD W. SCHULTZ,
Major, Air Corps,
Commandant

TO: CLASS 44-9

You're right, it has been a tough grind. But if at any time along the way you were inclined to feel that the goal was not worth the sacrifice, I'm certain that you now realize the fallacy of such an attitude. To you, then, my congratulations, congratulations upon graduation and congratulations for having that stuff necessary to enable you to graduate.

In the near future, you and your training will be put to the real test. It will be your good fortune to observe the actual results of that test and to experience that personal satisfaction which a job well done brings to one.

There are, however, those less fortunate ones whose mission is one of training, and who must depend upon hearsay and print for that feeling of satisfaction in a job well done. In other words, those who were responsible for your training are looking forward to hearing and reading of great things by you.

Each of you has the stuff it takes, you have had the finest training that men and material can offer, you now need only the opportunity to prove yourselves and your training. I know you'll disappoint no one.

Good luck,

Myron E. Hoerger

MYRON E. HOERGER,
1st Lt., Air Corps,
Adjutant.

LT. M. E. HOERGER, JR.
Adjutant

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

LT. B. E. SNYDER
Tactical Officer

"When I was a Cadet it was really tough!"—with this statement Class 44-9 was introduced to its tact-officers, Lts. Baker and Snyder.

Lt. Baker was our guide and most efficient helper during the first nine weeks at Big Spring. Upon his shoulders fell our complaints and questions. His wit was endearing to all with whom he came in contact and there are none who can say he did not fulfill his duty, both as a tactical officer and a friend to all.

Lt. Snyder took over when Lt. Baker was reassigned. He had been a cadet himself and with this experience so gained, understands not only the duties of his office but also knows our problems. We give him credit for the fine manner in which he handles his duties—and US.

"When do we get our sack time?" — "Why do we have to drill?" — "When do we get time for that haircut?," these were the more frequent of the multitude of questions we asked him. None went unanswered for Lt. Snyder was just as anxious as we that all should graduate.

GRADUATES

POST
THEATRE

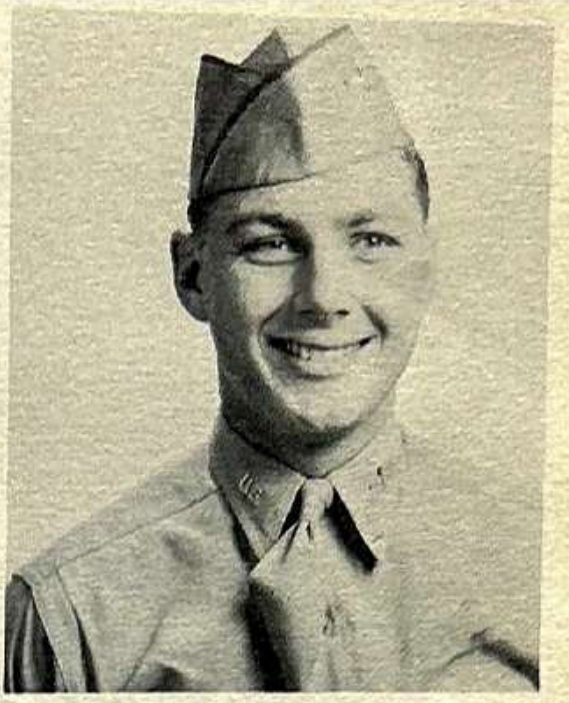
Spero Abraham
1215 Grove Street
Vicksburg, Mississippi
"Yankees don't know nothing"

J. J. Alilovich
138 E. 80th Street
Los Angeles, California
"There seems to be a mistake"

M. A. Alnwick
60-22 71st Avenue
Ridgewood, New York
"Gee only seven firsts and a second"

M. E. Austin
1117 W. 3rd
Grand Island, Nebraska
"I'll pay you payday"

E. J. Bard
2621 4th Avenue, S.
Minneapolis, Minnesota
"Night bombing, I love it"



H. E. Beaver
Kilgore, Texas
"Just call me 'Eager' "

D. J. Bergquist
St. James, Minnesota
"My 'Ego' is erratic"

R. J. Barres
3900-A N. 19th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
"I've been in two major battles"

F. A. Betanski
3304 N. Lawndale Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
"I'm from the regular army"

O. J. Blackstad
Superior, Wisconsin
"Well this is how it happened"

W. E. Book
Grove City, Pennsylvania
"I'm the quiet type"

N. W. Boylan
Harrietta, Michigan
"Now back in Michigan"

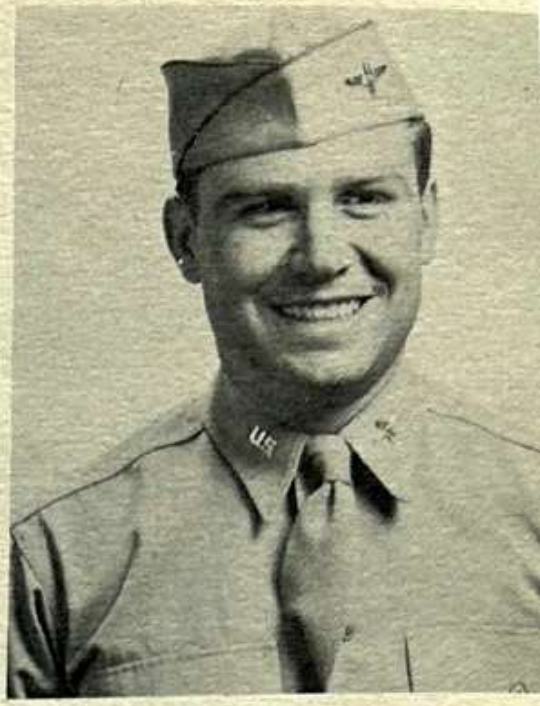
A. N. Breidic
815 Dohrman Street
McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania
"Now what I mean is—"

H. G. Brown
Port Jefferson, L. I., New York
"Where ya' goin' "

J. R. Burgner
991 Stadelman Avenue
Akron, Ohio
"Sunday is a day of peace"

S. J. Caccomo
271 Hudson Street
Hartford, Connecticut
"My instructor told me—"

M. W. Carter
301 10th Avenue
Charles City, Iowa
"Those Pilots — —"



F. A. Case
Bardwell, Kentucky
"Where's Duckworth?"

H. J. Chancey
18935 Waltham Avenue
Detroit, Michigan
"I'm a man with inspiration"

F. J. Conley
3950 Lillibridge
Detroit, Michigan
"I'm going with F.O."

W. D. Counselman
211 5th Street
Chickasaw, Alabama
"I'll throw an A.R. at you"

E. Craft
1710 Ashburton Street
Baltimore, Maryland
"Reveille should be eliminated"

E. R. Daniels
83 DeWitt Avenue
Belleville, New Jersey
"Call me 'Eddie the Wolf' "

J. F. M. Dassett
2540 Hennepin Avenue, S.
Minneapolis, Minnesota
"I'll see my wife first"

C. L. Davis
4678 Beverly Drive
Dallas, Texas
"What! Back another class?"

W. M. Davis
Elgin, Illinois
"I'm a permanent cadet here"

M. J. Deterra
66 Willard Street
New Bedford, Massachusetts
"In my arms, ain't I never gonna - - -"

J. B. Dick
140 Magazine Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts
"She's crazy about me"

T. A. Donovan
22 S. Walter Street
Boston, Massachusetts
"Now take my girl for example"

J. A. Dressler
1562 S. E. Tacoma Street
Portland, Oregon
"Oh, she wasn't so bad"

H. Epstein
3915 W. 13th Street
Chicago, Illinois
"Oh, you lucky women"

W. E. Fagan
308 16th Avenue
Homestead, Pennsylvalia
"My name isn't viper"

W. F. Fein
1316 Wanda Street
Crockett, California
"Books! What for!"

F. J. Finklang
4016 Garfield Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri
"Somebody tumbled my gyro"

Hugh Ford
598 Needham Place
Dubuque, Iowa
"I'm no relation to Henry"

A. G. Generous
31 Whiting Road
East Hartford, Connecticut
"That's me in name only"

. R. Gerosky
20 Belleview Avenue
McKeesport, Pennsylvania
Redheads get all the gals"

J. Goldstein
1353 Lakeview Road
Cleveland, Ohio
"When's Open Post?"

L. C. Groves
Matador, Ohio
"Texas ain't so bad"

W. W. Hackney
607 E. Walnut Street
Springfield, Missouri
"Your hat don't fit"

W. E. Hartman
95 Richmond Street
Brooklyn, New York
"I'll have you court martialed"

E. E. Heist
Waverly, Iowa
"You can cry on my shoulder"

D. O. Hensler
Lima, Ohio
"I could have told you that"

R. A. Hope
1317 Chelsea Street
Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania
"It's a 'Debauchle' "

A. P. Hum
217 E. Hennipen Avenue
Minneapolis, Minnesota
"Let's roll 'em"

A. C. Jackson
345 Adelph Street
Brooklyn, New York
"Calle me Stonewall"

B. P. Jones
Canton, Georgia
"I'm a man of few words"

V. D. Jones
Millston River Road
Belle Mead, New Jersey
"When I get my wings"

H. A. Katzel
3660 Lindholm Road
Shaker Heights, Ohio
"Want some Salomey?"

J. L. Kavanaugh
1340 E. 56th Street
Brooklyn, New York
"Hi, Shorty!"

James E. Kennedy
1118 Selma Street
Mobile, Alabama
"Furlough, here I come"

R. F. Klake
Waupaca, Wisconsin
"After ten o'clock I want to sleep"

V. B. Klassert
804 S. Kedvale Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
"I used to be a bartender"

J. D. Knox
2005 Summit Avenue
St. Paul, Minnesota
"I should have joined the navy"

A. Kuczynski
Route 1
Oakdale, Pennsylvania
"I get 100% but I don't understand how"

R. H. Lang
Keystone, Oklahoma
"What, Bay orderly again?"

Kenneth Levy
503 E. Liberty Street
Ann Arbor, Michigan
"Hubba Hubba

E. S. Lewis
53 Davis Avenue
Bloomfield, New Jersey
"Closed target, what's that?"

E. D. Lord
114 S. Stratford Avenue
Ventnor, New Jersey
"O.K. Boot camp at ease"

G. D. L. Mabary
Hamilton, Montana
"Let's go on bivouac"

W. R. MacKenzie
4813 Capital Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
"I've released the bomb, Sir"

C. S. MacMann
63 Sunapee Street
Newport, New Hampshire
"But, Sir!"

J. Martinez
905 S. 16½ Street
McAllen, Texas
"One trip to town in eighteen weeks"

D. H. McAlonan
630 Merrick Avenue
Detroit, Michigan
"I was a Cadet when—"

H. A. McLeod
2411 Trunk Street
Cleveland, Tennessee
"Wal' I Swan' "

C. W. E. Milbut
2917 Ella Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
"I'm losing money with a commission"

M. E. Natto
1718 12th Avenue, S.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
"Let's get the mail"

C. J. Newhall
20 Edna Street
Baldwin, L. I., New York
"Corona, Corona"

E. S. Nichols
Meridian, Texas
"Sold! Red Nichols"

H. T. O'Connor
1404 Charles Street
Wellsburg, West Virginia
"I had a dream last night"

W. H. Oliver
118 N. Pearl
Joplin, Missouri
"I love this program"

T. Oster
1712 31st Street
Kenosha, Wisconsin
"Malfunction, Sir"

A. V. Paterno
Lee, Massachusetts
"I get the gals with my personality"

L. D. Pearson
31 Wasatch Street
Midvale, Utah
"Chins up mates"

Keith F. Quick
1575 Lorimer Road
Parma, Ohio
"Goin' to the Cadet Club"

A. E. Rainey
Alexandria, Kentucky
"I heard a crash on the highway"

R. E. Rankin
1524 Second Street, S. E.
Canton, Ohio
"Jeanne with the light brown hair"

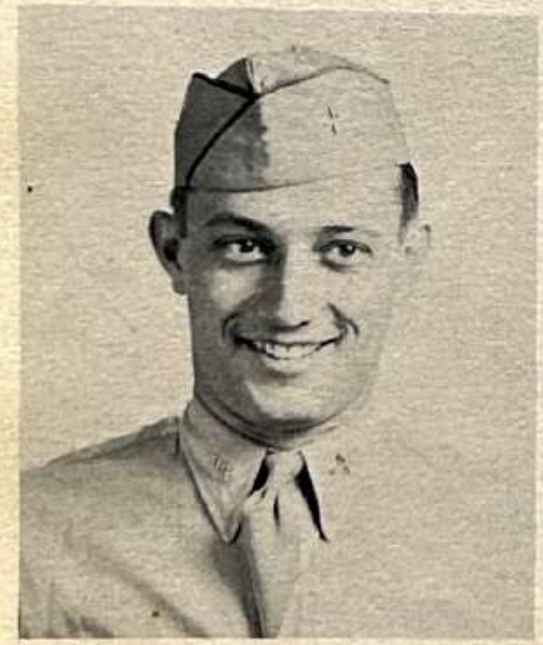
H. P. Reeves
2537 Malcolm
Shreveport, Louisiana
"Great day in the morning"

P. H. Richie
Hudson, Wisconsin
"Hey, O'Conner, get the mail"

C. A. Ritter
506 Locust Street
Sweetwater, Texas
"What's the matter with Texas"

F. O. Ritzman
Morrison, Illinois
"Ah, Sweet-Sweetwater"

L. V. Rondeau
Russellville Road
Westfield, Massachusetts
"Fall out in five minutes"



A. J. Ropelis
1805 Pitkin Avenue
Brooklyn, New York
"Let 'em die"

R. V. Rossini
919 Wolfram Street
Chicago, Illinois
"Who invented the E-6-B?"

J. L. Savoni
14 Brainard Street
Phillipsburg, New Jersey
"Now take me for example"

P. C. Shiffbauer
348 Coolspring Street
Uniontown, Pennsylvania
"I've got F.O. cinched"

C. J. Schwarz
2227 S. Drake Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
"I'd get married if I had a three day pass"

J. W. Scott
Kokomo, Indiana
"Let's get the lights out"

A. E. Short
83 Paul Gore Street
Jamica Plan, Massachusetts
"Long way from Boston"

L. G. Smith
101 Main Street, N. W.
Atlanta, Georgia
"One man Beachhead

S. F. Speidel
Richland Center, Wisconsin
"The Terror of Oskosh"

A. P. Taliani
536 N. Troy Street
Chicago, Illinois
"Your not so smart"

J. A. Tatol
332 S. Chestnut Street
Shenandoah, Pennsylvania
"Take a bow"

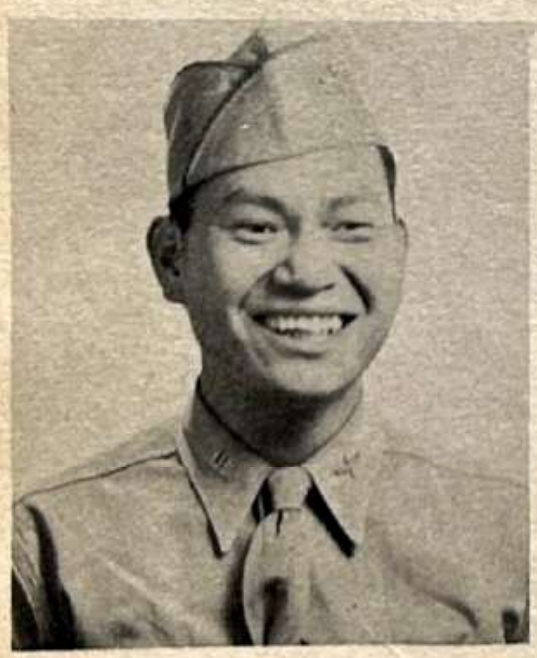
M. J. Throop
825 Van Buren
Pueblo, Colorado
"Why did they have to pick on me"

L. J. Trauth
1038 Hamlet Street
Newport, Kentucky
"Leo the lion hearted"

R. A. Vegso
126 Andover Street
Bridgeport, Connecticut
"I'll hitcha' in the knee cap'

Windsor B. Wade
188 Federal Street
Greenfield, Massachusetts
"Stop me if you've heard this

R. E. Wilcox
137 E. Parkwood Drive
Dayton, Ohio
"I'd make a good instructor"



Tunney Wong
850 E. 7th Street
Tucson, Arizona
"I'd make a better navigator"

R. R. Younger
2201 S. Scoville Avenue
Berwyn, Illinois
"What's a gal without a car"

Student Officers

Lt Harold E. Nelson
Route 1, Box 592
Sandy, Utah

Lt. Clarence P. Nash
816 W. Mistletoe Street
San Antonio, Texas

Lt. Albert J. Meyers
51 Lakeview Street
N. Hackensack New Jersey

Lt. Carl E. Martin
2422 33rd Street, S. E.
Washington, D. C.

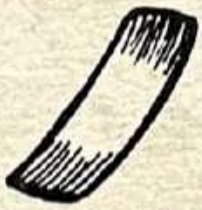
Lt. William D. Madewell
Route 1
Denton, Texas

Lt. Paul M. Lyon
501 South First
Indianola, Iowa

Lt. Keith N. Laughton
2316 Jackson Avenue
Wilmar, California

Lt. Sherman K. Foote
Clinton Avenue
Wyckoff, New Jersey

Lt. George J. DeGraff
210 DeMott Avenue
Clifton, New Jersey



Lt. Anthony J. Chimento
6 Ferris Avenue
S. Norwalk, Connecticut

Lt. John R. Berens
Woodland Avenue
Clark Summit, Pennsylvania

Lt. Julian W. Alsobrook
1201 N. Main Street
Midland, Texas

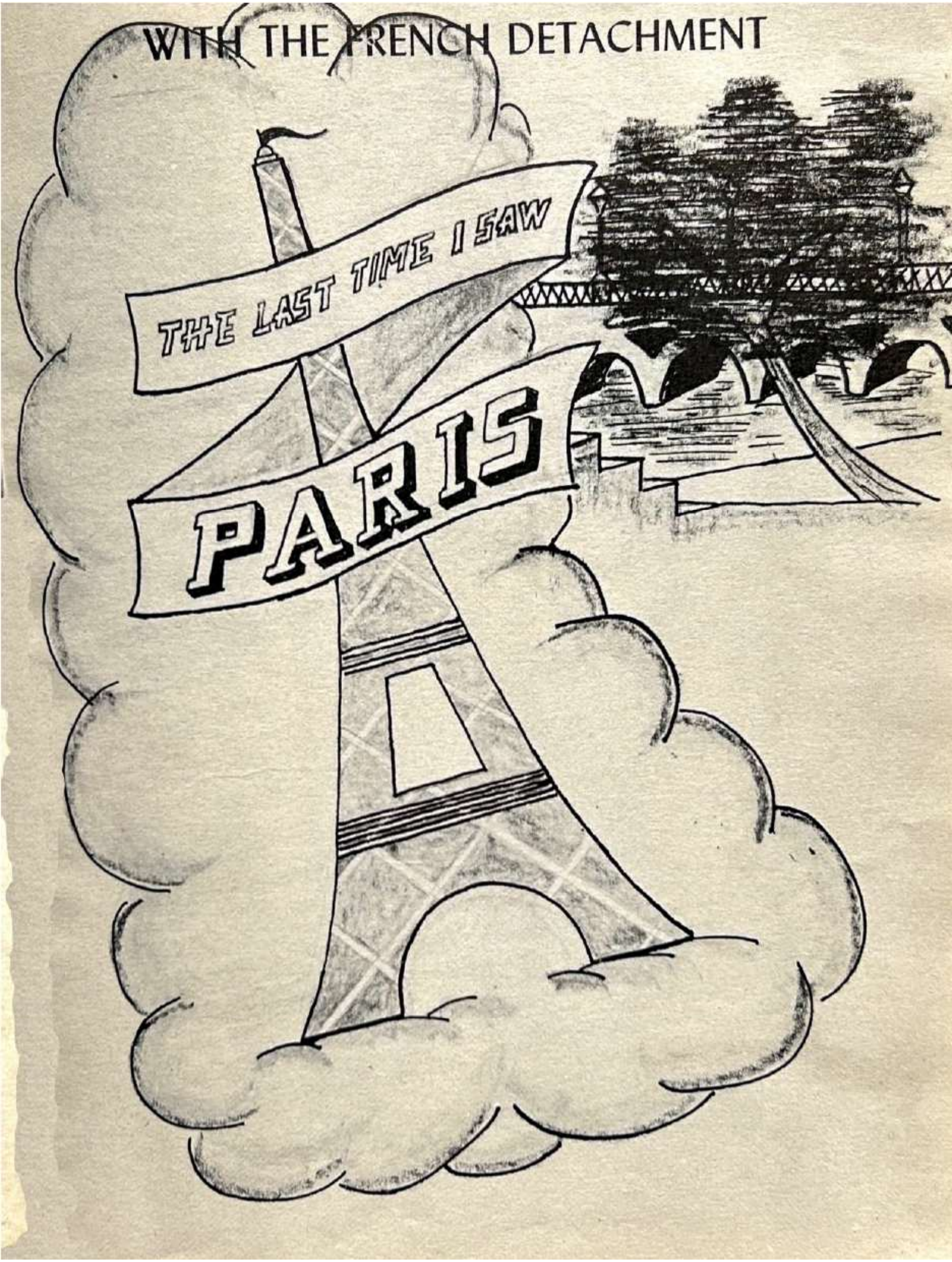
Lt. Walton H. Osborn
1815 Collingwood Avenue
Toledo, Ohio

Lt. Robert F. Randle, Jr.
Route 2
Riley, Kansas

Lt. Charles V. Wilson
113 Superior Avenue
Bogalusa, Louisiana

Lt. Herbert J. Slater
836 N. 6th Street
Reading, Pennsylvania

WITH THE FRENCH DETACHMENT



Le Lieutenant
Pierre Oberthur

Maintenant tout cela n'est qu'un reve—Les mauvais jours, *les tempetes de sable, "les gryo pui* ne tiennent pas, les bulles impossibles a mettre "level" . . . ne seront que du passe vite oublie, Mais il nous restera *le souvenir des bons moments passes* a la "French. Section" ou d'une de. ces fameuses "Sunday afternoon mission."

Bientot le Texas s'eloignera . . . dans quelques temps nous reverons Paris, peut etra helas du "flight level." Mais pour nous ce sera toujours Paris. Paris a nouveau, avec *Montmartre, la guinguette au bord* de la Seine et toute la France dans sa fraicheur ea son inoubliable charme.

A bientot Paris, a bientat la France.

Avec le French Detachment.

Une belle apres midi de printemps, tout a cote de nous, un petit ruisseau frais et clair s'en va doucement rejoindre la Seine parmi les prairies et ombrages. Au loin Paris s'estompe peau a peau dans la nuit tombante. Deja Montmartre s'allume de mille feux. La brise du nous apporte de *la guinguette* un refrain de Jean Sablon.

Mais helas maintenant tout change, le frais *ruisseau n'est qu'un mirage, un "Mustang Creek,"* un desert de pierre. La douce brise s'est soudain changee en brulante tornade de sable, menacant *l'unique representant* de l'espece vegetale a Big Spring, et le refrain de Jean Sablon ne provient seulement que du memorable phonograph du non moins memorable Faguin Perdue a quelques milliers de milles de notre cher Panamo, la la 44-9 "droppe" ses bombes dans les solitudes texanes.

Aspirant Rojer Burbeau

Lucien Falandry

Pendant quelpues mois nous avons tout oublie. l n'est plus question que de "bomb sight," de' 'drift," "rate," ou disc speed. La vie ne se mesure ci qu'en "C. E." en "hits" consciencieusement al- gnes sur des "ewelve C" ou "fog" de toute sortes.

Lainature, pour nous n'est plus qu'un repaire de "targets" parseme de "battle ships," ' de "power plant" ou de "factory" Quant a la profondeur ra- mantique du ciel azur elle ne se traduit plus que des "smooth" ou "rough" en "thirteen thousand feet," 'adiabatic cooling" ou isobares.

Pierre G. Lyonnet

Charles Y. Wilt

TO OUR INSTRUCTORS

Before bidding farewell to Big Spring, let us pause a moment and review these few months we spent with you instructors. Now that our course has been completed, we can forget the sand storms, the cross-country course at PT, the missions flown as photographers at two o'clock in the morning, and the uneventful weekends spent in this small prairie town of the West.

Soon, Big Spring will be just a pleasant memory and when we return to our homeland we shall have some very interesting stories to relate about this far and unknown America. We shall always remember the many weeks we spent at the French Section where we worried about our CE's, combat hits and "satisfactories."

However we will always remember you, instructors, who enlightened us at the ground school, on the mysteries of Bombing Analysis, Bomb fuses, Weather or Recognition. On the line you taught us the complex job of the bombardier and how to fill out those seemingly endless navigation logs.

Long after we left the flight line that familiar "let's get those 12 C's in, hurry up" will ring in our memory. We will remember how you studied French in order that our job would be made easier.

We are deeply grateful to you, our instructors in ground school and at the flight line, and also we leave a word of thanks to our fine pilots who gave us such nice missions.

Now that we have graduated as "Bombardiers" you all may be pround of the job that you have done. Soon we hope to use the knowledge that you have implanted to us to rain destruction upon German "shacks."

Alfred Studer
Alsace-Larraine, France

Emile Sanchiz
Algerie, France

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.

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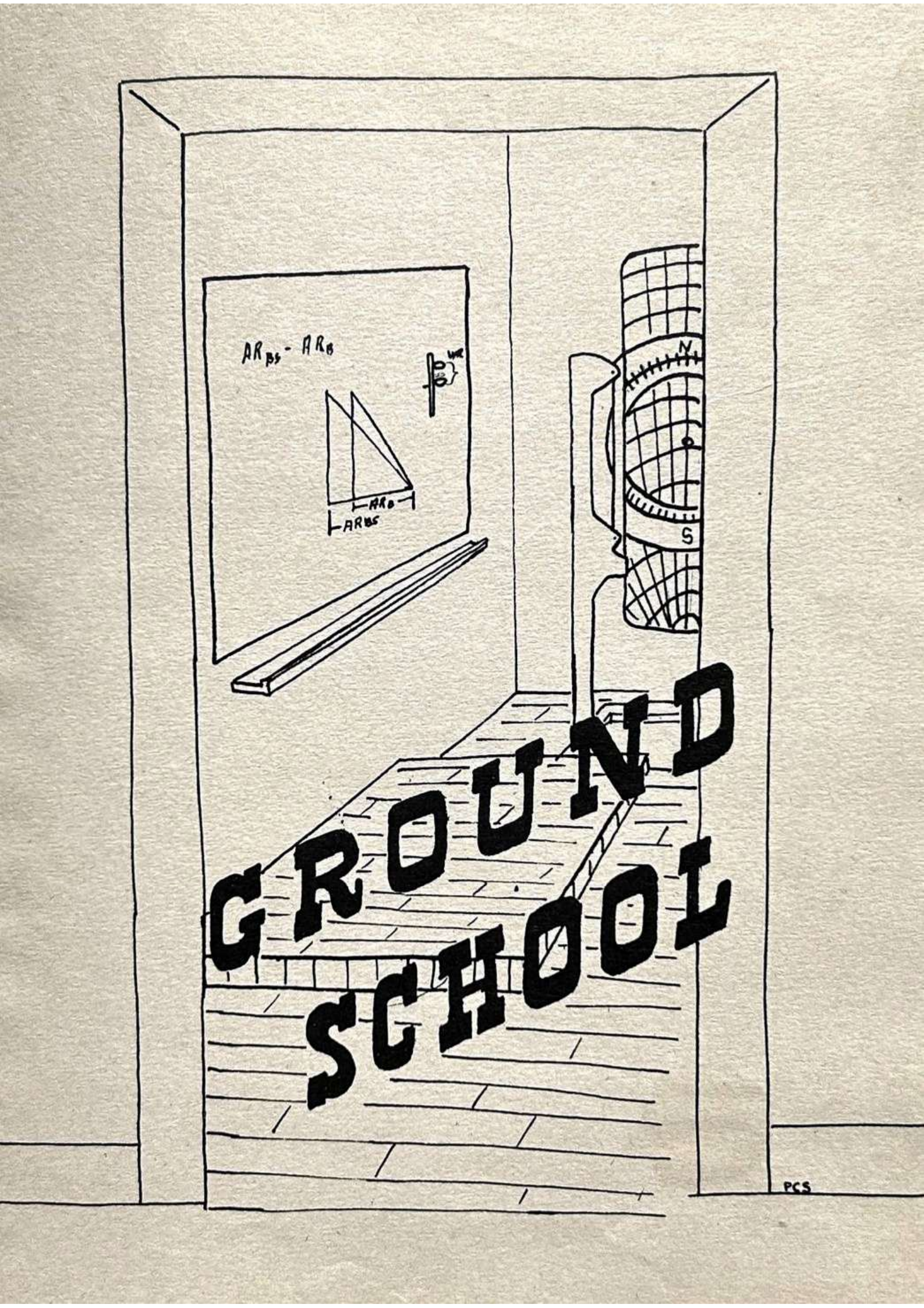
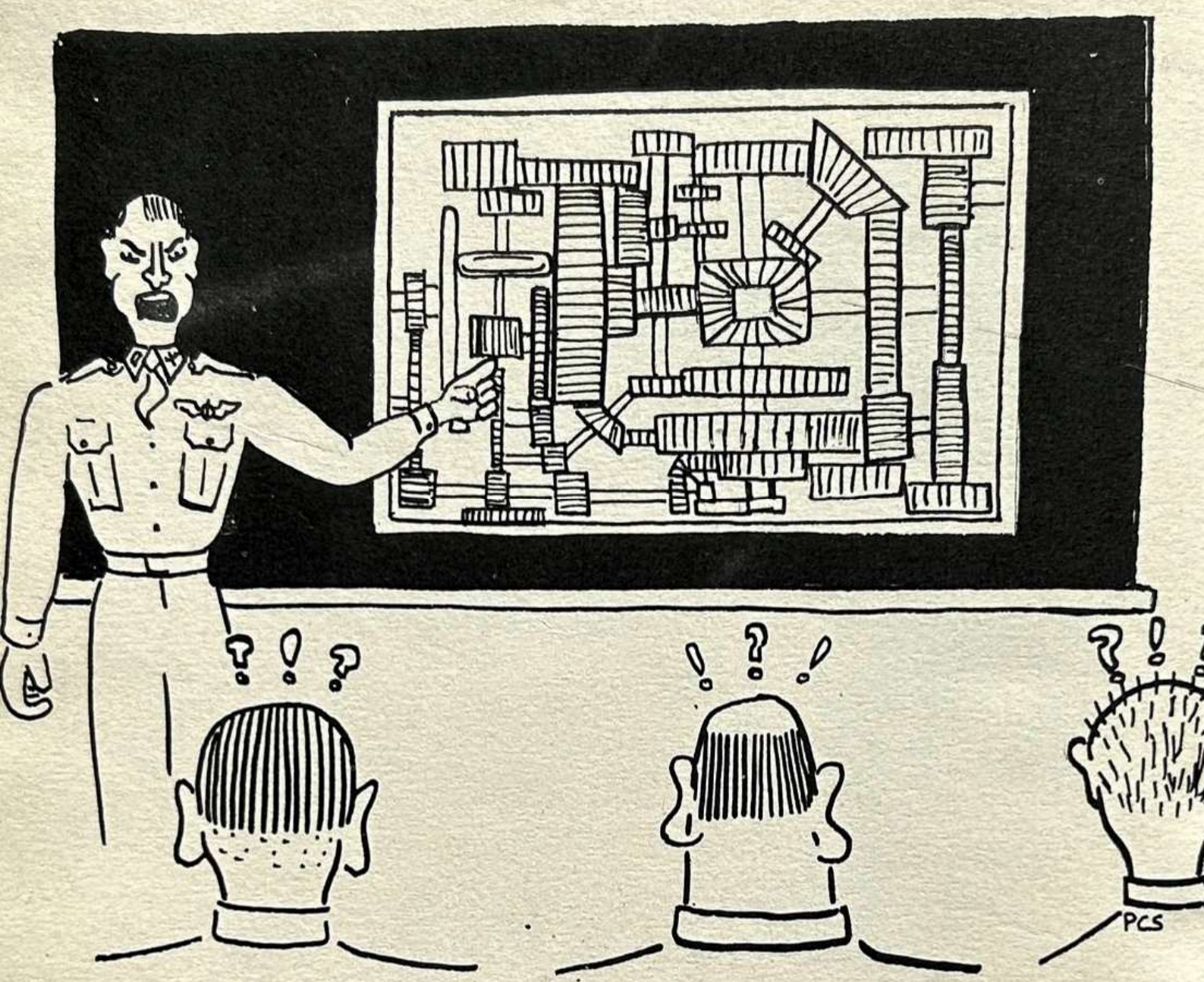
Bombardiers' Oath

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.

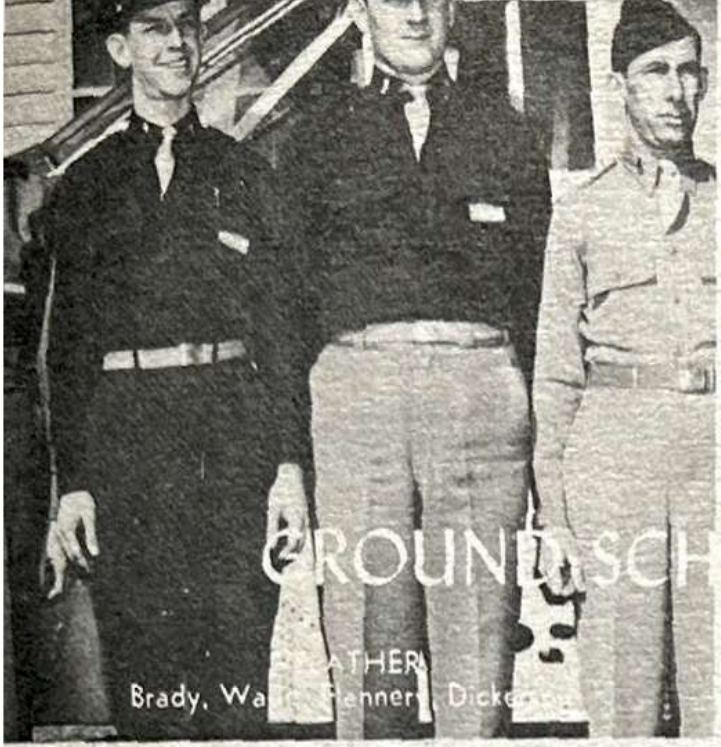
I pledge myself to live and act according to the Code of Honor of the Bombardiers of the Army Air Forces. I solemnly swear that I will keep inviolate the secrecy of any and all confidential information revealed to me, and in the full knowledge that I am a guardian of one of my country's most priceless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


GROUND
SCHOOL
N
S
PCS

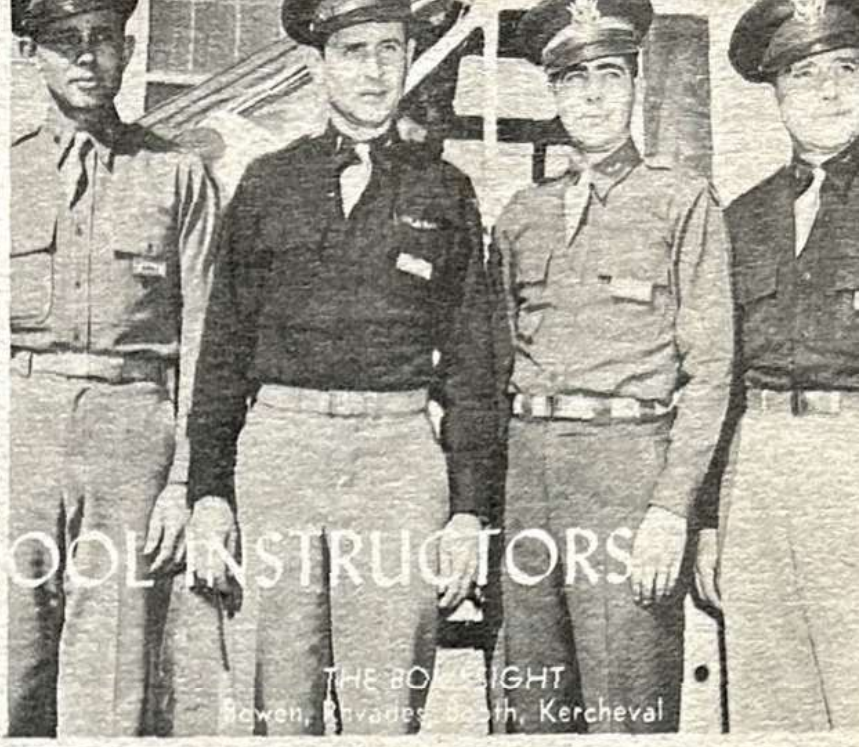


AND NOW GENTLEMEN ! THIS IS THE INSIDES OF THE BOMBSIGHT. THIS GEAR THAT I AM POINTING AT TURNS THE ROLLER WHICH TURNS THE DISC THUS TURNING THIS GEAR WHICH TURNS THAT GEAR THUS CAUSING THIS GEAR TO TURN. THERE FORE THIS OTHER GEAR TURNS, CAUSING THIS GEAR TO TURN! NOW ANYONE THAT CAN READ HAS AN ADVANTAGE OVER THE OTHERS. IS THERE ANYONE THAT DOESNT UNDERSTAND THIS SIMPLE DIAGRAM ????

GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS



WEATHER
Brady, Wa[illegible] Fenner, Dicke[illegible]



THE BOMBSIGHT
Bowen, [illegible]vades[illegible]th, Kercheval

C-1 PILOT AND SUPPLY
Scholzhaver, Stallworth, Dillo[illegible] E. Johnson

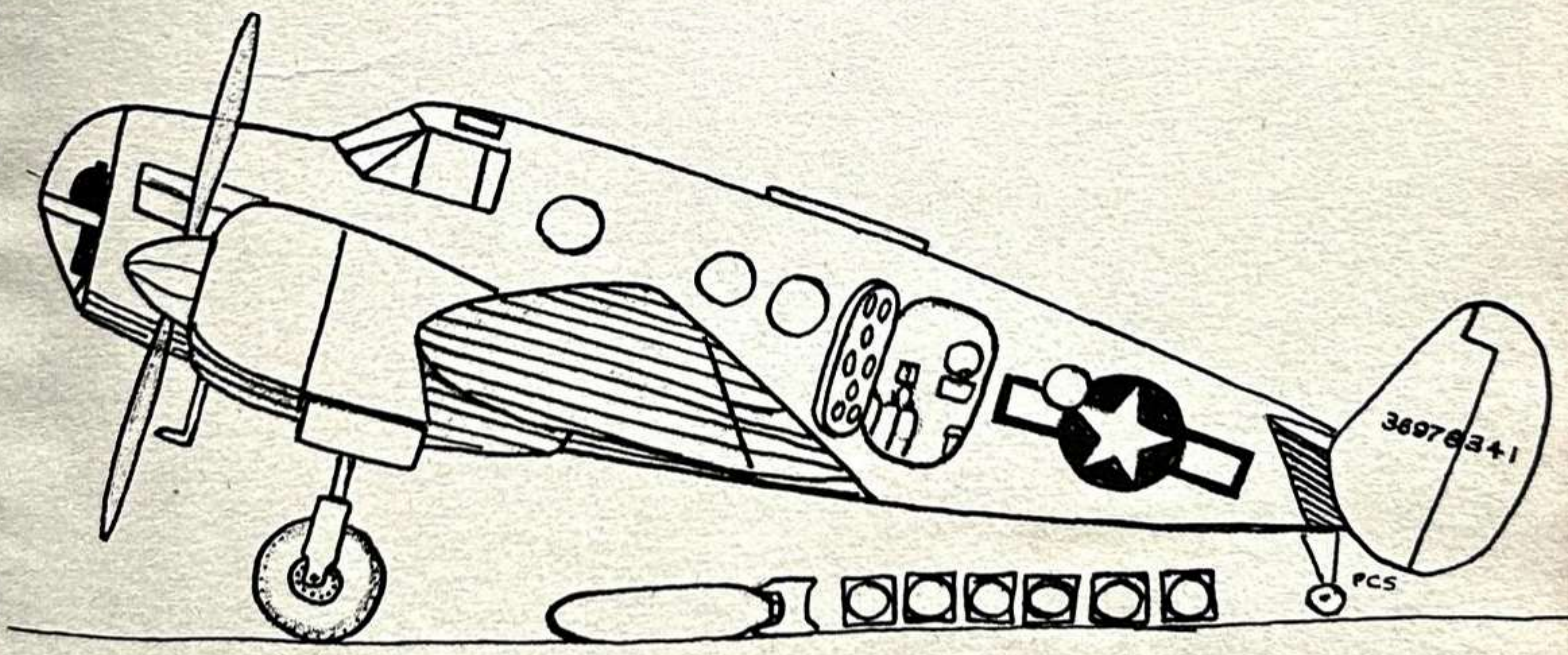
DIRECTOR OF GROUND SCHOOL
Cap[illegible] E. A. Frederickson

NAVIGATION
Snodgrass, Marshall, Encicc[illegible], Shaver, M. Johnson, Fields, Kinsey, Schubert

ALLIED SUBJECTS
Herrin[illegible] S. Williams, Coverdi[illegible]rdale, Ruddicombe

BOMBARDIER'S BIG MOMENT

ON THE LINE



CAPT. J. A. SPRICK
Group C.O.

CAPT. B. B. THACKER
Group Senior Instructor

CAPT. E. W. AHRENS
Group Operations Officer

These are the men and officers who have worked with us, led us and encouraged us on the line. Those who have their wings as bombardiers were patient with our mistakes and trials. The pilots helped us in the air and pointed things out to us while we flew.

There were days when we were ready to throw in the towel. Those same afternoons we thought we would never make the grade as bombardiers, but as always there was a reassuring voice to be heard and a hand to give us a shove forward, toward our goal.

To you gentlemen we extend our heartiest thanks and may we say we are proud to join you in the ranks of AAF officers.

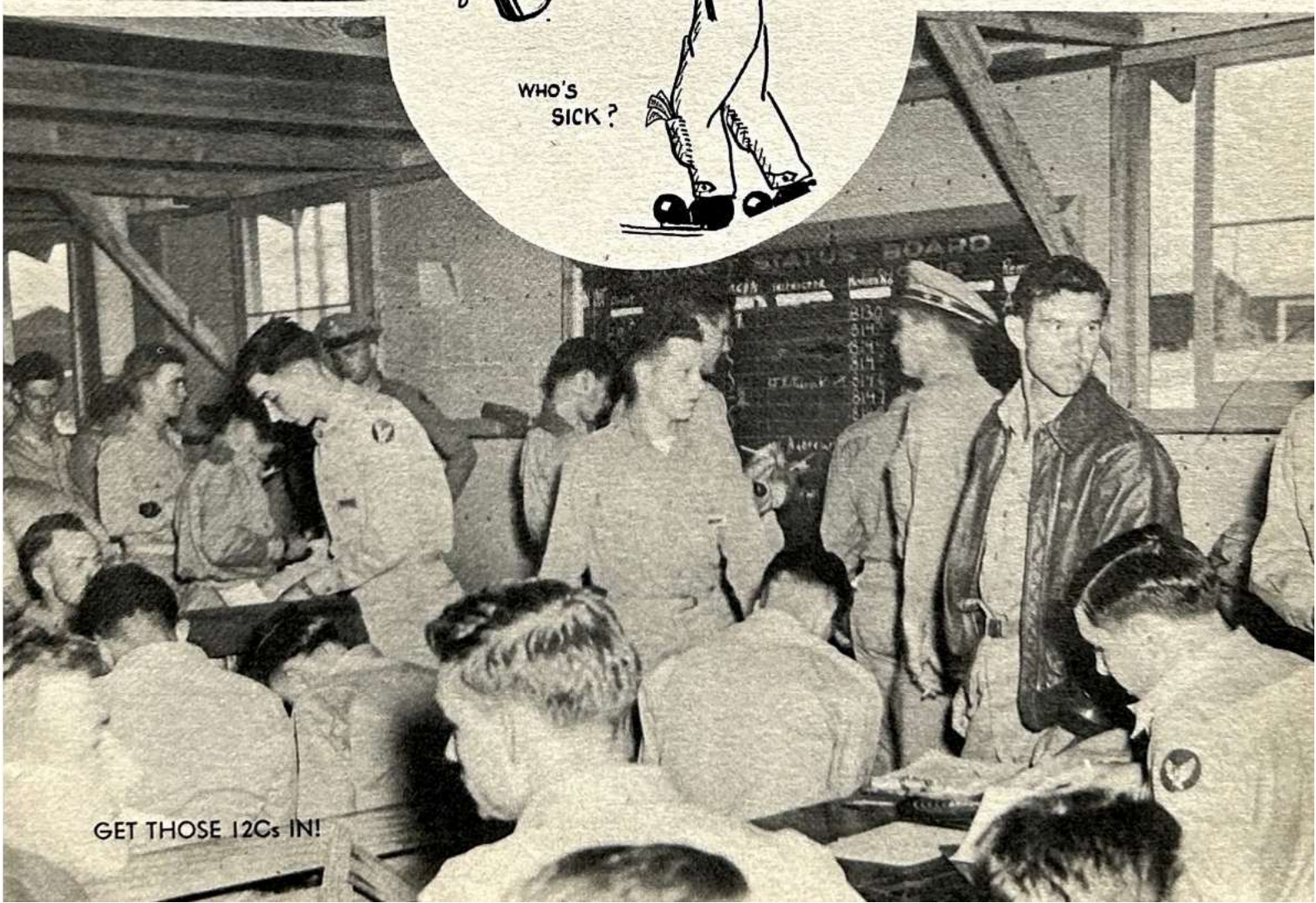
OUR INSTRUCTORS

OUR PILOTS

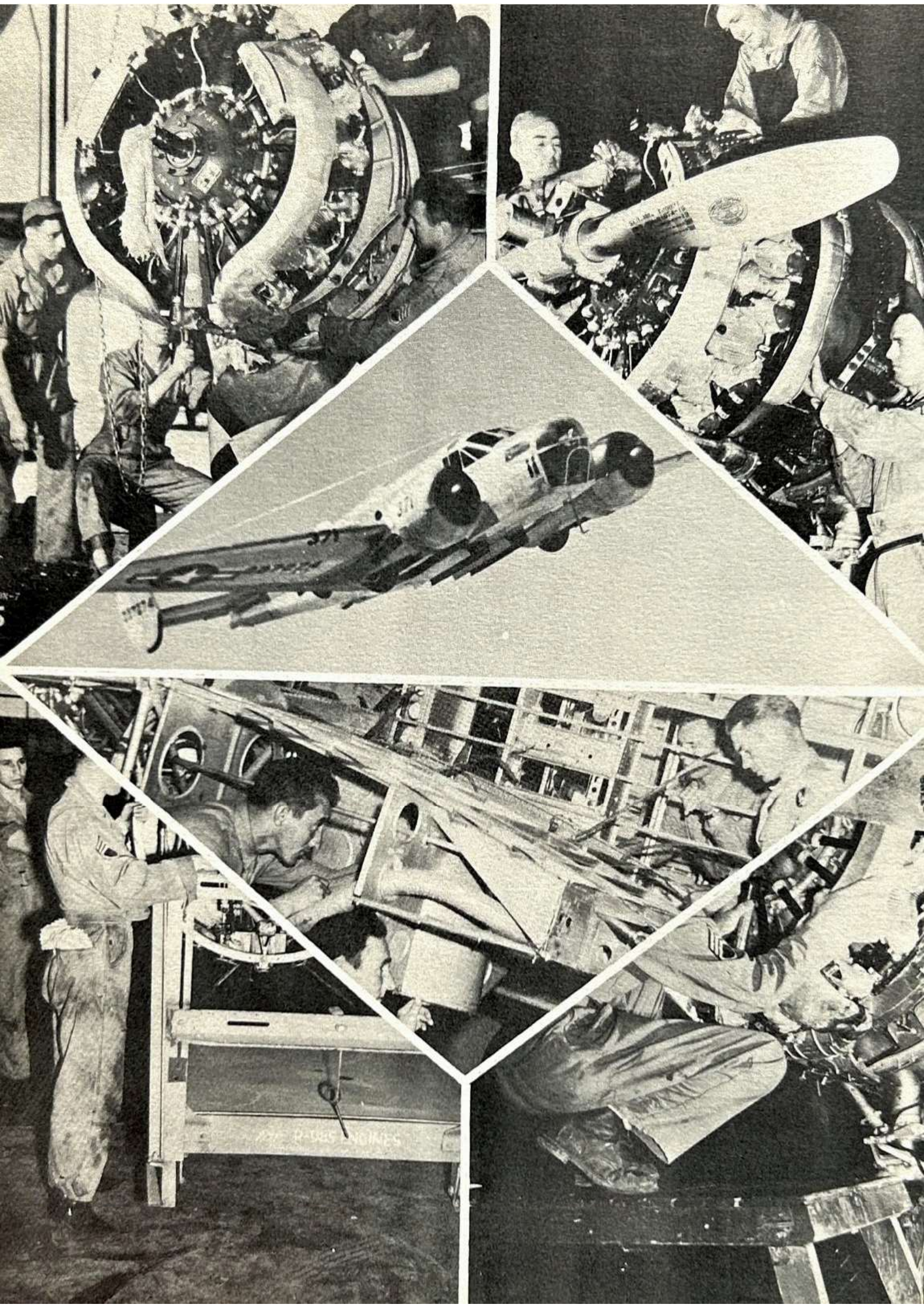
COMPLICATED D-8 SIGHT

BOY! IS THIS INTERESTING!!!

SMILE ? ? TWO-THIRTY OR UNDER!

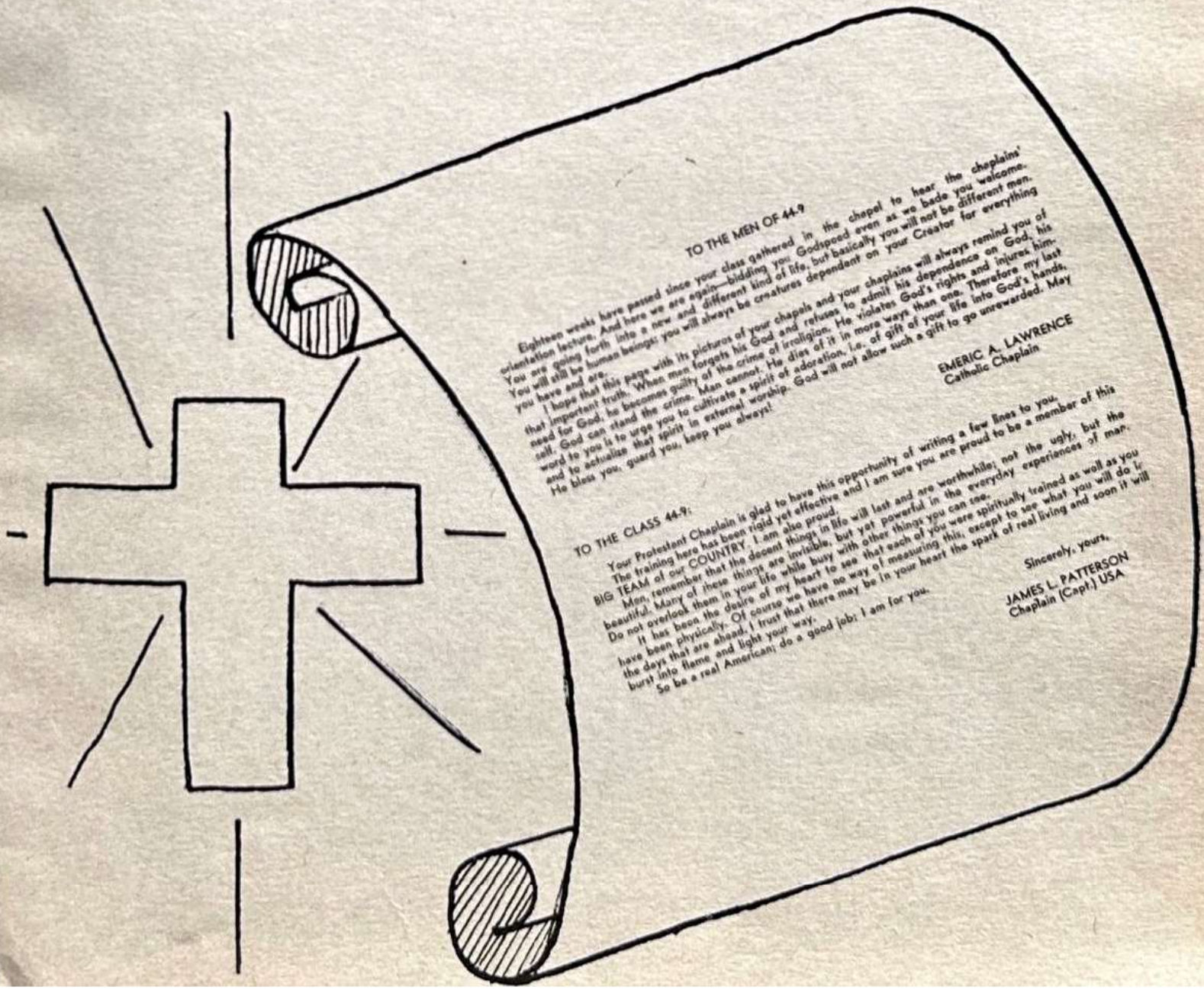


GET THOSE 12Cs IN!



J. L. PATTERSON
Protestant Chaplain

E. A. LAWRENCE
Catholic Chaplain



TO THE MEN OF 44-9

Eighteen weeks have passed since your class gathered in the chapel to hear the chaplains' orientation lecture. And here we are again—bidding you Godspeed even as we bade you welcome. You are going forth into a new and different kind of life, but basically you will not be different men. You will still be human beings; you will always be creatures dependent on your Creator for everything you have and are.

I hope that this page with its picture of your chapel and your chaplains will always remind you of that important truth. When man forgets his God and refuses to admit his dependence on God, his need for God, he becomes guilty of the crime of irreligion. He violates God's rights and injures himself. God can stand the crime. Man cannot. He dies of it in more ways than one. Therefore my last word to you is to urge you to cultivate a spirit of adoration, i.e., of gift of your life into God's hands, and to actualize that spirit in external worship. God will not allow such a gift to go unrewarded. May He bless you, guard you, keep you always!

EMERIC A. LAWRENCE
Catholic Chaplain

TO THE CLASS 44-9:

Your Protestant Chaplain is glad to have this opportunity of writing a few lines to you.

The training here has been rigid yet effective and I am sure you are proud to be a member of this BIG TEAM of our COUNTRY. I am also proud.

Men, remember that the decent things in life will last and are worthwhile; not the ugly, but the beautiful. Many of these things are invisible, but yet powerful in the everyday experiences of man. Do not overlook them in your life while busy with other things you can see.

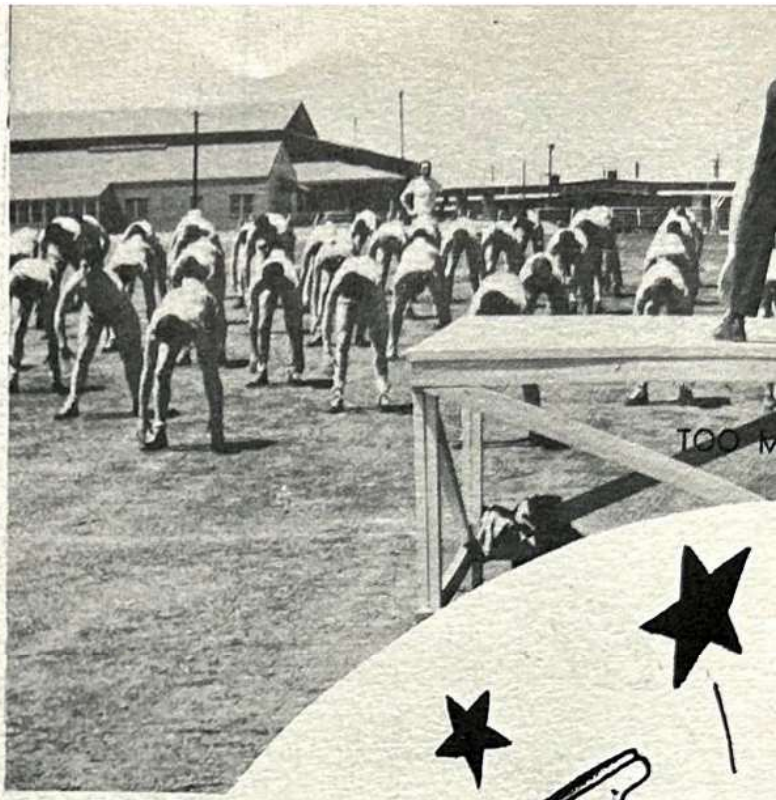
It has been the desire of my heart to see that each of you were spiritually trained as well as you have been physically. Of course we have no way of measuring this, except to see what you will do in the days that are ahead. I trust that there may be in your heart the spark of real living and soon it will burst into flame and light your way.

So be a real American; do a good job; I am for you.

Sincerely, yours,

JAMES L. PATTERSON
Chaplain (Capt.) USA

OUR P. T. STAFF

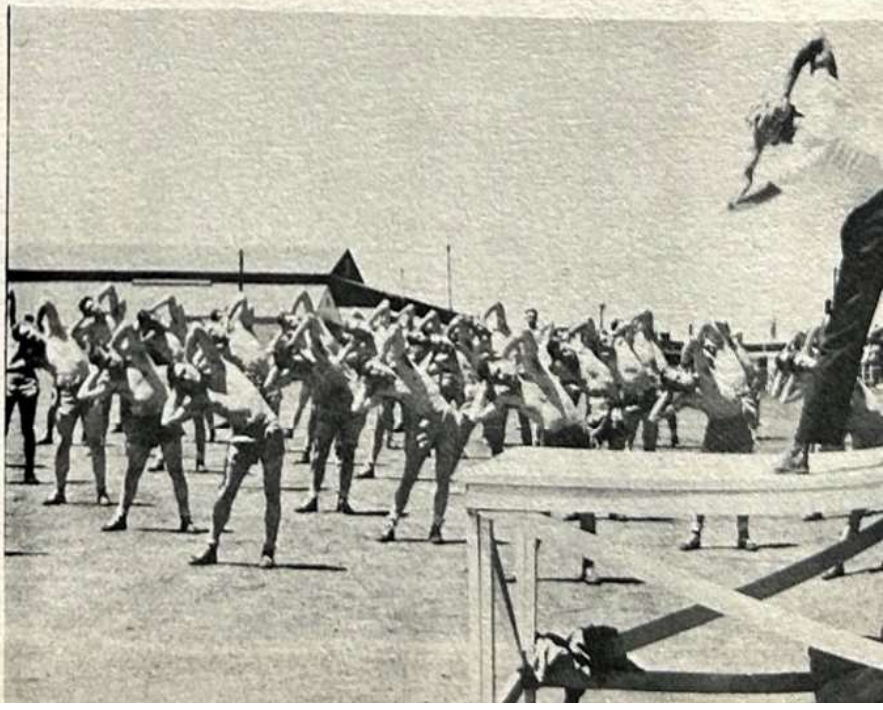


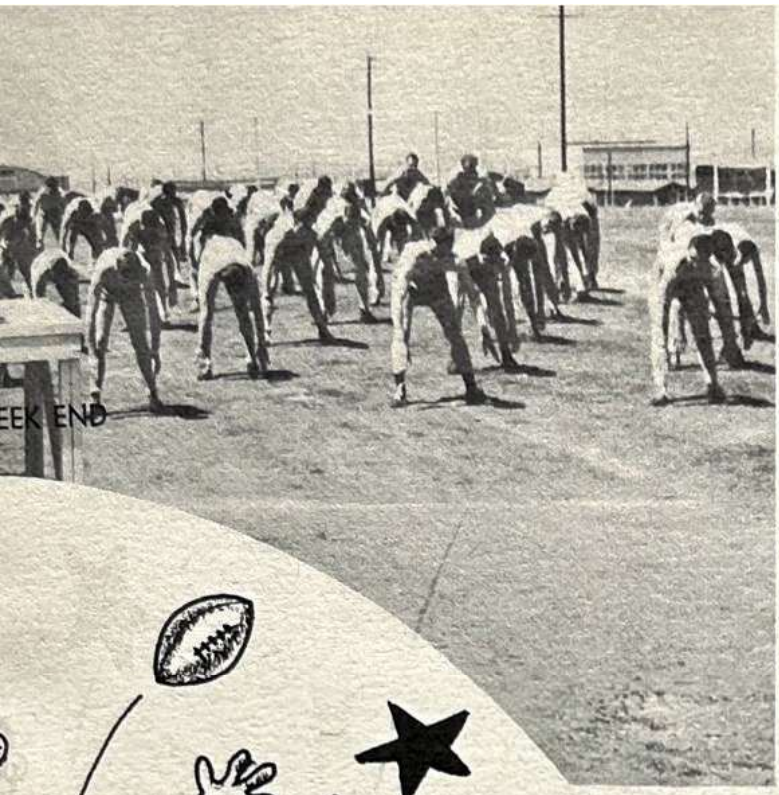
TOO M

READY FOR SHOWER

I GOT TH

OUR TRACK STAR



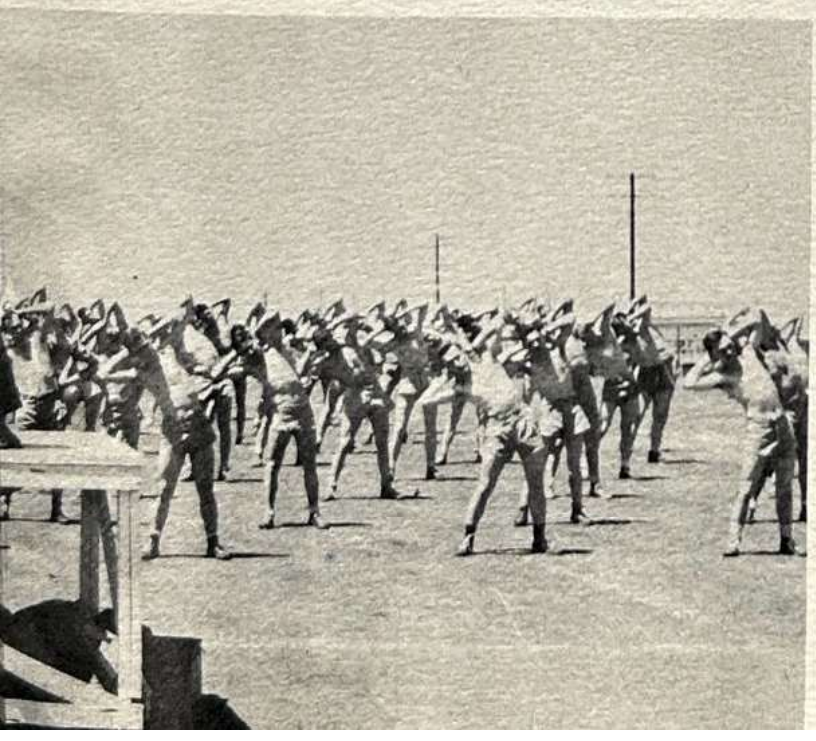


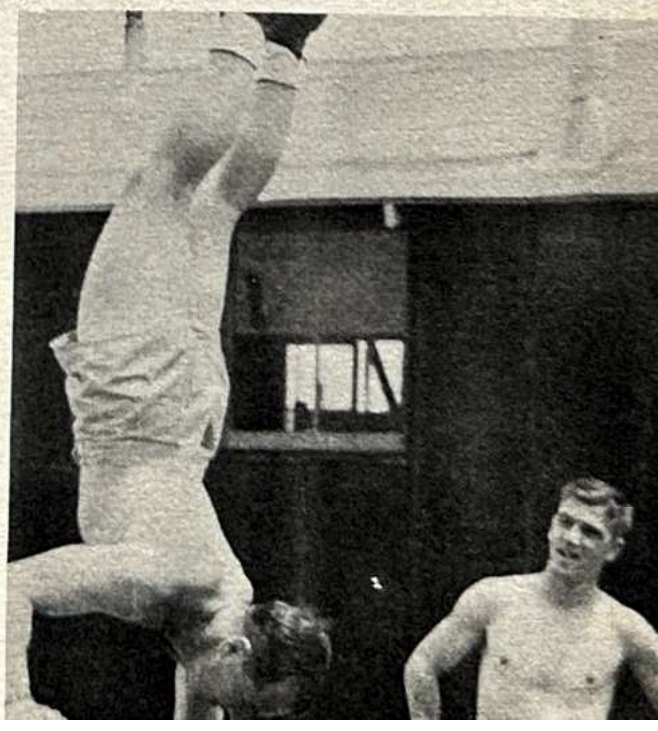
EEK END

BARRACKS GUARD

BALL

Under the expert (if somewhat merciless) guidance of Lt. LeRoy O. Bloomingdale, the cadets at Big Spring receive a thorough preparation for the rigors of combat. Pictured on these pages are a few of the various means used by the PT department to develop the strength and stamina necessary to our Nation's future fighting airmen.





CINCH!

OUR DOCTORS

OUR NURSES

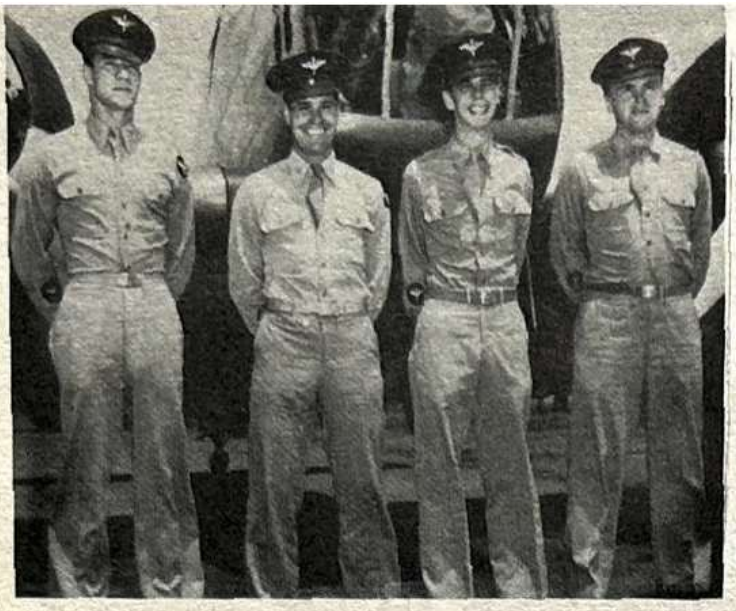
MAJOR W. E. TURNER
Public Relations Officer

CAPT. J. S. MILLARD
Intelligence Officer

Our special thanks to these department heads and the members of their staffs for their help and co-operation in the completion of our Class Book.

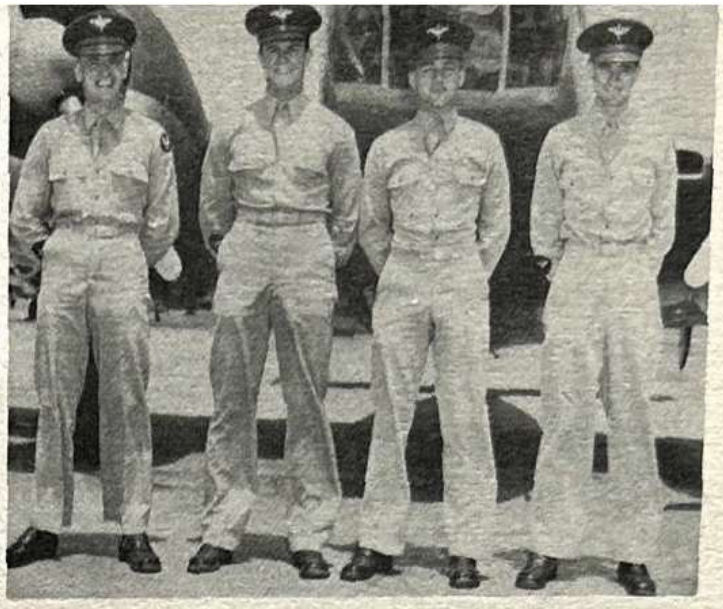
CAPT. J. R. ANTHONY
Photography

MAJOR H. F. WHEELER
Special Services



CADET OFFICERS

C. W. E. Milbut — Group Commander
L. V. Rondeau — Squadron Commander
W. E. Hartman — Squadron Adjutant
J. D. Knox — Squadron First Sergeant



FLIGHT LIEUTENANTS

A — W. D. Counsilman
B — H. D. McLeod
C — H. E. Beaver
D — A. E. Rainey

Cadet Leaders

O. J. BLACKSTAD

A/C Blackstad is the honor council member representing class 44-9. It is men of such character that guide others, showing them the finer principles to pursue by their daily actions.

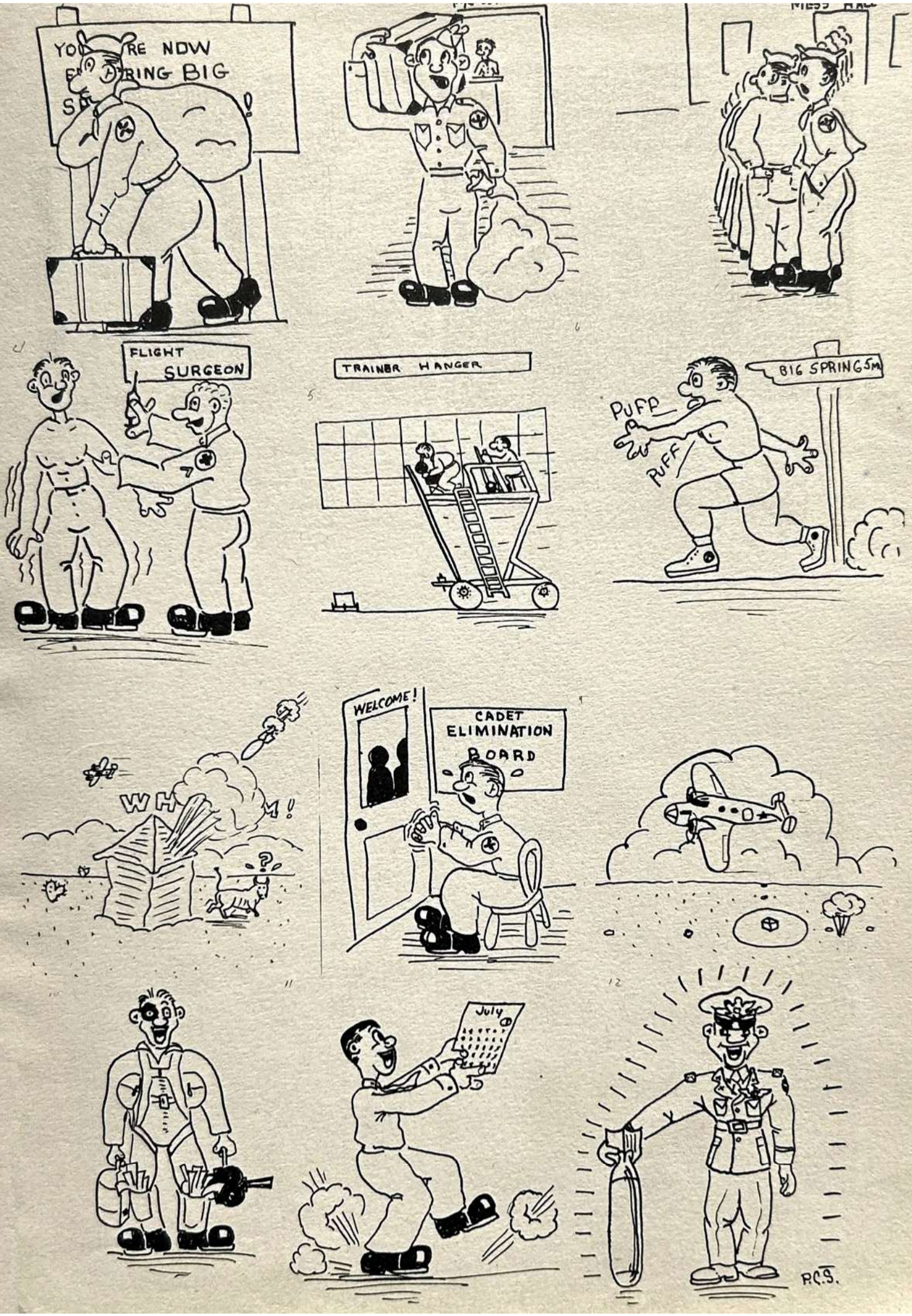
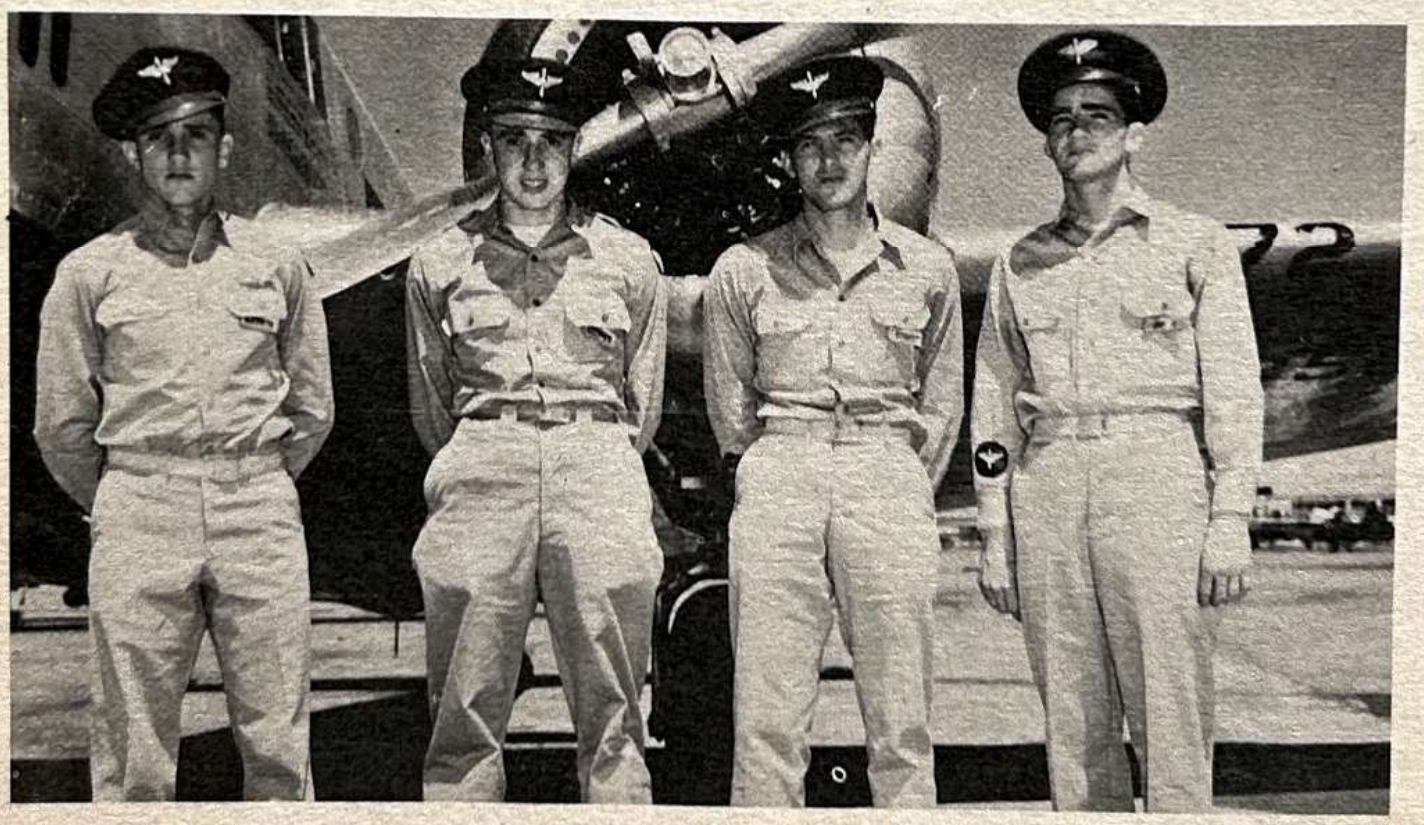

YO RE NOW
RING BIG
MESS HALL
FLIGHT SURGEON
TRAINER HANGER
BIG SPRINGS
PUFF
PUFF
WH M!
WELCOME!
CADET ELIMINATION BOARD
July
R.C.S.

PHOTO STAFF

The staff wishes to sincerely thank the photo lab for their whole-hearted co-operation and valuable assistance in preparing this book.

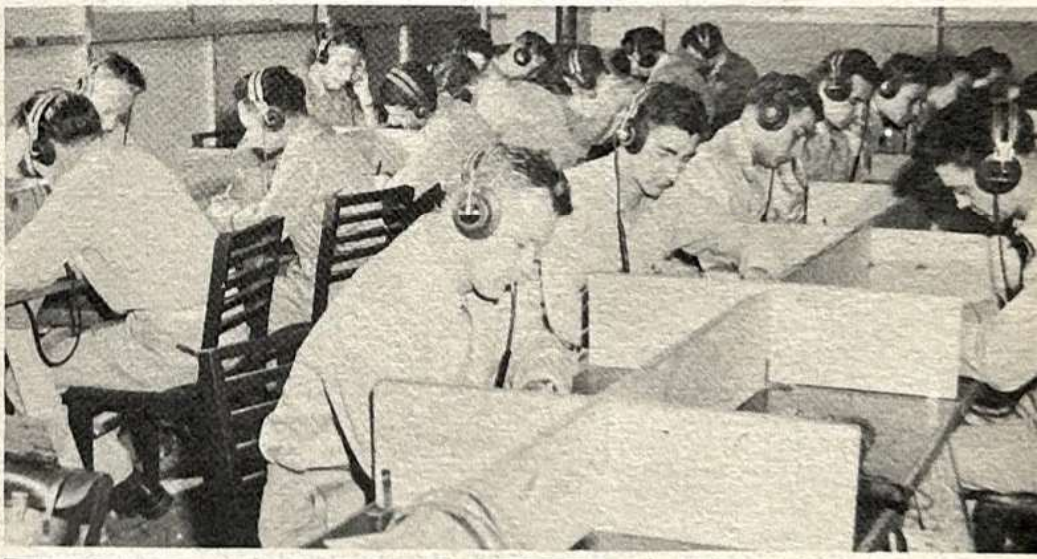


CLASSBOOK STAFF
R. E. Rankin — Associate Editor
P. C. Schiffbauer — Artist
S. Epstein — Associate Editor
E. S. Lewis — Editor

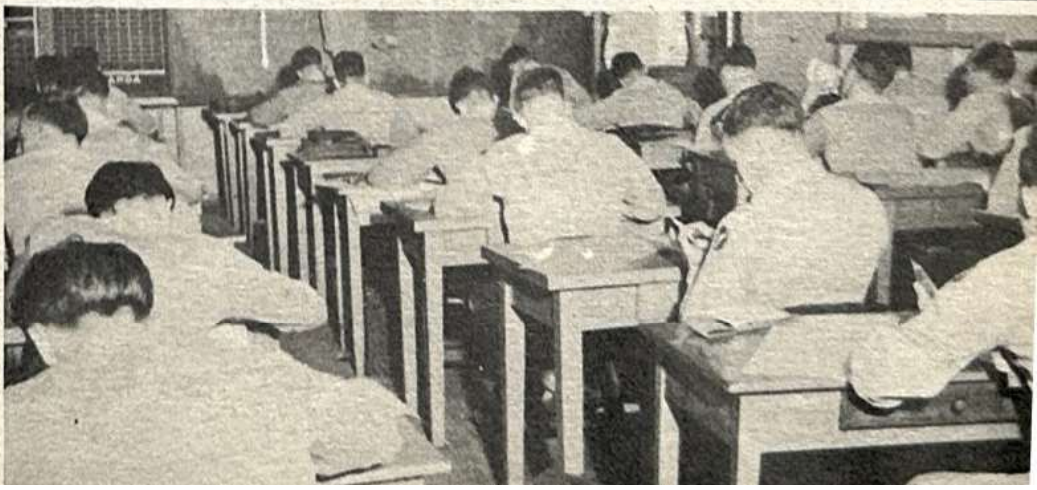
FLIGHT A

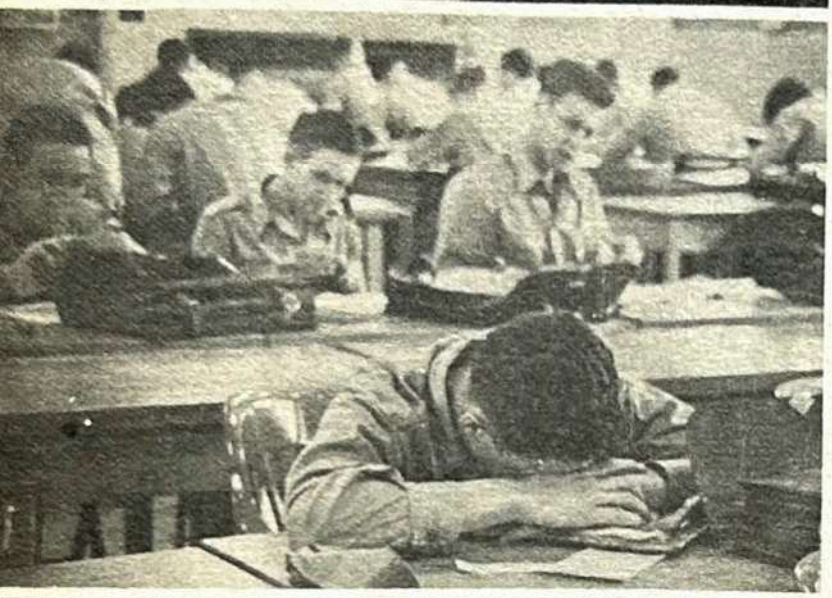
FLIGHT B

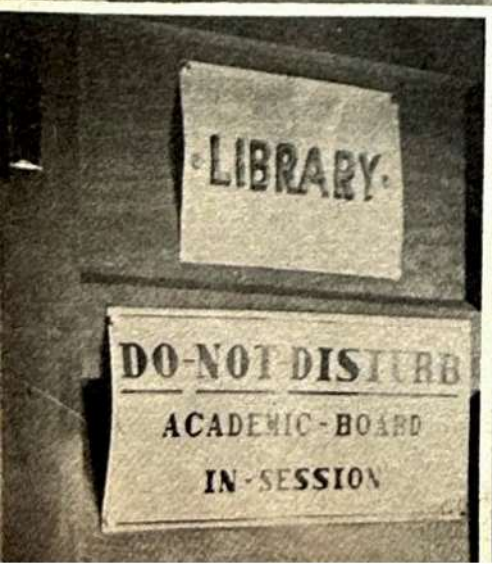
FILGHT C



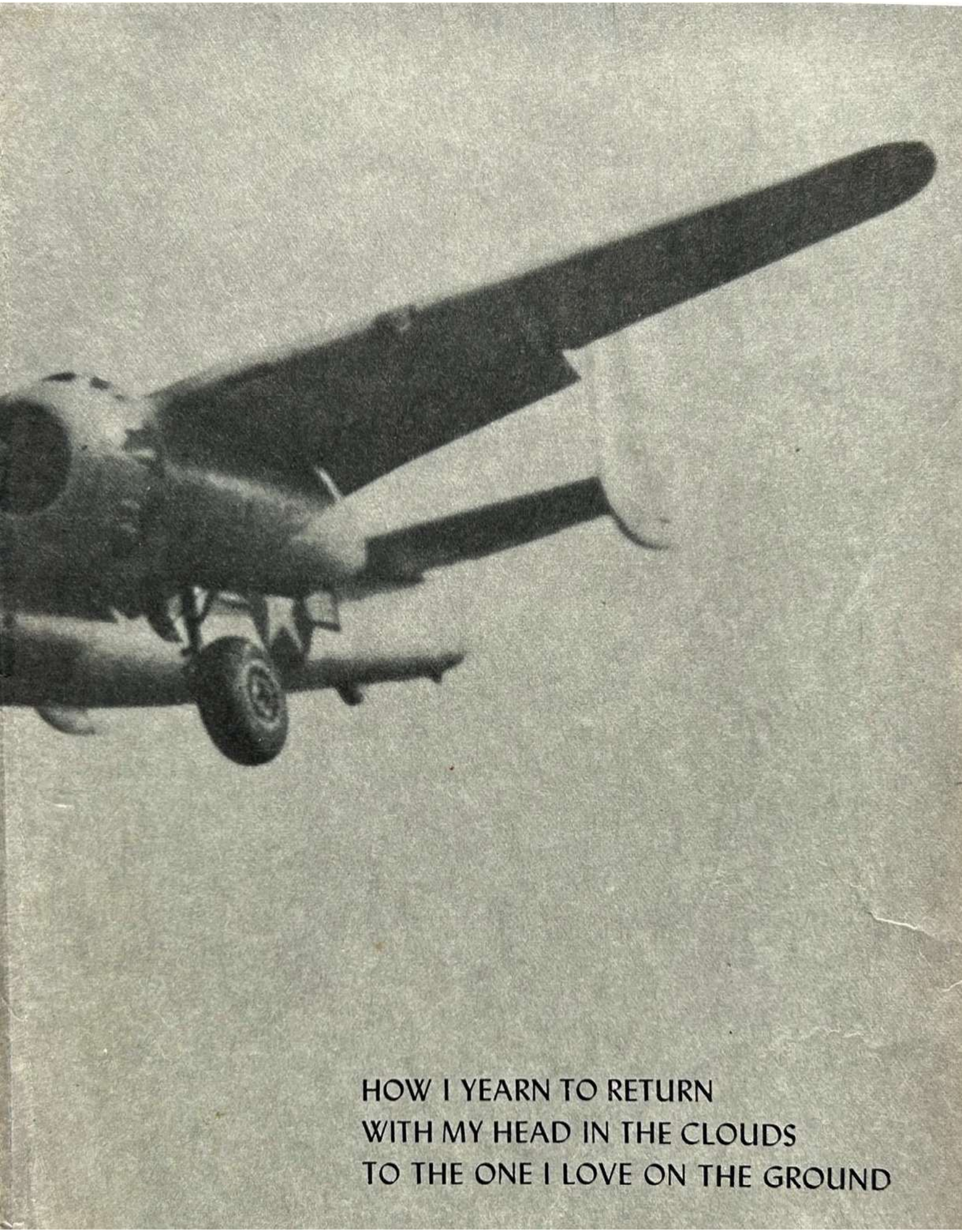
FLIGHT D






LIBRARY
DO-NOT-DISTURB
ACADEMIC-BOARD
IN-SESSION

NOT ARGUE
WITH BARBER
THESE
HAIRCUTS ARE
MANDATORY
CADET
MESS HALL
ENTRANCE



HOW I YEARN TO RETURN
WITH MY HEAD IN THE CLOUDS
TO THE ONE I LOVE ON THE GROUND