

ARMY AIR FORCES BOMBARDIER-NAVIGATOR SCHOOL Childress, Texas

Congratulations.

CLASS OF 44-I

We, of the Army Air Forces, welcome you as worthy additions to a long line of courageous fighting men. In joining us let your motto always be DUTY, HONOR, COUNTRY.

> JOHN W. WHITE Colonel, A. C. Commanding Officer

WHITE COLONEL J.

No group can boast of serving a fi

Holds ratings as senior pilot, na and aerial gunner, participated in the and Midland, Texas prior to assume Air Field

> een an inspiration His quality of leadership he

officer.

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or, bombardier, observer, ing of cadets at Big Spring ommand at Childress Army



Director of Training LT. COL. J. D. JONES

Director of Flying MAJOR FRANKLIN CRAIG, JR.

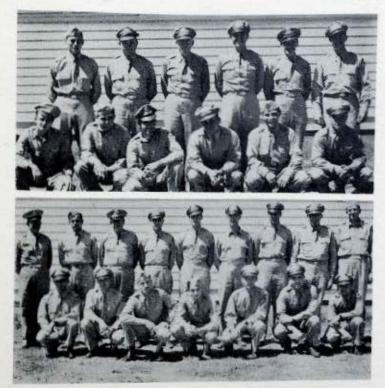




Director of Ground School CAPT. R. M. McALLEN

GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS

2ND LT. C. W. ANDERSON IST LT. R. M. BESAUCON 2ND LT. C. M. BROWN 2ND LT. C. H. BUDLER 2ND LT. C. J. COENEN 2ND LT. R. W. COFFMAN 2ND LT. C. CROOTOF 2ND LT. W. B. DOZIER 2ND LT. E. E. HANSEN IST LT. K. M. HUSSEY 2ND LT. J. E. MANUEL IST LT. J. G. REBETA IST LT. W. S. STONE 2ND LT. D. W. THOMPSON, JR. IST LT. A. S. TOMLINSON 2ND LT. K. C. WALTON 2ND LT. L. A. WAUN 2ND LT. C. W. WEBB





Commandant of Cadets CAPT. I. J. NAUGHTON

2ND LT. R. S. GREATHOUSE 2ND LT. R. S. GREATHOUS Mess Officer IST LT. H. ABRAMS Tactical Officers 2ND LT. R. BRUSH, JR. 2ND LT. O. H. DANIEL 2ND LT. O. H. DANIEL 2ND LT. C. F. MFLITO IST LT. A. B. NOVAK IST LT. L. SALLY 2ND LT. H. L. SHERROD 2ND LT. C. P. SMITH



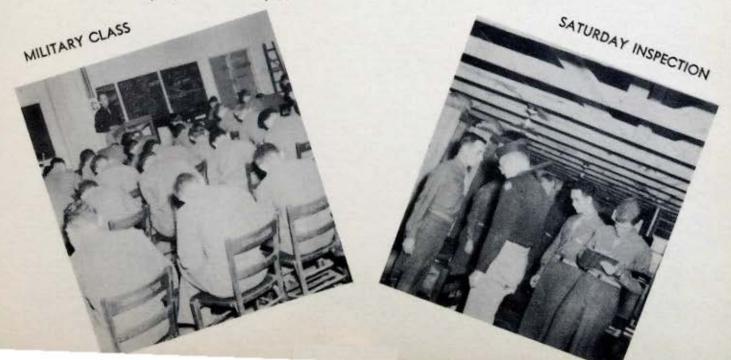
LIEUTENANT RAPP BRUSH, JR.

To the men of Class 44-1, congratulations for a job well done and in fine spirit.

You are over the hump. You have attained your primary objective-bombardier wings and a commission. You must immediately move toward higher objectives, for man either drives forward or he deteriorates.

Your past course has been difficult and yet the course ahead will be more so. The final cost of victory is measured in lives, equipment, and money. Only the equipment and money can be replaced. How high will be that cost is in direct ratio to the collective efficiency of our armed force. You are a vital part of that force. Do your duty to the maximum of your ability.

You are now qualified bombardiers. You are officers. You have the technical skill and authority required to perform your duties. Your course is clear. Move out and may good luck go with each of you.







Commanding Officer CAPT. J. H. SHARPE

Operations Officer LT. D. C. BRICKNER

Squadron Bombardier LT. H. H. SKELTON Squadron Navigator LT. W. ERNST

Flight A Bombardier LT. J. M. LORD

Flight B Bombardier LT. P. B. SCHMITZ

BOMBARDIER INSTRUCTORS

LT. W. DAVIS	LT. S. P. KROLINSKY	LT. R. A. SCARDINO
LT. F. J. FOLKER	LT. J. P. MIKOCHIK	LT. F. J. TASSCHE
LT. C. J. HUARD	LT. W. W. O'CONNELL	LT. J. H. WADSWORTH
LT. N. KREBS	LT. H. K. PECKINPAUGH	LT. C. E. WHISLER



PILOTS

LT. W. P. BEASLEY LT. G. D. FAIRBANKS LT. B. S. FISCHER LT. H. M. GARBADE LT. J. GATTI

LT. G. M. HEFFRON	LT. R. B. PIDCOKE
LT. M. E. JONES	LT. T. R. RHODES
LT. C. O. McCULLOUGH	LT. H. W. ROBERTSON
LT. F. D. MITCHELL	LT. V. W. ROGERS
LT. J. L. MONTGOMERY	LT. B. E. SORENSON

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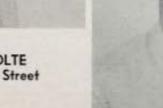
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JOSEPH E. NESTOR, JR. 1115 20th, N. Seattle, Weshington



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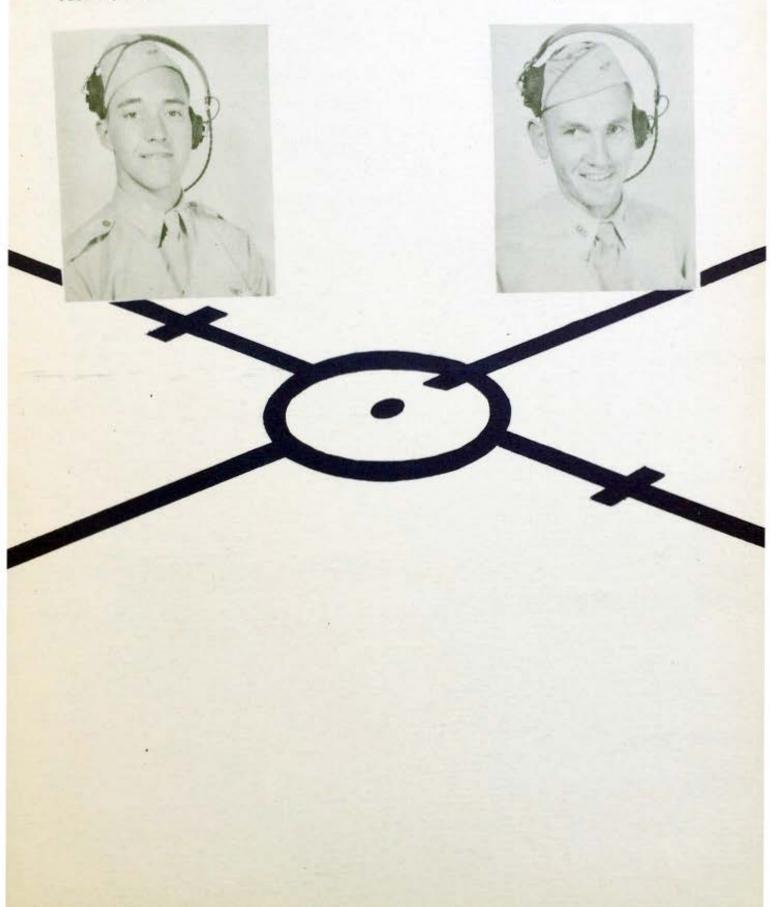
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atter.

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GEORGE W. PEEK Route I Avery, Texas



Commanding Officer CAPT. S. P. MOORHEAD

Operations Officer IST LT. M. C. HENDERSON, JR.

Smillill

Squadron Bombardier IST LT. F. B. SCOTT

Squadron Navigator 2ND LT. J. O. CALDWELL

Flight C Bombardier IST LT. D. F. OBEE

Flight D Bombardier IST LT. T. A. SMITH



BOMBARDIER INSTRUCTORS

Ass't. Flight C Bombardier IST LT. F. H. WHITESIDE

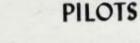
Ass't. Flight D Bombardier IST LT. C. E. SCHNELLE

2ND LT. W. C. CRAIG

2ND LT. E. E. DAVIS

2ND LT. J. P. ELLIS
2ND LT. L. ESPARZA
2ND LT. P. N. JONES
2ND LT. L. B. KROGH
2ND LT. J. I. KUNKEL
2ND LT. J. W. LENTZ
2ND LT. E. J. LOPACK

2ND LT. G. W. MACKENZIE 2ND LT. S. A. McILVEEN 2ND LT. H. D. McINTYRE 2ND LT. W. R. SAGE 2ND LT. J. L. YARBRO 2ND LT. R. F. YOUSEY 2ND LT. W. F. ZEHNER



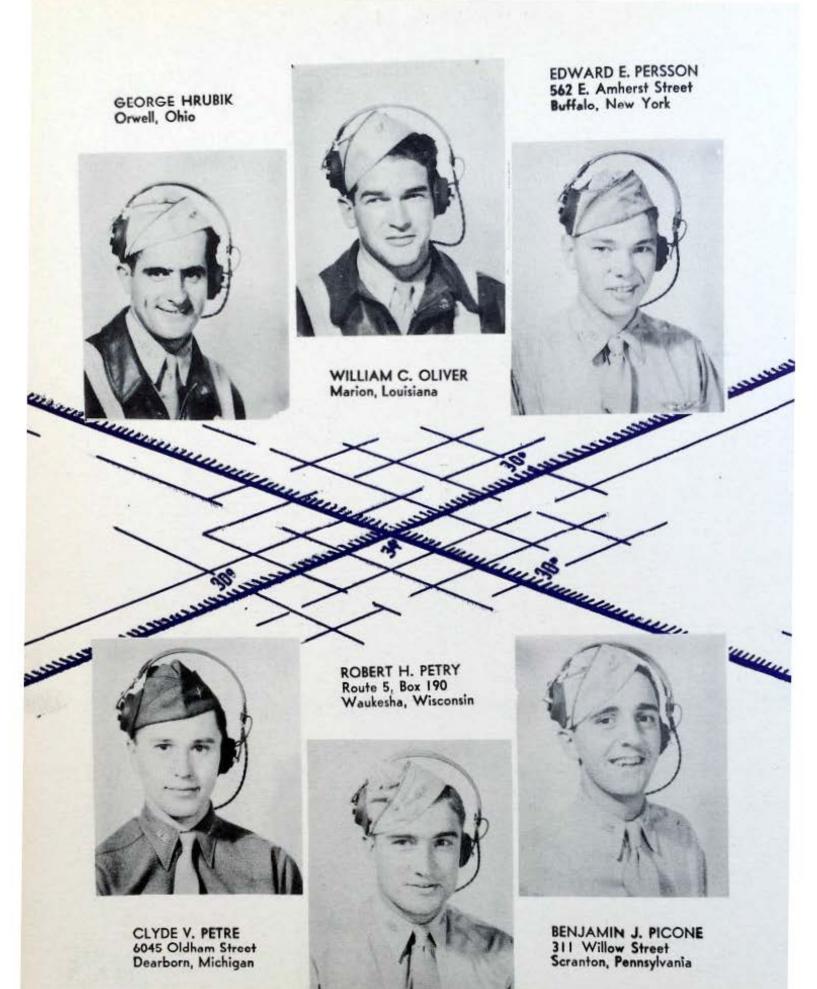
Flight C Commander 2ND LT. V. A. ABRAHAMSON

Flight D Commander 2ND LT. J. B. SHERRILL, JR. 2ND LT. A. E. AUSTIN 2ND LT. A. B. CARAWAY 2ND LT. A. S. DAVIS 2ND LT. R. C. FOGLE 2ND LT. P. P. HOWELL F/O A. W. LAWRENCE 2ND LT. O. W. LEWIS, JR. 2ND LT. G. W. LIVELY 2ND LT. P. M. MAASTRICHT 2ND LT. D. M. McKNIGHT 2ND LT. W. F. MILLER 2ND LT. R. L. SULLIVAN 2ND LT D. C. WRIGHT

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CPL. W. F. ELIAS



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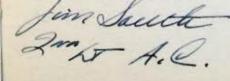
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e. MICHAEL STELMACH THAINE A. SYFERT Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Seymour, Connecticut CLAYTON B. STEWART, JR. Chariton, Iowa neitore (Silling - Spilling unun HARVARD G. TITNER 28 E. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Illinois BILL TARTER 2706 Prosperty Dallas, Texas

Howard H. Atres and the a.C.

BERTRAM TJEBBEN Havelock, Iowa /

B 2nd A

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ALBERT J. TONG Chester, Pennsylvania

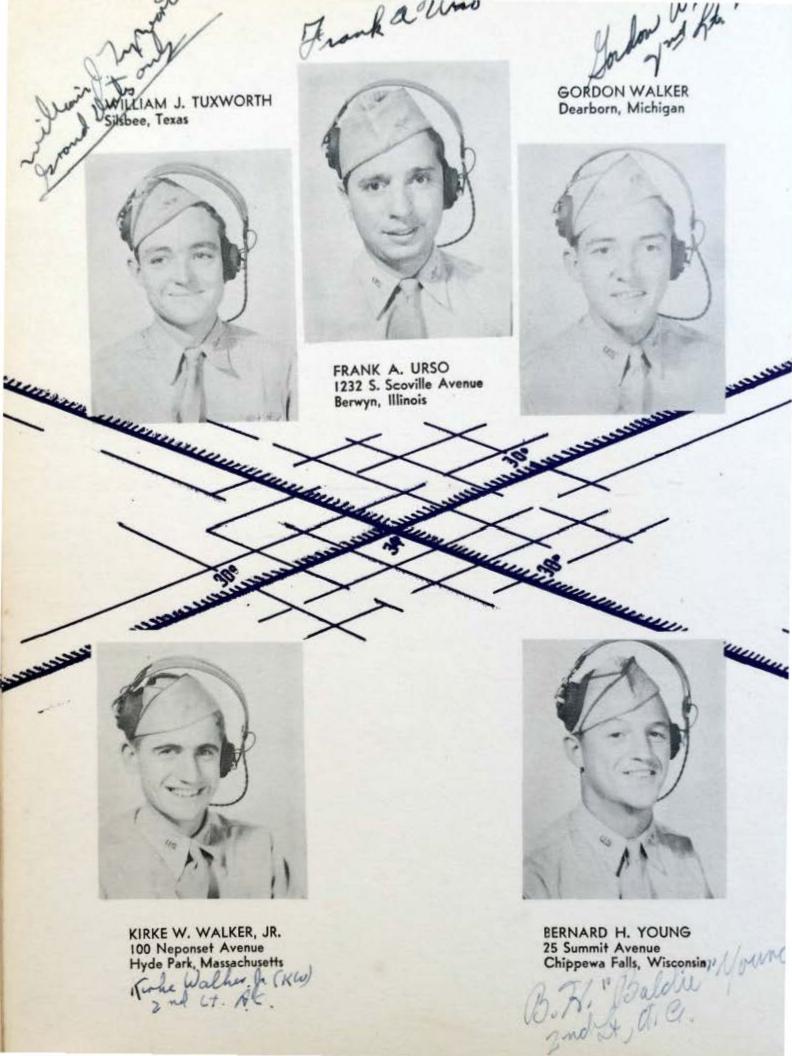
albert



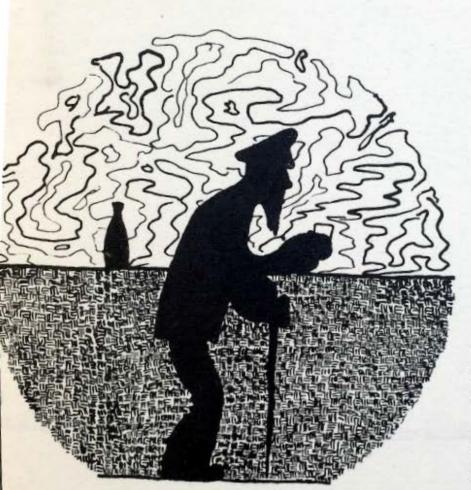
C.V. Tubbesing

C . .

DONALD E. TURNBULL Youngstown, Ohio lundel 9HE



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 nurmured, "Shack, Shack, Shack," This ancient relic of the Second World War, Crept cross 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-bay's 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



O God; to all who have bravely laid down their lives for their country, grant perfect rest beneath the shelter of Thy divine presence in the exalted spheres among the holy and pure who shine as of the brightness of the firmament.

We beseech Thee, shelter them for evermore under the cover of Thy wings and let their souls be bound up in the bond of eternal life.

Amen.



CHAPEL

CHAPLAIN GERMAINE

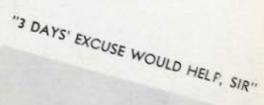


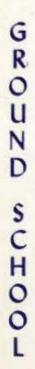
FLIGHT SURGEONS MAJOR ANDERSON AND CAPTAIN MARTIN

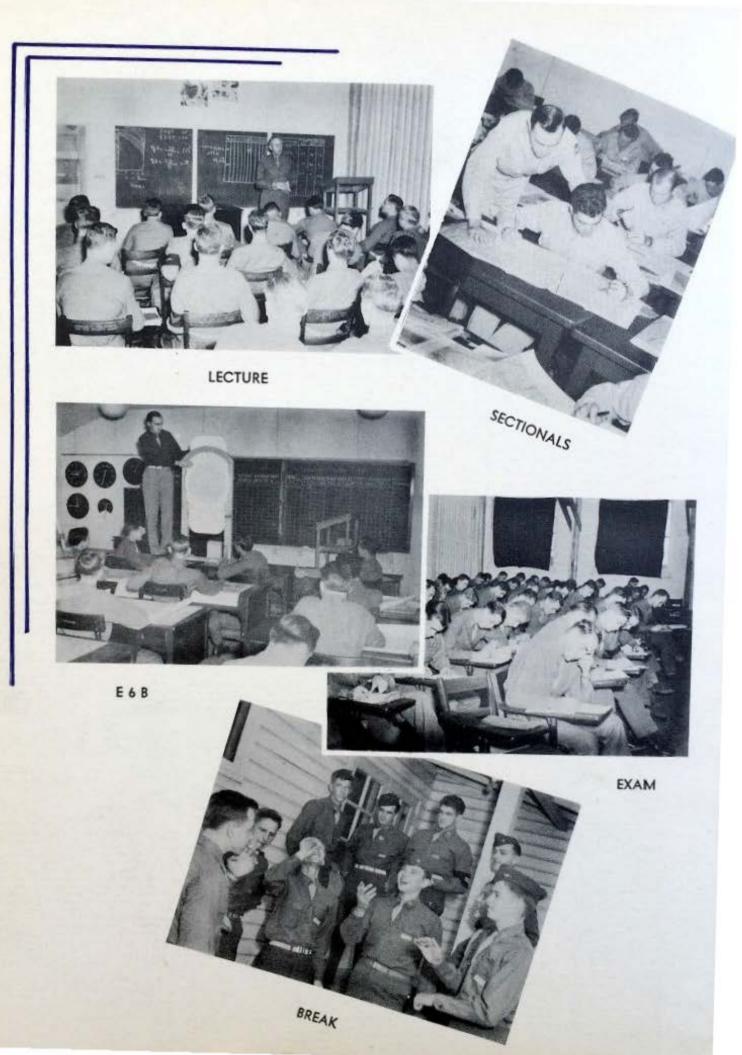
The shining faces on the preceding pages aren't an illusion. All of them, disgustingly healthy boys.

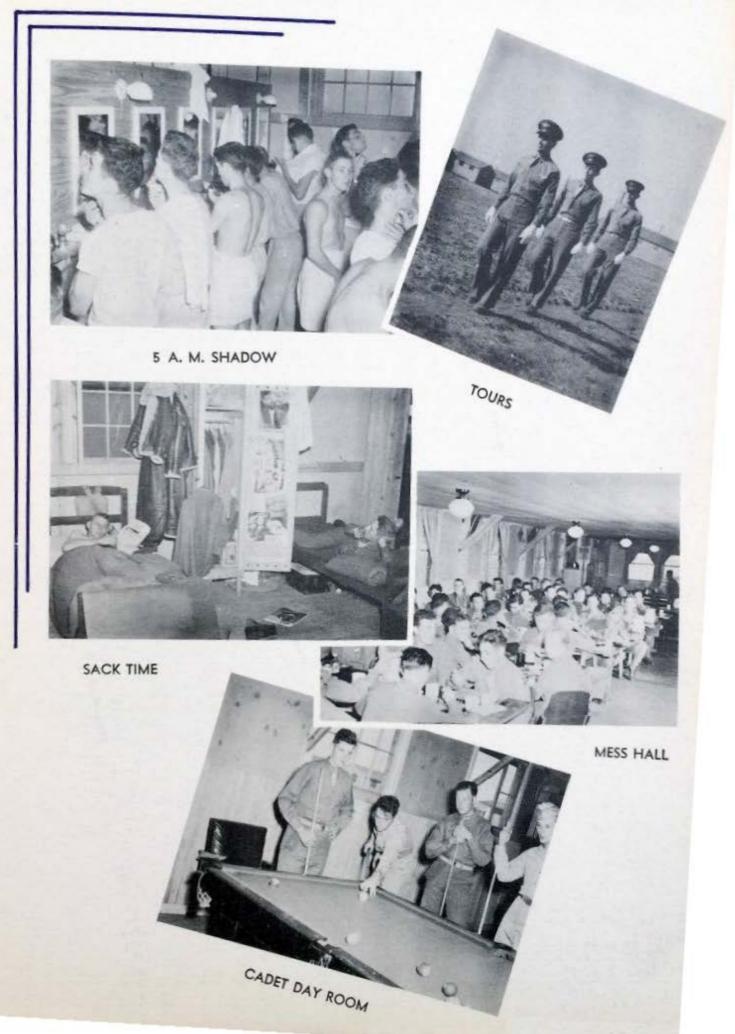
Captain Martin and Captain Anderson of the Flight Surgeon's Officer have nursed our whims and given P. T. excuses admirable. Fortunately, our relations were mostly casual, but for the assurance that the best was available, we are grateful. "YOU LOOK FAIRLY GOOD" "3 DAY

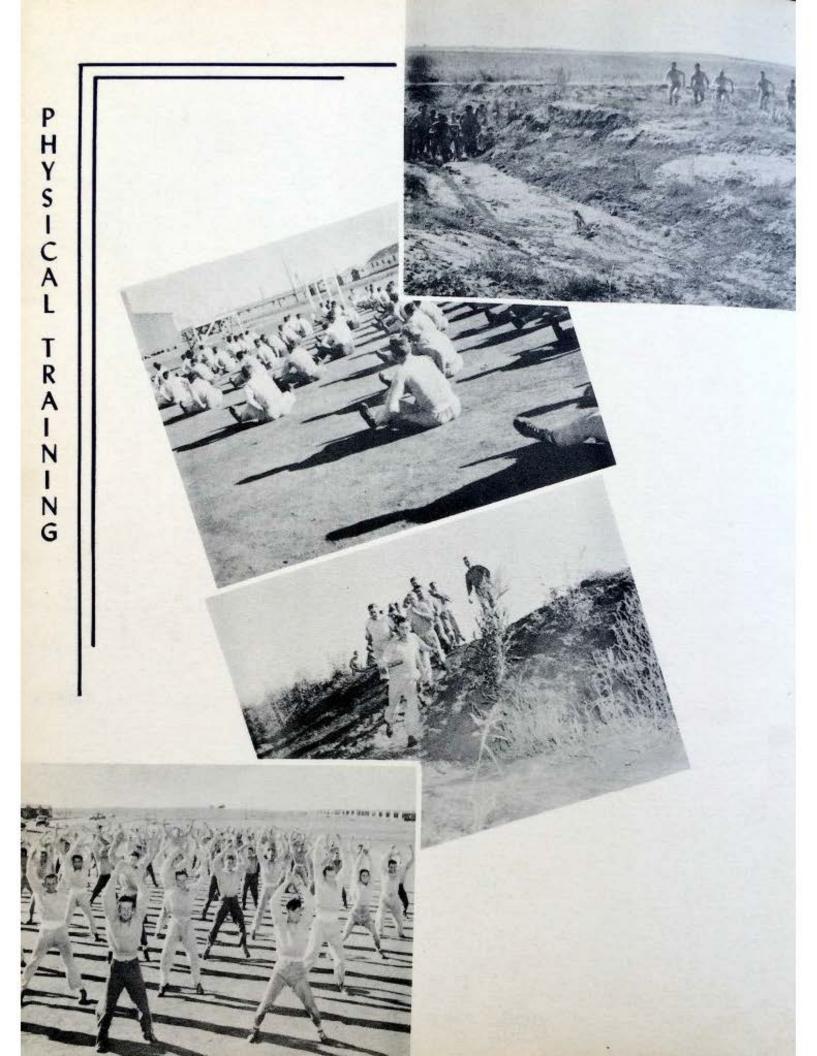
MEDICAL

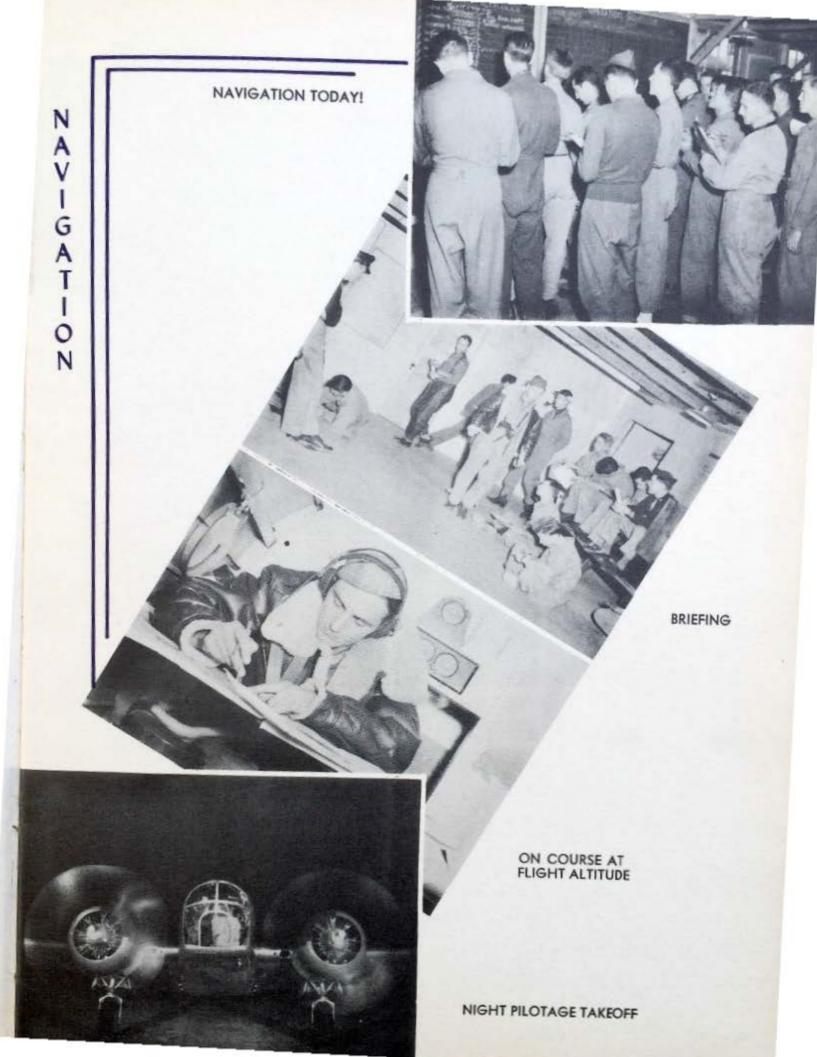


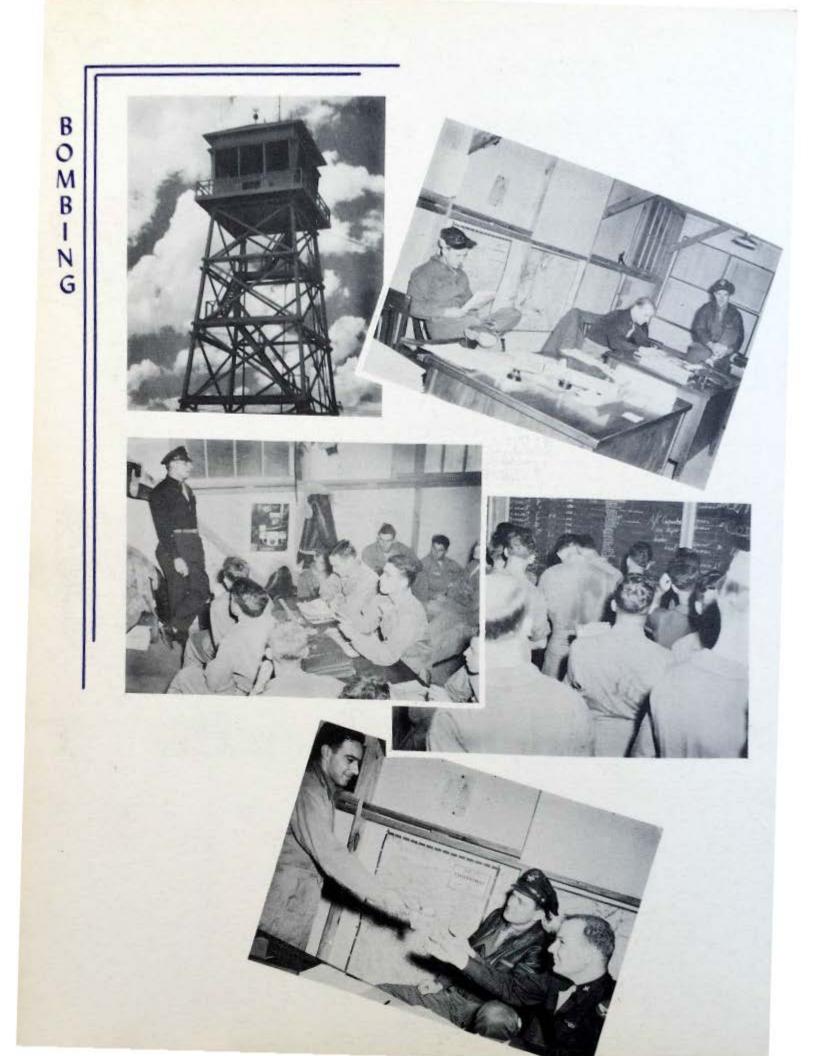


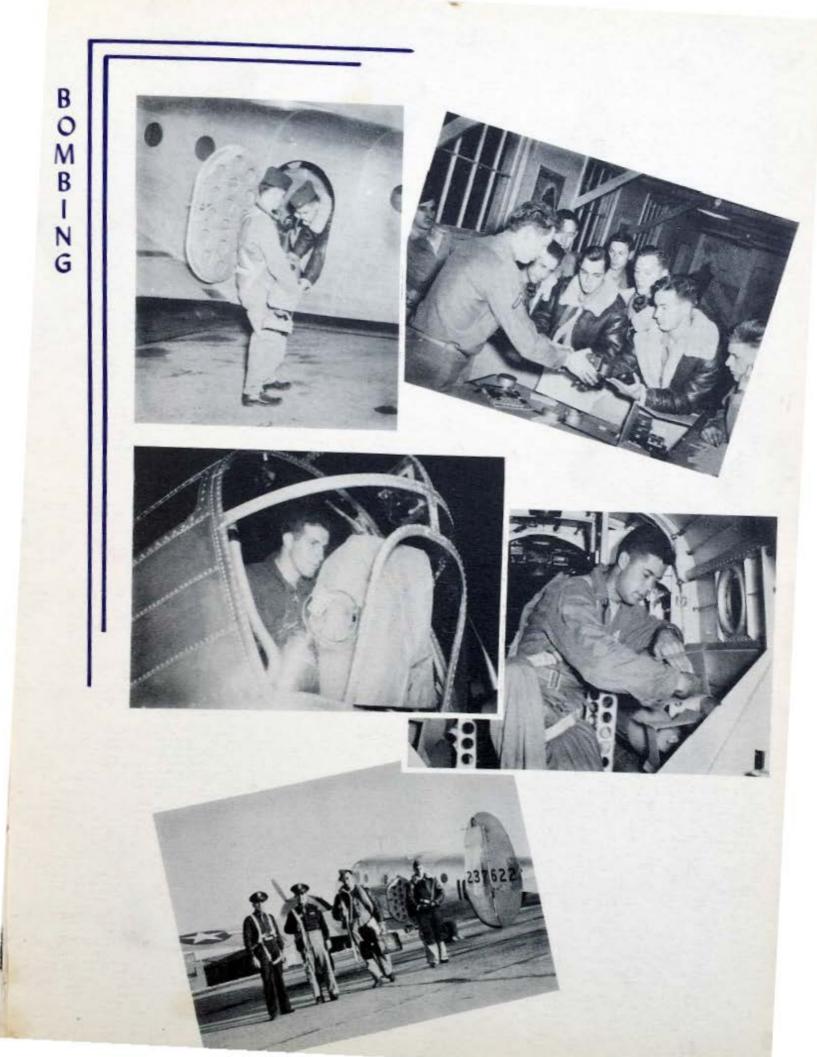






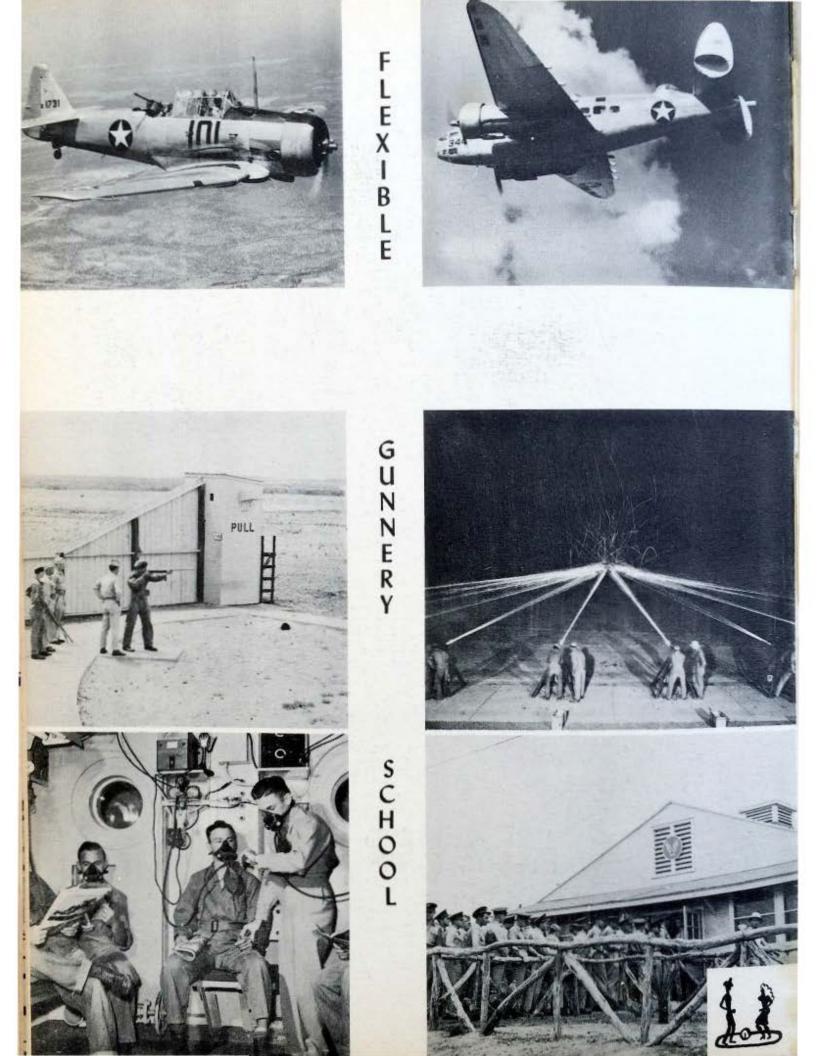


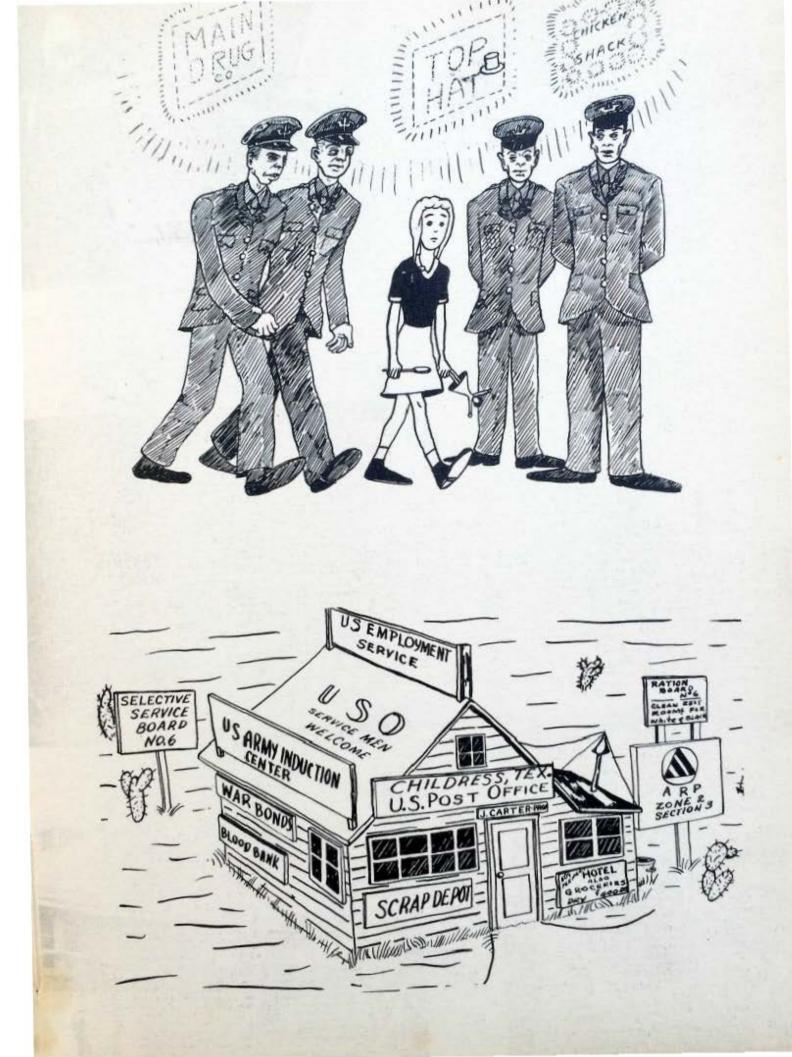










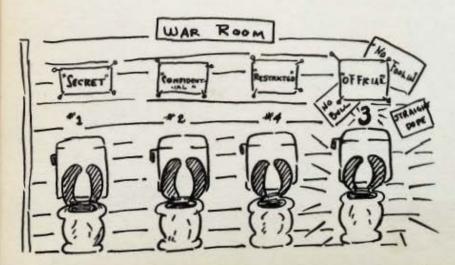




"Bombsight? No, two ham sandwiches and a thermos of coffee"



"This is silly, they know darn well my arms are both the same length!"







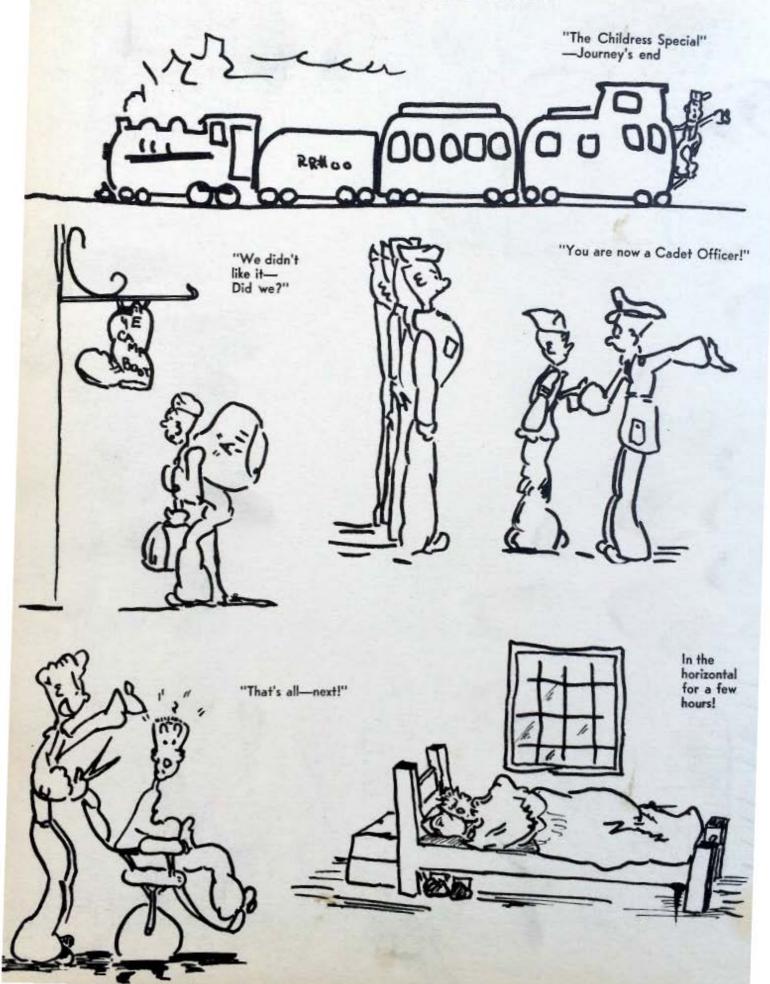
"Junior says he was awarded 5 tours—must be a special honor!"

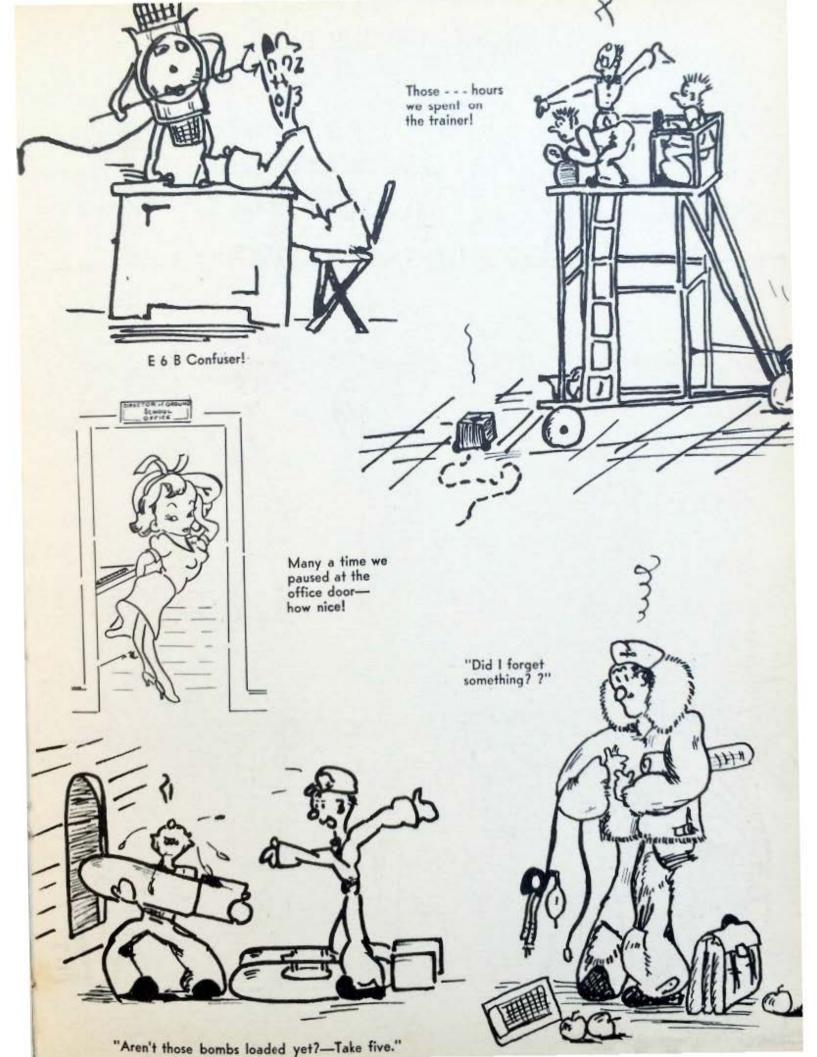


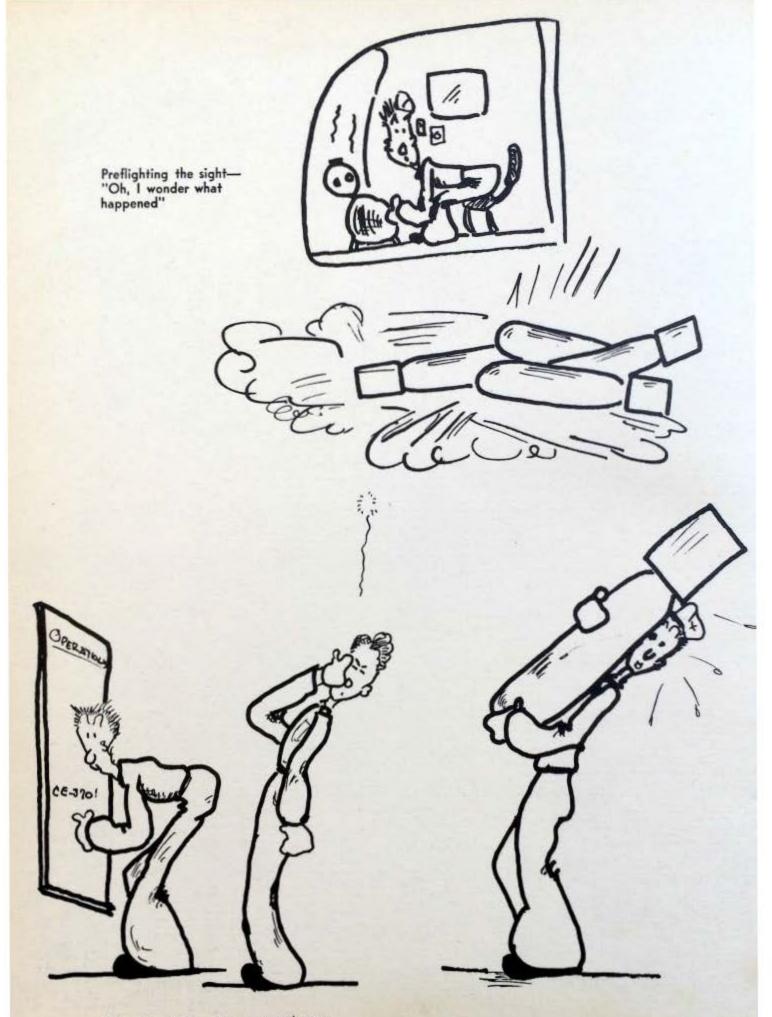
"Yes Sir, a crash landing, but the situation is now well in hand!"



MEMORIES OF OUR PAST!!

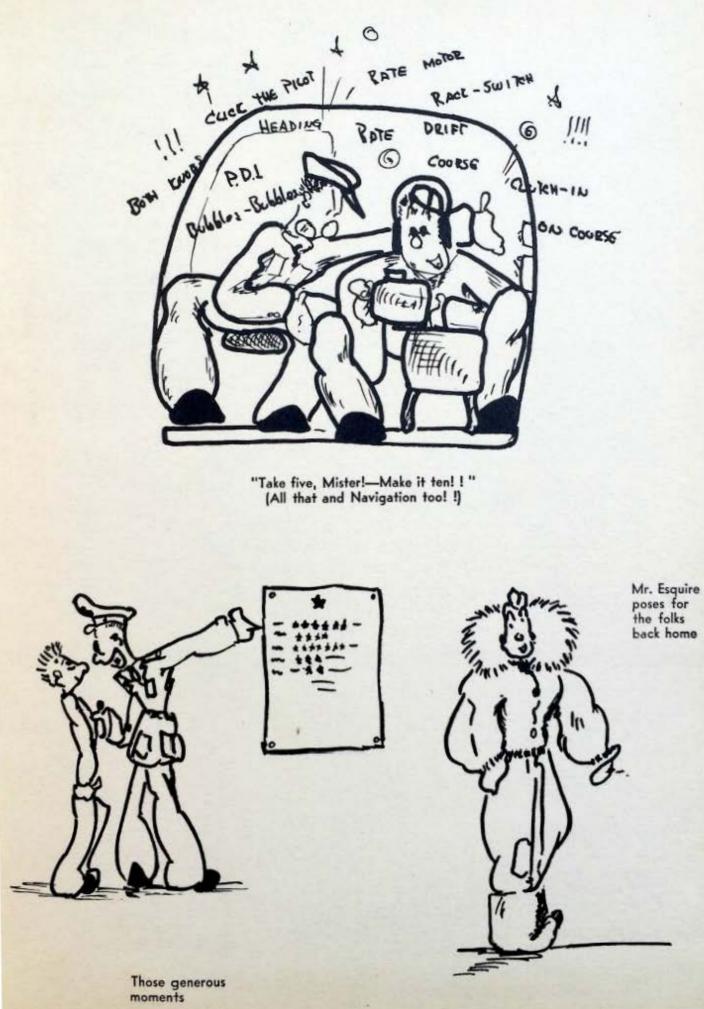






"Tsk, tsk-Malfunction, undoubtedly!"

P. T. was never like this



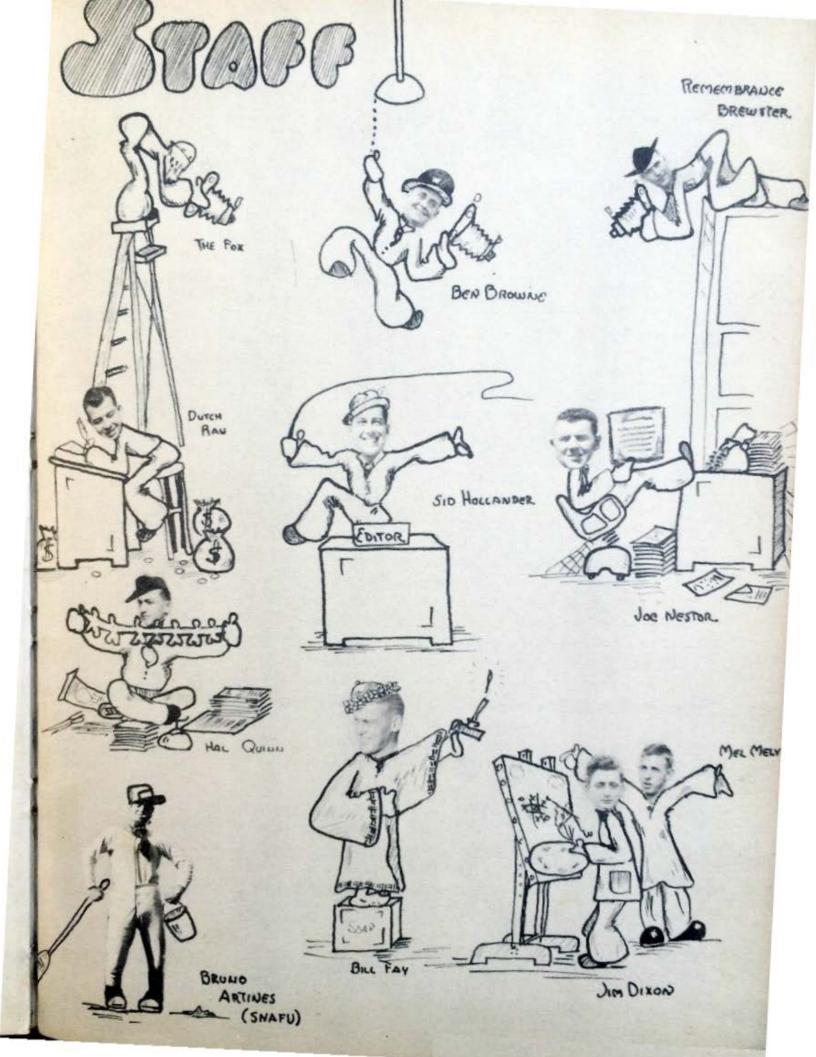
MY BOMBING DAY

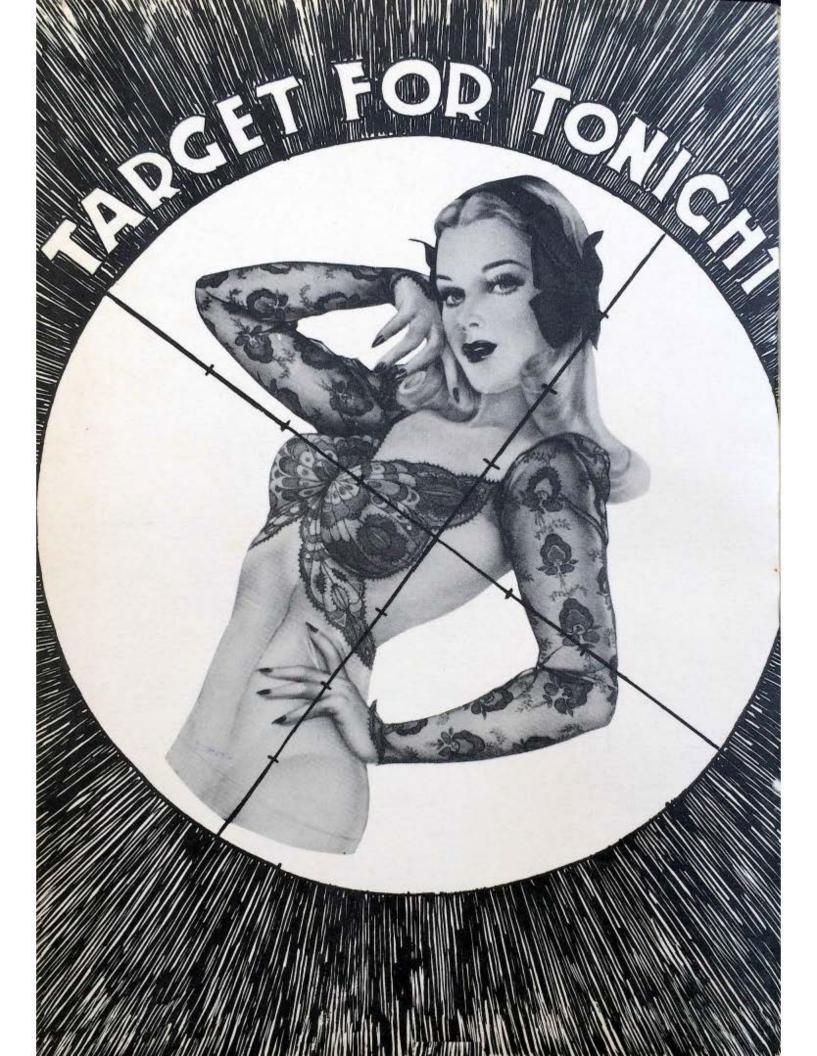
BY A/C RAUNCH, E. B.

Well, I went to the Squadron at 0300 last Sunday all set for the business. I enters the Flight Room and nonchalantly glances at the Operations Board like our Squadron Bombardier has always told us, hoping I wasn't scheduled for a navigation mission on account of I left my dividers back in the barracks. I remembered to bring my computers. I am relieved to find I am scheduled for a high altitude bombing mission with my buddy A/C High, C. E. So I go out to warm up the sight while C. E. draws the picture machine. After a while the pilot, Lt. D. O. Bouncer and my instructor, Lt. B. A. Shack, amble out to the plane, strap themselves into the seats and we are ready to go.

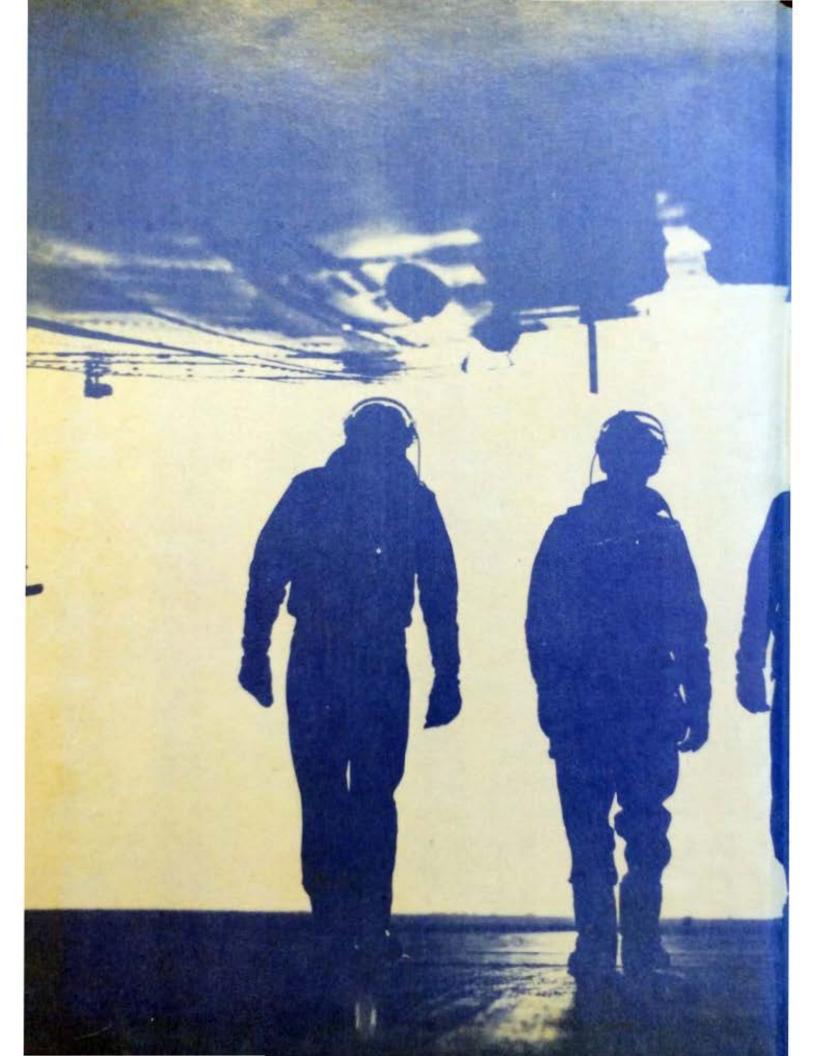
We takes off "Into the Wild Blue Yonder" like our song says. We hadn't been up ten minutes when my instructor taps me on the shoulder and very politely informs me that Lt. Bouncer wishes to converse with me. I very sheepishly puts on my earphones like I should have done before and I gives my instructor a winning grin. I calls up the pilot on the interphone and what do you think he wants-of all things-an altitude to fly. Right away I gets out my computers and pencils and starts to work I takes the square root of the bomb bay doors and divides by 3; adds the area of the "meathouse" (which I reads off a card up in the nose) and multiplies by the scale error of the altimeter and out comes an answer of .4314. I kinda figures this is a little low so I multiplies by 10,000 and gives this answer to the pilot via my instructor. He looks it over, divides by two, which makes it about right (within 2,000 feet). I sets up my sight, the pilot gives me "On Course," and I'm ready to go. I starts working on the knobs (sometimes I wish I could take off my shoes and use my toes as well as my hands). All of a sudden I lets her go. As one man, me and my instructor knocks heads waiting to see where she hits-Wow-2,000 feet short. I decides to ease the next one out to keep the bomb in the air longer and then drops my second bomb. I does a lot betteronly 1,000 feet short. Lt. Shack was disagreeably surprised. I drops three more (which fall almost within hailing distance of the target) and we come back to the field.

All the way into the Flight Room the air is blue on accounta my instructor's unkind words. After he finishes with me, I feel kinda lucky, getting off with only five stars. Then our Squadron Bombardier calls me into his office for a strategy conference, I presume, but he only wants to know why I didn't shine my shoes. His last words were, "Mark yourself up for ten," and I thinks to myself on the way home, "Boy, I had better enjoy that party 'cause I'll be paying for at least half of it."









MISSION COMPLETE

