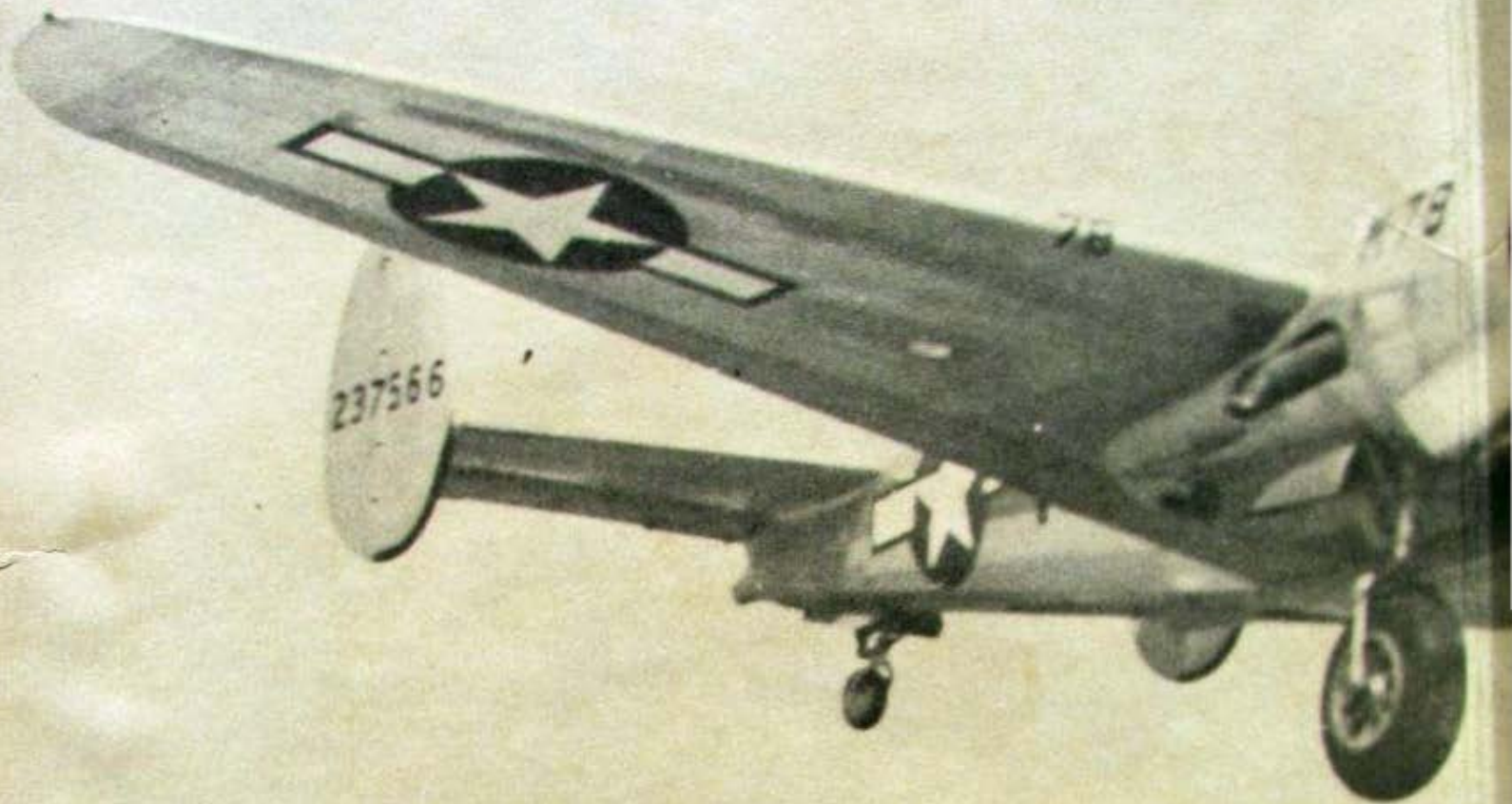




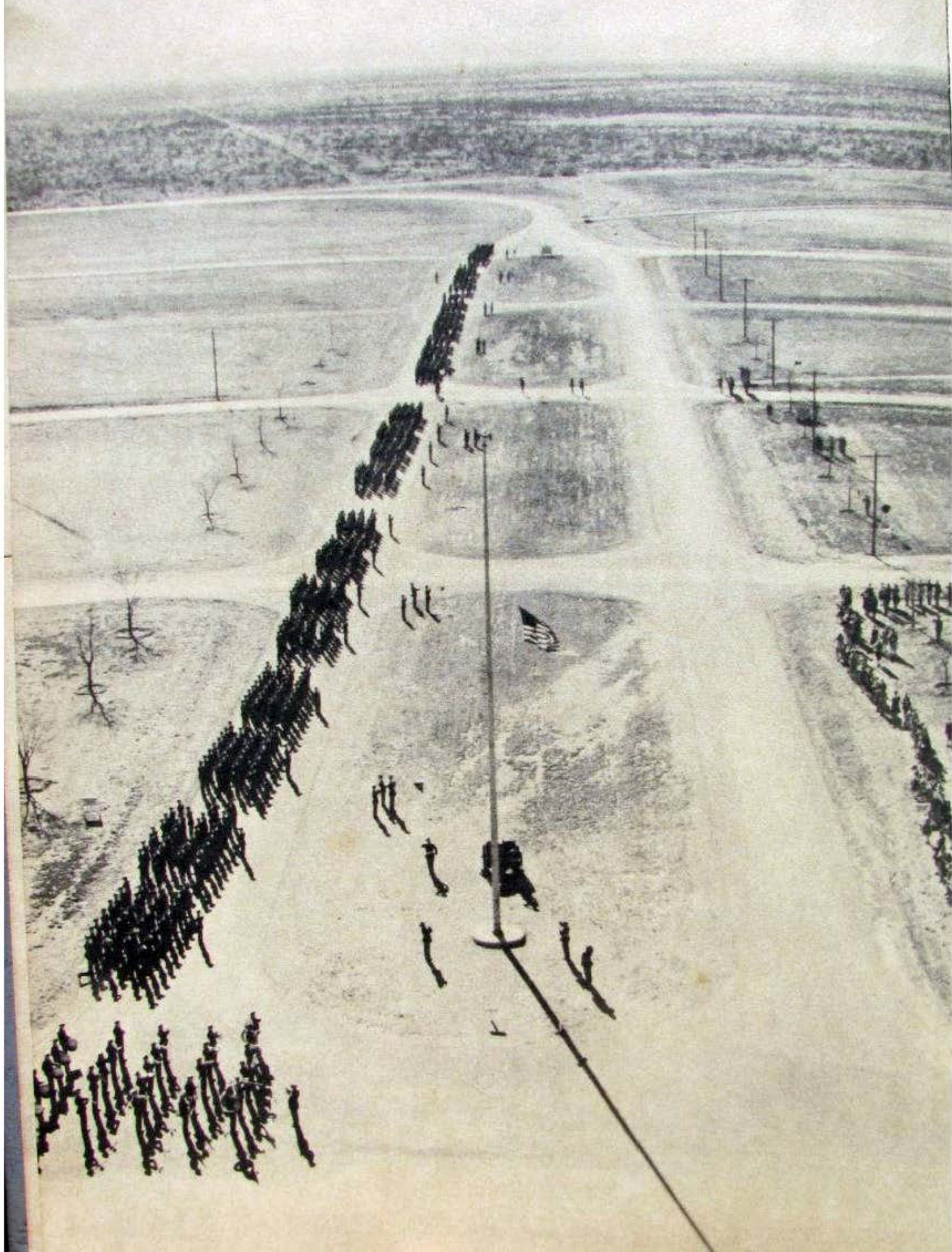
BOMBS AWAY

44-7

T. W. C. C. C. C.







44-7

Presents

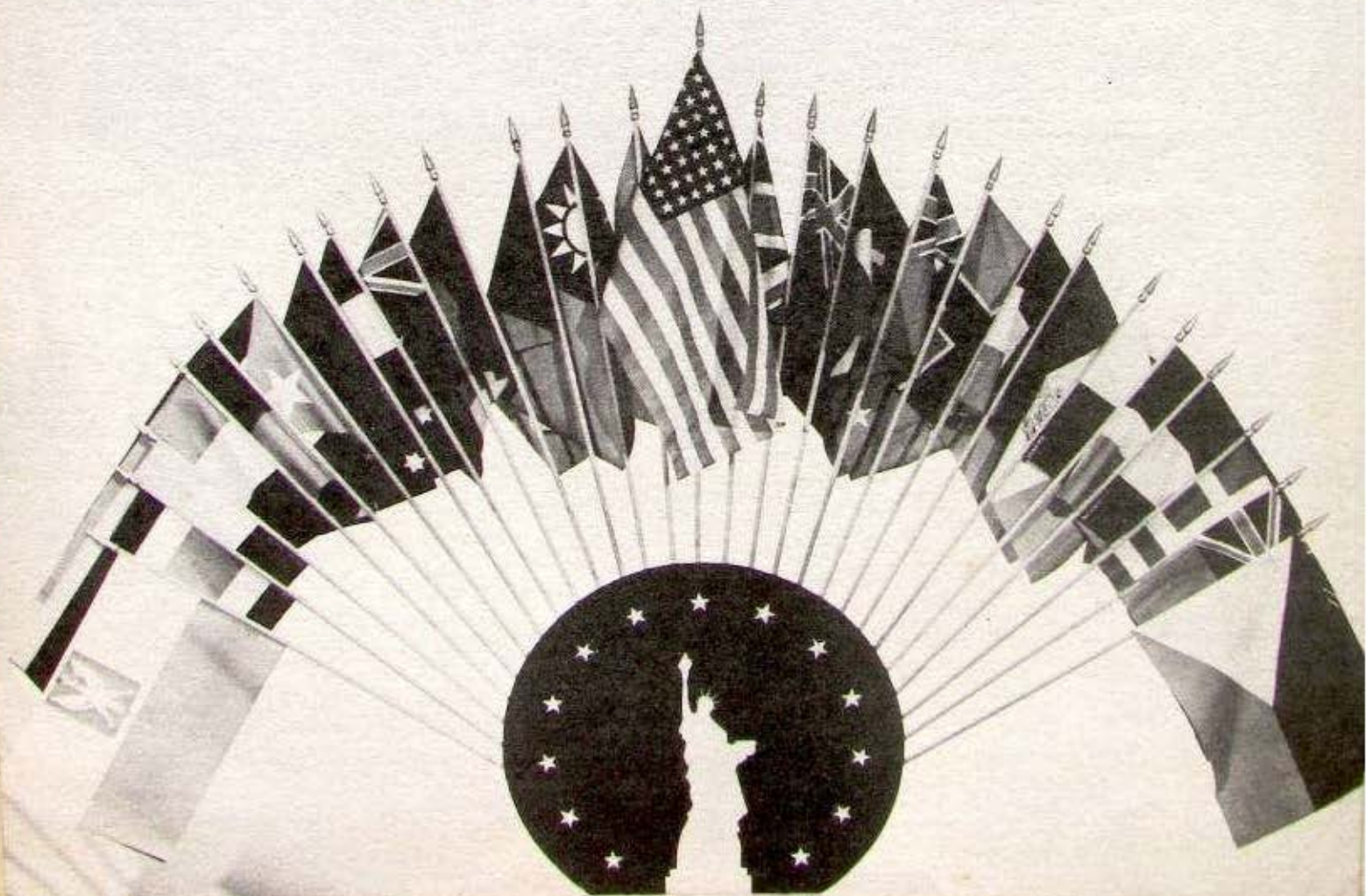
Bombs Away

MAA7 (B)

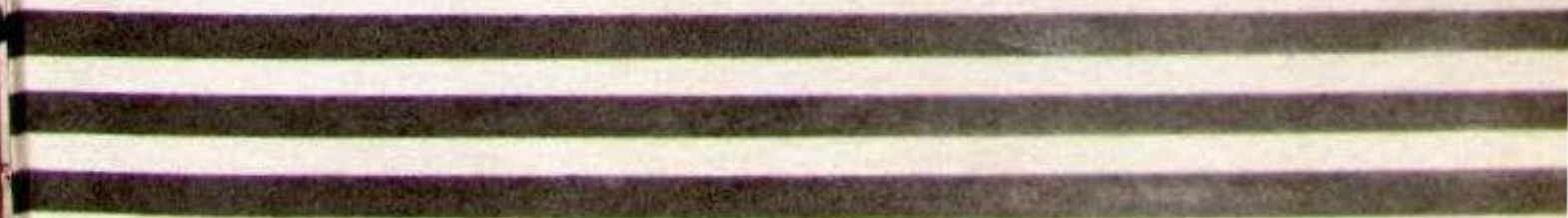
Midland, Texas

DEDICATED

TO THOSE WITH WHOM WE FIGHT

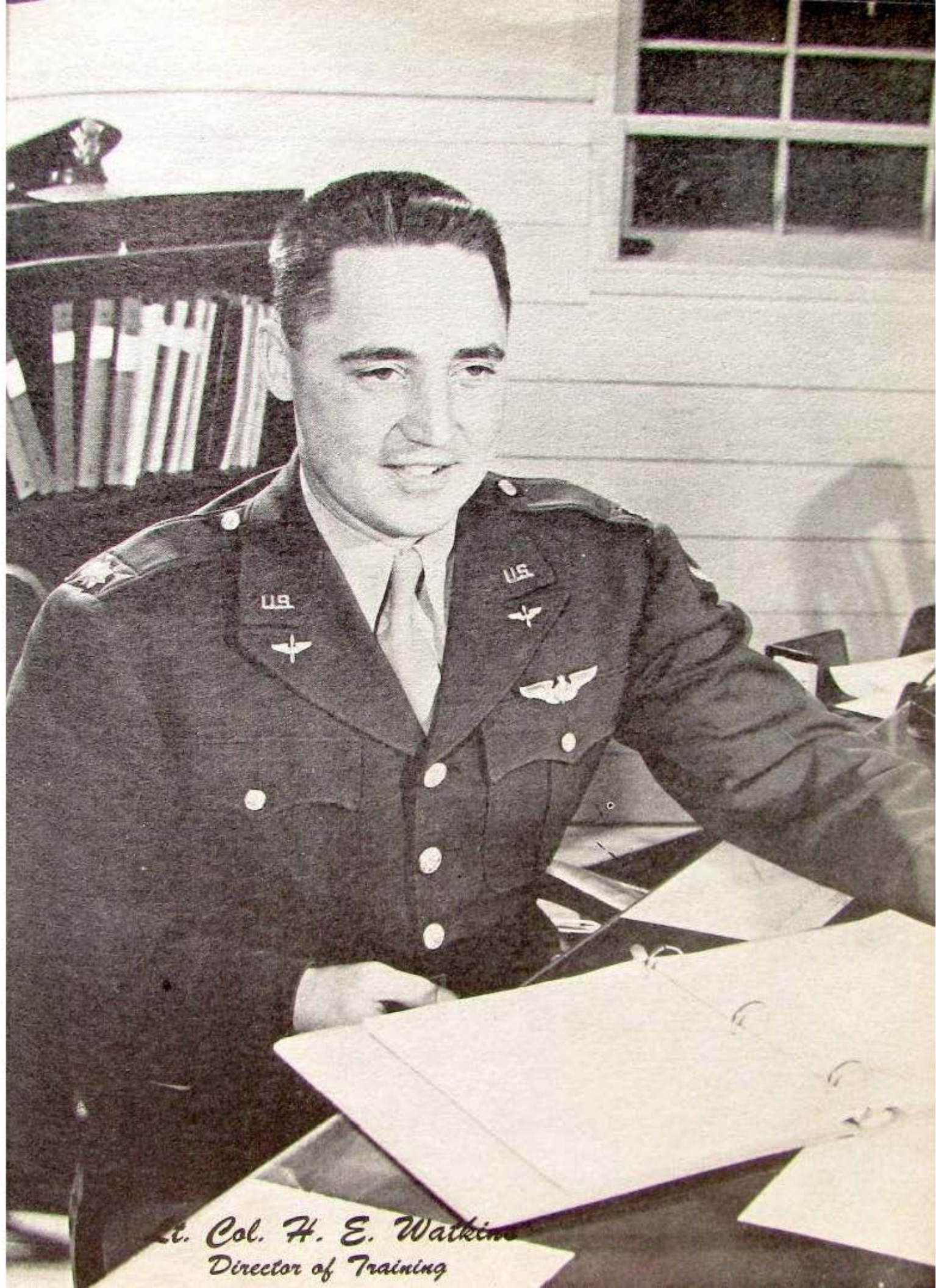


Administration





*Colonel C. H. Dowman
Commanding Officer*



*Lt. Col. H. E. Watkins
Director of Training*



U.S.

*Major H. E. Phelps
Commander of Cadets*



*Lt. James W. Hogan
Tactical Officer, Class 44-7*

tactical . . .

These are the men so essential to the training of bombardiers—the men whose task it was to plan the program that would turn out the greatest quantity of the best trained men in the shortest possible time.

Their duties ranged from scheduling classes to seeing that you were well fed—from deciding what you must know and how you should learn it to getting your family allotment straightened out.

They got the facts from combat zones and passed them on to you that you might do a better job with less personal danger. They determined whether or not an individual had the makings of a combat bombardier and eliminated those who did not. They listened to your complaints and did something about them wherever possible.

These are the men who completed the job of transforming soldiers to good soldiers and officers. They took away your pass and put you on the ramp when they thought it would make you a better one.

They put 24 hours' work into capsule form and even managed to leave time for food and sleep, an occasional movie and a letter home.

They took care of your basic needs and directed the show—from the first hour to the last. What you are now is the best indication of their degree of success.



Ground School

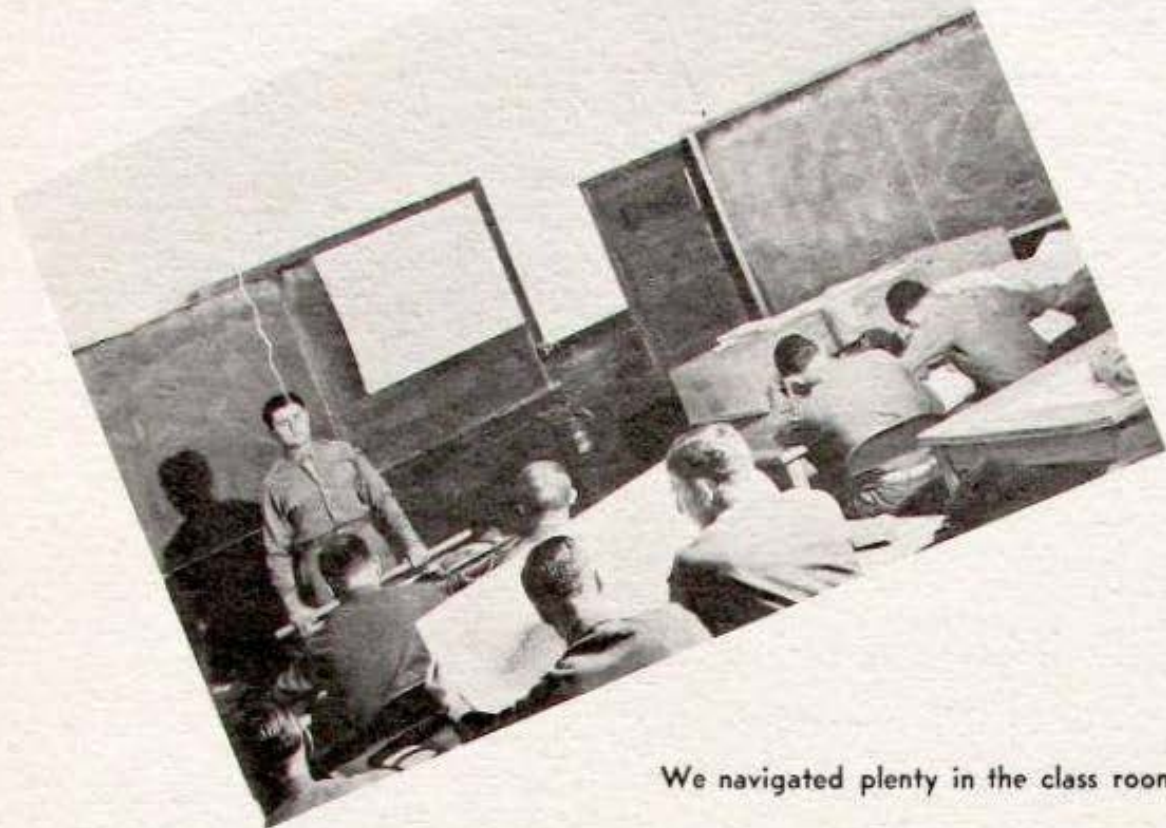
CAPT. F. E. LIGHTBURN
Director of Ground School

For every hour of practical work in the air, there were at least three hours in ground school work where the "why's" and "how's" of bombardiering and navigation were being taught.

From a maze of details—gudgeon bearings, sector gears, rollers and discs, range component of cross trail, the ABC, drift angles, calibration formulae, fuel consumption, controlled ground speed, metro winds, course corrections—came the basic knowledge that motivates the bombardier's every movement in the air.

The knob twirlers knew why they were turning knobs and what was happening as they did. Their ground school gave them the facts that would make it possible to complete a combat mission in spite of malfunctions or damaged equipment.

The courses were difficult, often highly technical. They required skilled and patient instruction—the kind of instruction that would make facts stick so that some day a life might be saved or an objective destroyed that would not have been otherwise.



We navigated plenty in the class room

These are the instructors, the men who supplied the theory to go with the muscle and machinery—that the coordination of the three would make every mission complete.

ADMINISTRATION

Capt. F. E. Lightburn
Capt. M. J. Moraghan
Lt. L. A. Bartha
Lt. T. S. Scott
Lt. W. T. Thomas

BOMBARDIER

Lt. J. R. Snyder
Lt. F. A. Cowan
Lt. G. C. Grosscup
W/O B. A. Rose

NAVIGATION

Lt. F. W. Vestal
Lt. J. P. Cornelius
Lt. G. E. Van Arsdale
Lt. M. N. Mayuga

Flying . . .

MAJOR O. G. HUFFMAN
Director of Flying

Sunday before sunup, Wednesday midnight or Friday afternoon—24 hours a day, seven days a week the silver AT-11's winged over West Texas, rehearsing the bombardiers who'll soon be handing the knockout punch to enemy strongholds from powerhouse Forts and Libs and lightning Mitchells and Marauders.

The flight line—a chaotic business of 12 C's, progress reports, chutes, cameras, computers, charts, dividers. Here was the quick preparation for flight and here, too, were the after-flight sessions where mistakes were ironed out that the next mission might be one step nearer the perfection required. Here were the chewing-outs, the lectures and the bull sessions that made bombardiers.

Here was the real business—the actual bombing after months of preparation. Here was the common spirit of the AAF—the satisfaction precision results grown out of complete teamwork and that feeling that men get from flying—the feeling that sets them aside from their co-workers on land and sea—something that comes from seeing a sunset from 11,000 feet up, from watching a tremendous moon flirting with foamy clouds.

Here the birdmen grew their wings.



And here are the men who did the biggest job of all—transforming comparative ground-grabbers into precision bombardiers in the best "Hell From Heaven" tradition. These are the pilots who flew two and three and four missions a day, a vital but thankless task, to turn out bombardiers. These are the instructors who spent long, extra hours molding men to do the most important job in the world—the instructors whose patience and understanding has guided many difficult students through a rugged four months of training.

2nd Training Squadron

Commanding Officer:	CAPT. H. O. PEDRAZZINI
Executive Officer:	CAPT. L. ESCHBERGER
Squadron Bombardier:	CAPT. V. E. WILSON
Squadron Bombardier:	CAPT. K. I. FROST
Squadron Navigator:	LT. W. S. SHIPMAN
Bombsight Officer:	LT. J. M. JONES

Bombardier Instructors

Flight A

LT. J. D. WILSON, Flight Leader
LT. JR. JOHNSON, Flight Leader
LT. K. L. BISHOP
LT. E. S. CHESTER
LT. G. B. CERTAIN
LT. W. E. PETERS
LT. J. P. KIRBY
LT. H. M. JOHNSON

Flight B

LT. W. F. QUINN, Flight Leader
LT. W. JOHNSTON, Flight Leader
LT. W. E. BRANDT
LT. W. F. BEHLING
LT. D. T. BEATTIE
LT. J. W. VATH
LT. W. F. LAUFENBERGER
LT. R. T. BIRCHARD

Flight C

LT. R. A. TEARNAN, Flt. Leader
LT. J. R. WITHERBY, Flt. Leader
LT. R. K. WILSON
LT. W. H. HOPSON
LT. J. N. VINES
LT. L. M. FOSTER
LT. A. KORENBLIT

Flight D

LT. R. E. DOAN, Flt. Leader
LT. W. P. WHITE, Flt. Leader
LT. J. E. LINK
LT. D. R. CASEY
LT. I. F. BARKER
LT. A. T. TOPPING
LT. C. P. LARSON
LT. E. F. POTTS

and Pilots

Flight A

LT. P. D. GILL, Flt. Leader
LT. L. C. HINER
F/O W. H. LYNN
LT. H. O. PROCTOR
LT. O. L. COIL
LT. M. W. HARDGRAVE
LT. C. W. WELANDER

Flight B

LT. E. LEMKE, Flt. Leader
LT. S. KOZIMOR
LT. H. L. WOODARD
LT. J. W. LABERTEW
LT. V. L. DAVIS
LT. H. M. RODGERS
LT. E. S. ZIOBRO

Flight C

LT. A. H. BECK, Flt. Leader
LT. F. G. DOUTHWAITE
LT. H. R. COPLIN
LT. F. D. HEINRICH
LT. A. P. WHEELLOCK
LT. L. L. CARVER
LT. S. D. STILES
LT. B. R. HOPSTEIN
LT. L. A. WHEATON

Flight D

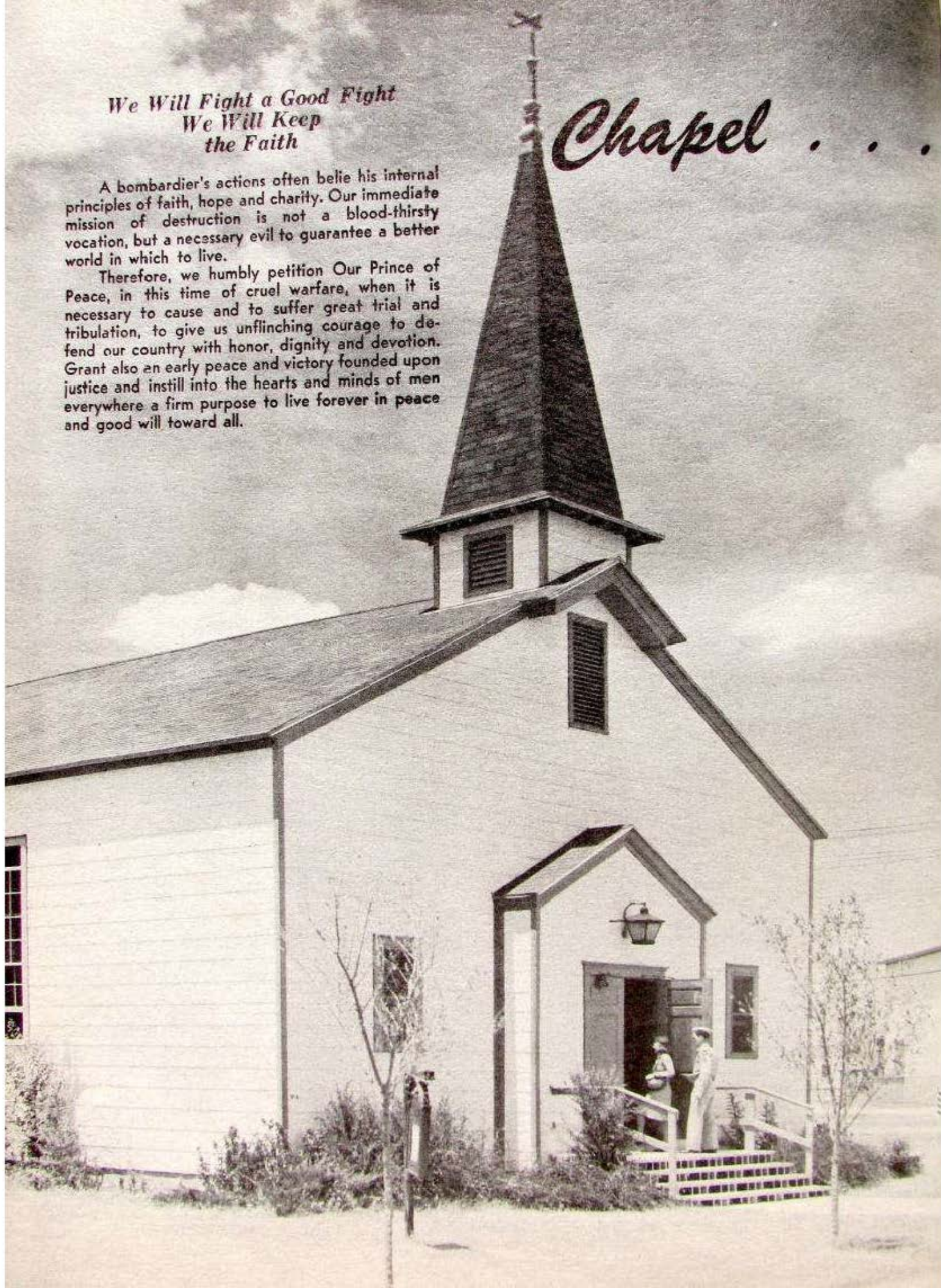
LT. H. P. KOESTER, Flt. Leader
LT. O. N. TIBBETTS
LT. L. W. FETZER
LT. H. V. DITTOE
LT. R. E. KLEMME
CAPT. K. P. PENDERGRAFT
LT. E. C. McCULLOUGH

*We Will Fight a Good Fight
We Will Keep
the Faith*

A bombardier's actions often belie his internal principles of faith, hope and charity. Our immediate mission of destruction is not a blood-thirsty vocation, but a necessary evil to guarantee a better world in which to live.

Therefore, we humbly petition Our Prince of Peace, in this time of cruel warfare, when it is necessary to cause and to suffer great trial and tribulation, to give us unflinching courage to defend our country with honor, dignity and devotion. Grant also an early peace and victory founded upon justice and instill into the hearts and minds of men everywhere a firm purpose to live forever in peace and good will toward all.

Chapel . . .



... and Chaplains

CHAPLAIN P. J. TOOMEY



CHAPLAIN C. C. DOLLAR

Class

"The Midland Army Air Field Bombardier School announces the graduation of Class 44-7—"

Congratulations, Lieutenant! Those pinks and greens look just as good as you thought they would, don't they? Those wings and bars feel like they were two feet long and neon lighted. And how about that first highball? You had to grin when you returned it. You've survived the great and happy day that you've worked for well over a year and you'll soon be off to the races—getting your chance on the varsity. And you're the lad that's going to deliver the knockout punch. You're the "Hell From Heaven" man, the nucleus around which nine men and hundreds of thousands of dollars are centered, a flying officer and a gentleman, a bombardier.

Remember how it started? You found your country at war and, being out of short pants, knew you'd have to do something about it. You liked the idea of doing your fighting in the air and started filling out your first GI forms. You passed a mental that lots of guys flunked and were okeyed on a physical that was plenty rough. You made it where lots of others didn't and felt pretty good about it. In a few months you'd be called up, breeze through a little preflight and then go into advanced training and emerge with your wings in a few months.

It didn't work out that way, did it? You found yourself on a train headed for Miami Beach or Sheppard Field or JB or maybe Gulfport or Santa Ana. You woke up to find yourself wearing GI clothes that couldn't touch the super-zoot cadet uniforms you'd seen. You were getting \$50 per, not the \$75 and you were "Private," not "Cadet." You froze in the morning and were broiled in the afternoon and played games at PT in mild hurricanes and sand storms and drilled in mud and rain and didn't like the food, nor the drilling, nor the games.

You heard rumors about a new college training deal and soon found yourself tucked away for from two to five months somewhere in Michigan or Texas or Oklahoma or Iowa or Florida. Maybe you had a good deal—maybe you didn't.

But you were learning. You found out that "FO" didn't always stand for Flight Officer or future officer. You learned the anatomical relation of Texas to the "48" and the universe. You got over being annoyed but became "PO'd" or developed a "nice case of the RA." You picked up a few of the finer forms of goldbricking for times things got too rough, and could look terribly busy while enjoying a mild rest. "On the ball" began to grate a little and you learned to hate overly-eager beavers. But you were pretty happy and sang while you marched—everything from "I've Got Sixpence" to the military version of "Yo, Heave Ho!" and "Ragtime Cowboy Joe."

Then, after only six or seven months in the air corps, you saw the inside of your first airplane and what a beauty it was. Sure, it was beautiful. Sixty-five timid horses pulling an early '30 model Piper Cub or Porterfield through the blue at a breathtaking 100 miles per hour. Anyway, it proved you didn't have to walk EVERYWHERE if you're in the air corps.

So the months dragged by—slowly because you were only busy ten or fourteen hours a day—and you breezed into classification at San Antonio or Nashville with a brand new crop of worries. You cut down your smoking for the famous "64." "This psycho-motor is really rugged." "They're GDOing everybody who asks for bombardier." Maybe a few of your buddies got the axe.

Then one night you came off a 16-hour whirl at K.P. to find your name on the board—you were classified and could now concentrate on serious goldbricking until you shipped out to the "Country club" at Ellington.

Well, it wasn't exactly a country club. You were met at the train by a gibbering horde of cadet officers and didn't get a chance to sit down and take a smoke for over three weeks. You went to school all day and GI'd every night, living only for the three times a day when you sat down to what was then the best cadet mess in the country. You double timed everywhere and wondered if you'd ever do anything right. You sweat out a two-hour line to get into town and a two-hour line to get back, but Houston was worth it. Girls and cars and cars and girls and a little social life for a change. You had jive before marchons, courtesy of three hot trumpets, and warmed up in the morning to "Woodchopper's Ball."

You completed your nine weeks and then dropped over to "Double Zexo" where you recuperated and pretended to sweep streets eight hours a day and listened to rumors about Albuquerque, Midland, Childress, Victorsville, Big Springs, Harlingen and Laredo. You hoped to hell you wouldn't get gunnery and go to Laredo.

History

You did get gunnery and you did go to Laredo. You quit carrying a Blitz cloth around in your back pocket, smoked outside and even forgot your shoes a couple of nights a week. You learned that sheets were a luxury and that barracks sometimes have mice. The food was damned fine, however—if you ate at the PX restaurant. You heard wild tales about the AT-6's and weather at Eagle Pass and found out they were understatements. You went to Mexico and returned a man of the world who'd seen everything. You shot enough skeet to make you a country club ace and got acquainted with machine guns and turrets the hard way. You added a phrase, "It beats, etc." to your vocabulary and revived the old cadet war cry, "Haba." You found good T-bone steaks in town, period. There was nothing else. Finally they tossed you a pair of gunner's wings, collected your six weeks' mess bill and gave you a Pullman to Midland.

You thought you were at a fraternity rush banquet when you saw linen and real plates on the table—and waiters, no less. And somebody to clean the halls and latrines in the barracks. What a deal! Of course it was too good for your luck to stand so you pulled a couple of turns at KP—but you were paid for it—almost three cents an hour, too.

The first exams rolled around and after a week or two you thought you might wash out. The trainer was a malicious machine and the intricacies of Mr. Norden's little masterpiece puzzled you more than somewhat.

One day they marched you out to the flight line and you were pretty excited about it. They marched you out there a few more times and you began wondering why it didn't rain more often. The ceiling came down for a week and you wondered why it didn't clear up. A shack, you learned, isn't a poor man's home.

You did some pretty foolish things up there at first but gradually caught on to the way of things and became capable. Ground school exams kept life from being entirely pleasant but you scraped by and found, to your amazement, that you were learning the things you had to know. They tossed enough initials at you to start a new New Deal—GS, TBA, PAAT, FLPA, CMIT, TC, TH, MV, CC, IFLT, CEC and the all-important CE.

Then—happy day—your first solo mission. You had the nose all to yourself and were lord and master of that cubicle. You surprised yourself by remembering when to do what and came down with new confidence.

You were just getting the hang of bombardiering, but you were to be a versatile lad when you got through, so up came the navigation—how to get from here to there with an altimeter, air speed indicator, chart, a dozen pencils and the little jim-dandy E6B that computes everything from army serial numbers to true-false answers.

The shops brought around those pinks and greens and you looked at them and ordered and hoped to God you'd be able to wear them. After the range you doubted that you'd ever be clean enough.

Came the "welcoming" dance and you made one of your infrequent jaunts to town—a few girls for a change. Then the stag party for winning the bond drive—a big night at the new cadet club—a big night dampened a bit by the fact that you had to fly at six o'clock next morning.

So 44-7 has ground the grind to the end. You're one of the boys who has had a lot of poor deals—running into innovations that made things tougher each time you hit a new post. You felt like saying "to hell with it" lots of times, but you didn't. Now you're through warming up and you're going into the fracas. You've received as much training as any bombardier ever had and you'll have the best tools to work with. The pioneering was taken care of by a great bunch of guys early in the war and it looks as though you'll be the boys to put the finishing touches on the job. You've spent from 14 to 17 months getting ready and you'll soon get your turn at bat—after that leave you've been hoping for since your first day in the army. Make it a good one and, as they say on the recruiting posters,

"Good luck and good hunting!"



MORNING MAIL! MORNING MAIL!



CAPT. BELL, Asst. Commandant of Cadets



... AND WE SAW BOTH SIDES OF CADET MESS





I'M DREAMING OF . . .!



... AND WALKED OUR WAY THROUGH ADVANCED

WE GAVE THE CADET CLUB A
ROYAL OPENING

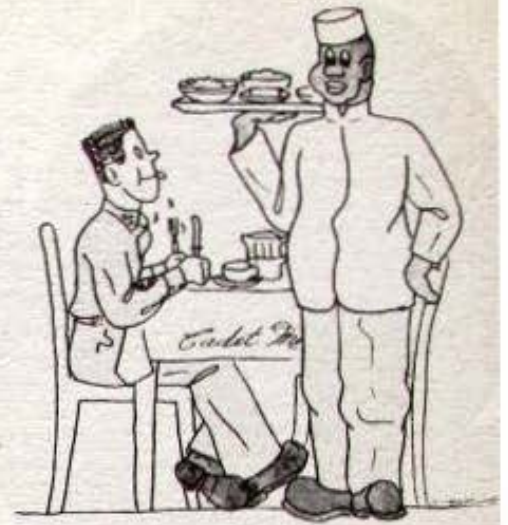


THE SAME OLD ARMY

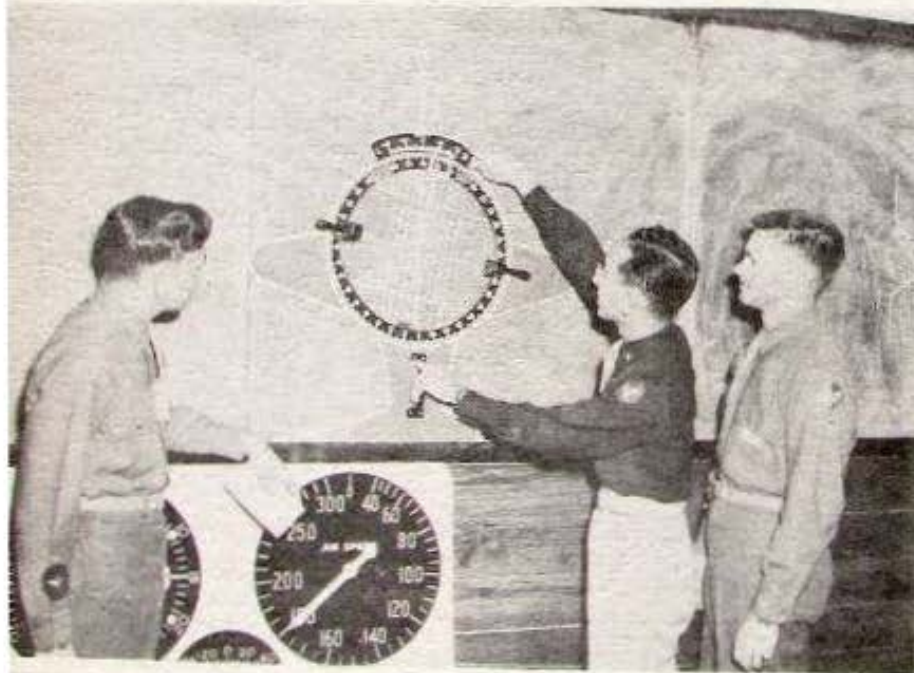




CAPT. ROBERT G. SCHAEFER



THIS IS THE ARMY



(TC ± D = TH)



BRAZILIAN BUDDIES

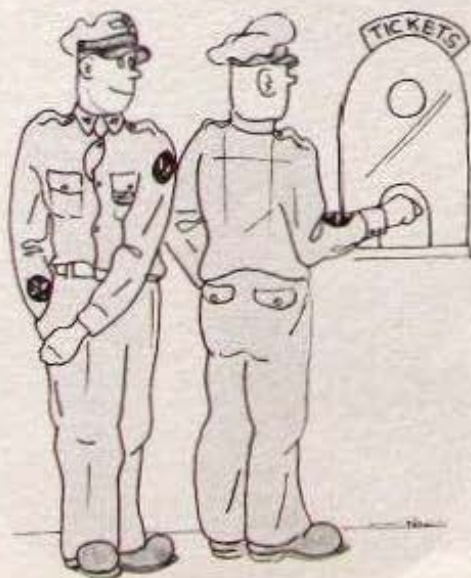
CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK



HOME SWEET HOME



CALL TO QUARTERS



MAAF OPEN POST

Cadets



U.S.



U.S.





Ara J. Adams
336 Mystic Street
Arlington, Massachusetts



Carl P. Adams
6230 Harrison Street
Kansas City, Missouri



Stephen O. Addison
Route 2
Rossville, Georgia



Dean E. Anderson
Cable, Wisconsin



Charler J. Armour
105 17 Avenue
Lewiston, Idaho



John E. Bach
Goshen, New York



Lester G. Baker, Jr.
192 E. 3rd South Street
Provo, Utah



Burten C. Barkan
179 Prospect Park, S. W.
Brooklyn, New York



Howard F. Barrett-Smith
453 Briar Place
Chicago, Illinois



Raymond R. Barthlow
1296 Tonawanda Avenue
Akron, Ohio



Frank L. Bartley
Cotton Plant, Arkansas



William B. Bauer
623 Girard Street, N. E.
Washington, D. C.



James R. Beck
1218 2nd Street, N.
Fargo, North Dakota



Harold H. Benjamin
Park Tower Apts.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Robert B. Bentley
155 Potomac Avenue
Buffalo, New York



John J. Benz
4004 Montgomery Road
Norwood, Ohio



Ladislav W. Beran
601 N. Main
Taylor, Texas



John D. Bistarkey
27 W. Spaulding Street
Willoughby, Ohio



Morton I. Blackman
42 Whittier Street
Bridgeport, Connecticut



Hugh T. Bliss
312 Norris Court
Madison, Wisconsin



John D. Bloomington
Route 1
Nebraska City, Nebraska



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Glastonbury, Connecticut



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Cedar Rapids, Iowa



Charles H. Breeze
Locust Avenue
Mineral Ridge, Ohio



Earl I. Brown
1947 Adams Street
Hollywood, Florida



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Minneapolis, Minnesota



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Los Angeles, California



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Melrose, Massachusetts



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Lindsay, Oklahoma



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3138 Robert Street
New Orleans, Louisiana



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2134 E. 27 Street
Tulsa, Oklahoma



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142 South 11th
Pocatello, Idaho



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Route 1
Cape May, New Jersey



David D. Crichton
103 N. 2nd Street
Hopewell, Virginia



Thomas W. Culpepper
Columbus, Texas



Joseph G. Cutler
2512 W. Yakima Avenue
Yakima, Washington



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1868 Broad Street
Cranston, Rhode Island



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19 Exeter Street
Williston Park, New York



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805 W. Cavour
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4414 Audubon Road
Detroit, Michigan



Donald Bartlett Estey
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Lynn, Massachusetts



Lowell Faust
Syracuse, Nebraska



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Prescott, Arizona



John S. Fecko
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Flat Rock, Michigan



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Athens, Pennsylvania



William D. Fiser
Benton, Kentucky



John C. Fouche, Jr.
129 Nichols Apts.
Maryville, Tennessee



James A. Foxwell



Thomas H. Freudenthal
109-24 122 Street
South Ozone Park, L. I., New York



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San Jose, California



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New York, New York



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15 Dewey Avenue
Windsor, Vermont



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Seattle, Washington



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Denver, Colorado



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Erie, Pennsylvania



John C. Haberman
9 1/2 Spring Street
Etna, Pennsylvania



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271 Lincoln Street
Phillipsburg, New Jersey



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Huntington Park, California



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Fort Wayne, Indiana



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Waseca, Minnesota



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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Fritz Kretschmar
2950 Charlotte Avenue
San Gabriel, California



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Roseda e Drive
Pottstown, Pennsylvania



Alley B. Lance, Jr.
Springside Road
Skyland, North Carolina



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Pleasant Ridge, Michigan



David L. Levantin
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Robert W. Lindauer
106 S. D Street
Fairfield, Iowa



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Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



John J. Lynch
127 N. 42nd Street
Omaha, Nebraska



Philip A. Manson
10 Mossland Street
W. Somerville, Massachusetts



Gilmore F. Mason
415 Dakota Street
Winona, Minnesota



Roy M. May
176 E. Walnut Street
Oglesby, Illinois



Willard M. McCollum
Route 2
Dyer, Tennessee



George W. McKay
Route 2
Tarentum, Pennsylvania



Richard H. McLawhorn, Jr.
Winterville, North Carolina



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Middletown, Ohio



Richard H. Mikesell
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Cadiz, Ohio



James B. Miller
Richland, Iowa



John G. Moore
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Wolf Point, Montana



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George A. Muise, Jr.
248 Vauxhall Street
New London, Connecticut



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Bridgeport, Connecticut



John W. Padget
1957 Franklin Street
Waterloo, Iowa



Lindley H. Pate
Route 3
Kingston, North Carolina



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Box 2352
Casper, Wyoming



Cloyd E. Peacock
Route 2
Austin, Indiana



Henry C. Perret
1305 S. Carrollton Avenue
New Orleans, Louisiana



Samuel Earl Pizzo
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New Orleans, Louisiana



Roger J. Probert
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Glen Rock, New Jersey



John T. Puglisi
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Cleveland, Ohio



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Beverly Hills, California



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Grand Rapids, Michigan



Harry Wetzel
113 Penn Street
Woodbury, New Jersey



James P. Whitlock
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Lake City, South Carolina



Donald L. Wright
934 Dayton Street
Hamilton, Ohio



Alvah C. Yarrington, Jr.
407 North East Street
Albany, Missouri



Gregory A. Yelle
140 Mayville Avenue
Kenmore, New York



William H. Young
Box 58 Mission Canyon
Santa Barbara, California

*121 students
to
the school was about
5-20-42*



Earl F. Zellner
Box 104
Catoosa, Oklahoma

Student Officers



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4233 McKinney Avenue
Dallas, Texas



Lt. Ralph R. Beale
Route 1
London, Ohio



Lt. Alan C. Davis
146 Trapelo Road
Waltham, Massachusetts



Lt. James C. Forsythe
77 Cottage Street
Sharon, Massachusetts



Lt. Earl J. Horn
Sullivan, Illinois



Lt. Thomas J. Kirk
1065 Nelson Avenue
Bronx, New York



Lt. Stanley A. Lapinski
19 Madison Street
New Haven, Connecticut



Lt. Alonzo D. McAllister, Jr.
304 Sutton Street
Fayetteville, Arkansas



Lt. Bernard R. Nies
500 Lafayette Avenue, N. E.
Grand Rapids, Michigan



Lt. Joseph P. Pepino
438 S. 62nd Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

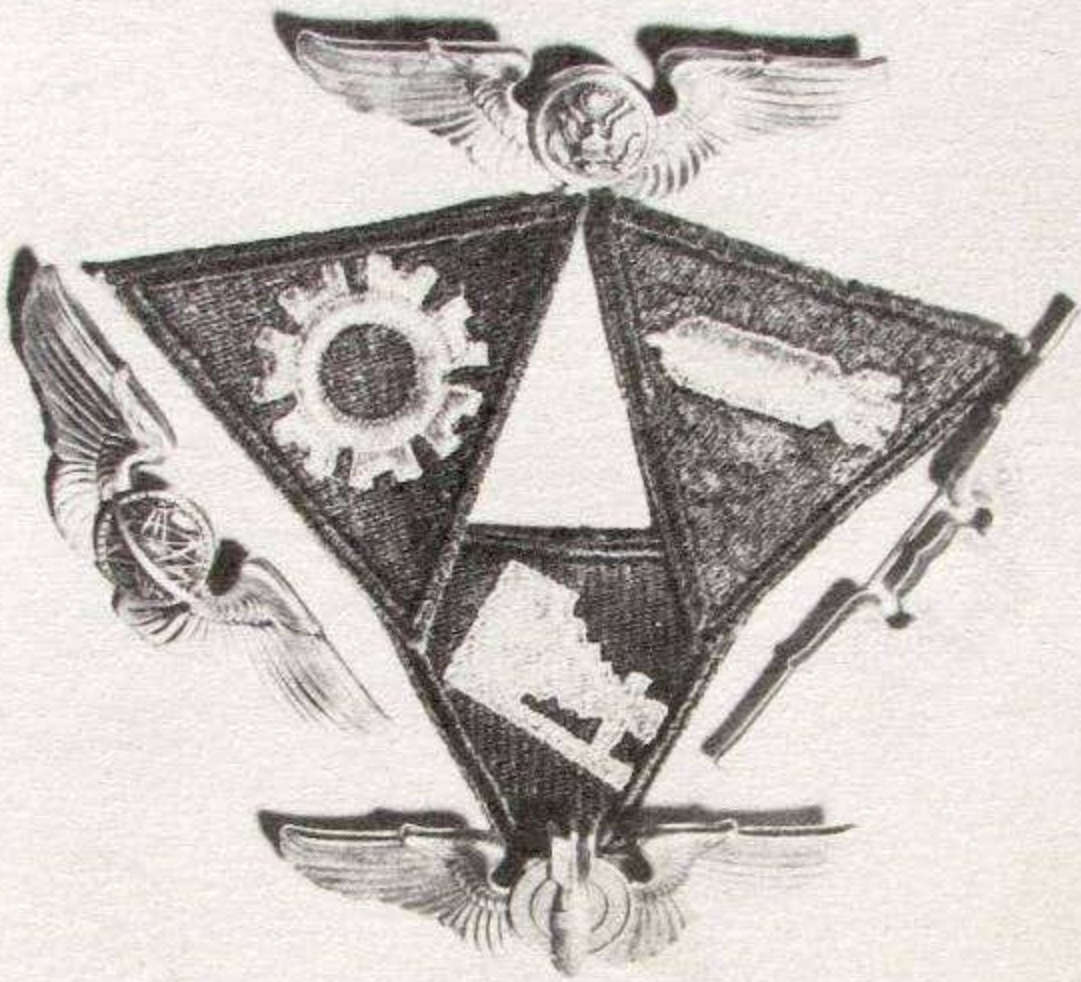


Lt. Myron F. Roskopf
706 Elm Tree Lane
Kirkwood, Missouri



Lt. Roy E. Williams
719 N. Wilson Street
Rock Hill, South Carolina

On The Line



The Second



CAPT. L. ESCHBERGER
Executive Officer



CAPT. H. O. PEDRAZZINI
Commanding Officer



CAPT. V. E. WILSON
Squadron Bombardier



CAPT. K. I. FROST
Squadron Bombardier



LT. J. M. JONES
Bombsight Officer



LT. W. S. SHIPMAN
Squadron Navigator



FIRST WE CHASED THE BUG ALL OVER



... AND FINALLY SAW THE INSIDE OF AN AT-11



LOTS OF LECTURES



WE ALL WANTED TO GET INTO THAT HIGH ALTITUDE OUTFIT



"RED" PATIENTLY CORRECTED OUR 12C's



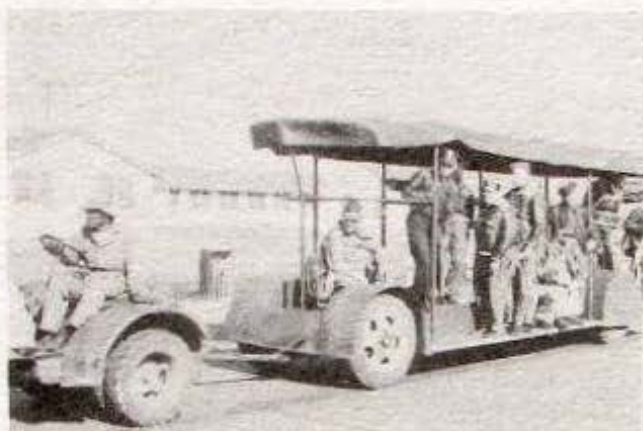
"RECORD BOMBS TODAY. MAKE THEM GOOD"



"HONEST SARGE, IT WOULDN'T WORK UP THERE"



JUST IN CASE



SAVE THE ENERGY FOR "UP IN THE BLUE"



AND A THOROUGH PREFLIGHT . . .



. . . HELPED TO TURN IN THE PERFECT MISSION



DECORATED IN THE BATTLE OF MIDLAND



TAKE-OFF IN 2 MINUTES, HIT IT!



CAPT. WILSON GOES OVER THE MISSION



750 FEET AT 6 O'CLOCK (MUST HAVE BEEN THE BUBBLES)



PLEASE DO A GOOD JOB



WE LEARNED FROM THE GROUND UP



HMMM, . . . THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE DALLAS



"LET'S GO OVER THIS AGAIN"



JUST A REMINDER, BASE CAMP—SOUTH 23



Thanks

To the personnel on the field that so graciously aided us in the production of this book Captain Francis Hinton of the Photo Lab, Lt. Robert Wistrand, Public Relations Officer, and their staffs:



ARMY AIR FORCES BOMBARDIER SCHOOL
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT OF CADETS

Midland, Texas
5 Feb 1944

MEMORANDUM:

Class 44-7

TO: 1. The following named Aviation Cadets have been appointed as the staff for the Class Book of 44-7.

- Editor - Lynch, John J.
- Associate Editor - Benz, John J.
- Copy Editor - Baker, Lester G.
- Layout Editor - Stewart, Paul H.
- Business Manager - Tucker, James B.
- Photography - Culpepper, Thomas W.
- Liaison - Puglisi, John T.

James W. Hogan
JAMES W. HOGAN,
2nd Lt., Air Corps,
Tactical Officer.

*Revision complete. Doc
4-20-44*

