

BOMBS
ALWAYS



7-7-47



THE BASES LOADED



CAPTAIN VINCENT B. EVANS

Victorville graduate of '42 and bombardier of the Memphis Belle. The 8th Air Force knows him best as one of the finest bombardiers in the business.

To the bombardiers of Class 44-7, I send words of encouragement. The world series pennant is yours to win and as we draw into the final phases of the game, it is the lot of this class to pick up the game at an historically crucial stage.

The bases are loaded and you're coming to bat. The bleachers are packed with spectators who have paid to see you win. They've paid rather highly... not just in terms of admission tickets... they've staked everything on you.

The bases are loaded! Men before you from Victorville have done it. On first is the Italian campaign... eager to get "around the horn." On second, stretching for third is the New Guinea route. On third, one lap from home, are the bombing squadrons from England.

The bases are loaded! What will you be... coming to bat? The home run King that will send them all home?

Batter up!

Vincent B. Evans

Captain, Air Corps.





from the
FRONT OFFICE

May 20, 1944

TO THE CLASS OF 44-7:

As a team, you of 44-7 have emerged from spring training season as a spirited unit with all the tricks and skills your coaches had to offer you. Each of you has been trained to bat, pitch, run and field. . . more important, you've learned the underlying strategies. You are all-round bombardiers. . . every one of you.

Your strength is new, your equipment new. . . your knowledge new. You are going to face a seasoned team whose strength, equipment and knowledge are old. As far as strength and equipment go, you have the advantage. In the case of knowledge the best is aged. We have striven to give you the benefit of returned veteran's experience, but there is much to be learned by direct combat.

With proud confidence we dispatch you to the Big League, relying upon that American trait of fast-thinking to whip your opponents.

You won't be playing on the home field, but we'll be tuned in.

EARL C. ROBBINS,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.



MAJOR ROBERT H. MURRAY
Deputy for Training



LT. ROBERT C. DAVIDSON
Post Adjutant



MAJOR SIDNEY A. MILLIGAN
Post Executive Officer

ADMINISTRATION . . .



CAPT. ARTHUR L. BIBERSTEIN
Director of Flying



MAJOR CHARLES I. SAMPSON
Administrative Officer



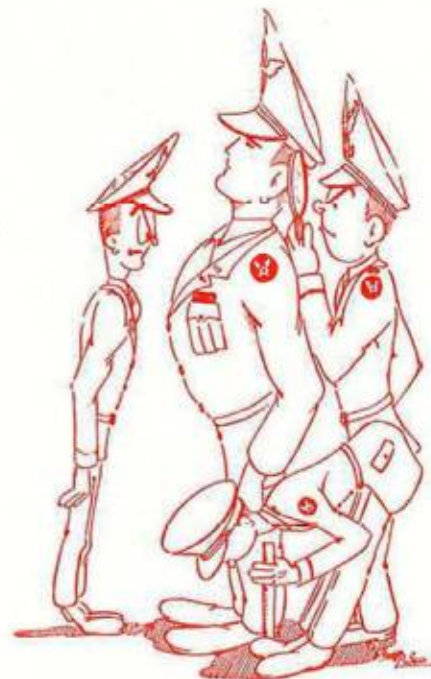
CAPT. JOHN D. BARNARD
School Secretary



MAJOR KNOX PARKER
Air Inspector



LT. RUSSELL H. HARBAUGH
Tactical Officer



In every ball game, there is a coach who runs along the side-line to tell the man on base when to break for second... when to stick to the bag, when to steal one. In a sense, Lt. Russell H. Harbaugh, our tactical officer was that coach to us.

It was his head that remained cool in the heat of the game; his level-headedness and reserved equanimity that brought us home. There were times with all of us when it was "two down" and the heat as on... and we might have blown the inning. But the unruffled voice of Lt. Harbaugh penetrated the tumult of training to mend our fraying nerves and send us scampering down the line on a base hit.

His was the capacity of kind and understanding firmness rather than driving harshness. When the game got particularly gruelling, he would come to us with the 7th inning stretch and say, "I believe we can get that open post this week end, men. Finish this one out." And that was the adrenalin we needed.

Thanks from all of us for the best coaching in the business.





MAJOR HAROLD M. SKAGGS
Commandant of Students



CAPT. A. H. MILLER
Assistant Commandant of Students



LT. FRED B. BLANEY
Adjutant

The Coaches

Though they didn't wear knickers, orange socks and megaphones, they were our coaches just the same. The three venerable sages of the bombardiering game: Head Coach Skaggs, Assistant Coach Miller and Batting Coach Blaney all had their share of whipping us into a great ball team. "Whipping" is barely figurative however, but "great" is not.

They kept us in training all right. Scientific diet, scientific exercise, scientific sleeping hours, scientific inspections. They sent us to the

showers, refereed our practice games and bellowed "Ye're Out!" when ever the occasion arose.

Yes, they were a hard-working, relentless staff, but they made good players out of the green, bush-leaguers we once were.

"I hanks, coach," we can now say. We would never have made it home if they hadn't kept us running the bases.





ON THE MOUND

Here's the battery we faced in ground school . . . three stellar pitchers who hurled them hard and fast . . . Lieutenants William G. Barmore . . . Harry Q. Petersmeyer . . . and Melvin C. Green.

Lt. Barmore we'll remember for his wavy hair which seemed to throw a curve on the ball . . . Lt. Petersmeyer for his quick reactions and smiles that put a little steam on his fast ball . . . Lt. Green for his cigar that brought him fame for his infamous smoke ball.

So much for the pitchers . . . they had plenty on the ball and used it . . . but they taught us how to hit.

BARMORE



PETERSMEYER



GREEN

Spring Training

The blackboard strategy of baseball necessarily precedes the actual game. It would be rather embarrassing to the coaches to send a man to the plate and have him turn around and belt the catcher, thinking it was just another form of fencing. Or, to be less ridiculous, the same coach would be chagrined if the same rookie were to hit out a line drive and high-tail it down toward third in a tight moment of the game.

So it goes with bombardiering. Before a man of us could be entrusted, not with a bat, but with a ton of bombs and a \$5,000 bombsight, we were painstakingly trained in ground school.

There, they threw the rule book at us, specifications and types of equipment, every feasible position we might encounter in the game. The hours were long and numerous but slowly we grasped the meaning of the dovetail mechanism and the bombsight became as simple as...well, almost.

Slowly we eked understanding of racks, shackles, causes and errors,

rate ends, trouble-shooting and at last, when we felt we had a working knowledge of bombing from maintenance to synchronization, we were faced with navigation...and weather.

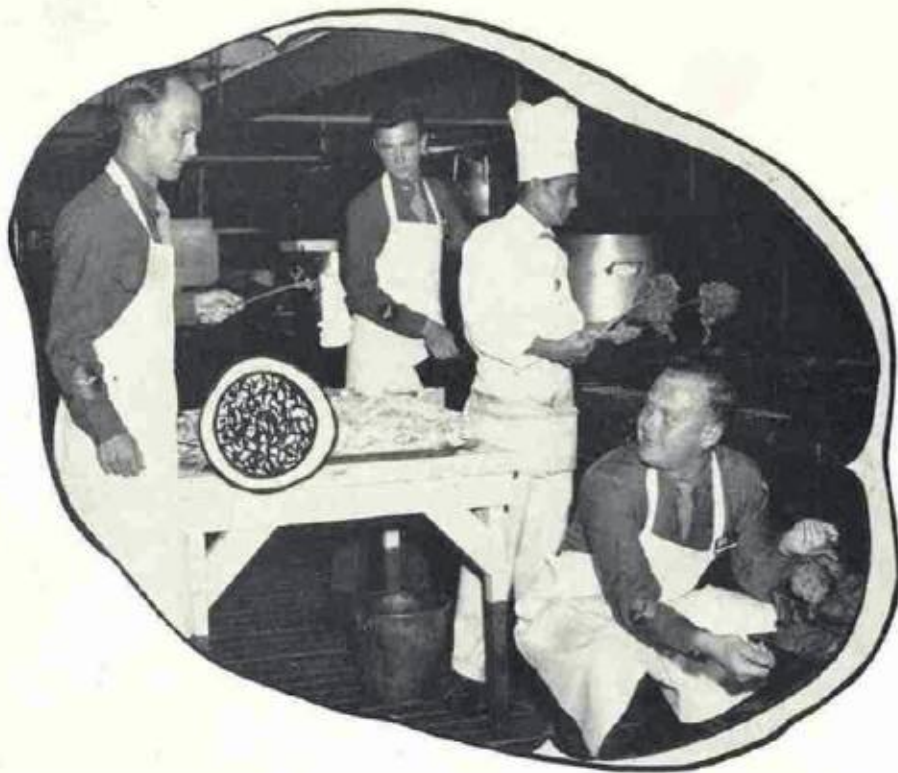
Mercators and sectionals, dividers and plotters, ground speeds and track, ETA and destination...these were our new challenges. And we learned to draw thin, neat lines on maps...to label them with code letters (GS, TAS, TC, etc.) and more important, we learned to discreetly erase them and start all over again for the third time. Erasers and lead pencils were expendable.

Eyelids propped with toothpicks, cool water splashed on faces during breaks...those spelled our physical reactions to ground school.

Spring training came to an ultimate close and with the intricacies of bombing and navigation buzzing relentlessly in our minds, we scrambled into uniform and on out to the diamond to put theory to test.

"Hold that bat off your shoulders; swing from the hips."





OUR DIET

Our training table was not to be surpassed. Take a regular Victorville meal: a thick T-bone, hash-browns, fresh peas, Grade A Milk, avocado salad, pie a-la-mode. It was ours for the taking. That's how the culinary artists of cadet mess stoked us.

Washington had the right idea when he said an army marches on its stomach and we had the modernized version here at VAAF and flew on ours.

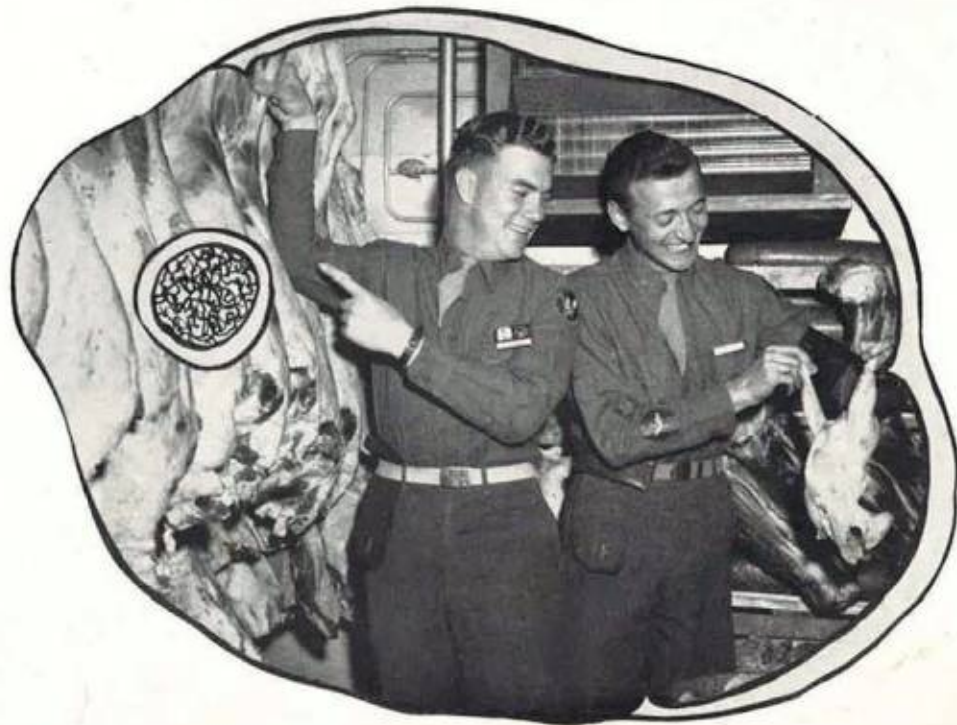
Our training table not only gave us the highest octane priority fuel, the strongest backs and the most enduring stamina, (most training tables do that) but it brought our spirits to bubbling heights. Ironically enough, mess formation was the only one we were permitted to leave and the only one from which it would have taken a team of wild horses to detach us.

To the cooks, then, we say our departure will be with the sad realization that nowhere else will we find a training table comparable to yours.





"Chain Haunds . . . Fall Out!"





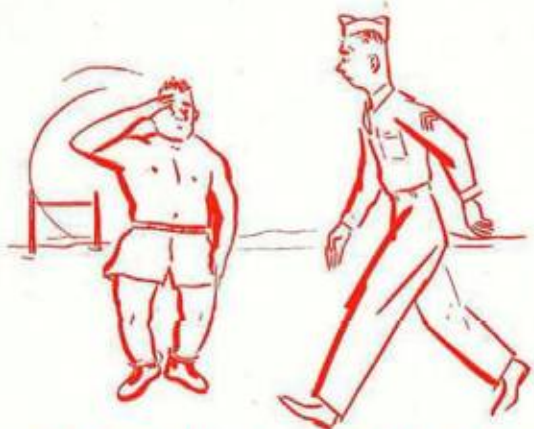
When an athletic instructor meets you in his athletic clothes, runs the laps with you, shares your aching muscles and beaded brow, then you naturally grieve the day he leaves. That is how we grieved the day the misfortunes of war transferred Lt. Ben Lewis to another station.

There was something in his friendly leadership, his willingness to demonstrate, rather than merely explain that gave him a niche in our hearts. Double-timing around the last lap, when our breathing came in gusty pants, was immeasurably easier when we saw the instructor out in front of us and realizing that he made that same run many times a day with his other classes. It gave us new heart to know that if he could lead the six classes around the track, we could make it our humble duty to do it once.

We were saddened to lose Lt. Lewis. . . we envy the men at his new station, and memories of him send us sprinting, stretching and obstacle climbing with earnest intent.



LT. BEN LEWIS



Jackson's Playing It Safe Again



TOUGHENING UP!

Toughening up was a military tradition . . . on land . . . on sea and in the air. Bombardiers were included in the later category according to the dictates of the hierarchy. We were a bit dubious of the honor bestowed upon us.

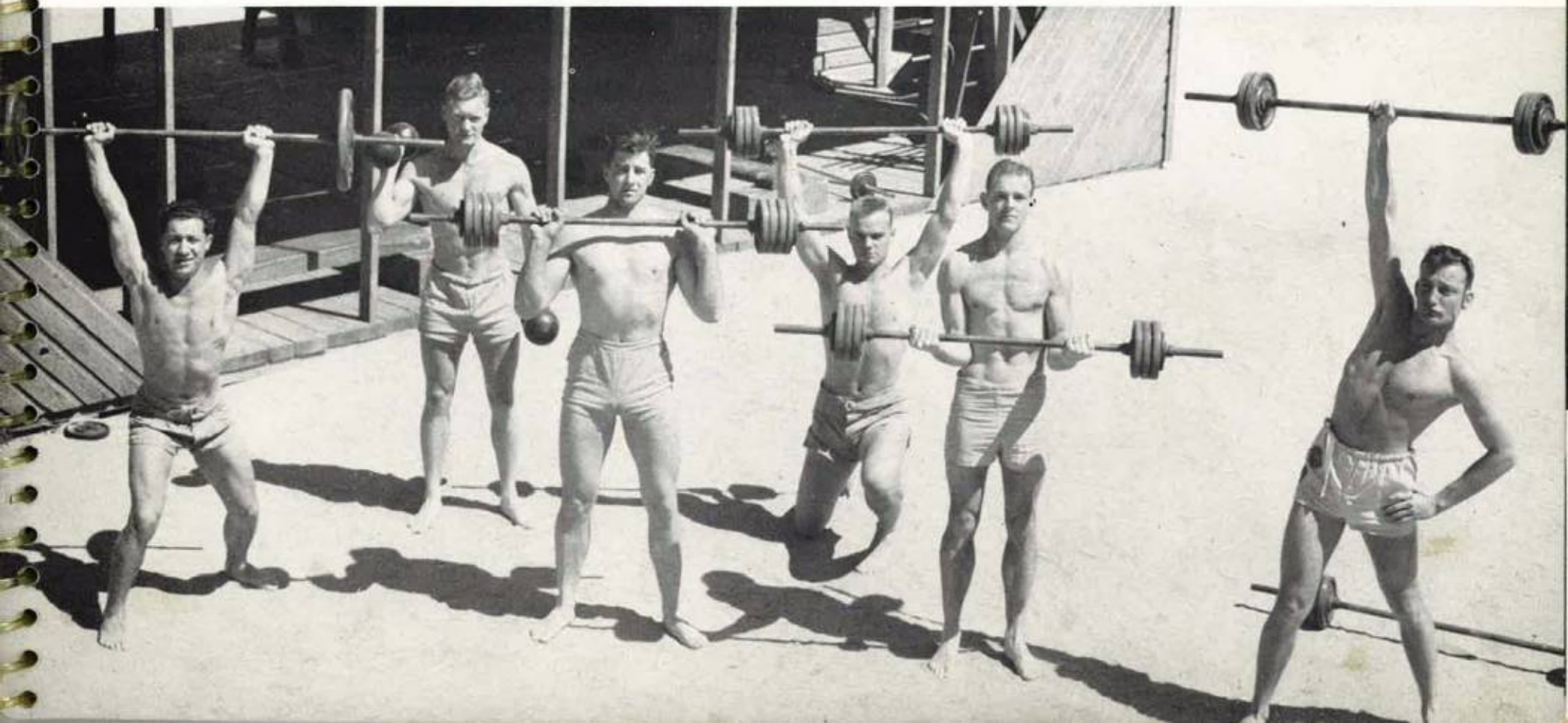
Like Casey and his Mudville audience, there wasn't a fan in the crowd who thought we had a chance. A negligible number of undergraduates looked to us with attentive eyes beseeching us for information on "how did you get those nice big muscles."

With a bravado comparable to the mighty Gehrig we hurled the leather-covered sphere through space . . . caught fumbling passes with the agility of the Harmon lad . . . trotted Gunder Haage style around the lot.

But there were no wild and woolly cheers, no glad acclaim this day . . .

The WACs had their eyes on 44-8 . . . throwing kisses their way.

Chagrined and nursing the usual cold-shoulder, we put our minds to the task before us: the process of expanding our porky biceps for the big tussle ahead. "Hey, you . . . get the lead out."



FLIGHTS B - D



FLIGHTS F - H



FIRST TASTE . . .

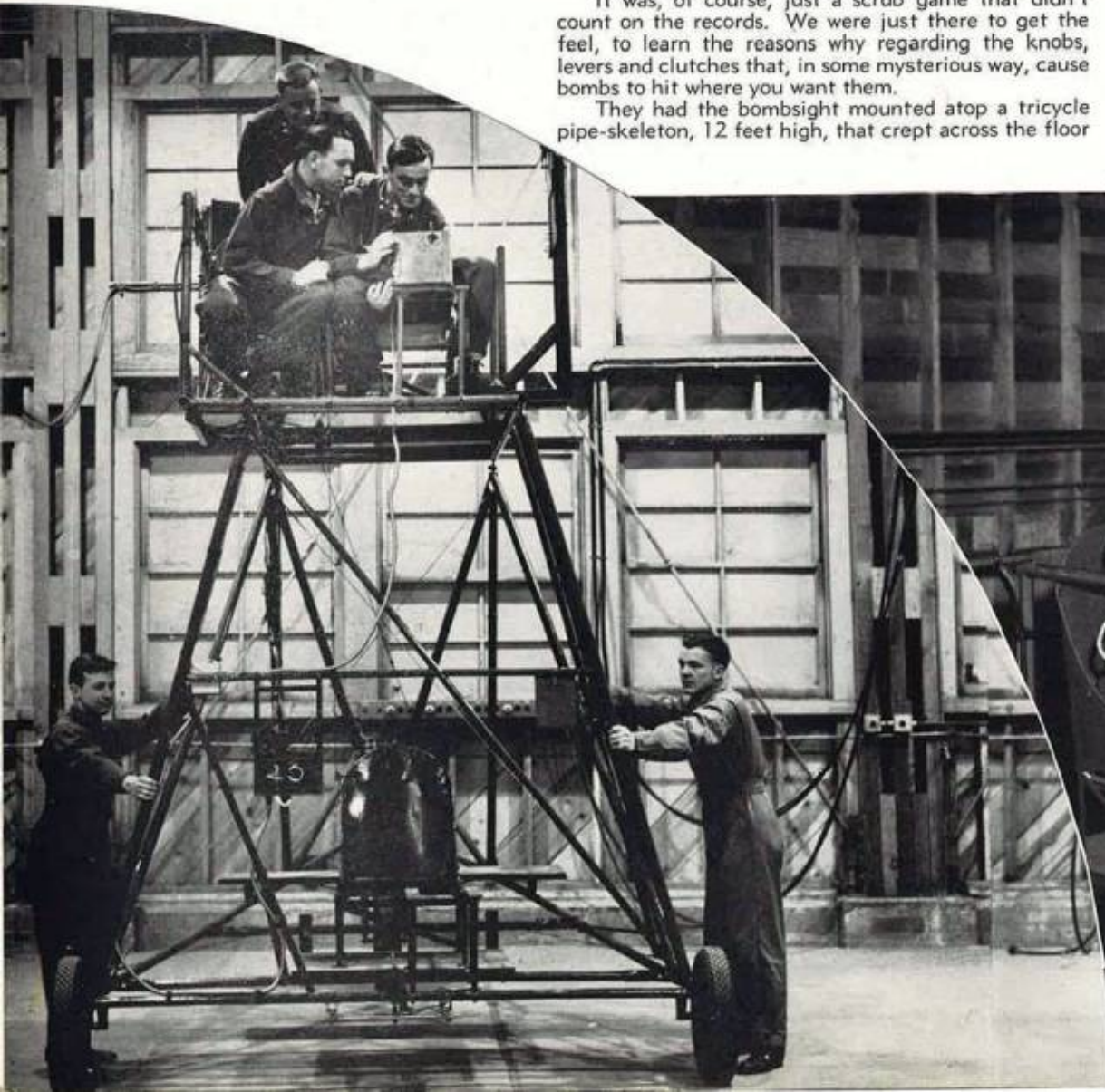
In the same way the team romps upon the unspiked turf for its first scrub game in laundered sweat suits, we filed into the trainer hangar in newly-issued flying suits to get our first feel of the bombsight.

It was, of course, just a scrub game that didn't count on the records. We were just there to get the feel, to learn the reasons why regarding the knobs, levers and clutches that, in some mysterious way, cause bombs to hit where you want them.

They had the bombsight mounted atop a tricycle pipe-skeleton, 12 feet high, that crept across the floor

toward the "bug," a rectangular contrivance that doubled for the target. It was our task to set the sight on the bug, and score with an electrically-operated plunger that plunked an impression on the target sheet. It was just as if we were bombing from 12,000 feet, only we weren't. We were later to learn that in the trainer hangar, conditions were ideal, unpluged by such things as prop wash, thermals, varying air speeds and altitudes.

So we curled our fingers around the bat, fanned the air experimentally a few times as we missed the



"bug" completely, and then we began to connect with the ol' apple and slam it far afield for a hit. But in this painful process of learning we were oft caught too far off base and were called "out" by the omnipresent umpire who would point meaningly at a neglected trigger switch.

The innings went on, and we fluctuated from field to bat, from bug operating to bug chasing. Three weeks passed in such an inglorious manner. Our eyes became keen to the pitched ball, our fingers supple to the swinging of the bat; the synchronizing of the sight.

Our uniforms became grass-stained, our knees scraped; our flying suits grease-spotted, our eyes blackened. But not for naught... nay... the coaches proudly announced that the scrub days were over... that we were ready for the flight line.



WARM UP!

The ready room was like the shower room. In it transpired all the pre and post-mission gossip; all the shoptalk of the action in the field. The ready room was the scene of preparation and of tabulation. In it we had our verbal rub-downs, the coach's and scout's appraisal of the day's foe. . . whether it be record or practice, Series A or Series B, we got the inside dope.

The ready room is a place with many tables, on which we laid our computers, clip-boards and 12-C's; many coaches, whose knowledge there became ours; many blackboards, complexioned with chalky figures that came to mean the difference between hits and misses.

In it each day, we spent a fretful 15 minutes sorting through forms, figures and tempering them all with the coach's words. A hectic period reaching a climax as the head coach, peer of them all, rises above the throngs to shout "Get out there and load bombs," which, in baseball jargon, means. . ."get out there and FIGHT!"

But we couldn't "fight," until we had first journeyed to the parachute room, the camera counter, the tachometer trailer. With the words of our instructor "get out to the ship early today," we elbow in frenzy with one thought in mind, "to get out there and fight."

Bruised and battered, we emerge from the mill, laden with oxygen mask, 'chute, camera, tachometer and straggle in quest of the ship somewhere in the many dozen rows feeling very much like Babe Ruth, (or Joe Rube), striding to the plate swinging an armful of bats.

After the mission, someone turns on a switch and the whole process. . . the milling lines and frenzied elbowing again occur . . . in reverse. We felt somewhat like Babe Ruth (or Joe Rube) worming through an acclaiming (or disclaiming) crowd with one thing in our minds. . . a shower!





Whatsa' matter, Jerk? Can't you add?



Take Me Out To The Ball Game

Words by
JACK NORWORTH

Tune Ukulele or
Banjulele Banjo

Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER

A - D F# B

Take me out to the Flight Line.

Take me out with the boys.

Give me my bombs and a pat on the back,

I've got to fly high and get me a shack.

'Cause it's bomb, bomb, bomb for a C.E.

Of which I will not be ashamed.

For it's one, two, three strikes you're out

In this old bomb game.

Take me away from the Flight Line.

Take me away from that crowd.

I'm full up to here with this bombing stuff,

My C.E. is high, my instructor is rough.

It's just sweat, sweat, sweat 'till you're teed-off,

If you don't win... shed a tear...

You have 18 weeks to prove that you can be a

Bom — — bard — — ier!!

Play



Take Me Out To The Ball Game

Words by
JACK NORWORTH

Tempo di Valse

Tune Ukulele or
Banjulele Banjo

Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER

Enough blackboard talk the schedules implied and we were ready for field practice. Target Series B became our first diamond. First time out there we hit a few in the grandstand. The C.E.'s ran way up. But it was just batting practice to give us the feel of the game; practice bombs they call them.

Double releases, dry runs, wide bombs were like line drives or pop flies that we muffed. The coaches had no mercy...daily workouts became more insidious.

Soon we began placing the hits...a Texas leaguer behind the shortstop for a 100-foot impact. A scorching liner down the base line for a shack. That's the way we worked.

Then they began putting a little steam on the ball; swooping curves which we hit with evasive action. Strike-outs and dry runs faded into the painful memories of rookie days. We now had the feel of the bat and our spikes dug into the base-line dirt with more assurance. When we zig-zagged the ship on the combat run, evading flak and enemy fighters, it was the instinct of a batter ducking a hard one that guided us.

Our coaches began to take heart as we mastered the knack of the game. Somehow, word got around to the front office that we were up and coming and we were slated to bring home the pennant after a rousing schedule in the big-leagues. And all the while we worked as men possessed...the spirit of the Yankees and Dodgers pervaded us. With bombsights, computers and bombing tables we slugged in many a double, triple and homer.

Then we were ready for the night game. So many of us worked better in the night anyway.

Ball





"The Bat Boy"

"A Grounder"





*"I Think I've
Got
Everything, Sir."*



FLIGHTS A-C





NIGHT GAME . . .

"Wait 'till you get to night bombing!" Through the passing of these many weeks with the rapidity of a two-bit leg show, that heckling threat of the upper classmen still resounds in our ears.

We found ourselves crawling toward our ships . . . 425 or is it 245? C-2 and E6B in one hand . . . clip-board and bombing tables in the other . . . a flashlight, camera, tach and various other sundry items hanging from every limb, counter-balancing that deplorable emergency parasol that buckled our knees with every step.

Trudging half-consciously towards the first inning of the big night game, millions of shining stars and a full moon formed a proscenium to the numerous II's with their whining Wrights and the spicy fragrance of 100 octane. Still clinging to the memory of last night's lipstick, we are suddenly shaken from such beautiful illusions by the sight of those ten little blue bombs lying like Gremlins beside the ship . . . still unshackled and with a villainous sneer of indifference.

We climbed to 11,000, taking pictures with frozen fingers . . . pictures of two duds, a double release . . . and a dry run.

"Change of bombardiers." Duties await. Engage . . . disengage, uncage and synchronize in the enchanting intimacies of our plexiglass bastille while the pilot caches his gat, regulates the gasoline switch and CI switches knocked askew in the scuffle to the home plate.

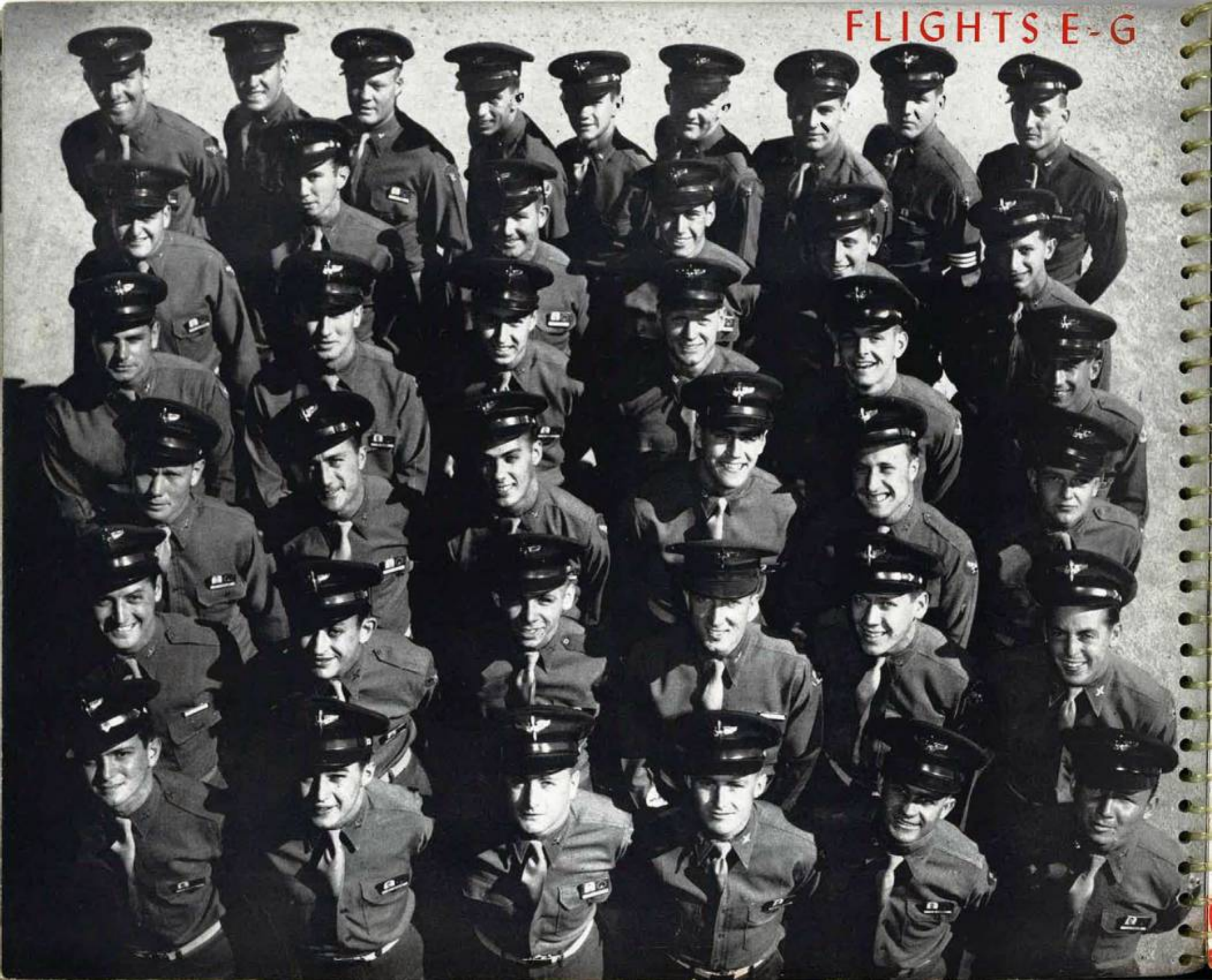
Procedure is flawless, as our commission drops to the target below. "Please, you sweet little bomb. Give me a homer." "Come on baby, hit one for the old man." 500 feet! Malfunction, we scream! We scream . . . but to no avail.

With frozen sweat on our brows . . . "Mission Completed, Sir," lifting a silent prayer at the same time. Fearful of the bellowing instructor, we gather our equipment with one hand while tenderly holding our noses with the other in a state of total exhaustion.

These night games are killing me! When do we hit the daylight series again?????



FLIGHTS E-G





JIMMIE D. ALEXANDER
Box 214
Emory, Texas
Is there anything Alec does not return to in pure Texan fashion . . . "I kain't hep it." Likable . . . a true friend to all of us.



ROBERT W. BACON
346 Ordinance Court,
Burlington, Iowa
Well, I don't know what happened . . . but we brought the bombs back. Ye . . . Gods . . . this guy hated to throw them away.



PAUL E. BANSBACH
287 Ravenwood Ave.
Rochester, N. Y.
"Knock it off," his soothing voice kept us in step. The wing staff beckons . . . Bansbach is winging his way into the lead spot. He deserves it.



ROBERT M. BARNES
Monticello, Ky.
Get out of that brace Mister, if you can call that a brace. Had more friends than Eleanor R. . . . but he didn't travel much.



WILLIAM BARON
601 North 5th St.
Camden, N. J.
"I'm off to sign the payroll." Lived for those wonderful week ends and well filled jeans.



WILLIAM A. BECKER
3152 Portsmouth Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio
No mail again today. She can't do this to me, but she did. I'm just the emotional type. I even cry at the movies when the hero kisses Lana.



H. D. BEDSOLE
4690 Ashland Street
Detroit, Michigan
First with the latest gab from all over the field. Wants the war to end soon. The guy's nuts.



RICHARD C. BENKERT
64 Warner Avenue
Springfield, N. J.
"Oh, my eyes. I can't see anything. Say . . . did you get a gander at that swell PX dish. Now . . . I'm telling ya! . . . I can't see!"



MARVIN BERG
3577 Kimmel Road
Cleveland, Ohio
"Do you know, Barnes? He's my good friend. Awww . . . this is only brown point." Sweated out the war trying to make an impression. Did.



CLAIR H. BLACK
709 South 2nd West
Provo, Utah
Has a hot number in Salt Lake City but can't get away to make beautiful music together. He's weary.



WARREN LEE BLANK
Toledo, Ohio
Blank drew a blank on week ends. Didn't care . . . the wife lived in Victorville. No doctors for Blank either. Wife is a nurse. Happy daze!



DAVID M. BLAU
Detroit, Michigan
Correspondence reaches a new high at VAAF when Blau visits the mail box. The girl must be super.



SANFORD L. BOGART
24 Day Street
Clifton, N. J.
No relation to "Casablanca" Bogart, but vehemently insists he's just as good.



EDMOND D. BOLES
Route No. 3, Box 578
Fresno, Calif.
Defends the home state to the last Joshua tree. Claims California will some day join the Union. Heaven forbid!



L. J. BORKOWSKI
308 S. Hawley Road
Milwaukee, Wis.
The G.I. Michelangelo . . . handles the brush like a veteran but isn't able to cope with the brush-off from that L. A. queen. Try again!



THOMAS E. BOUSKA
Cresco, Iowa
What would you do if? "I would take the three laps, Sir." Official right guide of B flight.



THOMAS E. BOYD
728 Monongahela
Clairton, Pa.
"Now you see, Sir . . . the current passes through the potentiometer, etc. . . ."



R. R. BRAMBLE, JR.
2771 Merritt Street
Springfield, Ohio
Anxious to get the war over, so he can return home to his wife and baby girl. Journalistic aspirations shadow bombing prowess.



RICHARD K. BROWN
903 Bluff Street
Cedar Falls, Iowa
The great lover of the sack. The man who never came to breakfast but always ate a double meal at lunch.



JOHN PAUL BURKEY
835 East 2nd Street
Cushing, Okla.
The only "Okie" that ever came from Missouri. He believed nothing until shown and then wasn't sure.



JOHN EUGENE BUTLER
6646 Sedgwick Place
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Boy Ridge's gift to the California beauties. He leaves a string of broken hearts from Maxwell to victorville. Proflic.





A. P. CALABRESE
21 Cedar Avenue
Blauvelt, N. J.

The Bombing Barber of 7. Said a prayer with every bomb he dropped and they must have been answered. Religious.



VINCENT CANTELMO
14-31 - 155th Street
Beechhurst, L. I., N. Y.

Panzer's body beautiful. A former PT instructor with a pleasant personality.



JAMES B. CHAPLIN, JR.
3214 State Avenue
Kansas City, Kansas

The long distance operator knew his voice by heart. He called N. Y. every free moment he had. Broke.



CHARLES M. COLLINS
1515 Ellis Street
Peoria, Illinois

Babyface shaved once a week whether he needed it or not. Where's my styptic pencil?"



VICTOR J. COLLINS
1985 Saginaw Street
Dallas, Oregon

War is hell, especially when you're confined and the little woman is in L. A. Vic always had a smile and his own teeth.



JACOB S. COMINSKY
2936 - 11th Avenue
Los Angeles, Calif.

This guy likes to knock homers via the bombsight. Married and wife uses all her ration points to feed him.



FRANK B. COOPER
10 Charles Street
East Norwalk, Conn.

Boston Red Sox fan with a passion for broken windows. Chores at VAAF included a hitch as supply sgt. But Good!



CHARLES E. COTTON
1101 Congress Street
Emporia, Kansas

Barber's plague . . . had a perpetual cow-lick. "Now, sir?" Better known as Mr. Buttons to the young.



ARTHUR I. DAEHN
530 North 2nd Street
Marshalltown, Iowa

"Red" was the guidon bearer and very, very capable. Bouska rated high in his estimation. Pala.



ROY F. DAVIDSON, JR.
Elmo, Washington

By the way, who bombed target one . . . the sheep pasture? Liked to dribble balls, cage style . . . dribbled off to L. A. week ends.



HAROLD ROSS DAVIS
Battle Creek, Mich.

Shakespeare had nothing on him. Wrote a theme on every possible subject about bombing and blondes and how not to drop them. We mean the bombs.



RAYMOND T. DEVENS
669 East 221st Street
Bronx, N. Y.

"I'm the 'Black Dude' from the Bronx and only guys what says I'm from Brooklyn . . . gets hit in da head." He didn't have any accent at all.



FRANCIS S. DEANS
Chadron, Nebr.

Ah, Open Post . . . at last. Shining pants seat and worn out elbows proclaimed his weekly habitats. Thirsty.



DELMAR H. DOBLLE, JR.
2737 N. E. 63rd Street
Portland, Oregon

Secretive about his Saturday soirees. Kept us guessing about the circumstantial evidence . . . blonde hairs on Monday mornings. Tch tch!



BRUCE W. DOERNER
3724 North 24th Street
Tacoma, Washington

"Did anyone say I had an ego? Tch tch . . . you're wrong. I can tell you anything about anything. Norden took lessons from me."



WILLIAM F. DONAHOE
1918 E. Lynn Street
Seattle, Washington

That little WAVE, washed away all his worries. His only answer was "Doooooah."



JAMES D. DRISCOLL
Seattle, Washington

Exponent of the Bob Hope routine. Kept us laughing when the going got tough. Things got tougher. He tried.



DAVID S. DUNCAN, JR.
6 Sabine Avenue
Narberth, Penna.

A basketball in one hand . . . bottle of beer in the other . . . and he's satisfied. Favorite song . . . "Down Mexico way via San Berdo."



EDW. J. DUNCAN, JR.
11 Gibbons Street
Weymouth, Mass.

Mexican enchiladas and tequila satisfy his lust for goodies. Shave and a hair cut . . . two bits.



HOWARD W. DURST
1209 Elm Road N. E.
Warren, Ohio

From the old army . . . way back when. A ballistics expert with a yen for the wide open space and a target. He's got them now.



WILLIAM J. EARLEY
Parkersburg, W. Va.

Proved that two can live as cheaply as one. "Hey anyone got a nickel for a cup of coffee?"





LOUIS A. ECKLAND
201 Dartmouth Street
Warren, Penna.

Champion sack-timer of the lot. He slept while we reaped the benefits of sun and bombardiering. He did just as well too. Talented.



EUGENE A. EDGETT, JR.
3543 Newland Road
Baltimore, Md.

Quiet on the ground, but a wild man in the air. L. A. hideouts beckoned . . . he answered the call. Burpl!



EDWARD J. ENRIGHT,
1130 Truman Street
Hammond, Ind.

Lt. West can tell you about this lad! Good, bad and indifferent . . . Enright come through. Artistic!



JACK ERLANGER
585 West End Avenue
N. Y. City, N. Y.

The Bomb Loading Kid. Shakes with fright at the thought of loading an 8,000 pounder. Worried!



DELBERT H. EYER
Box 51
West Manchester, Ohio

Inspection chaos melted to Saturday pleasure for this illustrious Joe. He loved his week ends. She loved him too.



J. T. FEARNEHOUGH
612 N. Burton Avenue
Alhambra, Calif.

The bombsight can do everything but change the forlorn expression ever prevalent on Jim's face. Cheer up!



HAROLD LEE FERGUSON
531 Nancy Street
Charleston, W. Va.

One of the educated lot, says the bombsight was invented long before Norden and Sperry got busy, by a guy named Ferguson.



STEPHEN FEY
5305 Broadway Avenue
San Antonio, Texas

Married! Main interest . . . uniform hanging in clothes closet to be used only during 4th of July parades. Dreamer!



MERRILL L. FOUTS, JR.
1435 San Mateo Road
Jacksonville, Florida

The only man in 7 who walks around the bombsight to watch for the impact. Quality over quantity, lads.



WILLIAM R. GALE
Cumberland, Indiana

A college frat man who could give the fac officers a new outlook on things. Result . . . Gale got a new outlook on things.



THEODORE R. GIBSON
325 Euclid Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio

"Flops" talks a good bombing mission and usually ends up with the malfunction cry. Orator!



JOSEPH A. GLAJCH
37 Marne Road
Buffalo, N. Y.

Everything's a good deal with Joe. Always doing someone a favor and how can we resist? Talented!



L. J. GOEBELER
27 Summit Street
Tuckahee, N. Y.

Ran one of the snapper rooms in 294-4. Tried to make Long Beach when not busy at home.



SIDNEY GOLDBERG
411 High Street
Phoenixville, Penna.

If bombing could be done from 2860 he would be all for it. Ardent admirer of the fraa and any way of life. We agree!



WALTER C. GOLDSTEIN
3011 Avenue "L"
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brooklyn's gift to VAAF. Strictly a basketball sharpie with personality to boot! Yeah Gods . . . a superman!



SEYMOUR GORDON
3706 Garrison Blvd.
Baltimore, Maryland

"Week ends" Never used them 'cause his wife writes him regularly. He's studious.



WILLIAM A. GORSE
Warren, Ohio

Terrific sense of humor . . . but oh, so subtle. Has good suggestions for the training program. Fort Worth take note.



EARL BERNARD GROSS
6503 W. 6th Street
Los Angeles, Calif.

No fair . . . he's writing our personality sketches. If you still wanna' be a pal of mine . . . be sure you say this about me . . . oh yeah!



C. R. HARRISON
635 West 56th Street
Kansas City, Missouri

Definitely sweating out the war. "Anyone know a good job I can get at VAAF. The chow is swell."



MARVIN HENSCHEL
111 S. Harrison Street
East Orange, N. J.

Now what would the Green Spot be without Marvin? Plays bridge when not leveling bubbles.



M. L. HERZER, JR.
Los Angeles, Calif.

This kid can draw . . . draw girls, flies and pictures. Has a woman (or had) in Pasadena. Enjoys just flying . . . we wonder!





G. L. HIMMELSTEIN
4871 West 21st Street
Los Angeles, Calif.
"Hubba, hubba." "Shine dem' shoes, polish dat brass, you drive a little fast and you land in Dutch." Lyrical!



TRIS SPEAKER HOOKER
Wheeler, Texas
T. S. is frequently seen wrestling on the basketball court. Wants to go back to Texas and those "stars at night." She likes 'em too. Moon gazer.



HARRY FRANK HORAN
6612 Madison Avenue
Hammond, Indiana
Lay that whistle down, Harry, Never late and usually heard insisting . . . "Two minutes."



ROBERT J. HULBERT
6508 Havelock Avenue
Lincoln, Nebraska
Enjoys a good half hour of drill or double time . . . but that's all. Lingers for Lincoln, Nebraska, and a lingering dame.



R. M. JOHNSON, JR.
2201 - 36th Avenue
Birmingham, Alabama
"Mol" says it was a shack but he thinks Norden can do better. Wants to fly sideways someday, instead of upside down all the time.



JOHN FRANKLIN JONES
3911 St. Jean Avenue
Detroit, Michigan
Mrs. Jones is married to Johnnie. This pair reminded us of college sans OD. In fact this pair just reminded us.



WILLIAM EARL JONES
Eighty-Four, Penna.
Sleeps anywhere, anytime . . . does especially well in class. Our flight lieutenant, no less. God, what a misrepresentation.



MARTIN E. KAUFMAN
2508 S. Orange Street
Los Angeles, Calif.
"Symphony in the Sack" was Marty and his late hour radio. Drops bombs and plays bridge besides. Versatile!



JAMES M. KIER
736 Samuel Avenue
Arlington, Texas
Has a cute little wife to aid in the fight to prove that Texas is the best of the 48. She's convincing, too.



MURRAY S. KOENIG
859 East 164th Street
New York City, N. Y.
An old married man of a couple of months. A model bombardier quite naturally guarantees a model husband.



ROBERT KARL KOENIG
Merchantville, N. J.
Never trifled about trifles. Denies he's running for president on the "Bombardier" ticket. Struts a Wilkie but-ton.



MICHAEL KOLAGO
140 View Street
New Haven, Conn.
Known as Bubbies to all his friends which should explain a lot of things. Time will tell.



ROBERT C. KREJSA
3328 Lee Road
Shaker Heights, Ohio
Known affectionately as Nubonga from the PRC picture of the same name. San Berdoo is just 45 miles . . . so why not meet her there? Accommodating!



PAUL S. KUHN, JR.
5351 Lindenwood Place
St. Louis, Missouri
Some talk has it he split relations with the Luftwaffe or better still . . . split the Luftwaffe . . . good deal.



LAMAR R. LANDRY
Luling, Louisiana
"Here's your laundry, Landry?" Another malfunction but he got in the air with this one. It's revolting!



WILLIAM S. LANE
Roomake, Alabama
Alabam' was never like this. Out to prove that Rebels can bomb. Maybe??



EMIL LANGE, JR.
14 Court Street
Methuen, Mass.
Furlough fun a problem. Spends most of his time checking time tables . . . plane routes, etc. Travel-happy.



WILLIAM LASHER
5018 N. California Street
Chicago, Illinois
The Voice of E Flight holds the reins at all the film I use up, not counting the fun I have." Photographic cur-tailment doesn't worry him.



ALBERT K. LENNAN
4463 Alabama Avenue
Washington, D. C.
"Sure my camera average is low but look at all the film I use up, not counting the fun I have." Photographic cur-tailment doesn't worry him.



DAVID LENNAN
4463 Alabama Avenue
Washington, D. C.
Ah, brotherly love. Managed to sweat out bombardiering long enuf' to meet Bro. AL. A double treat for Mom and Dad. We wonder!



E. D. LIVINGSTON
512 W. 7th North Street
Morristown, Tenn.
From Tennessee and proud of those thar' Hills. "You can just call me Sgt. York II."





LYLE HERBERT LONG
143 Palmer Avenue
Falmouth, Mass.
The boss of E and forever with a poop sheet direct from Washington. He had connections.



HARRY WILSON LOVE
1717 Parkview Avenue
New York City, N. Y.
Lovely name and the girls took him seriously. "I can set in a disc speed with a stop watch," his only oid at 11,000 feet. Boastful!



BENEDICT LUPICA
126 Rowland Place
Sherrill, N. Y.
Proprietor of little Monte Carlo Club and famous last words . . . "I didn't know I was going over 35." The cop was patient.



THOMAS J. MACAULAY
1314 Arbor Avenue
Dayton, Ohio
Claimed the Green Spot a dependent and wishes for more Open Post. "When does the next bus leave and have you got a dime." Wealthy.



WM. T. MAGEE, JR.
3984 Ballard Street
Cincinnati, Ohio
Assistant prop of Monte Carlo and pays the bills at the Army-Navy Club. "This partnership is killing me." Means and groans.



PHILIP M. MARTIN
3408 Dartmouth Avenue
Dallas, Texas
From syndicated comic series to bombardiering with one mighty sweep of the brush. Wish the guy would brush his hair. "Wild man."



KARL D. MATTHES
Blackwell, Oklahoma
Decided to become a G.I. goldbrick and proved it too. Open post brings that lustful gleam in his eyes. "Sure, I'll go along."



MONTE B. MURRAY, JR.
244 Grace Avenue
Cannonsburg, Penna.
Sunkist beauties seem to agree with him and I don't mean oranges.



WM. N. MacVICAR
64 Richfield Street
Buffalo, N. Y.
"What a girl" . . . as he mails the daily letter to the one back home. Supports the U. S. Postal mob.



MARTIN ALVIN McBEE
Box 14
Krum, Texas
Texas born and proclaims the glory of the Lone Star ground at every occasion that offers proof for his theories. . . . Crummy I calls it.



JACK T. McCREEDY
1-c-11 Uphur Drive
Wilmington, N. C.
Deep south romanticist with a beautiful female his inspiration. Damn . . . but then we've all got inspirations.



BERNARD E. NELSON
Leomis, Nebraska
"Ducky Waddle." Eager Beaver and Wilma's man. Recently married and just waiting for Open Post. Who the hell does he think he is?



VANCE R. NORDBY
1512 North 4th Street
Grand Forks, N. Dakota
"Who took the bridge out of this gulf? I feel in the mood for 'Red River Valley'." Request please . . . jump in!



GEORGE A. PATTERSON
7742 - 30th N. E.
Seattle, Washington
The old man who would argue the sum of two figures with the adding machine. Inventor . . . come post-war.



DAVID W. PEAVLER
560 Gambrell Street
Ft. Worth, Texas
Representing Texan interests in the sunny land and forever expounding the merits of the home state. He is not "A Lone."



HORACE P. PICERNI
58 - 19 Granger Street
Corona, Long Island, N. Y.
Shakespeare was his script writer and the whole world his stage. Barrymore was a ham, too. Eager.



FORREST J. PRATT
Mount Savage, Maryland
"The Dude" is a ladies' man and Hop Arnold's gift to the WAC detachment. Hap, you done us wrong!



NORMAN D. PRICE
Route No. 5
Harrison, Arkansas
Pint-sized ray of sunshine from Arkansas. Spreads the warmth of friendship 'round the barracks and won himself a lot of friends and pets.



BERTRAND V. RACE
84 North Pine Avenue
Albany, N. Y.
The original "self-styled" hermit who never once left the post. What a way to save money, but what a shame to waste this added manpower on week ends.



JAMES S. RANDOLPH
45 Linden Avenue
Verona, N. J.
Full of mischief . . . carefree . . . and sure bet for D.F.C. and do I miss Ratch.



WM. M. RATCHFORD
53 Albemarle Avenue
Tampa, Florida
Demon of the presses. Proved that all work and all work make Bill a popular boy. Invariably doing something for someone else.





L. W. REIMSNYDER, JR.
318 W. 14th Street
Elmira Heights, N. Y.
The originator of slots in the bed. The human dynamo on inspections found basketball a relaxing diversion. Ambition . . . civilian life. Hurray!



NORMAN A. ROBINSON
P. O. Box 384
Lemon Grove, Calif.
Lt. Barneyback's living counterpart or what the well-dressed soldier will wear. Always Diego bound with twelve in his coups.



WILLIAM F. ROONEY
542 Ringwood Avenue
Midvale, N. J.
Hackenbush who got the photographic bid from Hollywood. Quote "I never drink unless I'm alone or with somebody."



ROBERT L. ROSULEK
948 N. Lockwood Ave.
Chicago, Illinois
Our mirror comrade. "When I was in the Infantry." Can chin himself on a cobweb but then he's got a lot of chin.



GERALD SALE
Box 102
Piggott, Arkansas
"Bubbles" level, perfectly synchronized, I can't understand it." The subtle wit of the outfit. A civilian in army clothes.



J. E. SCHERZINGER
Hotel Duluth
Duluth, Minnesota
The quintessence of effervescence. His trite belligerent standby . . . "Blow it out your bomb-bay."



ROBERT E. SCHWARTZ
1315 Mound Street
Madison, Wisconsin
Star cager whose sin trips to North Hollywood were famous. "I'll take Wisconsin and Schlitz."



IVAN W. SCOTT
3758 Paxton Rd., Hyde Park
Cincinnati, Ohio
"Hey, Smith . . . it's you and me and whoever we can find in San Berdo. We'll split the bed three ways." Share-and-share-alike planners.



JOHN W. SCRIVEN, III
260 W. Broadway Ave.
Arlington, Mass.
"Once for ten and we'll quit. You go on the sight first, Gene." Takes his work seriously. We just take ours.



EUGENE F. SENSENY
810 Oakdale Drive
Ft. Wayne, Indiana
A lend-lease from the social whirl. His ambition . . . Indiana U, medicine, a wife, and gallons of brew.



SPIRO L. SERBES
2058 E. 14th Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
What is it that New Yorkers have the rest of the U. S. lacks? Brooks Brothers' and zoot-suits . . . and Brooklyn is his urwee.



H. T. SHINGLEDECKER
Hubbard Road
West Middlesex, Penna.
"I never stood short in the army and I never will." The guiding light of G Flight. Blazed a fiery trail to Long Beach week ends.



JAMES EUGENE SMITH
Cullerville, Illinois
Cadet Capt and star hard-court guard. He could play the violin all day without tiring. Benny protege, no less.



LYLE WILLIAM SMITH
3355 Northwestern Ave.
Detroit, Michigan
Metro master! Eager little fellow who was never happy unless he saw many cumuli. An alien trying for second paper. He'll get 'em.



SAMUEL P. SORENSON
142 Howe Street
Bridgeport, Connecticut
Liked the Mojave and decided 44-7 was the best outfit on the field. 44-6 take note. Has an eye for colorful things. Watch out Lena.



DEAN R. SPENCER
9357 Saginaw Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
A Chi U man . . . one of the pundits of the class. Obscured by his room-mates in size only. He's still growing.



JOHANNES F. SPREEN
7808 - 83rd Street
Glendale, N. Y.
A former Manhattan cop, and Eagle Scout . . . Primarily interested in promotion and happiness. Wants the stuff in double portions.



JOHN PAUL STORRS
Coal City, Price, Utah
Could drop one down Tojo's gullet from 20,000 feet. A pacifist to be wary of in combat.



JOHN EMMET STRANG
635 East 9th Street
Long Beach, Calif.
Was connected with the ministry but took time off to help his country. Idealistic and pensive.



THEODORE J. STRATER
10523 Helena Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio
A teetotaler . . . with a yen for women. The czar of the buttonhole industry. Staunch believer in "esprit de corps." Must have been reading the ads.



GERALD JACOB SUSON
1383 King Street
Denver, Colorado
Jerry would listen to one of your experiences in exchange for three of his. A refugee from H Flight.





ROBERT B. SWAN
340 East 72nd Street
New York City, N. Y.

Operator 13 — Eats up more highway and drinks up more of Southern California in one short week end than any man in 7.



LESTER H. SWANSON
Amery, Wisconsin

"Now you listen to me, Sherman T., I've been room orderly for 17 weeks. I see where I'm gonna have to vote Republican."



SHERMAN T. SWANSON
9719 Avenue "M"
Chicago, Illinois

Modesty surrounds this Chi lad but the guy isn't shy. Exercised his talents . . . pre-war with Firestone and clothing firms. A good guy!



ROBERT W. SWARTZ
5526 - 35th N. E.
Seattle, Washington

Generally known as "Worry." Typical of "what every young man should . . . be." Ah . . . nuts.



PHILIP B. TAYLOR, JR.
114 North Rose Street
Burbank, Calif.

Flush from Burbank with a decided aptitude for exciting riots, women and women. Flash Gordon without the Dale.



JOHN J. TROUTMAN
Smicksburg, Penna.

Outstanding rugged type. The items he agrees with wouldn't cover the point of a pin.



W. A. TUCHSCHERER
644 South 7th Street
West Bend, Wisconsin

"London was never like this." The "ell you say," is slowly coming out of the fog at Victorville. Can "see" his instructor now.



WILLIAM H. WALLACE
205 N. Academy Street
Maonesville, N. C.

Who tore into the day room came out looking like he'd been hit in the face with a ripe tomato? And they're scarce too . . . the tomatoes.



EARL LEE WALLS
316 Shawnee Circle
Charleston, W. Va.

Church wedding? Double Ring Ceremony? Could be But, really dear . . . I've got to wait 'til the war is over.



THOS. P. WALTON, III
1000 Charter Street
Tampa, Florida

Florida's contribution to the great Golden West . . . women . . . and bombing. We mustn't forget bombing.



THOMAS L. WATERS
230 Beach 146th Street
Neponset, L. I., N. Y.

"M. P.'s don't bother me at all. I weigh 92 pounds wet." Ambitious . . . patriotic.



JOHN B. WECKERLY
2328 East 4th Street
Tucson, Arizona

Lives, eats and sleeps "Los Angeles" and . . . Pauline. You've got some Perils, Pauline.



WALLACE JOHN WISE
R. R. 1
Ft. Dodge, Iowa

Wise and Wisehart they called 'em at VAAF. Post Theater fiends and booted the Monogram thrillers. Come, come boys . . . that ain't nice.



WILLARD J. WISEHART
30 Hugo Street
San Francisco, Calif.

Junior partner of the Wisehart-Wise corporation. Always had a couple of deals cooking. Come, come boys.



M. A. WOODCOCK
2317 South Brock Drive
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Now you guys get Woodcock's little book . . . "How to be a Cover Girl's Husband in Three Easy Lessons." M.G.M. take note.



S. G. ZAWASKAS
14 East 31st Place
Steger, Illinois

A new man who made friends easily. A cheery disposition . . . reams of choice L. A. telephone numbers . . . and we'd all have friends.



V. V. ZELINSKIS
Philadelphia, Penna.

From out where the coal is mined. Will insist that Pennsylvania possesses all those rare qualities so essential in a state. He's loyal!



J. N. ESBENSHADE
Lancaster, Penna.

A lad we knew little about, but Lancaster is proud of him. Why did you hide your talents under that old barrel, Esh? Come on out . . . the weather's fine.

From another league . . .

We had a visitor on the home diamond . . . a guy with a terrific change of pace who had us all guessing. Loaned to us from the Boilermakers of Kingman AAF, he traded the blazing red socks of the armament nine to join an equal number of target defenders at VAAF. From the Lowry conditioning campus and the Arizona circuit, Lt. Jack Dempsey Ganaway (no relation to the guy who fought Tunney) chose a season with the bomb boys from Victorville. Student officers have come and gone with no appreciable effect upon the local lot. Long Island Ganaway was that rare exception. We'll chalk up a lot of fine adjectives on the scoreboard in salute to a really swell player.



the mockmen release
LT his mock-up



Last Big Game

We wound up training season in a game with a Big League Team. Operational Training Unit was the grand finale of 18 weeks training; it demanded the precise execution of all phases of new skills. Every strategy we learned, every way to handle an outcurve, a double play, a squeeze play, was put to use in OTU.

With the call of "Play Ball," we began our missions, equipped for dead reckoning, pilotage, evasive action, and preset bombing runs. All things we've done before, but never coordinated. Now we were putting the pieces together and what did we get? The camera bombings of Los Angeles... the evading of flak... enemy interception and... must-ir-
important... getting home.

Yarns of pennant games came to us from veterans of yesterday's champs. New angles in precision bombings, rescues at sea in Mae Wests... tips on the latest methods of ack-ack and fighter opposition came to us from the man who had been through it. On the mound was OTU pitcher... Captain Carl E. Schultz, returned from combat with the 8th Bomber Command. Pitching tactics from last season's All-Star Americans gave us the inspiration to learn and equal.

Thus, we played our first Big Game. From it we learned how to play out the real schedule that lies ahead. We are going to face a lot of fancy pitches, to handle a lot of hot liners... but our mitts are oiled and the pockets deep. The farming days are over.

Take us out to the ball park!

SAMUEL P. SORENSEN

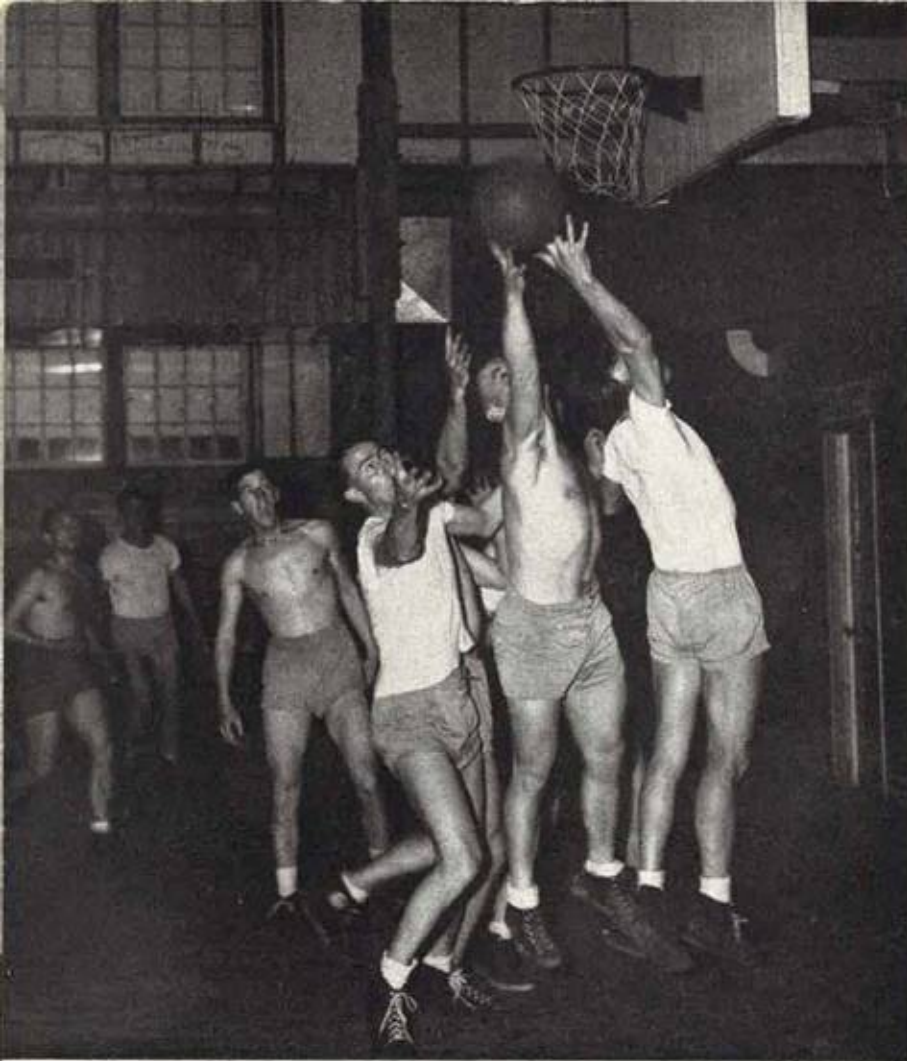
142 Howe Street
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Liked the Mojave and decided 44-7 was the best outfit on the field. 44-6 take note. Has an eye for colorful things. Watch out Lena.

HERE'S WHAT GERMANY LOOKS LIKE on the War Room Map. Cadets Sherman, Swanson, Ratchford and Lt. Frank Dillon measure strategic German centers in air miles from Allied bases. Soon, perhaps, this map with its circled cities and painted rivers will become three-dimensional territory moving across the bombsight crosshairs.



CADETS SWANSON AND McBEE familiarize themselves with the mock-up nose of a combat bomber. In such a plexiglass nose, these men release bombs upon enemy objectives in Germany and the Pacific. This mock-up will become the real merchandise in a few short weeks.



SEVENTH INNING STRETCH



The 7th Inning stretch came in the evening. To us it was a splash of water in our face, combing hair and hieing off to the post theater, PX, restaurant, library. . . but mostly loosening our ties and collapsing on our bunks.

Someone would turn on the radio to a record program and after a yawn, a stretch, we'd lie against the comforter roll, prop up our knees and write a letter home.

Sometimes we'd get a week end pass and after making sure our grommets were in our caps, we'd find new life in our veins and barrel to the gate, and thence to the neon beaches of San Berdoo, Los Angeles and Hollywood. There, and by then it was usually quite dark, we'd drink

strange cocktails, tell strange tales, dance with strange women and sleep in strange beds. The journey back was always uncertain and unpredictable, but Fate usually managed to get us in under the deadline.

Glowing with a neon tan, we'd return to our desert domicile to recuperate. . . funny, but that's the way it usually was. Sometimes we'd even be too weary to go out at all, and we'd then blissfully saw wood in the week end solitude of the barracks. . . ham'n eggs on Sunday morning . . . no empty jeans to worry about the rest of the week.

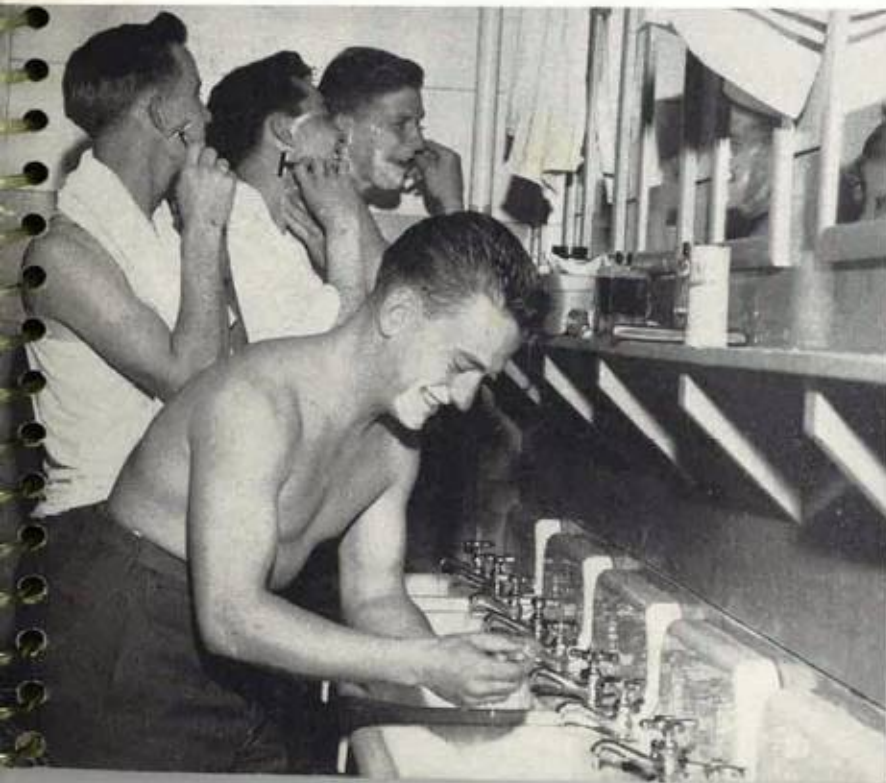
Seventh inning stretches were lived for and sometimes almost died for.

The Ardent Fans

With the pennant safely pinned on our blouses and the trophies glistening from our shoulders, we pay homage to the ever-loving fans who saw us through the struggle... our wives. In spite of our 150 strong, there isn't a man among us who can aptly describe our sentiments for the wives who have "sweated" out each day with us. An old literary partner who never had to worry about a C.E. has deftly patterned these words which tell our complete sentiments:

We have lived and loved together
Through the many changing years.
We have shared each other's gladness
And wept each other's tears.
And let us hope the future,
As the past has been, will be:
I will share with thee my sorrows,
And thou, thy joys with me.

—Charles Jeffreys.





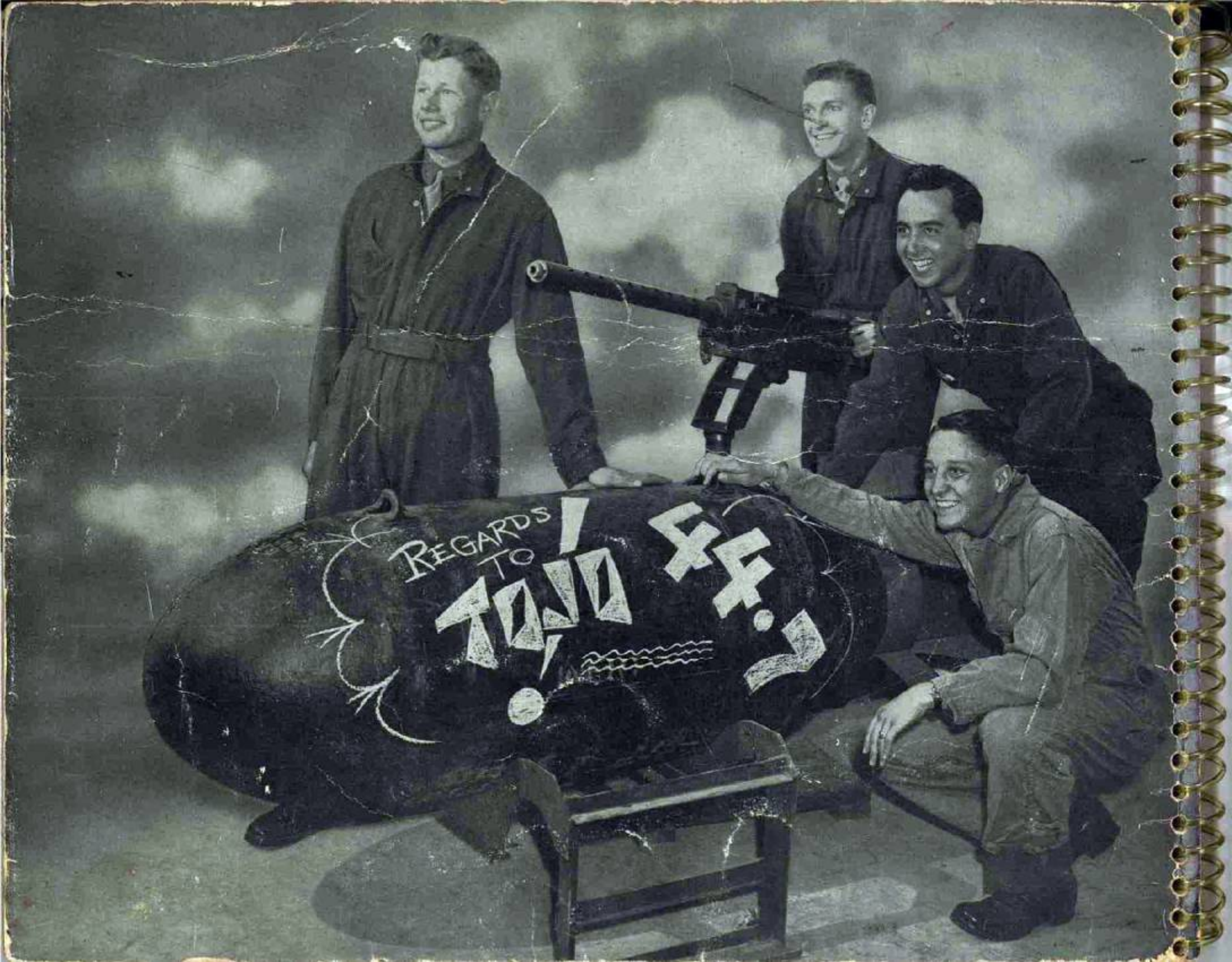
PRESS ONLY . . .

These are the boys up in the press box who covered the ball game of 44-7. William Ratchford was the Damon Runyan figure who covered the game for United Pressure. Representing the local sports-sheets were Taylor, Schwartz, Bramble, Brown and Calabrese. Sports cartoonists were Martin, Borkowski and Herzer. Smith and Cooper handled the team's publicity and billings while Swan, minus his telescopic lens, caught the boys in the more thrilling moments of the game. Team biographies came from the talented pens of Gibson, Gross, Cantelmo, Kuhns, Picerni, Senseny and Swanson.

Many thanks to our city editor, Staff Sgt. Al Chopp and also to official Air Forces photographer, Cpl. Eddie Goldberger for their leadership in putting forth a grand class book in token of 44-7's season at Victorville. Pvt. Carl Friedman, Base Photo Lab, photographed all the individual pictures of us and we thank him for processing and printing these pictorial remembrances of ye olde 44-7 in its shining regalia.







REGARDS
TO

44