

CLASS
43K



MADE IN
TEXAS

A vintage black and white photograph of a military aircraft, possibly a P-51 Mustang, parked on a runway. The aircraft is dark-colored with the number '31' painted in white on its side. It is positioned in the lower right foreground, facing left. The background features a vast, open landscape under a sky filled with large, dramatic, white cumulus clouds. The overall tone is historical and atmospheric.

Published by
University Supply & Equipment Co.
Fort Worth, Texas

MISSION INCOMPLETE

Lush tropic growth and 24's swooping low over the mango trees . . .

Stratus hanging at five hundred and 17's skidding off the icy runway . . .

Sunny skies, the blue Mediterranean below and C-54's droning on to Italy shore . . .

Who flies these ships ? ? ?

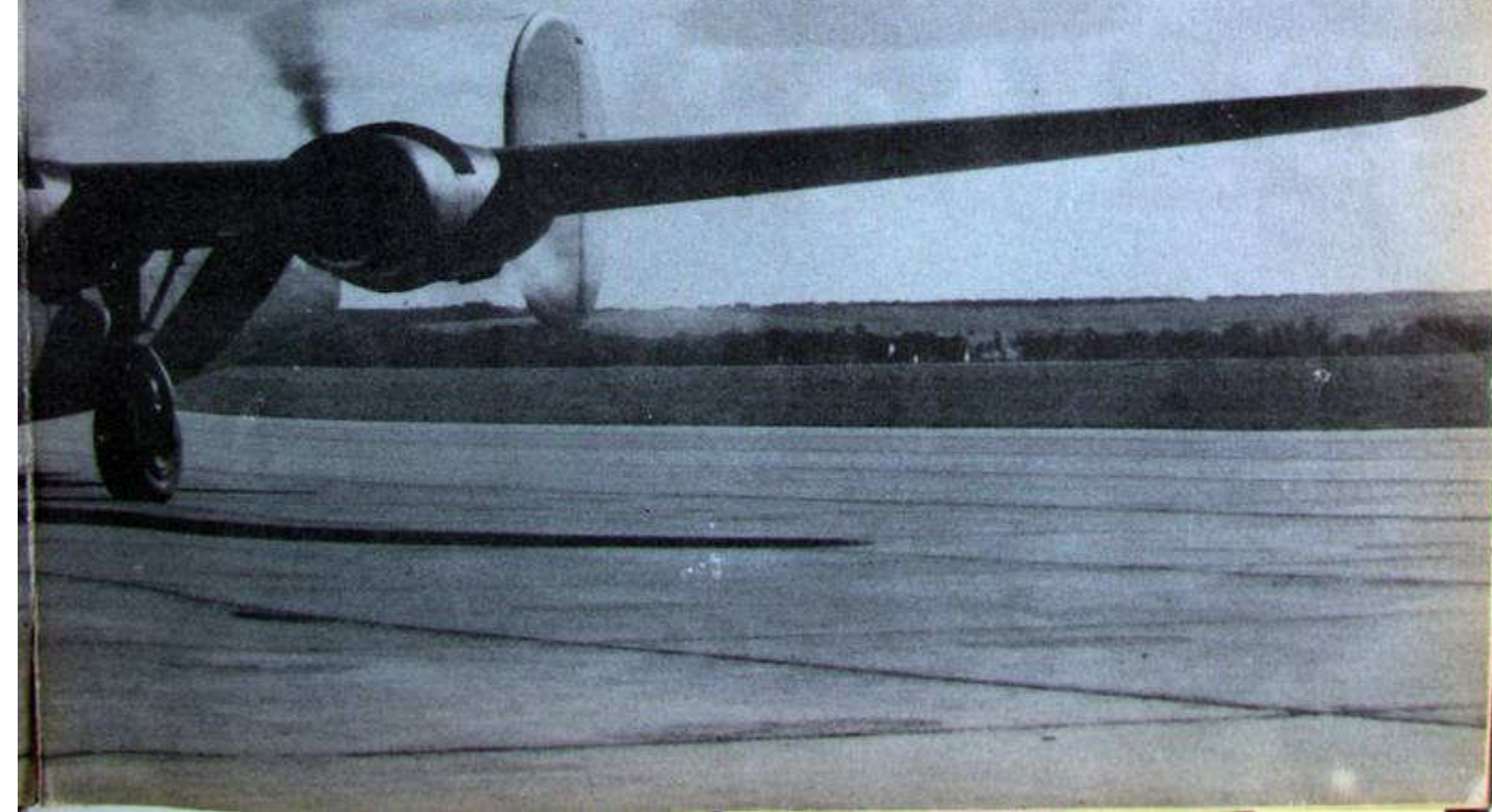
A Swede from Minneapolis, Le Blanc from New Orleans, O'Reilly from San Francisco,
Bill Smith from Pumpkin Center . . .

Stearmans, Ryans, BT's, AT's behind them. Ahead, beyond the mango trees, beyond
the icy Aleutian runways . . . Tokyo. Beyond the sunny skies . . . the Alps,
Berlin.

No Hollywood heroics, no cinematic outbursts . . . Smith, Olson, O'Reilly dropping
bombs, paratroops, strafing roads . . . silent cursing, swearing, praying. . . .

A long ride home, a fervent prayer . . . peace, serenity, cessation of war . . . back
to the mango trees, the icy runways, through the blue skies . . . straight and
level . . .

A long ride.



Page Missing

This page inserted to keep facing pages together

Bronca



Marfa ARMY AIR BASE



DEDICATION

Silver wings resplendent on new blouses . . .

To those who helped new pilots reach their goal, to wives, parents, sisters, brothers, and friends who fought through nine long months of training with the Class of 43-K this book is gratefully and humbly dedicated.



FIRST FLIGHT

COLONEL DONALD B. PHILLIPS



Gentlemen of Class 43-K:

You are now pilots in the greatest Air Force in the World.

At Marfa Army Air Field, the men who maintained your planes . . . who perfected your flying . . . who planned your schooling . . . have given their best to make you the finest pilots in the world.

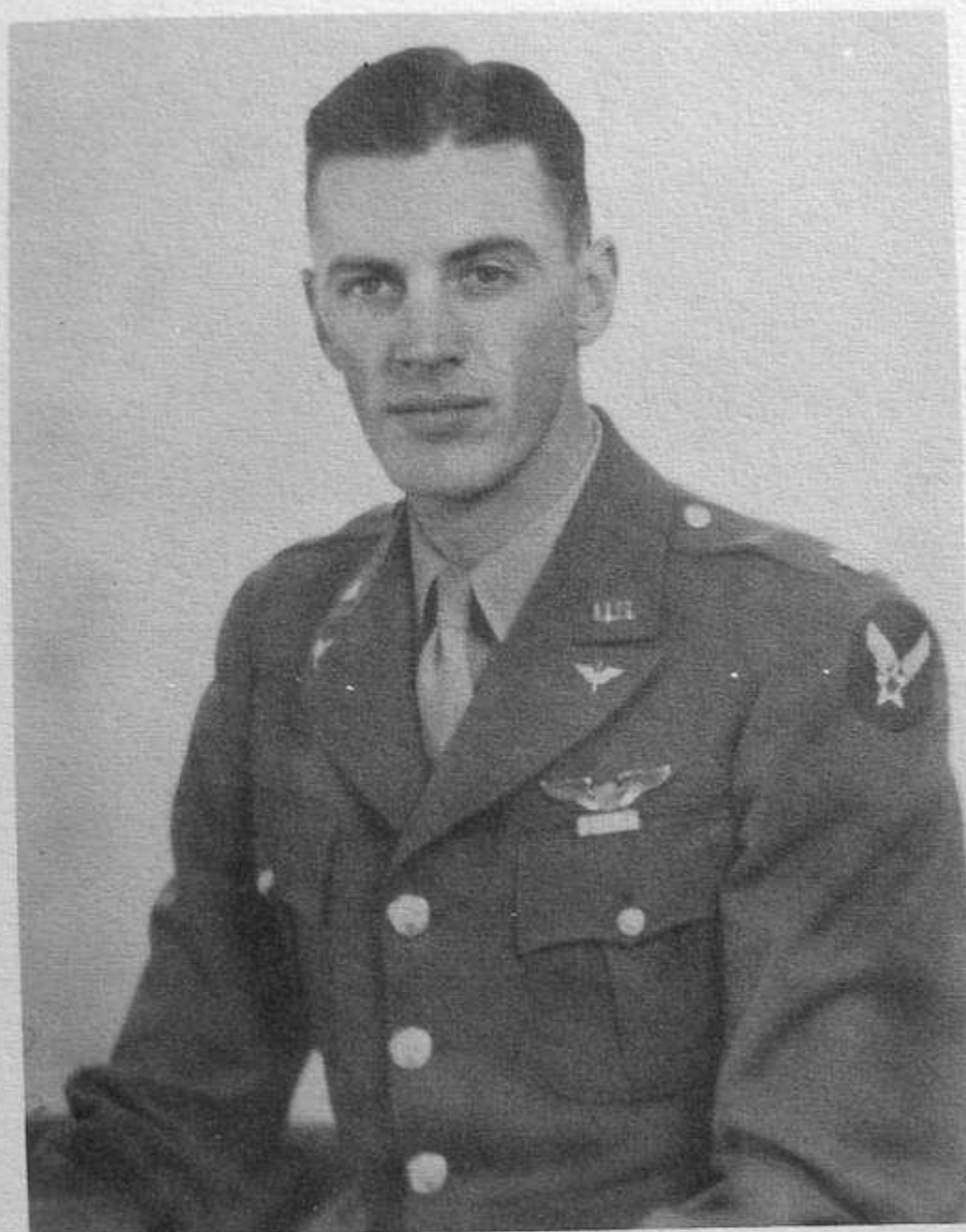
This country, your people back home, have spent enormous sums in your training. Today, they place their trust, their destiny in your hands.

From now on, it's your job. It's your job to prove yourself worthy of this training. It's the job of each of you to do the best you know how.

We are sure that you will live up to the splendid example set by those who have preceded you. Our best wishes go with you.

DONALD B. PHILLIPS
Colonel, Air Corps
Commanding

LT. COL. JOHN D. WYNNE



Director of Training



MAJOR RICHARD F. WHITE
Air Inspector



MAJOR THOMAS F. TEOREY
Deputy Director of Training



MAJOR STANLEY T. JOHNSON
Director of Flying



MAJOR DANIEL O. WEBSTER
School Secretary

CADET DETACHMENT



MAJOR LADISLAUS KLOHS
Commandant of Cadets



2ND LT. KENNETH HILL
Tactical Officer



1ST LT. CLARE A. VAN HOOREBEKE



2ND LT. MORGAN F. MILLER
Tactical Officer

GROUND SCHOOL



1ST LT. F. R. MEYERS
Bombing



CAPTAIN R. S. O'CONNOR
Director of Ground School



2ND LT. L. A. DIETRICK
Identification



2ND LT. M. M. APPLEBY
P. I. F. and Maintenance



2ND LT. J. R. VATNSDALE
Navigation



2ND LT. F. M. GILLETTE
Identification



2ND LT. L. S. MOSELEY, JR.
P. I. F. and Maintenance



2ND LT. G. A. LEWIS
Navigation



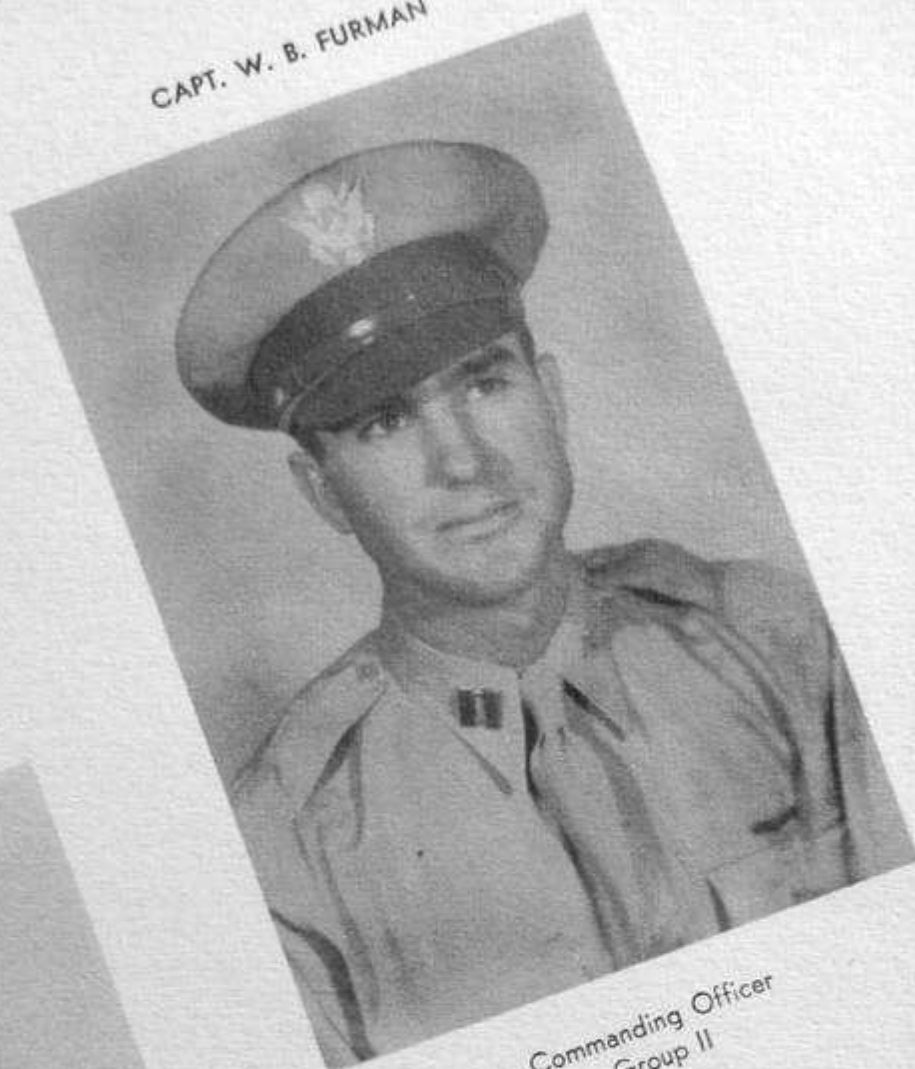
2ND LT. M. O. FOREMAN
Bombing



2ND LT. K. R. HILLSETH
Navigation

"A mistake on the ground is multiplied tenfold in the air. That is why we went to Ground School. To fly a plane properly, you must first know the plane. Such courses as P.I.F. and Maintenance taught us how to become acquainted with our plane. There is no need flying unless you go somewhere. To solve that problem, the eighteen hours of Navigation taught us the use of many available aids. Why go there unless there is a purpose. Bombing gave us the understanding of the purpose and how to accomplish it. All the courses combined helped to give us a better knowledge of the air and to make us better soldiers in the sky.

CAPT. W. B. FURMAN



Commanding Officer
Group II

CAPT. A. P. SOWBY



Ass't Commanding Officer
Group II

SQUADRON COMMANDERS



CAPT. E. J. DAVIDSON
Squadron 21



CAPT. J. D. EZELL
Squadron 22



CAPT. R. H. HEILPERN
Squadron 23



1ST LT. M. J. McCOY
Squadron 24



CAPT. L. T. JOHNSON
Squadron 25



CAPT. H. B. BAIRD
Squadron 26

INSTRUCTORS



2ND LT.
D. E. QUILLIN



1ST LT.
J. M. MILLER



2ND LT.
R. C. KLUG



2ND LT.
R. E. BELLANT



2ND LT.
E. R. GORTON, JR.



2ND LT.
W. M. GANT



2ND LT.
E. H. SHAFER



2ND LT.
T. M. BORUFF, JR.



2ND LT.
R. M. BARTHELS



2ND LT.
D. A. CANTER



2ND LT.
J. V. HANSEN, JR.



2ND LT.
R. L. SMITH



2ND LT.
A. C. DREWSSEN



2ND LT.
E. G. MCGLENDON



2ND LT.
A. K. PAPE

INSTRUCTORS



2ND LT.
W. W. TROWBRIDGE



2ND LT.
R. B. WELLER



2ND LT.
H. BLUNK

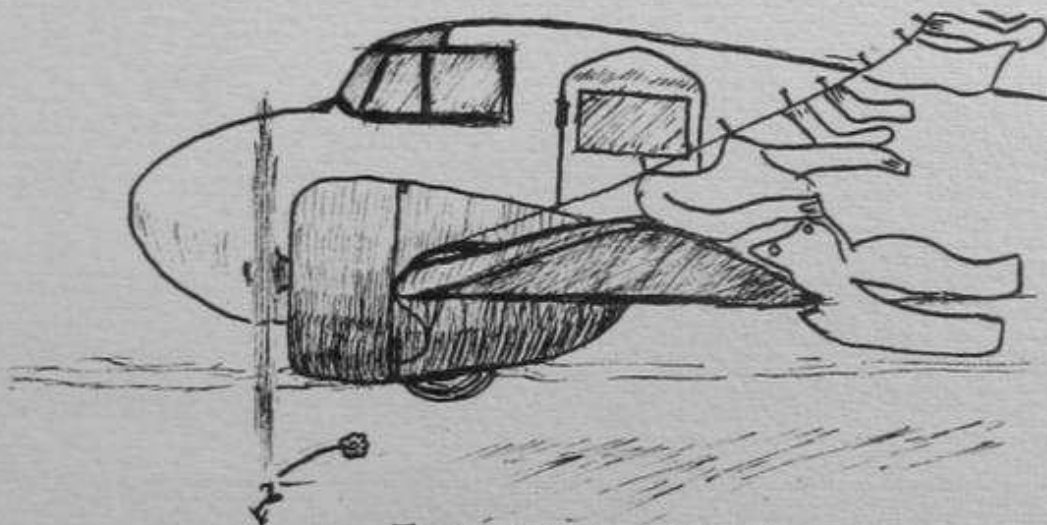


2ND LT.
E. J. FLYNN



2ND LT.
H. SNYDER, JR.

"BUT SIR, MY ALTIMETER READS 4850"



INSTRUMENT FLYING



2ND LT.
Y. HEAD



2ND LT.
J. L. BLANCHARD



F/O
J. C. BOURLIER



2ND LT.
J. B. REEVES



1ST LT.
C. BLAYLOCK

INSTRUCTORS



2ND LT.
B. E. MUNCH



2ND LT.
E. R. IZARD



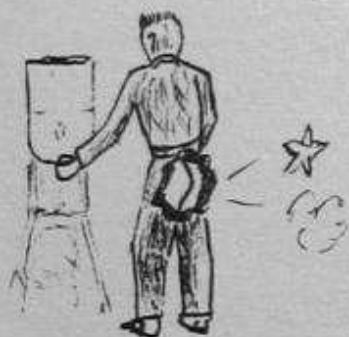
2ND LT.
A. E. F. WOLFE



2ND LT.
E. T. KERR



2ND LT.
H. J. WILLIAMS



"O'TOUBLE MOST HAVE HAD
A TOUGH DAY. TODAY!"



2ND LT.
G. R. WRIGHT



2ND LT.
J. M. TOLIVER



2ND LT.
G. H. HUTCHINSON



2ND LT.
D. P. BRESTICH



2ND LT.
L. O. MILLER



2ND LT.
A. W. HOBBS

INSTRUCTORS



2ND LT.
W. D. NEAL



2ND LT.
G. G. MOORE



2ND LT.
R. B. NORMAN



2ND LT.
R. E. ROBERTS



2ND LT.
W. H. SCHROEDER



2ND LT.
R. E. FORSSELL



1ST LT.
N. A. STEARNS



1ST LT.
R. A. HICKERSON



2ND LT.
G. A. ORNDORFF



2ND LT.
T. H. BALDWIN



2ND LT.
A. R. REID



2ND LT.
H. L. YEAGER



2ND LT.
B. D. JOHNSON



2ND LT.
G. H. HESTER



2ND LT.
C. M. KAHL

INSTRUMENT INSTRUCTORS



CAPT. JOHN C. HAYGOOD
Director of Instrument Training



1ST LT.
R. C. HOAGLAND



2ND LT.
C. V. DOODY



2ND LT.
C. T. CROWE



2ND LT.
C. W. OREAN



2ND LT.
W. G. SLIFE



2ND LT.
R. M. EIDSON



1ST LT.
JOS. FERRIS



DOROTHY MOX
Hollywood, California



RUDY SKELTON
Edinboro, Pennsylvania



EVELYN BARCLAY
Dayton, Washington



JIMMIE LOU SHERMAN
Palms, California



VIRGINIA LANG
San Francisco, California



BILLIE ELDER
Dallas, Texas

Waiting at Indian Lodge for the week-end pass to come through, or at home for the letter marked "Free," the girls on these pages lived through the entire training program with their husbands or fiancés.

Co—



MONETTA CROAKMAN
Cleveland, Ohio



VIOLET HOWE
Conway, Arkansas

As familiar with stalls, spins, theory of bombing, the gig sheet, as the men of the graduating class, they earn, by dint of their encouragement and moral support, the titles of "Co-Pilots."

Pilots



BARBARA RIKER
Natick, Massachusetts



FRANCES HAMACK
Seattle, Washington

PATRICIA SWANSON
Los Angeles, California



MARION VIGNOLA
Oak Park, Illinois



STUDENT OFFICERS



JOHN R. McVAY
First Lieutenant
Indianapolis, Indiana



ROBERT W. VINCENT
First Lieutenant
Depew, Oklahoma



RUSSELL H. O'DAY
Second Lieutenant
Los Angeles, California



WALTER C. REED
First Lieutenant
Pasadena, California



ROBERT V. PAYTON
Second Lieutenant
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Lt. White—"I don't want much, boys, just an ATC run between Chicago and Indianapolis."

Lt. Boyle—"I like it here!"

Lt. Carrigan—"Kentucky—Blue Grass—Beautiful Horses—Fast Women—(Ed. Note and Republicans)."

Lt. Buttrill—"What's Donald (Duck) got that I haven't got?"

Lt. Cowger—"The Restless Razorback."

Lt. Garlock—"The Ordinance was never like this."

Lt. Herm—"I wouldn't go so far as to say tha-a-a-t."

Lt. Johnson—"Oh, for a Portland bottle club."

Lt. Joyce—"The WACS have a word for him."

Lt. Fields—"I've been in some big towns and heard some big talk - - -"



HOWARD K. WHITE
Second Lieutenant
Winamac, Indiana



PAUL W. POLLY
First Lieutenant
Alhambra, California



LT. H. H. WETZEL
Santa Monica, California



LINDLEY A. WING, JR.
Second Lieutenant
Visalia, California

STUDENT OFFICERS



CARLTON F. GARLOCK
First Lieutenant
Tonawanda, New York



RICHARD A. HERM
First Lieutenant
Peoria, Illinois



HENRY B. BUTRILL
First Lieutenant
Decatur, Texas



MELVIN E. FIELDS
First Lieutenant
Chicago, Illinois



WILLIAM R. JOYCE
First Lieutenant
Elmwood Park, Illinois



WILLIAM E. CARIGAN, JR.
First Lieutenant
Liberty, Kentucky

Lt. Klepaczyk—"They fellas whath cookin?"
Lt. McVay—"My instructor told me - -"
Lt. O'Day—"I was wrong once, way back in High School."
Lt. Payton—"Really, there's nothing to these E6B's."
Lt. Polly—"Let's take a couple of more laps around the obstacle course."
Lt. Reed—"I still say it was an 'A'.
Lt. Vincent—"Well, I'll tell you buddy, I only got ten hours sleep last night."
Lt. Wing—"He took the pledge?????"
Lt. Wetzel—"Go away, there's 3 WHOLE minutes until I have to get up."



CARL E. JOHNSON
First Lieutenant
Portland, Oregon



JOHN P. COWGER
Second Lieutenant
Dardanelle, Arkansas



LT. JOHN L. BOYLE, S. C.
2718 Madison Ave.
Ogden, Utah
Thunderbird I—Marana



RAYMOND J. KLEPACZYK
Second Lieutenant
Detroit, Michigan



JAMES L. ADAMS
Bastrop, Louisiana
Santa Maria—Lancaster



EUGENE C. AUERBACH
Hollywood, California
Tulare—Marana



RAPHAEL F. BAIRD
Macon, Georgia
Blythe—Minter



ALAN D. ANDERSON
Tohatchi, New Mexico
Twenty Nine Palms—Pecos



KENNETH A. BAILEY
Sacramento, California
Twenty Nine Palms—Pecos



CARSTEN E. ANDERSON
Florence, Washington
Santa Maria—Lancaster



RAYMOND D. BASS
Elk City, Oklahoma
Twenty Nine Palms—Pecos



WARD W. ANDERSON
Ludlow, Pennsylvania
Santa Maria—Lancaster



FRANCIS E. AZEVEDO
Gilroy, California
Tulare—Marana



ROBERT P. BAUMANN, JR.
Knoxville, Tennessee
Blythe—Minter



JAMES F. BEAVER
Spokane, Washington
Visalia—Lancaster



RALPH H. BOCKMIER, JR.
Spokane, Washington
Thunderbird II—Minter



ROBERT C. BOSS
Burlingame, California
Tulare—Marana



CHARLES A. BELL
Chicago, Illinois
Blythe—Minter



WILLIAM E. BOYCE, JR.
Nashville, Tennessee
Blythe—Minter



MILFERD E. BENKULA
Junction City, Kansas
Visalia—Lancaster



ROY E. BOYLE
Warrenton, Oregon
Blythe—Minter



KENNETH E. BLACKBURN
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Blythe—Minter



WILLIAM J. BOEHNER, JR.
Manhasset, N. Y.
29 Palms—Pecos



ROBERT E. BRANSTROM
Russell, Pa.
Blythe—Minter



LAWRENCE B. BRECHBILL
Kendallville, Indiana
Blythe—Minter



JAMES L. BRUNER
Mt. Morris, Illinois
Blythe—Minter



PAUL D. BURSON
Los Angeles, California
Rankin—Marana



FREDERICK W. BREHEIM
Butler, Wisconsin
Thunderbird I—Minter



JAMES W. CANNON
Seattle, Washington
Tulare—Marana



DONALD A. BRYAR
West Lebanon, New Hampshire
Santa Maria—Lancaster

Contemporary with the Conquest of Italy and Chennault's Fighting 14th Air Force, records will show—during the late Fall of '43—the raunchy 21st fighting the Battle of Marfa, mid the icy cold of Texas. After two months, everyone knew why the 'Lone Star State' was 'lone. But during this epic battle of instrument checks, field ration food, Cap. O'Connor's ground "gruel," Squadron 21 remembered when the Texas dust settled:

Wondering where the Texans were hiding who boasted of Texas when we were IN the United States. Bockmier trying to report to Capt. O'Connor in a military fashion. Boyce—we fail to remember his being awake. Stew—stew—hash—meatloaf—stew—and the PX—Thank God!

B Flight always falling out last for reveille while A Flight froze. Slim Blackburn in his six pair of underwear saying, "But I don't want to be a Flight Officer."



LESLIE C. CARTER
Dodge City, Kansas
Visalia—Lancaster



LEE E. BROLIER, JR.
Houston, Texas
Tulare—Marana



GEORGE F. BURROUGHS
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Blythe—Minter



WILLIAM E. CHAMBERS
Dalton, Georgia
Blythe—Marana



LEO M. CHENEY
Indianapolis, Ind.
Blythe—Minter



RALPH T. COLLIANDER
Winchester, Mass.
Blythe—Minter



JOSEPH A. CONNOR, JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Thunderbird I—Minter



BEN H. CLEMENTS
Greenville, Texas
Santa Maria—Lancaster

The phrases, 'Good Morning, Gentlemen'—at ease, 'Get off my back,' 'Flying Flatfoot,' 'Heads up,' 'Sack time,' 'That's the \$64.00 question,' 'The "Fuehrer"'. . .

C. E. Anderson—the eager beaver. A guy named Beaver who wasn't eager. Ken (Hot Pilot—really I am) Bailey and his secret marriage. The worn look of the married men after those 5-hour passes.

Charlie (I'm drunk with Power) Auerbach and his hypnotism. Boyle—Ex Top Sarge—mixing with "Those Civilians." Branstrom and Bell anticipating marriage with that asinine look on their faces a guy gets. Bryar—our ex-bombardier—who never could quite understand the bombing course.

Carter—what would he do without his notebook on those check rides . . . W. W. Anderson's terrific vocabulary when he found out he was recommended for "instructor."

The Best Tact Officer we ever had tearfully



GEORGE D. COOKSEY
Tryon, North Carolina
Santa Maria—Lancaster



GORDON R. COBB
Des Moines, Iowa



EDMUND G. COOMES
Provo, Utah
Thunderbird II—Minter



JOE D. COLEMAN
Shawnee, Oklahoma
Tulare—Marana



EDWARD M. COLLINS
Houston, Texas
Thunderbird II—Minter



PHILLIPS J. COPELAND
Rialto, California
Ryan—Pecos



ROBERT E. COPELAND
Lewiston, Idaho
Thunderbird II—Marana



JOHN E. CROWLEY
Lonsdale, Rhode Island



ROBERT H. CUTTING
Medford, Massachusetts
Blythe—Minter



WILLIAM R. COVINGTON
Rochelle, Georgia
Blythe—Minter



CHARLES L. DAVIS
Denver, Colorado
Thunderbird II—Minter



BOBBIE R. CRANDALL
Compton, California
Thunderbird I—Minter

saying, "Come on, men, get up. Reveille was 10 minutes ago." "That" blond Sarg—bucking for Private who gave us P. T.—he must eat raw meat sprinkled with nails for a steady diet.

A. D. Anderson—our Honor Committee man—receiving threatening letters. M. E. (I'M on light duty) Benkula—claiming he really regretted missing P. T. Bass—the only man we ever knew who talked in his sleep in Yiddish.

Bartholomew—"Will someone please sign me in about midnite—please?" Burroughs (She'll marry me here or to ??? with her) shining his patent leather shoes. Bruner and Breheim—the gold brick twins.

Cooksey—Hot Ex-Glider Pilot—with his Hollywood memories—pictures, too. Colliander—"Eh, now back in Boston—we - -" Brechbill—"Maybe I can charter a train home." Baird—changing tires in our "parlor."

Anyone saying, "But I just wanted a hair cut,



L. K. DAVIS, JR.
Hebron, Texas
Santa Maria—Lancaster



WELDON O. CRONKITE
Long Beach, California
Thunderbird II—Minter



ROBERT H. CUMMINGS
West Lafayette, Indiana
Thunderbird I—Minter



ROBERT H. DAVIS, JR.
Tulsa, Oklahoma
Tulare—Marana



R. EARL DAVIS, JR.
Shelbyville, Indiana
Blythe—Minter



HUBERT F. DONOHUE
Dayton, Washington
Tulare—Marana



WALTER R. DOUGLAS
Custer City, Pa.
Blythe—Minter



DONALD DAWLEY
New Straitsville, Ohio
Blythe—Minter



WILLIAM E. DRAKE
Huntington Park, California



JAMES P. DEGROOT
Appleton, Wisconsin
Blythe—Minter

not the whole barber shop." Boebner with his ad—Lost—one bending cone of silence. If found please return to beam—if you can find it...so I can hit the darn thing." Brollier—combing that precious hair. Tennessee Baumann—still not enjoying wearing shoes.

The well known "Little Airplane." Needle ball and airspeed—and a box of aspirin. What we can't remember—A three-point landing in that lovely Bobcat . . . UGH!

In the largest Army Camp in the largest county of the largest state, there was a group small in number but great in spirit, who were known as Squadron 22. There were many small incidents which, collectively, made the history of Squadron 22, such as:

A fence post hitting Fred Frazer's plane on a short field landing . . . Art Ernst, not being satisfied giving the wolf cry to every woman he saw, coming in and giving that familiar howl to his girl-friend's picture . . . Steve Ellis, the former Texas Ranger, saying, "I'm not a native



ROY J. DUNAVANT
Chino, California
29 Palms—Pecos



WILLIAM T. DENZ
Buffalo, N. Y.
Blythe—Minter



RAYMOND D. DORMAN
Long Island, N. Y.
Blythe—Minter



JOHN W. EASTERLING
Camarillo, California
Hemet—Minter



HAROLD W. EBBET
Sand Point, Idaho
Hemet—Minter



ARTHUR ERNST
Inglewood, California
29 Palms—Pecos



PAUL M. EVANS, JR.
Valentine, Texas
Thunderbird II—Minter



KENNETH W. EIDE
Austin, Minnesota
Pecos



KENNETH L. FARRELL
Stillwater, Oklahoma
Thunderbird II—Marana



JAMES M. ELDER
Dallas, Texas
Tulare—Marana

Texas, I strayed away from home when I was a kid and wound up here." . . . Ed "Snap Roll" Grant squeezing in a landing . . . Howard Feyersen—could it be that he is from Wisconsin . . . John "Mother" Gallagher—fixing out the duty roster and getting us up for Reveille . . . Holly Flood and the wheels up landing out on the prairie. They do run better with gasoline, don't they, Holly? . . . Robert Grube of direct German descent and celebrating the same birthday as 'der Fuehrer' . . . Stan Grotenhuis—the most eager man in the Squadron . . . Millard "Willard" Gibson—the J. C. Penny traveling salesman saying, "It was that way on my orders." . . .

Wild Bill Frazier—"Sir, I couldn't see—the windshield is milky." . . . Rupert Ford won his only stars while acting as copilot on an AT-17 . . . Kenneth Farrell wanting to go back to Oklahoma . . . Ludovic Filgas—the man who never misses a show . . . Bernard Griffin—the first man to pass his instrument



LEWIS A. FAW
Monahans, Texas
Thunderbird I—Minter



STEPHEN B. ELLIS
Logan, Utah
Thunderbird I—Minter



AMOS C. ESTES, JR.
Wichita Falls, Texas
Thunderbird II—Minter



RANDALL L. FETTY
Los Angeles, California
Tulare—Marana



HOWARD W. FEYERSON
Sheboygan, Wisconsin
Thunderbird I—Minter



THOMAS S. FORD
Choudrant, Louisiana
Tulare—Marana



WILLIAM F. FRASIER
Rutland, Vermont
Thunderbird I—Minter



LUDOVIC S. FILGAS
Fresno, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



JOHN F. FITZPATRICK
McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania
Thunderbird II—Marana



HOLLY C. FLOOD
Caldwell, Idaho
Tulare—Marana

check . . . Lewis Faw—late to bed and late to rise, as strange as it may seem, made him healthy, wealthy and wise . . . E. K. Goodnight failing to let his wheels down on an instrument landing. . . 'Jack Rabbit' Gibson with his little piece of paper displaying the beam or asking everybody what to do on a close in procedure . . .

Paul Evans not knowing how to load his skeet gun and then hitting high score . . . Jack Estes—the quiet man who acts while others talk . . . John Fitzpatrick saying, "They had better not hold us here until the seventh 'cause I'm getting married on the eighth." . . . Donald Gray getting up in the middle of the night to close the back door . . . Randall Fetty—the black market man who says 'we can fly down in my Chev.' . . . And last in B Flight, Thomas Ford—the Choudrant boy who has had the most peculiar experiences.

Then there's A Flight: . . . We can't forget T. H. Davis—the farmer boy from Texas who



FRED T. FRAZER
Long Beach, California
Tulare—Marana



JOHN J. GALLAGHER, JR.
Alameda, California
Tulare—Marana



RUPERT G. FORD
Burbank, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



JAMES R. GIBSON
Griffin, Georgia
Tulare—Minter



MILLARD L. GIBSON
Yreka, California
Thunderbird II—Minter



BERNARD W. GRIFFIN
Austin, Minnesota
Ryan—Pecos



ROBERT L. GRUBE
Dallas, Texas
Tulare—Marana



ELMER K. GOODNIGHT
Holland, Texas
Thunderbird I—Minter

just can't think of becoming an instructor. His address is A.P.O. No. 61, Texas, U. S. A. . . . Another salesman, but he won't say what he sold, is Bill Drake from Huntington Park . . . R. D. (Polly) Dorman is the best trumpeter in the class—'Thank God', he's the ONLY one—but we did enjoy it R. D. . . . Jimmie Elder, the 'Dallas Kid,' is completely sold on marriage and you are a silly boy if you don't take that big step . . . Willie Denz, the shy boy from New York, who got 10 stars for not recognizing Cathedral Mountain. Yes, he got lost!...

Our Squadron Captain, W. O. Cronkite, has a girl back home that calls him "darling"—but two to one she hasn't heard him say, "Aten-but," at 0530 in the morning—Oh, what a noise . . . R. E. Davis, the gangling kid from Indiana, used to call hogs for a living—He honestly developed the sweetest set of vocal chords you ever heard—but don't wait—just stop and listen—don't you hear him?

W. R. Douglas, the man of the hour and a



SWAN E. GUSTAFSON
Chicago, Illinois
Blythe—Minter



JAMES E. GRANT
Clinton, Mo.
Thunderbird I—Minter



DOUGLAS R. HALL
Lincoln, Maine
Ryan—Pecos



DONALD J. GRAY
Clayton, N. Y.
Ryan—Pecos



STANTON W. GROTENHUIS
Oakland, California
Thunderbird II—Minter



KENNETH M. HALL
Stockbridge, Mass.
Blythe—Minter



WILLIAM H. HALL
Dothan, Alabama
Blythe—Minter



ROBERT M. HAMMANN
Long Beach, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



HERBERT E. HART
Canaan, Maine
Ryan—Pecos



HARRY B. HALPERIN



OLIN W. HAYES
Natick, Massachusetts
Blythe—Minter



FRANK H. HAMACK, JR.
Seattle, Washington
Thunderbird I—Minter

girl in England, insists that Lt. Hill put him in charge of any fence building to be done around the Cadet Area. He says he's specialized . . . Have you ever seen a 'banty' rooster in a fight? You should see John W. Easterling, the former football coach, tackle the whole fighting Irish, and we do mean Harold Ebbet—what a riot! . . . John Crowley is the first English "Prof" we've seen with poor English. He can't even pronounce his "R's" . . .

One man that tried to turn an AT-17 into a scooter is J. P. DeGroot. He not only landed with his wheels up, but got a chance to lecture to the whole class. (Voluntarily, of course.)... For an old explosive operator, Don Dawley moves with all the grace imaginable—he moves out to reveille and back to bed—never showing any sign of ever being awake. He's really good . . . A Tulsa boy named R. H. Davis is always reading mystery stories, he probably wants to become a policeman after the duration . . . Another Davis, this time from Denver, sweats out



JOHN B. HEATON
Canton, New York
Blythe—Minter



ALLEN W. HAMMAN
Long Beach, California



JOHN R. HANDLEY
Chicago, Illinois
Ryan—Pecos



JOE W. HEGUY
Elko, Nevada
Thunderbird I—Minter







KENNETH H. HEIL
Cincinnati, Ohio
Blythe—Minter



EDWARDS C. HENRY
Pontotoc, Mississippi
Thunderbird II—Minter



BERNARD HERRING
Blakely, Georgia
Blythe—Minter



ROBERT A. HENNING
Holbrook, Arizona
Blythe—Minter



CARL J. HENNINGER
Portland, Oregon
Hemet—Minter



CHARLES E. HIBBARD
New Castle, Pennsylvania
Blythe—Minter



ELMO J. HENSKE
Kenney, Texas
Tulare—Marana



EDWARD O. HIATT
Woodland, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



EDWIN F. HILL
Wilmington, North Carolina
Thunderbird I—Minter



WILLIAM D. HITSON
Ventura, California
Thunderbird I—Minter

every mail call. If he doesn't hear from her twice a day, he worries for hours.

Bobbie Crandall lives for one thing and that is—"I'll always love you, darling"—who wouldn't live for something like that . . . "Pop" Cummins says, "No, I'm not particularly a 'Hot Pilot,' but I'll do—I wish that instructor agreed with me." . . . R. H. Cutting came into the barracks shouting, "I found the cone!"—but we found out it was only an ice cream cone in the PX. . . Two men we can't forget are Mike Koechel and Paul Kimble, two of the best navigators in the class.

As the days and the months go by, there are some things the men of Squadron 23 will remember for a long time after they have left this field. Some of these will probably be:

One instructor saying, "Take a star for each dual hour you have to date. You can collect it at the Squadron party." Poor teetotalers . . . Edwin Hill's vivid descriptions with facial expressions thrown in. He is the guy who tried to



JAMES C. HOLCOMB
Birmingham, Alabama
29 Palms—Lancaster



CARSON L. HUBBARD
Paso Robles, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



HOWARD E. HUTCHINSON
Moberly, Missouri
Santa Maria—Lancaster



ROBERT O. HOSKINS
Worthington, Minn.
Thunderbird I—Minter

snap the hood on his instructor's ear . . . The perfect directional instrument take-off J. W. lid made with a caged gyro . . . The night chattering of W. L. Howell: "You take off, then I'll take over." . . . H. C. Halpern, the fellow with a peculiar taste—eating raw onion sandwiches at mess . . . E. O. Hiatt bating that "darned rough air" in link. "Like flying through a cumulonimbus cloud, no doubt," he says.

W. D. Hitson's apparent surprise when the hood was blown out the window of his ship while flying dual instruments . . . O. W. Hayes' continuous into late hours at night, keeping everyone awake, and Bernard Herring coming in from the late show and waking everyone who had gone to sleep . . . Lt. Hill's pride and joy, R. Neely, asking Lt. Hill, "Sir, what do I have to do to get married?" . . . K. H. (when I was a G.I. stationed in England) Hibert carrying his part of the argument to the bursting point. If he displays as much aggression against the axis, they will surely have a headache.



HERBERT J. HOWE
Hot Springs, Arkansas
Thunderbird II—Minter



WILLIAM L. HOWELL
Roswell, New Mexico
Oxnard—Marana



LLOYD E. HUMPHREY
San Diego, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



JOHN W. IID
Rudyard, Michigan
Santa Maria—Lancaster



CHARLES F. IVORY
Irvington, N. J.
Ryan—Pecos



ANDREW B. JACKSON
Tualatin, Oregon
Thunderbird I—Minter



JOSEPH JIRIK
Chicago, Illinois
Thunderbird I—Minter



VERNON O. JOHNSON
Santa Barbara, California
Oxnard—Marana



CHARLES W. JONES, JR.
Burbank, California
Thunderbird—Minter



GORDON M. JOHNSON
Globe, Arizona
Visalia—Lancaster

J. W. Heguy and J. B. Heaton discovering a new airfield in the hills when they made a forced landing on a cross-country . . . R. A. Henning's bursts of laughter and joy when he reads letters from his Dad . . . Robert M. Hamann coming to the aid of several puzzled cadets and explaining some of the mechanisms of an AT-17. Here is one man who can fly and do the maintenance work on his ship which is an asset . . . W. H. Hall saying life is too short to waste it on women, but really giving girls at the U.S.O. a whirl.

V. O. Johnson's "Maytag," "Maytag," "Maytag," he sounded like a washing machine salesman instead of a cadet reporting an accident... The "Three Musketeers," D. R. Hall, J. R. Handley and H. E. Hart, taking in Alpine on Saturday nights . . . E. C. Henry discussing "bumming" in our Bombing class . . . Swan E. "Windy" Gustafson, from Chicago, trying to get someone to take his arguments seriously.... L. E. Humphrey and C. L. Hubbard allowing



WADE JONES
Monte Vista, Colorado
Thunderbird I—Minter



HUGH B. JOHNSON
Raleigh, North Carolina
Blythe—Minter



OLIVER M. KEENEY
Los Angeles, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



M. C. JOHNSON
San Francisco, California
Oxnard—Marana



SIDNEY E. JOINER
Childress, Texas
Thunderbird I—Minter



GEORGE J. KELLER
Devils Lake, North Dakota
Thunderbird I—Minter



LLOYD R. KELLER
Denver, Colorado
Visalia—Lancaster



MILFORD P. KINDLEY
LaFontaine, Indiana
Oxnard—Marana



LOREN B. KINNEY
Cheyenne, Wyoming
Blythe—Minter



JOSEPH S. KERN
Oakland, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



LOGAN H. KISSIRE
Morrilton, Arkansas
Blythe—Minter



EDWIN C. KIESELBACH
Ravenna, Ohio
Santa Maria—Lancaster

S. E. Joiner to walk away with one of their two containers of "nourishment" right under their noses, and they are still wondering who has the second one . . . C. J. Henninger usually could be found at the insignia counter in the PX, not admiring the wings and bars as you might suppose, but talking to his charming wife . . .

The incident of the cadet calling the tower: Cadet: "East Tower, this is 541 . . ." Tower: "GET OFF THE AIR—there has been an accident." Cadet: This is 541, the ship that had the accident." Tower: . . . go ahead 541!"

*A cadet from Georgia solemnly singing:
"I'm a rambling wreck
From an Army check,
And a possible bombardier."*

John L. Liekhus—steady type of a guy, always on the ball—well, more or less. . . Arner A. Lindstrom—one of the "Taxi boys." Extemporaneous speaker on taxi misdemeanors . . .



FREDERICK G. KLUSS
Inglewood, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



DONALD K. KILGORE
Seattle, Washington
Visalia—Lancaster



RICHARD B. KINMAN
Dallas, Texas
Visalia—Lancaster



EDWIN L. KNOWLES
Bellevue, Washington
Visalia—Lancaster



ROBERT O. KOCH
Montinsburg, W. Va.
Ryan—Pecos



HARRY W. KRAUS
East Palestine, Ohio
Ryan—Pecos



JAMES T. KUIPER
Sheldon, Iowa
Santa Maria—Lancaster



STANLEY A. KOZLOWSKI
Nashua, N. H.
Thunderbird II—Pecos

Gordon C. Lingren—fair-haired boy in Ground School—Ferries V-8's as well as AT-17's . . . James R. Lowe—another silent lad from a way back . . . William E. Lux—co-partner (pilot?) with Lindstrom in taxi escapades—also orator...

Dale C. Maluy—a G.I. that made the grade, formerly a S/Sergeant . . . Hugh E. Matthews—otherwise known as Blinky—longs for those College of Pacific days in California . . . John Mayo—"Night Owl," specializing in midnight chats to the displeasure of neighbors . . . Harold McCallister—from Ozark, Arkansas, but no one seems to hold it against him . . . Robert McAnelly—specializes in trapeze acts for the benefit of Lt. Hill . . .

Milton McAninch—Oh, that guy, never seems to be able to make calabooptic formations . . . Lee McClure—Lt. Williams' 'HP'—variously known as "Junior," "Hot Pilot," etc. . . LeRoy McGough—eager Flight Lieutenant, but only for a week—formerly at Compton J. C., California . . . Edwin Kieselbach—"Yuh oughta



WALTER W. LANDON
Olinda, California
Visalia—Lancaster



SYDNEY M. KRAABEL
Missoula, Montana
Visalia—Lancaster



RAYMOND LANG, JR.
San Francisco, California
Tulare—Marana



OTTO K. KRAMER
Bakersfield, California
Visalia—Lancaster



GEORGE B. KROCK
Santa Ana, California
Oxnard—Marana



OLIVER B. LARSON
Opheim, Montana
Visalia—Lancaster



VICTOR G. LAZAR
Aurora, Illinois
Oxnard—Marana



AINER A. LINDSTROM
Iron River, Michigan
Visalia—Lancaster



CONRAD A. LONGBOTTOM
Phoenix, Arizona
Ryan—Pecos



FRANK P. LEE, JR.
Hamden, Connecticut
Wickenburg—Pecos

see Ohio at this time of the year."—Also Peck's Bad Boy . . . Donald Kilgore—known as "Pappy"—hails from the virgin Northwest—was at Dutch Harbor when bombed . . .

Milford Kindley—financial expert, H. P. and date keeper promptly each noon with Fern . . . Richard Kinman—"You should see the other part of Texas." No doubt he means Dallas . . . Loren Kinney—signed as cadet while in England—fourth American soldier to set foot in England . . . Logan Kissire—ex-glider pilot who won service stripe at Battle of Blythe, he says . . . Frederick Kluss—"let's go" Kluss he was known as—first and loudest to every formation . . . Edwin Knowles—"Yes, sir, I'll get out of bed." Koch—ex-gym instructor who bates P.T. . . . Stanley Kozlowski—ex-ski instructor from Boston—ex-pro footballer—ex-seaman and a character . . .

Sidney Kraabel—became father for second time while residing in Marfa—wife and daughters in Montana . . . Otto Kramer—lost forty



JAMES R. LOWE
Los Angeles, California
Santa Maria—Lancaster



BRAUDICE B. LeMAY, JR.
Muncie, Indiana
Blythe—Minter



WILLIAM E. LUX
Troy, Kansas
Visalia—Lancaster



JOHN H. LIEKHUS
Anaheim, California
Santa Maria—Lancaster



GORDON C. LINGREN
Pasadena, California
Santa Maria—Lancaster



DALE C. MALUY
Mack, Colorado
Thunderbird—Minter



HUGH E. MATTHEWS, JR.
Stockton, California
Visalia—Lancaster



HAROLD O. McCALLISTER
Ozark, Arkansas
Thunderbird I—Minter



LeROY E. McGOUGH
Inglewood, California
Santa Maria—Lancaster



JOHN Y. MAYO
Los Angeles, California
Visalia—Lancaster

pounds to get in cadets. Harry Kraus—ambitious, energetic, early to rise, early to bed—especially to bed . . . George Krock—member of the Dawn Patrol—shines shoes from morn to night . . . Jim Kuiper—tall, blond, muchly occupied in correspondence with lass at Stevens College . . . William Landon—ex-gold miner, ex-freight line operator from the wilds of sis-kiyou in California. . .

Ray Lang—from city by the Golden Gate. Favorite pastime rushing to Indian Lodge on week-ends—why? . . . Oliver Larson—first to pass instrument check in Squadron 24—never nervous while in the air . . . Victor Lazar—"Now, when I was in Fort Sam with the M. P.'s" . . . Frank Lee—ace cartoonist for class book—ran into tough luck when confined to the hospital . . . Brandice LeMay—from "Middle town in Transition," Muncie, Indiana. Proud papa of one boy, one girl . . .

Ralph McKinley—has an Arkansas accent, but claims to be from California—oh, well . . .



RALPH C. McKINLEY
Ramona, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



ROBERT C. McANELLY
San Antonio, Texas
Thunderbird II—Minter



GEORGE M. McSHEEHY
Reading, Massachusetts
Blythe—Minter



MILTON F. McANINCH
Los Angeles, California
Santa Maria—Lancaster



LEE McCLURE
Port Orchard, Washington
Visalia—Lancaster



MILTON A. MEIKLEJOHN
Santa Ana, California
Santa Maria—Lancaster



WILLIAM MILLER, JR.
Dunellen, N. J.
Thunderbird I—Minter



WILLIAM T. MOODY, JR.
March Field, California
Visalia—Lancaster



WILLIAM F. MOORE
Beaumont, Texas
Visalia—Lancaster



WILLIAM M. MILLIKEN
Eureka, Kansas
Visalia—Lancaster

George McSheehy—with McKinley headed for Carlsbad one fair day, although McSheehy is from Boston . . . Milton Meiklejohn—"Mike, with the broad shoulders," has connections everywhere . . . William Milliken—big basketball ace from Colorado—sings in cadence, tra-la . . . William Miller—he's from New Joisey, pronounced "Joisey," of course . . .

Elmer Mittwoch—has school work to make up, but fighting gallantly on...Richard Moody—Squadron Commander, but eager—from sunny Long Beach . . . William Moody—"I know all the officers." Always has a story to beat all stories . . . Lawrence Moore—from Oakland (right across the bay from San Francisco) . . . William Moore—"Clear on the right"—the Moore lads are virtually inseparable—quiet, regarding Texas.

. . . Those first few days of sweating out that solo . . . Our impressive collection of those costly celestial bodies . . . The sighs of relief at the conclusion of Ground School . . . Sleepless



ROBERT A. MORGAN
Tacoma, Washington
Oxnard—Marana



ELMER MITTWUCH
Rib Lake, Wisconsin
Visalia—Lancaster



HARRY A. MORRIS
Los Angeles, California
Visalia—Lancaster



RICHARD M. MOODY
Long Beach, California
Visalia—Lancaster



LAURENCE W. MOORE
Palo Alto, California
Visalia—Lancaster



KENNETH G. MORRIS
Fort Worth, Texas
Visalia—Lancaster



ROY D. MORRIS
Independence, Oregon
Visalia—Lancaster



PRESTON E. MOY
Coquille, Oregon
Visalia—Lancaster



DAN T. MUAT
Oakland, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



PERCY E. MORTIMEYER
Okanogan, Washington
Ryan—Pecos



VINCENT MURPHY
Los Angeles, California
Visalia—Lancaster



ARNOLD MOSEL
Los Angeles, California
Visalia—Lancaster

nights and jittery days when instrument check rides start . . . Getting lost on the ramp after a night landing . . . Trying to fly a night formation with a couple of stars . . . Dreams of silver wings and gold bars come true . . . These small memories we will never forget . . .

Ellsworth Riker—Squadron Captain and member of group staff—generally known as "Eager Beaver" of Squadron No. 25. His "let's go" shocked the men out of the stupor of precious minutes of sack time day after day . . . Joe Raine—ex-school teacher and sometimes known as "Hairless Joe." Did a fine job of assisting with supervision of squadron duties . . . Dick Peyton—will take on a permanent copilot at the altar as soon as he can get to California . . . Bernard Sbraccia—was on hand when the fire works started at Pearl Harbor and plans to be on hand when it ends over Tokyo . . .

Lewis Nixon—"It's done this way. Nothing to it." . . . Wendell Secrest still wonders what makes them fly . . . R. A. Olson—goes to sleep



HERBERT W. NASH
Salina, Kansas
Visalia—Lancaster



ROBERT L. MOX
Santa Monica, California
Visalia—Lancaster



ROBERT K. MURCHLAND
Los Angeles, California
Visalia—Lancaster



FRANCIS G. NEELY
Los Angeles, California
Visalia—Lancaster



JOSEPH S. NEESER
Pocatello, Idaho
Visalia—Lancaster



ARTHUR B. NEELSEN
Salt Lake City, Utah
Visalia—Lancaster



LEWIS B. NIXON
Pacific Palisades, California
Santa Maria—Lancaster



HENRY B. NELSON, JR.
Staten Island, New York
Blythe—Minter

at night now counting planes instead of Montana sheep . . . Earl Peterson—wants to get in on one more season in Idaho before declaring open season on the Nippies . . .

Ray Peters—in an ex-cavalryman's vernacular: "Heck, we had an old broken down buckskin that could outbuck an AT-17 any day: "... William Petty—"Junior" wants to pasture a B-17 in the Bluegrass country of his Kentucky home . . . Robert Morgan—famous in Squadron 25 for his emergency landing . . . Arnold Mosel—"Let's see, if I push this gadget, I think it does something or other." . . . Vincent Murphy—ONCE he wasn't the last man out for formation. . .

Russell Scott—"Hoot, men, I don't know she has to imitate a kangaroo every time she hits the runway." . . . Melvin Shelton—"Even Oklahoma isn't as bad as this." . . . August Rieke—chief contender for the star collection championship . . . Maurice Perkins—"If the runways were built 15 feet higher, I'd grease in every landing."



ROBERT J. NOLT
Denair, California
Tulare—Marana



LOU K. NEWFIELD
Berkeley, California
Oxnard—Marana



WILLIAM NUNN
Willowbrook, California
Visalia—Lancaster



RICHARD J. NEWMAN
Denver, Colorado
Thunderbird I—Minter



HILBERT J. NILES
Oakland, California
Oxnard—Marana



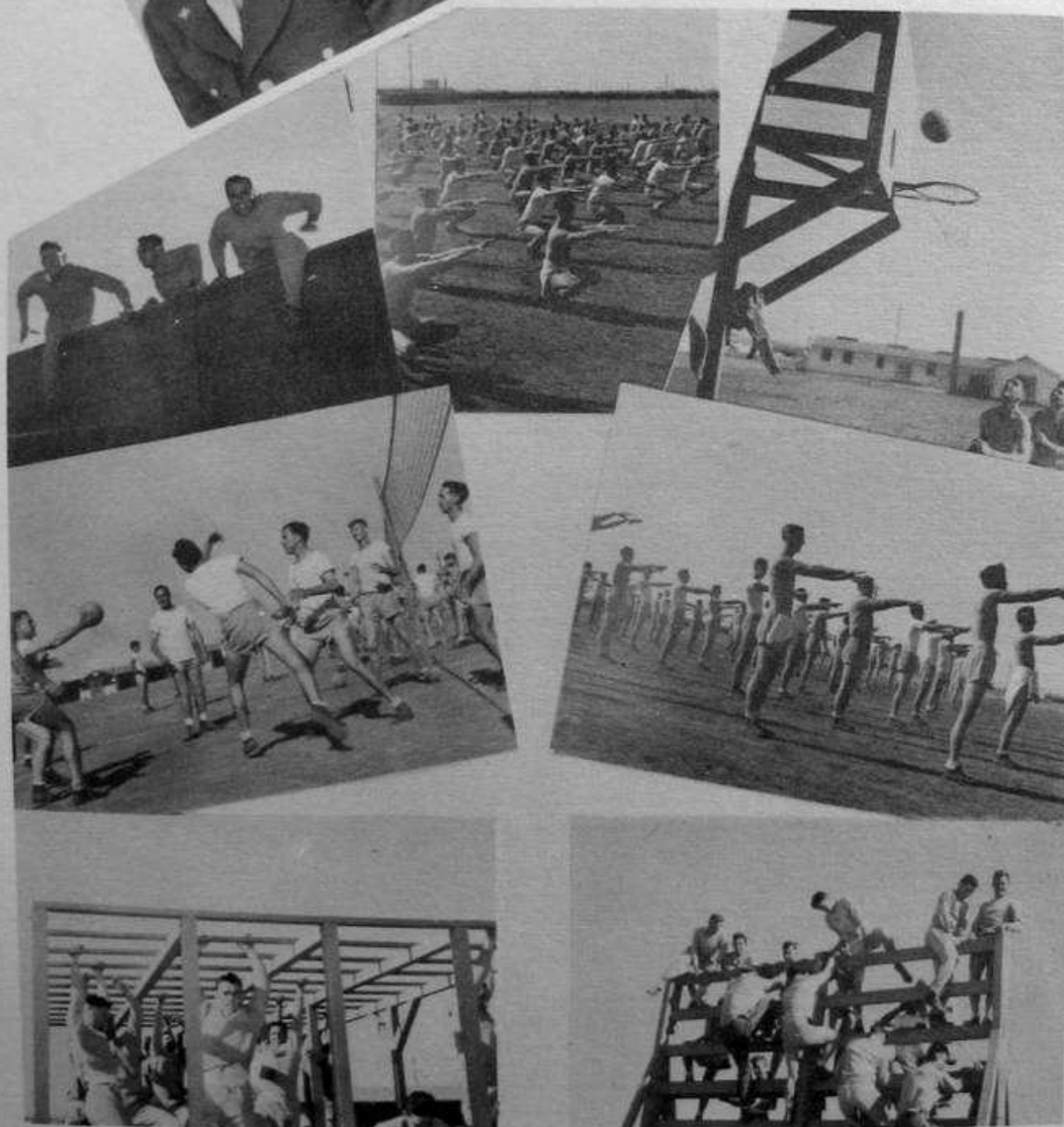
WILLIAM B. O'BRIEN
Alhambra, California
Visalia—Lancaster

LT. FAYE LAGOW
Cadet Athletic Director



PHYSICAL TRAINING

One hour each day was devoted to the science of keeping physically fit. This science included calisthenics, games, occasional runs around the track and the obstacle course. The greatest run of all was the run for the showers which ended that particular episode of physical training; all combined kept us functioning at maximum efficiency.





ADVANCED





ROBERT R. OLDEWAGE
Tucson, Arizona
Santa Maria—Lancaster



ROMAN PASINSKI
East Haven, Connecticut
Wickenburg—Pecos



MAURICE E. PERKINS
Churdon, Iowa
Visalia—Lancaster



EDWIN L. OLSEN
Portland, Oregon
Thunderbird I—Minter



ROBERT A. OLSON
Great Falls, Montana
Visalia—Lancaster



HERMAN M. PAINE
Glendale, California
Visalia—Lancaster

Lou Newfield—should be used as a harrasing agent on the enemy with his singing ability . . . Dan Muat—"Flying is just like being married, only you have some control over a wife." . . .

James C. Vignola—"Tough Guy" from the windy city and a confirmed Army man. Good things come in small packages . . . Charles T. Smith—Smitty's girl puts volume numbers on her letters so he won't get them mixed up. Hear she's going to tie him up! Best of luck, C. T. . . . Everett W. Smith—we all call him "Grandpop," but he's one of the sharpest and best liked men in the outfit . . .

Dale O. Swanson—the wit of the Squadron. Also bates corny hands, of course some of us wonder about him at times, but— . . . Frank Tarasko—our Flight Commander and a swell egg. He's done a swell job . . . Joseph L. Tweedy—a quiet guy, but you should hear him sing. It's repulsive . . . K. E. Stevens—that everpresent optimist who insists he's going



RAYMOND PETERS
Monticello, Iowa
Oxnard—Marana



EARL M. PETERSON
Twin Falls, Idaho
Visalia—Lancaster



BRUCE E. PENNY
Spokane, Washington
Tulare—Marana



WILLIAM M. PETTY, JR.
Louisville, Kentucky
Santa Maria—Lancaster



RICHARD H. PEYTON
Venice, California
Visalia—Lancaster



RAY C. RALPHS
Rockland, Idaho
Visalia—Lancaster



ELLSWORTH F. RIKER
San Diego, California
Visalia—Lancaster



ROBERT A. PLATT
Chicago, Illinois
Visalia—Lancaster



FRED C. ROBERTS
Clovis, New Mexico
Thunderbird I—Minter



RICHARD F. POULSEN
Fresno, California
Thunderbird I—Minter

to become an instructor and stay at home with his wife . . . Kenneth Snow—Ken really knows all about one-engine procedure, especially on landings . . .

Haskell Simmons—A southerner who is really proud of his heritage—what southerner isn't? One of the famous flying Simmons boys! Also a graduate of "Ground Loop." . . . Joseph Szegegeto—Joe is too big to get into anything but a bomber. Guess that's what he wants, too . . . Samuel Stalsby—A hot man on the guitar from way back—and proud possessor of one of the cutest wives you ever saw . . . Harry L. Tilson—when better ways are found to get out of details, Harry will find them . . .

Roy Sickman—this boy is handsome enough to have a girl, but we've never heard him mention one. Maybe he wants to keep her to himself . . . Donald Tyler—a confirmed Californian and a dandy chap. Right in there pitching all the time . . . Frank Thomas—you'd never guess by listening to this guy talk that



BERNARD D. SBRACCIA
Boston, Massachusetts
Oxnard—Marana



JOSEPH H. RAINE
Holtville, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



AUGUST R. RICKE
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Tulare—Marana



RUSSELL E. SCOTT
Fort Bragg, California
Visalia—Lancaster



WENDELL SECREST
Decatur, Illinois
Tulare—Marana



HASKELL H. SIMMONS
Haleyville, Alabama
Blythe—Minter



PETER J. SKOGLUND
Spokane, Washington
Visalia—Lancaster



LENWARD A. SHELTON
Walstonburg, N. C.
Thunderbird I—Minter

he was from New York. One would think it was Brooklyn . . . R. E. Strom—Happy Strom—one of the few guys that doesn't gripe. He must get up on the right side of the bed. (When he gets up.)

B. E. Taylor—this guy doesn't say much but when he does, he button-holes you and starts, "Listen brother . . ." . . . Robert L. Tiede—I'll bet this boy has more solo sack time logged than anyone else in the Squadron . . . Ernest Thompson—Earnie always believes anything that is told him is a rumor. But he'll go on fighting after the war is over . . .

Gregory Solich—Greg is usually pretty quiet, but he's the kind of a guy anyone would want flying wing for them . . . E. F. Tully—Tully is also a great one for the sack. For unprintable reasons, he has been excused from P. T. for the longest time. Should be in pretty good shape . . . W. I. Smith—"Eager" for short—goes without looking for our Tactical Officer whenever we have a little time off.



CHARLES T. SMITH
Amagansett, N. Y.
Blythe—Minter



MELVIN D. SHELTON, JR.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Tulare—Marana



EVERETT W. SMITH
Rochester, N. Y.
Blythe—Minter



ROY C. SIEKMAN
Rising Sun, Indiana
Visalia—Lancaster



KEITH D. SKELTON
Edinboro, Pa.
Blythe—Minter



WILBUR I. SMITH
Rose Hill, Iowa
Visalia—Lancaster



KENNETH M. SNOW
San Francisco, California
Thunderbird I—Minter



ROBERT E. STROM
St. Paul, Minnesota
Tulare—Marana



JOSEPH SZENEGETO
Lockwood, Ohio
Blythe—Minter



GREGORY A. SOLICH
Richmond, California
Visalia—Lancaster

James L. Van Sandt—Silence in the Mess Hall. Then a thunderous roar, "When you . . . fellows down there get through fooling around with the . . . food, pass it down here, will ye?" Richard Kern—an acquisition from I class and an addition to K. Glad to have you aboard, Mister. . . . Keith Shelton—Happy lad from Edinboro, Pennsylvania—happiest when he's up at Indian Lodge on week-ends . . .

Weekley, M. O.—"The Man Who Eats" and how! by-product of North Dakota—Inventor of the famous Weems-Weekley Beam Bracketer—Has shattered the theory that a Link Trainer won't do acrobatics . . . Webster, "P. D."—Our fire bug—noted for his laughter-rocking laugh—loves to tell about "the waves breaking over the bow"—formerly a salt water man from Long Island . . . Wand, "Jim"—Corn fed Iowa lad, more recently from L. A. Eats it, Dreams it, Talks it. First man out of the gate on open post—makes a five-dollar week-end sound like a three-week binge. In his idle moments punches



FRANK E. TARASKO
Los Angeles, California
Visalia—Lancaster



SAMUEL C. STALSBY
Beaumont, Texas
Visalia—Lancaster



BERNARD E. TAYLOR
Maywood, California
Santa Maria—Lancaster



KENNETH E. STEVENS
Pasadena, California
Visalia—Lancaster



DALE O. SWANSON
Los Angeles, California
Visalia—Lancaster



FRANK G. THOMAS
Collingswood, New Jersey
Ryan—Pecos



ERNEST L. THOMPSON
Pasadena, California
Santa Maria—Lancaster



JOSEPH L. TWEEDY, JR.
San Angelo, Texas
Santa Maria—Lancaster



JAMES L. VAN SANDT
Whittier, California
Visalia—Lancaster



ROBERT L. TIEDE
Wichita, Kansas
Visalia—Lancaster

the boys cards and agitates the Walker-Walker feud. . . .

Whaley, J. K.—"Chow Hound" Captured in the wilds of Idaho. Costs the Quartermaster half as much again to feed as the average Kadet . . . Ware, Our Boy Jimmie—Still on his honeymoon—dies a dozen deaths over each check ride, later holds the barracks spell bound with the harrowing details . . . Wahl, Gordon K.—"Back to the Sack"—Will undoubtedly die in bed (he couldn't miss!) Can hardly wait to get back to L. A. and that deluxe "sack" with inner springs . . . Wetherman—The Old Man—Missouri born—despite his age—keeps abreast of most of the boys. A dead eye dick on the clay ducks—favorite song, "Hey, Hey, Hey, Don't Pin That Thing on Me." Suspected of secretly pondering on a toupee purchase . . .

Vaughn, Dale—another "City of the Angels" extract—noted for his carefree locker arrangement, for which he received Honorable Mention on practically every gig list published . . .



DALE N. VAUGHN
Ventura, California
Visalia—Lancaster



HARRY L. TILSON
Roanoke, Virginia
Thunderbird 1—Minter



LATON P. VERMIE
Runnells, Iowa
29 Palms—Lancaster



EDWARD F. TULLY
Los Angeles, California
Visalia—Lancaster



DONALD W. TYLER
Clarks, Nebraska
Tulare—Marana



JAMES C. VIGNOLA
Oak Park, Illinois
Blythe—Minter



ARTHUR F. VINCENT
Copeland, Kansas
29 Palms—Lancaster



MERRILL L. WALKER
Los Angeles, California
Visalia—Lancaster



CHARLES L. WALTERS
Kansas City, Kansas
Santa Maria—Lancaster



PAUL J. VIVIAN
Madison, Wisconsin
Santa Maria—Lancaster

Vermie, "Iowa"—definitely "Off the Cob"—loves donating dollars to Vincent via the Galloping Dominoes Route. Really "Hot" on the needle ball . . . Vincent, A. F.—"Seven Come Eleven Expert" Lives on his and Vermie's pay. Willing to stay up all night to give the boys a 3 A. M. call. . .

Weaver, Bob—West Virginia boy—starts each day for us with that bated "Let's go, men". We love him despite of it. He should have been a sailor, has one (or more) in every port . . . Walker, F. W. (Junior) — "The Hollywood Kid"—Spends most of his time throwing verbal barrages at the other Walker . . . Walker, M.—The other half of the Walker-Walker Fued. Always eager for the fray—stolen from the Navy, even knows the difference from a boat and a ship. Home town Los Angeles . . . Wallace, W. B.—Our public steno—hails from Seattle, Washington. Hammers out more correspondence per diem than the combined barracks . . . Werner, Ed—Fugi-



JAMES F. WAND
Burbank, California
Santa Maria—Lancaster



GORDON K. WAHL
Los Angeles, California
Tulare—Minter



ROBERT H. WANKELMAN
Cincinnati, Ohio
Visalia—Lancaster



FREDERICK W. WALKER, JR.
Los Angeles, California
Visalia—Lancaster



WILLIAM B. WALLACE, JR.
Bellingham, Wash.
Thunderbird II—Minter



JAMES R. WARE
Sacramento, California
Visalia—Lancaster



MORRIS M. WASSERMAN
Los Angeles, California
Santa Maria—Lancaster



PHILIP D. WEBSTER
San Leandro, California
Visalia—Lancaster



ROBERT M. WEISER
Buffalo, New York
29 Palms—Lancaster



GEORGE A. WATKINS
Corsicana, Texas
Santa Maria—Lancaster

tive from a Florida Beach—he's been freezing to death ever since. Hopes to some day live right on the Equator. Dreams of a nation-wide "Short-Snorter." Club clean up.



LEWIS F. WELLS
Provo, Utah
29 Palms—Lancaster



VERNON R. WEATHERMAN
Springfield, Missouri
Visalia—Lancaster



EDWARD C. WERNER
St. Petersburg, Florida
Visalia—Lancaster



ROBERT WEAVER
Pineville, West Virginia
Visalia—Lancaster



MYRON O. WEEKLEY
Grand Forks, North Dakota
Visalia—Lancaster



JESSE K. WHALEY
Boise, Idaho
29 Palms—Lancaster



HARRY J. WHITMAN
 Riverton, Wyoming
 Tulare—Marana



JOHN W. YARBROUGH
 Ponder, Texas
 Visalia—Lancaster



GEORGE E. WHITNEY
 San Francisco, California
 Visalia—Lancaster



ROBERT S. NORTHRUP
 Dayton, Ohio
 Wickenburg—Gardner



ROBERT E. SONDEEN
 Brunswick, Georgia
 Blythe—Pecos



PAUL W. KIMBLE
 Van Nuys, California
 Thunderbird II—Pecos



JAMES E. BENHAM
 Lafayette, Oregon
 Tulare—Lancaster



NATHAN L. KOEHEL
 Portland, Oregon
 Thunderbird II—Pecos



GILBERT G. TIPTON
 Wautoma, Wisconsin
 Santa Maria—Chico



GLENN L. HARRIS
 East Chicago, Indiana
 Blythe—Marana



ELDEN V. KESTERSON



RICHARD H. KERN



ROGER C. NEELY, JR.





NIGHT FLIGHT



WEEK END PASS!



CHAPLAINS



CHAPLAIN H. E. DIRKS
*You have won your wings! Congratulations! This is our prayer as you leave:
 May He, who is God of earth and sea and sky,
 Protect you and keep you, as you fly.*



FATHER B. C. NEWCOMB
*As you fly out into the blue,
 May God always be with you.*

HOSPITAL

Some of us were in perfect health some of the time, some of us were in perfect health all the time, but all of us were not in perfect health all the time. For those unfortunate individuals whose lot it was to require maintenance, we had the excellent facilities and personnel of the Marfa Army Air Field hospital.

A strange bit of news comes that the first two days a cadet is hospitalized he never moves or opens his eyes. I wonder why?



Lt. N. J. ZAHRY
 Flight Surgeon



Lt. Col. D. D. TODOROWICH
 Director of Hospital



Lt. DAVID C. DAHLIN
 Flight Surgeon

"MEMORIES OF MARFA"

What will a 43-K Marfa Cadet tell his grandson? Will it go something like this?

Yes, son, it was a cold morning when we got there. However, our faces brightened when we saw curtains and tablecloths in the Mess Hall. That brightness soon dimmed out when we started that regular grind. Ground School for five weeks. Every answer was on the E 6 B computer. All we had to do was find it. They taught us in Bombing why the bombardier would miss the target. That everpresent athletic instructor was there for the seven laps around the track and once over the obstacle course after twenty minutes of rugged but right calisthenics. The night we wanted sack time the most, link trainer at 2300.

We went to Marfa to fly and for several hours each day we kept the blue unsafe with instrument flying which culminated in the supreme check ride of cadet training. I have forgotten what per cent passed the ride. I never was good at fractions anyhow. Other things connected with flying were the routine personal inspections. A shine cost a dime—no shine—two stars. Riding through a fellow cadet's landing while serving in capacity of copilot and pleading with him to give it the needle and go on around. There was really no need. It always settles on the third bounce. We rode the proverbial "Texas Range." Everytime the instructor started moving around and looking out the window—that was the cone.

What good food—the first few days. Then field rations came and PX sales increased. You could always look forward to getting a meal in town on the week-end pass only they made the town too small and the passes too short, so we went to the show.

At the halfway point, the Post became crowded with officers. Why did they smile when we saluted them? Then officers thinned out and cadets got thicker. Anyway, we were upper classmen and had more time for latrine duty.

Have you ever seen a salesman try to sell a woman a hat? I had rather be a cadet than the man who tries to please a cadet with his uniform.

Disregarding such things as reveille at bedtime, demerits, link at midnight, instrument checks, ground school, athletics, latrine details, and no days off, cadet life was not so bad. Just this closing advice, grandson, if you should ever go to war, have no other ambition than to be a private and work to hold your rating. I guess I'll get out of bed now and go to lunch, on second thought, tell your grandmother to bring it to me.

If it will go like that, make me a grandfather, at least for a day!



1ST LT. NORMAN S. DAVIS
Link Trainer Dept.



MISS KATHLYN STOTTS
Secretary for Cadet Detachment

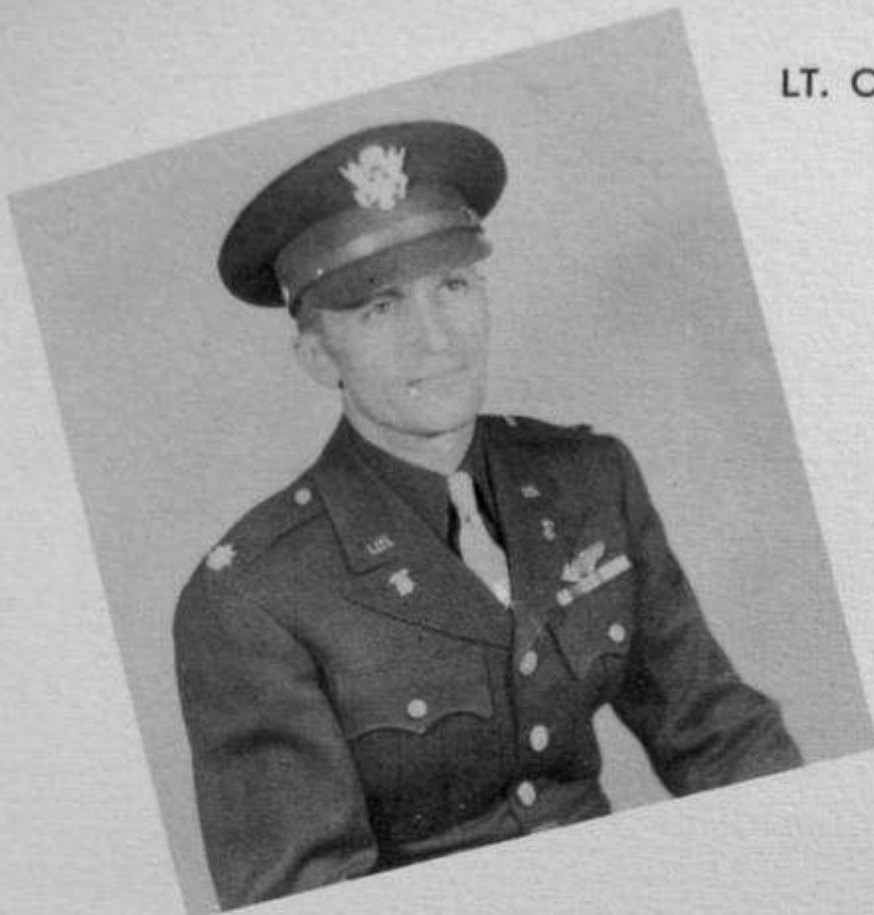


1st Lt. DAVID E. ROSE, JR.
Photo Officer



We wish to express our gratitude to Base Photo and Lt. Rose for the excellent co-operation they have given us.
THE STAFF

LT. COL. PAUL T. McFARLAND



OFFICE OF THE QUARTERMASTER
AAF PILOT SCHOOL (ADVANCED 2-ENGINE)
MANFA ARMY AIR FIELD
MANFA, TEXAS.

11 November 1943.

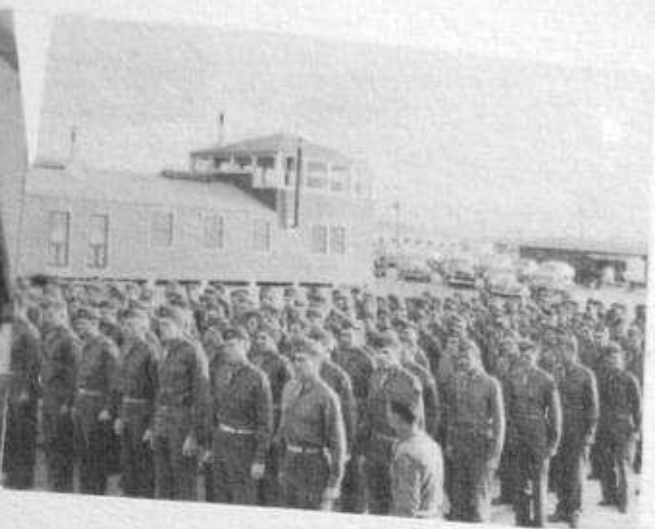
TO: CLASS 43 K;

You have successfully completed an important military mission at this station. Important to our Government and to you. You are to be congratulated. You will now proceed on another and more important mission, that of final preparation before entering into the action necessary to destroy our common enemy.

It is your duty and responsibility to live up to those high standards of conduct and performance established by your comrades-in-arms who have gone before. You have proven here that you possess qualities and qualifications necessary to do the job. We who have trained and served you here know that you will not let us down.

REMEMBER—YOU HAVE A JOB TO DO—OO ITI

Paul T. McFarland
Paul T. McFarland
Lt Col. SEC

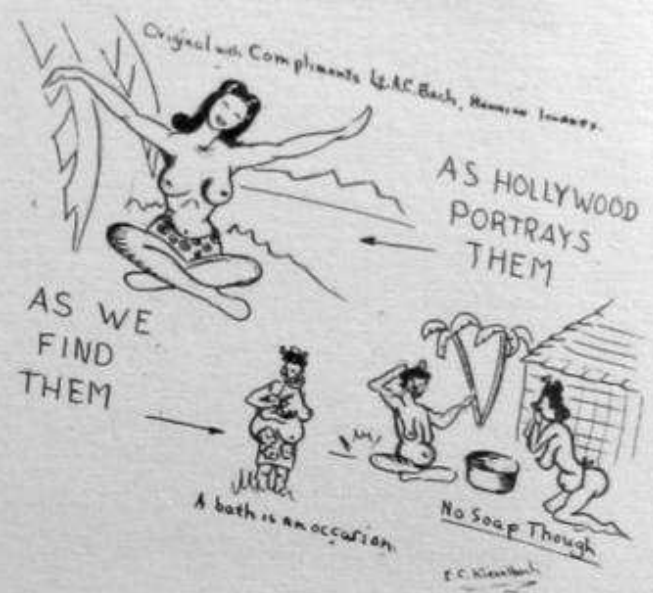


4 OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN - 11
SATURDAY NIGHT



BEFORE

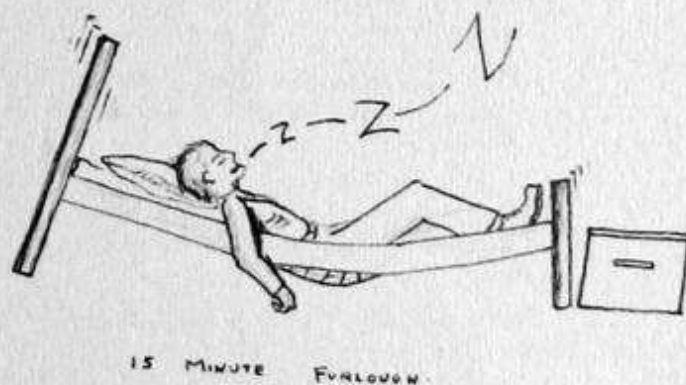
AFTER



"This Is The Army??"



As THEY LOOK
TO EACH OTHER---



STAFF



1ST LT. KENNETH B. HILL
Technical Advisor



RAYMOND I. LANG
Chief Editor



EDWIN C. KIESELBACH
Artist



GEORGE B. KROCK
Ass't Technical Advisor



THOMAS FORD
Copy Editor



VICTOR G. LAZAR
Layout Artist



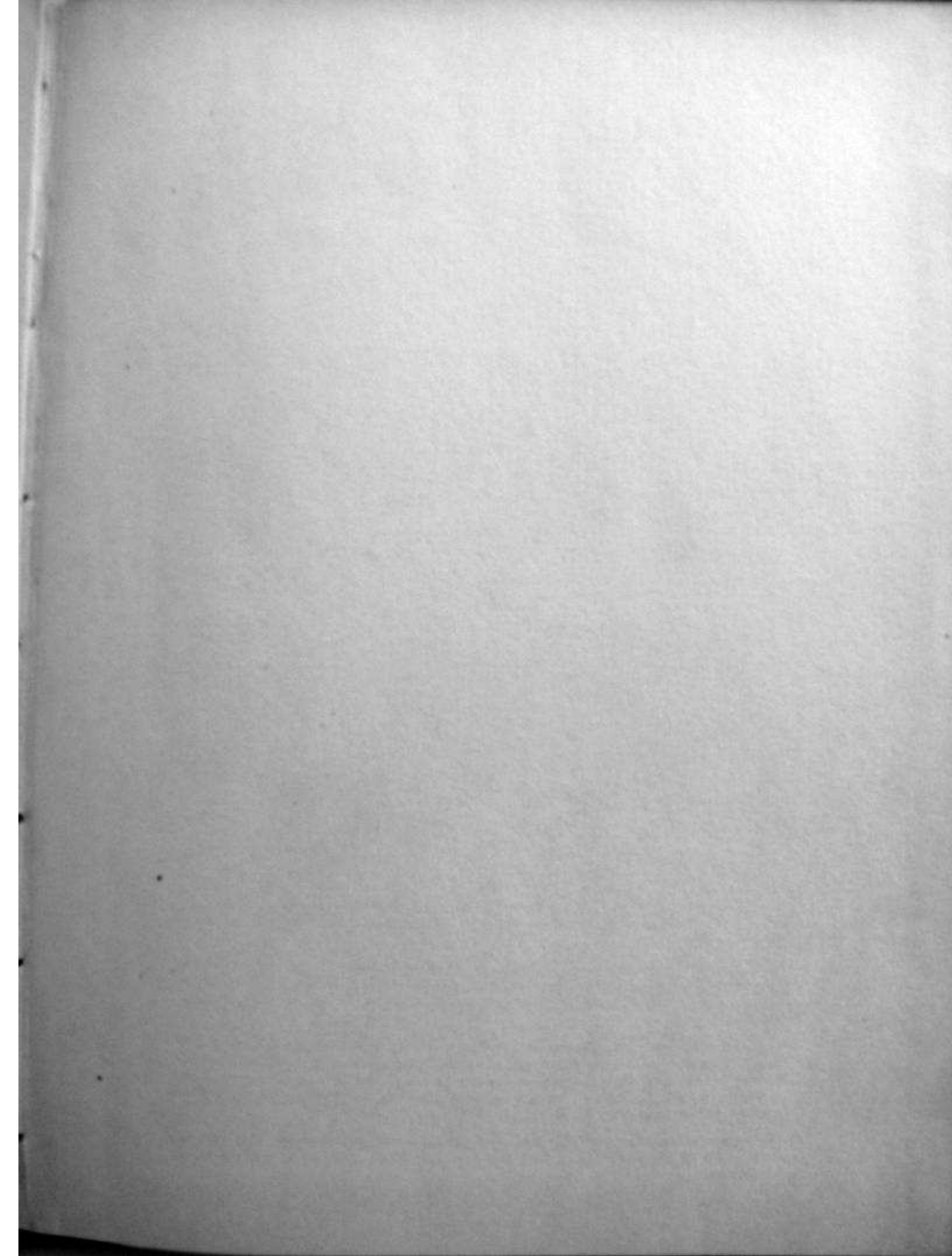
MILFORD P. KINDLEY
Business Manager

With invaluable aid from Lieutenant Kenneth Hill, Miss Kathlyn Stotts, and Base Photo, the above men collaborated on the fashioning of the 43K edition of "The Bronco."

Lieutenant Hill acted as supervisory head and Miss Stotts did all of the voluminous typing and secretarial work. Base Photo, under Lieutenant Rose furnished many of the "on-post" shots in preceding pages, besides helping out in emergency rush jobs.

Staff members Elmo Henske, Bruce Penny, Harry Whitman, Keith Skelton, and Hubert Donohue, wrote squadron patter on the graduation class. The inside cover, bucking bronco and all, was done by Frank Hamack in between cross-country flights and night flying. Cartoonist Frank Lee, later confined to the hospital, turned out many of the caricatures for the book.

Appreciation, too, goes to Lieutenant Schroeder of Squadron 25, who gave up his day off to fly Editor Lang with the complete book material to the printer in Fort Worth.







DAWN

Dawn . . .

And AT-17's quivering cold on the line.

Inside a ready a new lieutenant strikes . . .

Shiny hair, new cleaned wings, a tailored blouse.

Cadets like gusts, jostled, started up . . .

One by one, chairs slopping against thighs, they
crowd me by . . .

Stalls, slow flight, instrument rides.

A new lieutenant smiles . . . stalls, slow flight, instrument
rides.

A silent laugh.

"You are to report to . . ."

New hair, new wings out into the morning light.

A cigarette slips through the half-dark.

A new lieutenant walks slowly away . . .

Dawn.

