ROGER

Who is this guy they're looking for
Whenever I go flying
It's Roger this and Roger that—
Until I think He's dying.

It seems unfair that a guy like him
Should get so much attention
But every time I listen in
That name of his is mentioned.

I've racked my brain to know the guy
Somehow he must be found
If but to satisfy the man
Who yells his name around.

They want him bad, of that I'm sure
Could be that He's a dodger,
Cause every time I ask to land
That man, he just says "Roger."
DEDICATION

To our leaders in the training program which has instilled in us confidence in our abilities to take our place in combat, and to live up to the glorious traditions of our Army Air Forces—
To those men—

Major General Ralph P. Cousins and
Brigadier General Martin F. Scanlon

We respectfully dedicate this book.
SUBJECT: Your Future

TO: Class 43-H

What you do today . . . how well you prepare for tomorrow . . . will help determine the outcome of this conflict and the future of the world. You, this nation, our allies, humanity have a stake in that future. Be sure you are equal to the challenge.

RALPH P. COUSINS
Major General,
Commanding

MAJOR GENERAL RALPH P. COUSINS
Commanding General, Army Air Forces
West Coast Training Center

BRIGADIER GENERAL MARTIN F. SCANLON
Commanding General,
38th Flying Training Wing

TO CLASS 43-H
MARFA ARMY AIR FIELD
MARFA, TEXAS

To you young gentlemen who are about to graduate, I offer my most sincere congratulations. Your graduation marks the successful completion of a long, hard course, and the beginning of a still greater probably harder one—serving in the greatest effort we in America have ever undertaken—the fight to preserve human liberties.

As officers you will be relieved of the group restrictions and restraints of cadet life, but you will be required to assume greater and more exacting individual obligations and responsibilities. But to whatever assignment or to whatever theater of operations you may go, I know that we can depend upon each and every one of you to conscientiously and courageously perform the duties assigned you.

You have had the best training it has been possible to give you in the short time allotted, and you will have the best aircraft and equipment that it is possible to build. Make the most of them all, and you will not fail either your country or yourselves.

MARTIN F. SCANLON,
Brigadier General, U. S. A.,
HQ, 38th Flying Training Wing.
TO THE CLASS OF 43-H

GENTLEMEN:

Congratulations on your graduation. Your training as a pilot is not ended, it is just beginning. The next few hundred hours in the air will determine your fitness for combat duty. Remember what you have learned. Be alert and eager to progress. Strive to make yourself the best pilot in the Air Forces.

On your shoulders, and on the shoulders of other young men like you, rests the fate of the world. You are the Army. You are the Air Forces. The splendid record that your predecessors have established, must and will be maintained.

Yours was an excellent class. We expect much of you. By your deeds will we remember you.

Good Luck and God be with you.

COL. GEORGE S. HARTMAN
COMMANDING OFFICER
MAJOR JOHN D. WYNNE
Director of Training
CAPT. STANLEY J. JOHNSON
DIRECTOR OF FLYING TRAINING

CAPT. THOMAS F. TEOREY
DEPUTY DIRECTOR OF FLYING

MAJOR DANIEL O. WEBSTER
SCHOOL SECRETARY
CADET DETACHMENT

2ND LT. CLARA A. VAN HOOREBEKE
Ass't. Commandant of Cadets

CAPT. RAYMOND H. REECE
COMMANDANT OF CADETS

2nd LT. DUDLEY C. LOWRY
Adjutant

2ND LT. MORGAN F. MILLER
Tactical Officer

2ND LT. THOMAS F. PRENTICE
Tactical Officer

2ND LT. KENNETH HILL
Senior Tactical Officer

TACTICAL OFFICERS

I'm sure each of us at some time or other, has silently cursed the Tactical Officers, but I'm also certain that they have been praised just as often.

They had a job to do and it was a tough one. Keeping a group of Gadgets on the well known ball, isn't easy. We all realize now, that what was done, was primarily for our benefit. When things went wrong, the Tactical Officers could always be counted on to take our side of the problem and see what could be done. I don't think punishment was ever too severe, and I know that we are better men and soldiers because of their influence.
SQUADRON COMMANDERS

1ST LT. W. J. APGAR
COMMANDING OFFICER
SQUADRON I

1ST LT. JAMES SMITH
COMMANDING OFFICER
SQUADRON II

1ST LT. K. W. SHATTUCK
COMMANDING OFFICER
SQUADRON III

1ST LT. E. J. M. BOWERS
COMMANDING OFFICER
SQUADRON IV
FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS

1st Lt. J. F. Copeland
2nd Lt. L. H. Bobo
2nd Lt. H. H. Bloom
2nd Lt. J. B. Boynton
2nd Lt. D. D. Brestrup

2nd Lt. R. H. Byrd
2nd Lt. F. B. Campbell
2nd Lt. F. W. Cherota
2nd Lt. D. A. Canter
2nd Lt. F. L. Dayfield
FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS

2nd Lt. R. J. Donehower
2nd Lt. R. M. Eidson
2nd Lt. O. E. Erwin
2nd Lt. M. A. Faggett
2nd Lt. E. V. Flynn
2nd Lt. R. E. Forssell
2nd Lt. J. B. Francis
2nd Lt. J. R. Gallia
2nd Lt. E. K. Gorton, Jr.
2nd Lt. R. C. Hoagland
FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS

2nd Lt. B. D. Johnson
2nd Lt. E. T. Kerr
2nd Lt. R. F. Martin
2nd Lt. J. J. Mathews
2nd Lt. R. E. McClure

2nd Lt. E. C. McSorley
2nd Lt. E. N. Mikkelsen
2nd Lt. W. D. Orr
2nd Lt. G. W. Newman
2nd Lt. C. L. Moss

Y-114
FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS

2nd Lt. E. F. Parrish
2nd Lt. J. P. Phillips
2nd Lt. B. L. Smick
2nd Lt. T. E. Ray
2nd Lt. G. R. Wright

SKULL PRACTICE
THE FLIGHT LINE
(Or The Bambo Bomber Ordeal)

The flight line holds many vivid memories for us, some tragic and some humorous. We like to remember the humorous ones. Like the time that the gal in Alpine made the mistake of telling one of the fellows, a H. P. of course, that her home was just back of Cathedral mountain, the next day the base leg was moved out. Ah me—it was fun.

It took us quite a while to find out that our real "local area wasn't just our little plateau—but extended all the way from the Pecos river to the Rio Grande, with Carlsbad and El Paso thrown in just for luck.

On the low altitude cross country (that legal buzz job) we had quite a time, in two ways. Two of the boys were so wrapped up in their work that they caged their gyro compass—you can imagine the results, lost just doesn't describe it.

The instructors seem to understand the natural reactions of the cadets. Just when we all thought that we were pretty hot they gave a little caution talk, this sort of nipped the buzzing in the budding.

We had so many rumors about the AT-17 before we arrived but we soon found out that it really is a dependable little ship. In fact just ask the boys that came over Marfa on one of their cross countries about it, they know that the little ole bobcat can give a BT a fit.

At night, with a little imagination, the AT looks like a real bomber and it's quite a thrill to watch them as they go roaring down the runway to disappear into the black sky.

The flight line can never be discussed without a few words about the maintenance men who are always present any hour of the day or night. They could always be depended upon to set the little things that went wrong right. Thanks fellows for a swell job.
GROUND SCHOOL

1st Lt. F. R. Myers
2nd Lt. W. J. Coupertthwaite
2nd Lt. M. M. Appleby
2nd Lt. L. A. Dietrich
2nd Lt. M. O. Foreman
2nd Lt. F. M. Gillette
2nd Lt. K. R. Hillseth
2nd Lt. G. A. Lewis
2nd Lt. L. S. Mosley, Jr.
2nd Lt. J. R. Yatansdale
2nd Lt. E. J. Zirpolo

CAPTAIN R. S. O'CONNOR
DIRECTOR OF GROUND SCHOOL
GROUND SCHOOL

Ground school, ground school, ground school, buzzings in my brain. I think that we are all afflicted with some strange malady—lackasleep.

It was the toughest struggle that we ever had, trying to sleep, with some fellow up there shouting about turning this or that knob to get the best results out of the fudge you are going to make in your B-17. Oh, those lovely mornings in ground school—zzz. We learned many helpful little hints—in navigation we learned that if end when we suddenly found ourselves lost—all we had to do was tune in the hit parade apply this to your computer with the exact hour under the index—tear out your compass card and mail it, together with 10c in coin or stamps to your nearest congressman—he'll tell you that you are lost, then you know it is definite.

In maintenance we became accomplished mechanics in 8 easy lessons—and ya can't start an AT-17 without a fire extinguisher (it says here in small print.)

Now ya take this here airplane—what's he talking about—all I saw was a blur—hm—the bulb must have burned out. Ready-identification—well it beats me—some eager beaver must have had a pony—he named a plane that never appeared, now he is going up for his merit badge.

Now you must admit, fellows, that we were exposed to a lot of book larning in our 5 weeks of ground school—but you got to take that stuff easy—it's catching, Doc.
ATHLETICS

LT. FAYE LAGOW
CADET ATHLETIC DIRECTOR
ATHLETICS

To the front leaning rest position—move—breaking your backs and removing all surplus bones as you go. Now I ask you, Doc—how can a guy rest with his body held suspended in air by the two extremities he calls arms—it just ain't restful.

We cheerfully rushed out to Calec-austics each day, certain in our wavy little minds, that by this means and this alone, could we hope to keep up the time worn tradition of Superman.

The one that we liked best of all was bend and groan, for with this little Chinese torture job we could legitimately put our complaints, grumble as loudly as we wished and be complimented for a splendid performance.

The obstacle course was taken in stride. First we come up to a little plank that we could easily have walked around, but no, that isn't the way. You must throw your tired old 1st & 2nd body over it. Then in quick succession, down on your stomach and up again—against a wall—hmm. This must be the end of it, boarded up I guess. "Climb that wall mister."—Oh well, anything to please him, I guess that he is new around here—doesn't know that the rest of the course has been walked off. It really does wonders for a fellow, I wish that we could have had pictures taken before and after. It would prove that we all contend, any fellow that can crawl to his nearest recruiting station can become a gadget but I'll bet that he can't crawl back again.
IN MEMORIAM

Two of our comrades flew into the blue, only God knows where—but our thoughts will be with them as we carry on the work they started out with us to do.

2ND LT. R. B. RENALD
2ND LT. W. WILSON
STUDENT OFFICERS

2nd Lt. William J. Brunk

Capt. Victor S. Clay

1st Lt. Kenneth E. Dye

2nd Lt. Albert J. Daverson

2nd Lt. George G. Felton
STUDENT OFFICERS

1st Lt. Milton Fryer
2nd Lt. Seldon Kirsner
2nd Lt. Thomas C. Galbreath
1st Lt. Isaac W. Lovelady
Capt. Ormonde H. Hatcher
1st Lt. Frank J. Matush
STUDENT OFFICERS

1st Lt. Alexander K. Morley

Capt. Arthur C. Swanson

2nd Lt. Robert B. Renald
(Not Pictured)

2nd Lt. Willard Wilson
George D. Addison
Sioux City, Iowa
Thunderbird I—Pecos

Frank J. Apalatequi
Yorba Linda, California
Visalia—Minter

Gaston L. Anderson
Dexter, Missouri
Thunderbird I—Pecos

Edward B. Armrn
Newark, New Jersey
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Vernon E. Anderson
St. Louis, Missouri
Thunderbird I—Pecos

Coy F. Bailey
Toledo, North Carolina
Ft. Stockton—Pecos
Forest P. Boniface  
Stockton, California  
Thunderbird I—Pecos

John C. Boulier  
Penneville, New York  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Larry E. Borman  
Brenham, Texas  
Thunderbird I—Pecos

F. J. Bayer  
Jasper, Alabama  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

NOT PICTURED

Robert W. Bouknect  
Troy, Ohio  
Tulare—Merced

Donald P. Brestic  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Hamet—Minter
Paul M. Brogden
Thunderbird I—Marana

Thomas K. Brown
St. Louis, Missouri
Thunderbird I—Pecos

Charles C. Brown
Mansville, New York
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

John P. Buswell
Brookfield, Missouri
Tulare—Merced

NOT PICTURED

Nelson C. Brown

Salvatore L. Cantanese
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Ft. Stockton—Pecos
Harold M. Hawkins
Denver, Colorado
Hemet—Pecos

Gordon F. Hillman
Nashville, Tennessee
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Kenneth V. Heinbuch
Omaha, Nebraska
Hemet—Pecos

Hubert C. Hinkel
Cleveland, Ohio
Hemet—Minter

Roy K. Hatt
Syracuse, New York
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Charles P. Hobbs
Leonard J. Hogland
Kansas City, Missouri
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Joseph S. Ivery
Syracuse, New York
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

William C. Hollbrook
Akron, Ohio
Santa Maria—Minter

Edgar R. Izard, Jr.
Gallman, Mississippi
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

James E. Horak
Worthington, Minnesota
Tulare—Pecos

Elmer H. Jaeger
St. Louis, Missouri
Hemet—Minter
Gordon H. Johns  
Crosby, Minnesota  
Blythe—Minter

Danzil L. Kathman  
La Crosse, Washington  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Donald R. Johnson  
Spokane, Washington  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Charles H. Kelly  
Beverly Hills, California  
Blythe—Minter

David G. Jolly  
Lawrence, Kansas  
Visalia—Minter

Stanley L. Klenier  
Clare, Michigan  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos
Marvin E. Lohmeyer
Halstead, Kansas
Blythe-Minter

Lorin G. Maxfield
N. St. Paul, Minnesota
Tulare-Merced

Victor C. Marston
Portland, Oregon
Blythe-Minter

Lewis E. McIntire
Fairmont, West Virginia
Ontario-Minter

Ralph W. Mast
Coloma, Michigan
Hemet-Minter

NOT PICTURED
Robert G. McIntosh
Buffalo, New York
Ft. Stockton-Pecos
Wallace McKalip  
Pikeville, Kentucky  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Elwood W. Miller  
Wamego, Kansas  
Visalia—Merced

Raleigh H. McQueen  
Shady Valley, Tennessee  
Hemat—Minter

John A. Miller  
Detroit, Michigan  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Joe S. McSpadden  
Brownwood, Texas  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Emerson L. Morris  
Cederridge, Colorado  
Blythe—Minter
John H. Moser
La Grange, Illinois
Tulare-Merced

Max K. Nauman
Los Angeles, California
Thunderbird I-Pecos

Walter J. Mrockzo
Herkimer, New York
Ft. Stockton-Pecos

Walter V. Naylor
Denver, Colorado
Ft. Stockton-Pecos

George B. Myers

LaRoy R. Nelson
Aliquippa, Pennsylvania
Tulare-Merced
William J. Novak  
Berwyn, Illinois  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Harold A. Packard, Jr.  
Wilkingsburg, Pennsylvania  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Frank R. O'Black  
Trinidad, Colorado  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

John T. Parker  
Carlsbad, New Mexico  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Robert M. O'Reilly  
Glen Head, L. I., New York  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Clinton J. Parr  
Davidson, Michigan  
Ft. Stockton—Pecos
Jesse L. Pate, Jr.
Amarillo, Texas
Visalia—Minter

Moorehead Phillips
Malvern, Pennsylvania
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Henry H. Pennington
Pleasant View, Tennessee
Tulare—Merced

John P. Priecko
Donora, Pennsylvania
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Lorren L. Perdue
Montgomery, Alabama
Hemet—Minter

Bernardo J. Procopio
Providence, Rhode Island
Ft. Stockton—Pecos
Robert L. Rohlfing
Fisher, Illinois
Blythe-Minter

Samuel E. Rosser
Atlanta, Georgia
Ft. Stockton-Pecos

Richmond C. Rosenberg
Osseo, Wisconsin
Tulare-Merced

Harvey J. Rowland
Vasser, Michigan
Ft. Stockton-Pecos

Ralph R. Ross
Doon, Iowa
Hemet-Minter

Anthony P. Salvia
Brewster, New York
Ft. Stockton-Pecos
James F. Scott
Pennyan, New York
Hemet—Minter

Leo F. Shaffer
Long Beach, California
Tulare—Merced

Robert M. Seldomridge
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Franklin J. Sieber
Buffalo, New York
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Roy Q. Selino
Mora, Minnesota
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Envor J. Silkman
Russell L. Sprague
Albany, Oregon
Tulare—Merced

William A. Stein
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Tulare—Merced

Edward W. Springer
Kansas City, Missouri
Tulare—Merced

Robert A. Stephens

Paul J. Stahle

Thomas H. Stewart
Fargo, North Dakota
Visalia—Minter
Robert L. Stimson, Jr.
Detroit, Michigan
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Kenneth F. Warren
New Rockford, North Dakota
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Benjamin J.Totushek
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Tulare—Merced

Cole W. Wilde
Silver Creek, New York
Ft. Stockton—Pecos

Harold B. Van Dyken
Morristown, New Jersey
Hemet—Minter

De Vere H. Wilson
Des Moines, Iowa
Visalia—Minter
ODIE TO TEXAS

'Twas once that I was happy,
My life was filled with cheer.
I never had seen Texas,
Till the army sent me here.

I've heard songs of her beauty,
Pretty girls and big strong men,
Rolling plains—majestic mountains
Just heaven from end to end.

The one thing that is certain,
Oh this there is no denying,
The guy that spread those rumors,
Did a hell of a lot of lying.

Deep in the heart of Texas
There's sand in all we eat,
The girls are all bowlegged
The boys all have flat feet.

That's why they sent us here
To sit in sad dejection,
Out on the lonely desert,
For this damn state's protection.

No longer are we religious,
We drink, we fight, we curse.
No worrying about going to hell,
It can't be any worse.

Down here the sun is hotter
Down here the rains are wetter
They think that it's the best state,
But there's forty-seven better.

Still there's no one to blame but me,
The army never forgot it.
I asked for foreign service,
And believe me, Boy, I GOT IT!

BY ADAM YANKEE
THE GIRLS

GROUND THUNDERHEAD BREWING

“free time”

“Open Post”
ANY QUESTIONS?

"YA GOTTA DEVELOP A CORKSCREW NECK!"

LOOK AROUND!!

ON THE BEAM

WHEN YOU'RE CARELESS...

YOU ARE JUGGLING THE LIFE AND
WELL-BEING OF OTHERS AS WELL AS YOURSELF. LOOK AROUND!!
To base photo goes the credit for all photographs—
With the thanks of the staff for their effort and full cooperation....

The Staff
CHAPLAIN B. C. NEWCOMB  
Catholic Chaplain

MISS KATHERINE STOTTS  
Secretary for Cadet Detachment

CHAPLAIN H. E. DIRKS  
Protestant Chaplain

2ND LT. NORMAN S. DAVIS  
Link Trainer Dept.

M/SGT. STROUB  
Cadet Detachment

S/SGT. BARNETT  
Cadet Detachment

1ST LT. DAVIS E. ROSE  
Photo Officer
JUST FOLKS: EDGAR A. GUEST

“DUSTING HIS HOME TOWN”

I have it from his mother: 'Tis the custom with them all
When they've finished with their training to fly home and pay a call
Not as earth bound fellows do it, nor as sailors home from sea,
But as pilots of the heavens in the cause for liberty,
And before he leaves for battle and can put his school books down,
He must do that bit of solo known as dusting off his town.

Now the trick that's known as "dusting" is the swooping from the skies,
Where his mother's sitting, sighing with the sadness in her eyes.
He must rouse his home town people with that terrifying roar
Of a bomber rushing downward, bringing friends to every door,
Where they stand aghast to see him, goggled, capped and dressed in brown,
A lad they've known from boyhood back and dusting off his town.

Those acquainted with the practice know the final rite is paid;
Know the boy is off to danger when that hasty trip is made.
With the morning he'll be flying to home battle post afar
Where the skies with flat are troubled and the fearful hazards are.
So just pray the Lord to save him and his pluck with glory crown,
And just wish him happy landings when he's dusting off his town.

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USED BY PERMISSION
TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

We think this book will help to clarify some of the little questions that must have been bothering you. We know that there were times when you folks felt neglected, but you were constantly in our minds. We hope you get as much pleasure out of reading our book as we did sending it to you.