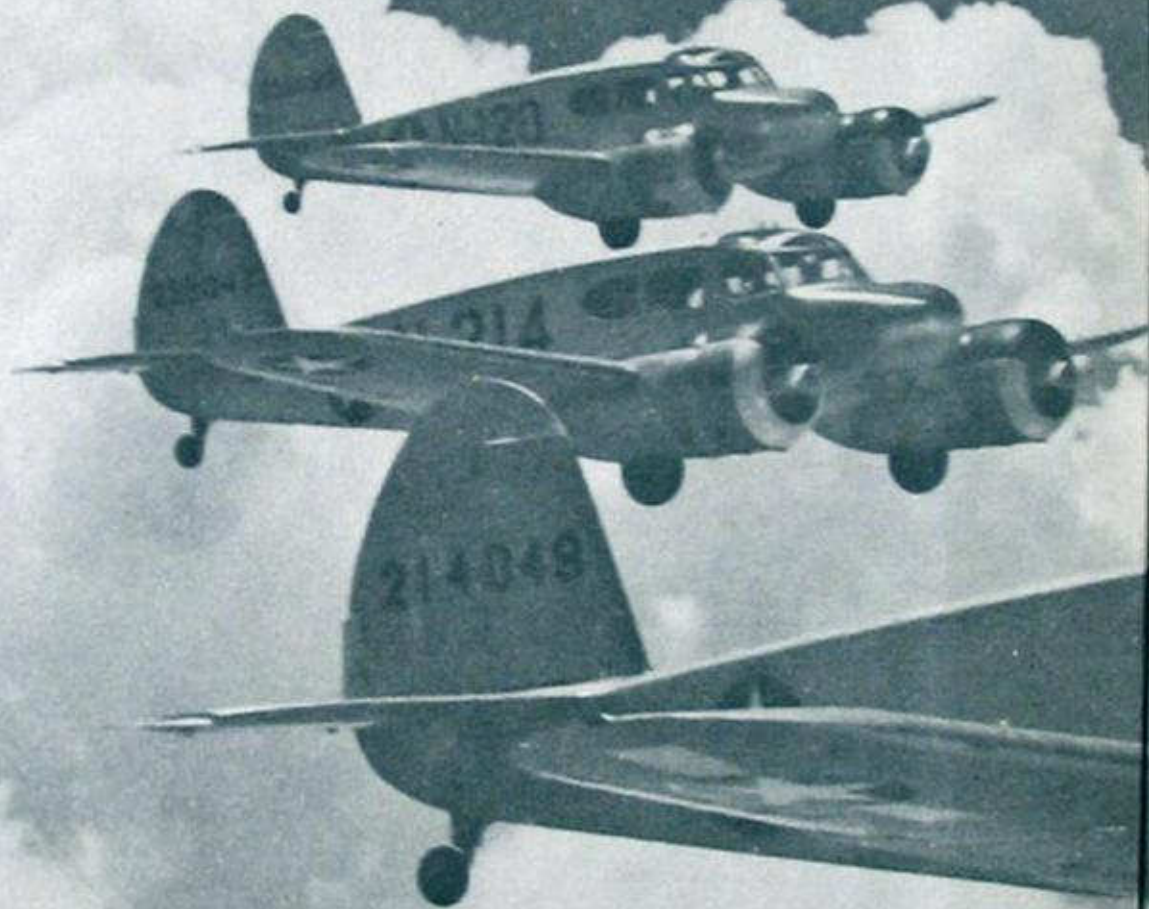


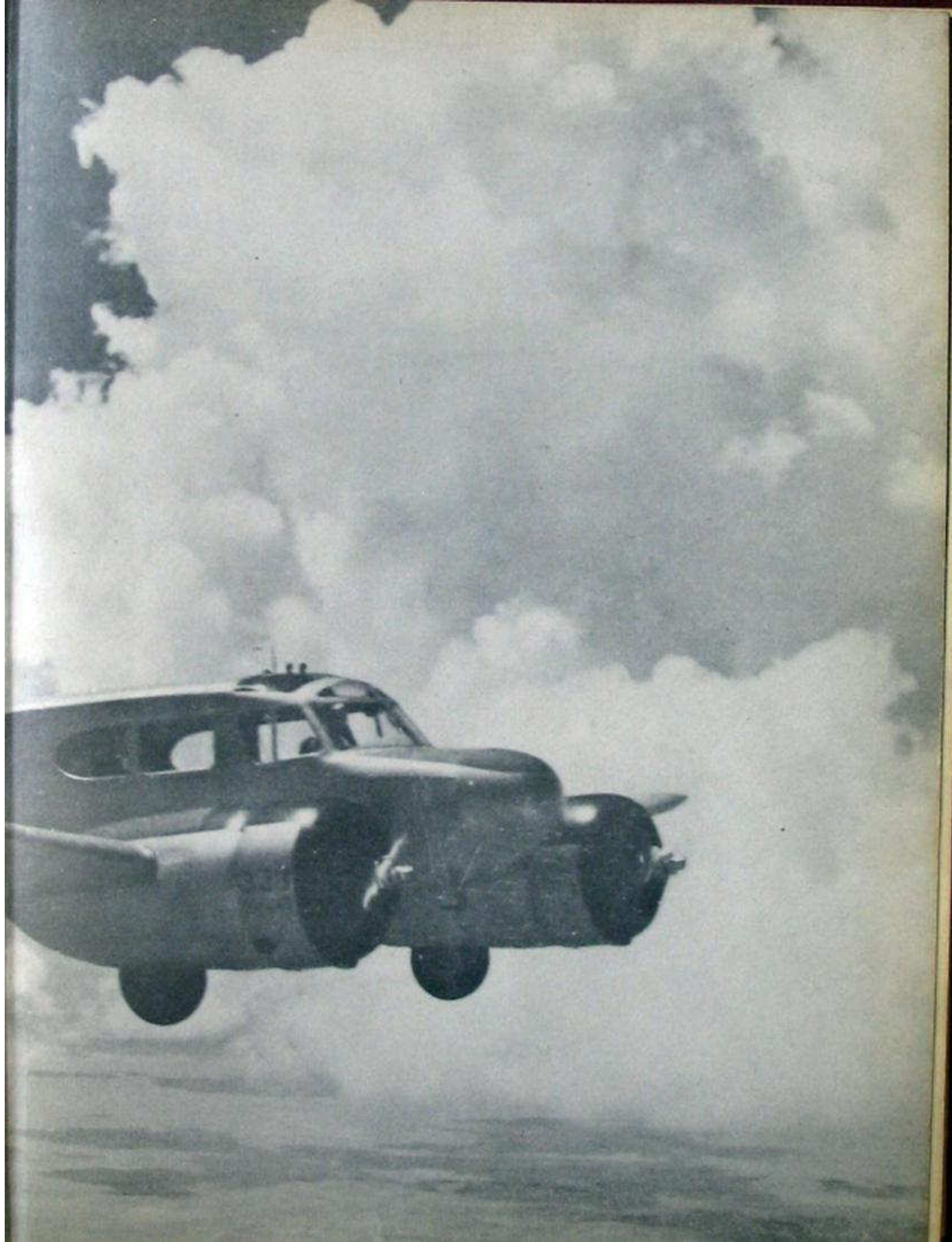
The BOBCAT



M.A.A.F.
MARFA • TEXAS







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 su re
Could be that He's a dodger,
Cause every time I ask to land
That man, he just says "Roger."



The BOBCAT



U.S.



CLASS 43-H
MAAF • MARFA, TEXAS

A large American flag is shown waving against a cloudy sky. The flag is positioned on the left side of the frame, with its stripes and stars clearly visible. The sky is filled with soft, grey clouds, creating a dramatic background for the flag.

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

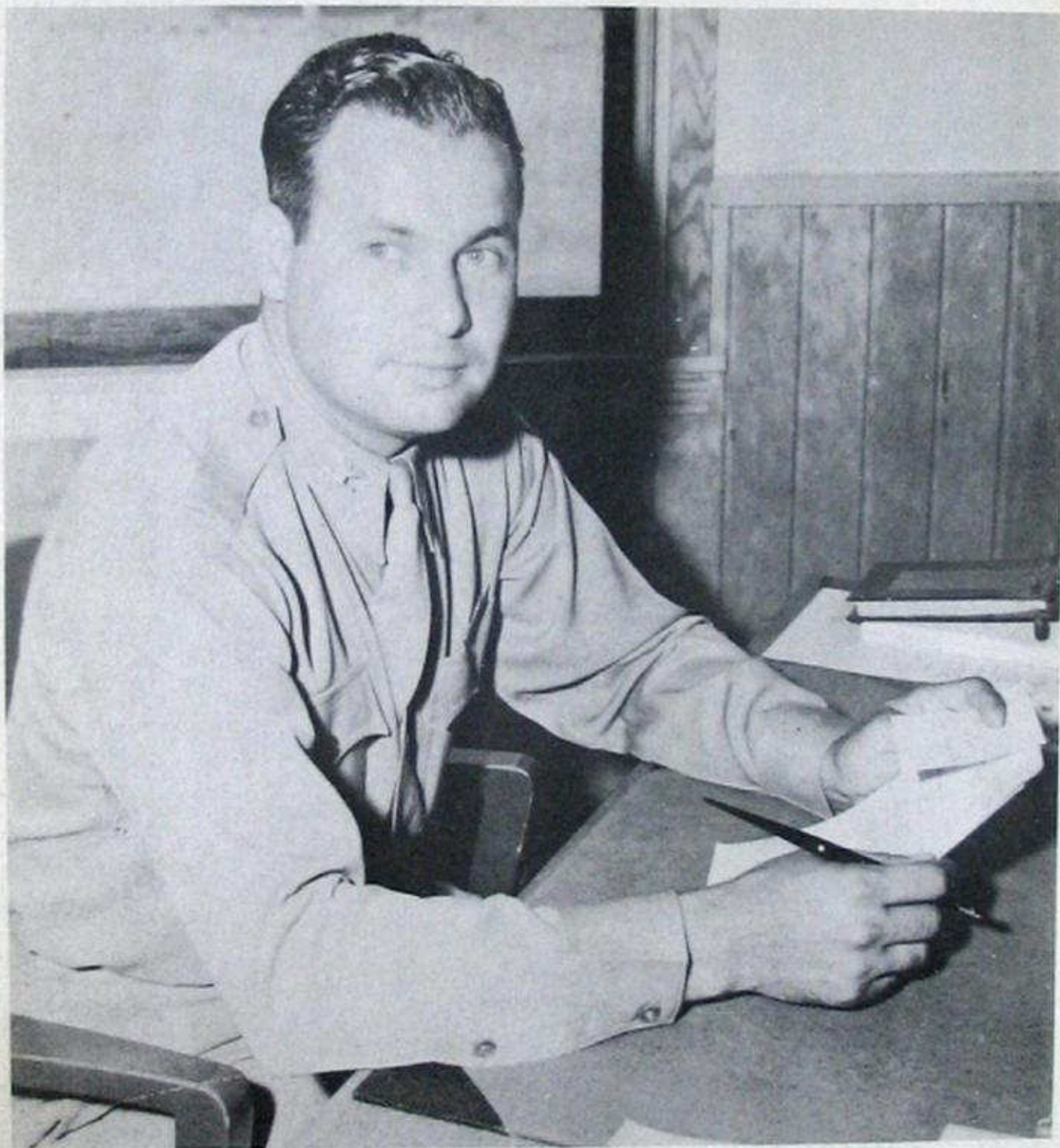
To you young gentlemen who are about to graduate, I offer my most sincere congratulations. Your graduation marks the successful completion of a long, hard course, and the beginning of a still greater probably harder one—serving in the greatest effort we in America have ever undertaken—the fight to preserve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



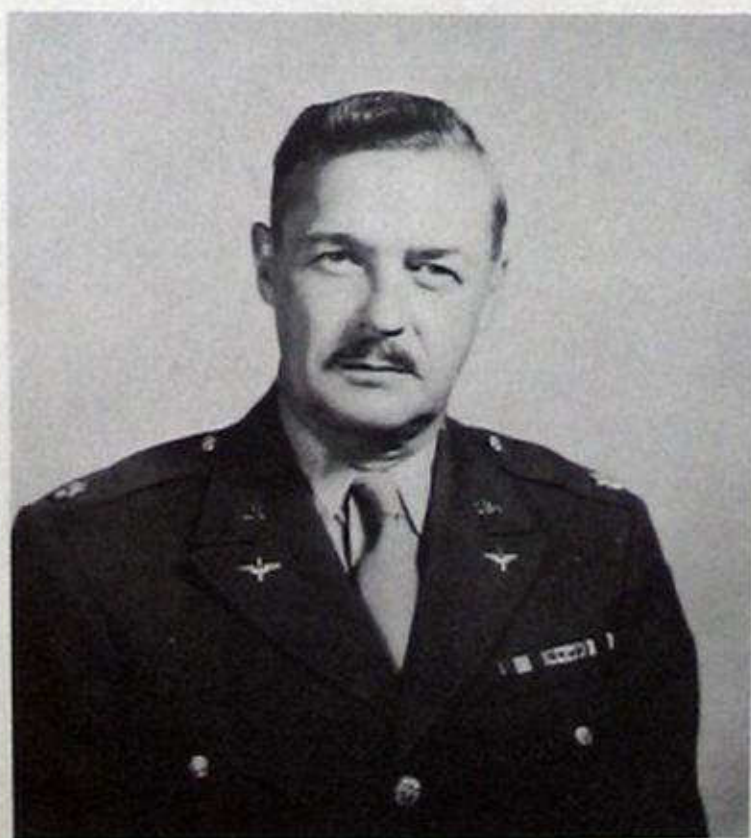
MAJOR JOHN D. WYNNE
Director of Training



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.



CAPT. CLIFFORD S. HOVIK
GROUP COMMANDER

GROUP I



CAPT. JAY A. LLOYD
EXECUTIVE OFFICER

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. D. A. Canter



2nd Lt. F. W. Cherota



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. Faggetti



2nd Lt. E. V. Flyn



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. C. L. Moss



2nd Lt. G. W. Newman



2nd Lt. W. D. Orr

FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS



2nd Lt. E. F. Parrish



2nd Lt. J. P. Phillips



2nd Lt. T. E. Ray



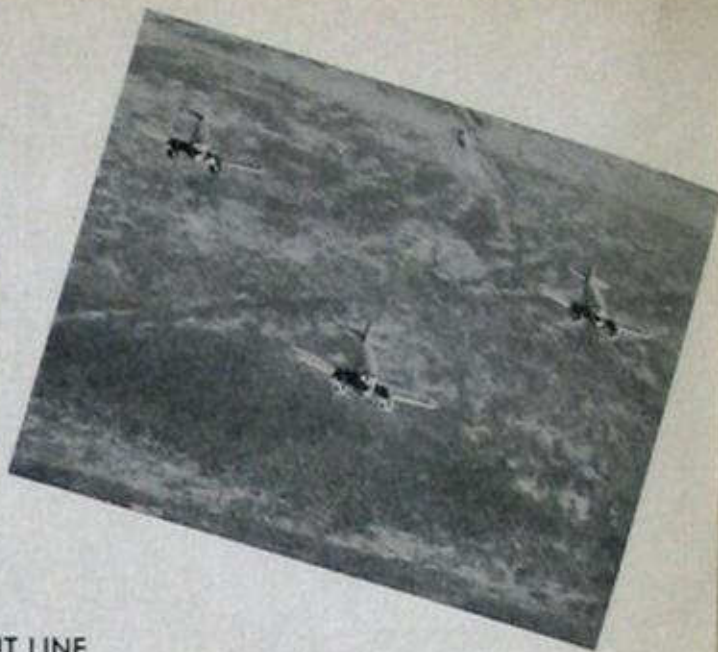
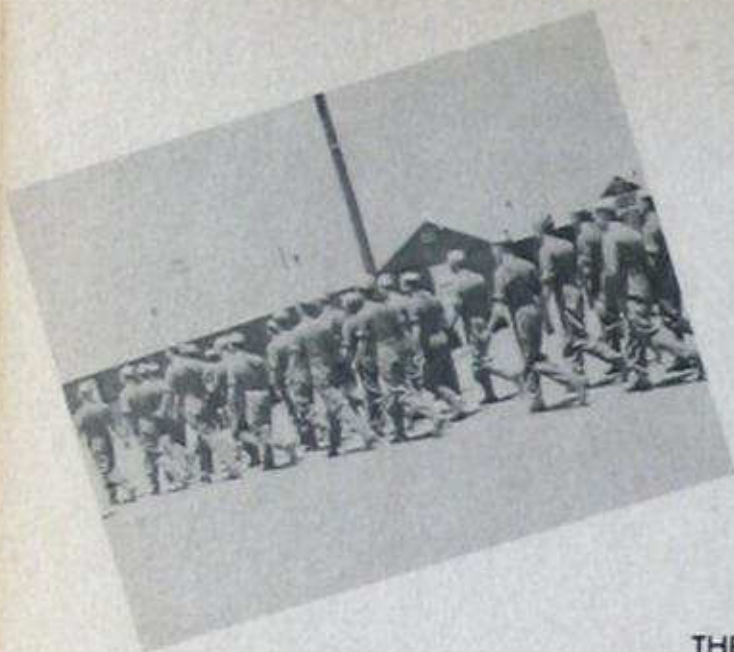
2nd Lt. B. L. Smick



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



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



2nd Lt. W. J. Couperthwaite



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. Vatnsdale



2nd Lt. E. J. Zirpolo



GROUND SCHOOL

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

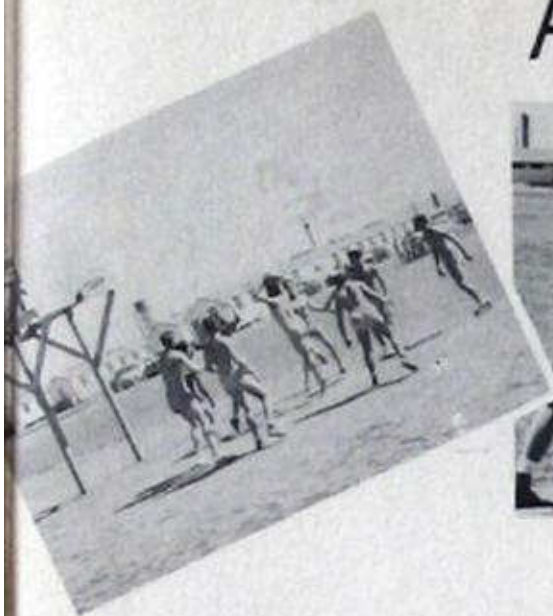
It was the toughest struggle that we ever had, trying to sleep, with some fellow up there shouting about turning this or that knob to get the best results out of the fudge you are going to make in your B-17. Oh, those lovely mornings in ground school—zzzzz. We learned many helpful little hints—in navigation we learned that if and 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.)

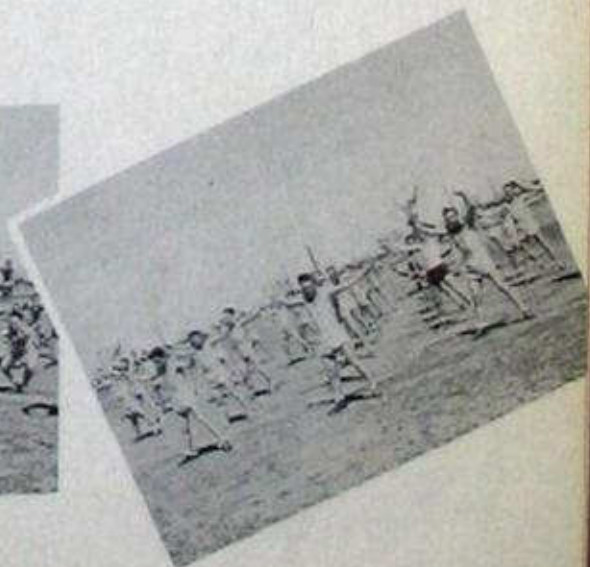
Now ya take this here airplane—what's he talking about—all I saw was a blur—hm—the bulb must have burned out. Ready—identification—well it beats me—some eager beaver must have had a pony—he named a plane that never appeared, now he is going up for his merit badge.

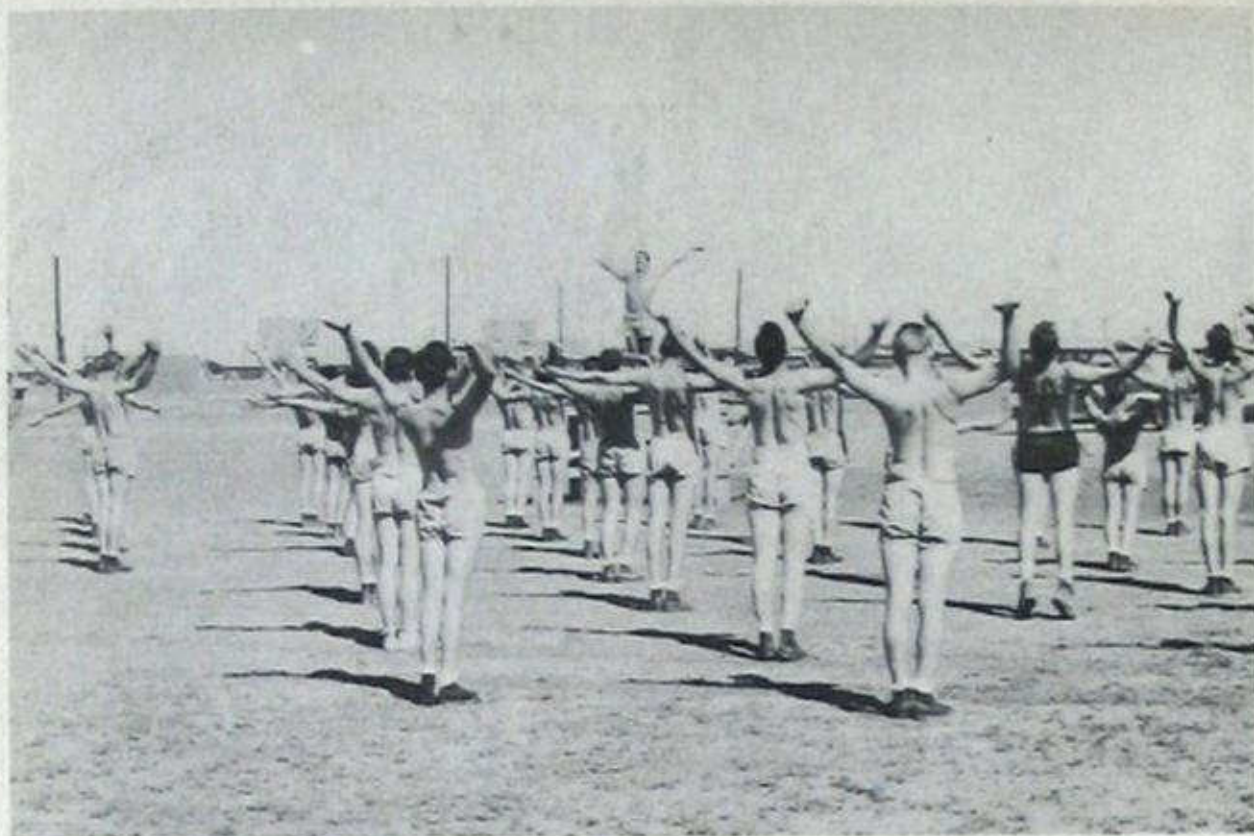
Now you must admit, fellows, that we were exposed to a lot of book larning in our 5 weeks of ground school—but you got to take that stuff easy—it's catching, Doc.

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 Caled-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 !*7&&* 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 walled 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.



CLASS 43-H

M. PHILLIPS

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



2nd Lt. William J. Brunk



2nd Lt. Troy M. Deal



Capt. Victor S. Clay



1st Lt. Kenneth E. Dye



2nd Lt. Albert J. Daverson

STUDENT OFFICERS



2nd Lt. George G. Felton



1st Lt. Milton Fryer

STUDENT OFFICERS



2nd Lt. Seldon Kirsner



2nd Lt. Thomas C. Galbreath



1st Lt. Isaac W. Lovelady



Capt. Ormonde H. Hatcher



1st Lt. Frank J. Matush



1st Lt. Alexander K. Morley

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

STUDENT OFFICERS



Capt. Arthur C. Swanson



2nd Lt. Willard Wilson



George D. Addison
Sioux City, Iowa
Thunderbird I—Pecos



Frank J. Apalatequi
Yorba Linda, California
Visalia—Mintor



Gaston L. Anderson
Dexter, Missouri
Thunderbird I—Pecos



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



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



Coy F. Bailey
Toledo, North Carolina
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Robert L. Baker
Mount Pleasant, Iowa
Thunderbird I—Pecos



Jay D. Blom
Chicago, Illinois
Thunderbird I—Pecos



Glen A. Barnes
Corning, Kansas
Thunderbird I—Pecos



Howard J. Bohle
Forbes, North Dakota
Thunderbird I—Pecos



James J. Barry
East Orange, New Jersey



Albert J. Bolster
Aurora, Illinois
Thunderbird I—Pecos



Forest P. Boniface
Stockton, California
Thunderbird I—Pecos



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



Larry E. Borman
Brenham, Texas
Thunderbird I—Pecos



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

NOT PICTURED

Robert W. Bouknecht
Troy, Ohio
Tulare—Merced



Donald P. Brestic
Cleveland, Ohio
Hemet—Minter



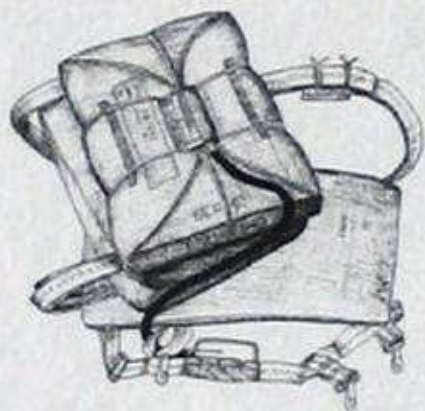
Paul M. Brogden
Thunderbird I—Marana



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



Charles C. Brown
Mannsville, 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



Jerrold P. Chrisman
Wayland, Michigan
Hemet—Minter



Robert W. Cole
Winnfield, Louisiana
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Robert W. Christie
Duluth, Minnesota
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Robert P. Conpenelis
Sloan, New York
Hemet—Minter



VeNoy Christofferson
Brigham City, Utah
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



John S. Craig
Chicago, Illinois
Thunderbird I—Pecos



John L. Davis



Gerald Devin
Chicago, Illinois
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



John F. Dennis



John R. Dickinson
Denver, Colorado
Thunderbird I—Pecos



John S. Dennison
Thunderbird I—Pecos



Hubert Ditto
Louisville, Kentucky
Tuscon



Donald J. Dixon
Polo, Missouri
Thunderbird I—Pecos



John T. Ennor
Des Moines, Iowa
Tulare—Merced



Wayne O. Eckles
New London, Iowa
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



James C. Estes, Jr.
Lexington, Kentucky
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Richard A. Eldridge
Sheboygan, Wisconsin
Thunderbird I—Pecos



Raymond C. Estle



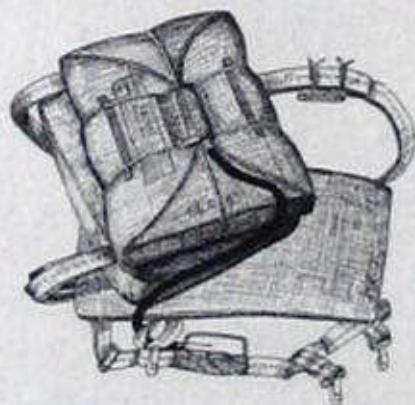
Milton L. Fewell
Tampa, Florida
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Melvin T. Garbe
St. Paul, Minnesota
Thunderbird I—Pecos



Stephen A. Gaal
Flushing, New York
Thunderbird I—Pecos



Max V. Gilmer
Fort McCallan, Alabama
Thunderbird II—Pecos



Russell P. Gallaway
Detroit, Michigan
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



James C. Griffith
Linton, Alabama
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Fred H. Hamre
Chicago, Illinois
Ontario—Merced



Jack A. Harvey
Denver, Colorado
Thunderbird 1—Pecos



Albert L. Hanson
Fremont, Nebraska
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Ray F. Haskell
Hyannis, Massachusetts
Visalia—Merced



George L. Harris
Wichita, Kansas
Thunderbird 1—Pecos



James T. Hauser
Greensboro, North Carolina
Thunderbird 1—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. Hett
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. Holbrook
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



Henry E. Knight
Billings, Montana
Blythe—Minter



Edward D. Lewis
Berkley, California
Blythe—Minter



Donald F. Lashbrook
North Deal, Minnesota
Blythe—Minter



Edward M. Lindbloom
Woods, South Dakota
Tulare—Merced



John W. Lersch
Wilmette, Illinois
Blythe—Minter



George F. Little
Laurens, South Carolina
Blythe—Minter



Marvin E. Lohmeyer
Holstead, 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
Homert—Minter



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



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



Emerson L. Morris
Cederridge, Colorado
Blythe—Minter



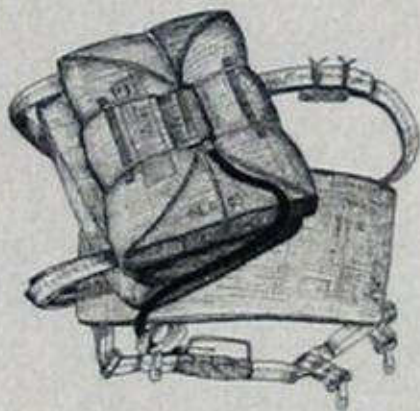
John H. Moser
La Grange, Illinois
Tulare—Merced



Max K. Nauman
Los Angeles, California
Thunderbird 1—Pecos



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



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



George B. Myers



LeRoy R. Nelson
Aliquippa, Pennsylvania
Tulare—Merced



William J. Novak
Berwyn, Illinois
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Harold A. Packard, Jr.
Wilkesburg, 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. Prieko
Danora, Pennsylvania
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Lorren L. Perdue
Montgomery, Alabama
Hemet—Minter



Bernardo J. Procopio
Providence, Rhode Island
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Herbert L. Puckett, Jr.
Charlotte, North Carolina
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Frank Rauschkolb
Freewater, Oregon
Hemet—Minter



John E. Rairigh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Harry C. Remington, Jr.
Dallas, Texas
Tulare—Merced



Kenneth C. Rasmussen
Bayonne, New Jersey
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Eugene A. Robbins, Jr.
Concord, North Carolina
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



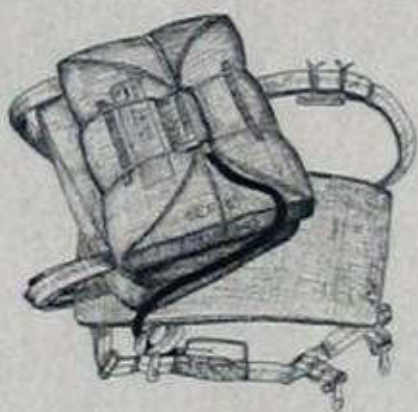
Robert L. Rohlifing
Fisher, Illinois
Blythe—Minter



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



Richmond C. Rosenberg
Osseo, Wisconsin
Tulare—Merced



Harvey J. Rowland
Vassar, Michigan
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Ralph R. Ross
Doon, Iowa
Hemet—Minter



Anthony P. Salvia
Brewster, New York
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



James F. Scott
Pennyton, 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



Enver J. Silkman



Robert L. Sill
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Tulare—Merced



Kenneth L. Snedeker
Milltown, New Jersey
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Richard G. Smale
Fenton, Michigan
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Howard Snyder, Jr.
Chicago, Illinois
Tulare—Merced



Leland L. Smith
Houston, Texas
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Michael P. Soldato
Franklin Park, New Jersey
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



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



William G. Wimbish
Macon, Georgia
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



William J. Young
Spokane, Washington
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Frederick J. Wyman
Syracuse, New York
Ft. Stockton—Pecos



Leo W. Zimmerman
Mapleton, Kansas
Visalia—Minter



ODE 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.

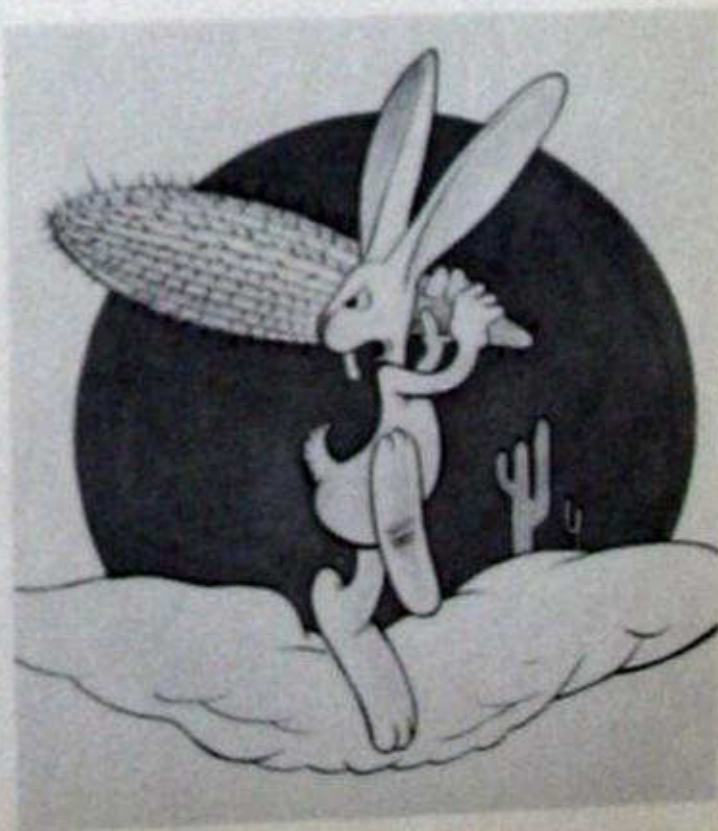
That's why they sent us here
To sit in sad dejection,
Out on the lonely desert,
For this damn state's protection.

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



TOO LARGE OR
TOO SMALL



IT WAS
FREE



CHIEF

MY APARTMENT



ALL IT NEEDS
IS WEARING



NO LETTER TODAY

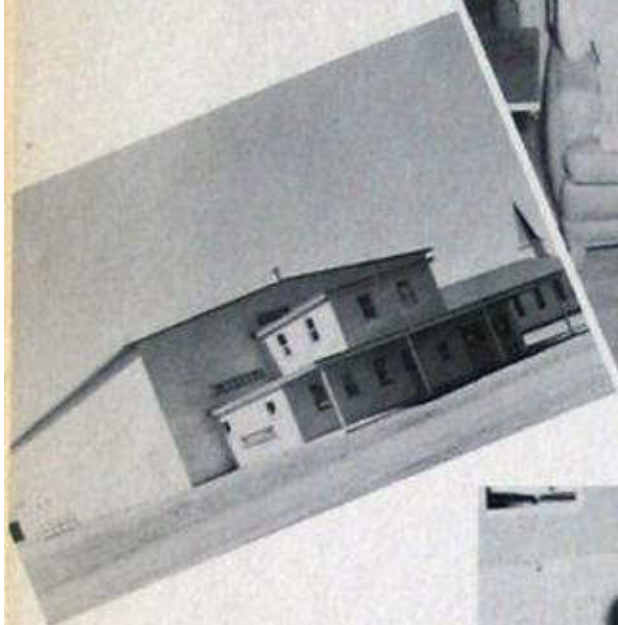


AH! FOOD!!



HEIL

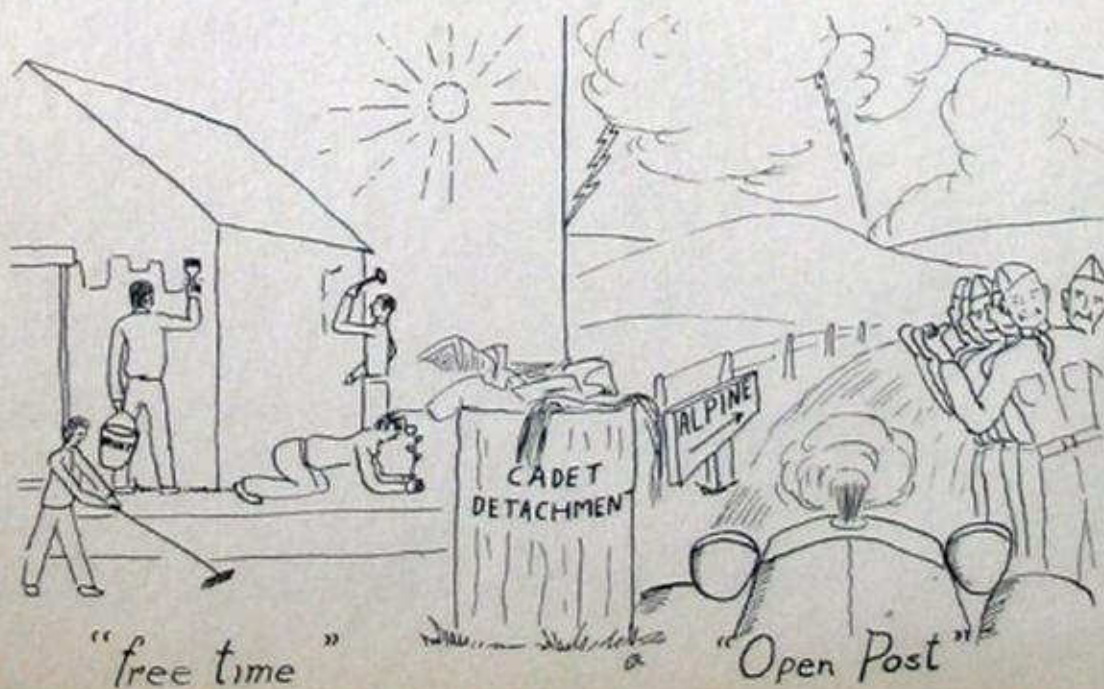


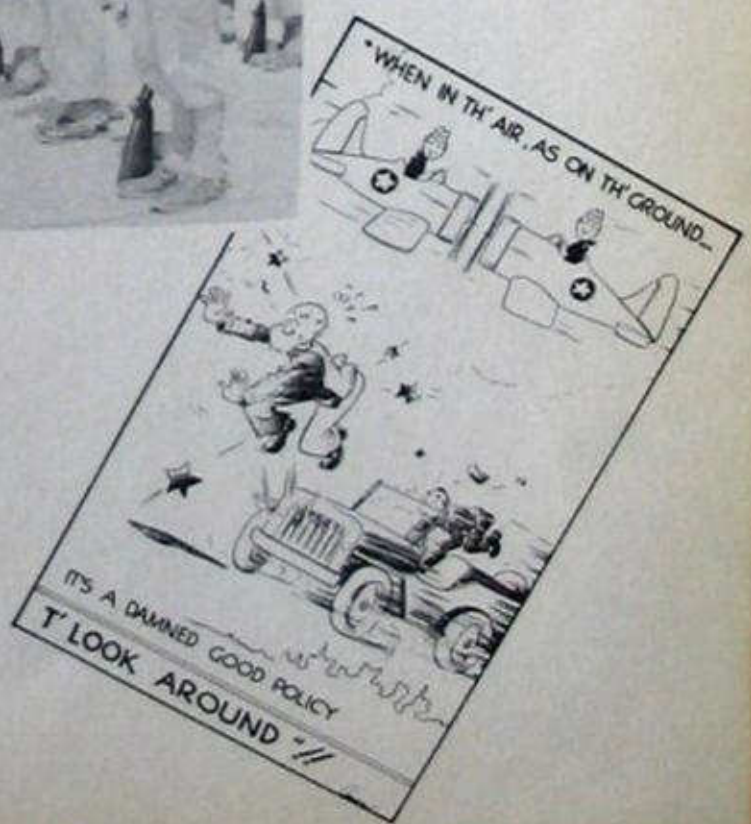
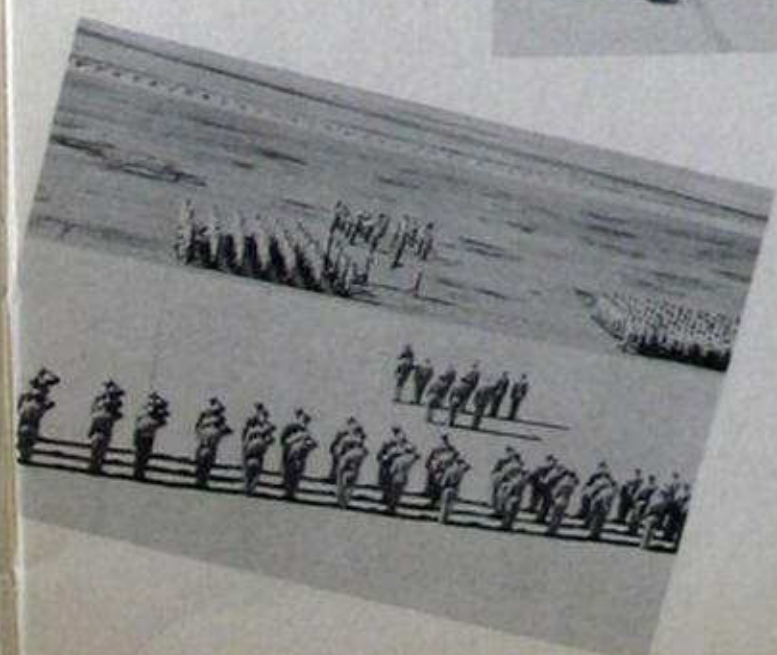
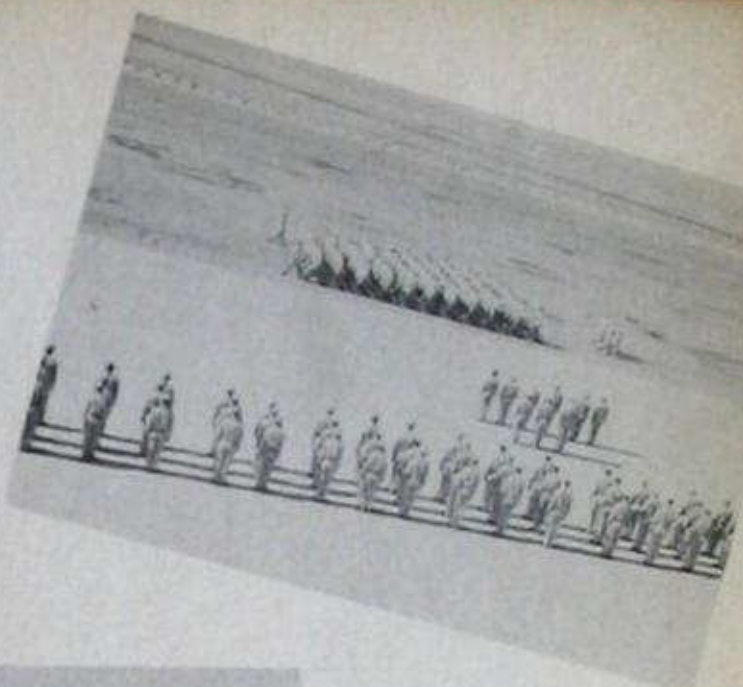


THE GIRLS



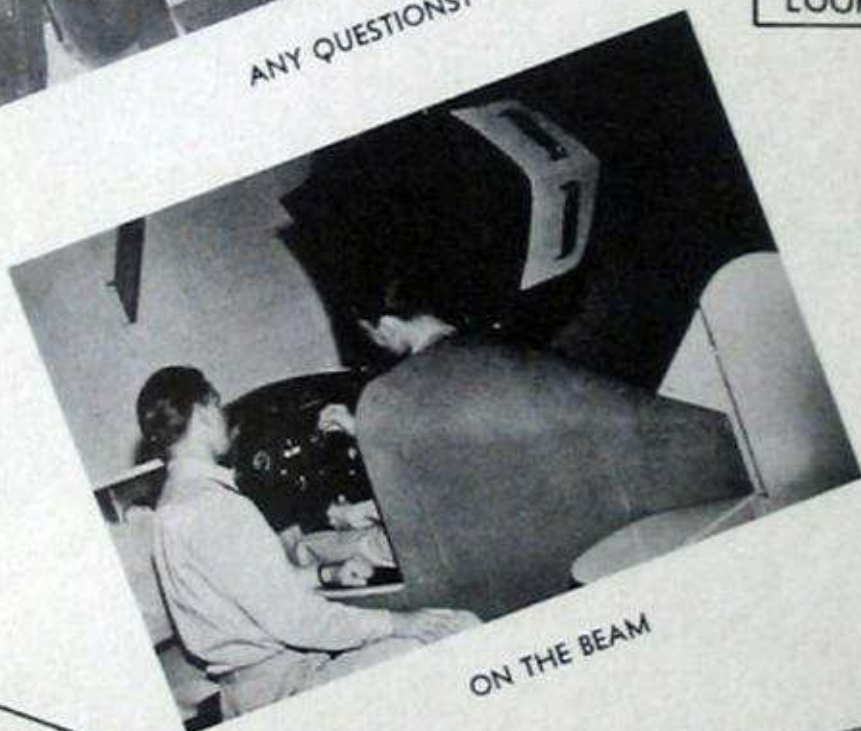
GROUND THUNDERHEAD BREWING



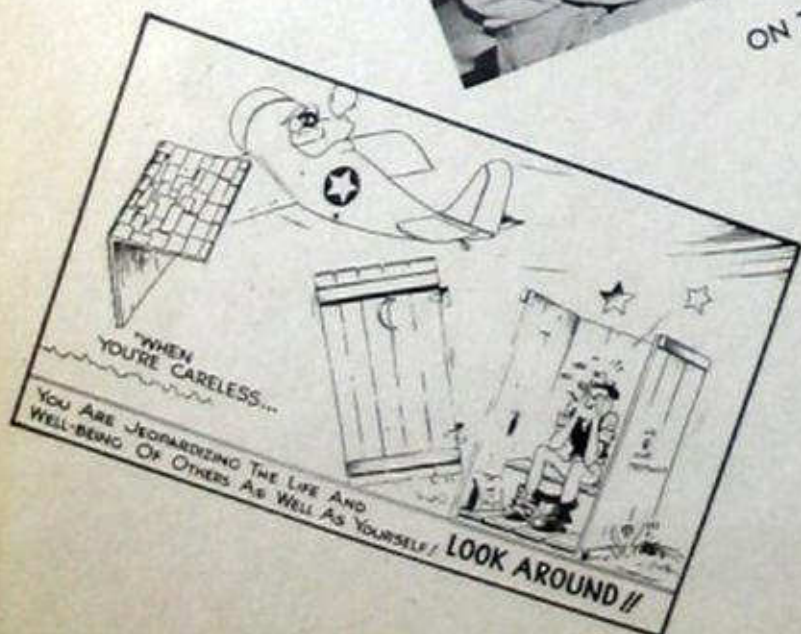




ANY QUESTIONS?



ON THE BEAM



LT. D.C. LOWRY



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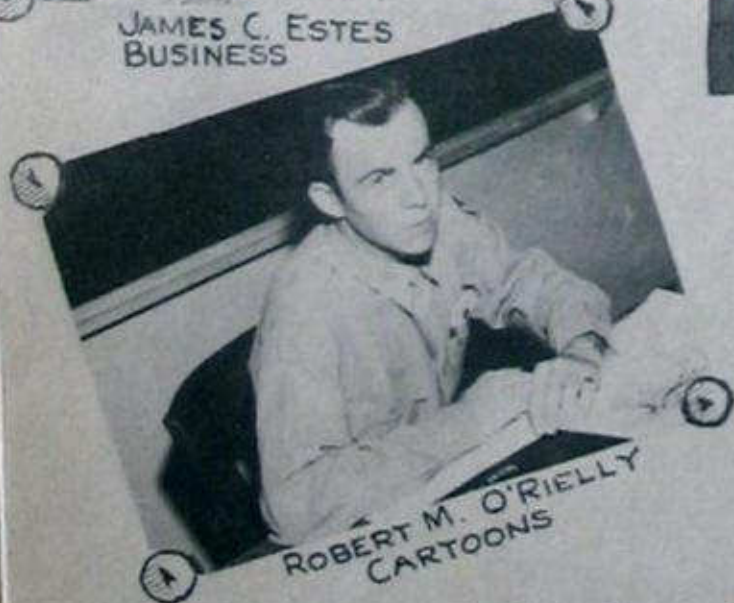
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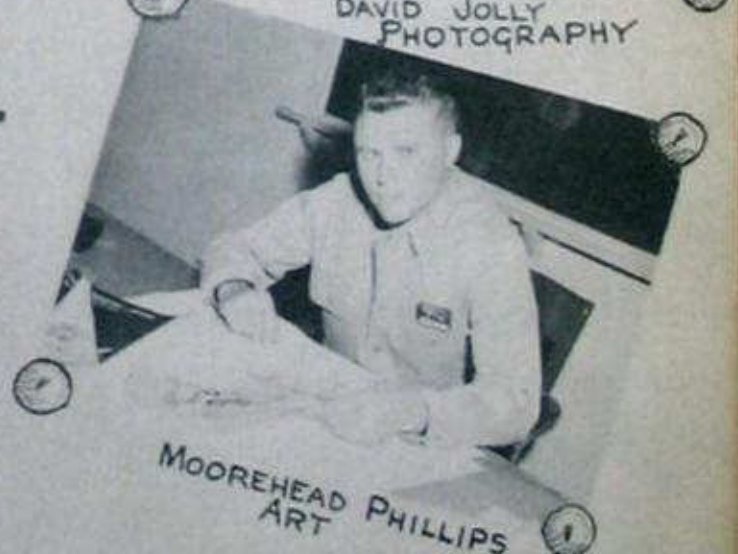
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STAFF

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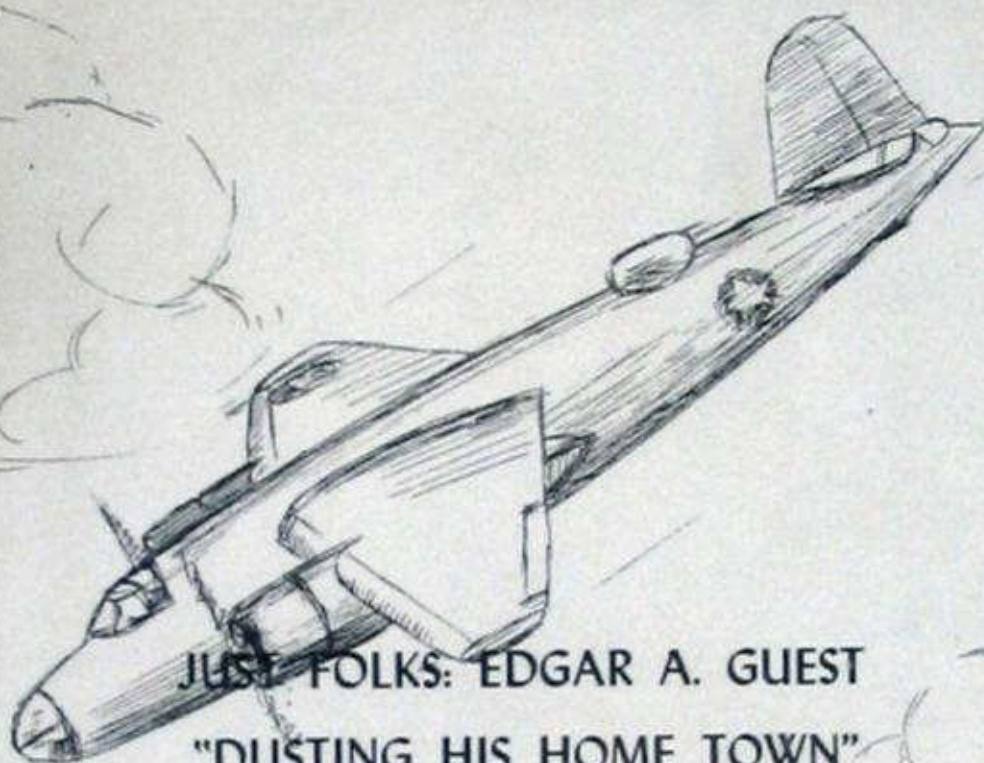
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29787
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JUST FOLKS: EDGAR A. GUEST "DUSTING HIS HOME TOWN"

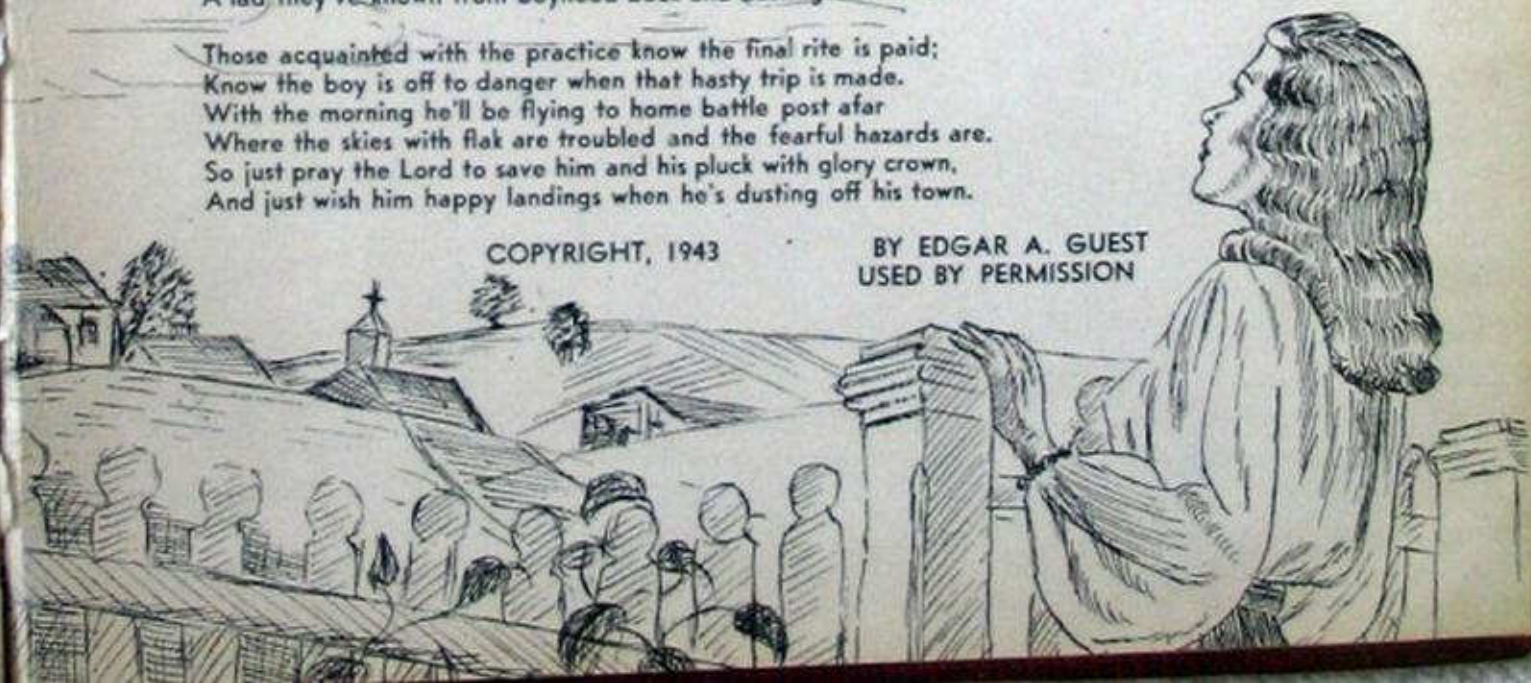
I have it from his mother: 'Tis the custom with them all
When they've finished with their training to fly home and pay a call
Not as earth bound fellows do it, nor as sailors home from sea,
But as pilots of the heavens in the cause for liberty,
And before he leaves for battle and can put his school books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

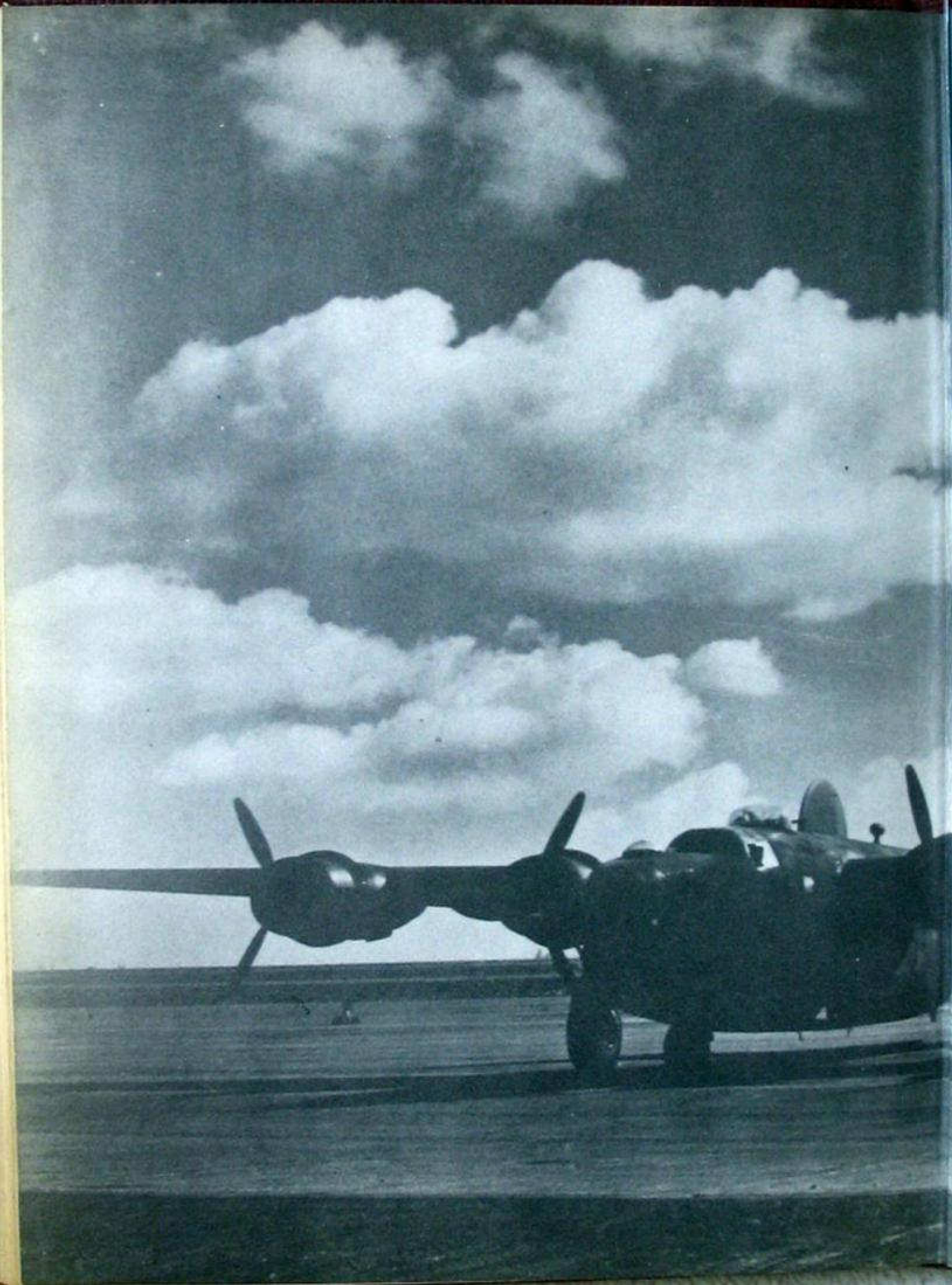
Now the trick that's known as "dusting" is the swooping from the skies,
Where his mother's sitting satchling with the sadness in her eyes.
He must rouse his home town people with that terrifying roar
Of a bomber rushing downward, bringing friends to every door,
Where they stand aghast to see him, goggled, 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 flak 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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BY EDGAR A. GUEST
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A black and white photograph of a propeller-driven aircraft, likely a military plane, parked on a runway. The aircraft is seen from the side, with its long wings extending across the frame. The background is a sky filled with large, dramatic clouds. The overall tone is somber and reflective.

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.

