

Flight



CLASS OF 44G



Memories

... Adrift with the winds and the clouds of the ages, these are the most sublime and eject their significance against the monster time in an endearing mellow light by virtue of their own significance.

As thru the twilights of by-gone days when words made history, where majestic emperors failed;—when vows were kept where mighty fortresses fall;—when the smallest stems of nature sustained life from her bosom while its awe inspiring trees rent asunder. Let us never forget the purpose for which we strived—to help propel our might with righteousness no matter how grim the aspects or how tragic the most fatal hour.

So did we compose ourselves that the efforts spent on our character would resolve us against a turmoil of bloodstain, of ungodliness; against an evil reaping a harvest of such bitter fruit that its nectar in the least did make manifest a petition from us that in judgment on that final hour by that Master Pilot, we be judged not only by what we did but by what we tried to do and could not.

Fate in its realm of destiny was very kind to us in our journey of training, and as these pages will disclose our life at Basic was one of mirth, of blues, of glad excitement and cool thrills; of a fertile seed to solid friendships, and of many grateful rescoundings which will forever echo in the infinite depths of our memories.

..... Every day had its minutes And many minutes should have had a day

The Editor.





Special thanks to the Link Instructors;
Cpl. L. V. Lindey and Pfc. W. C. Gregg
for their contribution with cartoons for this
book.

Newsfoto Publishing Co.
San Angelo, Texas

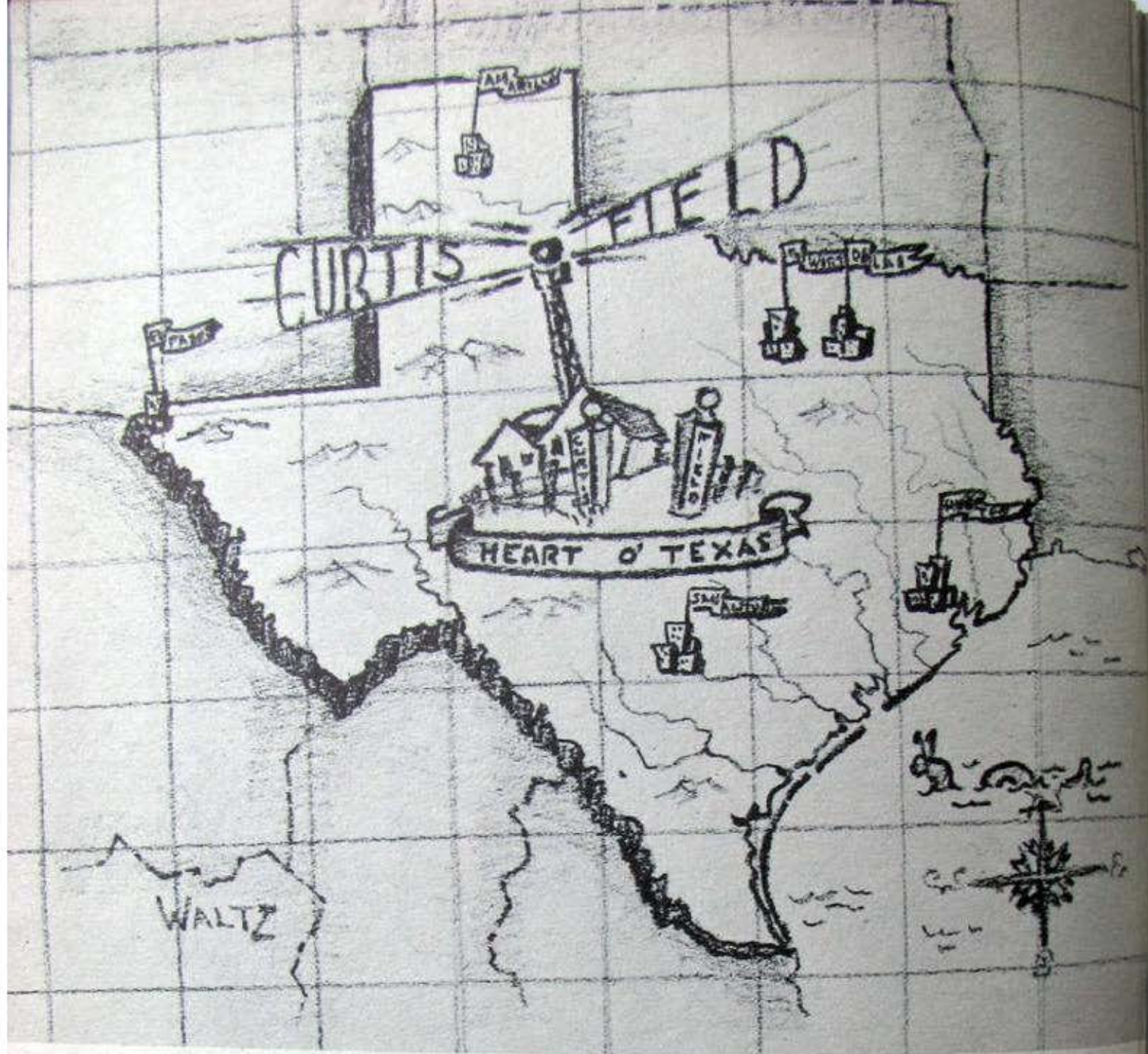
Lagging - -

John

Curtis Field

H H S

March
7^o May



To Curtis Field and its personnel, we of 44-G, wish to extend our message of good will, our sincerest wishes and our gratefulness through the meager pages of this, our class book.

May He, the greatest pilot of all, with his infinite wisdom and knowledge, guide you always and may his blessings enkindle, within all who enter here, the inspiration to readily conceive, acknowledge and hold whatever your teachings, your kind efforts, and friendship depart.

—Class of 44-G.

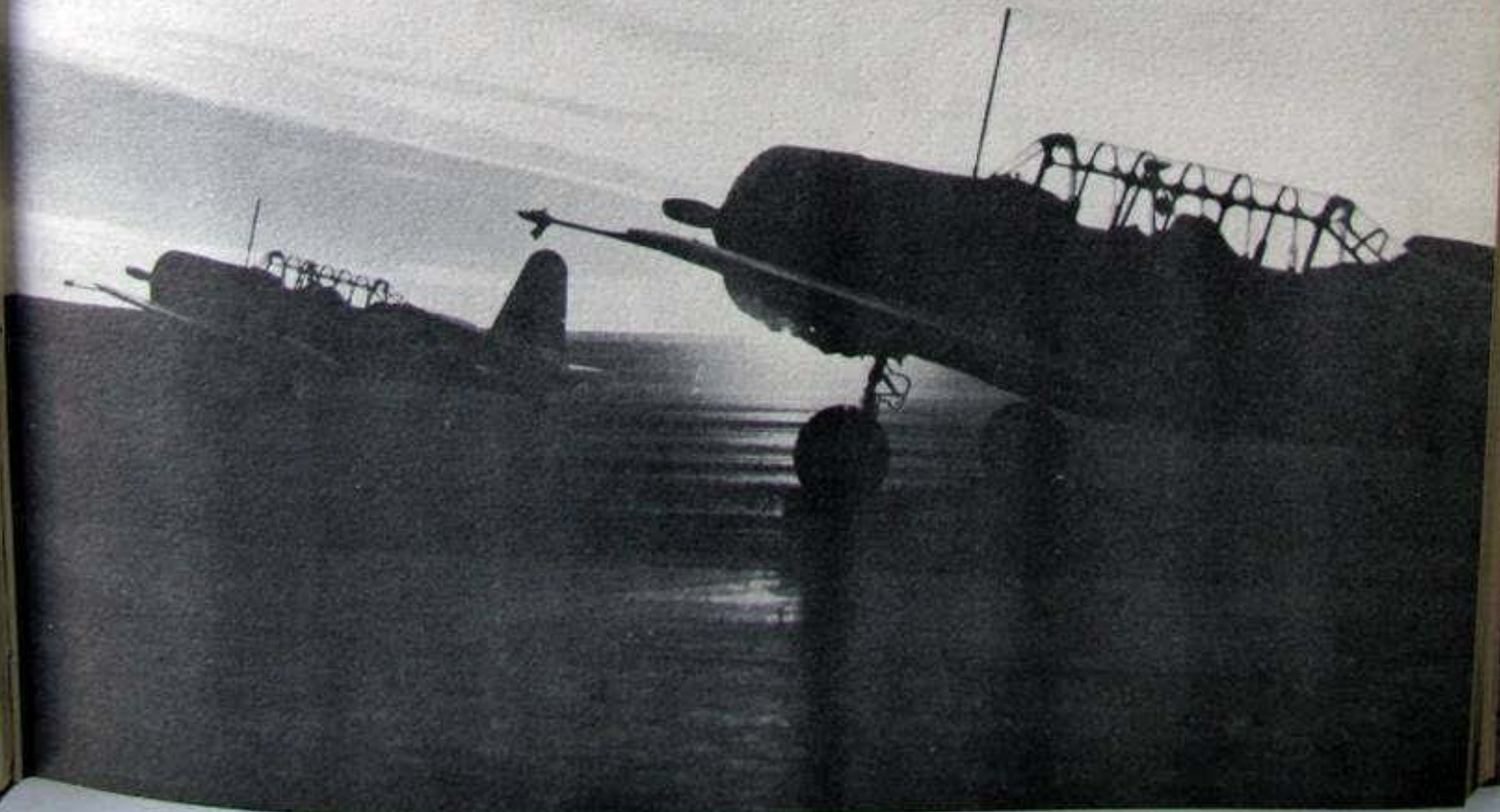
CLASS 44-G
GENTLEMEN:

Your coming departure from Curtis Field marks another rung gained in your climb up that proverbial ladder to wings. It marks the advancement of a class that is truly worthy of our highest praise. You have proven your worth in this phase of training, having done a hard job well. Things weren't always as smooth as we would have liked to have had them, but nothing ever is. Without hardships the mettle of a man could never be tested.

The days ahead will find you once again face to face with many hardships, and new adventures. Your training will not cease at the completion of advanced. A good pilot never ceases to learn as experience then becomes the instructor. Your final examination and grade of how well you have learned your lessons throughout this training program will be determined in combat. Play ball according to the rules, as you have in the past. Make the best of what you have learned. Show us that we are right in saying you are of the best. Let us hope that your final grade is "V," for Victory!

As you leave here for advanced, my sincere wishes for your continued success go with you.
So long — — — and Keep 'Em Flying!

William F. Stephens



Oh, say! Can you see? By the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd, at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



Our Officers



In sincerest appreciation of the efforts and toils these officers displayed in their endeavor to make our stay here one of contentedness and well being, in surroundings where good fellowship filled even the breeze with its stride and excellent motives.

Words cannot duly express our gratefulness for their friendship, their guidance and for the splendid training post Curtis Field was to us. 44-G feels proud and salutes the officers of Curtis Field.



Major Wm. H. Stephens *Commanding Officer*

Our heartfelt thanks and most profound appreciation to Major Wm. H. Stephens our commanding officer. Having been through cadet training himself, he understands the many obstacles that present themselves to a prospective pilot.

He has set up a program of instruction here at Brady proven to be highly efficient by the large percentage of Brady students successfully completing their flight training and receiving their wings.

Major Stephens is a native of San Antonio, and attended Texas A. and M. College three and a half years. He received his commission in the Air Corps August 31, 1940, after cadet training at Tulsa (primary), Randolph Field (basic), and Brooks Field (advanced). He came here December 10, 1942, from Tulsa, Okla. Prior to joining the Air Corps he was connected with General Motors Corporation.

Major J. E. Dillon *Air Inspector*

Major Dillon has the respect of every cadet at Curtis. Like Major Stephens he has the understanding that makes him a real example of what we're striving for.

He is a native of Tawas City, Mich., and prior to joining the service was connected with the U. S. Forestry Service. He attended the University of Michigan and Michigan State Normal for four years. He was commissioned 5th October, 1940 after cadet training at Dallas (primary), Randolph Field (basic), and Kelly Field (advanced). He is an Air Inspector and Check Pilot here.

Major Dillon has the respect of every cadet at Curtis. Like Major Stevens he has the understanding that makes him a real example of what we're striving for.





Capt. Wm. H. Keen

Home: Dublin, Georgia
Commissioned: January 1942 from cadet training, Corsicana (Primary); Randolph Field (Basic); Victoria (Advanced)
Attended two years at North Carolina College.
Came here 31st May 1943 from Sweetwater, Texas.
Prior to army was connected with the Home Insurance Company, San Francisco, California.
Duties: Instrument Training Officer.



Capt. Alboric Bellerose

Commissioned: 24th July 1942.
Attended four years Dartmouth College, majored in Zoology, four years Cornell Medical College, Medicine, two years internship at Kings County Hospital.
Attended School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field and San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center.
Came here 9th January 1944, from Dodge City, Kansas.
Prior to Army was a practicing physician in Rutland, Vermont.
Duties: Post Surgeon.



Capt. Robert T. Petersen

Home: Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Commissioned: 19th November 1942.
Attended Officer's Training Class, San Antonio, Texas.
Six years University of Minnesota Pre-Medical and Medicine, one year West Suburban Hospital, Oak Park, Ill. General Internship.
Came here June 1943 from Altus, Oklahoma.
Prior to Army was connected with Dr. Thorvald Petersen, Minneapolis, Minn.; Practice of Surgery.
Duty: Assistant Post Surgeon.



Capt. John H. Martin

Home: Berwyn, Illinois.
Commissioned: October 31st 1941 from Cadet Training, Spartan School Aeronautics, Tulsa, Okla. (Primary); Randolph Field (Basic); Kelly Field (Advanced).
Attended AAF Instrument School, Bryan, Texas.
Reported here the 22nd of December 1942, from Tulsa, Oklahoma.
Duties: Operations Officer and Check Pilot.



Lt. Burton J. Plehal

Home: Austin, Minnesota.
Commissioned: April 16 1943 from OCS, Miami, Florida.
Attended the University of Minnesota for four years, studying Business Administration.
Prior to Curtis Field he was stationed at Muskogee, Oklahoma.
Before Army Life he was employed by the Austin State Bank, in Minnesota.
Duties: Commandant of Cadets (since March 13th 1944).



Lt. Robert C. Parsons

Home: Post, Texas.
Commissioned: July 6th, 1943 from Cadet Training, Ballinger (Primary); Goodfellow (Basic); and Eagle Pass (Advanced).
Duties: Check Pilot.



Lt. Peyton Millhench

Home: Detroit, Michigan.
Commissioned: 9th of December 1942 from OCS, Miami, Florida.
Attended Alma College, Michigan for three years, majoring in Education.
Prior to his assignment here, he was stationed at San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center as a Tactical Officer.
Prior to Army he was connected with General Motors Diesel Corporation, Detroit.
Duties: Cadet Mess Officer and Aviation Cadet Examining Board.



Lt. John R. Blanton

Home: Miami, Florida.
Commissioned: 24th May 1943 from Cadet Training, East St. Louis (Primary); Coffeyville, Kansas (Basic); Eagle Pass (Advanced).
Attended Central Instructors School—Randolph Field.
Three years of College at the University of Florida—Business Administration.
Came here 29th of October 1943 from Eagle Pass.
Duties: Check Pilot and Assistant Operations Officer.



PEACEFUL

Symbolic

When God made the oyster, He guaranteed him absolute economic and social security. He built the oyster a house, a shell to protect him from other animals and other oysters. When hungry, the oyster opens up his shell and the food rushes in.

But when God made the eagle, what did He do? He said, "The blue sky is the limit. Get out and build your own house." And the eagle goes out and builds his house on the highest mountain crag where danger and disaster threaten him every day. For food he flies through a thousand miles of rain, snow, wind and over the mountains.

But it is the eagle, not the oyster, which is the national emblem of our United States.

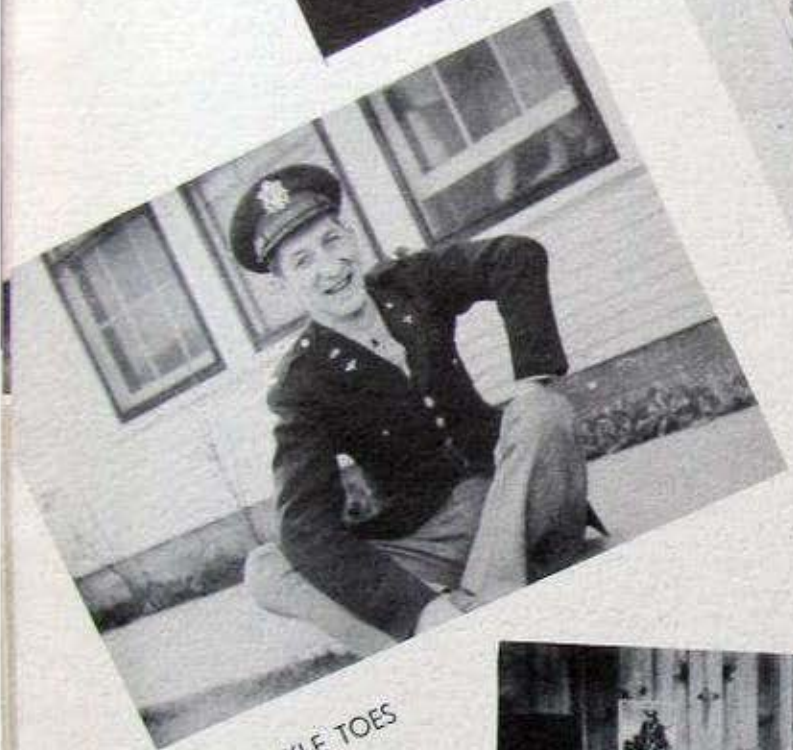
When I went thru cadets . . .



MAJOR J. E. DILLON
AIR INSPECTOR



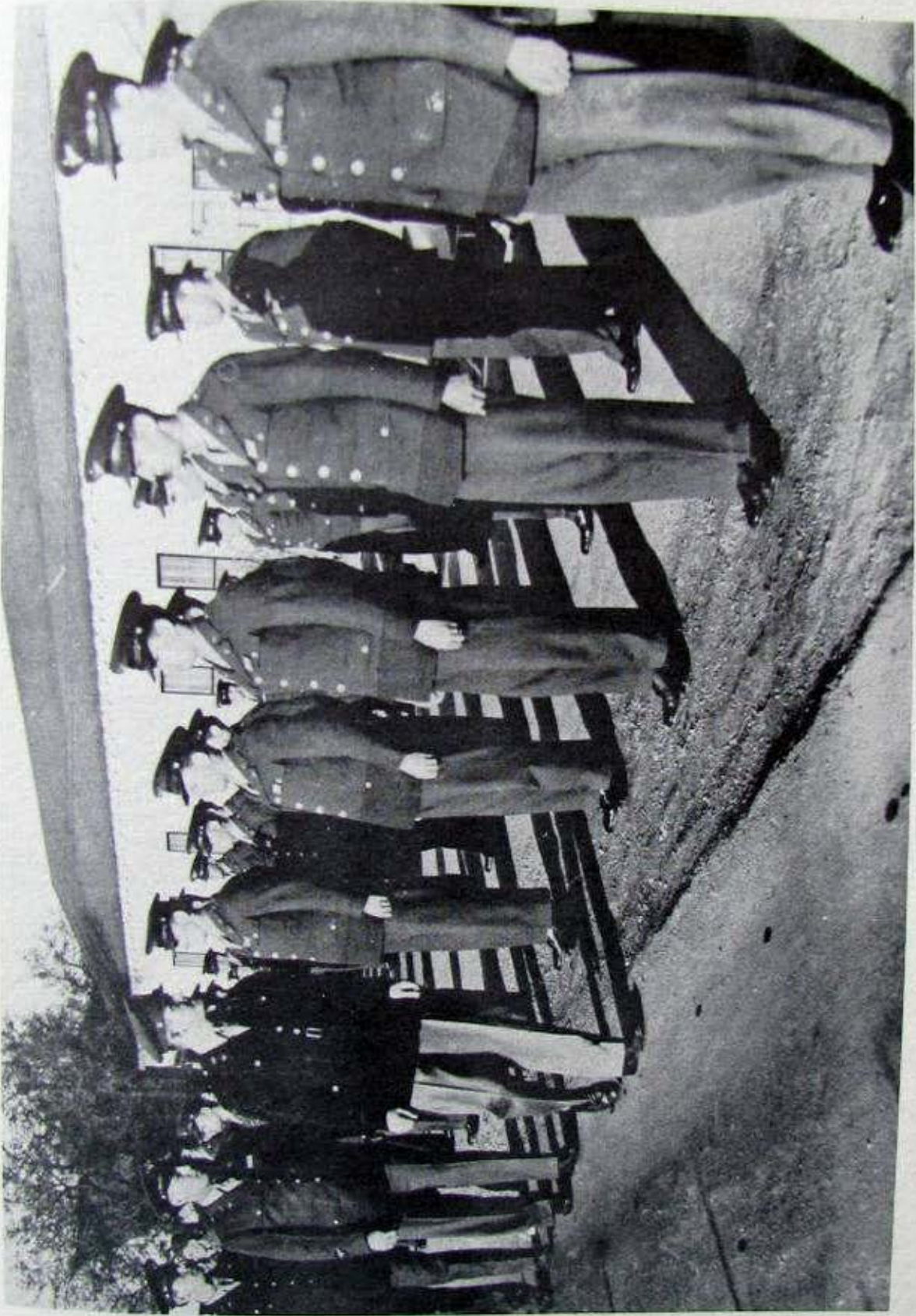
WONDER WHAT'S COOKIN'?



TWINKLE TOES



GUESTS
COME
TO
DINNER



Your eyes on a point, Mister?



The class of 44-G found Curtis Field a school of tradition and reputation and we soon learned that the supervisors of flight had done much in giving Brady the reputation of being one of the best basics of the Air Corps. Upon the shoulders of these men rest the job of standardizing flying instruction and training, and of seeing that each cadet received the necessary instruction to make him a worthy United States Army pilot.

Proving themselves worthy before the rigid requirements of Randolph Field, as Basic School Supervisors, graduating from Bryan Instrument School, coupled with an average of four thousand hours, these men were of a service that is beyond our ability to express with due respect and in entirety.

For their sincerity in their work, for their untiring efforts, and for their consideration and understanding these men were highly respected by every cadet of 44-G.



Delmer M. Miller
Wing Commander

Our Wing Commander is a product of mid-western schools and that proverbial college of "knocks."

Relatively a young man, his position here tunders a background as Instructor dating back to the infancy of Curtis Field when it was still at Dallas, and known as Love Field. His ranks were in pace with the U. S. Army Air Corps expansion program. From Instructor to Flight Commander to Group Commander to his present capacity at Wing Commander.

His darkest hours were those as the youngest and the "Rookie" Instructor. Time did change however and 44-G is proud of their Wing Commander and wish him many more successes.

Assistant
Director
of Flying
Mr. John P. Threadgill



Squadron A



R. A. PUTZ



H. G. PEISER



E. NORMAN



A. L. RAINWATER

Squadron B



W. M. BABER



H. W. BAHNMAN



J. H. BARNES

*Flight
Instructors
Syd. #*

Remember the man whose knowledge and effort taught you how to fly, whose patience in demonstrations and explanations made their impression upon your memory, and whose flying ability saved your life a few times and guided you through the hazards of basic. No cadet will ever forget his instructor and no one realizes and appreciates the kind of job that the civilian instructors do in the army flying training program better than the cadets that they instruct.

Our instructors at basic were men who lived and knew flying from the experience of hundreds of hours in the air. We were inspired by these men and indeed grateful for their instruction. Our one hope was that we could take with us some of the facts of flying that they so ably put before us.

R. B. BARRETT



J. B. CARLISLE



J. C. COOPER





A. J. HENSON



T. B. HASFORD, JR.



S. R. HILL

*Flight
Instructor
Syd. #*

"MY MORALE"

My days as an instructor are ending,
My patience is just about gone.
I can feel that old urge leaving me,
Everything seems to be all wrong.

O. W. HETZLER



J. B. JOHNSON



J. M. KAYSER





J. S. LIPSNER



W. W. LITTLEJOHN



I. W. PELLET

*High
Instruction
Sgd. #*

I wake up every morning,
With a dull ache in my head,
My wife has to pull and shake me
And patiently drag me out of bed.

A. K. ROBERTS



J. R. RODGERS



B. C. SCHAEFER





W. W. SCHAERDEL



G. W. SEABERG



H. R. SKINNER

*Light
Constructors
Sgd. #*

I stagger into the bathroom,
Wash my face, and comb my hair,
Brush my shoes, and shine my teeth.
I can't even find what I'm to wear.

N. G. TATE



I. M. SPONDULE



D. R. WEAVER





C. P. BIRDEN



C. C. CAGLE



R. J. CLOUD

*Depth
Qualities
G. H. - B*

My patient wife keeps helping me,
Put on my shirt and fix my tie.
I beg her just to leave me be,
That I want to lay down and die.

G. H. COX



L. B. DEAN



H. L. FULLER





C. L. HAMILTON



G. A. HILL



M. T. JANES

*Depth
Instructions
G. A. Hill*

She makes me eat my breakfast,
Pushing eggs and bacon down my throat.
Then I start to work in the car,
Feeling like an old, sterile, billy goat.

B. LEVINE



L. R. LYNN



S. G. MATTHEWS





B. A. MOE



C. T. PARISH



R. E. RAKES

*Depth
Instructions
A - B*

I start out for Curtis Field,
Long before the sky turns red.
All I'm thinking of, as yet,
Is my pajamas and my bed.

A. A. MARTIN



J. A. RIDPATH



W. E. ROBERTS





W. H. SHERIDAN



ALL CARDS



S. J. SPENCE

*Depth
Instructors
4-2-5*

I slowly drag in the instructors' door,
My tail dragging out my tracks.
Mentally, horribly dreading,
To have to face those sad sacks.

C. H. SOAPE



IT DOES HAPPEN



S. D. TURNER



*Squadron
Commander*



WILSON JETER



J. F. ALDRICH
Supervisor



J. H. HENLEY

Instrumental

R. E. REAM



B. W. HARRISON



Squadron A

Squadron B



G. E. ANDREWS



P. J. BURTON



A. H. CHAFFEE

Squadron #



(Left)
W. S. COFFEY



(Right)
F. DEREGIBUS

Squadron #



W. A. DUBE



W. GILBERT



V. D. HOWE



F. M. JOHNSON



F. G. KUYKENDALL



G. R. KOONCE

Squadron



(Left)
O. E. McNEES



(Right)
J. H. MEYER

Squadron #

G. E. NICE



E. P. MICHALSON



A. T. MORGAN





D. P. ODOM



B. L. PELLETT



C. W. RICKS

Quadrants



(Left)
E. M. SILVER



(Right)
D. T. TURNER

Squadron #

A. N. WALKER



G. S. WILSON



P. F. UNTERSEE





P. J. ALFORD



J. W. BARRETT



H. S. BROWNING

Squadrons



(Left)
H. D. COWAN



(Right)
D. J. DUNCAN

Squadrons

W. K. EDWARDS



R. S. FARMER



J. G. GRISSON





A. M. CROWSON



G. E. HALL



M. O. HASKINS

Officers



(Left)
C. C. KERSEY



(Right)
J. D. LANE

Squadron 8

SAM McCOLLUM



D. S. MILLER



F. U. MILLER





L. T. PAGE



C. R. PHILLIPS



B. H. RODDIE

Instrumentals



(Left)
D. O. SMITH



(Right)
PAUL THOMPSON

Squadrons

PAUL TOWNE



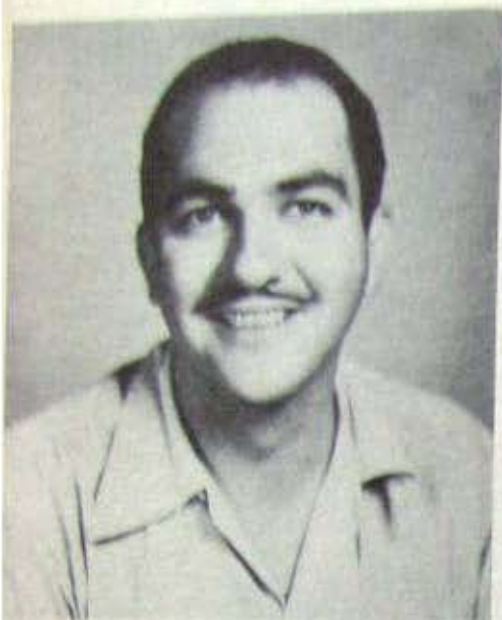
B. W. HARRISON



J. R. WESTBROOK



Dispatches



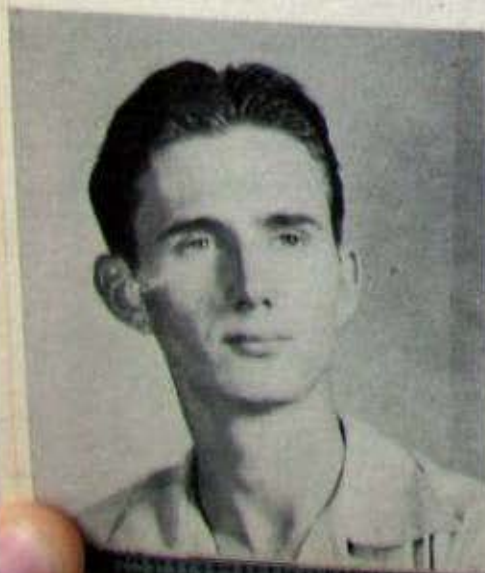
S. V. ANDERSON
Chief



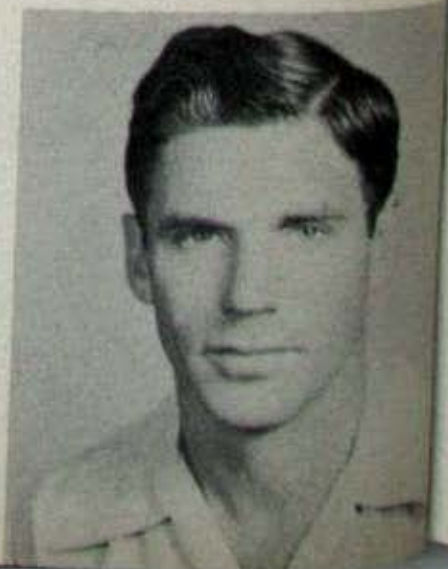
J. C. WINFREY



J. R. LOONEY



L. R. JONES



D. R. GILES



Ground
School



R. H. Nelson
Director

The man who is doing such a capable job as Director of Ground School is Mr. Nelson, who has been in charge ever since the entire school moved from Dallas. Mr. Nelson was born in Massachusetts. In 1931 he graduated from the Naval Academy and went to sea for eight busy and in-

teresting years. Unusual is his rich experience as Navigator on the Aircraft Carrier Lexington for five years, and his accomplishments are too numerous to mention here. Later he worked on the Weems system of Navigation and lectured and assisted Mr. Weems with courses at Annapolis. In April 1940 Mr. Nelson reported to Major Long at Love Field, Dallas, Texas. When the Dallas Aviation School at Love Field moved to Brady, and became the Brady Flying Field, Mr. Nelson became Director of Ground School. We are fortunate to be at Basic where there is such a well equipped Ground School, efficient teaching staff, and capable Director. Class 44-G salutes you.



E. O. Martin
Avigation

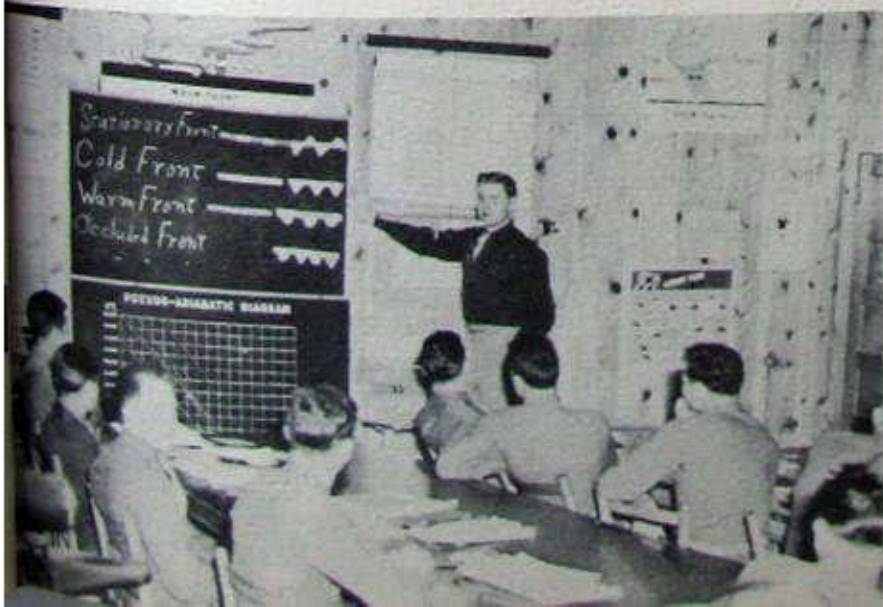
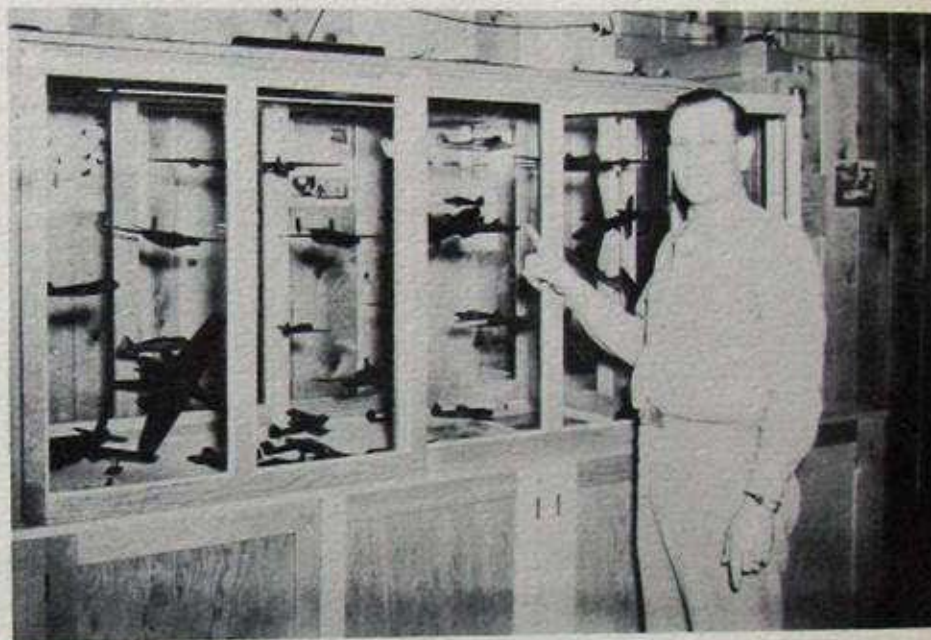


E. J. Powell
Instruments



*P. H. Lindhorn
Radio*

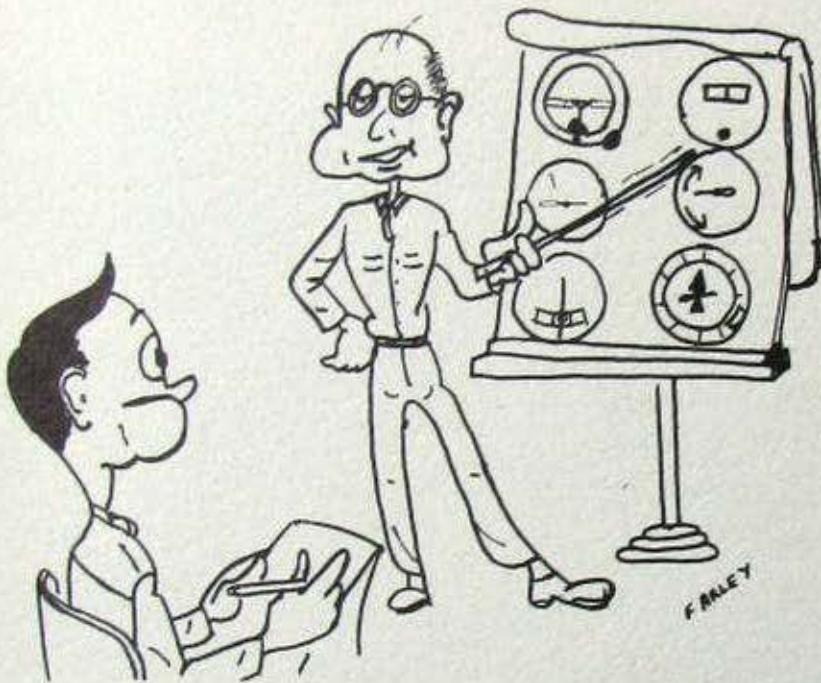
*H. L. Miller
Identification*



*G. H. Rasmusson
Weather*



J. R. Holland
Avigation



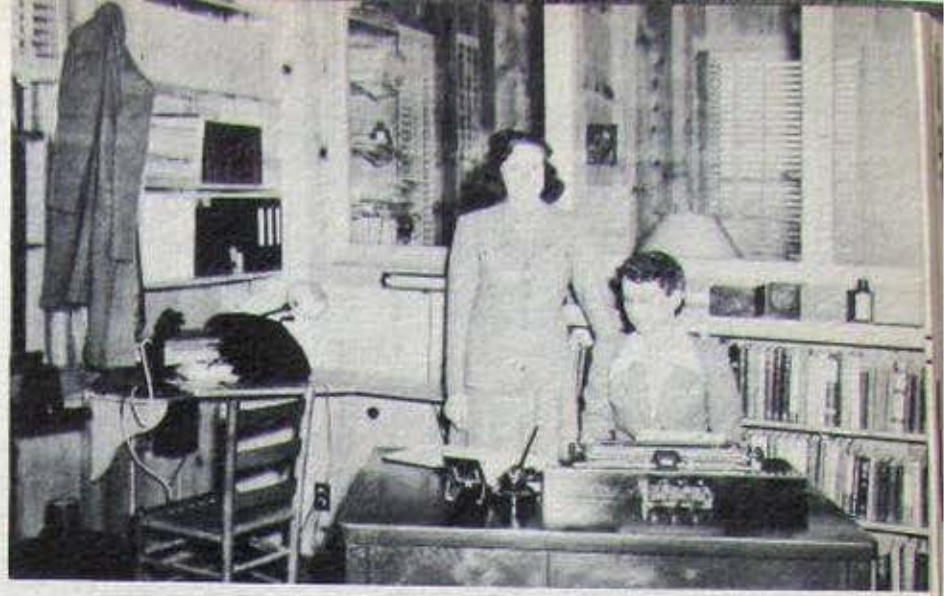
**THE GIMBAL, GIMBALS
AROUND THE GIMBAL.**

We must be as courteous to man as we
are to a picture to which we are always
willing to give the advantage of a good
light.



H. C. Skewis
Weather

Miss Lexia Shuffield
Mrs. Fay Clary
Secretaries



Loose nuts on an airplane are most dangerous when one of them is flying.



J. N. Brannan
Identification



H. W. Lindhorn
Radio

The Link



The Instructors

To these men, 44-G is indebted. Their patience, effort and coaching on the Link we can truly appreciate, since in their hands lay the responsibility of introducing the essentials of Greater Aviation; namely Instruments.

44-G extends their "Best Wishes" to a swell bunch of regular fellows.



*The
Instructors*

The Instructors



TO THE CADETS OF 44-G

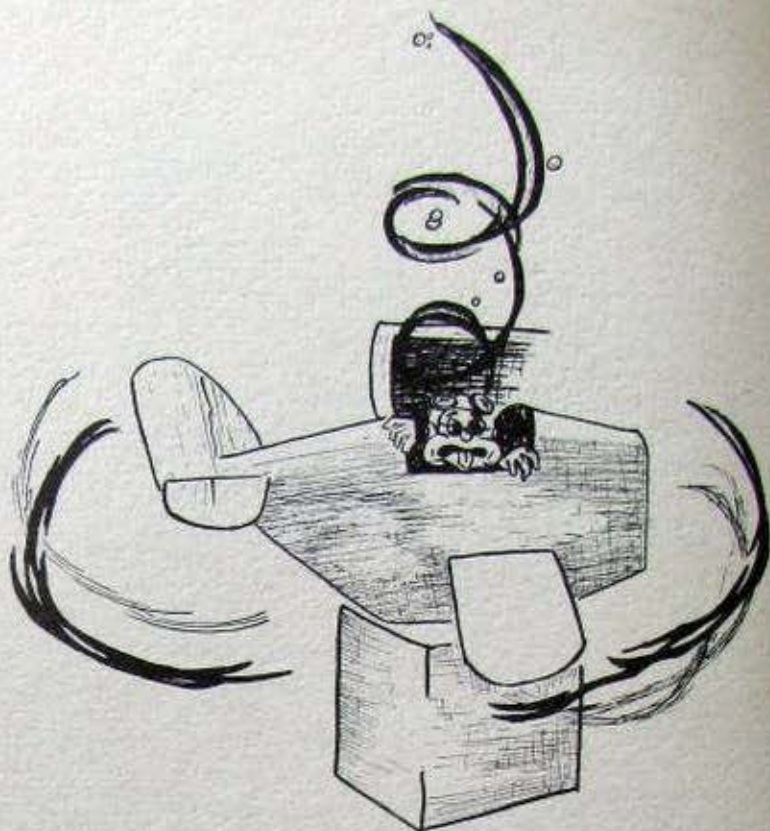
This little speech or poem,
Is sincerely written to you.
You, the cadets of Curtis Field
We are here to help you thru.

We greet you every morning,
Each noon, and every night.
We really want to help you
To prepare for this fight.

The link is really important,
It's stressed more day by day.
And the harder you work at it,
The more you'll find it will pay.

So remember we are over here
To help and guide you thru.
But the work and determination
All depends on you.

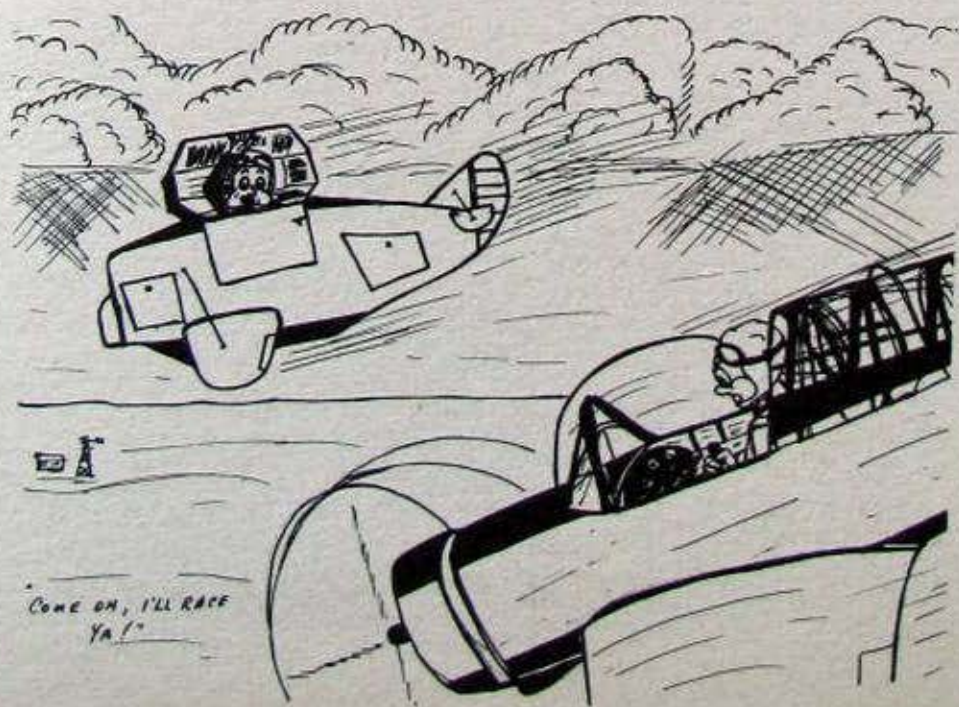
—Cpl. L. V. Lindley.



Wish this damn war would end
"Woe is me!!"



"WAKE UP."
CADET HEADUP



Ally's well
that ends well



Ally's well
that ends well





CURTIS FIELD One of Uncle Sam's major air training bases.

Its name honors Harry Lamar Curtis, one of the men whose driving energy and enthusiasm were responsible for the building of the field. As a rule, army fields are named after soldiers who have died, but in this case precedence was broken in order to pay a deserved tribute to Mayor Curtis, formerly a member of the Air Corps Reserve.

Brady being located just off the course between Goodfellow and Randolph Fields, seemed a strategic spot for an auxiliary airport for cross-country flying between the two training schools. A composite staff of Mayor Curtis, Major W. F. Long and Mr. W. B. Click, with the help of Major General Gerald C. Brant, who at that time was Commanding General of the Gulf Coast Air Corps Training Center, and Major C. R. Storrie, a member of his staff who was temporarily in command at Randolph Field, received full and enthusiastic support of the Army for their plan, and before Pearl Harbor, Curtis Field was completed, dedicated and in operation. Its personnel consisted of twenty officers and enlisted men and about three hundred civilians—instructors, mechanics, maintenance and clerical help for the two hundred students.

Its first Cadets came from Love Field, Dallas in March 1941. At the end of their training the school became a Basic School, in May of that year. Since then it had another trial as a Primary and once again as a Basic. Thus since the birth of Curtis Field, it's had a few changes, yes, but always to uphold truly fine standards and to give "its all" to America.



*Mr. Harry L. Curtis
Mrs. Louise Vale*

TO THE MEN OF CLASS 44.G:

For three years now I have watched with humble pride and a great interest as each new class comes in to take their place in training. I cannot tell you how deeply I appreciate the small part I am privileged to play in conducting a school which deals with such splendid examples of young manhood.

May I wish for each of you the best of everything in your future, and always "happy landings."

Most sincerely,

Harry L. Curtis

Harry L. Curtis

*President and Operator
Major W. F. Long*



**MAJOR W. F. LONG
and
MR. W. B. CLICK**

The two Gentlemen to whom goes the credit for The Basic School, of Brady Field, Astride with e Nation at War, and well experienced of War from their ventures in World War No. 1 these two men saw as their patriotic duty to devulge their experience and knowledge of flying into a frame of activity from which they could reap most, and offer as a contributory to Victory. Major W. F. Long acting as Principle Partner and Mr. Click, were successful in proving to the U. S. Army Air Force, that what they proposed to do, would in the least, at a time when a dire necessity for flyers was in the balance, be a beginning for the end, which Air Power was destined to perform. These two men had a perspective and retained no doubts as to its final outcome or success. As students at their School we have only to recognize their handiwork, apply our own determination and we need never fear of failure.



*Civilian Director
Mr. W. B. Click*



A man with a big job to do here is Mr. H. B. Sutton, who is superintendent of maintenance here at Curtis Field. Keeping aircraft in top notch condition is nothing new for Mr. Sutton. He has been step father to many types of aircraft since 1924, during which time he served the Army and American Air Lines.

A typical Texan in a ten gallon hat and cowboy boots who was born and reared in central Texas. He has done some flying but contends his job is to "keep 'em flying."

Mr. H. B. Sutton

Maintenance



IT'S PATRIOTIC

Mrs. B. C. Francks
Mrs. Jake Barker
Mrs. B. D. Brown

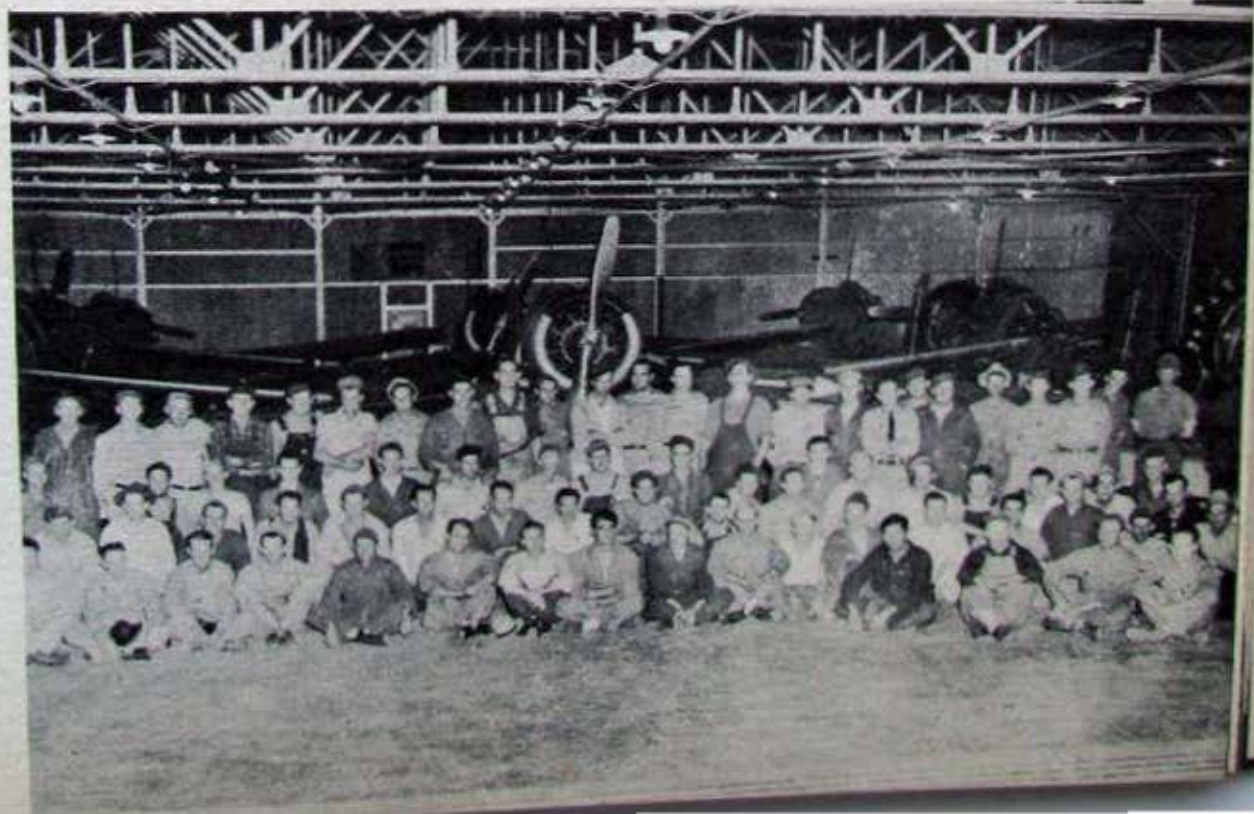


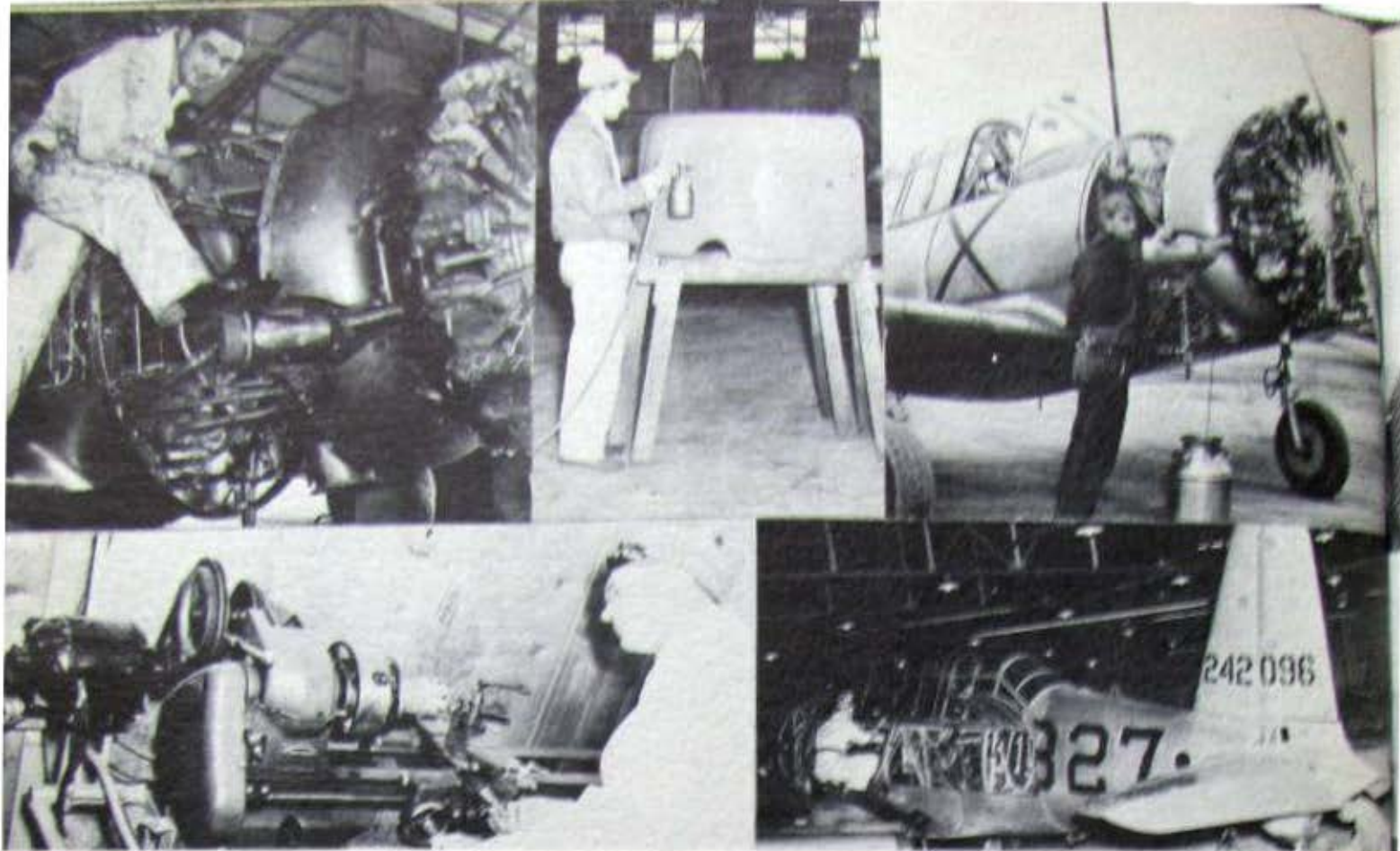


First

and

Big 1st



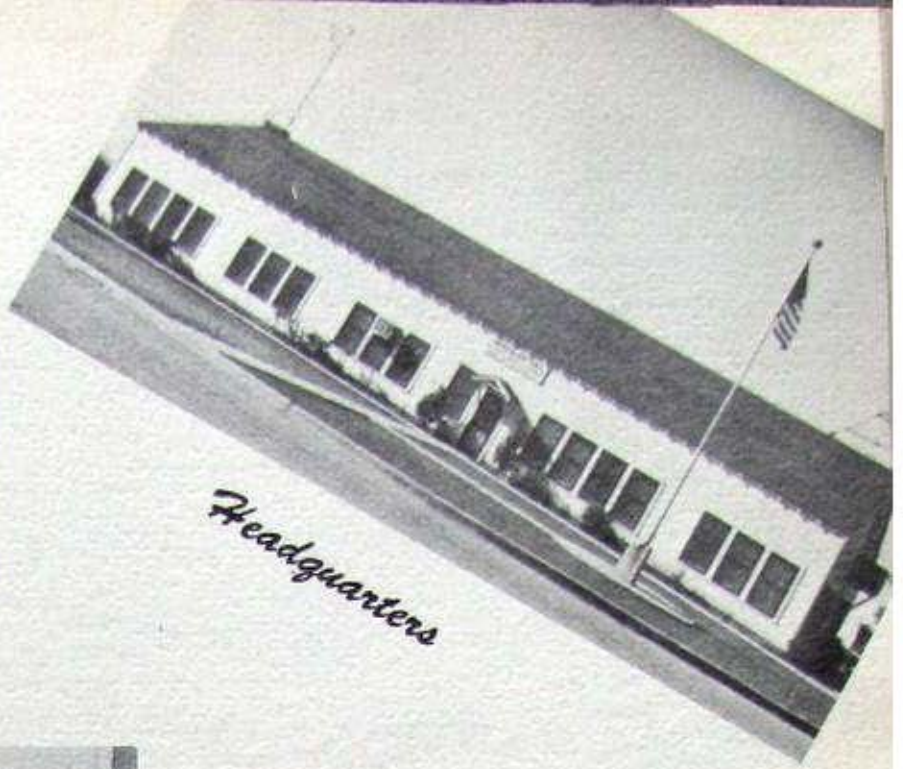


... and for the
Human Body





MRS. ROGER BENEFIELD



Headquarters



MISS ANN MILLER

Miss Marjorie Hayes

MISS MARJORIE HAYES

MISS DORIS PINSON



Paralians

Sergeant Major's Office



Supply

SGT. MAJOR CHARLES GILLIS
 CPL. BILL MERRITT
 MISS MILDRED SANSON
 MISS JOELLA COLE
 MISS ORA MAY MARTIN

Right
 MISS PATSY SHEFIELD
 MRS. NORMA KIMBROUGH
 MRS. GWEN FULLAGAR
 HARRY CARLSON

—SIZES—
 TOO LARGE OR TOO SMALL



CECIL SMYTHE
 T. L. COLLIER
 MRS. LOREE EGAN

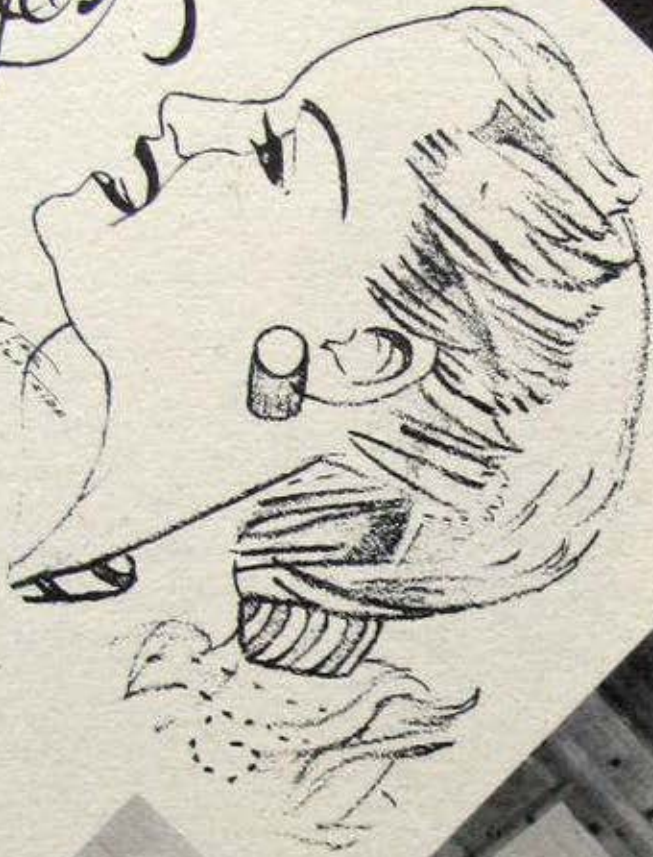


LIFE INSURANCE
 FROM SUTTON and McGEE

Handwritten signature in cursive script, possibly reading "Fred Bryant".



MR. FRED BRYANT

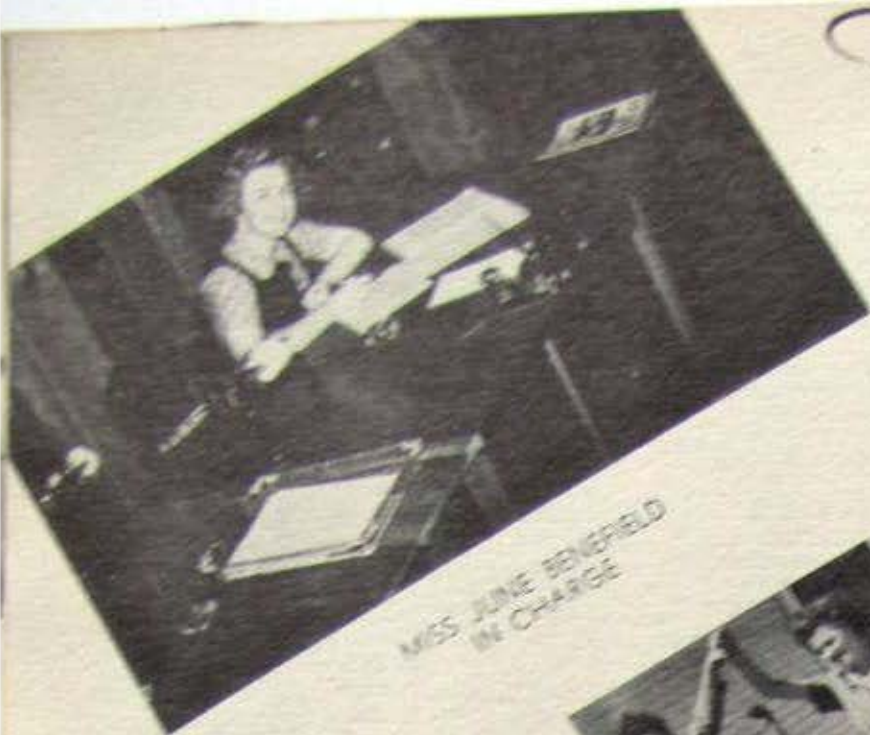


MR. WILBURN BUNDRE
MISS CARLYN NANCE
MISS CLETH WALLACE
MISS IRMA JOE WANKAN



MISS LOUISE BLAIR
MRS. HILTON HALEY

Quilting

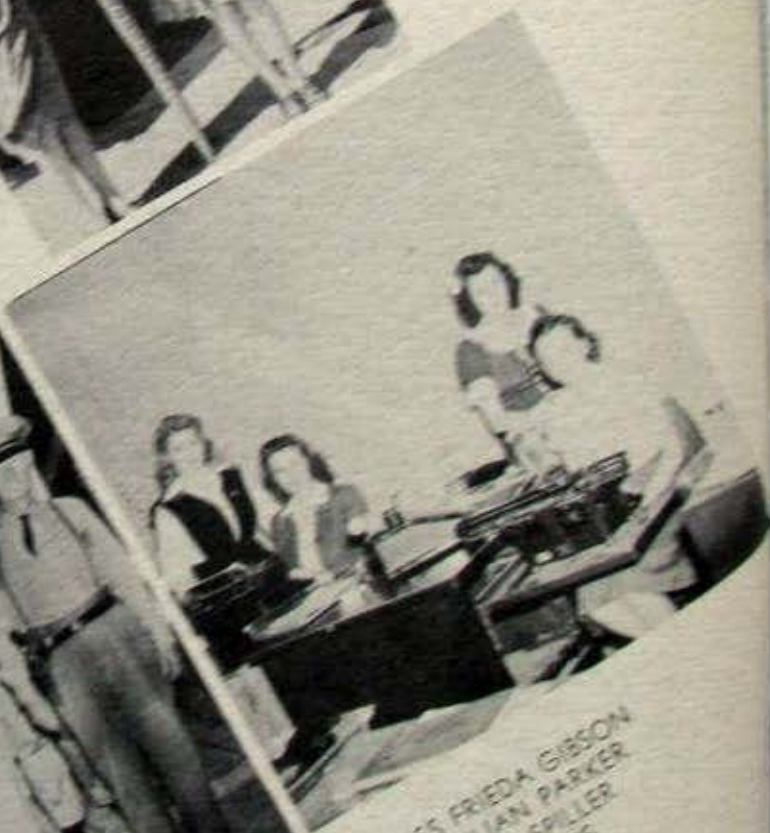


MISS JUNE BENFIELD
IN CHARGE

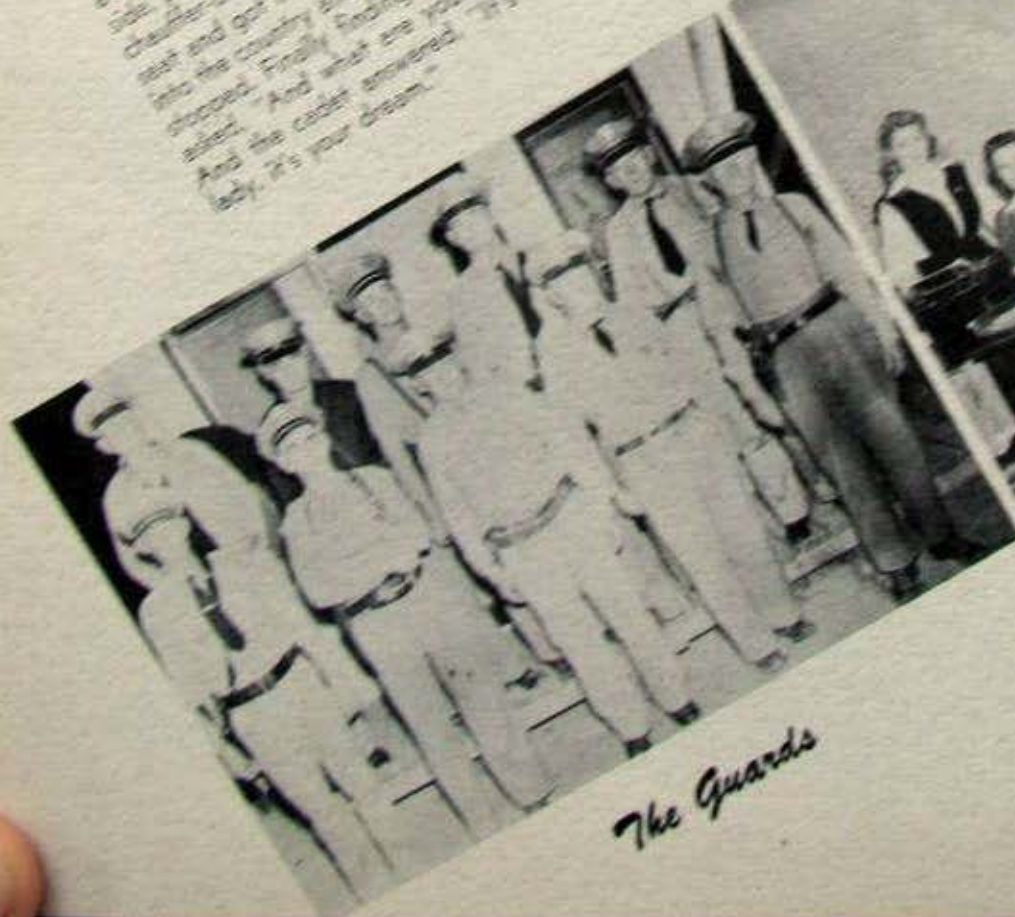


LOIS BROWNING
AND
BEATRICE CARR

A lovely, beautiful girl dressed that
side, picked her up, carried her down to a
cheater-driven car, placed her in the back
seat and got in beside her. They drove out
into the country and on a dark road the car
dropped. "Finally finding her voice, the girl
sighed. "And what are you going to do?"
And the cadet answered, "It's up to you,
lady, it's your dream."



MISS FRIEDA GIBSON
MRS. JULIAN PARKER
MISS MAXINE SPILLER
MISS MARY BEHRENS



The Guards

Our Father who art in Heaven
We ask your blessing on our cause,
For we believe we fight for what Christ taught;
That brotherhood all men should feel.
We do not ask that each of us be blessed
With luck while all about us comrades die.

Thy kingdom come in all our hearts
That we may face our fate with fortitude,
In time of battle keep our courage high
Help us to carry on in that darkest hour;
And if we fall, give us the strength to bear
The agony, the pain that may be ours.

For those of us who die, grant us this plea:
That by our sacrifice the world will see
More clearly what it ought to be.
That freedom and democracy
Will be preserved and understood
Throughout all the shining years ahead.

That we may preserve our souls for thee;
Blessed Father, watch over us in time of need,
For Thine is the Kingdom on earth and in Heaven,
Ours the responsibility of right and of wrong
Of personal integrity, that we will be judged
Forever and evermore.

Amen.





Louis Bagladi



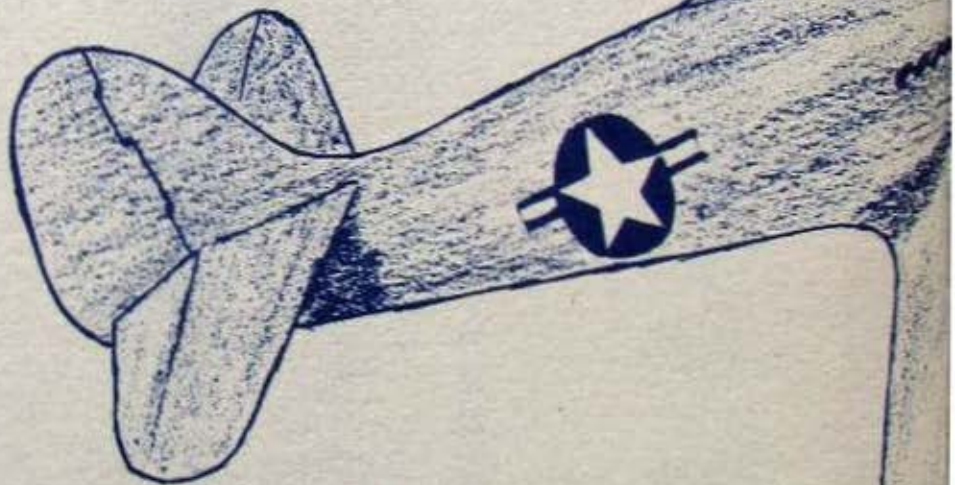
Glenn M. Beard



William M. Beheler



J. N. Bettendorff



Norman Borgeson

Arthur E. Brown

Jack H. Clark





Samuel W. Conner

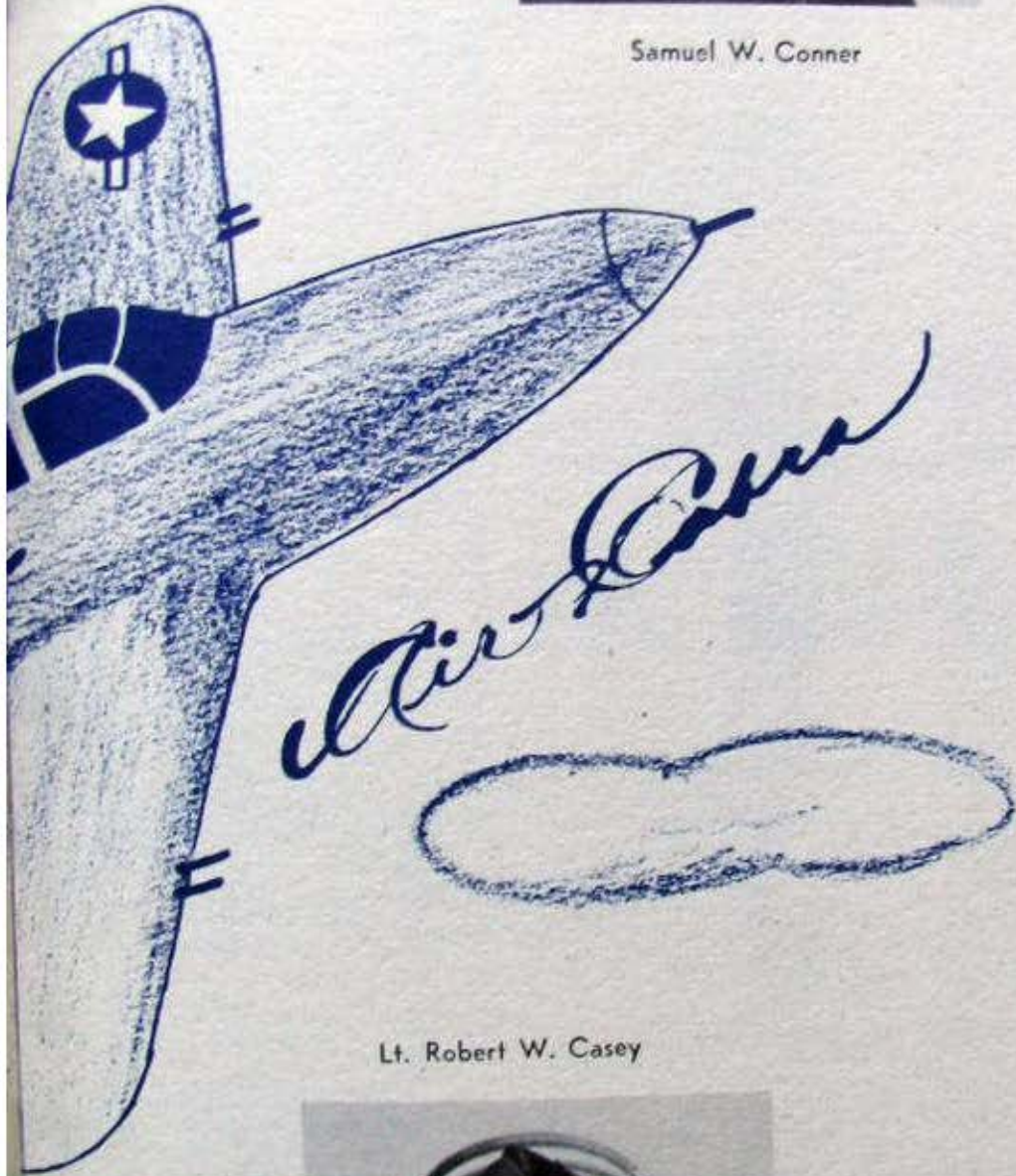


James M. Cooksey

F. V. Cotterell



William F. Cramer



Lt. Robert W. Casey





William D. Delles



Walter J. Doherty



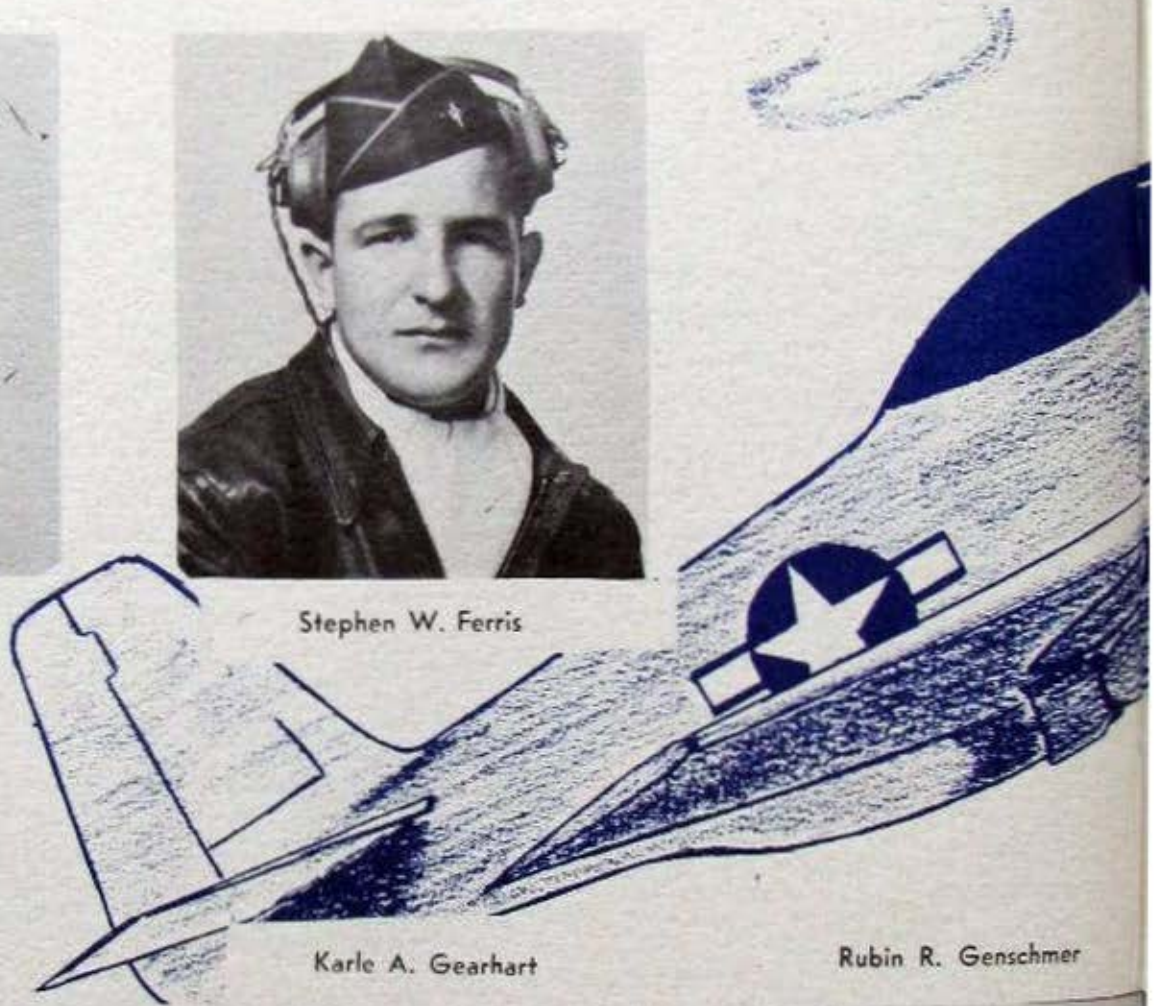
George D. Dugay



Roy W. Eppinger



Stephen W. Ferris



William M. Gallagher

Karle A. Gearhart

Rubin R. Genschmer





N. J. Giordano



Mustang

Kenneth H. Golden

Robert M. Goering



James Dunn

Lt. Robert Grockett





Chester V. Falkowski

Randolph Hayes

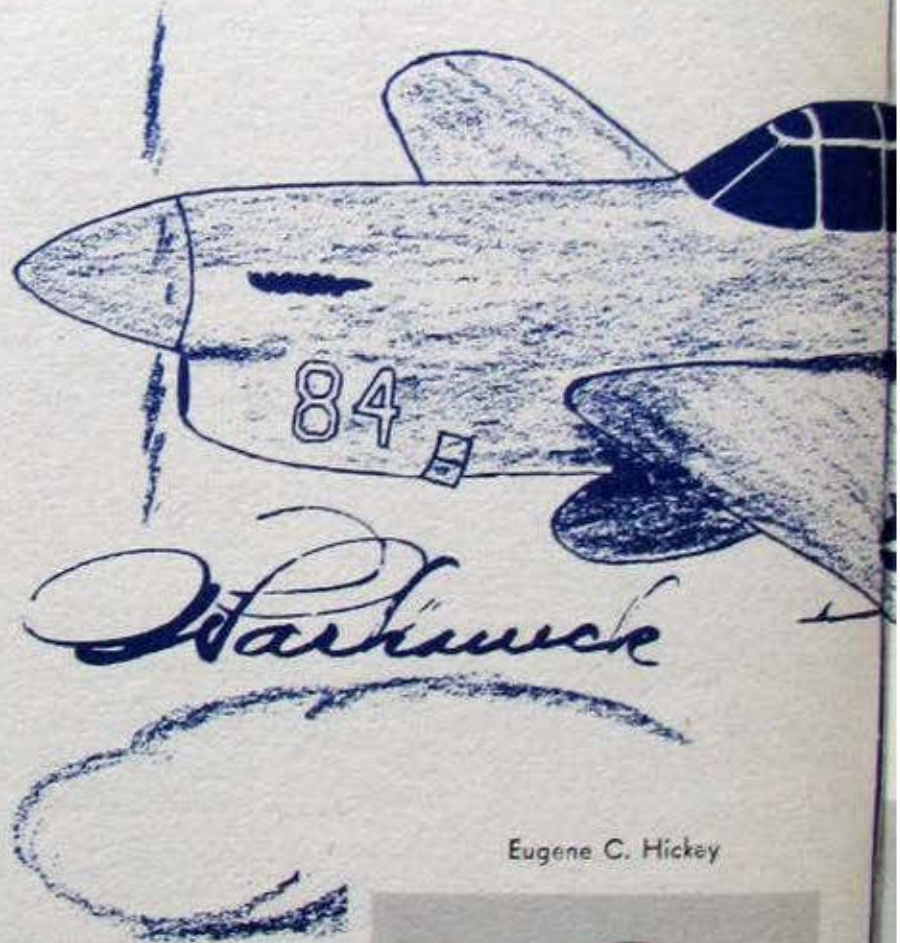


Jessie C. Haynes



William F. Hegenbart

J. Kendall Hester



Eugene C. Hickey





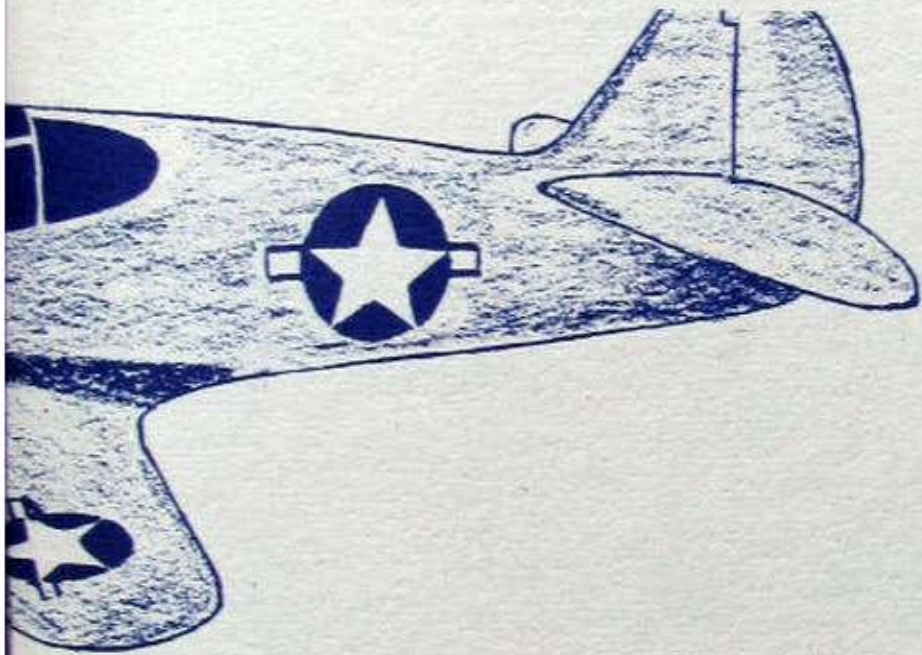
Raymond C. Hiscox

Bobby Cleo Hobson



Philip W. Houghton

David W. Hunsberger



Raymond Jensen

William C. Hughes



R. F. Jasionkowski





Charles W. Jaudon



Alex G. Jastrab



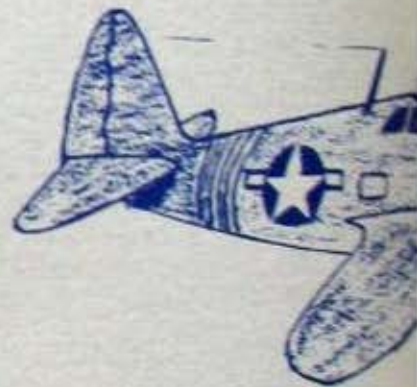
George F. Jenkins



Bernard C. Johnson



D. G. Kavanaugh



Martin C. Kincaid





John J. Lambert



Lt. William F. Mayberry



Lt. Alva McEwen



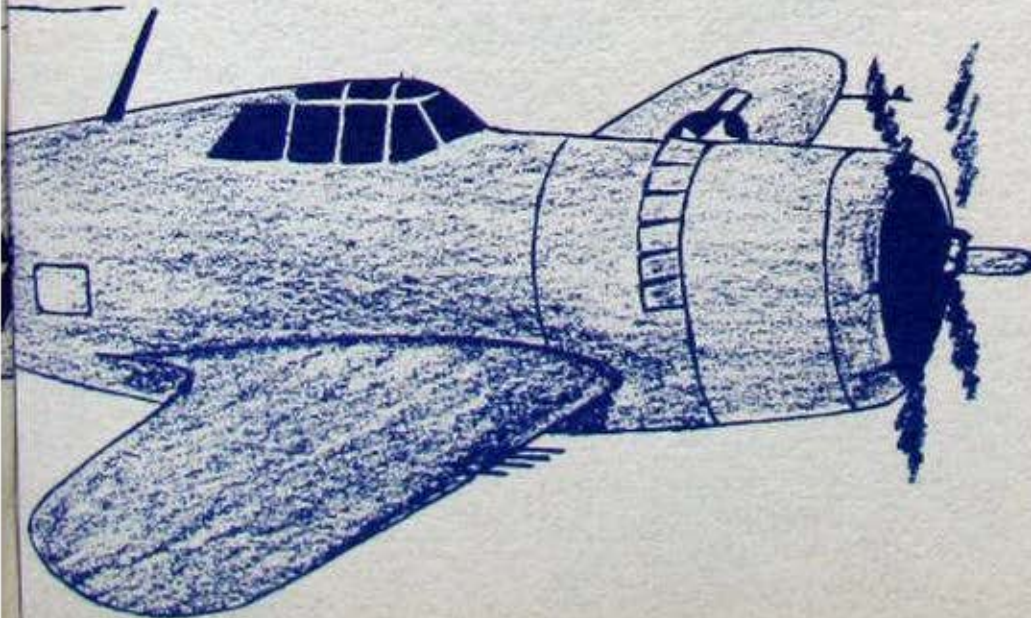
Thomas L. McGovern



Vernon Mattingly



Thunderbolts



Gerald Meyers





M. Milo J. Randolph



Edward G. Murphy

(Not Richard)
Anthony B. Orlan



James T. Patrick

Michael E. Salo



Oliver K. Pool

Joe T. Pound



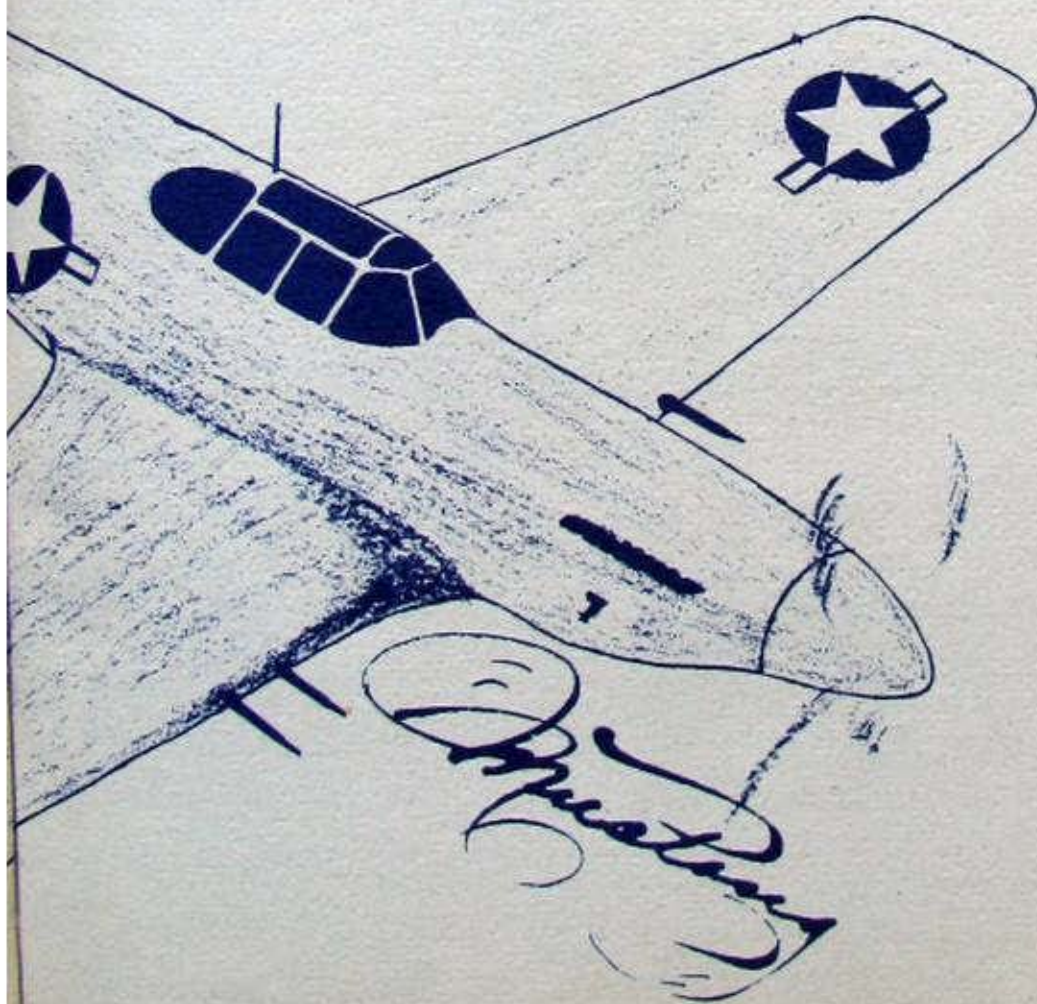


Donald A. Salopek

Paul Scheinost



Carl F. Schmitt



Robert W. Schott

Victor J. Severino





Richard K. Sheffer

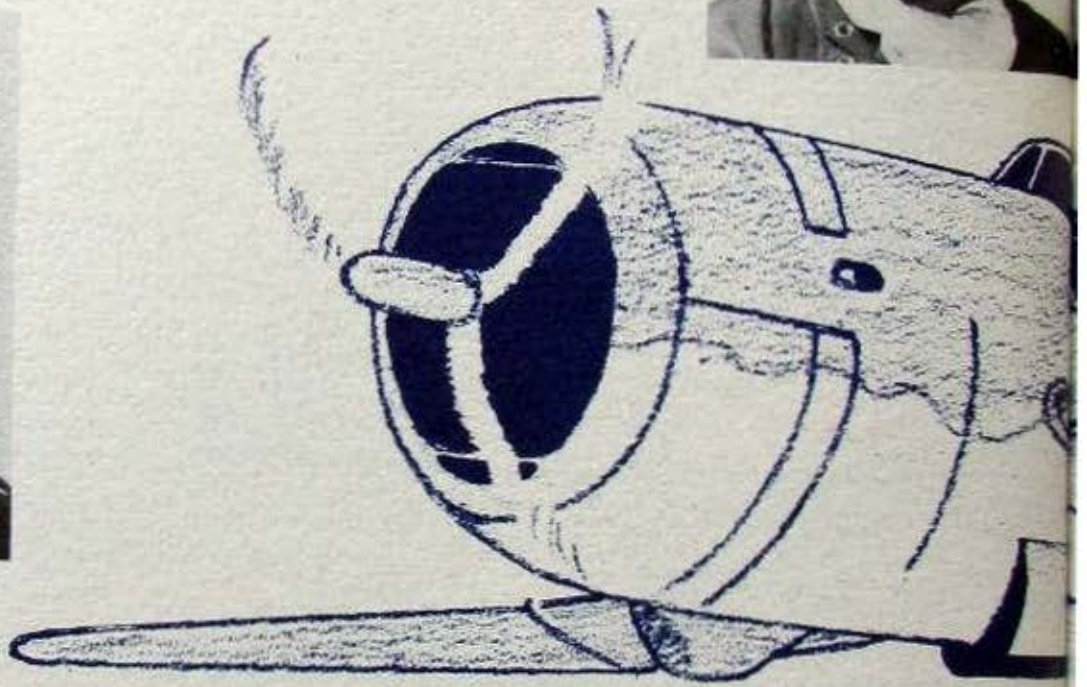
John K. Smillie



Donald L. Smith



James T. Soules



Eugene L. Stanley



Charles R. Stewart



LaVerne Sweida



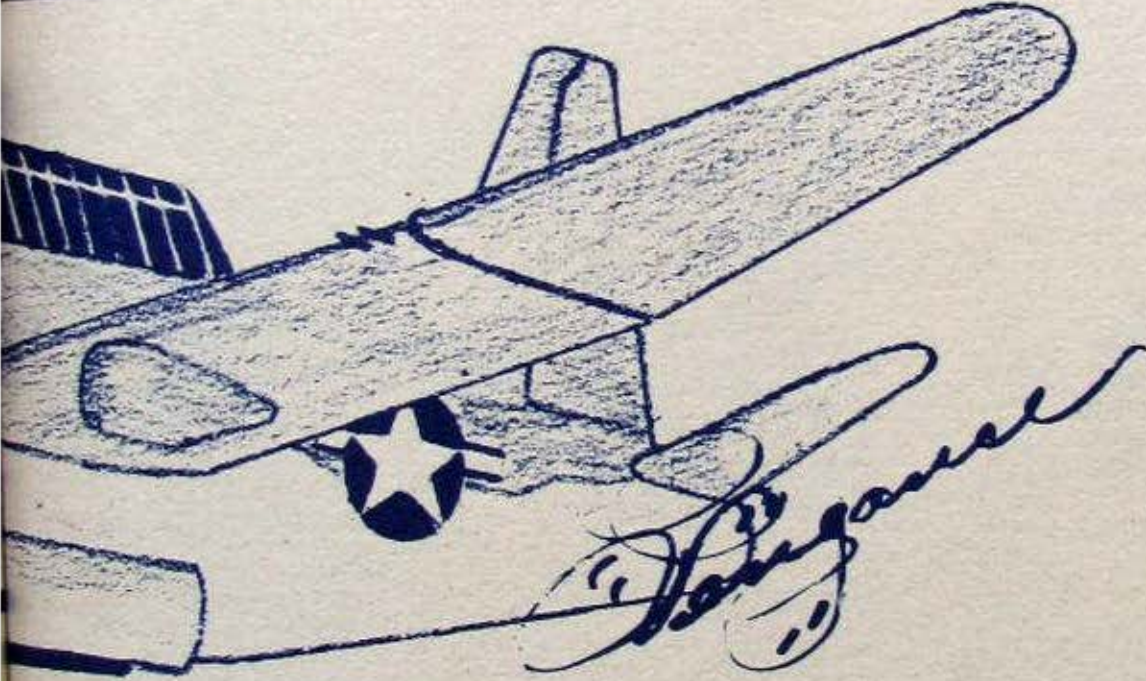
Charles C. Thomas



Constantine Talley



Norman L. Thornton



John B. Tullos



Merwin W. Wallace



Jay R. Waller





Ray Walker



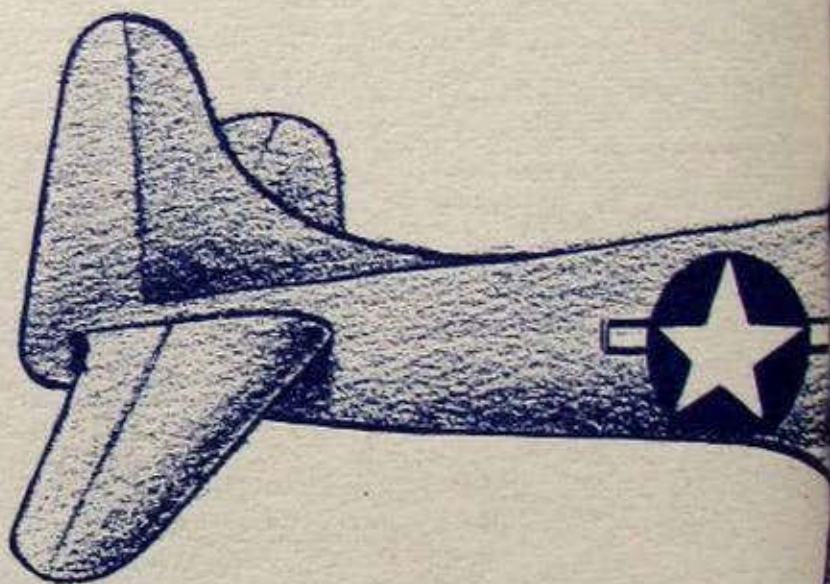
Lawrence A. Waltz



Robert S. Ward



Charles M. Watkins



Gerold Weston

Clarence J. Wells



Harry W. Wilkins





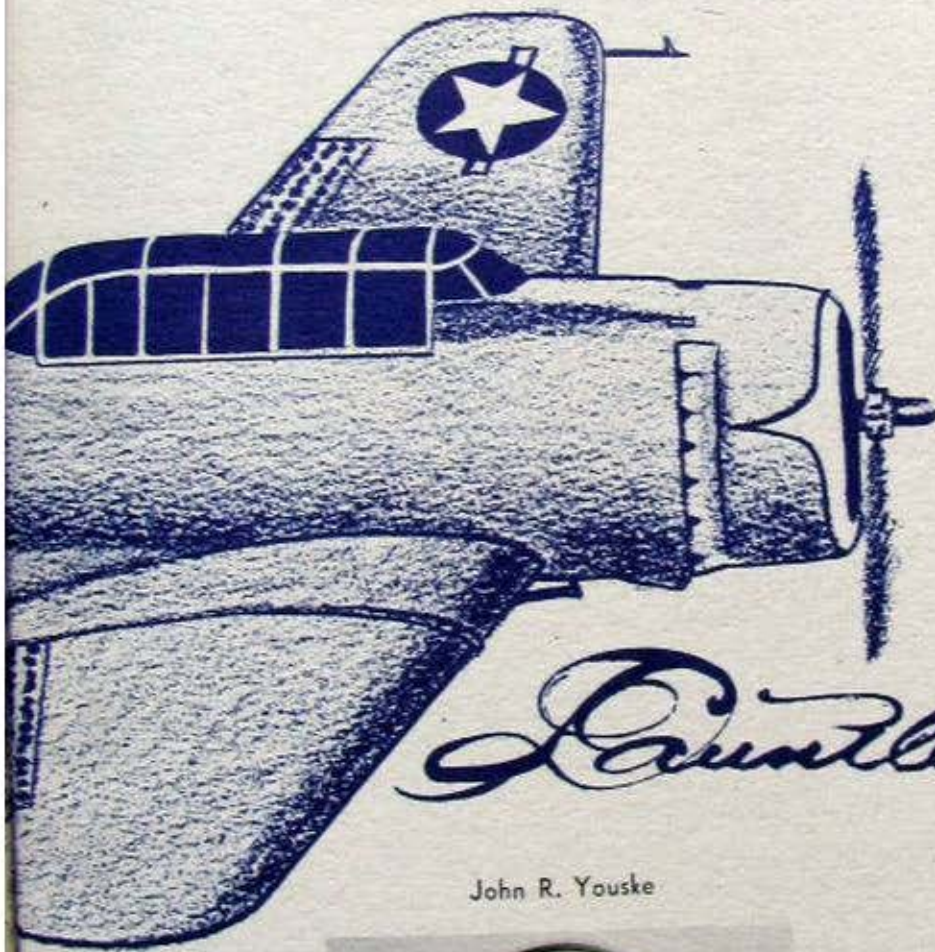
Russell E. Williams



Theo. D. Williams



James W. Wilson



Countless

John R. Youske



Edward L. Wilson

Richard M. Ziegler



Arthur L. Andreson

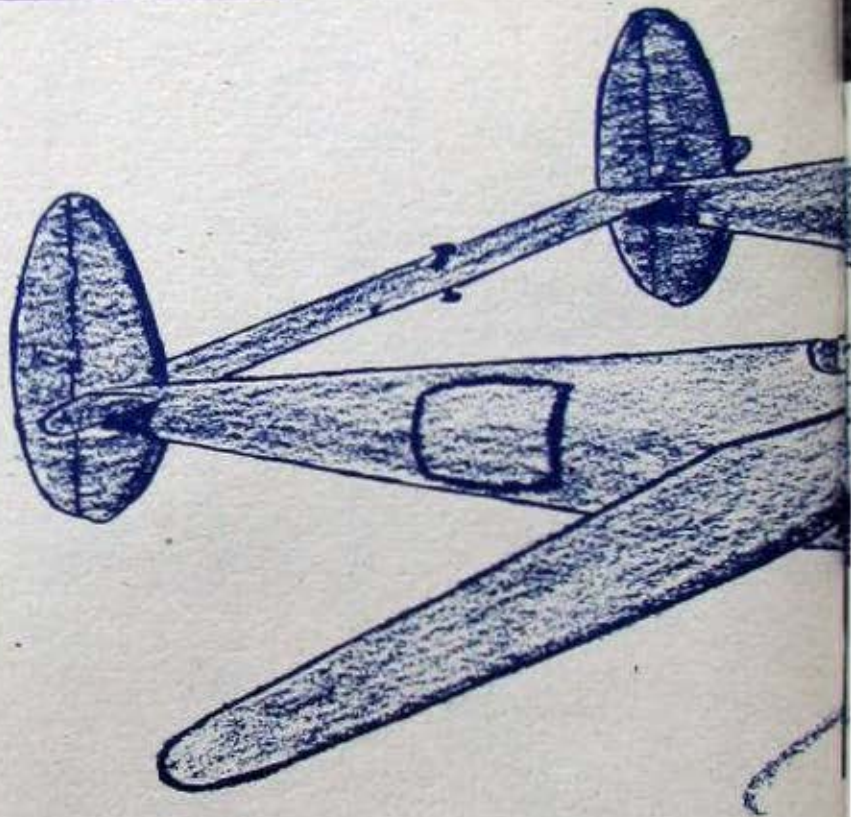


William A. Appling, Jr.

Gus N. Anastos



Flaird E. Baird



Harley H. Bibleheimer



Herman E. Bloom, Jr.



Robert L. Brady



Robert J. Brown

A. L. Cantwell



Alvin C. Chaney



Kenneth D. Caughron



Richard C. Coleman





William C. Cook

John B. Cording, Jr.



Charles Dean



Arthur L. Dembowki



Lawson



Clayton P. De Mott



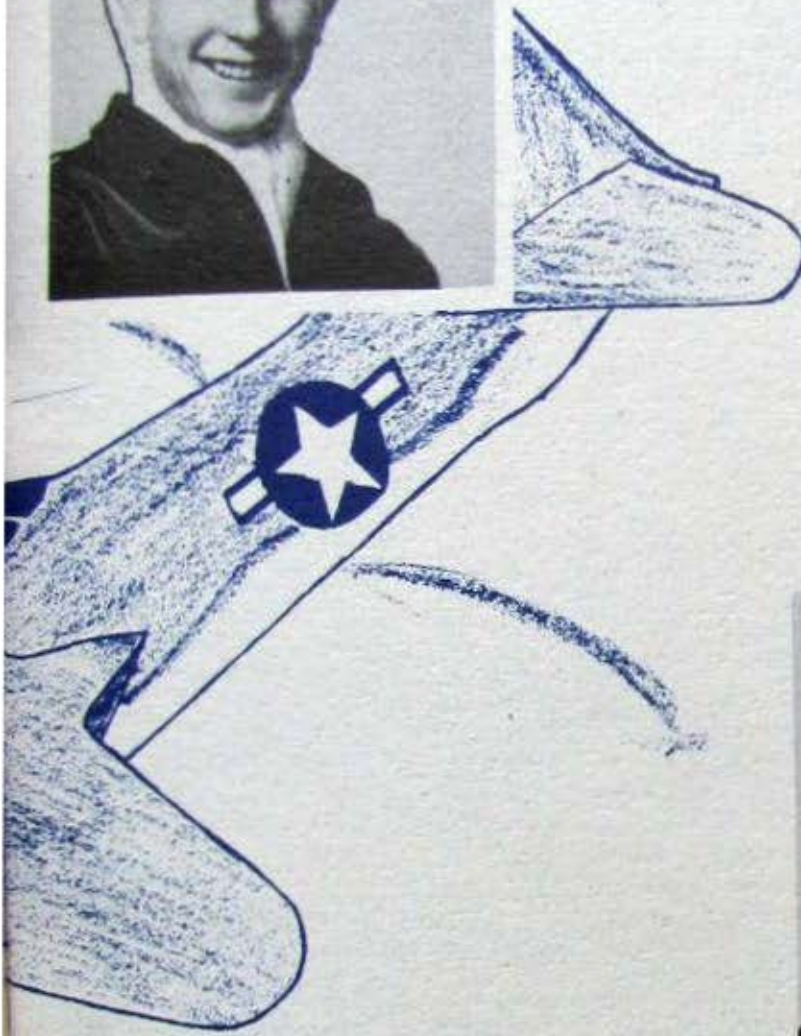
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Creed M. Evans



Robert S. Furgurson



Joseph E. Fielden



George L. Fisher



Wayland I. Fisher



Ralph K. Ford





Robert R. Frazier

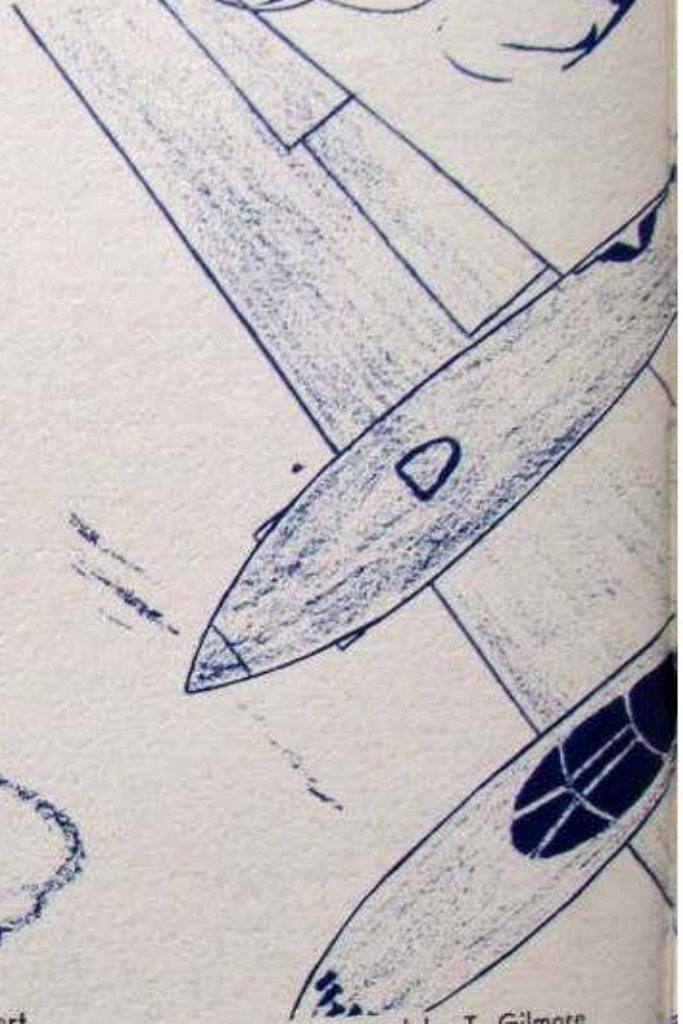


Floyd A. Geer

Light Training



Richard E. Geiser



Burnham R. Gibbs

John D. Gilbert

John T. Gilmore

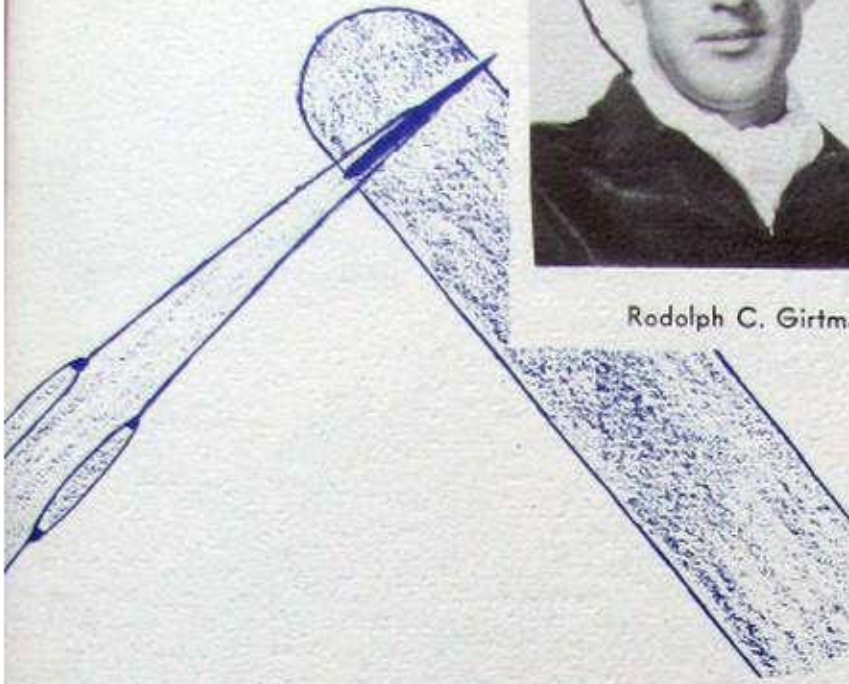




Rodolph C. Girtman



Junior T. Griffin



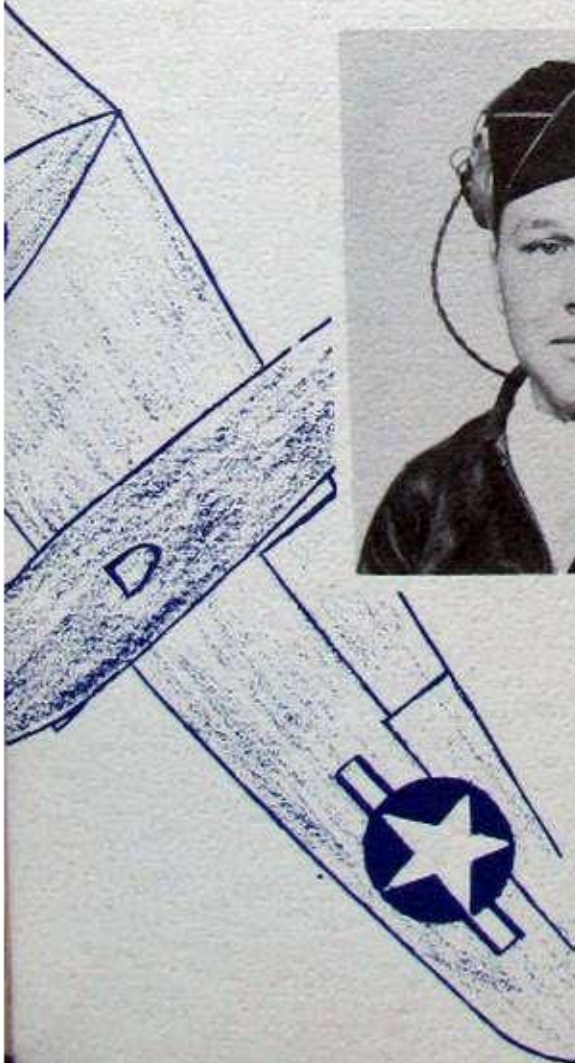
Richard P. Griffith



Lester J. Guillory



Lloyd J. Guillory



Milo J. Gingrich





James H. Gunter, Jr.

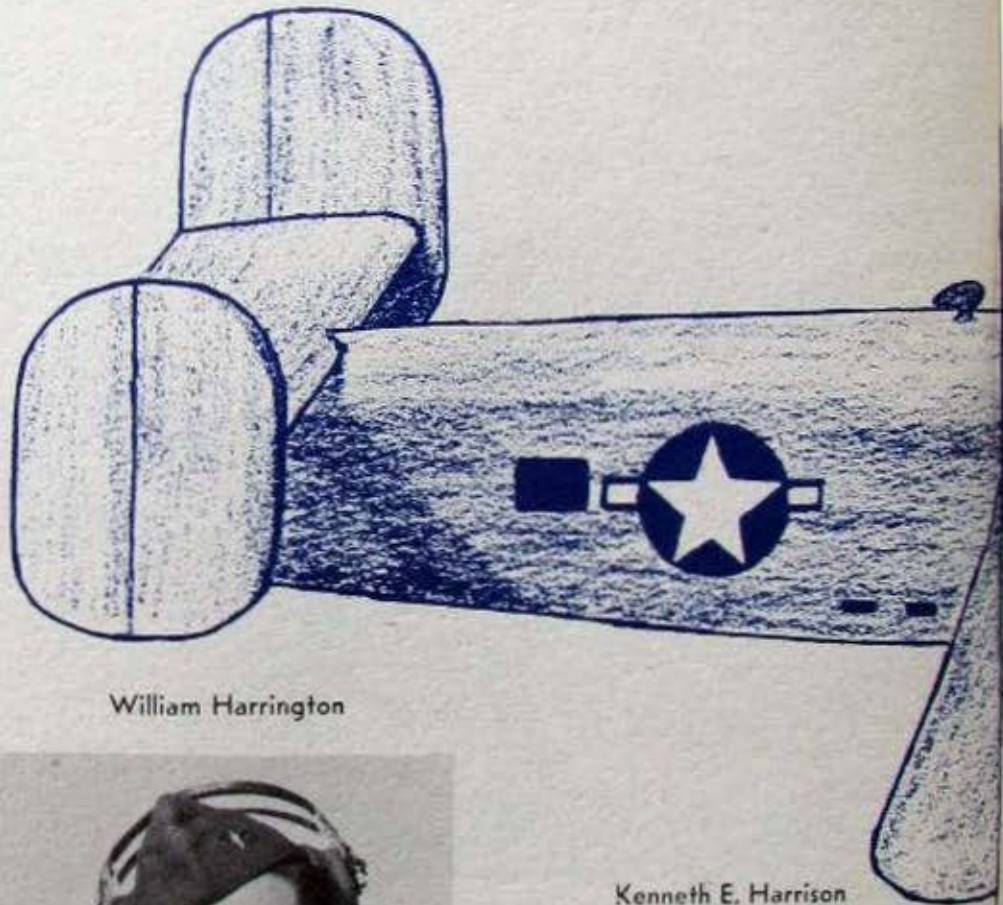


William R. Hargis



Max B. Hargis

Joseph F. Harley



William Harrington

Donald J. Harney



Kenneth E. Harrison





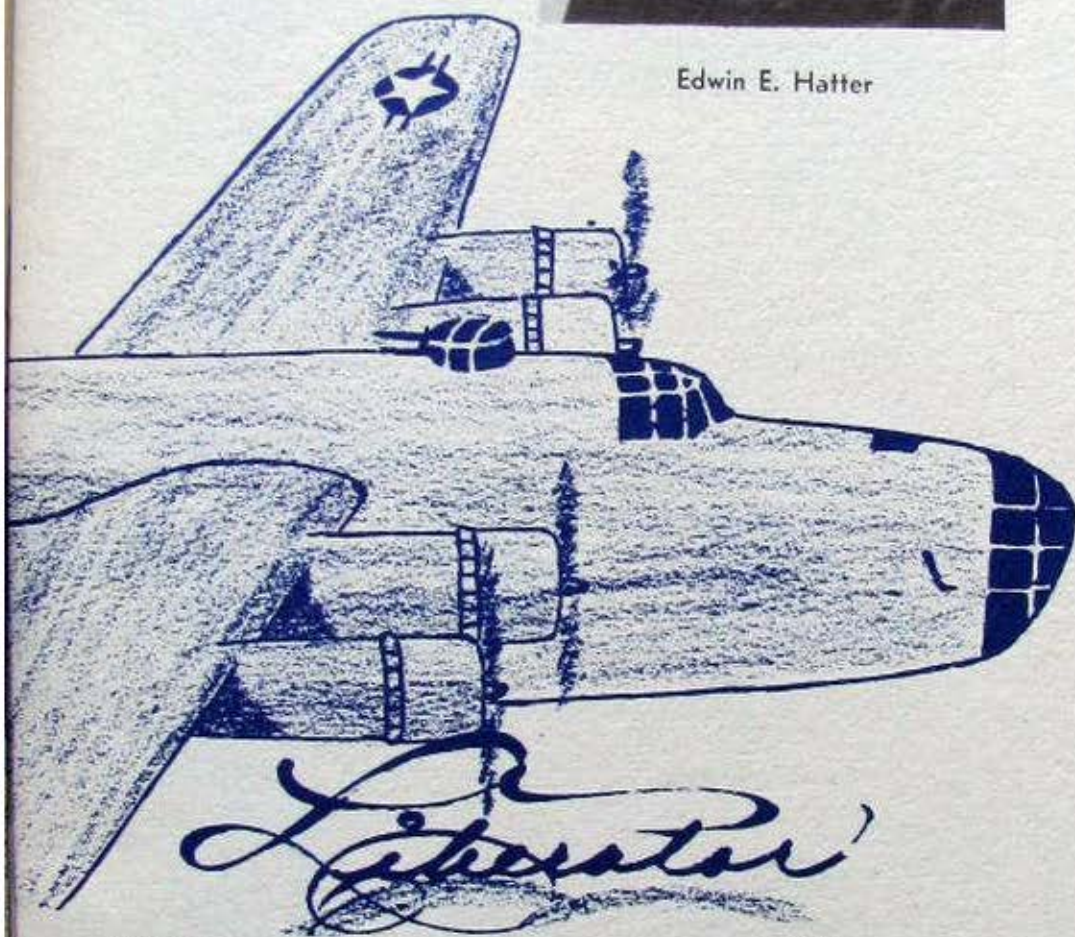
John Haspert



Edwin E. Hatter



Howard I. Haubenstock



John B. Hawkins

Edmund J. Hayes

J. B. Hendrix





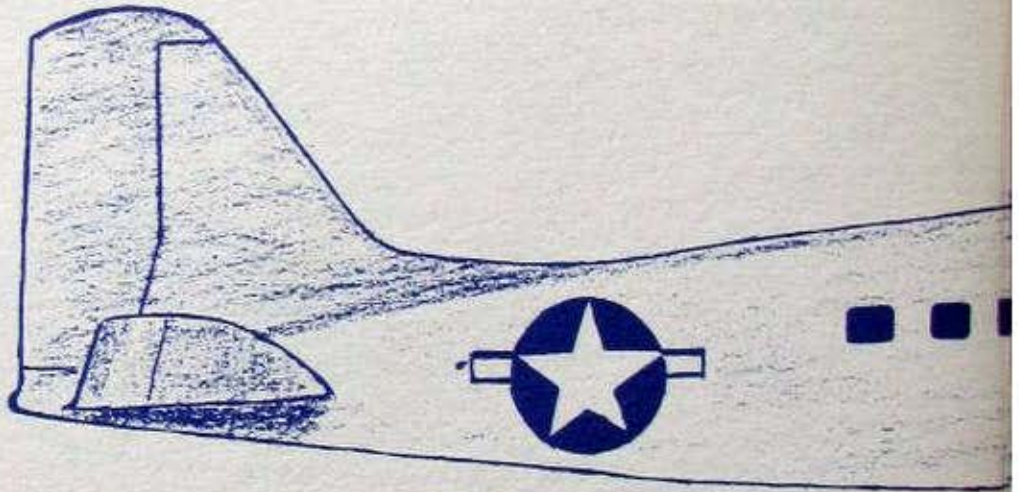
Louis C. Holloway

John H. Holste



Kenneth W. Holthusen

Herbert H. Howell, Jr.



John W. Ingraham



Frank J. Isabella



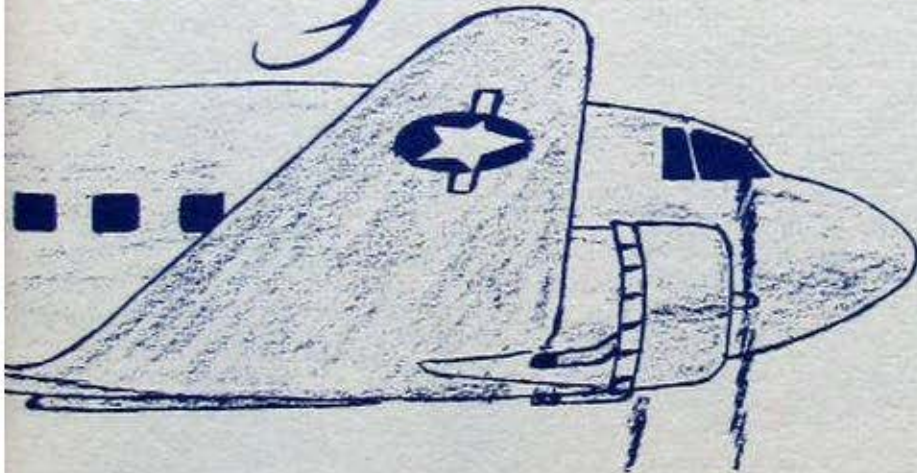


Eugene F. Izdebski



Murray T. Jayne

Skyscraper



John E. Johnston



(Not Pictured)

James R. Joy



Ivan D. Johnson



Michael Koleman, Jr.



William H. Leach



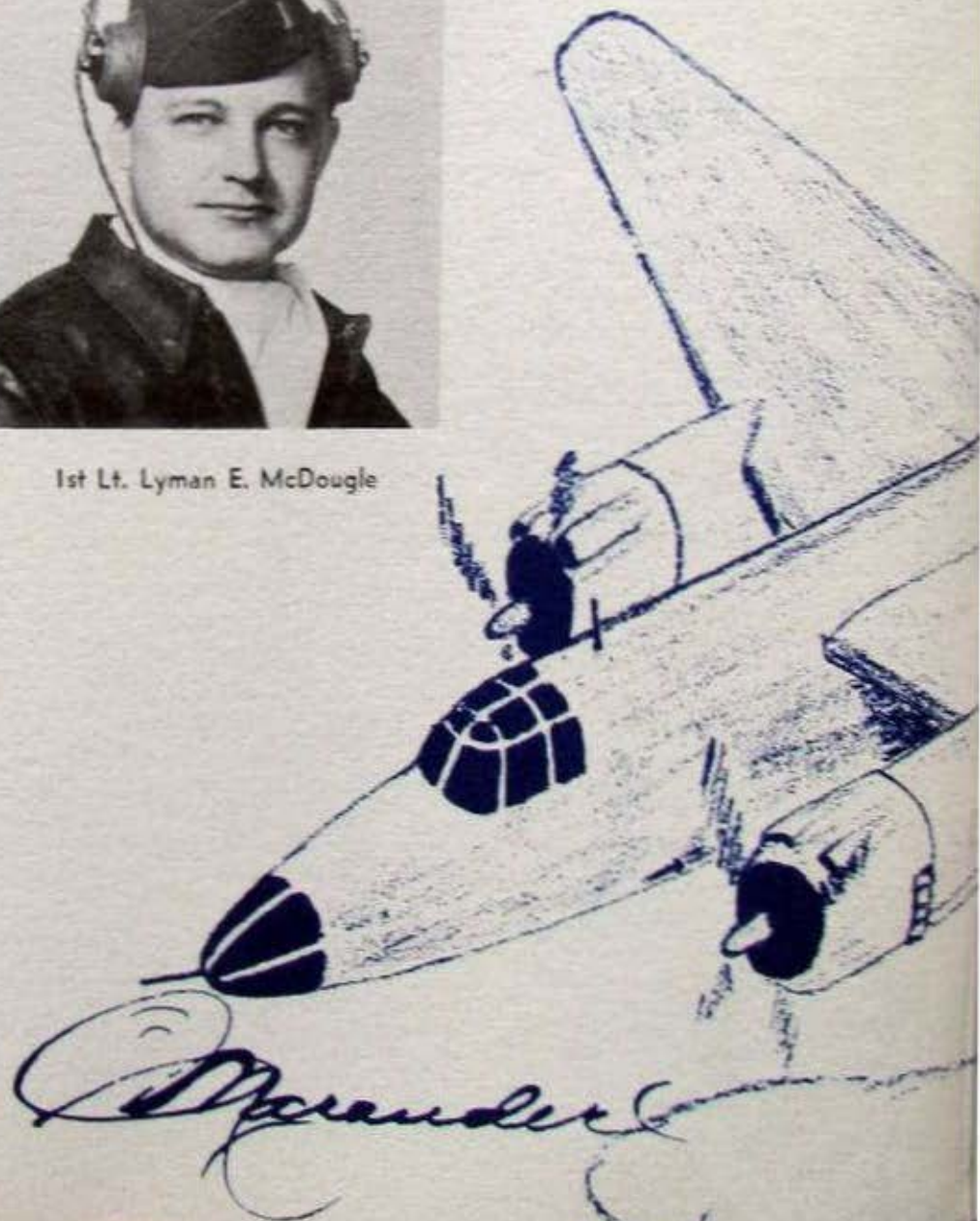
Robert A. Leyh

2nd Lt. John A. McClure



1st Lt. Lyman E. McDougale

2nd Lt. Charles J. McLucas

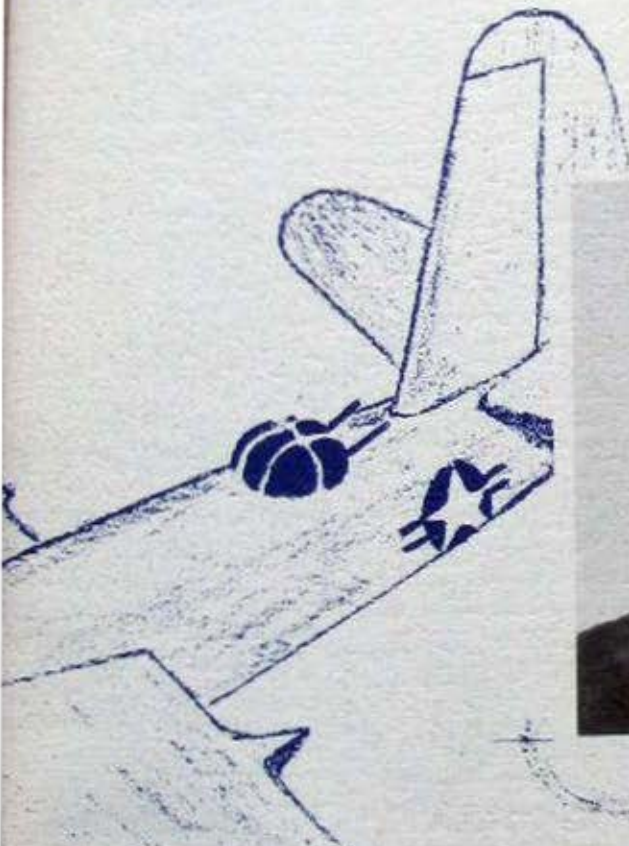




CWO William T. McKinney



1st Lt. Rufus L. Meeks



2nd Lt. Cread E. Miller



2nd Lt. Dean E. Miller



1st Lt. George T. Mills



2nd Lt. James C. Minchew





William L. Thorp, Jr.

Dean F. Travis



James S. Vickers



Norman G. Weingart



Gerald S. Whitlock



Lyle E. Wolter



Orville L. Woodard



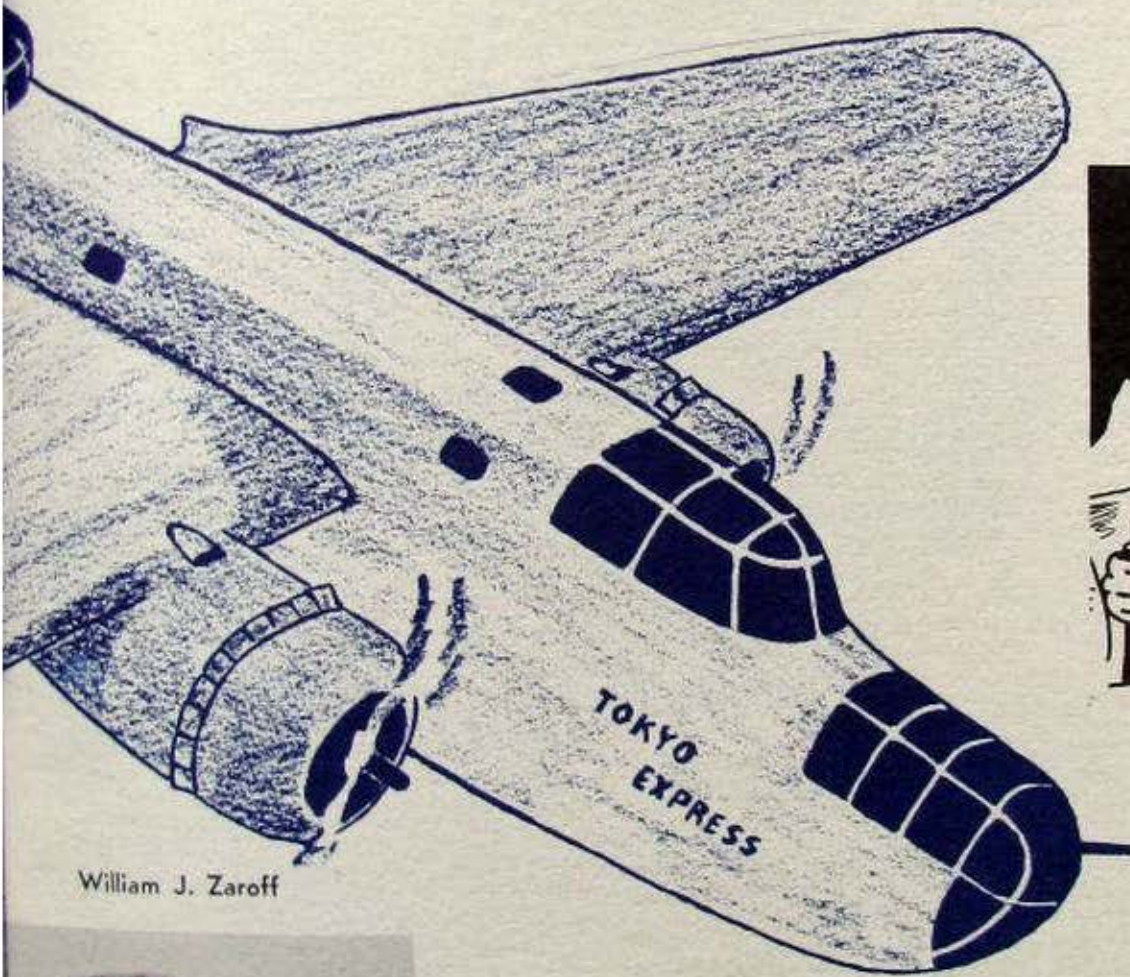


Loy W. Young

John C. Woodward



Paul H. Zachan



William J. Zaroff



A/C Hugo Heddup

Mitchell

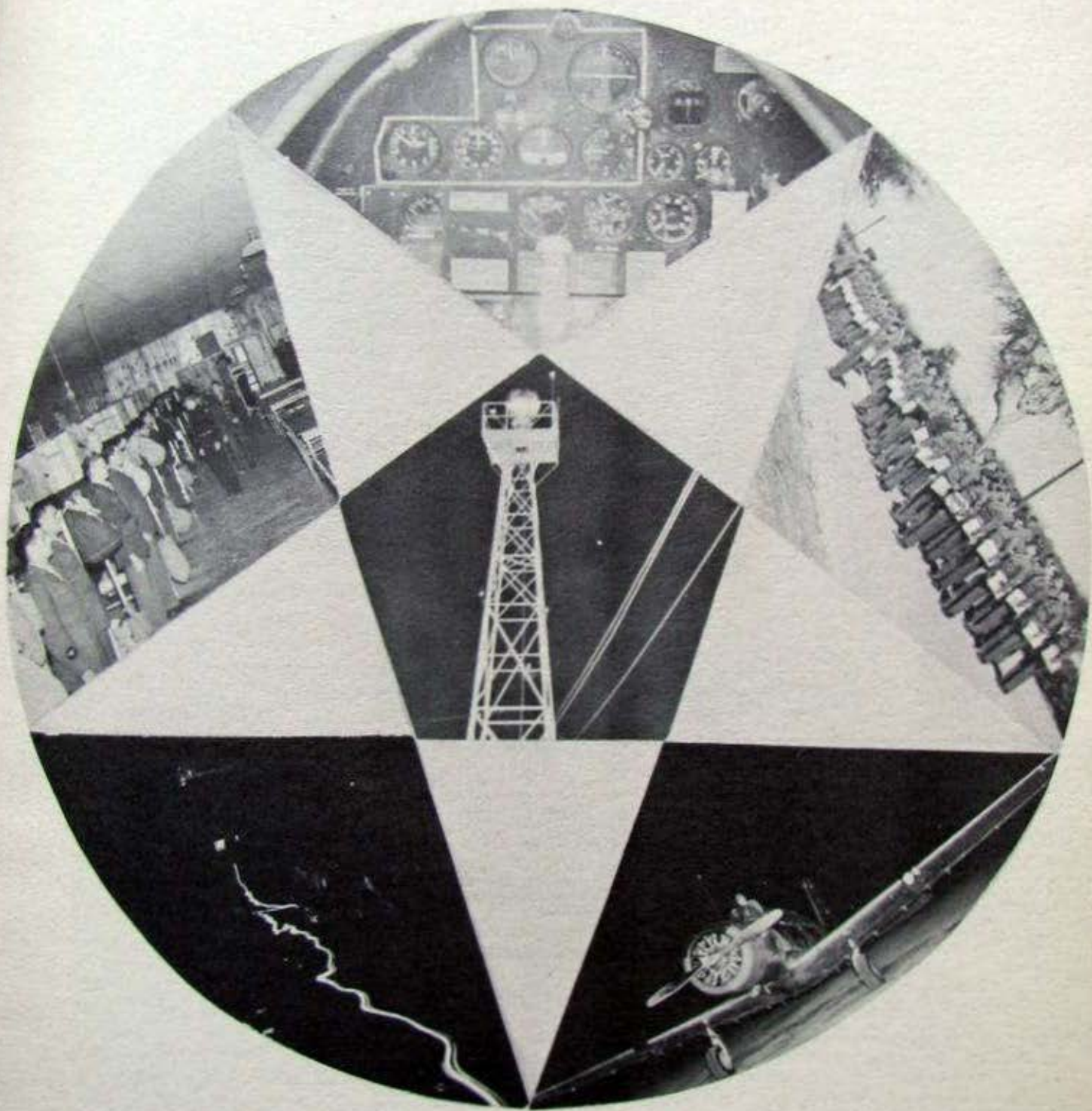




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It was a gloomy morning; that never to be forgotten morning. I rose from my bed weary and pained from a sleepless night that was filled with a premonition of disaster. A disaster far more horrible than one can imagine. I made my way downstairs, a deadly fear clutching at my heart; I was determined to carry on at all cost. Suddenly I heard a commotion at the front door. I dashed to it and flung it open. There stood a man dressed in a government mail uniform. His face was ghastly to behold. White and frightened, he was gazing frantically at a flat square package. As I took it from him he dashed madly down the street uttering inhuman sounds. His bag flying in the breeze. The skies cried, the wind howled and lightning cast an eerie glow upon the early morning sky. I carried the package inside the better to examine its gruesome contents. I broke the string, tore open the wrappings and laid bare the horrible sight. Two eyes staring at me through hollow sockets, fangs where teeth should have been and its bloodless lips drawn up into a snarl. I screamed once, twice and then turned a ghostly black, when I came to, everyone had seen my horrible secret.—It was a picture of my cadet, taken at basic! I had nothing to live for. He, who had been a picture of health with a face that had made babies coo with delight and children run to him for protection from the unknown, was now an aviation cadet in basic. A shell of a man, a wolf, with no more loving thoughts of a future and children nothing but that evil gleam of desire in his eyes as he stalked up and down the street on open post.

The Misters



in action



Spauldon A

For almost a year now we members of 44-G have been talking to pilots and others who have been before, seeking bits of information as to what to expect in the different phases of training. Always the story has been the same—preflight is rough, primary a country club, basic inhuman, and advanced swell. Well, preflight was rough, primary was a country club, (it sez here) so we left Fort Stockton prepared for the worst. We got a prelude to basic at Goodfellow Field where we stopped for lunch and to leave half of our contingent who planned to make their home there for the next two months. Before the buses had come to a stop, the sidewalks were crowded with what were no doubt tac officers, leering joyfully, each with that well known gleam in his eye. Men were running everywhere, nobody was walking. Oh yes, I did see one gentleman walking, a major, and even he was keeping a sharp look-out for colonels. Among the men galloping by I spotted a friend and immediately hailed him. He paused, glanced around frantically and beckoned for me to follow him behind some barracks. There I caught him as he slumped to the ground and supported him as he told me between gasps that they were kept pretty busy, didn't get much sleep, and that he was late to class . . . I helped him to his feet and gave him a shove toward his classroom.



Spauldon

While I was standing there watching the couriers, a mild explosion occurred behind me that practically ruptured my left eustachian tube. I turned to face, no it wasn't a second lieutenant but a first lieutenant, with a long and hungry look. I saluted six times and politely told him to go peddle his papers (damn politely) that I was merely passing through on my way to Brady Country Club—sorry.

We made our get-away from Angelo as planned and settled back to meditate over the tragedy just witnessed, and to wonder what lay ahead. When we arrived at Curtis Field, we were met by a lone officer—there were no wolves. We gazed in amazement at the grass, the tree on the corner, and then the barracks, knotty pine woodwork, those beds.

The evening sun was sifting through the Venetian blinds (check that—Venetian blinds) as we sat on our beauty rest sacks still pondering the case. We were still wondering the next day, and the next—as officers and cadets told us of beer busts, open posts, two day laundry service, extra passes, etc.—
Yep, it's rough at Basic.



FACTS—ALA—LECTURE



450 HORSES - - AND ONE JACK



TOP OF THE MORNING, MEN! I



PRE-FLIGHTING THE CUSHIONS



I must go up in the air again,
 To the vagrant gypsy life,
 To the bird's way, the courageous way,
 Where the wind may cut like a knife.
 And all I ask is a Merry yarn,
 From a laughing fellow rover,
 And quiet sleep and a sweet dream
 When the long flight's over,
 (Sea Fever by Lois B. Crawford)





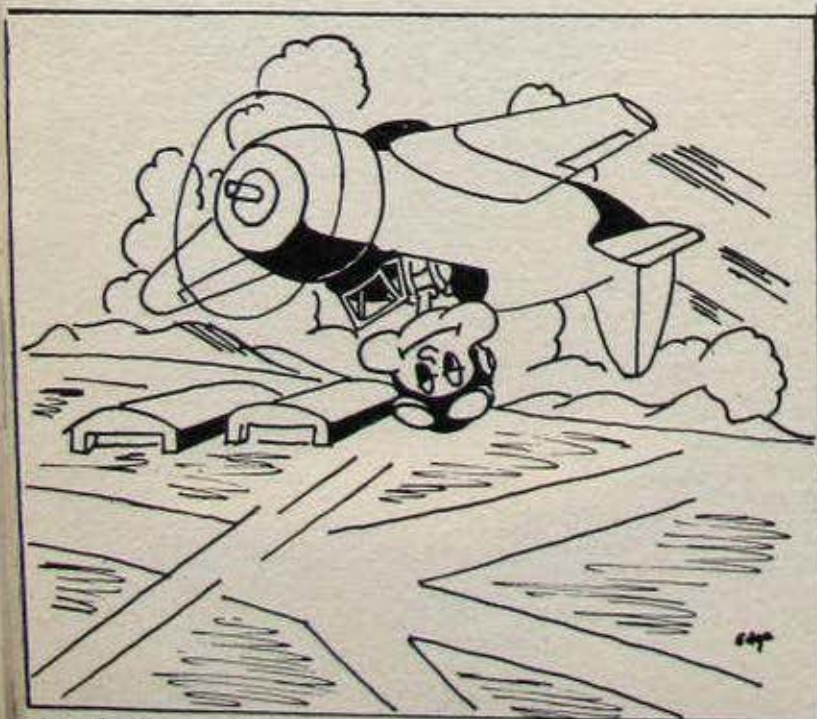
COORDINATION EXERCISES



SIT UPS DID IT, SIR



"What da yah mean"! ROGER WHO?



KING FOR A DAY

Sir! A/c Headup requests landing instructions



CLIPPERY



MOLEE—MOLEE—IT'S THE WAY TO — —
—AS YOUR RAZOR RIPS AWAY—



NO EXCUSE, SIR



JUNIOR COMMANDOS



MISS GIGMORE



EXTRA—EXTRA

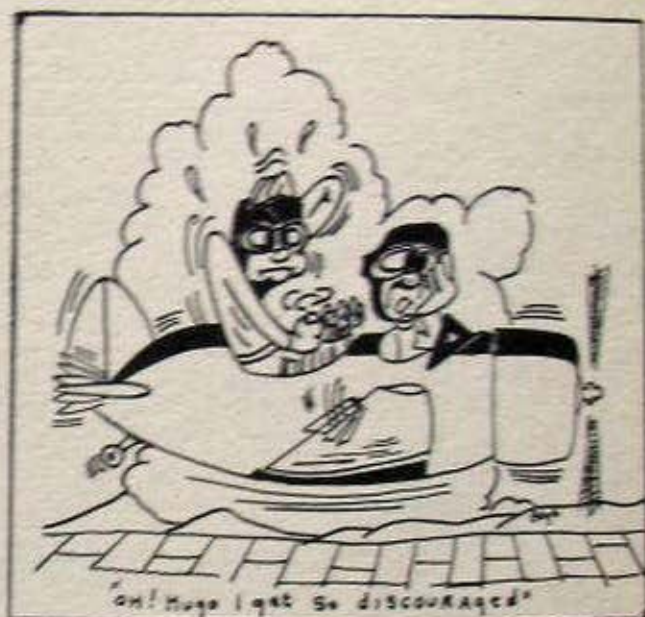




SAC PILOT



COUNTRY CLUB CANTEEN



WIND FROM 410 DEGREES



COMES THE REVOLUTION



DISGUSTING SERVICE AWARD



BASIC IS ROUGH



WHERE'S MY DEICER



AH!—PEACEFUL QUIET SOLO



SAT. NITE
WRECK HALL



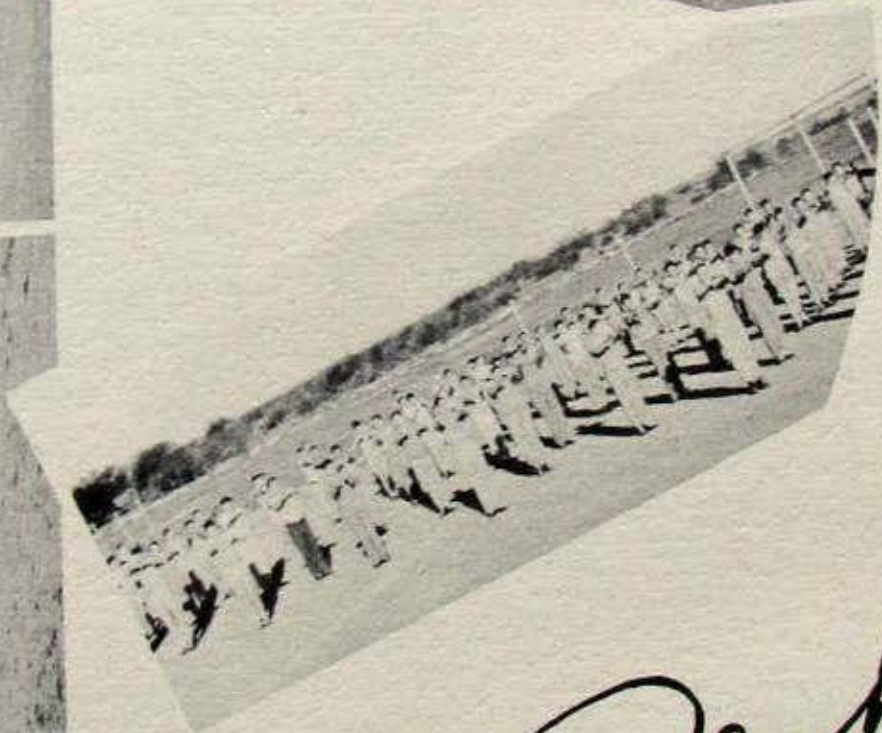
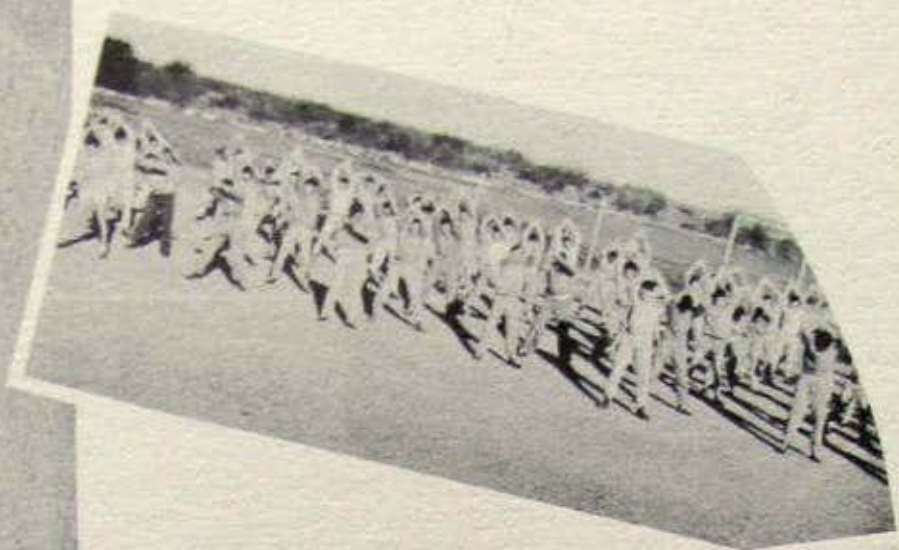
"UNDERSERVING"

The horse and the mule live thirty years
And know nothing of wine and beers,
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at 18 is nearly done.
The dog at 15 cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks,
And then at 12 short years it croaks,
The modest, sober bone dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at 10.
All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and swiftly die.
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten.
And some of us,—the mighty few,
Stay pickled 'til we're 92!!!



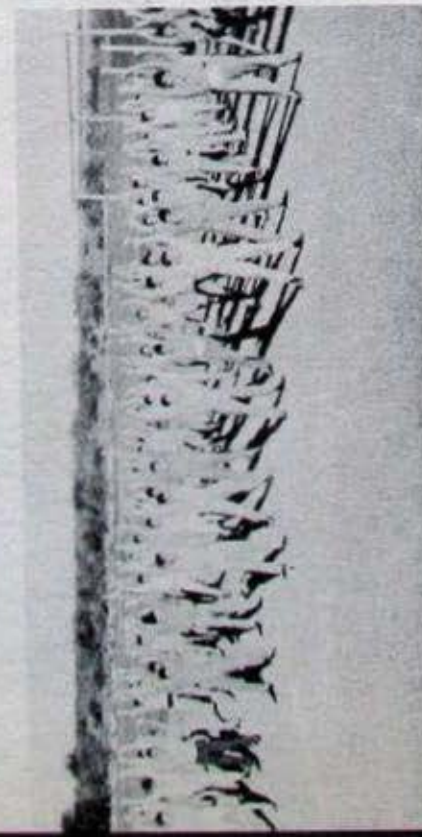
GETTING GROOVY



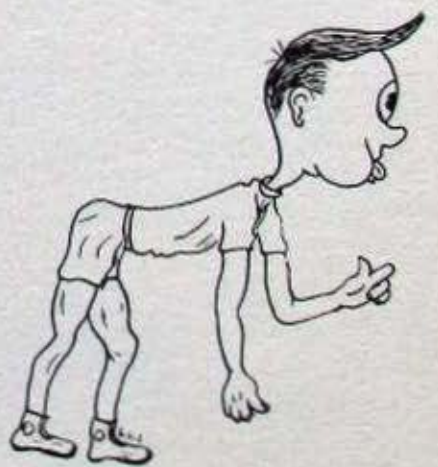


Pilch





Handwritten signature or name in cursive script, possibly reading "Puff".



"Puff - 67 Sec. on the Shuttle Run, Sir."

"Some flew east—some flew west—
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest."
(Old nursery rhyme)

Somewhere beyond the Southern Cross above the Seven Seas,
Along the bitter far-off roads, their pinions catch the breeze.
Their wings are black against the sky, by desert, surf and dune,
Their ancient lullaby is lost against a rougher tune—

Some flew east—some flew west—
And some will fly no more;
Far, far out from the eagle's nest
Their mighty motors roar.
And wing by wing their rule will grow
Above all sea and sod,
Until they strike the final blow
For country and for God.

Faintly, I hear the old, old song when golden dreams were young,
But louder still I hear the wings where sudden death is flung.
Bravely the eagle rides the air, but in my fading dreams,
The dim, lost lullaby returns—how far away it comes—

Some fly east—and some fly west—
They take an endless track,
Through flame and steel they face the test
Around the world and back.
Their golden youth blots out the sky,
They seek the same old place
As each one flies to his fate
For country and for God.

GRANTLAND RICE

The Flyer's 23rd Psalm . . .

The Lord is my Beacon, I shall not crash,
He guideth me to hurry through dense clouds,
He lighteth my way across dark skies.
He guideth my plane,
He leadeth me by the stars of His Kingdom for His names sake.
Yea, though I'd fly mid the tumults and sorrows of wars
I shall feel no danger, for He flies with me;
His words and His deeds they inspire me.
He anointeth my wings, my plane flies smoothly;
Surely His light shall aid me in my journey toward home,
Where I shall dwell in Peace with my God forever.



The Staff

WRITERS



ARTISTS



EDITOR



WRITERS



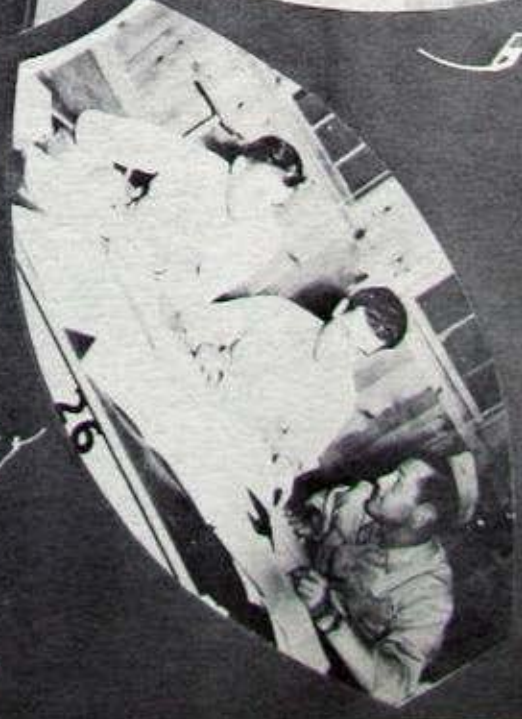
BUSINESS



POETRY



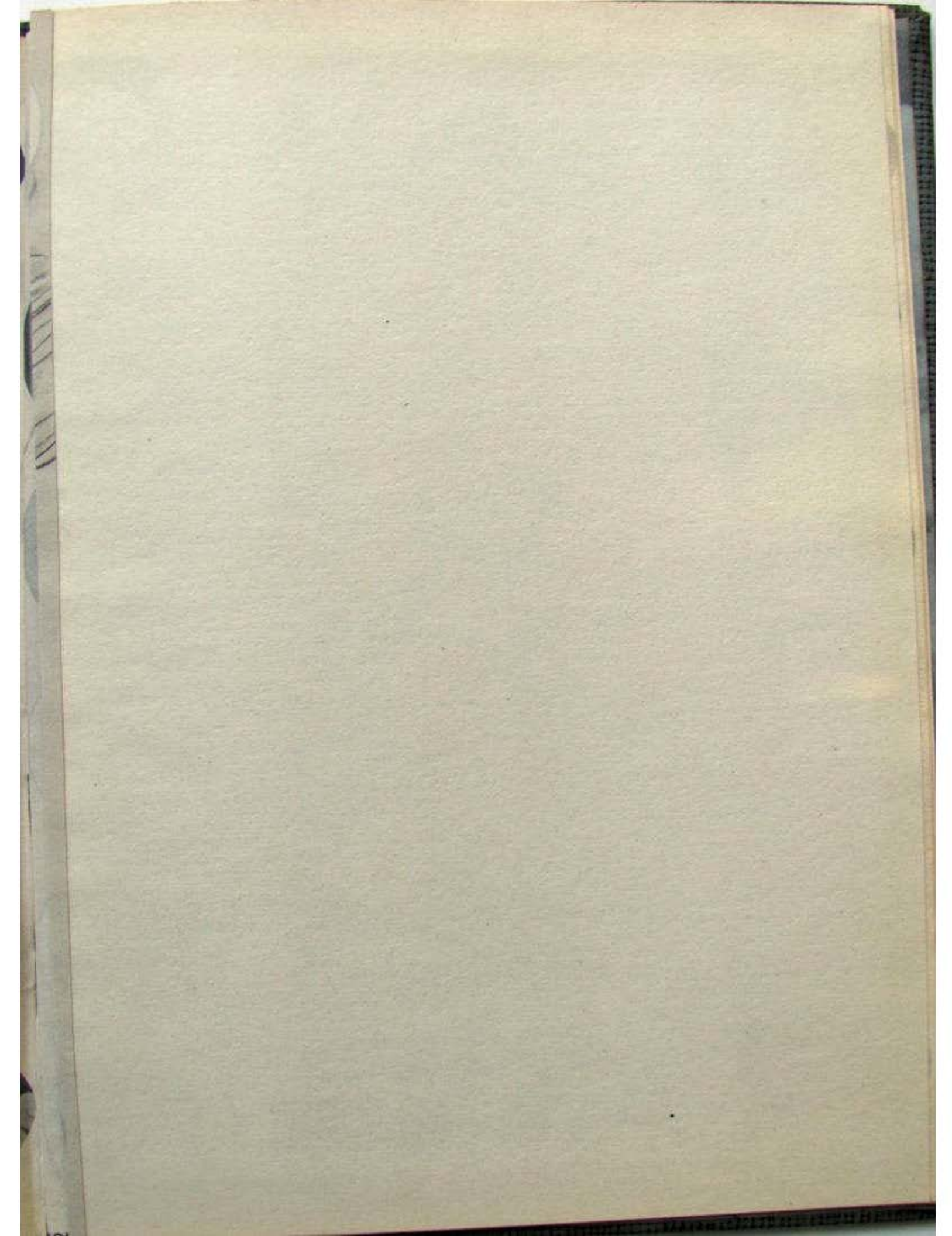
PHOTOGRAPHY



Q Sweet



Q Beate

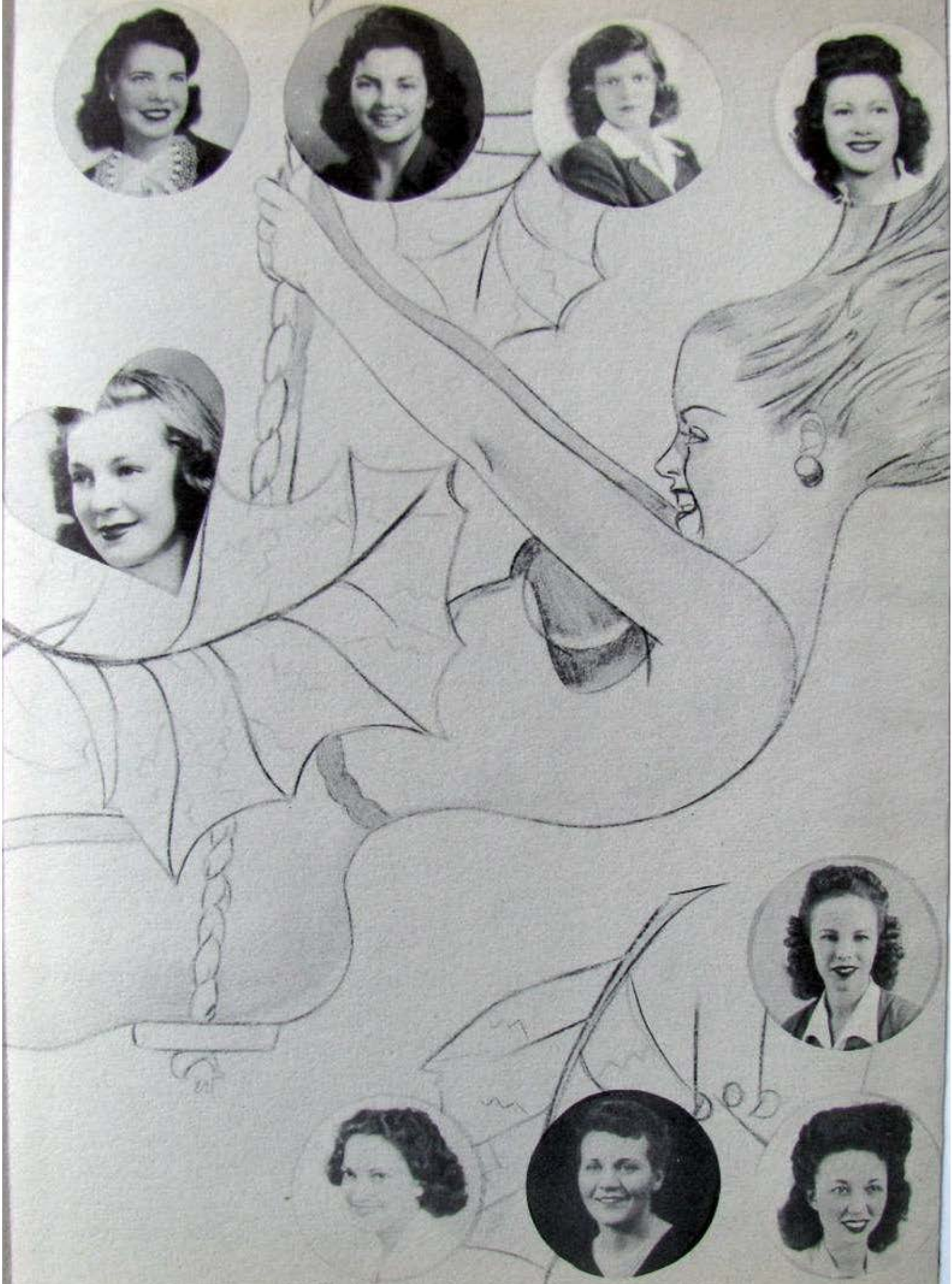


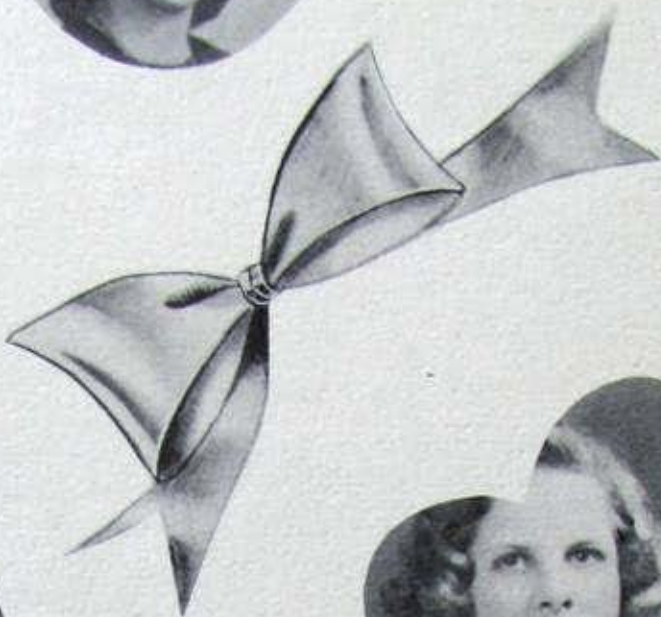


HOW SWEET YOU ARE

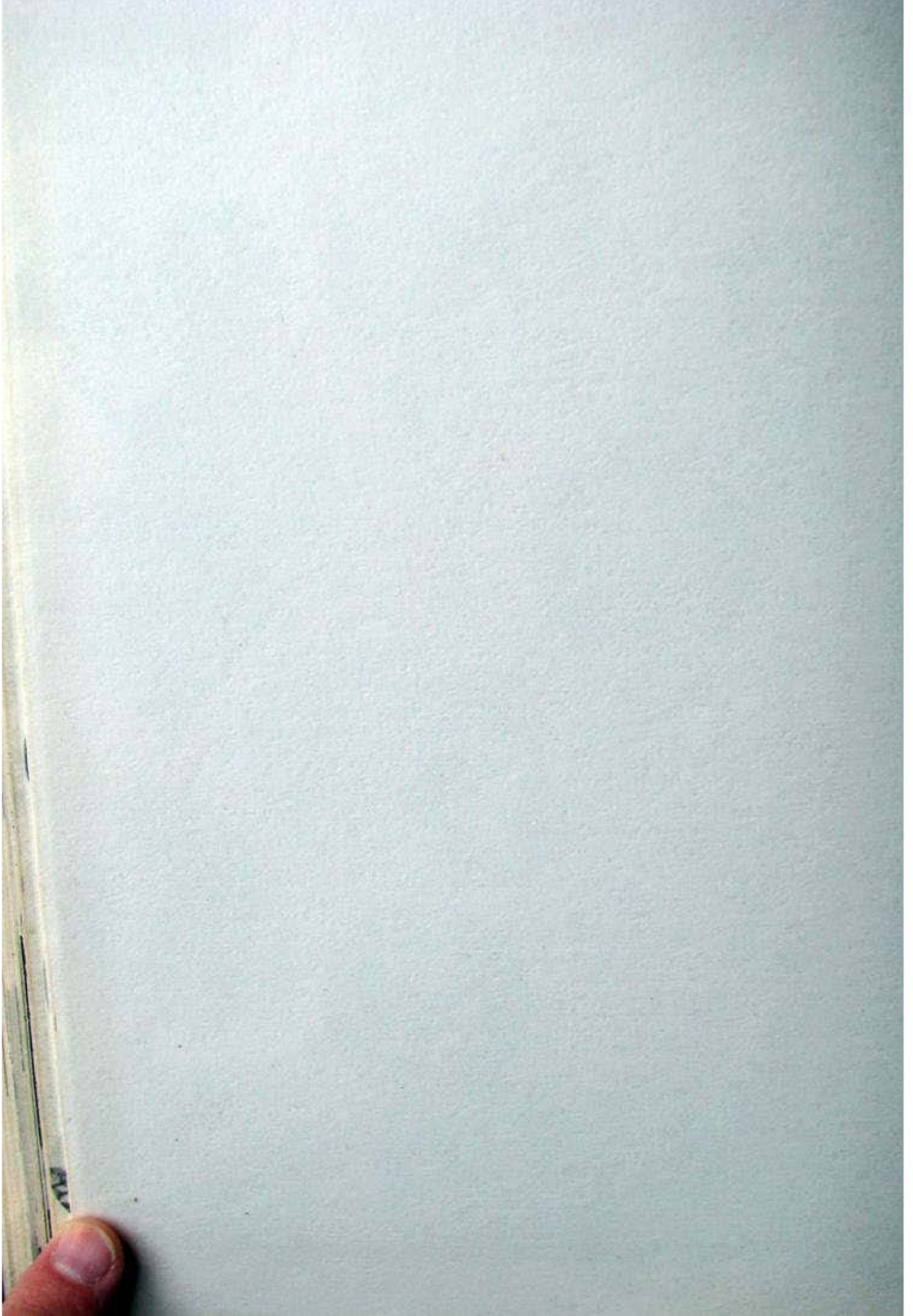
How sweet you are, how sweet you are
 How dear your tender, smiling face
 Through days all bitter and grey and grim
 Through nights when even the stars are dim.
 How sweet to know, my heart can glow
 From just the thought of our first embrace:
 The world's a lovelier world by far,
 When I remember how sweet you are.











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- Milo J. Gingrich
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- Rodolph C. Girtman
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Hazlehurst, Georgia
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Mobile, Alabama
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Mamou, Louisiana
- James H. Gunter
Conway, Texas
- Max B. Hargis
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- William R. Hargis
221 Comstock Street
San Diego, California
- Joseph F. Harley
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Lowell, Massachusetts
- Donald J. Harney
66 Myrtle Street
Malden, Massachusetts
- William Harrington
42 Walnut Street
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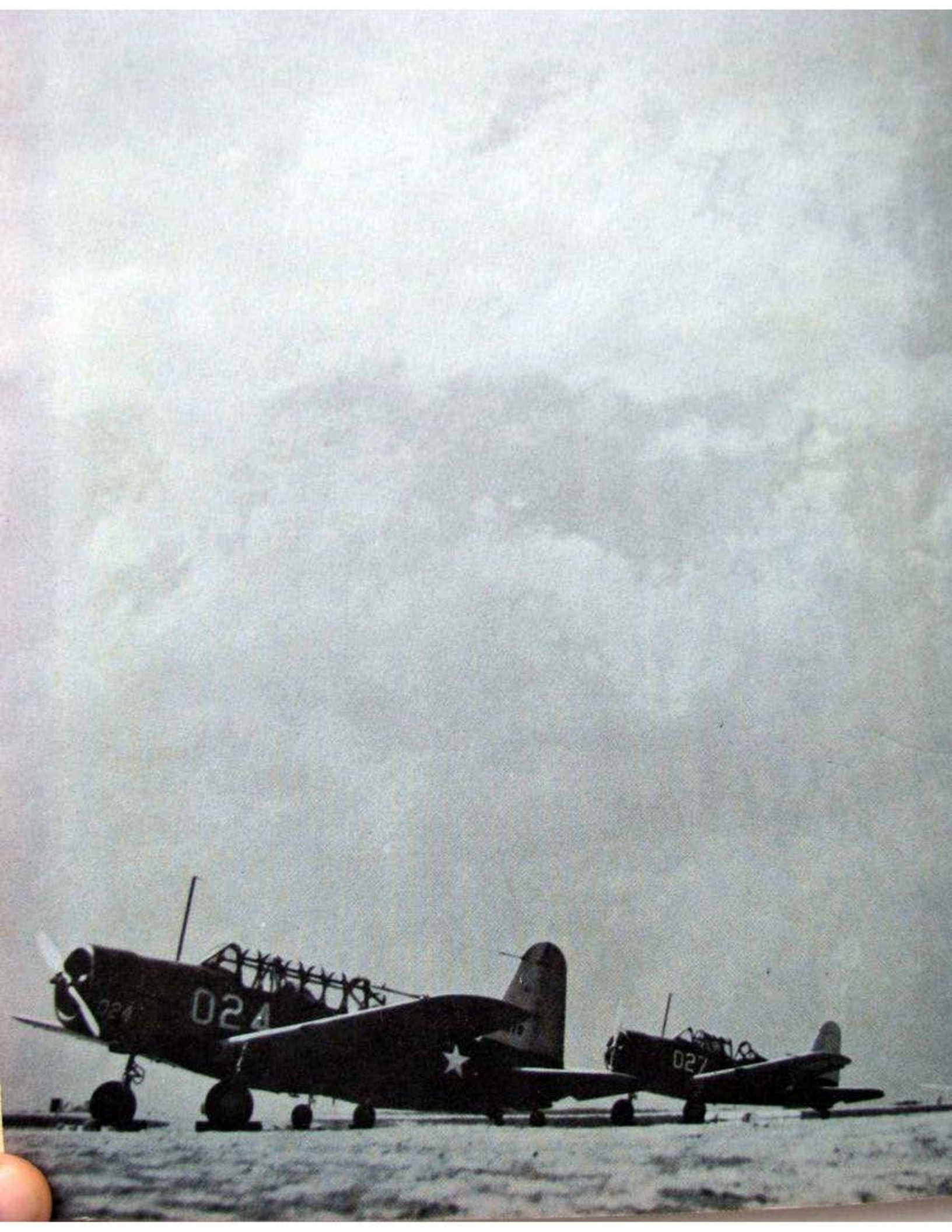
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Visions of these Days are destined to trickle through the folds of our Memories, now and in time to come. Ours is the knowledge that in their light our determinations and ultimate goal never falters, instead brightens a path which will always direct us to pinacles of further success and accomplishments.

THE EDITOR



