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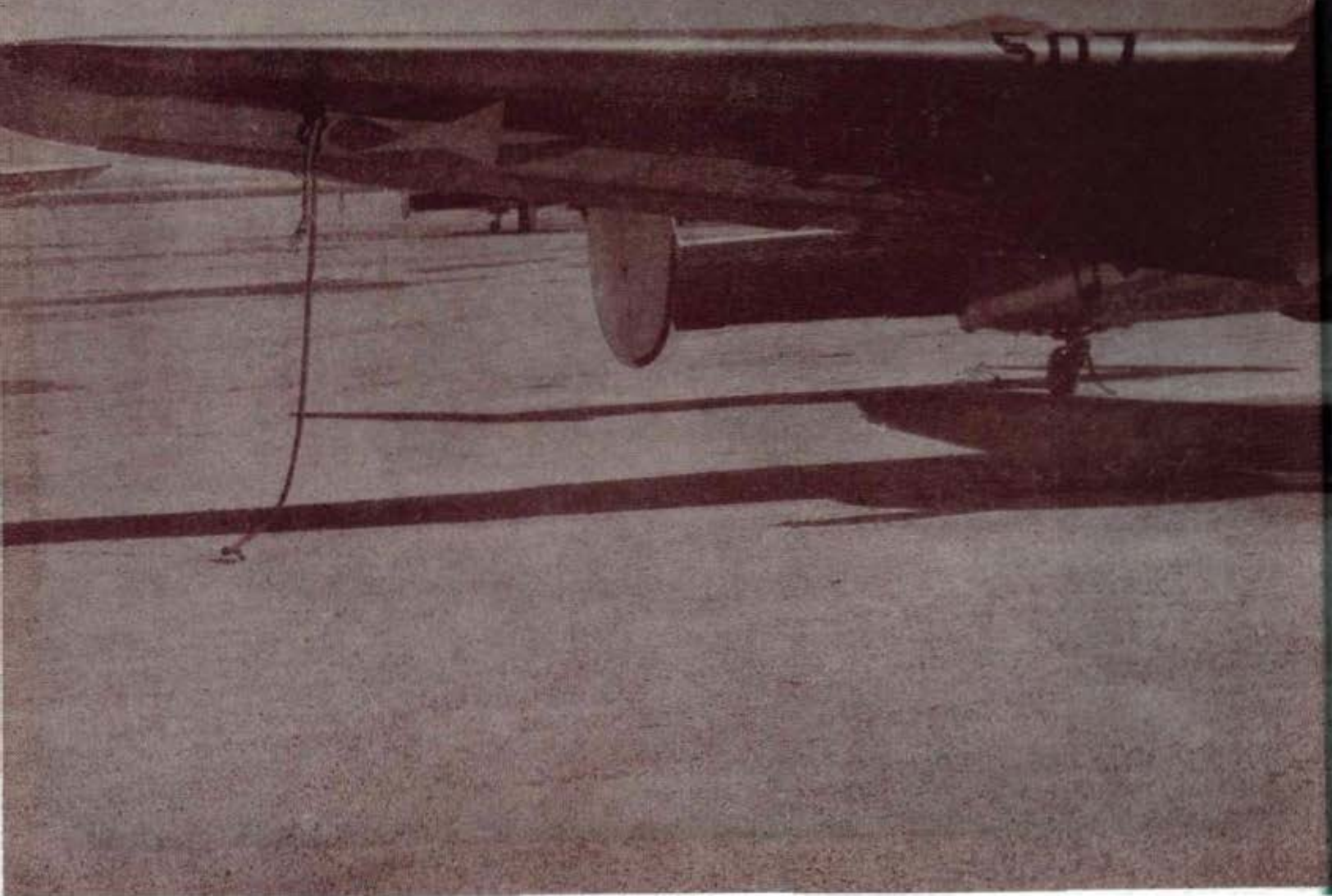
DAAF 43*7

Strike ... till the last armed foe expires

Strike ... for your altars and your fires

Strike ... for the green graves of your sires,

God ... and your native land!





THE BLUE OX

PUBLISHED BY **CLASS 43-7**

DEMING ARMY AIR FIELD

DEMING, NEW MEXICO

MAY 8th, 1943

CADET ROSTER

Adams, Harry Wessell
 Adcock, Leonard Earl
 Allen, Abe Albert
 Bangert, John Adam
 Banks, Robert Ragland
 Barnhill, Charles Francis
 Bender, Alexander William
 Bertagnoli, Clifford Adolph
 Birchard, Ralph, Jr.
 Bird, Francis John
 Bollard, Donald Wilbur
 Bourgeois, Thomis Enos, Jr.
 Bryant, Arthur Lynn
 Burgess, John Stuart
 Burns, Edward Boyle
 Byram, Wallace Gibson
 Carah, Raymond William
 Cashin, Charles Wilbert, Jr.
 Chapman, Harvey Lorn
 Coad, Paul Campbell
 Collen, Leonard (None)
 Conrad, Robert James
 Cordsen, Gorden Greer
 Crutchfield, William Carl
 Currie, Bruce Charles
 Curtis, Donald M. (i.o)
 Curtis, Robert Eugene
 Decker, George Monroe
 Dimmette, William Anthony
 Donaldson, Elmer Leroy, Jr.
 Duffield, Keith William
 Eaton, Leonard Wayne
 Falkowski, Christ (None)
 Fern, Robert Charles
 Fesler, Clifford (None)
 Flagler, Forrest Edwin
 Foley, Martin Eugene
 Fontaine, Jerome Hubert
 Frye, Donald J. (i.c.)
 Gardiner, Frank Ashton
 Goodfellow, Alfred Thomas
 Goodin, Maurice Claud
 Guinn, Don Alvin
 Hague, Harry Milton
 Hasenkamp, Charles Albert
 Hicks, Sidney Milton
 Hietanen, George Edward
 Hill, Harry Howard, Jr.
 Hook, Ronald Edward

Hyde, Graham Allen
 Jonaitis, John Ronald
 Joyce, Robert Walter
 Kastelic, Rudolph Louis
 Kruszynski, Eugene Stanley
 La Fontaine, Frank Reeves
 Lamb, Robert Mitchell
 Lambert, Lawrence John
 Lane, Howard Pershing
 Larsen, Charles C. (i.o.)
 Larson, George Reynolds
 Lawrence, Burton Joseph
 Lawton, Paul (None)
 Loudermilk, Joseph Henry
 McCollum, Harry Edward
 McCue, William Miles, Jr.
 McLaughlin, Edward Joseph
 McParland, John Edward
 Malcolm, George Sawyer
 Matthews, Edward Raymond
 May, Loren Albert
 Meisenhelder, John E. (i.o.)
 Miller, Harold John
 Miller, John Martin
 Millington, George Pancoast
 Mills, Carleton Edwin
 Moodie, Walter Jaye
 Morrow, James Birney
 Mueller, Kenneth Leroy
 Muller, Frank Joseph
 Murray, Edward Francis
 Murtha, Joseph William
 Nelson, Harry Rudolph
 Nelson, Rudolph Clyde
 Papke, William Lincoln
 Pearson, Justus Nathan
 Perkins, Earl Ellis
 Peterson, Louis Francis
 Petree, Philip Alton
 Polakov, Lester Marshall
 Postawko, Edmund Peter
 Powers, John Haworth
 Price, Harold William
 Proud, Rexford Ivan
 Pulsifer, Warren Sutherland
 Quattlebaum, Wendell Warren
 Quesenberry, James Slaughter
 Rayson, William George
 Reich, Roland Roberick

Remeteria, David Angel
 Ricky, Lowell Lenal
 Rinke, Donald James
 Rosser, Willis Andrew, Jr.
 Rossman, Raymond Edward
 Rudolph, David Wilson
 Sarantis, Chris Mahon
 Schade, J. C. (i.c.)
 Schlesinger, Jerry William
 Schmitt, Stanley Joseph
 Schwier, Leslie John
 Scribner, Franklin Bennett
 ✓ Sherwood, Robert Henry
 Simmons, Clifford James
 Smith, Fred Barton
 Smith, Gordon Byron, Jr.
 Snyder, Samuel Lloyd
 Soderland, William Daniel
 Sorensen, Donald Julian
 Speece, Byron Franklin, Jr.
 Spiess, Joseph Dominic
 Stilwell, Edward Phelps
 Strauch, Arthur Ernest
 Swain, Floyd Edmond
 Swerer, George Heber, Jr.
 Swigert, William Rhodes
 Szewckuk, Josef (None)
 Tessitore, Michael Robert
 Thinnes, Carl Francis, Jr.
 Thomas, William Earl
 Townsend, Lamon Gale
 Turbak, Chester (None)
 Upshaw, Arthur McAllen, Jr.
 Voss, William Robert, Jr.
 Walker, Leslie Richard
 Waller, Colver Kemp
 Warner, William David
 Weber, Wesley Delman
 Weitzman, Isador (None)
 ells, John Joseph
 White, Walter Edward
 Williams, Warren Rainsford
 Wills, Cecil Wion
 Winkelman, Sheridan Stanley
 Wischmann, George Adolyh
 Wiseman, Charles Odell
 Wood, Jack Raymond
 Wylie, Richard Edward
 Zabriskie, Edward Franklin



Forward

Tales, drifting down from the great north-woods, have told of the prodigious feats of Paul Bunyan's blue ox, "Babe."

Press releases sent back from the Eastern, Western, and African fronts have related the equally great accomplishments of the bombsight of the United States Air Forces.

These two workers of miracles, one legendary, and the other, as our decimated enemies can certify, all too tangible, have become associated in name and deed.

The bombsight, through this welding of personalities, has gained a name famous in American folklore, and the ox of Paul Bunyan has acquired an international reputation.


HEADQUARTERS
DEMING ARMY AIR FIELD
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT
DEMING, NEW MEXICO

April 17, 1943

DEDICATION

The faculty of this school, together with the host of loved ones, friends and well-wishers will follow with pride and gratification the continued accomplishments of each graduate whose individuality and talent has provided the basis and substance for this book.

Faith in divine providence, beneficiary of excellent training, provided with the finest technical equipment, and blessed by accident of birth with resourcefulness and ingenuity unknown to millions and exceeded by none, are but items which will surely perpetuate the valorous heritage vested in this group, so truly representative of the best in Democratic Americanism.


MILTON M. MURPHY
Colonel, Air Corps
Commanding



Colonel M. M. Murphy, Post Commander





Lt. Col. Phelps Newberry, Executive Officer



Lt. Col. J. G. Russell, Post Operations Officer

Lt. Col. L. M. Gregory, Director of Training





Capt. Donald A. Lind, Commandant of Cadets

Capt. Robert N. Hansen, Adjutant

Capt. R. I. Robinson, Tactical Officer



Capt. Eldon G. Hanson, School Secretary





Lt. Sumner Goldberg
Supply Officer



Lt. Francis J. Carruthers
Tactical Officer



Lt. Kenneth E. Duffy
Tactical Officer



Lt. T. S. Lubecki
Mess Officer



Lt. Gustaf A. Peterson
Tactical Officer



CAPT. D. D. COMBS
Director of
Ground School Training

Lt. R. L. Stevens
Lt. K. A. Vollmayer



Lt. D. M. Delamore
Lt. M. F. Zimmerman



Lt. R. G. Taylor
Lt. N. N. Taylor



Lt. G. R. Perryman
Lt. G. C. Baldwin



Lt. D. P. Sink, III
W/O W. W. Cavanaugh



WORLD-WAR II
SCHOOL LEADERS
GROUND SCHOOL

STAFF



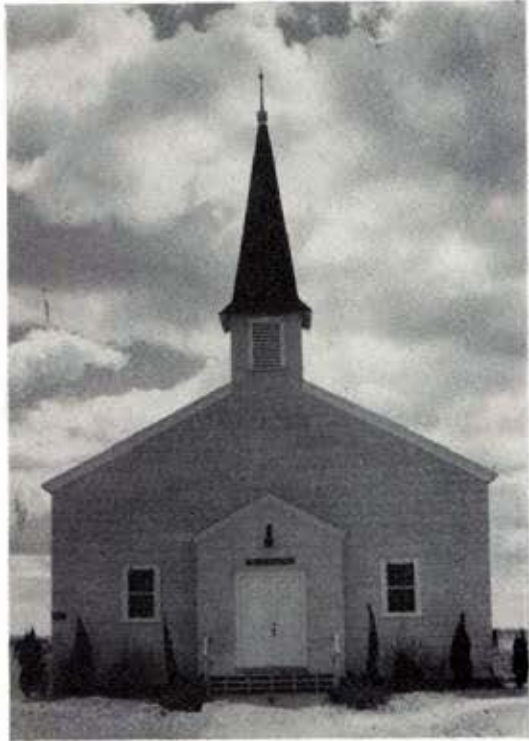
GROUND SCHOOL



PUBLIC RELATIONS



CADET DETACHMENT



CHAPEL

The chapel is the center of all faiths in every military establishment. In this unadorned white structure men have found renewed hope and contentment, have had their burdens eased and their spirits raised under the kind ministrations of the soldier's honest and conscientious advisor, the chaplain.

"The reason why birds can fly and we can't is simply that they have perfect faith, for to have faith is to have wings."



God and the Bombsight and Me

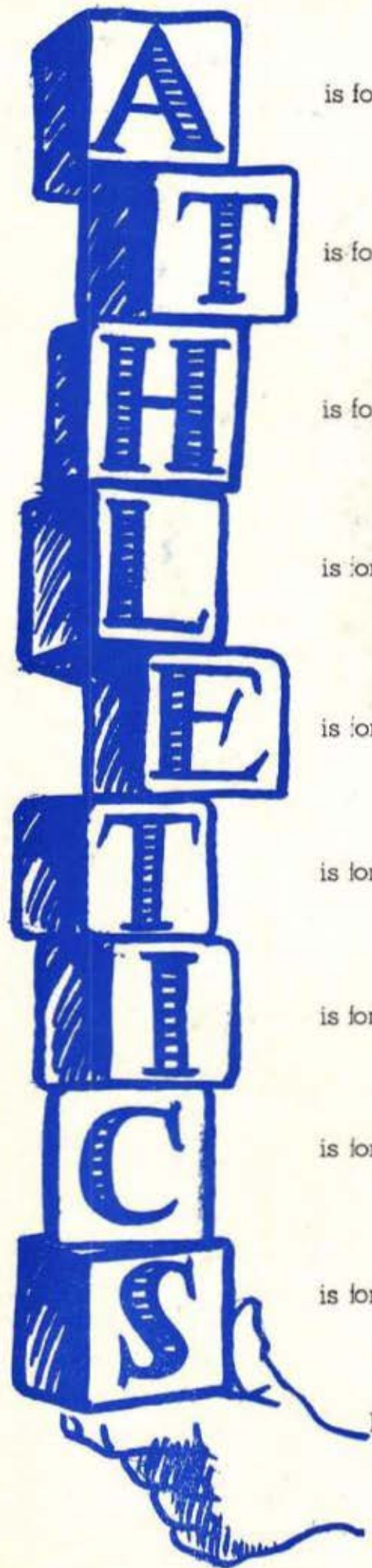
Up in the air while I'm watching the hair
And fiendishly twisting with glee
When the bomb goes away, and I start in to pray,
It's God and the bombsight and me.

The bubbles are off, the course is the same,
And the telescope's sighting a tree,
But she hits with a whack, and I've got me a shack,
It's God and the bombsight and me.

When I get my gold bars, and the job is complete,
And I'm way towards the sky in C. E.,
Then I'll know for certain
As they ring down the curtain,
It was God and the bombsight—not me.

—Harry W. Adams.





is for ARMS, so wiry and strong,

is for TEMPERS, though short, not for long,

is for HUDDLESTON, so misunderstood,

is for LASH, he uses it good,

is for EXCUSES, that make Kaywood blue

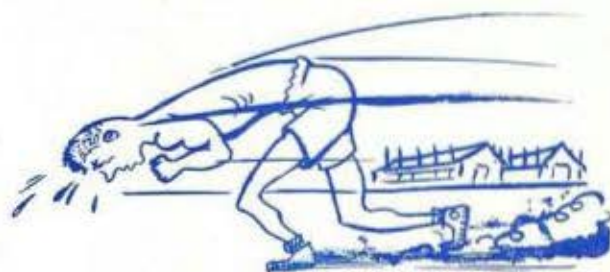
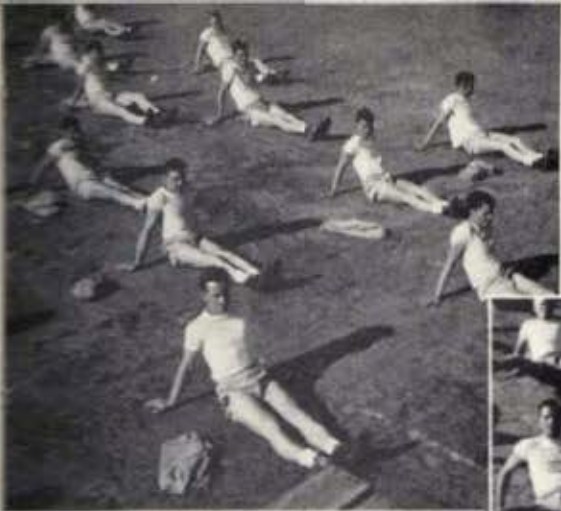
is for TIRED, we feel it when through,

is for INTEREST in games hard fought,

is for CREIGHTON, his gigs go for naught,

is for SACK-TIME, our favorite sport.

Put them all together they spell athletics, and that's
why Gym never brings me pretty flowers.



"THIS MUST BE DEAD RECKONING,
'CAUSE I RECKON I'M NEAR DEAD."

Flight



The men who have worked and grown grey trying to make bombardiers of us have earned more than the usual affection that exists between pupil and instructor.

Their untiring efforts have borne fruit in the confidence that each member of the class can, and will, accomplish the mission for which he was destined.

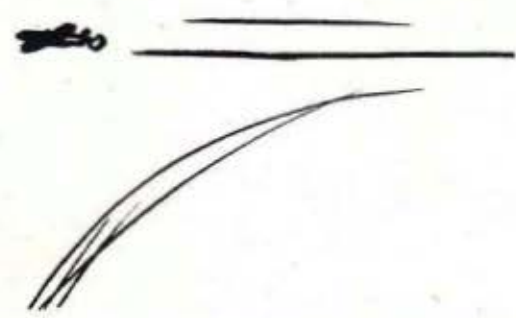
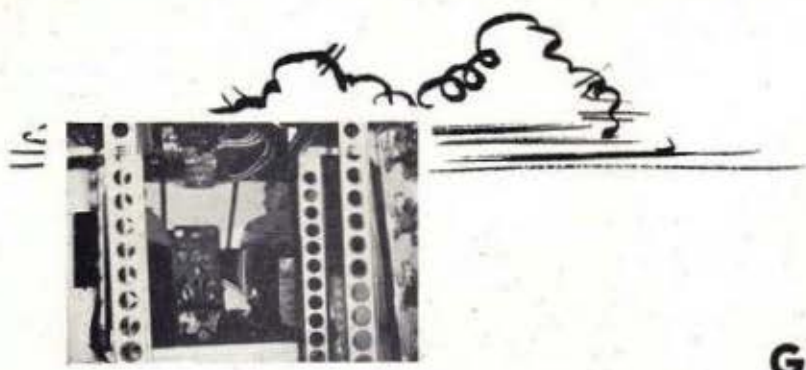
Line

They will always be with us
in spirit for a teacher affects
eternity; he can never tell
where his influence stops.

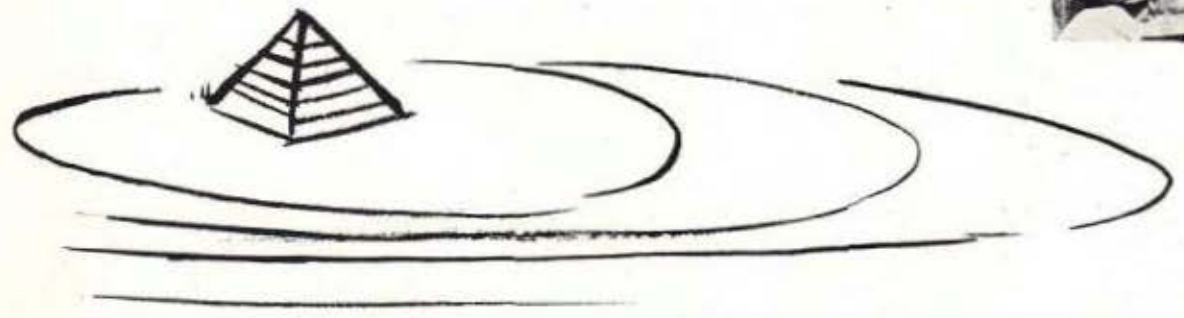
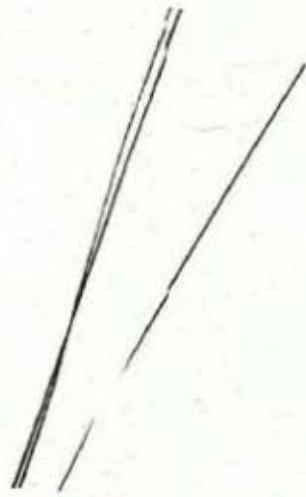






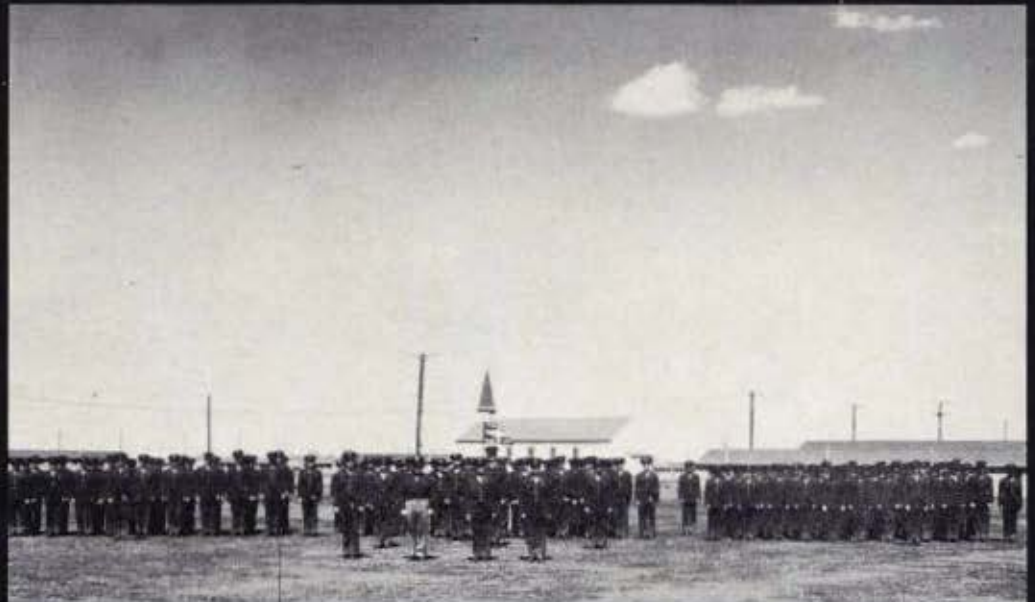
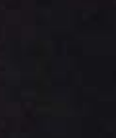


GET THE PICTURE





...CLICK - CLICK!



"CLASS 43-7



PASS **IN**

REVIEW"

CADET OFFICERS



M. R. Tessitore



A. T. Goodfellow



H. P. Lane



G. H. Swerer



G. M. Moodie



G. A. Wischmann



H. W. Adams



G. P. Millington



B. J. Lawrence



A. M. Upshaw



H. M. Hague



W. R. Swigert



HARRY W. ADAMS
Portland, Oregon

"R. A."—as he is called by his closer friends, went to the U. of Oregon for three years and helped build ships for Kaiser before joining up. Likes almost everything except athletics (well, who does?) Making him a Flight Lt. augmented our reveille formation by one.



LEONARD E. ADCOCK
Huntsville, Alabama

Leonard has had the local lemms—one in particular—running around in circles. He seems to like Deering, and vice versa. Saw combat in Alaska with the 151st Engineers but decided he would rather fly.



ABE A. ALLEN
Chicago, Illinois

When Abe falls asleep in class not even a very tepid-hot-foot awakens him, but he always dashes out smiling on Saturday afternoon. Claims his wedding day was the high-point in his life. We don't blame him.



JOHN A. BANGERT
New York, N. Y.

Hails from Fordham U. where he received his B.A. the hard way. Became a cadet via the infantry. He's terrific in a good rough speed-ball game.





ROBERT A. BANKS
Decatur, Alabama

Spends a lot of time on sick call ever since he made that bad slide into second base a few weeks ago. At least he has an excuse from athletics to show for it. Lucky boy!



ALEXANDER W. BENDER
Chicago, Illinois

Can't wait until he gets into combat and show his mates what a boy from the windy city can do. Started out in the infantry and then graduated to the air force. Good hunting.



CLIFFORD A. BERTAGNOLI
Pence, Wisconsin

"Red" came to Uncle Sam from the University of Wisconsin. A chemist at heart, he will be remembered as the squadron's number one beer drinker. Heaven preserve him—in alcohol, if possible.



RALPH BIRCHARD, JR.
San Francisco, California

Graduated from the U. of Nevada some years ago and has been a mining engineer all over the Americas since then. Get him to tell you about the Souse American Way.



FRANCIS J. BIRD
Marlborough, Mass.

Breathed through Calvin Coolidge College where they don't teach the boys to pronounce "r." A lad who never asks questions, either as a tribute to Cal Coolidge or, perhaps, because he doesn't have to.



DONALD W. BOLLARD
Fort Dodge, Iowa

Don's proudest possessions are his two year old son and once favorable C. E. He is looking for an assignment in the middle west. Something within a stone's throw of his home, Dodge City.



THOMAS E. BOURGEOIS
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

When his bomb dropping is no longer needed Tom wants to buy a plantation deep in the Bayou country and settle down. Pass the mint julep, cuh-nel.



ARTHUR L. BRYANT
Sacramento, California

Was well on his way to becoming a lawyer when the call to arms came. Wants to end the war in a hurry so he can return to his school, his home, and his pretty wife.





JOHN S. BURGESS
Burlington, Vermont

He had a little trouble with the board but he proved to be too good a man to do without.



EDWARD B. BURNS
Danbury, Conn.

Our first D.A.A.F. bridegroom and a very charming wife to go with the license. Will be remembered for his essay on "The Importance of a Good Pre-flight" which, so rumor hath it, even made Major Allen smile.



WALLACE G. BYRAM
Peoria, Illinois

Came to us from 43-6 and is a welcome addition to our slightly punchy class. Fits right in with the boys and is very much in evidence at the Mission on week-ends. This round's on us.



RAYMOND W. CARAH
Birchwood, Wisconsin

The softness of Ray's voice is in keeping with his continuous good nature. Doesn't want an instructorship because he has his heart set on combat and its thrills.



CHARLES W. CASHIN
Cleveland, Ohio

Chuck is a welcome addition from 43-6. Almost made him cry to see all of his old pals pulling out three weeks ago. Oh yes, originally he started out with 43-3. Being a cadet can become tiresome, what?



HARVEY L. CHAPMAN
Louisville, Kentucky

A golf pro before entrance into the army, our boy from Kaintuck is about to become a proud pappy in the very near future. He is saving his strength for the big event by letting his room-mate clean the room.



PAUL C. COAD
New York, N. Y.

An H. B. and one of our best athletes. Worked for Lockheed but the female riveters were too much of a distraction so he became a member of this man's army.



LEONARD COLLEN
Chicago, Illinois

College in Los Angeles and then a session with a name band as a clarinet tooter. Met his true love while in show business and his true occupation when he became a liquor salesman.





ROBERT I. CONRAD
McGil, Nevada

One lad who gives his all to anything into which he enters. Holds one of our best ground school records and would like to continue on to navigation school.



GORDON G. CORDSEN
Ft. Collins, Colorado

Doesn't care where he's sent as long as he can be useful. Spent most of his civilian life on a horse in the wide open spaces and when he has finished dropping eggs on the Axis he wants to get back in the saddle.



WILLIAM C. CRUTCHFIELD
Memphis, Tennessee

"Sleepy Bill" is definitely a swell guy and one of the few Southerners still not fighting the Civil War. He keeps the boys in convulsions with his hillbilly rendition of "San Antonio Rose."



BRUCE C. CURRIE
Eugene, Oregon

Bruce studied journalism at the U. of Oregon for three years before enlisting in 1941. Thinks bombing is much more fun than newspaper work, and he's good at both.



DONALD M. CURTIS
Alma, Michigan

Don is our quiet, modest and unassuming member. Well liked by all, he wants to do his job for Uncle Sam and get back to his old job as a hardware salesman.



ROBERT E. CURTIS
St. Louis, Mo.

Nothing seems to bother Bob. He's always smiling and loves everyone. Pre-cadet training made him an experienced radio operator, and he is anxious to prove his all-around ability in combat as soon as possible.



GEORGE M. DECKER
Chicago, Illinois

Squadron Atlas. How did he get that build in an office? Marion's picture is always on his shelf and really IS something to look at.



ALEXANDER J. DEWA
Detroit, Michigan

A great boy with a strong sense of friendship that makes him cooperative and has gained him many pals.



WILLIAM A. DIMMETTE
Rockingham, North Carolina

A true southern gentleman, except when Pilots use the corkscrew aproach after on course and level.



KEITH W. DUFFIELD
Brown's Valley, Minn.

"We live in Brown's Valley but our house is up on the hill." "No married life for me, make 'em all happy!"



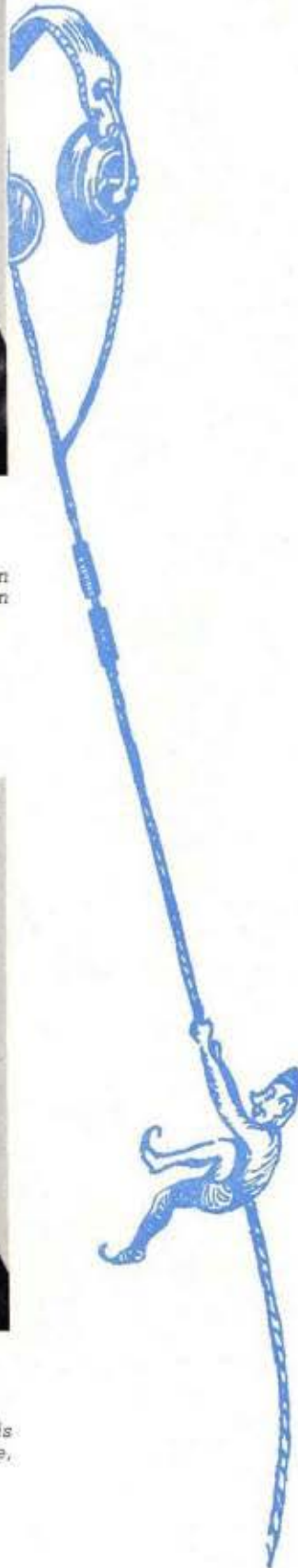
ELMER L. DONALDSON "Gremlin"
Oxford, Indiana

The first man off on open post as Las Cruces must not be kept waiting.



LEONARD W. EATON
Portland, Oregon

Possessor of a very pretty wife, vocalist of note—often vocalizes after taps—too often in fact.





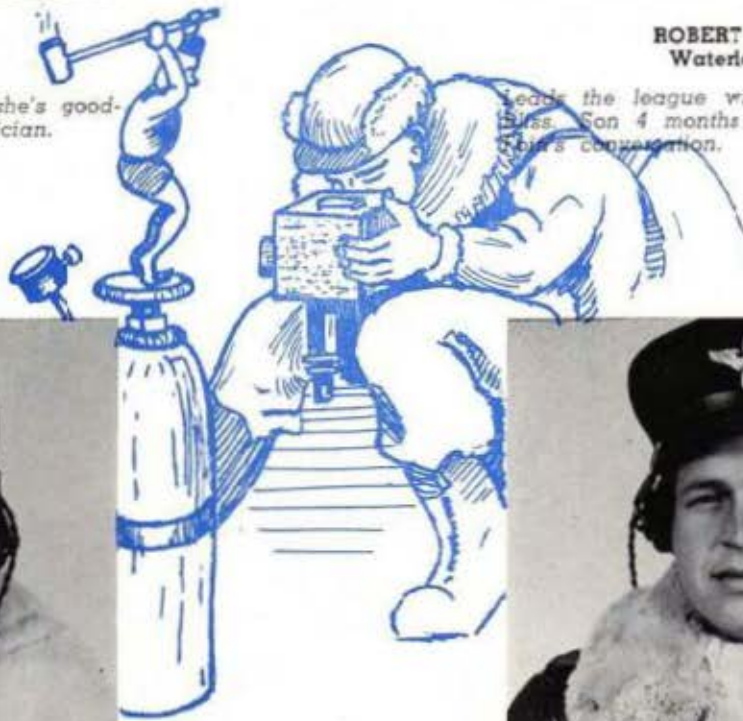
CHRIST FALKOWSKI
St. Paul, Minn.

Four months married and Boy! she's good-looking. Able gymnast and musician.



ROBERT C. FERN
Waterloo, Iowa

Leads the league with 6 years of marital bliss. Son 4 months old is big subject of Fern's conversation.



CLIFFORD FESLER
Globe, Arizona

Cupid has got to Cliff. Watch out on graduation day. That gold mine will have to produce for two after the War.



FORREST E. FLAGLER (Trees)
El Reno, Oklahoma

Genial radio expert. Early to bed, late to rise. "Beer up under stress. Formations must be met."





MARTIN E. FOLEY
Oconto, Wisconsin

Pushes Wisconsin but spends a lot of time at Silver City. Self appointed as best keeper of cadence in Squadron. Harbors a very lovely picture.



FONTAINE JEROME
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Our section marcher. Love interest at post bowling alley. "At ease, up there in the first rank."



DONALD J. FRYE
Tipp City, Ohio

Frye says the high points of his life are all on Saturday nights and the low points on Monday mornings. Super high point—Pay Day! A chronic worrier and a good soldier.



FRANK A. GARDINER
Butte, Montana

A. B. Bakery Salesmanager. Pretty wife, two year old daughter, wishes War was over for obvious reasons and to continue medical studies.



BRADFORD F. GIFFORD "Giff"
Houston, Texas

The man who goes "labba, dabba, labba, sold American." There's a Miss waiting in Ontario who sends two letters every day.



STEWART P. GLENN "Doc"
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Married at Deming and has really toed the mark since. Sweats the telephone line out with the rest of the married men in spite of his rests of pre-wed days.



AL T. GOODFELLOW
New York, New York

This smiling, good-natured lad hasn't an enemy in the world and has been a popular cadet leader for a long time. "Al's" New York accent took Deming by storm and the local bartenders made sure they always soived him foist. Al says the high point of his life was when he got out of the Infantry.



MAURICE C. GOODIN
St. Louis, Missouri

Our best dancer who gets his exercise at the Mission not on the athletic field. A bit sad at times, especially if he's not allowed to buy the first round.



DON A. GUINN
Pittsburg, Kansas

Don's boy arrived while he was enroute to Deming and he received the news on arrival. Talk of incentive—that's it Deluxe.



HARRY M. HAGUE "Hank"
Kansas City, Missouri

Harry brought his wife out to Deming. Some looker. Harry's friends really showed her around—Barrack's Chief of H-3-W-5-7, he is responsible and zealous of its immaculate condition.



CHARLES H. HASENKAMP
Greely, Colorado

6 foot poet, vocalist and guitarist. Charms all with his music. Insists that slippers follow athletic shoes at stand-by inspections.



SIDNEY M. HICKS
Renton, Washington

Known to his many friends as "Gripes," he has torn his way tooth and nail through cadet training. Has more amorous attachments scattered through the West than are good for him. McCollum's favorite pest.



GEORGE E. HIETANEN
Fairport, Ohio

Came to us from 43-6 and has become one of the boys in short order. Glad to have him with us. Too bad it hasn't been longer.



HARRY H. HILL
Binghamton, New York

A boy with plenty of life, many friends and a low C. E. Can't wait to get to O.T.U. and show his stuff. Could still be grinding away as a machinist in upstate N. Y., but he likes "the wild blue yonder."



ROBERT W. HILTON
Brookline, Mass.

This is the Bob of Auto Court fame. Bidge fiend and wolf extra-special who works best with officers' gal friends. Never a dull moment when he is around.



RONALD E. HOOK
Cincinnati, Ohio

Having a very critical mind and the ability to absorb everything with which he comes in contact, Ronnie was born twenty years too late to be a quiz kid. A very handsome boy —when his hair grows out.





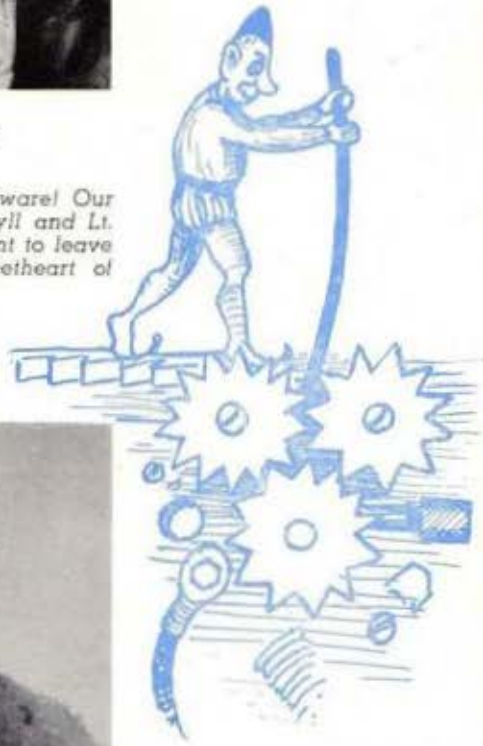
GRAHAM ALLEN HYDE
Port Huron, Michigan

The youngest of all. Sub-debs beware! Our wolf in G. I. clothing; our Dr. Jekyll and Lt. Hyde is on the loose. Al won't want to leave dear old D.A.A.F. He's the sweetheart of Deming High.



JOHN R. JONAITIS
Chicago, Illinois

Quiet and sincere, his many friends will remember that "silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves."



ROBERT W. JOYCE
Chicago, Illinois

Full of fun and itching for excitement, he spends his waking hours making life a torment for his roommate. When last seen, he was being chased by two cadets for locking them in their room.



RUDOLPH KASTELIC
Cleveland, Ohio

This lad's middle name should be "malfunction." Well liked by his classmates, we're giving a "hell" to Rudy, and he'll see that it gets back to the originators.



ALLEN A. KREINER
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The man who will make the beer town famous, if he can only get Rhoda out of his mind. Oh well, love makes the world go 'round—or does it make it stop? We never have found out.



EUGENE S. KRUSZYNSKI
Chicago, Illinois

Only those who have been tutored by Gene can pronounce his name. His untiring calmness has had his instructor marveling from start to finish. Worked on planes a long time before he started flying in them.



FRANK R. LA FONTAINE
Templeton, California

Frank is one of the more serious of our bunch. Was sure he'd never finish the course, and he lost a heap of money to his buddies who knew that he would. A modern pony express—the mail must go through.



ROBERT M. LAMB
Nashville, Arkansas

Our Arkansas friend used to hunt squirrels for excitement, but is now on the trail of bigger game. "Bob" hopes to go to navigation school somewhere so he can navigate out of Deming.



LAWRENCE J. LAMBERT
Detroit, Michigan

Claims the New Mexico beer can't compete with the home-town brew. Both an athlete and a scholar, he is a welcome addition to the ranks of the U. S. Bombardiers.



HOWARD P. LANE
New York, N. Y.

A "B.T.O." with a desire for efficiency and organization, he finds plenty of time for sleep and numerous visits to the mess hall. Holds the cadet record for absences from athletics.



CHARLES C. LARSEN, JR.
Newage, Michigan

"Big Larsen" was exposed to the sergeant too, but we don't think he picked up anything he didn't already know except Bombardiering. Charlie doesn't trust his fellow cadets. His girl visits him and he hides her in Silver City.



GEORGE R. LARSON
Story City, Iowa

"Little Larsen" has been exposed to a veteran Master Sergeant since he has been here—we know it didn't spoil his disposition (sunny) and we hope it improved his poker game. His vocabulary no doubt has been enriched considerably the picturesquely.





RICHARD H. LAWLOR
Boston, Massachusetts

A Boston Irishman who can't wait till he gets into action.



BURTON J. LAWRENCE
San Angelo, Texas

B. J. "Post" is one of our better known fellow students. Last man we hear at night and first one in the morning since he is Cadet First Sergeant and wakes us up. There are some who feel that B. J. belongs among the great torturers of all time. A real Texan and a good guy.



PAUL LAWTON
Marysville, California

Can raise the devil when the occasion demands, but also knows when to keep quiet. A good fellow to know.



JOSEPH H. LOUDERMILK
Bradenton, Florida

"Now I'll go crawl in my sack and log some really valuable time." Luckiest man in the class (look at his wife!) Would eat breakfast every morning if he could get someone to bring it to him. Also has younger brother who pioneered in Bombardiering. If you don't believe it, ask Joel





GEORGE S. MALCOLM
Sturgis, So. Dakota

George got tired of building 'em, so he decided he might as well fly in the darn things. His desire to destroy the other side's planes is a burning motivation of George's Air Force career.



EDWARD R. MATTHEWS
Jamaica, Long Island

Ed "Are You Pure Castilian" is a black Irishman with a big heart. Myer, who lives with him, says he is a first class roommate. Everyone knows that's a first class recommendation that covers everything.



LOREN A. MAY
St. Cloud, Minnesota

Lorry is trying to make a family of Bombar-diers. His younger brother is a graduate "Boom Merchant" too. We suspect that both were destructive little rascals from birth. We think it would break his heart if he ever had to bomb a brewery.



HARRY E. McCOLLUM
Benton, Illinois

The "old man" of the outfit who keeps the younger ones on the ball. His bark is worse than his bite but he still has John Miller buffaloed.



WILLIAM M. McCUE, JR.
Fallsington, Pennsylvania

A Pennsylvania Dutchman with a Scotch background—(half Scotch and half ginger ale). Mac argues for argument's sweet sake. We all called him "Shack McCue" until right solo. One swell fellow who is a walking contradiction of the old "Fight as a Scotchman theory."



EDWARD J. McLAUGHLIN
St. Louis, Missouri

Edward J. is definitely a Sack Rat. Ed is well posted on current affairs and is definitely a "Brain." Will discuss anything, anytime, at the drop of a statement. His shoe designs will probably help your wife to spend your dough after the War.



JOHN E. McPARLAND
Chicago, Illinois

"Sandy" claims he was a "working Sergeant" in the G. I. Army. From what we have seen we doubt that statement; however we do know his heart is as big as a 3-24. "What the hell, Joe, do you need ten?"—that's Mac.



JOHN MEISENHEDER
Los Angeles, California

"Shapiro" throws a football like it was a bullet. Probably learned how hooking watermelons and throwing them over the fence. Never missed a minute of sack time in his army career. Will probably bomb Berchtesgaden land and bring Adolph's bed back with him.





CARL F. MEYER
Tucson, Arizona

Carl is on the quiet side, one of those sharp little men the japanazis shouldn't have interrupted. Can run like a rabbit and eat like every meal was the last.



HAROLD J. MILLER
Belle Plaine, Iowa

"Silent John" is the sort of person called to mind when you mention salt-of-the-earth. Has seen hard time railroading and is quite a musician. A good man to have on a hard trip. Need we elaborate?



JOHN M. MILLER
Hot Springs, Arkansas

"A little quiet please, Mr. Miller." The only man in the squadron who can consistently put his foot in it (we mean his mouth) and come out covered with rabbits' feet. Seriously Miller is one of the brainiest men we've known.



DANFORD DOYLE MILLIGAN
Crooksville, Ohio

The only eager beaver we ever saw who wasn't offensive. "Smiles" keeps the section leader on the ball 24 hours a day. Scores are the men who wouldn't trifle with "Smiles," but confidentially that expression is camouflage.



GEORGE P. MILLINGTON
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

George has a lot of energy that he believes in conserving "on the sack." A cheerful guy who will do anything for anybody. George's former job was preventing fires. Now he says he is obsessed with the idea of starting enormous conflagrations. We suspect that quite a little Axis property will be exceedingly poor risks when George gets going.



CARLETON E. MILLS
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Puts in a daily phone call to the home front to check up on his baby daughter. She was born after he became a cadet and he has never seen her. What a homecoming he will have. Give her our love, too.



GORDON M. MOODIE
Washington, D. C.

"Moodie"—a contradiction in terms. A beaver who has done well for himself. His bombing record is exceeded only by his ability to write letters. Between keeping the squadron on the ball and his roommate out of bed. Gordon is a busy man.



WALTER J. MORNES
Grand Rapids, Minnesota

Still water runs deep. Another of those quiet men who's gunning for somebody's scalp because his business suffered from Wartitis. Will lay 6, 2, that even he is in newsprint six months from now. Thinks Minnesota is the jewel and the rest of the world just the





JAMES MORROW
Anaconda, Montana

A metallurgist from the University of Montana who would probably be wandering around through the state looking for a big lode if the War hadn't come along. Now he'll drop a big load instead.



KENNETH L. MUELLER
Maquoketa, Iowa

Happily married he claims that the weekends are much too short now that his wife has arrived. Don't worry, Ken, we hear that officers are free all the time.



FRANK J. MULLER
Flemington, New Jersey

Frank is no rookie—saw plenty of service before the War in practically every state in the Union. Muller is the wrong name for Frankie. He is really an Irishman at heart—sings in the showers; sad little ditties like "Please Don't Give the Chair to Buster, the Devil Was in Him That Night."



EDWARD F. MURRAY
New York City, N. Y.

Definitely not from da' Bronx. Is one of the wittiest men in the squadron. Having known his Rose for only 10 years our advice to Ed is taint heart never won fair lady. By the way Ed, have you got a cigarette?



JAMES MURTHA
Bronx, New York

Having gone to Primary, Joe has decided that flying is "for da boids." A cosmopolite, Joe claims residence in all home states of the instructors.



HARRY NELSON
Detroit, Michigan

Always expounding the virtues of plane geometry, but we can remember an evening in Los Angeles when he was very enthused about a girl at the Mocambo who was reminiscent of solid geometry.



RUDOLPH NELSON
Portland, Oregon

A meticulous boy who believes that two shaves a day are better than one. Can be found entertaining the fair sex of Deming at the local bistros on week-ends.



WILLIAM PAPKE
Chicago, Illinois

Bill has more sacktime than any two men in the squadron. He even has to be torn from his bed on payday but he still manages to accomplish a great deal and keep on his toes.



JUSTUS M. PEARSON
Ironwood, Michigan

Although he's always ready for fun, he never forgets what teamwork means and practices it constantly. A powerful fellow who's powerful anxious to get into action.



EARL PERKINS
Belleville, Kansas

The Kansas cyclone hails from Belleville and can figure out every problem with a slide rule—except how to make reveille on time.



LOUIS PETERSON
Brooklyn, New York

Born and bred in one of the few English colonies—Flatbush. Pete is our local Lohario. A good man and we're all for him.



PHILLIP PETRIE
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

A true man of the South, Phil is a prince of a fellow. Doesn't say much about anything, but always does a darn good job of putting taem in there.





LESTER POLAKOV
New York, N. Y.

The talented lad from the big city who is one of our intelligentsia. An artist o' no little merit whose work can be found in this book. A good friend and a hard worker.



EDMUND P. POSTAWKO
St. Louis, Missouri

One of the few men who finds a great deal of time for writing. A seemingly unassuming chap, he has more girls than a Hollywood star.



JOHN H. POWERS
Chicago, Illinois

Nice to have around even when he is writing to the immortal Jean. She doesn't interfere with his bombing, though. They drop right on the shack.



HAROLD W. PRICE
East Moline, Illinois

The strong silent type who spends most of his time meditating. About what? We don't know. Ask Harry—or June.





REX I. PROUD
South Bend, Indiana

A boy from the Notre Dame area who finds glamour in the Deming Post Exchange. A flash on the gridiron.



WARREN S. PULSIFER
Boston, Massachusetts

There's a little girl in Deming who thinks he's just too, too cute. Confidentially, we wish she thought we were cute. Youth must have its lling.



WENDELL W. QUATTLEBAUM
Haskell, Texas

One of the boys who can raise you five and still smile. Always happy and never on the ball.



JAMES S. QUESENBERRY
Las Cruces, New Mexico

Almost a home-town boy. His home is only fifty miles from here and we are very jealous. A swell friend and a square shooter who can always be depended upon.



WILLIAM C. RAYSON
Oakland, California

Bill is one in a million. Quiet and unassuming, he doesn't say much but is always there with a helping hand. His constant what-what, no mail today?



ROLAND R. REICH
Corydon, Indiana

This is one set of three "R"s they didn't teach you in school. We've known him to be a gentleman and a scholar who seldom gets over his depth.



DAVID A. REMENTERIA
Canyon City, Oregon

We can't decide whether he is a better horseman than he is a lawyer. Quite the equestrian. When last seen he had his Habeas Corpus parked in a saddle.



LOWELL L. RICKY
Lincoln, Nebraska

Of the younger married set. He and his wife make a very cute and charming couple. They always are gazing soulfully into one another's face when we see them. Love in a demi-tasse.





DONALD J. RINKE
Great Falls, Montana

Don is the type of fellow one likes to have around. His ready wit, pleasant smile and his eagerness to help are just a few of Don's assets.



DONALD F. E. ROESCH
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The Don Juan of Deming who has the Junior debs swooning at the cadet dances. You might get him to tell you about the time one fair maid's father answered the 'phone. Remember, Don?



WILLIS A. ROSSER
Pasadena, California

A good lad who's always there when you need him. One of the boys who feels right at home when the dust blows.



RAYMOND E. ROSSMAN
Cleveland, Ohio

A hard worker who doesn't waste time when it comes to getting down to business. He'll make the grade or we miss our guess.



DAVID W. RUDOLPH
Brooklyn, New York

A man's man who the ladies go for also. A good soldier and companion with a keen sense of humor who still doesn't like the name of this book.



CHRIS M. SARANTIS
San Francisco, California

Nobody with all those freckles could ever be hard to get along with. Peck's Bad Boy at heart whose ways have carved a niche in our memories.



J. C. SCHADE
Peoria, Illinois

"J. C." is another mac, about town although he doesn't go in for frivolity as much as some of his classmates. A good fellow to have around.





JERRY W. SCHLESINGER
Los Angeles, California

Jerry is a grand conversationalist. Was Psychology major in college and put in a goodly stretch at Lockheed as an aircraft inspector. He's anxious to help end this War so that he can return to his California ranch and breed Palimino horses.



STANLEY JOSEPH SCHMITT
Lafayette, Indiana

"Trail" was working for a degree at Purdue when war interrupted. He's been anything from a farmer to a technician to further his career. Usually reticent in speech we were surprised to find that he has a secret sorrow—he lost his gal to a Naval Cadet.



LESLIE J. SCHWIER
Collinsville, Illinois

Had to work for the railroad out St. Louis way. Likes all sports, particularly tennis and baseball and is very partial to hunting. "I want to stay in the Army and make it my career."



FRANKLIN B. SCRIBNER
Easton, Maine

"Scriby," once a corporal in the Infantry says, "Mine has been a quiet life, I'd like to return to it after we smash the Axis." Likes winter sports and fishing and along with the rest of us gets a great kick out of tossing bombs.



ROBERT H. SHERWOOD
Ketchum, Idaho

Bob, in the ante bellum era, was a designer and inventor. Recently invented a drive for a supercharger for a new aircraft engine. After the War he wants to supply a peaceful world with inventions that will make for a more abundant, richer life—civilizing influences making our world a better place.



CLIFFORD J. SIMMONS
Peoria, Illinois

This proud papa of three has been a foundry man for seven years. States he comes from the industrial center of the Middle West—Peoria; says all good ractors and all good whiskey comes from there. Cliff and H. B. wants to go on flying and become a son of the soil some day.



FRED B. SMITH
Los Angeles, California

He held many interesting jobs. Claims to know California like a book. We suspect he was bitten by the Chamber of Commerce of his native state for he calls California the best place in the Universe and a little bit of heaven on earth. When the Axis is beaten into a plowshare he'd like to do a bit of beach combing on Catalina.



GORDON B. SMITH, JR.
Hollywood, California

First saw the light of day in Sparks, Nevada and has been a ball of fire ever since. He's noted among his brethren as a wit, being particularly famous for his pseudo professional lectures on the theory of bombing.



SAMUEL L. SNYDER
Los Angeles, California

Among other things Sam was once a house wrecker so he comes honestly by his bombardiering ability. Claims that the turning point of his life was when he stopped reading funny papers—at 24. He wants to make a career in the Army.



WILLIAM D. SODERLAND
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Worked his way through college by taking care of a girl's dormitory—nice work, Bill. Was crowned Milwaukee Municipal champ (1937 for 100 yard and 220 yard dash).



DONALD J. SORENSON
Hails from Oregon

Before vaulting into the wild blue yonder Don probably helped build a number of papa Lockheed's planes. Thoroughly air-minded he wants to go on flying. In these perilous times, who doesn't?



BRYON F. SPEECE
West Baden, Indiana

Fell out of a second story window at the age of two and his sister landed on top of him—this explains much. He entered the Army from the ranks of the aircraft workers. He has a great desire to learn to fly a Stearman.





JOSEPH D. SPIESS
St. Louis, Missouri

Spiess, a former government employee and Air Corps G. I. Sgt., has had a grand life, rich in experience. Joe, known to intimates as "Salvo," spins some swell yarns about his extensive European travel.



EDWARD P. STILLWELL
Glens Falls, New York

Attended University of Alaska and has had a fascinating career in the gold fields of Alaska. Ed is anxious to down the Axis first so that he can return to old haunts like Lake Minchumna or plain Fish Creek and take up placer mining.



ARTHUR E. STRAUCH
Wenona, Illinois

This next to youngest in a family of 11 has been a farmer, mail order house clerk and electro-plater. With a tear in his eye he'll tell you of the time he almost drowned when he fell off an inner tube at the age of four. We would have missed you, Art.



FLOYD E. SWAIN
Hollywood, California

Born on Tuesday in Muday, Texas, was once secretary to Charles Laughton, the actor. Joined the G. I.s in 1941 and has been in the Infantry, Signal Corps and Air Corps. Favorite expressions: "Bite me" and "My word." Floyd was our beloved and hard working mailman.





GEORGE H. SWERER, JR.
Denver, Colorado

George in past life has been anything from a florist to a hard rock miner. Spent a year in the Naval Reserve and then wound up in the Cadets. Likes to make models and shoot. The former will probably be restricted for some time to come—shooting will be unlimited.



WILLIAM R. SWIGERT
Evanston, Illinois

Eig Bill, a former G. I., has sold a variety of things—from hams to multigraphs; played "Big Ten" ball for a time. We used to worry about how Bill was going to fit into an AT-11. Apparently he's fitted in right well. He dismisses his childhood by saying, "I grew up awfully fat." After the War he wants to return to Evanston—and live by the sweat of his frau."



JOSEPH SZEWCZUK
Dedham, Massachusetts

Joe, even though he admits he's seen plenty of country in G. I. travel, is fondest of New England. His burning desire: to be married and live happily ever after. He wants to stay in the Army, too.



MICHAEL R. TESSITORE
Brooklyn, New York

Our erstwhile squadron commander has proven himself a born leader and his popularity is well deserved. "Tess" says that his peace-time occupation is "husband." We predict that in a few years there'll be a few more youthful Dodger rooters to heckle the umpires.



CARL F. THINNER, JR.
Indianapolis, Indiana

A former telephone technician saw service with the Signal Battery Field Artillery. Says he used to shoot marbles but found it didn't pay. After the War wants to get a small farm and raise chickens and kids and live off "da tat a da land."



EARL W. THOMAS
Phoenix, Arizona

Used to these southwest dust storms and drops his bombs true despite the dust covering the target. Would defend the fair city of Phoenix against all scotters.



LAVON G. TOWNSEND
Bloomington, Illinois

Proud father of a little boy and an erstwhile traveling salesman. Plans to drop a few sample bombs on Tokyo or Berlin with a bigger order following shortly.



CHESTER TURBAK
New Bradford, Massachusetts

"Chet the charmer" is the shining light of our class and definitely an H. B. If we could count all of Chet's female admirers, they would equal all the shacks we wish we would have hit. The "charmer" has one wish: to put all his eggs in one basket—Tokyo!





ARTHUR M. UPSHAW, JR.
High Point, North Carolina

This good-natured "rebel" is another one of our married men and has a lovely wife to inspire him. Possesses a fine voice, too, but his classmates shout him down when they sing the Air Corps song.



WILLIAM R. VOSS
Palisades, New Jersey

Bill is a quiet chap, but intends to make plenty noise playing the "Jersey Bounce" with bombs instead of music. Was an electrician before entering the service.



HENRY A. WALKER
Newberry, Massachusetts

This affable lad with the winning smile and swell personality is an artist with a great future, and he's quick on the draw in more ways than one. Hark has a fine physique, but he doesn't attribute it to the local athletic program.



COLVER K. WALLER
Eugene, Oregon

A studious lad with one of the highest academic grades in our class, but he always has a hard time beating the rest of us to the showers after athletics.



WILLIAM D. WARNER
Springfield, Missouri

Has a long and varied career in the Army and getting his wings will be the culmination of many months of hard work as a cadet. His store of technical knowledge will come in handy in the future.



WESLEY D. WEBER
Denver, Colorado

A former college football star, Web hopes to rough up a few japs very soon. Spends most of his time answering letters from his many femme admirers. A good man.



ISADORE WEITZMAN
New York, N. Y.

"Izzy" sure gave the instructors a rough time of it, but that's the best way to learn, and we admire his spirit. He used his spending money by selling the Brooklyn Bridge to unsuspecting yokels.



WALTER E. WHITE
Spokane, Washington

The boys call him "Whizzer," and he lives up to his name both as a bombardier and a regular guy. He can always be depended upon to take good care of himself and his buddies on Saturday night.





W. R. WILLIAMS
Long Island, New York

Rooms with Loudermilk. Claims he once got him up in time to make a formation. We don't see how; he never made one himself. A G. I. soldier who will probably make his promotion in a hurry.



CECIL W. WILLS
Osceola, Iowa

A fine scholar and athlete, he has also turned out to be a bombardier of no mean ability. As a member of Uncle Sam's first string, he'll be right in there throwing the enemy for a loss.



SHERIDAN S. WINKELMAN
Cleveland, Ohio

A modest chap and well liked by his classmates. "Wink" has one of the lowest C. E.'s in the class and his bombing just sizzles.



GEORGE A. WISCHMANN
New Rochelle, New York

A fine boy with lots of drive and initiative that will carry him along in the Army and later in civilian life. We're betting on George to make them sit up and take notice.



CHARLES O. WISEMAN
Marceline, Missouri

His witty remarks and perpetual smile have made him one of the best liked men in the class. Will be just as stubborn as a Missouri mule when over enemy territory.



JACK R. WOOD
Sacramento, California

Jack is one of our youngest and most brilliant members, and expects to see some action before his "coming-out" party. Worked as a mechanic in the home town before becoming a cadet.



RICHARD E. WYLIE
Topeka, Kansas

The boys call him "a poor gal's Victor Mature," and he looks the part. For the time being, Dick is concentrating on breaking the hearts of the Axis. The local lassies can wait.



EDWARD F. ZABRISKIE
Newark, New Jersey

Last but certainly not least, this small article has bewildered the opposing team on the football field by scooting between their legs. Good things certainly do come in small packages.



EAGER

If he could but be up there in the blue
And thrill to the motor's roar;
If he were up there his dreams would come true,
For he wants to help settle the score.

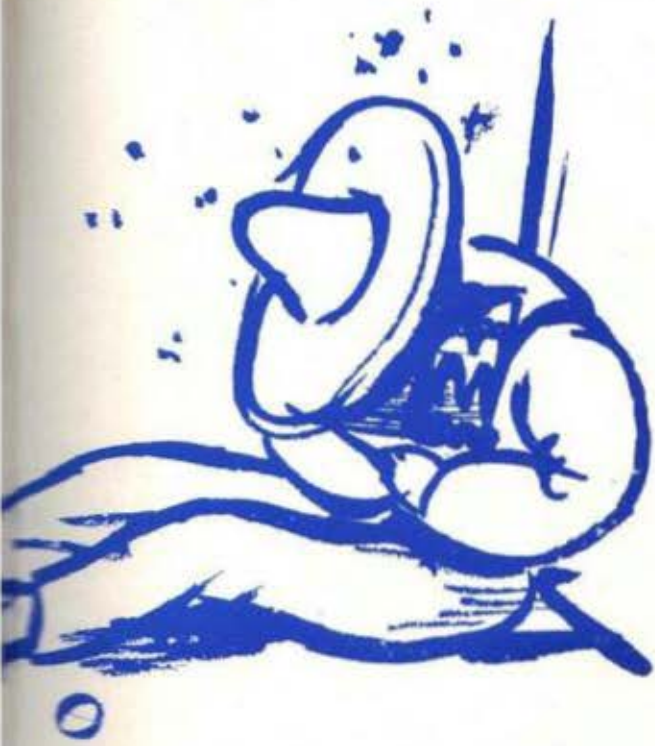
Oh, how he envies the boys in the crew,
So calm, with purpose unswerved,
And he longs for the day, and wishes he knew
How this one youth could be served.

To be one of the boys is his one desire,
Until then he dreams of the day
When his ship will brave the enemy's fire,
And he to, can shout, "Bombs away."

—Chester Turbak.







Off We Go!





Look Out Below!



PHOTOGRAPHY

It is with deep emotion that we thank the Base Photographic Section for their cooperation in the development of this book. Getting this publication to print has been no snap and hardly a bellow or negative word has come from the men behind the cameras. In our brief exposure to them they have stopped at nothing to get the work out in a flash.

To Capt. Walker and his staff, who have focused all attention on aiding us and who helped us out of a fix, goes a vote of thanks from the Class of 43-7.





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VALEDICTORY

*One last handclasp and between us shall pass the
glance of men who are doing the work they love and
have found their own idea of glory.*

*May each one of us be able to say at the final victory,
"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,
I have kept the faith."*

Ave atque vale, frater.

Strike... till the last armed foe expires

Strike... for your altars and your fires

Strike... for the green graves of your sires,

God... and your native land!

