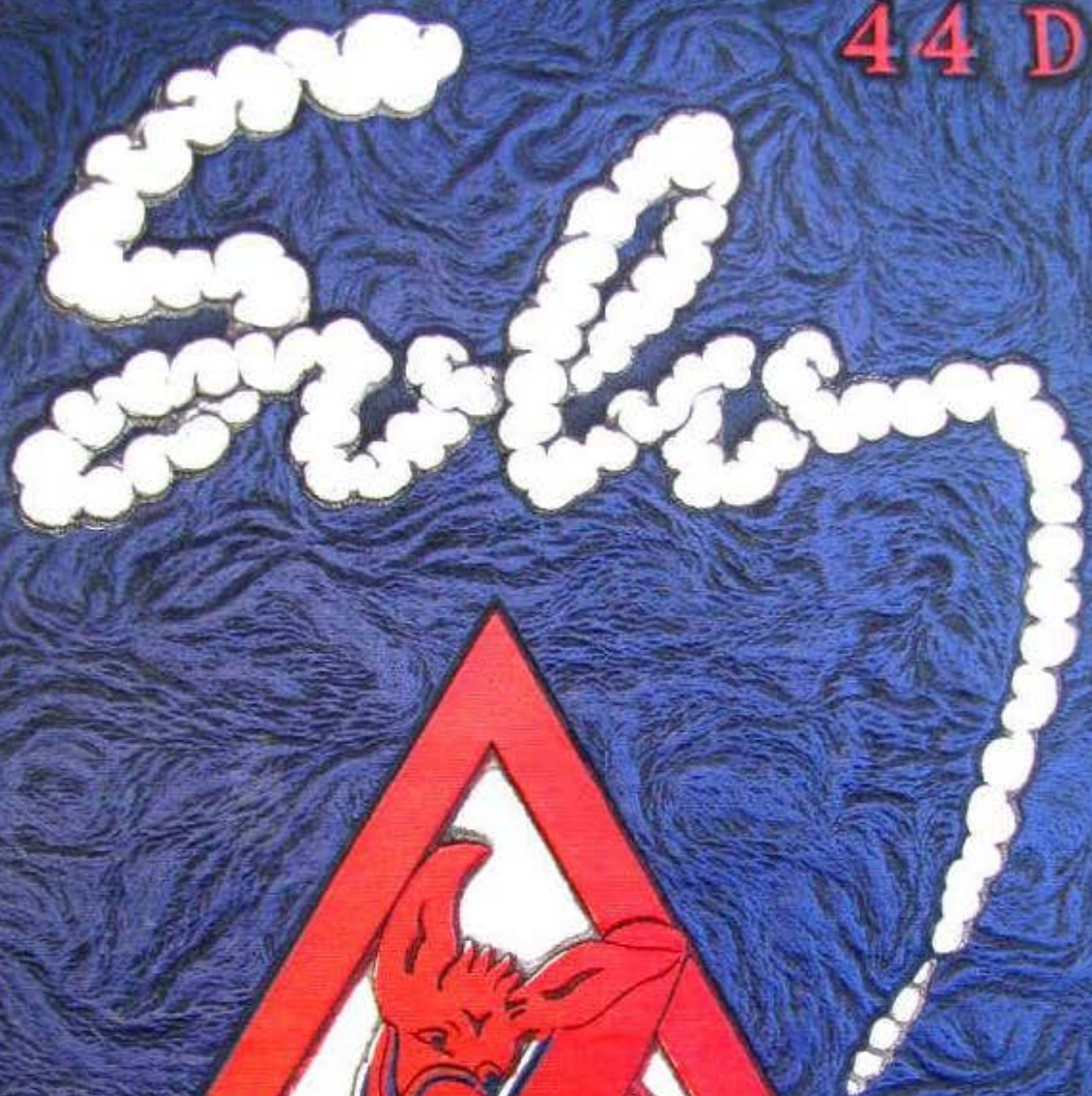


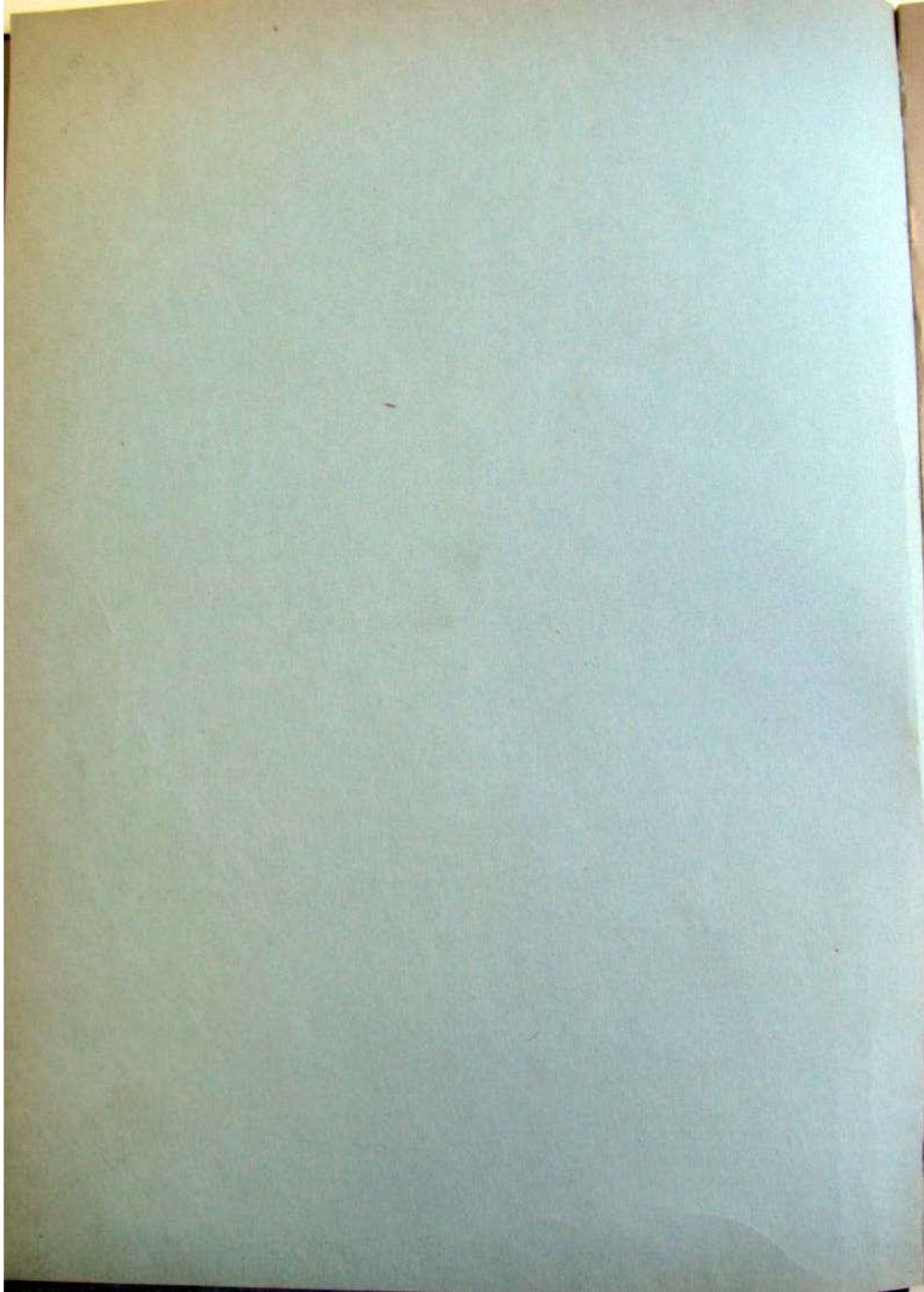
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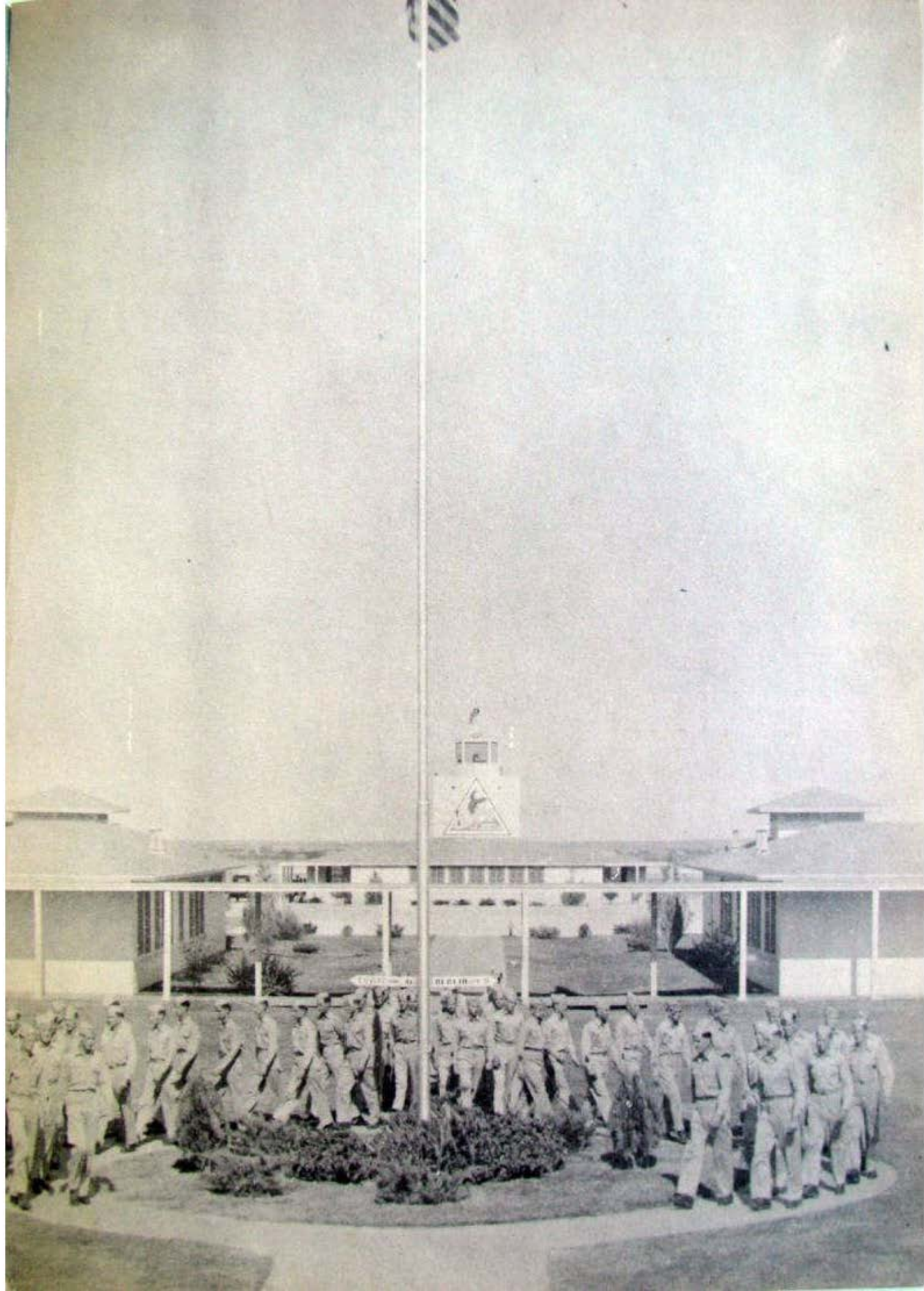


AAFFTD-FORT STOCKTON-TEXAS





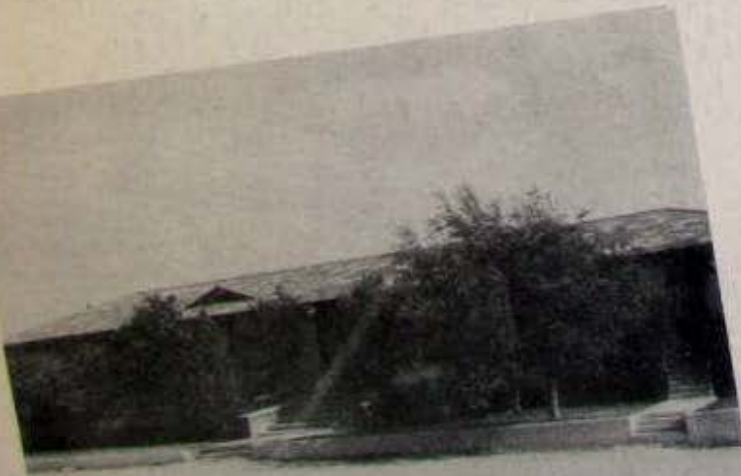






ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We the class of 44-D wish to acknowledge the splendid efforts and the warm hospitality offered to us by the people of Fort Stockton. In special we dedicate this book to those ladies and gentlemen of this community who have labored so unsparingly to give us such a pleasant place to enjoy our free moments.







MAJOR J. W. DIETERICH
Commanding Officer

TO CLASS 44-D:

Congratulations to you upon finishing this, the first phase of your actual flight training. This is the first third of your flight training towards winning your "Wings," but to most of you it is more than the half way mark in your cadet career.

Most of the routine training you receive is behind you. Each new phase will be more interesting and exciting than the last. The training program is changing from week to week and you are the ones to benefit from the greater and greater improvements that are made.

You have done a good job here. As this is written, just as you are becoming upperclassmen, your record is the best so far at this Detachment under the jurisdiction of the Central Flying Training Command. I trust that this record will continue, so I say to you, Congratulations on a job well done. Keep it up.

MAJOR DIETERICH

TO THE MEMBERS OF CLASS 44-D:

You have come along the rough road of College Training Detachment, Classification, Pre-flight and Primary. What has been successfully completed so far is but an atom compared to what you will have to successfully complete before we can say, "A job well done."

The initiative, cooperation and willingness to accept new ideas that you men have displayed is an indication that each and every one will make the grade and get your wings. Do not feel that when you get your wings, you are prepared to meet all eventualities, as your education has just begun.

Good luck to you all.

CAPT. H. R. EBBLER
Commandant of Cadets



CAPT. H. R. EBBLER
Commandant of Cadets



1ST LT. ROBERT J. CREIGHTON
Ass't. Commandant of Cadets



1ST LT. STEPHEN F. PIERSON
Tactical Officer



1ST LT. DONALD L. RILEY
Tactical Officer



CAPT. EDWARD L. TAYLOR
Flight Surgeon



CAPT. WILLIAM H. BYRNE
Assistant Surgeon



1ST LT. ROBERT J. SCHWARZ
Adjutant



1ST LT. CASTLEMAN A. ANDREWS
Director of Flying



1ST LT. TROY O. DILLOW
Intelligence Officer



1ST LT. HARLAN A. ATTLESON
Director of Physical Training



1ST LT. FRED L. WUPPER
Operations Officer



1ST LT. LEO R. STROBLE
Assistant Operations Officer



2ND LT. JOSEPH P. MORGAN
Assistant Operations Officer



1ST LT. HOWARD H. GARDNER
Personnel Officer



CAPT. EDWARD K. HENSCH
Air Inspector



1ST LT. LEONARD F. GONYE
Link Trainer Supervisor



W/O (ig) PRESSLY H. KINSEY
Engineering Officer



HOWARD M. GAYNOR

A civilian, this man dedicated his life to the future officers and pilots of the Army Air Force. Glory and honor do not go to men of his position; truly speaking he is one of the unsung heroes of the war. The highest tribute paid him:

Died in line of duty October 13, 1943





GERARD J. FOLEY

The first pilot in class 44-D to give his life for his country. Those men who knew him, know that his only regret was that he had, "only one life to give for his country."

We salute you, Gerard, as a true American. It is therefore with sincerest regret that we add this page in memoriam.

Died in line of duty October 13, 1943



Lt. Creighton

Lt. Riley



Mrs. Jingles



Sgt. Fairbanks

Directors of Pacific Air School

MR. J. M. WEBSTER
Director



MR. D. A. McMILLAN
Ass't. Director

DIRECTOR OF FLYING



JOHNNY E. SMITH



GROUP COMMANDERS



P. E. LUCE



ORVILLE L. TAYLOR

SQUADRON COMMANDERS



THURMAN E. YATES



LLOYD D. McADAMS



FLIGHT COMMANDERS



CLIFFORD C. SKOOG



W. B. WALLACE



KENNETH K. BABCOCK



GEORGE L. BRADFORD



ASSISTANT FLIGHT COMMANDERS



JOHN C. FOSTER



FRANK G. IMBODEN



THOMAS W. INSALL



LAURENCE S. THAYER

FLYING



JAMES G. WILLNER, JR.



MEREL O. EDDLEMAN



FRITZ A. HOIDALE



JEFF J. ISAACKS



ARNE M. JOHNSON



ROBERT J. KARL



DONALD F. KERLEY



FRANK H. LAIR



JAMES E. LITTLE

INSTRUCTORS



G. WILLARD MILLER, JR.



ELI YERKOVICH



JOHN T. DYCHE



PAUL J. FRUECHTE



FRED H. HALL, JR.



DELMER R. BENNETT



JOE C. HORD



AUBREY D. LAURENCE



FLYING



LAURENCE C. MARQUIS



FREEMAN F. LIGHTHALL



LAWRENCE C. SHANOR



WILLIAM T. WILKINSON



HARRY M. BARNETT



ROBERT J. BECKLEY



RAYMOND E. WILSON



CLARENCE E. COLLETTE



NORVAL HINDS

INSTRUCTORS



HOWARD H. MANN



ORVILLE K. OMA



HAROLD H. PALMER



OSCAR E. REECE



HARRY M. RIVERS



ALBERT D. WHISLER



JAMES R. WHITE



LEWIS H. DROBNICK



JOHN M. GALLAGHER



WESLEY L. STODDARD



CHARLES E. TALMAGE

(Not Pictured)

ARCHIE L. READY

JOHN F. CAVANAUGH

ROBERT R. YORK

F. A. LEWIS

T. J. FLOCKS

FRED A. LEWIS

CLINTON R. RASMUSSEN

MARTIN H. ROWLEY

W. G. BARBAR

LEONARD ROSS, JR.

IRA C. BYRD

D. F. HENNRICK





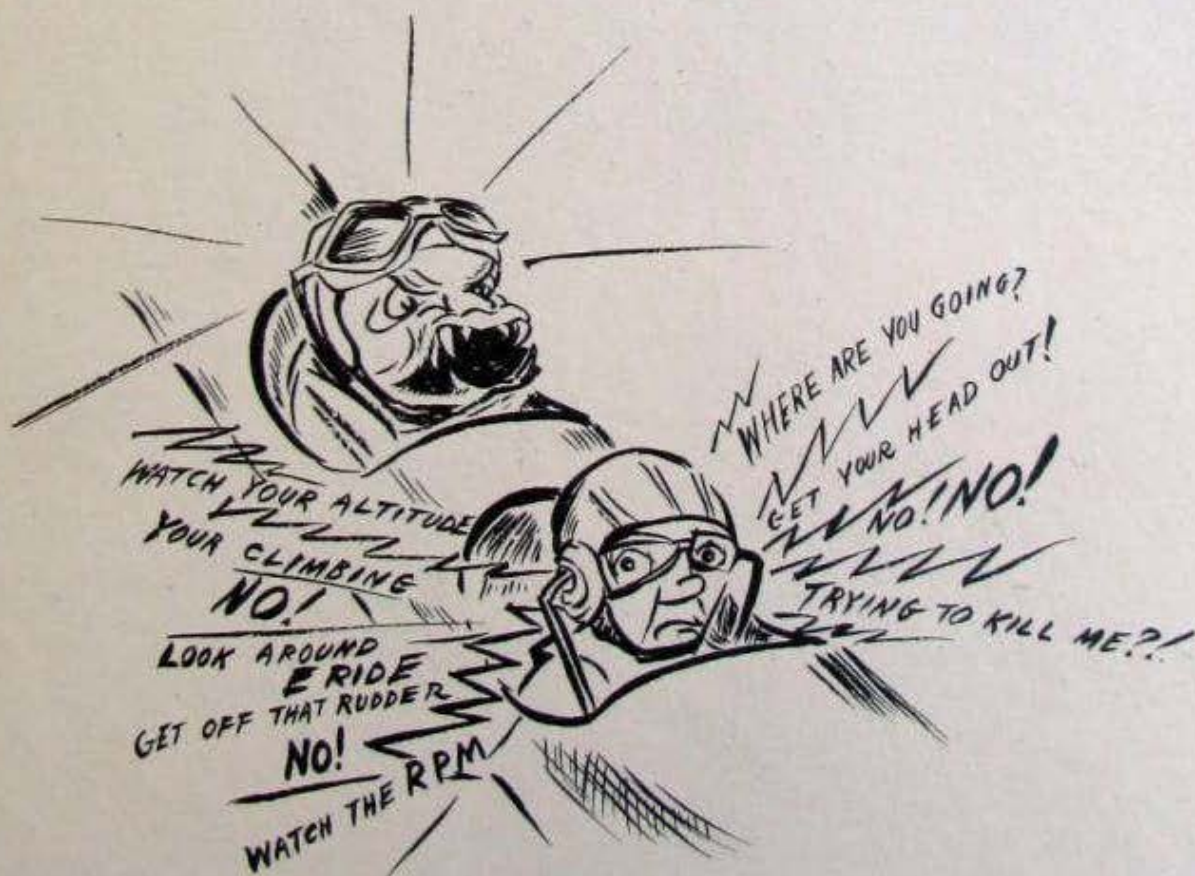
I've loosed the surly bonds of earth,
And skyward flung my courses free.
I've flirted with the sun-kissed clouds,
With motor roaring mocking glee.

The poets sing of all these things—
Of man-made, graceful birds,
But when you're flyin' for a check,
They're empty, two-bit words.

You've sweated through your stalls and spins,
And did your low work fair,
You look in back for a wink of hope,
But all he does is swear.

Yes, this flying's all they say it is —
Just roaring thru the air,
But I wish those poets
Would let me in on how to lose grey hair.

Boeshaar



GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS

PAS



F. J. BALUSEK
Theory of Flight



O. L. CAMPBELL
Engines



W. P. McCOLLUM
Navigation



J. M. CHILDERS
Director of Ground School



N. L. McNEIL
Meteorology



R. G. De BARRY
Engines



C. A. McCLELLAND
Theory of Flight



EAGER BEAVER



Young men between the ages of 18 and 26, you too can become Aviation Cadets. Enlist NOW!

This is the sign that stared at our Eager Beaver, now known as the Class of 44-D, as he walked down the street in the spring of 1942. He stopped to investigate a little further. "After 7½ months of training you will be commissioned a Second Lieutenant," it said in very small print.

A picture of a Cadet accompanied the poster. Our Eager Beaver immediately formed a mental image placing himself in that beautiful cadet uniform. "How handsome I would look," he thought. "Think how proud Susie would be if I had a uniform like that."

Our lad then went to the recruiting office and learned just what he must do to enlist as an Aviation Cadet. It sounded very simple; so, after taking a mental and a physical examination, he put his name on the dotted line. Excitedly he asked, "When will I be called?" "Any time between the next two weeks and the next six months," was the disheartening reply.

Eager Beaver went back to college to continue his education. Then one day in the middle of a semester he received a letter from the war department. He was being called to active duty.

When Eager Beaver stepped off the train from the induction center, it wasn't San Antonio or Randolph Field he looked at, but Jefferson Barracks, Atlantic City, Miami, or Shepherd Field. A little bewildered, he fell in ranks and marched with the others who were just as puzzled as he.

Soon after Eager Beaver arrived, he was called out to listen to a welcome speech. During the

speech the Lieutenant said, "Gentlemen, your address will be, PRIVATE John Doe, Squadron X." The word private made Eager Beaver sink into despair. He wondered what would be his next setback, and it wasn't long before he found out. When Eager Beaver got in the long line for uniform issue, he was handed, not the pretty one he had seen in pictures, but just a plain GI suit. What else could happen to him now?

College Training Detachment came next for Eager Beaver. Why he was sent to college he couldn't figure out. He had just been taken out of college to be put in the army. Eager Beaver was told he would have ten hours of dual flight instruction during his college training and his hopes soared. Then he saw his airplane and again he thought he had hit bottom. It looked like something someone had borrowed from the neighboring laundry. Our hero did get into the air with it though, and he began to feel like the "H. P." he had always wanted to be.

A promotion came for him while he was at college. He was now known as Aviation Student Eager Beaver, not Private Eager Beaver.

One day in June, our boy found himself on a train bound for San Antonio, Texas, and Classification Center. It was here he found he was really going to become an A/C. Every kind of test imaginable was thrown at him, but he came through on top to be classified as a pilot.

The great day arrived, and on Sunday morning of August the first, Eager Beaver crossed the road to Pre-flight as a cadet. Here he spent nine weeks in ground school learning math., physics, maps, airplanes, ships, and dits and dahs. It took a lot of hard work during those weeks, but they passed quickly, and before he realized it, Eager Beaver was in Primary.

After eight months of waiting, he finally climbed into a ship with stars painted on the wings. They were long months, those eight he had to wait, but is he discouraged? You bet he isn't! Class 44-D is proud of it's Cadet rating. It isn't something that was handed to them as they came from civilian life, but something they had to work and work hard for. Out of this has come the determination for 44-D to become the best, not the hottest, but just the best damn pilots that Uncle Sam has ever had in one class.

It has been a tough fight, Mom, but we are winning and nothing can stop us now.



STUDENT OFFICERS



CAPT. JOHN L. FINSON



2ND LT. MICHAEL R. PIACQUADIO



2ND LT. RICHARD H. OLSON



2ND LT. JULIAN E. PERKINSON



1ST LT. AMOS D. ALLEY, JR.



2ND LT. WILLIAM C. OWENS



2ND LT. BRUCE S. PATTERSON



1ST LT. ACSENTE PACURAR

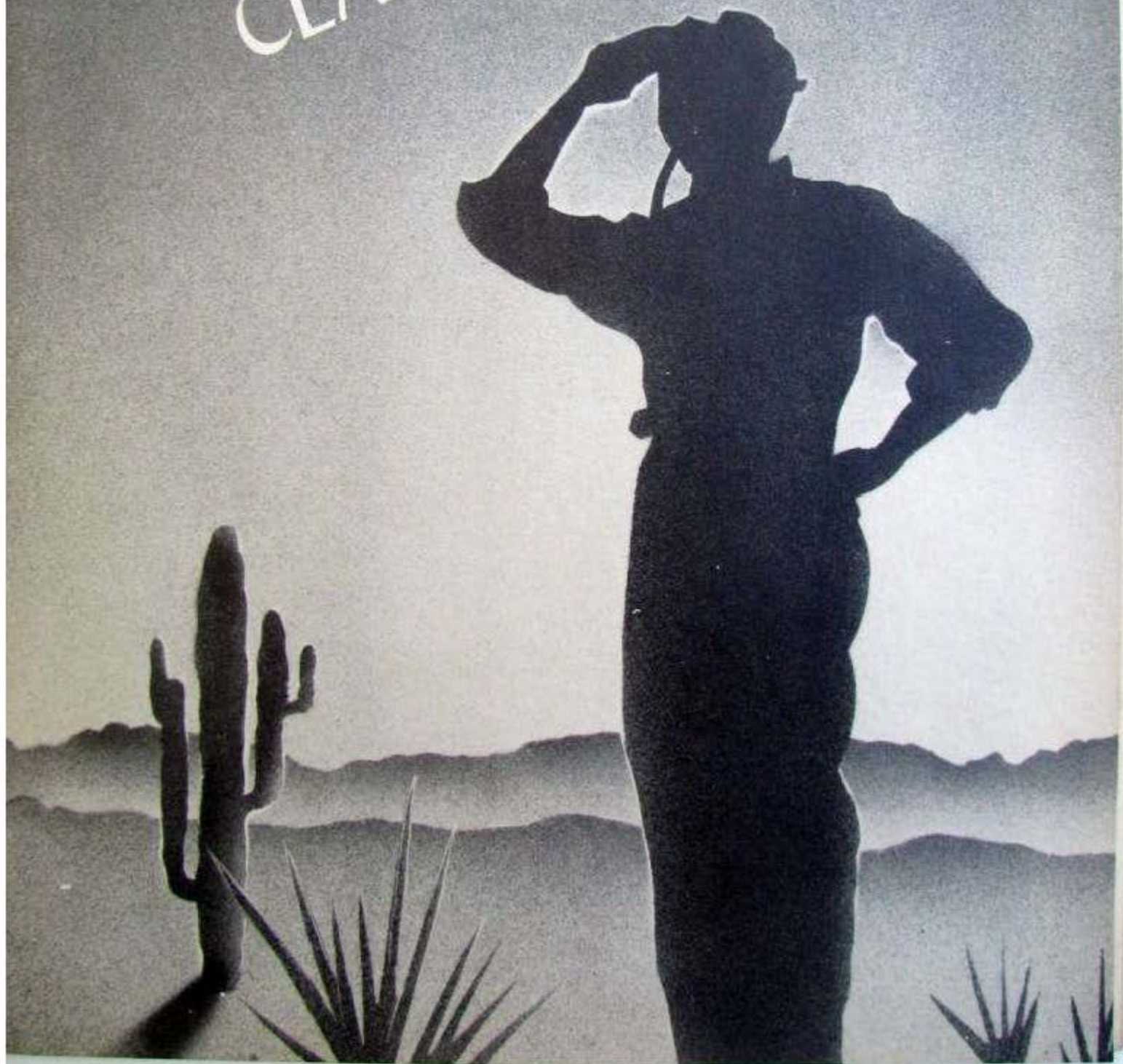


1ST LT. VIRON E. PAYNE



2ND LT. THORNTON E. PIERSON

CADETS
OF
CLASS 44-D



U.S.



Arthur E. Anderson
Waupeton, North Dakota
Musician



Neal B. "Andy" Anderson
Sylvan Grove, Kansas
Kansas University



John D. Alexander, Jr.
Charlotte, North Carolina
John Hopkins



Richard G. Anderson
Kenosha, Wisconsin
University of Wisconsin



Richard T. Asbury
Cincinnati, Ohio
To be an A-1 Pilot



Richard E. "Dick" Ambrose
Washington, North Carolina
To be a Pursuit Pilot



Thomas H. Anderson
Toledo, Ohio
Michigan State College





Riley Ashorn
New Ulm, Texas
Texas Lutheran College



LaVerne M. "Bus" Beakman
Lockport, New York
Cornell University



Robert S. "Bake" Baker
Ft. Worth, Texas
University of Missouri



John R. "George" Beattie
Casper, Wyoming
University of Wyoming



Elmer Beseke
Beecher, Illinois



Robert L. Beatty
Newtonville, Massachusetts
Amherst College



Thomas J. "Frog" Black
Great Falls, Montana
To get rid of my nickname



U.S.



William C. "Herby" Boutwell, Jr.
Andalusia, Alabama
Auburn University



John L. Brace
Columbia, South Carolina
University of South Carolina



Parker N. "Park" Blanchard
Winchester, Massachusetts
To get back home



Franklin G. Bowman
Lisbon, Ohio
Aircraft Worker



Charles N. "Chuck" Brady
Buffalo, New York
Buffalo State Teachers College



Robert W. "Smoothie" Boeshaar
Kansas City, Missouri
To see a certain mare again



Max R. Boyer
Logansport, Indiana
Purdue University





Thomas G. Brinkman
Lockland, Ohio
Organic Chemist



Daniel V. Brown
Laramie, Wyoming
University of Wyoming



Jack B. Brower
Marion, Indiana
Fly a Fortress



Rome H. Brown
Wheeling, West Virginia
Dartmouth College



Thomas J. "Wheels" Brumlik
Miami Beach, Florida
University of Florida



Lawrence J. "Larry" Brueggen
Dayton, Kentucky
Radio machinist



James T. Bryan, Jr.
Montgomery, Alabama
Alabama Polytechnic Institute



U.S.



Wallace D. Burtcher
Chickasha, Oklahoma
Southwestern Texas State Teachers College



Walter M. Clark, Jr.
New Bedford, Massachusetts
N. H. Textile School



Frank C. "Pete" Bunn
Montgomery, Alabama
Alabama Polytechnic Institute



Harry "Heahy" Butofsky
Newark, New Jersey
Casey Jones School of Aeronautics



William B. Cloes
Seattle, Washington
Licensed Public Accountant



Robert B. Burger
Richmond, Heights, Missouri
Missouri University



Charles J. "Crusher" Carraber
Norwood, Ohio
To make my best, better





William A. "Wild Bill" Cochran
Richmond Heights, Missouri



Don O. Coolman
Farmington, Michigan
Tool and die maker



Calvin C. "Cookie" Cookfair
Troy, New York
Syracuse University



Richard F. "Stick" Crain
Rockport, Missouri
Tarkio College



Leroy J. "Fat" Dahm
Port Washington, Wisconsin
Machinist



Victor F. "Vic" Dahlgren
Natick, Massachusetts
Northeastern University



Lee W. Dail
Cherokee, Oklahoma
To be a Pursuit Pilot



U.S.



Ralph E. Daniel
Zanesville, Ohio
To fly a plane without Torque



Russell R. Deever
Vienna, West Virginia
Get a furlough before the war ends



Thomas J. "Tom" Dalton
Maspeth, L. I., New York
Truck driver



Edwin T. Danowski
Shelton, Connecticut
Yale University



Howard J. Deible
Pt. Pleasant, New York
Research Photographer



John C. Damhorst
Jefferson City, Missouri
Missouri University



Paul L. "Davey" Davidson
Gardiner, Maine





Richard C. "Torque" Deurlein
Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania
Bomber Pilot



Richard E. Dole
Boyce, Virginia
Won the war and let's go home



Steve J. Dlubac
Cleveland, Ohio
Corepaster



Edward E. Dorson
New York, New York
University of Kansas



George "Dutch" Durnford
Richland Center, Wisconsin
Sports



John D. Durbin
New Albany, Indiana
Ballistic Engineer



LaVern H. Durst
Greenwood, Wisconsin
Cheesemaker



U.S.



Charles B. Eidemiller
Troy, Ohio
Miami University



John J. Emerick
Charleston, West Virginia
University of North Carolina



Harold B. Eastman
Bolivar, New York
Machinist



Emmons S. Ellis
Winchester, Massachusetts
Harvard College



George H. Emmons
Bethel, Ohio
Machine Operator



Sherwood E. Ehrenfeld
Bronx, New York
City College of New York



Howard F. "How?" Eldridge
Hightstown, New Jersey
Princeton University





Donald W. Engel
McAllen, Texas
Telephone equipment installer



Italo N. Ferramosca
Richmond, Virginia
Clerk



Soul Ferdman
Woodside, New York
To leave Plutonia, L. e., Texas



Laird B. Fisher
Red Cloud, Nebraska



Julius Fleisher
New Rochelle, New York



Robert W. Fitzgerald
Springfield, Massachusetts
American International College



Dexter R. Forbes
Seattle, Washington
Concert Pianist



U.S.



Albert H. Francis
Drewryville, Virginia



Raymond C. Fry, Jr.
Piqua, Ohio
Draftsman



Ralph H. Ford
Dalton, Massachusetts
Aircraft Assembler



Bernard C. "Frank" Franquemont
Des Moines, Iowa
State University of Iowa



James N. "Gab" Gabriel
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Boston College



Richard E. Forst
New Rochelle, New York
Spin in from 300 feet



George A. Frey
St. Louis, Missouri
Harris Teachers College





Albin J. Gaj
Ware, Massachusetts
Worked at Springfield Armory



Howard L. Gates
Alexandria, Louisiana
Louisiana College



Ray J. Garcia
San Antonio, Texas
Aircraft mechanic



William H. Giese
Amos, Iowa



David C. Gibson, Jr.
Baltimore, Maryland
Washington and Lee University



Lyle W. "Shorty" George
Delta, Ohio
Tool maker



William E. "Giff" Gifford, Jr.
Munhall, Pennsylvania
Knox College, Illinois



U.S.



Kenneth A. Gorman
Baltimore, Maryland
Princeton University



Lester S. "Curley" Grice, Jr.
Dayton, Ohio
University of Cincinnati



Frederick "Goody" Goodrich
Mt. Vernon, New York
Syracuse University



John C. Gregg
Mt. Lebanon, Pennsylvania
University of Pittsburgh



Orin A. Gudim
Wahpeton, North Dakota
North Dakota School of Science



Norman W. "Flash" Gordon
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Penn State College



Wayne W. Grellson
Lakewood, Ohio





James H. "Looky" Hadlock
El Paso, Texas
A wife and home



James K. "Doc" Hallenborg
Evanston, Illinois
Northwestern University



James N. Hall, Jr.
Burkbornett, Texas
University of Texas



Emil G. Haluska
Valparaiso, Indiana
Farmer and steel inspector



Henry A. Haranin
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania
California State Teachers College



Alf G. Hanson
Bricelyn, Minnesota
Luther College



Richard J. "Dick" Hardenbergh
Detroit, Michigan
Wayne University



U.S.



George L. Harville
Creston, Iowa



Mauriceson E. "Buddy" Hay
Dayton, Ohio
Home building contractor



Orin K. "Ok" Hargraves
Denver, Colorado
University of Denver



Alexander C. Hauck
Valley City, Ohio
Invoice Clerk



Wilbur P. Hedland
New Castle, Pennsylvania
Pottery employee



Leo H. Harsh
Wapakoneta, Ohio
Rubber worker



Charles F. Hauck
Indianapolis, Indiana
Railroad brakeman





Bernard L. Heinen
Chicago, Illinois



Donald C. Hess
Magna, Utah
University of Utah



Harvey W. "Tex" Helm
Newcastle, Texas
North Texas State



Robert C. "Lank" Hilton
West Alexander, Pennsylvania
To get my feet back in the furrow



Max L. R. Holeman
Topeka, Kansas
Stenographer



Raymond J. Hoffman
Cincinnati, Ohio
Machinist



John M. Horgan
South Fort Mitchell, Kentucky
Secretary



U.S.



Ralph L. "Hub" Hubley
Huntington, Indiana



Fred T. Jacobs
Sparta, Kentucky
To pilot a fortress



Edwin L. Hoseus
Cincinnati, Ohio
Machinist



Wallis V. Harbutt
Chicago, Illinois



Kenneth D. Jones
Janesville, Wisconsin



Warren D. Howard, Jr.
Weber Springs, West Virginia



Billie E. Isgrigg
Joplin, Missouri
Sailor





Paul J. Kasper
Ganado, Texas
Aircraft Worker



Sion H. Kelly
Broadway, North Carolina
Farming



Henry C. Kellenbence
Bellville, New Jersey



Carl L. "Red" Kent
Des Moines, Iowa
Druke University



Allen H. Knepper
Dallas, Texas
Southern Methodist University



Myrt O. Killion, Jr.
Fort Worth, Texas
Texas A. & M. College



Earl R. Knight
Fort Neches, Texas
University of Texas



U.S.



William "Bill" Koontz
Mishawaka, Indiana
Notre Dame



Richard W. "Dick" Kruse
Omaha, Nebraska
Iowa State College



James B. Knighton
Ogden, Utah
Engineering student



Clifford F. "Tip" Krohn
New London, Wisconsin
Machine operator



Robert H. Kuhn
Cleveland, Ohio
Research worker



Ernest E. Koons
Houma, Texas
N. Texas State Teachers College



Lester E. "Les" Kron
Elizabethtown, Indiana
Clerk





Otto A. Kurth
Wichita, Kansas
To be a Pursuit Pilot



Gerald F. "Jerry" Lambert
Vestal, New York
To be a Pursuit Pilot



Howard V. "Hod" Kvam
Fargo, North Dakota
N. D. A. C.



Sheldon M. Landau
New York, New York
South Illinois Normal University



John B. Lee
Sealton, Virginia
Virginia Polytechnic Institute



Wallace D. Leask
Camas, Washington



Cletus W. Leff
Los Angeles, California
Telephone lineman apprentice



U.S.



Allan J. Lindsay
Providence, Rhode Island
Clerk



William R. Lowery
Davenport, Nebraska
University of Nebraska



Sim L. Lett, Jr.
Fort Meade, Florida
University of Florida



Mark R. Livesay, Jr.
Fort Worth, Texas
Dispatcher



Henry E. Lux
Gary, Indiana
Clerk



Edward J. "Eddie" Libotte
Eastport, Maryland
U. S. Naval Academy



Robert D. Long
The Dalles, Oregon
Engineering aid





Samuel D. Lyons
Ferndale, Michigan
Machinist



Oak Mackey
Okemah, Oklahoma
Farmer



Jack E. Lytle
Morton, Texas



Wilbur D. "Willie" Mansfield
Lucas, Kansas
Kansas State College



Ray "Scout" Marino
New Orleans, Louisiana
Tulane University



Richard J. "Dick" Mardis
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Telegrapher



Harold N. Martens
Toledo, Ohio
Machinist



U.S.



David A. Masters
Cumberland Falls, Kentucky



Edward E. Maundrell
Cincinnati, Ohio
Ohio State University



John G. Martin
Portsmouth, Ohio
Virginia Polytechnic Institute



Leon L. "Lee" Matalon
Bronx, New York
Fly to the moon



Elwin D. Mayes
Sylvester, Texas



Wayne J. Martin
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Machine operator



John W. Mathay
Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania
To be lucky





Chester J. Mazerkiewicz
Youngstown, Ohio
Youngstown College



Bertrand J. "Irish" McCarty
Bakersfield, California
Bakersfield Junior College



Lachlan "Scotty" McArthur
Chicago, Illinois
Continue flying after the war



Robert B. "Mack" McConnell
Robinson, Illinois
University of Missouri



Jack "Honest" McDaniel
Hamilton, Ohio
University of Wichita



Robert L. "Bob" McCray
Waverly, New York
Syracuse University



Robert W. McDowell
Wooster, Ohio
College of Wooster



U.S.



Gladstone McLennan, Jr.
Lueders, Texas
Ablene Christian College



Richard A. Miller
Kyle Road
Ft. Wayne, Indiana



Harry L. "Mac" McGraw
Sioux City, Iowa
Iowa State College



Charles R. Michaelson
United, West Virginia
Electrician



Richard L. "Dickie" Miller
Brooklyn, New York
Insurance underwriter



Garth D. McLean
Ablene, Texas
John Tarleton Agricultural College



Raymond O. "Brooklyn" Miller
Brooklyn, New York
Sailor





Trent S. Milliken
Norwood, Massachusetts
Motorcycle Engineer



Alexander B. Moir
Long Beach, California
Long Beach Junior College



Robert A. Milner
Haynesville, Louisiana



Frank E. "Atlas" Moran
Burlington, Iowa
Get out of this state of Texas



Verna J. Morgan
Troy, Texas
Temple Junior College



William G. Margetts
Cleveland, Ohio
Please, Lord, a P-38!



Grady "Bojak" Morris
Jacksonville, Florida
Union University



U.S.



Joe D. Murphy
Fort Smith, Arkansas
University of Arkansas



Carson H. Nepton
Peoria, Illinois
To be an old pilot



Thomas J. "Greek" Mouzakis
Chicago, Illinois
University of Illinois



William J. "Gremlin" Murphy
Chicago, Illinois
Lewis School of Aeronautics



Albert B. Nickels
Boerne, Texas
Texas A. & M.



John J. "Rabbit" Muldoon
Mount Vernon, New York



Richard E. Mutschler
Sidney, Ohio
Aircraft Machinist





Jeter Nimmo
Cooper, Texas
North Texas Agricultural College



James H. "Jim" Norris
Fort Gaines, Georgia
Knox College



Carroll Y. Norman
Amon, Texas



Robert W. Nothacker
Springfield, Massachusetts
Union College



Reginald A. "Reg" O'Hara
Poughkeepsie, New York
To end the war as soon as possible
Welder



Charles W. Oakes
Salem, Nebraska
University of Nebraska



Bernard W. "Barney" O'Malley
Little Rock, Arkansas
University of Oklahoma



U.S.



Robert A. Pegues
Crystal City, Texas
Texas A. & M.



"Mickey" E. Pope
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
University of Oklahoma



Max Orfirer
Cleveland, Ohio
Ohio State University



Henry L. Polansky
Pleasanton, Texas
Wielder



Charles V. Porter
Prosper, Texas



Tony J. Paladino
Los Angeles, California
Los Angeles City College



Lelan A. Pope
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma





Charles H. "Chuck" Rathjen
Onondaga Park, New York
Cornell University



John L. Rippeth
East Liverpool, Ohio
Maryville College



Charles A. Reber
Sugar Grove, Ohio
Aircraft Engine Mechanic



Elmer F. Risch
Cincinnati, Ohio
Stock Clerk



Bruce A. Robertson
Sun Prairie, Wisconsin
University of Wisconsin



Pat N. Roberts, Jr.
McKinney, Texas



Fred B. "Stretch" Ryan
Sacramento, California
University of California



U.S.



William T. Savage
Coleman, Texas



Hermann M. Schroeder
New Orleans, Louisiana
To be a lawyer



Amado "Bounce" Salinas
Henbronville, Texas
To be an average fellow



Anthony Savoca
New Orleans, Louisiana
To be an Ace



Robert W. "Bob" Simenson
Chicago, Illinois
Marine Underwriter



Donald W. "Don" Sanders
East Palestine, Ohio
To make a certain Miss a happy
Mrs.



Sam Saylor
Goldthwaite, Texas
John Tarleton College





Jay F. Sims
Sherman, Texas
Biochemistry



Frederick A. Slominski
Chicago, Illinois
Aircrew member



Walter B. Sloan
Marion, Ohio
To Dy



Landgrave T. Smith, Jr.
Fl. Worth, Texas
Texas A. & M. College



Knute P. Stalland
St. Paul, Minnesota
Law School, U. of Minnesota



Mark F. Smith
Fremont, Nebraska
Midland College



Herbert R. Stevens, Jr.
Angleton, Texas
Texas A. & M. College



U.S.



Robert J. Temple
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Ironwood College



Charles R. Tiemann
Karnes City, Texas



John P. "10-Foot" Steffen
S. Ft. Mitchell, Kentucky
To lower my nickname to six foot



George M. Thomas
Texarkana, Arkansas
Get to basic



Robert S. "Tommy" Tomlinson
Opelousas, Louisiana
Banker



James T. Streck
LaCrosse, Wisconsin
To run a brewery



Clyde V. "Red" Thompson, Jr.
Paducah, Kentucky





Dennis J. Toups
Beaumont, Texas
To be an army flyer



Joseph M. "Van" Van Parys
South Bend, Indiana
A certain blonde



Billy D. Tucker
Lubbock, Texas
Texas Technological College



John P. Waddell
Stuttgart, Arkansas
Draughon's Business College



Wilbur E. "Wet" Wetzel
Dallas, Texas
W. H. Adamson High



Michael "Mickey" Weber
Cincinnati, Ohio
To be the casanova of Ft. Stockton



Kenneth E. Whorlow
Wayne, Nebraska
Wayne State Teachers College



U.S.



Joe P. "Pat" Williams
Abilene, Texas
To be a member of an air-crew



Sidney L. "Windy" Windham
Kilgus, Texas
North Texas State Teachers
College



William E. "Bill" Wildey
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Oklahoma City Junior College



Robert L. Williams
Commerce, Texas
East Texas State Teachers College



Dallas R. "Dal" Winn
Defiance, Ohio
Successful flyer



Thomas R. Wiley, Jr.
Stanford, Texas
Just a pair of silver wings



S. Connette Willis, Jr.
Dallas, Texas
To be a transport pilot





Donald B. "Woodie" Woodworth
Houston, Texas
Texas A. & M. College



Robert K. Young
Munice, Indiana
Jap erradicator



Archie L. Young
Dallas, Texas
Get those wings



Wayne N. Yellott
Lafayette, Louisiana
Southwestern Louis Institute



Robert K. Young
Hillsboro, Texas
University of Texas



Vincent V. "Vic" Zettler, Jr.
Canton, Ohio
To be a pilot of P-47



Paul C. Yates
Austin, Texas
University of Texas



Julius E. "Jules" Zellmer
Rivers, Texas
To be a good pilot



SOLO

O Instructor! my Instructor! my fearful trip is done,
The P.T.'s weather'd every wind, the coke you sought is won,
The field is near, the shouts I hear, the Dodos all exulting,
While eyes follow the steady plane, the P. T. grim and daring:

But O look, look, look,

(O the sweat upon his head)

Where on the ramp my Instructor lies

Fallen cold and almost dead.

O Instructor! my Instructor! rise up and hear my plea,
I flew the pattern perfectly and landed with the "T"
The wind was strong, the air was rough,
The dust was thick—the going tough!
But, arise my Instructor and hear my cry:
"I made it O.K.—doth the plane, that fact, belie?"
My Instructor does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
He does not take the proffered coke, he has no pulse nor will,
The P.T.'s anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done.
From fearful trip the solo ship came in with object won:

Exult O mesas, and ring O bells,

But I with mournful tread

Walk the ramp my Instructor lies,

Fallen cold and almost dead.

JOHNNY DODO SOLOES

A roaring throttle, a cloud of dust, and the PT-19 comes to a halt. Through the haze a bewildered looking, skeptical instructor climbs out of the rear pit, and against his better judgment says the immortal words, 'TAKE HER AROUND ONCE.'

Weeee, Bzzzzz, Sput, Sput, and Johnny Dodo is off to make history. No parking 45 degrees to the T for Dodo. A stamp on the left brake turns the plane into the wind and he is off!

Down the runway like a silver streak; 500 yds. 400 yds., 200 yds., 50 feet to go and he is off the ground clearing the fence by a comfortable 3 foot margin. By now the spectators on the ground look like the Brooklyn fans after the Series. Some one is trying to revive the instructor by throwing coco-cola in his face.

By now Dodo is describing a roller coaster in his frantic effort to hold 500 feet and hold to the rectangular course. Students in the pattern with but 4 and 5 landings to their credit are leaving for all parts of the blue. Johnny is making his base leg! Here he comes for his first solo landing.

Like a wounded bird the plane begins to lose altitude. With full flaps Dodo clears the fence by a rabbits hair. Of course the T has been changed 180 degrees but Johnny doesn't see it. His attention is taken up by the group around his instructor trying to revive him for the third time. Dodo's attention is so taken up that he forgets about the plane which lands itself in a beautiful 3 pointer. HE DOOD IT. To the left is Johnny Dodo as he posed for his picture for the SOLO. He knew he could do it. His instructor is resting quietly at the Belmont Home for the Violent. He'll never be the same.



Wash Out

We all play the game, but not all of us can win.

With spirits high and hope justified, we enter the portals of Primary. The seeming drudgery of Pre-flight is now in the past. There we learned, and now we are at last going to put our knowledge to use. In just a few days we fly.

First our quarters are shown us, food, a bed, sleep. A new day. The orientation lecture, calisthenics, drill, our flying equipment drawn. Boy, those goggles and helmet look good. Ah, here we are . . . our ships, nine weeks. Then Basic, Advanced . . . wings!

Sounds easy, doesn't it? It isn't, you know. We have our instructors now. First man, let's go. Yes, you, get your 'chute. The first ride! Scared? You bet. Damn scared! Here we go . . . off the ground now and going higher, higher, higher. We look around, and that fear starts to ebb away. The wide expanse of the blue is soothing. Say, this is fun!

"O.K., Mr., you take it."

What did he say? Take it? What'll I do? Better grab the stick. Gentle now. Hey, take it easy! This ship can be flown with one finger. There we are; simple, isn't it? Sure, a baby can fly this thing.

But there is a second a fifth. That fear is try. Hard! But you are hit a forty-five or nine-morrow we get spins even land it without times. And the take-



day, a third, a fourth, gone now. And you in trouble. Why can't I ty degree angle? To-and stalls. Hell, I can't bouncing four or five offs are bad.

Our instructors are irritable. Never a kind word. "Go on, yell your head off," you say to yourself. But you don't mean it. You know he is trying his best, and sub-consciously you appreciate it. Why can't I do this the right way? Relax, man, relax! !

Then the fateful day. You take your ship up and your instructor is silent. Climbing turns, stall, spin. Why doesn't he say something? Why doesn't he gripe? And you know . . . but are afraid to admit it. Tomorrow . . . check ride!

"Let's go, Mr."

The Flight Commander's voice. But you can beat it. Others have had these check rides and have come out on top. And even if you don't today . . . there is still a chance. The Army checks you before you're finished. That's been beat in the past too. But you're only kidding yourself. Deep down, you know you weren't cut out to be a pilot. Admit it? No! Quit? Ha, not a chance in a million!! But you know that at least you had a chance. And everyone knows you tried your damndest.

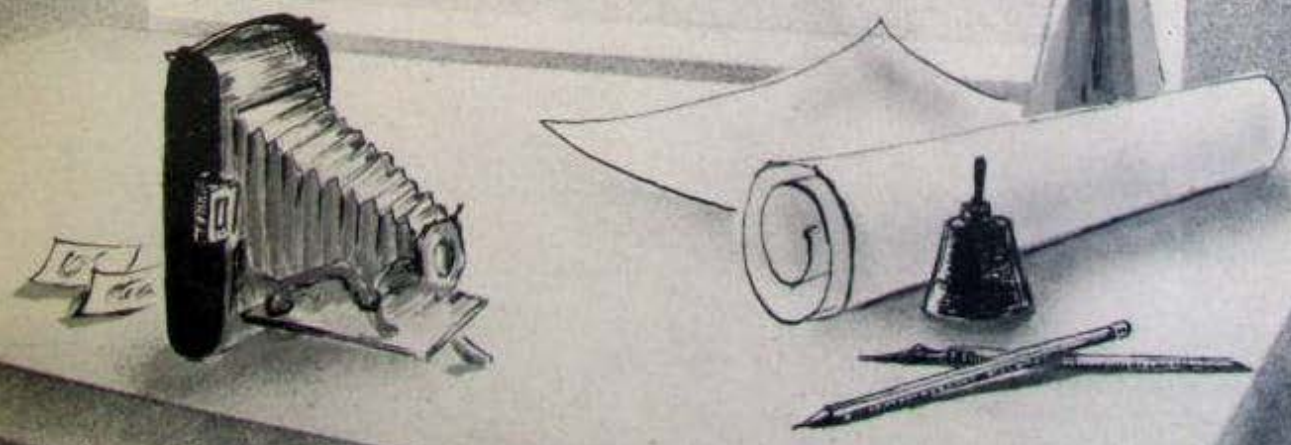
"Sorry, son. Flying for the army isn't for you," the Lieutenant said. "Too rough on the controls. How about trying navigation?"

That's it! Navigator, bombardier, gunner. Always something in this man's army.

Well, just didn't have the touch.

We all play the game, but not all of us can win . . .

ART AND CAMERA





CAREFUL—4 TOURS



SUNRISE

CHECK PILOTS



WILL HE MAKE IT?



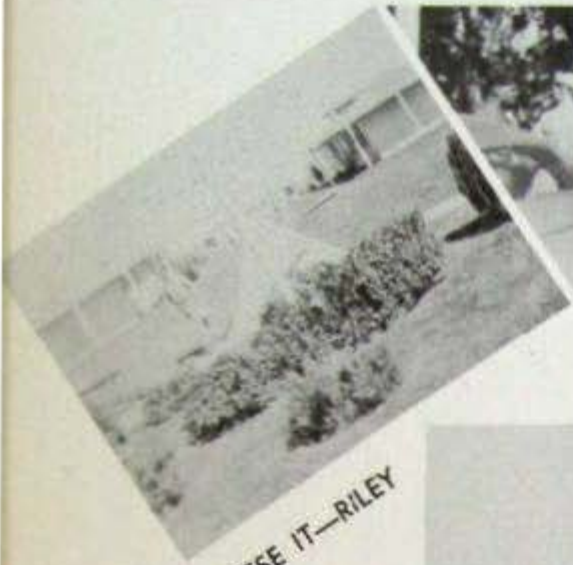
NOW I'M TELLING YOU!



NEXT



MEAT WAGON



CHEESE IT—RILEY



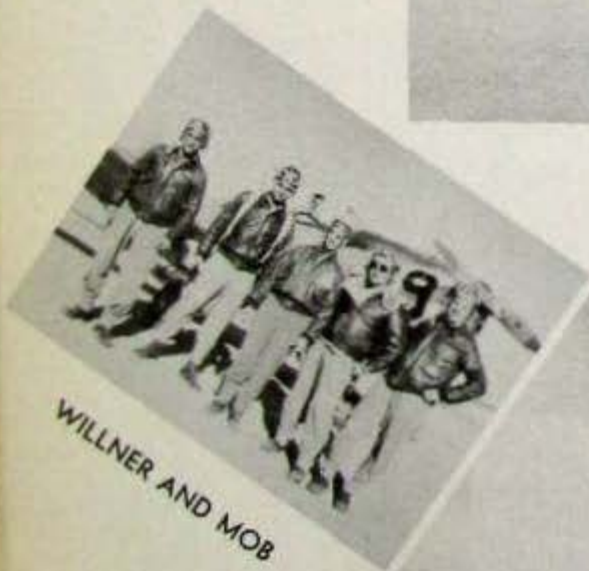
SUNDAY MORNING



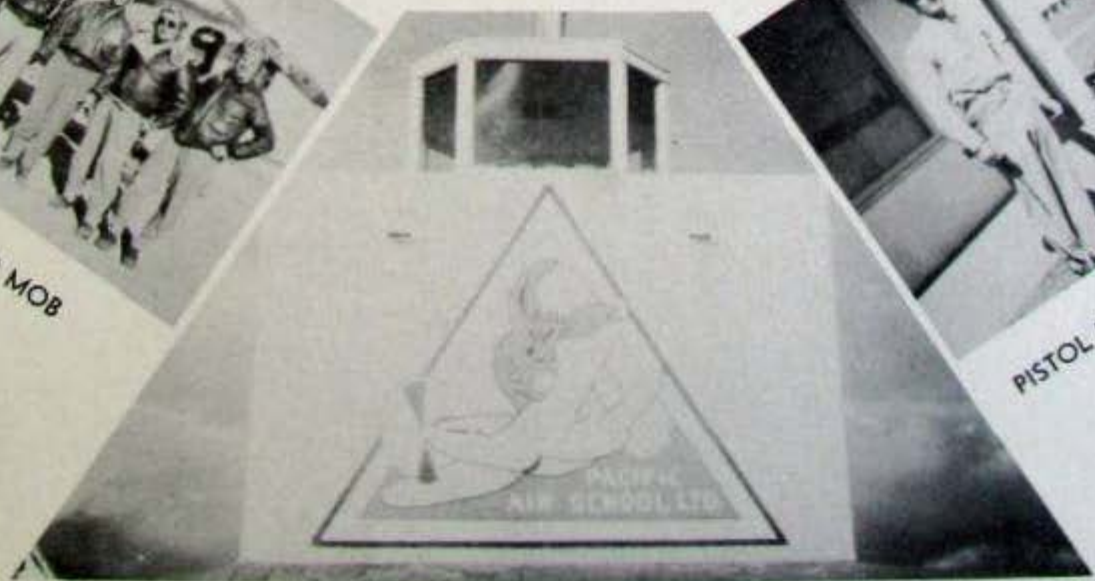
ALONE?



PASS IN REVIEW



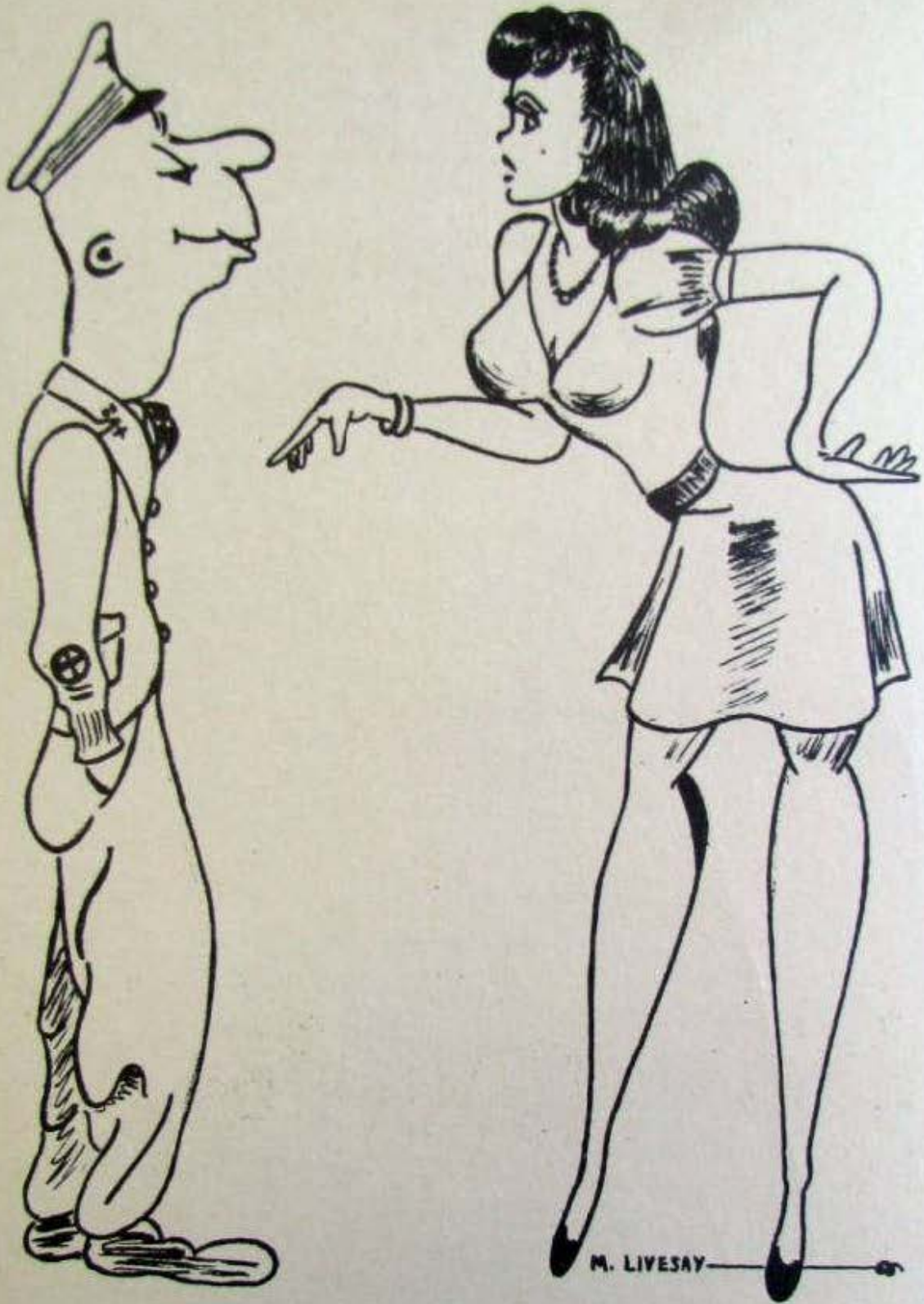
WILLNER AND MOB



THE SEEING EYE



PISTOL PACKIN' PAPA

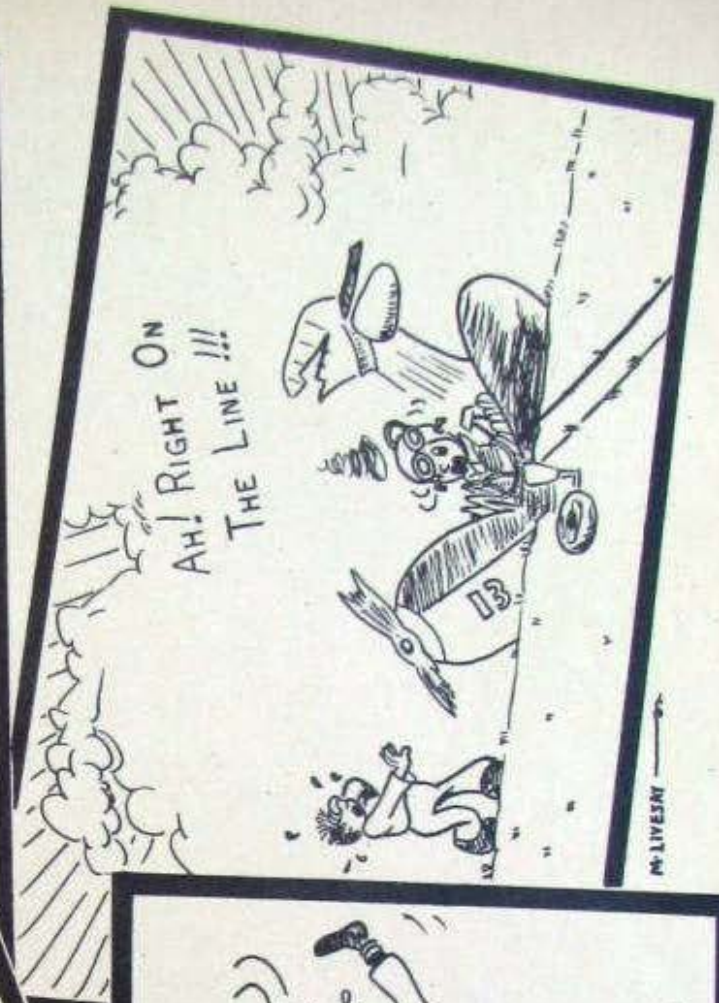
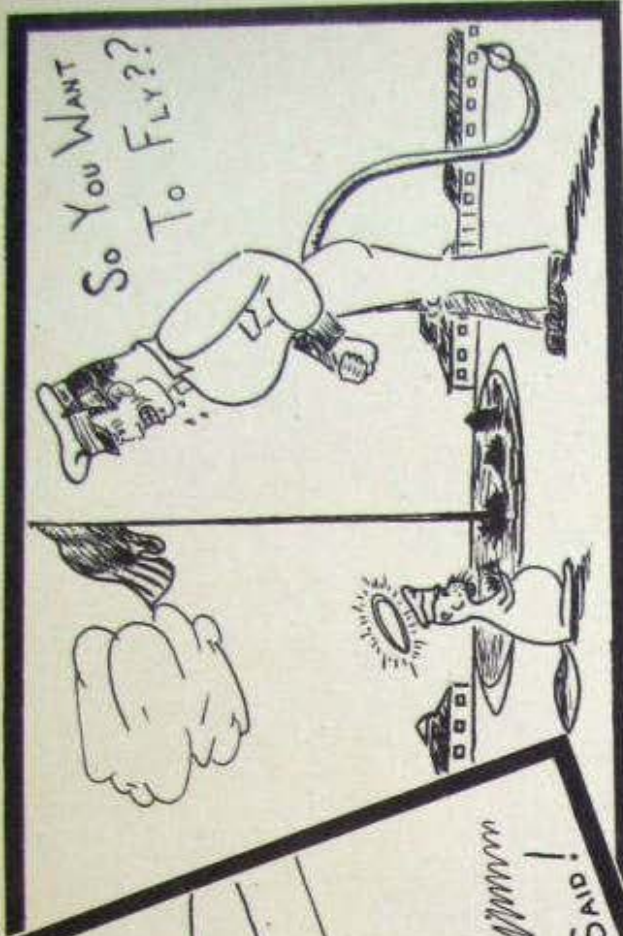


WELL, WHAT CAN WE DO ???

MEMORIES



Nough Said!



M-LIVESH



AND INSPECTIONS...



SOME FIRST—SOME LAST—SOME NEVER




SOLO





Sweetheart of
Sigma Gibbs



They call the PT-19 an airplane. That may be what it is listed as in the books, but in reality it is much more. Mr. Fairchild's little nineteen year old daughter not only has her reputation as a lady with a classy little chassis, trim lines, and plenty of speed to live up to, but she must also be the iron man of the day.

We, the Class of 44-D, know and appreciate the punishment she can take. The way Miss PT can come down and help some poor cadet straighten out a landing without ground-looping, nosing over, or taking out a center section is something that would make the Wizard of Oz sit up and take notice.

Straightening out landings is just one of her many talents. As far as flying our baby goes, she, herself, can do a far better job than most of the cadets. Straight and level flight is tough if we try to tell Miss PT what she should do, but if we give her the reins, it is a very simple maneuver.

With every heroine, there must be a villain. Mr. Torque is the man with the handlebar mustache in the case of Miss PT. The mortgage is something every cadet can pay off very easily. All he must do is use a little rudder at the right time. Simple, isn't it!

With Miss PT's most serious problem handled in such a simple manner, there is little left to doubt as to what a sweet ship she is.

We salute Mr. Fairchild for giving us his daughter so that we may learn to fly. It is a comfort to know that this little girl with her one hundred and seventy-five trained horses will continue to train future cadet-men with whom we may someday fly on foreign soil.

Miss PT, we are proud that we have been able to associate with such a fine young lady as you.

