

# SLIPSTREAM



CLASS 44-B





THE  
SLIPSTREAM  
CLASS 44-B

SEPTEMBER 1943

GARNER FIELD

UVALDE, TEXAS

STAFF

Editors

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A/C J. R. HISTED

A/C ARNOLD BRIDGES

Advisor

INST. C. F. HOFFMAN

May the contents of this book ever serve  
as a reminder of the pleasant days when  
we first lifted our earth born selves into  
the blue above.

THE STAFF

COMMANDING OFFICER



Major A. H. Schaefer, Jr.







IN YOUR FURTHER FLIGHT TRAINING AND CAREERS AS PILOTS, STRIVE  
NOT TO BE THE "HOTTEST" PILOT BUT THE MOST ANALYTICAL, AND MAY  
THE WIND ALWAYS BE ON YOUR TAIL.

**CLINTON J. THOMPSON**

Chief of Flight



E. C. ALEXANDER

Ass't. Chief of Flight



R. G. STARRETT



**Z. D. PRICE**  
Auditor



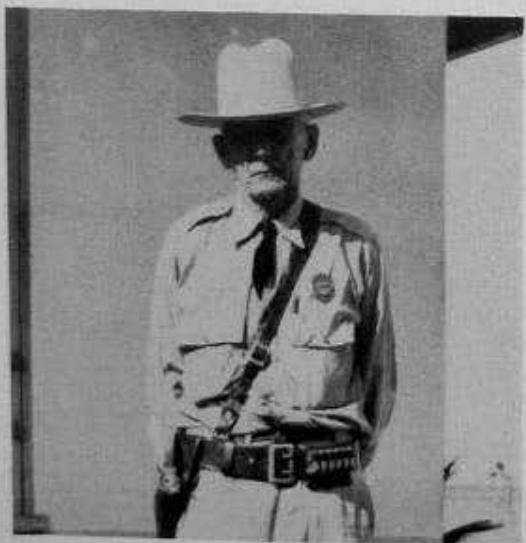
**WAYNE BYWATER**  
Steward



**H. D. ROBERTSON**  
Supt. of Maintenance



**W. ROBBINS**  
Chief of Ground School



**JACK CAMPBELL**  
Chief of Guards



**T. N. KELLUM**  
Supt. of Field Maintenance

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CAPT. OSCAR T. HALLEY, JR.  
AAF Supervisor



CAPT. ROBERT C. McKINLEY  
Post Adjutant



CAPT. W. K. THURMOND  
Dentist



1ST LT. ALBERT E. GATES, JR.  
AAF Supervisor



1ST LT. MICHAEL G. LAGATHER  
Commandant of Cadets



1ST LT. WILLIAM R. KNIGHT  
AAF Supervisor





**1ST LT. J. H. WILLIAMS**  
Tactical Officer



**1ST LT. AUSTIN J. PEEK**  
AAF Supervisor



**1ST LT. ROBERT LOEWY**  
Tactical Officer



**1ST LT. SAMUEL F. SHARP**  
AAF Supervisor



**1ST LT. GORDEN C. ROESCH**  
Post Intelligence Officer



**2ND LT. EDWARD L. McCAULEY, JR.**  
AAF Supervisor



**1ST LT. THOMAS THOMAS**  
Flight Surgeon



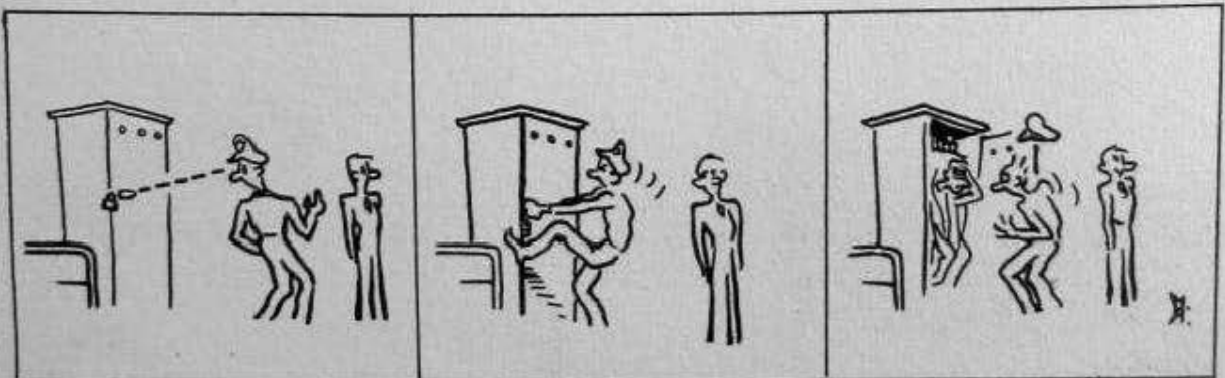
**2ND LT. LLOYD E. DEDMON**  
AAF Supervisor

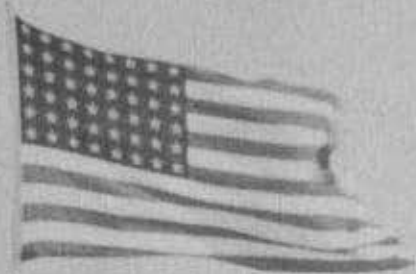


**1ST LT. ROBERT C. SCHMIDT**  
Athletic Officer



**1ST LT. GLEN H. HENDERSON**  
C. O. Air Depot Det.







OUR CLASS COMMANDER



LEE J. RAGON

FLIGHT  
COMMANDER



S. F. NATHMAN

“A”  
FLIGHT

“A”  
FLIGHT



Li. W.C. Bixby

INST. W. M. HOWARD  
Ass't. Flight Commander

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A/C A. R. Woosley  
California

INST. J. B. SMYTH  
Texas

A/C L. R. Bushnell  
New York

A/C D. L. Herzog  
Texas

A/C J. M. Chapman  
New York



INST. F. CINK  
North Dakota

A/C J. M. Wilson  
Utah

A/C B. M. Brown  
Montana

A/C A. C. Bibens  
Arkansas

A/C M. E. Horn  
Indiana

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A/C W. M. Kilpatrick  
Oklahoma

INST. C. W. MARTIN  
Indiana

A/C J. B. Eno  
Michigan

A/C Borowski  
Illinois

A/C J. R. Henry  
Mississippi



A/C J. E. Briggs

INST. H. M. RUBERG  
Washington

A/C R. E. Donnan

A/C J. Ficula

A/C J. B. Hinton

A/C M. W. King

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A/C Paul Hurst  
Indiana

A/C F. L. Bartley  
Arkansas

INST. M. D. SHULT  
Texas

A/C C. R. Johnson  
Arkansas

*Bomanga  
killed in his Beech in  
a T-1 storm later*  
A/C N. B. Bahr  
South Dakota



A/C E. A. Johnson  
Ohio

A/C G. J. Fleming  
California

INST. S. FALES

A/C A. Fetskos  
New York

A/C E. R. Westafer  
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INST. L. F. KLAMSER  
Missouri

A/C V. J. Hessey

A/C G. W. Leach

A/C A. G. Bradley

A/C F. W. Haun



A C F. C. Hoffingsworth  
California

INST. F. J. BUSSELL  
Massachusetts

A/C R. N. Colwell  
Texas

A/C E. H. Jones  
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A/C V. E. Johnson  
New York

A/C V. E. Hargett  
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INST. G. G. WENDELL  
Louisiana

A/C E. A. Huthmacher  
Texas

A/C C. M. Burton

A/C A. Hemmiha



A/C O. Berg  
Minnesota

INST. C. F. MATTAUSCH  
Indiana

A/C R. N. Cooke  
Virginia

A/C M. M. Hullinger  
Indiana

A/C E. FitzGerald  
Iowa

A/C J. S. Jackson  
Pennsylvania

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FLIGHT  
COMMANDER



J. W. COUNCIL

"B"  
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A/C M. E. Fisher

INST. E. G. DAVIS  
Ass't. Flight Commander

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INST. L. R. STANFIELD

A/C C. G. DeLano

A/C J. R. Holmes

A/C C. F. Johnson

Lt. C. W. Bonham



INST. T. M. RYAN

A/C T. A. Fenton

A/C H. R. Crawford

A/C F. S. King

A/C J. C. Ferranti

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A/C P. E. Hood  
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INST. E. SCRIVENER  
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Colorado

A/C H. B. Jennings  
Texas

A/C L. Billingsly  
Tennessee

A/C D. S. Pratt  
Texas



INST. S. C. LEWIS  
Texas

A/C W. E. Garrett

A/C M. C. Gray

A/C H. M. Worley  
Texas

A/C D. P. Woodruff  
Colorado

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A/C Hubbard  
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INST. J. F. WILSON  
Iowa

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A/C G. L. Hunter

A/C I. E. Alexander  
Texas

A/C W. L. Williams  
Texas



A/C R. F. Williams

INST. J. K. PREWITT

Lt. R. G. Ahl

A/C M. Kesterson

A/C C. E. Fahrer

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A/C L. D. Fenner

INST. J. N. FORMAN  
Texas

A/C R. S. Jones

A/C T. K. Epley

A/C C. G. Jones



A/C W. H. Gilliam  
Missouri

INST. J. W. FIELDER  
Texas

A/C T. E. Yager  
Illinois

A/C W. R. Wilson  
California

A/C E. M. Tabler  
South Carolina

A/C R. W. Wilson  
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A/C J. E. King  
Indiana

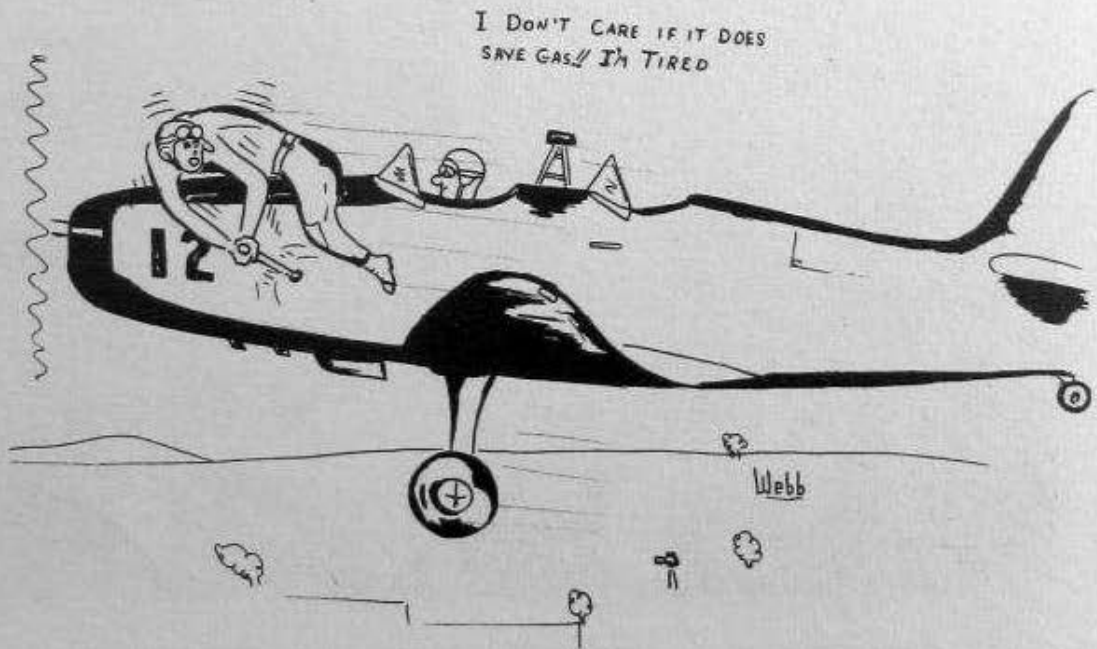
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Oklahoma

A/C C. H. Bowman  
Kansas

A/C L. L. Worden  
Oregon

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FLIGHT  
COMMANDER



L. E. MOSER

"C"  
FLIGHT

"C"  
FLIGHT



INST. W. H. LOUNSBURY  
Ass't. Flight Commander  
Iowa

A/C W. J. Hanson

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A/C R. E. Johnson  
Oklahoma

INST. V. R. SMITH  
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A/C C. A. Abbott  
Texas

A/C G. E. Copeland  
Minnesota

A/C F. M. Auten  
Iowa



A/C S. B. Zachaviac  
Oklahoma

INST. C. L. KRUEGER  
Texas

A/C C. G. Webb  
Oklahoma

A/C H. J. Chadwick  
West Virginia

A/C C. C. Jones  
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A/C R. F. Heiser  
Illinois

A/C R. V. Hickey  
Michigan



INST. R. C. GRIFFEN  
Iowa

A/C W. J. Boyd  
Minnesota

A/C C. E. Burdick  
New York

A/C R. P. Ellinger

A/C W. Butti  
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California

A/C B. A. Guyette

A/C C. F. Jones  
Washington, D. C.

A/C W. W. Wright  
Nebraska



A/C R. N. Brown  
Kansas

INST. O. A. SHAFER  
West Virginia

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A/C A. M. Bridges  
Michigan



INST. H. R. HIXON  
Missouri

A/C Chancellor  
Iowa

A/C H. D. Winkler  
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A/C L. E. Inks  
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A/C A. C. Buie  
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INST. R. G. TAYLOR  
Ass't. Flight Commander  
Iowa

A/C E. Hobbs, Jr.

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A/C J. L. Hall

INST. D. A. MAYHEW

A/C R. M. Wooley

A/C E. R. Winter



INST. K. E. GINNON  
Wisconsin

A/C L. M. Kelley  
Indiana

A/C R. W. Elder  
Illinois

A/C W. E. Stephens  
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A/C W. F. Hungerford  
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INST. G. R. CARTER  
Indiana

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A/C R. H. Kephard  
Kansas

A/C R. C. Baloner  
Iowa

A/C F. E. Girardot  
Indiana



A/C M. R. Pearle

INST. C. F. HOFFMAN  
Iowa

A/C D. V. Flanders

Lt. W. T. Bobb

A/C H. E. Johnson

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A C R. H. Yager  
Nebraska

A C D. E. Currie  
South Carolina

A C D. D. Christensen  
Minnesota

A C O. F. Hillary  
Wisconsin



INST. W. E. DRYER

A/C D. D. Henry

A/C J. R. Histed

A/C W. B. Wintersteen

A/C M. B. Jorkstrom

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A/C T. G. Cope

INST. R. B. STRAIN

A/C V. Hugo

A/C H. D. Wolffe

A/C E. W. Bichart  
Absent when photo was made

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A/C P. T. Willis  
West Virginia

INST. G. F. MEEHAM  
Massachusetts

A/C P. C. Hogan  
Massachusetts

A/C W. V. Wilson  
Texas

A/C C. R. Winter  
Texas



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Lt. R. L. Bremhorst  
Iowa

INST. H. D. PERRY  
Texas

A/C J. D. Hampton  
Texas

A/C E. W. Juhl  
Illinois

A/C E. G. Jamison  
California



A/C A. Williams  
California

INST. R. J. HENDRY  
Wisconsin

A/C E. R. Byrne  
California

A/C L. V. Croxton  
Wyoming

A/C R. L. Horn  
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A/C W. K. Wissler

INST. E. O. HAMON

A/C F. R. Charles

A/C G. F. Klenke

A/C A. P. Beam

ON VACATION



Instructor  
J. D. WELCH  
"B" Flight



Instructor  
D. D. EAST  
"C" Flight



Instructor  
C. E. DILLIHUNTY  
"D" Flight

# ON THE FLIGHT LINE



FIRST FLIGHT  
U-RR-P IN THE  
WILD BLUE YONDER

EAGER  
BEAVERS



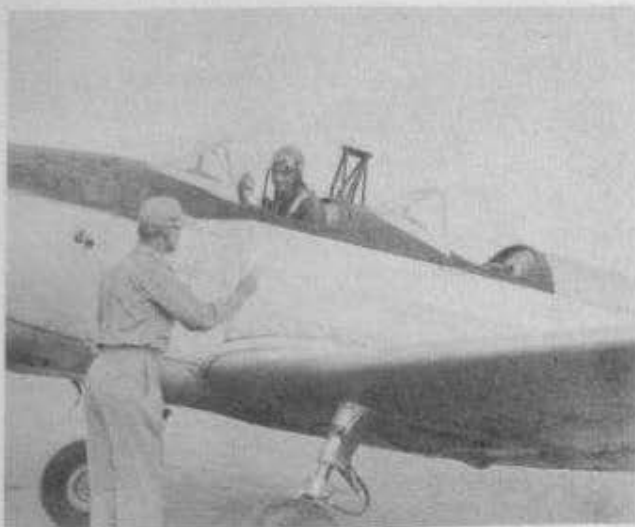
THEN YOU SPIN  
OUT ABOUT HERE



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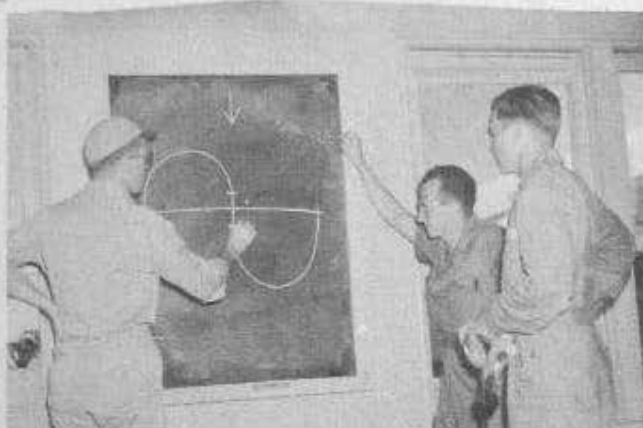


# ON THE FLIGHT LINE



LEFT MAG CONTACT,  
SAFETY BELT UNFASTENED,  
BOTH BRAKES ANY WAY YOU  
WANT 'EM, CHUTE UNPACKED,  
MIXTURE FULL CRACKED, THROTTLE  
RICH, CONTROLS LOCKED,  
LET 'ER GO !!!

WIND CORRECTION  
SHALLOW—STEEP  
500 FT. — 2050 R.P.M.  
"NOTHIN' TO IT, IS THERE?"



SOLO  
SHIP  
MISTER

A MOST  
CONFUSING  
LITTLE  
GADGET



# ON THE FLIGHT LINE



STRAIGHT  
AND  
LEVEL

"WE HOPE"



MAYBE  
SOME  
DAY

# EXPERT ADVICE

BY AVIATION CADET DUMBJOHN

(This article was written by a guy who considered himself a "hot pilot." He turned this in the second week we were here. Says if we print it, it makes this a better book.)

First of all, I feel qualified to give the following material to the Aviation Cadets because I see no reason why I should keep the secrets of my unusual ability to myself. I now have above five hours in a PT 19 dash A, and am considered better than my instructor already. The following will give some hints of my phenomenal success.

## —DUAL—

Since dual flying is the most important phase of the training period, I will dwell mainly on it for this part of my unselfish contribution.

First of all you must meet your instructor. This is the custom before going up dual. When you first see him say "Hi you, doc, what's cooking?" If he looks like he has a hangover, any advice or bits of wisdom you drop his way will be to no avail.

Now you're going out to the ship. Be sure and carry your instructor's chute and gosport. This lets him know you don't want him to exert himself too much.

As soon as you are in the front seat, unlock the controls and waggle the stick violently. If you can hit your instructor's knees, be nonchalant and chuckle just loud enough for him to hear you, and then say in an indulgent tone, "Aha! I got you that time! Remember . . . We must be alert!" This will bring immediate results.

Get ready to start the plane, then turn around and call back, "All set to go, old man?" Just to let him know you are still thinking of him.

When the engine is running, taxi out boldly on the field. Look neither to left nor to right, but taxi in a straight line, thus filling out your role of officer-to-be. When you get to the take-off spot, turn your plane at forty-five degrees and hook up your gosport. To do so beforehand is silly, because all you get it static.

Now open the throttle and as the plane gathers speed, yell back to your instructor, "Just take it easy, old boy, I forgot to look, but I think everything's clear in front of us."

When the plane is ambling along at a pretty fair gait, start kicking the rudder violently, and at the same time pump the stick. This will really do wonders to the altitude of the plane. Jerk the stick back and forth so the plane will take off in a series of long, low, graceful bounds. This usually impresses anybody that sees you no end. A vertical turn of ninety degrees about 20 feet off the ground is nice, but a one-eighty is better, for you then can go back over the field and see how things are going on the ground. At this point your instructor will usually take over, and you can rest for awhile.

## CROSS-COUNTRY

Now for this cross-country stuff. It is lot's of good clean fun, and will provide many interesting experiences. Just remember these simple rules and you'll be O.K.

1. Take some money with you (If you have a forced landing, you'll want a couple of beer's won't you?)
2. Check to see if your compass is mounted (If it isn't, the wind will whistle thru the empty hole and you might catch cold.)
3. Take a good magazine along (relieves the monotony, you know.)
4. Watch out for clouds ('cause they won't watch out for you, ha! ha!)
5. Keep your head out . . . (This does not need interpreting or completion for cadets.)
6. Buzz the towns on the way. (Good publicity for the army.)
7. If you do your navigating by railroad tracks, be sure to fly down the right side because a Navy flyer is sure to be coming down the middle.

Well, I think you can get along all right now. I'd really like to give you more suggestions such as these, but I have to show my instructor how to do snap rolls. So you young men continue to use these words as you would those in a Bible and some day maybe, perhaps, possibly you'll be almost as good as I am in my weaker days.

I understand that they are thinking of making me a check rider for instructors without the useless formality of sending me through the rest of the course. If so, I'll probably take over here, and then if you have any troubles, look me up because it's certain that I can help you out.

Editor's Note: Any similarity to actual instructions is purely co-incidental.)



## BUDDY RIDE



## OK MR. SCHAFFER FORCED LANDING

### WHO DOOD IT?

What cadet came in one day, turned on his base leg only to find at five hundred feet he was upside down? Too steep a curve, eh Max?

Who, besides you, made his thousand foot approach at number three field to make a landing at number two or vice versa?

Then there's the one who was called upon to do a spin in a check ride. He did the spin and received with two loops only to look back, and see neither he nor the rider had the controls.

Who was the one that after doing acrobatics was told to note it under the right tank? When his instructor looked around he finally found him under the wing noting it on the right tank.

What day were instructors praying for a shotgun to get a cadet down at number two who overshot, only eight times?

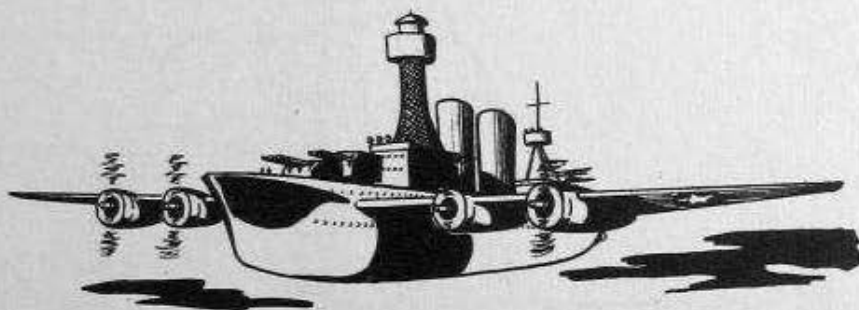
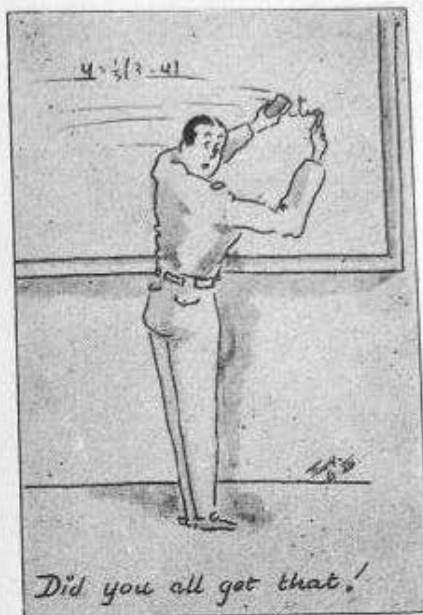
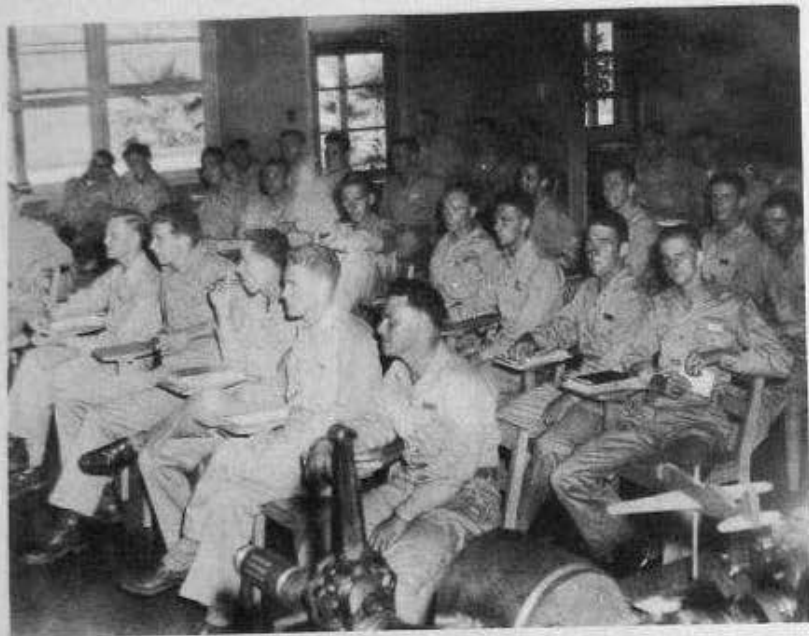
### DID JA EVER

Land without flaps and takeoff with them?

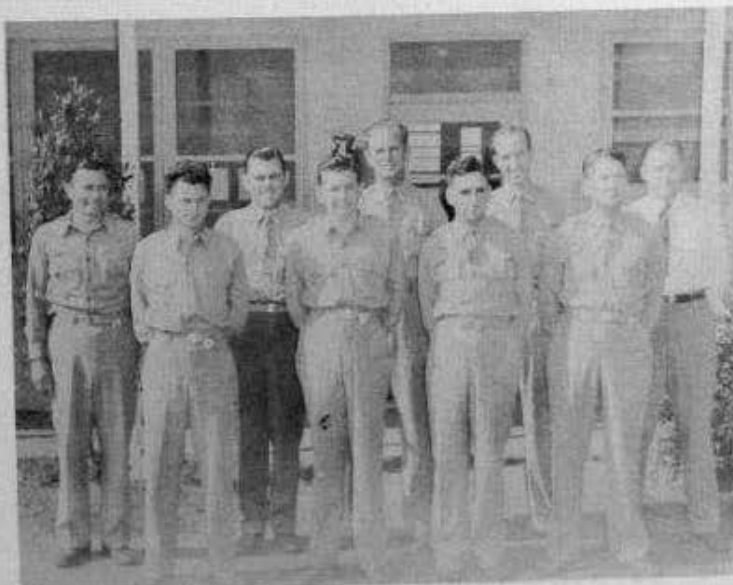
Forget to fasten a safety belt to have your instructor do acrobatics that day?

Forget your gosports? Only once.

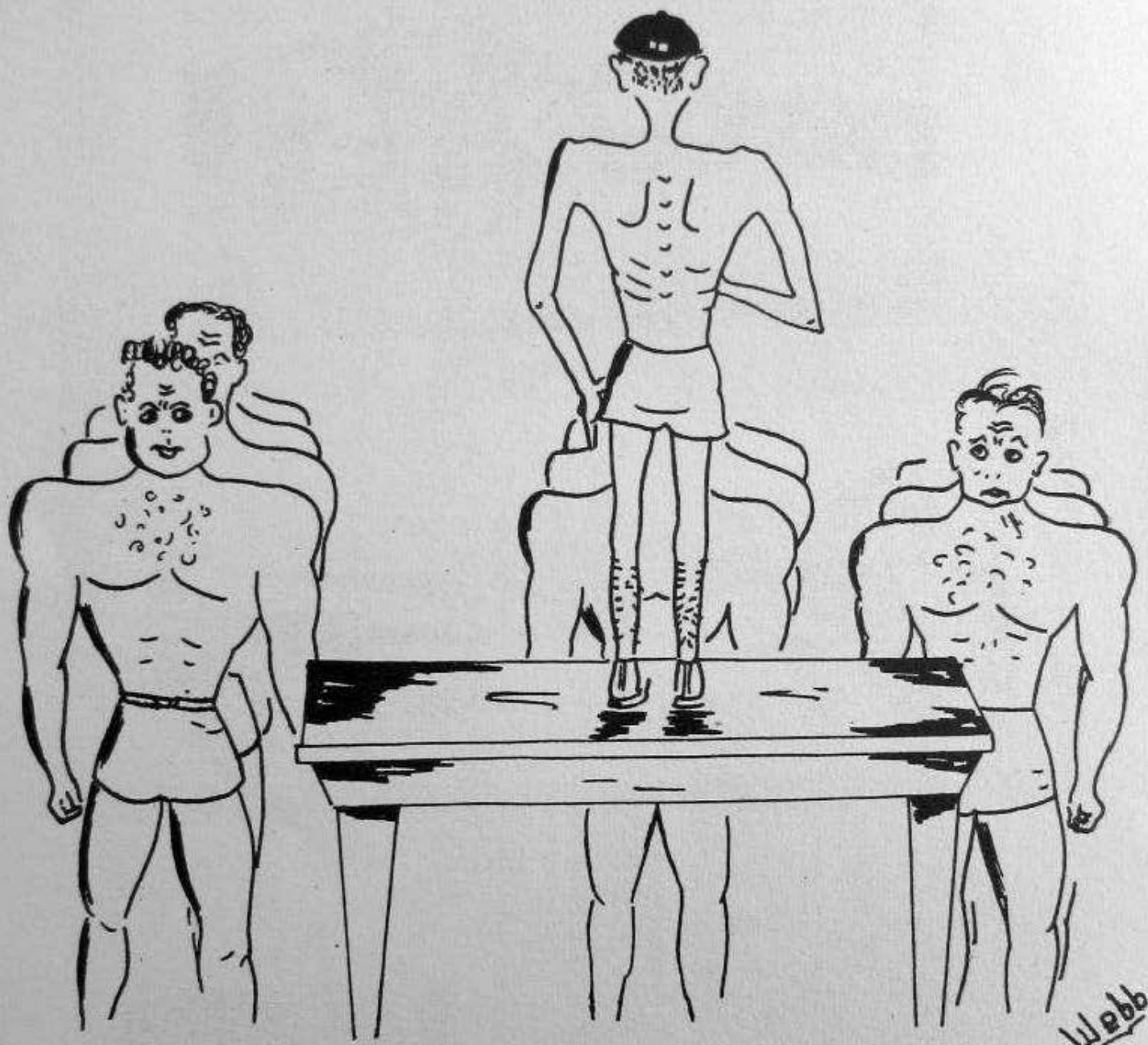
# GROUND SCHOOL



IT'S A...A...A...AW NUTS



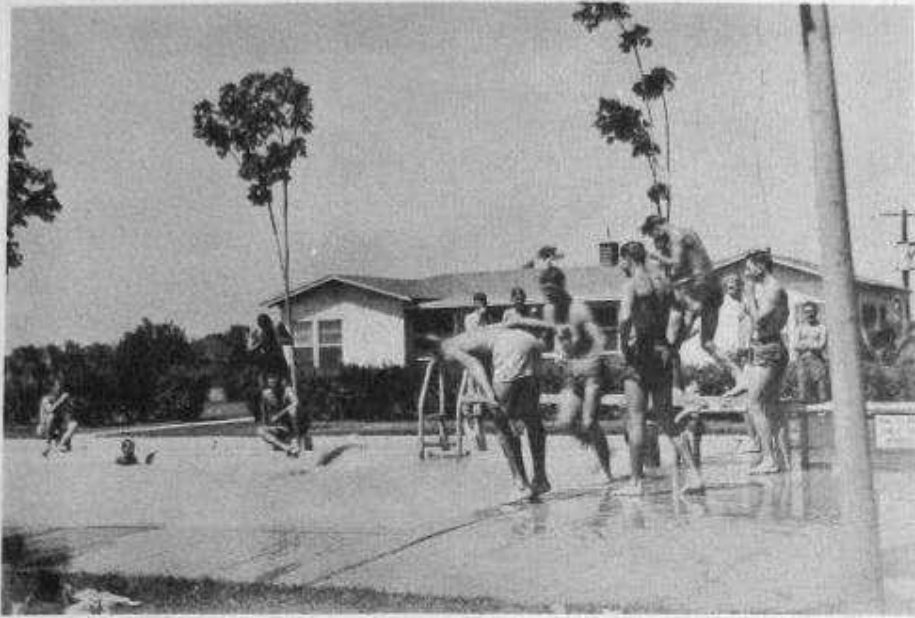
INSTRUCTORS



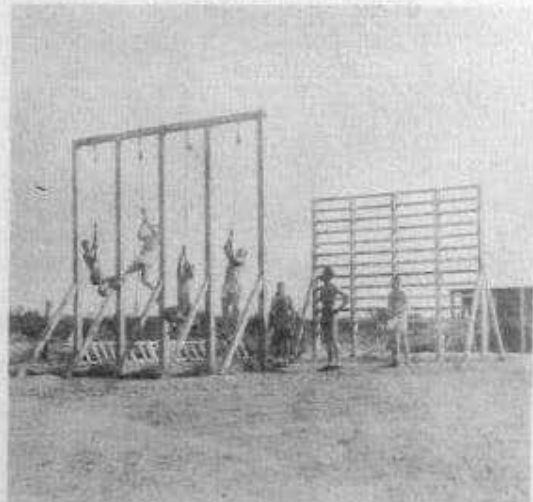
I'll Put You Boys in SHAPE FOR BASIC.



# ATHLETICS



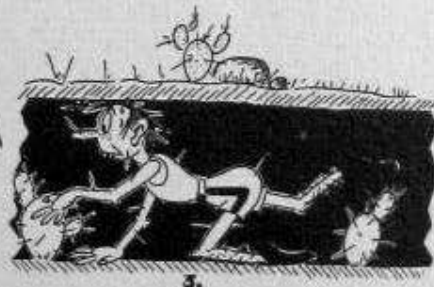
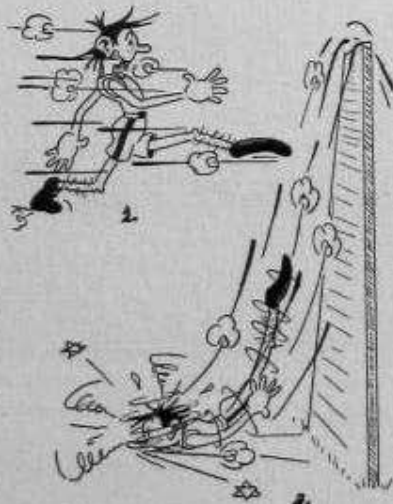
SISSIES



DEFINITELY NOT

**START.**

So the obstacle course was developed.



**FINISH LINE.**

# SOLO



# FLIGHT

Remember when we arrived at Garner Field on a cloudy July day to begin our actual pilot training in real honest to goodness airplanes—Real Airplanes, just the thought of flying those planes sent chills up and down our spines and when we saw them lined up beautifully in front of the hangars, we squealed and—with unexcelled anticipation like a group of children at the sight of the approaching circus parade. . . . Remember, too, when we were issued our goggles and flight suits. . . the first thing we did was to put them on and climb into our imaginary airplanes and dive and zoom and roll and chase each other all over the sky. . . . We were pilots now and could fly—at least we thought we could. . . . Then came the big (awaited) moment when we were actually to fly as we'd always dreamed of doing. . . . Remember what you did in that first ride; of course you do, you'll never forget. Remember, too, that a lot of us got sick—you laughed when we walked toward the plane with a bucket of water—but, Damn it, we couldn't help it, why did you enjoy our moments of misery? Remember how your instructor chewed—'cause you couldn't do what he'd showed you a hundred times, how he cussed and beat your knees when you turned left instead of right and when your tachometer read only 50 R.P.M.'s too high and when you were 40 feet too low when you made the first turn. . . . you wanted to scream, to loosen your safety belt; but most of all to beat your instructor in the head with the fire extinguisher. To hell with flying—if you had to take all this just for a pair of wings and a bar, you didn't want to fly. But then came the day you soloed—you told yourself you weren't scared but still you couldn't explain that tingling sensation you felt all over your body and when you landed and taxied back to your instructor, you beamed with satisfaction; you tried to hide your excitement, but he knew how you felt and so did we.

The next (half score) hours were rather uneventful; if you remember, except for a few ground-loops and broken center sections and the continual yelling from your instructor, but soon came time for the twenty and thirty check rides—you sweated and prayed and sweated some more and the next day when you saw the x-mark by your name on the flight board you were completely relaxed because both the mental and physical strain were tremendous—you slept well that night. Remember the day you had your first instructions in acrobatics and your instructor put you on your back and told you to hold your hands over your head. . . . he even bet you a coke you wouldn't do it—but you did. Then finally came the last day of flying and you rode in the rear cockpit with your instructor as your student—you cussed him and beat his knees, as he had done, it was then that you realized that he was really one of your best friends. Your flying days at Primary were over then and you could safely anticipate your going to Basic. You made a lot of friends there, some of whom you'll never see again, but friends you'll always remember.

A/C EDWARD A. HUTHMACHAR



THEIR CEASELESS EFFORTS KEEP US FLYING



WHOSE WORLD IS IT?



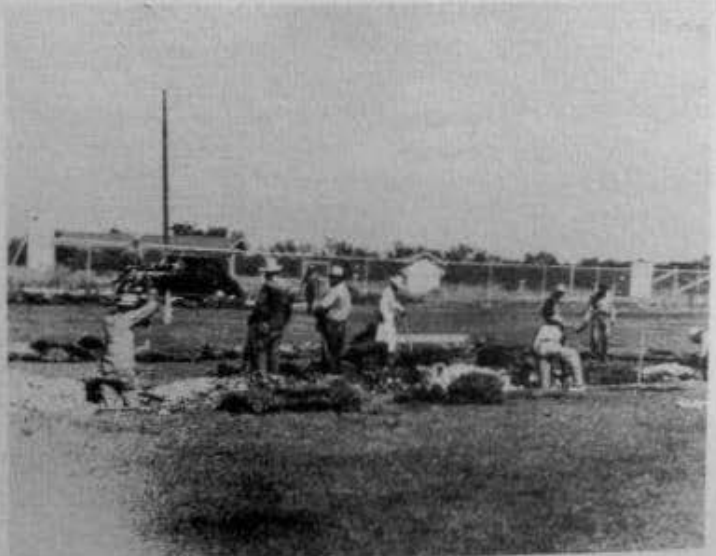
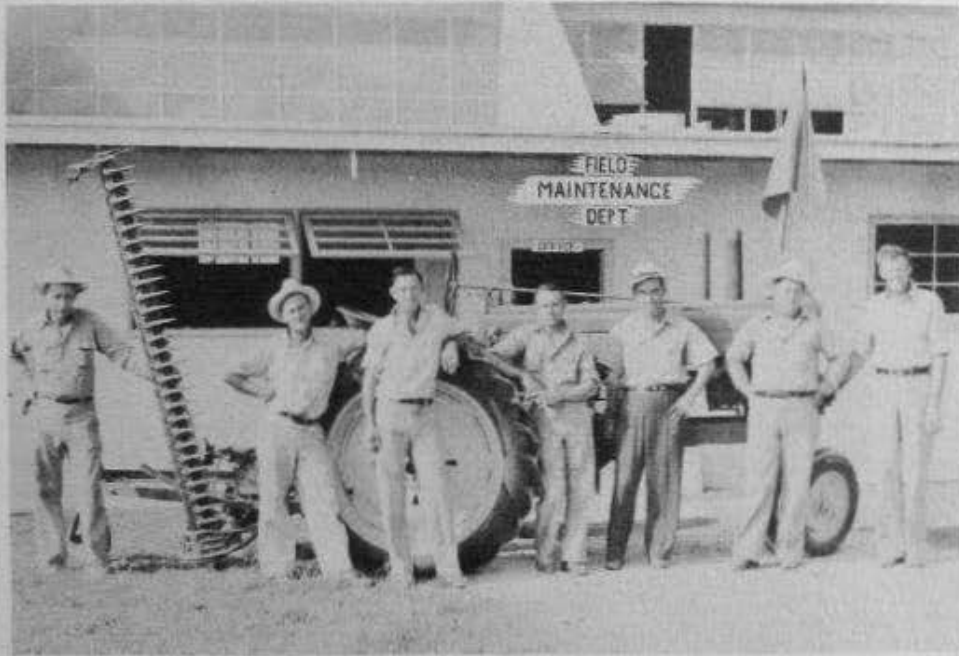
## CADET'S PARADISE

Like an artist's stroke over the face of his masterpiece, our masters of the field have transformed a dimpled western plain into the smooth, green-sodded landscape that has brought about the popular command: "Keep off our Grass . . . . . We love our grass!"

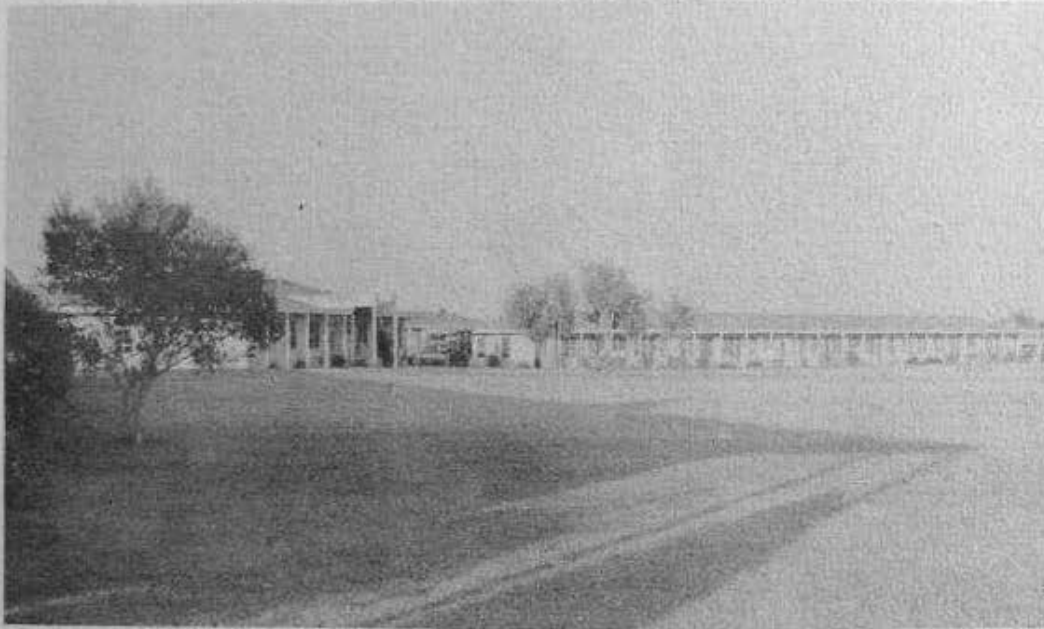
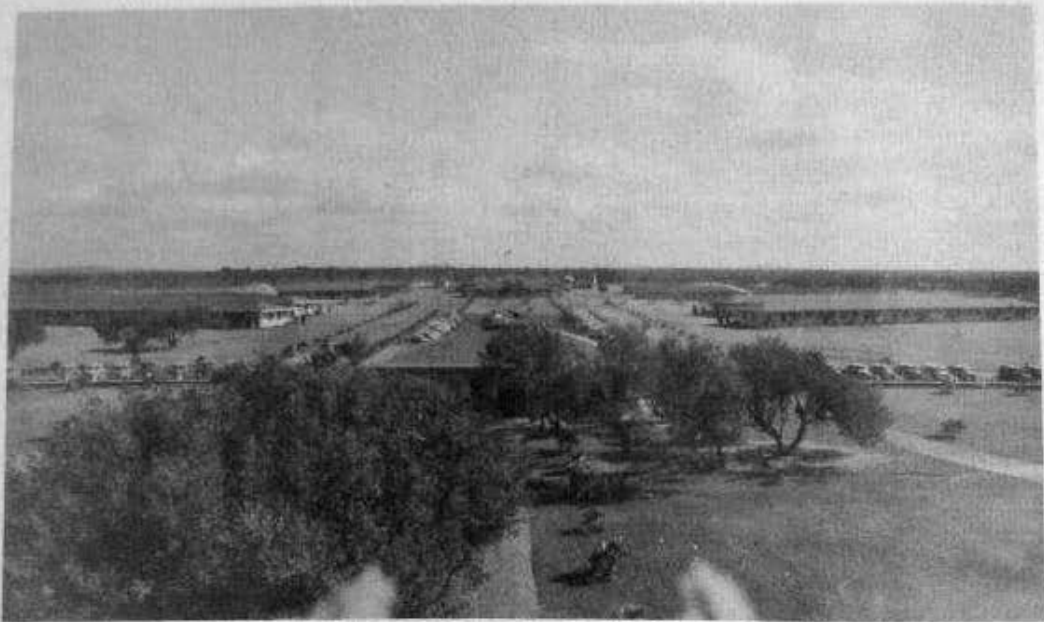
Taking ceaseless pains to beautify our campus, in order that we may be worthy of calling our "Little

Randolph," field maintenance crews are continuously making repairs and adding improvements to the already luxurious field, in full support of the high and efficient standards of the other departments.

SLIPSTREAM salutes every one of you who have done so much to improve and preserve the beauty of Garner Field in its originality.



# CADET'S PARADISE



# FAMILIAR FACES



FIRST CALL FOR MESS



THE MAIL IS IN



CHOCOLATE MALT, PLEASE



PAY HERE



FLIGHT OFFICE PERSONNEL

"IS THIS WHERE WE BRING OUR LOG BOOKS?"



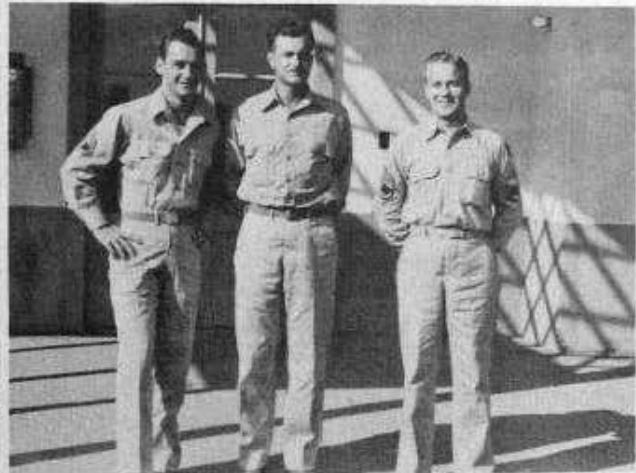
# AROUND GARNER FIELD



ARMY ENGINEERING OFFICE



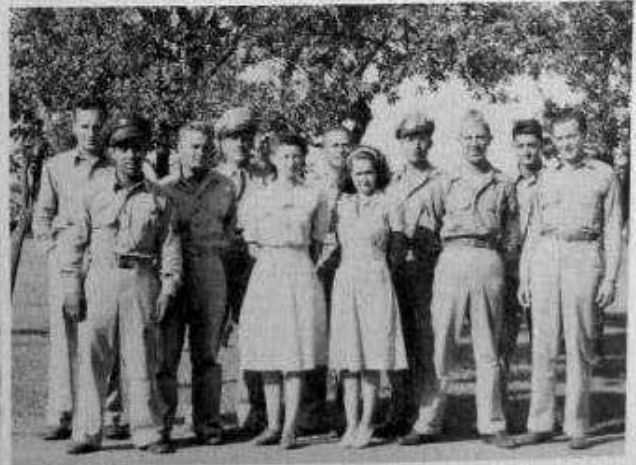
AIR FORCE SUPPLY  
"I BROKE IT LIKE THIS"



ARMY ADMINISTRATION PERSONNEL



LINK PERSONNEL



HOSPITAL PERSONNEL

# AUTOGRAPHS

NAME

ADDRESS

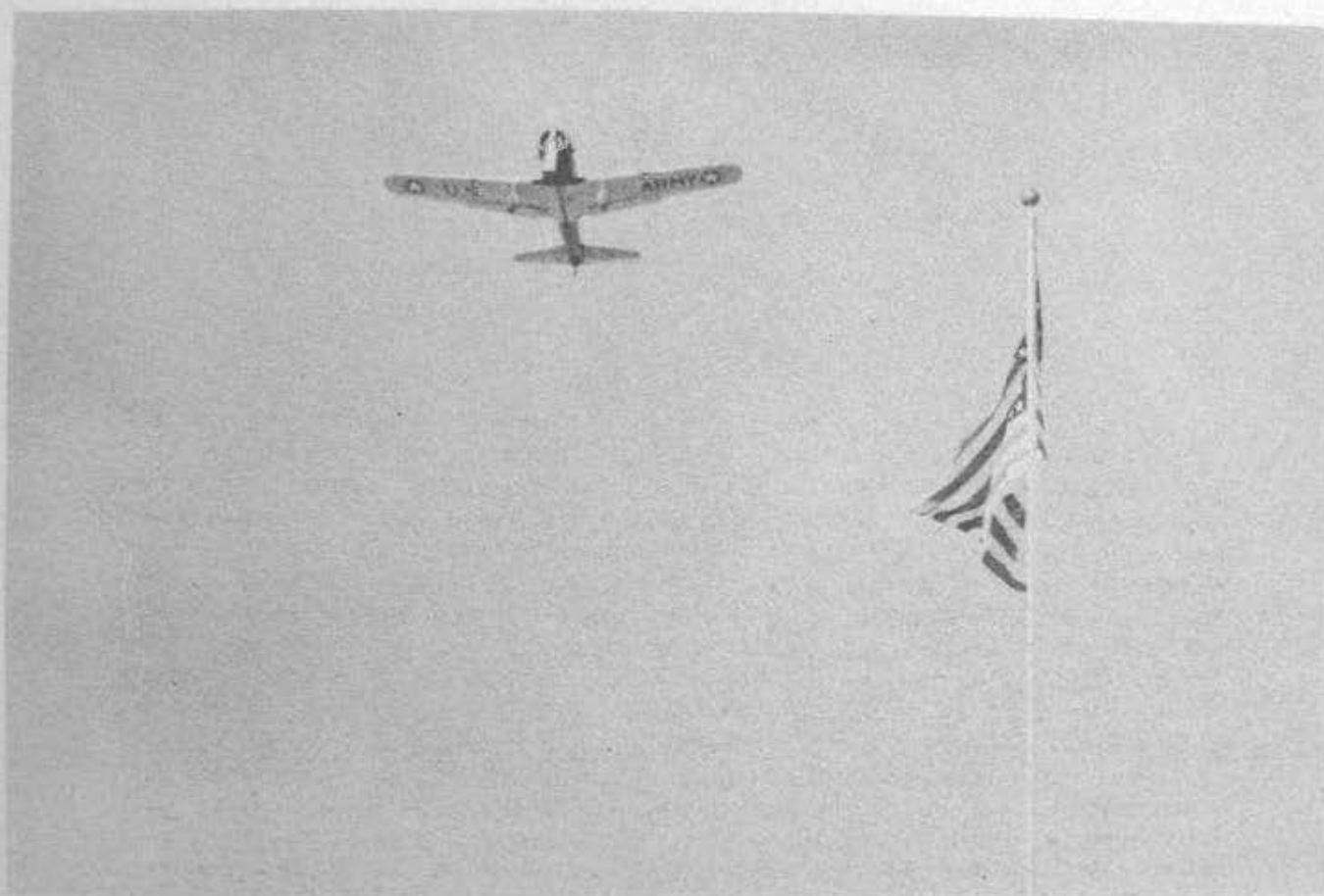


To the men who make up the class of 44-B. How many memories have we built up? Here we are just through with the first job, Primary. Remember that almost forgotten past . . . There was Classification, that was our start. Then Pre-Flight, an important part in our lives as future men and officers. The training was rigorous, our mind and body were brought up to a state to think and act quickly and decisive. As we know now, it was a good and well planned training program, for our future in aviation. Our arrival at primary was with a well exhausted breath to anyone who has ever entered primary through Hangar Six Incorporated. I guess we all named it the Country Club of the Airways. Rightly named too, with swimming pool, tennis courts and near by, a golf course. Our primary objective here was to begin to fly. Not only to fly but to learn the why and wherefores. We soon sucked that breath back in, as again we were off on a ride that was anything but a joy ride. As we look back now or years later, it was fun. Many times we hoped, prayed and sweat out difficult days. Many times we felt as if we were useless to carry through. Now we are through at Garner Field and starting our middle phase of flying. Half way through, and prepared for what is to follow, until that one day when we will all have the satisfaction of being PILOTS of the U. S. Army Air Corps. Then our objective will be a little different; we will put to use what we learned and it all started here at Hangar Six Incorporated, Uvalde, Texas.





# BASIC



**MAKE ROOM**  
FOR  
**44-B**