



Tulare County Free Library System
Annie R. Mitchell History Room
200 West Oak
Visalia, California 93291-4993

P
R
O
P
W
A
S
H



CLASS OF 43-F ★ SEQUOIA FIELD ★ VISALIA, CALIFORNIA

Dedication...

Through the many pages of this book we have sought to keep in line the little men who at times are so trying to pilots and their crews. Yes, the Gremlins have landed, and unfortunately have the situation only too well in hand. We did our best through days and weary nights of work to keep them from their "impish" tasks . . . it didn't work! Nothing seemed to work! So in the end we were beaten. And so this dedication.

To the Gremlins . . . the little men who spoiled our check rides . . . gave our instructors that morning-after feeling . . . made our crankshafts break . . . and popped our "chutes!" Some even went so far as to move the field during our landings, causing us to over or under-shoot. All in all, ours was an unhappy lot, for their being near. We could no more prevent their actions on the flight line than we could keep their meddlesome little hides out of this book. Therefore it's theirs . . . the whole thing! May their antics in future years delight us as much as they do now.



Madelyn Snow

PROP WASH



"There's a silver lining—"

PROP WASH WAS PREPARED AND EDITED BY THE
CADETS OF SEQUOIA FIELD

CLASS of 43-F

VISALIA, CALIFORNIA



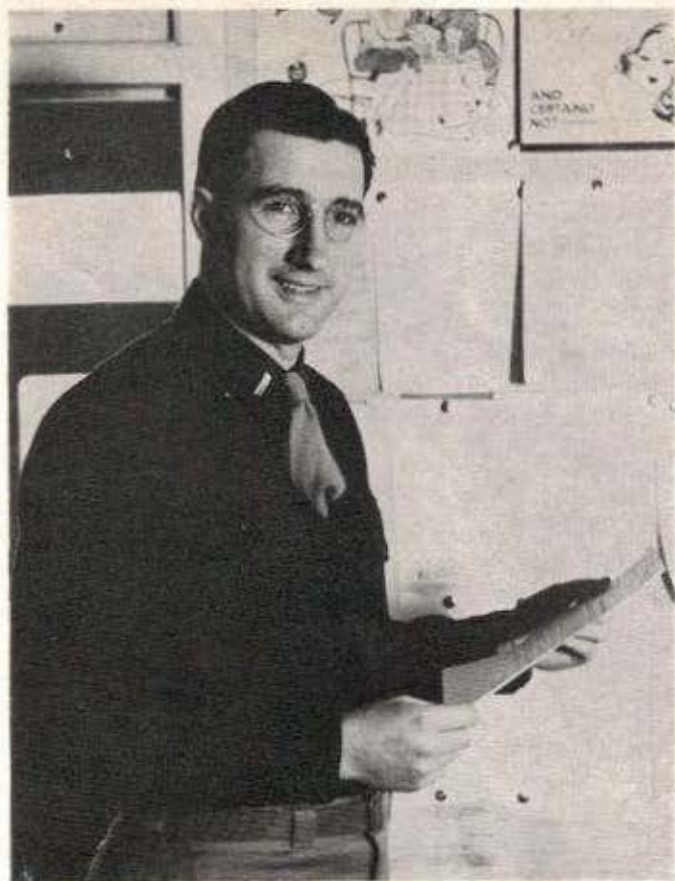
LYNNE R. MAPES
Major, Air Corps, Commanding

To the Class of 43-F:

During your training period at Sequoia Field you have achieved and retained a very high standard as Aviation Cadets of the United States Army Air Forces. This has been developed by you largely through individual self-discipline, which is the backbone of all military discipline. Be proud of your achievement, because it is this high standard that reflects credit to the individual, honor to his unit, and glory to our country. Let no Aviation Cadet expect less of himself than I do.

Good luck to you all, and as the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces has said, "The job is yours—do it!"

LYNNE R. MAPES
Major, Air Corps
Commanding



LT. WARD L. VANDER GRIEND

Commandant of Cadets

With the passing of your primary phase of training, I can look back with pleasure to our association. The high standards set for cadets in their training program with the Army Air Forces is to provide you with the best possible training and your response to this program has been outstanding. We know that each one of you will give his best. We are proud of you and the high standards you have attained during your stay here at Sequoia Field. We have watched with interest your progress from the day you arrived on the post until the present. By observation and personal contact you have conducted yourselves like soldiers and gentlemen. My sincere best wishes go with you as you proceed in your training program and towards our goal of ultimate victory.

LT. C. D. OLESEN

Assistant Commandant of Cadets

As the time draws near for 43-F to leave Sequoia Field, I pause to reflect on what has taken place the past few weeks. We have had our troubles such as extra drill, double timing in the area, demerits for an occasional mistake, a few tours to take up what spare time you had and perhaps a special detail now and then. All of these, combined with your ground school and flying go toward making the finest pilots in the world. I want to thank you men for your splendid cooperation and as a parting token I want you to remember my favorite expression—"Let's stay on the ol' ball."



Cadet Officers



"Colonel John Inspects a Dodo"

Group Commander - - JOHN HAYNES
 Group Adjutant - - CARL ELSAESSER
 Group Sgt. Major - DONALD SLAYTON

SQUADRON I

Captain - - - - - A. D. Mongiello
 1st Lt. - - - - - J. H. Rodolph
 1st Sgt. - - - - - W. E. Pfiester
 Flight Lts. - R. M. Tannehill, A. M. Phillips
 Flight Sgts. - - C. C. Norton, L. D. Petross

SQUADRON II

Captain - - - - - H. W. Alexander
 1st Lt. - - - - - P. E. Blow
 1st Sgt. - - - - - R. D. Fortier
 Flight Lts. - - H. A. Ashwood, P. A. Smith
 Flight Sgts. - - J. R. Cafarelli, D. L. Boatright

SQUADRON III

Captain - - - - - E. V. Gattis
 1st Lt. - - - - - R. E. Gillingham
 1st Sgt. - - - - - R. M. Hall
 Flight Lts. - - - R. J. Meyer, P. Kuchmy
 Flight Sgts. - - W. S. Markham, T. E. Jones

SQUADRON IV

Captain - - - - - V. L. Smith
 1st Lt. - - - - - B. S. Winfree
 1st Sgt. - - - - - F. P. Vivas
 Flight Lts. - - - R. E. Reid, R. L. Wright
 Flight Sgts. - - G. A. Thorne, Jackson Triplett

SQUADRON V

Captain - - - - - R. L. Ebert
 1st Lt. - - - - - Robert Huddleston
 1st Sgts. - - - - - William McCarthy
 Flight Lts. - - - John Lazenaga, Jackson Ellis
 Flight Sgts. Richard Eubank, John Hamburger

"Check" Pilot's



"The Gremlins'll get you
if you don't wash out"



Flight Officers Scroggins, McKee, Loomis and Sutton pause for a moment to have their pictures taken before going to the afternoon flight line.

Administrative Officers



The administrative officers during one of their rare moments of slack time enjoy a minute in the sunshine.



Lts. Hanshus, Adams and Sneed talk over the afternoon's work during the short lull following lunch.

In Memoriam

Aviation Cadet LaFayette D. Petross
Dallas, Texas

Aviation Cadet John T. McKinster
Woodstock, Ohio

Civilian Instructor Howard G. Hanvey
San Francisco, California

And the Great God of flying men
Will smile at them kind o' slow
As they stow their crates in the hangar
On the field where fliers go.

Then they will look upon His face,
The Almighty Flying Boss,
Whose wing spread fills the heavens
From Orion to the Cross.

Ground School

R. C. MILLER, academic head of the ground school, takes a psychometer reading for his weather classes. A veteran pilot with over 8000 logged hours, "Pop" makes sure none of his cadets will run the hazards of future storms.



☆ ☆

A real proving ground for cadet honor and ingenuity—Ground School—under the directing genius of Mr. Miller kept most of us from worrying too much about our "outside connections." Possibly this story of the cadet who dropped his pencil and missed two weeks in navigation is exaggerated, but life went along at a rapid clip. Pedagogical humor livened proceedings, while hammer and tong verbal battles between Chanute and Keesler Field A. M. wizards were major shows. Those who "weathered" G. S. and can still "navigate" without danger of "detonation" gladly make way for the dodos. Switch off.

☆☆☆



Every magazine of this type has a heading somewhere in its contents entitled "Staff." This is ours—and this, gentlemen, is the staff of Ground School:

ROBERT C. MILLER, Chief of Staff

ELBERT H. KIMES

WILL C. FERGUSON

KEN R. TANNER

WILL VANDUSEN

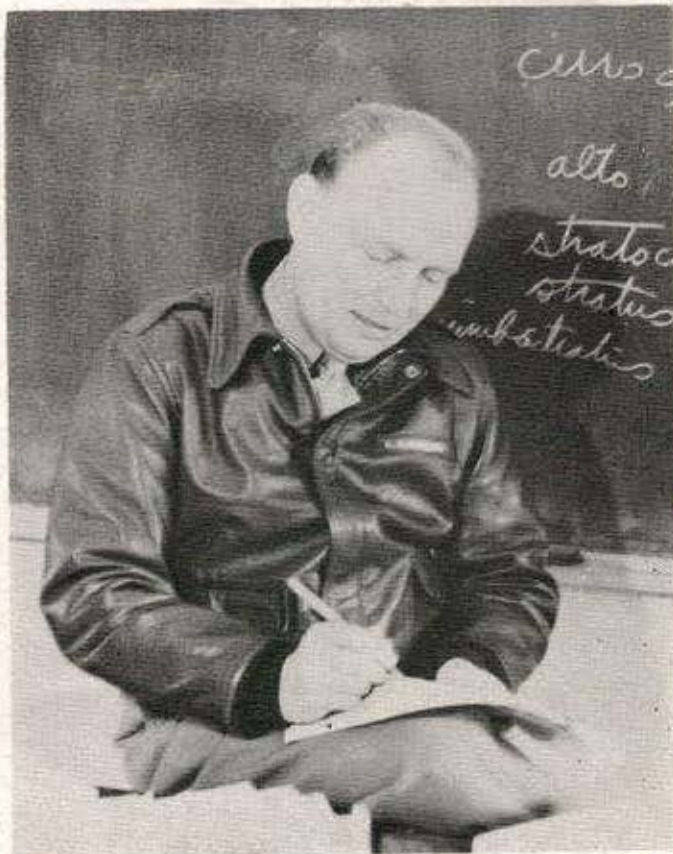
DAVID VANDUSEN

GORDON L. JOHNSON

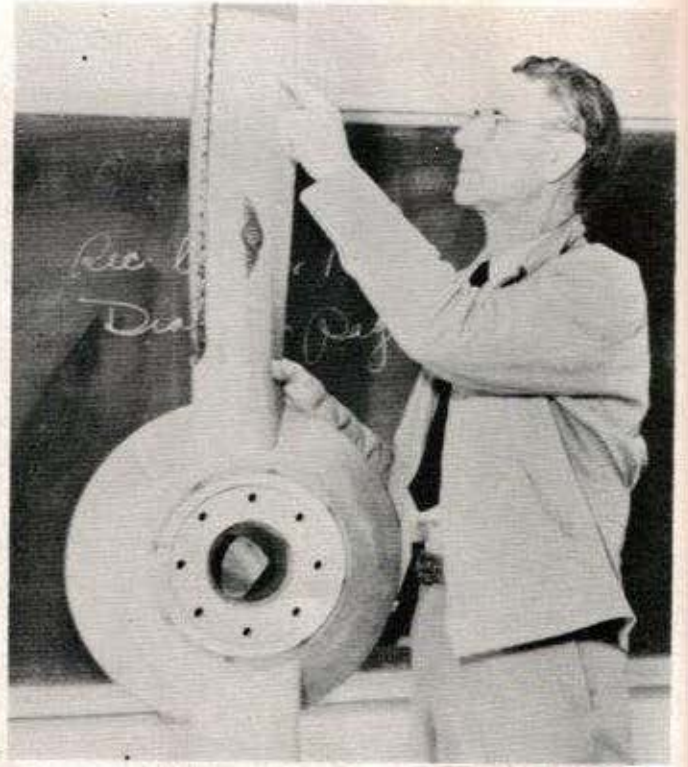
JAMES L. HALL

Z. D. FERESTOD

Z. D. "Fearless" FERESTOD is here caught playing "tit-tat-toe" with the grade book, while peacefully resting between a strato cumulus and a cinnulo nimbus. That smile of grim satisfaction springs from the dolorous fact that "F" flight has reached a new low in grade point average.



"Wild Bill" FERGUSON finds a slight crack in a Ryan prop after microscopic inspection. Now if he can only find some small crevice in a cadet's head into which to pound the resulting dissertation all has not been in vain.



☆ ☆



KEN TANNER smiles in passive resistance to the shutter's click. After all the poor photographer will be in "weather" next period. Or should we say that as far as Mr. Tanner is concerned—"under the weather."

☆☆☆



"A quiet evening at home"



"Posed by professional"



"Through these portals pass the damnest goldbricks"



Sick Call-

The hospital staff and the upper class became quite familiar in the first two weeks of our stay here, and there was mutual rejoicing when suspected Santa Ana Contamination was proven unfounded. The sick, lame and lazy line was never large, a tribute to the close watch over personal health and sanitation maintained by the hospital staff.



L. C. A. Reath gets the
"dope"





Co-Editors - K. C. Roberts, A. B. Gordon

Associate Editors—

Photography - - - J. A. McClure

Art - - - - R. E. Gillingham

Photographers—

C. J. Hodapp, R. L. Hale, Rodney Meyer

Business Manager - - - R. P. Jones

PROPWASH

Official Publication

8th A. A. F. F. T. D.

Visalia, California

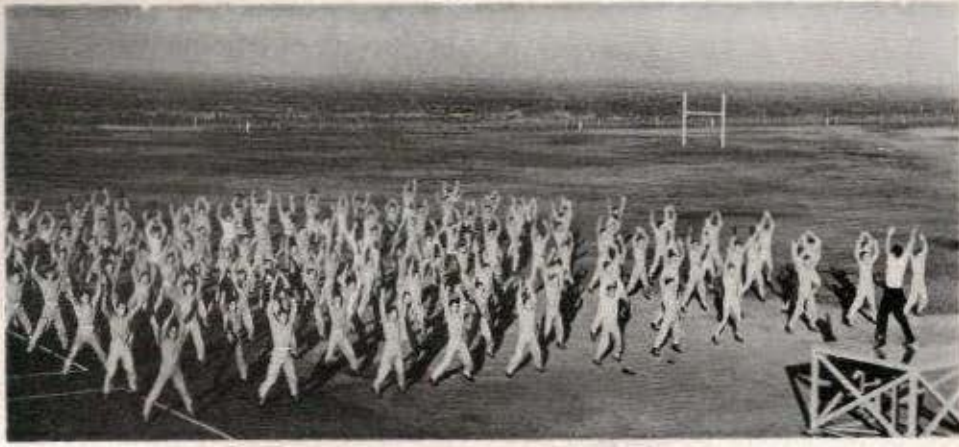
PRELUDE TO WINGS

When the last cadet of 43-F has taxied the pride of Ryan Aircraft Company into line and checked in with his dispatcher, and primary is about to become a memory, let each man take in his belt a notch and get set, because the biggest hurdles of his life will still be ahead.



All that has passed will be preliminary. Those who are left to go on will have felt the freedom of flight—viewed the earth from mountainous heights—known the comradeship of men no longer shackled to the ground. If, in each cadet, there has not been kindled the desire to continue in spite of whatever obstacles there may be, we will all soon know. Large as the sky is, there is still no room for the man who does not have the heart to fly.

All men desiring "Wings" fall out for Basic, Advanced and Action.—K. C. R.



Athletics -

"Once around—double time!" has a bad effect, psychologically, on cadets—no doubt of it. Everyone, with the possible exception of Sergeant Peccole, would rather indulge in a bit of "bunk fatigue," especially after a heavy week-end (remember when?) These half-mile jaunts each day, revolting though they might be, helped everyone except the waitresses in mess hall, who have a real job to satisfy the ravenous appetites of this extremely healthy group. Frequent workouts on the different game courts were more fun than gravel pounding and served to emphasize the fact that there were days ahead when good health and stamina would pay big dividends.



Staff Sergeant WILLIAM PECCOLE—off to officer candidate school now—guided the physical development program at Sequoia. Graduated from the University of Nevada in 1940, our erstwhile athletic director spent a year in graduate work at Springfield College, Springfield, Mass.



"It's Between You Boys."—Sgt. Peccole



"There's a long, long, Trail A'Winding . . ."



"Time's A'wasting, Men"

Staff Sergeant CECIL SCHNELLE, who now heads Sequoia's muscle-building program, came from Compton, California, where he coached high school football. Sgt. Schnelle acquired his love of track work at U. S. C., where he made the track team and played football.

FLIGHT LINE



Wings and the Man

The salute was never entirely military; the bearing never stiff; so that the most featherless dodo instinctively felt he had found a friend. In the hours of dual that followed, he knew it was a real friend who sat up front, patiently engineering the transformation from dodo to pilot. Occasionally nerves were a little raw, and strong, pointed language sometimes cut the budding flyer's ego. But they were a team, these two, student and instructor. Together they "sweated out" the first solo, the check flights that followed. The cadet, off to basic flying school, hoping for advance training, wings and action, will never forget the man whose salute was never quite military—who used to shout, "Keep your nose level."

STUDENT



OFFICERS



ABOVE—These upper class student officers seem to have decided upon the shortest route between Primary and those "coveted" Silver Wings.

BELOW—Eager under class student officers examine one of Sequoia Field's famed "rivet-poppers" prior to testing their wings.



Lt. William J. Reid, lower class, Newton, Kansas.

Lt. Robert Evans from North Dakota—"Bob" is the only student officer who has looked and leaped and got caught all at the same time.

Lt. Raymond M. Lovan, lower class, Madisonville, Kentucky.

Lt. James R. Craddock, lower class, Chatham, Virginia.

Lt. John D. Lee, Jr., better known as "Stack"—A Sumter, South Carolina gentleman if there ever was one. The girl friend's name is Barbara.

Lt. Thomas C. Ramseur, alias "T" for "Turkey"—when better necks are twitched, Tom will twitch them. His South Carolina gal, "Lib," is constantly hiring new secretaries to take care of the mail situation.

Lt. Irving M. Botcher, lower class, San Jose, California.

Lt. Silvio L. Dignazio, better known as "Uncle Sil" or "Babe"—a Media, Penn., product. He still carries coal in his hair—if you can find the hair. He's so slow he has to inhale twice before he exhales.

Lt. Keith A. Yoder—just call me "Body"—quote: "Boy, do I like women and climbin' turns." Home of Alka-Seltzer and the best band instruments in the world. When better elevators are made, Body will steal them!—Ask the manager of the Johnson.

Lt. William R. Charlesworth, alias Bill—This North Dakota farm hand is the best looking, according to the cadet wives. Beware, prospective wife seekers.

Lt. James Dupratt, a Reno, Nevada, specialty—Jim is the smooth, silent type. He can be found at all hours of the night roaming the hotel halls.

Flights

A



Flight Commander Barker
Assistant Flight Commander Mitchell



INSTRUCTORS

Chenoweth
De Berry
Hering
Clark

Hewson
Quinby
Nelson
Ostermaier

Hollbrook, dispatcher

Miller
J. Stone
F. Stone
Willoughby



Hysterical Sketch on "A" Flight

Member that day we pulled into sleepy little Visalia? A more beat-up, hungry, tired, bunch of dog-faces we've never seen. Then that ride out to what we were sure must be a "farm"—judging by the surrounding country. And what a fine happy (?) welcome the upperclassmen gave us! Everything was so fine here after Santa Ana, swell quarters, no G. I. cots with characteristic sagging middles, not overcrowded and the chow was swell! We are really going to like it here.

We had a bad start on this flying business—the beautiful California sunshine (in the form of fog) persisted in obscuring everything for three weeks. Gosh, it was swell to see the sun and get back at the job ahead of us again.

Our flight has had some great characters. Who will forget Wrenbeck and his "one yard line," or "Dad" Rall and his "How about that?", G. E. Philipp and his early morning "Ankle eyes," Tommy Siefert and his "Listen Sexy . . .". It seemed every room had someone famous for something. The common gripe of all, though, was going to school in the middle of the night.

The whole business has been a wonderful experience and a "swell ride" for us. They thinned out the ranks somewhat, but there's still plenty of "A" Flight that will go on to do big things in the immediate future and days to come.

So . . . Until we turn up in the headlines—"Let's Eat!"



Jimmy Bryan Noble
Atlanta, Georgia
"Y'all"



Charles C. Norton
Toledo, Ohio
"Haba, Haba!"



John F. Norton
Seattle, Wash.
"Johnny"



Joseph T. Novak
Scranton, Pa.
"Hap"



L. Dallas Petross
Dallas, Texas
"Rabbit"



Willis B. Pfeister
Fort Stockton, Texas
"I dream of Iearne"



George E. Philipp
Baltimore, Md.
"Two in the snow"



Harry M. Philipps
Maplewood, N. J.
"Let's Eat"



Henry J. Piasecki
Philadelphia, Pa.
"Blind date, Hank?"



Joseph J. Pileckas
Hagaman, N. Y.
"Windy"



Meredith W. Plunkett, Jr.
Lynchburg, Va.
"Dodo Bucket"



Sebastian J. Rall, Jr.
Sandburg, Pa.
"How about that?"



Paul H. Randall
Paducah, Ky.
"Candy"



Reginald B. Reeves
Fort Smith, Ark.
"Arkansas, Aborigine"



Harry S. Rienhart
Youngstown, Ohio
"Little Flower"



Edmund H. Roberts
Alexandria, Virginia
"Turn on the heat"



Howard W. Rodenbeck
Ft. Wayne, Indiana
"Pill Roller"



John H. Rodolf
Tulsa, Oklahoma
"Horizontal"



Gerald B. Ross
Sulphur Springs, Texas
"Let's go to sleep"



William C. Sanborn
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
"Canuck"



Louis A. Schoen
Tulsa, Oklahoma
"Fat, Dumb, & Happy"



Edwin B. Scott
Ansley, Nebraska
"Don't tell me your troubles"



Charles L. Seay, III
Nashville, Tenn.
"They all love me"



Thomas F. Seifert
Brooklyn, N. Y.
"I'm from Dallas mahself"



Alvin B. Skore
Hixton, Wisconsin
"Hot Pilot"



Martin H. Skolnick
Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Skaldy"



Edward R. Sopiars
Thorp, Wisconsin
"Hold it!"



Benjamin E. Spaw
Dallas, Texas
"Night Owl"



Max C. Spencer
Kansas City, Missouri
"Mom"



Charles R. Steiner
Navarro, Ohio
"Salty"



Gerald O. Stewart
Robbinsville, North Carolina
"Lennie"



Paula W. Stinson
Dallas, Texas
"Ah kaint hep it."



George S. Sullivan
Hardisty, Oklahoma
"Bill Tilden"



Martin F. Surovy
Madera, Pa.
"Come Now, You're loathing!"



Richard M. Yannehill
Front, La.
"Momma"



Arthur W. Thomas
Phoenixville, Pa.
"This is a sad day"



Harris A. Tucker
Knoxville, Tenn.
"Oh, Brother"



Robert P. Utrecht
Washington, D. C.
"I'll fly it 2nd time up"



William P. Voorhees
Franklin, Ill.
"100 hours--stick time"



James A. Walters, Jr.
Iranon, Texas
"When's open post?"



Robert W. Watts
Lockport, N. Y.
"She's Nice"



Calvin Webb
Harrisburg, Ill.
"Oh Judee"



Walter J. White
New Haven, Conn.
"For Dear Old Eli"



Roy E. Williams
Seminole, Oklahoma
"Um, looks alright!"



James H. Wilson
Edinburg, Texas
"The Crooner"



Melbourne J. Wilson
Madison, Wisconsin
"I do'd it"



John P. Wisner
Cleveland, Ohio
"She's in Cleveland"



Frank W. Wolf
Philadelphia, Pa.
"According to AR--You're wrong!"



Donald T. Wooten
N. Plainfield, N. J.
"It must be done"



Milton W. Wrenbeck
Detroit, Mich.
"She weighs about—"



Mike Yenosky, Jr.
Uniontown, Pa.
"Irish—Hell Diver"



Joseph E. Zimmerman
Long Island, N. Y.
"Will it last?"



Eugene M. Zelomy
New York City, N. Y.
"Have you no modesty?"



Leslie E. Rowe
Hoquiam, Washington
"Hey Hube"



"Gas Has Lost It's Glamor"



B

Flight Commander Teller
Assistant Flight Commander Owen



INSTRUCTORS

- Campodinico
- Cooper
- Hackett
- Hagglund
- Schabel
- Lagomarsino
- Scott
- Smith
- Burke
- Taggart
- R. Stein, dispatcher



Instructor Smith in a pensive mood.



B Flight

As we go to press, we of B-Flight are winding up our stay at V-D, while we are struggling feverishly to bring our flying hours up to the scheduled average. We have been beset by fog, we have double-timed to atone for our sins, we have mixed up our school schedule, and since we have been flying, we have done our best to shatter the pride of the Ryan Aircraft Corporation.

But now, meet some of the boys who have helped to make B-Flight outstanding. First there is Clemovitz, the first to solo and Downing, the first to get married. (Both brave men.) Then there is Bly who dumped four pumps of flaps twenty feet from terra firma; and Rip-chord Baker who gave his chute a practical test—on the ground. We have Branch, the boy who rode a PT like a bronco; flap-happy Collier; and Dewey, who steers a PT like a toboggan. Now look at our extra-curricular record. Cafarelli rides side-saddle down the main street of Visalia on the back of a bicycle; Clagett warbles his way into a USO show; Burbi and Bradford wrestle their way into a ten minute brace on the flight line; and finally, E-2 pulls a New Year's Eve Commando raid on E-1. In short, what would you expect from the likes of what B-Flight claims?

Well, you should expect the best, and it is here that we should give due credit to the efforts of our instructors. Those who have taught us to fly are the best in the world, and we know it. Those who have had us in ground school have performed miracles as shown by the fact that they have really taught us something.

So we give you B-Flight, one of the most astounding things that ever hit a west coast primary school.



Herbert W. Alexander
Stony Point, North Carolina
"General Chennault"



Frank J. Apalatequi
Yorba Linda, Calif.
"Square"



Howard A. Ashwood
Syracuse, N. Y.
"Ya old tank"



Hugh T. Atkinson
Atlanta, Georgia
"Adeat, the handbag kid"



Buford O. Baker
Medina, Texas
"Bounced a hundred feet"



Paul E. Blow
Troy, New York
"Always in the middle"



Frederick W. Bly
Sacramento, Calif.
"Who knows weather?"



Don L. Boatright
Eldorado, Ill.
"Number please"



D. R. Bolster
Sugar Grove, Ill.
"Laddy"



William H. Bowers
Zanesville, Ohio
"Do I talk in my sleep"



John C. Bradford
Duluth, Minn.
"Goldbrick"



Weiden P. Branch
Atlanta, Ga.
"Now he tells me"



William D. Brasher
Waxahachie, Texas
"I ain't sick, Sir"



Edwin B. Brinkley
Chattanooga, Tenn.
"Lo and behold! A stall."



Thomas F. Brown
Meridian, Miss.
"Any mail for me?"



Leonard Bubri
Linwood, Pa.
"Passa da Spaghetti"



Roger N. Bunkley
Stamford, Texas
"Any furlough's today?"



George Barsik
Brookfield, Ill.
"You're climbing"



Lidney L. Bush
Honolulu, Hawaii
"Now, in Honolulu"



George O. Bushley
Harrisville, Mich.
"That's a crock—"



Joseph R. Catarelli
Brooklyn, N. Y.
"What! Latrine again."



Clarence W. Carter
Oelwein, Iowa
"Call me Bill"



Charles S. Clagett
Rawling Green, Ky.
"I'll take the blonde"



Feodor Clemovitz
Phoenix, Arizona
"When do we eat?"



Durwood C. Collier
Greensboro, Vermont
"Look where you're flying, mister"



Herbert G. Ceppie
Dix, Illinois
"Let's clean up, boys"



Roger H. Coryell
Honolulu, Hawaii
"The tarque's got me"



Elwood H. Cox
Nashville, Tenn.
"Was I climbing, Sir?"



Benjamin E. Culbertson, Jr.
Fort Thomas, Kentucky
"My old Kentucky home"



James T. Cummings
Chicago, Ill.
"Stormy"



Robert M. Davis
Pleasantville, N. Y.
"I don't want any."



Morton Deutch
New York City, N. Y.
"Who's Neuritic?"



Hartley C. Dewey
Yosemite Nat'l Park, Calif.
"Pride of the Park"



Robert W. Dobberstein
Dayton, Ohio
"I want a furlough"



Robert S. Douglas
Birmingham, Alabama
"I like school,
especially 4th grade"



William L. Douglas
Neward, New Jersey
"I'll sweat it out"



Robert J. Downing
Cincinnati, Ohio
"Seat open-deck out"



Richard A. Dull
Forest Hills, New York
"Sugar report, that's for me"



Louis D. DuMontier
Honolulu, Hawaii
"All this and shrimp too"



Harry E. Dunckley
Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Hey, Bean!"



Earle K. Easton
Sioux City, Iowa
"I like parks"



Edmund J. Ely
Elkins Park, Penn.
"Drastic Stoll"



Robert G. Fitzsimmons
LaGrange, Illinois
"Mother Fitz"



Richard L. Ford
Bartle Creek, Michigan
"Beats me, Mack"



William R. Forry
Reading, Pa.
"Next case"



Robert D. Fortier
Racine, Wis.
"FX Romeo"



Ernest L. Fortson
Shreveport, La.
"Not a move"



Bert V. Frame
Ponca City, Okla.
"Quiet but eager"

F

Flight Commander Schelling
Assistant Flight Commander Buel



The African dominoes gallop as a trio of instructors rest from the game of chance upstairs.



INSTRUCTORS

Anderson
Knopton
Brunsvold
Childress
Cowlger
Graham
Hamilton
Johnson
Stevens
Payton
Gural

Birdwell, dispatcher



F Flight

F flight came as any other flight to Visalia—via the beetle-like grey green buses of Sequoia Field. Our stay was much like that of any other flight, marked by the same antics that make our lives as cadets bearable. We had our laughs, our good times, and our sadness for those of us who didn't make the grade. To them we wish the very best of luck from the bottom of our hearts. For those of us who are going on there will be many pleasant memories of our stay—such as Nosal's "cross-country," Gillingham's record of ten passes to make one good solo flight, and R. J. Jones' miraculous ability to "snow" everyone and everything—including an airplane. Then, of course, we had our "hot pilots," too—Gattis could tell us by the hour about those smooth landings; Hannum's strange ability for tail-high takeoffs; there were also times when Troy Jones and Fred Horcasitas had their innings, not to mention McClure as our first solo in the flight.

Those of us who took ground school classes with the inimitable Bill Fritz will never forget the sessions in Van Dusen's engines class when questions such as "Why battery acid was in the carburetor" were asked.

All in all we liked our stay. We put in our time at flying and in going to school, and really did little else. Ours was a good flight, manned by good men, our comrades. For us a place has been reserved near the ringside of history. We are going on toward the real job in the hope that through our efforts we, as men of the air, may help to shape the destiny of our country, the world and civilization.





Malin A. Frances
Morgan, Utah
"Now in Utah—"



Arthur N. Franklin
Port Angelus, Wash.
"Steel Wool"



William S. Franklin
Crossmore, N. C.
"Tarheel"



William A. Frite
Seattle, Wash.
"I don't quite follow you, str."



Elgin V. Gattis
Longview, Texas
"Now according to regulations"



Rowley E. Gillingham
Chester, Pa.
"String formation"



Lester D. Goodrich
Glendale, Calif.
"I met her on a bus"



John I. Haines
Milwaukee, Wis.
"Little John"



Richard M. Hall
Philadelphia, Pa.
"I'll never do it again"



John M. Hannum
Media, Pa.
"That's what she said
last night"



Milton D. Harrington
Camp Wood, Texas
"Texas Romeo"



Fred Horcasitas
Central, New Mexico
"Let's cut this stuff, huh!"



John B. Howe
Lexington, Ky.
"Let me dream"



Everett A. Hudson
Martinez, Calif.
"Sierra Kid"



William T. Hunt, Jr.
Robinson, Maine
"Marriage is the life"



W. L. Hutter
Quincy, Ill.
"Receding Hairline"



Ralph E. Jones
Indianapolis, Indiana
"Now in the O-47--"



Royce P. Jones
Tuscaloosa, Alabama
"The way I see it"



Troy E. Jones
Kenil, Ky.
"I'll fly anything"



William J. Juco
New York
"Hecky"



Joseph R. Kennedy
Denver, Colorado
"Feed 'em beans"



Phillip J. Kiamy
Miami, Ariz.
"Give me a cap"



Peter Kuchmy
Rochester, N. Y.
"Mad Russian"



Arthur W. Latham, Jr.
New Brunswick, N. J.
"Art"



Raymond Neil Lawson
Henderson, Tenn.
"Rebel"



Jackson Oliver Lay
Little Rock, Ark.
"Light Duty"



Thomas Alfred Leathers
Nashville, Tenn.
"Tennessee Hep-Cat"



Robert Otto Liedtke
Escanaba, Mich.
"Eager Beaver"



Donald Roamer Livengood
Jamestown, N. Y.
"Sleepy Joe"



Abraham Harry Loefsky
Detroit, Mich.
"Democrat"



Arthur Malinowski
Wilkes Barre, Penn.



Patrick J. Manley
Baltimore, Maryland
"Dan-Sam"



William S. Markham
Honolulu, Hawaii
"That's A Lot Of Pupal"



Ray H. Marks
Charlotte, N. Car.
"Oh Boy, Open Post"



Warren R. Marsters
Westbrook, Maine
"Linsy"



Louis F. Matichka
New York City, N. Y.
"Beethoven"



Clifford William McBride
Birmingham, Mich.
"Egg-Head"



James A. McClure
Seattle, Wash.
"Look at the airplane"



Ellis J. McKanna
Newton, Kan.
"Brains"



Walter E. McKay
Portland, Ore.
"Fighting Irish"



Rodney J. Myer
Xenia, Ohio
"Glauffar Boy"



Daniel M. Miller
Bristol, Tenn.
"I read a book once"



Charles W. Mitchell
Nashville, Tenn.
"What do you think?"



Elwood M. Moore
Cincinnati, Ohio
"Those Gremlins"



Arthur M. Neal
Koppel, Penn.
"Gunner"



John Nosal
Pittstown, N. J.
"Uncle John"



Timothy J. Nanan
Syracuse, N. Y.
"Time for Coffee"



Charles F. Olsen
Black Earth, Wis.
"Wisconsin Dodo"



Alfred G. Peden
 Detroit, Mich.
 "Over the side"



Herman Peters
 Santa Monica, Calif.
 "Information, Please"



George W. Peterson
 Homewood, Ill.
 "You can have it"



Ray H. Peterson
 Provo, Utah
 "Where's Mommy"



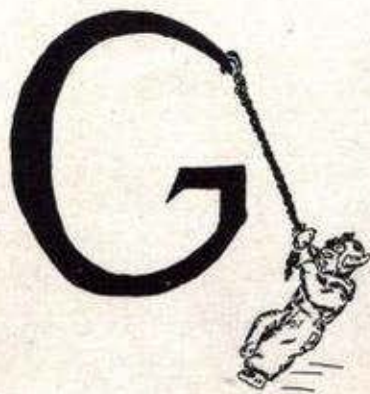
Richard D. Poindexter
 Honolulu, Hawaii
 "I wanta go back"



Jack Y. Reeves
 Nashville, Tenn.
 "Swamp Rabbit"



"Ready to Go?"



INSTRUCTORS

Alexander
Bodily
Bowles
Crossland
Davis
Wallace
Magnussen
Obri
Baldwin
Thomas
Farien
Wells
Hollum
Schmitt, Dispatcher



Flight Commander McAdams
Assistant Flight Commander
Froisness



ABOVE—Flight Training Director E.
Sandin.

LEFT—Stage Commander Gates.

RIGHT—Stage Commander Williams.





G Flight

"The world will little note nor long remember" what G Flight did at Sequoia Field, but G Flight personnel will never forget . . . "Sully" Sullivan's solo, complete with ground loop; Weiner hitting the silk as a finale of a whip stall; "Crash" Zeiss glad his instructor was up front on that forced landing; "Pretty Boy" Reid losing a valuable engraving of Andrew Jackson at the PX; Roger Williams leading the pack in the solo race; "Quiz Kids" Rosengren and Magee in navigation class; our early contributors to the dodo bucket; ex-army crew chiefs and Mr. William Van Dusen ironing out some fine points on carburetion.

There were many others who should be in our Hall of Fame, but G Flight's illustrious sons will undoubtedly be heard from again and again. Our comfortable bunks, our telephone numbers in Visalia, Fresno and way points, and our respect for Sequoia's redoubtable "rivet poppers" we bequeath to the dodos that follow. That's "thirty."



Melvin F. Allen
Lamont, Iowa
"Eager Beaver"



William M. Arnold
Ballston Lake, N. Y.
"Fanchy"



Salvatore Barbanera
Bronx, New York
"His eyebrows meet!"



William A. Barrett
Jackson, Mississippi
"Pass the pie please"



Thomas W. Barrick
Elk Garden, W. Va.
"Take me back"



Lowell W. Barton
Minneapolis, Minn.
"Hell on wheels"



Richard E. Birdsall
Poyette, Idaho
"Idaho"



William J. Blocker
Louisville, Kentucky
"I didn't say that"



Jimmy Brown
Bowling Green, Kentucky
"T-Bone"



Carl Burak
Syracuse, New York
"Seven years later"



Max Burlock
Brooklyn, New York
"Cowboy"



Thomas C. Butler
Graham, Texas
"Phat"



Joseph E. Cameron
Greenville, S. C.
"All this for one reason"



Peter A. Cannistraro
Waltham, Mass.
"Did I ever tell you about Ruth?"



Vernon Carter
Middletown, Ohio
"Smoky"



Albert L. Clapie
Pittsburg, Pa.
"Red"



Jack G. Coeur
Hamilton, Ill.
"Jack of Hearts"



Edward B. Collins, Jr.
Acala, Florida
"Yes, Dear"



Otto O. Collins, Jr.
Bluesfield, W. Va.
"Babo"



John C. Macleod
Casper, Wyo.
"Mac"



James E. Maddux
Nashville, Tenn.
"Maddoo"



Edward W. Maqos
Philadelphia, Penn.
"Will this fog ever clear up?"



Raymond E. Reid
Kingsport, Tenn.
"Troubles"



Rudolph R. Richter
Oshkosh, Wis.
"Pineapple Army's Pride"



Joseph I. Ritson
Mt. Morris, Ill.
"Daddy"



Kenneth C. Roberts
San Diego, Calif.
"Professor"



Roger J. Roedel
Minneapolis, Minn.
"I'll walk down"



Wray A. Rollow
El Dorado, Ark.
"Arkansas Traveler"



Jess A. Rosengren
Omaha, Neb.
"Is the mail in?"



Francis A. Sanvito
North Bergen, N. J.
"Much ado about nothing"



Joseph B. Schmidt
Madison, Wis.
"Here we go, Mom!"



John E. Sellers
Bend, Oregon
"Woman Hater"



Orville A. Shields
Marsing, Idaho
"Fifth Rank"



David A. Sinclair
Honolulu, Hawaii
"Why study?"



Donald E. Slayton
Manteca, Calif.
"Snakes"



Loyd W. Smith
Lake City, Iowa
"Who's champ?"



Vernon L. Smith
Honolulu, Hawaii
"Kamaina Kid"



Louis Steinberg
Nashville, Tenn.
"Ridge Runner"



William W. Steinke
Hayden, Arizona
"Cactus Bill"



Robert M. Stephens
Manchester, Georgia
"Ginpy"



Raymond H. Sullivan
Glendale, Calif.
"Deal me in"



George Alton Thorne
Littleton, N. Carolina
"Hello Honey Chile"



Jackson Triplett
San Jose, Calif.
"Ricky-Tick"



Louis L. Vleck
Vincennes, Indiana
"When's sick call?"



Frank P. Vivas
Honolulu, Hawaii
"Gotta 'C' Card—hmm?"



Jay Albert Wade
Augusta, Illinois
"Thermostat"



Doris Tucker White
Horn Lake, Miss.
"Wheah's mah tie?"



Martin J. Wiegler
Newark, New Jersey
"It's not loisy"



Hugo I. Wiener
Evansville, Indiana
"The Kodachrome Kid"



John Willis Williams
Paris, Texas
"Ah can't hop it"



Roger Jay Williams
Redlands, Calif.
"She's lovely-Do"



Benjamin S. Wintree
Hopkinsville, Ky.
"Daddie it"



George S. Winn
Dorchester, Mass.
"Those darn gremlins"



William M. Wood
Honolulu, Hawaii
"Snafu"



Floyd A. Wright
Tulsa, Oklahoma
"I feel like Herky"



Richard L. Wright
Spencer, W. Va.
"Oahu no come back!"



Charles L. Zeiss
Paducah, Ky.
"Crash"



Harold E. Zettle
West Branch, Mich.
"Rooster Bird"



Salvatore Zollo
Westfield, N. J.
"No way at knowin'"

These members of Army and Civilian supply were kept busy exchanging broken goggles, etc., for demerits (and new equipment, too).



H



Flight Commander Ralphs
Assistant Flight Commander Lee

INSTRUCTORS

Opdyke
Boyer
Pennington
Lentine
Revel
Chewning
Brown
Flynn
Darby
Gall
Carrigan
Hamvey
Friend, Dispatcher



Hup! Hup! Hup!
With "H" Flight

H Flight

"Turn on the heater" resounds from every room as the blare of First Call interrupts the peaceful snores at 5:45 every morning. "It's a crock" echoes between the barracks as the mighty men of H Flight shiver at reveille. "And they say there's a rubber shortage" emits from Eager Beavers fighting fried eggs at breakfast. The California sunshine (fog to you) lays heavy on the way to weather, engines, navigation, and the enjoyable movies. Mr. Van Dusen's authoritative finger shatters Kelly's slumber as it points between his eyes. "Name the working parts of the Curtis electric prop."—Who started this war, anyway? Remember flight line, first meeting our instructors, the dodo bucket (Elsasser, if you please). The first solo (Lester, our smallest, but not least). The sigh of relief when the 20-hour check is over. At night with 8 hours of study due next morning, girl friends, wives and home folks have priority over Mr. Ferestad. We can't lose. There is too much to fight for. Hol Hum! . . . S-z-z-z.



Francis L. Coune
Tampa, Fla.
"Now, in Florida,
the weather--"



Clifford G. Cox
Sherman, Texas
"Coxey"



Marvin K. Deats
Kalamazoo, Mich.
"Mike the Masber"



George N. Demos
Atlanta, Ga.
"Jitterbug Nicky"



Jack C. Dodd
Charleston, W. Va.
"Ginny says--"



Victor S. Doroski
Calverton, N. Y.
"He murders carburetors"



Eimer C. Douglas
Long Beach, Calif.
"Dallying Doug"



Charles J. Eades, Jr.
Shelbyville, Ind.
"In my O.X. Waco"



Richard L. Ebert
Harvey, Ill.
"Capt. Perpendicular Dick"



Clarence E. Edelen
Memphis, Tenn.
"Dee"



George W. Eike
Rochester, New York
"Kodak has everything"



Swerre E. Eliasson
L'Anse, Michigan
"Damithals so"



Jackson L. Ellis
South Charleston, West Virginia
"Dodo Killer"



Carl L. Elsesser
Buffalo, New York
"Hup! Hup! Hup!"



Richard L. Eubank
Wills Point, Texas
"Could be!"



Benton Fielder, Jr.
Berea, Kentucky
"Master mind"



Alden B. Gordon
Nashville, Tenn.
"What'll I do now?"



Chesley L. Grant
Island Pond, Vermont
"Maple Sugar"



Robert L. Hale
Atlanta, Georgia
"Little Dottie"



Leon D. Hall
Birmingham, Ala.
"Power-on spine"



John J. Hamburger
Weatherford, Okla.
"Ever drive a truck?"



Robert J. Hanlon
Brooklyn, N. Y.
"You can't scare me"



Richard G. Heinrich
Lima, Ohio
"Burning desire"



Harold H. Homer
Cincinnati, Ohio
"Hate I go again"



Norman J. Hines
Chillicothe, Ohio
"Form 1"



Charles J. Hodapp
Louisville, Kentucky
"Pray for fog"



Robert B. Huddleston
Atlanta, Ga.
"I'll take the stick"



Charles M. Hughes
Cowan, Tenn.
"I wanna go home"



Lawrence W. Jensen
Franklin, Minn.
"The great Dane"



Merrill D. Johnson
Norristown, Pa.
"Flying weather—darnit!"



Morton W. Johnson
Athens, Maine
"People have more fun"



Walter J. Johnson
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin
"Open that window"



Ben P. Jones, Jr.
Flat Rock, N. C.
"Sizzler"



Thomas H. Jones
Montgomery, Ala.
"Crisco"



Raymond H. Kelley
Ashtabula, Ohio
"Shipwreck"



Michael Kelly
Chicago, Ill.
"So I gives her the old smile"



David W. Kimney
Lawyersville, N. Y.
"Outside loop"



Louis Korotkin
Long Island, N. Y.
"Zoot suit"



Bernard M. Krankowitz
Newark, N. J.
"Get off my cloud"



Joseph Krause
Bridgeport, N. J.
"Blame it on I-3"



Joseph Kupits
Philadelphia, Pa.
"I knew her when"



Charles DeWolf LaMond
Shaker Heights, Ohio
"DeWolf—de wolf!"



James D. Lane
Nashville, Tenn.
"Lullaby"



James P. LaPaze
Struthers, Ohio
"Field? What field?"



Ralph Burkhead Lassiter
Candor, N. C.
"The Colonel"



John A. Lozenca
Pittsburgh, Pa.
"Nine-G!"



Donald B. Leamy
Newburgh, N. Y.
"Oh, My Back!"



Hilary M. Lesperance
Two Rivers, Wis.
"What! No Break?"



Lawrence B. Lester
Moose, Texas
"Just in round figures"



Louis L. Liebowitz
Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Did your girl ask for me?"



Alexander Lind
Wauseon, Ohio
"Let's go to Fresno! You know?"



Chester L. Long
Arbutus, Md.
"I'm Innocent"



Kenneth B. Lyell
Hickory, Kentucky
"Old Hickory"



William G. McCarthy
Bristol, Conn.
"Sure I'm Irish"



John J. McGrath
Langhorne, Pa.
"Don't be chicken, Mac"



Joseph McIntyre
Indianapolis, Ind.
"Breezy Joe"



Richard T. McKee
Charlottesville, Va.
"Are you kiddin'?"



John T. McKinster
Woodstock, Ohio
"Gotta call my wife"

"When can I get a solo ship, Sir?" Chief Dispatcher W. N. Bennett and his assistants have one of Sequoia's biggest jobs — keeping track of lost, smashed or stolen training ships.



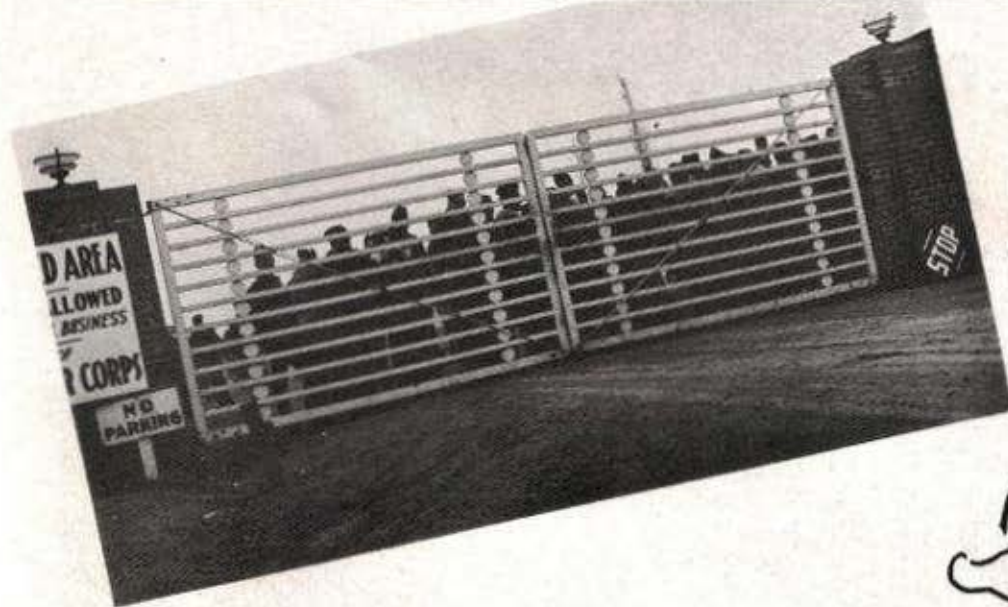
D O D O S



The dodos came at ten. The gates swung open and through them they passed into a new life . . . one in which they didn't quite know what to expect. A life filled with upperclassmen. Of calls such as "Get off the grass" and "Pop to Mister." Through all this they went with tolerance and hope . . . looking forward to their day. And now at last it has come. "Take over . . . and good luck!"

☆ ☆

C Flight



Upper—Within Sequoia's thoroughly posted gates the upper class waits and waits, and waits . . .

Right—"Holy Joe" we call him. He drills holes in the air, making for very bumpy check rides.



D Flight



☆ ☆



E Flight



I Flight



J Flight



"These Gremlins are awful cutups"

Time Out!

The Ole Watering Hole

Coke hounds and davenport athletes had difficulty deciding how to divide their time between the PX and rec (pronounced wreck) hall. Both divisions had their attractions, but loyal upperclassmen patrolled the PX fountain regularly to keep ambitious dodos from poaching on prohibited territory. A pleasant mecca of country club life, the PX owed its popularity more to personnel than to the products purveyed. Thank you for the smile, and may we have another cup of coffee?



"Isn't She Lucky?"



"Spirit of the Old West"

Camel Caravan



"Hoffman Misses a Beat"

The Camel Caravan came around our way on January 6 bringing a bevy of beautiful gals, a couple of "ham" comics, a swell cowboy band and, far from least, the sparkling wit of Joey Reardon. Those gals? Well, there were the Comeletts, with whom, by the way our boys got quite "chummy," and a gorgeous blond singer named Diane Carrol. All we can say to the Camel people is thanks—and what a show!



Joey Reardon, M. C.



The Camel, You Know, Has One Hump



We've stepped away from earth
To whirl on wind born wings,
Through endless blue of gentle space
Toward sun and stars
And toward the place
Where God and man are one.

We've flown our level way
Toward mountains snow bound and high.
Across the great green valley
Where far below in symmetry lie
Our fields, our planes, our land.

For them we've risen on golden wings
To cross the endless "halls" of mist
With open hearts and eager hands
We've grasped the controls . . . and sought to fly
That they, so through eternity may lie
In the quiet happiness of peace.

J. McClure, January 8, 1943



"My Solo"

Date.....

Time.....

Instructor.....

Results (if any).....

ARMY AIR CORPS SONG

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun.
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder—
At 'em boys—give 'er the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under
Off with one helluva roar.
We live in fame or go down in flame—
Nothing will stop the Army Air Corps!

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Sent it high into the blue,
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;
How they lived God only knew.
Souls of men, dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings ever to soar.
With scouts before and bombers galore
Nothing will stop the Army Air Corps!

Off we go into the wild blue yonder
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a grey-haired wonder
Keep the nose out of the blue.
Flying men, guarding the nation's border
We'll be there, followed by more.
In echelon we carry on —
Nothing will stop the Army Air Corps!

CHORUS

Here's a toast to the host of those
Who love the vastness of the sky.
To a friend, we will send
A message of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old
Then down we roar, to score
The rainbow's pot of gold,
A toast to the host of men we boast
THE ARMY AIR CORPS!

