



**PATTERN
TO
VICTORY**

Class 42 E

Good Old Victory Field

Richard Dean Weast

Lieutenant Air Corps
United States Army

CLASS OF 42E
presents

PATTERN

TO

VICTORY

VICTORY FIELD

VERNON TEXAS

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VOLUME I

NUMBER II

PATTERN TO VICTORY

EDITOR

Emmett L. Haley

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Kermit E. Bliss
Donald B. Moncrief

ART

W. E. (Catfish) Smith
Edwin C. Dorris

PHOTOGRAPHY

Melvin R. Schultz
Charles R. Bock
Edward H. Cox

CONTRIBUTORS

Thomas M. Patrick
Paul W. Brownfield
John A. Harrington
Frank W. Cooney
Paul E. Adams

Glen L. Symes
Harold W. Shroka
Michael G. Kennedy
Charles H. Egelhoff

PRODUCTION

Francis Menante
Walter J. Abplanalp
Donald T. Harding, Jr.

Orville P. Cobb
Charles Ireland



"Dodo" Drawn
by W.E. "Catfish" Smith

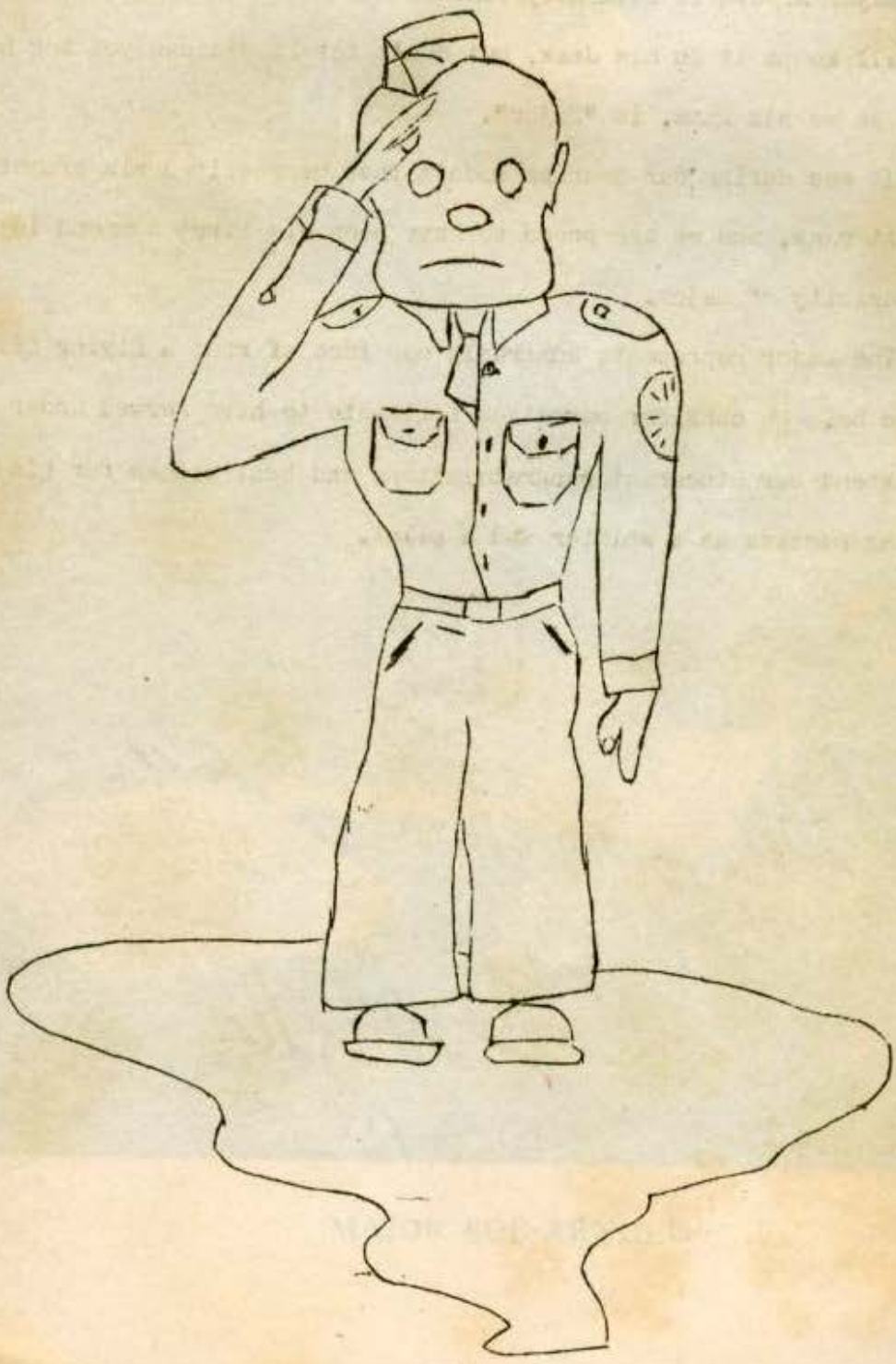
FOR ARD

We, the class of 42-S, consider ourselves the "War Babys" of the Air Corps. For it was while we were "dodos" that our nation was attacked and we found ourselves at war. The aggressor nation would feel no better if they had seen, at first hand, the matter of fact acceptance with which this declaration of war was received.

The upper class rode us just as hard as ever and we never missed a chance to let out our mournful "hound dog" howl every time their backs were turned. If the aggressors hoped to scare, or bewilder, the Americans by their attack; there was evidence here at the post that they had failed. If they had hoped to produce a spirit of despair, a matter of fact acceptance of defeat, again they had failed, for our class never showed an iota of despair, never considered fear, but continued in the grand old American spirit of working hard and enjoying the job that had been cut out for them.

It has been said that you can't beat a people that have not lost their sense of humor, and I believe that this is the outstanding characteristic of our class. As members of our class went further into their job, there was a noticeable sense of good fellowship, and boisterous good humor built up in our midst. Such a spirit in the face of the enemy can only be interpreted as a challenge, a dare, and an expression of our faith in ourselves and our ideals. In that spirit we have tried to produce this little book.

OFFICERS

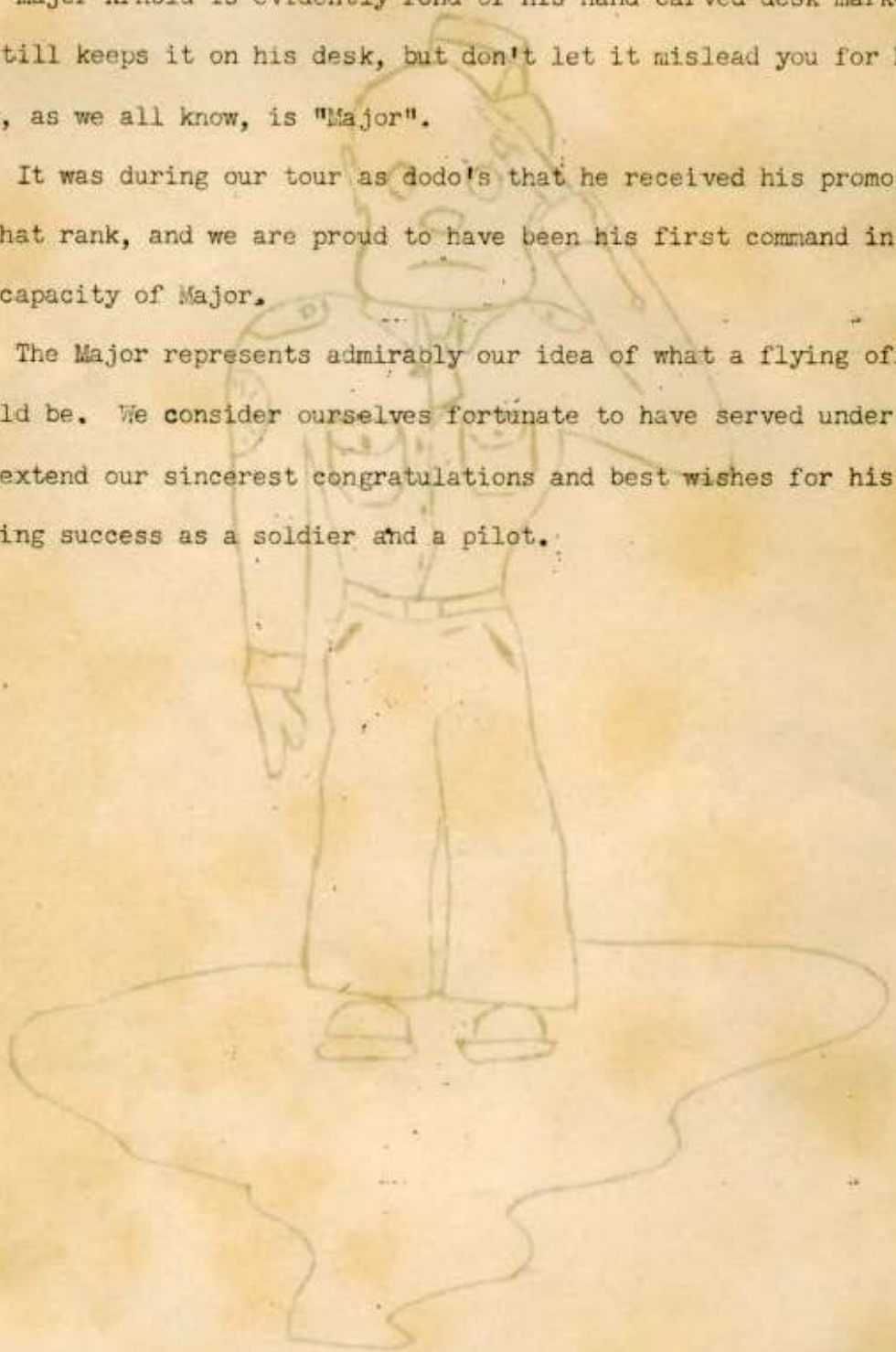


OFFICERS

Major Arnold is evidently fond of his hand carved desk marker as he still keeps it on his desk, but don't let it mislead you for his rank, as we all know, is "Major".

It was during our tour as dodo's that he received his promotion to that rank, and we are proud to have been his first command in his new capacity of Major.

The Major represents admirably our idea of what a flying officer should be. We consider ourselves fortunate to have served under him and extend our sincerest congratulations and best wishes for his continuing success as a soldier and a pilot.





MAJOR BOB ARNOLD

LIEUT. HELSCHER LIEUT. HARRIS

LIEUT. JOHNSON LIEUT. RESTIVO

CAPT. JOHNSTON CAPT. VANNETTER

MAJOR BOB ARNOLD



LT. HARRIS MAJOR ARNOLD CAPT. VANNETTER LT. HELSCHER
LT. RESTIVO CAPT. JOHNSTON LT. JOHNSON

SALUTE

Besides our distinguished commander, Victory field boasts seven Commissioned officers in its personnell.

Captain Donald R. Johnston, the post adjutant, is a popular favorite among the cadets because of the genial way in which he lives up to his reputation for getting things done.

Captain James C. Vanetter, the post Surgeon, whose only discernable hobby is the administering of "shots" designed to prevent a variety of ills. Lieutenant Jack L. Restivo assists him ably in the carrying out of his hobby and in other matters pertaining to the health of the post personnell.

Lieutenant J.M. Johnson is a flying officer and an important cog in the washing machine of which we hear so much. Many are the cadets who have been cheerfully though thoroughly scrubbed by this man and his machine.

Lieutenant Jack H. Harris, whose job it is to handle the cadets was formerly our supply officer before taking over these new duties. He keeps a constant check on the cadets and endeavors to keep us "on the ball". Lieutenant Charles C. Hulscher, Supply Officer, and our original commandant of Cadets, has a rapidly growing job down there in Hanger 2 seeing that government property is properly issued.

A welcome addition to the post is Lieutenant Shields whose duties are to help keep the unpopular though necessary washing machine going at full tilt. Apparently an active man, he proved too elusive for our photographer and a posse headed by Cadet Nesselrode and so a picture was not forthcoming. We welcome him and hope he will enjoy his stay at Victory Field as much as we have, which is saying a lot.

FLIGHT





FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS



FLIGHT DISPATCHERS



MR. BROCK



FAIRCHILD, P. T. 19A



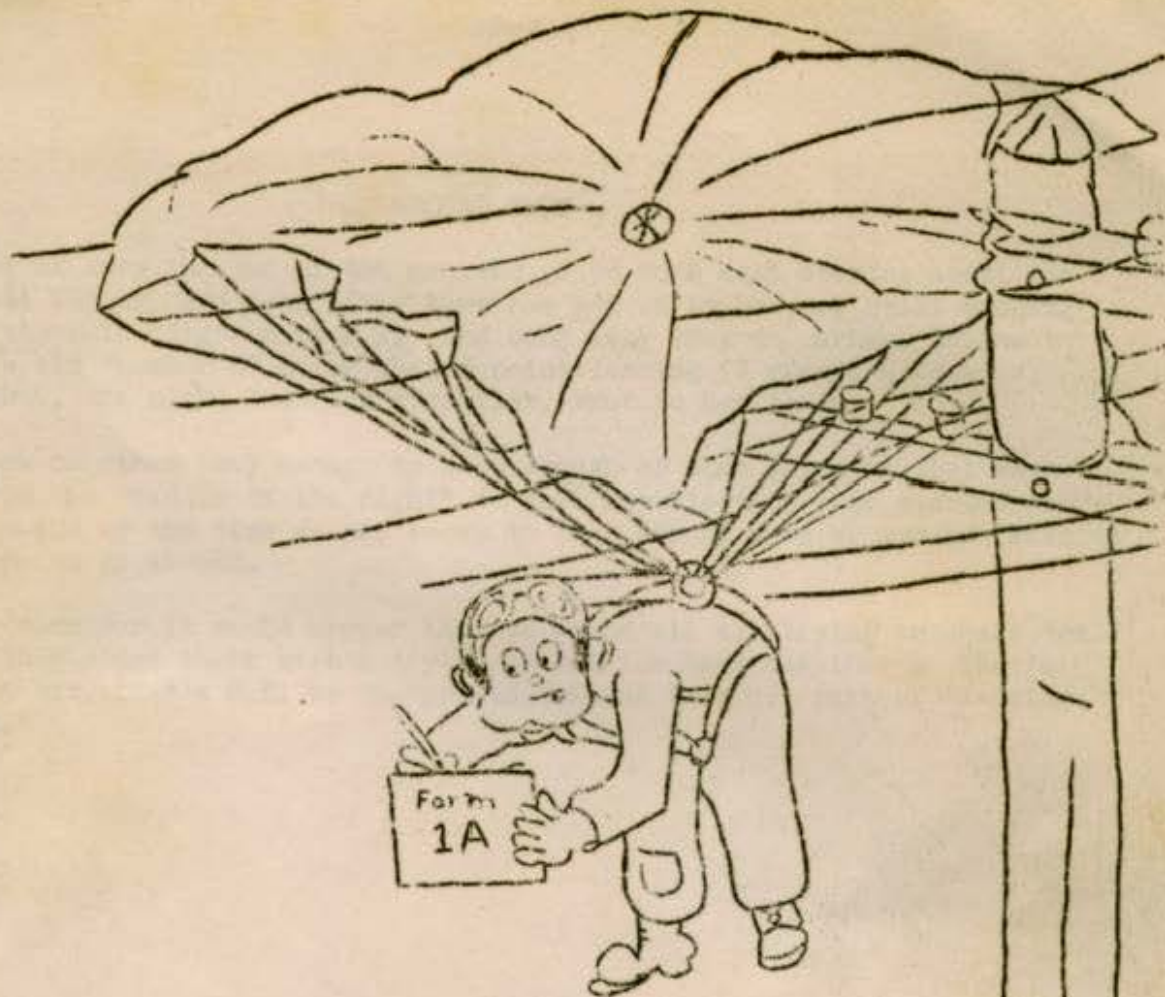
FLIGHT COMMANDERS



WAITING FOR PLANES
TESTING THE CHUTE
DODO'S FIRST RIDE
ON THE LINE

PLANES ON
THE RAMP

CHECKING OUT
AS WE SEE THE FIELD
THE FIRE ENGINE
WATCHING A "SOLO"



Our Parachutes

After wearing a parachute I think we see why the infantryman hates his pack so thoroughly. And, if like the Air corps, the infantryman wore it hanging on his rear he would like it even less. But with us that uncomfortable bundle is a popular piece of equipment. Although we all hope that we never have to use that spread of silk, and most of us would be scared silly if we had the chance, we would all balk the thought of going aloft without it. And as long as we fly for the Army the regulations will see to it that we don't leave it behind.

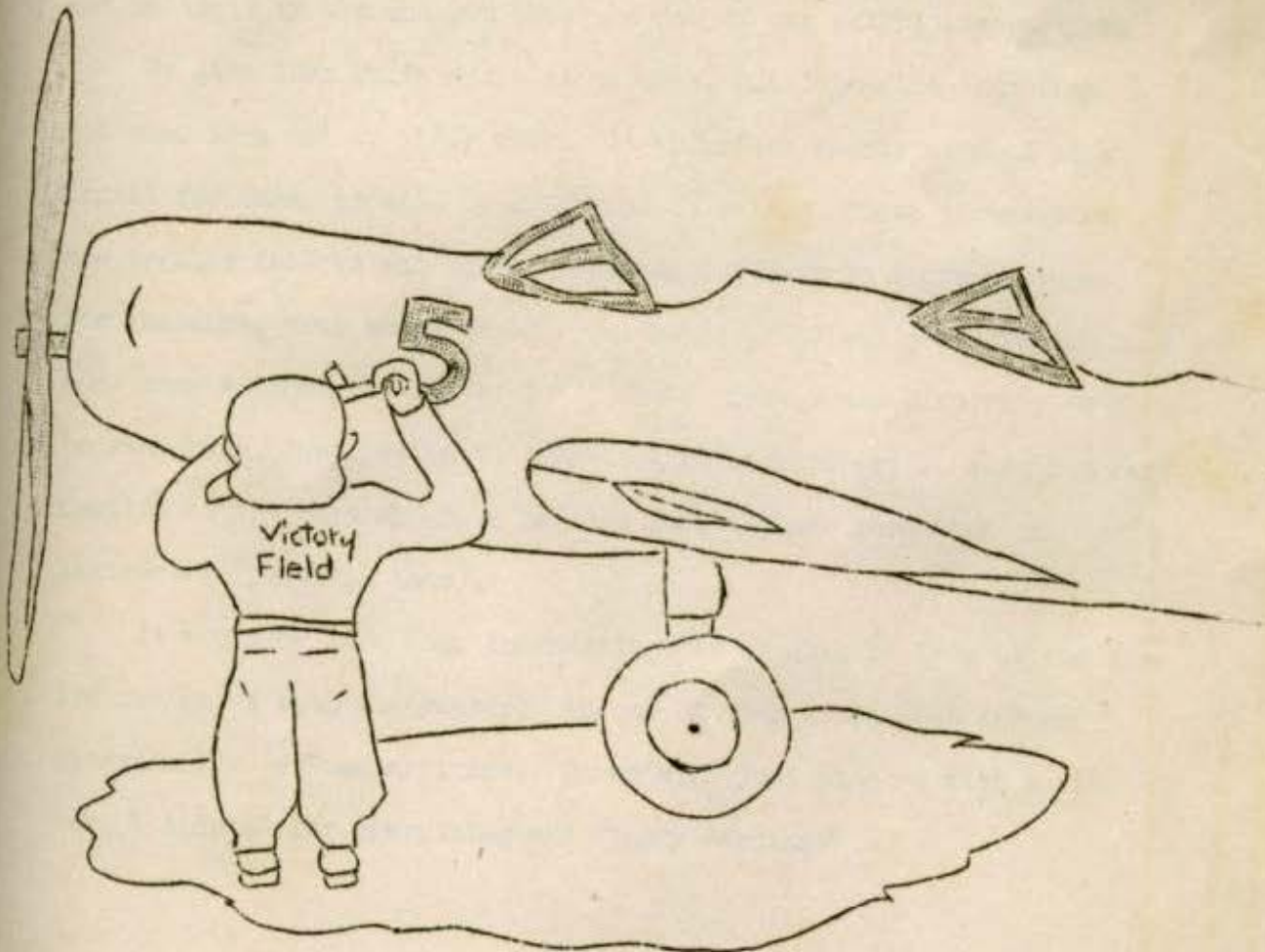
So we are content to carry it along to use as a seat cushion, and we enjoy a certain piece of mind in knowing it will float us down in case that mechanical bird of ours can't find a spot to light.

GROUND CREW

Few of us envy the job of the men who go to work each evening about the time we quit flying, and long after taps has put us to bed are still banging away over there in hanger number I. And bang away they do, perhaps trying to re-assemble old "number 6" after that 8 point landing (2 wheels-4 bounces) "Chuck" McGee, the plane bouncing specialist, shot to her today.

Somehow or other they manage to keep enough of them going so that when we go out in the "middle of the night" to meet reville they have started winding them up and by the time we are ready to take off at dawn we somehow find enough ships to go around.

To an outsider it would appear that we spend all day trying to shake 'em apart and they spend their nights trying to put 'em back together. That's about right but, that's O.K. by the ground crew as it's all part of "Keeping 'em Flying."



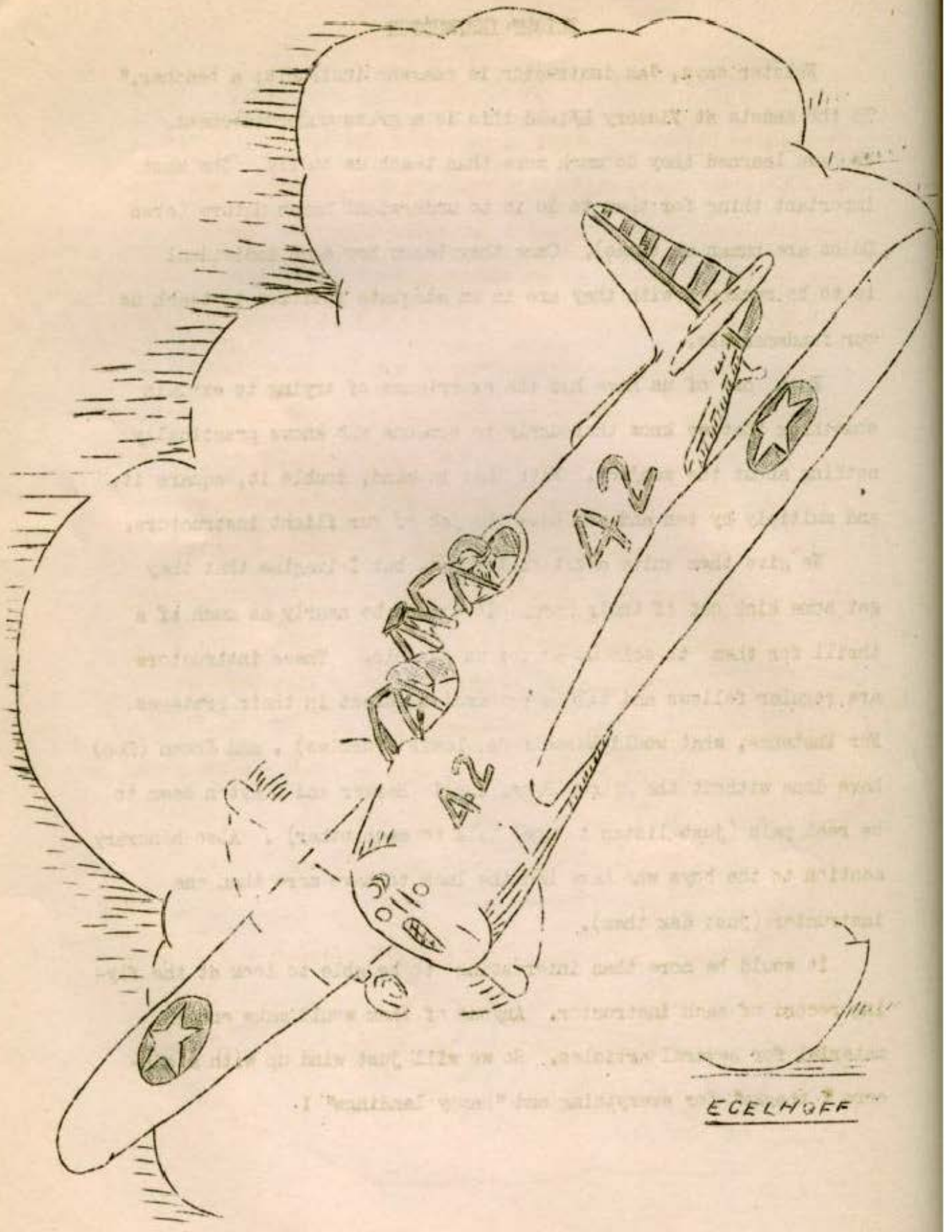
FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR

Webster says, "an instructor is one who instructs; a teacher." To the cadets at Victory Field this is a gross understatement. We have learned they do much more than teach us to fly. The most important thing for them to do is to understand human nature (even Dodos are human at times). Once they learn how each individual is to be reckoned with they are in an adequate position to teach us our fundamentals.

Each one of us have had the experience of trying to explain something that we know thoroughly to someone who knows practically nothing about the subject. With that in mind, double it, square it, and multiply by ten and you have the job of our flight instructors.

We give them quite a bit of trouble, but I imagine that they get some kick out of their work. It should be nearly as much of a thrill for them to solo us as for us to solo. These instructors are regular fellows and take a personal interest in their proteges. For instance, what would Nesselrode, Lewis (Bubbles), and Brown (Doc) have done without the Disney Bros. Inc.; Barker and Clayton seem to be real pals (just listen to them talk to each other). Also honorary mention to the boys who have had the luck to have more than one instructor (just ask them).

It would be more than interesting to be able to look at the flying record of each instructor. Anyone of them would make enough material for several articles. So we will just wind up with a sincere "thanks" for everything and "happy landings" ;



ECELHOFF

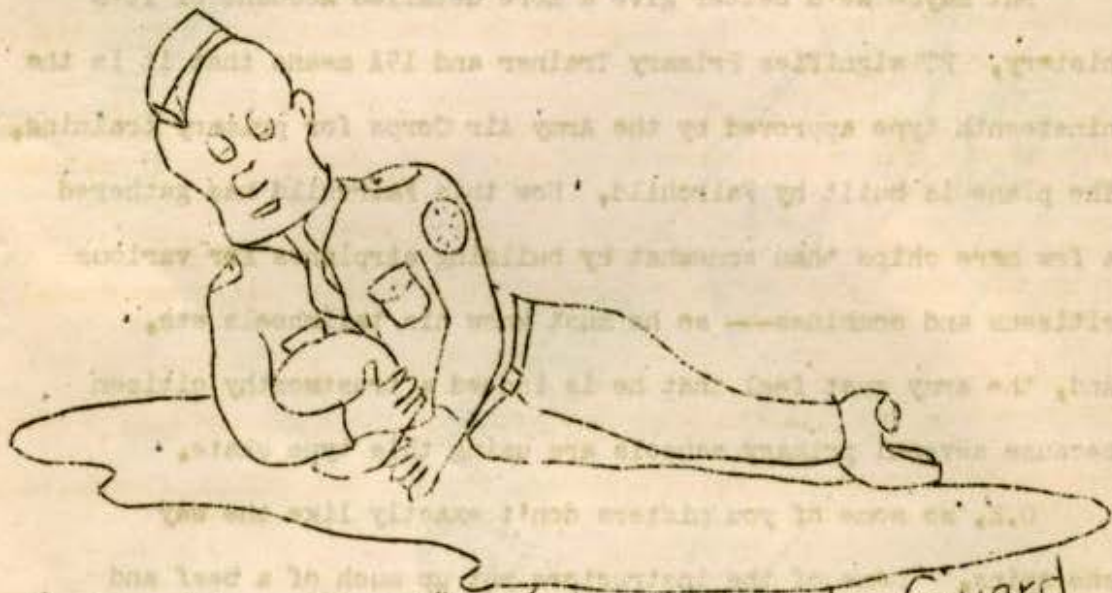
PT-19A

The PT-19A is our ship! It's one of the sweetest little jobs in which dodo's train. In fact I might get myself out on a limb with other primary schools by saying that it's the best primary trainer now in use by the army.

But maybe we'd better give a more detailed account of it's history. PT signifies Primary Trainer and 19A means that it is the nineteenth type approved by the Army Air Corps for primary training. The plane is built by Fairchild. Now this Fairchild has gathered a few more chips than somewhat by building airplanes for various citizens and combines--- so he must know his tailwheels etc. And, the army must feel that he is indeed a trustworthy citizen because several primary schools are using this type skate.

O.K. so some of you misters don't exactly like the way she spins. None of the instructors put up much of a beef and after all, if she would fly herself, what would be the point in training us to fly. Why not just crank up a shop with plenty of Betsy's on it and tear around shooting the tail off everything that crossed us.

So we learn to fly the PT-19A and get somewhat of a fizz when the instructor shows us a snap roll or two. We'll doff our best store-boughten go-to-hell cap to the Fairchild PT-19A.



"On the Ball", after 21116 Guard

PSALMS OF A FLYER

1. As the telephone operator who giveth wrong numbers, so is he who extolleth his exploits in the air.

2. He shall enlarge upon the dangers of his adventures, but in my sleeve can be heard the tinkling of silvery laughter.

3. Let not thy familiarity with airplanes breed contempt lest thou become exceedingly careless at a time when great care is necessary to thy well being.

4. My son, obey the laws and observe prudence, spin thou not lower than fifteen hundred cuvits nor stunt above thine own domicile, for the hand of the law is heavy and reacheth far and wide throughout the lane.

5. Incur not the wrath of the commander by breaking rules, for he who maketh right hand circuits shall be cast out into outer dar-ness.

6. Let not thy prowess in the air persuade thee that others cannot do even as thou doest; for he that showeth off in public places is an abomination unto his fellow pilots.

7. More praiseworthy is he who can touch the tail skid and wheels to the earth at the same time than he who loopeth and rolleth till some damsel stares in amazement at his darings.

8. He who breaketh an undercarriage in a forced landing may, in time, be forgiven; but he who taxieth into another plane shall be despised forever.

9. Beware the man who taketh off without looking behind him, for there is no health in him, verily I say unto you, his days are numbered.

10. Clever men take the reproofs of their instructors in the same wise, one like unto another with witty jest, confessing their dumbness and regarding themselves with humor. Yet they try again, profiting by his wise counsel and taking not offense at aught that has been said.

11. As a postage stamp that locketh glue so are words of caution to a fool, they sticketh not, going into one ear and out the other for there is naught between to stop them.

12. My son, hearken unto my teaching and forsake not the laws of prudence for the reckless shall not inhabit the earth for long.

13. Hear instructions and be wise, and refuse it not, thus will thy fly safely and length of days and life of peace shall be added unto thee.

Amen!

three or four weeks. If then some of the boys will be gone and I can

have you come to school.

Heaps of love,

Jack.

A "DODO" WRITES THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

Find an easy chair, honey, and lend an ear to your Air Corps hero.

I got up early this morning, had a fine breakfast and decided to do my flying early. Several of the other boys felt the same way, so we all met out in front of the barracks and walked over to the Cadet flying room together. The Cadet flying room is a dandy place and everyone is very congenial, especially some of the upper-classmen. They are really a good bunch of boys and are especially interested in hearing about our experiences at Kelly Field.

After shooting the breeze for a while, I decided to get my parachute and do a little flying. On my way out I exchanged greetings with the dispatcher. He is really the friendliest fellow, and speaks to everyone sometimes during the day. I started to my plane and who should I meet but my instructor. He seemed very glad to see me so we exchanged salutes. I offered to take him up, and he gladly accepted. He was very jolly all during the ride, and I wish that I could tell you some of the things he told me while we were flying. Guess it would hardly be proper though, because honestly, Marian, I was blushing myself.

We did a few maneuvers, which he jokingly called acrobatics, and came down feeling very much refreshed. The instructor made a few remarks about my coordination and said it was a very thrilling ride, especially when I did that five turn spin and came out 500 feet above the ground.

It was darling of you to think about coming to see me, Marian Dear, and while I am dying to see you, it might be a good idea if you waited three or four weeks. By then some of the boys will be gone and I can have you more to myself.

Heaps of love,

Jack.

SOLO FLIGHT

Well, here it was--the morning of Nov. 24th--a beautiful day. My instructor and I got in and took off. Another hour of dual, I thought to myself, and sure enough we broke traffic and went through the same maneuvers. Then we headed back for the field. We came in and for the first time I seemed to see the ground in its proper relationship to the plane; I made --wonder of wonders--a perfect landing; (haven't made one like it since).

"Let's get to the tee," he said, rather testily, I thought. "Wait a minute,"--he was starting to get out. I hit the breaks a split second after the import of his request hit me. He crawled out and gave me some last instructions. I tried to look attentive--just as though I could understand the English language at the moment.

Then I was alone--never so alone before. As I took off a million devil-thoughts jumbled through what passed for the moment as my mind. The nose--the tail--the altimeter--the tacometer--the flaps-- gawd!--I never knew an airplane had so many parts! I made my first turn--not so steep, you idiot--that's better. I turned onto my downwind leg--began to feel easier, then--hey! what in the hell is that firewagon racing out to the tee for? Could they--no they wouldn't do that until after I cracked up--but what is it doing out there? Whoa--is that an ambulance--no, I believe it's the station wagon. About time to come in on that base leg. Well, there's my point--it's now or never!

I cut my gun, made that last gliding turn and pulled my flaps. Then I started hawking the ground and the horizon--broke my glide, then--back on the stick, easy, easy--hold it off--hold it--now all the way back--there it was--a three pointer--solo.

"Nice work, Mister," my instructor said.

Boy, oh boy--ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!



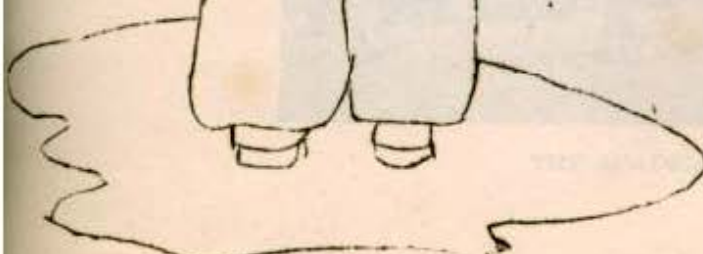
GROUND SCHOOL

Seats
millibars

5
 $\frac{1}{2}$
3
 $\frac{-2}{1}$

12/10
292
0200

Engines
36%





STEVEN H. MARTONAK



E. T. WEATHERFORD



JAMES W. TOLBERT



J. R. HITCHCOCK



THE ACADEMIC BUILDING

GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS

Heading our Ground School Instructors is Stephen H. Martonak or "Willibar" as he is better known among his students. He gives us a jam up course in meterology and exposes the lower class to a refresher course in math.

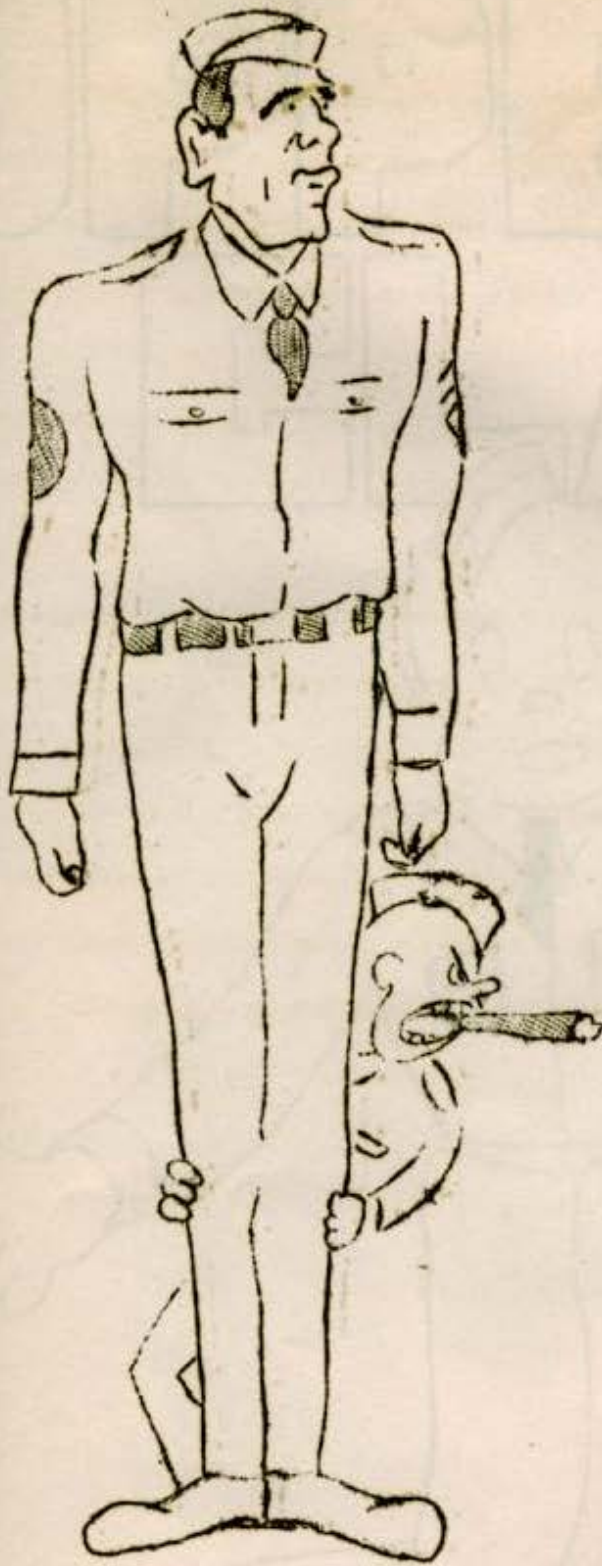
Mr. Hitchcock, the friendliest of the instructors, hints around about theory of flight and likes to tell anecdotes almost as well as we like to hear them.

Mr. Weatherford has taught us a little navigation in about a dozen small dc-es. He would have taught us more but for the interuptions due to the vagaries of the weather and the need for flying time.

An addition to the teaching staff of the ground school is Mr. Mont L. Davis. He is from Witchita Falls and a graduate of the Witchita Company Aviation School. He really knows his engines which he teaches in a vibrant and forceful method all of his own. I might add that these methods are a considerable bother to us chronic "class nappers".



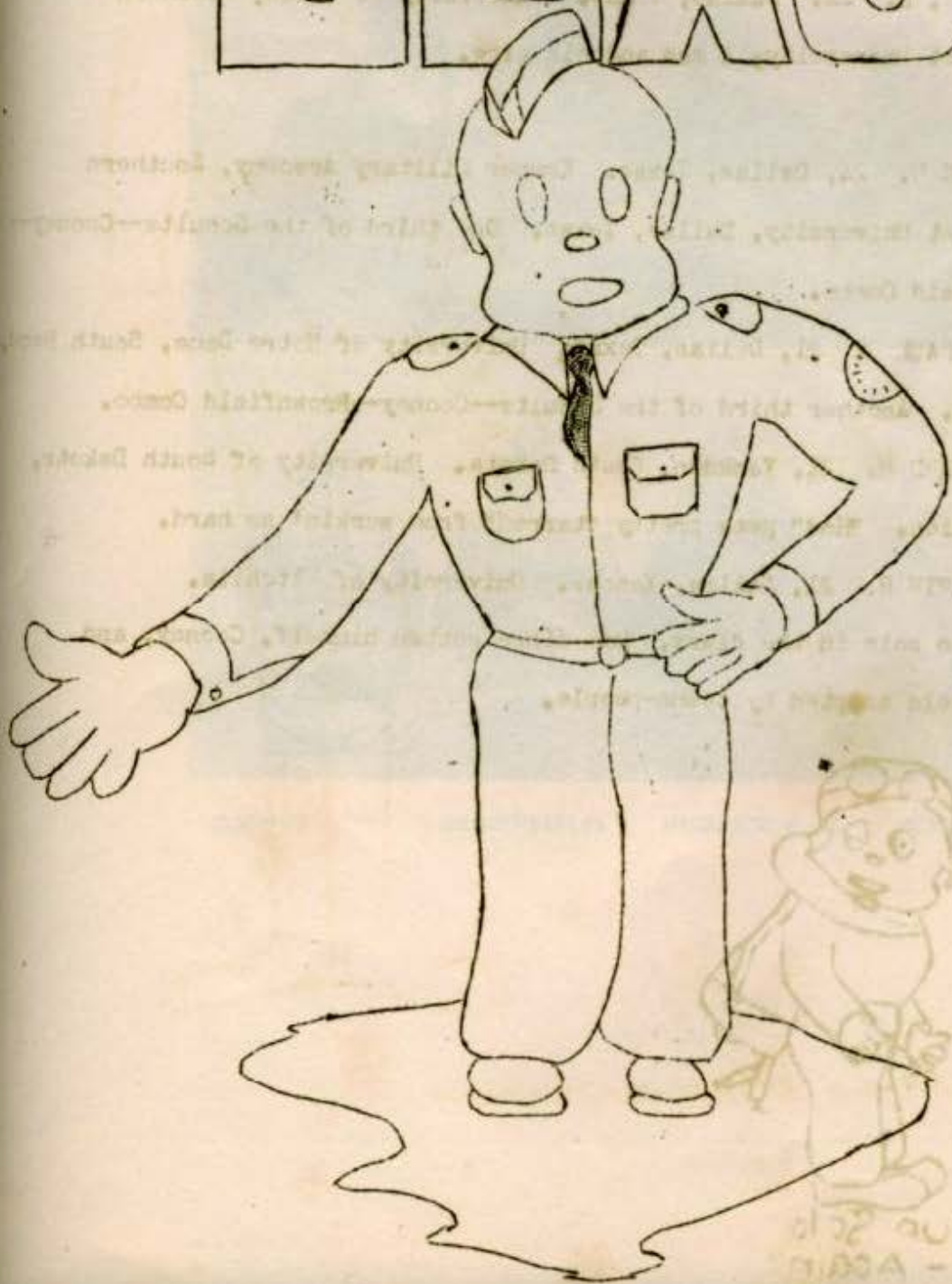
"Off to Ground School"



WRACK EM
BACK!

MR. WORKMAN HELPS CATFISH

UPPER CLASS



NESSELRODE, GEORGE H. 22, Kansas City, Kansas. University of the South,
Sewanee, Tennessee, University of Wisconsin, Madison.

He gets the respect of the lower class one way or another.

HARRINGTON, JOHN A. 26, Dallas, Texas, Texas Wesleyan College, Fort Worth,
Texas. Our cadet captain, a good politician, and a jolly good fellow.

SMITH WILLIAM E. 23, Coffeyville, Kansas. University of Tulsa.

"Catfish" Sho' do like those cigars.

HALEY, EMMETT, L. 24. Dallas, Texas. University of Texas, Southern
Methodist University, A man and his pipe.

COONEY, FRANK W. 24, Dallas, Texas. Kemper Military Academy, Southern
Methodist University, Dallas, Texas. One third of the Schultz--Cooney--
Brownfield Combo.

BROWNFIELD, PAUL W. 21, Dallas, Texas, University of Notre Dame, South Bend,
Indiana. Another third of the Schultz--Cooney--Brownfield Combo.

NIELSEN, HOWARD R. 21, Yankdon, South Dakota. University of South Dakots,
Vermillion. "Hod" gets pretty "tarred" from workin' so hard.

SCHULTZ, MELVIN R. 21, Salina, Kansas. University of Wichita.

First to solo in the class. Has since gotten himself, Cooney, and
Brownfield adopted by towns-people,



"UP Solo
- AGAIN"

NESSELRODE

HARRINGTON

SMITH, W. E.

HALEY



COONEY

BROWNFIELD

NIELSEN, H. R.

SCHULTZ

HUNT

BARKER

BOOKER

WEAST



BROWER

ADAMS

WORRALL

ROBERTSON

HUNT, ROY A. 23, Liberal Kansas. Southwestern College, Winfield, Kansas,
and Wichita University. He's as tarred as if he'd done a hard day's
arnin'. What do you know about that?

BARKER, DONALD K. 21, Emporia, Kansas. College of Emporia.

Will meet you over Chillicothe for a dog fight if his controls don't
stick.

BOOKER, JOHN O. 20, Lufkin, Texas. Texas A and M, College Station, Texas.

A Texan who had a grandfather who was quite a guy.

WEAST, RICHARD D. 21, Moran, Kansas. Iola, Kansas, Junior College.

His cap won't stay right side out after one beer.

BROWER, RALPH P. 21, Syracuse, Kansas. Garden City, Kansas, Junior College

Looks forward to Ground School so he can sleep.

ADAMS, PAUL E. 21, Oxford, Kansas, Southwestern College, Winfield Kansas.

Redheaded, freckled, and thinks Kansas U. is the best college in Kansas.

MORRALL, HUNTER A. 20, Dallas, Texas. North Texas Agricultural College,

Arlington, Texas. Still looking for a bottle of dry port.

ROBERTSON, JAMES H. 20, Stockton, Kansas. Fort Hays Kansas State Teachers

College, Hays, Kansas. He bugles badly and flies well.



"I am glad to find
out what kind of a
guy you are"

BARLEY, JOHN N. 21. Iola, Kansas. Chanute, Kansas.

Looks forward to 9:30 p.m. so he can give the dodoes a fit.

QUINT, ROBERT J. 20, Victoria, Kansas. St. Joseph's Military Academy
Hays, Kansas. He doesn't even know the girl.

GROW, CLYDE L. 20, Arkansas City, Kansas. Arkansas City Junior College
The Infirmary is his summer home.

MCGEE, CHARLES J. 23, Leavenworth, Kansas. Kansas University at Lawrence
"Chuck" is a Phi Delt—enough said.

LEWIS, JAMES R. 21, Independence, Kansas. University of Kansas at
Lawrence. "Bubbles" likes the gar-hole and knows all the girls out
there.

BROWN, HERSCHEL A. 21, El Dorado, Kansas. El Dorado Junior College.
The original after-taps prowler.

PATRICK, THOMAS M. 25, Indianapolis, Indiana. Indiana University,
Bloomington, Indiana. The Legal Eagle with the malady of the mouth.

SMITH, ISAAC W. 22, Hutchinson, Kansas. Hutchinson Junior College.
He forgot to lean over the side when he tossed those cookies.

BAKER, HOWARD A. 21, Kingman, Kansas. Southwestern College, Winfield,
Kansas. Always looking for "Doc" or something of his that "Doc" has

BROWN, CLARENCE W. 20, Harper, Kansas. University of Utah, Salt Lake City
Utah. "Doc" The best looking cadet—just ask him.



"6:10 A.M."
It's gettin' colder
all the time

BARLEY

QUINT

GROW

McGHEE

LEWIS



BROWN, H. A.

PATRICK

SMITH, I. W.

BAKER

BROWN, C. W.

RAYN

NIX

BLISS

MORRIS



WORKMAN

NIELSEN, L. C.

CAMPBELL

SHANNON

SYMES

RAYN, WALTER E. 21, Kansas City, Kansas. Kansas City Junior College.

Her had a fracas with a mouse and hurt her head.

NIX, JACK W. 22, Clayton, Alabama. North Texas Teachers College, Denton

Texas. "The Little Colonel" Deep souf. Heah he was--lost ovah

Chillicothe, and they sent someone aftah him.

BLISS, KERMIT E. 21, Sigourney, Iowa. Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa.

Electrician and elocutionist--our nearest thing to a brother Briton.

MORRIS, ALBERT O. 25, Coffeyville, Kansas. Kansas State College, Manhat-

ten. He just can't do a thing with his hair.

WORKMAN, LEON T. 22, Fort Scott, Kansas. Fort Scott Junior College.

Dodo's shake with fear at the sound of his voice.

NIELSEN, LELAND C. 22, Vesper, Kansas. Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas

Big, Blond, and knows all those little things we never hear announced.

CAMPBELL, WILLIAM B. 21, Dallas, Texas. University of Texas.

Almost as tired (pronounced "tarred") as Roy Hunt.

SHANNON, CHARLES A. 25, Witchita, Kansas, Graceland College, Lamoni, Iowa.

He marches with one foot in the furrow.

SYMES, GLEN L. 22, Moran, Kansas. Iola, Kansas, Junior College.

Child prodigy of ground school.



DON'T LAUGH BOYS, YOU'RE NEXT



BUNK FATIGUE



TAKE A BRACE "MR."

EMERSON'S ROOM FANTASY

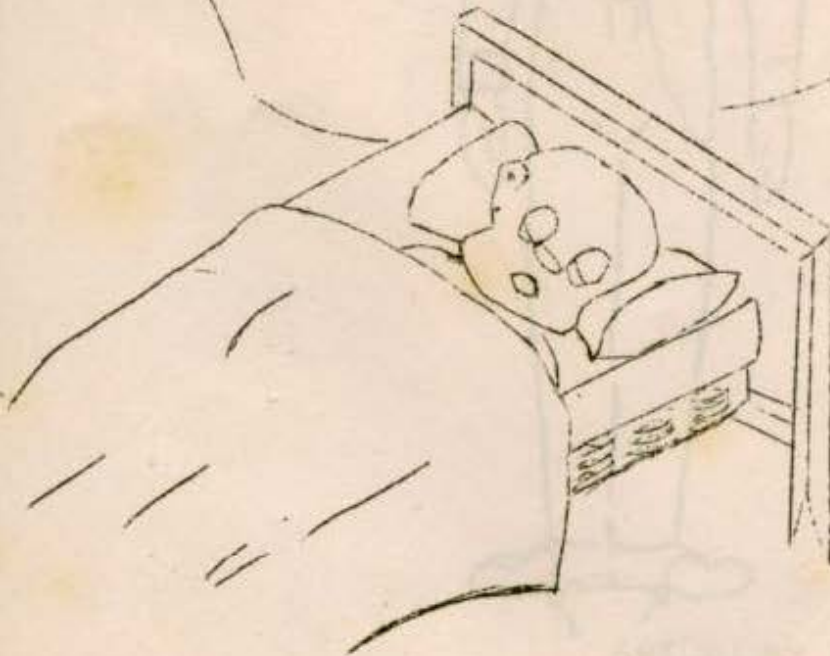
When the soft gray night is at hand
And the sky takes a silvery gloss
Of the sun as it fades to the never land
I sleep through an age-old dream.

I see myself in the evening's light
And the picture is always the same
Walking hand in hand with a vision
bright,
Down a winding shady lane.

A beautiful dream, you softly sigh,
And were it complete, it would be,
But pity my plight for my vision bright,
Is never revealed to me.

Each night I pray that the misty haze
Which surrounds my love-like face,
Will also fade to the neverland
No longer concealing her face.

And, if as I pray--my dreams complete,
I'll never again complain,
For I'll sweetly walk with a love I
can see,
Down a winding shady lane.



CADET OFFICERS

Captain

J.A. Harrington

Lieutenants

F.E. Adams

R.H. Orrall Jr.

J.O. Booker Jr.

First Sergeant

A.E. Smith

Sergeants

G.H. Kesselrode

T. . Patrick

F.H. Schultz

J.L. Robertson

R.J. Quint

C. . Brown

Corporals

R.P. Grover

I.C. Neilson

A.B. Campbell

A.E. Bliss

P.W. Brownfield

E.J. Haley

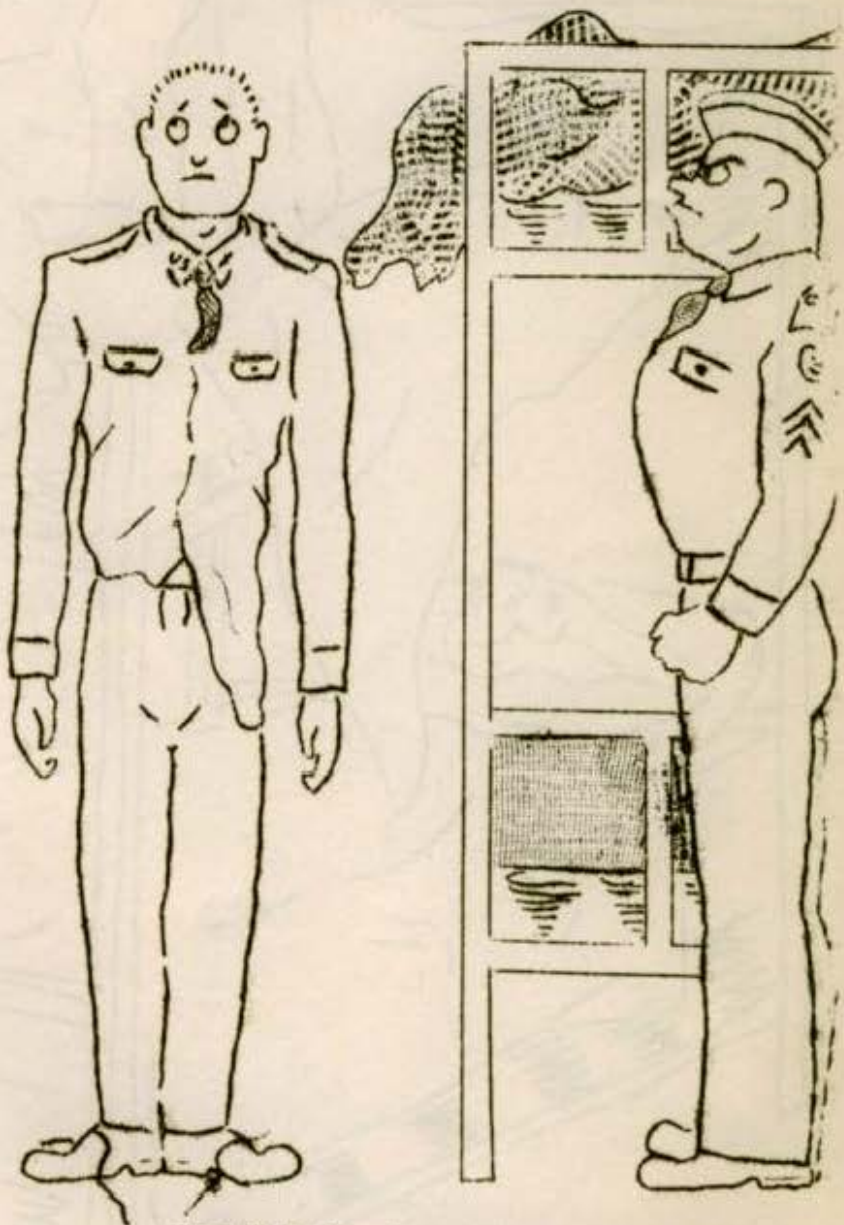
C.J. McGee

P.W. Cooney

J. . Lix

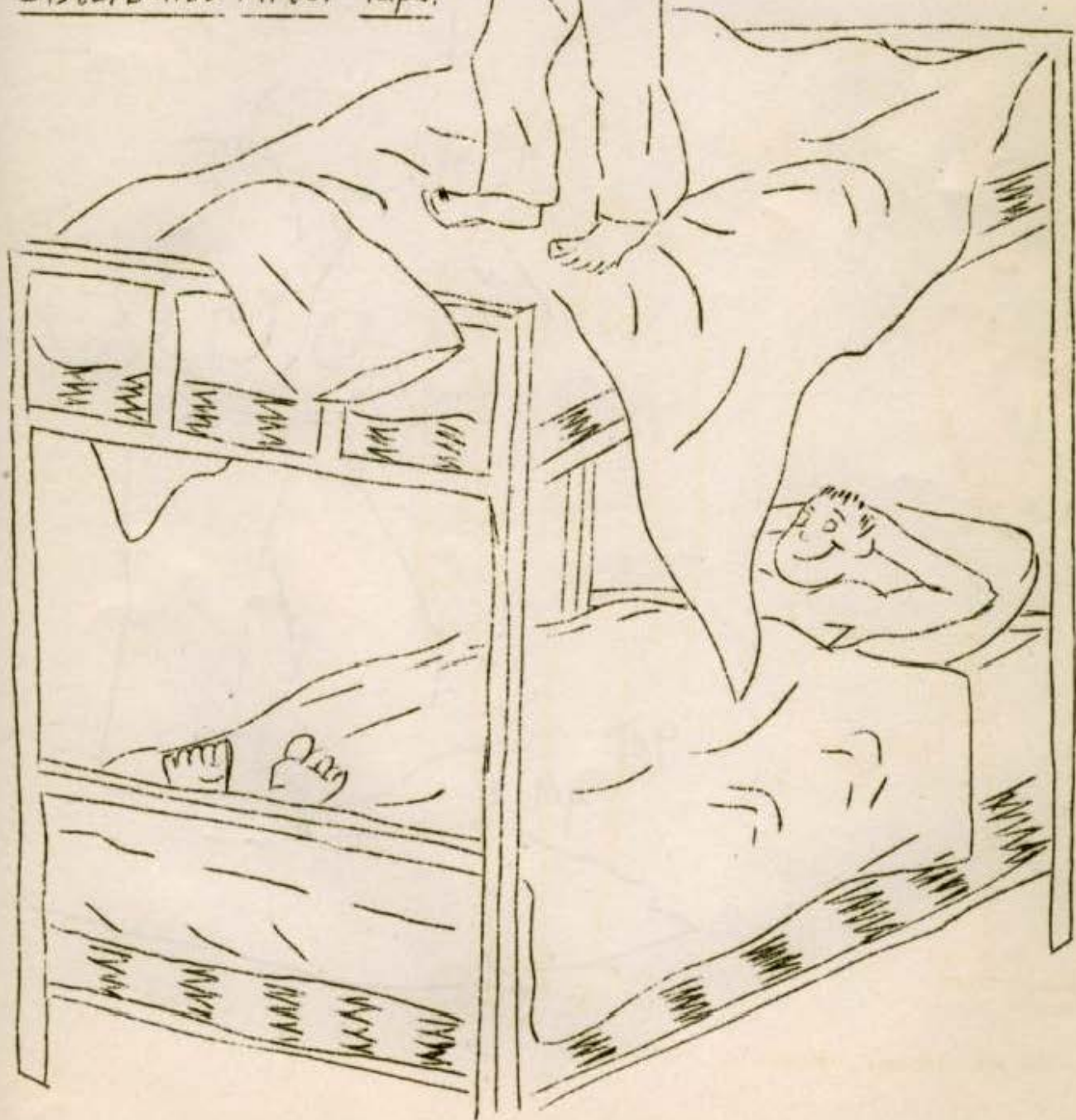
A.C. Morris

J.L. Harley



SATURDAY MORNING INSPECTION

"Disturbance After Taps!"



DODO'S



WE DODOS

A "dodos" life is a sorry one. He doesn't know anything; he is always wrong; his fate rests in the palm of an upperclassman. That upperclassman lives with the sole purpose (it seems to the poor dodo) of making life as unpleasant as possible.

No dodo likes it. Some take it without a whimper; some get mad and let frayed tempers get them into trouble; others take it, realizing that valuable lessons in discipline are somewhere hidden in a welter of horseplay, fun, and lost dignity.

After a dodo has borne his trials for five weeks, he abruptly does an "about face" and becomes a lordly member of the upperclass, eager for revenge and forgetful of his own former low station in life. It doesn't matter that the objects of his non-privileged persecution have done nothing to him--he's out to get even. That is as it should be, according to Air Corps tradition, so the new dodo squares his shoulders and prepares to "pop-to".

So, we introduce the dodo section of our "Pattern to Victory". Its purpose is to record the names, faces, and activities of class h2 F. It should be sure to remind the present upper class of the pleasure they enjoyed in putting "Mr. Dumbjohn" through his paces and it may also prove a gentle reminder to the lower class that they too were once the scum of the earth.

Here's luck to our departing bosses and happy landings. We'll be following you on that bumpy road that leads to wings and a gold bar.



UPPERCLASSMEN PUT THE "DODOS" THROUGH THEIR PACES



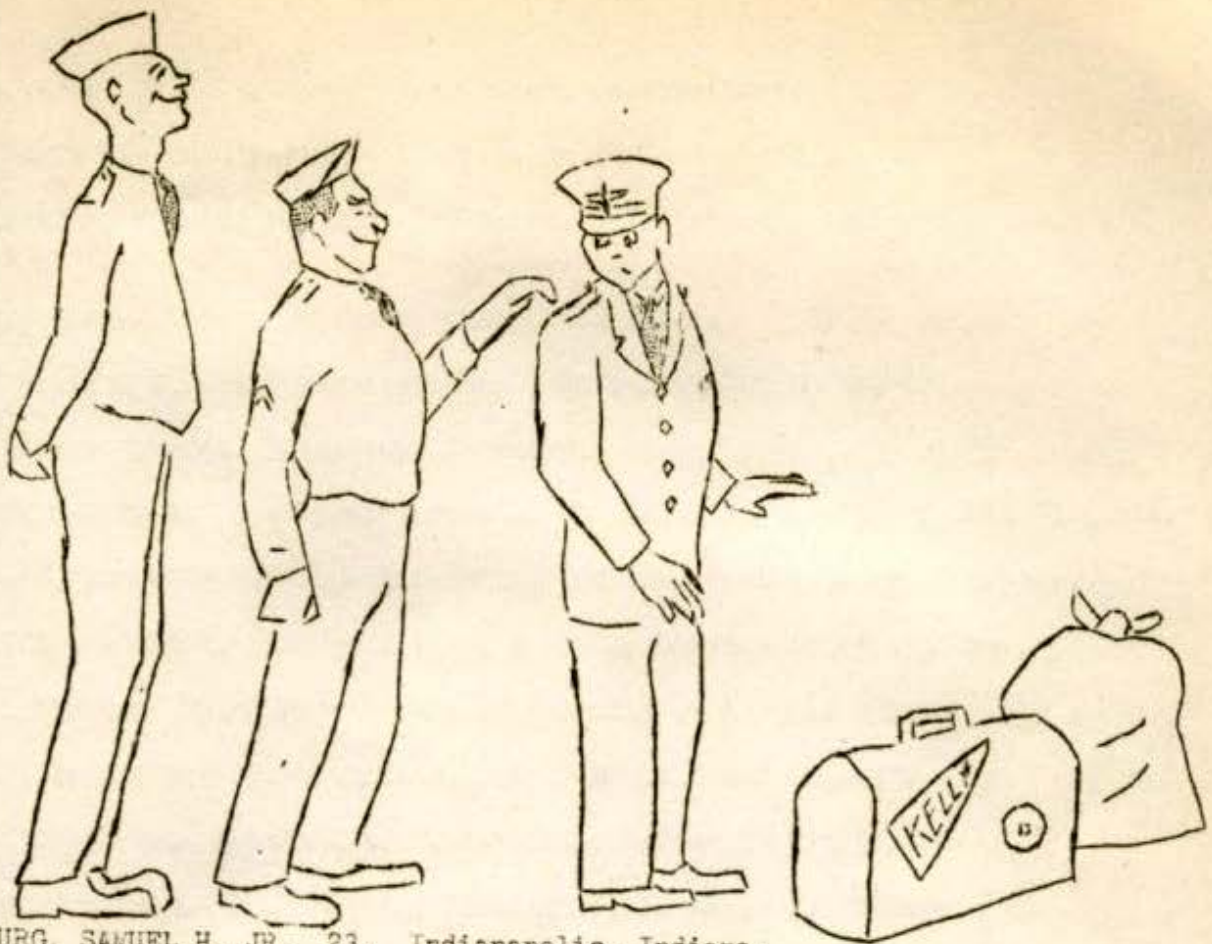
"CATFISH" WORKS ON THE "SLOPPY SIX"



INSTRUCTIONS

"SOUND OFF MISTER"!

- ABPLANALP, WALTER J. 22. Portland, Oregon, Linfield College.
- ARNKIL, THOR V. 26. Sausalito, California Poly College of Engineering.
- BEYER, WILLIAM J. 24. Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin, Oshkosh State Teachers College.
- BOCKS, CHARLES R. JR. 23. Sunnyvale, California, San Jose State College.
- BOSTICK ROBERT L. 21. Oakland, California, University of California.
- BUSSE, DONALD W. 25. Madison, Wisconsin, University of Wisconsin.
- CAMPBELL, GEORGE W. JR. 24. Lynwood, California, Compton Jr. College.
- CATCHPOLE, WILLIAM T. 22. Detroit, Michigan, Wayne University.
- COBB, ORVILLE P. 26. Huntington, W. Virginia, Marshall College.
- CONIGLIO, JOHN. 26. La Grande, Illinois.
- COOKSEY, DUDLEY H. 23. Lubbock, Texas, Texas Tech.
- CRISWELL, CLYDE A. JR. 23. Winnetka, Illinois, De Pauw University.
- DANIEL, LEWIS B. 25. Cincinnati, Ohio, Cornell University.
- DARBY, DILLON O. 24. Houston, Texas, Kansas State.
- DARRAGH, DONALD R. 21. Franklin, Ohio, Ohio State.
- DAVIS, EUGENE O. 22. Keystone w. Virginia, Bluefield College.
- DICKEY, EUGENE D. 21. Akron, Ohio, Ohio University.
- DORRIS, EDWIN C. 22. Vallejo, California Santa Barbara State College.
- DURNBAUHG, ARTHUR D. 21. Roann, Indiana, Tri-State College.
- EALES, HENRY C. JR. 20. Cotati, California, University of San Francisco.
- ENGLAND, EARL W. 25. Logan, Utah, Utah State Agriculture College.
- FLOYD, ROBERT L. 21. McLean, Texas, Texas Tech.
- FORST, PORTER B. 24. Columbus, Ohio, Ohio State.
- GROWERS, JAY E. 20. Nephi, Utah, Brigham Young University.
- GRAY, ROBERT W. 21. Las Cruces, New Mexico, New Mexico A & M.



- GREENBURG, SAMUEL H. JR. 23. Indianapolis, Indiana.
- HARDING, DONALD T. JR. 20. Covington, Kentucky, University of Kentucky.
- HEATON, CHARLES C. 23. Boone, Iowa, Iowa University.
- HEYING, ARNO H. 23. Corona, California, California State Polytechnic.
- POLLOWAY, HUGH H. 25. Lansing, Michigan, Michigan State College.
- HOWARD, ROBERT L. 22. Pittsburg, Texas, University of Texas.
- HURLEBUT, LUCIUS A. 21. Miles City Montana, Montana State College.
- JENSEN, FRANCIS F. JR. 22. Glendale, California, Chaffey Jr. College.
- JONES, CARROLL W. 20. Okemah, Oklahoma, University of Oklahoma.
- JOY, RIPLEY W. 25. San Francisco, California, San Mateo Jr. College.
- KASPAR, ARTHUR A. 25. Milwaukee, Wisconsin, University of Wisconsin.
- KAUFMAN, NORMAN R. 23 Fremont, Ohio.
- KENNEDY, JACK 24. Lewiston, Idaho, Lewiston State Normal.
- KENNEDY, MICHAEL G. 22. Stormlake, Iowa, Iowa University.
- KOPLEWSKI, JOSEPH W. 26. Toledo, Ohio.
- KURJAN, VICTOR B. 22. Youngstown, Ohio, Ohio State.

LEE, THOMAS E. JR. 21. Nederland, Texas, Southwestern.
LEWIS, JAMES H. 20. Portsmouth, Ohio, Xavier University.
LICHTENBERGER, CHARLES W. 23. Barbarton, Ohio, Northern Illinois College of
Optometry.
LITERATI, ALEX J. 21. Fairport, Ohio, Ohio State.
LOCKEY, WILLIAM R. 21. Payette, Idaho, University of Idaho.
LUTES, JAMES P. 26. Bardstown, Kentucky.
MCINTIRE, SAMUEL T. 25. Mount Hope, W. Virginia, University of West Virginia.
MCPHILLIPS, LAWRENCE W. 24. Elizabeth, Indiana, Central Normal College.
MELBRAATEN, HAROLD E. 20. Billings, Montana, University of Montana.
MERANTE, FRANCIS 23. Reno, Nevada, University of Nevada.
MONCRIEF, DONALD B. 26. Alliance, Ohio, Mount Union College.
MUTH, JOHN L. 22. Huntington, W. Virginia, University of Dayton.
O'CONNOR, SQUIRE T. 21. Dayton, Washington, Lassen, Jr. College.
FAYNE, ERIC V. 20. San Francisco, California, San Francisco, Jr. College.
PEARSON, CREND J., II 22. St. Albans, W. Virginia, University of W. Virginia.
PITTS, UEL E. 23. Dallas, Texas, Texas A & M.
PORTER, JACK C. 24. Zanesville, Ohio, Marquette University.
FRATT, JOHN R. 20. Ashland, Oregon, Southern Oregon College of Education.
PURVIALCE, NERHILL S. 22. Steubenville, Ohio, Mount Union College.
RAJSKI, RAYMOND B. 24. Chicago, Illinois, Northwestern University.
RIDLEY, PAUL R. 20. Hartland, Wisconsin, Milwaukee State Teachers College.
ROWE, DONALD 22. Eau Claire, Wisconsin, Eau Claire State Teachers College.
SCHWAB, CHARLES D. 25. Middletown, Ohio, Miami-Jacobs College.
SCOTT, HARRY D. 23. Temett, Ohio, Wittenberg College.
SECKRD, ROBERT B. 26. Detroit, Michigan, Washington & Lee University.
SENGON, THOMAS J. JR. 25. Easton, Pennsylvania, Notre Dame University.
SEVERY, CALGOLM D. 21. Missoula, Montana, Montana State University.
SHERMAN, WINTHROP C. 27. St. Louis, Missouri.

SHROKA, HAROLD W. 22. Lakewood, Ohio, Baldwin-Wallace College.

SHULER, THOMAS H. 21. Highland Park, Michigan, University of Michigan.

SLOVE, LANDRE 24. Pikeville, Kentucky, Pikeville College.

SOMA, STANLEY 25. Duluth, Minnesota, University of Minnesota.

SPRAGUE, ROBERT C. 22. Ashland, Ohio, Ashland College.

ST. LINGS, GORDON K. 23. West Palm Beach, Florida, Palm Beach Jr. College.

STEWART, JAMES T. 21. Glendale, Ohio, University of Cincinnati.

SULZEYER, JOSEPH 22. Los Angeles, California, Juilliard School of Music.

TEARE, JOHN D. 24. Minneapolis, Minnesota, University of Minnesota.

THEISS, JOSEPH E. 25. Louisville, Ohio, Ohio State.

TIMMER, LEE H. 25. Forreston, Illinois, De Pauw University.

TOCZYL, BENJAMIN R. 27. Chicago, Illinois, R. C. A. Institutes.

TORRE, GERALD P. 23. Converse, Indiana.

TOWER, IRVING 24. Evanston, Illinois, University of Illinois.

TRACY, ROBERT C. 23. Seattle, Washington, University of Washington.

TWEEDIE, ROY L. 24. Wilmington, California, Occidental College.

VORRIES, WILLIAM L. 23. Austin, Texas, University of Texas.

WATKINS, NORMAN E. 27. Southgate, California, University of Southern Calif.

WEEKLEY, ELMER C. 22. Cleveland, Ohio, Ohio State.

WEEKS, LAFE 23. Des Moines, Iowa, University of Pennsylvania.

WHITE, JAMES L. 23. Louisville, Kentucky, University of Louisville.

WHITSETT, JACK W. 22. Ashland, Oregon, Oregon State.

WINGER, GEORGE W. 23. Columbus, Ohio, Ohio State.

WORLEY, LUTHER A. 26. Cedar Rapids, Iowa, University of Iowa.

YORK, ROBERT W. 25. Liberty, Nebraska, University of Nebraska.

ZWEIG, PHILIP 22. Chicago, Illinois, University of Illinois.

HADLEY, GILBERT B. 20. Arkansas City, Kansas, Arkansas City Jr. College.

COX, EDWARD H. 23. Altoona, Pennsylvania, Penn State.

DODO'S LAUREL

To Vernon we come with joy and pride,
With hearts courageous and heads held high.
In blouses tan and trousers pink,
We look good, but some said we stink.

At Victory Field we are greeted
By upper classmen who are well seeded.
Being started "on the double",
We could see ahead, a lot of trouble.

"Rack it back" and then "Pop too",
This means naught to one like you.
But to dodos it signifies,
Torso erect and smooth as a die.

Next in order is our pep talk,
Harrington tells us, the ramp to walk.
Smith, he roars out like a lion,
"Come on dodos, time for flyin".

Into our planes we sheepishly crawl,
And try like hell, to "get on the ball,"
Into the ozone we climb and glide
Maneuvering roughly, high and wide.

The food is wholesome, and plenty there,
Behind our chairs we stand and stare.
And when signaled to "take seats",
We do, and mildly masticate our eats.

In this routine we must wallow,
Not to criticize but to follow.
All in all we love it so
But wonder how five weeks can go so slow.

This is now our parting phrase,
To all our superiors we give praise.
To the upper classmen we say "good luck",
"Happy landings" and "Keep 'em up".

For Victory Field and Uncle Sam
Till death we'll fight, to clear this jam.



CAPT. HARRINGTON

UPPERCLASS ANSWER TO THE
DODO'S LAMENT

You sing a song of sadness,
You cry it to the sky,
But before you came to Victory,
We had room to fly.

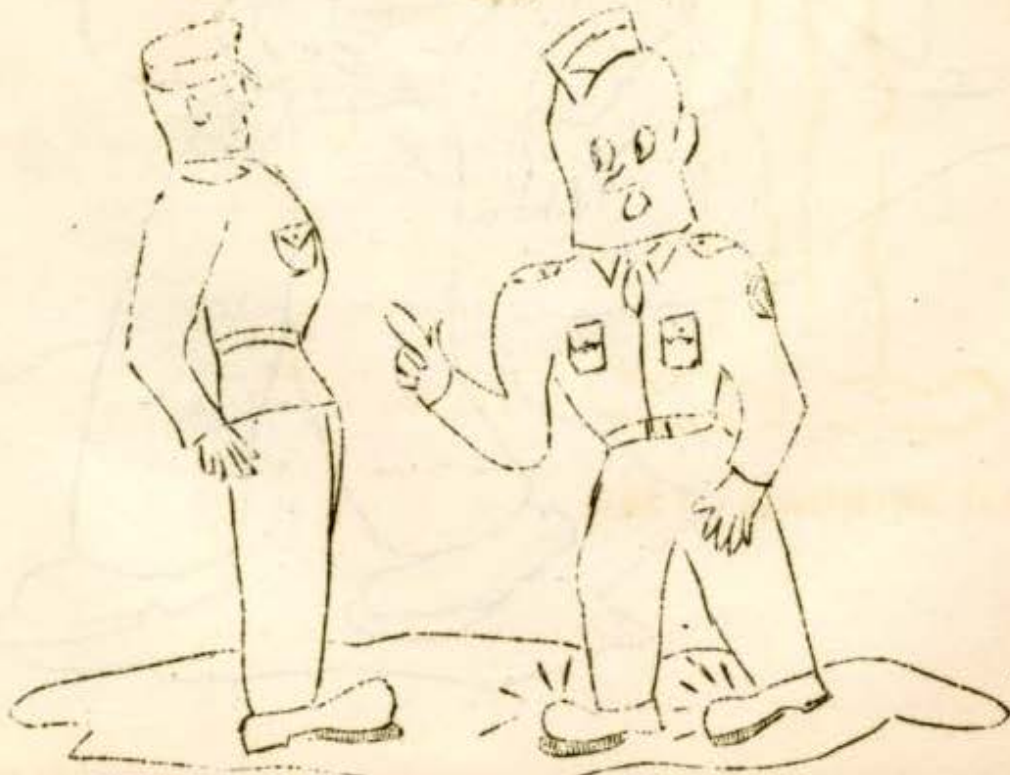
Now the air is full of dodoes,
And for sweet safety's sake,
Our neck is on a swivel,
Our feet are on the brakes.

You had five weeks of training,
Before you landed here,
But when you started marching,
We saw the Captain shed a tear,

Your "pop too's" were the worst,
That we had ever seen,
The only thing near popping,
Was your trousers seam.

But with the kindly guiding,
Of our helping hand,
You'll soon be the best cadets,
In all this noble land.

So mister, take a brace,
And keep it on the double,
And we'll bust this jam throughout
the world,
Like a worn and weary bubble.

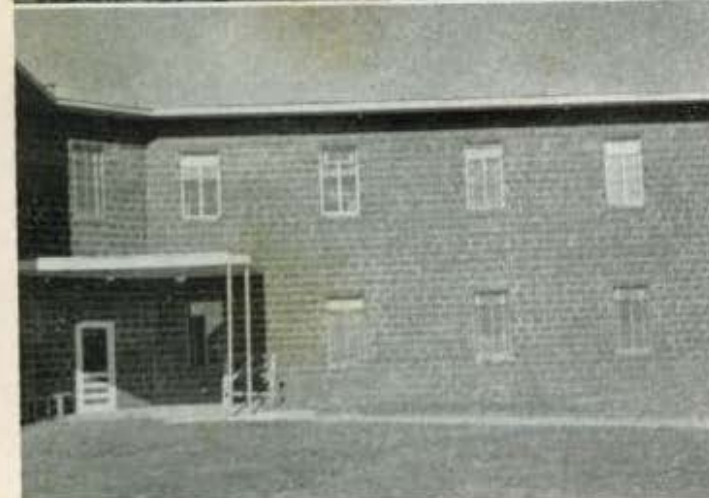




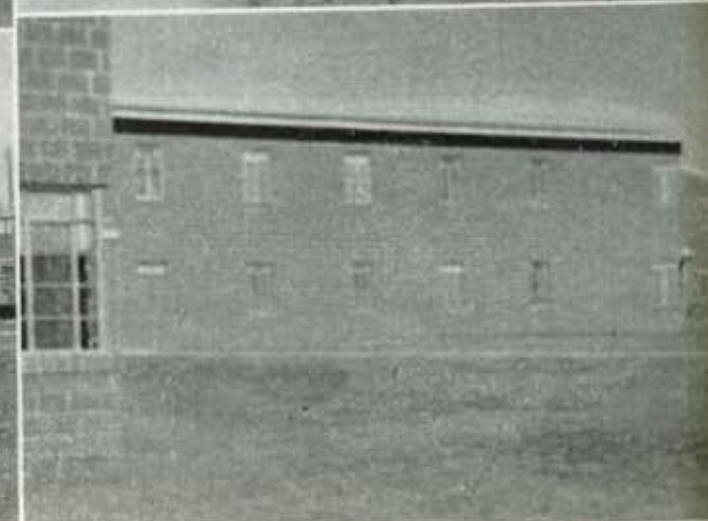
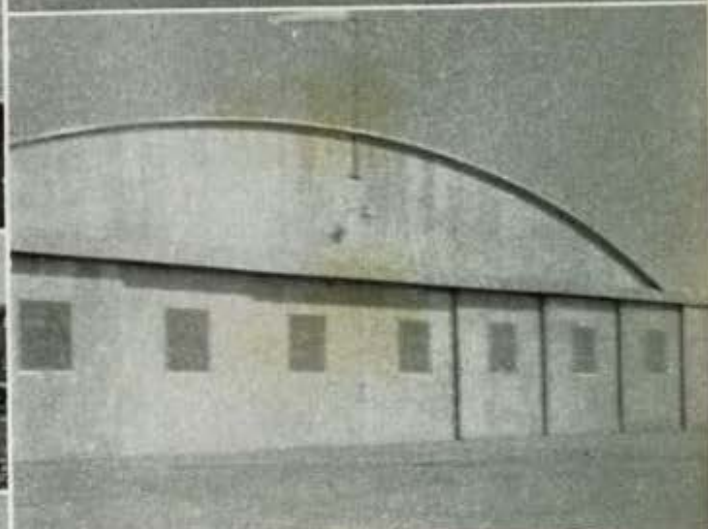
MR. ISON
IRA
THE BARBER

MR. GAGLIARDO
THE GUARDS THE PORTERS
"FLAPS"

THE COOKS
GROUND CREW
MR. RITCHEY



ACADEMIC BUILDING
HOSPITAL
BARRACKS
ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



1 & 2--HANGARS
MESS HALL
BARRACKS



ED RITCHEY

"ED" RITCHEY

You all know Mr. Ritchey or "Ed". He's the slight little ball of fire who operates the best Army Primary School in the United States.

"Ed" knows how the Army wants 'em trained and has spared no effort or expense to train 'em that way. Look over your instructor; plenty good looking and snappy in that uniform that Ed persuaded the Army to let them wear. That uniform rates your best, smart salute mister!

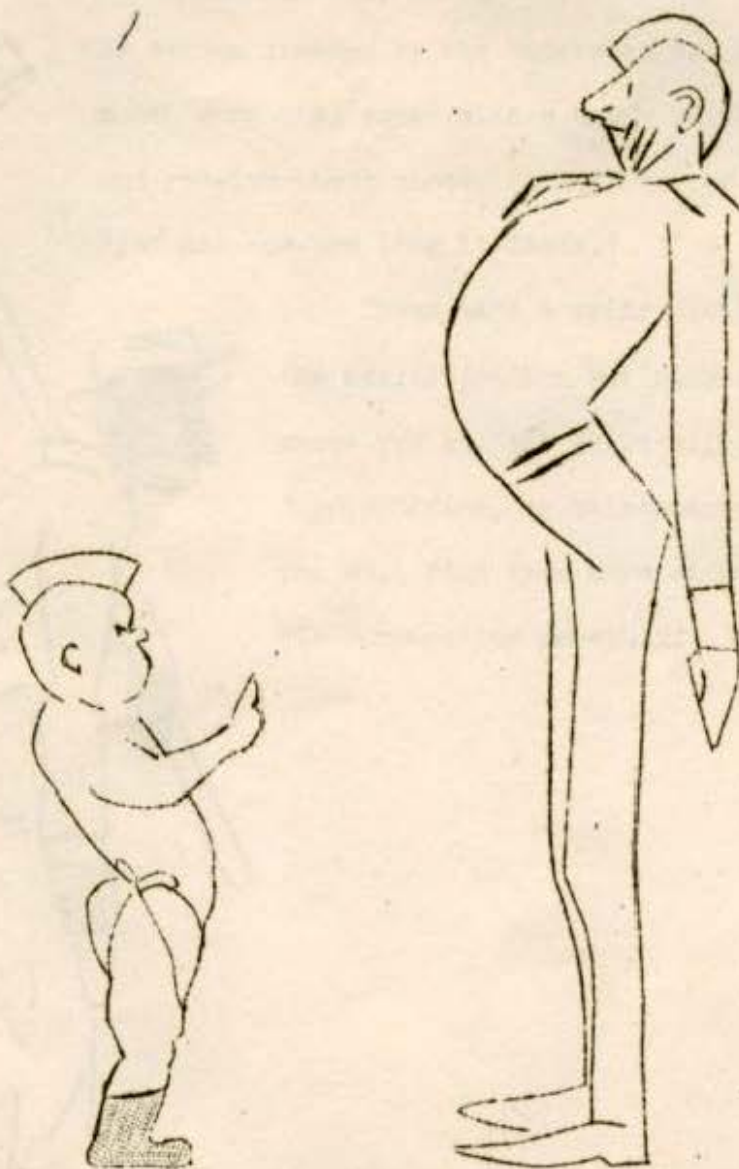
And how does Ed himself stack up with his instructors as a flyer? Well, let me tell you. Ed has been flying since 1927, and mister that's before some of you knew what an airplane was. "Jennys", they were called and JN-4's if must, but Ed flew them. 'Course, they were held together by a short piece of Farmer Jones' barb-wire fence, a prayer, and a cuss word now and then. what I'm trying to say is that Ed learned on such as that, and slept under it's wing at night with a nickel hamburger for supper because someone had spit, excuse me, expectorated in the carburetor of that OX-5 motor, and he couldn't haul any sightseers that day. Do you see what I mean mister? Ed went hungry to give aviation a boost and change the jeers, to cheers for these "Light-headed fools" that wanted to imitate birds.

Well to make a long story short, Ed stuck by his flying machines; swapped, traded, bargained, talked, flew, and made himself a name as a first class pilot.

Sure he did, and now he has quite a school at ~~Cowtown~~ as well as here at Vernon. I guess Ed has flown as many miles on single-engined equipment, without the navigation aids we study about, as any feller I know. How did he do it? By using his head and the seat of his pants. Nights didn't get too cold nor black for Ed if someone was seriously ill and needed quick, immediate medical attention, why Ed would go land in a cow pasture

the size of a postage stamp to get a kid who was bent double with a ruptured appendix. That's Ed for you, and you ask me, "can he fly?"

You see now, don't you, mister, why Uncle Sam would give Ed a contract to train future pilots for the Air Corps. He learned, and earned, his the hard way, so I'll tell you I'm proud to know Ed Kitchey!



LITTLE COLONEL NIX MEETS DODO GREENBURG

School Personell

The personell of Victory Field although civilian, certainly conducts the school with all the precision of a military machine. Each job has been filled with someone who's previous experience has made a veteran even before Victory Field was organized.

The administration building, headquarters of the executive force, is seldom invaded by the cadets except at the end of each month when they enter with a happy smile on their face and receive their check. (a tidy sum on the surface but just ask one how long it lasts.)

These hard working civilians are not in the administration building alone for everywhere you go, the Hospital, the Post Exchange, Supply Office, or Maintenance Department, you will find them hard at work keeping the field operating smoothly.



FLAPS

There he goes into the flight room. Here he comes out of the barracks. Everywhere at all times that's the outstanding quality of our mascot "Flaps." A little bit of a Cocker Spaniel with a sleek black coat and "flaps". No, he doesn't let down his flaps when he lands, cause his flaps are always down. Now do you know why we call him flaps? That's right, because his ears remind us of flaps on an airplane. Everyone of us claims him but really he is as much a part of Victory Field as are the airplanes we fly.

Girl Friend? Well, we have our suspicions! The indications are a litter of black and white puppies the property of the late "Miss Catfish." So we have adopted each other and the indications are that they are going to let us stay around as long as we stay "on the ball."

