

LAAF



43-K

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JUST CALL ME
LAAF.

LUKE ARMY AIR FIELD

Published by the Aviation Cadets of

CLASS 43-K

AIR CORPS ADVANCED FLYING SCHOOL
LUKE FIELD » PHOENIX, ARIZONA

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EDITORIAL

Things look pretty easy these days, don't they? The American Fifth and the British Eighth armies pushing the Wemacht steadily back toward the Alps. Yugoslavia erupting into a series of small but demoralizing rebellions. Russia with the weight of 180 million people surging forward irresistably, smashing the enemy with terrific force along a 5000-mile front. China, rejuvenated by increased Allied support, more than holding her own.

American forces blasting the Jap on his own ground in the South Pacific; slowly, but surely gaining inch by inch on the long road to Tokyo. News on the home front reporting production increases far over even the most optimistic of expectations.

It's a pretty picture—for our side. Pretty, if you can ignore the thousands of American men and their Allies dying in foxholes or lying in hospitals minus a leg, arm or eye. It's a time for the ignorant; not ignorant in the sense that they are less patriotic emotionally, but ignorant in their comprehension of what remains to be done, to say, "We're over the peak, the enemy is on the run everywhere." The subsequent letdown could be disastrous.

A simile, simple but provocative, can be drawn between this picture and the landing of an AT6. And, brother, even the poorest pilot on Luke Field

can tell you that most ground loops occur on the last lap of the landing roll.

The point is clear enough. It has been boomed in newspaper editorials, been the slogan behind every war bond drive, been the subject of discussion of the various thousands of radio newscasters. But the poor civilian was the victim. He got it all.

Don't let down. The need for more work is urgent down the home stretch; it was and is the byword of American production.

This attitude was never directed at the armed forces. It was enough, public opinion said, that our boys are wearing the uniform, some fighting, some facing the "harsh" transformation from civilian to soldier. Well maybe that's enough; but somehow it's hard to tell the difference between a civilian and soldier. Remember, the backbone of the military today was yesterday's civilian. And from that viewpoint it is reasonable to assume that the same influences and thoughts react similarly.

So to 43-K this editorial urges—keep those feet on the rudders and hand on the throttle until the landing roll is completed. Keep the ball centered and the trigger button down until two words, "Unconditional Surrender," sweep the world back onto the road to peace and the pursuit of happiness.

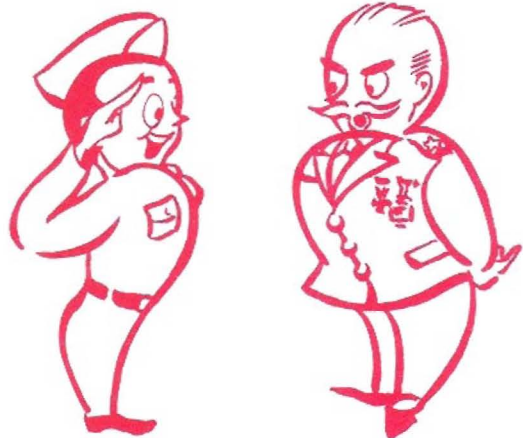




COL. JOHN K. NISSLEY

Before A. C. (aviation cadet), each one of us was blessed with one Mother, one Father, and a variety of Aunts and Uncles. Then that "You too can be an Aviation Cadet" slogan struck home and immediately after enlistment we were blessed or damned, depending on your viewpoint, with another variety of relative, kinship with whom became very close—yes, very close indeed.

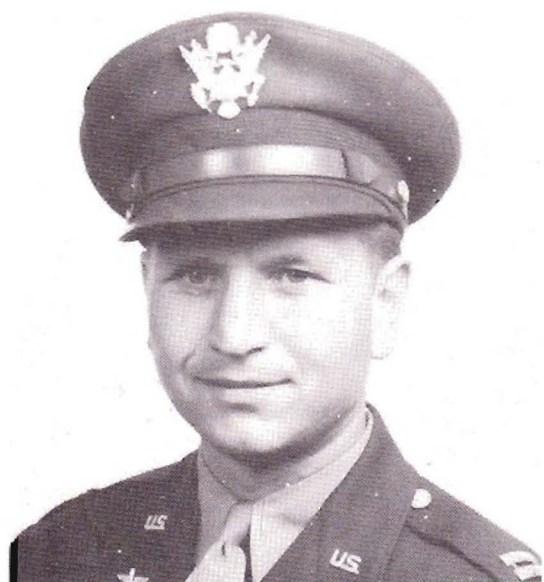
Neither blood nor marriage made any difference in the matter. The cadet had no choice; he was adopted. Curly hair and blue eyes meant nothing. With his cadet birth in February, the cadet was destined to meet a certain number of officers, administrative and tactical, during his weaning period. He met them, was observed and conquered.



POP TO!



LT. HUGH F. PELTZ
Adjutant, Cadet Det. & Supply
Officer



MAJ. CHARLES H. KINSEY
Commandant of Cadets

MR.

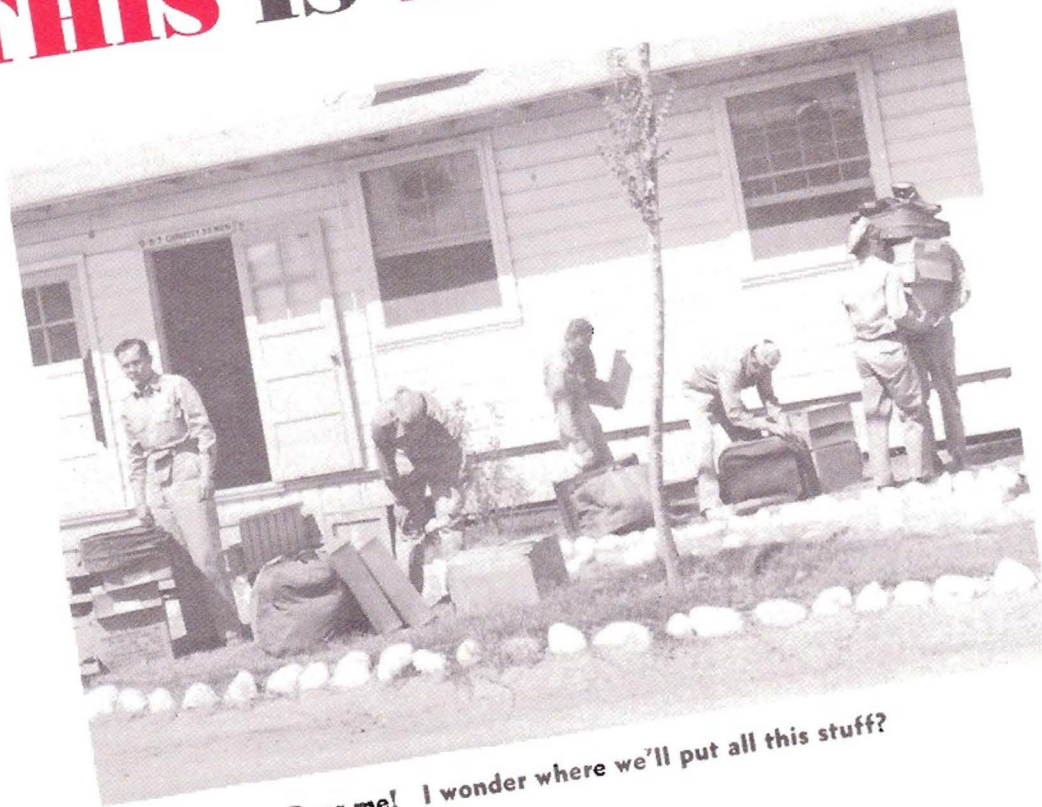


LT. J. H. EASTERWOOD
Tactical Officer

CADET ADMINISTRATION OFFICERS

Again, as in the previous phases of his cadetship, the cadet once again faced the task of becoming acquainted with new administrative officers. Despite the brevity of his stay at Luke the cadet came to know these men closely, and to look to them for advice on all military questions, as well as being punished for breach of regulations. Our message to all future Luke classes is this: in your time as a cadet you will not encounter more cooperative nor efficient men than your cadet administrative officers. Play ball with them and they will do the same for you.

THIS IS IT FELLAS!



LET'S GO!



T. JAMES F. COPPS, II
INF.-RES.
Warren, Virginia

LT. C. W. HOFFMAN
INF.-RES.
Roswell, N. M.

LT. WILBUR E. GILBERT
CAV.-AUS
Granite City, Ill.

OLGER I. AAL
Williston, North Dakota

DEAN ADAMS
Mt. Pleasant Michigan

MONTE B. ADAMS
Kamiah, Idaho

EGAD!

WHAT A MESS!

When 43-K marched through Luke gates, hopes high for a quick nine weeks and those silver wings, the ordeal of processing put him right back in the "cadet" army. Same old footlocker, blankets, flight jackets, barracks that needed a thorough cleaning before occupancy became possible. Regulations on the hanging of clothes, making of beds, and placing of shoes in order, swiftly brought him back to the realization that he was still a cadet. With lots of turmoil and various interpretations of the regulations he finally hit upon the system desired by his superiors, and began to wend his way through advanced.

One of the more pleasant duties of cadets—the medieval torture chamber peopled by pretty nurses and handsome doctors who had nothing else to do with their time but see just how far they could jab a needle into cadet flesh before the poor guy fainted.

They called it valley fever shots, Wasser-mans, etc. If the shot raised a lump on your arm the size of a cocoanut, that was okeh. If it didn't cause any reaction, that was okeh too. If a cadet lost an arm, oh well, this is war isn't it?

Twenty million guinea pigs is the name of a book. It was written long before cadet became a national byword. But brother, there's lots of material at Luke, what with a new class a month.



WOE IS US!



ROBERT A. ADAMS
Sharon Hill, Penna.

IRVING ALBERT
Ozone Park, New York

MARVIN E. ALBERTSON
Maddock, North Dakota

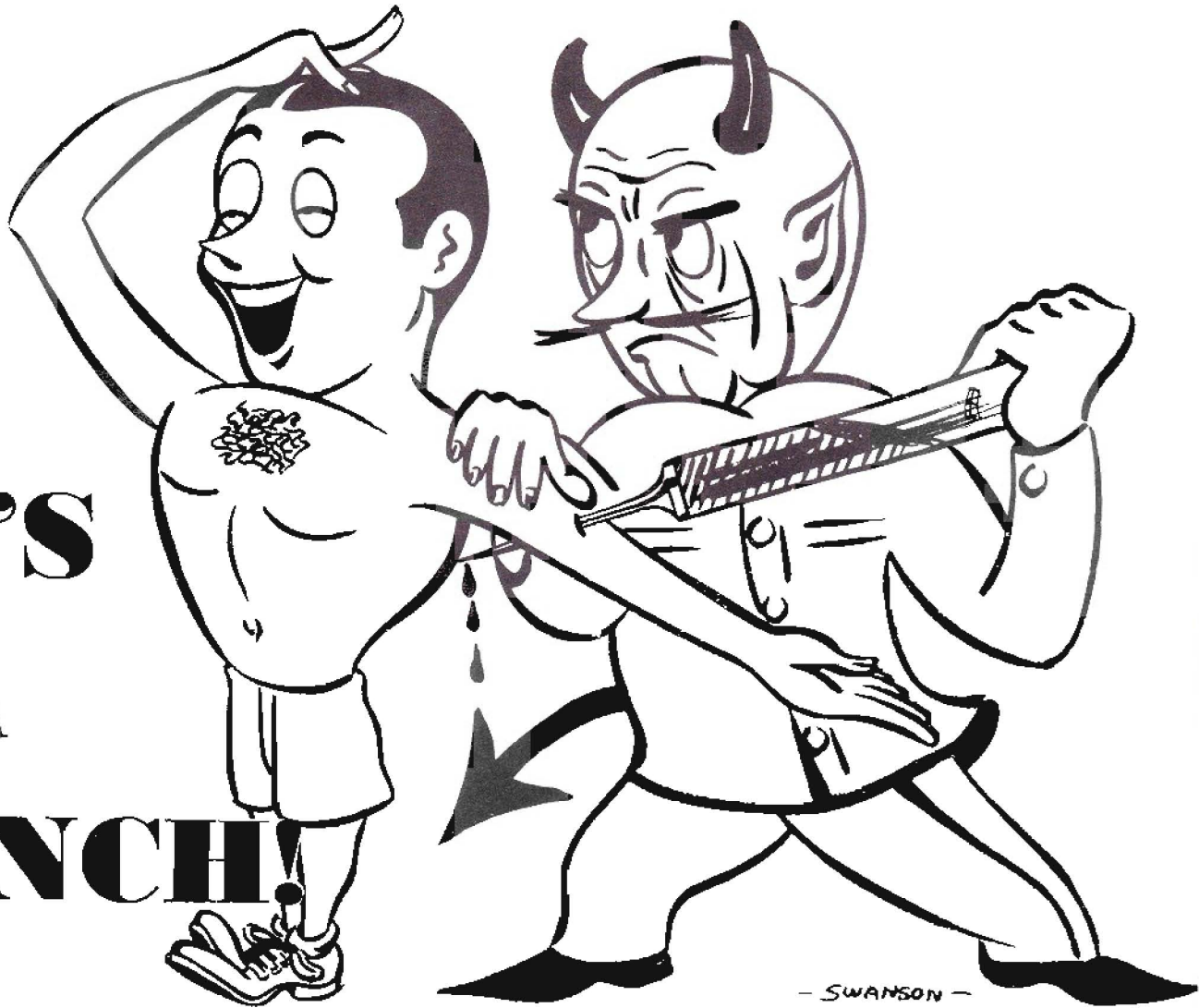
BERNARD R. ALBRIGHT
Salem, Oregon

HARRY Y. ALDRIDGE
South Gate, Calif.

WALTON M. ALDRIDGE
Claremore, Okla.

SEE!

IT'S A CINCH!



SCOTT R. ALLARD
Los Angeles, Calif.

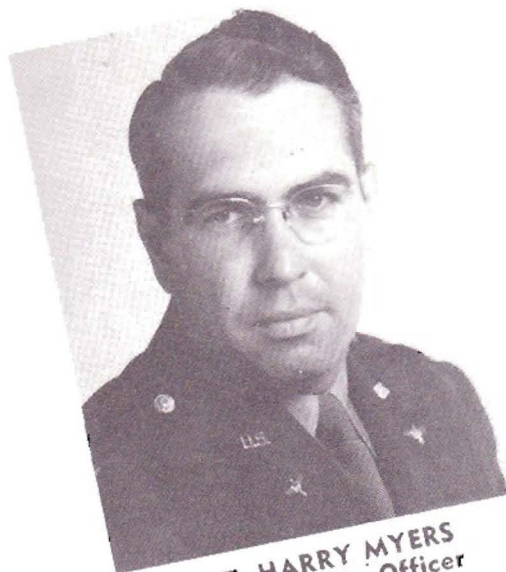
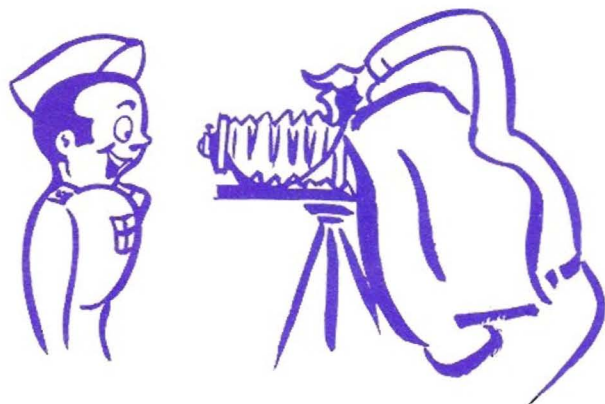
TOM R. ALLMAN
Burlingame, Calif.

KENNETH T. ALLRED
Salt Lake City, Utah

E. J. ALTENREUTHER
Petaluma, Calif.

PAUL D. ALVIS, JR.
Tulsa, Oklahoma

SIDNEY R. ANDERSON
Ft. Worth, Texas



LT. HARRY MYERS
Photographic Officer

WATCH

THE

BIRDIE!

One of the mysteries of the month, baffling to any sleuth, was the number of times the photographic laboratory snapped our pictures with disappearing film. Night after night (five in all) 43-K posed prettily for rogues gallery portraits.

Cadets went around with a conscious kink in the backs of their necks, readying themselves for the birdie. It was a subject for sensitive conversation as to whether the film was no good previously or whether Kodak Company could produce a film strong enough to overcome the vast array of mugs in the never-ending passing parade.

The staff wishes to thank the photo lab at this time for their cooperation in furnishing all photographs for this publication. Their help was an indispensable item. So to Lt. Myers and his staff, and particularly Pvt. Nesbitt, Cpl. Tingle and Pvt. E. Svoboda, 43-K extends its sincere thanks.



ADOLPH F. APSAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

JOHN M. ARD
Inglewood, Calif.

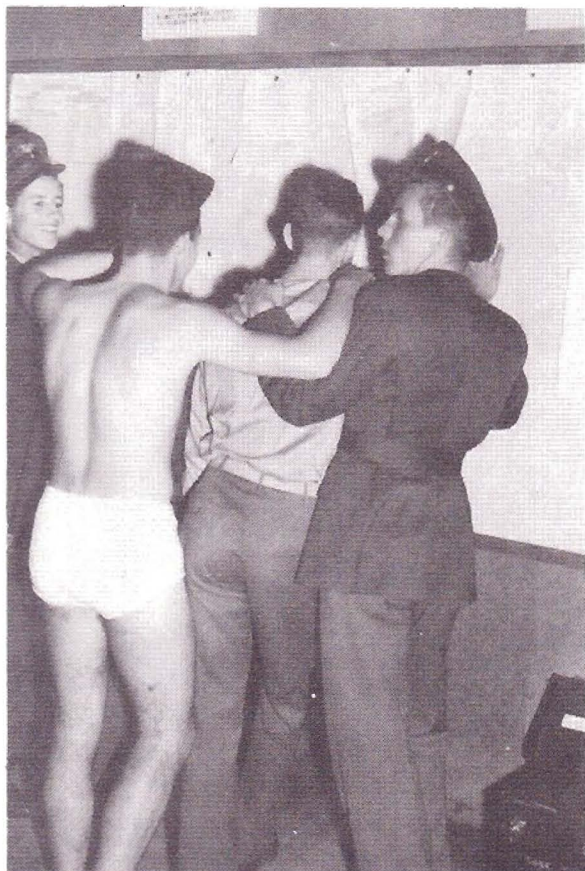
DAVID B. ARNDT
Tulsa, Oklahoma

CLYDE A. ARRANTS
South Gate, Calif.

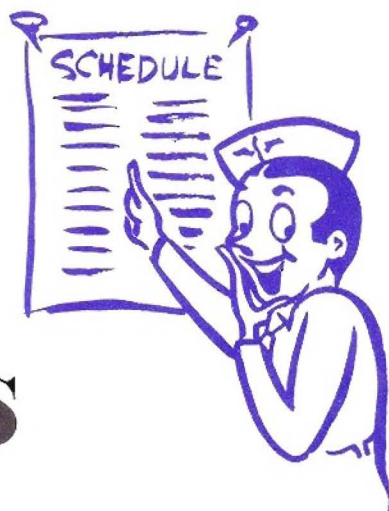
CLIFFORD T. ASHBY
Nyssa, Oregon

HAROLD E. ASPER
Salt Lake City, Utah

SCHEDULE

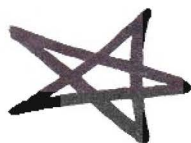


Day or nite, it makes no difference, the schedule must be checked each time the cadet enters or leaves the barracks. Split-second timing is an absolute must if each day's formations are to be met, and the duties thereon completed successfully. With the great number of cadets at Luke plans are often, by necessity, changed many times a day, a circumstance that constitutes a major headache for the cadet . . . gigs and tours result from absence; ignorance is no excuse. So, we read and read quite often, that variable timetable which forecasts our daily activities.



IT'S

MURDER



WAYNE F. AUSTIN
Mattoon, Ill.

ROBERT J. AYLEN
Puyallup, Wash.

ROBERT O. BAKER
Kiron, Iowa

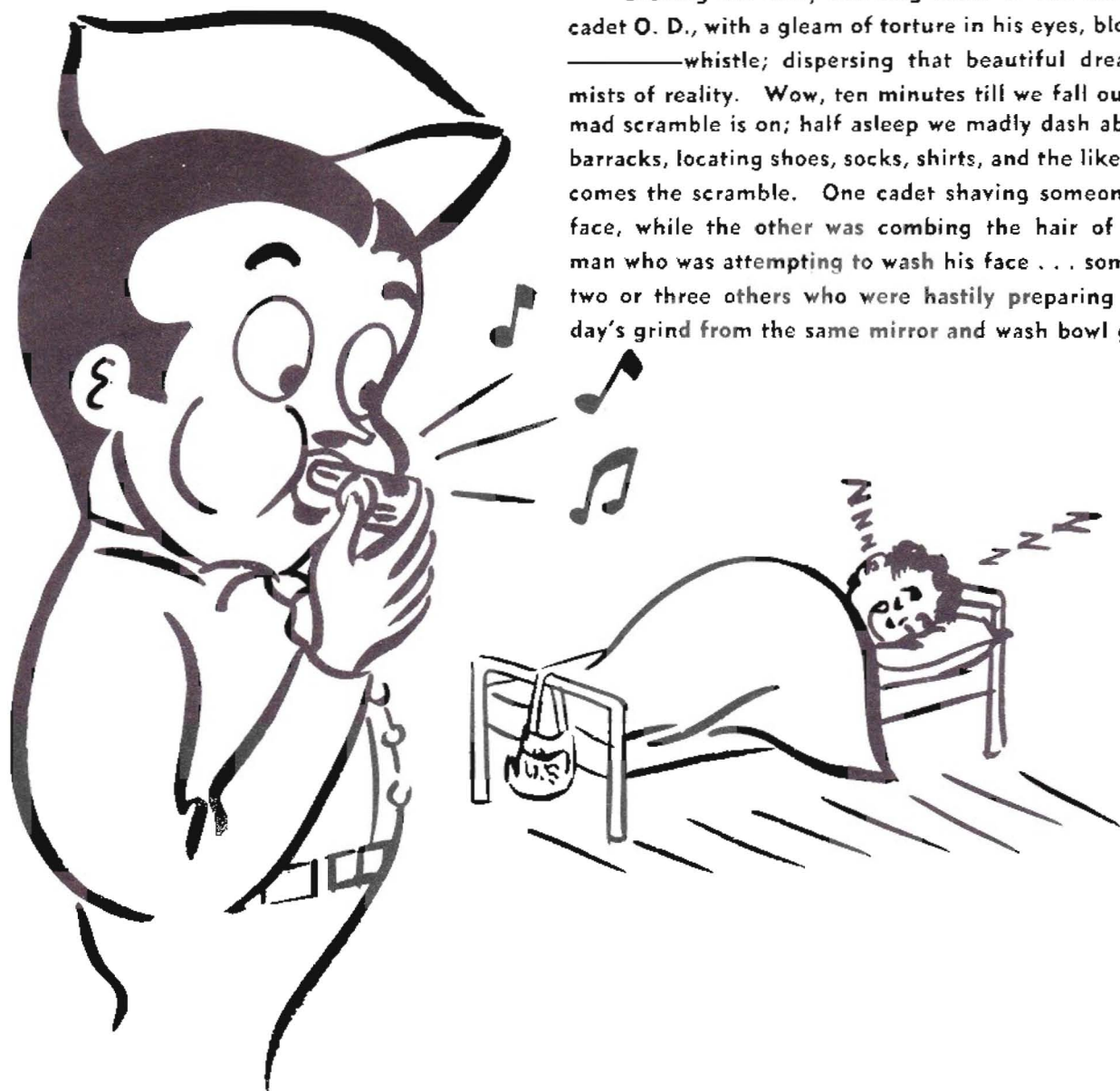
ROBERT S. BAKER
Spokane, Wash.

PHILLIP H. BANKS, JR.
Springfield, Mo.

EDWIN C. BAQUET
Portland, Oregon

0530 REVIELLE

Braving the early morning chills of the desert, the cadet O. D., with a gleam of torture in his eyes, blows that _____whistle; dispersing that beautiful dream into mists of reality. Wow, ten minutes till we fall out. The mad scramble is on; half asleep we madly dash about the barracks, locating shoes, socks, shirts, and the like. Then comes the scramble. One cadet shaving someone else's face, while the other was combing the hair of a third man who was attempting to wash his face . . . somewhere two or three others who were hastily preparing for the day's grind from the same mirror and wash bowl got lost.



C. G. BARANAUSKAS
Jersey City, N. J.



DONALD L. BARBER
Fort Smith, Ark.



LEE M. BARGAEHR
San Francisco, Calif.



JAMES F. BARNARD
Pampa, Texas



HERSCHEL BARNES
Seattle, Washington



WALTER E. BARNES, J.
Loomis, California



THIS IS REALLY ROUGH AT 0530 IN THE MORNING

Somehow, someway, we manage to fall in at the appointed time and in place . . . of course, a little shaving cream behind your ear, or the wrong shoes, no socks, tie not properly tied, are all minor details. Unless, of course, there happens to be an inspection.....but good gosh, we got here didn't we?

And so begins the light (??) schedule for the day.



R. BARTHOLOMEW, JR.
Koehler, New Mexico

WILLIAM S. BASKIN
Ruston, Louisiana

HENRY W. BATAILLE
Houston, Texas

WALKER E. BAYLESS
Denton, Texas

ROBERT B. BEAUMONT
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

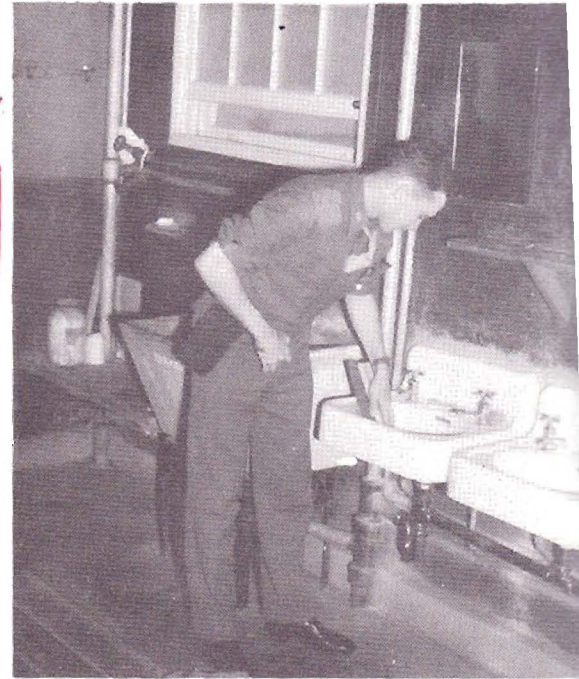
GORDON B. BEECROFT
Bakersfield, Calif.

0535

PREPARE BARRACKS FOR INSPECTION



Immediately following reveille formation, comes the task of preparing the barracks for the day's inspection. Amid the swish of brooms and time-worn mops, a mad scramble ensues to capture those elusive little dust mice, wash the spots off the windows, shine the brass, button the clothes hanging on the racks. But ah! Did you ever try to make a GI bunk look neat after having spent the night therein? No? You should try sometime. The blanket has about six corners, each with an idea of its own. After standing on your head, completing a full series of contortions it appears to be presentable, and off you go without a care in the world; but none the less its condition still drags down that usual "gig."



DON'T LAUGH, MR.—YOU'LL BE NEXT



DOYLE C. BEEERS
Jennings, Kansas



CLEO D. BEHYMER
Strathmore, Calif.



ARVID D. BELGUM
Glendale, Calif.



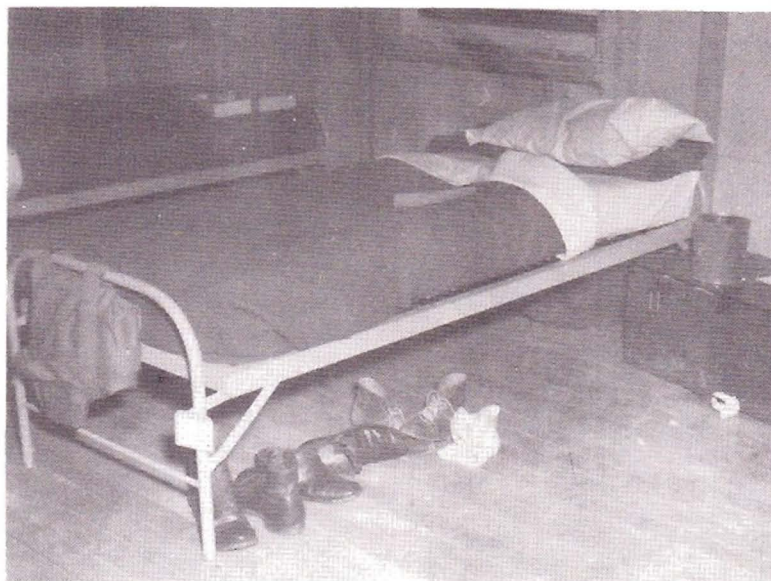
CLARENCE H. BELL
Valentine, Texas



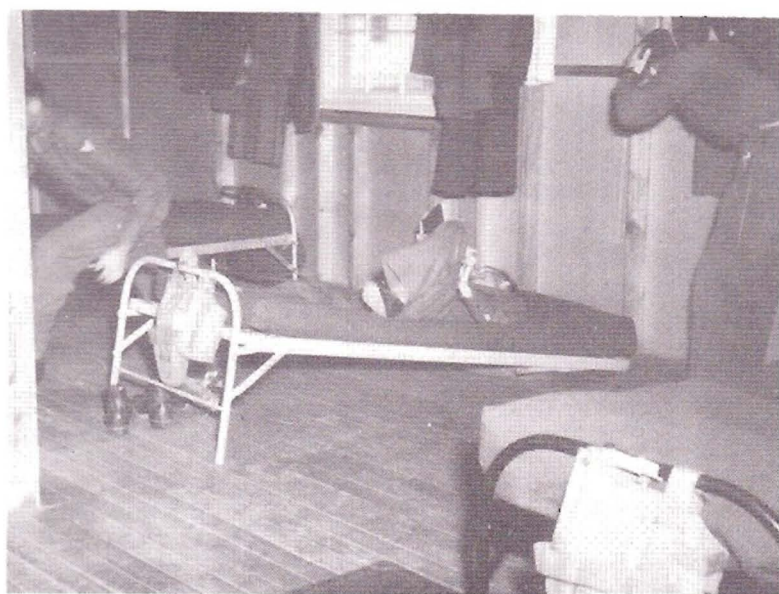
FREDERICK R. BELL
Pomona, Calif.



THOMAS J. BENICH
Brooklyn, New York



TYPICAL CADET BUNK



This always happens when you get
the darn thing right.



LAYTON A. BENNETT
Forest Grove, Oregon

OTIS W. BENNETT
Lonoke, Arkansas

CHARLES W. BENSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

ROBERT E. BERG
Pittsburg, Calif.

CARLTON O. BERRY
Vicksburg, Michigan

JOHN A. BERRY
Cedar Valley Utah

0550 BREAKFAST

Aside from open post, food is predominant in the eyes of each cadet. The time allotted for clean-up having rapidly vanished, morning chow call becomes step number three of the daily routine.

These chilly mornings demand a cup of hot coffee, plus the necessary items of food for a substantial meal. So bravely enduring the weather, and sweating out the chow line, we finally arrive at the point where the food is so generously (?) placed on our tray. Then we realize, sadly and with various misgivings, that we are on field rations—need more be said??



"CHOW HOUNDS," EVERY ONE OF 'EM



J. H. BILBREY, JR.
Takoma Park, Md.



WILLIAM L. BILLAR
Phoenix, Arizona



CRIS BIRD
Oakland, Calif.



GLENN D. BLACK
Taft, Calif.



LEO W. BLAKELY
Ft. Smith, Arkansas



WILLIAM J. SOGA
Erie, Pennsylvania

HOT COFFEE HITS THE SPOT



RICHARD R. BOOTH
Platsburg, N. Y.

ROBERT L. BORUCK
San Jose, Calif.

DONALD R. BOSS
Gladbrook, Iowa

ROBERT O. BOSTWICK
Chickasaw, Alabama

L. W. BOWER, JR.
Camden, Arkansas

GEORGE G. BRASHEARS
Glendale, Calif.

0645

GROUND SCHOOL



MAJ. KENNETH T. PRICE
Director of Ground School

If we thought making an 8 o'clock class was hard in college, we had yet to become introduced to the army school system. Classes began before the sun came up and terminated when the moon made its appearance. The instructors, patient and competent men in their fields, somehow managed to pound into our sleep-numbered heads their knowledge. Cramming a year's course into four weeks wasn't easy, and after we completed each one, there was great wonderment in our minds as to what mystic power was utilized by these instructors, who presented us with so much information in so brief a space of time.

Of course, there were moments when our free evening was taken up by a dash of homework, but in looking back on the situation we can't see why we did not have outside work every night. But that is another mystery that will have to go unsolved unless the ground school will be so kind as to give forth with its formula.



DANIEL J. BREDEWEG
Inglewood, Calif.

EDWARD E. BRETCH
Washington, Penna.

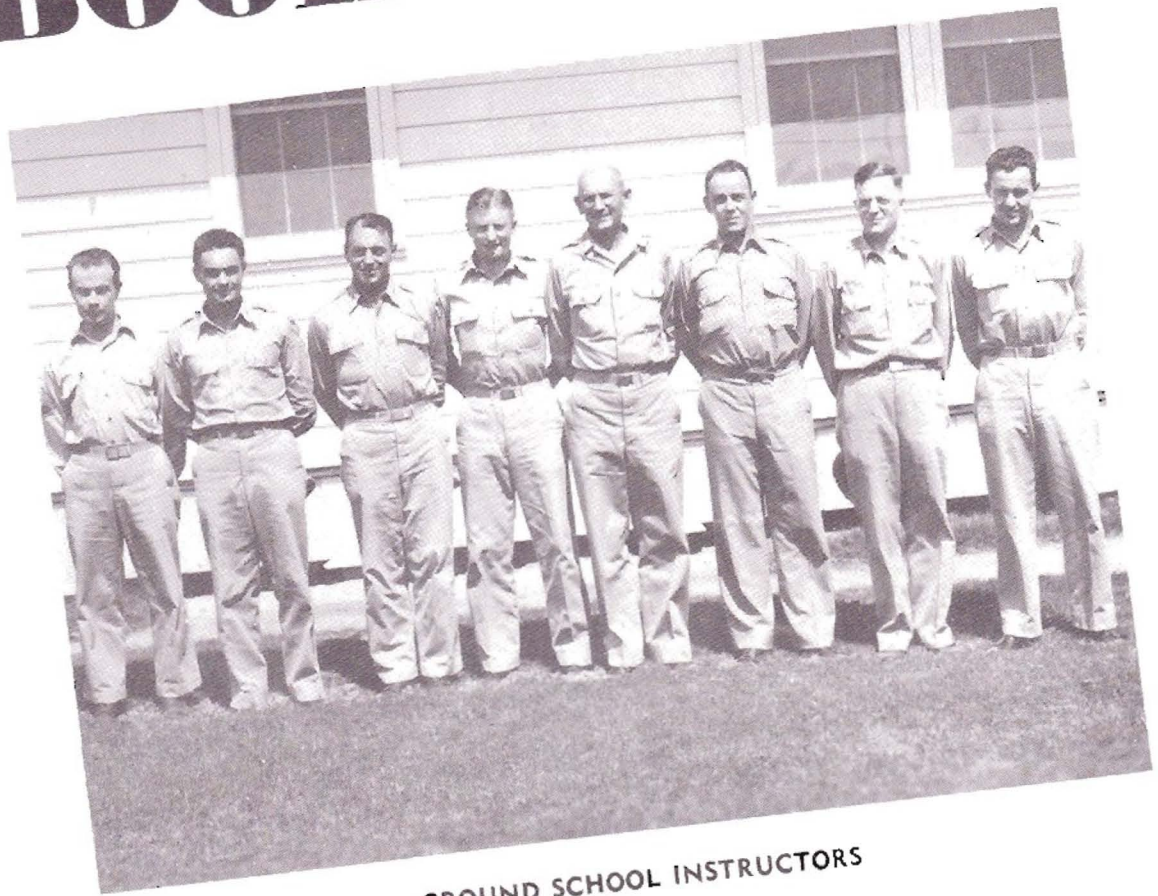
WARREN A. BRITTON
Brooklyn, N. Y.

LLOYD A. BRO
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

LOUIS M. BROCKLY
Harvey, Illinois

GREGOR M. BRONSON
Tacoma, Washington

BOOK WORMS



GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS



BILL M. BROOKS
Gainesville, Texas

LEE M. BROOKS
Redrock, Arizona

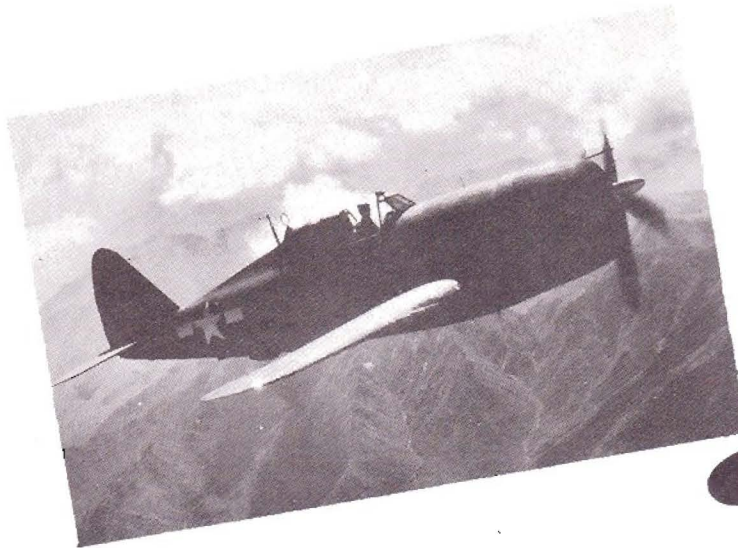
CARL L. BROSE
Portland, Oregon

EMORY C. BROWN
Tranquillity, Calif.

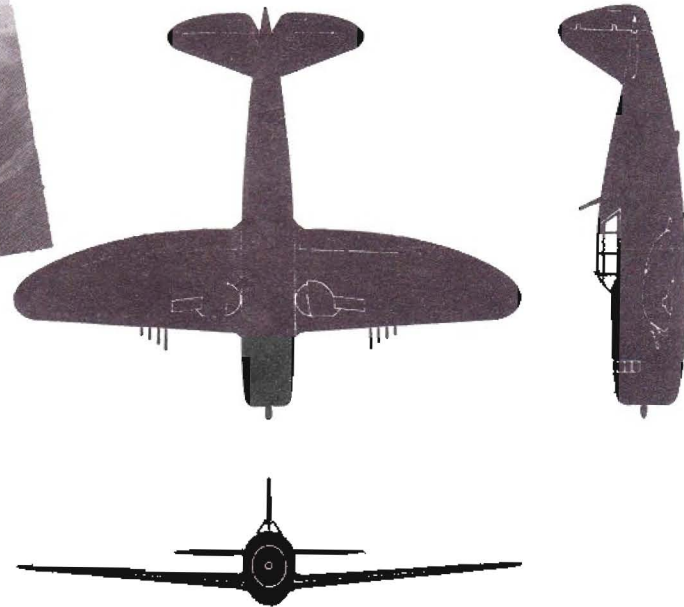
JAMES H. BROWN
Seattle, Washington

ROBERT G. BROWN
Westwood, Calif.

IDENTIFICATION



REPUBLIC "THUNDERBOLT"
Fighter



Identification, an absolute must on the list of studies for the air corps. All planes, belonging to the Allies as well as the Axis, were painfully studied for features of recognition; and thereby hangs a tale.

Ushered into a dark room, supplied with chairs and paper, we were instructed that a test was to be given, and that it would consist of pictures of planes, flashed on the screen at one seventy-fifth of a second. Amazed? So were we, until we discovered that the time element spoken of does not seem very short when eyes become accustomed to it. Suffice to say we consider ourselves the best spotters on the earth.

Above are samples of the type of material we used to familiarize ourselves with the many different planes in the sky today.



OLIVER BRYANT
Wilmar, Calif.

TROY C. BRYANT
Lawton, Okla.

BERNARD M. BURSO
Elkhorn, Wisc.

CARLTON L. BURNS
Riverside, Calif.

JAMES A. BURTON
Emmett, Idaho

GORDON L. BUTTLE
Buffalo, N. Y.

GUNNERY

INSTRUCTION



THIS IS WHAT MAKES IT WORK, MR.

Not to be forgotten are the many hours absorbing the operation of the various calibered guns in use today. Everything from a rifle to cannon was thoroughly studied, until now we could dismantle and reassemble any of them with ease and knew that they would fire when needed. They aren't too complicated, but they do spell disaster for the enemy.



MELVIN L. BYFIELD
Menlo, Kansas



WALLACE F. BYRD
Tulare, Calif.



ROBERT L. CAKE
Geyserville, Calif.



CHARLES H. CALDWELL
Avila, California

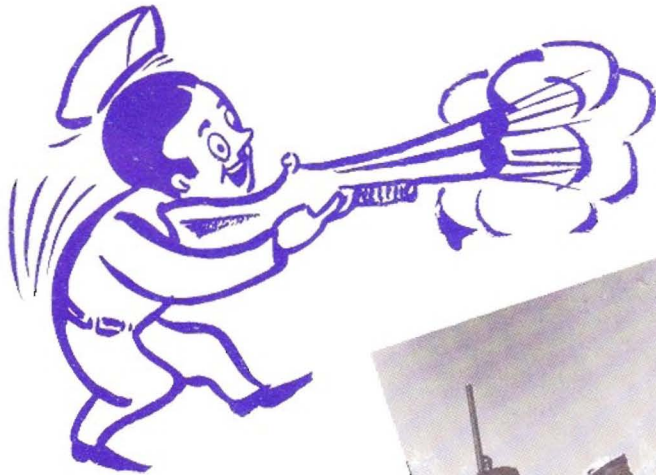


W. R. CALDWELL, JR.
Waco, Texas



ROBERT E. CALLAGHAN
Cleveland, Ohio

SKEET RANGE



Remember the good old days when skeet shooting was a Sunday sport? Now a daily activity in the army, it's not for pleasure but to teach the future gunners of the war that the need for lead and proper target sighting. It's amazing to see the scores that are made after a few rounds with the old shot-gun. Today we are shooting clay pigeons, tomorrow a Hun or Jap.



DUAN L. CAMPBELL
Portland, Oregon



KENNETH A. CAMPBELL
Hanford, Calif.



MAURICE D. CAMPBELL
North Hollywood, Calif.



ROBERT N. CAMPBELL
Plattsburg, Ohio



VIRGIL E. CARLEY
Jefferson, Iowa

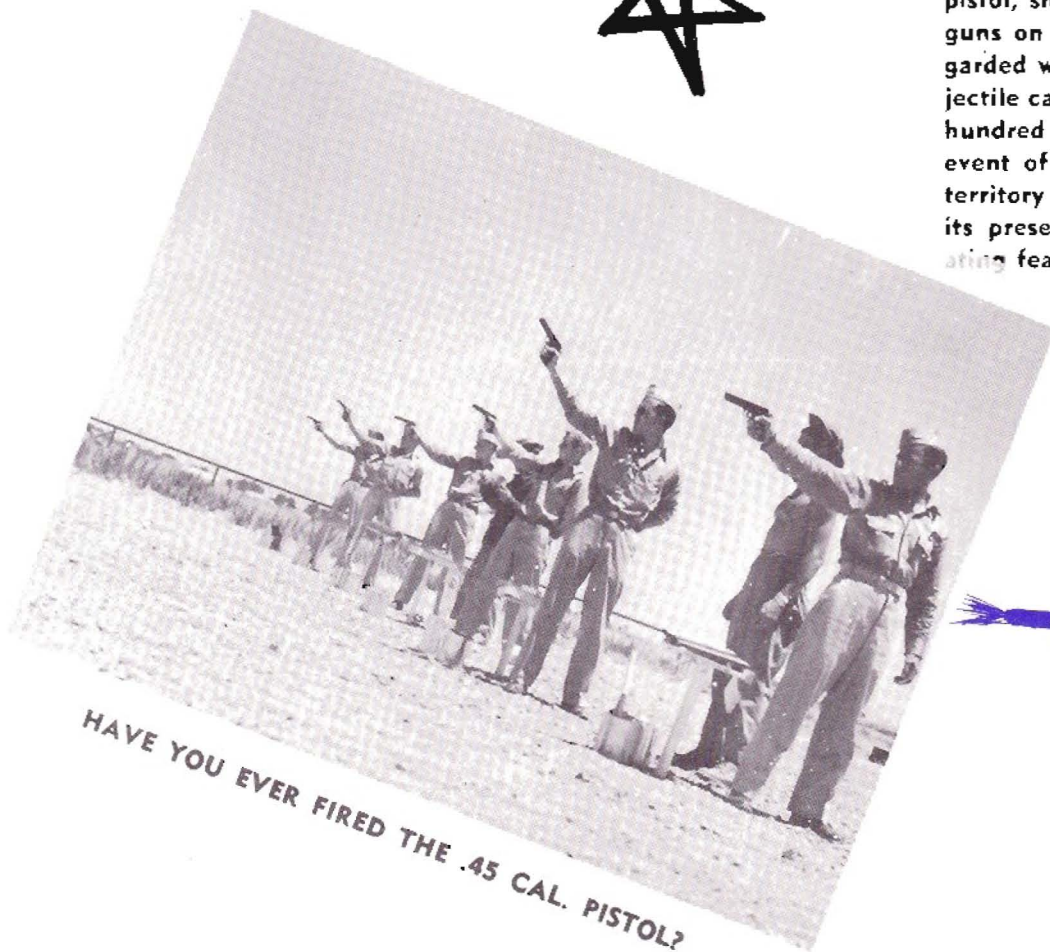


ARTHUR R. CARMEL
Pittsfield, Mass.

PISTOL RANGE



Self protection in close combat must also be taught to the pilots of tomorrow, so an afternoon of firing the army hand-cannon is worked into the schedule. The .45 automatic pistol, small in comparison with the guns on the planes, etc., is still regarded with much respect. Its projectile can knock a man down at one hundred and fifty yards, and in the event of forced landings on enemy territory we are morally boosted with its presence and knowing its operating features.



HAVE YOU EVER FIRED THE .45 CAL. PISTOL?



FRANK N. CATOGNI, JR
Richmond, Va.

E. A. CAZEDESSUS, JR.
Baton Rouge, La.

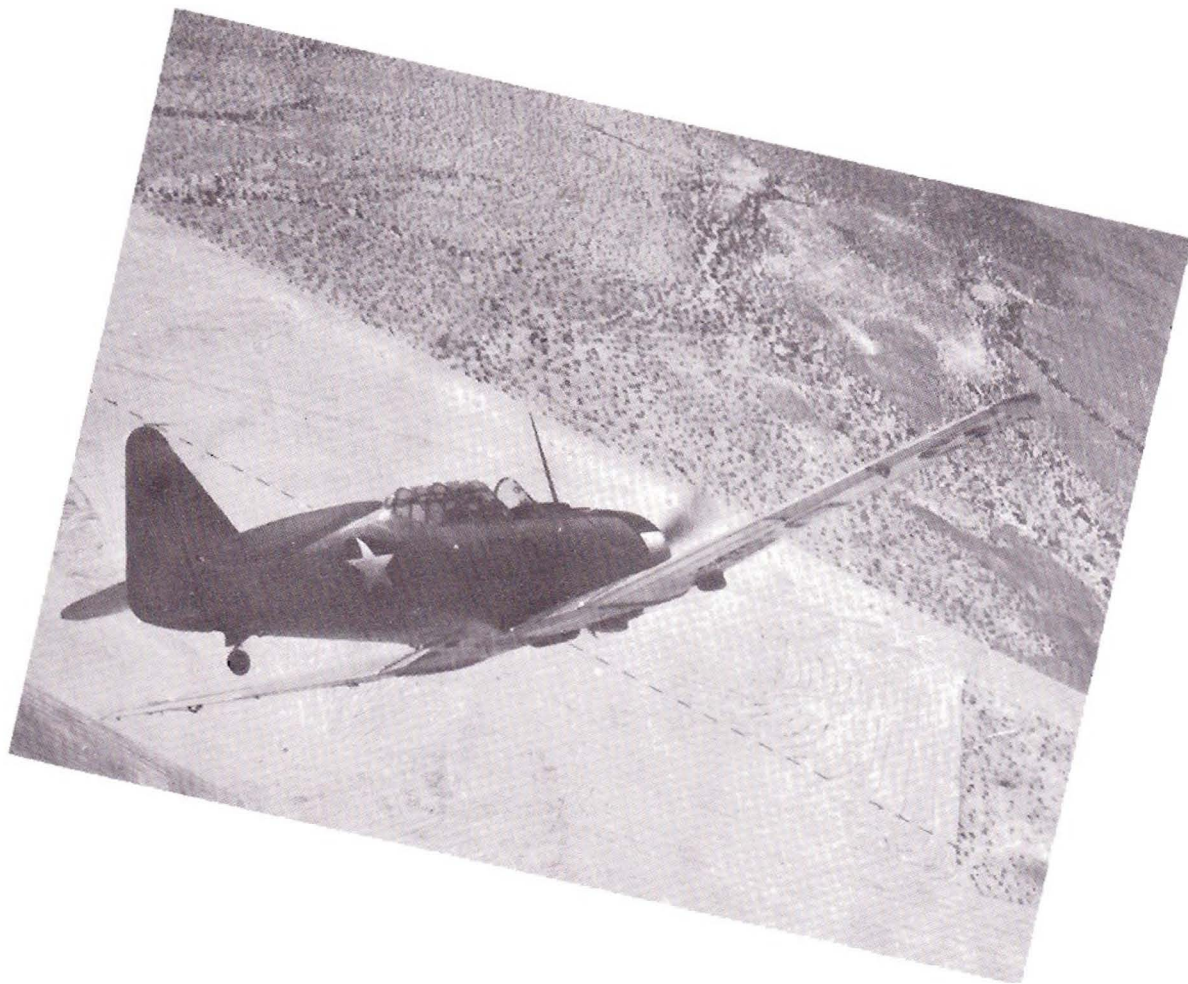
EUGENE M. CHAMBERS
Pomona, Calif.

LUTHER W. CHAMBERS
Pomona, Calif.

B. W. C. CHANG
Waimea, Kauai, Hawaii

RICHARD P. CHENOTE
Long Beach, Calif.

AERIAL GUNNERY



Ten days of hard flying and concentrated firing were spent at Gila Bend, gunnery base for Luke. Then we put into actual practice the lessons we studied at school, and from the scores that were made, Luke can be proud of its teachers, to say nothing of the feeling each man had when he placed those bullets in the bull.



GORDON A. CHRISTOE
Alameda, Calif.



DONALD L. CHURCH
Pueblo, Colo.



GLEN E. CLAIRE
St. James, Minn.



VAUGHN L. CLARK
Los Angeles, Calif.



ALVIN A. COLLINS
Phoenix, Arizona



JAMES W. COMBS
Shawnee, Okla.

AT GILA BEND



Ground targets and aerial sleeve targets are provided and manned by gunnery men. They come as near to actual combat as possible, but no envy was lost on the men who flew the tow plane nor the ground target crew. We would be a bit leary of the cadets pulling the trigger at the wrong moment, but so far no one has, and these men still fearlessly provide the targets.



EUGENE H. COOK
Des Moines, Iowa

ROBERT C. CORYELL
Redding, Calif.

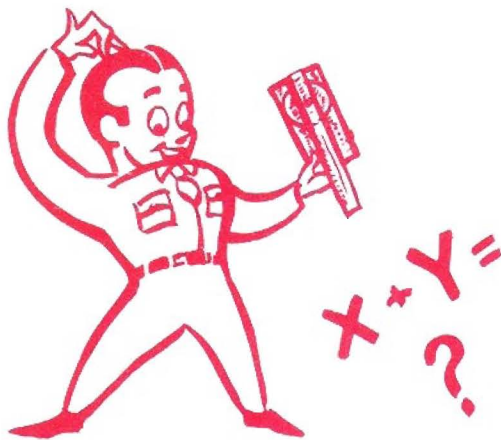
GALE H. COWAN
El Monte, Calif.

RAYMOND E. COX
Amarillo, Texas

LeROY R. CRAIG
Whittier, Calif.

HUGH B. CRANDALL, JR.
Portland, Oregon

NAVIGATION



Navigation . . . a mysterious word, simple yet complicated. Most people do not understand the complications that can arise from a simple navigation problem. Up there, roads are unheard of, and sign posts are non-existent. The only method of being able to fly from one spot to another is complete understanding of the instruments and how to use a map for visual points of guidance.

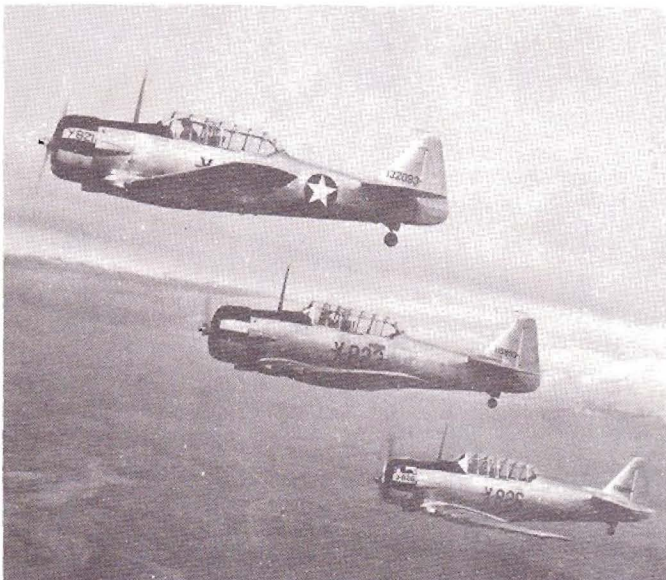
Navigation is the most thorough course taught to the cadet. His life and the successful completion of missions depends upon his ability to fly uncharted courses over all kinds of country and in any type of weather.

A course between two points has been given as a problem. First the compass course must be figured, taking into consideration the factors of correction needed to keep the compass on the right heading. After that is done the wind must be considered. A side wind can blow you off course, a tail wind will speed your arrival, head wind decrease the air speed and lengthen the time of the trip.

The mileage must be figured and along with it, provided the weather will permit, suitable check points must be chosen from the surrounding country side. Every twenty miles there must be some place of recognition that can be used to establish your location. Towns, highway intersections, rivers, railroad tracks, large factories, and so forth. Many little items will help the pilot arrive at his proper destination.

In the final analysis, each cadet must be very competent in any form of navigation. Pilotage, use of visual check points and instruments. Dead reckoning, use of instruments in the plane alone plus figured time for planned trip, and finally radio navigation, use of the radio beams and a map to figure position by the beam.

All we can say is that with the final touches added at Luke we can now go anyplace anytime, and return safely.



JOHN W. CRAWFORD
Linthicum Hgts. Maryland

ELBERT W. CREECH
Hobbs. New Mexico

KENNETH CREIGHTON
San Antonio, Texas

GLENN S. CRISP, JR.
Portland, Oregon

RICHARD W. CROSS
Pasadena, Calif

CLIFFORD R. CR
Phoenix, Arizoi

RADIO

All ships operating out of Luke Field, the direction of traffic is south to north, sugar to nan. Seven william jig one out . . .



Radio procedure at a field as busy as Luke must follow a regular form, otherwise the air would be crammed with all forms of static. No radio calls are made unless absolutely necessary, and the traffic direction is given each five minutes, thereby cutting down the radio use in all ways possible. Yet, between a dual ship on radio instead of interphone, six auxiliary fields, and two towers at Luke, the air at times sounds like a cat fight in the back yard. Enough of this jabber, so . . . roger out.

ROGER



KENNETH R. DAHLQUIST
Spokane Washington

HOWARD H. DALE
San Diego, Calif.

FLOYD F. DAMMAN
Melbourne, Iowa

JACK L. DARROW
Oklahoma City, Okla.

DARRELL V. DAVENPORT
Riverside, Calif.

ALFRED J. DAVIS
North Little Rock, Ark.

CODE



Radio code is one of the more important means of communication used in combat areas. It does not give the enemy proper sounds to locate the sender and enables the length of messages to be cut down and made brief.

Despite these great advantages, code has one great disadvantage. It is the hardest thing to learn, and to most of us poor ex-civilians who did not know a dit from a dat it meant hours of hard concentration. Dit dah, dit dah, hours of ground school spent listening to this continual noise, leave ears ringing and arms tired from copying the code down as received. But the army says so many words a minute and we all comply, somehow we manage to learn the darn stuff.



CHARLES F. DAVIS
Altadena, Calif.

JOHN O. DAVIS
Los Angeles, Calif.

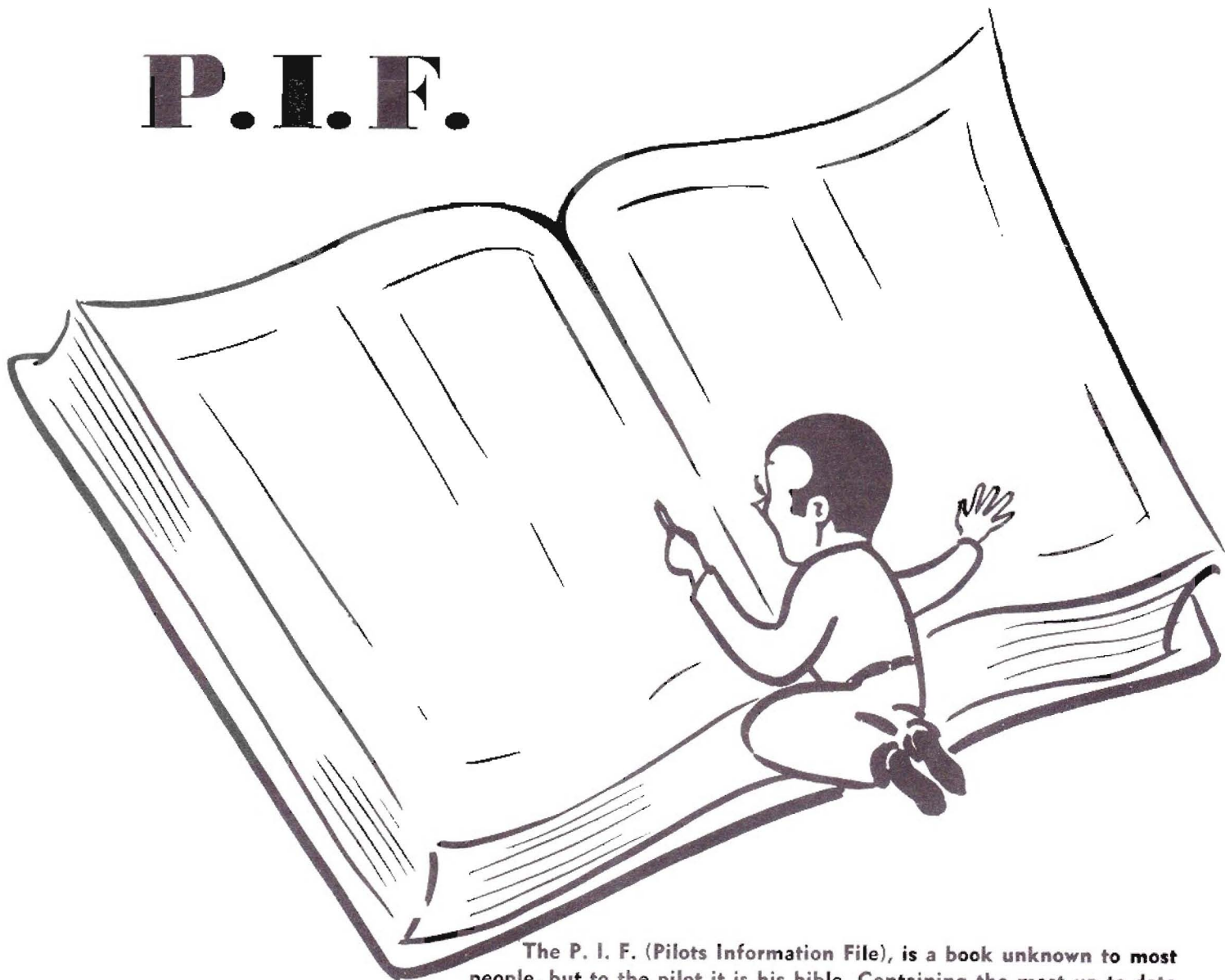
JEROME H. DECKER
Findlay, Ohio

DEAN E. DECKERT
Inglewood, Calif.

D. A. DES ROSIERS, JR.
Lakeport, New Hampshire

ROBERT V. DeVO
Ottawa, Ohio

P.I.F.



The P. I. F. (Pilots Information File), is a book unknown to most people, but to the pilot it is his bible. Containing the most up-to-date material on the operation of aircraft, and what to do in case of any emergency that may arise. Each month a revision of any parts that are found to be out of date is issued, or whenever new methods are discovered. 'Tis a pity that its contents cannot be divulged, for they would provide good knowledge for anyone, pilot or not.



R. H. DIEVENDORFF
Los Angeles, Calif.

C. L. DOLLARHIDE
Oklahoma City, Okla.

JOHN R. DONOHUE
Couderay, Wisconsin

GEORGE G. DOUTT
DuBois, Penna.

EDWARD G. DCYLE
Portland, Oregon

JOE E. DOZIER, JR.
Armarillo, Texas

LINK TRAINER



The Link trainer department, composed of nearly seventy-five carefully selected instructors, comes next in the line of priority on the cadet's time list. Hours of labor are spent in this fixed base, aerial vehicle, traveling over miles of psuedo country.

Under the direction of Lt. Baines, the Link department offers all help that is possible for the student pilot to become familiar with radio and blind flying. The link is made as a mock-up of a real plane, having all the instruments and so forth found in any plane. With this dummy plane the pilots are taught how to fly blind, using nothing but instruments to give them their position above the earth.

Upon completing a course in blind or instrument flying the cadet is then exposed to radio navigation. That is really something. You put on the hood and take off. The course of your trainer is plotted in duplicate on a large map on the instructor's desk.



LT. ROBERT R. BAINES
Link Trainer Officer

After doing nicely, so you think, the instructor calls you out and lets you look at the course you were supposed to fly. If you were within a hundred miles you could consider yourself lucky. Finally after many hours of careful instruction you can come in and fly the link like a dream, and when you step into your plane someday and get into and out of rough weather successfully, just remember the days when you flew the link.



OTIS E. DRUMMOND, JR.
Rome, Georgia

ALGER E. DURELL
Glendale, Calif.

JUNIOR C. EBBE
Alturas, Calif.

ROBERT W. ELLIOTT
Artesia, Calif.

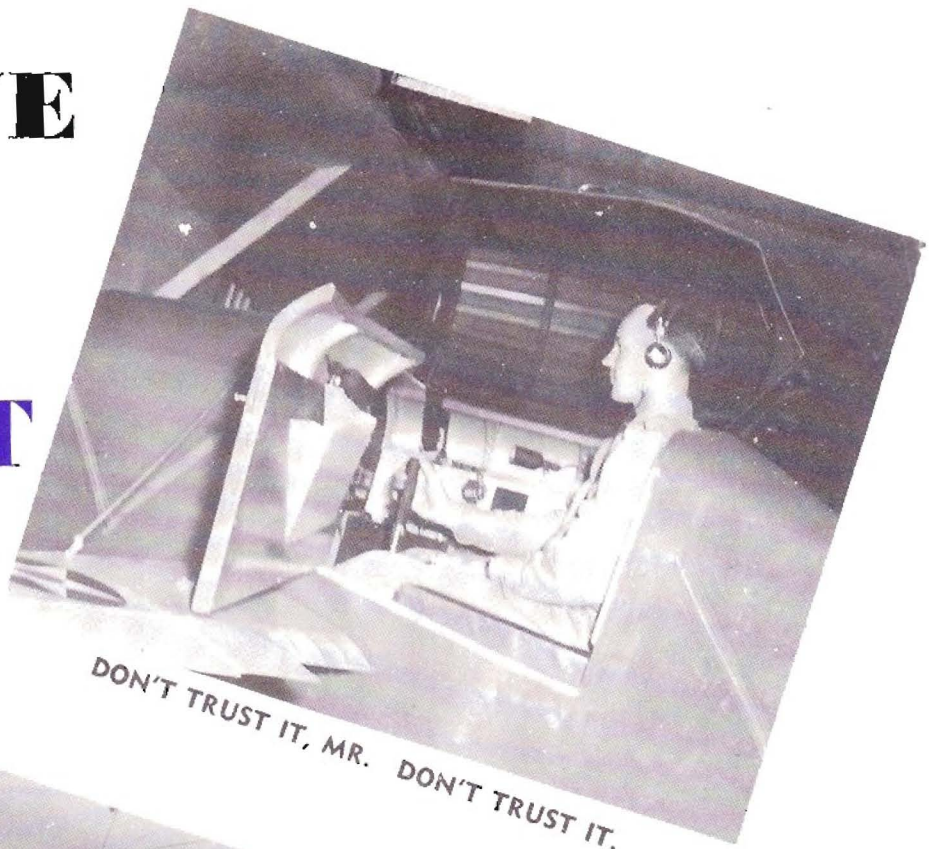
PHILLIP W. ENGLAND
Compton, Calif.

EL JAY C. ERICK
Huntington Park.

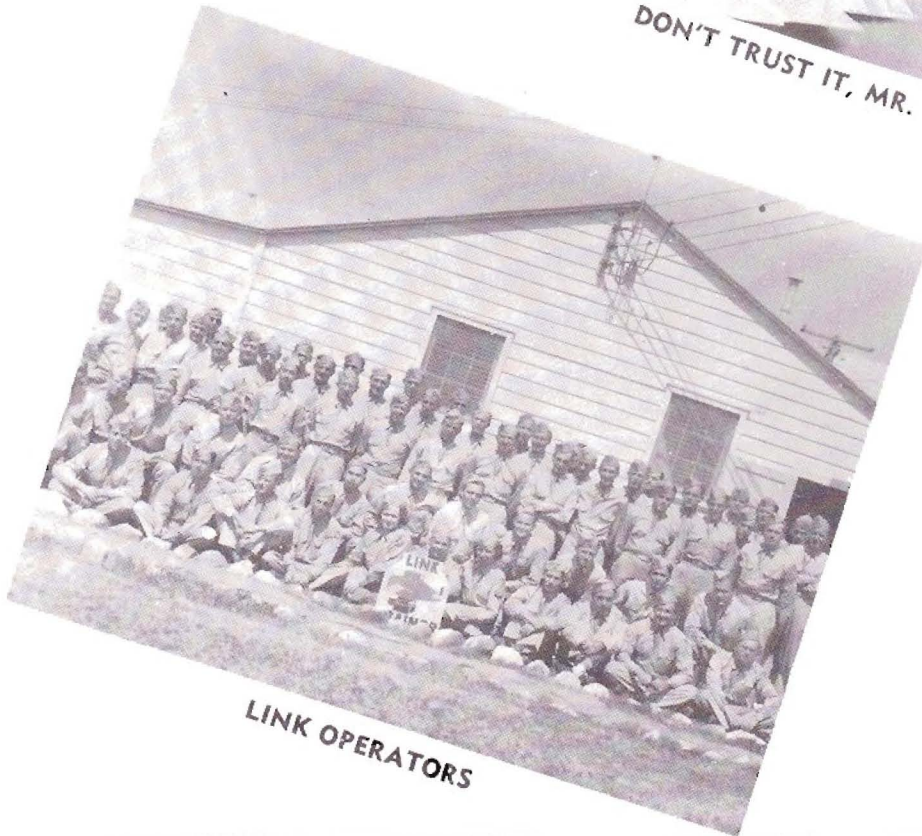
BELIEVE

IT

OR NOT



DON'T TRUST IT, MR. DON'T TRUST IT.



LINK OPERATORS



LAUREN S. ERICKSON
Ranier, Minnesota

BLAIR B. ERICSON
Salt Lake City, Utah

CHARLES N. ESTES
Portland, Oregon

PAUL M. EVANS
Springfield, Missouri

JOE E. EWERS
Welch, Oklahoma

LLOYD W. EWING
Oak Grove, Missouri

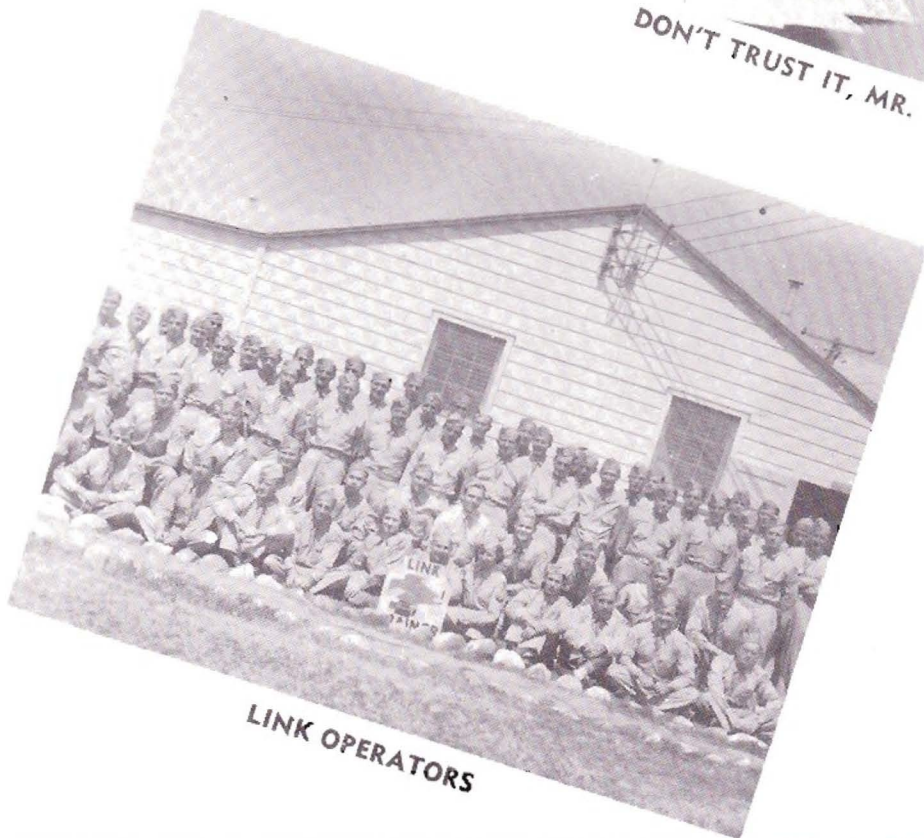
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Rader, Minnesota

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Salt Lake City, Utah

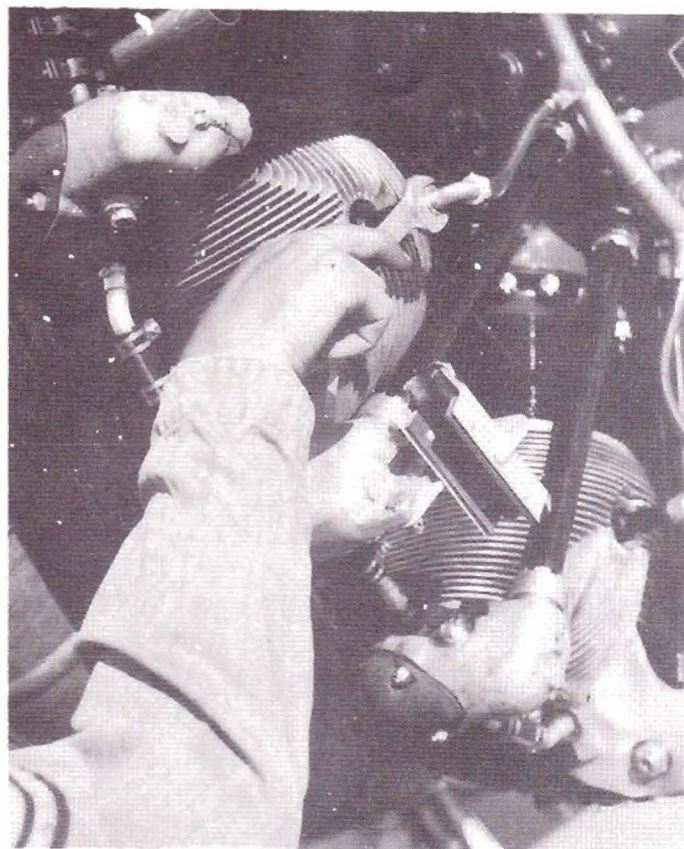
CHARLES N. ESTES
Portland, Oregon

PAUL M. EVANS
Springfield, Missouri

JOE E. EWERS
Welch, Oklahoma

LLOYD W. EWING
Oak Grove, Missouri

MAINTENANCE



To a couple of sergeants in maintenance school go the plaudits of 43-K for a course in maintenance and information about the AT6 that topped anything offered in primary or basic.

They knew their stuff and what was more important they knew how to put it across. Suffice to say that most maintenance courses are a bore although important. This was interesting and informative.



JAMES R. FAUTH
Pacific Grove, Calif.



KARL T. FEUERRIEGEL
Phoenix, Arizona



ARNOLD E. FICKLE
Los Angeles, Calif.



HAROLD A. FISH
Phoenix, Arizona



BURDETTE F. FLEMING
Meadeville, Pa.



FRANK M. FLEMING
San Bernardino, Calif.

0800 BARRACKS INSPECTION

Come 0800 every day the tactical officers begin their daily upset of cadet life, mainly barracks inspection. Floors mopped, beds drawn tight enough to bounce a quarter, shoes with a mirror-like finish—the kind of paradise a wife dreams about.

Rigged out in special regalia consisting of white gloves, the more easily to find the dust my child, the tack officer lords it over his temporary domain. Eyes like a hawk pick out the slightest deviation from regulations.

In line with all cadet luck, the one morning when the boys figure "no inspection" and goof off, usually comes an imposing array of tactical men and a few visiting dignitaries from other fields who have heard of the unusual housework ability of Luke Field cadets. Then comes the millenium. After the visitors have been promptly escorted as quickly as possible through the barracks, back comes "Tacker" and but goes the squadron for an hour's double-time drill.

Nevertheless, 43-K realizes the wonderful work these tactical officers have done and we just know some day each and every one of us will make some girl a wonderful "wife."



This is a "Gadget" ready to be giggered for that pile of paper.



JOHN R. FOLLETT
Bangor, Maine

PETER O. FOWLER
Tulsa, Oklahoma

HAROLD R. FRENCH
Pacific Grove, Calif.

HAROLD J. FRISCHKORN
E. Cleveland, Ohio

HAMILTON FROST
Nashville, Tenn.

JOSEPH R. GALLAGHER
Goose Creek, Texas

GIGGED!



"Gigs," an innocent little word, but one which has become a menace to cadets, something to be avoided at all costs, especially around open post periods. The generous, warm-hearted tactical administration allows each cadet five gigs per week. From then on, each extra means one hour's march on the ramp.

Now a tour is something special. One hundred and twenty steps per minute, military manner, covering a prescribed area without benefit of water or relief. It has been known, however, without mentioning names, that SOME cadet wives have sneaked out under cover of darkness to ease their husband's worries.

One advantage of tours might be found among the Feather Merchants, for many a shoe brought in for repair and countless thousands of blister pads and corn medicine means money in the bank.



Looks like an all-day hike.

A "TAC" OFFICER'S PET PASTIME IS THIS "HORRID" PRACTICE



L. R. GALLAGHER
Klamath Falls, Oregon



DONALD L. GAUTSCHE
Anaheim, Calif.



OLLIE E. GIBBS, JR.
Tifton, Georgia



ARDEN R. GIBSON
Ukiah, Calif.



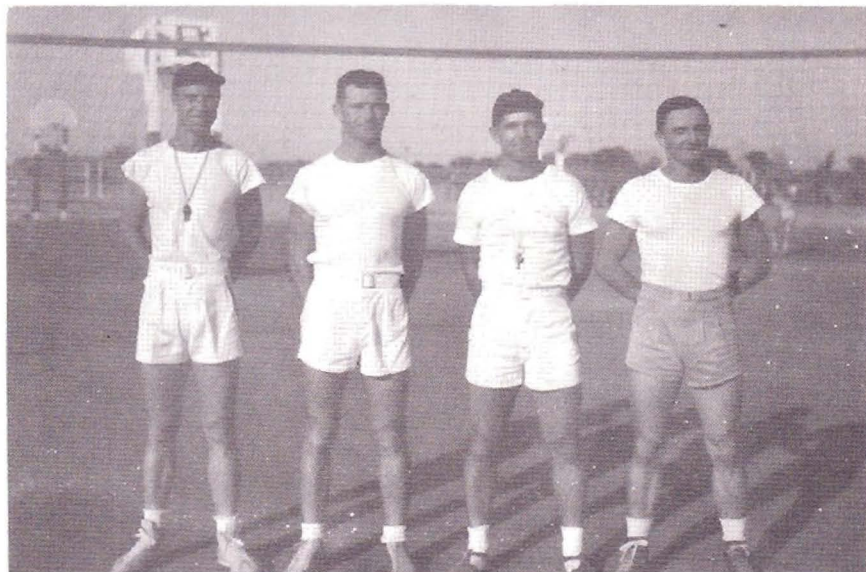
LEON V. GIBSON
Pelly, Texas



JOHN N. GIRLING
Armonk, New York

1050 ATHLETICS

PHYSICAL INSTRUCTORS

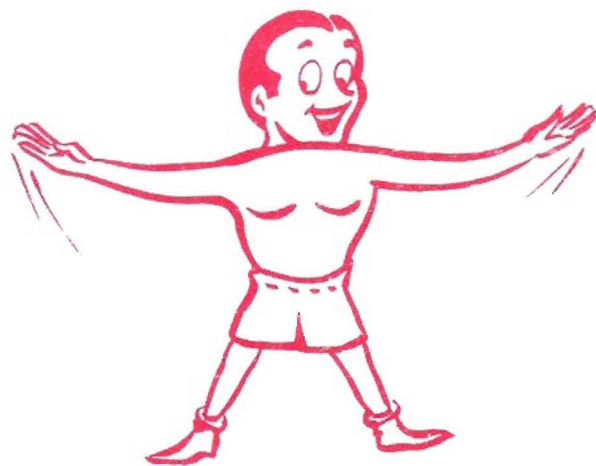


Left to right: Cpl. "Dixie" Rutherford, Lt. Ralph Mason, Lt. Fred H. Heidt, and Cpl. Ray Staszak.

Under the close supervision of Lts. Mason and Heidt, the "groan hour" becomes a reality each day, rain or shine. Donning tennis shoes and shorts, we march to the "dust bowl" and begin the day's "movements of torture."

It seems as though most "gadgets" have a dislike for athletics of any form and can think up many and varied excuses for not partaking therein; but at Luke, fours assure 100% attendance. The prospect of walking thirteen tours on the next open post day is not a fair exchange for an hour's sack time.

All kidding aside, cadets enjoyed many splendid games during P. T. hours, and thank the athletic department for its supervision and supplying of superior equipment.



WALTER M. GOWRING
West Bend, Wisconsin

JAMES T. GORDON
Atlanta, Georgia

WILLIAM R. GRAHAM
Smoot, Wyoming

CHARLES M. GRAND
Brooklyn, N. Y.

EVERETT D. GRAVES
Hayfield, Minnesota

WILLIAM B. GRAY
Los Angeles, Calif.

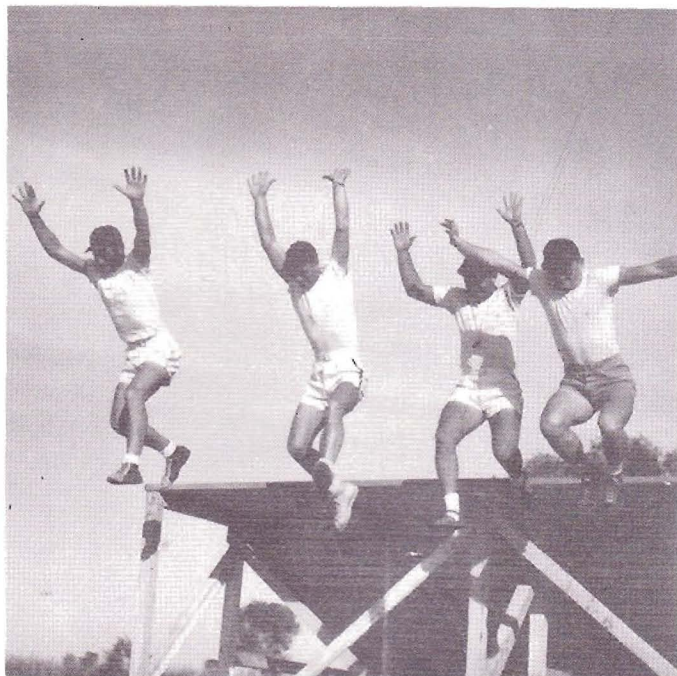
SCOOP of the YEAR!



One bright day, during the course of this book's development, our foolhardy, roving photographer succeeded in obtaining this unusual array of photos. The unsuspecting and "to be surprised" subjects of this "Scoop of the Year" are the cadet physical training instructors Lt. Mason, Lt. Heidt, "Dixie" Rutherford, and Ray Staszak.

As any cadet can plainly see, they are running the **OBSTACLE COURSE**—something that they never allow a cadet to witness. The reason? Perhaps they are bashful. At any rate, these pictures may help you form an opinion.

They had plenty of zip to begin with and managed the first three obstacles with, we must admit, a semblance of good form. Our photographer's first shot was made at the fifth obstacle where they were still going strong, and a beautiful shot it is. Notice the bulging biceps on Lt. Mason and the determined and confident look on their faces—but wait. It's only the beginning.



After reloading his camera, our courageous photographer dashed across the course to the site of the seventh obstacle. This is an inclined ramp at the end of which is—SPACE. One just runs up and jumps off. It's easy. Even our heroes managed to do it. However, they were beginning to show evidences of tiring, and it is doubtful very much whether they will finish. Notice their form in making the jump; arms well raised above their heads to insure better balance, lips placed firmly together. The latter is an important factor as it aids one's confidence. Oh, yes, remember always to keep your feet beneath you. It helps.



JOHN F. GREEN, JR.
Arlington, Texas



JOHN C. GUSTAFSON
Los Angeles, Calif.



JACK L. HACKETT
Miles City, Mont.



ROBERT Y. HALLER
Peoria, Illinois



MAURICE K. HAMILTON
Everett, Washington



GERALD N. HAMRICK
Shelby, North Carolina

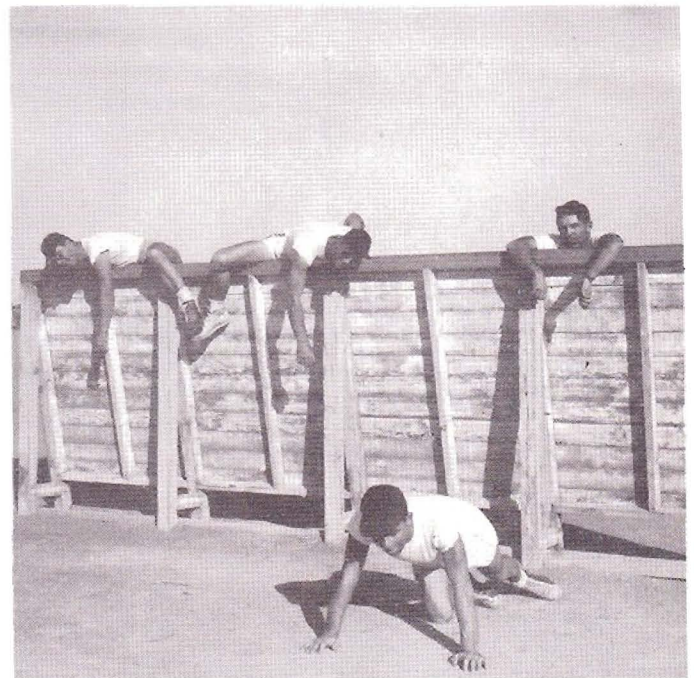


This is undoubtedly the greatest finish ever made on an obstacle course. Only one man, Lt. Mason, succeeded in finishing, although he had to crawl the last few yards. Credit must be given to the other three who, although utterly exhausted, made a great effort to finish. Lt. Heidt never did make it, and "Dixie" and Ray, though unable to budge a muscle were still smiling.

The staff held a conference and arrived at the conclusion that after such a valiant showing it would be no more than right for the cadets of 43-K to kick in two-bits apiece, for which to buy these, our courageous **ATHLETIC INSTRUCTORS**, some Sloan's liniment. If you ask us, they'll need it.

This next photo, taken at the second to the last obstacle, has caused a lot of controversy as Lt. Mason seems to have disappeared. It was thought at first that he may have lagged behind the others, but on closer scrutiny, a third leg was noticed attached to Staszak. Yes, it belongs to Lt. Mason.

Look at Lt. Heidt. He seems to be getting along in fine style, but wait. Looks can be mighty deceiving, and if you will take a peek at the last photo, entitled "The Grand Finale," you will get the idea.



THE GRAND FINALE!!



C. J. HANFORD, JR
Los Angeles, Calif.

MELVIN W. HANISCH
Laurens, Iowa

JAMES C. HARDIN
El Cajon, California

VENICE C. HASELDEN
Johnsonville, So. Carolina

RUSSELL C. HAWORTH
Cedar Hill, Texas

WILLIAM J. HAWTHORNE
Pensacola, Florida

SWIMMING



Swimming, one of the favorite sports of America, is not forgotten when one enters the Air Corps. Here at Luke, a large, beautiful, concrete swimming pool has been constructed to be used by the enlisted men of the field. The cadet P. T. department has arranged a deal whereby the cadets are afforded swimming during their athletic periods. To those that can't swim, lessons in the art are given.

Beside being a good thing to know how to do, swimming is a good exercise to develop coordination, an element which makes for better pilots. Who knows but that the hands taught to work in harmony with the legs, as in swimming, may some day save his life.



JOHN H. HAYDEN
Inglewood, Calif.



GERALD J. HEAGNEY
Chicago, Illinois



CHESTER H. HEIEN
Brady, Montana



JAMES J. HEINEMANN
Sweetwater, Texas



JAMES H. HEMIGHAUS
Vineland, New Jersey



LESTER J. HENRY
Suncook, New Hampshire

YUMMY!



The 12 o'clock whistle blows, and the cadets, just back from athletics where they have developed an enormous appetite, storm the mess-hall for the noon meal. The "chow line" results and is "sweated out" in order to eat. Usually it is well worth the waiting, and though many a cadet may feel cheated, he leaves the mess-hall with a full stomach — sometimes!



PILE IT ON!



ELWOOD L. HOWARD
La Grange, Maine



WILLIAM R. HUDSON
Oakland, Calif.



EDWARD L. HUFFSMITH
Attica, New York



JACK F. HUME
Hollywood, Calif.



WILLIAM HUMENICK
Cincinnati, Ohio



JOE M. HUNTER
Dallas, Texas

1300 FLIGHT LINE



OFF WE GO



E. B. HUSKINSON, JR.
Roseville, Calif.



JAMES T. INGRAM
Florence, Alabama



JAMES B. JACKSON
Little Rock, Arkansas



JOHN F. JAMES
Ravenden, Arkansas



ARTHUR E. JANACEK
Edmonds, Washington



KENNETH H. JENSEN
Omaha, Nebraska



The most pleasant duty of each day begins with our mid-day parade to the flight line. Dressed in their flying clothes and possessing that his students learn all that is possible in the that far-away look into the blue, each man really does a fine job of marching.

Arriving at the ready room there is the usual hangar flying going on, amid various discussions concerning the day's flight assignment. The unsung men of the air corps, the instructors, finally make their entry and the day's flying starts. Competent and precise in their flying, it is the aim of each instructor to see short space of time left in their cadet training.



JOSEPH M. JENSEN
San Francisco, Calif.



JIMMIE M. JERNIGAN
Sinton, Texas



S. L. JOEKEL, JR.
Austin, Texas



WILLIAM E. JOHNSON
Tuscola, Texas



BARTON L. JONES
San Francisco, Calif.



WILLIAM R. JONES
Montebello, Calif.



By the time this book is printed, the things being discussed herein will all be past history to the men of 43-K, and they will be officers in the air corps, men qualified for their particular field of work. Although there is no way we can, as a group, show our appreciation to the many instructors, all we can say now, is that down deep in our hearts we shall remember the men who so carefully and

thoroughly gave us the finish that makes military pilots. May our deeds in flying always bring honor to Luke field and its instructors.



RONALD F. JORDAN
Long Beach, Calif.

FORREST L. JULIAN
Janesville, Wisconsin

ALBERT L. KALBACH
Escalon, Calif.

ARTHUR S. KALLMAN
Almira, Washington

EDWARD W. KANE
Chester, Penna.

EDWARD M. KELLY
Taft, California



Even as a pilot the aviation cadet has his own form of bookkeeping, commonly known as the Form One. Here he enters his time of flight, notes any misbehavior of the plane or engine and checks before takeoff the plane's condition.

The Form One is a safety measure as well as a maintenance factor. From cadet to cadet the log goes, in suring safe flight and safe return.



JOHN L. KENNEDY
Lynwood, California

ALFRED L. KILLIAN
Reading, Penna.

PAUL C. KIMBALL, JR.
Tustin, California

L. H. KINARD, JR.
Atlanta, Georgia

RICHARD W. KING
Perry, Iowa

DOYLE D. KINGERY
Northington, Minn.



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JOHN I. KENNEDY
Lyawood, California

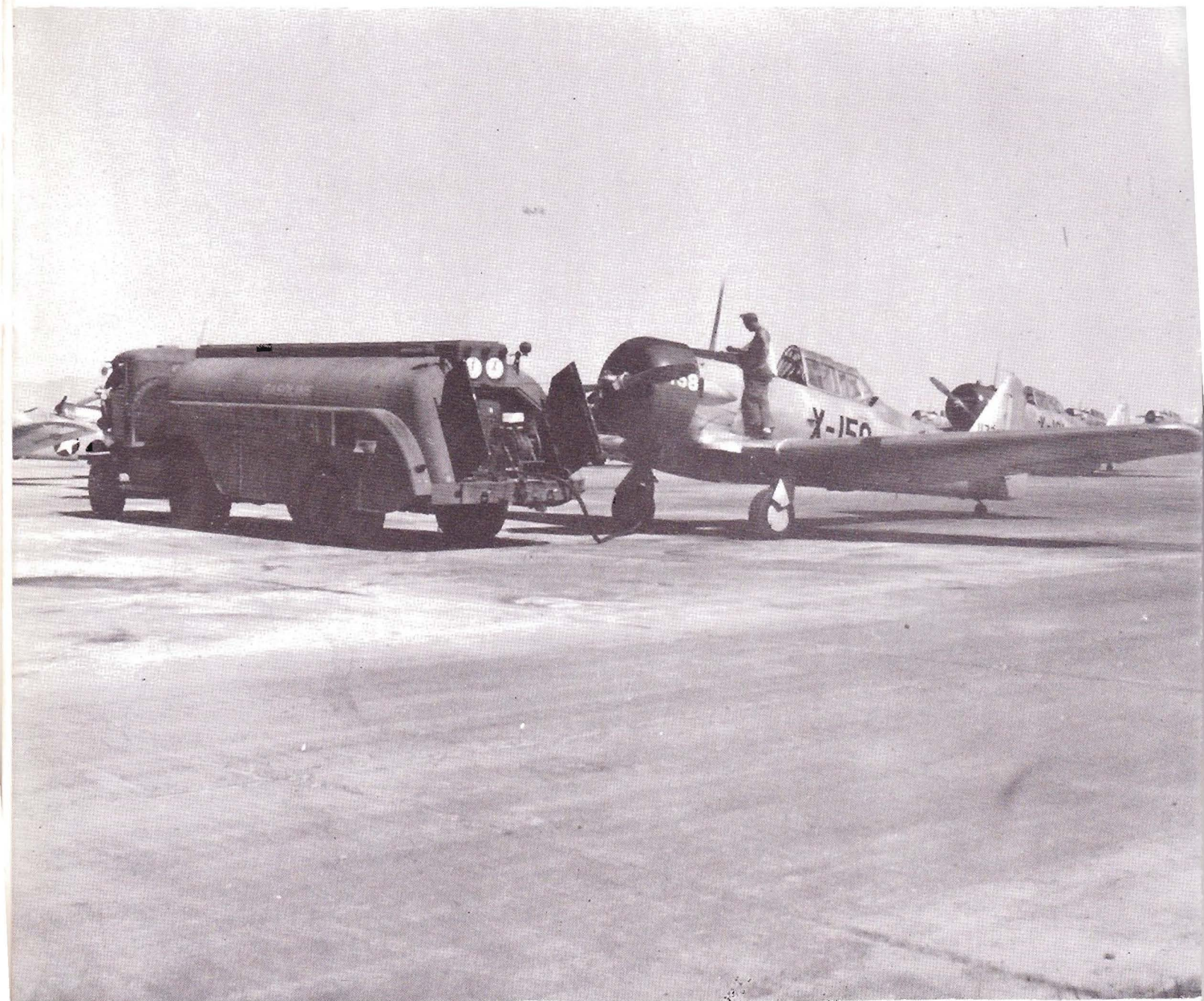
ALFRED L. KILLIAN
Reading, Penna.

PAUL C. KIMBALL, JR.
Tustin, California

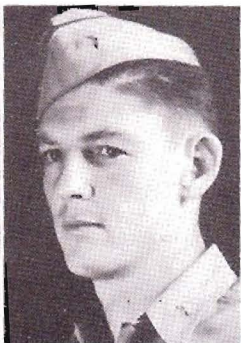
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Atlanta, Georgia

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Perry, Iowa

DOYLE D. KINGERY
Northington, Minn.



C. E. KINGSBURY
Houston, Texas



JAMES F. KINNEY
Hollywood, Calif.



JAMES K. KIVLEHEN
Miami, Texas



CHARLES H. KLEIN
Ardsley, Penna



HAROLD E. KLINE
Coolidge, Arizona



ANDREW EMONEK
Amsterdam, New York

LINE MEN

Not in the limelight, yet the backbone of the air corps are those respected men whose hands lie behind every stroke of that AT6 or P-40 engine. The "grease monkeys" of Luke field deserve more than a passing mention in the air corps; to them 43-K extends not just thanks but gratitude for many hours of flying without accidents and for many invaluable tips on engine behavior.

They were veritable instructors in zoot suits.



PIUS KUNTZ
Napoleon, North Dakota

KENNETH B. KURTZMAN
Hamburg, New York

IVAN M. LACHNIT
Los Angeles, Calif.

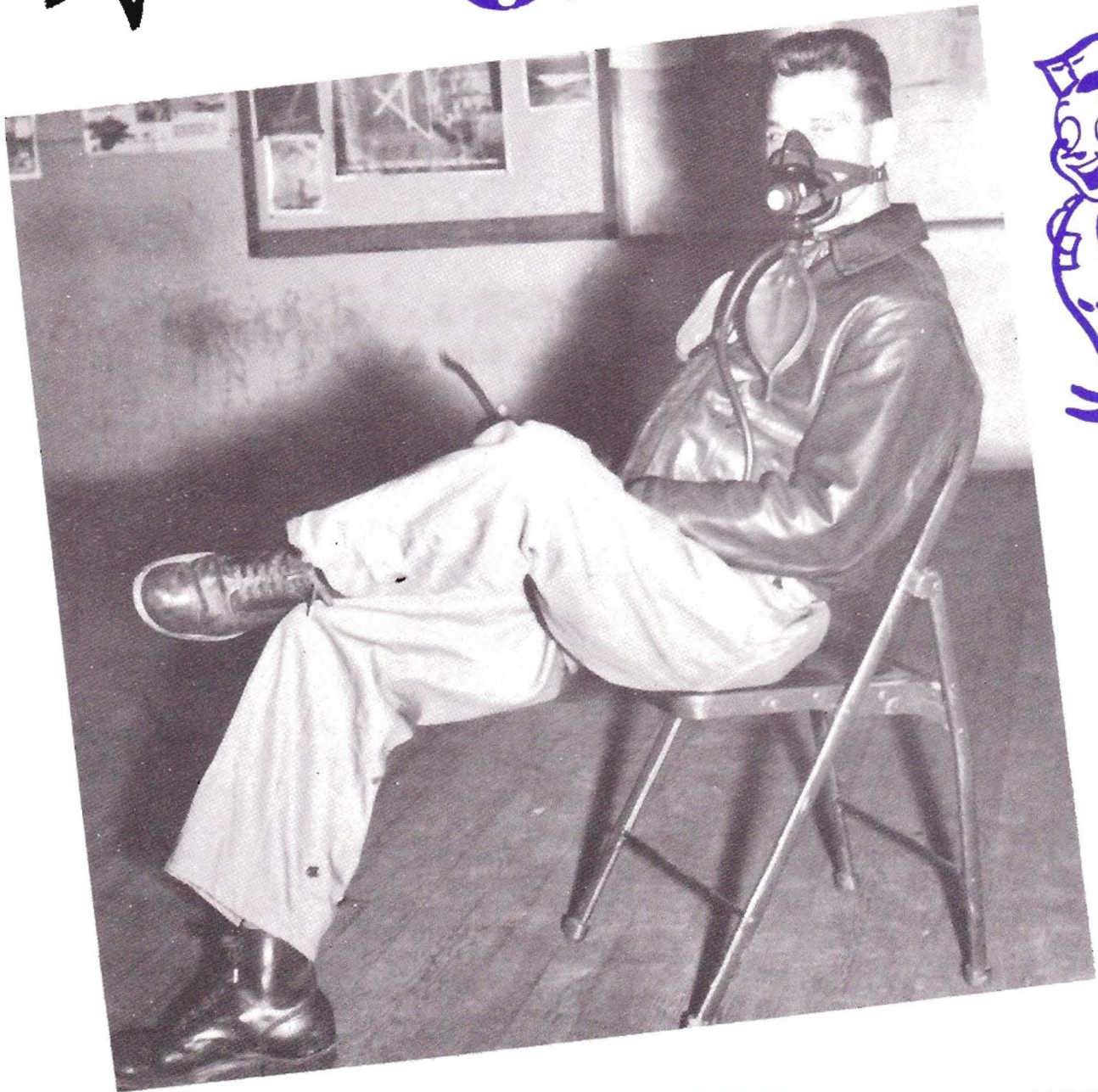
HOWARD F. LAMPERT
Battle Creek, Mich.

MARVIN J. LANDRY
Beaumont, Texas

GEORGE T. LANFORD
Fort Worth, Texas



OXYGEN



C HAROLD A. LANG, JR. Oklahoma City, Okla. LEONARD J. LAUBAUGH Williamsport, Penna. F. C. LAWRENCE, JR. Tacoma, Washington D. J. LeBLANC, JR. Abbeville, Louisiana JOHN W. LEE Berkeley, Calif. MORRIS LEIBMAN Kansas City, Missouri

TRAINING



Before anything is said about oxygen, the name of one of Luke field's more enthusiastic individuals should be bandied about—referring, of course, to that guy who refers to himself as "that crazy Chinaman," Capt. Chong.

With bon mots and wisecracks he put across an oxygen course that made 43-K familiar with practically every phase of oxygen training and the methods of combating any discrepancy.

Remember his course on anoxia. Notify next of kin.

Most of us were familiar with the use and misuse of oxygen from previous experience with the pressure chamber at Santa Ana. But up to the day 43-K donned masks and flew a cross-country at 16,000 feet, it wasn't taken too seriously.

But thanks to Capt. Chong and his vivid descriptions of the effects of nitrogen in the blood stream and our own fears of losing consciousness while over mountainous terrain, we made it okeh—and figure to go right on making it okeh.



LEO E. LEMONS
Blanchard, Oklahoma

GUS D. LESLIE
Anniston, Alabama

RICHARD G. LESTER
Kalamazoo, Michigan

BENNETT N. LEVINSON
San Francisco, Calif.

HARRY R. LEWIS
Portland, Oregon

THEODORE S. LEWIS
Los Angeles, Calif.

P-40 TRAINING

The first thing a fellow notices upon arrival at Luke field is the maze of AT6's that fill the sky everywhere he looks. Then comes the smooth whine of a powerful engine and every eye turns heavenward. A P40 comes into view and is gone in a moment. One hears a sigh within himself and from that time on lives every second until the day comes when he will be in that "hot" pursuit, master of the skies. And that day is not too long in coming.

The operational training unit headquarters building looks just like any other building on the field, but there is a certain sense of satisfaction that comes to a person when he enters there.

The officer in charge begins to "poop" the cadets on the operation and flying characteristics of the P40. When a man flies one of these ships it must be a good job the first time, since there is no instructor in the back seat to help out in case of trouble. Therefore, he must learn what to expect when the time comes.

After an hour and a half of sitting in the cockpit and familiarizing himself with the controls and instruments, an officer places a blindfold over the cadet's eyes and gives him a test to determine whether or not the pilot can locate the switches and controls by feel. Then comes a tingling along the spine and he starts the engine under the officer's supervision. A slap on the back, a word of encouragement and he is off, taxiing to the take-off runway. A magneto check, propeller check, a final cockpit check, a clearance from the control officer, a long sigh and down the runway speeds an elated and excited cadet.

More than a thousand horses take the whip and simply pull the plane into the air. By the time he thinks of pulling up the wheels and making other necessary adjustments, the cadet is usually several miles from the field.

Then the plane begins to climb in the most graceful manner. Up and up it goes. Two miles or more straight up in the air and then levels off. It is the sweetest flying airplane in the world, to the cadet at the moment.

The pilot flies around for half an hour trying stalls and climbs and glides, to learn the feel of flying behind such a powerful engine. Then he can restrain himself no longer. Up, over and down he goes, 200, 300, 400 miles per hour. What a feeling! Back comes the stick and up, and up, and up goes that snarling menace to Hitler and Tojo. Up until one thinks it will never cease to climb. The pilot levels off, looks around, realizes that it is over and the plane is flying level once more. Then comes a joyous happiness and a feeling of ecstasy that is equalled by no other feeling in the world. There sits a cadet, complete master of the skies. A feeling of supreme self-confidence creeps into existence. He has such a feeling of pleasure that he whoops and shouts to himself and the sky, till he can hardly talk.

Then comes the time to go home. He regrets that he must leave those beautiful blue heavens and return to normal living on the earth. Homeward he turns and not until he approaches the field does he realize that he has never landed this plane before. He thinks, "My gosh, what do I do now" Wheels down, airspeed 130, flaps down, now glide at 110. Is it safe to glide with the throttle closed? The officer said that it would be all right so I'll leave it cut. Then comes the voice of the control officer over the radio. "Now level off, not too high, a little lower, lower yet. Back with the stick, back more, more, hold it, let it settle. Thump! You are down, now hold it straight, can't ground-loop this plane. Slow down, turn off the runway, stop; pull up the flaps, flaps not wheels. Taxi back to the line, park the plane, and cut the gas and switches."

Another sigh escapes the pilot as he fills out the Form One. Then out of the plane he jumps with a grin covering his face. Another cadet rushes out and reaches out to shake hands. The pilot extends his hand, and, plop, his knees turn to water and he feels weak. He has done it. Done what he wanted to do more than anything else in the world. He has mastered the P40.



ALSON S. LITTLE, JR.
Waynesboro, Penna.

ALLEN F. LONG
Oak Harbor, Washington

WILLIAM R. LOVE
San Gabriel, California

JOHN R. LYALL
Dayton, Iowa

WM. P. LYON, III
Pasadena, Calif.

ROY E. MacARTHUR
Berkeley, Calif.



A BEAUTY

!!!!!!



FRANK J. MALKIEWICZ
Brooklyn, New York



FELIX E. MALLON
Long Beach, Calif.



MICHAEL L. MANGINO
Rome, New York



JOSEPH L. MANSKER
Long Beach, California



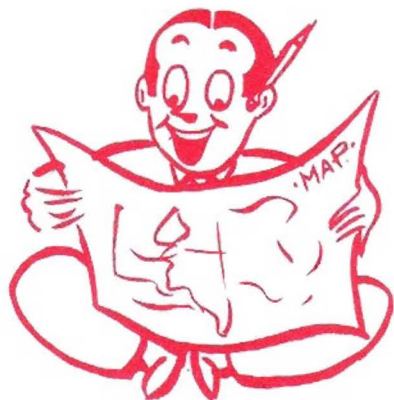
KENNETH H. MARKHAM
Sacramento, Calif.



ROY W. MARSH
San Diego, Calif.

CROSS COUNTRY

TRAINING

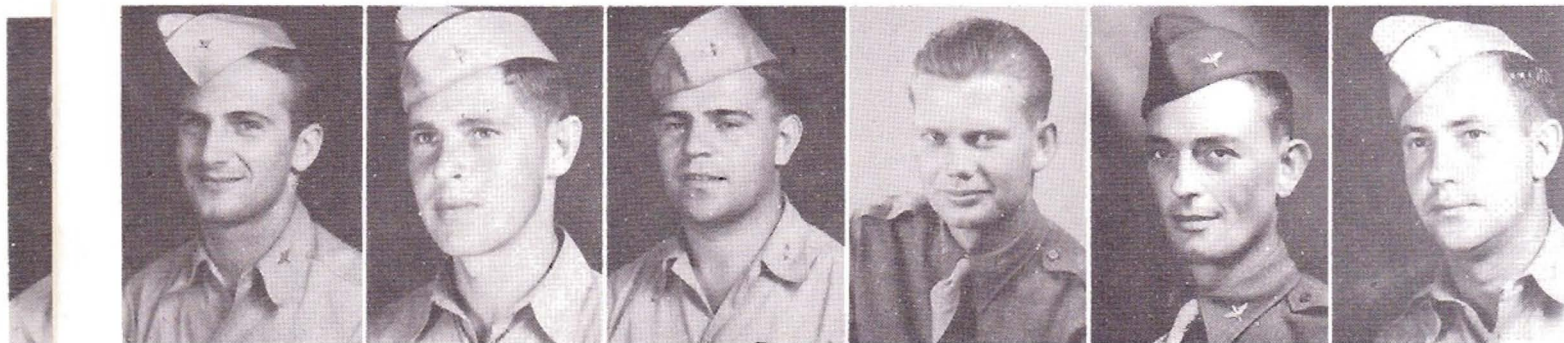


Another important phase of cadet training is the cross-country flights, the routes of which are chosen by the officers of the training groups.

These trips are taken at night as well as during the day, over strange country, which is usually barren and sparsely populated. The successful completion of such a trip depends upon thorough plotting of the course to be flown. Maps are consulted by the hour to pick any features which would aid in the navigation, as the slightest error in plotting can cause the pilot to have great difficulty in locating his destination.



The most popular cross-country trip at Luke was the low altitude hop, during which, at no time was the pilot more than 500 feet off the ground. Of course, bits of grass and so forth, in the undercarriage didn't mean a thing! Either good luck or an excellent job of buzzing, but then that isn't supposed to be told.



ARTHUR J. MARTIN, JR.
Richmond Heights, Mo.

GEORGE E. MARTIN
Kokomo, Indiana

ROBERT S. MARTINEAU
Liverpool, New York

DONALD K. MASON
Phoenix, Arizona

HAROLD C. MATTHEWS
Pomona, California

CHARLES P. McBRIDE
Lynn, Massachusetts



**PRETTY,
AIN'T IT?**



WILLIAM D. McCLELLAN
LeRoy, Minnesota

JAMES I. McCORD
Nevada, Iowa

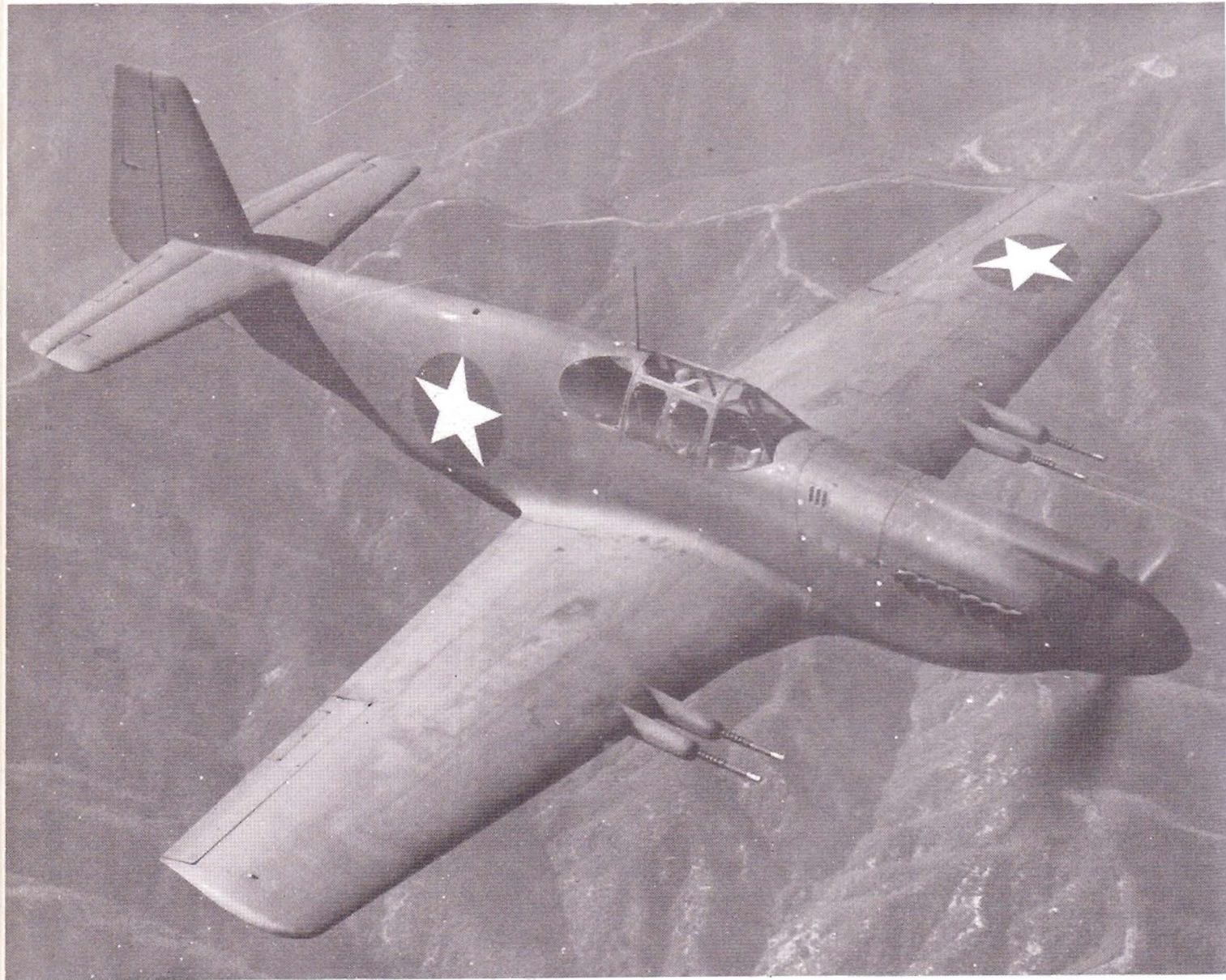
FLOYD E. McCracken
Houston, Texas

PHILIPPE H. McLAIN
Washington, D. C.

THOMAS W. MERCHANT
Saluda, South Carolina

HOWARD G. MICHELI
Beacon, New York

DREAMS of the FUTURE



COBURN L. MILLER
Sacramento, Calif.



C. A. MITCHELL, JR.
Ray, Arizona



RAYMOND J. MOONEY
Lonsdale, Rhode Island



JAMES L. MOORE
Neosho, Missouri



VANCE MOORE
Oakland, Calif.



RALPH L. MORLAN
Portland, Oregon



Flying does something to one's insides; gives you a sense of confidence and a feeling of pride. You're the master of your ship, and while high above the earth with worries forgotten, you have time for a lot of thinking. Mostly reminiscing or dreaming of the future.

Naturally you wonder what part you are to play in the war that is going on all around you. Whether you will be sent to combat or perhaps instructors school.

You dream of your favorite plane and secretly hope that you will get a chance to fly it some day. No doubt you have thought about the P-51 and the P-39 and would jump at the chance to fly them.



CHARLES J. MORRIS
Los Angeles, Calif.

ROBERT J. MULLENBERG
Faribault, Minn.

EUGENE E. MULLER
Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

JOHN D. MULLINS
Avon, Massachusetts

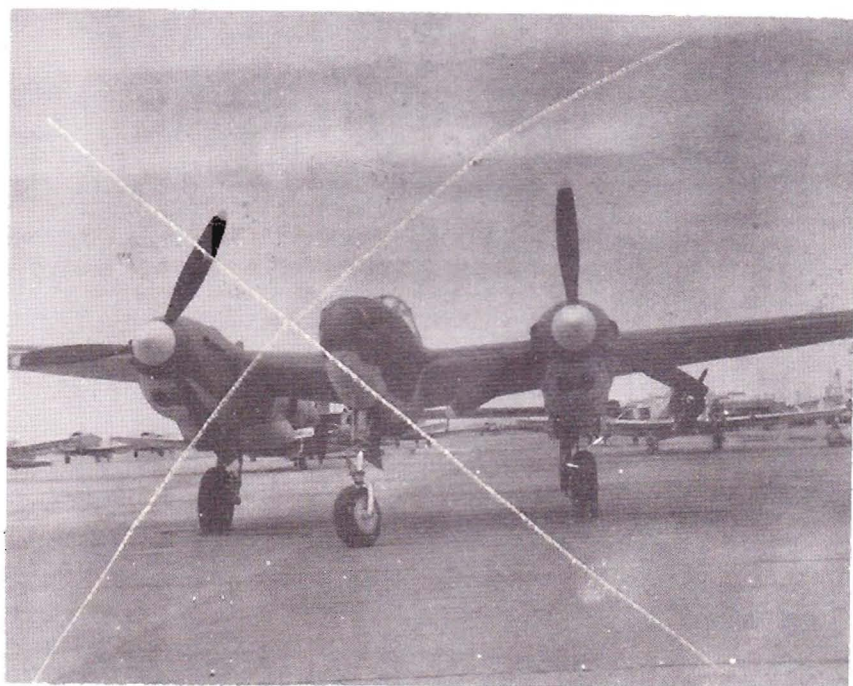
ROBERT W. MURDOCK
Cashmere Washington

ALVIN R. NEAL
Otto, New York

STILL DREAMING



Perhaps you prefer the P-38 with its twin engines. Yes, it is a swell ship. You imagine yourself over some part of Europe, or Alaska, or the South Pacific. An enemy plane is in your sights, you trip the trigger, and another enemy of peace is destroyed.



LEO A. NEAL
Enid, Oklahoma



FRED W. NEER
Milford Center, Ohio



LAWRENCE H. NOEL, II
Evanston, Illinois



ANTHONY R. NOONAN
San Fernando, Calif.



HAROLD S. NORRIS
Beachwood, New Jersey



RICHARD L. OGG
Ponca City, Okla.



Leaving the thought of the P-38 behind, you visualize the P-47, better known as the "Thunderbolt." Wouldn't it be a privilege to fly one of these against Hitler's regime, and be able to have the confidence that the plane you are flying is superior to that of the enemy? You make a vow to yourself that whatever you are to do you will do it well. And, Mr., that is what wins wars!!



WILLIAM S. OLIVER
El Cerrito, Calif.

VIRGIL O. OLSON
Portland, Oregon

LOUIS M. ORREN
Waco, Texas

MIL O. OTT
Payson, Utah

EDWARD B. PAPE
Los Angeles, Calif.

LAKIN L. PARLETT
Fairmont, West Virginia

1900 LEAVE FLIGHT LINE



As the shades of night are beginning to lengthen, and the last plane swoops from the mists above to its parking place on the line, the rather tired but happy cadets are marched off to their barracks. Each man reviewing the day's activities, little mistakes and the corrections; the multitude of experience that is gained each time you take off for the blue above. Even though there is a physically tired look in the face of each man, mentally there is a great elation.

Flying has become such a great part of his life, and completing a mission, no matter how small, in a satisfactory manner is the reward for many hours of painful labor and study.

As we wend our way to the barracks we can hear the powerful din of the engines, not bound for the blue, but very carefully being checked for the flights tomorrow. While we relax in our bunks the many enlisted men who are here to service the planes are making the daily check.

The man behind the scenes. It it were not for these line men, our planes would not be in the superb condition that is necessary for safe flying. These men are by far the least heard of men of the air corps, but none the less the most respected. "Keep 'em flying;" if it were not for these men to service our ships we couldn't fly.



DONALD W. PATTERSON
Raymondville, Texas

WALTER G. PAYNE
Austin, Texas

S. R. PEOPLES, JR.
Bend, Oregon

ROBERT L. PETERS
San Antonio, Texas

NORMAN E. PETERSON
Falconer, New York

JOHN C. PETREE
Tulsa, Oklahoma

1910 SUPPER



The last official activity of each day is the supper formation, which can readily be understood as the most important. After a full afternoon of flying each and every one of us greatly welcomes the sight of the mess hall.

Rushing through the line so that all time possible can be salvaged for those personal items which do demand attention. The passing parade of cadets rapidly passes before the eyes of the mess staff, and to say the least they are very glad to see the day's work come to an end.



VICTOR S. PETROFF
San Francisco, Calif.

ROBERT R. PHILLIPS
Hayward, Calif.

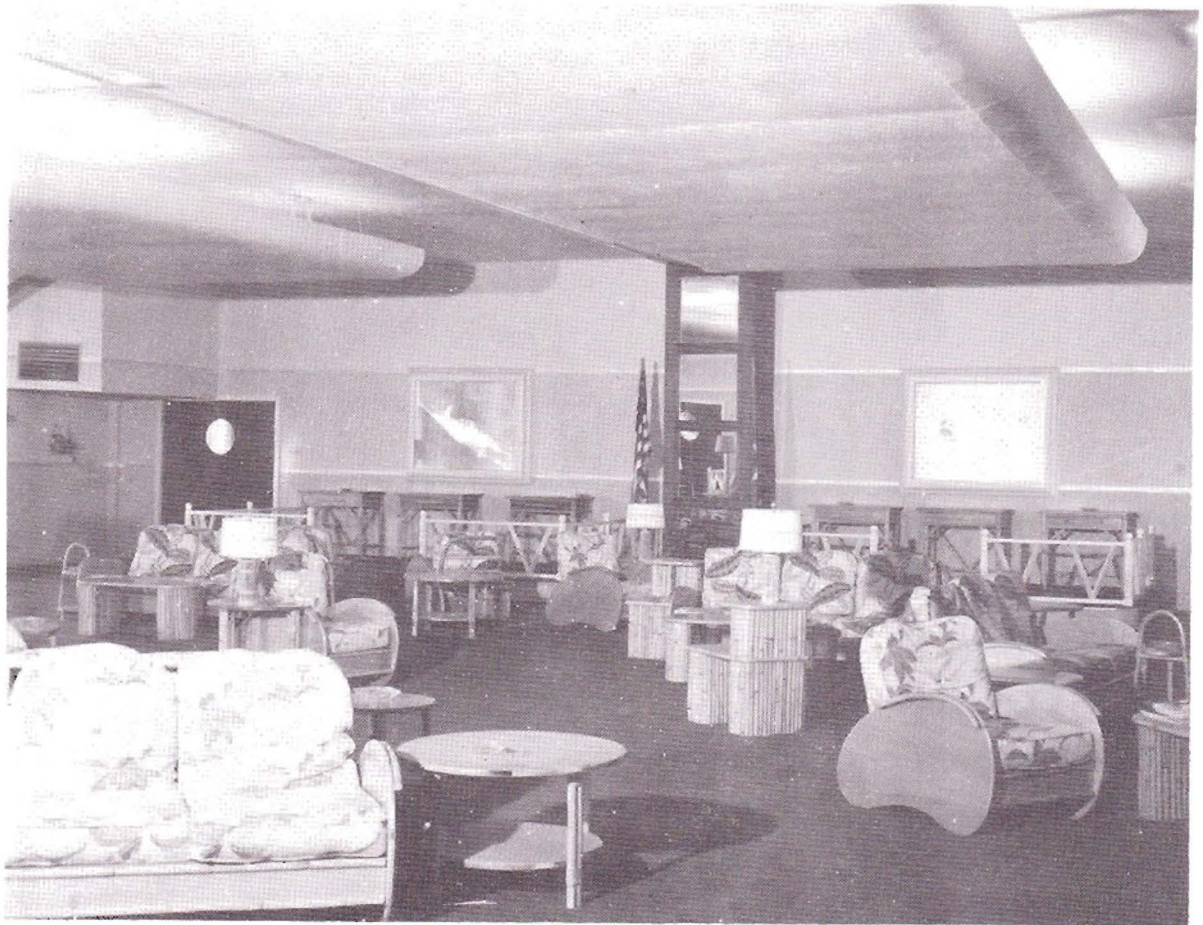
PETER PIELICH
Buffalo, New York

EDGAR W. PIXLEY
Pacific Grove, California

MONTGOMERY POLK, JR.
Corpus Christi, Texas

WALTER PREGMON
Old Forge, Pennsylvania

OUR DAYROOM



Recently built, the Luke Field cadet day room is one of the best in the country. It is large and is beautifully furnished. Easy chairs, divans, end tables a radio, and simulated fireplaces, all set in a background of beautifully colored indirect lighting tends to make a visitor a comfortable and appreciative participant.



ELMER L. PREITAUER
Gothsburg, Nebraska



COLUMBUS E. PRICE, JR.
Lawton, Oklahoma



JOSEPH T. PRICE
Oklahoma City, Okla.



EARL E. RABER
Akron, Ohio

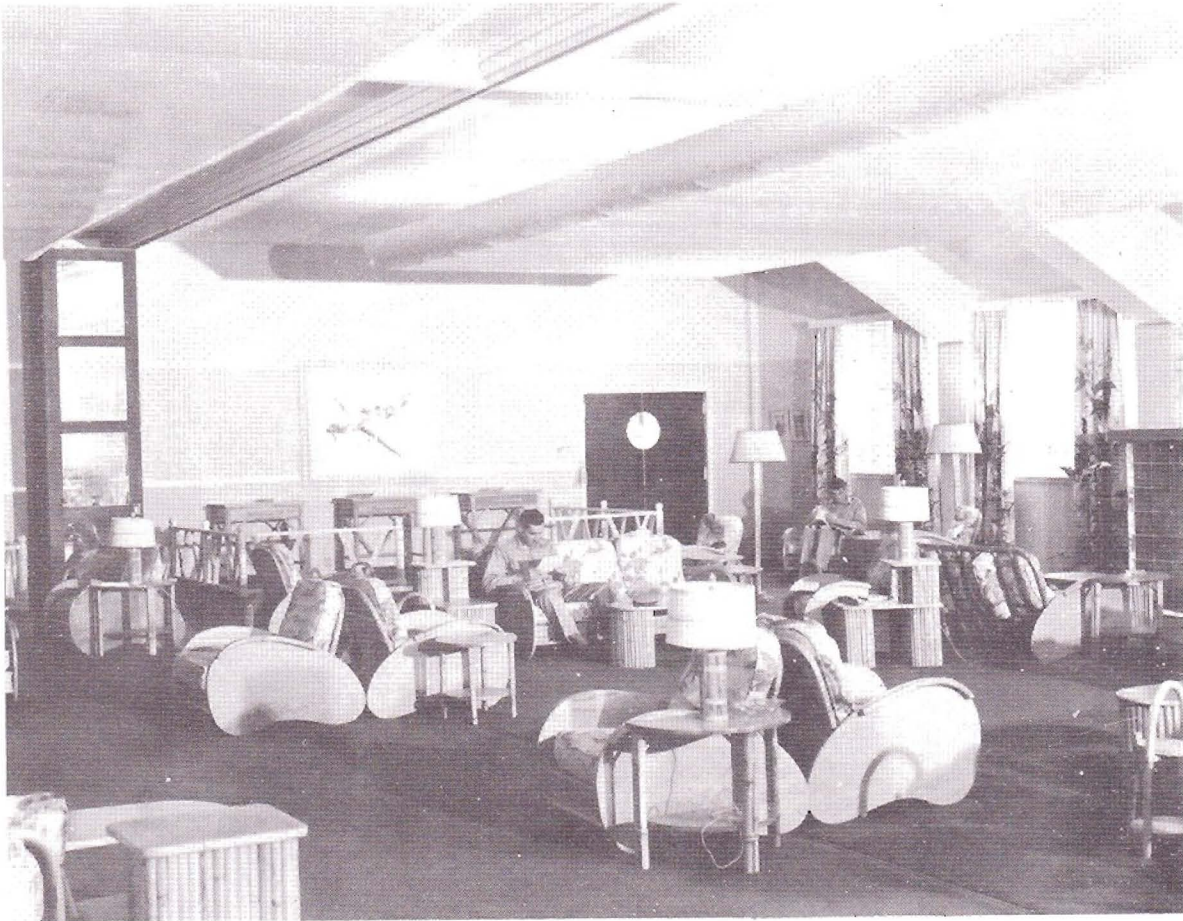


AUSTIN E. RAGLE
Baker, Oregon



ADOLPH B. RAMIREZ
Metairie, Louisiana

THE SPOT to RELAX



It is an ideal place to relax and enjoy yourself by just sitting and absorbing some much needed rest, and perhaps reading some of the late magazines that are so abundantly furnished.

One cannot forget to mention the magnificent color transparencies of several different types of modern war planes that decorate the walls at either end of the room. They are large and well done, and many a cadet has wished that he owned them.



DAVID H. RANER
Los Angeles, Calif.

EVERETT E. RANKIN
Bloomington, Illinois

HERMAN S. RASMUSSEN
Oakland, California

DEAN L. RAY
Greenfield, Iowa

LEM A. REESE, JR.
Denton, Texas

BILLY A. RHYNE
Wichita Falls, Texas



Wives and sweethearts visiting their cadets can spend a most enjoyable evening here. The many things they have to say and the short time that they have are partly overshadowed by the home-like atmosphere, which is one of the room's most delightful qualities.



HENRY E. RICE
Tonkawa, Oklahoma



DAVID W. RIDGLEY
Columbus, Ohio



LEE L. ROARK
Cheyenne, Oklahoma



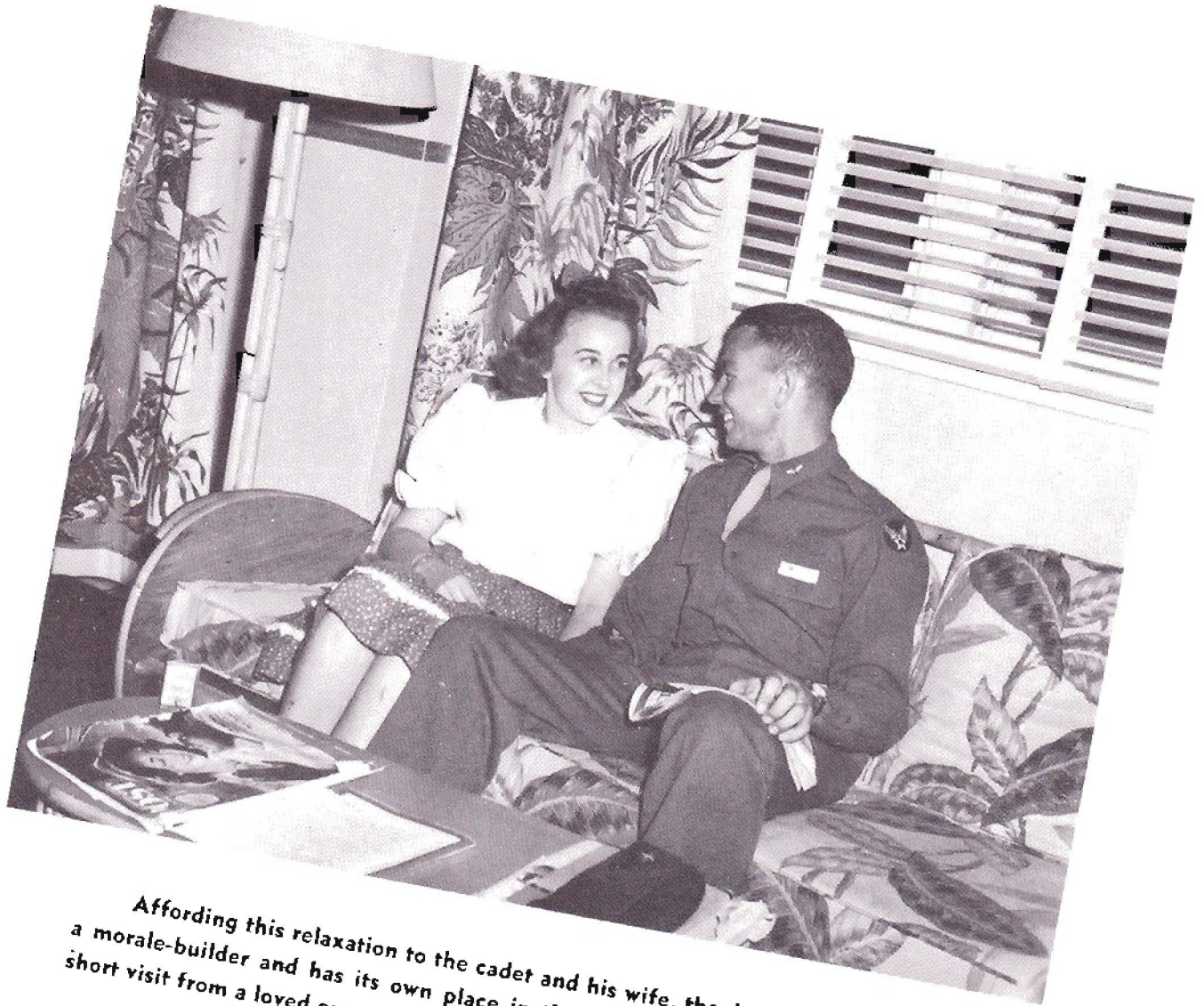
G. A. ROBERTS
San Antonio, Texas



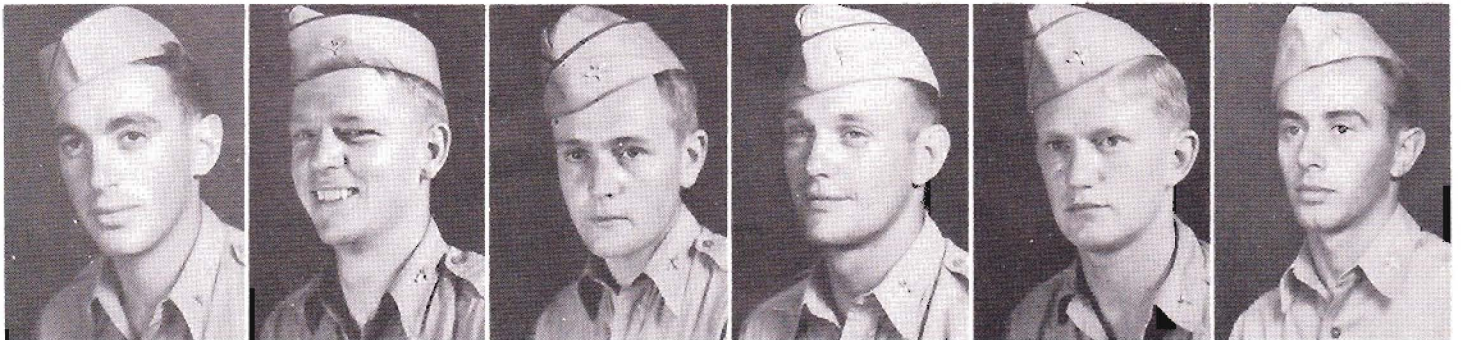
LYLE J. ROBERTSON
Greenville, Michigan



VINCENT J. ROBIDOU
Middleboro, Mass.



Affording this relaxation to the cadet and his wife, the dayroom becomes a morale-builder and has its own place in the training program. For just a short visit from a loved one can make a man mighty happy.



LEMAN L. ROSENBERG
Atlanta, Georgia

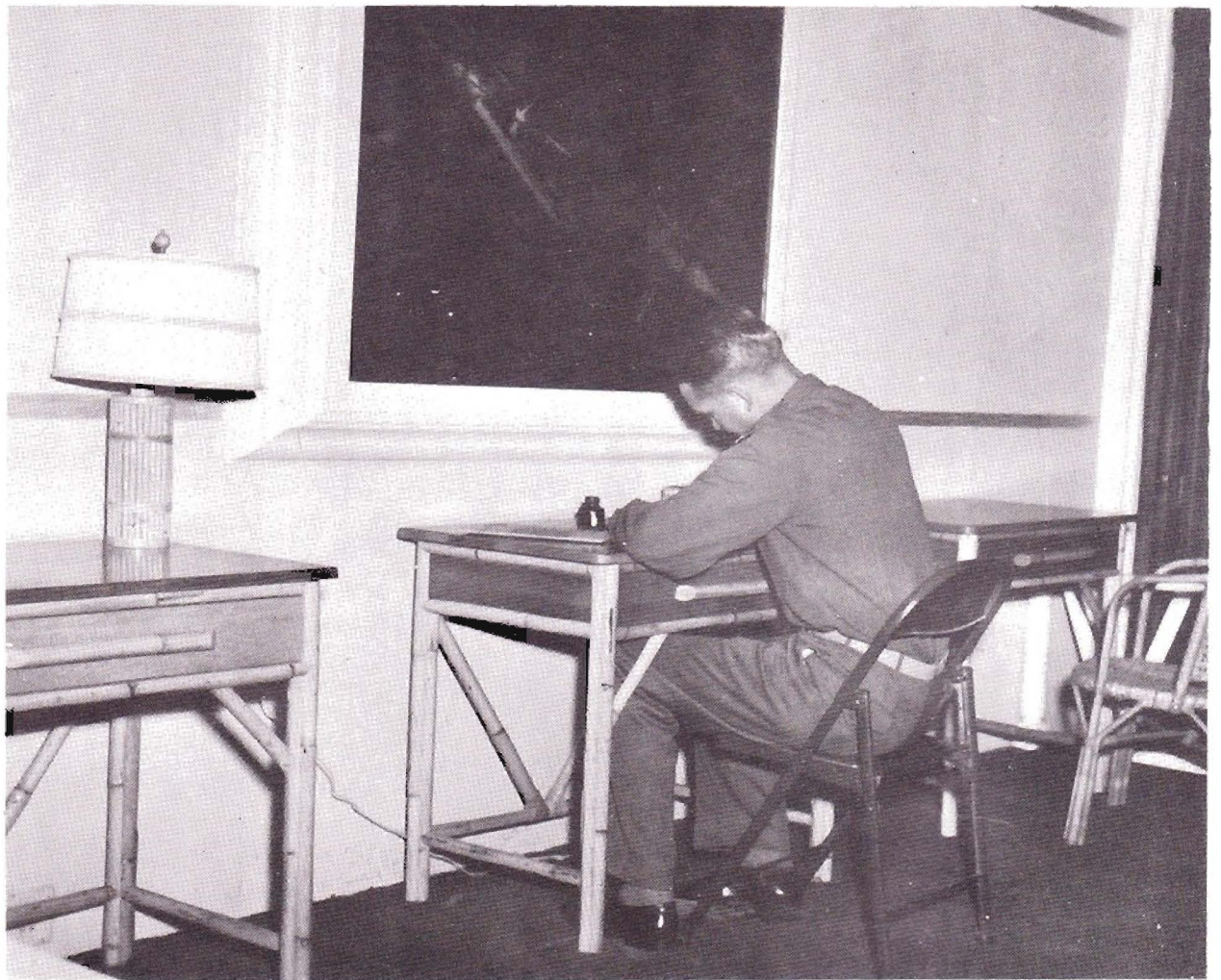
ROBERT W. ROTHE
Stephenville, Texas

RICHARD G. RUMERY
Beverly, Massachusetts

ROBERT F. RUSSELL
Riverside, California

KENNETH H. SAFF
Kane, Pennsylvania

JOHN G. SCHNOBRICK
Buffalo, New York



Lonesome! Sure why not? Around him are the many who are fortunate to enjoy the company of wives and sweethearts while his only contact is through the mail.

Somehow there is always time for a letter home and the closeness felt at the tie is something we have all felt at one time or another. It can never be equalled except, perhaps, by the prospect of that meeting at graduation.



WILLIAM F. STAYTON
Wichita Falls, Texas



GERALD N. STEPHENS
St. Joseph, Missouri



PAUL P. STOBNICKE
Oswego, New York



CHESTER M. STONE
Houston, Texas



E. W. STRICKLAND
Lansing, Michigan



ROBERT STROUSE
Long Beach, Calif.

2130 CALL to QUARTERS



WOO! WOO!



WILLIAM J. STUFF
Kenmore, New York

RICHARD T. SYKES
Los Angeles, Calif.

SAMMY T. SYKES
Oklahoma City Okla.

JOHN J. SZPILA
Buffalo, New York

JOHN C. TAYLOR
Huntington Park, Calif.

ARTHUR P. TERRY
Grand Island, Nebraska

HAVING SAID GOODNIGHT, IT'S OFF TO BED WITH A...



YAWN!



Invariably call to quarters sounds just as the poor cadet makes his supreme bid for a date with the little waitress in the Luke field cafe. And, not to be ignored under threat of gigs and tours, the call to quarters sounds the end of the cadet's active day of duty.

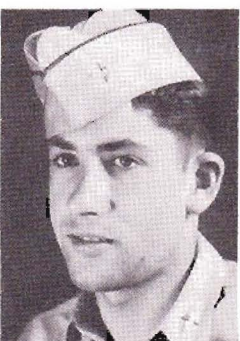
From then to taps, a "distance" of 15 minutes, the cadet makes with a final bull session, sometimes shaves, sometimes showers. We'll wager call to quarters has ruined more budding romances around Luke than the shortage of open posts.



ROBERT E. THOMAS
Sierra Madre, Calif.



WILFORD THOMAS
Salt Lake City, Utah



WENDELL E. TIFFANY
Long Beach, Calif.



GEORGE A. TOOLE
Sag Harbor, L. I., N. Y.



FRANK W. TUGEND
Dalton, Pennsylvania



FELIX M. USIS, JR.
Berkeley, Calif.

2145 TAPS

GOODNIGHT FOLKS!
IT'S
TIME FOR BED!

Taps, echoing notes of the end of another day, mean just a little more than that to the cadet. To him it means another step towards graduation, another step on the road to silvery wings and a place among men.

At Luke, due to many and varied hours, taps was never heard. Yet, to each and every one, as it felt to us, the strains of "God Is Nigh," lulled us to sleep of a night.



VICTOR J. VERODA
Corpus Christi, Texas

ARTHUR C. VOGT
Cordell, Oklahoma

WILLIAM G. WAGNECZ
Garfield, N. J.

CHARLES N. WAGNER
Wilmington, Delaware

WICKLIFF M. WALTIRE
Whittier, Calif.

JAMES E. WEBBER
Moscow, Idaho

ENTERTAINMENT



THE CAMEL CARAVAN

Not all army life is drill, calisthenics and chow lines as this picture will testify. Believe it or not, once in a while, a cadet had an evening off. One occasion was memorable, the visit of Camel Caravan to Luke. An enjoyable evening boosted morale and the boys really appreciated the abundant cheese-cake displayed.



T. N. WEEKS, JR.
Greenland, N. Hampshire



CLYDE H. WELKER, JR.
Belmar, New Jersey



CLINTON E. WHITE
Seattle, Washington



FRANK K. WHITLEY
Los Angeles, Calif.



DAVID WHYTE
Salt Lake City, Utah



DAVID W. WICKS
Monrovia, California



WILFRED D. WINDISCH
Long Beach, Calif.

KENNETH D. WOOD
Danbury, Connecticut

THOMAS E. WOOD
Garfield, Arkansas

ROBERT H. YARYAN
Berkeley, Calif.

GEORGE J. ZACHAU
Minneapolis, Minn.

LEO A. ZUPAN
Price, Utah

History of



Sixth Chinese Detachment

Out of 108 volunteers from the 15th Aviation class of the Chinese Air Force Cadet School, 64 passed the physical and mental tests and were chosen to form the SIXTH CHINESE DETACHMENT. These cadets had their pre-flight training in Kunming and then went to Iping Szechuan (on the Ming River above Chungking) for their Primary training. They received their necessary passports, inoculations and vaccinations and became acquainted with the returned members of previous Chinese Detachments. Thus they left China with a great enthusiasm for the future before them.

They arrived in New York on April 10, 1943, and had their first glimpse of the United States of America. They crossed New York in two busses to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station and caught the evening train to St. Louis, where they had a three-hour lay-over and hired taxis and cruised around the city. They made several stops on their way but these were uneventful.

Upon arriving at Chandler, Ariz., they were taken by truck to Williams Field and to the quarters prepared for them. Here, during their five-weeks course in preflight, it was suggested that their sense of speed and distance could be improved by driving cars. This plan was approved but not used on the SIXTH DETACHMENT.

After preflight, they were sent to Thunderbird Field for their Primary training. They all completed the nine-weeks course and moved on to Marana for Basic. The Cadets liked Marana as they often had Chinese food at mess.

Twenty-one of the original sixty-four cadets arrived at Luke Field where they were to receive their advanced training. Now that training is practically over and these Chinese boys shall soon graduate from an American Pilot Training School. This is the spirit of the United Nations.



彭嘉衡
PENG KIA-HENG

馬宗駿
MA CHUNG-TSIN

方振中
FANG CHEN-CHUNG

陳華莖
CHEN HWA-SHUN

許志陰
HSU CHIH-KIEN

王文
WANG WEN

FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS



LIU, WAN-TSIA



HAN, CHIANG



CHEH, CHIA



LEE, HSIANG-FU



俞揚和
YU YANG-HUO



張玉版
CHANG YU-PEN



賀則堯
HUO TSEH-YAO



陳 置
CHEN CHIH



趙光耀
CHAO KWANG-DI



CHIEH HUNG-CHEE

WE'RE SORRY,

BUT...



Left to right: A/C J. J. Brady, A/C R. L. Boruck
Cpl. R. E. Swanson, and Pvt. F. H. Nesbit



Could we help it if this magazine didn't get out in time? Could we help it if everybody got jealous because we were excused from athletics? Could we help it if we used this book as an excuse for extra passes and privileges?

Yes, we could help it all right. But dammit, it was a lot of hard work and even though we didn't have the time to do a professional job, we hope this baby contains enough of your life at Luke to make for pleasurable reading in the years to come.

Here's your graduation book, sir!

- EDITORSA/C J. J. Brady and A/C R. L. Boruck
- LAYOUT AND CARTOONS.....Cpl. R. E. Swanson
- PHOTOGRAPHERPvt. F. H. Nesbit



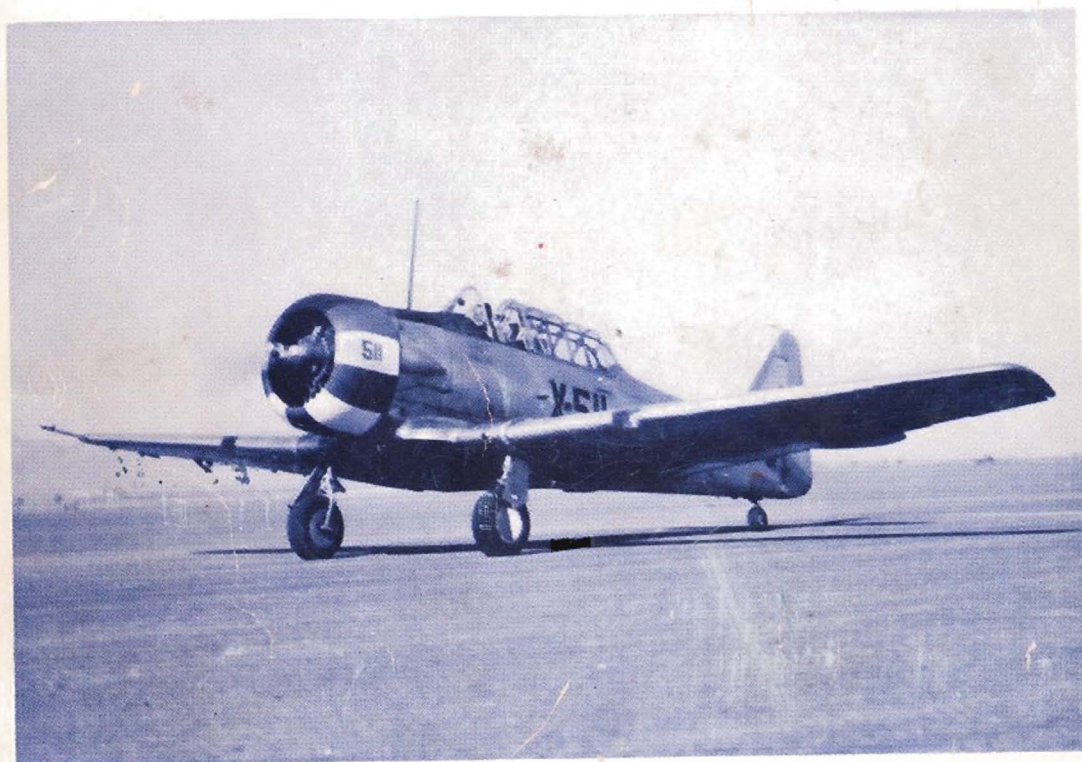
Memoirs, the nostalgic thoughts of those last days at Luke. But somehow we can't feel that right now. And somehow all that occupies our minds is a pair of silver wings, a green shirt and pink slacks.

But we know, and you know that in our dotage we'll look back with many a laugh and many a tear of happy, carefree days at Luke born of easy comradeship with men we know we'd always like to fly our wing.

So with the close of this book, closes another chapter of life—and our only thought is that may the years bring again as many friends and comrades, as many incidents, as many experiences, as these past nine months of the weaning of a military pilot.

SO

LONG



WE'LL BE BACK!