

Beam

Chico, Calif.

1941
2/15

Everett F. Phillips

Chico, California



Class 42-J

Mrs. Edw. F. Phillips



CO-EDITORS

Staff



Walter H. Schroeder, Jr.



John H. Deutschman

Staff



Robert K. Allen
Photographer



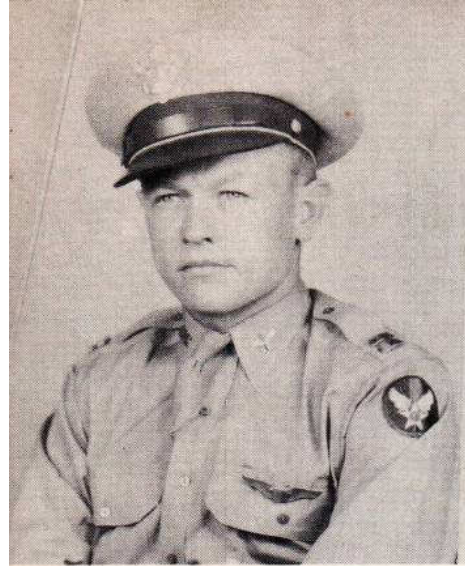
Robert C. Fletcher
Artist



Raymond L. Pound, Pfc.
Photographer

*Thanks for all the assistance and cooperation, fellas. Especially for the many hours
put in by Bob Anthony, Doug Bevans, Dick Loomis, David
Dewey, Dick Burr, and Art Gordon.*

The Staff



CAPTAIN A. L. NELSON
Flight "K" Commander



CAPTAIN J. X. BELL
Flight "L" Commander

Dedication

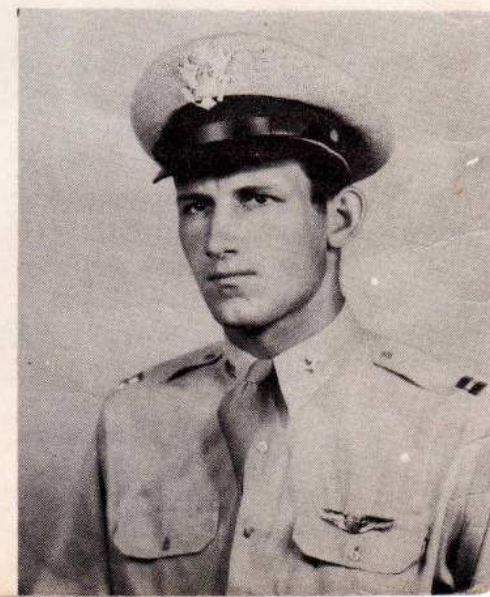
We, the class of 42-J, dedicate this book to our industrious and, certainly brave, flight commanders and instructors. No amount of words can adequately express our gratitude for making us "safe" pilots. They have worked hard and unceasingly to iron out what, we are sure, they believed were incurable bad habits—of flying.

Our contact with them was encouraging, enlightening and educational as well as terrifying. Memories of the verbal stripes and financial stars are fresh—and expensive—in our minds. It will be impossible to forget them.

As we progress on the ladder of Army Aviation history we will ever look back and be thankful for the gentle, and not so gentle, corrections which were impressed on us by various methods. As our perception and knowledge sharpens we will understand better and better the reason for their corrections and stern insistence. These are memories which may and even have been of vital importance. There are also those memories which will ever be recalled with the trite phrase, "Those were the good old days—." These men have been our teachers and our friends. For the value of their work in training us as pilots, officers and men we dedicate this book.



CAPTAIN M. S. ANDERSON
Flight "M" Commander



CAPTAIN W. G. MOORE
Flight "N" Commander



LT. COL. D. D. TODOROVIC
Chief Flight Surgeon

Thank You

Here is a man to whom all the cadets of the class of 42-J are especially grateful. Due to Col. Todorovic's conscientious efforts during the heat wave many of our duties were lightened, our hours shortened and fatigue clothes ok'd for post wear. Not only these but many other favors have been gained by his aid. The food was increased and improved, an extra hour was added to our sleeping time and air conditioners put in the mess halls and day room. Thank you, Colonel.



*Commandant
of
Cadets*

CAPTAIN RAYMOND J. MORSE

TO CLASS 42-J:

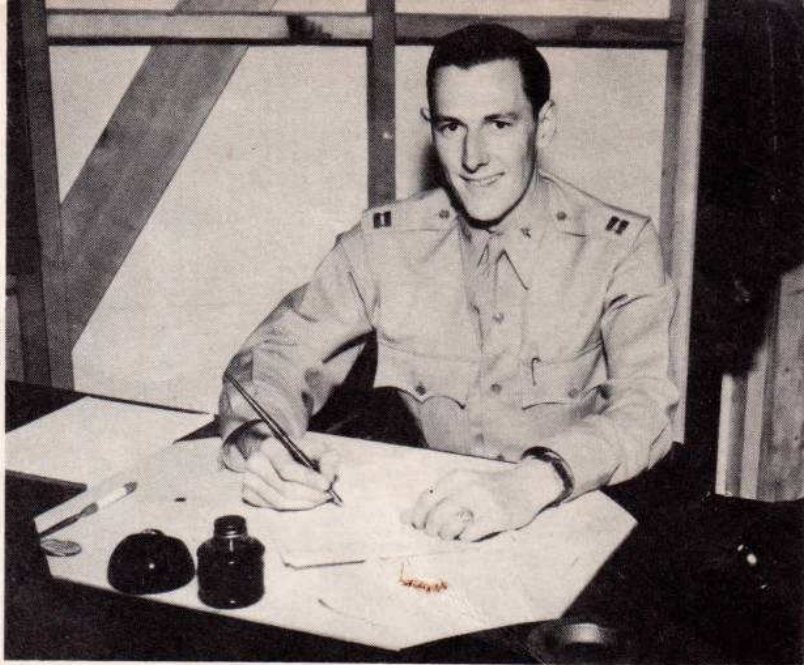
The officers and personnel of this field join me in congratulating you on your finish of basic pilot and military training at Chico Army Flying School. Your progress has been above normal, and you have contributed more than your share in keeping up this school's magnificent flying safety record, a record that has drawn favorable comment from the Chief of the Air Forces.

As your Commandant, I personally want to thank you for the re-establishing of a class and disciplinary system as patterned by the policies of West Coast Air Forces Training Center, also the effort and work you contributed in establishing a system of procedure for ceremonies, parades, and inspections at this school.

Good luck to each and everyone of you. We will follow your careers with keen interest, and know that your burning desire to do your duty for our country will never die.

Sincerely,
RAYMOND J. MORSE
Captain Air Corps
Commandant of Aviation Cadets

*Executive
Officer*



CAPTAIN R. E. WOLCOTT

LT. E. F. ARMSTRONG



*Tactical
Officer*



CAPTAIN C. H. FROST
Director of Academic Training



LT. E. B. SMICK
Chief of Engines

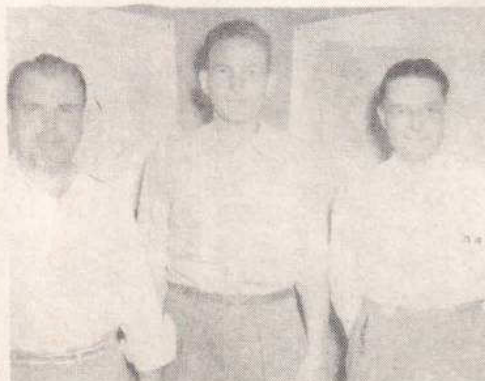
Ground School



RADIO INSTRUCTORS



ENGINE INSTRUCTORS



METEOROLOGY INSTRUCTORS

Battalion Officers

Our class joins me in thanking all of the officers, instructors, and men of Chico for their untiring efforts to prepare us for more advanced training. We hope their work hasn't been in vain and that someday we will be able to prove it!

Before starting the last lap of our training 42-J will be divided. many friends parted, not to be forgotten, however. I want to thank each and every one of you for your wholehearted cooperation and class spirit during some very black days so common to every man who has ever attempted flight training.

I sincerely wish all of you the very best of good luck and level flight always.

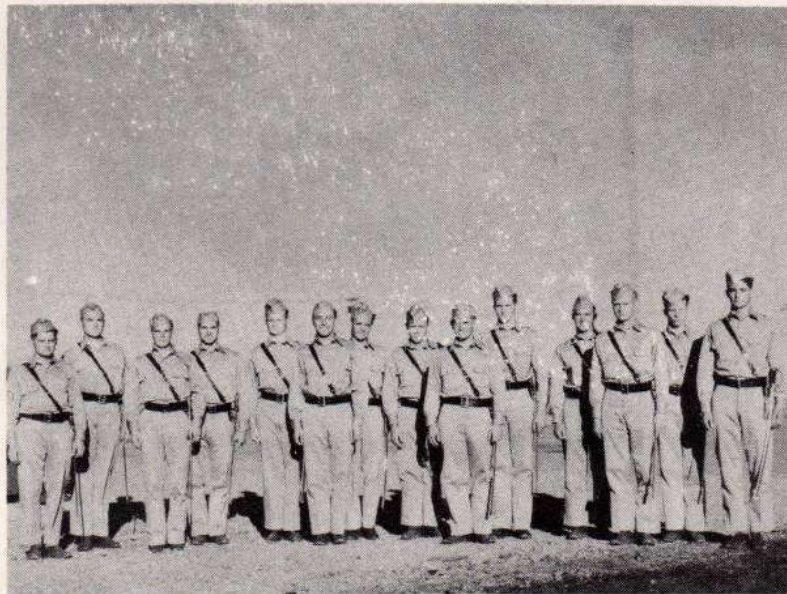
A/C Z. W. DEAN
Battalion Commander



ZACH W. DEAN
Battalion Commander



EUGENE F. PARRISH
Battalion Adjutant



Left to right: Charles M. Ricker, Ralph S. Williams, Phillip E. Bonner, Wilfred J. Schopper, Wilbur W. Trowbridge, John W. Nietert, Gerald Breckenridge, Lynn R. Goetzman, Colby D. Robb, Norman F. Adamson, William A. Bevan, Donald L. MacDougall, Robert H. Cornelius, Jack M. Harlan.

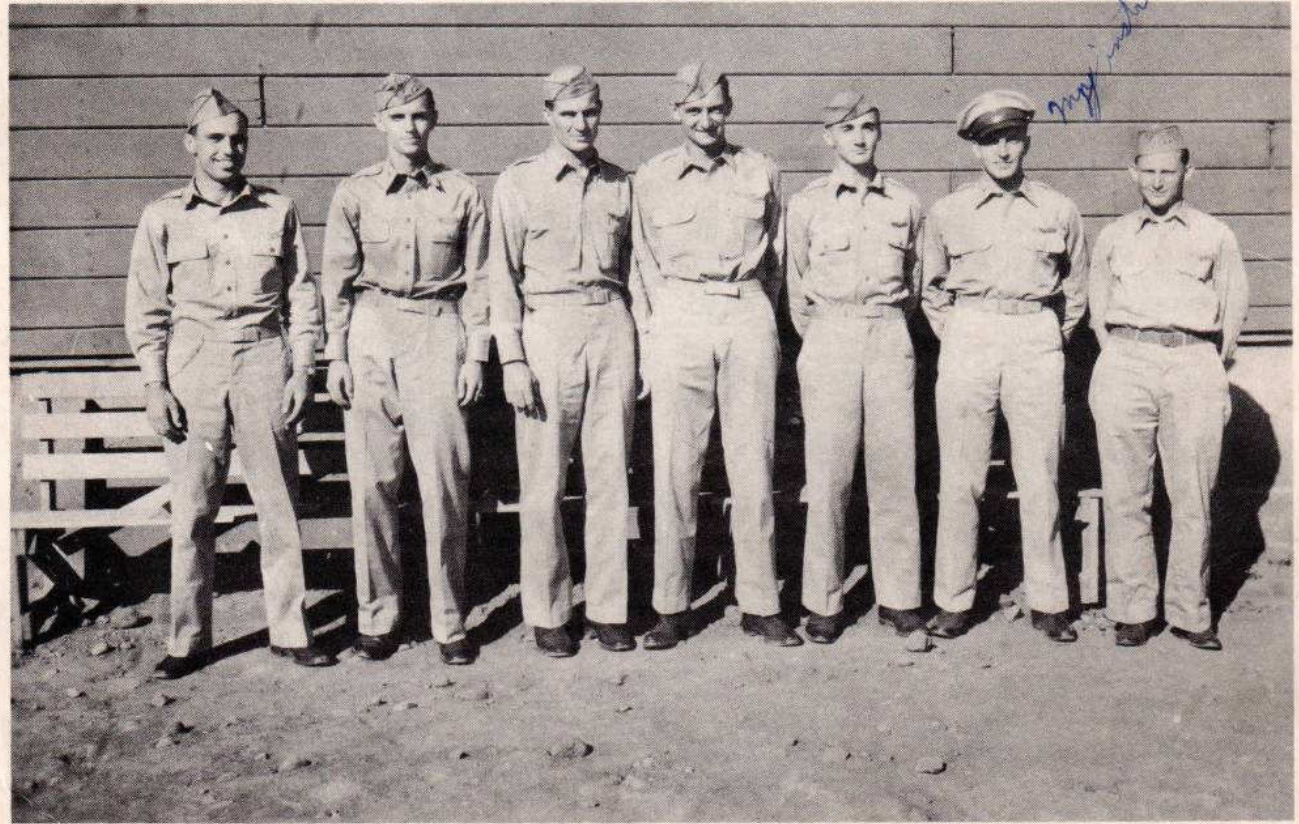


CAPTAIN A. L. NELSON
Flight Commander



LT. P. J. MULDOON
Ass't Flight Commander

K Flight



"K" FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS

Left to right: Lts. A. F. Hill, Barron, Casamajor, Stroud, Garceau, Zimmerman.



ADAMS, WILLIAM B.
21—Army made a man out of him (if becoming 21 is what it takes to be a man). Calls Kendallville, Ind., "home" but was in Detroit "helping make 'em" for Ford Aircraft when Uncle Sam called. Ambition—to do a little "hedge-hopping" over Tokio with an A-20-A.



BROWN, THOMAS A.
Born in Arkansas but a real California native son now. Attended Fresno State and a member of Alpha Fraternity. An unfortunate crash landing at night made on first solo hop placed him back five classes. Ambition—Avoid hard landings.

ANDERSON, BEN L.
Born 21 years ago someplace in Texas where he spent the first half of his life. Attended U. of Oregon and Oregon State. "Oregon's O.K. but give me Texas." Ambition—to fly light bombers and knock off about a million Japs.



BRYANT, J. C.
23, born in Tennessee but has adopted California (L. A.). An aeronautical engineer, worked for North American for five years and still wants an AT-6. A married man, his ambition is to sometime beat Martin into the pattern or on cross-country.



AVIS, ROBERT F.
Took him 23 years to sneak through Fresno State, Cal. Aggies and Basic. Plans to get married and make Junior "pop to" and stand inspection.

CARTWRIGHT, C. S.
24, of Detroit, Michigan, where he attended Junior College and accounting school. Left the field artillery for flight training after one year's service. Ambition is to land a B-17 in the ol' home town.



BOLAND, DONALD J.
Has been pickin' 'em up and layin' 'em down for 25 years now, started the job in Spokane, Wash. Worked in air-conditioning before ALL this. Seems he can't stay away from the air. Likes bowling and reveals an impulse suicidal in a yen for motorcycles.



CONKEY, HOWARD L.
Age 21. Born near Bowling Green, Ohio. Attended Bowling Green State University and Ohio State U. Profession—civil engineer and draftsman. He's a married man and his ambition is to out-talk his wife (just once).



BRADLEY, RALPH D.
He's 26 and from Ordway, Colo. Went to Colorado U. Worked before enlisting. Shaves while smoking his pipe. A rare specimen.

CURRIER, CHAS. H.
Born in Wisconsin, finished high school and got two years at college before leaving to join the Air Force. His ambition is to make flying a profession.





DAVIS, JACK H.
23, born in Cleveland, Ohio. Attended Ohio Wesleyan U.; member of Phi Kappa Psi. Transferred from 107th cavalry after a year's service. Ambition is to be the first of 42-J to get a Jap.



HASEL, WINSTON W.
22, hails from Valley City, Ohio, (wherever that is). Worked in the aircraft industry before entering the Air Force. Ambition is to fly a B-26 and pet peeve is forced landings.

DEWEY, DAVID B., JR.
Just old enough to vote, he's a native son (Pasadena) who was headed for higher education when the Japs interfered. Attended Pasadena J. C. and has matrimonial intentions



HOLT, ROBERT L.
Has maps to prove that there really is a Blytheville, Ark. Army life is nothing new to him, he's had two years service. Was on a transport Dec. 7, 1000 miles from nowhere. Not married, nor engaged, nor in love, 'mmmm something new has been added.



FELIX, CHARLES W.
Vintage of 1921. Left Weleetka, Okla., to beat his brain at Compton J. C. and U. C. L. A. Used to build 'em, now he tears 'em down.

JAFFEY, MORRIS M.
"Daffey," the man of a thousand moods. Has lived 23 years and for what? So he could get his wings. Thinks there is nothing like flying and wants to stay in the Air Force. Dotes on music and auto racing.



GALYEAN, FELIX O.
21, born in Bentonville, Ark. Went to school in Escondido, Calif. Worked at Consolidated then decided to fly 'em instead. Letterman in baseball. Wants to buzz Escondido with a B-24.



KINCAID, HAL P.
Came about in Morganton, North Carolina, in time to come of age about now. Blushes from dawn 'til dark, or is he really that color? Holes out in Idaho, where he went to Business College and did bookkeeping for a manufacturer. Dropped figures in books for figures in the air, and thinks the latter's easiest.



GORTON, E. K., JR.
It happened in Soda Springs, Idaho, 'bout 20 years ago. Started to be a civil engineer but found that elevators and escalators didn't phase him so went into the A. F. instead. Doesn't regret it and hopes the army'll keep him after it's over; if the pursuits hold up.

LEEDS, OREN E.
Born in 1918. Straggled in from Wheeling, W. Va., where he struggled through high school. Yearns for Virginia (we mean West, of course). Likes to sleep in tents and dream of one Helen.





MacDOUGALL, D. L.
23, born in Providence, R. I.—
New England, U.S.A. Has a
remarkable accent which
proves itself unequalled on
the drill field (in an I. A.
sort of way). Ask him some-
time about life in Frisco af-
ter 9:00 o'clock and then—
That's all Brothah!!



PARRISH, EUGENE F.
Home Town San Francisco,
Calif. Attended U. of C. at
Berkeley. Had 65 previous
flying hours with American
Eagle Squadron of R. A. F.
No reflection on rations but
would rather fly than eat.



MARTIN, ROBERT A.
Born in Spokane, Wash., 26
years ago. Attended Bakers-
field Jr. College. Likes foot-
ball, baseball, and basketball.
Served 1½ years before be-
coming a "Kay-dette." Please
reserve one passage to China,
immediately!



PHILLIPS, EUGENE F.
24, born in Cleveland, Ohio,
and attended New Haven
High School. Fellows all call
him "Eugene" and is famous
for [redacted] Main am-
bition is [redacted] those cherished
wings.



MILLER, VICTOR L.
26—Hometown, Butler, Mo.
Attended Missouri U. Ad-
mirer of California climate
and girls due to several years
spent in Los Angeles. Dis-
likes inspections and reveille.
Hobby — week-ends. Amb-
itions—to get a long enough
leave to go fishing.



RICKER, CHARLES M.
24, born in Joplin, Missouri,
but is recently from Dallas.
Commander of Company D.
Single, but not for long we
hear. First in class to make
a successful night forced
landing. Good work, Charles.



NIETERT, JOHN W.
22, alias Pune, Neita and a
dozen others. Although he
comes from Portland, Ore-
gon, he has a swell person-
ality. He hopes to sometime
return to Oregon and com-
plete his medical course.



SCHROEDER, W. H., JR.
22, born in Chicago and at-
tended Chicago Art Institute;
professional and commercial
artist. Favorite sports are
wine, women and song (not
too much song). Ambition is
more sport and more flying.



O'CONNOR, EDW. C.
Age 26, a native son whose
possessions include one slight-
used cornet, a bankrupt
horseracing system, and one
paid up Ironworker's card.
He spent a lot of time with
all three. All his star money
contributed adds to his pa-
triotism.



SIMMONS, LIONEL E.
22, another Chicagoan. Spent
two years at the University
there and worked in a chem-
istry lab before enter-
ing flight training. Ambition is
to walk into the flight room
with a Readers Digest with-
out causing a rise of unfa-
vorable comments.



STEVENS, H. D., JR.
25, another staunch Michigander. Possesses a large collection of old jokes. Employed in automotive industry prior to flight training. Ambition is to avoid bounces greater than five feet while landing



TYMOWICZ, ADAM P.
22, born in Joliet, Illinois. His hobbies are billiards and music. He was a tool clerk prior to his enlistment and hopes to make three-point landings a habit.

STURM, JACK J.
Another Chicago lad. Prior to flight training he used a golf club to make his living. Likes swimming, hunting and Chicago (especially the weather). Can be heard muttering, "Pitch, flaps, O. K. off."



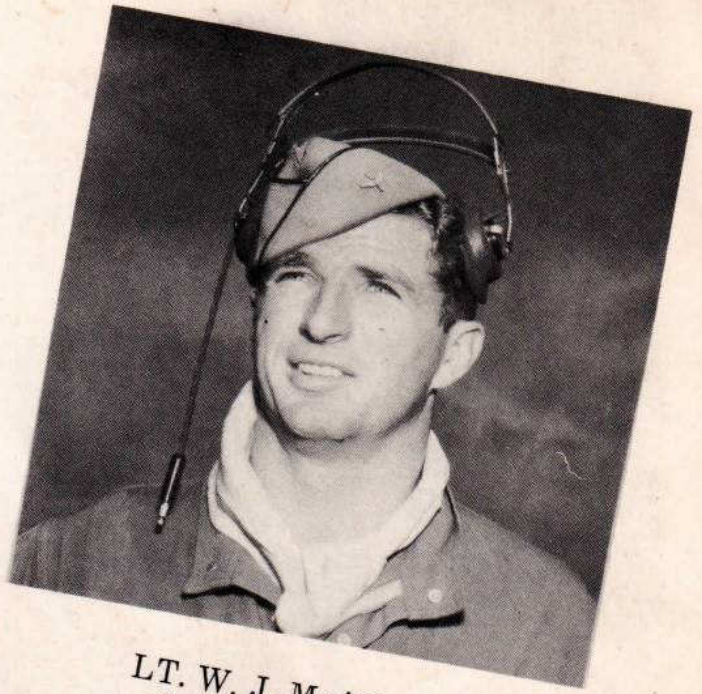
WILSON, JOHN H.
Of Chicago, Illinois. Hails from the mighty Midwest and the Windy City. Likes flying and swimming. Main ambition is to fly a P-38.



CAMPBELL, JOHN M.
Lincoln, Nebraska's claim to fame. Can be proud of a degree in Business Ad. received from the U. of Nebraska in '37, when he also completed R.O.T.C. and was commissioned in the Infantry. Forsook the Big Berthas for the A. F. in Sept. '41.

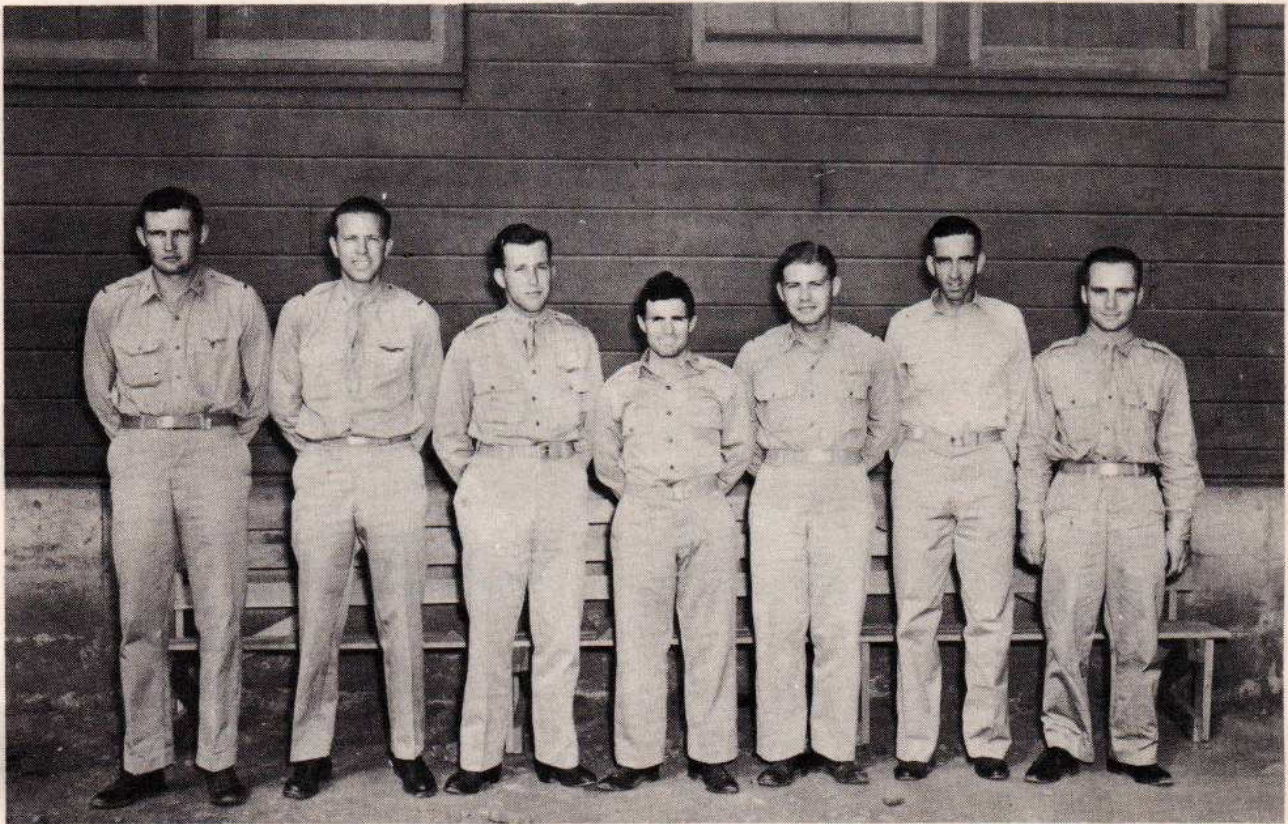


CAPTAIN J. X. BELL
Flight Commander



LT. W. J. McADAMS
Ass't Flight Commander

L Flight



"L" FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS

Left to right: Lts. Bowen, Allen, Plunkett, Kelton, Pettis, and Messrs. Hair and Malouf.



ADAMSON, N. F.
The handsome Nordic type. 22 years old and just married. Already dishing out advice to the lovelorn. Says Blaine, Wash., is the garden spot of the U. S. Likes—Kathleen and chow call. Dislikes—Reveille and code.



BECKER, DONALD W.
Hails from Dayton, O. Transferred from the R.C. A.F. in May and was assigned to 42-J. Lucky man!! He's still looking forward to a ride in Capt. Bell's baggage compartment.

ANTHONY, ROBERT B.
A Floridian, born in Penna., came from New England. (You decode it—we're going out for an aspirin). About faced at Fork Union Military Academy before carrying books around U. of Miami, where Sigma Chi got his dues. Has plans for one Mary Lou and mutilating a multi-motor.



BRAEM, ALLEN C.
Admits playing football and basketball for Marshfield, Wis., high school. Spends week-ends arguing and testing relative merits of eastern and western beers. Never seems to remember the decision, though.



BEAN, WILLIAM N.
"Beano" was born 24 years ago in Flint, Mich., where he went through high school and attended Gen. Motors Tech. Has the laudable ambition of passing all future check rides. He's got something there!

BURR, RICHARD J.
Pines for Flint, Mich., where he started using diapers one dark day some 19 years ago. Did homework for Flint J. C. Bubbles feminine names in his sleep, but during the day works at becoming indispensable to some unsuspecting P-35.



BEVANS, DOUGLAS O.
At home in Lomita Park, Calif. Spent his college days at U. of Nevada. A Sigma Phi Sigma. His brother warned him about the Navy so the Army got him. Favorite movie star, Clem Bevans.



CAUHAPE, VICTOR
A native Californian, 25' married and glad of it. Has a degree from San Jose State in Aeronautics. Worked for National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Ambition—to return to his job—with wings.



BONNER, PHILLIP E.
A 22 year old blond with his home in Kalamazoo, Mich., and heart in Indianapolis. Has a noteworthy ambition—to barrell-roll a P-47 around a B-17. A good trick if you can do it.

CONNERS, JAMES F.
42-J's gift from Shaker Heights, Ohio. Used to study at Purdue University before the Army got him. A Sigma Chi man. Says he'd rather fly than eat—but we've seen him eat.





BENSON, VIRGIL
Comes from Pine Bluff, Ark. Graduated from U. of Arkansas in '41. Immediately started working for Uncle Sammy at Ft. Leonard Wood. Transferred from the Infantry in a hurry. Got tired of walking, we presume.



FERRIS, JOSEPH
Has stood it all for 24 years. Better known as "Crash." Claims there really is a Barber-ton, Ohio. Was an electrician before hooking up with the A. F. where he is an authority on forced landings. Engaged to take on a "co-pilot" soon.

CULBERT, CLINTON P.
One of our R. A. F. boys come home. Has survived Sacramento J. C., U. of Cal. and a job as aircraft inspector with Air Corps supply. Ambition—to own a big, black, bushy wig.



GESSNER, ALLEN G.
Born and raised in Wisconsin. So far he's only 20 but keeps gettin' older every day. Graduated from high school in Eau Claire, Wis. Won't talk much.



CUTLER, FRANK A.
27, comes from Cleveland, O. Paid Union dues as a carpenter before deciding to "cut up" for Uncle Sam. Attended W. Missouri U., sailed and played football. Wants to try a squeeze play in a P-47.

GOSIN, JOHN D.
"Goose" is 23 and from Green Bay, Wis. Graduated from Wisconsin U. Likes golf and air-conditioned bars. Ambition—to get in step before the war is over.



DEAN, ZACH W.
Has seen 24 summers and wants to see one more—with a pair of wings. Can be heard at night muttering. "I'll give Capt. Bell a good ride yet!" Likes a drink occasionally, we've heard!



HANSEN, EARL B.
Born in Seattle, Wash. Attended U. of Calif. Received reserve commission in 1940 and went on active duty the same year with 32nd Inf. at Fort Ord. Ambition—to fly an A-20 or B-26.



DeYOUNG, C. R.
Age 21—"Bud" is a Grand Rapids, Mich., product. Quite different, or indifferent, which??? Used to be a salesman. Now spends his time walking ramp. Works nights toward his Master's Degree in Pool Shooting.

HARLAN, JACK M.
If ever released will automatically head for L. A. Gave Winchell a run for his money by working on the Hollywood Citizen. Thinks flying has a future and hopes Lt. Bowen is near just once when he greases one in.





HOAGLAND, ROBT. C.
Home is Cleveland, O., and attended Kent State U. Did very little work before coming to the Air Corps. Likes swing music and swimming. Wants to fly a B-26, but then who doesn't.



McENTIRE, DAVID W.
27, claims Preston, Idaho, as his home town. Unmarried—Yoo-hoo, girls!! Attended Utah State College. Was a Staff Sergeant in the Air Corps prior to cadet appointment. Ambition—to fly a P-47.

HOWE, WARREN B.
"Moe" is from Cleveland, O. Thinks corn is something to eat and AJ2 is a secret agent. High school graduate and has a diploma to prove it. Only noteworthy accomplishment—taking off in high pitch.



MASTEN, WILLIAM W.
21—From Fresno, Calif. Has seen the inside of a school, Fresno State. Worked for Vultee Aircraft. Proud of his girl, new tires, and inability to stay off the gig list. Ambition—to stay with Lt. McAdams in formation.



JENKINS, JACK W.
Big wine and woman man with 20 years of experience(s?). Tried San Diego State, but gave it up for ground school. Is usually inclined socially, but finds Chico a trifle frustrating. Ha! He does!?

MILLER, WALTER D.
"Ole W. D.," a lumber magnate from U. of Oregon. A sedentary soul, W. D. plays golf, and bridge equally well. Wants a new set of tires badly. (You can always run it on the rims.)



KNIGHT, JAMES H.
From Muskegon, Mich., where he went to High School and Jr. College. Happily married (lucky man). Was a C.P.T. pilot before becoming a "gadget." Ambition—wings, brother, wings!



NILES, HAROLD P.
"Pat" is 23 and from Portland, Ore. Attended Reed College and studied Chemical Engineering. Was a newspaperman but the Air Force changed all that. Hopes to fly like Capt. Bell someday.



LEONARD, JAMES G.
Skipped classes at San Diego State. When not engaged, you'll find him trying to be. Would appreciate suggestions as to how he gets upside down while under the hood. Lives for the day he outwits Lt. McAdams in formation.

PEIZER, SIDNEY
Born in Hartford, Conn., 24 years ago. Came to the Air Forces from Long Beach, Calif. Happily married a year this month. Formerly a civilian employee of Air Force Ferrying Command.





POWER, JOHN W.
26, from Helena, Mont. Graduate of Georgetown U. in 1937. Worked in sales office of Anaenoda Wire and Cable. Married—has a son, too. One of our cadet sergeants.



SLIFE, WAYNE G.
Hails from Illinois and is just 20—practically a youngster. Attended University of Ill. Law School and worked in a bank. Has an ambition to fly a B-17E at 35,000 feet. Wish we could make his hair do a slow-roll and lay down.

ROBB, COLBY D.
Collects years and now has 27 of them. Spent part of these in Wayne, Pa. Became one of the Third Finger Left Hand boys in Primary and wonders why he waited so long. He wants to do pylon eights with Adolph's neck as marker.



STEVENS, LEONARD I.
Chanute, Kan., is the home town. Went to Jr. College there then migrated to Los Angeles. (Influenced by the Chamber of Commerce, no doubt.) Volunteered in '41 and transferred to Air Corps in '42.



SERAPIGLIA, A. L.
21—A Detroit, Mich., product. Went to Wayne U. Hobby—collecting stars. Ambition—not to collect stars. Makes very good one-wheel landings. The girls think Tony is cute.

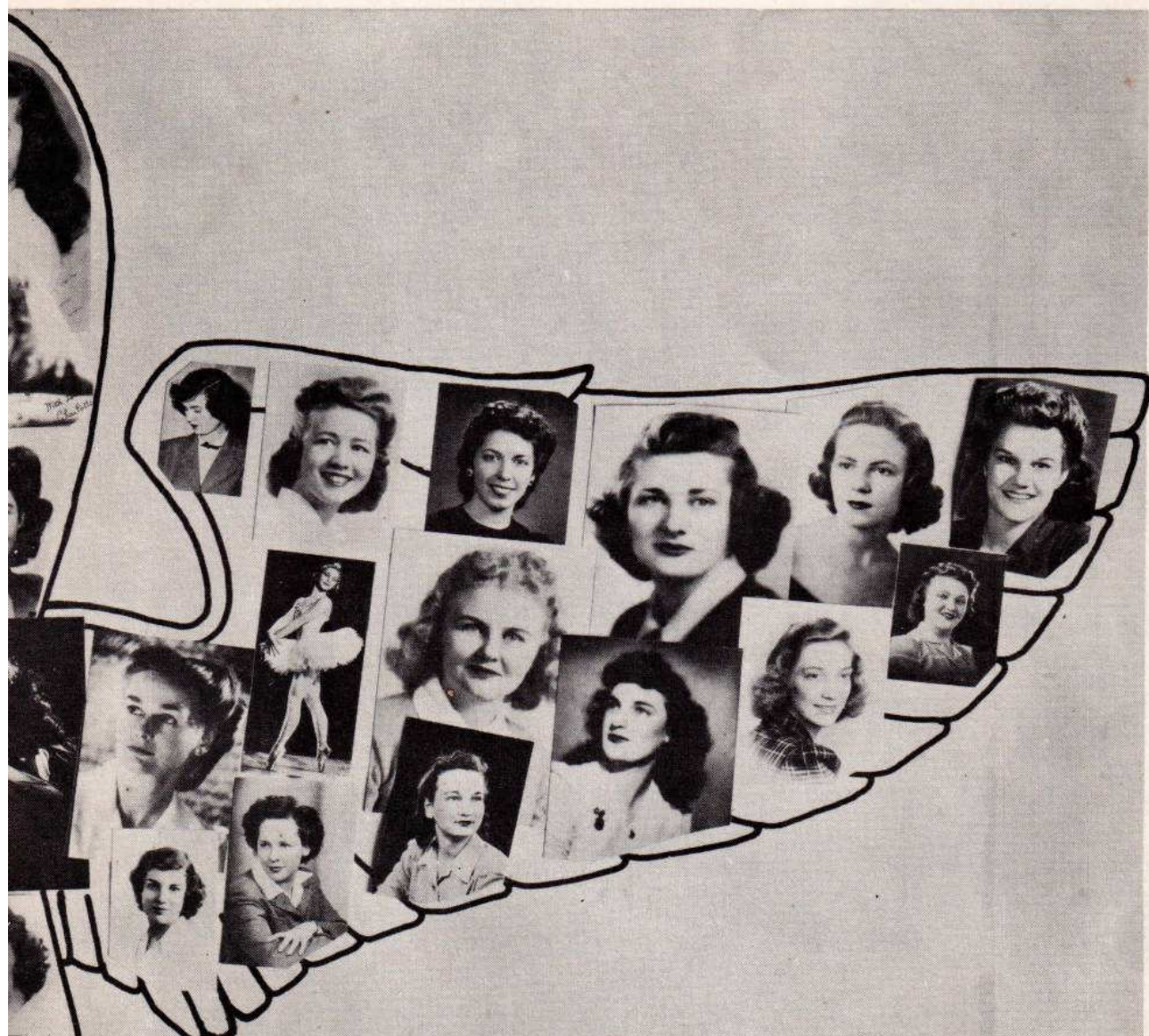
SULLIVAN, JOHN A.
Born in Chicago, won't say when. Graduate of Tilden Tech. School and spent 2 years at Lewis Aeronautical School. Wants to fly P-40's. Desires 10 days furlough at end of Advanced. Who doesn't?



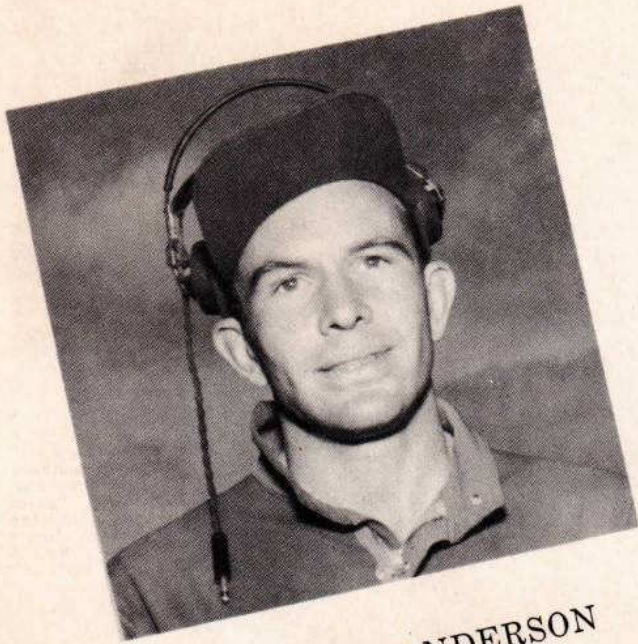
WELLMAN, WM. J.
A 26 year old Cadet from Ionia, Mich. Recently graduated from an Osteopathic College in Missouri. "Doc" wants to be a top notch bomber pilot.



R.E. Loomis



Our
"inspirations"



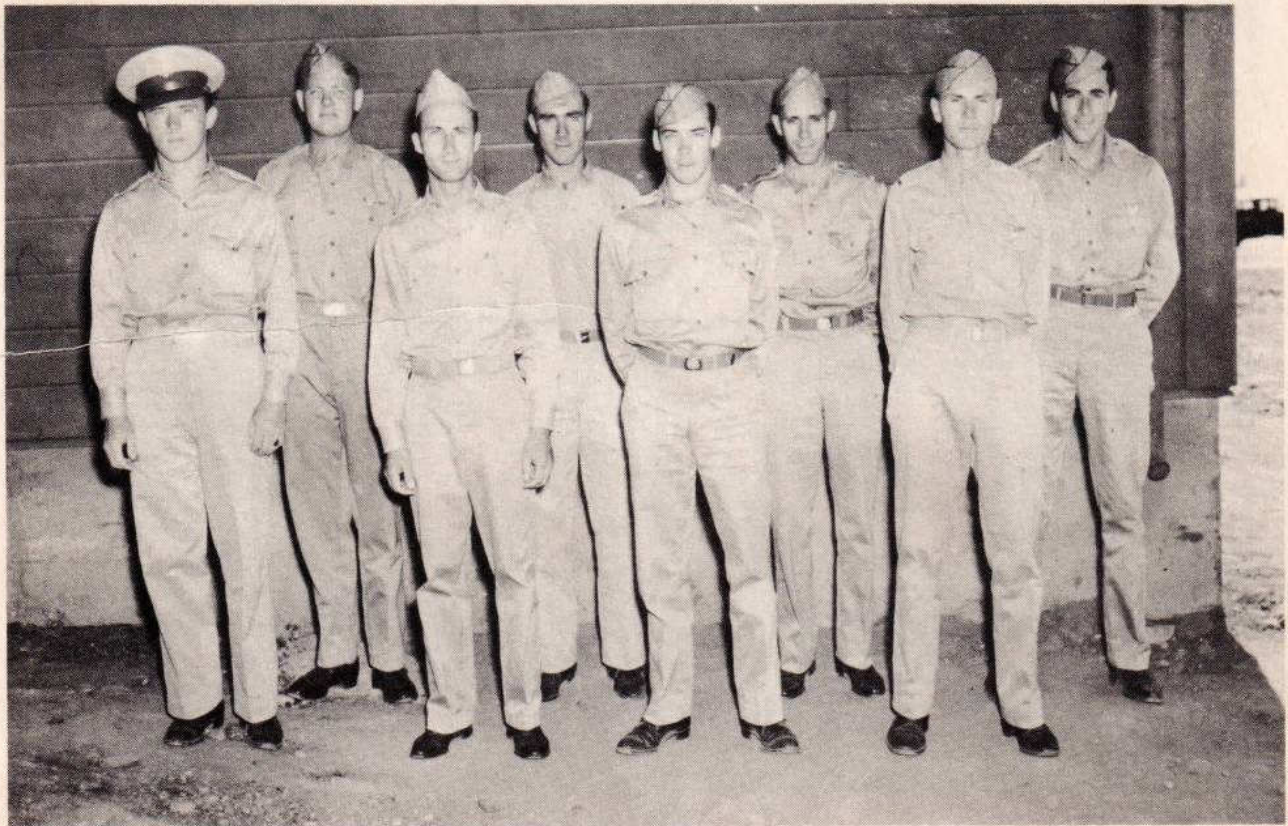
CAPT. M. S. ANDERSON
Flight Commander



LT. W. I. ALEXANDER
Ass't Flight Commander



Flight



"M" FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS

Left to right: Lts. Law, Wolf, Miller, Bratt, Storie, Clark, Hill, and Mr. Moore.



ALLEN, ROBERT K.
Just call him "Star." Born in Racine, Wisconsin—age 21, member of the "Little Theater Guild" in LaCrosse, Wisconsin—an actor?!?! Was a welder before the Air Force got him. Favorite sport—golf. Ambition—to break par "just once."



BRECKENRIDGE, G.
He's 27 and was born in San Rafael, Calif. "Breck" is a newspaperman, novelist, scenarist and feature writer. Good, too . . . Sigma Alpha Epsilon can claim him, his numerous check rides can de-claim him. His wife and home are in Hollywood.

ASH, WILLIAM O.
Age 24—born in Cleveland, Ohio. A Phi Gamma Delta man from Ohio State University. Employed by the Remington Rand Co. Excellent with a clarinet. Had his own band, too. Likes girls with swimming pool and convertible. So do we, pal, so do we.



CANAVAN, EDW. J.
24—a native of Southern Calif. Graduated in Agriculture from U.C.L.A. Used to play the trombone 'til the neighbors complained. Has a wide range of hobbies but no specialties. Gets a kick out of flying.



BENNETT, JOHN R.
23—another Buckeye State lad, born in Cleveland, Ohio. Worked in research dept. for Chase Brass & Copper Co. Rough enough on the controls to be a pursuit pilot. Gymnastic artist supreme. 30 Zeros is his aim, but won't hesitate if No. 31 shows up.

CHAMPAGNE, R. G.
22—born and bred a Detroit-er. Studied Aeronautics at Cass Technical High School. Favorite sports—swimming and badminton. Ambition—to give Capt. M. S. Anderson a perfect forced landing.



BEVEN, WILLIAM A.
Hails from the midwest, Kansas to be exact. Graduated from the University of Kansas where he was Captain of the track team. A CAA course convinced him that flying was his game. Hopes for twin-engine; preferably a Douglas A-20.



CORNELIUS, ROBT. H.
"Cornie" is 20 and born in Detroit, Mich. Calls Los Angeles "home." Decided to be a Yank in the R.A.F. but became a "jerk" in the C. P. T. instead. A Rho Lambda Phi man and a member of National Aeronautic Association. Wants multi-engine so he has someone to talk to.



BOSWELL, WM. A.
23—a Portland, Ore., boy who doesn't like California weather. He has his eyes on those gold bars and the raise in pay. Recreation—good Scotch and women. That's all, Brother!!

DAILEY, BRUCE
21—another Michigan boy. "Cowboy Bruce" thinks there is nothing like flying. Jack of all trades, master of — flying, he hopes. In time, of course. Likes the outdoors and the upstairs.





DENCE, CHARLES G.
Born in Toledo, Ohio. Age 26. Married and glad of it. Attended U. of Toledo and hopes to be a credit manager, but first wants a B-17 to fly.

HARPSTER, JOHN W.
22—from Detroit, Mich. Attended Wayne U. there and worked as a sales engineer at the U. S. Rubber Co. Played football. Ambition—to hear Capt. M. S. Anderson say "that was a good ride, Harpster!"



DOSS, JOHN W.
"Jack" is 26 and from Taft, Calif. Went to Jr. College there. Worked as instrument supervisor for Consolidated. Thinks instruments are easy to install—hard to use. Favorite pastime—sleeping. Likes flying because he can sit down at work.



HOLLOWELL, W. F.
21—and just married. Hails from Flint, Mich. Employed as an accountant at A. C. Spark Plug before a pair of silver wings caught his fancy. Ambition—to get his hands on a B-17.



FISHER, HUGH S.
Originated in Salt Lake City, Utah, some 20 years ago. Came to the Air Force via U. of Utah and First National Bank. Fish wants to buzz Salt Lake in a P-47. His plaintive cry—"I knew a girl once!"

HUGHES, AUSTIN L.
24—from Idaho. Went to Utah State. Known as "Dead Eye" at school where he got letters in football. Played semi-pro baseball and finally joined the Air Corps for excitement. "I don't want to be the best pilot—just the oldest."



GOETZMAN, LYNN R.
20 and a native of Price, Utah. Joined the Air Force in Jan. 1941. Took C.P.T. at Utah State. "Messed" around at the home town Jr. College for two years. Plays football and skiing. Eats and sleeps airplanes. Ambition—to go home on a cross-country.



JOHNSON, RALPH E.
26—from Anderson, Indiana. One of the few Hoosier's in our class. Air minded from "way back. Wants to fly an A-20 and still become the oldest active pilot in the world. Can it be done! Says the army is fine "if only week-ends could be spent at home."



GRAVES, RANDALL E.
Says he's 22 years young and born in Bay City, Mich. Two years of pre-med at Bay City Jr. College. "Ranny" likes fast horses, fast cars, and dancing. Ambition—to be an old pilot, if not a good one.

LAMBERT, F. M.
22—straight from the Mountains of West Virginia—couldn't you guess? Went to Marshall College in Huntington, W. Va. Phi Kappa Nu and C. P. T., too. Ambition—to help throttle the Axis and return to the mountains, of course.





LEE, HAROLD G.
Like many others he hails from Michigan. Mechanical Engineering graduate from Michigan State. Entered active duty with the Air Corps in '41 at Gardner Field. "Flying is the life." You said it, keed!! How many degrees in your left tank, Lt.?



MORGAN, MILTON A.
26—Portland, Oregon. Oregon newspaper for 8 years prior to flight training. Swimming and diving are next to flying in sports. Chief ambition is the winning of his commission and the coveted wings.

LOOMIS, RICHARD E.
His birthday is Dec. 7 (quite a day). He's a Kappa Sigma Rho from Grand Rapids, Michigan; captained his High School and College tennis teams. Was state intercollegiate doubles champ. Later served as night sport editor on the home town sheet. His ambition "tops" the center page of this book.



O'CARROLL, THOS. K.
25—native to Salt Lake City, Utah. Attended U. of Utah, Sigma Nu man. Will complete law course "when Japan gets slapped down good." Was a contact tool planer at Lockheed Aircraft — "back when he was a civilian." (Sigh!!)



MEYERHOFF, R. A.
Saw the light in San Francisco. Graduated from Stanford U. and served in the field artillery. Aided in administration at Moffett Field then became a "flying gadget." Wants to fly an A-20.

PACKARD, JACK C.
26—home town is Flint, Michigan. Formerly worked as a precision tool inspector and likes winter sports best. Ambition—to return to his wife and resume status of a contented married man. Ah, War!



McMAHAN, ERNEST B.
A devout Texan but was educated at Bakersfield, Calif., Jr. College. Wants to be a pilot. How about that!! Loves wine, women, song, and drill—but figures he can do without the drill.



RUTHERFORD, T. P.
24—just another Texan who longs for his boots and saddle. Graduated from Oklahoma U. 1940 and was drafted in May, 1941. Likes music, dancing, good beer, and beautiful women. Who doesn't?



MEYER, ROBERT E.
Born and lived in Michigan for 22 years. Likes football and swimming. Boxed for four years in Golden Gloves. Worked for Lansing Oldsmobile. Ambition—you guessed it—wings, great big silver wings.



SHETTERLY, WM. H.
A 23 year old ex-farmer from Minnesota. Went to High School at Oklee, Minn. Favorite weakness—women. Present ambition is to get through Advanced. We're all with you there, Bill!





SLINDE, JOHN H.
Born 22 years ago in Cleveland Heights, Ohio. An old Cavalryman from Ohio's 107th Cavalry. After touring the U. S. on horses and scout cars, transferred to A. A. F. Greatest ambition — Wings and a cross-country flight to Darien, Connecticut.



VOGELER, ELWIN A.
Being strictly original home town corn, "Moose" innocently signed the papers which led, it was later discovered, to his leaving his front yard for the first time. No one actually knows where he came from but he keeps mumbling something about Salt Lake.

STEVENSON, H. C., JR.
22, born in Detroit, Michigan, he has traveled over much of the world but would still like to see Tokio, preferably from an A-20A. He likes the A.F. and Open Post; dislikes marching and Japanaisis. Of course, his ambition is tied up in a woman back home. These Detroit gals!



WENHOLTZ, JACK R.
26, from Fairview, N. D. (that's true, too). Attended Lawrence Tech. Used to be a truck driver. Wants to learn to fly the worst way (he is). Ambition is to have 18 youngsters. Wow . . . want to dodge the next war's draft, Jack?



TROWBRIDGE, W. W.
24—a blonde cornhusker from Logan, Iowa. Went to Stockton Jr. College. Adopted California in '36 and the Air Corps in '40. Would like to visit Sacramento every weekend in an A-20A.

WISE, JAMES T.
27—another Detroiter. Spent 7 years with General Motors as an experimental engineer. Likes swimming and golf. Hopes to FLY someday. Wants to "finish the war and go home to the Missus."

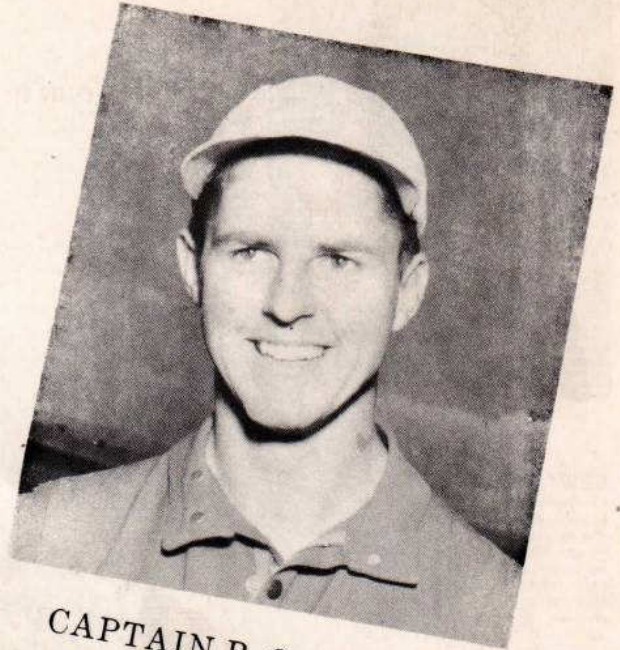


This Is a Cadet

He loves flying.
He wishes that the link trainers would all break down during open post.
He drinks three to seven "cokes" a day.
He doesn't make speeches about it, but he is proud of his country and is very patriotic.
He drinks Black and White on payday and Bar Scotch the rest of the month.
He knows we will win the war.
He is more afraid of "washing" out than of spinning in.
He hates reveille, but he gets up five minutes later to eat breakfast.
He is the dispatcher's nightmare.
He used to think that women think a flyer is glamorous.
He shudders when he hears "Santa Ana."
He privately thinks he can fly fairly well.
He wants to fly a B-17 so he can have lots of company.
He wants to fly a P-47 so he can be alone.
He wants to fly.



CAPTAIN W. G. MOORE, JR.
Flight Commander



CAPTAIN R. G. HOCHULI
Ass't Flight Commander

N Flight



"N" FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS

Left to right: Lts. Love, Garrett, and Rummery. Mr. Scotter, Lts. Roden, Hoover, Walker.



AMBURGEY, W. M., JR.
A West Virginia mountaineer who wonders "jus' how y'awl c'n tell he's from d' South?" Sports a diploma from Logan High. Spends whole week-ends climbing around the Oaks. Has a burning desire to buzz Berlin.



CARTER, CLIFFORD E.
18—"N" flight's popular young red star champion. Gets homesick for the folks in Los Angeles. He's a fan on aircraft design and Artie Shaw recordings. Also likes 30-day furloughs and ice cream. Dislikes cross country and Guy Lombardo.

BERKSHIRE, ROBT. H.
20—from Los Angeles where his heartbeat and roadster are. Claims all records for ramp duty. Quote — "Why that *!!*—I'll wrap up his flaps and batter down his trim tabs!!" That's all, brother



COLLIVER, H. A.
A purebred Hereford rancher from Fresno. Walks around a foot off the ground, held up by an angel named Ferno. Wants to go back to his cows sometime, but right now would like to herd an A-20.



STODDARD, J. B., JR.
Saw daylight in the teaming metropolis of Malvern, Iowa. Later tired of city life, and moved to Hiawatha, Kansas. Possesses a sheepskin from U. of Nebraska dated '41, and was commissioned in the Infantry. Quote, "Is the beam really red?" Unquote.

CROUSE, FREDRICK T.
"Spin" addresses his letters to Oak Hill, Virginia. After high school did two years hard labor at Indiana Tech, but finally broke out to join the A. F. Often a best man but never a groom, and very happy, thanks.



BOHNSACK, EDW. E.
Hails from a place called Davison, Mich. Likes blondes — also brunettes — re-reads, too. Ed thinks flying is tops. Wants to help lick the Japs so he can get back to Mich.



DALY, HARLEY J.
Has been taking it out on Los Angeles for 26 years. Riveted rivets for Lockheeds then decided he might like to fly one. He still might. Prime idea to get as far away from Santa Ana as possible.



BOYNTON, JOHN B.
18, from Bangor, Mich. Educated in Hartford, Mich. Left Aircraft Mechanics School to "jine up." Thinks they should move flying schools to Michigan for a certain feminine reason. The weather's better there, too.

DEUTSCHMAN, J. H.
Hails from good old Detroit. Reluctantly admits to 23 short years. Spent three years taxing the patience of the the Profs at Marquette University. His main ambition is to get this book finished. Where's Berkely, John?





ELIAS, WILLIAM M.
25—better known as "Doc." From Martin's Ferry, Ohio, and proud of it. Immortal words—"She had a big car, lots of money, and she was lonesome." He is strictly a P-38 man.



HOMFELD, LOUIS C.
One of the few "native Californians." Born in Wasco. Served time at Bakersfield J. C. before joining the Air Force. Now endeavoring to acquaint mid-western foreigners with the beauties of California. Wants, desperately, to buzz something in an A-20A.

FLETCHER, ROBT. C.
21—former oil magnet from Alameda, Calif. He is "Sans" fiancée, but his cowlike eyes carry on a spirited search every week-end. Ambition—he optimistically hopes to be a commercial artist someday.



IRVIN, A. G., JR.
23, home town is Kansas City, Mo. He worked on road construction and later with the Consolidated Aircraft. The power of suggestion got him. Likes to make one good landing so his instructor could die happy. He wants a chance to get to San Diego—some brunette.



GORDON, ARTHUR M.
Born in Chicago Heights, Ill., 24 years ago—as a baby. Attended U. of Chicago. Had a short business career before starting after his wings. Usually has things figured out "in most cases, as a rule." Ambition—would like to stay within boundaries on check rides.

KAUFFMAN, JOHN G.
Born in Detroit, Mich., 20 years ago. Transferred from U. of Detroit to the Air Force as soon as age and mental requirements were lowered. Spends time seeking a legitimate excuse for acrobatics.



GREGG, LEE O.
Product of San Diego High, but prepped for the A. F. at Boydens School in San Diego. Beams at the mention of females and T. Dorsey, but waxes profane on hot weather, dust and spinach. The Axis would be uncomfortable if they knew his plans.



LEE, RALPH E.
25, from LaCrosse, Wis., "in the heart of the Coulee Country." Formerly worked at advertising, sales management. Misses—his wife, good Wisconsin beer and duck hunting. Ambition—(quote)—"I wanna fly!"



HARRISON, PAUL P.
"Did you ever hear of Bad Axe, Mich.?" This former traveling salesman denies any relationship between P. P. and H. P. Like many, he dreams of some day having a little B-17E of his own to settle down with.

LOWE, RICHARD E.
Smiles happily at the faintest mention of San Diego. Home and all that. Schooled in Lincoln, Neb., before going to the U. of Wyoming. Was working at Consolidated when he was struck by the fatal urge.





McPHERSON, JOEL W.
24, born in Cleveland, O., home in Lakewood, Ohio. A railroad man before joining the cadet ranks. Likes tennis, BT's and week-end passes. Ambition—wings. 'Nuff said.



NUNN, THOMAS E., JR.
A Florida "Cracker" and happy about the whole thing. Graduated from U. of Florida and was commissioned in the Field Artillery at the same time in 1940. Started active duty in '41. Aspiration—to hit the cone—is positive it Can Be Done.

MILLER, LANE H.
He's free, white, and 21 and from Philadelphia, Pa. Attended U. of Calif. for 3 years. A football, track, and Kappa Alpha boy. Ambition—to stay single 'til after the war. How about that, girls?



PAGLE, WILLIAM M.
First frightened his parents in Flint, Mich. (Latest reports are that they're expected to recover). Burned the midnight oil over engineering at Flint J. C. Has more success with a BT. Wants to clean up the mess and go home.



MILLER, ROBERT E.
Stork brought him to Springfield, Ill., 24 years ago. Went to So. East Mo. State Teacher's College for 4 years. That's all thereis, there ain't no more. Next!!!

O'CONNELL, R. A.
Far from Flint, Mich., cultural center of the Middle West and home of Florence, who seems to have a fatal attraction for Russ. Wants to do pylon eights around home town chimneys.



PETERSON, EARL M.
Looks 19, swears he's 26. Married and a family man from Eau Claire, Wis. Proud possessor of a beautiful sunburned nose.



REGAN, JOHN D.
"Rocky" took notes (in a "Little Black Book," we'll bet) at Fresno State, where he worked himself into a letter over football and basketball. Is very determined about those wings and a gal named Dot.



NIEMEYER, D. E.
Hails from LaCrosse, Wisconsin, "Where it rains once in a while." Played dance music and football back home. Ambition—to keep flying until he is eighty. Thinks that Western beer isn't fit to drink. Attended LaCrosse State Teacher's College.

SCHOPPER, W. J.
25, only Nevada boy in the class. Raised in Reno. A butcher by trade—(looks bad for the Japs). Army career began with the first draft. Has no particular ambition, just put him down as ambitious. He's got the right attitude anyway.





SIENKIEWICZ, N. T.
Chicago, Illinois is responsible. Went from Compton J. C. to DePaul Univ. Caused much hair pulling 'mongst the wimmin as a Life-guard for six years, and made the swimming team at college. Wants to be an airline pilot.
A. B. "After Berlin."



WASSERMAN, SIDNEY
"Sid" was brought into the world 22 years ago, Chicago's the place. Height—yes, weight—oh, yes! Experimented around a bit with engines. Would like to be placed in the Government experimental lab at Wright Field.

STRICKLAND, D. P.
Fullerton, Calif., and admits it. Went to high school and J. C. there before entering the R.C.A.F. from whence he came to us. Says the old adage "You don't have to be crazy to be a pilot, but it sure helps" is all very true.

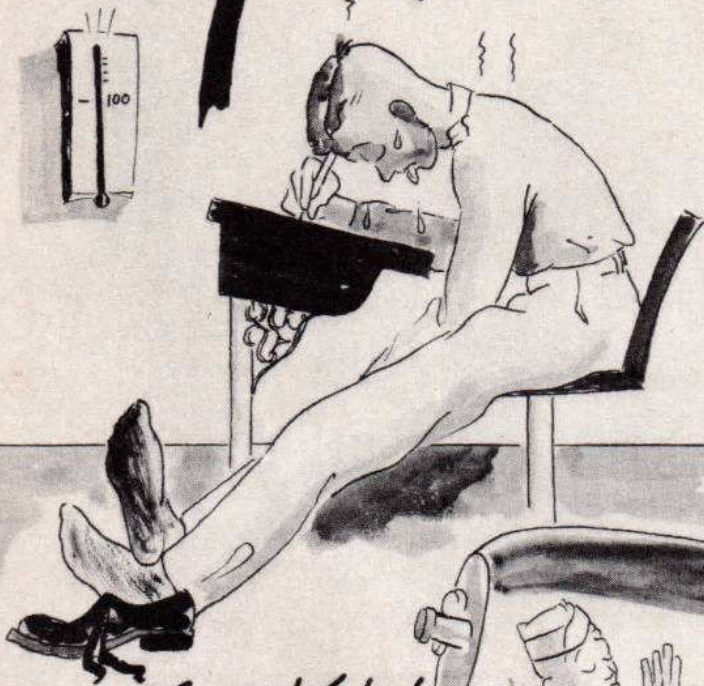


WILLIAMS, RALPH S.
27, born Elizabeth, West Virginia. Ex-oil well machinery salesman. Transferred to the Air Force from the Chemical Warfare Service. Sports, boating, hunting, and fishing. Married. Ambition, after the war, six children and an airline job. You can't have everything, Mr. Williams.

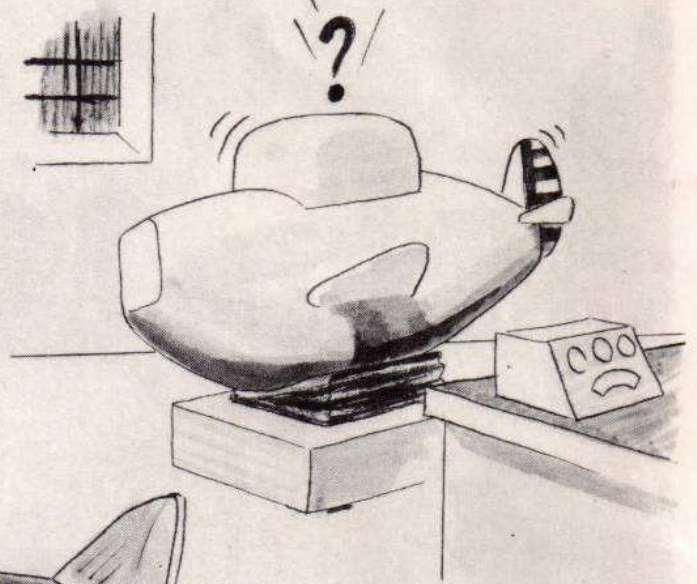
It's a Fact That . . .

We love Chico.
Code is a helluva thing.
You can get a sun tan in Chico.
Instructors are inhuman.
Brown eyes are scarce among Cadets.
Open post is always too short.
DeYoung made reveille—once.
Flying is here to stay but some of us aren't.
Phillips was seen with a girl. S'helpmeh!
Serapaglia enjoys sitting in a plane on the ground.
Ice cream is the favorite desert of Cadets.
Jenkins is usually "Vivacious." Or is it vicious?
Gosin WILL go swimming in the Buttes.
They call him "Check Ride" Breckenridge.
Deutschman and Schroeder still have some hair left.
T. K. was seen . . . buying a COMB.
The school building coke machines once were full. And there were nickels to go with them.
The sunset gun goes off thrice weekly. Union hours, y'know.
It is possible to fly instruments . . . even without peeking.
The Oaks is a quiet place . . . during the week.
One of the student officers thinks that 180 degrees has something to do with temperature and that rudder pedals belong to the foot-rest family.
(Not mentioning any names but the initials are Hansen.)
Powers has nine lives and used up eight of them one Saturday night having a loopy time in a link.

Memories ...



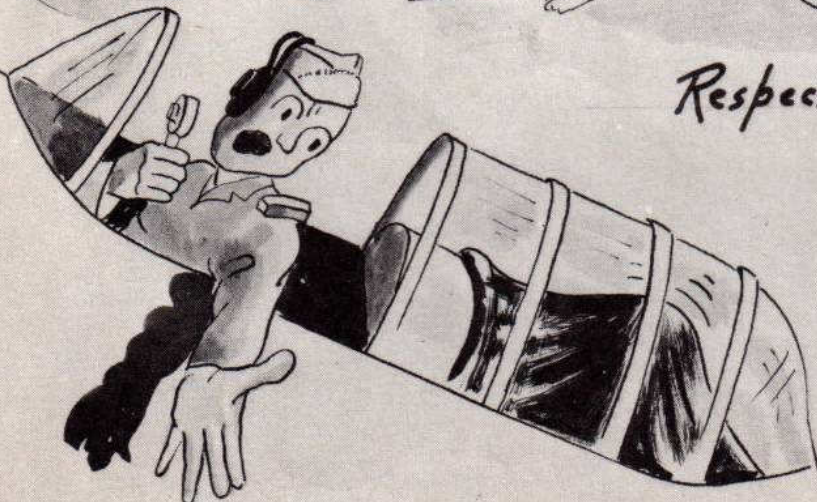
Ground School



Open Post



Respect



Instruments

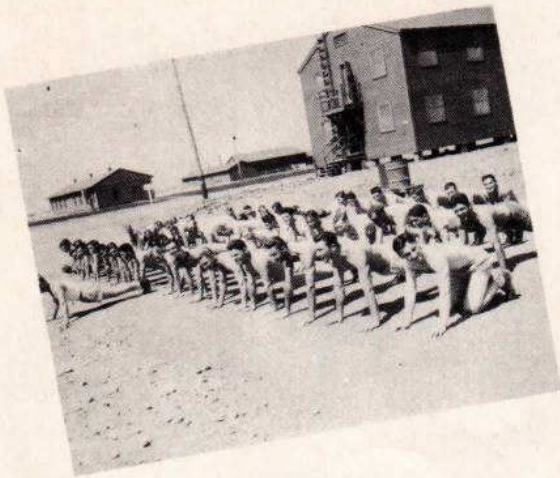


Parting

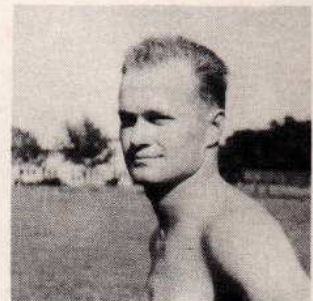
Fletcher

... Memories



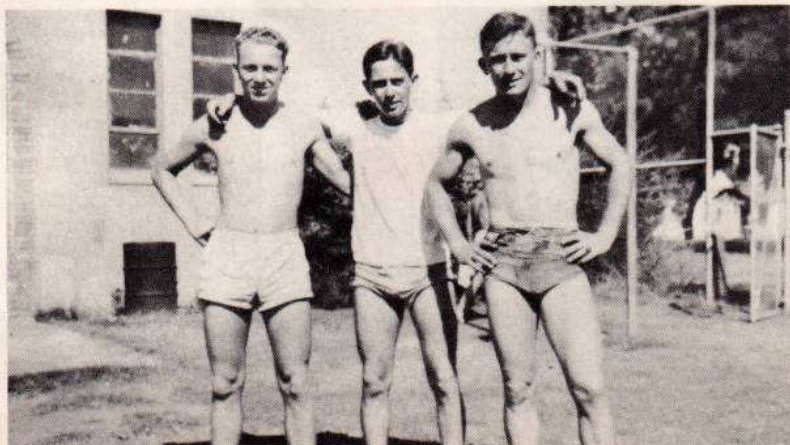
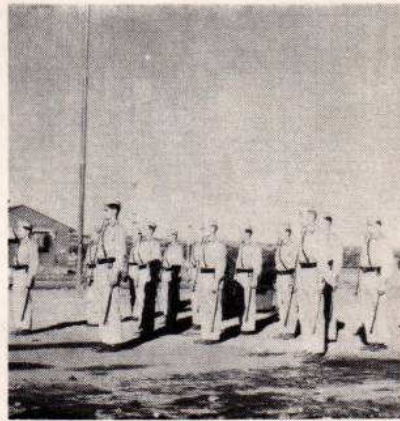
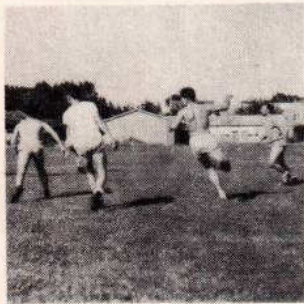


SGT. T. B. BELL
Coach





W. FELSE
Coach





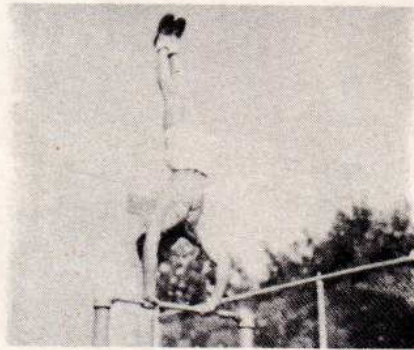
W.P.A. AMBITION?



HIS WIFE, FELLAS!



AIN'T I THE ONE THOUGH?



Ahhhhhhhh!



LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING!



INSTRUMENT ADDICTS

SISSY FLYING

By RALPH BRADLEY

There are people who call it the "torture chamber." Others call it the "chamber of horrors." Some, however, don't denounce it so sternly and think of it only as the most maddeningly mocking, infuriating, frustrating, and damnable contraption that a cadet meets in his daily training.

Or on a Sunday, when he otherwise would be in Sacramento.

We're talking about the Link Trainer.

It doesn't have a safety belt, because it isn't an air plane. But it can make you airsick.

Pipe the "hot pilot" who stuck with it for two hours in one afternoon. He held onto everything until along toward the end of the second hour when he did a snap roll. After he did the snap roll, which is nothing more in the Link Trainer than deliberately mutilating your sense of balance, he seemed to lose interest and after several efforts from the instructor to attract his attention they carried him out and he wobbled back to the flight line. He had a hangover for nearly a week.

But let's not get the wrong impression at first.

Say you're sitting in this Link Trainer, the top is down, and the only contact you've got with the outside world is the instructor. He tells you to do a turn. You do, counting the seconds of turn on the clock. You pull out, wait. You did pretty darned good and you're waiting for a compliment.

A voice says, "Now, uh, that one got a little off someplace or other. Are you sure you started the second hand on your clock and counted correctly?"

You nod to yourself. Of course you did. You wonder what kind of an error you made. Can't be more than a few degrees.

"You were forty degrees too short that time. Try it again."

Forty degrees? My God, that's half the turn! But . . . O. K. You start again. You start the second hand, watch that clock, count . . . and you've got it! You straighten 'er out and wait.

The voice says, "That one wasn't so bad. You cor-

rected for the first error, but overdid it slightly. This one is—uh—forty degrees overshoot!"

About that time, if there's any potential pilot suff in you at all, you've a grip on the stick that'll leave your fingerprints on it, you've got a nasty gleam in your eye, and your teeth are shining in the dark.

"Go ahead," the voice croons, "Let's see you hit it this time."

So you start. This is going to be good. No mistakes. You begin to wonder just exactly what in hell is the matter until along about the time you should be checking yourself you realize you forgot to start the second hand on the clock!

How long have you been turning? Nobody knows, not even the instructor, who is picking this psychological moment to break in and remind you about the turn indicator needle. Seems it's off a little. So is the degree of bank off. In other words, cadet, you're just not "on the ball." Let's look the other way a moment while you lose your temper and kick the controls about a bit. The instructor whispers,

"That was perfect! You corrected your mistake both ways, and brought it out right on the nose! Good for you! I'm telling you, that was right on the . . ."

"— — — — —, — — — — —!" You forget, of course, that there's a mike right in the cockpit with you.

"What did you say?" the instructor asks innocently.

Well, that's the Link Trainer. It's not bad when you consider the fact that you've been flying in calm air, and they're going to turn on a galloping hurricane that never leaves the needle on the line, shoves the ball clear out on the wing, and the altitude—well, let's forget it. If you can make a ninety degree turn in that, brother, you aren't so hot yet because you've just begun. There's the radio beam to fly, and that always gives a cadet the chills. In fact, it's guaranteed to ruin at least one full day. The radio beam is not for a normal person, but by the time one gets to it it's all right because he isn't normal any longer. Especially if they give him rough air.

Excuse me. It's Sunday and I've got to fly the radio beam this afternoon in the Link Trainer.

