



Bee
Tee

Nati M's undy
1924

Instructors Ode To a Flying Cadet

Blessings on thee, Flying Cadet,
Your silly puss I can't forget.
With thy head of solid bone,
It's minor functions stay unknown.

Dressed up in thy fine attire,
I wish that clothes could make the flier.
And thy take-offs, never straight,
Look more like a pylon-eight.

And thy over banked chandelle,
How I wish thy were in hell.
Thy landings leave me black and blue,
God made thee half a kangaroo.

With thy skidding, down wind turn,
I give up. You'll never learn.
With thy foot on rudder froze,
What keeps you up—God only knows.

With thy pylon-eight down wind
You are in a constant spin,
With thy ever dragging wing,
Please sweet death, where is thy sting?

With thy windshield caked with dust,
If the loops don't get you the snap rolls must.
Blessings on thee, Flying Cadet,
Stay in and pitch—you'll get there yet.

I only hope some day you'll be
A flight instructor, same as me.



COL. HERBERT ANDERSON

It is a privilege indeed to be able to dedicate this issue of the Bee Tee to our Commanding Officer, Colonel Herbert W. Anderson. As the commanding officer of an army post, such as Gardner Field, his is the position requiring the prudence and integrity of a man capable of handling the endless number of problems encountered every day Colonel Anderson is that man. Upon his shoulders rests the responsibility of the well-being of every man on this field. It is his task to see that men brought here to be trained, get the finest education possible. We are proud to have been trained under him.

43-B



CAPT. DIFFORD
Commandant of Cadets

To the Class of 43-B:

Now that this training period has been completed and each of you leave to take the last step toward receiving those coveted silver wings, I hope that you remember your stay here at Gardner Field.

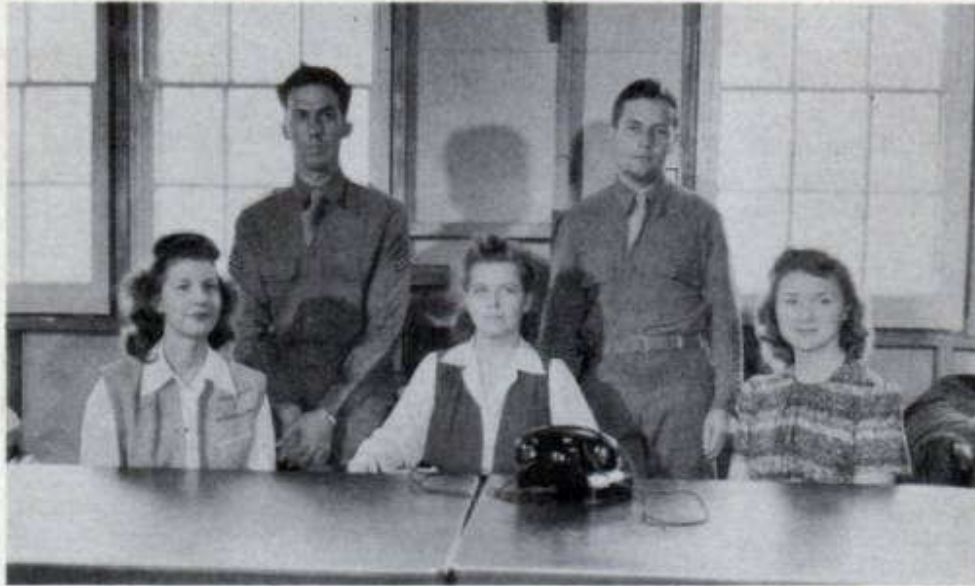
Keep on the alert as you have done here, through your advanced training and through each encounter with our enemy. In whichever hemisphere you may be, we shall always be anxiously awaiting reports from you.

With you all carrying this thought in mind, I wish you the best of luck and many "happy landings."

Sincerely,

WALLACE E. DIFFORD, JR.
Captain, Air Corps
Commandant of Cadets

Commandants Office



OFFICE STAFF



CAPT. E. TRAVIS
Asst. Commandant of Cadets

Naturally we are all interested in the people that make out and sign our passes. Keeping track of Cadet records and the such is no easy task. This is the first issue in which Captain Travis has appeared, and we don't mind saying we are glad he arrived in time to be assistant Commandant to Forty-three-B. Captain Reedy, I am sure we all know. He is the person that takes care of the eating end of Cadet life. An important phase indeed. Lt. Blackman, is supply officer. His job is to see that we are properly equipped. To him we give thanks for our seldom used, but always appreciated bed.



LT. BLACKMAN
Supply Officer



"BOY—WAS I HOT AT PRIMARY!"



CAPT. REEDY
Mess Officer

Flight Training

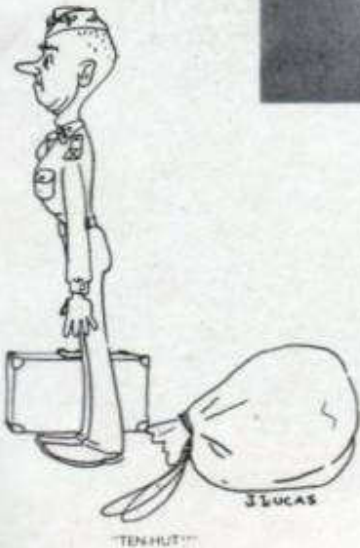


LT. COL. HALL



MAJOR TOLHURST

CAPT. BENYON AND CAPT. JONES



"Book Learnin"



GROUND SCHOOL BUILDING



CAPT. H. R. O'BRIEN

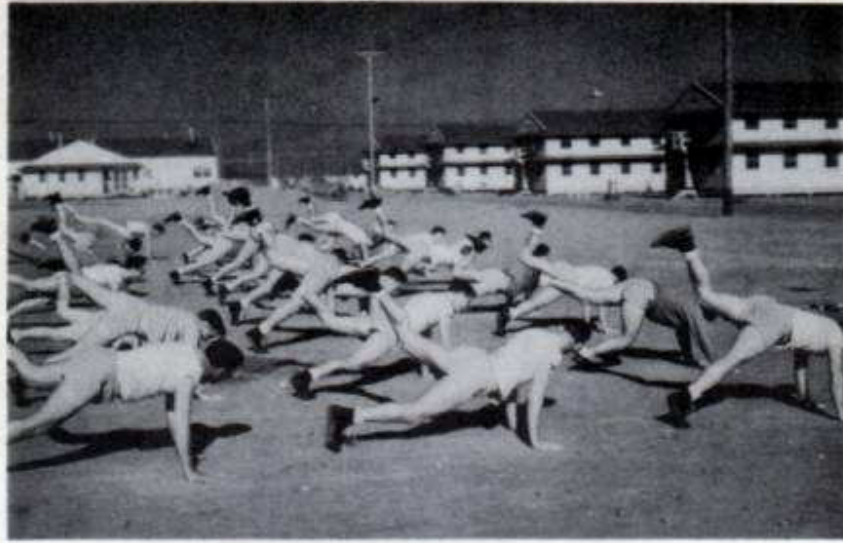


CUMULO NIMBUS CAUSES—WHO KNOWS?



GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS

Daily Dozen, Whew!



CALESTHENICS



I.T. KOEGLER



INSTRUCTORS



NOTHING LIKE A
GOOD WORKOUT—WHEW!

SUPPER AND—LATER



POP



LOOKS GOOD



"WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE,—OR HAM?"



UMM - - - IS GOOD

SQUADRON II



CAPT. PETERSON



INSTRUCTORS SQUADRON 11



ALDERMAN, J. E.



ANDERSON, T. H.



BAUGHMAN, R. A.



BRUER, G. E.



CATER, K. H.



DOBBINS, R. E.



DUNWIDDIE, R. B.



EADS, R.



EVANS, H. W.



FENDER, G. D.



FLEMING, A. Y.



FORTIN, F. F.



FOWLER, K. D.



GARRETT, W. A.



GILLIGAN, J. E.



GISH, H. G.



GLADE, D. L.



HERNDEN, J. H.



HOLT, R. B.



HOYT, G. M.



KINDIG, A. K.



KOCHANSKI, T. J.



LAW, E. G.



LEWIS, C. W.



LISTON, L. J.

YAHOOOTI



MARKOWITZ, A. A.



MANN, C. E.

NELSON, W. F.



MORTON, W. R.

NEWCOMB, B. C.



NORTON, N.



RALPH, J. E.

ROBINSON, A. E.



ROWLANDS, J. C.

RYNER, W. A.





SANDBERG, J. W.



SCOTT, H. C.



SCURLOCK, J. G.



SIECK, A. M., JR.



SEYMOUR, R. Y.



SHARP, M. A.



SIMMONS, P. A.



STRAGIER, G. J.



STRUMPELL, M. E.



TAYLOR, P. C.



THOMPSON, H. E.



THOMPSON, R. S.



TIMMONS, C. E.



TOET, E. W.



VAN FLEET, P. L.



VEIU, E. A.



WAITE, E. A.



WELCH, J. E.



WELCH, M. V.



WELLINGER, B. J.



WILKENS, F. T.



WILLIS, C. W.



WOLTER, L. R.



WOODCOCK, E. A.

SQUADRON 12



CAPT. JAMES C. ARNOLD



SQUADRON 12 INSTRUCTORS



ABBOTT, W. L.



ALLEN, P. V.



KEDIAN, H. F. 2nd Lt.



BEACH, H. R.



BENNETT, W. W.



BLACK, G. T.



BROBST, W. E.



CAMPBELL, R. J.



CHRISTENSEN, H. R.



CHRISTIE, W. J.



COOK, J. E.



DAVIS, S. L.



EDWARDS, M.



EVERETT, W. W.



FRANZ, C. J.



FICKES, L. S., JR.



FURR, D. L.



GANZ, W. R.



GOODNER



GOTTSHALK, O. A.



GRIMM, N. E.



HAMMERLY, P. M.



HOGAN, L. E.



HUG, J. H.



HUTCHINS, W. F.



JENSEN, V. N.



JENSEN, S. G.



KOWALSKI, H. A.



KUHLMEIER, H. T.



KURTZ, W. D.



LaFON, B.



LARSON, G. R.



LESTER, H. J.



LUNNING, E. M.



MacDERMAID, J. F.



MOTHERS BAUGH, J. F.



NICKERAL, F.



MURRAY, R. H.



PEARSON, L. M.



PENN, A. D.



QUIGLEY, W. R.



SPINNING, W. H.



SHWARTZ, K. S.



SCHULTZ, J. A.



SPURLIN, D. J.



SZTANYO, A. E.



REES, D. W.



TODT, D. C.



TOMKINS, T. W.



TRAINOR, J. J.



VARDEL, W. E.



WALLIN, S. E.



WILKES, J. R.



WILDMAN, A. L.



WILLSON, R. A.



WILSON, D. R.



WINKLEY, B. R.



WINN, R. T.



WREN, F. J.

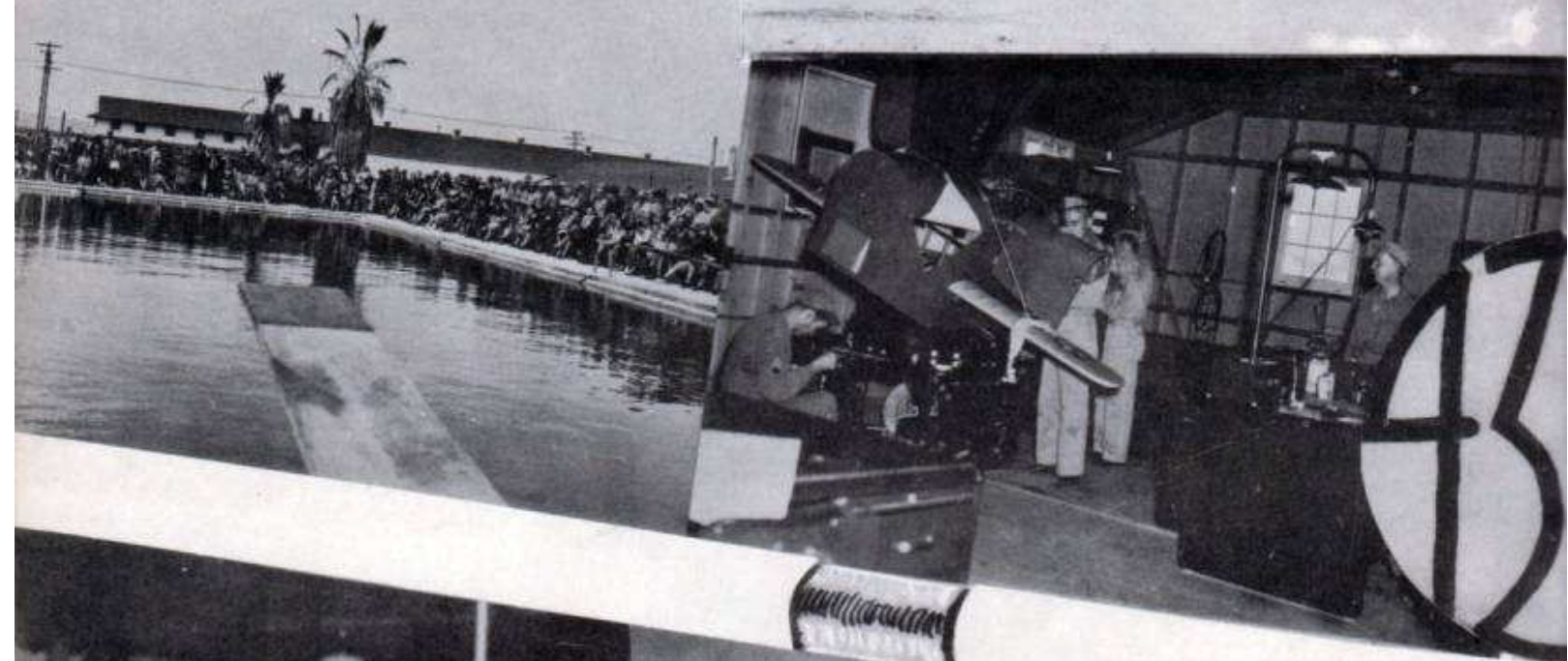
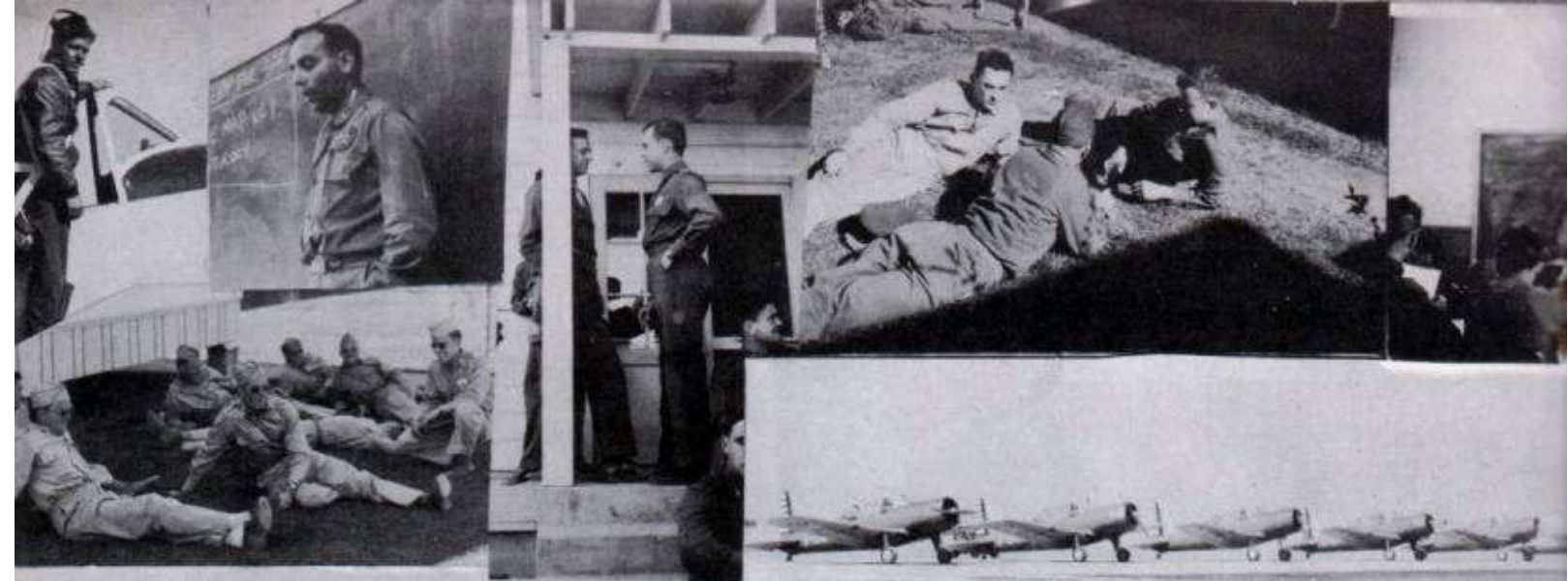


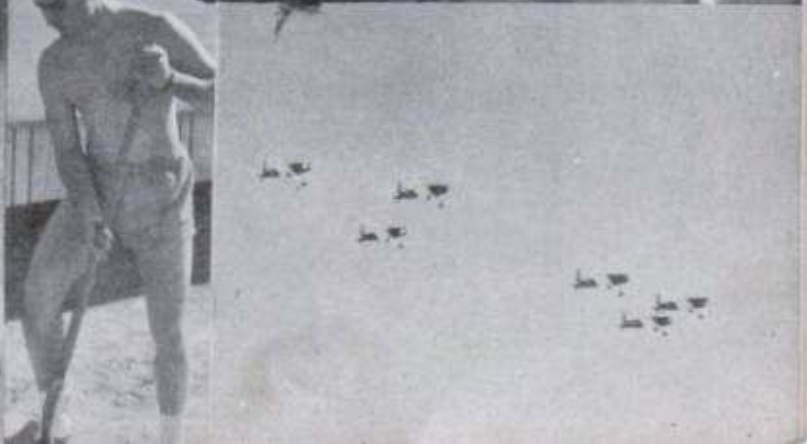
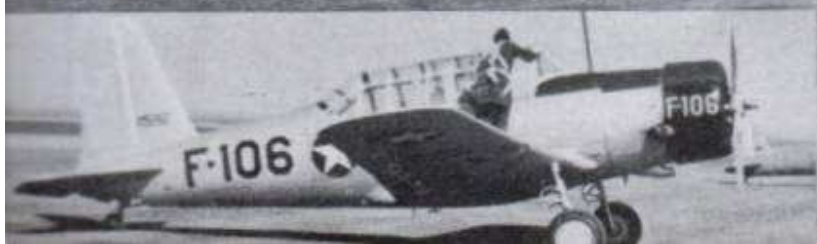
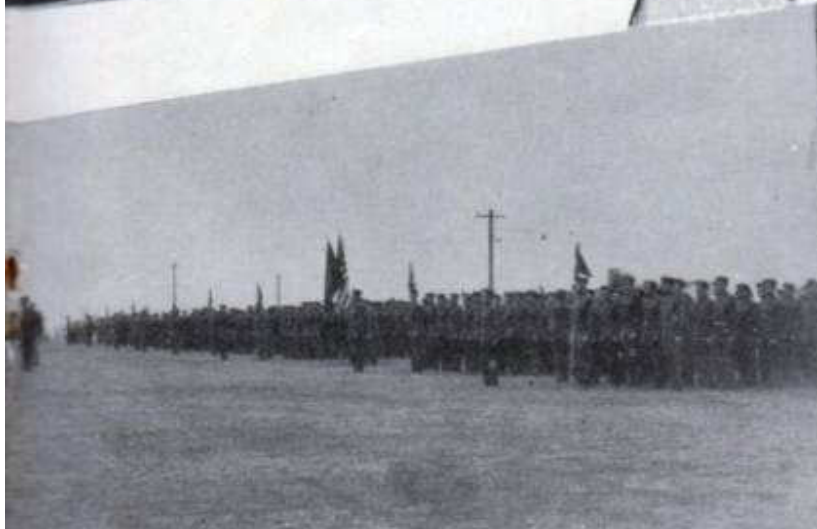
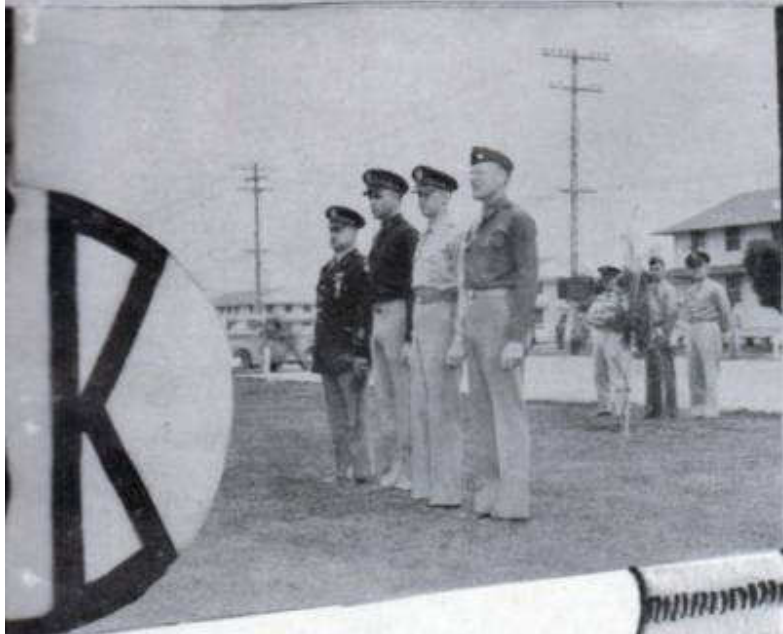
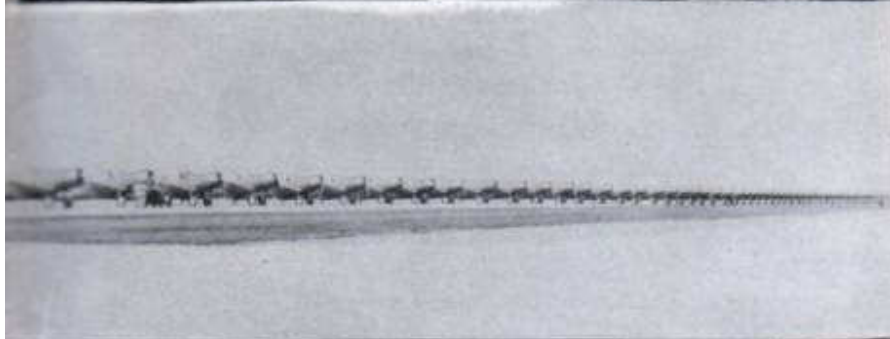
YOUNT, L. U.



ZUEHLSDORFF, M. A.







SQUADRON 13



1ST LT. R. T. DARDEN



SQUADRON 13 INSTRUCTORS



AMES, W. H.



BALLOU, C. W.



CARTER, D.



COCHRAN, W. F.



COLE, J. B.



CRAIG, D. C.



BUELL, H. E.



DALZELL, H. D.



DAY, W. D.



DeBOLT, H. M.



DOLTON, E. A.



ERREICH, G. H.



FINNELL, B.



FIZER, L. H.



FLAGSTAD, C. L.



FORSYTHE, T. R.



GAILFUS, W. R.



GRAY, L. A.



GUYETTE, E. H.



HARRIS, R. I.



HEDGES, H. S.



WINKLER, R.



JACOBSEN, H. V.



JEPPESSEN, F. B.



JOHNSON, E. L.



JOHNSON, S. A.



JONES, D. C.



JULIAN, L. W.



KLINE, H. L.



LEONARD, R. J.



LINCOLN, G. W.



LUCAS, J. R.



McCLURG, R. K.



MERRYMAN, V. C.



MUELLER, K. L.



PANICH, M.



PAYNE, D. E.



RENNEY, J.



RICHARDS, E. E.



RISSMAN, W.



ROHER, L. P.



SANDERS, C. E.



SHAFFER, C. R.



SMITH, A. W.



SOLIE, P. D.



SPITZER, D. F.



STAHL, E. J.



THOMAS, J. C.



SHELLERBARGER, V. P.



TAPERT, K. G.



TINGLE, A. L.



TRANER, G. L.



TROW, T. H.



UNDERWOOD, M. H.



WASHBURNE, R. P.



WATTS, H. P.



WESTINE, E. J.



WILLIAMS, H. E.



WILLIAMS, L.



WILSON, I.

SQUADRON 14



SQUADRON COMM.
1ST LT. J. BRYANT



SQUADRON 14 INSTRUCTORS



BARTLETT, S. U.



BRIDE, J. C.



BROWN, B. F.



CLARDY, J. W.



CLARKE, A. M.



CULLEN, D. N.



DONALD, A. F.



DUFFY, J. W.



DENMAN, D. R.



ENGLUND, H. M.



GILLAM, D. S.



GRUBB, H. E.



HAGUE, H. M.



HAMLIN, R. A.



HEISER, R. S.



HEMBERGER, D. C.



HEWITT, P. H.



HOFFMAN, F. K.



HILL, T. A.



JENSEN, S. G.



JOHNSON, R. L.



JONES, G.



JONES, R. L.



KIPP, H. B.



KNEPPER, A. W.



KOCUOR, H. J.



LAWTON, K. B.



LEDBETTER, L. O.

LeVALLEY, G. A.



MacDONALD, A. K.

MILTON, R. J.



MITCHELL, J. R.



OLDHAM, W. J.



RIEPPE, Q. A.



ROOD, H. L.



RUSSOW, A. H.



RYAN, J. L.



SHUMAY, M. A.



SLEMMONS, H. A.



SMALL, C. L.



SMICK, R. L.



SMITH, J. F.



SNYDER, W. R.



SMITH, A. F.



SPORREY, R. F.



STITT, W. C.



STRUNK, J. E. *



GOTTSCHALK, O. A.



THORNTON, D. H., JR.



TRIBBETT, W. D.



WREN, D. B.



TUEL, M. D.



TYE, F. R.



URSO, J. D.



VILAS, C. W.



VRUNGOS, G.



WEGMAN, E. E.



WEIBY, J. T.



WENZEL, C. F.



WHITE, H. B.



WHITE, J. M.



WITTOW, R. T.



SHORT SNORTERS

"Wanta be short snorted, mister?"

That's the friendly, though greedy, introduction to the grand order of experienced pilots the new "Gophers" receive from the godlike, 35 hour upperclassmen.

"It only costs three bucks, mister!"

So upon the exchange of three one dollar bills the new classmen proudly receive the signatures of three hot upperclassmen with his own name and the date on which he was initiated to the noble fraternity, neatly inscribed on a neat, crisp, and oft times only remaining, one dollar bill. With words of caution he is reminded to carry it with him constantly and to produce it when challenged by a fellow member. If the victim cannot produce a "Short-Snorter" the penalty is rash. He must set up drinks for all members present, and if drinks are not available he must pay each a dollar. The story is this, the upperclassmen talk persuasively, when asked for an authenticated history. Many years ago, not long after the advent of glider like airfoils and tissue paper kites an ingenious Alaskan suggested a "Short-Snorter" fraternity for all those persons, pilots or otherwise, who had flown over large bodies of water. Dollar bills were produced and his idea gained popularity with a proportional number of air travelers forfeiting many, many one dollar bills.

More clearly, he continues; like an ancient myth the idea spread and consequently changed with its application until it fell in line with the cadet training and assumed its most gruesome roll. Frankly, gentlemen, Buena Vista Lake is no large body of water, and, confidentially, are we pilots or still passengers—we'll only know at graduation time—too damn many hours away. However, its most final form, in Gardner Field's own interpretation, states that any cadet (with an eye to the future) and with a primary graduation diploma, hot pilots included, deserve membership in this oldest of flying traditions.

When the cadet first obtained his valuable membership card, he dreamed of the many signatures to be gathered and the joy of passing this memento on from generation to generation. But alas, after several months it is usually passed from one card game to another, until it is finally lost across a cigar counter.



GOTTA SHORT SNORTER, HE?

Out Of This World



WARRANT OFFICER
THAMES



"SWEET SAX MAN"

"JAM SESSION"

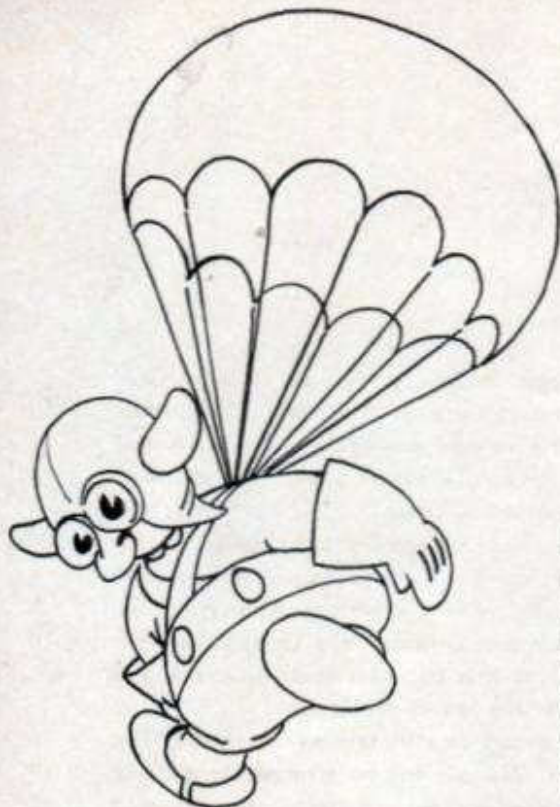


Music, Maestro, please. Ah, yes, delightful music, too. Better cannot be obtained at Chicago's Night Hawk or Los Angeles' Coconut Grove.

Gardner Field's musical ensemble is comprised of men from the finest bands throughout the nation.

Nothing was more pleasant than to find, upon arriving at our Basic School, a band that could really give with the music making. We shall all remember hot summer evenings made refreshing with a mellow serenade.





Until recently little was heard about the Gremlins. As a matter of fact, there are few who have ever really seen a Gremlin, although it is generally conceded that pilots, bombardiers and aerial gunners can see them when the conditions are right. Take our word for it, they do exist. How else could some of the weird things that happen in the air come about?

It seems that the Gremlin tribe was a peace loving lot in the olden days. They lived in the forests and were very friendly with the birds and beasts and with man if he happened to be the right kind of person. But all this changed when their beloved forests were cut down to make landing fields for the big mechanical birds that men fly. The Gremlins didn't approve of the noise that the planes make. So one day Grandfather Gremlin, who was the patriarch of the tribe called them all together and said, in effect, that this sort of thing had to cease. It was bad enough being driven from their usual haunts, but having those crazy "airplane drivers" buzz them while they slept was too much, so the playful Gremlins set out to make things miserable for the pilots.

The Gremlins are rather queer looking individuals as pictures go. For they wear all the occupational clothing of a flyer: parachutes, a neat pair of flying coveralls and a helmet and goggles. Some even wear suction cups on their feet so that they can stand up on the wings of the faster ships without being blown off. Some of the less inhibited Gremlins wear spats.

The Gremlins have done a wonderful job of adjusting themselves to the air. They are specialists in their own line. There are Gremlins who always work on the outside of the ship, Gremlins who do nothing except cause motor trouble, Gremlins who mess up radio reception, some specialize in instrument work. Some do nothing but confuse the pilot. This last is the most coveted job of all. It takes years to work up to being a pilot confuser. And, of course, the ones that hold this position have had years of experience. It takes a good Gremlin to sit on the pilot's shoulder and make noises like a motor missing when it is hitting on all cylinders. And gently nudging the pilot at just the right time so that he bounces in what would have been a beautiful landing is an art in itself.

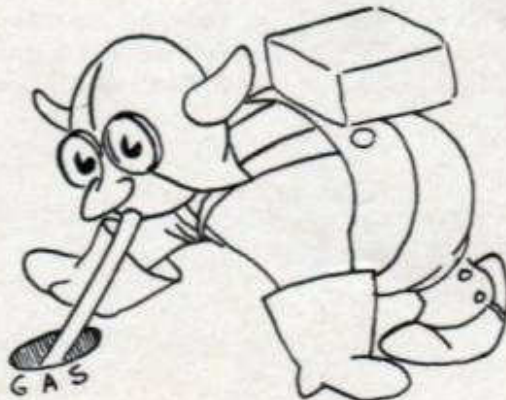
Besides confusing the pilots, the Gremlins do many other things to the airplanes. They bore holes in the wings identical to bullet holes. One Gremlin works in an asbestos suit which enables him to bore holes in the cylinder head or in the exhaust manifold.

The instrument Gremlins are the worst of the lot. There is one little fellow that bowls with the ball in the turn and bank indicator and uses the needle for a popo stick. He is assisted by a pair that plays see-saw on the artificial horizon. When this loses its appeal they use the compass for a merry-go-round.

The exploits of the Gremlins are as numerous as are they themselves. And too much space would be needed to even touch on the subject here.

However, there is one group that is worthy of mention, even in so short a chronicle as this. That group is the one that plays havoc with the radio reception. There are no apprentice Gremlins here. Each one is a graduate of Gremlin Air Corps Tech, and every one is a master in his own line. Some pilots believe static is Gremlin talk. Pilots say that they carry on their conversations at the most inopportune time.

And so, future pilots, when strange things begin to happen don't blame Uncle Sam's planes or your flying ability. Look on the wing tips or under the blind flying hood and the chances are a hundred to one you'll find a Gremlin there smiling a knowing smile with his quaint little mouth and with a merry twinkle in his black, shoe button eyes.



J. LUCAS

Class Chatter

Like the Marines "we had landed" but baffled by the myriad details of our personal problems and of the "huge" B.T.'s the situation was anything but "in hand."

Besieged primarily by a horde of mercenary upper-classmen, bills and more bills were exchanged for signatures which, though grand at the time, have lost significance during the strenuous days that followed. Now the most popular line is this: "Well you've got all but my short snorter; might as well shoot the buck!"

Most important question of that first day seemed to be, "Where's the PX?" Most disgruntled observation was, "Don't tell me that damn cracker box is all the store they've got—but those gals!"

First we thought we would be troubled by a problem of distances, being stationed on a desert as we were, but discovered our problems were of no consequence since we didn't get out anyway. Los Angeles wasn't too far to hike when freedom did come but the problem was how to get back for night flying and then out the next morning and to L. A.; we didn't appreciate those split furloughs.

"C.S." was the word for the upperclass cadet officers or, more specifically, a cadet officer when we arrived. Remember how we breathed a sigh of relief when Mr. F. bussed away to Douglas or Williams or hell, we hoped? *WE KNEW* Mr. B. and Mr. K. would be on our side.

"Gosh, radios and everything," could be heard on the line during the first official plane inspection. Little did any of us dream that we would put the left prop in the right tank and land with 20 degrees of altimeter in nights to follow. It took four weeks for "Stabilizer Goodner" to prove that tabs have some effect and if careful may be used to land an airplane. Cadet Shellerbarger, to date, hasn't tried to slow roll without fastening his safety belt—perhaps Primary taught us a few rules after all. . . . We wonder why "Porky" Bride hasn't chosen an instructor more on the chubby side—must come to the conclusion that a father and son deal such as that can only happen at Santa Maria where chow is chow!

Cal Aero's own "Downwind McClurg" after trying

to land "crossgrained" taught us what not to do at Coalinga Airport, if you can find it. Alderman, Hamlin and Goodner are the 43-B's who have joined the caterpillar club without the thrill of a jump; parachutes get their airing in the drying room, fellas!

Just why D. E. Payne was selected as the editor for this issue of B. T. can be easily explained by the 6000 word essays said editor slaved to write just to satisfy the whim of a few Lt.'s and Captains who thought landings should be made on the first half of a field and that it was customary to salute the brass. No foolin'?

The Lamoore group is still talking about the "lost souls" of Gardner. No one can be blamed for drifting off their course while on cross country; that's happened before, but the flight commander at one of Lamoore's auxiliary fields surprisingly enough began to grade four of Flight "M's" wanderers when they began shooting stages on his field. Will some one tell Ames, Lucas, Thomas and Jacobsen that the Coalinga Airport is *THIS* way!

Judging from the ground school grades it's apparent that not all our time was spent flying—some was spent sleeping in school. Mr. Bagdasarian often kept us awake with strange mutterings of "Frontogenesis" or "Adiabatic rates" while other instructors made things easy with "radius of action" problems or lulled us to sleep with melodious "dit dahs." Toward the end of the course all became very adept at eye calisthenics—the only reason our class average remained above the zero mark.

In retrospect, there were many times we shouted, "Bombs away" and shuddered in prospect of returning to the grim prison of SAAAB where airplanes were only seen on posters, or wondered whether the figures we had heard about the average life of a tail gunner were true. But now that is over and now we can remember the smiles and laughs, without thought to the fears. Pleasant memories, too.

Only one question now. "How many days off between Basic and Advanced? I've got a girl waiting for me in L. A., and, oh brother!"

Boys On the Line



CAPT. J. H. McEVOY
Stage Engineer



CONTROL TOWER



LT. GAY
Radio Engineer





BEE TEE STAFF



| | |
|------------------------------|--------------|
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| J. R. Lucas | Art Editor |
| G. Levalley | Layout |
| C. Shaffer | Feature |
| J. B. Cole | Feature |
| Capt. L. E. Travis | Advisor |

The boys who missed passes, movies, and meals; who crowded a minute here and a minute there into an already over-crowded schedule; those boys who constitute the Bee Tee Staff, get my vote as the true unsung heros of Gardner Field.

LEE EDWARD TRAVIS
Captain, Air Corps
Advisor

