

Passing Light



Class Forty Three B
LEMOORE ARMY FLYING SCHOOL



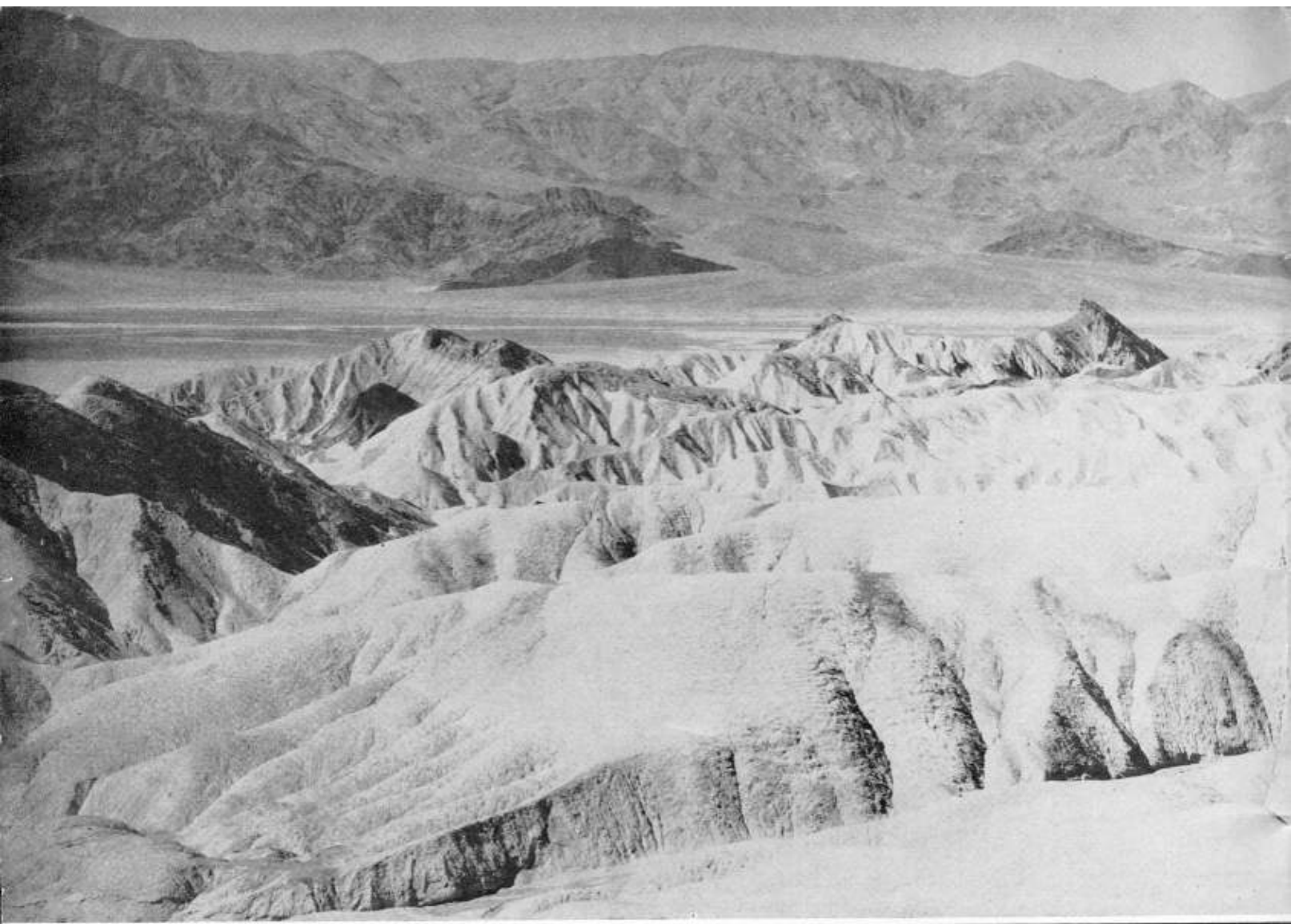
High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of
earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered
wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the
tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred
things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and
soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and
flung
My eager craft through footless hall of
air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with
easy grace
Where never lark, nor even eagle flew—
And, while with silent lifting mind I've
trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of
God.

—Pilot Officer J. G. Magee

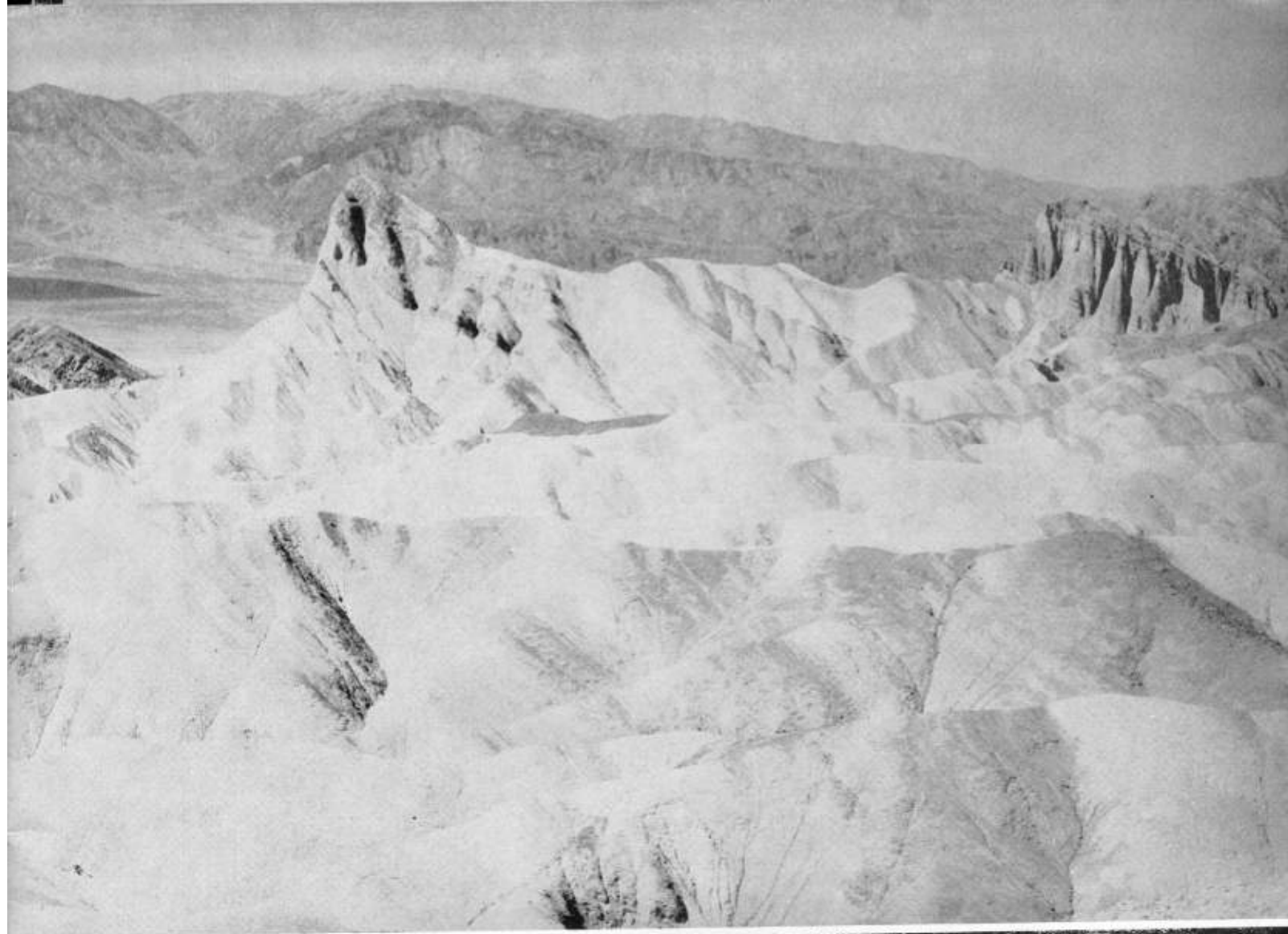






*In the Central Part of California There Is a Valley.
In This Valley There Is a Quiet, Sleepy Little Town.*

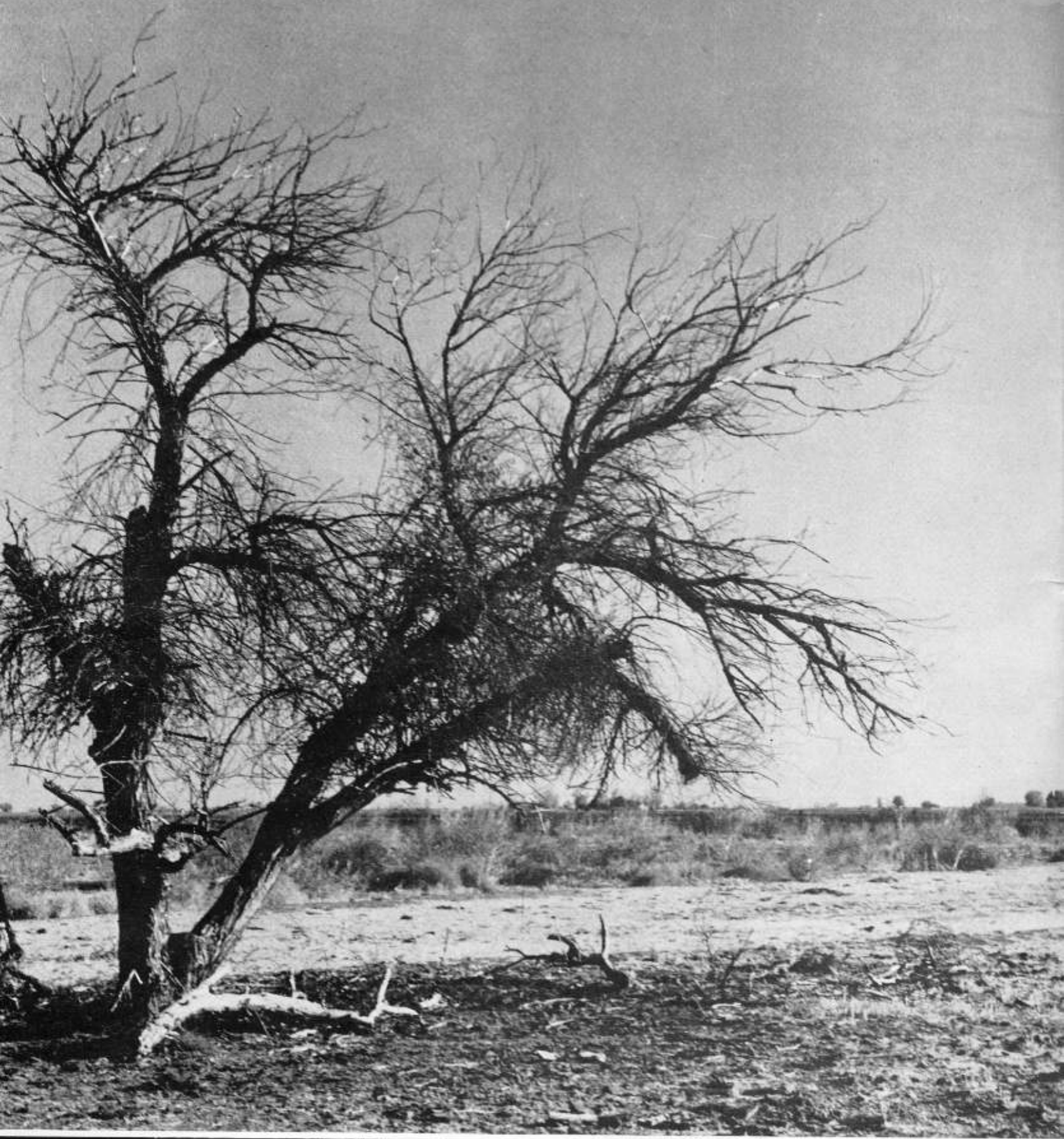




It Is Called the San Joaquin.

But Today It Is at War As Are All American Towns.





*Out beyond its reaches,
Out past its fertile farms,
Out where the land is flat and barren...*



Here grows an air field. Air once empty save the encircling vulture, now knows the roar of many planes, lonely land the past home of the sunning snake now resounds with the feet of marching men...



All this industry, this building, this rippling and smoothing of the earth, has but one driving impulse; to produce airmen to man the wings of destruction that will carry the flaming hell of our vengeance to the foe who would encroach on what we call America.

This is the picture of one such class, known simply as 43-B, yet it is a symbol of youth, free youth, world over, calmly readying itself to fight and die for a heritage so proud, casting one fleeting look backward in these pages on a task well done. It is even now turning and challenging the fiercest and most difficult unknown of all, the future. To them and to those whose devotion to duty makes this book possible, we dedicate this book.



Just as it is fitting that this land that knew this peace, should shelter its brood as they unsurely test their new found wings, so it is also fitting that they should be led by a war bird, old in the ways of death, yet wise in the ways of man,

COLONEL DONALD B. PHILLIPS



It crams its love and learning under the careful tutelage of . . .



MAJOR H. J. BECHTEL

LT. COL. H. A. SCHMID

its Director of Training and Assistant



CAPT. T. G. NETCHER



MR. RALPH GREENAMYRE

The Director of Flying and Director of Ground School.

Its daily tasks and chores, its food and pay and clothing and shelter and many cares and wants and little things that add to that great one morale are administered by its . . .

COMMANDANT OF CADETS



CAPT. M. A. ANDERSON

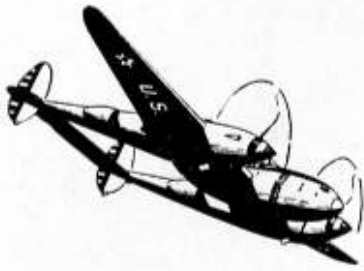
and its
TACTICAL OFFICER



LT. S. A. ROBBIN



FLIERS



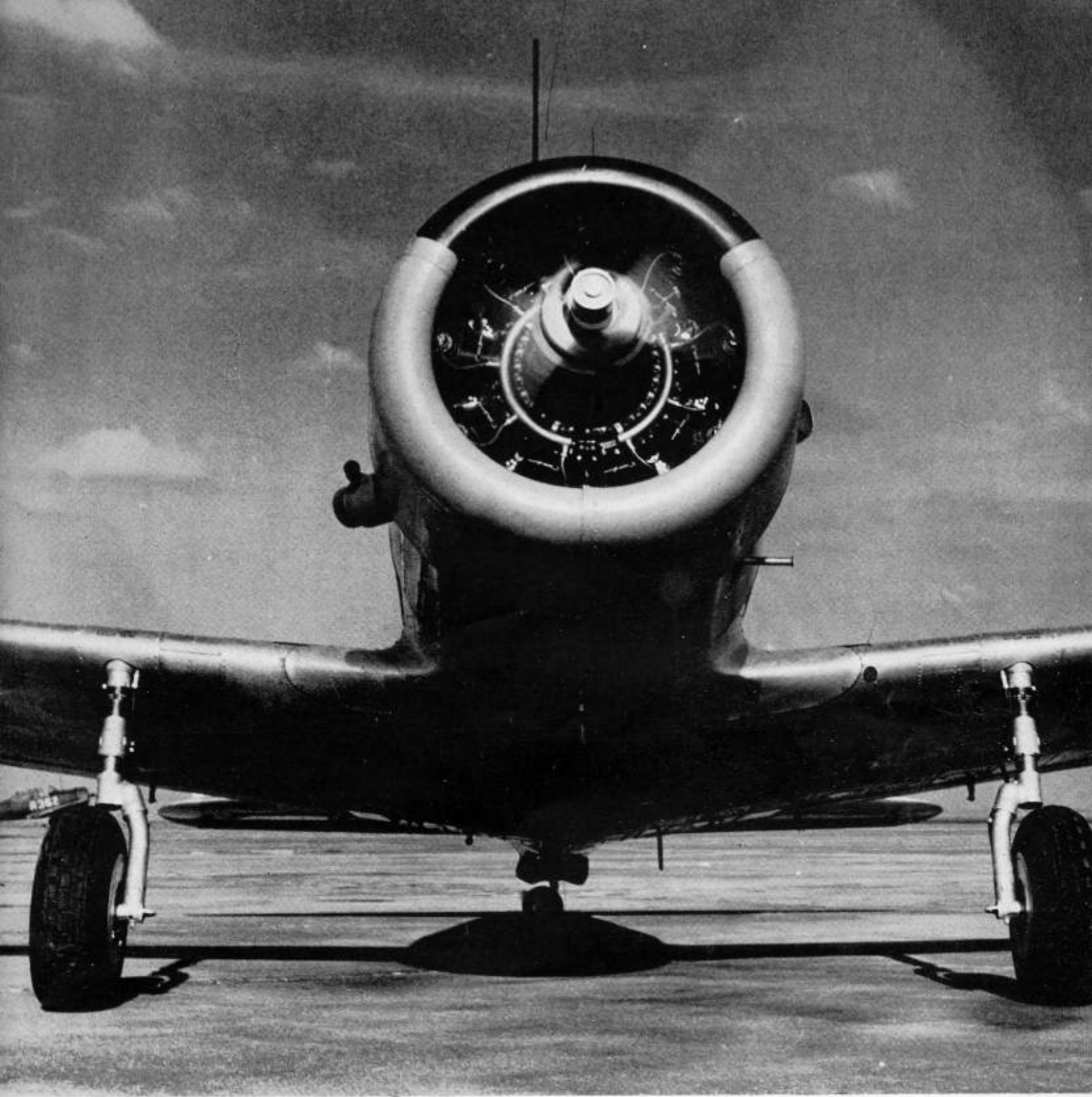
Come on and join the Air Corps,
And get your flying pay;
You don't have to work at all . . .
Just loaf around all day.
While others toil and study hard
And soon grow old and blind,
You take the air without a care,
And never, never mind.

Our pilots do a lot of stunts
And do them well, of course;
And if you think that isn't hard,
Just try to loop a horse.

Come on and get promoted
As high as you desire,
You're riding on the gravy-train
When you're an Army flier.
But just when you're about to be
A general, you find
That your engines cough, and your
wings fall off,
But you will never mind.

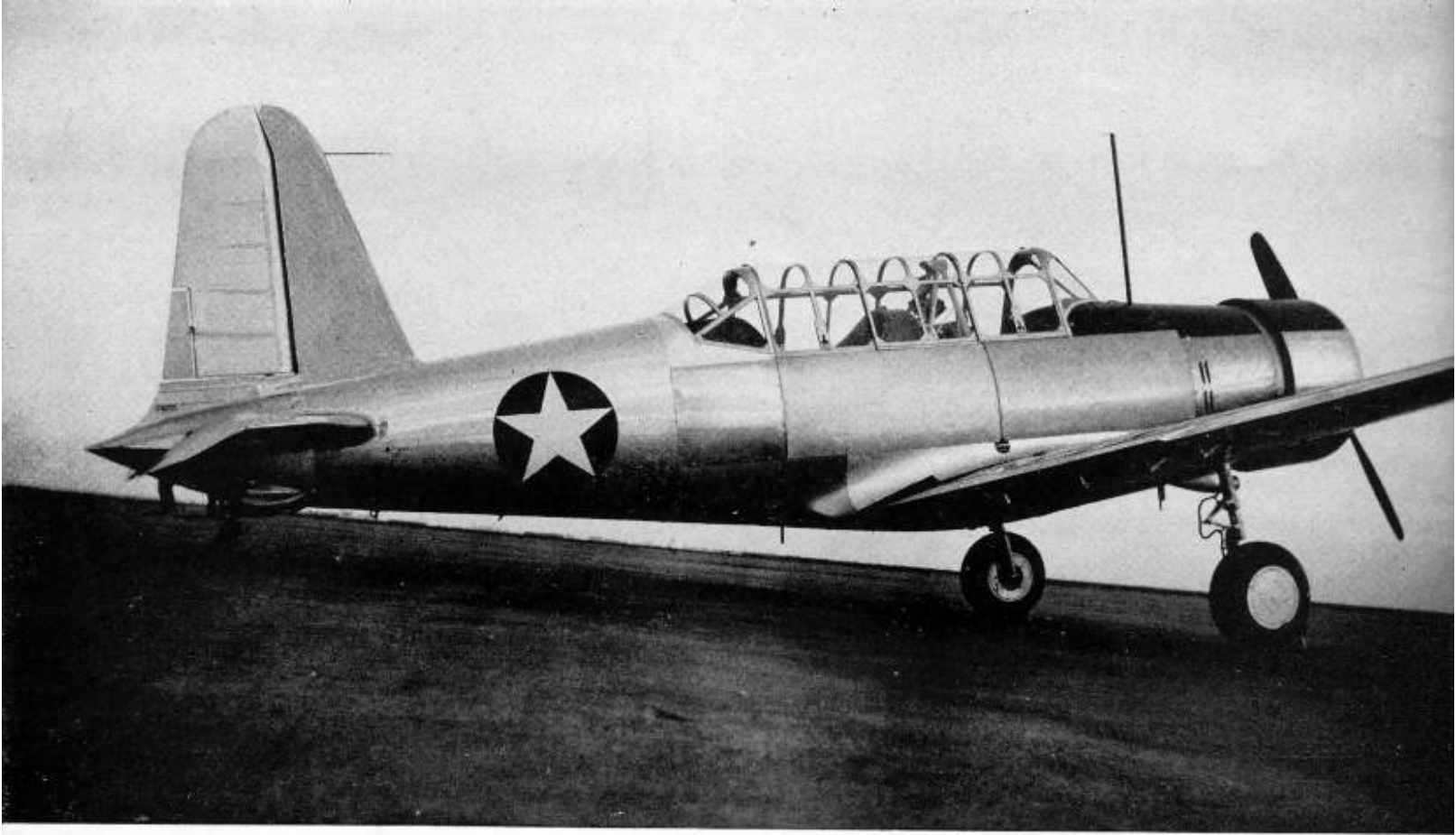
In the next section of this book the reader will have an opportunity to scan the faces and read the character in those faces of the men that will be flying tomorrow's war planes. He will not find an easy task, for the story is none less than that of modern America. Lawyers, farmers, students, shopkeepers, sailors and business men, rich and poor, have but two ideas in common, a desire to fly and a love of freedom.



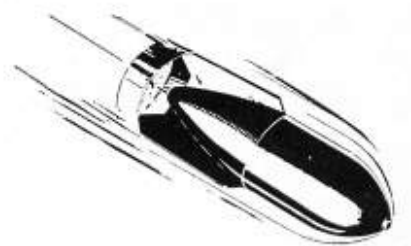


You will become acquainted with many characters within these covers, but before continuing, let us introduce the heroine of the story. Like all good actresses, she is high strung and nervous, ugly and beautiful in turn, sometimes willing, more often deceitful. We can never master her. Our best is a sort of grudging co-operation, yet she is our true love . . .

Meet the Missus B T-13 A



GROUP 2



DISPATCHER
ANTONE K. COFF

DISPATCHER
ASHFORD S. [unclear]

DISPATCHER

DISPATCHER

INTACHED [unclear]
STUDENT [unclear]
FLYING [unclear]

TOTAL ON STAFF

LEAVE

LEAVE

LEAVE

DET. SERVICE

DET. SERVICE

DET. SERVICE

SICK

SICK

SICK



CAPTAIN R. K. FLETCHER

CAPT. E. A. MCKOY

CAPTAIN R. K. FLETCHER

CAPTAIN E. A. MCKOY



Group 2 Staff



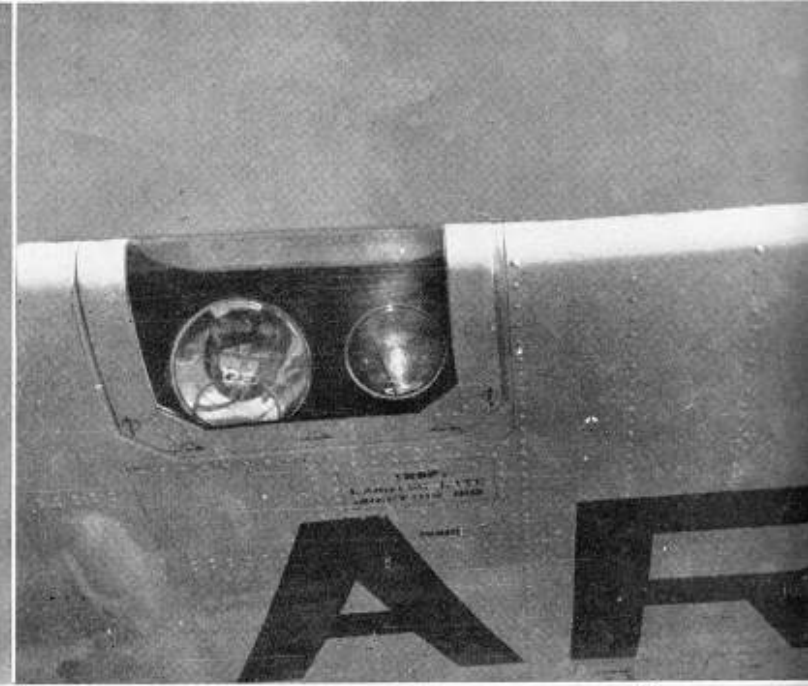
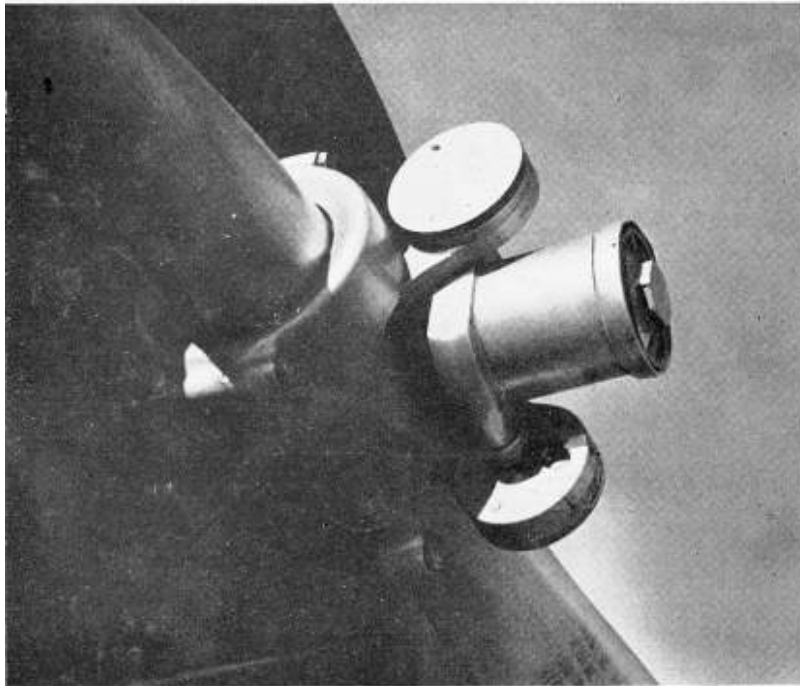
FLORA SKOEGARD
Secretary



TECH. SGT. L. D. DENTON
Chief Dispatcher



BT - 13 A-





Lt. F. P. Tracey



Lt. R. T. Sheridan



Lt. M. C. Norris

officers



Lt. E. J. Cook



Lt. A. B. Guinther



Lt. T. J. Gaines



Lt. E. V. Kramer



Lt. J. F. Reid



Lt. E. R. Roy



Lt. H. L. Parker



Lt. H. W. Eddy



Lt. J. J. Hunt



Lt. J. G. Grove



Lt. J. S. Hislop



Lt. J. C. Crumal



Lt. M. R. Jordan

Officers



Lt. E. L. Ranier



Lt. E. A. Butts



Lt. D. W. Proctor



Lt. R. S. Dorsey



Lt. R. R. Waldeck



Lt. R. P. Morgan



Lt. G. M. Roberts



Lt. C. W. Morgan



Lt. C. B. Handwright



Lt. E. R. Hoffman

9 Squadron

15
14
31



LT. J. J. HANNEGAN
Squadron Commander



LT. C. J. BROWN
Assistant Squadron Commander

The time will come, when thou shalt lift thine eyes
To watch a long drawn battle in the skies,
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,
Stare at the flying fleets of wond'rous birds.
Where winds and waves confess her sovereignty,
And reign, the sovereign of the conquered air.

Gray's "Luna Habitabilis"
1737





A/C P. R. Balsiger



A/C E. P. Bates



A/C C. E. Breedon



A/C H. R. Baker



A/C R. C. Bachfoll



A/C F. E. Alber



A/C C. M. Adams



A/C E. E. Bonti



A/C C. S. Anderson



A/C F. T. Adams



A/C E. J. Austin



A/C R. B. Atchison



A/C F. M. Colkins



A/C W. C. Bruns



A/C J. E. Bryan



A/C R. H. Barron



A/C R. C. Bennett



A/C J. B. Bean



A/C R. C. Brown



A/C R. E. Bliss



A/C S. J. Bryon



A/C J. E. Brandt



A/C R. L. Buck



A/C M. L. Bloss



A/C J. W. Beighley



A/C W. O. Bay



A/C C. W. Anthony



A/C L. G. Alphonse



A/C V. L. Bauer



A/C K. M. Abbott



A/C W. D. Allen



A/C J. C. Austin



A/C F. G. Bennett



A/C J. E. Barieau



A/C W. C. Bradley



A/C H. W. Bortner



A/C G. I. Byrnes



A/C R. A. Bales



A/C R. L. Buttke



A/C M. L. Burtbach



A/C T. L. Skelton



A/C C. E. Alford



A/C H. T. Brown



A/C H. N. Campbell



A/C B. F. Barry



A/C G. M. Butler



A/C W. F. Bradford



A/C J. R. Bowman



A/C R. W. Bradley

10 Squadron



LT. G. C. WELCH
Squadron Commander



LT. G. D. GARY
Assistant Squadron Commander

Joy in your heart as you skim the hills
Islanded out of the fog.
To be just a ghost of the morning clouds,
Essence of color and air—
River Mists under you wrapping the wood,
Tears blown back in your hair.

Eade's "They Muse Hath Wings"





A/C A. J. DiGiacomo



A/C C. C. Dunn



A/C D. E. Creps



A/C R. C. Diehl



A/C H. C. Carson



A/C W. B. Christy



Lt. A. V. Clark



A/C C. M. Crono



A/C R. E. Forssell



A/C E. E. Elsey



A/C L. H. Dunagan



A/C W. E. Dwinell



A/C J. M. Dietzel



A/C E. L. Corbiere



A/C J. N. Chorak



A/C G. H. Cory

11 Squadron



LT. N. F. BUNDGARD
Squadron Commander



LT. D. E. RICHARD
Assistant Squadron Commander

"Out of the bright—and, no, not vacant!—heavens
Redeemers will be coming by-and-by."

James Branch Cabell
"The Silver Stallion"





A/C H. V. Johnson



A/C H. W. Ice



A/C C. E. Kent



A/C W. H. Heily



A/C C. E. Johnson



ASC H. L. Jenks



A/C L. F. Fry



A/C Jay W. Gordenier



A/C R. H. Gnekow



A/C F. F. Garner



A/C W. E. Gatewood



A/C W. G. Groom



A/C P. Irlbe



A/C P. E. Holland



A/C D. C. Hartle



A/C C. W. Herrall



A/C H. Heilman



A/C G. V. Hasler



A/C T. T. Hawkes



A/C R. G. Halloran



A/C J. A. Hoy



A/C D. D. Hutchens



A/C E. V. Hershey



A/C B. C. Karther



A/C N. C. Keister



A/C E. E. Johnson



A/C W. W. Grieshaber



A/C C. C. Gregory



A/C C. A. Geffys



A/C W. B. Huber



A/C V. R. Hedges



A/C H. L. Henderson

12 Squadron



CAPT. W. H. MOORE
Flight Commander

LT. H. J. STRUTH
Assistant Flight Commander

... lives not poised between
Future and past but hurtles with grim mirth
To split the sluggard seconds on his screen—
A comet, tadpole—tapered back to birth.

Eade's "They Muse Hath Wings"





A/C W. E. Miller



A/C K. K. Kochendorfer



A/C V. M. Kramer



A/C G. K. McCormac



A/C Dale Neelly



A/C E. W. Moes



A/C M. E. Legendre



A/C P. H. Moore



A/C L. F. Malarin



A/C R. G. Myers



A/C T. Nicolay



A/C C. E. Mayakis



A/C J. B. Merrill



A/C B. C. Mitchell



A/C J. P. McKeon



A/C G. T. Lewis



A/C J. L. McKinstry



A/C R. S. Moore



A/C C. R. Kirkpatrick



A/C H. T. Mesnik



A/C W. E. Miller



A/C A. F. Kirschner



A/C Wm. Klaus



A/C E. J. Murray



A/C W. W. McDannel



A/C T. J. Nicholaisen



A/C J. T. Newquist



Lt. B. L. Mehr



A/C R. C. Nelson



A/C G. F. Lindsey



A/C W. G. Mansfield



A/C E. R. McLean



A/C W. M. Meshad



A/C T. F. Lambie



A/C C. L. Longueil



A/C G. L. Moles



A/C P. A. Nelson



A/C W. D. Nims



A/C R. W. Naye



A/C D. G. Nelson



A/C B. D. Laubacher



A/C E. A. Nasset



A/C W. N. McCullough



A/C G. M. Magee



A/C E. Lee



A/C C. W. Lankford



A/C A. W. Meyers



A/C L. A. Kidd

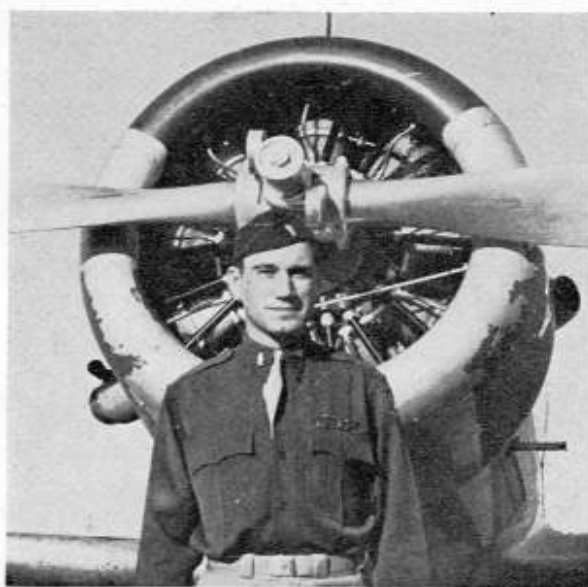


A/C C. R. Leedham



A/C E. W. McEntee

13 Squadron



LT. M. H. SLATE
Flight Commander

I questioned the sky; if it were still hollow
And got from the shell of night the old answer.

Winfield Townley Scott





A/C J. L. Soulsbury



A/C R. C. Norton



A/C C. E. Overmyer



A/C E. E. Ours



A/C R. M. Pirnie



A/C L. G. Pitts



A/C R. E. Paternoster



A/C G. B. Pence



A/C L. S. Reed



A/C I. L. Rice



A/C C. E. Roe



A/C C. D. Smith



A/C E. H. Shafter



A/C J. C. Seeley



A/C J. R. Shulick



A/C D. E. Smith



A/C M. T. Nolan



A/C A. L. Owen



A/C A. G. Philip



A/C D. A. Palmer



A/C R. F. Regan



A/C Budd E. Revesz



A/C S. A. Robinson



A/C F. A. Rundle



A/C J. Silverstein



A/C J. C. Scowcroft



A/C C. T. Scholl



A/C H. B. Shields



A/C P. R. Sallee



A/C D. E. Sanders



A/C C. H. Shambeck



A/C J. E. Patterson



A/C R. J. Phillips



A/C J. W. Sear



A/C L. H. Quillen



A/C E. E. Peyton



A/C A. G. Smart



A/C G. H. Pappas



A/C R. F. Shrigley



A/C W. R. Peck



A/C G. D. Rosado



A/C B. C. Pinnick



A/C C. L. Slayton



A/C W. A. Selby



A/C H. E. Scott

14 Squadron



LT. J. R. JONES
Flight Commander

LT. J. F. DOERN
Assistant Flight Commander

And when, at last, the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

Louis Untermeyer
"Prayer"





A/C E. C. Smith



A/C S. D. Swanson



A/C R. G. Wanda



A/C W. Z. Weber



A/C A. M. Webb



A/C R. E. Strong



A/C E. F. Swart



A/C W. G. Standen



A/C F. M. Talbot



A/C E. T. Wellner



A/C W. B. Spicer



A/C F. W. Trumbower



A/C R. S. Smith



A/C L. W. Young



A/C Roy Swanson



A/C E. A. Wick



A/C H. V. Young



A/C P. R. Von Ins



A/C C. B. Winkleman



A/C C. G. Wire



A/C C. H. Swenson



A/C F. A. Stone



A/C H. H. Walker



A/C W. Stankevich



A/C W. C. Smith



A/C D. E. Terry



A/C D. M. Sovereign



A/C R. W. Strachan



A/C E. J. Thor



A/C J. A. White



A/C R. W. Zimmerman



A/C V. L. Ventling



A/C R. H. Turnquist



A/C J. C. Woolley



A/C R. L. Winters



A/C R. E. Willkie



A/C C. F. Steward



A/C R. A. Tolhurst



A/C G. L. Woodford



A/C P. A. Williams



A/C B. R. Venable



A/C R. P. Walker



A/C E. L. Wilson



A/C H. H. Sperber



A/C M. R. Thornycroft



A/C E. L. Yount



A/C N. R. Smith



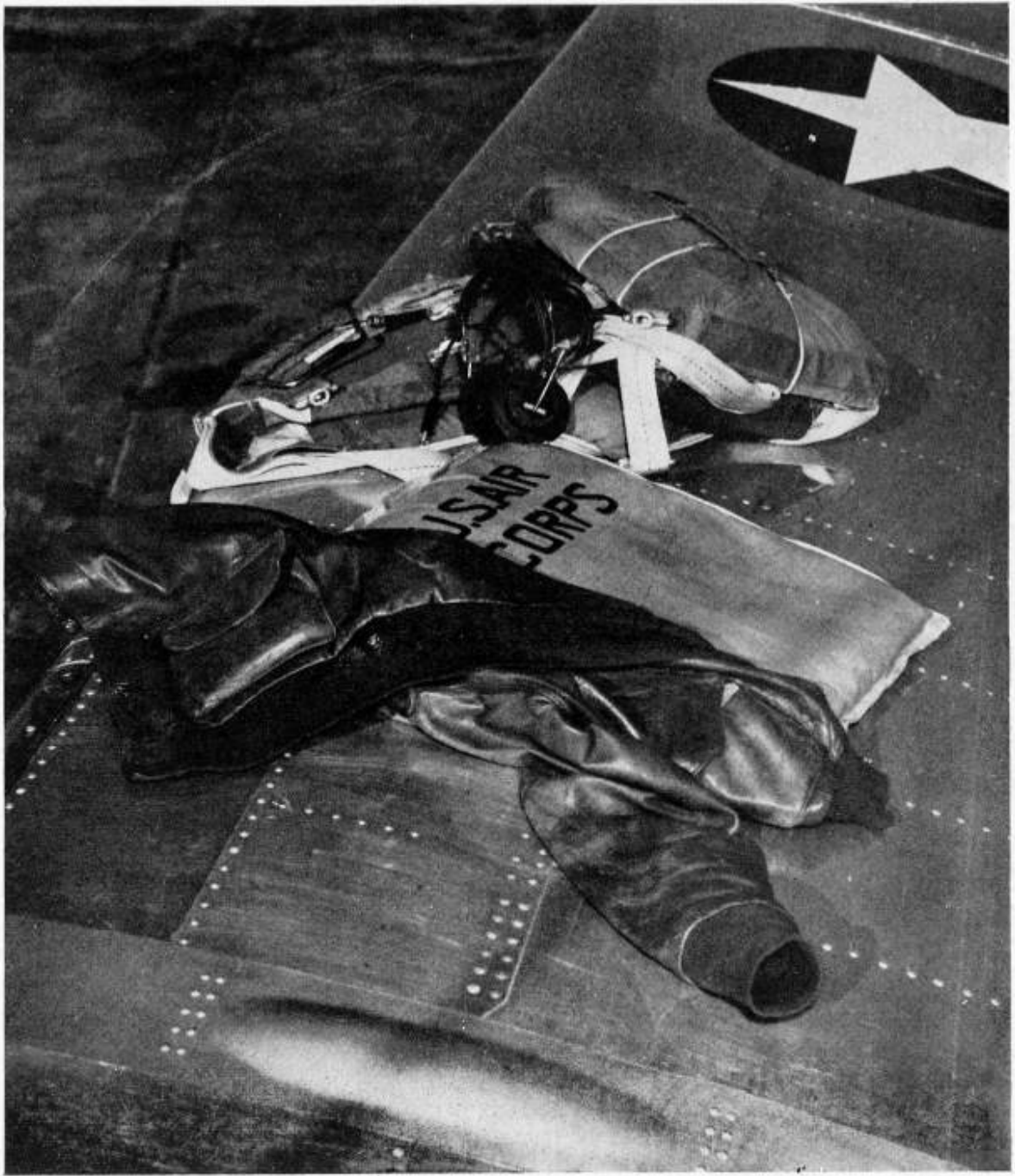
A/C E. D. Young



A/C K. W. Yoss

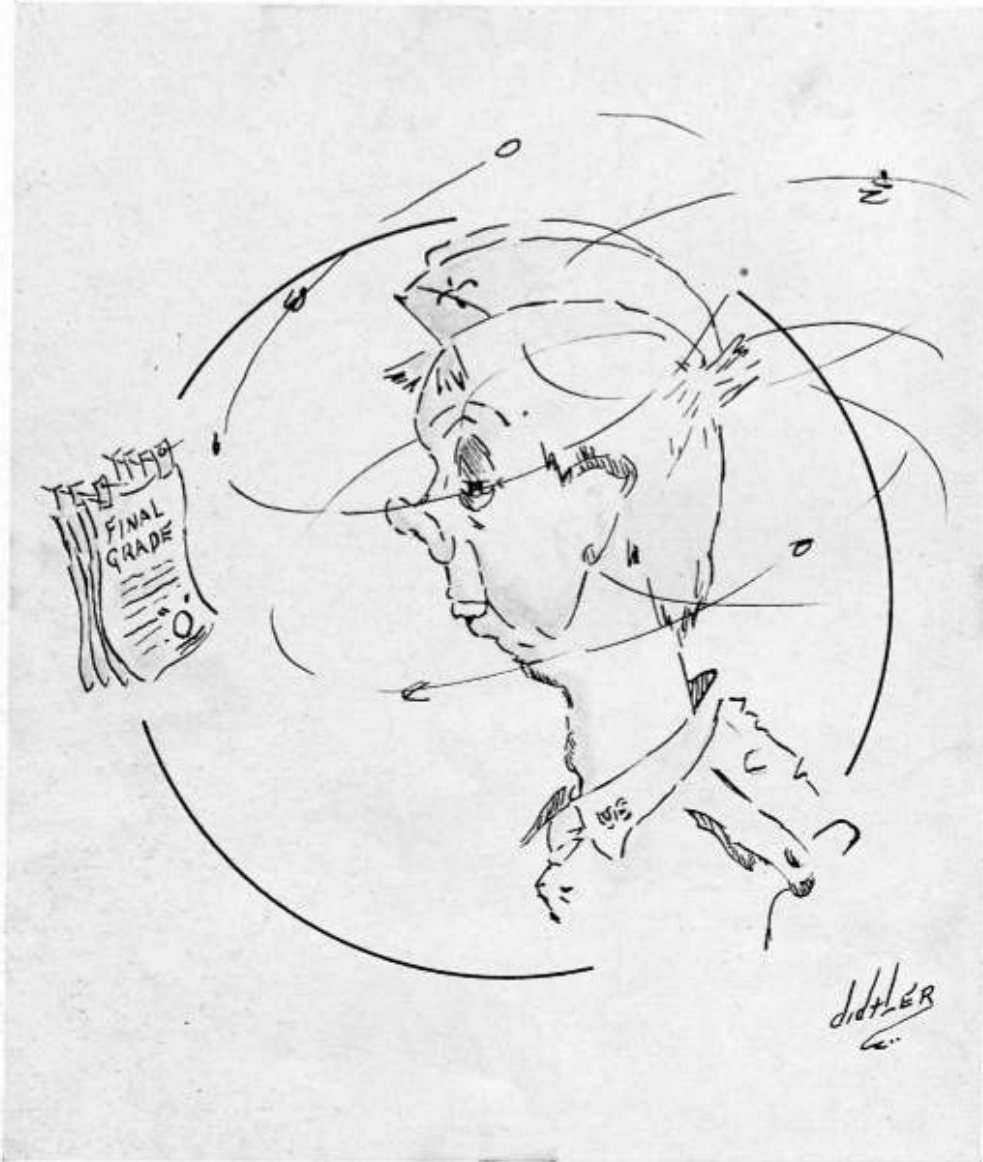


A/C R. S. Steeb



CADETS





Now that you have seen their faces, we would like to take you behind the scenes, to the work, the laughter, the play and the long hours which make up an aviation cadet's day. It has little of the glory, and none of the romance one sees pictured in the colorful signs in front of the village Post-Office, or so stirringly dramatized by the "March of Time." It is a dream coming true, a dream of invincible air power, but like all dreams, it has but one means of realization, the sweat of many brows and the co-operative effort of willing individuals.



The Class Dance





If military flying was only the imposing of our will upon an airplane, there would be few complications in our Air Force Training Program, but a pilot must know where he is going and more important, how to get back, rain or shine. Too, he must have the physical capabilities to master his craft, hence our ground training.





Coking - up, learning instruments or waiting for the take off time - the flight line with its many roars and smells throbs with life.

★ Cockpit Procedure

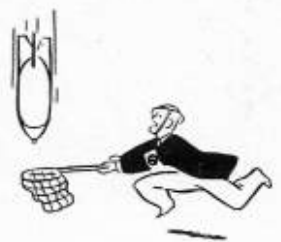


FLIGHT LINE





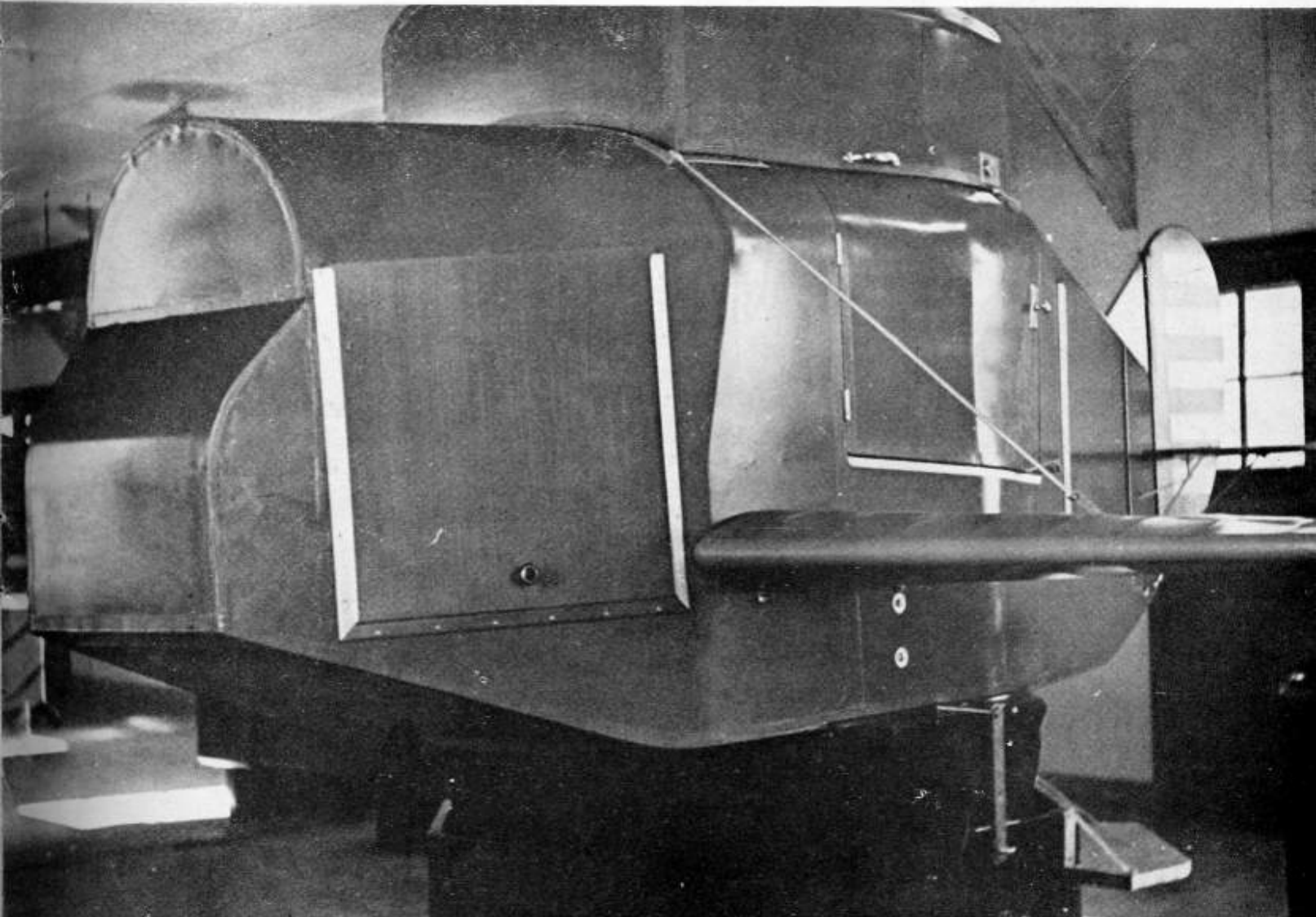
G
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THIS
THING
CALLED
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TRAINER





SERVICE





We Made This Book.



I Supervised the Job.

Lt. James P. Reid



I Wrote It and Designed the Composition.

P/C Terry Hasler

*MAH
GAINES*



And We Did the Work.



A/c James Carah
Associate Editor

T/Sgt. Maynard H. Hood
Photography

Pat. Wm. J. Lunn
Clerk



They Told Me What They Wanted and I Took 'Em.

LEST WE FORGET WE ARE
BUT PART OF A WHOLE

"We talk about Commandos, Rangers and Parachute Troops... tanks and airplanes are of great importance, but assault troops, which finally conquer the ground are largely infantry."

Secretary of War, Stimson.

No, wars are not won by airpower, nor seapower, nor armor power, but by gut power of brave men. Men, earthbound men, who have no steel covered death spitting Robin Hood machines to carry them to battle, their weapons, a touch of a song, a strong heart, a good cause, faith. Yet with these, they have fought and won all wars and are fighting and winning this one.

We, of the Air Forces, let us never lose the realization that we are but serving that little man on the ground, who will walk to Berlin, while we ride.

★ GIVE US A HAND - WE'LL GIVE 'EM HELL!



We Proudly Remember

**Second Lieutenant
Don G. Crook**

**Aviation Cadet
Edgar A. Poleski**

**Aviation Cadet
Dino A. Berardo**

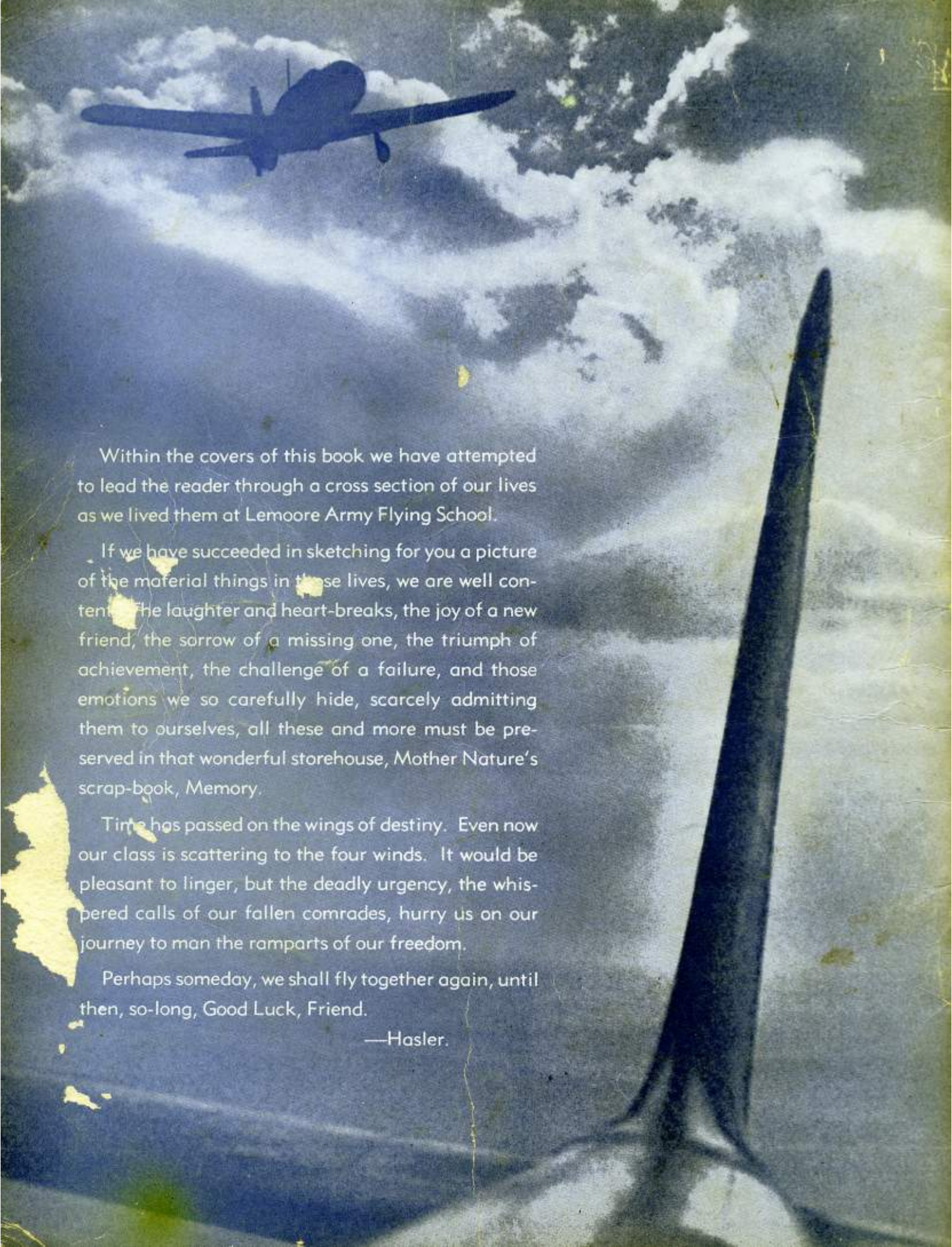
Who gave their lives in the service of their country,

at Lemoore Army Flying School

November

nineteen hundred and forty-two





Within the covers of this book we have attempted to lead the reader through a cross section of our lives as we lived them at Lemoore Army Flying School.

If we have succeeded in sketching for you a picture of the material things in these lives, we are well content. The laughter and heart-breaks, the joy of a new friend, the sorrow of a missing one, the triumph of achievement, the challenge of a failure, and those emotions we so carefully hide, scarcely admitting them to ourselves, all these and more must be preserved in that wonderful storehouse, Mother Nature's scrap-book, Memory.

Time has passed on the wings of destiny. Even now our class is scattering to the four winds. It would be pleasant to linger, but the deadly urgency, the whispered calls of our fallen comrades, hurry us on our journey to man the ramparts of our freedom.

Perhaps someday, we shall fly together again, until then, so-long, Good Luck, Friend.

—Hasler.