



# DREAMBOAT

*fifty-two Baker*

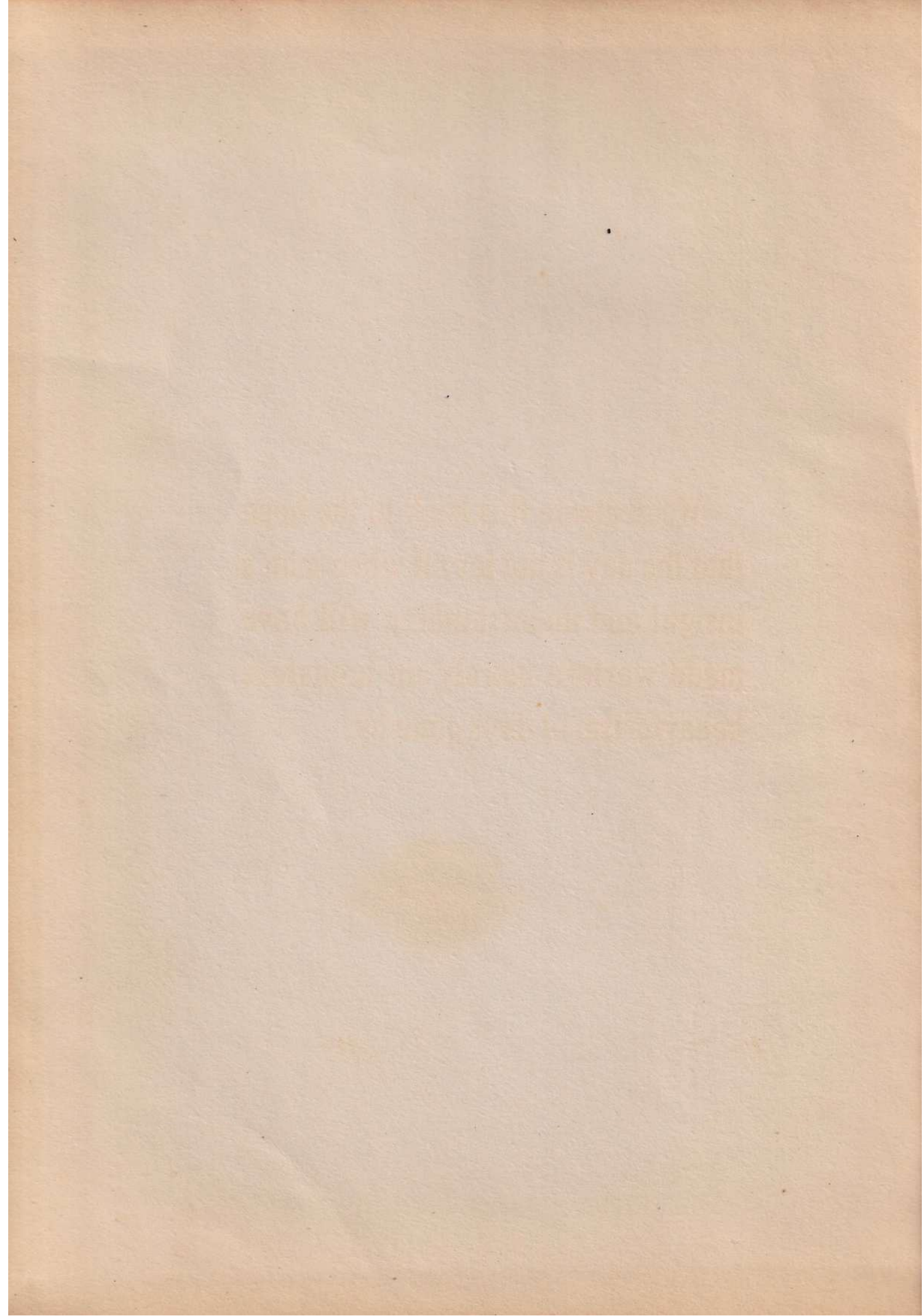




Dale O. Housel

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**We dedicate this book to the hope  
that the day is not far off when man's  
insight and understanding will have  
made warfare merely an immature  
behaviorism of days gone by.**







OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER  
COLUMBUS AIR FORCE BASE, MISSISSIPPI

8 September 1951

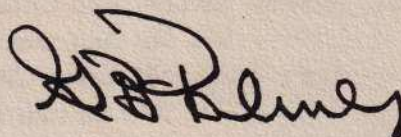
TO: Class 52-B

As graduates of Basic Pilot Training you have reached the first major milestone and accomplished the first part of your task necessary to attain your goal of becoming Air Force Pilots.

My congratulations on your present achievement and best wishes for a successful completion of advanced training where you will receive the coveted Silver Wings of an Air Force Pilot.

Since you were the first class to enter here at Columbus Air Force Base after its reactivation, you certainly had many impediments to overcome that other classes will not face. You were the "pioneers" and we all learned along with you.

It is hoped you will remember your training here as something designed to provide you with the tools and "know how" which will be required of you in advanced training and finally as officer pilots in the Air Force. Remember you must be officers and leaders as well as pilots. The Air Force and the Nation is expecting much of you. Accept your responsibilities and bear them to the best of your abilities.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'G. B. Palmer', with a stylized, cursive script.

G. B. PALMER  
Lt. Colonel, USAF  
Commanding





## MAJOR JOHN S. BUCKWALTER COMMANDANT OF STUDENTS

Born in Lititz, Pennsylvania, Major Buckwalter went through high school there before going on to the University of Delaware. Upon his graduation in 1941, he went straight into Cadet training, receiving his wings and commission in May, 1942. He then went to Randolph as a flight instructor for ten months before going to Garden City, Kansas, in the same capacity. It was while at Garden City that he married Miss Jean Sanson, whom he had met while stationed at Randolph. Before leaving Garden City, he was made Air Inspector, a position he held subsequently at Eagle Pass, Texas, and at Brooks Field. In February, 1946, he transferred to Middletown, Pennsylvania, where he assumed the duties of Base Operations Officer as well as Engineering Officer. After a tour in Alaska, he returned to Randolph as Military Training Instructor in 1948, and from there he reported to CAFB in February to take part in the organization and establishment of the base.





**CAPT. GERALD W. MASSY**

Captain Massy is a Minnesotan by birth but a Californian by adoption. He received most of his schooling in Minnesota, then moved to Los Angeles where he completed his schooling and entered the insurance business. After war had been declared, he went into the Cadet program, earning his wings just under the age deadline—two weeks before his 27th birthday. He instructed Cadets for a year at Randolph before transferring to CIS, also at Randolph, to polish and standardize future Cadet flight instructors. Upon receipt of his discharge, Captain Massy returned to the insurance business, though this time in San Antonio. In his spare time, he was a flight leader with the local Air National Guard unit, flying F-51's. About a year before Korea, he switched to the reserve, was recalled in March of this year, and shortly thereafter made his appearance at CAFB.



**LT. WILTON W. WEAVER**

Born in Boyce, Virginia, Lt. Weaver finished school there and worked in the construction business and managed a self-service grocery store before being drafted into the Infantry. After basic, he was sent overseas to Italy, where, before returning to the states, he managed a PX and later became 1st sergeant. He received his discharge in 1946, and shortly thereafter decided to enter OCS. After receiving his commission, he was assigned to Lackland for a year as a training officer before deciding to take pilot training. He finished multi-engine at Barksdale in 1949 and went to Randolph as a flight instructor, where he did such an outstanding job that he is now up for a Commendation Ribbon for duties performed as a Flight Instructor at Randolph.



**LT. WILLIAM J. HILL**

Born in Leechburg, Pa., Lt. Hill went from school into the Army Air Force as a private. He became an assistant crew chief on a Douglas B-23 before entering Cadets at Maxwell Field in 1942. After receiving his wings, he spent the remainder of the war instructing Cadets in the Vultee "Vibrator". In December, 1945, he retired to inactive status and went to La Grange, Ga., as a light plane flight instructor. In 1947, he joined the Tuskegee News as linotype operator and shop foreman. Lt. Hill received his recall, August, 1950, and went to Randolph where he was a flight instructor before reporting to Columbus.



**LT. JOHN W. BENDER**

Lt. Bender was born in Wisconsin, and after finishing school, moved to Zion, Illinois, to work with Abbott Laboratories. In 1942, he enlisted in the Army as a private, then joined Cadets, and graduated from twin-engine advanced at Seymour, Indiana. He remained there for about six months as a flight instructor before going to transition school for B-24's. From there he went to Maxwell where he trained in B-29's. V-J day came before he completed his training at Maxwell, and Lt. Bender returned to Zion and Abbott Laboratories. In March of this year, he was recalled to active duty and sent to Randolph where he stayed briefly before coming to Columbus.



# MAJOR JACK MOSES



*"There is no more desirable assignment than being with a Basic Pilot Training Group, but never have I enjoyed working with a finer group of men than those at Columbus."*

Major Moses was born and raised in Lubbock, Texas, graduating from high school there in 1933 and going on to Wayland College, Baylor University, and Southwestern University. He held a pastorate for two years in Moody, Texas before joining the Air Force in June of 1943 and attending Chaplain's school at Harvard University. He was stationed out on the west coast for a year before heading for the Pacific and duties on New Guinea, Laiti, and Luzon. He returned to the States in November of 1945 and was stationed at Mitchell AFB. After seven months, he was on the move again, this time joining the 60th Troop Carrier Wing at Munich until the middle of 1949, when he returned once more to the United States. He was assigned as Training Group Chaplain at Randolph, but left there in February to assume his duties here at Columbus where he has come to be known by many and respected by all.





MAJOR  
VERNON F. VINSON

MAJOR  
JOHN A. SOLLARS



CAPT.  
CHARLES H. MORROW

CAPT.  
DOUGLAS W. THOMPSON



LT.  
JOSEPH P. McFARREN

LT.  
HOMER J. STAGGS





# CEA

California Eastern Airways was originally founded as a partnership in November, 1945. In January, 1946, it was incorporated in the state of Delaware with principal offices in Oakland and New York. The company was founded as an air freight line, using five Douglas C-54's, and by 1948, was one of the largest of domestic air freight operators.

In May, 1948, active air freight operations were suspended, but rather than liquidate, the company decided to convert its aircraft for passenger use and lease them to other carriers. Shortly after the Korean War broke out, CEA took part in the Pacific airlift to Tokyo, and is presently operating five planes in this lift.

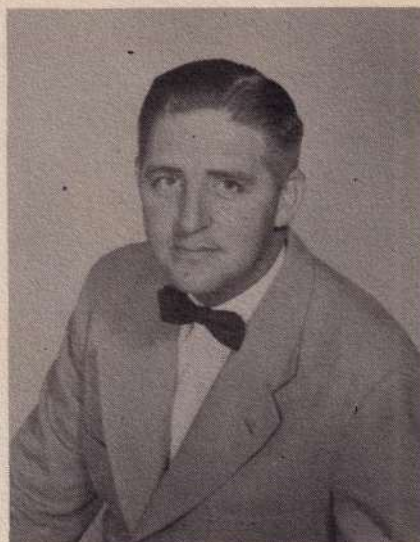
Right now, CEA has an application before the Civil Aeronautics Board for a certificate of public convenience and necessity as an air-coach carrier. The application, which is still pending, covers proposed trans-continental service between the East and West coasts, and if approved, will go a long way toward putting California Eastern in the national limelight.





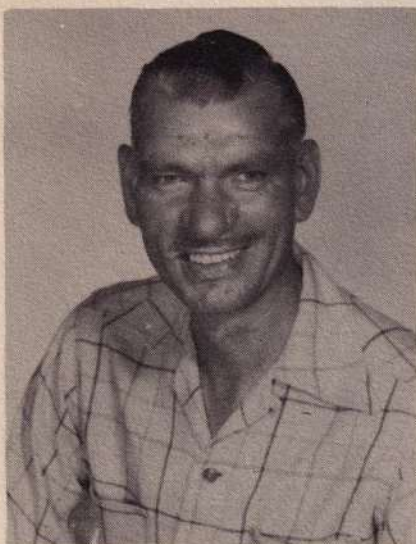
### HAROLD W. GARBETT

Mr. Garbett was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, graduating from high school there in 1934. He went on in his schooling to study business administration, and in 1936, got his first job as a cashier with a novelty firm. He then worked for United Cigar Stores, Inc., and later, for Steel Engineer's Company. He then moved to United Airlines, first in flight dispatching work, and later as an assistant station master at San Rafael, California, working on the Pacific airlift activities of United for the Army Air Corps. In 1946, Mr. Garbett joined California Eastern Airways, taking charge of air freight handling, billing, storing, and dispatching. Then in February of this year, he was transferred to Columbus AFB where he is now assistant to Director S. J. Solomon.



### WILLIAM W. VAUGHAN

A native of Columbus, and a business administration graduate of Mississippi State College, Mr. Vaughan is responsible for the work entrusted to three officers on most other bases—Officer in charge of the Officer's Club, PX Officer, and Special Services Officer. His background includes time spent with the Air Force, with North American, and with the Veteran's Administration. He is best known to Cadets through his work with the Cadet Club and its steady improvement. Also well known to Cadets is Mrs. Vaughan, whose efforts have been largely responsible for the success of the Cadet Club dances and have won her the gratitude of more than one Cadet.



### CLEM HONKAMP

The man who has disturbed more retreat formations than any other individual on the base, Mr. Honkamp started flying in 1930, and has been at it ever since. In 1938, he joined National Air Shows as an exhibition aerobatic pilot and went on tour throughout the country. He took time out from his flying in 1939 to marry Miss Edna Carter of Birmingham. In 1941, he made his services as a flight instructor available to Uncle Sam and later became assistant Director of Flight Instruction at Terrell, Texas. Later on, he flew C-46's for the ATC in North Africa. Upon receiving his discharge in 1946, he returned to National Air Shows where he became the sole star and performer in the "Klem Kadiddlehopper" act, using a Curtis pusher, 1910 vintage. In February of this year, Mr. Honkamp came to CAFB and CEA to assume the duties of the Director of Flight Instruction.



### GEORGE M. WHITE

Though from Fort Worth, Mr. White says he is not a Chamber of Commerce Texan. He went from high school to the Marine Corps, and soloed on his own time in 1926 while he was stationed in China. He later left the Marines to study math and meteorology at Oklahoma University and the University of California respectively. Since completing his studies, he has been an academic or flight instructor, except for a brief hand in the furniture-making business shortly before Pearl Harbor. He came to CEA early this year, and has since become well known for his terse and clipped delivery of aeronautical facts and data in ground school.





ELLIOTT Y. FRANKLIN



D. M. WHEELLESS



MASON A. WALLEY

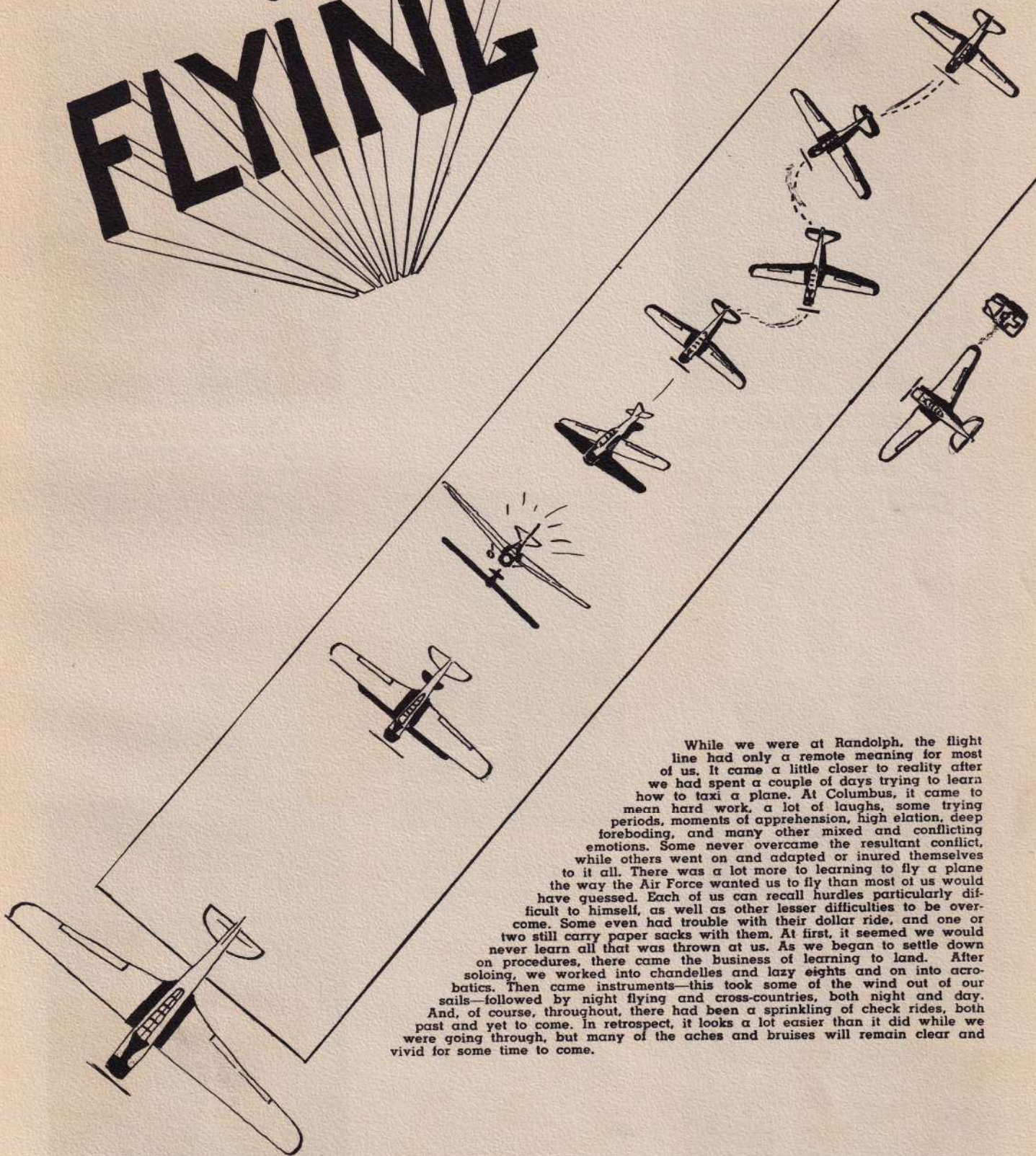
WILLIAM M. EGGERS

JAMES M. WIGGINS





# FLYING



While we were at Randolph, the flight line had only a remote meaning for most of us. It came a little closer to reality after we had spent a couple of days trying to learn how to taxi a plane. At Columbus, it came to mean hard work, a lot of laughs, some trying periods, moments of apprehension, high elation, deep foreboding, and many other mixed and conflicting emotions. Some never overcame the resultant conflict, while others went on and adapted or inured themselves to it all. There was a lot more to learning to fly a plane the way the Air Force wanted us to fly than most of us would have guessed. Each of us can recall hurdles particularly difficult to himself, as well as other lesser difficulties to be overcome. Some even had trouble with their dollar ride, and one or two still carry paper sacks with them. At first, it seemed we would never learn all that was thrown at us. As we began to settle down on procedures, there came the business of learning to land. After soloing, we worked into chandelles and lazy eights and on into acrobatics. Then came instruments—this took some of the wind out of our sails—followed by night flying and cross-countries, both night and day. And, of course, throughout, there had been a sprinkling of check rides, both past and yet to come. In retrospect, it looks a lot easier than it did while we were going through, but many of the aches and bruises will remain clear and vivid for some time to come.





**MERLIN R. GARL**

"If you'd only get your head out."

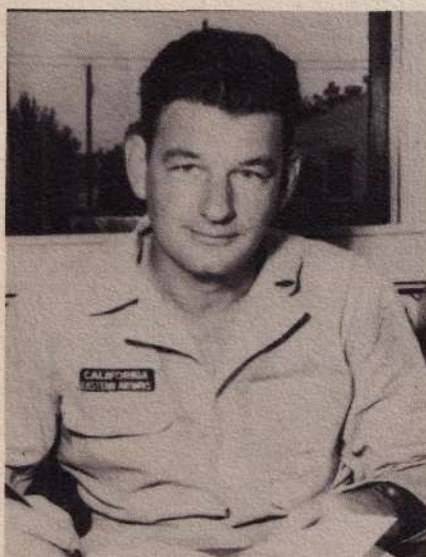
*In Jail*

*Died*



**DAVE HOLLADAY**

"Lock, stock, and barrel."



**WILLIAM H. BLACKSHER**

"Awright, is that clear now?"



**LOUIS F. MacDONALD**

"You haelve it now."





### HENRY "D. C." WHISSEN

The District of Columbus was heard to have soloed one night in the mess hall, and the announcer was the tall, quiet one from those parts. Truly an all-weather pilot, Henry logged most of his solo hours after flying had been called off for the rest of the day. Henry figures on safety in numbers and plans to fly with at least ten engines when his days in cadets end. Never any noise or fuss, Henry met the bird and they became friends. Whenever the weather clanks shut over the field, you'll see Henry and his little friend cutting through a hole to stay in the blue.



### JERALD R. GIBSON

Just what connection exists between soil chemistry and Army Ordnance is hard to say—in Jerry's case, it may have been merely a matter of shuffled MOS's. At any rate, after majoring in soil chemistry at Utah State College, Jerry went to work for the Department of the Army in Ordnance before joining Cadets. His ordnance knowledge should come in mighty handy in the years to come, but his soil contacts had better be on the gentle side.



### WAITE M. ALEXANDER

"You know what I mean."



### WILLIAM "WEEPIN' WILL" HARDENBURGER

"I just can't do it, gang. That check ride will be the last of your old dad." You've heard the story before. I thought I flunked, but I got a hundred, and I can't understand it. "Weepin' Will's" got sad tales he ain't even thought of yet. He'd never solo. So when we were all drinking our mashed potatoes, who pipes up with the old "At ease" routine? "Weepin' Will." of course. Who'll be here figuring out the wash-out statistics when we're home or back at Lackland? "Weepin' Will." What he can't do is in his mind, and what he does is one the squadron time sheet. Don't cry, Bill, the best they give on stages is six.



### LYLE "100%" CAMERON

In every class there has to be one. There has to be one guy who hits three points, on the spot, and cools finals. Lyle just happens to be the Third's red rocket. These Nebraska farm boys are the nation's hope, so it seems. At any rate, I'll cut the switches in my autogyro any time I'm in Mister Cameron's sky. Lyle's hot to trot in the sky or on the ground and I'd personally take a bet that he could pilot that general's command car of his on instruments from the backseat. I'll take your wing anytime, Mister, just stay off my tail.

*Shot down Korea F-84  
Last heard captured by  
chinese.*

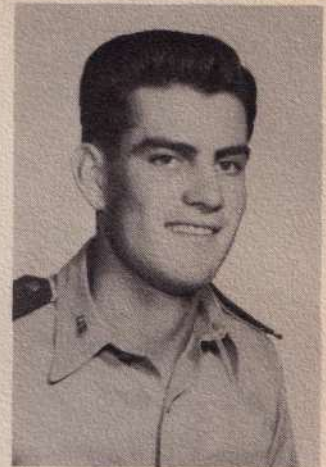
*Returned to U.S.*





**DALE**  
**"I HATE JOHN" YINGST**

Dale flies just a little better than John, and has far more lady friends. Dale figured early in the program that seventy-two hours for dismembering a roommate was too much and has borne his troubles like the even tempered rascal that he is. There's only one guy more loused up than Dale when it comes to putting the finishing touches on his room in the morning, and that's his roommate. I really don't believe he stays behind and scuffs John's shoes, but then you've got to believe one of them.



**WALTER J. SEAMAN**

When it comes to flight shack flying, it's "Black Jack" who tops them all with his no feet landing stories. He claims to have more time on skis than in regular shoes—raise your eyebrows, if you will, but he comes from Denver, and it could be. Regis University claims him as an alumnus (history), but we'd like to know just where along the way he learned his charming way with majors. Such technique.



**HUGHES A. MOORER**

"All right, come out from under the hood and smoke a cigarette."



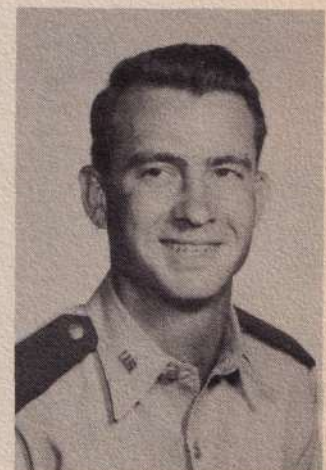
**GUS**  
**"PROFESSOR" SHUBERT**

Watch youse English, lads, we got a teacher in our midst. For hours we split the West and Southwest sides of a hair in School of the Officer, and then Gus gave us the word. The "Professor" left college at an early age and returned to tie up the loose ends for the other profs. Gus has a girl with a talkative little sister, and if he's found muttering and grumbling on Saturday nights, you'll know he didn't get his call through to New York and is contemplating a quiet axe murder. Always the appropriate remark, always the well-timed phrase, what Gus doesn't know, a Second John will have no use for.

Married 29 March '52

M.A.T.S. Long Beach.

*Many thanks for  
 putting on those last  
 touches that mean so  
 much. Sorry I was late!  
 Gus*



**BILL**  
**"WILD ONE" DUTTONHOFFER**

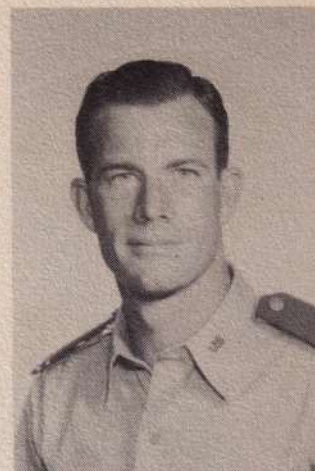
If anyone's laughing in the morning or cracking jokes in the check-riders' flight shack, it's Bill. Give ole "Dut" a stick and a rock, and he'll womp the life out of all the snakes in Carolina. A real fish-lying, woman-killin, mad-hollerin rebel is Bill. Two days with "Dut" and you've lived a lifetime and listened to enough lies to fill a log. It doesn't do Bill too much good to cage the eyeballs on the weekends. His gyros have long since tumbled and erroneous readings are all you could expect from him until Monday morning. Bill cottons to the clouds, and I'll pay my club dues just to hear him talk about it.





### MARTIN C. KELLY

Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Kelly. It took a couple of thousand years, but when Creighton University awarded Marty Kelly, "Boy Cadet," his B. S. in philosophy, the quartet which had been waiting to be completed finally became a reality. Before joining the Air Force, Marty spent his time meditating in a mountain reclusé near Denver, Colorado.



### WILLIAM T. GILL

Gill rhymes with drill, but being one of the stubborn breed from Missouri, he refuses to find anything enjoyable about drill. What Cadet would. Missouri boys can be shown some things, however, and Bill was shown enough of business administration at Union University in Jackson, Tennessee, to get his B. S. degree. Since that time he has shown the T-6 a few things.



### EDWIN N. SIMMONS

"Good luck. Hope you make it. See ya' tomorrow."



### SIDNEY "FLAME FACE" JONES

This Ramblin' Wreck from the mechanics' school in Georgia has probably seen more of the surrounding country-side than most of us. Since the day he took three, zero, six down to the Gulf and back, he's lost all taste for unscheduled cross-countries—too many good maps are ruined that way. Beacon Jones is his own passing light and needs no identification in the pattern. And how the local lasses went for the man—they thought he was blushing all the time.



### WILLIAM T. BROWN

"What'd Ah Say" Brown seemed to get more from the weather course than any of his classmates at Columbus. The accuracy of his predictions on the weekend beer and whiskey fronts amazed everyone. Perhaps he had some training in this specialty at Tennessee State College. His major in physical education probably helped "Brownie," who, by the way, is from deep in the hills of Tennessee, to become the only man to do 948 pull-ups and score only a fair on the phys ed test.





### HENRY "H. O." PORTER

To look at Henry you'd swear he was at least six two. To mention anything over five ten would be suicide. H. O. plans to fit his long Florida body into jets if he had to fly bare-foot. Never spun in at link or lost Dreamboat. Henry's learned much about instructor nomenclature. "Egg-head" is not a name. The poor man's Gary Cooper. Henry plans to burn a lot of sky with a screaming flame. Arizona can look for the world's dustiest red Ford when Henry "Rogers" the green from Columbus.



### ALBERT M. CHRISTENSEN

California is well represented in the First Squadron and Chris is the Placentia representative. None of us will forget that day when Chris, the first mister to solo who hadn't had previous time, lept off in the T-terrible-6 and then brought it back. We all weren't engineers from Fullerton Junior College, but we began to think that maybe we should have been.



### JAMES B. MATHIS, JR.

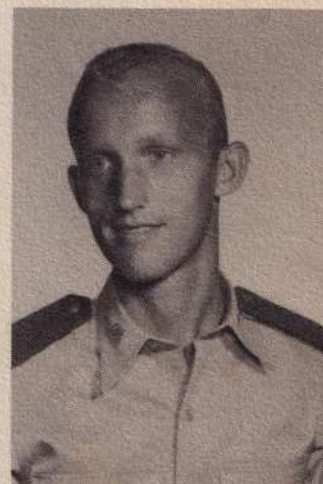
"I don't ever want to catch you doing this."



### PATRICK "FLAPS" McPHERSON

There's been a lot said about the men of the mighty Third. Glorious pages of local history have been written above Columbus, but never has one man been so completely outstanding in all fields of endeavor, as has this boy. A shockingly handsome fellow, alert and friendly, Patrick has won the hearts of all the Cadets and lady folk. He excels militarily, socially, aeronautically, scholastically, and . . . there's more? His only hope at this writing is to be still here when his words are read. (Ed. Note: The above words do not necessarily represent the opinion of "Dreamboat," but rather should be attributed entirely to Mr. P. J. C. McPherson, who was kind enough to do the Third Squadron write-ups. End of note)

*Killed Korea.  
Spun in after  
wing tank came  
off F80 after  
target run. (Combat)*



### DON "SLEEPY" BRAUN

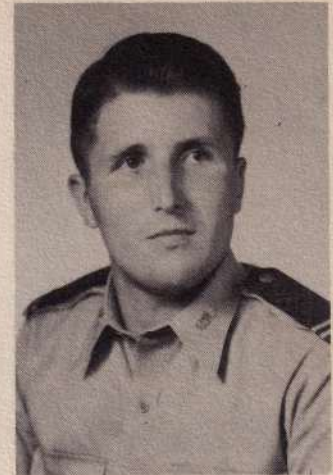
"Lift that leg, count those steps." The Air Force wants 'em relaxed, the Air Force has 'em. A small mutter, a flick of the hand takes care of most situations with the tall, fair-haired boy from Missouri. "So it's an airplane—should I be excited or something?" Don's the loping, thin civilian who takes Columbus in his long stride every weekend and prays for rain on Monday. "Sleepy" moves about in his own way, and usually gets where he's going, in the 6 or on the ground. Ain't no sense gettin' bothered. Might's well take it easy.





### ROBERT R. DAWSON

Bob hails from White Plains, New York, and fittingly enough for one who lives so close to the Big Town, he majored in commerce and finance while working for his B. S. at Bucknell University. Bob is one of that select few who have exhibited a certain stubbornness when it came to performing a gump check during a check ride. Bob had been in the construction business before he entered the Air Force.



### WILLIAM S. SEUFERT

Formerly with the Capone Gang and a member of the jolly set of Great Lakes sailing, Bill hails from Chicago. His is a rather unique claim to fame in that he is one of the few who got a wing-tip more or less legitimately. Sales engineering was his daily bread before he decided to become a fly boy. Bill has a B. S. in industrial engineering from Illinois Institute of Technology.



### VIRGIL A. KINNISON

"Get your wings level."



### VICTOR M. MATLOFF

They called him "Meatloaf," but nobody could figure out why. The kid is all ham. A favorite of all underclassmen, a walking encyclopedia of flying knowledge, photographer extraordinary, hot jet pilot, graduate of the University of Southern California, aeronautical engineer, from Alhambra, California, in purple trunks, weighing 609 pounds, it's Whoosh Vic Matloff.



### FREDDIE

### "L. A. BINK" LEWTER

A Carolina boy, Freddie found everything in the corps to his liking. The "Iron Bird" was no more difficult for him than the submarine in which he patrolled the South Pacific during the last war. Bink almost submerged on 27 one bright afternoon, but it taught him a lot about the Bird. Got a problem with '6'? Ask Freddie, he "nose" the answer. He plans on regenerating the rebel cause when he picks up those silver wings, so beware to any Yank that hears, "L. A. BINK, twelve o'clock and comin at ya'll."

*Killed Korea.  
Direct hit  
secondary  
explosion.  
F-84 (combat)*





**JESS E. SHRYACK**

"Now, if you were flying a jet or a B-25 . . . . ."



**ARVID N. SKOGERBOE**

His home town is Erskine, Minnesota. He went to Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota. Skoge got his B. A. with a major in chemistry and biology. But just what can you say or how can you be original in presenting the facts about a guy who shot a six on his 360 degree overhead stage. Just what can you say?



**JACK J.  
"FROG" JEANGERARD**

"Hold your heads up. Let's get with it, men." Spare me the iron rod of the ex-leatherneck. Cool and efficient, this remnant of the Maginot Line has kept the troops on the ball as he rose from the humble estate of corporal to one of the Third's finest officers. The frog hangs out his square jaw early every morning and the troops respond. It didn't take the "Terrible Six" long to respond to Jack's orders and they've been hitting it off on their combined power ever since. "Sweeches on, monsieur, the 'Frog' flies."



**DWIGHT "HOURS" BROOKS**

"No sir. I took her out last week." That's about all Dwight has to worry about around here. He's had more hours straight up than the rest of us have had away from home. "Brooksy" takes check riders up for refresher courses, and went so far as to show the Air Inspector's personal jockey a few maneuvers. An ex-Marine, and big enough to prove it, Dwight can be seen goosing the rpm's in his cut-down, leaded-in hot rod when he isn't scaring birds while logging the time. Dwight usually has a stripe or three on his boards, and gentleman that he is, he doesn't look like the type to argue a point with.





**JAMES R. WHITING**

"Handle it gently, now."



**THOMAS E. WEAVER**

"The Weav" attended Penn State after serving with the Merchant Marine. He received a degree in electrical engineering and then started as a small cog with IBM. He is the only man to pass an "E" ride as a forty-hour check. Along with his regular duties, he is studying to be another Burl Ives—being ever ready to play a wicked 6-string on his uke.



**JOHN T. RANDERSON**

You think grocery stores use a lot of paper bags? You should have seen John his first few weeks here. We'll bet John wishes he had been a paper bag salesman with a Cadet base in his territory instead of a sales engineer from Lake George, New York. After graduating from Union College, Randy sang as a soprano with the Met and upon arriving at CAFB, took the job of directing the Base Choir and Glee Club.



**JOHN  
"I HATE DALE" TRICE**

This man Trice is some kind of guy. Definitely a refugee from a snooker game in some smoke-filled pool hall, John has tried since March to do away with his roommate. A wonderful softball pitcher, John has an arm like a wet Kleenex and boasts a fine record for consistency on the mound. If the weekends find John, they're luckier than most of us have been. A screaming, hollering, formation-meeting rebel, John flies the bird just a little bit better than Dale, and has broken more hearts than he has tax stamps.





DALE O. HOUSEL  
"As you was, gentlemen."

Dale -  
Sincere thanks for  
all the breaks and  
those many hours  
in the T-6 which  
I'll never forget  
Bie



ANDREW WILLIAM ESCOLA

Considering the way the Rose Bowl game goes most of the time, you wouldn't think there would be much of a market for sporting goods in California, but Bill talks a big business. If given half the chance, he'll go non-stop on fish talk. His preparation for the sporting goods business was in getting a B. S. in agriculture at Fresno State College. That figures.



JOHNNY "REB" MAPLES

Ole John's borne the stripes and hardships for the Mighty Third since the first cold days in April. When he isn't with the birds, he's taking care of his boys. Bowed legs and boots, the Reb is strictly corps, having been a major at twenty-one. It would take a heap a' hollerin' to keep up with this Georgia boy, on the drill field or at the flight line. John hopes to strap onto a rocket and we hope his boots find their way to Arizona.

Best of everything  
to the best damned  
instructor in the  
business. ---  
one grateful student,  
John  
CH



TED  
"COLLEGIATE" PLATZ

"This I've done before." It's the second time around for Ted. In the last war he learned all the Navy had to offer during a tour of duty aboard the U. S. S. Dartmouth. The big guy with the crew cut and the perspiration is Ted. College gray slacks and a tennis sweater kept M.S.C.W. alive for the few weeks we knew them and his convertible was never solo. He always has something moving and he's managed to hold an athletic 185 in spite of the gallons he's lost to the Mississippi humidity. Three hurrahs and a tiger for our side, "Mother, who's that handsome young officer?"

Not the best  
fisherman, and not  
the best navigator, and not  
ever know, but never  
fear. I'll have  
my chest with  
me  
Ted





**HARRY K. JOHNSON**

" . . . . . boondocks and tules."



**EUGENE A. HAMBY**

The University of Oregon, located in Eugene, attracted Eugene before he joined the Air Force. "Ham Bone" got his B. S. degree in business administration. One of these characters who drives a car until it run out of gas, or until the ash tray gets dirty. Gene was formerly a Chevy dealer in Hillsboro, Oregon.

## Emma Dent To Be Wed

Georgian To Claim Her  
Hand In December  
Ceremony

(Picture on Page One)

**MR. AND MRS. EMMET RAN-**  
DALL DENT of Amory,  
Miss., announce the engagement  
of their daughter, Miss Emma  
Louise Dent, to Lt. John Milledge  
Maples Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs.  
John Milledge Maples of Camilla,  
Georgia.

The bride-elect is the grand-  
daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs.  
Leon F. Dent and of the late Mr.  
and Mrs. Edmund O. Kirby, all of  
Macon, Miss. She was graduated  
from Amory High School and from  
Mississippi State College for Women,  
where she was a member of  
Black List, social club.

Lieutenant Maples was graduat-  
ed from Camilla High School and  
attended Emory-at-Oxford Junior  
College, Oxford, Ga., where he was  
president of the student body. He  
also attended Emory University  
in Atlanta, where he was a mem-  
ber of Phi Delta Theta Fraternity.  
He is now serving in the Air Force,  
stationed at Kirtland Air Force  
Base, Albuquerque, N. M.

The wedding will take place Dec.  
27 at the First Presbyterian Church  
of Amory.



**DAVID M. FORREST**

Dave is an Ohio boy through and  
through. Born and raised in Cleveland,  
he then studied at Western Reserve Uni-  
versity. He also did a two year stint at  
Massachusetts Institute of Technology, ac-  
quiring considerable mechanical acumen  
which he has since put to good use both  
at the flight line and in ground school.  
A single engine man at heart, he is an  
active supporter of the Country Club and  
MSCW.



**DON "TEXAS" STOBAUGH**

Wherever men gather, there must, by  
some unknown law, always be a Texan.  
Ole Stobaugh would never impress you as  
being anything but a good boy, though,  
and his easy going manner and sick,  
green smile at reveille have kept the  
troops from wilting on many a hot day.  
Don just takes naturally to the air—  
I guess no one ever told him there was  
one thing bigger than Texas, and he was  
proud to have noticed it first. It didn't  
take Don long to announce that he and  
the bird had come to an understanding,  
and if his casual approach means any-  
thing, the Imperial Territory of Texas has  
a new sky control.

KILLED IN ADVANCED  
P-80





**HENRY H. WYCHE**

"Plane scraping my wing tip, what's your number?"



**ANDREW  
JACKSON GALLAGHER**

A man from Roanoke, Virginia, with a name like Andrew Jackson, couldn't help but feel at home in Rebel country like this. In spite of the fact that he doesn't look like the shovel-handling type, "Andy Jack" was in the coal business between the time he got his B. S. in business administration from Washington and Lee University and the time he became a Cadet in the Air Force.



**JIM  
"DAPPER" PARRAMORE**

Jim sat in the back seat of a bird so long in the last war that he figured he might just as well try the front. A sailor with a phone number in every town, Jim has little trouble with ladies. A sharp cadet, he's impressed many an underclassman with his knobby dress. Jim does to a piano what most of us would like to do to the plane, and he can usually be seen with either camera or keyboard in his hot little pinkies. Jim also wheels and deals in a convert on the weekends, and one might be justified in labeling him a wee bit Boheim.



**FRANCIS M. MATECKI**

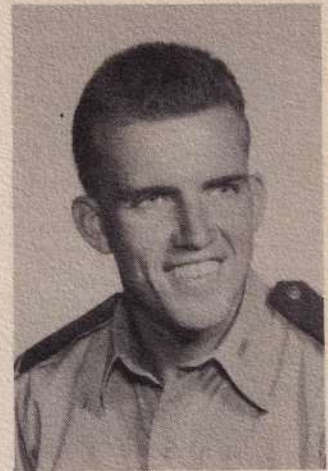
How his classmates derived the name "Machete" from Matecki is even more than Frank's former employer, the F. B. I., could figure out. But the "Seven Turn" part is fairly obvious. Spinning through accounting and philosophy, his majors at St. Joseph's College, "Seven Turn Machete" received his B. S. and then went to work for the F. B. I. in Philadelphia.





**ELWOOD E. BLAHA**

"Now whad' ya' do wrong?"



**PHILLIPS F. DuLANEY, JR.**

This time the contractor was contracted for and "Du" decided that it wasn't such a bad deal when he noticed the proximity of M.S.C.W. to CAFB. A native of Washington, D. C., and a graduate of William and Mary, Phil holds a B. A. degree in economics. "Du" claims the contested title of "Squadron One Golf Champion," but this claim is more easily understood when you consider that he is a blend of Irish blarney and Washington politician, a formidable combination, to say the least.



**DEAN "FEET" MARTIN**

It lives, almost walks, and flies. A constant source of wonder and amusement to the troops is our lover, Dean Martin. If the ranks need a song, Martin's "got one ya never heard yet." With a voice like a barrel full of cans and a sense of humor that never quits, Dean has cut the fog of Blue Mondays for Squadron Three many a new week. If the barracks had a P. A. system, it would be Dean. If there's ever a bull session, there's Dean. There's only one man who talks louder and faster than Dean, and from what he says, that man sits in the back of his plane. Stay on the VHF, Dean, the troops love ya.



**WILLIAM "PIERRE" ROBERT**

Pierre doesn't happen to be Bill's nickname, but most of us are too polite to mention it. Stumbling and muttering around the flight shack, you'll find Pierre waiting for a solo ship or fighting the coke machine. Nonchalant and casual is the word one the weekends. Always a question in class, always a laugh for small disasters, Pierre takes what comes and keep his altitude. The only thing he ever cross-controlled was a beer, and it was empty when it reached the other hand.





### FREDERICK R. CORBETT

Everybody has seen an orange peel, but you haven't seen anything until you've seen Ted's nose peel. The "Moose's" chief affliction since his arrival in Columbus has been the sun, which is a bit stronger here than in Portland, Oregon, he combines fast talking and zero air speed to control runaway props, a malady for which he seems to have a certain definite affinity.



### LARRY "ALABAMA" DOYLE

There flies with Squadron Three an Irish Rebel. Who could ask for a better combination to mold a pilot? Larry's done his share of stripe toting for the Third and has become a young, white father to the troops. He beats a dogged trail from the Tac office and you can see "drill" in his Irish map from across the parade ground. Soft spoken on the ground, despite his heritage, "L. A." must purr to that six to get the results he does. From switches on to gas off, Larry's a flying Irish, Rebel fool.



### JOE B. CUNNINGHAM

"I'm don' know, but me gonna find out."



### BOB "SLOW ROLL" CURLEY

Robert isn't the kind to confine his aerobatics to altitude. Not that he ever broke a regulation, it's just that on weekends he can't forget what he's learned in the blue. Bob's a firm believer in "There's those who have, and those who will." A real 1st sergeant in a mass outfit, "Slow Roll" has held his share of the little white lines and walked his part of the ramp. A good Yankee, Bob will lend you a buck, thanks, or let you know what he thinks of any situation with the finality of a headsman. One of the first to sound off in the mess, Bob's never had much trouble driving the 6... it's just those autos that are dangerous.



### HANS "HARVARD" ESTIN

"I say, this is niner, one, zero turning base. Gear down and locked." Hans, it's got an "h" in it, like in streetcar. Whenever Hans is on VHF, he's pretty hard to recognize. Boston to the hilt, Hans boasts of more education and travel, inverted and on instruments, than most of us will experience contact. A Harvard man, naturally, or should I say, "an 'arvard man, 'ans lends dignity and refinement to the Third. He'll be toting that spear at the head of the ranks until we win a parade. I'll take that back—we want him to graduate on time. Hans must have found a refined Boston 6, because he seems to speak its language. Blimey, lads, 'ees a bloomin' gent.





**FRANCIS J. JESSOGNE**

"Jess," while lolling about in front of the Ritz Cafe, was once mistakenly identified as a bootlegger, an occurrence that will remain in his memory because of the many tours it later entailed. "Jess" proudly hails from Green Bay, Wisconsin, and attended St. Norbert's College, graduating with a B. S. degree in Biology.



**ARLIE K. ROESENER**

Arlie, a true scholar, majored in Electrical Engineering at Kansas State College, a school not far removed from his home at McDonald, Kansas. Arlie always has a good word for everyone and everything, a word that fortunately is unprintable. His "T.S." card sports more holes than anyone's. He is most often seen logging "ye olde sack time."



**MARSHALL C. ADAMS**

"Are you lookin' for a boot?"



**EDMUND C. HEPNER**

"Hep" informs one and all that his home town, a picturesque little hamlet known as Selman, Oklahoma, has everything, including people. His main plan for the future is to use the auxiliary landing fields for the pasturing of his steers, obviously an outcropping of the time he spent majoring in Animal Husbandry at Northwestern State. His major disappointment came when he found that the Terrible Six "don't buck like a bronc."



**PETER P. LUCE**

Noted for taking long walks on Saturdays and Sundays, Peter Paul (no relation to Mounds) brought a little life to our party here at CAFB. An expert at the fine art of debating, he sometimes found it difficult to resist engaging in mental tussle with some of our more suggestable instructors. Strapped safely under his safety belt, Old Pete had many a busy weekend toting guys and dolls around the Mississippi countryside before the advent of his recent solo hikes. "The point is . . ." as he is often heard to say, the sky isn't so dark after all, due to a little gal who consistently reappears all the way from Nova Scotia. New York's and M.I.T.'s gift to 52-B, we nominate him the squadron "Brain."





**EDWARD M. WYDRA**

The "Northside Kid" from Chicago, Illinois, was graduated from Loyola University, also in Chicago, after receiving a B.S. degree. He may frequently be seen driving his car around the base and has high hopes that this operation will be made legal in the near future. Taxi service is his specialty.



**ROBERT F. HOUCK**

Versatile Robert, from Derry, Pennsylvania, has really been around. Not only has he served as an A&E mechanic and an instrument instructor on Okinawa, but he also is a guitar-strumming vocalist. "Hot Rod" Houck's comment is as follows, "It's too bad women aren't like guitars—easy to play!"



**DELBERT C. VALLE**

"Ar-r Roger. Have a nice weekend, men."



**RICHARD T. MARROTT**

Better known as "Slats," Dick is a man of continual worry. He says he's from Ohio, but after listening to him for five minutes, you'd think he was from all over. You might say that he has been around. Any time you hear a loud noise with fenders go by, you'll know it's "Slats"—or a 1916 model of the B-36. He's a pretty shy fly boy, too. Try to contact him on the radio and he won't hear you for all the engine noise—or he may be laying plans for the coming weekend. Whatever he's thinking of, you can be sure it's curved.



**THOMAS P. HARTSIG**

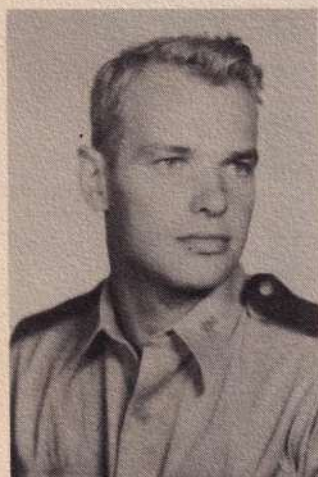
Michigan State Normal College has, in this man, given to the world a great mathematician. Even after completing his own education he continued to communicate his knowledge to mankind through the teaching of geometry. Yet it has been noted on various occasions the trouble he has tabulating his weekly "gigs", and often he has been seen utilizing even his toes to aid in the difficult computation. He is unique in the respect that he is forever in a complete state of parade rest, especially while marching.





### WALTER E. NAYLOR

If Texas ever produced a Texan, here it is. Straight from a cattle ranch and Texas A&I, Ed can match any tale you have to tell with another that could have happened nowhere but in Texas. The story goes that he actually wears spurs when he hops in the old T-6, but we can't say for sure. If you ever see a guy underneath a ten gallon hat and behind a big black cigar, stop him and express an opinion. If the gentleman disagrees without hesitation, it's Ed.



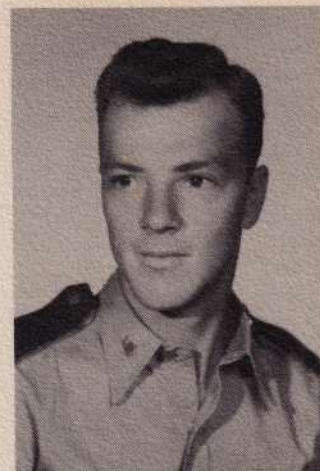
### JAMES P. FARRELL

A nominee for Mr. All-American Cadet, to judge by one of the local newspapers, Mr. J. P. is reverently referred to as "Farrell in the Treetops," owing to a bit of sod-dusting early in his career. Farrell (You may call me Pat) claims Kansas City as his home town, and we assume that Kay-Cee claims him. He is an authority on politics, having spent several days in Independence, Missouri, and has launched many a profound opinion with his pet phrase, "In my humble opinion, . . . ." One of his main interests is pebbles—the kind there are more than one of on the beach—and he seems to have found one in particular right here in Columbus. Athlete, bridge player, plane driver, and cigar smoker, Pat's a good guy to have around, anytime.



### NATHAN HOWELL

"I'm not the regular crew chief."



### STACEY D. JENKINS

A good tag for Stacey Dog would be "Mr. Good Humor Man," for this guy never seems to be mad or upset. His interests cover a wide range—food, girls, softball, girls, sleeping, girls, airplanes, and among other things, girls. Every cross-country winds up in Jackson, entirely the fault of the compass, of course. The only thing faster than Jenkins in a T-6 is Jenkins in his Packard, on a weekend, and headed for Jackson. Anyone interested in his story can get it on interphone, but he ain't the regular crew chief.

*Killed at C.A.F.B.  
Solo buzzing.*



### DAN D. FULGHAM

Somewhere in this fair world of ours is a spot of ground known as Texas. Just where it is, no one knows for sure, but to hear Dan tell of it, it must cover half the world. Texas is where they have lots of cows and lots of women, but it takes a Texan to tell them apart. Being squadron commander calls for lots of hard work, and Dan devotes considerable energy to carrying out his duties. Rumor has it that Dan is engaged, but when you ask him about it, he wants to know which one you are referring to. You can tell a man from Texas, but you can't tell him much. For all we write about these Texans, they're a pretty bunch of boys, and Dan's here to prove it.





### FESTUS J. WADE

This lad has become quite famous as the discoverer of the longer weekend. His quick shortcut to Memphis and back have shown to one and all how those few precious hours can be stretched into a real vacation. John's home is St. Louis, Missouri. He majored in industrial administration at Yale. He has an affinity for shirts with unmanageable tails which are always flopping about outside his belt. The reason that he looks half dressed when he falls out in the morning is that he usually is.



### NORMAN J. SCHMERLING

This old timer has been running around in military circles for many years. He has been affiliated with the Merchant Marine, and also with the Navy in the capacity of Sonar operator. He has attended Antioch College, and has worked as a newspaper reporter. His plans call for a long future with the U.S.A.F., and in keeping with these plans he had allowed his seaman's card to expire and has sold his last remaining turtle-necked sweater.

*Died while on leave. From a spinal ailment. 11 April 52*



### JAMES R. EDWARDS

"Don't embarrass me by spinning in on the finals."



### JAMES W. STOCKHAM

"Stockwell," more recently named "Ichabod," received a degree in Biology from Drake University, then went on to become a school teacher, and later a salesman. Coming replete with sailor straw, red carnation, spats, cane, and guitar on which he renders wicked one string accompaniments to his varied repertoire of songs, dances, and funny sayings, he states that he is currently available for parties, picnics, clambakes, and the like.



### JOHN R. CRIPE

For Cripe's sake, we all want to see John run the 50 yard dash in 10.2 "Speed," who spent all of his life in Indiana until someone breathed down his neck, spent a few glorious days at Lackland AFB where he helped the basketball team win the Air Force Championship at Chanute. Bob, as his friends call him when they're in a good mood, has apparently fallen in love with the Air Force—he never talks about anything else. It must be the food hereabouts that gives him that beautiful profile and smiling face. Cheer up, Bob, we've seen bigger profiles somewhere before.





### LYNN F. SUTTON

Here we have a unique fly guy. Suttty is the only one around who admits he is in love. He never dates other women, never drinks, never . . . the list is rather long. He's made so many trips to Tupelo in the iron bird that they call him the Tupelo Terror, but then we all have to go sometime. The only vice this guy has is smoking O. P.'s. Somewhere he picked up the title of "Suttty-Sut-Sut," which isn't an old fashioned Egyptain name, but just a way of saying we love his knobby li'l old head.



### DAVID NMI GRAY

Another one of those "grits eaters" from Tennessee. David has more telephone numbers than the South has cotton. Now that the Chevrolet business is flourishing, Dave has acquired quite a taste for five car garages. A major in physics from some college in Tennessee, he'll be heading to Radar School to learn what the electrons are up to in a cathode ray tube. Always a smiling face and pleasant word, Dave is one we hope to see again in the wild blue yonder. Cheers and things, you all.



### CLAUDIS W. LEMONS

"I hope it rains today."



### ROBERT H. McMILLAN

No one knows what this guy does with his spare time, but a few of the Little de-icers at M.S.C.W. could probably account for some of the hours. Being a hot pitcher, both kinds, he won a berth on the ball team which led the base teams in games won and lost. Another of the cigar smokers, Bob, and Elmer, are kept under constant vigil by the fire department when the smoke starts pouring out of their room windows. A handy lad to have around in weather class, he sometimes comes back from a VOCO in Memphis predicting "fair and warm." He's talking about the weather, of course.



### JOSEPH GEORGE WEST

This is one man in the Air Force who flies even when he is walking, crabbing so much that he has great difficulty maneuvering through revolving doors. "Sounds" West was graduated from the University of Illinois with a degree in Dairy Technology, and he is dedicated to becoming a milkman in the far distant future. It is also rumored that he intends to audition for the role of the hero in a forthcoming Tarzan movie. He comes from Elgin, Illinois, the town of nuts and watches. It is well a known fact that he is not associated with the watches.





**AMES PENFIELD, JR.**

This pride of Oak Park, Illinois, attended Carnegie Institute of Technology, receiving his B. S. in Management Engineering. He just naturally likes his women big and tall. Better known as "West-latraine," his many rumors are piped every hour on the hour to all the rooms in his barracks. His latest "Latrine-O-Gram" has it that 52 Baker is to be sent in mass to rocket school, in preparation for the first trip Moonward.



**RICHARD R. RYAN**

"Smokey" makes his home in Wausaukee, Wisconsin. He majored in Economics at the University of Wisconsin. It seems that he has an intense attraction for rugs of any size, shape, or color, and everyone quickly hides his rug when they spot him approaching. Hip boots are a must when entering his room.



**LEWIS F. TAYLOR**

"My boys are Taylor-made pilots."



**FRANK J. KASE**

Though the shortest man in the squadron, Frank experienced great difficulty finding any under-classman who was, or would confess to being, taller than he. And while on the subject of under-classmen, Frank, more than anyone else, was responsible for Squadron 4's exceptionally well-behaved Charlies, Dogs, and Easies. Noted for his laugh, which upon occasion resembled that of a hangman braiding his rope, Frank often saw humor in situations which a layman at that sort of thing would have passed up. Unquestionably efficient, averted to upside-down brass, Frank is likely to go far in military circles.



**JAMES E. ATKINS**

The oldest man in Squadron 4, Jim is from the Cracker State and is an electrical engineer. A man of strong military character, he has fewer gigs than any other twenty men in the squadron. "Percy," as most people call him, is noted for his brisk arm swing and the strong manner in which he carries a conversation—when in ranks. Jim spent quite a few months in the Air Force during the last war and consequently already knew how to start the T-6. He has since learned a few things to do once the engine is started. Hobbies—you name them and he's got them.





### RONALD T. L. LITTLEFAIR

Squadron 2's foremost water closet salesman comes from Weehauken, New Jersey. He attended Syracuse University, after doing a stint with the U. S. Navy. Many of his waking hours here in Columbus are spent around the country club. R. T. L. has his sights set on becoming the world's leading W. C. salesman, with a motto which though not printed here, he'll gladly repeat to you upon request.



### JAMES H. COSPER

Buck's a Mississippi boy who wound up not far from home. Known to one and all as "Big Red," "Big Jim," or anything else you can stick after "Big," he had been a radar technician before he transferred to Cadets, and has taken to flying like a coon hound to pot likker. Speaking of liquor, Jim was a bartender during his off hours, and no one has ever heard of a bartender who didn't have a drink once in a while, or who didn't have a favorite song, such as "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie."

*Killed in Florida F-34*



### CARROLL R. LEMONS

"Mississippi has the best all year-round flying weather."



### FRANK A. REYNOLDS

When speaking of Frank A., one underlines "hot," cause this guy can really bore neat holes in the wild blue yonder. He got his burning yearning for flying by watching those cute little quail in his native Mississippi. No one knows for sure what his ancestry is, but there must be some Dutch in it somewhere—he goes that way most of the time. A smooth talker and talented public speaker, he goes over like an oven in Iceland when it comes to the M.S.C.W. girls. His main interest, however, centers around a very pretty girl from Greenwood.



### JAMES C. MURPHY

One could watch a formation go by and pick out "Murph" hands down, or rather, "head bobbing." If anyone should have been triplets, Murph is the guy—he's loaded with talent he ain't used yet. Artist, musician, comic, and top-notch bugler, he hails from Noo York. Murph can usually be found knocking out a few hot licks on his guitar or trumpet, or sketching some chuckles for the boys. Buzzing around in his "bucket of bolts," he knocks just about all the Columbus girls dead with panic. We all hope that someday he finds just one uniform that may fit him.





### JAMES R. HUFFMAN

The mailman beats a steady path to and from this kid's door, either delivering or carting off the daily load of sweet nothings to and from this lad's many fans. "Jet Jockey Jim" claims a place in California named San Luis Obispo as his home. He attended the University of California and Santa Barbara College, majoring in Sociology. During his free time he is often seen "burning" up the tennis court.



### BILLY R. HART

Billy R. is a young man from California, Oregon, or wherever he parks his cap. A man of distinction, he can always be found with a glass of distinction in one hand and a "Bimbo" in the other. Guess he has squeezing tendencies which make him so popular. Bill is gifted with that rare ability to spend his pay a month ahead of time. When he drinks, everyone drinks; when he pays, everyone pays. Bottom up—there should be another weekend coming along pretty soon.



### GALVIN SCHROEDER

"Wait until the engine turns to automatic rough when night flying."



### BRUCE F. UHL

"The Village Idiot," as he is oftentimes hailed, is from Wilmette, Illinois. His post-college days following his graduation from the halls of Lake Forest College were spent playing jacks. He has since become quite an expert in the manufacture of skid chains for airplanes. He also works part time as the foreman of a pea farm. He loudly shouts at times that there is a big plot against him, for someone is always moving the door knobs to the wrong side of his door.



### ROGER C. RETTIG

Roger has a real success story to tell. Coming from small beginnings in the humble little town of Buffalo, New York, he later made his way to the great Syracuse University, where, because of his industrious effort he was awarded a degree in Administrative Engineering. He then leaped into the big time with the Crane Company, rising in no time at all to become their most erstwhile water closet salesman. Rog, often called "The Voice," has been approached many times by the producer of the Fibber McGee and Molly radio program in the hopes that he would portray the part of the "Old Timer."





**THOMAS S. HUJAR, JR.**

The "Stooge" is from Binghamton, New York. He attended St. Bonaventure University, emerging with a degree in English Literature. His post-college days he spent doing social work. In fact, he still practices some of this every now and then. Many consider Tom to be the poor man's Omar Khayyam—his rich collection of stories always prove highly amusing to everyone.



**HERBERT R. LAIRD**

A Rutgers University man from Rumson, New Jersey, Herb received a degree in Economics and then worked as Assistant Alumni Secretary for the Peddie School. Herb's ideals of clean living and resistance are not necessarily a measure of his virtue, but perhaps more a measure of his experience.



**BILLY R. SCAGGS**

"Go up and tool around the area."



**HENRY M. KELLY**

When the lure of the ol' wild blue yonder interrupted Hank's career in law school, he found that his talents were not going to waste. Now instead of addressing a jury, he faces the men of the Second Squadron whenever they go astray and addresses them, using a slightly modified tone of voice and vocabulary, of course. Hank's home is in Slingerlands, New York. He holds a degree in Sociology from Siena College. His wit and wisdom are only surpassed by his ferociousness and capacity.



**WILLIAM C. KIDD**

Chicago born, University of Illinois educated, Bill is the man who does all the work for the 4th Squadron—he's 1st Sergeant. Tall, light and decent, Bill struck quite a figure on the M.S.C.W. campus, and it's a pretty good bet he'll strike some more wherever he goes. If the saying, "he who hesitates is lost," is true, Bill must be a hesitator of the first order. He couldn't find the field once when just five minutes before he was sure he had seen the field right over his nose about ten miles away.





**ROBERT W. SCHULTHEIS**

"Schultzy," from Wilmette, Illinois, is a graduate of the University of Wyoming. He has been employed as a commercial art apprentice in Chicago, but now he has become a promising golfer (promising to do better.) His beautiful tan and his constant attendance at the Country Club have led some to believe that he is the pro of that establishment. Others have asked him to caddy.



**KENT L. WALLACE**

Kent lives in "the tallest cotton in the world" country of Malden, Missouri. He attended Mississippi State College, however, so he could learn all about "The White Gold." His is the fastest car on the base, and in it he often makes a gay journey to Memphis. He seems to have found some great attraction there, but as yet no one can discover exactly what it is.



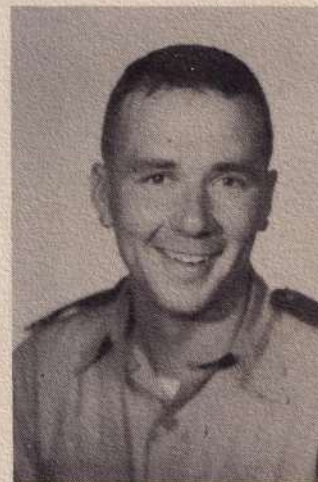
**FRED F. MARTIN**

"Fat, dumb, and happy."



**SIDNEY C. THOMAS**

The gentleman atop the runway control truck was surprised one day to hear a student on his first solo flight call in and say, "This hyar's Sid Thomas, a'fixin' ta turn base!" When first encountered, Sid might be identified as an Allied student until one discovers, after much deciphering, that his stuttering lingo is really nothing more than normal South Carolinian drawl. Sid graduated from North Carolina State, after which he found himself in the school teaching business.



**EDWARD D. SMITH**

The only reason this guy likes the Air Force better than the infantry is because it isn't as hard on the feet. Smitty's main trouble is with his big over-grown roommate, "Big Jim." If you ever wish to ask Smitty about a big weekend, ask him about Sardis Lake. A very conscientious lad, he really fell in love with those airplanes. Would not surprise us a bit if his love for the T-6 might lead to many a cold night during the winters. However, he does go for women, and they go for him. Perhaps someday the right girl might trip him and he will fall—hard.





### HOWARD A. MILLER

Anything that isn't from Oregon isn't worth having. If you don't believe it, ask him. He's a pretty nice guy, in spite of the fact that most of his tales run higher than the gaint redwoods in his locality—and he'll stretch these tales as far as they'll go, sometimes even further. Being the last of the Indian fighters, "Tex" (Tex because he's from Oregon) maintains that if anything is going to happen to anyone, it will happen to him. He'll be a long time forgetting the poison ivy and the swimming pool fence.



### GEORGE O. STEVENS, III

A Colgate man from Plainfield, New Jersey, G. O., III, received his B. A. degree in Economics. Besides presiding over the Board of Advisors, he is endowed with a multitude of other talents, among them being bingo calling and the like. "Gaylord" often slinks about the lobby of the Gilmer Hotel, dressed nattily in green eyeshade, enticing innocent underclassmen into a fast game of Old Maid.



### JOHN M. KARLOVICH

"Do you follow me?"



### DAVID W. ROBERTS

Dave fled Chicago, Illinois, to attend Texas A&I College, graduating with a B.B.A. in Business Administration. He then became somewhat of a mogul in the U. S. Gypsum (pounding rocks, we hear.) He constantly inhabits the Country Club, claiming to be hitting the ball more often than not. His status with the C. C. became somewhat shaky at one time when his errant putter consistently removed large bits of the turf from the greens in the form of divits, but now that he has taken to kicking the ball into the cup, the rift has been smoothed over.



### JAMES E. SWENSON

With a name like that, he ain't no Irishman, but he's a great guy. If you don't believe this, just ask him. A modest fellow about his fighting career, which you would never know about unless you looked in his pocket and read his clippings. Swede says he has given up the fight game because of a pair of "rubber legs." He seems to be an authority on bulls and maintains that the best bull comes from Wisconsin. Jim seems to have a tender heart for school teachers, especially blonde ones. Rumor has it that he will name the first one Nancy Bimbo. Plane, that is.

*Killed Korea F-86  
Clobbered a hill when  
on AI.*





### ALFRED R. JAECKEL

"Jake", from Leonia, New Jersey, majored in English at Colgate University. Upon graduation he immediately found employment as a reporter on the staff of the "Hobo Times," an obscure journal dedicated to those sons of the open road who ride the rods. A question arose in everyone's mind as to the reason he purchased such a huge Buick when his girl was two thousand miles away. His nonchalant answer had something to do with quick transportation to the Ritz Cafe.



### FRED W. GRAY

Here is the only man in the Air Force who uses his finger as a vertical speed indicator. Seems Mr. Gray doesn't know his own strength: which may explain why a young blonde at Sardis Lake is still suffering from cracked ribs. Fred (that's his first name) is a local boy from the Windy City where he was a teacher of ? after acquiring a degree at the University of Illinois. Being Group Major keeps Fred busy, but never so busy that he can't say "Hi" with one hand an "gotta cigarette" with the other. Oh well, one can't have looks and money, too.



### JAMES M. GAHAN

"You'll be busier than a one-eyed man in a burlesque show."

*Killed car Accident  
N. Col. Mo.*



### ELMER K. FOLLIS

This guy is a strong proponent of the adage that dynamite comes in small packages and apparently has yet to be informed that fuses also come in small wrappers. But Elmer does compare to an explosive charge in one way—he occasionally goes off with a bang, then quickly muffles all the noise with his sunshine. The Memphis Terror, who has more hours tucked under his belt now than most of us will have after advanced, is a charter members of the "Smouldering Boulder Club," and is one of the two here who can one day smile with teeth and the next day, without. Elmer's the kind of guy who, after an extended chewing by his instructor, would come back with, "What do you want for \$100 a month? Smilin' Jack?"



### PAUL E. GUSHWA

Another Hoosier, Paul spends most of his free time on the golf course. Seems that after all these years on the fairways, he would finally break 100, but they take things kinda slow up Indiana way. Paul is planning to go to multi-engine—not everyone is easier to jump over than walk around. Paul is practically engaged, and receives weekly Care packages to prove it. He's been a second chow hall to the squadron. Don't follow Paul on a cross-country, because if you do—well, sometimes he gets confused. Pass the chicken, please.





**WILLIAM F. NEVINS**  
 "I've got news for you."



**GEORGE A. MENSTER**

George claims not to be a pilot, but a lover. He is the captain of the volleyball team, an honorary capacity mostly because he plays the game like a quadruple amputee. He is a veteran of the Navy and a graduate of Ohio University. He used to be employed by the firm of Ernst & Ernst as a public accountant, more commonly known as "bookie."



**JOHN D. BRADY**

Being a corn-fed boy from Nebraska may at least partially explain why Jack, John, or whatever you call him, is so short, broad, and cheerful. An ex-Navy man who logged about 500 hours in a TBF, "Brady" gets quite a kick out of burning holes in the sky, and looks forward to burning bigger holes faster with a jet. It has been reliably reported that he wants to fly because that "green job" is so slow he sometimes wonders what cars are for. In spite of this, he manages to cover the surrounding territory pretty thoroughly in the absence of the charming delegates from M.S.C.W. He can frequently be seen, car overflowing with Cadets stopping at each local (what do you call those places where one can find wine, women and song?) —Bah, Bah—Hear.



# Miscellany



## COLUMBUS AIR FORCE BASE

The personnel of Columbus Air Force Base has varied in number from about 500 down to 9 and back up to more than 600. In addition to being located right on the base, the headquarters of CAFB has been located at Maxwell Field and at Barksdale Field. Training planes used on the base have been the AT-9, AT-10, AT-17, B-25, and the AT-6.

In January, 1942, CAFB was activated under the name of Kaye Field. Its organizations, which had already been formed at Barksdale Field, Shreveport, La., were transferred to the base. Shortly thereafter, due to the similarity of the name Kaye Field to the name of another field in Mississippi, the name was changed to Columbus Army Flying School. This, in turn, was soon changed to Columbus Army Air Field.

The first class graduated in March, 1942. From then until 1945, the size of the classes, which were composed of both cadets and student officers, increased, with a new class coming in every five weeks for the ten week training course in twin engine flying.

After V-J Day, the Cadet program was disbanded and the 417 Cadets then in training were re-assigned, either to other bases or to discharge centers. The base then became a pool for overseas returnees and those fortunate enough to be turned back at the Ports of Embarkation.

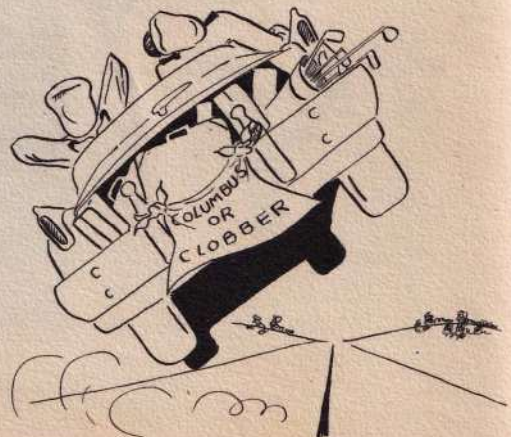
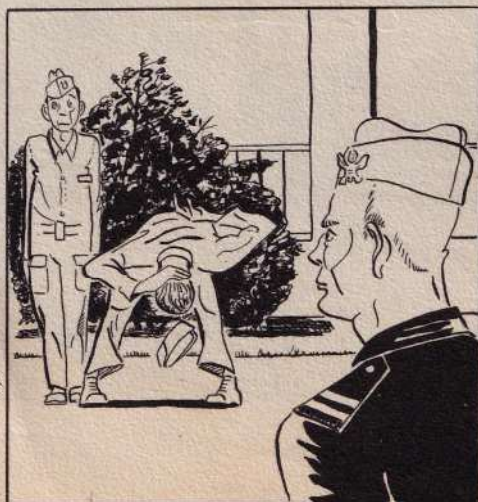
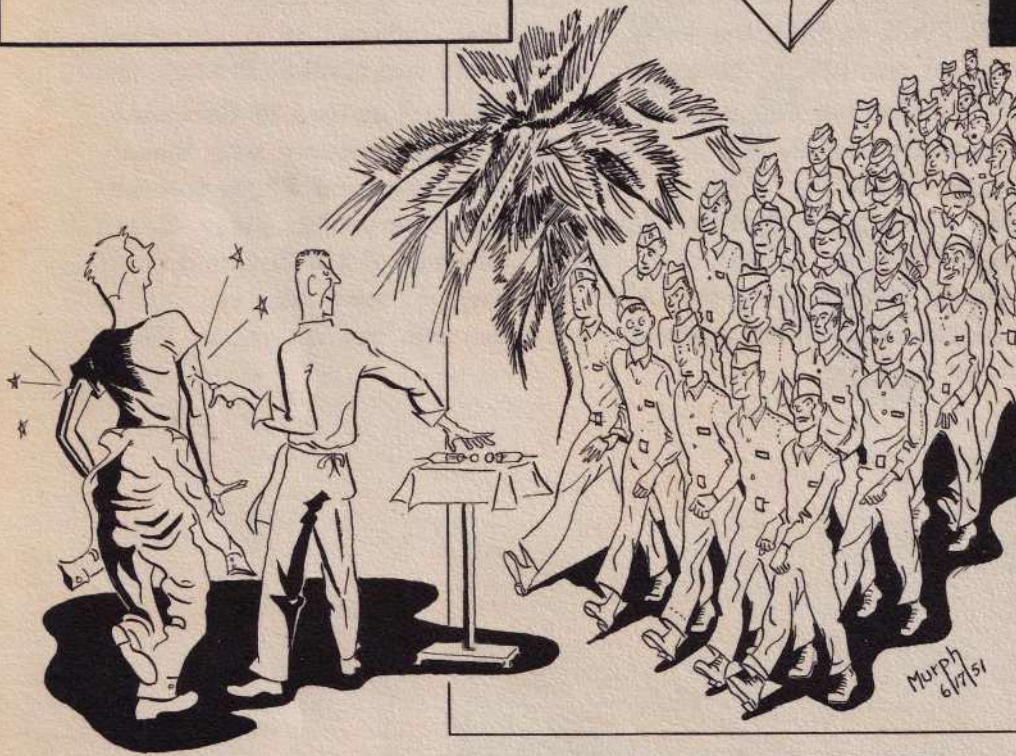
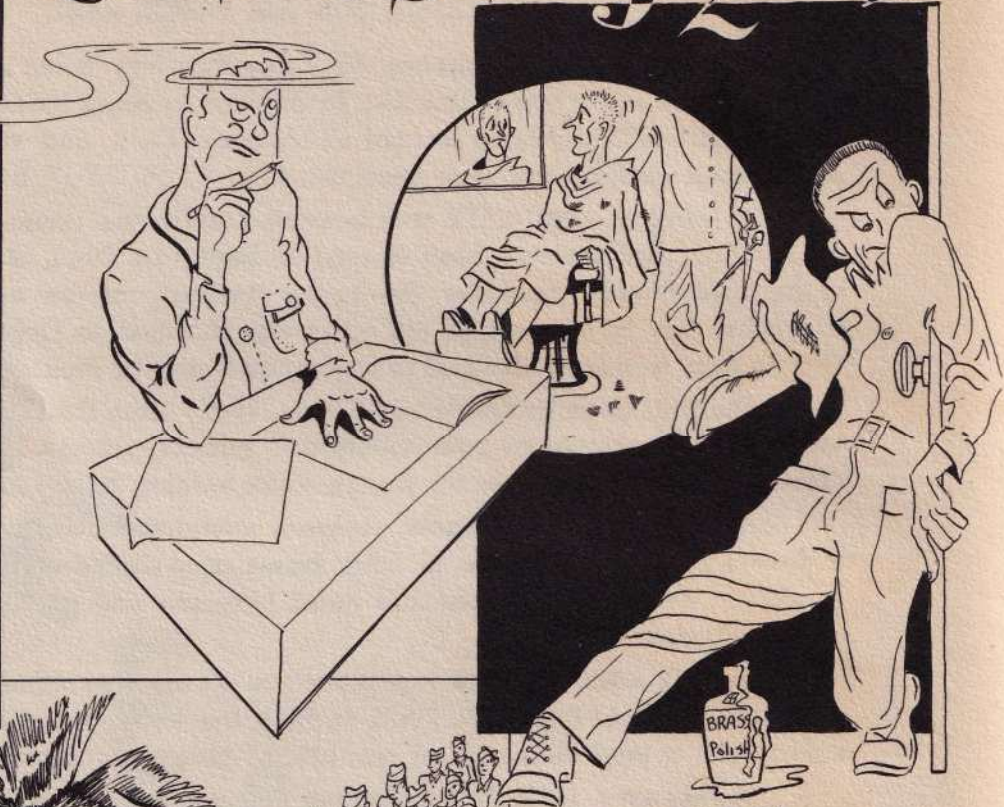
In early 1946, the base was placed on an inactive status and all operations transferred to the command of Barksdale Field. In 1949, the base was further reduced to a caretaker status, with a total personnel of one officer, nine enlisted men, and two civilian fire-fighters.

In February, 1951, Colonel Palmer and some of CEA's personnel arrived in Columbus. The base was officially reactivated on the 1st of March, 1951, simultaneously with the activation of the 3301st Training Squadron (Contract Flying). Academic and Flight Instructors began to report in from their training at either Craig or Goodfellow Air Force Bases around the middle of March, and on the 2nd of April, the first class of 116 Cadets arrived to begin their flying training on the 4th of April. After a series of six-week population spurts, CAFB once again reached its full complement, this time with the arrival of Class 52-Fox in the middle of August.

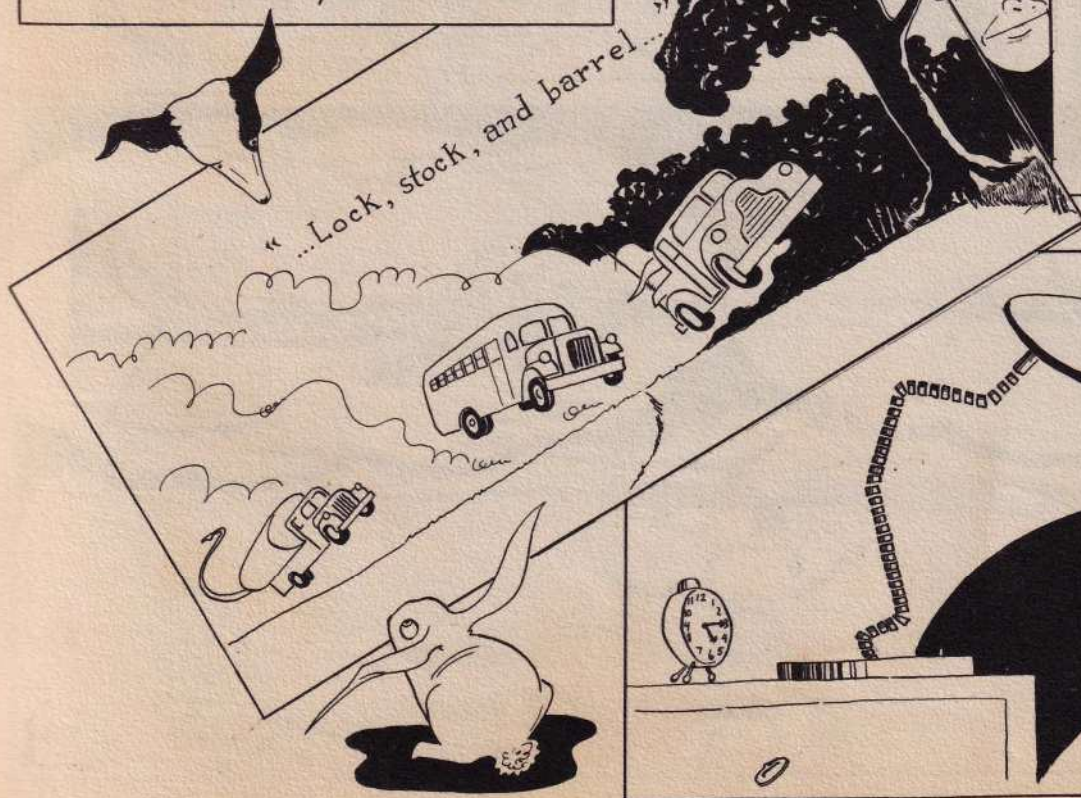
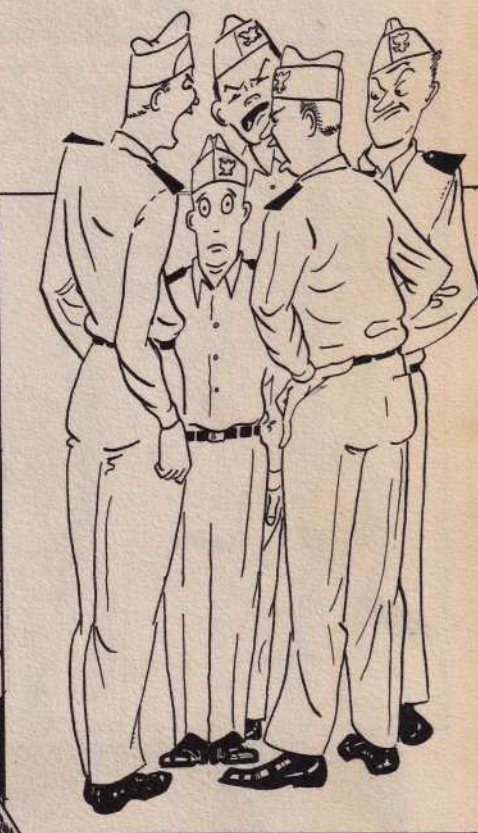
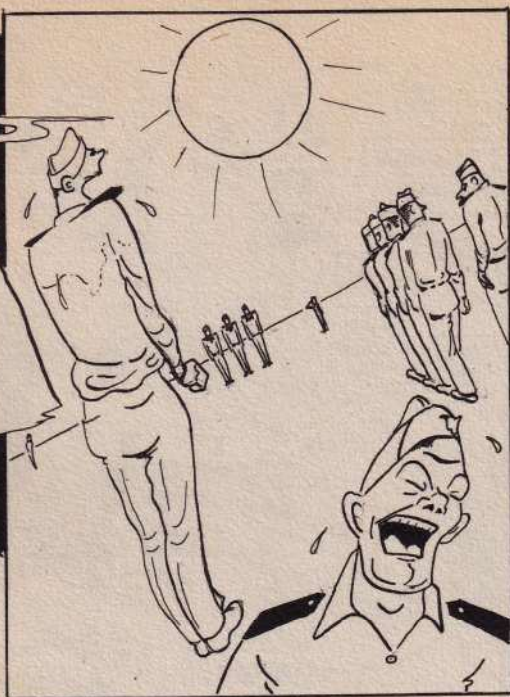




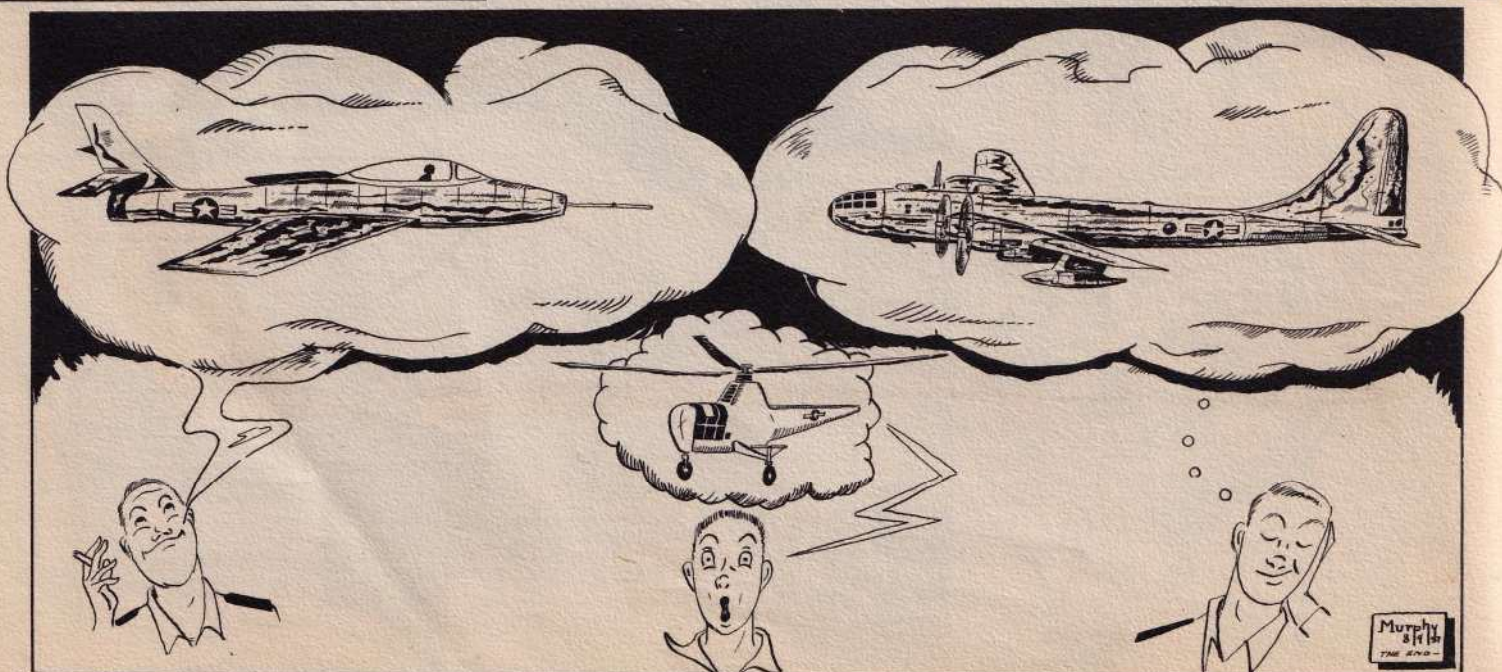
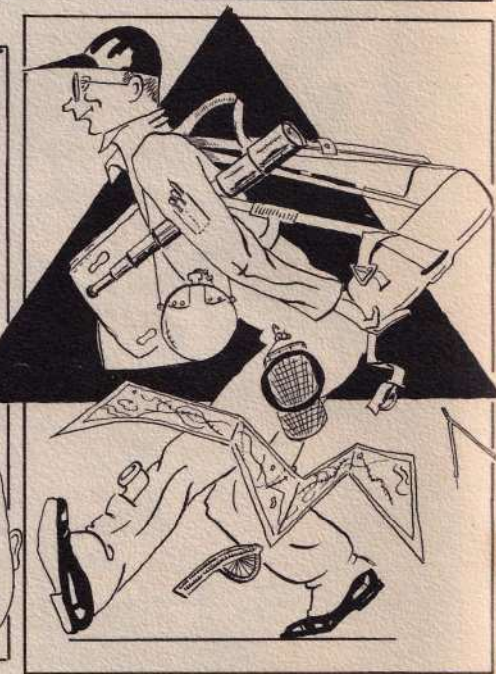
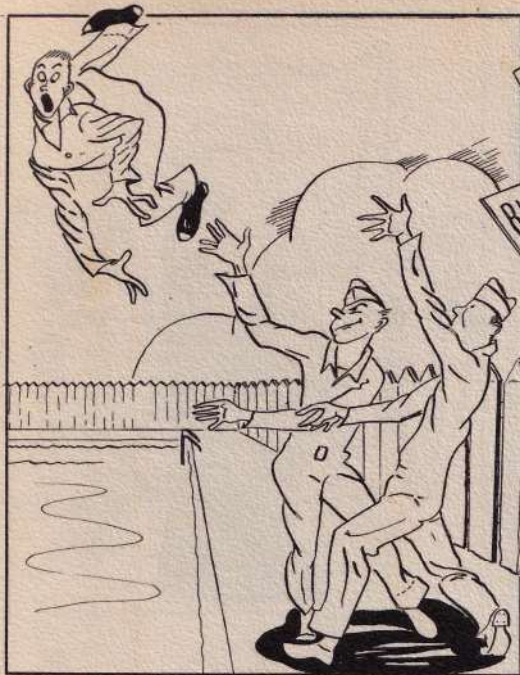
# CLASS 52-B













Restricted

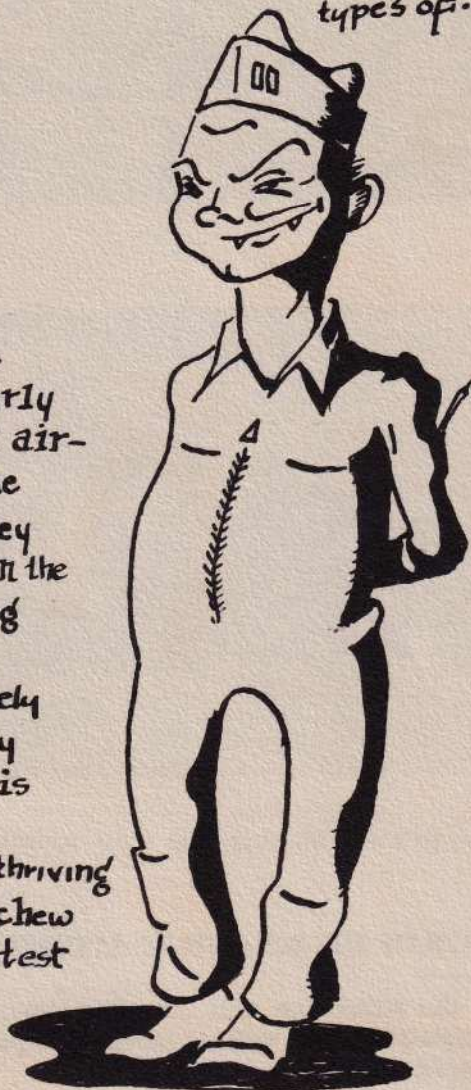
437-002-X14.7  
Homo Sapiens,  
types of.

## Military Check Pilot

This type is indeed a rare species - although not nearly rare enough around cadet airfields. Usually found in the vicinity of such airfields, they are unusually prevalent in the early months of Basic Flying training.

Characteristics. Extremely treacherous - sadistically inclined. Their behavior is unpredictable.

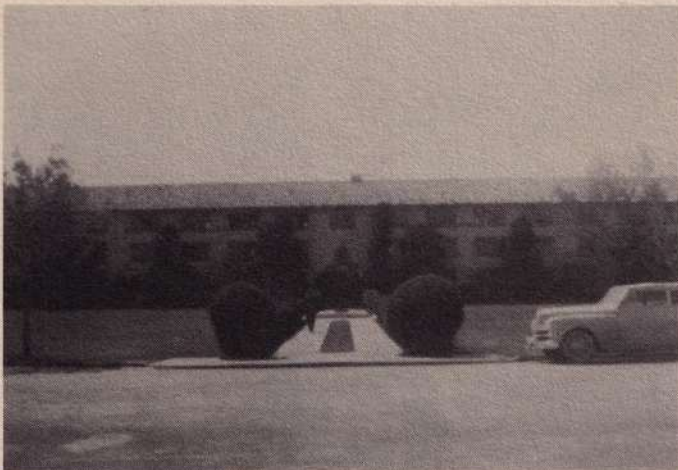
They are carnivorous, thriving upon Cadets, which they chew with relish upon the slightest provocation.



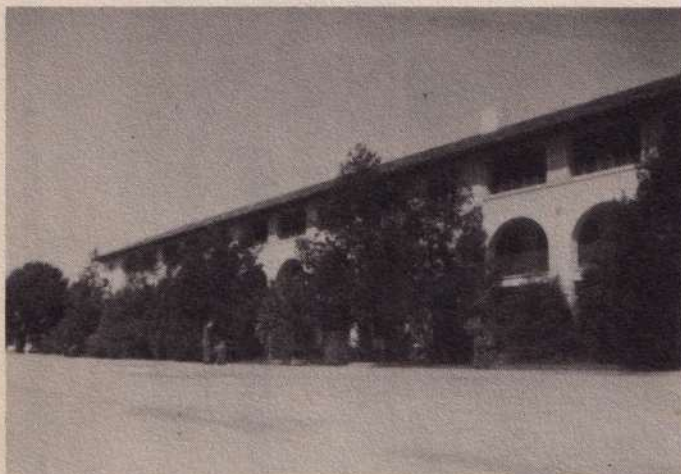
In general - BEWARE THIS TYPE !

Murph





We were gardeners in our spare minutes



Squad leaders will instruct their men in drill

**SIR, THE POSITION OF THE SOLDIER AT ATTENTION IS AS FOLLOWS:**

1. Heels on the same line and...resting equally on hips—er—a—  
Heels hanging straight without stiffness, equally along the seams  
of the trousers...
2. Arms turned out equally and forming an angle of 45 degrees—
3. Head resting squarely on the heels and balls of the feet, arms  
drawn in so that the axis of the thumbs and hands is arched  
equally along the backs of the hands—
4. Hips lifted and arched so that the seams of the trousers are  
straight without stiffness—
5. Eyes brought together smartly and audibly—

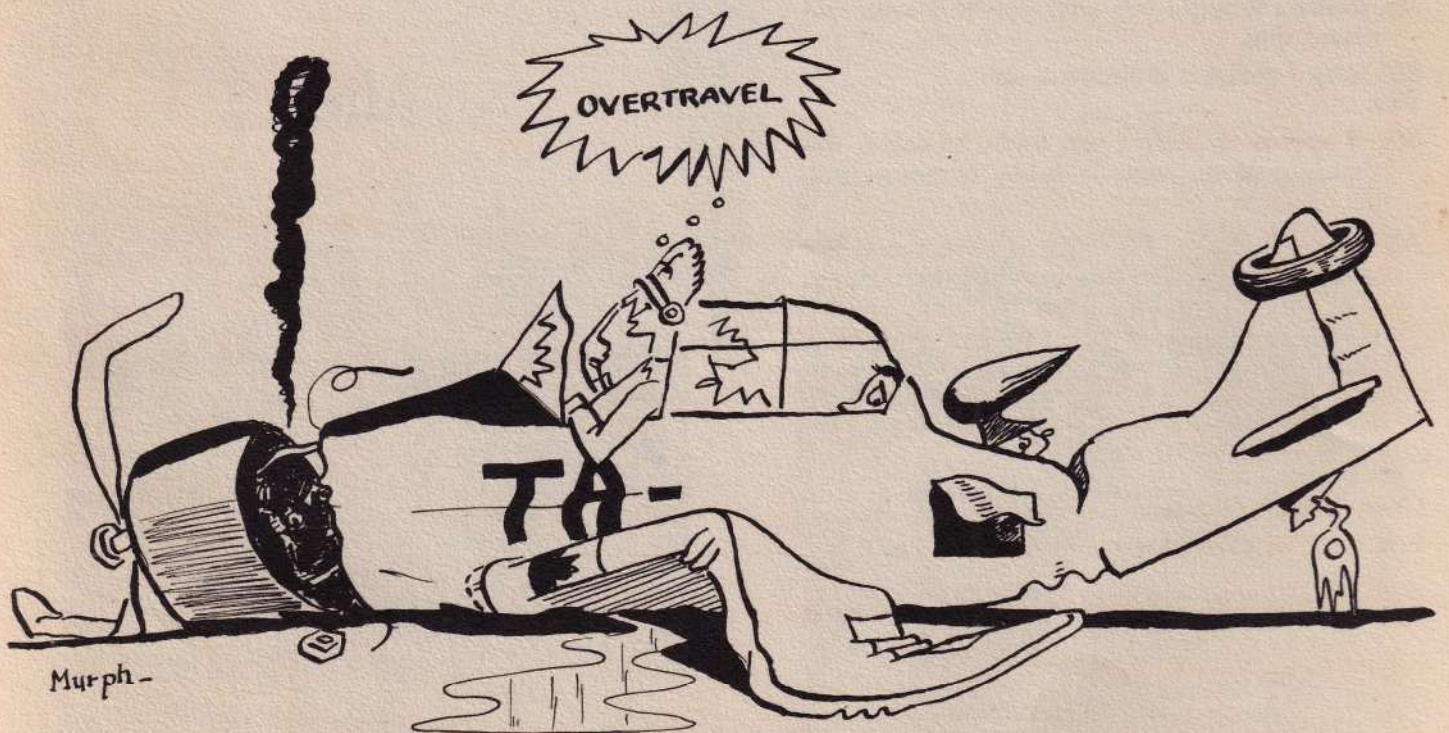
**SIR! ONE CUSTOM SLIP FOR...**







Though we were closely supervised . . .



we occasionally forgot little things



Sir, may I ask a question, sir?  
 Yes, ask a question, mister.  
 Sir, how do I ask for something which is within my reach, sir?  
 Mister, haven't you been instructed on that already?  
 Sir, may I make a statement, sir?  
 Yes, make a statement.  
 Sir, yes, sir.  
 Mister, you don't ask to make a statement when you are going to say "yes" or "no". Don't you know better than that?  
 No excuse, sir.  
 That's no answer. Do you or don't you know better?  
 No, sir.  
 No, sir! You've been a fourth classman a whole day now, and you don't know better. What is your name, mister.  
 Sir, may I make a statement, sir?  
 Yes.  
 Jones, sir, James M., sir.  
 Thank you, Mr. Jones. Carry on.  
 Sir, may I ask a question, sir?  
 Yes, ask a question.  
 Sir, how do I ask for something which is within my reach, sir?  
 Mr. Jones, I thought you said you had been told about this.  
 Sir, may I make a statement, sir?  
 Yes.  
 Sir, it seems to vary from table to table, depending upon who is table commandant, sir.  
 All right, Mr. Jones. I'll tell you once more, but remember it now. You start off by asking, "Sir, does anyone desire the salt, sir?"—or whatever it may be. If no one says anything, then go ahead and say, "Sir, may I help myself, sir?" and you may then help yourself. Do you understand, Mr. Jones?  
 Yes, sir.  
 Carry on, Mr. Jones.  
 Sir, does anyone desire the napkins, sir? Sir, may I.....  
 Napkins, Mr. Jones! Don't you know that a Cadet never begins his meal without a napkin in his lap?  
 And so on, ad infinitum.



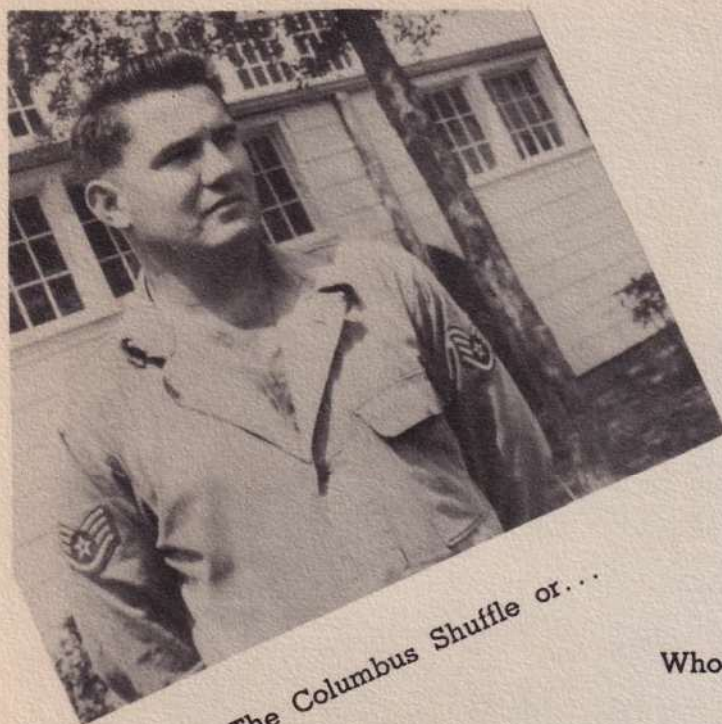
Before...

And...

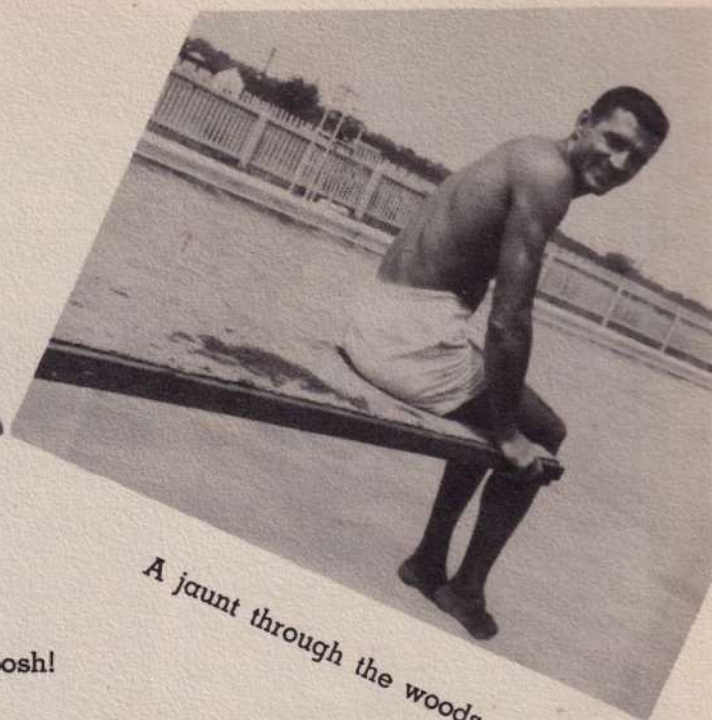
After







The Columbus Shuffle or...



A jaunt through the woods

Whoosh!



Monday morning dip

Free play





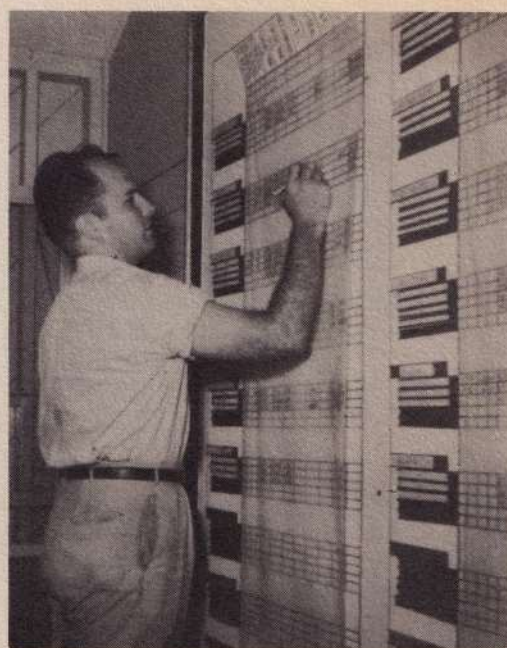


Bad landing



A course in dramatics—  
the flight shack was the stage

Father Time



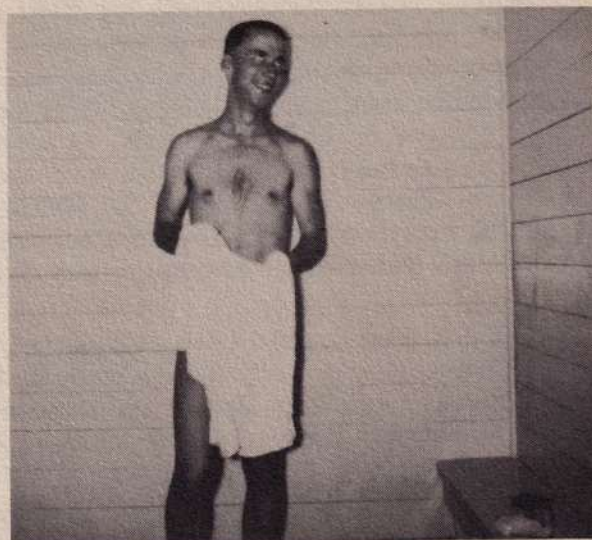




"I'll be back"



"It'll be all fixed next week"



Love dat shower





## A SATURDAY IN THE LIFE OF A COLUMBUS CADET

The morning had been perfect, almost idyllic. To begin with, there had been no wait to shave, and he had gotten the wash bowl next to the light. By the time he had finished shaving, he was awake enough to notice that the morning was a cool one, in fact, he recalled that he had awakened under the covers with the blanket tucked closely about his neck and shoulders.

He was out for reveille on time without running, and when he came back to his room and turned on the radio, no one was using their electric razor, nor did anyone use one as long as he had the radio on that morning. Then, when his squadron went to eat, his was the first squad in the first flight to go in. It was a run of the mill breakfast—a wide variety of fruits to choose from, pancakes or waffles or both, pure Vermont maple syrup, and coffee brewed to perfection.

The remainder of the morning passed quickly, for upon his return to the barracks, he learned that there would be no flying, no lectures, nothing whatever to be done that morning, not even an inspection. That left little choice but to go back to bed, so back to bed he went. Around 1200 he dragged himself out from under the covers (it was still a cool day), threw some water in his face, dressed, and left for chow. This meal wasn't too good either—shrimp cocktail, T-bone steak, Waldorf salad, and the rest of the usual fare.

At 1330 he and his friends left for town and the golf club, scorning Mississippi's Sweetest Collection of Women for the pleasure of going around on wide open fairways and tees of velvet smoothness. A few hours later, with two birdies under his belt, he and his fellow golfers headed for the clear, cool waters of the lake, set like a gem in the hills of Mississippi. After a pleasant swim, they retired to the porch of their cabaña and ordered a round of drinks. It wasn't too long before they noticed the young ladies sitting on the porch of the cabaña next to theirs, and they soon found themselves irresistibly drawn into conversation with them—Plato and Aristotle, the Renaissance, and even a dash of nuclear physics. It seemed quite natural, almost expected, when they were invited to dinner at the home of one of the girls—the one with the green Jantzen swim suit. Another round of drinks followed before all got dressed and drove off to dinner.

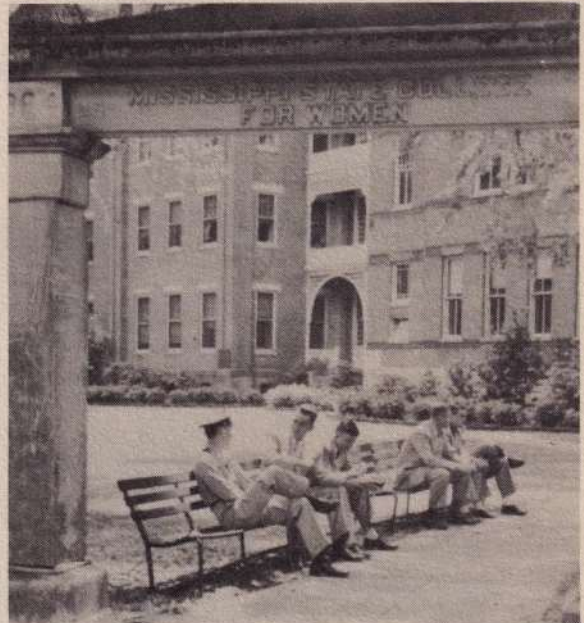
Though the four Cadets were unexpected, as can be readily understood, the meal was a thumping success—boiled eggs, greens, grits, rhubarb, and a side dish of onions. After-dinner conversation burbled along melodiously, touching lightly on subjects such as the evils of trumping a partner's ace, the merits of obeying Mississippi law at every railroad crossing, and the pros and cons of giving names to one's cows, if one has cows.

At the suggestion of the young lady who had been wearing the green Jantzen swim suit (of course, she had changed for dinner), all went out on the back lawn for a game of croquet before it became dark. The game, however, was short-lived, coming to an end when one of the boys tripped on a mallet, and in regaining his balance, stepped on two wickets and broke one of the stakes. This struck all as being hilariously funny, and with tears rolling down their faces, they called the game off, got into their cars, and drove to the Flamingo Club.

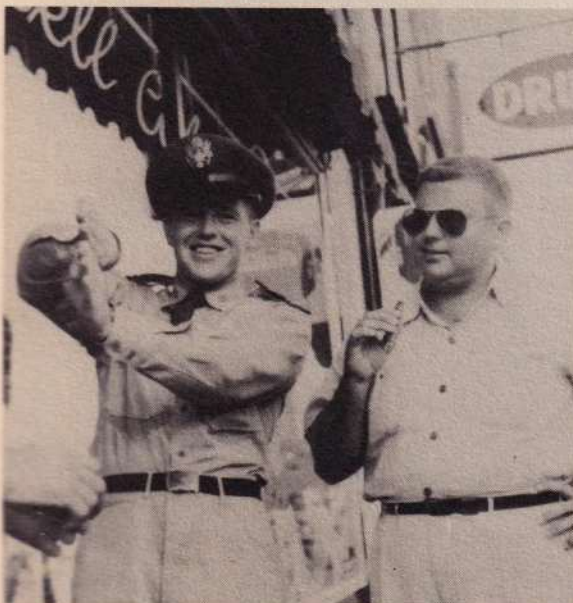
At the Flamingo, they took a large table on the pavilion, and after ordering a round of Mint Juleps, alternately danced under the stars or chatted about the wonderful weather, the joys of Cadet life, and other such miscellany. In the course of the evening, plans were made to go to the polo game the following afternoon. It promised to be equally as exciting as the game of the week before. The evening wore on, and finally, after a medley of rumbas and mambos to the music of Danny Slofoot and his Happy Valley Gang, they decided to call it a day and go home. On the way, they passed the lake and found the moonlit view so breath-taking, they just had to stop for a few moments to take it all in.

Later, after leaving the girls at their respective homes, the boys headed out to the base, noting on their way through town that there was another Class A picture playing at the theater. They showed their passes at the gate, left the car in the parking lot, and walked toward their chartreuse barracks, which really did not look chartreuse at all in the evening light. As our hero was about to open the screen door, he took one last look at the skies, noticing that clouds were beginning to form and would soon obscure the moon and the stars. "Very unusual for Mississippi," he thought, as he entered the barracks and made his way to bed.

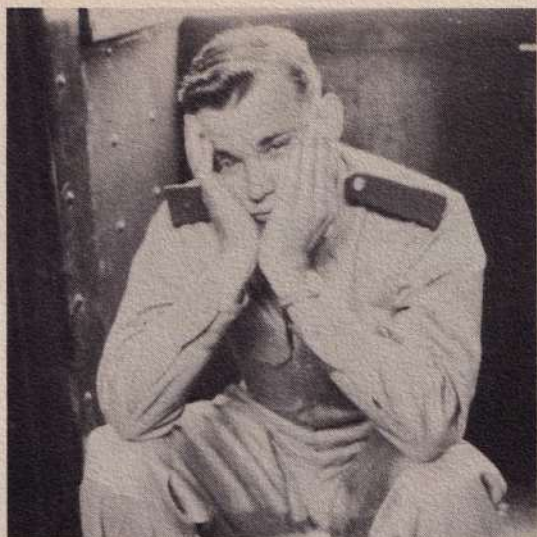




There was an abundance of girls







Ambition...



Discipline...



Authority...



Bearing...

All necessary attributes of



The Officer



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Leo Spatz  
Manager



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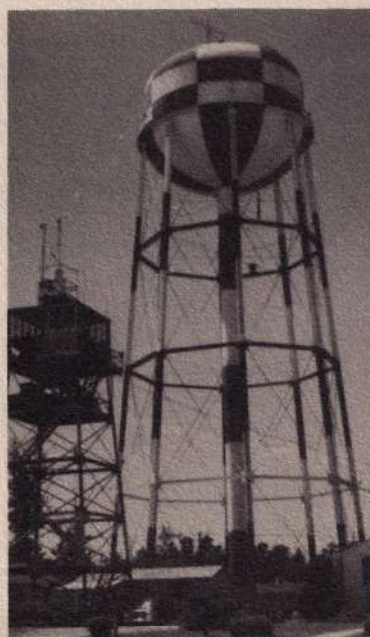




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