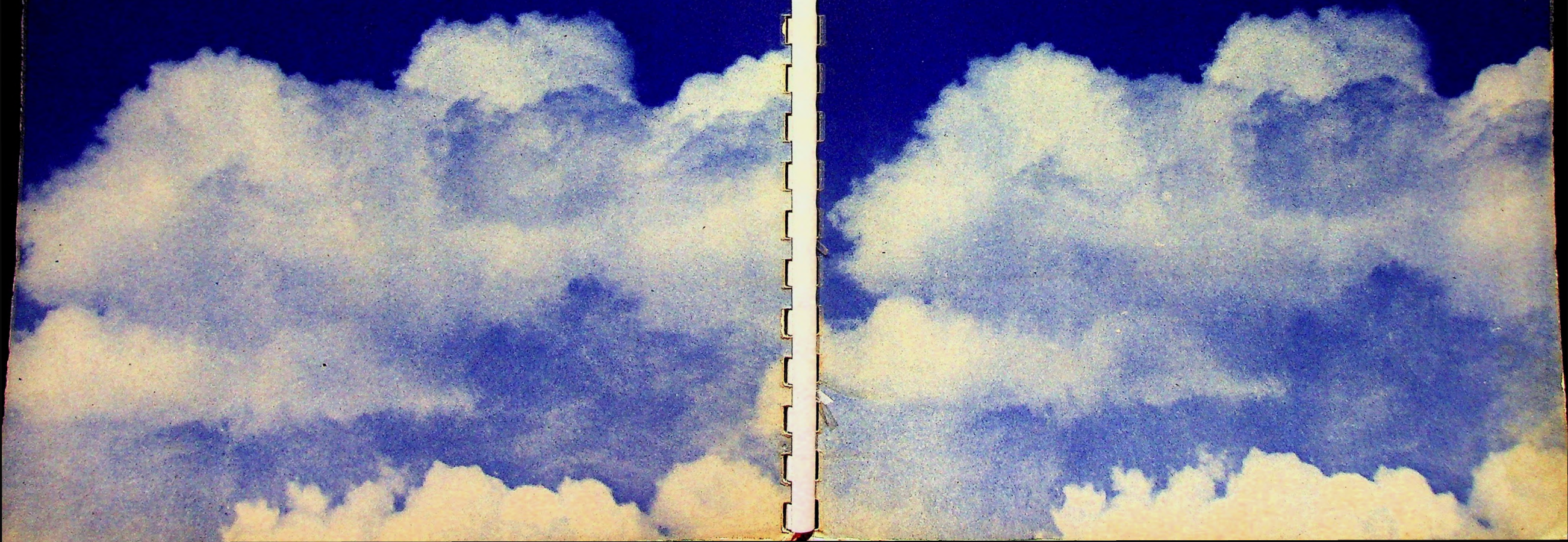


MISTER





An Airplane At Last!

AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
COLEMAN, TEXAS

March 28, 1942

Dear Mom,

Is this place ever a whale of a lot different than I figured it to be. It isn't at all like the army camp Dad said he was in. Tent City was something like that—what with all the drilling and marching, the rain, the mess lines, sleeping on cots and what not.

And what a "Mulligan stew" gang we had there—fellows from Maine to California, slight office workers, pro boxers and wrestlers, salesmen, farmers, factory hands, drugstore cowboys—just about every type of person who helps make the wheels go around in this nation of ours. And all of them with that gleam in their eye, showing they were there for a purpose.

Of course when we got to the actual Replacement Center "Up on the Hill," it was a lot different than in Tent City. But somehow or other that place still didn't make me realize what I was really getting into. Like I told you, we had to do a lot of drilling there, had to salute officers and have gas mask drill and stuff, but that didn't seem to have much to do with flying airplanes for the army. And then all the math and other subjects made it seem more like I was in college or something.

But here at Coleman Air Force Training Detachment I'm beginning to realize what a terrific thing this is. Our officers, of course, are the big shots. They're really swell eggs, but naturally, we treat them with the proper respect at all times, and they in turn treat us like gentlemen and future officers. We have

OFFICERS



CAPT. T. B. WHITEHOUSE
Commanding

AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
COLEMAN, TEXAS

To the Class of 42-I:

It is with particular regret that I bid you "Farewell," for we leave Coleman together. I hope that while stationed here I have done as good a job as you have, and that I will be able to do as well on my new assignment as I know you will on yours.

Good luck and Godspeed.

Thomas B. Whitehouse

THOMAS B. WHITEHOUSE
Captain, Air Corps
Commanding.



Engineering

To the Class of 42-I:

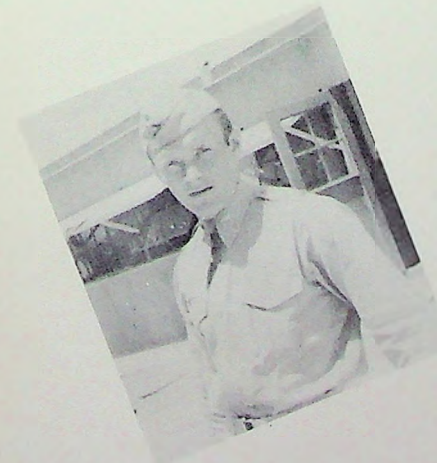
To those of you who have just overcome the largest obstacle which might have prevented you from achieving the honor of earning your "Wings" and becoming a member of the finest Army Air Force in the world, let me extend my best wishes for a successful completion of your flying training and my sincere hope that you will realize and meet with the same determination the problems which will confront each and every one of you throughout your Cadetship and as an officer of the United States Army.

Roger M. Crow

ROGER M. CROW,
Captain, Air Corps.



CAPT. R. M. CROW
Engineering Officer



1ST. LT. H. L. GERBER
Asst. Engineering Officer

The Commandant



WILLIAM O. LACKIE
1st. Lt., Air Corps
Commandant of Cadets

HEADQUARTERS
AIR FORCE TRAINING
DETACHMENT

Coleman, Texas
May 19, 1942

To the Class of 42-I:

Work as hard as you have
here, and then more, for you
have a job to do, and you will;
good luck, and may God speed
you.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "William O. Lackie".

WILLIAM O. LACKIE,
1st. Lt., Air Corps.,
Commandant of Cadets.

The Adjutant



L. L. CRENSHAW
1st. Lt., Air Corps
Adjutant

The Flight Surgeon



CAPT. D. M. CLARK
Flight Surgeon

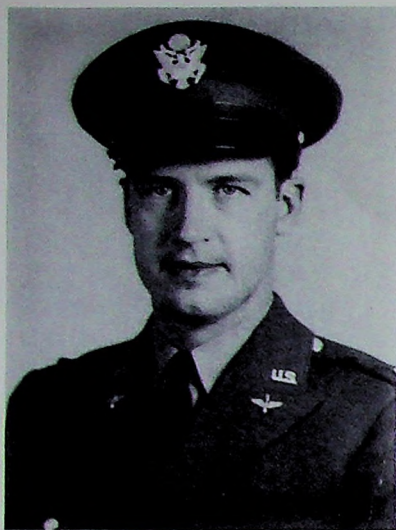
Since to "Keep 'Em Flying"
is the sole reason for existence
of Aviation Medicine as a
specialty, you may be sure that
your objectives will be our ob-
jectives, your successes our
successes.

Sincerely,
D. M. Clark,
Capt., MC.

Operations



1ST. LT. W. H. HALL
Operations Officer



2ND. LT. A. R. HENRY
Supply Officer



2ND. LT. B. P. DOYLE
Asst. Air Corps Surgeon

A Swell Group Of Officers

No chain is stronger than its weakest link and it's the duty of commanding officers to forge every cadet into being a strong link in the chain of defense for our country. Naturally, a little temper is necessary once in awhile to bring out the proper mettle in a man.

A few of the boys learned this on certain evenings when they decided their barracks bags needed the rest and put them to bed for Taps check. However, no one will admit sooner than the fellows caught in the act, that the tempering administered was justly merited.

All in all, we know the administration personnel gave us every chance to prove our worth. Whether the test was for our ability in the air or to bring out our possibilities as future officers, every man at this station was given the same opportunities. And that is in keeping with the spirit we are trying to preserve in this nation.

An Instructor's Owed To A Flying Cadet

Blessings on thee, Flying Cadet
Your silly puss I can't forget—
With thy head of solid bone
Its inner functions stay unknown—

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

And thy over-banked chandelle!!
How I wish you were in hell—
Thy landings leave me black and blue—
God made you half-kangaroo—

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

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

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

I only hope someday you'll be
A flight instructor, same as me!!

—William Sloan

INSTRUCTORS



MR. J. T. HUTCHINS
Flight Director

FLIGHT COMMANDERS:

- Mr. J. F. Jolly
- Mr. B. Justice
- Mr. R. C. Moore
- Mr. R. E. Wilkinson



Instructors

- ABEL, W. A.
- ADAMS, C. R.
- BARRY, C. D.
- BAZE, M. L. H.
- BRANNAN, F. B.
- BRAWNER, F. C.
- BURNETT, E. C.
- BUTLER, W. H.
- CARR, W. R.
- COOK, R. J.
- COPELAND, H. E.
- CROSS, J. A.
- DAGGETT, R. G.
- DAVIS, P. A.
- ENGLE, P. R.
- GOEDEKE, L. S.
- GIBB, D. K.
- GREER, F. G.
- GRIFFIN, R. L.
- GRUN, H.
- HALL, T. L.
- HARRIS, R. D.
- HARRISON, E. F.
- HARTZOG, I. B.
- HENDREX, G. W.
- HIGHTOWER, H. D.
- HOLLINGSWORTH, J. C.
- HUNSAKER, A. W.
- HUTCHINS, J. T.
- INRUM, G. W.
- JAMESON, L. C.
- JESSUP, W. A.
- KIRK, A.
- KREIGER, W. R.

Instructors

KENLEY, D. C.
LANE, S. D.
LUDER, H. L.
McKISSICK, R. C.
McNAMES, L. W.
MERRILL, E. J.
MURPHY, E. Y.
O'ROURKE, R. J.
PHILLIPS, J. D.
PHILLIPS, J. D.
PRINCE, S.
PRUITT, V. E.
ROSELIUS, N.
STANSEL, O. H.
SMITH, C. N.
SNELL, R. W.
SOUTH, T. L.
STRICKLAND, D. F.
THAYER, C. E.
THOMASON, D. G.
VICKERS, H. M.
WATT, D. P.
WEST, J. W.
WILLCOX, H. L.
WOODWARD, L. E.
WILLIAMS, L. R.
YEO, I. C.
YOUNG, E. O.
YOUNG, S. L.



How To Fly In Ten Easy Lessons or Get That Instructor On The Ball!

(Any similarity to persons living or dead is obvious, don't you think?)

From that first eager glimpse of Coleman till the magic metamorphosis of dodo chrysalis into Hot pilot, may seem nothing short of a miracle to the uninitiated. But to that esoteric group of hot pilots, those men to whom flying was an open book, because they knew, or should we say intuitively sensed, the secret of flying lay with the Instructor. There, now the secret is out! Here for the first time is revealed the sure, quick, easy way to hot pilotcy. Let us trace the secret path to success, as it might be traveled by Clarence, an imaginary dodo, as what dodo isn't? Remember the thrill, the racing pulse of that first day when you, with the rest of the dodoes, stood in line before the ships and waited breathlessly to be assigned to an Instructor? Well, while you, silly dodo, was waiting to be assigned, Clarence's busy little brain was shifting and sorting the Instructors, cataloguing them by height, mustaches, and above all, by kindness of feature. Having arrived at what appears to be a deadlock between two Instructors, Clarence makes a final choice in terms of gullibility. To be sure, all is more or less guess work at this stage, but Clarence is counting heavily on his luck which has yet to fail him. As the more fortunate Instructor moves to annex six throbbing dodoes, Clarence, with an expert twist of the torso, inserts himself in the group, leaving a disgruntled, less experienced dodo behind.

Here is the crucial fork in the road to success ————— here pilots are made or broken ————— for here is where the analysis of one's Instructor must decide which of two courses are to be pursued. Instructors fall, roughly into classes. Those who must be nurtured along and those to whom no quarters can be given ————— Remember you can lead a horse to water, but, well, you know the rest.

Clarence slyly falls behind the rest of his flight and lets them chatter eagerly in their haste to create an impression. But not our Clarence ————— subtlety is the order of the day, careful ground work must be laid before the Instructor is engaged. Convinced at last of the Instructor's gullibility, Clarence moves to the fore, fixing his most determinedly eager stare full on the unsuspecting Instructor, his elbows working like pistons as he crowds his less able classmates to the side. There they stand face-to-face; the Instructor, slightly baffled and seeing nothing but Clarence's eager physiognomy obscuring all else, and Clarence, trembling with simulated eagerness, aglow with the radiance of the all-understanding.

The Instructor in self-defense begins a frantic explanation of various controls, etc., But Clarence is not to be put off, well, not easily any way, his face follows a scant 12 inches away, every movement of the Instructor's lips. Increasingly aware of this beaming countenance, a mild note of hysteria creeps into the Instructor's voice. Clarence notes this with an inward smile and redoubles his efforts. His reward is the mounting pitch in the Instruc-

tor's voice culminating in a distinct crack. The fact that his Instructor has seen no light of recognition in the face of Clarence as he reidentifies for the third time the stick, rudder, etc. hold no fear for Clarence. "The enemy has been met and they are ours," is a soaring song in the dodo's heart and well he might rejoice could he but see his Instructor later that night as he met his wife. Clarence would note with satisfaction the furtive glance over each shoulder, the frightened frenetic, "What did you say, dear?" in response to his wife's questions.

With the passing of a few days, so did eleven pounds of Clarence's Instructor. Gone too, was the youthful step, the bouyant note to his carefree greetings. Instead was a lead old man, with a wrinkled, beaten face which wore an expression of pleading, an old man who stole quietly up to you as you reached in your pocket for a handout, asked in a hushed whisper, "Has anyone seen _____ Clarence?" The combination of fear and reverence in that single word "Clarence" was proof enough that our dodo's initial analysis had been correct. As is evident from Clarence's plan of attack, the Instructor fell in the category of those to whom no quarter can be given.

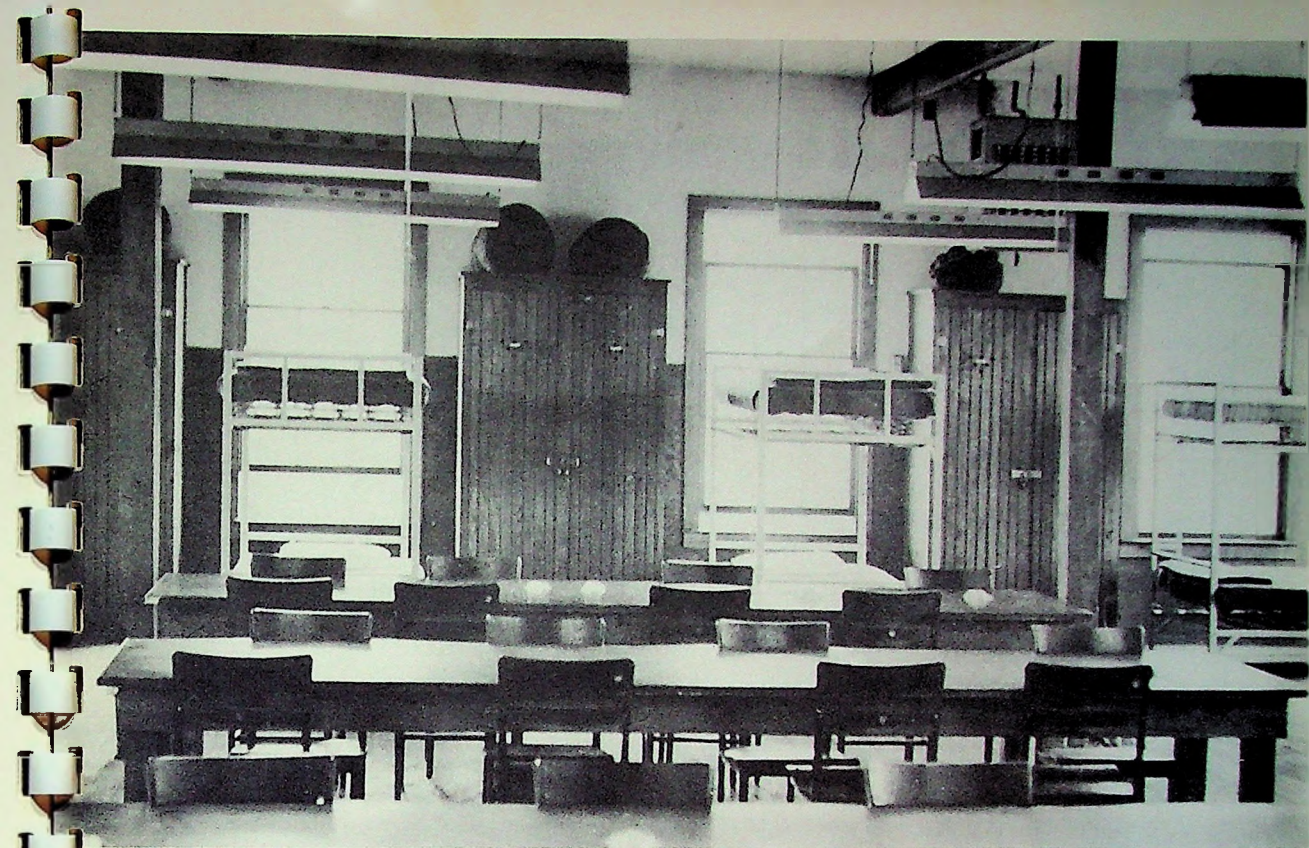
By his resourceful, positive action, Clarence was assured a place in Hot Pilotcy hall of fame. As to the rest of Clarence's increasingly successful career, sufficient to say that Clarence continued to beam, open his throttle in a spin and otherwise prove his adequacy. His Instructor? Well, he went steadily down hill, finally subsided into a period of spasticity and recovering from that became a ground school instructor. I passed him on the street the other day. Didn't look well at all, poor fellow.

Note Of Appreciation To Instructors

If ever you meet a man who has absolutely no regard for his own personal safety and has blind faith in his fellow man to the degree that he believes in trusting a rank amateur with \$12,500 worth of valuable machinery—you are face to face with an aviation instructor.

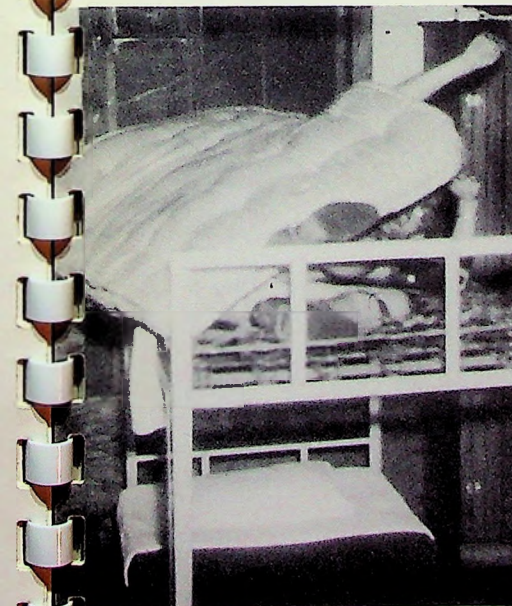
Like our administration personnel these men have been responsible in casting the initial mold in our careers as flying officers. Theirs has probably been the most ticklish job of all. They sweated when we muffed and swelled with pride when we connected.

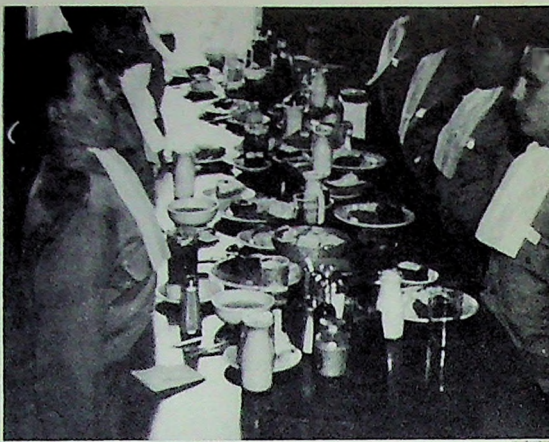
About all we can do for them right here and now is say, "Thanks a hell of a lot, fellas," and when we get those wings let's remember who put the pin feathers on them.



Barracks

More flying was done, more gas was burned and more of the old oil spread in these rooms than in all the sky over Texas. Here we were hazed, dazed and amazed by our H. P. upperclassmen. This is where we did our boning for the engine's quiz and our phoning for a date with Liz. There was no over-abundances of privacy, but it sure was an A-1 place to win friends and influence dodos.





Mess Hall



Average Cadet

Have you ever wondered what the average cadet is like? What he thinks, and how he acts? What he wants to do, and why. Well, read on, Macbeth, and if you meet any or all of these requirements send us an autographed box car top and we'll see that you get your wings—one way or the other.

Measurements

Hat— $7\frac{1}{8}$. This does not take into consideration Monday morning or the day after the first solo.

Hair—Usually brown. In primary the hirsute adornment is quite wavy It is still staggering from the effects of that first butchering at the replacement center.

Forehead—Yes, he has one. It's right in front of where the brain should be.

Nose—Thinks he does, but his instructor says otherwise.

Mouth—Constantly emits gaseous substance known as "hangar flying."

Chin—Just a protruberance to keep head above collar in a dive.

Neck—Certainly.

Chest—37 inches not counting matting.

Arm length—33 inches. Change inches to feet for statistics on same cadet in mess hall.

Waist—Total.

Leg length—32 inches. Remove first digit when his gigs have been walked off.

Shoe— $8\frac{1}{2}D$.

Weight—164 pounds.

Height—5 feet, $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Didn't think they piled it that high, did you?

Age—22 years, eight months.

Habit:

Blondes, brunettes or red heads.

Preferences:

More blondes, brunettes or red heads.

Intelligence quotient:

Now why bring that up?

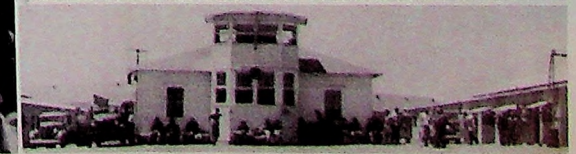
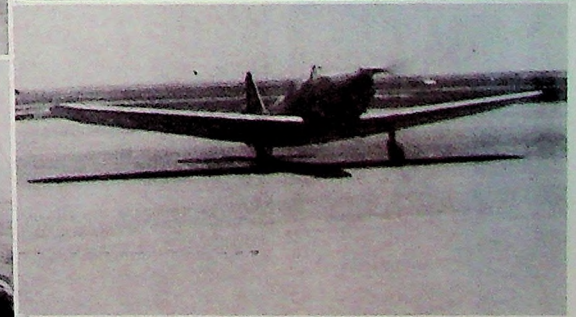
Former civilian status:

To hear him tell it the business world has lost a good many czars. Fact is that he thinks more like a sardine.

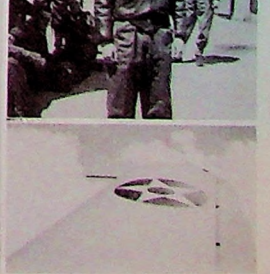
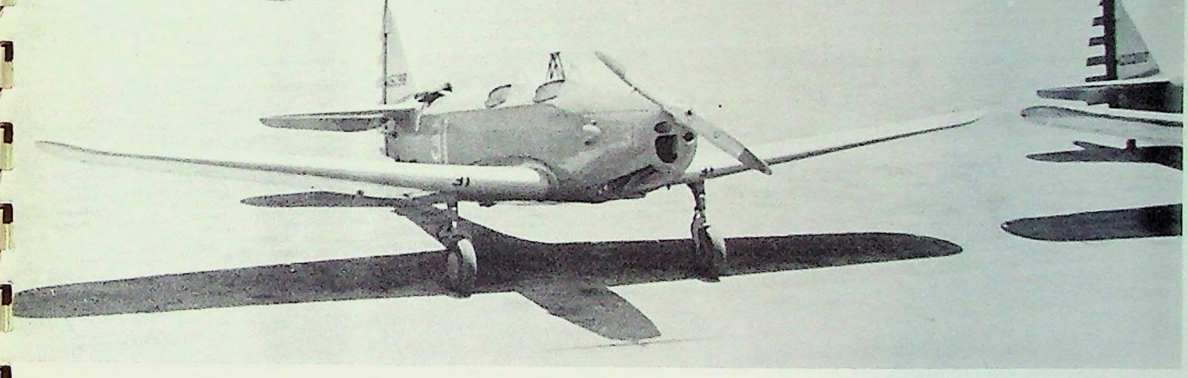
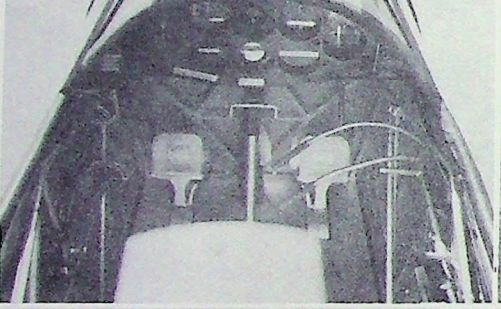
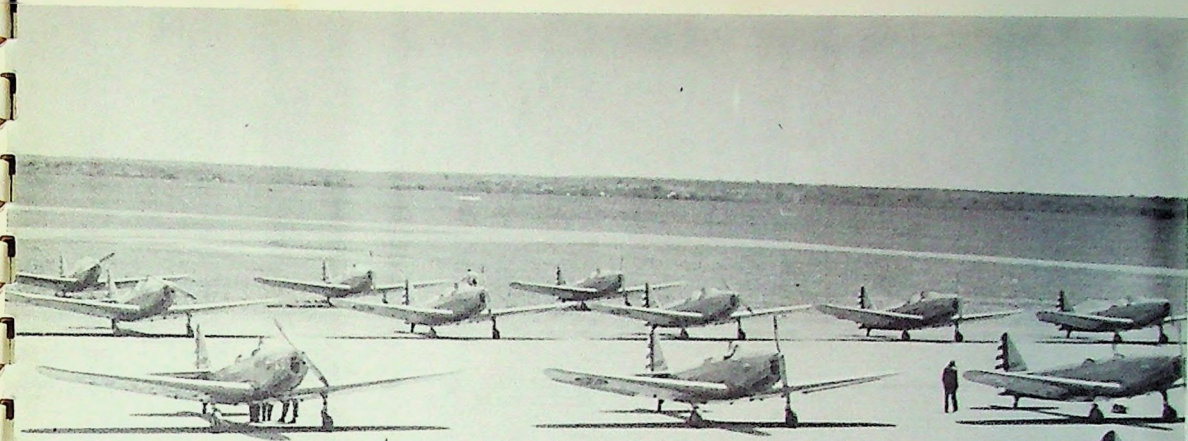


The Flying Line

After all is said and done the primary purpose of our stay at Coleman was to learn to fly. The hours we spent "on the line" will never be forgotten. In the following pages we have made an attempt to preserve some of the scenes that you will want to remember. We hope you like 'em.



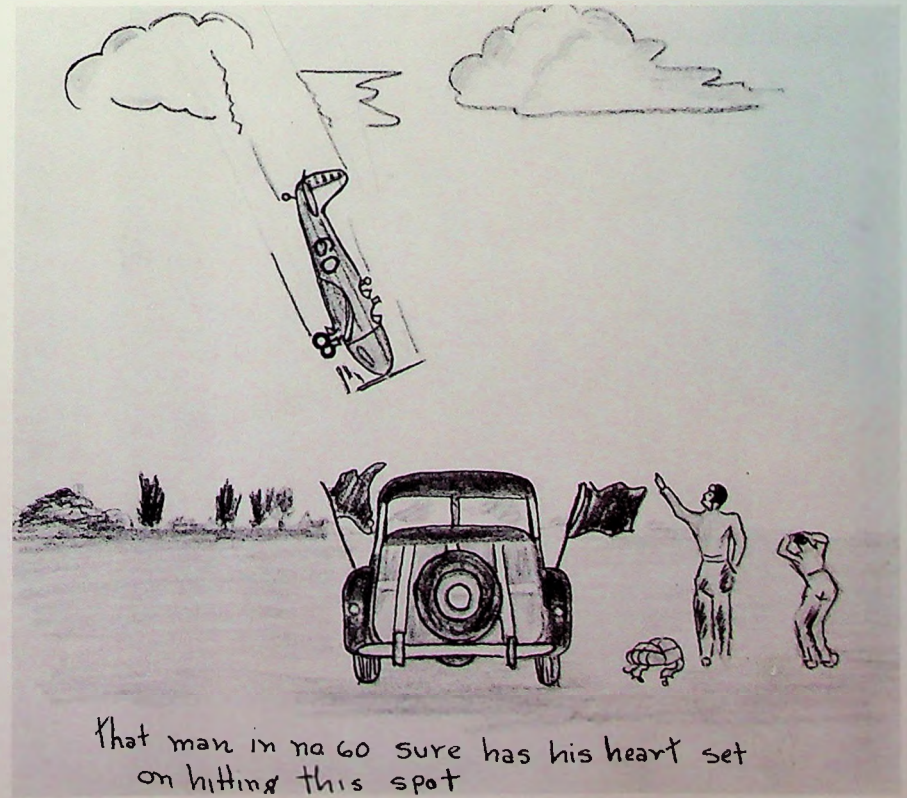




How To Keep From Growing Old In 10 Easy Lessons

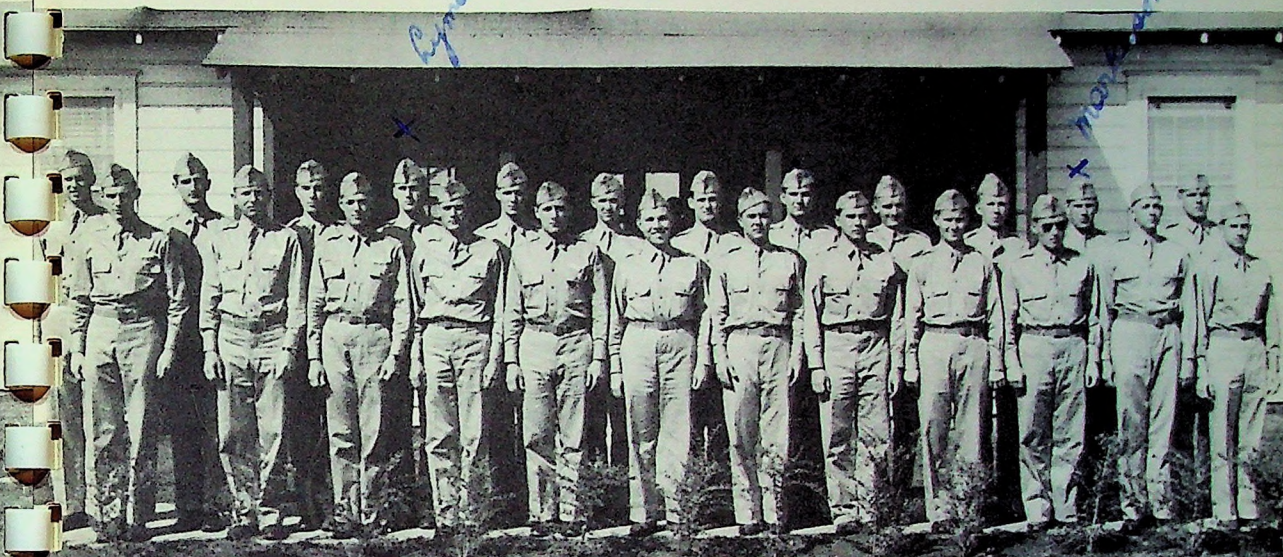
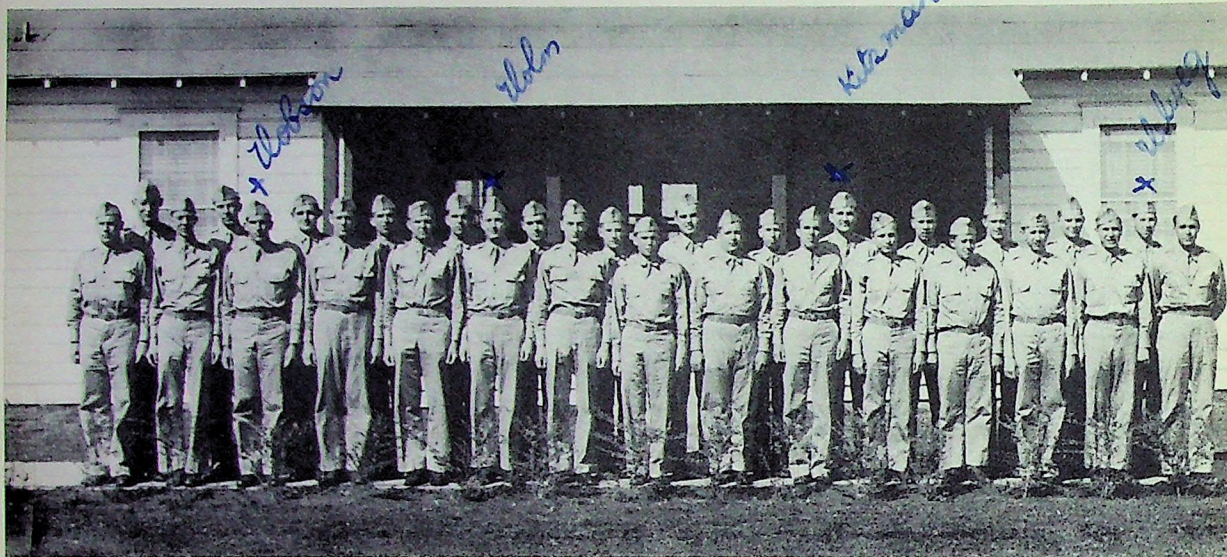
by I. M. Washtout

1. Skip all that monkeyshines about preflight inspection. That's the mechanic's job, and if there's something wrong with the ship he'll get blamed, not you.
2. Forget your safety belt. The darn things are very uncomfortable and may cause gas on the stomach.
3. Take off downwind. There's altogether too much silly superstition in the world now. Besides anyone knows you can go farther and faster with a tail wind.
4. As soon as the wheels leave the ground, haul back on the stick. No use stalling around—let's get this thing up into the air.
5. Don't wait until you reach 200 feet before making that first turn. The wing tips will clear the ground at about 15 feet in a 90 degree bank.
6. Try your co-ordination exercises on the takeoff. We'll admit they are a little difficult here, but it will teach other guys not to follow you so darned close.
7. Hold that throttle wide open all the time. The soup is there so why not use it? Besides the only way you can get them to put a new engine in that old crate is to burn out this one.
8. Keep your eyes straight ahead. It isn't necessary to turn around and see where you've been, and if you've followed the preceding rules everyone will know enough to get the hell out of your way.
9. Invariably land down wind. You'll get it over with quicker. It also helps the mechanics a good deal if you wind up your landing in the hangar.
10. When flying solo don't bother to check in with the dispatcher. His job is to spot you when you come in, and if you get him worried sick a few times maybe he'll learn to keep his head out.



Dodos

Dodos



42-J (SECTION 1)

Green, J. T.
Hadley, R. J.
Halverson, R. J.
Hanson, J. A.
Hanton, J. T.
Hawthorn, H. M.

Hayen, R. E.
X Helweg, C. H.
Henry, W. H.
Hetland, R. I.
X Hobson, S. G.
Hoefler, O. B.

X Holm, W. A.
Hunt, D. E.
Hustad, A. R.
James, H. M.
Johnson, K. V.
Johnson, E. A.

Johnson, R. S.
Johnson, R. E.
Kearney, A. A.
Kelly, C. R.
Kelly, H. W.
Kelly, R. J.

Kersey, J. M. D.
X Kitzman, M. J.
Koenig, V. E.
Koester, R. W.
Konieczka, D. J.
Hartman, A.

42-J (SECTION 3)

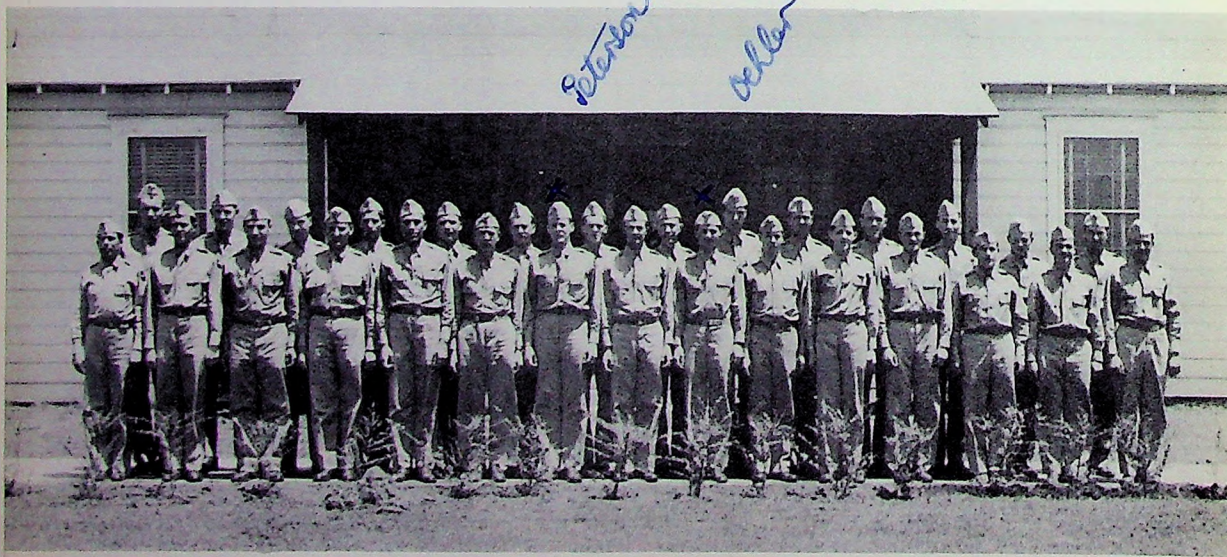
Kopsa, E. E.
Kramme, R. W.
Krause, H. A.
Kramme, R. W.
Krause, H. A.
Kulawik, S.

Labertew, J. W.
Langer, L. J.
Lemke, A. J.
Lian, G., Jr.
Liscomb, C. C.
Litin, D. E.

Lowry, P. L.
X Lyman, S. M.
MacDonald, D. J.
Maloney, J. L.
X Markuson, K. A.
Marshall, R. P.

McMullen, R. J.
Meyer, V. W.
Meyers, L. C.
Michael, H. D.
Mickelson, M. S.
Miller, C. L.

Miller, E. H.
Miller, R. B., Jr.
Molland, L. P.
Mueller, R. C.
Murphy, C. N.
Novling, A. B.



42-J (SECTION 2)

Noonan, W. P.
O'Connor, C. T.
X Oehler, J. N.
Ohrn, R. G.
Olson, J. E.
Olson, T. H.

Palmer, J. K.
Payton, J.
Pearson, R. B.
Peloquin, P. O.
X Peterson, R. W.
Piccolo, A. J.

Pressnal, H. E.
Price, T. J.
Quaschnick, F. D.
Rickard, J. H.
Ries, R. J.
Roche, H. A.

Rodmyre, F. J. G.
Roth, W. A.
Rudnicki, P. T.
Sahlberg, F. J.
Schlesinger, H. R.
Schmelz, E. J.

Schult, L. R.
Schuneman, C. T.
Sentyrz, W. B.
Shewan, C. W.
Siems, E. H.

42-J (SECTION 4)

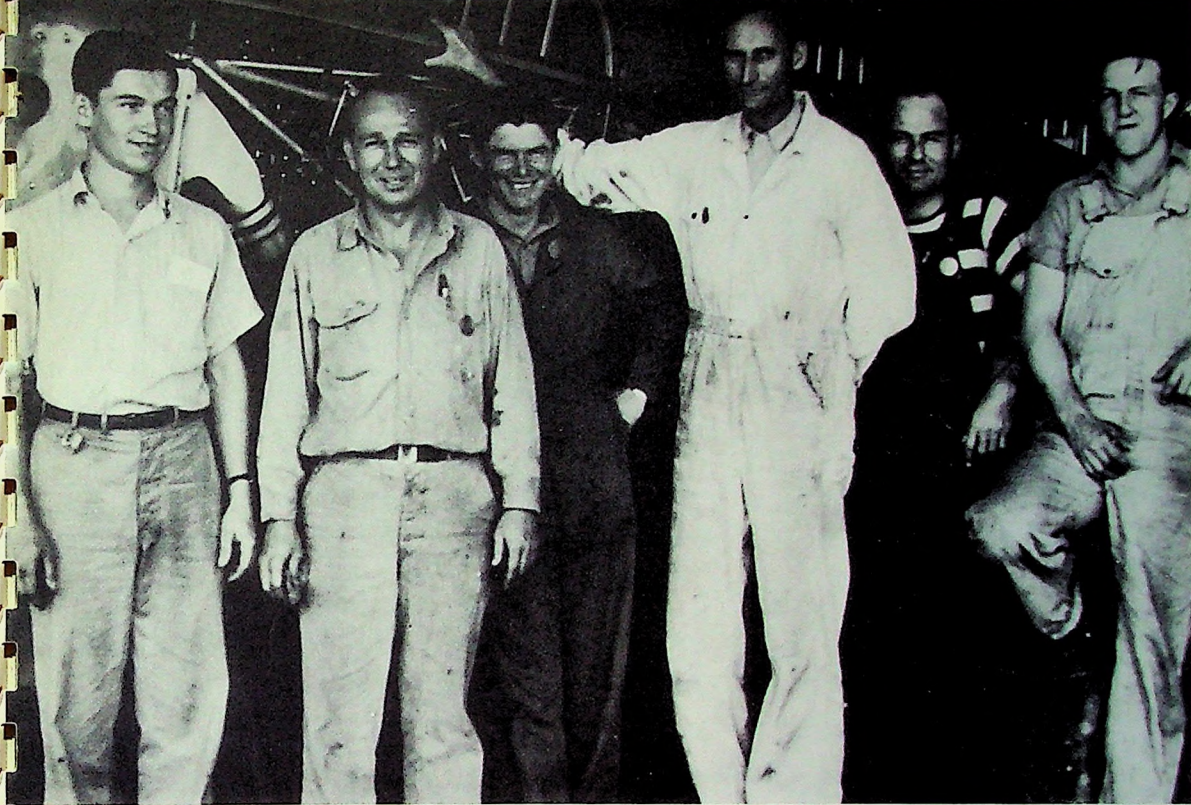
Section 4
Smith, L. B.
Steele, W. C.
Stewart, C. F.
Stovall, T. B.
Strand, H. C.

Sutoris, R. H.
Swinton, A. L.
Taylor, C. H., Jr.
Thatcher, C. R.
Thielen, R. E.

Thompson, H. M.
Thompson, L. N.
Thompson, T. W.
Turner, J. T.
Watson, R. H.

Webb, M. B.
West, R. L.
Wickus, R. A.
Wilson, A. I.
Wilson, B. E.
Witmer, A. L.

Woodard, C. A.
Yauk, J.
Yonick, E. W., Jr.
Yunghans, C. F.
Dace, J. H.
Linsley, O. M.

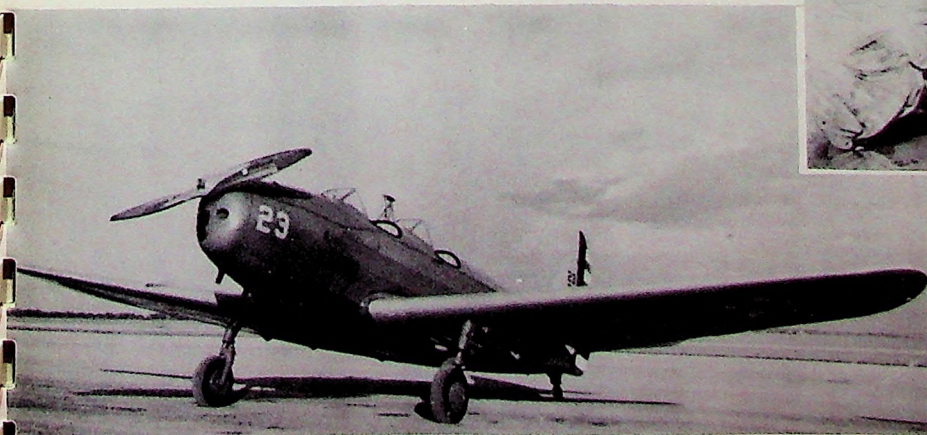


Dodo Daze

1. "Roll out the barrels."
2. "Here comes the bride."
3. "Allah—sunshine."
4. "Suck in that raunchy gut."
5. "Into the air—Army Air Corps—"

They Keep 'Em Flying

This is part of the Group who really "keep 'em flying." All through the night they labor putting the PT's in shape while we sleep to get strength enough to ruin 'em the next morning. They are the real unsung heroes of the air force—let's not forget them.



The "Mister" Staff

E. A. Bronson, J. P. Wells—Co-editors.

D. P. Shelhamer—Art Director.

C. W. Alton—Business Manager.

M. E. Wolfe—Photography.

J. J. Collins—Cartoonist.

E. C. Bickers, Jr., W. J. Tichey, Jr., R. G. Clarke, D. W. Smith, E. P. Burley.

The Mister Staff wishes to extend its thanks to 1st Lt. W. O. Lackie, officer in charge of cadets, and Lt. A. R. Henry for their kind co-operation in the publication of this book. The Staff also wishes to thank every member of the cadet body who in any way contributed to the book.

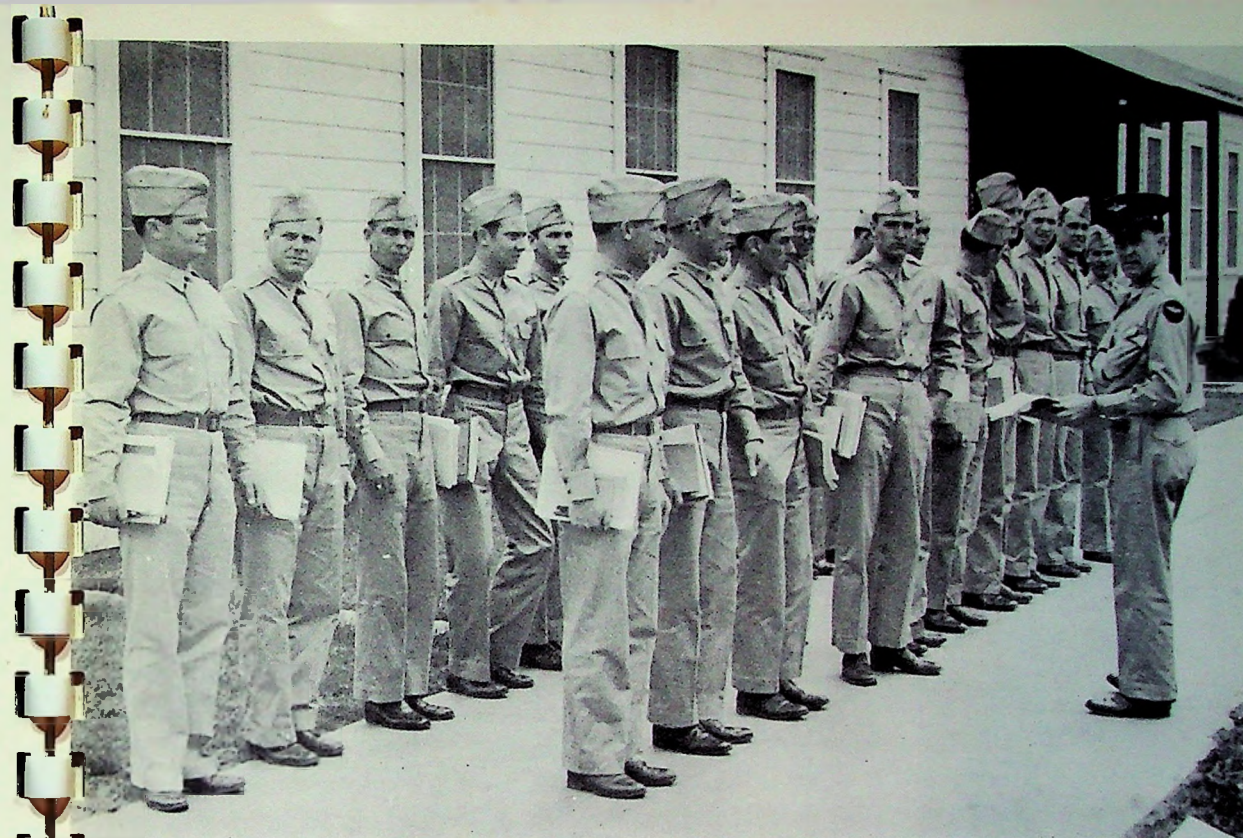
In Other Fields

Some there were who no longer are in our midst. Fellows who did their best to no avail. They had flying in their hearts, but something within them just wouldn't let it come out.

Some have gone on to master navigation—others will be bombardiers, a few have returned to civilian life and still more will go into administration.

Naturally, they were disappointed when first they realized the wild blue yonder was not for them, but they kept that look of eagles in their eyes as they set out for their new task.

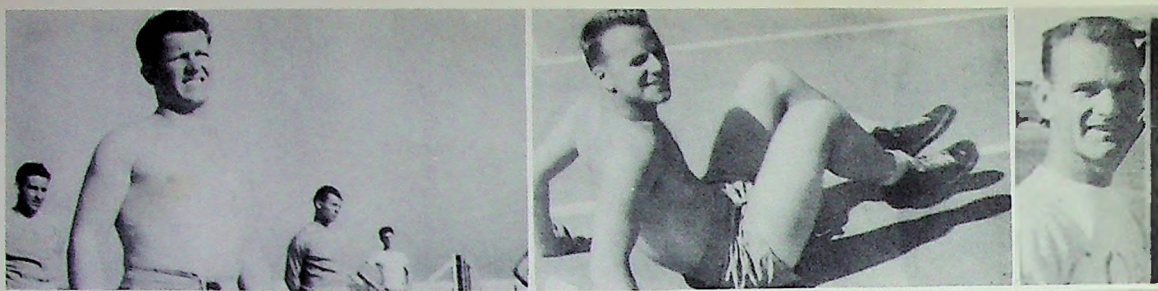
And that, after all, is what really counts. We're all in this thing for one purpose—and when that purpose is accomplished each of us can claim success no matter what our part has been.



Ground School

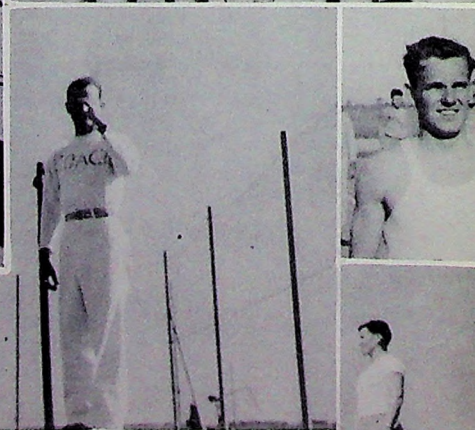
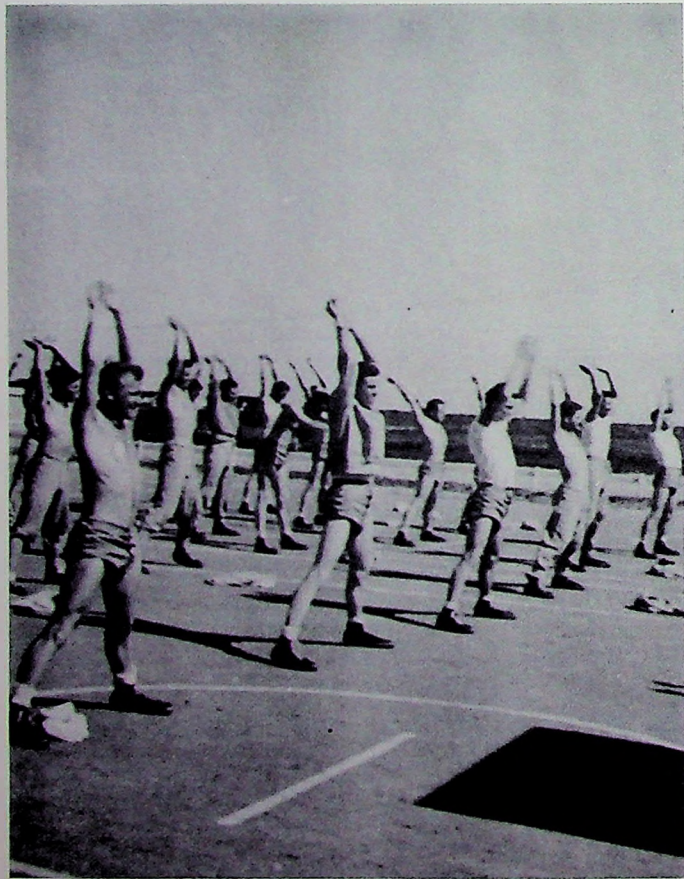


1. Formation.
2. The Pedagogues.
3. Quiz Correcting.
4. The Workbench.



P-T

Nuff Sed



We'll Never Forget

Those "Dodo Daze" when we really "hit the hay" at 21:30.
 Morry (Merchant of Coleman) Beller with his sandwiches and "stuff."
 The day Capt. Whitehouse told us we couldn't haze the dodoes
 And how the orders were carried out to the letter.
 "Tch, tch. Dust on the window sill."
 How hard Arnold and Bray worked in P. T. to keep from exerting themselves.
 The night Alton let the dodoes eat first.
 Bray and Crist reporting in on time—at Ballinger.
 Four hundred fingers crossed as Shelhamer came in on one wheel.
 The ring of relief in the laughter as "Shel" complained only that he was cold.
 How on that same day four dodoes gave the mechanics some repairing to do.
 The blank look on Bob Clarke's face as he won that hat full of candy at the quiz program.
 Cuddeback's first solo spin from 25 (that's correct) feet.
 They way the Texans insisted that the Yankees had an accent.
 Gigs dancing in front of our eyes as we were told, "Report to Operations."
 Dodo reveille.
 How an eighth of an inch between seat and pants felt like eight feet in that first slow roll.
 Wilson passing two red traffic lights in town.
 What swell climbing turns we made practicing chandelles.
 And how easy it was to make S turns on a takeoff or landing, and how equally hard those same S turns were at 500 feet over a road.
 Voss and Stone writing, "I will start my pylon eights into the wind."
 Those parties at the Miller ranch.
 How those "stars at night did shine so bright"—that is; way above the leaking cumulus.
 "Quiet, men, we gotta fly in the morning."
 Economical Belinky figuring ways to save oil in engine class.
 Little Eva Buntyn and his, "Bite 'em, Ugly."
 Those rip snorting Saturday nights in Coleman.
 "Yes, sir, no, sir, and no excuse, sir."
 Check rides.
 How Caldwell and "Problem Child" Sosebee claimed they should get infantry pay for the 80 plus tours each walked on the ramp.
 Hangar flying.
 The way "Well-oiled" joints still creaked during Monday P. T.
 How the time swished by.
 City of Coleman's hospitality on Mother's Day and all the other days, too.
 "Cut down that raunchy army swing, Mister."
 How we still hit for the "outside six inches" those first two weeks we were senior classmen.
 Right off the third stool info about Basic.
 And the thrill when the 60 hour check rider said, "Good luck in Basic."
 How the guys in 2 west moaned as this typewriter clacked far into the night.



Upper Class Dance

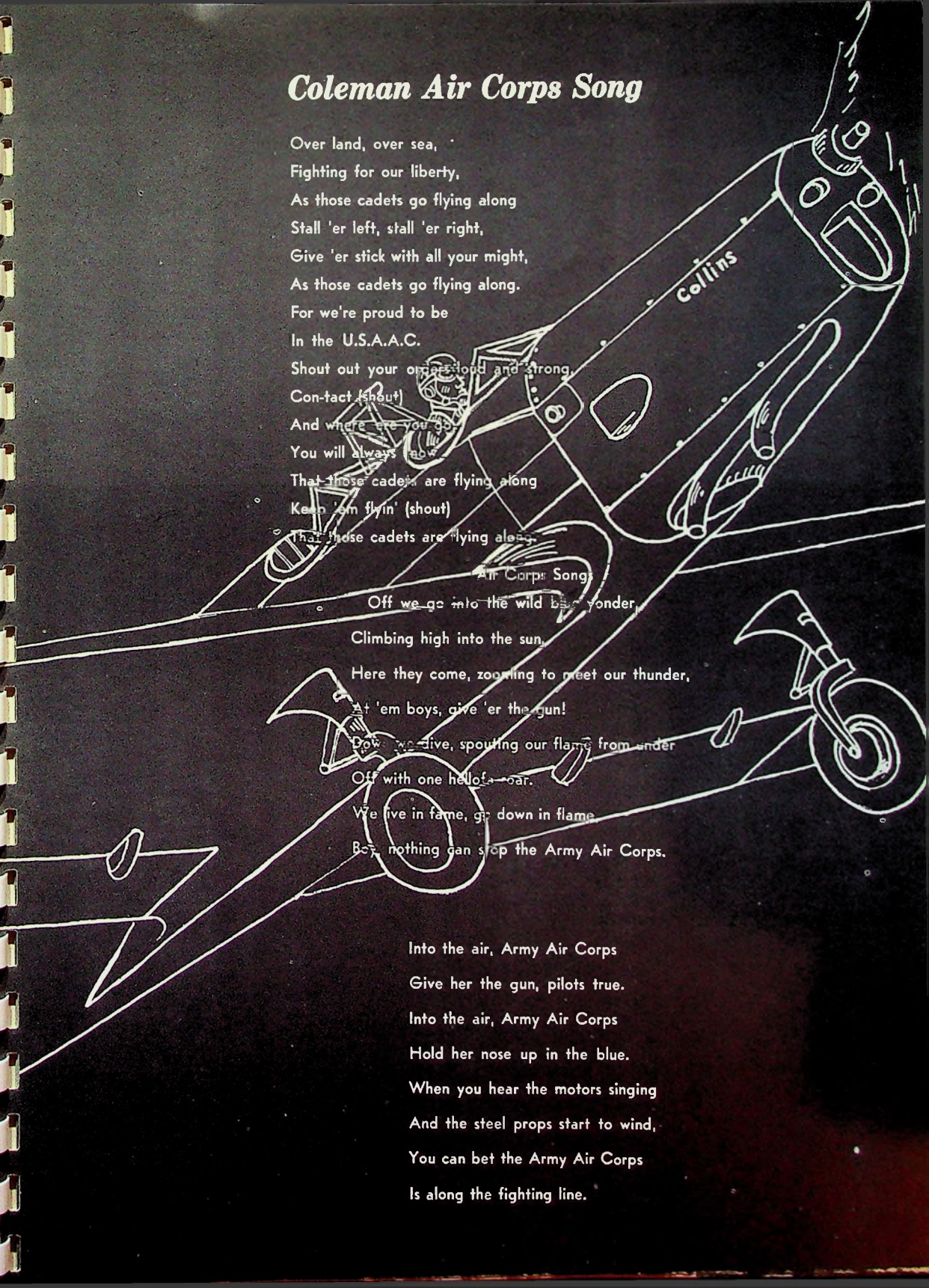


Coleman Air Corps Song

Over land, over sea,
 Fighting for our liberty,
 As those cadets go flying along
 Stall 'er left, stall 'er right,
 Give 'er stick with all your might,
 As those cadets go flying along.
 For we're proud to be
 In the U.S.A.A.C.
 Shout out your opposition and strong,
 Con-tact (shout)
 And where are you goin'
 You will always know
 That those cadets are flying along
 Keep 'em flyin' (shout)
 That those cadets are flying along

Air Corps Song
 Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
 Climbing high into the sun,
 Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
 At 'em boys, give 'er the gun!
 Down we dive, spouting our flame from under
 Off with one hellof-a-ear.
 We live in fame, go down in flame
 But nothing can stop the Army Air Corps.

Into the air, Army Air Corps
 Give her the gun, pilots true.
 Into the air, Army Air Corps
 Hold her nose up in the blue.
 When you hear the motors singing
 And the steel props start to wind,
 You can bet the Army Air Corps
 Is along the fighting line.



Aviation Cadet Officers

CAROL W. ALTON, Jr., Battalion Commander

Harold L. Taylor, Battalion Adjutant
David Wiedemann, Sergeant Major
James F. Tolleson, Captain, Co. A.
Robert G. Clarke, Captain Co. B.
Enoch P. Burley, Lieutenant, 1st Platoon Co. A.
Richard P. Wollner, Lt. 2nd Platoon, Co. A.

Michael A. Conforto, Lt. 3rd Platoon, Co. A.
Anselm M. Tibbs, Lt., 1st Platoon Co. B.
Kenneth R. Zimmerman, Lt., 2nd Platoon, Co. B.
William H. Webster, Lt., 3rd Platoon, Co. B.
Rey I. Chalker, 1st Serqt., Co. A.
Murrel G. Stiegler, 1st Serqt., Co. B.

George W. Wallace, bugler.

Sergeants

John O. Spangler
Earl L. Stone
Robert D. Thomas
Donald S. Batten
Travis L. Currin
Charles A. Whitlock

Corporals

James M. Burns
Edward T. Cassidy
Harry L. Caldwell
John P. Wells
John J. Collins
Raymond E. Anglin
Marion E. Wolfe
Eldon J. Broman
Frank C. Smith

David P. Shelhamer
William J. Carroll
Lester W. Bray
Wesley H. Tilley
Jean D. Tarbutton
Robert F. Brown
Andrew R. Wood, Jr.
Kenneth B. Bennington
John W. Bristol



ROBERT H. ALEXANDER
Klamath Falls, Ore.
U. S. Army Air Corps, Radio School

42-1

42-1

RAYMOND E. ANGLIN
Hillsboro, Texas
Hillsboro Jr. College, Texas University



JOHN B. ALGEO
Detroit, Mich.
Lawrence Tech.

42-1

42-1

EDWARD J. ANGONE
Chicago, Ill.



CAROL W. ALTON, JR.
Evanston, Ill.
Culver Military Academy

42-1

42-1

GEORGE C. ANTONAKOS
Charlotte, N. C.
Agriculture College, Athens, Greece



FRANK A. ANDERSON
Paxton, Ill.
University of Wisconsin, University of Ill.

42-1

42-1

WOODROW P. BALDWIN
Biscoe, N. C.
21st Sqdn., 30th Bomb. Gp. (H) A. F. C. C.
Newspaper and Magazine Compositor





NORMAN S. BARNA
Chicago, Ill.
Ass't. to Vice Pres. Swift and Co.

42-1

42-1

MAURICE W. BELLER
Racine, Wis.



DONALD S. BATTEN
Charlottesville, Va.
University of Virginia

42-1

42-1

KENNETH B. BENNINGTON, JR.
Philadelphia, Penna.
West Chester State College



RALPH J. BEAUCHAMP
Philadelphia, Penna.
Bank Clerk

42-1

42-1

MELVIN G. BERTZYK
Racine, Wis.



SOLOMAN BELINKY
Milwaukee, Wis.

42-1

42-1

ERNEST C. BICKERS, JR.
Bladensburg, Md.
Photographer and Photofinisher



CLARENCE J. BLEND
Milwaukee, Wis.
Engineer Draftsman

42-1

42-1

JOHN W. BRISTOL
Brooklyn, N. Y.



LEONARD BRAY
Philadelphia, Penna.
Temple University

42-1

42-1

ELDON J. BROMAN
Whitewater, Wis.
Whitewater Teachers College



LESLIE W. BRAY, JR.
Dallas, Texas
North Texas Agriculture College

42-1

42-1

EDWARD A. BRONSON
Racine, Wis.
Assist. Sports Editor, Racine Journal Times



DONALD V. BRENZEL
Milwaukee, Wis.
Wisconsin Extension

42-1

42-1

WILLIAM C. BROOKS
Augusta, Maine
Farmington State Teachers College, Me.





ROBERT F. BROWN
Oak Park, Ill.
Grinnell College, Ia.

42-1

42-1

T. C. BUNTYN
Tyler, Texas
Tyler Jr. College, Texas University, Federal
Institute and School of Business Ad.



WILLIAM L. BUSCH
Taylorville, Ill.

42-1

42-1

WILLIAM J. CARROLL
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Western Michigan College

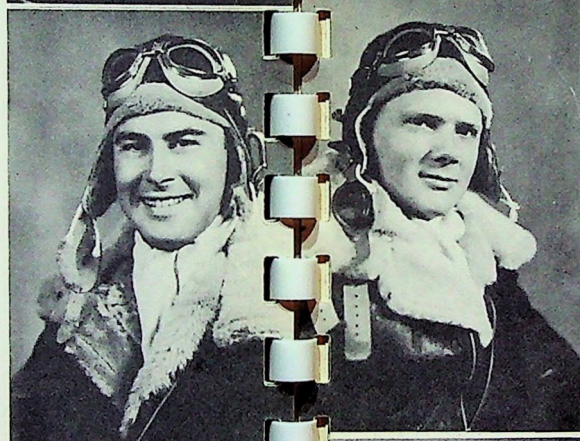


WALTER W. BROWN
Detroit, Mich.
Metallurgical Apprentice at Ford Motor Co.

42-1

42-1

JAMES M. BURNS
Goliad, Texas
Texas A. & M. College, A. & I. College
Credit Manager for Commercial Credit
Corp.



KEITH BUTLER
Endicott, N. Y.

42-1

42-1

EDWARD T. CASSIDY
Macon, Ga.
Mercer University, George Washington
University, Dep't of Justice, Washing-
ton, D. C.



ROY E. BRUNE
Brooklyn, N. Y.

42-1

42-1

DONALD J. BURCH
Louisville, Ky.
University of Louisville



H. L. CALDWELL
Clarksville, Texas
Engineering Dep't Texas State Highway

42-1

42-1

REX I. CHALKER
Milwaukee, Wis.
University of Wisconsin
Draftsman at Allis Chalmers Steam Turbine
Dep't.



FRANK BUBAS, JR.
Detroit, Mich.

42-1

42-1

ENOCH P. BURLEY
Salinas, Calif.
Bakersfield Jr. College, U. S. Army Air
Corps



HENRY CARBAJAL
Fabens, Texas
Texas School of Mines

42-1

42-1

ROBERT G. CLARKE
Detroit, Mich.
Wayne University





JOHN B. COLEMAN, JR.
Milwaukee, Wis.
University of Michigan

42-|

42-|

MERLIN L. CONKLIN
Hereford, Texas
Texas Technological College



ROBERT C. CULP
Chicago, Ill.

42-|

42-|

JAMES D. DESLONDE
Flomaton, Alabama
Alabama Polytechnic Institute



JOHN J. COLLINS
Lancaster, Penna.
Franklin and Marshall College

42-|

42-|

HAROLD J. CORBIN
Ione, Calif.
California Polytechnic



T. L. CURRIN
Bootham, Texas
West Texas State

42-|

42-|

E. C. DICKINSON, JR.
Asheville, N. C.
41st Bomb. Gp. Muroc, Calif.



WOODROW W. COLLINS
Evergreen Park, Ill.

42-|

42-|

DONALD W. CRIST
Blue Island, Ill.
Thornton Twp. Jr. College



BERNARD S. CZAPSKI
Detroit, Mich.
University of Detroit

42-|

42-|

GEORGE W. DOUGHERTY
Hastings-On-Hudson, N. Y.
Industrial Designer



MICHAEL A. CONFORTO
Philadelphia, Penna.
Drexel Institute of Technology

42-|

42-|

ROGER E. CUDDEBACK
Chicago, Ill.
Iowa State University



EDWARD A. DAEGER
Chicago, Ill.
Wright Jr. College

42-|

42-|

LLOYD A. DREXLER
Chicago, Ill.
Northwestern University





ROBERT R. DUNLAP
Abilene, Texas
McMurry College

42-1

42-1

RALPH SLOTTOW
Chicago, Ill.
University of Michigan



WILLIAM F. SNYDER
Racine, Wis.
Produce Mgr., Radiator Assembler

42-1

42-1

JOHN RICHARD STANMEYER
Chicago, Ill.
Northwestern University, Colorado University



JOHN F. EMERY
Milwaukee, Wis.
Machinist

42-1

42-1

DENVER J. SMITH
Springhill, La.
Louisiana State University
105th C. A. (A. A.)



EDWARD Y. SOSEBEE
Rosedale, Miss.
School Bus Contractor

X

42-1

42-1

ROBERT D. STAUFFER
Lansing, Mich.



DAVID P. SHELHAMER
Chicago, Ill.
Illustrative Photography

42-1

42-1

DENVER W. SMITH
Dundee, Ohio
Inst. Co. Armored Force School, Ky



JOHN O. SPANGLER
Chicago, Ill.
Northwestern University

42-1

42-1

ROBERT L. STEINMAN
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Western Michigan College



ALONSO N. SLOAN, JR.
Waelder, Texas

42-1

42-1

FRANK C. SMITH
North Platte, Neb.
N. W. Com. Radop Eng. Air Corps Tech.
School, Engineering Dep't., Kimberly
Clarke Corp., Wis.



ALBERT ANDREW STANKER
Detroit, Mich.
Engineering Draftsman

42-1

42-1

MURREL G. STIEGLER
Hondo, Texas
Texas College of Arts and Industries





JOHN A. STINSON
Houston, Texas
University of Houston

42-1

42-1

ROBERT J. SYLVERNALE
Lakeville, Conn.
Electrician



ANSELM M. TIBBS, JR.
Valley Mills, Texas
University of Texas

42-1

42-1

EDWARD L. TORCHIN
Laredo, Texas
University of Texas, Texas A. & M.



BRICE F. STONE
Celeste, Texas
East Texas State Teachers College

42-1

42-1

JEAN D. TARBUTTON X
Houston, Texas
University of Houston



WILLIAM J. TICHY, JR.
Chicago, Ill.

42-1

42-1

GARELD J. TOTTEN
Sparta, Mich.
Service Co., 11th Infantry, Fort Custer,
Michigan



EARL T. STONE, JR.
Gorman, Texas
Southwest Texas State Teachers College

42-1

42-1

HAROLD L. TAYLOR
Hattiesburg, Miss.
Jones County Jr. College
Radio Operator, U. S. Army Air Corps



WESLEY H. TILLEY
Austin, Texas
University of Texas

42-1

42-1

F. L. UTTENWEILER
Bridgeport, Conn.
Refrigeration and Air Conditioning



GEORGE STURGIS
Townsend Harbor, Mass.
U. S. Army-26th (YD) Division

42-1

42-1

ROBERT D. THOMAS
Chicago, Ill.
University of Kentucky



JAMES F. TOLLESON
Amarillo, Texas
University of Texas

42-1

42-1

LEO E. VALOIS
Woonsocket, R. I.
Providence College





RAY E. VAN DEVENTER
Bessmer, Texas

42-1

42-1

VINCENT P. WALKER
Detroit, Mich.
University of Detroit



WILLIAM D. WELTER X
Denver, Colorado
University of Colorado
Montgomery Ward

42-1

42-1

HOWARD WOODROW WHIPPLE
Newfane, Vermont
Norwich Military Academy, Wall Business
College, Florida



L. EDWARD VESSEL
Kecunator, Minn.
Experimental Laboratory Work, Crane Co.

42-1

42-1

GEORGE W. WALLACE, JR.
Waco, Texas
Texas A. & M. College



BERNARD T. WESTERMAN
Midland, Texas
University of Texas

42-1

42-1

CHARLES A. WHITLOCK
Corsicana, Texas
Engineering Draftsman



LEONARD D. VOSS
Milwaukee, Wis.
University of Wisconsin Ext.

42-1

42-1

WILLIAM HAROLD WEBSTER
Hazel Park, Mich.
Wayne University



LLOYD E. WHEELER
Joliet, Ill.
DePaul University

42-1

42-1

DAVID WIEDEMANN
Chicago, Ill.
University of Chicago



LLOYD S. WADDINGTON, JR.
Mingus, Texas
University of Texas

42-1

42-1

JOHN P. WELLS
White Deer, Texas
Texas Technological College



RAYMOND W. WHERLING
Pittsburgh, Penna.
Jones and Laughlin Steel Corp.

42-1

42-1

WILL DANIEL WILLIS
Massillon, Ohio
Ohio State University, Marshall College, W
Va.
208th Military Police, Camp Bowie, Texas





CHARLES E. WILSON
Detroit, Michigan
University of Detroit

42-1

42-1

JOHN H. WINDLER
Chicago, Ill.
Loyola University
Accountant



PASCO L. WOODALL
Tampa, Florida

42-1

42-1

JOHN S. ZIMMER
San Antonio, Texas
Texas A. & M. College



JOE O. WILSON
Foreman, Arkansas
U. S. Air Corps

42-1

42-1

MARION E. WOLFE
Dallas, Texas
Texas A. & M., Southern Methodist University,
North Texas Agricultural College.



HERSCHEL R. YOUNG, JR.
Nashville, Tenn.
Vanderbilt University

42-1

42-1

KENNETH R. ZIMMERMAN
Atlanta, Ga.
University of Georgia Evening College
Sgt. Communication-128th Obs. Sqdn., Fort
Benning, Ga.



DAN G. WILTSE
Detroit, Michigan
Machinist in Tool Plant

42-1

42-1

RICHARD P. WOLLNER
Chicago, Ill.
Northwestern University



JOHN HENRY ZABEL, JR.
Washington, D. C.
Catholic University of America
Dodge Telegraph and Radio Institute

42-1

42-1

ROBERT P. ZIRKLE
Venedocia, Ohio
Farmer



RICHARD K. WIND
Highland Park, Mich.
Albion College

42-1

42-1

ANDREW R. WOOD, JR.
Canton, Mass.
Burdet College



CARL L. ZIMLICH
Dalhart, Texas
Traveling Salesman

42-1

42-1

JOHN H. ARNOLD
University of Texas
San Antonio, Texas

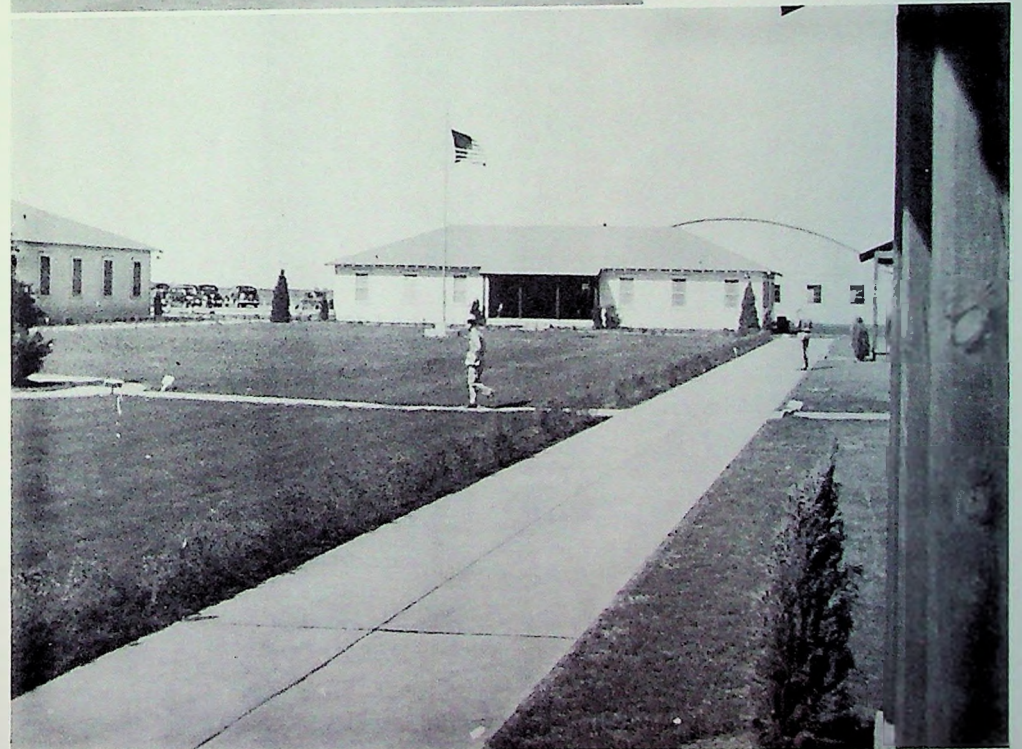


To The People Of Coleman

We have never been in a city where we have been received more graciously than we have been received by you kind people of Coleman. We have enjoyed and appreciated your hospitality to the utmost.

Members of our class represent a cross section of the four corners of the nation, but you have made us feel at home—and that means everything.

We may never be able to repay you for your kindness and pleasant company, but we do want you to know that we are glad we were stationed near Coleman—the little city with a big heart.



Yon heavens, blue in all their glory—
Feathery clouds of billowing luxury
Drift gently by—as breezes from the south
Caress the wings of soaring birds.
Send forth a call to those of us who find
Therein the broad expanse of azure beauty—
A pure and never-ending love.
And so—young eaglets—symbols of
American youth—let wings of steel
Sprout from beneath you—
And breezes stout blow past in
Hurried frenzy—For this is the
Life we lead.

—Roger A. Wickus, 42-J

