

Catherine "Cappy" Vail Bridge Rancho Cucamonga, California



I was born August 28, 1920, in San Diego, California. I call "Oakland" my home town. I attended the University of California, Berkeley, where I graduated in 1942, majoring in political science. However, after I learned to fly in the Civil Pilot Training Program, my love of flying took precedence over everything else. My husband-to-be, Art Bridge, was about to join the Marines, but on my urging, he also took the CPT. The experience changed both our lives. He joined the U. S. Army Air Force and was immediately sent to the Pacific war theater, where he spent 30 months assigned fighter missions from Hawaii to Iwo Jima and over Japan.

I heard about Jackie Cochran's program. When interviewed, I had only 75 hours and requirement as announced was 200 hours. I planned to accumulate the necessary hours, and while doing so, Jackie hired me as her private secretary in Ft. Worth Training Command, where she often went. Then they started accepting women with below minimum hours to see how they managed in a formal USAF pilot training program, so I was accepted in the second class 43-W-2. Assigned to Love Field, Dallas Texas, and then to Palm Springs Army Air Base, California. We flew a variety of aircraft, including the P-38, P-39, P-40, P-47, and P-51, which became my favorite. Art at this time was flying P-40s and P-51s in the Pacific, from island to island. I had

accumulated over 1,000 hours of military time in single and twin engine planes, some even in a B-17 and a B-24. When deactivation was announced, we were still needed. Even though we were told that there were too many men pilots available, there were few who had fighter plane experience.

After deactivation while I awaited for Art's return, I worked at Gore Field, Great Falls, Montana, at first helping returning pilots get their FAA commercial and instrument licenses and, later, giving ground school transition school in some of the planes I had flown. One of my "students" had been my instructor in the University of California CPT class.

When Art came home, we started to buy Art's family's citrus ranch. He continued to fly for the Air Force and with the California Air National Guard at the same time. We started a family of three children; because Art was still flying with the USAF, I did not continue to fly. I took care of the farm. Art spent over 30 years in the USAF and we lived on the ranch over 50 years. In 1960, because of problems growing citrus, Art regretfully began to sell the property over a period from 1970 to 1985. We also had to plan sending our three children to college. I returned to graduate school, earning my masters, thinking to teach. Instead of teaching I went into local government, land planning, and eventually into the proposal, which was approved by the voters, to incorporate our city, Rancho Cucamonga, just north of Ontario Airport. Alta Loma is a historical community with its own zip within the city boundaries. People have been kind enough to say that I contributed to the incorporation effort. I have been on a few boards and commissions, and now am retired at age 77.

I flew for about five years when we owned a Beech Bonanza. It was great, but too short. We still live in our home we started in 1946 and have added to with the appearance of each child. We like it and hope to stay forever.



Betty Deuser Budde
Concord, California

I was born August 15, 1920 in Alameda, California. Dad was a printer. Later we moved to Oakland, and during my teen years we lived in the pathway of the Oakland Airport flight path. My dad loved to watch the planes, and he would take us to the airport for



various events. I got my private license in 1941, thanks to Civilian Pilot Training Program. Since we were not allowed to fly in the bay area after Pearl Harbor, a friend and I trekked up to Quincy, California, in the mountains, to get our time in. I had the loan of a friend's plane then.

I joined the WASP in January 1943, Class of 43-3 and trained first at Houston, Texas, flying the Taylorcraft, Cub, Aeronca PT-19, BT-13 BT-15, UC-78, and AT-6. After graduation, I was temporarily assigned to Love Field, then to Camp Davis, North Carolina to learn about towing targets. Then I was into a new project, radio control. I flew a multitude of planes: A-24, A-25, B-34, the AT's and PQ-8 and others. I was at Biggs Field in El Paso, Texas when the WASP were deactivated.

I married Fred Budde January of 1944 when he was a staff sergeant in the Air Force shortly before I left for WASP training. He was transferred to Victorville, California that next summer and I went with him. We found a farmhouse to live in along the Mojave River and learned to drive a tractor, bale alfalfa and milk cows. I went home to Oakland, California to give birth to our first son, Jim, then back to the farm where Fred worked at the air field and after hours helped at the local newspaper. It was a good life, and when Fred was discharged from the Air Force, we lived with my folks for a while, and then moved to Mt. View, California where our second son, Alan, was born. Fred, being a printer by trade, went to work for the local newspaper. Two years later, David was born at Stanford Hospital. We sold our home and moved to Novato, California where Fred found a "bargain" farmhouse on acreage with apricot trees and room for the boys to run, and we grew tomatoes, raised chickens and a couple of geese.

In 1952, son Dale was born. Fred won two baseball World Series in office pools at work and was able to bail Dale and me out of the hospital. Still working for the local newspaper, Fred found a better job in Concord, across the San Francisco Bay. After several moves we returned to Concord where we've remained. When the last boy was nine years old, I went back to work starting as a typist for the county and, after regular promotions, finally reached supervisor over clerks in the Social Service Department. Fred worked at several newspapers and finally retired, so in 1978 I retired too.

Son Jim is an emergency room doctor on the Big Island of Hawaii, married and has a daughter. Alan is a lawyer, married and is a public defender for Los Angeles County. David, married and divorced, has a daughter and lives and works in Concord.

Dale went to Humboldt College in California for a time. One of his teachers there was Kay Gott Chaffey (WASP). He joined the Army, ended up in Germany and married a German girl, Ingrid Neuner. They have three children and live in Amberg, Germany. I visit them often. We often go to visit Jim in Hawaii.

My picture was in that *Life Magazine* about the WASP of 1943, on the page with Jackie Cochran and others. It is in the San Diego Museum, Smithsonian, and others. It has been a rewarding life, and we have been blessed with good health and friends.



Alma Newsom Fornal San Bernardino, California



I was born on July 23, 1920 in Morgan, Texas, south of Dallas, Texas. I was attending the University of Arkansas when I got my first chance to go up in a small aircraft. After that, I saved every penny I could to fly. For the war effort in 1941, I decided to put my college education on hold in my 3rd year, and took a job at Keesler Field Air Force Hospital as Chief Clerk in the Registrar's Office. I continued my flying at a local airport with an instructor, Lloyd Catlin, who gave me lots of confidence, and I soloed after six hours.

While working one day, not busy, I read in the newspaper about the WASP. You had to have two years of college and a private aircraft license; I had both. My friend and instructor, Lloyd Catlin flew me to Dallas where I had an interview with Nancy Love. I was accepted, told to report for the class of 44-5.

After graduation, I was sent to Napier Field, Alabama to do test piloting on the AT-6s. Then was sent to Tyndall Field, Florida, to towing targets with the B-26. The Officers Club housed us in a barracks with nurses and WAC officers. We ate at the officers club restaurant, along with all the other bachelor men officers. It was there I met Joe Fornal. Gene Raymond, the movie actor, was in the Air Force and was at our base one weekend. He came to the mess hall and all of us WASP were giving him the eye. Later at the Officer's Club, this Officer, Joe Fornal, who looked just like Gene Raymond to me, gave me a big smile. He came over and we got acquainted.

After deactivation, I stayed on by taking a job as Link trainer instructor along with several other WASPs, as none of us were ready to let go of the life we loved. Also I had fallen in love by that time and wasn't ready to leave. Joe and I were married at Tyndall Field, Florida on June 23, 1945. He was an Air Force Captain, but not a flying officer. We stayed there a while; Joe decided to get out of the Air Force. We lived near my family in Gulfport, Mississippi where I worked as a control tower operator. We didn't like the hours I worked so we moved to Northport, Long Island. I got a job there at the Veteran's Hospital in the recreational department planning trips, parties and working on a hospital newspaper for the veterans.

Joe worked for Republic Aviation on Long Island; they folded, then he worked for the Long Island Lighting Company. After a few years he was offered a Permanent Officer's Commission in the Air Force. He accepted he was sent to Albrook Air Force Base, Panama City, Canal Zone. I took a job at the Air Force Officer's Club as Chief Accountant. We were soon blessed with our son John. Next we were sent to Bitburg, Germany. There we had daughter Jean. During that time we traveled all over to every country starting our life long hobby of traveling. Next we were sent to the Pentagon and lived in Arlington, Virginia. I attended George Washington University and majored in early childhood education.

When the children were in junior high I started teaching, mostly first and second grades. I taught 16 years until I retired in 1982. Joe's last transfer was to Norton Air Force Base in San Bernardino and we have lived here ever since. Joe retired from the Air Force and went to work for TRW at Norton Air Force working on the guidance system for missiles.

I resumed my interest in oil painting. We spend four or five days a week at our condo in Carlsbad, California and weekends in San Bernardino where we enjoy our two grandsons who live very near us. I play tennis, paint; we go sailing. We go on lots of cruises and enjoy polka dancing. The WASP experience was great.

Margaret "Maggie" Gee Berkeley, California



I was born on August 5, 1921 in Berkeley, California. I joined the WASP in class of 44-9 and was stationed at Las Vegas, Nevada.

After deactivation, besides getting a formal education, I worked and lived in Europe in the 1950s. I arrived in Europe before Germany received its sovereignty. It was an interesting time to see Europe rebuilding and to see our dealing with the "Cold War."

I returned to the States and have spent a large part of my time the last 40 years, working and studying in the

field of science at the University of California, Berkeley Campus, and at its National Laboratory in Livermore. My research has covered the field of cancer, nuclear weapons design, fusion energy and other related fields. I am still involved.

One of my interests has been participation in partisan politics. Since the Truman Administration, I have worked for the election of Democrats and served on partisan and non-partisan committees of all levels of government. I am currently working for a better citizen voting participation.

I live in the college community of Berkeley, which is about 20 minutes from San Francisco.



Jeannette Gagnon Goodrum Lake Oswego, Oregon



I was born on December 27, 1919, in North Attleboro, Massachusetts. I lived there until the fall of 1937, when I enrolled in the University of New Hampshire in Durham. In my senior year, I enrolled in the Civil Pilot Training Course offered by the federal government to prepare civilian pilots for service. Each morning while the rest of the campus slept, we would fly our Taylorcraft airplanes along the coast. As the only female in the program, the men treated me with great respect, and allowed me to study with them in their fraternities. We completed 40 hours of flight and 72 hours of ground school. Much of the time we flew on skis and took our final examination on skis in January 1941, and we all passed.

Following graduation, I was a teacher and Assistant Dean at Saint Johnsbury Academy in Vermont. The next year, I was Assistant Dean at American University in Washington, DC. There I received my acceptance to the WASP Program, in the class of 43-8.

I was assigned to Douglas Air Force Base in Arizona. I reported to Production Line Maintenance, testing aircraft, slow timing engines, ferrying mechanics to auxiliary fields, taking ground personnel to other bases in Arizona and California. I flew the AT-6, AT-17, UC-78, AT-9 AT-11 and was checking out in the B-25 when I resigned.

I was married to Lt. Harry R. Doon in February 1944. He flew both the Berlin Airlift and in the China Burma India Theatre. I was living in Germany in 1948, and was given the rank of 2nd Lt. in the U.S. Air Force. I have two children, Sherry Katherine Dunn and Gary Spencer Doon.

In 1965, I married William F. Goodrum, a graduate from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1937. I have two stepchildren, Candace Ewalt, and Marr Goodrum. I have seven grandchildren.

I had 24 years of teaching, was the fifth woman in the U.S. to be appointed to the National Ski Patrol in 1942, and in 1965, I had a license to race sport cars in the Northwest Conference. Earned a Masters of Arts degree in Counseling and Guidance from San Francisco State University. Taught at junior high, high school, and junior college level and retired as Dean of Girls at Juan Crespi Junior High in 1965. After Mr. Goodrum's death, I assumed the position of President of Mill and Power Specialities and ran a very successful business, after which I retired to the Oregon coast to live for twelve years.

Presently I am enrolled in a four year Education for Ministry program and I am going to England, where I am enrolled in the summer session in religious studies at Oxford University. I have traveled extensively and plan to continue the same.

We held a reunion on July 3, 1999, for 73 people, friends of the four children and grandchildren. It was my 79 1/2-birthday party!! It was celebrated then because one does not hold birthday parties in December and expect many people to come to Oregon.

I flew recently with an instructor and friend, Adele McDonald, whom I know from Morristown, Tennessee. I look forward to flying with her again in the future.

Norma "Penny" Hall Halberg Palm Coast, Florida



I was born on April 25, 1923, in Kansas City, Missouri, but grew up in Los Angeles, California. Like little boys who grew up wanting to be pilots, so did little girls. I was one.

When I started flying in early 1943 one of the closest places to Los Angeles, where civilians could fly was Blythe, California, where I learned in Cubs, Taylorcrafts, Travelairs, and all the small rickety planes of that time.

In 1943 people worked a 48 hour week, so five or six wannabe pilots would pile into a car late on Saturday and drive all night reaching Blythe early on Sunday morning. We flew during the day, leaving late Sunday afternoon to drive back to Los Angeles in time for work on Monday morning.

One hour of instruction or flying time a week was all I could afford. After a few months of this grueling regimen, I quit my job in Los Angeles and moved to the airport in Blythe where I pumped gas, made sandwiches, served beer and soft drinks, and worked on planes. I got my meals and my room – an old army cot in an old shack; I usually took it outside and slept under the stars – and an hour's flying time a day. The "airport" consisted of a very rough strip in the desert with a couple of rundown hangars. The CAA eventually shut it down until the airstrip was cleared of boulders and smoothed into some semblance of a proper runway.

In the meantime, I had interviewed and been accepted into the WASP training program and assigned a place in the class 44-6, in January, 1944. Needing a place to live and wanting to remain in Blythe, so I could still fly occasionally, I went to work at the Army Air Force Base driving staff cars, jeeps, and trucks for a couple of months before I went to Sweetwater, Texas, to begin my training. While in training we flew PT-17s for primary, BT-13s for basic, and AT-6s for advanced training. Upon graduation in August, 1944, I was assigned to Gardner Field, Taft, California, where I was an engineering test pilot with the occasional ferry trip. As we were disbanded on December 20, 1944, it was a short military career.

After deactivation I worked for about a year as a control tower operator in Goleta (Santa Barbara, California). When the war ended and civilian flying resumed, I flew with a group of ex-military pilots ferrying small civilian aircraft from factories to dealers throughout the United States.

Although ferrying was fun, it was apparent there wasn't much of a future in it, so I took a job with a construction company in Saudi Arabia, where I met and married a petroleum engineer. We had three boys and lived for six years in Arabia, moving then to



Sumatra, Indonesia, for another three years. Since nobody seemed to look for oil in the beautiful capitols of the world, we lived in the desert, the jungle, or the swamps, the last place being Dhaka, in what is now Bangladesh.

After returning to the United States with my three sons, Richard B., Steven J., and Scott B. Houghton, Jr., their father and I were divorced. My sons and I lived for a while in Tucson, Arizona, before moving to Berwyn Heights, Maryland, so I could attend a court reporting school in Washington, DC.

In 1966, I went to work as a court reporter at the Superior Court for the District of Columbia, where I worked for 18 years. I met all the best people in Washington, murderers, rapists, drug dealers, etc. It was an interesting job.

After being single for a number of years, I met my present husband, an ex-Navy pilot, Paul Halberg, who was still flying in the Navy Reserves. Paul had a Piper Lance, and my love of flying was rekindled. We were married in 1985, and Paul took me out of my beloved Washington, off to the plains of Indiana.

When we retired in 1992, we started looking for a home in a kinder climate. We wanted a good golf course, and I wanted the ocean. We have them both in our present home, Hammock Dunes, between the Atlantic Ocean and the intercoastal waterway, just across from Palm Coast, Florida.

As we no longer have a plane, my husband is now building a Glassair III, a beautiful high performance, low winged monoplane, which we hope will be completed in 2001. When Paul finishes the Glassair, perhaps my interest in flying will once again be piqued. There are still many places it could take us that we have not yet seen.



Jean Landis El Cajon, California

I was born in 1918 in El Cajon, California. I always wanted to fly, and in 1936, it was graduation night and my date asked what I would like most of all as a graduation present. Without hesitation, I of course said, "I would love to take a flight over San Diego in a small plane." I'll never forget this first spectacular flight. My dream of flying continued with even greater intensity.

In 1940 the CPT (Civilian Pilot Training) program was announced during my graduation rehearsal at San Diego State Teachers College. I was the first person to reach the Deans' Office to sign up. The first course earned a pilot's license. The second was a course in aerobatics. We flew the little Ryan ST that was manufactured in San Diego. It looked and flew like a little hornet. The third course was a 35-hour instructor's course, where we were taught how to teach flying to others.

I had been teaching physical education at Grossmont High School for two years, when Pearl Harbor was attacked. I hear about the WASP program, applied and was accepted in the class of 43-4 at Houston, Texas. I was stationed at Long Beach, California in the ferrying division, where we delivered BTs to bases along the coast, then I was sent to Brownsville, Texas to train in the P-40, P-47, and P-51, among others. In my opinion, the P-51 was the greatest of all the planes we flew. From then on, most of my flights were delivering the P-51 from Long Beach, California, to Newark, New Jersey. After that delivery, we would frequently be assigned to deliver either the P-39 or P-63 to Great Falls, Montana. We took multiple engine aircraft training at St. Joseph, Missouri, and flew the B-17 and C-47. We also spent some time in Orlando, Florida in an officer's training program in case we were to be militarized.

After deactivation, I returned to teaching profession full-time and found great joy and satisfaction. I accepted a teaching position at Park College, Parkville, Missouri, where I remained for five years. During this time I was granted a leave of absence to attend Wellesley College, Wellesley, Massachusetts, where I received my Masters Degree in Health, Physical Education and Recreation. My next move brought me to West Chester State Teachers College, West Chester, Pennsylvania, where I remained for 11 years.

I then located a great teaching position at Ball State Teachers College, Muncie, Indiana, where I became an associate professor. I remained there for 10 years. My fourth and last move brought me "full circle" back to my Alma Mater, San Diego State University. I finally retired from there in 1980, after enjoying 10 years in their excellent department.

Since retirement, I have traveled abroad as well as toured our beautiful US of A by air, land, sea, and especially in my RV. Of all my travels, I fell in love with north Idaho. Eighteen years ago, I bought my own little piece of heaven only 30 miles from the Canadian border. Friends and family love it too, so I am never bored. I spend six months in Idaho and six months in California. This is truly the best of two worlds.



Betty Jo Streff Apache Junction, Arizona



I was born on June 20, 1923, in Sherman, Texas. My dad would read me the latest news about Lindbergh. He would drive the family to places the aviators would perform in barnstorming shows. I took my first airplane ride in a Ford tri-motor at the Curtis-Reynolds Airport Airshow (this location was later to become Glenview Naval Air Base).

December 7, 1941. WAR! I graduated high school in June 1942 and had planned to attend the Chicago Art Institute. Most of the instructors were leaving in order to contribute to the war effort. I decided to do my part in the war effort too. I took my first flight lesson on skis in a J-3 Cub at the Pal-Wakee airport with instructor Willie Clark. I was working at Marshall Fields for \$18.50 per week and flying was \$9.00 per hour for flight instruction. In 1943, I was hired with Douglas Aircraft working in the tooling department until the plant was built, ultimately ending up in cockpit installation.

I saw a copy of the 1943 issue of *Life Magazine* with a WASP on the cover, and an article about the WASP program. I contacted Jacqueline Cochran, and got an interview. I had to get additional hours to qualify. I passed the required qualifications and physical, was released from Douglas Aircraft in January of 1944. I reported to Sweetwater, Texas in class 44-7. After graduation I was assigned to the Eastern Training Command at Columbus, Mississippi. I flew the Beechcraft AT-10 twin engine.

After deactivation, I returned to Douglas Aircraft as a mechanic in the hangar, in the spring was reassigned as a dispatcher. Douglas Aircraft was turning out many C-54s for the Army Air Corp. and Navy. Col. A. R. Holiday was the acceptance officer for the military and needed two co-pilots. Ellen Wimberly and I accepted. My life now was study, work, and study. Then I got a chance to check out on the C-54, with check pilot "Fergie" Ferguson. I was thrilled to become co-pilot of the big four-engine transport C-54.

After the war was over, Col A. R. Holiday and I were the only pilots left at the Douglas plant. There were three C-54s left to check out. On my way to work I was turning into the closed plant and was in a collision, thrown from the car, landing on a parking post. I was paralyzed, and was packed in sandbags for a total of nine weeks. I was in the hospital for twelve weeks, and with the help of my mother and guardian angel, was walking with a cane by the middle of January.

I regained my flight physical in time to attend the first WASP reunion in Lockhaven, Pennsylvania in the fall of 1946. "Pappy" Piper sponsored it. He held back 104 Cubs for the WASP attending to deliver on their way home. As the WASP left Lockhaven they flew in a ribbon formation, three abreast on their way to attend the Cleveland Air Races before delivery of the planes. I ferried a J-3 Cub to a customer in Illinois.

I married Carl William Reed in November. We had four children, Guy, Sally, Melissa, and John. I became active in a chapter of the 99s and flew my new Mooney in the Power Puff Derby, entering six times. I received a Flying Magazine trophy for best of class. I flew my husband around the country on business trips. As Carl's business grew we went into propjets in the early 70s. I flew and took charge of maintenance for the Beechcraft King Air and the Mitsubishi MU-2. As a corporate pilot I averaged about 33 hours a month. I had a chance to fly about every single and light twin-engine aircraft of the 1960s and 1970s. I also worked on my type rating in a Lear jet.

In 1980, Carl sold his business and retired. At this time I flew a Cessna 206, which we used for five years touring around Mexico and the States. Carl died in 1986, and I sold the 206 and bought a Mooney.

In 1990, I attended my first EAA meet in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. In 1991 and 1992 I was a speaker at the EAA Museum, talking about the WASP. I sold my Mooney and bought a Murphy Rebel kit, but injured my back as a passenger in a car collision, and abandoned the project. In the fall of 1998, I flew with the Arizona Wing of the Confederate Air Force aboard the B-17 "Sentimental Journey" as the "Loadmaster" on a 17-day tour.

I am a docent at the Champlin Fighter Aircraft Museum in Mesa, Arizona. I have a WASP display in the museum; I am an active member of the Arizona Wing of the Confederate Air Force; WASP; WMA (Women Military Aviators); 99s; Silver Wings; Air Force Association and the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio. I am President of the Phoenix Wing of the American Aviation Historical Society and still hold a valid pilot's license.

Alyce Stevens Rohrer
Pasadena, California



Fascination with the sky and a desire to fly was born in me. At age four I remember concocting wings out of paper, glue and anything else I could get my hands on. I even convinced myself that I could fly if I concentrated enough. I took off from the loft of my grandfather's barn one fine day. He commented later it was fortunate there was a nice soft pile of hay underneath.

When my family moved from Cedar City to Provo, Utah, I was delighted to find a neat little airport practically in our back yard. Parental concerns ignored, I had a license to fly a plane before I had a license to drive a car. The call came, and I joined the WASP, went to Avenger field, graduated and was sent to Perrin Field, Texas. My duties there were varied. I tested planes for the Engineering Department and ferried planes that needed to be moved from place to place.

When to my grief and distress, the US Congress discontinued our program, I married Lt.



James S. Rohrer and we moved to Pasadena. We raised two children and I returned to college, earning a BA and a Life General Secondary Credential from California State University at Los Angeles.

In 1955, my husband, then a test pilot for Lockheed, was approached by Mitsubishi to work with them on their North American F-86 project. Our family moved to Japan, remaining until 1961. Having a maid, houseboy, and cooksan, gave me freedom to join the faculty of Nanzan University in Nagoya where I taught English composition and grammar for two years. During that time I participated in the production of several educational television programs, working closely with Japanese educators and studying their language, history and customs. The background thus gained is now being utilized in one of the novels on which I am currently working.

When we returned to Pasadena, I took a position as teacher of English at Arroyo High School in El Monte where I remained until 1980. My husband and I enjoyed a great deal of travel in which I did research for my first book, an historical novel about the settlement of Utah under the Mormons entitled *The True Believers*. It was published in 1987 and still selling in Utah. I have since finished a second novel entitled *Dark Intruder* and am working on two others, *The Shape of Fire* about Japan, and *Girls of Avenger* about the WASP. The latter is now out on option to Second Generation Productions in Santa Monica for a possible TV play.

I was Vice President of the WASP from 1996 to 1998 and am now President of the Pasadena Shakespeare Club where I have taught the Shakespeare classes since 1985. I have a son, Glenn, and a daughter Carol Ann, and seven grandchildren. One of my granddaughters, Kristin, wants to be a pilot. With me to encourage her, she'll make it.





Dawn Rochow Balden Seymour Green Valley, Arizona

I was born July 1, 1917, in Rochester, New York.

I received a BS degree and joined the CPT at Cornell University, soloed on skis, and earned my private in May 1940. I entered the WASP program in class 43-5 at Avenger Field, Texas. I received my wings from Jacqueline Cochran on September 11, 1943. I completed B-17 combat pilot training course at Lockbourne AAB, Ohio as First Pilot. I was assigned to Buckingham AAF, Fort Myers, Florida, a flexible gunnery school, Eastern Training Command. Flew aerial gunnery missions up and down the range over the Gulf of Mexico. Flew the B-17F and B-17G. I flew range estimation mission in the AT-6 and target towing in the B-26 stripped - AT-23. Then on to Roswell AAF, New Mexico, flying as engineering test pilot for B-17F and G Western Training Command. I attended the Aero Medical Lab, Wright-Patterson for high altitude training and the USAAF School of Applied Tactics, Orlando AFB for officers training.

After deactivation, I married 1st Lt. William E. Balden in May 1944. Widowed in 1946. We had a son William born in 1946.

Married A. Morton Seymour June 1956. We had our first son, A. Morton III; twin daughters, Elizabeth and Marguerite; daughter, Amy; and three more sons, Michael, Robert and Kevin. Eight grandchildren: Michael, Fred and Emma Louise Morse, RJ, Yvonne and Charles Merrill, Jame, and Merritt Moran.

I am a community volunteer; trustee, national Warplane Museum, Geneseo, New York. On the Air Show Committee; member of Pima Air Museum since 1978; member of Women In Flight Committee since 1996; I'll Be Around (390th), dear to my heart. I was National President of WASP 1982-84; Advisor 1984-86 and National Chairman Memorials 1986-to date.

Projects completed: Induction of Jacqueline Cochran into the Nation Women's Hall of Fame, Seneca Falls, New York; the Jacqueline Cochran commemorative stamp issued by the US Postal Service; the publication of IN MEMORIAL - a tribute to the 38 American women pilots who gave their lives during 1942-44. WASP Memorials located at Avenger Field, Texas; Texas Woman's University, Denton; the Confederate Air Force, Midland, Texas; USAF Museum at Wright Patterson AFB, Ohio; and U.S.A.F. Academy Colorado; Member of WASP 2000 Plus Committee, and consultant, WASP Capital Campaign.



Dorothy "Dot" Swain Lewis Idyllwild, California



I took my Sunday school money to pay for my first flight when I was 13, and soloed myself after eight hours of instruction, because my instructor wasn't at the field when I arrived. I earned my instructor's license, and taught Naval Aviation Cadets in Portales, New Mexico.

I heard of the WASP program, applied, and entered the class of 44-5. I was assigned to Columbus Army Air Field, Columbus, Mississippi, then to Laredo Army Air Base, Laredo, Texas and flew the P-40, P-63 and co-pilot the B26 in the Gunnery School.

I did many unrelated things, like flying, horseback riding and drawing, a teacher, and an artist, and play a guitar. Art is my first love, was and is, my life. I received my artistic training from Chicago Art Institute, the Art Students League in New York City, and at Claremont Graduate School in Pomona, California.

I taught art for 26 years and other academic subjects, biology and physics, putting my undergraduate degree in science to use at the Orme School in Mayer, Arizona, taking only time off to earn my Masters in Art.

I had a try at marriage, and as a single parent. I had a job as headmaster of Orme School and living on a 40,000-acre ranch, was a perfect way to raise my son. I had a horse and a plane for a while. As an FAA designated private and commercial examiner, I did a little flight instructing using the small plane I leased, to teach some Orme students to fly.

I left teaching in 1977, to give full attention to my art career. I returned to Idyllwild, California and on the land I purchased in 1950, built a house and kept expanding with time, to the house and my studio.

I created the art work, which will forever represent the WASP in Sweetwater, where the motto "We live in the wind and the sand, and our eyes are on the stars." Also designed the statue representing the WASP at the United States Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio where it will "Stand through wind, storm, sun; inspiring future generations of visitors who come from around the world."

I did the illustrations for the book *We Were WASP*, written by Winifred Wood 43-W-7, in 1945.

Josephine Keating Swift Port Townsend, Washington



I was born on September 24, 1919, in Great Falls, Montana. Great Falls was a “hotbed” of stunt fliers, crop dusters, barnstormers and flight schools. It must have been a \$2 ride, with my brother, that gave us both a start — that or the goggles and scarves. Lessons, solos etc. led to an application, thanks to my roommate, Millie Berglund-Shin, (a Montana 99er, and still flying), who urged me on, even though she was one inch too short to qualify! We did try to stretch her legs at least that one lowly INCH!! But to no avail.

I applied to the WASP, was accepted in class 44-1, and assigned to Pueblo, Colorado. I ferried parts, personnel, airplanes, towed targets, and faked dive-bombing the B-24s. The last two gave rise to the really great experience, for me of all my wonderful WASP Florence Niemiec Marston 43-W-6, and I did check out in B-24s. Other than that my only “claim to fame” was a B-24 named “Red the WASP,” and I would *love* to find the crew of that airplane! Just to tell them “Thank You,” and what an incredible honor! I did say many prayers for each one! (Still do).

After deactivation, (and turn-down by a few airlines), I returned to Billings, Montana, to instruct, fly, type, and there met my husband Ken, a bush pilot in Alaska. We had three children, Candy, Pam and Tim and subsequently umteen grandchildren, and now great-grandchildren.

After my husband died. I worked six years in market research at Boeing, and then opened an office in Anchorage for IFG Leasing Company. Six years later, I returned to Seattle and then Port Townsend, to be closer to my family. One of my granddaughters is in Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio.

Work still seems to be the key word. One of my daughters has a Design Company in Port Townsend, where we do keep busy seven days a week, ten hours a day.

Marty Martin Wyal
Fort Wayne, Indiana

I was born in 1920 in Indiana. While a senior at DePauw University, I read about the WASP program and decided that was what I wanted to do towards the war effort. After acquiring 35 solo hours in a 65 hp Aeronca Champion, I applied to director Jacqueline Cochran and was assigned to class



44-10. I was assigned to Goodfellow Army Air Field in San Angelo, Texas.

After deactivation, I married one of my students, Gene Wyal, while giving flight instruction at Franklin Flying Field near Indianapolis. Then, eighteen years and five children later, I decided to return to commercial aviation. Gene and I bought a Cessna 182 and started C & E Aviation, Inc. at Baer Field in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

For nine years I flew freight and passengers. Because I was a one pilot-one plane operation, I took a lot of kidding at the hangar. They called my company Fat Chance Airlines and Kangaroo Charter (we hop around the country).

I acted as historian for the WASP beginning in 1964. I also served two years as the National President. The memorabilia which I accumulated is now part of the WASP collection at Texas Women's University Library in Denton, Texas, our official repository.

Aviation has always been a vital part of my life. The women who were WASP have a close relationship with one another. Our husbands are called SHOWs (Suffering Husbands of WASP) and our children are KOWs (Kids of WASP). One of my sons, Summer Wyal, is also making a career in aviation as an airline captain.





Millicent Peterson Young Colorado Springs, Colorado

I applied and was accepted in the class of 44-10. We were the last class to graduate and we were briefly assigned. I was at Aloe Field, near Victoria, Texas.

After deactivation, I hitched my way home by plane to Amarillo, Texas, by car to Denver, Colorado, and by bus to Chappell, Nebraska. It was my birthday when I arrived. One of my best friends met me at the bus station. She reported the death of my high school

sweetheart and her husband, each on a Pacific Ocean island that neither of us had heard of six months before. I was in an emotional turmoil.

On January 2, 1945, I boarded a bus to wander from Denver, Colorado, through Texas, Tennessee, Alabama and finally got to Tyndall Field, near Panama City, Florida. I stopped to visit with WASP friends. At Tyndall Field, I joined the staff in operations.

I continued to fly for recreation and for the amazement of my friends. I married William A. Young. We had five children – Steve in 1947; Martha in 1948; Kent in 1949; Millicent II in 1955; and William II in 1962.

Bill built milk routes, first for others and then for ourselves. He delivered the milk and I kept the books. We purchased a dairy and worked the whole operation. I supervised the milk store, kept the books, and raised the children. When my health began to cause problems, we sold the dairy and, with his brothers, leased a guest ranch. I ran the kitchen and kept the books. Floods washed the bridges out and moved the guest cabins. We left and headed home to Nebraska. Housing was not good and we left for Colorado Springs. We arrived with two small children, a three-legged dog, and all of our possessions in a Studebaker pick up. Bill quickly found work developing milk routes and delivering milk.

I decided to be a door person at the Antlers Hotel while I looked the place over. What fun that was. I met people from all over and visited with them, much to the displeasure of the bosses. They thought I should act like a servant. I approached the main newspaper in Colorado Springs and was able to convince them that they needed a food column featuring the products advertised in the newspaper. I was also given the responsibility of seeing that the national advertising was properly set up. This entailed finding the ads, the mats and the signatures for those ads, which had local and national sponsors. This position paid poorly.

I went back to school at Colorado College and took a part-time job in an assembly plant which made carburetors for single cycle engines. Here I was introduced to my left hand. I never realized how little I used it. This job paid the tuition at Colorado College. The responsibilities of family, job and school were too much. I got a teacher's certificate and was hospitalized the same day. I signed a contract to teach home economics at a rural school. The school burned down the week before school started. I then began a career as a supply teacher for five local districts. I loved teaching, but hated the children. I never again sought a full time teaching position.

In January of 1964 I signed a contract to sell World Book and Childcraft. I hold this contract to this day, but I am not very active. This job was fun and provided good training.

When Bill II entered school full time in 1969, I decided to find a full time job. The only job around was as a social case worker for the Welfare Department. I started on July 1, 1969. On August 20th of 1969 Bill Sr. was killed in a mining accident. Two of my children were in college and the youngest was in the first grade. I had to quit fooling around. I had no idea what a social worker did and quickly discovered that the agency did little training. I attended the University of



Northern Colorado, the University of Utah, and the University of Hong Kong and earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in Social Work from Colorado State University. Twenty-one years after I started, I retired as the highest paid case worker in the agency. Along the way I received three honors from different organizations for my work in the field of alcoholism. In 1985, I was named Colorado Working Woman of the Year.

Today, in addition to the World Book/Childcraft contract, I am a foster parent for short term placements and manage income for four disabled veterans. Since I have muscular degeneration, these jobs take up most of my time.



Flora Belle Smith Reece Lancaster, California

I was born on October 21, 1924 in Sayre, Oklahoma. In watching the birds on the farms where I lived for the first ten years of my life, I wanted to fly. So the desire has been there as long as I can remember. I learned to fly before I learned to drive a car.

I entered the WASP program in November of 1943, and was in class 44-4. I was stationed at Victoria, Texas, and flew out of operations. Flying non-flying officers and news personnel where they needed to go. Doing mail runs to Matagorda Island in Texas was fun. Also took the Chaplain to the island on some Sundays. Was sent to B-26 co-pilot school in Harlingen, Texas, where we towed targets for the gunnery school. While at Harlingen the deactivation orders came and I was sent to Enid Air Force Base in Oklahoma, because it was near my home. At Enid we tested planes that had been repaired after



accidents and slow timed the engines in the repaired aircraft for the male cadets to fly.

After deactivation, I married Ralph Reece on August 1, 1945. We came to California in May of 1946, just before Connie Kay was born. Ralph was my high school sweetheart. We had three children: Russell Alan Reece in 1949, Cheryl Reece in 1948-1964 and Connie Kay Reece Fox in 1946. I have four grandchildren: Pam Reece, Susan Reece Smith (married Matt Smith), John Fox (married Tina Van Loon), Jim Fox (married Theresa Waters), and we now have one great-grandchild, Parker Anderson Fox, the son of Jim & Theresa. Susan & Matt are expecting in February 2000.

I have taught adult Sunday school class for the young married couples and for the older group as well as women's groups in First Baptist Church, Lancaster, 1st Southern Baptist Church, Lancaster and Faith Community Church. Something I really enjoy.

I worked as operations officer and bookkeeper at Nuckols Airport in Oklahoma City, before I joined the WASP program and after deactivation until I got married. We were allowed to fly as instructors with a commercial license. We moved to California and for short periods of time, I worked in data analysis for Republic Aviation at Edwards Air Force Base located at Edwards, California, as bookkeeper for Walt Taylor Construction and for Dermody & Welker Inc. (General Contractors).

Went back to school and became a teacher in 1965. Taught kindergarten at Lake Elizabeth/Hughes Union School, Lake Hughes, California. Taught math and bookkeeping at Roosevelt Junior High, Glendale, California. Taught math at Parkview Junior High in Lancaster, California. Developed the computer lab at Parkview for the last few years before I retired. Started the lab in 1980 using the Apple 2+.

Served in the Peace Corps in Malaysia from 1970-72, where I worked for educational TV writing math programs for their national school TV. Ralph developed a program for teaching plumbing.

After we retired, we went to Thailand for two years as missionary volunteers. I taught third grade in Changmai. My salary went to WEC (World Evangelic Crusade) to pay for the schooling of the missionary children at Changmai International School. I have great stories to tell about this adventure for the Lord. Ralph worked with Voice of Peace, and with Loren Bethel in the New Life Center. We spent three months in India with All India Fellowship. We needed to move Ralph's mother to Lancaster, because he became her only living child, when she was 90. She is now in a convalescent hospital (for a year) in Lancaster. She is 99+. We worked as volunteer managers for San Marcos Baptist Camp in the hills out of Santa Barbara, California for 1991 to 1994.

Ralph had an emergency operation December 19, 1998, that left him a paraplegic. So our goal at the moment is to get him walking.

I am a member of a very active 99 group, as well as local chapters of the EAA (chapter 1000 & 49), and the Fox Field Aviation group.

I am going strong at age of 74, almost 75, and find life much to my liking.



Madge Leon Moore San Antonio, Texas



I was born January 22, 1922, in Rule, Texas, in what the natives called West Texas, half way between Abilene and Wichita Falls. I started school there and finished in Haskell, nine miles to the east. I started flying that summer of 1939. The only airfield in the area was at Stamford, 13 miles away. In order to finance a new plane, the only instructor at the field was selling 10 hours flying time for \$50.

My father gave him \$50 and used the first hour to distribute circulars of coming attractions at the movie theatre. When he told me about it, I said, "Oh, let me have the rest of the time!" The next Sunday mother and daddy took me to Stamford for my first lesson in the Aeronca 65. Soon I was driving to Stamford at six a.m., several times a week, for dual instructions. I soloed in the prescribed time and took my mother for her first plane ride, ever.

Upon graduation from Southern Methodist University, I answered Jacqueline Cochran's appeal for woman pilots and was assigned to class 44-4. The climate and terrain around Avenger Field held no surprises for me: I had gone to the fourth grade in Sweetwater. On May 23, 1944 my father proudly pinned my wings on me.

On D-Day, June 6, 1944, I reported to Perrin Field, Sherman, Texas, a basic flying school. Alyce Stevens and I were the first WASP to report there. We did various jobs including engineering test hops and slow-time on new engines, ferrying primary planes (mostly to Kelly Field for storage), administrative flying, and instructing instrument flying to instructors (after having returned to Avenger for advanced course in instrument flying). Among the planes I flew: Aeronca 65, PT-19, PT-17, BT-13, and AT-6, plus two hours in the AT-11. I met my future husband at Perrin Field, when he offered to carry my parachute.

After deactivation, Stanley Moore and I were married in Dallas, Texas, on January 20, 1945. He remained on active duty, and I concentrated on being an Air Force wife and mother. We had two sons, Hal and David. Besides stateside assignments at Scott Field, Belleville, Illinois; Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas; Travis Air Force Base, California; Maxwell Field, Alabama; Randolph Field, Texas; and Shaw Field, South Carolina; we enjoyed tours at Clark Field in the Philippines and Gifu and Komki near Negoya, Japan.

When Stanley's mother became very ill, we retired to San Antonio, where I became involved in Cub Scouts, PTA, Sorority Alumnae, Panhellenic, Vision Screening, Art League, church activities and various volunteer work.