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<p><h8>Summary</h8><br><br>

Vintage Airplane T-Shirts designs, makes and sells T-shirts. The main motif for the initial product offerings are original images of airplanes designed and built in the 1930s. The B17 Tight formation T-shirt is our first T-shirt; future T-shirt designs will celebrate the Douglas DC3 followed by the Piper Cub.<br><br>

The first T-shirt design was finished in June 2011; the website will be launched in May 2012. John Macleod owns and maintains the Vintage Airplane T-shirts website and designed the B17 T-shirt.

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<p><h8>History</h8><br><br>

By John MacLeod Jr. <br><br>

In June 2011 I was looking through my late father’s World War II scrapbook. Dad had the presence of mind to keep photos, letters, post cards and other memorabilia from 1942-1946, the time he spent in the army air force. His scrapbook included photos of him, photos of his fellow aviators, aerial photos, photos of airplanes, photos of girlfriends, photos of places he billeted, newspaper clippings, and post cards. I decided then that I would design and make a T-shirt dedicated to the American airmen of World War II. All the background photos and gallery photos on the Archives page come from his scrapbook.

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My father signed up for Civilian Pilot Training offered at Tufts College. Tufts provided dormitories and ground school facilities; flight training was in Norwood, MA. Piper Cubs were used for the flight training completed in September 1942. The Archives page shows the “civilian” pilots in Norwood wearing uniforms. <br><br>

After civilian pilot training he enlisted in the army and was sent to New Mexico to learn to fly combat gliders. He completed the glider program, received his wings and was promoted to staff sergeant. Fortunately for him, he moved on to powered airplanes. One of my dad’s comrades from Tufts and the glider program went on to fly P51 fighters-he escorted gliders into southern France and said he was damned glad to be in a P51. <br><br>

Dad received advanced flight training in California and Texas. One of his jobs was to fly AT11s to train bombardiers. At about that time a woman from Los Angeles wrote Dad a postcard−it’s in his scrapbook and dated August 20 1944. She says, “…It’s a shame you can’t fly back to enjoy the real Grove…are you really forsaking Calif. For B-17s? Life is dull…I sit home Sat. nights…” He went on to Admore Airfield in Oklahoma for B17 training. Wonder what the real Grove is all about?<br><br>

Admore Airfield is where his B17 crew was assembled. Dad was co-pilot. They arrived in England sometime in early 1945. V-E day was 7 May 1945. He didn’t have much to say about combat except that there weren’t a lot of hijinks going on in the aircraft as depicted in the movies. <br><br>

One of his good friends, a navigator, whose position was in the forward part of the plane, near the Plexiglas nose, said it all: “John, fifteen minutes doesn’t sound like a lot of time but fifteen minutes of flak exploding all around you is an eternity…I was so scared I defecated in my pants.” <br><br>

Dad said going through anti-aircraft flak was nerve wracking. He said it appeared that the anti-aircraft guns were getting closer with each shot, like they were aiming the ordinance at their airplane−that wasn’t the case though; appearances can be deceiving. <br><br>

After VE day my father was assigned to Berlin and flew C47s (the military version of the DC3) throughout Europe for European Air Transport Service. He liked the C47, said it was a great plane to fly. He also liked being first pilot instead of co-pilot. <br><br>

He recalled flying a C47 over the Danube River one day. It was a beautiful day, Dad explained, so he decided to bring the aircraft to a lower altitude to take in the scenery. Bullets started whizzing by. They were getting shot at! He pulled up on the yoke to get to a higher altitude. He had piloted the plane over our Russian allies and they sent a message. <br><br>

John MacLeod Sr. continued flying weekends after the war for the Air Force Reserve. In 1950-51 he was activated and sent to air traffic control school in Oklahoma. On weekends he flew to Dallas, where he met my mother. They were married in October 1951 and got to live in Guam courtesy of the USAF, where he worked in air traffic control. My parents raised four children. Dad died on July 4th 2001.

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