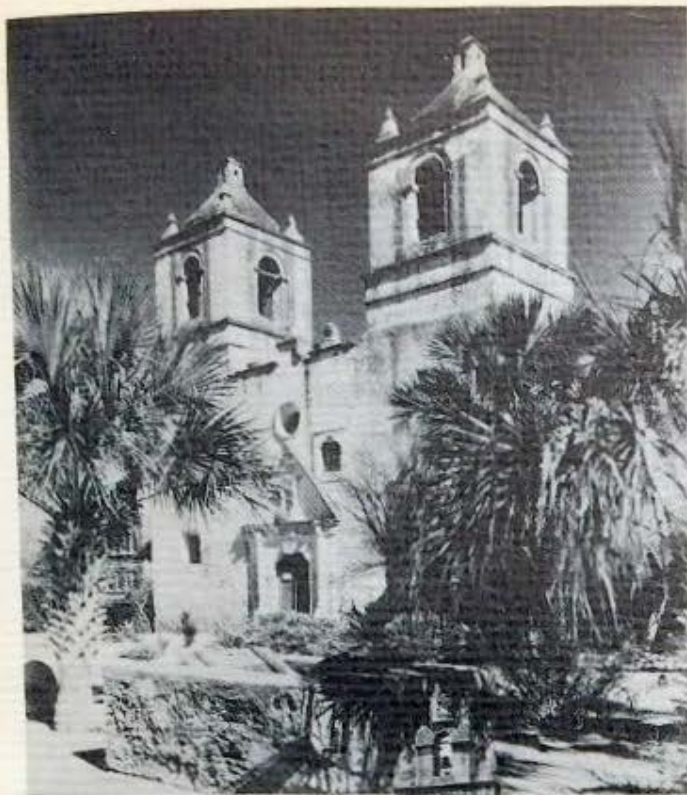


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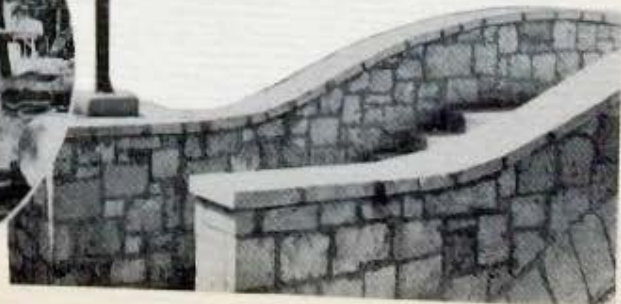
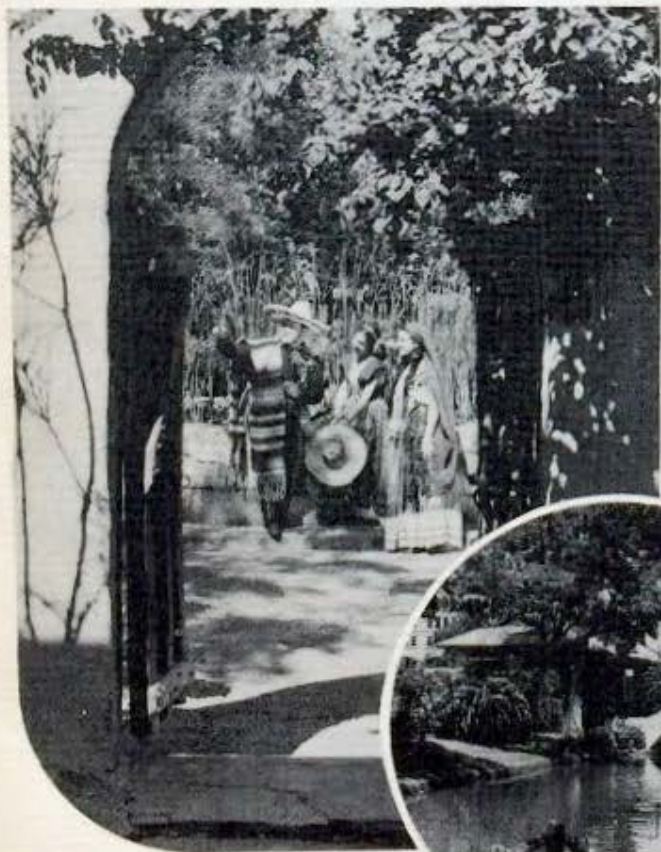


San Antonio

FROM earliest times when the Spaniards settled in Texas, San Antonio has been an army center, and as a result this romantic city has seen the progress of the military from the plodding foot-soldier marching out to meet marauding Apaches, to modern motor-transported and air-borne troops speeding to maneuvers hundreds of miles away.

The village that was once called Villa de San Fernando has always been the focal point for military action, and even today is considered one of the country's mainsprings in the National Defense Program. The Alamo City has had a major share in the development of aviation; from a small beginning at Dodd Field, San Antonio now boasts of the greatest aviation training center in the United States . . . and it is here that Brooks Field, Army Air Forces Advanced Flying School (Observation) is situated.

Today, as 200 years ago, San Antonio is sending trained soldiers out to far-flung posts; some go as fighter pilots, while others go as observers and ground crews . . . all with the same inspired purpose, to defend Democracy, even as the defenders of the Alamo fought to the death for Texas Liberty.



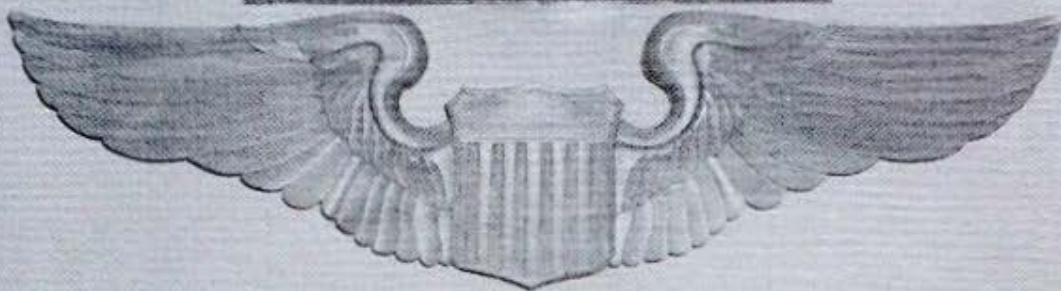


THE ALAMO ● SAN ANTONIO



AVIATION CADET SMITH ARRIVES AT BROOKS FIELD

HANGER OF FAME



(Left to Right)

LT. KENNETH M. TAYLOR 41-C

Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in action
December 7, 1941, Hawaii

LT. WILLIAM S. WATSON 41-F

Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in torpedo-
bombing attack on Japanese Navy June 4, 1942, near Midway Island

LT. LEONARD H. WHITTINGTON 41-G

Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in torpedo-
bombing attack on Japanese Navy June 4, 1942, near Midway Island

LT. GEORGE S. WELCH 40-F

Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in action
December 7, 1941, Hawaii





DEDICATION

We who are known as aviation cadets have but one grand goal for which to strive; that which numerous peoples mutually pray for "everlasting peace through destruction of our common enemies."

Only through the combined, arduous and inexhaustive efforts of our supporting populace may we hope to accomplish our supreme mission. The United States Army Air Corps with its ingenious leader, "Hap" Arnold, pledges to carry the offensive until our mighty Air Armada dominates the blue above, and everlasting peace reigns throughout the world.

It is to this end we solemnly dedicate this, our graduating class book.



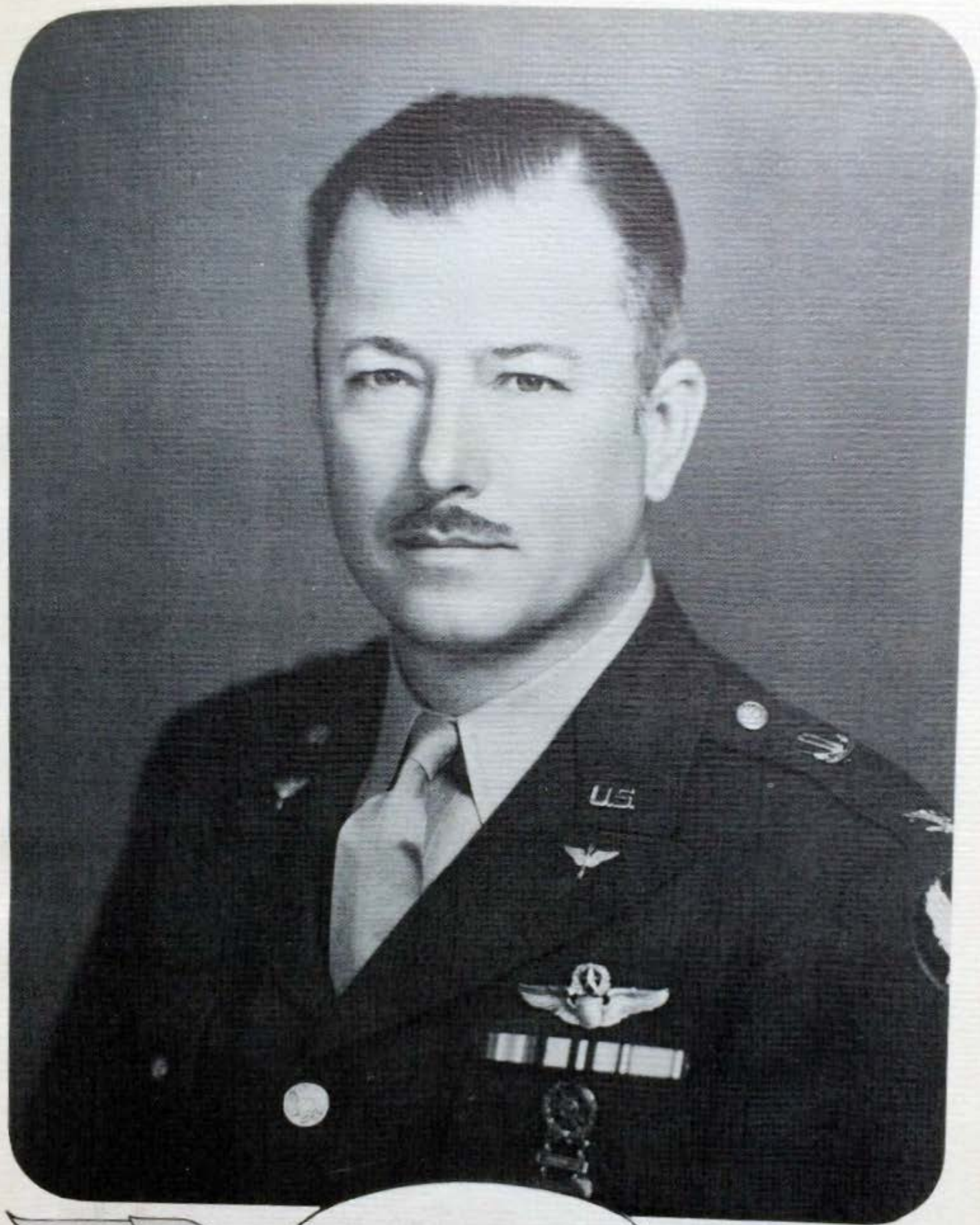


MAJOR GENERAL GERALD C. BRANT
Commanding
Army Air Forces Gulf Coast Training Center,



BRIG. GEN. WARREN R. CARTER, G. S. C.
Chief of Staff
Army Air Forces Gulf Coast Training Center





COL. STANTON T. SMITH

Commanding Officer

Brooks Field



43-E

Class Book Staff



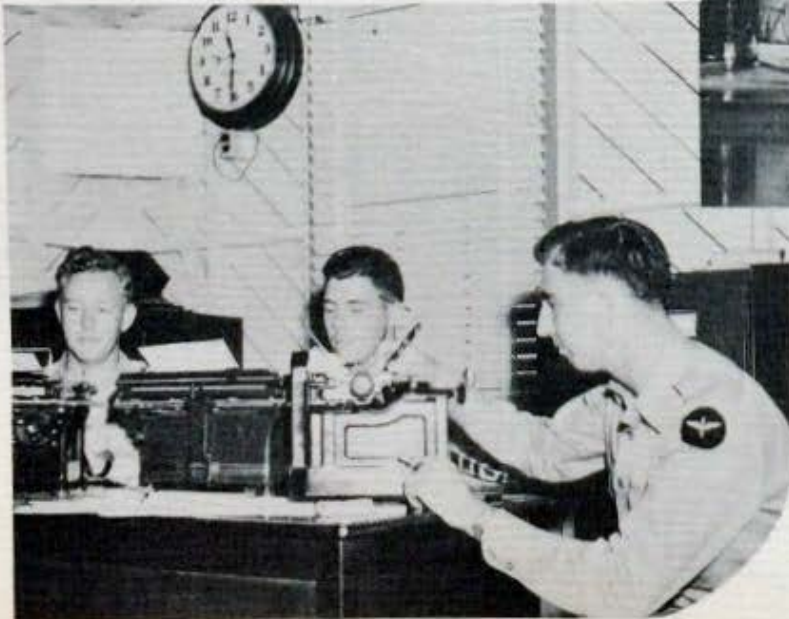
Business Manager (Above) John Cullen



Photo Editor (Right) Glen D. Emerson



Art Editor (Right) Vern I. Salsbury



(Left)

EDITORIAL STAFF

Lee R. Lucas
John A. Harman, III
Jack L. Lee



MAJOR E. J. BRADLEY, JR.
Commandant of Cadets

There comes a time in the life of every individual when an ambition, which is paramount to his being, is realized and fulfilled. To the Cadets who are graduating and being commissioned Second Lieutenants in the Army Air Forces today, this should be reward enough for all of the trials and tribulations, long hours of study and flying, and the discipline which you have undergone during the period of training as Aviation Cadets.

You are being afforded an opportunity to serve your country, at a time when your services are most needed, and in the branch of the service which will do as much,

or more, than any other branch to win the struggle between the Democratic Allied Nations and the rule of the dictator.

Always remember that a show, no matter how large or how small, cannot be successfully run by one individual, nor can the desired goal be reached without the full cooperation of each individual. Whatever your duty assignment may be, whether in the jungles of Africa or behind a desk thousands of miles from the battle front, always give your best to the service and there shall never be any regrets. Happy landings!

The
STAFF
 Aviation Cadet
 Detachment



LT. A. T. CARROW
 Detachment Adjutant
 Mess Officer



(Above)
 LT. EARL B. ESSING
 Tactical Officer



(Left)
 LT. L. A. HAMILTON
 Tactical Officer 1st Sq.
 Supply Officer



(Below)
 CADET DETACHMENT PERSONNEL





1



4



2



5



3



6

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICERS

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. LT. COL. FREDERICK L. MOORE
Observation Group Operations Officer | 4. MAJOR GARLAND M. LASATER
Post Operations Officer |
| 2. MAJOR KENNETH B. HAWKINS
Administrative Executive, Group Operations | 5. CAPTAIN A. W. ROBERTSON
Post Adjutant |
| 3. LT. SHERMAN L. MAYES
Secretary A.A.F.A.S. | 6. GROUND SCHOOL Instructors |

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICERS

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Director of Flying
2. LT. COL. ROY W. OSBORN
Pilot Group Operations Officer
3. MAJOR GEORGE H. WENN
Director of Ground School
4. CAPTAIN SAMUEL ADAIR
Flight Surgeon
5. LT. COL. ROBERT W. LOWREY
Post Surgeon



W 42nd



TWO ENGINE FLYING TRAINING SQUADRON



1. LT. T. W. DONOHUE
Operations Officer, 1042nd T. E. F. T. S.
2. LT. JAMES L. LAUCK
C-Flight Commander 1042nd T. E. F. T. S.
3. LT. DONALD E. CRANE
Engineering Officer, 1042nd T. E. F. T. S.
4. CAPTAIN KENT J. PRIM
Commanding Officer 1042nd T. E. F. T. S.

TH. SEFTS

65th SINGLE ENGINE FLYING TRAINING SQUADRON



(Inset at Right)

MAJOR FRANCIS J. SCHUCK
Commanding Officer
65th Single Engine
Flying-Training
Squadron



(Above, Left to Right)

LT. ROBERT H. MERRITT
Flight Commander
65th S.E.F.T.S.

LT. WILLIAM L. TUCK
Engineering Officer
65th S.E.F.T.S.

CAPT. JOSEPH E. PAYNE
Operations Officer
65th S.E.F.T.S.

LT. LINDEN O. BRICKER
Asst. Operations Officer
65th S.E.F.T.S.

Why? One of the very first lessons we learned when we were appointed Aviation Cadets, was the utter folly of asking "Why." Though we have often wondered what possible connection the many trivial details could have toward making us flyers, we have never found out just who was responsible for that schedule, nor what was the purpose behind it. As the cadet adage goes: "Tis not for us to reason why—Our part is to do or die." And, so thorough has been our training, that it never occurs to us to question the wisdom of a command from "higher up."



men didn't appear to bother the "Boss," as he assigned each element a Leader, Flight Lieutenants, and finally the Squadron Commander to their positions. Then each man was listed in his individual position in ranks.

Then came quarters assignment, equipment issue, and our processing was under way. Divided into squads of ten men each to facilitate the work, each squad was given an assignment sheet listing the schedule for the day; then the race began. Photographer, Flight Surgeon, Ground School Director and Supply attendants were waiting for us, each to add something else to the already over-loaded cadets' day.

But the hours flew by when cadets were busy, and finally, processing was over . . . and as we weary "Gadgets" prepared our beds for the first night at our new home, our shoulders were just a little straighter and our courage just a little stronger; for, weren't we at long last, on the final stretch toward those "Silver Wings?"



The Glamor that surrounds the Air Forces was surely never conceived from the academic training program, even though the most intense phase of the entire pilot training is the subject matter covered in the ground school department. Due to the rapid manner in which it must be assimilated, there is no time to sugar-coat the essentials to add to its student appeal.

No part of the training is more important. Every class carries some information that may, perhaps, spell the difference between achievement and failure "over there."

Dealing with all the problems that confront the fighting pilot-officer, this varied-program touches everything from engine operation and radio procedure to aircraft identification and Air Force Organization.

The success of this tremendously important part of the cadet's training depends largely on the splendid staff of instructors. Exceedingly well-fitted for their positions, they do more than required of them to connect ground school subjects with the pilot's one love, flying, in such a manner as to make it both interesting and informative. To these men, and our Director of Ground School, Major George H. Wenn, we say, "Thank you, Sirs."

However, as our cadet days end, and we step into the important role of Army Officer, the reason behind our training is becoming apparent. At last we're realizing "Why" . . . why we had to have Ground School . . . why we had inspection . . . why the standards we had to live up to were the highest of any of the Officer Training Standards. The little details that seemed so very pointless, designed for the sole purpose of depriving us of the few privileges we were allowed, are beginning to assume a very real value. No matter how unimportant a duty has seemed in the past, we're seeing the pattern tying up now into one continuous story of transforming raw recruits into polished, efficient leaders.

As Officers in the Air Force, we are representatives of the best trained, best disciplined group of men in the world. No one questions our honor; our word is our bond. Our ability is accepted as an assured fact, and the qualities of our profession, raised to such a high standard of perfection by our predecessors of many classes of Gentlemen Officers, are demanded of us as surely as we shall demand the respect of all whom we contact.

Toward that end . . . that we may be worthy of the title, "Officer, United States Army Air Force" . . . that, then, men, is "Why."



Upon our arrival at Brooks Field, the first step toward our advanced training was the processing detail. The "Tac" Officer, after his first few words of greeting and welcome, began his organization that was to turn an expectant, curious mob of recruits into elements, flights and a squadron. The important task of selecting cadet leaders from the entirely strange



(Reading Left to Right)

BILLY B. BARKER
Durant, Oklahoma

HORACE G. BATES
Sabinal, Texas

ESTAL W. BEHRENS
Spirit Lake, Iowa

JACK B. BLAKENSHIP
Buckholts, Texas

WALTER E. BROWN
Muskegon, Michigan

WARREN L. BROWN
Lake Charles, Louisiana

WYNDHAM E. BROWN. III
Norfolk, Virginia





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Jacksonville, Florida

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JOHN CULLEN
Utica, New York





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Gadsden, Alabama

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Aurora, Illinois



RAYMOND J. DOYLE
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Dallas, Texas

NORMAN E. DRYBREAD
Indianapolis, Indiana





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Bowlegs, Oklahoma

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Hartford, Connecticut

MICHAEL V. FRAIN
Marshall, Missouri



PLEASANT L. GASKINS
Nashville, Georgia

ANTON V. GASPARAC
West Allis, Wisconsin

LOUIS GIARROSSO
Syracuse, New York





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San Gabriel, California





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Seattle, Washington





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JOHN J. NOLAN
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Alabama City, Alabama

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JOSEPH A. RICE
Dallas, Texas

CHARLES W. SAGE
Albuquerque, New Mexico

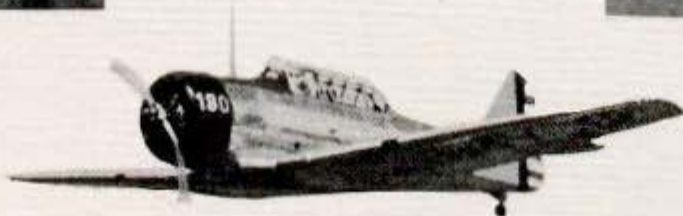
RAY O. SAGE
Carlsbad, New Mexico

VERN I. SALSURY
Kent, Ohio

ROY G. SCHOTT, JR.
Grosse Point, Michigan

BERNARD J. SCHUTTEN, JR.

TROY C. SIMPSON
Coleman, Texas





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Hardwick, Georgia

VAN SMITH
San Antonio, Texas

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Earlimart, California

EUGENE E. STOCKING
San Antonio, Texas

ANTON M. SUTY, JR.
Malin, Oregon

JOHN W. TEMPLE
Indianapolis, Indiana

T. J. THAYER
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WILLIAM V. TURNER
 Van Nuys, California
JOHN C. WALLS
 Lexington, Kentucky
JORDAN B. WHEELER, JR.
 Upperco, Maryland
ROBERT J. WILLIAMS
 Niles, Ohio
ALBERT E. WILSON
 Gridley, Illinois
ALBERT R. WINTON
 Iron River, Michigan



(In Circles)
 (Reading Left to Right)
RALPH B. WRIGHT
 Sparta, New Jersey
LOREN E. YARD
 Farmersville, Illinois
HOMER L. YOUNG
 Stroud, Oklahoma



S.E.
Brown, W. I.

Barber, S. S.



1042nd
ELEMENT
1

Bates, H. B.
T. E.

Cole, A. E. Jr.
T. E.

Carr, S. W.
T. E.

T.E.
Charles H. H. Jr.



T.E.
David H. H. Jr.



T.E.
Homer C. C.



1042nd
ELEMENT
2



Dada W. W.
T.E.



Colling H. H.
T.E.



Emerson B. B.
T.E.



T. E.
Drew, G. S.

T. E.
Fisher, R.

T. E.
Dixon, J. H.



1042nd
ELEMENT
3

T.E.
M. J. R.



Enoch
Hastings J.



T.E.
Hastings J.R.



1042nd
ELEMENT
4



Holt W.H.
T.E.



Hammann J.A.
Instructor



Naynes E.R.

Instructor
Johnson, C. E.



T. E.
Hudson, J. H.



T. E.
Hudson, J. H.



1042nd
ELEMENT
5



Hull, W. R.
Instructor



Noode, J. L.
Instructor



Hulday, J. J.
T. E.

Instructor
James H. B.



T. E.
Coyne W. E.



Lafferty R. E.



FIELD
TEXAS
AVIATION CADET DETACHMENT
OF THE COMMAND



King, R. H.
Instructor



Knight C. R.
T. E.

1042nd
ELEMENT
6

1042nd
ELEMENT

7



Wilson, D. H.



Lee, J. L.



Milne, M.

Instructor
Moore, R. H.



1042nd
ELEMENT
8



W. F. Moore
T.E.



Murphy, F.D.
T.E.



Nolan, J.J.
T.E.



Lawrence, H.A.
T.E.

T.E.
Sag. C. B.

March 22

1042nd
ELEMENT
9



Ramstach, R. V.
T.E.



Reetz, W. R.
T.E.



Salisbury, V. G.
T.E.

1042nd
ELEMENT
10

T.E.
Schott R.H.K.



Instructor
Temple J.W.



T.E.
Smith V.



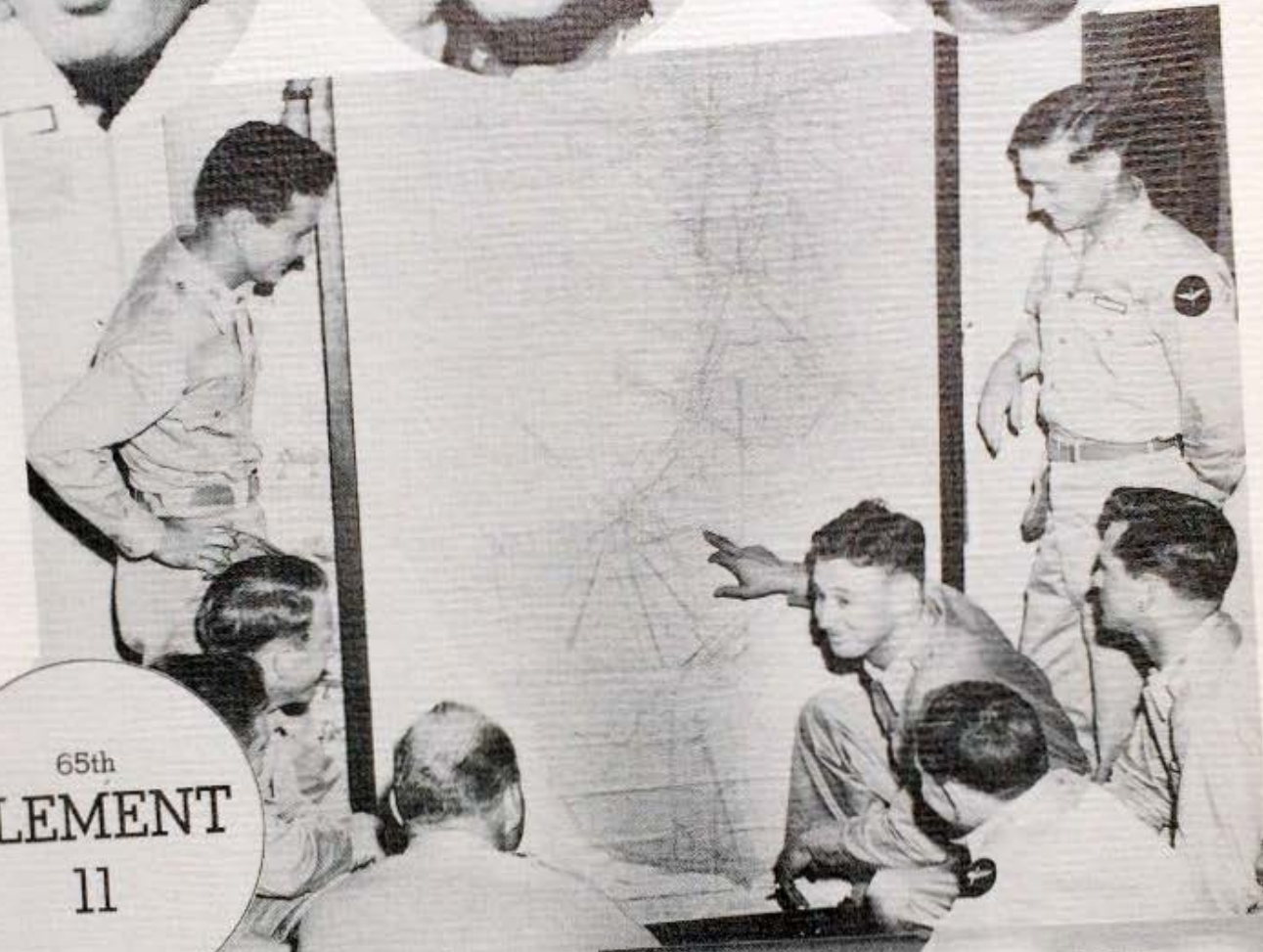
T.E.
Schuttner R.H.K.



T.E.
Yard J.C.



T.E.
W. J. B.



65th
ELEMENT
11



[Handwritten name]

Brown W.E.

Dooly E.H.

Coffey M.H.



Instructor
Drybread, N.E.



S.E.
Esley, C.R.



S.E.
Rathburn, A.J.



Wayne R. J.
S.E.

65th
ELEMENT
12





65th
ELEMENT
13



King, P.S.



*Brain, M.V.
S.E.*



*Smith, J.S.
S.E.*



Harrett, J. W.
S.E.



Branda, J.
S.E.



Henderson, D. J.
S.E.



McKinnis, W. W.
S.E.



65th
ELEMENT
14



Hennings, R. W.
S.E.



Holtz, W. F.
S.E.



Shawn, R. G.
Instructor



65th
ELEMENT
15



*Jackson, R. P.
S. E.*



*Kelly, R. J.
S. E.*



*Koch, E.
Instructor*

S. E.
Landrum, H. C.



Smith
Nash, J. W.



2-4-41
Masters, B.



65th
ELEMENT
16



2-4-41
Smith, L. B.



2-4-41
Pontas, A. F.



2-4-41
Perry, J. J.

S. E.
Lage, R. O.

Thomas, N. A.



65th
ELEMENT
17



Lampson, J. C.
Instructor



Leuty, D. M. Jr.
Instructor



Thayer, J. J.
S. E.

514
Winton, R.



515
Ubbels, J.



516
Gardner, W. H.



65th
ELEMENT
18

Williams, R. J.
S. 1



Wright, K. B.
Instructor



Yard, Loren





Sorry for him! Woe unto the O. D. who has to serve on Christmas Day! But is table "13" unlucky . . . not on your life . . . take a look at that smile!

Chow



NO DESCRIPTION of our life here at Brooks would be complete without mention of the mess hall. Shown here are several views of the interior and of the capable staff at work. A staff of seventeen waiters is busy during meals to keep "seconds" flowing from the kitchen to the plates of ravenous cadets. The finest foods obtainable are prepared with skill by long experienced chefs and bakers, and each meal is carefully planned to assure hard working cadets their necessary vitamins, fats and proteins. Without fail, we can depend on some kind of delicious pastry every day from the mixing bowls and oven of Cpl. Surma.

Many of us spent our first Christmas away from home right here at Brooks Field, and even though we missed that usual family Christmas dinner, our dinner here was really something to write home about. Delicious turkey with all the trimmings was served, and beside each plate was a box of candy, cigar, and cigarettes.

In charge of the mess hall is Sgt. Marr, with Mr. White as his assistant. Among other things, our own Lt. Carrow is also mess officer and deserves a major portion of the credit for making our mess the best on the post.





Stand-by

LEADING the parade of Cadet dislikes is the weekly Stand-By. No other duty brings quite the same feeling of expectancy and dismay as does that call, "Stand-By for personal and barracks inspection."

Preceding the Open Post day, inspection isn't so bad, but when it comes the day after Open Post, the accumulation of a week's dust on ledges, and the helter-skelter foot lockers and wall lockers . . . WOW!

Usually the busy cadet is allowed all of thirty minutes to check the final appearance of his area, which includes mopping his floor, washing ledges, dusting wall and foot lockers, orderly arrangement in a prescribed manner of the contents of both lockers and drawers, buttoning all buttons, making his bed, and shining his extra shoes; also, he must be closely shaven and his personal appearance must be up to regulation standards.

Finally the hour arrives, "Stand By for Military Training," and each cadet moves to the foot of his bed and stands awaiting the appearance of the Tactical Inspecting Officer.

Suddenly the call to attention in the lower floor brings all talking and movement to a halt upstairs, followed by a hurried disposal of half-smoked cigarettes and candy wrappers. These articles are usually stuffed in an empty pocket on the far side of the locker; then with a fervent prayer that no small detail has been over-looked the eager gadget awaits his destiny.

A step on the stairs . . . "He's Coming." "Ten-shun!" And with a click, the subjects freeze. With never a smile . . . never a word, the Boss inspects, looking under the mattress, in barracks bags, under hats, measuring the sheet fold on the bed, rubbing ledges, his eagle eyes miss not the tiniest speck of dust or unauthorized articles. Now, he's stopped by Smith's bed; "What's this in that barracks bag? Can't be dirty shirts . . . Oh, no . . . unshined shoes?" (Smith groans in agony while the first captain writes in the little Black book. "There goes my first class privilege for next week!")

"Rest" comes the command, as the final survey is ended . . . and with a sigh of relief or a groan of dismay, each man sprawls on his bunk . . . either assured of no demerits or resolving never again to hide shoes in his barracks bag.



Reveille...

AS AN instrument of torture, the dreaded call of "reveille" ranks high on a cadet's list. This thought predominates however, only until the schedules and duties of the day break through the haze of semi-consciousness.

Lights go on in the barracks immediately and the shuffling noise of neatly laid clothes being hastily donned prevails. Long training and nimble fingers miraculously shorten the time that it takes an average person to dress.

Many mornings, when the evening before has been heavily scheduled, full consciousness is not experienced until rudely administered by a cold blast of early morning air. This rude awakening is generally accompanied by the Sergeant's booming "Fall in!" By the time the command "Dress Right, *Dress*" is given, the full effect of the chilling wind is felt and the temptation to thrust numbing hands into warm pockets is overcome only by long disciplinary training and individual will power.

As the morning report is given the fruits of intensive training is apparent in the rows of symmetrically spaced statues, made even more impressive by the gray light of dawn. "Dismissed" is the starting signal for another day of thorough and rigorous training, speeded on by the comforting thought that, we too, in the near future will bear our part in righting a much wronged world.

Bab-O-"Link"...

FLYING has long been thought of as a romantically dangerous past-time, but the constant pressure of progress, and the necessities created by two great wars have made it a very scientific, practical phase of both commercial and military value. Planes have grown steadily through the years in speed, endurance and performance, but, where in pioneer aviation the prime essential of flying was raw courage, today it is knowledge.



Our planes of today are equipped with the world's most perfectly developed instruments . . . instruments which enable us to travel thousands of miles in the darkness of night or in the midst of low-clinging clouds . . . instruments by which we maneuver over "no-man's land" and drop our "eggs" down Schicklegruber's impudent mouth and

then fly safely home to roost . . . instruments by which we can fly and land safely with "zero ceilings" . . . *IF* we possess knowledge of their proper use.

We pilots of the U. S. Army Air Force have gained that invaluable knowledge by training in one of the most ingenious, complicated little devices ever invented . . . the ~~Link~~ Trainer. These "sweet boxes," the Air Corps "Jeeps," with their electric motors, vacuum systems, and with literally thousands of intricate moving parts, can duplicate nearly all the attitudes of an aeroplane. In it a pilot can climb, glide, turn, stall and even spin; but it is crash proof, thank God! (Please, no snap rolls.)

The art of centering-the-needle, centering-the-ball, and checking-the-air-speed will always be the pilot's golden rule wherever and whenever instruments are used. Gradually, one becomes introduced to time-turns, climbs and glides, stalls, spins, rough-air, U-tracks, and then the complicated orientation to radio beam work. Although we realize this is quite a strain on our delicate nervous systems, the next time we fly old "Vertigo Vein" or "Gasless Gail," we must remember our "gadgets;" while we're sitting there dumb and happy, that gentleman at the control desk is literally handing our pilot life insurance by the pound. And, if, by chance we still dislike the "missing link," the knowledge will still be beaten into our thick skulls. Surveys will show that the "old pilots" are those who have mastered the art of instrument flying.

So, to Lt. Reese, and the entire Instrument Flying Department Personnel, we extend our gratitude for teaching us the best way to fly and "live happily ever after."

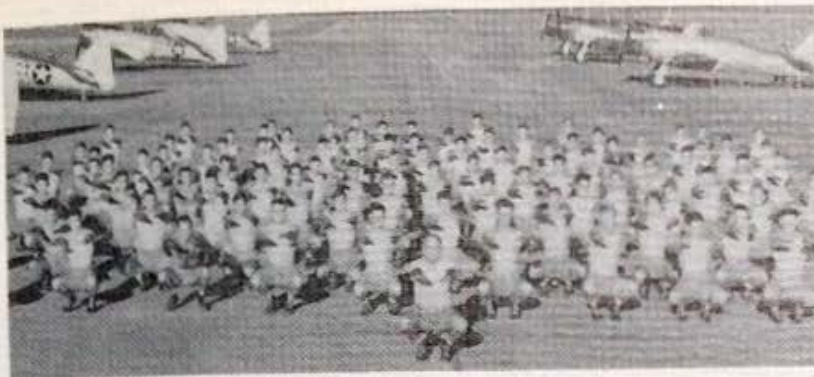


SPEAKING of beams, there is a device called the "hood," which when pulled over the cockpit of an aeroplane removes all the joy of flying. It confines our range of vision to an instrument-cluttered panel.

These instruments go into strange gyrations every time a voice says, "you have it." We are taught to climb, turn and descend merely by watching these instruments. With the aid of radio we then take up flying the beam under the hood. This is simple . . . on one side we get DIT DAH and on the other DAH DIT; right on the beam there is a steady tone. After 15 minutes of DIT DAH and DAH DIT it all sounds the same and we find ourselves bracketing the wrong side.

Usually the altimeter is slighted in our struggles to stay on the beam . . . but it doesn't stand still; what we think are level turns include climbs and dives that would thrill a carnival crowd. The volume builds up to a deafening roar in our ears until it reaches a peak and falls off to nothing, indicating we are in the cone of silence over the station. Happily, we come out from under the hood and head for home.





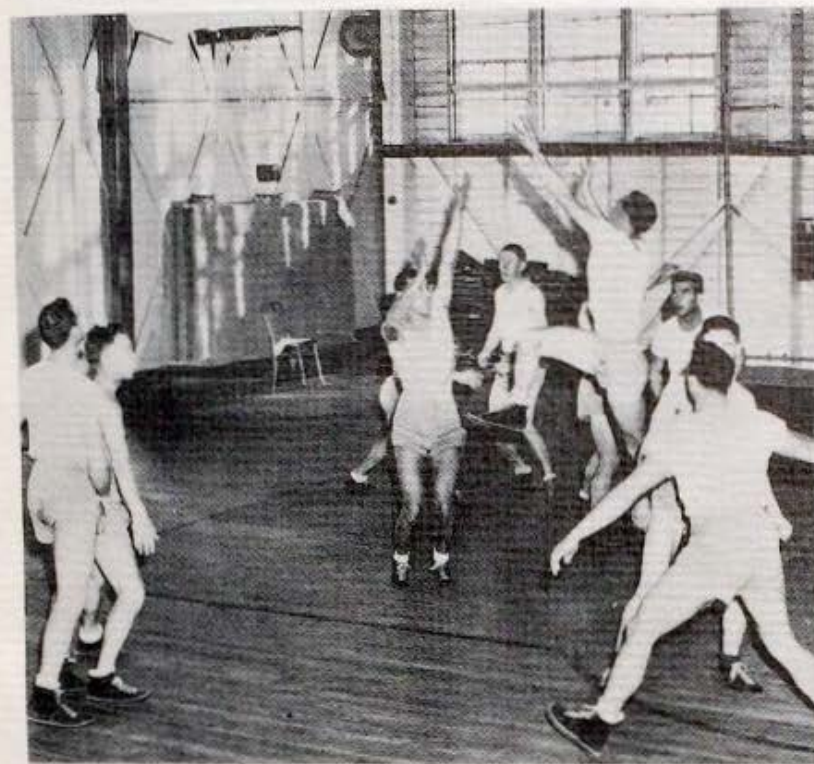
SPORTS

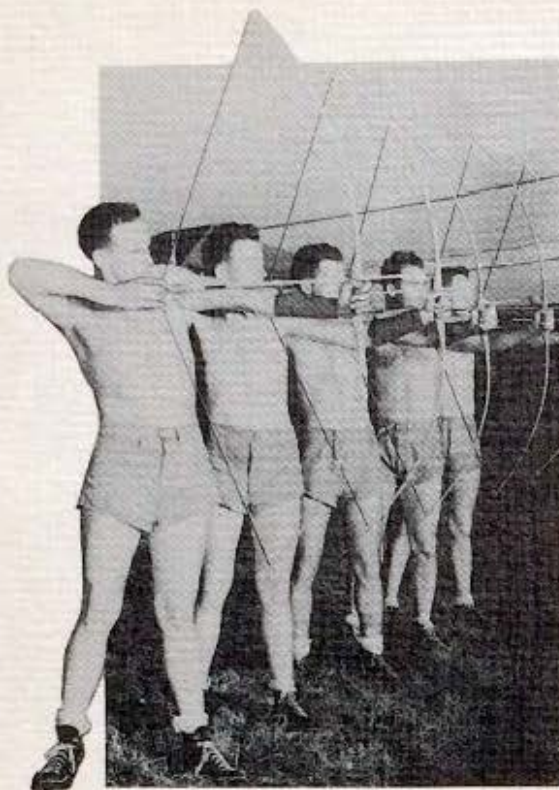
build healthy bodies
and alert minds



WHEN an individual makes a definite decision toward one goal, that person is on the road to success.

We have made our decision. We have now but to develop the practical efficiency that is necessary in every individual as it is with the nation. It is to this end that Brooks offers its strenuous and stringent course in Physical Training to all from the highest ranking officer on down through the ranks to the buck private in the rear of the ranks. To develop efficient minds, men study for years, long and hard. The body, too, must be trained with the same zeal. When you pull the trigger on the guns at those sons-of-a-mis-guided-country, you want to be sure they find their mark the first time . . . the second may be too late. So you see that it is necessary for the body to react instantly and efficiently the first time when called upon. Every move counts when that old boy is on your tail and driving them home. Confidence in this body of ours is certainly essential and with a little initiative on our part and a helping hand from efficient Physical Training Instructors Lt. Holmes and Lt. Nowaskey, we do, in time, find that confidence.



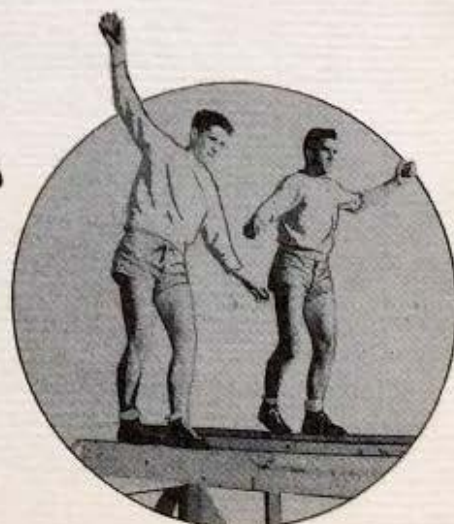


To those who have not been initiated, and those who in future years may wish to look back upon us, to judge or to praise "those good old days," I wish to draw a word picture of our physical training program during our training period here at Brooks.

For every effort there is a definite reward. You merely present yourself at the gym, a converted hangar, where mechanical conditioning has given way to physical conditioning, and "lo and behold" there stands a good old southern ducky asking "apple or an orange, please." Yes, every individual is given one fruit or the other every day at the beginning of the period. The boys all look forward to this little treat with anxiety. We are then given ample time to enjoy this bit of thoughtfulness. The whistle blows and we fall in on our designated numbers. Immediately and without confusion, we take our places for calisthenics. "The first exercise will be done in this manner," . . . "Position of exercise, move," . . . "In cadence, exercise." And so it goes. "Randolph Shuffle, Knee Cracker, Dive Bombing, Body Bends, etc.," a minute number of the various exercises experienced. While we're here in the gym let us look around and see what we can see. In one corner we find weights. Weight lifting makes old men feel young and young men's biceps to be proud of. The muscles he puts on those biceps may be just the thing he needs to pull "Old Bessie" out of a power dive and the ones he adds to his stomach may eliminate the black out that would have possibly cost him his life. The mats for tumbling, oh yes, they're in the other corner. Tumbling takes off those curves that women so often worry about.

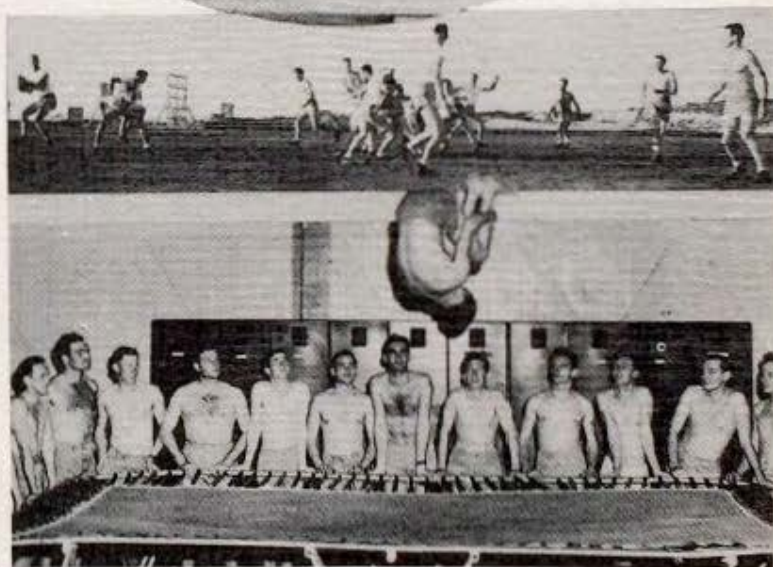


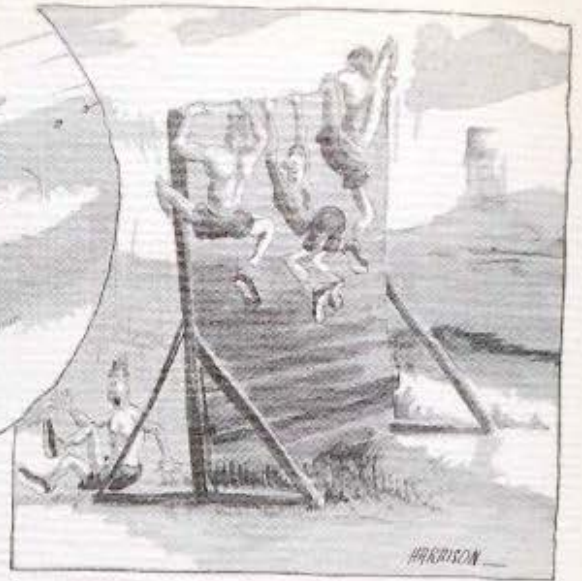
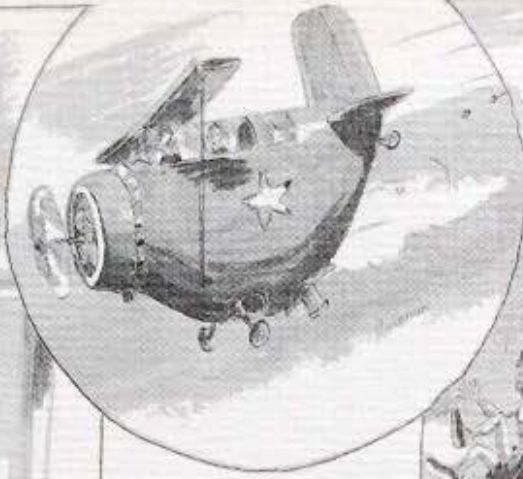
L. HOLMES
PHYSICAL TRAINING DEPT.





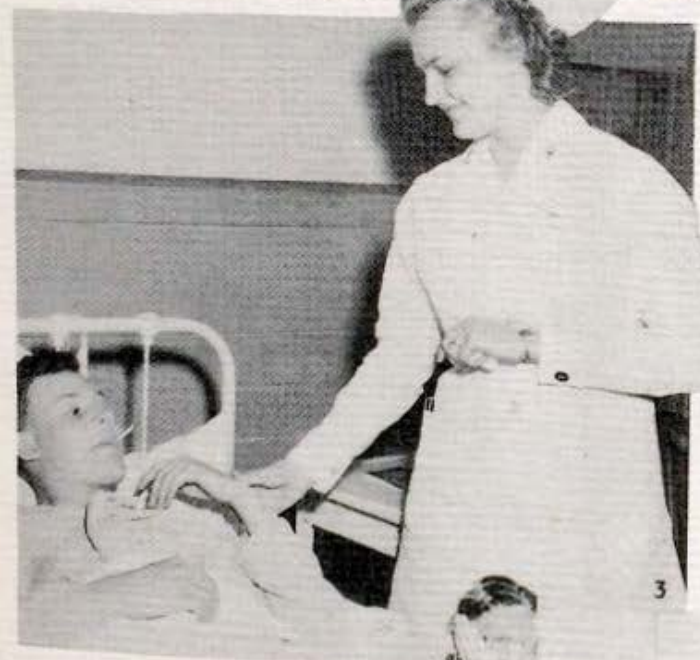
Then we have the chinning bar, the punching bag, the trapeze, the climbing rope and numerous other electives on which one may participate. We have the old art of fencing for the novice who is interested in the different means of defense. For the man that needs a few pounds less here and there and wants a hard and fast game we also have handball. There is nothing better than the trampoline for developing a good sense of balance and timing. For diversion relaxation, we have baseball, football, basketball, volleyball, in which we all must participate. Each one calls upon different muscles working efficiently to carry out their proper execution, therefore neglecting no part of the body. And last, but not least, we have the obstacle course, the one thing any man in any arm of the service can tell you about. When the army developed this "bit of a back-ache" it was truly done by a stroke of genius. I find a failing in words to describe it, just look below and you will see an idea, really a fact (and after you attempt it once it will remain a fact to remember) that all muscles respect, for in conquering those obstacles every one is called upon to do its part. And it still remains that for the individual as for the nation, "it is essential that we combine certain sets of qualities, which separately are common enough, and, alas, useless enough." We must strive to co-operate and to do this we must co-ordinate efficiently in mind and body, in heart and soul, one for all and all for one. (THE GOOD OLD U. S. A.)





BELIEVE IT
OR NUTS
by
HARRISON





Here and There About Brooks Field

1. An efficient M. P. squadron assures public safety on the post.
2. Always on the alert! The guardians against demon fire!
3. H-m-m . . . A little fever once in a while aint bad!
4. Load it on your back, mister, and be on your way.
5. The Chapel is a house of worship for all religions.
6. Not monkey-business, but the serious business of gas mask drill.





THINGS
WE LIKE TO
REMEMBER



THE "Flight Line" is an important place to a cadet, although it may be rough at times and the griping free take him away from it for a few days and he is as restless as a retired sailor.

Here he experiences joy thrills worries and scares; nothing can make a cadet happier than a day of good flying and a pat on the back from his instructor, or feel worse than to have his head up, *with due remarks*. Here for the most part military discipline is relaxed and the plain hard work of learning to fly takes the leading role. It is hard work; "naturals" are story book stuff; a student that hasn't worried is as rare as a dodo bird.

Johnny may have been a bright boy back home he must have been to get into flight training, but if you could see him in an aeroplane you would wonder how he ever mastered long division. It's simple things we are taught, simple things with the genetics of rabbits. In a few short months they multiply into hundreds of simple things, levers, instruments, switches and the same old stick, rudder and aeroplane that come with them. In addition are new things to do with the ship such as formation cross-countrys, photo missions, combat, either night or day—what we thought we already knew.

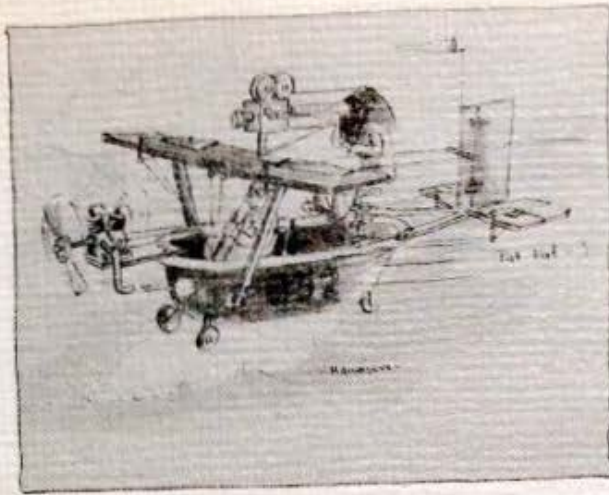


Where's my cushion? Anybody got a pencil? Don't forget to take the dark slide out of the camera. Did you bring the maps? Hey! How about some gas? Please, Mr. BC-1, start this time and I'll never abuse you again.

Switch on! Clear! Then with a roar, engines are warmed up and magnetos are checked in low pitch or maybe high pitch.

G7N from 062! Ready G7N from 006! Ready 062 to G7N! "Call in one at a time, one at a time," pleads an authoritative voice from the radio tower. "Taxi to runway, one eight and give me a call when you are number one in take-off position."

A procession of planes start cautiously taxiing out to runway one eight at about forty miles per hour; this



alone would have turned our primary instructors' hair gray. Then with a roar the first plane starts down the runway. A cautious fellow waits until the ship ahead has cleared the ground before giving his ship the gun. But no one is in a hurry. A full

ten seconds may pass before some irate voice on the radio says, "Get your head out 072, get six ships on that runway at a time." So in the calm leisurely manner of all our training, we are in the air for an afternoon of aerial sightseeing.

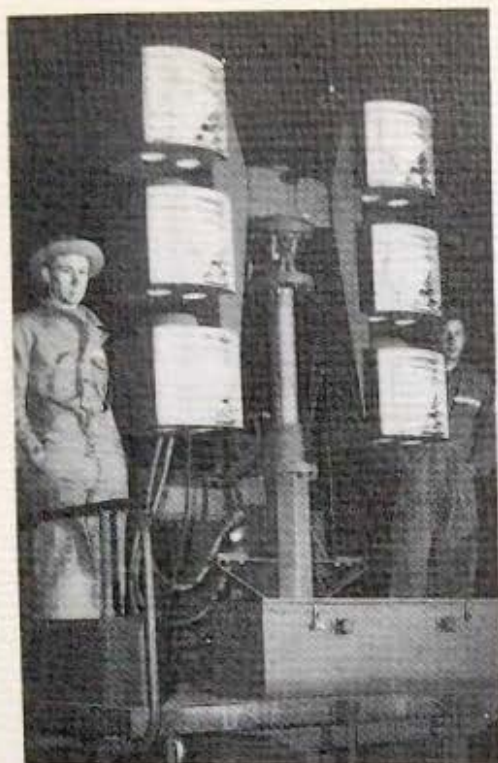


All that is necessary for a cross-country flight is a map with a line on it, a few figures telling distances and estimated time. We are then given the winds aloft reports that cause us to change all the figures.

A lecture on how not to get lost is given by the flight commander (will he never realize the futility of his efforts?) "H" hour is the time the first plane takes off; why it is always posted in the past tense is a mystery. Unfailingly, the first man rushes to get ready fifteen minutes after the appointed time. The schedule calls for a ship leaving every two minutes, so the first dozen take off at thirty second intervals to catch up to the time table.

Once in the air, we find the winds aloft have changed, so the figures are changed again. Two cadets are in each plane; one on a cross-country, the other on a reconnaissance mission. The observer counts cars, takes pictures, draws sketches of towns, describes bridges, etc. at designated points along the routes that is, if the plane passes over those points.

Most of the fellows get around in good order, but there are always some stick-by-the-winds-aloft-reports, and others who let no wind concern them. The latter gain local fame with stories of Mexico in January, flying over the Gulf, or of the Rancher's daughter and the swell meal they had. Others realize the map doesn't match the terrain and come home on one of the various beams—the iron beam or railroad, the concrete beam or highway or maybe the radio beam, which, properly used, is as sure as the homing instincts of a carrier pigeon. I know!



THE BOYS WHO *Really* "KEEP 'EM FLYING"

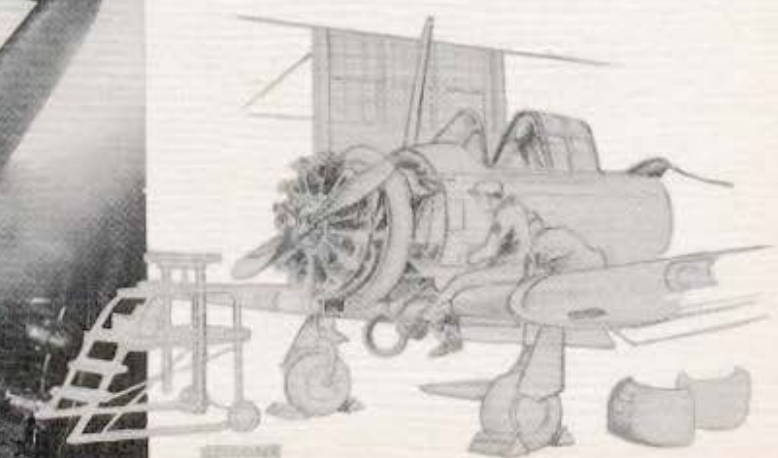
THE importance of the Airforce Mechanics can never be over-estimated. The very backbone of man's supremacy over the air is the endless efforts of the tireless, hardworking, grease monkey.

No other single group of men is as indispensable to our cadet training as the Ground Crew. Upon their shoulders, their greasy hands, their well-trained minds and their tireless endeavors rest not only thousands of dollars worth of fine equipment, but the very life of the pilot.

From the preflight inspection, made long before the cadets are awake in the morning, until the daily inspection made after the last weary night flier has gone to sleep, these conscientious soldiers carry on. Every intricate part, from the prop to the tail wheel is personally and carefully examined to assure absolute mechanical safety. Just one careless mistake, just one faulty connection, be it ever so minor, the plane may be lost and with it another of America's finest sons . . . a pilot.

No other endeavor is so intolerant of carelessness as flying; and the Army Air Forces Mechanics realizing this, never slacken, nor relax. An innate love of mechanics, coupled with a desire to be close to the men that fly, is essential in any ground crew. No greater group of immortal heroes, though their praises are seldom sung, their labors always taken for granted, and their rewards intangible, is so deeply concerned with their handiwork, and nothing can make them so happy as a word of appreciation from the cadet when he crawls out of the ship, and finds the crew chief waiting . . . the first man he sees when he returns from a flight.

They don't need rewards and medals. The sweetest satisfaction in the world is theirs when they hear the regular, powerful purring of the engines, and the assurance that the pilot, seeing the crew chief's name on the Form I, is confident that everything humanly possible has been done to keep him flying.



Lest We



Forget

As Graduation draws nearer and nearer, marking the end of the long, hard road we've traveled to attain that goal, perhaps we should pause a minute and think about the road ahead. The importance of remaining alert, and striving ever forward, cannot be stressed too much. Shall we consider this graduation as commencement the beginning of our real service and contribution, or as achievement and rest content with our progress "as is"?

You must agree our education has just started when you compare our accomplishments with our real mission. Our graduation is not the final result; instead it is merely a means to the glorious end complete victory.

The army school is the very finest that our efficient leaders can provide; and as we learn as we learn, need we

be reminded to take advantage of this opportunity to prepare ourselves, not only for the present conflict, but also for that day in the future when we shall "come marching home, again"?

In no other phase of life can we earn more for an investment than in the army. Our promotions depend on our personal willingness to work, learn, and retain. Never doubt that initiative and honest endeavor go unrewarded.

Shall we prove that we're the cream of American manhood? Remember, fellows, we can't stand still the world won't let us especially today. Remember, too, there's plenty of room on top and we aren't afraid of heights, are we? Let's make our class live forever as the personification of the ideals that founded Brooks Field.



Thanks a Million . . . to those unheralded individuals who so graciously aided us in the preparation of this Graduating Class Book. Our gratitude to Lt. Bercaw, Sergeant Swart, Sergeant Mather, Private Barbier . . . the entire Photo Section and Private Maschhoff.

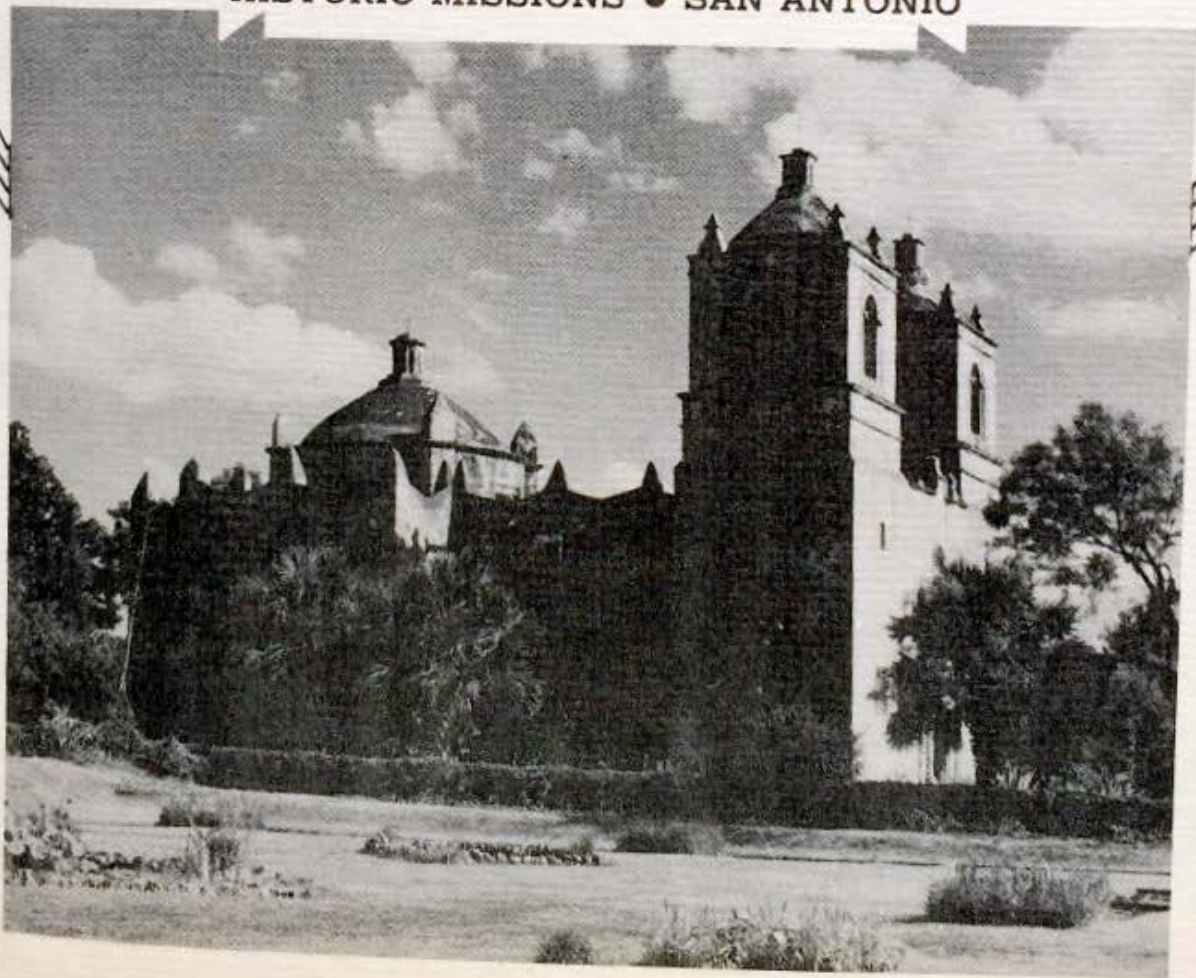
THE EDITORS.



LT. SMITH SALUTES FAREWELL TO BROOKS FIELD



HISTORIC MISSIONS • SAN ANTONIO



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