



**W. E. F. T.**



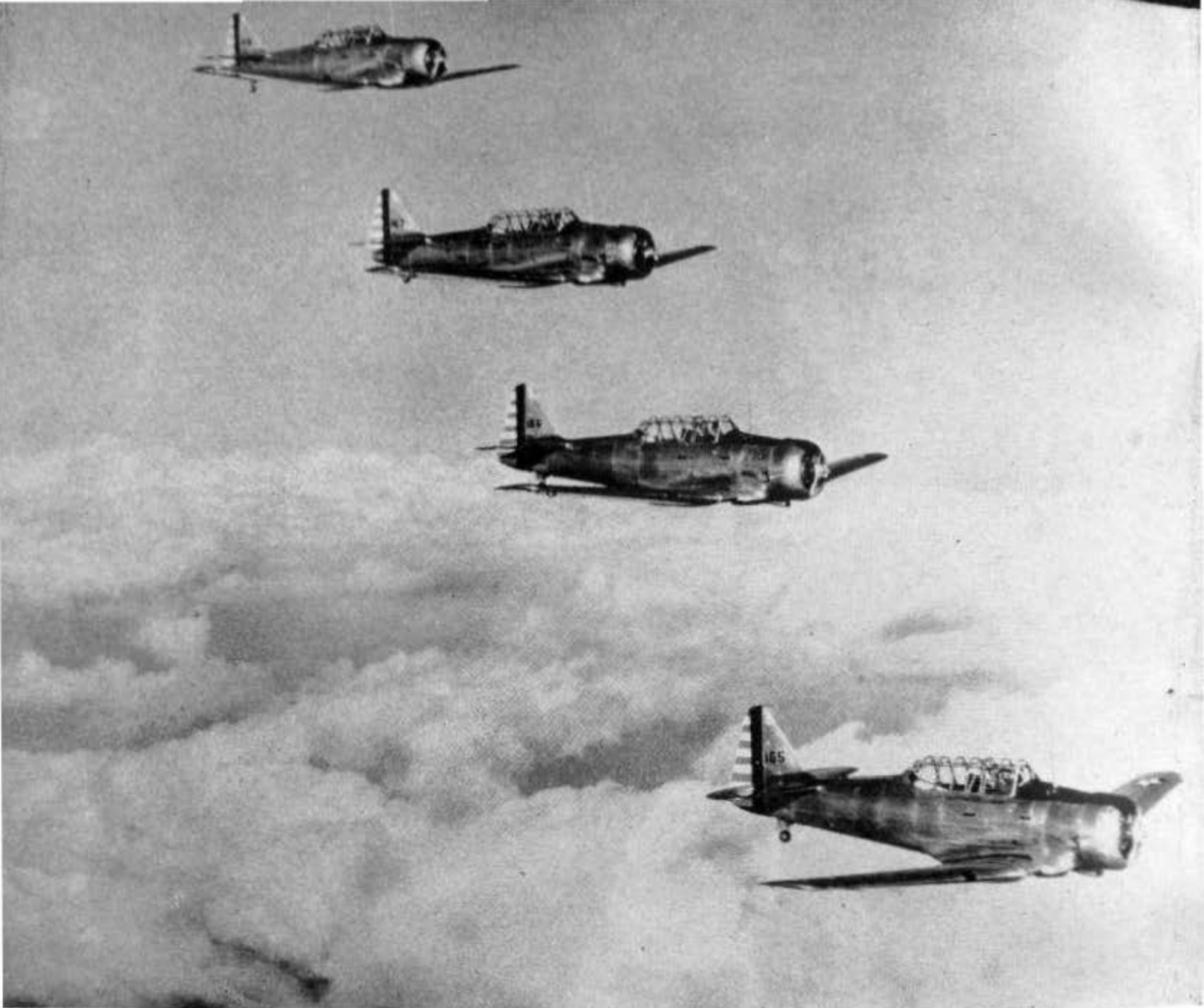
**42-1 Moore Field**



Moore Field . . . . .



Class of 42-9



## Lieutenant Frank Murchison Moore

When on November 6, 1941, the U. S. War Department named Moore Field as the latest link in its gigantic pilot training program, a great tribute was paid to Second Lieutenant Frank Murchison Moore, gallant young flying officer from Texas, who was killed 23 years ago in aerial combat over enemy lines.

On May 11, 1917, Lieutenant Moore enlisted and began training at Officer Reserve Corps, Leon Springs, Texas. Shortly afterward he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. Assignment as an observer in the 88th Aero Squadron followed, and before long he was on his way to France.

The story of his death is told in the posthumous presentation of the French Croix de Guerre with palm, in these words:

"An audacious and energetic observer, always willing to undertake the most dangerous missions. On September 2, 1918, he was charged with the protection of a ranging group far over the enemy lines. He died gloriously in combat with eight German pursuit planes. One of them was shot down."

On December 1, 1919, the War Department awarded him the Silver Star Citation Certificate. Further recognition of Lieutenant Moore's bravery came when he was awarded the highly coveted Distinguished Service Cross for exceptional courage and gallantry.



Lieutenant Frank Murchison Moore

# CADETS DRILL

THAT'S MY LEFT FOOT, SIR.

THAT'S BRILLIANT DEDUCTION, MISTER. POSITIVELY BRILLIANT.

CONSCIENTIOUS  
COMMANDANT

20 CADETS SATURDAY NIGHT, YES MAM - THEY WILL BE THERE!

MAJ. PAGE







Colonel  
Albert C.  
Foulk

Commanding  
Officer

(Transferred to Another  
Command Before Grad-  
uation of Class 42-1)

It is a source of pride to me to see the cadets of Class 42-I receive their bars and wings. I know it is a source of anxiety to our enemies.

We at Moore Field are proud of you. Your families and friends are proud of you. Make our Nation and Our Allies proud of you!

**Albert C. Foulk,**  
Colonel, Army Air Forces  
Commanding.



Major  
Jerry D.  
Page  
Commandant  
of Cadets  
Assistant Director  
of Flying



**The Commandant . . .**

*An Officer and a Gentleman  
And A True Friend Indeed*



Major  
Henry R. Spicer

Director of  
Training

IT CAN'T BE TRUE,  
GOSH! I'M THE  
NAPOLEON OF AIR-  
-TAKE-OFF DOBBIN  
-ZOOOOM!

HE JUST SAW HIS  
STUDENTS GRADUATE,  
SIR. QUITE A JOLT  
YOU KNOW.



MOORE F

# FLIGHT LINE



**Major C. L. Sluder**

Ass't Director of Flying



**Major C. M. Walton**

Director of Gunnery  
Commanding Officer  
505th School Squadron

**Captain D. W. Graham**

Commanding Officer  
506th School Squadron



# OFFICERS

**Captain C. W. Boedeker**

Commanding Officer  
503rd School Squadron



**Captain F. E. Hild**

Commanding Officer  
504th School Squadron



**Major B. A. Mason**

Commanding Officer  
First Training Group

# The Setting - - -

Flying from a field situated in the heart of the fertile and beautiful Rio Grande Valley, cadets at Moore Field find a climate, an atmosphere, a people and a countryside much to their liking.

They see from the air a panorama of trim citrus groves, spreading irrigation canals, towering lines of palm trees along country roads and an orderly procession of towns and cities. They see a part of the 8,000 citrus groves which dot the Valley extending from the Laguna Madre coast on the Gulf of Mexico to Rio Grande City in the foothills. They see an area of fertility, made possible by irrigation, surrounded by the barrenness of hundreds of square miles of mesquite.

Easy to spot from the air are the surrounding towns of Mission, Edinburg and McAllen, where pleasure-hungry cadets know that dances, parties and picnics await them on their open post periods. Here and on the citrus ranches live the people of the Valley, who show themselves so thoughtful of the cadets well-being. Also easy to see is the architecture of the Valley with its Spanish influence so typical of the border area.

Across the muddy Rio Grande lies the neighboring American Republic of Mexico, over which no cadet is allowed to fly for a closer view. However, week-end trips across the river reveal an old-world atmosphere, unchanged through the years, where easy-going Mexicans live in the manner of their ancestors. Everywhere are old towns with their adobe walls and thatched huts, and here and there are old missions, reminiscent of the days of the Spanish Conquistadors.

And not soon to be forgotten is the first view of the Gulf and its coastal area when seen by cadets on a venturesome formation ride or on their way to Matagorda Island. Here the sweeping marshlands, the gleaming beaches, the rolling surf, the scattered semi-tropical islands, and the deep blue of the water form a panorama of beauty for the men in the soaring formations.

From this montage of views, pleasant impressions are formed which will remain in the minds of the Men of Moore Field long after they have finished training and departed from their Moore Field Alma Mater.

## B B LINK

The department of flying instruction at Moore Field was first among the schools of the Gulf Coast Training Area to adopt the "gunnery link," a device in which aviation cadets, without going any higher than a link trainer, may learn much of aerial gunnery range and lead estimation. The gunnery link was especially designed to aid in the understanding of the firing of fixed aerial machine guns.

Father of the gunnery link idea was Lt. Col. German P. Culver, who until his recent transfer to the Air Corps Flying School at Eagle Pass, Texas, was Director of Ground School here.



Captain M. E. Wooton  
Director of Ground School

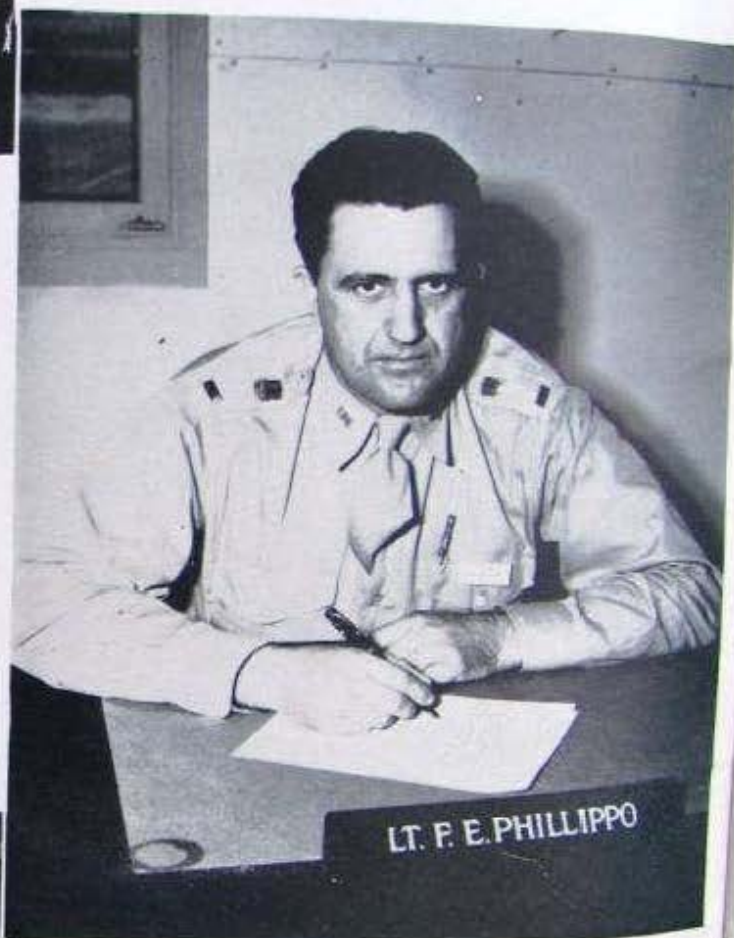


Colonel Culver's development of the gunnery link aroused widespread interest among officers of other Army flying schools in this area, and recently the device has been accepted for use in Advanced flying schools throughout the Gulf Coast Training Area.



**Capt. J. H. Batjer**  
School Secretary

"Whipcrackers"



**Lt. F. E. Phillippo**  
Mess Officer  
Cadet Detachment



**Lt. R. J. Berry**  
Supply Officer  
Cadet Detachment





**Lt. J. C. Serros**  
Tactical Officer



**Lt. R. E. Olson**  
Tactical Officer

**Lt. A. O. Wright**  
Tactical Officer



**Administration  
Clerks**

**"Stenos"**



**Major C. B. Stilson**  
Post Surgeon



**Lt. Col. F. G. Jamison**  
Director of Training

*(Appointed Commanding Officer Before Graduation of Class '42-D)*

**Lt. R. A. Bell**  
Engineering Officer

**Lt. J. T. Lyons**  
Chaplain

# Ground School Instructors

Lt. R. F. Perkins

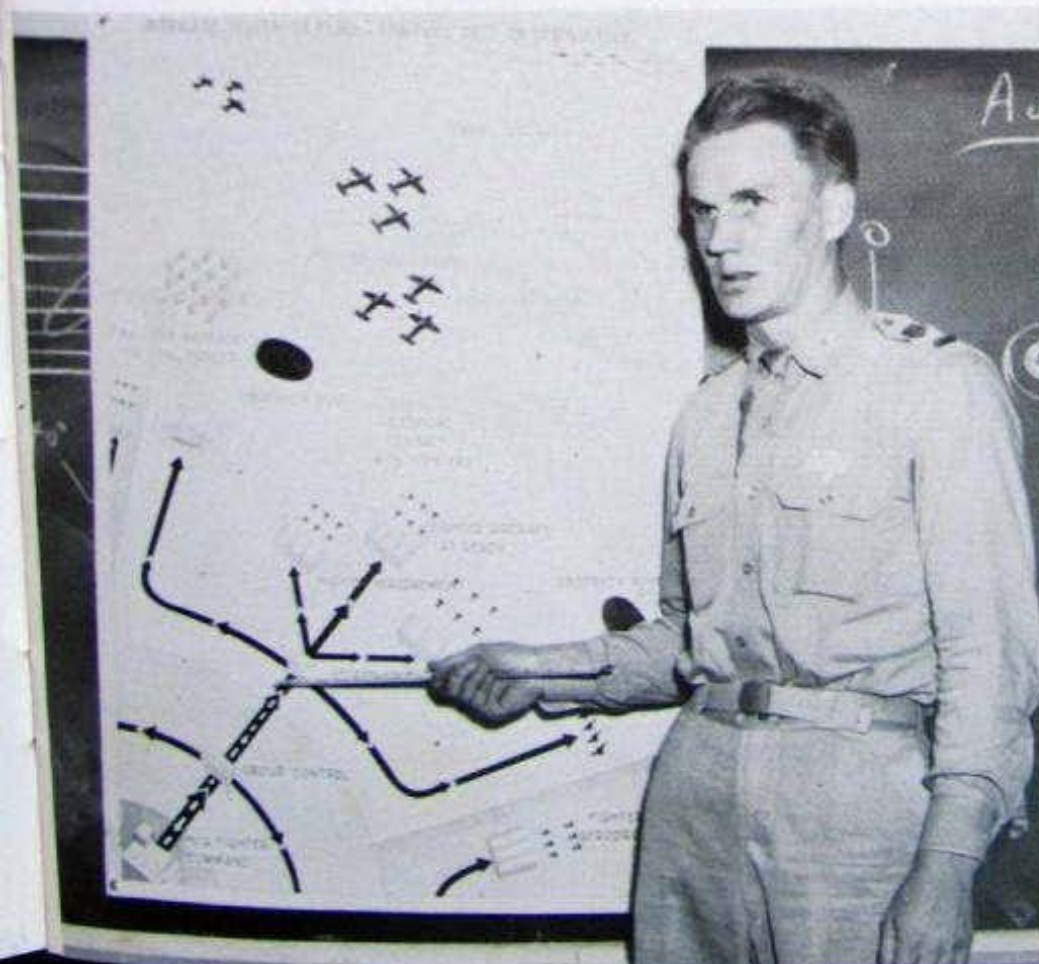


Lt. B. P. Gill



Lt. R. R. Niemi

Lt. R. D. McLarty



# Airplane Drivers, Inc.

## Remember . . . . .

TENT CITY . . . It's a kinda cool night . . . cool enough for two blankets, one sweat-suit, two pairs of coveralls and a topcoat!! Warm Texas . . . hmmmph! Suddenly, the still of the night (it's only 4 A. M. in the yawning!) is shattered by a piercing whistle and some sadistic individual is walking up and down between the silent rows of tents shouting "Chow! chow!" As if anybody wanted to eat in the middle of the night . . . but we get up and wade through the mud to the messhall where (if we're lucky enough to get in on the first shift) we are greeted with a delicious (ha, ha) "G. I." breakfast (P. X. here I come!) And I joined the Air Corps to fly! (Speaking of "G.I."—remember those haircuts?)

ON THE HILL . . . "Say, fellas, I heard so and so say that 42-I is moving up on the Hill tomorrow and etc., etc. . . ." Huh, another latrine rumor . . . you know how they are . . . reminds of the time they said we were getting paid (oh, they paid us alright . . . but all those deductions!) . . . anyway, we DID go up on the Hill . . . Hot dog! no more drill, no more calisthenics, no more MUD! . . . were we surprised! "Hit a brace, mister!" "What is a dodo bird, mister?" . . . Doesn't the Air Corps ever teach flying? (Maybe they're going to make drill sergeants out of us up here . . . Huh?)

PRIMARY SCHOOL . . . 'Bye to the Hill! . . . we're to do a little flying! Just wait until we get at those PT's! We'll wring them out . . . yessir! I'll show 'em . . . I'VE had previous time! What? At Primary too?!? . . . won't we ever be rid of those upper-classmen? . . . "Alright, men (does he mean us?) THIS is a diagram of a traffic pattern. . . remember it MOST of the time . . . in fact, so that you DON'T forget it, draw it on the blackboard one million times." Ground School: What is an engine? What is an airplane? Why do birds fly without propellers and pilot's licenses? (Incidentally, THEY don't use a traffic pattern . . .!) Check rides: "What? you mean I passed on that ride??" . . . (I still don't see how we managed to miss all those pretty yellow flags scattered all over the field.)

BASIC SCHOOL . . . "Whew! I don't know how I made it thru THAT "Navigator's Pool" . . . but here I am at Basic and I'm ready to go . . . I've got my "Ray Ban" glasses and my buckle shoes . . . lead me to those BT's . . . I'm an H. P. . . . Golly! they DRILL here! . . . and those dust-breathing, back-breaking exercises we take in calisthenics are no picnic either . . . "Gig him! Don't let him get away! Gig him now! . . . oh, well, what's ten tours to march off . . . Look out, boys! there's another of those "Tac" officers. (Guess who!) . . . Hurray! we're having a star party! !They should be able to buy all the beer in Texas with all the donations they took in! . . . (I still don't think we were that bad . . . or were we?)

ADVANCE SCHOOL . . . No more drill, no more calisthenics (where have I heard that before!) . . . we are going to "country club" for Advanced Training . . . (Oh, yeah?) . . . Ground School: (some more!) . . . "Now this is a Maka Jaka Baga 43 1/4 with a rocket-driven, beer-cooled engine . . . its armament consists of three 75mm cannon, one BB gun, a sign that says 'Fragile, handle with care.' and a blonde." . . . (I can't understand why I keep on falling asleep in class) . . . How many planes to identify? Might as well make it forty-two hundred! . . . Skeet-shooting: "This is a shotgun . . . that is a clay pigeon . . . the idea is to hit the clay pigeon with the shot . . . try it and see (Heh, heh) . . . There! that wasn't so bad! Now try it again . . . this time use the unbroken arm!" . . . BB Link: . . . what a shooting gallery . . . Accuracy? Well, we won't be shooting at the Japs with

BB guns anyway! Link Trainer: What won't they think of next! Life Insurance: . . . they tell me that it has something to do with good gunnery . . . if I could only hit that dog-gone tow target! . . . if I could only hit ANYTHING! More life insurance: . . . incidentally, they don't put lunch in the parachute packs any more . . . (two hungry kaydets found that out when they jumped . . . imagine their disappointment when they found themselves dangling from the end of an open parachute!) Where's the back seat on this P-36? (By the way, it HAS landing gear . . . the trick is in knowing HOW!) . . . you mean the instructor won't ride with us in this job. (I guess our instructors gave up riding with us after our first transition hop . . . he loves life too!) . . . Did you say we're going out to "buzz" a little mesquite? . . . I thought we weren't supposed to do that . . . anyway, when somebody else is around . . . I suppose it's different when your instructor takes you out on "low altitude attack" . . . but then it's no fun . . . you're SUPPOSED to go low! Graduation: I can't understand the reason why I'm still alive after being around these planes so long . . . AND pulling all those boners. . . . AND passing all those check-rides! Golly! a pair of silver wings! Hey, Mom! I made it! I'm an airplane driver! Now let me at those Japs!

Stan. Jankowski

WHAT'S UP DOC?  
OPEN POST? WELL  
TEAR LOOSE MISTER  
AND DON'T STALL  
OUT!





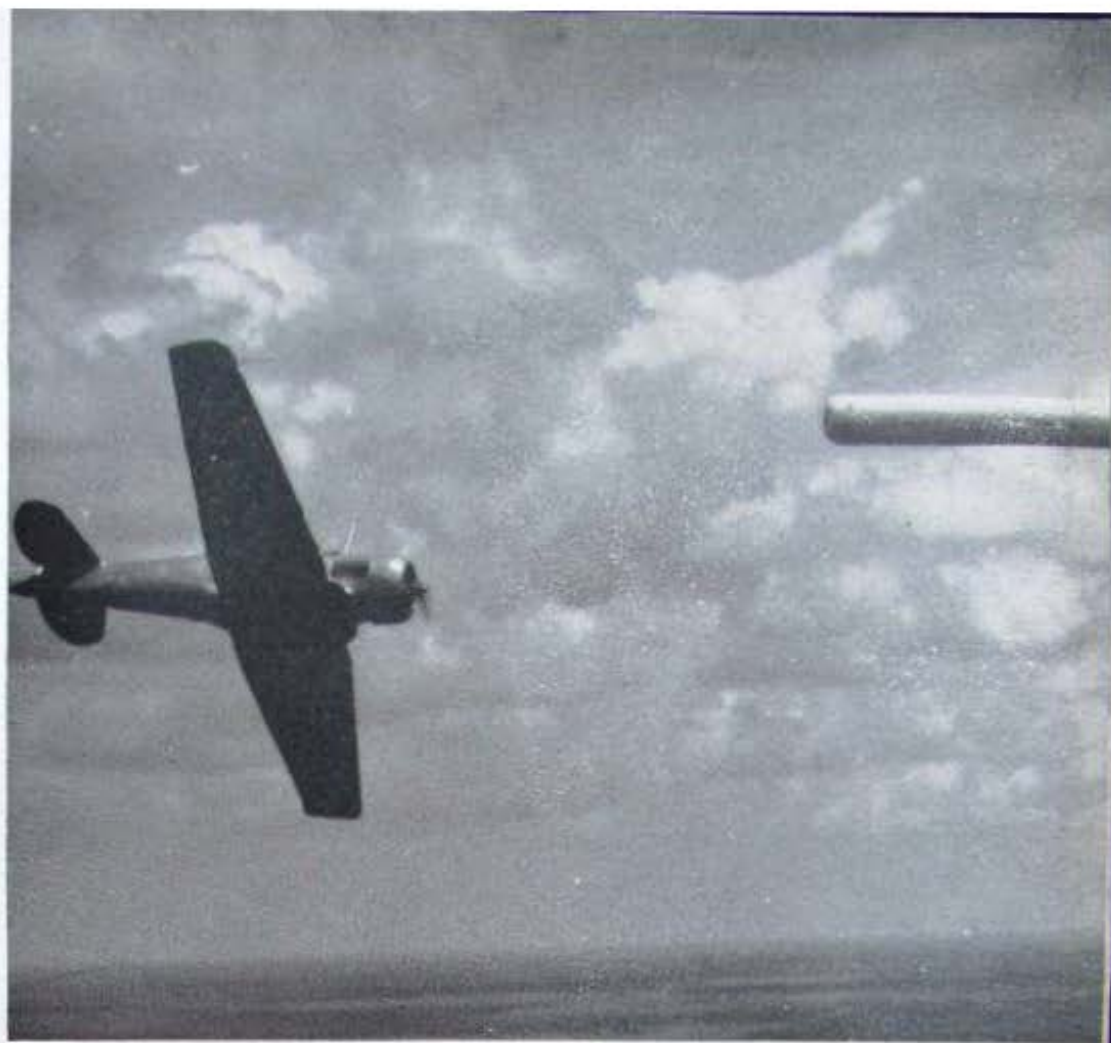
*Matagorda Bound*



*We've Been Up An Hour*

# MATAGORDA ISLAND

*He Is Sure of Hitting It*



# JORDA LAND

*Time Out for Lunch*





*Optimistic Cadets*



*Life Insurance*



*505th "B" Flight*



SO SORRY BUT HON. AGENT  
IN TEXAS CANNOT DECIPHER  
A.A.F. CODE OF "GET HON.  
HEAD OUT" AND "YOU'RE S-5  
R-5 HON. BABY"—SO SORRY.





I've sat and watched the clouds go by  
And have felt the wind and rain  
I've heard the roar of motors on high  
The gentle hum and the deep roar from my silver plane.

I've had the thrill of catching fish  
And shooting deer afar  
I've felt the stride of a good horse  
And played golf at par  
But still I hear the gentle hum and the deep roar from my silver plane

We had picnics in summer, sleigh rides in winter  
And talks by the fire place  
But this time there will be a story of a gentle hum  
A deep roar from a silver plane

Tales of men both young and old  
Tales of men who were bold  
And tales of the lads in the "42-I" fold  
They started at Kelly in mud and rain  
And scattered to Primary schools  
Worries they had from morn till night  
And a lot of studying, too  
Records were smashed and hearts beat fast  
We were off to Basic school--

And we worked like a Missouri mule  
Remember the officers on the line?  
And don't forget the others, too.  
Did you walk the ramp as I did that hot summer day?  
Or were you a victory gardner, your de-merits to pay.



And then Advance school  
Moore Field,  
Mission, Texas  
The Officers we met were for us by heck  
And our work was a pleasure, too,  
The people we knew in the Valley were few  
But all we grew to respect  
Each week-end was an event to Class "42-I"  
Time was short and weeks were few  
But we enjoyed each day we flew  
We had cross country both day and night  
Gunnery practice and formation, too  
And the week at Matagorda and "Mosquitoes" too.

And "Graduation"  
The day of all days came and is now a memory, too  
We were all in row, proud and straight  
Shivers running from head to toe  
Like the swinging of a gate.  
At last—Our "Silver Wings"  
Bright and new  
Proud were our relatives and friends, too  
And even the Officers seemed proud  
Above the music and laughter and tears—  
You know what I heard?  
Gods blessing on us and our silver planes  
The silver plane with the gentle hum and deep roar  
Where ever we go we will always remember the lads we knew  
And the Officers and friends at Moore Field, too.

J. G. JORDAN



K. E. HUFFAKER  
Group Adjutant



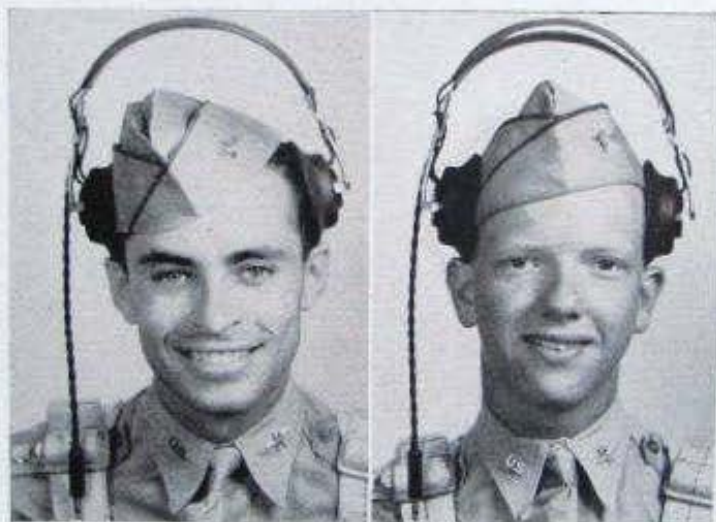
C. O. ANDREWS  
Group Commander



T. P. PAINTER  
Supply Officer

## Cadet Officers

C. GILBERT  
505th Captain



F. E. PEEBLES  
506th Captain

## FLIGHT LIEUTENANTS

### 505th

E. JENKINS

J. CORE

W. FAVER

R. LEWIS

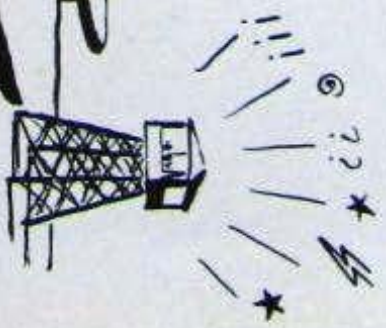
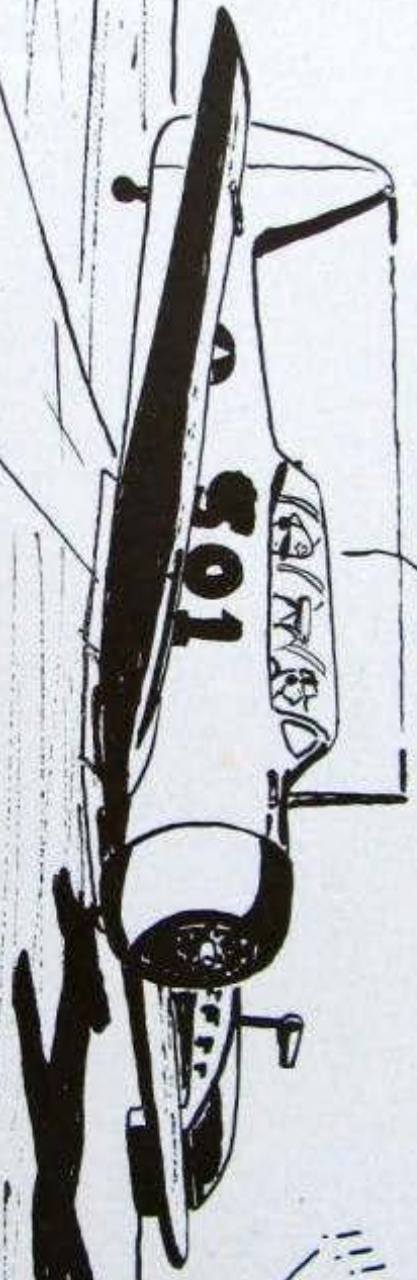
### 506th

S. McREYNOLDS

E. SMITH



THAT WAS A  
NICE APPROACH  
BUT HAVEN'T  
YOU FORGOTTEN  
SOMETHING?



CORE

Lieutenant Supple's "Pilots"

CAPTAIN STEWART  
M. E. GRANT  
B. C. GLADNEY  
LIEUTENANT STEWART  
B. P. GLASS



Lieutenant Gray's Gang

L. H. HART  
D. T. GRINNAN  
J. M. HAMILL  
E. H. GUMBLE  
Y. J. GUNN  
A. S. HARTMAN

Lieutenant Blake's Blokes

K. E. HUFFAKER  
R. D. HILL  
C. D. HOUSEL  
T. J. HENDERSON  
C. F. HENDRIXS  
G. H. HOWLAND



Lieutenant La Montagne's Humming Birds

S. JANKOWSKI  
B. L. JOHNSON  
G. R. JOHNSON  
J. R. CORE, III.  
H. JACOBY  
G. T. JENKINS  
E. JENKINS



Lieutenant Bippus' Bums

J. P. IVEY  
H. F. HUNTER  
W. F. HURST  
J. M. IVEY, JR.  
M. L. HUGHES  
D. L. HUFFMAN

Lieutenant Van Atta's Circus

W. E. KEEL  
I. H. KEATLEY  
L. KALLIS  
W. H. JORDAN, JR.



Lieutenant Halton's Stoodents

S. G. MORGAN  
D. G. MELDRUM  
J. H. MILLER  
S. E. McREYNOLDS  
T. E. MOSTYN



Somebody's Cadets

X. X. X. KENNEDY  
I. F. KLUMB  
F. N. KING  
J. P. KESSLER  
R. R. KIDD

Lt. Minnick's Cadets

E. W. MACK  
J. D. LINN  
J. S. LOLOS  
F. B. LOVE  
J. MANDL  
W. M. LOTT







Lieutenant Evanko's Flyers

R. S. LEWIS  
 R. G. LARSON  
 J. R. LANG  
 W. W. LANE  
 J. R. LANG  
 R. H. LIEBL

Lieutenant Bayle's Boys

A. W. McFARLAND  
 J. MARINI  
 J. J. McLACHLAND  
 H. MASSEY  
 J. I. MAXWELL



Lieutenant Wilk's Men

LIEUTENANT McCaULEY  
 N. E. KOWALEWSKI  
 C. M. KUHARSKI  
 R. P. LAKE  
 M. H. KOUFFMAN  
 R. H. LaBOUNTY



Lieutenant Finley's Nobility

C. GILBERT  
 A. G. FEW  
 R. J. FUSSELL  
 R. A. GILLINGHAM  
 R. C. FROST

Lieutenant Alexander's Orphans

J. E. BAY  
 T. J. BARBER  
 C. O. ANDREWS  
 R. W. ANDERSON  
 J. C. BLAKE  
 J. J. BRASSEUR



Lieutenant Calderones' Boys

J. P. FOWLIE  
 C. G. FRANKO  
 W. L. FAVER  
 A. FOURMENT  
 J. S. FOLEY  
 L. C. FRELS

Lieutenant Wickliffe's Worries

G. S. BUTLER  
W. H. CHURCHILL  
C. A. CRONK  
R. A. CLINE  
H. I. CARVER



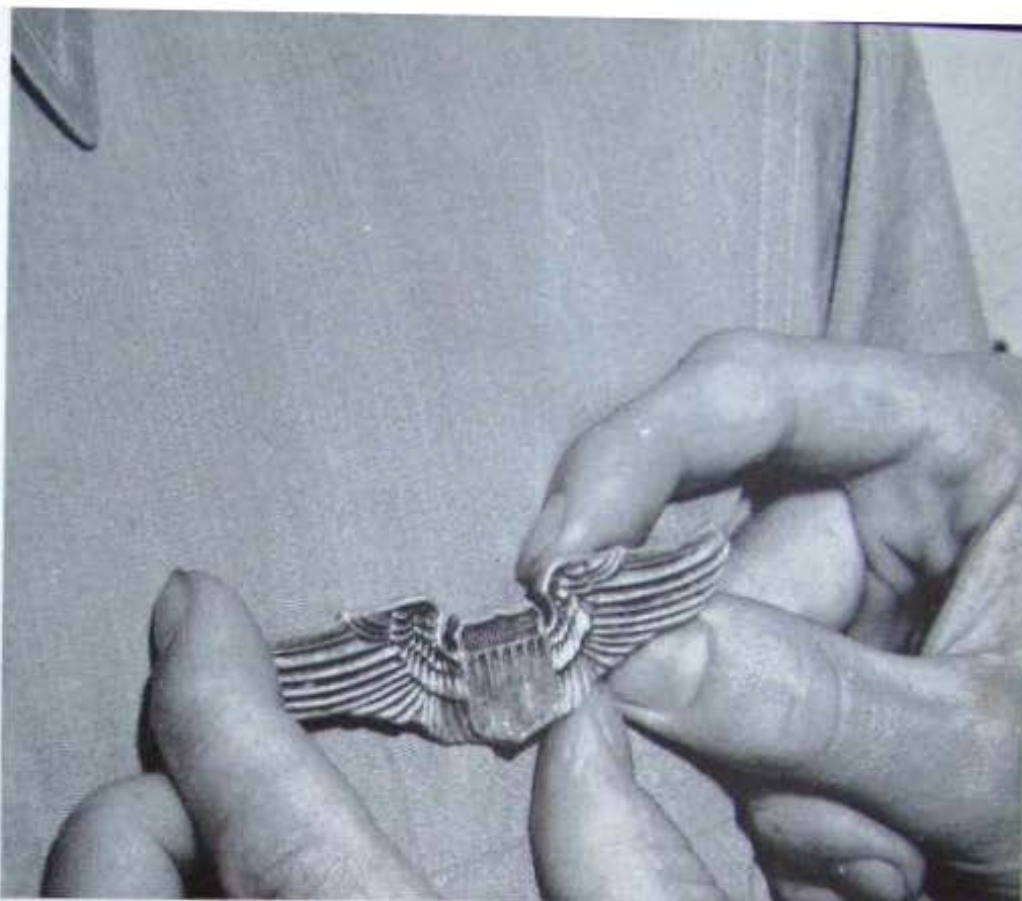
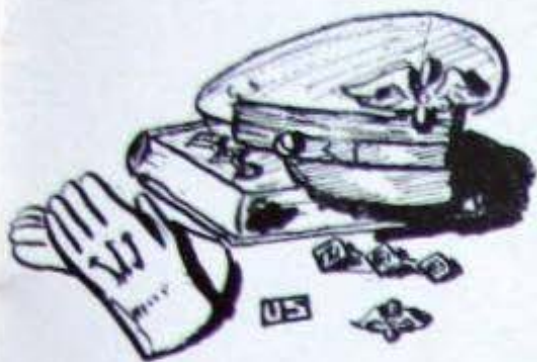
Lieutenant Reinholdt's Group

E. A. EHLERS  
N. W. ELDER  
R. E. ELKINS  
J. J. DUNCAN  
P. E. FAGG  
H. K. EYERLEY

*Fresh Blood For  
Matagorda Mosquitoes*







## Graduation ,, 42,9

### ***We have our wings!!!***

The goal toward which he have been striving has been finally reached at last . . . a long last. These wings mean much to us . . . not only because we have succeeded where others have failed; not only because we have made our parents proud; but because now we are well on our way to do the job we were trained for!

In the mud of "Tent City" and on the parade grounds of the "Hill", graduation seemed a far-off dream. On the fields of our Primary and Basic schools it was still a far-off dream . . . would we . . . **COULD WE** . . . get through our Primary and Basic Training? We worked hard . . . drilling in the hot sun; cramming in stuffy classrooms; living in fear that our flying ability was not up to par . . . yes, that was the hardest thing . . . wondering if we could meet the high flying standards of the Army Air Forces. Have we, at this time, met those standards? Can we do our job? The future holds the answer . . . we will give that answer! . . . and our deeds will be our words!

We now have the means to do great things. **DOING** these things will prove that we have not let our schools, our people, our Country, down.

***We have our wings!! We will show the world how to use them!!***

S. M. Jankowski





*Egad! That bunch is slow!*



*There's nothing to it!*



*Optional High!*



*The Champ!*



THE INSTRUCTOR

1, 2, 3, 4, 5,  
GIVE ME  
STRENGTH  
6, 7, 8, 9, 10

BOOM  
BOOM

BRACK!

THE ELUSIVE  
SKEET.

WHO'S THAT  
SHOOTING!  
BEN TURPIN?

CORE 42-1

HUT!

TWO!  
THREE!  
FOUR!

STUDENT O'S

WONDER IF WE'RE  
GOING TO CARRY  
THOSE P-40'S TO  
TOKYO?

A LITTLE  
MILD RECREATION

Core #2-1







Friday-ugh!!  
Monday-UGH!!

Why, he couldn't  
hit a bag uh . . . .

*"Cally-Jump-Ups"*



**Coach  
Wallie  
Lawson**

C'mon Rush 'im!

Hut too three foh





*Attention to Orders*



*Caterpillar Twins*

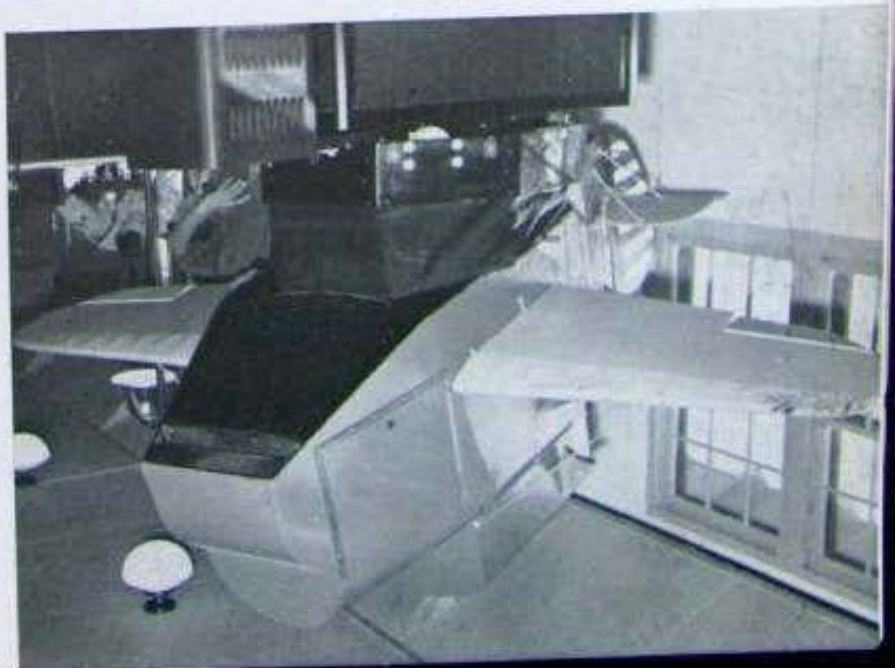


*Hell! What's He Doing?*

*Lenny Has His Doubts*



*502 Please . . . .*



*It Takes 42-1  
To Loop A Link*



UM!  
UM!

ALLOW ME, PLEASE.  
(CHOMP! CHOMP!)



THE  
DREADED  
MINKCHIFF



OH!  
HOW NICE  
OF YOU &

WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
YOUR 20/20  
VISION,  
MISTER?



PARDON ME,  
BUT YOU LOOK  
JUST LIKE  
MARGIE.



# The Staff



**Leon H. Hart**  
Editor



**Elmer J. Jenkins**  
Photo Editor



**S. JANKOWSKI**  
Publications

**CORE, J. R., III**  
Cartoonist



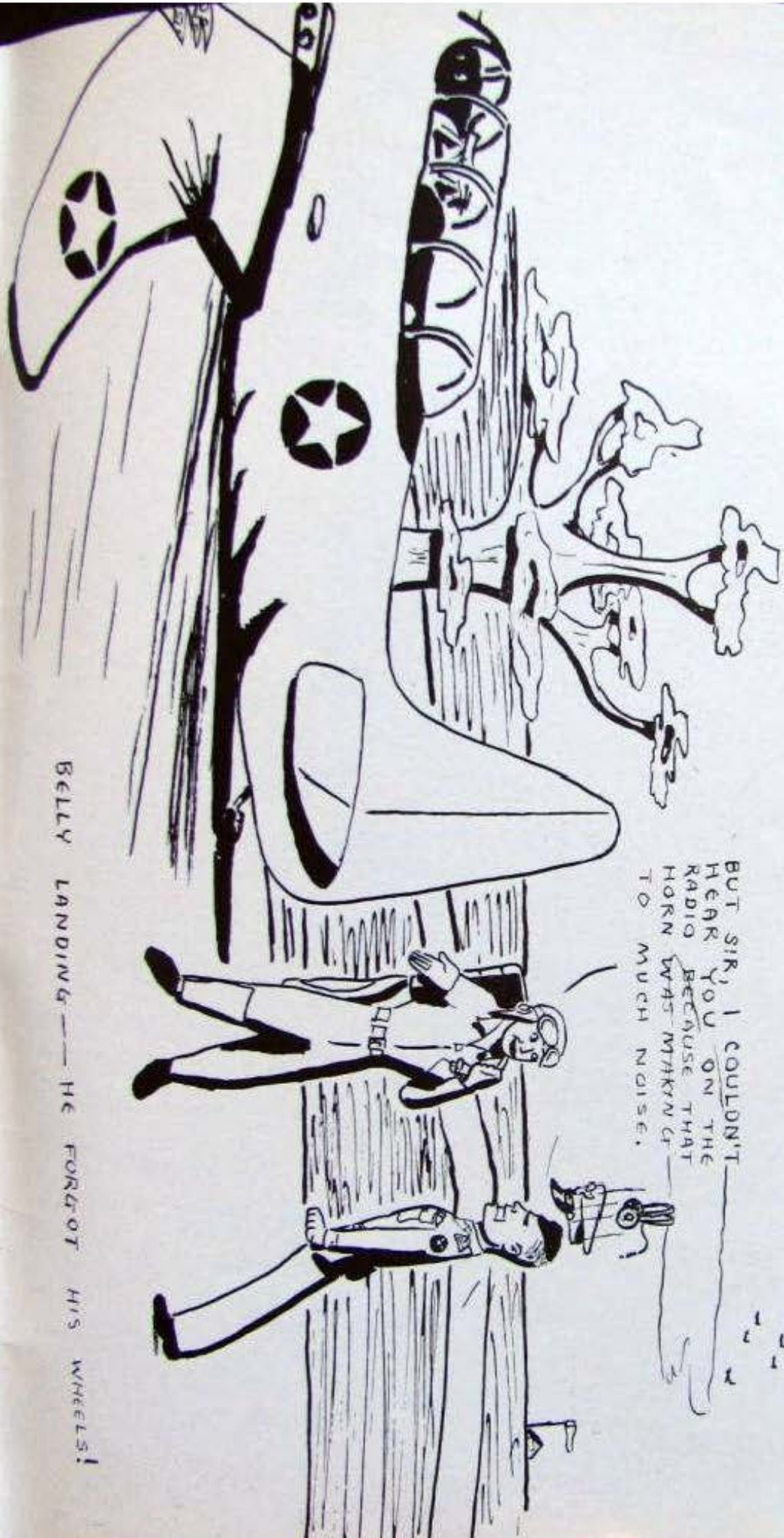
**W. E. KEEL**  
Manager

**J. G. JORDAN**  
Publication

The staff of W.E.F.T. wish to take this space to express our grateful appreciation to Lt. Charles E. Richards, of the Public Relations Office, to Sergeant R. J. Kumppe, Cpl. Al Thibault, Cpl. John Perkowski and Pvt. Dale Elkins of the Photo Lab., and Editor Joe T. Cook of the Mission Times, without whose unfailing co-operation and assistance our efforts should have been unavailing.

NOW WHAT WERE  
THOSE FOUR  
FUNDAMENTALS  
OF PURSUIT  
AVIATION. LESEE'  
MUMBLE, MUMBLE





BUT SIR, I COULDN'T  
HEAR YOU ON THE  
RADIO BECAUSE THAT  
HORN WAS MAKING  
TO MUCH NOISE.

BELLY LANDING — HE FORGOT HIS WHEELS!

# Headquarters Aviation Cadet Detachment

AIR FORCE ADVANCED FLYING SCHOOL

Moore Field, Mission, Texas

\*What's the idea of going out with that Cadet half dressed?  
\*Why didn't you know that everything is 50% off for service men.\*

How long are we going to have  
to wait for the Queen size cigarette?

Have you tried  
these drinks?

1. The B-19: It packs a terrific punch.
2. The Laval: Should be downed with Vichy.
3. The Italian Prisoner: Very easy to take.
4. The Jap: Look out for this it sneaks up on you.
5. The Hitler: Equal parts of rum and rum predictions.

Woman:---the only thing  
that makes being poor bearable.

Tom a 'Kajuma, rodfo si at Ji epicep mon 1stui  
she roop ran to knock a green lip a hen  
to cadet.  
Must not decide when  
girls--why not paint ed bathing suits?

There, there little gas pump.  
Don't you cry!  
You'll be a hitching post  
By and by!

"Did you know we are giving the  
Japs our sugar?  
"Yes, five pounds of it in  
every bomb.

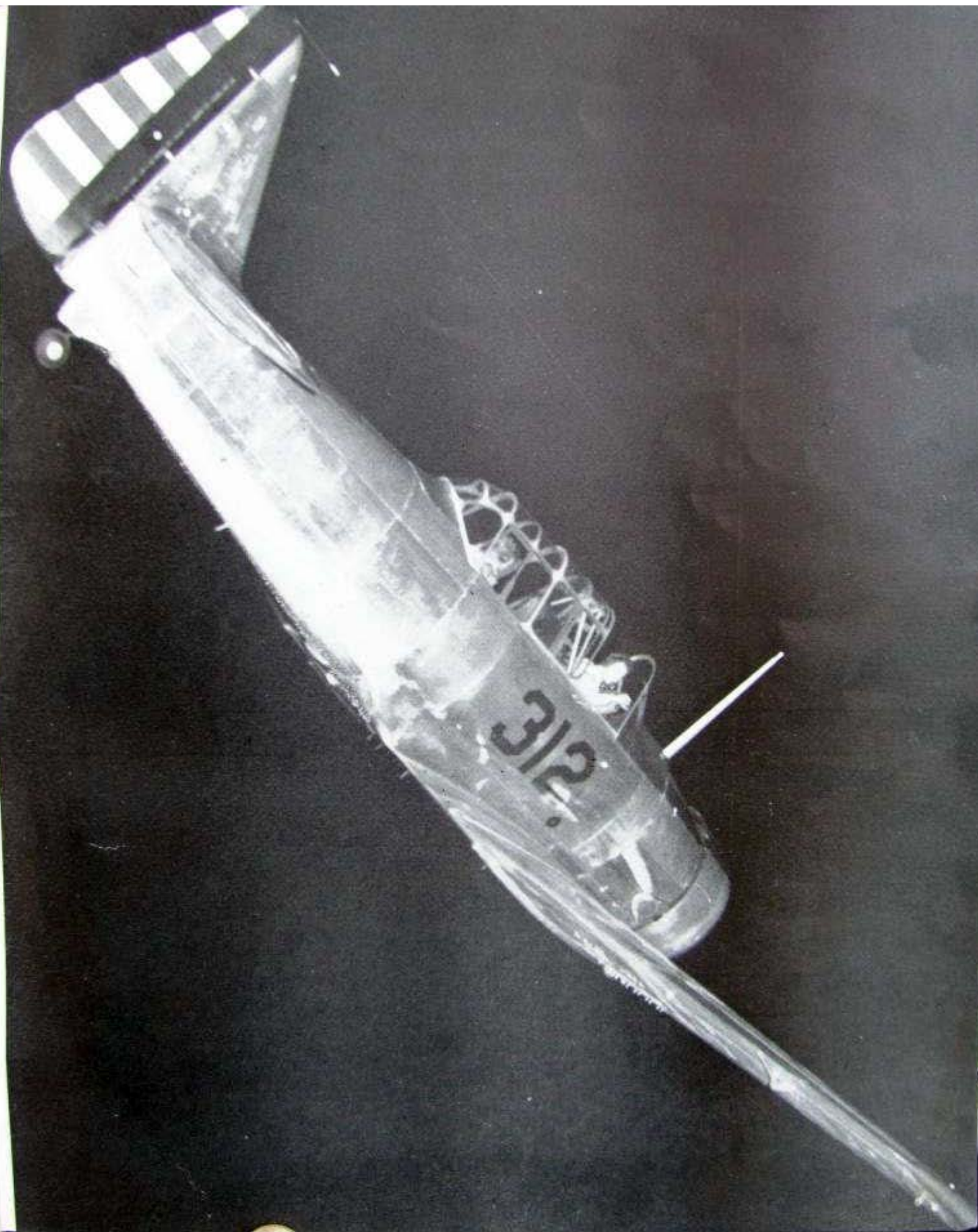
A Major is an animal that rides.  
A Captain is an animal that rides--  
and sometimes walks.  
A Lieutenant is an animal that walks  
on two legs--except on Saturday nights.  
A Cadet is just an animal.....

A woman, a plane, a venetian blind,---  
All are hard to see through.....  
look better where you put them.....  
won't stay where you put them.....  
are hard to handle.....  
come in all colors.....  
and fall hard.

Who  
He hesitates is last.  
Husbands are like bulbs--a  
woman never appreciates one  
until she has him planted  
in the ground

A typical American is one who  
will accept rationing cheerfully,  
pay taxes gladly, accept mili-  
tary service without kicking,  
and squawk like hell because  
his alma-mater's stadium hasn't  
100,000 seats directly on the  
fifty-yard line.







## MISSION ENDED . . .

"If we wish to be free, we must FIGHT! . . . If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me Liberty, or give me death!"

—PATRICK HENRY



