

THE

Cadet



FRED HARMAN TRAINING CENTER

BRUCE FIELD

BALLINGER, TEXAS



SONG OF ARMY AIR CORPS

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give'er the gun!
Down we dive spouting our flame from under,
Off with one helluva roar!
We live in flame or go down in flame;
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

CHORUS

Here's a Toast to the host of those who love the vastness
of the sky;
To a friend we will send a message of his brother men
who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
A Toast to the host of men we boast, the Army Air
Corps.

2.
Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Sent it high into the blue;
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;
How they lived God only knew!
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings ever to soar.
With scouts before and bombers galore,
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

3.
Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Keep the wings level and true,
If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder,
Keep the nose out of the blue!
Flying men guarding the Nation's border,
We'll be there followed by more.
In echelon we carry on,
Nothing'll stop the Air Corps now.



RUTHER
1945

MEN WHO
KEEP 'EM FLYING



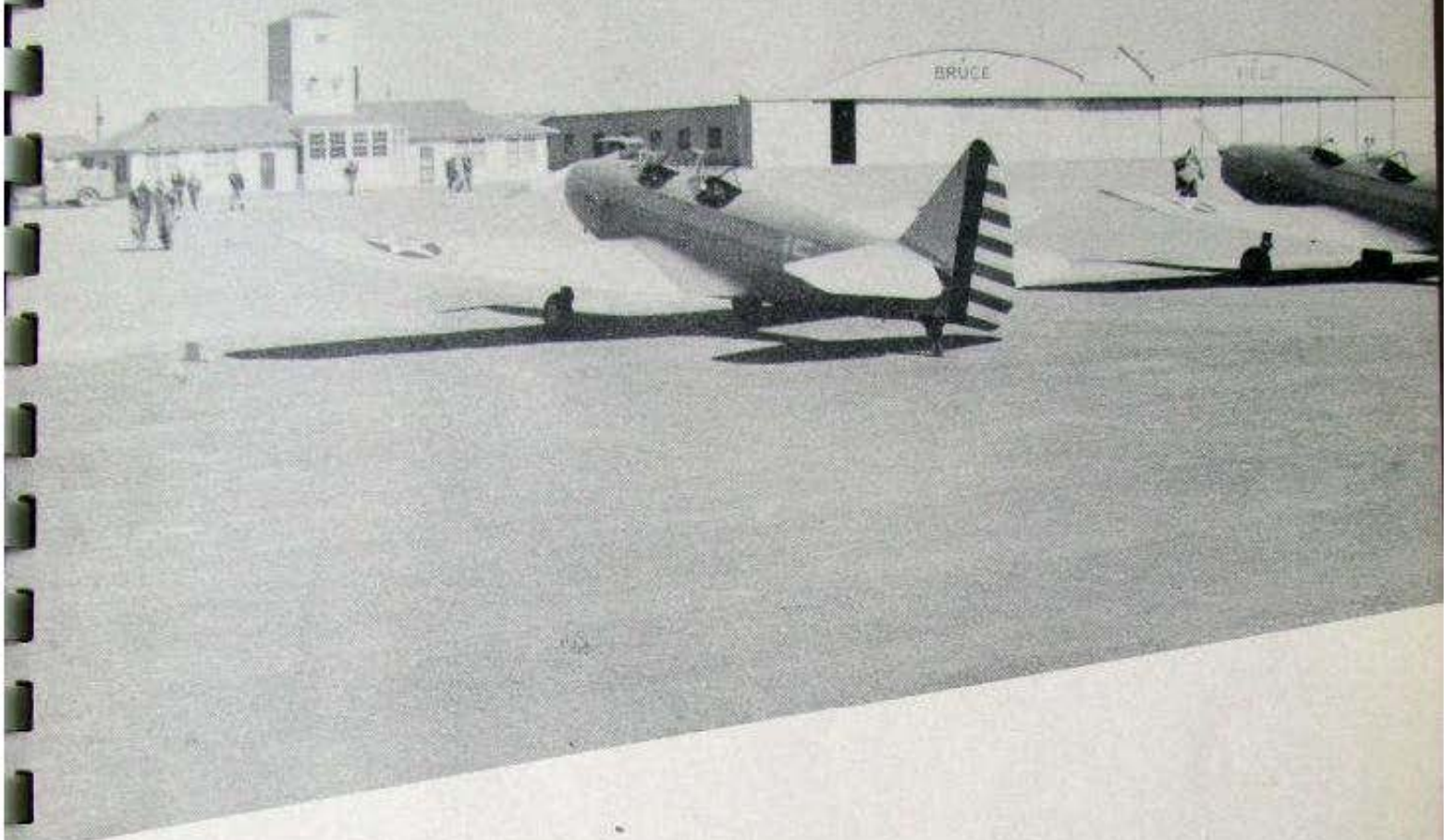
PT-19 A



Presenting HARMAN TRAINING CENTER

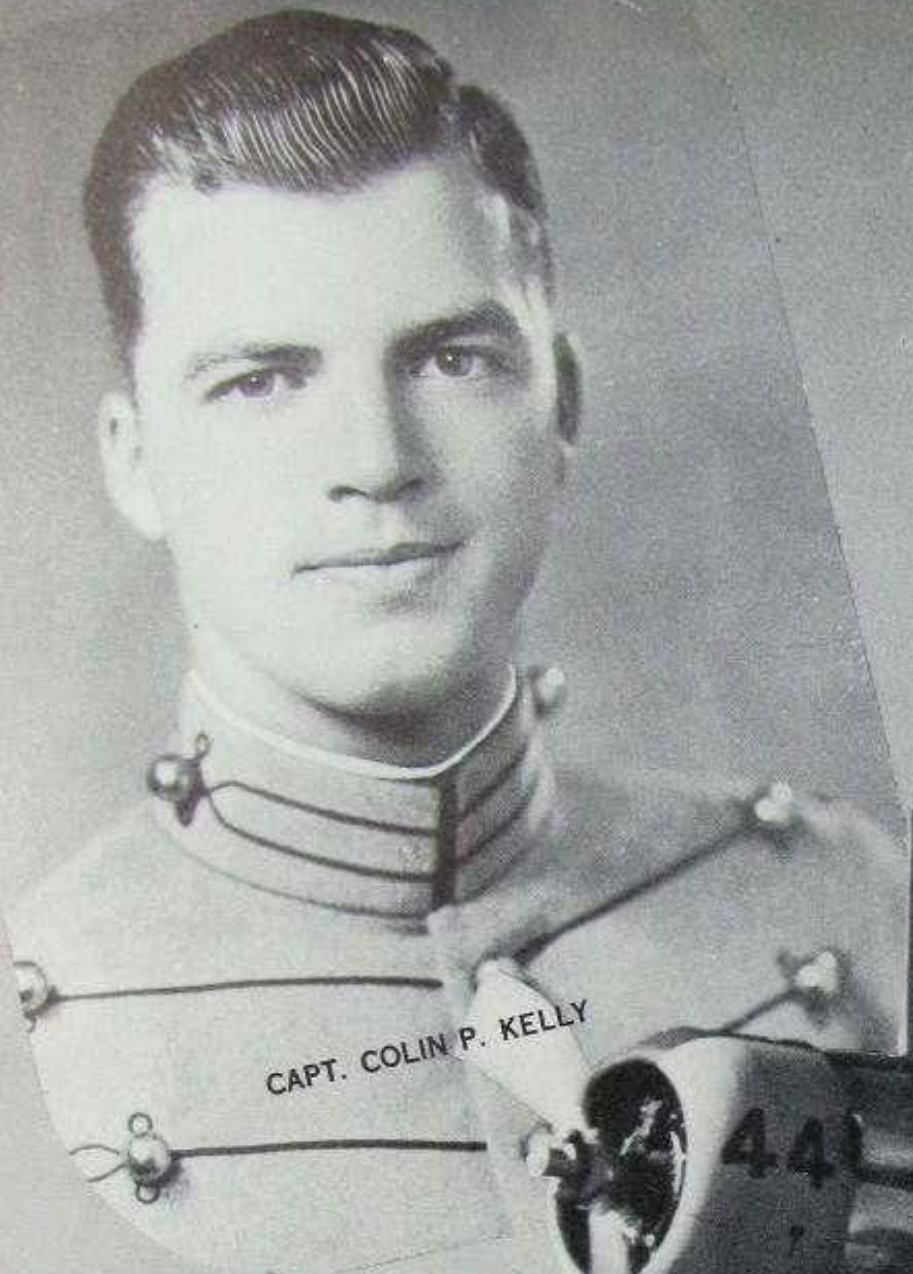
This book is designed as a record — of events, of personalities, of humor, of heart aches, of constant striving, of disappointments. Its purpose is not an immediate realization of entertainment and possibly nostalgia at some future date when we young men have fulfilled our present job and are again living the normal, fruitful and full life that is and will always be the lot of all Americans.



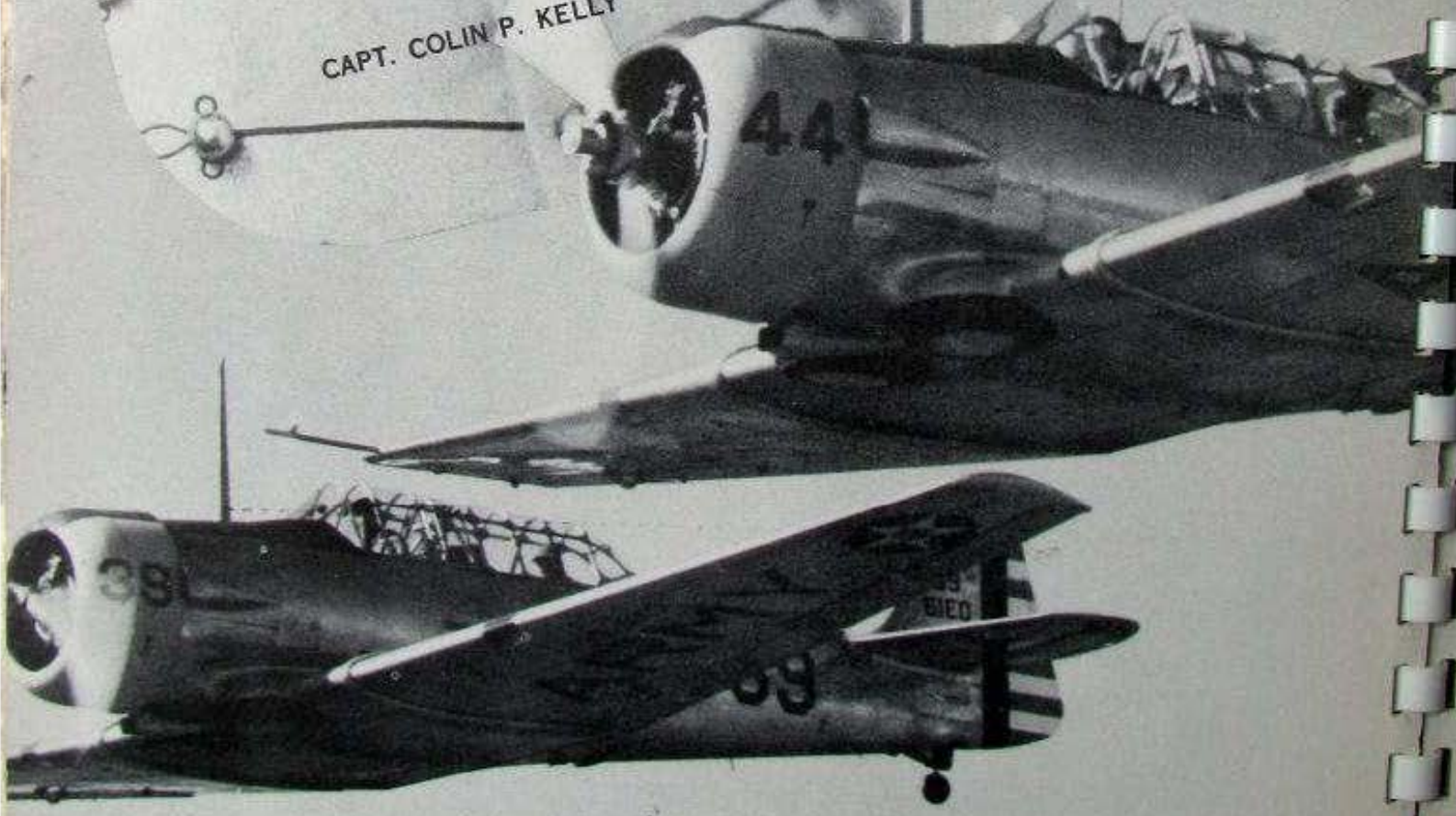



42 F





CAPT. COLIN P. KELLY





We Dedicate Ourselves

With a profound sense of deepest humility and humbleness, we dedicate ourselves to the spirit symbolized by the deeds of Colin P. Kelly, Jr., and all those others who have gone before.

It is with the most fervent wish that we, the Class of 42-F, can, in some small measure, approach the heights of daring, courage, and glory achieved by Captain Kelly in the service of the United States Army Air Corps.

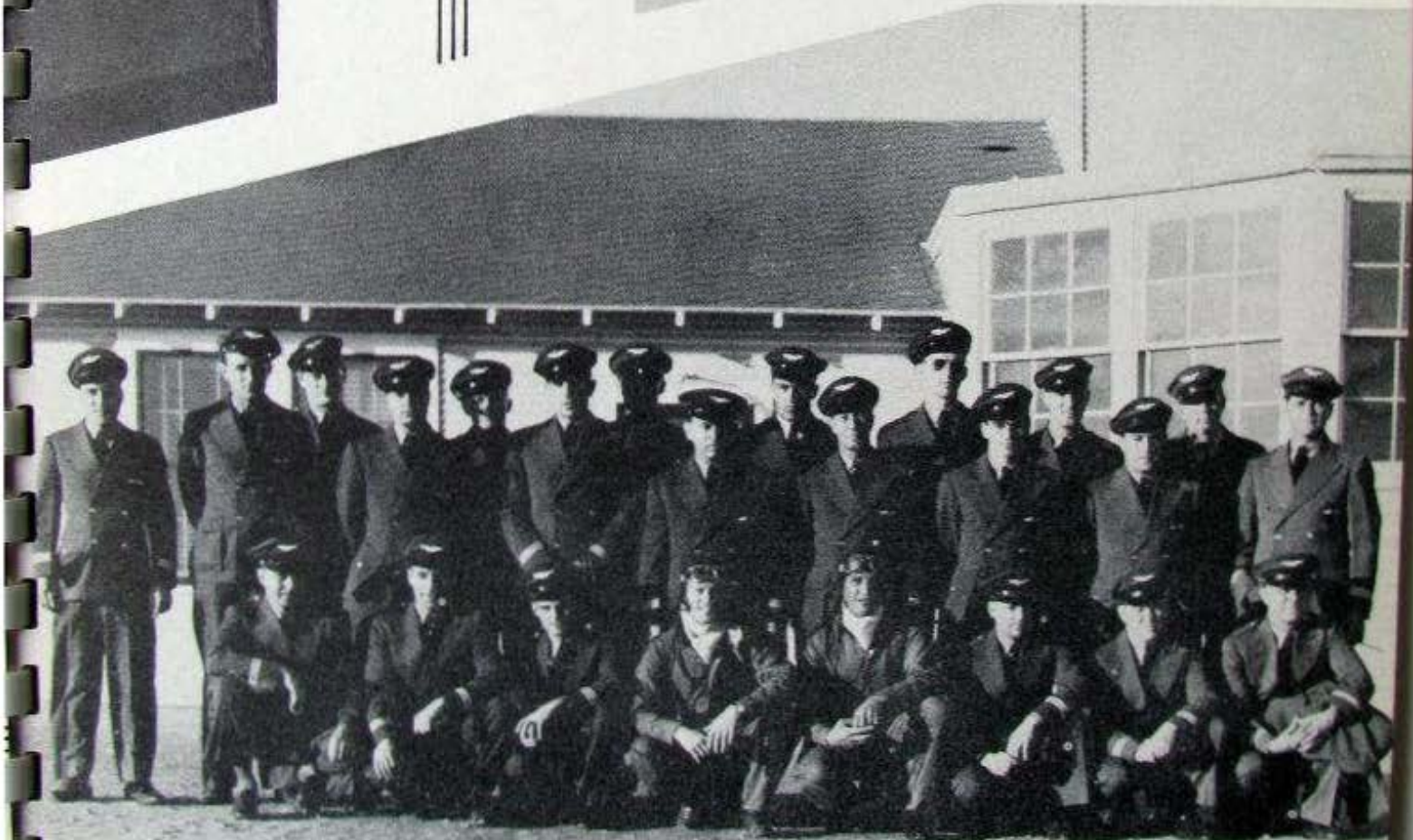
*"We live in Fame or go down in Flame
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps."*



We Dedicate This Book

To those patient, cheerful, skillful men—our Flight Instructors—who unselfishly work in the background, unnoticed, filling their niche by preparing us for our struggle to make this world a better place by pre-live, we humbly dedicate this book.

LET'S GO! U.S.A.
KEEP 'EM FLYING!



Instructors, Class 42-F

THE Comm



1ST. LT. JAMES B. TIPTON
Commanding Officer



1ST. LT. H. J. SHELDEN
Supply Officer

February 4, 1942

To the Class of 42-F:

Your vital and very necessary service to your country is about to begin. We have attempted to create an embryonic pilot during the nine weeks of your work here. Henceforth, your work will be to mold your piloting technique into that of a Military Pilot. This task will not be easy. It will require all the red-blooded American courage and determination which belongs to our heritage.

It is our hope that we have not only helped you to become a pilot, but that we have been instrumental in instilling in each of you the desire for service in the Air Corps and the willingness to learn, work and even sacrifice for this distinctive arm.

Smooth landings.

Keep 'em Flying.

James B. Tipton

JAMES B. TIPTON,
1st Lieut., Air Corps,
Commanding.



CAPT. J. E. BURCH
Adjutant

anding

OFFICER

AND HIS ASSISTANTS



1ST. LT. P. P. GEORGE
Operation Officer



2ND. LT. J. C. WARD
Commandant Of Cadets



CAPT. G. B. BENSON
Flight Surgeon

1ST. LT. H. J. WINSAUER
Ast. Flight Surgeon



Mr. Harman

This Air Corps Training Center being a civilian owned school is managed by its founder, Mr. Fred Harman.

Mr. Harman and his civilian staff have done an excellent job since the opening of Bruce Field in October, 1941. He is continually improving the existing facilities and providing the Aviation Cadets assigned here the best primary flight training possible as well as the most pleasant living conditions.

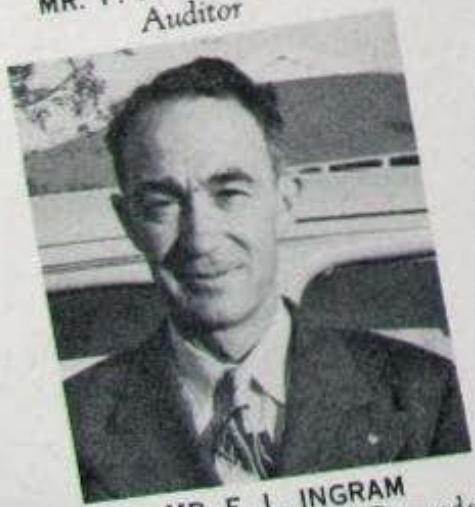
The constant enlargement and increase in facilities are ample testimony of the efficiency and worth of Harman Training Center to the nation's National Defense Program.



Left to right: Mrs. Marcella Bradshaw, Mrs. Melba Lincoln, Mrs. Mamie Carter, Janie Flynt, Mrs. Virginia Ezell, Ombra Tackett; Front: Eulalia Nicholson.



MR. F. A. LAWRENCE
Auditor



MR. E. L. INGRAM
Supt. of Bldgs. and Grounds



A PT Over Bruce







MR. MAXWELL WORMUTH



MR. E. F. MEASELS, JR.



MR. HOWARD M. GREENE, JR.



MR. GEORGE JONISCHKIES

GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS

CLASS 42-F will long remember the instructors who did their best to drive a few facts into our weary, sleep-seeking minds: Mr. Wormuth, engines; Mr. Measels, theory of flight and navigation; Mr. Green, meteorology and mathematics.

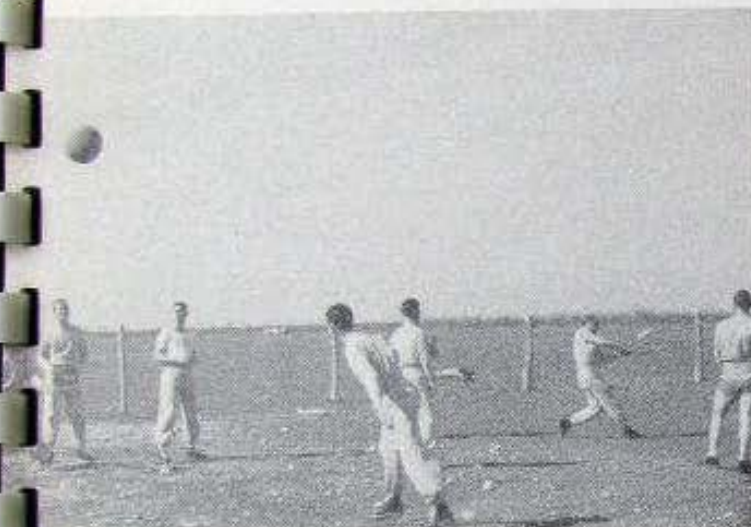
With the introduction of the "syllabus system" during the last four weeks, not only did the cadets feel an unusual "moral pressure" that persuaded them to concentrate on night work instead of the usual letter per day to the one-and-only (?), but there was also the little matter of "confinement-on-the-week-end pressure." At any rate, one or both worked very effectively.

Our appreciation goes out in all seriousness to our ground school instructors for their patient and thorough instruction.

BELOW: MR. WILLIAM L. BARBER
Director of Ground School

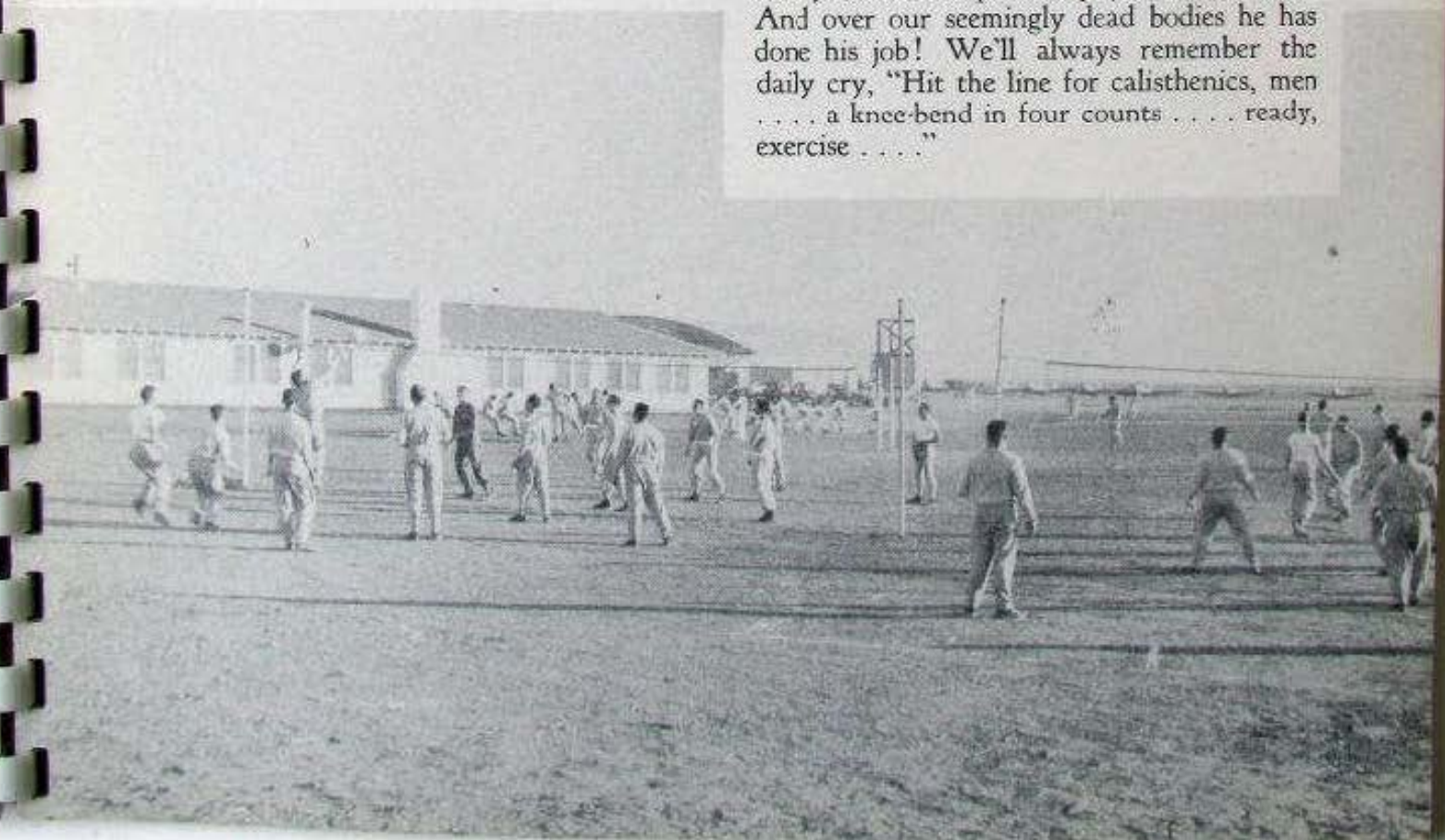


ATHLETICS



DANNY POLLOCK
Director of Athletics

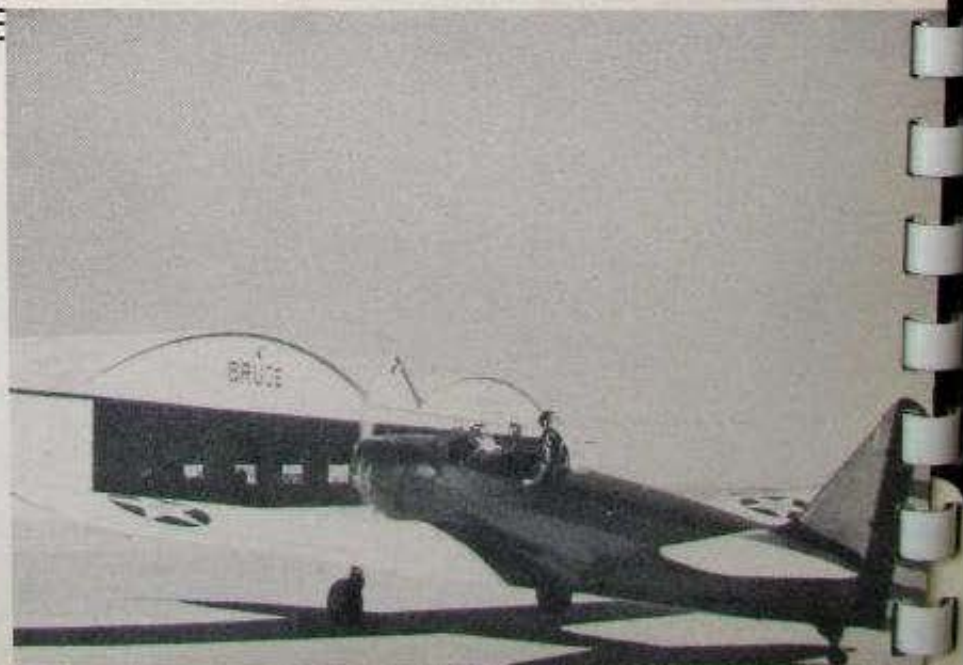
TO MR. DANNY POLLOCK has been assigned the task of keeping 200-odd lazy, weary cadets in perfect physical condition. And over our seemingly dead bodies he has done his job! We'll always remember the daily cry, "Hit the line for calisthenics, men a knee-bend in four counts ready, exercise"

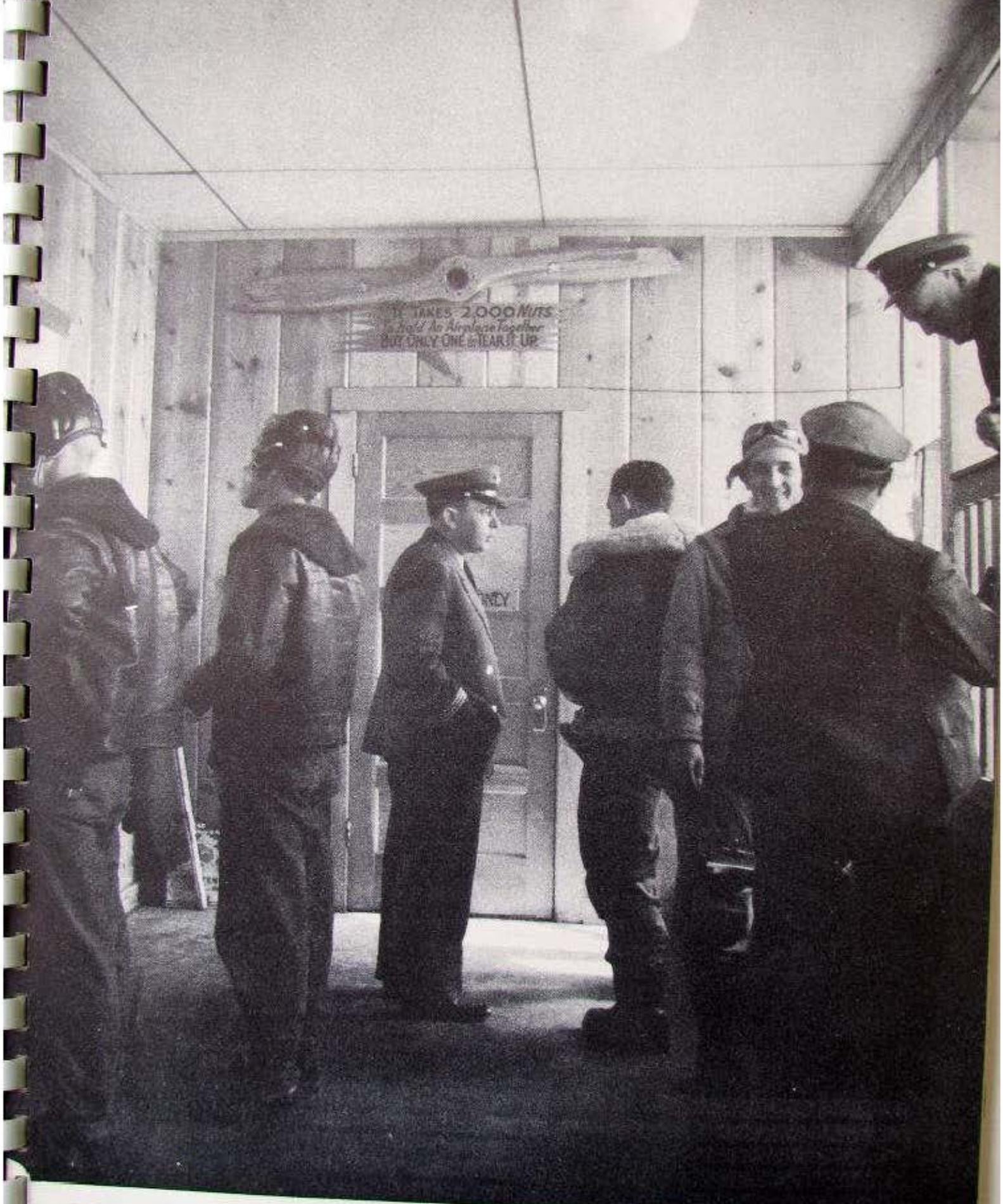




"Our Classroom In The Clouds"

PT-19 A





"Through This Portal Pass The Most Patient Men In The World"

While We Fly 'Em---

THEY KEEP 'EM FLYING





MR. CLEVINGER

Mr. Clevenger, Civilian Supervisor of Flying, took temporary leave of absence February, 1942, to participate in another line of defense work.



MR. BILLA
Chief Dispatcher

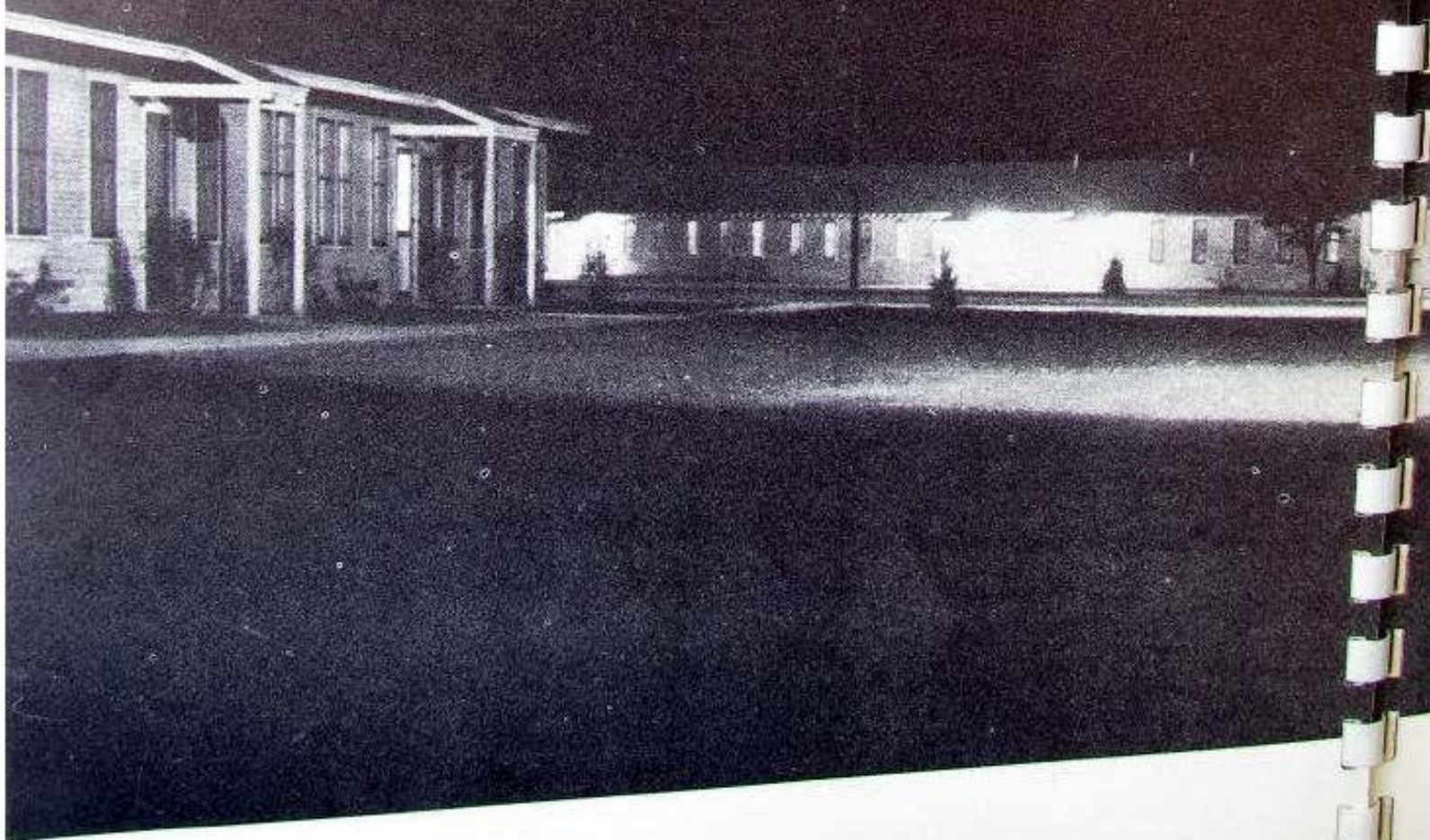


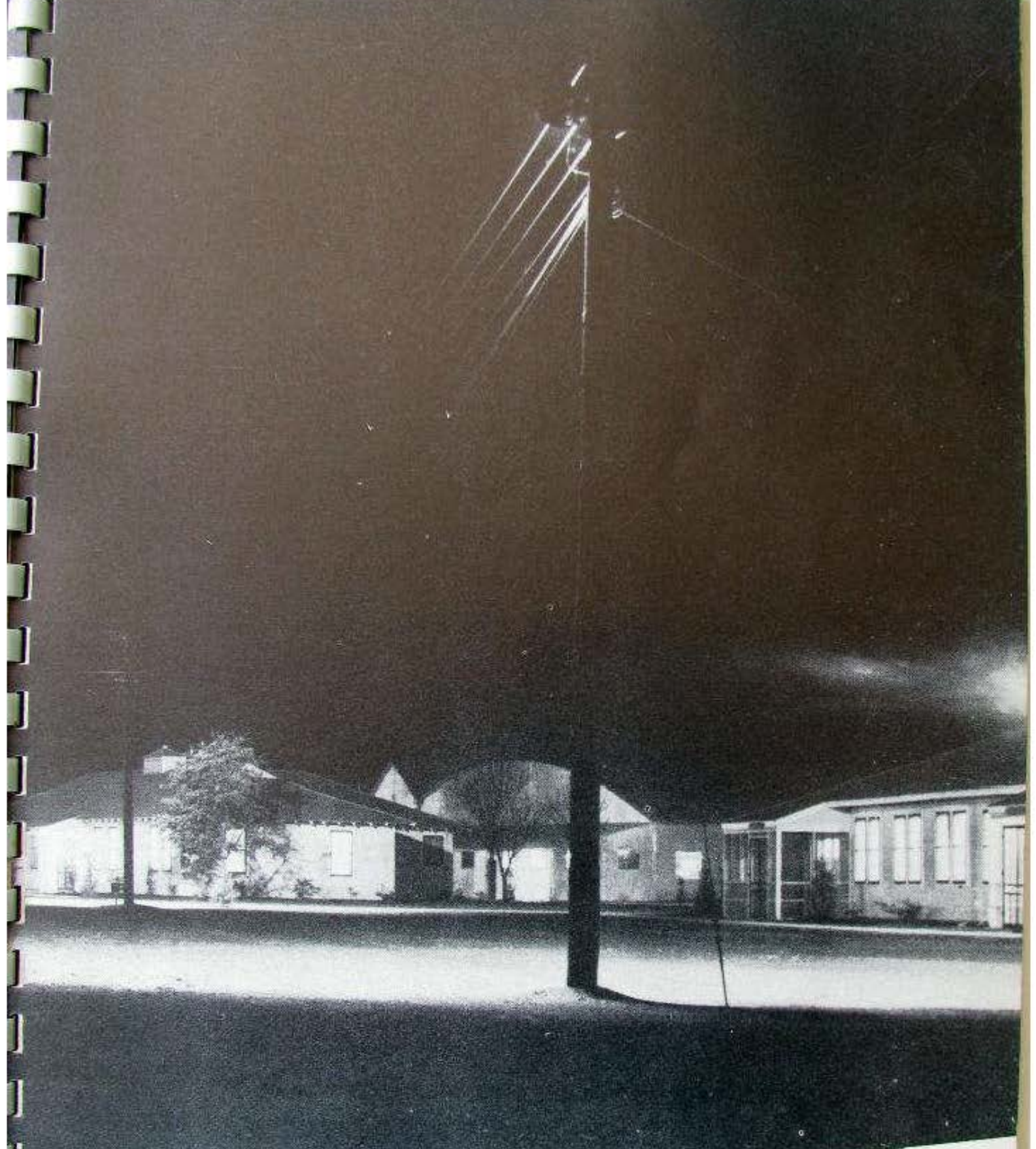
MR. THOMAS AND MR. WEBB
Assistant Dispatchers



MR. STRATTON, MR. SCHAEDEL
Flight Commanders

Eaglets At Rest





THE NIGHT settles as a master . . . putting an end to
each day's headlong drive towards the single goal . . .
Men and machinery—resting . . . refueling . . . preparing to
perform their assigned tasks on each new-born day.

REFUELING



MRS. MADDOX
Dietitian

IF "ON THE BALL" symbolizes those persons who are doing their jobs in efficient style, then Mrs. Maddox and her mess hall staff are "strictly on the ball!"

An Army man ordinarily finds great satisfaction and enjoyment in "griping" about various and sundry things—especially his "chow." But the cadets at Harman have willingly been deprived of that particular gripe through the excellent planning and execution of the meals by Mrs. Maddox and her staff.



"ON THE BEAM"





Handwritten text on a document, possibly a letter or certificate, with a small emblem at the top center.

42-F



ADAMS



ANDERSON



BASICH



BATSAKIS



BECKLEY



ANDERSON



ARKIN

ISERAL VALE ADAMS
513 Waukegan Rd., West McHenry, Ill.
Lake Forest College
"Just call me Hopalong."

DONALD CARL ANDERSON
32 Burton Ave., Waukegan, Ill
Northwestern University
"Wish I had a bottle of beer."

SANFORD LAWRENCE ARKIN
694 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Alfred University
"Thank God for G. I. shoes."

ARCHIE JOSEPH BAKAY
860 Coburn St., Akron, Ohio
De Pauw University
"Guess I showed 'em, but they done me wrong."

GEORGE FRANK BASICH
1508 56th Court, Cicero, Ill.
University of Chicago
"Illinois is not a p— p— state." (?)

PETE G. BATSAKIS
1011 Jefferson Rd., Traverse City, Mich.
Michigan State College
"So I'll join the marines."

RAYMOND ELMER BECKLEY
818 Julien St., Belvidere, Ill.
Eastern Ill. State Teachers College
"Remember Pearl Harbor, and New Year's eve—1941"

42 F





BENNETT



BINTER



BJORN



BLACK



BOCKSTANZ

CARROLL WILFRED BENNETT
 Burns, Oregon
 Oregon State
"Oh, Oh, Mauldin! Bail out, Bennett . . ."

JAMES JOSEPH BINTER
 317 S. Race, Eldorado, Kansas
 El Dorado Jr. College
"Don't you touch me, mister!"

ROBERT OLOF BJORN
 517 S. Greenwood Ave., Park Ridge, Ill.
 Hanover College
"Am I gazin? Yea, I'll buy the mess hall."

WALLACE BYRON BLACK
 3836 N. Lowell Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 University of Illinois
"That half hour New Year's Eve wasn't worth 12 tours."

JOHN NEVILLE BOCKSTANZ
 1320 Grayton Rd., Grosse Pointe, Mich.
 Michigan State College
"Grounded in Kansas city . . . A.W.O.L. . . . Nuf said."

THOMAS BENJAMIN BOWDRE
 2234 Sixth Ave., Forth Worth, Texas
 Texas A. & M.
"Remember the flaps."

JAMES MACON BRADY
 Kansas City, Mo
 University of Missouri
"It isn't even light yet."

LOUIS BERNADINO BRIGLIA
 2180 Filbert St., San Francisco, Calif.
 University of California
"Oh! Oh! . . . here we go again."



BOWDRE



BRADY



BRIGLIA





BUGLASS



COCKBURN



COLLYER



COOPER



COSTA



CARAFIOL



CHENEY



CLEVELAND

KENNETH GARDINER BUGLASS

Mauston, Wis.

University of Wisconsin

"I am a mean bunch of people."

JOSEPH M. CARAFIOL

6303 McPherson, University City, Mo.

University of Missouri

"Hey, Moe! . . . What's cookin'?"

JAMES BRIGGS CHENEY

1575 Harrisburg Pike, Briggsdale, O.

Ohio State University

"O.B.—Off the ball—never on the ball."

ROBERT CLEVELAND CLEVELAND

318 Eleventh St., Rochelle, Ill.

Beloit College

"But naturally I repulsed her!"

JOHN A. COCKBURN

R.F.D. 2, Pataskala, Ohio.

Ohio State University

"It CAN'T be time to get up YET."

FRANK PETER COLLYER

730 Ninth St., Wilmette, Ill.

University of Illinois

"So I spun in from 500 feet —"

DONALD CHARLES COOPER

1829 Farmington Rd., E. Cleveland, Ohio

Western Reserve University

"What's a traffic violation?"

KENNETH F. COSTA

McFadden Rd., Salinas, Calif.

University of California

"And it's DEFINITELY not a latrine rumor."





DIXON



ELDREDGE



FISHER



FITZGERALD



FLOETER

DONALD LINCOLN DIXON
524 Hawthorn Lane, Winnetka, Ill.
Wabash College
"First in line for mess every day!"

DON H. ELDREDGE
3907 Dakin St., Chicago, Ill.
Beloit College
"Three point landing . . . twice."

HAROLD HOY FISHER
240 Husband St., Stillwater, Okla.
Oklahoma A & M College
"Let's hit the hay, men."

LEONARD FITZGERALD
2456 Beechwood Blvd., Pittsburg, Pa.
Marquette University
"What do you know. Breakfast in bed!"

DAVID LEE FLOETER
5400 La Branch, Houston, Texas
University of Texas
"How did I get so beautiful in 22 years?"

OSCAR FRANKLIN FORESTER, JR.
Smithville, Texas
Texas A & M
"I didn't want to set the world on fire."

HAROLD LEONARD FOX
617 Evans St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Ferris Institute
"But I just bailed out for 15 minutes."



FORESTER



FOX





GERGELY



HAUBER



HESELL



HINDERSCHIED



HOLMAN



GOEHRY



HABER

EMERY GERGELY
9015 Cumberland Ave., Cleveland, O.
Ohio University
"New aviation cadet Gergely K 9 Suh."

JACK M. GOEHRY
Brewster, Wash.
University of Washington
"What is that tail wheel for?"

LELAND EUGENE HABER
New Lebanon, O.
Miami University
"A Puritan in Babylon."

FRANK DOWNING HAUBER
171 Fairfield Ave., Johnstown, Pa.
Bethany College
"I don't need a safety belt, anyhow."

DAVID SEYMOUR HESSELL
113 N. Central Ave., Chicago, Ill.
University of Illinois
"I was a B A D dodo! So I marched tours."

FRANCIS HAROLD HINDERSCHIED
Twin Lakes R. D. No. 1, Kent, O.
Ohio State University
"I donated my profits to the Red Cross."

MELVIN L. HOLMAN
Idabel, Okla.
Decatur Baptist College
"But, the 'T' could be wrong."

42-F





HOWELLS



JONES



JONES



JORDAN



JUDAS

ROBERT CRUICKSHANK HOWELLS
 8106 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Wilson Jr. College
"One 'chute—three cushions please!"

CARL WILLIAM JONES
 616 Highland Ave., Austin, Texas
 University of Texas
"Has anybody got a cigarette?"

FRED HART JONES
 1820 Francis, Houston, Texas
 Rice Institute
Hose Nose, the Mattress King

ELMER HENRY JORDAN, JR.
 2109 Jennings, Fort Worth, Texas
 Texas Christian University
"When day is done and shadows fall—study hall."

MAXWELL VINCENT JUDAS
 245 Villa St., Elgin, Ill.
 Franklin & Marshall College
Downwind Judas

WILLIAM CHARLES KELLERMAN, JR.
 3747 N. Harding Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Illinois Wesleyan University
"Who moved the 'T'?"

LOWELL EUGENE KINNEY
 Celina, Texas
 University of Texas
"As an upperclassman, I'm a changed man."

ROBERT CARL KINSELL
 450 Florence St., Waterloo, Ia.
 University of Minnesota
"Follow me, Southeast in the sun!"



KELLERMAN



KINNEY



KINSELL





KNAUS



KRUSE



LAMER



LAZEAR



LEACH



KNUDSON



KNUPP



KRAMARINKO

JOHN VINCENT KNAUS
 9002 Mackinaw Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 De Paul University
"Keep your eyes on a point, Knaus."

BLAIR BLYTHE KNUDSON
 201 N. Lake St., Los Angeles, Calif.
 University of Arizona
 Knudson—B.B.; Pilot—P.P.

JAMES EDWARD KNUPP
 19670 Chesterfield, Detroit, Mich.
 Duke University
"A gig, gig, gig, well all right."

ALEXANDER KRAMARINKO
 1931 W. Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 St. Procopius College
"Bygemr Icerga aguor Pycckbru."

RICHARD LEE KRUSE
 990 Clark Rd., Ypsilanti, Mich.
 Michigan State Normal College
"Just let me fly, that's all I ask!"

CHARLES WILLIAM LAMER
 Lamer Hotel, Hays, Kansas
 Kansas State College
"Just 20 more tours to go!"

EARL RAY LAZEAR, JR.
 167 W. Central Ave., Delaware, Ohio
 Ohio State University
"I'm not nervous; just quick!"

LAWRENCE LEONARD LEACH, JR.
 2621 13th St., Ashland, Ky.
 Ohio Wesleyan University
"A longhair, but they clipped me."





LEVIN



LOGAN



LUNDBERG



MARR



MEARNS

BERNARD HAROLD LEVIN
4151 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.
Lewis Institute

"White shoes! Come South for the Winter, eh?"

THOMAS ERNEST LOGAN
527 N. Grove, Wichita, Kansas
University of Wichita

"I'm O.K. They're off 'T'!"

ROBERT DAVID LUNDBERG
717 Jenks Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
San Jose State College

"Well, fellows, making climbing turns with the motor off . . ."

JOSEPH PETER MARR
R.F.D. 1, Mineral Point, Wis.
Loras College
Plane No. 1 reserved.

HAROLD ANDREW MEARNS
Shinnston, W. Va.
Fairmont State Teachers College
"That's gonna cost you!"

ROBERT CLARENCE MILLER
7242 Euclid Ave., Chicago, Ill.
"Hey, Willie, send up another dozen!"

JOHN LEWIS MOORE
822 S. Hennepin Ave., Dixon, Ill.
St. Viator College
"Lieutenant John."



MILLER



MOORE





MOSSIEN



MCCAULEY



MCINTIRE



MCMEHEN



MCVAY



MCADA



MCDERMOTT

HERBERT JOSEPH MOSSIEN
1469 East 15 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Alfred University
"I widened Johnson Field."

OSCAR DAVID McCADA
R.F.D. 6, Waco, Texas
Baylor University
"Two feet . . . both left."

REGINALD McDERMOTT
Box 352, Decatur, Texas
Texas Technological College
"You can't do that."

CARROLL LEE McCAULEY
Waterloo, O.
Marshall College
"I was right . . . the wind was wrong."

LEO S. McINTIRE
1309 Bomar, Houston, Texas
University of Texas
"Let me have a 'chute that's tight."

CHARLES WILLIAM McMEHEN
Walnut Grove, Mo.
Jefferson City Junior College
"That glide, dear . . . Lost landing gear."

JOHN NOYES McVAY
2334 S. Arch Ave., Alliance, Ohio
Ohio State University
Old "Right wing low."

42-F





O'CONNOR



PAULSEN



PECK



PIGONI



ROBERTS

CHARLES FRANCIS O'CONNOR
 128 N. E. 16th Ave., Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
 Butler University
"There we were—five of us flying in formation!"

ROBERT JAMES PAULSEN
 2640 High St., Blue Island, Ill.
 Morgan Park Jr. College
"Drill master of class 42-E."

HOMER BLEWETT PECK
 2100 W. Ralston, Arvada, Colo.
 Colorado State College
"D' Flight on the line. Let's Go!"

LOUIS J. PIGONI
 900 S. Cuyler Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
 St. Ambrose College
"Shoot a skin."

EDGAR HOMER ROBERTS
 Radnor, Ohio, R.R. 1
 Ohio State University
"Who invented these gigs?"

BERNARD JAMES ROSENSON
 470 Donner Ave., Monessen, Pa.
 Ohio State University
"Now when I was at Ellington . . ."

ANTONI RUCHLEWICZ
 Benton, Ill.
 John Marshall Law College
"I insist it's perjury!"

EUGENE JOSEPH SCHOMBURG
 6044 S. Wood St., Chicago, Ill.
 St. Mary of the Lake University
"To the re-ah harch!"



ROSENSON



RUCHLEWICZ



SCHOMBURG





SCOGIN



STANSBURY



STAHLER



STEAKLEY



STEERE



SHERIDAN



SILVERGLAT



SMITH

VERNON C. SCOGIN
R.F.D. 1, Wilmar, Ark.
Arkansas A. and M. College
"I want to be a test pilot."

CHARLES FRANCIS SHERIDAN
818 Rogers St., Downers Grove, Ill.
Morningside College
"Today I flew an airplane."

HARRY SILVERGLAT
2002 S. 10th St., St. Joseph, Mo.
University of Missouri
"Hey! You, Junior, get back in line!"

WILLIAM ARTHUR SMITH
1448C Euclid Ave., E. Cleveland, Ohio
Ohio State University
"What's everybody so damn happy about?"

RICHARD GEORGE STANSBURY
1 Riverview Drive, Morgantown, W. Va.
West Virginia University
Escaped by hiding in upperclassman's bed.

ROBERT FREDRICK STAHLER
Brownfield, Texas
Texas Technological College
"Just helpin' the farmer herd his cows."

GEORGE DAVID STEAKLEY
434 Ross Ave., Abilene, Texas
McMurry College
"Well, I get my \$75 . . . ground loop or not . . ."

RUSSELL LADD STEERE
309 S. Huron, Ypsilanti, Mich.
University of Michigan
Kodachrome Kid





STEVENS



SUTTLE



TEDROWE



TIMMONS



TRESCH

EARL LOUIS STEVENS

219 Liberty Ave., Buchanan, Mich.
Michigan State College *

"Come on, Steakley, we're late!"

HUGH BRADSHAW SUTTLE

807 Lincoln Ave., Highland Park, Ill.
Carleton College

"Now when I took C. P. T. . . ."

THADDEUS WILLIAM TEDROWE

1515 Barth Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Purdue University

"All teeth and personality."

ALBERT F. TIMMONS, JR.

Hearne, Texas
Texas A. & M.

"Ground loop" Timmons.

ERNEST H. TRESCH

Fleming, Ohio
Ohio State University

"And now about that rain check . . ."

JAKE P. TSCHETTER

2917 Judkins St., Seattle, Wash.
South Dakota State College

"Sir, won't that give you excessive manifold pressure?"

WOFFORD ROSCOE TULLY

6404 Sewanee, Houston, Texas
Baylor University

"Now—don't get me hot."



TSCHETTER



TULLY

42 F



TWITCHELL



WITHERS



WOODLEY



WORTHINGTON



ZEREGA



WEESE

CARYL EMORY TWITCHELL, JR.
325 E. Main, Owatonna, Minn.
University of Arizona
"Now when I hit the silk over Tucson."

PAUL W. WEESE
Ontario, Oregon
Oregon State College
"The gift of your life, naturalize 'em."

CHARLES L. WILDEY
Moscow, Ohio
Ohio State University
Writes not less than six letters per day.



WILDEY

ALFRED HURST WILLIAMS
3238 Rosedale, Dallas, Texas
Southern Methodist University
"But, sir . . . on the other hand . . . or should I put it this way . . ."

LORELL DEAN WINSPEER
12915 Christine Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Kent State University
"Hold that nose up."

JACK BOYD WITHERS
Albany, Texas
Ellisville Jr. College
"But I don't like G. I. underwear!"



WILLIAMS



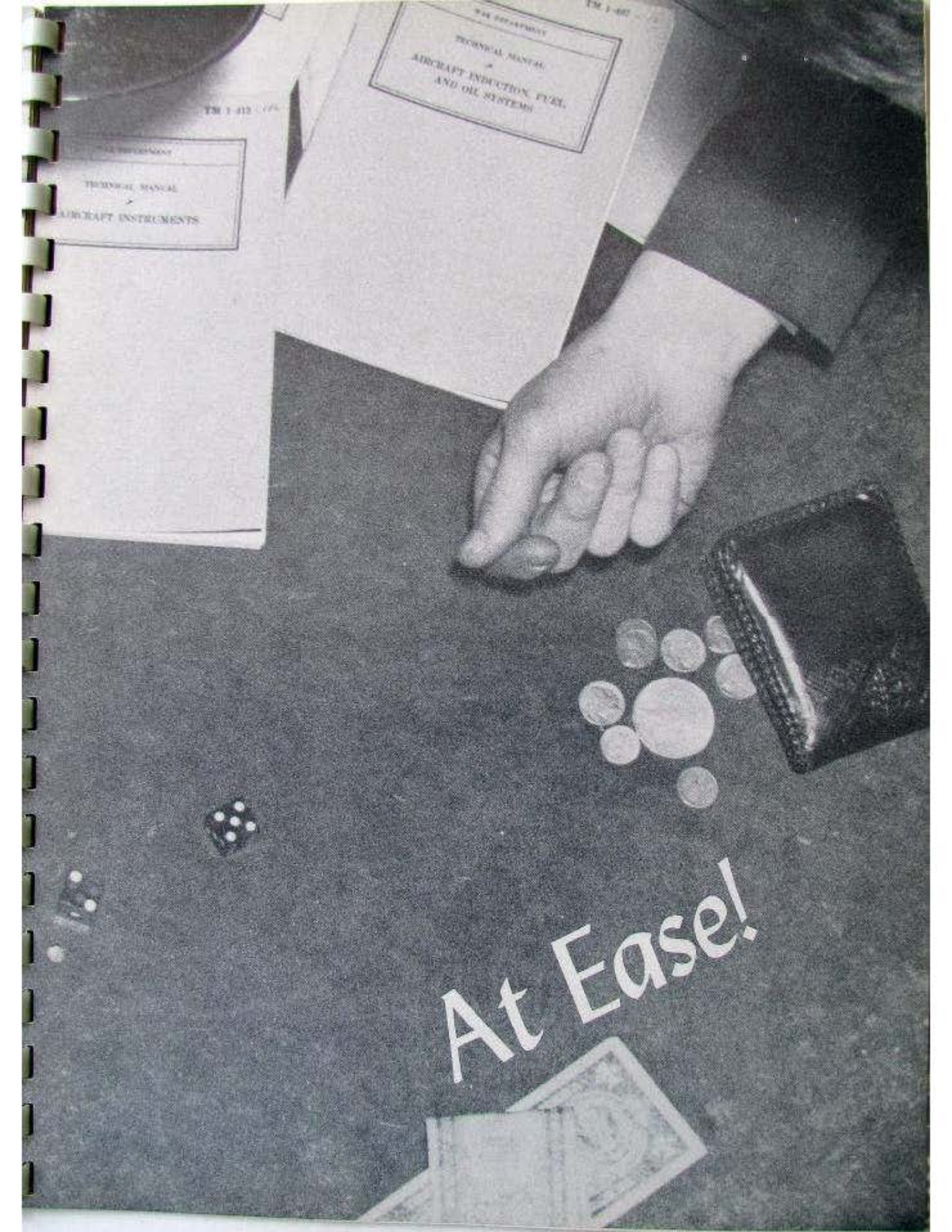
WINSPEER

ROBERT FLOYD WOODLEY
408 N. Bolivar, Marshall, Texas
Texas Tech
"They're just a bunch of furriners."

ARTHUR WAGNER WORTHINGTON
2340 Harrison Pike, Grove City, Ohio
Ohio State University
"I'm getting flap-happy."

JOSEPH JOHN ZEREGA
948 W. Garfield Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"I'm just bound to be short sheeted."

42-F



TECHNICAL MANUAL
AIRCRAFT INDUCTION, FUEL
AND OIL SYSTEMS

TM 1-412-774

TECHNICAL MANUAL
AIRCRAFT INSTRUMENTS

At Ease!



"A BUNCH OF B-I-M'S"



SOLITUDE



"WHAT DO YOU THINK?"



REMEMBER THOSE DODO DAYS



BODIES BEAUTIFUL

INSTRUCTIONS
WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF AN AIR RAID



IF YOU FIND AN UNEXPLODED BOMB, PICK IT UP AND SHAKE IT — THE FIRING PIN MAY BE STUCK.

1. As soon as bombs start dropping, run like hell. (It doesn't matter where—as long as you run like hell.)
 1. Wear track shoes if possible—if the people in front of you are slow, you won't have any trouble getting over them.
 2. Take advantage of any opportunity afforded you when air raid sirens sound the attack warning. For example:
 - A. In a bakery, grab some pie, or cake.
 - B. In a tavern, grab a blond and a bottle.
 3. If you find an unexpectedly unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it—the firing pin may be stuck.



IF YOU FIND A BURNING INCENDIARY BOMB, THROW GASOLINE ON IT — YOU CAN'T PUT IT OUT ANYHOW, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A LITTLE FUN.

4. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building, throw gasoline on it. You're unable to put it out anyhow, so you might as well have a little fun.
 - A. If no gasoline is available, throw a bucket of water on it and lie down—you're dead.
 - B. The properties of the bomb free the hydrogen from the water, causing rather rapid combustion. (In fact it will explode with a Helluva crash!)



5. Always get excited and holler bloody murder! It will add to the fun and confusion and scare the little kiddies.
6. Drink heavily, eat onions, limburger cheese, etc., before entering a crowded air raid shelter. This will make you very unpopular with the crowd in your immediate vicinity, eliminating any unnecessary discomfort that would be more prevalent if people crowded too closely.

ALWAYS GET EXCITED AND HOLLER BLOODY MURDER! IT WILL ADD TO THE CONFUSION AND SCARE THE LITTLE KIDDIES.



IF YOU SHOULD BE THE VICTIM OF A DIRECT HIT, DON'T GO TO PIECES — LIE DOWN AND TAKE IT EASY.

7. If you should be the victim of a direct bomb hit don't go to pieces—lie down and be still and you won't be noticed.
8. Knock the air raid wardens down if they start to tell you what to do. They always save the best seats for themselves and their friends anyway.

ALL WEEK LONG

We Keep 'Em Flying



WEEKENDS

We Keep 'Em Sighing



Things We'll Never Forget

- The "mysterious" disappearance of the bed of a certain Mr. Sousley of Class 42-E.
- "Hit the Silk" Twitchell's brief but very eventful stay with Section C.
- Archie Bakay's wild solo ride.
- The same gentleman's promise to try-out the BT on a little jaunt to Mexico.
- Bob Paulsen's method of losing altitude fast — but, oh, so very fast!
- Those dandy weather exams under Mr. Greene.
- Our instructor's remark after the best chandle we ever did — "That was a good climbing turn; now let's try a chandelle!"
- The day Tedrowe "buzzed" Mullens Field four times trying to make a 360 degree overhead landing.
- That long anticipated front cockpit ride.
- Those wild Saturday nights in San Angelo And those headaches Sunday morning.
- Lamer's 21 (count 'em) tours.
- Those fine siestas during the showing of engines pictures.
- The "goldbricking" of everyone at drill and calisthenics while "The Cadet" staff labored away on the book.
- Those many times you swore you were going to quit tomorrow.
- That "Hot Pilot feeling" the day after you soloed.
- When "Hose Nose" Jones ground-looped for the twentieth time.
- Those lovely Texas dust storms.
- The sudden realization of the importance of your safety belt after your first slow roll.
- Those famous words, "Men, you've got to realize that this is a military organization."
- And those equally famous words, "Hard luck, old man!"
- The sudden end to the country club setup of "Section Z" after Lt. Tipton's unannounced visit.
- Danny Pollock's afternoon frolics.
- New Years Eve, 1941 — "Double coke, please!"
- The censored material for the "Cadet."
- That first day at Harman.
- Reveille.
- Our first solo tailspin.
- The marvelous hospitality of Ballinger and its citizens.
- That swell feeling the first time your instructor mentioned basic.
- Those gorgeous moonlit nights — and thoughts of home and "her."
- That same gorgeous moon as you climbed out of bed for reveille — and thoughts of home and sleep!
- The time Carafiol entered traffic on the base leg during a check ride with Lt. George.
- The thoughtfulness of Knupp in his practice of holding on to his rip-cord while doing slow rolls.
- The daily yell from Bjorn, "Goehry, where's your screwdriver?" as a result of his practice of keeping his one and only key locked inside his locker so he won't lost it!
- "You're gigged, Mr. Angelini!"
- " with Lt. George in No. 48 at 1:30 — and be here!"
- "When the hell will the class book be out? ! ! ? "
- Those swell nine weeks at Harman Training Center.





REK



"THE BEER THAT MADE
MILWAUKEE FAMOUS"



"NEVER CROSS CONTROLS- "



UPPERCLASSMEN AT DRILL

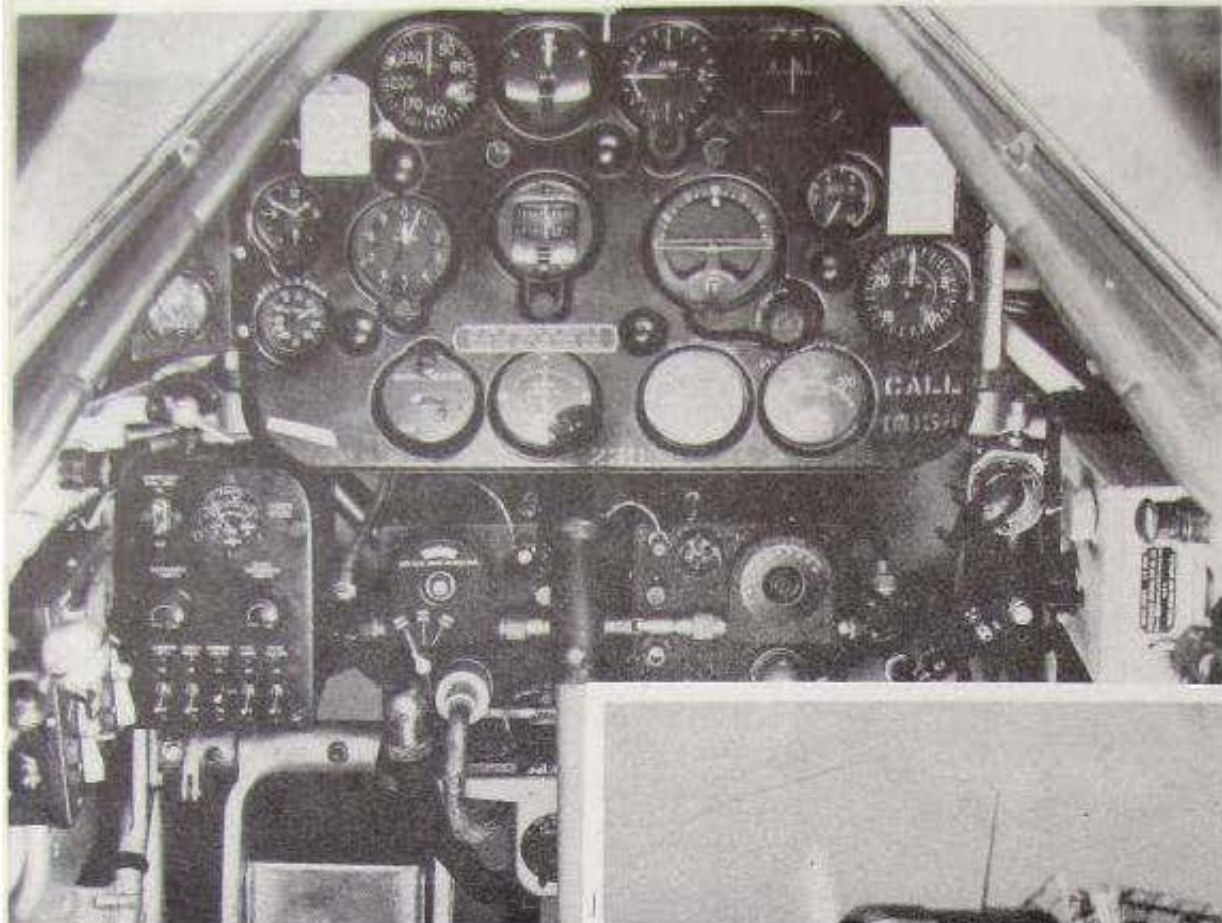


NOW, A LITTLE SOMETHING
ABOUT AIRFOILS

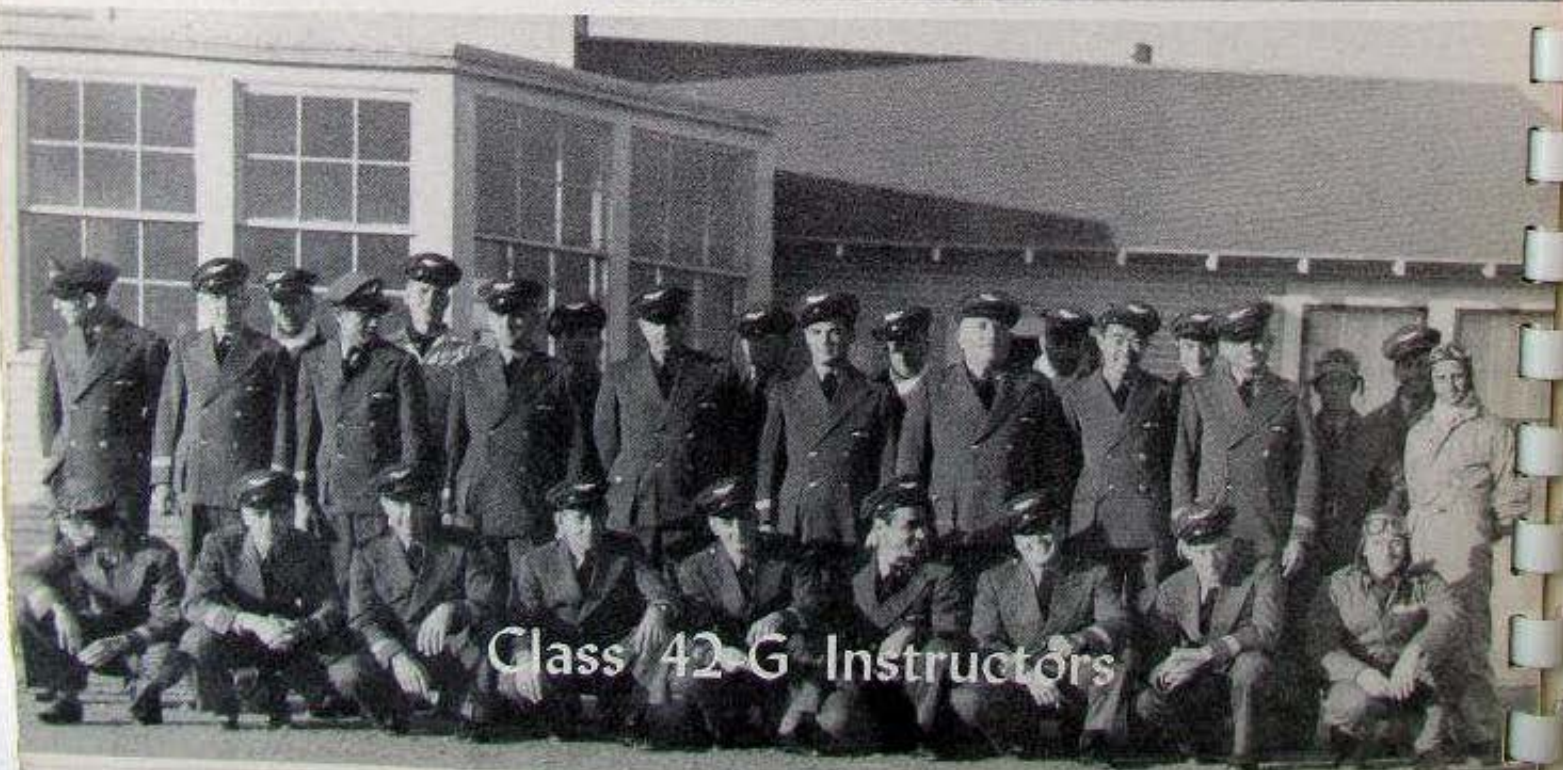


A MENTAL HAZARD _ THUMBS DOWN!

Our Future Nightmare



INSTRUMENT
PANEL
ON THE AT-6A



Class 42-G Instructors



"YOU CAN GET GIGGED FOR WHAT YOU'RE THINKING"

FIRST RIDE



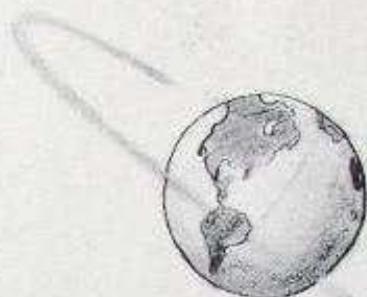
HERE WE HAVE A DARING DODO



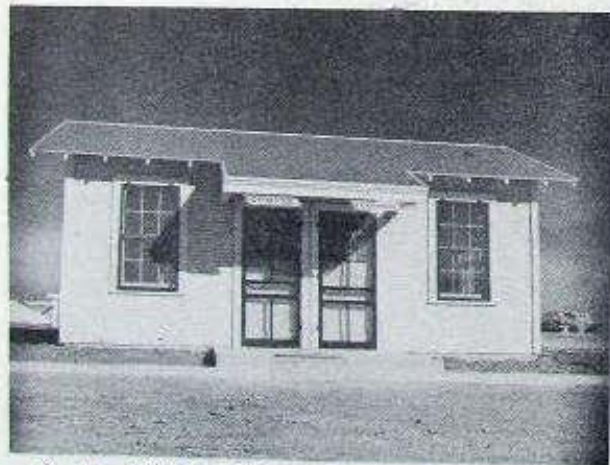
IT DON'T MEAN A THING
IF YOU DON'T PULL THE STRING



SOLO!



SOARING HIGH ON HIS FIRST SOLO . . .



O. D. AND COMMANDANT'S OFFICES



BARRACKS "A"

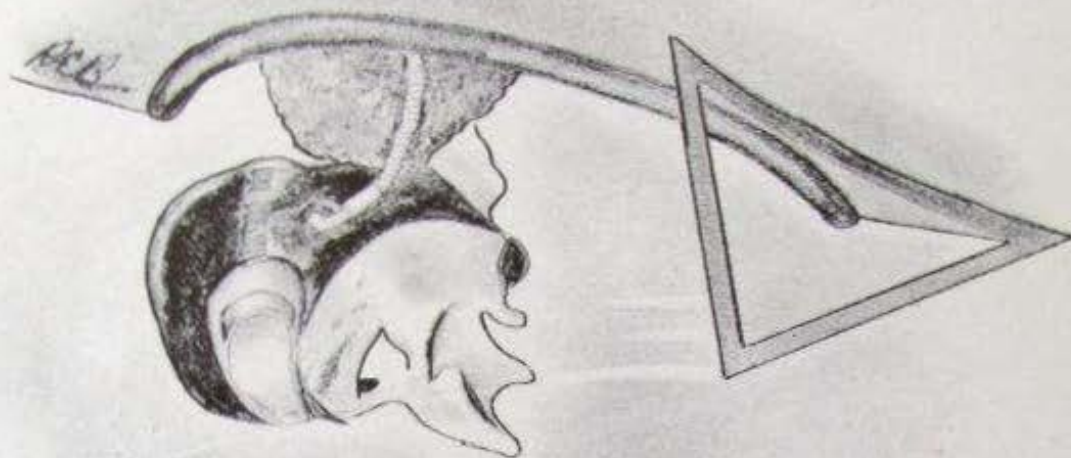


STAGE HOUSE



GROUND SCHOOL BUILDING

LOOP!



IF HE CAN KEEP FROM GETTING AIRSICK



I'M AT ATTENTION,
MY UNIFORM'S AT EASE



STAG LINE



"BASICALLY, EINSTEIN IS RIGHT . . . BUT . . ."

60 HOURS!



GOODBYE, PRIMARY. HELLO, BASIC!



GUARDIANS OF THE GATE



"MORE WRINKLES, MISTER!"



"GOOD LUCK, LT. AND MRS. MCINTIRE!"



THE • TOUR-ISTS • ARE • MARCHING • • •



"NO. 26 ON THE RIGHT SIDE - "



"CRASH. YOU'VE JUST GOT TO
STUDY MORE!"



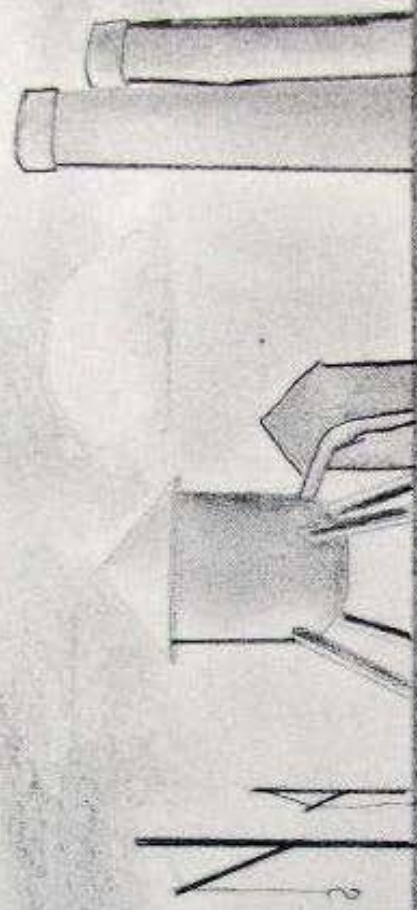
"ON THE BALL - "



SUNDAY A. M. - DOUBLE ORANGE JUICE.
TWO ASPIRIN

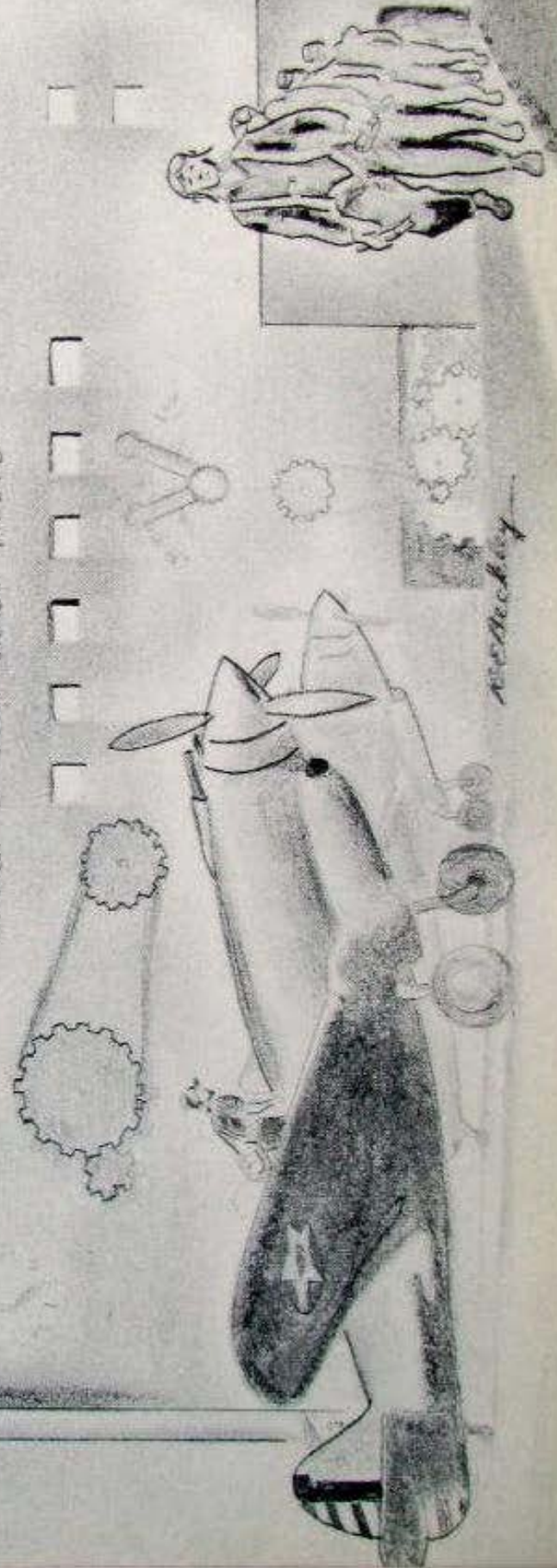
DUSTI





HARMAN TRAINING CENTER

MFGRS. OF HIGH GRADE PILOTS



W. H. Hickey

DODOS



Parting Thoughts Of An Upperclassman

BY WALLACE B. BLACK

Double time you dodos—Pop to! And get in line;
Don't try and ask the reason—and there isn't any rhyme.
Good gosh but you look raunchy, rack those shoulders back;
Shut your mouth, you mister! Don't ever make a crack.
Get in a big one, mister, lift that chest up high —
In the future when you get in a brace, don't ask the reason why.

"What's a dodo?" you ask us. You thought it was a bird.
But to us a dodo's a dumb Cadet who shouldn't say a word.
Now a dodo may be human—thoughtful, kind and gentle,
But any resemblance between him and us is purely coincidental.
When cadets first come to Harman, they're the pride of Kelly's Hill,
Resplendent in "pinks" and blouses, and a cocky Cadet will.
We greet them with smiling welcomes, just outside the gate,
But once they step across that chain, they really know their fate.

Rack it back you, mister! Double time! And How!
Whether you really know it or not, you're in the army now.
Fall in on the double you, misters. Pop to, and grab a line.
And when you finish at Harman, you'll really be looking fine.

Now dodos at Harman must work, their tasks are not a few,
Some of their daily duties I now will tell to you.
They really love their ground school—and calisthenics too,
And nothing beats their study hours as true learning they pursue.
Each morning sharp at five forty-five, they fall out of bed and shout—
"Oh goody men, it's reveille, come on let's hurry out!"
And they cheerfully to breakfast go, their fun has just begun—
They sit in a brace for an hour its seems, 'till they're cross-eyed, deaf, and dumb.
From there they double-time to drill, their countenances gleaming,
They march at ease under a nice warm sun that down on them is beaming.
. . . . And so they hurry through the day until that hated time,
When they struggle into the flying suits and go to ye olde flight line.
They talk to their instructors for a little while and then go out to a ship,
They start one up—head into the wind, and go out for a little trip.
Now some can take it right in stride, learn to fly right now,
But others get lost, their stomachs turn loops, and they "flash their hash" and how!
But one and all they love it (no matter what I say),
They can hardly wait 'til time rolls round to go up in the blue each day.

So back to the barracks they slowly go, to upperclassmen's waiting arms,
To spend the rest of the night showing off their clever dodo charms.
But to you, Mr. Dodo, I give this advice, all really isn't bad,
Because our treatment of dodos is just a passing fad.
Time flies by in a hurry, and we will soon be gone,
And then to your surprise and joy, you will find your day will dawn.
So, Mr. Dodo, we say to you, now that we are leaving,
Be thankful for this, from now on out you'll be giving—not receiving.



FIRST FORMATION AT HARMAN



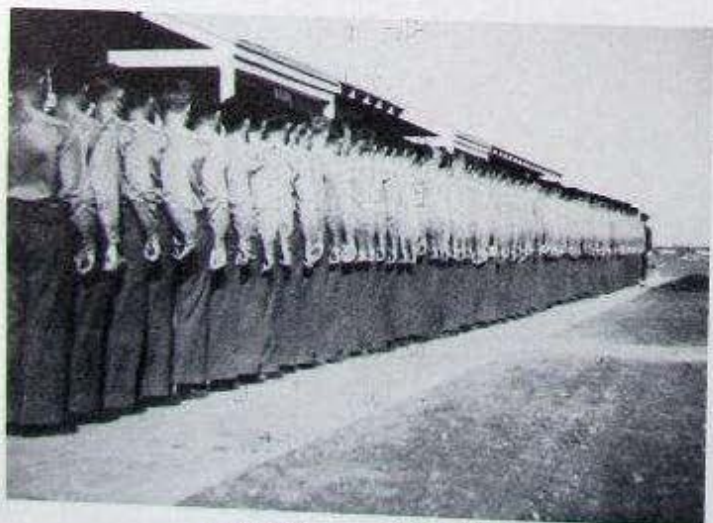
WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS
..... A COUNTRY CLUB?



"MAKE IT SNAPPY. MISTER—"



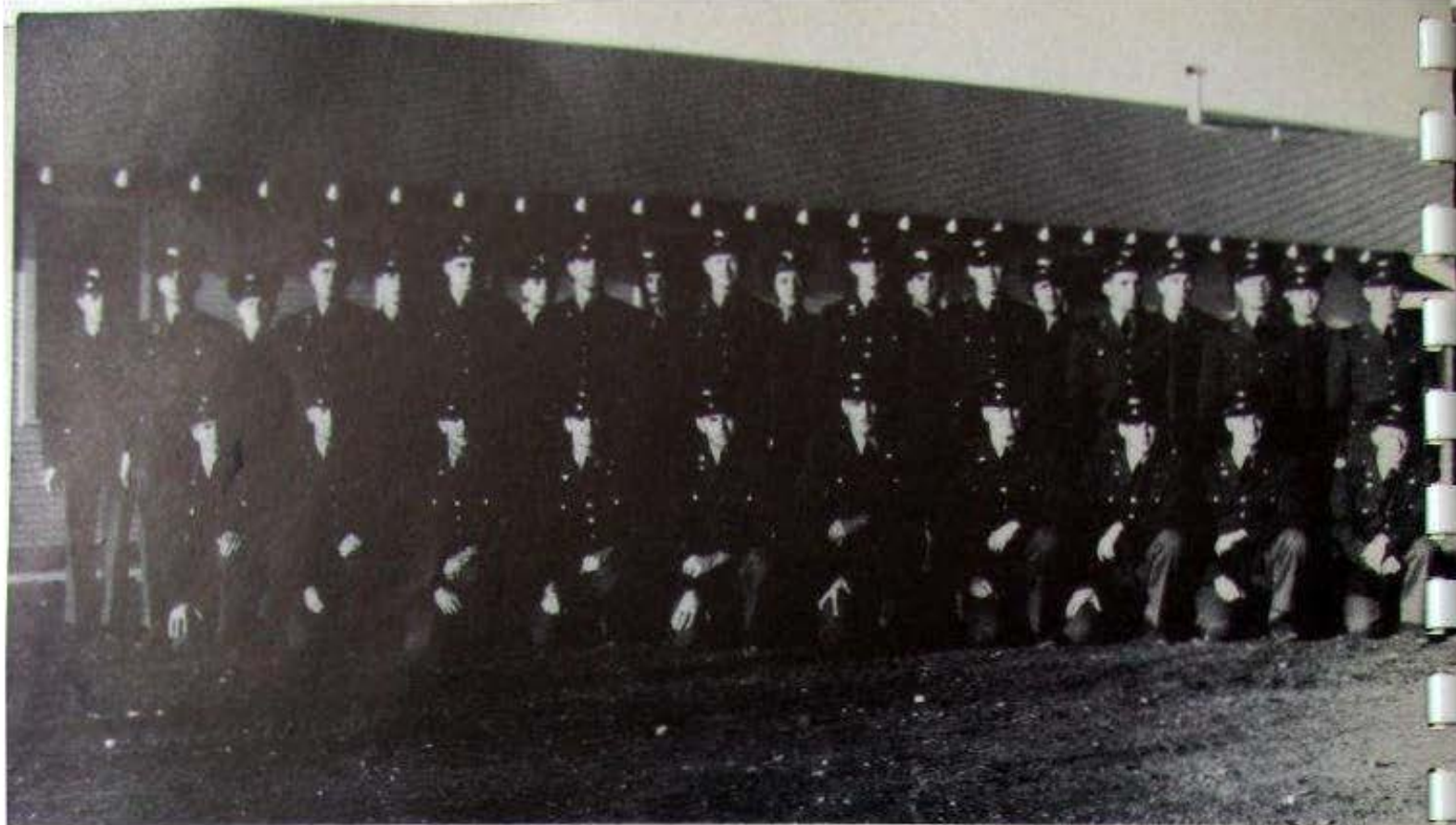
ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY
IN ACTION



DODOS . . . FALL IN!



"KILLED IN AN AIR RAID"



Read From Left To Right:

First Row:

Schultz, V. W.

Green, G. C.

Allison, W. A.

Sperling J. E.

Christopher, B. A.

Isaacson, C. M.

Mocquot, C. M.

Kenner, H.

Flessert W. A.

McKenzie, W. H.

Section "A"

Second Row:

Martyniuk, M.

Stark, L. L.

Kull, D. J.

Wolf, S. L.

Taylor, J. E.

Doane, D. L.

Doss, H. A.

Rice, P. E.

Wiseman, L. V.

Baier, J. L.

Third Row:

Shafer, R. C.

McKelvy, R. I.

Nye, J. W.

Eastham, D. B.

Kealiher, J. E.

Potts, R. F.

Moore, D. L.

Lowry, W. L.

Smith, N. R.

Burrell, E. K.



Read From Left To Right:

First Row:

Polink, A. D.

Lister, R. D.

Austin, M. E.

Hartley, C. O.

Moreland, E. B.

Myers, R. F.

Simonsen, W. M.

Brown, K. L.

Strong, K. F.

Johnson, M. F.

Section "B"

Third Row:

Martindale, C. L.

Amundson, P. G.

Lovelace, W. E.

Dorris, H. W.

Driscoll, R. B.

Moore, W. D.

O'Neill, P. H.

Hall, H. L.

Howard, A. W. Jr.

Second Row:

Chenchar, P., Jr.

Angiolini, A.

Taylor, R. V.

Billups, R. E.

Mayhew, F. E.

Sarnowski, L. S.

Conley, K.

Garrels, D. R.

Lambert, M. E.

Drefke, W. H.



Read From Left To Right:

First Row:

Wisner, O. E.

Finn, J. D.

Cameron, A.

Euston, M. K.

Karpinol, J.

Farris, C. A., Jr.

Silva, O.

Brown, A. W.

Craig, C. L.

Frachiseur, R. M.

Section "C"

Second Row:

Schuder, R. M.

Axthelm, D. D.

Olsen, E. W.

Brodersen, I. A.

Hageman, F. F.

Mettler, D. D.

Petz, K. G.

Street, H. W.

Zercher, C. C., Jr.

Oliveira, B. D.

Third Row:

Doughty, J. J.

Morrison, J. R., Jr.

Belcher, E. M., Jr.

Hibberd, P. E.

Covin, B. L.

Mahony, R. D.

Parkansky, J. K.

Mueller, J. L.

Thayer, G. V.



Read From Left To Right:

First Row:

Byron, W. J., Jr.

Hendrickson, O. E.

McMillen, E. D.

Lungren, C. D.

Crossfield, C. C.

Harryman, H. W.

Goodfellow, E. W., Jr.

Monnes, W. F.

Bivins, R. R.

Fink, B.

Section "D"

Second Row:

Cramer J. F.

Cole, T. E.

McCullum, W. H.

Hathaway, D. F.

Tenold, L. A.

Macy, J. O.

Quirk, W. J.

Njus, K. M.

Bridges, P.

Hand, E. J

Third Row:

Dunlap, F. W.

Brower, J. L.

Woods, V. G.

McDonald, R. A.

Brink, L. W.

Gaines, W. A.

Berry, R. K.

Heringer, L. S.

Hakala, J. B.



Gentlemen:
 We worked and sacrificed—at tremendous cost we missed valuable periods of drill and calisthenics—we endured taunts and shouts of “gold-brickers”—but seriously gentlemen, we have attempted to do a good job—to produce a book that in some small way will help refresh your memories of days well spent at Harman.

Editorially yours,
 The Staff.

BERNARD J. ROSENSON
 Editor

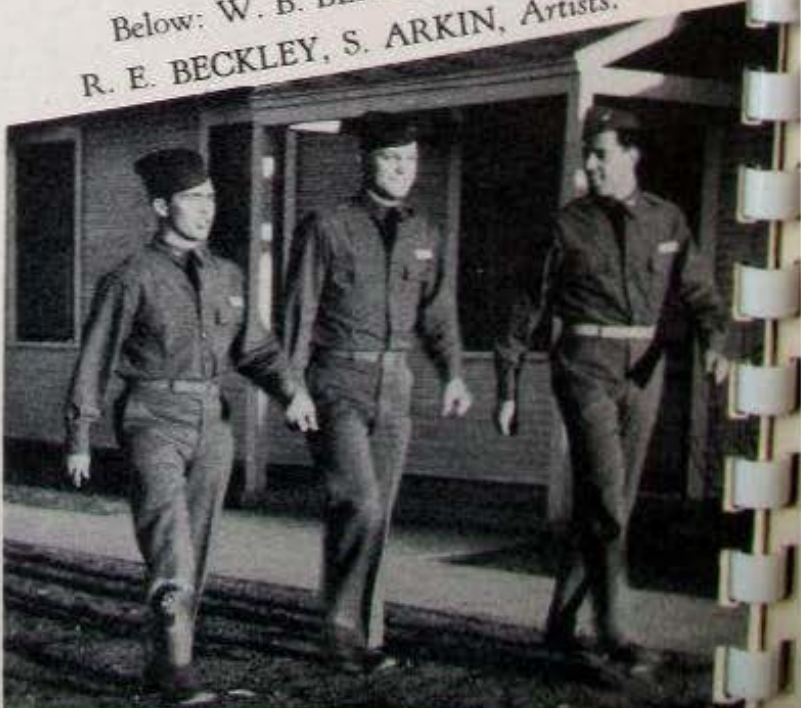
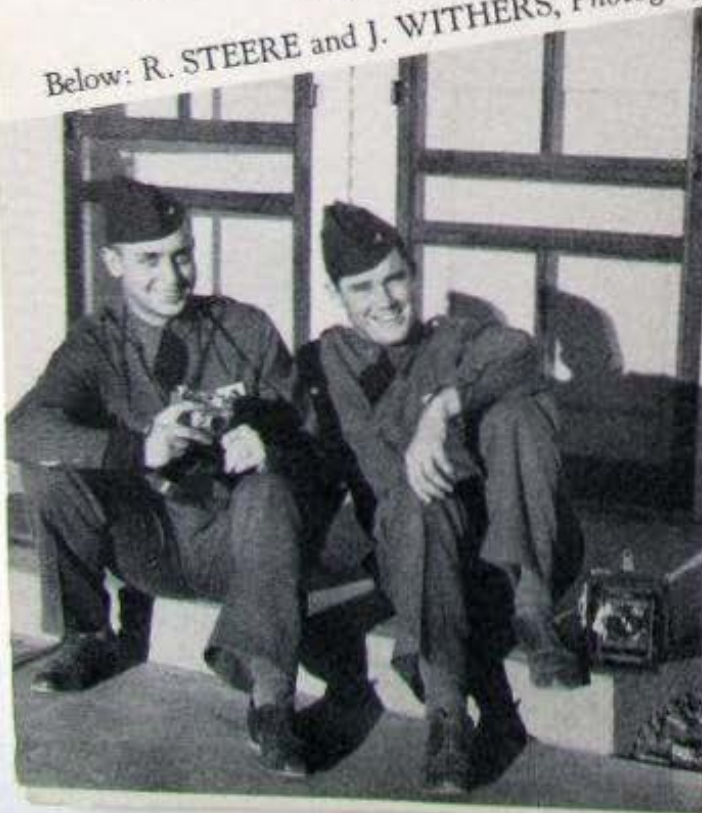
LT. J. C. WARD
 Advisor

HERBERT J. MOSSIEN
 Assistant Editor

≡ STAFF ≡
“THE CADET”
 OF CLASS 42-F

Below: W. B. BLACK, Editorial;
 R. E. BECKLEY, S. ARKIN, Artists.

Below: R. STEERE and J. WITHERS, Photographers



"TILL WE MEET AGAIN---"

Happy Landings!

THE BUSINESS OF BEING CADETS and subsequently flying officers of the Army Air Corps is exacting and not infrequently exasperating work. It is no wonder, therefore, that some of our group have already been found wanting in some phase of abilities necessary for the making of good military pilots, and likewise that others of us will follow that same path before that day when the coveted gold bars and wings will adorn the uniforms of Class 42-F.

However, practically all of the men who have been and will be dismissed from flight training, will immediately be put into training for other types of military aeronautical work: bombardiering, navigation, armaments, photography, communications.

So, those of us who are fortunate enough to one day receive our commissions and wings will in the future lean heavily on these same men who will be the leaders in other phases of Air Corps work. It won't be long until we'll once again be taking off and flying together toward that common goal for which all of us are giving our best in whatever field we are best qualified and needed.

"If"

(With Apologies to Kipling)

If you can pass your physical when men about you
Are failing theirs, and justly envying you;
If you can become a potential pilot
And thank your lucky stars that you got through;
If you can bend your nerve and brain and sinew
To be a flyer of whom the world is proud,
And live among the rich, the high, and lowly,
And yet not think yourself above the crowd:

If you can pass the many auto show-rooms
And with your old jalopy be content,
If you can face the many hours of boredom,
And never let your mind get warped nor bent;
If you can meet the many lovely ladies
And always act as only real men do,
Or face temptations, and forego some pleasures
Because your Uncle Sam depends on you;

If you can stick—despite your many duties,
And not grow sour when things don't go your way,
If you can master all the manly virtues,
And feel that you are learning every day;
If you are sure you know the plane you're flying
From nose to rudder, just like you know your map,
And fly the beam, although you think it's lying,
And never have a cause your course to doubt;

If you can learn the art of nobly living
Among the men with whom you have to work,
And listen when others their advice are giving
And never try to dodge nor yet to shirk;
If you can wear the bars pinned on your shoulders
And wear the wings that you have proudly won,
And be a man and still maintain your virtue,
You'll be an Ace of whom we're proud, my son.



360° OVERHEAD

