

DEPARTURE POINT

43-12

Be Accurate - Be Sure!



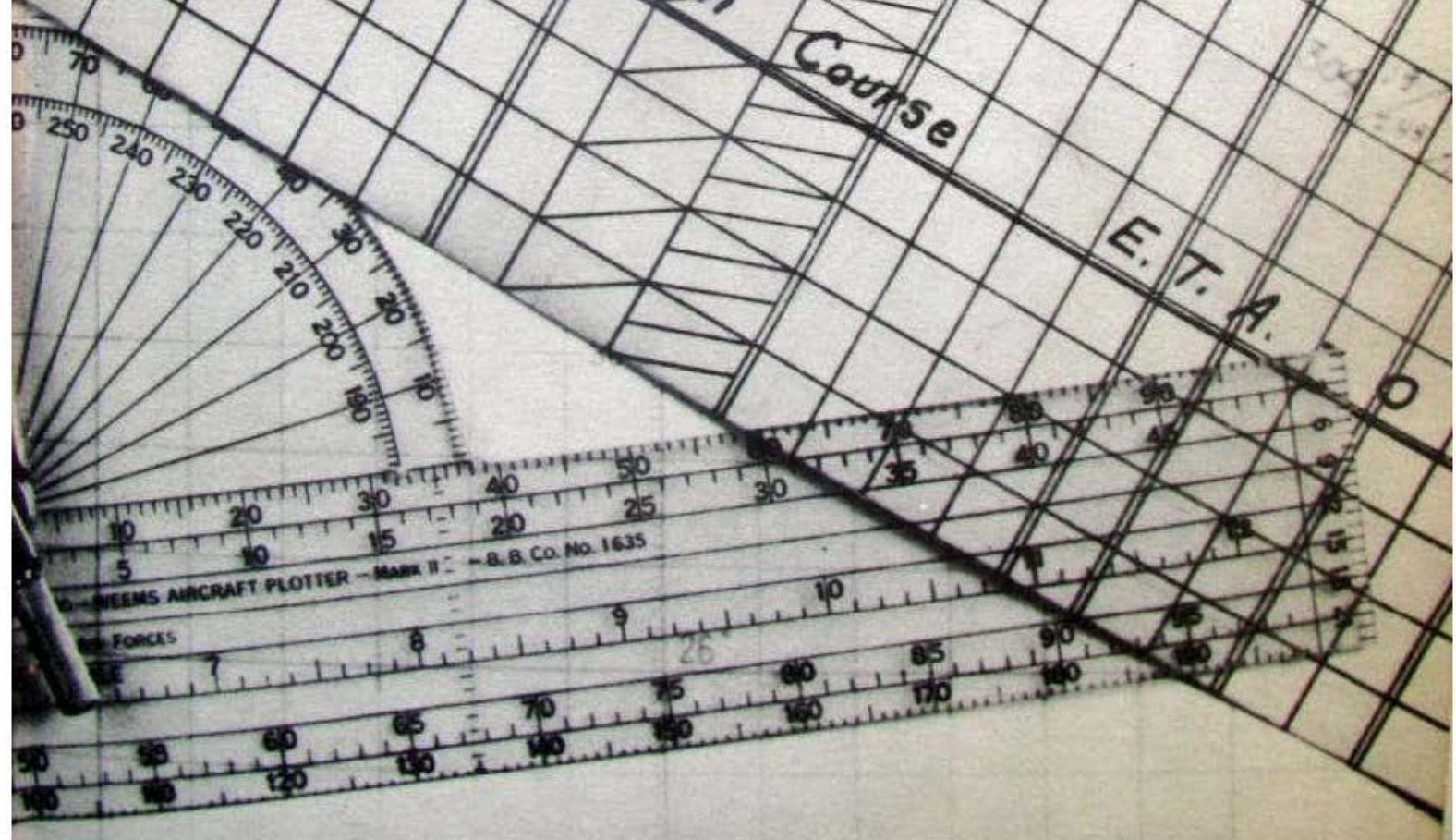
Tokyo } 36
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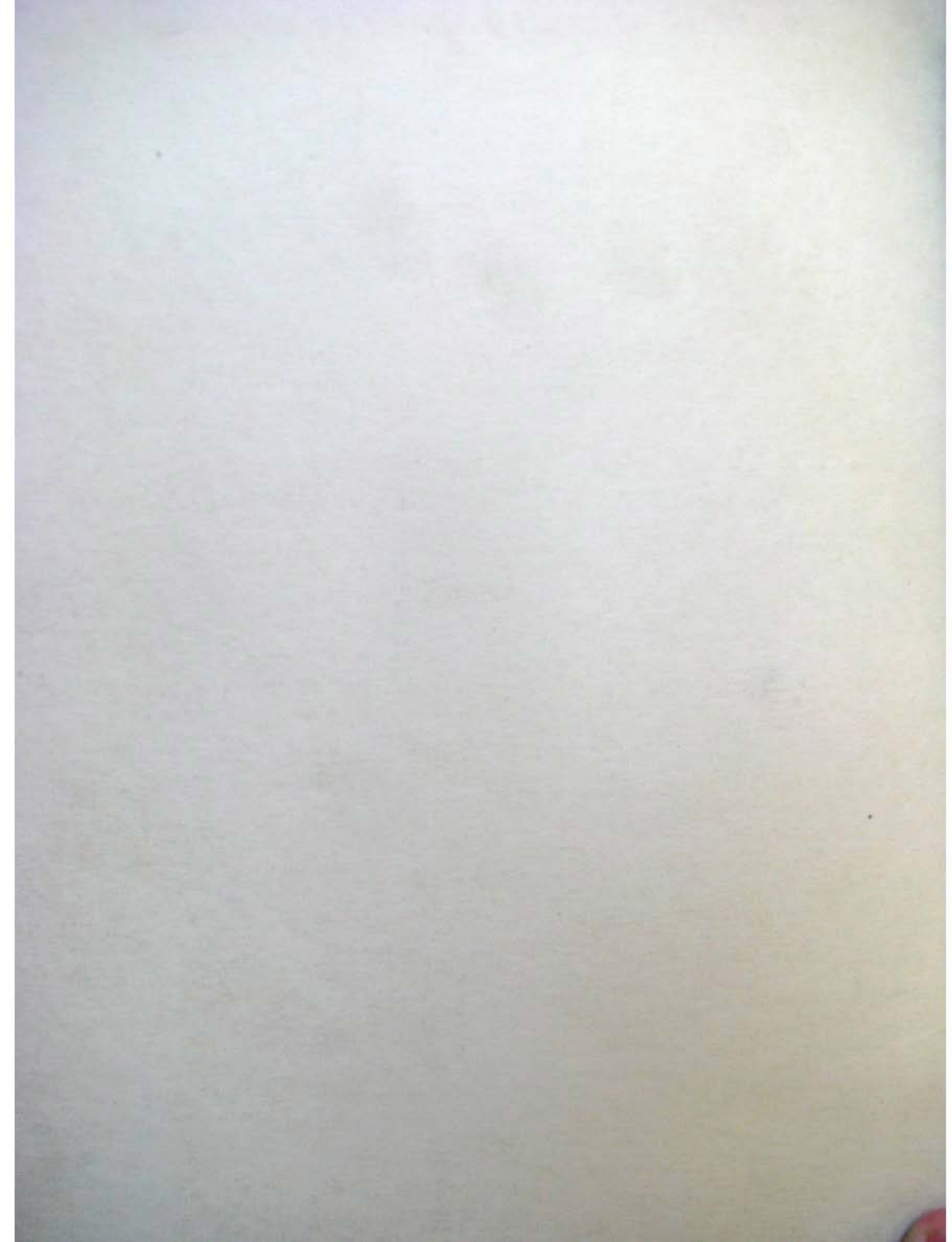


TIME	DRIFT CORR.	TRUE HEAD.	VAR. CORR.	MAG. HEAD.	DEV. CORR.	COMP. HEAD.	TEMP. °C.	IPA	IAS	CAS	TAS	DRIFT
1:50	180	-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260		
2:00		-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260		
2:10	180	-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260		
2:15		-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260		
2:25	180	-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260		
2:30		-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260		
2:40		-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260		
2:50	180	-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260		
3:00		-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260		

Arrived on Course

E. T. A.





DEPARTURE POINT

CLASS BOOK OF

43-12

*Army Air Force Navigation
School*

SAN MARCOS ARMY AIR FIELD
San Marcos, Texas



DEPARTURE POINT STAFF

43-12

EDITORS

McCormick, Raymond A.

SQUADRON 1152

Rickels, James W.

Greenberg, Daniel H.

Kupferman, Theodore

Laurini, Zane P.

Wescott, William B.

SQUADRON 1154

Weingarten, John

Sperber, Laurence R.

Welsh, William T.

ARTISTS

Weisenburgh, Charles P. and Corp. John Lee





DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to STEVEN KLAS, LESTER KESSLER, and ROBERT F. JONES, the three men of Class 43-12 who lost their lives while in training. Our memory of them will guide us to greater efforts on future missions while they are on their greatest mission.

' So, Today - - - - '

'Twas a dreary day in February when 700-odd boys, sleepy, yet eager, tumbled out of the three trains onto the concrete platform of Ellington Field. They had come from Nashville, from Santa Ana, and, last but not least, from San Antonio.

Just a few weeks before, a goodly number of them had been happy civilians; others had put in months and years of service in the GIs; and to the rest, those who had "washed out" of pilot training, cadet life was old stuff.

All had come from the three classification centers to begin their Pre-Flight training. All had heard wondrous tales concerning the school and the city of Houston and its environs.

And nine weeks passed. And, strangely, those wondrous tales were true, for the nine passed as one.

Now it was time to leave behind the pleasures of Houston and begin in earnest the serious business of becoming a Navigator. Shipping time! *Where are we going?* was the question of the hour. And, in answer, rumors filled the air. *Hou-do. No, Gunnery School in Coral Gables.* And a smaller voice, *That new field, San Marcos.*

The train came; the boys—still happy, eager boys, still in the dark about this great god, Navigation—piled in; and they were off to Advanced.

Awakened from a sound sleep the next morning, 300-odd boys dressed, and picking up their bags, filed out of the cars and stepped onto the ground of the AAFNS.

Take a good look, Mist'ers, for this is to be your home for the next eighteen weeks.

The first few days were busy ones, preparation for the hard weeks that were to come. Unpack, fix up your barracks, fill out those dozen or so forms. That was the first day. Oh, yes, also stand retreat. Next, their pictures were taken, and, finally, equipment was issued. Among the equipment, the navigator's briefcase filled to the brim with books and materials. *Will we ever learn to use all that?*





Soon classes began. Classes from morning 'til night. It was rough at first, sitting in those classrooms through the long hours. But they stood it, and before they knew it, a week had sped by. And then another. The days became hectic hours of problems and logs and notes. But they were becoming used to it.

And a new class came in. They were old-timers now, with two flights behind them. The newcomers gaped as they watched our stalwart heroes march down to the flight line, briefcase in one hand, No. 10 can in the other.

Another three weeks passed, and then another. They were at the half-way mark. The first class was graduating from San Marcos, and what envious glances they received. *Well, only nine more weeks to go.*

Simple DR, simple pilotage, doglegs, a triangular course, interception, radius of action, all completed. They had done them all and their ETAs had been good and their course errors had been small. *Maybe I will make a good Navigator.*

But the Big Ones, the celestial missions, loomed ahead. This was the real test of the Navigator. And after weeks of preparation on the ground, they took off on their first celestial flight. And they bounced around, hit their heads on the turrets, assumed grotesque positions as they shot the sun and the stars, but they brought the ships in—on course, ETA correct.

Just a few more flights, just a few more weeks. Just a few more tours to be walked off. Just a few more Saturday inspections and Sunday afternoon parades.

And suddenly the last mission had been flown; the last ground mission was over; the last test was done. The maze into which these boys had wandered had become a clear, straight path and they strode confidently to the endmen, officers, Navigators. Some of their buddies were gone. Some had gotten sick in the air, some hadn't been able to make the grade. But the majority of them fought it through and achieved the coveted goal.

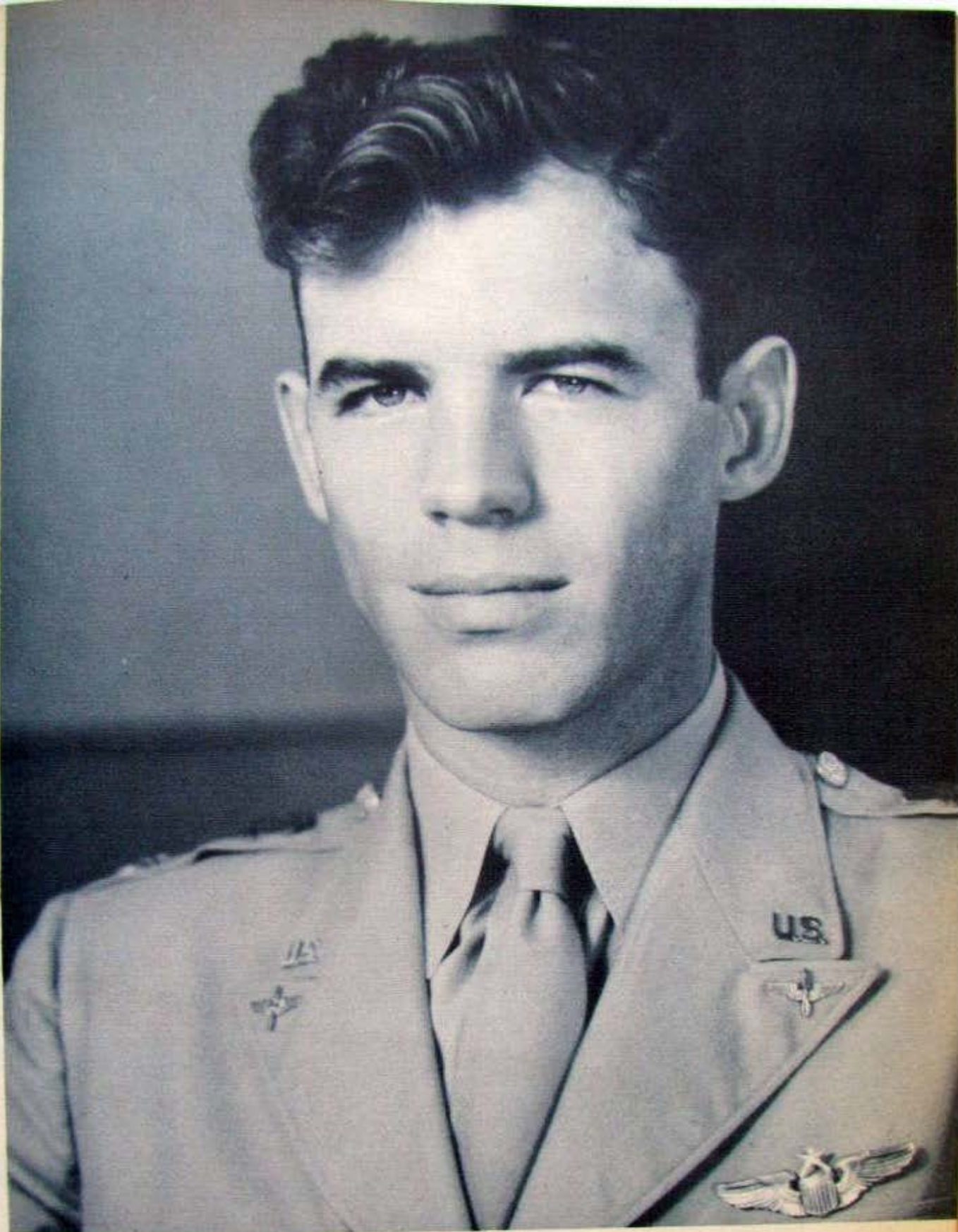
So, today, after months of hard training, those cherished wings are being pinned on, and another group of Navigators, those of the Class of 43-12, prepares to embark—destination unknown.

To 43-12:

Heartiest congratulations to you upon your graduation—your work here has been well done. It is my hope and belief that you are now ready to join the commissioned ranks of our army not only as qualified navigators but also as true officers and gentlemen

Yours is a great heritage—your government and your people are depending upon you not only as a group but also as individuals to "strike the enemy whenever and wherever you may find him." This I know you will do. Good luck.

James H. Johnson



Col. John M. Hutchison

COMMANDING OFFICER

Col. Hutchison is originally from Idaho, where he attended the University of Idaho. He entered West Point in 1930 and earned two letters as a tackle on the football team before his graduation as a Second Lieutenant in 1934. Col. Hutchison received his pilot's wings at Randolph Field in 1935, and was then assigned to tactical duty at Mitchell Field, N. Y. In 1941, he served as Director of Navigation Training at Mather Field, Calif., and was later transferred to Hondo, Texas before coming to San Marcos.



*Lt. Col.
John N. Reynolds, Jr.*

Colonel Reynolds was stationed at this field briefly during January and then served at the AAF Bombardier School at Carlsbad, New Mexico. He received aviation training at Randolph and Kelly Fields and also served at the Hondo Navigation School.

As director of training, Colonel Reynolds is in charge of all instruction of navigation students.

Director of Training

Major John M. D. Heald
EXECUTIVE



1st. Lt. John P. Ross
SECRETARY

1st. Lt. Lawrence N. Hedge
GROUP ADJUTANT



Training Group Staff



Capt. Thos. R. Garrett
DIRECTOR GROUND SCHOOL



Capt. Allen E. Nugent
ASST. DIR. GROUND SCHOOL

Capt. Buford A. Blaylock
SUPPLY OFFICER



Capt. Richard L. Strickland
OPERATIONS OFFICER



Who Are You?

You might have been a professional gambler, confident, of good judgment and a little lucky. You might have been a watchmaker, fascinated with your craft and finely accurate. You might have been a politician and, thus, inwardly skeptical, outwardly placidly sure. You might have been a circus strong man.

You might have been but probably you weren't. More than likely you were a fellow who lived by his honest wit, an accountant, a clerk, an artist, a clerk, an executive, a student.

That you were. Now you are a navigator. Now, truly, you must live by your wit, you and several other fellows you'll be shaking hands with some day soon, you and your bomber crew.

Now you need to be a little of the professional gambler, the watchmaker, the politician and the strong man. You need confidence, an air of sureness, judgment, accuracy, interest in your craft, luck, skepticism and—a good strong stomach.

At any instant, the security of your plane may depend on the skill of a gunner in shooting down a pursuing enemy. A forced landing in unfamiliar territory may result ill or well according to acuity of your pilot. The success of your mission will depend on the split-second decision of your bombardier to drop his bombs.

But— — —

(Continued on next page)



If you, the navigator, have done a little more than enough, that gunner may be accompanied by a crescendo of friendly fire, and not be alone among enemies.

If you have foreseen "unforeseen eventualities," that pilot may land where he is familiar or may at worst be able to land on the best available ground.

If you can keep a date with a cloud or a place in space, that bombardier may ride in and roll out his bombs and be gone again before the flak can find him.

You have confidence, innate or nurtured by successful practice of classroom theories. Maybe, sometime, a school mission pilot took over the plane when you made a mistake or when he thought you were wrong. Then you either learned your error or found that you were right. Either way, you gained in know-how, the keystone of confidence.

When you meet your crew and as they get to know you, you must personify confidence—not cockiness—the sureness of a man in his ability to do his work well. The crew is your mirror. They reflect, and magnify, your certainty—or your uncertainty. If you are sure, when tac training is over and you go over the waves they won't be concerned about where you are when the only pilotage points are whitecaps.

You have judgment, born of school mission experience. You have learned to decide whether an observation is worthless or worthwhile, whether a fix is to be trusted, weighted or discarded.

You are accurate. You believe that close is for horseshoe pitching, not navigating. You're always trying for a zero-zero mission. You quibble over a mile and a degree with yourself like you used to quibble with your pals over who was away on a golf green.

You like navigation, whether you came from civilian life, from the ranks, or from the temporary disillusionment of Washout Land. The idea of charting a course over an unmarked highway in the sky has grown on your imagination. If you are more of a realist, you know the coordinates of Tokyo and Berlin and you're waiting for the day your bomber spills out a few tons of lessons on the sons of hell.

You have a little luck, not much, but some. You have a jaundiced eye which keeps you from kerplunking for a calculation until you've checked it several times. You don't believe in once over lightly anymore.

You have a disciplined stomach which can be quiet when you're working hard and fast and your muscles tighten up. Amid abstract qualities this concrete need seems incongruous but, if you haven't learned it, the fellow next to you in ranks can tell you that navigation, like no other aerial task, is for men with strong stomachs.

Do you feel like a million dollars, now that graduation is at hand? Look around this field. Here are more than a million dollars, and thousands of people, working for you. You're their message to the slavers. You're their bomb to Tokyo. You're no dud.

Do you feel rich? You are \$30,000 to \$50,000 richer in knowledge and goods and prestige. If you doubt your prestige, visit a post where there are land-bound men or look at that gleam in your folks' eyes. You live in a world they hardly know.

Now you're on your own. When you step into that bomber, a lot of people who never saw you before in their lives will have laid a large amount of life and hope and cold money on your nose. They believe in you.

Happy landings, lieutenant!

2ND LT. G. JOHNSON



1152nd
NAVIGATION TRAINING
SQUADRON

1152nd Pilots

CAPTAIN HORACE E. HATCH
Squadron Commander

2nd Lt. R. H. Boemler
2nd Lt. R. J. Bollman
1st Lt. E. P. Curry
F/O F. J. Danner
2nd Lt. M. N. Day
2nd Lt. R. E. Dewitt
2nd Lt. H. G. Donahue
2nd Lt. W. P. Donley
F/O J. J. Dunn
2nd Lt. D. W. Enyart
2nd Lt. E. L. Eubanks
2nd Lt. H. A. Franklin
2nd Lt. A. W. Geary
2nd Lt. G. B. Gillen
2nd Lt. L. H. Gonzales

2nd Lt. D. O. Marion
1st Lt. G. J. Martin
2nd Lt. R. E. Mason
2nd Lt. H. McKim
2nd Lt. J. H. Meadows
2nd Lt. C. L. Miller
2nd Lt. R. E. Miltz
2nd Lt. D. G. Minard
2nd Lt. C. E. Moffett
2nd Lt. W. M. Molloy, Jr.
2nd Lt. R. A. Morton
2nd Lt. S. E. Orcutt
2nd Lt. T. E. Parsons
2nd Lt. E. T. Pinson
2nd Lt. L. W. Powers



Capt. J. R. Grant
2nd Lt. W. B. Gray
2nd Lt. D. B. Hannum
2nd Lt. L. J. Hatcher
2nd Lt. P. S. Hopson
2nd Lt. N. S. James
1st Lt. E. T. Jenn, Jr.
2nd Lt. G. K. Johnson
2nd Lt. R. E. Jones
2nd Lt. L. C. Kline
2nd Lt. J. A. Korver
2nd Lt. J. J. Madden
1st Lt. L. G. Madson
2nd Lt. R. C. Mallery

2nd Lt. C. G. Rayfield
2nd Lt. J. E. Ross
Capt. S. V. Rush
2nd Lt. D. B. Sayre
2nd Lt. E. F. Schwalbe
2nd Lt. D. E. Schmidt
2nd Lt. W. W. Smiley
2nd Lt. S. Spiegel
2nd Lt. J. J. Summers
2nd Lt. E. R. Thonander
2nd Lt. W. A. Walker
1st Lt. J. D. Whalen
1st Lt. J. V. Willis



Capt. Horace E. Hatch,
COMMANDER

1st Lt. Tyler A. Redfield
SQUADRON TRAINING OFFICER



1152nd
N. T. S. Staff



1st Lt. James G. Moss
MILITARY TRAINING OFFICER



2nd Lt. David G. Turner
ADJUTANT AND SUPPLY OFFICER

1st Lt. Benton C. Tolley, Jr.
CLASS TRAINING OFFICER





"O. K., Mister"

Echelon Two

In the relatively short period of time since Class 43-12 began its training, Unit 2 has developed from a group of inquisitive young men to a group of trained and skilled navigators. Their progress has been marked by the increasing accuracy of the flight missions they have undertaken.

Unit 2 is representative of America. The men are from everywhere—California and New York, Michigan and Georgia, Tennessee and Texas. Some are old soldiers, some entered navigation training directly from civilian life. All are volunteers, and all are anxious to share in the vital role of air power in determining our final victory. As they graduate to new and larger airplanes, they know their destiny and purpose: Precision navigation for ultimate success.



Lt. L. Vivian

COMMANDER

INSTRUCTORS

Left to Right: 2nd Lt. M. N. Schachter, 2nd Lt. N. J. Crawford,
2nd Lt. T. E. Sorby, 2nd Lt. G. Johnson.





Alby, Robert C.
Waterford, Wisc.

Arendt, Emil A., Jr.
Nashville, Tenn.



Auch, Walter E.
Grosse Pointe, Mich.



Biespel, Harold
New York City, N. Y.

Bernheim, Edward A.
New York City, N. Y.



Bolyard, Kenneth W.
Buffalo, N. Y.



Boulos, Alfred
Brooklyn, N. Y.





Cerra, Peter A.
Carbondale, Pa.



Collins, Lyndon V.
Pontiac, Mich.



Colon-Colon, Flores
Utuado, P. R.



Corcoran, John M.
New York City, N. Y.



Coyle, Charles
Plymouth, Mich.



Crews, William A., Jr.
Spring Grove, Ill.



Curtis, Howard D.
Rochester, N. Y.



Donovan, James F.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fleming, Julian D.
Buckhead, Ga.



Franklin, Joseph L.
E. Orange, N. J.



Gardiner, William H.
Houston, Texas

Garrett, Edward F.
Menards, N. Y.



Gelman, Martin
Philadelphia, Pa.



Gendron, Harold E.
Tucson, Ariz.





Greenburg, Daniel H.
Chesterfield, Conn.

Grief, Herman J.
New Brunswick, N. J.



Hollowitz, David
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Hemingway, Thos. C.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Hinckley, John L., III
Midway City, Calif.



Johnson, Wm. Howard
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Johnson, Wm. Henry
Elmhurst, N. Y.

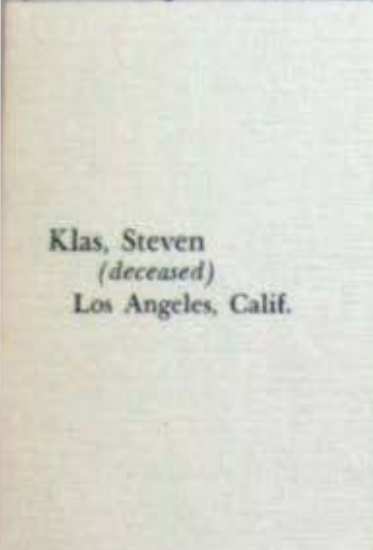




Jones, Robert F.
(deceased)
Toledo, Ohio



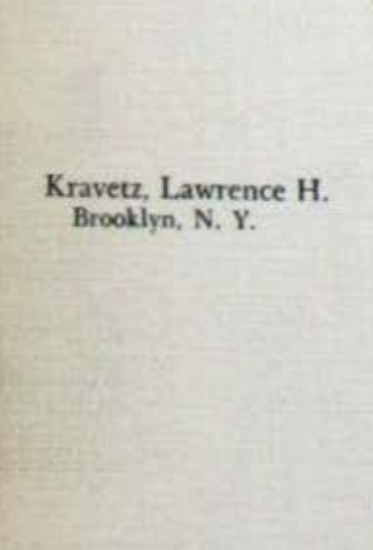
Kessler, Lester
(deceased)
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Klas, Steven
(deceased)
Los Angeles, Calif.



Klippel, Gilbert F.
Kansas City, Mo.



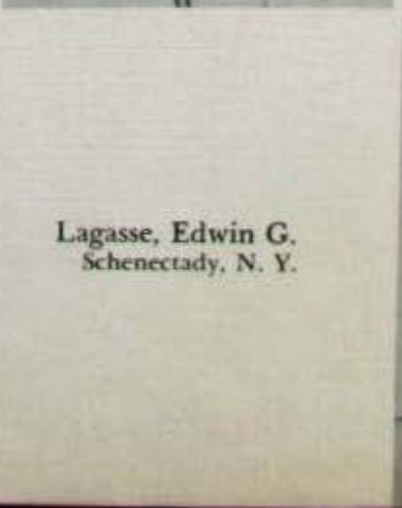
Kravetz, Lawrence H.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Kuemmel, John P.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Kupferman, Theodore
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Lagasse, Edwin G.
Schenectady, N. Y.



Echelon Three

Hail to the "Fighting Third," assembled from various units at Ellington Field; the men of Echelon Three came to San Marcos in the best of spirits and after some long, long days they are approaching top spirits again.

From the quality of its instructors to the fraternity atmosphere of its "troopers," Unit Three has been an ideal spot for a navigator to be trained. This organization has been commended by a colonel for its smart appearance and at another time confined for its "raunchyness." Having seen both sides of cadet life is an asset to an officer. It tempers judgment with memories.

While training, Unit Three piled up an estimated 2000 off-course miles and 15 hours of ETA error, but today "the third" unanimously agrees they are the "hottest navigators" at San Marcos.

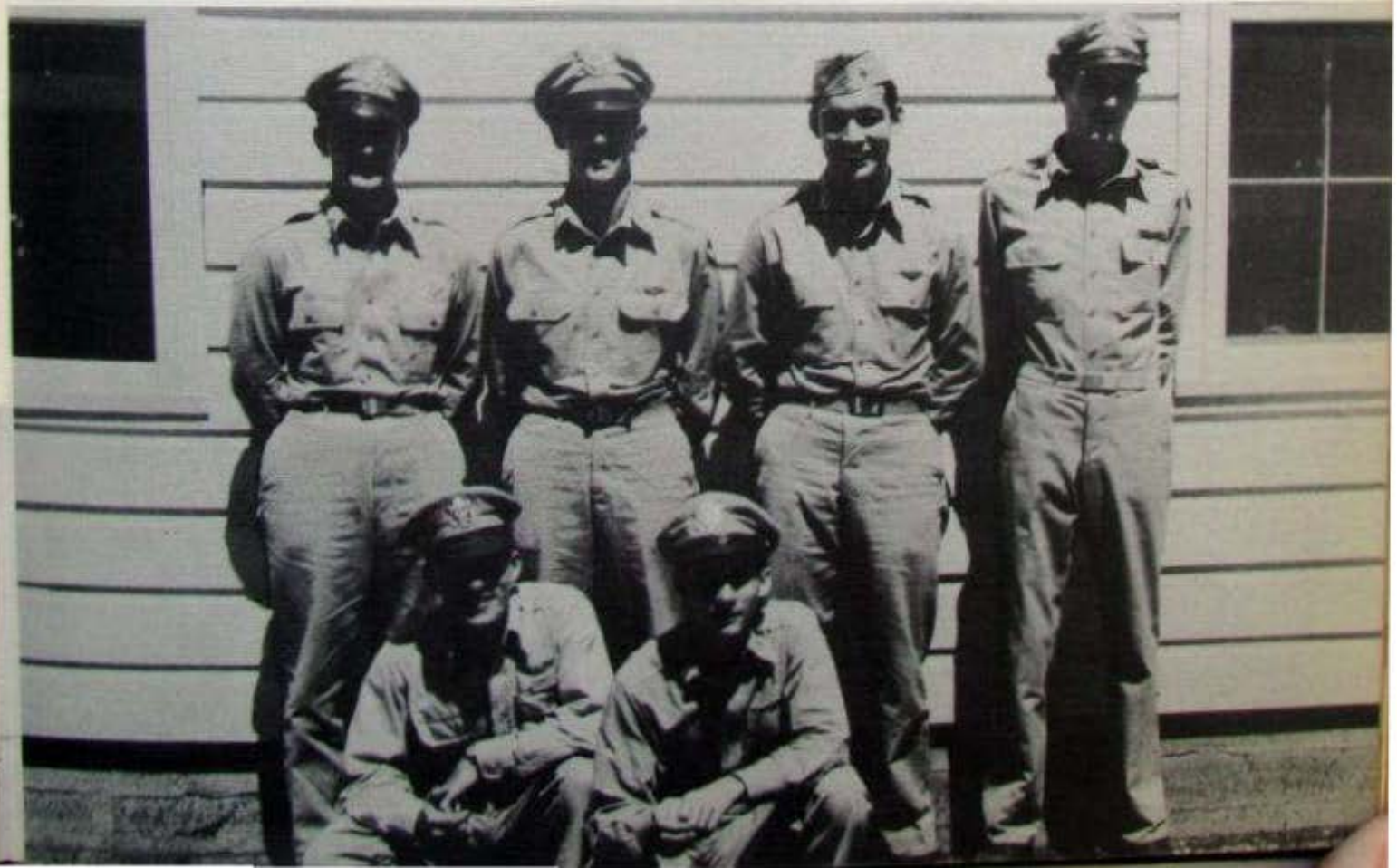


Lt. F. H. Trowbridge

COMMANDER

INSTRUCTORS

Left to right: 2nd Lt. P. C. Stonis, 2nd Lt. F. L. Krause, 2nd Lt. J. T. Wareing, 2nd Lt. H. Price, 2nd Lt. D. B. Tucker, 2nd Lt. D. Reavis.





Langworthy, Wm. M.
Rochester, N. Y.



Laurini, Zane P.
Rochester, N. Y.



Lee, Alfred O., Jr.
Cranston, R. I.



Livermore, Donald B.
Lynn, Mass.



MacDonald, Bertell A.
Wausaw, Wisc.



McCormick, Raymond A.
Milwaukee, Wisc.



McNeil, Leonard G.
Albany, N. Y.



Malley, John E.
Minersville, Pa.

Malloy, Raymond L.
West View, Pa.



Mann, Wm. K., Jr.
E. St. Louis, Ill.



Mazza, Ben K.
Houston, Texas

Meneeley, Reynold C., Jr.
Rock Glenn, Pa.



Mills, Abram J.
Elmira, N. Y.



Mollo, John M.
Chicago, Ill.





Monty, Ralph W.
Plattsburg, N. Y.



Muller, Henry, III
Forest Hills, N. Y.



Murtagh, Hugh H.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Musto, Anthony J.
E. Orange, N. J.

Nisiobincki, Edward J.
Schenectady, N. Y.



Noone, George
Lynn, Mass.



Nykanen, Wm. R.
Jamaica, N. Y.





Odette, Louis C.
Cadillac, Mich.

Oliver, Clayton L.
Waco, Texas



Oravec, Joseph J.
Johnstown, Pa.



Orley, Joseph P.
Napoleon, N. Y.

Ortenberg, Ben
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Overshine, Verle F.
Summitville, Ind.



Pace, Charles C., Jr.
Bala Cynwyd, Pa.





Paggi, Hugo J.
Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.



Paglieri, Chas. M.
Little Falls, N. J.



Palmer, Philip L.
Grinnell, Ia.



Parker, Walter A., Jr.
Avenel, N. J.



Parkes, Richard J.
Lyons Sta., Pa.



Parr, Harry E., Jr.
Cleveland, Ohio



Pedersen, Nels W.
Chicago, Ill.



Pennino, Francis M.
Belmont, Mass.

Pergantis, Nondas
Chicago, Ill.



Brent, Raymond D.
Detroit, Mich.



Davies, Gerald B.
Detroit, Mich.

Harmon, Fred E., Jr.
Providence, R. I.



Pendleton, Hal, 1st Lt.
Munday, Texas

Myyra, William A., 2nd Lt.
Coventry, R. I.

Trybyszewski, F. J., 2nd Lt.
Cleveland, Ohio



Echelon Four



Lt. Paul B. Marion

COMMANDER

There were few dull moments during the past 18 weeks for this carefree group of navigadets under the excellent leadership of Echelon Commander Lt. Paul B. Marion and his swell staff of instructors. From the first flight in which paper bags and tin cans were standard equipment to the last celestial mission in which complete confidence in his knowledge of navigation was shown, each cadet of 43-12-4 demonstrated his ability to "take it." Quite a few men in the unit enjoyed that "grand and glorious" feeling that comes with zero-zero missions.

It has been a good experience and 43-12-4 is now ready to take its place among the legions of navigators now directing their ships of destruction over the cities of all enemies of the Allied Nations.

INSTRUCTORS

Left to right: Lt. D. E. Farr, Lt. M. P. Schad, Lt. R. M. McDougale,
Lt. H. W. Mead, Lt. H. J. Tyler.





Peterson, George M., Jr.
Detroit, Mich.



Pickard, Edward T., Jr.
Kent, Conn.



Pirie, James D.
No. Tarrytown, N. Y.



Pitts, John F., Jr.
Fayetteville, Tenn.



Place, Harlan S.
Emmetsburg, Ia.



Plymell, Donald J.
Portland, Ore.



Polce, John L.
Geneva, N. Y.



Pollak, Edward B.
Bronx, N. Y.

Post, Howard H.
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.



Pratt, Richard J.
Eric, Pa.



Preis, Charles M.
St. Louis, Mo.

Priebe, Harless W.
Denver, Colo.



Principe, Joseph S.
Long Island City, N. Y.



Puetz, George W.
Ambia, Ind.





Purl, Thomas E.
Georgetown, Texas



Putrius, Joseph A.
Lynn, Mass.

Quayle, Stephen E., Jr.
Iron River, Mich.



Quisno, Harold P.
Whittier, Calif.

Radosevich, Edward A.
Benoit, Wisc.



Ralston, Robert B.
Wilmerding, Pa.



Resnick, Solomon I.
New York City, N. Y.





Rice, Thomas F., Jr.
Hartford, Conn.



Rickels, James W.
Hamilton, Ohio

Rickert, Roland D.
Wapakonita, Ohio



Roberts, Donald J.
Deannette, Pa.

Roberts, Edward C., Jr.
Prospect Park, Pa.



Roberts, Marvin E.
Denver, Colo.



Roberts, Walter H.
Lancaster, Pa.





Robertson, Dale F.
Parma, Idaho

Robuck, Walter P.
Brownsville, Pa.



Rochat, Maurice W.
W. Palm Beach, Fla.



Rogers, Burton I.
San Diego, Calif.

Rohan, Lawrence F.
Cincinnati, Ohio



Rose, Anthony J.
Springfield, Ill.



Roy, Morris J., Jr.
Miami, Fla.





Rudenstein, Elliott
Orange, N. J.



Rubin, Herbert
New York City, N. Y.

Russeth, Robert A.
Minneapolis, Minn.



Ryan, Frank M.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Sabin, Louis S.
Bronx, N. Y.



Salmer, Clifford D., Jr.
Louisville, Ky.






Direction Finding

Radio vs Astro-compass



*"Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun-----"*



1154th
NAVIGATION TRAINING
SQUADRON

1154th Pilots

MAJOR JACK B. RILEY
Squadron Commander

1st Lt. J. S. Warren	2nd Lt. W. C. Lindhe
F/O W. S. Forrester	2nd Lt. W. E. Robertson
2nd Lt. W. Goff	2nd Lt. M. S. Wigonitz
2nd Lt. W. R. Hoyle	2nd Lt. J. J. McHale
2nd Lt. S. C. Shamansky	2nd Lt. P. J. McCormick
2nd Lt. E. G. Konrad	2nd Lt. C. M. Vandiver
2nd Lt. T. D. Kotowski	2nd Lt. N. D. Porter
2nd Lt. J. B. Modglin	F/O H. W. Engle
2nd Lt. J. M. Sirochman	1st Lt. R. W. Still
2nd Lt. W. F. Messink	F/O J. T. Ball
2nd Lt. J. J. Reinhardt	2nd Lt. L. E. Schultz
2nd Lt. A. T. Vise	1st Lt. H. K. Johnston
2nd Lt. E. W. Wiedle	2nd Lt. J. R. Reese
F/O J. A. McMullen	2nd Lt. J. C. Page
2nd Lt. P. J. Samson	2nd Lt. W. L. Jacobs
2nd Lt. R. A. Gibson	2nd Lt. F. G. Trulan
2nd Lt. G. E. Zagelow	2nd Lt. F. F. Sargent
2nd Lt. J. H. Gentry	2nd Lt. D. W. Foster
1st Lt. B. J. McKinnis	2nd Lt. C. E. McLeroy
1st Lt. A. B. Franklin	2nd Lt. E. A. Planta
F/O V. S. Williamson	2nd Lt. S. A. Smith
2nd Lt. E. F. Mahone	2nd Lt. C. A. Leach
2nd Lt. W. R. McFarland	2nd Lt. S. K. Metzger
2nd Lt. J. E. Jennings	2nd Lt. H. W. Savio
2nd Lt. E. C. Jolly	2nd Lt. H. T. Jensen
2nd Lt. R. A. Kearney	2nd Lt. T. H. Montgomery
2nd Lt. K. W. Lang	



Major Jack B. Riley
COMMANDING OFFICER



Capt. Chas. F. Otto
Training Officer

2nd Lt.
Harold C. Hartling
Military Trg. Officer



2nd Lt.
Geo. D. Pursell
Adj. & Supply Officer



1st Lt.
Wm. F. Barthel
Class Training Officer





Reading Drift

Echelon Six

Marching together, eating together, flying together, living together; here's an outfit that's become a unit not only in the military sense but in a social sense as well.

When 12-6 has gone on there will always be memories to look back on. How about Joe Shields and his "M.B.T."? It will be hard to forget "MAKE NO DIFFERENCE," and we will always remember sweating out those week-end flights, and when lights were out Slaten's unending chatter. It'll be tough to forget "Let's be working and that metro wind from 180 at 5."

These and all the others we will not forget when we leave this school to prove that 12-6 will do its share toward the goal for which we fight.



1st Lt. D. G. Frank

COMMANDER

INSTRUCTORS

Left to right, standing: 2nd Lt. F. E. Rogers, 2nd Lt. T. E. Schermerhorn, 2nd Lt. H. A. Touangeau. Front: 2nd Lt. M. M. Feiman, 1st Lt. D. G. Frank, 2nd Lt. W. A. Fleming.





Sample, Thomas E., Jr.
Houston, Tex.

Sanborn, Frederick H.
Chichester, N. H.



Sandt, Ralph A.
Easton, Pa.



Sarbaugh, Lawrence E.
Dresden, Ohio

Schadler, Eugene F.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Schaeffer, James R.
Amarillo, Texas

Schlieper, Roger F.
St. Paul, Minn.



Schuit, Richard R.
Hawthorne, N. J.





Schwartz, Bernard
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Schwartz, Paisach
Hartford, Conn.



Schwartz, Wm. F.
Williamsport, Pa.



Scurletis, Louis D.
Swissvale, Pa.

Seidell, Frederick M., Jr.
Ellettsville, Ind.



Seidlitz, Chas. N., Jr.
Kansas City, Mo.



Settle, Charles H.
Gainesboro, Tenn.

Sheets, Raymond F.
Brooklyn, N. Y.





Shelton, Arthur M., Jr.
Geneva, N. Y.



Shields, Joseph J.
St. Louis, Mo.

Shine, Edward T.
Kansas City, Mo.



Silvis, John E.
Chicago, Ill.

Simms, James J.
N. Clarkston, S. C.



Skelley, Homer L.
Toledo, Ohio



Slep, Jerome
Lakewood, N. J.

Sloan, Charles E.
Homestead, Pa.





Smith, Harold E.
Mayport, Pa.

Smith, John J.
Newton, Mass.



Smith, Oscar L.
Hillsboro, Tex.



Smith, Vernon D.
Bellingham, Wash.

Smith, Wm. D., Jr.
Denver, Colo.



Smith, Wilson D.
Aurora, Ill.



Sowinski, Frank R.
Stewartsville, Ohio

Sperber, Lawrence R.
New York City, N. Y.





Spivack, Isidore H.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Steiner, Floyd D.
Mondovi, Wisc.

Stern, Walter E., Jr.
Rockford, Ill.



Lamoreaux, Geo. W.
Bay City, Mich.



McCarthy, Chas. J., Jr.
Springfield, Mass.



Schmidt, Robert A.
Skokie, Ill.



Echelon Seven



1st Lt. W. C. Mercer

COMMANDER

Eighteen weeks of "sweating out" phase exams, ground missions, and most of all, flight missions, will live long in the memories of these boys. San Antonio and Austin on Saturday night and swimming on Sunday made the rigorous week a lot easier. Here's hoping that all of those characteristics that made unit 12-7 such a congenial group will follow them into combat.

INSTRUCTORS

Left to right, standing: 2nd Lt. H. E. Caldwell, 2nd Lt. J. A. Vanslette, 2nd Lt. T. B. Morris. Front: 2nd Lt. W. C. Werth, 2nd Lt. J. B. Murphy.





Stine, Everett F.
Paxton, Ill.

Stone, Robert B.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Sukiennik, Matthew S.
N. Y. Mills, N. Y.



Susselman, Harold M.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Symmes, Ledley B., Jr.
Wilmington, N. C.



Szydowski, M. L.
Batavia, N. Y.



Tasch, Frederick
New York City, N. Y.

Taylor, Jack K.
San Antonio, Tex.





Taylor, Joseph T.
Waco, Tex.

Taxel, Irving
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Tevelin, Henry
Uniontown, Pa.



Thompson, Abraham
Bridgeport, Conn.

Thompson, Robert B.
Housatonic, Mass.



Thomson, Morris A.
Platte, S. D.



Thurber, Raymond L.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Tobin, David T., Jr.
New Haven, Conn.





Townsend, Edgar F., Jr.
Baltimore, Md.



Treubick, Joseph E.
New Kensington, Pa.

Turner, Lyle C.
Arkansas City, Kans.



Tweel, Naseeb S.
Huntington, W. Va.

Vadenais, Hilaire A.
Los Angeles, Calif.



Valente, Anthony J.
Paulsboro, N. J.



Vance, Joseph R., Jr.
Atlanta, Ga.

Vandemark, Herbert G.
Columbus, Ohio





Vander Loon, Robert H.
Muskegon, Mich.



Vander Schaaf, Clair D.
St. Joseph, Mich.

Vaughn, Bruce A.
Evansville, Ind.



Verner, John E.
San Francisco, Calif.

Wagner, Frederick P.
Baldwin, N. Y.



Waldman, Wesley L.
Birmingham, Ala.



Wortman, Wilbur J.
Grinnell, Ia.

Marsh, Edward R.
Chicago, Ill.



Echelon Eight

SUNDAY SADNESS or The Plight of 43-12-8



The air of the morn was clear and pure,
The navigator's mind was fogged and unsure,
For this was another Sunday flight
After the usual Saturday night.

A prayer was trembling on each man's lips
That perhaps—something was wrong with the ships,
And anxious eyes scanned the sky,
Coz when weather's bad you just don't fly.

But, alas, the weather was clear; the ships as good as new,
So the Sunday men were all undone and once again they flew.
The problem: How could men in such condition
Ever turn in a decent mission?

The answer: With all the practice 12-8 had had
Their Sunday missions couldn't be bad.
And they never wandered far off course,
The problem really has no source.

Now they're finished; they've won their wings,
So let's warn the Axis of one or two things:
If on Sunday morn they plan sleeping late
Watch out for the men of 43-12-8!

1st. Lt. E. M. Christensen

COMMANDER

INSTRUCTORS

Left to right, standing: 1st Lt. E. M. Christensen, 2nd Lt. J. W. Cashin, 2nd Lt. R. O. Byers, 2nd Lt. M. B. Ryder. Front: 2nd Lt. E. D. Brindley, 2nd Lt. I. B. Wilson, 2nd Lt. H. G. Scholler.





Walker, Gilbert T.
Reed, W. Va.

Walker, Nathan R.
Perry, N. Y.



Wareham, Jas. A.
New Kensington, Pa.



Watkins, Chas. R.
No. Quincy, Mass.

Watkins, James F.
Kansas City, Mo.



Webb, Edwin J.
Greenup, Ky.



Weber, John J., Jr.
St. Louis, Mo.





Weingarten, John
Hollis, N. Y.

Weisenburgh, Chas. P.
Indianapolis, Ind.



Weiss, Charles
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Willestat, Edward R.
Chicago, Ill.

Wellons, James C.
Carlisle, Ia.



Welsh, David S.
York, Pa.



Welsh, Wm. T., Jr.
Boston, Mass.





Wenthe, George W.
Effingham, Ill.

Wescott, William B.
Kirkland, Wash.



Wertz, Wm. W.
Berwick, Pa.



Wettig, Carl O.
E. St. Louis, Ill.

Wiener, Harry J.
Los Angeles, Calif.



Wilbur, Newton C.
Norwalk, Conn.



Wilensky, Abraham E.
Brooklyn, N. Y.





Wilkins, Ernest H., Jr.
Longmeadow, Mass.



Williams, John L., Jr.
New Castle, Ky.

Williams, L. E.
New Providence, Ia.



Williams, Richard L.
Barber, Mont.

Williams, Thos. P.
Newburgh, N. Y.



Williamson, Chas. R., Jr.
Wyoming, Ohio



Williamson, Thos. W.
Peebles, Ohio





Wittman, Ervin E.
Sheboygan, Wisc.

Wolf, Irving A.
Detroit, Mich.



Wolff, Wm. E.
Hickory, N. C.



Wood, Franklin
Beaver, W. Va.

Wood, Geo. W.
Ventura, Calif.



Woodward, Ray R.
Willow Creek, Mont.



Wright, John J.
Newburgh, N. Y.





Young, Loyd W., Jr.
Cleveland, Ohio



Younker, Robt. C.
Oil City, Pa.

Zolner, Joseph
Berlin, N. H.



Selvich, John G.
Bay Shore, N. Y.



Velie, John J., 2nd Lt.
Minneapolis, Minn.



Watson, Valdean, 2nd Lt.
Ogden, Utah



Echelon Nine

(STUDENT OFFICERS)



2nd Lt. Acheson, Wm.
Phoenix, Ariz.



2nd Lt. Brown, J. V.
Chicago, Ill.

2nd Lt. Chilcott, Jas. T.
San Marcos, Tex.



2nd Lt. Dale, Wm. P.
Alton, Ill.

2nd Lt. Davis, Robt. S.
Blue Mound, Kans.



2nd Lt. Forhan, John F.
Park Ridge, Ill.



2nd Lt. Gardner, J. R.
Bloomington, Ill.





2nd Lt. Gray, Lewis H.
Old Hickory, Tenn.



2nd Lt. Hirschfield, H. C.
Chicago, Ill.

2nd Lt. Hopwood, B. T.
Los Angeles, Calif.



2nd Lt. Horstmann, A.
Georgetown, Colo.

2nd Lt. Klatt, G. G.
Mora, Minn.



2nd Lt. Lampert, L. A.
St. Paul, Minn.



2nd Lt. Lipscomb, Ben O.
Portland, Ore.

2nd Lt. Miller, David H.
Cleveland, Ohio





2nd Lt. Pickard, N. E.
Seattle, Wash.



2nd Lt. Reading, D. J.
Vallejo, Calif.

2nd Lt. Reimer, K. C.
Chicago, Ill.



2nd Lt. Ritchey, W. C.
New London, Ia.

2nd Lt. Roberts, E. S.
Los Angeles, Calif.



2nd Lt. Robertson, R. J.
Pery, Ind.



2nd Lt. Salkin, Douglas
Brooklyn, N. Y.

2nd Lt. Saroff, Morris
Los Angeles, Calif.





2nd Lt. Schreck, John L.
Detroit, Mich.

2nd Lt. Schwab, G. T.
St. Paul, Minn.



2nd Lt. Simmons, J. A.
Atlanta, Ga.



2nd Lt. Soules, H. E.
Salt Lake City, Utah

2nd Lt. Spain, R. E.
Butler, Mo.



2nd Lt. Starnes, A. M.
Roanoke, Texas



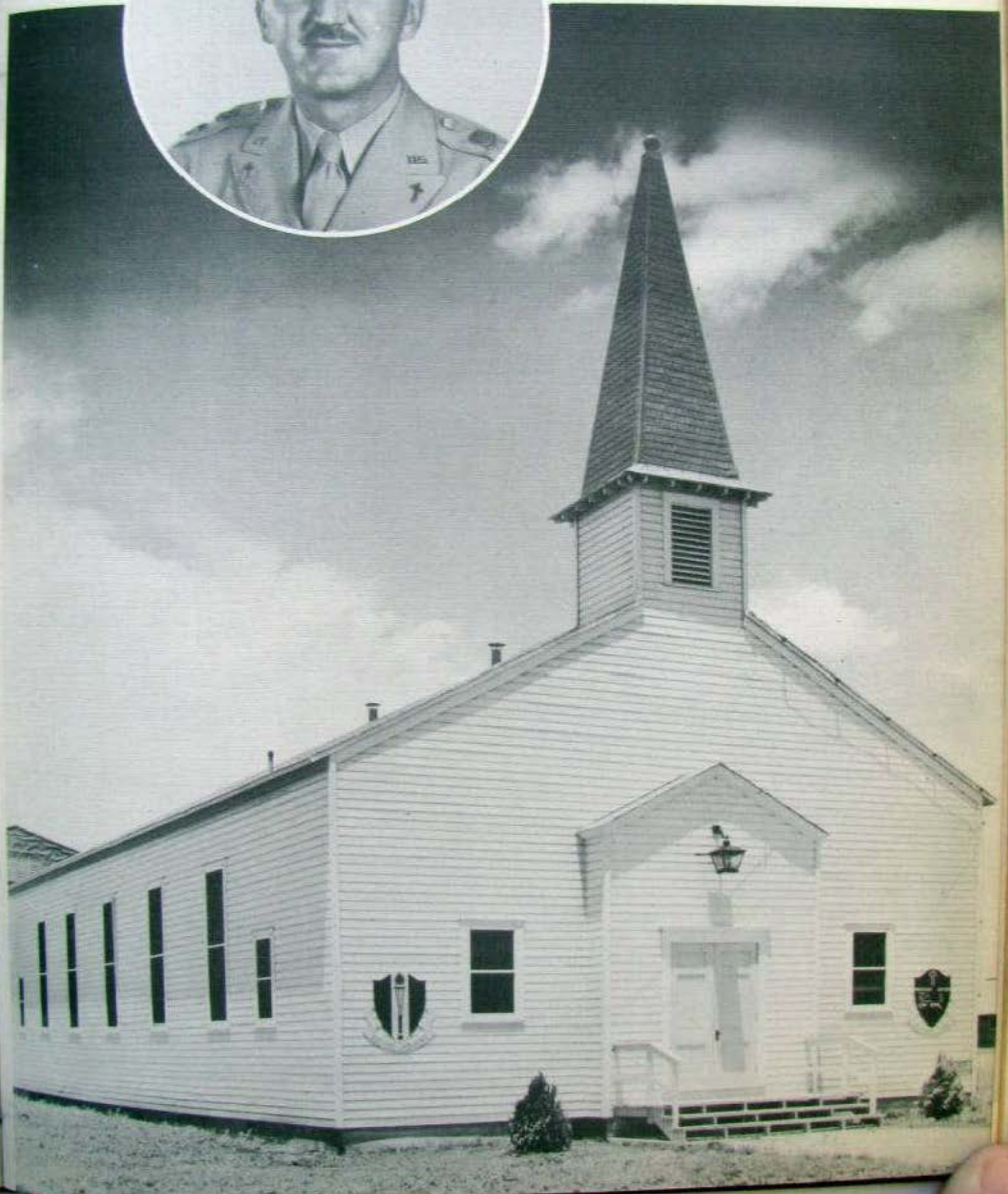
2nd Lt. Stein, Monroe
Passaic, N. J.

2nd Lt. Szafranski, Geo.
Lansing, Mich.



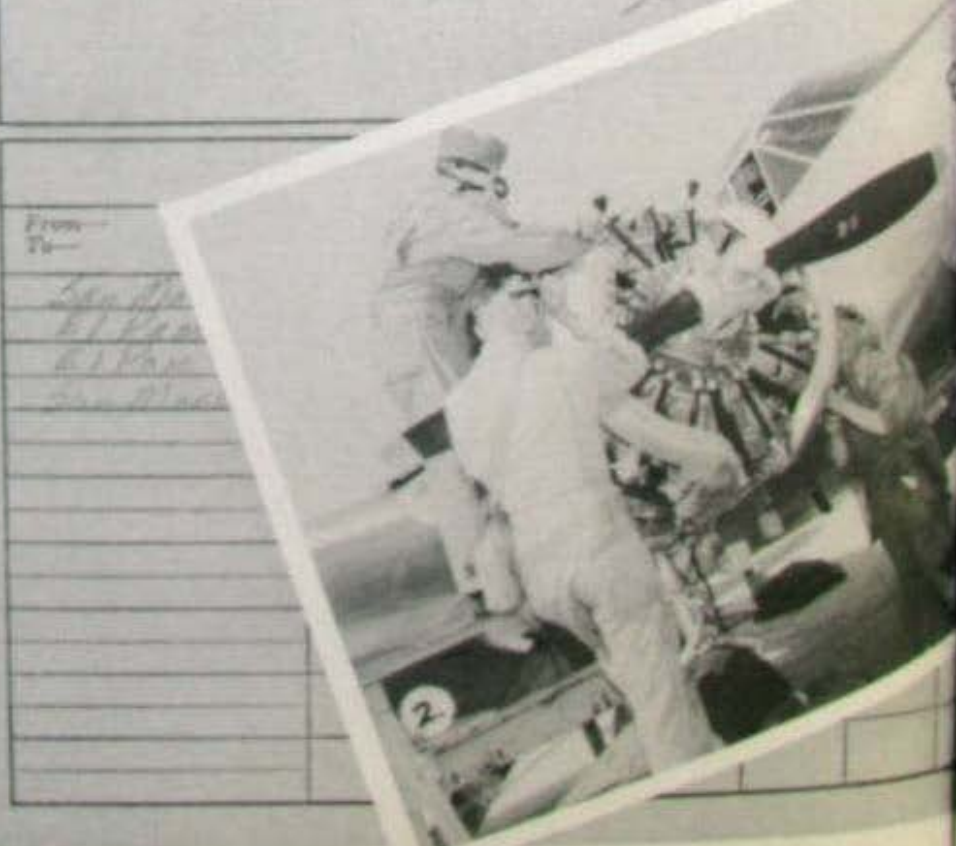


Capt. B. G. Hoffmann
Post Chaplain



NAVIGATOR'S LOG

PLANE NO. <i>15764</i>	TYPE <i>AT-7</i>
PLACE OF DEPARTURE <i>SA</i>	
DESTINATION	



1. "Roger 56714 clear to take off when ship clears runway — over —"

2. When the engine talks for them.

3. First Navigator to Pilot, "— ah, er — just a minute, sir."

4. Perhaps the crystal ball can solve their problem.

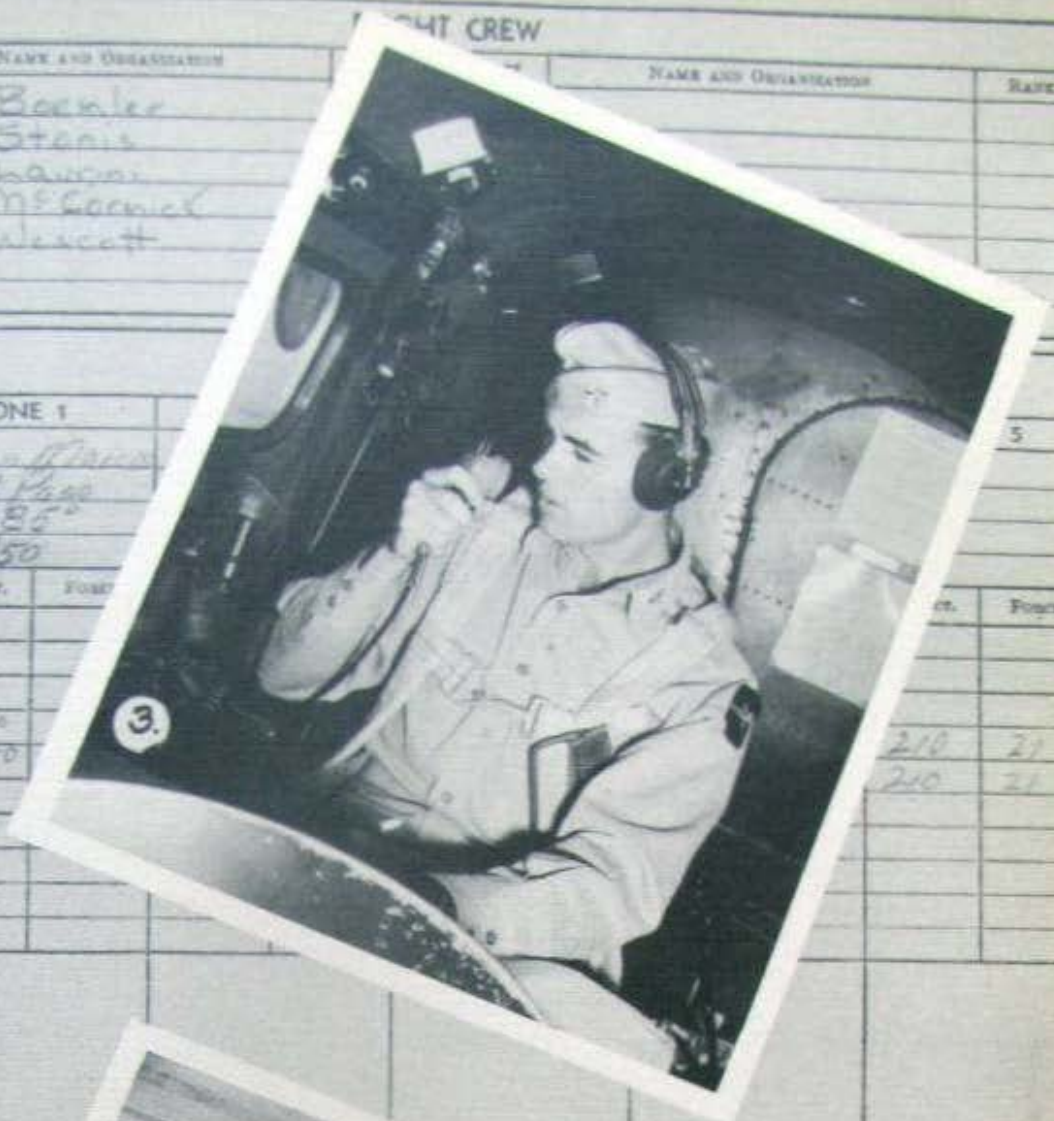
From
To

San Diego
El Paso
El Paso
San Diego

*was a low
thunder showers
light haze*

PILOT CREW

POST	NAME AND ORGANIZATION	NAME AND ORGANIZATION	RANK
P	Boomer		
W	Stanis		
SN	Lawson		
SN	McCormick		
SN	Wescott		



ZONE 1
 From— San Marcos
 To— El Paso
 COURSE 285
 DIST. 450

ALTITUDE	DIST.	FOUR	FOUR
2,000			
4,000			
6,000			
8,000	170°		
10,000	175°	210	21
12,000		210	21
14,000			
16,000			
18,000			
20,000			

CLOUDS



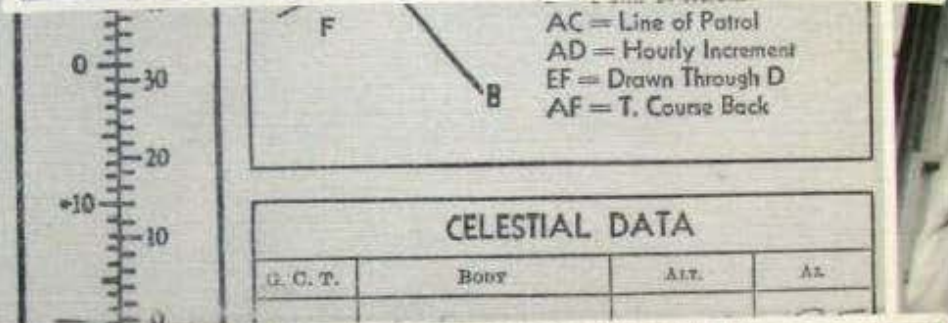
1. Navigator's brain — E 6 B Computer. Claimed to work as well on income tax.

2. Endless hours of instruction for a student to understand a sextant.

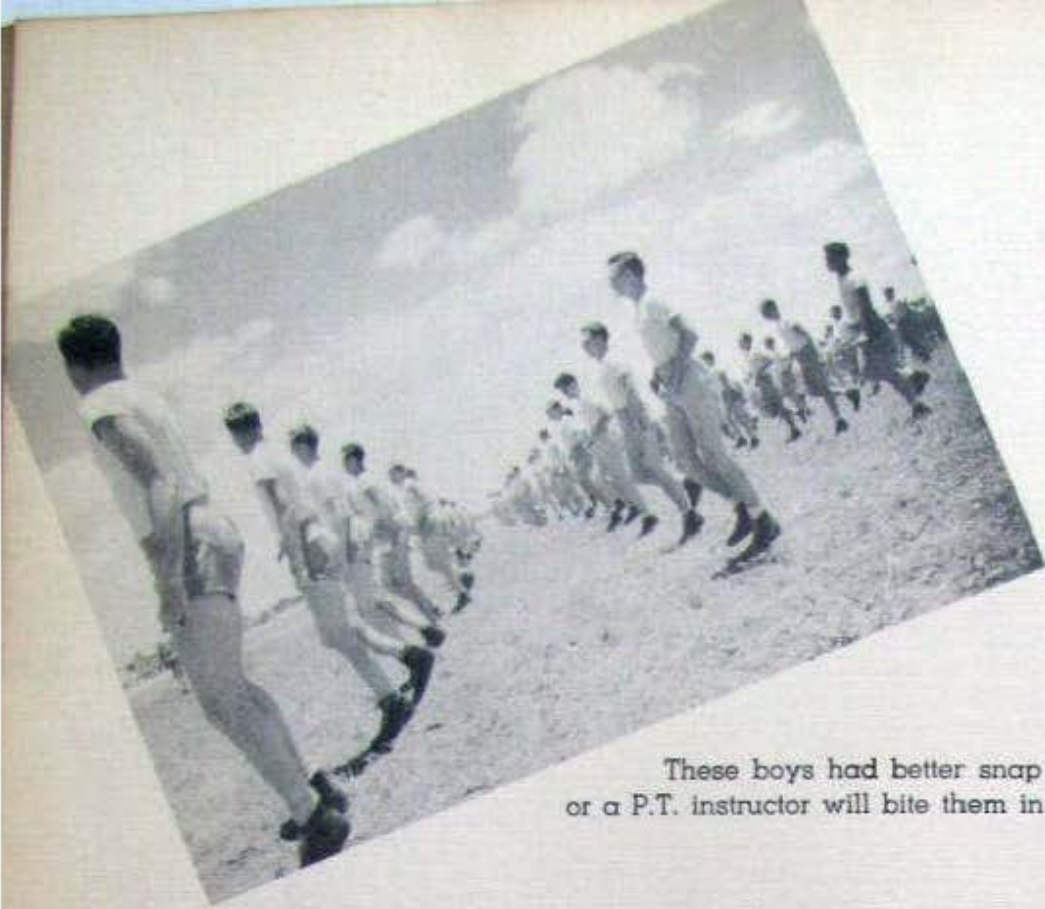
3. He's going to see lots of history through a drift meter!

4. "You misters can now run in and get your notebooks and plot those shots!

5. Student officers practicing for an emergency. This couldn't happen to a bombardier-navigator!!



0440	Dhube	2477	314
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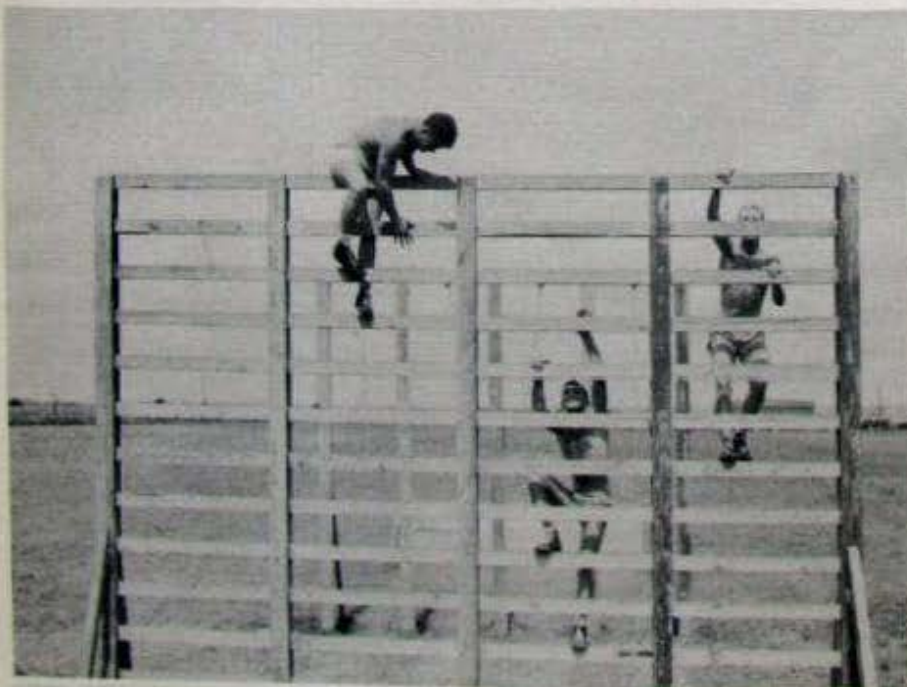


These boys had better snap it up
or a P.T. instructor will bite them in half!



See that big happy

"P T" = Physi



Obstacles to success.



Apparently
squirming



smile in the 84th row?



Six more push-ups and four laps around the track.

cal Torture!



this character has had practice
through chow lines!

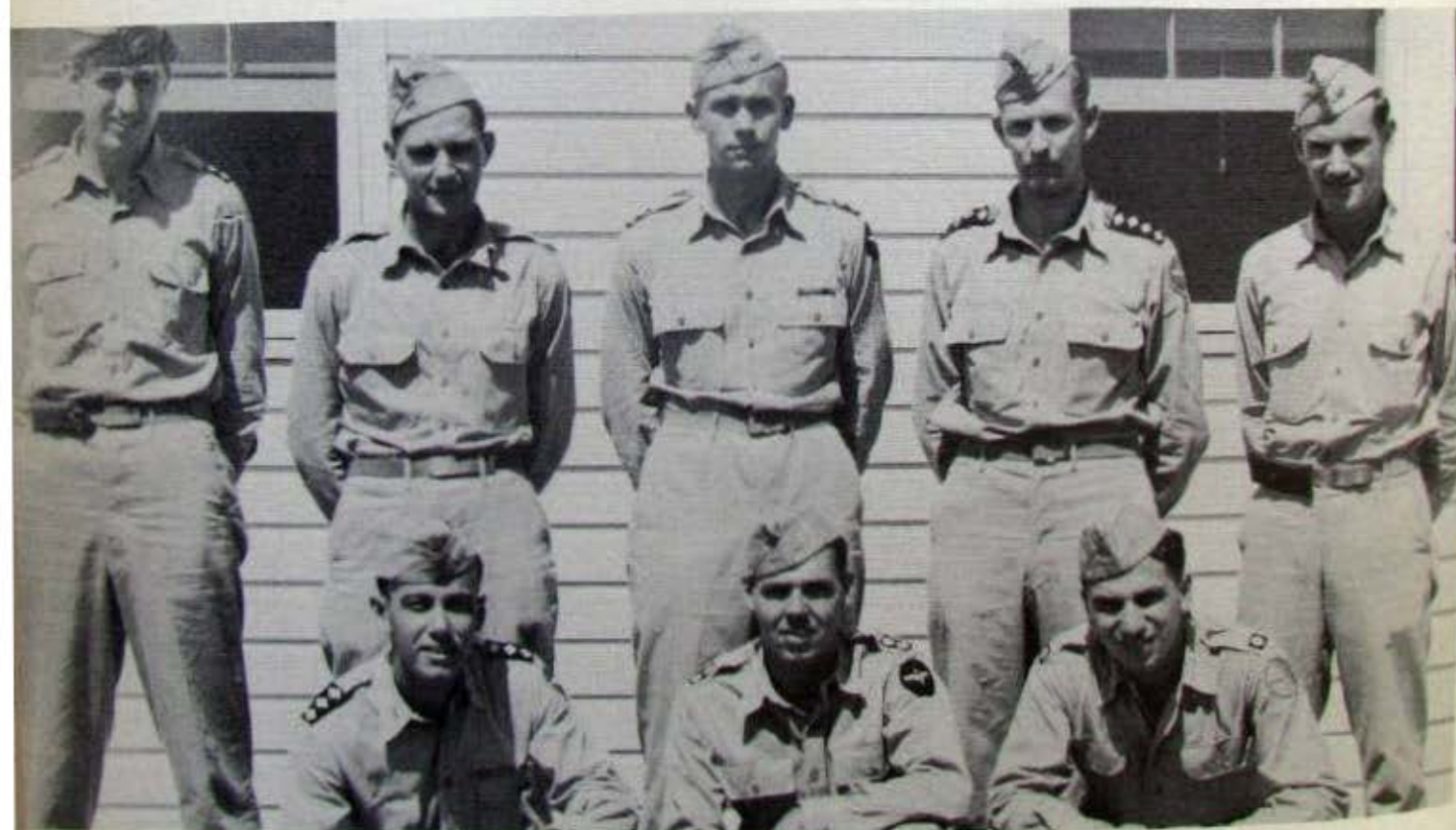


When it's
all thru, you, too,
can be a porch climber!



Cadet Officers - 1152nd Squadron

Front Row, left to right: Z. P. Laurini, G. Noone, W. Langworthy, J. S. Principe, E. C. Roberts, Jr., A. J. Musto, C. D. Sahrner, Jr. Middle Row: G. F. Klippel, W. E. Auch, E. T. Pickard, Jr., J. D. Pirie, W. H. Gardner, L. F. Rohan. Back Row: J. P. Orley, J. L. Hinckley III, J. D. Fleming, L. G. McNeil, W. H. Roberts, H. W. Pirebe, F. M. Ryan.



Cadet Officers - 1154th Squadron

Back Row, left to right: Nelson, C. R. Williamson, W. B. Wescott, N. C. Wilbur, G. W. Wenthe.
Front Row: O. L. Smith, R. B. Thompson, H. M. Susselman.



We, the graduating class of 43-12, being of sound mind and healthy body—the 64s will prove it—do hereby give and bequeath the following:

To our instructors—for the wonderful way in which they have guided us through the strife, misery and sleepless nights of the past eighteen weeks—our wholehearted thanks.

To our many pilots—for the patience they showed, for the accuracy with which they carried us through cumulus and sunshine, and for their composite knowledge of pilotage and radio beams—our deepest gratitude.

To our Crew Chiefs and their followers—for the endless hours they put in keeping wings and fuselage together—we can leave but one thing, our heartfelt appreciation for the fine job they have done.

To our P.T. Instructors—who daily put us through so many weird contortions—our aching muscles and wrenched backs.

To our Mess Officers—those oft-rebuked but kind-souled men—our share of the mess fund.

To our Tac Officers—our ramp-worn shoes.

To the enlisted men—our envy of their 3.2 privileges at the PX.

To the M.P.s—our blessings (?) and forgiveness.

To our waiters—the pleasure of knowing that they no longer have to listen to our unceasing demands for more cold milk.

To the PX girls—the satisfaction of knowing that this particular pack of wolves will bother them no more.

To the Post Cleaners—our shirts and pants that still have not come back.

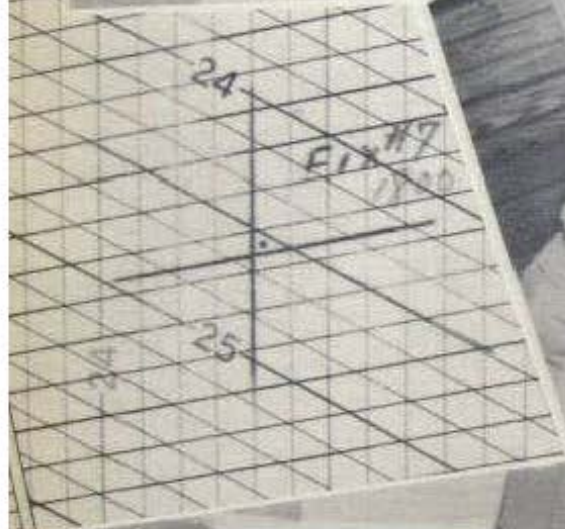
To the Post Theatre—our imprint on the soft, comfortable seats.

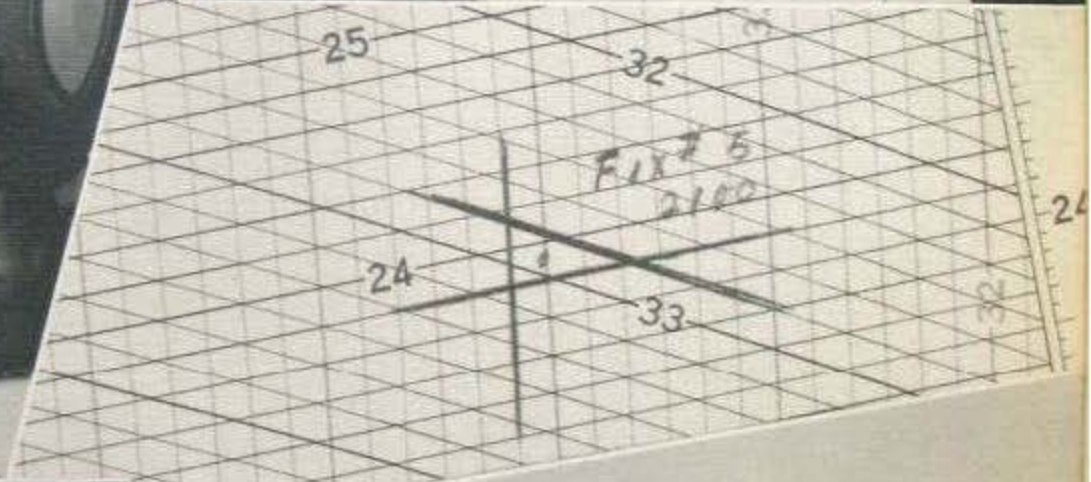
To Austin, New Braunfels, and San Marcos—our tearful farewell and many pleasant memories.

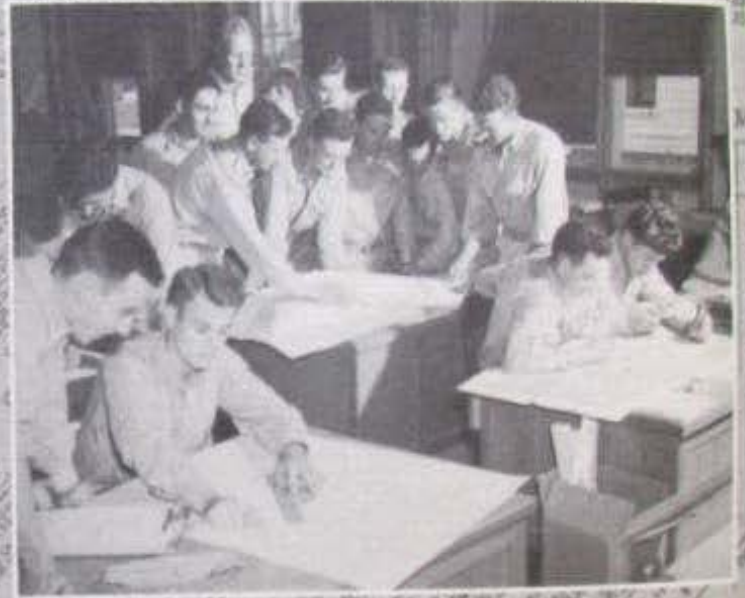
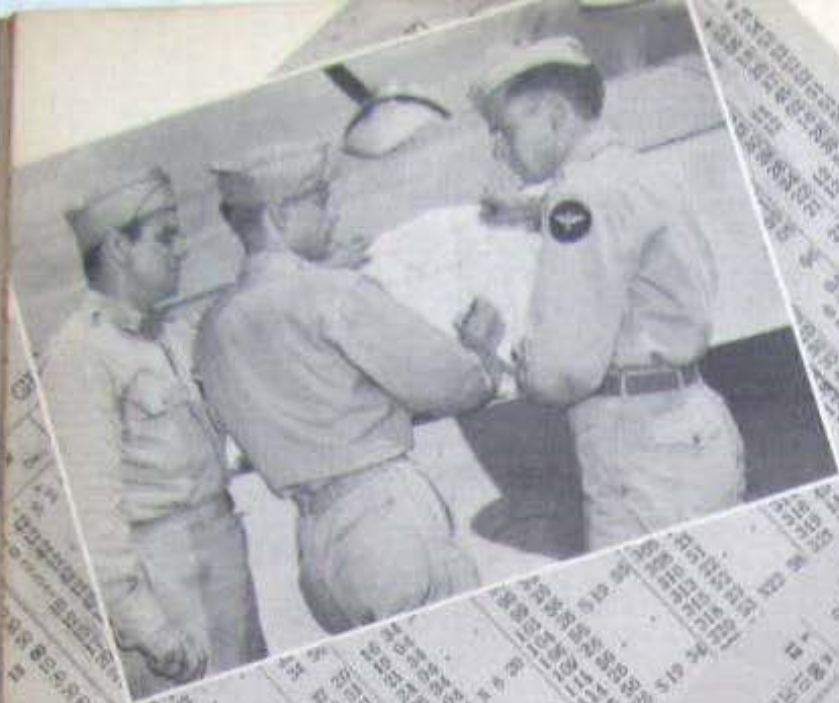
To the Bus Company—a priority on newer, roomier, and faster vehicles.

To the New Men who will soon occupy our places we leave a multitude of little things, among them our late ETAs, our quart containers, our beat-up mercators, late laundry, Saturday stand-bys, many happy Sunday afternoons on the parade ground, and, lest we forget, that glorious sport—Sunday flying.

And to ourselves—the eternal hope of closing out all future logs with ZERO-ZERO.







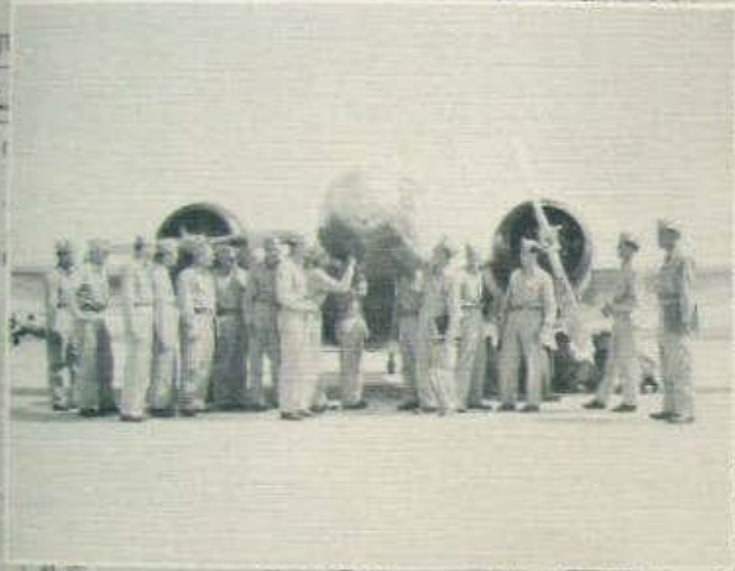
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990	130
1000	130



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344	27	119	33	07						
346	58	122	23	04						
349	28	124	48	04						

THURSDAY



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Post-⁵³



5

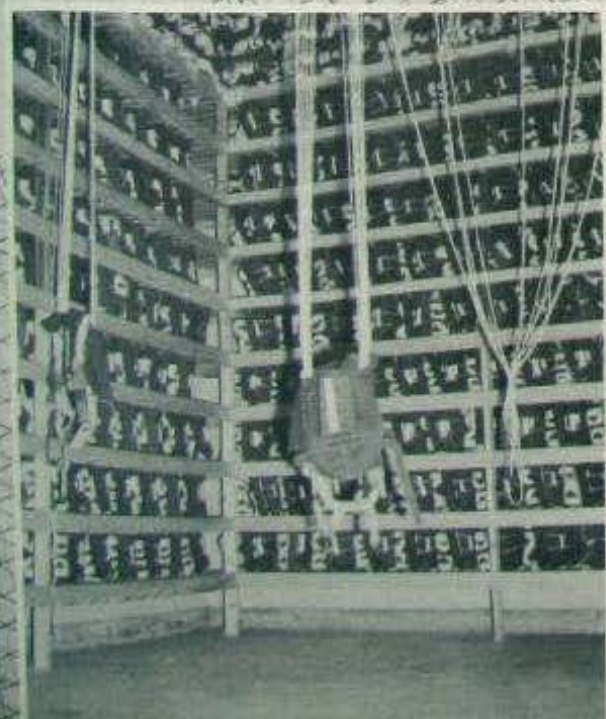


46





Script





PILOT TO NAVIGATOR
"WE ARE OVER DEPARTURE"

RELATIVE BEARING ON THE SUN
WITH A DRIFT METER—
SIMPLIFIED METHOD.







FOR FAMOUS DUMB TRICKS TOO NUMEROUS TO NAME,
"DODO'S" AND "JACKPOTS" HAVE RISEN TO FAME,
A NEW BIRD'S BEEN HATCHED AND IS ON THE MEANDER,
HE'S "LOUIE, THE DEMON NAVIGANDER"!!



LOUIE'S NEW IDEA FOR D.R. AT NIGHT
IT SEEMS TO HIM IT WILL WORK OUT ALRIGHT.
FLY THE PLANE ON IT'S BACK IN THE COURSE DIRECTON.
READ DRIFT ON THE STARS AND REVERSE THE CORRECTION.



DEAD RECKONING'S DONE BEST, SO LOUIE HAS FOUND
BY CONTINUOUSLY READING AND RECORDING A "ROUND"
TO TRY TO DO A "ROUND" IN HIS HEAD.
WOULD ONLY LEAD TO RECKONING-DEAD!!



THAT LOUIE'S UPSET IS PLAIN TO SEE
FOR HIM TO SAVE FACE--PLASTIC SURGERY
WHERE HIS FACE USED TO BE WILL NOW BE A WELT
HE FORGOT TO BUCKLE HIS SAFETY BELT.



LOUIE'S IN FOR AN AWFUL "RACKIN' BACK".
HE WAS DREAMING OF HIS GAL IN HACKENSACK.
HIS PILOT CAME IN WITH AN AWFUL KERPLUNK,
LOUIE'S UNCAGED GYRO IS NOW GYRO JUNK.

• THINGS WE
• REMEMBER •



SUCH AS
"THOSE SATURDAY INSPECTIONS"



SUCH AS
"ALMOST ANY FLIGHT - UM-M-M"



SUCH AS
"GRADUALLY WORKING
OUR WAY DOWN TO THE
"FLIGHT LINE"



AND
"OPEN POST - MAYBE!"

HOW THE GRADUATE NAVIGATOR APPEARS

HIS MOTHER...

TO...

NAVIGATION

NEXT

THE ARMY...

HIS GIRL...

TO ANY OTHER GIRL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

FOR THEIR ASSISTANCE IN FURNISHING PICTURES AND EDITORIAL AID IN THE MAKE-UP OF THIS CLASSBOOK AND FOR THEIR SPLENDID COOPERATION IN NUMEROUS OTHER WAYS, GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT IS MADE TO THE FOLLOWING:

MR. GARDNER AND HIS STAFF FOR THE EXCELLENT PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTS WHICH ARE THE ESSENCE OF THIS CLASSBOOK.

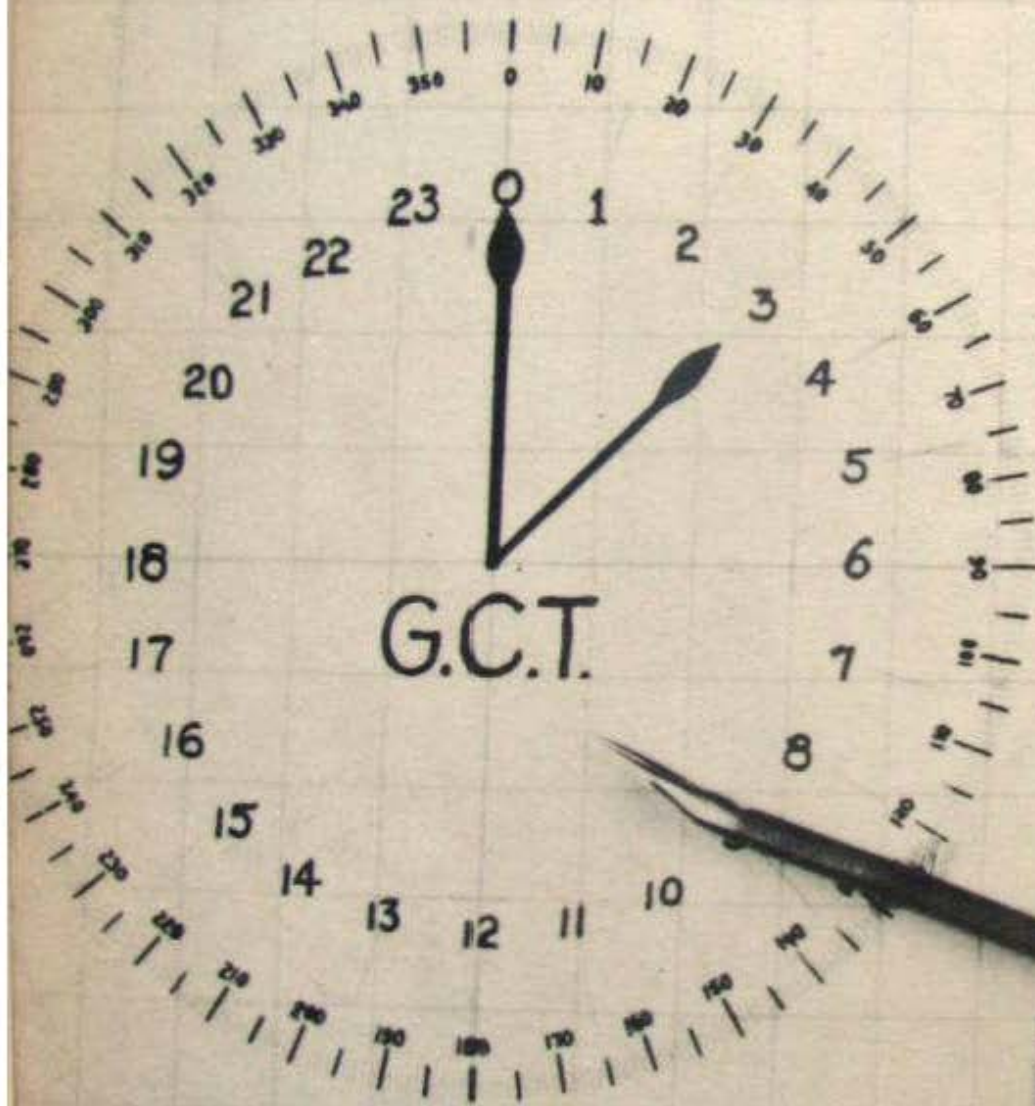
LT. ALBANDH AND HIS ABLE CARTOONIST, CPL. JOHN LEE, OF THE NAVIGATION DRAFTING DEPARTMENT, FOR PERMISSION TO USE THEIR ORIGINAL CREATION, "LOUIE, THE DEMON NAVIGANDER."

CLASS 43-12

A. A. F. N. S.—SAN MARCOS, TEXAS



Be Accurate - Be Sure!



Tokyo } 36
} 140° 0'



TIME	GCY	TRUE CSE.	DRIFT CORR.	TRUE HEAD	VAR. CORR.	MAG. HEAD	DEV. CORR.	COMP. HEAD	TEMP. °C	TPA	TAS	CAS	TAS	DRIFT	RE.	SL.	DIR.
1:50	180																
2:00	180	-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260							
2:10	180	-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260							
2:15	180	-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260							
2:25	180	-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260							
2:30	180	-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260							
2:40	180	-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260							
2:50	180	-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260							
3:00	180	-2	178	-3	175	+2	177	+3	14000	260							

Arrived on Course

E. T. A.

