

SONG OF THE 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 fame, 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.

Mind 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!

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 Army Air Corps.

TO THE CLASS

42-F

OF COLEMAN FIELD

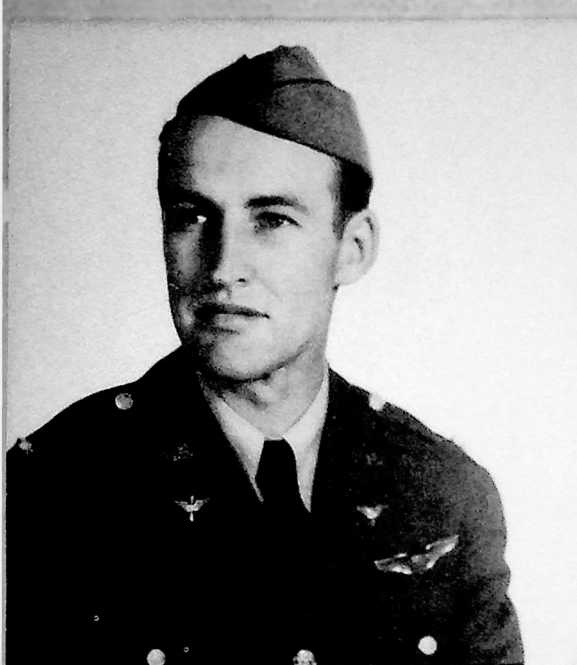
By November 11, 1941, most of us had drifted into San Antonio and the next morning we moved on to "The Hill" at Kelly Field. There was that first day of vast bewilderment, those hours of sweat and marching on a rocky field where tractors still labored to smooth that which such a short time before had been the haunt of the rattle snake and the cactus and the final resting place of the practice bomb.

No one could forget the rifles covered with cosmoline and the left shoulder arms, right shoulder arms and the sore shoulder and arms. There were those dreary, rainy days when the joy of "no athletics" was overshadowed by marching to mess in the stickiest mud we had ever seen. Then there were the short hair cuts, the thrill of those issued blouses, the frantic bay orderlies, the first "Open Post," General Lahm's retirement, at which time we passed in review at Randolph Field, and not to be forgotten that cloudy Sunday, December 7, when we heard of Pearl Harbor.

Those turbulent five weeks ended as quickly as they started and on December 19, we found ourselves in Primary at Coleman. To some of us this represented the beginning of a dream of a life-time, to others it was the most efficient way to perform a duty, but to all of us it meant the cooperative fulfillment of a national obligation.

At last we were going to actually fly. Meeting our instructor and getting acquainted with the ship was an event we won't forget. Then for 60 hours we sweat and strained—20 hour check—40 hour check—60 hour check, and we were knocking at the door of Basic.

The rough and rocky road leading to those silver wings had already taught us one thing if nothing more and that was: that there are two magnitudes of glorification—the fabricated glory that the outside world builds around you and the real glory that comes from accomplishment; from doing a man-size job in a manly way, high up in the blue.



1ST LIEUT. T. B. WHITEHOUSE
Commanding Officer

Commanding Officer

and

Staff



1ST LIEUT. L. L. CRENSHAW
Adjutant

To The Class of 42-F:

At a time like this I am probably wasting words in attempting to remind you of the importance of your work. You have a tough job and much is expected of you, but I feel sure that if your future duties are performed as well as they have been here these expectations will be realized in full.

Good luck, and "Keep 'Em Flying!"

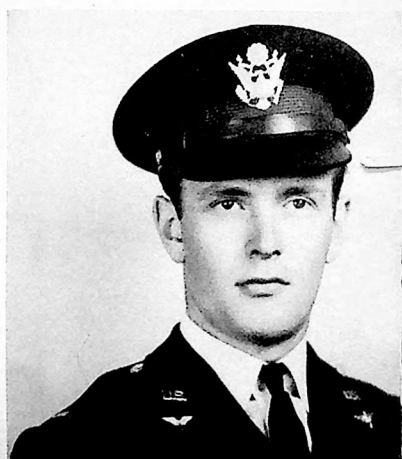
Thomas B. Whitehouse

Thomas B. Whitehouse,
1st Lt., Air Corps,
Commanding.

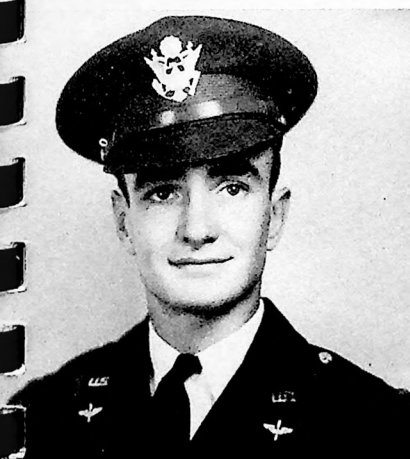
2ND LIEUT. J. E. KNOX
Commandant of Cadets



2ND LIEUT. H. H. GERBER
Engineering and Operations Officer



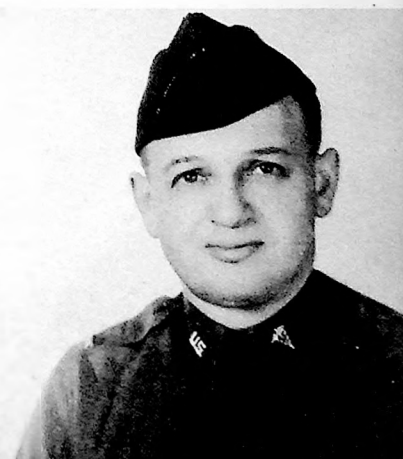
2ND LIEUT. W. H. HALL
Supply Officer

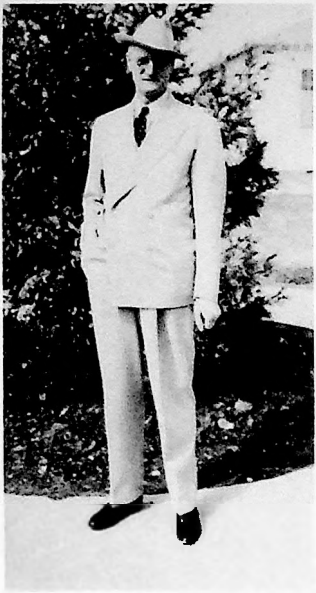


CAPT. D. M. CLARK
Flight Surgeon



1ST LIEUT. S. H. RUBENFELD
Surgeon





HARRY A. HAMILL
Owner and founder of Coleman Flying School

TO THE FOUNDER of Coleman Flying School, we, Class 42-F, extend our most sincere appreciation for his constant endeavor to make us feel at home in our new quarters. May this Air Corps Training Center and its founder have continued success in the future.



OTIS C. GRISHAM
Auditor

Part of the hard-working administration staff



J. T. "PINKIE" HUTCHINS
In charge of flying

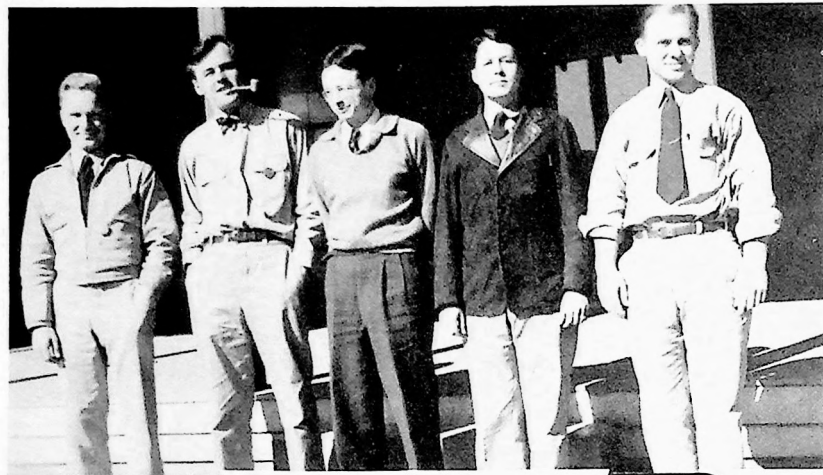


TO THE FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS at Coleman Field, may we, the class of 42-F, express our sincere gratitude. You have given of your best unstintedly, and for this we are grateful. You have pointed to us the way, and we shall do our best not to let you down. Your perseverance, patience, attitude and ability will forever be an inspiration, and so let's not say farewell but just—until we meet again.

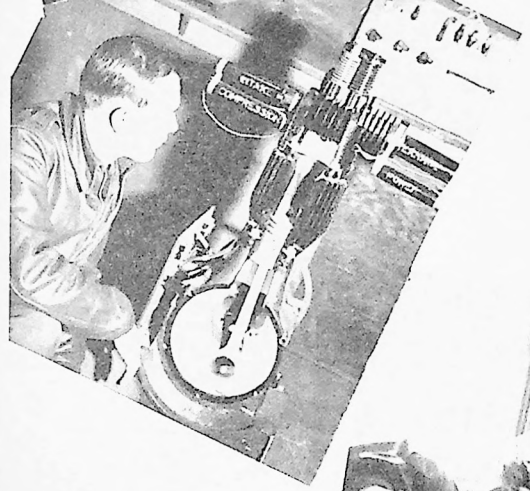
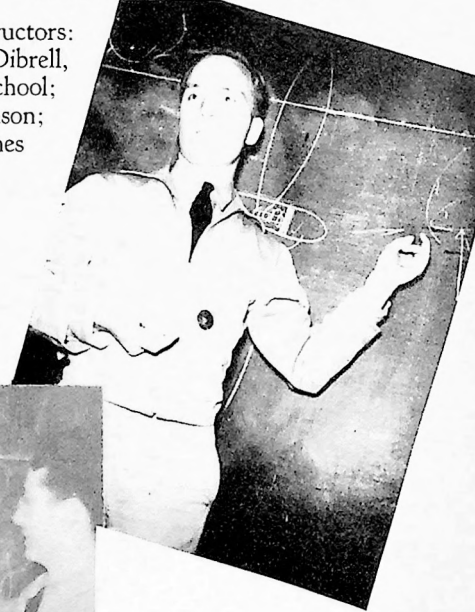
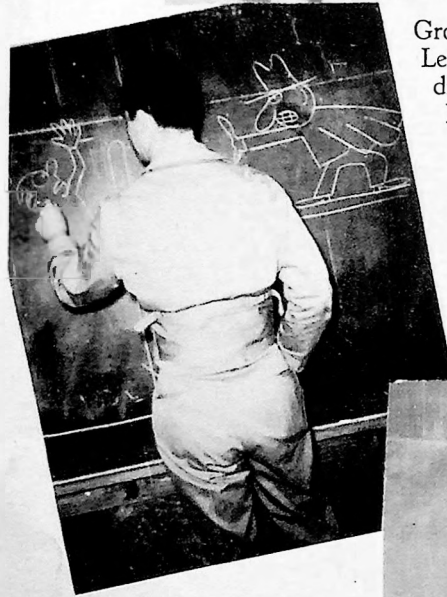


Here we portray a few of the GODS of KNOWLEDGE, who have seen some of the greatest minds in the country go down in shameful defeat. (There are a few of us who still suspect subversive sentiment among the compilers of those exams.)

However, with conscientious effort (?) and a few silent prayers (how about it men?) we finally prevailed and were considered "ready" for Basic—so, we look upon these facts with a fond shudder, and hope to impress our new profs with common sense and not with imbecilic mental calisthenics.



Ground School Instructors:
Left to Right: J. C. Dibrell,
director of ground school;
Eckhardt; Hutchinson;
Householder; Jones



Part of
Echelon Staff

Cadet Officers



LEFT TO RIGHT:

CAPT. J. C. REYNOLDS
 LIEUT. ADJ. C. E. PRESCOTT, JR.
 BATTALION COMMANDER W. P. TUTEN
 SGT. MAJOR L. C. BOOTS
 CAPT. J. FITZSIMMONS

LIEUTENANTS

M. F. BRINEGAR
 G. A. HAYNIE
 N. B. MCKINNEY
 B. F. PRIEBE
 A. T. LEVERIDGE, JR.



SERGEANTS

V. K. YEHLE
 G. R. KNIGHT
 D. J. MEYERS
 M. L. MJELLEM
 R. E. HUGHES
 E. W. KYRO
 J. C. OWENS

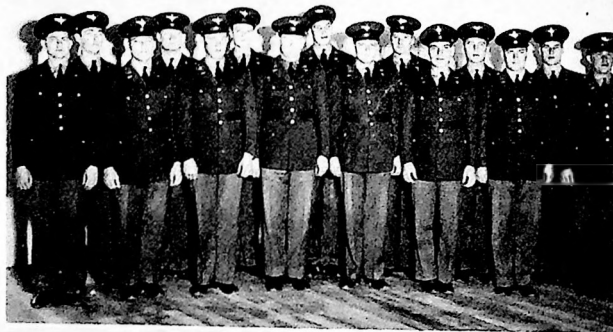


CORPORALS FRONT ROW

J. K. KERR
 R. F. MIMMACK
 R. C. MACNEIL
 C. R. CROW
 H. F. CARLSON
 H. W. JONES
 D. T. MOORE
 W. H. GILBERT

BACK ROW

S. E. WILSON
 C. R. GAYLORD
 R. G. YAPP
 B. L. GRIMMETT
 E. T. BRODNAX, JR.
 J. C. GRIFFITH, JR.
 W. A. BRAINARD



42-F



ADAMS, T.



BARTMESS, T. E.

ADAMS, TEDDY
Albany, Mo.
"But Sir! I dusted that bunk."

BARTMESS, THOMAS E.
Houston, Texas
"Sir, my instructor is not on the ball."



BERKEY, P. III.



BERLETTE, L. G.

BERKEY, PETER III
Chicago, Ill.
"One round Pete"

BARLETTE, LELAND G.
Piper City, Ill.
"Does anyone want to play ping-pong?"



BLACK, T. T., JR.



BLOCK, R. L., JR.

BLACK, TANJOR T., Jr.
Globe, Ariz.
"You Mister! Pop To."

BLOCK, ROBERT L., Jr.
Cincinnati, Ohio
"I take "Old Jordon."



BOOTS, L. C.



BOWN, HENRY M.

BOOTS, LESLIE C.
Santa Cruz, Calif.
"Get that Mister on the ball!"

BOWN, HENRY M.
Provo, Utah.
"He says Utah is the queen state."

BRAINARD, WAYNE A.
Wardner, Idaho
"Wrong Number, please."

BRINEGAR, MARION F. "Mike"
Rulo, Nebr.
"Every time I play I start to get rough."
Mike Brinegar

BRISLAN, JOHN B.
Texarkana, Ark.
"The Kentucky Wonder."

BRODNAX, EDWARD T., Jr.
Bastrop, La.
"Sleepy Cajun from out'n the bayous."

BRYANT, JOHN P.
Glendale, Calif.
"Sherman was a damnyankee . . ."

CAMPBELL, STANLEY P.
Newcastle, Calif.
"I looked up, and there was the ground."

CARLSON HOWARD F.
Chesterton, Ind.
"He likes girls with a southern drawl."

CLAMP, CHARLES C., Jr.
San Antonio, Texas.
"Wait till you hear this rendition."
Charles



BRAINARD, W. A.



BRINEGAR, M. F.



BRISLAN, J. B.



BRODNAX, E. T., JR.



BRYANT, J. P.



CAMPBELL, S. P.



CARLSON, H. F.



CLAMP, C. C., JR.



CLARK. O. R.



CONGER. P. A.

CLARK, OWEN R.
Stillwater, Okla.
"Hold that pose, mister."

CONGER, PAUL A.
Piedmont, Calif.
"Won't this war ever end?"



COTTEN. W. E.



CROW. C. R.

COTTEN, WALTER E.
Mission, Kans.
"We didn't do that in C.P.T."

CROW, CLIFFORD R.
Minden, La.
"Oh, for a southern gal!"



DEBABY. R. C.



DICKEY. F. B.

DeBABY, RALPH C.
Berkley, California
"When I saw the BT, it was too late."

DICKEY, FORREST B.
Tucson, Ariz.
"Open post! Gonna throw a big one!"



DORR. E. L.



ELL. P. A.

DORR, EDWARD L.
Bensenville, Ill.
"Prepare to bail out at 500 feet."

ELL, PHILIP A.
Barton, N. D.
"Sure, she's a secretary!"

FITZSIMMONS, JOE
Dallas, Texas
"We outnumber 'em two to one."

GAYLORD, CLAYTON R.
Rockford, Ill.
"Long distance calling Mr. Gaylord."



FITZSIMMONS. J.



GAYLORD. C. R.

GILBERT, WALTER H.
Mt. Vernon, Ill.
"Illinois' prize package."

GREEN, ROY F.
Detroit, Mich.
"But in C.P.T., we . . ."



GILBERT. W. H.



GREEN. R. F.

GRIFFITH, JAMES C., Jr.
Sacramento Calif.
"Anyone got a nickle? I want to call Sacramento."

GRIMMETT, BILL L.
Pauls Valley, Okla.
"You, mister get on a chair so I can talk to you"



GRIFFITH. J. C. JR.



GRIMMETT. B. L.

HAINES, HARRY R., Jr.
Sacramento, Calif.
"Open post! Now I can sleep."

HAYNIE, GEORGE A.
Little Rock, Ark.
"That ball isn't big enough for all the dodocs"



HAINES. H. R. JR.



HAYNIE. G. A.



HARRISON. W. C. JR.



HARVEY. W. C.

HARRISON, WILLIAM C., Jr.
Odessa, Texas
"Which way does a prop turn."

HARVEY, WILLIAM C.
Grandfield, Okla.
"Is Oklahoma in the union?"



HEALZER. E. W.



HEFLICK. R. E.

HEALZER, EARL W.
Alexander, Kansas
"She's cr-r-razy about me."

HEFLICK, RICHARD E.
Elgin, Ill.
"I think I'll let my instructor solo tomorrow."



HELVEY. K. W.



HOBSTETTER. J. P.

HELVEY, KENNETH W.
San Jose, Calif.
"Does anyone want to sleep this morning?"

HOBSTETTER, JAMES P.
Dayton, Ohio
"And how old are you, little girl?"



HONAKER. W. F.



HUFF. H. L.

HONAKER, WILLIAM F.
Beckley, W. Va.
"They don't do that in West Virginia."

HUFF, HUGH L.
Lubbock, Texas
"Tear drop Huff and Lubbock widows."



HUGHES, RICHARD E.
Livermore, Iowa
"Let's have it quiet in here."

HUNTER, WILLIAM C., Jr.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
"Say fellows she lives in Abilene!"

IVERSON, KENNETH P.
Absaraka, N. D.
"Ground loops? I do 'em with precision."

JOHNSON, ROBERT H.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
"He has printer's ink in his blood."
Bob Johnson

JONES, HOWARD W.
Pittsburg, Kans.
"Is writing a book on the life of an O.D."

KATZ, GEORGE P.
St. Paul, Minn.
"Sir, Aviation Cadet Katz, Peter."

KELLEY, ARTHELL
Gulfport Miss.
"Where's Omer ?"

KELLY, ELVIS L.
Rosebud, Texas
"And then she told me she was more interested in home defense."



HUGHES. R. E.



HUNTER. W. C. JR.



IVERSON. K. P.



JOHNSON. R. H.



JONES. H. W.



KATZ. G. P.



KELLEY. A.



KELLY. E. L.



KEOWN, J. T., JR.



KERR, J. K.

KEOWN, JACK T., Jr.
Muskogee, Okla.
"I didn't know she liked beer so well."

KERR, JAMES K.
Muskogee, Okla.
"Junior, gig 'em!"



KIOUS, H. E.



KNIGHT, G. R.

KIOUS HAROLD E.
Fresno, Calif.
"Who says I can't fence?"

KNIGHT, GERALD R.
San Fernando, Calif.
"Sure, I got a date."



KNOTTS, S.



KOTTMANN, O. D.

KNOTTS, SLATER
Rockford, Ill.
"Very behooving, to say the least."

KOTTMANN, OSMOND D.
Atchison, Kans.
"A Nebraska product with a Kansas liking."



KYRO, E. W.



LASSITER, J. E.

KYRO, ERICK W.
Detroit, Mich.
"You owe me . . ."

LASSITER, JOE E.
Menkel, Texas
"Legislature here I come!"



LEVERIDGE, AUBREY T., Jr.
East Bernard, Texas
"Won't someone fix this athletic suit?"

LEYES, CHARLES J.
Dayton, Ohio
"All I did was peel off."

MacNEILL, ROBERT C.
Minneapolis, Minn.
"Let's just sit and talk."

McBRYDE, TOXEY H.
Sumrall, Miss.
*"The only man to make a safe para
chute jump from three feet."*

McCLUNG, GUY H.
Lawton, Okla.
"Who talks in his sleep?"

McGAHEY, VERNON F.
San Antonio, Texas
"Now, you take Champaigne!"

McKINNEY, NAPOLEON B.
George West, Texas
"A true descendant of the old fighting stock."

MARCUS, JACOB D.
Minneapolis, Minn.
*"If I could only get a pair of shoes
large enough."*



LEVERIDGE, A. T., JR.



LEYES, C. J.



MACNEIL, R. C.



MCBRYDE, T. H.



MCCLUNG, G. H.



MCGAHEY, V. F.



MCKINNEY, N. B.



MARCUS, J. D.



MEADE. C. W.



MIMMACK. R. F.

MEADE, CLIFFORD W.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
"Grab a brace mister."

MIMMACK, RUSSELL F.
Beverly Hills, Calif.
"Please give me a chance."



MUELLER. E. J.



MUSTER. J. W.

MUELLER, EDMOND J.
Crystal Lake, Ill.
"An eye for fifty year old coeds."

MUSTER, JAMES W.
Sedalia, Mo.
"The Texas girls are beautiful."



MJELLEM. M. L.



MOFFITT. G. G.

MJELLEM, MARTIN L.
San Pedro, Calif.
"All I want is 10 days furlough."

MOFFITT GORDON G.
Mill Grove, Mo.
"I'll take a Missouri girl every time."



MOORE. D. T.



MYERS. D. F.

MOORE, DAVID T.
Oklahoma City Okla.
"Always steady to the one and only."

MYERS, DALE F.
Kenney, Ill.
"My women give me too much trouble."



MYERS, DALE J.
Fort Wayne, Ind.
"Men, we've got to get organized."

OWEN, JAMES W., Jr.
Lebanon, Mo.
"Just call me Junior."

PRESCOTT, CHARLES E., Jr.
Santa Monica, Calif.
"I also sing."

PRIEBE, BERNARD F.
St. Joseph, Mo.
"Why don't the women leave me alone?"

REYNOLDS, JOSEPH C.
Frederick, Okla.
"Big and mighty but very meek."

ROSSER, LLOYD W.
Tahlequah, Okla.
"I stalled, and then—whoosh! !"

ROYAL, DON H.
Hollis, Okla.
"Seven come eleven!"

SCHOMMER, OMER V.
St. Paul, Minn.
"I don't gig you, mister. You gig yourselves."



MYERS. D. J.



OWEN. J. W., JR.



PRESCOTT. C. E., JR.



PRIEBE. B. F.



REYNOLDS. J. C.



ROSSER. L. W.



ROYAL. D. H.



SCHOMMER. O. V.



SCHRIBNER, WARREN E.
Anacortes, Wash.
"It's this way in Washington."

STEELE, ROBERT J.
Kansas City, Mo.
"How can you tell who are dodos?"

ULFERS, JOHN W.
Fairbury, Ill.
"Honest, I walked into a door."

VANBLARICUM, GLENN F.
Rantoul, Ill.
"Well! my wheel did lock."



ULFERS, J. W.

VANBLARICUM, G. F.



STEWART, GLENN E.
New Castle, Colo.
"When I set up my little love nest . . ."

STOVER, ROBERT E.
Pittsburg, Kans.
"You mister, sound off."

WALKER, ELMER S.
Plain Dealing, La.
"Louisiana Lula By"

WALKER, JOHN S.
Okomah, Okla.
"The Oklahoma Kid."



WALKER, E. S.

WALKER, J. S.



SWANSON, ARCHIE B.
Muskogee, Okla.
"I've got a way with the women."

TABOR, CECIL R.
Buffalo, Okla.
"What did you say her name was?"

WILCOX, KEITH
Thornton, Idaho
"The best spud from Idaho."

WILLIAMS, PHILIP
Hinsdale, Ill.
"I long for the life of a teacher."



WILCOX, K.

WILLIAMS, P.



TROJAN, JOSEPH E.
Bison, Okla.
"Just call me 'Flamer'."

TUTEN, WILSON P.
Varnville, S. C.
"All right, fellows, let's cut out the bull."

WILSON, STANFORD E.
Sacramento, Calif.
"Does anyone know how to peel off?"

WYLIE, HARRY E.
Fargo, N. D.
"Now, according to law."



WILSON, S. E.

WYLIE, H. E.

SCRIBNER, W. E.

STEELE, R. J.

STEWART, G. E.

STOVER, R. E.

SWANSON, A. B.

TABOR, C. R.

TROJAN, J. E.

TUTEN, W. P.



WYMAN. E. H



YAPP. R. G.

WYMAN, ERVIN H.
Elizabethtown, Ky.
"The only one that couldn't find a girl in Coleman."

YAPP, ROBERT G.
Urbana, Ill.
"I sure wish I wasn't so handsome."



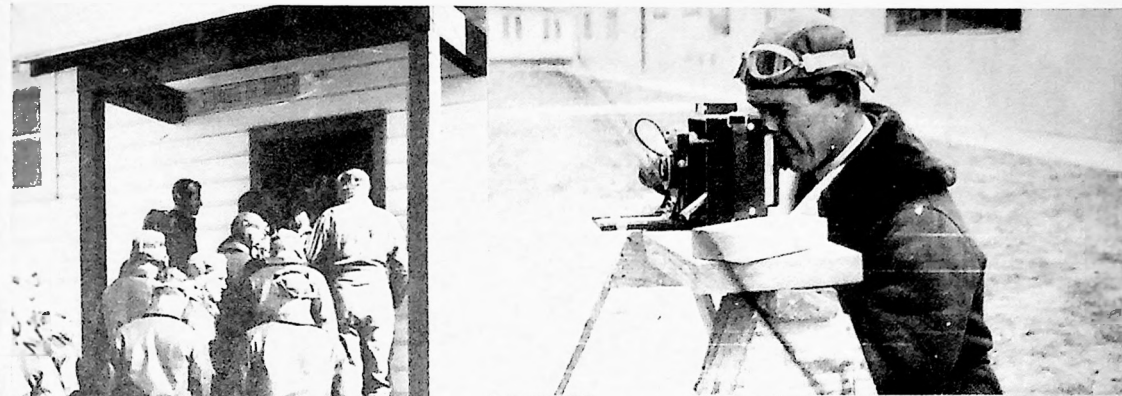
YEHLE. V. K.

YEHLE, VERNON K.
Enid, Okla.
"Old Yehle's on the ball, 'sometimes'."

TO THOSE WHO HAVE LEFT US

IN THE COURSE of our training a few classmates have followed paths elsewhere. At the time of parting our sentiments were hard to express for we had premonitions of how much they would be missed. As a group we wish to extend to them these words:

To those who have left us, best wishes in all your endeavors. We know you as brothers and can foresee your success in your chosen fields. And we hope that as time passes by, you will occasionally give us a thought as we often think of you. So, good luck, and always remember that in the years ahead you will be taking off from many strange places with your old classmates, as we will not forget you.





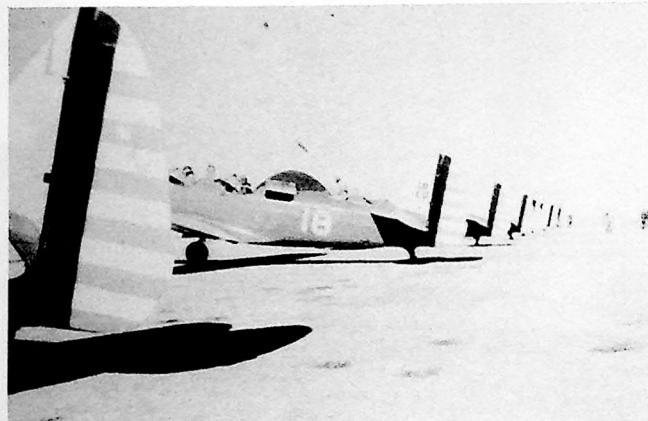
(ABOVE) CHECK FLIGHT . . .
AWAITING THE VERDICT



(ABOVE) TALKING IT OVER

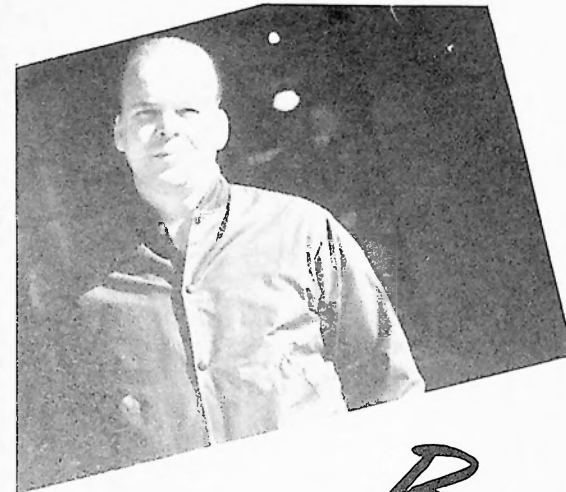
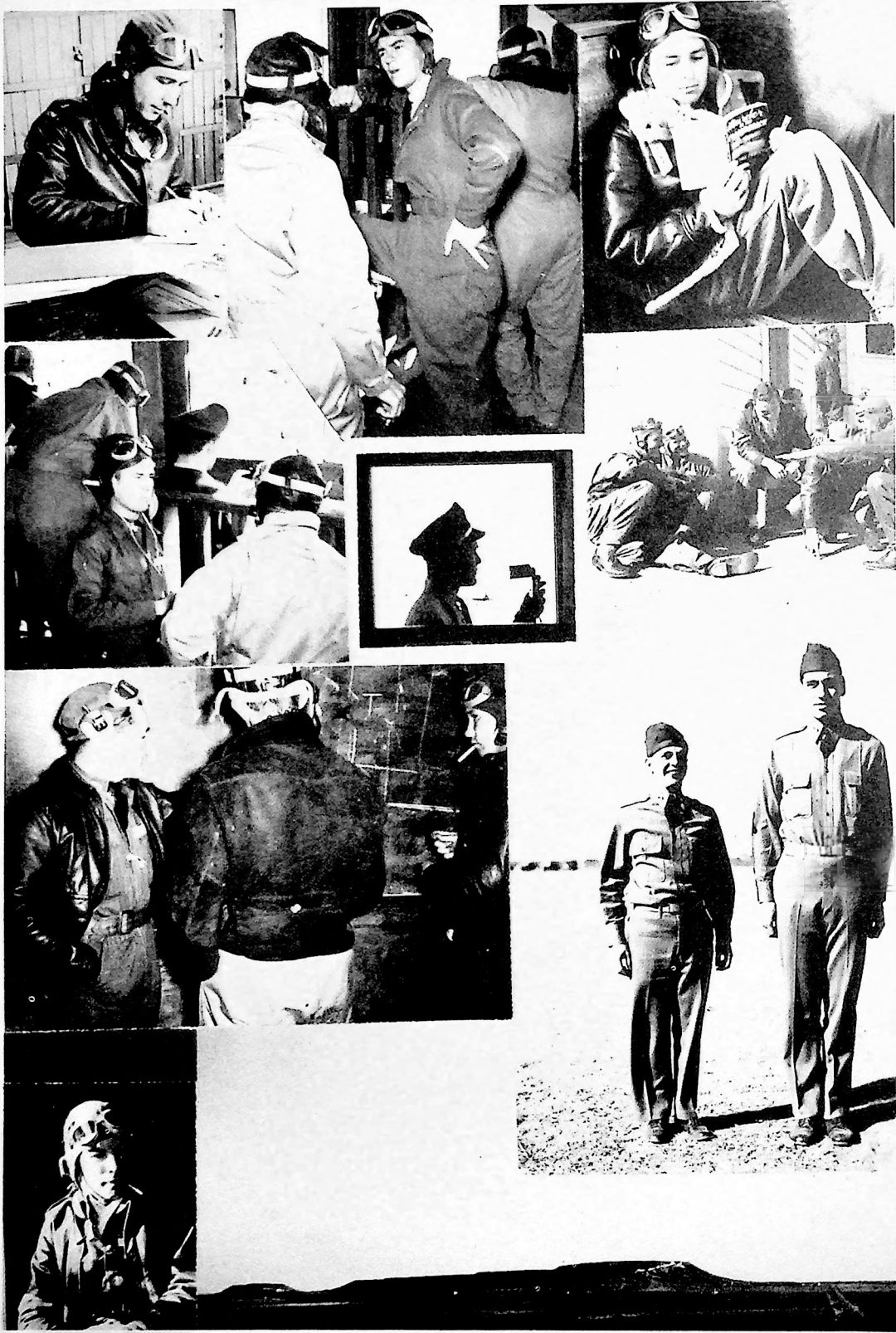
(LEFT) TANDEM HEADACHES

(BELOW) WILKINSON ISN'T REALLY
PIGEON-TOED

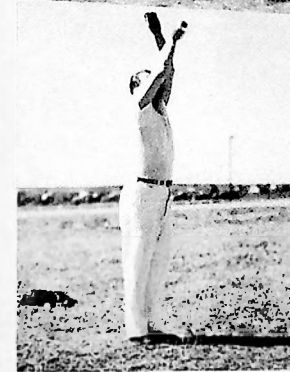
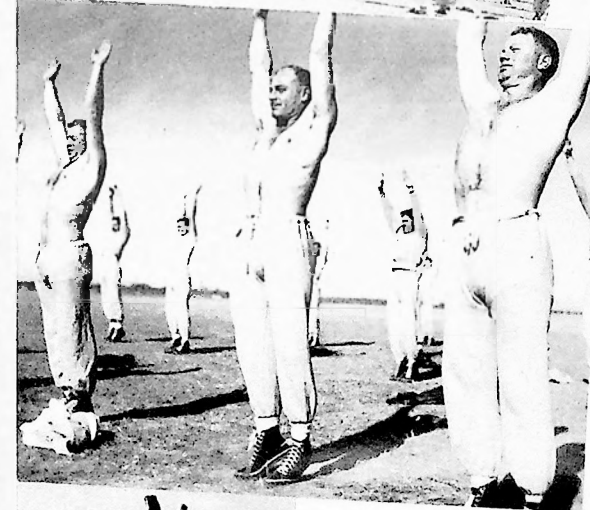


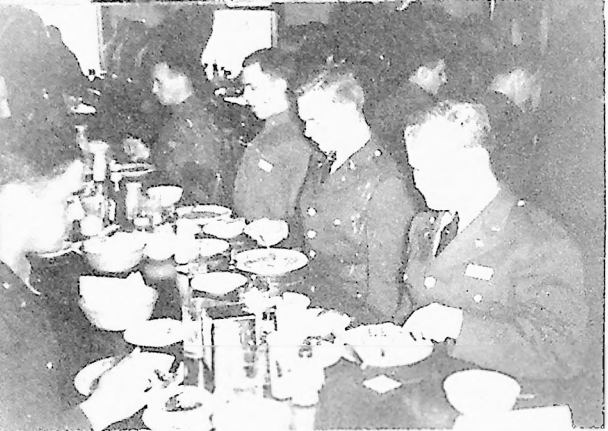
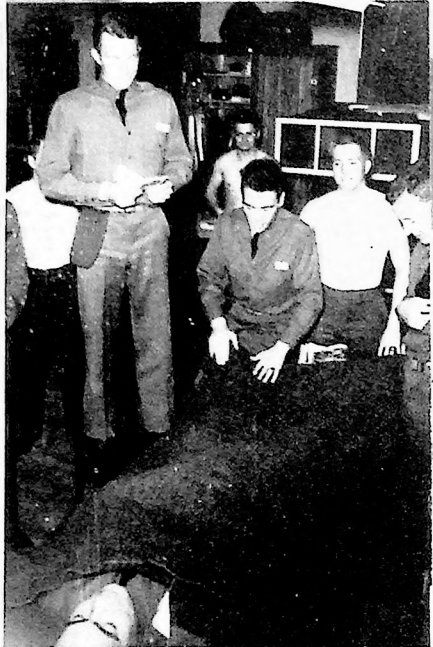
(BELOW) GROUND FLYING



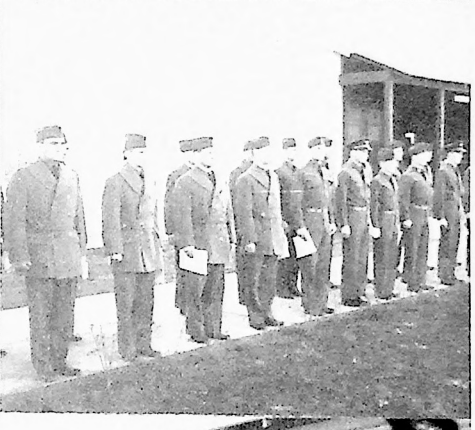
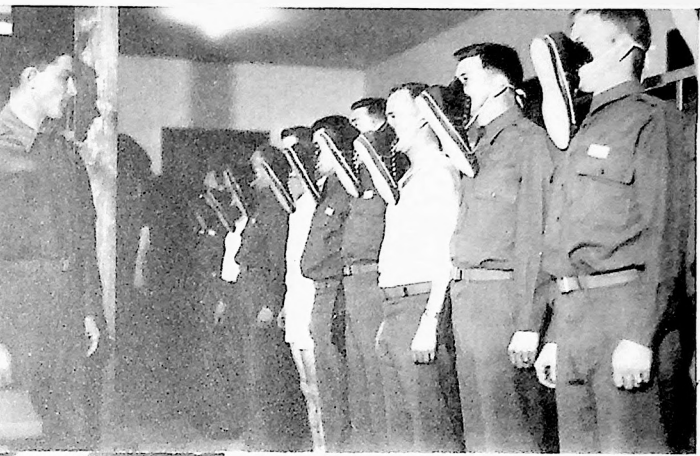
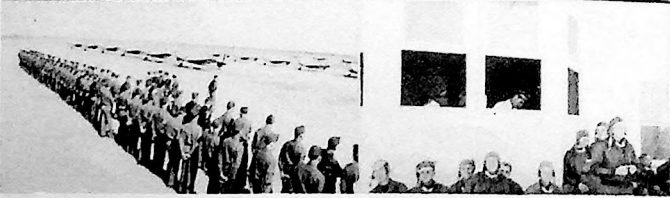


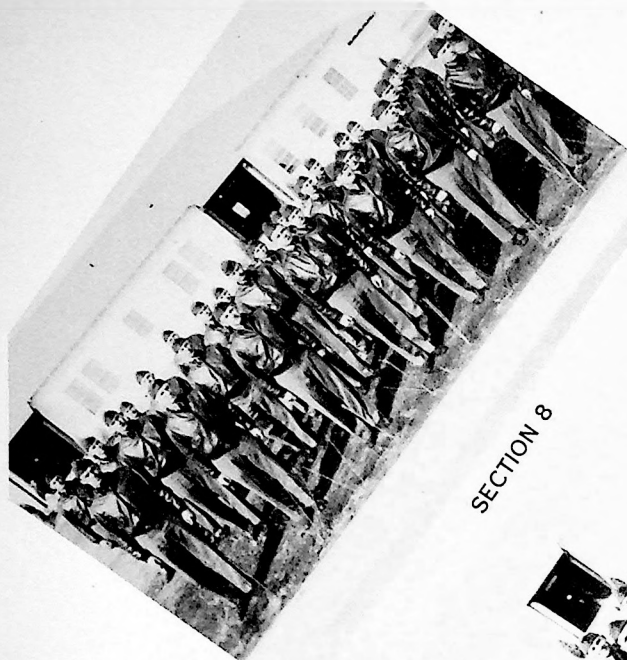
By the Numbers...





Doddoes





SECTION 8



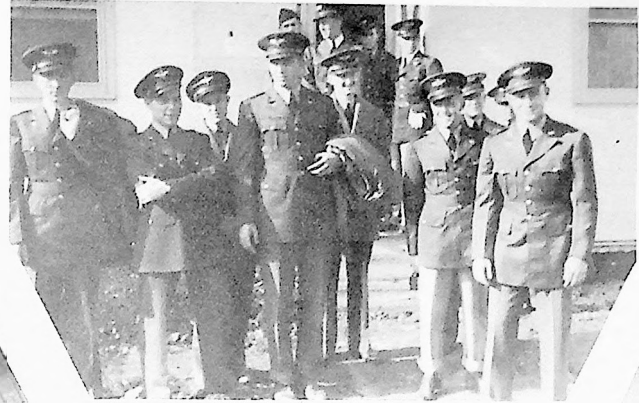
SECTION 7



SECTION 5



SECTION 6

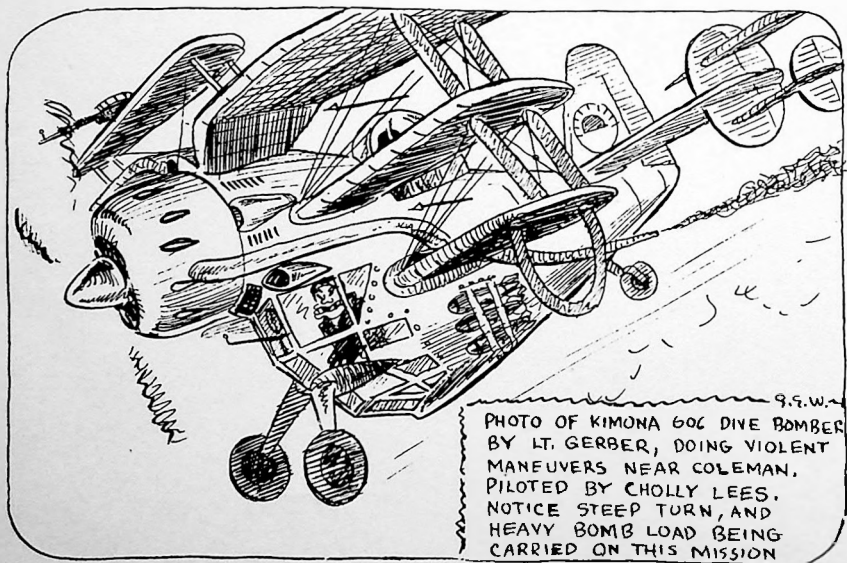


*a bit of
Pre-Flight*

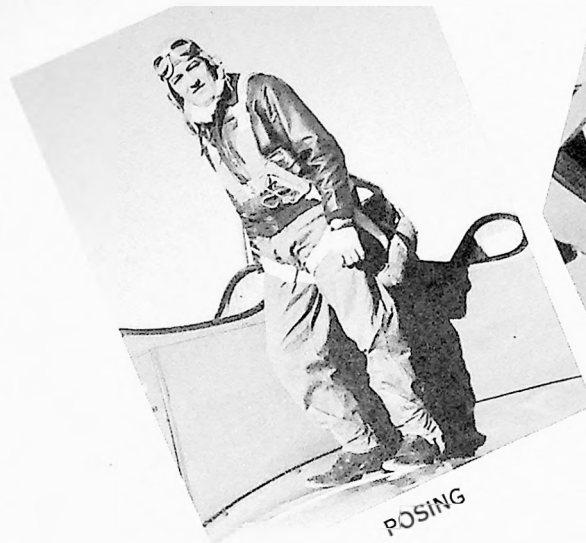


WHEN THE LAST LONG FLIGHT IS OVER
 AND THE HAPPY LANDING'S PAST
 AND MY ALTIMETER TELLS ME
 THAT THE CRACK-UP'S COME AT LAST,
 I'LL POINT HER NOSE FOR THE CEILING
 AND I'LL GIVE MY CRATE THE GUN.
 I'LL OPEN HER UP AND LET HER ZOOM
 FOR THE AIRPORT OF THE SUN.

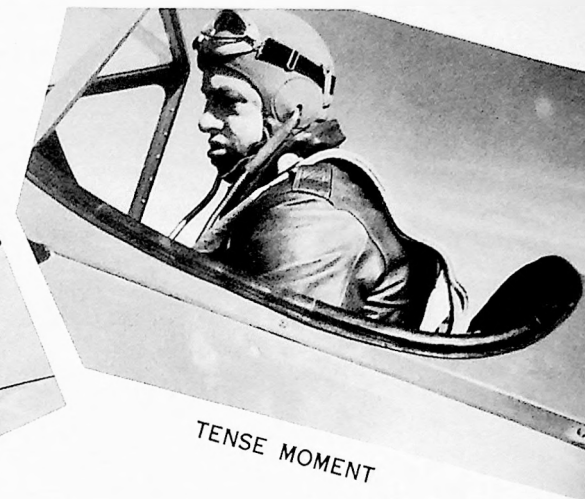
THEN THE GREAT GOD OF FLYING MEN
 WILL LOOK AT ME SORT O' LOW
 AS I STOW MY PLANE IN THE HANGAR
 ON THE FIELD WHERE FLYERS GO
 THEN I'LL LOOK UPON HIS FACE,
 THE ALMIGHTY FLYING BOSS
 WHOSE WINGSPREAD FILLS THE HORIZON
 FROM ORION TO THE CROSS.



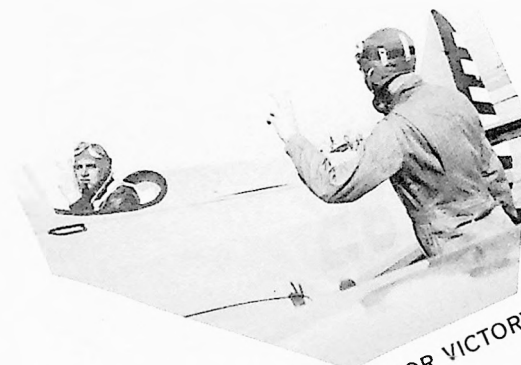
9.9.W.
 PHOTO OF KIMONA 606 DIVE BOMBER
 BY LT. GERBER, DOING VIOLENT
 MANEUVERS NEAR COLEMAN,
 PILOTED BY CHOLLY LEES.
 NOTICE STEEP TURN, AND
 HEAVY BOMB LOAD BEING
 CARRIED ON THIS MISSION



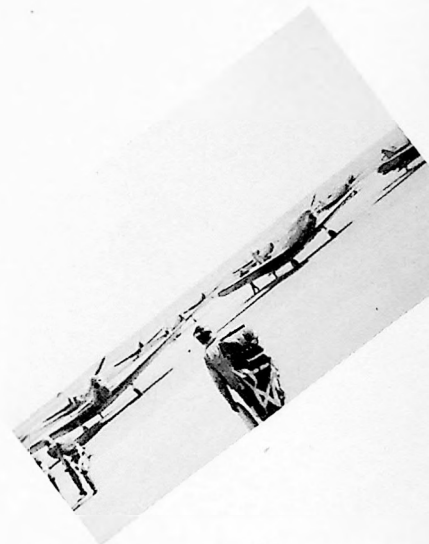
POSING



TENSE MOMENT

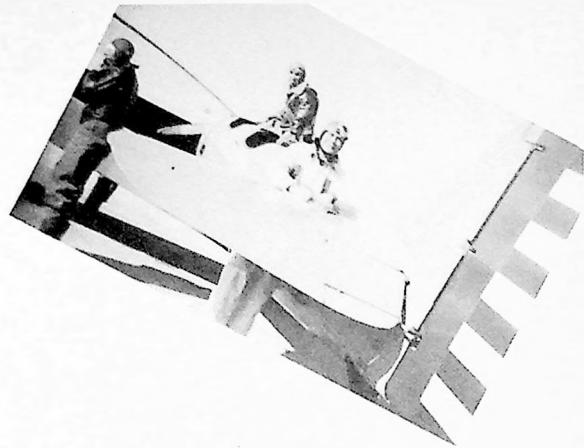


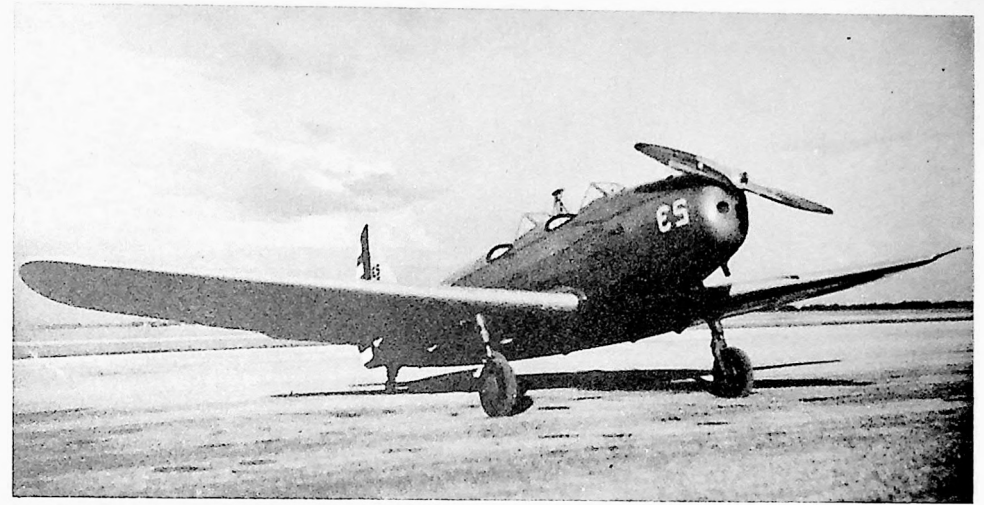
V FOR VICTORY



(ABOVE) OFF TO THE LINE.
 (LEFT) FLIGHT IS DONE.
 (BELOW) HARNESSING UP.





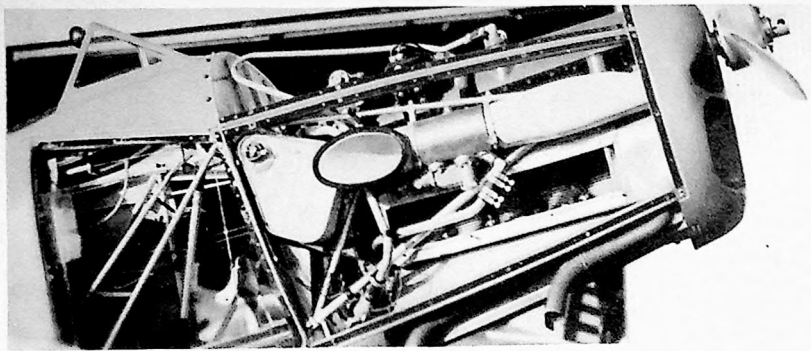


Class 42-F Theme Song

SPIRIT OF THE AIR CORPS

Into the air, Army Air Corps
Give'er the gun, pilots true
Into the air, Army Air Corps
Hold her nose up in the Blue,
When you hear our motors singin'
And our steel props start to whine,
You can bet the Army Air Corps
Is on the fightin' line.

We have our hand on the throttle
As we all wait for the nod,
And we will meet them half way, men
We will drive 'em to the sod.
Then when our last Flight is over
And we meet our flyin' boss,
You can bet the air is clear, men
From Orion to the Cross.



OUR HEADACHE'S POWER PLANT.

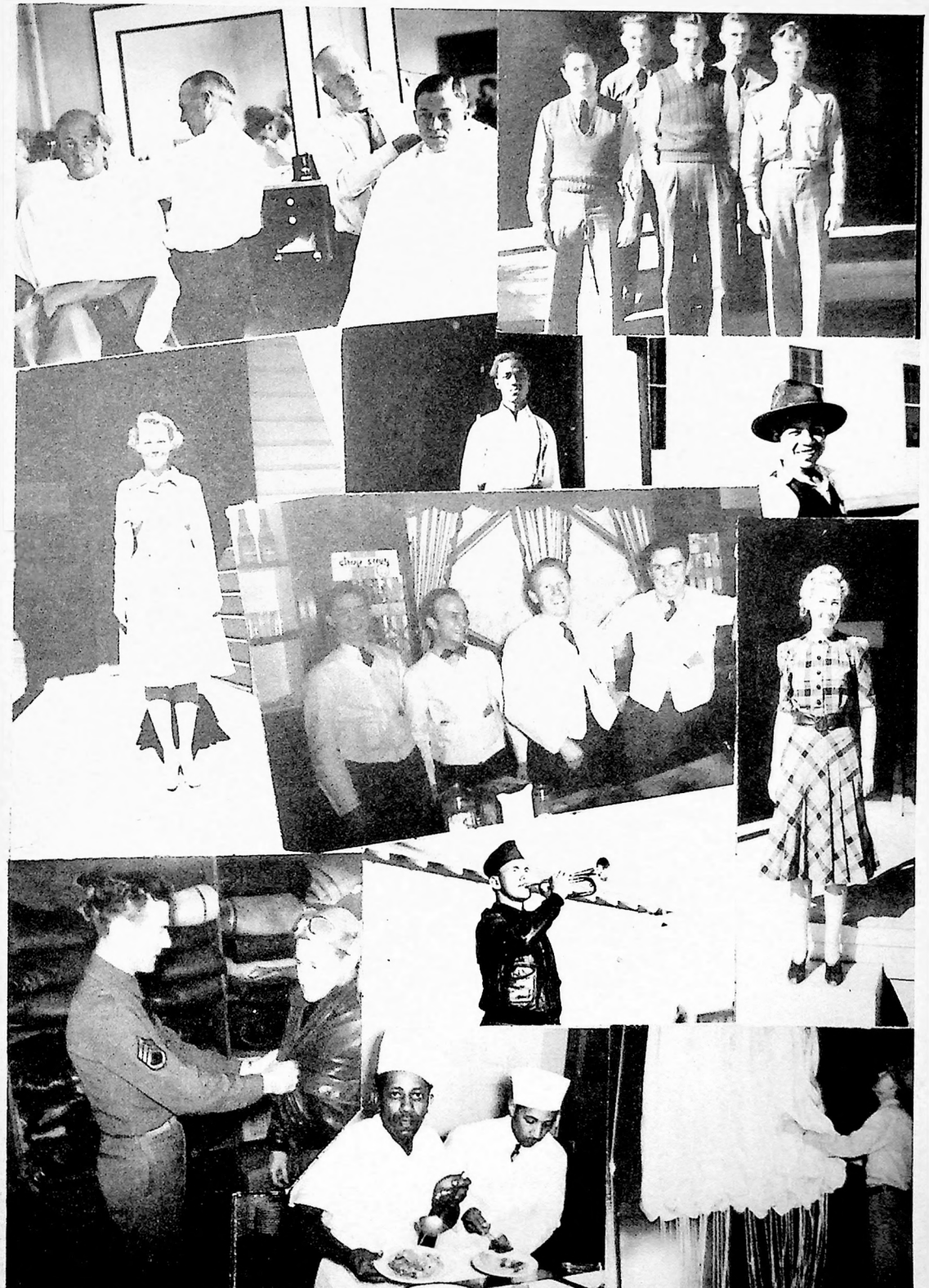
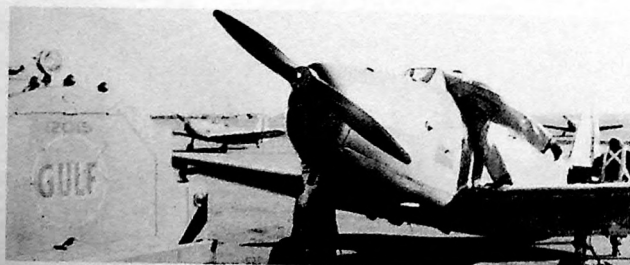
To the men who keep us "up" in the air, (the unsung heroes of modern aviation), we extend this appreciation of their conscientious efforts—and apologies for this rather rough way we have treated their "charges" at times.

We wish you the best—and, rather symbolically, we'll say in parting —"Keep 'Em Flying."



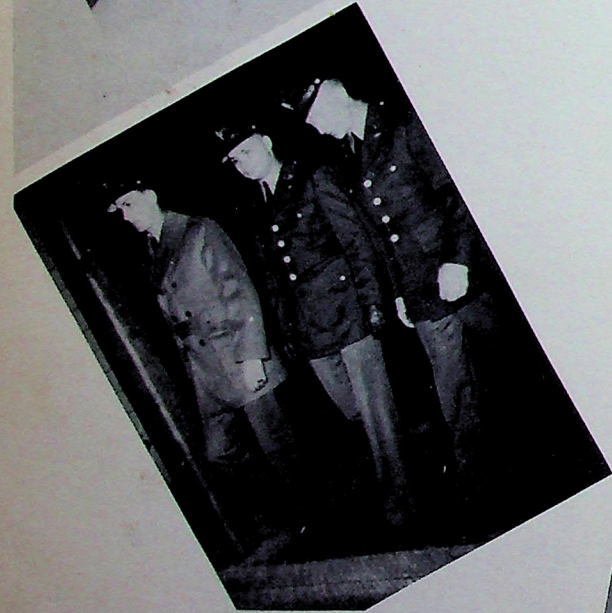
THE "SILKWORM" GIVING OUT.

GAS CREW ON THE JOB.





Open Post



Our time spent in Primary was made most enjoyable by that fine old Southern hospitality shown by the people of Coleman. For many of us, it was our first Christmas away from home; but thanks to the people there we were royally entertained in their homes. For the friendly manner in which they treated us throughout our stay we are truly grateful and we shall long remember them as our friends.

