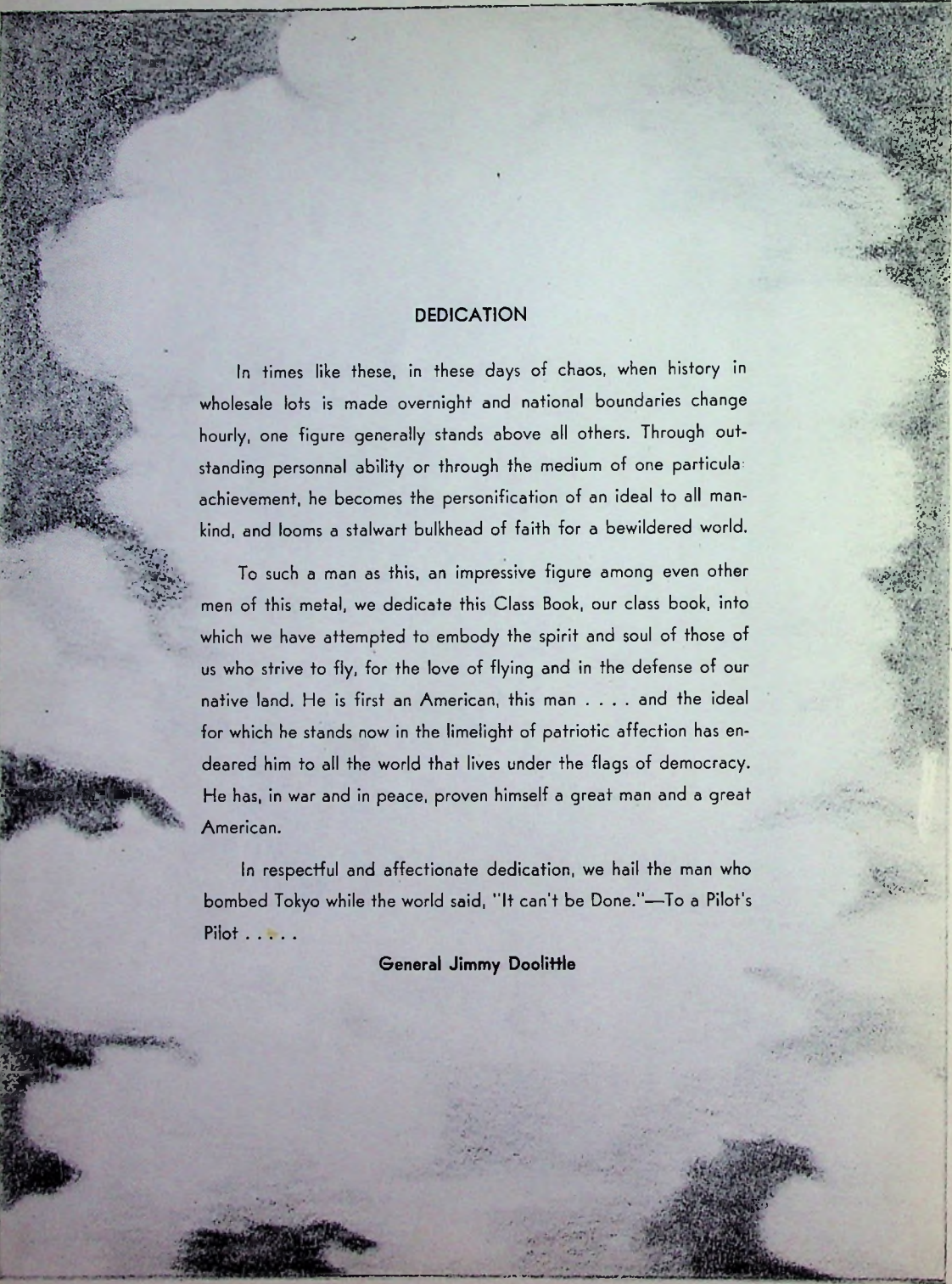


TAPS

Day is done,
Gone the sun—
From the lake,
From the hill,
From the sky.
All is well,
Safely rest,
God is nigh.



42-KDET



DEDICATION

In times like these, in these days of chaos, when history in wholesale lots is made overnight and national boundaries change hourly, one figure generally stands above all others. Through outstanding personal ability or through the medium of one particular achievement, he becomes the personification of an ideal to all mankind, and looms a stalwart bulkhead of faith for a bewildered world.

To such a man as this, an impressive figure among even other men of this metal, we dedicate this Class Book, our class book, into which we have attempted to embody the spirit and soul of those of us who strive to fly, for the love of flying and in the defense of our native land. He is first an American, this man . . . and the ideal for which he stands now in the limelight of patriotic affection has endeared him to all the world that lives under the flags of democracy. He has, in war and in peace, proven himself a great man and a great American.

In respectful and affectionate dedication, we hail the man who bombed Tokyo while the world said, "It can't be Done."—To a Pilot's Pilot

General Jimmy Doolittle

Neil Smith 42-K AVB 4002
7 Cadets - 3 Completed - 1 Transferred - 3 Washed-Out
EVENSEN - FERRAR - MITCHELL - MORRIS - MORY-
SCHUMACHER - STEWART (TRANSFERRED TO 43-A)

42-Kdet

Yes, we have soared among the high-flying clouds and seen below an earth of checkerboard pattern and multi-colored glory . . . from above, we have seen troop-laden trains and motor convoys heading for embarkation points. We have silently wished them Godspeed, and felt a close comradeship with them and all other of those Americans who travel afar to offer their lives, if necessary, in the defense of democracy. We have felt discomfort at having to wait . . . for we now are only learning and the road is long ahead.

Nine weeks we have spent at Coleman. Sixty hours we have been in the air. Sixty-three days we have drilled and studied; made friends and played, and been treated as sons by the people of Coleman. These things will not soon be forgotten, and it is not without regret that we say "Adios" to all the pleasant things we have known here . . . Yet we have a long way to travel, and we know that he who lags by the wayside never sees the end . . . WE must never lose sight of our "end"!

We are small in number, here at Coleman, but in training camps and schools throughout the nation our likeness is multiplied a thousand-fold. A hundred and thirty million Americans are behind us . . . sons in the armed forces, fathers on assembly lines, sisters at defense work, mothers scrimping and saving sugar, rubber, and all those little once considered necessities of peace-time living. We are all of one mind—one purpose. To destroy forever the threat to rightful living. What matter the cost, when our very way of life is at stake?

Let those so-called Americans who profess to doubt the ability of our nation to continue to set its own standard of life, glance at pictures in this class book, and see beyond them the millions of our buddies in the khaki and blue . . . let them see behind us the production lines as they punch out in ever increasing quantities the materials with which we shall fight for and win our victory.

The job for which we are preparing is yet to come, but may we never let down the Axis battle lines for those who are treading on our heels . . .



*Our
Commanding
Officer*

~~MAJOR~~ CAPT. R. M. CROW
Commanding

To The Class of 42-K:

It has been a distinct pleasure and honor serving you as Commanding Officer during your days of primary training. I feel that each of you realize the necessity of continued co-operation with your superiors and downright hard work at flying throughout the remainder of your training period.

Undoubtedly occasions will present themselves when there will be tendencies for shirking or slighting your work, but unless each and every one of us put everything we have into what we are doing things might be up-hill for the remainder of our lives.

ROGER M. CROW,
Major, Army Air Forces,
Commanding.

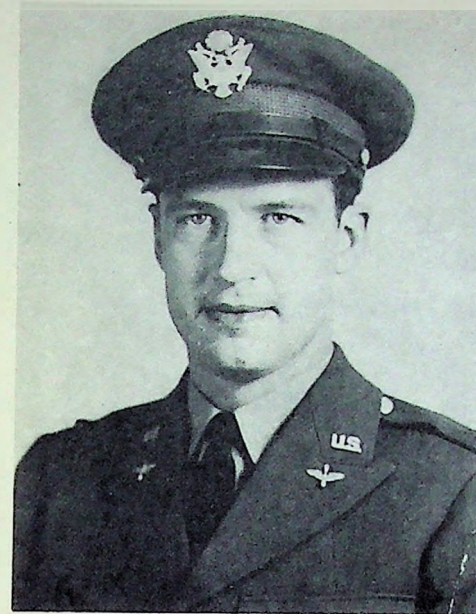
CAPT. L. L. CRENSHAW
Adjutant



1st Lt. W. O. LACKIE
Personnel Officer



1st Lt. H. L. GERBER
Engineering Officer



2nd LT. A. R. HENRY
Commandant of Cadets

*And
His
Staff*

2nd LT. F. L. FISHER
Ass't Engineering Officer



2nd LT. B. P. DOYLE
Operations Officer



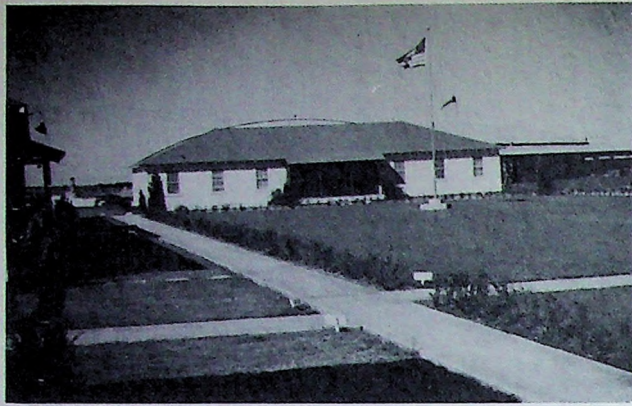
CAPT. D. M. CLARK
Flight Surgeon



1st Lt. JOHN EAST
Surgeon

1st Lt. H. L. SWENDSON
Supply Officer





Our

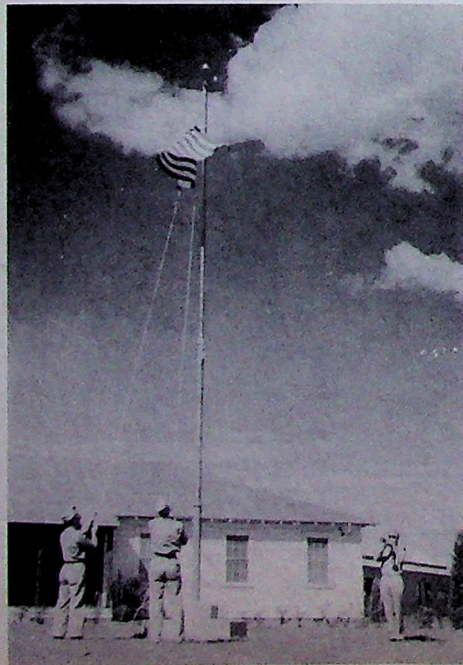
School



Looking back, it was not so long ago that we of Class 42-K dismounted from our buses and marched onto the Quadrangle of Coleman Flying School. Upon these pages we have attempted to leave a few pictorial momentos to quicken our hearts and bring back memories of days well spent.

It was upon these scenes we all stared with wondering apprehensive eyes It was here we first lined up and were initiated into the rigors and wonders of Primary. On this Quadrangle, most of us have spent many weary hours, and paced many a lagging step to the tiring, monotonous cadence of the "gig line." In these buildings and on these grounds, discipline and the mechanical knowledge of flying were instilled into our very souls . . .

In the academic Building, we delved into the mysteries of Aircraft Engines, Air Navigation, Meteorology, Theory of Flight, and other subjects necessary to the finished pilot. In this mess hall, we have griped about the food, as all good soldiers do; denounced the cooks, complained about the service . . . yet, in looking back, maybe it wasn't so bad. After all, Joe was capable, and the food, while not decoratively prepared or fancifully named was edible; and none of us really starved to death. In the "rec" hall, we have all enjoyed the relaxation of a "free" hour now and then . . . the ping pong and vicious checker tournaments. Nor will

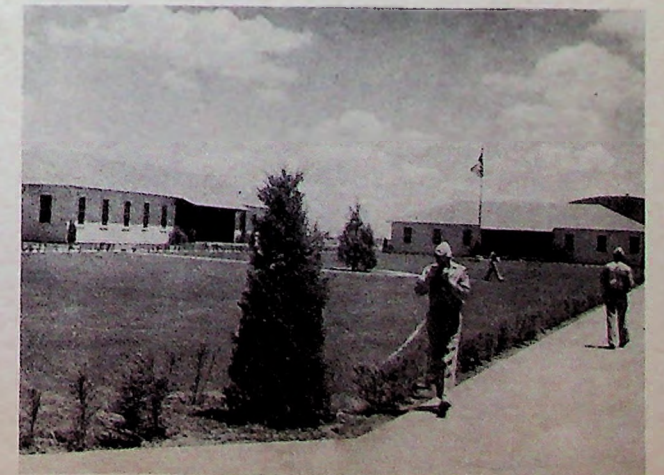


we soon forget those Thursday nights with Reverend Jones and his fine group of girls who so regularly appeared every week for our sing-song Some of those songs will live forever in our memory. Shall we forget the Saturday night dances . . . the crowd, the heat, the recorded jive, or "coke for two" in a PX booth? It was in that PX most of our money went, yet we will always remember the thoughtfulness of Mr. and Mrs. Saunders . . . and, of course, Cookie can never be forgotten

On the P-T grounds we have sweated the pounds away turning fat into muscle, and ended many a weary cross-country. On the parade grounds we have passed in review time after time and spent many footsore, sweltering hours at drill

Yet, as we look back, Coleman Flying School has furnished us with many pleasant memories . . . even the darker hours seem brilliant as we review them now . . . recollections that time nor money could ever buy. That small portion of our lives spent here has left us with a soft spot in our hearts that will always be reserved for . . .

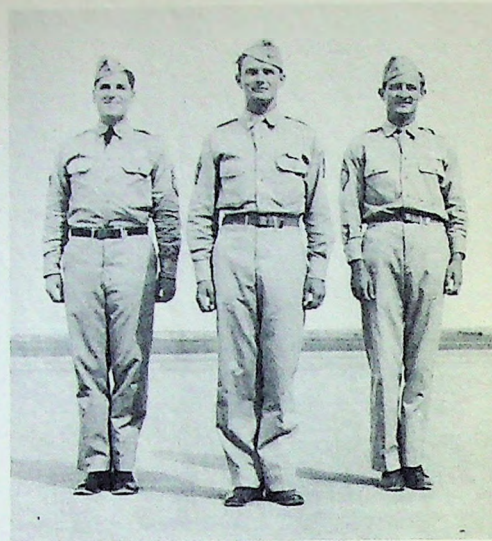
THE
COLEMAN FLYING SCHOOL



Our Cadet Officers

(Photo at right)

L. P. Bischoff, Jr., Battalion Adjutant; R. W. Kramme, Battalion Commander; and K. U. Pearson, Battalion Sergeant-Major



"A" COMPANY

Captain K. L. Berry, Jr.; Lieutenants G. F. Mathews, D. W. McCollum; and W. R. Hammond; First Sergeant W. B. Korber; Sergeants R. A. Isley, B. D. Harvey, T. A. Mathews; Corporals L. E. Hawkins, W. C. Hearst, H. G. Moyer, H. J. Goodwin, R. C. Reed, Tonnis Boukamp, D. W. Lamb, R. E. Salisbury, and P. K. Kiser.



"B" COMPANY

Captain J. H. Linton; Lieutenants W. G. Dowie and R. N. Leone; First Sergeant C. A. Betts; Guide J. C. Teller; Guidon Bearer W. Graham; Sergeants A. Frank, C. G. Goss, and J. H. Hickson; and Corporals A. E. Flora, B. J. Kirsch, C. E. Palmer, K. M. Miller, R. L. Kreinberg, and C. L. Davis

Due to being AWOL from Photography formation, several of our Cadet Officers do not appear in the above photographs . . . They are: Lieutenant L. G. O'Brien of "B" Company; Guide E. K. Parks, Jr., and Guidon Bearer H. H. Holland of "A" Company; and Corporals J. D. Schumacher, R. C. Reed, and F.F. Robison, of "B" Company.



42-Kdet Staff

(Photo at left)

Back row: M. Fitzgerald, Copy; L. P. Bischoff, Jr., Photography; M. N. Estes, Editor; G. S. Moore, Art.
Front row: J. A. Linton, Business; R. N. Leone, Photography; and F. F. Robison, Copy.

The staff of 42 Kdet wishes to express our appreciation to Mr. M. Menendez for his great assistance in the work upon our cover.

The Peel Off





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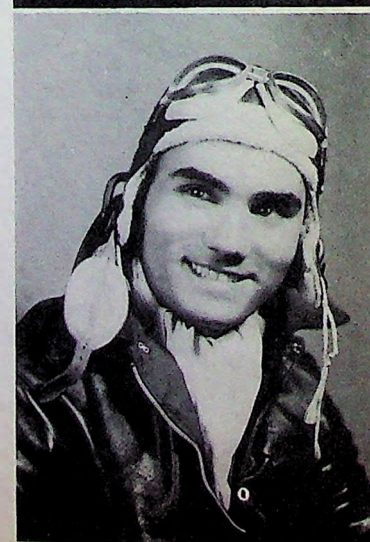
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SHUMWAY, WILBUR O.
South East St.
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42-KDET

Eastern skies are ruddy
With flame from the rising sun,
And low hung clouds are bloody—
The day has just begun.

Swift wings lift to meet the dawn;
Manmade wings are soaring.
As swift are they as the forest faun,
Their mighty engines roaring.

Eager hands are on each stick,
As future birdmen learn to fly,
With but one aim—the Japs to lick—
To gain their fame—to win or die!

In days ahead there'll be brought to mind
These moments we will ne'er forget,
Because, you see, there is behind
Each and ev'ry stick—a 42 Kdet.

—M. N. Estes.

In Memoriam

FAREWELL

Farewell to those on wings high
Who were wing dancing
Winging my way to the inevitable
rendezvous
Living, loving, without regret or care
From the forces of heaven and earth
Beating their wings and opening their
wings to the realm of earth and heaven
Is there a heaven?
Farewell to those on wings high
Who were wing dancing
Winging my way to the inevitable
rendezvous
Living, loving, without regret or care
From the forces of heaven and earth
Beating their wings and opening their
wings to the realm of earth and heaven
Is there a heaven?

JAMES R. DEVITA
13.15.0154
Monday, July 14th 1942

HE WAS ONE OF US—
HIS BOOTS WERE ON



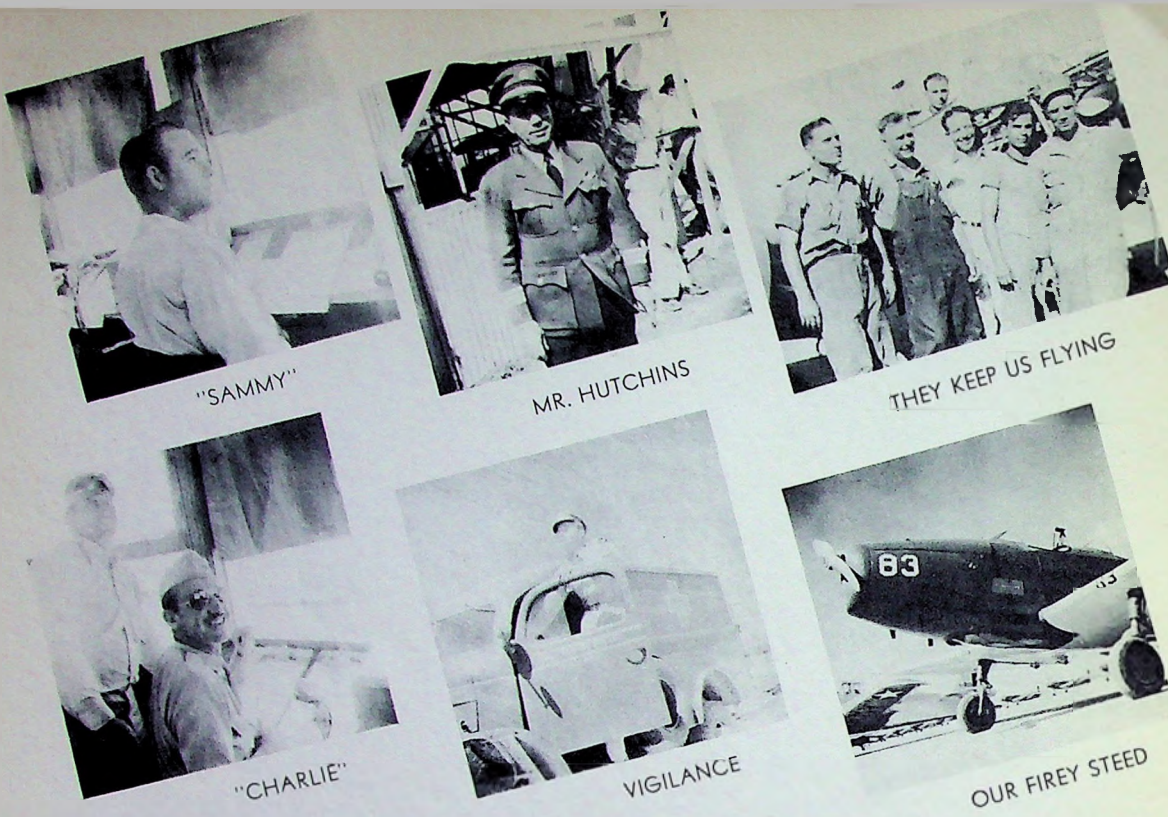
Flight Line

SMITH

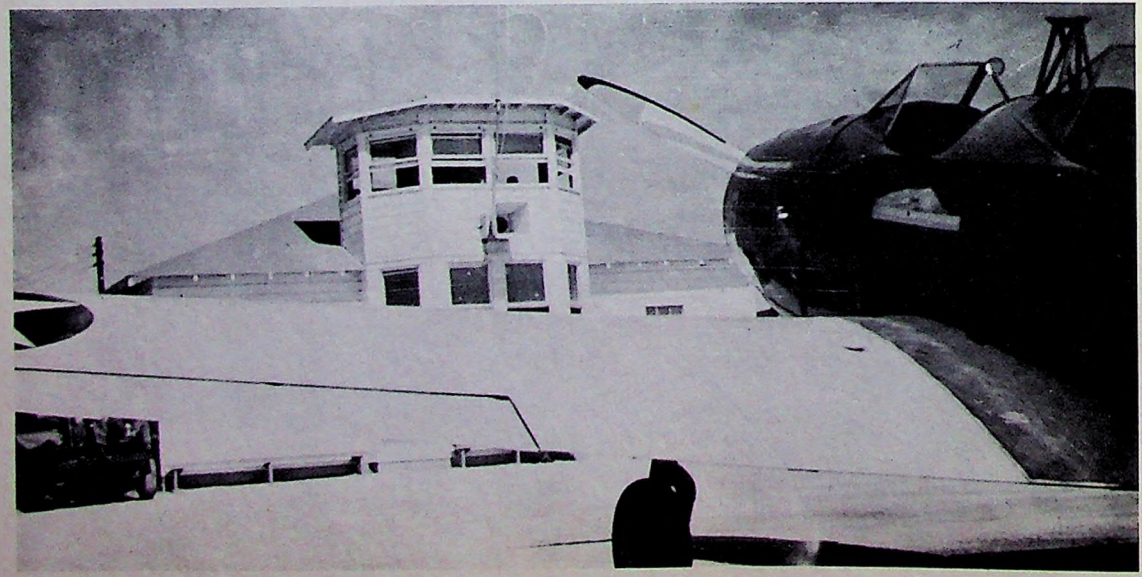
FERRAR

EVENSEN

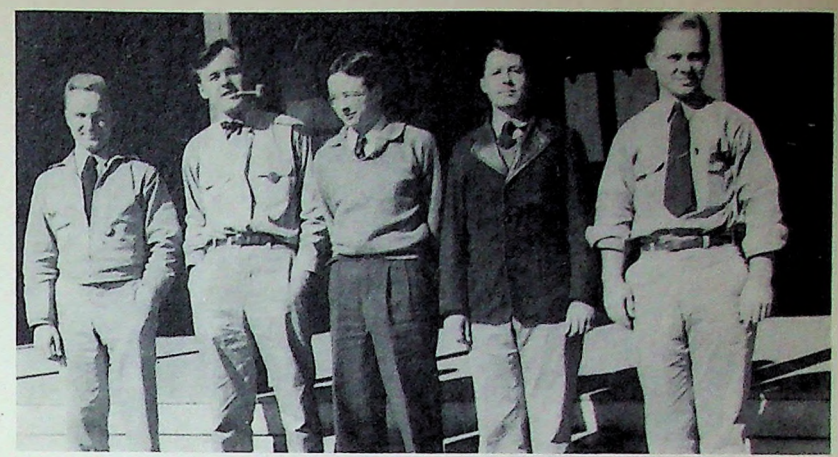




According to the laws of nature and a decree of God, every living thing on the face of the earth must have a heart. Certainly, no one could ever accuse a flying field of being dead an inanimate object; particularly one utilized by a Primary Flying School. Well, the field at the Coleman Flying School is no exception to the rule . . . it does have a heart. That's right, the Control Tower, and the stage house beneath it. Every bit of life everywhere about the field is under its control And of course, every heart has its nerve centers . . . the fibers which control the heart So does our Control Tower. In mentioning these fibers which control the heart of our field, we want to express our gratitude for their invaluable service while we have been here, and how proud we are of the real friendship that have been cultivated between us. They most certainly are two grand guys, two of the best dispatchers in the whole Army Air Force, "Charlie" and "Sammy."



Ground School



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

Why does an airplane fly? What is a Cumulus cloud? What is meant by a four-stroke cycle engine? What plane is this? What is a rhumb line? These questions meant very little to us when we first arrived at Coleman Flying School; but our ground school courses have taught us not only the answers, but why they are important to know. We thought that our main purpose at primary was to learn to fly . . . in that, we were right . . . but flying is not, we learned, all done in the cockpit of a PT. Ground school has done its part to fill the gap.

To round out our recollections of our ground school here, we are presenting the staff . . . Mr. James W. Dibrell, who was also a very capable engines instructor, was the Director of Ground School. Air Navigation was taught under the very excellent tutorage of Mr. Eugene W. Nelson, Mr. Logan D. Smith, and, of course, no one will ever forget Mr. Robert C. Eckhart (the "Texas Ranger") and his artistic endeavors. The science of Meteorology was pounded into many thick skulls by Mr. Sam B. Householder and Mr. Raold A. Peterson . . . this was a "haze-y" subject, but the job was done superbly. Theory of Flight and Airplane structures have been indelibly impressed upon our minds under the direction of Mr. John Wagner and Mr. Richard E. Hutchison, and Mr. John M. Jones, Mr. John L. Evers, and Mr. Dibrell have all labored hard to make us understand the many intricacies of Aircraft engines . . . For all this knowledge we are grateful, for we realize that it is but a stepping stone to the advanced training in basic, and that without it, we would be in bad shape.

Then too, an integral part of Ground School was lovely Jean McGregor. . . Her friendly smile and pleasant greeting has made many worried moments brighter. Thanks for the memory of that promise of Heaven in your eyes, Jeannie. We won't forget.

In the nine weeks we spent here, we have learned a great many things. Many of the problems which arose

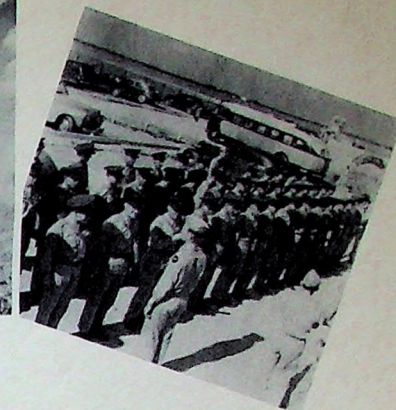
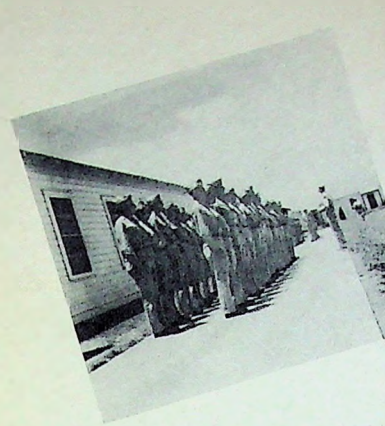


from our first attempts at flying have been solved . . . More problems will come up, but the basic fundamentals we have learned here will aid us in solving the problems of tomorrow.



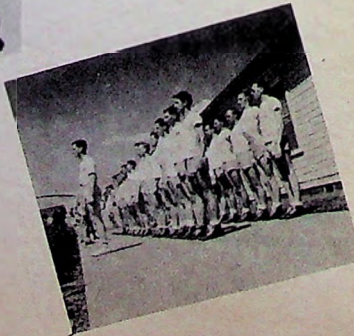
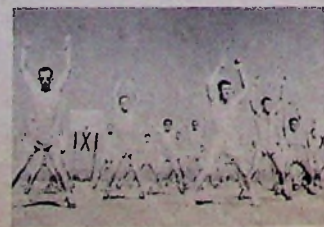
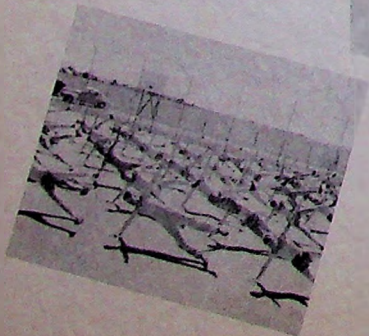
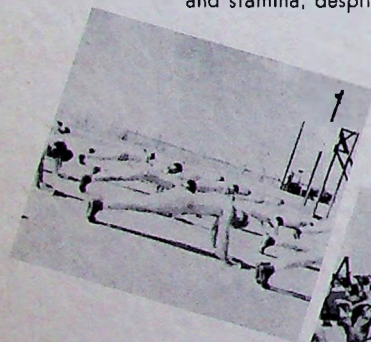


1ST LT. ALLAN DAVIS
Physical Training Director



Most of us will remember our daily Physical Training Class as a grueling grind of exercises and contortions evidently designed primarily to tear one's leg and stomach muscles completely out of the body, and dusty and sweltering cross country runs. Yet, and I think that we all will admit it now, we all have profited by the rigid training we have received. We are thankful, in an indirect fashion, for the many coordination exercises, which at the time seemed foolishly imposed upon us. We will be long in forgetting the "COACH", and his Randolph Shuffle-in-reverse . . . and for strong and solid stomach and leg muscles which have been unwillingly built up within us, we can thank Lt. Davis for his excellent "special" exercises. No survey of our life at Coleman Flying School could be complete without a special reference to hours which have added to our health and stamina, despite the fact that at the time we were certain that we would never live through them all.

*Loose
Ends*





EYES ON A POINT, MISTER!

... I want my wings. Sure, but at the rate I'm traveling, I'll have to grow a pair. ... Two pink slips in a row; thirteen hours to walk; and a date with a bunch of sadists at 21 o'clock. ... 21 o'clock. ... Wonder what time that is? ...

However, it's really not so bad. For instance, you can always eat in peace. ... sure; shove your plate a yard or so away, cross your eyes, go into a half nelson, and eat like mad. ... "DRIVE THAT HEAD BACK, MISTER!" Sure sure, I'll drive my head back. ... I always feed myself through my fourth and fifth ribs anyway. "ARE YOU GAZING, MISTER?" No, sir, just starving. ... Oops, wrong answer. ... The three answers, sir? SIR, the three answers in the Army Air Force are ... YES, SIR; NO, SIR; and I wish I had a defense job, sir. ...

Another nice thing is that pleasant stroll after dinner. ... "HALT, MISTER!" Hold your hats, boys, here we go again. ... Yes, I was gazing, sir. ... "AT WHAT, MISTER?" Why at your horns, Sir, what th' hell else? ... No, Sir, I can't drive over to see you tonight. ... I have a date, sir. ... with whom, sir? ... Why, with several of your. ... You say never mind, sir? Oh, Locker inspection in the morning. ... Yes, sir, I shall be most happy to see you tomorrow night, too. ... Geo, but it's wonderful to be so popu-

lar. That's something to look forward to. ... just the two of us. ... Me and the Spanish Inquisition. ... "POP TO, MISTER!" Okay, so I pop to. ... "HIT A BRACE, MISTER!" Okay, so I hit a brace. ... Gosh, this is fun. ... I'm doing just fine. ... popped three blood vessels already. ... Oops, there goes another one. ... HEY, who's he going? ... Remember me? Little Rollo right in the middle of his great big brace? ... Ah, here he comes. ... My hero. ... I missed you, dear. Fall out? ... Oh, sir, must I? Ah, a nice restful Attention. You say I look tired, sir? ... Oh, no, sir. ... I like to hit braces. ... And I'm simply mad about castor oil. ... I may rest, sir? ... Rest? ... Oh, Dodo Rest. ... Swell. ... Sit down firmly on nothing, cross your legs, hit a brace, and just tote it easy. They are SO good to us.

And those tours. ... When you start to walk a tour, the sun peels off to 20 feet above your head, and the time system goes all to pot. ... The number of seconds in a minute jumps from 60 to 400 plus. ... And the guy in front always turns out to be a flash fresh from a whirling dervish. ... Try to keep in step, huh, Bud? ... The look he gives me. ... You'd think I made a practice of beating up his invalid mother every night.

All kidding aside though, don't you really like it? ... Cadet Honor? ... Well, yes, I like it. ... And I fell very confident, too. ... I wonder how the chow is at Wichita Falls. ...



DODO REST

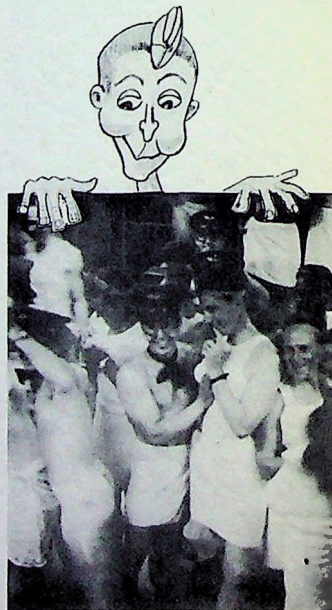


"ARE YOU GAZING, MISTER?"

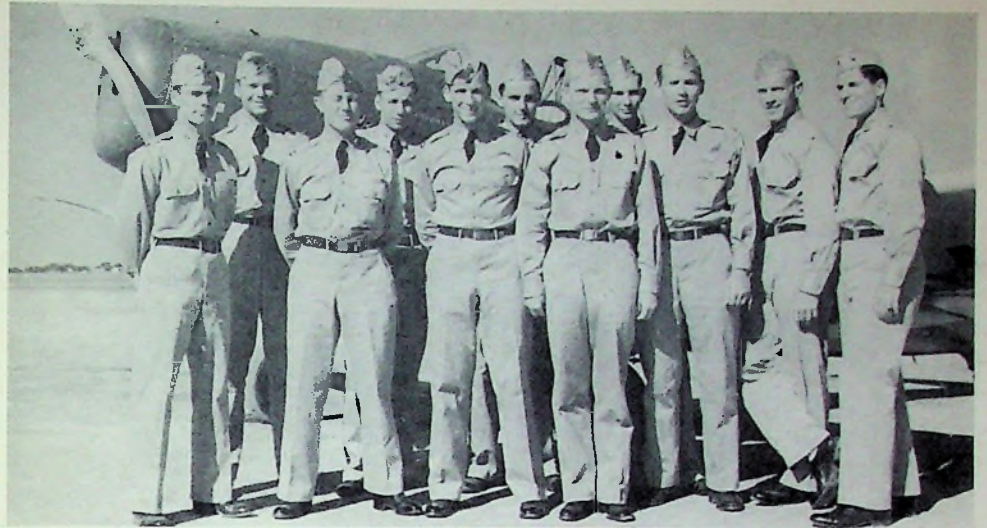
Pop To, Mister



DRESS PARADE



FORMAL BALL



Left to right: J. C. Teller; R. W. Neilson, Jr.; B. R. Turner; D. J. Kitch; J. H. Linton; E. K. Parks, Jr.; Tonnis Boukamp; E. J. Fredericks; R. C. Ball; K. L. Berry, Jr.; and L. P. Bischoff, Jr.

Eleven Gentlemen From West Point

For the first time in history, cadets from West Point have joined the ranks of the Aviation Cadets. To us here at Coleman, have come eleven of their finest. We, their classmates, their flight buddies, and bunk mates, are proud of our association with them. To these gentlemen, who have distinguished themselves in our ranks by their own virtue much more than by that prestige that followed them from our nation's military academy, we extend our friendship and best wishes for their ultimate success in their chosen lines of endeavor, and in the expression of these best wishes we can only say three words which in turn express best the aim and goal of us all. ... KEEP 'EM FLYING.

Then Too ---

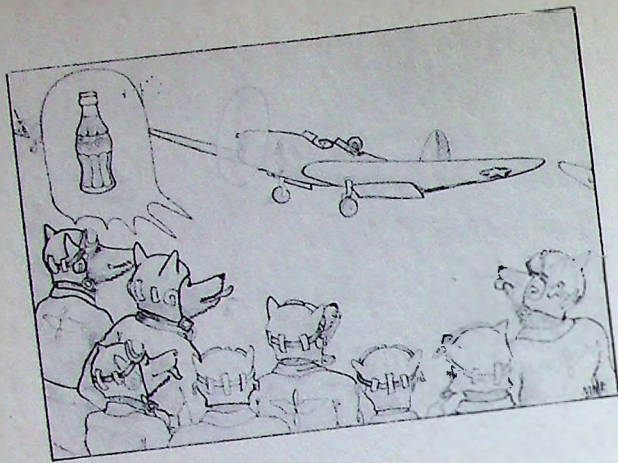
There are also 55 other gentlemen that we really must mention.

When we first arrived in Texas, those of us from other states, were told that the West wasn't wild anymore. It is startling how very misleading some information can be.

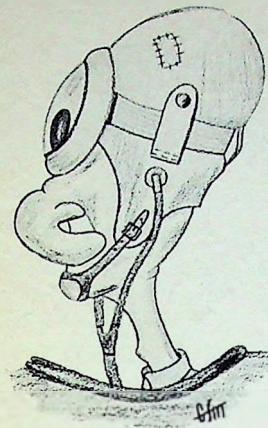
You see, it on the last day of May, and our last day on "the Hill." The sun was setting on a calm and peaceful Texas. ... but the moon didn't rise on one. B FLIGHT OF SQUADRON 9 took over, and ere that time came had the situation well out of hand. Veterans of Chateau Thierry and the Argonne Forrest say that there was never a night like it in all the days of History.

One had to rap on the door with a pistol in his hand, and then were met with a bucket of water. ... maybe two. Pillows flew, and so did men. Weak men fainted, and the strong turned pale. The Officer of the Day dug into a foxhole, and the Officer in Charge picked feathers out of his hair for a week. Windows rattled and the roof had to be tied down. B FLIGHT REALLY HAD TAKEN OVER! You had no friends. ... you didn't even have a bed. ... or a complete uniform, if you did, it was an accident and a purely temporary arrangement.

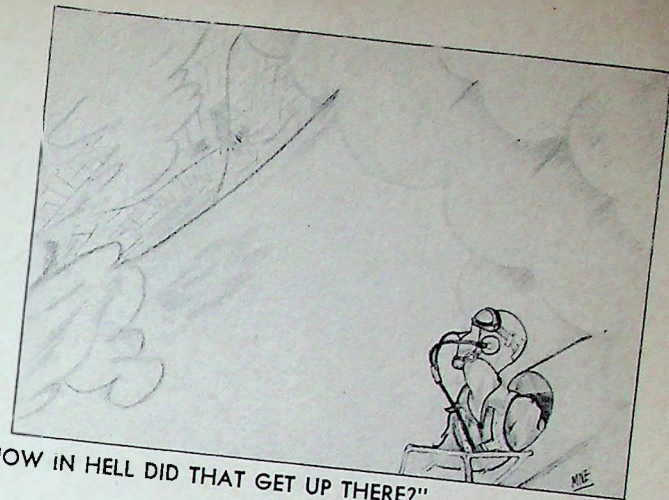
Finally, early in the morning, there were two men standing. It was time for the end. Number one let heave with a bucket of water, and number two let go with a water soaked pillow. They both scored and Old Sol rose serenely into a quiet June Sky, smiling as though nothing had happened, because the United States Army Air Force NOW had the situation well in hand, ... and if ever you doubt it, just ASK B FLIGHT!



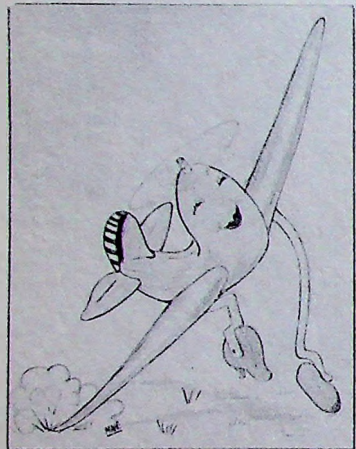
"FLAPS? FLAPS?—
BUT THEY'RE UP."



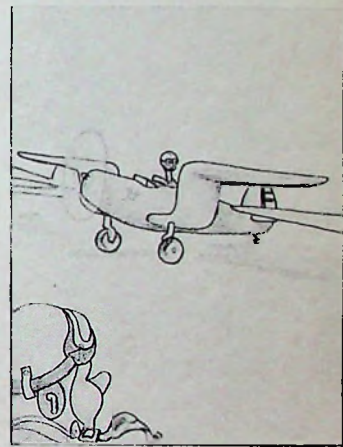
"—AND SOME OF US COM-
PLAIN ABOUT GOSPORTS GET-
TING IN THE WAY."



"NOW HOW IN HELL DID THAT GET UP THERE?"

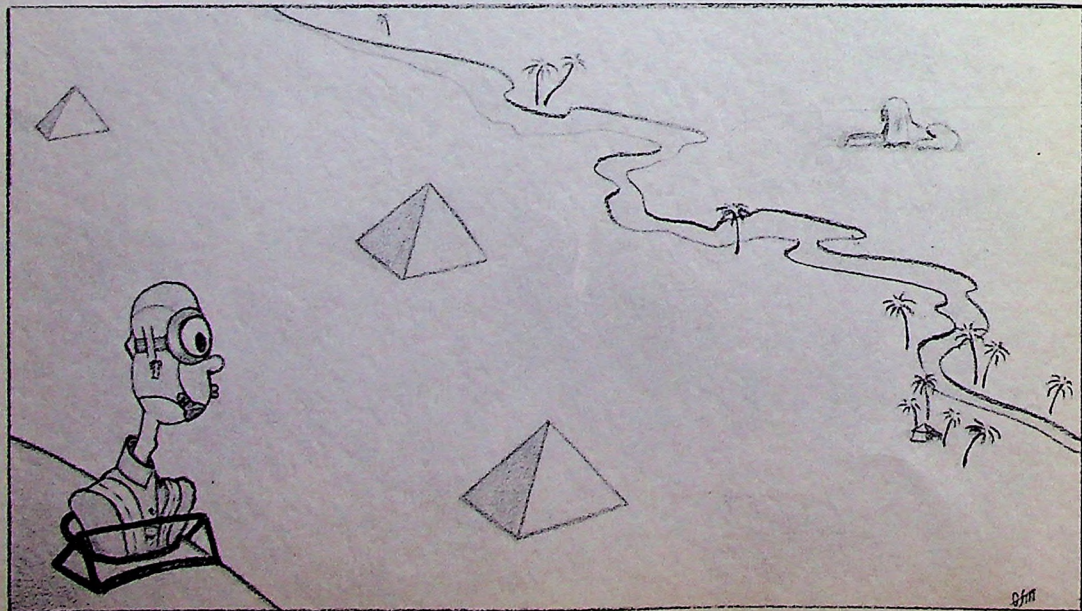


*Remember
The Time ---?*

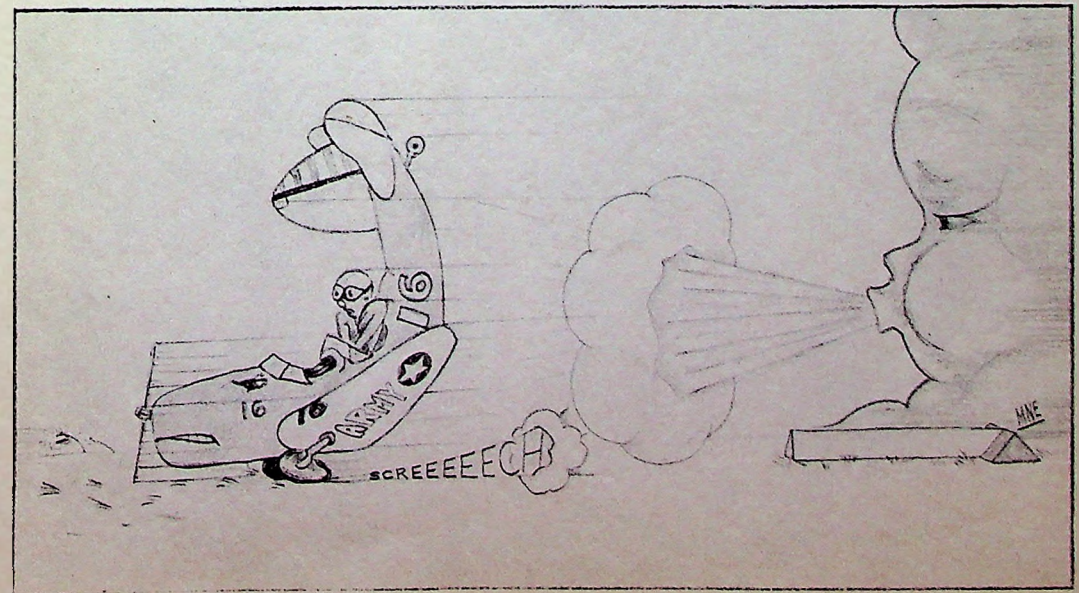


"AT LAST, A SPECIAL PLANE FOR
SALISBURY."

"OH, WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN
DE FEIS."



"...
W RIED."



"WHOA!"



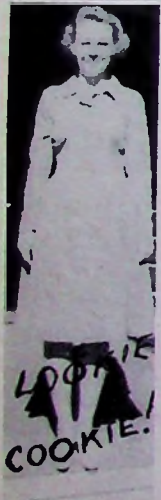
ROLL -



Prop Wash



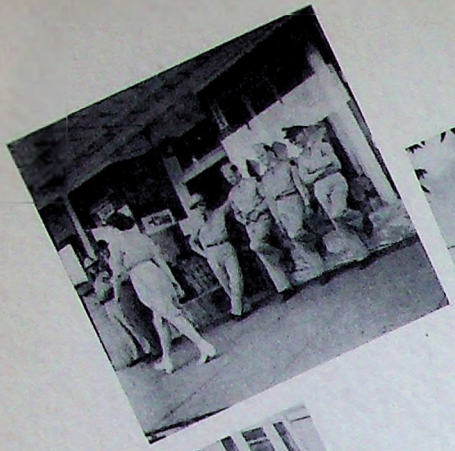
EXPECTATION



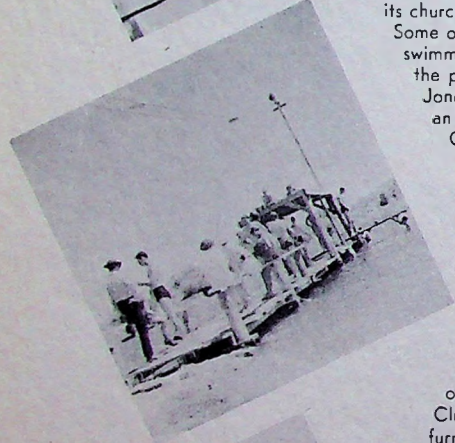
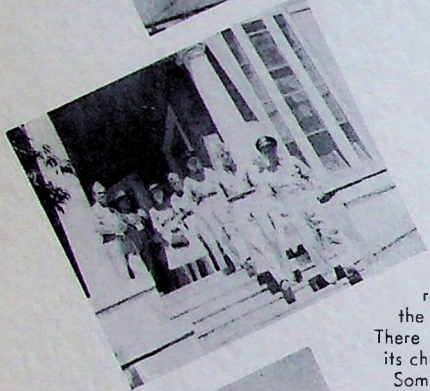
HESITATION



REALIZATION



Open Post



Saturday afternoon brings forth the cadet in his best. It may be 'pink's and blouse' or simply a well-pressed uniform, but he is on his way and raring to go. He is on OPEN POST!

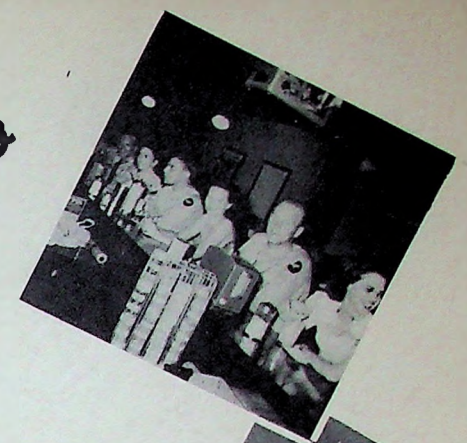
Our first Open Post in Coleman was, to say the least, a surprise to us. When we invaded the fair little city, we fully expected to find just another "Army Town"—instead, Southern hospitality was really introduced to us. We were cordially greeted by the citizens of the town and surrounding countryside, and welcomed into their homes. There is no "key" to Coleman . . . nothing is ever locked. The town belles, its churches, shows, and people outdid themselves to make us feel at home. Some of our fondest memories are here. How soon will we forget the "ole swimmin' hole," picnics on the hillsides, mere chatting with the goodfolk, the pleasant hospitality of the many churches on Sunday and Reverend Jones, or even the sudden discovery that a simple picture show can be an exciting and pleasant adventure? I can say—never.

Of course, not all Open Posts were spent in Coleman . . . the spice of San Angelo is still fresh in many of our catalogs of memory; and particularly those of us unfortunate enough to find themselves with failing ground school grades or tours begging to be walked at Saturday noon, will remember the Saturday night dances right here on the post . . . the "Propeller Club," whose members graciously furnished many dancing partners . . . and the Recreation hall, pinch-hitting as a ball room.

If the Open Post fun of our gang were to be completely covered, it would take a volume much larger than this, so let it be sufficient to say that we did definitely and affirmatively answer that age-old Yankee question, "Does Southern lipstick come off?" and—that we never did get that rest, we always planned for next weekend!



Dodo Nite



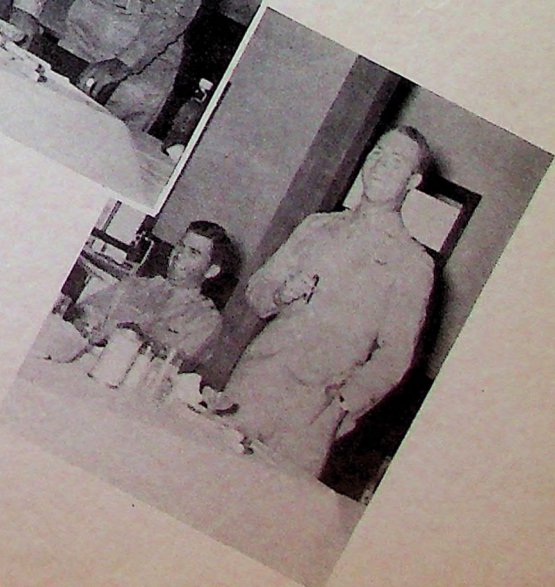
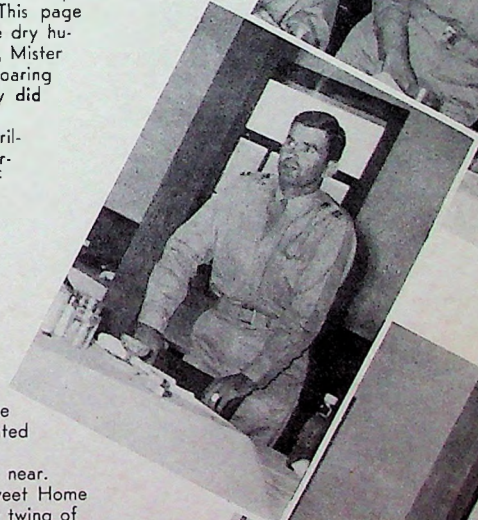
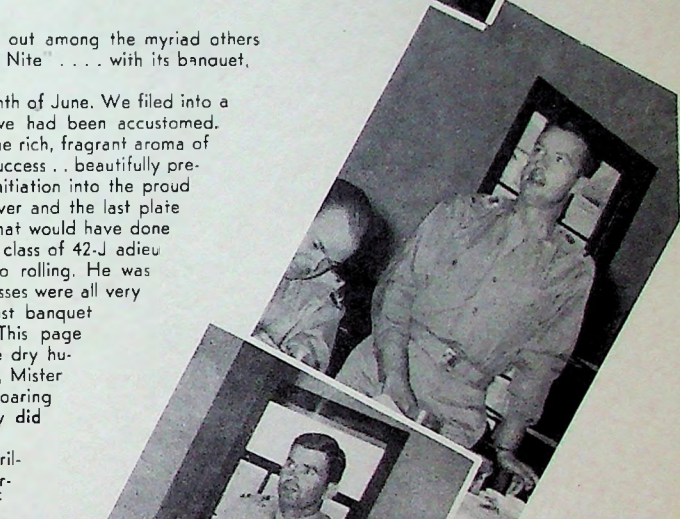
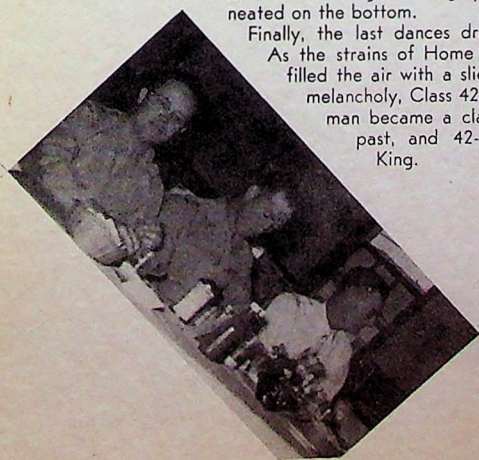
It is inevitable that one night should stand out among the myriad others spent here. That night for us, I think, was "Dodo Nite" . . . with its banquet, its dance, and our recognition as upperclassmen.

It was on Saturday evening, the twenty-seventh of June. We filed into a vastly different mess hall than that to which we had been accustomed. Tablecloths gleamed at us from the tables, and the rich, fragrant aroma of steak was in the air. The banquet was a glorious success . . . beautifully prepared, and tastefully chosen, it was a pleasing initiation into the proud world of upperclassmen. After the dinner was over and the last plate scraped clean, we faced a battery of speakers that would have done proud the table of a king. We were bidding the class of 42-J adieu and Captain Crow's address started the ball to rolling. He was followed by his staff and Mr. Hammil. The addresses were all very appropriate, well worded, and, contrary to most banquet speeches, were greatly enjoyed by all . . . This page would, however, be bare without mention of the dry humor of our very adequate Master of Ceremonies, Mister Grady F. Mathews, and Lt. Doyle, who kept us roaring at his tall tales. We still wonder what actually did happen to that bug . . .

The dance in the recreation hall climaxed a brilliant evening. As the first strains from a real orchestra reached out into the night, a bevy of Beauties from the very heart of Texas entered the hall. Many a voluntary tour was walked that evening as the Cadets escorted their fair damsels around the post.

Within the hall, a superb time was had by all . . . subdued lighting played over the rich Blue and White of the decorations. A soft glow illuminated a replica of the PT-19-A, which hung in imaginary flight over the dancers. As one passed beneath the wings, he was conscious of the names of those who were searching for wings printed neatened on the bottom.

Finally, the last dances drew near. As the strains of Home Sweet Home filled the air with a slight twing of melancholy, Class 42-J of Coleman became a class of the past, and 42-K was King.



WASH OUT

My flying days are over,
My helmet's put away,
My wings are clipped close to my sides;
My dreams have gone astray.
No longer, as the gull, can I
Soar and dive and fly,
No longer can I chase the clouds;
Chained to the Earth am I.

Still clear are mental visions
Of classmates—eager, true:
They fling their hearts into the sky
And chase them through the blue;
Soaring, climbing, banking—
Graceful birdlike things.
How I envy those who fly—
I wish that I had wings.

And yet I know it's not for me;
My niche I haven't found.
Perhaps it's written in the book
That I stay on the ground:
To "keep 'em flying"—planes and men
Must be the job for me,
And deep inside I burn with pride
As wings spell Victory!

—Alfred R. Petrucci.

