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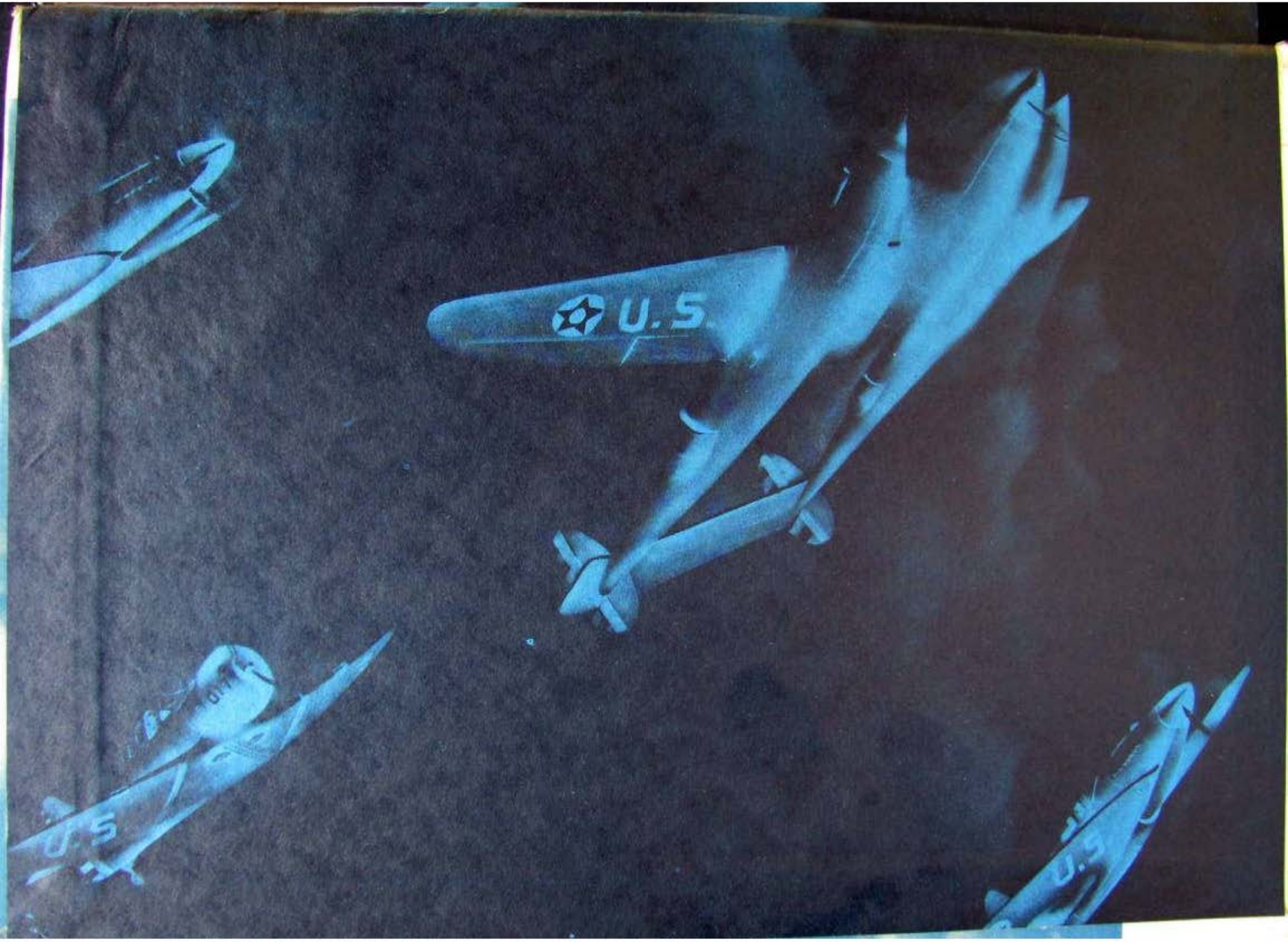
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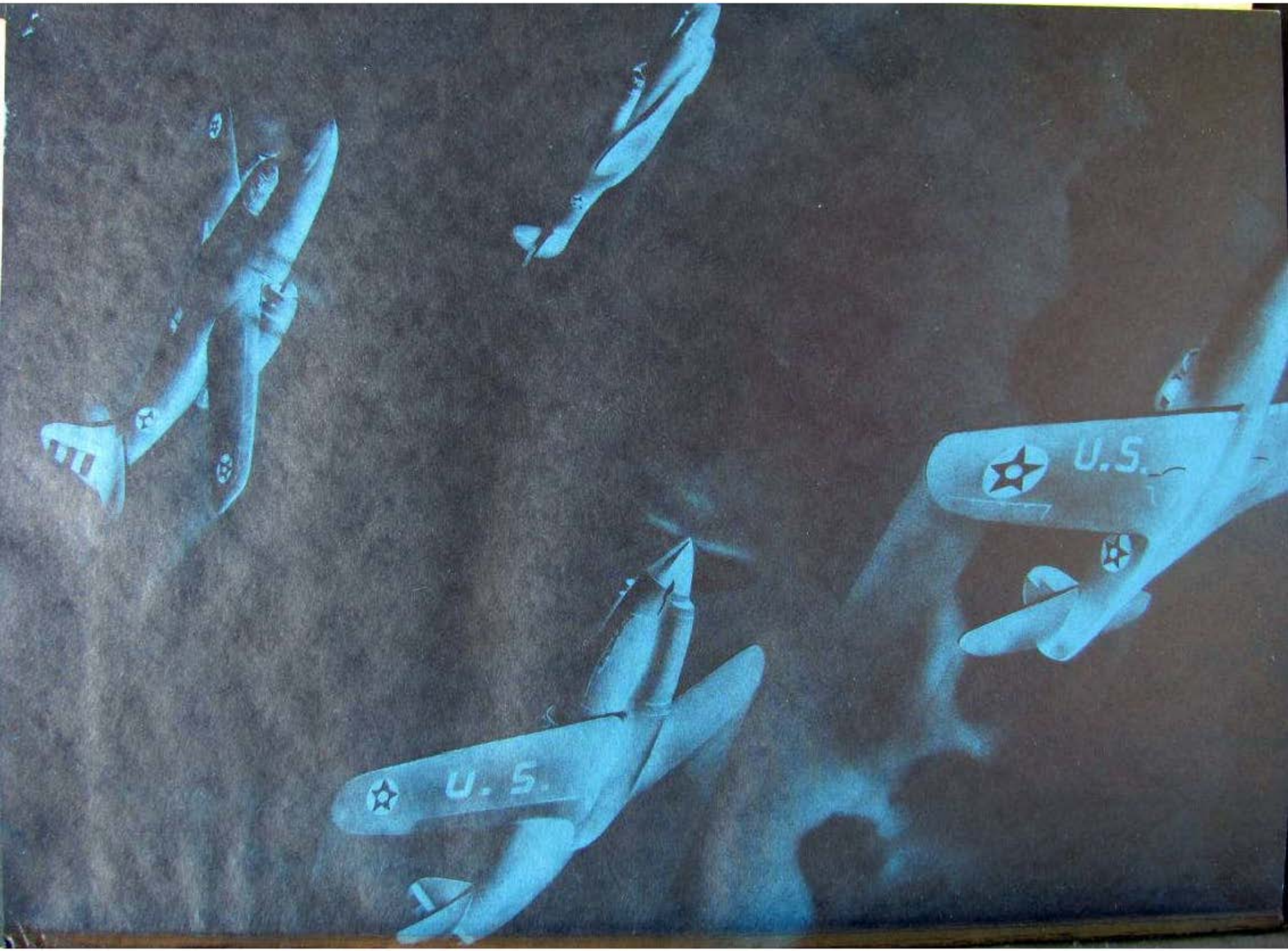
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The OBSERVER

BROOKS FIELD

Brooks Makes Great Flyers

Brooks Field, steeped with twenty-four years of tradition, is a huge factory... warmly human... whose $25,000 product is stamped with the silver wings of America and the gold bars of an officer in Democracy's finest service... The United States Army Air Corps.

Past and Present, the roll call of Brooks men reads like a Who's Who in international aviation. Among these famed men are:—

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MEMORANDUM TO: The Reader

The importance of such a book as this is not to be overlooked.
It may not be a literary masterpiece, but represents as much effort.
It won't ever be a best seller, but will be more valued by its readers.
It is worth more than a masterpiece. It is dearer than a best-seller.
It lives over again the soul and mind of the cadet.
It shows him as others see him.
It tells of Brooks and of the men who are trained here.
Therefore, I am proud to set my hand to this document as advisor.

Bruce K. Baumgardner

BRUCE K. BAUMGARDNER
2nd Lieut., Air Corps.

The Top Flight

Gen. Henry H. Arnold

Gen. George H. Brett

Gen. Gerald C. Brant


Men of earthbound regions
Look to heaven's legions,
Watch the air corps skyward go . . .
U.S.
U.S.


061
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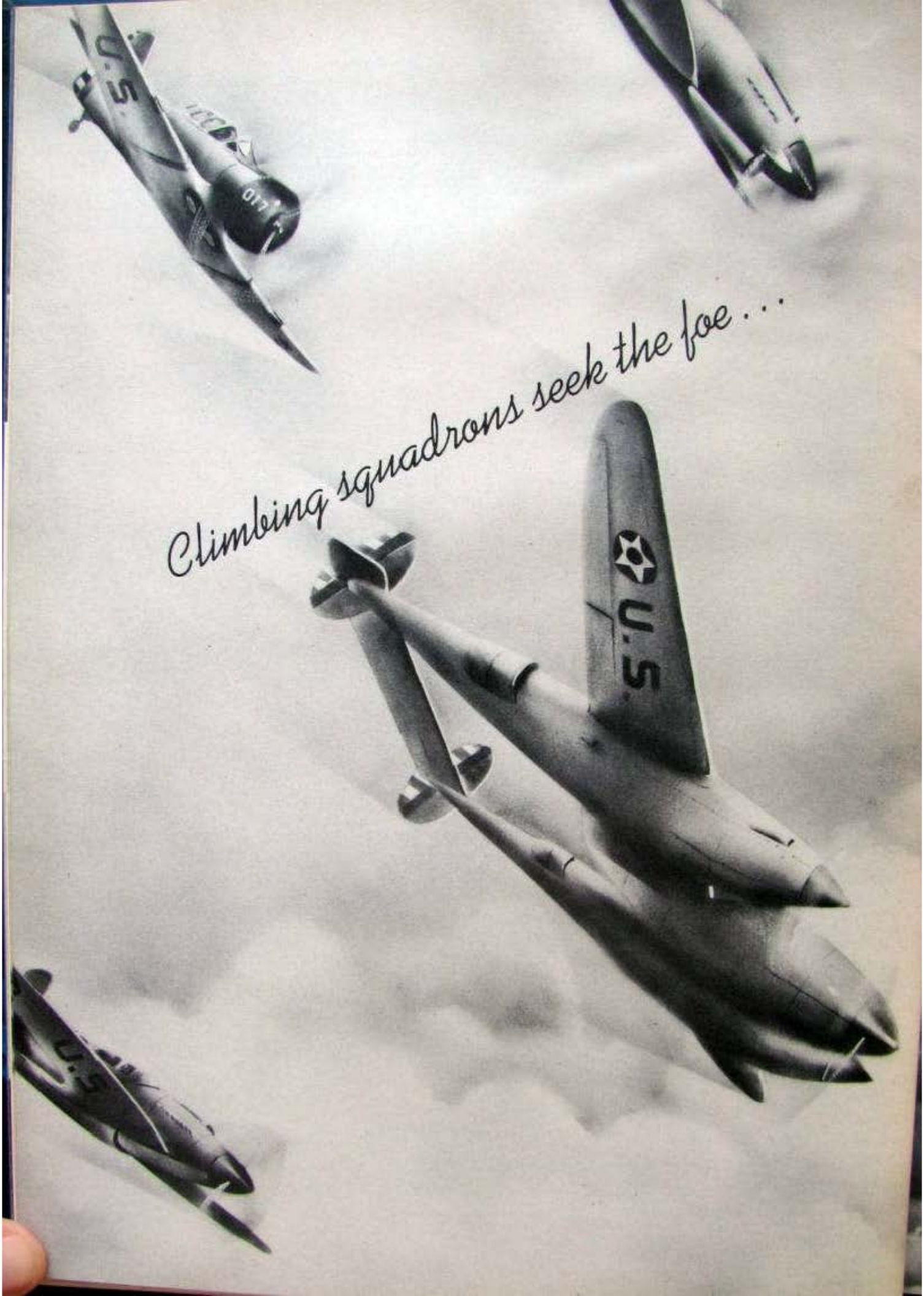
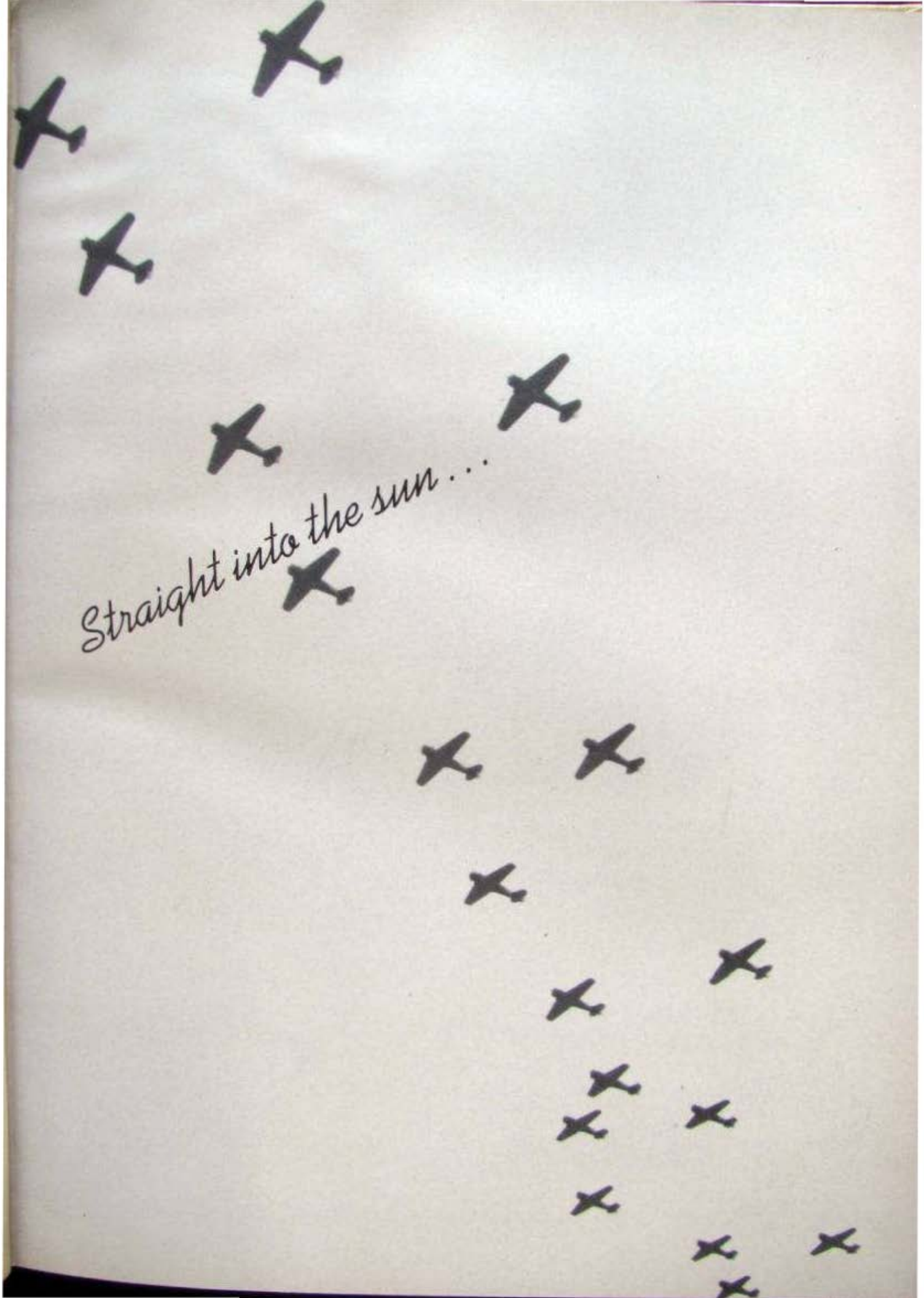
66ED
See the sky before us . . .

Hear the angry chorus . . .


Climbing squadrons seek the foe . . .


U.S.
ARMY
U.S.
ARMY
U.S.
ARMY


Higher, higher . . .
U.S.


Straight into the sun . . .


We'll come down when the victory is won . . .
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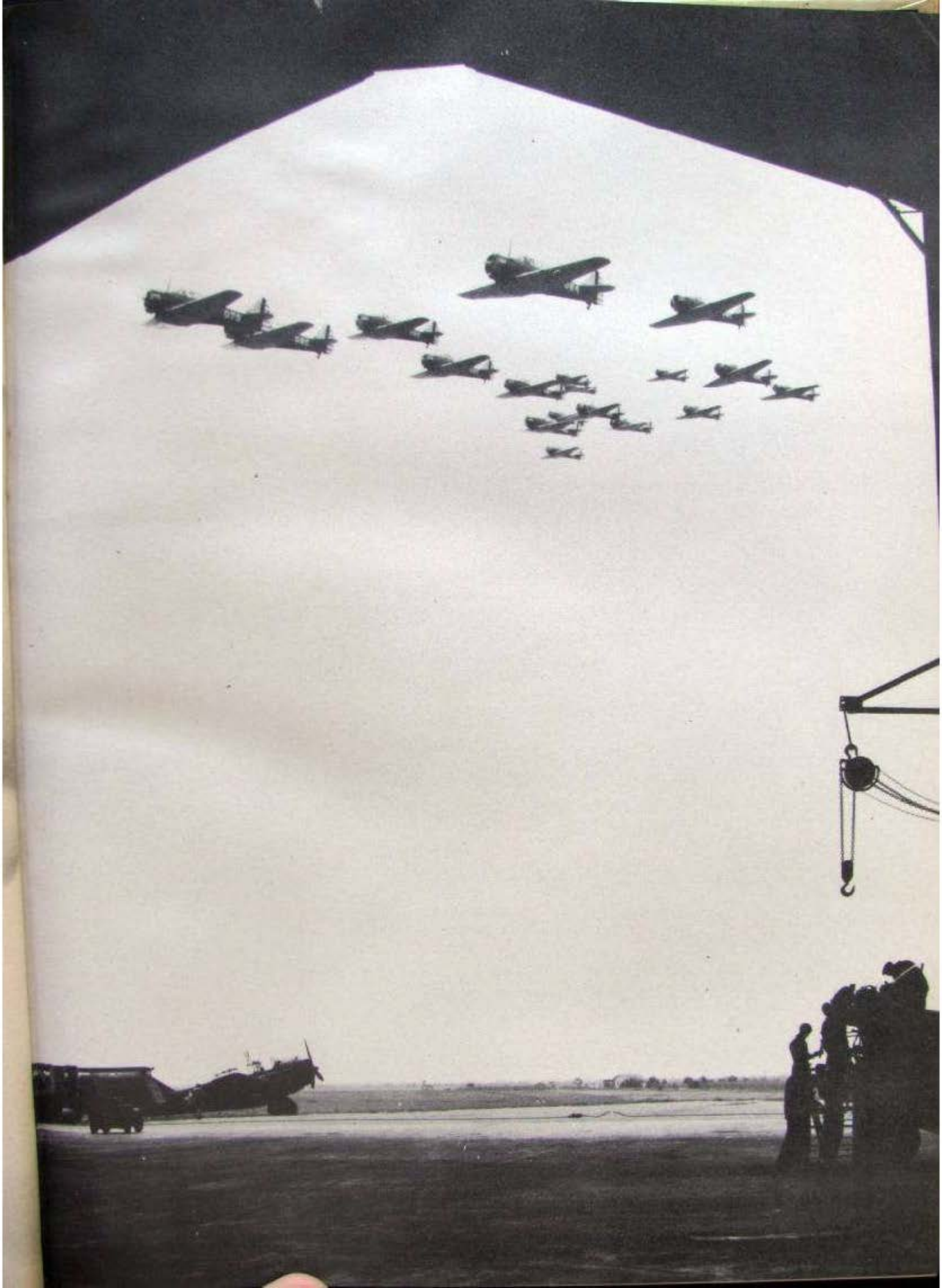
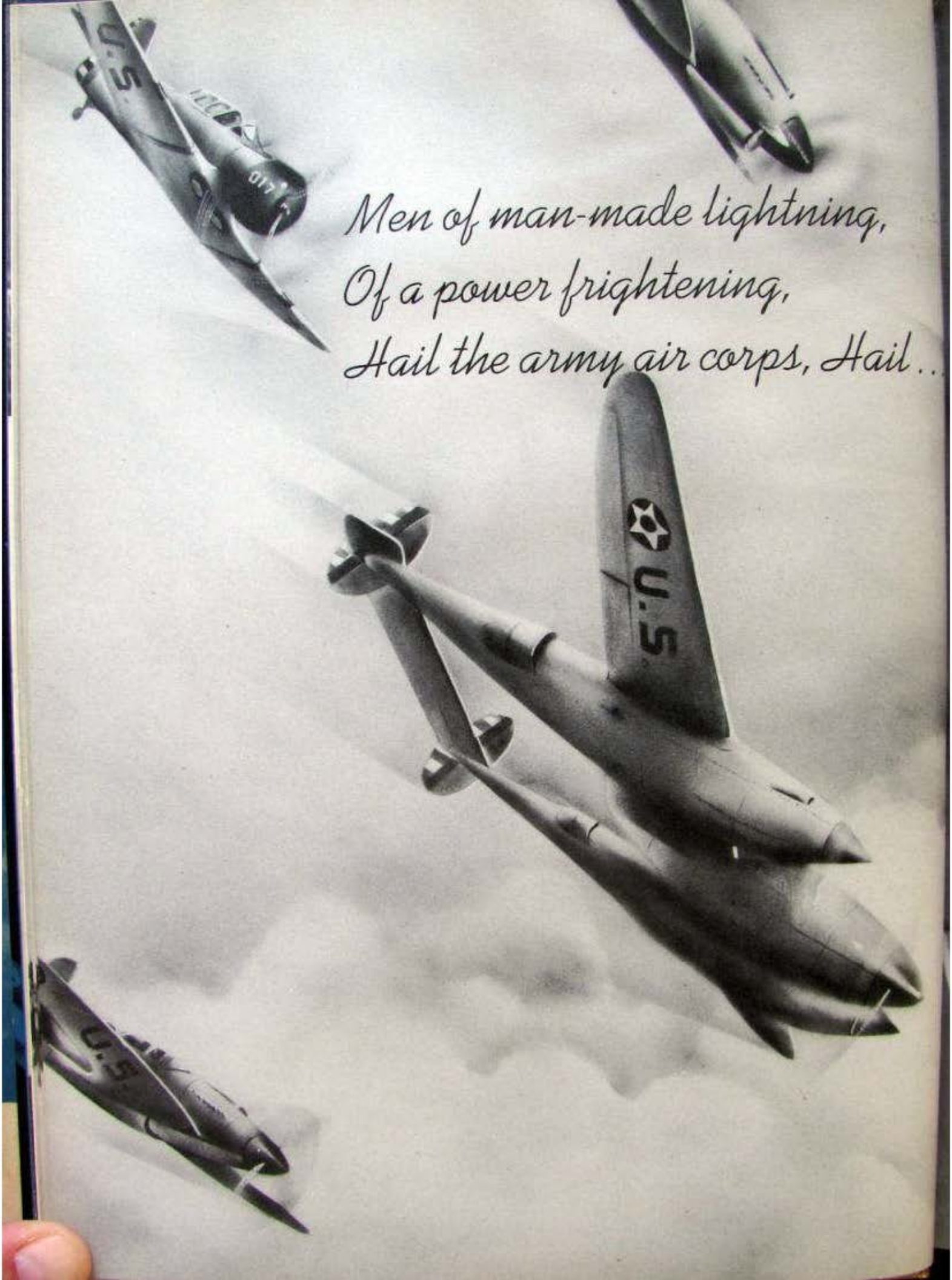
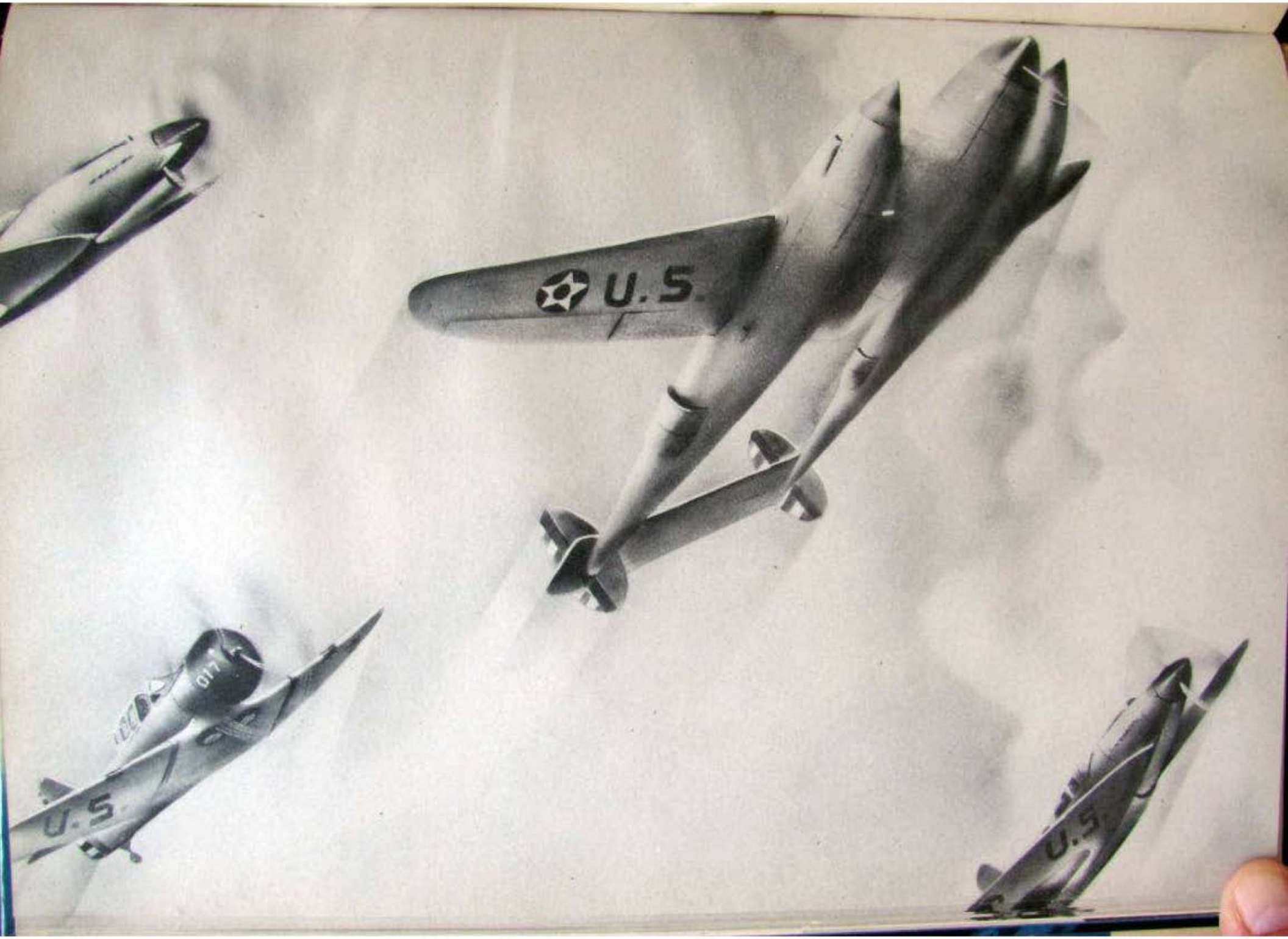



Men of man-made lightning,
Of a power frightening,
Hail the army air corps, Hail . .

U.S.
ARMY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42-I

With the graduation of 42-I from Brooks Field, each graduate shall enter into a new world. Even with the months of intensive training behind us, it will not be easy to first acclimate ourselves to the life of a flying officer in the American Air Forces and later to the life of a citizen in a peaceful America.

Perhaps in the not too distant future, each of us will have time to pause in our new realm to reflect on the training that opened the doors to his position. It is to that end this book is dedicated.

In Memoriam

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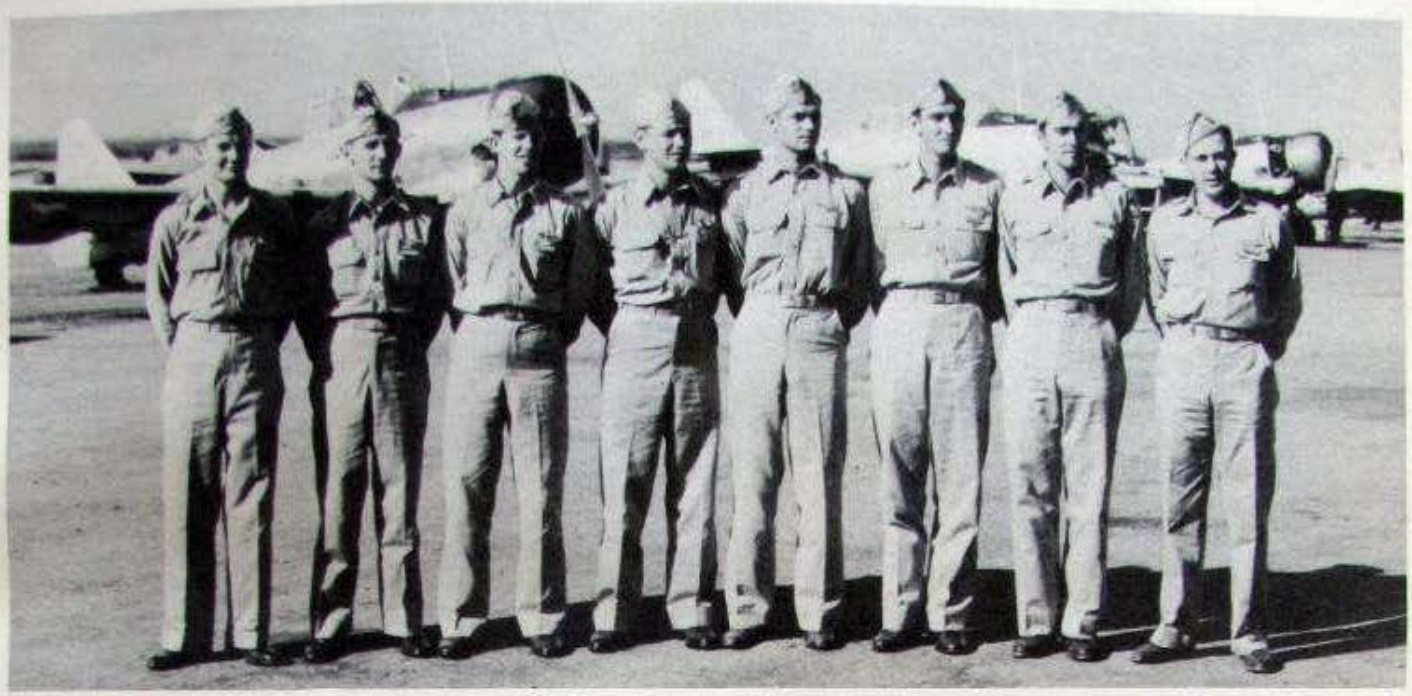
Our "Boys"



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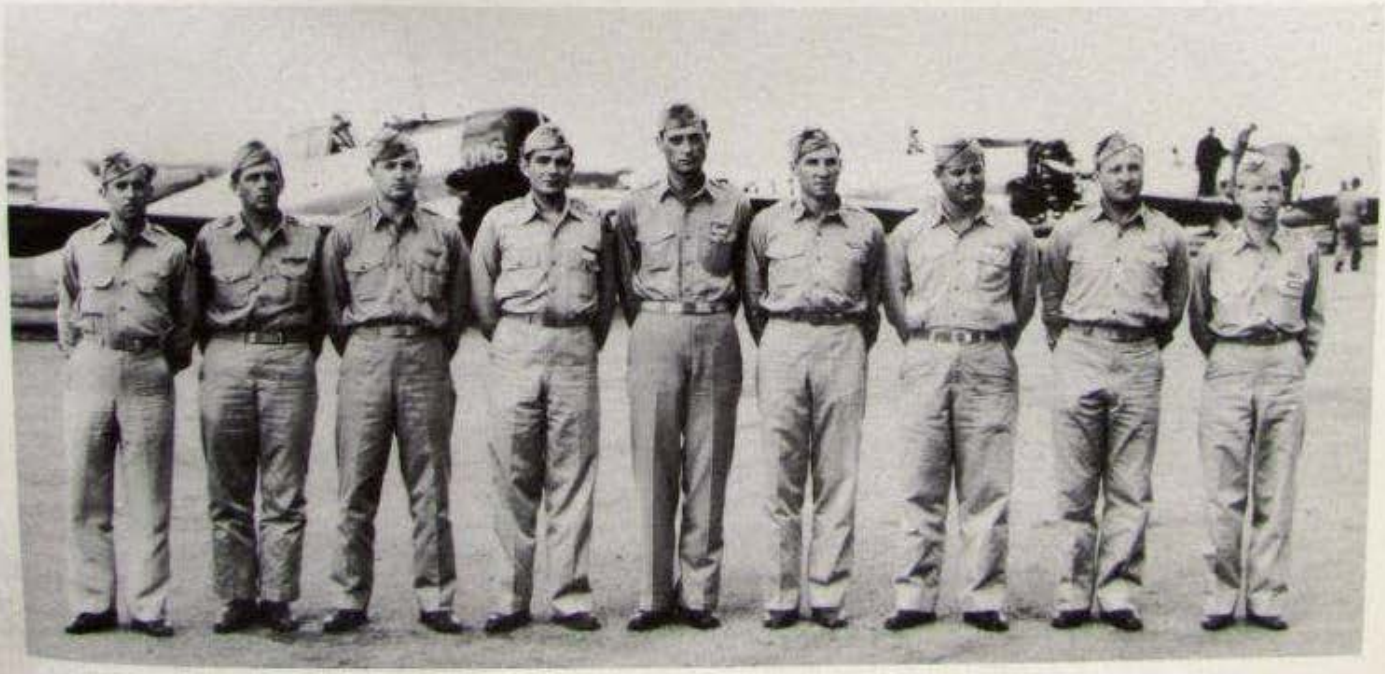

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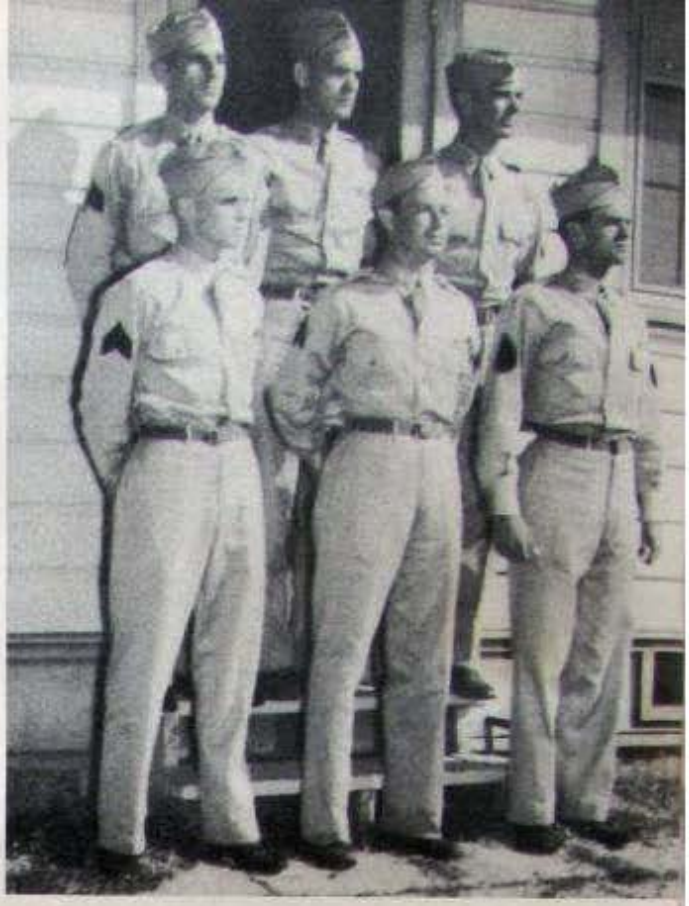

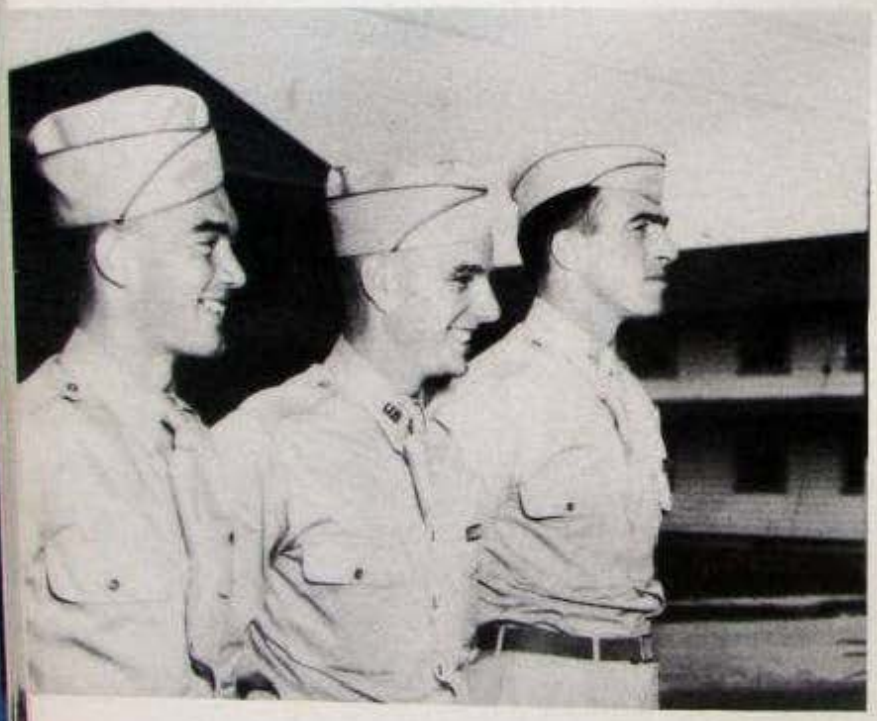

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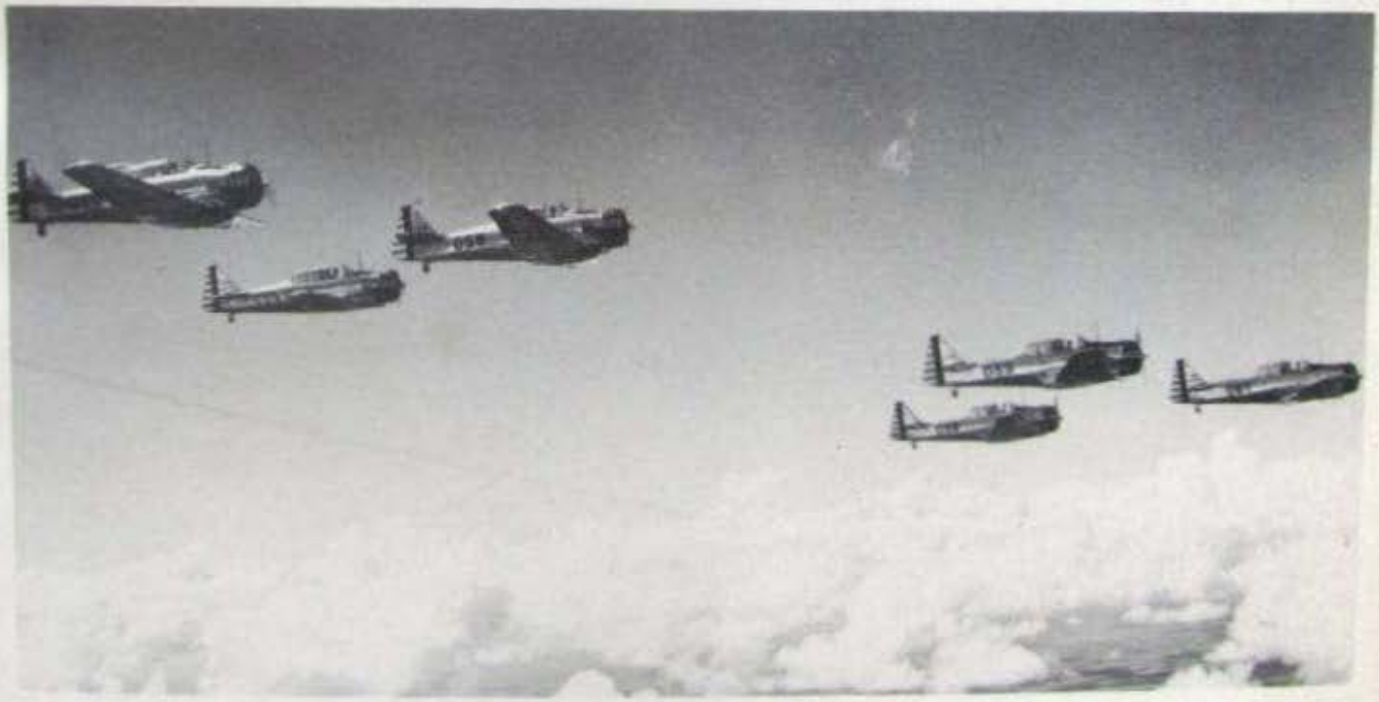


ELEMENT 1

PEASE POOR PILOTS



ELEMENT 2

WOOD'S KNOTHEADS



ELEMENT 3

LAUCK'S TOUGH LUCKS

ELEMENT 4

GREGG'S GROPING GOSLINGS

ELEMENT 5

MERRITT'S AND HOON'S GOONS

ELEMENT 6

SCHULER'S SIMPLE SEVEN

ELEMENT 7

WILSON'S WILD WHATNOTS

ELEMENT 8

WOOD'S WOULD IF THEY COULD



ELEMENT 9

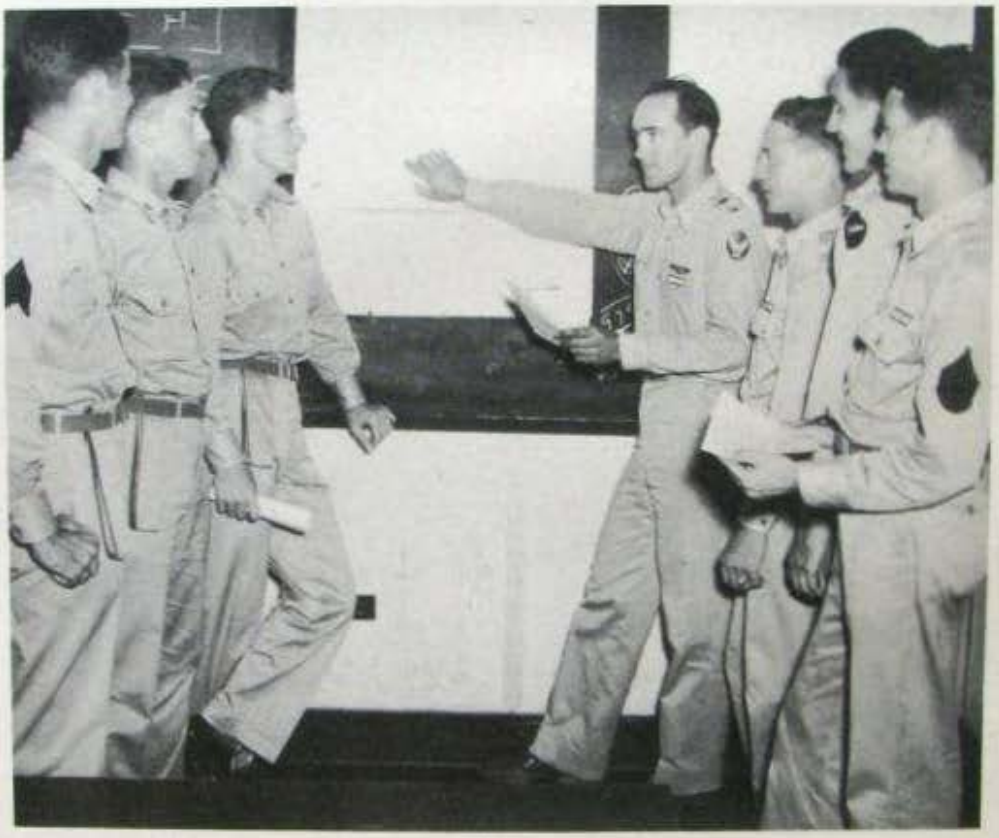
WRIGHT'S KITES



ELEMENT 10

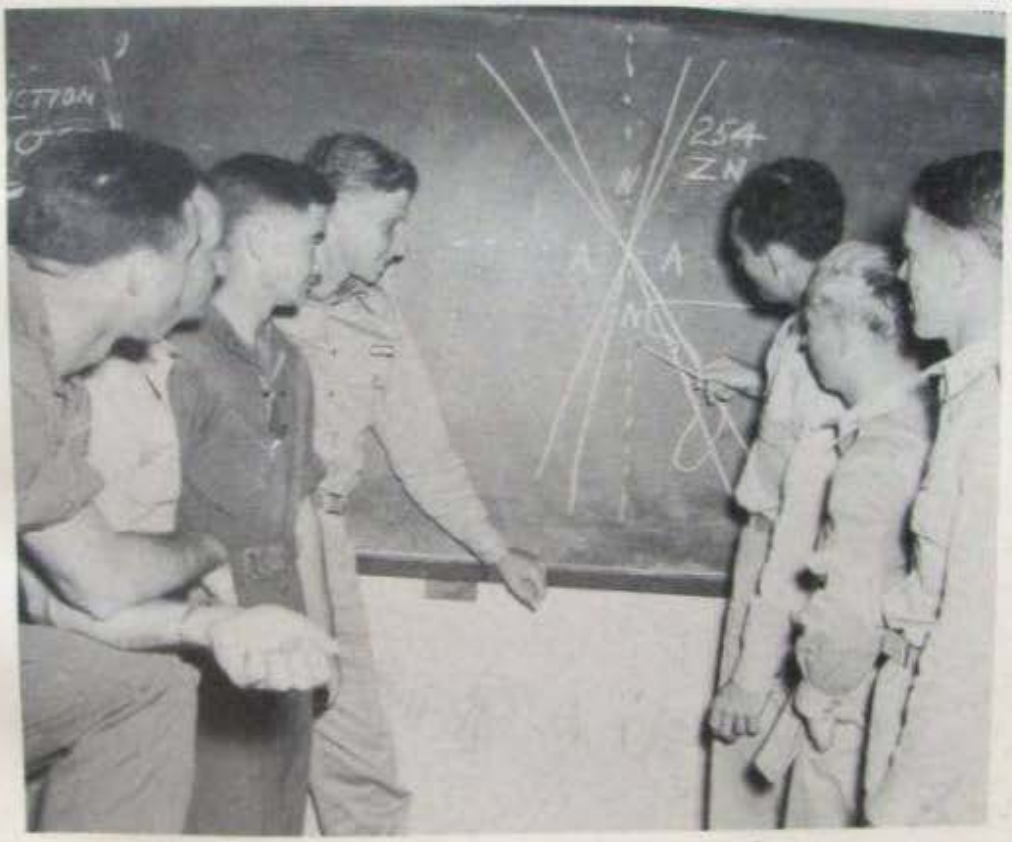
NEWTON'S NIFTY NUMSKULLS

ELEMENT 11



SIX SLUGS AND A PENNY

ELEMENT 12



RICE'S PUDDINGS

ELEMENT 13

SMITH & COMPANY

ELEMENT 14

STANTON'S STARDUSTERS



ELEMENT 15

DWIGHT'S DODOES



ELEMENT 16

BETTER PILOTS BY FARR

McGovern gives out
with his jive.

Whatta life!

Get in line, Bud.

Who's getting stuck here?

Are you in 1st class, Mister?

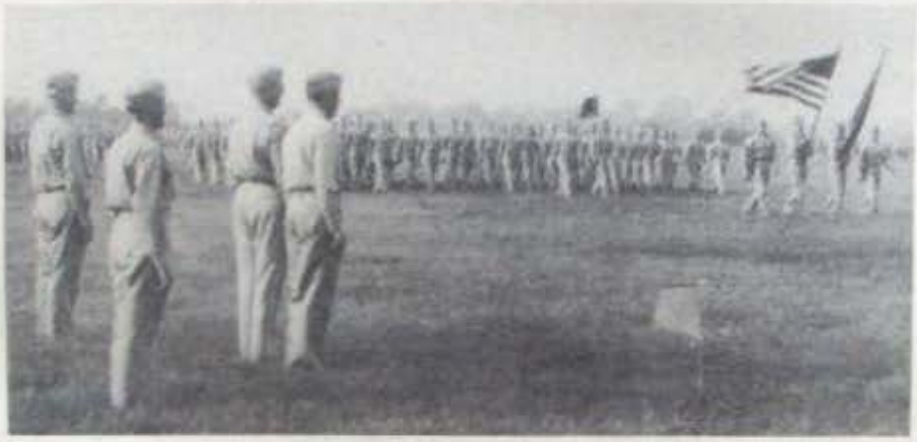
A ten minute break.

42-I's Ex-Aggies.

That morning after.

"Hey, fella. Reepoht."

From Airlines to Air Corps.



Our last parade.

Think she'll like it, Van?

Going up on oxygen.

"H"-Hour coming up.

"A" Stage Tower.

Whatta profile.

Missed again.

Wheels up?

Our "Caterpillers"

Serve.

Our "G-2" gets a little rest.

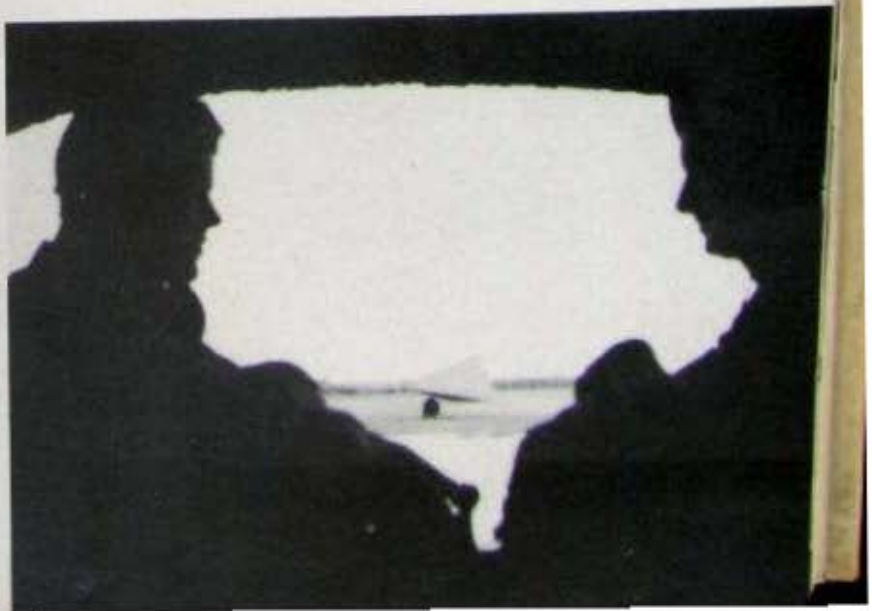
Gig-flap.

All out!

Give me two.

Off to mess.

"A" Stage "T."



"Now to do a slow-roll— — —"

He just looks at the pictures.

The vultures watch — and wait.

"8" ball in the side pocket.

Off to the flight-line.

Center that ball.

Our ground-school instructors.

Ut Viri Volent

(THAT MEN MAY FLY)

I've just spent the most interesting and beneficial seven and one-half months of my life, and, since I think my case is average, I'd like to tell you a little about it.

The first time I ever saw an airplane I decided that someday I would be a flier. When the opportunity came along to take the army course, shortened from twelve months to seven and one-half, I asked for and received the chance to take the physical for cadet application.

The examination was very thorough and covered everything imaginable, past history, present physical condition, and probable future ability. Much surprised, I found at the end of the day that I had passed. My name was sent in to the Area Headquarters, and soon I received notification that my name had been placed on the list and that I may be called any day.

About six weeks after I took my exam I received a letter saying that I was to report to primary school when the next class started. That only gave me a few days to get things straightened around and prepare to leave. Those few days are kind of hazy in my mind as I try to remember now what happened. A lot of my friends got together and threw some parties and gave me some swell presents to take along. I remember two quite vividly, a yo-yo and a cigarette holder about a foot long. Some presents.

Anyhow, a friend of mine who had taken and passed the physical with me loaded his stuff in my car along with my luggage and we started off on the prettiest morning you ever saw, sunshine, flowers, birds, and parents abundant everywhere.

For a while it looked as if we were going to take my folks with me, because they were a little dubious about the whole thing, but we finally left and headed on the high road. We stopped at the field where we took our entrance exams and were sworn in, signed some very official-looking documents, and received our first army pay, two dollars for food allowance on our trip.

On the day that we were supposed to report at primary, we rolled in tired and travel-worn, expecting to get a hard-earned rest. I remember that I was togged nattily in a dirty pair of cords and a loud-check coat and a day's beard, which enhanced my appearance no end. We signed in at the admintration building, and were told to go to the barracks because we were just in time for the noon meal.

Friend, there was a meal I'll never forget. We did everything but eat. When you start learning Army Cadet Customs you learn fast or else. By the end of the meal we were old hands at "popping to" or eating at rigid attention, and various other little items too numerous to mention. After the ineffectual attempt at mastication, we began the processing. We were issued coveralls with the Air Corps insignia on the back, and shown to our new quarters. We took another check-up physical, and then began to march. We marched, learned to stand at attention, and so on. The upperclass cadet who was in charge of our feeble but diligent efforts told me that when I stood at what I fondly thought was a position of attention I looked like I was going to sneeze. But it was fun, all new and different, and we enjoyed the novelty of it. That is, all except our feet.

That first week we did very little but get acquainted around the place, drawing school books and flying equipment, and learning just what we were supposed to do. The following Monday we started flying. That first ride was something to write home about, and I did. We were shown the areas, and where we could and couldn't fly. They told us about traffic patterns, and how high to fly where, and let us handle the controls a little. It was on this day of days that I learned how it feels to stand on a banana peel, scratch my back, fall off a cliff, ride a bucking bronco and ride a roller-coaster, all at the same time. (My instructor caught up on a little acrobatics he hadn't been doing lately.)

As time went on, we fell into the routine, and soon were like old hands, at least when the upperclassmen weren't around to tell us to "pop to."

Our instructors gave us frequent check rides, and we flew stages where we tried entering the field by cutting the throttle at different positions in the air. Then the ten-hour check passed, and the thirty. Wasn't long before the fifty-hour check went by, and then the final Army check. Why, gosh, were we through the ten weeks already? The time went so swiftly that it seemed as if we had only been there a few days. Yet, when we looked back, we remembered many things that gave depth to the remembrance. The fellows who washed out, and how sad we felt about them. Some of us just lacked the coordination or the speed of learning necessary to fly for the Army. But these fellows didn't lose out, for they were given opportunities to transfer into different branches of the non-piloting Air Corps, still classified as Cadets, and still getting their commissions in approximately the same amount of time.

And we remembered the things that everyone likes to remember. Our instructors, who were as proud as we to have us finish and just as surprised. And our dance in celebration of making the grade. The stage party given for the instructors and officers. And the thrill of saying, "Randolph, here we come," and knowing that it wasn't idle rumor.

With good-byes ringing in our ears we took off for Randolph, still in my old car, and happy that both of us had gotten through, along with our many new friends.

Well . . . . the first day at primary may seem a little unsettling, but the first day at basic school is enough to make any strong man weak.

Even so, it is so packed with new experiences and sights and faces that it is intensely absorbing and significant.

We thought we had had a taste of army discipline and ways, but soon found different. "Popping to" in primary was a mild resting position compared to the "stiff brace" we are made to "climb into" at basic.

Suck up that horrible gut, mister. Throw those s c r a w n y shoulders back. Haul in that chin. Get your eyes on a point, mister. Whaddyawannado . . . buy the place? We'll do the looking around here. Wow!! If someone had told me that black was a milky color involving shades of maroon, buff, and baby pink that first week I would have agreed with him. We REALLY marched, still in issued coveralls like those in primary. The howl of injured dogs resounded through the barracks every night for the first week, and the foot powder flew as the driven snow before a wind.

But we were learning to be officers as well as pilots, and to teach men to march, we had to know how to march ourselves. There is no way but the hard way to learn that.

We ran the gamut of becoming acclimated; measured for cadet uniforms . . . photos taken . . . rifles and equipment issued . . . all clothes including bedding issued . . . and a pair of sturdy shoes to withstand the beloved concrete "ramp" which was laid with equal parts of cement, sand, and sweat. Our lovely curls were ruthlessly attacked by efficient barbers, and as Samson was sheared, so were we shorn.

We learned about those rifles they issued us, and soon found out why they called them gig sticks. (It seems that throughout your career as a cadet you must meet frequent inspections, and if you are deficient in any way, you are rewarded with "gigs." If you get a few too many, you may be confined for the weekend, or made to march a little extra duty. This isn't as bad as it sounds, for the basis of any military organization is discipline, and the gigs given out are usually well-deserved.)

Well, now that you know what the gig is, we continue, beloved reader, with the interesting tale of Here I Am and How I Got Here As If Anybody Cares. They didn't misname those rifles, let me tell you. When it was ten minutes before inspection, and everyone

was trying to use the same stuff to clean his rifle; somebody had to miss out, and that unfortunate soon had a change made on his efficiency report which was, to-wit and viz., plenty of the good old gigs.

Here at basic we found that both the ground work and the flying were entirely different from primary as well as the marching. Our ground school course was more concentrated, and we had more advanced courses than we had had before. With well over 700 cadets under foot, compared to the hundred-odd at primary, you can see where this would necessitate more integration than at the smaller school. And the ships we were introduced to were really something. They weighed about 4000 pounds where the planes we had been flying weighed about 1300 pounds. They were better equipped, bigger motors, (450 horsepower), radio equipped, and had such interesting things as the flight indicator, turn and bank indicator, gyroscopic, self-starter, two-position controllable pitch propeller, and other gadgets. If that sounds confusing to you, think how it looked to me when I first looked in the cockpit and saw those bleak unblinking faces staring back at me with evident dislike.

The general idea at basic is the same as at primary. You are familiarized with the planes and they are familiarized with you, and it's a toss-up who wins. But the check rides are fewer, which no one feels sorry about. There is a twenty-hour check, a forty-hour check, and an instrument check, in which you pilot the ship with the cockpit covered with a canvas hood, and your only reference to flight is the instrument board. When you feel that everything is fine, you are probably upside down, and when everything feels cockeyed, relax, brother, all is well.

Among the innovations at basic which differed from the training at the first school was night flying (or the singing of Nearer My God to Thee with the accompaniment of the sound of a motor and lights winking far away on the ground), cross-country, which is not only interesting but very educational in many ways, formation flying, or trying desperately to get within fifty feet of your instructor's ship without cutting off his wings with your prop, and the aforementioned instrument flying.

The ten weeks at basic passed just as fast as did the ten at primary, and before we knew it we were being sent on to the third and last phase, advanced flying school, Brooks Field, Texas. Brooks, founded in 1917, is the oldest Air Corps School in the country, and the only school teaching Observation Aviation. Gone here was much of the rigorous discipline, for our officers expected us to realize that men who were to be officers themselves in ten weeks should know by now that they were just a little past the military adolescent stage. And, of course, we all acted creditably from the very first; gentlemanly, courteous, kind, and a bunch of other adjectives which are strained a little to fit the occasion.

The flying here was different, the transition being about the same as that from primary to basic. These ships were still faster, bigger, and had a lot more gadgets to contend with, such as the radio compass, constant-speed propeller, retractable landing gear, manifold pressure gauges, and hydraulic flaps. I remember an early flight in the advanced trainer. I tried desperately to put down the wheels, and when I finally got them down, I wildly tried to pull them back up again instead of letting down the flaps. And the first landing!! Sort of shook the idea out of me that I

was a hot pilot, because I bounded across the field like a cross between a jackrabbit and a kangaroo. If I ever buy a ranch in Mexico, I think I'll call it El Bounco Grande in commemoration. But, I somehow managed to get it down, and when I proudly came in to the instructor so that he might fill my shell-like ears with praise, I was made even more happy by the kindly words spoken in my behalf which were, in part, "You?*(?@:lb@*-.l" Of course, he didn't say anything like THAT, but he could have with the justification I had just presented him.

As to the curriculum of flying, it included all that we had at basic, plus time-distance problems, where the students go one way and the instructor goes the other, and after a while they are all supposed to meet at a certain spot at a certain time, (which has actually happened occasionally), and fly back to Brooks in formation. We also had night-cross-country trips, and many more day-cross-country jaunts, some of which were well over 300 miles. The instrument flying was different, too, in that we were required to be much more proficient, and had to learn painstakingly to fly the "beam," or signal code flashed from different stations which identify that station, and guide lost travelers to it.

And, of course, the jeep. Ah, yes, the jeep. This little number, actually called the Link trainer, is a simulated air plane sitting on a box full of wires and stuff which makes this little monster act like a regular plane. It is used to give the student practice in instrument flying, and also doubles as a steam bath and mentality strainer, besides getting you dizzy as the dickens. The first day I "flew" the jeep, I made a thirty-mile cross-country at a thousand feet below the ground. When I got out, the operator of the trainer asked me if I had enjoyed my burrowing. I replied cleverly that it was a good thing I was wearing my moleskin pants, and the conversation terminated immediately.

Like the other two parts of the course, the last ten weeks traveled with a tail wind. The last day arrived and the gallant one hundred and sixteen marched into the sanctums of Uncle Sam, and out again with those silver wings which mean so much. Now, truly, the doors were open, and the high road called us on to newer things. Bombardment, pursuit, observation and transport,—none of us was positive yet what he was to do, but wherever we went, we knew we were united in thought. Such is the way in the Air Corps.

Everyone gathered together after the ceremony, of course, and we all laughed and there was a lot of excited talk, and things went pretty well for a while. And then I felt suddenly a little weak and trembly, and like a great weight had been lifted from my shoulders, I sneaked up to my room and flopped down on my bunk. I stared at the ceiling, but pretty soon the ceiling disappeared, and in its place I could see primary school again. Then I saw Randolph, and things grew a little dim. And there was Brooks, and I felt and lived again how I had felt and lived when I had been a flying cadet. HAD BEEN A FLYING CADET. Now I was a lieutenant in the United States Army Air Corps, and prouder of my new bars than of any other possession. No matter where I went now, or what I did, or what happened to me, I would have my birthright, the finest training in the finest unit in the military world. I closed my eyes for a little, and prayed that I could give God and my country a good account of myself. And then, I went back downstairs where people were milling around. I tried to talk, but seemed to choke. And then a friend who had come to see us graduate took my arm, and we went to a quiet corner. He put his arm around my shoulders and pressed my hand with his, and it was all right again. I knew I had found my heritage.

4-CQ'S Last Stand

He's only a voice to me, but he holds a private niche in my personal Hall of Fame. I've never seen him, this forgotten man. But I like to think about the guy we call "4-CQ."

I can see him leaving home in the wee hours of the morning. He's freshly shaven. He's carefree. His faith in humanity is firm. "Today? Ah! Today may be different."

I can see him as he enters his little tower room on A Stage and prepares for the day's work. About him is his paraphernalia, his radio equipment. He pats it fondly and smiles an amiable smile at the green field stretching out before him.

Then they come!

"4-CQ from 0-2-6. On hangar line, ready to taxi to A. Stage. 0-2-6, Go ahead!"

"Roger 2-6. Taxi to A Stage on Runway 4. Go ahead, 2-6."

There! The first one right. Ah—beautiful new day!

"4-CQ from 0-3-1. On hangar line, ready to taxi to A Stage for instrument team-ride. 0-3-1. Go ahead."

"4-CQ from 0-1-5. Number 0-3-1 is checked out to Cadet Jones for formation this period. Please call 0-3-1, 4-CQ. Go ahead."

"Roger, 1-5. Calling 0-3-1. Your ship is listed for another man, 0-3-1. Return to hangar line. Go ahead, 0-3-1."

But 0-3-1 is speeding across the grass toward A Stage, disregarding Runway 4 completely. Its radio is tuned to interphone, and the occupants are discussing last night's dates.

"0-3-1 from 4-CQ. Return to hangar line immediately. 4-CQ. Go ahead."

0-3-1 swings out onto the field. The mike clicks on. "4-CQ from 0-3-1. At A Stage, ready to taxi out and take off on instrument team-ride. Go ahead."

"0-3-1 from 4-CQ. Return to hangar line, 0-3-1. You have the wrong ship. 4-CQ. Go ahead.

"Wilco," 0-3-1 replies cheerfully. With a blast of motor, 0-3-1 takes off.

"0-3-1, return to hangar line."

"4-CQ from 0-9-5. Ready to taxi to A Stage. Go ahead."
"4-CQ to 0-3-1. Return to field and taxi back to hangar line."
But 0-3-1 continues to climb.
"4-CQ from 0-5-2. On hangar line . . ."
"4-CQ from 0-9-5. Look, 4-CQ, I was on this line first. I've been in the hospital and am behind schedule. Can I get going? I had the measles. Go ahead."
"Roger, 5-2. Taxi to A Stage on Runway 4."
"4-CQ from 0-1-5. How about 0-3-1, 4-CQ? Go ahead, 0-1-5."
"Stand by, 0-1-5. We'll assign you another ship. 0-3-1 has taken off and does not answer. Go ahead."
"Well—I'll be darned! Have 0-3-1 report to the flight commander."
"Wilco, 0-1-5."
"4-CQ from 0-9-5. Listen. I've been sick; I gotta get some time. How about . . . .?"
The air is shattered by the sound of voices.
"Smith, you &@!b?! Get this crate leveled off and tabbed while I get under this consarned hood."
"Shut up, you dumbbell! This &?!b?@! won't level off."
"Well, to heck with this beam-work anyway. Let's go over to Cuero. I know a couple of babes over there. We can buzz their place and drop a note. Maybe we can make a deal for Saturday night."
"Okay, Smith. Say! What was 4-CQ yapping about when we took off? I couldn't hear him, so I switched to interphone."
"What? You switched to interphone? I switched to interphone."
"The heck you did. I did."
"Hey, wait a minute, Smith. This radio isn't on interphone."
"It isn't?" There follows a shocked silence, then the click of a switch. 4-CQ wipes a trembling hand across a perspiring brow.
A sarcastic voice breaks the heavy silence. "That was all very interesting, but this is 0-9-5, and I'd like to know if there's any chance of getting in some time. I'm an American citizen, and I have some rights. This ship was assigned to me. Go ahead."
"Stand by, 0-9-5. There's a weather report coming in."
"0-9-5. WILCO!"
"4-CQ from 0-1-5. Have you another ship for this five-plane formation?"
"Roger, 1-5. Take number 0-5-8. Go ahead, 1-5."
"-. ..- - ... ! -. ..- - ... !"
"4-CQ from 0-8-0. Get whoever's sending that code off the air."
"Wilco, 8-0. To the ship sending code. Please get off the air."
"4-CQ from the ship sending code. Guess who this is. Ha ha!"
"4-CQ from 0-1-5. Number 0-5-8 is in the hangar being repaired. Four-ship formation on hangar line, ready to taxi to A Stage. 0-1-5. Go ahead."
"Roger, 1-5. Taxi to A Stage on runway 4."
"4-CQ from 0-9-5. If they can go, why can't I?"
"4-CQ to 0-9-5. Only formations and dual in the air until further orders. Stand by, 9-5."
"-. ..- - ... !"
4-CQ: (to himself) "Nuts!"
The days wear on. 4-CQ, once the freshly-shaved, amiable fellow who had such high hopes for his charges, is a muttering, sweat-stained maniac, pacing the confines of his little room. On his lips is a snarl, and in his eyes is a diabolical light. He seizes a heavy board, stares at it wonderingly, and regards the transmitters. With fiendish delight he lifts the board and starts to twirl it over his head.
"4-CQ, from 0-3-1. I'm bailing out!" This is accompanied by a scream and the sound of a motor suddenly conked out.
"4-CQ to the ship that just called. What is your number? What is your location? Go ahead!"
"4-CQ from 0-3-1. We're down in somebody's back yard over by Stockdale."
"4-CQ to 0-3-1. Report to the flight commander when you get back, 0-3-1."
"But hey! Smith bailed out. How're we gonna get home?"
"Crawl, you *@$?!!!b."
I can see him as he crawls into the sheets that night—a weary, beaten, and defeated man. His eyes are red blotches. His hair is unkempt and torn in places. Somehow he has lasted out the day.
"Honey." His wife's voice is coaxing from the other bed.
"Yes, dear," he responds. Ah! The little wife is the only thing which keeps him from taking that dose of cyanide he keeps in the bathroom—just in case.
"Bring me a glass of water, dear."
He trembles slightly as he gropes his way across the floor and reaches the bathroom. Grasping the cyanide in one hand and the glass in the other, he totters back into the bedroom.
"What did you say, honey?" His wife strains her ears to catch the gurgling noise.
In a raspy monotone he answers her. "Wilco. 4-CQ. Wilco!"

Explanation of Action, July 7

(Actually submitted by a student to his Flight Commander)

Science has conducted long hours of research into the question of whether or not an airplane, with an unconscious pilot at the controls, could make a successful landing with the wheels up. Heretofore, they could never get anyone foolish enough to act as a human guinea pig, as it were, and actually conduct the experiment. Many theories have been advanced, however, as to what the results of such an experiment would be.

Some schools of thought say that the results of such a scientific experiment would be disastrous both to the aircraft and to the operating personnel. Others contend that the result would be no more severe than a slight tearing up of the under portion of the airplane and a little shaking up of the pilot, which would be no more serious to him than a Monday morning headache.

On the afternoon of Monday, July 7, which by close observation you will notice immediately followed the weekend of July 4, by some strange quirk of fate I found myself on a cross-country navigation flight, and in a more or less semi-conscious condition. Suddenly the thought struck me that this would be an ideal time to give my all to science, and to settle once and for all the question as to whether an unconscious pilot could land a ship with the wheels up and come out unscathed. I weighed this thought carefully in my mind, fully realizing the terrible potentialities of such a foolhardy scheme.

After much deliberation, I decided that science was more important than one little old BC-1 plus the ridicule I would suffer in trying to convince my classmates that I was doing this for science. Consoling myself with the thought that all great scientists and inventors had been ridiculed in their day, I set about to carry out my mission.

While circling over the Palacios airport, I noticed that I had no radio communication. Since I could not hear them calling me, I would have a good excuse for not putting my wheels down. Naturally they would not expect an unconscious pilot to remember to put his wheels down unless somebody called him and told him about it.

So I made a wide circle of the field, got about a half mile away, and started to drag it in for a landing. They told me afterward that the control ship, and all other ships on the field, were frantically calling me at this time about my wheels, but due to my lack of radio communication, I was blissfully unaware of all this excitement I was causing. Closer and closer, and lower and lower I was getting, with the throttle still open. Finally, I cleared some wires, the last obstruction into the field, and closed my throttle.

Suddenly a sharp piercing noise buzzed in my ears, and aroused me from my semi-conscious condition. And what was this noise, you ask? It was a scientific invention to tell unconscious pilots that they are landing with their wheels still tucked up in the belly of the ship. I immediately woke up to the situation, and on the spur of the moment I decided to hell with science. I gave it the gun, and went around the field, put my wheels down, and landed in the usual conventional way.

So you see the irony of the whole thing. Science was thwarted by science, and the answer to the whole question still remains a mystery.

Signed,
An ex-unconscious pilot.

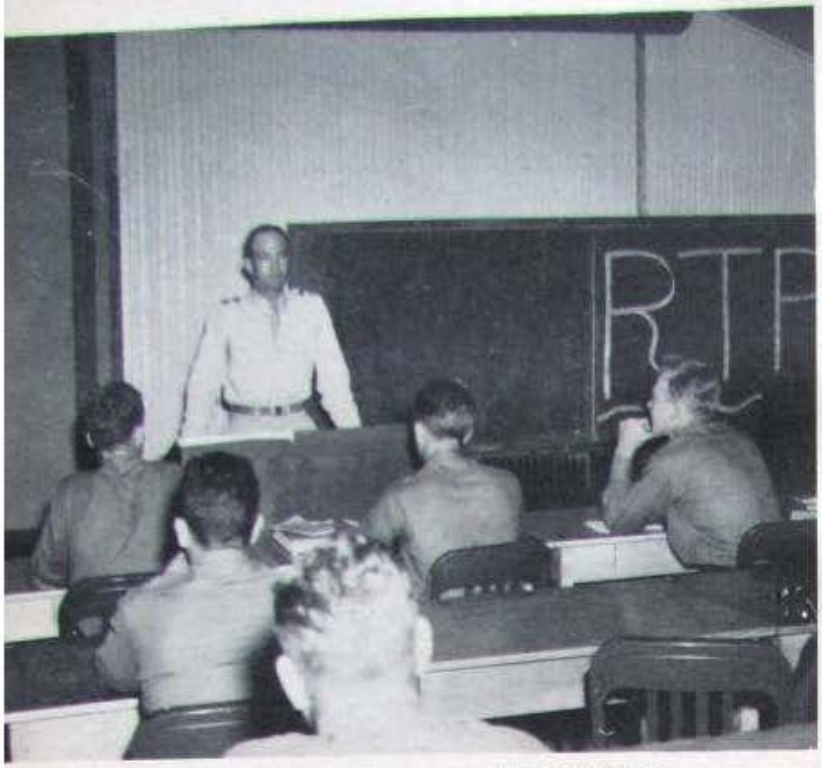
Ten Weeks at Brooks

Calvacade of super-deluxe cadet cars entering Brooks from basic. (Picture courtesy of San Antonio Finance Company.)

The first lineup, and assignment to squads.

G. I. locker-trunks for the next ten weeks.

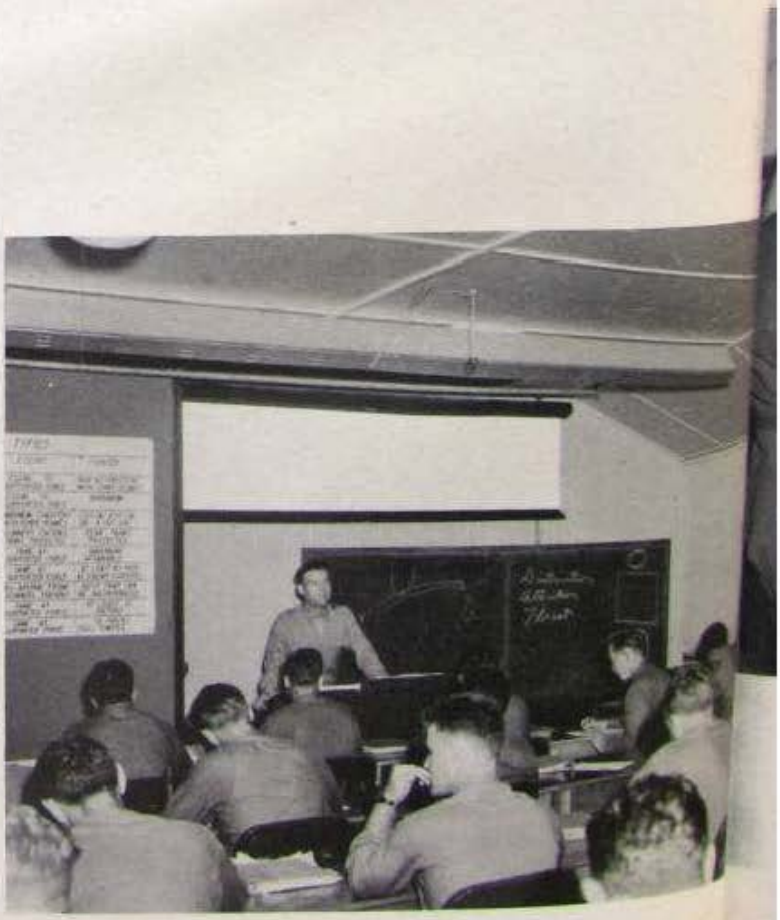
Lt. Col. Smith gives 41-F a welcoming address.



Captain Estes outlines our future activities.

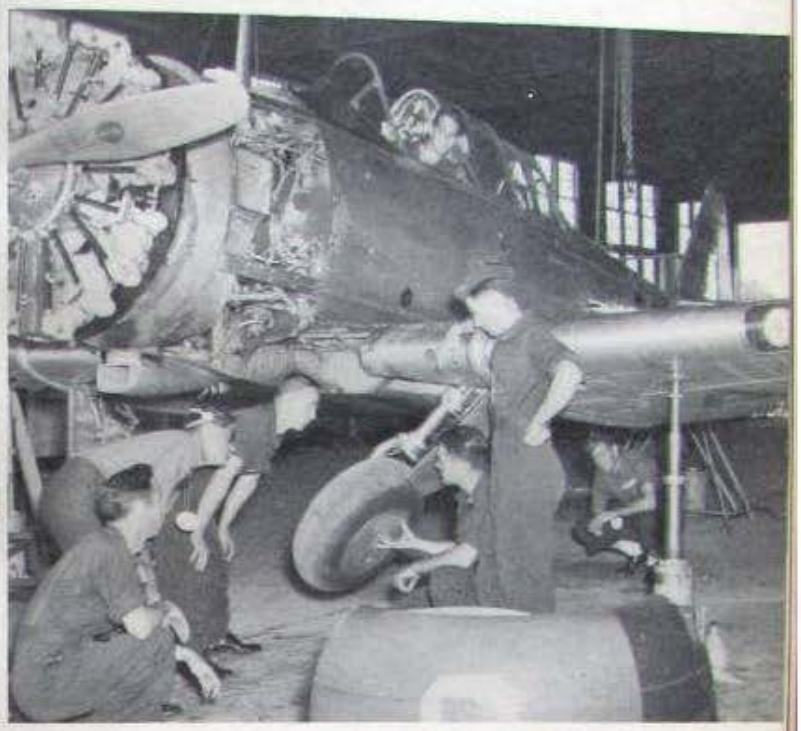
Rogue's gallery photos.

First inspection. We learn that everything is full of dust.



First classroom lecture. Note eagerness.

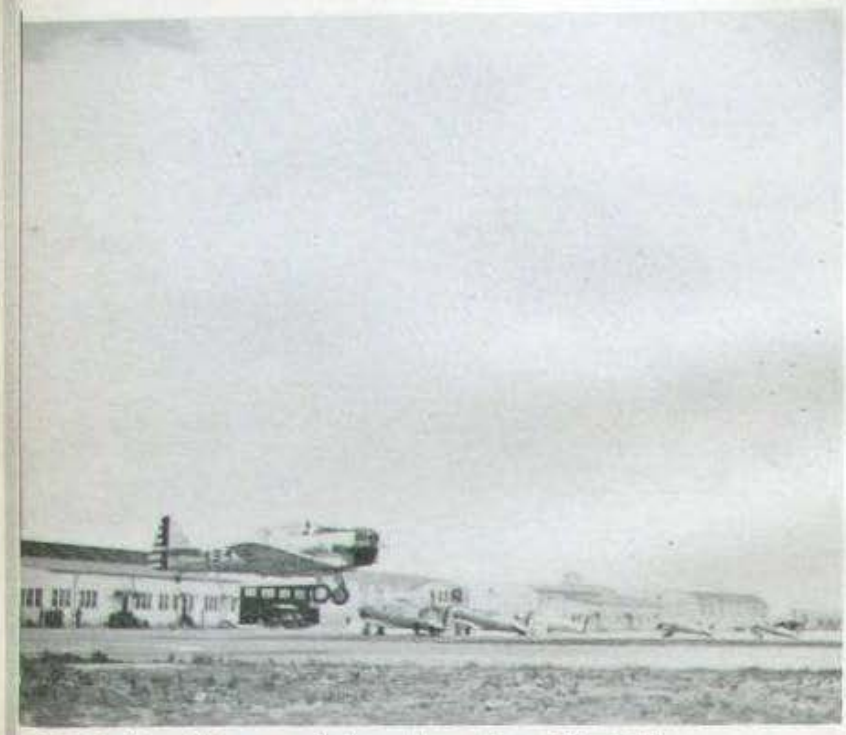
So you men are my new students!



Introduction to BC-1. "At this point the warning release sounds."

"And this, fellows, is the Jeep. Heh-heh-heh-heh-HEH!!"

First flight. "And please remember that I'm in the back seat."



Solo landing. All men and planes have cleared the field.

Physical. "Get a mechanic with some pliers. This one's coming out."

Uniform displays. Plenty of free pencils and so on for a while.

First cross-country. "Gosh . . . what was it I wanted to bring?"

Night flight. "Yessir, I'm okay, s-s-sir. Y-y-yessir."

We become upperclassmen, and salute the new lieutenants.

Uniform fittings. Visions of grandeur begin here.

Flying all done, and we turn in our equipment.

The big day.

The folks from home watch the air review.

Graduation dinner-dance.

Final reward.

Phil Dyer, The Talkative Flyer

Phil Dyer, the talkative flier,
Has landed at Brooks for his training,
He isn't the best in our spacious Southwest,
But admits that he's rapidly gaining.

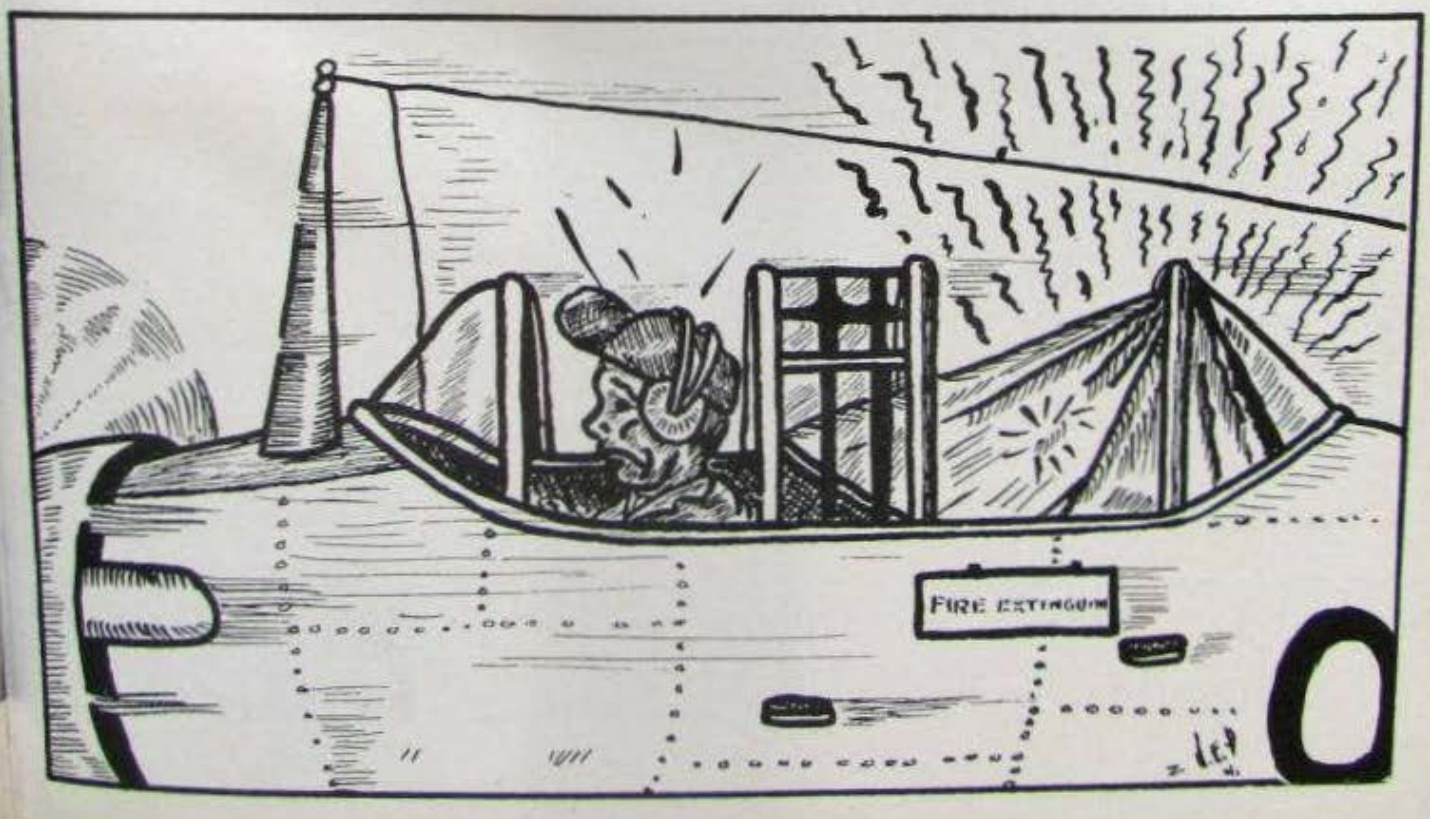
There's plenty of stories recounting his glories;
In fact, did you hear of the time—
When to prove he was good, he went under the hood
And landed a nine on a dime?

Does the miss of your motor cause a lump in your throat, or
Are you a subject to panic?
If your blood seems to chill, just listen to Phil,
For Dyer's an expert mechanic.

Do you shiver and shrink when you think of the link?
Does beam-work give you the ague?
Then cool as a fish, he says, "Jeeps are my dish;
Don't ever let instruments plague you."

It's simple as pie for a guy such as I;
At formation I'm truly terrific.
I hold 'er in there by the width of a hair,
Or closer, to be more specific."

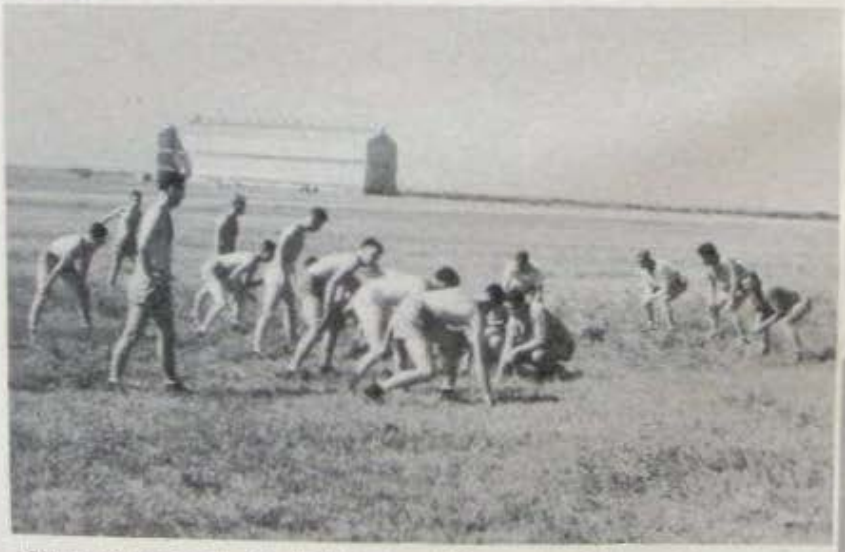
Today for a thrill I went riding with Phil
To see how the smoother ones fly
And discovered that Dyer, the talkative flier,
Is raunchier even than I.



Physical Training

The physical training program has three purposes: The first is to improve cadets as to physical condition, stamina, and hand-and-eye coordination. The second is to carry on research problems to develop tests and measurements to help the Air Corps add to its comprehensive entrance examinations. The third is to help future officers become proficient in conducting physical training classes.

Military precision is an essential element of all calisthenic drills.



Plenty of space on this field for a wide-open game of touch football.

It's only a stone's throw from any cadet barracks to the concrete tennis courts.

The golf driving range is popular with both novices and near-pros.

More blowing than wrestling, but it keeps flying muscles in trim.

Pretty—but you should have seen him hit the water!

Helpful Hints

(This is an article which was written by one of our class, later dubbed "hot pilot" by himself and a guy he bribed. He turned this in the second week we were here, and has been in the office every day since to be sure it gets in our book. Says it will make the whole book better.)

First of all, I feel qualified to give the following material to the flying cadets because I see no reason for me to keep the secrets of my unusual ability to myself. I now have about fifteen hours in a BC-1, and am considered better than most of the instructors already. The following will give some hints of my phenomenal success.

DUAL

Since dual flying is the most important phase of this transition period, I will dwell mainly on it for this part of my unselfish contribution.

First of all you must meet your instructor. This is the custom before going up dual. When you first see him, salute him snappily and ask him how he feels. This will give you a hint as to how the ride will go. If his eyes are just a teensy-weensy bit red and he has the shakes and his face is pale, the bits of wisdom about to be dropped will be of no avail.

Now you are going out to the ship. Be sure and help the instructor into his chute. This lets him know that you don't want him to exert himself too much. Climb into the ship first, not waiting for him, thus showing your devil-may-care attitude, so necessary in a flier's makeup.

As soon as you are in the front seat, pull the canopy forward part way, and as he gets in, shove it back quickly. If you catch his hand underneath and bash a few fingers, be nonchalant and chuckle just loud enough for him to hear, and then say in an indulgent tone, "Aha! I caught you that time! Remember . . . we must be alert!" This will bring immediate results.

Now you are ready to start the plane. Turn on the switches, unlock the controls, check the stabilizer and flaps, check the mixture control and prop pitch, and start the wobble pump and energizer. At this time it will help if you turn around and call back, "All set to go?" Just to let him know you are still thinking of him.

When you are ready to engage the starter, stare to right and left, and then sound out, "Clear, you-all." Especially apropos if the instructor is a Texan.

Now the engine is running. Check the mags, and boldly taxi out on the field. Look neither to left nor to right, but taxi in a straight line, thus filling out your role of officer-to-be. When you get to the take-off spot, turn your plane at forty-five degrees to the take-off run, hastily recheck your instruments, and plug in your radio. To do so beforehand is silly, because you haven't anything to say. Now call the radio control, making sure to use the following procedure:

"Airplane 044 calling 4CQ, Airplane 044 calling 4CQ. Speak up you—"

They will answer, and then you say:

"Flying Cadet McGoon taking Lieutenant Fipple up for an hour. Go ahead, Roger."

(Roger is the name of the man in the control room, and his assistant is a jerk by the name of Wilco, which is indeed a screwy handle.)

Now open the throttle and, as the plane gathers speed, yell back to your instructor, "Just take it easy, old man, I can see the whole field and have things under control. You just go along for the ride."

When the plane is ambling along at a pretty fair gait, quickly roll the stabilizer forward, at the same time kicking the rudders violently. This will do wonders to the attitude of the plane as well as letting you travel to left and right. When the tail is high enough so that the climb indicator shows a definite glide, quickly roll the stabilizer all the way back. You can then take off in a series of long, low, graceful bounds. On the third

to Hopeful Flyers

porpoising leap, jack the flaps up. The sinking sensation produced will be something to write home about.

When you are at this stage of the game, just off the field, and making ready for your first turn in traffic, do not fail to use your head. If there are other planes taking off at the same time, make your first turn about 20 feet off the ground. This will clear the way for someone else. A vertical turn about ninety degrees is nice, but a one-eighty is better, for you can then go back over the field and see how things are going on the ground. At this point your instructor will usually take over, and you can rest for a while.

NIGHT FLYING

I will now give you some hints on night-flying, since you can easily succeed in dual flying after reading the remarks I have made (which were readily interspersed with innuendos resulting from my keen wit.)

This night flying is also a cinch for me and it will be for you too after these few helpful suggestions. To begin with, you should stay in the stage house at all times when you're not flying so that the dispatcher will know that you are eager. Try and stay as close to him as possible and do not hesitate to offer frequent helpful suggestions. He will really appreciate it.

When you go out to get in the ship, get the motor started immediately. As soon as it is running, turn the ship around so that it is facing the landing planes and then turn on both landing lights. This will not only give the landing ships practice in landing under unusual circumstances but also will help the instructor find the ship in the dark. The only thing in night flying is the landing, and night landing is very simple. In fact it is so easy that I bounce frequently just for the fun of it and practice several landings using only one approach.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Now for this cross-country stuff. It is lots of good clean fun and will provide many interesting experiences. Just remember these simple rules and you'll be O. K.:

1. Take some money with you. (If it's a hot day, you'll want a couple of beers before you come back, won't you?)
2. Check to see if your compass is mounted. If it isn't there the wind will whistle through the empty hole and you may catch cold.
3. See that the gas tanks are full (so that the wings will balance.)
4. Keep the engine running (this will help considerably.)
5. Take a good book along (relieves the monotony, you know.)
6. Take a scenic map along.
7. Watch out for the clouds (because they won't watch out for you, ha-ha.)
8. Keep your head out . . . (This does not need interpreting or completion for cadets.)
9. Buzz the towns on the way. (Good publicity for the Army.)

Well, I think you can get along all right now. I'd really like to give you more suggestions such as these but I have to show my instructor how to do snap rolls in formation. So you young men continue to use these words as you would those in a Bible and some day you'll even maybe possibly be almost as good as I am in my weaker days.

I understand that they are thinking of making me a check rider for instructors without the useless formality of sending me through the rest of the course. If so, I'll probably take over here and then if you have any troubles look me up because it's certain that I can help you out.

"I was right. It is a cumolo-nimbus."

Cadet Mess

More than 2000 pies, 7000 quarts of milk, 700 gallons of ice cream, $1400 of meat, and $2000 of canned goods are purchased each month to assuage cadet appetites. It's the finest food possible, and cadets appreciate it. Fit to please the most exacting gourmet, a typical meal follows:

Broiled T-bone steak, brown gravy, snow-flaked potatoes, buttered broccoli, boiled green beans, assorted cheese, assorted cold meats, lettuce salad, sliced tomatoes, pickles and olives, assorted bread, butter, coffee and cream, sweet milk, buttermilk, chocolate milk, ice water, pie, cake and ice cream. Each meal is prepared separately, and Mess Sergeant Alexander has sixteen years of service behind him to prove his worth.

"Seconds" after "seconds" keeps the waiters busy between table and kitchen.

The "heavies" are encouraged to eat salads and other non-fattening foods.

The lightweight training table creaks with milk and other weight-building foods.

There are two sittings per meal, and the mess hall is filled each time.

Men in white prepare salads for the next meal.

Pies just as good as any "mom" makes are baked by the mess hall chefs.

Twenty Rules

Written by a Brooks Cadet in 1926...

1. Inspect your machine very carefully. (A few broken strands in your control wires may cause your family a lot of unnecessary trouble later on.)
2. Always take off into the wind. (The pilot who takes off with the wind is flirting with silver handles on his fuselage.)
3. Grab plenty of speed before leaving the ground. (When you increase your flying speed you decrease your dying speed.)
4. Do not climb too steeply. (Lift the tail and let her take off herself. Climbing angle and pilot should both be normal. Zoom is often spelled with a "D".)
5. First turn must not be made under 500 feet. (Watch your first bank — it's your savings account. You may be slide-slipping into ruin. Most birds who have crashed on a take-off had no idea that the ground was coming up to kiss them goodbye.)
6. Do not turn if trouble comes under 500 feet. (If you do, your troubles will be over—under six feet of ground. If she conks on you, stick her nose down and glide straight ahead. The bump you give the hangar isn't half as hard as the bump the ground may give you.)
7. Do not spiral or "S" under 500 feet. (At that height be ready to glide straight and land. When you turn near the ground keep your eyes on it. If your altimeter is wrong so are you.)
8. When flying straight save your engine. (If the type of motor permits, reduce the RPMs. It adds to its life and yours.)
9. Keep a sharp lookout in the air. (Always remember that every other pilot is crazy but you. A sky-jazzer has no time to read a book or go to sleep. Your engine may sound soft and soothing, but so does the voice of your family undertaker.)
10. Invariably land into the wind. (It helps to stop your ship. You may save the crew some trouble if you "set her down" right inside the hangar, but remember the longer you roll the shorter you live.)
11. After landing, look around before you turn. (It may be your best friend is gliding behind you. If you don't care to live, at least try to maneuver so that his girl will still recognize him.)

"F/C Tiemann reports for cross country."

For Aerial Fools

And Still Applicable Today

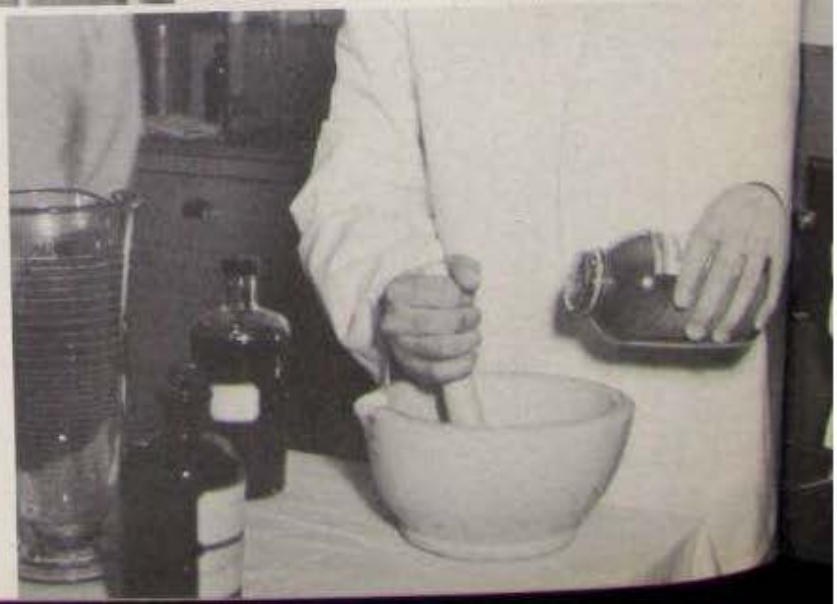
12. A ship landing has the right of way. (A dead stick may mean a dead aviator, so give him room. His gliding speed is greater than your take-off, so if he tags you, you are it.)
13. Always have a landing field in gliding distance. (That's the whole secret of cross-country flying. If you have to come down do it gracefully. A ship isn't much good to the government if it has to be taxied home on a shovel.)
14. Don't land outside without authority. (Don't land beside an obviously wrecked machine if the pilot can be seen walking around. He usually is not in good humor and your landing may not be so fortunate. Circle the spot, then return to the field and report.)
15. Communicate forced landings immediately. (If you are still among those present, phone number of machine, extent of your damages, whether ship can be flown out of the field, need of gas or oil and specific location of plane and number of nearest phone.)
16. Fasten your safety belt. (If your head strikes the cowl of the cockpit it saves the dentist wiring up your jaws. The pilot who didn't have his belt fastened when he needed it now wears his wings on his back.)
17. Carry no passengers without permission. (The government isn't running a joy line. The all-seeing eye knows that a flyer is just a nut and that a passenger only unduly excites him to do things. And when a pilot "does things" the engine has a nasty way of mussing up the front seat.)
18. No stunting under 5000 feet. (The pilot who loops, stalls, side-slips and spins just over the water tank finally makes a perfect landing under a bouquet of sweet-smelling lilies.)
19. Flight means speed. (Speed requires power of engine and angle of dive. When in doubt give her the gun and nose her down. A slow plane means a slow refrain. If you are fast you are last.)
20. Flying means "Pep." (If you haven't got it in you, you can't put it in your airplane. "Pep" means Americanism and Americanism means victory over all, now and always.)

"Will that be all for today, Sir?"

Hospital

Controlled by the Flight Surgeon, the hospital runs quietly and efficiently, doing Spartan work in keeping the personnel well and happy. Every convenience is offered to enlisted men and officers alike, and the staff combines some of the most brilliant minds in medicine. For those aches and pains that come along, there is swift cure here. And they get everything from bug bites to broken bones to contend with, with a little tooth-work thrown in for good measure.

Wards are neat, orderly, and quiet—good places to catch up on that lost sleep.



For mixing tonics or dental fillings, mortars and pestles are in constant use.

Dental appointments are mandatory. Believe it or not, the dentists don't try to hurt you.

Now just relax and take it easy. AND DON'T BE NERVOUS!

The X-Ray technician goes to work.

Jeep Creeps

Now listen, you guys, and I'll put you wise
To the story that's never been told,
Of a gifted lad who ended bad;
It's the reason he's haggard and old.

I've said before, and I'll say once more;
He was brave as a guy could come,
But something died when he crawled inside
The creature that struck him numb.

It squirmed around with its belly bound
In an aimless sort of way,
And he was wet with his own hot sweat;
He lost his head one day.

"Oh, let me out of this ** *** thing
Before I go quite mad!"
He kicked the side out to get his hide out;
'Twas the only one he had.

He still gets the creeps when he thinks of jeeps.
He's not afraid to deny,
That day he swore by Hell's back door—
There are better ways to die.

So easy—men—when you get the yen
To soar the sunlit sky ———
Think of the lad who ended bad.
That gifted lad was I.

Jeeps are snug and cozy—great for showing visitors around in.

The new Link Trainer building, housing more than a dozen trainers affords plenty of flying time for cadets and officers. Cadets are required to fly the "Jeeps" at least 12 hours.

Once inside a "Jeep," a cadet can feel as lost as if he were in the middle of a 30,000 ft. cumulo-nimbus.

Even with a fan running full blast, "Jeep" flying can be a sizzling hot affair.

Maintenance and Repair

All the work on the ships we fly and the 'chutes we wear is done by the aero repair and line maintenance crews. They do a good job and we're thankful, because the life of a pilot depends as much on his plane as on himself. Throughout the life of Brooks Field, there have been no accidents due to neglect or faulty work by the maintenance and repair crews. Line maintenance (washing, greasing, motor overhaul) is conducted by enlisted personnel, and aero repair (major repairs and major parts) is done by civil service mechanics and specialists.

It takes plenty of elbow grease to keep the 1's and 6's sleek and shiny.

Mechanics on the hangar lines make minor repairs.

An airplane is almost completely dismantled during the 500-hour check.

Parachutes must be aired frequently and regularly to remove moisture and prevent deterioration.

Ample facilities are at hand for rebuilding damaged parts, such as this wing section.

Towing tractors move the planes from hangar line to the aero repair shops. B-10 landing may be seen.

Propeller balancing is done by aero repair.

Under the Hood

This instrument flying is right up my aerial alley, says I before going up with my instructor for my first ride under the hood in an advanced trainer. At basic we had gentle, medium, and steep turns, stalls, spins, unusual position recoveries, and so on, so there is no reason for my feeling apprehensive. I don't. That shaking is due to summer fever.

Up we go to 4000 feet, and my instructor tells me to get under the hood. This hood consists of a canvas affair that covers the cockpit, and shuts out all vision of the ground and the rest of the plane. From there on I am supposed to fly the darn thing using my instruments as reference.

When I am finally under the hood, having taken longer than necessary to do same because I want to look at Mother Earth for the last time, I wiggle the stick and let him know I am ready to do a little hot-piloting.

He says that he would like to see a good medium turn. I say to myself that I would like to see one too, and kick a rudder and shove the stick over to a position roughly between my right knee and the radio. This evidently produces an effect, all right, but not the right one. The altimeter tells me that we are diving, the seat of my pants tells me that we are climbing, and the instinct I think I have tells me we are in a general helluva mess. The instinct tells me right.

My instructor agrees with the instinct, and slaps the plane back to level. I sit and listen to a short speech regarding my mental capacity and flying ability which makes me feel a little disillusioned about the whole thing.

Into another turn I go, and this one isn't bad at all. Of course, that man in the front seat is also making the turn with me.

We fiddle around with this skidding and slipping exercise for a while and I hear from a certain party nearby that all is not so well. In fact, "eet steenks."

"Well, we'll do a few unusual position recoveries," he says. I think to myself that if I just try and fly the damned thing straight and level for a minute that we can get in some unusual positions and that he can handle the recovery end. This I do not say out loud.

Into a maneuver we go. First I am hanging on the belt, and then my chin is nestling between my knees. When all has gone gray, he wiggles the stick to recover. We are approaching a stall at a rapid rate. I wisely and gently shove the stick forward. We both come out of our seats. I pull the stick back to assume a level position, and whaddya know, we're stalling again. We gallop through the skies for a while this way, and finally in desperation I let go of the stick. Immediately we fly straight and level. I am very happy. To myself I say "For Pity Sakes" (with variations). This maneuver ends our first ride, and practically ends me for good.

When we get on the ground my instructor asks me how much luggage I brought to Brooks. I say, fearing the worst, that I have two suitcases and a duffle bag. He tells me to pack. All is lost. Then he says, "Your new home will be the jeep, and maybe you'll need some clothes. We'll try again next week."

THE FINAL INSTRUMENT CHECK.

Average Cadet

Have you ever wondered what the average cadet is? What he thinks, and how he acts? What he wants to do, and why? Here he is:

Measurements:
Hat: 7⅛. This is temporary and rapidly becoming larger with graduation approaching.
Hair: Patches or tufts, usually brown.
Eyes: Two—same color.
Nose: Ranges from bugle size to onion or bulb type.
Neck: Of course.
Chest: 37 inches.
Arm length: 33 inches.
Waist: 29 inches. Taken just before dinner and after leaving the jeep.
Leg length: 32 inches.
Shoe 8½D.
Height: 5 feet, 10¾ inches.
Weight: 164 pounds.
Age: 22 years, 8 months.

Habits: Every Saturday night he bursts forth with enthusiasm, returning Sunday at 9:59 P. M. tired and sleepy and broke. He tips liberally for cokes at the Cadette Clubbe and spends the rest of the week borrowing three-cent stamps.

Intelligence quotient: Due to lack of space, we are omitting this.

Education: Three years of college.

Phase of Flying Liked Most:

Acrobatics:	42%
Formation:	40%
Cross country:	16%
Night flying:	2%

Phase of Flying Liked Least:

Instruments	86%
Acrobatics	8%
Night flying:	4%
Formation	2%

	Yes	No
Own new car:	82%	18%
Marry soon:	46%	54%
Desire Permanent Commission:	62%	38%

Post Operations

Post Operations is charged with the control of all flying done by attached observation units and transient aircraft. It regulates Brooks' traffic patterns, issues clearance papers, maintains up-to-date local and route weather conditions, maintains the radio tower and control tower, and makes investigations of accidents. It will even prepare maps and log the course for cross-countries.

Up-to-date weather material is always accessible.

Clearances are written in short order.

All transient aircraft park in front of the operations office.

Taxiing instructions are given by radio and light signals.

Observation Aviation

By 1st Lieutenant W. W. Holmes

The advanced training of the pilot and aircraft observer in specialized flying of observation missions is carried out concurrently. Pilots who are assigned to the Observation Section are graduates of the Air Corps Advanced Flying School and are seleced from the best among their classmates, because of the nature and importance of their duties. The pilot is in charge of the airplane and is responsible for taking the observer to the objective and for putting the airplane in the best possible position for the observer to accomplish his mission.

The aircraft observers are selected officers from other arms of the service. These officers should have a good general education, mature judgment with the ability to think quickly and logically, a high sense of duty, courage and determination.

During the first week of the ten-weeks course the mornings are devoted to transition flying for the pilots. Concentration training in code practice and the use of aircraft radios for air-ground communication is given to the aircraft observer. Communications in all its ramifications: the code speed practice, the operation of the radios, and the facility with which the required transmission and reception is accomplished in the air are considered the outstanding subject of the entire program of training.

After the first week, the pilots have completed transition and both pilots and observers have had enough ground school training to start flying as a team. Six student aircraft observers and three pilots are assigned to each flight. The Flight Commander, a graduate of the Observation School, serves as flying instructor throughout the course. Normally, missions are completed by flights. The Flight Commander is assigned three airplanes for his flight during the day. He schedules these ships to complete the missions assigned to him for the day.

The flying, either morning or afternoon, is divided into either two or three periods, depending upon the type of mission flown. For example, for the first period, the Flight Commander schedules three student observers and the three pilots on flying missions. The remaining three student observers are scheduled for Code Practice, Ground Radio Instruction, or Link Training. The next period is devoted to flying missions for those who attended Code Practice, Ground Radio Instruction, or Link Training during the first period. This type of schedule is followed throughout the course. Combat teams are assigned to fly missions on Aerial Photography, Artillery Adjustment (including Puff-Target Range), Cavalry, Infantry, Navigation, Photographic Reconnaissance, and Visual Reconnaissance.

The air reconnaissance mission is executed to observe and secure information of an area, road, route, particular locality or objective. Observation aviation is especially equipped, organized, and trained to accomplish air reconnaissance missions. In fact it is the principal agent for obtaining military information and operates for the Commanders of all air and ground forces. Information may be secured from the air by either visual or photographic reconnaissance. Ordinarily, reconnaissance is accomplished by visual means and is supplemented by photographs to furnish a permanent record of the details observed. In the same way visual reconnaissance supplements the regular reconnaissance of the ground troops, but in addition reaches depths impracticable for them. Visual reconnaissance is expected to accomplish the following: Definite and accurate information as to the location and nature of enemy advance elements, plus the activities to the rear of the enemy line; information as to the nature of the terrain; reduce the possibilities of unknown concentration and a consequent surprise attack; keep the command informed of the progress of the battle and the needs of the advanced elements; ascertain location and nature of suitable objectives for the air forces; warn of danger of enemy attack; and report on results of air force attacks.

Reconnaissance missions are accomplished by day and night. Reconnaissance flares fired from the observer's Very pistol are used to light up the objectives, routes or areas. These flares effectively light an area about one fourth mile in diameter when fired from an altitude of one thousand feet. The success of the observer on night reconnaissance is based on his knowledge of the aspect of things at night, what to look for and where to look for it. The aircraft observer is required to make a complete detail report on each mission flown, and this report is divided into the following five essential elements: What, Where, When, Disposition, and Activity.

Photographic reconnaissance missions are designed to give the combat team basic knowledge and experience in one of the most important phases of observation aviation—that of aerial photography. In these days of large and unusual developments in camera construction, technique, and application, the advanced training here at the school assumes great importance.

The camera employed in this training is a large, not too complicated, camera of many purposes. It will take a clear photograph from a distance of a few feet or equally well from several miles up.

The photographic missions are of five types: Pinpoints, Stereo-pairs, Reconnaissance Strips, Photographic Mapping, and Obliques. A pinpoint is a single vertical photograph of an objective with the purpose of locating the objective with respect to its surroundings. The stereo-pairs are two or more overlapping photographs of an objective with much the same purpose as the pinpoint but giving in the finished form a greater sense of depth and less distortions. The reconnaissance strip is a series of overlapping photographs taken over a long narrow objective such as roads and railroads. Photographic mapping is composed by overlapping reconnaissance strips and is used to cover large areas for study purposes. All of the above are known as vertical photographs. Oblique photographs are taken at varying angles to better show depth, background, location, construction types and conditions of the objective.

Successful handling of photographic reconnaissance missions depends upon the ability of the pilot to place the plane in the most advantageous position, and for the observer to then make the most of his opportunity. Cooperation, preparation and skill on the part of both pilot and observer will result in perfect photographs.

Pilots receive ten hours instruction on Link Trainers as a forerunner to the twelve hours advanced instrument training, which includes radio beam flying. The aggregate time for pilots is ninety hours, while the observers must complete at least fifty hours.

Power Dive

Cadets Take a Holiday

Ground School

Some 200 hours of classes in 10 weeks, combined with afternoon and night flying, drill, athletics, and other activities, take a lot of work and concentration. That cadets remain interested in their courses to the end is a tribute to the type of courses presented and to the ability of the instructors. Most of these men are Air Corps officers who have had long experience in tactical units, and who therefore are able to pass on bits of information that could not be obtained otherwise.

More than sweltering heat is necessary to reduce the enthusiasm of instructors.

And so I says to Joe, I says—"—. ..— — ..."

Break time between classes is siesta time or refreshment time.

They've taught us a lot, this group of well-informed instructors.

Post Exchange

"P-X" to an army man means a coke, a quick meal, fishing tackle, trunks, cameras, or almost anything any department store would handle. Operated and manned by civilian personnel, the main "P-X" and its branch in the cadet area earn their popularity by efficient service and reasonable prices.

Deep-sea anglers or ping-pong players get what they want at the P-X.

Somehow a quick snack at the P-X tastes better than a big meal.

The lettering on the shirt is o. k., but when Bob says it's pure virgin wool, he gets the razzberries.

Owed to a Flying Cadet

Blessings on thee, Flying Cadet
Your silly puss I can't forget—
With thy head of solid bone
Its inner functions stay unknown—

Dressed up in thy fine attire
I wish that clothes could make the flyer—
And thy take-offs, never straight
Look more like a pylon-eight—

And thy over-banked chandelle!!
How I wish you were in hell—
Thy landings leave me black and blue—
God made you half-kangaroo—

With thy skidding down-wind turn
I give up!! You'll never learn—
With thy feet on rudder froze
What keeps you up, God only knows—

With thy pylon-eight down-wind
You are in a constant spin—
With thy ever-dragging wing,
Please, sweet death, where is thy sting?

With thy goggles encased in dust
If the loops don't get you, the snap rolls must—
Blessings on thee, Flying Cadet—
Stay in and pitch, you'll get there yet—

I only hope someday you'll be
A flight instructor, same as me!!

William Sloan.

Cadet Soliloquy

Drive out here, you dodoes;
I've got a tale to tell
Of a trip I took from Heaven
To the frothing gates of Hell.
Now, you all think that you can fly;
Well, I thought that I could too
Until the day I got assigned
The toughest man that flew.
He's six feet two of football brawn;
Completely poker-faced—
Except when any student failed
A check to be an ace.
To give you some idea
Of what I'm up against,
I'll name a certain instance
That led to these events:
I felt my knees start quaking
As we strode out to the plane.
(By "we" I mean just God and me,
and the man I thought insane.)
As things turned out, however,
I see now in my mind
That when He saw my boss along
My God remained behind.
Well, that left just the two of us
To ride around up there
And hear the damndest cussing
That ever went on air.

"Now look, godamit, Miller,
"You watch that pin and ball.
"You've got to use the rudder
"If you want to fly at all.
"There're TWO controls within this ship,
"You can't just take your pick;
"Forget about the rudder,
"And fly with just the stick.
"Say, did you hear what I just said?
"Why don't you look around?
"You'd better pay attention
"Or I'll put you on the ground.
"My God, Man! Fly your airplane,
"And raise that low right wing;
"Must I sit here and tell you
"When to do each little thing?
"Now try some stalls and spins next,
"And then some gliding turns;
"Why do I get cadets like you?
"Oh Hell! You'll never learn.
"All right, all right!
"Watch your air-speed fix.
"You know you glide at ninety-five,
"Does that mean ninety-six?
"O. K., Miller, pick a field;
"Forced landing then, you know.
"And make a clear-cut pattern,
"Don't take those turns so low.
"Geezacripes, man. Loosen up,
"Your base leg's much too close.
"My God! Look out; low turn—
"You damned near killed us both.
"I'll fly 'er back to Brooks, you dope.
"You've got your head inside.
"You came here to learn to fly,
"And not just sit and ride.
"Now you watch how I land this ship.
"Don't be afraid of ground,
'"Cause if you are, By God, I'll see
"That I get that fear downed.
"Now climb out of this airplane,
"I want to talk with you;
"And find out if I ever can,
"Why must I cuss you blue?
"I know you think that I am tough,
"But I don't like abuses;
"Now tell me what's the matter—
"Don't give me those execuses.

"And you stand at attention
"Don't unhook that parachute.
"I'll tell you when I'm finished,
"Till then you just stay mute.
"You won't do what I tell you,
"You think that you are hot;
"Well, here I am to tell you
"That By God, you are not.
"You'd better start improving,
"Or write back home and state
"That inside just a few more days
"To set another plate.
"So you show me tomorrow
"That you've improved your flying,
"And I'll teach you how to fly
"Or break your damn back trying."

He turned around and walked away,
That day eight weeks ago,
While I stood there alone so sad,
And shook my head so slow.
But now I'm off for foreign fields
So ends this last adventure.
My instructor HAS taught me to fly,
But my thoughts on him are censored.

Fire Department

Twenty-one men under the direction of the Fire Marshal, Fire Chief, and Assistant Fire Chief are on hand to preserve the record of no major fires in two years at Brooks. On the post is the fire house with two pumper trucks, the crash truck and the flying line, and five sub-stations with hose, reels, and additional chemical equipment.

Certain buildings are inspected each day and intensive drill is held daily with all equipment. New men are trained by actual practice on designated buildings or areas.

"Laziest men at Brooks" could be the title for those who man the crash truck on A Stage. We're glad they loaf.

Practice drill in extinguishing fires is a daily routine, and this shift is all set to go out.

Military Police

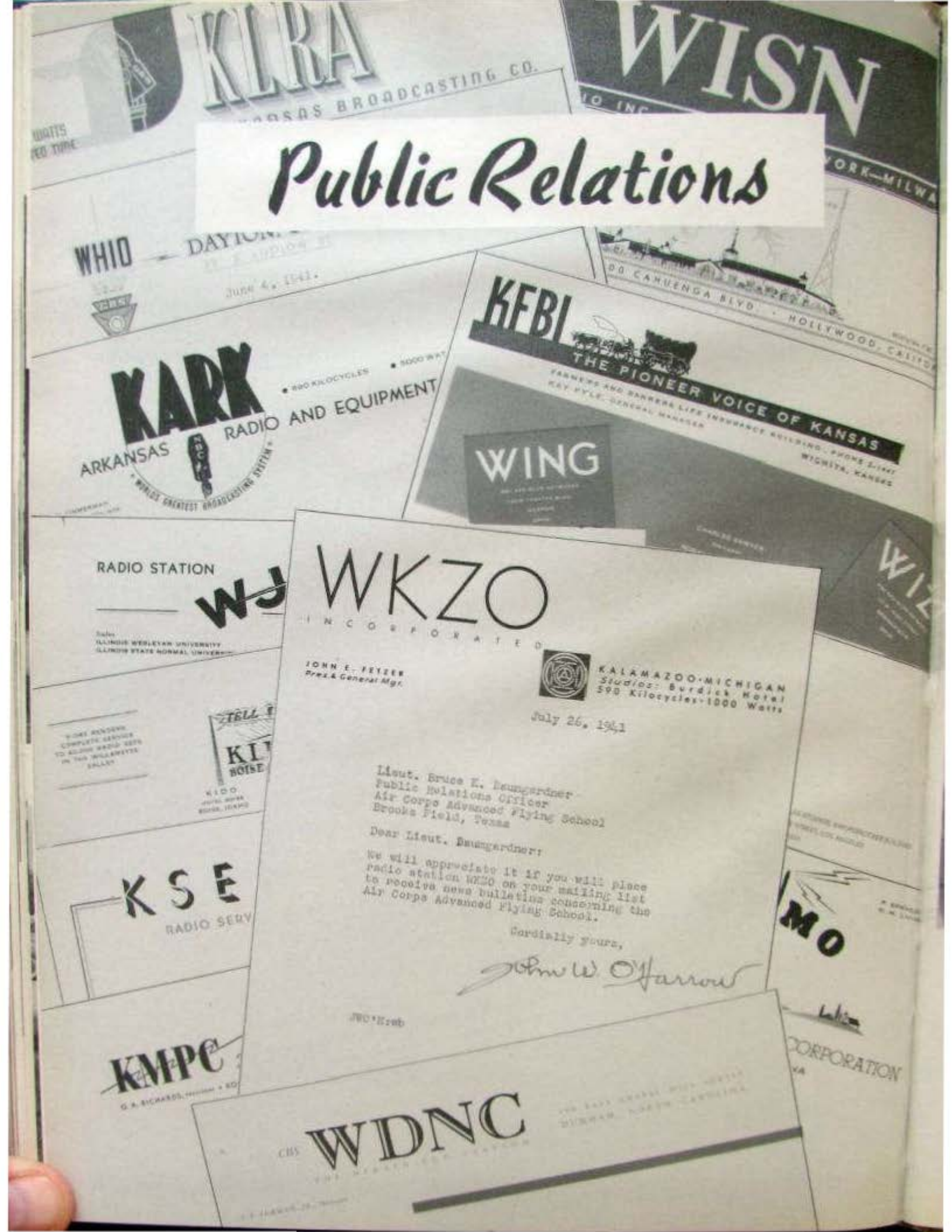
Law and order at Brooks Field is very ably maintained by the Provost Marshal and his capable crew of Military Police. Four shifts of "M. P.'s" keep things in hand 24 hours a day—one shift always on active duty.

In addition to the regular interior guard duties, policing the buildings, guarding planes and controlling traffic, the Provost Marshal also controls a Personnel Group whose duties run to fingerprinting and photography, investigation and intelligence work.

The mere mention of "M. P." will instantly recall a vivid picture in each cadet's mind who was ever at the gate "10:30 and no pass."

Military police undergo rigid daily inspections.

"15 MPH doesn't mean 17, buddy."


KLRA
WISN
Public Relations
WHIO
KARK
ARKANSAS RADIO AND EQUIPMENT
KFBI
THE PIONEER VOICE OF KANSAS
WING
RADIO STATION
WKZO
INCORPORATED
JOHN E. FEYZER
Pres. & General Mgr.
KALAMAZOO-MICHIGAN
Studios: Burdick Hotel
590 Kilocycles-1000 Watts
July 26, 1941
Lieut. Bruce K. Baumgardner
Public Relations Officer
Air Corps Advanced Flying School
Brooks Field, Texas
Dear Lieut. Baumgardner:
We will appreciate it if you will place
radio station WKZO on your mailing list
to receive news bulletins concerning the
Air Corps Advanced Flying School.
Cordially yours,
John W. O'Harrow
JWO:krab
KSE
KMPC
WDNC

Cadet Supply

Helmets, goggles, name tags, foot lockers, flying suits, laundry—all are issued or handled through the cadet supply room. Keeping the supply room running smoothly is a big job, what with laundry accounts, lost keys, exchange of equipment, and a hundred and one other jobs.

"Where's me pants!" All dry-cleaning goes through the supply room.

With each new class, the complete cycle of issuing foot lockers and other equipment begins anew.

Chapel

The two chaplains, one Protestant and one Catholic, are among the busiest men at Brooks. Mass is held every morning, with confession on Sunday. For the Protestants, each Sunday offers Sunday School, morning services, and afternoon vespers.

The chaplains supervise the Glee Club, Post Orchestra, Community Chest Fund and Chaplains' Fund. Most of their full day, however, is spent in individual consultations on personal problems and arrangements in case of deaths or other emergencies.

Gala Christmas parties with all the trimmings are planned and conducted by th echaplains.

Impressive Easter services, held in the Post Theatre, includes music by the Glee Club and Orchestra.

San Antonio

From earliest times when the Spaniards settled in Texas, San Antonio has been an army center, and as a result, the ancient city has seen the progress of the military from the plodding foot-soldier marching out to meet marauding Apaches to the motor-transported troops of America's modern army rolling to maneuvers hundreds of miles away. The village that was once called Villa de San Fernando has always been the focal point for military action and even today is considered one of the country's mainspring in the National Defense Program. The city through which the San Antonio River winds has had its share in developing aviation in the army. It was at Dodd Field that one of the army's first planes was tested and some of the Air Corps' veteran pilots were stationed at Fort Sam Houston when the army was beginning the study of airplanes for military use.

Today, as 200 years ago, San Antonio is sending trained fighters out to far-flung posts. Some go as ground fighters while others go as air fighters to defend Democracy, the American kind, even as the defenders of the Alamo fought to the death for Texas liberty.

The Alamo — the Mission was founded in 1718; present building was erected in 1754.

A view of the outdoor Arneson Theatre along the San Antonio River.

San Jose Mission — founded in 1720.

A typical scene along the San Antonio River in the heart of San Antonio.

Quadrangle Fort Sam Houston, Texas.
Largest permanent Military post in the U. S. A.

Sonnet to an Airplane

Airplane, beautiful and hard to handle,
Fleet as Mercury's winged sandal,
Creator of time, and yet a vandal
Dropping death with screaming roar,
Bringing destruction . . . Hell to war.

Over myriad towns that meet your eye,
As the highways of the air you ply,
Your sleekness serves to magnify
The urge in men who want to fly.

Like a meteoric satellite
You pass and disappear from sight
While I look up to watch your flight
And wish that I could be there too
To sail the sunlit sky with you.

Sernet to an Erplane

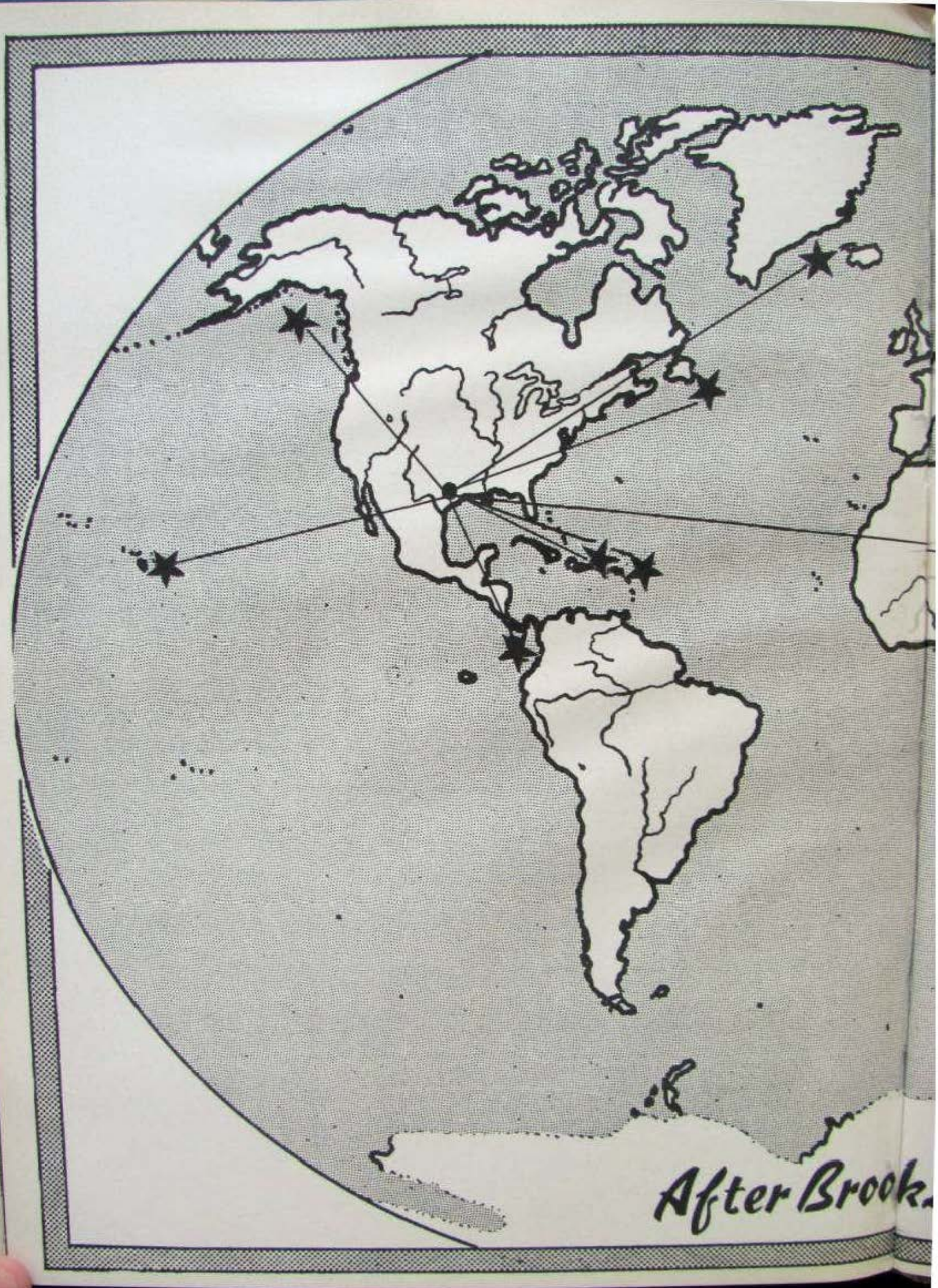
Airplane, pretty as a coffin handle,
Fleet as a bum that's on the panhandle,
Your motor sounds to me like a mandolin
That's not in tune any more,
Bringing destruction . . . Hell to war.

Over myriad towns that greet me, I
Laff as I swiftly pass them by—
My sleekness serves to magnify
The fact that I'm a regular guy.

Like a ten dollar bill on Saturday night
You pass and disappear from sight
And I look and wish I could be there too
To share the hall of fame with you and these
poems.

"There's a few more hours left in these."

WHEN YOU PRACTICE THAT SOLO, TRY PULLING THE STICK BACK JUST A LITTLE FASTER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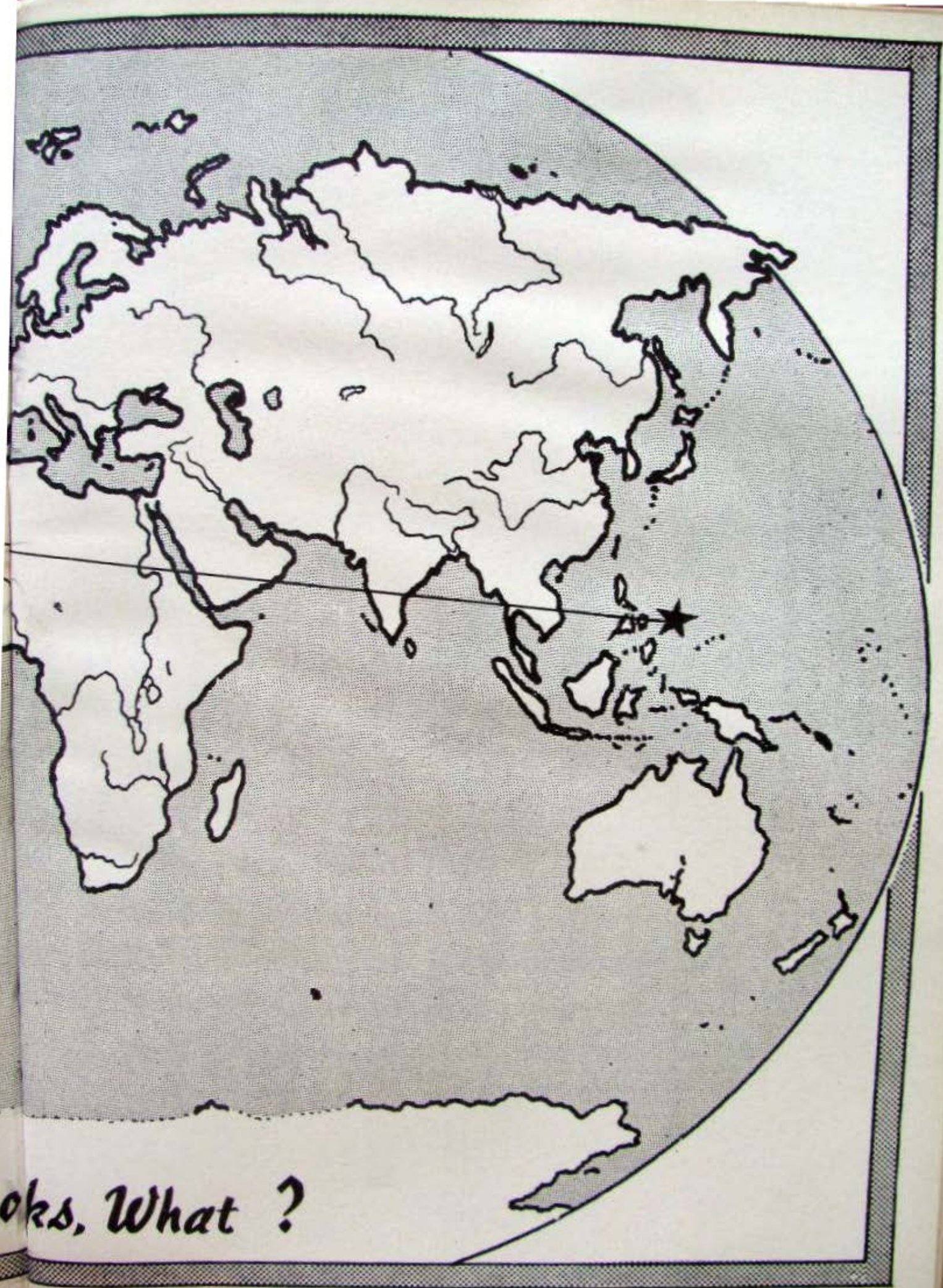


ooks. What ?

Cadet Club

The lounge provides a quiet atmosphere for reading and letterwriting.

The cadet club rooms in the swank Hotel Gunter are headquarters for Brooks cadets in downtown San Antonio, whether they wish to play billiards, obtain a free trousers press, write a letter home, read the latest magazines in quiet, luxurious surroundings, or spend an evening of dancing and celebration in company with friends from nearby Randolph and Kelly Fields. The club rooms include an office, a sumptuous lounge, a billiards room, and the impressive Pan-American Room for dancing.

A monthly fee is paid to the hotel for rental, porter service, and other expenses attendant to the upkeep of the rooms, and to assure continuance of the reasonable prices charged for food, drinks, and personal services. Admission, limited strictly to cadets, is by membership cards only. Strict supervision is exercised by a cadet social committee.

A game of billiards is interesting pastime while wrinkled trousers are being pressed.

Dancing in the Pan-American room and on the hotel's roof is a favorite cadet diversion.

The Flyer's Psalm

PSALMS OF A FLYER

1. As the telephone operator who giveth wrong numbers so is he who extolleth his exploits in the air.
2. He shall enlarge upon the dangers of his adventures, but in my sleeve can be heard the tinkling of silvery laughter.
3. Let not thy familiarity with airplanes breed contempt lest thou become exceedingly careless at a time when great care is necessary to thy well being.
4. My son, obey the laws and observe prudence, spin thou not lower than 1500 cubits nor stunt above thine own domicile, for the hand of the law is heavy and reaches far and wide through the land.
5. Incur not the wrath of the commander by breaking rules, for he who maketh right hand circuits shall be cast out into outer darkness.
6. Let not thy prowess in the air persuade that others can not do even as thou doest; for he that showeth off in public places is an abomination unto his fellow pilots.
7. More praiseworthy is he who can touch the tail skid and wheels to the earth at the same time than he who loopeth and rolleth till some damsel stares in amazement at his daring.
8. He who breaketh an undercarriage in a forced landing may, in time, be forgiven; but he who taxieth into another plane shall be despised forever.
9. Beware the man who taketh off without looking behind him for there is no health in him. Verily I say unto you, his days are numbered.
10. Clever men take the reproof of their instructors in the same wise, one like unto another with the witty jest, confessing their dumbness and regarding themselves with humor. Yet they try again, profiting by wise counsel and taking not offense at aught that he has said.
11. As a postage stamp that lacketh glue so are words to a fool, they stick not, going into one ear and out the other for there is naught between to stop them.
12. My son, harken unto my teaching and forsake not the laws of prudence, for the reckless shall not inhabit the earth for long.
13. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not, thus will thou fly safely and length of days and life of peace shall be added unto thee.

Amen.

Ground Loop

When a pilot's been aflying for a coupla' years or so,
And can kick a plane around, and put on quite a show,
It's a thing he takes no pride in, and unless I have been scooped
If he's ever done much flyin', he's at different times ground looped.

When the kaydets get together for a stage at old Brooks Field,
And you're due to draw a ship with a wobbly tail wheel;
You come in for your landing and you put her down O. K.
But before you know what's happened, she's headin' for the hay.

So you pour the gas into her and she bounds up from the ground,
And you're feelin' mighty thankful for a chance to go around;
Down the base leg you come roaring, cut the gun and make the turn,
But you know that they're watching and your ears begin to burn.

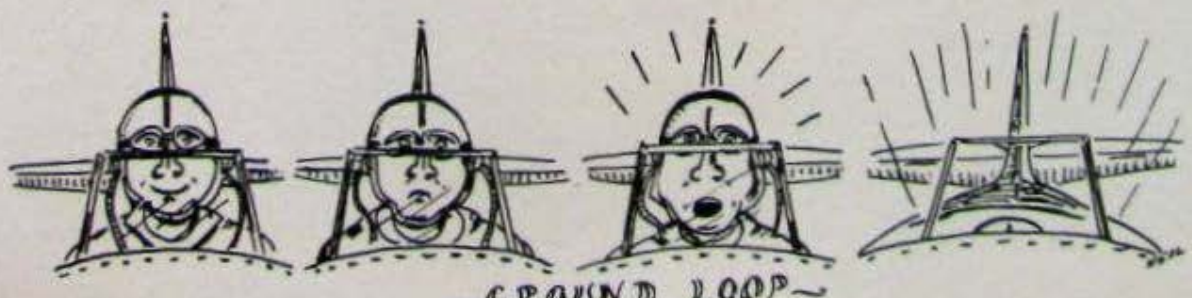
You head in for the runway, note the drift and drop a wing,
And you feel the ship a-settin' as the wires begin to sing.
The ground comes up a-tearin' and you ease back on the stick,
And you bear down on the rudder and you do it mighty quick.

But you know your case is hopeless when you feel her start to go,
And you crack the throttle open, but you know you've been too slow.
The horizon starts a-spinnin' and the plane is swapping ends
As the dust begins to shower while the wing-tip slowly bends.

You can hear the spar a-splittin' and fabric tear apart,
While the terror down inside you takes a death grip on your heart;
Your hands and feet are paralyzed as the dirt goes flying past,
And you duck down in the cockpit as the motor coughs its last.

Then you climb out from the wreckage, and your knees begin to shake,
And you feel humiliated for the ribbing you must take.
All the pilots crowd around you and advice begins to flow
And they tell you how it happened, just as if you didn't know.

They criticise and advise you and although they're meanin' well,
You try to laugh it off and tell 'em all to go to hell—
Lots of pilots give prescriptions and enjoy to rub it in,
But there's few that give descriptions of the ground loops they were in.



~GROUND LOOP~

Adventure in a P-12

When we landed at Selfridge in the afternoon it had already started to rain. We checked in and had the mechanics gas up the ships, and then had some grub. After we ate, we went over to the weather office to see if we could be cleared to leave that night. Not a chance. The field was closing in and would be zero-zero by midnight.

We didn't have anything else to do, so we went over to the club and gathered around a big table. Over coffee and cigarettes the talk turned to strange and wonderful feats, the way talk always does wherever fliers gather.

The first story was a mild one, the next a little better, and soon the session was going strong.

Then this one popped out on us. I forget who told it.

"It was at this very field a few years ago when the thing happened. They were flying P-12's then, which were pretty hot in those days. Each man in the squadron had his own ship, set up the way he wanted it. No one but that man flew his ship.

Well, one week-end some guy came in and fed one of the boys a tall story about a sick friend he had to see and borrowed his crate. When he brought it back he left the seat the way he had used it, jacked down to the lowest notch.

Now the fellow he had borrowed it from wasn't very tall, and he usually flew the ship with the seat all the way up. Ordinarily nothing would have happened, but the squadron had a call for some defensive maneuvers on Monday morning and had to take off without checking over their ships, and the mechanic hadn't noticed the seat change when he had checked the ship. When he climbed in it, he couldn't see over the front of the thing because the seat was down so far. But he didn't have time to change it, so up he went, his beak barely sticking out in the Winter breeze as he tried to see what was going on.

It was pretty cloudy that morning, and the pursuit jobs used the soup to good advantage. It was bitterly cold, and the men all wore protective face masks and goggles.

The attacking planes were sighted above the clouds so the formation gathered below and started after them. This fellow pulled up in a steep chandelle and, when his ship was about at the stalling point, all hell broke loose. Out of the cloud above came a ship hell-bent and straight toward him. He didn't even have time to duck. His mask was cumbersome, and trying to wipe it off in a split second and throw his goggles off was out of the question. The next thing he knew he got a knock in the noggin, and everything went rosy.

When he came out of it, he couldn't see a thing. The ship was spinning, but his mask had slipped over his eyes and he couldn't get it off. He unbuckled his safety belt and breathed a little prayer. He still doesn't know what happened, but somehow he got out of the ship. He yanked the rip cord, and then, with his mask still over his eyes, he calmly put the handle in his jacket pocket.

He finally got the mask off and looked around. There was the wing of his ship that had been torn off in the crash coming right at him. He tried to slip his chute by pulling first one cord and then another but nothing happened. Finally he grabbed a handful and yanked, and damn near spilled all the air out of it.

The wing went just underneath him, slipped away, and headed back. It went by him several times before it finally fell away.

By this time the ground was getting pretty close, and right below were some phone wires. He tried to slip it again, and this time succeeded in changing his course enough to miss the wires and land in an open field. He picked up his 'chute and went over to a farm house and called in. Within a couple of hours he was back at the field.

We had listened to the story in silence. After it was finished, nobody said anything for a while, and then somebody spoke up:

"Well, that's the kind of a story that puts a bull session to bed."

The story-teller didn't say anything for a minute and then:

"You guys are all from Brooks same as I am. Remember who was director of training when we were cadets there?"

"Sure, Major Ed Underhill."

"Well, next time you're down that way, stop in his office and ask him what happened to his pet P-12."

LIEUT. SIDNEY J. BROOKS

Lieut. Sidney J. Brooks, for whom Brooks Field was named, was born May 21, 1895, in San Antonio, Texas. He was the son of Judge and Mrs. Sidney J. Brooks. After attending San Antonio public schools, Lieut. Brooks entered the University of Texas where the World War cut short his legal studies in 1917.

In August of that year, he was graduated from the aviation ground school at Austin and transferred to Kelly Field No. 2. On Nov. 13, 1917, after serving four months with 20 hours of flying time, he was killed in a crash on what was to have been his final flight before winning his commission.

24 Years Ago

"A cow clipped the wings of the plane of Second Lieut. Robert W. C. Wimsatt, Brooks Field flyer, who stopped off at Barron Field at Fort Worth Friday on a return flight from Memphis, and forced the aviator to wait until the craft's wings could be repaired."

This is only one of the bottlenecks faced by Brooks Field officers of 24 years ago, as related by a San Antonio newspaper. The cow, it appeared, had been attracted by the banana oil in the wing fabric, and had a light lunch.

Brooks Field, now home of the Air Corps Advanced Flying School and of the only Advanced Observation School in the Nation, is one of the army's oldest air fields. Founded the same year as Kelly, 1917, it has since trained instructors and pilots for the first World War, served as a "lighter-than-air" craft center, a primary flying school, base of the 12th Observation Group, and currently as an advanced flying school.

Back in 1917, when Europe was boiling over the fire of Kaiser Wilhelm's aspirations, the United States army established an air field on the present site of Brooks. On Dec. 8 of that year ground was broken for the field as it is now known. The original base was called Gosport Field, after the system of flight training devised at Gosport, England, but the name was soon changed.

In the spring of 1917, shortly after the United States declared herself at war with Germany on April 6, a San Antonio youth heeded the call and cut short his law studies at the University of Texas to join his country's armed forces. Sidney J. Brooks, son of Judge and Mrs. Sidney J. Brooks of San Antonio, was graduated from the aviation ground school at Austin in August. He was then transferred to Kelly Field No. 2 where he served four months with 20 hours' flying time to his credit.

On Nov. 13, young Brooks took off from Kelly Field on what was to have been his final flight before winning his commission, but he crashed to his death while approaching the field for a landing. Shortly thereafter, the name of Gosport Field was dropped and the field was renamed permanently for Lieut. Brooks.

America at war found herself in immediate and acute need of pilots. Government officials had investigated and selected San Antonio as site of its most important flying schools because of the city's army training background and the unequalled flying conditions of the terrain. Brooks was one of three fields established simultaneously; the others were Kelly Fields, Nos. 1 and 2.

On Feb. 16, 1918, Maj. Henry Conger Pratt arrived to become the field's first commander; to Maj. Pratt, now a Brigadier General, goes most of the credit for the appearance and performance of the field since that time. Events have moved swiftly.

Brooks Field pilots soon began to make their names known. Here is a partial calendar of events of 1918, when Brooks trained hundreds of flying instructors for other fields and a number of pilots to fight abroad:

March 28—First plane flown at the field by Maj. Leo A. Walton.

August 6—Maj. Dean Smith completes non-stop cross-country flight of 384 miles from Carlsbad, N. M., to Brooks Field.

August 17—Lt. J. V. Hyde commended in orders by Maj. Smith for conspicuous courage in rescuing a fellow officer from wreckage of a crashed plane.

August 31—Maj. Dean Smith lands a hospital plane on the parade grounds at Fort Sam Houston in the presence of Brig. Gen. John Ryan and staff.

September 7—Three planes, with Lt. Stanley M. Barbee in command, fly 128 miles from Brooks Field to Corpus Christi, Texas, in one hour and 40 minutes.

September 21—Maj. Smith takes command of the field as Col. Pratt, cheered by officers and men, departs for Washington.

October 10—Lt. John M. Clark climbs to an altitude of 13,600 feet in a JN4D Curtiss plane with an OX5 motor.

October 20—Maj. Smith and Capt. J. A. Macready make a reconnaissance flight to aid city police in capturing an outlaw.

October 25—The War Department orders that the Gosport system, as developed at Brooks Field, be made uniform at all U. S. air fields.

October 28—Lt. Hyde averages 94½ miles-an-hour on a 325-mile non-stop flight to Brownsville in a Curtiss JN4D.

November 14—Officers celebrate signing of the armistice with a cabaret dance—in civilian clothes.

After the war, training activity at Brooks subsided for a number of years and the field was used as a "lighter-than-air" center. But 1922 was a big year. The huge dirigible hangar, with its 91,240 square feet of floor space, was constructed at a cost of $1,500,000; and a complete school for training in free and captive balloons was established at the field.

Scores of observers and future dirigible pilots were trained; ten years later Brooks boasted the Nation's fourth largest airship dock, one of two located in Texas.

Brooks also came back as a flying center in 1922. In September of that year, when Kelly Field was designated as a permanent military flying field, Brooks became the home of the six months' primary training course, formerly located at Carlstrom Field, Fla.

Those were the days of the well-known Curtiss "Jenny," more specifically the JN-6H, with its 110-horsepower Hispano-Suiza motor. No brakes, flaps, nor windshields on this ship which "cruised at 80 and stalled at 75."

They were the days, too, in which the pilot landed his "crate" in the farmer's field to inquire, "Which way to so-and-so?" The farmer pointed vaguely and the ship took off in that general direction.

Maps and weather reports were few, instruments fewer, and radio ranges non-existent. Parachutes were considered as so much excess weight, and were not issued in primary or basic training.

Brooks Field continued as a Primary Flying School until October, 1931, when Randolph Field was completed. At that time, the 12th Observation Group was established at Brooks, with the 88th, 12th, and 22nd Observation Squadrons based at the field. The 22nd still remains as the only tactical squadron in the San Antonio area.

In February, 1940, Brooks again resumed flight training as a sub-base under the Kelly Field Advanced Flying School, and became an independent advanced school Jan. 1, 1941. On Feb. 15, the army's only Advanced Observation Flying School was added to the field's activities.

They wear parachutes now; maps and instruments are many and varied, and radio ranges form a huge network of sky highways across the Nation. Cadet courses are thorough but concentrated. The entire field is keyed up to the Nation's gigantic defense effort and Brooks is duplicating the service it rendered in 1918.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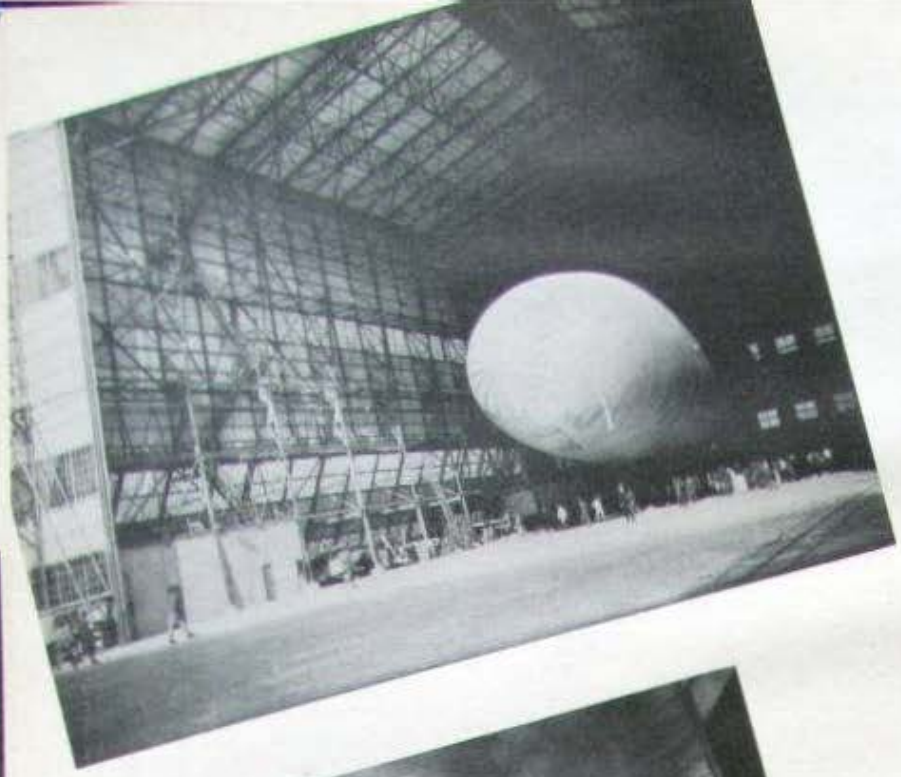
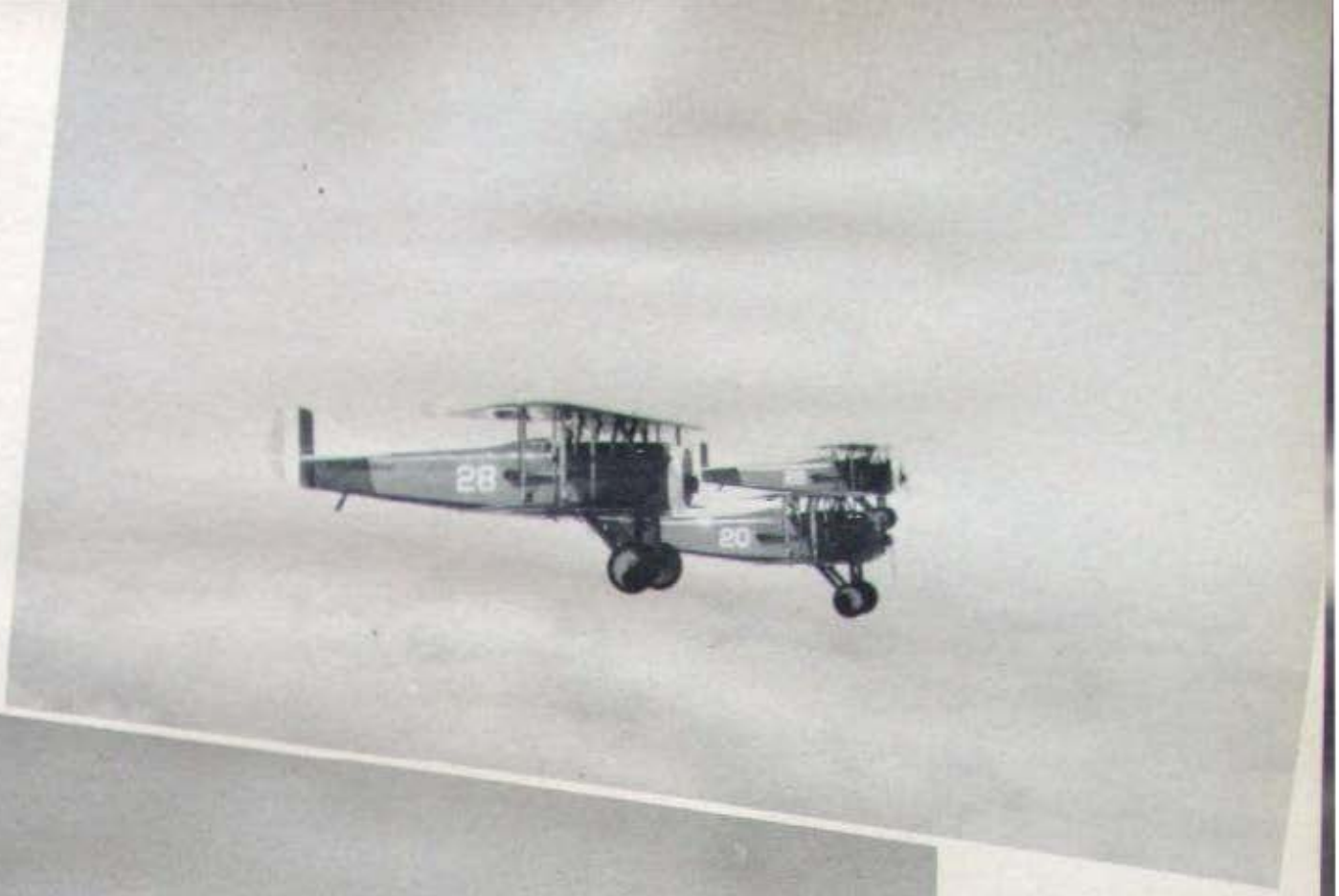


"Before the use of Hellium"

"No floors, no brakes, no windshields"

32- Douglas [illegible]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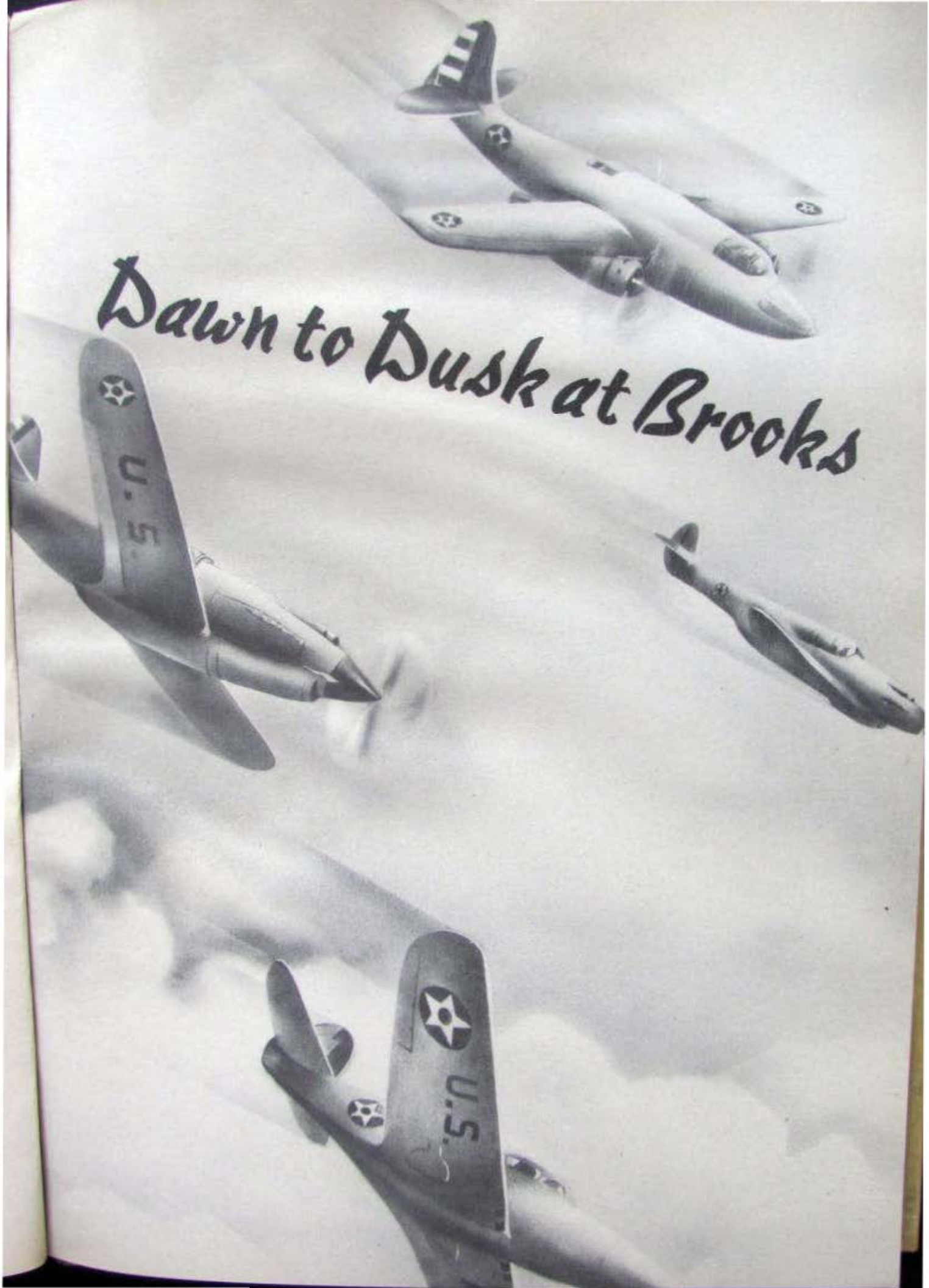
BROOKS FIELD'S
COMMANDING OFFICERS

1917-19: Col. H. Conger Pratt
1920-21: Maj. John A. Paegelow
1922-26: Maj. Ralph Royce
1926-27: Maj. James E. Chaney
1927-30: Maj. L. W. Fitzgerald
1930-31: Lt. Col. H. B. Claggett
1931-34: Maj. Frank B. Lackland
1934-35: Col. Gerald C. Brant
1935 : Maj. E. L. Hoffman
1935-37: Col. Henry J. F. Miller
1937-39: Maj. Douglas Johnston
1939 : Col. E. A. Lohman, A.C.
1939-40: Lt. Col. G. H. Palmer
1940 : Lt. Col. Stanton T. Smith


Dawn to Dusk at Brooks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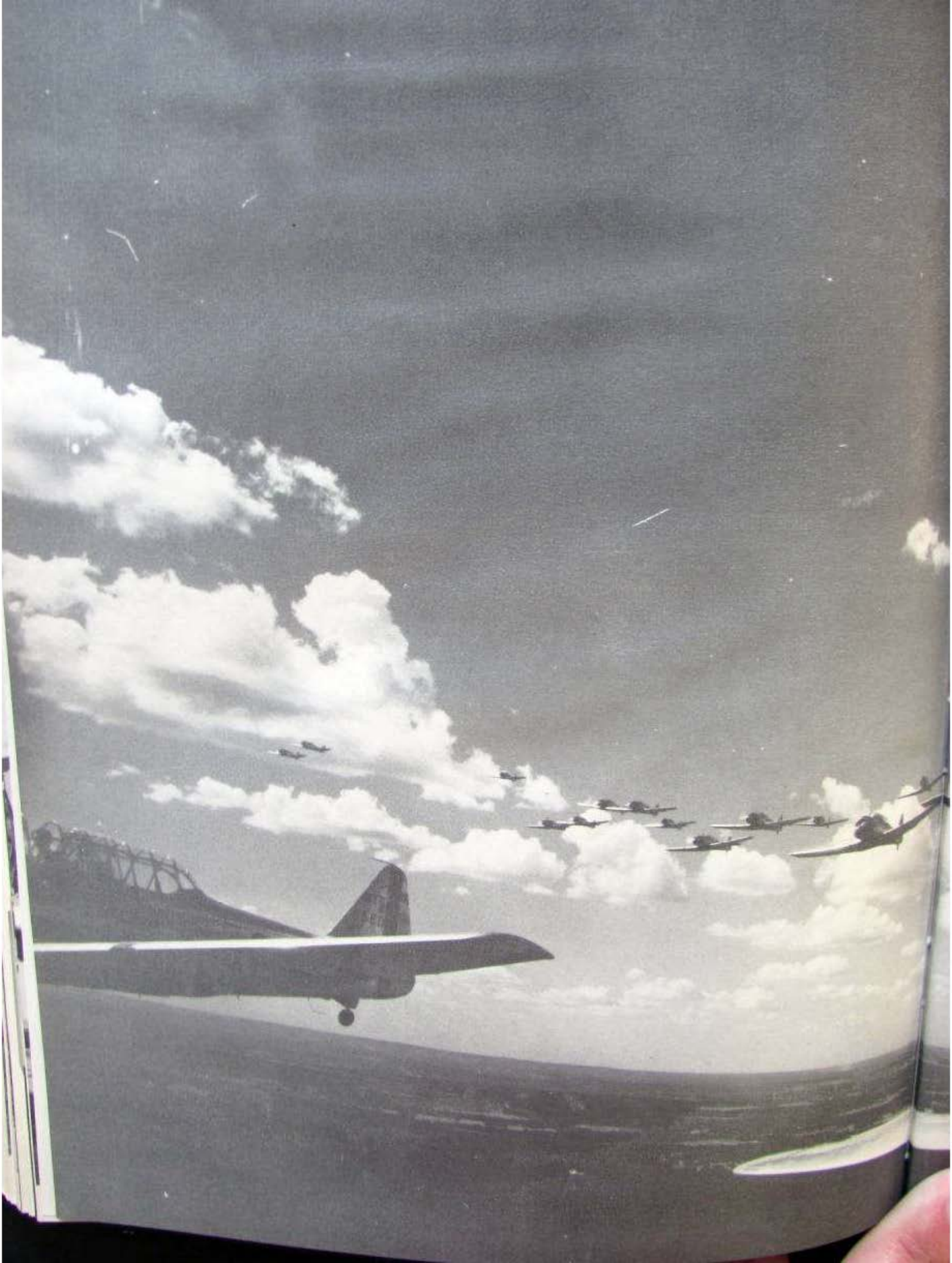


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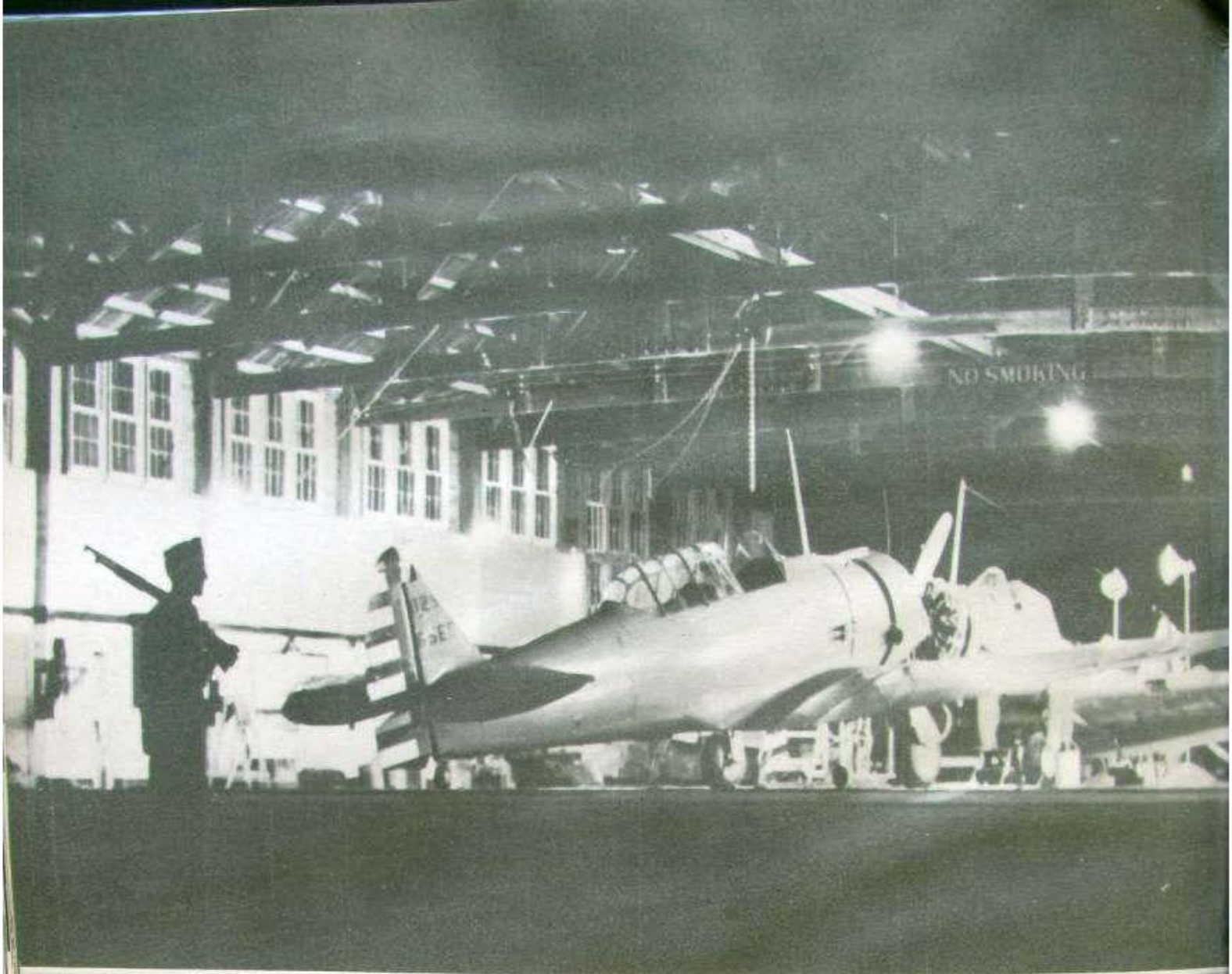
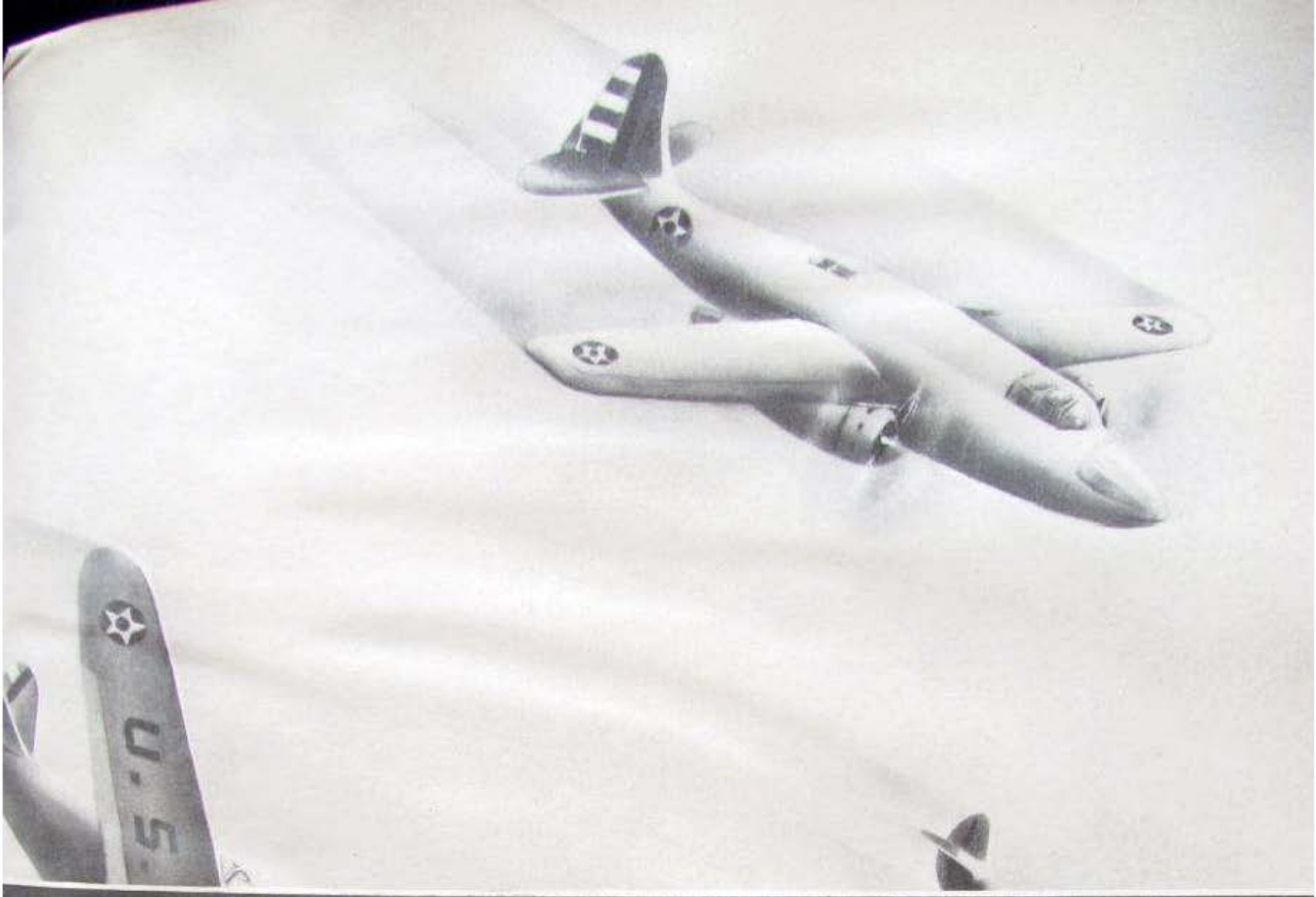


Eyes on the Eyes of the Army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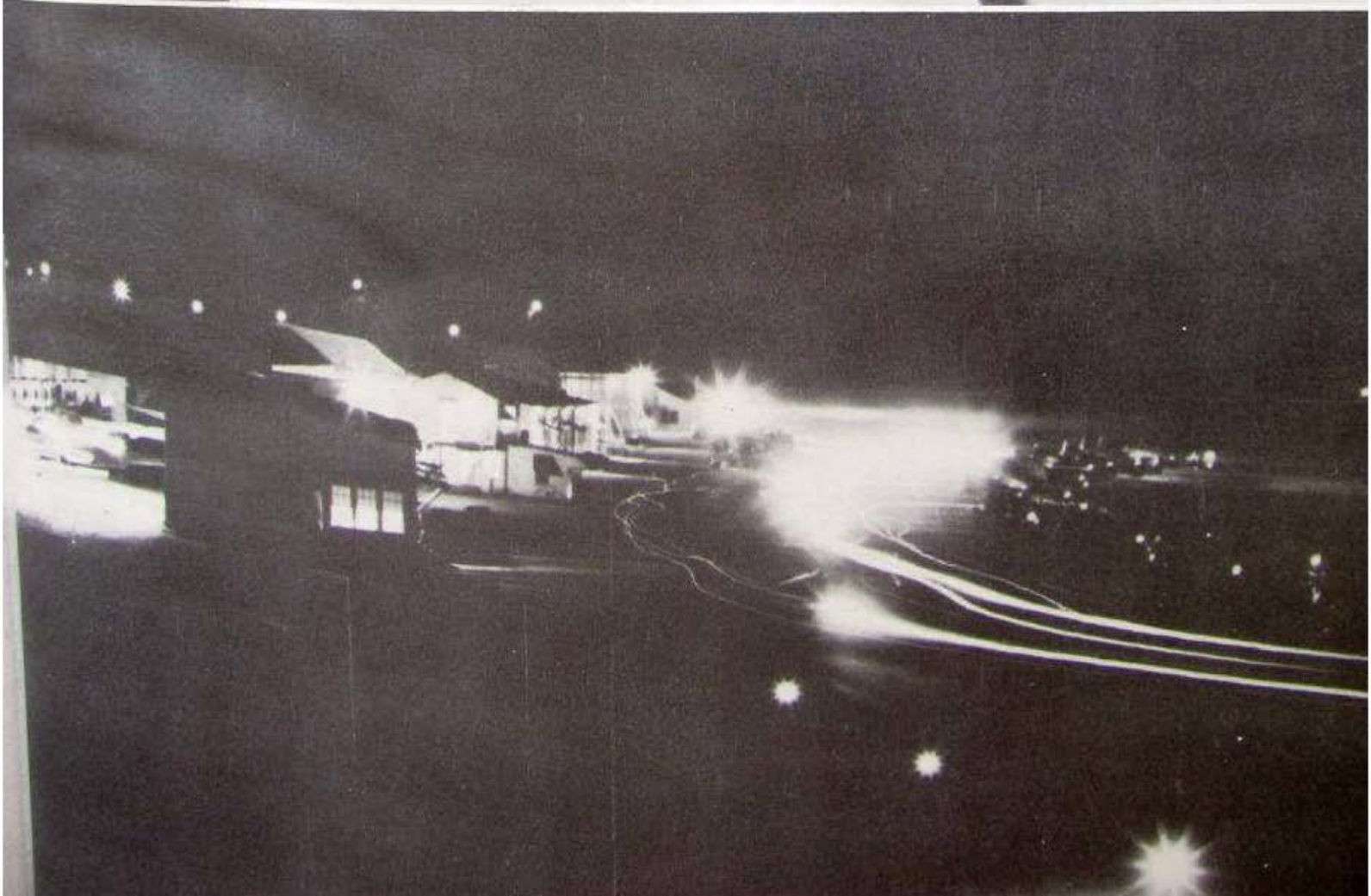
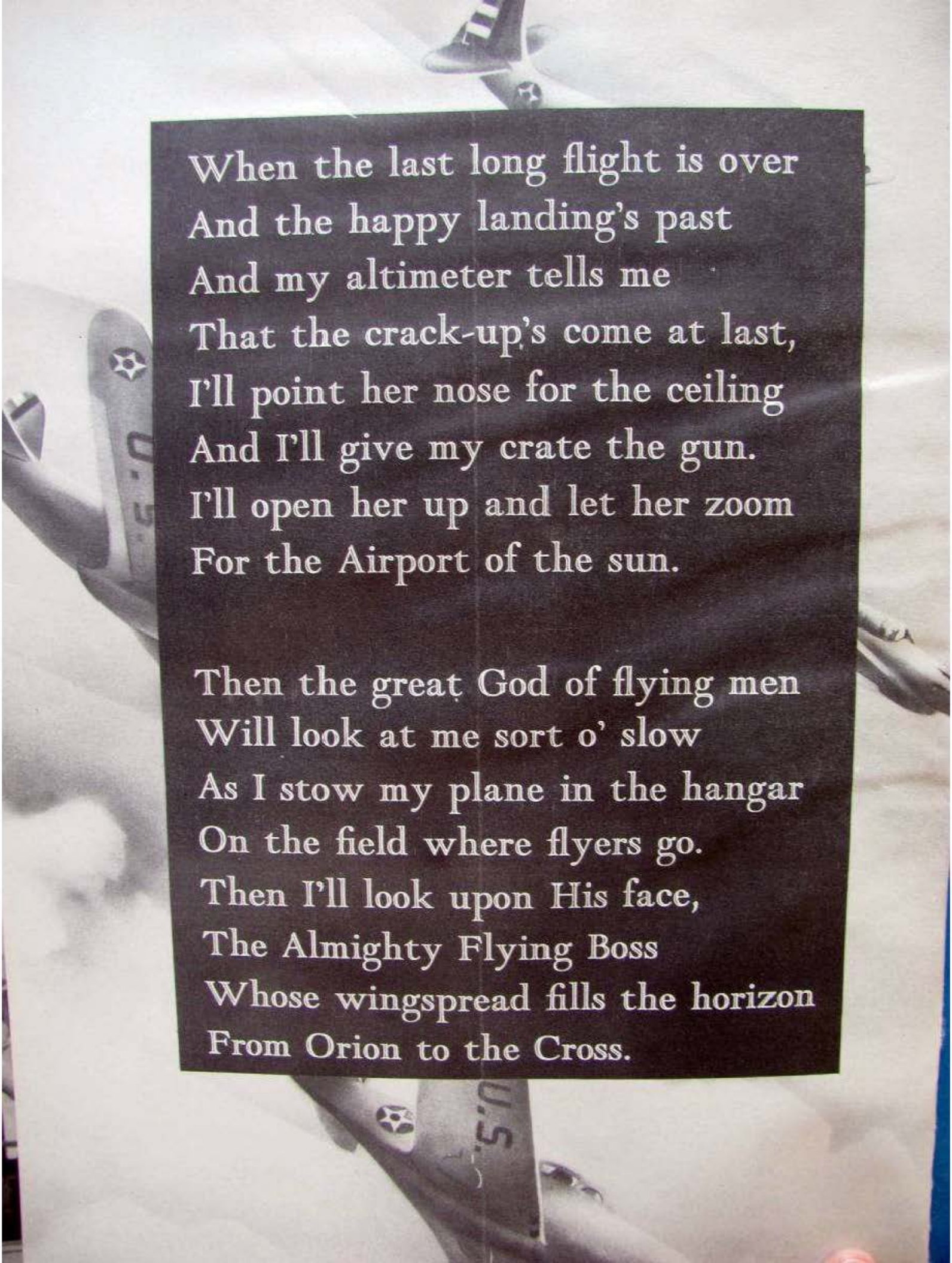


Inspection

Brooks Field on the Air



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' slow
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.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