

THE LOG BOOK

WATERBURY EDWIN OXLEY

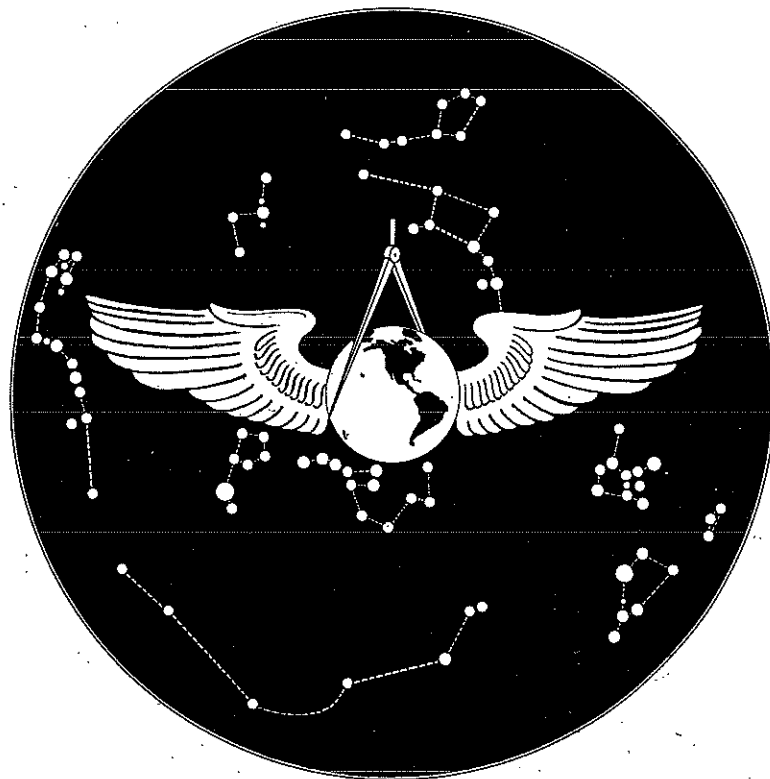
Note:

● Due to the nature of the national emergency it has been necessary to revise the original organization of the the "Log Book." Under military orders complete rosters of personnel and classes and group photos cannot be published. Therefore the reader must be tolerant of certain unorthodoxies in organization and editing, for it has been necessary in some instances to omit or insert individuals and in others to change their natural position in the book.

THE EDITOR

THE LOG BOOK

A NAVIGATOR'S RECORD



Presented By Classes

42-1, 42-2, 42-3, 42-4, 42-5

VERNAL EQUINOX

KELLY FIELD, TEXAS

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO

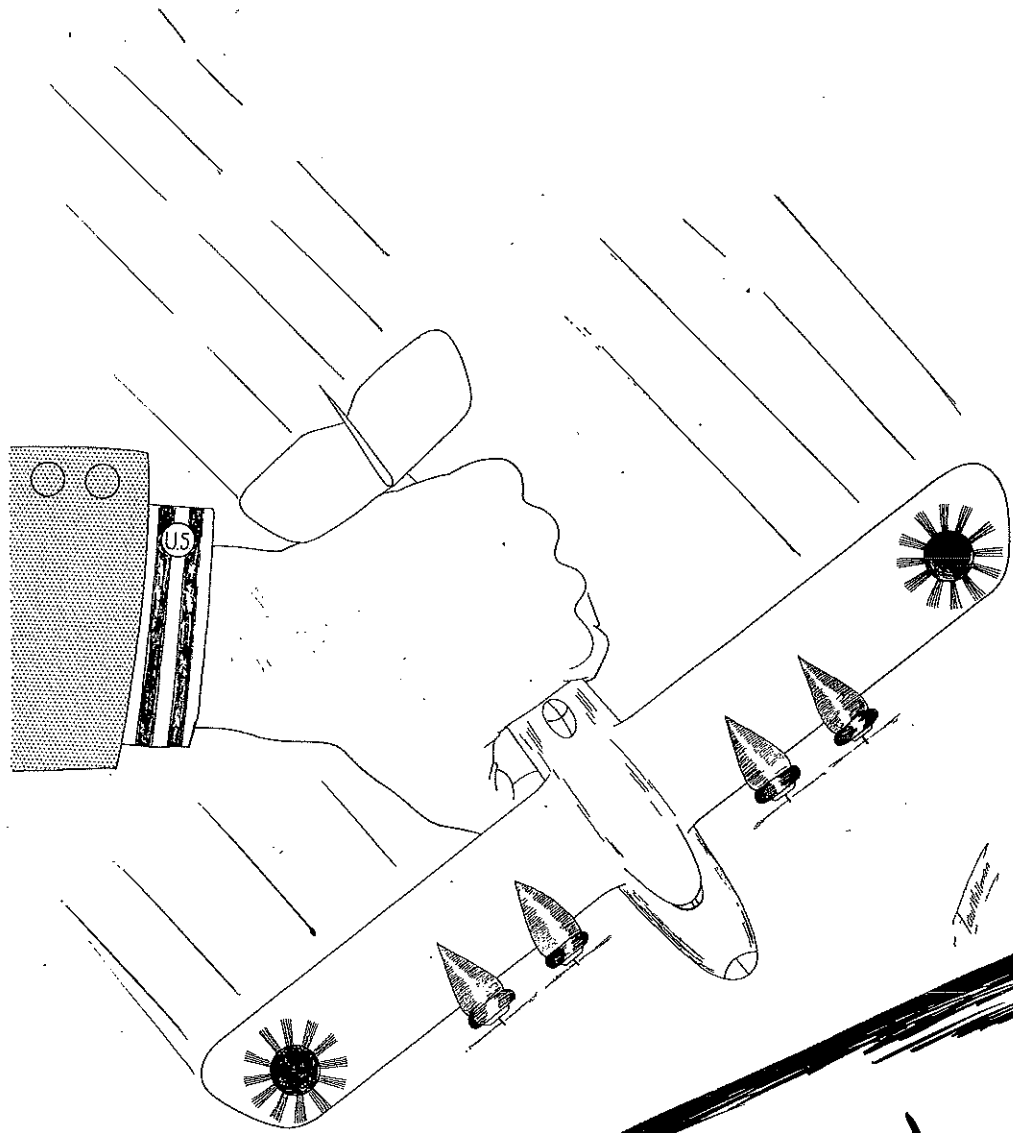
Foreword

On December 7, 1941, Imperial Japan viciously attacked the United States. With one swift stroke, the history of the world became unimportant. Disunity gave way to unity; all actions assumed purpose, and a new history of the world began. This book is not in praise of past glories. It marks the beginning of a new era, and by its example may we herald the theme. Fulfill your mission, Navigator!

Dedication

In lieu of the usual dedication we think it mete to recall these great passages enriching the American tradition:

..... It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.



Sundown!

John Williams



L.T. NORMAN P. HAYS

It was my good fortune to be among the three United States Army Air Corps Officers selected to observe the Number 1 Air Navigation School of the RAF at Port Albert, Ontario, Canada. This is the original Navigation School of the RAF, established about 1935 at Manston, England. The day before war was declared in 1939, it was moved to St. Athan and later to its present location at Port Albert, Ontario. In peace time this school maintained the highest efficiency rating in the air force while flying the Anson type bomber of 1932 vintage. The training conducted at the school is most diversified since separate groups of beginning observers, pilot instructors and specialist navigators are all trained at the same school for their very different, though related duties in the air force.

We three American officers actually went through this school with No. 17 Specialist "N" course, and found it to be very theoretical in nature and presented in a most interesting and intense manner. Our classmates were of the best ex-operational navigators, two-thirds of whom had been decorated for exceptional accomplishment in combat.

My teammate on flying missions at the school happened to be Flight Lt. M. M. Flemming, D. F. C., who was one of the first men from Bomber Command decorated by the king. He attained this recognition by flying his damaged bomber, which had lost its right alleron near the target area, on its five hundred mile journey home. Flight Lt. Flemming was among a very few RAF officers who had served as Group Navigation Officers before having the Spec. "N" course.

The school can only graduate some 15 specialists per five-week class period under speeded-up war demands so there is a great deal of competition for appointment to the school. Observer-navigators on combat duty are constantly rated and checked on performance and outstanding ability. The school draws the best men from all the combat groups who have completed some three hundred hours in combat duty in principally Bomber Command, Coastal Command, and Night Fighter Command. It is very gratifying to note the keenness and competi-

SPECIALIST IN THE R. A. F.

tive interest in the combat groups for appointment of candidates to the specialist's course. This personal competition is not relaxed at the school but is intensified throughout the student's courses. Students are graded individually toward qualification and classification for the leading technical and staff navigation duties in the air force.

A great deal of astronomy is taught in the specialist course along with spherical trigonometry, maps and charts and relative winds in dead reckoning to insure a thorough understanding of the basic theory of practical processes used in long range celestial tactical navigation. Technical essays are assigned and written on such subjects as "Polar Navigation" or "The Possibilities of Locating and Bombing Military Objectives by Celestial Navigation."

One of the broadest requirements of the course, listed as "Students Lectures," proved to be one of the most interesting. Each member of the course was required to write up and present under classroom environment a lecture on any subject he cared to choose. In this way we were able to hear many men relate their jobs and experiences in combat duty in most interesting and informing detail. A most interesting lecture was presented by a Czechoslovakian in the RAF who fought for his home country directly after the Munich Pact until its surrender, at which time he escaped to Poland and continued fighting. After Poland's armies were defeated he became a member of the French Foreign Legion in Africa where he was wounded. He went to France, and later became a member of the RAF, where he distinguished himself as first class navigator material. He was taken off heavy bombers and assigned to the Specialist "N" course. He learned to speak and write English during his voyage to Canada and during the course to the extent that he ranked in the upper part of the class at graduation. At the completion of the course, this man specifically preferred to return to heavy bombardment duty in England to any staff navigation duty. Talking and living intimately with him could but strengthen the spirit of any man to be a better, stronger soldier in the furtherance of his duty. He had been decorated in three countries for outstanding bravery and accomplishment.

I am positive that the privilege of knowing and so closely associating with the men who make up the backbone of the operational forces of the British Empire was one of the most valuable phases of my duty there. The profound respect and admiration that I learned for these men goes far to reassure me of our ultimate victory in this conflagration in which we are full brothers.

(P. S. I also had the occasion to learn a great deal of American History while at this station.)

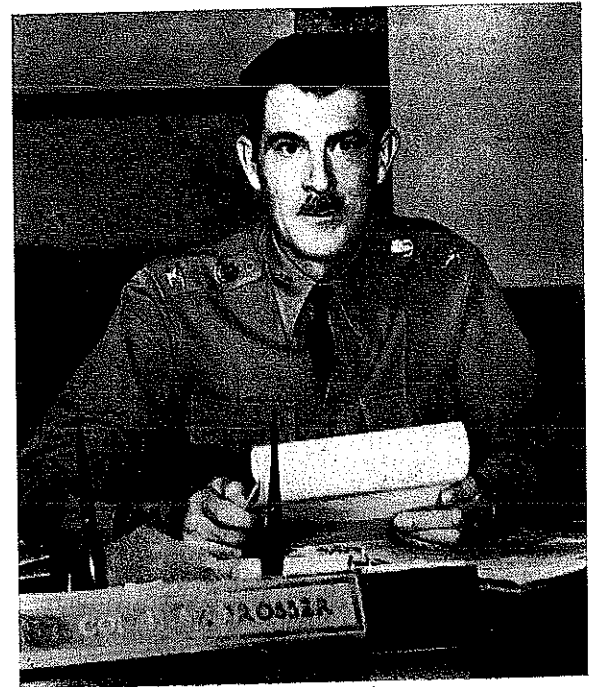


MAJOR GENERAL
HUBERT R. HARMON

Commanding General,
Gulf Coast Air Corps
Training Center

COLONEL
HARVEY W. PROSSER

Commandant of
Kelly Field



"Navidopey Learns To Take It"

(With Apologies to Disney)

W. J. BURFORD

Navigators are strange people. Ordinary people call them downright crazy, especially when they get such pleasure from arriving at a certain place on time. Ordinary people make it a point never to do that. But then ordinary people don't have the same experiences that navigators do.

Take the case of Navidopey. Navidopey was just an ordinary human being till he went to school at Kelly. Now Navidopey is proud that he gets places on the minute,—proud that he is no longer so irresponsible about time. He must be excused if he seems a bit smug about what he calls his sense of timing. Undoubtedly there is something of the artist in him. There is something unusual about anyone who can find enough eyes and hands to read a compass, an air speed meter, and driftmeter and work computer, dividers, and gyropilot all at once. Now Dopey is not a leisurely worker. You must remember that he's not exactly standing still during all this. In fact he has told me several times that he'd give anything if he could pull over to a nearby curb while we worked out his next fix. Navidopey quickly learned to take it.

He certainly envied the upperclassmen when he first came to Kelly in their easy talk of land-falls, HO-211, radius of action; "Boy, I split Somerset through my driftmeter!" He didn't think he could ever do it, especially at first when it looked as though they expected him to learn everything in a week. How was he going to learn D. R. if he had interception, and sextants and radio bearings all thrown at him before he learned how to work the driftmeter?

What was even tougher for Navidopey was that the new school had not had time to figure out exactly how it was going to turn him into a navigator. He really had no kick coming because his instructors were doing a marvelous job—considering everything.

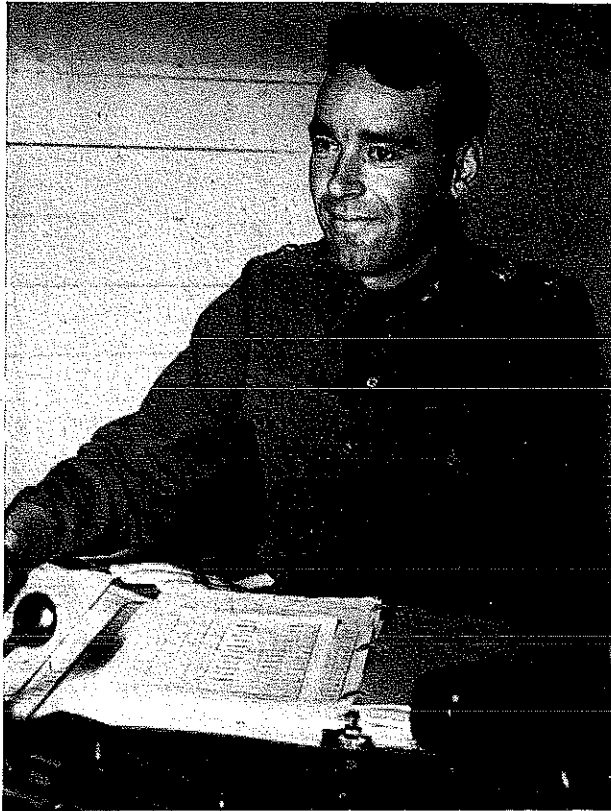


NAVIDOPEY

Of course there would be some confusion. What one instructor thought was a very good way of doing the thing—whether or not he should work radius of action from his departure point or whether he should use his DF Chart or his Mercator for radio bearings,—was unheard of to another. Naturally poor Dopey was always caught in the middle. The only thing that saved him was his Disneylike sense of humor.

As we have mentioned, Navidopey learned to take it. Just when he felt he had earned an extra ten minutes of rest (he didn't feel ten was *too* much), they'd rush him off to Randolph for a parade, or throw ten hours of exams at him, or disturb his slumber with a "dry run," or rush him to athletics, to mess formation, to this, to that,—always rushing him! "First call for drill!" "Fall in with rain-coats and garrison caps!" Dopey always had a word under his breath for that gluey Texas mud. He waited anxiously for the moment when he would step right out of his shoes. How he enjoyed those few moments of "open post" and San Antonio—when he got them! He couldn't even count on the sympathy of the upperclassmen.

But somehow Navidopey and everybody else finally made it. It took fifteen weeks,—fifteen weeks to change from a bewildered and often objectionable "jackpot" to a self-important and "eager" upperclassman. We learned a lot. More than anything we learned confidence,—confidence in our instruments, in the pilots and instructors, the plane itself, our classmates, our plain old arithmetic, and in ourselves. We must be able to navigate any ship, anywhere, anytime, under any conditions. This was no mere child's play. So if people look at us these days and shake their heads and wonder what this navigation is all about we shall be very patient. Like Navidopey we too have learned to take it.



Lt. Col. George B. Dany

Director of
Training

From a West Point Cadet to a Lt. Colonel in the Air Corps in eight years is the record of the director of Navigation Training at Kelly Field, Texas.

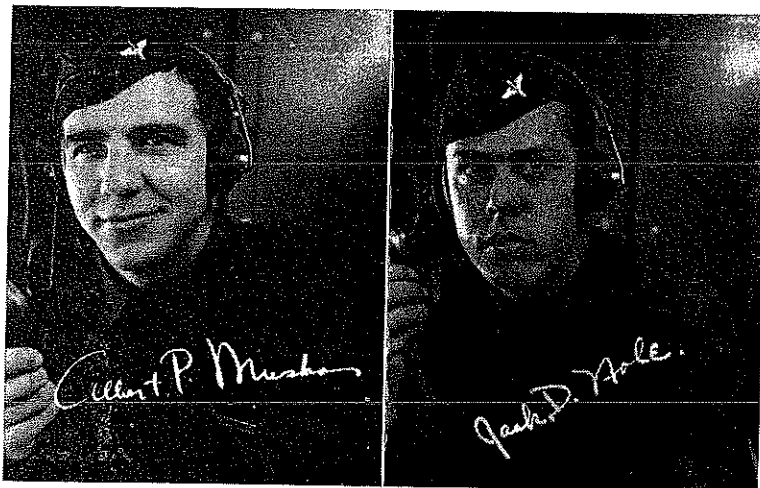
Graduating from the "Point" in 1934, he has trained at Randolph and Kelly Fields, served with the 19th Bombardment Group in March Field, California, studied navigation under Lt. Col. Thomas Thurlow, famed navigator on Howard Hughes' epoch-making flight, participated as navigator in the bombing of the battleship, Utah, with water filled shells in 1936, studied radio at Chanute Field, served as Flight Commander at Randolph Field in 1938-1940, observed and worked with the first army navigation school at Barksdale Field in 1940 and '41, and was appointed Director of Navigation Training, Kelly Field, Texas, in July 1941, his present duty.

The school here has made rapid strides under his able guidance and soon will be the largest of its kind in the world.

May his leadership serve to inspire those under his command to even greater achievement, and spread the fame of the Gulf Coast Navigation School to every battle front!

. . . . tall hungry-looking specimen from the land of cotton Greenwood, Mississippi, to be exact having served Uncle Sam on the land and at sea, he relished the prospect of service as a navigation officer.

. . . . charter member of the "Fifteen Mile Club" hails from Spokane, Washington a forester by profession he's fast learning the technique of "double-drift."



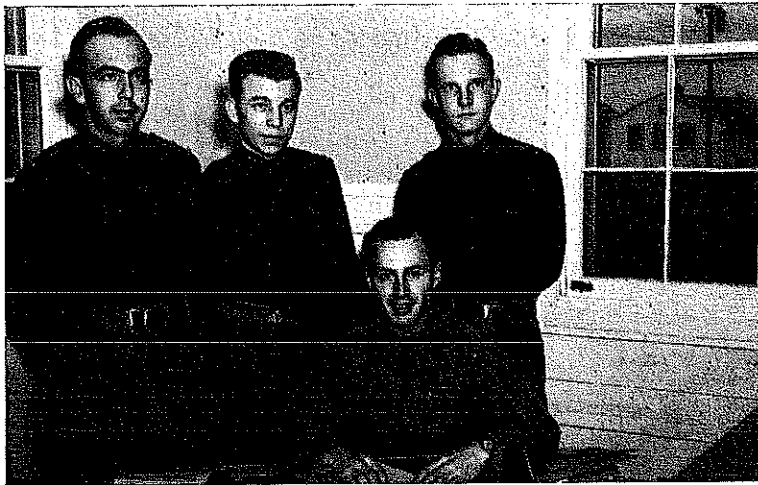
. . . . born and reared in Perth Amboy, New Jersey after leaving Rutgers spent four successful years as real estate and insurance man since August, 1942, has served as seaman 2nd class, flying cadet, buck private and aviation cadet.

. . . . from Lovington, New Mexico and attended Eastern New Mexico College buck sergeant in the ranks Cadet Captain at Ellington leader of class 42-5 here at Kelly hopes to become an "H. N." and a good officer.

. . . . product of the saga of early San Francisco—rugged, a natural born leader, a military man when relaxing tastes run from fine wines to cute blondes has a particular fondness for girls named Beth.

. . . . proves "no noozel is good noozel" Lansdowne, Pa., B. S., M. S., University of Pa., taught high school history former navigating experience in and around Philadelphia by visual bearing thinks Texas okay, but "there'll always be a Pennsylvania."





The Log Staff

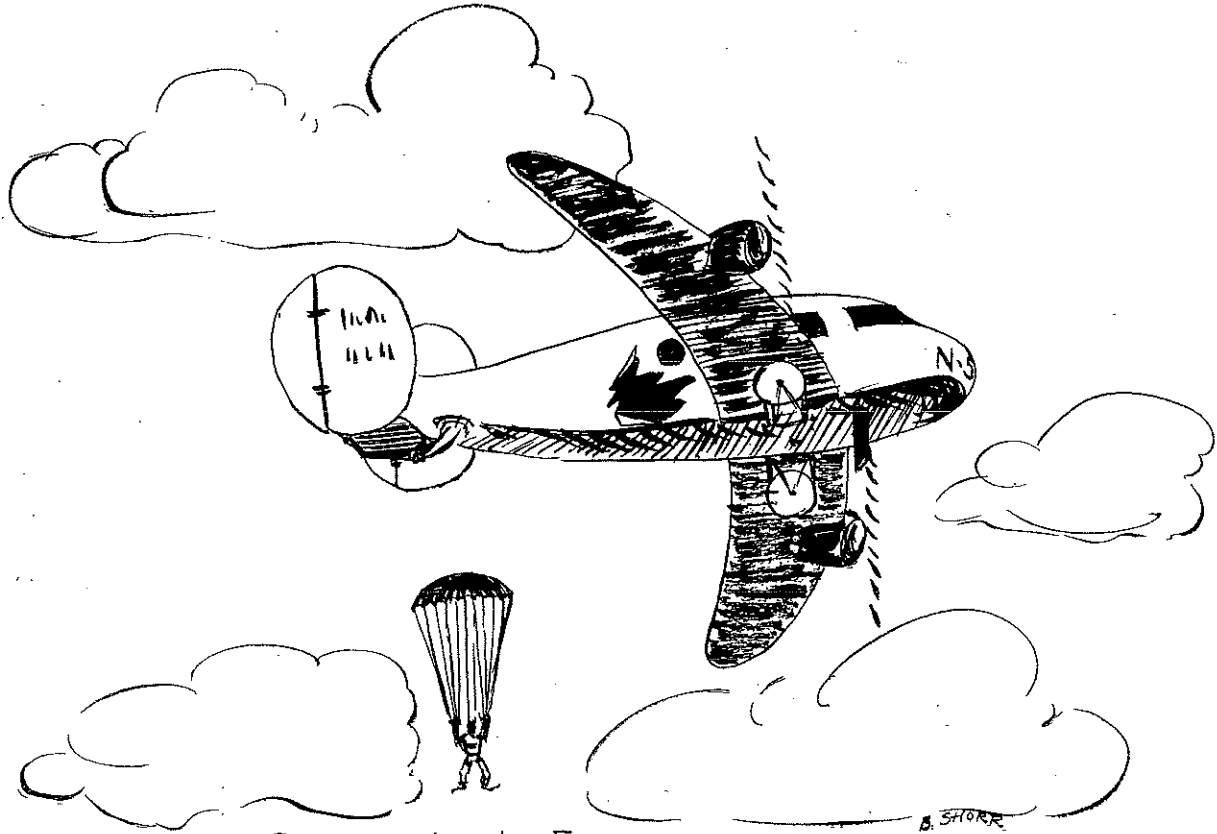
"The rest of us struggle on:" Lts. Cheney, Kristof, Perrin (seated), and Burford

What is left of the original staff of "The Log Book" presents the "Vernal Equinox" Edition, nee the "Winter Solstice." Quite cocksure and carefree were we along about last November. We felt confident that with a little extra application we would very easily meet a deadline before Class 42-1 was graduated. The rest of the story nearly everyone has heard a dozen times. Week after week slipped by and no "Log Book." Our only answer to the interminable and thoroughly justifiable question, "When will it be out?" was "Wait! It should be about two weeks." Time passed far too rapidly. 42-1 was graduated. 42-2 followed and half the staff went out on tactical duty. The rest of us struggled on. Just about the time when we

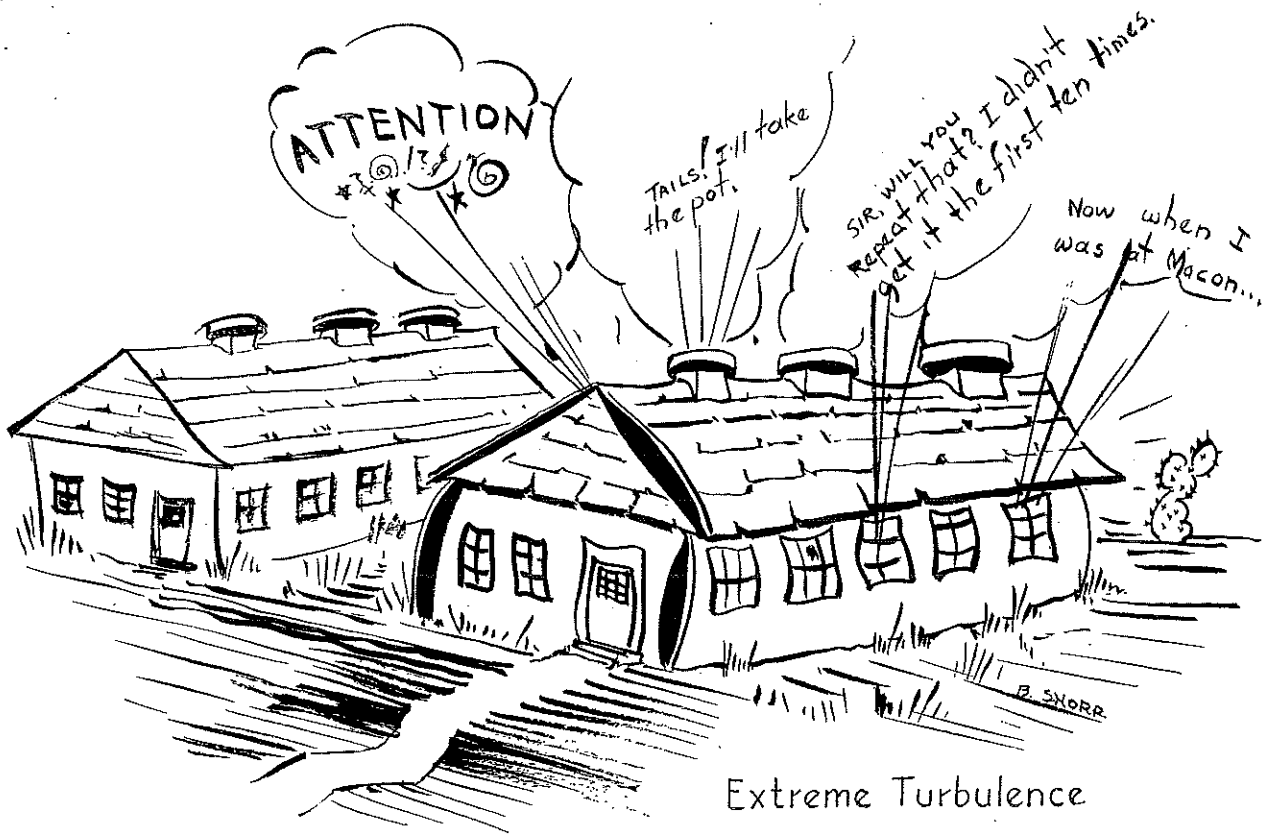
were ready to go to press along came a War Department order putting a ban on rosters—or any "information of value to the enemy." So we reorganized and thereby stepped on the toes of half the Navigation School. Gentlemen, this is the result. We humbly apologize for letting the first two weeks run into two months.

Our thanks go to the Kelly Photo Lab for their invaluable help, to those of you who cooperated on the preparation of copy, who drew us cartoons and designed designs, to those who unflinchingly posed and reposed for their pictures, to those who gave up their precious snapshots, and last and especially our thanks go to all of you who have waited so patiently for the final publication.

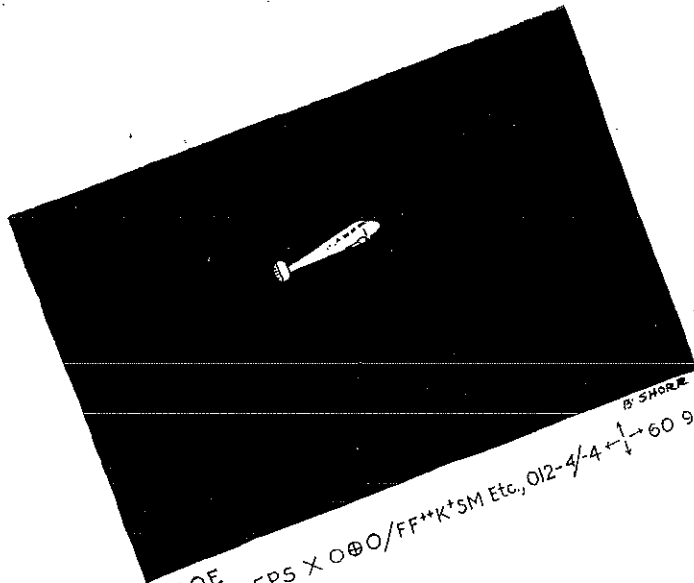
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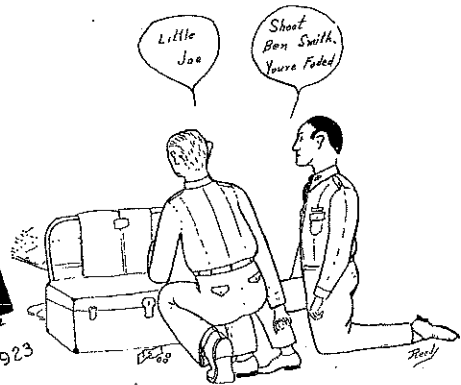
Come on back, Egan -
It was only a wind shift.



Extreme Turbulence



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Pay Formation



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