


Prellie



FRANK J. DOUGHERTY

December, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-two



Of Men We Boast

by Edward W. Rodgers

WITH Army Air Corps men of wings, guns and roaring motors, blasting out the heroic name for the service wherever the fight is in the air, Air Corps pilots of the future see a mounting pyramid of fearless tradition that they are proud to be a part of. Keyed mentally and physically to their jobs, a devotion to duty, a love of home, and a pride in the service, our men have proved themselves deserving of the respect of fighting men of all nations.

In our gallery of honor the names follow endlessly . . . not only the men heard of many times, but those thousands of hard-working men who complete our battle forces: those thousands of other pilots who bluntly face death daily; the wounded gunner that knocked down three "Zeros" in the South Pacific; the radio operator, leg shot to pieces, yet carrying on till his mission was successful over occupied France; or the bombardier that sent his last blow true to the mark on hot African sands. They're all a glorious part of Air Corps tradition.

We do boast of men, for we can be justly proud of these men of courage, as we will be proud of the thousands of heroes to follow, as with motors roaring, men of the air corps coolly soar off to face death for a great victory.

Ray Brock

Preflight

United States Army Air Forces

The Corps of Aviation Cadets of the
Pre-Flight School for Pilots

Maxwell Field, Alabama



Volume 2 - Number 6

December, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-two

Preflight Staff

Edward W. Rodgers
Squadron C-VII
Editor-in-Chief

John J. W. Oberg
Squadron D-IV
Associate Editor

Frank J. Dougherty
Squadron A-I
Art Editor

James B. Peden
Squadron L-IX
Photo Editor

Rolle R. Rand
Squadron D-IV
Managing Editor

Roger J. Bague
Squadron C-VII
Associate Editor

Mike R. Hryb
Squadron K-III
Assistant Art Editor

Raul Romero
Squadron I-III
Type Arrangements

Editorial Staff: Harry J. Bryan, G-VIII; Gene E. Maschmeyer, C-VII; Rouse S. Farnham, I-III; Judson T. Holmes, I-III; Frank C. Lucas, M-VI.

Art Staff: Raymond H. Brock, B-IV; William B. Rehse, B-IV; Hilary L. Imhoff, I-IX; Jack D. Tippit, L-IX; Ray P. Tucker, B-IV.

Public Relations Officer: Capt. Barna C. Pope, Jr.
Literary Advisor

Published by Aviation Cadet Social Fund
All Photos taken by the Base Photo Section, Maxwell Field
Published at the Paragon Press, Montgomery, Alabama

CONTENTS

"43-F's MERRY CHRISTMAS", by A/C Frank J. Dougherty	Cover
"... OF MEN WE BOAST!" by A/C Ray H. Brock	Inside Cover
DEDICATION	2
FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER	3
CONTACT	4
MR. "GROSS" ARRIVES	5
AS TIME FLIES . . . SO FLIES THE CADET	6
PREPARE FOR COMBAT	8
WAR IS GRIM	9
BRAIN TRUST	10
ACADEMICS FITS THE CADET FOR THE JOB AHEAD	11
CADET-TIONARY	13
LADIES IN GRAY	14
LOOK PROUD, MISTER!	15
RUSH AND RELAX . . . AT THE "REC" HALL	16
COMMENCE FIRING	18
SICK, LAME AND LAZY	19
A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD	20
SOUND BODIES, STOUT HEARTS, ALERT MINDS	22
CORPS AND WING OFFICERS	24
TIME ON OUR HANDS	25
IN PICTURES	26
GRADUATION DANCE	27
43-F GOES TO TOWN	28
CADET HONOR	30
43-G, AT EASE	31
ABOUT THE STAFF	32
FOR GOD AND COUNTRY, by A/C Mike R. Hryb	Inside Back Cover
"TAKE OFF", by A/C Ray H. Brock	Back Cover



LT. GEN. HENRY H. ARNOLD

DEDICATION

AROUND the world American bombers are "bracketing" their targets. Beside them darting fighters challenge Messerschmitts and Zeros to the death. And on the ground tireless crews labor to keep motors tuned and guns armed for action.

Heading this tough-fibred Yankee combat team is straight-spoken Lieutenant General Henry H. Arnold. No desk commander, as more than amply demonstrated by his flying log-book, General Arnold has been flying military airplanes since 1911. During the World War he commanded the 7th Aero Squadron in Panama, and from 1922 to 1936 shuttled from post to post, trying valiantly to lift military aviation out of public apathy and official doldrums.

In 1934 General Arnold headed the Alaskan flight for which he later received the Distinguished Flying Cross. In 1936 he was appointed Assistant Chief, Army Air Corps, in 1938, Chief of the Army Air Corps, in 1940 Deputy Chief of Staff, and in 1941 to his present position of Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

To American youth going forth to battle on foreign soil, General Arnold stands as a pillar of courage and hope. Through his tireless work, our planes are better built, better equipped and better flown. Uncompromising foe of totalitarian demagogues, General Arnold emerges as our leader in the great struggle to guarantee our heritage. As long as America is the land of opportunity, men of General Arnold's calibre will furnish the spark of idealism and unselfish service to lead youth through troublous times.

The Class of 43-F, graduating from its pre-flight training at Maxwell Field, feels a special pride in dedicating this issue of PREFLIGHT to an inspiring commander. In the days of strife and trial to come, General Arnold's bold leadership will be for us a beacon guide to higher effort and greater sacrifice.



LT.-COL.
LOUIS A. GUENTHER
Commanding Officer
Pre-Flight School

HEADQUARTERS
Army Air Forces Pre-Flight School (Pilot)
Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Alabama

MEMBERS OF CLASS 43-F

As you leave this School to take up your flying training, I wish to congratulate you upon the progress you have made thus far. You are alert mentally, you are in perfect physical condition, and you have learned many things that will be of great value to you both in your flying training and in your active service as flying officers.

I recommend that all during your training you remember the motto of the Southeast Training Center, "Prepare for Combat." These three words express the principal objective of all the training you will receive - whether the principal objective of all the training you will receive - civilian ground or flying. Every officer, every enlisted man and every civilian employee in the entire Southeast Training Center is dedicated to the task of preparing you for ultimate combat. To this task they will devote their every effort and talent.

You have learned other things at this School that will be of value to you and our Country when the war is over. These things are discipline and tolerance. You have learned the importance of obeying the orders of constituted authority; you have learned to know and appreciate the true worth of men of other religious preference and racial extraction than your own. These things are important to the future of our Country - don't forget them.

To each one of you, the members of the Class of 43-F, I give my best wishes for a successful career in the Army Air Forces.

Louis A. Guenther
LOUIS A. GUENTHER,
Lt. Col., Air Corps,
Commanding.

LAG/cc.



CONTACT

By A/C Rolle R. Rand, D-IV

YOU'VE seen them—these young men with their eyes fastened on a point in the sky. You must know them, for they come from your part of the country. Born in Georgia and Oregon, they attended school in New York and California, worked down from the dusty Dakotas to the rich delta land of the Gulf. They've punched cattle and kept books, riveted steel and designed clothes, tilled the soil, painted pictures, worked with their hands, employed their brains. By environment, background, breeding, and temperament they are as unlike as steel is from silk, and yet they were fashioned in the same mold, then welded together by a common bond—love of country, love of the untrammelled freedom of space . . . They are aviation cadets.

When these young men, the Class of 43-F, first arrived on Maxwell Field they were as heterogeneous as the ingredients of a stew. Their postures were as dissimilar as their mental attitudes, their habits were at the opposite pole of the uniformity of the uniforms they wore. Abruptly, in the middle of the confusion and uncertainty attending their arrival, a spark was ignited. Contact was established, and the Class of 43-F was on its way.

What are the magical properties, then, of this mysterious word? Contact—and a plane hurtles down the runway, then lifts into the air. Contact—and hitherto closed doors are suddenly opened wide. Contact—and men from all walks of life find a common meeting ground and prepare to share a common destiny.

The answer is absurdly simple. Take a group of men who cannot stand to see a majority abuse a minority. Take any group of men who like the wet feel of the rain against their faces and the ripple of the wind in their hair. Take men who have the courage and the intense desire to fly into the blue horizon of the unknown in order to satisfy their ideals so they may be better equipped to live with their inner selves. Take any, or all, of these men and you'll find the answer before you. Unite men with a common bond, give them the opportunity to work toward their own righteous perspective in their own way and you'll find contact exemplified in the steel-blue glory of their integral desires for justice for all humanity.

And that is why the Class of 43-F is here, though the Class would be the last to admit it. They do not feel that what they are trying to do is the equivalent of a lance-equipped crusade. If you were to ask each man in the Class why he was here taking part in this war we are going to win, a flushed, agonized expression and a stammered, unintelligible answer would be your reply. Men do not wear their hearts on their sleeves, but they are ready and willing to die for that in which they believe. And 43-F is but the spearhead of the vanguard that is to come.

There is a job to do, a job that concerns every thinking American, and in its own quietly articulate way the Class of 43-F has already begun to do its share. In the not-too-distant future the time will come when a group of grim-faced young men will walk through the soft gray coldness of a dawn toward a line of waiting planes. Their bearing will be purposeful, their eyes alert. They will climb lithely into the cockpits and their voices will call in unison, "Contact!" The deep-throated roar of motors will fill the still air, then fade into nothingness as the planes mount ever higher into the sky. The Class of 43-F will have finished preparing for combat. The real thing will be at hand.

Contact! 43-F is on its way.



MR. "GROSS" ARRIVES

By A/C H. J. Bryan, G-VIII

WE WERE hot and weary with the fatigue you can acquire only in eight hours on a day coach when we detrained at the Main gate at Maxwell Field. We weren't in any mood to begin immediately the routine we'd heard so much about in Nashville. But when we saw the late evening sun glinting on the sabres of cadet officers and heard for the first time the electric words "Look proud, Mister. You're in the Air Corps," we resolved, without realizing just what the word meant, to be "eager" from that time forth.

If anything we'd encountered in the Army or elsewhere before had seemed to click off with bewildering speed and precision, we forgot it in the well-ordered rush of processing and assignment to quarters. Sweating (we were wearing O. D.'s) and straining with heavy pieces of luggage, we marched to the parade ground, where a voice on the loud-speaker directed our assignment to squadrons with such efficiency that we weren't even able to get a few moments rest from the weight of our luggage. Only the bolder "Zombies" dared to sneak glances at the trainers taking off and landing on the field nearby.

GIVEN our assignment cards we were marched past miles of long, low barracks until, when we were about to abandon our heavier pieces of luggage, we were halted in our own squadron area. Our arrival was in no wise inconspicuous, for the upper class, to a man, had turned out to greet us with raucous greetings of "Are you a taxi driver, Mister?" "What a bunch of Zombies!" "Look proud, Mister, you are in the Air Corps now."

We met our tactical officer for the first time and he won our hearts by allowing us to choose our roommates insofar as possible. Our quarters, after Nashville, were luxurious. We drew bedding and filled out myriad forms in the same bewildering tempo, before meeting our first formation, supper mess.

OUR first meal was one we would remember, along with the weekend messes, throughout our underclass period. The upperclass was friendly and quick to answer our questions about what we might expect. They painstakingly reviewed the honors of the squadron in their underclass days and threatened everything in the book if we failed to keep it on top.

Back in our quarters, we filled out more forms, received issues of academics textbooks and assembled for an orientation lecture by our barracks lieutenant. We heard with horror that we must arise at 4:30 a. m., if we were to be shaved and shined for reveille and each resolved to have the most brilliant shoes in 43-F.

Tired as we were, we went to bed reluctantly at Taps. We had just closed our eyes when the dawn patrol (there's one in every room) was up and about. 43-F was launched.



A S T T M E F L I E S

As time flies, so flies the cadet . . . an apt epigram.

Even the superior upperclassman has stifled his last lusty yawn long before the alarm clock which awakens the bugler has sounded off. And the upperclassman, by virtue of this lofty position at Pre-Flight, manages to squeeze in one final, futile seven or eight minute snooze which is denied the underclassman.

From the time he gets up until the time he finally turns off the lights and crawls happily into bed, the cadet leads a busier life than a fox-terrier pup with his first rubber ball.

One curious cadet, speculating at 5:45 one morning as to how his daily schedule would look down on paper in black and white, came up several days later, after devoting all his spare time to the effort, with the following program; this he promptly sent home to his family and his girl with the summing-up: "So now you see why I don't write very often. . . ."

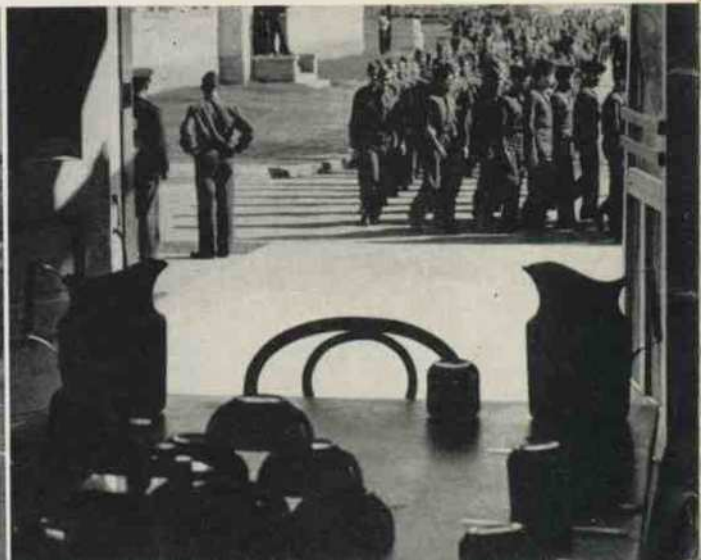
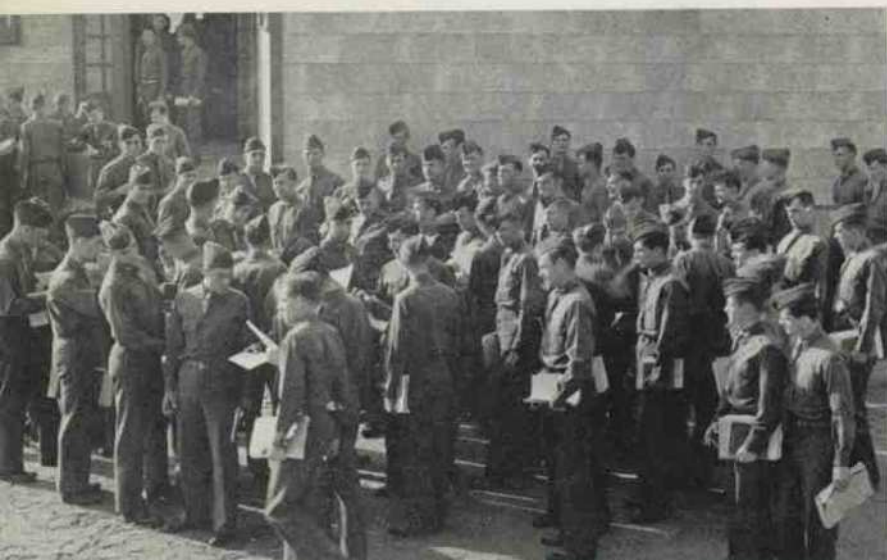
05:15—Alarm clock goes off and we stumble out of bed . . . the six of us lurch for the shower . . . after the hot water has lulled us back into a stupor again, there is the gathering at the mirror for the daily shave . . . here the little man just doesn't stand a chance . . . his lather-laden face twisted into a contorted letter S, he always winds up muttering, "I TOO can be an aviation cadet—where did I put that darn styptic pencil?"

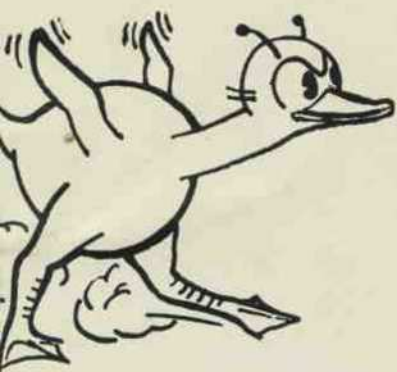
06:00—The P. A. system suddenly starts to spit . . . and in a moment the sleepy bugler starts to blatt a brisk reveille (recorded by R.C.A.—Victor) . . . simultaneously bloodthirsty yells of "The lower class is late already" echo up and down the stoops . . . suddenly we find ourselves in ranks at attention . . . squad leaders lunge furiously up and down the stoop in the dark making their last minute checks on absentees . . . and we're dismissed.

06:25—Breakfast at last . . . bugler in high spirits gaily sounds call to mess . . . another formation and check . . . eager beavers assert themselves at the table . . . and any underclassman not sporting a gravy spot on his shirtfront as we fall out of the messhall is pounced upon . . . in between a stray yawn or two the Army Air Corps song is rendered, with timid tenors supplying questionable harmony and barber-shop atmosphere on ". . . is along the fighting line."

07:15—Macy's at Christmas would be a Breugel landscape compared to our room at this point . . . room orderly dashes madly about with a broom in one hand and a mop in the other . . . the rest of us shine our shoes, make our bunks, and gather our academic material from odd corners of the room . . . orderly screams as room off-the-ball-man washes his hands in the sink, then calmly heels cigarette butt on the floor.

07:45—At last—a formation in the daylight!!! We fall out for our classes with shoes shined, eyes glistening eagerly, and brains bristling, ready for instant action . . . section marchers chant their endless "Hup, doop, deep, dup" . . . by the time we get to class shoes are dusty, eyes are dulled, and . . . well, we take a daily quiz . . . code instructors teach us easy methods to remember ditty ditty dah . . . each has a different method . . . classes over, we are marched back to our barracks, where corrected papers are being returned . . . the usual chorus of, "If I'd only multiplied instead of dividing", and "what'd you get, Jack?"





So Flies the Cadet

By
A/C R. S. Farnham, I-III,
and
A/C J. T. Holmes, I-III



11:15—Comes mail call, most popular formation of the day. A man selling five-dollar bills for a dollar couldn't collect a crowd on the next stoop . . . The man who gets a package enjoys a sudden surge of popularity . . . and each cadet looks twice and blows deliberately into the envelope from home. . . .

12:15—Many hours and two or three candy bars ago was breakfast . . . our stomachs have assumed the concave, or indented, position . . . the trek to the mess hall is one nobody minds . . . mess is also a fine warm-up for the periods to come . . . trimming one pork chop equalling approximately twenty push-ups . . . then back to the barracks to shine shoes for drill. . . .

13:45—Drill is wonderful . . . Zachariah Zombie struggling to keep in step . . . the upperclassman on his right keeps one cadence, the one on his left another . . . Zach comes out with three gigs . . . also a good start towards a handsome set of bunions . . .

14:45—The man who used to be a 97-pound weakling ought to try this one out . . . calisthenics . . . the instructor who calls for us at the barracks is a tireless individual with no conscience whatever . . . beaming from ear to ear, he leads the way toward the Burma Road . . . the men disappear over the brow of the hill like ducks running over the edge in a shooting gallery . . . For the first hundred yards Jack Armstrongs and Supermen pour past at a terrific pace . . . Zach Zombie, persuading himself to take it easy and save himself for the home stretch, finally succumbs to the urge for speed . . . about the third hill he coughs up his left tonsil . . . staggers blindly on . . . at length finds the going tough even going down hill . . . decides to take a rest . . . righteous upperclassman happens along and prods him into a painful trot . . . and at the last cliff his legs just collapse . . . Zach executes a snap roll and dies . . . upperclassman toes him inquisitively, shrugs his shoulders, and walks off.

18:00—Another meal . . . The underclass's most painful formation . . . after a full day of drill and exercise, they eat their steaks like a wooden soldier . . . An "At ease" command to them is more welcome than ice-cream for desert . . . off-the-ball men count all the window-panes in the 200-foot mess-hall . . . and the squadron serenades the officers' block with "I've got six-pence" after the meal . . . back to the barracks for a smoke and 15-minute chit-chat before study period begins.

19:15—Squadron study hour . . . four men in a huddle around the desk working and helping one another . . . room off-the-ball-man lying on his bunk reading a comic magazine and humming "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" . . . others agree he will . . . as a private at Westover Field . . . toward nine he drops over and filches homework answers . . . at nine comes another mad rush for the shower . . . beds are being made up as taps sounds over the P. A. system . . . final blanket applied in the darkness . . . just as we are getting to sleep Zach Zombie whisks down the rat line . . . and 43-F fades contentedly into a coma . . .



PREPARE FOR COMBAT

By A/C R. J. Brague, C-VII

WE HAVE wondered as we toiled over a pressure problem, and have rolled our tongue in our cheek as we wearily pulled ourselves up the last stretch of the famed "Burma Road". We have also delved with little success into all the mysteries of our imagination, attempting in vain to find some reason why we should at all times be kept at such a peak of perfection.

As underclassmen in the Maxwell Field Pre-Flight School (Pilot), we came ignorant of the many things which we were to absorb in the ensuing few weeks.

Our upperclassmen and superiors immediately began a well organized process of enforced discipline which left us all baffled. We were to keep ourselves immaculate in every detail, never overlooking a single item. All our movements were to be precise, and as ordered. For any breach of our orders we learned that there was no excuse.

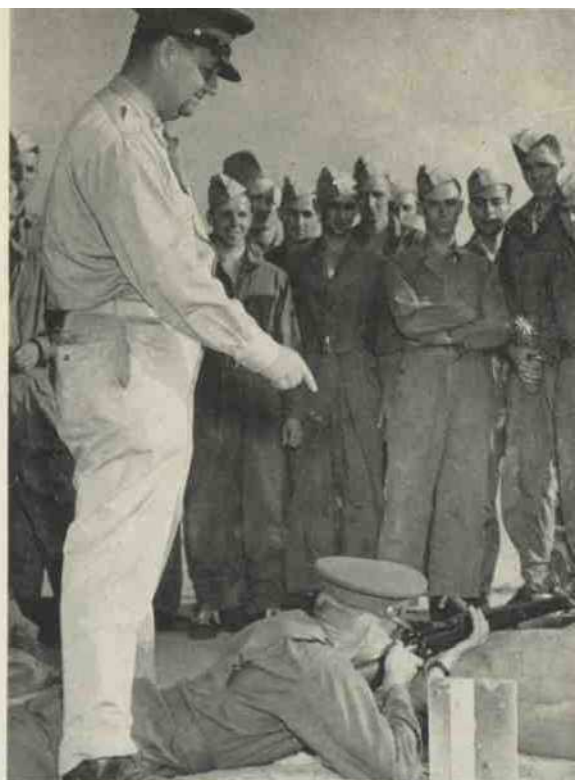
Then in quick succession we began what we had been sent here for. Officers, and men, specialized in one particular phase of what was to be our education, began to throw various and diversified subjects at us, and all at once. We mastered physics as we were told about the British fleet, and we learned how to identify a plane, as we wondered if we would ever fly one.

But behind all the mental and physical strain through which we were being put, we failed to see the final purpose. We knew the value of vectors to the pilot, yes, but why all the preciseness of our studies, the "in cadence," rapid fire way in which we were fed what was soon to evolve into a college education.

The basic purpose for the intense program which we have followed is becoming more readily apparent to us as we prepare to leave for the second lap in the quest of our wings.

We have been given a new and accurate coordination of mind and body, and have been taught to think clearly and correctly without hesitation, for we know now that in the future when we will carry the destiny of our nation on our wings, split seconds will mean the balance of failure and success.

Then we will think back to the training we received at Maxwell Field, and within our hearts we will thank the men who prepared us for combat.





WAR IS GRIM

By A/C R. J. Brague, C-VII

THE WAR had but singed our nation, and we who entered the Army Air Corps from various trades and universities, had yet to taste the bitterness and seriousness which the word "war" implies.

A war amongst nations is a harsh and cruel campaign carried on by two forces, each supporting opposing principles; for this reason, no quarter can be asked for or given.

It is for this reason also, that the pre-flight school has introduced us to the actual grimness of the future which we face.

We have been made to realize the seriousness of the task which we are about to perform in various ways.

We have entered a gas filled chamber, and have felt the burning sensation on the backs of our necks from contact with the relatively harmless tear gas. Some of us who allowed some of this gas to enter underneath our masks, have felt its sting in the tears of our eyes.

We then wondered at the cruelty of man; to subject a fellow man to pains much more excruciating and torturous, through the medium of gas.

We have stood on the range and fired many types of weapons, each more destructive and death dealing than the other at silhouettes of men in the distance, and have listened intently as instructors pointed out the most vulnerable parts of the body.

We have taken courses and then examinations on the range of a certain type of destructive shell, the death dealing ability of a gas; a gas which will gnaw at the very soul of man, and a shell which will enter as a half inch hole and emerge as a six inch gap.

We have spent hours in classrooms learning how to recognize enemy planes so that we may know their qualifications. Knowing these, we know where best to attack, to drive our bullets home . . . to kill.

Slowly, but surely, we are beginning to realize that we are no longer on our college football fields, that the team to which we now belong is playing a much more serious game; a game where the penalty for making an error is not measured in yards, but in lives and American blood.

And as we realize this fact, we understand the purpose of our instruction. We are becoming hardened, so that we may better face the grimness of the war which we will encounter in quest of victory.

BRAIN TRUST...

By A/C G. E. Maschmeyer, C-VII

FLYING a big bomber or a speedy pursuit involves a lot more than pushing a rudder bar or maneuvering the "stick". It's reading dials and gauges, charting a course, maintaining communication, recognizing hostile aircraft . . . otherwise having a "mental library" of seemingly hundreds of other information. Add to this the country's need for airmen, streamlining of the pilot production system, and you can see why cadets have to be "mental bankers".

The speeded-up study program of some fifteen courses includes the following: Aircraft Identification, Mathematics, Physics, Maps and Charts, Code, Ground Forces, Naval Forces, Air Forces, Military Customs and Courtesies, Communications, Safeguarding of Military Information, Chemical Warfare, War Department Publications, Gunnery, First Aid and Field Sanitation.

These are the pilot officer's aids in every phase of his military career. Without them, he is valueless as a military unit. Not only is he equipped with the technical knowledge of his machine and mission but he is disciplined to integrate himself into a combat team. Then . . . he is a good war pilot.

Mr. Average Cadet, upon entering Maxwell Field, had a fair idea of the difference between a pursuit plane and a bomber, had heard code as a rapidly whining sound over a radio, and vaguely knew that he was required to salute all officers whom he encountered.

It is the job of the academic department of the Maxwell Field Pre-Flight School to take Mr. Average Cadet into custody, and to mould from his general "idea" of army life, a well rounded and educated military man. A man who can assume the responsibility of officership with full confidence and fervor.

This is a big job, and the time is short, as the enemy which we face has been building its strength for many years. We must have pilots and officers to command the thousands of planes which are rolling off the assembly lines, and we must have them in a hurry.

The Pre-Flight course is designated to help get these necessary pilots in a hurry, by giving to them the fundamentals needed to make a military aviator in the shortest possible time.

The foundations are all laid here at Maxwell. Mr. Average Cadet is put through the mill at a double time cadence, and as the list of courses shows, there is nothing left to be overlooked, because our country cannot afford to take short cuts, when the stakes are high.



The entire polishing up job is done in a short nine weeks, but it is thorough, and when the cadet leaves for his primary training, he has acquired a wealth of knowledge and self-confidence . . . a combination which inspires leadership and victory.

It's all behind us now. We don't remember everything. It was shoved at us so fast that we couldn't possibly retain even all the significant details. But we have enough to go on and be more than just a "hot pilot" when we leave here. Then the real job comes. We're ready and waiting.



Academics Fit The Cadet For The Job Ahead

By A/C F. C. Lucas, M-VI

A MORE list and description of the academics of Pre-Flight School might give one the impression that they have only the abstract value of stimulating mental processes. While undoubtedly this is one objective of the curriculum, they also have a far more important and direct correlation with the cadet's future duties as pilot and officer.

The relation of all preflight academics to their future use is direct and obvious. All modern combat planes are equipped with two-way radio contact with the ground. However, there are many times when direct spoken contact with the pilot is impossible or impractical. For that reason, one of the most important and intensive courses of preflight school is the receiving of code.

Before the cadet is graduated he must demonstrate a proficiency of receiving eight words per minute oral and six word per minute visual code. Throughout the rest of his training as a pilot, the cadet will be striving to increase his proficiency until code becomes as natural as the spoken word.

Mathematics taken by underclassmen is a competent review of those elements already studied by most cadets, and an introduction to the arithmetic of pilotage. Involving a direct relationship of these mathematics is a course in maps and charts. It is here the cadet learns their application in plotting courses.

To the new student this would seem to be a simple class. However, after the first 15 minutes his mind fills with such abstract ideas and relations as grid north, true north, magnetic north, distortions and projects. Then he realizes the importance of the subject. But after a short 12 hours he acquires some very technical knowledge of the subject.

Aircraft Recognition is taught via pictures and descriptive matter revolving around the Wings—Engine—Fuselage—Tail criteria identification system. British, German and Japanese ships become familiar as the cadet finds out in the final examination when a series of quick glimpses of planes in flight are flashed at him. A pilot cannot afford to be stranger to any of his sky neighbors.

Every phase of the cadet's training is geared to the purpose of making him the master of any situation when he is master of his ship in the air.



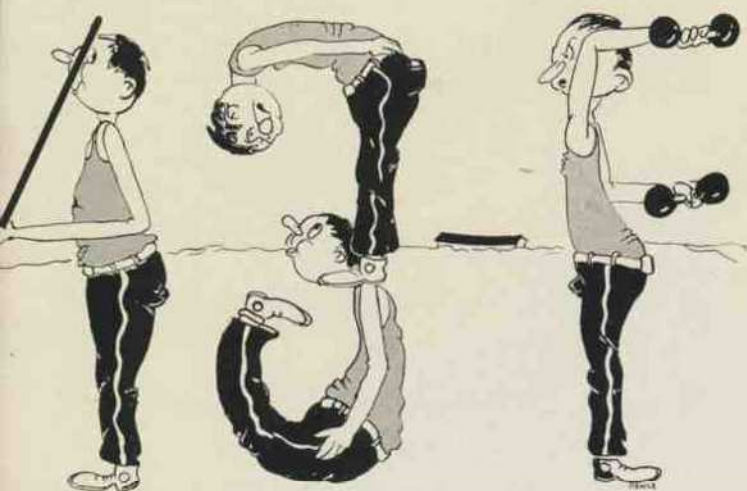
Class Room Navigation



Dit-Dit-Dit-Dah



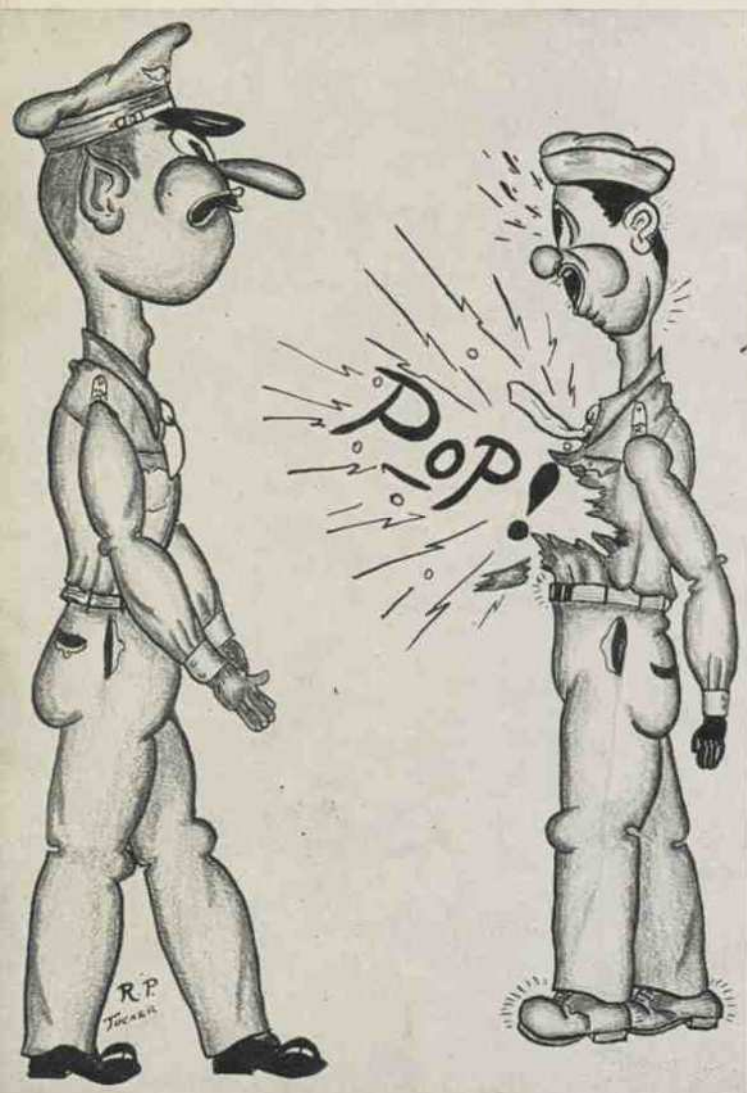
Grid Declination—4° West



43-F Coordination



Here, honey, I heard you were tired of all this . . .



Mister . . . Pop to!



Higgins is carrying this thing too far . . .

DELINQUENCY REPORT			
Date <i>December 5 1942</i>			
Name	Initials	SQUADRON	Class
<i>Dumbjohn</i>	<i>B.A.</i>	<i>B-IV</i>	<i>43-F</i>
Delinquency		Punishment	
<i>Shoes not shined inattention in ranks</i>		<i>3 demerits 1 tour</i>	
<p>A separate blank will each cadet reported. Include date of delinquency, time, etc., when such info is necessary for a clear standing.</p> <p>Aviation Cadet Form 1, S</p>		<p><i>Cadet J. M. Lighappy</i></p> <p>Reporting Officer</p>	



CADET-TIONARY

By A/C W. B. Rehse, B-IV
and
A/C R. J. Brague, C-VII



RAT LINE—Main thoroughfare for the underclass, always walked at a pace of 140 steps a minute.

GIG—Report of a delinquency, or a tour in the offing.

TOUR—Six or more demerits, a direct result of a gig, which is all dependent on an upper classman. (There is still no EXCUSE).



CHOW HOUND—Any cadet who is always willing to eat everyone else's cereal at breakfast, or anything else for that matter.

BRACE—An underclassman in a comfortable position of attention, from the upper-classman's point of view.

POP TO—The command given for the above.



ON THE BALL—Showered, shined, shaved, and sure of all the answers.



EYES ON A POINT—The "privilege" of the underclass to stand, walk, or do anything else with their eyes to the fore.



GOLDBRICK—Any cadet who is sick, or wishes he was, bad enough to take the usual No. 3 pills and be excused from formations.

EAGER BEAVER—Any cadet doing the little extra something not required. (i. e.) Running the "Burma Road" on Sunday.



Red Cross

LADIES IN GRAY

By A/C J. T. Holmes, I-3

"Can I get you anything today?"

Maybe you're healthy, mister, and can't even imagine just what these words mean to the cadet who's laid up over at the Post Hospital after an operation. Especially when they're accompanied by a kindly, encouraging smile, and almost hummed to you in one of these delightful Montgomery accents . . . By whom? By one of the Red Cross 'grey ladies', who dedicate their time and a lot of their energy to those over in the big building by the south gate.

There are about sixty-one of them at present, but their number is being increased all the time. And if you're in the hospital they'll do just about anything in the world to make you more comfortable and happier about the whole dreary thing.

If you're a reader, they have just the thing. Some time in the afternoon you'll be lying in bed wondering what to do. Suddenly one of the ladies will wheel in the roving library, a bookcase mounted on a couple of old bicycle wheels with a handle on it. You look over the selection, pick out what you want . . . It's as simple as that! And there is bound to be just the thing you want on the shelves—an Henri Poirat epic for Agatha Christie fans, a stack of wild west stories for would-be cowhands, or the latest Book-of-the-Month selection for current novel fiends. If you want a book which is not in the selection, your Red Cross librarian will look it up for you and have it on the next trip.

You'd be surprised how many things you need over in the hospital, and the nurses and medical officers are naturally reluctant to let you go out of the hospital until you're absolutely well. So you can't even go over to the P. X. Well, the ladies have just the answer . . . you tell them what you want—stationery, candy, ice cream, magazines—and they go right over for you. Inside of half an hour they're back with your order, and the Red Cross has completed another small



"Ladies in Grey" and their rolling library

part of the huge job which they do day after day.

Maybe you wonder who these women are, where they come from, and who pays them. The answer is, they don't get any money for their efforts. They volunteer to take a sixteen hour course, during which time they are lectured by medical officers attached to the hospital. They learn a little of everything which is so necessary for those who serve the sick to understand . . . dietetics, medical social work, aviation medicine, history of the Red Cross, administration of the hospital . . . in short, those things which will enable them to do their job more pleasantly and efficiently.

Most of the grey ladies have their own homes, families, and boys in the service. All are prominent in the social life of Montgomery. They are headed by Miss Hazel Awtrey, for several years a prominent social worker in Alabama, and previously Red Cross field worker at Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

Miss Awtrey is the assistant to Field Director Campbell A. Fowler, who is doing a difficult job to perfection. And Mr. Fowler's hospital **charge d'affairs** is just the one for the job. Take the case of the cadet who was sick and wanted to call up his girl . . .

The girl in question was many pennies away via Southern Bell Telephone. And men in the hospital just can't find a 'phone to do any long distance calling on.

It meant a good deal to the cadet to call her up, and the grey ladies thought it might even save him an hour or two of hospitalization. Miss Awtrey thought so too. So she made complicated arrangements for him to make the call . . . sure enough, he got the connection, talked happily for several minutes, went back to his bed and was immediately discharged by the ward surgeon.

Just another "grey lady" service. But one which reflects the kindness and thoughtfulness which is a part of their everyday job.



Look Proud, Mister!

By A/C John J. W. Oberg, D-IV

THIS is the first thing you hear as you drop your bags on the Maxwell terrain, after the train stops. You don't know why you should, but you sense the fierce pride in the very air that surrounds the place. The seriousness of the Cadet Officers that guide you to the dispersal area, the general efficiency that seems undercurrent as you march along, the way the planes soar and zoom above you, the briskness of the personnel, the absence of frivolity, all these seem to reflect the intangible something that makes you realize this is the starting point.

LOOK PROUD—BE PROUD for soon you'll be rubbing shoulders and wings with the finest group of pilots in the world. Fliers whose roots go back deep into their native land. From all walks of life they came to answer the call of duty. Men who left plows standing in the furrows because the whispering wind that tugged at their sleeves as they plowed called them to the unturned acres of the blue. Men who left the studied silences of the campus to transpose to action the ideals of the cloister hallways of learning that would clear the corridors of the clouds of those who would tear down the principles of knowledge. Men who left homes of plenty to seek the new adventures of the untrampled regions of the stars. Men who came from the middle ways to do their part for their right to life. But whatever the origin, high, low, or middle, they all came of their own free will, that which distinguishes them from the rest of mankind, to insure for themselves and those who follow these fundamental rights of life itself, they came too, that those who went before will not have made their sacrifice in vain.

Now you're alone within those very rooms that homed these heroes of today and yesterday. Men whose struggles have held and are holding back the tide of force while we study to be able to take our place beside them. The rooms echo their pride in their heritage, as from the walls come stealing whispers of that class of yesteryear, "Be proud, Mister! You're in the Air Corps."

BUT are you alone? I rather think not. For, as the days passed and I began to come more acquainted with the real traditions of Maxwell Field, I grew more akin to the feeling I first felt when I arrived. When I gazed up at the planes as they tread the vastness of the blue and realized that in those planes were the men who will take the places of those men who placed their lives on the altar of freedom, the Colin Kellys and nameless others. They once were here just as I am today. Here in the sky above Maxwell, Clair Chennault developed the famous "flying trapeze" formation that enabled the legendary Flying Tigers to show the world the true temper of the Army Air Forces as they flung the vaunted forces of the Son of Heaven from the skies above China.

No, you're not alone, for beside you they are watching and when the voice comes rasping from somewhere beyond "the point," "Rack-em back, Mister!" you can hear them saying softly, "Stick to it, Mister. It won't be long now." And then when that day rolls around when you step in to the cockpit, and, as you wait for the nod, you'll feel in the fraternity. Then you'll be a little closer to the real meaning of the words . . . "Look proud, Mister, you're in the Air Corps."

Rush and Relax . . . at the

By R. J. Brague, C-VII

In the midst of bugle calls, shrill whistles, and barked commands, there stands a beacon in the night.

For each wing of aviation cadets, this beacon blazes forth every other night, when a voice comes over the barracks loudspeaker and says: . . . "Wing No. (yours . . . you hope) will have recreational privileges tonight immediately following close call to quarters."

You then wait impatiently on the edge of your bed for the whistle to blow. The end of close call. You fidget around with your brass and your shoes . . . then it comes.

Out of your room like a streaked comet you go, you run down the stoop at a double time one hundred and forty, because you have exactly two hours, fourteen minutes and thirty seconds to enjoy yourself. (This leaves thirty seconds to return and get in bed before taps, easy enough with practice.)

Tonight however, you are in a special hurry because you are going to call the girl back home in Pumpkin Hollow, and unless you get to the Recreation hall before the whistle has finished blowing, you will have to wait in line.

You arrive with a gust of wind which all but blows the lamps off the convenient tables in the reading hall, and come to a sliding stop in front of the row of telephone operators stationed here for the convenience of cadets. You were pretty lucky tonight, as you are only about four rows of cadets away from the bench.

With a few body twisting maneuvers, supported by a medley of well placed kicks on nearby ankles, you are soon leaning on the front of the circular desk. The rest is patience.

After the necessary formalities, the call order is taken, and you have nothing to do but wait. Your call will go thru in



about two hours. You have no worries however, as a P. A. system all over the various rooms of the hall will call your name out importantly when contact has been made with your party.

How about a bit of sport? You dance in and

out of the crowd and make your way towards the wing containing the pool and ping pong tables. You have wasted a bit of time by now, and the tables have all been signed for. However, you are lucky enough to find a friend who lets you enter in on his table. This takes in a half hour very easily. You would like to play for another half, but six other "misters", all bigger than you, have reserved the table. Tough luck.

Now there are three more things you can do. You can go have some kind of refreshment, or read, or go into the dining room.

The latter seems to appeal to your jitterbug background, so again through the milling crowd to another wing, where the Aviation Cadet orchestra, composed of former big time bandsters, is practicing . . . forever practicing. It is very easy to spend hour after hour in this large comfortable room, just walking up and down and looking at



the so
you an
belle

You
being
ger in
ingly a

You
tell yo
(One k

You
The so
satisfy

This
by the
of the

You
founta
are th

After
some

You
is pra
them

"Rec" Hall



southern belles who have come to visit those more fortunate than are; and listening to the latest swing melodies, and the southern belles sitting in those big comfortable divans. You are shaken out of your reverie by the sound of your name being blasted out above the din of music and laughter. You swag importantly toward the phone booth and step in, winking gloatingly at the less fortunate one who waits longingly outside. Your victory is short lived however, as the operator only wants to tell you that your call will be through "within the next few minutes". (One hour in operator parlance). You step out of the booth dejectedly and return . . . to where? Southern belles? No, because as pretty as they are they will not satisfy man's primary craving, namely hunger. This is a different type of hunger than the one which is alleviated by the ruffle of a skirt or the smell of sweet perfume, this is the "call of the wild" for food. You enter a room fringed with airplane pictures, with a large soda fountain at one end, but you can't see the soda fountain for there are three rows of cadets in front of it. You only assume it is there. After all . . . those sodas and Alabama specials have to come from somewhere. You try to shuffle your way into this staggered formation, but this is practically an impossibility, and the "misters" here have wedged themselves into a tightly knit interlocking formation. Your only hope

is to shove yourself into the hole left by some fortunate at the front of the line.

You finally scream your order for a chocolate soda over the heads of those in front, and the attendant takes your order with seven others.

When you finally receive your banana split, you prop yourself quietly into a corner and begin taking in all the delicious flavor of the concoction, when . . .

Out of the maelstrom your name is called once more. The moment is at hand. You lay your banana split on the heater and rush to the phone booth, pick up the receiver, and . . . "hello".

"I'm sorry sir, the party at this end will not accept the charges".

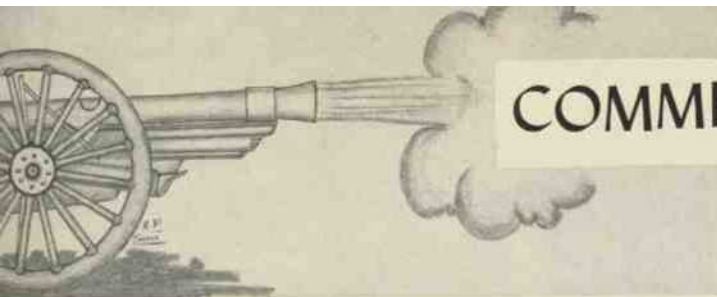
That finishes that. With a disgusted attitude you return to your split, which by now is swimming in melted ice cream . . . but what the heck, you only have three minutes to taps anyway.

A sudden inspiration grips you. So she won't accept the charges, eh? You rush past people like a midwest cyclone . . . not much time left . . . you stop in front of a desk . . . a nice lady says "yes?" . . . you want a date, you tell her . . . five feet two, blonde, nice deep and pleasant smile to suit your personality . . . you want an angel without wings for Saturday nite.

The lady at the Date Bureau takes your name and nods knowingly, she will pick you a suitable date out of the two thousand cards in her file of Montgomery eligibles . . . you are off on a dead run.

The bugler is on the last two notes of taps as you arrive panting to your room.

You have had a tough time, mister, but you have a date for the weekend, and one of the best recreation halls in the country on top of that.



COMMENCE FIRING

By A/C H. J. Bryan, G-VIII

THE Mister on my left seemed to be taking it in stride (he had hunted big game in Canada, he told me later). The gentleman on my right was less at ease, having been a bank teller before the war. My 16 months in the Army gave me something of an advantage but the thought of firing the Tommy made me a little squeamish.

A staff sergeant intoned some vaguely familiar maxims about the art of shooting—"Take a deep breath, let half of it out and hold it . . . Squeeze, don't jerk, the trigger . . . Make sure your sling is tight enough." The teller and I were paired. He fired the .22 first and seemed a little disappointed that there was no recoil.

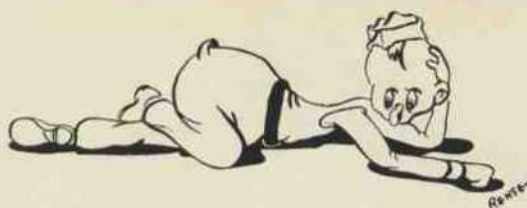
I forgot the maxim about squeeze on my first round. My face was as red as Maggie's Drawers when the pit detail hung up same. "Bulls" on my third and fifth rounds restored some of my aplomb.

THE Enfield came as an unpleasant surprise to the teller—and to me. My companion came out of it with a nose dribbling blood and I received a jolt on the shoulder that made the arm exercises at calisthenics an inquisition for days after.

The Tommy gun, we were advised, would be fired in two or three-round bursts. It takes quite a bit of will power to keep from trying to cut a target in half but the teller and I marked up pretty fair scores.

I'm not qualified yet, as a top-ranking trigger man, but I know a few things about a rifle, calibre .30, and the Tommy gun that I didn't know before. It's a short course in small arms they gave us, but an intensive one. Now, where are those Japs?





SICK, LAME AND LAZY

By A/C Rolle R. Rand, D-IV

ABOVE you see the Gold Brick Boys. They're kin to each other, a pox upon their mutual escutcheon, though each is, as you may have guessed, either too sick, too lame, or too lazy to deny their sorry relationship.

The Gold Brick Boys are the only aviation cadets who are never washed out: I beg your pardon; I mean, who are never eliminated. They are perennial cadets. Impartial in their choice of squadrons, they greet each new under class with the mild enthusiasm of "old grads, class of '06," who know all the ropes. Though they are undoubtedly the most gigable cadets on the field, they have yet to walk a tour. They should be despised instead of held in the fond contempt they enjoy, but an understanding of the goal they are seeking will lay back the layers of their shame and reveal that they have true perspective indeed, a goal one might perhaps delight in attaining.

If, instead of running the Burma Road, you could saunter over to a splendidly equipped hospital and there receive medical attention equivalent to the world's best, which would you choose? If, instead of racing without a stop around the airport, a distance, so I've been told, of some six and one half miles, you could be fussed over by a solicitous Medical Corps sergeant who will almost remind you of your mother, what would be your alternative? If, instead of squeezing a pair of wooden dumbbells into the awkward position of where they still look like a pair of wooden dumbbells, and this for 45-odd minutes, you could avoid doing so by the simple expedient of signing the sick book and being administered a small black pill which would kill a horse but will cure you, need you answer? I think not.

If you look real close you'll notice that what appears to be a hurt look in Sick's eyes is really a spark of joy. And Lame isn't really lame at all; this is merely some upperclassman's idea of a joke, besides his feet are cold. As for Lazy, he is a sleeping dog, and let sleeping dogs lie. Remember?



A Mighty Fortress Is

Religion is definitely an essential part of our life at Maxwell Field. Attendance at church Sundays is compulsory for the under class and highly recommended for the upper class. In addition to the services, the Chaplains' jobs are numberless, and thousands of cadets find them to be really their best friend on the post.

PROTESTANT

By Chaplain Willis L. Stafford

THE CLASS of 43-F leaves the Pre-Flight School at Christmas time—a time when over the Christian world there rings in our ears the message of 'peace on earth, good will toward men'. And yet the class of 43-F is preparing to engage in the most colossal war of all times. This does not mean that the Christmas message is "out-of-date" or impractical. Rather it is the belief of 43-F that they are fighting for the very purpose of giving the world another chance to accept the peace-ideal. The Axis nations have no such goal. They openly avow their belief in and love of war for war's sake. But we engage in war only as a means to peace.

While the radio alternates the programs of Christmas music with broadcasts of news of war, let us resolve that we will fight for peace now and that after the war we will use our influence for the establishment of a Christian civilization. In the meantime, let us permit ourselves to be inspired by the Christmas season to high and noble personal living.

By means of worship services on Sundays, broadcasts of religious talks over the public address system, interviews with individual cadets, distribution of New Testaments and other religious services on special occasions such as Armistice Day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, etc., together with a thousand and one miscellaneous activities for the morale and morality of the men, the Chaplains seek to promote the spirit of the Babe of Bethlehem, the Prince of Peace.

CATHOLIC

By Chaplain Daniel J. Potterton

"Prepare for Combat". This watchword of the Southeast Army Air Corps is a motivating force behind all the mental and physical training of the aviation cadets of Pre-Flight School. At the same time, this idea of preparing for combat makes us all realize more than ever before in our lives that in order to make our program of preparedness complete we must prepare ourselves spiritually. For, after all, our preparation for combat is not a foolhardy fanaticism or false bravado. It is a sincere conviction of our own righteousness. We soldiers of Pre-Flight School are brave because we are right with God; and being right with God there is no man on God's earth who can beat us, much less scare us.

Aviation cadets of the Catholic faith are given the means to serve God, themselves, and their country at Maxwell Field.

They are serving their God at Holy Mass which is provided for them daily, at confession, which is available always, and by prayer. They are serving themselves by their self-control, cheerfulness, purity of life, and charitableness; by their loyalty and obedience. They are serving their country because they are spiritually equipped to do the job that lies ahead. They are definitely on God's side. They are Christ's soldiers, prepared to knock the devil out of the enemy because they have practised on themselves first. They have God on their side because they are sincere in their efforts to be on God's side.

Fight the good fight, soldiers of Christ! Like the Crusaders of old, let the cross of Christ be your inspiration. It will give you the courage to make your sacrifices courageously and cheerfully. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ strengthen you in every thought and deed! May the Mother of God protect you!

Our God

JEWISH

By Rabbi Eugene Blachschleger

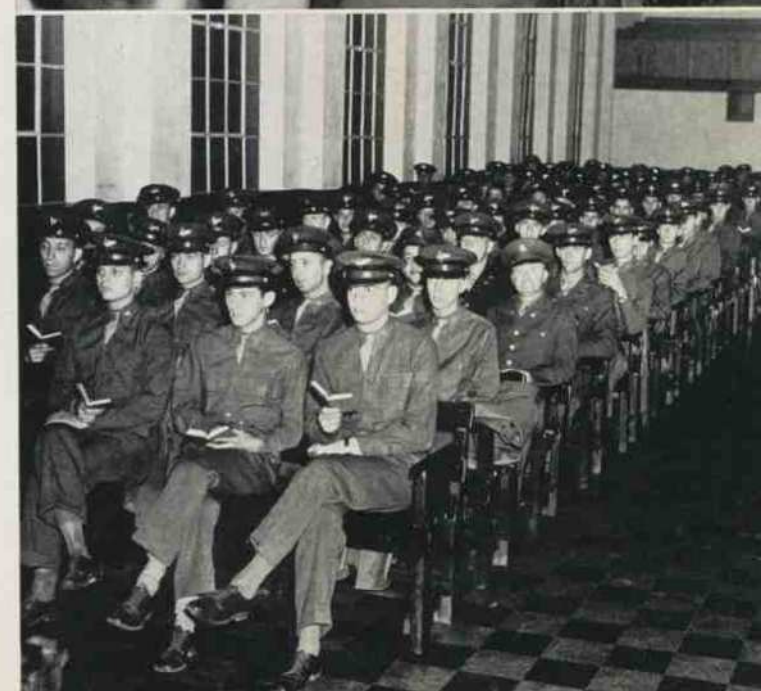
One of the war aims of the United Nations is to secure for all mankind freedom of religion. Since earliest times, we in America have enjoyed the right to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience. In the spirit of the Psalmist who said: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," Protestants, Catholics and Jews in America have labored together to hasten the establishment of God's Kingdom.

Our government in recognizing the principle of the freedom of religion and the importance of strengthening our loyalty to God and of nurturing our spiritual nature, has provided Chaplains of all denominations to minister to the religious needs of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish men in our armed forces.

Since there is no Jewish Chaplain at Maxwell Field the rabbi of Temple Beth-Or, in Montgomery, has been invited by the Post Chaplain and the National Jewish Welfare Board to act as a Civilian Rabbi. Jewish services are conducted every Sunday morning at 8:30 in the large Post Chapel. The service consists of the reciting of prayers both in Hebrew and English and the singing of well-known Jewish Hymns. A brief message delivered by the rabbi concludes the service.

In addition to conducting these services, the civilian rabbi visits the hospital and meets with the Jewish Cadets in the Chaplain's office by appointment, thus helping those who seek his counsel.

The social life of the Jewish Cadets at Maxwell Field is not neglected. Under the direction of Mr. Maxwell H. Tasgal, a weekly program of activities is arranged. These affairs are usually held at one of the Synagogues in town. Dances, parties, picnics, and "At Homes" feature the program. These socials are non-sectarian in character and Cadets of all denominations are heartily welcomed.



Sound Bodies, Stout Hearts, Alert Minds

By H. J. Bryan, G-VIII

WE weren't exactly ready for a sanitorium—or we couldn't have passed the entrance exams. Our wind was a little better than that of a tubercular patient; some of us had faint symptoms of premature paunches; we indulged in our favorite sports from grandstand seats—in short, just a couple of months ago we were hardly in the pink of condition.

Today—we can lick our weight in Commandos. We can doubletime for miles without breathing heavily and we can hold our arms sideward or upward for hours at a time. Our abdomens are harder than G. I. mattresses. We have just completed two months of pre-flight calisthenics.

This pink glow of health did not come about altogether painlessly. We recall with a shudder how we glanced at the Tarzan-like contours of our physical training instructor as we ratlined into place for our first formation and prepared for the worst.

Few of us will forget our first day with the dumbbells—how we strained through eons of torso-twisting and neck-bending exercises, then plunged into the most diabolic of all—the arm exercises. For “hours” we manipulated waning limbs until when we were finally at ease we looked down expecting to find a pool of blood at our feet.

Early in our underclass calisthenics program came cross country (wooded), which is the Athletic department's own designation of the dreaded “Burma Road”. Laid out over a nightmarish assortment of vertical climbs, steep banks and other topographical horrors, the Burma Road bit deeply into our last reserves of stamina. Few of us had ever completed such a course walking, let alone at the pace set by our physical instructors.

Our first wand drills were masterpieces of confusion. Miserably, we matched the coordinated thrusts of the instructor with an ungraceful assortment of ups when it should have been downs, lefts when it should have been rights—conscious all the time of the threatening glances of nearby upperclassmen.



Into the “Burma Road”

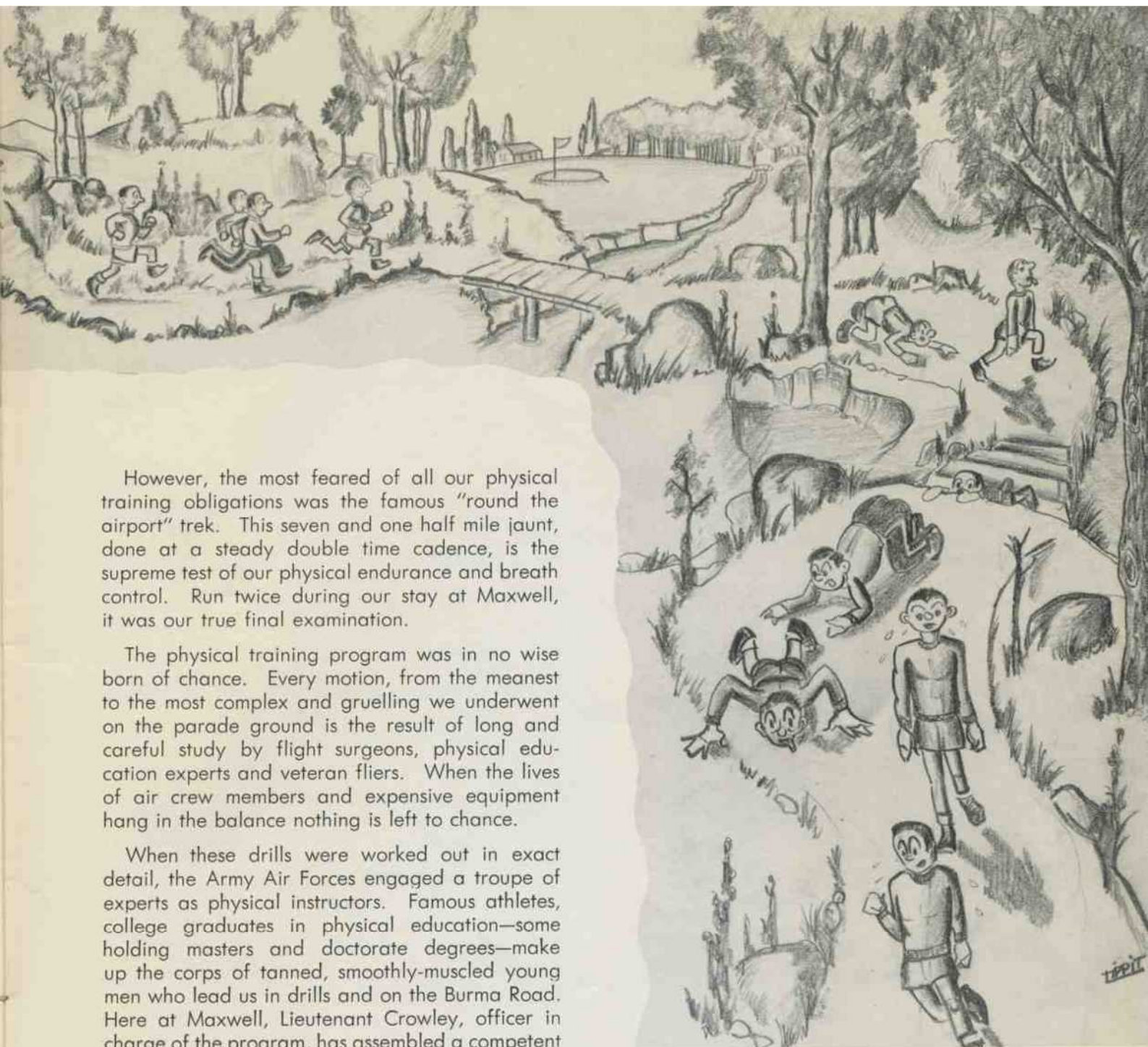
TO OUR tortured minds, the calisthenics program seemed unnecessarily rigorous that first week or so—we often thought they were trying to eliminate us rather than build us up. But as we felt different zones of our bodies harden, detected muscles we weren't even conscious of before, we realized that all of this has a very definite purpose in our training.

One of our early calisthenics periods was devoted to an orientation lecture. Here we learned that the art of flying is not the effortless procedure the birds make it appear. We found that the pilot must be constantly looking about him in the sky—left, right, rear, overhead, down—he must be turning his head constantly to be certain that he doesn't collide with one of his colleagues or be caught vulnerable by an enemy. Hence the neck exercises we cursed so roundly the first week.

In the air the right hand is constantly maneuvering the stick while the left hand adjusts the throttle and other controls. On long flights he may have to maintain strenuous arm positions for hours without rest. So our calisthenics program includes exercises that tax the arms and shoulders to the limits of their endurance.

Tests by flight surgeons have proved that “black-outs” when pilots pull out of dives may be caused by weak abdominal muscles, so the Athletic department has included the trunk-twisting and sitting-position-of-attention series.

The coordination group, which may seem on the surface to be merely another exhibition of military pomp and precision, also has a very important purpose. The very basis of the science of flying is the ability to coordinate the hands and feet on the stick and pedals.



However, the most feared of all our physical training obligations was the famous "round the airport" trek. This seven and one half mile jaunt, done at a steady double time cadence, is the supreme test of our physical endurance and breath control. Run twice during our stay at Maxwell, it was our true final examination.

The physical training program was in no wise born of chance. Every motion, from the meanest to the most complex and gruelling we underwent on the parade ground is the result of long and careful study by flight surgeons, physical education experts and veteran fliers. When the lives of air crew members and expensive equipment hang in the balance nothing is left to chance.

When these drills were worked out in exact detail, the Army Air Forces engaged a troupe of experts as physical instructors. Famous athletes, college graduates in physical education—some holding masters and doctorate degrees—make up the corps of tanned, smoothly-muscled young men who lead us in drills and on the Burma Road. Here at Maxwell, Lieutenant Crowley, officer in charge of the program, has assembled a competent staff of muscle-builders. On that last stretch of the tortuous arm exercises those of us who are still able to look up find the instructor with his arms still rigidly outstretched or upraised—no gold-bricking job this.

An hour a day, six days a week, we've spent on the parade grounds and wooded trails. It hasn't been easy, but we're healthier than we've ever been before. Whatever our shortcomings—we are going to be physically ready when our instructors in primary give us the long awaited nod to "Take Off".

A welcome end to the "Road"





Corps Staff

Left to Right: L. F. Florence, Corps Adjutant; F. L. Kirk, Corps Commander; D. L. Brooks, Corps Supply Officer.



First Wing Staff

Left to Right: J. C. Miller, Sergeant Major; A. F. Brazie, Wing Adjutant; V. D. Armstrong, Wing Commander; J. W. Frew, Wing Supply Officer; P. C. Holter, Supply Sergeant.

Second Wing Staff

Left to Right: M. N. Marton, Sergeant Major; V. L. Gudger, Jr., Wing Adjutant; H. S. Rich, Wing Commander; R. R. Day, Wing Supply Officer; E. Parents, Supply Sergeant.



TIME ON OUR HANDS

By A/C Rolle R. Rand, D-IV

NOTE:

All Aviation Cadets will have not less than 30 minutes per day for leisure time, during which period they may take advantage of this opportunity to shine their shoes, polish their equipment, make their beds, clean their rooms, see the chaplain, study, write home, and, should their day still not be complete they may read a magazine to improve their minds.—Old Egyptian Saying.

THERE has been an insidious rumor pervading the Maxwell Field area. It has to do with time—or rather the cadets lack of it. The rumor speaks derisively of our efforts to stay on the ball, stating with positive and disgusting conceit that since it takes a minimum of 35 minutes to mount this legendary spheroid it follows that this feat cannot be accomplished within our 30 minutes of allotted free time. It goes on to add, with nauseating certainty, that the fastest time in which a cadet has ever shaved was 42 seconds. In addition, the rumor states, most cadets study at least 29 minutes per day, while some have been known to stare at the outside of a training manual for as long as an hour. To this date there has been no authenticated account by competent authority of the effect of this eyestrain, the rumor concludes, on the average cadet, though it is possible such tactics have better enabled some Mistfers to pass their academic examinations.

Now, I, for one, representing a committee of four, take exception to this snide slander, though I must confess, in all fairness, that the rumor carries some merit, however little, when directed at the preceding upper class. But as far as its application to the Class of 43-F is concerned, it is nothing more or less than base canard! It is an unmitigated falsehood, and the rumor should be Group Boarded!

My contention can be proved algebraically—but let's not go into that—it can be proved by rhetoric, or it can be proved by the infallible logic of mind over matter, theory over fact, or, if you prefer, fact over theory.



Now we all know that Time is an elusive wench, ever saucy, always rolling her eyes, ready to flirt and run. But cadets have been known to run the Burma Road in 12 minutes, which proves how fast they are, while others have been known not to run it at all and if a cadet won't play, then the game isn't worth the candle and if you haven't a candle you can't see in the dark, and if you can't see you couldn't possibly know where you are—and where does that put Time? Do you get the point?

You don't? Then we'll have to fall back on algebra, and I can see Mr. White and the rest of the math instructors smiling sardonically up their collective sleeves. Let T equal time, C equal Cadet, R equal Rumor. Since all rumors should be cut in half that gives us the equation: C equals $T (\frac{1}{2} R)$, and since one gets time and a half for overtime and we do not work overtime, we eliminate the half of time and a half and we get: C equals T. And that's our answer, proving conclusively that if a Cadet can equal Time he must have Time, since anything a man can equal he can surpass.



1. Graduation Dance.
2. A Study in Navigation.
3. Sprint to the End.
4. Leadership Trophy is Presented by Brig-Gen. Walter F. Kraus.
5. Beating the Bass.
6. Eight in the Corner Pocket.
7. Marsha Neil, N.B.C. Songstress, Hums a Ditty.
8. Ready, Aim, and Hope.
9. "Bread Has Been Called For".
10. "Prepare for a Check".
11. Christmas Card Shopping at the P.X.
12. . . . Only Three More Miles.
13. Parade in Montgomery Means Open Post.
14. Sabre March at the Ball.

43-F Cadets to Dance
To Music By Teagarden
At Ball Saturday Night



JACK TEAGARDEN

CELEBRATING Cadets of Class 43-F look forward to an outstanding evening of dancing and entertainment Saturday evening, December 19, as Jack Teagarden and his Orchestra come to Maxwell Field to play for the Graduation Ball.

Teagarden, nationally known as "King of the Blues Trombone", was the first American musician to try to give blues music, America's only folk music, the popularity it deserves. A native of Vernon, Texas, he rose to fame as a member of the original Paul Whiteman Orchestra. With his own band he rates well in the top with other big name bands.

It's a time for excitement and gaiety . . . the town packed with wives and sweethearts of the cadets . . . other less fortunate cadets canvassing their local address books for dates for themselves and buddies . . . and the melee of Cadets packing to leave thrown in.

A Maxwell Field tradition, the Graduation Ball, will remain one of the Cadets' most pleasant memories of their life here.



"Underclass . . . eyes to the front!"



"Brace"





43-F GOES TO TOWN

By A/C E. W. Rodgers, C-VII

HAPPY is the day when the cadet's first open post rolls around, for it means he has at last become an upperclassman with that very special upper class privilege of venturing into the outside world. Of course he's heard plenty about it from his upper class, a conglomeration of open post tales that leave his impression a multisided vague picture.

Well, that great day arrives . . . everyone rushing to bathe, shave, dress . . . polish brass . . . shine shoes . . . check with buddies' plans . . . standing in line to get a pass and sign out . . . off to the taxi stand . . . then at last, outside. The last five weeks of hard work are behind, forgotten, and an evening of fun is just ahead.

There are plenty of places to go and things to do for the cadet in Montgomery, and he will probably try to get around to all of it that first night. Time seems limitless after weeks of rushing, for open post is from 5:30 Saturday evening till 7:00 Sunday evening. He can even stay in town all night if he is one of those fortunates who is able to get a room.

The Cadet Club in the Jeff Davis Hotel is the hub of cadet recreation in Montgomery. Here



the cadet and his date join hundreds of their friends for dancing to music by one of the cadet orchestras. Cadets seem to be coming and going continually, parties form constantly, dark-skinned waiters rush by with food and drink. Everything is gay with sounds of happy chatter, the strains of the latest dance music rising above it all. The color of smartly dressed young ladies mixes with the more somber olive color of the uniforms.

The cadet finds the same strain of excitement again at the Blue Room, another of Montgomery's brighter spots. He leads his young lady down the stairs to a blue maze of tables and a crowded dance floor of happy couples.

Over at the U.S.O. (there are three in Montgomery, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish) things are a bit more calm, but still full of fun, with games, reading, etc. Often he may find a dance in progress in one part of the buildings, with charming partners furnished.

Out from town a ways the cadet finds his most beautiful open post setting at the Standard Country Club. A spacious southern club house is surrounded by a tree and bush-studded lawn with tables at one side where drinks are served. Inside there's a dance floor with music supplied by another of the Cadet orchestras.

These are just a few of the many things to do in town. There are the latest pictures showing at the movies, many cafe rendezvous with cadet bull sessions in progress, and dozens of other places to dance. The cadets literally take over the town for the evening.

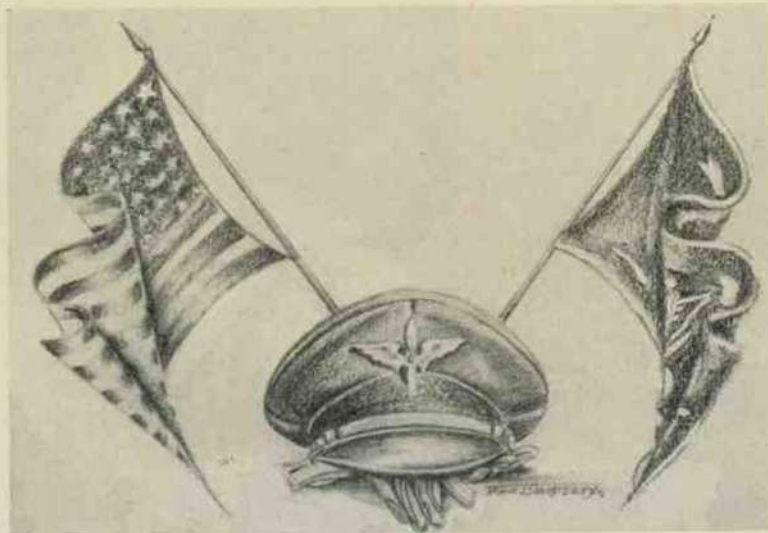
Then, at least by 2:00 a. m., it's off to bed in one of the hotels or back to the field for the cadet, for he must be off the street promptly. Many of them join friends in already crowded hotel rooms, for which the limited facilities it means 4 to 8 to every room. He doesn't even mind sleeping on the floor if he has to, for by staying in town he can sleep as late as he wants to Sunday morning.

On Sunday there's still plenty to do. There are services he can attend at one of the town's many churches. Then there are sights to see, Montgomery being the capital city of Alabama, and there's always a tea dance in the afternoon at the Jeff Davis Hotel. In addition cadets enjoy getting together for Sunday dinner parties at any one of the many restaurants.

At the last minute the cadet makes another rush back to the post, for he must be signed in at his squadron by 7:00 . . . there never seems to be a taxi available.

In a car full of other Cadets he has time to think over his plans for next week. Boy, open post is a swell invention!





CADET HONOR

By A. C. Rouse S. Farnham

ONLY a person accustomed to the cadet's way of life can really get the true perspective of the honor system that is based on the Code of Honor of the United States Corps of Cadets.

This system has created a peculiar atmosphere of personal integrity which is difficult for the layman to grasp due to the uncompromising obligations which it imposes.

"Honor is that natural and inherent standard of distinction of proper conduct in dealing with one's fellow man, and is that quality which is so essential to him who is, or intends to be, a leader of men in the profession of arms."

The honor system imposes three main principles of conduct. They may be summarized as follows:

(1) **The honor system requires honesty in academic work. To a cadet this means that no help may be either extended or received in class that will give one man an advantage over another.**

The classroom affords many opportunities for cheating. Charts and graphs are frequently displayed in the rooms and even the solutions to problems are sometimes left on the blackboard, but the habit of truthfulness which is so deeply imbedded in the cadet's mind is so great that he does not rely on any such aids. Sometimes a cadet's eyes wander unintentionally about the room, but at the end of each quiz that he takes there is a statement to be signed by him verifying the fact that he received no help of any kind on the examination. The cadet's word of honor is all that is required. His word is not questioned.

(2) **The honor system does not tolerate quibbling.**

Under the classification of "quibbling" is placed any attempt to escape punishment by evasive statements, equivocal answers, or technicalities. Any cadet who attempts to make false accusations to save his own skin is doing so in direct violation of the honor code, and is placing himself liable to severe disciplinary measures. Cadets caught quibbling are frowned upon by their fellow classmen, and any punishment is light in comparison to his fall from favor in their eyes.

(3) **The honor system does not tolerate false official statements.**

When a cadet places his signature on the cadet departure book he is pledged to observe the honor system during his absence. He must indicate on the book exactly where he is going so that whenever a tactical officer enters his room he will either find him present in person or will know where he may be found—at recitation, drill, recreation hall, walking tours, et cetera.

The use of the simple phrase "all right" cannot be clearly conceived unless a complete knowledge of the honor code itself is understood, especially to someone visiting the post. At 9:30, when taps is sounded, the charge of quarters goes to each room and asks the "all right?" Any one of the cadets may give it, but usually all give it. When they do, that means that the lights are either out or else that they are burning by proper authority; that all the regular occupants of the room are present unless properly excused, and that every man is in bed.

Most violations of the honor code are unintentional. Usually the cadet is not conscious of his offense at the time he commits it. It is not very difficult to blunder into one.

Remember a soldier's wealth is his honor . . .



43-G, At Ease!

AS a reward for the way you have "taken it", and cooperated with your upper classmen, the class of 43-F presents you with a real Christmas present, upperclassmanship, and all the traditions for which it stands!

We hope that the incoming class will work as closely with you as you have worked with us, so that when we eventually meet, on common grounds, with an equal duty, the comradeship which has been sown here at Maxwell will blossom into its full significance and loyalty.

We have been hard with you at times, as you will be with the members of the following underclass. However, we leave you with this farewell thought. Carry on the traditions which we have passed on to you, as upon their proper execution depends the caliber of the future officers of the Army Air Forces, the spearhead to victory.

THE CLASS OF 43-F.

ABOUT THE STAFF . . .



Aviation Cadet Edward W. Rodgers, C-VII, editor-in-chief, from Dallas, Texas, has worked on various newspapers throughout Texas, recently of Bonham, Texas. Ex-student of the University of Texas. Studied Law and Government 5 years while a member of the staff of the Texas Student Publications.



Aviation Cadet Rolle R. Rand, D-IV, managing editor, calls New York and Oklahoma home. Ex-newspaper-man, editor of pulp Western magazine string with Popular Publications, detective story editor with Fawcett Publications, also with Newell-Emmett Advertising Agency, New York City. Now a Cadet Lieutenant.



Aviation Cadet Roger J. Bague, C-VII, associate editor, had never been off the West coast until he reported to Nashville. Born in Hollywood, lived seven years in Mexico, and attended the University of California as a journalism major; until he saw an Air Corps poster.



Aviation Cadet, John J. W. Oberg, D-IV, associate editor, from Washington, D. C., served 18 months in the army before being appointed a Cadet. He attended Catholic University and Boston College. Writes occasionally. Is second in command in his squadron. Government employee before entering army.



Aviation Cadet Frank J. Dougherty, A-I, art editor, came from Philadelphia, Pa. to join the Air Corps. A natural born cartoonist, he attended Philadelphia School of Industrial Arts, and has spent two years as a Commercial artist in South America.



Aviation Cadet Mike R. Hryb, K-III, assistant art editor, is from New Haven, Connecticut. He attended Aero Industries Technical Institute of California. He worked at Commercial art prior to enlistment into the corps, and is a graduate of the Army Air Corps Mechanics School.



Aviation Cadet James B. Peden, L-IX, photo editor, has been a reporter and news photographer for the Abilene, Texas, **Reporter-News**. He insists that journalism is not a profession, but a disease—a disease which even the army can't cure.



Aviation Cadet Raul Romero, I-III, type arrangement, is from Los Angeles, California. Scott Field Radio Man. Affiliated with Stationers Corporation, Los Angeles, before enlistment in April, 1942. Did composition and design.



Aviation Cadet Ray H. Brock, B-IV, art staff, from Dayton, Ohio attended the University of Cincinnati and Dayton Art Institute. He has been illustrator and cartoonist in Mexico and the United States until his entrance into the Air Forces in May. Now a Cadet Sergeant.



Aviation Cadet William B. Rehse, B-IV, art staff, is from Franklin, Ohio. He attended Dayton, Ohio Art Institute and graduated from Miami-Jacobs College in that city. Before enlisting as a cadet he was employed by the American Rolling Mill Company.



Aviation Cadet Judson T. Holmes, I-III, editorial staff, is from New Milford, Connecticut, where he worked for the **Times** before attending the University of Alabama for two years. He was on the editorial staff of the paper at Alabama when he enlisted in the Air Corps.



Aviation Cadet Gene E. Maschmeyer, C-VII, editorial staff, hails from the country of sunshine and honey—California. He holds a Bachelor's degree in journalism from the University of California.



Aviation Cadet Hilary L. Imhoff, I-IX, art staff, from Pittsburgh, Pa., attended Art Institute of Pittsburgh, did commercial work for several years. Seven months previous service in Field Artillery at Fort Bragg, N. C.



Aviation Cadet Ray P. Tucker, B-IV, art staff, from Tipton, Indiana. Began drawing pictures at the age of three . . . on wallpaper. Chief ambition is to draw a Zero in his sights. Former employee of Delco-Remy Division, General Motors.



Aviation Cadet Frank C. Lucas, M-VI, editorial staff, is from Chicago, Illinois. Previous to enlistment in the army he investigated and wrote character reports for an insurance reporting firm. Poet and music connoisseur.



Aviation Cadet Harry J. Bryan, G-VIII, editorial staff, from Jane Lew, West Virginia; received B. S. J. degree at West Virginia University before entering the army in June, 1941. Did public relations work at Camp Stewart, Georgia until Aviation Cadet appointment.

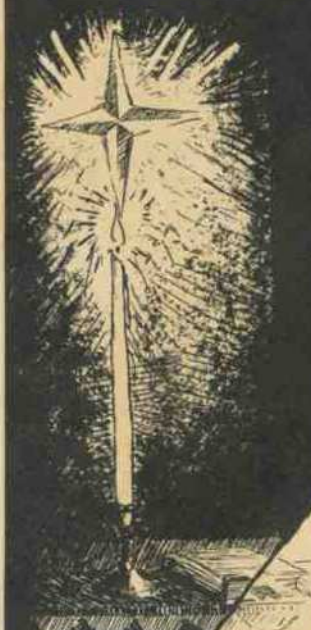


Aviation Cadet Rouse S. Farnham, I-III, editorial staff, from Auburn, Alabama. Received B. S. degree from Alabama Polytechnic Institute. Editor of college magazine. Soil surveyor with Tennessee Valley Authority before entering the army.



Aviation Cadet Jack D. Tippit, L-IX, art staff, is a former resident of Lubbock, Texas. Educated in Lubbock schools, he was a student in architecture at Texas Technological College until his appointment in the Air Corps.

"Pro Deo
Et Patria"



Wm. R. Hays

MERRY X-MAS 1942

"For God and Country"

