

PREFLIGHT



Class of 43-G

JANUARY, 1943

Prepare for



Flight . . .



UNITED STATES
ARMY AIR FORCES
THE CORPS OF AVIATION CADETS
of the
PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL FOR PILOTS
MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA

PREFLIGHT

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR
THE CLASS OF 43-G
JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND FORTY-THREE

Volume 3

Number 1



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In the Words of **COLONEL GUENTHER**

The Pre-Flight School for Pilots, since its conception more than a year ago, has become a basic unit of the Army Air Forces' pilot training program. It is reassuring to know that classes are being graduated on schedule from this vast training center; and it is even more reassuring to realize that the large number of young men leaving this school will, in the near future, become integral parts of the greatest offensive air force in the world.

The Pre-Flight School is primarily concerned with two objectives. First, and more immediately, the school is faced with the task of preparing men for the exacting work of military flying. An intensive, nine-weeks program in physical conditioning and a carefully selected academic program are doing a splendid job in this respect.

But we have an ultimate objective here at the Pre-Flight School, and one which is sensed fully by each and every cadet in the Corps: that is the vital job of preparation for combat. It is this preparation that the enemy is learning to respect; and it is this preparation that is becoming the prelude to the raising of the American flag in the final flourish of Victory.

Col. Louis A. Guenther.



Pilot of Pre-Flight

Col. Louis A. Guenther possesses a fitting military background for the job of directing the pre-flight school. Shortly after graduation from high school in Kansas City, Missouri, he became a member of the 110th Engineers, a National Guard unit. In 1926, on the recommendation of his commanding officer, Colonel Guenther received his appointment to the United States Military Academy. He was twenty-one years of age at the time. Graduated from West Point in 1931, the then second lieutenant transferred to the Air Corps and one year later left Randolph Field as a flying officer. He assumed command of the pre-flight school in March, 1942, after eleven years duty at flying fields from Hawaii to Alabama.

The word "honor" is as synonymous with the name of Colonel Guenther as it is with West Point and to Colonel Guenther goes a great deal of the credit for the successful operation of the Cadet Honor Code in the Corps. It has been said that the most outstanding characteristic of a West Point graduate is the absolute integrity of his word, and the class of 43-G is proud to have been guided by such a man. May our further training and service justify the faith which he has placed in us.

A/C Julius J. Lerner.

In Dedication TO THE **CHIEF OF STAFF**

Since 1937, when he graduated from the Air Forces Tactical School at Maxwell Field, there has been stationed here a man whose role in the development of the Army Air Forces Southeast Training Center has been one of progressiveness and initiative.

That man is Brig. Gen. William W. Welsh, Chief of Staff of the Training Center, and to him is due much of the credit for its establishment and development to its present magnitude.

Gen. Welsh, who besides his present post, has served as Commanding Officer of the AAFSETC, has behind him a broad experience in aviation and administration. He has been connected with Army aviation since

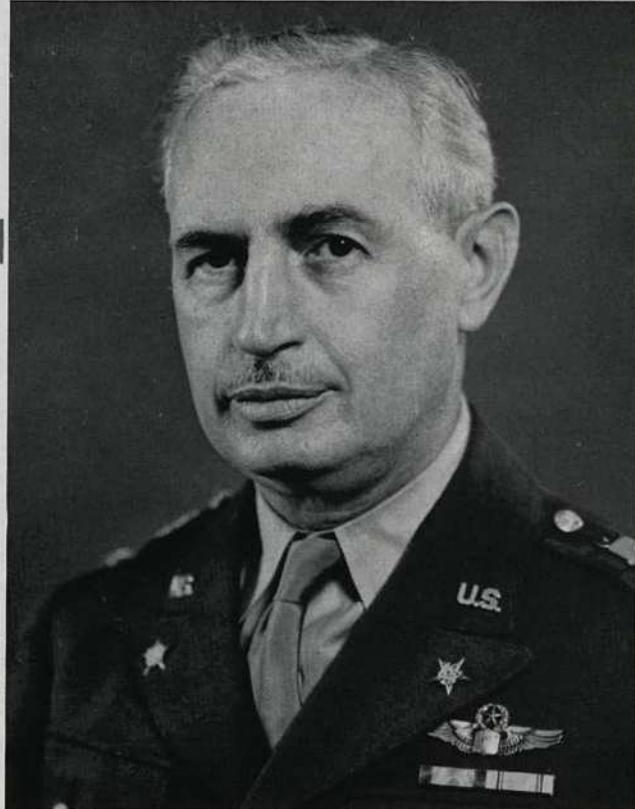
its pioneering days, when flying was one of the miscellaneous duties assigned to the Signal Corps. He has been an active participant in the growth of the Army's flying forces to their present important position. In his present post he is continuing to aid in the most rapid expansion yet experienced by those forces.

He was born in Denver, Colo., September 16, 1893, and enlisted in the Signal Enlisted Reserve Corps in May, 1917. One year later he received a commission as second lieutenant, aviation section, Signal Corps. Since that time he has served at Army flying fields and posts throughout the United States and in the Canal Zone; he was Commanding Officer of Bowman Field, Kentucky, during part of this service. Gen. Welsh holds ratings of command pilot and combat observer.

The Class of 43-G is pleased to dedicate this issue of Preflight to a man who has proved through aggressive action his interest in the progress and well-being of Maxwell Field and its cadets.

Brigadier General
WILLIAM W. WELSH

**ADMINISTRATOR
ARMY LEADER
AVIATOR**



Through 33 Years of Progress . . .

The story of Maxwell begins in the spring of 1910 when the air industry was just beginning to try its wings. To the Wright Brothers, Wilbur and Orville, goes the credit for the initiative that transformed a few acres of poor farm land into what has since become one of the great flying fields in America—Maxwell Field, Alabama.

In 1910 the need was for trained flying personnel and the problem was to train them. With this objective, the Wrights traversed the South. In Montgomery, Alabama they found a business man, Frederick S. Ball, whose aid resulted in the donation of 300 acres by Frank D. Kohn. And thus was the beginning of Maxwell Field, first to train aviation's earliest inventors, now to train the world's best flyers.

After Orville Wright left this field, flying was suspended until 1918 when the government bought it as a repair depot. The name "Maxwell," was given the field in 1922 at the suggestion of its commander, Major Roy S. Brown, in honor of Lieutenant William C. Maxwell, Atmore, Alabama, who was killed in foreign service.

From 1931 until 1942 Maxwell Field was the headquarters for the Air Corps Tactical School. When the school was moved, Maxwell became the headquarters for the Southeast Army Air Forces Training Center and the Air Forces Advanced Training School. However, in September, 1941 the Cadet Replacement Center, the first in the country, was activated under command of Lieutenant James R. Luper, now a lieutenant colonel. Later the name was changed to its present designation as the Army Air Forces Pre-Flight School for Pilots.

Among the many famous names in aviation most closely associated with Maxwell Field are Brigadier General Claire L. Chennault, head of our air forces in China; Brigadier General Lawrence Kuter, pioneer in precision bombardment tactics; Lieutenant General D. C. Emmons of the Hawaiian Command; Major General Walter Weaver, commanding general of the Technical Training Command; Major General Oliver Echols, head of the Air Forces Materiel Section; and Col. George Goddard, first ever to take night aerial photos.

Such is the heritage of Maxwell Field; so, look proud, misters! **Be Proud of Maxwell!** It is aviation's own product of "blood and sweat and tears".

A/C B. J. Callan.





MISSION OF MAXWELL TO PREPARE FOR FLIGHT



We have a terrific job ahead of us—we cadets at Maxwell. We've volunteered to take over a large part of winning a war and in bringing peace and freedom to a weary and wounded world. By the thousands, we've clamored for the chance to fly high into the skies of 1943, there to blast asunder the unholy dreams of one Adolf Hitler and one Hirohito.

In order to tackle this, the greatest task of the century, all of us have turned from those things we hold dearest—our homes and loved ones, our careers and ambitions, our soft, easy-going comforts of civilian life. And, because we miss these precious possessions so very much, the cadets at Maxwell Field are training extra hard and extra fast for a quick victory, yet a lasting victory.

Throughout the Army Air Forces Southeast Training Center, in primary fields, basic, and advanced, thousands of young American flyers are hard at work preparing themselves for their ultimate war-time goal—Combat. And ever before them is the training motto of the Southeast, "Prepare for Combat."

Maxwell Field Pre-Flight School, one of the largest in America, has the primary mission of conditioning young men for actual flight. Every nine weeks, Maxwell Pre-Flight School re-molds thousands of raw civilians and former army men into firm-muscled, clear-thinking, and finely-disciplined cadets. At the end of each nine weeks Maxwell sends to southeastern primary schools a class of cadets completely ready for flying, both mentally and physically. For these thousands, then, we have the more immediate goal, "Prepare for Flight"—the motto of Maxwell Pre-Flight School and the motif of this Preflight issue.

In this Preflight, you're going to see how Mr. Average Cadet is "Prepared for Flight" at Maxwell. Through picture and word these 36 pages will show you how your favorite cadet is physically toughened for his flying days ahead; you'll learn why he's had to study so much for his math, physics, and code; you'll understand that his long hours of drill were emphasized for discipline in future formation flying.

To the cadets of 43-G, we hope this book will always serve as a reminder of your pre-flight days in the Army Air Corps. We want to help you remember the seriousness of our academics, the length of our Burma Road, the thrilling pageantry of our parades, and, yes, even the "Rap 'em back" and "Hit that ratline" tomfoolery of underclass days.

To the folks back home we hope these pages will bring you a clear, intimate picture of your cadet spending his fast-moving days of December '42 and January '43. If this issue of Preflight brings you a little closer to him and his life in the Air Corps, we'll feel our job has been worth the effort.

A/C D. B. Smith, Editor-in-Chief.



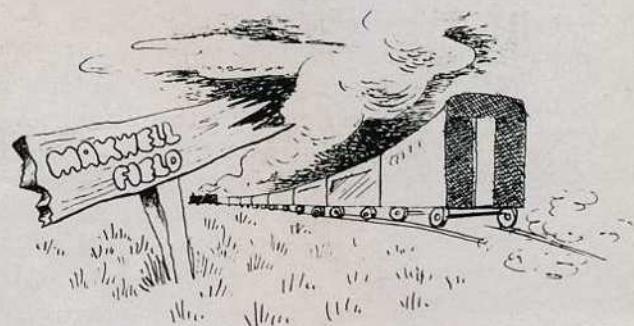
MISTER, Meet MAXWELL

Scarcely had the train pulled to a stop when our pre-flight training began. Smart-looking cadet officers hastily herded us into rank and file and prepared to march.

We gawked and rubbernecked about us as similar scenes took place along the railroad tracks. We were all green as grass and for once, in our short lives as cadets, we knew it. Gone was the cockiness and strutting acquired at Nashville. Instead, holding tightly to our suitcases, we huddled in ranks awaiting further commands.

The formations were not long in moving. Down the street we marched to a tiny guard booth marking the entrance to Maxwell Field. For all of us, this was the big moment. At last we had arrived!

Inside the gate, row upon row of long, one-story barracks came into view. With the few sideward glances we managed to steal, our eyes opened a little more. Maxwell Field was wonderful and clean and all the things we



had hoped it to be. Everyone in the line looked pleased and a few smiled until—suddenly from a barrack window, we heard shouts . . .

"Wipe it off, Mister. You're in the Air Force now. Look proud!" For some reason, those shouts sounded like commands. We all tried to obey, while at the same time struggling with our luggage. It was hard to pull back shoulders bent from the load of a suitcase. Still, the orders followed us up the street.

It seemed like miles to our squadron area. All of us puffed and panted, wondering just when we would halt. But at last the order sounded and we settled our luggage to the ground preparing to look about and see where we were located. It was then we heard those words, which were to haunt us for five weeks.

"Eyes to the front, Mister!" With that command humming in our ears, 43-G began to get on the ball.

A/C Robert Close.



ACADEMICS...

The Groundwork of Flight

There aren't any apples on the desks, and "teacher" wears gold or silver bars, but it's school just the same. It's the all-important portion of the cadet's training here at Maxwell Field, more compact and comprehensive than any high school or college course ever thought of being. It has to be. There's a man-sized war going on, and it takes a man-sized head on the cadet's shoulders to fight it.

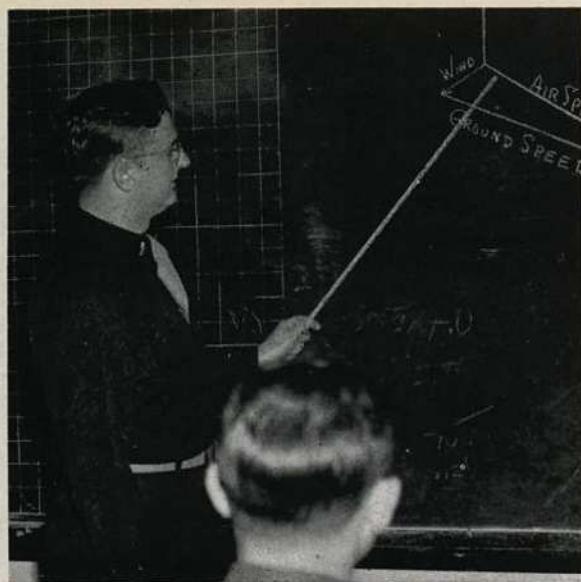
Perhaps compact isn't even the word for it. It seems bewildering at first, and some of the methods may seem to be odd, but the courses in academics are scientifically prepared to achieve the greatest possible results in the shortest possible time.

A veritable battery of new subjects bom-

bards the incoming Aviation Cadets. The new trainees don't come up for academic air. They just take a deep breath and fall in—into mathematics, code, maps and charts, ground forces, aircraft recognition, signal communications, and war department publications.

It's been said that if a cadet drops his pencil and stoops to pick it up, he's likely to miss an entire course. Indeed, the intensity of the curriculum is such that were the studies continued at the same rate over a period of two years, the work would approximate that of a four year college course.

Instructors drum basic subjects into one ear, and make sure that they don't leak out the other. A/C Dumbjohn, who's really not so



Section Marchers,

dumb after all, learns how to study like a human tornado, absorb knowledge like a human sponge, and disperse it like a human calculator.

Flying is an art and a science, and requires both artistic and scientific methods. Furthermore, flying is a rip-roaring, hell-bent-for-wings chunk of life, rolled into a few seconds of combat. These few seconds must tell a tale—the tale of how well the aviator learned his lessons, and how well he has learned to apply them.

A practical course in mathematics aids the flyer to work out problems from his maps, which he learned to read in the maps and charts course. When he finishes his problem, he radios back to his base, using the same dits and dahs that he struggled over as an underclassman. Every course fits into a complex design which has been tried and tested to fit the rigid requirements of the Air Forces.

By the time the cadet becomes an upper-classman, he has acquired a method to his



Bert J. Simmons
Let's assume, gentlemen, that a mass of 260
lbs. fell on me at a rate of 20 ft./sec.

Take Charge!

studying. He needs it then. Physics, air forces, naval forces, chemical warfare, and safeguarding military information round out his academic course at Maxwell Field.

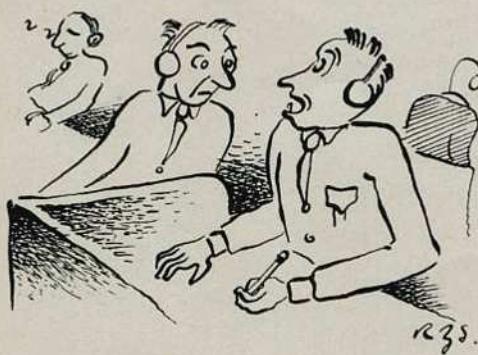
Nine short, but dynamic weeks, and the cadet is ready for that PT 17. He's ready to don his goggles, and hit it for the wild blue yonder. But those nine weeks under his belt have sharpened his reasoning acuity to a razor edge. He knows his basic, academic pre-requisites, and he's ready, willing, and able to roll the answers out as fast as the questions are asked. In other words he has been prepared for flight mentally as well as physically.

A/C Brightjohn has learned that dit-dit-dit-dah means "V", and he has learned that it takes a smart A/C to spell out the rest of that word. But he has the stuff to do it, and do it he will.

A/C R. Rose.



The shortest distance . . .



- It just keeps repeating "Calling all Cars".





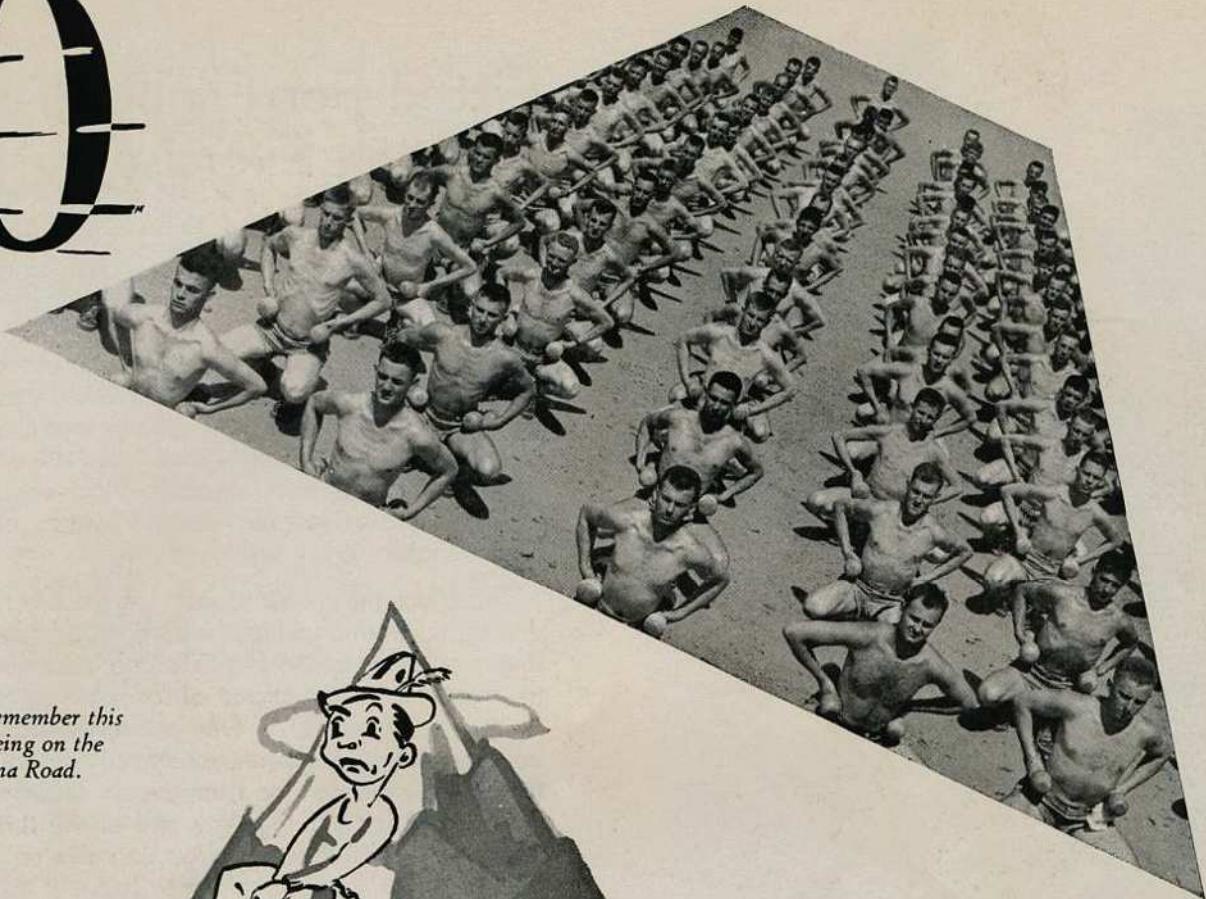
Exercise Position



"Nine down—nine down—nine down"
the guy talks like a busted record.

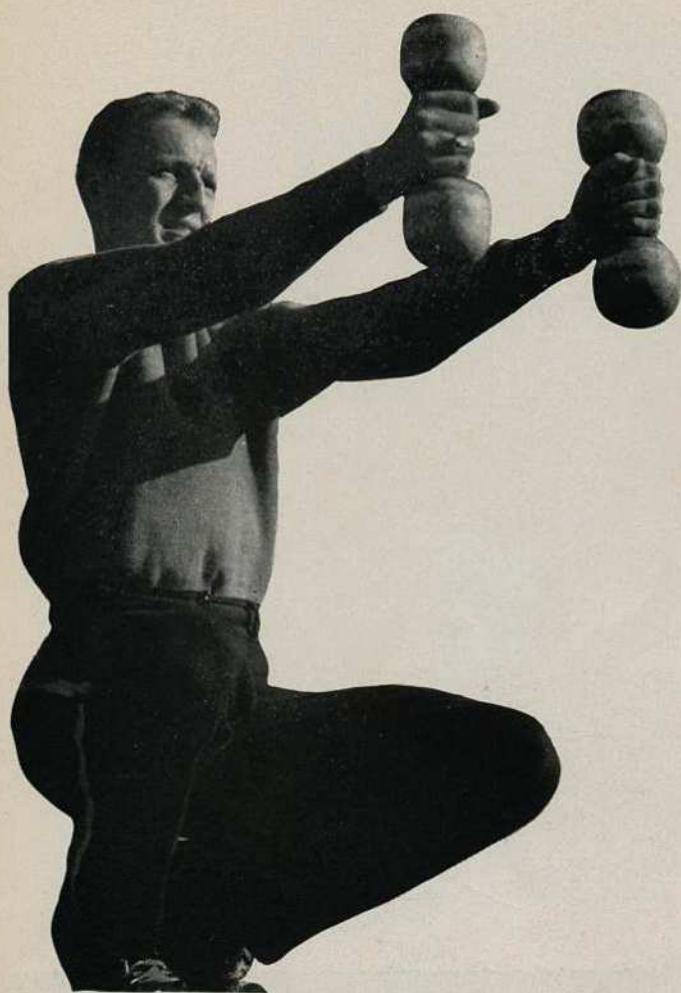


HO



*I don't remember this
peak being on the
Burma Road.*





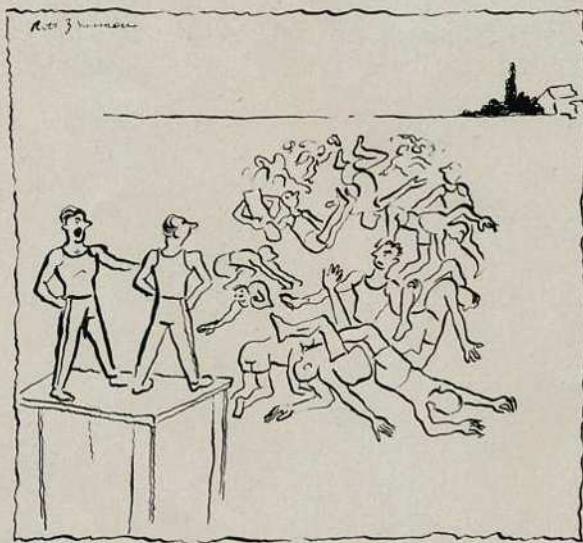
Fitted For Flight Through Exercise

"Exercise - position - HOOVE! - next - exercise - back - breaking - muscle - coordinating - exercise - done - in - eight - counts - in - the - following - manner - hop - straddle - position - arms - extended - fingers - joined - shoulders - unlocked - AS - YOU - WERE - shoulders - locked - by - the - numbers - exercise - one - two - three - four - five - six - seven - HALT - in - cadence - exercise - one - two - hit - it - hard - five - six - seven - HALT - at - ease - shake - em - out."

Those are the magic words. Those are the driving commands which build arms and legs and stomachs up to the strength necessary to meet the rigid strain of combat flying. Rain or snow, sleet, or even shine, the body-building exercises go on, whether it be calisthenics, the Burma Road, or the six and one-half mile Airport run. Any one of the three just about falls short of dropping the cadet into a quivering heap of limp flesh—or so it seems, but every movement, and even the very psychology of mass athletics has its purpose in the scheme of Maxwell Field.

Prepare for flight, by straining those necks, mister. You'll be moving them constantly in your plane. Prepare for flight by tensing that stomach too. You'll black out in a dive if you don't. Prepare for flight by thrusting those arms out, and pulling them back, till it seems as though they are separated from your body. You'll be holding them on the controls for hours on end, and they must be trained for that. Wands, dumbbells, implements of torture at the beginning, but friends at the end as you grow used to them and realize what they are doing for you.

And those runs. The two-and-a-half-mile Burma Road, winding up impossibly angled hills, and down steep, rocky ravines is perhaps the most gruelling test of all. A collector of stray knee-caps and cartilages might find pickings good along the Road. In fact, only last week two cadets from the class of 41-D were found wandering down one of the hills. They admitted they had been gold-bricking a little but didn't realize it was that late.



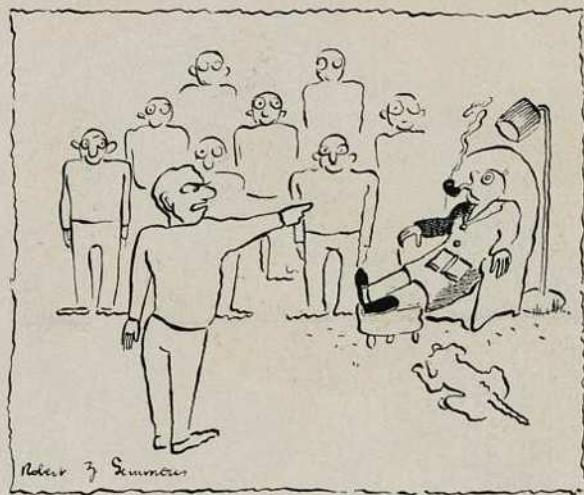
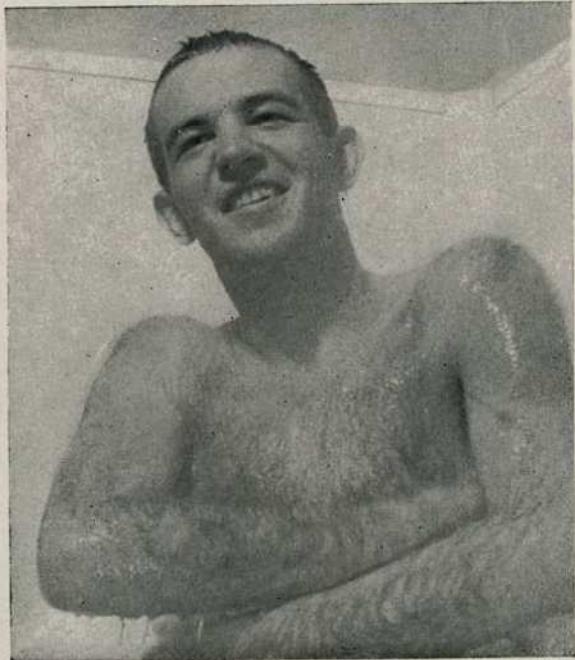
This is my worst class in muscle coordination

The airport run just seems to be interminable, but it offers endurance, wind, and strength to the cadet. Running six and a half miles in formation and using perfect cadence builds up the feeling of teamwork so important to the proper functioning of the Air Forces. You can even feel bands of muscles being added to the legs which will work many a rudder in the near future.

Perhaps one of the most important phases of calisthenics are the muscle coordination exercises. At the beginning, they look to the cadets, and the instructor, like the work of a surrealist with blood in his eye, but gradually they straighten themselves out until intricate coordination movements become second nature.

It's pretty tough work, and there is no let-up. But America's wild blue yonder needs strong bodies and stout hearts by the thousands, and Maxwell Field builds them all in the same powerful mold. Not a muscle is neglected, and there is no muscle which is not scientifically built up to fit it for the job it will do. Your bellowing instructor may seem like a ghoul with a sharp stick, but he's wielding that stick for the future of America. Hit 'em hard, A/C. Exercise position HOOVE! In cadence—EXERCISE—and don't halt.

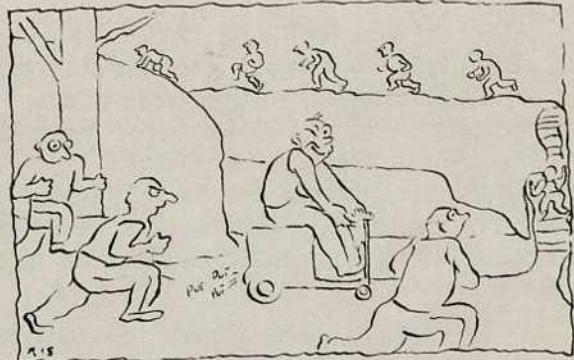
A/C Halasz, J. J.



Who gave this man at ease?



No, No, Hanscom—wands ABOVE heads!!



The gymnastic technocrat



18,000 Feet and Climbing Higher

"We're approaching Maxwell Field"—the altimeter read 1200 feet—"in a few minutes we will touch the Northeast runway, gentlemen; the flight is over" . . . Thus the lieutenant's steady voice came through the speaking system, echoing against the confines of our airtight "cabin." A few moments later we stepped down from the doorway; a trifle strained, perhaps, but firmly impressed with the lesson of sound preparation for high altitude flying.

Our plane? A capsule-shaped, steel chamber in which seventeen of us rose to a simulated altitude of 28,000 feet without leaving the ground. Our lieutenant? An aviation physiologist directing the ascent through a two-way speaking system, ever watchful through the glass porthole at the far end of the chamber.

In seat No. 13 sat the volunteer test-subject, who made the ascent to 25,000 feet

without administered oxygen so that the remainder of us could observe the effects of oxygen deficiency. At the 18,000 foot level, 8,000 feet above the critical altitude, sixteen of us began to breathe pure oxygen instead of the thinner air of the chamber. At 20,000 feet we watched the percentage oxygen content of No. 13's blood dropping far below normal, as registered on the electric wall-chart; and at 25,000 feet we noted carefully the impairment of No. 13's ability to coordinate his mental faculties, while we sixteen remained acutely conscious of our thoughts and actions. Here No. 13 was given oxygen and within thirty seconds he again functioned normally; we rose to our ceiling, and fifteen minutes later were back at sea-level.

So ended the first episode of an orientation process that will prepare us to meet the enemy some seven or eight miles above the earth.

A/C Julius J. Lerner.

Ready...Aim...FIRE!

The chief weapons of the pilot are the various guns and cannon mounted within his airplane and with these will he defend himself in aerial combat. But there is also the possibility that the pilot may be forced to defend his life on the ground, in hostile territory; it is with this possibility in mind that the Training Command has incorporated into the pre-flight school program instruction and range practice in certain small arms.

On the range, cadets fire seventeen to twenty-five rounds of ammunition from each of three different weapons. The M-1 carbine introduces him to a light, rapid-fire rifle, and the .30 calibre machine gun furnishes brief experience with a fixed ground weapon. But by far the most interesting is the .45 calibre Thompson sub-machine gun. This is the type of armament that pilots are likely to carry for emergency situations and its effectiveness in close combat cannot be overrated.

Of course, sharpshooters cannot be made after a half-dozen hours of instruction and practice. But this training in the use of small arms will continue through every phase of flight training; and when and if the emergency arises these same fingers will close, with confidence and decision, over the trigger that may spell the difference between life and death.

A/C Julius J. Lerner.

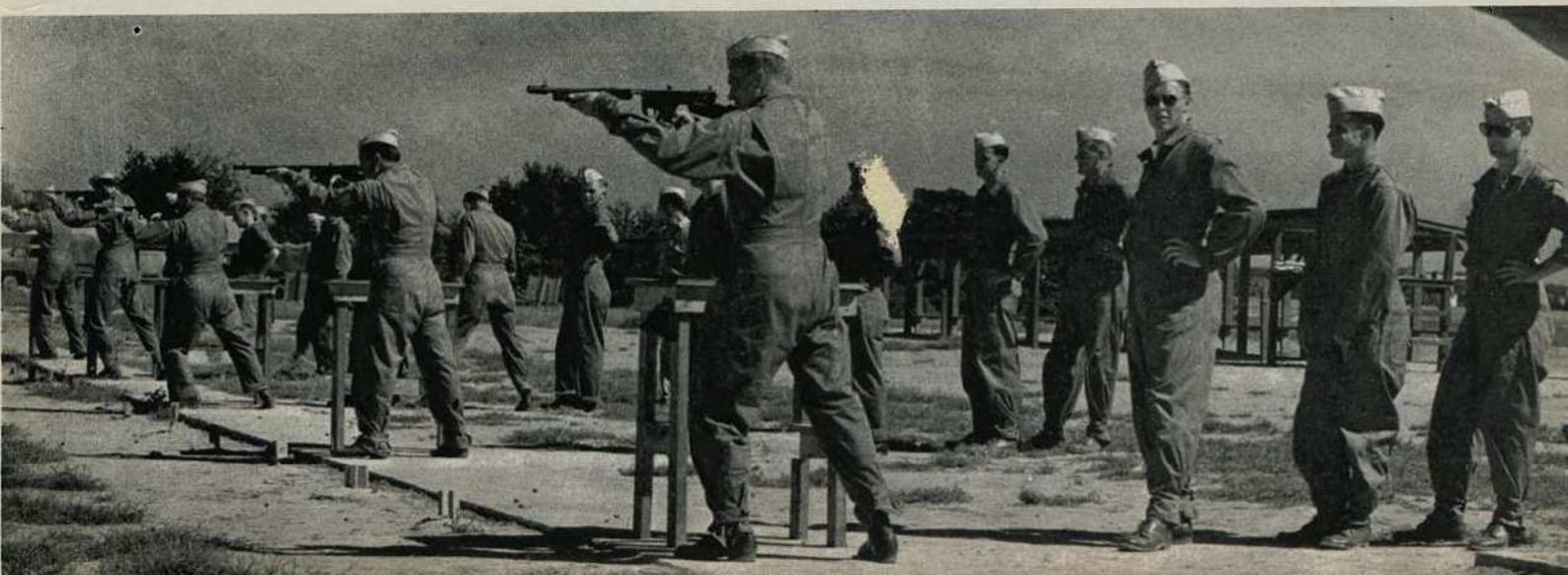


Prepare For Gas . . .

The surest method of teaching a combat lesson is to allow the student to experience the simulated conditions of war. The Army Air Force realizes this fact; and so a significant element of our training in chemical warfare defense is the time we spend in the Maxwell Field gas chamber. In small groups we cadets enter the gas chamber, don our masks, and listen for the hissing as gas is admitted to the chamber. Confidently we breathe the clean air as it comes through the filter can; and for a final object lesson we loosen or remove our masks for a quick sniff of the gas.

Only tear gas is used, but the experience impresses upon every cadet the vital necessity of understanding fully the art of gas defense. For someday the gas mask—and the knowledge of its use may be the lifesaver of many an American flyer.

A/C Julius Lerner.



Pass in Review

One Maxwell scene we will not forget, even if all else fades. Squadrons massing by groups before the A/C Corps Commander; the squadron guidons floating blue in the breezes; officers' sabers flashing beneath the setting sun; planes flashing across the 5 o'clock skies; the pulsing melody of the band as Retreat is sounded. Then the sunset gun; the band swings into the National Anthem and hearts lift with the song of freedom. The sharp command, "Pass in Review"; the group commanders order, "Column of squadrons—right squadron—left turn—MARCH!" Cleanly the lines move out, marching the oft-trod grounds where heroes have passed before.

Then the last turn, the tight, proud chest and firm step, as in long straight lines, we pass the Corps Staff. It is done; we "Ready—Front" and leave the field, content, while overhead the roar that is the heartbeat of our hopes, the dream of flight and victory, beats against the skies and in our hearts. Thus far have we come and thus will we one day fly . . .

in fine formation, sure and firm, from this ground we begin the march to victory.

uv



To the "Tac" Officers..



Mister 43-G, your tactical officer has just completed a mighty task—he has laid the groundwork for your "preparation for flight."

His aim has been clearly put forth by one tactical officer who states, "The finest young men of the nation enter Maxwell Field with the highest of hopes—to wear the wings of a fighting member of the Army Air Forces. It's my job and that of every officer to see that these men are placed firmly on the road towards the attainment of those hopes."

Mister, remember the day you arrived at Pre-Flight? Can you ever forget it? No. And neither can your tactical officer. We were a green bunch. It was his gigantic task to take us, the grossest underclassmen that ever slouched off the train from Nashville, and in the short space of four and one-half weeks have us well "on the ball."

He was out on the drill grounds to see that we learned to drill and parade properly; he taught the manual



...A Salute from 43-G

of arms; he gave us a firm warning that our academics would be "at the top" and that he would accept no excuses; he instructed in guard mounts; he taught us barracks housekeeping with his inspections; he was our paymaster when the end of the month rolled around and—he was the man who put the final ok on those "gigs", seeing to it that they were well deserved.

Yes, Mister, driving us to the point where we were finally "on the beam" was quite a job. And just when he could take an extra breath for a job well done, what happened?

We graduated into the upperclass; a brand new (and even more gross) class of zombies arrived and he had to start all over again. The tactical officer opened a new box of aspirins!

But through all this wear and tear, caused by problems that only a group of high-spirited young men could bring, your "tac" officer has kept his good humor. He has completed his job for the class of 43-G. Now it's



up to us!

Our salute, sir, to the finest officer and gentleman. We hope to be able to follow your example—"to be worthy of the traditions of the commissioned officers of the United States Army Air Forces."

A/C J. S. O'Doherty.



Come back, later, Captain, our room isn't ready for inspection yet.



Look Mom, no hands

PREPARED TO LEAD

Upon the basis of appearance, dress, academics and all-round aggressiveness, the aviation cadets at Pre-Flight School are selected to serve as officers of Corps, Wings, Groups and Squadrons. These organizations, combined, are responsible for the discipline and training of all cadets on Maxwell Field.

Heading this command is the Corps staff. Picked through competition and much forethought by commissioned officers who delve deeply into their past experience and military training, these cadets face a titanic task. Their lot is to guide activities of pre-flight training for each man during one month's time. Much of this is done by delegation of authority to Wing commands. All three aviation cadet officers, the corps commander, adjutant and



A/C Corps Staff

supply officer must keep constantly on the alert to cope with the many administration problems under their jurisdiction. A list of their duties includes the distribution of all orders, supplies, details and participation in parade review.

Under them are the A/C officers of the First and Second Wings. These men are chosen in much the same manner as the A/C corps officers. They handle the orders issued from their superiors, as well as forms, daily bulletins and information due to come to the attention of the squadrons. A constant check is kept on all operations of training in their particular wing. In charge is the A/C cadet captain, who commands the Wing, assisted by the A/C staff consisting of adjutant, supply officer, supply sergeant and sergeant major.

Responsibility for attending directly to the squadron administration rests with the A/C Group Commander and staff. His task is to maintain contact with them, seeing to their needs and solving problems which arise. Through his hands pass the various details necessary to the function of a squadron.

His staff must make sure all men within his group are properly fed, issued clothing and blankets, and equipped with school books—things useful to the aviation cadet in Pre-Flight life. The A/C Group Commander is in constant touch with the squadron by telephone or messenger. Thus he is able to announce any change of orders or instructions immediately after they are received from wing. His staff is an adjutant and supply officer.



A/C First Wing Staff



A/C Second Wing Staff

The next step down from group brings us to the A/C squadron officers. To the large majority of cadets, **they are the real leaders**. An A/C squadron commander must whip his upper and under classes into a well-trained unit, able to march and drill properly; to follow orders when given and be a credit to his command. This herculean job must be done within the short space of a single month. All details, large or small, are passed on to the cadet private through them. During a cadet's stay at Maxwell Field, he is always in touch with his commander who is required to guide him accordingly.

A "second in command" is next to the squadron commander in rank. His control is exercised mainly over demerits and gigs along with a check on academic averages. At formations, he aids the commander, being trained to replace or substitute for him in any emergency. Three A/C platoon lieutenants complete the list of commissioned officers. Non-coms include an A/C first sergeant in charge of administration and records, six A/C sergeants who assist with the platoons and twelve A/C corporals in charge of squads.

The corps of aviation cadets, with its cadet officers and its upper and lower class system, has proven its worth at Maxwell Field as a most effective means of teaching aviation cadets the right standards of military discipline, the high sense of honor, and the constant devotion to duty, which are qualities that are so essential to every future officer.

A/C Robert Close.

CORPS STAFF

Corps Commander
Corps Adjutant
Corps Supply Officer

H. E. Beckman
W. H. Andrews, Jr.
J. D. Roy, Jr.

FIRST WING STAFF

Commander
Adjutant
Supply Officer
Sergeant Major
Supply Sergeant

B. C. Weber
C. L. Rankin
T. M. Mills
H. L. Broxton
H. E. Spring

SECOND WING STAFF

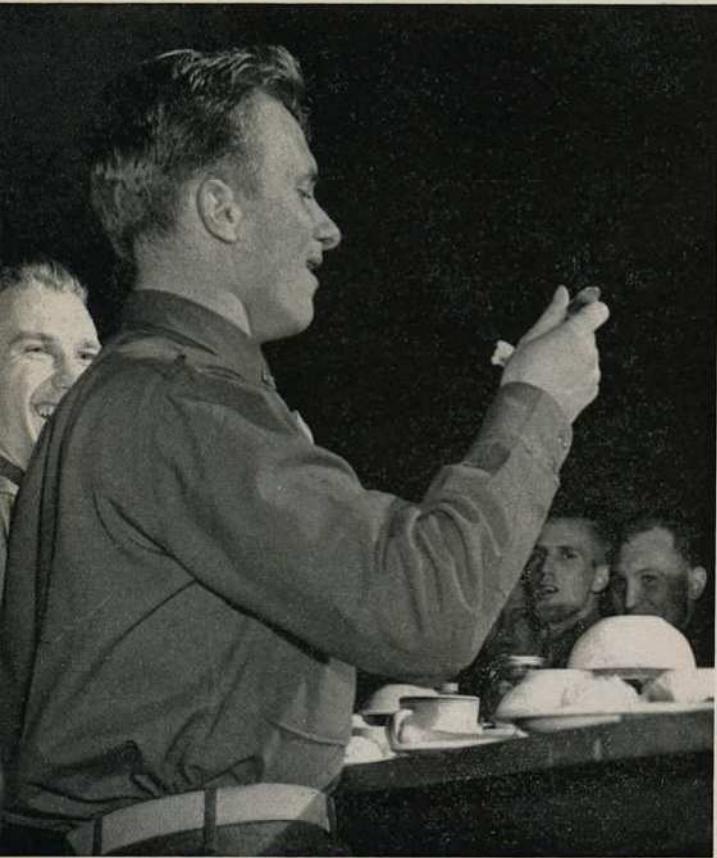
Commander
Adjutant
Supply Officer
Sergeant Major
Supply Sergeant

J. A. White
A. M. Benson
R. W. Keeling
W. B. Rogers
R. B. Thompson



Egad—Baumgarten—when will you learn you're not in the circus anymore?

SIRS! does anyone care for the food ... Please pass the food !!!



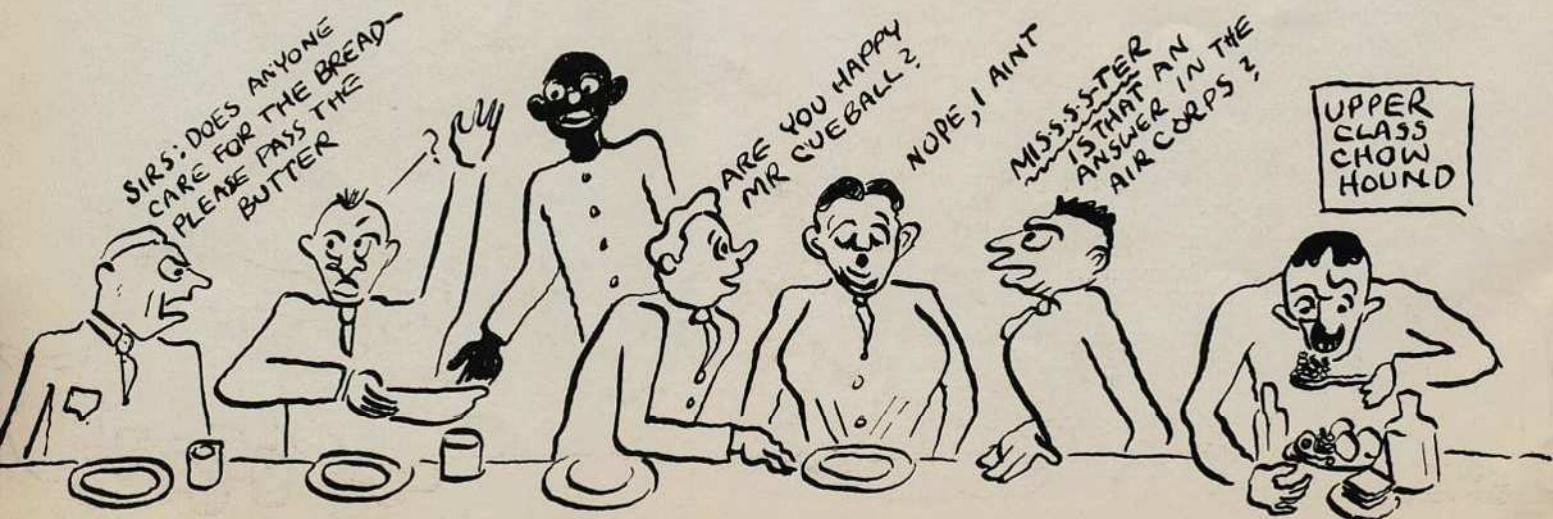
"Sir - does - anyone - care - for - the - celery — keep - yer - eyes - on - a - point - mister — please - pass - the - celery!!" That's the mess-hall—a place where a dribble in the mouth is worth two on the tie, and where the stomach that the Army travels on its neatly tucked in around the backbone.

The mess-hall, a chow hound's heaven, serves three meals a day, known in the army as chow, chow and chow. The food is good and plenty, prepared by an expert dietitian, and served with an efficient, time-saving system. But the customs and characters who prevail make another story entirely—and what a story. Stand back, Frankenstein—beat it, Dracula. Youse guys is small fry.

It would seem that the lower and upper classes eat on a slightly different plane. The difference between the B-19, and a gnat—a lame gnat at that—with palsy. An underclassman seats himself at the table with a twang, and a bedeviled attitude; and starts groping for the salt. It's rather messy ending up in the lemon pie, especially when every other table is simply wallowing in napkins, and your waiter feels rather strongly about the paper shortage.

As for the upper class, they seem to have been afflicted with an insidious disease of the skeletal system. They collapse before the fatted Grape Nuts Flakes, dislocate their spines with a sickening snap, and fall into a smart, military figure S. They are the Lords and Masters of the mess hall, these upper classmen, and they wield a cat-o-nine "brace" with devastating effect. But—they are preparing for flight—from the under classmen.

New A/C Gross, Very Very, is plagued, beleaguered, and promised many thousands of miles to walk, if he does not keep his chin in, chest out, head back, eyes on a point, stomach in, shoulders back, and re-





marks to himself. Oh, those eyes on a point! Oh, downfall of Gross, V.V. Perhaps that point is a delightfully shaped gravy spot to begin with. By the end of the meal it has assumed the proportions of a yak with reverse dihedral of the kneecaps, wearing dainty pink drawers fashioned out of gig sheets.

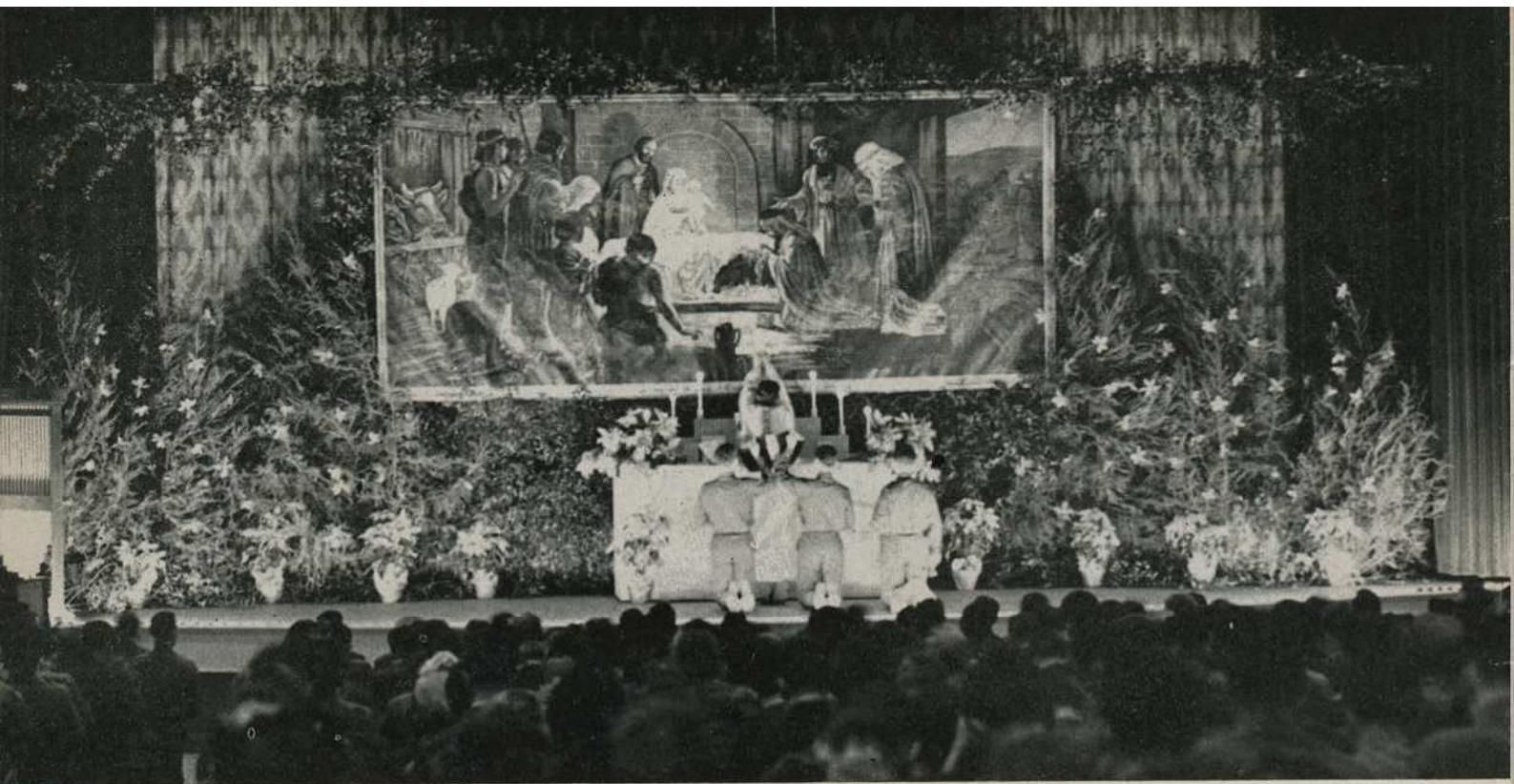
Young Very Very seems to have passed enough food back and forth to feed a herd of zebras (now how did that wing staff creep in here?), and he had been popped to, un popped, repopped, and generally made to feel like a dime's worth of popcorn, with butter and salt. He has trampled down a mob of uncontrollable gremlins with his marching smiles. He has drowned those

same smiles in his cup and given them artificial respiration, and he has been severely reprimanded for squeezing their itsy-bitsy ribs too hard.

Mr. Very Very has run the gamut of mess hall institutions, but strangely enough he finds that he has polished off a full meal, a job for the cleaners, a fractured vertebra, and added a notch to his ability to take orders. The upper class has managed to knock off two full meals, and a pocket full of oranges, and they're learning how to dish out those orders. It's the mess hall version of "Prepare For Flight". Sir, does anyone care for the PT-17? YEAH! Send it down here. We all want it.

A/C R. Rose.

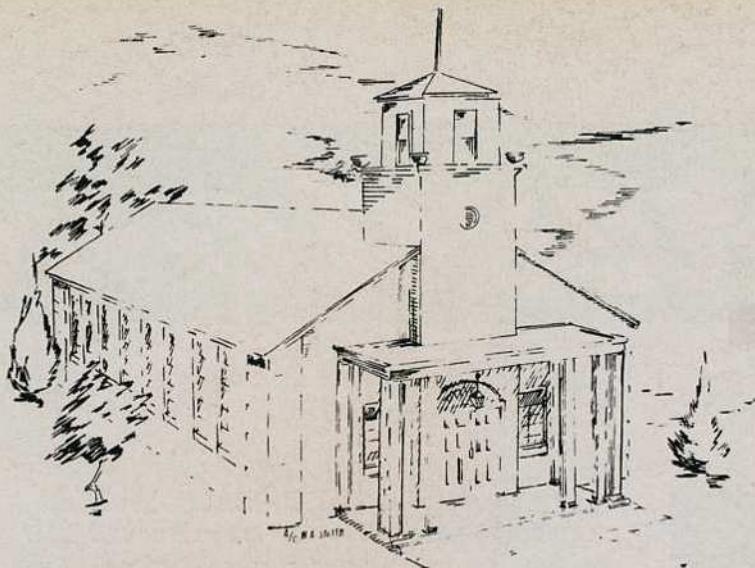




MERRY CHRISTMAS, MOM—
HOW'S EVERYONE?
Thanks for the Cake
NO, I DON'T HAVE A COLD
Had a Swell Christmas Dinner
SAY HELLO TO "YOU-KNOW-WHO"
Goodbye Mom . . . !



Although we were beginning our second year of all-out war, Christmas was not forgotten at the pre-flight school. A few days before the festive holiday, some fifteen hundred cadets gathered in one of the post theaters for group carol-singing and the movie that followed. On Christmas Eve the class of 43-G attended a dance in the Recreation Hall, music by the Aviation Cadet orchestra. A mammoth Christmas dinner and the tea-dance later in the afternoon combined with all else to make this Christmas away from home an occasion to be remembered.



ONWARD Christian Soldiers

Military life has a way of changing men's ideas. The chaplains of the Pre-Flight School all have found that religion takes on a new significance in the minds of most of the incoming cadets. Transplanted from the easy familiarity of home life to the rigorous routine and hardships of Pre-Flight School, the average cadet usually finds himself unsure and confused. Although each man must reach his own conclusion, most of us discover sooner or later that we need the advice and help of the Chaplain in thinking our way through to a clear and logical conclusion.

Chaplain Willis L. Stafford is, at present writing, performing alone the multiple duties of serving the Protestant cadets. On Sundays, Chaplain Stafford conducts two interdenominational services and on weekdays holds a devotional service at 08:00 in the Post Chapel. Realizing the needs of the Protestant Cadets, Chaplain Stafford directs his sermons to them, discussing their problems and their doubts. Although Chaplain Stafford is doing the work of two men, he is never too busy to see those cadets who come to him with their problems.

Chaplains Daniel J. Potterton, from Brooklyn, New York, and Daniel J. Ryan, from San Diego, California, serve the interests of the Catholic Cadets. On Sunday, there are four Masses said in the Post Chapel and in the Post Theater. On weekdays, two Masses are said, one at 06:30 and one at 17:00. Fitting well into the full Pre-Flight schedule, the afternoon Mass is a special privilege granted by Pope Pius to those in the armed forces of all nations. Confessions are heard before and during all Masses, and Father Potterton's office is open at all hours to those who need his help.

Until the arrival of a regular chaplain, Rabbi Eugene Blachschleger of Temple Beth-Or in Montgomery is acting as Civilian Rabbi for the Jewish Cadets. In addition to conducting reformed services every Sunday morning at 08:30 in the Post Chapel, Rabbi Blachschleger makes the regular visits to the hospital and, by appointment, meets all Jewish Cadets seeking his counsel.

A/C A. H. Gillis



Chaplain
Willis L. Stafford



Chaplain
Daniel J. Potterton



Chaplain
Daniel J. Ryan

GI Freedom



"My roommates tell me the package was swell . . ."



Sunday afternoon Tea Dance

"Hup, Hup, Hup, HO,—HALT! What am I saying? We don't have to march now, Mister, we're free. We have recreational privileges tonight, so HIT IT."

What follows may politely be called a mad rush. Men have been known to sign out in the squadron departure book so quickly on those nights, that they were halfway to the Recreation Hall before they realized that they hadn't used a pencil. But that can be understood. The grossest of gross mistakes can be forgiven on rec nights. There's a load of back play to catch up on, and not much time in which to catch.

The theme of the recreation building is relaxation, both mental and physical. And a fitting theme it is, for after hitting a series of quivering "twang" braces, the underclassman needs that relaxation, and a double banana split to boot. The upperclassmen go for the rest cure, and the ice cream too. Rapping back the Dumbjohns, and listening to a series of recitations on the elusive little Kee Bird is very trying labor.

So there the Rec Hall stands, for upper and under, a symbol of class equality and a haven for harried cadets. A large modern building, it houses a great diversion of facilities including ping-pong tables, pool tables, shuffleboard, darts, pianos, radio-phonographs, and a soda fountain just like the one back home.

But best of all there are deep, soft couches and easy chairs—yes, I gave that man at ease—in which to relax with, wives, mothers, sweethearts, and Uncle Joes who are visiting the field. If there are no visitors for the cadet, a telephone service is available for placing

long distance calls. He may place a call, and then wander about the building trying to fit sales tax tokens into the coke machines. When his call finally comes through, a loud-speaker system informs him that Ma, or Honey is ready to talk, so why doesn't he drop that billiard cue and hotfoot it over to the phone booth—fast!

Next to the telephones and easy chairs in popularity comes the Sunday afternoon tea dances. Not only is the tea without lemon or cream, but it's without tea. Punch is served! But the point is, the cadet has an opportunity to dance with scores and scores of Montgomery lovelies. Cutting in is allowed to assure everyone an equal chance to dance, and it's amazing how sore those tapped shoulders can get. At any rate, there are plenty of girls, and they're all wonderful, and the music furnished by an accomplished cadet band sounds smooth and sweet. Naturally, the tea dances are for the underclassmen, since the upper class is on open post, far far away. There's no popping to on Sundays. It's more like Lindy hopping-to, if the cadet guards aren't looking.



GI Freedom means time for bowling, too. Recently opened, the alleys at Maxwell Field run at full throttle, setting 'em up for the cadet kegler. If annihilating innocent pinboys, and raising oodles of blisters be considered relaxation—then the bowling alleys are just the place, and huge crowds of cadets





are always waiting for a chance at a strike, or the opportunity to present a mangled thumb to the doctor on sick call.

But while the gross lower class is finding out what girls look like again, or going to the post theater, or enjoying one of the many above-mentioned activities, the mighty upper class is on open post. Oh, beautiful, beautiful Montgomery. Oh happy fifteen cents lux-

uriously squandered on a taxi ride to town. Oh monstrous steak dinner eaten in sumptuous ease at the Jefferson Davis Hotel. All these are moments never to be forgotten by the upper class, and to be looked forward to with joyous suspense by the lower class.

The City of Montgomery has opened its doors wide open to the cadets, and has even given them two beautiful country clubs for their own use. A membership card is the only admittance to the country clubs, where dances are held every Saturday night. Then there's shopping to do, and sleep to catch up on at one of the fine hotels in town. The open post hours flee all too quickly, but only because they are so full of fun and freedom.

But of course the big event of the upper class social season is the Graduation Dance. Held at the huge cadet mess hall, the formal affair is always a fitting finale to the nine weeks at Maxwell Field. The entire upper class is there with almost the entire eligible and lovely female population of Montgomery. A triumphal entry under an impressive array of arched sabers starts the dance off with a bang, and as soon as the feeling that one has narrowly escaped being guillotined disappears, the couples pair off on the floor and glide to the music of a famous "name" band.

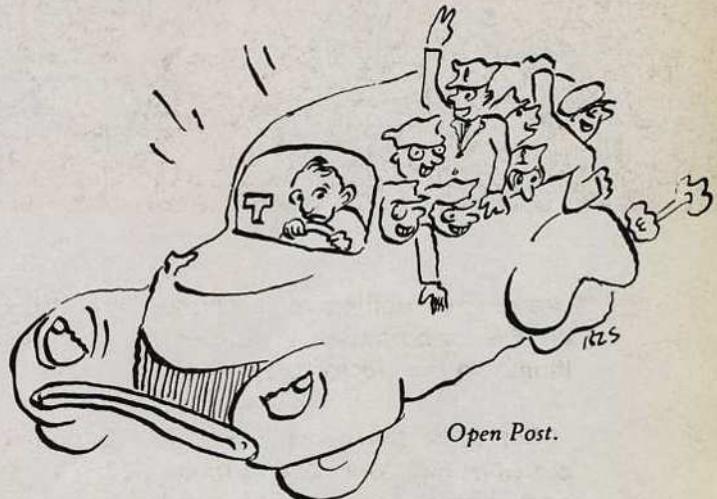
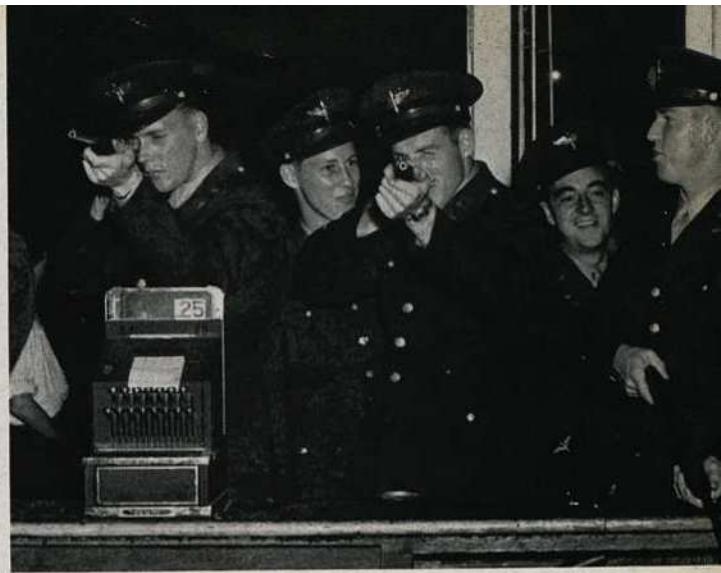


We could never tell you about GI Freedom without mentioning free time. To many cadets it will come as a shocking surprise to learn that we do get free time. Most of us have about decided that free time with the army went out with prohibition, bustles, and horses and buggies. However in the few free minutes we can grab, there is precious relaxation in our barracks rooms, our sanctum sanctorum. What do we do? Well, we talk, called bunk-flying in the army. We argue whether Fort Wayne is better than Louisville, whether the California oranges are better than Florida's, whether we'll get that furlough or not, whether this underclass is the grossest class ever to hit Maxwell, and so on. No one ever wins, and confidentially, we don't think anyone expects to. But it's relaxation and it keeps us entertained.

Recreational activities in all their variety play a large and most important part in the life of the cadet here at Maxwell Field. The officers think so, and men are always encouraged to enter into the form of diversion offered which suits them best. Of course, this is the army, Mr. Kaydet, and those who prefer deep sea fishing will have to restrict themselves to fishing for the cherry in their chocolate sundae. As for skiing enthusiasts, they will from now on pronounce that word "she-ning", and use it appropriately at the Sunday tea dances.

But Misters, at Taps, those rec privileges are over and done. That gives us time to realize that there's a fierce, bitter war going on. It certainly won't be won by recreation buildings, and ping-pong tables, and screeching trumpets. But it never could be won without them. Mister, your work is scientifically laid out for you, but your play is well taken care of too. Get plenty of it now. Soon you'll be flying high—sky-high, and hitting the enemy with a steam-roller drive. You'll think of the pool tables at the rec hall then, and you'll murmur just as you did in the days of Maxwell Field, "Eight Nazi in the side coffin—with pleasure!"

By A/C Rose and A/C Close.



TO AN Upperclassman WITH LOVE



"Sir, may I make a statement?"
And the kindly soul said, "Yes."
"Well, Sir, I have a story
I am eager to confess."

I'm just a lowerclassman,
Who is always on the ball,
And they call me "Eager Beaver"
'Cause I get no gigs at all.



I just LOVE my upperclassmen,
Even when they rack me back,
For I like to hear the clicking,
When my shoulder blades contact.

They say that I will get a tour
If I dare to move my eyes;
I really wouldn't mind it, tho,
I like the exercise!



When at times they make me bark,
It's reason to rejoice;
I know their only interest
Is to improve my voice.



When I'm on the ratline,
'Hup, Hup,' calls my master.
It always makes me wonder
Which leg is going faster.



When 'Hell Week' came, however,
I got some 'Tours' too, 'Misters'
And the moral of my story is;
'Eager beavers, too, get blisters!'
—A/C Alfred H. Woebcke

DRAWINGS
by METHELD

Grosser and Grosser

BY GREMLINS ROSE AND SIMMONS

Naturally there will be some grossies, both upper and under class variety. There always are. They stand out like sore thumbs, but when they leave Maxwell Field, the soreness is gone, for they have learned how unutterably gross it is to be gross. Here are the grossies portrayed in their true light—exaggerated only slightly—for the benefit of themselves. Here's how you looked, mister.



Mister, did you shave this morning?



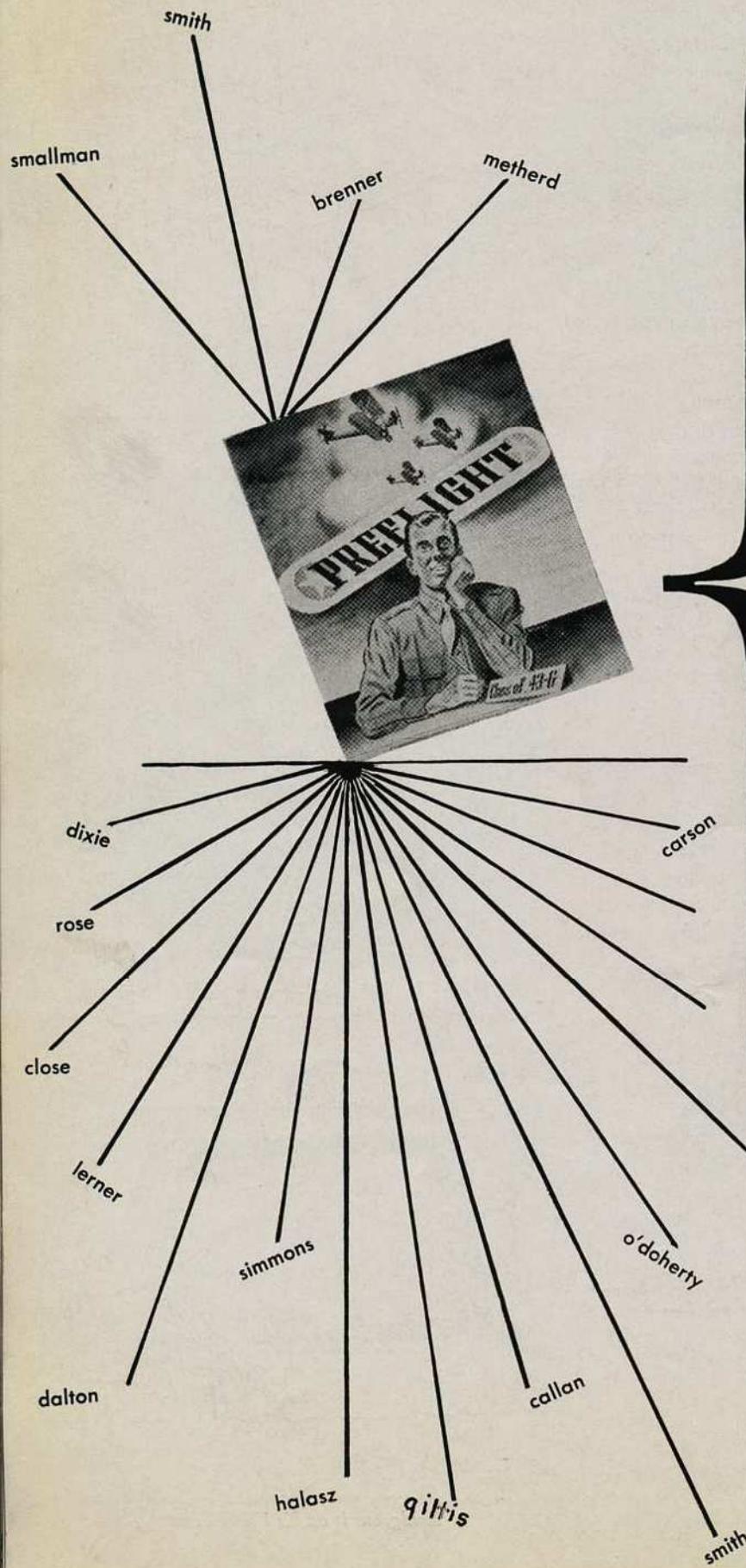
That's Kiley making his bed from the inside



Hm-m Mr. Smithwig—are we goldbricking?



Hudgeons is on his 109th Tour



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AS EACH graduating class leaves Maxwell Field's pre-flight training, it must pass on to the succeeding class the responsibilities of leadership and discipline of which it has been custodian for a few brief weeks.

It is a trust which we have attempted to honor; it is one which you also will be expected to keep.

Even though the Class of 43-G is entering the heaven of primary training, you of 43-H are assuming a new superiority as upper-classmen, and the new under-class is entering the "dark age" which is their lot, we are all moved by a unity of thought and singleness of purpose which surpasses such trivial divisions.

From generation to generation an ideal of freedom, born with our nation, has been passed down to us. Its fires have been kept bright by the courage and blood of men who have preceded us. Now, once again, you, and we, and our friends and brothers have been called upon to uphold the light of liberty in our own land and to rekindle its flame in fellow nations.

Something of the purpose which unites us was envisioned by Francis Scott Key when he wrote in the Star Spangled Banner,

"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just . . . "

A Canadian neighbor, Col. John McCrae, envisioned it as gazing at the rows of crosses in Flanders' fields, he wrote:

"To you we pass the torch, be yours to hold it high . . . "

It is with something of this idea, 43-H, that we leave you, not as under-classmen, but as fellow-Americans headed for the same goal we ourselves are striving for; not as "zombies" who must obediently "rap 'em back", but as men who have proved your ability to lead and to train other leaders.

"Prepare for Flight . . . " That has been our job at Maxwell, a sub-title to the larger motto of the Southeast Training Center, "Prepare for Combat". It is here that we, former civilians or previous service men, cracked our shells of self-centeredness and got a peek at the unity of spirit and the splendid traditions that are the backbone of the greatest air force in the world—that of the United States Army.

A/C Ashmead C. Carson.

43-G, We're Ready for Flight!





PREPARE FOR FLIGHT