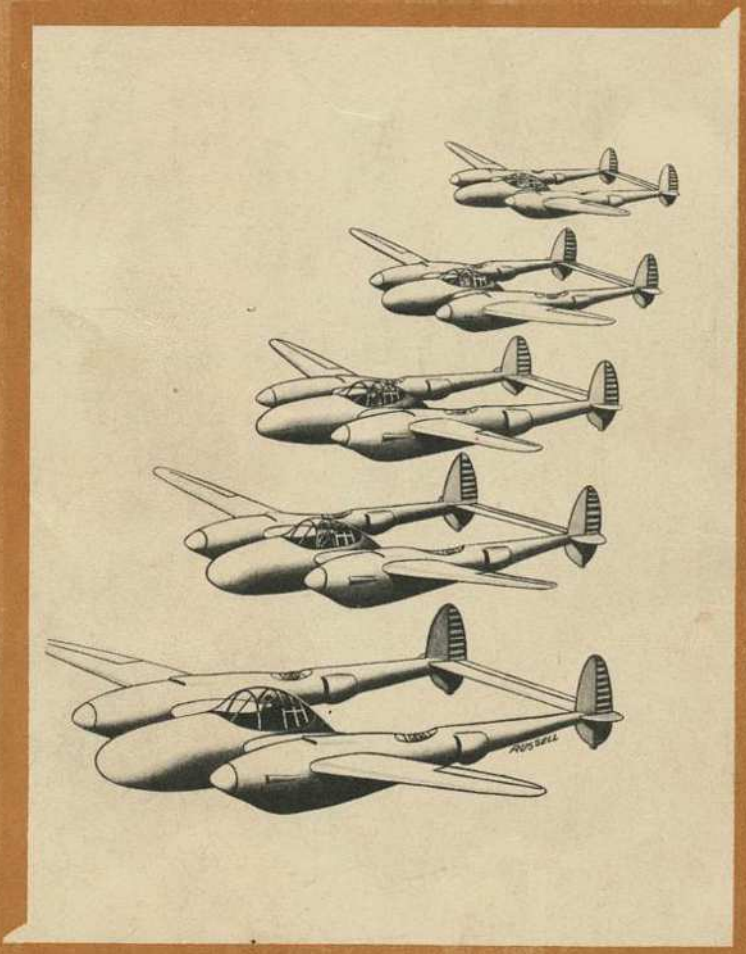
PREFLIGHT



FEBRUARY, 1943

GREMLIN ISSUE

This is our class book. It will let you in on what we do here. I am leaving here [redacted] soon. for [redacted] Pardon the blots.

Myron

Will write soon.

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-H

FEBRUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE
VOLUME 3 NUMBER 2

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

FOREWORD

Here it is . . . the Preflight of 43-H. We've tried to make it the kind of book you wanted. Not a comic magazine, but not too formal, either. We've tried to explain some of the facts about Cadets to those people who want to know what you're doing . . . what you study, how you work toward the big goal you're trying to reach.

We've tried to make it the kind of a magazine you'd want to send home to your Mother and Dad . . . or anybody else. And we've tried to make it honestly portray the life you —and all Cadets—are leading. We think you'll like it. And we hope it'll be the kind of a reminder you'll want to keep . . . even after they've pinned on those wings.

A/C E. Ralph Rundell

DEDICATION

Major Mark C. Bane, Jr.

A man personally concerned with the innermost workings of every Aviation Cadet's training is Major Mark C. Bane, Jr., Commandant of Cadets in the Pre-Flight School.

With a military background that began in cadethood when he was 13 years old at Fishburne Military School, Waynesboro, Virginia, Major Bane knows Cadet problems from the ground up. And he's the kind of officer who makes it his business to right wrongs and keep Cadet life running smoothly.

After graduation from Fishburne, Major Bane spent two years at Virginia Military Institute . . . where, incidentally, he took up wrestling and won a freshman letter.

As a civilian, he worked with the Virginia State Highway Department as an engineer—but not for long. Back he went, in 1935, to the military service and to the School of Infantry Arms at Fort Mead, Maryland. The rest of his story looks like a recent history of the Army . . . CMTC duty in 1936 . . . Combat School at Indiantown, Pennsylvania, in 1937 . . . maneuvers at Fort Mead in 1938 . . . CMTC duty, Fort Mead, 1939 . . . maneuvers in upper New York state in 1940. Called to active duty on June 20, 1941, he came to Gunter Field, Alabama, a first lieutenant and Provost Marshal and Chemical Warfare officer.

In September, 1941, he was transferred to Maxwell Field to be a Group Commander in charge of British Cadets. And with a brilliant record, on February 27, 1942, he was made Commandant of Cadets at Pre-Flight.

And so, to this very military man, this issue of Preflight is respectfully dedicated.

BE PROUD, MISTER

Class 43-I, these lines are written in appreciation of the fifty percent you have contributed to the success of the upper class.

You are half of our game, and as future classes of Cadets arrive at Pre-Flight their lot will be the same as yours. We have taken it on the chin with our eyes straight ahead just as you have done. Because of it we are better men. We know it's a tough life for five weeks. But the Air Corps needs tough pilots, and this is one way of making certain that you have the stuff to go ahead without batting an eyelash. We, of 43-H, have been given the opportunity of finding out for ourselves just what kind of men will be on our team when we play for keeps, and we are convinced that no fighting outfit on earth can whip us.

We have given you straight backs and high chins along with some military knowledge that was passed on to us. But of greater importance, because we have grown together, we have developed an everlasting spirit of the will to fight side by side as brothers in the same sky. No matter what our mission may be, we know, unquestionably, each man will accomplish his individual task.

As a matter of pride, we have lived up to many of the same customs you have been required to follow. We know how to hit a brace; shine shoes and buck brass. We have continued to do some of these seemingly unimportant things, because we wanted to be certain that you would "carry the rock" in the same tradition. We had to live up to what we preached, and by showing you the way, we became better men.

Now you are left with the proud responsibility of making men—fighting, flying men. Build these men strong, Misters, because someday down we'll go together to score the rainbow's pot o' gold.

A/C Haigh M. Reiniger.

ACADEMICS

Yes the instructors wear gold and silver bars and the students are clad in khaki, but the Pre-Flight school we go through in nine weeks at Maxwell Field is a more compact and comprehensive course of study than most high school and college curricula. It is a new type of academics, scientifically prepared to teach the basic problems of flight in nine weeks; if the studies were continued at the same rate over a period of two years, the work would approximate that of a four year college course.

Text books, along with a barrage of technical manuals are issued to us, and then begins the stretch of studying. As underclassmen our main topic of classroom discussion is mathematics—20 hours of it. The letter x is no longer the twenty-fourth symbol of the alphabet, but the symbol of an unknown quantity. Then, too, we spend a lot of time on vactors—a mystic idea associated somehow with the direction of flight and wind and air speed and ground speed. And right there classroom gremlins enter the picture—the common, or **gremlinus classroomis.** These little rascals play all kinds of awful tricks on you—throw pencils on the floor . . . make you put the wrong notes in your book . . . pull your tie out when you recite . . give you wrong answers—in fact, just anything to make classroom life uncomfortable.

CODE

When you're first introduced to code, dits and dahs are simply unintelligible sounds coming over the earphones. But it doesn't take long to discover a dit dit dah means V for victory—and a lot of other dits and dahs mean a lot of other things.

Code never ends . . . you spend endless hours taking code checks—moving from six word to eight word . . . then to visual code, and finally ten word. The gremlins are waiting for you the minute you step into the first code class. And by the time you get into ten word, they really go to work on you. Because in general, they make you forget everything you learned in six word—what dits and dahs mean what.

MAPS AND CHARTS

In maps and charts you have to pick up a new word for your vocabulary . . . doesn't mean much for a while . . . but the instructor finally gets it pounded in. The word is **azimuth.** Has something to do with what direction is what when you go backwards—or maybe that's back asimuth. Poring over many different types of maps and charts and obtaining new meanings from the signs and symbols on each map or chart is like learning a new language.

AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION

In this course, you get a brand new—and entertaining—kind of training. The visual kind. By the use of training films, Cadets get the hang of recognizing airplanes from real pictures, and a scientific system of checking to make sure that this plane is such a model. It's a tough course, no kidding about that. It's short and concise, and every day brings Cadets new ideas about the kind of planes they'll be flying and which they'll be shooting at.

GROUND FORCES

Probably, in this course of study, the gremlins took a more active part than the students. As we

slaved over the composition of the army, the kinds and trajectories of guns, the gremlins made us write in tests that a mortar has a low or flat trajectory. Or made us say that the armored force is made up of sixteen regiments of infantry.

MILITARY CUSTOMS AND COURTESIES

Or, how to say, "Yes, sir," and "No excuse, sir" in the best and most approved military manner. And believe us, there's no kidding about this course. The instructor requires the best of military courtesy before, during and after the lectures. Most of us try hard to retain everything taught in the course . . . and it's a good idea, too. Tactical officers are sticklers on etiquette, too . . . if you don't already know, you'll find out!

PHYSICS

Flying is not only an art, but a science as well . . . you find that out when you take physics. The fundamental principles about what kind of a force is making what motion is one thing. Pressure and lack of pressure is another. The course is really designed for flyers . . . no question about that. Problems are chosen carefully to point out where flyers will need a working knowledge of physics.

AIR FORCES

Shows a complicated system of how and why the Air Forces are made up as they are . . . and also how each part works. Bombing missions, intelligence operations, airplane formations and the present day Air Power (military secrets . . . shhh!) are part of the discussion—along with an interesting text on how a Cadet starts training in Pre-Flight and ends up an accomplished pilot.

NAVAL FORCES

Shades of aircraft recognition, only a lot tougher. The instructors in this course have secret methods of making up tests so that nobody knows how to identify such a ship and why. But it's a fascinating course . . . intended to prevent such mistakes as a certain Italian pilot made regarding a certain Italian ship. And that's no secret!

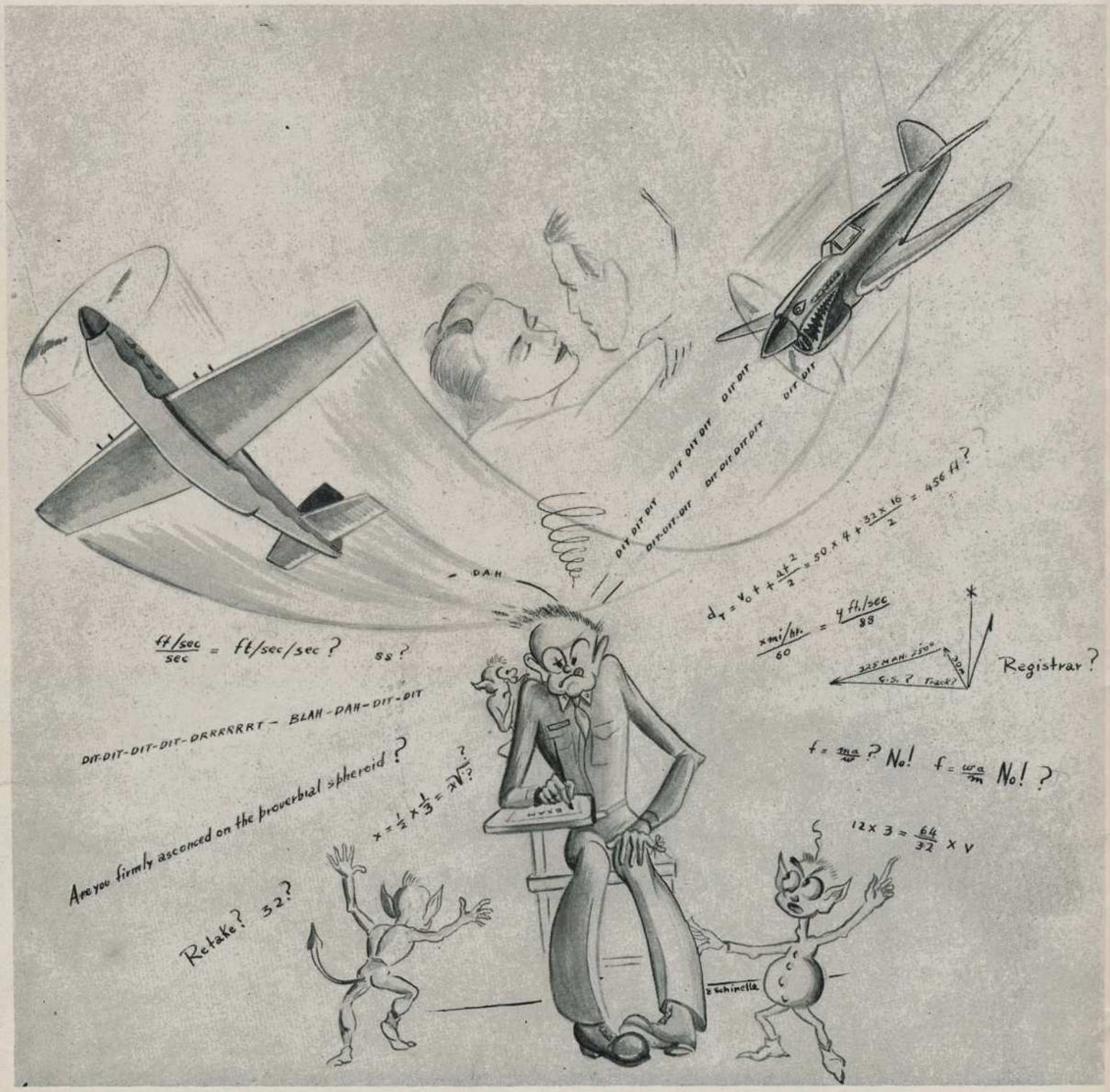
CHEMICAL WARFARE

Here, for the first time, facts and figures prove that gas warfare is a pretty humane business, regardless of the propaganda. A matter of believe it or flunk. But Cadets take the course seriously . . . figure that sometime, maybe, they might land in some gas-infected area. Lovely thought, isn't it?

It doesn't take long for nine short weeks to pass. And you're prepared mentally—if no other way—for primary flight training. And 43-H is ready to pull down its goggles and take off into the wild blue yonder!

A/C Morton V. Israel.

FINAL EXAM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325 MAH 250°
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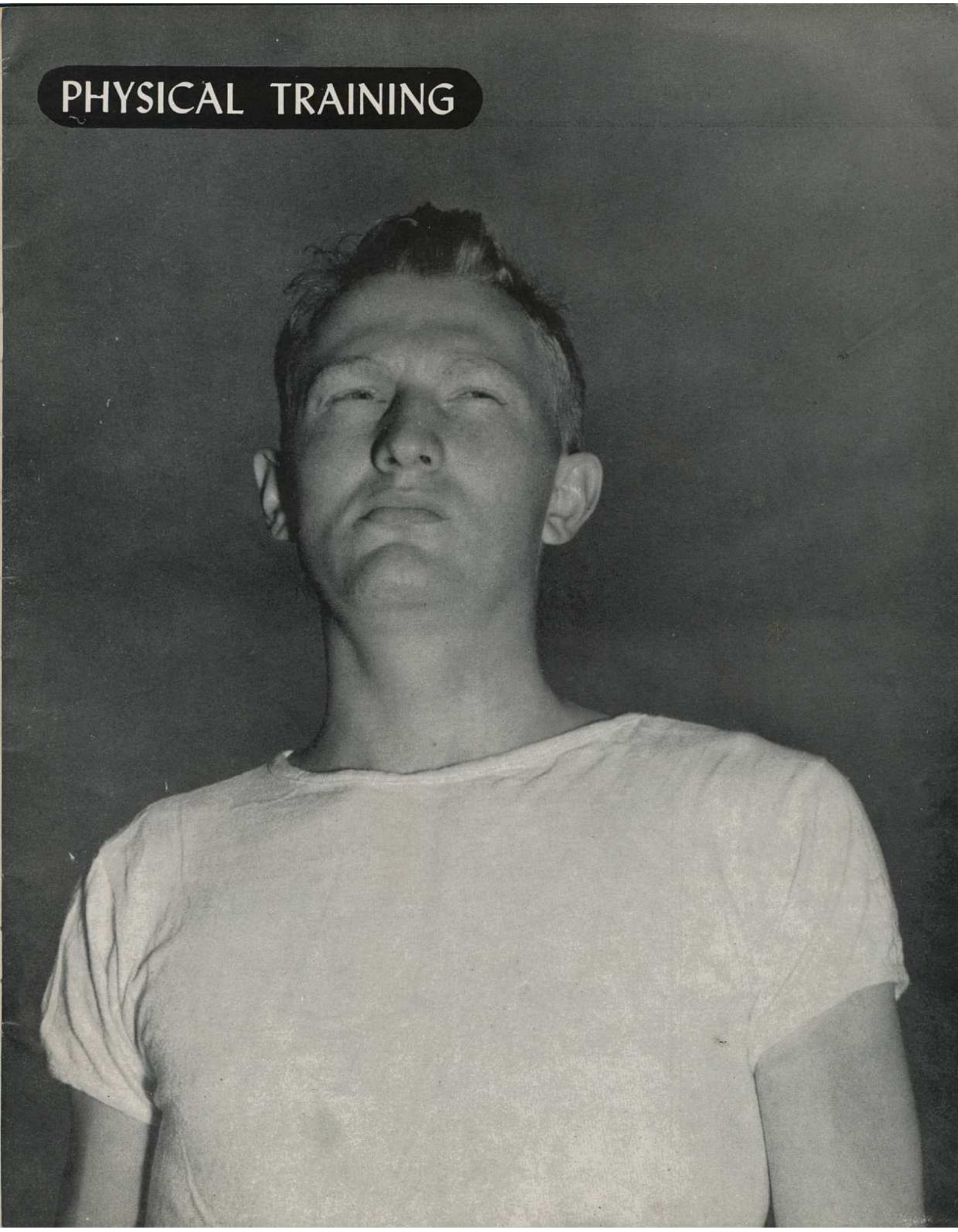
EXAM
Schinella

PHYSICAL TRAINING



PHYSICAL TRAINING—

Soon after their arrival at Maxwell Field, new Cadets have their first taste of "Yogi" style calisthenics.

To the tune of groaning muscles and the taunts of Upperclassmen. Mister Waddlefoot glimpses what he will first dislike but later enjoy; the rigorous but necessary physical training needed to change Mister Waddlefoot from a somewhat soft and dull Zombie, to a hardened, physically-fit candidate for flight training.

Long before the command at ease is given, the sadness of his physical condition makes itself known to him. Mister Waddlefoot soon begins to feel muscles that he never dreamed existed. His stomach, that flexible term, feels as though a light tank has gone over it. The amount of lead that has suddenly accumulated in his arms and legs would quicken the pulse of the most hardened scrap collector.

To qualify as pilot a man must be in all-round good condition. And certain muscles must be in especially top notch shape. To start from the top, anatomically speaking, the neck is one part of the body that must withstand much strain and pressure in the air. Thus at Maxwell Mister W finds his neck exercising at angles seemingly far beyond the limits of three hundred sixty degrees. These exercises always happen when swooping BT's come roaring down to befuddle poor Mr. W.

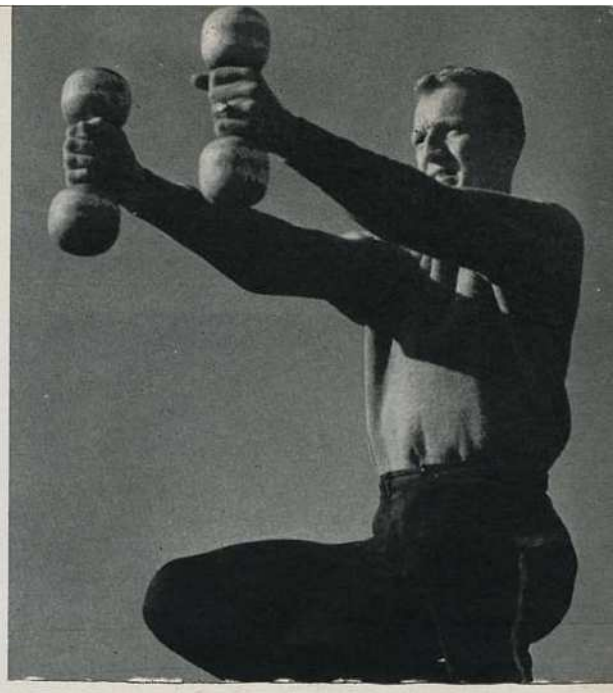
In flight a pilot must be capable of holding his arms in many awkward and exhausting positions. To offset fatigue which might be the cause of serious problems in flight training, the Yogis have developed a series of arm exercises designed to iron out all weaknesses in the muscles of the arms.

In his mad desire to beat the Yogi at his own game Mr. W. doesn't realize how much good he is doing himself. The continuous strain on his shoulders and arms begins to lengthen, strengthen and thicken 'em. As. Mr. W. nears the end of his

Pre-Flight training he discovers that he is no longer fighting a losing battle, but is holding his own against any and all competition.

There comes a time during all exercises when mind and body conclude that the end must come, but soon. That is the signal for the Yogi to boom out with the relentless command "Sitting position of attention, move". And soon Mr. W. finds himself flat on his face with one leg precariously in the air in what should represent a sun dial position. While his dust choked nose and mouth gasp for the showers, he philosophically reasons that these are not merely sadistic whimsies of the Yogi, but experience proved stomach evercises designed to harden that stomach for future power dives.

Coordination is an essential requirement in flying. The pilot must be able to use his hands and feet simultaneously and yet note everything about him with his eyes and ears. The lack of coordination need not be a discouragement to the cadet who seems to have two right hands. Through diligent and continual practice such handicaps may be overcome. Especially with the kind of exercise given here at Maxwell Field.

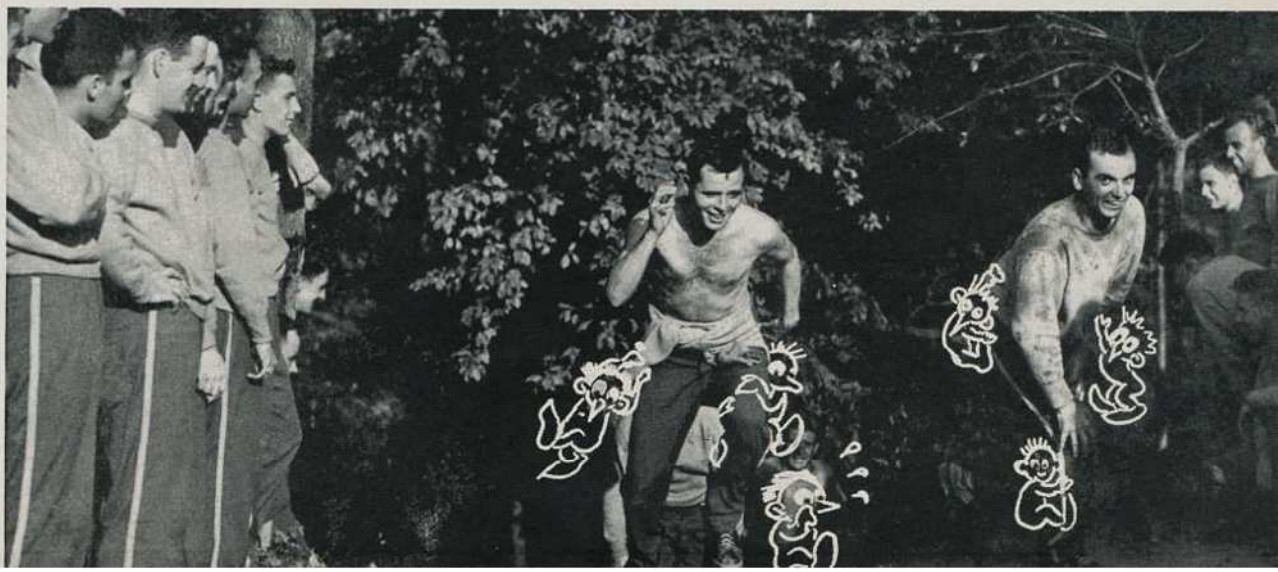


BURMA ROAD RACE

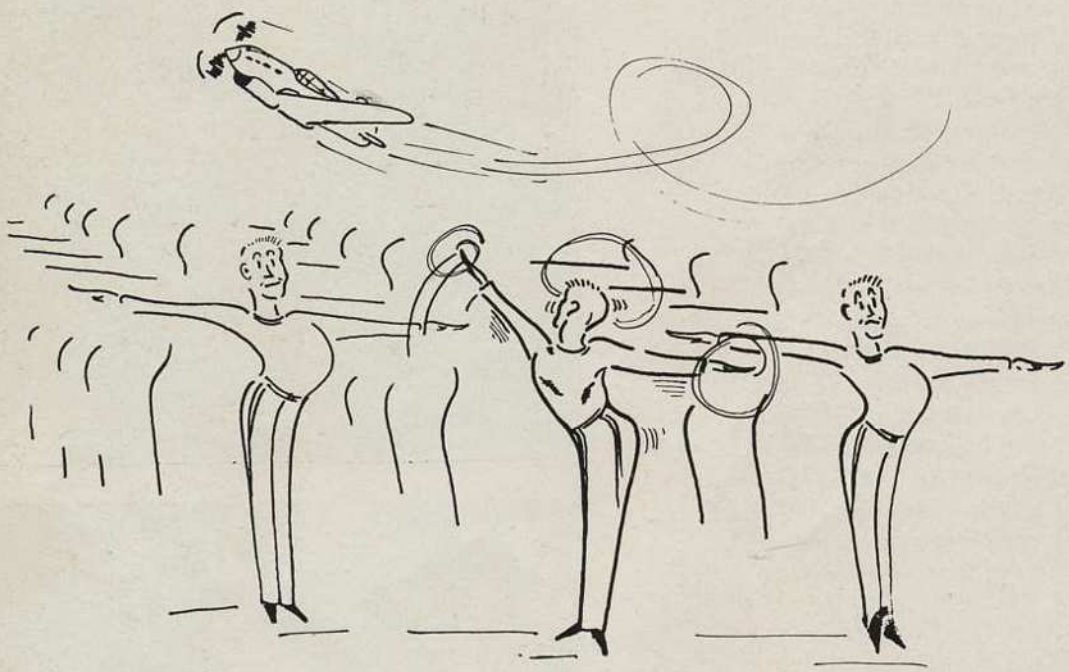
Credit for the idea of a natural obstacle race goes to Capt. Crowley, Lt. Perry and Lt. Crabtree of the Athletic Department. June, 1943, was the momentous date when those officers informally challenged each other with their most rugged cadets—to run the course in competition.

The course to be run followed a tortuous, winding path of two miles over rugged terrain of hills, dales, stream crossings and the like. It was not long before some bright cadet noticed the similarity of the course to China's historic trade route and captioned it "Burma Road."

A/C Howard Seefurth
A/C William DeA. Seitz.



FIELD MANEUVERS



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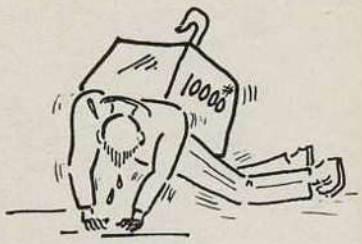
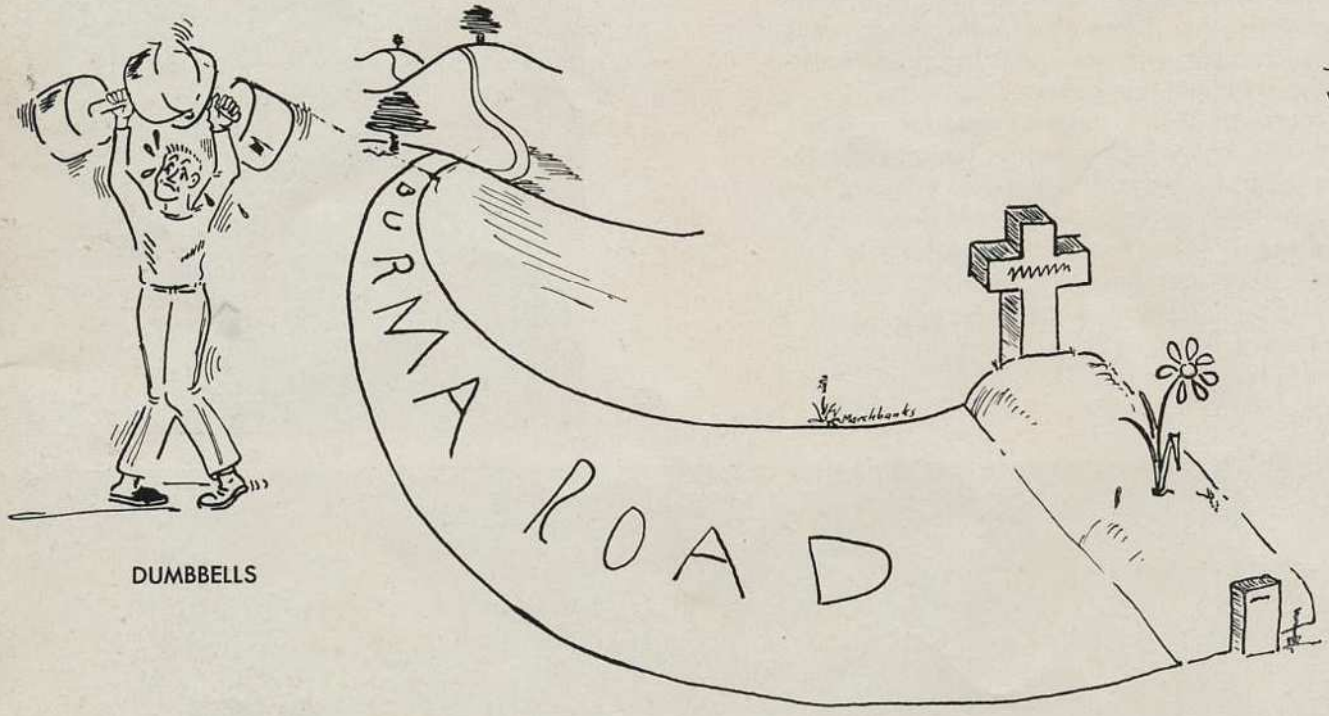


PUSHUPS

WANDS



DUMBBELLS

CROSS COUNTRY

TO BE PREPARED

NOTES IN THE ALTITUDE CHAMBER

I'm in the altitude chamber . . . it's a tubular tank, with a row of seats along each side. For each seat there is a little oxygen tank, complete with regulator, pressure gauge and mask attachments. Funny stuff this oxygen.

We're starting up. My gosh . . . already we're nearly up to five thousand. Doesn't take long to get the air out of this place! Just a preliminary run. But you can feel your ears crack a little . . . nothing to bother about. Feel fine. And we're at five thousand. Nothing to it. And now back down again . . . and that's almost as easy. But keep yawning, swallowing or blowing air into your ears on this descent. And we're down. Lots easier than I thought it would be. Didn't feel much of anything on that ride.

Now comes the real test . . . up to twenty-eight thousand feet. Eighteen thousand without a mask . . . and then we use oxygen. Louis, over there is in seat 13, has volunteered to be the guinea pig this time. On every ascent somebody goes up without a mask, to show the effects of oxygen deficiency. We're off! Rising fast . . . three thousand feet a minute. Nothing wrong yet . . . still feel good. On top of Pike's Peak—14,000 feet. Eighteen thousand. Fingernails are getting purplish. Lips purple gray. Am beginning to feel light-headed. A light sweat is breaking out on my forehead. Masks on . . . and I'm glad to hear that command. It doesn't feel any different to breathe air without any oxygen. It's just thin air, and you don't miss the oxygen until you try to do something. Still climbing. Twenty thousand . . . twenty-four . . . twenty-five thousand feet. I can feel just a tiny bit of oxygen escaping around the edge of my mask. No smell to it . . . no taste. But I feel as good as ever.

The instructor asks Louis to write his name . . . he makes unintelligible marks with his pencil. He's sure he is making a perfect signature . . . he can't answer simple problems. The instructor asks him to count to a hundred. "One, two, three . . . one, two, three, four . . . one, two . . . " He can't get any further. His eyes are glazing over when they put the mask on him. And he's normal again in just a little more than 30 seconds. Rising again; the final three thousand—28,000 feet! (I can't whistle . . . the air is too thin . . . no matter how hard I try).

Ready to go down. Twenty-five, four, three, twenty. Adjust oxygen tanks for lower altitude at eighteen thousand. Air pressure roars back into your ears . . . keep yawning, swallowing and blowing air back into the ears. Eight . . . five . . . three . . . and we're down.

A/C Don Healy.

THE GAS CHAMBER

By the time the underclassmen are taken to the gas chamber, they've listened to so many stories from the upper classmen—well, most of them go in prepared for almost anything from death on down. But the chamber isn't to be feared—because in that little gray house out by the field, Aviation Cadets learn one of the most valuable lessons of their pre-flight training.

The first time we enter the chamber we wear our masks. No trouble here.

The second time we enter the chamber without our masks. This is the one the upperclassmen warned us about. Eyes smart and tears flow; we cough, sneeze and grope blindly. Those eyes really burn! Gremlins attack with their devilish tricks. They throw wisps of gas into our faces; swell our eyelids; inject their secret "discomfort" potion; and in general try to make us more miserable than we already are.

The third and last time we enter the chamber we put our masks on inside. To do this, we hold our breath upon entering and when adjusting the mask on our face we use this suppressed air to clear our masks of any gas which might be in it.

COMMENCE—FIRING!

"Ready on the right—Ready on the left—Ready on the firing line! Commence . . . firing!"

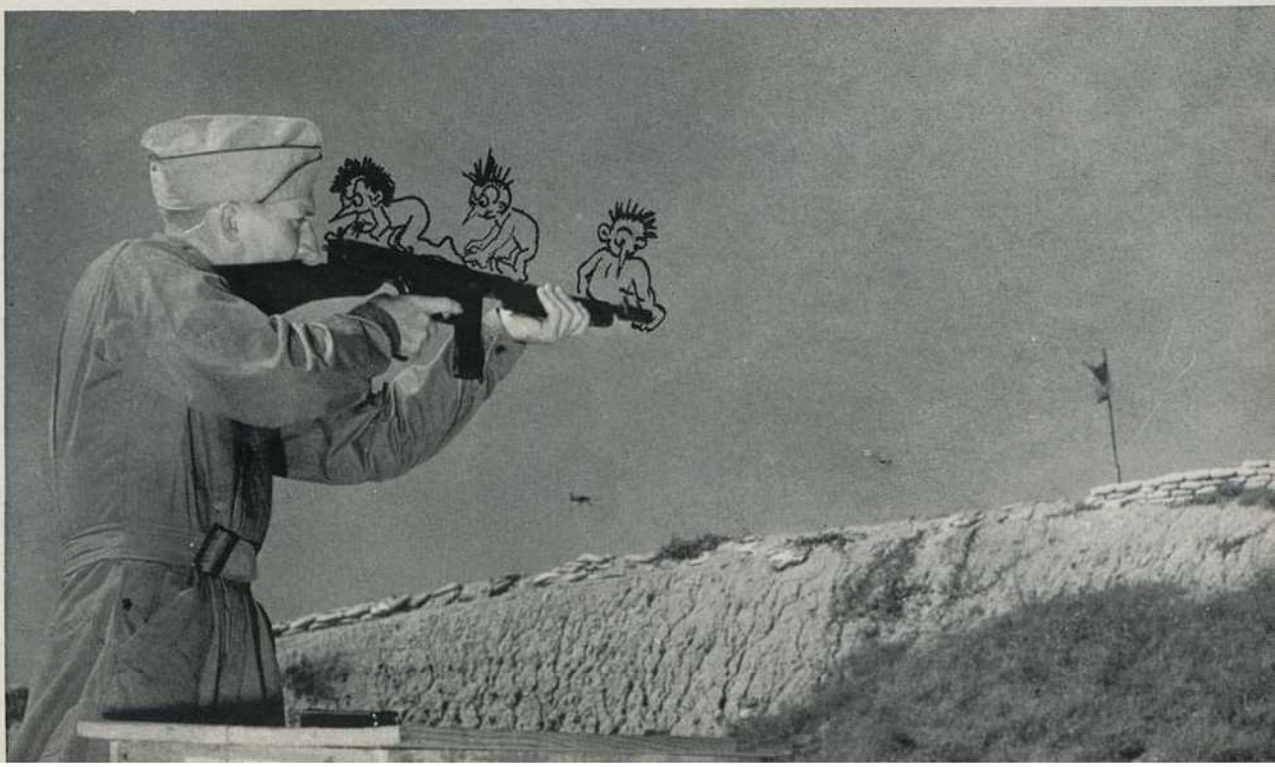
That first command on the rifle range is a real thrill. And probably you forget everything the instructor told you the minute your finger starts squeezing the trigger. But you don't forget too much. Because every cadet is remembering the rules of safety . . . and accidents are few and far between.

Every Cadet in Pre-Flight is given basic instructions in gunnery of four different types . . . and each type is a separate and complete course. Brief as the training on the range and lecture room may seem, no pilot in combat will ever find himself down in enemy territory without some knowledge of the use of a rifle, caliber .45 pistol, Browning caliber .30 machine gun or the Thompson submachine gun.

Each gunnery coach is an expert in his line. Cadets are given lectures on the type of gun, and every cadet is required to shoot on the range. After the course of lectures, the squadrons are taken to the firing range for practice shooting.

It's fun, of course . . . but there's a lot of seriousness at the back of every cadet's mind as he squeezes the trigger. Because here he's learning the fundamentals of self-defense . . . of attack . . . and the principles of the kind of gunnery he'll need when he's winning the war—over there.

A/C Don Healy.



SALUTE . . . TO OUR MILITARY MEN

SQUADRON

As gruelling as it may have seemed, 43-H, all of our military training has added feathers to our caps. It's made us better men . . . it's taken us from the careless, casual manner of civilian life to a military strictness that may well last a lifetime. We owe a lot to our military leaders . . . our officers, Cadet officers and the enlisted men who have taught us everything military we know. Some of us were pre-service men . . . from various branches of the army, navy, marine corps. Those men deserve credit. Because they've changed over in a few short weeks, from customs and courtesies required in other branches, over to the customs of courtesies of the Air Corps.

Closest officer to every Cadet is the tactical officer . . . the man who keeps us on the ball. He's got a tough job . . . remember that. It's his work to see that every Cadet in his squadron does everything the right way. He's the man who's out there at every drill . . . checking commands . . . rifle practice . . . saber drill . . . marching ranks.

He's the officer who stands back of his men . . . encouraging, scolding, commenting. He's the man who jacks us up when our grades fall off . . . and when a Cadet gets out of line entirely, it's his painful duty to recommend punishment and see it carried out.

We owe a debt of gratitude to our tactical officers. At times . . . as every Cadet knows . . . the T. O. can be a pretty rough soldier. But he's the man who works out Cadet problems to see that everybody gets a square deal. And he's the officer who sits behind the blanket-covered table on payday.

He's had a big job with us, 43-H. We've been a gross bunch of zombies . . . and gross upperclassmen, too. But he's kept his good humor through it all. He's as ready for a good laugh as anyone. And he's always willing to listen to an experience you've had . . . a good story . . . or just listen.

So he rates **our** salute . . . as a fine officer, a perfect gentleman, and above all a real friend.

GROUP

Not so intimately close to the Cadet, and yet always present to look after the welfare of the Squadrons under his command are the Group commanders. It's the Group commander's job to help tactical officers guide Cadets through various stages of their training; the man behind the tactical officer . . . the integral figure who locks the four squadrons together into a combined working organization. The group commander's job entails an enormous amount of work. In a supervisory capacity, he is the guardian angel of all Cadets—even though the men see him only infrequently as an inspecting officer.

Through the group supply officer, Cadets in the squadron are maintained in clothing and all the equipment necessary to the military service.

CADET OFFICERS

Chosen upon the basis of dress, appearance, academics and all-around worthiness, certain Aviation Cadets are chosen as Cadet Officers. To the men of each squadron, these men are their real leaders.

Aviation Cadets look upon A/C Officers with respect, for these are the men who are responsible for the actual administration of the Squadron itself . . . they are the men who must see that every Cadet private is properly trained in discipline, military background, and that every Cadet under his command is worthy of the name "Aviation Cadet."

These men face an enormous task with every class. They are chosen by commis-

CADET LEADERSHIP

Aviation Cadet Corps Staff, Class 43-H. Left to right: A/C J. D. Grauer, New York City, Cadet Corps Commander; A/C R. V. Randall, Cleveland, Ohio, Cadet Corps Commander; A/C B. D. Spofford, Dayton, Ohio, Cadet Corps Supply Officer.

sioned officers who delve deeply into their histories . . . military experience, general appearance and their past and present academic records.

There are four main groups of Cadet Officers—Corps, Wing, Group and Squadron. The Corps officers, including Corps commander, adjutant and supply officer, must keep constantly on the alert to take care of the many problems that come under their jurisdiction. They must distribute all Aviation Cadet orders, supplies, details . . . and they take an active participation in parade reviews. In many cases, orders must be passed down from Corps to the Wing officers, who are in closer contact with cadets.

A/C Wing officers are chosen in the same manner as Corps officers—from their previous experience and conduct. They see that the orders of their superior officers are carried out . . . see to it that daily bulletins are distributed among the various groups . . . and keep a constant check on the training program in both wings. The two wings of the Pre-Flight school demand two wing staffs, each consisting of an A/C Captain, who is assisted by an adjutant, supply officer, supply sergeant and sergeant major.

The responsibility for attending directly to the administration of the squadron falls upon the A/C Group commander and his staff. The group commander must be in constant touch with all squadrons in his group at all times . . . he must be able to communicate by telephone or messenger changes of orders as they come from Wing. The commander, with the assistance of a Group adjutant and Group supply officer must see that all men in the four squadrons are properly fed, clothed, and issued all equipment such as school books—in short, everything necessary for the health, comfort, and education of the men in his group.

But to the men in the Squadron, the Squadron Cadet Officers are of prime importance. They are the men who whip the squadron into shape . . . from the grossest of zombies to the most dignified upperclassman . . . to make a combined working unit. A unit which lives together, works together in perfect coordination.

A great deal of credit must go to these Cadet Officers . . . for in the space of one short month, these men must teach Cadets—some of them fresh from civilian life—to drill properly; to follow orders to the letter without question. They must distribute work details fairly; help solve problems of individual Cadets who come to them for help.

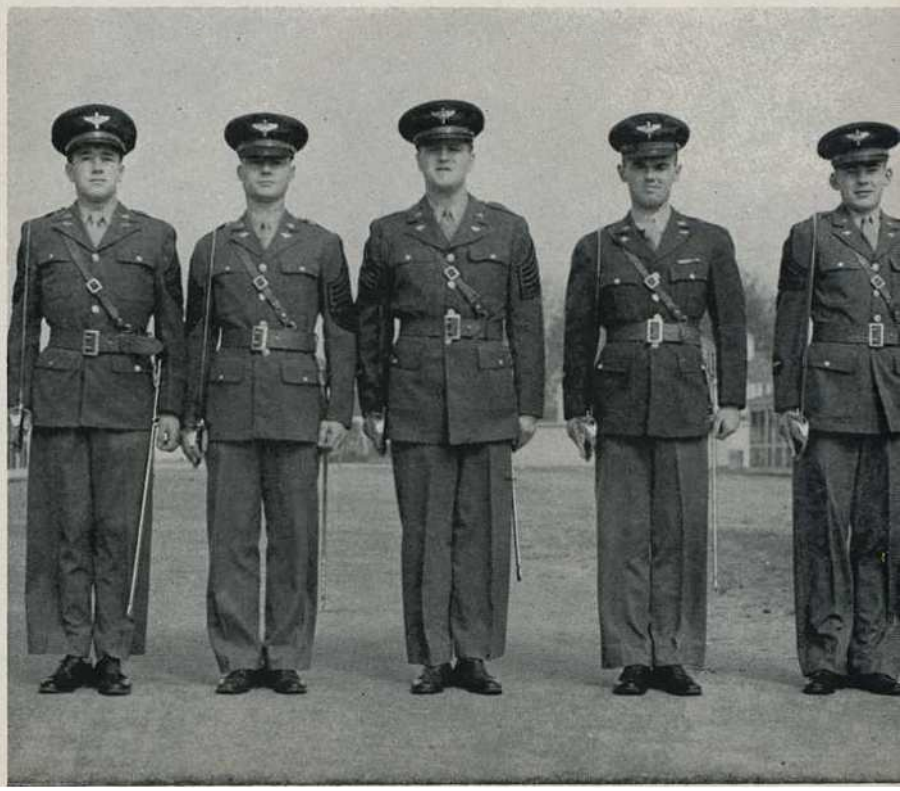
There are five Cadet commissioned officers—an A/C Squadron commander, A/C

Aviation Cadet First Wing Staff, Class 43-H. Left to right: A/C F. J. McGaughlin, Sergeant Major; A/C C. W. Mehegan, Wing Adjutant; A/C V. W. Thomas, Wing Commander; A/C H. J. Cornelius, Supply Sergeant; A/C R. B. Wethy, Wing Supply Officer.

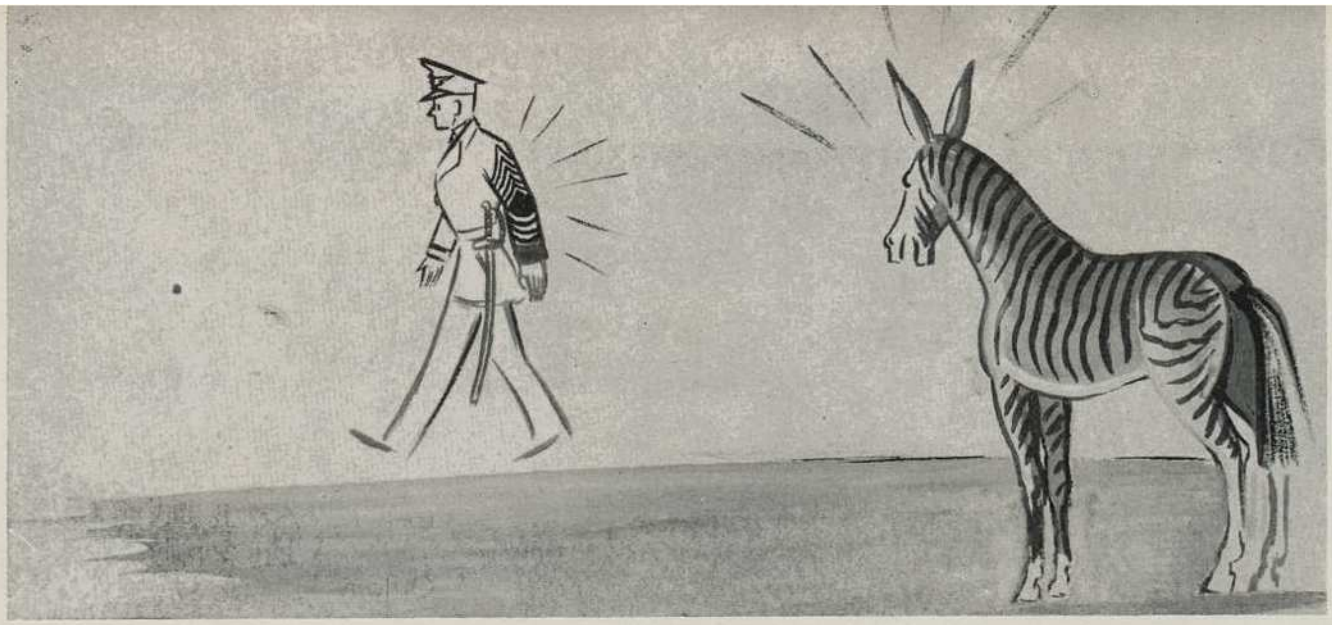
Adjutant, or "second in command", and three A/C Platoon lieutenants—who are usually assigned as barracks lieutenants as well. The commander is responsible for the unity of the entire group of officers, as well as the staff which works with him. The adjutant's control is exercised mainly over demerits and gigs and punishments, along with a working check on academic averages. Platoon lieutenants are responsible for the drill groups, and usually, also, for the conduct of the men both in the field and in their barracks.

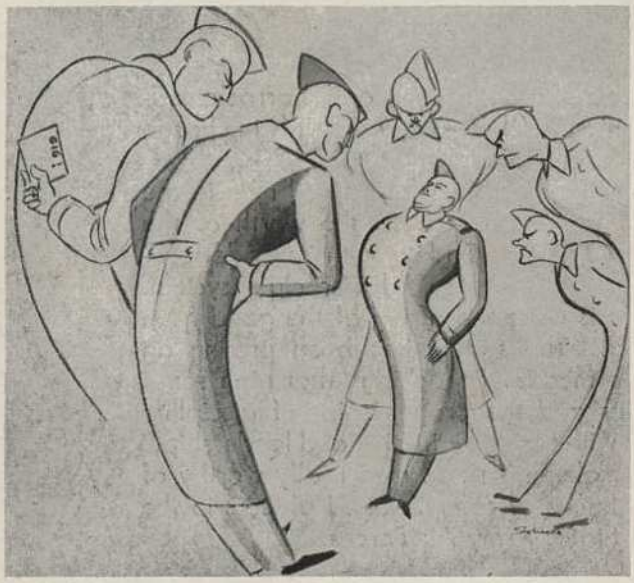
Non-commissioned squadron officers include an A/C First Sergeant in charge of the administration and records, six A/C sergeants who assist with platoons and barracks administration, and 12 A/C corporals in charge of individual squads.

The actions of Maxwell-trained men in the field of battle has proven the worth of the Corps of Aviation Cadets, with its Cadet officers and its upper and lower class system. For here is done the sifting of the good from the bad. The system has been proven an effective means of teaching "that high sense of honor and the proper spirit of discipline that go with trained initiative and leadership." And it makes men . . . men really worthy of the traditions of commissioned officers in the United States Army Air Forces.



Aviation Cadet Second Wing Staff, Class 43-H. Left to right: A/C Peter (NMI) Vallejo, Atlantic City, N. J., Sergeant Major; A/C Louis G. Clark, Walhalla, S. C., Adjutant; A/C Robert A. McMahon, Philadelphia, Pa., Wing Commander; A/C Walter H. Arnstein, White Plains, N. Y., Supply Officer; A/C Joe B. Scholl, New London, Mo., Supply Sergeant.





SOUND OFF, MISTO!

ZOMBIE

GRADUATION DAY

SOCIAL

SOCIAL AFFAIRS

All work and no play . . . no matter what it does for Jack, life would be pretty dull living, wouldn't it? So Cadets get some play time in, too. It's all part of the plan . . . just as much as drilling and shooting and athletics.

And regardless of the grief Jack writes home to wondering parents, wives and sweethearts, he **can** have a good time. For that specific purpose, the recreation hall—more commonly known as the rec hall—is provided. And, believe us, the rec hall has everything. Table tennis, billiards, bowling alleys, dancing space, a sunny verandah, a big (and thriving) soda bar, music room (where you can listen to anything from boogie-woogie to Bach on the automatic phonograph), big, loafy lounging chairs . . . dart boards, slot machine guns—in short, everything to keep Jack happy—even a date bureau.

By far the most popular spot in the rec hall is the telephone desk. If you want to find Zombie Jack any lonesome Saturday night or Sunday—just leave a call for him at the telephone desk. Nine chances out of ten you'll locate him, screaming for one of the frantic telephone operators to hurry up and get his call through . . . to Mom or Dad or that certain Somebody.

And there are plenty of other things to keep Jack contented between weeks. If he's an underclassman, his privileges extend the width and breadth of the rec hall and the two post theaters—which show the best of current pictures. And he's eligible for the Sunday Tea Dances—supplied with music by the Cadet Orchestra and supplied with girls by the City of Montgomery—an apparently permanent supply base.

And if Jackie-boy is an upperclassman, he's eligible for that longed-for open post—on Friday or Saturday night and all day Sunday. And then it's always "Montgomery, here I come!" Zoooooom! That's all, brother.

And supposing that the gremlins (the busybodies) have temporarily separated Jackie from that certain Somebody

back home. Just supposing. In a flash, Jack (the hero) calls up the Date Bureau in the rec hall—and all arrangements are practically made. All Jackie has to do is to run down to Montgomery, pick up his date and take off. A wonderful system.

There is almost always a dance. Sunday Afternoon Tea Dances (mentioned already), sometimes dances of a Saturday night, and always the big blow-out which comes when the upper class is getting ready to leave for Primary. That's one big affair. Has the class and glitter of a fancy military ball with all the trimmings, including a grand march complete with arch of sabers, flowers and everything.

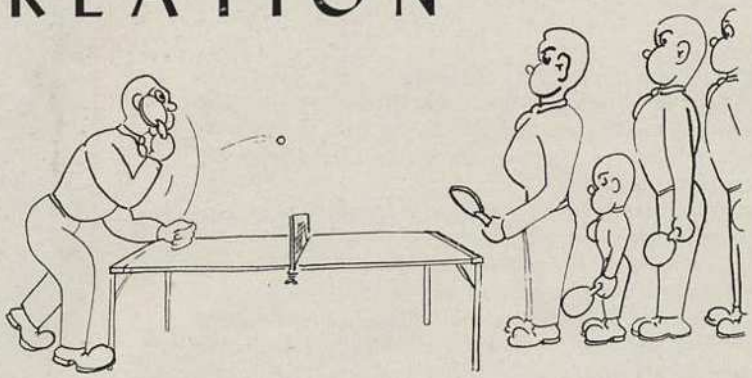
Furthermore . . . in case Jackie hasn't mentioned it . . . Maxwell Field seems to be the stopping-off place for the big-name bands of the nation. And a good idea, too. Because the boys like it. Take for instance Jack Teagarden and his boys . . . Kay Kyser and his "how y--all" band . . . Johnnie (Scat-I-Won't-Do-Nothin'-For-Nobody) Davis and his lads . . . and Captain Glenn Miller got together with this class for a jam-session.

Regarding society, if you're wanting to know, your Jackie isn't missing a thing. As a matter of fact, Jackie is now a member of the ultra-ultra exclusive clubs in Montgomery, where Cadets and their guests are admitted—the Jefferson Davis Cadet Club, the Blue Room—and, of course, the USO, where Jackie is always welcome.

But Jackie's got all this coming. He earns it, and plenty. He's doing a hard job . . . and a little relaxation does him a world of good. He works hard all week long . . . it's essential, and he knows it. So recreation is necessarily a part of his education. And on Monday morning, come time for classes, he's right back on the job . . . refreshed, revigorated, and ready for another week of gruelling work in the classroom or drill or athletic field. But that little minute in-between means a lot to him . . . and he's taking advantage of it.

UNDER-CLASS RECREATION

SUNDAY TREAT

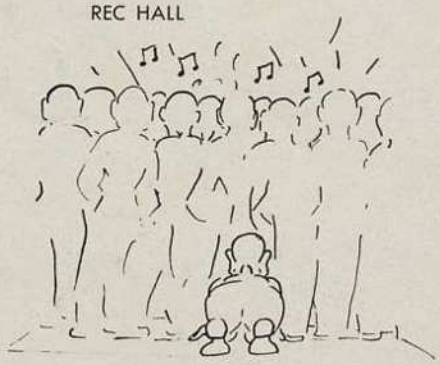


LINE UP

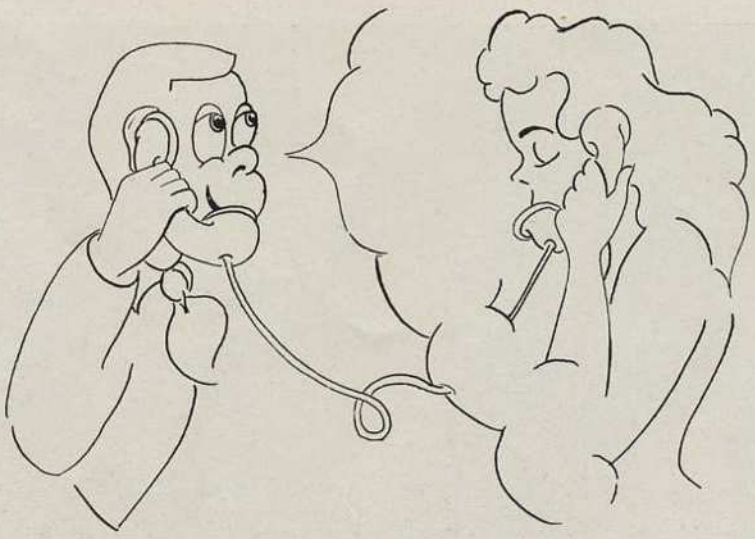
CUT-IN DANCE

PALS

REC HALL



WORM'S EYE VIEW



RELIGION

CADET RELIGION

Among the first friends we make upon our arrival at Maxwell Field is the chaplain. You'll probably remember him as the perspiring fellow you met while running the Burma Road . . . or the friend you looked up when you felt like talking and wanted a good listener . . . or the chaplain who made all the arrangements for that biggest day in your life, your marriage.

His duties are countless, his hours endless, his sympathy and kindness limitless. You remember him as your source of spiritual inspiration throughout your stay at the Field—and for a good deal longer.

He's the fellow who is really on your side. Haven't you sometimes wondered as you sat in his reception room, if he doesn't sometimes grow tired of listening to a never-ending chain of problems? If you have, I think I can truthfully answer that he never tires of it. Every chaplain I've interviewed . . . and I've had the pleasure of talking to several of them . . . is really devoted to his place here at Maxwell.

You know, living here as a Cadet gives us a little different viewpoint about religion than we had before. Each day gives us a little more realization that the business of living isn't easy . . . that we have a lot of personal problems . . . that we aren't quite so sure of ourselves. And it doesn't take long to learn that the Chaplain is the man to see about it. And it only takes a few minutes of your first visit to know that you can really take down your hair and talk . . . to the Chaplain.

It doesn't make any difference which Church you prefer . . . or whether or not you've even been to Church. There is a Chaplain who can help you out. Because, as most of the Chaplains will tell you, that's what they're here for . . . to help work out your problems, to be good listeners, to make life a little easier when the going gets rough.

Most of us find out sooner or later that religion is a bigger part of our lives than we realized . . . if you don't already know it, you will very soon. Underclassmen are required to attend services each Sunday. And while the upperclassmen are not required to attend church, most of us take a little time out on Sundays to attend somewhere. Many of the men stay here on the field; others go to church in Montgomery. It's a good habit.

Chaplain Willis L. Stafford and Chaplain Nobel V. Sack are serving the needs of Protestants at this time. On Sundays, Chaplains Stafford and Sack hold two services in the Post Theatre for the interdenominational Protestants, and on weekdays hold devotional services for Cadets at 8 A. M. in the Post Chapel. Regardless of the fact that they are busy at all hours, they are never too busy to see Cadets . . . to help out whenever possible.

Chaplain Daniel J. Potterton, of Brooklyn, New York and Chaplain Daniel J. Ryan, of San Diego, California, are working together in the interest of Catholic Cadets. On Sundays, there are four Masses said in the Post Chapel and two in the Post Theater. On weekdays, two Masses are said—one at 6:30 A. M. and one at 5 P. M. Through special grant of Pope Pius, the afternoon Mass is a privilege for men in the armed services of all nations. Confessions are heard during and before all Masses.

Chaplain Samuel Rosen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., takes care of the needs of Jewish Cadets. Until recently, Rabbi Eugene Blachschleger of Temple Beth-Or in Montgomery held Sunday services for Cadets on the field. Chaplain Rosen conducts a Jewish worship service at the Post Chapel every Sunday at 8 A. M. His office is open at all times for those who need his help.

A/C T. B. Honig.

AS WE LIVE

AS WE LIVE

Long after we've forgotten the details of our courses at Pre-Flight . . . such things as that tough Math final, physics classes and such . . . we'll probably go on remembering what happened "last night in the barracks."

Because those things stick with us—the way we lived, back at Maxwell Field. It's fun, living the way we do—even though we've had a tough job, and we've got a tougher one ahead of us. And we'll remember because we want to. Because we enjoyed ourselves. Because we liked that gang of crazy guys in the next room.

Who, for instance, will forget the day in Naval Forces class that Mister Jackson said, "I'd give you the names of all the kinds of masts, sir, but I can't see the last one—you're standing in front of the chart." Or the time Lt. Henderson asked Mister Prischmann what kind of an airplane took off with the wind, flew backwards with a ground speed of 750 miles an hour. Says Mister P., "That's a dodo, sir."

That's what we mean. And as busy as we may be, we have time to give it a little thought now and then. We've learned, during the last nine weeks to appreciate things we didn't know existed: The esthetic value of polished hat-brims on parade . . . the sparkling blue of sweat-pants marching in perfect rhythm on the field . . . the color of a guidon . . . the stiff formality of a guard mount. These things we remember.

We remember, too, the weak sensation of the last minute before Saturday Morning Inspection . . . the sudden realization that we can't remember a General Order . . . the struggle of a roommate with a physics problem . . . the sudden attacks of illness just before calisthenics period . . . the red roofs of officers' houses in the Alabama sunshine . . . the warmth of a day in January . . . first open post . . . the infernal terror of a gig-slip . . . the roar of twin-engine trainer in the middle of the night.

We'll remember how we huddled together as underclassmen . . . drilling in the rain . . . the strain of muscles struggling with dumbbells . . . the soothing, comforting sound of taps humming over the P. A. system . . . the chaplain's music on Wednesday nights.

And do you remember the grossest zombies in the Squadron? Did you ever see such a gross lot as the bunch we got? I'll bet we didn't look that bad. And what's all this business about not hazing them? We got it, didn't we? Well . . .

Remember those first washouts—remember how you felt about them? A sort of sickening sensation that maybe you might be next. And the rumors that came back from Primary school . . . plenty of our smart upperclassmen are getting their turn now.

And do you remember the day at parade, when the command was "RIGHT TURN, HARCH!" And you turned left? Felt just like a perfect fool.

Remember the change that came over you in your first week at Maxwell? You began to stick your chest out—and walk as if you were going some place.

Remember that first breakfast in the mess hall? And the upperclassman that made your back feel like a wilted board? Wasn't such a bad guy, was he—now that you think it over? You remember the first time you spilled coffee all over your chest . . . and the time the pudding fell in your lap. And you sounded off . . . "Sirs, I am a gross dribble, dribble, DRIBBLER!"

Those things are all behind us now. It's time for us to start all over again at a new school . . . different problems, different friends, different sensations.

But we had a lot of fun here . . . when we leave there'll be a lot of mixed sensations. Naturally, you want to go. But what's going to happen next? Got a lot of good out of this old field. Met a lot of swell fellas. Remember the guy that used to turn the cold water on in your shower when you had soap in your eyes?

They say it's fun all the way through. But we'll remember those days here, just the same.

Don't suppose any of us are going to feel any nostalgia . . . because most of us are working to get this war business over with. To get back to homes and families . . . we won't take any time out to get homesick at Maxwell.

The things we'll remember about Maxwell will be good things . . . funny things . . . pleasant thoughts. Because the memory of the bad days is always short.

Class 43-I, we hope you'll remember us, too. We hope you'll thank us, the way we've thanked—many times—the class of 43-G for having done something good for us. Because our upperclass—and yours—tried to show us how to help carry on the traditions of Maxwell Field . . . to make it a live part of our training . . . and live permanently in our memories.

We want you to remember us . . . not as that bunch of mean superiors who racked you back and made you stand at attention for hours . . . but as a class of friends who wanted to help out. Maybe our way of helping you was the right way . . . maybe it wasn't. But facts and figures show that Maxwell's method—the Air Corps Method—is the right way to teach young men to be the right kind of officers.

You'll remember, too. About Maxwell Field . . . and you'll think, as we do—"You know, Maxwell wasn't bad—I kinda liked it there."

ZOMBIE

"Wake up, Mister, it's 5:15 A. M., and you're still a Zombie". Climbing out of an upper bunk in itself was a struggle, but finding the uniform of the day was like searching for the "pack" on the last mile of the "Burma Road". Nevertheless, we were shaved; shined; dressed; on the line and in our holes five minutes before "First Call". We watched the lights go on one by one in upper class barracks. Rain or shine, we Zombies were there to see our upper classmen arise in the morning; after a night of restless sleep we hoped.

Another day of daze was in progress. "Reveille" had sounded, and in our ears rang terrifying commands of "Pop to, Mister", and "Rack 'em back, Zombie". But, fortunately, upper classmen had to shave before breakfast and some of us were sent zooming back to our barracks with outstretched arms like P-40's; others hit the "rat line". We were safe for another ten minutes, during which time we cleaned our rooms and made up our bunks before falling out for chow.

It was a fresh morning with an Alabama sun flooding the upper skies with bright yellow light at daybreak. However, an early appetite brought to mind home brewed coffee; home fried eggs and bacon; and home made buttered toast. No sooner

did we hit that chow line than those ever present reminders of under class customs came roaring from the sidelines: "Eyes straight ahead, Mister" and "Mister, do you want to buy the place?" Our appetites diminished by the second; furthermore, the coffee was Army style; the eggs were scrambled; the toast was bread and the bacon was not. With the exception of an Indianapolis Speed Race around the table with a "swish" on the curves and a "Zing" on the straightway, breakfast was thoroughly racked back and arched.

Immediately after chow we picked up our books; section marchers took over, and we were

DAZE

on our way to classes. Code was a question of staying awake; aircraft recognition a matter of falling asleep; math depended upon whether or not we already knew it; ground forces was a cinch; but maps and charts was a sticker we hadn't counted on. However, we made the grade, and even the upper classmen admit it was an accomplishment.

After chow, a full stomach soon settled down on the "Burma Road". We double-timed to the calisthenics field, and pulled and stretched every muscle a pilot needs, which covers them all. Getting

up on the fifteenth push-up was tough, but the last mile of the "Burma Road" made us wish we had been classified as Navigators. The 97 pound wonder finds himself in a vertical power dive more than once; and when, and if, the last hill is maneuvered it is accomplished by reflex action in a black-out.

Five minutes before drill we were still attempting to find body space in the shower room. The gremlin who turned on the cold water usually cleared the way. However, the Charge of Quarters invariably arrived to remind us of another

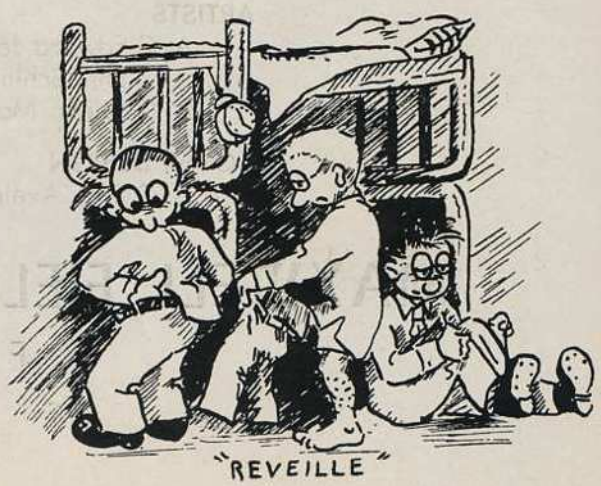
"WANNA BUY THE PLACE"

grim hour of drill, so a generous soaking under a warm spray was an unknown luxury.

After supper we were in our rooms for Close Call to Quarters. We listened to the announcements over the P. A. system of Upper Class Open Post Schedules, Rec privileges, etc., then settled down for an evening of study. However, the day was not over. We still had the last half hour. It was the happiest part of the day, because it was then that the last letter from home was answered.

At nine-thirty P. M. Taps sounded the ending of another day of daze.

A/C Haigh Reiniger
A/C Ed O'Meara



"REVEILLE"

PREFLIGHT STAFF

The staff of Preflight magazine, for this issue, has completed its job . . . and it has tried to maintain the traditions that go with that responsibility. We have tried to make the book worthy of its name. This staff, however, feels that any Preflight would be incomplete without paying limitless tribute to the non-Aviation Cadet members of the staff who have given us so much of their valuable time. So . . . a vote of thanks to Captain BARNA C. POPE, Public Relations Officer. Without his help, this magazine might never have gone to press. And an orchid to Corporal BRADFORD W. LANG, Headquarters Detachment Squadron . . . who has spent many, many hours of work not in his line of duty, to help make this magazine what it is.

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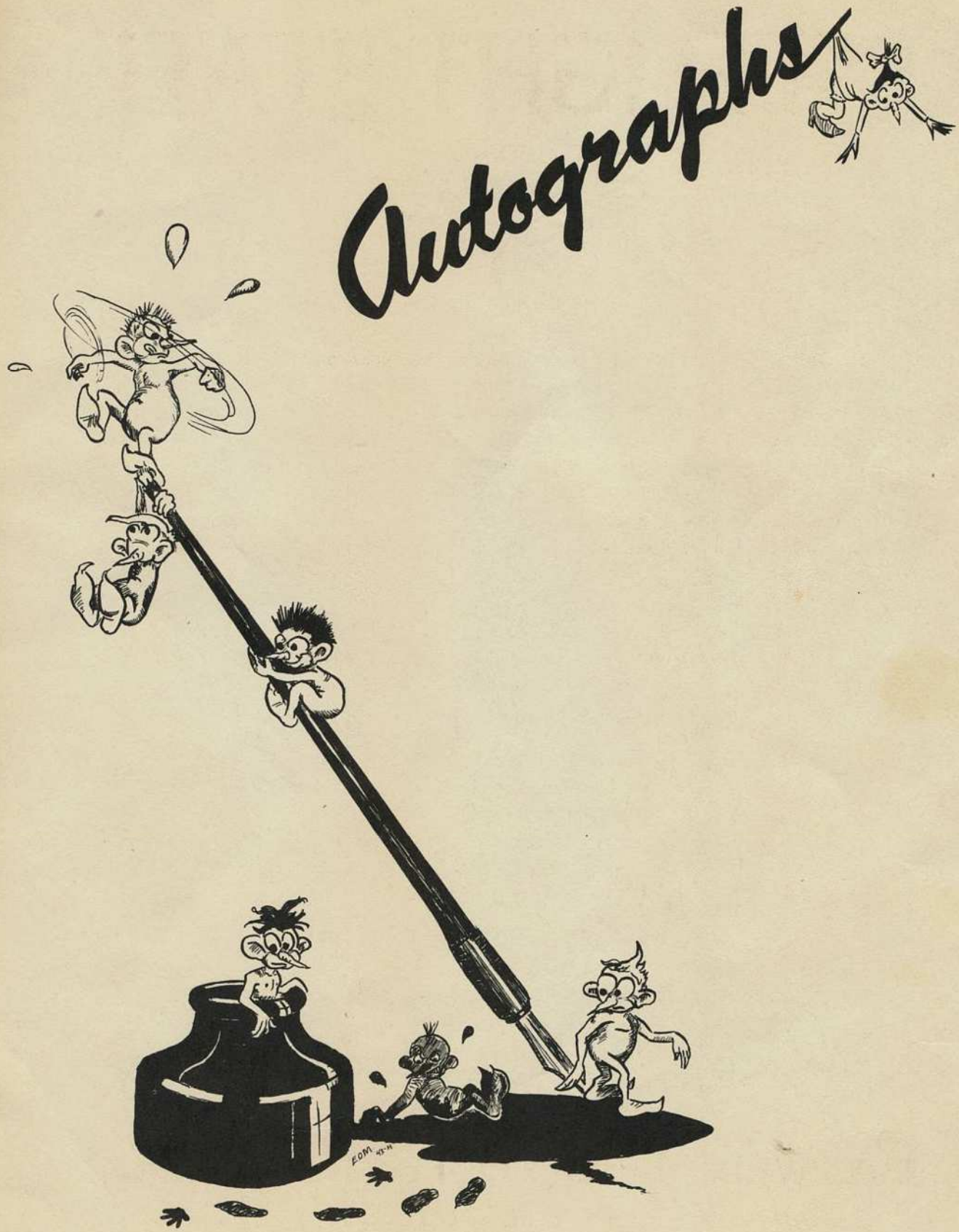
MAXWELL FIELD PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL

FOR PILOTS

Autographs




RUSSELL
PREPARE FOR FLIGHT