

PREFLIGHT



W Brandt

CLASS 43-1
MARCH, 1943

Robert (Hop) Hostetter
Chicago, Illinois

Daniel J. Hays
Milwaukee, Wis.

John Ruddy
Hugh Perry
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

James W. Coggin
Minster-Salem, N.C.

Bill Hammell
Haddonfield, N.J.

Egon O. Lodge
Howells, Neb.

Best wishes.
"Irish" R.M. Ryan
Salmon, N. Mex.

John McConnell
Belmar, N.J.

To a "Swell Joe"
Burton P. Jenkins
Assonet, Mass.

Bernard Taffman

The Brooklyn Rickenbacker

Arthur S. Balsey
Camden, N.J.

Good Luck Kid
John S. Hughes
Dutch Hill, Pa.

Cheston A. Lance
Phoenix, Arizona

Best of luck to you
Vernon E. Rott
Detroit, Mich.

Clevey N. Stevens
Spokane, Wn.

Good Luck from O'Shea
Best wishes
Frank E. Young
San Juan, N.M.

William W. Clark
"Black Day"

Best of luck on the next phase.
Tom Caroli, Youngstown, Ohio

Arvid Johnson
Deer River, Minn.

Frank J. Kanick
Youngstown, Ohio

"Best of Luck"
Billy H. Anderson
Chattanooga, Tenn.

William H. Nash
Atlanta, Georgia

Joseph P. Cook
Sanett, Alabama
May you climb the
ladder of success,
But never see a
friend on the way
down.
L.B. Baker
Pgh., Penna.

Ol' fella, fella!

Richard P. Kellogg
Parr. P.D.

"Keep Flying High"
John & Jacob
John & Jacob
John & Jacob

Capt. Casey
Milwaukee, Wis.

Walter E. Lischer
Bronx, N.Y.

Harry Stevenson
St. Clairsville, Ohio

Best of everything
forward to Bowers
Pittsburgh, Penna.

"Luck to a swell guy"
Linnard A. Carter
Our friend.

Best Wishes Harry
Ed Kunnels
Bd.-8-15551

PREFLIGHT

Class of 43-I

U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Pre-flight School for Pilots
Corps of Aviation Cadets

Published by
THE AVIATION CADET SOCIAL FUND,
MAXWELL FIELD

Photos of Maxwell Field were taken by the Basic Photo Section,
Maxwell Field, Alabama

Published at The Paragon Press,
Montgomery, Alabama



"Good Luck always"
Jack Shuman
Troy, Tennessee

(George) Olin
Minneapolis,
Minnesota

Good Luck
P. G. Gentry
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Here's to
the day we
put our wings
on together.
Paul E. Bristol
Grafton, N.H.

Were we eager!
Robert J. Dunbar
Washington, Iowa

Good Luck to you Hal!
Keep em on the ball always
& keep em flying.
Abe Lerman
Hempstead N.Y.

Best of Luck
Earl Simmons
Willake, Ohio

"To You The Best Always"
Charles R. Simmons
Cohasset N.Y.

May 4. Norton Jr.
Zach
Ala



—Wide World Photo.

Born of Hatred

- FREEDOM OF RELIGION
- FREEDOM OF SPEECH
- FREEDOM FROM WANT
- FREEDOM FROM FEAR

INFORMAL SHOT OF DRAMATIC MEETING, WASHINGTON, D. C.—President Franklin D. Roosevelt and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill with high ranking naval officers at their conference aboard the British Battleship H. M. S. Prince of Wales, recently. The officers in back are, Admiral E. J. King (left), Commander of the U. S. Atlantic fleet, and Admiral Harold D. Stark, Chief of U. S. Naval operations. This photo was released by the U. S. Government.

To the fulfillment of the way of life for which these principles stand, we dedicate this issue of *Preflight*. To us, the staff of *Preflight*, it seems highly appropriate to do so, for it is to the achievement of a future based upon the Four Freedoms that each of the individuals who comprise the Class of 43-I is himself dedicated.

We see but dimly the outlines of this future, yet we are sure that the world of the Four Freedoms is the airman's world. For each of us, the Four Freedoms carries a promise that is real, that is vital and personal. We are going to see to it that that promise lives.

In all humility, therefore; yet strong and confident, we dedicate this issue of *Preflight* and through it the Class of 43-I to the realization of the Four Freedoms.

Mission Accomplished

To casual readers of *Preflight*, a misconception of Cadets' ideas, dreams, hopes, aspirations and ideals may conceivably be construed. That "misconception", if any is gained, should be dispelled. For the purpose of *Preflight* is not to gaze in longing retrospect at days gone by, but to chronicle what has transpired as we ready ourselves for the far greater tasks and missions that loom ahead.

Ours is a mission of the future, and we Cadets are that future. We are now engaged in a world-wide struggle for the future of man—a future proclaimed in outline form by the Atlantic Charter. But, it is not for us to idly watch while others construct our world—tomorrow's world will be truly our world. But, it is for us to say irrevocably now, while such things should be said, that, "We too have ideas as to how this war and the peace to follow should be won."

As on December seventh, we can still confidently state that this war will be won. Of course there will be bloodshed, privations, heartaches and tears, but the final outcome has never been doubted in our minds. However, one doubt does continually plague us: Will the peace be worthy of the sacrifices, some supreme, that have already been made?

We say, as citizens of the "better" world to come, that we do not think that talking, planning and dreaming of a future free from fear, want, and with freedom of religion and speech assured is out of the realm of possibility. We, who hope to send our charges across the heavens, believe that freedom of the air and seas is an unquestionable right of nations, whether large or small. We would like to see a grand Union of Nations where future differences will be mediated by pen instead of settled by sword. We do not like to think of, or plan to have a world filled with prejudices that

still cling—prejudices against race, color and creed. We earnestly believe that the next century will not be known as the "American Century" or any other country's century, but that it will truly be the "Century of the Common Man." A century where the rights of man will again prevail instead of the subjugation of those rights.

Our earnest hope is that those who chart the future at the conference tables will lay the foundation for a freer, happier and more enlightened world. For to a large extent, we have been children of confusion; with depressions and wars our primary concern. We do not happily contemplate the thought that our children and our children's children will share the same fate. And yet, we do not look upon our immediate past with misgivings, but rather welcome the part we have been called upon to play in these history making days.

To leave the succeeding generations a world far better than the one that greeted us is our mission. That world will be better, have no fear, but only after the fullest exertions on our part. It may be "globalbaloney," "wishful thinking," "idealism," or whatever deriders choose to call it, but to us it presents a challenge that must be met and will be met.

As James B. Reston, youthful foreign correspondent, said in his book, *Prelude to Victory*, "We must see a vision of where we are going and why we are fighting, and we must fight for that thing with everything, absolutely everything we have." We will leave a world where the dignity of man is insured by the "Four Freedoms," so that when the last word has been written in the final chapter of our life's flight, we can flash back to those who follow, "Mission Accomplished."

A/C Everett E. Dodd.

In Preparation



When we pulled the tags off our "G.I." uniforms at the classification center we felt we were soldiers. We were in khaki, weren't we? The waiting period was ended; we were part of the army. Then came Maxwell Field and we found ourselves surrounded by upperclassmen who found fault with every "click" of our eye balls. We were a far cry from the soldiers we had pictured ourselves to be.

The moment we stepped off the train at Maxwell Field, we met the class system face to face. Our ex-Cadet Commander was curtly instructed to "fall into line, Mister." He was just another underclassman now. We were all underclassmen—a title that hardly describes a station in life . . . we were ugly ducklings among the swans. Our shoulders slumped, our eyes roved, and even though we practically simonized our shoes nine times a day, they never shined brightly enough.

And we marched. We marched to chow, we marched to classes, we marched to lectures, and we *doubletimed* to and from calisthenics. After endless hours on the



. . . we pushed hard but it always came down.

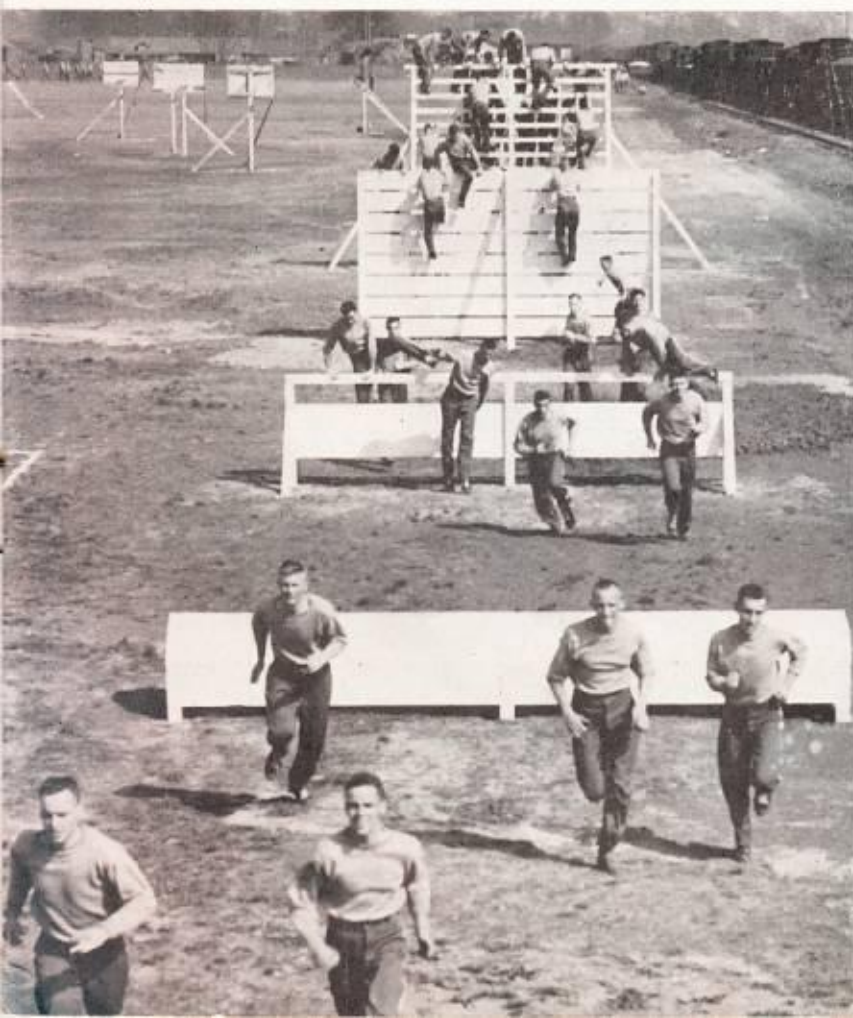
drill field, a certain snap came to our squadron. When we massed for our first parade, a surge of pride flowed through every man. Each was determined to do his part in making his squadron the best on the field.

As underclassmen we could only tell what we had eaten by taking an inventory of the spots on our ties. We ate with our backs straight, our stomachs touching the table, and were haunted by the fear that we would lose the use of our left hands because they rested in our laps so much of the time.

Rack 'Em Back

Shortly after his arrival, each underclassman finds that he has attracted some "upper" as his personal instructor. Each "zombie", as he is affectionately known to his "uppers", has one special and about five hundred part time instructors. And every morning at reveille the special instructor gently quizzes his "boy" on the state of his shoe shine, shave, bed, garters and fingernails. These and several million additional items must all be in perfect order *before* reveille. What we couldn't understand was how an upperclassman never failed to ask about the one thing we had neglected . . . how he could spot the movement of an eyeball at fifty paces . . . or how he knew a "gig flap" wasn't buttoned on our over-

. . . it's a long long trail.





Jump Mister . . . Jump!!

coat . . . but he always knew. As a "zombie" the daylight hours were as endless as the criticisms of our marching and general conduct, and the nights were as short as the letters we wrote home.

It took a few weeks, but our spines finally uncreased and stayed straight—even on Open Post nights when the upperclass was out, we ate *at ease*. We no longer had that "after chow ache" and our eyes stayed on a point even when a plane drummed overhead. It was no longer impossible to get out of our athletic clothes, take a shower, shine shoes, and meet drill formations, complete with "gig flaps" buttoned . . . in five minutes. We had formed a set of army habits . . . we could do the difficult right away and the impossible in a little while.

The NEW Upperclass

The great day came . . . we were officially upperclassmen!

Soon we were clamoring for "zombies" of our own. When they did arrive we couldn't believe that anyone could be as far "off the ball" as they were. They couldn't pop to attention and they were forever gazing around. We found that educating an underclassman was almost as hard a task as being an underclassman. We'd never admit it to them, but gradually our "boys" began looking and acting like soldiers and we were proud.

Come and Get It

Next to sleeping, the Aviation Cadet's favorite pastime is eating. At Maxwell Field he does it in grand

style—not sumptuous repasts of rich, extravagant food, but plenty of good wholesome things that build stamina and muscles. The food is of the finest quality and prepared in an appetizing manner . . . slightly southern in style. There seems to be an endless variety and leftovers are scarce. The proof of the pudding, we are told, lies in the eating. At Maxwell Field's Cadet Mess it's prodigious.

Vectors and Velocities

The introduction to Pre-Flight academics was not as terrifying as we had expected.

The instructors have a way of putting a class *at ease* the first day and frightening them into concentrated study for work sheets and examinations afterward. Mathematics, maps and charts, aircraft recognition, ground forces, war department publications, and signal communications were strange words to us at first, but the Army Air Forces has devised a system of instruction that makes them understandable to all. Each instructor has his own method of keeping men awake and interested. In an incredibly short time the fog lifts and the course is completed. Code, however, goes on forever. Code checks come and code checks go but we never lose the tenseness that comes with the sound of the long dash that starts the check.





When we became upperclassmen we had a one day breather and then plunged into an abyss called Physics. It was a long, tough and often incomprehensive pull, but we struggled through. Most of us had been interested in the Army Air Forces for many years and felt that we knew a lot about it. The day we had our first lecture on Air Forces we were "zombies" once again. We had to buckle down and learn what made the A.A.F. click. Chemical Warfare Defense was upon us and gone before we realized it, but after a few sniffs of real gas in the field demonstration we had real reason to respect it and be on guard. Naval Forces was a subject most of us had never expected to encounter at an Army Pre-Flight school. Again, in the typical army manner, a strange and foreign subject was taught in such a way that the least nautical man in the class could identify the main ships of all nations.

There is definite purpose behind each and every subject studied . . . even the one hour orientation courses. That purpose can be described in the one word: "tactical." There is nothing we study at Pre-Flight that will not be called into use later in flying training and in actual combat operations. The Cadet who sleeps

in class, we are told, is going to be mighty sorry some day. That is, he'll be sorry for a few seconds. Dead men aren't sorry.

Aid and Comfort

Pre-Flight builds men in many ways. This training we have gone through has been difficult because we have had to change so many of our ways of living. Whenever a man changes his way of life he comes in contact with many new problems. Being alone, away from family and old friends, makes these problems difficult to solve. There is, however, a group of men who are on the cadet's side—the Chaplains. They are not only willing but anxious to listen and help solve these problems. In most cases, after a talk with the Chaplain, the problem resolves itself into a case of faith and courage. Here is where the chaplain can be of great help. After talking with him you find yourself ready to go on . . . ready to face this new life with the needed essentials, *faith and hope*.

Grunt and Groan

Mentioning the words "calisthenics" to anyone who has gone through Pre-Flight training brings back memories of sweat and aching muscles. The first day out was a killer. We found our instructors to be experts at wringing the last ounce of effort from every man. All instructors become known sooner or later as "Jack, the Cadet killer," but they gain the unconditional respect of every man because they do each exercise and take



*How we can be doing this
in spiritual - together
no smiles.*



... finally a certain snap came to our squadron.



GROAN AND MOAN : HAVEN'T
FINISHED A CIGARET ALL DAY

every step in a run . . . and count cadence, too. As we complete our Pre-Flight training, we have that sense of physical well being that comes from a strong body. We know that physically we are ready for anything we may encounter during our flying career. Long after the war is won, we'll remember the weight of the dumbbells and the Burma Road. They will linger with the other memories.

Sick, Lame and Lazy

Most of the class of 43-I became acquainted with the medical facilities of Maxwell soon after their arrival. We had bad weather and many of us came here with colds. We found that the Air Force provides superb medical care for Cadets. The health of the Cadet determines all his other activities. Pre-Flight training demands a man in the best physical condition and for this reason sick Cadets are not only urged to go to Sick Call, but are forced to see the doctor if they attempt to pull a Superman.

Naturally, there will always be a certain percentage of those on sick call who indulge in the old army custom of gold bricking. The expert examining physician spots them easily and makes sure there are no recurrences. Every morning the call to "keep 'em healthy" rings out in every room; it's the famous cry: "Sick, lame and lazy, fall out for sick call."



... but plenty of good wholesome things ...

Cadets have little to say about dental work. Soon after arrival every "new" Aviation Cadet is examined at the Dental Clinic. He is then placed in one of four classifications: urgent work needed, routine fillings, replacements needed, or no work required.

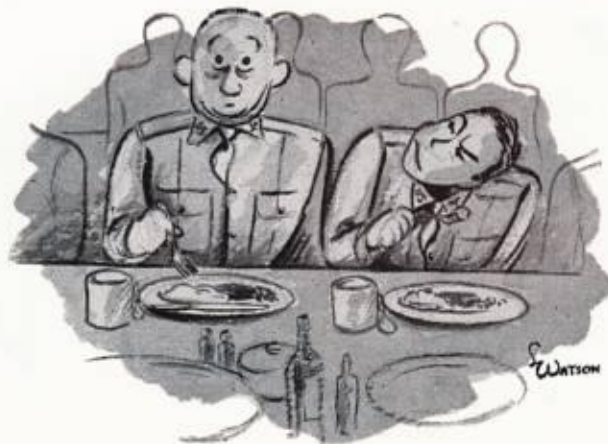
The percentage of Cadets who need care is very high for the simple reason that on the first check everything, including pits and fissures, is checked just to make sure that every possible defect is caught and corrected.

There is no putting off a visit to the dentist here at Maxwell Field. When a Cadet's name appears on the appointment list, with a date and time affixed, you can rest assured that that Cadet will be there . . . right on the minute. This remarkable promptness can be attributed mainly to the fact that minutes late mean a group board and tours for the offending Cadet.

And So Goodbye

It was a long, rugged experience and now that we are moving on to new fields—flying fields—we can feel that we have accomplished something. Our bodies are in shape; our minds are trained to think quickly and somewhere back in the brain cells is a quantity of firmly embedded knowledge, ready to be called upon. It wasn't so bad after all.

A/C Charles Tennant.





Intellectual Strategy . . .

There comes a time in the life of every cadet when he wishes to be alone. He wants time to plan out a busy schedule, for a change. You see, life at Pre-Flight School is very quiet; nothing *ever* happens here. All those stories you hear about getting up at five ayem and being continually on the go until lights out at nine thirty every day except Sunday. Bosh! Why all those stories are just designed to scare Jack Jap and Herr Heel. We don't *really* do things like that.

Just the other day Jim Schnopvritzy and I were sitting in the Rec Hall sipping mint juleps and debating whether to spend the afternoon at a leisurely round of golf or discuss the philosophikal signifigunts of the current literary masterpiece, Joe Palooka. Jim

and I were egerly awaiting St. Pat's day (our own private holiday) and like I say we were discussing.

I said Jim, for a whole week now we have done nothing but come over here and sip mint juleps and I think something should be done right away. Jim peruzed his glass with a deep philosophikal look and said I agree with you and I'll do it. Shall I order another one for you? I said Jim you don't get the idea, I mean we should do somthing about the war and as Americans it is our duty to do somthing construckive. Jim said you mean we have to go to work (Jim always was quick). No, I mean yes, but first we must plan a campaign. Jim looked highly relieved. He liked to plan campaigns. We had been planning campaigns of one sort

or another for two weeks and it was a highly stimulating mental procedure. (Jim and I were both the mental type) Jim, I said, war is a serious business. Jim settled back comfortably like he always does when I make a speech. He closes his eyes and breathes real deep almost as if he were asleep but he says he can better analyze my remarks when hes like this.

Its about time we made ourselves felt in the present conflick, I continued. There is absolutely no reason why we should not devise a strategy to lick the axis.

Jim said unhuh. Jim, I said, why don't we go on a training schedule like our chum Vopoponatz did before he fought Killer Kelly and got a bum desizion in the fourth round. Why don't we get up early in the morning and right after chow go out for a five mile run, do some calousjumpics, then when we get back from that we could drill for an hour or so (Jim grunted). I continued, then we could go to chow and after that we could go to school for the rest of the afternoon and maybe even get in another drill period before chow again.

Jim opened his right eye like he does when hes thinking heavy and said, whats your other idea.

Jim, I said, do you remember when Joe Palooka went over to France and all the trouble he had with them Nazis. Jim said he did. Well do you think Joe couldva

done all that unless he took a lot of exersize and things like that first? Jim said he guessed he didn't. So Jim, I said, it follows logically that if we are going to devise a strategy we got to do what Joe did.

Jim opened both eyes. I could see he was going to make a speech. Joe Palooka is strickly the physical type, Jim said. What he accomplishes with brute strength we could do more by using our intelleck.

You mean Joe Palooka hasent got an intelleck?

I didn't say that, Jim said, you know very well that I think very highly of Joe but its just that the two of us working, uh planning together could devise a strategy better than just using brute strength.

Jim Schnopvritzy, I said, somtimes you fill me with a feeling of disgust and besides I am ashamed of you. The only reason why I come over here with you every day is because I think you have keen mental fakulties and I find your conversashun intelleckually stimulating. And now when I suggest that we build ourselves up so that we can make our presence felt in the present

conflick you are too lazy to cooperate.

Jim said he was sorry and just then the chow bell rang so I said we would resume our discussion later. We put our coats on and went out.

A/C William R. O'Neill.





—Photo by Press Association, Inc.

ALLIED WARTIME CHIEFS—War leaders of three nations sit on a sunny lawn at Casablanca, French Morocco, for an historic conference on the conduct of the war. Left to right: General Henri Honore Giraud, High Commissioner of French North Africa; President Roosevelt, Gen. Charles de Gaul, leader of the Fighting French; and Prime Minister Churchill of England.





—Photo by Press Association, Inc.

FRENCH PLANE OUT, SPITFIRE ZOOMS IN—Members of an American ground crew turn from their examination of the wreckage of a burnt-out French fighter (Left foreground) to watch a Royal Air Force Spit-fire zoom in for a landing at La Senia, one of the principal airports captured near Oran, Morocco.



—Photo by Press Association, Inc.

HEADING EAST TO SURPRISE "JERRY"—Roaring high above the clouds along the Mediterranean, a U. S. Flying Fortress heads east on a surprise raid on El Auina, Axis airfield near Tunis. The raid was timed to catch "Jerry" just at the time transports were arriving and leaving the airport with reinforcements for Sicily. Eighty planes were reported blasted or burned.



Roots are Stubborn Things . . .

Their shoes are shined, their buttons are buttoned and their faces are eager. They feel good. You can see it building up inside them, rising like bubbles in their chests—that Saturday night feeling—that Open Post feeling. It's an expansive, sociable sensation, because the social life of the Cadet truly begins functioning on Open Post night.

Saturday night shines brightly in the folk-lore of America. In pre-war days it was fun night, date night . . . the night that made the week. In the Army, in the Cadets they call it Open Post, but it's still the same old Saturday night. And when the thousand odd Cadets board taxis each week-end and head for downtown Montgomery, it's dancing and a date and getting up a

bunch that's in the back of their minds. Most Cadets are still civilians who happen to be wearing army clothes . . . and they are young civilians at that. The Saturday night tradition is a real and vivid part of their lives. Good wholesome fun . . . the ice cream parlor, double feature, park bench routine . . . is the prescription for filling that Open Post void.

It is strictly an individual problem as to how each cadet will utilize his open post. It is entirely his free time. He is as free in town as if he were once again home with his family and friends. It is interesting to note the many entertainments available and how they are utilized. The clubs; the better dinner spots; the theatres; the churches; all these Montgomery has to offer and the



Cadets make full use of them. A normal routine would be for a group of cadets to hit the taxis as soon as open post period begins and upon arrival downtown determine their room for the night. After this is taken care of the normal procedure is a dinner—a real dinner complete from soup to finger bowls and served in Southern style. GI food accomplishes the purpose—it is nourishing and appetizing but it is strictly a military formation. This dinner in town does a tremendous job in relaxing the cadet for a pleasant semi-civilian week-end in town.

After dinner, the night being young, the next *formation* could be one of several. It might be a movie, it might be dancing at one of the several clubs or a lucky cadet might spend the evening at one of the homes in town being entertained in surroundings similar to those of his own home.

Whatever the schedule, Sunday morning inevitably

rolls around. Initiating the day for the majority is church services. Montgomery well fulfills the needs of the various faiths and a large representation of cadets can be found at these churches. Cadets as well as the other men under arms appreciate and utilize to a great extent their religion.

After church a leisurely (limited of course by one cup of coffee) breakfast . . . the evening before is fully discussed and the plan of the day is formulated. Depending on the weather the day might be spent indoors at the theatre, the clubs or just sitting around—if it is an inviting day (and we have been fortunate in that respect) Montgomery offers an interesting picture of the South to the casual sightseer.

An organization which meets the needs of the week-end and answers them perfectly is in vigorous existence. The focal point of this double-barrelled substitute for a normal environment is the date bureau, is piquant, is petite, is gaminesque, is Georgette Johnson; the extensions are the Cadet and Standard Clubs. Miss Johnson provides the girls; the Cadet and Standard Clubs, the milieu.

The Date Bureau was originated in the Special Service offices in April, 1942 at the instigation of Colonel Guenther, then Commanding Officer of the





Grad

... touched by the magic of trans-
a farewell, a sign post to the future
fun. Gardenias, crossed sabers,
and white gloves—transfigured
into one vivid pattern by the
of Tommy Reynolds.

Sweethearts, wives, and
week. It's hello for today
again . . . it's been a
Just one evening, one
heightened and enha-
nence. Let's dance

A/C W. Brandt

Robert L. Shultz wishes you Luck
Tyronne Penna

Charles E. Kibb
Sister Grace
West Virginia

Graduation Dance

position . . .
ture . . . and
; pretty girls
ed and blended
e soft, hot music

the girl I met last
ay . . . when we meet
long time, my dear.
had, glowing night—
anced by its imperma-
e and dance; let's whirl

and spin; dizzily round and round until the
world recedes and only here and now is real;
until only the music, the low, deep beat of
the drums, the plaintive moan of the vocalist
is real.

Boys from Texas and New York, from
Wisconsin and Florida . . . accents, jokes,
smiles blended into a dizzy, kaleidoscopic
figure. It's good to be young and alive. It's
good to have fun—even if there is a war just
over the horizon. And that's what the Grad-
uation Dance is—fun.





Pre-Flight School. He felt that some means of introducing Cadets to suitable Montgomery girls was needed and Miss Johnson was called in. She speedily assembled a file of seven hundred and fifty names, addresses, phone numbers and such other pertinent information as height, coloring, hobbies, etc. Also present on each card is a cryptographic symbol, decodable only by Miss Johnson, indicating the personality, dancing and entertainment abilities of each girl. A combination of the Kraft-Ebing and Gallup systems is used in arriving at the final result.

The file has grown in the past ten months and now lists over one thousand names, illustrating the fact that Montgomery's feminine element is solidly behind the Date Bureau. It's the old word of mouth, grapevine, back fence system operating again. Suzie Mae sits home one Saturday night and hears all about what a "simply marvelous time" her girl friend had with a Cadet supplied by the Date Bureau, whereupon she leaps to the telephone and informs her old friend Georgette—Miss Johnson knows everyone in Montgomery—that she is ready to do her part in sustaining army morale, incidentally supplying two character references in the process.

On the other side of the Date Bureau stands the lonely Aviation Cadet with a dateless Open Post confronting him like the bottomless pit. When he sidles abashedly into the bureau—some of them assume a nonchalant swagger, which adds up to the same answer—he runs into a rapid fire chit chat, a veritable verbal barrage, to say nothing of a few friendly insults; and before he knows it, he's talking quite easily about his home, what he likes in a girl, the food, cadet life and what's wrong with the army. All this has a definite purpose. During the course of the conversation, Miss Johnson pretends like she has a van dyke and spectacles and that a precious vase with one exotic orchid drooping therefrom, stands on her desk. In brief, she does an informal personality study of each Cadet. When she is finished, she has a sizeable idea of what he's like and what it will take in the way of a date to satisfy him. Four marriages resulting from Date Bureau introductions in the past nine months, point to pretty good matching.

In the Cadet's possession when he walks out—this time in his natural manner—is a name, a phone number and a pretty good idea of what the girl is like. From



there, he's on his own. If he doesn't like the way she says "Hello" over the telephone, he can pretend it was a wrong number and return to the bureau for another try. The point is that nothing is arranged officially, and the "date" doesn't have that G. I. efficiency banner.

The Cadets like the system. Ten per cent of them utilize the date bureau and that ten per cent has by far the best time in town, when on Open Post. They have a good enough time to prompt them to return voluntarily and describe the fun, which by the way is not of the ice cream social variety. You can find relaxation at either the Cadet or Standard Club and the music isn't too bad.



The Cadet Club is a low ceilinged, cleverly illuminated series of rooms which are a fitting resemblance to the better clubs in the cadets' home towns. It succeeds in the illusion. It's chaperoned by a hostess and a couple of Cadets who are members of the Cadet Social Committee.

The Standard Club, which is attached to a golf course located on the outskirts of town, is more in the South-



ern style. It's a big country club, complete with grand ballroom terraces, game room and beautifully landscaped. It is available to cadets over week-ends. Between the two, the problem of "where to go" is well answered.

There isn't any reason for the Aviation Cadet returning to camp with his week-end not well occupied. Only one thing is necessary to make the picture complete and that is the termination of the war. That's all!

A GROUP EFFORT.



*you are on open Post (P)
Jimmy Bisset*

In Retrospection

There are many sides to the story. The complete picture of our pre-flight period presents in reality a montage or collection of smaller pictures which go to make up the whole. Perhaps in the final summation there are things which have been deleted in favor of apparently more important items. Each man at Maxwell could set down on paper what his stay here has done to him and for him and no two papers would entirely coincide. This is probably the fundamental that has allowed our country to progress in such a marked and rapid manner: the fundamental of personal freedom expressed as freedom of speech and religion, free from want and fear. Our dedication to The Four Freedoms is most logical in the light of world affairs. The Four Freedoms is a formula derived from the individual to be applied to the world in general. It can be said to the cadets at Maxwell that since the pattern for the world is derived from the best formula for the individual, that each and every man has a personal part to play (other than physical endeavor) in shaping the world to come. His is a personal part, namely the shaping of himself, unhindered by intellectual regimentation, so that the future can be planned from the success he attains with himself. This is surely a noble cause.

A/C William R. O'Neill.





... ancient and honorable—
the custom of racking back.



"TAC" OFFICE

WHY DO I ALWAYS GET THE MOST GROSS OF THE GROSS?

SMATTER, BUB!!

NEW "ZOMBIE" CLASS

I'M GOING NUTS!

DAILY ROUTINE

GIG 'IM!

A.M.I.

LT. GEORGE A. SEHER

TROUBLE

LIFE IN GENERAL

M/C
Camp Beady
SADN L-9

WHEN DAY IS DONE

"NORMAL" CADENCE

THAT PAINFUL HOUR!!

Is it luck or is it the way I live?
And I'm a gross of the gross!
Solo of L. George Seher
Frank M. Hollywood

Big Wigs . . .

The cadet who first arrives at Maxwell is at once mindful of the fact that he is a member of a civilian army—an army whose composition includes young men from all states and every walk of life; young men, cognizant of the dangers confronting the country,

who have enlisted in that branch of the service where they feel their talents will be best utilized. This is true of every branch of our expanding Army Air Forces is no exception.

Credit to Major Bane

To change us into soldiers was a transmogrification that surprised and pleased even the most cynical. For this transformation, much credit must be paid to Major Mark C. Bane, Commandant of Cadets in the Pre-Flight School.

Major Bane, a product of Fishburne and V.M.I., headed the Cadet Corps in title and fact. Concerned



Corps Staff . . . they stood and reviewed.

with the innermost workings of our lives at Maxwell, it was he who righted the injustices and kept our course in Cadetship moving in a smooth line.

However, much of the actual administration of Cadet activities was done through the Corps Staff and lower

echeloned staffs: Wing, Group and Squadron. It was the "bigwigs"—Corps Staff—who stood in the reviewing stands on the last day and watched us parade our finest. But, they were mere minute mites when all was not well in the Cadet routine, and commissioned administrative Officers deemed it necessary to give a verbal lacing.

Theirs, though, had its compensations, for ultimately the anger vented upon them by superiors expended itself in full fury on some distant underclassmen. (Cadet parlance called it "passing the buck"), it is, therefore, perhaps with the lowly underclass and cadet private that administration should begin.

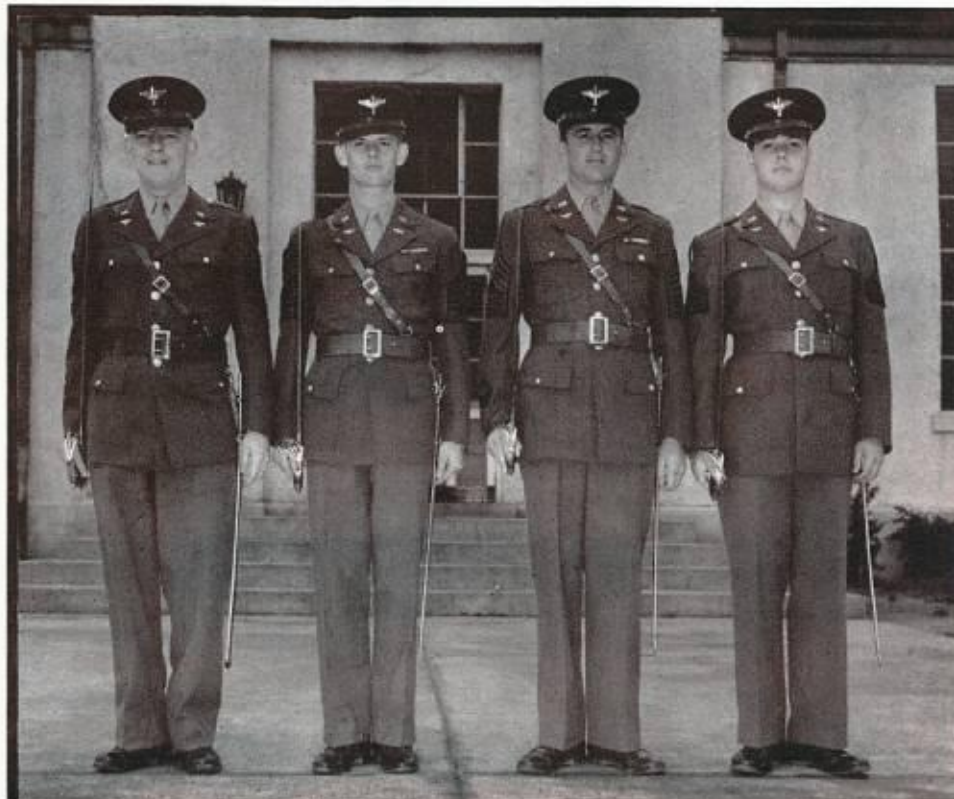
The closest administrative unit to the Private and "Zombie" was the Squadron. It was to the Tactical Officers and Squadron Commander that he looked for daily schedules, paydays, "open post" passes and the myriad of things that affected his everyday life. Gigs, laundry lists, and announcements all came from the Squadron Orderly Room and found their way to the bulletin board. The lowest echelon of Cadet administration is the Squadron. It can be truthfully stated that it was in the Squadron where poor, good, or excellent Corps were planned, developed and presented to the critical gazes of the higher ups.

Squadron Commanders were for the most part the same as you and I. Most of them had received little or no military training before; except the variety taught in land grant colleges—R.O.T.C. Their success de-

pended upon cooperation obtained from us, and our moments of freedom and relaxation—open post and Rec privileges—in turn were dependent upon results of that cooperation. Poor results invariably led to confinement dealt out by our Tactical Officers, the men who occupied the most unenviable positions in the Cadet administration.

"Tac" Officers Jobs Thankless

They are the ones who were "really swell guys" when they gave us an extra Rec night or saw us over some seemingly unsurmountable barrier. And yet, when we failed them and disciplinary action followed; ours was the selfish reaction of being exploited. It was only after we began to look retrospectively at our fare did we realize that to a large extent they were right even though we did disagree. For our Tactical Officers,



... Corps Staff. First wing.

like ourselves, came from the same civilian lives that we enjoyed and are just as anxious to get this war over with and return home as you and I. Theirs was a thankless job, but they did it well.

Immediately above the Squadrons were the Groups, numbering ten in all. Makeup of the Groups was similar to the Squadron, namely: A Commander, Supply Sergeant, and Adjutant. One officer common to Squadrons and not contained in the Group Staff was the First Sergeant—the man who suffered more mental anguish than all the others.

Organization of the Wing Staffs coincided with that of the Group Staffs as did the Corps Staff headed by Cadet Captain E. L. Simanek, Chicago, Ill. The "eyes and ears" of the Corps Commandant was W. N. Sellars, Ripley, Tenn., officially titled Corps Adjutant.

The third member of the august trio was B. E. Davis, Richmond, Va., who was Corps Supply Officer.

Seven-striper Simanek was able to bring to the Corps' No. One post his experience at the U.S.M.A.—West Point, while tall good-looking Supply Officer Davis, son of a retired Army Colonel, prepared for the Air Forces at the University of Delaware. Sellars came into the Cadets via the Selective Service, and had taught school in Florida prior to his joining the Army.

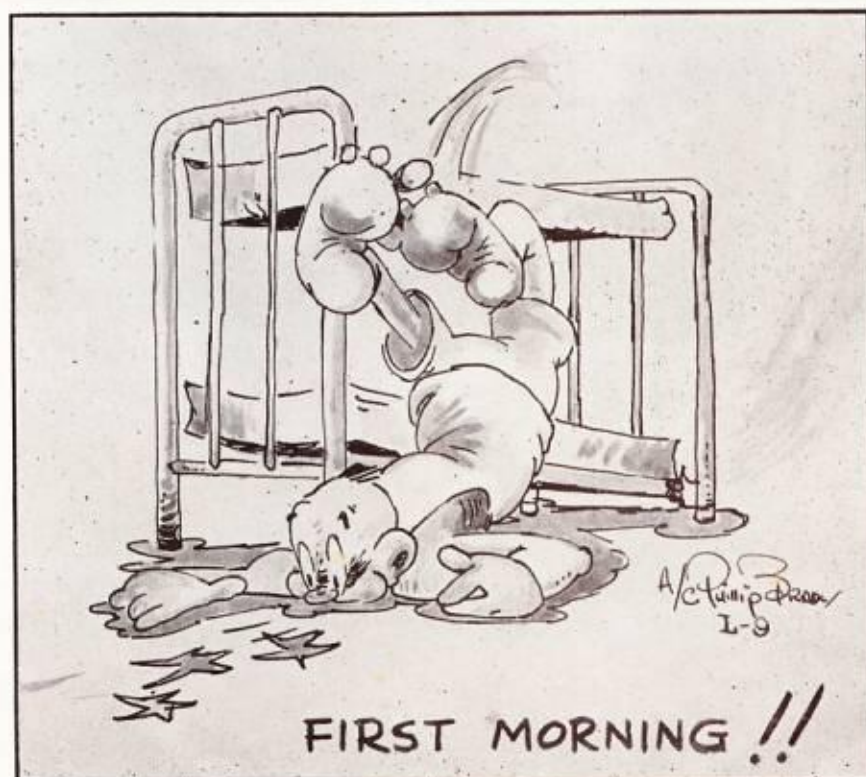
To them and all Corps Officers and Tactical Officers we owe a great deal. Our training was strenuous but we benefited; we learned to walk a bit straighter, to pride ourselves in personal appearance, to take orders and carry them out. It might have seemed boring at times, but that was what they were there for, they saw their duty and did it well. A/C E. E. Dodd.



Corps Staff . . . second wing.



... package from home.





FLYING TIGER

HENRY L. OLSON: . . . *the generalissimo recognized his gallantry.*

In all the sagas of war there are few stories more inspiring than those written by the hands and in the blood of men who, in World War II, entered the service of some of the United Nations before war struck this country. For deeply ingrained reasons, whether out of idealism or the love of adventure, they chose to fight in some other country in hopes that bombs would never drop on their homeland.

And fight they did. They fought with the Canadian Royal Air Force, and with the R.A.F. in the Battle of London. They worked aboard the tramp steamers—that became the lifeline of the United Nations—they fought with the Free French, and in China they wrote their names in indelible ink for chroniclers of history to record. It is to these men and all men of the Cadets who have seen foreign service of any variety that the following story is dedicated. It is just one of the

thousands that can be written, and perhaps only after the war will all of them be told.

Aviation Cadet Henry L. Olson, 43-J, is a veteran in more than one connotation of that word. For Cadet Olson is not only a veteran of over six years in the United States Army, but is also a veteran of some of the most devastating bombings that this war has produced. As a member of the American Volunteer Group in China, machine-gun strafings, retreats, bombings and heroic deeds were every-day events in his life.

And Olson, true to his stolid Norwegian forbearers in Minnesota, conducted himself gallantly in every one of the four major actions in which he was a participant. On July fourth, the day the "Flying Tigers" reentered the U. S. Air Forces, Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek personally presented him with the Airman's Medal of the Chinese Air Force. This was in recognition of the

heroism of Olson and two other ground crew members who had rescued an injured AVG from behind the enemy lines.

The pilot, R. R. Brouk, since killed on a routine flight in this country, had been shot down Southeast of Mandalay. In a perilous three-day journey Olson and two comrades sneaked more than two hundred miles behind the Jap lines to rescue the wounded flier. The journey was successfully completed after many harrowing experiences, including a strafing from Jap Zeros. Returning to Lashio, they placed Brouk in the hands of the Medical Department. Brouk was then sent to Kunming where he fully recovered from his wounds.

Olson entered the Army in July, 1936—his first enlistment was in the Infantry. Reenlisting in 1939, Olson transferred from the Infantry to the Air Corps. It was in May, 1941, that Olson asked for and found adventure.

Joined AVG in May, 1941

For on May twenty-fourth Staff Sergeant Olson, plane and engine mechanic, was approached by a representative seeking volunteers who would go to China to assist that heroic people in their unequal fight against enormous odds. Ramifications as a result of joining such a force were tremendous—perhaps only after the war will they be fully revealed—but Olson and twenty-eight others accepted and left for China.

It wasn't until June that he and his compatriots left for Rangoon, Burma, travelling with forged passports—Olson was described as a factory worker." On their arrival in Singapore they received their first pay check. Olson, a fan of the Brooklyn Dodgers, was intensely interested in the outcome of the hot pennant fight then being fought in the National League. Acting only as a Dodger fan would act, he cabled his mother in Beltrami, Minn., to see how his "beloved bums" were faring.

Cricket minded officials, uninformed on baseball and unaware of Olson's rabid interest, immediately suspected the message. Arrest by the American Consul resulted. After a thorough investigation that included checking of Olson's glossary of baseball terms with a Sports Editor in the Philippines, the Americans were finally released.

On arrival in Rangoon, the contingent journeyed to Toungoo where they established their first training base. Here the Tigers trained religiously until December when they were called in by the British to help protect the vital base at Rangoon.

Blasted by Japs

December twenty-third saw the beginning of the terrific bombings Olson was to experience. On that day the Japs dropped sixty-three out of sixty-five tons of

bombs on the Mingaladon Air Field. They returned again on the twenty-fifth to give it the second heaviest concentrated bombing of the war—Coventry is considered first. In one-half hour over one hundred planes dropped two hundred tons of bombs on the field.

Olson's coolness under fire was illustrated on the raid of the twenty-third when he stood by a gasoline truck and shot the complete raid with an eight millimeter Cine Kodak. Shrapnel cut the handle of the tripod and riddled the truck, but he stood by and took pictures that he later sold to Twentieth Century Fox and the March of Time.

On December twenty-eighth Olson's Squadron—the Third Pursuit Squadron—was relieved by the First Pursuit Squadron. He and his outfit left immediately for Kunming in Yunnan Province for rest, planes, and spare parts.

Completely reorganized, Olson's unit returned to the "Battle of Burma" where they were assigned to the Magwe sector. The incomparable Tigers, in their battle-scarred P-40's, took a heavy toll of the Nips, but found themselves wiped out by a terrific raid in March. On this particular raid the Japs blasted into uselessness over fifty planes belonging to the AVG and British. Retreat was the order of the day, and retreat they did to Loiwing.

Olson after many more thrilling adventures with death finally returned to Kunming where he rejoined the U.S.A.A.F. and applied for Aviation Cadet training.

A/C Everett E. Dodd.





Off Duty . . .

As each new underclassman takes his place in the cadet ranks at Maxwell, a new problem arises—a personnel problem of no minute proportions. For to each and every cadet, there is a transitional period dating from his entry as a cadet to the time he is fully orientated to a new way of life. That transition is never fully realized, but to help cadets, who want to be helped, there is ample assistance.

That such assistance be available is an absolute essential, not only to create morale but to destroy previously acquired habits and ideas that might be a retardant in developing the mental attitude required of the present-day soldier and cadet. For each cadet who enters PRE-FLIGHT school finds he is no longer looked upon as an individual in the strictest sense of the word.

Contrary to trite remarks, he is not a "number". He is an individual among individuals who are here to be molded into a composite super-individual. He is treated as an individual not only on the parade ground, but also when he is off duty. It is during the cadets' off-duty hours that one of the best met problems of army personnel administration is illustrated.

The incoming cadet misses his former moments of freedom and relaxation, and it falls to the Special Services to help him forget his immediate past and establish him firmly in his new environment. There are many ways in which this man-sized task is accomplished, but perhaps the most outstanding is that done by the Cadet Social Club Fund. For it is to this fund, financed by the cadets themselves, that incoming cadets owe a vote of

thanks for the precious hours of complete relaxation they have enjoyed at the Recreational Hall, free movies and other activities.

An oft-heard plaint is, "I pay for everything I get at the Rec Hall, just what do they do with those dollar-a-month deductions from my pay?"

Well, those free movies that are announced over the P.A. System for each class are not really free. Someone pays for them and that someone—the Social Club Fund. They are just one of the forms of diversion provided by that complained of dollar.

The beauty of the Social Club is that it provides a way for over 80 per cent of each dollar to be expended for social activities. The average organization that raises money to disseminate in services uses about fifty per cent of the funds secured to run the organization; Special Services Offices uses eighteen cents from each dollar for overhead, upkeep and reserves. Of course, they need no elaborate mechanism for raising money—the Finance Officer sees to that in what might be called an automatic manner. Still, eighteen per cent is low, and the important corollary is that eighty-two cents, or over 80 per cent, is spent on actual tangible amusements for the cadet.

(It might be explained here at this point, that the books of the Social Club are open to the inspection of any cadet. In fact, Captain Parker, Special Services Officer in charge of the Fund, would like to extend an invitation to the Corps to come in and see for themselves what happens to their dollars).

The largest slice of the dollar goes to the graduation dance, thirty cents of it. Included in that thirty cents is the fee of the name band playing, invitations, catering, waiters, decorations, refreshments and other items. It's

the big social event of the Pre-Flight Cadet and it naturally comes in for the lion's share.

Fifteen cents of the dollar goes for what might be aptly called the "Open Post" share. This fifteen cents takes care of the rent of the Cadet Club and other clubrooms when used; refreshments, flowers, orchestra and other expenses incidental to the week-end tea dances.

And then comes the item that is for the most part beneficial to the upper class. This is the ten cents that finds its way into the printer's pocket and results in that free copy of *Pre-flight* for each upperclassman.

Twenty-two cents, seven of which goes to the cadet orchestras, is allocated for direct use by the lower class. Numerous items are financed by this fund; namely, an underclass dance, two open house sessions, free movies and free ice cream. The last five cents from each dollar is utilized to pay the salaries of the four hostesses. It's a well spent five

cents, as any cadet who has had visitors coming with no hotel rooms in sight will testify. Included is the Recreation hostess who runs the Date Bureau.

In final tabulation it looks as if the upperclass got the larger share. Actually, it runs about sixty-forty. For when you stop to consider, the Recreation Hall and the equipment therein exists for the most part for utilization by the underclass. So it doesn't seem illogical that our first deduction of eighteen cents should be added to their share.

So there you have it. Your dollar and how it was spent. You might call it the elastic dollar for it certainly stretches far enough.

After the first night of Rec Hall privileges had been announced over the P.A. System the Cadet was strictly on his own as to whether he had a rollicking good time or was just content to sit by and watch others cavort merrily around.

Feminine allure for the tea dances was provided in abundant quantities by the Date Bureau, and any intrepid soul who had no fear of flailing arms and elbows interspersed with an occasional boot from an over enthusiastic "jitterbug" found that he had no trouble obtaining dances. In fact, the main problem wasn't in getting dances, but to keep them. Cutting was rife, and woe unto those who were in possession of the better dancers. A fleeting glimpse, a hurried introduction and a "Pardon, may I cut?"

Confirmed stags could find more than a few things to make their time spent at the Rec Hall enjoyable. First, and this was shared by all alike—the phone desk





where the non-participant called either his home or the one he was remaining faithful to; in some instances it was to see whether it was a boy or girl and "How much did it weigh?"

Ping-pong tables, skill games, and a number of pool tables dotted the play room, and for the more studious there was the reading room with such material as *Fortune*, *Newsweek*, *Aero Digest*, *Look* and other literature that seemed far distant during our crowded weeks. For those who didn't care to read there was *Esquire*. All in all our Rec Hall was a hell of a nice place to go, and a show place to display to our intimates who came to spend a few precious hours with us.

Next to the Rec Hall in popularity were the theatres. It was there we raced madly after close call to quarters—



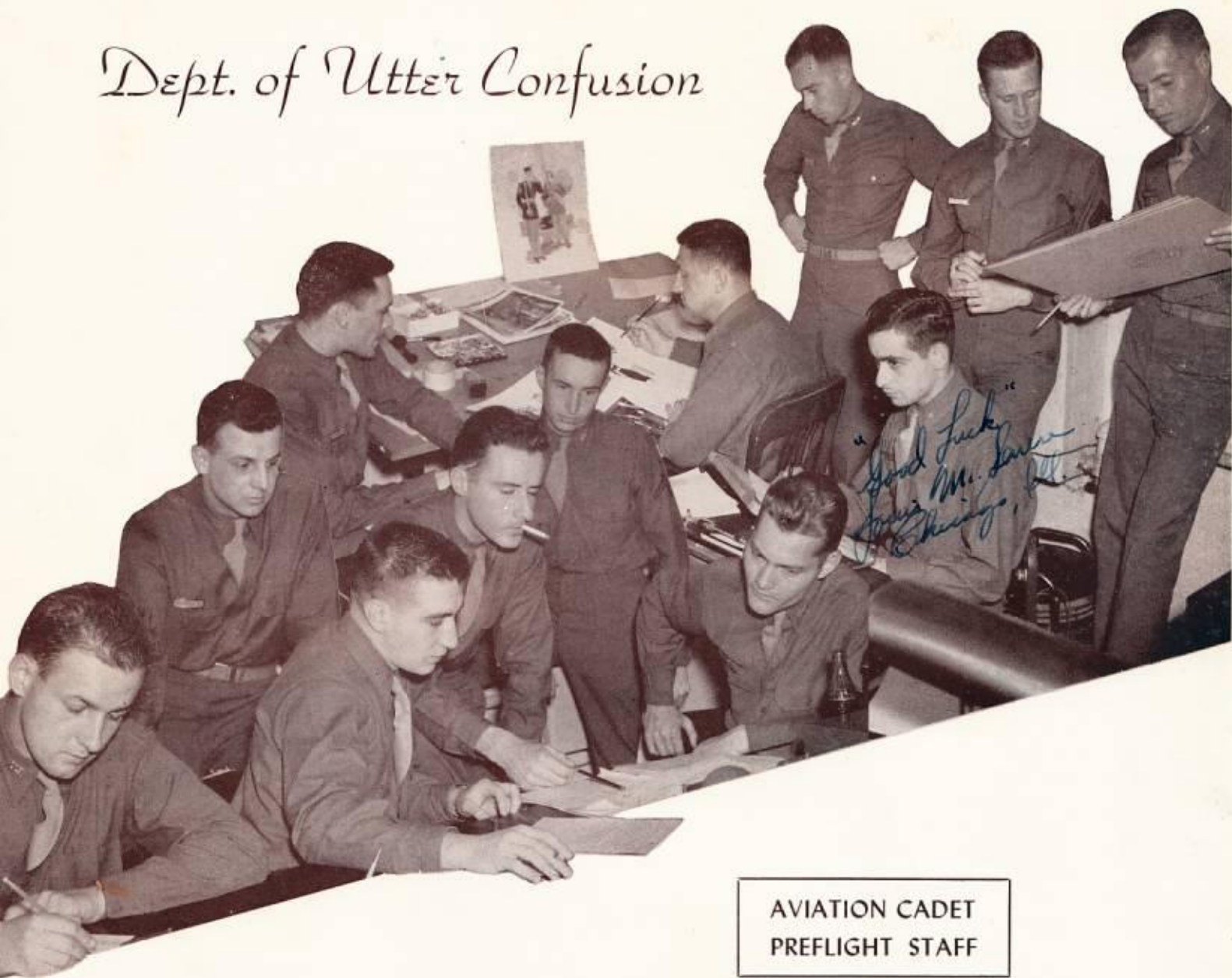
It is to these orchestras that we are indebted for the fine music we enjoyed at the various cadet dances we attended. To name some of the men who comprised these bands and to tell what name bands they had played with before their Cadet days would make the leader of the hottest swing band in the country wince.

All of this and more too was what we of 43-I enjoyed in our stay at Maxwell. A lot of us were spoiled and a little young when we came here. No doubt some of us were afflicted with acute cases of nostalgia during those hectic "zombie" days but all of that was seemingly anticipated with results altogether pleasant for us. We also feel that not a small amount of change in personal attitude has taken place. We learned that there was someone besides our selfish selves to consider. We have made new friends, and are now ready to try the next hurdle in the obstacle race to "wings". So it's "So long, Preflight! Hello Primary!"

A/C R. L. May.



Dept. of Utter Confusion



AVIATION CADET PREFLIGHT STAFF

Editor-in-Chief..... WILLIAM R. O'NEILL, Sq. B-1
 Managing Editor..... EVERETT E. DODD, Sq. K-9
 Feature Editor..... LEONARD B. KORNFELD, Sq. A-7
 Writers..... ROBERT L. MAY, JR., Sq. C-10
 CHARLES W. TENNANT, Sq. D-1
 Art Director..... G. STANLEY SMITH, Sq. F-5
 Artists..... WARREN BRANDT, Sq. B-4
 ERIC A. LAKES, Sq. I-9
 M. PHILLIP BRADY, Sq. L-9
 WILLIAM J. MEYERRIECKS, Sq. G-2
 Photo Editor..... ROGER T. DREWS, Sq. D-4
 Layout..... LOUIS M. SENESE, Sq. F-8
 LEONARD J. WATSON, Sq. G-2
 Business Manager..... WAYNE S. SCHLENTZ, Sq. A-7

Best of luck and good fortune
Gene de Vost
Atlanta, Ga.

Richard H. Gunn
"Lubon Ohio"

Success & a swell fellow"
James A. Smith
Edinburgh, Ind.

"Loads o' Luck"
Ken Ash
Hadley, Po.

Lots of Luck
Frank S. Spinoza
Wilkes-Barre
Pa.

Best of luck in all
future activities
Sam Deines
Garden City Kansas

The grass is greener
Conrad A. Manning
Forts mouth, Va.

Wings To You, Old Man
Malcolm B. Smith
Shreveport, La.

Best of luck
X (His Mark)
Will Butte
Nashville, Tenn.

Robert H. Broyles
La Fallette, Tenn.
"Best wishes from C.H."

"Good Luck"
John C. Brasington
Bennettsville S.C.

"Best of Luck"
Old Pal
Bill Pawdlean
Tohawa Ohio
(Sp. Clerk)

Best of luck and
good wishes

Good Luck
Clyde J. Lewis
Memphis, Tenn.

Mike Carter

Best of luck
Norman F. Lowrey
Buckington, N.C.

Best of luck!
George Howard
"Bud"
Montgomery Ala

Best of luck to a
small guy -
Ed Lee
Montgomery Ala.

"Viva La Panama"
Fred H. Koons
Wharton, Texas.

