

PREFLIGHT



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1943

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PRE

VOLUME THREE - MAY, NINETEEN

FLIGHT



CLASS OF 43-K
U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Corps of Aviation Cadets
Pre-flight School for Pilots

MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA

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DEDICATION

FOR his understanding of aviation cadets and the Air Corps spirit he has inspired in the men under him, we dedicate this issue of *Preflight* to Major Clifton G. Brown, Commanding Officer of Wing 2. A graduate of The Citadel, one of America's oldest and outstanding military schools, Major Brown entered active service in 1941, was at Turner Field, Georgia, before being transferred to Maxwell.

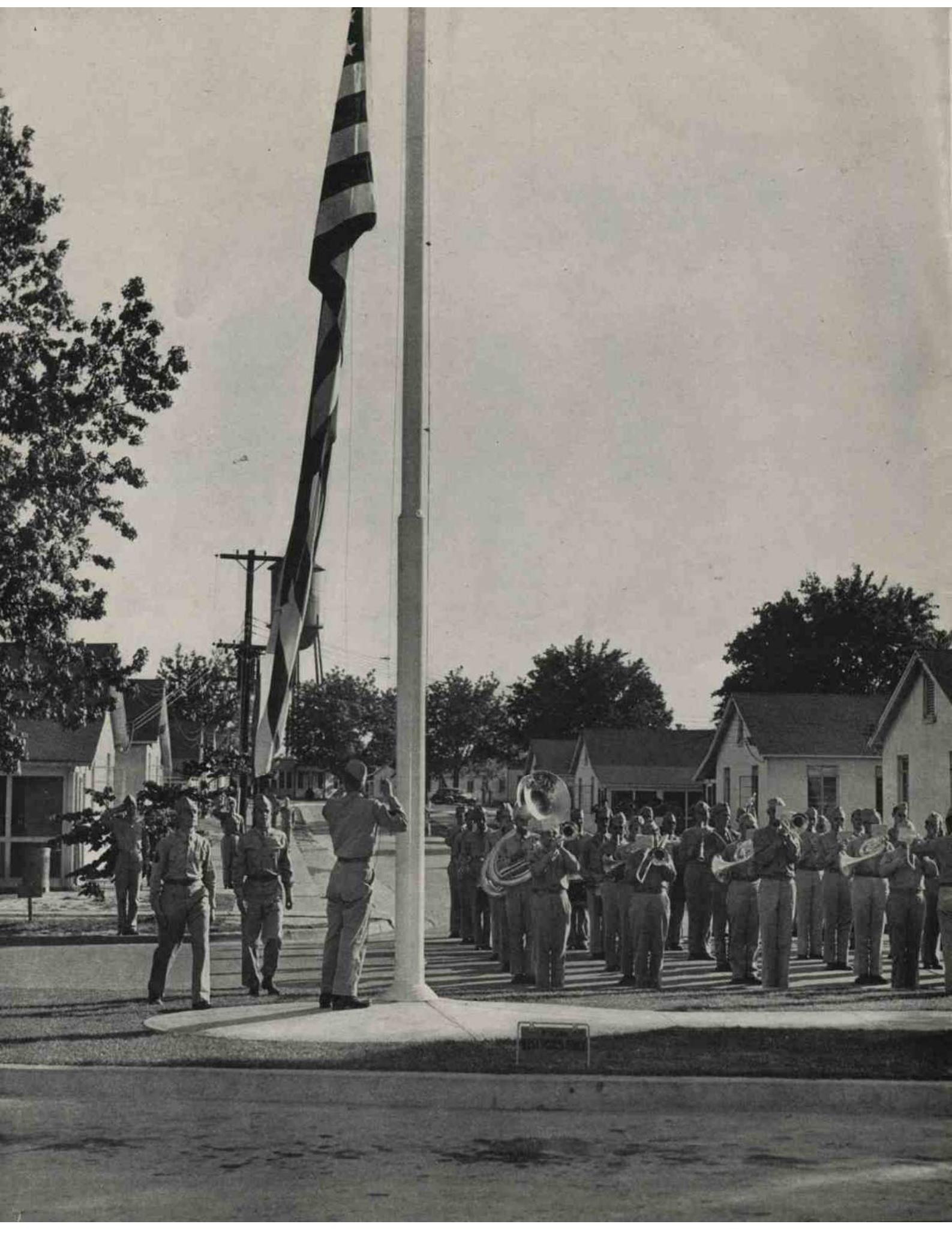
Foreword...

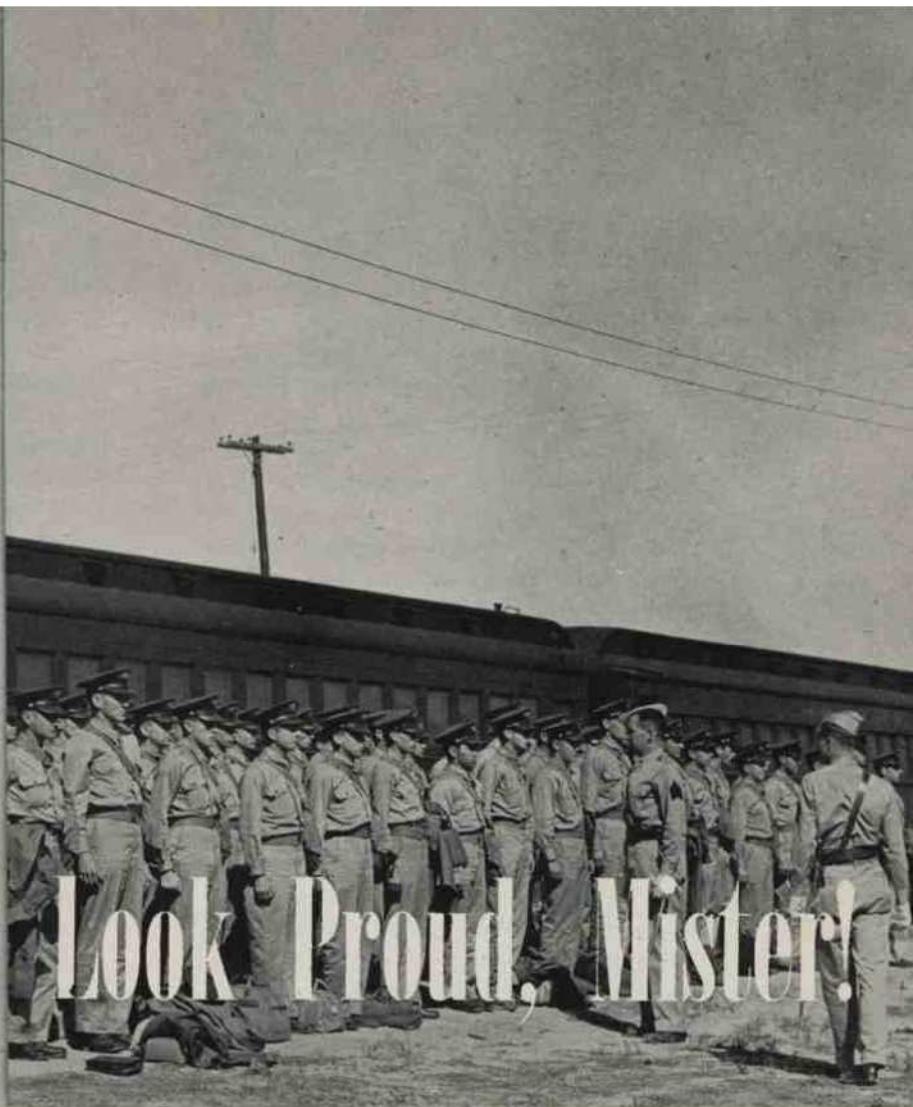
BECAUSE this is a war to protect the fundamental freedoms of mankind, because democracy is the heritage of all Americans, we fight today secure in the belief that our way of life is right, that oppression and bondage must disappear from the world. Here at Maxwell, we prepare for combat. Our training is basic. There are no flight lines for Preflight cadets. Instead, there is school, drill and calisthenics. But in preparing for missions that will take us over Europe, the Pacific area, China and Japan, we are also preparing to safeguard the freedoms we win. When the last flight has been completed it will be our task to make certain those freedoms and our way of life shall never again be threatened.

We are ready for that task. For Pre-Flight School is more than a toughening of mind and muscle. It's more than a practical background for future officers and pilots. It's the shaping process which in an intangible way has matured us for responsibility in the flight line as well as for the job ahead after the war. We know the kind of world we want. We know because we know why we're fighting.

This issue of Preflight records the tangible things at Maxwell, things like the Burma Road, range and gunnery school, Open Post, Squadron life, code and math. It also tells the story of a class—the Class of 43-K. To most of us, as we prepare to leave, this is the beginning of a new experience. Primary, Basic and Advanced lie ahead and with them the goal for which all of us are striving—to fight this war in the air. These nine weeks have been tough. The weeks ahead will be tougher. But we will go forward, certain that our force will be felt both in combat and in peace.

The Editors





Look Proud, Mister!

ONCE A MONTH THE TRAINS BRING A NEW LOAD OF "ZOMBIES" TO MAXWELL FOR INDOCTRINATION IN THE CLASS SYSTEM

by A/C Lawrence Swift

THIS is Maxwell Field. Red earth covered by green spots of grass, yellow stucco barracks reflecting the bright sunlight and shimmering heat of an Alabama day, paved streets and sun-baked squadron areas. Cadets, pilots, engineers, mechanics, instructors, tactical officers; BT's along the flight line throwing off silver streaks of lights in the mid-afternoon. The roar of motors overhead and a thousand craned necks taking a quick look at the future. Drills, classes, calisthenics and parades; rat lines, inspections; dental appointments and rec privileges.

Maxwell is many things. It has a present and a past. It's a school and a flying field. It's the beginning and the end of cadet life. Its earth has felt the touch of many feet and many wheels and even airplane bodies and

noses. It has sopped up the grease, the oil, the sweat and blood of men. In infancy, its earth fought progress, fought stubbornly to down the men who sat on the controls. Some fell, more continued on. Today, thousands of young men pass through on their way to a greater undertaking. To them, it's a flight check for the fundamental knowledge they'll need ahead. A few may return to fly the BT's and AT's that cut through white clouds into blue sky. The majority will go on to other fields, to other places where the red earth has fought the battle to keep man out of the sky—and lost.

All will remember Maxwell as the beginning. They will remember when they fly alone over tropical jungles and blue water, they will remember in the thunder of a dive, they will

remember as they tighten parachutes on the flight line in the shadow of a heavy bomber.

This is the story of the present. This is the Maxwell Field they knew.

FROM the time they lined up for their first formation on a stretch of uneven ground by the side of a railroad track to the day they marched straight and proud on graduation parade, two months passed. It wasn't long, as time is measured on the battlefield, but it held days and hours that seemed endless. That was when the cadets learned to take it—on cross country runs when they wanted to fall out, but never did; in the mess hall eating at attention; on the rat line; the first days on the parade; code and the first sickening feeling of not being able to tell a dot from a dash. That was underclass days.

The underclass arrives at Maxwell tired, worn from their trip down, but still excited and curious about the field and Pre-Flight School. Usually, they've heard many stories about it, have preconceived notions concerning the routine and system under which they'll be trained. Most of those stories are exaggerated. In the first few days, however, no underclassman will believe it. He sleeps, eats, drinks, walks and talks. But though the muscles function, the brain does not. He has come face to face with the class system.

Deep rooted in its conception, adopted after careful study of its functioning in other military schools, the class system at Maxwell is essentially the same as practiced at West Point. It has been condemned and praised; derided and lauded. But its final evaluation comes from the record of the men themselves. The Air Corps is proud of the cadets who graduate from Maxwell, proud because they're well-trained—physically fit and mentally conditioned to accept advanced instruction with proper spirit and proper discipline.

These Things They Never Forget

These are the things they never forget about Maxwell. The rat line and the countless times they hit it as an underclassman, hit it at what they thought was 140 steps a minute only to hear an upperclassman shout:



6

"Halt, mister! Are you strolling?"

G. I. party and inspections and the things they forgot to do when they left the room for classes. The hot sun beating time in cadence on their foreheads as they marched across the squadron area in a series of column and flanking movements. Dust blowing across the ground in tiny particles; the cool sight of the officers' swimming pool just before the take-off on the Burma Road hop; the music of the band as they marched to mess and the stern command:

"Pick up the step, misters. Pick it up!"

First Night Out

There were other things they might remember. The name of the girl they took out on their first Open Post; the smell of green grass and clover when spring turned into summer at Maxwell and the heat lines formed wavy columns across the field; the symbol for a "bench mark" or an explanation of hydronamics. They might not remember the name of the grossest underclass man or the meanest upperclassman. But they wouldn't forget the interchange of horseplay between the two classes, the things that made life pleasant for the upperclass, singled them out as "zombies".

They'll remember their "tac" officers, the sight of the Rec Hall on the first night out of quarantine and the glorious but futile attempt they made to complete just one dance before being tapped by another cadet. They'll remember their first parade and the last. A cloud of dust rising from the ground as the entire corps passes in review on graduation day. It's a proud, stirring sight and for both classes it's a red-letter day. To the upperclass

it means the beginning of a new adventure. For as they step on the field, marching proudly to the roll of drums, they carry with them shipping orders for primary. To the lowerclass, it's the day of enlightenment, the day when they become upperclass, when they can look forward to "instructing" a new group of "zombies". Both classes for a moment become as one, symbolizing the spirit of Maxwell.

They'll remember this because it's what they lived for two months, in a way they've never lived before. They'll remember because it was the beginning.

Like the cadets who came to it, Maxwell Field also has a beginning. It is in the past. This is the story of the past.

THE TIME was 1910. The place was the Montgomery Commercial Club. The event—Fred S. Ball, president of the Club, met Wilbur Wright there on an early February morning, discovered he was looking for a site to continue experiments in air work. The Wrights believed Montgomery offered ideal conditions for a flying field, were interested in finding a place fairly free of obstacles. Finding land to suit all conditions was difficult and Wilbur Wright was almost ready to give up in disgust when Ball introduced him to Frank D. Kohn who owned 300 acres of what is now the exact location of Maxwell.

"Just what I want," Wright said on seeing the land.

Beginning of Maxwell

That was the beginning. There were innumerable details to be worked out, building to be completed. But on March 26, 1910, the first airplane took off from Maxwell Field. It was an odd looking contraption. The citizenry called it an "airyplane". With a full load of gasoline, it weighed 902 pounds, including the four cylinder engine which came to 190 pounds. Although Wright had announced those first flights would be for instruction rather than exhibition, the people flocked in from Alabama and throughout the South. They came in such numbers that the Mobile and Ohio Railroad ran a special shuttle train to the field.

Those first flights ran little more than five minutes and at alarmingly low altitudes. "They flew three telephone pole heights. No higher," one witness states. Eventually, they reached 500 feet, flights sometimes lasted an hour. But flying was in its infancy and when Wright left for Dayton, Ohio, to supervise instruction at Wright Field, Montgomery was to see no more activity in the air until 1918.

When world war came to this country for the first time, a civic committee from Montgomery induced Washington to build a repair shop on the field. Work was begun April 18, 1918, completed 90 days later and the field became the

Engine and Repair Depot No. 3, servicing nearby Army air fields. After the war, the field was given the name it now holds. At the suggestion of the commanding officer, Major Roy S. Brown, the field was called Maxwell in honor of the memory of Lieut. William C. Maxwell, an Atmore, Alabama boy who crashed to his death in the Philippines while serving with the 3rd Aero Squadron.

Grows In Size

From then until today, Maxwell has grown—in size as well as reputation. Its pilots, during peacetime, assisted in the greatest flood disaster Alabama has ever seen in March of 1929; it was the locale for the Air Corps Tactical School from 1931 to 1942; Captain Lawrence S. Kuter taught bombardment aviation here nine years ago. Now, he's a brigadier-general at 36, the foremost expert on precision bombing. There was Captain Claire L. Chenault, now commanding general of our Air Force units in China. And countless others who attended the special courses at Maxwell.

When the Tactical School was transferred to Washington, it was replaced by Advanced Training School and also by the Pre-Flight training school. The first class at Pre-flight was grouped for Pilot and Bombardier-Navigator. As the training program in the Air Forces expanded, however, separate Preflight Schools were evolved for the three different air crew jobs and Maxwell became one of the largest Pilot Preflight schools in the country. Before the RAF brought its cadets back to the dominion for training, six classes of British pilots were graduated from Maxwell's Advanced Flying School. The list of Maxwell's Post commandants is long and awesome.

Present commandant is Col. Elmer J. Bowling.



This is Maxwell—its present and past. For those who come now the red earth and the blue sky hold no terror. The way has been prepared through the years by the first men in flying suits and through the months by those who fly to victory over Europe and Asia. Look proud, mister! This was your beginning.

Athletics

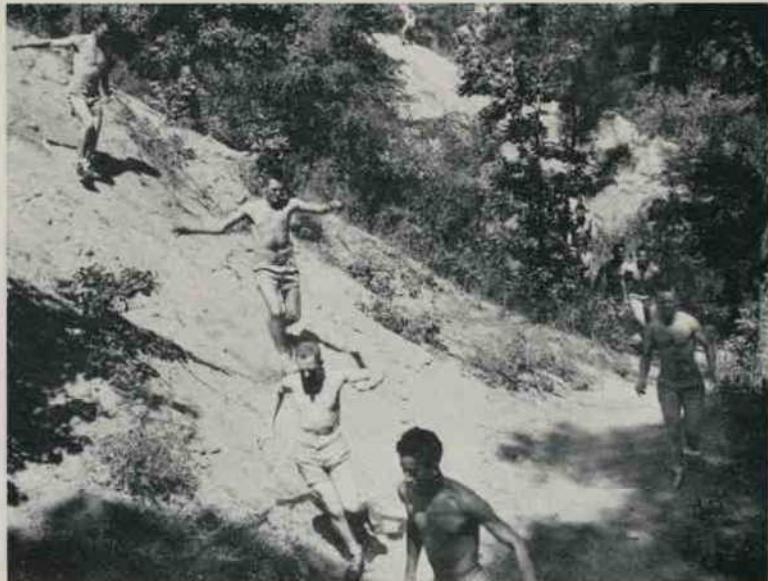
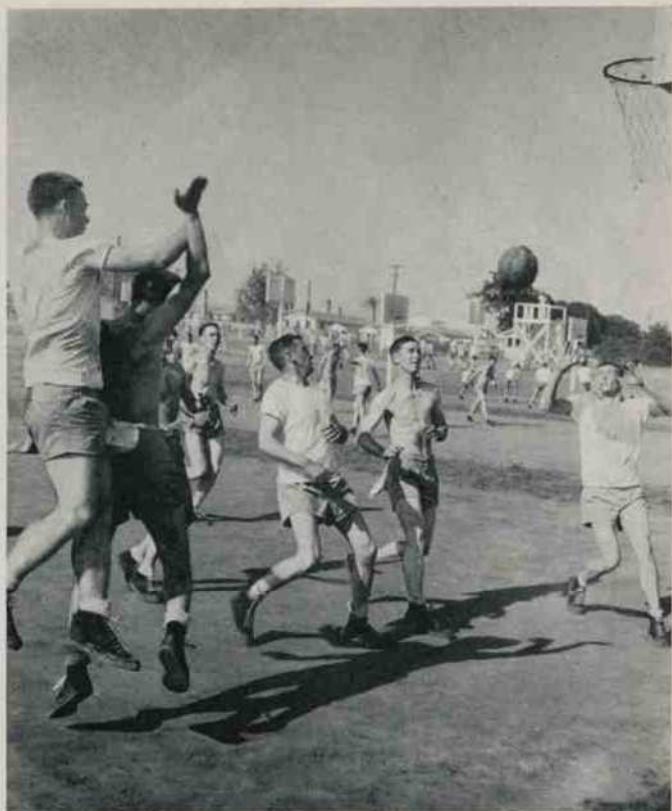
A Muscle Grooming Campaign



THE OBSTACLE COURSE looked simple. But after the first run, cadets acquired a healthy respect for the course, sometimes called it "cadet killer".

Men were not made to fly at altitudes of 30,000 feet. Nor were they built to be wrenches in the air at speeds of 500 miles an hour. But the Japs do it. The Nazis do it. We must. And the rugged physical conditioning program here at Maxwell Field is the successful answer to how we can. The keystone in the training program is the development of those muscles and nerves most used in combat flying. It is to this end that hours of manpower, perspiration and drudgery are now being expended—to toughen our combat fliers for the fight.





SOME TOOK THE HIGH ROAD and some took the low road, but all felt the effects of a strenuous run over "The Burma Road".

DOUBLE time, march! And a long column of fast-stepping cadets goes jogging toward one of the athletic fields at Maxwell. Take a good look at these men as they go by. Their heads are high, bodies lean and hard and their feet meet the ground in a sharp and rhythmic cadence.

Just a few short weeks ago these same trim, bronzed athletes were fresh from the softness of civilian life. A carefully designed and rigidly adhered to physical fitness program transformed them from civilians to cadets rapidly approaching that peak of physical perfection Uncle Sam demands of his fliers.

The physical education program at Maxwell Field has been prepared especially to develop coordination of mind and muscle, an essential quality for pilots. Before inaugurating a training schedule, the Army made an actual tabulation of the muscular movements required to pilot a plane. From these preliminary experiments, a body building plan was developed that would do the best possible job of conditioning cadets for flying.

From the cadet's viewpoint the program might be divided into three parts. There is calisthenics, cross-country runs, and last but

far from least, "The Burma Road."

The first few cross-country runs seem almost impossible to finish. Each cadet grits his teeth and determines to keep running as long as the fellow next to him does. Soon leg muscles harden, chests deepen, breathing becomes steady and unhurried. One day the entire group swings out for a five mile jaunt around the airport. And they all finish with an extra sprint at the end to show what fine shape they're in.

At calisthenics, wand work, dumbbell-drills, and coordination exercises follow in rapid succession. Finally, a single, sharp command rings out:

"Front leaning rest position, ho!"

That's when the push-ups begin. They push up till they can't push anymore—then they do ten more. Organized games play an important role in the overall training program. They range from basketball and push-ball to boxing and volley-ball.

Progress is slow at first, but in two months a superbly conditioned group of men leave Maxwell for primary, fit and ready to fly for Uncle Sam.

—A/C M. William Jacobs.



THE WAACS AT MAXWELL FIELD HELD KEY JOBS,
LEARNED AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY



WHEN P-51S PUT ON AN AIR SHOW, CADETS
TURNED OUT EN MASSE



MAJOR AL WILLIAMS' STUNTING MADE EVEN
THE YOUNGSTERS GASP

Of Cabbages and Kings

They All Came to Maxwell From Bob Hope to F. D. R.

FROM radio comedians to the President of the United States—they all came to Maxwell. Our guest book showed such famous signatures as those of President Roosevelt, World War Ace Major Al Williams, funnyman Bob Hope, swingsters Will Osborne and Ina Ray Hutton, and last but surely not least the WAACS.

* * *

The Class of 43-K was given the signal honor of being the first Pre-Flight class to pass in review before our commander-in-chief. The President waved and the President smiled as he made his tour of inspection, and spines tingled and hearts grew warm. "Bring on those Japs" one underclassman put it, "the President and us can't lose."

* * *

"So that's why they gave those neck exercises—they knew the WAACS were coming" The appearance of the Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps at Maxwell Field was the occasion for many a turned head and appreciative glance. Never mind girls you were as welcome as the flowers in May.

* * *

Energetic Major Al Williams zoomed his plane through a series of acrobatic maneuvers that constituted one of the most impressive aerial demonstrations seen at Maxwell Field.

* * *

Like kids waiting for Christmas, the Cadet Corps talked about Bob Hope's expected appearance for days in advance. When Hope finally appeared he brought with him Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna and the rest of his crack radio show. "Steady fellows", Hope cracked as he spotted an entering general, "here comes the boss". The cadets howled.



MAPS AND CHARTS, LIKE ALL OTHER CLASSES AT PRE-FLIGHT, FORM THE BASIS FOR ADVANCED COURSES IN LATER TRAINING STAGES

A C A D E M I C S

IT WAS just an ordinary school room, the kind we all know from the past. But there was something different about it, something intangible and yet very definite in the air. For here men had passed before, who today were writing new pages to history, who were blazing their names in distant skies to the roar of engines and the staccato of bullets.

We took our seats at the command of the tall, rangy officer who was an instructor. The faces of the cadets displayed enthusiasm and expectation. And it was easy to realize that here were men who were destined to follow in the footsteps of the Kellys and the Rickenbackers. The work began immediately, for a cadet's day is carefully scheduled and months of college work had to be covered in nine short weeks. Yes, time was precious and both student and instructor knew it. America needed these young men to pilot the planes in the greatest air-force the world has ever known.

Subjects Are New

As 'zombies' we had many things on our minds besides the upper-classman. To pass Academics, a grade of at least 70%, in subjects of which we had little or no knowledge, had to be maintained. One of these

was Code. Since this and radio-telephone are the primary means of communication in the Air Force, we devoted the greatest number of hours to it. When first we clasped the earphones on our heads and listened to the procession of dahs and dits, it didn't seem probable that we would ever reach the proficiency required to graduate. But in nine weeks we were able to receive eight words per minute over the wires and six words per minute visual.

Aircraft Recognition is Important

In aerial combat one seldom gets the chance to take a second look. The first is usually nothing more than a glance. When you stop to think that military planes today travel in excess of four hundred miles per hour, it is not hard to understand. It was just such a thing that caused an Italian airman to torpedo one of his country's cruisers in a naval engagement with the British.

To insure against making the same mistake, we were required to study models and photographs of friendly and enemy aircraft and naval vessels. The course demanded intensive study of the smallest details so that enemy craft would be easily recognized and not confused with our own.

Maps and Charts

When a pilot is flying a P-47 he can't very well pull over to a curb and ask a policeman the direction to Tokyo. He must solve his own navigation drift problems and understand all the symbols and navigational data he finds on the charts he will use. There is the story of a pilot (German naturally) who was supporting ground units by strafing enemy positions in a valley. Suddenly the valley came to an abrupt end and so did the pilot. He should have studied Maps and Charts at Maxwell.

We also learned about gas in Chemical Warfare. Training in this course was practical as well as theoretical. Who can forget the tear gas in the "Castle of Smells" out on

the green. The theme that day could have been "Cry Baby Cry" as we emerged from the gas chamber. We learned other gases. We also learned the deadly effect these gases possess. To be successful, a man must know his profession from the ground up. By taking courses in Ground and Air Forces we did just that. As future officers we would have to be more than familiar with the composition and tactics of the Air Force. Since ground and Air Forces often coordinate their efforts, it is important to study both branches. We studied powers and limitations of our weapons, the units and functions of individual arms.

Physics is Feared

Most feared course by upperclassmen is Physics. For four weeks as an underclassman, every 'zombie' has chilled into him the terrors of heat, pressure, theory of flight, hydrostatics, therometry by the upper class. The fear of physics has almost become a tradition at Maxwell. It is not unfounded nor is it merely another upperclass whim designed to plague the underclass.

Most of the courses at Pre-Flight have been designed to give cadets the fundamental basis for the problems they will meet in flying schools. Others were orientation courses in Army life and methods.

There was Signal Communications; War Department Publications; Military Customs and Courtesies; and Safeguarding Military Information. They were drummed into us as fast as we could assimilate them. We learned the meaning of discipline, the mechanics of Cryptography, the science of communication, and the training manuals to use for reference.

Academically, Maxwell Field accomplished its mission. It did it the hard way but did it well. It is seldom possible to achieve any military success without careful preparation. We have been prepared for greater things to come.

—A/C Roy Schmidt.

CADETS TASTE THE REAL THING IN GAS DRILL



TAP THE LAUGHER VEIN

By A/C CHARLES D. SAXON



"THE UNDERCLASS IS NOW LATE"

NOW we could laugh. That unbelievable, unbearable month was over, when your eyes pierced an unchanging, unimportant spot on the horizon and your shoulder blades had friction bruises from rubbing together. But we knew it was fun. We sputtered and griped, but there was always a rosy glow around the corner. We couldn't laugh then. But we could laugh as upperclassmen. And we did.

Explanation.

We ran into an old friend of ours in the REC Hall the other night. How nice, we both remarked, to be at Maxwell Field together. We talked over old times and

eventually got around to the usual questions.

"And where is your squadron?" we asked.

"Oh, nice spot," said he, "Nice spot. We've located right in back of Colonel Hornsby Hall."

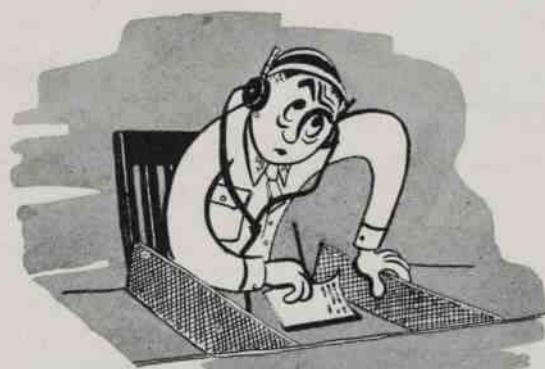
"Colonel Hornsby Hall!" we exclaimed, "why that's at Gunter Field!"

"No wonder," he said, "No wonder it's such a long walk to the mess hall."

Pride Goeth

Our academic section was trotting peacefully from maps and charts to code the other day, when we suddenly came upon a lone zombie. He wasn't very big but he stood with his chest all rounded and his back like a ramrod. His head was high; his eyes straight ahead. He had a glory. And as we passed you could just about hear him speaking.

"Look proud," he was saying, "Look proud, You're passing me!"



Wise Guy

One of the more eager upperclassmen had twenty or so zombies lined up for "garter inspection". It was the first time this unique maneuver was foisted on the group, and naturally the zombies were a little nervous. They always are, weren't you? The upperclassmen wanted left legs lifted by the numbers, ho, and all complied except one particularly bewildered lad in the middle of the line. He lifted his right leg.

"Okay, Okay!" roared the upperclassman in a righteous rage, "Who's the wise guy who lifted both legs?"

Conversation

Two zombies were sitting in a corner of the REC Hall. One, it was easy to see, was in the depths of despondency. And we could just hear the sad story he was telling his friend.

"Next Saturday," he explained, "is my first open post. I know a beautiful girl in Montgomery and all I have to do is call her up and we'll have a wonderful time. The only trouble is I am flat broke and we won't have another payday for weeks. I haven't the slightest idea where I can get some money. Not the slightest!"

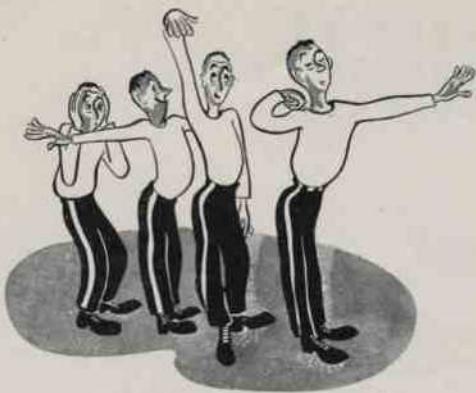
"Well, that's a relief," said the other zombie, getting up, "I thought you were going to try to get it from me."



"NICE COLOR COMBINATION"

Object Lesson

One of our corps commanders, whom we had better leave anonymous, was making a tour of inspection one day and came upon a group of cadets out on the rifle



"EXERCISE POSITION, HO"

range. It was the first time many of them had held a weapon of that type and the results of their shooting was terrible. The corps commander was beside himself. He ran over, grabbed a rifle from one of the men and posed before the target.

"Now, men," he said, "I'll show you how this is done."

He took careful aim and fired several times, missing the target completely. It was a tense moment for all concerned, but the commander was equal to the situation.

"That's what you have been doing," he roared, "now learn to do it right." And off he strode with his head high.

First Step

It was a demonstration in first aid—the class of zombies were being introduced to the mysteries of the Traction splint. The instructor had all his cravats neatly arranged, his splints laid neatly on the floor. He called for a volunteer patient and placed him on the table in the front of the room.

"Now!" he smiled pleasantly at the class. "What is the very first thing we must do?"



"ARE YOU SPYING, MISTER?"

A thoughtful voice answered him from the back of the room. "Well," it said, "the first thing I'd do would be to break his leg."

Silver Lining

The first time we went to chapel as zombies there were, we noticed, several young men who were almost strangers in the fold, who had not been near a house of worship for too long a time. The subject of the sermon was the Ten Comandments and the lesson seemed to affect one of these cadets quite deeply. He left church a more serious and thoughtful man. He marched back deep in thought, his brow a mass of wrinkles. As we approached the squadron, however, his face broke into a beatific smile.

"Well, anyway," we heard him say, "I never made a graven image."



"G. I. PARTY"

Second Try

On our first open post a whole bunch of us decided to just walk and take in the Alabama country side. We went down the side roads—the ones soldiers wouldn't be likely to take . . . eventually we found one. On an old dilapidated fence, sat a very black wrinkled darky, and the sight of a crowd of soldiers set him into paroxysms of glee.

"Gol dang it!" he cried, nearly upsetting his perch on the fence, "We gonna get dem Yankees dis time!"

That Inner Drive

Like our heroic roommate. He cornered us one day with a pugnacious gleam in his eye.

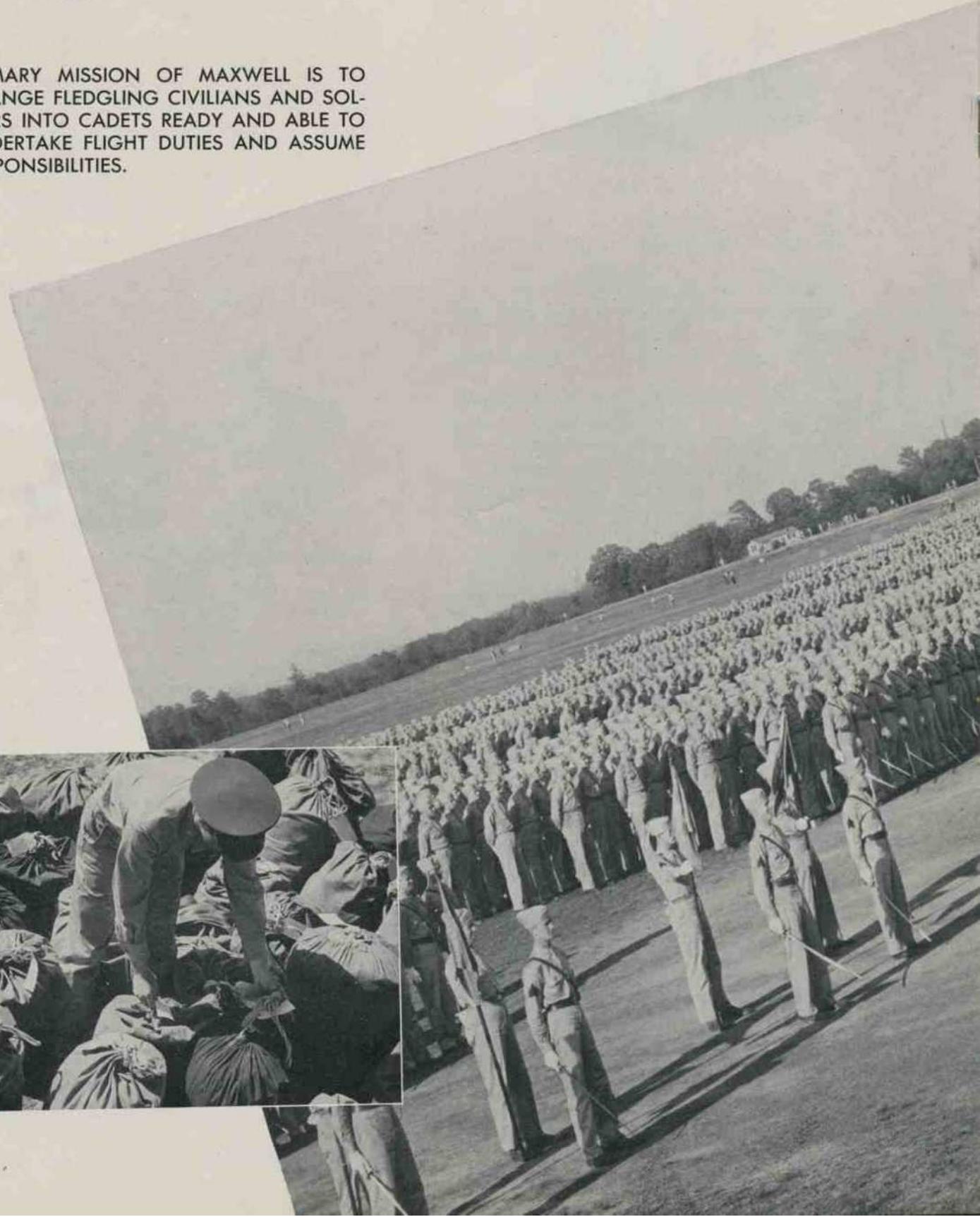
"You know," he said, "I feel like punching that upperclassman again."

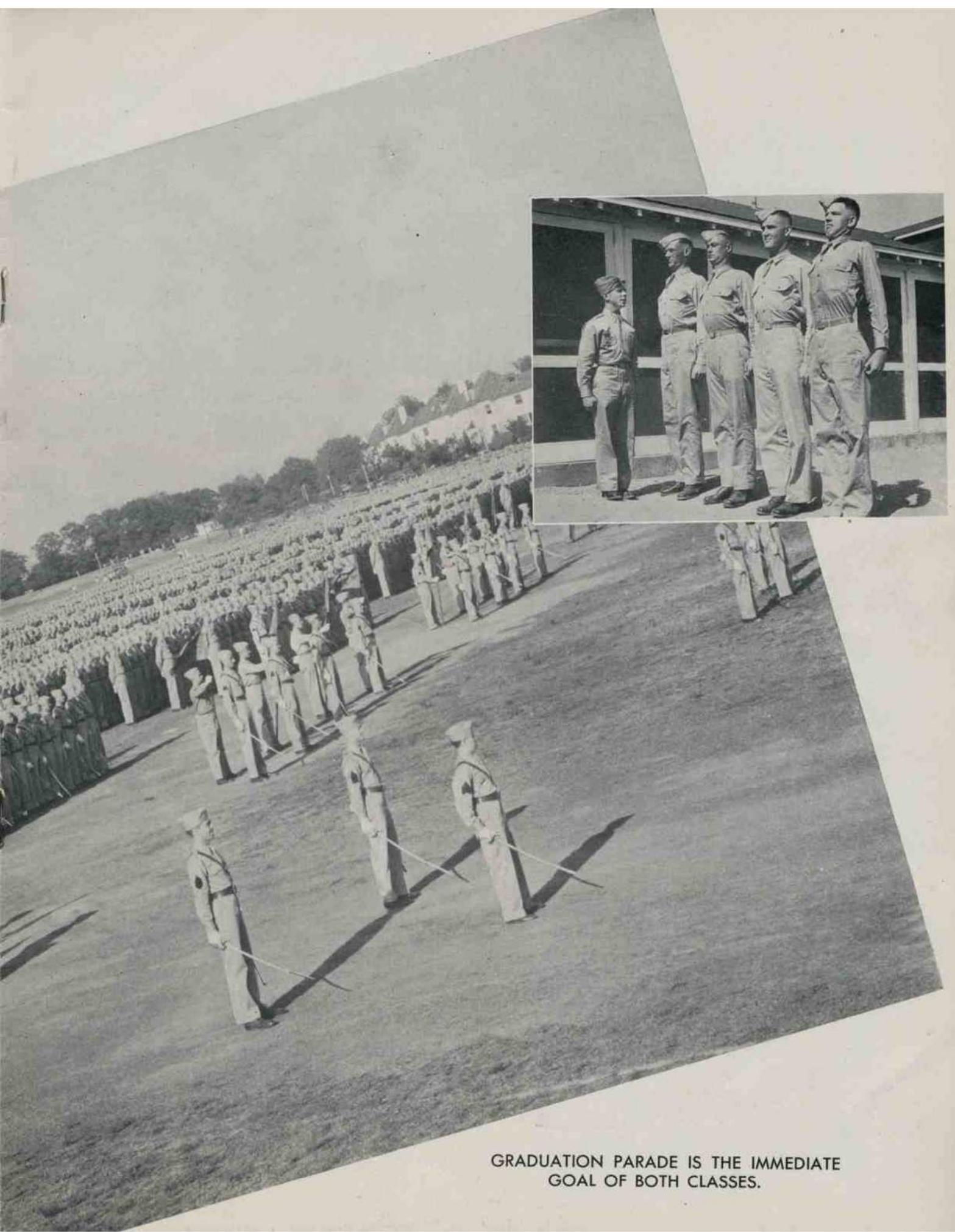
"What's this?" we said, not a little worried.

"Yes," he said, "I felt like it yesterday, too."

"Prepare For Combat"

PRIMARY MISSION OF MAXWELL IS TO CHANGE FLEDGLING CIVILIANS AND SOLDIERS INTO CADETS READY AND ABLE TO UNDERTAKE FLIGHT DUTIES AND ASSUME RESPONSIBILITIES.





GRADUATION PARADE IS THE IMMEDIATE
GOAL OF BOTH CLASSES.



LOOK, FROUD, MISTER, THAT'S YOUR WIFE OUTSIDE THE REC HALL



"SIRS, DOES ANYONE CARE FOR A SUNDAE?"

♪ Just A Boomer

IT is only a little while and we, the Class of 43-K, will leave.

Dear Zombies:

There are only a few more agonizing days left and you will be reclaimed by the world. We, the class of 43-K, will meet many rendezvous with many trains to seek our "crates of thunder", and then, and only then will you step forward to claim all that we leave behind. And, Zombies, there is much that we do leave behind.

To those of you who have been "eager beavers", we shall bequeath our most precious possessions—the telephone numbers that we have kept sacred even from those who were our buddies. But it must now be said, there are few such numbers. (In fact no one ever had enough to start a Bingo game). So, as a supplement, the following information is added. Please act accordingly.

First, there will come a time when the announcement will come over the Public Address System that your wing will be entitled to recreational privileges. Yes, they will mean you—not the Misters who live in the rooms at both ends of the hall, not the men who have chilled you and racked you and gigged you

for all the long, long weeks that have just passed. They'll mean you—the new upper-class.

So you'll walk the road to Mecca—and a Mecca it is in the shape of the Cadet Recreational Hall. Hear that hot trumpet solo? That's not a record mister, but one of the Cadet Orchestras. These orchestras are composed entirely of cadets, 48 in all. They are led by the genial Mr. Perry Bremer. Maestro Bremer is the musical director here at Maxwell Field.

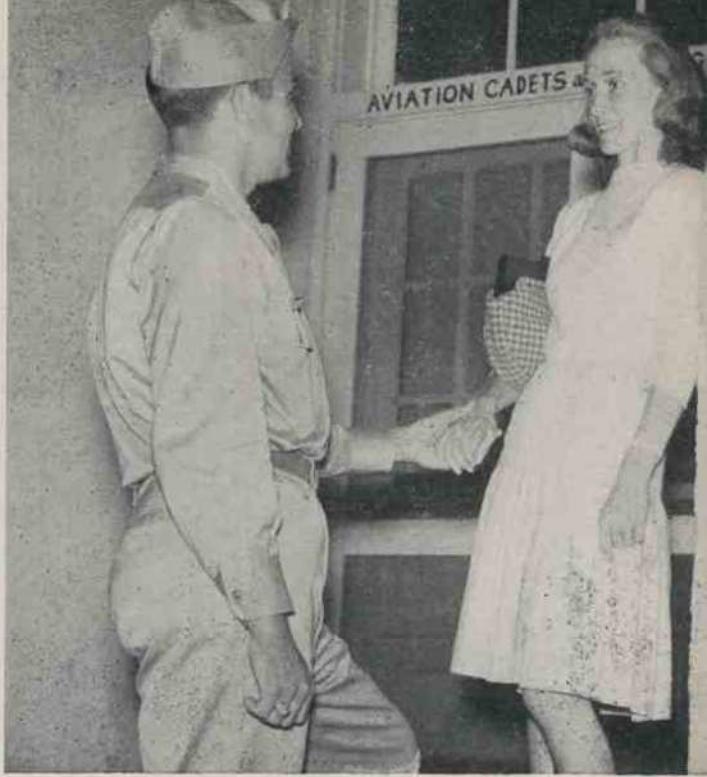
Further on you'll find billiards and darts, table tennis and shuffleboard, a soda fountain and a branch of the telephone company, juke boxes, phonographs, radios—and a Date Bureau!

Now much can be said about all these things—but most can be said of that Date Bureau. Miss Georgette Johnson—105 pounds of vivacious, piquant charms runs it. She's there to give you a girl to date, a girl to dance with and a girl to impress with your new status, a girl to come and visit you at the base—in short 'zombies'—a girl.

Well, that's only a part of it, because the day when you are told that Open Post is scheduled—"zombies", that's "der tag". You'll



TOP LICKS IN HOT LICKS CAN BE HEARD WHEN CADET MUSICIANS GIVE OUT



Open Post...

dress up and polish up as though you were a super AMI and when the time for your pass to begin ticks around, you'll grab the nearest vehicle and charge into Montgomery faster than a P-38 in a 9G dive.

Open Post. The beauty of those two little words! But you've got to know what to do with it.

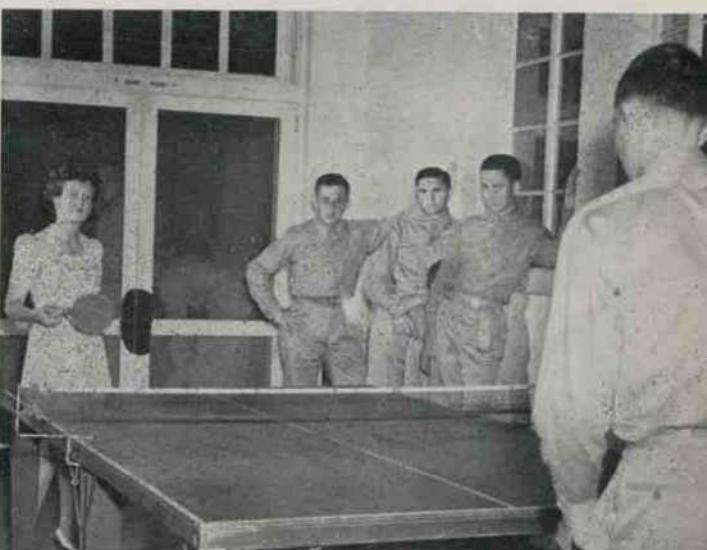
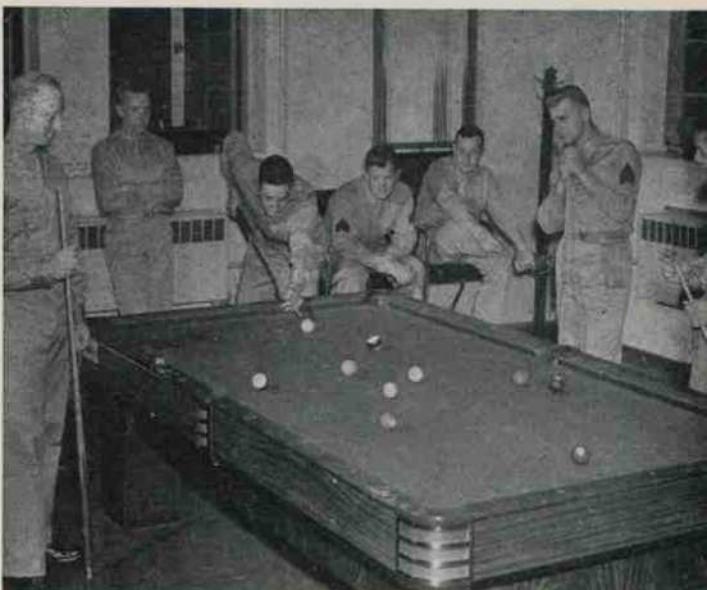
Go to the Cadet Club. It's your club. Located at the Jefferson Davis Hotel, it has everything—a bar, an orchestra and the girls from Huntingdon College.

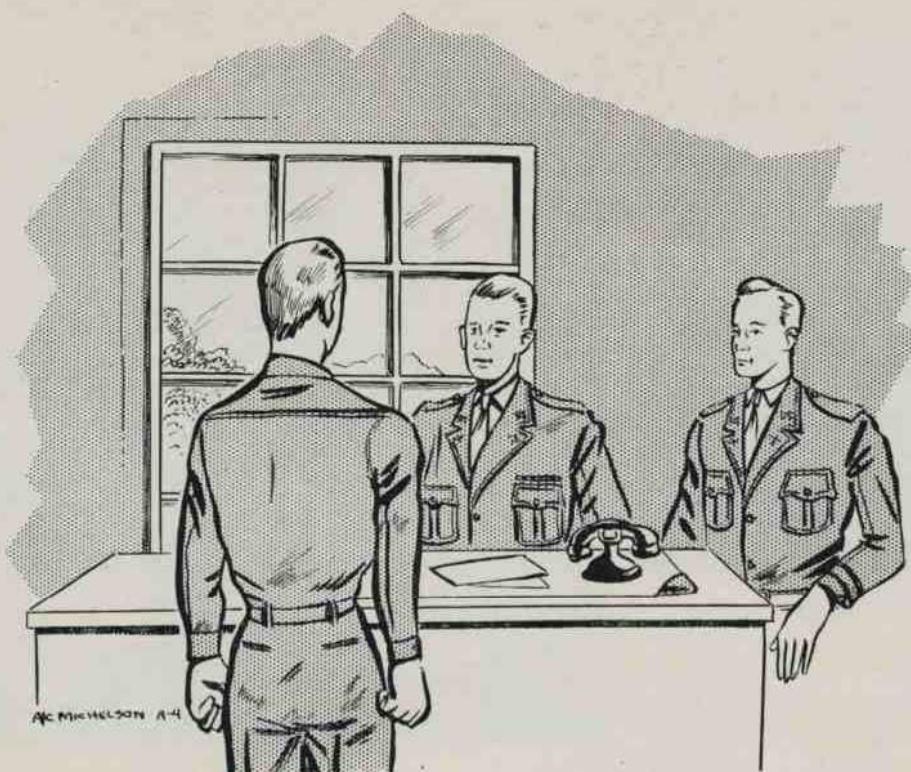
There's the Standard Country Club—what a place! If the cadet club is like apple pie, this place is like apple pie with sugar added.

We're leaving all this, leaving it to you. There's a lot we'd like to say to a lot of people about it all. To the people of Montgomery who have stood in review and watched our passing, to those who cheered us just by their presence, to those who said little unimportant things at the important times—you'll feel the same way when it's time for you to go. But like us, you too will be tongue-tied. And though you'll feel a lot, it's a bet you won't be able to say much more than the words we're saying to them right now. Just—

Thanks for the memory.

—A/C Robert Emmett.





Cadet Honor

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

A civilian or soldier who becomes an aviation cadet might well have to adjust his views on honor when he reads, learns and then lives up to the aviation cadet honor code. To fulfill his obligation under the honor system, an aviation cadet is not content merely to "get by"; he is not satisfied until he has put forth the best that is in him.

The aviation cadet honor code does not tolerate cheating in any form, false official statements, quibbling, and acquiescence to a breach of honor. This honor system based on the code used at the United States Military Academy uses the following excerpt from the West Point Cadet Prayer: "And make us to choose the harder right instead of the easier wrong, never to be content with the half truth when the whole truth can be won. Endow us with that courage that is born of loyalty to all that is worthy and noble, that scorns to compromise with vice and injustice and knows

no fear when truth and right are in jeopardy." A cadet's word whether written or spoken is his bond.

When the honor code is broken the cadets themselves decide the punishment of the offender at a group board. This board is administered by the cadets, each class having its own elected honor committee, supervised by a tactical officer. All offenders are dealt with instantly and summarily as must be the case, for there is no second chance given where any intentional violation of honor is concerned. Penalties awarded by a group board are demerits, punishment tours or both depending upon the nature of the offense and the attitude of the offender.

The honor code of the aviation cadet should not be discarded after his training is completed. On the contrary this code should be followed to a stricter degree for the men of his command will look to him as their example. An extract from the pamphlet on Official Courtesy and Customs of the Service states, "Set a high standard as a gentleman and a soldier and your men will recognize in you a leader whom they will gladly follow".

—A/C Charles W. Benzinger.



IN THE HIGH ALTITUDE CHAMBER THERE ARE ALL THE THRILLS OF FLYING AT 28,000 FEET WITHOUT LEAVING THE GROUND

High Altitude Chamber

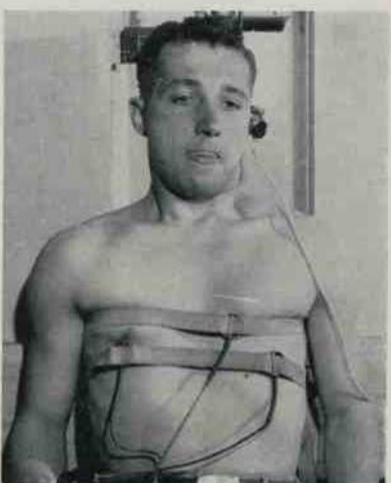
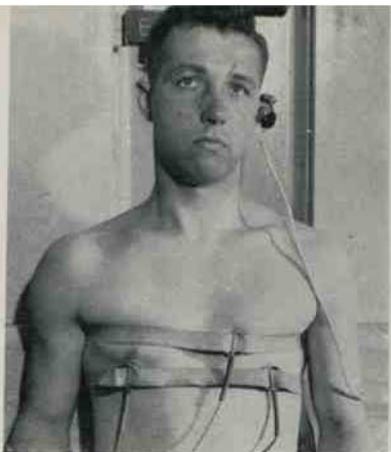
SUGGESTIVELY located at the rear of Maxwell Field's sick Bay, the High Altitude Chambers rest like half-submerged submarines in their cement vaults, giving off cool, antiseptic odors. Ten of us filed slowly through the heavy metal anti-chamber, and took our seats opposite each other between the oxygen tanks. We were ready for flight.

We sat silently while the observers concluded their hasty, last-minute checks, and our undershirt-clad instructor finally announced that we were ready for the initial 5,000 foot climb.

We yawned our way back through 5,000 feet of air, and hardly bounced twice on the field before we were up for ceiling level. At this point our instructor began to tell us all about the bubbles that form in our blood and the swelling which takes place among the intestines—causing my neighbor to bounce around like a small boy on a pogo stick. Just as I was beginning to wonder whether a ten thousand dollar policy would really take care of my wife, the instructor told us to put on our oxygen masks.

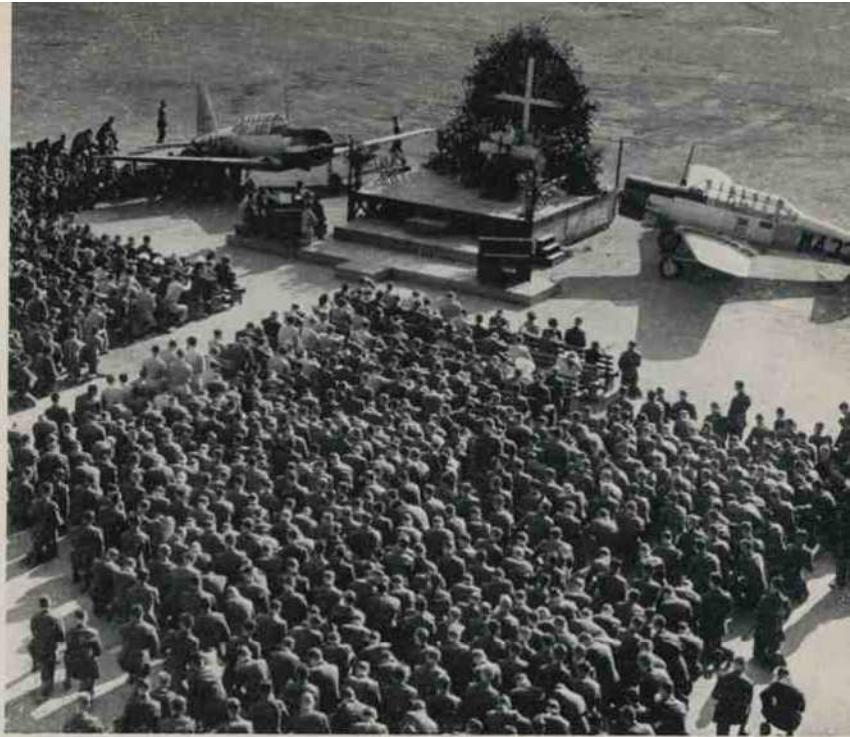
The guinea pig opposite me, however, did not adjust his mask, and soon he could not even count backwards from one thousand in multiples of thirteen or write his home address in clear Sanskrit. We all knew at once that the "air" must have got him. We blew our ears down grade in about twenty minutes, with no casualties.

—A/C Reed G. Law.





In *God* we trust



MORE THAN 2,000 CADETS ATTENDED FIELD MASS ON EASTER MORNING

"OUR FATHER, who art in heaven" Two thousand cadets bowed their heads in prayer that bright Easter morn, and the Lord's Prayer rose from two thousand throats as we gave thanks for this our heritage to worship as we please. Freedom of Religion, Freedom of Speech, Freedom from Want, Freedom from Fear. These are the principles of the Atlantic charter to which we the young men of America have dedicated our lives and nowhere else in the world is this Freedom of religion recognized so clearly as in our own United States.

All Faiths Represented

Here at Maxwell Field, as everywhere in the army, all religions are represented. We have a corps of Chaplains—men of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths who minister to the cadets. An Army Chaplain is more than a religious leader. He is a sincere and helpful friend to all who call on him. All of the Chaplains have office hours during the day. Their offices are usually well-filled with men seeking advice or help. Among the Chaplain's other duties are the daily visits to the sick and the handling of welfare and morale cases.

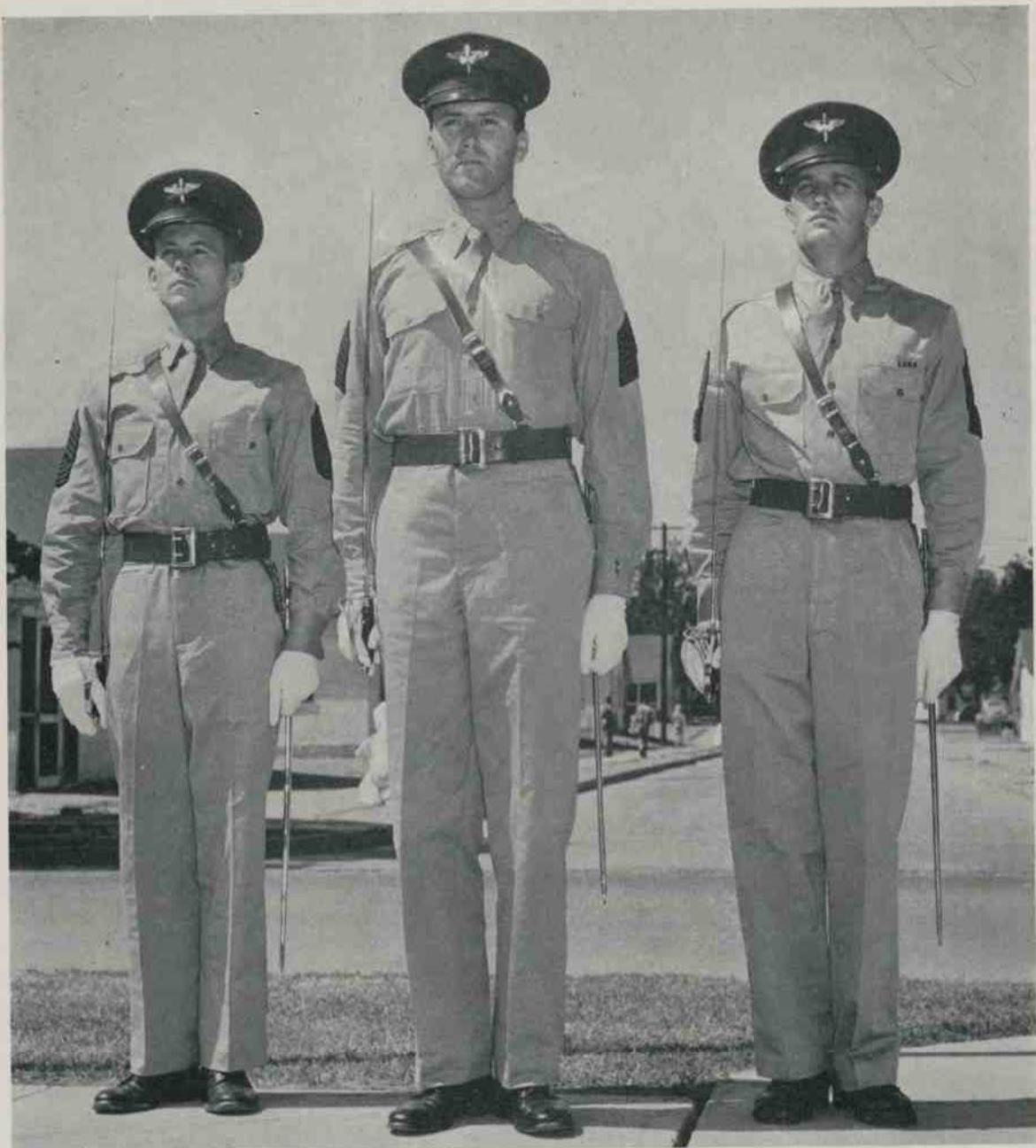
Army Services Are Simple

Each Sunday cadets of all religions have the opportunity to attend their respective Holy Rites. The services are simple and sincere expressions of true religious faith. The sermons are straightforward bits of friendly advice from someone who knows what he is talking about. There is never any "preaching". On Wednesday nights after taps, loud speakers all over the field broadcast the calm voice of the Chaplain. Each week a Jewish, Protestant or Catholic Chaplain gives a short talk on some phase of a cadet's life.

These are days of impermanency. A war weary world is conscious of many changes, and of many people who would bring about further change. We are fighting to preserve a way of life we think to be fair and just. Our ideals today do not differ from those of the Carpenter of Galilea's 2,000 years ago. His words spoken then have influenced the world more than all the displays of military might from Alexander to Hitler. When the last shot is fired and the sound of gunfire has died away, if we will but listen, we can hear His words still, guiding us in our efforts to build a new and better world.

—A/C T. B. Patterson.

CADETS LEAVE CHAPEL AFTER SUNDAY SERVICE



CORPS STAFF: LEFT TO RIGHT: TYLER, GEORGE B., ADJUTANT; GLASSER, HAROLD L., COMMANDER
AND COLLIER, RAY B., SUPPLY OFFICER.

Leadership . . .

Corps Commander Harold L. Glasser, a native New Yorker, is a graduate of Harvard Law School, and has practiced law in the State of New York for the past two years. Corps Adjutant George B. Tyler, a Virginian, attended both the Augusta Military School and Virginia Polytechnic Institute before enlisting in the Air Corps last February. Ex-serviceman Ray B. Collier, Corps Supply Officer, has a background of military experience gained in both domestic and foreign service. Mr. Collier is from Van Buren, Arkansas.

THE PERIODIC graduation of cadets from Maxwell Field necessitates the appointment of new cadet leaders to guide the succeeding class. Responsibility for the proper administration of cadet activities and the maintenance of the high standards of cadet conduct rests upon the shoulders of the new leaders.

The candidates for cadet officerships are selected after careful observation during their underclass period by the officers of the graduating class. The appointments are made after the prospective leaders have been reviewed and interviewed by the tactical officers of Maxwell Field.

Cadet officers are selected on the basis of their military bearing, academic standing, previous military experience and their adaptability to the Maxwell spirit of enthusiasm and alertness. In the vernacular of all cadets at Maxwell Field, the officers are "on the ball"—

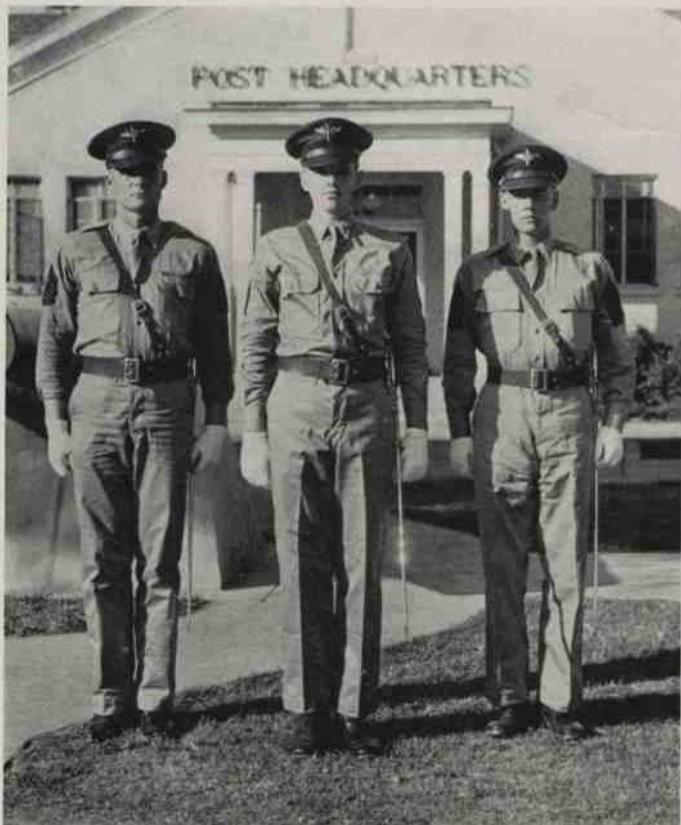
an expression meaning the possession of all qualities of military perfection that can be acquired as underclassmen through willingness to learn and hard work.

Their responsibilities as officers are heavy for they are charged with the proper military training of the cadet body and their ability as leaders reflects itself in the cadet corps.

The cadet organization is headed by the Corps Commander assisted by an Adjutant and a Supply Officer.

The tried and proven system of cadet officership speaks well for the entire cadet corps. The success of this system is dependent upon the maximum cooperation of the cadet corps in carrying out the orders of the officers and in extending to them their complete respect. From class to class, the cadet officer system is invariably a success.

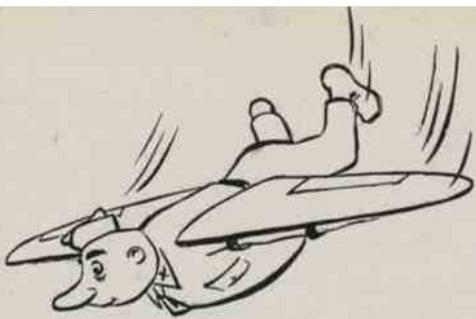
A/C George B. Wickerham.



WING NUMBER I: Left to right: Edwards, Robert R., Adjutant; Collins, Fred A., Commander and Lent, Harold B., Supply Officer.



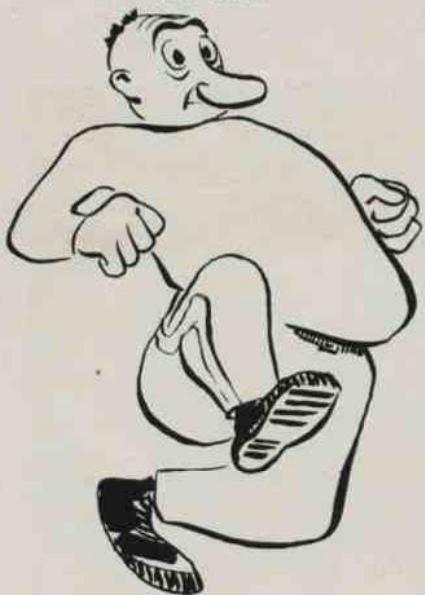
WING NUMBER II: Left to right: Brandt, Otto P., Adjutant; Stell, Virginius R., Commander and Rickabaugh, Ronald K., Supply Officer.



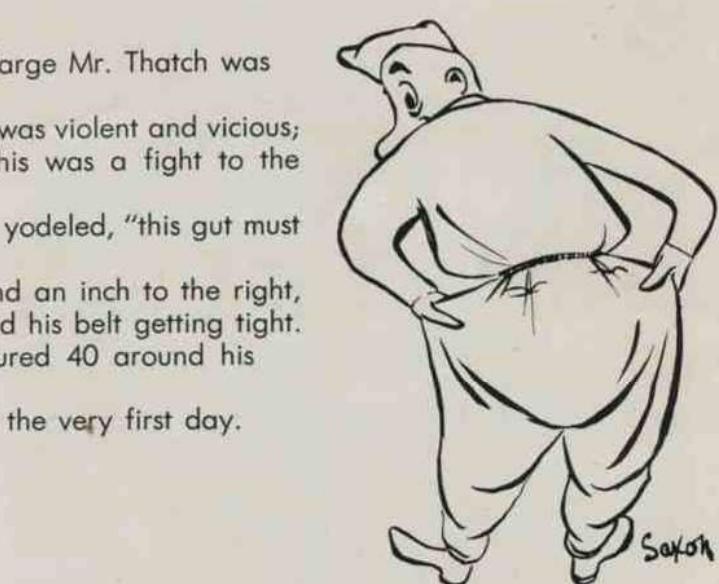
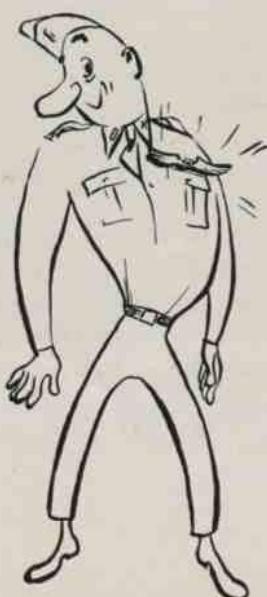
Short, Short Story Of A Belt

By A/C Charles D. Saxon

INTO the Air Force came Averill Thatch
(A very large man with a waistline to
match)
He was built like a bomber—B17A
And he measured flat 40 around his bomb
bay.
At first they were puzzled—just one of these
things—
Should they teach him to fly, or just fit him
with wings?
But Averill wanted the wings on his chest
So they sent him to Maxwell and hoped for
the best.



THE PRESENCE of large Mr. Thatch was
auspicious—
The comment created was violent and vicious;
For the upperclass, this was a fight to the
finish:
"This waist-line," they yodeled, "this gut must
diminish!"
An inch to the left and an inch to the right,
And poor Mr. T. found his belt getting tight.
Though Thatch measured 40 around his
bomb bay,
His belt shrank to 30 the very first day.



IT'S TOUGH for a zombie—this shortness of
belt—
But posture and bearing must make them-
selves felt,
And after the rigors of P. T. and drill
The trousers get almost too baggy to fill!
And such was the case of our Averill Thatch
(The build of the man would be quite hard to
match)
He may have been large 'ere the training
begun,
But Averill now flies a P-51.

Saxon



Fire a Burst Of Six

LIKE THE steady zoom of training planes, and the cadenced tread of marching feet, the staccato bark of a .30 cal. machine gun has now become a part of the regular pattern of Maxwell Field's noises. Firing the machine gun, as well as several other ground weapons, has recently become a new and valuable addition to the cadet's Pre-Flight training.

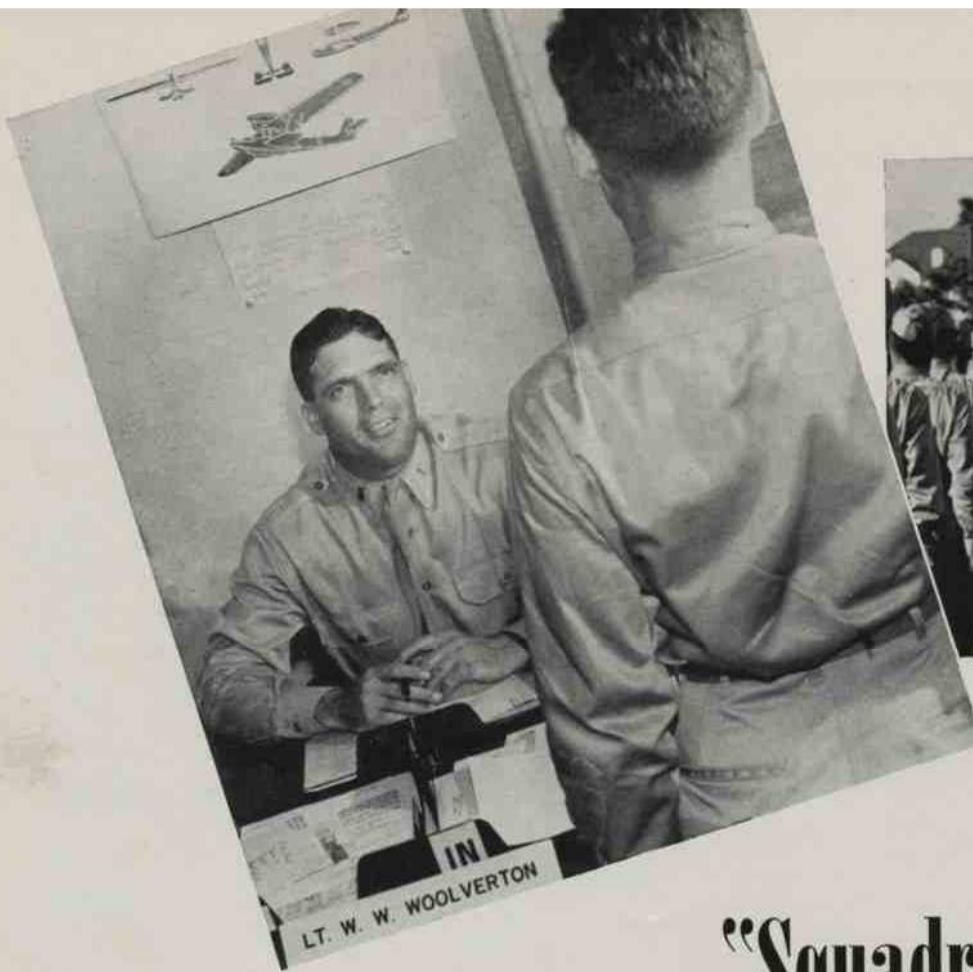
The reason for a course in ground weapons at Maxwell is an extremely practical one. Many American pilots find themselves forced down over enemy territory during combat, eventually reach the safety of their own lines. Some do not. Those who have returned agree that their ability to use the ordinary infantry weapons aided their safe return. As one put it, "How would you like to be behind a machine gun with an enemy patrol bearing

down on you, and then find you couldn't work the gun?" To prevent this, ground weapons was made a part of every cadet's training.

At gunnery class, the cadet not only learns to sight and fire the .45 cal. automatic pistol, the .30 cal. rifle, the Thompson sub-machine gun, and the .30 cal. machine gun, but he learns to field strip the weapons as well. Field strip, in plain every day civilian talk, means to take them apart to see what makes them tick.

Stance and correct breathing are stressed on the firing range. Slowly the cadets fire each shot. Their hands are steady, their faces determined, for the target they are firing at today might easily be a Jap Zero tomorrow.

A 'C M. William Jacobs.



UPON THE TACTICAL OFFICER rests the daily burden of the thousand details that makes a squadron function smoothly.

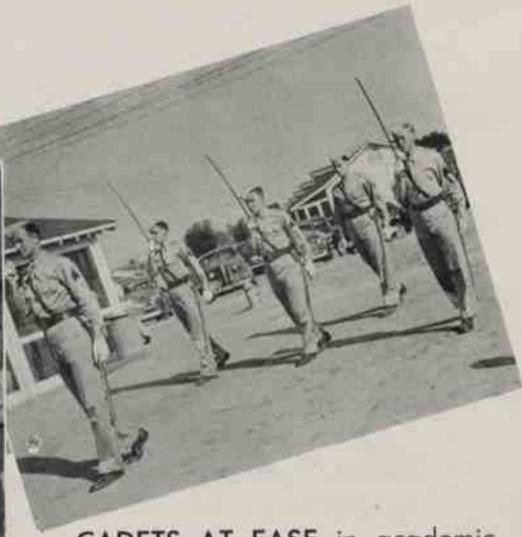
"Squadron, Mass Left!"

BASE for all cadet activity, backbone of the training program at Maxwell, the squadron is the military unit that comes closest to being called "home" by the cadets. It's the place they sleep; the cadets they eat, drill, work and play with; the tactical officer they know and respect.

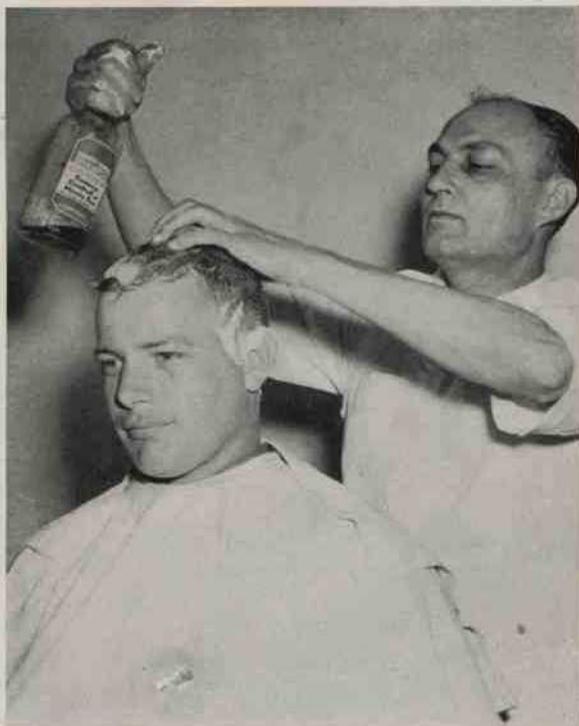
Each squadron has its own peculiarities, its own personality. Some are good, some bad, some mediocre. The cadets in the ranks make them what they are. On these pages, Pre-Flight has highlighted some of the daily activities of Squadron M-3, typical of life in all other squadrons at Maxwell.



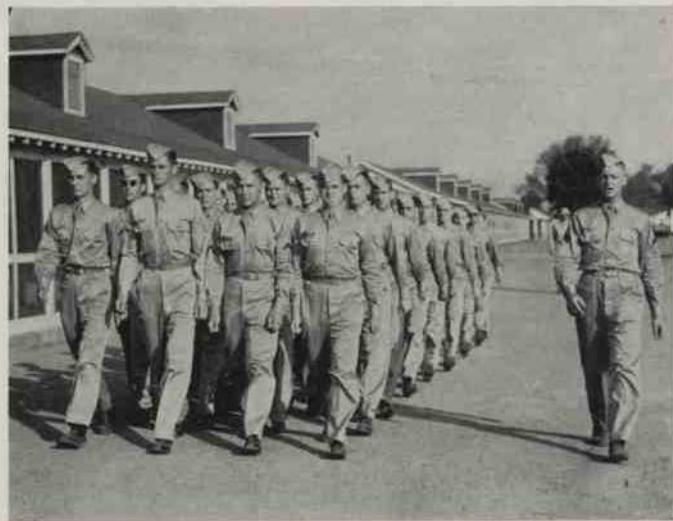
WHEN FOURTEEN CADETS rush for the shower after calisthenics it makes for crowded conditions.



CADETS AT EASE in academic area. In their spare time, cadet officers go through sabre drill.

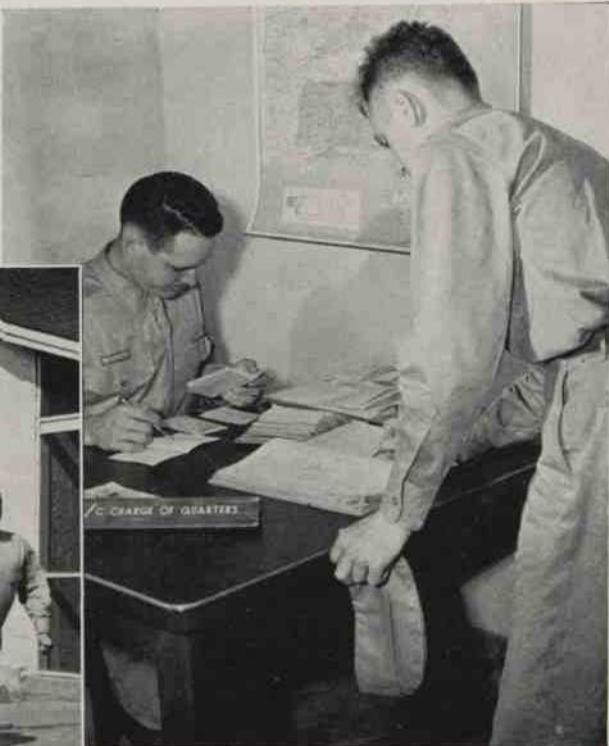
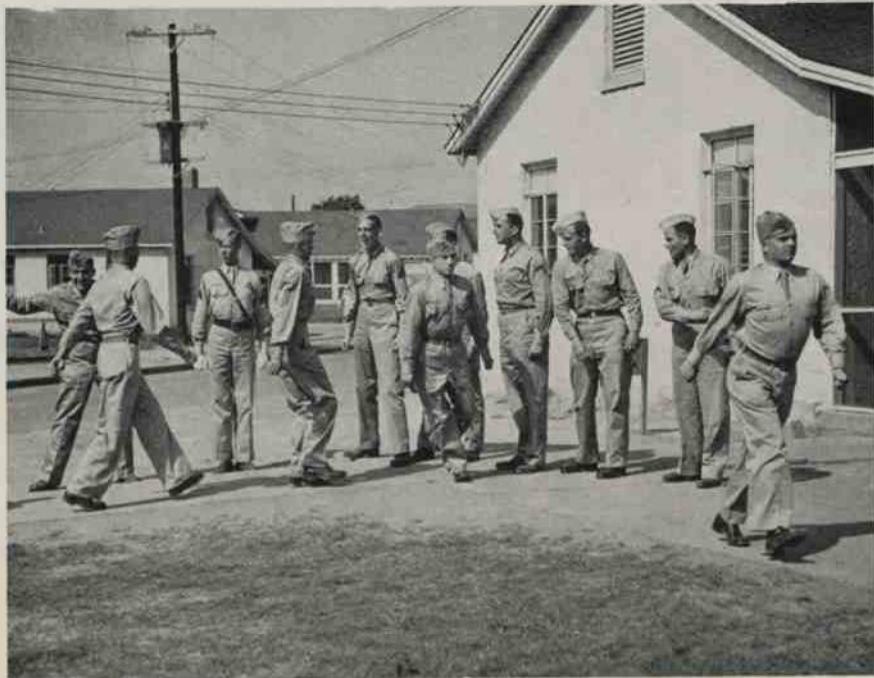


G. I. HAIRCUT AND SHAMPOO. TIME, 4 MINUTES, 35 SECONDS.



CADETS LOOK PROUD WHEN THEY MARCH BECAUSE THEY KNOW HOW TO MARCH.

A squadron's day consists of many things. It starts at 0555 for the upper class, 0550 for the lower class. It runs from breakfast to close call to quarters and on nights when there are no rec privileges to taps. Academics, calisthenics, drill, shots, details, haircuts, 'zombie' instruction, movies, study hours, parades and dental appointments—that's only part of the daily routine followed by cadets. Multiply it by 200 and you have an estimate of how a squadron operates, an appreciation for the officers and men who guide its destinies.



"HIT IT, MISTER!" and the 'zombies' walk the rat line at 140 per minute in the position of attention. They flank their corners neatly, their eyes remain straight ahead.

POSED and ready for flight, seasoned and well drilled, with a fair idea of what military life is about, the cadet leaves Pre-flight school to take his first step toward the flight line. The road begins at one of the Army Air Force elementary flying schools better known as Primary. It is here the cadet will learn whether or not he has that intangible so vital to pilots—"an inherent ability to fly". His instructors will sense it the first time he handles the stick of his heavy PT trainer. All a cadet can hope to get from elementary school is a solid foundation in flying, and a boost into a more difficult curriculum. That more difficult curriculum is called Basic Training. The work speeds up. The classes are faster and the planes are faster. There are long cross-country treks, solos, night flights and many will fall out. But many more will stick—those who have conquered their fears of the air, of the planes, of themselves. When they do they are ready for Advanced Training. To teach a man to fly is one thing, to teach him to bear the responsibility of other lives in his hands is another—nine months of learning does both.

Take Off

Primary, Basic, Advanced



PRIMARY CADETS PREPARE TO TAKE OFF



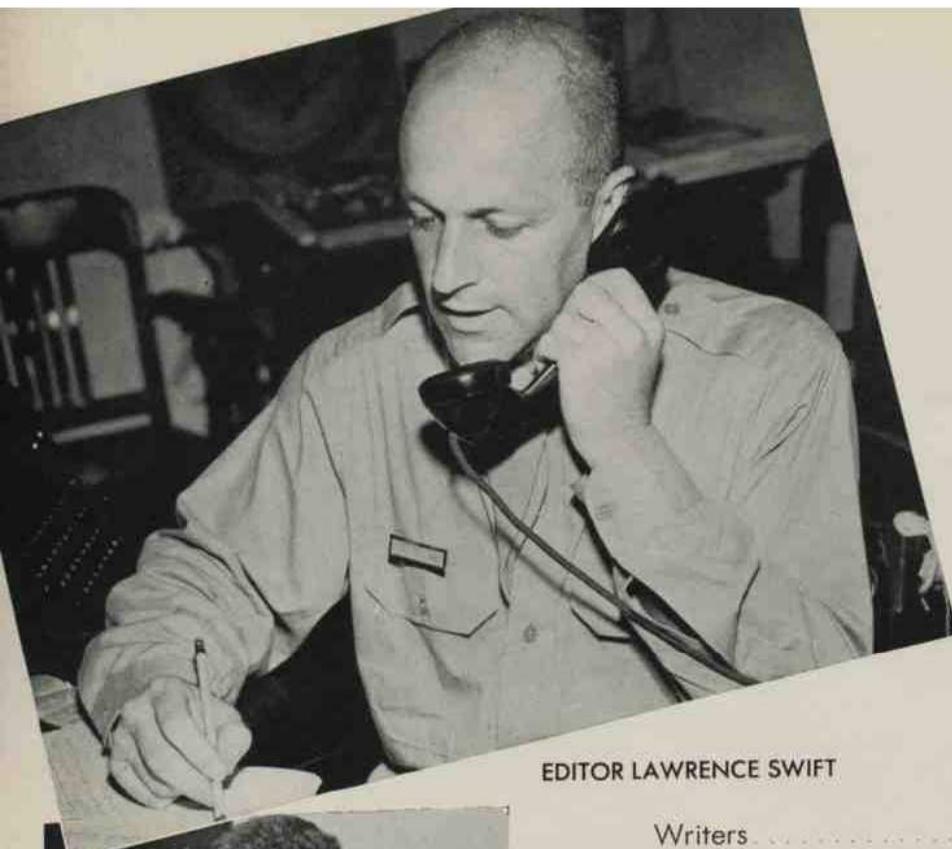
BASIC TRAINER ON ROUTINE CHECK FLIGHT

In Primary the cadet learns the "feel" of his plane. His first flights are under the careful guidance of an instructor. There is a tension that must be conquered and a sense of confidence to be gained. The early flights are made to the steady drone of the instructor's voice. "Ease your throttle . . . Pull up her nose . . . Right rudder . . ." The simpler maneuvers are quickly mastered, and one fine day the cadet solos. Basic stresses classroom work.



ADVANCED

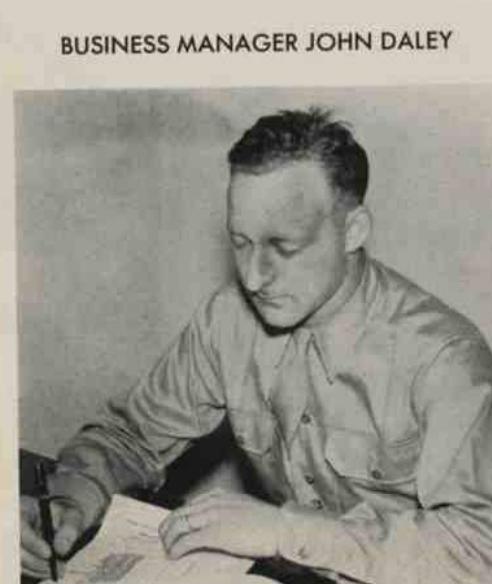
A sleek and snub-nosed master of the skies is the Advanced Trainer. It is faster and harder to handle than the planes flown at Basic. There is much additional equipment, such as retractable landing gears, wing flaps, and constant speed props. Advanced is where the kinks are straightened and the polish applied.



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All the photos in this issue were taken for Pre-Flight by First Lieut. Agnew Fisher, First Lieut. Charles Carson, Staff Sgt. Arthur Lorimer, Pvt. Lee Overman and Pvt. S. Zembaty of the Base Photo Section, Maxwell Field.

* Primary.

BELOW, LEFT TO RIGHT ARE ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER
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