

# PREFLIGHT



44C

A/C BEN ARMSTRONG—



AUGUST OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE



# PREFLIGHT

C L A S S O F 4 4 - C  
U. S. A R M Y A I R F O R C E S

Corps of Aviation Cadets  
Pre-Flight School for Pilots

M A X W E L L F I E L D , A L A B A M A

Published By  
THE AVIATION CADET SOCIAL FUND  
MAXWELL FIELD

Published at the Paragon Press  
Montgomery, Alabama

VOL. THREE . . . AUGUST, 1943 . . . NO. EIGHT

PRES



## MAJOR GENERAL THOMAS J. HANLEY, JR.

As Commanding General of the far-flung A.A.F. Southeast Training Center, Major General Thomas J. Hanley, Jr., has one of the top jobs in the Air Corps. Born in Mansfield, Ohio, graduate of the United States Military Academy, Class of 1915, he rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel during World War I. He has been a leader in the development of the Air Corps since 1917 and is rated as Command Pilot, Combat Observer and Technical Observer.



## ◀ COLONEL ELMER J. BOWLING

Commanding Officer of Maxwell Field as well as Commandant of the Pre-Flight School is Colonel Elmer J. Bowling. A native of Farmington, Missouri and a veteran of the first World War, he is a rated balloon pilot as well as a combat observer. Since assuming command of the post in January, 1942, Colonel Bowling has seen Maxwell expand from a small Alabama flying field to one of the largest and most important training fields in the country. An able administrator, Colonel Bowling runs his command efficiently and well.



## LIEUT. COLONEL CHARLES R. CROSS ▶

Newly appointed Assistant Commander of the Pre-Flight School, Lieut. Col. Charles R. Cross succeeds Lieut. Col. Robert A. Breitweiser. A native of Jamestown, Tennessee, he is a graduate of the University of Tennessee. Called to active duty in 1941, he has seen service at both Gunter and Cochran Fields. He was assigned to Maxwell Field last month and was the director of the academic department of the school before being appointed to his new post.



# *Dedication*

Captain David E. Hickman was graduated from Pennsylvania Military College in 1937, after an outstanding college career. A top man in his class academically, he managed to be an outstanding athlete, winning varsity letters in basketball, baseball, wrestling and tennis. Upon graduation he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the United States Army Reserve.

With the coming of war to our country in 1941, he was called to active duty as a First Lieutenant, and sent to Maxwell Field.

Today, as Commanding Officer of Group IV, Captain Hickman helps prepare us for our job ahead. With sincere gratitude for his inestimable aid, we, the Class of 44-C, dedicate this memento of our days at Maxwell to him.

# Foreword

The primary purpose of a Preflight school now is to turn out, in the shortest possible time, a maximum number of men who are possessed of the mental and physical aptitudes which will insure success in the more advanced flying stages. That Maxwell Field has done this well is evidenced by the national reputation it boasts.

In building that reputation, Maxwell has gone absolutely all out to insure the finest technical instruction, physical training and military practice. The Air forces, through Maxwell, have spared no expense to make of us good, rugged pilots, and intelligent, well versed officers.

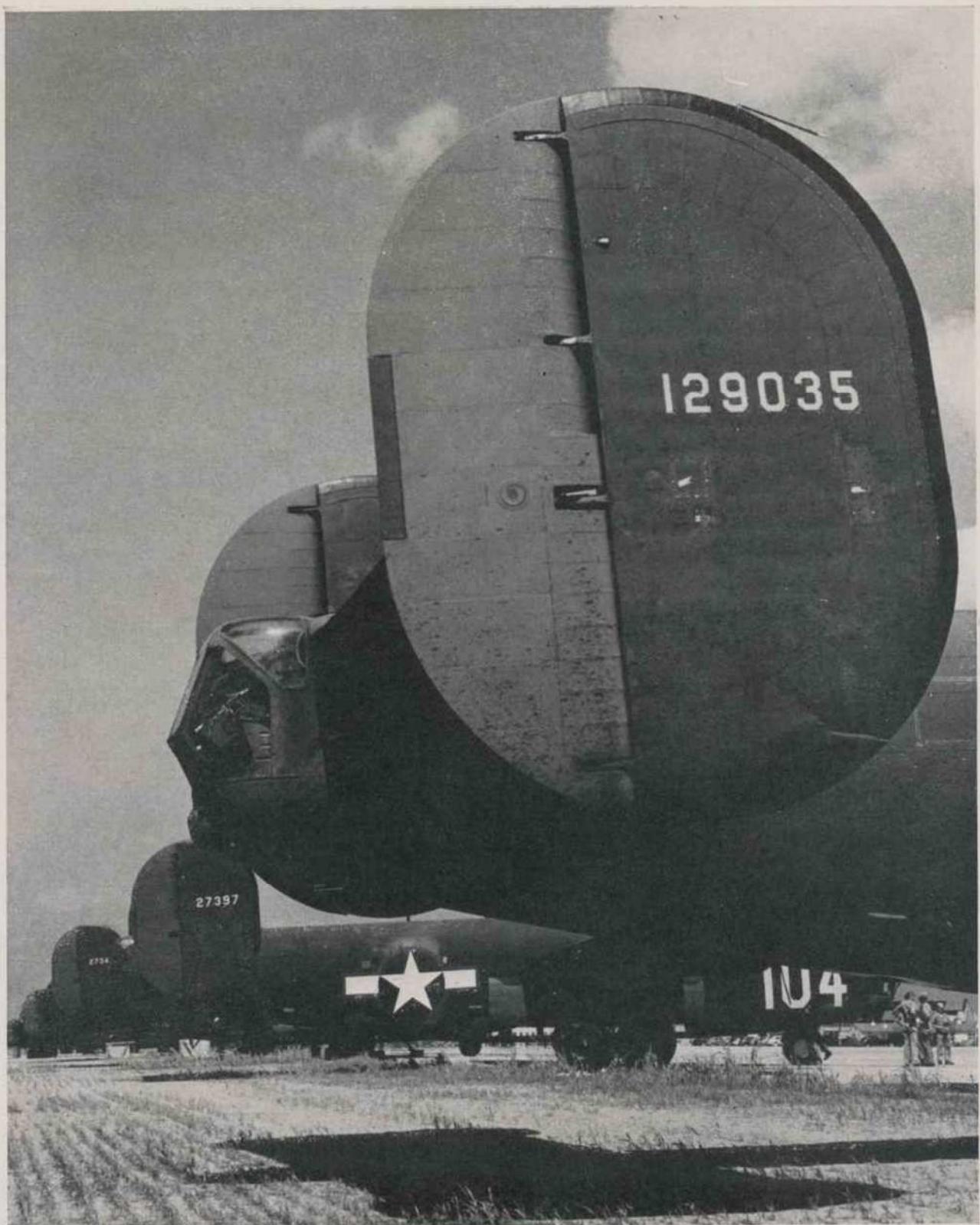
However, the question is found to come up sometime as to just what place all this excellent instruction and conditioning will play in the post-war world. How will it help write the peace, govern the conquered, and take care of all the responsibilities which are the lot of a conquering nation? And how will it help us, individually and collectively, to work out our future in a changing world after the war? Just what good are we getting out of this much-publicized \$25,000 education? These are important questions and it is important that they be answered. That is the purpose of this issue of PREFLIGHT.

In the first place, it is a painful but nevertheless true fact that the Army's first consideration right now is winning the war and winning it as quickly as possible. After the peace has been signed, we undoubtedly will be used for reconstruction work. But until that peace has come, we will have to be working, and working hard, at the job of gaining domination over the enemy. You can not release a prisoner through a ten foot wall with words. Neither can you impose your ideology upon a nation before it has been conquered. Therefore, we work at being killers.

As for the personal good which may be gained by going through the stiff Aviation Cadet program, that depends upon the individual. If you apply yourself, you will find that it will prove of inestimable value in later life. You will be better fitted physically to take your place in the rapid tempo of modern work and play. Mentally, you will find that your thought processes have been speeded up. You are thinking along different lines, making quicker decisions more accurately than ever before. Your viewpoint has been broadened in scope by months of association with people from every state in the Union and from all of the United Nations. You will, in short, be a better citizen of the country and of the world.

This betterment on your part will be reflected in the settlement of peace terms and policies also. You probably won't be sitting at the peace tables when the chips are down, but you will have, by your votes and speeches and writings, greatly influenced the representatives at that conference. In the final analysis, whether or not we repeat the horrible mistake of Versailles will depend entirely on us and the other soldiers like us. The people back home will listen with respect to the ideas of a man who has been an Air Forces flyer, has been across, has actually fought. You and your comrades in arms are going to influence the whole world. Let us hope it will be an influence for the better, one compatible with the spirit of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms.

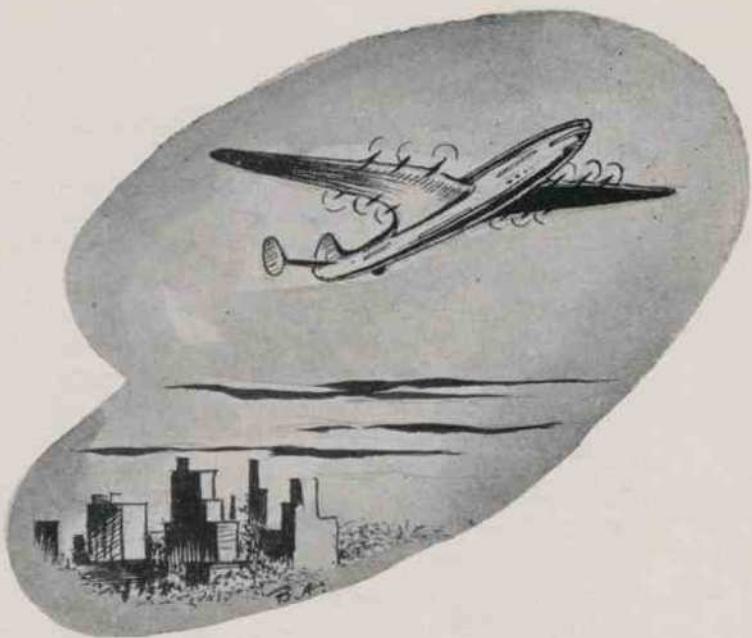
A/C Paul W. Bryder, Editor.



Preflight Magazine takes this opportunity of welcoming the members and staff of the new operational training command and wishes them good luck in the very important work they are undertaking.

# IS FLYING OUR FUTURE?

A/C MICHAEL STRAIGHT



IT IS cold at Maxwell Field in February. It was cold when a farmer led a lean man across the field, pointing towards the horizon, stepping out the distance, stopping to look back. . . . "You can picture airplanes here as easy as day; the trees in the middle and the few further on can come out; the gully across that clear patch can be filled in; the monorail can run down the line of furrows here; the shed can go over by the fence . . . Mr. Wright, it's perfect" . . .

The Liberators were thundering off the two mile runway when we arrived at Maxwell Field, thirty-three years after the Wright brothers. But they were a part of us. We came because we had chosen the most daring and decisive kind of combat. But we sensed also that a part of America's future greatness would be identified with aviation. We wanted to lead in that future.

We have one job now, to prepare to bomb the Axis into unconditional surrender. But General Marshall has said that to be good soldiers we must know what we are fighting for. A part of that knowledge concerns our own futures.

What chance is there that commercial aviation will have a place for those of us who return?

The first World War gave a tremendous impetus to aviation. Nine years after the Wrights came to Maxwell one million miles were flown on established air services each year. In another nineteen years the distance had become 234,000,000 miles. Britain was carrying 220,000 passengers a year; America three times as many. Three years later, our air lines were carrying four million passengers a year.

The Wrights' plane veered around Maxwell Field thirty feet above the ground. By 1938 Britain was operating regular services to South Africa, and India; to the Soviet Union to Sweden, Germany and China; France to Indo-China and West and Central Africa. K. L. M. carried the Dutch to the East and West Indies. United States airways crossed the Pacific to New Zealand and Hong Kong, and the Atlantic to South America and Europe.

Yet aviation was not a major industry. The number of transport planes in the United States was only 485 in 1941. There were less than 4,000 in the entire world. The total number of registered aircraft in the world was only 22,000.

Where roads and railways were lacking, or where jungles and mountains made ground transport difficult, air transportation advanced rapidly before the war. In 1938, 47,841 tons were carried by air transport in the Soviet Union; 13,083 in New Guinea; 9,647 in Canada; 7,539 in Honduras, and 6,150 in Columbia, as against 4,786 tons in the United States. In Central America, Lowell Yerex's Transportes Aereos Centros Americanos demonstrated the value of air transport by flying in mining machinery, materials, re-

frigerators and other goods to inaccessible towns in the interior.

The transformation of Maxwell Field, even since we have been here, is typical of the transformation of all aviation since the war. Thirty-three transatlantic flights were made before 1939. Now scores are made every day. Aviation was 40th among our industries in 1939. Now it is first. Our capacity to build planes has increased twenty-five times. Behind the spectacular demonstration of air power in war, stands the equally great achievement of air transportation. The army's Air Transport Command will soon carry ten times the entire freight load moved by all transport lines before the war.

Already we are preparing to maintain post war aviation close to this wartime peak. The Constellation and the Commando are two types ready for post war use. The Liberator has already served as a transport as the C-87 and may be converted into a passenger plane. The Navy has used the Coronado as a cargo carrier. It is capable of carrying 62 passengers and of crossing the Atlantic without stopping. In Britain a passenger model of the Lancaster has been developed in the York. Ahead of these planes stand the Mars, the 140-ton Kaiser-Hughes flying boat; the designs of Miles and Short. To use these planes, charters have been filed with the Civil Aeronautics Board for 350,000 miles of air services, as against the 45,000 miles flown in America before the war. Pan-American Airways, American Export Lines, British Overseas Airways, Trans-Canada, Glaviavaprom and others have their new world routes chartered.

To bring about this advance in air transportation, costs will have to be greatly lowered. This can be done. Between 1925 and 1940 operating costs per passenger mile fell from 7 cents to 4 cents in America. At this rate the potential domestic load which may be carried by air is seventeen times its pre-war level. In international transport the growth should be still greater. A passage from New York to Lisbon before the war cost \$500. Yet Pan-American had already

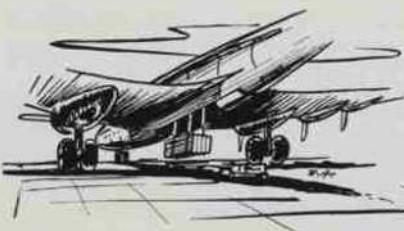
planned the construction of 50 clippers, carrying 153 passengers each, in ten hours, between London and New York, for \$100. Even in 1937 the Maritime Commission recommended that: "American vessel owners should not build super liners, but . . . they might well give attention to trans-oceanic aircraft." The Vice-Chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, Dr. Edward Warner, suggests that "half of the maximum pre-war ocean travel will be shifted to the air" and there will be "A post-war average of 600 passengers by air per day in each direction between the United States and Canada, the British Isles and the continent of Europe . . . An all inclusive year round average of eight schedules a day between North America and Europe seems a reasonable goal."

In air freight most first class mail may be carried by air soon after the war. Mr. Walter Runciman, of the British government suggests that this is "likely to be almost universally followed where the distances involved are greater than can be covered overnight by surface transport." He adds that for freight the cost "per ton mile was about 30d while the similar cost for the ship per ton mile was around about one thirtieth of a penny." Yet these costs are not comparable now. To the list of goods that were moved by air freight before the war—newspapers, films,

clothing, perishable foods and jewels—the Air Transport Command has added mica, platinum, quartz, industrial diamonds, engines and spare parts and many others. When reconstruction ends, these supplies may not be urgently needed, as they are now. Yet

the Air Transport Command has developed new facilities and new techniques which will be of great value in air progress.

But in a poverty stricken world all progress is delayed. Air progress requires economic progress. Given this condition the National Resources Planning Board maintains that post war air transport will be twelve times as great as in pre-war years. This means some contraction in the wartime aircraft construction industry, unless private flying undergoes an extraordinary expansion. Already some aircraft companies have reported plans for producing



automobiles, farm machinery and household goods. Yet the expansion foreseen by the Board means that for a substantial proportion of army pilots who return to civilian life after the war, there may be a place in aviation.

Of course nothing is certain in the future. In addition to economic progress an international settlement is necessary before real expansion is possible. Countries such as Turkey barred all foreign air lines before the war. Others discriminated against foreign lines. This country strictly limited the points of entrance of air lines from abroad. In opposition to the doctrine of "the closed air" which held back pre-war aviation, the President's committee on post-war aviation, and the Civil Aeronautics Board are developing the doctrine of the freedom of the air as "The right of Commercial Air Transport". This doctrine permits the innocent passage of aircraft through the sky.

But more than this is needed. Uniformity of regulations and standards, agreement on routes and practices require international collaboration. Groups in Britain have proposed that a strong International Board of Air Navigation be created to succeed the International Commission of Air Navigation of the League of Nations which grew swiftly until 1940. Vice-President Wallace has proposed that large airports be internationalized and urges that "boldness should be the guiding principle in planning a world wide airport construction program."

President Roosevelt has stated: "Aviation is the only form of transportation which knows no frontiers, but touches all countries of the earth." A recent British report on air transportation adds: "If a working system of international cooperation can be built out of the wartime structure of the United Nations, aviation will help to make the world a neighborhood."



## THE AVIATION CADET HONOR CODE

THE word of a Commissioned Officer is never questioned, for the split-second decisions so necessary to the successful prosecution of modern warfare do not permit of doubt or investigation. As a potential officer, the word of an Aviation Cadet must also be inviolate. While undergoing the prescribed training, a Cadet is subject to many examinations on a variety of subjects. The real test, however, comes after graduation and during combat. A pilot either knows, and passes to fly another day; or he fails the final and greatest test of all. There can be no cheating or cribbing nor is there opportunity for comparison of answers.

Honor has meant a great many things in as many different times and places. The Aviation Cadet Honor Code prescribes that no Cadet will lie, cheat, or steal. A Cadet is further charged with the duty of eliminating the very few who prove themselves incapable of maintaining the high standards imposed by the many. These few detractors from the common good appear before an Honor Board composed of Cadets; and upon their conviction, are recommended for dismissal from the Corps of Aviation Cadets. Their names are never again mentioned.

Reasonably enough, dismissals are infrequent; for by far the greater percentage have the foresight to recognize that living by the Honor Code accrues the good will of all—both individually and collectively. We are proud that we are privileged to live by the Honor Code. That pride is part of that which we hold for our Cause and Country.

William Brain, A/C Corps Commander, Class of 44-C.



# WHY I'M NOT A ZEBRA

DOWN at Maxwell you got to be a Captain Officer. I don't mean no two-bit corporal; I mean a zebra, a guy with so many stripes that if he had one more he'd be running hell-bent from Atlanta with the prison guard on his heels.

How come I'm not a zebra? Here's what happened.

Back in October, when they took me into the Air Corps, the lieutenant makes me say the oath after him. When he gets done he looks at me and says: "Man, where did you get a voice like that?" "Listen", I said, "back where I come from, in Georgia, I was the best darn hog-caller you ever saw. Man," I said, "when I got up in them Georgia hills in the evenin' and gave out with 'Ho-o-o-o-o pig!' them hogs would come running for five mile round." "Feller", he says, "with a voice like that you're as good as picked for Corps Commander at Maxwell Field." "What's that?" I asks. "Why man, he's tops," the lieutenant says, "he eats by hisself, he sleeps by hisself, and what he says goes." "Boy, that's me!" I says.

Back in the college training detachment I told the captain that I was fixed to be Corps Commander. All I got was table corporal. But that didn't haze me none. When we hit Max-

well I looked out and there on the platform was a whole herd of zebras, with swords tied to them. "That's for me!" I says. "I only hope the folks back home won't die laughing when they see me in a get up like that!"

"They take us to the barracks, and right away up comes a real little zebra: "Pretty husky, aren't you Mister?" he says to me. "Sure am," I shoots back. "Big enough to be Corps Commander, eh Mister?" he says. "Friend, if you're big enough to be a lieutenant I reckon I'll make general," I says. Then he jerks himself up. "Mister, are you sounding off?" he says. "Not like I can when I have a mind to," I says. "Then sound off Mister," he yells. "O. K. if you say so," I says, and I let him have it. Friend, I mean to tell you, that little feller clapped his hands over his ears and tore out of them barracks squealing like a stuck pig. He went so fast he dropped his sword behind him. Naturally I picked it up and tried it on. It looked real good.

Pretty soon the time came to pick the officers. We had to write letters saying what we wanted to be. I wrote, Corps Commander. I never was much for writing though. I guess that was why I didn't get to see no captains nor majors like the others. But that didn't haze me none neither.



One day when the boys were laying around the barracks reading the comics, and I was learning the I. D. R. like every officer should, some zebras come running in. "On the double Misters, out to the practice field for drill!" Sure enough our squadron had been picked to try out the fellers for Corps Commander.

You know that field—down by the gate with the dust all over, and the tall grass at one end. Most of the boys were pretty peeved about drilling there, but that wasn't nothing to what they were later on. Friend, we marched around that field for two hours in the sun! Left turns, right turns, everything in the I. D. R. and a good deal more besides. Some of the fellers that drilled us were mighty smart, I give them that. But man there wasn't one that didn't sound like a three month rooster learning how to crow. I says to myself, "It's in the bag!"

Along about noon we wore out all the candidates. "Anyone else here to try out?" sings out the major. "Ain't no mo'!" cry the boys, wanting to get back inside. "Ain't no mo' hell!" I says. I steps forward, feeling my heart beat like a herd of runaway cattle. "Here sir!" I says, and gives the major a snappy salute. "Take over Mister!" "Yessir!" I turns around and faces the squadron.

Friend, I sucked in enough wind into my gut to blow a scow clean across the Gulf of Mexico. When my first command started to roll out I could see the faces popping out of the barracks windows half a mile away. The



fellers in the ranks swayed a bit and steadied themselves, and was all set to take off.

Then it happened.

All of a sudden there was a great noise of grunting and heaving in the tall grass beside us. I looks around and seen about thirty of the biggest hogs I ever did see break out from the grass where they'd been sleeping and came hell for leather towards the squadron.

I give my men at ease, and at that the hogs come faster. They run all into the squadron, grunting and squealing and rooting like wild boars for corn. Then they come after me, and when I run they trample all over the major trying to reach me. Man, there was caydets and captains and majors running every way on that field with the hogs after them. They say that nothing can stop the Army Air Corps, but boy I'm here to tell you that thirty hogs can give them a mighty good start!

Well, friend, the next I knew was, some little feller from West Point was Corps Commander, and I was back in the ranks. Reckon I'll just have to wait for Primary to get them seven stripes.

M. S.



# LEADERSHIP



## WING ONE

The cadet officers pictured here are, from left to right, A/C John E. Kester, Cadet Adjutant of Wing I; A/C William F. Ditrich, Cadet Commander and A/C George N. Jahn, Cadet Supply Officer.

## WING TWO

These proud cadets are the cadet officers of Wing II. Reading from left to right, they are, A/C Richard H. Smallwood, Cadet Adjutant; A/C George H. Dovenmuehle, Cadet Commander, and A/C William Trease, Cadet Supply Officer.





# Corps Staff..

MAXWELL continually has a large backlog of the high quality raw material from which leaders are made. Here these malleable raw materials are fashioned into potential officers of the Air Corps.

Every cadet on the field is exposed to the process. The iron clad discipline and honor system make officers. That fact is established.

But to a few among us the additional implement of experience is applied. Those selected for the honor assume at the same time a responsibility. The responsibility to make the most of their opportunity. If a cadet officer fails to measure up to the high standards of leadership maintained at Maxwell, he is not only a spendthrift of his own opportunity, he is cheating another man who would have benefited from that opportunity.

Therefore every man wearing the cadet officer's stripes extends himself. Before selection,

he is carefully scrutinized by tactical officers to insure that he is capable and worthy of the position. Selections are made on the basis of academic standing, previous military experience, military bearing, voice and evident leadership characteristics.

Every squadron has at least 27 cadet officers. Thus a maximum number are afforded the very valuable experience of handling men.

Staffs bearing higher responsibilities are selected for the Corps, the two wings and the various groups. The Corps Commander selected from the Class of 44-C was A/C William Brain. Corps Adjutant and Corps Supply Officers are A/C William B. Johnson and A/C Don J. Weir.

These cadets, who are pictured above, work long hours, and hard, to keep Maxwell Field's name always on top.

# ACADEMICS

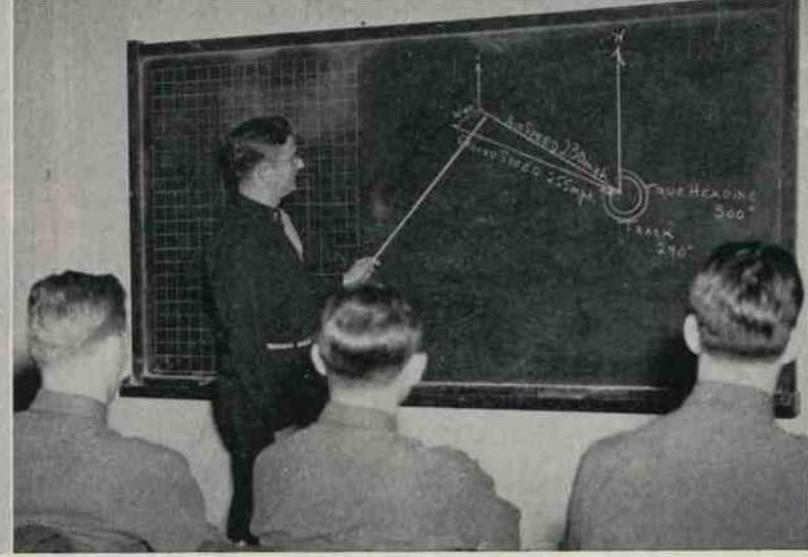
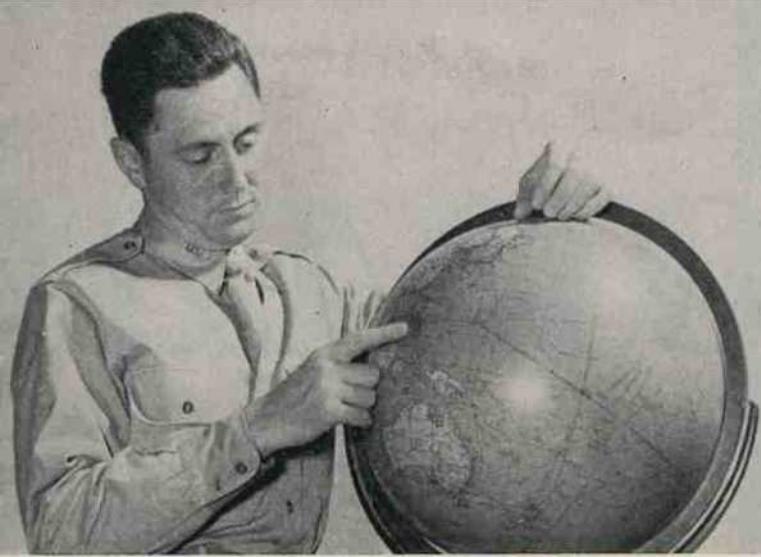


When A/C Dumbjohn, J. B., was introduced to the Renshaw system of aircraft recognition he saw only short, tenth of a second, flickers on the screen. On closer examination he discovered each flicker contained a blurry flyspeck. As classes passed, his more practiced eye found the blur to have indeed the form of an aircraft, even specific aircraft. By the end of the course he could name correctly seven or more out of every ten planes framed in the instantaneous blur.

The first few days in Math class, he suspected his intelligence was being insulted. Simple multiplication, division, addition and subtraction all over again—strictly short pants stuff. But when the examination came, embarrassing things happened. Here were college men with at least nebulous ideas concerning calculus and spherical trigonometry with their grades clustered around the failure line. The Math Instructors do not accept extensive theory as a substitute for accuracy.

Mr. J. B. D. maintains the subject matter one is required to saturate in the four weeks physics class would confound Newton. Every time he looks at the assignment in the back of the book he argues that it is a typographical error. He crams fact after fact into his weary brain 'til he fears his head will explode and scatter formulae in every direction.

After four weeks of such fact bombardment, Mr. Dumbjohn feels that the attacked position, his head, is softening up. When he is given the usual week's assignment for the next day, he thinks that they are kidding. But when the next day arrives, he discovers they are not kidding—they are quiz kidding.



Naval Identification is just Aircraft Recognition with a new cast. This time the lead and support are played by ships. Ships, Ships, Ships, American, British and Japanese. The last day he puts his cap on sidewise, dances the sailor's hornpipe back to the barracks and sews twenty-three buttons on the front of his trousers.

In Maps and Charts he learns that a man with sufficient knowledge can take the map of an area and decipher all information concerning it except its politics. Indeed, an aerial photograph might catch an occasional Willkie button.

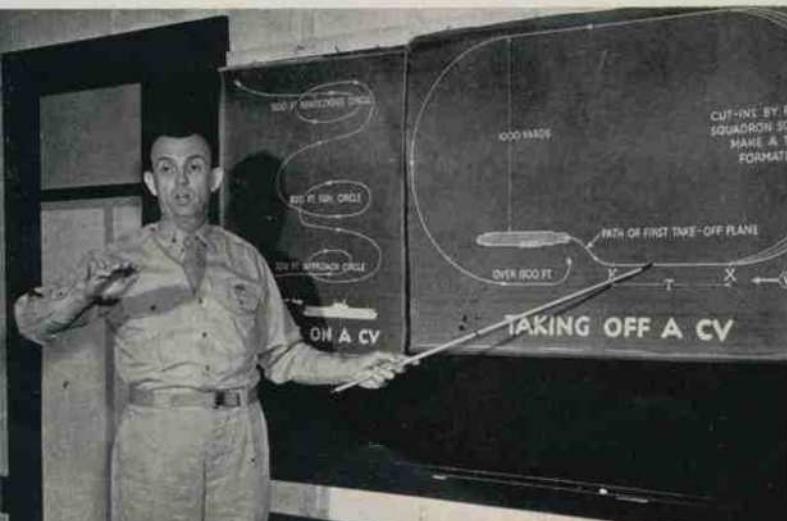
First Aid and Medical Sanitation rehashes Red Cross first aid and teaches sanitation measures necessary in the field—how to dispose of wastes in the field so that, in the first place, you will not know they are there and in the second place, the enemy will not know they are there—how to take foul-tasting impure water and make it into foul-tasting pure water.

Yes, every one of us, every Dumbjohn on Maxwell Field was in turn amazed, befuddled and embarrassed by the stiff academics. But as each of us mastered fact after fact and technique after technique, we realized that every single part of it was necessary to the well-trained pilot, the potential officer and most of all to the fledgling flyer and future pilot.

The combat aircraft is one of the most precise and highly scientific machines man has devised. It is a handbook of the sciences and skills of the modern age.

If a pilot of such a plane ever flies by the "seat of his pants," he flies first by his head. He has the best machine our knowledge can devise. He must have knowledge to operate it.

Such a wide range of knowledge comes the hard way. Every one of us must dig it out, master it, and claim it for our own. Every one of us will need it up there when the final examination comes. The classroom will be the sky, the questions Messerschmitts and Zeros.





# GRADU

Graduation from Pre-Flight is undoubtedly a big thing in a Cadet's life, but there is a strong chance that its importance may be vastly overemphasized.

In itself, graduation doesn't mean a thing. As a means to an end, depending on the end, it may have great significance or it may have none at all. As a rung on a ladder, the top rung of which is simply a pair of wings and no more, it carries no meaning except insofar as the social prestige of the graduate is concerned.

However, as a means of achieving ultimate, complete, and lasting victory over the Axis, a victory which will mean new freedom, new ideals and a new way of life to millions of enslaved persons, graduation catches a new, clearer significance. It means that we are one step nearer the wings which are themselves only a short distance removed from actual participation in raids and fights, the winning of which is absolutely essential to a full victory.

By full victory is meant, of course, a victory which will bring the leaders of the Axis nations to trial, which will see their misled subjects freed from the mental stupor which permitted the rise of Hitler and Mussolini, and which allowed Hirohito's dynasty its merry plundering ways for these many years. It must be a victory which will deal intelligently with the feeding of



# GRADUATION

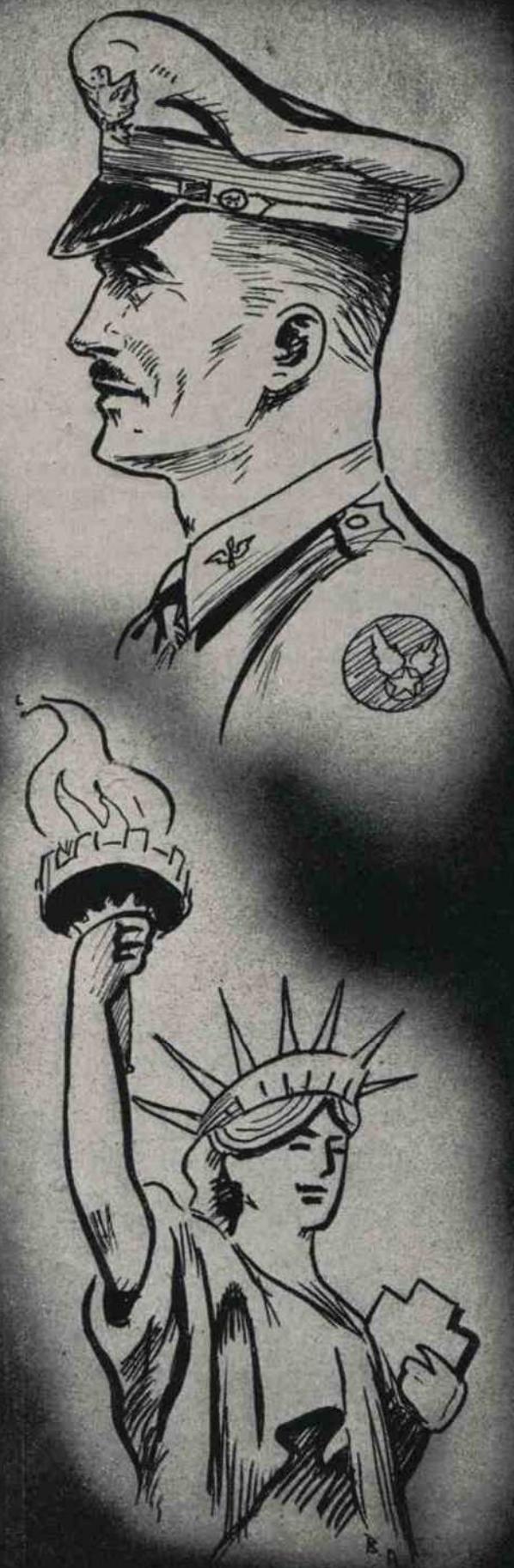
starving people in occupied Europe and elsewhere, which will bring to all peoples of the earth the full meaning of the Four Freedoms, the Preamble to the American Constitution. It must be, it shall be, a victory which will see the end of oppression, the establishment of the right to self-determination, and the lifting of economic barriers between nations.

This, then, is the big thing, the one thing toward which we must all strive. Graduation is important, yes, but it isn't the most important thing. The United States Government, through our President, has pledged that this program will be followed completely, that we shall not rest until all oppressors have been driven off the earth and international peace and happiness reigns once more. It is our duty as potential officers in the service which will have the most to do with winning the war and writing the peace that follows, the United States Army, to make certain that not one of these war aims is dropped, that the full program is carried out.

Viewed in this light, graduation presents more of the feeling of a challenge than an achievement. It is a challenge to each of us to get in there and pitch, bearing down on every-

thing we do, doing the best we can, learning all we can. We all have a big job to do, and it must be done well.

P. W. B.



# IN CADENCE EXERCISE

HE HAD a beer-belly. He also had a middle-age spread. In fact all the accoutrements which make up the successful feet-on-desk, cigar-in-mouth business man were his.

Life was pleasant. In fact A/C Horatio Fieldpot hadn't found life in the army bad at all. He hadn't heard of Maxwell Field's physical training program, its obstacle course or any of the various and sundry paraphernalia which go to make a man out of the happy, contented civilian.

Putting up a fine front (thanks to the various breweries), Horatio, and several thousand other cadets, arrived at Maxwell Field in the July heat. Therein lies the tale.

Cadets come in all shapes and sizes—little ones and big ones, skinny ones and fat ones, big chested ones and scrawny ones. But they all have one thing in common. They wanted to fly.

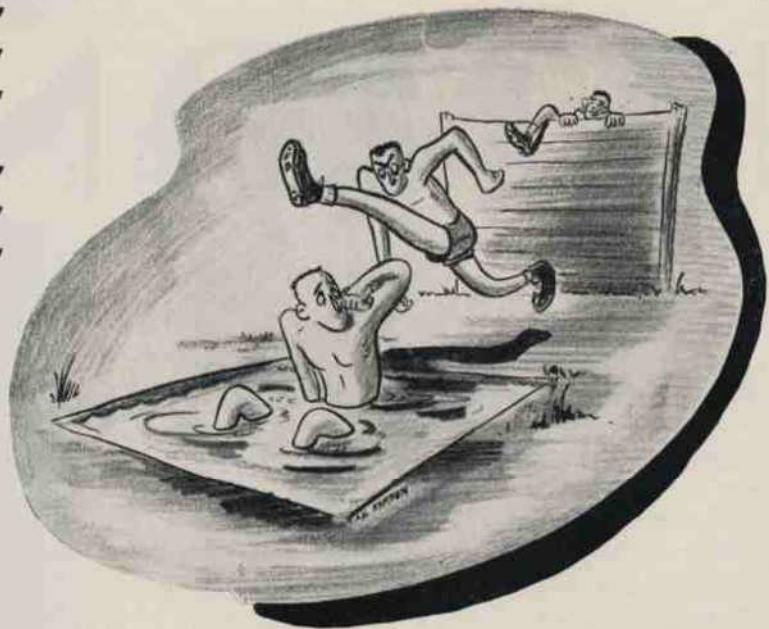
What had taken Horatio years to cultivate brought forth the raised eyebrows, military style, and frowns with "tsh, tsh", shouting from them.

Now all cadets must take physical training. The young ones don't have many civilian kinks to iron out, but Horatio had spent many years acquiring his. Reducing the situation to mathematical formulas, excess protoplasm (fat) is removed from the corpus in direct proportion to the amount of physical training. The speed of the removal is directly proportional to the square of the intensity of the exercises.

Then came that first eventful Monday.

"Get ready for physical training in ten minutes!" Horatio was ready in less.

The P. T. instructor, a man whom Horatio learned later to call "Tireless Joe", looked at him with disdain. He should have known that



look. He did later. For Tireless Joe belonged to that exclusive fraternity at Maxwell Field whose membership also included such people as Jack the Cadet Killer, Cadet Executioner, Supine Charlie, Simon Legree, The Bat and Atlas.

Getting out to the athletic field wasn't at all bad and Horatio muttered to the cadet in ranks beside him, "This is a breeze."

"Personally I think a storm is cooking," was the also muttered reply.

Horatio offered a disdainful snicker in answer.

When they arrived on the field each cadet received a set of dumbbells.

"Cute gadgets," Horatio said. He ate those words. Did you ever try to keep your arms extended for ten minutes and swing those things around, their weight doubling as each second went by? There's no reason why you should. But Joe insisted that the Cadets do. They did.

Horatio sweated. Cadets don't perspire, at least not while on P. T.

When those games were over, Joe told the cadets to run the half-mile sprint. Horatio was one of the first to start and the last to finish.

He came around the far turn like the Volga Boatman, minus the ropes but with the same slow dirge.

Now Horatio never had a reputation as a musician, but his roommates insisted that he played the bagpipes all that night. What Horatio thought would be a breeze became a panting, puffing wheeze.

But that was only the start. The following day he was given a stick which closely resembled a sawed-off broom handle. Before he was through, Horatio thought it was the trunk of a California Redwood.

"Those instructors ought to get lessons in diction," Horatio told his ever-present companion in ranks. What to Horatio should have been a gentle "one, two, three, four" was spewed out in a repetitious "hut, hup, hip, ho".

"Them guys never know when to call it quits."

Then in rapid order came the commands, "Front Leaning Rest Position, Sitting Position of Attention, Front Leaning Rest Position."

Horatio's legs waved in the air; he did pushups; his legs waved some more, but with far less vigor than they did the first time.

"They're trying to ruin my figure, that's what."

On that score the P. T. instructors were succeeding and Horatio's ire was well-founded.

But all work and no play, etc. So they let Horatio and the other cadets play. They played cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians on an obstacle course.

Fun? You can split your sides laughing. Well, you can split your sides.

Horatio pulled his now thinning frame over the walls, dodged under the chicken wire netting, looked like a bulky ape on the horizontal ladder, landed only once in the water jump. He was having fun, but the sweat still rolled off.

Time (as you well know) passed on. With it and into Horatio's happy past went the pride of just below his bosom. It went—thirty pounds of hard-earned, but delicately soft flesh. Tireless Joe—Shylock, he calls him now—got more than his pound.

Now Horatio is ready to graduate from Maxwell Field's Pre-Flight School (Pilot) thirty pounds lighter, owner of a large bill for altering trousers, and a slim, trim physique guaranteed to fit the cockpit of any pursuit plane.

But calisthenics did a lot for Horatio just

as it did for each of the thousands of others. They won't pitch and toss in their beds at night after their first bout with "Acrobatics". Their arms and shoulders are well developed and hanging onto the stick for four hours at a stretch won't be too tough. They'll have coordination between arms and legs, and muscles and brain. They will all love it up there in "that wild blue yonder" because they are in condition for it. It will be work, but it will also be fun.

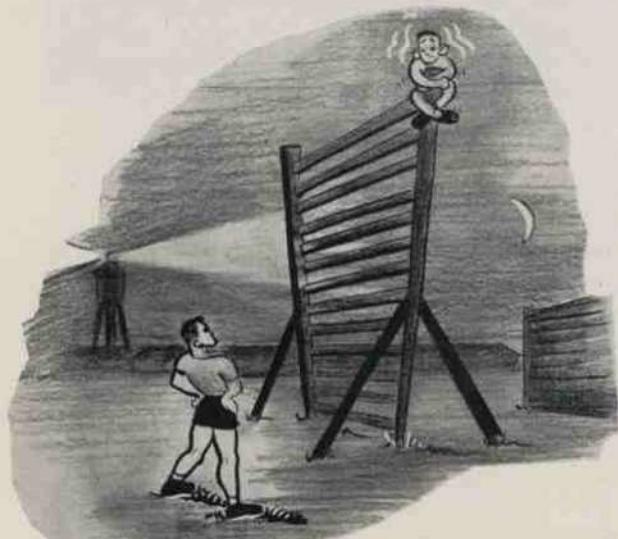
The scrawny ones are now strong, the big-chested ones slimmer and more muscular, the fat ones thinner and the skinny ones fatter—all in the pink!

Horatio and the thousands of others may have muttered oaths at Joe and The Bat and Supine Charlie and all of them, but as they duck in among the clouds, as they pull out of spins, as they climb skyward, as they make hair-breadth decisions, there will be silent thanks offered to the physical training instructors at Maxwell Field.

But just as Maxwell Field will always be a part of Horatio and the others so will they be a part of it.

Somewhere, maybe on the athletic field, or over the obstacle course, or in the streets in front of the barracks is some of that thirty pounds of Horatio and the others.

Horatio is now a military man, Tireless Joe says. He should know. All that Horatio was and what little he is today, he owes to Joe.



Come, come, Applewaite, my patience is about ended!



It is Friday night in any barracks at Maxwell. There is a good deal of noise. The cadets are holding a G. I. party. The dress is shorts; the drinks are cokes after an hour's hard work; the entertainment is scrubbing the rooms and studying the cadet regulations for Saturday's stand-by inspection.

"Hey Joe! . . . Go down and fill the pail with clean water will you? And bring back a cake of G. I. soap from the supply room! . . . Hand me that brush Al, I don't think the last class ever scrubbed these floors. . . . Al, how about doing some work for a change! . . . I

# PREPARE

know the captain won't come in, but supposing he does? I'm room orderly and I've got three demerits already this week. . . . Oh, throw it in my barracks bag. . . . Joe, hand me the regulations, will you? . . . When is close call Joe? . . . No, you're wrong. . . . When is call to quarters? . . . The captain asked that one last week. . . . Joe, when is tattoo? . . . Oh, don't bother with the General Orders, the captain never asks them."

It is Saturday morning, ten minutes before inspection.

"Joe, hand me that liquid shoe polish! . . . Where's my collar stay? . . . Al, how does my buckle look? Wait! Are my insignia on straight? . . . Who's got the blitz cloth? quick! . . . Hey! Who put this newspaper under my mattress? . . . What do you mean, the captain won't look there? That's the first place he looks! . . . You want me to be walking all Sunday? . . . Look out, here he comes! . . . Hide that cloth! . . . Let's line up, back a bit, Joe . . . ready, hit it!"

You see the captain, the lieutenant and the cadet squadron commander step up to the door. The barracks lieutenant salutes and shouts "Prepare for inspection!" The captain walks slowly down the hall. As he nears your room you stiffen and hold your breath. He stops and looks in. Can he see the smudge on the window; the spot where you spilt the



# FOR INSPECTION



shoe polish on the desk? Your eyes are fixed on a point across the hall. The captain enters your room. He runs his finger along the window sill. He looks at his finger, and says nothing. He lifts up your mattress and finds nothing there. Then he is in front of you, speaking; to whom? to you. You turn your head stiffly.

"Mister, who is the Commanding Officer of this post?"

"Colonel Bowling, sir."

"When is close call to quarters?"

"From 2015 to 2030 and 2230 to 2245, sir."

"When is tattoo?"

"At 2200, sir."

You hold your breath. Your throat feels dry as you swallow.

"What is your second general order, what's your fourth general order, Mister?"

"My fourth general order is . . ."

"Mister, are you sounding off correctly?"

"Sir, my fourth general order is . . . Sir, my fourth general order" . . .

To walk, to talk, to receive, obey and pass on, to be especially watchful . . . your mind races. Then you realize that you aren't going to be able to give your fourth general order. You know it, but you can't think of it. You stare at the captain and swallow hard.

"Mister, you'd better learn your general orders!"

"Yes sir."

"That's all."

The captain moves on. You remain frozen. Joe nudges you and grins reassuringly. You want to kick yourself. To repeat all calls . . . you'll never forget your fourth general order again.



# PARADE



First, watch the sky and other weather signs closely. If it's clear, you'll have a parade; if it's over-cast, you'll probably have a parade. 97 to 3 is good odds, for it never rains until the parade is almost finished. If it's a sweltering day—the Alabama temperature 304 in the shade with no shade around, you most certainly will have a parade. If it's a cool evening with refreshing breezes blowing, the kind in which you want to write happy contented letters home, you positively will have a parade.

Consider a typical Wednesday: about 2:00 when you look for ominous signs, you find the sky an ugly clear blue color. But after code class some beautiful gray clouds appear and everyone's spirits rise. After Physics there are even raindrops plunking on the sidewalk, and you feel sure that a monsoon is on its way. And half-

an hour later, the sky is clear and cloudless again. All afternoon morale rises and falls in a direct proportion with the barometer, but always, at 1755, "There will be a parade tonight."

Three minutes to shine your shoes, polish your brass and put on your Class A's, a rush to wet your gloves, and you're lined up to move off. Your pulse kicks, your shoulders straighten, your heels hit the ground harder, and you smile—until someone vehemently mutters, "Five million parades and you still can't cover, Dumbjohn." But before you can think up an equally caustic reply, you're on the line. "Eyes right," and you make a futile effort to walk one way while looking another—making an enemy and invalid out of the fellow in front of you.

"You really looked good out there, men. I was especially glad to see you watching out for your shoes by jumping over those puddles. Tomorrow you'll have only two hours of drill. I could give you three." But another parade is over; and anyway, you sure can't beat the music they play out there.

A/C R. L. Erckert.



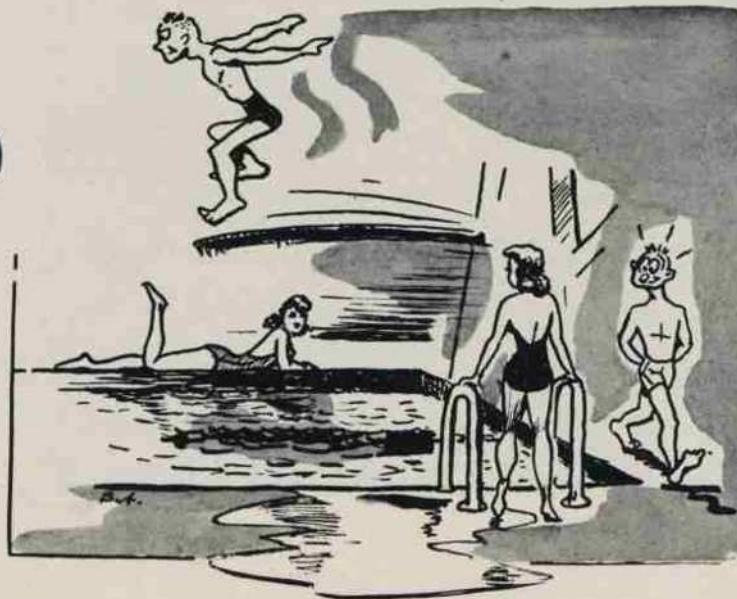
# DISMISSED

Open Post is one of those things that you dream about when you're a new cadet. Then suddenly you have it. After four week-ends in the barracks, it seems most desirable. It may be pretty nice to just sit around for a whole afternoon and evening doing nothing, but you have a decided hankering for those bright lights and gay moments of the big city. What else but open post in Montgomery? Visions of beautiful women, gay night clubs, picturesque taverns, and all sorts of splendid events flash through your mind. Montgomery has become a mythical heaven to which the only key is four weeks of tortuous perdition. For a month you've been saying, "When I have open post . . ." and now it's yours. Now to put these illusions up against the test of reality. OPEN POST!

The formula for happy open-posting varies with the individual. But one thing is essential—a release from quarters. After a whole week of polishing your shoes, shining your brass, and showing your cleaned fingernails to gig-happy cadet officers, you find somehow you have only five demerits, and a week-end pass.

Next? You rush to your room to get ready by shining your shoes, polishing your brass, and carefully inspecting your fingernails. Open post means something different to an Aviation Cadet.

Your big moment comes at last; the parade is over. The squadron commander's "Dismissed" is muffled by the patterning of tiny G. I. boots as 239 khaki blurs streak past. And there you are again, playing that old army game of waiting in line—the end of the line at that. But time passes quickly, especially if you have your Math textbook along to amuse you. Your pass comes as a shock to you; not only the mere fact that it came at all, but you find that your eyes, self-described as "greenish-brown flaked," have



been labeled by the first sergeant as brown. But, as life is full of such blows and this, after all, is open post, you ignore it. Life begins anew on Open Post.

"Montgomery isn't so bad," you decide over a shrimp cocktail at the Cafe. And that beer bottle cap laying on the table next to you sure does smell good after four weeks. Next stop is the Cadet Club; women, dancing, music. And somehow there is pleasure in just being surrounded by colors besides khaki. You notice all the beautiful women drift by

and casually wonder whether one will ever pass with whom you wouldn't have enjoyed a date. And you keep wondering as the evening slips by. A bit of good luck at the Cadet Club—you meet some of your buddies who have a hotel room. Of course you're the unlucky thirteenth in the gang, but there are only three beds anyway—which makes six others as unlucky as you. Around midnight when things begin to die down a bit at the Club, you leave for the hotel. The conversation is brisk for a

while, but habit soon begins to take over. It just doesn't seem right to be out so long after taps. As the chatter gets slower and slower, the beds get fuller and fuller. The music sounds in your head for a while and dies. This is open post all right, but Taps blew a





long time ago. So your first open post night ends with a sigh of sleepy regret and a feather bed—well, part of one anyway.

Six o'clock comes and a few streaks of light make you grope for the G.I.'s under the bed—until your vibrating head reminds you that it's open post. With a few curses you turn over to sleep away into the morning, 8:30. A cigarette in bed—for the first time in weeks—a leisurely shower, time to really fix your tie, a stroll around town—all legitimate accessories of Open Post.

Sunday afternoon passes in a pleasant sort of way. Just the fact that you're able to do so many things makes it automatically pleasant whether you do them or not. A round of golf at the Standard Club hits the right spot. Of course it's a bit hard to get back in that old civilian form right away—but that could be the strange clubs—you keep telling yourself. You drop over to the Narrow Lane Inn for a bit of landscape swimming. The water's nice, but just looking around from the sides of the pool is a lot nicer. When the sun and all the girls suddenly disappear, you decide that it's time for supper anyway; and back into town by taxi. It seems good to have a steak at a place where they really know the meaning of the word rare—passed quickly over a forty watt light bulb. But suddenly it's six o'clock; a taxi back, another wait in line to sign in, and it's all over. Your first open post has come and gone.

As you contentedly lie on the bed you wonder about that date bureau. They wouldn't go wrong on any of the girls you saw. Maybe, next week. . . . So, you wearily get up to polish your shoes so you won't get gigged at reveille tomorrow; and the vicious cycle begins again. With a nostalgic sigh you reflect that open post is worth it. And it is!

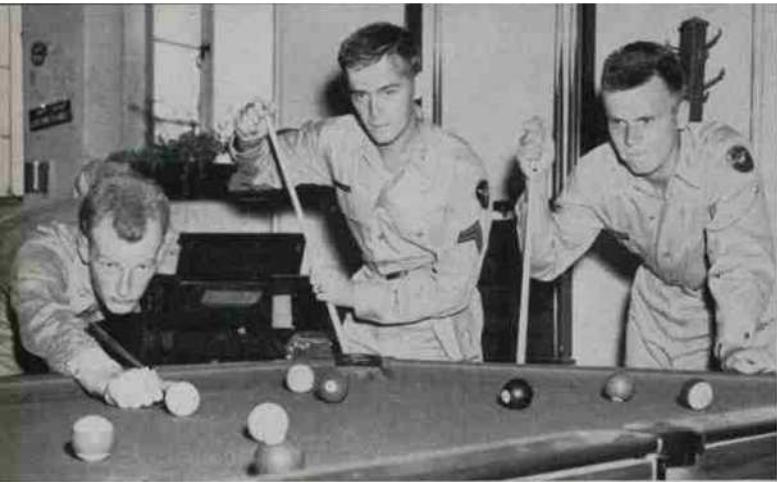
#### SPEAKING OF HOPS . . .

Once again a graduation dance is to be held. This time it will celebrate the feats of the Class of 44-C.

What sets us off especially this time is the stirring news that not only will our own jive-struck Aviation Cadet Band exhibit their talents, and a host of name stars unbend to entertain our happy company, but also that he will find, at strategic points on the Starlit Terrace, an estimated 73 million coke and soda bottles (full and unopened), and a host of deliciously indistinguishable sandwiches more or less a la hors d'oeuvres, to fill our stomachs.

Also we will experience a momentary weird sensation of ecstasy, when as we awkwardly glide across the floor to an oddly lilting stanza, we become acutely conscious of our beautiful partner's charms. But, and of course, obsessed with thoughts of Primary now only days away, we tear ourselves from thoughts of leisure, and dance away from Maxwell.





"Rec privileges tonight!"

Rec privileges may be defined as something that makes the new cadets' four week period pass as a matter of days, something that makes

# REC HALL



pool table, slamming out a game of pingpong, taking one's ease in the reading room, sipping a potent coke at the soda bar, getting second hand pleasure from watching cadets and their visiting dates dancing to the cadet orchestra in the music room.

Or perhaps the Date Bureau has made arrangements for other than second hand pleasure. To the cadet the Rec Hall is all things in the way of a wholesome good time.

studying a process for keeping one out of confinement.

The Recreation Hall is a place to spend pleasant hours waiting for phone call home to go through—bending over a





# Chaplains

Everyone has his troubles. Some of them are very real. Many of them are imaginary. The Chaplain hears them all.

There are the real ones, the unbeautiful real ones.

"I just received a letter from my mother. She has tuberculosis and has been getting worse. Now she is talking about committing suicide. What should I do, Sir" . . . or,

"I'm not proud of it, Sir, but my father's an alcoholic. Lately he's been beating up my mother and kid brothers. If he ever received my insurance it would do no one good. I've decided to have it transferred to my sister. How do I do it, Sir?"

Then there are imaginary troubles:

"Sir, my girl has come all the way down from Inkspot to see me and I've got two tours to walk. My tactical officer is narrow minded about these things. I'm supposed to meet her

at seven o'clock and I just gotta be there, Sir. You'd know what I mean if you knew Marge. She's a terror when she's stood up, not to mention coming all the way from Inkspot. Can't you do something, Sir?"

The Chaplains on Maxwell Field listened to thousands of such stories of trouble last month. And if the trouble was the real kind they did more than listen. "Perhaps a Red Cross social worker could help" . . . A wire is sent. "Perhaps things aren't as bad as you think!

. . . A letter is sent requesting a confidential report from the family physician. "Your girl friend has given you the old heave-ho . . . I'll drop her a line". Chaplains have developed the fine art of patching things up where the Boyer technique fails.

Chaplains performed 58 Cadet marriages last month, visited the hospital 117 times, and held 643 religious services on the post.

The books say that the mission of the Corps of Chaplains is to maintain morale. And the men in the ranks know that he's the one to call on during those rare occasions when a fellow really needs a friend.



# READY, FIRE!

Beneath the long, low shed the cadets stand, shielding their eyes from the glare of the sandy range in front of them.

"All but One and Two leave the line!"

At the sergeant's voice the cadets form two ranks. Those who are left move back to the ammunition boxes.

"Number One to the left and face the table!"

The first rank moves up to the line from which they will fire.

"Number Two, stand directly behind Number One!"

The second rank advances. They are to act as coaches for the cadets who fire first.

"Number One, raise pieces!"

The cadets grasp the .45 caliber automatic pistols that they had taken apart and reassembled the day before. They hold them with elbows bent, pointing at the sky.

"Number One, ball ammunition load and lock!"

The cadets pick up the magazines, thrust them home, and set the safety locks.



"Ready on the right?"

One cadet holds up his hand. His magazine is jammed. The sergeant moves over and frees it.

"Ready on the left?"

The cadets stare out at the range.

"Ready on the firing line?"

The line of arms unbends, moves slightly, stiffens. The safety latches click. Thirty yards away black canvas forms turn to face each cadet. They are silhouettes of men that bob in irregular motion.

"Commence firing!"

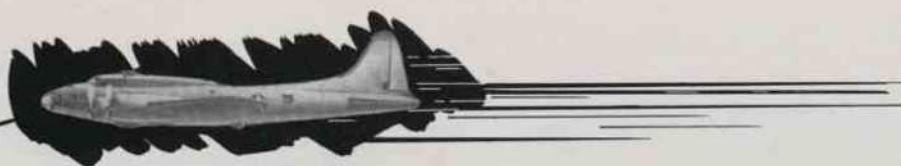
The pistols fire in bursts. The line of arms is broken as each arm is jerked up and lowered. Squint down those sights, stiffen that shaking arm, follow the target, take a deep breath, let out a bit, hold it; squeeze.

"Cease firing!"

The sound of the last shot dies.

"Remove magazines and ground pieces!"

The first rank moves up to paste the targets. the next rank comes forward, the next, the next . . . to be good flyers we must be good soldiers too.



## HIGH ALTITUDE

Seventeen cadets are facing each other, stripped to the waist, wearing masks. Numbers are painted on their shoulders. The walls around them, and the low, round ceiling are grey steel. A steel door locks them in. From portholes, faces watch them closely as they ascend.

Through a loudspeaker in the wall a voice speaks: "We're coming into 18,000 feet." Your hearts are beating faster, your finger nails are blue. You have a mental dullness. Your visual acuity and your color sense are lowered. All but subject 13 put on your masks and begin using oxygen.

"Number 13, how do you feel?"  
The cadet who has volunteered to go above

18,000 feet without a mask turns toward the voice.

"Alright, I guess."

"Look at Number 13." The voice goes on. "His lips are blue, the color of his blood is changing—look at the bulb on his ear and you can see it! Look at the meter on the wall. His blood saturation is down to 76. His senses are dulled, but he doesn't know it." Number 13 grins. The altimeter needle turns steadily.

"We're coming into 22,000 feet." The voice continues. "How do you feel?" Most of the cadets give their "alright" sign. No. 13 smiles drunkenly.

"Number 13, how do you feel?"  
"Alright, I guess."

"Number 13, count down from one hundred by sevens."

"100 . . . 93 . . . 86 . . . " Number 13 starts off bravely. But the needle is turning steadily. Soon he stumbles.

"65 . . . 58 . . . 58 . . . 77 . . . 90."

"Go on, Number 13! Count down by sevens!"

"90 . . . 90 . . . 77 . . . 58 . . . 90."

Number 13 stops.

"Number 13, do you feel alright?"

No answer. Number 13 stares down, expressionless. He tries to speak and can't. He tries to grin and can't. He tries to move and can't. The perspiration shines on his forehead.

"Number 13! Number 13! Answer me, do you feel alright?"

No answer.

"Number 13, put on your mask! Put on your mask, Number 13!"

No response.

"Alright sergeant, put it on for him. He's out."

The sergeant claps a mask onto Number 13's face. In a moment he recovers. The voice continues:

"Now you can see what lack of oxygen does to you without warning. You never know what hits you."

The altimeter needle reaches 38,000 feet. It stops. There the cadets are to stay for an hour.

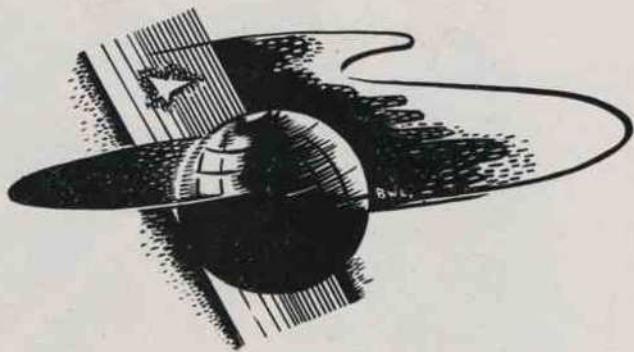
"Uncross those knees! Stretch out! Give the blood a chance to circulate in your bodies" the voice orders. But soon Number 9 begins to rub his shoulder. Number 4 signals to a face in a porthole and points to his knee. Bends.

"Don't fight the bends men!" the voice cries. "You can't fight them. How much pain have you got?" Number 9 has an inch and a half, Number 4 one half inch.

"We're taking you down. Take her down!"

Number 4 protests in sign language. His pain is only mild.

"Sorry, Number 4. You can't go up again. The pain would be much worse if you went up again. We're taking you down." No. four and number nine are taken into the lock. The pressure increases. The door swings open, and they are led out. Twenty minutes later two more follow. The rest remain at 38,000



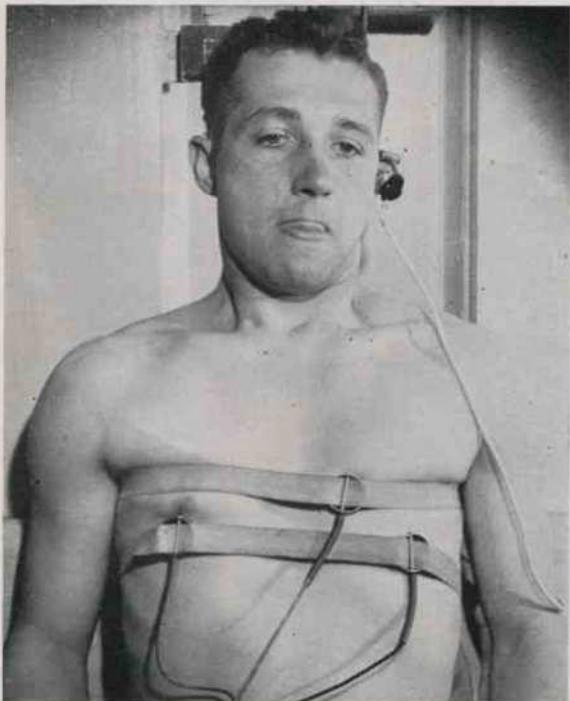
feet until the hour is up. Then they grasp their noses under the masks and blow hard as the needle winds back at the rate of a 2,000 foot drop each minute.

Back in the hot sunlight the cadets gather.

"That wasn't so bad! I was really scared of it this morning but I felt fine! I bet when I get my Lightning, I'll be up there all the time."

The cadets who could not stand the low pressure grin.

"Ah, what can you do up there? Wait 'til you see me strafing ground troops in my P-51!"



No. 13 in Pressure Chamber



# THE TOUGHEST SCHOOL OF ALL

Among Maxwell Field's crack four-engine instructors is Capt. George E. Groff, of Mobile, Ala., veteran of 32 bombing missions against Axis targets in North Africa, Italy, Crete, Greece and Sicily.

He is the type of pilot the Army Air Forces is using to impart practical knowledge of combat experience to future pilots of four-engine bombers, in this instance, the B-24 or Consolidated Liberator, here at Maxwell.

This is Capt. Groff's story. Here are the bombing forays from which he learned the secrets of how to strike the Axis. It began in July, 1942.

"My first one was a night mission against Tobruk. We were to concentrate on the docks and shipping in the harbor. I had an empty feeling taxiing out, but that quickly passed after we were in the air. I just couldn't realize that I was going out where somebody was going to shoot at me, and I would shoot back. Tobruk was blacked out, and we had to make two runs over the target area to get them to shoot at us in order to locate the target. They cut loose with the ack-ack, but it didn't affect us much. I really found it very pretty at night."

Next came a shipping "strike" out in the Mediterranean, but the ships didn't show. So it was on to Crete for a day raid.

"We went to a spot on the southeastern tip of Crete next, and it was the first time Greece had been raided. We hit it twice. We started to work on Benghasi after that and made several raids. Then, we went back to Tobruk. They were trying to get supplies in, but we knocked them out, and I mean we really knocked them out. They started to retreat after that. We went over to Tripoli and did a job there, too. We tore up all the military targets.

"From here we skipped around, working on Seus—a night raid—Sfax, a day raid, Tunis and Bizerte. After that, we got going on Sicily and Italy, concentrating on Messina and Palermo."

The Naples raid came after that.

"I don't even remember the month. Days, weeks, months, years don't mean a thing over there. They didn't think we could get up that far, but that's where we surprised them, and we did some good damage. There wasn't any opposition because they didn't expect us.

We sank a battleship, I think, a few merchant ships, damaged several destroyers and knocked the railroad yards out.

"Messina, Palermo and Naples got it after that. Messina, Palermo and Naples, over and over. We left them for Catania."



Out Sicily way Capt. Groff and his Liberator crew encountered Marshal Herman Goering's "Yellownose" boys. This is Goering's personal squadron and, according to Nazi accounts, pilots must shoot down so many enemy aircraft per month to stay in it.

"They didn't give us any trouble. We've got better airplanes. We never even had a fighter escort. And let me say here that the B-17 is the glamour bomber, but the B-24, for my money, is winning this war. I don't know whether you can write that or not, but maybe it will get by. It's only my personal opinion."

Bad moments? This is one.

"All four engines cut-out once when we were at 500 feet over the Mediterranean. We dropped our bombs into the sea, and when the engines caught again we were at 1200 feet. Don't ask me how. All I know is that we had gained altitude. The engineer was really on the ball that day and switched the fuel over. Somebody thought he would have a joke and came in over the inter-phone with: 'The waist gunner bailed out.' I whipped the plane around with my heart in my mouth, and then everybody started laughing. Some joke."

The worst moment came during one of the Naples raids.

"They had gotten wise to us, and the fighters were on us coming in and coming out. Both the fighters and ack-ack got me in the right wing and hit the inboard engine with all the oil dropping out of it at once. The crankshaft was red hot. The engine would catch on fire and go out, catch on fire and go out; just repeating.

"I couldn't keep up with the formation due to the drag on the engine, and the pursuit boys made up their minds to get us, and our speed was 120 miles an hour. They were all over us and coming in from everywhere. We shot down two for sure and several more probables. We saw them going down smoking. One guy made up his mind that he was going to get us, deciding that it was either him or us. It was an Me-109, and he came

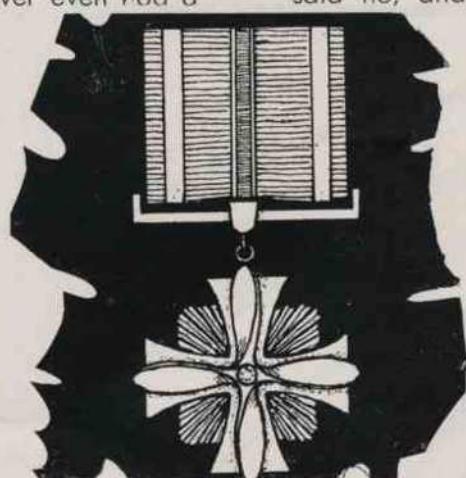
within ten feet of us, but we both missed. How? I don't know.

"I thought the engine would fly out after that, but we finally got to Malta. I couldn't get the nose wheel down and the right tire was flat. It was night, and I asked my crew if any of them wanted to bail out. They all said 'no,' and that was one of the best feelings I ever had. I got her in all right. I was sho' happy to get down on that ground."

Capt. Groff and his crew were given another Liberator, and they went out and hit Palermo. It was the next day.

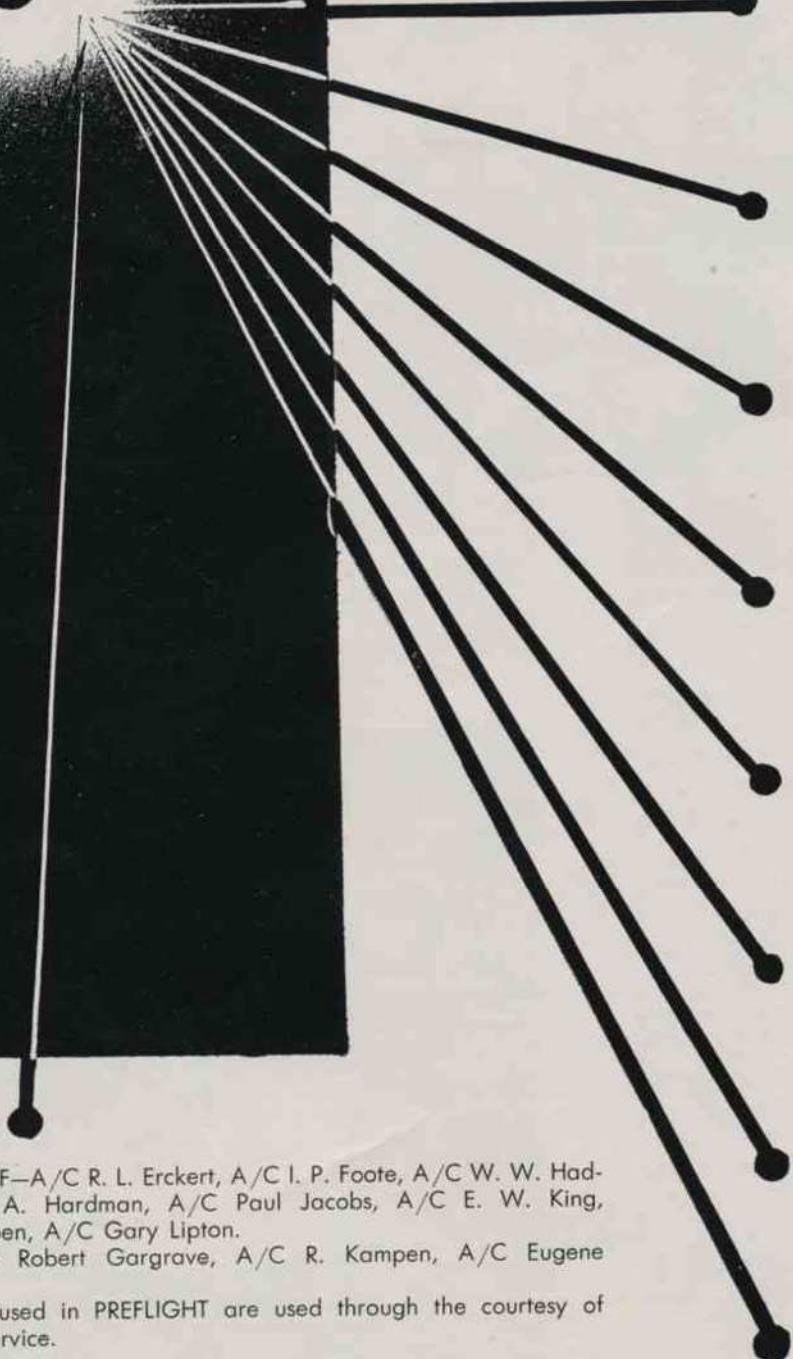
The 24-year-old pilot has the Distinguished Flying Cross for 200 hours of combat time, the Air Medal for 100 hours and the Oak Leaf Cluster for 300 hours. His total combat time is 303 hours.

His job now is to teach student officers at Maxwell Field what he found out in the toughest school of all—the school of actual combat.



*The*

# *Staff...*



FEATURE STAFF—A/C R. L. Erckert, A/C I. P. Foote, A/C W. W. Hadley, A/C R. A. Hardman, A/C Paul Jacobs, A/C E. W. King, A/C H. R. Kipen, A/C Gary Lipton.

ARTISTS—A/C Robert Gargrave, A/C R. Kampen, A/C Eugene Planchak.

All photos used in PREFLIGHT are used through the courtesy of Base Photo Service.

Editor-in-Chief—A/C PAUL W. BRYDER . . . Age 21 . . . Hometown, Chicago . . . Attended Northwestern, DePauw and University of Chicago . . . Editor Pulse Magazine . . . The Boulder Magazine . . . Chicago Maroon . . . Public Relations Photographer.

Managing Editor—A/C MICHAEL STRAIGHT . . . Liberal . . . Age 26 . . . Married . . . Calls Washington D. C., Home . . . Educated at Cambridge University . . . Editor New Republic Magazine . . . Wrote "Make This the Last War" . . . Official of State Department, Department of Interior.

Assistant Editor—A/C SEYMOUR JOSEPHSON . . . Age 21 . . . Home in Irvington, New Jersey . . . Actor . . . Emcee . . . Radio Script Writer . . . Feature Editor 61st C.T.D. Newspaper.

Business Manager—A/C ARTHUR H. LAMMERS . . . Age 26 . . . Married . . . Hometown, Dayton, Ohio . . . Graduated University of Cincinnati and Geneva School of International Studies, Geneva, Switzerland . . . Management and Aeronautical Engineer for A. Robert Snyder Company . . . Managed College Newspaper.

Feature Editor—A/C JOHN HANNAFORD . . . Age 25 . . . Hometown, Anderson, Indiana . . . Attended Wabash and Ball State Colleges . . . Traveled on Lecture Tour . . . Contributor Yachting Magazine . . . Reporter Honolulu Advertiser . . . Columnist on Anderson Herald.

Layout Editor—A/C C. R. DECKER . . . Age 20 . . . Hometown, Gary, Indiana . . . Prior to Enlistment worked for Universal Atlas Cement Company . . . Architectural Drawings a Vocation . . . Intends to go Back to School.

Art Editor—A/C BEN L. ARMSTRONG . . . Age 20 . . . Hometown, Raleigh, North Carolina . . . Attended North Carolina State . . . Worked way through School by Painting . . . Worked Summers in Ship Yards . . . Platoon Sergeant.

The editors and staff of PREFLIGHT magazine would also like to take this opportunity of thanking Sgt. Bradford W. Lang of the Public Relations Staff, who has given invaluable service to us in an advisory capacity. Many thanks, Sergeant.

