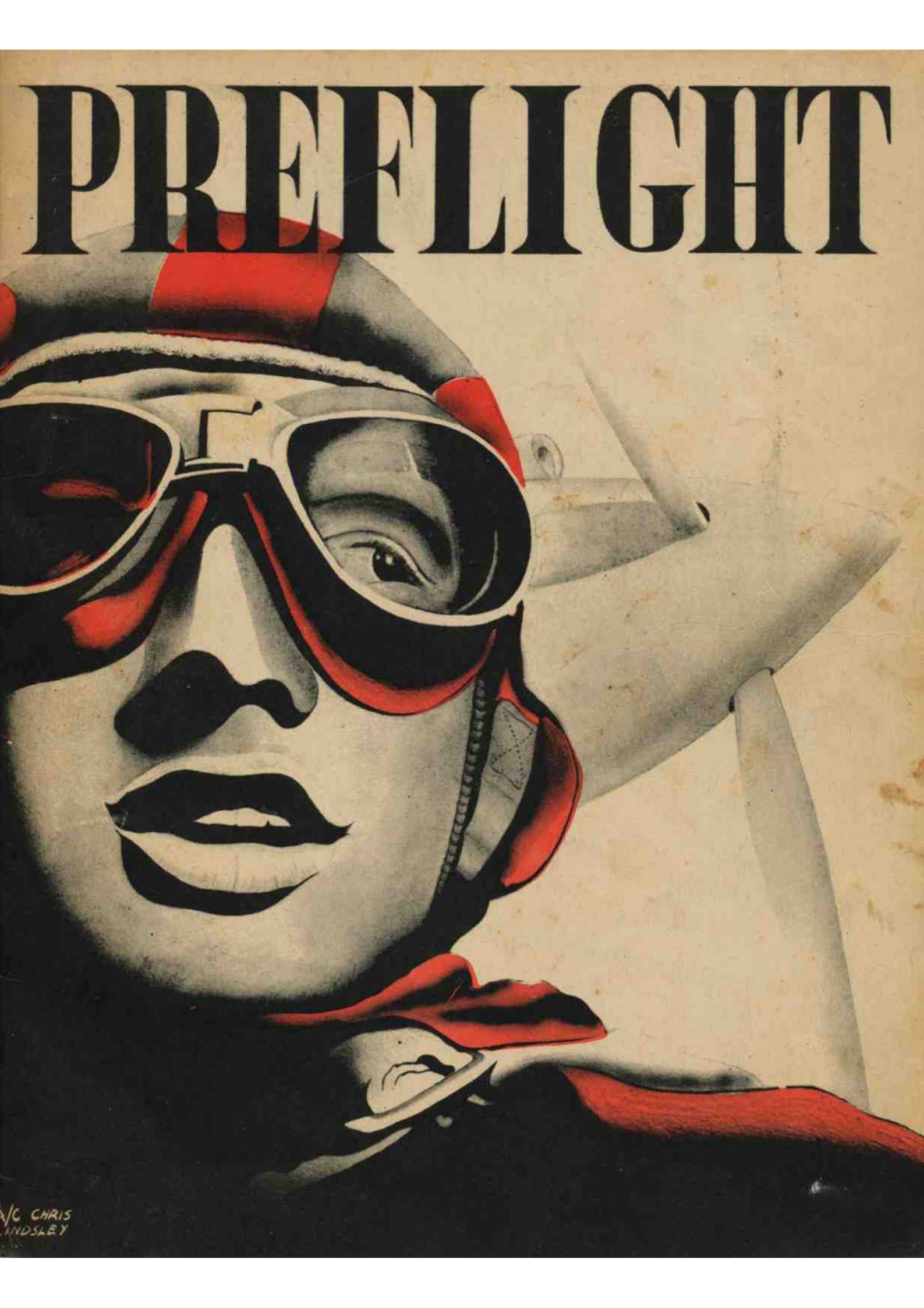
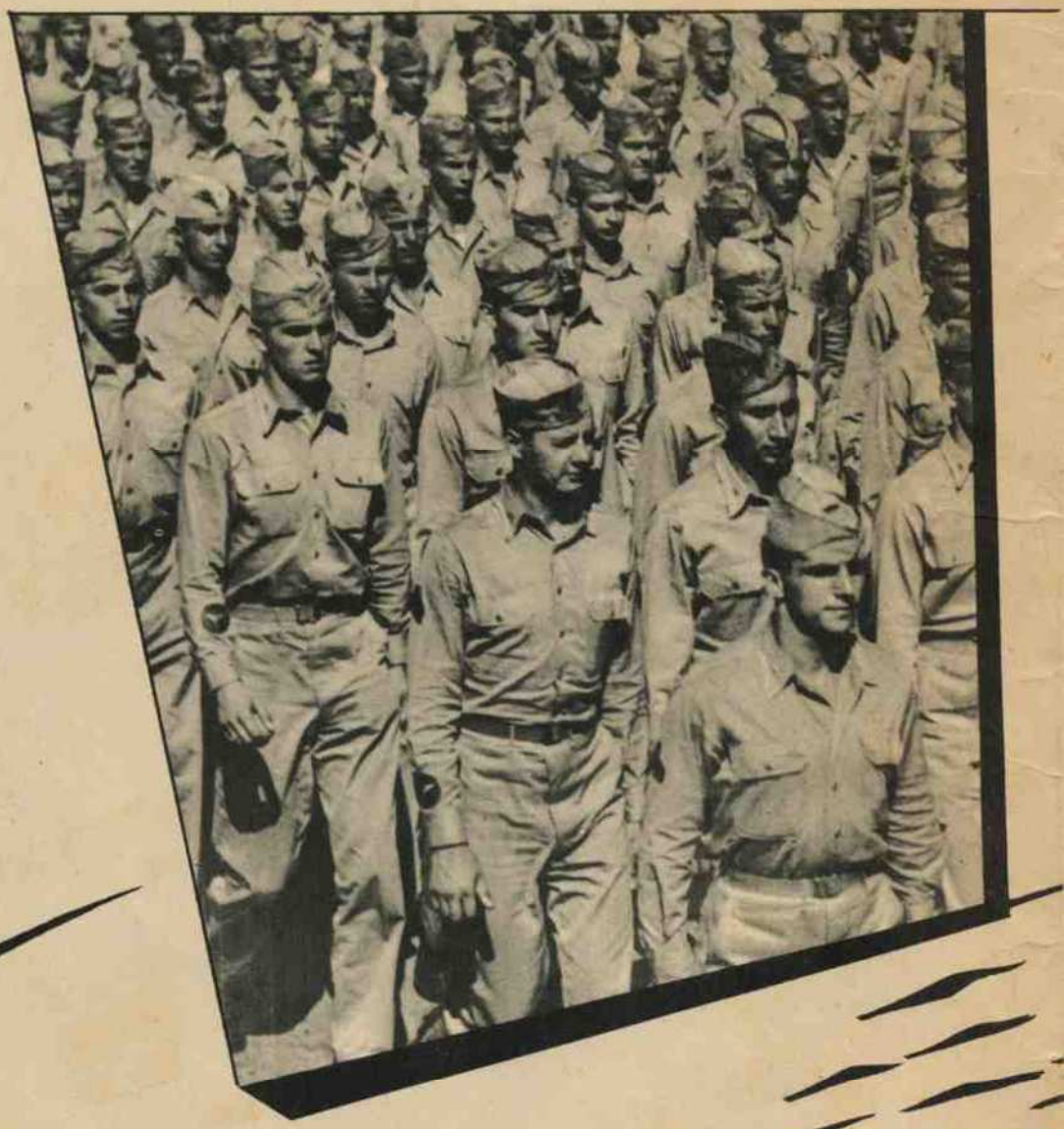
PREFLIGHT





VOLUME THREE . . . OCTOBER, 1943 . . . NUMBER 10

CLASS 44E

PREFLIGHT

U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES
CORPS OF AVIATION CADETS

•

Pre-Flight School for Pilots
MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA

•

Printed by The Paragon Press, Montgomery, Alabama.

Purpose of Book...

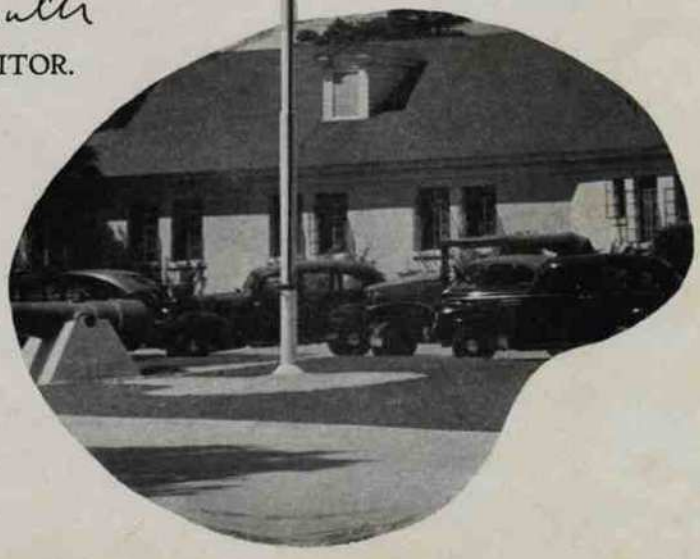
UNDOUBTEDLY you have said to yourself many times after completing training at various Army centers, "Oh, if I only could have a record of my stay while here, something which I could keep as a permanent history of my life while stationed at this post."

It is for that reason this book is published . . . to present in a chronological manner the life you've lived during the past two months while at Pre-Flight School, Maxwell Field, Alabama.

Later on, when this war becomes mere legend, you will treasure this book and refer to it quite frequently as you reflect on your preliminary flight training, the toughest, yet most beneficial education you ever received in your entire military career.

William Warmuth

EDITOR.

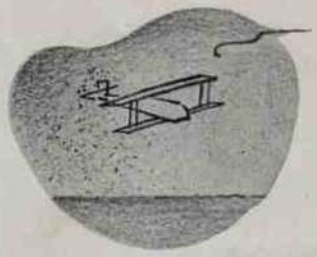


DEDICATION

To CAPTAIN CHARLES L. PATTERSON, Commanding Officer, Group II, we dedicate this issue of our Preflight Magazine. Untiring in his efforts to make of us the best possible cadets and future officers, he is himself an inspiration to all under his command.

A former high school director and athletic coach and a graduate of State Teachers College, Troy, Alabama, where he was a four letter man in sports, Captain Patterson entered active service early in 1941. He came to Maxwell Field via a transfer from the Coast Artillery, in which organization he served as a First Lieutenant. During the Louisiana and Carolina maneuvers, he received a written letter of commendation for his work as a range officer from the commanding general of the 56th Field Artillery, Brigade.

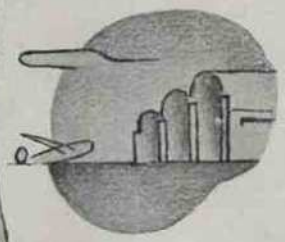
HISTORY OF
MAXWELL FIELD



The story of Maxwell Field might well be the story of military aviation itself. For over thirty-three years airplanes have sprung from her red earth. On March 26, 1910, a man named Orville Wright piloted a clumsy looking contraption—strung together with baling wire—off of what is the present landing field.

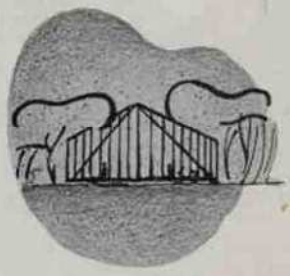
Under the name of Engine and Repair Depot, Maxwell became a War Department activity in 1918. From the three service squadrons comprising the depot, she has grown to become the headquarters of the Army Air Forces Eastern Flying Training Command as well as, perhaps, the largest pre-flight training school in the nation, where thousands of young American aviation cadets learn the fundamentals of aviation as a prelude to their going aloft.

The name Maxwell Field came to her in 1922 at the suggestion of Major Roy S. Brown, then commanding officer. It was in honor of the memory of Lieutenant William C. Maxwell, an Atmore, Alabama, boy who crashed to his death while serving with the 3rd Aero Squadron in the Philippines.

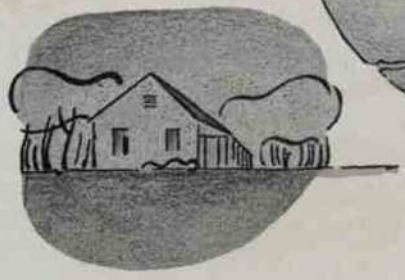


For a time the cadet classification center was located here at Maxwell Field. This was for the task of classifying prospective airmen into the pilot, navigator and bombardier categories.

Until the middle of 1942, Maxwell was a gigantic pre-flight school, consisting of pre-flight training for pilots, navigators and bombardiers. It was the first of its type in the nation.

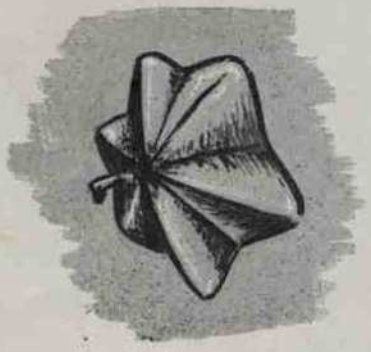


Since that time, new schools for navigator and bombardier pre-flight cadets have been established elsewhere and Maxwell now remains one of the major Pre-flight schools for cadet pilots in the world in the ever expanding training program of the Army Air Force.



So Spoke MAJOR M. C. BANE *When We Came*

"You are entering into a period of intensive military training designed primarily to give you the best possible education which you will use in the immediate future. Your officers have established certain high standards. You should bend your every effort to try to reach these set goals. These officers will assist you wholeheartedly in every respect.



"There may be times during your training when you will not understand what is happening to you; you may wonder at certain requirements and restrictions. But through it all you should analyze the purpose and absorb the meaning of each phase of your training. There will be no time to lose. And when, later, you have joined the ranks of officers of the Army, let me assure you that you will understand and jealously guard all the ideals which have been carefully placed in your character training.

"In all phases of your cadet life, be sincere, but not too serious. Remember that a sense of humor, while officially it must be restrained, is indispensable to you as individuals.

"Specifically, you must, from the first day of your training, realize that there will be two major requirements made of you, from which you yourselves brook no deviation: *A high sense of duty, and an unalterable sense of honor.* If you will strive with every ounce of energy to make these two qualities irrevocable in your individual characters, difficulties in your training can be only minor, after all. The price of neglect of duty, or dishonor, in wartime, is paid in human life, which cannot be retrieved. Therefore, you will find both of these qualities dominantly characteristic among officers of the Army. Accordingly, these same qualities of character will be expected of you."

our march through *Preflight* to FLIGHT

Awe-struck cries of "There it is!" echoed through our car as the train switched onto a siding and slowed down. And sure enough, a gap in the intervening buildings revealed row on row of red-roofed buildings with a black and yellow water tank rising up in the background.

We stopped with that characteristic troop-train suddenness and picking ourselves up from the floor, realized with a tingle of excitement and not without some misgivings that we had arrived.

Maxwell, legendary, tough, wonderful, lay at last at our feet. We grinned at each other with "Well, here goes nothing" expressions and gathered up our belongings. After all, this was it, wasn't it? For this we had put in long months in basic training and college training detachments. We were really starting now. No more marking time.

Cadet officers in Sam Brown belts and gleaming sabres—the notorious Zebras of Maxwell—were everywhere, and in short order we discovered that they didn't need those swords to cut us down to size. We were ordered to "Look proud," "Straighten up!" "Keep those eyes front," and informed in no uncertain terms that "This is Maxwell, Mister". Each man secretly breathed, "You're telling me!"

The sun seemed to be competing with the Zebras to see which could make us sweat the most. We were assembled in record time into squadrons and marched across the wooden bridge, spanning the road that divided the athletic area from the field proper, and found ourselves inside the wire fence that more or less sets Maxwell Field off from the rest of the world. Here, the streets were lined with cadets, and sneaking an occasional glance to the side, we saw in their eyes the same hungry look we had noticed in the cadet officers who met us—a sort of cat-watching-a-canary expression that was definitely disturbing.

During the next few days, our indoctrination period, we learned what we should and should not do, how and when we should do it, and the several million little duties a new aviation cadet must perform. Our shoes groaned under unaccustomed shinings. Brass equipment gleamed in surprise at the attention it now received.

These things we all learned. The unwary also discovered that to neglect any of these tasks brought about certain undesirable results. To them the cadet officers revealed themselves as men of intense devotion to duty and great imagination as regarding disciplinary measures.

All soon ceased to wonder at how cadet officer U. R. Delinquentized could spot an unshined belt buckle, or see an eyeball move at a hundred yards. The words "gross", "sound off", "don't quibble" became so firmly imbedded in our minds that we used them on each other, wrote them to our girls, and went to sleep muttering them to ourselves.

All too soon we learned the awful significance of a cadet officer's order to "report to the orderly room after this formation, Mister." When the little white slips came into our lives and most of us learned first hand that the ancient institution of the delinquency report was still very much in exist-

ence, we realized that no longer were we being introduced to the customs and practices of Maxwell Field. And while we put off final judgment pending further study, none doubted but that in the strictest sense of the word we had arrived.

"Three for a Lieutenant, four for C.O., five for group . . . Oh! . . ."

Rank in the Cadet Corps is no simple thing, and when we started learning it we thought for a while we'd stumbled into something more involved than the innermost ramifications of one of Einstein's theories. The regular army hits its highest peak with a simple affair of three chevrons above with three rockers below and maybe a little something in the middle. But the cadets—we go way up to seven, and from there start down to one, with various assortments of stripes and gadgets underneath to further confuse the uninformed. Add to all this the fact that one stripe denotes a corporal, and two a seargeant, and six a wing commander, and you can see why we address all cadet officers as "Sir". Confusin', isn't it?

ACADEMICS

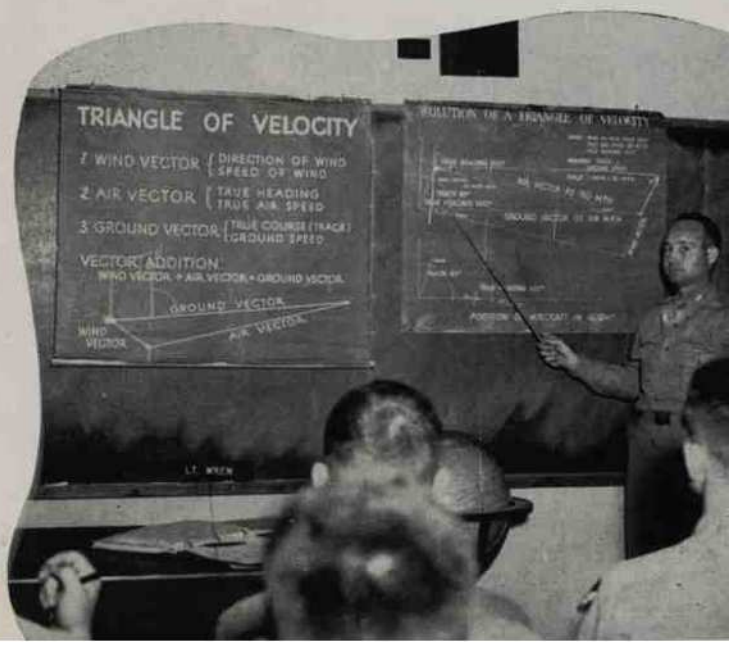
Education is not like the weather . . . people *do* things about education, particularly the officials at Maxwell Field, Alabama. Doctrines and schools of teaching consisting of Expressionists, Progressives and Transferentalists have become enigmas of American life. For the cadet at Pre-Flight, however, there is only the Army way of education, just as in other aspects of our full life at Maxwell. For that we are thankful. Our academic work here has been the surprise rather than the bane of our existence.

As we look back to school at Pre-Flight, particular subjects come to mind depending upon just how much we enjoyed them or how much they troubled us. First, though, the crowded picture of our whole program appears.

There was the solid practicality of our *Mathematics* and *Maps and Charts* courses, which made us conscious of their importance in the future. They were presented in an interesting manner instead of the dried theoretics of high school and college. We assimilated the work in map projections of one course naturally with our problems in air speeds and true headings in the other. And though the subjects seemed very simple for us at first, we found their paths intricate and puzzling in approaching the finish line.

Aircraft Identification and Morse Code. Ambiguous black masses flashed on a small white screen did take the shape of planes after a few hours of concentrated observation. We incredulously advanced in identifying our Warhawks, Mustangs, and Havocs, at first at a fifth, then a tenth, then occasionally at a twenty-fifth of a second. We also learned to accept the challenge of code classes.

Major Merritt B. Pound, Director of the Academic Department at Pre-Flight School for Pilots. He was Instructor of Ground Forces, Assistant Senior Instructor of Air Forces and Director of Teaching Inspection prior to his present appointment.



A cacaphony of sounds we knew as Morse Code rapidly shaped themselves into respectable groupings after a few sleep-interrupted days.

The military courses of *Customs and Courtesy, War Department Publications,* and *First Aid* and *Field Sanitation* may not have occupied as much time as the more scholastic ones, but we found them to be pertinent to the responsibilities we will hold as officers. We laughed at the training film of Cadet Dumbjohn and his shabby salutes. We were impressed by the availability of detailed information for every possible military problem, in the T.M.'s and the Training Circulars. The ingenious methods used for sanitation under rugged bivouac conditions were shown us—the fat Lyster bag, the cross-trench incinerator, and the Serbian barrel. Applications of the traction splint and the cravat bandages were clearly demonstrated; treatment for almost every kind of injury was taught to us in lectures and training films.

After completing the first month's work we looked upon ourselves as virtual bundles of vital knowledge. As upperclassmen, we approached the new curriculum with tolerance and assurance rather than bewilderment and dread. Our previous military courses were quickly supplemented by others. *Safeguarding Military Information* showed the importance of proper transmission of secret and confidential documents. *Ground Forces* included the strategy of Montgomery's coordinated offensive at El Alamein. Field classes in *Chemical Warfare* in which we sniffed the fumes of Phosgene, Chlorpicrin, and Lewisite may prove to be valuable in later days.

Our interest in Physics was compelled by our awareness of its importance. And though we failed a quiz, or came uncomfortably close to doing so, we managed to finish with a clear understanding of the course's main points. For those who had the proper subject before, the time was by no means wasted; the instructors alacrity and

AIRCRAFT IDENTIFICATION

unusual simplifications cleared many little problems which they had left unsolved at an earlier date.

We thought *Naval Indentification* was unimportant at first. "Why know ships if we're in the Air Corps?" we asked each other. But that was answered for us in our first lesson by the story of the slow-thinking Italian airman who carelessly destroyed one of his Duce's favorite cruisers. So we

took to talking of broken superstructures, triple turrets, and conning towers, and slowly learned about the ships of our own fleet, as well as those of the British.

In nine weeks we ran the gamut of intensive education. In our minds we fixed the soft lines of the B-26; in our senses we stored the vesicant Mustard gas. Our eyes found meaning in the swirling lines of weather maps and in the numerous symbols for landmarks and natural contours. It was no longer a mystery that our plane's thrust in a dive would be decreased if our complete fire power was simultaneously active. A military bulletin's number took on a specific relationship.

We have been well-equipped for the meaningful days to come by able instructors fulfilling their assigned tasks with precision and efficiency. We regretfully leave Maxwell's training for the other cadets to follow us.

TO CLASS 44E

Near a city in old Alabama,
At Maxwell Field's Pre-Flight,
You learned of Army discipline,
And really learned it right.

You had just come in from Nashville,
As eager as beavers could be,
You were split into different squadrons,
And put in Class 44-E.

You went at your work with a vengeance,
Your studies you took in full stride.
As you finish your course here at Maxwell,
And look back with a feeling of pride.

You know how hard you labored,
We know the effort required,
To pass all your classes and training,
We know you were weary and tired.

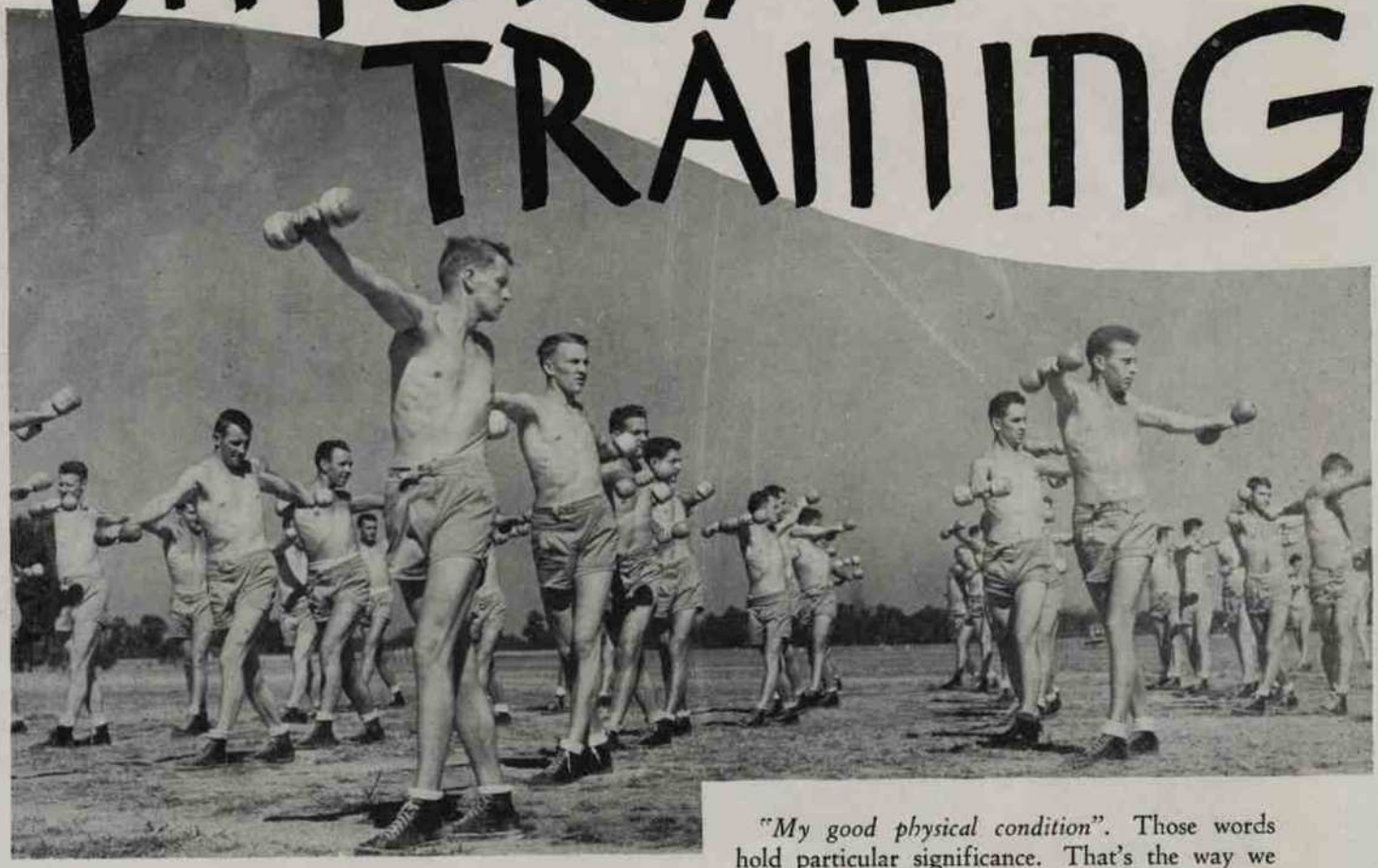
You are well on your way to acquiring,
A bearing so proud and so straight,
That becomes a United States flyer,
The greatest of all of the great.

There's a feeling that goes with achievement,
To know it's a job that's well done.
You've sacrificed pleasures for study,
Hard work took the place of your fun.

To the class that is left here behind you,
There's a goal that is easy to see,
To strive for the standards before them,
That were set by Class 44-E.

—A member of Class 44F.

PHYSICAL TRAINING



DUMBBELLS

Somewhere in the Pacific, Oct. 7. (Over News Wires)—Three weeks ago, in the orderly room of a pursuit squadron based 'somewhere in the Pacific', Lieutenant Robert Coy was officially listed as missing in action. Today, Lieutenant Coy returned to his base after three weeks of tortuous survival in one of the most rugged wastelands in the Pacific area.

Asked what he considered to be the prime factor of his ability to hold out for three weeks the young pilot answered almost without hesitation that "It was my good physical condition that enabled me to keep going as long as I did".

"My good physical condition". Those words hold particular significance. That's the way we feel about it now. We, however, didn't feel that way when we first entered our life here at Maxwell.

Remember the first run over the Burma Road? That was after we'd had time to hear and believe all the stories about it. Remember that sinking feeling at the start? . . . getting halfway through

"Flying requires a great deal of stamina and endurance. Therefore, our objective in the Physical Training Department must of necessity be to get every Aviation Cadet into prime condition for the tough road which lies ahead."

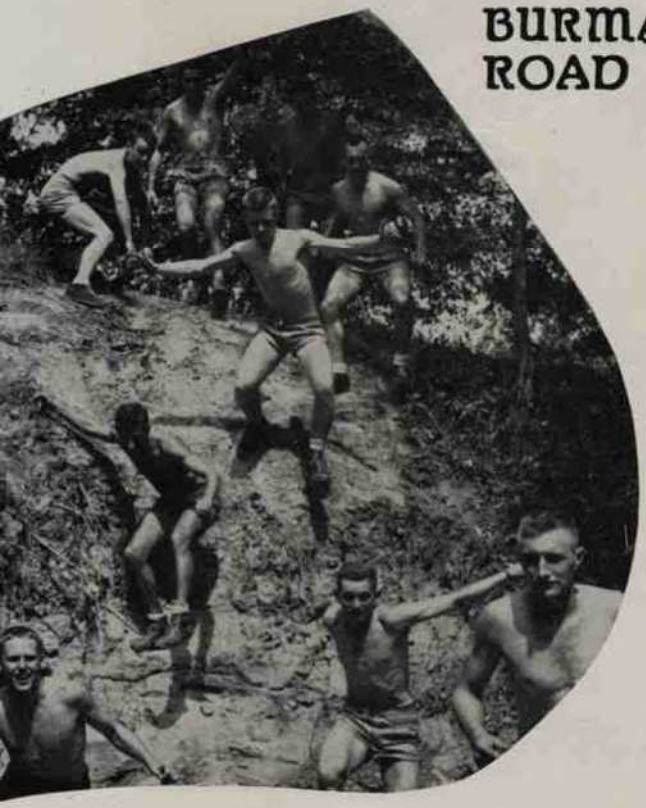
Lt. Charles A. Bucher, Director

and feeling fine . . . wondering where the Army had rounded up all these tough P.T. instructors, but not caring particularly . . . then wondering where the end was . . . up a hill, down a hill, over a pit . . . hitting a straight and narrow spot and wondering how such level territory ever got mixed in with the Burma Road. Hurdle a tree trunk here, jump over a miniature cliff there . . . and finally after an eternity of breathless endeavor, the end of the course. And when it was all over, the decision that the Burma Road wasn't too tough after all. And the redecision that night, when muscles started screaming, that it was tough after all.

But after running a few times over the course it began to lose its horrors. We didn't realize it then, but we were getting harder, the Burma Road wasn't getting any softer.

OBSTACLE COURSE

And the first meeting with the dumbbells? We started out in fine style. The dumbbells weighed two pounds and we weighed 150 at last count. No need to worry about proportions like that . . . we pushed the bells overhead and started waving them around in easy fashion . . . now we pushed them out to the sides, elbows stiff . . . up and down, 'round and 'round . . . keep them up . . . eternities passed and they were still out at the sides . . . "Let's try another exercise," said the instructor. "Let's not," you thought. But we did. An amazing thing struck us, "It's a crazy world" . . . proportions now stand at dumbbells 150 pounds: Cadet a mere 2 pounds . . . and so it went. The dumbbells got heavier and heavier and we got lighter and lighter. A few "ages" later when we put the dumbbells back into their boxes, we had met a new master, "The Two Pounders." It happened gradually, but the proportions worked themselves back to normal, for it wasn't long before we were waving the dumbbells around with ease.



BURMA ROAD

Then the day of the match with the Obstacle Course. The odds were heavily in favor of the course . . . and we were inclined to string along

with the odds after our first look. Over a hurdle and we were on our way . . . through a tunnel, crawling on our hands and knees always harboring thoughts of how many other ways it could be done, and how much easier it would be . . . "Can't we go around?" we asked . . . and our conscience spoke: "Never around; always over, under or through, but never around" . . . the thought perished . . . and lo and behold there were high walls before us and we went over.

Speed was also required. We had to complete the course in less and less time. Muscles would pound and bodies ache all over every time we would race through the course.

We had met obstacle courses before, but this one was at Maxwell, and this IS Maxwell, Mister, and we heard and believed.

The novelty of running the course, however, soon turned from a grind, to a task, to a readily accepted chore. By this time we began to realize that we were rounding into shape.

And then there were cross country and calisthenics, volleyball and basketball and a multitude of other challenges. But most of these we were acquainted with, for we had met them at our college training detachments. These, too, helped us to realize that our goal was in sight.

Now, as we stand at the finish line and look back, we know and feel that we are in top physical condition. We are ready and able to face our flight training with assurance and strength. Now we understand, too, why Lieutenant Coy was so grateful for his physical training.

CROSS COUNTRY

"Shucks . . . nothing to it."

TUG-O-WAR

"BUTTER, PLEASE"

In the course of our military life from basic training to Pre-Flight, we have all heard from the public at one time or another that Congress could make some of us officers, but never gentlemen. The basis for such remarks was the slovenly appearance, poor military bearing, and above all the poor table manners of certain individuals. The former traits were corrected by sharp-eyed tactical officers in the months before Pre-Flight; the latter, however, remained quite gross.

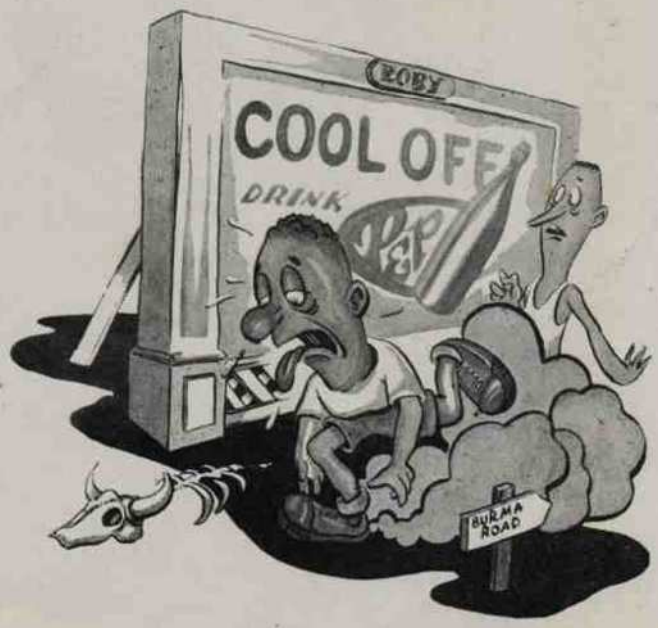
Here at Maxwell, table etiquette was taught. Not with an Emily Post approach, but in a strict military spirit. Everyone now the better man for having learned his lessons. The results now are quite noticeable.

No longer can one hear, "Gimme the butter!", but, "Sirs, does anyone care for the butter? Butter, please." Nor can one see long rows of cadets hovering over their plates with silverware strewn carelessly about the table. Instead, their backs remain vertical, three inches from the back of the chairs, with knives, forks, and spoons placed parallel on the plates when not in use. Even more apparent and more pleasant is the peace and quiet that prevails during the meal. Aviation Cadets may converse, but loud talking is strictly prohibited.

Credit for this particular transformation goes to our Cadet officers. It was only through their diligence and careful instructing that good manners became habitual.

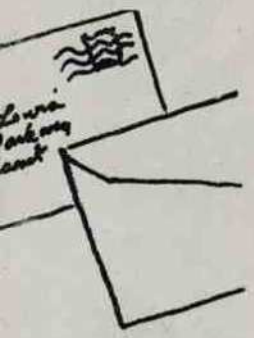
PANORAMAXWELL

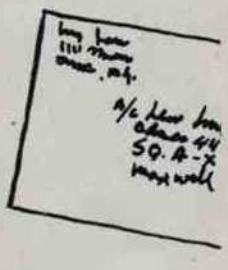
a/c Clark Robinson




MEN'S
POWDER
ROOM
CLOSED
AFTER
INSPECTION

"MAIL CALL!!"





The words resound throughout the Cadet quarters. Yelling, eager Cadets start a mad dash toward the direction from where the voice had come. Homework, books and half finished letters are forgotten for the time. Quickly, a great number of potential pilots assemble before the doorway for the biggest event of the day, the exciting moment for which no one has to be asked twice to fall out . . . MAIL CALL!

The mail orderly utters his daily prayer for protection against this mass of misters, each with the idea that today the entire mail sack is to be addressed to him personally. A bundle of letters appears and is met with a groan.

"Mister, if that bundle doesn't start to put on weight, you're . . ."

"Remember what happened to our last mail orderly . . ."

"How d'ya expect us to survive on rations like that . . ."

And so on down the line, everyone adding his piece until all are satisfied that the mailman understands the situation. It doesn't matter that he has nothing to do with the number of letters received, but he's just the one everyone picks on.

A name is heard above the clamor. All's quiet.

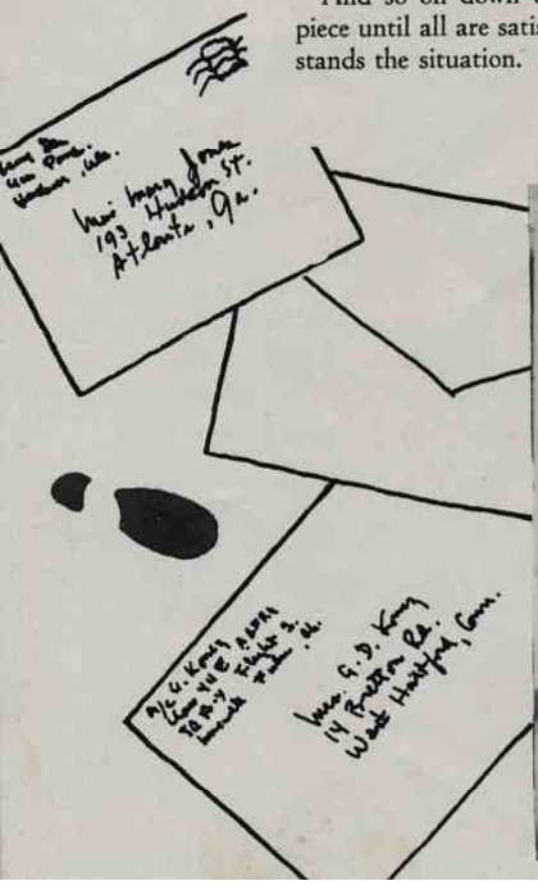
"Armstrong!" It's claimed.

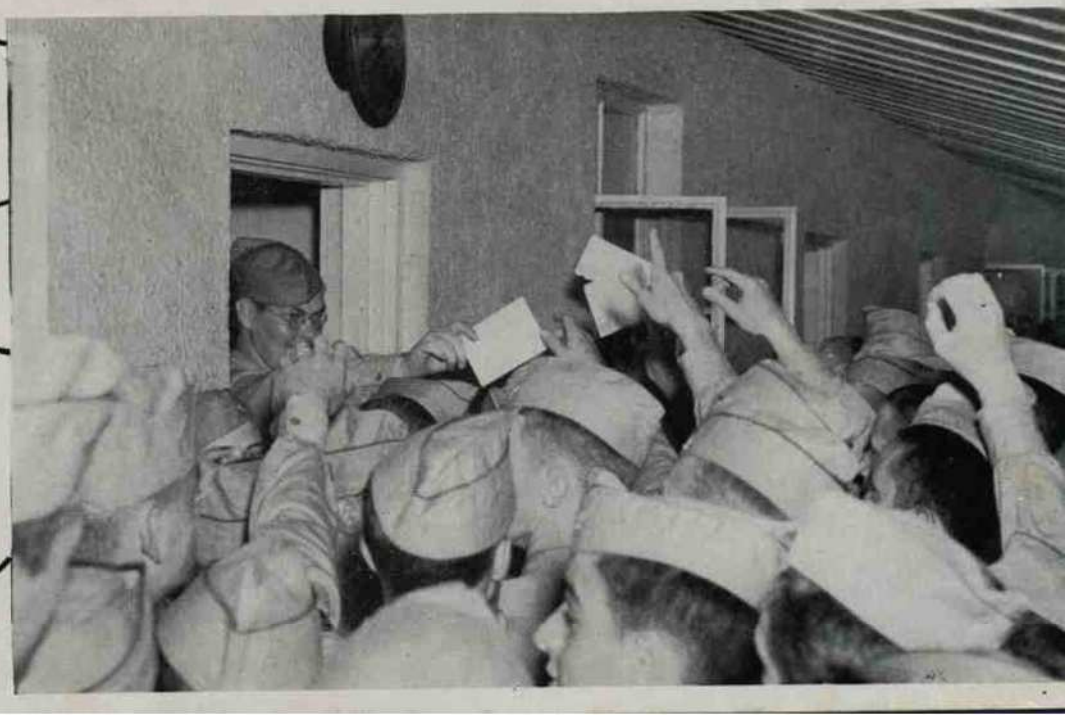
"Buchheit!" It's claimed.

The names come and the letters go. Eager hands reach for news from home; news of the first frost, or of canning done for the year. News of a new tire for the Ford, or maybe a verbal scolding from the favorite woman for missing a link in the letter parade . . . that was the night before the first Physics test.

A V-mail letter from a pal in North Africa. An all important dope sheet from a buddy who beat you to Primary . . . that'll be read a thousand times. A box from home. The hometown newspaper. The plant's regular bulletin.

And when it's all over and the sack lies empty and the letters have been read and re-read, it's back to the routine. Homework and books are picked up again and somehow you find it's a bit easier to study for the examinations when you are fortified by that wonderful feeling of knowing what's going on in your family circle at home.





"WE WENT UP TO 38,000 FT."

Stripped to the waist and wearing specially fitted Demand-Type oxygen masks, sixteen men stepped through the vault-like doors of one of Maxwell Field's experimental low-pressure chambers, chose assigned places on one of the benches, and looked expectantly at the observer. The heavy door was closed and bolted shut behind them.

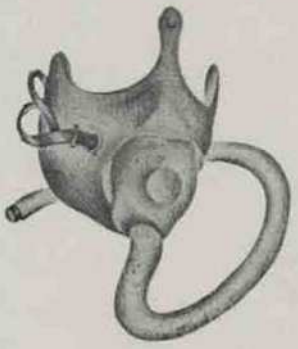
"Take 'er up to 18,000," a voice shouted over the interphone system. And with their masks still unattached to the oxygen supply system, the cadets, some a little nervous over this entirely new experience, but the majority completely at ease, felt the pressure begin to decrease and saw the black arrow on the altimeter dial slowly and steadily swing around to the 18,000 foot mark.

"All right, hook up". The fifteen men slipped their connectors into the individual oxygen supply regulators. The sixteenth man, assigned as number 13, had volunteered to demonstrate what could happen to a fighter pilot or bomber crew member who did not use oxygen.

The pressure became less and less as the altimeter crept slowly around the dial. 20,000, 25,000, 28,000 feet. Number 13 was beginning to act strangely, his fingernails and lips were blue, his reactions to orders were slow and clumsy. He was getting nervous, his finger and facial muscles began to twitch. "Write on the sheet of paper your name and serial number," the observer ordered. The cadet's hand began to move awkward-

ly across the paper, then suddenly stopped. His head flopped onto his chest. An oxygen mask was quickly slipped to his face and he regained consciousness immediately with no memory of what had happened. He insisted that he had felt perfectly all right throughout the entire experiment.

30,000 feet. The altimeter needle stopped and another volunteer cut off his oxygen supply. Within a few seconds he too repeated identically the reactions of Number 13. The needle started to rotate again. 34,000 feet. Number 6 began to develop aeroembolism (the bends) in his shoulder; Number 9 was getting abdominal cramps. The others seemed normal, but looked a little pale. 38,000 feet and they were out of the troposphere and in the stratosphere where they remained for about an hour.



Then came the descent. Demand masks were abandoned at 30,000 feet and Continuous-Flow masks were adjusted.

Ears popped and everyone swallowed continuously to equalize the increasing pressure in the eustachian tubes. In a few minutes, the pressure inside the chamber was brought to 14.7 pounds per square inch, the normal at Maxwell Field.

Through a series of films and lectures, a test run to 5,000 feet and demonstrations of psychological reactions as demonstrated by Numbers 5 and 13, and finally through the unique experience of an actual pressure run to 38,000 feet, sixteen cadets received a valuable part of their Pre-Flight training—preparation for this modern war of substratosphere.

Tactical Officer

It is the Tactical Officer who welcomes the men to Maxwell Field, lectures to them, teaches and explains to them the rules and regulations under which they will live, and it is he who bids them farewell when they leave.

Representative of the tactical officers on Maxwell Field is Lieutenant Robert C. Wagner, who is shown in accompanying pictures.

Five days a week the Squadron Tactical Officer is a congenial and cooperative gentleman, who shares his knowledge and enthusiasm for military affairs with his men. Grooming a large group of energetic cadets into a snappy and alert military team is one of his principal duties. Not only does he demand obedience as a matter of course, but

INDOCTRINATION TALKS

he also seeks from his men cooperation of the highest sort. He strives to have his group become the best on the post. His interest in his squadron manifests itself in his leadership.

One day a week, however, the Squadron Tactical Officer sheds his congenial, pleasing personality. That is when he conducts the weekly Saturday Morning Inspection, an inspection of both personnel and quarters. Cleanliness, always stressed in the Cadet Corps, reaches its highest point here, when cadets cease breathing just before the "zero hour," so as not to stir up any particle of dust.

Crowning points in the military training of cadets at Pre-Flight are the competitions in which every squadron participates. The time spent by the the Tactical Officer with his men in practice parades, drills within the area, and practice guard mounts, is but grooming time for the days when his men will march to the parade grounds in perfect unison. The long hours spent in the hot sun

WISHING THE CADETS GOOD LUCK AS THEY ENTER COMPETITIONS

repeating "Left turn—March, Eyes Right" are forgotten in the thrill of the moment for both "C. O." and cadets as the squadron—*their squadron*—passes the reviewing stand.

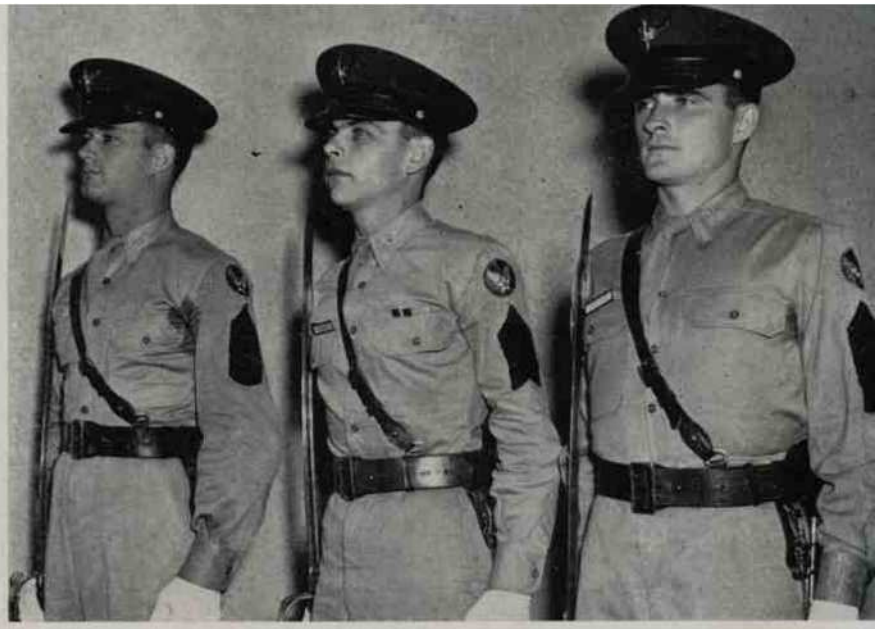
STAND BY INSPECTION

INSTRUCTING STUDENT OFFICERS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Aviation Cadets of Maxwell Field have their own leaders who are chosen from the upper class to act as intermediaries between commissioned officers and men. These Cadet officers are chosen not only because of previous military experience, but because they had certain outstanding qualities necessary for leadership. Proficiency in academic work and military bearing were two of the prime factors upon which the selection of these officers was based.

These are the men of Class 44-E who served as our leading Cadet officers during the past month.



CORPS STAFF
Left to Right—
Corps Adjutant Howard C. Copeland
Corps Commander Robert L. Tillotson
Corps Supply Officer Edward L. Jacobs

LEADERSHIP

WING I
Left to Right—
Wing Adjutant George M. Shoop
Wing Commander Eugene V. Allen
Wing Supply Officer George B. Johnson

WING II
Left to Right—
Wing Adjutant Carlton M. Davis
Wing Commander Charles Markham
Wing Supply Officer George J. Alles

Ready on the FIRING LINE

Eight men stood in silence under the shed awaiting further orders from the instructor. "Raise pieces," a voice shouted over the loudspeaker and the cadets, dressed in green coveralls, standing on the firing line raised their Thompson sub-machine guns. "Ball ammuntion, load and lock." Anxious hands fumbled and then slid clips of bullets into place.

"Ready on the left, ready on the right, ready on the firing line" . . . guns were eased up and placed against shoulders; safety levers clicked upward, and fire rate adjustors were moved into position. "Commence firing," announced the instructor.

The silence was broken as the guns thundered away and spewed forth bullets at the targets. First it was single shot, and then the pieces were changed and adjusted for automatic fire. The din was terrific, empty shell jackets spilled all around, and in a matter of seconds the magazines were empty. After the safety levers were returned to "safe" and the guns placed on the tables, the eight sharpshooters with their coaches hurried down the range to count their hits and repair the targets.

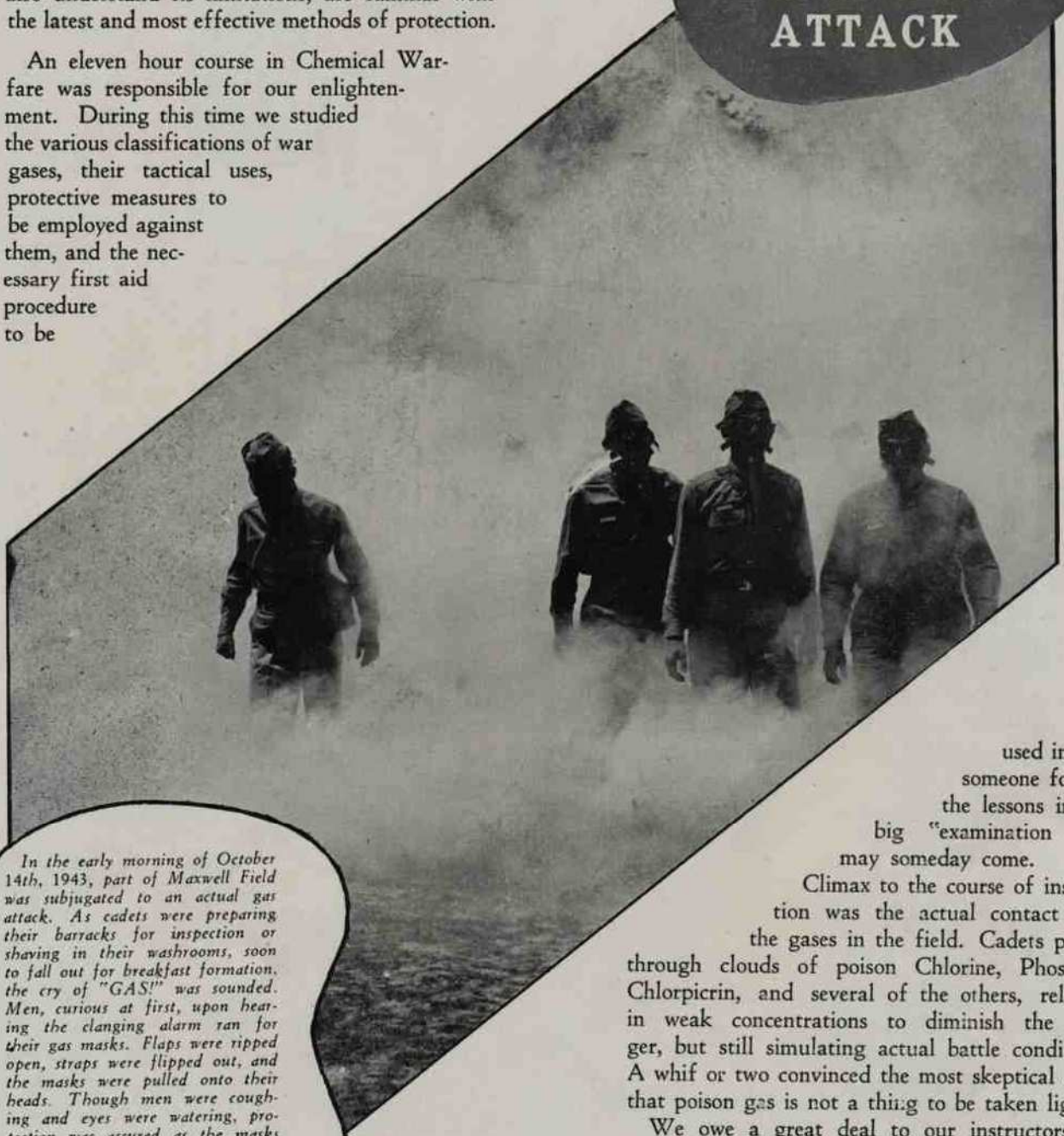
New men take their places beside the tab'es; the procedure is repeated over and over until the entire flight has fired the weapon.

As future pilots it is important we know how to shoot, for some day soon we will come to grips with the enemy. The motto of the Eastern Flying Training Command is "Prepare for Combat". We are doing just that—preparing now for the tasks which will befall us unexpectedly tomorrow.

SIMULATED GAS ATTACK

Gas, notorious for its record of destruction in the last World War, is no longer an elusive terror in our imaginations. Now, although we are perhaps even more aware of its lethal possibilities, we also understand its limitations, are familiar with the latest and most effective methods of protection.

An eleven hour course in Chemical Warfare was responsible for our enlightenment. During this time we studied the various classifications of war gases, their tactical uses, protective measures to be employed against them, and the necessary first aid procedure to be used in case someone forgets the lessons in the big "examination that may someday come.



In the early morning of October 14th, 1943, part of Maxwell Field was subjugated to an actual gas attack. As cadets were preparing their barracks for inspection or shaving in their washrooms, soon to fall out for breakfast formation, the cry of "GAS!" was sounded. Men, curious at first, upon hearing the clanging alarm ran for their gas masks. Flaps were ripped open, straps were flipped out, and the masks were pulled onto their heads. Though men were coughing and eyes were watering, protection was assured as the masks were adjusted.

The value of this sham attack cannot be overestimated. Through it the cadets realized the strength of chemical warfare and its significance to them in the future.

Climax to the course of instruction was the actual contact with the gases in the field. Cadets passed through clouds of poison Chlorine, Phosgene, Chlorpicrin, and several of the others, released in weak concentrations to diminish the danger, but still simulating actual battle conditions. A whif or two convinced the most skeptical cadet that poison gas is not a thing to be taken lightly.

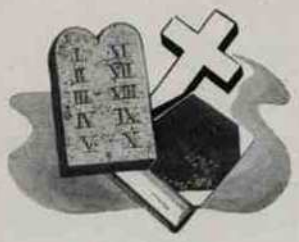
We owe a great deal to our instructors for teaching us the various methods for protecting ourselves against gas attacks. Undoubtedly this vital information will pay big dividends later if and when the enemy resorts to such tactics.

Religion

When many thousands of men are brought together into a huge Army, there exists among them many differences; differences of sentiment, opinion and religion. For the most part, these things are a result of the environment that belongs to the particular part of the country from which each man hails. Of utmost importance to the Army is the latter, for religion has been and always will be sanctioned. The following of one's beliefs and teachings while serving his country helps to maintain within the man the love for the things for which he is fighting.

Not only does religion predominate among our own Armed forces, but throughout the entire Allied Armies. Almost every Allied fighter sincerely believes that he is fighting not only under the flag of his country, but also under the flag of God.

The greatest attendance of religious services among men in service is not anywhere more noticeable than right here at Maxwell Field, Alabama. A large percentage of cadets take particular pride in attending services of their faith each Sunday morning. They are the ones who will fight for our country, knowing that they are fighting for the RIGHT.

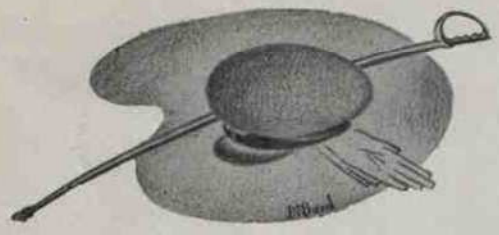


THE Honor Board convened tonight at 2000 . . . and the decision rendered . . . Therefore, the name of

. . . . . will never again be mentioned on Maxwell Field."

HONOR CODE

When these few words first echoed through the quiet midnight air, they struck deeply into the heart of every new Aviation Cadet who had never before heard the sentence that would "drum out" a man from the Corps of Cadets forever. It seemed at the time that this dishonorable dismissal was more severe than being sentenced to the cell of a prison. Such, however, was the punishment for a Cadet who had violated the Honor Code.



The Honor Code specifically states that, "An Aviation Cadet will neither lie, cheat, nor steal, nor allow another Cadet to remain in the Cadet Corps, who is guilty of the same."

RECREATION TIME

Webster defines the word *RECREATION* as: play, or diversion from work. And the cadets here at Maxwell readily agree with Mr. Webster.

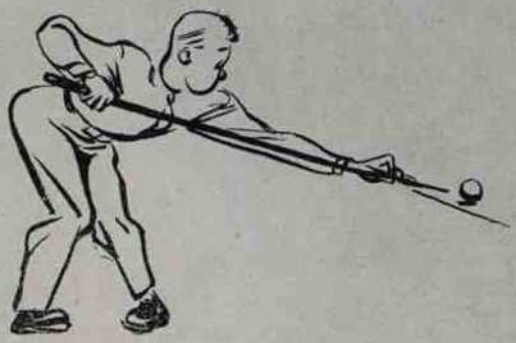
For when the "Fun for Cadets" bulletin declares that they are to have "Rec Privileges" that night, there is a frantic search for clean uniforms and ties. When the time arrives, doors are thrown wide open and cadets dash out and head directly for the Cadet Recreation Hall.

● WE PLAYED PING PONG

There they know they will have a chance to brush up on their billiards or try their hand at a fast game of ping-pong.

● READ BOOKS

And if it's been a particularly tough day and exercise doesn't appeal to them, they know that nothing can top curling up in a corner of the reading room with a best seller from the library,



or stretching out in front of the radio-phonograph listening to the works of George Gershwin or the latest offerings of Tommy Dorsey.

● DATED VIA TELEPHONE

The date bureau is a great favorite, too. Invariably there is a large group of cadets bearing little white cards waiting patiently for one of the phone booths.

In the main lounge they know they will have a place to talk with sweethearts, wives and friends, or listen to the cadet orchestra.

● ATE AND DRANK

There is always a large number of cadets at the soda bar, sipping soft drinks, and talking over the events of the day with their buddies.

The part of the evening that everyone dislikes is that time which always rolls around too soon . . . that's 2155 . . . five minutes before taps. When the time for departing arrives, the cadets file out of the Rec Hall, hating to leave, but consoled by the fact that they can count on having and enjoying Rec privileges again in a few days.

JAPANESE HEAD-ACHES

THE Public Relations office of the Imperial Japanese Hitor Miska Aviation Cadet Training Center was a hum of activity.

Staff Sergeant Itsi Bitsi Fu was busily engaged in preparing the latest "Wings Over Tokyo" radio program which is sent out weekly to all radio stations in the Inner Circle Defense Command.

Corporal Sitona Taki was editing news copy for the "Zero News" a newspaper widely read by all prefright cadets.

Finally Itsi Bitsi threw down his pencil.

"Sitona," he said sadly, "I, most humble script writer, have indeed number one big problem—so sorry."

"What is honorable brain pain?" said Sitona, lying sideways on his desk so as to have the proper crease in his pea-green leggins.

"Writing poor script," said Itsi Bitsi, "and unworthy brain conceived thought to have returning glorious combat fliers tell prospective heros high honor and delight in shooting down Yankees!"

"Most noble idea," said Sitona. "What is honorable problem. so sorry to ask?"

"Alas," said Itsi Bitsi, "no glorious combat fliers returning."

"What is latest record of Japanese victories?" asked Sitona.

Itsi Bitsi blushed a deep yellow. "Yankees—seven. Zeros, zero. We run—they hit—our error, so sorry."

"Ah. Itsi Bitsi. It is indeed number one problem. One that taxes all yellow matter in honorable brain," Sitona answered, lighting a 'Yellow Strike' cigarette. "But I have idea. Proceed to Chief of Japanese Public Relations. Perhaps worthy one there can have one idea." "For a change," muttered Sitona.

Captain Hari Veri Wearee, Chief of the Japanese Public Relations, and former editor of the weekly photo magazine "Lifeless," was dictating to his secretary, Lotus Bottom.

"Well"? Hari Veri demanded, sliding Lotus Bottom off his knee onto her rice mat, at the same time hastening to add, "Just a friend of honorable wife's—so sorry."

"Oh, most high and worthy one," Sitona and Itsi Bitsi began, "we encountered most unworthy problem and—"

"Yi!" broke in Hari Veri, "I wish not hear it. Yen Zoko fujii miska hanchow saki zu!" cursed Hari Veri, "already director of training, Lt. One Wing Lo, has entered honorable office complaining—and director of Japanese Gestopofui, honorable Captain Pepin Keyho, hotter than worthy rising sun because of number of Yankee cadets not cracking up in P.T. Reports Yankee leaders sending cadets over our conquered lands for exercise. Reports foolish Yankee cadets running our Burma Road twice a week!"

"What path plan to use?" questioned Sitona.

"To save unworthy face," said Hari Veri, "have decided to break story. Sitona—bring correspondents from cells. Itsi Bitsi—call National Island radio people. We to have special announcement on their, "We The People Don't Speak" program.

"What is honorable story?" Sitona asked.

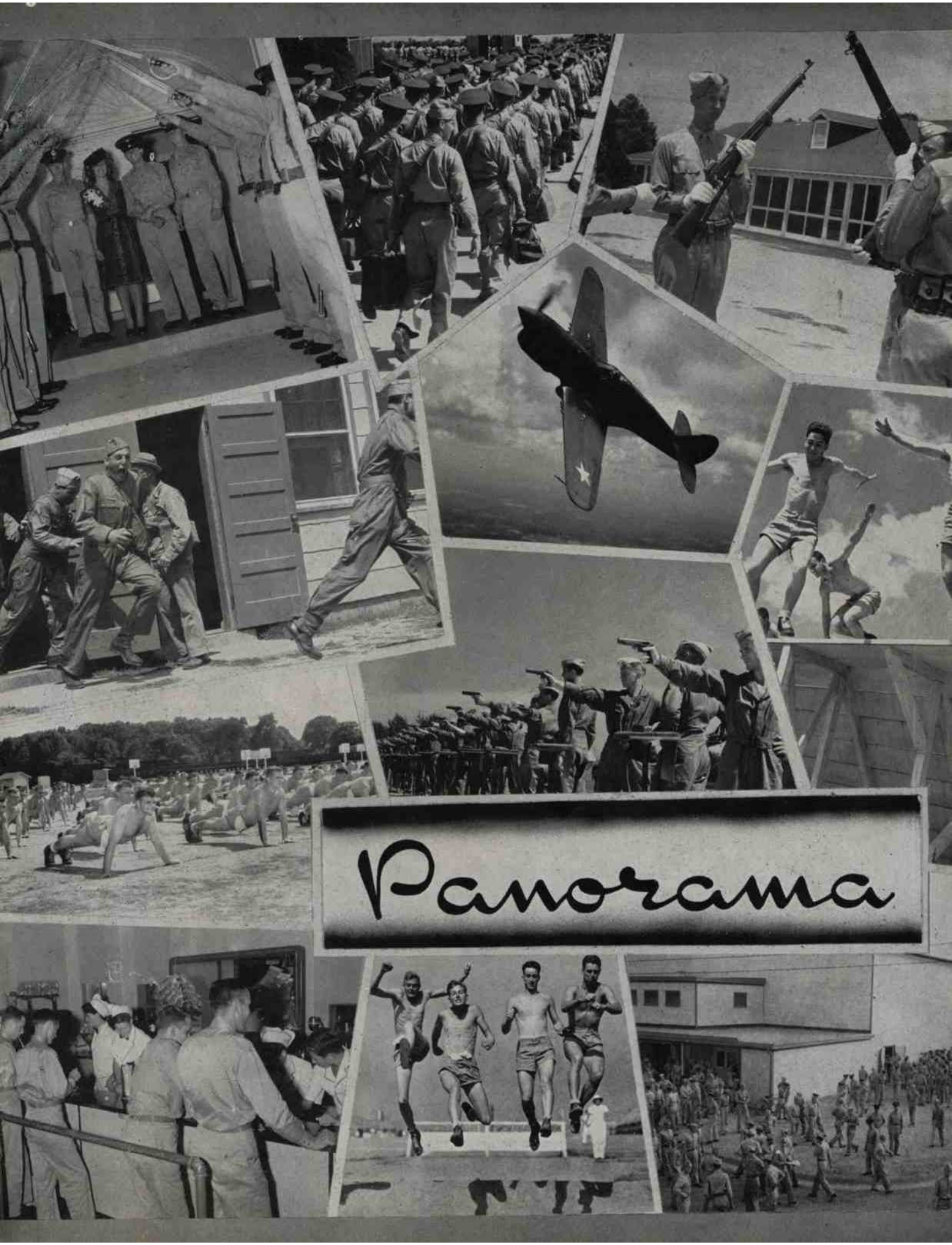
"We have discovered," Hari Veri paused to bring about the proper effect, "We have discovered Yankee pilots afraid to pilot own planes. Planes now piloted by animals."

"By animals!" Sitona and Itsi Bitsi exclaimed horrified.

"Yes, by eager beavers!" Hari Veri said quickly.

Hari was interrupted suddenly by the impatient arrival of Maki Nonsens, famed news commentator, who entered bearing a carved box.

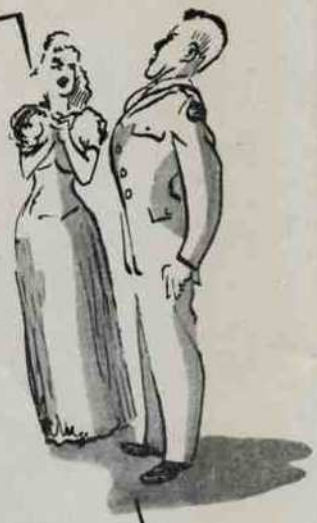
"Gentlemen," he sighed, "Am made sad to be bearer of such dishonorable tidings to mar happy moment, but have received news that Zeros in Solomons being caught with flaps down, that Admiral now reviews most of our fleet with submarine, and Tokyo becoming hot spot. Is very dark moment, gentlemen. Hm . . . yes . . . very dark moment. Recommend we quit shaving faces . . . let us lose face. Suggest we take honorable daggers from box. Follow noble custom."


Panorama

FAREWELL DANCE

Aviation Cadet Recreation Building

ARMY AIR FORCES PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL (PILOT)



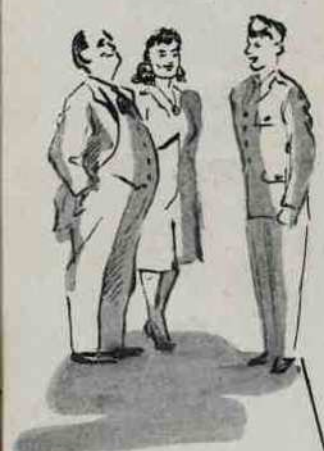
MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA

October 31, 1943

Dear Dottie,

Well darling, last night I attended my last social affair at Maxwell Field, our Class graduation dance. It was really quite a big party, and everybody had a grand time. Even though you couldn't be here, I thought you would want to read of it.

Many of the cadets invited their parents, wives and sweethearts for the occasion. Dads and mothers talked with their sons and looked admiringly at their boys; husbands and wives danced dreamily together and talked of home, of their old friends. And Cadets with their sweethearts gathered around tables, sipping sodas, and treated amusing experiences that they had while stationed at Maxwell. Everything was decorated, and bright lights added to the color of the setting. Music for the dance was furnished by an all-girl orchestra.



When the dance was ended, and the couples started to drift away, I began to realize that my days at Maxwell were really at an end.

Missing, though, was you. The most important thing that was

Love,

Ted

Duties of WACs On Our Post

Reveilie sounds in the blackness that precedes dawn, and all over the camp disgruntled cadets reluctantly crawl from their beds and earnestly curse the bugler. The bugler is, of course, a record—the "man who gets the bugler up", a WAC.

Running the public address system is only one of the many duties that the WACS perform in connection with the Pre-Flight School. Some are instructors in the Code Department, and a great many more work on cadet service records in Headquarters. These latter are the young ladies who see to it that cadets don't take their immunization shots twice, and who arrange to have each man and his barracks bags arrive simultaneously at the same post when he leaves Maxwell.

The WACs perform their duties with distinctive ability and are an integral part of Maxwell Field.

The Staff

- Editor-in-Chief—A/C William L. Warmuth . . . Native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin . . . Worked for the Milwaukee Journal for over six years . . . Was advertising copy writer and layout designer in the Promotion Department . . . Editor of 60th C.T.D.'s "At Ease," University of Pittsburgh, Pa. . . . Attended the University of Wisconsin and Layton School of Art.

- Managing Editor—A/C William F. Potts . . . Hometown, Fairmont, West Virginia . . . Three Years at Princeton University before enlistment . . . Specialized in technical journalism in the field of engineering . . . Wrote for school and college publications.

- Business Manager—A/C Gerald J. Gross . . . Hails from New York City, Manhattan in particular . . . Majored in English for three and a half years at C.C.N.Y. and Columbia . . . Manager, Doubleday, Doran Bookstore . . . Amateur musicologist.

- Feature Editor—A/C John F. Burby . . . Lives in Teaneck, N. J. . . . Was sports writer for the Bergen Evening Record, N. J. . . . Headed for Syracuse University after the war . . . Editor of 7th C.T.D.'s newspaper "Rip-Cord".

- Art and Layout Editor—A/C Geza W. Koncz . . . Hometown, Astoria, Long Island . . . B.F.A. Degree, Pratt Institute . . . Assistant insructor of design at Pratt.

- Writers
  J. J. Carbine—Editor Villanova University yearbook.
  Gilbert M. Billings—Sports Publicity Manager at Wake Forest College, N. C.
  Ted E. Flora—Reporter for East Liberty Tribune, Pa.
  Phillip Murphy—Sports writer . . . Attended Princeton University.
  Stanley D. Schiff—Junior at Rutgers University.
  W. H. Carson—Dramatist . . . Wrote for Philadelphia Inquirer.
  Maurice J. O'Reilly—Script writer at Station WHBI, Newark, N. J.
  John J. Rohr—Journalism major at the University of Michigan.

- Artists
  Chris Lindsley—Graduate of Pratt Institute.
  Roy Earl Dillard—Majored in Architectural design at the University of Texas.
  Arthur A. Tepper—Held scholarship at Cleveland School of Art.
  Clark C. Robinson—Art editor at Miami University.
  Mickey Marcovsky—Staff member of Drug Topics Magazine, N. Y.
  J. L. Nelson—Professional draftsman and designer.

Art Supervisor—Sergeant Bradford Wendell Lang.

Maxwell Field Base Photographers—Privates Lee Overman and John F. Breitzke.

No More Will We March

But

Fly