

THE MISSION OF THE EASTER

FLYING TRAINING COMMAND

CLASS OF 44-G
U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Corps of Aviation Cadets
Pre-Flight School for Pilots

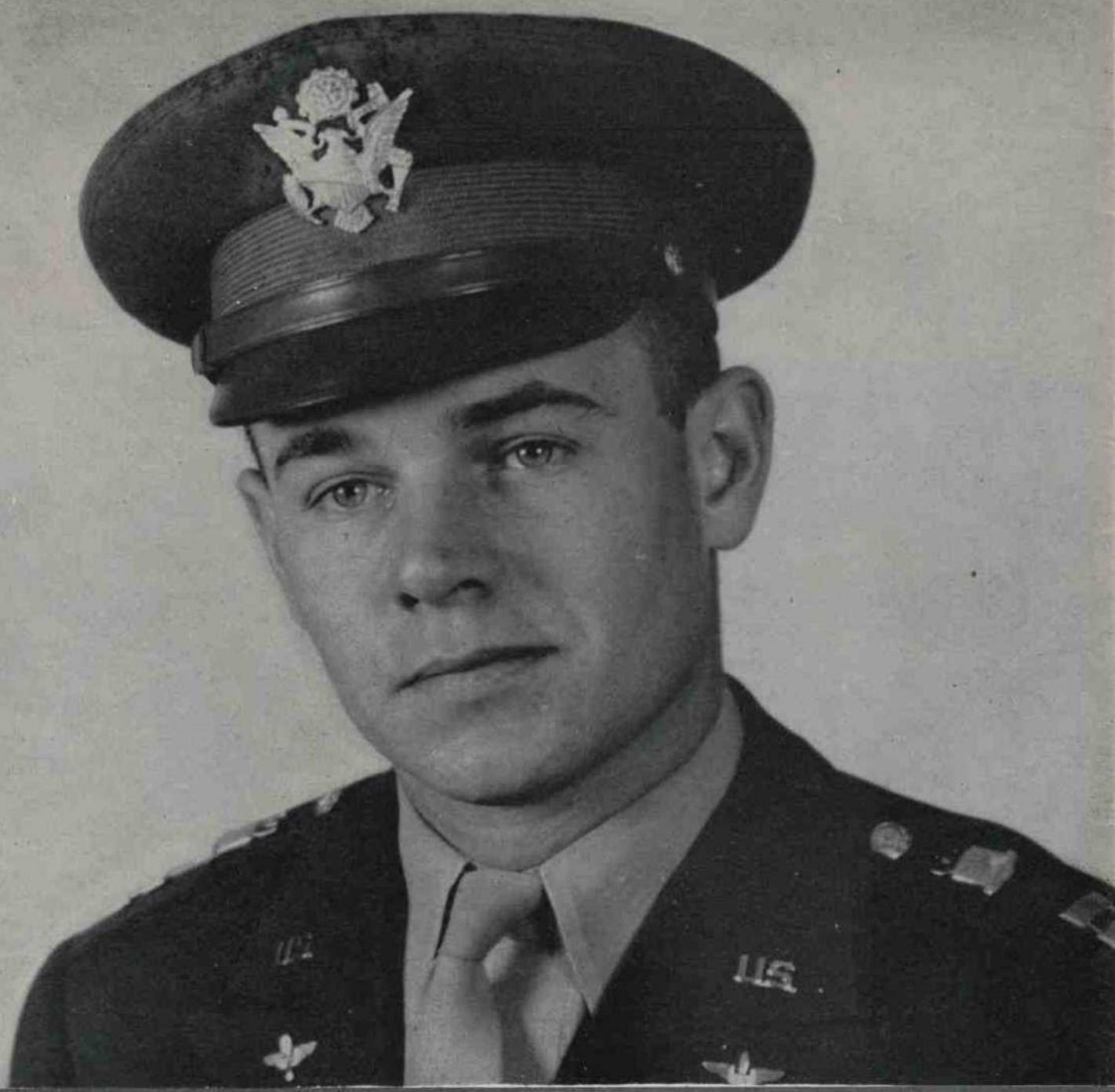
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Captain Horace Sharp, Commanding Officer of Group I, was born in Richmond, Va., and is a graduate of V. M. I. He arrived at Maxwell Field in September, 1941 as a second lieutenant and since then has been promoted to the rank of Captain.

DEDICATION

Foreword

The mission of the Eastern Flying Training Command is to graduate men of sound bodies, stout hearts, and alert minds, with a liking for the air and its adventures, with a high sense of honor and discipline that comes only with trained initiative and leadership, strong with resolve to be worthy of the traditions of the commissioned officers of the United States Army Air Forces, sir.

The Mission of the Army Air Force is apparent to everyone through newspaper headlines, newsreel features and most vividly through the experiences that returning flyers have to tell. Great armadas of bombers are winning the battle on the allied air forces' private front—the interior of Germany. Swift, low-flying fighters strafe enemy forces, coordinating their vengeance with the ground force operations. Speedy attack bombers destroy fortifications which would otherwise delay the progress of mechanized and foot troops. Every day and night critical enemy communications and transportation facilities are disrupted by our medium bombers.

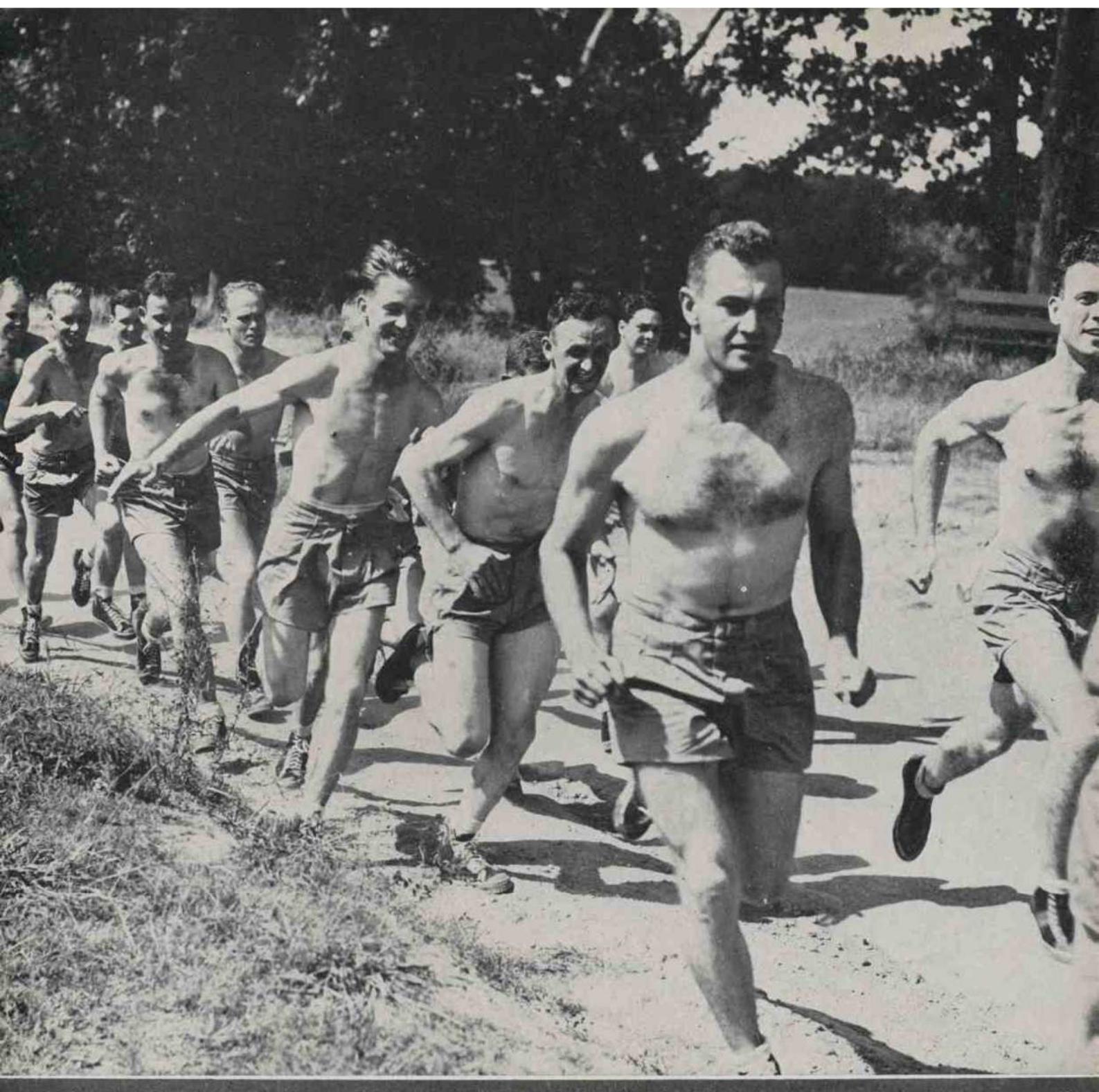
The Army Air Force is organized into the fifteen operational Air Forces strategically based all over the world, the many commands which furnish and transport materiel, operate maintenance, prepare specialized forces such as paratroopers, and the large Training Command, of which the Eastern Flying Training Command is a part.

Just as the command of the Army Air Forces is organized into the echelons from General Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, down through the commands, wings, groups, squadrons and flights, the mission of the Army Air Forces is divided into smaller, more specific missions for each echelon of command. The missions of the operational Air Forces are geographically defined. The Eighth Air Force under General Eaker, carries on from England against the Axis on the continent, a model of finely scheduled organization and huge-scale raids. General Chennault's necessarily smaller, China-based Fourteenth Air Force is an example of ingenuity and intrepidity in the face of almost insurmountable handicaps, and an inspiration to every American flyer. The Fourteenth Air Force is destined to be the nucleus of vast allied air power poised against Japan, when Germany falls and the Chinese supply problem is solved.

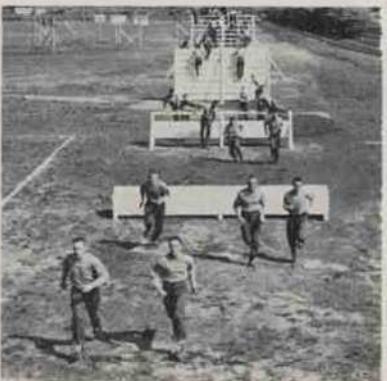
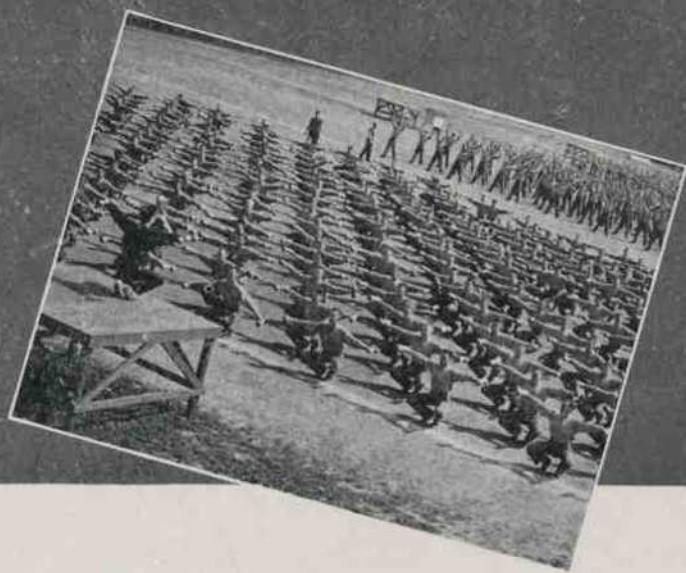
The mission of the Eastern Flying Training Command is known verbatim in its formal statement by every cadet who goes through the Preflight school at Maxwell Field. At first the cadet knows "The Mission" as a part of the maze of memory work required of him during his beginning week here. Soon he realizes that it is not only a statement of the function of the Eastern Flying Training Command but also of his personal duty. The individual flyer is the basic element of the United States Army Air Forces' striking power. His determination and devotion to duty, matched by the cooperation and will of his comrades will hasten and assure our final victory.

It is the aim of the 44-G Preflight magazine to show the relationship between the duty of the individual cadet and the mission of the Army Air Forces, between his own fighting training and the war effort of the United Nations.





Sound Bodies



Today we get our first session of Physical Training at Maxwell, better known as P.T. or Physical Torture. We have heard a lot about P.T. at Maxwell. In our basic training we were warned, at C.T.D. we were threatened, and now the day has come. We are scheduled for the famed Burma Road, the most rugged bit of terrain in the state of Alabama.

As the instructor heads us into the ravine at a brisk trot, we reflect that along this same course some of the muscles that are pushing rudder bars over Germany and in the South Pacific were built. Prancing and thumping our chests we continue along the road, little knowing how we will feel at the finish. Down along a small stream, we run, up a steep bank, over pits, roots and rocks, up and down we go, sliding, running, jumping and climbing until our breath is all gone and our legs are about to give out. We go on, driving ourselves because we all know that the only way that we can get any good from P.T. is to put our hearts behind it and work. Soon you begin to wonder about the "Gross Misters" who told you that this course was only one and eight tenths miles long, because you know that you have covered at least ten miles and most of that was up and down. We are panting, our legs ache, our feet hurt and we want to quit, but we keep telling ourselves that someday we'll be in a position where we can't quit and if we do the penalty will be our lives, so on we go and soon we come panting up the last grade with legs threshing, trying to keep pace, and as we pass the finish line our first thought is of rest, but we have to keep moving so that our muscles won't become stiff. We say to ourselves, well, Mister, we've just run the Burma Road even if it did take us twenty-two minutes, but now that we have run the course, it doesn't seem so terrifying. We know that by the time we finish our training here we'll be running along with the best of them.

The Burma Road is but one phase of P.T. here at Maxwell. Monotony is a thing of the past, as our exercises differ each day.

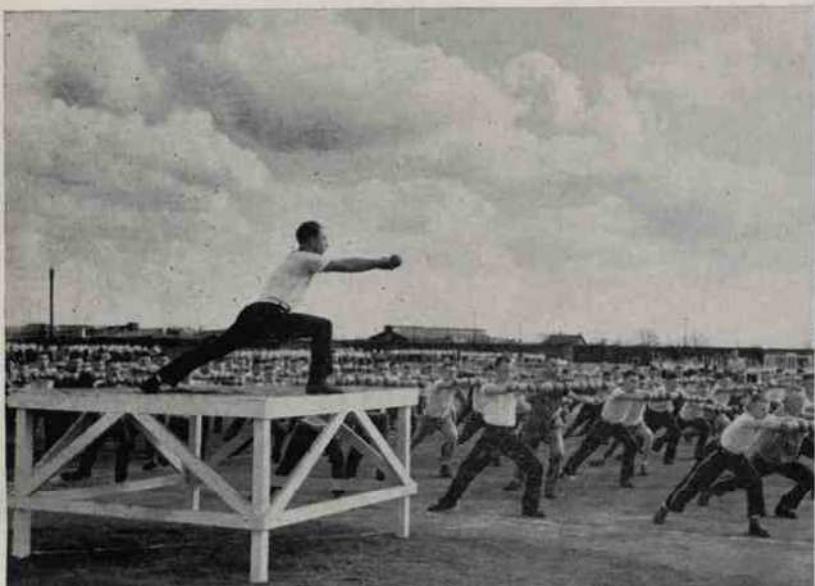
It may be dumbbells or cross country. Perhaps it will be our turn on the basketball or volley ball courts, maybe we'll do some boxing or tumbling, and then again it may be those ingenious things called wands, and of course there is always that friendly little game of "tug-o-war" and last but not least the obstacle course and wind sprints. It's all in the life of a cadet.

The exercises are designed to develop all the muscles that will be used for flying, in fact, that is why they are termed "flying muscles". Neck, abdomen, arm and leg are the most important muscles that come under this category. Some say that P.T. was designed by some cruel, sadistic and tortured mind with an eye to killing off as many cadets as possible, others maintain that it was a member of the Third Reich whose purpose it was to see that no fliers were left strong enough to fight. But wherever the beginning and whatever the original purpose, it has come to be one of the most important phases of a flier's career. It is here that it is possible to build muscles and bodies that will stand up under the strain of four hundred mile an hour planes and eight hundred mile an hour dives. In some battle areas, not only does the body have to stand up under these strains but the rigors of disease also. Men who have been shot down in the jungles of New Guinea and the Solomons Islands and have spent weeks and even months fighting the jungles and finally making their way back to Allied territory, and almost without exception they claim that it was only due to their perfect physical condition that they were able to come out alive.

Another detail that makes P.T. distinctive at Maxwell is double timing to and from the exercise area, even if you have run the cross country and you are miles from your barracks, you trot all the way back. This, much to the amazement of many new cadets, makes for stamina as well as building up our wind. It seems hard at first, this running to all formations but we soon become so used to it that we would rather double time than walk, or so the P.T. instructors say.

And there it is, Physical Training at Maxwell Field. We came here not expecting to live through it but here we are graduating and we know that we are in top physical condition. We've sweated and panted and sometimes we groaned and grunted and probably thought that we would never be a flyer if we had to go through all this torture, but as time went by, we found that the exercises seemed easier and we weren't quite so tired. It wasn't that we were getting used to the P.T. but that our bodies were getting into shape so that we could stand up better under the workouts.

And so, when we leave Maxwell to learn the mysteries of the air, not only will we be tops mentally, but also in the best physical condition.





Stout hearts



Thousands of cadets have gone through Maxwell Field's pressure chambers, each with a working knowledge of what he was about to undergo, knowledge gained from an intensive series of lectures and demonstrations designed to express vividly the value of artificially supplied oxygen to the high altitude pilot.

Eighteen men enter the cylindrical tank, fitted oxygen masks in hand, and silently fold into their appointed seats. A brief summary by the experienced supervisor who will make the stationary trip with them, then a rapid ascension to 5,000 feet and down again to check possible ear trouble. None.

Probably the most interesting person within the chamber's massive steel wall is Cadet No. 13, beginning to feel uncomfortable under the curious scrutiny of his friends. To vividly demonstrate the dangerous results of anoxia—lack of oxygen—No. 13, one of two volunteers, will make the journey up without artificially supplied oxygen.

Air is withdrawn until a 10,000 foot pressure level is simulated. All don oxygen masks, with one exception. No. 13 is beginning to feel more self-conscious as the only barefaced man in the chamber.

21,000 feet. A cadet with bends is removed to the outer chamber for a single descension. No. 13 is handed a pad and pencil with instructions to write his name and serial number as often as he can.

23,000 feet. Displaying symptoms of drunkenness, a result of anoxia, No. 13 is scrawling meaningless symbols on the pad resting on his leg.

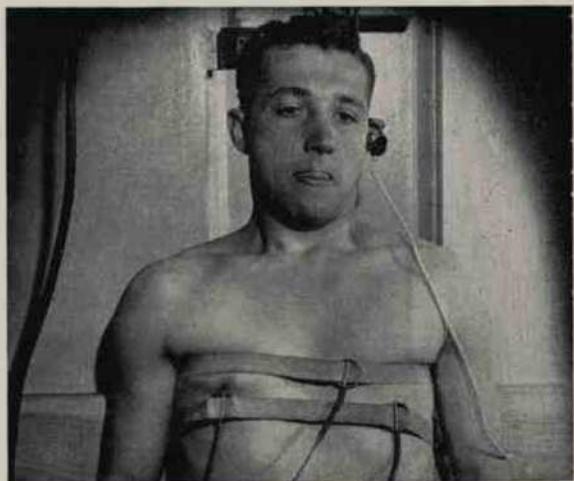
27,000 feet. Twelve cadets are feeling fine, three are bothered with traces of bends and one has developed a "pressure" tooth ache. No. 13 drops his pencil unknowingly but continues his ludicrous efforts to write with his finger tip. There is no question but that he believes he is still obeying instructions explicitly.

30,000 feet. His head slumps on his chest and the supervisor leans forward with a ready oxygen mask. From the sealed portholes skilled medical eyes watch carefully. No. 13 regains consciousness as pure, life-giving oxygen enters his lungs.

The maximum altitude, 38,000 feet—seven miles—is reached without incident. All are breathing heavily, as even pure oxygen at this low pressure barely satisfies the body's needs.

The trip down—once more at 28,000 feet. No. 7, the other volunteer, who till now has sat completely secure will remove his mask and try to stay conscious at the constant altitude. No luck! His head lolls limp and his mask is replaced efficiently and rapidly.

Descension continues—ear drums push inward as air rushes into the cylinder. Back at sea level pressure, the lock is opened and 17 cadets file out.





Alert Minds



An army pilot stands beside his fully equipped plane, awaiting his next command. Whatever it may be, wherever it may send him or whatever it may ask him to do, he has no fear of it. He is confident—confident of his ship, his equipment, and most important of all, confident of himself.

One of the most important phases of this pilot's training is the one which led him through the difficult days of Preflight. The heart of Preflight, the Academic Department, contributed its share in developing his confidence, for it gave him a background of knowledge so essential to his work.

Instructors and specialists from the entire nation were assembled at Maxwell Field to develop one of the most unique schools in the world. The important qualities necessary to a successful pilot were gleaned from the results of experiences of airmen in the theaters of war, and then at this school those subjects which help to build those qualities are presented to aviation cadets to insure that what have been mistakes yesterday will be turned to successes tomorrow.

There are two academic areas on the field—one for each wing. Each is organized and controlled similarly to the other. A network of classes is carefully planned so that during all hours of the day aviation cadets are busily studying, attending lectures, or practicing under supervision. Night classes are held in various subjects for cadets who desire extra time.

A pilot knows where he is going. He knows because preparatory to his flight he has studied his maps and prepared his course. He learned how to do much of this in Pre-

flight in his course in Maps and Charts. Today an aviation cadet learns how to read and interpret all the different types of maps he may later use in the air. He is also exposed to the different kind of ground force maps and their particular uses. He learns the meaning of the various symbols placed on them; he discovers that the air has traffic regulations, and he learns to interpret many of them from his maps.

In addition to maps, the cadet carefully studies photographs. He witnesses the clever art of camouflage as portrayed by aerial photographs. These pictures relate vital information which his maps fail to give, and they are used in conjunction with his charts.



Along with Maps and Charts, the aviation cadet receives a course in mathematics which is specially adapted to aviation. He learns to pilot simple courses and how to plan allowances for magnetic deviation and variation.

Since a pilot must know the mysteries of the air, the fundamental laws of aviation are presented in a physics course. Cadets learn the laws controlling falling bodies; they learn to calculate the time and distance away from a target a bomb must be released, and they learn nature's laws of the atmosphere. Cadets discover it is divided into the troposphere, tropopause, stratosphere, and far miles beyond, the ionosphere, and they learn how each of these influences flying and how factors of weather affect aircraft.

Use of incendiary bombs is explained to cadets. They witness demonstrations in which small bombs are exploded and allowed to burn. They are taught how to extinguish them.



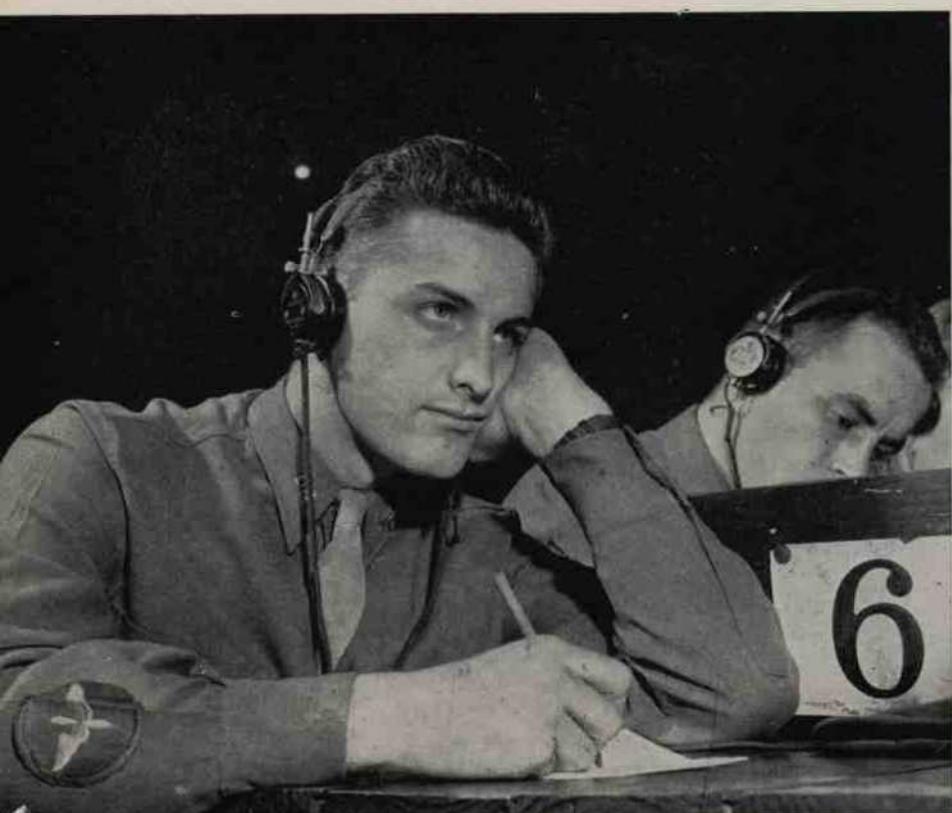
Courses in aircraft identification prove interesting to aviation cadets. Through a unique system of presentation by the instructors, cadets learn to recognize the most widely used craft of the United States and England. Pictures of the planes are flashed upon screens at rates varying from one-half to one-twenty-fifth of a second, and the cadets are trained to recognize them at this rate. The tactical uses of the ships are also discussed, including their rates of climb, their best altitude performances, their speeds, and any other characteristics the knowledge of which may prove to be life savers in the future.

Unfortunately, many pilots have been shot down because of identification failures. Preflight at Maxwell is determined that future American pilots will not repeat these costly errors.

Another error in recognition which the academic department strives to eliminate is clearly defined in the following illustration.—A small force of aircraft, heavily laden with bombs, spotted a warship on the waters below them. They dived upon it, bombed and strafed it, and all but sunk it. They killed a large number of the crew and then speeded home, jubilant of their success—only to learn later that the craft was of their own nationality.

Today's aviation cadets spend hours studying American and British warships so that such incidents of mistaken identity will not happen. They learn identification features, such as the location of the ships' guns, superstructures, masts, tripods, catapults, and any other characteristics which help to distinguish them. Pictures are also flashed upon screens, so that the ships appear as they normally do from the air.

A pilot in the air must be able to communicate with fellow airmen



and with the ground forces. The academic department presents cadets with an intensive course in code. Using the best equipment available, aviation cadets develop a working proficiency in code.

An aviation cadet's courses of instruction are not confined merely to piloting an aircraft, but they also instruct in other phases of military science. In a course on Ground Forces the various departments and divisions of the army are studied. The cadet sees the roles played by the infantry, the artillery, the medical corps, the intelligence department, and other forces in the service—all in their combined efforts to destroy the enemy and hasten victory.

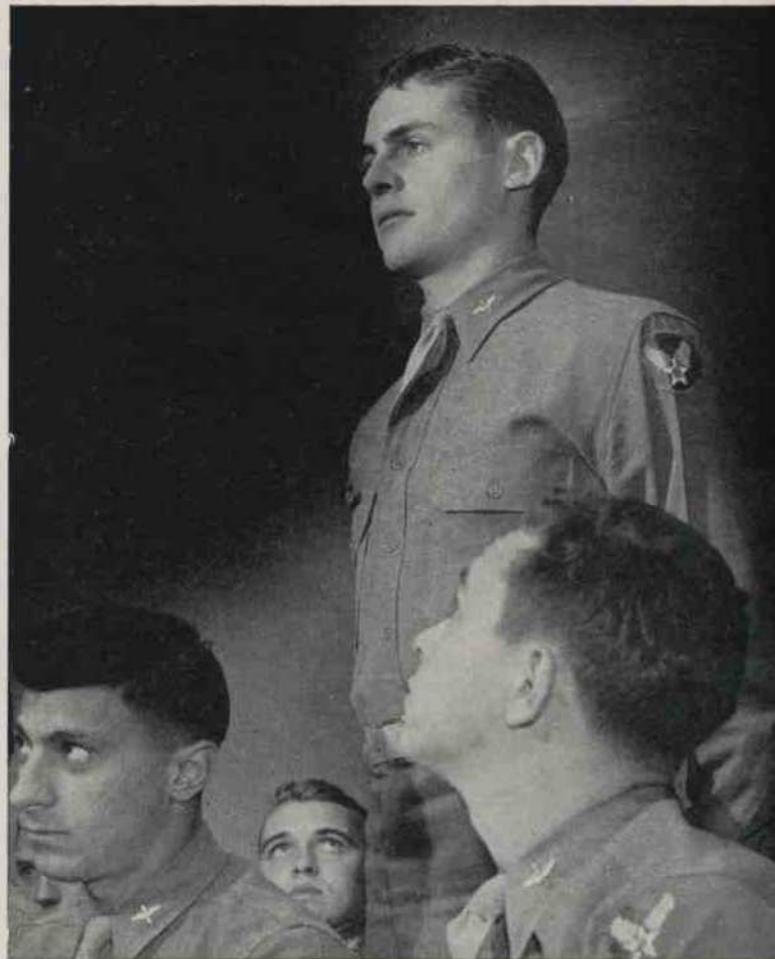
Should an airman or associate become injured, an American pilot has a reserve of first aid knowledge at his command. As a cadet he learned in Preflight the fundamentals of First Aid, including bandaging, treatment of wounds, shock, artificial respiration, and stoppage of bleeding. He witnessed demonstrations of the various techniques of first aid by competent instructors.

The Pilot Detachment, which formed Wing III, found itself taking a specialized training to further strengthen the cadets' preflight background. Realizing that in modern warfare the best informed soldier is usually the most successful, the academic department presented this group of aviation cadets with many diversified subjects, including War Orientation—designed to present a historical background of the present war—military censorship, military correspondence, and military courtesy and discipline.

On a range consisting of seventy-seven target positions, the cadet fires forty rounds, with the .45 caliber semi-automatic pistol, endeavoring to qualify for marksman rating. Such qualification requires a high percent accuracy, and approximately seventy percent of the aviation cadets attain this rating.

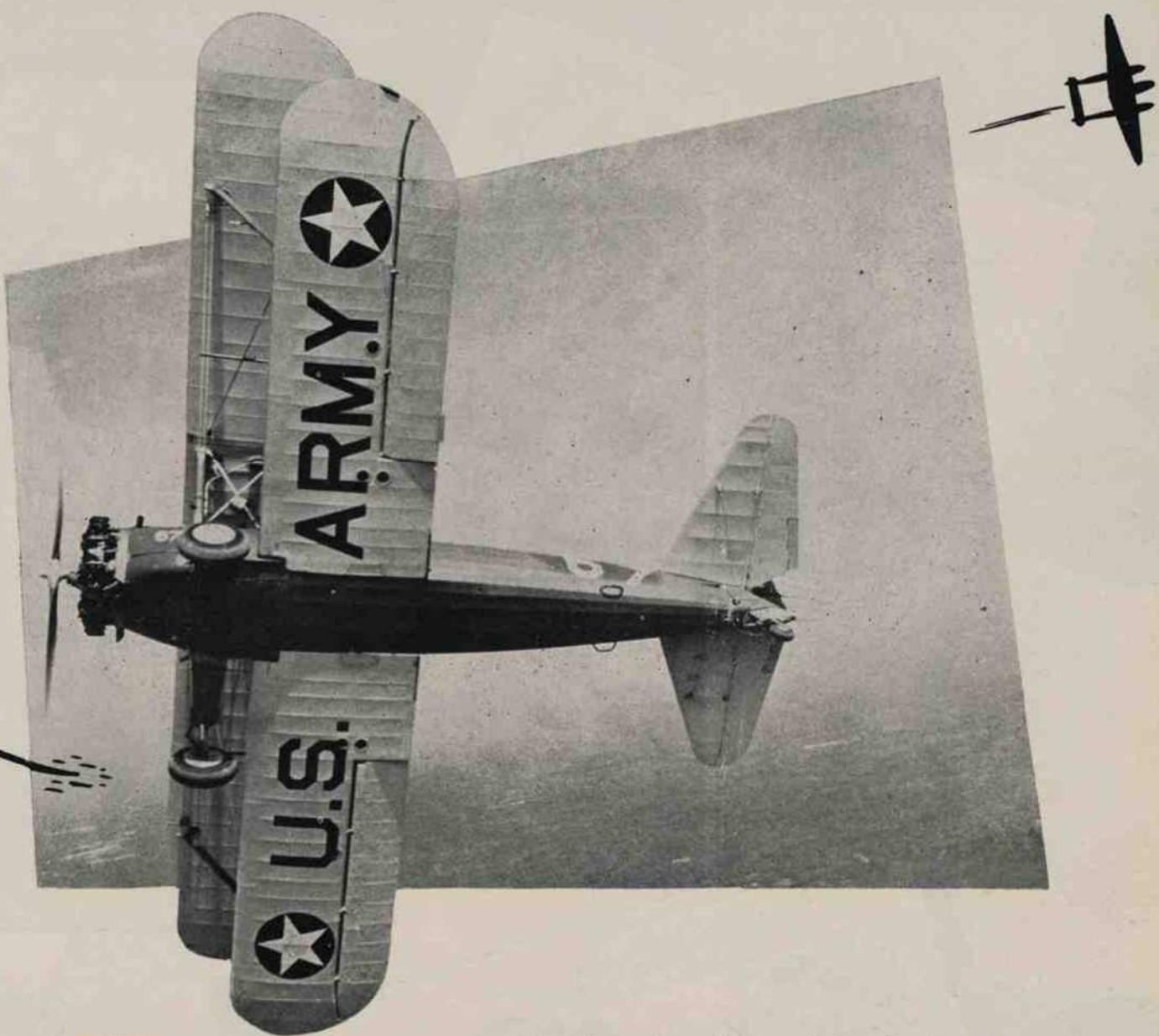
In addition to the automatic pistol, cadets receive instruction in the use of the .45 caliber sub-machine gun, the "Tommy-Gun" of gangster fiction.

At present the gunnery range is under an expansion program to increase its length to 900 feet. This will develop a total of 177 target positions.



liking For the Air



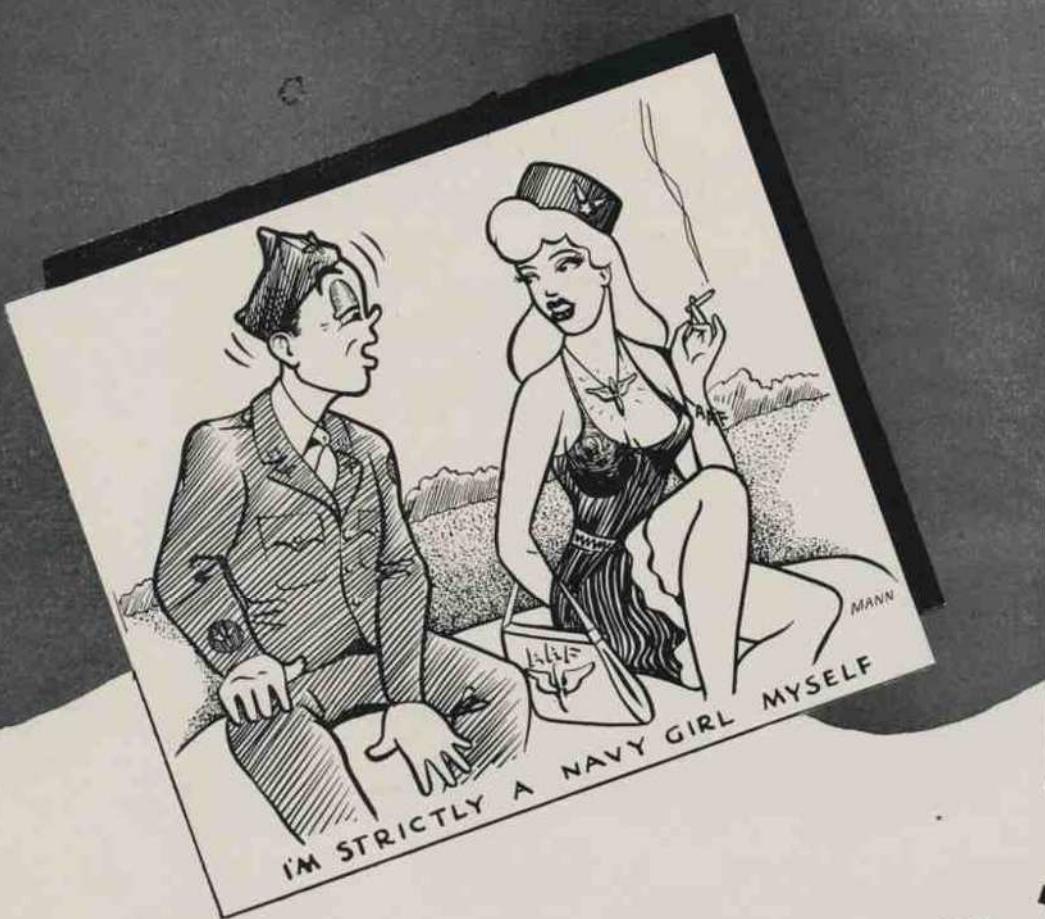


Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter silvered wings,
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sunsplit clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared
and swung

High in the sunlit silence. Hovering there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, nor even eagle flew;
And, with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

—John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

The author 19, American Volunteer with RCAF was killed in action
December 11, 1941



OFF THE





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LEAVING FOR HOME!!!





High Sense of Honor

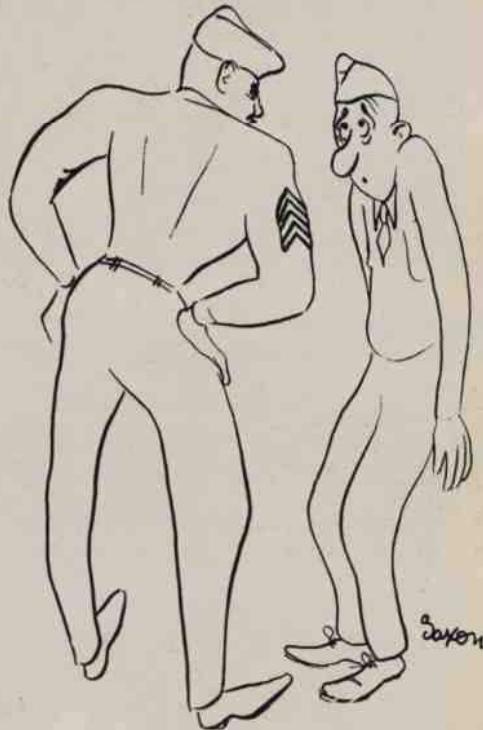
A squadron of heavy bombers thunders through the night. That tiny light in the distance reveals the target. The crews are tensed but each member has confidence in the other fliers.

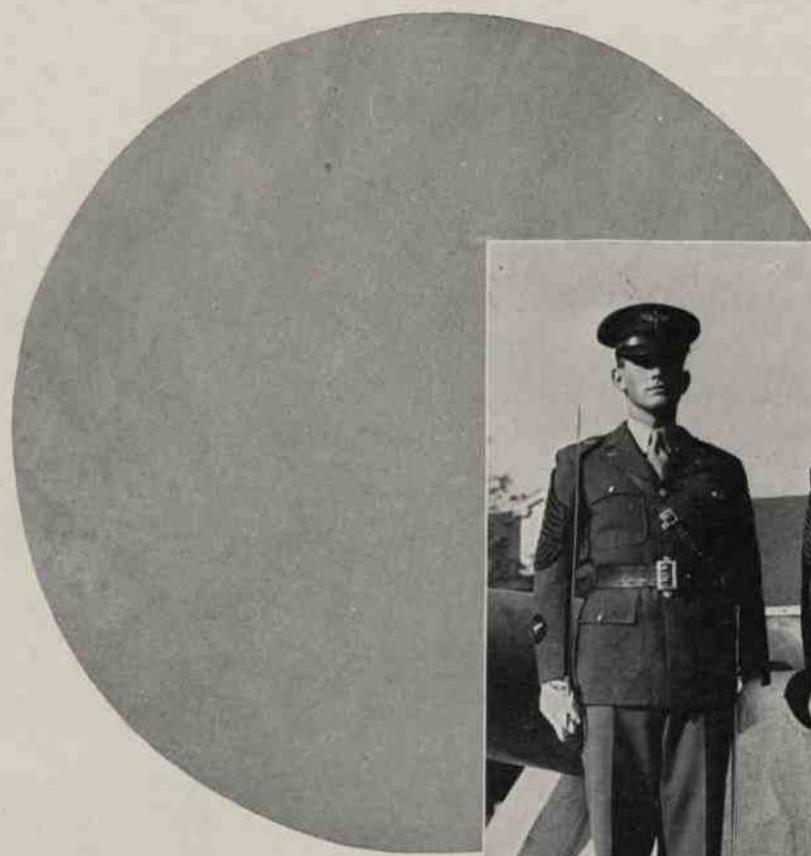
The great bombers roar closer to their objective. All crew members are at their battle stations, eyes, minds, and bodies straining and alert for a sign of the enemy. Suddenly out of the night enemy interceptors come screaming down on the formation of giant bombers. Excitement rages at fever pitch for the first few moments, then the months of training stand out like brilliant lights in the dark of night. Silence ranges over the plane as calm orders come over the inter-com. An enemy plane darts into the formation. More orders, fire power of the chattering machine guns is concentrated on the invader till his ship spews flame and plunges earthward, a molten mass of fire. The first wave of enemy planes has passed but they will soon be back with their darting ships and crackling guns. Suddenly one of the motors cuts out and a long rocket of flame shoots out of the manifold. The pilot reaches over to shut off the motor and the fire dies out. Then more trouble, the plane starts to lose altitude and in a few seconds a vulnerable spot will be exposed in the formation and the enemy aircraft will break into the squadron of air dreadnaughts. Again the pilot with his months of training from primary through transitional knows what to do, feathering the props and applying the right corrections to the controls. The plane slowly climbs back into the formation; the weak spot has been filled and the crippled ship has the protection of other aircraft. At last the enemy planes give up, their mission unsuccessful. But the squadron of bombers goes on to the completion of other successful missions against the Axis.

In the air, battles are won by the perfect coordination of each crew member. But successful teamwork is possible only through a proven trust that the men have for each other. The development of this faith and the consequent success in battle is started early in the pilot's training by the Cadet Honor Code.

Here at Maxwell the Honor Code is administrated for and by the cadets themselves; truth and honor are placed on a strictly individual basis. Each man does his own work and expects no unfair aid from another; there is no quibbling or kidding one's self. The Code, "An aviation cadet will not lie, cheat or steal . . ." becomes the cadet's creed and he lives harmoniously by it. Fortunately, there are very few who break the Honor Code. Those few are unhesitatingly dismissed from the Cadet Corps, their names forever removed from its rolls.

Most of the cadets at Maxwell will someday be wearing their coveted wings into the heart of combat. Not only their lives but the lives of many others and the success of a mission will be intrusted to them. Obviously, there can be no mistakes; their word must at all times be inviolate, lest coordination and precious time be sacrificed and the victory delayed.





CORPS STAFF



Aviation Cadet Corps Commander, Walter A. Hahn was born in Poughkeepsie, New York. Throughout his scholastic career, which included St. Lawrence University, he was brilliant in both athletics and academics in addition to numerous extra-curriculal activities. At the 59 CTD, North Carolina State Teachers College he was chosen as Wing Commander.

Although he was born in Beaufort, North Carolina, Aviation Cadet Adjutant, William R. Murden, Jr., spent most of his life in Norfolk, Virginia. He graduated from Randolph-Macon Academy and afterwards attended William and Mary and the Citadel. He was Group Commander at the 337 CTD, Clarion, Pennsylvania.

Aviation Cadet Supply Officer, Carl L. Chapman, was born in Britton, Oklahoma, where he was outstanding throughout his early education. Leaving college for the Air Corps, he attended the 61 CTD, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont and soon rose to Corps Adjutant-Major.

WING I

Aviation Cadet Charles F. Hadden, Commander of Wing I, was born in Cairo, Georgia. While a Senior at Georgia Tech he transferred from the Advanced ROTC into the Air Corps.

Born in New York City, Aviation Cadet Wing I Adjutant, Robert L. Melo, attended Xavier University and Parks College. Turning down an OCS appointment he came directly to the Cadet Corps without Basic or CTD.

A native of Hillsboro, Ohio, Wing I Supply Sergeant, Howard B. Tolle, attended the University of Pennsylvania and Ohio State. Before entering the Cadet Corps he spent six months in Cairo and six months in Persia.

WING II

Aviation Cadet, Wing Commander James W. Morris, of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, has two years at Ohio State, where he majored in Commercial Art and Advertising. He came to Maxwell from 63 CTD at the University of Tennessee. One of his paintings was on exhibition at Grand Central in New York and drew many favorable comments. He was formerly an enlisted man with the Engineers and the Technicians in Topography.

Aviation Cadet Wing II Adjutant Charles H. Hubbard was born in Macon, Georgia. He was a student at Mercer University and has five years' experience in the Infantry ROTC.

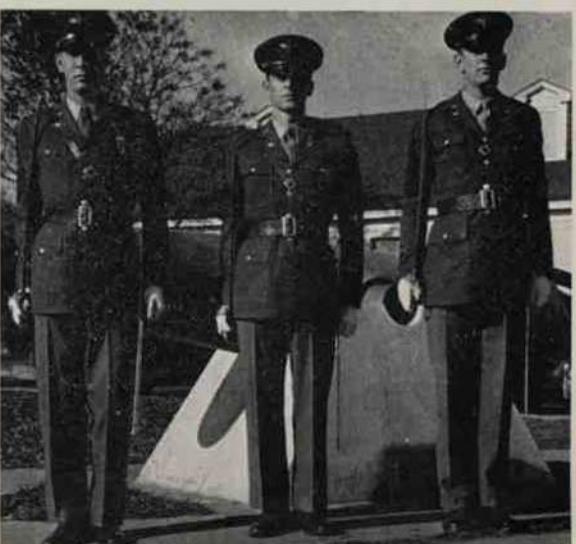
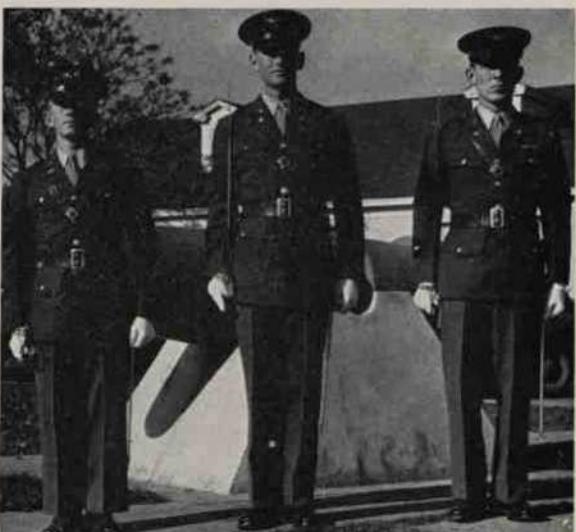
Wing II Supply Officer is Oren L. Audd, of Tulsa, Oklahoma. He attended the 20 CTD at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky. Four years in the Air Corps stand behind him, as well as basic training right here at Maxwell. Audd served three years in the Canal Zone where he did a lot of boxing during his free time.

WING III

The Advanced Training Wing was set up under the careful supervision of Captain John L. Turner to give the aviation cadet a better knowledge of such preflight courses as engine mechanics, chemical warfare and the historical background of the war.

The Wing III Staff is headed by Robert V. Doyle as Cadet Commander. Thaddeus R. Blum fills the duties of Wing Adjutant and Ernest J. Delmotte is Supply Officer.

WING STAFFS



Leadership





HISTORY has provided us with the story of a number of great generals and field marshals who have held a thorough knowledge of the function of every part of their armies, of every

action that preparation for combat and actual battle entailed. These rare men were well acquainted with every detail of each individual soldier's duty as well as the general tactic of the battle. Today, as the growing complexity of total war has necessitated increased organization of command, specialization has developed among the commissioned officers. There are technical specialists, specialists in intelligence and strategy. These specialists have most to do with the training and planning functions of an army. In combat, there is still need for the completely rounded, well-trained, aggressive officer who can keep his mind on everything that goes on in his command, who knows his job and knows his men.

The training at Preflight is one of education under a strict discipline that instills a sense of leadership and teaches the ability to see one's own duty and do it. A leader must have many qualifications and they all can be developed. The army works on that principle. Although there is still the so-named natural leader, leadership may be fostered in a person through intelligent instruction. For example, a leader must be courteous. This is taught through association with superior officers in the daily routine. He must be tactful and cheerful. He gains this experience through

his contacts with his fellow cadets. Many times a cadet finds himself in charge of a detail such as guard duty; problems arise and here he finds he must decide what to do and take the initiative for himself.

In the British army, according to Colonel Munson, if a man is asked what a rifle must be cleaned with the one and only answer is, "Great care, sir." This shows only a partial grasp of the subject. The cadet is trained to know his job completely, to be fully prepared for combat. By learning and observing throughout his training he finds himself developing those qualities necessary to a good leader.

Discipline is the basis of officer training. Every cadet knows that at Maxwell Field its influence is always present. It is found on the drill field, during any parade, at the many formations from reveille to taps, during study hour and in the class. The totalitarian views discipline as blind, will-breaking subservience. Our idea is diametrically opposite, building up within a man a sense of the solidarity of the armed service and a loyalty to all for which it is fighting.

"Discipline," said Colonel Applin, "is the instant and willing obedience to all orders, and in the absence of orders, to what you believe the orders would have been." Discipline, instilled at Preflight, follows the cadet through his army career and allows him to be calm in danger, to look to the well-being of his men, no matter how tired he himself may be.

Preflight training thus gives the cadet a background for a full understanding of the duties and qualities of a commissioned officer.





Give us this day



"They that wait for the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." God supplies the strength to keep bodies pure; God supplies the courage for difficult missions; God stimulates the mind to its highest degree of perfection and alertness, and keeps it free from distressing preoccupation. God alone fills our hearts with a sense of honesty and gives us the power to discipline ourselves to the rigors of army life. By the indwelling of His Spirit, the Aviation Cadet will become the kind of officer and leader within his own ranks, who will be able to demand the respect and obedience of his men, and win the benediction and blessings of God. Therefore, wait for the Lord!

Hobart V. Jack



It is scarcely conceivable that a "high sense of honor and discipline" be maintained unless every candidate aspiring "to be worthy of the traditions of the commissioned officer", always recognize and serve God. In this country where the inherent inalienable rights of man are guaranteed by a constitution, it is imperative that every individual accept the rock upon which these rights are founded.

Unless we believe in God and that He is the source of all authority, how can one American give orders to his fellow citizens who are essentially his equal? Every trainee and officer must be imbued with the idea which is evident in the writings of Thomas Jefferson, that orders are the will of God expressed through men. The successful officer, therefore, will be the religious man. The Air Corps by its ample facilities for services strives to impress cadets with this important truth.

Alvin H. Schlueter



Yours is an enviable and unique opportunity to serve God, your country and mankind. Through intensive training, co-operative spirit, self-discipline, loyalty and application you will acquire traits and characteristics which will enable you not only to defeat the most ruthless enemies of civilization in the history of the world but also to take the places which destiny may assign to you in guiding the United States through the difficult years of peace.

Just as the eagle spreads her wings to protect her young and innocent so will you be called upon to protect with your wings everything sacred and dear to us. You are preparing to become God's messengers to bring the most precious gift—hope—to millions of downtrodden and despondent people. "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter".

Samuel Rosen

tradition



Distinguished Flying Cross—For heroism or extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flights.

Purple Heart—Awarded to all members of the armed forces of the nation who are wounded in battle, this medal is the oldest medal presented by the United States to any service man. It was established by the first Commander in Chief, George Washington.

These men were once members of the Corps of Aviation Cadets of Maxwell Field. They have run the course and bravely met the 'baptism of fire'. Their merit and gallantry are an ever living reflection and monument to the Corps. . . .

Lt. William L. Swope, Winchester, Ky. Class 42-J. Graduated at Moody Field and piloted a Flying Fortress on twenty-two missions. Won the Air Medal and Oak Leaf Cluster.

Lt. George D. Bryan, Starkville, Mississippi. Class 43-C. Received the Air Medal for action over occupied Continental Europe. Lt. Bryan is a graduate of Turner Field, Georgia.

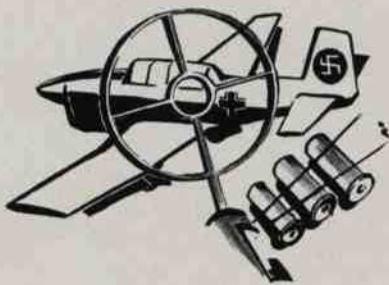
Aid Medal—This decoration will be awarded in those cases where the act of meritorious service does not warrant the award of the D. F. C.

Oak Leaf Clusters—To be awarded a person who already holds a medal, but who is entitled to another. The Oak Leaf Cluster is then attached to the ribbon of the medal first awarded.

Capt. Richard K. O'Hare, Augusta, Georgia. Class 42-G. Graduate of Columbus, Army Air Field at Columbus, Mississippi. As a Bomber pilot he flew five combat missions for which he received the Air Medal with an attached Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster.

Lt. Robert H. Knapp, Norwich, New York, Class 42-J. Set the fastest airspeed known to man by diving his Thunderbolt 840 miles per hour in an airfight over Emden, Germany.

Lt. James B. O'Brien, Lafayette, Indiana, Class 42-J. Graduated at Craig Field and piloted a P-38, Lightning. With two German planes to his credit he has received the Distinguished Flying Cross Air Medal and Oak Leaf Cluster.



Exemplary of the mettle and calibre of Class 44-G of Maxwell Field, are these men of the present Corps of Aviation Cadets. They have successfully seen combat in the air, but have been chosen to receive training in leadership as pilots. . . .



Howard B. Tolle was a member of the Air Transport Command and weathered bombings in Cairo when the "Desert Fox" was camping near there. Howard was later transferred to Persia where he worked with Douglas Air Supply, which kept American planes going to Russia.



Earl J. Hardy saw two years service in Central and South America. He was a qualified Instrument Specialist and Mechanic while in Panama and has seen action on submarine patrol missions as a photographer.



Robert Porter has seen plenty of action in the Mediterranean theatre as an aerial gunner. He has several hundred hours in the air with some Messerschmitts to his credit.

Mike E. Tulipan enlisted September 1940, went to Australia with the Army Air Forces as a crew chief on a C-87. He was stationed in Sydney but has made flights over Europe, Asia and Africa as well as around the Pacific Area.



Recreation



Always before there had been "day rooms" to satisfy the leisure hours of the "Aviation Students" but for its Cadets, Maxwell had "Rec" Halls, something different and vastly more complete.

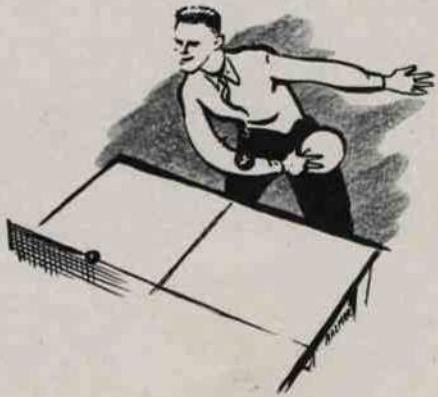
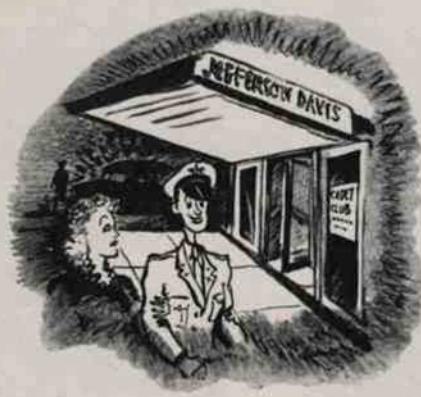
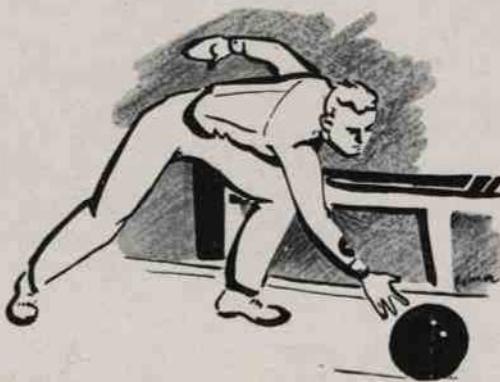
Twice a week the Cadets sharpen up in best "Class A" attire for a virtual Open Post on Maxwell Field for a slight expenditure of personality, fun and amusement await all the Cadets.

In the roomy, luxurious lounge the Cadets may visit their wives or girl friends. Vivacious Georgette Johnson, statistical cupid, and intermediary between Cadets and the Montgomery belles, arranges hostesses for the dances as well as dates for Open Post.

Music for the dances is provided by the Cadet orchestras either on the indoor dance floor or the spacious outdoor pavilion.

For a quiet evening of relaxation the reading room offers itself with its fast growing library and collection of current magazines. Or perhaps the Cadet and his date would prefer to listen to the wide selection of music from the radio-phonographs. Those long lines at the end of the room represent the anxious Misters waiting to call home or their sweethearts. When the call comes through the man is paged by public address system which extends to every room in the building.

Of course, the evening wouldn't be complete without teaching the girl friend the fascinating game of ping-pong, which winds up with the Cadet on the short end of the score. At taps the rec hall closes, sending the cadet back to his barracks and the girl friend home via one of the many cabs that wait across the street.





Four weeks of living alone and not liking it had to come to an end. This was it—first open post! Hair combed? Yes, that one in the front was but those million in back looked like a jungle in a hurricane. Heaven help those barbers when they answer for their crimes!

Our cabbie drove as one possessed and soon we were at the entrance to the Jefferson Davis Hotel. We paid the man, whereupon he immediately retired to spend the rest of his days in comfort.

Being young, healthy men in high spirits, possessing overnight passes and a month's pay, it was natural that we wished to share our good fortune with that rare creature, a feminine companion. The Jefferson Davis cadet date bureau was at our service.

Unfortunately, however, we had neglected to bring our pedigrees, so it was some time before the immobile lady at the desk could be convinced of our brotherly love for the fairer sex. This obstacle was hurdled when one of the fellows remarked how closely she resembled his own dear mother.

Our next stop was Huntingdon College where we presented ourselves to the house mother. Imagine if you will, gentlemen, a bevy of young lovely things skipping lightly across the campus, hair and skirt swaying rhythmically, add a melody of assorted pastel sweaters, and the symphony is complete. This is Huntingdon.

The young ladies do not go out alone so it is advisable to bring along a chum, preferably one less dashing than yourself, lest he captivate the lovelier creature. Our destination was the cadet Standard Club where dance music is provided by a cadet orchestra. A sip of Scotch, a scent of Chanel Number Five, and lilting music. Eleven o'clock. Cinderella has hustled back to her nest, so we dash into town to fill that empty feeling with a thick, juicy sirloin.

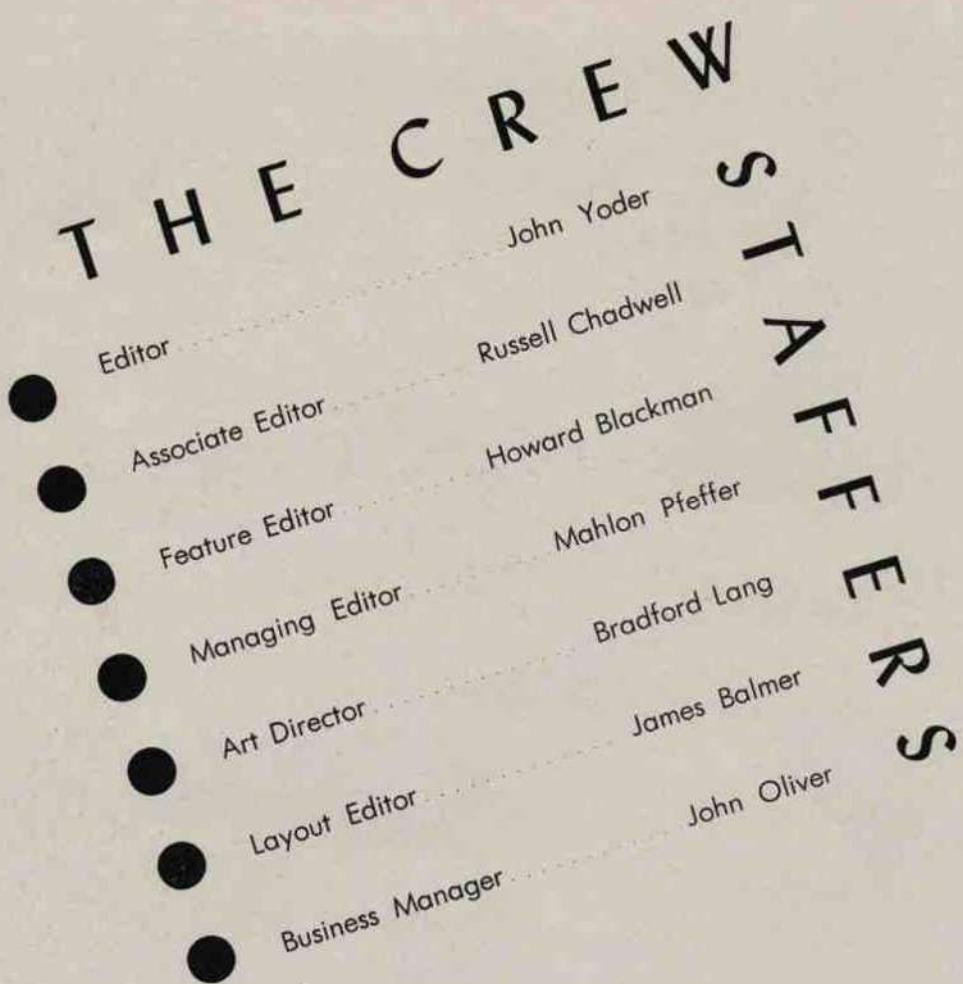
Two o'clock finds the boys back at the barracks chattering like magpies about their conquests. We have been true disciples of the Caesarian legend. We came, we saw, whether we remained to conquer is not to be told. Even Caesar had his pitfalls—remember Cleo?





This, parents, wives, sweethearts, friends, is the story of our Preflight training at Maxwell Field. We've sweated at physical training, scratched our heads in academic classes, stood restlessly stock-still at parades. We've worked in the dust and heat of the earth watching and listening to our big brother cadets soaring and zooming in the sky above. We've learned much and have had a lot of fun.

There were a few hours flying for us at College Training Detachment, but now the great day has come when we shall sprout real wings. There's a sleek little training ship waiting for each of us at Primary. We're off to meet her!



OAK LEAF CLUSTERS

Cover—F. E. Perry and Bradford Lang.

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MISSION COMPLETED



