

PRE

flight



FEBRUARY

1944

4.4.11

PRE *flight*

**CLASS OF 44-H U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES
CORPS OF AVIATION CADETS
PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL FOR PILOTS
MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA**

**PUBLISHED BY
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DEDICATION

Captain John L. Turner, a native Tennessean, played varsity football during his four years at Mississippi State and was elected captain in his senior year. He graduated in 1940 with a reserve commission in the Infantry and was called to active duty with the Air Corps in March 1941 at the Orlando Air Base, Orlando, Florida. He was transferred to Maxwell Field in September of the same year and is now Group Seven Commander.

FOREWORD

In the factories and shops of every city and township, on the farms, and in the homes of America, workers are producing the materials and implements of war. At the many camps and bases of our nation are formed the fighting teams, the human counterpart of these implements of war. Maxwell produces the material that goes into making the finest officers and airmen in the World. Here, raw young-manhood is schooled, hardened, polished, and made ready for the final stages of production at Primary, Basic, and Advanced flying school.

From the first "Look Proud Mister" to the last "gig", bodies and minds are put through intense and rigorous training. Weary muscles, aching backs, bleary eyes and foggy minds become keen and vibrant in the hands of the skilled workers, the officers of this great factory of Aviation Cadets. Occasionally we find imperfect material; material in which exists a flaw. This, of course, cannot be used for the precision work that is carried on here. It is detected and eliminated.

Jack is not a dull boy here. Neither is Tom and Bill and Joe. With work we combine play in the forms of movies, dances, recreational privileges, and Open Post. Most of all, we work. We're in this fight to win. Not we, the Aviation Cadet Corps as a separate unit, but as a vital wheel in the machinery of America at war.

IT STARTED FROM



HERE

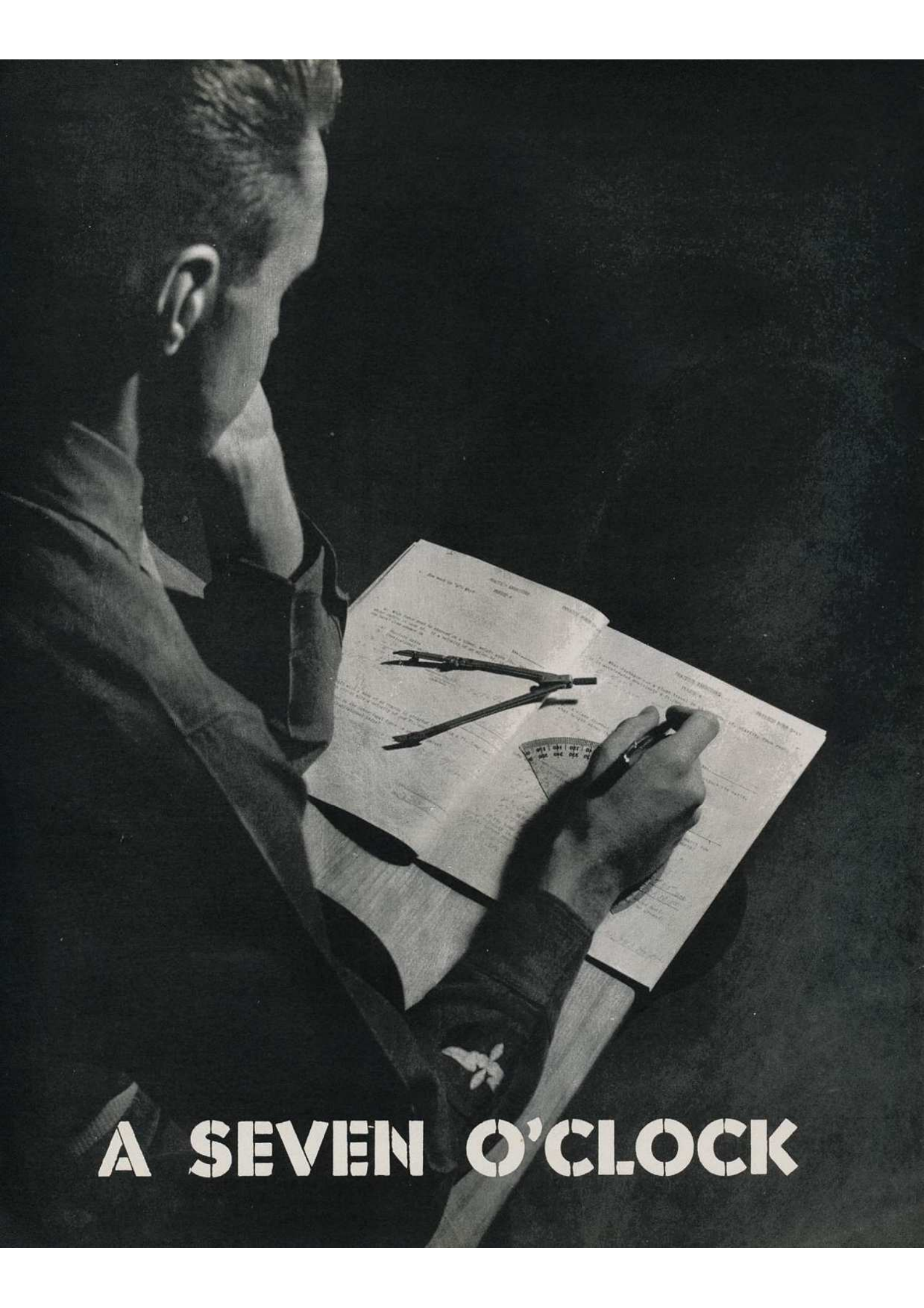
After an all night ride in an air-conditioned, super-deluxe, wooden coach of the cattle car type, a group of sad sacks and a pile of barracks were deposited on the grounds of Maxwell Field.

ON THE DOUBLE, MISTERS, FALL IN! FREEZE, MISTERS! WERE YOU GAZING, MISTER? LOOK PROUD, MISTERS—YOU'RE AT MAXWELL!

A number of Cadet officers who were considerate enough to meet us so early in the morning caused us to wonder if the local zoo might be missing its herd of zebras. However, after close examination we realized that zebras don't wear sabers, and under that maze of oversized stripes were discovered human beings. Later it became apparent that there was more to it than just stripes and sabers; a pencil and gig sheet added to their prestige.

For the next five weeks not much was seen of Maxwell. We were too busy studying the lines and contours of the man's neck in front of us. Everywhere the neck went, we were sure to follow. The barber shop, drill, P. T. via the Burma Road, lectures, mess, and then classes; those daily rest periods where one casually picks up ten years' education in nine weeks. Dit dah dit equals D.A.N.C.—dit dah because equal forces react on the cigar shaped fuselage of the 3.1416 mm mortar when entrenched near the enemies electronic capacities. Of course, this would involve a mixture of saluting indoors if the tourniquet is applied too near the 34 foot wing span of the B-17, because the compression in the chamber might become too great and that would be dah—di di dit to those concerned. Confusing, isn't it?

Most confusing, was the confusing manner in which they expressed their confusing desires to straighten us out on confusing things that might confuse us during our confusing stay at confusing Maxwell Field. But out of confusion came order, and we finally caught on to the gist of things. Now, after nine weeks of hard work, our group of still sad but wiser sacks are ready to pack up the barracks bags and shove off for Primary.



A SEVEN O'CLOCK

SCHOLAR

To the new Aviation Cadet, Pre-Flight is just another word for taking off the rose-colored glasses and doing something about this thing called flying. Aviation is one business that must be learned from the ground up, and at Maxwell the Cadet soon learns that it is not all spins and stalls and spot landings.

Before the new Cadet can enter into the actual flying phase of his training, he must first be familiarized with the basic principles underlying the theory of flight. A knowledge of mathematics and physics aids the future pilot to understand them. He must also learn navigation to facilitate locating his position at any time and guide himself safely in the pathless skies. An aptness to read maps and charts quickly, without error, is also important.

Aircraft identification, according to the pilots, is one of the most important subjects learned at Pre-Flight. The time spent on code completes another important aspect of Pre-Flight training. Before leaving Maxwell Field, the Cadet is able to receive a minimum of eight words per minute.

As the Cadet passes through Pre-Flight, it becomes more and more evident that the subjects he studies here are just as important as the tricks he will learn "upstairs." As the take-off is to flying, so are academics the take-off to a successful flying career.



HIIR



CONDITIONING

They were a pretty ragged formation, jogging by with sweaty, flushed faces, trying to meet the instructor's command to "keep it dressed up." A squadron of new Cadets had just returned from their first trip over Maxwell Field's famed "Burma Road." The "Burma Road", a mile and eight tenths of rough cross country running, is one of many features of Maxwell's diversified Physical Training Program. Starting on the innocent looking golf course the Cadets had somehow struggled across ravines, up the steep hills, over creeks and through canebrakes, only to face the long trek home—at double time. But that was nine weeks ago.

It was tough going at times, coming in dead tired, taking a quick shower, and rushing out to meet the next formation. However, excess weight gradually dropped off, the muscles slowly developed, the ragged formation improved, and that which had been drudgery became fun.

We can smile now. Smile with that smug sophistication of upper classmen about to graduate. Sure! We're scheduled for the same run today, but it no longer holds terror for us. We've been through the mill. We're toughened now and can take it. We have taken it. The athletic field, nine weeks of sprints, the obstacle course, football, basketball, boxing, and calisthenics have developed muscles necessary for the strong bodies and stout hearts required for flyers.



THE CADET NEWS

PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL (PILOT)
JANUARY 13, 1944

S. ARMY AIR FORCES
VOL. 1, NO. 11

MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA

FIRST FIELD DAY HUGE SUCCESS

Pilot Det. and 44-G Receive
Maxwell Field Schedule

Maxwell Field Holds First Sports Day
Large Crowd Enjoys Cadet Contests In
Events



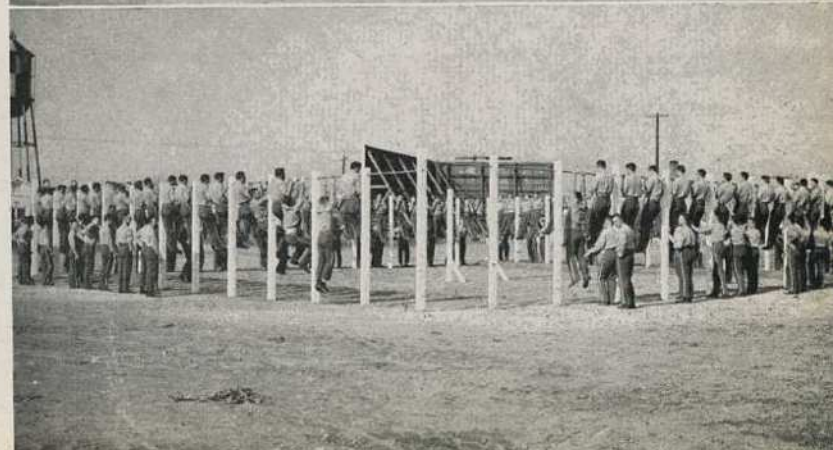
COMPETITION

Maxwell's first Field Day program, featuring the participation of several hundred Aviation Cadets, gave an enthusiastic audience an all-out demonstration of the Pre-Flight physical training program. Purpose of the field day was to determine the Aviation Cadet champions in all track and other approved athletic events used in Pre-Flight physical training.

An anxious crowd saw six records fall before the smashing efforts of Maxwell's top athletes. In the mile run, feature track event on the program, Cadet Howard Horne set the sizzling pace of 4:46:6. Likewise, Leo Ryglinski thundered around the 880 oval for a new 2:05 mark. In an exciting photo finish Jim Meney stepped off the 100 yard dash in 10:2. Other records were set by Jim Russell in the 440 yard dash, R. C. Lowther, the new broad jump champion, and Bob Cifers with a 52 feet 2 inch heave in the shot put.

Several novelty events lightened the schedule. These included the "Greased Pig Chase", or "forty Cadets on a mad scramble to catch 120 pounds of squirming pork." Other outstanding specialties were the "Egg Toss" and a "Sack Race", held especially for Cadet First Sergeants.

The presentation of handsome awards to the contest winners during half-time of the Corps championship basketball game climaxed the highly successful Field Day.



MADISON AT

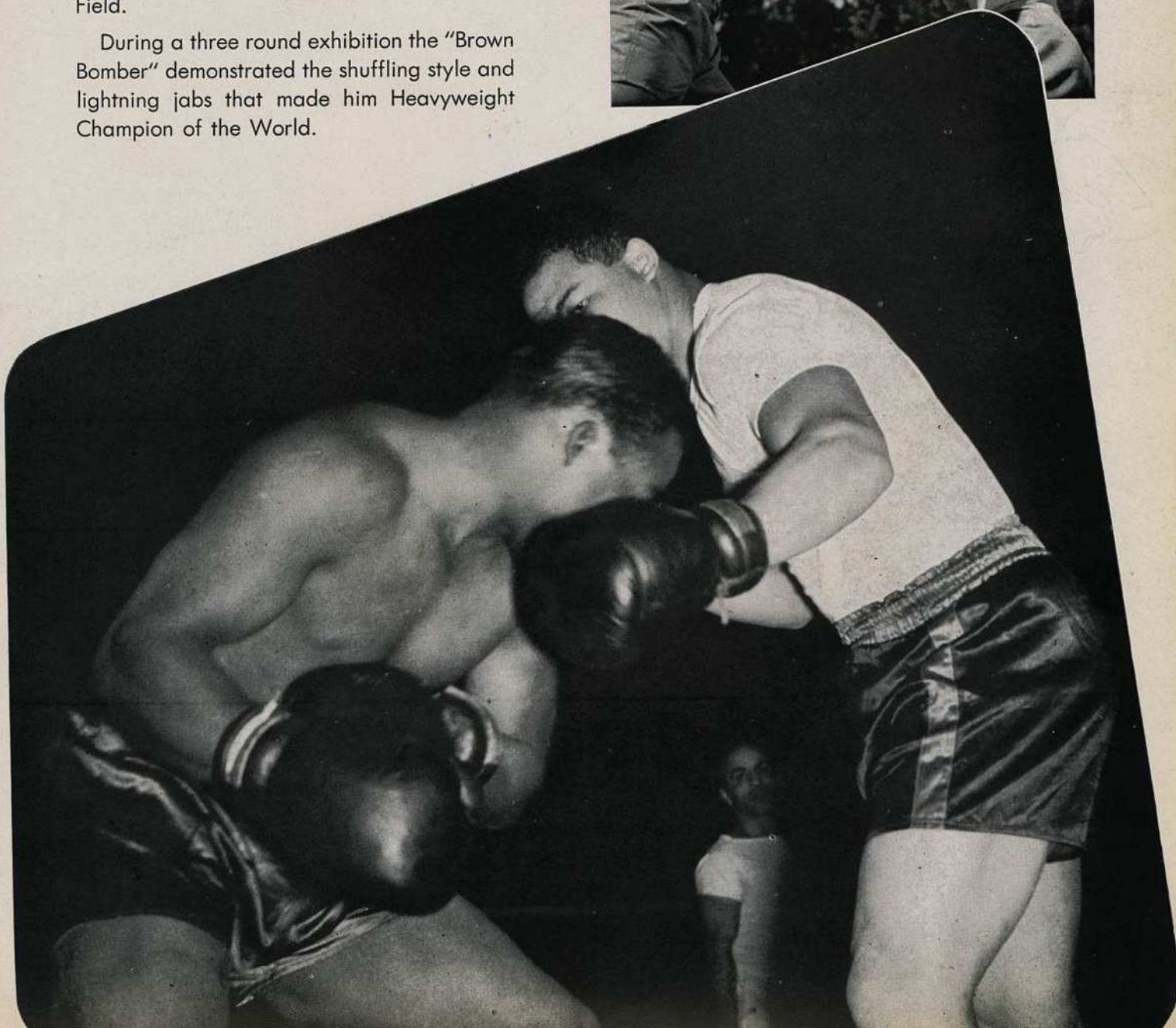


MAXWELL

"In this corner, wearing purple trunks, at 215 pounds, from Camp Grant, Missouri, the Heavyweight Champion of the World, Sgt. Joe Louis Barrow!"

The Joe Louis Show, including the Champ himself, "Sugar Ray" Robinson, World welter-weight claimant, George J. "Jackie" Smith, ex-welter Champ, and other ring notaries, recently entertained the personnel of Maxwell Field.

During a three round exhibition the "Brown Bomber" demonstrated the shuffling style and lightning jabs that made him Heavyweight Champion of the World.



TAKING UP THE SLACK

Into the Air Force came Averill Thatch
(A very large man with a waistline to match)
He was built like a bomber—B29A
And he measured flat 40 around his bomb
bay.

At first they were puzzled—just one of these
things—

Should they teach him to fly, or just fit him
with wings?

But Averill wanted the wings on his chest,
So they sent him to Maxwell and hoped for
the best.

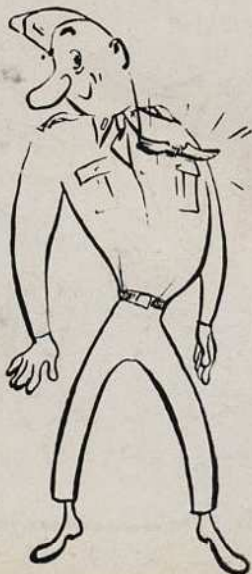


The presence of large Mr. Thatch was aus-
picious—

The comment created was violent and vicious;
The upperclass took up a fight to the finish:
"This waist-line," they yodeled, "this gut must
diminish!"

An inch to the left and an inch to the right,
And poor Mr. T. found his belt getting tight.
Though Thatch measured 40 around his bomb
bay,

His belt shrank to 30 the very first day



It's tough for a zombie—this shortness of belt—
But posture and bearing must make them-
selves felt,

And after the rigors of P. T. and drill

The trousers got almost too baggy to fill!

And such was the case of our Averill Thatch
(The build of the man would be quite hard
to match)

He may have been large 'ere the training
begun,

But Averill now flies a P-51.




MISTER!

WHERE IS
YOUR NAME TAG

GAZING
MISTER?

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A
MONDAY MORNING JAUNT ON
THE
BURMA ROAD
FOR THAT
WEEKEND HEAD



SAY IT ISN'T SO

AIR MINDED



TRANSITIONAL

P

AD



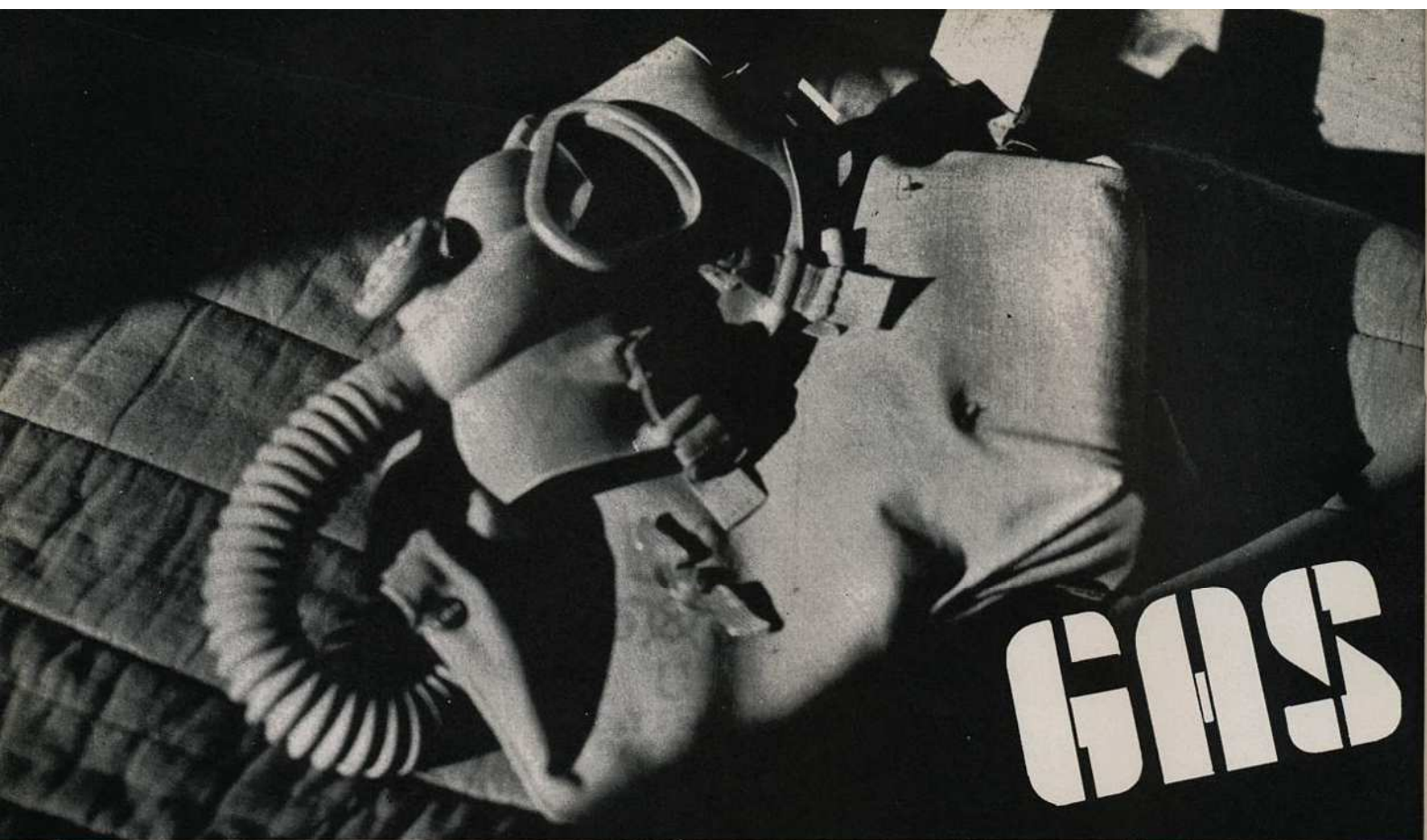
BASIC



PRIMARY

ADVANCED





Well aware that the Cadet's life may someday hinge upon his knowledge of the use of gas as an implement of war, the Chemical Warfare Service conducts an intensive fifteen hour course in gas warfare. Altogether, eleven hours are spent in the classroom in a theoretical treatment of the subject. Definitions and characteristics of gasses, the effectiveness of screening smokes, incendiaries and fire protection, and the strategic employment of all chemical agents present a useful knowledge of the Chemical Warfare Service. Also field demonstrations are held in which the Cadets smell and identify actual battle gasses. An effective night session gives a clear picture of the destructive possibilities of incendiaries and methods used to combat them. Above all, protection from gas, including first aid, is stressed. "Take care of that gas mask!" is a familiar reminder to every man on Maxwell Field.

If gas is used in this War, and it probably will be, our flyers of today and tomorrow will know how to tackle it. They will know how to detect it, protect themselves, and how to use it to their own advantage.

After it's all over, many will look back and be thankful that they were able to benefit by the course in Chemical Warfare at Maxwell.



"Ready on the right! Ready on the left! Ready on the firing line! Fire at will!" As this cry fades into the staccato bursts of the sub machine gun and the crack of the .45 automatic, the Cadet soon recognizes the purpose of the ground course in gunnery. After spending ten hours in the class room, learning the proper stance, correct position and a steady trigger squeeze, he is ready to shoot for score on the range.

An aggregate of forty-five rounds is fired in a combination of slow, quick, and rapid fire. To qualify as marksman he must tally an average of 62 points, shooting from the fifteen and twenty-five yard lines. For sharpshooter he must average

74 and for expert 86. Practice firing and class instruction proved their worth in the fact that very few failed to qualify.

The highest scorers in the upper-expert class are chosen for Group competition in the graduation pistol match. A cup is awarded the winning Group while the individual team members are cited at the final parade.

The Cadet also spends a day at the range with the sub machine gun. After thorough instruction and caution he learns by actual firing the lethal effectiveness of the weapon. In a fraction of a second he can release as many rounds of ammunition as many riflemen.

It is not too remote to visualize a future mission in which a conked motor or shell-torn wing downs a ship in enemy territory. Flying ability then becomes secondary and a skillful command of fire arms will be a determining factor in the flyer's safety.

FIRE







PRESSURE

C H A M B E R

Oxygen is vital to the air crew members in high altitudes, especially above 10,000 feet. This is vividly demonstrated to every Cadet graduating from Maxwell Field.

Eighteen men enter a steel chamber and begin a simulated ascent to 38,000 feet. One volunteer, Number 13, is without an oxygen mask. The other seventeen will observe what happens to a pilot or any crew member when he fails to use oxygen at high altitudes.

After a check run is made to 5,000 feet for the purpose of detecting ear trouble, the pressure is then reduced to a 10,000 foot level, and all but Number 13 put on their oxygen masks. As the ascent is made to about 20,000 feet, there is a possibility of bends developing. All such cases are gradually brought back to ground level pressure in an adjacent air lock. Men who suffer with bends, cramps, and other ill effects brought about by the reduced pressure at high alti-

tude must take the run at a later date. If such symptoms continue to be present, these men will not be used for high altitude flying but will be trained to handle planes that fly in lower strata. After being brought back to ground pressure these ill effects wear off in a very short time.

As the altitude increases to 25,000 feet, vivid symptoms of anoxia are experienced by Number 13. His vision is bleary, and faulty coordination gives him an appearance of drunkenness. He cannot write his own name nor respond to simple orders given him by the technician conducting the trip. At about 30,000 feet Number 13 collapses into unconsciousness. However, he is immediately supplied pure oxygen and revived unharmed.

The ascent is continued to 38,000 feet, and, after staying at that altitude for a hour, the Cadets return, much wiser, to the ground.





Adjutant Charles W. Wait, Jr., Commander Alexander R. Reed, III,
Supply Officer James E. Lauen

CORPS STAFF

Aviation Cadet Corps Commander, Alexander R. Reed III, was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Leaving the Annapolis Naval Academy for specialized courses at Columbia and Carnegie Tech, Reed later became affiliated with the Socony Vacuum Oil Company and advanced to the position of Territorial Manager. He was Group Commander of the 63rd CTD, the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tennessee.

A resident of Birmingham, Alabama, Aviation Cadet Corps Adjutant, Charles W. Wait, Jr., was born and educated in Ensley, Alabama. Before entering the service he was a chief clerk for the General Electric Corporation in Birmingham. Wait served as Squadron Commander at the 59th CTD, North Carolina State College, Raleigh, North Carolina.

Also a resident of Birmingham, Aviation Cadet Corps Supply Officer, James E. Lauen, received his B.S. in Mechanical engineering from Georgia Tech, where he was a Cadet Captain in the ROTC unit. An engineer in civilian life, Cadet Lauen was sent to the Williamsport Junior College, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, for his CTD training.



Adjutant John R. Jones, Commander William W. Fowler, Supply Officer Mark H. Hall

WING ONE

Wing I Commander, William W. Fowler, was born in Union, South Carolina. As a student at Clemson A. and M. College, Clemson, South Carolina, he was a member of the Pershing Rifles and the Minarets Architectural Fraternity. At the 59th CTD, North Carolina State College, Raleigh, North Carolina, he attained the rank of Corps Commander.

Born in Anderson, Indiana, John R. Jones, Wing I Adjutant, graduated from the Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana. He later matriculated at Purdue University and Penn State as an engineering student. Attending the 325th CTD, Elon College, North Carolina, he was chosen Group Commander.

Although born at Watertown, South Dakota, Wing I Supply Officer, Mark H. Hall, attended school and college in Tennessee and North Carolina, where he became a brilliant four-letter athlete. Before entering the Army he was a Public Safety Officer. He was Supply Captain at his CTD.

Adjutant Robert Hanken, Commander Carl H. Oelshig, Jr., Supply Officer Carl H. Sauls

WING TWO

Aviation Cadet Wing II Commander, Carl H. Oelshig, Jr., of Savannah, Georgia, spent three years at Georgia Military Academy. He also served a year in the National Guard and ROTC. Before entering the service, he was Staff Supervisor of hull construction in the Navy Shipyard.

Robert Hanken, Aviation Cadet Wing II Adjutant, was born in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Throughout his school career he was a friend of Major "Joe" Foss, Marine flying ace. Formerly a postal clerk in Sioux Falls, Hanken came to Maxwell from 23rd CTD, Buffalo, New York.

Aviation Cadet Wing II Supply Officer, Carl H. Sauls, was born in Mobile, Alabama. An Air Forces glider pilot, he was honorably discharged with a staff sergeant's rating when the glider program was discontinued. However, he re-enlisted in the Aviation Cadet Corps and attended the 59th CTD at Raleigh, North Carolina, where he held the rank of Captain of the group staff.



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

My mother's words drifted back and whispered throughout the night . . . I could find no peace . . . I could not sleep, and . . . yes, I was afraid. All through this long night, a fear had struggled with words I had almost forgotten, . . . "Trust in God, my son."

Freedom was a living word then, taken for granted in the security that was America. Since, I had no need to learn its meaning through Webster. That's why I'm here, I guess . . . to say in the convincing language of Uncle Sam's Air Force, that freedom shall never die . . . To die that such may live? . . . Yes, for there are some things that are bigger than all of us.

The veil of darkness is the pilot's friend, but here under Pacific skies it's protective mantle forsakes the earth quickly, once in the folding fingers of the dawn. We shall take off soon. The great birds, our B-24's, are nestled out there . . . crouching in one long line, their bellies full, their wings pulsing, eager to take us up . . . out . . . where they may empty their eggs of destruction upon those who fear us . . .

And yet, . . . I am afraid . . . I know not why . . . Am I afraid to die, or is it that I am afraid to live?

There is a strength . . . there must be . . . a strength that men who fly may find . . . somewhere inside of them . . . a serenity of spirit . . . faith, they call it. Since birth, man has needed faith, faith to live. It must exist, if man is to exist. Lives there a man, who without purpose and faith in living, has ever known happiness and that strength to win? We have a war to win now, and we must not fail. War is living Hell, but defeat would be living death . . . Yes, we will win, but faith in God must be the strength from which we draw . . . the pillar on which we lean . . .

There are no churches out there where a roof is the sky. A man's altar in time of war may be a foxhole, a sweating jungle, in his heart, or in a cockpit somewhere up there, gambling for keeps with the flak that would take his life.

I am not asleep as I lay here, and yet . . . thoughts that could never be those of a man who is afraid have passed through my brain . . . I know not why . . . as if a wisdom infinitely greater than my own had paused in it's flight . . . to give a weary mind the fortitude of spirit that knows no fear.

I have knelt beside this cot and am not ashamed, for thoughts that have suddenly become mine, have created a strength within me I cannot explain . . . "Ask, and it shall be given you, for I am the light and the way" . . .

Dear God, for Thy divine grace, I give Thee thanks. I have found the way. We are taking off now, and I am not afraid.





... to work together in perfect harmony



Like other fine military organizations, the Aviation Cadet Corps is founded upon the important fundamentals of military discipline and honor. Military discipline is that quality in men which enables them to work together in perfect harmony, to obey instinctively and without question, and to accomplish immediately each task to perfection. Men who have been in combat with the Army Air Force recognize the immeasurable value of discipline. Ground discipline at Maxwell Field is the foundation upon which combat air discipline is eventually built, and those who learn it here will be best fit to carry the war to the enemy. When the enemy has been contacted, and the squadron leader's orders come sharply through the headphones, every man must follow instructions automatically and implicitly, or the mission will fail. It has been proven many times in actual battle that the superiority of the U. S. Army Air Force is due in large measure to the superb air discipline of its flying men.

When Cadets leave Maxwell Field, they are thoroughly impressed with the importance of discipline. During the tactical part of the day discipline is instilled in them through the media of parades and inspections. Cadets must always present a neat and soldierly appearance, not only under supervision but at all times. They are, therefore, prepared to live and look the part they are destined to play as future pilots and officers.



leadership

Man's character is largely composed of a quality known as honor. Honor is that faculty for knowing the difference between right and wrong and can be likened to conscience. It is taken for granted that Cadets arriving at Maxwell have a sense of honor. The Honor Code under which the Cadets live is for the purpose of bringing out this trait in its highest degree.

Therefore, let this be said: It is honorable to tell the truth. It is honorable to respect the property of others. Surely it is honorable to maintain one's integrity by not taking credit for the work of others. Honor is simply the gentleman's way of living, and Aviation Cadets are expected to abide by the rules of gentlemanly conduct.



a neat and military appearance



PLEASURE TIME



Although these facilities are quite adequate for limited diversion, they cannot take the place of the good old days when John could pick up the phone and call the young lady of his choice for a date. You can't get away from it. Cadets just seem to like girls. Aware of this, Captain Bruce A. Parker of the Special Service Department commissioned Miss Georgette Johnson to establish a date bureau. There is now a list of fifteen hundred captivating belles from which the Cadet can make his selection. Many Cadets obtain dates for the graduation dances through this bureau.

The Recreation Hall, Bowling Alleys, and Post Theater are the three centers of entertainment for the Cadets at Maxwell Field. The Recreation Hall, a huge, rambling, stucco building, is well equipped with ping pong and pool tables, pianos, and radios. An ample library and reading room extends from one side of the ping pong parlor and also houses a number of telephone booths for the Cadets' convenience. Two *luxurious* lounges and a soda fountain-restaurant make up the remainder of the Hall. Underclass dances are held here, and in suitable weather, an adjacent outside floor permits dancing under the stars.





The Cadet lounge lends itself to an easy acquaintance



Vocalist Terry Russell Entertained

F U N F O R



Dessertation



"Why, I'd love to . . . Mal Hallet's playing it, isn't he?"



Mal Hallet entertained with "jive"



It was an evening to remember

CADETS



Class 44-H presented its graduation dance February 5



"You're so easy to dance with"

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UNION



Primary

NOW WE FLY