

George S. Foster

PREFLIGHT



SEPTEMBER OF NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-TWO

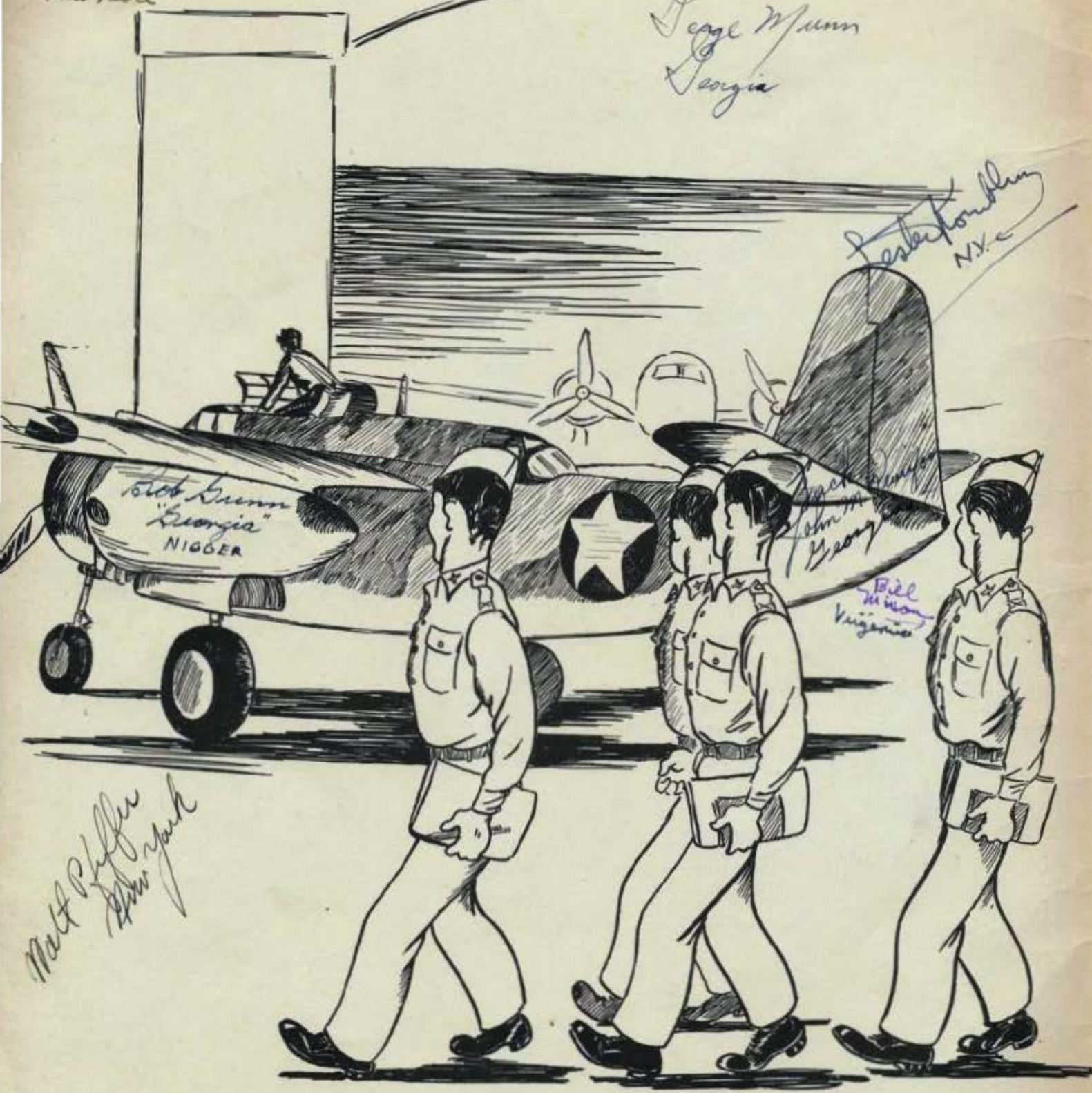
Absolutely
"absolute" Madrak
(MASS.)

Wishing you all the Luck in the World
Ernest Beckhart
(Georgia)

"Red" Scarslan
"Mass Rebel"

Legge Mann
Georgia

Lester Tomblin
N.Y.C.



Matt Puffer
New York

John M. Geary

Bill Wilson
Virginia

*Archie Campbell
(New York)*

*John Kilbourne
(Va.)*

*Harry W. Barrett
Georgia*

This... IS THE BEGINNING

Not only does this page lead to the black-and-white story of the class of 43-C at Maxwell Field, but it represents the start of our careers in the Army Air Forces.

In more senses than one have the past nine weeks prepared us for the flight training we are about to receive. The very speed with which this past period has flown by has in itself been one measure of preparation for what is ahead.

In seeking direction for this issue of Pre-Flight we determined that the magazine be aimed at two audiences: 1. Ourselves. We want to chuckle and laugh at some of the episodes we went through; we want a reminder in the years to come of the serious and sober preparation for war that is in constant operation at Maxwell Field: 2. The folks back home. We want to demonstrate the high level to which the Army Air Forces elevates its Cadets. We want to report to our parents, sweethearts and friends on the progress of our training. What better way of making up for our lack of correspondence (no fault of ours, but rather of the crowded schedule of academics, calisthenics and drill) than through pictures, cartoons and stories?

In comparing the school we are about to leave to an American university, it must be said that ours was a war class. All of our members enlisted after the declaration of war. We knew—and know—what's going on in the world and we want to get into the main channels of the nation's struggle for the maintenance of its freedoms. Perhaps that's why every time we had to run from athletics through the shower bath to the parade ground, we were gripped by a certain indescribable feeling when we came to Present Arms and heard the Star Spangled Banner.

During our stay here, we saw our athletic field, with obstacle course, valley ball and basketball courts, become the site of new barracks. All around us those barracks went up. It seemed that every morning a new barrack was mushrooming out of the ground.

They were preparing for more cadets, more war classes, to follow our own, into the battle.

Speaking of the purposes of the Pre-Flight School, they are basically three-fold: to endow potential commissioned officers in the United States Army Air Forces in the ways of the Army; to develop in future fliers the necessary peak physical condition, and to academically prepare us for what lies ahead.

These have been nine hard weeks; there is no denying that. It has been a challenge, but at the same time it's been fun—and it's been purposeful.

Our experiences here will become lore and legend for us all, deep rooted in our minds as long as we are able to hear the roar of airplane engines.

To make it easier for us to preserve the picture of Maxwell Field is the task Pre-Flight has set for itself.

*Such to you
Joseph A. McElhannon
Georgia*

*Bob Edgley
(New York)*

*Frank
Louisiana
Virginia
Louisiana
Louisiana*

*Walter H. Camp
Ark.
Ark.*

*W. W. W. W. W.
Florida
Kid*



Dedication

Major Seward Phillips Reese, West Virginia born, came to Maxwell Field over a year ago with a rich and colorful background, endowed with all the qualifications that make an outstanding Executive Officer.

Holder of four college degrees, "which may or may not be a blessing," Major Reese has, during different stages of his career, been employed as a steel foundryman, musician, lecturer, salesman, sales manager and Professor at Syracuse University for nine years.

Commissioned at the age of twenty-one, he was for some time a member of the Regular Army Inactive Unit. Since coming to Maxwell Field, however, life has been far from inactive for Major Reese.

As Executive Officer, it has been his task to coordinate the work of the officer personnel and to maintain a thorough and watchful eye on every phase of cadet life and training.

The Class of 43-C is particularly indebted to Major Reese. In delivering a Monday morning devotional over the public address system, Major Reese proposed in part the following pattern for aviation cadet living:

"I shall use any authority given to me to further the efficiency of the United States Army. I shall realize that authority is vested in me only to enable me to better serve our Country. I shall use this authority with force, but above all with judgment and humility."

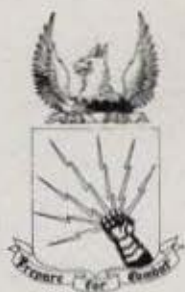
For helping to develop us for the responsibilities that lie ahead, we wish to express our gratitude to Major Reese. To him we hereby respectfully dedicate this issue of PREFLIGHT.

PREFLIGHT

U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

THE CORPS OF AVIATION CADETS
OF THE
PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL FOR PILOTS

MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA



VOLUME II - NUMBER III

SEPTEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-TWO

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ACADEMICS



U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS
MAXWELL FIELD, ALA.

Dear Prof—

Guess I've got a lot of apologizing to do for the lateness of this letter, when you hear that I've been studying every spare minute I'm sure you'll forgive me.

We're needed on the firing line. The faster we can absorb the knowledge we need to become the best pilots in the world, the quicker we'll get this use in your own classes. It certainly gets results. You see, Professor, each class is considered a military formation and is governed by the same rules that apply to us when we're on the drill field or marching to mess. When the instructor says "Attention", everyone comes to attention! Any cadet who doesn't find himself quickly and thoroughly "gigged". On the streets, we march to and from the Academic area in groups of about 40 men each, known as "sections".

The Morse Code class was one of the big kicks, I think, of our early underclass days. Of course, sometimes the days were hot and if we'd just had mess the rhythm of dit dah dit made us plenty sleepy. For those of us who had never had code before, it took about a week to catch on to the alphabet. There were three or four lucky men who were ex-radio operators or such-like, who passed their 10-words-per-minute check the first day or so. I say "lucky" because as soon as they did so the code hour became theirs to do with as they wished. The rest of us, as the first days passed, drew deep breaths, nonchalantly tossed our alphabet sheets into the waste-basket and plunged heading into our first 6-words-per-minute "check". When we passed this, we usually found clear sailing on through 8 and 10 W.P.M. Aural, and 6 W.P.M. Visual. Visual Code, by the way, is sent by flashing a special cathode-ray lamp on and off—short flashes for dits and long flashes for dahs.

One of our most interesting underclass subjects was Charts and Maps. In this course we came face to face with "azimuth" and other strange phenomena. We found that contrary to our former beliefs, maps were colored green, light and dark brown for reasons other than decorations. What before might have been snake tracks we came to recognize as contour lines and we were surprised at how easily elevations could be distinguished from level ground.



We Return to School to Learn Flying From the Ground Up

I suppose that X will always mark the site of the Mathematics classroom, because enough of us had trouble with that elusive letter. We learned things about Math we had never suspected before: Vectors, for instance. And how to figure deviation, variation left and right drift.

Perhaps the most streamlined course of the lot was Aircraft Recognition. For an all-too-short six hours we gaped at pictures of planes in flight, planes on the ground, and planes photographed from every conceivable angle. Black-painted models of B-24's, A-29's and P-38's hung from the ceiling to plague our memories. Like the rattle of machine guns such terms as diamond wing, retractable landing gear, double fin and rudder sizzled past our heads. Our fingers ached as they flew in abbreviation across our notepaper. Somehow we got it and kept it. Later, when our underclass arrived, much bracing was heaped upon the shoulders of any new cadet who did not stand proud, straight and appreciative as we pointed to an A-20-A and called it a B-26.

As we took up the study of Ground Forces, we met a strange language. "Double-envelopments" (favorite trick of the Nazi's) "armored spearheads", "Main Line of Resistance"—these put new meaning to the stories we had read in newspapers and magazines of the war. The occasional references and illustrations taken from this war we are to help fight, added spice to the manual text. We discovered that one of our duties will be to act as the eyes and ears of any army on the move.

Most of us hit the Physics class expecting to find some dragon-like monster awaiting us, a feeling brought on by the prayers we had given up for our former upperclass marks. Though there was no monster, those of us who never had Physics before found it necessary to really buckle down and keep the old think-cap at the very top of the ball. About this time we commenced to realize that we were on the home stretch. Primary was distinctly nearer.

Prof—do you know how deep a crater a 2,000 pound demolition bomb will make? Or what type



AN HOUR'S STUDY A DAY HELPED US PASS PREFLIGHT'S HURRIED COURSES



OUR FIRST CONTACT WITH PLANES WAS INSIDE THE CLASSROOM



FEW OF US WILL EVER FORGET THE ENDLESS HOURS IN CODE

Morse Code, Physics, Math Make John Cadet Ready to Fly

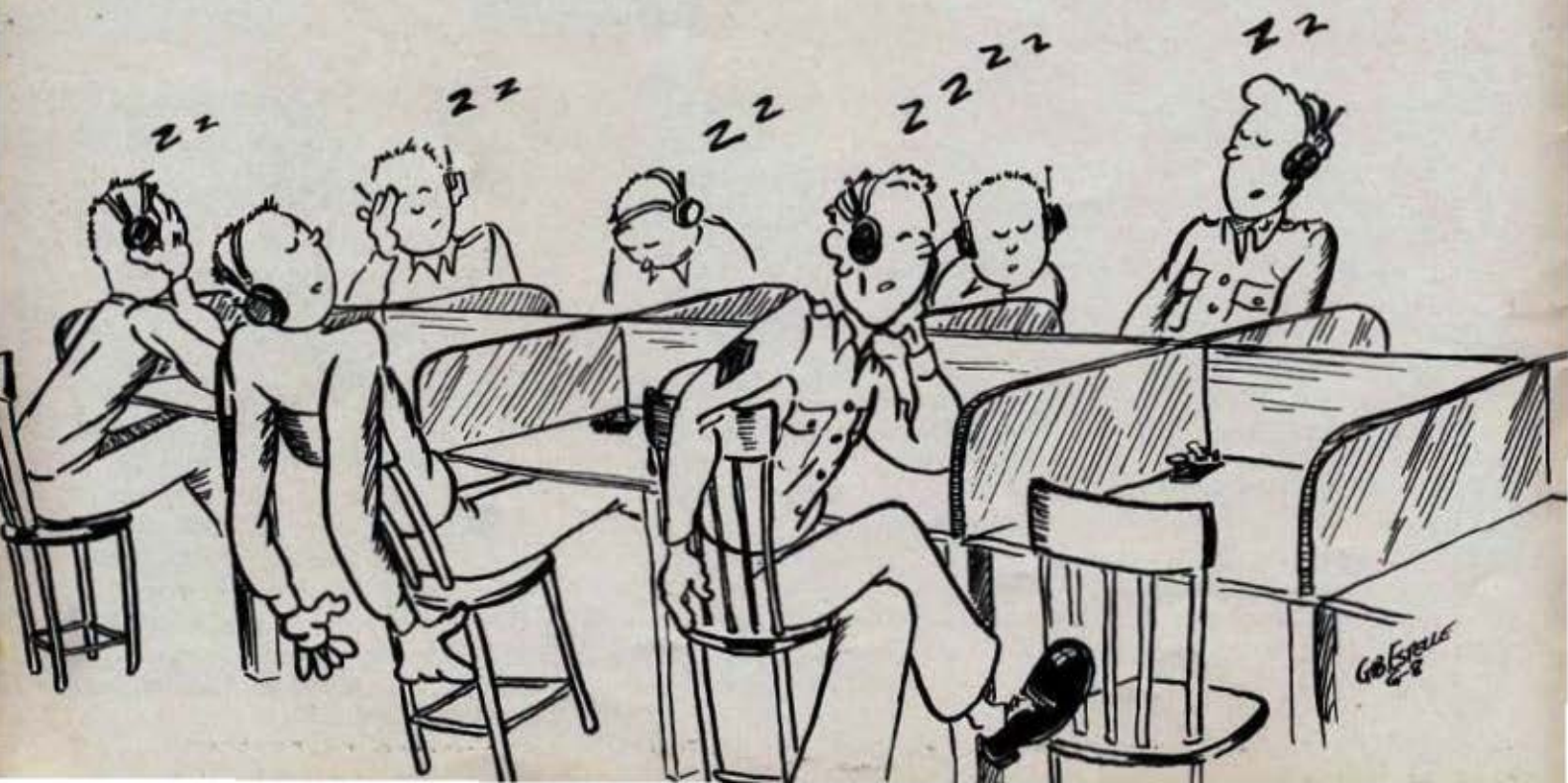
of bomber is best fitted for supporting ground troops? No? Well, this is just a sample of what we got in Air Forces. There is, so we discovered, a lot more to shooting down an enemy plane or setting fire to an enemy oil depot, than there appears to be. There is also a very good reason why planes fly together in various types of formations. Someday soon, we will put this "book larnin'" into practical use.

Two of the shorter upperclass subjects are Chemical Warfare Defense and War Department Publications. And most of us figured we had better learn for sure which gas it is that smells like geraniums, and which like new-mown hay. There may come a day when we won't have time to look it up in the proper manual.

Time to sign off for now. There's the first sergeant calling: "Upperclass—fall out to turn in your rifles!" Darn it—losing that rifle will be like losing my best gal—or don't you believe me?

I'll try to see you IF I get a furlough after Primary.

Egbert B. Close.



HIGH ALTITUDE



WITH OUR FEET STILL FIRMLY PLANTED ON SOLID TERRA FIRMA WE GOT ALL THE THRILLS OF FLYING AT 28,000 FEET IN THE HIGH ALTITUDE CHAMBER

HIGH IN THE CLOUDS IN A CHAMBER

Guinea Pig Climbs Minus Oxygen As Cadets Go Up

Dear Dad:

Today, in the Low Pressure Chamber here at Maxwell, I had the unique experience of ascending to the height of 28,000 feet without leaving the ground.

It's a huge, steel, barrel-like affair fitted with seats and oxygen tanks for sixteen persons and a lot of complicated apparatus to test your heart and the oxygen content of your blood.

During the ascent we watched with great interest the reactions of two fellow-cadets who were to act as "guinea pigs": one to ascend to 25,000 feet without oxygen, the other to remove his mask from a given length of time at 25,000 feet.

At 25,000 feet the ascent was stopped for two minutes and the "guinea pig" was asked to write his name and squadron. As this was being done we watched his oxygen content drop on the instrument chart. He wrote his first name without ef-

fort, his last with some difficulty and his squadron and group number in a bad scrawl, only after a half-minute of intense effort.

The descent was without incident until we reached 16,000 feet. At this point, the increase in pressure caused some discomfort in the ears of two cadets, including Yours Truly. This pain is not at all pleasant and feels like a double dose of the "morning after".

After stopping several times, we finally reached sea level pressure and I was one of sixteen happy cadets when the huge steel door opened and we stepped out wiser and happier. With us went the knowledge of what we are to encounter at the heights of five miles above the earth. It is at this height that we will do most of our "hunting" and the hunting will be better for the knowledge we got from the Low Pressure Chamber.

James E. Landry.

ATHLETICS

Exercise Daily Makes Us Strong But Mighty Weary

Dear Coach:

I certainly wish I were back in school now. Maybe in the old days I couldn't even make the scrubs, but with the physical training I've been receiving these last few weeks, I'd be a sure-fire sixty-minute quarterback.

Physical fitness is one of the essential qualifications of an outstanding flier and Pre-Flight cadets are given a full dose of conditioning. In addition to placing stress on physical condition as such, we are given exercises in muscular coordination so that when we begin to fly we'll be able to coordinate our minds and muscles with the airplane instruments.

For a solid hour every day, six days a week, we are taken out into the hot sun for a good stiff session. We don't walk out on the athletic field. No sir! Double time is the route we follow. Double time—180 steps a minute, in formation and with all lines straight.

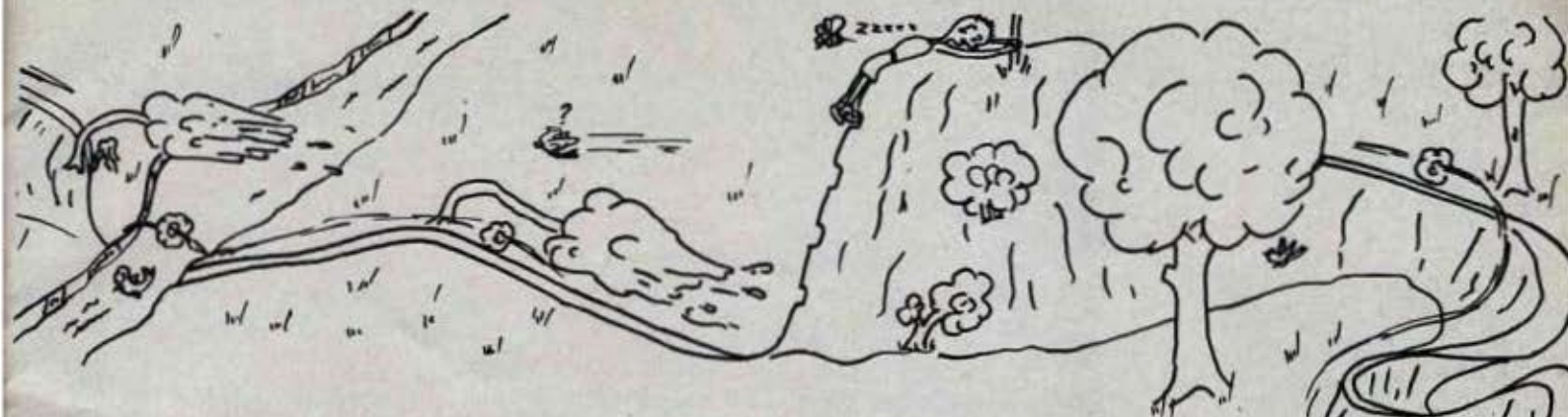
Calisthenics is mighty tough, but prepare us for what is ahead. Neck exercise—"in four counts"—is one of the principal means of getting



IN CIVILIAN LIFE WE NEVER RODE A BICYCLE LIKE THIS



EN ROUTE TO THE ATHLETIC FIELD WE WERE VERY GRIM. ONLY THOSE WHO WERE ANTI-SOCIAL DARED TO SMILE



us into shape for flying a plane. Others are abdominal, shoulder and arm exercises. A particularly tricky little setup is the finger exercises, wherein we extend our hands at arm's length and flex our fingers out and in. Just about the time we're ready to quit, the athletic instructor says: "Hands overhead—Hoovel!" Then we continue to flex our fading fingers. The boys who do the best are those who've had experience in milking cows.

Coordination, Ah yes, coordination. Coach, with my coordination, I could heave a forward pass with one hand and write a letter to my girl with the other. That's the way they train us out here. Both hands in motion, both feet in motion, all in opposite directions. Or is that possible? Perhaps it's not, but we do it, anyway.

The Burma Road, as far as mapmakers are concerned, may be in the hands of the Japanese, but for all practical purposes, it's the wooded cross country run at Maxwell Field. Some say it's only two-and-a-half miles long, but we don't believe it. That must be some Sixth Column propaganda trying to slow us down. Personally I don't believe the Burma Road is an inch less than seven miles, if not more.

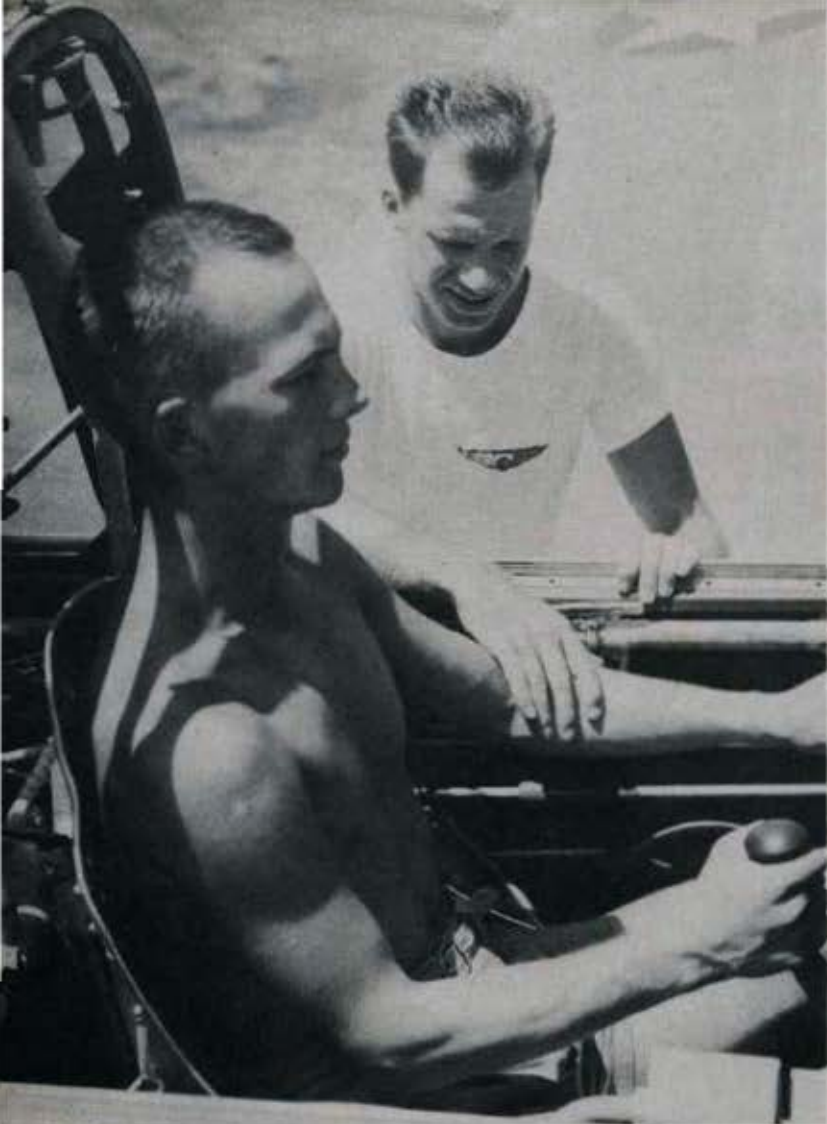
It starts out peacefully enough. A nice cool slide down a forty foot mountain, with a whole squadron of men right on your heels. That was especially tough when we were underclassmen and those big bullies would say:

"If I beat you in you're giggered!"

There could be but one answer to that challenge. Underclassmen would always have to finish first. So we seesawed back and forth and when we finally did pull in, everybody was pooped.

Practically the only person who could maintain a constant pace was the instructor—the demon! Up and down hill, across streams, through the woods. Twisting and turning, up and down embankments. Even when we wanted to slow down we had to keep going. There's no slowing down on a steep hill.





OUR ATHLETICS HAD A PURPOSE: PREPARATION FOR FLIGHT. NOTE SIMILARITY OF THE EXERCISE POSITION ABOVE TO THE PILOT'S POSITION BELOW



Athletics Help Coordinate Minds With Muscles

Then there's the open cross country run. Run, run, run. Keep it going. "Dress to the right. Cover down in file!" all the way along. And we'd do our mediocre best to keep up with the grind.

At first, coach, I felt almost as feeble as that time the star tackle blocked the guts out of me. There was no wind left after the second mile and I expected to fall by the wayside more than once. But there's something about the thing that keeps a fellow going and sooner or later it gets to be second nature. Right now I think I could run for a week without taking a second breath. That's how much the endurance training has done for the man who hugged the end of the bench.

Last Friday we had the ultra-ultra in cross country runs. We ran clear around Maxwell Field. They say it's only six miles around, but, take it from me, it's at least twice that. I made it all right, but my legs were mighty tired all that afternoon.

Our instructors are known as "Supermen" or "Boy Wonders". They possess eagle eyes and tireless bodies and are extremely discouraging to would-be shirkers. Some of them were college and high school coaches before coming here, while most of them were star athletes. It is the consensus among cadets that they spend all their free time thinking up new and more intricate exercises with which to torture us.

Actually, even though we don't joyfully anticipate the daily grind of athletics and calisthenics, we realize the part they play in our flight training.

And, maybe—who can tell?—after this war is over I'll be back in college. Maybe you'll be needing a star back. If so, I'll be around.

Jon G. Bailey.



CALISTHENICS

*In the athletics that "Superman" brings
Then teach us a number of things:*

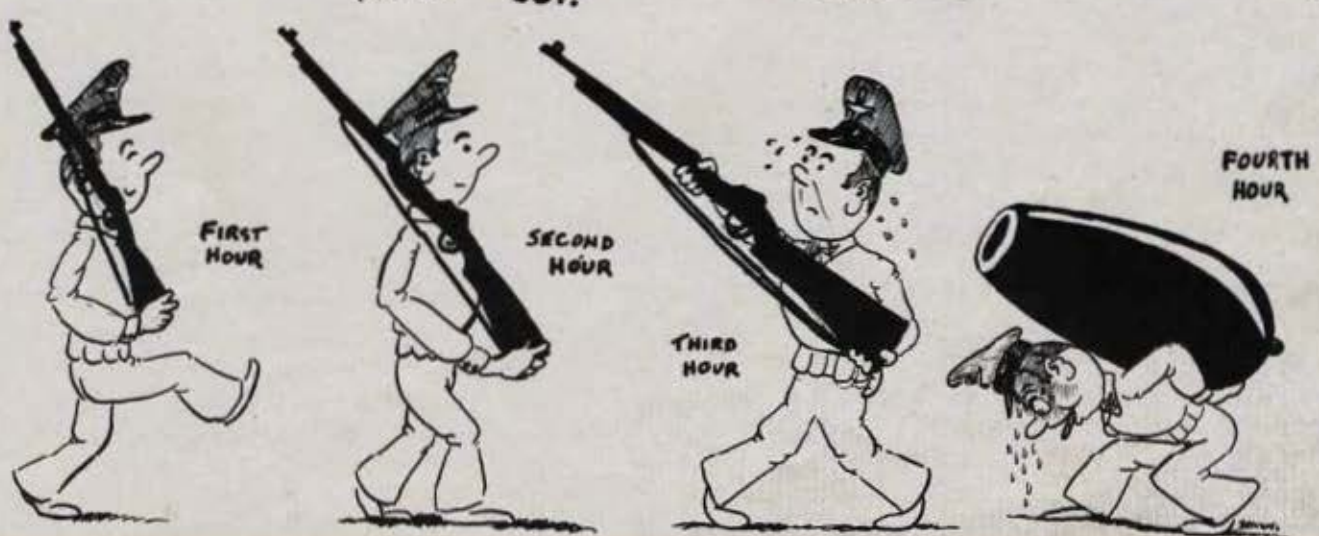
We hold ourselves out

At arm's length and shout,

"Let's stop this, we want our wings!"



LIFE AT MAXWELL FIELD



PISTOL RANGE



READY ON THE FIRING LINE . . .

Cadet's Big Opportunity! A Pot Shot at Hitler

Dear Harry:

Sure glad to hear that your Bombardier training is not lacking in thrills galore and your bomb practice missions have all been complete successes. Taps may interrupt my message but I just had to pound out this hasty report on the highlight of my adventures since the troop train pulled in to Maxwell and started us on that rugged road thru Pre-Flight.

The thought of having to shoot a .45 Caliber semi-automatic pistol a couple of months ago would have caused a severe chill in my backbone and started the well meaning folks back home wiring their Congressman. However, yesterday afternoon, "I dood it". My squadron was taken out to the pistol range and I was one of many pleasantly confused, eager beavers whose heart beats tripled as we approached the range with its huge sand bag backstop fairly leaning over on us.

We were demonstrated the proper use of the pistol and strict range procedure by Staff Sgt. Finnell during two previous lectures so this helped considerably to lessen the degree of stage fright, which was obviously present in most of us. This cold mass of steel was probably the biggest weapon a majority of us had ever handled and the very thought of it going off in our hand was like writing an entire new chapter of our Cadet life in one quick but noisy blast. That first shot fairly rocked the shallow roots of my G. I. haircut. However, as the spasmodic blasting of my fellow Cadets to the right and left increased, and the incessant roar of the training planes overhead continued, each ensuing shot filled me with added courage to squeeze the next and an inert eagerness to become adept with the weapon that means so much to the grounded pilot in time of war.

The next ten rounds of ammunition were fired with renewed enthusiasm as the bobbing target

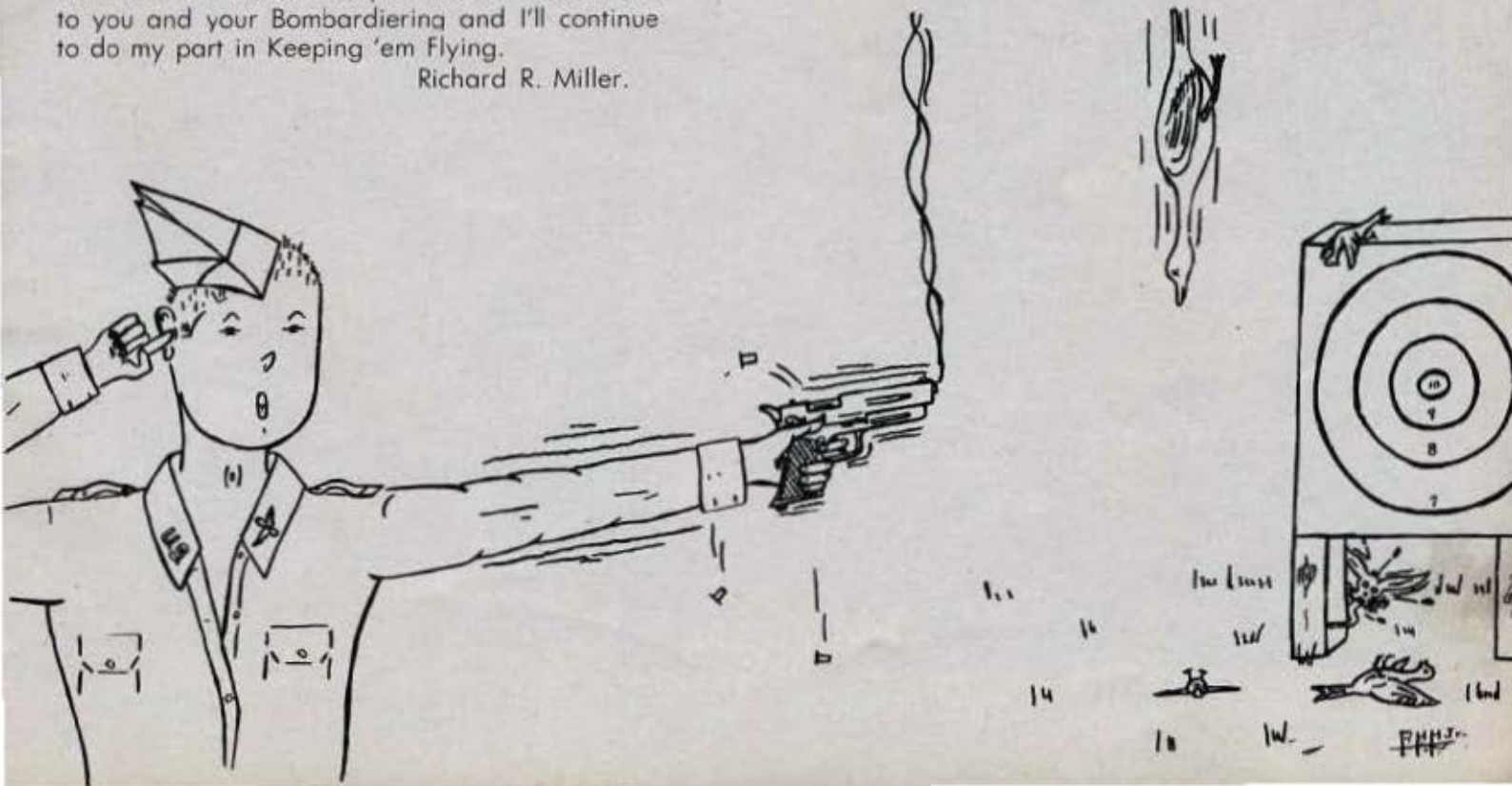
took on an entirely new meaning . . . it was a life sized dummy of Herr Hitler himself. This was instinctively our favorite victim of the day and we literally pulverized his sneering countenance. Perhaps it was wishful thinking that marked the difference in our marksmanship.

When given the signal to check our scores and repair the seemingly vulnerable target, much to my surprise and utter disappointment, the target had been punctured in only two places. However, on the ground lay three notably high flying Alabama sparrows who were wounded during my most recent volley. Sgt. Mullins consoled me somewhat by saying that I was only one of a group that looked like an underclass school of flag waving politicians. Evidently the safest place to be during our range rendezvous was in front of the target. In spite of my poor showing, much should be said on behalf of our Cadet range officer, Major Bower, who could be called a 'life saver' in more ways than one. Not only does he ease the dangerous nervous tension among the men along the firing line, but has safely directed over 15,000 Cadets thru his pistol instruction during the five months of its existence without a single accident. Truly an officer's job, well done.

Because of my present inability to manipulate this miniature cannon, I was drafted to assist in cleaning the fired pistols with twenty other not-so-hot-shots. A greasy task for sure but in no way an unsatisfactory payment for the educational and exciting afternoon spent on the firing line.

As you know, time flies in the Air Forces so will head for the sheets, post haste. Good luck to you and your Bombardiering and I'll continue to do my part in Keeping 'em Flying.

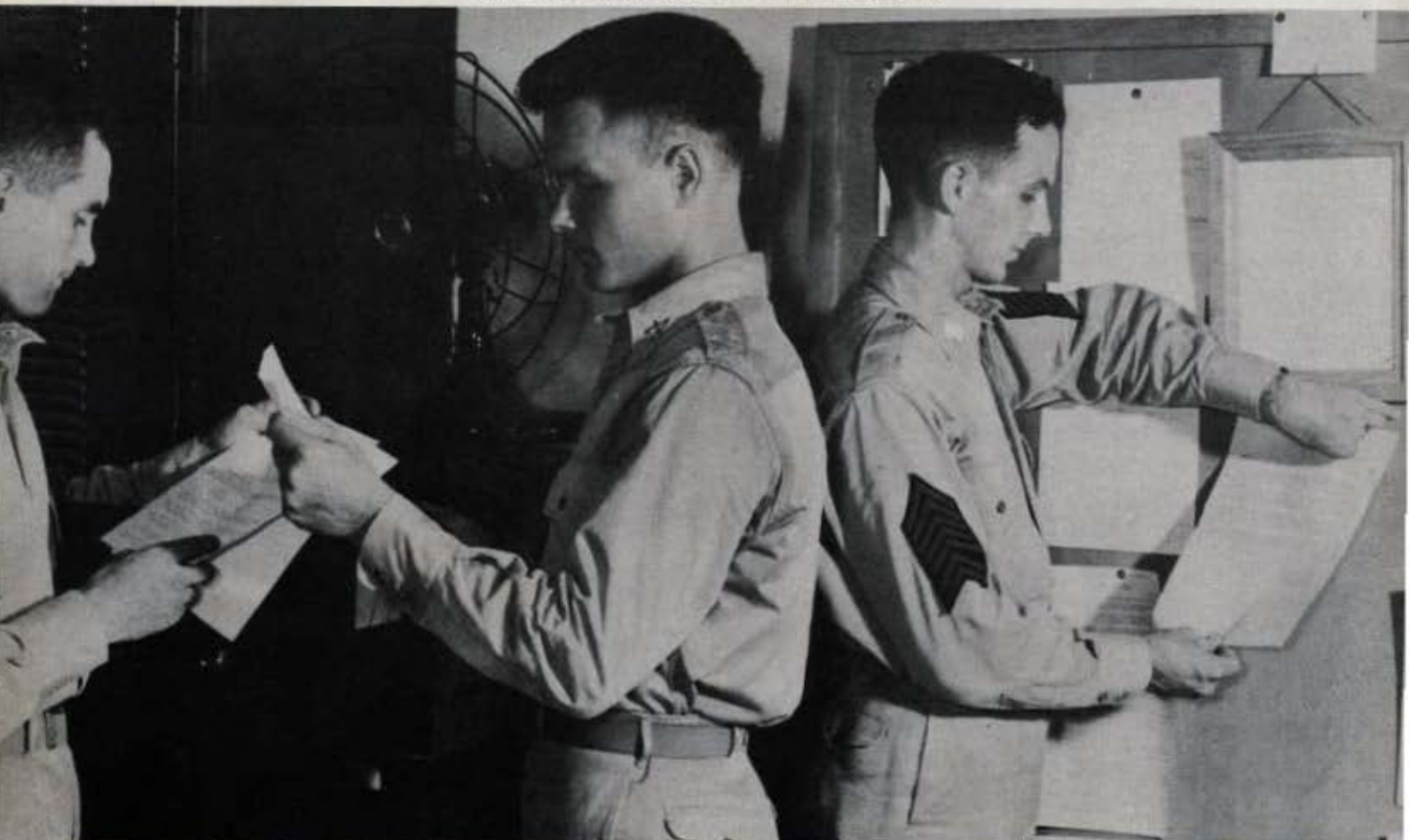
Richard R. Miller.



CADET LEADERSHIP



TROPHIES WERE AWARDED FOR OUTSTANDING CADET LEADERSHIP. ABOVE ARE CAPT. MARK BANE, COMMANDANT OF CADETS, AND CAPT. IRA McMANN



43-C WAS THE FIRST CLASS TO HAVE A CORPS STAFF. ABOVE CORPS COMMANDER O'NEILL POSTS A NOTICE



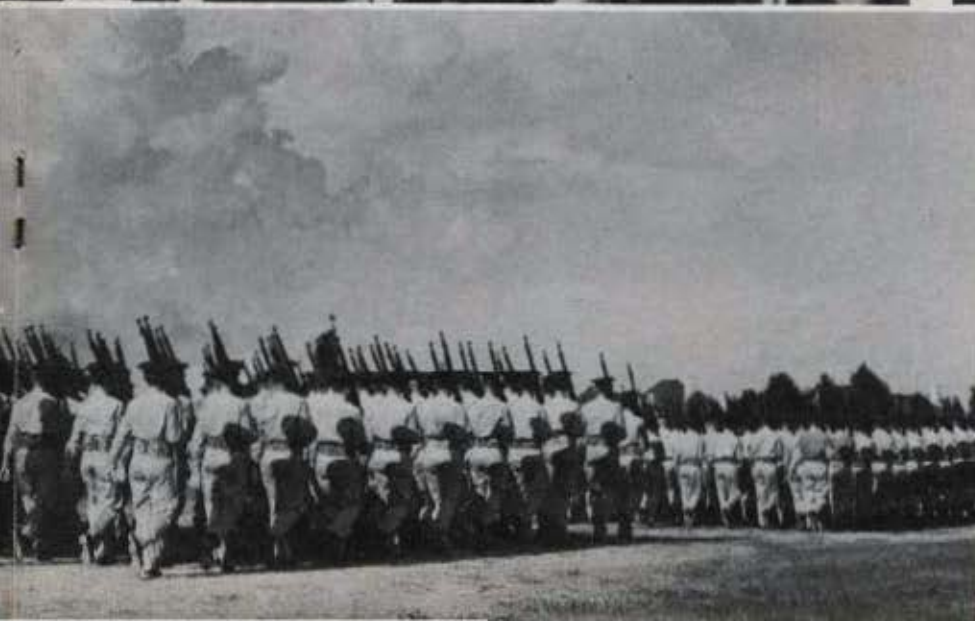
SQUADRO O O N . . . EYES LEFT!

DRILL AND PARADE TEACH



RIFLE INSPECTION. AN ATOM OF DUST, DIRT, OIL OR RUST WAS CAUSE FOR AT LEAST ONE GIG

TEAMWORK AND DISCIPLINE



Once a day we had drill and three times a week we marched in parade. We didn't always carry a gas mask, but rifle, cartridge belt and garrison hat were inevitable.

The most welcome command we heard during parade was "Rest", but we didn't hear it very often—never when the flies and bees were biting worst.

With sabres glistening in the sun, our Cadet officers learned to salute with air-splitting gusto.

Even when we finally headed for "home" we still kept in step and "held our dress."

OPEN POST

Preflight Watches An Average Cadet On a G-I Date



CADET ED RYAN STARTS OUT ON HIS FIRST OPEN POST DATE



ED FINDS NOTHING BUT UNIFORMS AT STANDARD CLUB

Dear Dick:

With six weeks of Pre-Flight School under my belt, I finally mustered enough spirit of "Cherchez la Femme" to have my first date in Alabama. Of course, even if I had had this desire for female companionship during said six weeks, I would have been frustrated; no cadet enjoys the privilege of open post while an underclassman. I'll never forget those five weekends in the barracks; particularly Saturday afternoon when the upperclassmen, to the man, hustled into clean uniforms and emerged, clean-shaven and gleaming, ready to sally forth into Montgomery's Bright Belt. Sounds just like some of our double dates together, doesn't it?

There are two methods of getting a date here at Maxwell. One is to have the departing upperclassmen hand down their little black books. There is, however, a flaw in this system. If the Zombie isn't too popular with his upperclassmen, he is likely to be blessed with a Lemon in the Garden of Love. Perish the thought. I decided to try the second and more desirable system.

I went to the Cadet Date Bureau in the Recreation Hall. Miss Georgette Johnston, cadet recreation hostess is the proud possessor of a large filing case, containing names and pertinent information on hundreds of Montgomery's most eligible young ladies.

Miss Johnston and I had a quiet little chat, during which we decided on the type of girl I would like to escort on a tour of Montgomery's night spots. Because of my imperfections, we also decided the date would have to be of strong character, with ability to recover quickly from visual shocks.

Saturday finally rolled around, and with it, open post. I fortified myself with a salt tablet and water chaser, and proceeded to take my

initial plunge into the whirlpool of Cadet Society. I zoomed up to the date's house, in a very pretty section of the city. Cadet transportation consists of taxis, thousands of them. Just how luxurious they are can be testified to by any Maxwell man. Some of them were battered by Civil War shell-fire.

The next fifteen minutes were spent in being introduced to my date and her parents, all lovely people, with real, sincere, Southern hospitality. I shall call her Miss X for the sake of brevity and other considerations. We might even call it restricted military information. As I had hoped, she turned out to be a very pretty, dark-haired girl, charming and well-mannered.

Miss X and I started things off by catching a cab back to town, bound for the Cadet Club, in the Jeff Davis Hotel. This focal point for all cadet open post activities is a well-appointed meeting place for Aviation Cadets and their guests, equipped with ideal facilities for most of the pursuits we long for: dancing, drinking (within specified bounds) or just talking. Conversation with the opposite sex after eight weeks of male voices is like an entirely new sensation. Miss X and I danced to the Aviation Cadet Orchestra for a while in the ballroom, then dropped into the lounge to chat with another couple. Here you can meet British cadets, men from West Point



AT THE "CADET CLUB" THERE'S A FRIEND AT EVERY TABLE

specializing—in aviation, and cadets from Gunter Field's Basic Flying school, with all on an equal footing.

We decided to drop out to the second Cadet rendezvous, the Standard Country Club. By far the nicest place for Aviation Cadets to congregate on their weekend, the club is complete with ballroom, ping pong tables for those without an aesthetic soul, an open air terrace for dancing, and, of course, a beautiful landscaped lawn.

Sunday morning I picked Miss X up again and we went to Church together, followed by a breakfast of the kind cadets dream about. Afterwards we went up to the old Confederate Capitol so that



ON THE TERRACE AT THE STANDARD COUNTRY CLUB, ED MEETS MRS. O'REAR, MAXWELL FIELD HOSTESS, AND CAPT. PARKER, SPECIAL SERVICE OFFICER



ED AND DATE FIND THE LAWN OF THE STATE CAPITOL A SPLENDID PLACE TO RELAX AND TALK ON A PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON

THERE'S A LOT TO DO AND SEE IN MONTGOMERY

she could show me some points of interest in this old Southern city.

Soon after our stroll, we said goodbye to each other for a while. And so ended my first date as an Aviation Cadet. It was lots of fun, and I had met a very charming girl. More than that, it was a stimulating change from the routine of Cadet life, and probably did me as much good

as a ten day furlough (another item cadets dream about).

Taps are about to sound the closing note to another day in the life of a cadet, so I'd better say so long. Hope you've enjoyed hearing about the way I spent my open post. Here's wishing you as much enjoyment from life as I'm having.

Ed Ryan.

FAITH

Cadets Still Pray And Receive Aid From Chaplains

Dear Mom:

In your last letter you asked me if I were still going to Church and observing the things you had taught me. Well, that was the one thing about which you had no need to worry. I guess it was so natural that I never thought to mention the duties performed by the chaplains but I'll try to give you a brief idea of their work.

Here at Pre-Flight School the chaplain personnel has recently been expanded. There are two Protestant chaplains, Chaplain Cecil B. Lawter, who is in charge of the chaplains, and Chaplain Willis L. Stafford. Father Daniel J. Potterton has recently been appointed as the Catholic Chaplain and the men of the Jewish faith are ministered to by Rabbi Eugene Blachschleger, a civilian rabbi from Montgomery. You can readily see that the army provides for all faiths.

All of the chaplains have office hours from 8 A. M. until 7:30 P. M., and thereafter by appointment. You needn't think that these are quiet hours, for cadets are always waiting to see the chaplains in order to get counsel, help, or timely

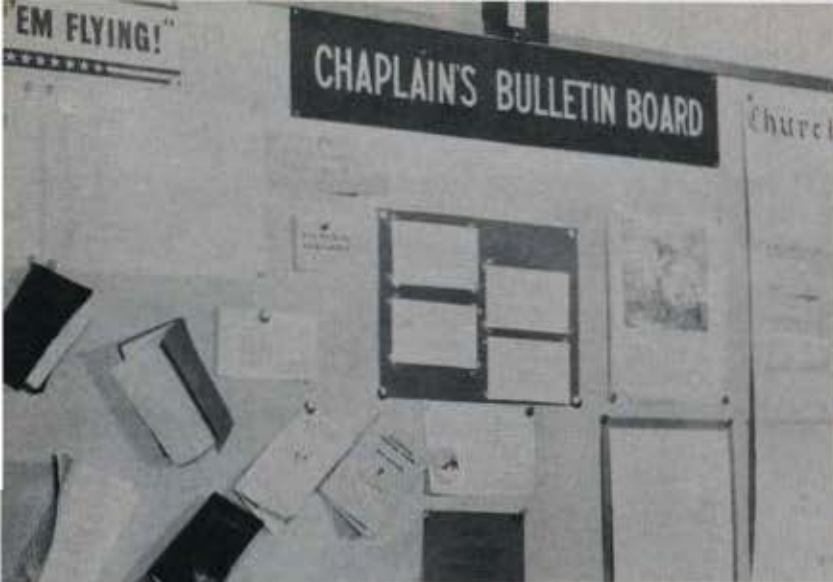


CHAPLAINS POTTERTON, LAWTER AND STAFFORD WERE OUR BEST FRIENDS

advice. Many of the cadets make it a habit to drop in for a friendly chat with the chaplain whenever their duty allows it. These visits and conferences with cadets keep the chaplains busy throughout the day and may be numbered by the thous-



THERE WERE NO EMPTY SEATS IN HANGAR SIX ON SUNDAY MORNING AND OUR SERVICES WERE BROADCAST



FLYING AND RELIGION WENT TOGETHER, EVEN ON THE CHAPLAIN'S BULLETIN BOARD



A BUSY SPOT WAS THE WAITING ROOM JUST OUTSIDE THE CHAPLAIN'S OFFICE



CHAPLAIN LAWTER'S MONDAY MORNING SERVICES WERE BROADCAST TO EVERY BARRACKS

Hangar Six Means Church Every Sunday Morning

ands each month. Besides the hours spent in their offices the chaplains are on call twenty-four hours a day; they are always willing to give aid to the Aviation Cadets at any time of day or night.

Among the chaplain's other duties are the daily visits which they pay to sick cadets, the handling of welfare and morale cases, and the talks they give for all incoming cadets. Flowers are placed in the hospital by the chaplains each week to add a little cheer to the wards.

Of course we have regular Sunday services each week. The Catholic Cadets have mass at 7:45 A. M., and Protestant and Jewish services are conducted at 9:00 A. M. The Catholic men who receive Holy Communion eat at the late mess. The Protestant service is broadcast over radio station WSFA, Montgomery, each week. The sermon, the prayers of the cadets and the singing of the Cadet Choir make a very impressive religious program that is gaining more listeners each week. Following the West Point system, all underclassmen are required to attend religious services but they have the right to choose their own faiths. Upperclassmen's attendance is voluntary, but it is recommended that they attend services either at the field or in town.

In an effort to give the cadets the best possible guidance, Chaplain Lawter several weeks ago inaugurated a weekly morning devotion. Every Monday morning after Reveille while the cadets are busy readying their rooms for inspection they listen to the program coming over the public address system. There is a loudspeaker in each room so the whole corps can hear the services which are broadcast from a radio studio.

I hope this brief summary of the chaplains' duties will reassure you that we are well cared for spiritually as well as physically. If you could see the home-like atmosphere of the chaplains' offices where the men relax while awaiting to see them you would also realize the lengths that the chaplains go to make the men comfortable, I believe you really would compliment these men on their untiring efforts.

Continue to pray, Mom, that I may succeed in the course that I am now undergoing so that I may do my small part in the fight against people and nations that would suppress religious freedom. God bless you and watch over you.

William McNiff.



INSPECTION



AT TIMES WE WERE GIGGED AND GIGGED HEAVILY

Hide That Towel! Inspection Means All On the Ball

Dear Ernie:

If that super-efficient chamber maid who used to clean our room at college is still in town, please send her down on the next plane. Tomorrow I am Room Orderly, and to be Room Orderly in Room 12, Barracks 812, is to be "gigged". * Tell her there's nothing at all to the work, but she'll have to pay her own hospital expenses.

Here at Maxwell Field the position of Room Orderly is an honor open to everyone. All that is required is that you be good at losing the flip of a coin. Just call "heads" when you should obviously have said "tails" and you're "It" by the unanimous consent of all your roommates. From that point on—for several days that seem like weeks—it is your primary mission in life to keep the room in perfect condition for Inspection. Briefly, here's what that means:

The Room Orderly gets up so early in the morn-

* "Gigs" beget demerits, demerits beget punishment tours and punishment tours beget sore feet, lame shoulders and very nasty dispositions.



Everything's In Order Or the Orderly Is Giggled

ing that he can hear the dawn breaking in the next time belt. His first act of the day is to turn on the light—which makes him devastatingly popular with his roommates who suggest, gently but firmly:

"PUT OUT THAT LIGHT!"

After this, the "R. O." gets down to the main business of the hour. The floor must be swept and mopped. The wash basin and mirror must be cleaned and polished to a snow white. The desk must be wiped off. The lockers must be dusted. While this is going on the roommates, by slow and painful degrees, get out of bed and take an active part in the R. O.'s problems. They regard the whole thing as a game, the object is to clutter up the room faster and more efficiently than the R. O. can clean it. No sooner does the R. O. clean the wash basin than somebody shaves in it. As fast as he empties the wastebasket the last man up flicks matches into it. When not otherwise occupied, the roommates stand at staggered intervals about the room (preferably near the center) so that the R. O. must sweep around them and leave little islands of dust and dirt at the most conspicuous points. Theoretically, of course, everyone is supposed to pitch in and do his part, but actually it is best if those who are not employed either to take a long walk down the stoop or get off the floor and hang by their feet from the cobwebs.

The R. O.'s job is facilitated by two features—the simplicity of the room and the abundance of time available. The rooms here at Maxwell Field have cream or white walls and ceilings that stay remarkably clean (as long as the inhabitants keep their feet on the floor) and cement floors that are quite easily swept and mopped. The furnishings are of a somewhat simpler nature than those we knew at college—three double-decker bunks, six wall lockers, six foot lockers, wash basin and mirror and one desk. After two or three days' practice, one becomes familiar with what kind of dust will accumulate in which places and can then take steps to remedy this situation.

And when the war is over just think what fine housewives we will all be! Any girl fortunate enough to catch a Maxwell man will be able to play bridge all morning and attend double-feature movies all afternoon. All we'll need will be one not-so-clean dust rag and ten minutes of time before breakfast!

Winfield A. Hird.



HOUSECLEANING WAS DONE EVERY DAY; NOT ONCE A YEAR



OUR BEST BET AGAINST GIGS WAS A LIBERAL APPLICATION OF ELBOW GREASE

FLIGHT LINE



AFTER LONG WEEKS OF CLASSROOM WORK AND DRILL, WE WERE FINALLY ALLOWED TO VISIT THE FLIGHT LINE

WE TOUCH A PLANE AT FLIGHT LINE

Preparation For Primary Courses In Trip to the Hangars

Dear Uncle Bob:

I've written you about how much we see of an airplane around this Pre-Flight School (almost nothing at all with the exception of those overhead). I hereby take it all back.

Today they took us out on the flight line to get our first close-up of the planes we'll be flying one day soon. We were shown the Primary, Basic and Advanced Trainers in which Cadets get their flight training; we sat in the "pit", jiggled the stick around, and listened to the Lieutenant explain the hundred and one gadgets with which we'll soon have to be on intimate terms. It was really a big event after having our eyes "grounded" during four weeks of Underclass, plus four weeks of envious Upperclass neckstretching at the crates that buzzed over our heads.

Do you remember when you used to sit around and tell us about the crates you flew the last

time—all the Spads, Nieuports, and so on—I wish you could see some of these ships they're flying now! There was a P-38 out there today that was really something. It's unbelievable the number of instruments that can be packed into one panel. It seems a guy should need a dozen eyes to keep up with them all!

You told me once that the time would come when I'd be sick of the very sight of a plane, but I think (right now, at least) that's a legend that will have to prove itself when it happens. Anyway, as far as I'm concerned, I know there's an itch in the seat of the pants for the feel of a PT-17, and when the time comes for us to fly the bigger ones, we'll see that a few of them pay a visit to the flight lines of a couple of Hitler's and Hirohito's airbases.

So long for now. Next letter you get will be from Primary.

Kendall Baker.

UNDERCLASS

"Rack 'Em Back" The Best Of Men Have Got to Brace

Dear Mac:

You remember when I wrote you last I said that you will be in for a good share of 'riding' when you become an underclassman after you are taken into the Air Corps. I was pretty busy then and didn't get many moments of peace. You will remember that I was not too enthusiastic about the first stages of underclass life. Weeks have gone by and much water has passed under the bridge; ideas and impressions have been made and remade.

A few days ago OUR underclass came in and with it the dawn. What had previously seemed like a good deal of nonsense, horseplay and harsh treatment suddenly made sense. We may not be the most alert squadron on the field and we may not all turn out to be "hot pilots" (though I hope we do) but we are a fairly well coordinated group of guys. To repeat an overworked cliché, we are pretty much on the ball. All in all, compared to our recently arrived victims as well as ourselves when we came in, we are an improved lot and to what other device can we attribute this change but to our rigid underclass life?

In not too many words I'll try to give you a quick peak at what we went through. We got off of a filthy train from home and staggered into Maxwell Field Cadet headquarters at an early hour of the morning feeling anything but clean, rested or eager. Before too long we were shuffled to and fro picking up bedding, turning in furlough



IN DEEP, SOTTO VOCE WE SAID: "RACK 'EM BACK"

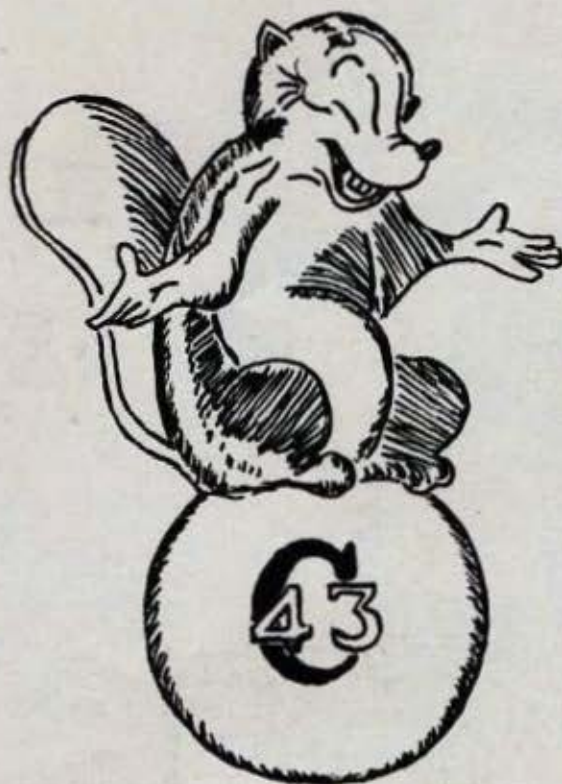


EVEN TO THE MESS HALL, AND ON EMPTY STOMACHS, WE HAD TO MARCH IN A MILITARY FORMATION

papers, being reassigned to barracks or in some cases tents, getting our rifles and cartridge belts and going through any number of other routine ceremonies. We were then cast unprepared into eager hands of the upperclass who were like hungry vultures at the sight of the carrion. "Eyes on a point", "rack 'em back", "where's your *G. I. belt buckle, Mister?", "Mister, is that a G. I. shirt?", "Pop to when an upperclassman speaks to you!", "Sound off, Mister—last name, first name, middle initial, serial number and home", "Wipe that smile off your face. This isn't funny, war is serious." And on and on like that to the increasing irritation of already jangled nerves. At first we were terrified and anything we said seemed to be wrong. But before long we began to get the idea. It makes one alert and sharpens the powers of concentration.

At the mess hall we sat on part of a bench at attention, eyes fixed on the outer rim of the plate. To eat we were allowed to move only the arms. If the food spilled off the fork or spoon and fell onto the shirt, well we just had a dirty shirt. To go into a stiff brace during meals and even while eating was a rule rather than the exception. This

* Government Issue.



THE EAGER BEAVER

We Didn't Expect It But Even We Had Our Day

went on at all meals, so like it or not if we wanted to satisfy a normal hunger we managed to do as we were told. After mess formations we'd go back to our rooms but not just leisurely like you and I used to on the way back to the office but hitting what is fondly known as the "rat line" at 140 steps a minute. The "rat line" is nothing more than the outer edge of the sidewalks and the walk inside the barracks porch. More often than not upperclassmen would stop us in our tracks and make us execute any and all of their whimsical commands.

The rest of our lives differed very little from upperclass life—three hours of classes, an hour of calisthenics, an hour of drill and a parade every other day. Of course we didn't get open post on weekends but we did eat our meals at ease Saturday nights and Sundays. In fact, we were left pretty much to ourselves for fully twenty-four hours.

It was a long haul from July 10 to August 3. We wondered if we would make the grade without sounding off insubordinately or swinging at some upperclassman. But we did make it and we did curb temperaments which makes the whole effort seem worthwhile. Now we have our underclass and some of them will seem incorrigible and some of us will be as mean as some of our predecessors. Others will be too busy going but all in all we will have our chance and do our part in passing on the 'education' that we receive at times unwillingly but at all times from willing instructors.

This letter really ought to be more humorous. We had a lot of fun and many laughs and many more are forthcoming. There are more funny incidents than I could ever narrate in any space of time for in order to appreciate the humor I think you'd have to see it in person or through the medium of the movies or an artist's pen.

Jack Strauss.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LOWER CLASS

*Ah, Yes! The lowly dodoes,
How very gross they were.
I see them now, as they strolled along
At "one hundred forty per!"*



FIRST OPEN POST
All present and accounted for, Sir!



REC HALL



OUR ONLY COMPLAINT ABOUT THE SATURDAY NIGHT DANCES FOR UNDERCLASSMEN WAS THAT WE OUTNUMBERED THE GIRLS TEN-TO-ONE

Cadets Entertain, Enjoy Ping Pong

Dear George:

Don't get any ideas about beating the proverbial shirt off my back at ping pong or pool when I see you again. You'll be lucky, in fact, to win one out of three games. It's true, as you have probably surmised from my previous letters, that we have little time for such things, but I do manage to get in a good game now and then.

The Rec Hall also serves as an excellent place to entertain the folks from back home when they get down this way and it is the headquarters for Saturday night dances for the underclass. Not the least of its features is the Date Bureau where an upperclassman may find valuable help and assistance in meeting members of the opposite sex in town during open post. Don't think of Montgomery as a small town with few attractions—there are over a thousand names of eligible girls in the Date Bureau's files!

George Smith.



IN THE REC HALL'S READING ROOM WE HAD A CHANCE TO RELAX AND READ



By GIB ESTELLE
68

BLIND DATE!

PREFLIGHT



IT TOOK A LOT OF HARD WORK

But It Was Worth the Effort To Produce This PREFLIGHT

Dear A. E.:

When I left my job as managing editor of your Main Line Times earlier this year, it was because I wanted to get into the war, into the thick of it. That's why I picked the Air Forces.

But even down here a newspaperman gets the urge to keep in the old grind. When we were given a chance to keep in shape and go to work on Preflight, a whole crew of us grabbed the opportunity and went to work on the book you've been reading.

From all sections of the east and with divergent backgrounds, we pooled our efforts in order to produce the magazine. We all had two things

in common, however: "a liking for the air and it's adventures," and a love of printer's ink.

It's been one tough job, though. We had a full program of drill, athletics and academics. Where in the world are we going to get time to get out a magazine and still go to bed by taps? That was the question that had us stymied.

We still don't know the answer. We don't know how the writers went out and got the information for their stories, or where the cartoonists got the inspirations for their share of the book.

But here it is. We hope it's worthy of the Fourth estate.

Michael Frome.

This . . . BRINGS US CLOSER

Dear Hirohito, Hitler and Mr. Mussolini:

This is the end of our magazine and the end of our careers in Pre-Flight School. Thus far, we've done no flying, learned little about aerial combat.

Yet we know that as each class is graduated from Maxwell Field there is cause for added sorrow in the capitals of Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy and Japan. For you gentlemen know that as we come closer to winning our wings you come so much closer to your doom.

There's a spirit, peculiar to all Americans, that makes us want to meet up with you at the earliest possible date. Heretofore, the traditional slogan of Pre-Flight graduating classes was "We are Eager."

Eager to fly, eager to conquer the clouds, to take a place with the increasingly important Army Air Forces.

Our eagerness to fly, however, has perhaps a deeper root. We're struggling for the chance to get in the clouds because the clouds lead to Berlin and Rome and Tokyo. And those are the places where we mean to celebrate the finish of this war.

If you thought Jimmy Doolittle was the last American to see Tokyo from the sky, wait till you see how many of us pay the Emperor a visit before he commits Hari-Kari. Hah, there's a pleasant thought!

The point we're trying to make to you representatives of tyranny, despotism and everything we abhor is that you took on too much in the people of America.

We're eager, on the ball and we're out to clean up the mess you've made. We won't stop until we see you three roasting in hell.

To make it short, you haven't got a chance. We'll help to make sure of that.

The Class of 43-C.

James E. Winter Jr.
Mass



