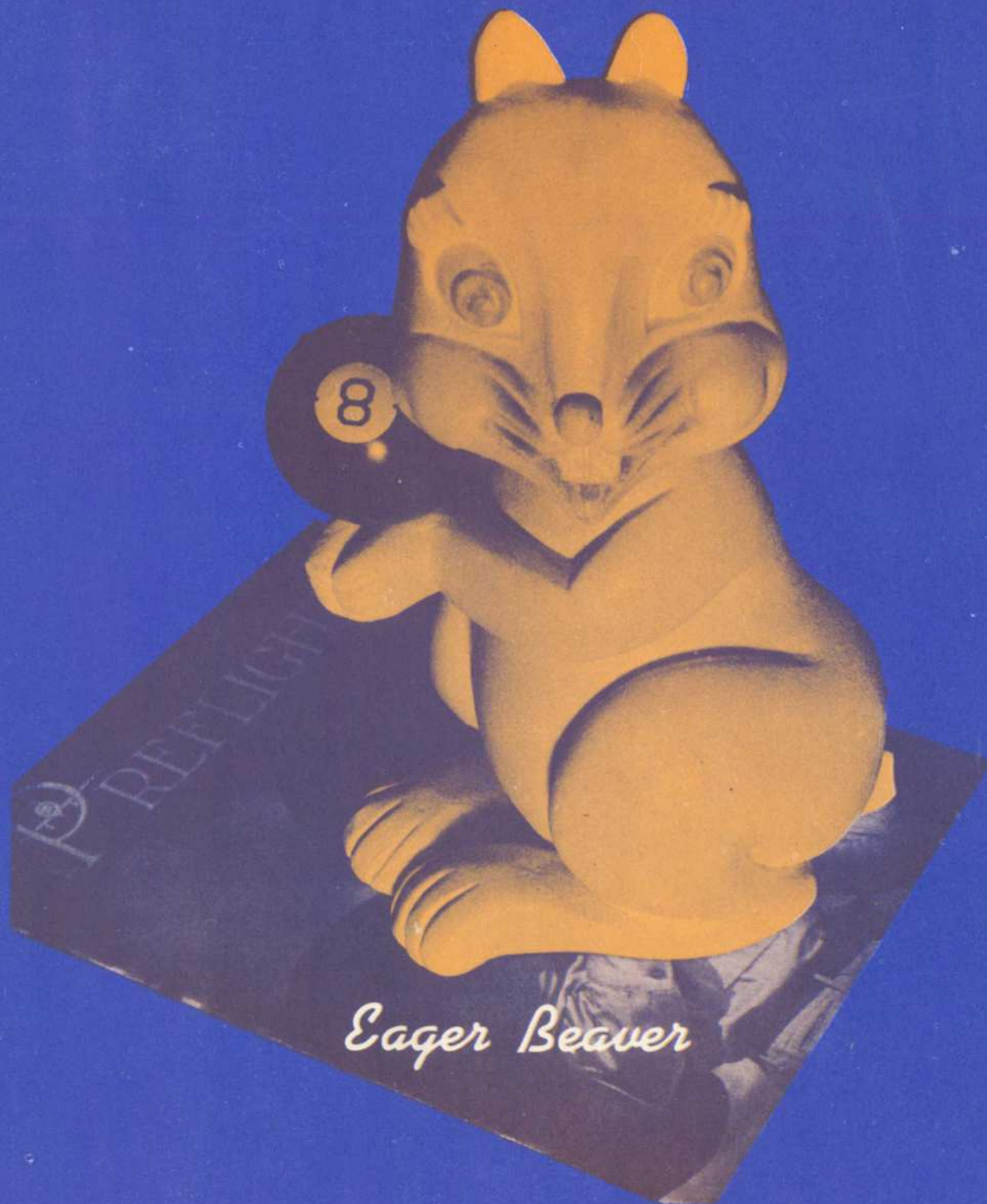


PREFLIGHT



Eager Beaver

OCTOBER OF NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-TWO



*The Class
of 43-D is coming!*

For the Record . . .

Grown from nothing, planned and nurtured in spare moments, carefully garnered in the rush of our first weeks as Aviation Cadets, "Preflight" is the record of the Class of 43-D. In it we have tried to preserve, for ourselves and for those at home, the outline of the work, the hard knocks, the laughs that these nine weeks of a new life have given us.

During the few short weeks we have been together as a class we have been under constant pressure, both physically and mentally; the intensive training has toughened us all—left us better prepared to enter into the most difficult part of our training. Alertness at razor-keen edge, reaction time noticeably decreased, vital interest in our work ever increasing, we are ready and able to take to the air.

So it ends; 43-D is about to terminate its official existence as a single organization, and our ways part. The transition stage is over; from the mixed group of civilians, Infantrymen, Engineers, Tankers, we've become a corps of trained, wide-awake men, united in their unwavering desire to fly for the United States, her people, her way of life.

HEADQUARTERS
Army Air Forces Pre-Flight School (Pilot)
Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Alabama

MEMBERS OF CLASS 43-D:

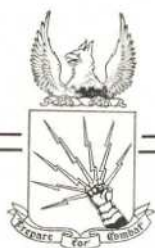
As your Commanding Officer, it is a pleasure to congratulate you as you prepare to leave the Army Air Forces Pre-flight School (Pilot) to take up a new phase of your training. You will soon have your hand on the stick, preparing for your first solo flight. As you leave I have a deep conviction that as long as America produces young men such as you that the future of this Country is assured. It is with real satisfaction that we in the Pre-flight School feel that we are contributing toward victory by having had the privilege of giving you a part of your training.

This war is a serious business, and great principles are at stake. The road ahead offers great opportunities of service to humanity. The advances which our civilization has accomplished are worth too much to lose. The Great issue of this war is so important that it deserves the utmost that is in each of us. To give less is not enough.

You are living at one of the great crises of history. The generations to come will read of your service and heroism. The pages of history will have praise for you, because you will have saved the world for progress at a time when all that we held dear was in danger. To each one of you, the members of Class 43-D, I give my sincerest wishes for a most successful career in the Armed Forces.

Louis A. Guenther
LOUIS A. GUENTHER,
Lt. Col., Air Corps,
Commanding.





PREFLIGHT

United States Army Air Forces

THE CORPS OF AVIATION CADETS
OF THE
PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL FOR PILOTS
MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA

Vol. 2, No. 4. - October, Nineteen Hundred Forty-Two

Table of Contents

For the Record	1	Drill	20
Dedication	5	Range	21
43-D Prototype	6	From '10 to '42	22
Cadet Leadership	7	The Tactical Officer Looks at the Cadet	23
Preparation for Flight	8	Cadets Make Music	24
Song of Pre-Flight	10	Rec Hall: Center of Cadet Social Life	25
Cadet Faith	11	Mail Call	29
Trouble Shooter	13	Here 'n There	30
Work Hard, Mister!	15	Free Periods?	31
Altitude—28,000	19	Preflight	32



Preflight Staff

Editor-in-Chief	E. H. Wiener, Jr., G-8
Associate Editor	J. H. Craddock, H-8
Associate Editor	R. B. Graves, G-2
Editorial: E. H. Campbell, H-8	Layout Editor
G. B. Jones, C-4	W. A. Hamma, B-7
J. H. Kempner, M-9	Art Editor
B. B. Roach, M-6	M. E. Brown, F-8
F. R. Trowbridge, M-6	Art: S. M. Davidson, H-8
	S. Halpern, I-6
	W. F. Nolan, A-4
	S. L. Stratakis, G-8
	N. A. Ulrich, K-9
Public Relations Officer	Captain Barna C. Pope, Jr.

All Photos taken by the Base Photo Section, Maxwell Field.
Published at the Paragon Press, Montgomery, Ala.

Dedication



MAJOR GENERAL RALPH ROYCE

The motto of the Southeast Army Air Forces Training Center, "Prepare for Combat", took on deeper meaning last month when Major General Ralph Royce took over the command. Just returned from Australia where he served as Commanding General of the Northeast Air Area, he won the Distinguished Service Cross last Spring for a raid he personally led on the Philippine Islands.

Michigan born, his twenty-eight years of army service include West Point—class of 1914, World War I in which he earned the Croix de Guerre for bravery in action near Toul, France, in 1918, Commanding Officer at numerous fields throughout the country and in Alaska, a tour of duty as Air Attache in London, and work with the Harriman Mission to the Middle East, all of which has given him an excellent background for the assignment he now has.

"The Jap and the German is a tough customer—and our job here is to make our future fliers even tougher. We shall do just that", the General stated on taking over the S.E.A.A.F.T.C. We're lucky to have you here, Sir, and we shall do our best to aid you in accomplishing your purpose.

43-D Prototype

By J. H. Craddock

The Class of 43-D is like an open hand. It stretches in all directions and no two fingers are the same. The forefathers of a few were at Lexington, more were at Appomattox, and to some English was an alien tongue. All of these United States are represented—the rural and the urban. The civilian occupations of the Cadets vary from



California mechanic to Broadway actor; from Nebraska farmer to Georgia engineer; from Michigan school teacher to Texas cowboy.

Thirty-five per cent of the class hail from New

York, Pennsylvania, California, Ohio and Indiana, while Massachusetts, Illinois, Florida, Louisiana, Michigan and New Jersey follow with four and a half per cent each. The balance of 43-D is evenly distributed, with all the other states represented in varying degrees from one-half to two and a half per cent.

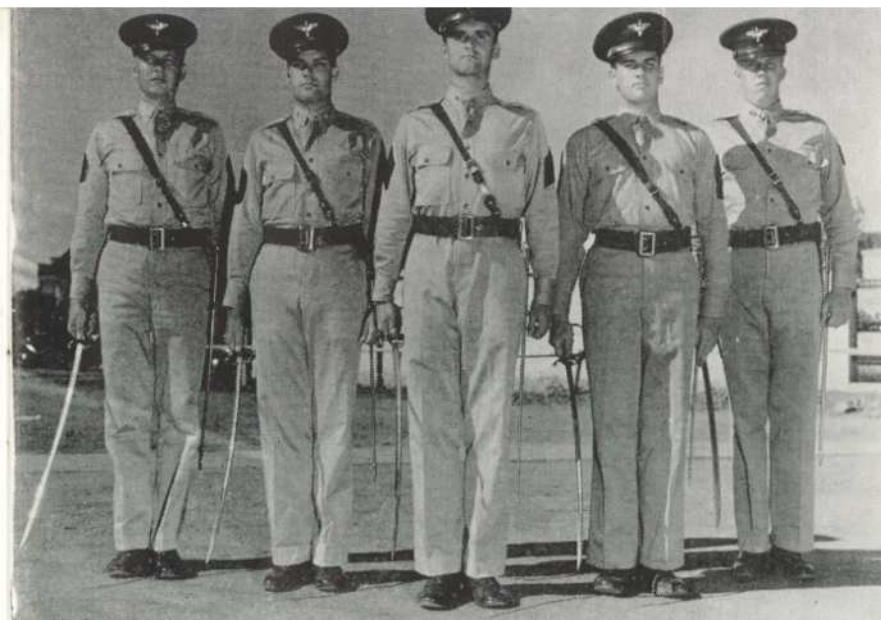
The educational background is good proof that two years of college is not alone the criteria for picking pilots. Fifty-six percent only completed high school. Prior to Pearl Harbor these men would not have had sufficient formal education to enter Aviation Cadet Training. But with the present screening test entrance examinations they have been given the opportunity and are proving to the Academic Department all that could be desired.

Of those who received college education, fifteen percent completed one year, ten percent two years, eight percent three years while nine and a half percent have college degrees.

The average member of 43-D is five feet nine and a half inches tall and is twenty-three years of age. He has had some previous military training; over eighty percent of the class having entered Pre-Flight directly from the Army.

One day the California mechanic and the Broadway actor will climb into P-40's, the Nebraska farmer and the Georgia engineer into A-20's, and the Michigan school teacher and Texas cowboy into B-17's; that open hand will close and the fingers that were so different will close into a well knit fist, becoming a formidable weapon.





First Wing Staff

F. L. JONES
Wing Sergeant Major

D. F. PATTERSON, JR.
Wing Adjutant

G. GARDNER
Wing Commander

W. B. PRICE
Wing Supply Officer

W. A. HOLLAND
Wing Supply Sergeant

Corps Staff

CYRIL JONES
Corps Adjutant

HAYWARD S. WHEELER
Corps Commander

JAMES L. SCOTT
Corps Supply Officer



Cadet LEADERSHIP

Second Wing Staff

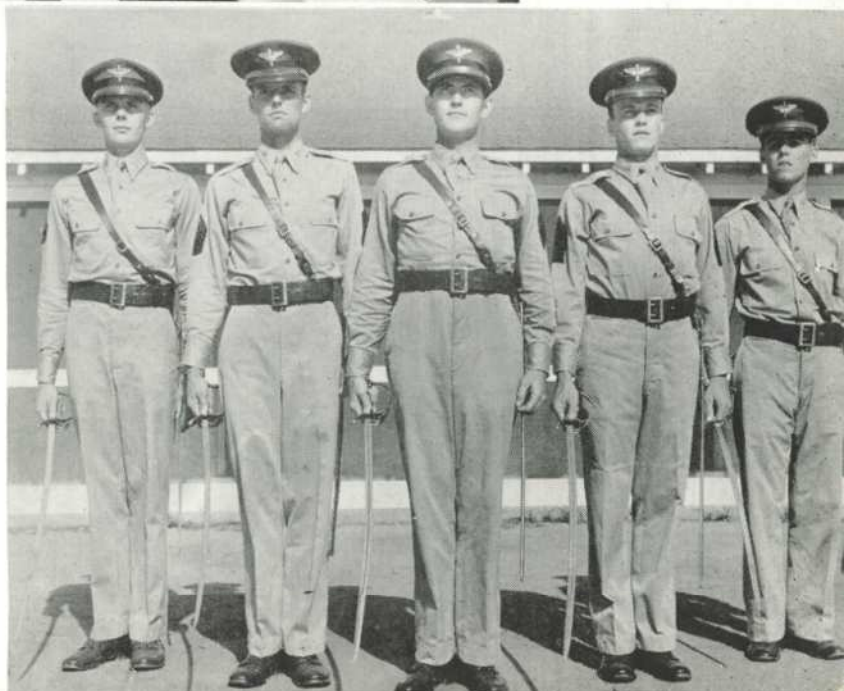
W. R. UNRUH
Wing Sergeant Major

H. R. STARKE
Wing Adjutant

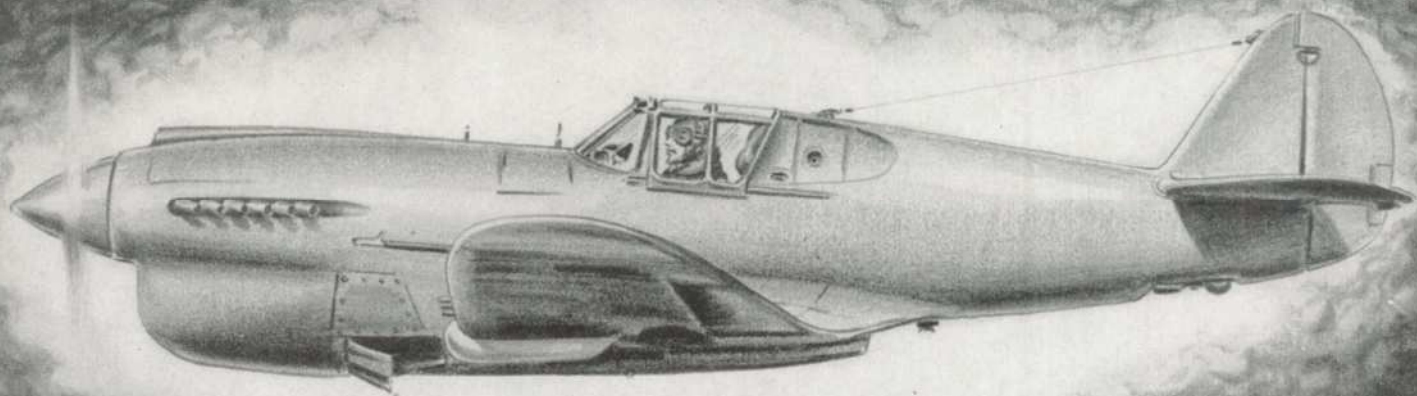
W. T. MACK
Wing Commander

J. E. CAREY
Wing Supply Officer

J. M. SPROUSE
Wing Supply Sergeant



ACADEMICS



Preparation For Flight

By B. B. Roach

"Sec-shun halt, one, two! Column of files from the left, right turn march!" It seems that we have traveled a long way since that first day when we found ourselves standing stiffly beside our chairs and heard for the first time an instructor say, "Sections, take seats." We were rusty then and apprehensive as to our scholastic abilities after such a long vacation from the classroom. It seemed almost overnight that we became the somewhat bewildered possessors of an armfull of assorted manuals and directive sheets on every conceivable military subject from Sanitation to the Thompson Sub-Machine Guns.

It rapidly developed through the swiftly multiplying courses we assimilated that our principal purpose here at Pre-Flight was STUDY. That meant not only our closest attention in classes, but also our most loyal application to our homework at night during the two short hours allotted to us after Call to Quarters. But we were eager, and few fell by the wayside; in fact, our average grades when last recorded hovered around the 88% mark.

Most of us found that studying again was much like rediscovering good food we had almost forgotten existed.

Courses like Mathematics and Physics had a way of starting off in the most innocuous elementary manner, math with addition and subtraction, physics with the composition of the atmosphere, similar to a runner limbering up for a race. In a very few days we found ourselves literally leaping through the accumulation of months of college academic courses. Our instructor's favorite quips often prodded us on with the all too true anecdote of the cadet who dropped his pencil and missed the equivalent of a semester's work while retrieving it. Streamlined and stripped to the important essentials, our studies kept pace with the lightning war outside that refused to wait for the unprepared.

There were many short courses such as Signal Communications, War Department Publications, Chemical Warfare Defense, Physiological Aspects of High Altitude Flying, or Military Intelligence which snatched us up in a whirlwind of data and information then deposited us as quickly in the

Call to Quarters



class room of our next instructor. The pride in maintaining a high average coupled with the challenge of the final examination without notes or reference made us respect these courses as an incentive to a rapidly developing photographic memory.

The intermediate courses such as Air Craft Recognition, Maps and Charts, Air, Ground, and Naval Forces were the most difficult for the majority, yet there was no consistency to their rigors. A prodigy at Air Craft Recognition would be observed screaming for mercy during Maps and Charts. Here individual aptitude and application triumphed over laborious step by step plodding. In battles to come "know how" will always best "figure out" through the lightning evolutions of air warfare.

Code we had always with us, six, eight, ten words a minute, and finally visual. To some it was merely a daily tussel between dits, dahs, and oblivion; to others, a progressive unfolding of a new language in whose proficiency lay a free period for quiet study or relaxation.

Our pace has been rapid but not reckless, our studies concentrated not casual, and the result, a working basis for future flight.

Late Lights . . .



Song of Pre-Flight

By W. P. Hamma

It's grand to be an air cadet
At Maxwell Pre-Flight School,
A member of the upper set:
A comin' flyin' fool.

We learn to fly an aeroplane
By running 'till we drop
Thru woods, o'er hills and rough terrain
Until our lungs shout 'Stop!'

And then there's other forms of fun
Most awful to the eye;
Like exercise 'neath torrid sun
While muscles shriek and cry.

We hike and drill and drill and hike
While guns weigh fifty stones;
We left turn, march, and right oblique,
And stifle anguished groans.

Each day we hustle off to school
To learn how airplanes fly.
As B-19 and F-4-U,
And how they lock and why.

We're told how maps are made and read,
We wade thru Naval Forces.
In Physics we near lose our head;
Not to mention other courses.

Altho at times we're bound to fret,
We state the simple rule:
"It's grand to be an air cadet
At Maxwell Pre-Flight School."

Cadet Faith

By R. B. Graves

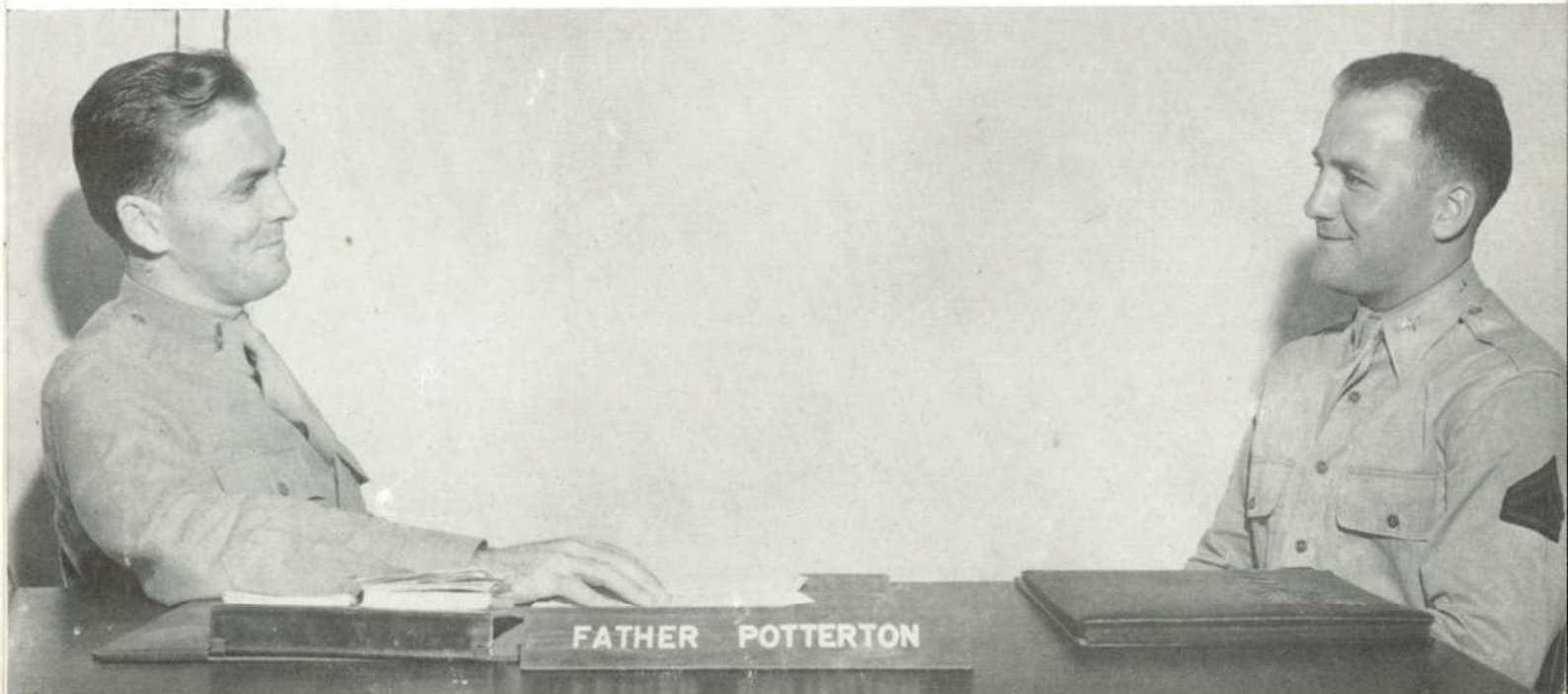
Only three answers in the Air Corps? You're absolutely correct, Mister, except in your chaplain's office. Once inside those friendly walls the informal atmosphere tells you that here is one place on Maxwell Field that there are more than the three answers that were drilled into us as underclassmen. Have you ever been confused, lonely, or in trouble? Have you been disgruntled with the way life has been treating you? If you have, there is only one place where you can readily let off steam and "sound off" about it before an officer without being court martialled, and that's the chaplain's office.

Many cadets have taken advantage of this unusual privilege, and have returned to their barracks remarkably refreshed in spirit and outlook; for the closer we know our chaplain, the clearer will be our understanding that his mission here is not to convert us but to provide the nearest thing to home. He knows that nine short weeks cannot change a man fundamentally, yet regular church attendance and right thinking can set up habit forms which will, if cultivated, give us something to lean on when the going gets really tough. That's why Lt. Colonel Louis A. Guenther has declared the chaplain's offices neutral ground, expressing the hope that we cadets may find it convenient to drop in occasionally for a chat or a good cup of coffee. He knows as well as the chaplains the confusion that sometimes results from a rapid transition from civilian life to a G. I. existence, the



need for human understanding and guidance for those who are not as adaptable as others.

It's no wonder then that the friendly atmosphere of the chaplain's office is so universally attractive. There is a coffee hour in the morning when some of the staff officers drop in for a chat. At all hours cadets may be seen by the automatic radio-phonograph relaxing in one of the easy chairs with a magazine or waiting for a talk.





A Marriage License in the offing

How Chaplain Willis L. Stafford and Father Daniel J. Potterton can reach out to touch the lives of so many thousand Cadets is partially explained by their assistants. Their biggest aid consists of the chaplain's council, an interested and active association of Cadets, two to three apiece from each Squadron in the school. Their membership includes upper and lower classes, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish members who keep their eyes and ears open to report at their bi-weekly meetings the things they have sensed to be missing or problems that seem to be prevalent among the cadets. Through personal contacts they scent out men in

trouble and urge them to see the chaplain, visit their sick buddies in the hospital and encourage their fellow classmen to retain an interest in the church.

Protestant, Catholic and Jewish services are held each Sunday for all cadets. Very few religious holidays or festivals pass unobserved. During the recent Jewish Holidays provisions were made by Rabbi Eugene Blachschleger, a civilian Rabbi from Montgomery, to convoy the men of that faith to the local synagogue for observance of the Yom Kippur ceremonies. Similar services were held in the Post Chapel.

Perhaps the chaplain's most effective contact outside of their varied personal services were the Wednesday evening talks over the public address system for a few minutes after taps. As we lay there in the dark in silence, we would listen with thoughtful consideration not to a sermon or lecture but to a man talk on our triangular relations between God, ourselves, and our fellow men. We liked those quiet talks and often fell asleep with the memory of them lingering in our mind as our Chaplains hoped we would.

Looking back over these short nine weeks, our chaplain's may feel a regret that they could not know us all, yet to those who came within their kindly influence they extend a hearty Godspeed on our adventures in the days to come.

The Chaplain's Council at work



Red Cross . . . Trouble Shooter

By R. B. Graves

"I've got no-pence, jolly, jolly no-pence", is an old refrain to Miss Torbert, secretary-receptionist for Mr. Campbell A. Fowler, Red Cross Field Director at Maxwell. While hardly the most important function of the cadet office in cadet headquarters annex, the speedy use of the ample resources of the American Red Cross has lent real assistance to more than one of our classmates.

Trouble, personal or national, is the rallying cry of the Red Cross. Here in the ordered life of Maxwell Field the vagaries of Fate are felt less strongly than outside, yet when trouble does strike it helps a lot to know that there is such a reservoir of strength to draw from. The Red Cross has earned the unfailing reputation of never failing to respond to all cries of need.

Here on the Post the Red Cross has two standing jobs: to bolster morale by relieving the anxiety and worry of any cadet, at his own or the commanding officer's request; to obtain confidential information on home conditions required for consideration of questions of discharge and furlough, and in matters of medical care and treatment.

For you personally, the Red Cross can get in touch with your family at a few hours' notice by contacting the local chapter by wire; that means they can investigate sickness and trouble a couple of thousand miles away. If there is an emergency and you're broke and have to get home in a hurry the Red Cross Revolving Fund will lend you carfare. Even lost members of your family can be located.

On the other end of the line, your home town chapter will arrange special care for your family in case of sickness, or help in any way possible with other problems. It sounds complicated, and is, but according to Mr. Fowler it's "all in a day's work and part of your Red Cross by an Act of Congress, a service of appreciation to you from the people of this country."

How does this work out?

A mother wired the Field Director that she was worried about her son because she had not heard from him for several weeks. After locating the



Miss Torbert and Corps Supply Officer Scott set the ball rolling .

cadet who, it turned out, had been doing a bit of worrying himself, the Director wired back to the mother that her son was well and had been writing regularly but his letters had evidently been misdirected.

In another case when a member of a cadet's family died suddenly, the family contacted its local Chapter which wired the Director; the verification for leave was received here at the very same time the cadet was notified of the death. Finding him without funds, the Red Cross made him a loan sufficient to cover his traveling expenses.

In any case where the going gets too tough for you to handle alone or with the aid of your friends, the Red Cross stands ready to pitch in and help. If that should happen you'll realize most forcibly the kind of good your pennies given years ago as a child in school is doing at this moment, not only here but throughout the world.

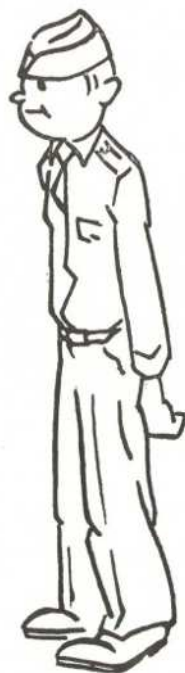




"MAIL CALL"



"ZOMBIE"



"RAP EM' BACK"

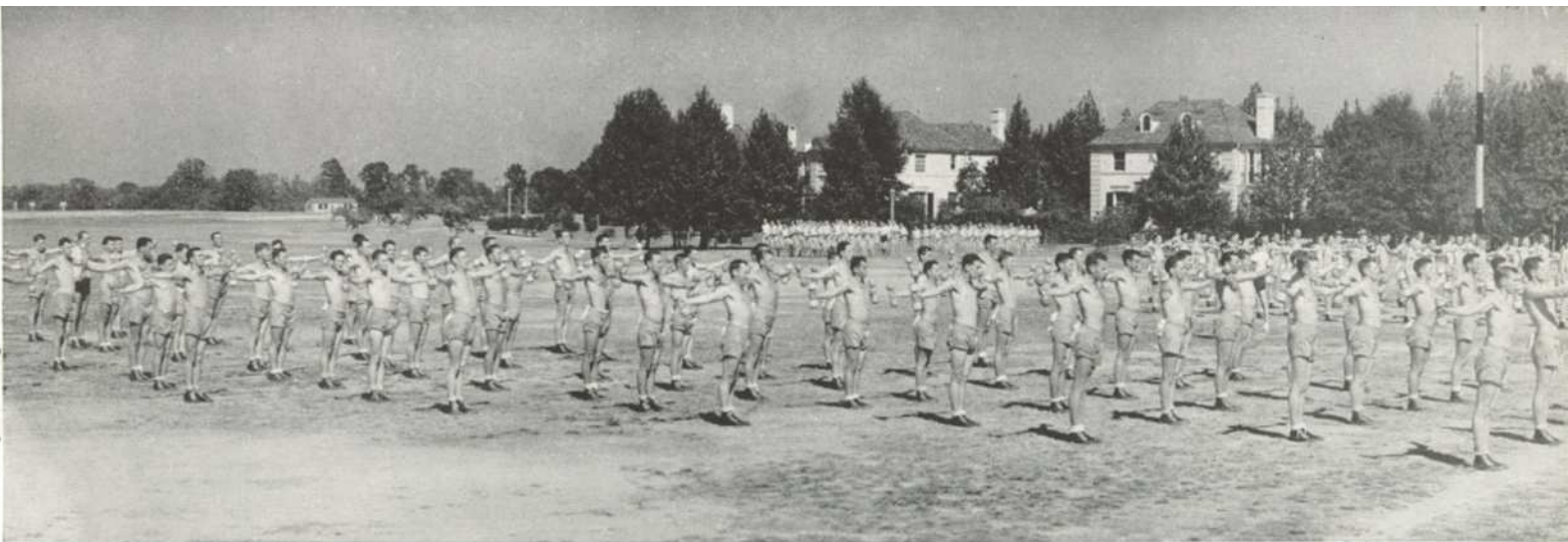
Memories



"P-40 ON THE RAT LINE"



"REVEILLE"



Work Hard, Mister!

By J. H. Kempner

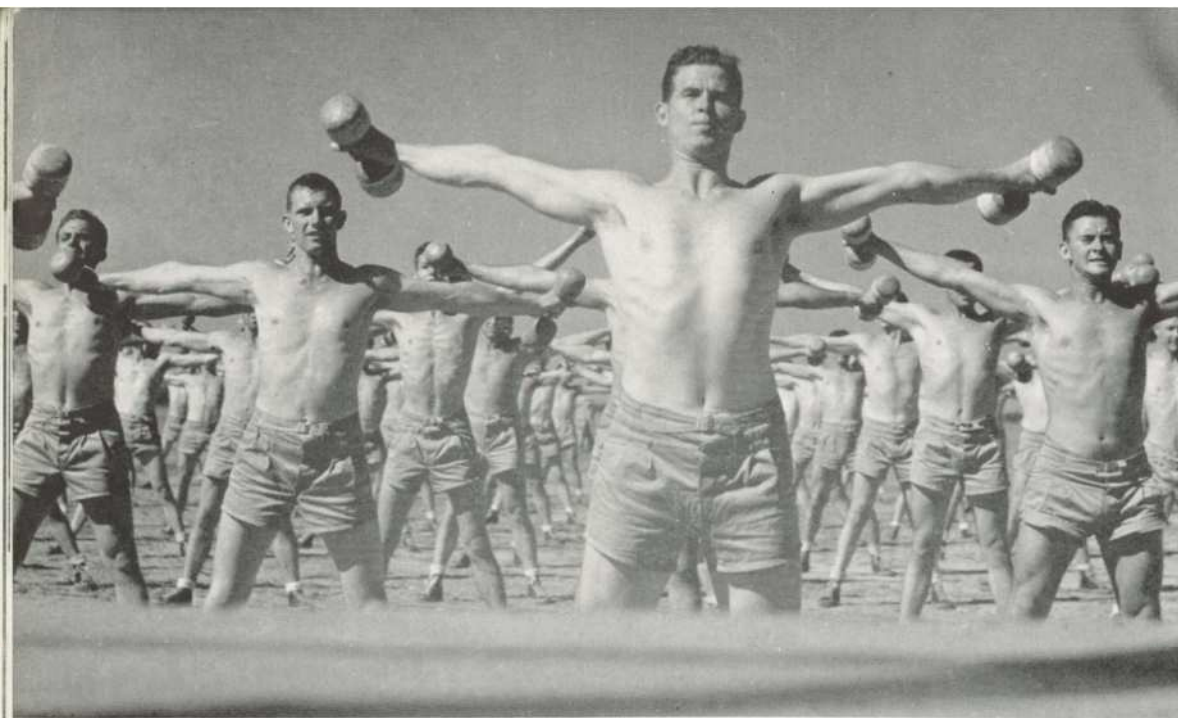
Across the Hudson from West Point there's a health resort where you can torture yourself into a semblance of physical perfection for one hundred and ten dollars a week. The program differs little from that offered the Aviation Cadets. Major General Walter R. Weaver instituted the present physical conditioning system in the South East Army Air Force Training Center in May of 1941. It had long been a theory of General Weaver's that the men who fly should be in top physical shape, and thus less subject to fatigue. That he was right was proved by the fact that there were seven per cent less eliminations in Primary Training of the first class that underwent the physical program.

To decide on the exercises to be given to the men undergoing training, a Cadet was stripped and put in a cockpit and told to simulate flying. Then a careful check was made of every muscle that came into play as he manipulated the controls. On the basis of this check a system of calisthenics was developed, and is still being developed as new aspects of aerial warfare demand. A pilot is constantly on the alert looking up and around as he flies, and with the muscles which are developed by the simple exercises of turning the head to the right then looking down over the shoulder and up to the sky, he is better able to withstand

the strain. The monotonous repetition of moving the arms forward, upward, sideward, and down seems senseless to those suffering it, but by developing the arm and shoulder muscles the tedium of long periods of flying with the hands continually on the stick and the throttle is lessened. The old fashioned deep knee bend is for the rudder, the double timing to and from the exercise ground to strengthen the legs. Each has its place.

To develop stamina cadets were taken on cross-country runs twice a week. But it was decided that flat running was not strenuous enough so a wooded cross-country course was laid out by Lieutenant H. B. Crowley, Director of Physical Training. Quickly nick-named the Burma Road by the cadets, it is a mile and seven-tenths long over terrain that resembles Bright Angel Trail in the Grand

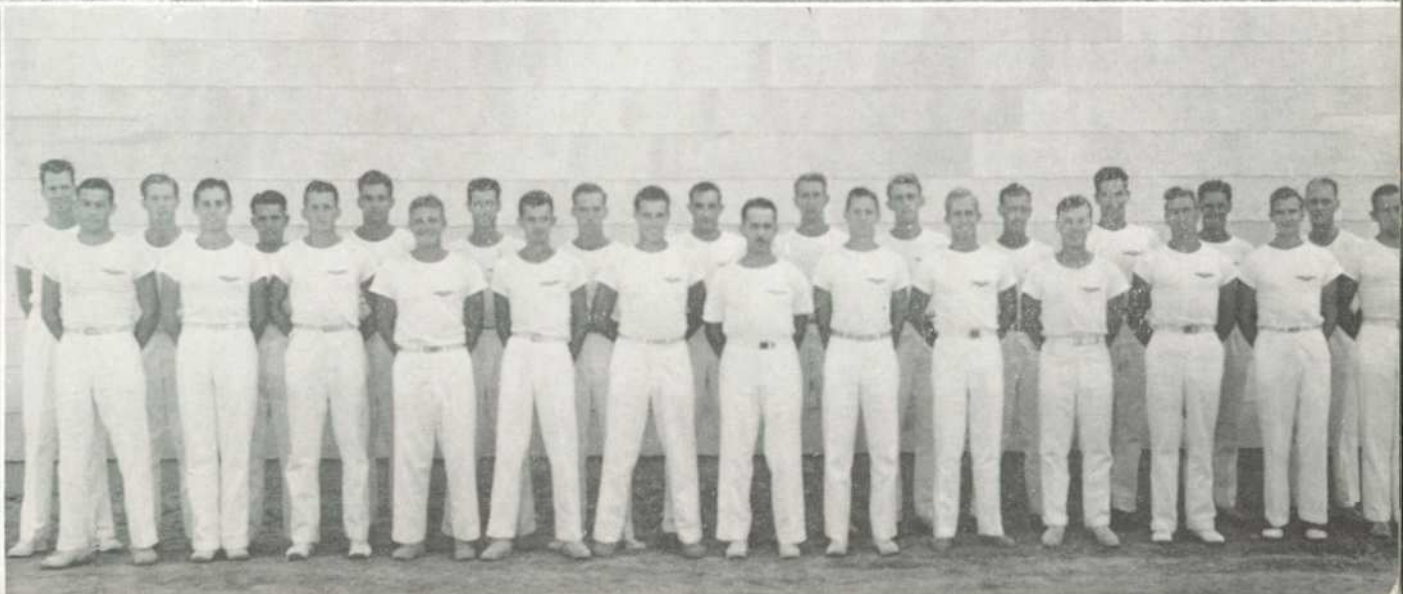
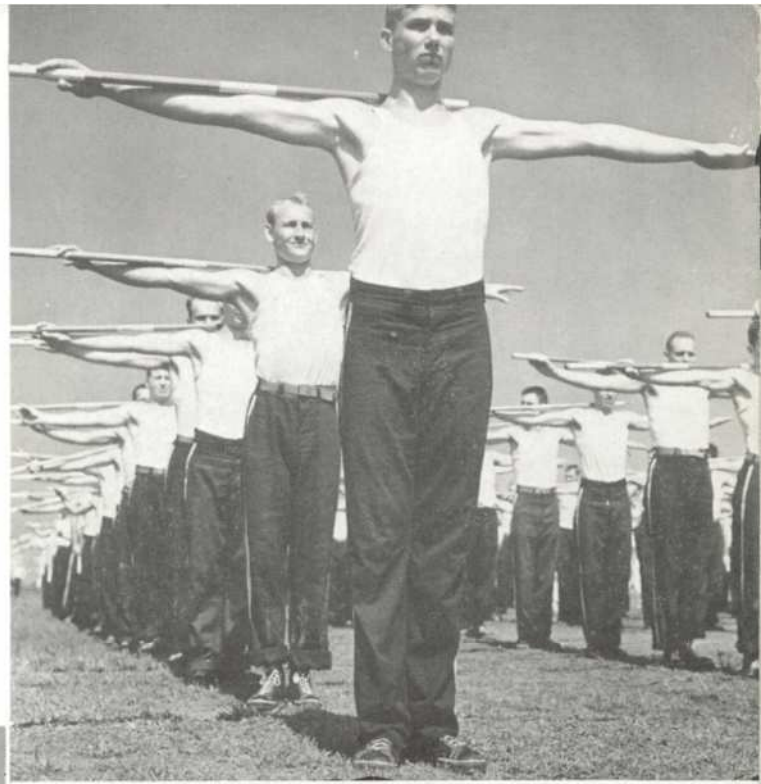




to be a valid picture
The winding, heavy
'Burma Road'.
weight of the dust
precision of the
cursed but well



*This we believe
torial mosaic of athletics at Maxwell.
earthbreaking, up-down of the despised
. . . the insidious, shoulder-breaking
umbells . . . the smooth, coordinated
wands . . . and finally that overly
liked group, the physical instructors.*





Canyon. The rumor that one Squadron came across a troop of Cossacks in the depths of the course is unfounded, but it is still advisable to carry a machete to get through the denser parts. The cadets start through it like an intercollegiate race and end up looking like Stanley shortly before he caught up with Livingstone. A former tank tester for the First Armored Division swears he was stopped in an M-4 on an easier course.

Statistics show that the same athletic program administered to the overweight and underweight returns the individual to his norm. Every man increases his depth perception, his chest expansion and his coordination while decreasing his reaction time. The Burpee Tests show that every man increases the number he can execute. The average cadet will do twelve Burpees when he enters Pre-Flight and fourteen when he leaves.

Every instructor has at least a major in Physical Education, some hold Master's Degrees and a few even Doctorates. They represent twenty colleges and are former football, track and baseball stars.

One was the National and Olympic Champion in Gymnastics. All over thirty are commissioned officers and those under thirty hold Staff Sergeantcy ratings as they wait their turn to go to Officer Candidate School.

The program is still being changed and a new athletic area is soon to be dedicated at Maxwell. Covering over twenty acres it will have an obstacle course three hundred yards long, basketball courts, archery ranges, punching bags and other arrangements for individual sport. However, the members of 43-D should not feel slighted

that this area was not completed in time for them to enjoy it; the records show that the most valuable training that a student in Pre-Flight can receive is mass drills and running, resulting in the general conditioning needed to succeed in Primary.



not an

Altitude . . . 28,000



By G. B. Jones

Since today's war in the air is largely fought at altitudes exceeding thirty thousand feet it is necessary that the future pilots understand, recognize, and know how to combat the often disastrous results of oxygen lack. For this purpose the flight surgeons of the Air Corps have developed the low pressure chamber. In a huge cylindrical steel tank containing individual oxygen equipment and various testing apparatus, altitudes of five and six miles in the air are simulated without any man having to leave sea level.

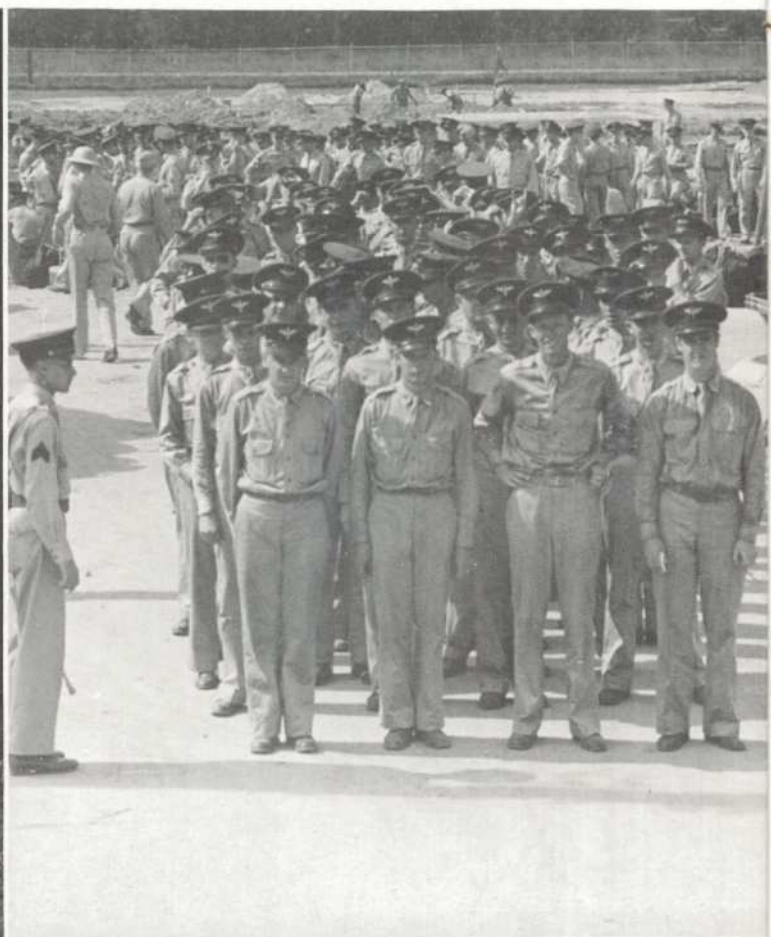
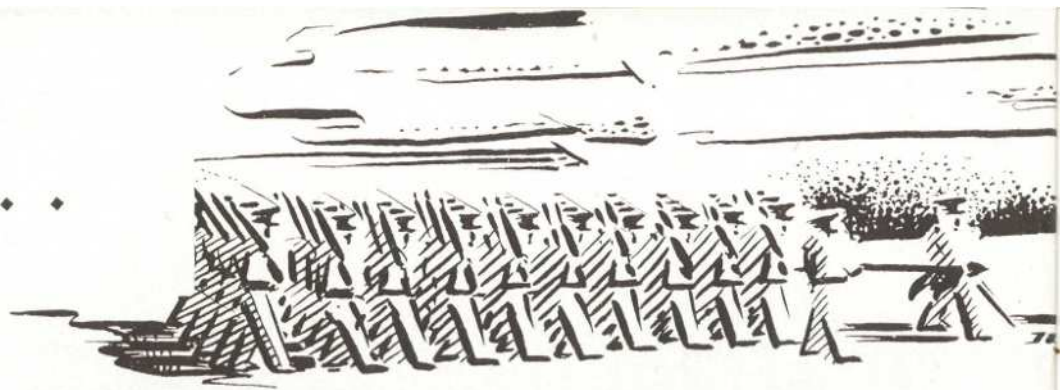
Entering the chamber through a single steel door at one end of the tank, sixteen cadets file in and seat themselves on benches placed along the sides. Each man has an oxygen mask and tank which he will use once an altitude of 18,000 feet has been reached. Up to this level they ascend at the rate of 4,000 feet a minute without oxygen. Here the ascent is stopped while medical officers stationed outside the tank take readings from a large instrument panel recording con-

ditions inside the chamber, meanwhile the men under decompression are fitting the world-of-tomorrow-like oxygen masks over their faces in preparation for still greater heights.

As soon as the 'ready' signal is given over the inter-phone communication system, the ascent is continued until an altitude of 28,000 feet, or nearly five miles above the earth is reached. Here again the ascent is discontinued while further readings are taken and the one cadet who has volunteered as "guinea pig" and has gone the distance without any oxygen is tested for reactions, pulse, and oxygen content.

The descent is for the majority of men the most uncomfortable portion of the test. The rapidly increasing pressure of the return to sea level causes tremendous pressure on ear drums and other body cavities; frequently the descent must be slowed or halted entirely while adjustments are made. During the entire forty-seven minute test medical officers are on guard at port holes watching every man for the slightest unfavorable reactions.

DRILL...



RANGE...



From '10 to '42

By W. A. Hamma

The story of Maxwell Field as a student training center begins back in the spring of 1910 when the air industry was cutting its teeth on primitive prop-blades. To the famous Wright brothers, Wilbur and Orville, it owes the vision of wings that transformed acres of poor farm ground into one of the most modern flying fields in America.

The "flying machine" had just been invented, and was a fledgling bird that knew neither its capabilities nor potentialities. Few could or dared attempt the mastery of the air in a machine that even the inventors had not fully tried. A school was needed to develop and train young men for the air.

The early months of 1910 saw Wilbur and Orville Wright touring the South with just that purpose in mind, yet on the verge of discouragement in trying to capitalize on the good flying weather in some location that did not present the too frequent obstacles of gullies, fences, barns, and silos. The fortunate advent of Frederick S. Ball, an astute, air-minded, Montgomery business man resulted in a committee of the city's prominent business men thoroughly investigating the problem, and finally locating a 300 acre plot of level ground owned by Frank D. Kohn, who donated it for the field.

Brigadier General Claire L. Chenault, when but a Captain, taught Pursuit Aviation at Maxwell Field and developed the "Flying Trapeze" maneuver now being used so successfully against the Jap fighters. It was here also that Brigadier General Lawrence S. Kuter, teaching as a Captain, wrote a text on Aerial Bombardment, which developed in his class room into the present theory of Precision Bombardment so effective over Tokyo. Colonel George W. Goddard, who as a Major commanded the Fourth Photo Section here, greatly advanced pioneer air photography, effecting the first night aerial photos ever taken. Other names closely connected with the field are Major General Walter R. Weaver, Commanding Officer of the Technical Training Command; Major General Oliver P. Echols, head of the Air Forces Materiel Section; and Lt.-General Delos C. Emmons of the Hawaiian Command.

The name "Maxwell" which followed a succession of former titles was given the field on November 8, 1922, at the suggestion of its Commander, Major Roy S. Brown, to commemorate Lieutenant William C. Maxwell, an Atmore, Alabama, boy, killed in Foreign Service.

Early stages of aircraft development were the life blood of the field in its earliest days. The first plane at the field (Wright Brothers' Model number nine) was severely limited to a ceiling of sixty feet and a flight endurance of five minutes; yet before Orville Wright left the field in May of 1910 its ceiling had increased to 500 feet and endurance to an hour. After he left, active flying was suspended until 1918 when the Government bought the field for a repair depot. It served in that capacity, servicing flying fields in Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama until 1921 when repair facilities were transferred to Fairfield, Ohio.

From 1931 until 1942 Maxwell Field was the headquarters for the Air Corps Tactical School. The course was not limited to Americans only, Chiang-Wega, son of Chiang Kia-Sheck, being one of the most famous alumnus. When the school was assigned to Washington, Maxwell Field became the headquarters of the Southeast Army Air Forces Training Center and the Air Forces Advanced Training School.

In September, '41, the Cadet Replacement Center, the first in the country, was activated under the command of Lieutenant (now Lieutenant-Colonel) James R. Luper. Later the name of the Center was changed to the Army Air Forces Pre-Flight School, by which it is known at the present time.

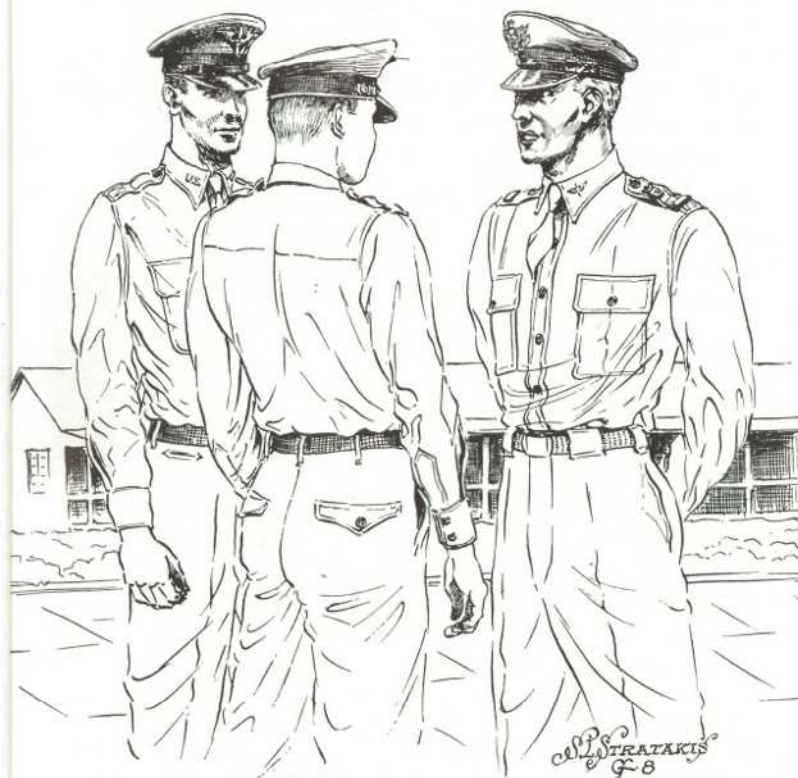
The most recent development has been the establishment of a student-instructor class, deriving its first trainees from fifty members of the class of 43-D. The selected students are immediately given Primary flight instruction as preparation for their future duties as flight instructors. Although the majority of those chosen for this new training have had previous flight experience there are some whose capabilities outweigh the fact that they have never guided a plane off the ground.

The present way may be long and arduous, but one thing is certain: the history of Maxwell will continue to develop onward and upward. When the blood and smoke of battle has finally cleared, air pioneering will again become foremost in the field's work.

The Tactical Officer Looks at the Cadet

By F. R. Trowbridge

Every cadet has, at one time or another, registered a mental or vocal opinion of his tactical officer. He sets up a rigid standard for his officer because his squadron, being the best on the field, naturally deserves the most efficient executive brains and ability that can be procured. In most cases the officers are very cognizant that their



every move is weighed judicially by a self-appointed congress of nearly two hundred men.

To give the officers, who most certainly pass similar judgments on the men who parade before them, a fair chance to reveal their stand, "Preflight" interviewed several tactical officers concerning their opinions of the average cadet. The most immediate result was a confirmation of a very definite belief shared by the Preflight staff that, in spite of the gigs, tours, and painful incidents shared by many of them, their tactical officers were still swell fellows, performing a hard and thankless task extremely well, and trying at all times to live up to the "traditions of the Commissioned Officers of the U. S. Army Air Forces."

The first quality an officer looks for is appearance. On first arriving at Maxwell Field cadets look scrubby. After two months of intensive training, clean and healthy living, they look like the soldiers who would be—and are—the pride of their country. For the most part they are quick thinking and acting, ready to assume responsibility.

The officer respects the cadets under his command. He feels fortunate to be dealing with alert, healthy, educated men, known throughout the country as the cream of the crop. "It is interesting," one of them remarked, "to see the cadets who have been under our command after they have become fellow officers and are wearing with great pride their silver wings. It gives us great pleasure to congratulate them, because we realize what a truly great accomplishment they have made. We all feel that they are all our personal friends and regret that we can not recall all their names."

Another officer added, "If there is one message which we would like to put across, it is to urge all cadets to make a greater effort to become cadet officers. It gives them great presence of mind and helps them to shoulder command later on. Also, they should study harder to make the way easier in Primary, Basic, and Advanced."

The tactical officer notices much more than cadets realize as shown by the following tabulation:

Cadet Anticipations: Becoming upperclassmen. Paylay. Open post. A visit from his best girl. Graduation Dance and Primary . Cadet Worries: Walking tours. Academics. Burma road. Reveille. Inspection. Cadet Accomplishments: Good posture. Initiative and discipline. Improved health. High sense of honor. Great pride in the Air Forces.





Cadets Make Music

By F. R. Trowbridge

On September 24, 1942, the Maxwell Field aviation cadet orchestra, appearing at a bond drive with Vera Zorina, Lorraine Day and Andy Devine, before a large studio audience and reaching a radio audience of some 500,000 people, sold approximately half a million dollars in War Bonds and Stamps. For the cadet orchestra, this was neither the beginning nor the end, but just another in a long series of well planned and brilliantly conducted programs.

Guided by Mr. Perry R. Bremer, the orchestra is one of the feature attractions of the Pre-Flight School. As soon as the lower class arrives talent cards are distributed by the Special Service Officer; from these cards applicants are auditioned by the musical director and qualified or disqualified. They are then placed in one of three orchestras, according to their degree of proficiency. Instruments are furnished, unless the cadet prefers to use his own.

Orchestras One, Two, and Three each have a complement of fifteen men, composed solely of aviation cadets in Pre-Flight School. They play for broadcasts, dances, concerts, U. S. patriotic drives, Cadet Open House, religious services, and many other functions that contribute to the entertainment of their colleagues.

The glee club, another outstanding unit, is likewise composed solely of cadets, membership being established by the same procedure as that of the orchestra.

One of the prime factors in the outstanding ability of the orchestra and glee club is their director, Mr. Bremer. His own musical career includes two years with the National Symphony Orchestra under Hans Kindler, four years as Musical Director of the Washington, D. C., Symphony Orchestra, two years as instructor at the Atlanta Conservatory of Music, and two years spent as Musical Director for Paramount Studios.

Considering the full-time academic and athletic program mapped out for all cadets in Pre-Flight, the interest and enthusiasm shown by the musicians is astounding, and the amount of time they sacrifice deserves much credit.



Rec Hall: Center of Cadet Social Life

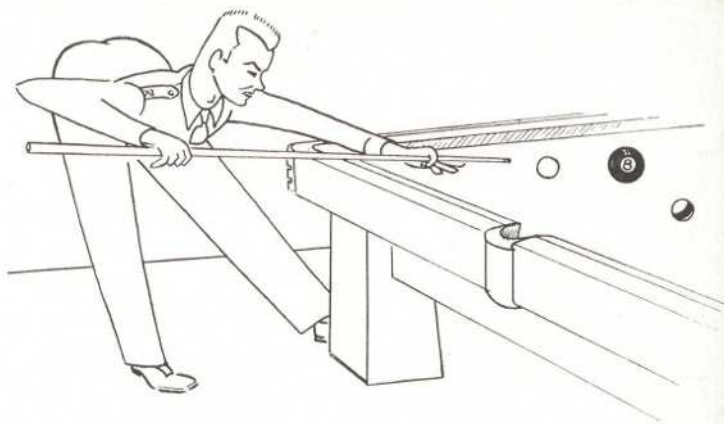
By G. B. Jones

Long months ago with a growing realization that all work and no play makes Mr. Dumbjohn a dull cadet, Lt.-Colonel Louis A. Guenther, Commanding Officer of the Pre-Flight School, and his staff, were searching for a coordinated and efficient scheme for providing suitable and diversified recreational facilities for the cadets corps.

Problems were as numerous as cadets; how to finance the program, how to provide a program wide enough to encompass the demands and desires of such a heterogeneous group? How to put into one building the equipment and atmosphere of both home and club?

Two and a half months ago the result of long, painstaking planning was presented to the officers and personnel of the school in the shape of a new recreation hall. Covering an area nearly half a city block in size, the low, stucco hall stands in a point centrally located among cadet living quarters.

Even before the formal dedications Capt. Bruce A. Parker, Special Service Officer, and his staff had moved into their new offices in the hall and proceeded to put into practice the long cherished recreational plan. Reading rooms were stocked with books and magazines. Game rooms were provided with billiard tables and pingpong tables. Dart boards, chess, checkers, and hundreds of other games from backgammon to bridge were made available. Pianos were put in as were radios with phonograph attachments. A library of record albums was initiated, including everything from Bach and Beethoven to boogie woogie and the blues. The reception room was completely and modernly furnished. The room for dancing



was equipped with all facilities for orchestras or small shows.

It is in this hall that the majority of free time is spent by cadets. To the under class, who must remain on the field at all times for a five week period, it is the scene of the major dance for the underclass as well as a haven during the long Sundays when they have no formations to answer.

But the work of the special service staff does not end in the hall. What of that gilded fellow the upper classman? He is permitted the privilege of 'open post' and heads for the city of Montgomery at the stroke of five nearly every Saturday night. Here again the cadet social committee steps in. A Cadet Room is maintained at a leading downtown hotel, still another at a local country club. An introduction bureau can provide Mr. Dumsquat with a date . . . and a good one. He need only apply.

But all this costs money . . . plenty of money. Bills for the week-end run like this: Rent on Cadet Club Room, \$300; Coca-Colas for underclass, \$175; orchestras, \$150. Captain Parker estimates a conservative \$1500 a week-end. And of course this doesn't include the two or three thousand dollar senior dance given the graduating class. The cadet foots the bill; the cost per month per man . . . \$1.00! That mister is a return.

For one buck you get private clubs that are yours and that you can have a devil of a good time in. You get a Rec Hall that is the best of its kind in the country. And service that can't be beat. For instance the new telephone unit that's just been built into the game room. MISTER! Did I hear you ask "what in the)()?? was that 'buck' deducted for?"





Sure there was plenty of work, but we had our fun too! Lower Right—On the record . . . another of the many guests at the Rec Hall "signs in"
Lower Left—Must have been funny!



Sunday afternoon at the Rec Hall; cadets and friends get in a little harmonizing during a lull between dances.



Special telephone service for cadets. The booths at the Rec Hall are rarely free.



Another busy spot: the new soda bar in the Rec Hall.





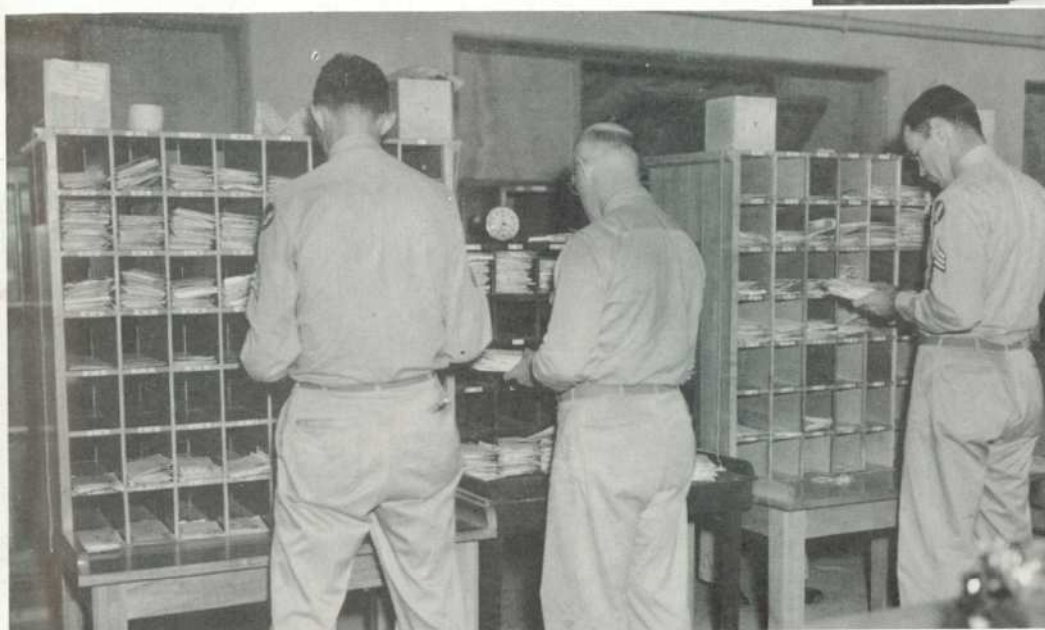
Hitting the high notes . . . The Aviation Cadet Orchestra broadcasting one of its regular Sunday afternoon concerts.
Lower Left—Upper-Class dance. Right—Miles away—a free period in the Rec Hall.



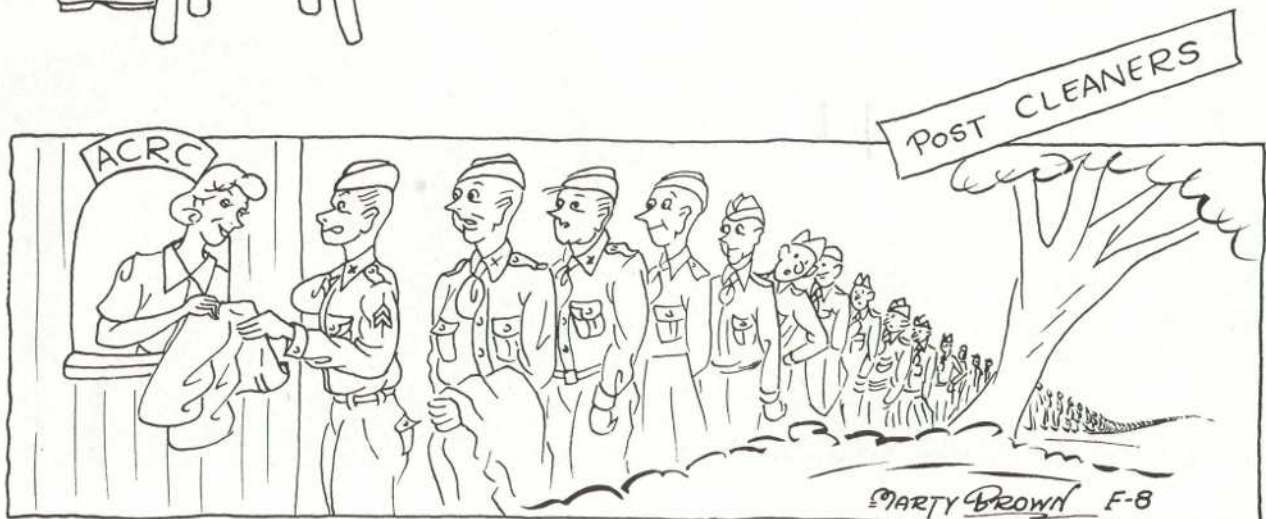
Mail Call!!!

Run like hell, though you're never early enough to get to the front of the line, and you can't possibly make your name heard over the loud clamor of those both before and behind you. Doesn't really matter—it's the big moment of the day, and the tension of waiting just adds to its thrill.

No matter where we come from or how long we've been away from home, letters make—or break, the day for all of us, and we still look with envy at the man who pulls in four or five at a time. Of course, there's hardly any time to write them; somehow we do manage to snatch a few odd moments. Perhaps this issue of "Preflight" will help to explain why we've been so lax—in any case it deserves an answer!



Here 'n There . . .



Free Periods ?






Preflight

From a reporter for a small town weekly newspaper to a foreign correspondent for a nationally-known magazine, from the student finishing several years of art study to the experienced commercial artist, "Preflight" has drawn her talent from many sources. There's been a lot of hard work done but it's been mixed with a lot of laughs, and we've had fun—the pungent smell of printers' ink still flows deep in all our veins.

This is your magazine; send it home and give your family and friends a chance to see Pre-Flight School and the work that it accomplishes; save it—in years to come it will bring to mind vivid memories of these past nine weeks at Maxwell.

Ernest Weiner, Jr.





Soldiers of the Skies

By B. B. Roach

Above a cloud that's like a carpet,
Beneath a sun that's like a flame;
They call us fighting soldiers of the Skies,
And we're proud to own the name.

We ask not that we always live,
But that we never die in vain;
We're fighters, not afraid to die,
That Peace once more may reign.

So we roar into the Heavens
And there's Hate in all our eyes;
For the Japs betrayed our country,
And we'll blast them from the skies.

So, until our nation's free at last,
We'll see that our flag still flies
In our battleground above the clouds;
For we're Soldiers of the Skies.

nolan

