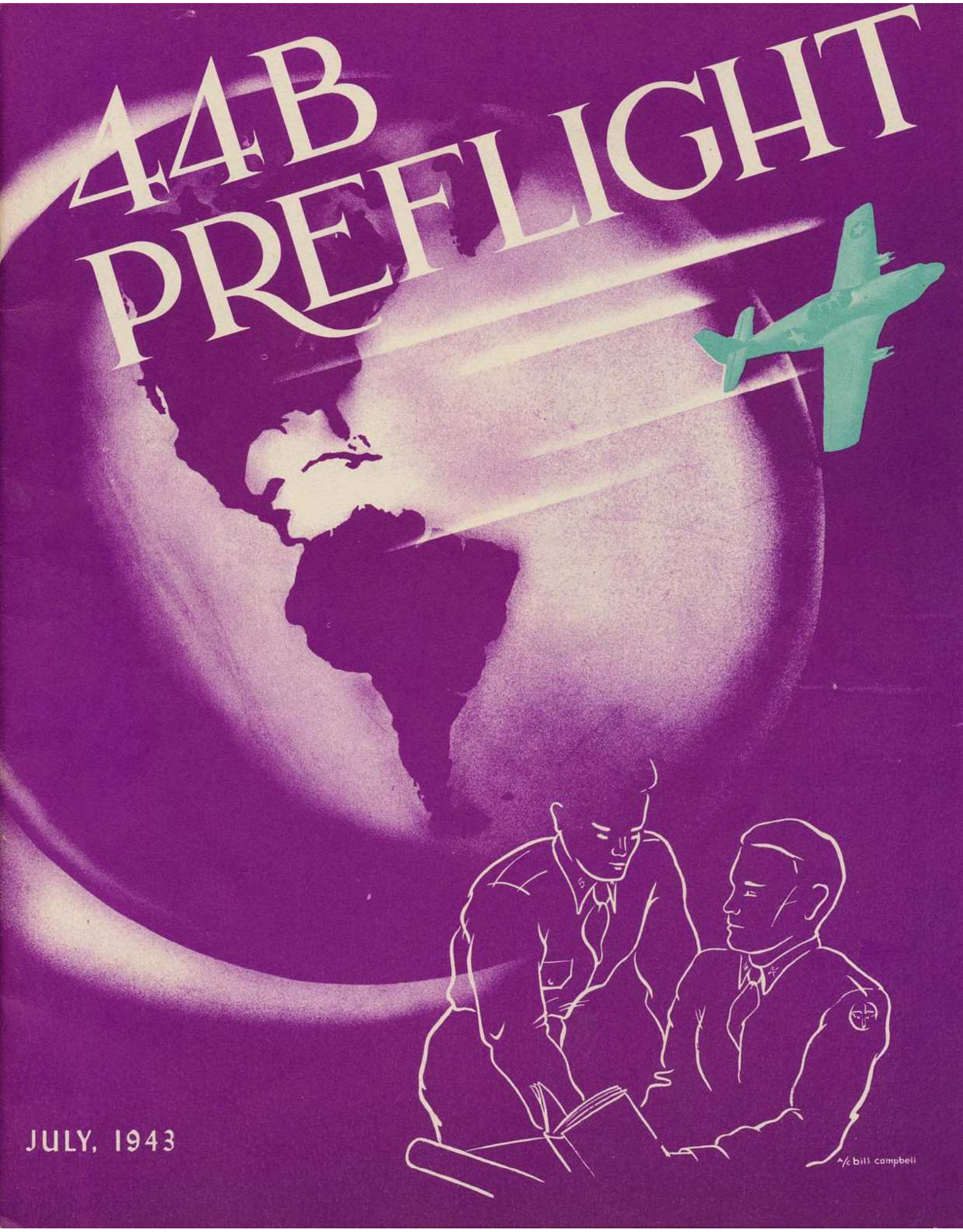
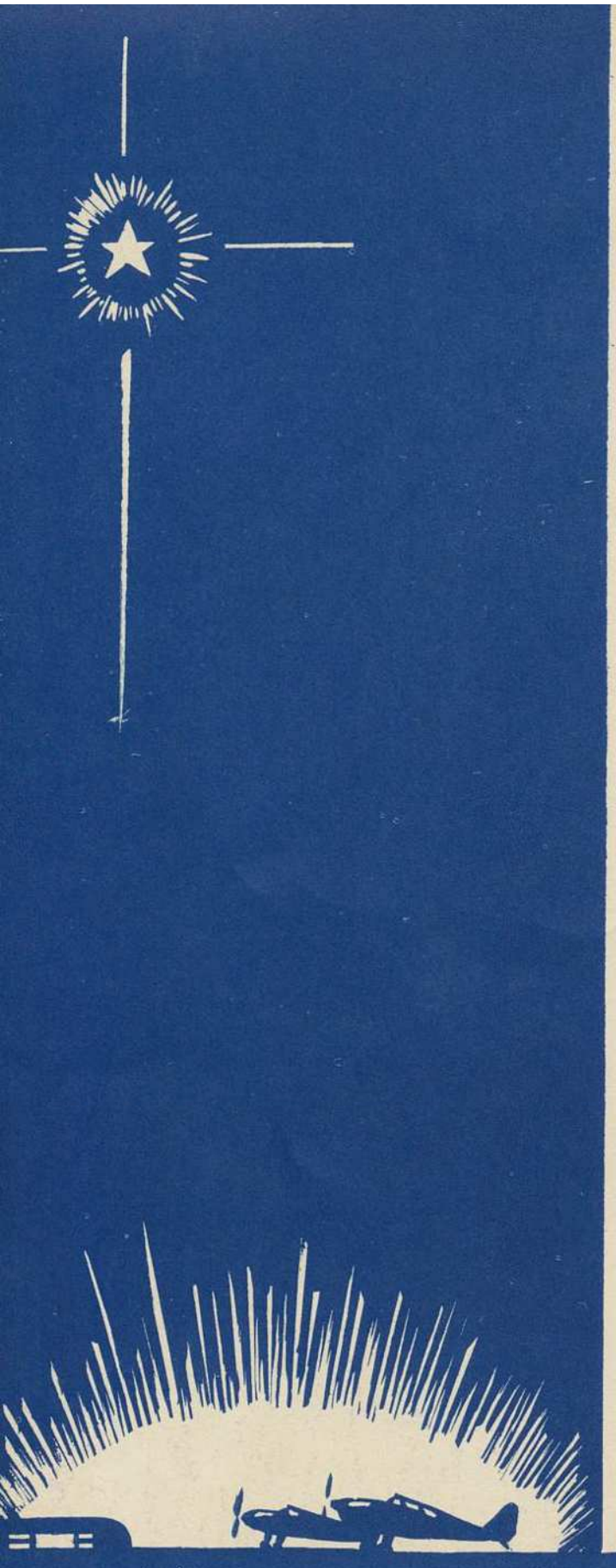
44B PREFLIGHT



JULY, 1943

A/c bill campbell



PRE

VOLUME THREE . . .

FLIGHT

CLASS OF 44-B

U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Corps of Aviation Cadets
Pre-Flight School for Pilots

MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA

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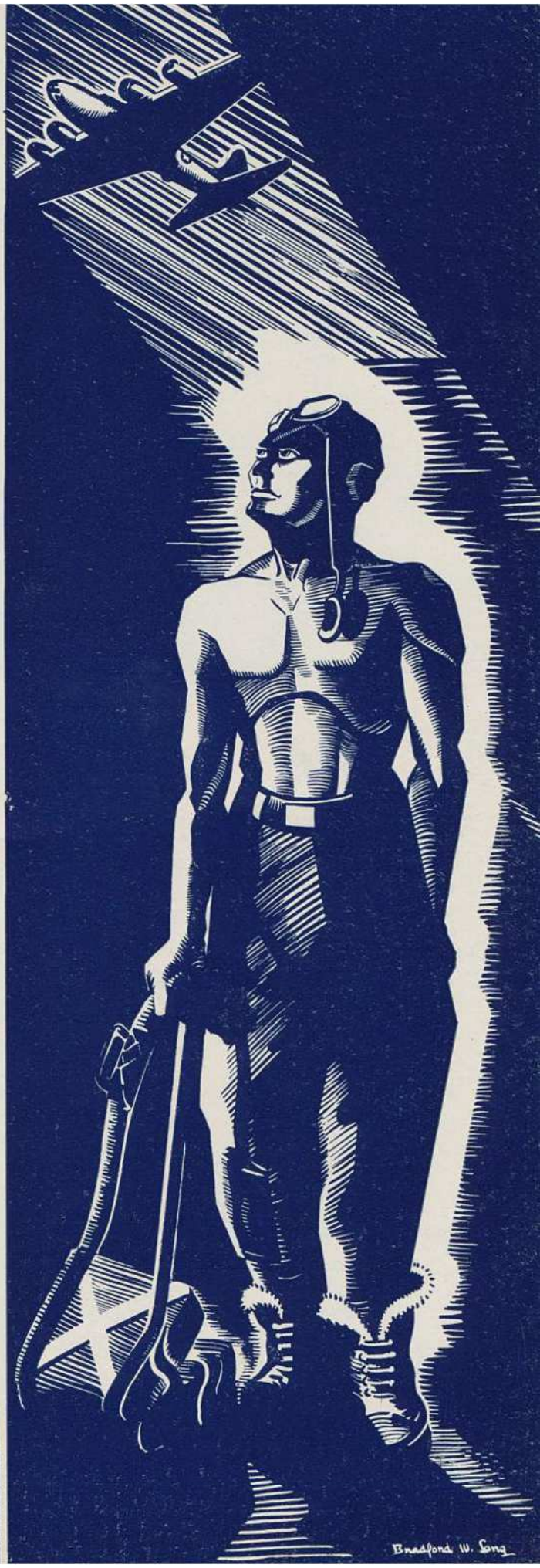
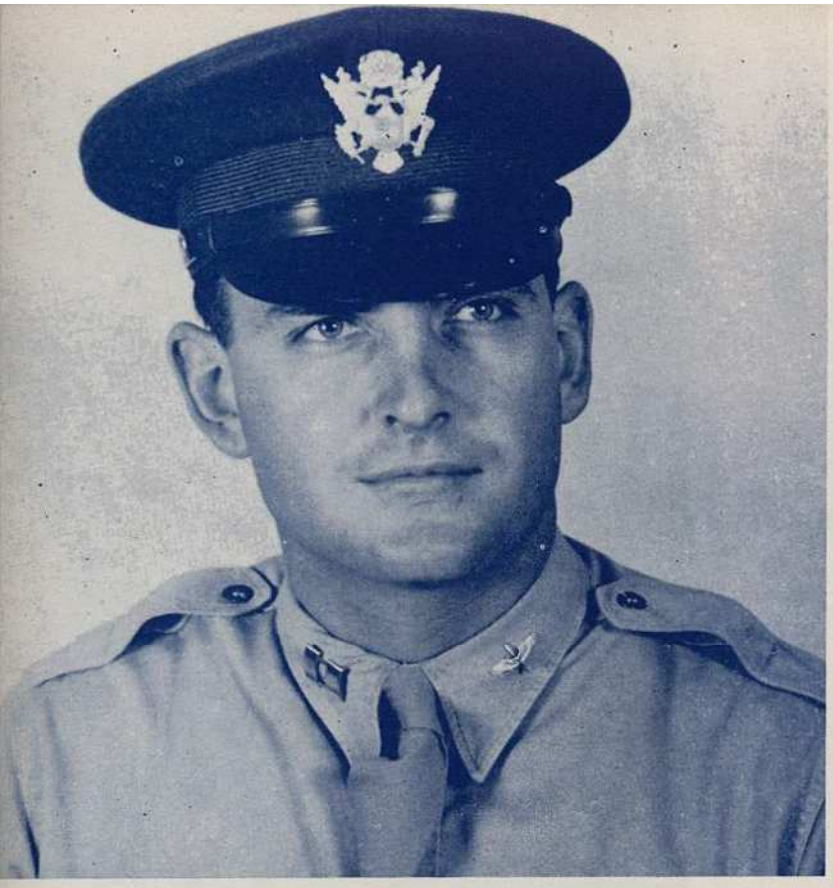




Dedication...

Born in Dillon, South Carolina some twenty-six years ago, Captain McMillan Lane began his military training in high school as a member of the local National Guard unit. He continued his education at Clemson, a military college of no small repute, and was commissioned in 1938 in the Infantry Reserve. During his summers away from school, just to keep in touch with army life, he vacationed at the National Guard summer camp. After three years of teaching in high school, he was called to active duty in August of 1941 and was stationed at Turner Field. In September of the same year he came to Maxwell as a tactical officer with a group of several hundred Pre-Flight Cadets. They were the first Pre-Flight Cadets Maxwell had ever seen—the forerunners of the vast organization of which we are now a part. In successive steps the young first lieutenant went from squadron tactical officer to commander of Group One. In April, 1942, Group Six was activated and he was put in command. Since its inception, Group Six has been among the Corps leaders in all fields of Pre-Flight endeavor. Three successive times it has been proud winner of the Corps Cup—a feat as yet unduplicated by any other group. A fitting tribute to its Commanding Officer, a quiet, southern gentleman who has a reputation among his fellow officers for smooth, efficient performance of duty.

Captain Lane has seen Pre-Flight, and the many fine ideals it represents, grow from its obscure beginnings to the vital position it occupies today. His earnest desire is that Maxwell and its code become a line of direction for the future of the class of 44-B. To a fine officer we sincerely dedicate this issue of PREFLIGHT.

Foreword...

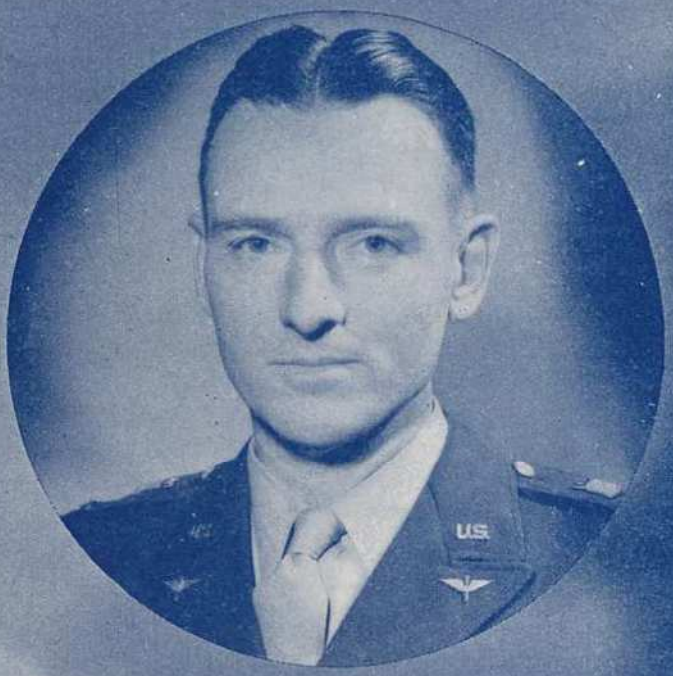
A/C Harold N. Hirschmann

"Ask not for whom the bell tolleth; it tolleth for thee . . . " That may well be the story of our generation of fighting youth. Before many of us were conceived, our futures were being written at the "peace" tables of the last World War.

We are training now to take our part in the greatest struggle for existence mankind has ever known. It is with a fierce fervor that we prepare, for we know that now, as never before, we must "win or die". And win we will—*that* is inevitable! Already many young Americans have made their final sacrifice to that mighty and noble end. When the great day of Victory is at last ours many members of this class will be no longer among us, and those who are will still be too young to be consulted in the making of the peace. *Our* peace.

We ask only this as our just due—that a peace based on justice and humanity be ordained. That the leaders of our allied nations not forget the chaos, bloodshed, and slavery sent upon us in the name of peace and armistice. That we may live, make homes, and rear families secure in the knowledge that never again in our time or, with the help of Almighty God, any other time, will young men be met on the field of battle to settle the issues of an unjust peace.

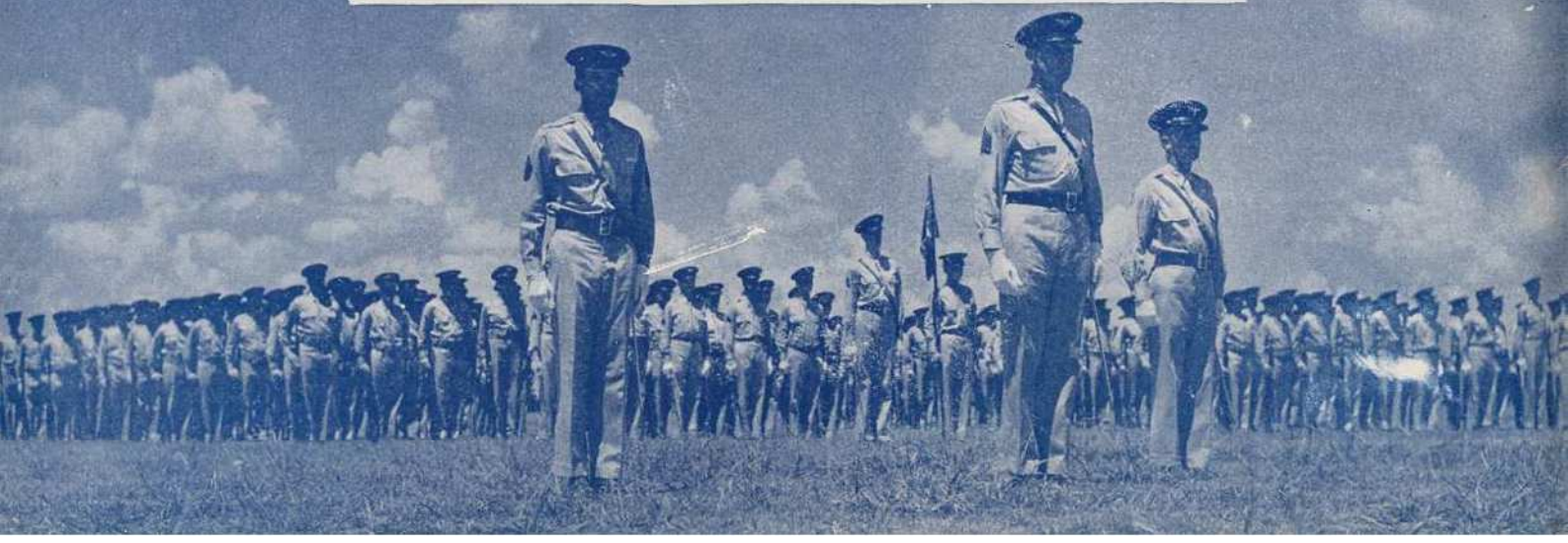
In Retrospection



This month Maxwell bids farewell to one of its finest officers. Colonel Louis A. Guenther, Assistant Commandant of Pre-Flight, has been ordered to a new post.

He came to us in August of 1938 and leaves behind him a reputation for impartial fairness to everyone, keen insight as to personnel, and a high degree of proficiency in many fields. Representative of his diversified abilities is the list of positions he held at Maxwell. Colonel Guenther has been Assistant Post Engineering Officer, Post Exchange Officer, and Plans and Training Officer.

Speaking for the Class of 44-B and the many other Cadets who held him in high esteem, we take this opportunity to wish Colonel Guenther continued success in his new post and happy landings in the future.



They also serve

A/C Stanly Dennison

The men who make the men we are today . . .

There is a normal flux of officer material in every branch of the various Arms and Services, but nowhere is there to be found the type of officer who is as much a part of the training set-up as in the Air Corps, tying in with the academic and physical training sections; such is the Tactical Officer who leads and directs those prospective officers in their every endeavor. These officers are Army Air Force personnel, distinctive insofar as they deal solely with administration and the echelon of command, whereas the Army Air Corps, of which the Aviation Cadets are potential functioning elements, is the combat branch, who, at the outset, must delve into the intricacies of proficiency in the numerous phases of officer training, and, as such, become adroit throughout the extensive periods of indoctrination and academics.

It is wise to think of the Aviation Cadets as embryoes of a great machine, with Tactical Officers as the dominating influences and determining factors so far as behavior and progress are concerned. These embryoes first see the real light of Maxwell and their future in the Air Corps after some disposition has been made of them to their squadron and they have been orientated as to their privileges. The days pass slowly by and their every action, under constant surveillance, and governed by a definite policy, is similar in advocation to that which would be found in our higher branches of military schools. All matters pertaining to their life as Aviation Cadets are brought to their attention by the Cadet Squadron Commander and his staff, who reflect the decisions and training precepts of the Tactical Officer. Cadet officer appointment is determined by a daily check on personal habits, will to obey necessary orders, and ability to work with the upperclassmen, staff, and officers, directed toward a fulfillment of a common objective.

Throughout these seemingly endless courses of training, wherein the predominant issue might be stressed as originating from the academic field, conformance to every minute detail of cleanliness, stature, performance, mannerisms, originality, and simplicity of detail must be observed with sufficient credit of performance, or the necessary correction be made by the over-burdened Tactical Officer. He can remember class ofter class detraining from Nashville as embryonic to military procedure and tactics as would be a child; their first hair-cuts; lecturing to them; observant as to their individual welfare; and probing their characters and potentialities for those leadership qualities that would make them the key men in the senior class. It is not that these officers could not find a simpler outlet in another field but that they have displayed to their Headquarters that they have the quality of constructive leadership that would warrant their necessity herein. Small wonder it is then that the highest ratings and averages are found in the Pre-Flight training: The pursuance of all future academics is enhanced many-fold by the efforts characterized by these officers-in-charge, who make every Cadet pitfall their personal worry. These Tactical Officers are well up in the class of unsung heroes of the Army Air Corps.

OFF . . .
INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER

A/C Karl E. Yohn

We arrived by train????? Unceremoniously perhaps—eager perhaps—but that was all. Just another train load for Pre-Flight. "Look proud, Mister! You're at Maxwell."

Those first frightening hours—everything so new and strange. So this was Maxwell! That first glance at our schedule, the second look and the third stare, then the groan. It was long and it was tough. Aircraft Recognition, Maps and Charts, Math, Code, First Aid, Chemical Warfare, and an assortment of military courses. We studied, we questioned, we learned—we paused only for a fresh start. Physical training and classes, hour after hour, day after day.

Arms swinging, heads erect, shoulders back, feet pounding the ground. Squad drill, platoon drill, squadron drill—then blisters. Parades three times a week—white gloves, glistening sabres, clean khakis, straight lines, martial music.

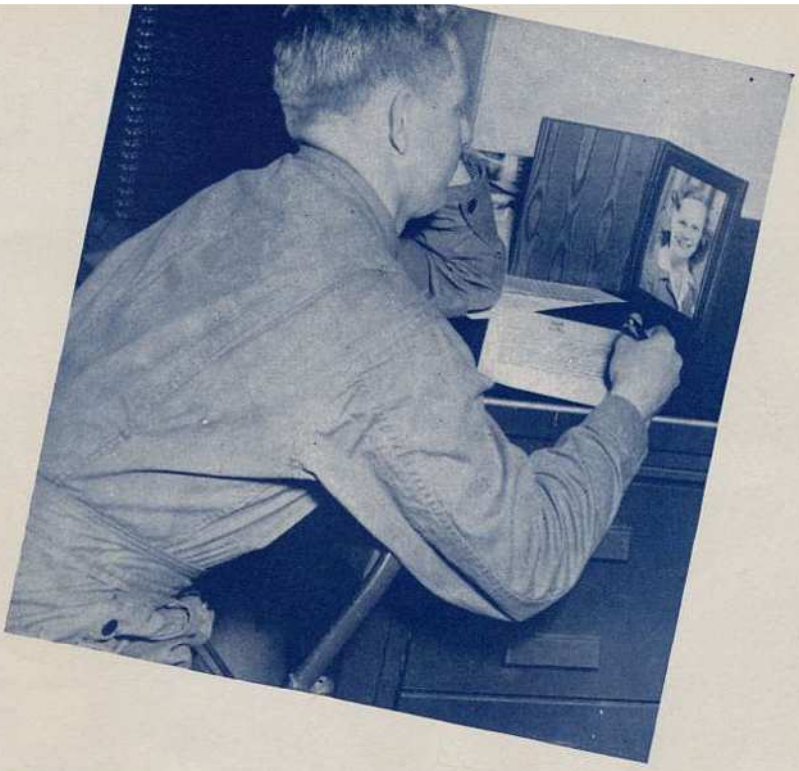
Soon we became accustomed to our lot—we no longer questioned the trivial things that seemed of no consequence for we had learned that each and everything was a tried and proven step forward.

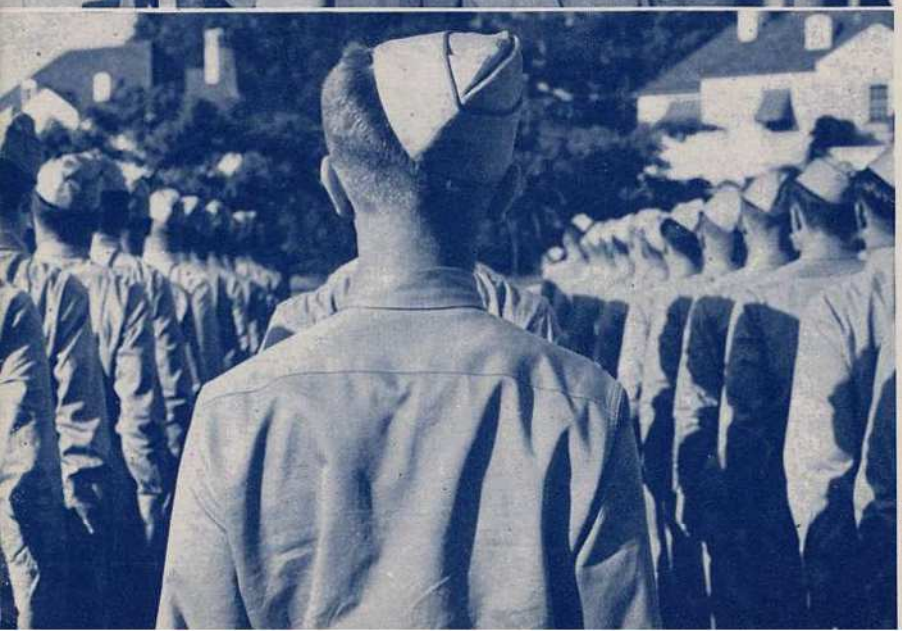
The Honor Code—a seed planted in fertile ground, which grew to envelop us—a system by which "Cheating, quibbling, false official state-

ments, and acquiescence to any breach of honor" became intolerable and despised by us all. We adhered to it, not because it was laid before us as a rule, but because we were proud and our pride made us men and soldiers.

With the leaving of our senior class, we arose to fill their places. We fitted—that we knew. They had not failed—we had not failed. We stood as those before us had come to stand, a fitting tribute to the "Mission of the Southeast".

Open post . . . after four weeks of planning, waiting, hoping, we called the phone numbers willed us by the Casanovas of our senior class. Shoes shined, brass unbelievably flashing, uniform—perfection. A whirlwind inspection of Montgomery—friendly—



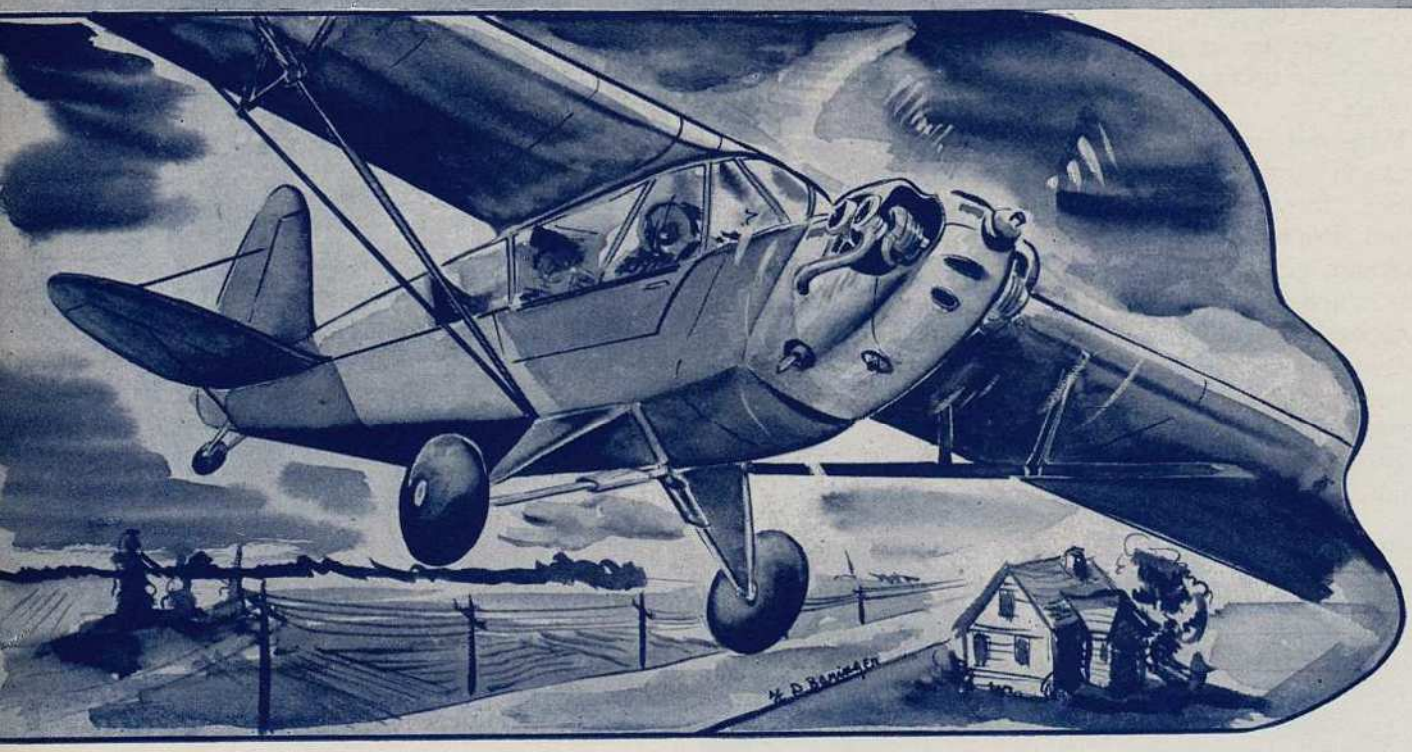


southern. The Cadet clubs, that perfect dinner. Worth every minute of those four weeks of confinement.

Blue Monday—senior class subjects now. Again we dug in and pushed ahead with new strength, but now, the goal in sight. Physics, Naval Forces, Maps and Charts, a new course in Aircraft Recognition, Ground Forces, and still more code. But this time there were "Rec" privileges and relaxation.

The final days—our graduation dance and that last parade—the thrill that went with it. And now we leave—as simple as that. Ahead, the rest of the ladder—behind, the first rung. Behind too, the sixty days of laying a foundation. The Honor Code, an endless schedule of classes, hours of physical training, drill, and parade—Maxwell and its proudness—all these still remain for our successors and theirs and theirs.

FROM WHENCE *WE CAME*



During the days when service in the Cadet Corps was confined to those daring few, offering two or more years of college, together with their lives, the responsibility of the pre-flight school system was well-defined, and well within the scope of possibility. Came the war and came the draft, the ever-increasing demands for eligible men for the other branches of the armed forces depleted the group of select candidates for cadet training and ultimate commission as flying officers. As the cadet requirements were forced down, to include the lower age brackets, it became apparent to those responsible for the training of cadets that many candidates suffered from deficiencies in certain of the sciences essential to flight and in cultural background considered desirable for the officers and gentlemen of the Air Forces.

To a considerable extent these deficiencies were being successfully overcome at the Pre-Flight School at Maxwell Field, but as the educational level of each new group dropped below that of its predecessors, an additional burden was being placed upon the Academic Department, and the calibre of the instruction was being forced down. This condition brought about the creation of the system of College Training Detachments.

At the end of January, and in the early part of February, many thousands of cadet reserve men were called to active duty, and sent not to the Nashville Classification Center, but to the basic training centers at Miami Beach, Atlantic City, Biloxi, Shepherd Field, and elsewhere. After a brief month of basic training at one of these centers the cadets, laboring for the moment as privates and working with enlisted men preparing for ground-crew service, had become somewhat indoctrinated in the G. I. Air Forces, and faced the prospect of Nashville classification feeling that they were much better prepared than had been their acquaintances classified directly from civilian life. However, from two to five months of a new training awaited these men.

Arrivals at the College Training Detachments were often premature, weeks

ahead of schedule, and the early days of school there were in many cases set to the tune of the Engineers Corps in their frantic efforts to bring the facilities up to Government requirements for army occupation. In the Southeast Command Maxwell Field provided many of the young officers to staff the schools' military department, and the Inspector General's Department stood by, eyeing the welfare of the new "Aviation Students."

These scores of college and university campuses were made available, to both the army and navy pre-flight programs, by vacancies created in the civilian student personnel by military service. The nation's finest educational facilities were standing sadly lonesome and forlorn. Civilian instructors had faced empty classrooms or confined their remarks to the co-eds. The C. T. D. program provided an apparently perfect remedy for this situation. In some instances, enlistees took a short Miami Beach vacation, at Government expense, and returned to their own alma maters for C. T. D. work. In South Carolina one student received his B.A. with his C. T. D. certificate, presented by the president of the college he had attended for nearly four years.

A broader and more vigorous physical training program under the direction of the college physical training department was encountered. Civilian coaches entered short training courses at Maxwell and other centers and emerged with an army twist to their own expert methods. They were educated to the particular requirements of air-crew members and developed training methods to meet the needs. Friendly rivalry was encouraged through intramural competition in softball, basketball, and volleyball.

The first step in the activation of each C. T. D. was the selection of student officers, accepted on merit of previous training and demonstrated ability at leadership. The gig and demerit system of self-discipline was introduced and for the first time in history buck privates lived cadet lives. Drilling and marching became more polished and elaborate than that of the regular army, and in a short time excellent formal retreat parades were routine. Competition was keen for such honors as "Best Squadron of the Week."

Making excellent use of the otherwise-idle campus facilities, the Aviation Students attended classes, according to their needs as set forth by examination, in geography, physics, mathematics, English, history, navigation, customs and courtesies, and other allied subjects. The instruction for many of the students merely served to brush the cobwebs from information already commanded, but for the great majority, especially the younger students, delivering speeches in English classes, working in physics laboratories, solving trig and navigation problems was an entirely new experience. Furthermore, the entire "dorm" life was for many, who had never been away from home before, something completely new.

The graduation of Class 44-B not only presents the flying training schools with another new class, but with a new type of class. Contrary to all previous experience, the majority of this class will not only have had its first airplane ride but will actually have maneuvered a plane in the air and in many cases will have executed several successful landings and take-offs. This flight training was in many colleges conducted on the Civilian Pilot Training basis. This C.P.T. course, well tried and successful in air schools the country over, is designed to give a complete short course to beginners at flying, and carries them through ten hours of practical training. The C. T. D. flight program has literally taught hundreds of cadets to fly, giving them a basis on which to build their army flight experience. 44-B is the first class to entert training from the recently-established system of College Training Detachments.

This program, activated to "diminish individual deficiencies in educational background for subsequent air-crew training," has brought to Nashville's Classification Center a "better record", and has brought to Maxwell Field a "better disciplined—better military", says Major Bane, and an "academically higher", says Major Hart, group than has hitherto been received.

A/C Albert J. Hamilton

Fun's Fun

A/C Charles G. Caffery

BUT MUST WE BE SO PHYSICAL???

If I remember correctly, someone once said that the straight and narrow is the hardest path to follow. Oh, the irony of it all! I do hope that that misguided person will read this and scorch with the fire of my fury. Until recent times, everyone with the IQ of a six-year-old child knew the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Ah ha! Only the other day did I find that the shortest distance was really a great circle (Maps and Charts—period 2). So you see, everyone makes mistakes. Therefore, I have decided to enlighten the world on the subject of the straight and narrow. Yes, I feel it my duty, even though it may not win the war. As the Secretary of Agriculture has said, "Food will win the war and write the peace." Now that I think about that last bit of repartee I find that it has nothing to do with the subject. However, it is a good quotation and good quotations are scarce as hen's teeth these days. I'll use it again in something else. I feel my mind wandering—quick Henry—the hypo.

Well, here we are back again—Bur—Burma Road—oh yes, Burma Road; I was going to enlighten someone. Firstly I had better get on with some sort of description of La Road Burma or tenthly, a lot of disgusted readers will throw this magazine into a rather uncomfortable position. The Burma Road, or as I have so cleverly called it, La Road Burma (or would it be *La Rue Burma*—my French is usually *La French Lousay*—Oh, H—, I'm rather getting into a rut, aren't I?) is some sadist's conception of how to win friends and rend them limb from limb. Speaking of limbs, did you see that blonde at the Rec Hall last Thursday? On again, off again—I don't seem to be able to concentrate this morning. This is beginning to sound like Gert Stein at her worst. Well, as someone has so aptly put it,

"On with the dance."

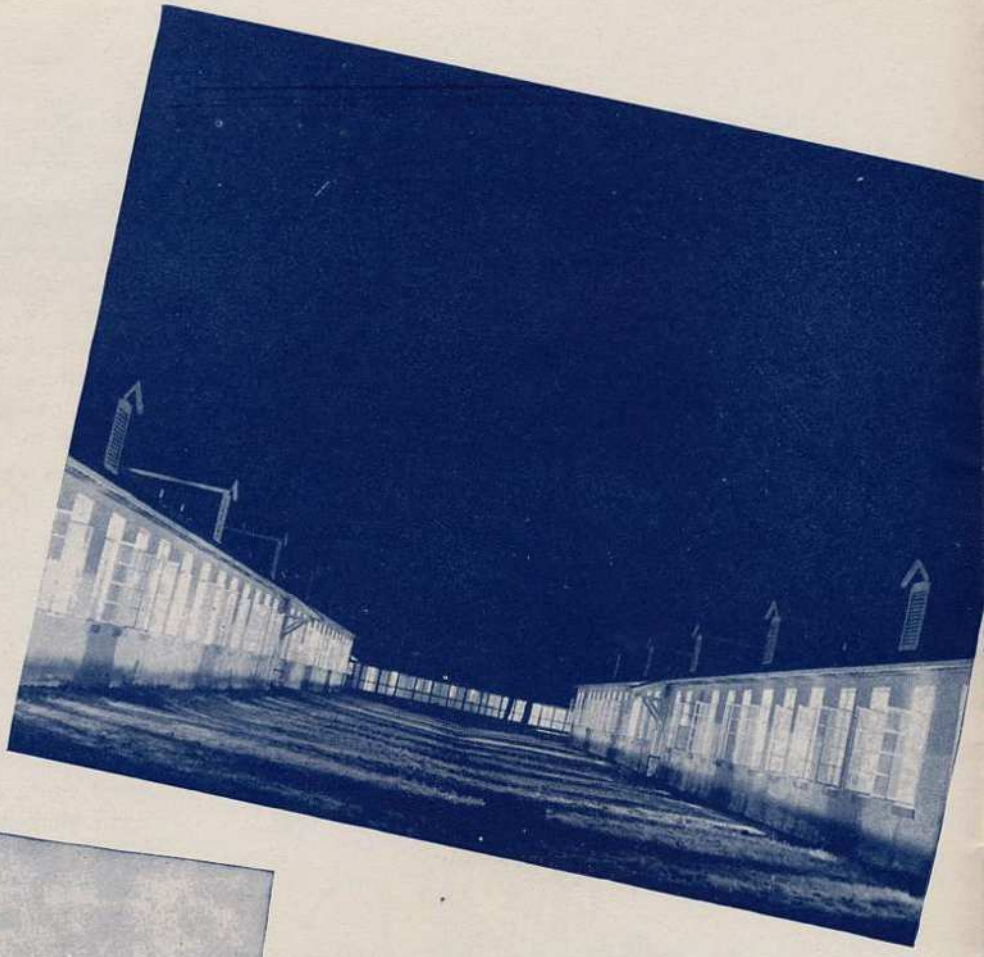
The Burma Road is exactly 77,098,675,233 miles in length. I don't know who the H— was fool enough to get out and measure it, but someone did, I feel sure. However, I think they must have measured it with a toothpick, because everytime I run it, I feel as though I'd just tripped across continental United States with an extra little sprint to Quetzaltepec to keep the trip from becoming a bore. We start this *Danse Macabre* by dashing fiendishly from our squadrons to a lovely little wooded section of the field. Little did we realize, when we got there for the first time, all the disgusting thrills that awaited us. They moved us off in intimate groups

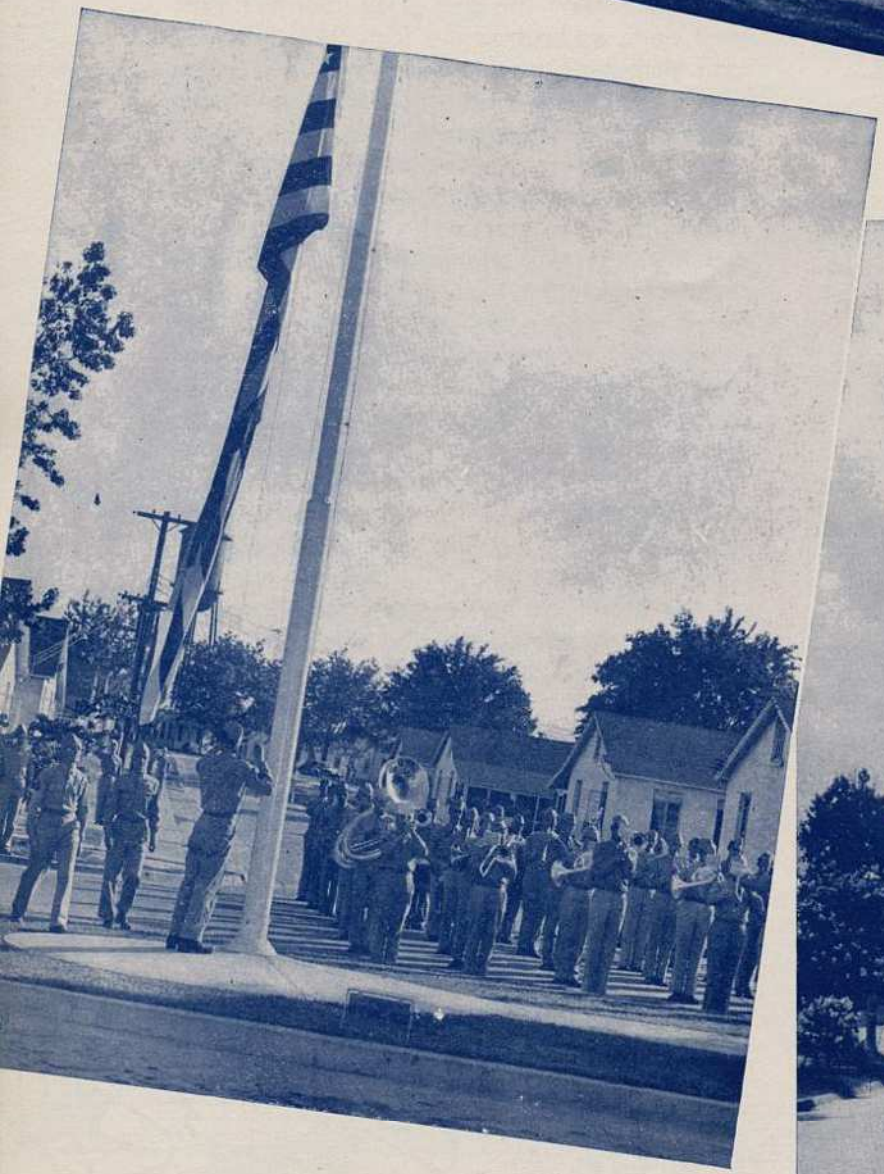
just so the place wouldn't be too crowded with male forest nymphs. I would give my left hip to know who in the H— stepped in my face when we rounded the first bend. Did you ever spend a weekend in the Himalayas leaping from crag to crag? Did you ever run up and down the Matterhorn barefooted? If you've accomplished either of these daring feats, you know just about how it feels to

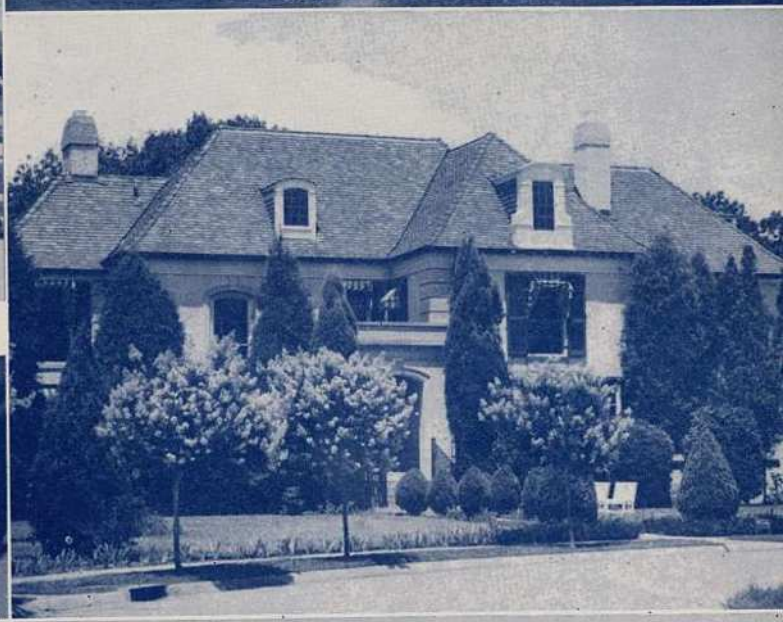
run the "Burma". I've often wondered just how the leader of this pack of mountain goats ever managed to find his way among those intricate little trails that wind and wind and wind. It rather reminds me of a psychological maze and I think it quite clever of the leader to be able to find his way about. People are such fools to be so blindly led about, but then there is always that added incentive—the P. T. instructor doing a Simon Legree behind the lines. I can't for the life of me understand how that man can be in so many places at once. Every time I've tried to take a short cut, out he pops from behind some tree or rock and gnashes his teeth at me. Everybody tries to take the short cuts but in the end it only serves to frustrate them. You never know when you try it whether you will come out furlongs ahead of the rest or right back where you started—right in the open arms of the P. T. instructor. He always manages somehow to be right there to greet you. Meanwhile, the more fortunate cadets are cavorting among the trees and boulders that are so abundant, leaping across streams and rivulets that seem to be everywhere and terribly underfoot to say the least. Many's the time I've dragged myself, broken, mangled, and with a face full of rocks, from the bottom of one of those gushing torrents. For those who are interested only in statistics, the streams that flow madly along the "Burma" are definitely not navigable. The moral of that can be very simply put—a drowned child fears fire or knocks twice or something. I can't for the life of me think what I was going to say. However, I think with a little effort on the part of the reader that he can realize the full significance of it all. Personally, I don't—I'm still in the woods. I think that rather clever, don't you? At this point, if you're a pretty fast runner, you ought to emerge from the woods onto the second lap. This "stage of the game" consists of a jaunt across a grassy plain that somewhat reminds me of the South African veldt. At every turn I expect to scare up a covey of Zulus. This part of the "Burma Road" isn't quite as bad as the first, that is, if you can pick your way through the *requiem in pace*'s that line the path. The "veldt" finally does a Houdini and presto, there you are on a dusty road right in the middle of nowhere. This is the real test of sheer endurance and what have you; and at this point, what have you? Every step seems like the last and in a lot of cases it is (just kidding—if you don't finish you go to bed without your supper) (they call me the beri-beri kid) (right now, I'm so starved I could eat a raw dog). Just as you think the end is in sight, you round the last turn and there, staring you right in the face, is a charming little hill that goes up at approximately a 103-degree angle, and up you go with that last ounce (avoirdupois) of strength. You either fall flat on your face at the finish line or stagger back—dragging your tongue behind you.

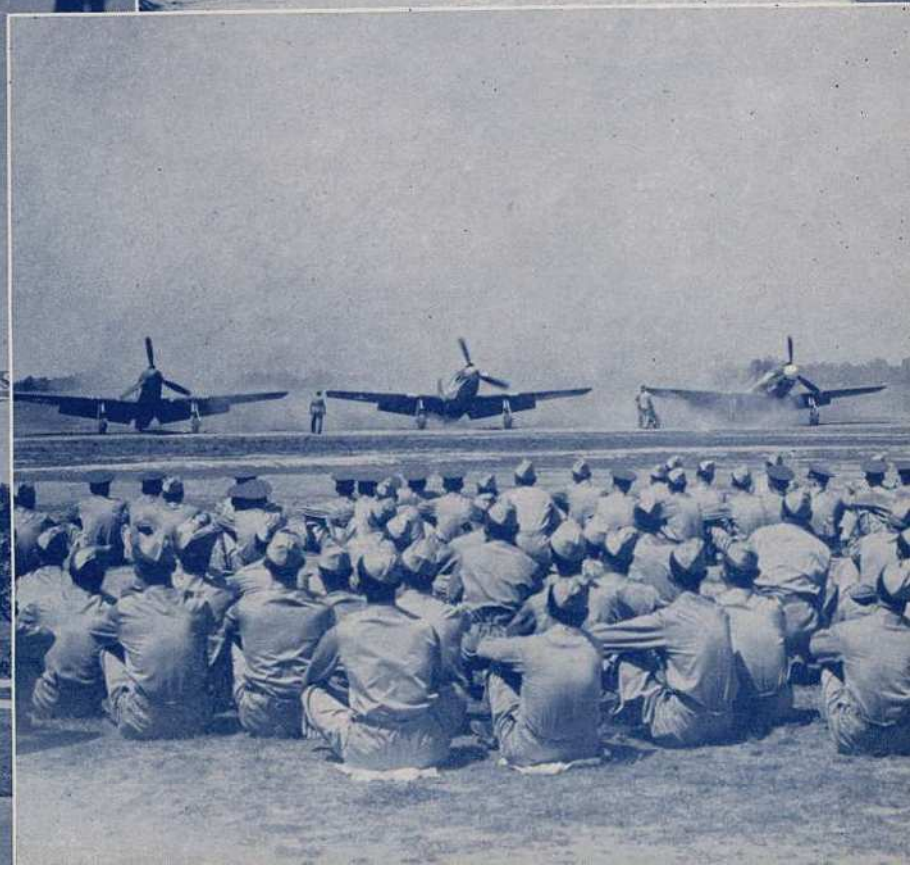
Maxwell

Maxwell Field is a military community complete within itself and a most beautiful one. We're proud of it—proud of its wide paved boulevards, it's lovely homes, it's fine official buildings and the verdant landscape that surrounds it all. For many thousand Pre-Flight readers other than ourselves we present—Maxwell









DAUGHTERS OF THE REGIMENT

Lt. E. M. Burkholder

The end of April, 1943, brought more than hot weather to Maxwell Field. Cadets, officers, and enlisted men alike learned firsthand that something new had been added to the Army. For, on April 27th, there arrived at the Post, 155 of the world's most talked about women. In two months time, the members of the 714th W.A.C. Post Headquarters Company have integrated themselves and become popularly accepted as vital components of Post Adminstration.

The Wac follows the schedule of the soldier. The seemingly far-off blast of a First Sergeant's whistle, a moan, a toss, and the Maxwell Wac somewhat unwillingly, pulls her sleepy self out of a G. I. cot exactly as do soldiers the world over. Following Reveille, a brisk half-hour of physical training or drill helps get her wide awake before beginning her working day. After breakfast in the mess hall, operated entirely by Wac personnel, she reports back for regular G. I. details.

Wacs are found in all parts of the Post, engaged in many diversified duties, ranging from stenographic work to aerial photography. The Cadet Corps utilizes them as code instructors, Rec Hall secretaries, and hostesses or clerks at the Guest House. Some keep records of the Cadet Mess Halls; others are engaged posting Service Records at Cadet Headquarters or handling various similar clerical jobs.

Back at the company after retreat, the Maxwell Wac has supper and usually spends her evening as she pleases. If she's a good soldier and it is Friday night she is in the barracks preparing for Saturday inspection. On a week night if she is athletically inclined she may be out bowling, playing softball, or swimming. If she's socially minded she may be at an organization dance, or availing herself of any one of the many Post recreational facilities. On one special Saturday night, the gods may smile on her and off she'll go to the Cadet Graduation Dance. Now, whirling across the floor in those precious evening clothes, she is hardly recognizable as the efficient, uniformed clerk whom you saw thirty-inch stepping it down to Headquarters this morning. No chameleon is she, but a normal American girl who is very proud to wear her country's uniform, but who naturally likes, just once in a while, to show everyone that she can be pretty and feminine. She is willing to trade this pleasure for that of having the Corps recognized for its work and the privilege of being called "Private" instead of "Auxiliary".

Soupy soupy soupy

A/C David H. Charney

Most far-reaching of tales of Maxwell's famous features is the vigor of its physical program. No little credit for our good condition goes to Capt. E. E. Zimmerman. He has done a grand job with our mess halls and the food we eat. The meals have been good, solid, well-prepared, and tasty. To many of us they came as rather a surprise. We all had been used to good army food but had hardly expected it to taste good too.

Here at Maxwell in particular, food must be good. The calisthenics and drill periods use up a great deal of our energy. Captain Zimmerman has seen to it that every one of us can have plenty of the food we need. He is responsible for some of the most beautiful mess halls in the country, and under his constant surveillance the handling and preparation of our food has been beyond reproach.

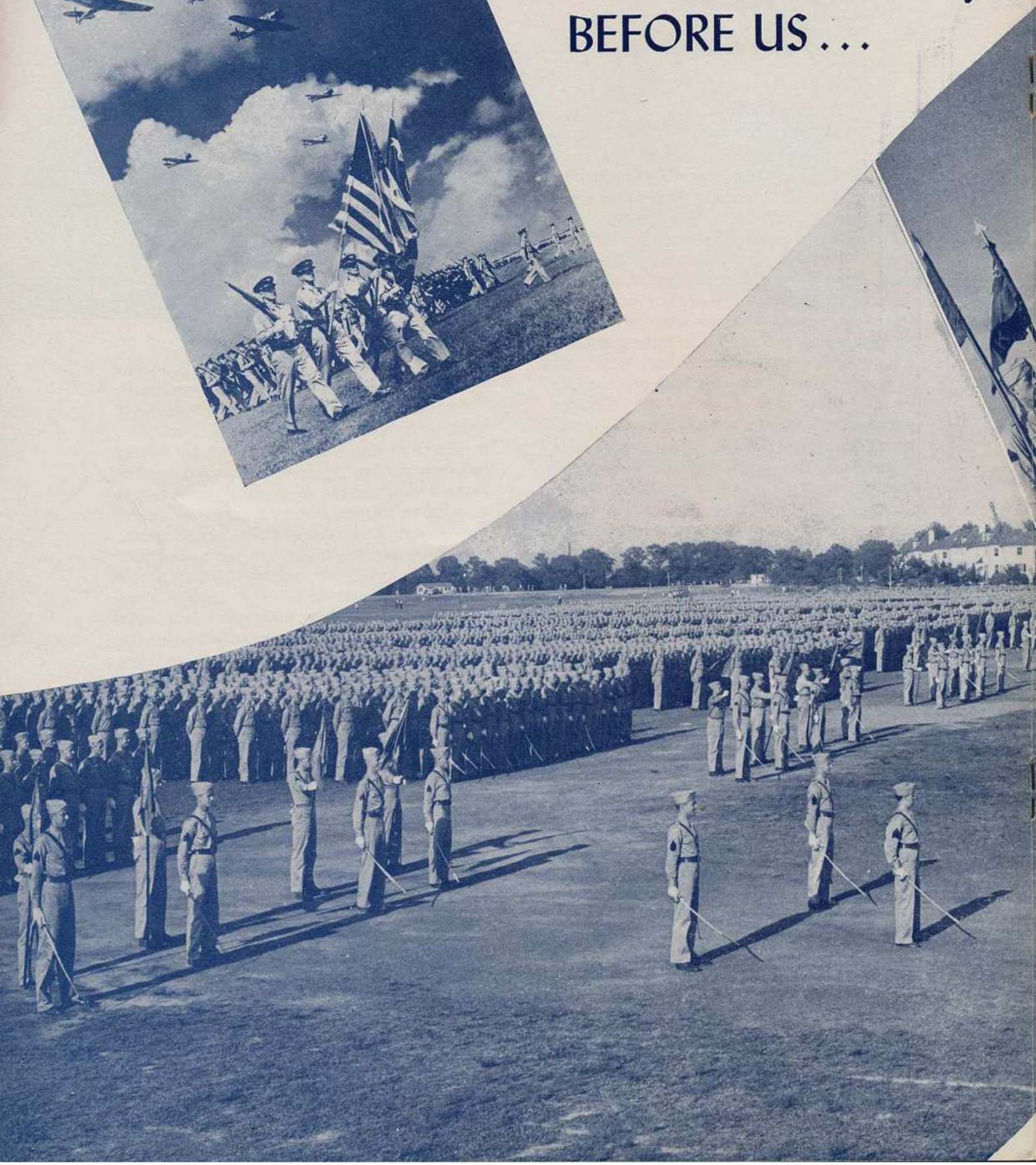
Our first few days at mess were difficult ones. We had to learn to eat properly and it wasn't always easy. Perhaps we would forget to sound off correctly or maybe our silver would be out of order. However, it didn't take long for the senior classmen to get us on the ball. Before our initial month was over we could all eat cereal without spilling a drop. We couldn't slouch at the table if we wanted to.

At the end of our first month we were quite capable of setting an example for the new class. And it was then that we realized for the first time just how much we had learned in the mess hall. The newcomers had to be constantly told to straighten up, to keep their hands off the table, to arrange their silver neatly. They would forget to ask for what they wanted, but they would be reminded and promptly!

We knew by then, that they had begun to learn table discipline. We thought back to our first open post when we left the restaurant tables with all the silver arranged in Cadet fashion. We remembered how we felt when we rested our hand on the table and took it off guiltily.

The Cadet's heritage is a proud one. The little niceties of social behavior at the table, taught at Maxwell's mess halls, helps to keep him conscious of it.

WITH OUR FLAG FLOATING *Proudly* BEFORE US...



Academics

A/C Dwight Schoeffler

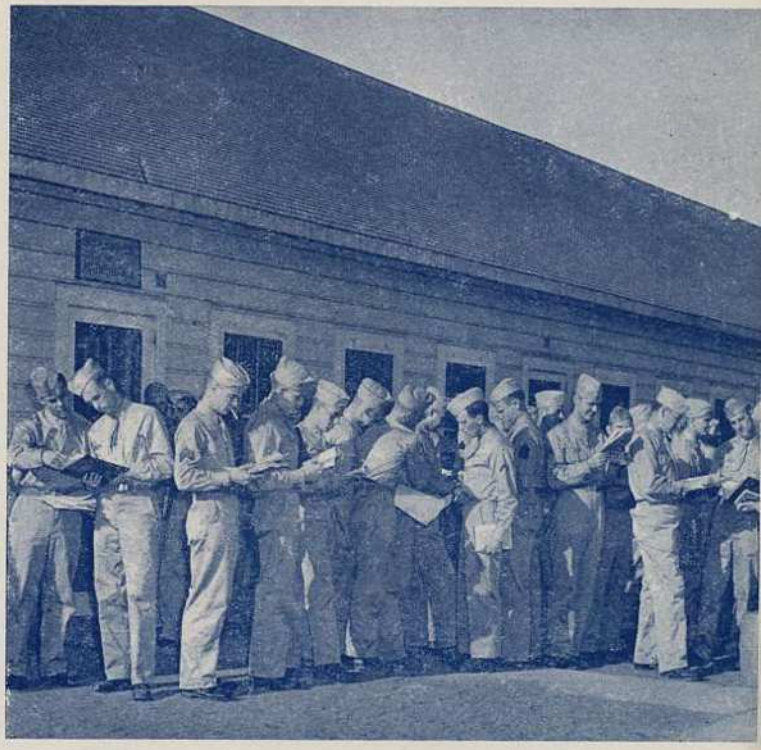
If you thought you came to Pre-Flight to learn to fly, Mister, you were all wrong! It's just the beginning just the beginning . . .

Before coming to Maxwell most Cadets know "all about it"—all except academics.

It isn't that there's a lack of something to say about the "book larnin" part of Pre-Flight—far from it. For there is no stigma of pedantism about Maxwell Field's academic work.

By the time he's finished his two months of Pre-Flight, Mr. Dumbjohn has a good idea of just what this war is all about. He can spot one of Uncle Sam's 40,000-ton sea sluggers or he can flick an eye at the clouds and tell you that the swiftly-moving plane up there is a P-39 Airacobra he knows the fire power and organization of a modern division he can find his way around on a map apply a traction splint or gas mask with equal facility take some 8 or 10 words of Morse Code a minute from the ether or do any one of a number of other military virtues. And he's no slouch, either, when it comes to figuring out some math work or physics. Either he knows all this—or he sticks around another month or so and with Primary beckoning with flight training, no one is going to do that unless he has to.

Traditional methods of education in America follow a marked trend toward leisurely absorption—but the Maxwell method is rarely more subtle than a G-I injection needle.



The new Cadet doesn't take long to find that out; he's plunged into a maelstrom of courses within the week of orientation, and from then on it's "hit the books, Mister"! The wonder is that he finds time for such frivolities as Rec privileges or Open Post.

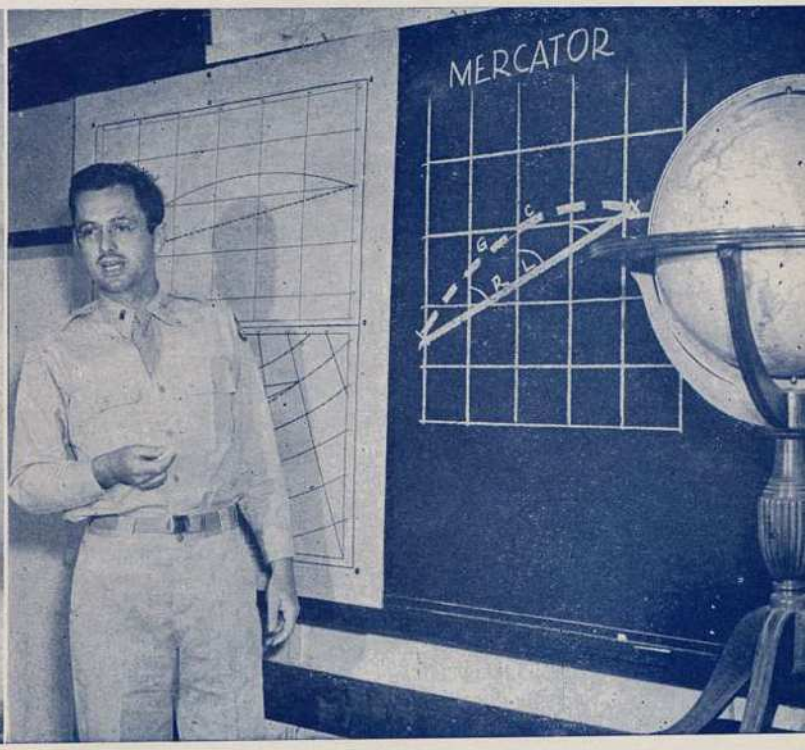
Those Rec privileges and Open Post, by the way, provide additional incentive for bearing down on the books. Come right down to it, and that old "Late Lights" permission is probably asked for more often to help the boys get their privileges than to merely get those passing grades. Be what it may, the class averages run unusually high—and the

courses aren't easy.

Take that first sweltering twenty-hour stint of mathematics. At first it seemed ridiculously easy, and we wondered why the Army was wasting our time with such stuff—but when errors started cropping out, we knew why: we needed it! And after a few days, with advancement from sixth grade to high school algebra and higher math, it seemed that there was actually method in the madness. Came the last week and after a hectic five or six days of battling with vectors and flight problems—something that you finally got to see really had something to do with flying!—you realized the Army knew what it was doing. You'd finished a doggone tough—and worthwhile—course of math.

One day the trainee will wander in with his section-mates to a class in Maps and Charts. Planned as a blunt forerunner of what's to come when we actually take up piloting duties, it's really a course in which the Cadet sits knee-deep in a gross of projections that resemble maps. All very much Greek—but our befuddled minds caught on finally, as they always do sooner or later at the Field.

Another basic course was code, aural and visual. Tough? Ask the boys who struggled to keep awake for those long hours over the eight fast-tempo weeks, and they'll give you a vehement "yes"—for some of the fellows just couldn't seem to master it. Either you got it or you didn't; and if you "didn't" it wasn't fun. But some just whizzed through as if they'd been "dit-dahing" all their lives—and it became a fascinating sport, keeping abreast of the instruction pace of six, eight, and more words a minute. The visual, with its flickering lights, was impossible at first—but its slower speed proved to be a snap before long.



Safeguarding Military Information ("SMI", but not to be confused with Saturday Morning Inspection) and War Department Publications are among the minute courses that threaten sabotage to academic averages, and for really streamlined classes you can't come up with many that are more pared down than those two.

Hot off the griddle to Maxwell this month came a new and reorganized course in aircraft identification. The new course of twenty hours underclass and eight upper is a far cry

from the old idea of exposing the plane to the gaze of the class for as much as a second at a time.

A second??? Ha! That's a furlough! these days, Cadets have to call their shots in anything from a fifth to a tenth—and be right. The wonder of it is that they are!

Previous work in aircraft recognition had followed the method of teaching planes by details—wings, tail assembly, and minute peculiarities easily recognized if time were given for study of the features. But when two modern battle planes are slashing toward each other at something like a combined speed of 800-plus miles an hour, you don't have all day to decide whether or not to wave thumbs-up or give him a burst of fifty. And as the Italian navy—and our own forces, too, for that matter—has discovered, it's all too easy to shoot down the wrong planes or bomb the wrong ships. And war is no place for mistakes; you can't erase the loss of men's lives or equipment.

So it was that very recently the Air Force adopted Dr. Samuel Renshaw of Ohio State with his fast-recognition system. Combined with plane identification at double-time is practice in counting formations and copying seven-digit numbers in a flash. This practice is valuable in developing a photographic eye, a real asset at four-hundred-miles-an-hour winging . . .

First Aid, with a G. I. twist, refreshes one in once-developed Red Cross skills. Combined with this go a few lectures on military sanitation, dealing mainly with ground troops on the march and how you, an officer, might deal with their food, health, and encampments.

Chemical Warfare Defense is another course. Demonstrations on the very explosive effects of incendiaries are included, plus one on how to decontaminate an area or object which has been subjected to chemical attack. With these—and, of course, lectures on the various gases—comes a day when we must take our sniffers to windward to smell such "lulus" as mustard and phosgene for identification. At famed Building 990 most of us sweltered it out to gain classroom knowledge of the tactical uses of gas and miscellany on chemical attack. It was tough, it was technical—but it will be darned good to know. Some day . . .

Unescapable for airmen is physics—and Maxwell has that too. Bugaboo of the senior class, we learned to fear it long before we were to begin familiarization with its formulas and drill by orders to "pray for passing marks." Few, indeed, had anything but a sound respect for physics, and by tradition it is Maxwell's toughest.

A quickie called "Communications" is dished up in little less than an hour, with the final exam during the last nine and a half minutes. And to teach Cadets about the other branches of service, Pre-Flight has "Ground Forces" and "Naval Identification" as two of its best—and they're "big ones", too. The boys who thought Aircraft Identification was tough never did stop wailing at the task of classifying Jap destroyers or British and American cruisers or flattops.

And, of course, we can't forget the thrill of the gunnery range—the impact of sub-machine gun bullets kicking out of the muzzle . . . the jump of .45's in our hands. During that week out past the airport. That was Army stuff, those days.

And now it's almost over . . .

Bring on Primary—we're ready for classes again!

Physical Training

A/C Dwight N. Pelkin

It still takes men to fly airplanes.

Time was when boys like Wilbur and Orville Wright (their wings soared over Maxwell Field's historic past, by the way)—or Bleriot or Glenn Martin or any of those early birdmen—could step into their "flyin' machines" and wheel into the blue with never a thought as to hard-muscled abdomens or fine-edged coordination. Time was . . .

But the Joe Fosses and Paddy Finucanes and Buzz Wagners of today just can't do things like that; they've got to have the magnificent physical conditioning of championship athletes—only about 6-G's worth more! A seven-ton Thunderbolt may seem to be almost human—and to its pilot it probably is—but it isn't anybody's plaything. It takes a real man to master a P-38 or B-24.

And that's the way Maxwell's Men of Iron—those steel-stomached, limber-legged P-T officers who every day grind the Corps' several thousand fledglings through their physical training—look at flight the Army way; and so that's the way it is. Indeed, as the senior class might put it, "that's the way it otta be!"

It is vested in Maxwell to start the boys off on their road to the silver wings, and it is a road of travail that only the fittest can endure. They don't give those wings to the weak. It's Maxwell's job to do a job and a good one. It's Maxwell's job to be tough.

And so Maxwell makes its men—forces them through the torture of relentless calisthenics until arms and abdomens are stabbed with pain . . . drives them over the barbarously-designed obstacle course . . . orders them to the gruelling pace of the cross-country runs . . . and, best of all, perhaps, sends them panting and jogging through the legendary Burma Road.

You don't stay flabby long, not after a few jogs out to the athletic field—and it's typical of Maxwell's tempo to get out there and back always on the double at 180 steps a minute! —for whatever muscular adventures the physical training staff has planned for you. Yes, you're hewn down to pretty fair trim quicker'n you realize—and that's just what Maxwell intends. It has to be that way, for there just won't be time later to get in line; it has to be now.

It's all conditioning. The athletic department makes no bones about that—what it wants is to get its boys into shape, ready for the rigors of Primary and the alien strains and stresses that bodies must take in a full power dive or tight spiral. Man wasn't blessed with flight—but fly he will; and so he must make himself fit. It's mostly Pre-Flight's task, that of conditioning. Once 44-B has marched out

South Gate on its way toward Primary, P-T resolves itself more and more into games and recreational training. So it's up to Maxwell to do most of the work. It does!

The job of flying a 400-mile-an-hour fighter or a mammoth bomber that lumbers along at a mere 350, demands magnificent reflexes and fitness. Not only must all muscles be in tone, but certain ones must be particularly able to do their work. And it was at Maxwell that the Army's physical training program was originated.

Under the assumption that the muscles most used in combat flight were the ones to study and develop, a working model of a cockpit was made so that the muscular coordination of a pilot in operating controls could be registered. And out of these experiments came the Army Air Force's calisthenics routine.

They're all with a purpose, those dreaded evercises out on the P-T field to the perpetual, "hut, two, three, four, hut, two, three, four" cadence of the instructors. There isn't a one that isn't designed specifically for combat flying: the Army doesn't want to build super muscles—it just wants to get its Cadets into hard combat trim as scientifically and as swiftly as possible. Accordingly, the emphasis is placed far more upon those physical exercises that increase coordination than on the more spectacular body contact elements of physical training. And the Army knows what it's doing.

Rated highest by the P-T leaders are the wind-getters—cross-country and the "Burma" . . . they're the ones that get you! Your legs feel like dropping off and your stomach like caving in, but somehow or other you always manage to get through—and so does everyone else. That's where just plain "guts" tell.

Next to the running challenges comes mass drills—good old-fashioned calisthenics. Necks and arms and legs—yes, and fingers, too—that will have to stand unaccustomed strains in the air are given exercises that seemingly go on and on for eternity, but sooner or later they all end—about twenty counts after you've decided you've had enough. Naturally, there are pushups: the usual ten or twenty—and then those extra "one for me, one for you, and one for the Corps" . . . even Superman'd groan at them.

And of course, nobody will ever forget the obstacle course. It's "one of those things." The first time—howinel did you ever squirm over those fences and wriggle up and under and through and across the rest of it . . . and the next—it was still plenty "rugged", plenty "rugged" . . . but before long you got the knack of catapulting yourself over the boards and skimming through the barriers like a veteran—and somehow it didn't seem so tough any more; not that you still didn't wince when you headed toward the first hurdle, though. Cadets are only human, too.

The transformation from soft and short-winded new Cadets to hardened, well-coordinated senior classmen isn't done without real work and straining—and when the inevitable "double tiiiime, haarch" sounds out, there's real reason for sighs along the column.

But there isn't a man in the Corps who doesn't realize that the exercising of today will make him the fighting pilot of next year . . . and when there's a glint of silver wings in that distant—but not too far—future, well—Cadets know what that means. They're willing, eager to work.

Still, though, the old refrain will go out; and fervently:

"The junior class will pray for rain!"

But it never does—not for P-T!

Comedy

by CARMODY

LEADERSHIP

CORPS STAFF—Left to Right: A/C David M. Russell, Commander; A/C Alfred B. MacLay, Adjutant; A/C Homer W. Lane, Supply Officer

A/C Douglas D. Morse

Maxwell Field goes much farther than merely providing the elementary stage in the training of pilots. Maxwell men are flying the Liberators, Lightnings, and all the other allied planes, and of that we are justly proud, but Maxwell men are also directing the attacks of the echelons and will sit with the emancipators when the day for justice dawns.

The leading of men, old as time, must rest with a mere few. ". . . that high sense of honor and proper spirit of discipline that goes with trained initiative and leadership . . ." This, excerpted from the Mission of the Southeast Air Forces Training Center, serves to continually remind all cadets of their mission here. It also indicates that the high command does not consider leadership instinctive in most men. To train competent leaders for the commands of tomorrow has long been the purpose of Maxwell.

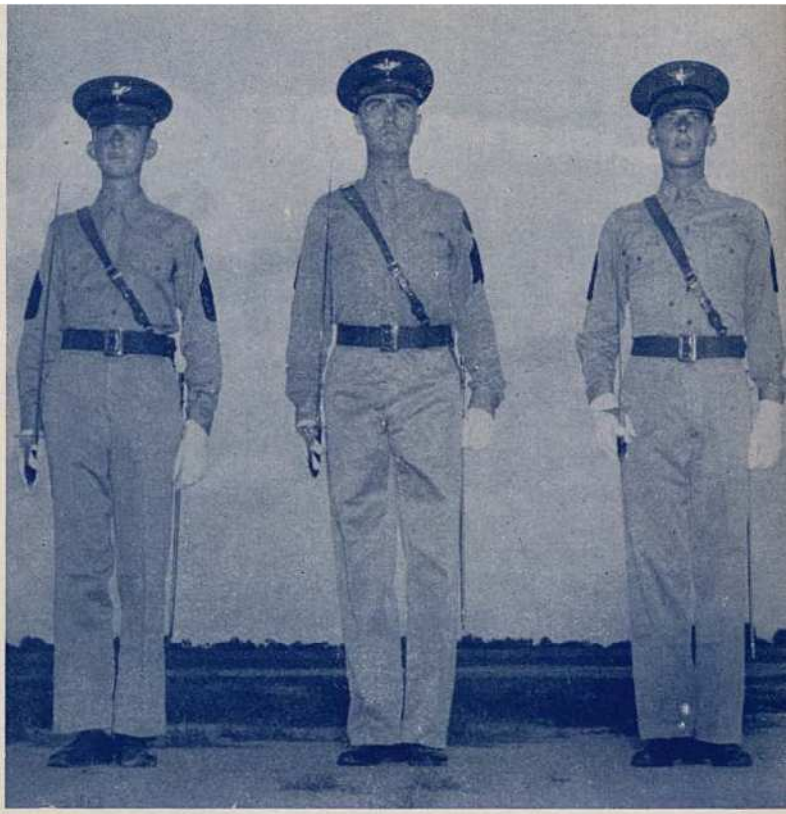
The selection of cadet officers, done in but a single month of observation, is difficult. Inadequacies in previous military training and leadership eliminate many, but in consider-

ing the qualifications of the candidates, voice, appearance in uniform, academic standing, and military bearing are studied with great care. Military bearing, hard to analyze, is the cardinal point of consideration.

Military bearing is displayed by all in some measure, but it is the distinguishing feature between officers and the men of the ranks. It is that quality which, under all conditions, sets the leaders apart from the followers. . . .

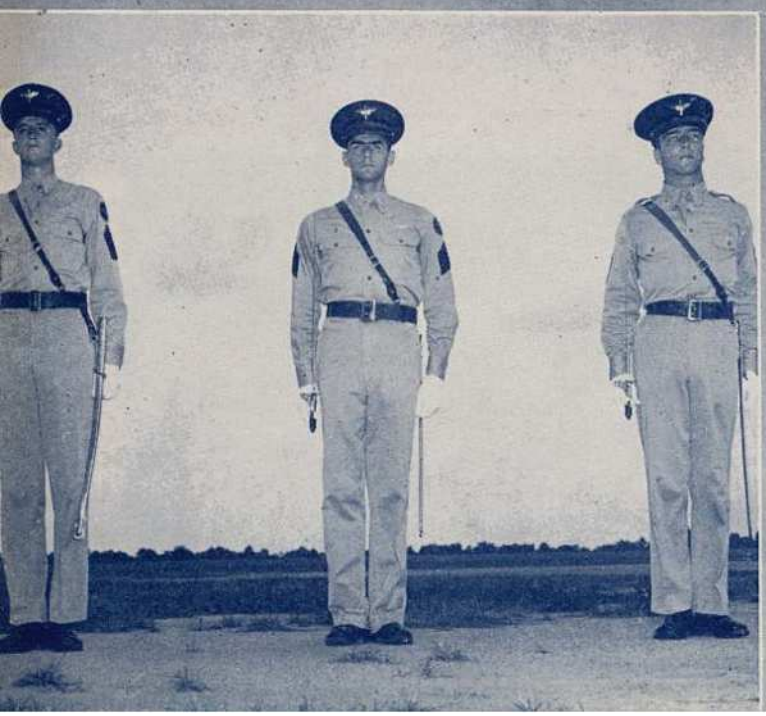
The cadet administrative organization, Corps, Wing, Group, and Squadron, down through the non-commissioned cadet officers, is a working concern. The responsibility for the daily conduct of the individual cadet runs through the chain of command, and those vested with overseeing the details of administration are burdened with all the trials common to commissioned and non-commissoned officers of the regular army. To this staff of cadets goes credit for all that is smooth and matter-of-course to those in the ranks.

The manifestation of leadership shown here at Maxwell Field is indicative of the calibre of the command in the later stages of the war.



SECOND WING—Left to Right: A/C Warren J. Williamson, Adjutant; A/C Phillip D. Hoskins, Commanding Officer; A/C Orton L. Duggan, Supply Officer

FIRST WING—Left to Right: A/C Floyd H. Lawson, Jr., Adjutant; A/C Walter Kloetzli, Jr., Commanding Officer; A/C Wm. P. Goodwin, Supply Officer



Today's Air Forces officers are young, and those to follow are likely to be even younger, a few years hence. No finer training is available for those destined to command the future of the Air Forces than that encountered in cadet officer life here.

The quality of leadership in our cadet officers is worthy of admiration, more especially is the development of leadership in ourselves worthy of our best individual efforts.

RECREATION *Hall*

A/C Robert D. Hillman

From billiards to Bach, writing to rhythm, and *piece de resistance* to 'phone calls', the focal point of all Cadets with "rec" privileges —the Aviation Cadet Recreation Building, as it is formally called, serves a multi-fold important purpose in providing for the social life of all future "hot pilots" at Maxwell Field.

The ivory "squared—O" building, which is adjacent to the Cadet Mess Hall, is the hub of beaten tracks leading from every Cadet barracks on the field. Its importance can never be underestimated, since relaxation means much to the man who spends a full day in the pursual of academic studies, calisthenics, and military subjects.

Within its walls entertainment awaits the Cadet entering it on his first "rec privilege" night, and not only does the Cadet have his fun, but also his Montgomery girl-friend, and the folks from home. Instead of having entertainment present a problem, a Cadet's social problems are simplified.

What member of Class 44-B will ever forget the new Cadet dance that was held on the new Terrace? True, the ratio of gentlemen to ladies was quite terrific, but the spotlighted terrace, decorated for the occasion, the playing of the Cadet Orchestra, the abundance of free cokes and cookies, and the wonderful feeling of freedom for a few brief hours combined to make the evening a success.

Walk into the Reading Room on any evening, and observe the extreme popularity of the place—particularly the cluster of men around the long-distance telephone switchboards. Home means a lot to the men in the Service; the constant paging of Cadets by the operators attests to this fact. "Aviation Cadet Jones, we have your call to Chicago"—or Keene, New Hampshire, or Woodhaven, New York, or Los Angeles, California; or any hamlet, town or city in the United States. "Hello Mom, Hi Dad", is worth the wait of many hours. And five minutes do go fast, but the three, and sometimes four-deep group of men about Operators Stegall and Harrington still remains constant.

For relaxation in an athletic way—in spite of calisthenics — the game room offers much to the Cadet who wishes a game of billiards or ping-pong. The latter is especially welcome if a lull develops while in process of entertaining one of the young ladies from Montgomery. But, if you expect that elusive white pellet to bring you within racquet distance of your companion—Mister, you're an optimist!

It may be small in comparison to the other rooms, but when it comes to popularity, none excels the Soda Bar. Cadet Mess is excellent, all Cadets are well fed, but to enjoy a dish of ice-cream generally highlights a "rec" hall evening. What better throwback is there to the drugstore on Main and Elm than an ice-cream sundae?

Perhaps the most poignant of all events is occasioned when "the girl from home" comes to visit the fellow she's waiting for. That first meeting must be consummated in the presence of others, and a strange quiet ensues while boy and girl—with so much to say and no way to express it, sit in an obscure corner of the Lounge.

Unique in its own way, since so many features about the "rec hall" are odd, is the patio, which is formed in the center of the building area. Here, among the gaily-canopied tables, may also be found relaxation and enjoyment. *Tete-a-tetes* under the large umbrellas are a common sight on any brilliant Sunday. And to dance under the stars with a cool breeze to dispel the heat of the day is even more satisfying.

Naturally enough, there is also another need which is administered to—this time by Miss Georgette Johnson—the desire of all new Cadets for feminine companionship on Open Post periods. To provide suitable companions for men who are future officers, the Date Bureau has compiled much information; as a result, the eligible young ladies of Montgomery are represented on a card file index. Miss Johnson is besieged continually by men who request a "blonde with blue eyes, about five feet-four, dances nicely, can swim, plan tennis, and is constantly absorbed in her escort." Alabama girls do have that peaches and cream complexion.

A short walk east along Avenue A reveals the newest addition to a Cadet's recreational facilities on the Post. For those who consider billiards not strenuous enough, the bowling alleys offer a more rapid means of exhaustion. Eight new regulation alleys with a popular soda bar offer the newest in "rec" facilities.

Memories are many at Maxwell; the Music Room for serious listeners of concert music, those impromptu rhythm sessions nightly around the bandstand, and the full motion pictures at Post Theater No. 2. Perhaps the greatest monument to Captain B. A. Parker's ability as mastermind of all these activities is the Class Graduation Dance, held on the New Terrace adjacent to the "rec" building with Joe Marsella's orchestra supplying the music supplemented by the A/C orchestra, will provide the nostalgia in years to come. Even the burliest "Mister" will recall, with enjoyment, that cool evening on the handsomely decorated terrace, with an evening-gowned partner, sweet music, thoughts of work accomplished—Stars fell on Alabama.

MEDICS

A/C Charles G. Caffery

When Napoleon placed his right hand firmly between the third and fourth buttons, reading down, on his tunic, and said, "An army travels on its stomach," he was on the beam but flying low. In his day the corps of cooks and bakers probably basked for weeks under the praise of his remark, and gold-bricked accordingly, but today the Medical Corps is the guardian of not only the life and limb of the Cadet, but also the mess-hall table where he rejuvenates his burned-out tissues thrice daily.

Health is essential, and therefore the army has provided staffs of the finest doctors, dentists, and surgeons, and made them immediately available where the need arises. They have supplemented the scarcity of doctors that can meet the Government requirements with a Corps of Nurses, with equally high standards. They have built hospitals and furnished them with second-to-none equipment. Confinements resulting from operations and serious illnesses are probably longer in the army hospitals than in any similar civilian institutions.

The only genuine "pardon power" on Maxwell Field lies with the Medics . . . They grant the furloughs, and they alone can save one from the ravishes of the Burma Road and the nocturnal prowl of the guard. The doctors have fluoroscopic eyes in such matters as contusions and "general pains" that spring up on cross-country-run days, and, sadly so, always segregate mental from serious disorders.

We Cadets here at Maxwell Field do not think much about the medical side of our army life—until a personal need strikes. However, the home folk do the worrying, needlessly. Many mothers lose their rest and gray their hair against the day when their Cadet sons will catch cold, break a bone, or contract a disease. Actually the danger of disease in the army is a great deal less than in civilian life, because the atmosphere is "well" rather than "sick". All this worry is absolutely needless if families will realize that the Medical Corps foresees and counterattacks all zones of danger.

These doctors, these nurses, who worked feverishly in the trenches and foxholes of Bataan and Tunisia—who fought so valiantly against death and disease are the real unsung heroes of this war. We owe so much to them —our struggle is in their hands and with God's help and the unfailing aid of the Medical Corps of the Army of the United States, we cannot but win . . .

EVER IN OUR SERVICE

A/C Dwight N. Pelkin

They said, once, of a splendid group of men, that "Never did so few do so much for so many." That small but magnificent body of fighters was Britain's RAF—and their work has become epic as one of the sagas of this Great War.

Maxwell, too, has its "few"—and they, too, are doing much for many. No surprise is this, however, to the thousands of Cadets who have known the work of Maxwell's Chaplains; they know just how fine and how important are the Chaplains to the Field.

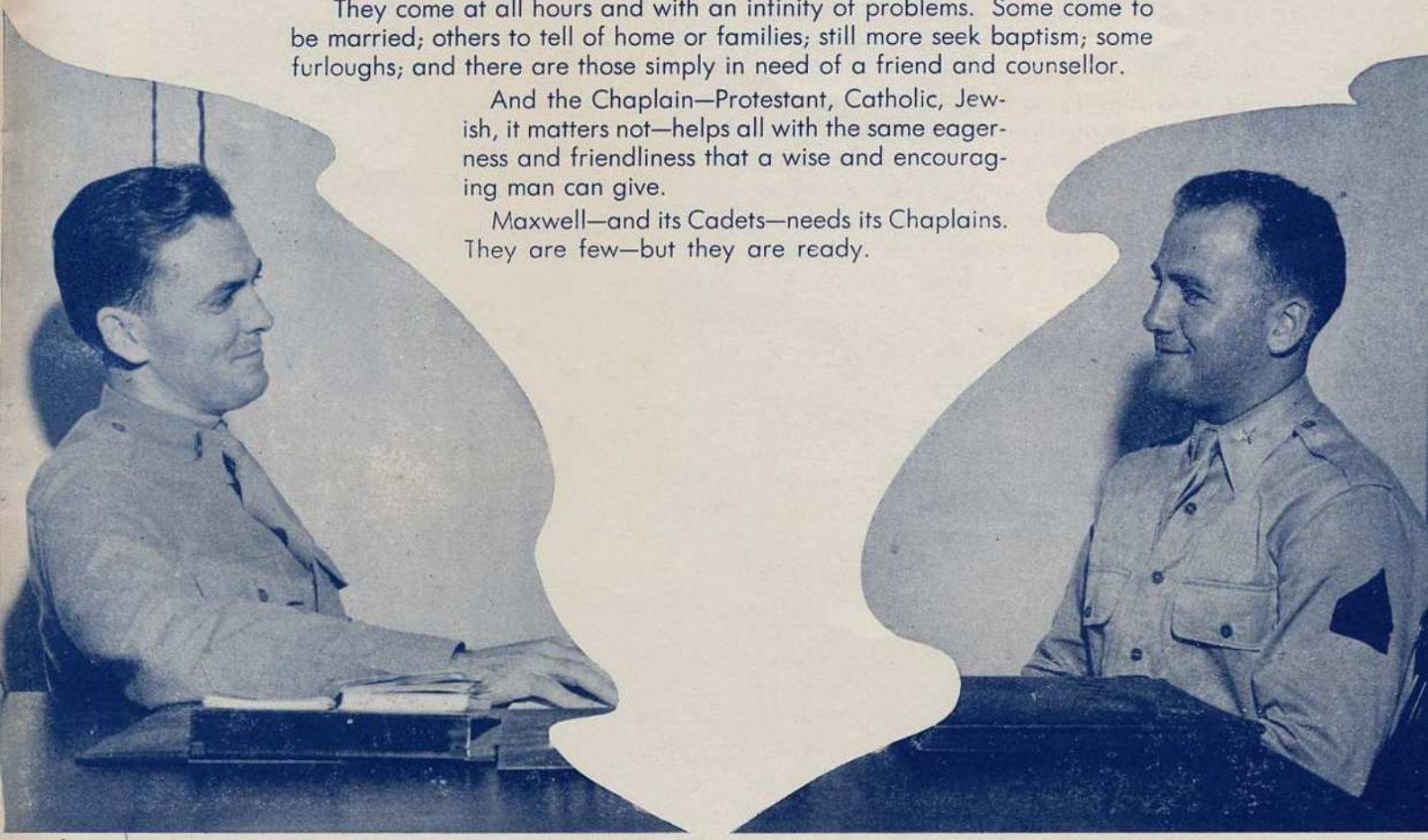
A man of God does his work quietly and simply, and in the success of those labors—in the happiness and well-being of others—lies his reward before man and God.

And so Maxwell's Chaplains go on with their work, day by day, hour upon hour, throughout the week. Be it morning or noon, afternoon or night, they stand ready to lend their hands and Heaven-blessed gifts to those Cadets who ask their aid. There are many.

They come at all hours and with an infinity of problems. Some come to be married; others to tell of home or families; still more seek baptism; some furloughs; and there are those simply in need of a friend and counsellor.

And the Chaplain—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, it matters not—helps all with the same eagerness and friendliness that a wise and encouraging man can give.

Maxwell—and its Cadets—needs its Chaplains. They are few—but they are ready.



We're Off...

Pre-Flight is behind us now and the job of separating "the men from the boys" is all but complete. Maxwell has seen to that. With high hopes and great vigor we anticipate—

Primary—

Learn to fly, ears burning from our instructors' description of our ability as aviators. Solo, stretch our fledgling wings in flight—a day of days. Maneuvers—chandelles, lazy eights, spins, then twenty-hour-check—do we worry? And how! More flying time, greater precision and a growing confidence in ourselves—forty-hour check. The final lap—that awesome last flight examination, and on to—

Basic—

Formation flying, Link trainer, night flying, and cross-country. Not in a bucking old Stearman, but a "hot" job that demands real flying ability of its pilots. Fly plenty and work hard until at last we're at—

Advanced.

Specialization—speedy single-engined A-T's for the fighter pilots and complex twin-engine Cessna's for the bomber men. Learn to fly with many others in a tight, neat formation—wing tip to wing tip—roaring through the skies. Combat maneuvers, long cross-country hops—tests which try our every ability as pilots and men on the ground as in the air, until that great day when our ideal becomes a reality—our wings . . .

PRIMARY

BASIC

ADVANCED

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Autographs

Look PROUDLY INTO THE SKIES, CADET, YOUR FUTURE HOLDS A MIGHTY GLORY