

PREFLIGHT



DON GOFF

SEPTEMBER OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE

PREFLIGHT

Class of 44-D

U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Corps of Aviation Cadets
Preflight School for Pilots

MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA



VOL. 3 SEPT. 1943 NO. 9

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AT THE PARAGON PRESS, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA



Col. E. Bowling

Commanding Officer

It all started when World War One ended a promising law career for this native Missourian . . . After 25 years of training troops, is holding down one tough job . . . what with responsibility for Pre-Flight and Bomber Pilot Transition Schools and one of largest posts in vast A.A.F. Training Command . . . Those wings are worn by an airship pilot, balloon pilot, balloon observer and combat observer.

Lt. Col. M. Cross

Ass't Commanding Officer

Has made Maxwell, Gunter and Cochran Fields his proving grounds . . . rising from Captain to Lieutenant Colonel in two and a half short years of active duty . . . Came back to Maxwell in July and began present duties month later . . .



THIS SPACE FOR WRITING MESSAGES

Dear Lady:
 It's not all sweat,
 dust at Maxwell as
 you may have
 heard it was - with
 pictures to prove
 my point. This, I hope
 will give you a better
 idea of some of the
 surroundings we
 double time past on.
 Love, P. T.
 1306

Mr R. H. Egan
 Sq D-4, Class 44-D
 AFAP-FS (P)
 Maxwell Field, Ala

POST CARD

Free
 PLACE
 ONE CENT
 STAMP
 HERE

Miss Judith Quinn
 34 Magnolia Drive
 Winnetka,
 Illinois





FEATURES



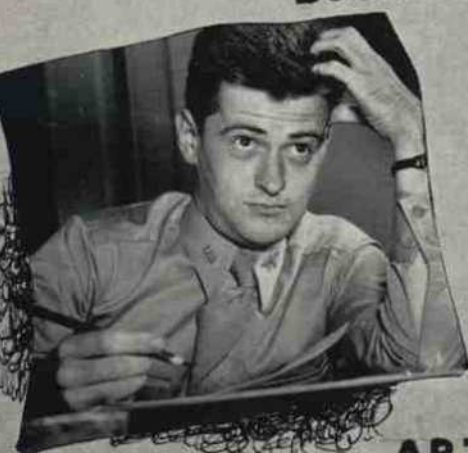
MANAGING



CHIEF



BUSINESS



ART



LAYOUT

Autobiography **of a Staff**

A/C DAVID H. LUHMANN, D-1, Editor-in-Chief . . . is familiar with Order of Blue Pencil, having worked way to LL.B. in Journalism at Rutgers University as editor of industrial and resort newspapers, public relations man and reporter on New Jersey daily . . . In odd moments edited Rutgers "Targum" and wrote special articles . . . Came from 21st C.T.D., Colby College, Maine.

A/C C. J. LAFFERTY, JR., F-5, Managing Editor . . . studied at Kent School and Harvard University . . . after fourteen years in the Orient . . . Majored in English and edited prep paper and college yearbooks . . . Is from Massachusetts and married . . . C.T.D.'ed at 333rd. Peabody College, Tennessee.

A/C JAMES R. KELLER, A-1, Features Editor . . . left an unfinished novel and the police beat of the Altoona (Pa.) Tribune for the A.A.F. . . . Also writes short stories and "is a poet of sorts" . . . Edited 59th C.T.D. "Dodo" at North Carolina State College.

A/C ALLAN JOSEPH, F-5, Business Manager . . . is good bet as political boss in Boston, Mass., after war . . . In addition to stump-speaking, occupied himself with statistics for R. E. A. and labor relations for the U. S. Department of Labor . . . One of three staff-men from 61st C.T.D., University of Vermont.

A/C DON GOFF, C-1, Art Editor . . . is another Jerseyite . . . "Would rather walk in the woods than study math" . . . Learned art at Cooper Union . . . and raves about Great Danes, Shostakovitch and Duke Ellington . . . Is 61st C.T.D. alumnus.

A/C JACK P. KEEVE, C-1, Layout Editor . . . studied at N. Y. U. and Cooper Union and applied same as Art Director of New York City department store . . . "Born, bred and believes in N. Y. C." . . . where he has jerked sodas, ushered, clerked and done photography . . . Also from 61st C. T. D.

STAFF ASSOCIATES: Aviation Cadets Hugh W. Carney, Joseph J. Dowling, Melvin M. Holzager, Harold E. West, William Benson, Irving Warhaffig, Daniel Hannen and Robert D. Wilcox.

HONOR, obedience, discipline, and Major Lewis N. Miller. So we introduce to you a man who has molded thousands of neophytes who have gone through Maxwell.

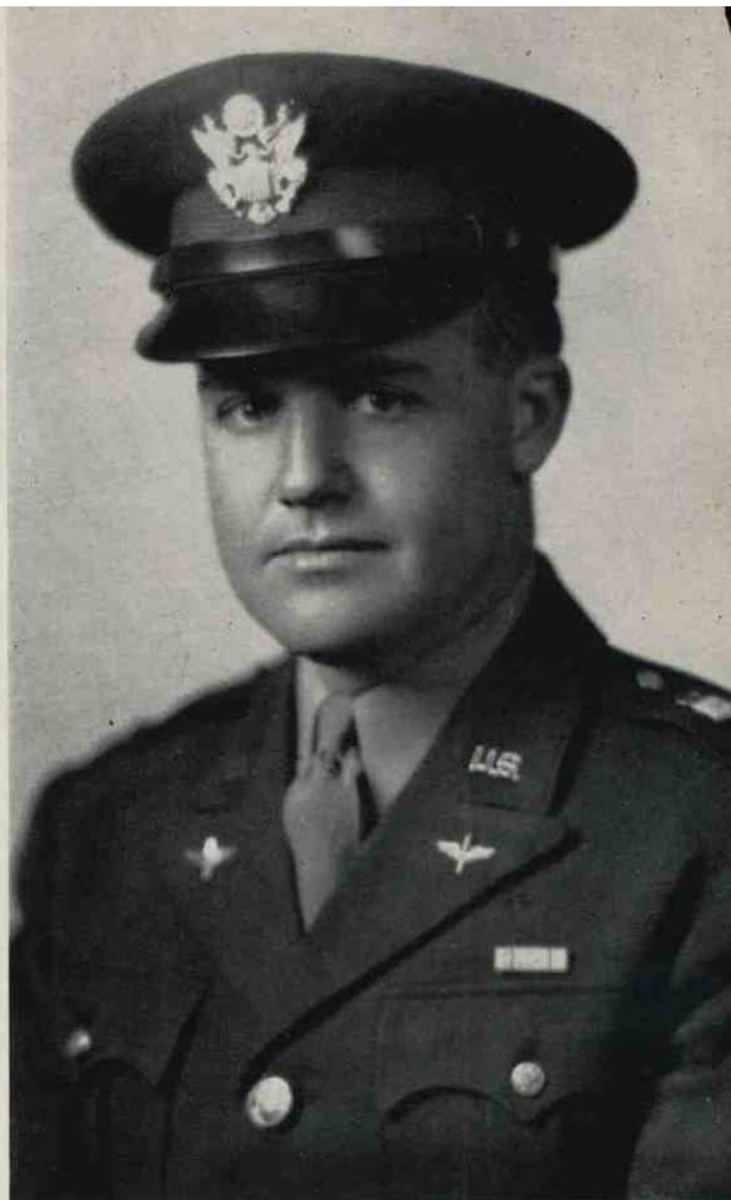
Being a Commanding Officer of a group of cadets is a "big job", yet he feels his most important task is to instill in the minds of his men these three fundamentals of character that they might make better officers and finer men.

A native of Virginia, Major Miller began his military career in 1928 upon entering Virginia Military Institute, often called, "The West Point of the South." An outstanding member of his class, he was appointed to the Cadet Honor Court, and served on it diligently. Upon graduating in 1932 the Major received his commission as Second Lieutenant in the Field Artillery Reserve Corps.

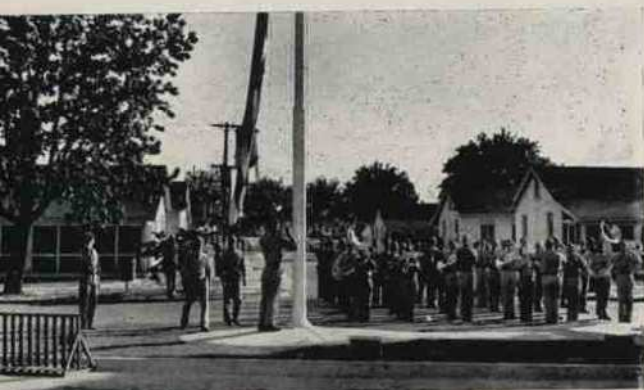
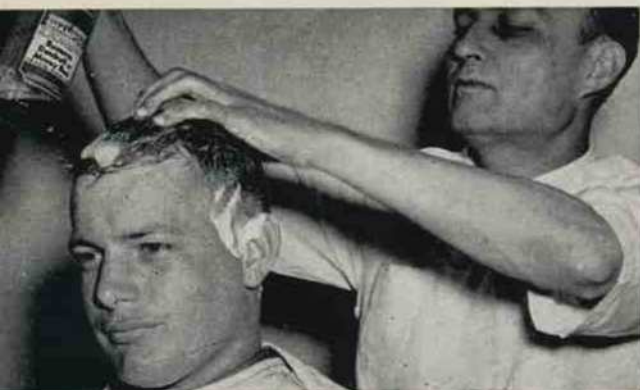
He later attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, then Harvard University where he received the degree of Master of Business Administration in 1935. Success followed him into business life until he was called to active duty in August, 1941. Shortly thereafter he was transferred to duty at Maxwell Field where he has remained since.

His proficiency as an officer won for him the rank of Captain in June, 1942, and that of Major in August, 1943.

To Major Lewis N. Miller, an able leader whose conscientious and untiring efforts have prepared so many of us for our all important future and to the three principles for which he stands, we the Class of 44-D dedicate this issue of PRE-FLIGHT.



MAJOR LEWIS N. MILLER



There wasn't much precision in the way we tumbled off the train that first morning. Not much precision in our sleepy thoughts, either.

But bobbing around near the surface somewhere was a pesky little phrase. We talked; we dozed; we read, but it stayed on top. When the train rattled to a halt the phrase bounced out and became reality.

This is Maxwell.

Can we tell you, now that we're climbing on another train, what Maxwell is?

That's roughly the point of this book. We can't quote 44-D individually. Neither are we brash enough to claim that a Cadet picked at random would say just what this book says about Maxwell. If there were five thousand PRE-FLIGHTS instead of one, there would be five thousand quite varied interpretations.

We do think, though, that in round numbers Maxwell makes some pretty uniform impressions. And we do believe that in the 44-D bull sessions to come next month, next year, in 1953—in New York or Possumtrot or Rio—this will be Maxwell.

We entered Preflight through the efficient funnel of Nashville. Our attitudes as we double-timed across the Athletic Area to line up were as varied as our ages, our backgrounds, our interrupted ambitions. But all of us were eager to get the show on the road, to move, faster and never fast enough, on to wings and the job of the moment.

This Is Maxwell

That was Maxwell before anything else. A jumping-off point. A definite start on a definite program and an end in view.

There were classes. The angry mosquito-buzz of Code. The baffling procession of planes and ships. A Math course that zipped from 2 plus 2 into Vectors almost before we had our books opened. A potpourri of Physics. Salt lightly with scattered lectures and simmer over a slow flame.

And Tactical courses—a hot Tommy gun, a whiff of Mustard, a futuristic tank that carried us to 38,000 feet without popping a rivet.

We met the Dental Clinic. We met our appointments too. None of the reasons we used to knock off for ducking the dentist seemed to go down here.

For the good of our souls we exercised daily. The kinks died hard but they died, and we actually saw the day when we dared the instructor to give us a good workout.

And Open Post, where probably the greatest divergence of impressions was recorded. With the skill of long practice Montgomery played host to 44-D. Dances — swims — golf — riding — and maybe a dream or two — certainly some memories for that growing list.

Is that Maxwell?

No itemized account can ever afford a competent definition. The telephone directory doesn't catch the spirit of a sprawling city. The Army Register will never explain Bataan. A history text isn't America.

But somewhere in that mass of acts and facts and fancies is Maxwell. Breathing amid the racing routine of the Pre-Flight School for Pilots is the spirit that motivates us.

Maybe we can't dissect that spirit and spread it out for discussion, but it's still present. It may be in the unceasing mumble of giant bombers wheeling over us all day and into the night, teasing us, coaxing, promising us. It may be in a Dress Parade, the "Pass in review!" when the long line of squadrons swings into the evening sun and proudly follows the colors off the field.

That spirit lives in the staccato song that clocks off the steps of a formation going somewhere—a formation of men who know they're going somewhere. It's in the banter at the table, the noisy crowd in the Rec Hall, the endless discussions around the room over a Coke and a cigarette. It's in the quick and deep ties between us, the men of a room or a team or a squadron—the men of the corps.

No, we can't tell you what Maxwell is. We can try. This book may give you an idea: a good idea, perhaps. But it's a King Canute sort of job.

All we can say is this: The spirit of Maxwell is the spirit of men on a mission, men going places, young men with their eyes up and a job to do and the will, the avid will to do it.

They want to know how to do it. They can be taught. This is where the lessons start. This is where the pistol goes off and the race begins.

We can't tell you more than that. Nobody can hustle a book off to press and say, "That's Maxwell, all tied up in a pretty package." You've got to live here and know what Maxwell is.

We're glad we lived here.—H. W. C.





PROBLEM IN VELOCITY

We're making war in a hurry these days. Especially in the air. The fast man comes back. There's no fooling around at four hundred miles an hour.

And we learn at the same streamlined pace. War has both banished leisure from the classroom and multiplied the number of facts to be learned. Courses have been compressed till it hurts. Yet somehow they take.

Somehow we learn to spot airplanes in less than a blink. At first we laugh mirthlessly. Liberators look like Lightnings, and as for telling a Thunderbolt from a Wildcat—! But it comes. Perfect scores are rung up—more and more of them. Some day a lot will hang on those check sheets scrawled in dimmed rooms.

We know ships too. Even Kansans and cowhands who have never tasted salt air are rattling off battlewagons like old tars. It can't be done—but it is.

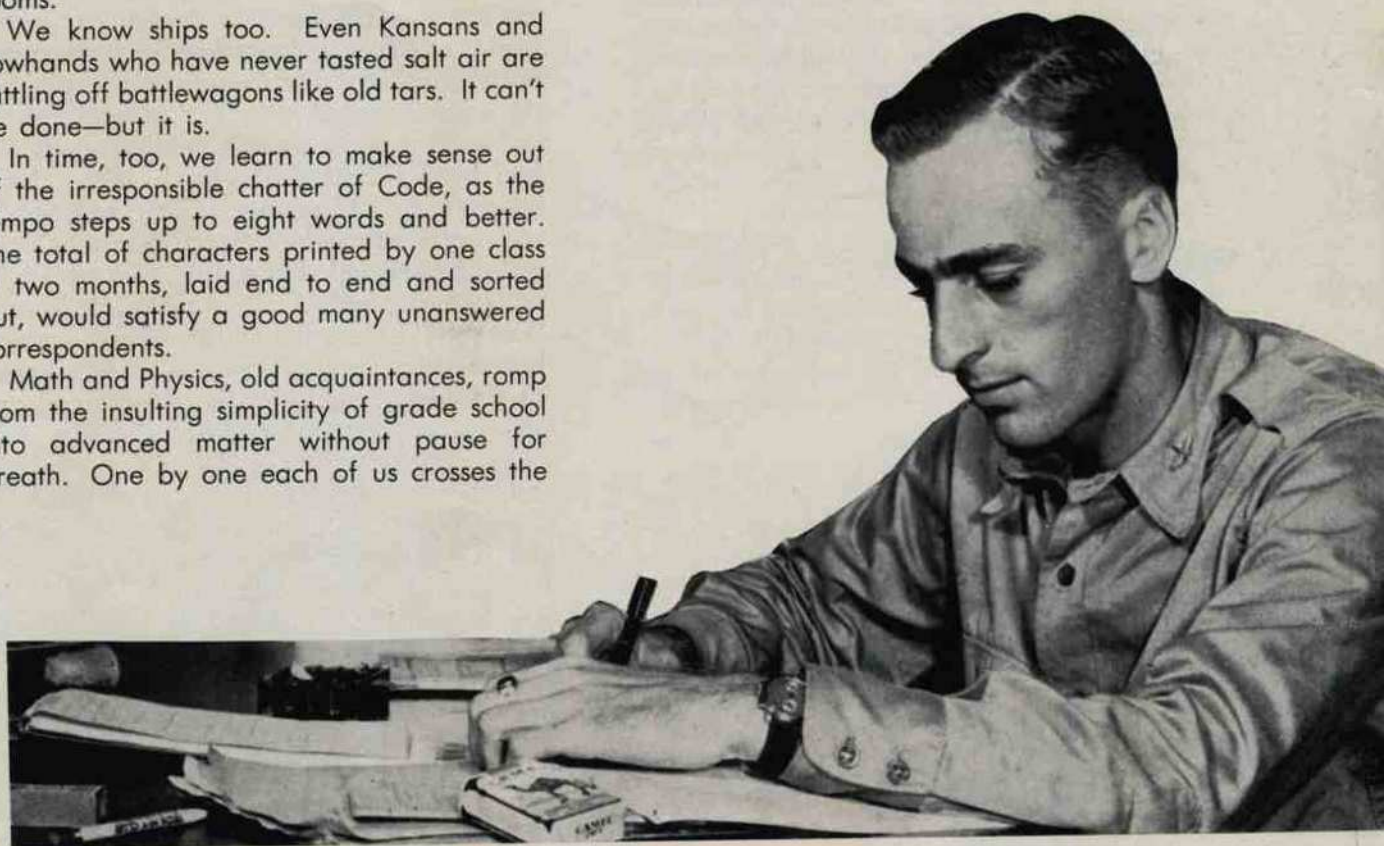
In time, too, we learn to make sense out of the irresponsible chatter of Code, as the tempo steps up to eight words and better. The total of characters printed by one class in two months, laid end to end and sorted out, would satisfy a good many unanswered correspondents.

Math and Physics, old acquaintances, romp from the insulting simplicity of grade school into advanced matter without pause for breath. One by one each of us crosses the

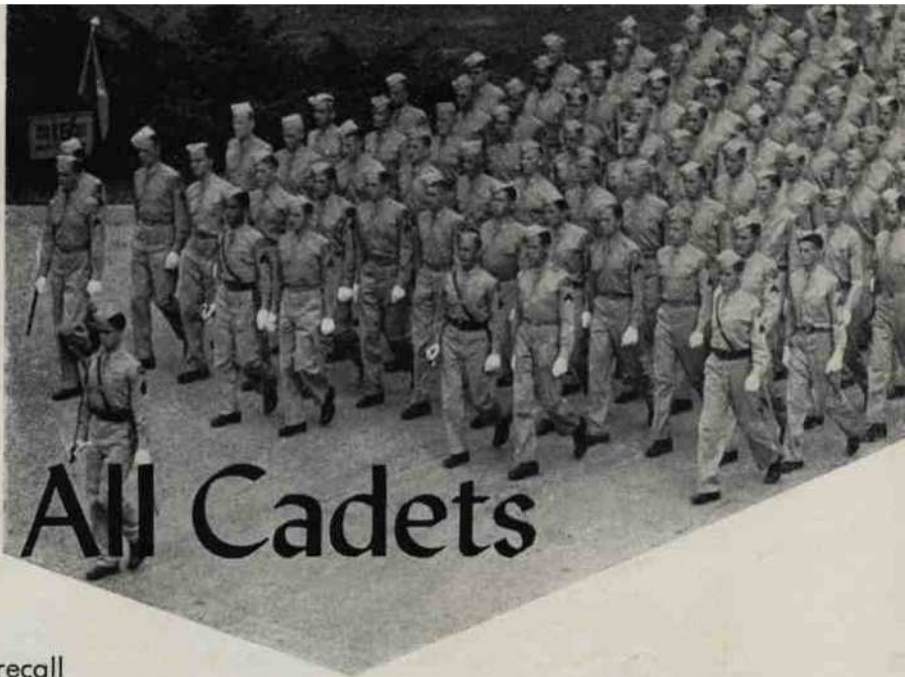
border from effortless review to frantic boning.

We don't confine ourselves to book-larnin', however. Combat is brought a little closer on the Firing Range, where we get the feel of a peppery tommy-gun and an automatic trained on elusive targets.

A taste of the top air where we'll fight comes when we strip to the waist and climb into the altitude chamber. There we are taken up to 38,000 feet, experiencing all the outlandish sensations of that height except that we know we can't fall out.



Attention All Cadets



Few citizens of Montgomery do not recall the Great Wind of January, 1941, when buildings shook and trees were uprooted and dogs and cats flew like birds.

Many believed at the time that this phenomenon was the result of a cyclonic disturbance, but careful investigation traced its origin to Maxwell Field . . . where, on that very date in January, a Wing One parade was called off for the first time in the history of the Preflight School.

The cadets had just assumed positions as nearly horizontal as possible at the end of a particularly long hard day when the news blasted from the public address system. Rising as one man, Wing One roared with a

thundering roar that whipped out through the East Gate and into Montgomery and the surrounding area for a distance of slightly more than fifteen miles.

True, parades are accepted with the fatalistic attitude born of many months in the service, but there are still eager feet.

Parades may come and parades may go but the first parade is always the one that cadets at Maxwell remember the longest and about which the most humorous and pathetic stories are related.

"My first parade at Maxwell . . . " We had been here for about a week and our heads were still whirling from the sight of cadet officers resplendent in "Gadget Caps", white gloves and sabres.

We had all tried on our white gloves and "flat tops" before the mirror. The effect had been so stunning that we were like race horses at the wire, waiting for the parade call and the chance to strut our stuff.

We were eager beavers in the true and complete sense of the word and were assembled in the area and ready to go before the first sergeant could utter, "Fall In".

Our first parade was not destined to be one to write home about because it seemed our cadet officers had never before been in command of a parading squadron. It didn't take us long to find that out.

A slight delay while the squadron commander determined the correct command and we were off. Morale was high until we came



to our first left turn—it was there we lost the third platoon. The next turn was much better inasmuch as we didn't lose any more men but the outside files still had to double time to keep pace with the beavers leading us.

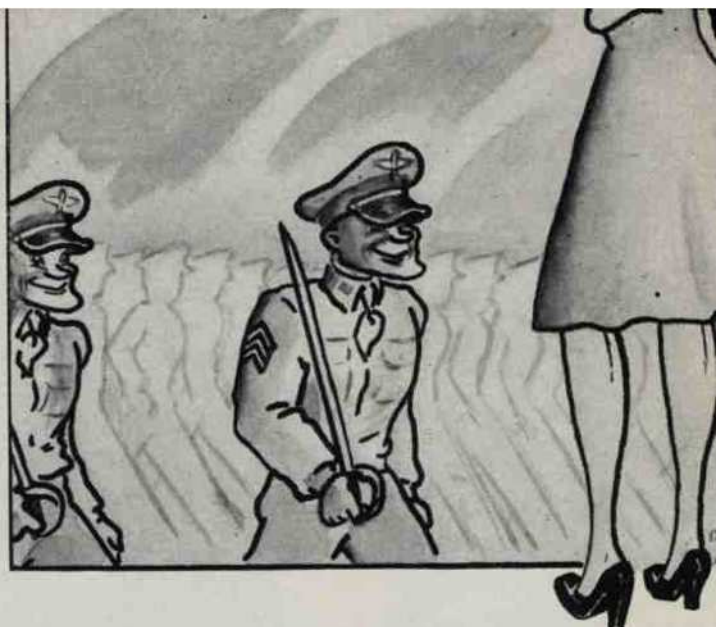
Flushed by this success, our squadron commander assumed a new and bolder attitude of command, bellowing, "Head and eyes to the front! Watch that arm-swing! Get those shoulders back!" After which he promptly turned his head to admire two young ladies at our flank.

I never could quite understand the scheme of having a squadron commander leading the parade anyway, for all he had to do until we swung onto the line was march far enough ahead to keep from being trampled to death.

As we came onto the line the commander's future looked rosy indeed and visions of group or corps stripes must have floated through his mind. There we were coming at the guide as straight as straight could be, every man covered down and dressed. It was perfect.

Perfect but for one minor detail—we were one squadron away from where we should have been. With the aid of a few flanking movements, a left face, about face, and forward march and halt, we succeeded in getting fairly close to the spot designated for us. Oh, well, we would have had to dress anyway.

Another problem we had to contend with—just one example of conflicting commands and how those officers of ours handled them—exhibited itself when the squadron com-



mander shouted "Freezel" and the second in command cried "Cover!" Now, covering while appearing to be frozen is a difficult assignment but by maneuvering with a stilted Suzie Q step and moving fractions of an inch at a time we finally succeeded.

Everyone in the squadron was a bit upset over the preceding events, which helps to explain why half of them presented arms on the preparatory command. It was about this time that I figured that, if anyone in this man's army got writer's cramp, it would be the Captain before the parade was over.

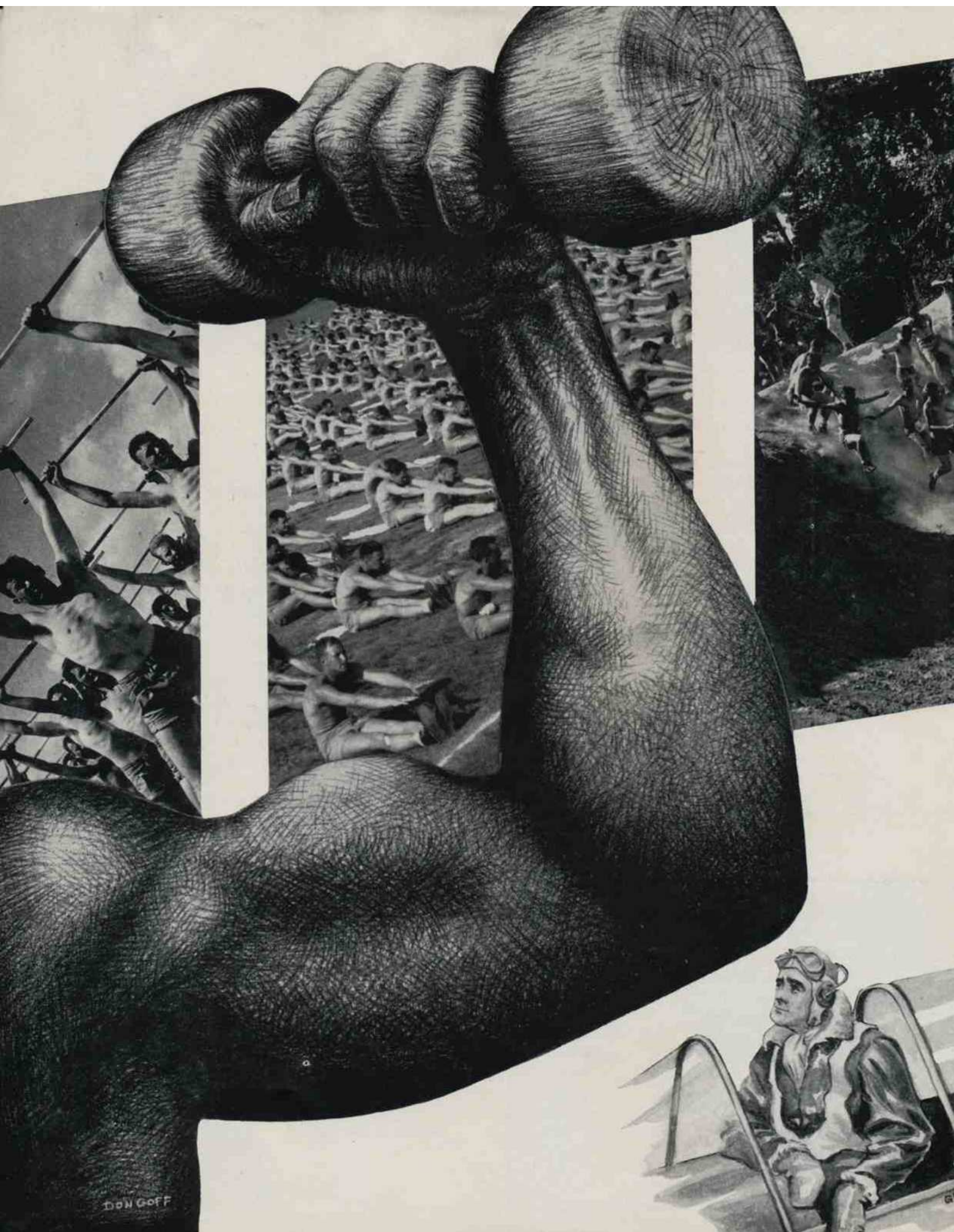
The end was nearly in sight as "Officers, Cennnnter" were given and the "Battle of the Bugs" began. All you have to do while the officers are converging is stand at attention while all the bugs for miles around light in your ears and on your chin to take shower baths on the droplets of perspiration which fall from your nose.

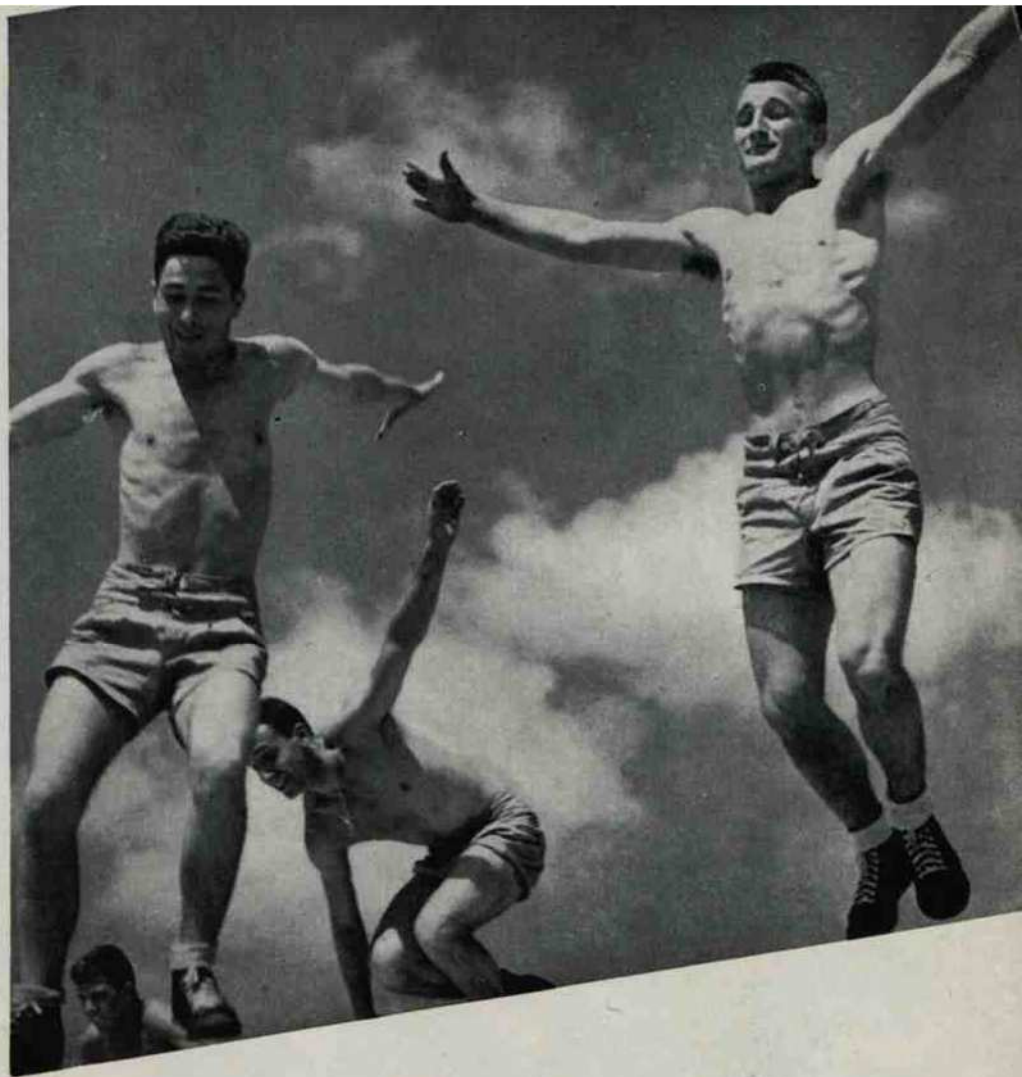
"Pass In Review!" What a delightful sound and what a feeling—that of having the blood rush back to your feet as you start to move off.

We passed in review with great success, we thought, but the look the Captain gave us almost made us wish that we hadn't.

Back in the barracks, perched moodily on the edge of my bed and trying to restore to my shoes their previous mirror-like shine, I heard the man in the next room solemnly vow. "If we are going to do **this** every other night, I am looking for a new job in the morning". But he won't. Parades must be accepted with a fatalistic attitude born of many months in the service.







Flying Muscles... RUSH

Charged with the never-ending task of building flying muscles into Maxwell Field's cadets, Physical Training Instructors well realize wings are not given to the weak.

Many thousands of cadets must move on to Primary—and power dives and spirals—in the best of physical condition each month.

Instructors lead through what seems a torture of calisthenics until arms and abdomens are stabbed with pain. They drive them over the barbarously designed obstacle course in order to the grueling pace of the cross-country runs and, to top it all, send them jogging and panting over the famous Burma Road.

It has to be that way, for there just won't be time later to get in good physical shape; it has to be now.

All muscles must be alert but certain ones must be particularly able to do their work. As a result of an intensive study of "flying muscles", the emphasis has been placed on exercises that develop muscular coordination.

The transformation from soft and short-winded new cadets to hardened, well-coordinated future flying men is not done without hard work and straining, but there isn't a man in the corps who does not realize the exercising of today will make him the fighting pilot of tomorrow.

they lead



CADET CORPS STAFF—(Above, left to right Aviation Cadets David E. Canning, Supply Officer; Paul Cain, Commander; Edwin W. Sippel, Adjutant.

There's something more than consulting the Aviation Cadet handbook or running off an occasional parade to being a member of the Corps Staff, although those two activities are a part of the job.

Coordinating their efforts, the Corps and Wing Staffs maintain discipline and military standards, direct the behavior and instructing of the corps, and bear the direct responsibility, through the Corps Commander to the Commandant of Cadets, for producing and maintaining an all-around creditable Corps.

Also included is the assignment of the Corps Commander to inculcate into the Corps the traditions of the Cadet Honor Code and that of the Corps Adjutant to administer the Cadet Social Committee.



These men, who, through their work here, seek to build the qualities of leadership in the men in their charge, are the leaders.



WING ONE

(Left, left to right) Aviation Cadets Roy C. Bitzer, Adjutant; Joseph W. McCullough, Commander; Kenneth W. Harris, Supply Officer.



WING TWO

(Left, left to right Aviation Cadets George H. Sager, Adjutant; Robert W. Sagnette, Commander; Denison Neale, Supply Officer.

D'YA WANNA BUY THIS PLACE MISTER ?

GOFF



The fellow standing in the center of the circle, talking to some of the tenants, is one of our landlords. He's the fellow who makes sure that the tenants are well taken care of and that they take good care of the place themselves.



The tenants themselves, as you see in this room, are a bunch of serious-minded people; quiet, intelligent, the type of person you would be glad to have your son or daughter associate with, or associate with yourself. That's the kind of men we like to have living at our place.



In this room—well, be the way you want body around to mess course, you'll have to something of a bore kind of sentimentality an obsession . . . I gue

Well, look around Mister. There's a lot of real estate here, and I can't show it all to you in the time I've got, but I can give you an idea. You can't find anything else like it anywhere, and, by the time you get through, you'll realize that. But there's one hitch to it—well, I'll bring that up later on when you've had a chance to make up your mind. There's no point troubling you with such a little thing right now.

As I said, I can't show you everything. You can't see the whole place from where you're standing. You can imagine how long it would take to show you every little thing and tell you all about it.

You'd like to get to know the people who live here, but that's just like showing you around. There are too many of them to meet, so I won't do any introducing, I'll just let you see how some of them live, and maybe you'll be able to gather what they're like from that. Maybe you'll be able to get some idea of what kind of people we like to have around here. We're pretty proud of the place, and it wouldn't be our plan to have it change, or to have anyone change it for us.

Let's start around and take a good look. You couldn't find a better place, I'm telling you. See if you don't agree with me.



Mister, everything can't be perfect. There's always something up a perfect plan. Of course, I admit that life would be better if it weren't for some things, but when it becomes too much, we'd better move on.

You can easily see in here how popular our plumbing facilities are with the clients. Ours deserve a word of praise. Instead of dull, lusterless chromium, our taps and pipes are a brass which the clients themselves keep dazzling bright. That's pride for you, Mister, sheer unadulterated pride—and labor.

We only cater to the best around here, and Captains with their Aides make it their daily job to see that we keep it fit. But the little hitch I mentioned a while back. It really wasn't much. You see, Mister, this place ain't for sale.



CHAPLAIN URIEL K. PEREGO

no task too small

In the course of every man's Army career there arises a time when personal problems, real or imaginary, become a torment. At such a time each of us is secure in the knowledge that we have a trusted friend, ever-ready to help us—our chaplain. It is he who never tires of listening to our troubles or of giving us a helpful hand over the "rough spots".

Most people have some idea of the general scope of a chaplain's work; they probably aren't aware, however, of the multitude of little tasks he performs to make our lot more pleasant. One of his principal activities out-

side the regular scope of his work is his visiting the sick. To the man in the hospital, the cheery words of greeting from his chaplain are even more welcome than the daily ministrations of the "medics"—and, may we add, play an important part in making any period of convalescence less tedious.

In his principal function, that of providing members of all denominations with the same religious guidance they received at home, he supplies the strongest link with civilian life which we carry into the Army with us. The chaplain is the cadet's best guide as well as his best friend.

DELINQUENCY REPORT		
Name		Date <u>SEPTEMBER</u>
Initials		SQUADRON
<u>WOMBAT, P.O.</u>		<u>C-1</u>
Delinquency		
IN GROSS DISORDER		

This is a story of the trials and tribulations of that man of all work, the lowest form of animal life known at Maxwell Field—the room orderly. It's very easy to spot one, for he is the cadet with the bowed head, the vacant look, the wrinkled brow. He is the last man out to formations and the first man back in his room.

A room orderly's day starts with the bugle at reveille for there is sweeping and dusting to be done. The wash basin must be cleaned and the brass needs polishing.

More than one orderly has been known to survey the tasks ahead of him, look at his roommates lying peacefully in their bunks, and collapse from sheer frustration.

A large part of the room orderly's working day is spent in the next room pleading for a broom. But he cannot pause for the little things and so he plows ahead. The wash basin is clean, the room is dusted, and some kind soul has finally come across with a broom.

Two seconds before the bugle for assembly the orderly starts get-

ting dressed but there is still a last minute check to be made. Are the lockers in order? Books arranged correctly? Has everybody made his bed?

These are the thoughts that haunt the orderly during the entire time that he is out of the room. Where did all that dust on the floor come from?

For the rest of the day, the orderly has but one job—to keep the room clean, which involves only following faithfully and resignedly after careless roommates.

The next day our room orderly begins haunting the bulletin board. Sooner or later there appears the inevitable notice — "Cadet P. O. Wombat—dirty floor—dirty wash basin—books incorrectly arranged —6 demerits". It is the climax of a day's feverish activity. It proves the absolute impossibility of keeping a room clean.





to our health

Not too many cadets have occasion to visit the Hospital at Maxwell. Those who do find it as modern and complete, and its staff as considerate as the Army Medical Department can make it.

Here are skilled doctors, commissioned specialists of every kind. Here are the Army Nurses, favorites of many a cadet. Here are hard-working technicians, assistants, orderlies. It is as reassuring to us as to our families to know that within a few blocks are such perfect facilities to care for every injury or ailment.

With the Dental Clinic we have a more intimate, more memorable connection. Almost before unpacking each of us underwent a thorough survey, and work was begun at once on any defect which could possibly interfere with our future course.

To the Dental Officers we owe a debt. We can't say we enjoyed their work—dentists

themselves shudder at the approach of a drill—but we do know that as far as it was in their power they have corrected every condition which might affect our flying.



BOWLING MOVIES **FUN FOR CADETS** DANCING

See Special notice at foot of sheet
Bowling Alleys & Bldg. #458
"Off Limits" to Class 44-D until Further Notice
REC. HALL

THURSDAY 9th SEPTEMBER
 For Groups 3 and 4 Class

THE #



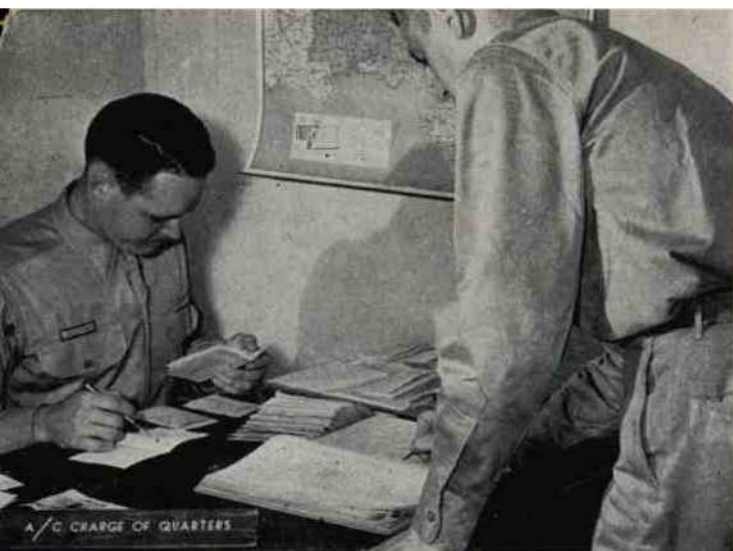
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REC. HALL
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 RECREATIONAL PRIVILEGES: For Group 10 Class 44-E. BOWLING ALLEYS and SODA BAR Build-
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 Special 12th SEPTEMBER Barracks - Group 10
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MOVIES: Rec. Hall Theatre
 RECREATIONAL PRIVILEGES: For Groups 3 and 4 Class 44-D - REC. HALL AND POST THEATRE
 Building #458 ONLY - NO VISITORS.
 WEDNESDAY 15th SEPTEMBER
 RECREATIONAL PRIVILEGES: For Groups 3 and 4 Class 44-D - REC. HALL AND POST THEATRE



Frothing at the mouth and gibbering slightly in nervous anticipation of a great event and a glorious date, you take your place somewhere near the end of an interminable line, eagerly waiting to sign out for one of your rare Open Posts. Finally, after what seems hours, you get your chance to drool your signature across the page of a departure book, while cries and accusations of writing your life history arise from the line outside.



Maybe, if you can find a girl whose family has connections at the local country club, and if you can get off post early enough, you'll fit in a leisurely afternoon at the pool, ducking the spray made by a bunch of kids who fail to realize that swimming does not necessarily involve getting wet.

Destination:

Or, perhaps, your tastes tend toward the sweet and mellow, and the girl whose free evening you're occupying has that certain way of dancing that does things to you, so you find a quiet little place where you can listen to something more soothing from the brass section than an impatient First Call, where you might be able to build and share a momentary dream.





It doesn't take much imagination to decide to go to the movies, but there's always the chance that neither of you have seen the show, and until you do, you'll probably feel that a great chunk has been cut from your happy existence. So you sweat through the inevitable line and buy tickets for two.

Montgomery

If you're a show-off, you lead her to a gallery where you'll demonstrate how you missed qualifying as a Sharpshooter on the range. Then, if she's any sport at all, she'll forget she won the State Women's Skeet Shooting Championship, and deliberately miss all but one of the little tin ducks, and follow up by telling you how wonderful you are.



And maybe you'll be lucky enough to find someone who would rather have a coke and a hot dog above everything else, providing you two can be alone in some quiet corner of Oak Park.



...do you remember

... the night that Markman and Martin ... It was a long time ago, back at C. T. D.—a new phase of Pilot Training, that second stage after Basic Training.

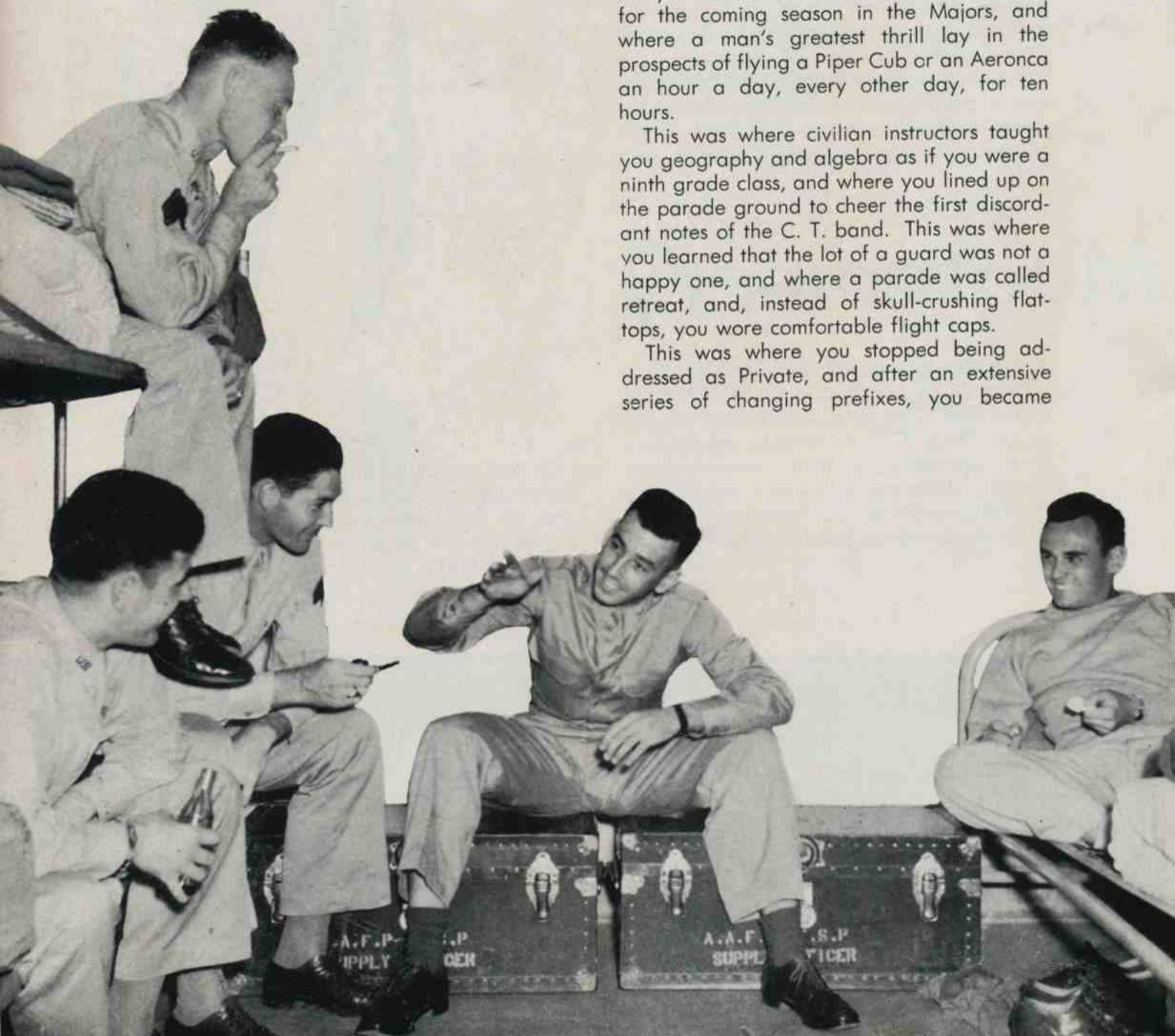
Wherever they were, most of them were alike—classes, drill and P. T., and the constant wondering why you weren't put in Section E,

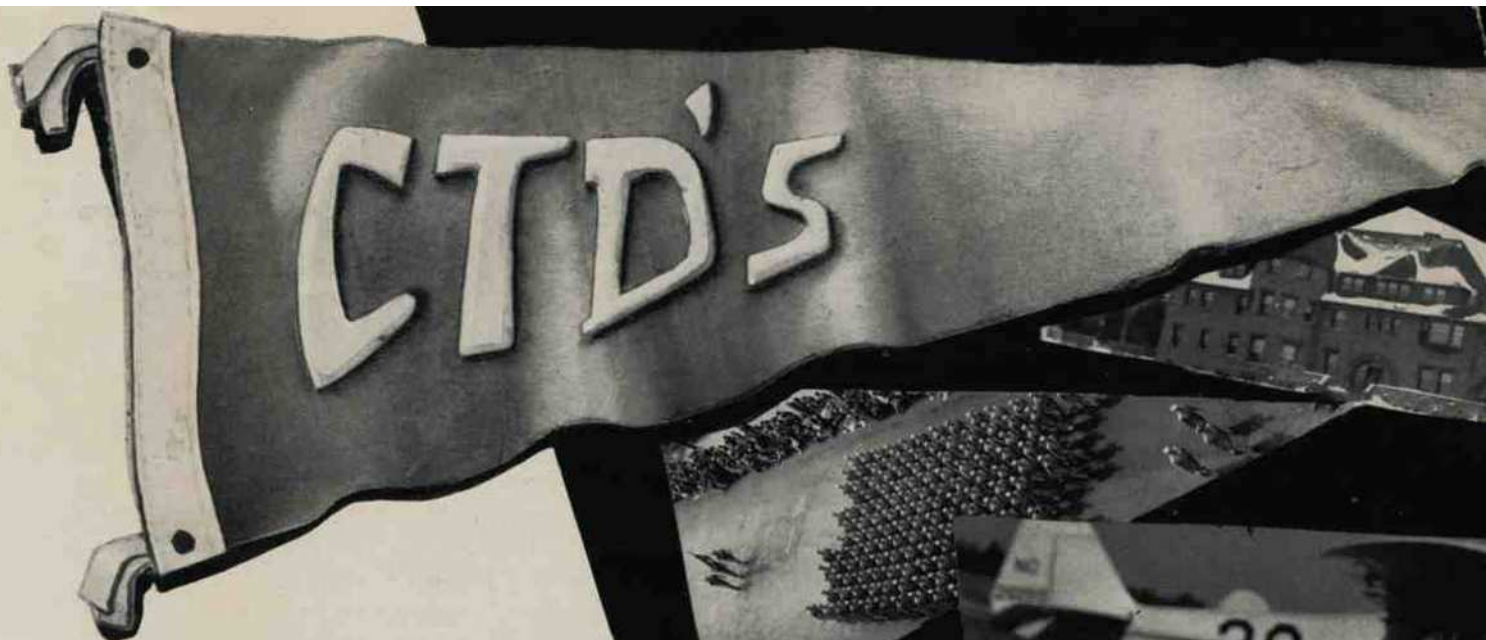
the top class, right at the beginning. This was a snap compared to the U., and compared to Maxwell, a dream!

This was where Open Posts and week-end passes were not out of the realm of possibility, where, after classes, you could find a co-ed who would lounge beside you on some extensive lawn, where you had time to follow Terry and the Pirates and read the forecasts for the coming season in the Majors, and where a man's greatest thrill lay in the prospects of flying a Piper Cub or an Aeronca an hour a day, every other day, for ten hours.

This was where civilian instructors taught you geography and algebra as if you were a ninth grade class, and where you lined up on the parade ground to cheer the first discordant notes of the C. T. band. This was where you learned that the lot of a guard was not a happy one, and where a parade was called retreat, and, instead of skull-crushing flat-tops, you wore comfortable flight caps.

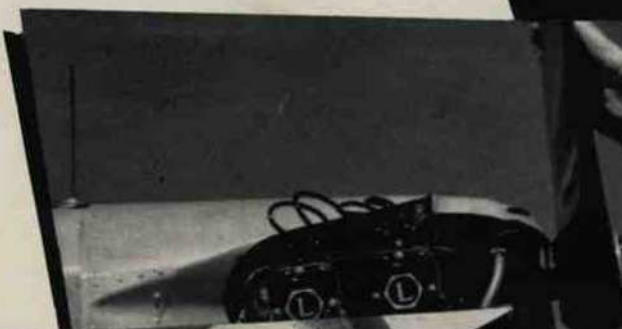
This was where you stopped being addressed as Private, and after an extensive series of changing prefixes, you became





known as Aviation Students, and sewed the Air Corps insignia a half inch below the left shoulder seam on your shirts.

This was where dances were held each Saturday night in the gym, and where, if you were lucky, you could see that special co-ed every night for an hour before call to quarters. This was where you argued the outcome of the Tunisian campaign with your Tactical Officer, where you lived in dorms and ate in cafeterias, where you spent your idle moments hoping you'd ship soon to Nashville, praying you'd be classified as Pilot—even Glider Pilot—and longing to get off to where you are now, at Maxwell.



At EAsE



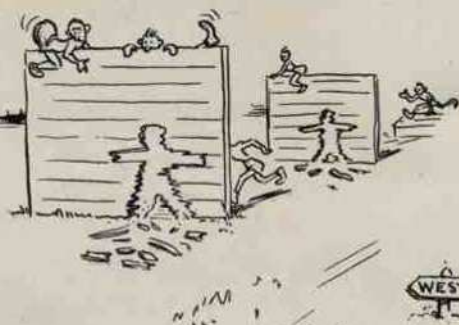
"And Sir—if nobody cares for a blonde—please send me a blonde"



"Gazing, Mister?"



"Ever run an obstacle course before, Mr. Dokes?"



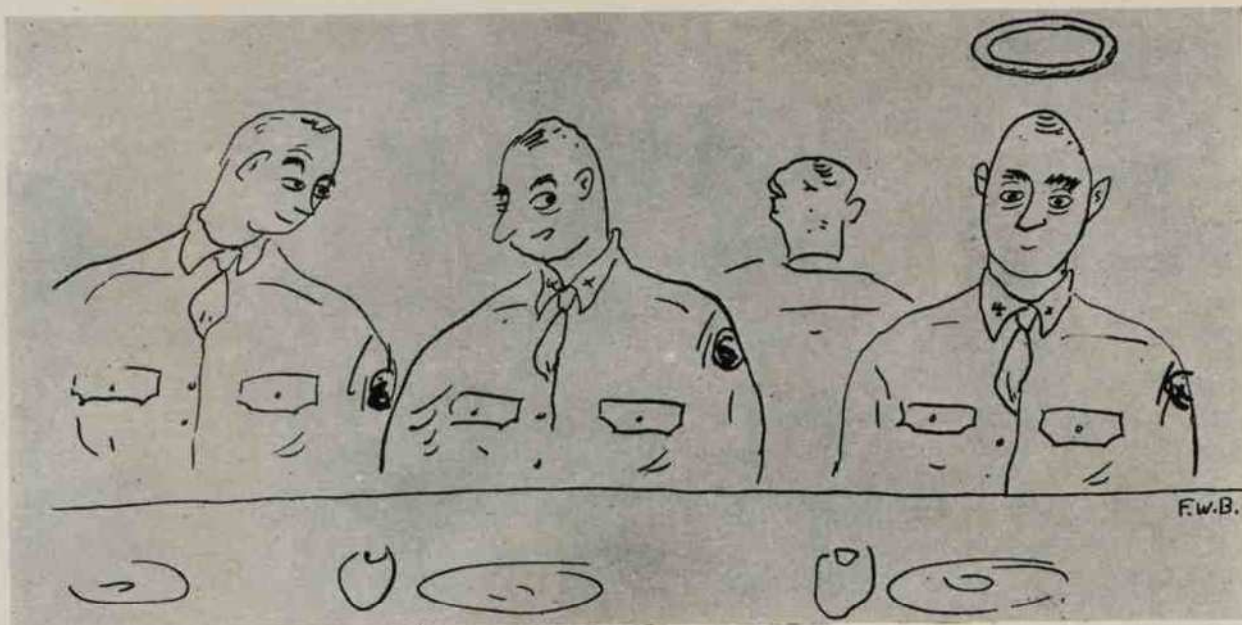
SIR--NEW AVIATION
CADET DUMBJOHN, I.B.--



--REQUESTS PERMISSION--

GO AHEAD--
SHOOT!

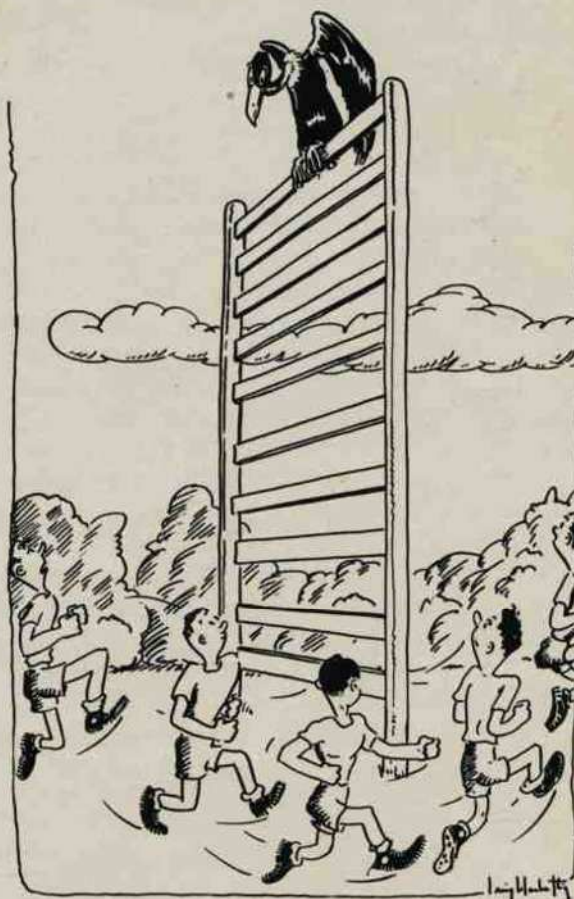




"He's one of our best men"



"A fine body of looking men"



PLATOON -
HALT!

FREEZE!



WEST

"ALL RIGHT, SIR"

By A/C PAUL CAIN, Corps Commander

Not many weeks ago, during the early stages of the Mediterranean invasion, a tired young pilot was reporting to his superior in a temporary reconnaissance post on a foreign shore. He had just completed a gruelling day in the air on a photographic mission, which came on the heels of a sleepless night. He was worn out, fed up with observation flying, and desperately anxious to get back to his own squadron, which was due to go into invasion combat immediately.

"Get everything all right?" asked the reconnaissance chief.

The pilot didn't hesitate.

"No, sir," he said.

Those two words meant a lot to him. They meant that he would have to spend another day, perhaps two days, without rest, tying him to his temporary observation assignment, robbing him of a chance of rejoining his buddies, and triumphantly delivering bombs for Benito. His orders on the photographic mission had been to pilot the photographer over every mile of the coastline in a certain sector. Because of a couple of hours of blind flying in a sudden coastal storm, his gasoline supply hadn't lasted to take him all the way to the end of the sector. The photographer didn't know it; the photographs didn't show it. Only the pilot knew that the last strip at the other end of the coast had been missed. And it was so far away from the invasion point that it probably wouldn't matter anyway. But it was included in the orders, and his entire flight of today would have to be repeated to reach it.

The pilot might easily have considered his mission accomplished, from a practical standpoint, and gone where he wanted to be. But, on the other hand, those last few insignificant miles of remote coastline might have harboured an unexpected concentration of enemy force that could have tipped the scales against the invading U. S. aircraft, a day or two later.

The pilot didn't hesitate.

"No, sir," he said. "Everything isn't all right. I'll go back and finish up tomorrow."

It's a long way, in miles, from Alabama to the coast of Sicily, yet there are lines running from Maxwell Field throughout the world, wherever the U. S. Army Air Forces are operating. They are fine, invisible lines, yet so strong that time and distance can't break them, nor weaken the message that they carry:

"An aviation cadet does not lie, cheat or steal"

The incident related above is a true happening; the pilot was Class 42-A, Maxwell Field. That same sort of incident is happening everywhere, on all fighting fronts. Every day, former Maxwell Field cadets are being asked for All Right reports: is your mission completed? Are you in shape to make this flight? Did you hit the objective? Is your course properly charted?

On Maxwell Field, an All Right report deals with nothing more serious than a cadet's authority to be where he is. On the fighting line, an All Right makes the difference between life and death, between victory and defeat.

The Military Honor Code at Maxwell Field was instituted as a vital and necessary part of flying officer training, and has become, as well, one of the Air Corps' finest traditions. Preflight Pilot is a ground school for gentlemen and future officers; the Honor Code makes sure it remains so.

Operated entirely by the cadets within the cadet corps, the Honor System is a self-sustaining, self-perpetuating part of cadet life. It stands as a bulwark of protection between future officers and gentlemen, and the dangers which could result to them from association with liars, cheats or thieves. It makes certain when one man's life depends upon another's knowledge, that knowledge will be on the job. It makes certain that the men with silver wings have earned the right to wear them.



penguin to pilot

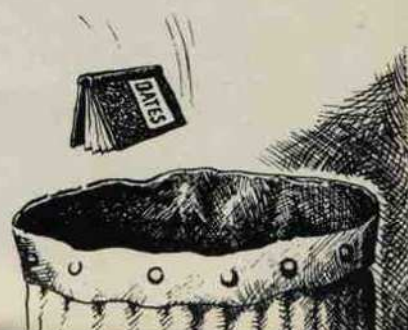
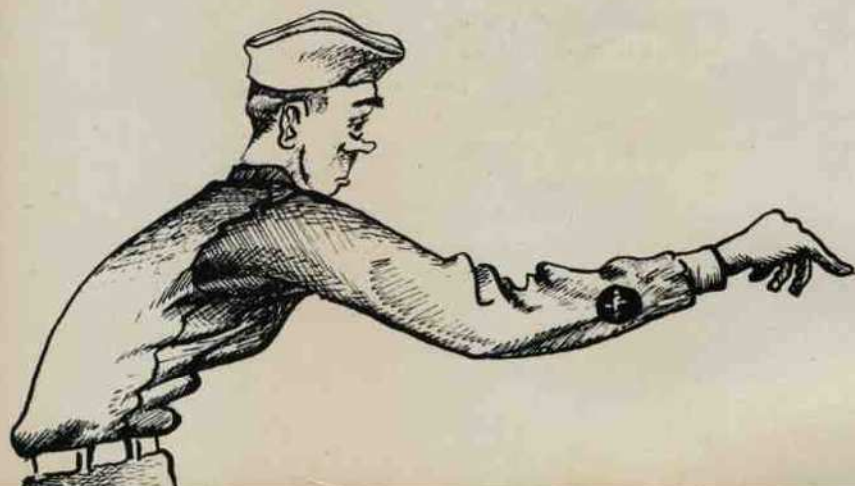
Even at Maxwell, graduation is associated with the end. But here, graduation marks more than the end of a phase of training; it also presages the beginning of something 44-D has been waiting for for a long time.

Perhaps that's why there's little or no fanfare connected with the Maxwell graduations. There is seldom any cause to celebrate a beginning—celebrations are more often reserved for the final day when the mission has been accomplished.

That pleased look the Graduation Class is wearing isn't so much from the satisfaction of having completed their work here as from looking forward to what lies ahead. The world of flying is just beginning.

There are a few things left to be done. A last parade, the packing of the last few leftovers into a growing barracks bag, passing on an address book and some advice to a friend who has to stay. And, after that, off to Primary.

This is Graduation. This is the end of the Penguin life. This is the beginning of flying.



INTO THE SUN

Preflight School behind us, we look into the future and find our left foot stepping into a new world—Primary School.

Here the blue and yellow ships go up one after the other, their motors droning a business-like cadence as cadets work to prove to their instructor that they have the "stuff."

After they have proved their ability to fly by soloing after eight hours of dual instruction they take their ships up and bring them down time after time until they begin to wonder—"What's the use". They overcome their uneasiness and go up there alone to loop, snap roll, Immelmann. They put their ships into bad spins and bring them out—unassisted.

They are now ready for Basic.

Their first warm glow of enthusiasm soon changes to puzzled bewilderment as, stepping onto the dizzy whirligig of Basic, the cadets are incredulously amazed at the speed.

It is in their new ships in the air and in the classrooms on the ground.

They become acquainted with more difficult

flying technique, and, to the casual observer their thrust-out chests are likely to appear as the only visible part of their anatomies. Their memories, polished on matters of military discipline and academic subjects, begin to shine like the silver wings for which they strive.

The weight of the world is upon their shoulders, when, after four or five hours instruction, all is in readiness for taking their faster and heavier ships up for solo.

At Basic the cadets make their first sundown treks to the flight line and—if they are lucky—take off by the light of the silvery moon, realizing that it is their first night flight.

By this time they have learned there are such things as flaps and they have learned how to use them. With their hair standing on end they have even perceived there are times when and when not to use them.

And then comes the day when they, with self-satisfied smiles across their faces, move on to the last stepping stone before they get their commissions.





Advanced Flying School — where the pig iron is taken and molded into the finished product.

Here the kinks are taken out and the polish applied before the new airmen are sent out as officers. For the first time—they, the cadets, are considered pilots and the instructors, flight commanders. They learn to carry the responsibility which will soon be theirs—to know that in their hands depend the lives of others as well as their own.

Having completed Primary and Basic, the cadets decide that they are pilots and this Advance "stuff" isn't going to get them—But

The first ten hours at Advanced are devoted to transition. During this time they learn to handle the faster and heavier ships with their retractable landing gear, hydraulic flaps, and constant speed prop—these are the days of worry.

But time goes quickly and they bid farewell to the time when they could take up ships and fly them as they desired. Formation flying walks in the door not quite unnoticed and stays. Instrument flights, flying on the ground in the "Jeep" (Link Trainer) and that first night cross-country hop, all are introduced to them for the first time.

A ten-day break—then gunnery practice at another school—here they practice at ground and aerial gunnery with machine guns mounted on trainers.

By this time—they, the pilots, have been taught the necessary subjects. On their own, they go forth "Prepare(d) for Combat" for service in the field as flying officers.





By an Act of Congress, the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps officially dropped an "A" on September 1st, 1943. It was legally adopted as the little sister to the Army, and received a new name; the Women's Army Corps.

At Maxwell Field, as at all other posts where she is stationed, the WAC has proven herself an integral part of the military routine. Among her duties here, one WAC has as her job the pleasant prospect of awakening two Wings of Cadets—through the disappointing medium of the P. A. system, over which she plays an unpleasant recording of Reveille.

In filling occupations as receptionists, clerks and a multitude of others formerly occupied by men the WAC is doing more than her share in releasing soldiers for active duty in combat zones.

As a soldier, the WAC has earned our respect and admiration, and has shown herself to be a credit to the Army to which she belongs.



