

ARMY PILOTS IN THE MAKING



"MESA DEL REY"
PALO ALTO AIRPORT, INC.
KING CITY, CALIFORNIA



TODAY

American ingenuity is producing the tools of victory in its numerous flying schools; and in these hurried times when one picture speaks a thousand words, we present a graphic story of the development of our youth into pilots. The flying men who shape the destiny of the world to come, the men who have proven that by their skill and courage, lies the answer to a victorious finale to a war not wanted by this freedom-loving country . . . A quick flip of a page, a passing glance at a familiar scene perhaps will refresh the memories of those of us, who, in years to come, will enjoy looking back at these hectic days. Every phase of our training had its place in the composite pictures within these pages. We worked hard to fit ourselves for the goal that lay ahead.

Remember a sunny afternoon in California, the long line of cadets in front of the train, stretching tired arms and legs after the ride and . . .



FOREWORD

With the advent of the airplane to its position of such extreme importance, as proven since the start of the present conflict, a system to train hundreds of thousands of pilots had to be developed. The answer lay in the Army Air Forces' decision to contract the primary phase—to establish the now famous Army Air Forces Contract Flying Schools. To those . . . flocked the men who in the pre-war years had built up thousands of hours of experience in training men to fly—experience so vital in laying a sound foundation upon which to build the Air Force.

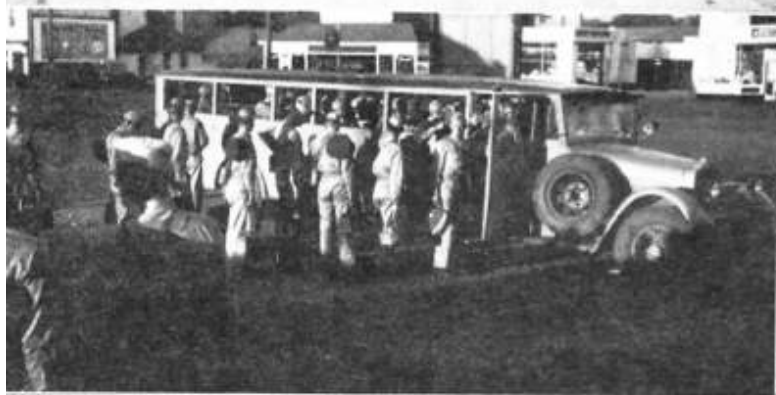
Since time was of the essence, the Army needed pilots and needed them quickly . . . equipment had progressed rapidly to a point of being very intricate and calling for a high degree of skill in operating. With it came the outstanding achievement of all—a Safety Record. Not only are the pilots being trained but . . . they are the world's best and the story of their deeds will long live in the history of the future.

To this cause, we dedicate this pictorial story, depicting the making of a pilot, as he, himself, has recorded it. For the pictures on the following pages were taken by the cadets themselves from their everyday duties and routines, from dodo to pilot, requiring only the transitional training in larger airplanes and tactical maneuvers.

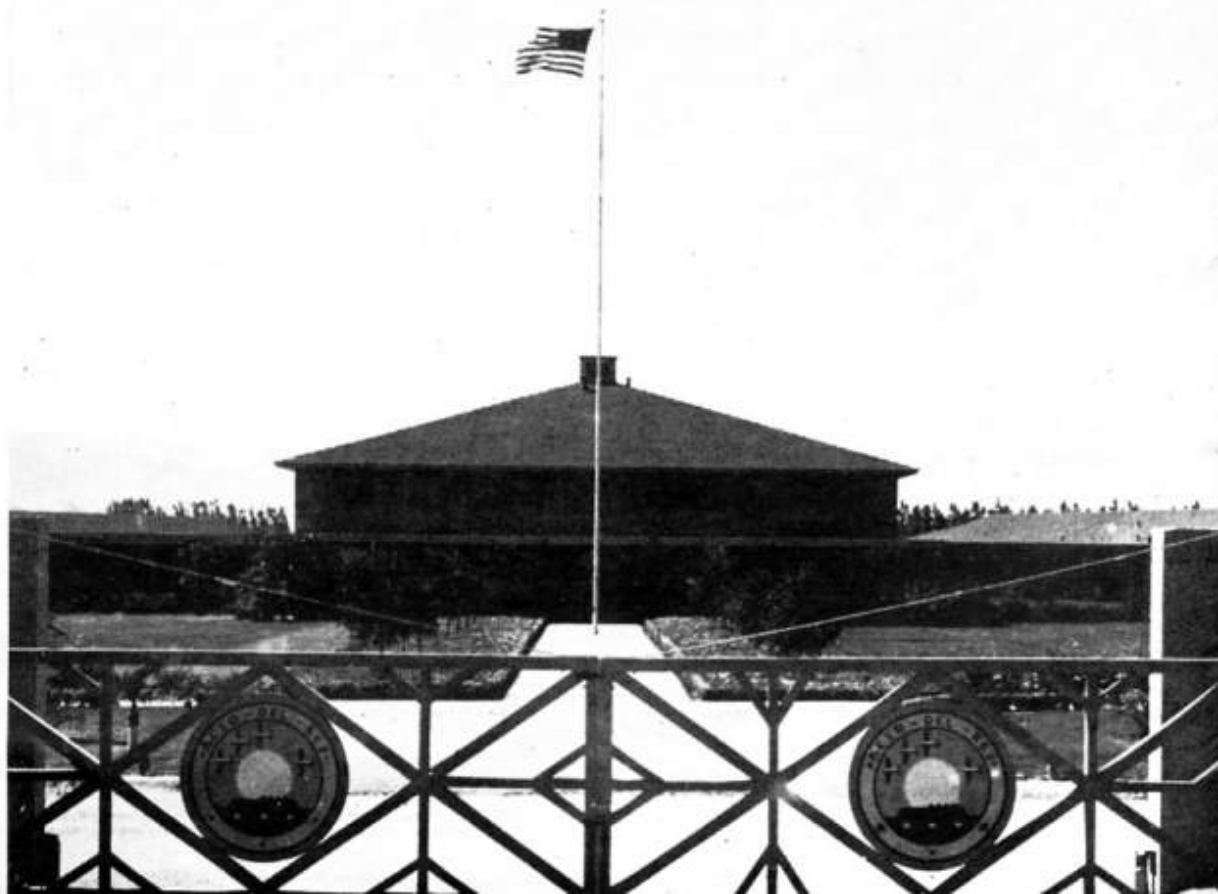
Go forth then into the future to bring glory to your country, yourself and to those you leave behind who watch your progress with envy.

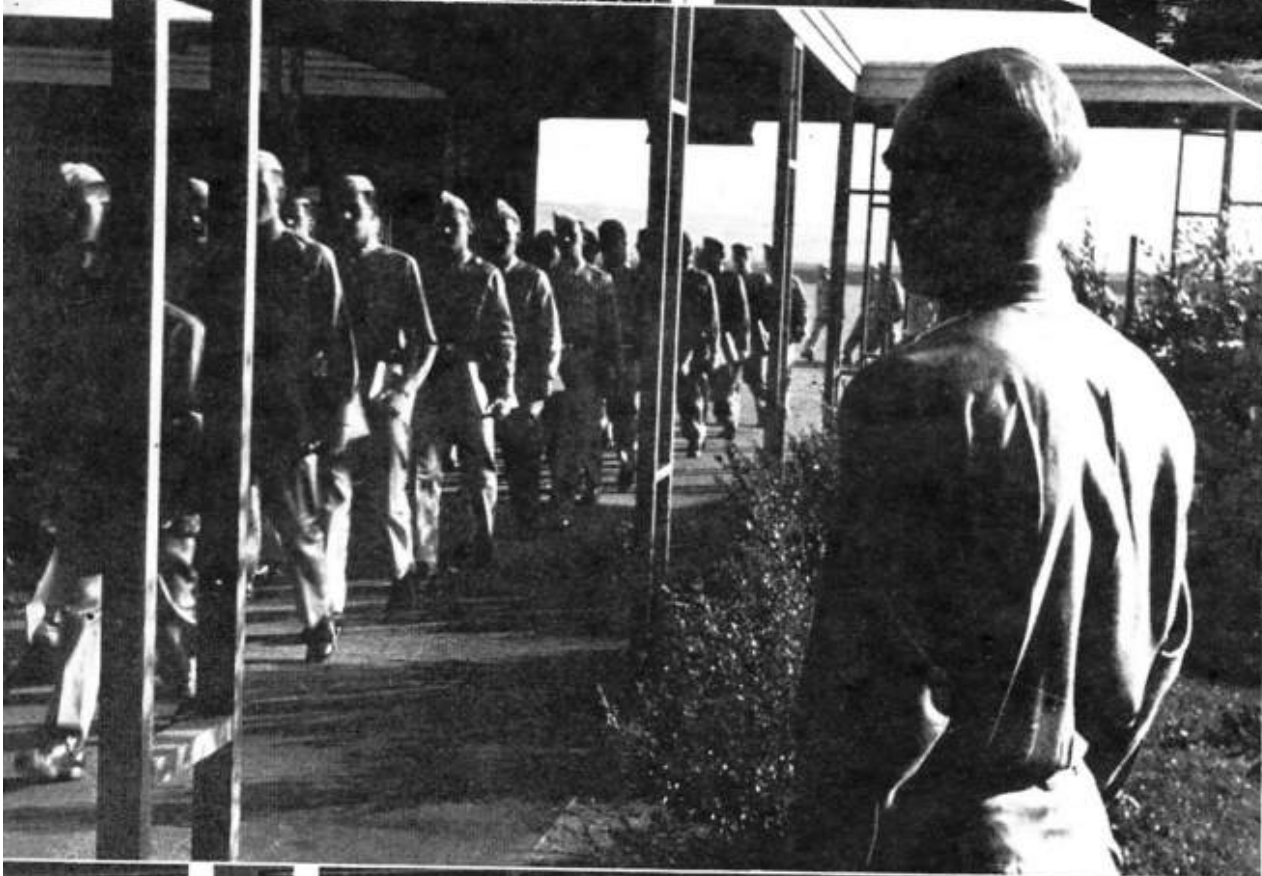
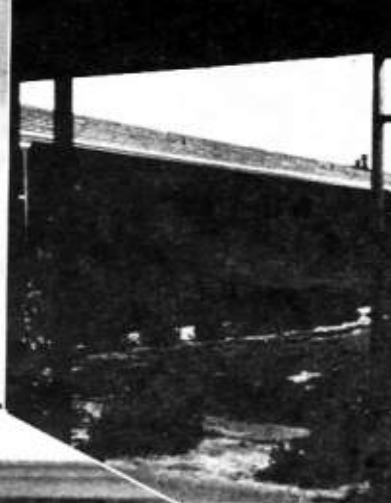
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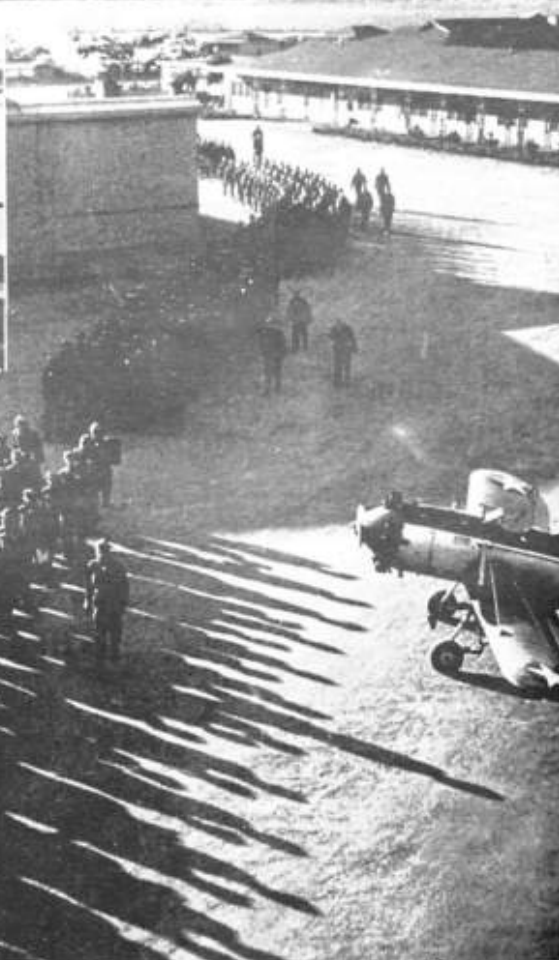


Finally!!!
After months
of studying,
drilling, won-
dering and
hoping . . . we
arrive at the
gates wherein
lies the answer
to many ques-
tions . . . Our
home for the
next nine
weeks . . .

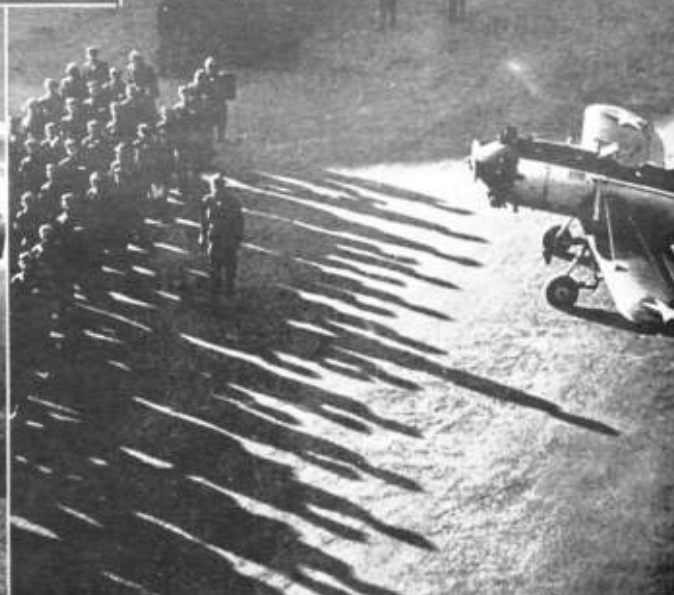




With efficiency and dispatch, we were assigned to quarters, issued clothing and books A feeling of friendliness filled the atmosphere as the day zipped by

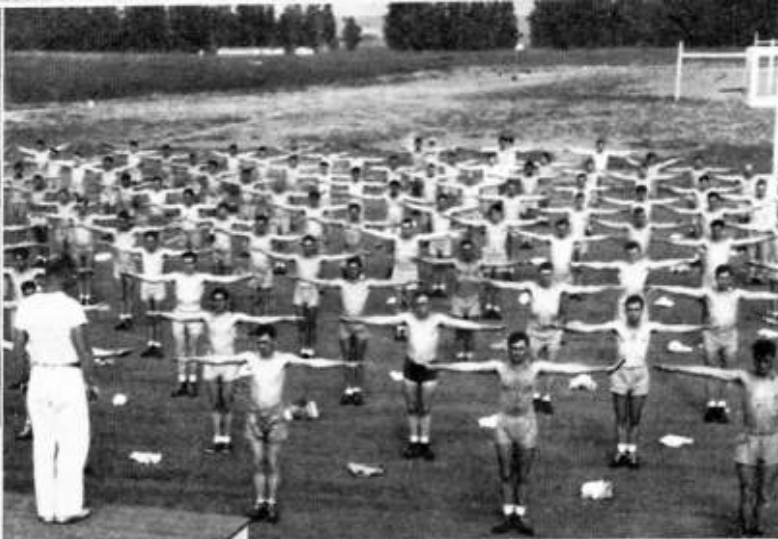


We marched to the
flight line singing, and
foresaw a turning
point in our lives
We were happy!!!
For the first time to
meet our instructor
and the airplane . . .





Slowly at first, but consistently—we learned . . . until that day of days!!! When we found ourselves soaring thru the clouds alone!

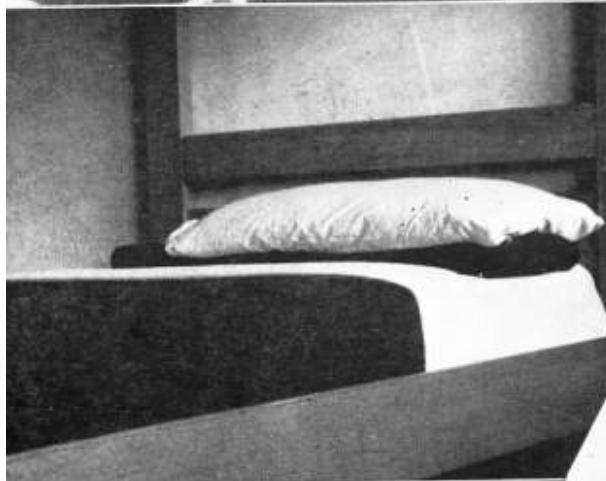


We learned that
Cadets do drill
at Primary . . .
That P. T. was an
important part
of the curric-
ulum! ! !

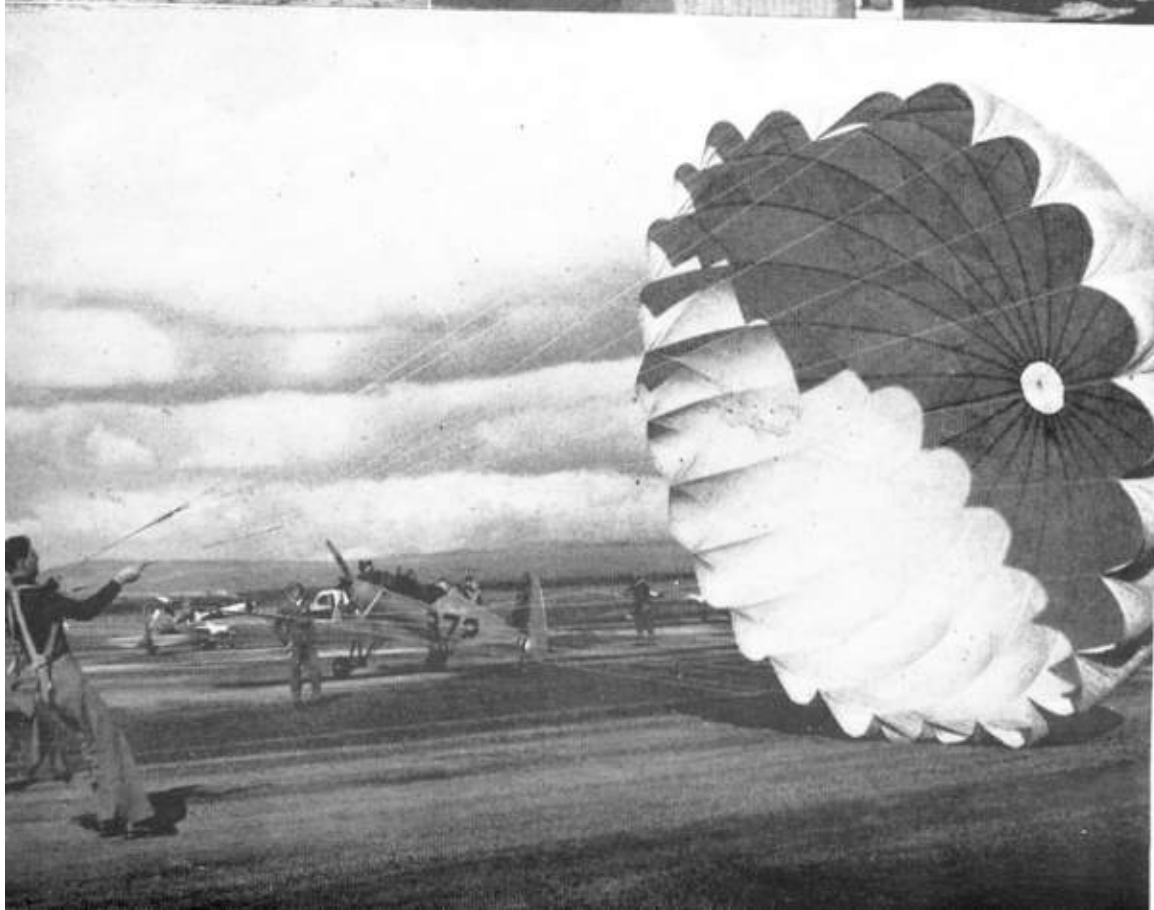




The games were
played hard to
condition both
body and mind
for the harder
game ahead . . .



Midst the Hubba-Hubba's! ...
drill, etc. . . . we found time
to relax . . . were gigged and
walked tours . . . blamed it on
the gremlins.

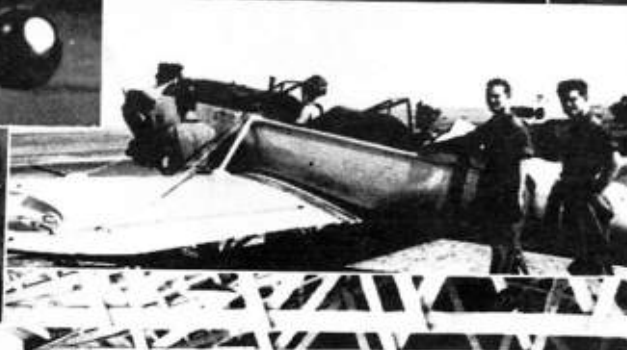
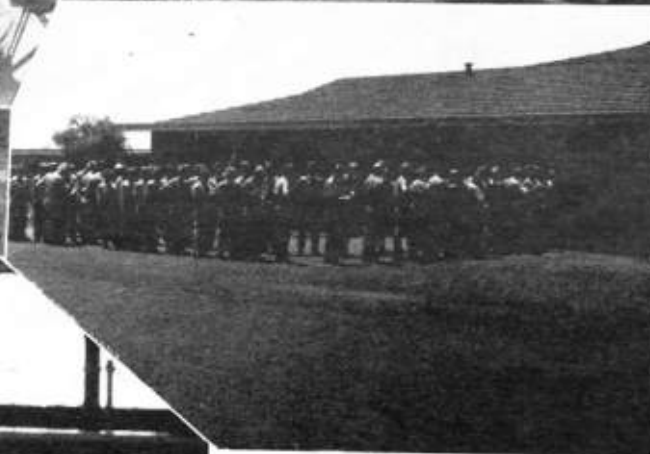
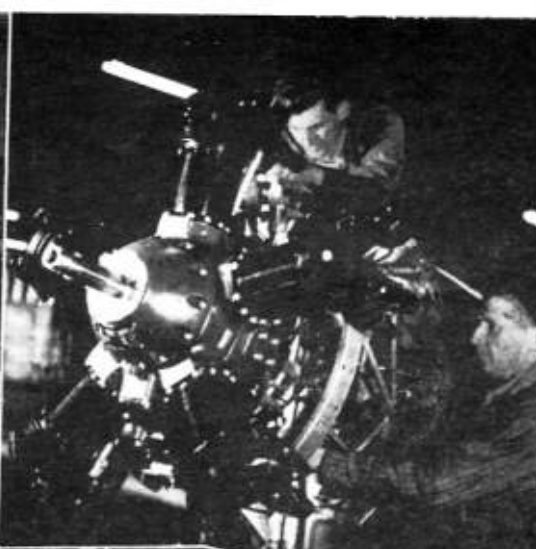


Always striving
to protect us . . .
men and women
worked hard . . .
for mistakes in
this game were
costly. We
learned to ap-
preciate and
value bits of
advice . . .

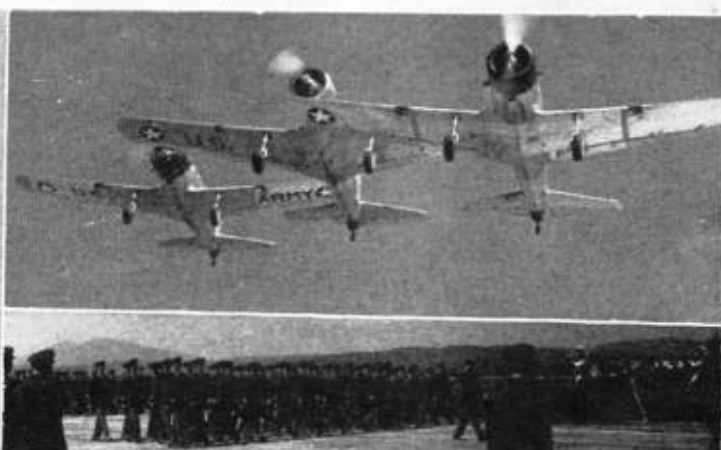
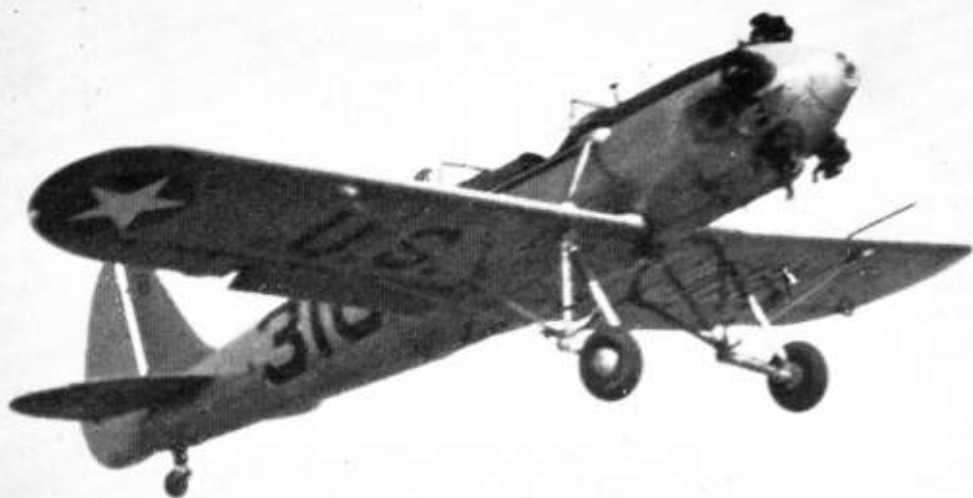


However the many activities had their lighter moments too, and we laughed and had fun criticized and complimented the performance of the planes landing and taking off before us.





The mechanics,
dispatchers and
employees of all
departments
worked hard,
side by side, with
us . . . to produce
the best job
possible.



And so we gradually approached the closing days of our primary training, looking forward eagerly to the next step ahead...





Realizing with a rush the many incidents that had made up our stay at Mesa del Rey, the graduation parade, party and the lower class we leave to carry on.



We leave them now with a feeling that we were one step nearer to those hoped-for wings, a step that we realized was so important in our future as flyers, Knowing that soon, in a few short months . . . we, too, would carry on, doing our part. Returning bullet and bomb that those who had tried to stem that maniacal tide had

taken—but not in vain. For before the finish is written in the books they too will know the sting and fury of the unleashed hell they have perpetrated on this earth.

Then and only then will we dare to think of home and our loved ones, of peace and security as we had pictured it, so . . . on to Basic.