



**THE GREENVILLE
ARMY FLYING
SCHOOL**

GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI

HISTORY OF THE G.A.F.S. «» «» AND DEDICATION



The history of the Greenville Army Flying School might well be taken from a biography of Colonel A. R. McConnell, commanding officer. As project officer for the field, he supervised the operations which transformed a 2000-acre tract of the richest cotton land in the South to one of the finest basic flying schools in the country. Work on the field, which was originally one of the Delta's oldest cotton plantations, began in July, 1941.

When Colonel McConnell took official command of the field on August 13, 1941, construction was well under way. A few months later the administration buildings, hospital units, barracks, concrete runways and apron were completed.

Permanent troops arrived November 16, 1941, from Maxwell Field and the post was turned over to its commanding officer four days later by the United States Army Engineers which was in actual charge of the construction.

The first flying cadet class arrived December 15, 1941 and took to the air for its basic training on December 19. Finishing its training ahead of schedule, the class was graduated February 19, 1942, with Major General George E. Stratemeyer, then commanding general of the Southeast Army Air Forces Training Center, making the graduation address.

In March, when Colonel McConnell became a full colonel, operations at the field were in full swing. However, building continued and the field at this writing is still growing.

What Colonel McConnell has meant to the field and the men during this period of growth is best shown by two brief examples of his attitude toward post functions. Much of the success of the champion post baseball team could be attributed to his inspiration for, with hundreds of baseball followers here, the Colonel has become the No. 1 fan and it's a rare day, indeed, when he isn't in the stands rooting for the Greenville fliers. He was the driving force behind the building of the swimming pool and once, during its construction, jumped into the pit with the enlisted men and shoveled for three hours.

It is only fitting that some tribute be paid to the man who has given such life and character to this post. In an effort to acknowledge this debt, the personnel of the post dedicate this booklet to Colonel McConnell.





COL. A. R. McCONNELL
Post Commander

FOREWORD



Men of the Greenville Army Flying School are pictured on the following pages at work and at play. They are shown on the ground and in the clouds going about their daily tasks—so necessary in the successful operation of a basic flying school.

The pictures themselves are interesting but they represent something far more significant than the tuning up of a basic trainer or the flight of a plane, whatever the case may be.

They symbolize the efforts of a varied group of men—soldiers, flying cadets, officers and civilians—working toward one goal, victory. Because of this unwritten story behind the pictures, the booklet may well be of more intrinsic value to posterity than to us.

Naturally, such a booklet will appeal to soldiers and officers, their relatives and friends and the public because of its immediate interest, but some day after peace returns, its real worth will lie in its pictorial record of a small but vital segment of the nation's armed forces working to help give the world freedom.

August 27, 1942.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "A. R. McConnell".



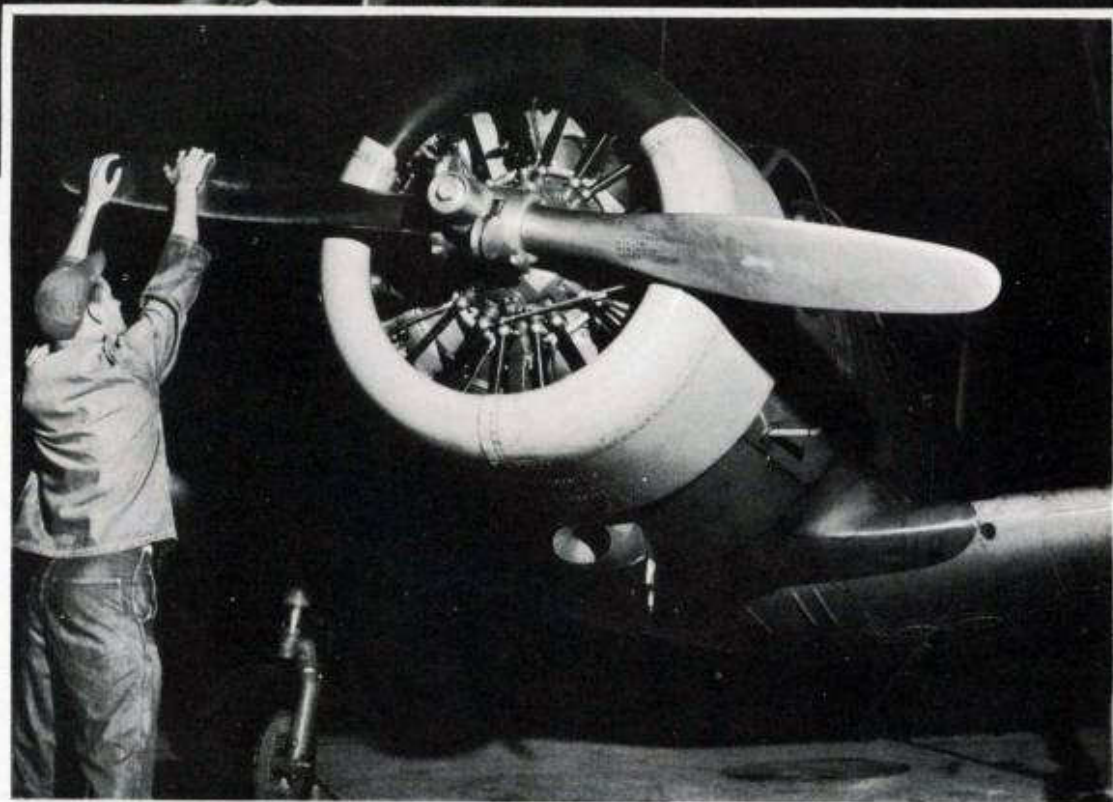
"HIGH FLIGHT"

OH, I HAVE SLIPPED THE SURLY BONDS OF EARTH,
AND DANCED THE SKIES ON LAUGHTER-SILVERED WINGS;
SUNWARD, I'VE CLIMBED AND JOINED THE TUMBLING MIRTH
OF SUN-SPLIT CLOUDS—AND DONE A HUNDRED THINGS
YOU HAVE NOT DREAMED OF—WHEELED AND SOARED AND SWUNG
HIGH IN THE SUNLIT SILENCE. HOV'RING THERE,
I'VE CHASED THE SHOUTING WIND ALONG AND FLUNG
MY EAGER CRAFT THROUGH FOOTLESS HALLS OF AIR.
UP, UP THE LONG DELIRIOUS, BURNING BLUE
I'VE TOPPED THE WIND-SWEPT HEIGHTS WITH EASY GRACE,
WHERE NEVER LARK, OR EVEN EAGLE FLEW;
AND WHILE WITH SILENT, LIFTING MIND I'VE TROD
THE HIGH UNTRESPASSED SANCTITY OF SPACE,
PUT OUT MY HAND, AND TOUCHED THE FACE OF GOD.

John G. Magee, Jr.
American volunteer flyer
shot down in action . . .



"PRE-FLIGHT"



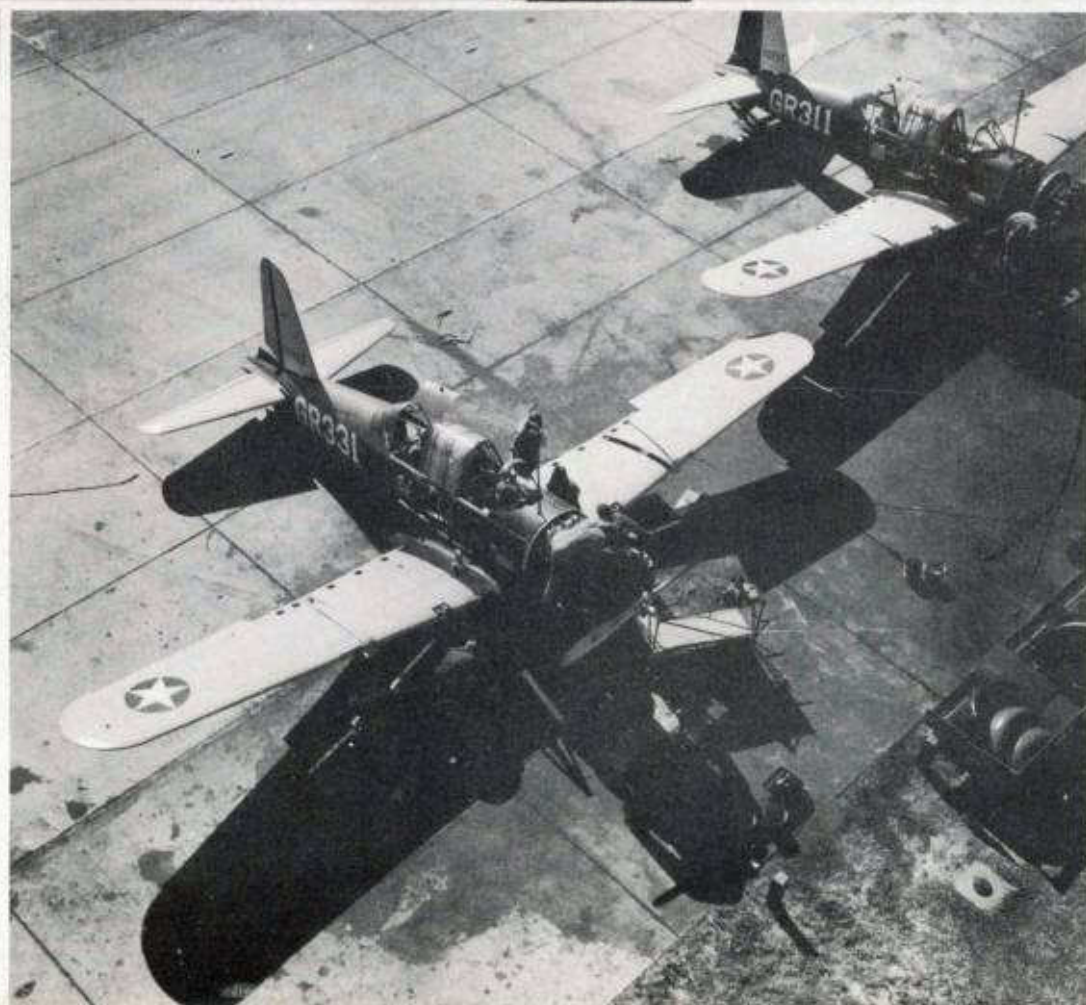
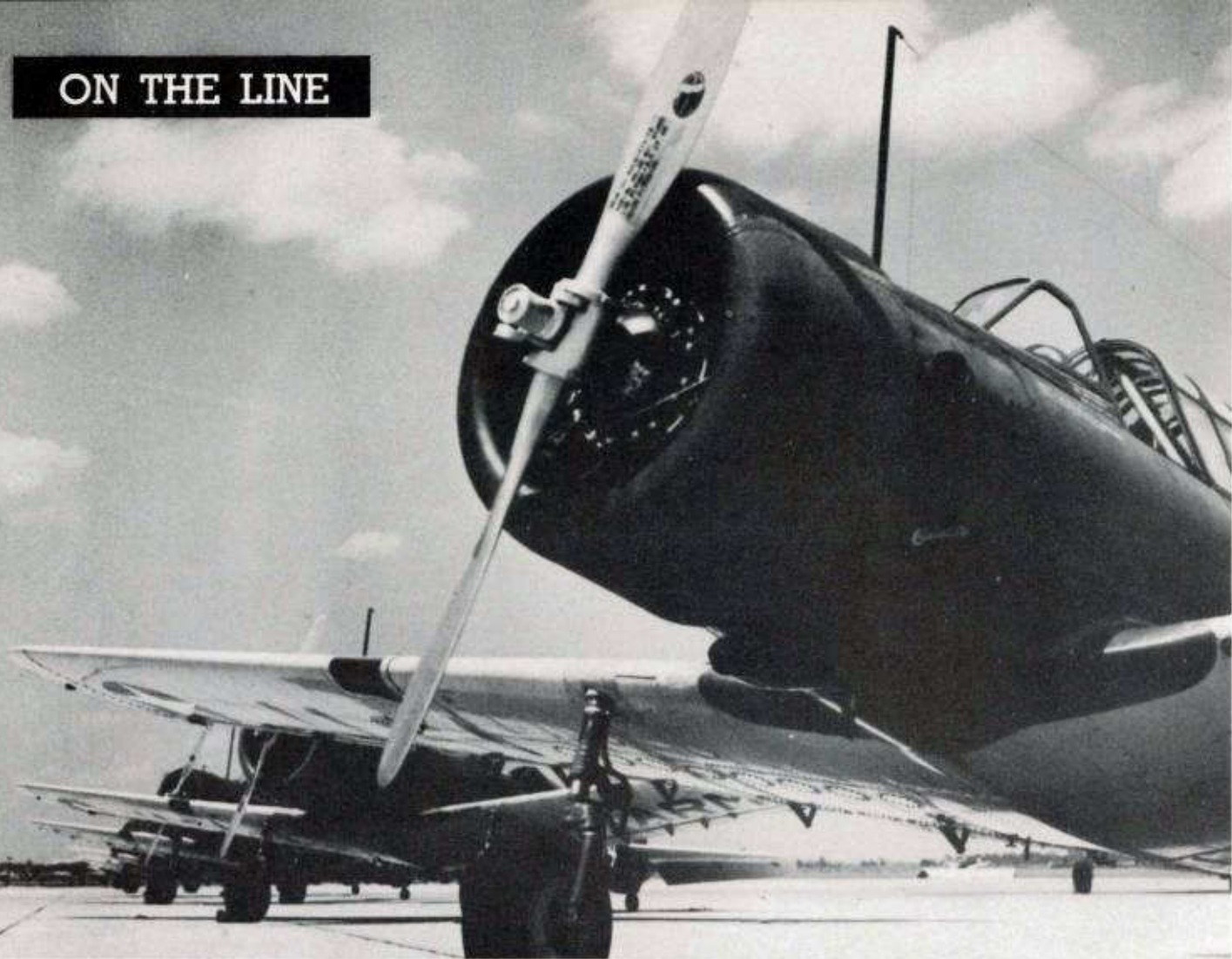
RADIO MAN TESTING

CLEARING THE CYLINDERS



READY FOR THE TUNE-UP

ON THE LINE

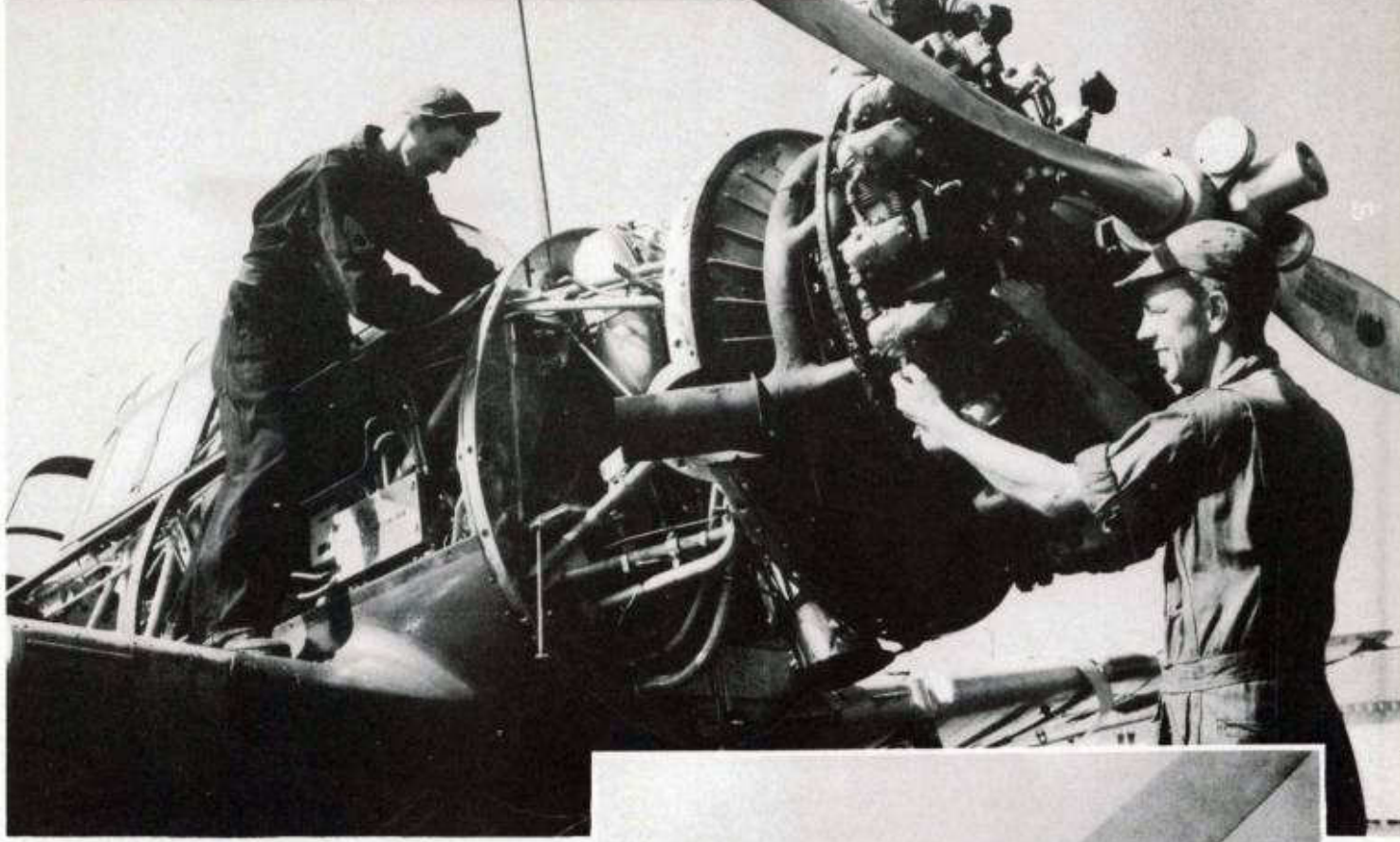


RESTING

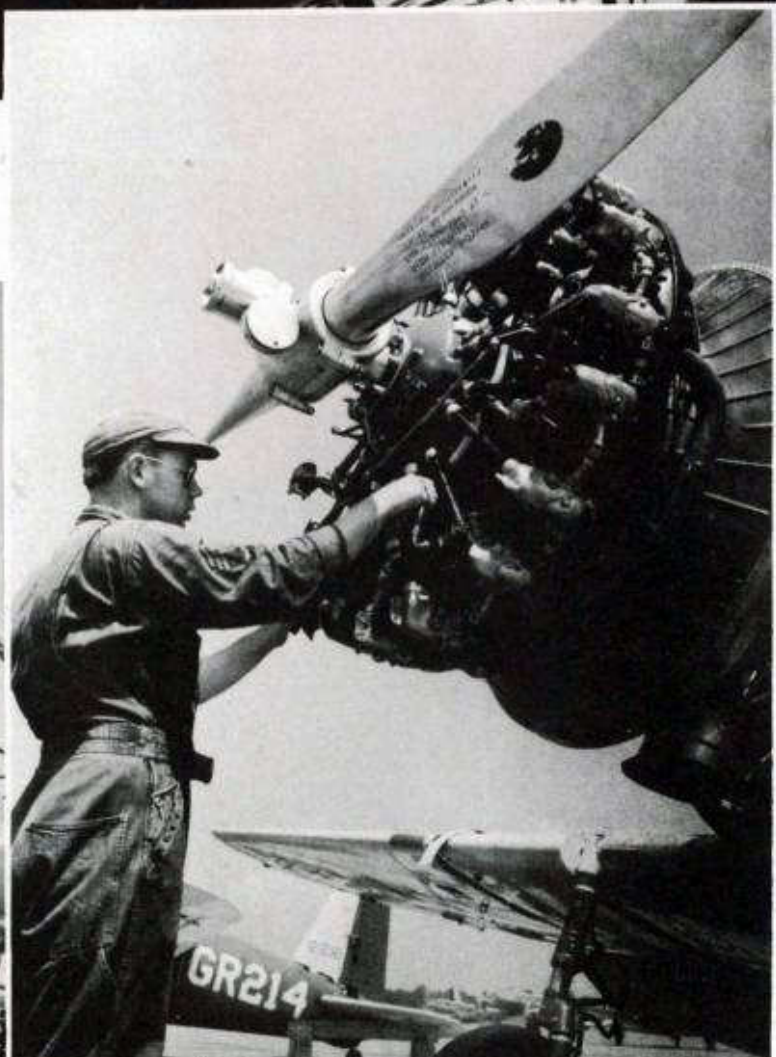


TIME OUT FOR
INSPECTION

THE MEN WHO "KEEP 'EM FLYING"



MECHANICS AT WORK



ENGINE CHANGE



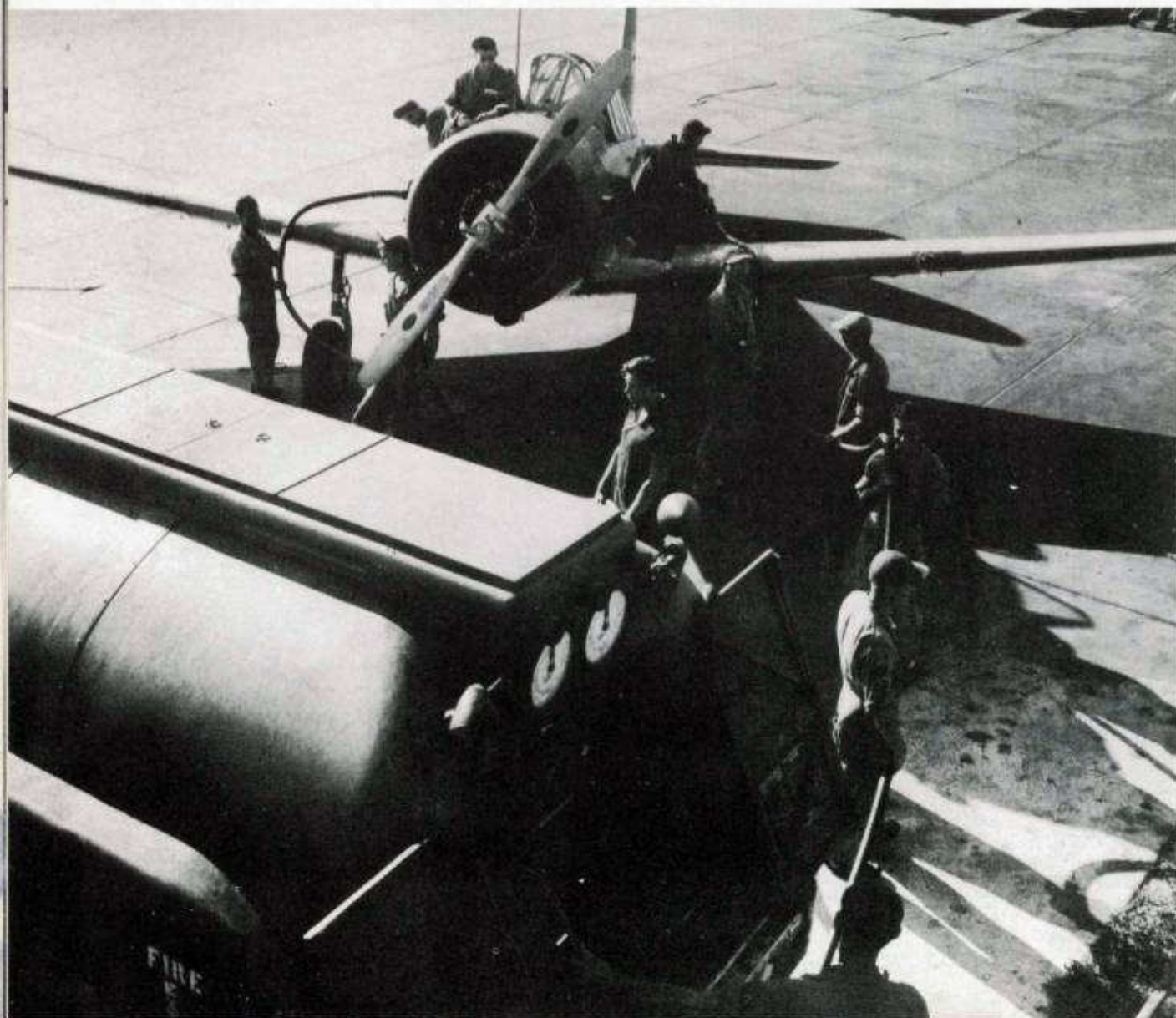


TECHNICAL SUPPLY

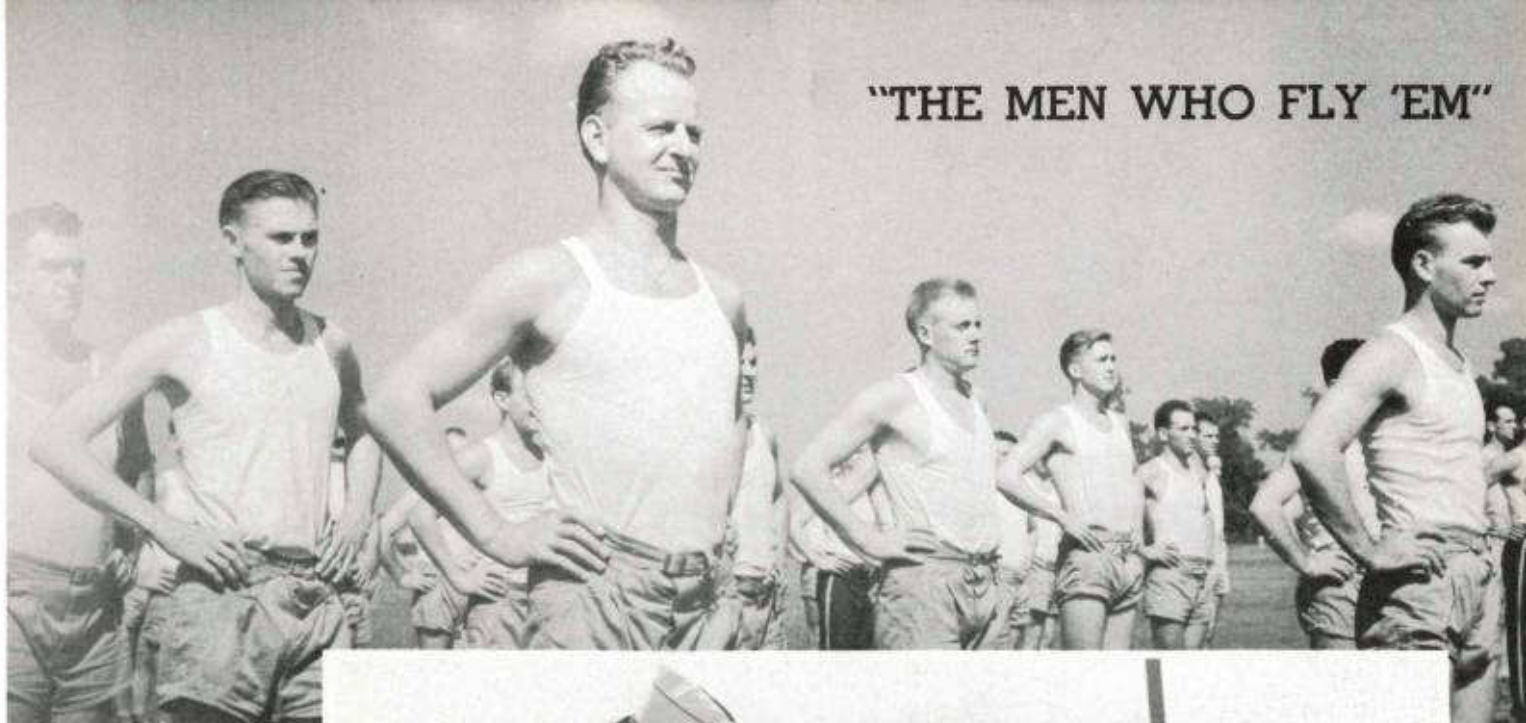


DATA BOARD

"FILL 'ER UP"



"THE MEN WHO FLY 'EM"



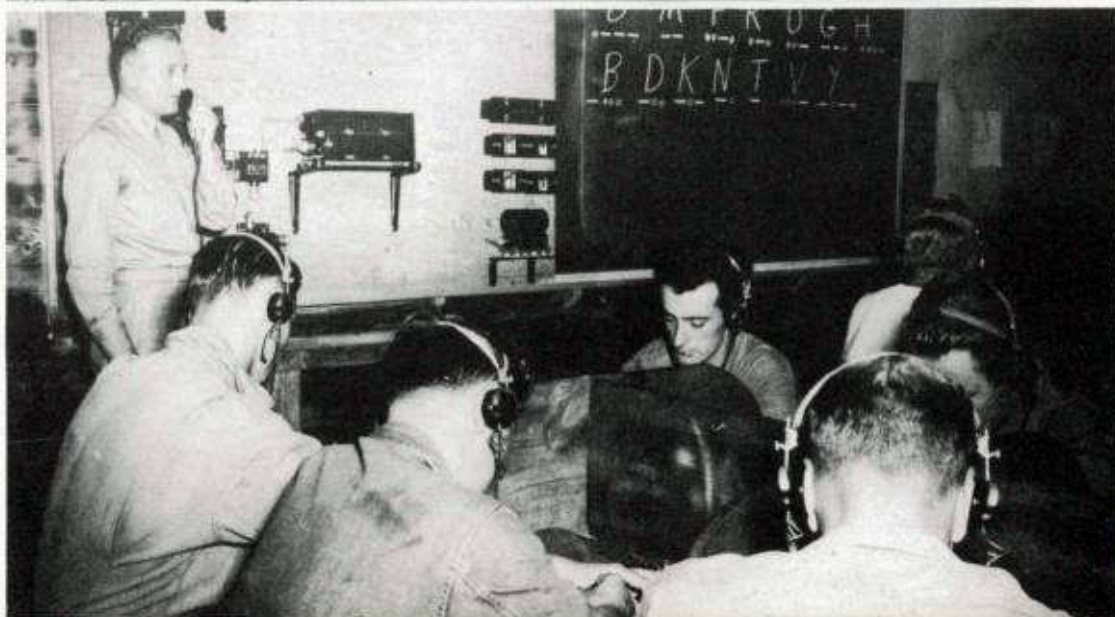
KEEPING FIT

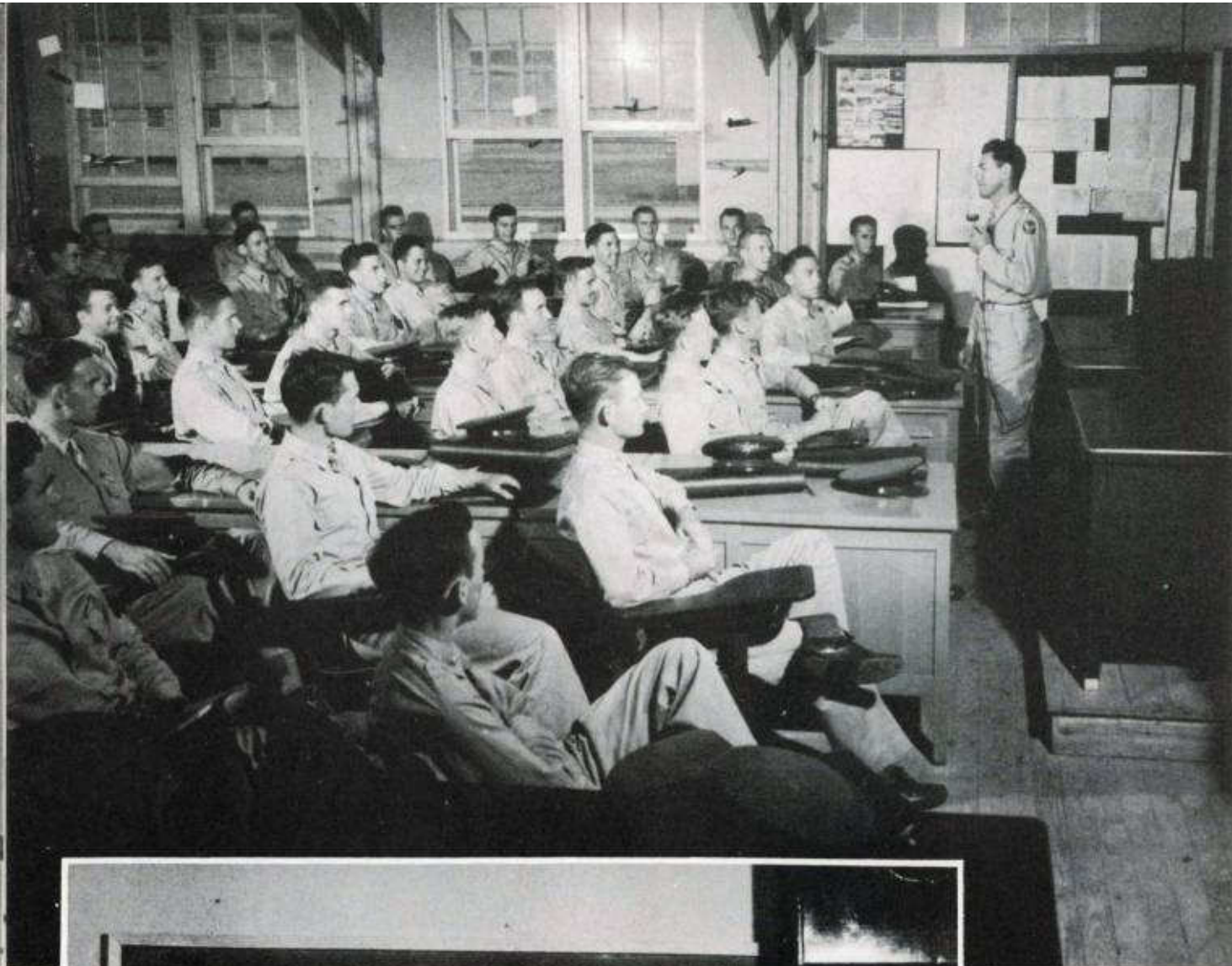


PRE-FLIGHT
INSTRUCTION

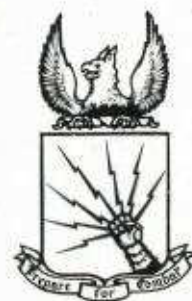
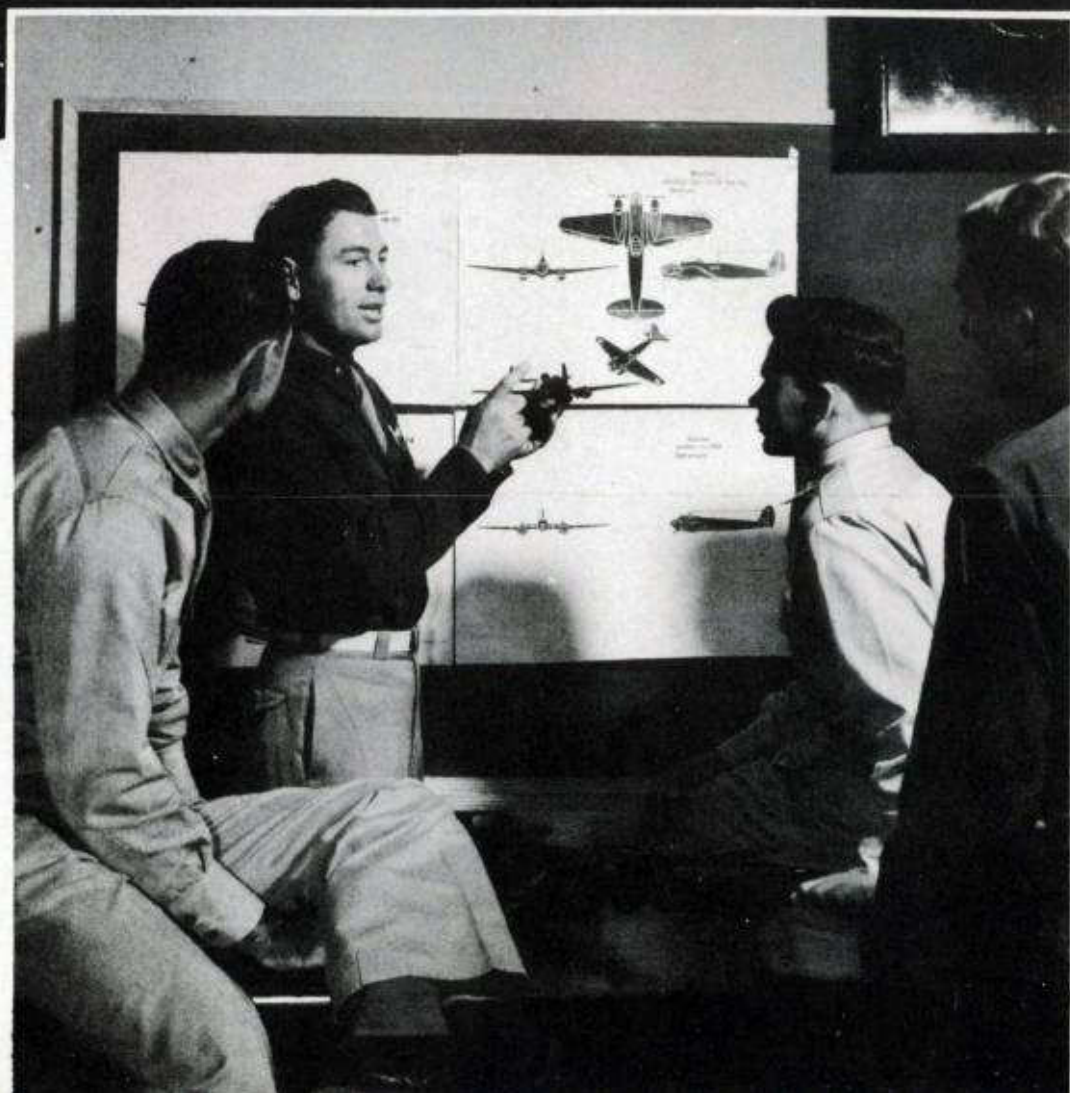


LEARNING
"DA-DITS"





CLASSROOM



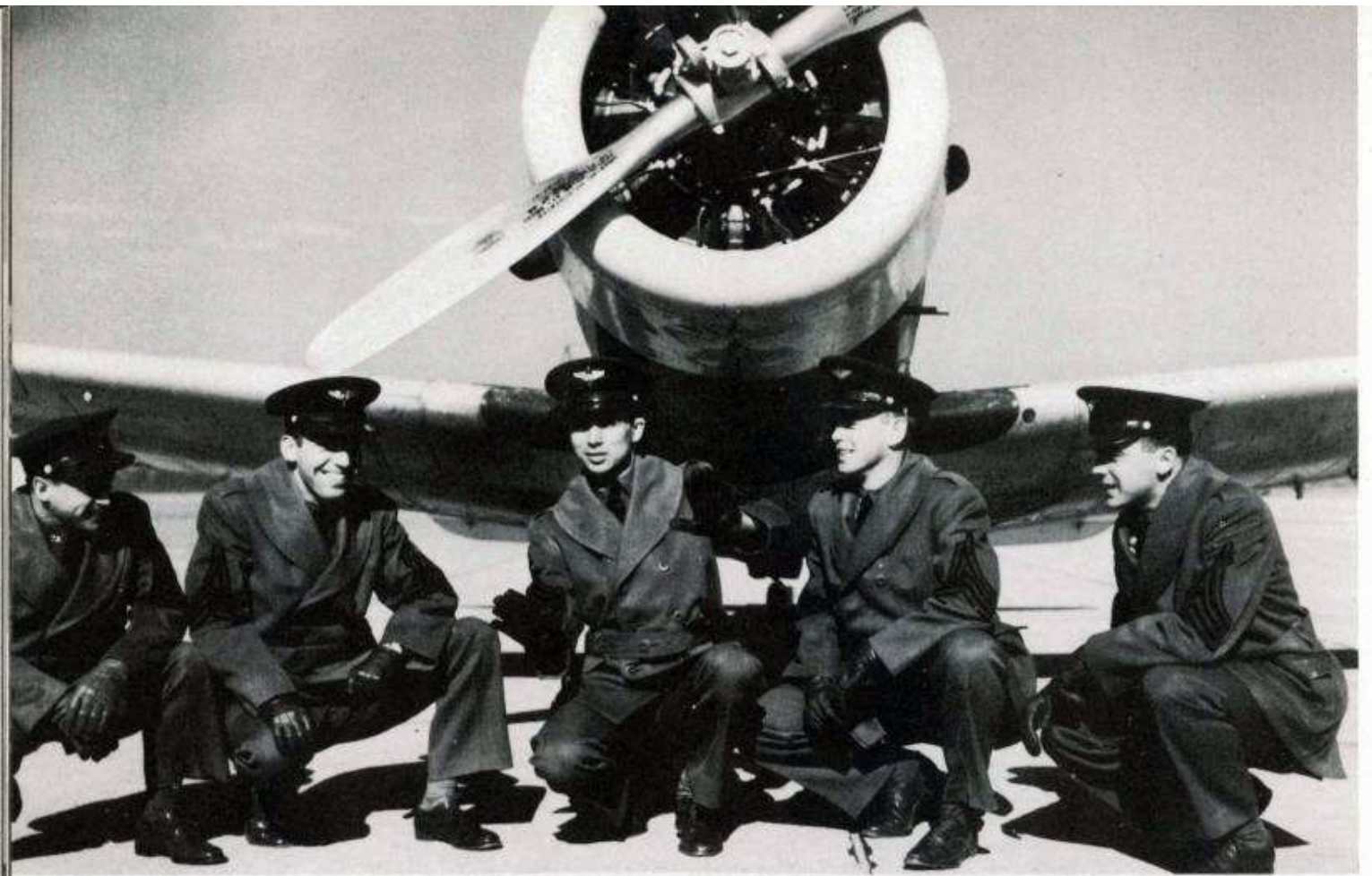
PLANE
IDENTIFICATION

LINK TRAINER



PLOTTING THE COURSE





SHOP TALK ON THE LINE

WEATHER MEN

DISPATCHER





'UPSTAIRS'
OVER G.A.F.S.



IN FORMATION

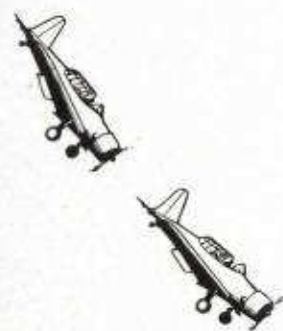




"ONE SOLO CROSS-COUNTRY"



"ALL CLEAR
... GO AHEAD"



INTERIOR OF
CONTROL TOWER



FLAPS DOWN FOR THE LANDING

SPOTTING THE PLANE IN



NIGHT-FLYING



PULLING CHOCKS



A GUIDING HAND

BIG LEAGUE
STUFF
VISITING



PRIMARY TRAINER





"WINGS OVER THE DELTA"

SUB DEPOT AT NIGHT





MAIN GATE



POST BAND



POST HEADQUARTERS

GUARD DUTY



HORIZONTAL BAR



SPEED BALL



DELTA CHAMPS
21 WINS; 5 LOSSES

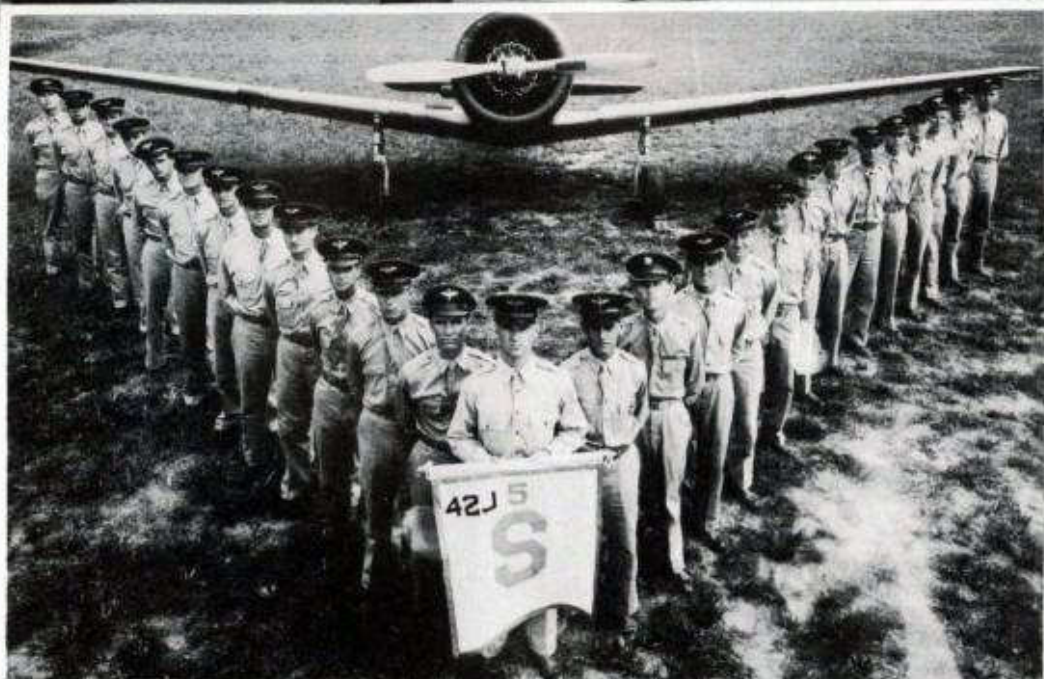
FLYING SAFETY CAMPAIGN



450 HORSES
NEED A
FIRM HAND



"S" FOR SAFE,
SENSIBLE, AND
SUPERIOR FLYING



OBJECT LESSON

PLEASURE TIME



RADIO SHOW



U.S.O. SHOW



DELTA GLEE CLUB



GAFS ORCHESTRA



POST THEATRE



G. I. DANCE

AND OFF-DUTY



A LETTER HOME



MAIL CALL



SHOOTIN' POOL



PING PONG



PICNIC



NON-COM CLUB



INSIDE THE OFFICERS' CLUB

"OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE"





INTERIOR AT THE
SOLDIERS' CENTER



CADET CENTER IN GREENVILLE *





POST EXCHANGE



"PX" MILK SHAKE



"CHOW" TIME



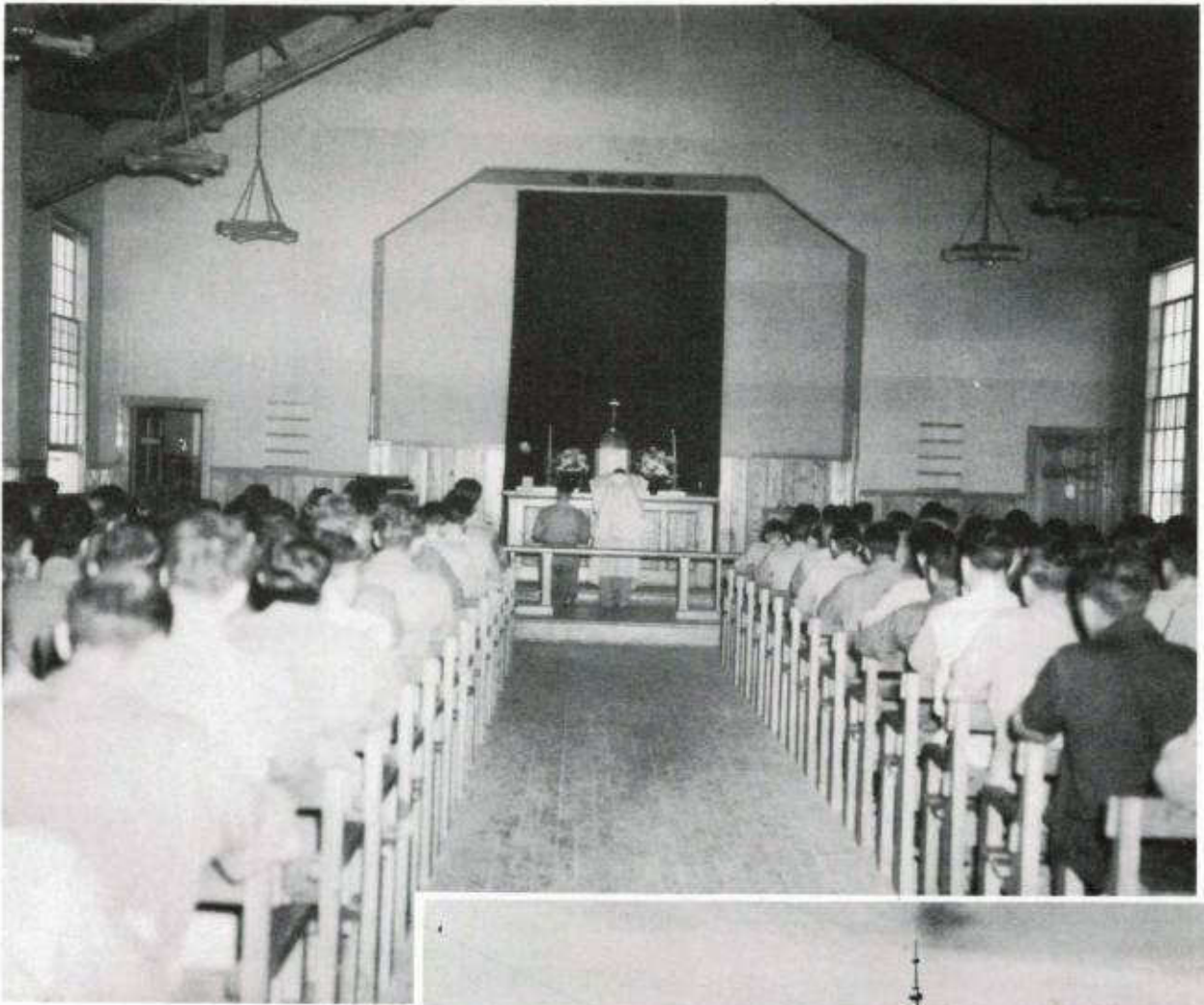
TENDER SCENE



"G I." HAIRCUT



SQUADRON SUPPLY



INTERIOR

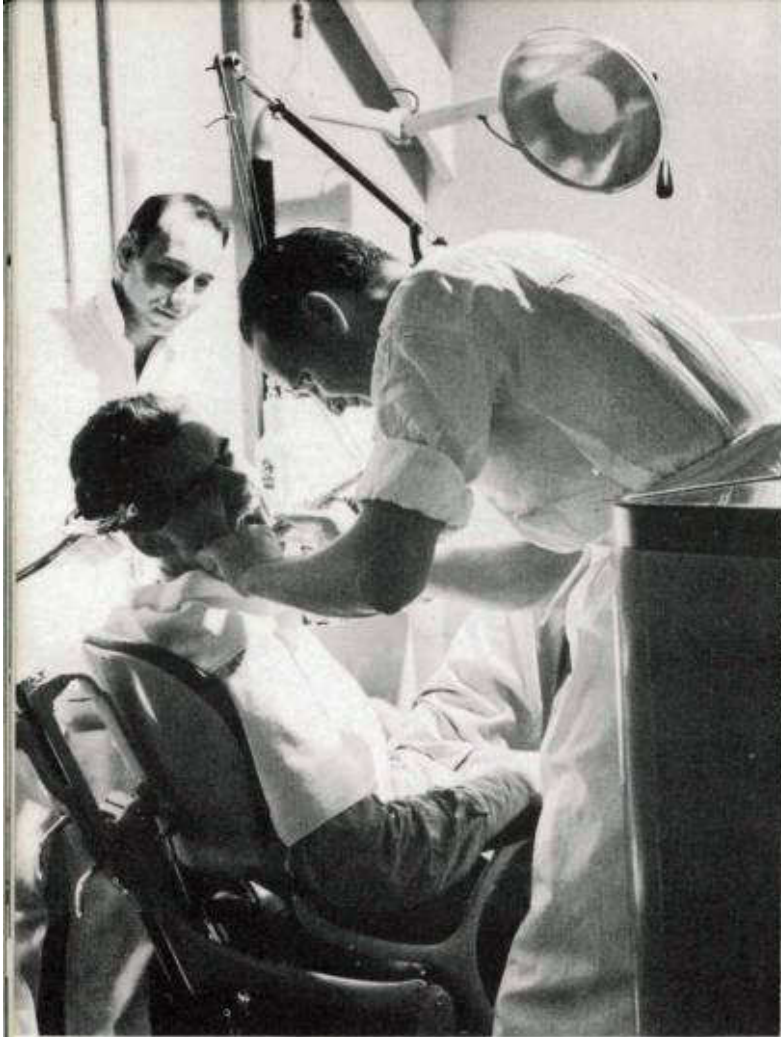


Religious
Services

POST CHAPEL



MEDICAL CORPS



"THIS WON'T HURT"

OXYGEN APPARATUS





PHOTO SECTION



QUARTERMASTER



LIBRARY

FINANCE

PRINTING DEPARTMENT





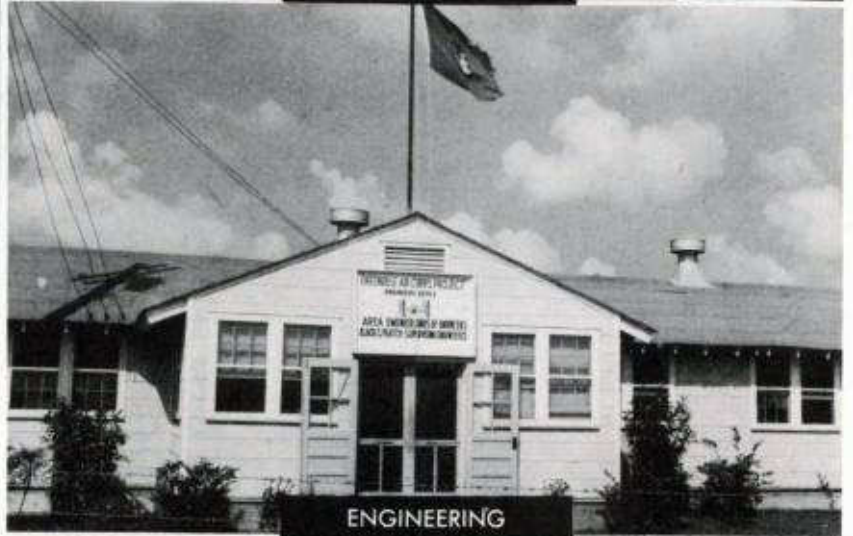
CONTROL TOWER



CRASH TRUCKS

G.A.F.S. GLANCES

HOME SWEET HOME . . .



ENGINEERING



EXTERIOR



FIRE DEPARTMENT



INTERIOR



SQUADRON CLERKS



BALL TEAM

COME AND GET IT!

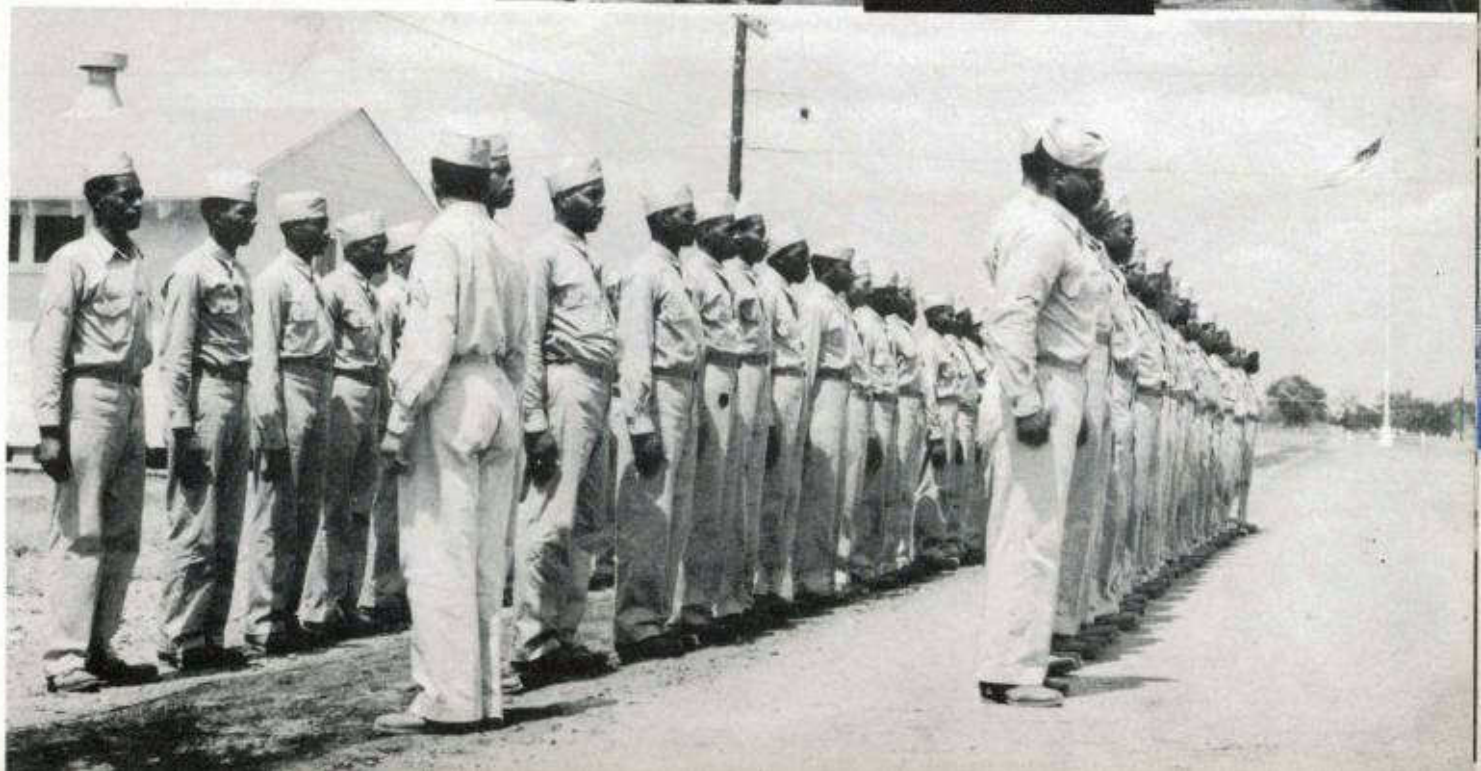


COLORED TROOPS



DRIVER CLEANS UP

OPEN RANKS . . .

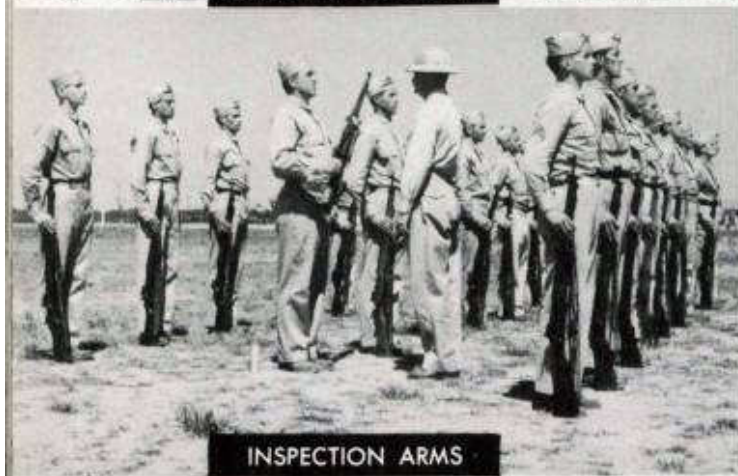




MACHINE GUN CREW



GAS MASK DRILL



INSPECTION ARMS



OUT ON THE RANGE

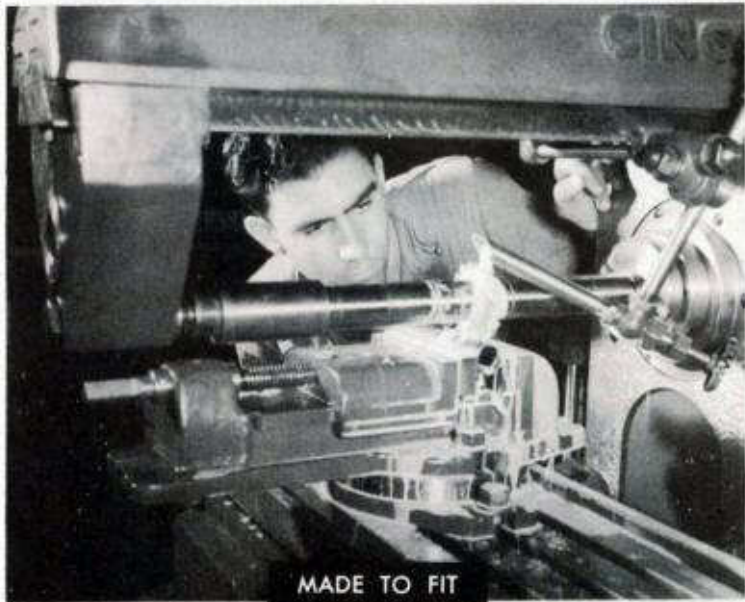
LIEUTENANT DAVID M. LEWY MEMORIAL POOL



SUB-DEPOT



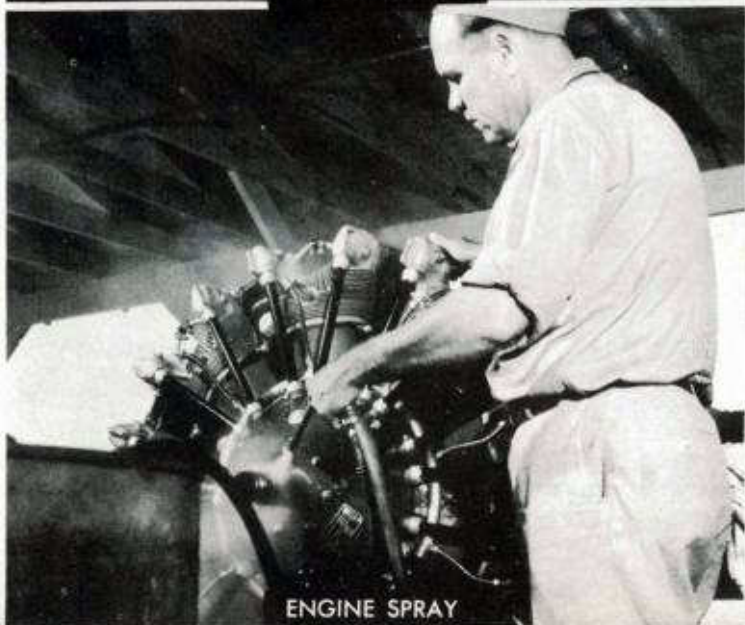
LEFT WING REVUE



MADE TO FIT



WELDING



ENGINE SPRAY



SEWING

AUTOGRAPHS



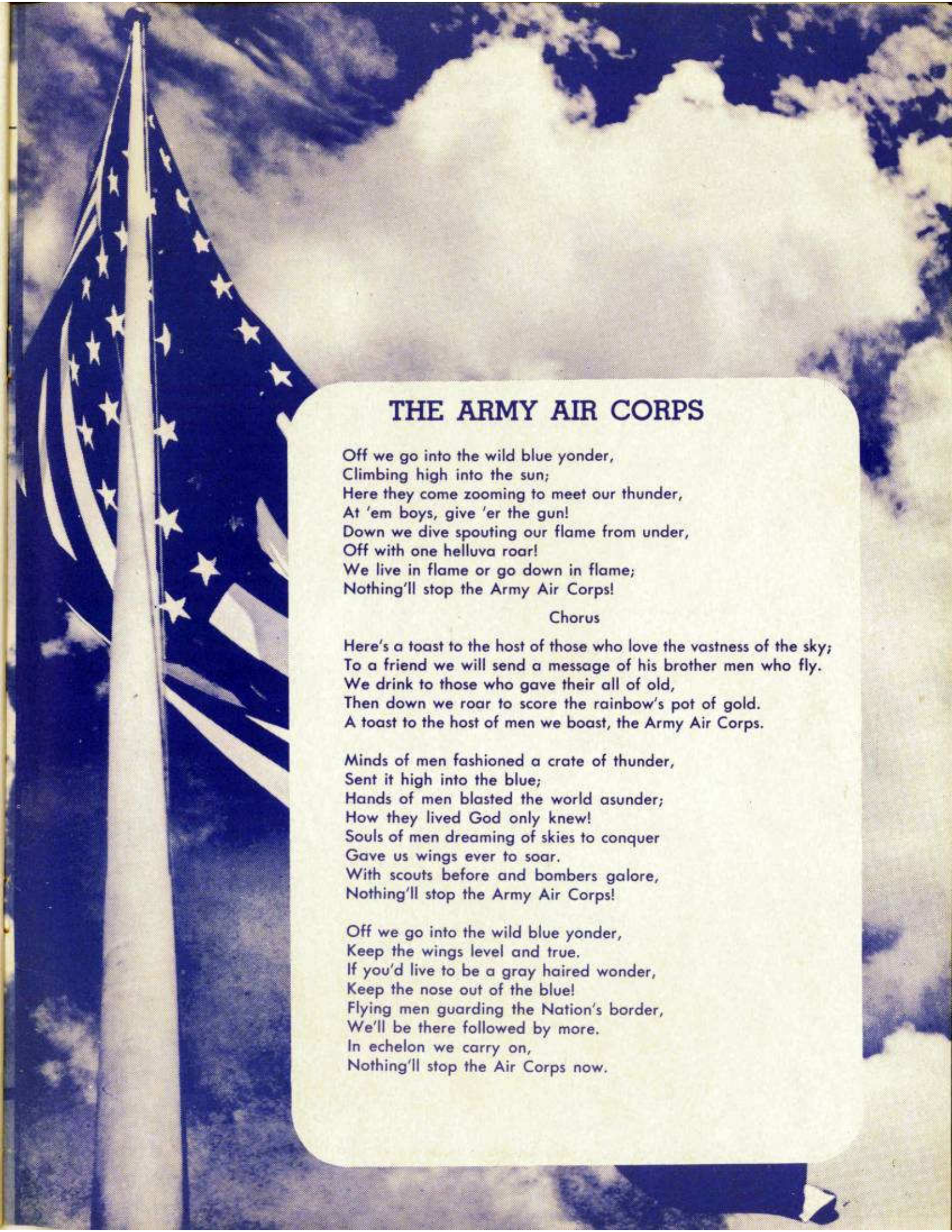
PASTE YOUR PHOTO HERE

MAIL THIS BOOK HOME
YOU WILL APPRECIATE
IT IN YEARS TO COME

NAME _____

SQUADRON _____

DATE _____



THE ARMY AIR CORPS

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give 'er the gun!
Down we dive spouting our flame from under,
Off with one helluva roar!
We live in flame or go down in flame;
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Chorus

Here's a toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the sky;
To a friend we will send a message of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
A toast to the host of men we boast, the Army Air Corps.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Sent it high into the blue;
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;
How they lived God only knew!
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings ever to soar.
With scouts before and bombers galore,
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder,
Keep the nose out of the blue!
Flying men guarding the Nation's border,
We'll be there followed by more.
In echelon we carry on,
Nothing'll stop the Air Corps now.



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