



IN THE HIGH ALTITUDE CHAMBER THERE ARE ALL THE THRILLS OF FLYING AT 28,000 FEET WITHOUT LEAVING THE GROUND

## High Altitude Chamber

SUGGESTIVELY located at the rear of Maxwell Field's sick Bay, the High Altitude Chambers rest like half-submerged submarines in their cement vaults, giving off cool, antiseptic odors. Ten of us filed slowly through the heavy metal anti-chamber, and took our seats opposite each other between the oxygen tanks. We were ready for flight.

We sat silently while the observers concluded their hasty, last-minute checks, and our undershirt-clad instructor finally announced that we were ready for the initial 5,000 foot climb.

We yawned our way back through 5,000 feet of air, and hardly bounced twice on the field before we were up for ceiling level. At this point our instructor began to tell us all about the bubbles that form in our blood and the swelling which takes place among the intestines—causing my neighbor to bounce around like a small boy on a pogo stick. Just as I was beginning to wonder whether a ten thousand dollar policy would really take care of my wife, the instructor told us to put on our oxygen masks.

The guinea pig opposite me, however, did not adjust his mask, and soon he could not even count backwards from one thousand in multiples of thirteen or write his home address in clear Sanskrit. We all knew at once that the "air" must have got him. We blew our ears down grade in about twenty minutes, with no casualties.

—A/C Reed G. Law.

