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Flight Record 2

Wofford College 40th College Training Division

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FLIGHT RECORD



Vol. 1—No. 2

40th. C. T. D., Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina

June 18, 1943

WEATHER PUTS HEAT ON WOFFORD JIVE

Recreation Hall To Open Soon

If you were to amble into the building that once housed the headquarters of the R. O. T. C. here at Wofford, you would find quite an interior remodeling program in full swing, under the able supervision of Mrs. A. N. Hexter, our Commanding Officer's charming wife.

Let us enumerate a few items of interest that our new Recreation Hall will incorporate.

First, the main floor, the largest of all, will be refinished in knotty pine. It will be furnished with corner seats and a fireplace with reclining chairs drawn up beside it. There will be a juke box and plenty of room for those who would like to dance to a dreamy waltz or a Harry James Special.

Moving on to the rear, you will see our game room. Yes, yes, me lads, equipped with a real honest-to-goodness pool table, and a ping-pong table for those addicts of the jitterbug tennis ball.

If you think that sounds good, then let's go upstairs and see what is in store for us there.

Off the balcony we will have a room to be used entirely for reading and for writing letters to those at home.

Last, but not least, for the feminine visitor will be the "powder room," completely equipped with reclining chairs for those mothers, wives, and sweethearts of the Aviation Student.

Preflight? Oh, Yes--

Listen, my students, and you shall hear of a bit of news you do not want to hear—Preflight, my lads, HAS NOT BEEN ABOLISHED.

The rumor which has been circulated about the campus this week is completely unfounded.

Our Tactical Officer, Lt. Goldstein, who was asked to verify this point, had this to say: "Cadets qualifying for Pilot, Bombardiers, and Navigators are still being sent to Preflight school. This H. Q. has not been notified of any change in the Aviation Cadet System."

Well, lads, we can still dream, can we not?



New Sqdn. "D."—"Dress Right Dress"

Let's Kill the "Round Robin"

A concerted effort to stamp out the circulation of "round robin" or group "newsletters" among army personnel is currently being made by the War Department to prevent disclosure of vital military information to enemy agents.

The "round robin" might be termed a third cousin of the once-popular chain letter.

It is usually originated by the office "gang" back home, sent to a former employee, now in service, who reads its several communications, adds one of his own, then forwards the letter to the serviceman whose name appears next on an accompanying list.

While in its original conception the idea is innocent enough—merely a means of former fellow workers keeping their men in service advised of what has become of each other—before completion of the mailing cycle a complete file of vital military information invariably is compiled.

War Department studies of such letters reveal that the technicalities of training of multiple units, specific duties of individuals, future movements, exact locations of individuals and units, and the technical aspects of our own and enemy weapons are freely discussed.

In explaining the implications of this practice, War Department officials point out that one of these letters in the hands of an enemy agent could

(Continued on page 4)

We Make Men In This Army!

We had occasion to visit the athletic field for a more pleasant purpose than physical exertion. Our purpose was to expose our physical training director, Fred Lee Petoskey, who has been the object of much innocent verbal humor by the students. Behind the familiar "rocky" attitude, we uncovered an element of modesty which harbored a brilliant career of athletic achievement.

Coach Petoskey was born in St. Charles, Michigan, on January 11, 1915. Undoubtedly he was a prodigious athlete from the cradle. He won sixteen major letters in sports during his high school days. The sports included football, baseball, basketball, and track. When asked about his athletic pursuits in high school, he modestly replied that he had "played at a few major sports."

At the University of Michigan, Petoskey attained national recognition in football by becoming All-American in 1932-33. This was during the period that Michigan won the national championship for two years straight and coveted the title "Champions of the West." Furthermore, Petoskey starred in baseball and basketball at Michigan, acquiring eight major letters for his proficiency.

Immediately after his graduation from the University of Michigan, Petoskey accepted the position of assist-

(Continued on page 3)

Double Time Cut-Ins Slow to a Walk

Are you a wall flower?

Would you like to be popular?

Do you jive mentally while someone else dances away with the blonde in the powder blue?

Well, friends, the requirements for terpsichorean success at Wofford will be somewhat revised in the future, and perhaps to your benefit.

First of all, do you have a fan?

Next, do you have a G. I. searchlight? (One borrowed from the night that you had guard duty will do.)

The situation, briefly, is this—

At the last dance everybody had a very enjoyable evening. The music was grand, the girls a real treat, and the dance floor smooth as the Cotton Club.

BUT THE HEAT.

Two twirls around the floor and your hands were so slippery with perspiration that they slipped all over your partner's vertebrae. Now, that leads to things—mostly trouble.

So, Headquarters now has a problem. The only answer seems to be that the next dance, if and when, must be held outside, in the cool night breezes. Unfortunately, so far no place has been discovered where an open-air dance hall could operate successfully. In addition, if some place was chosen, what would we do for lights? There, friends, is where your fans and flashlights come into the picture.

We fan the air, our partners keep cool, the fireflies get excited and light up the dancing area, and with our flashlights we watch out that the band doesn't sneak off in the middle of a number.

That's only our suggestion. What's yours?

Headquarters would like to know, and we don't get a dance until we find the answer.

Men who are interested in contributing to FLIGHT RECORD are urged to come to the RECORD office, located in the basement of the library, on Tuesday or Wednesday evening. All original compositions or suggestions should be handed to the editor, or any member of the staff.

Inside Occupied Europe

The German government has been directing to a special colony the growing number of Quislings flocking to Berlin and Vienna, the British radio said today.

The colony, which already numbers 800, is in Straubing, Bavaria, and is guarded by strong S. S. detachments, continued the broadcast, recorded at the CBS short wave listening station.

"Among twenty prominent Quisling families now in Berlin are those of Quisling himself and of Mussert, the Dutch Nazi leader. The family of Degrelle, the Belgian Rexist leader, recently arrived in Vienna.

* * *

Greek Partisans have captured a number of towns in Central Greece, "and are now in control of a considerable section of the line between Athens and Salonika," the Moscow radio said today, quoting Stockholm radio reports.

The CBS short wave listening station also heard the British radio say that "open expression of anti-Fascist sentiment has become so widespread among Italian troops in Greece that the Italian authorities have sent hundreds of secret agents to mingle with the troops."

The broadcast, which quotes the Balkan expert of the Istanbul paper *La Turquie*, continued: "Many Italian officers are now buying civilian clothes from the Greeks in anticipation of Allied landings. They plan to desert rather than go home and get killed in fighting for Fascism.

* * *

Near Amiens, French Patriots wrecked twenty freight cars loaded with German war supplies, while in St. Cloud "Francs-Tireurs threw grenades into barracks occupied by German anti-aircraft gunners," killing and injuring many Hitlerites, Moscow radio reported today, quoting the Soviet Information Bureau.

The Moscow broadcast, which was recorded at the CBS shortwave listening station, also gave the following details on French resistance:

"Day by day reports reaching Berne from France show that resistance to the occupational authorities continue to grow, especially in Lyon and Marseille. Five and six times a day there are attempts on the lives of the occupation troops. In Grenoble, numerous attacks on the Italian garrison have taken place, and there have been raids on the headquarters of the Provincial Organization of the Doriot Party."

St. Peter, "Who goes there?"

Applicant: "It is I."

St. Peter: "Sorry, no more English teachers admitted."



Giglets Play - Students Pay

With this issue of FLIGHT RECORD we introduce to you a new pestilence that has alighted on Aviation Students all over the country—the Giglets, created by A/S E. R. Schweizer.

A Giglet, for the benefit of those who so far have succeeded in keeping the chastity of their demerit record unblemished, is the same thing as a Gremlin, only without the "Second Looie" bars. Giglets, just like Aviation Students, go through a period of training before they are admitted to the select circle of "Gremlinism." Naturally, they train where Aviation Students train—only more so at Wofford.

Besides their usual run of tricks, which this paper will attempt to depict in future issues, the Giglets also transmit a peculiarly virulent and highly infectious disease of their own.

Creeping into the pores of certain individuals newly elevated to heights of grandeur, the Giglets swim about in the blood stream, causing "Gigitis," or as it is sometimes known "Gig Happiness." Individuals afflicted with this dread disease will be discussed also in later issues.

Suggestions for likenesses are requested.

In the first series of our pictures you will note that our Giglet friends are busy as usual working up a tour for some unsuspecting student. The Giglet on the left should be familiar—he's Goldbricking.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club of the 40th C. T. D. enhanced the graduation exercises on Friday evening, June 11, with several renditions which were enthusiastically received by the audience. If any of you harbor the belief that this musical group was formed on the "spot," you are laboring under a misapprehension.

The Glee Club is an organization, made up of Aviation Students, under the direction of Prof. Wilson Price. The club rehearses every Wednesday evening from 1930 to 2030. The repertoire consists of semi-classical music. A cordial invitation to join the club is extended to all interested students. An extensive musical background is not a requirement for membership. Our glee club offers an opportunity for all who can "carry a tune."

The British radio said recently that in the first four months of this year about 500 Gestapo men were killed in Nazi-occupied Europe.

Attention, Snyder Hall Tenants

You are complaining about the flies. Well, listen to what the boys of the 58th College Training Detachment at Massachusetts State College have to say about their worry—mosquitoes:

"They are so big and choosy that they turn dog-tags over to determine whether the blood type appeals to them sufficiently to justify operations."

We Now Have Benches - -

To Dr. C. F. Nesbitt, Professor of Geology and member of the recreation committee here at Wofford, a vote of thanks is hereby extended for his cooperation in procuring for the campus twelve much-needed benches. When FLIGHT RECORD went to press, the benches were being painted.

The funds were supplied by the Students' Christian Association and Wofford College.

Nashville Preview

Nashville is better known to us as the "house of horrors" because of the stories which come from there. Figuratively speaking, it is composed of four rooms, namely: mental, physical, psychological, and mechanical.

The physical is concerned primarily with eyes, ears, and lungs, but the Flight Surgeon also makes sure that the potential cadet is in perfect shape. The eye examinations are very stiff and entail six different tests. The most important ones are: the test for color blindness, depth perception, and chart reading.

The mental is similar to the tests through which we qualified for the A. A. F. The examination for the most part is concerned with mathematics and physics, but there are also some general questions. Consequently, the best advice I can give you in regard to them is to get "on the Beam" here, and pay particular attention to the directions given you before each examination, since most of them are graded on a different scale.

There isn't much definite advice that can be given you on the psychological examinations, as they depend entirely on the examiner and the examinee. Some of the questions that we are all apt to be asked are: The type of plane you wish to fly, why you picked this type, how much do you know about this plane, why you joined the Air Corps, if you are interested in aviation. Furthermore, some personal questions will be asked in an endeavor to find out what type of person you are.

The Co-ordination examinations are very essential, since a pilot must be able to co-ordinate perfectly to fly. Your co-ordinating ability is determined by several exercises and machines. When you have some free time (some of us do), practice some co-ordination exercises.

If there are any questions that any of you would like answered, please make a note of them and turn them in to room 206, Carlisle Hall, and I will try to clarify them in the next issue of the FLIGHT RECORD.

WE MAKE MEN IN THIS ARMY

(Continued from page 1)

ant coach of the freshman football squad at his alma mater. One year later he crossed the Mason-Dixon line to become end coach at the University of South Carolina. He served the Gamecocks successfully until 1942, when he accepted an offer from Wofford College to become Director of Physical Education and head coach. A few months later, Aviation Students of the Army Air Corps invaded the tranquility of Wofford College and Petoskey was made the Director of the Physical Training Program, in which capacity he has served most efficiently.

FLIGHT RECORD

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CAPTAIN A. N. HEXTER, *Commanding*
LT. GENE HOWARD, *Public Relations Officer*

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Faculty Advisor.....	Prof. K. D. Coates

Editorial

"You're not G. I. soldiers. You're Aviation Students and gentlemen on your way toward becoming officers in the Army of the United States."

When we first came to Wofford . . . not just the present Squadron "B" but all of us . . . those were the words with which our C. O. greeted us.

Some of us still remember the pride we felt in hearing them and the gratitude we held for our Captain for saying them.

Unfortunately some of us on the other hand seem to have all too short memories.

You've probably been expecting a blast from somewhere over the manners in the mess hall.

You know they're bad.

We don't have to tell you that.

Many of you in fact have already remarked about the manners yourselves.

We don't know where the trouble lies.

Maybe it's the weather.

Maybe it's the keen appetites worked up during P. T.

But whatever it is, it does not reflect credit on you yourself or on your detachment.

The "hurly burly" rush for the half opened doors, the "me first" grab for the food, the clamor and clatter that drowns out even the thanks to God for His blessings . . . all this is unnecessary.

You're not in that much of a hurry.

You know that you WILL get fed.

Perhaps there are a few who know no better than to fill their own stomachs while those in "starvation corner" haven't had even a first helping.

But let's not lower ourselves to their level.

Let's bring them up to ours.

You know how to hand out the shame treatment.

Use it.

We don't want a monitor at every table.

We don't want administration to have to punish us for doing things we know better than to do.

Let's show our Captain that we really are well on our way to becoming officers and gentlemen.

Group deficiencies in army units are usually corrected "by order of . . ."

A word to the wise should be sufficient.

★ ★ ★

To Lt. S. L. Goldstein and Professor K. D. Coates for their continued cooperation and generous assistance in launching the FLIGHT RECORD the staff extends a very sincere vote of thanks.

★ ★ ★

The FLIGHT RECORD owes a special debt of gratitude to A/S Robert Murphy, who spent many hours of his own time in doing special work for the Art Department.

What Do You Think-

"Considering the limited time in which it was produced, the issue was an unusual effort. One suggestion: Give us more jokes."—A/S D. PURVIS.

* * *

"The *Nashville News* was excellent. I was also interested in Capt. Hexter's accomplishments. Keep us posted on Nashville."—A/S H. J. ODOM.

* * *

"I liked the jokes."—A/S L. C. SCHACKLEFORD.

* * *

"The articles were too opinionated. Strive to make the paper more newsy. Otherwise, it was very good."—A/S JOHN O'HARE.

* * *

"It's O. K. The Capt. Hexter article was tops. Give us more airport news."—A/S J. MORLEY.

* * *

"I would like to see more news about what we may expect further on. The issue provided interesting diversion. The variety was refreshing."—A/S JACK SALOUM.

* * *

"Very good! Give us more about Nashville."—A/S E. F. SENSENY.

* * *

"Let's have a sport section. Also more *Gigs and Gags*."—A/S J. W. SCRUGGS.

* * *

When interviewed, A/S D. D. Oliver said, "Pretty good! The more jokes the better."

* * *

"I enjoyed the whole thing, although I think the name could be improved."—A/S BOB OGLETREE.

* * *

And when interviewed, A/S Paul Scherer came forth with the shortest reaction of all. A/S Scherer said, "Well . . ."

Distraction

By A/S STRABISMUS

When I lay me down to sleep
And remove the brogans from my feet
I stretch me out with contented sigh
And close my heavy lidded eye,
Then comes a housefly small and fleet,
To stomp about with hobnailed feet
On all the tender places bare,
Not protected by cloth or hair.
With gummy feet and dragging toes
He walks the full length of my nose,
Does an about face on the end,
Then double times back up again.
He jitterbugs along my brow,
Stomping, weaving, swaying, (Ow)
With cumbersome and heavy tread,
And feet that feel like tons of lead.
Although I curse and swear and rave
And threaten to send him to his grave,
A healthy slap and profane tide
Will miss the fly but sting the hide.

Wofford Airmen Win Awards

Wofford alumni were interested in the Air Corps long before the 40th C. T. D. arrived. Nine of the twelve alumni who have received a total of seventeen decorations are airmen. Leading the list is Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Moore, who has received the D. S. C., the D. F. C., and the Legion of Merit award. Lt. Col. J. B. Montgomery has received the D. S. C. for piloting a bomber around the world. Lt. H. P. Elias received the Silver Star for destroying Jap planes in China. Lt. R. S. Smith, a navigator, received the Air Medal for his work during the longest mass American bomber flight in history—from England to North Africa. Lt. R. D. Littlejohn received the Air Medal for his bombing flights over Germany. Lt. Dean Hartley, of the Marine Air Corps, won the Air Medal for destroying several Jap Zeros. Lt. Hartley also displayed exceptional bravery in saving the life of his section leader on Guadalcanal. Major R. E. Kirtley received the Air Medal and Oak Leaf Cluster for his valor in the North African campaign. Lt. Charles Smith received the Air Medal and Oak Leaf Cluster for his work in the South Pacific. Lt. H. B. McWhirter received the Air Medal for two hundred hours of patrol duty over the North Atlantic.

WHY ????

Has the army control over the weather, or are we just jinxed? During the past twenty days or so, this "wagon crossing" town has been drenched in rain. But the peculiar thing is that every time we are in classes, or playing some games at P. T. it hails taxicabs; but when it comes to drill, the rain stops and off we go to the count of hup, hup, hup, ho, etc. I've come to one conclusion, and that is this. The officers will either have to change the schedule or else wire Washington and tell them to start forecasting fair weather. We "Kaydets" just don't have the money to get a sun tan suit cleaned every other day.

Editorial Note: No, "Fred Allen" Pyle definitely did not compose this. The article was taken from the May 28 issue of the 54th C. T. D. publication, the *Eager Beaver*, Springfield, Ohio. Notice that the 40th C. T. D. has no corner on bad weather.

INSIDE OCCUPIED EUROPE

Yugoslav patriots recently attacked an airfield near Zagreb, destroying two planes, thirty gliders, and seizing many machine guns, the British radio has reported. "A certain number of the defenders even joined the Patriots," the report said.

Did You Know—

Although Wofford is named for its founder, Benjamin Wofford, Methodist circuit rider, the man who had the greatest influence upon the early history of the school was Dr. James H. Carlisle, third president, whose portrait hangs at the rear of the stage in the chapel.

He was sometimes called the "spiritual founder" of Wofford, and was one of the South's great gentlemen. South Carolinians in his day, instead of taking their boys "to Wofford" used to speak of sending them "over to see Carlisle."

His was an impressive figure that commanded respect at sight. His massive six-foot-four-inch stature, luxuriant beard, flowing locks, and enormous brow, capped by a size eight hat, was a familiar figure to crowds who availed themselves of every opportunity to hear his outstanding oratory. Merchants of the town used to close for an hour, at noon, on his birthday and come over to listen to him talk.

In Dr. Carlisle's era—before the turn of the century—the same building which we call Administration, housed class rooms, sleeping quarters, library, experimental lab, administration offices—in fact it was the whole school.

An interesting fact is that Wofford's rather large endowment for the time was lost when Confederate War Bonds became valueless at the end of the Civil War.

For a short time during the Civil War Wofford was little more than a preparatory school with Dr. Carlisle and two or three other professors carrying on in the face of enormous difficulties.

Dr. Carlisle was offered many positions of honor in larger universities, but always refused. He often declared that one of the greatest factors in his decision to remain at Wofford was the sound of the tower bell which we today hear as our summons to class.

LET'S KILL THE ROUND ROBIN

(Continued from page 1)

give him, bound in a single convenient volume, the complete outline of a large-scale troop movement, or details of the development of new and secret combat techniques.

Groups of all kinds, as well as individuals both in and out of the armed services, are being urged by the War Department to immediately discontinue the mailing of these "round robin" letters.

"Wipe that opinion off your face," said the Lieutenant to the Aviation Student as he giggled him.—*Eager Beaver.*

GIGS AND GAGS

No sooner do the boys of Sqdn. "D" get accustomed to a first sergeant who sings his commands to the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner" than they have to listen to one who wails like a banshee. . . . Have you heard that Gene Prichard, after spending an evening with his girl, missed the bus and resorted to meteorology, which failed him. The escapade resulted in a seven-mile hike back to the campus. . . . The boys who left last Saturday received a damp farewell via the cold shower route. . . . "Prof" Selevan wants more recruits for his "goof off" class. Let's all join, boys. . . . A bouquet of roses to Frank, the assistant coach, for his home-spun philosophies during Physical Training. . . . The proprietor of the local bowling alley is looking for Parsons to repair damages to the alleys. . . . Our gratitude to Headquarters for allowing us to attend classes without the GI hangman's rope, known to many as a tie. . . . A comment was heard from one of the men passing under the machine gun bullets at Camp Croft, "Take a note to my wife, 'Don't spend the \$10,000 all at one place.'" . . . Five of the men who made the last flight on Monday showered the spectators on the ground with particles of their lunch. Did you try chewing gum, men? . . . Understand Joe Hitzel has a new idea for getting out of his room between 2030 and 2130; he has one of the southern belles call him every evening at that time. . . . Military Courtesy was put in practice during the commencement exercises—"At Ease," Lt. Howard. . . . The non-coms of the office staff at Wofford have decided to take to the air in their "P-Fordy," now that the rubber conservation has them stymied. . . . To the "Chow Hounds": take it easy, men. Remember, there are about 450 hungry men besides yourselves. . . . A new system has been discovered for escaping drill by Harry O. This ingenious student put on his helmet and fell out with the guard. . . . Attention, second floor Carlisle Barracks! Seat, W. R., promises to produce his sister at long last. Good luck, Wolves. . . . What's this about George Murphy having so many dates that he has to turn the poor girls down? How about letting us in on the secret of your success, George. . . . Attention, men! If you enter one of the student officer's rooms without conforming to the formalities of military courtesy, prepare to walk Saturday. . . . We understand that last month between 300 and 400 less Gigs were given out than in the preceding month. Keep up the good work, men. . . .

He: I can't see what keeps you girls from freezing.

She: You're not supposed to.

What to Do In Case Of An Air Raid

1. As soon as bombs start hitting, run like hell. (It doesn't matter where, as long as you run like hell.)

Wear track shoes if possible—if the people in front of you are slow you won't have any trouble getting over them.

2. Take advantage of opportunities afforded you when air raid sirens sound the warning of attack, for example:

A. If in a bakery, grab some pie or cake, etc.

B. If in a tavern, grab a bottle.

C. If in a movie, grab a blonde.

3. If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it like hell (maybe the firing pin is stuck).

If that doesn't work, heave it in the furnace. The fire department will come later and take care of things.

4. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in the building, throw gasoline on it (you can't put it out anyhow, you might just as well have a little fun). If no gasoline is available, throw a bucket of water on it and lie down—you're dead.

P. S.: The properties of the bomb free the hydrogen from the water, causing rather rapid combustion. In fact, it will explode with a "helluva" crash.

5. Always get excited and holler bloody murder. It will add to the fun and confusion, and scare hell out of the kids.

6. Drink heavily, eat onions, limburger cheese, etc., before entering a crowded air raid shelter. (It will make you very unpopular with the people within your immediate vicinity, eliminating any unnecessary discomfort that would be more prevalent if people crowded too closely.)

7. If you should be the victim of a direct bomb hit, don't go to pieces. (Lie still and you won't be noticed.)

8. Knock the air raid wardens down if they start to tell you what to do—they always save the best seats for themselves and their friends anyway.

The long toil of the brave is not quenched in darkness, nor hath counting the cost erased away the zeal of their hopes. Across the sea and athwart the sky hath passed the light of noble deeds unquenchable forever.—*Pindar.*

(Inscription on the monument to the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.)

STRONG VERBS

Oh, what a blamed uncertain thing
This pesky weather is!

It blew and snow and then it thew,
And now, by jing, it's friz!

—PHILANDER JOHNSON,
in the *Chicago Sun.*

FLASH! 219 Club Scores Upset Victory

In Tuesday night's softball duel, the 219 Club defeated the veteran Carlisle Goof-Offs by a 5-4 margin. In spite of the score, the winners were obviously outclassed by the Goof-Offs. Both teams, however, played poor ball.

219 Club Carlisle Goof-Offs
Catcher—Mueller Ogletree
Pitcher—Paxton Parsons
1st Base—Purvis Burns
2nd Base—Sampson Owens
Shortstop—O'Lone Schowe
3rd Base—Muldowney Sawyer
Short Field—Morrison . McCormack
Left Field—Orenzek Searles
Center Field—Mulligan Nadeau
Right Field—Savarino McLaughlin

P. T. Inspection

Lt. Larsen, Ph. D. in physical education, and formerly the Director of Sports at Springfield College, paid this post a visit last Tuesday.

He is now attached to the A-3 branch of the Army and was here to make a general inspection of the 40th CTD physical training program.

After watching the boys being put through their paces by Coach Petoskey and inspecting our PFR test results, he remarked that the results of our physical training program are excellent.

He suggested a new obstacle course (the details of which were not disclosed at this writing), and also pointed out the benefits of extra P. T. (on your own time, of course).

Bits of Wit

Mrs. Riley met Mrs. Carr on the street with a small baby and said, "I see you have another little Carr."

"Yes, indeed, and I hope it's the caboose." * * *

If he parks his little flivver
Down beside the moonlit river
And you feel him aquiver,
Baby, he's a WOLF!

If he says you're gorgeous looking
And your dark eyes set him cookin',
But your eyes ain't where he's lookin',
Baby, he's a WOLF!

When he says you are an eye-fel
And his hands begin to trifle
And his heart pumps like a rifle,
Baby, he's a WOLF!

If by chance, when you are kissin',
You can feel his heart a-missin',
And you talk, but he won't listen,
Baby, he's a WOLF!

If his arms are strong like sinew,
And he stirs the gypsy in you,
So that you want him close agin' you,
Baby, you're the WOLF!