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## Flight Record 3

Wofford College 40th College Training Division

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# FLIGHT RECORD



Vol. 1—No. 3

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

July 2, 1943

## MARCHING BAND MAKES DEBUT MONDAY

### Aviation Paintings To Decorate Recreation Hall

A series of 36 pictures in color, depicting the history of aircraft development from the days of the Wright brothers down to the present has been presented to the college by Wallace D. DuPre, local business man and Wofford graduate, President Greene announced recently.

Each picture is approximately 14 by 16 inches. They are being framed by Dean Norton and will be ready for display by the end of next week.

It is planned to hang them in the reading room of the new recreation hall, according to Captain Hexter.

Many of the pictures are in eight colors, which means that they were run through the lithograph press as many times.

The originals of the pictures were painted by Charles H. Hubbell for the Thompson Products Co. Hubbell is called by many the "world's greatest aviation artist." Before painting the pictures he made a painstaking study of the mechanics of aviation, and each picture, particularly the last twelve, was personally inspected by officials of the Army Air Force and the Naval Air Corps for technical accuracy.

The first picture in the series shows the first flight of the Wright brothers on the sands of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Others picture the various models from that date down to the present.

The last twelve pictures, called "Early Epics," show various American types of planes in combat since Pearl Harbor. Among the scenes are Colin Kelly flying the B-17-C over the Philippines, the Shangri-La to Tokyo flight with North American B-25 bombers, the Flying Tigers with their Curtiss P-40's, and the first American raid over Europe with Douglas A-20's.

### Math Professor's Son Dies

Professor Mobly's son passed away on Wednesday morning after a lingering illness. Mr. Mobly has been a member of the Wofford Faculty since February. He is professor of mathematics. To you, Mr. Mobly, we extend our deepest sympathy.



THE ONCE OVER

### Twenty-eight Men Report For First Practice

The preparations for the Marching Band are just about completed and it will make its first public appearance some time next week, probably Monday. A/S G. F. Prichard, who was in charge of organization, will be the director. A/S Lawrence T. Dowd will be his drum major.

The new band's function will be to play at all parades and reviews, and they will be present at retreat and any special occasions which may arise. To date there are approximately 28 members, but an appeal for new men, especially those who play the clarinet, has been sent out. The instruments for the most part were supplied by the Wofford College R. O. T. C.

- Carl Coffey ..... Clarinet
- Almond Seymour ..... Clarinet
- Clare Schosser ..... Clarinet
- D. G. Dunbar ..... Clarinet
- John W. Sedlock ..... Clarinet
- Lloyd D. Sharpe ..... Saxophone
- Arnold P. Sabin ..... Saxophone
- Donald Marr ..... Saxophone
- Charles Marr ..... Saxophone
- Roger Sawyer ..... Alto Horn
- Wade Pratt ..... Baritone
- Harry Senske ..... Trumpet
- Judson Sandlin ..... Trumpet
- W. H. Powers ..... Trumpet
- Joseph Sengl ..... Trumpet
- Perry Owens ..... Trumpet
- R. E. Garrity ..... Trumpet
- Galen K. Saul ..... Trombone
- George C. Saylor ..... Trombone
- Russell D. Mowry ..... Trombone
- Charles H. Daum, Jr. .... Trombone
- Tommie Schmall ..... Bass Tuba
- Curtis Saxton ..... Bass Drum
- Lewis Schilling ..... Snare Drum
- David Nickerson ..... Snare Drum
- John S. Powell ..... Cymbals
- G. F. Prichard ..... Director

### Flash! Flash! Flash!

#### Test Hop Almost Ends in Disaster

Last week-end on their outing to Lake Lanier our two young dare-devils??? rented one of those streamlined scows called a rowboat and proceeded to catch a few minutes of shut-eye. They were not asleep long before they were rudely awakened by a fisherman calling to them and attracting their attention to the fact that they were less than 100 feet away from the falls. The call, "Abandon Ship!" came very soon when it was apparent they were not going to save the boat nor their necks if they did not part company immediately. After swimming over to some pilings they turned and watched their boat slither over the brink and smash to kindling wood some eighty feet below. The sad ending came when they were informed they would have to pay—and pay they did. Every last cent they had. (We won't tell the boys just how much you had.)

### Our New Editor

At a special meeting of the editorial board of FLIGHT RECORD, A/S Jack Dillon was elected the new Editor. This issue is A/S W. R. Seat's last, as he leaves for Nashville with "E" (Continued on Page 2)

### Lt. Goldstein Leaving

Through the old army "grapevine," it has been learned and authenticated that our Tactical Officer, Lt. S. L. Goldstein, will be leaving in the near future to attend the newly established School for Commandants of Cadets at Randolph Field, Texas.

This school has been recently approved and Lt. Goldstein is among the first selected to attend.

### New Insignia

Sprained necks from attempting to distinguish a lowly corporal from the Group Commander will be a thing of the past at Wofford in the near future, under present plans of all College Training Detachments.

Insignia for student officers has been decided upon and approved with the result that color blindness will no longer be a good excuse for failure to highball at the opportune moment.

The insignia will be as follows:

Officers: Colonel, three yellow stripes; Lt. Colonel, two yellow stripes; Major, one yellow stripe; Captain, three white stripes; First Lieutenant, two white stripes; Second Lieutenant, one white stripe.

Non-Coms: Sergeant, three chevrons; Corporal, two chevrons. The chevrons will be either in olive drab or dark blue.

### Goodbye, Tiger!

This issue is also "Tiger" Murchake's last. He has proved himself invaluable in many instances, and has literally "held up the editor's arms." FLIGHT RECORD owes a heavy debt of gratitude to A/S Murchake. Good luck in your flight record!



# FLIGHT RECORD

Published by  
AVIATION STUDENTS OF 40TH C. T. D.  
Spartanburg, S. C.

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

Vol. 1 July 2, 1943 No. 3

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

## Editorial

This issue is the last for the editor. The Earl of Chesterfield once said, "Men are not judged by their intentions, but by the results of their actions." FLIGHT RECORD was introduced with the best possible intentions. The reader may detect many flaws. Inexperience and limited time are our excuses.

FLIGHT RECORD is yet a youngster. It will become mature under the leadership of the new editor. To him and his staff we offer our best wishes.

Would you mind a little philosophizing? Several cadets have approached us in the last few weeks with this statement:

"The army destroys individuality. I'm becoming an automaton."

To you we say this:

War requires great conformity. The rugged individual may have trouble adjusting himself. However, ultimate individual initiative is the key to a lasting victory and future progress. After all, this war is being fought to keep the future bright for the millions who believe in themselves as individuals. The conformity required by the army is merely a means to an end. Conform now and enjoy freedom in the future.

We'll see you all in Nashville! Good luck, new staff. Keep our flight record clear.

★ ★ ★

When we went to press, we learned that Professor Shuler continues ill in the hospital. We wish him a speedy recovery, and we hope that he will be with us again in the very near future.

## THE EDITOR REPLIES

Dear L. R. T.:

Your letter received and contents noted.

Having found a person who is so-o-o conscientious about how a nickel is spent, this Editor just couldn't see your letter going unanswered.

Therefore . . . the following is our report of you.

A record player . . . would that satisfy you?

It would!

Well, then, as this organization aims to please . . .

YOU SHALL HAVE ONE!!!

Your other question, ping-pong table, pool table, etc.

Well, Sir, only today I walked into the Recreation Hall and lo and behold, guess what I saw . . .

TWO ping-pong tables!

Satisfied?

—EDITOR.

## OUR NEW EDITOR

(Continued from Page 1)

quintile. A/S Dillon hails from East Orange, New Jersey. Up until this issue he has been the FLIGHT RECORD'S Feature Editor.

He has shown from his efforts, in helping to make our paper a success, that he is the most logical one to take over.

*Editor's Note: Good luck, Jack, in*

*your new undertaking. May you never be forced to burn the midnight oil, etc., to meet the deadline.*

## Notice!

A big head does not indicate braininess. It may indicate water on the brain or imbecility. There is no conclusive evidence that the size of a person's hat has anything to do with his braininess.

## Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

In last week's issue you stated that the Recreation Hall would be finished shortly. Well, Mr. Editor, nothing was said as to how 470 of us would be able to play on one ping pong table and one pool table. You also stated that we would have a "juke" box, but did not say whether or not we were going to pay a nickel a record or would it be free??? If the answer is the former, then why call it *our* Recreation Hall?

Yours truly,  
L. R. T.

Do you enjoy hearing the floor squeal after taps as if a ghost were treading up and down the halls of a haunted house? No! You prefer to sleep at night. But you have doubtlessly heard an eerie sound, about 2230, near your door and thought it to be someone after your vast wealth. You lie in bed and observe the ghostly figure, finally making it out to be a reasonable facsimile of a human being, even though it is shod in a pair of shower "Kloppers." The purpose of the shoes is to obtain the maximum amount of movement with the minimum amount of noise when sneaking down the hall. A cigarette is invariably dangling from its mouth.

When this human engine starts to run during the climax, the walls rattle, the windows shake, and plaster comes loose. However, men, do not be too concerned, for it is only one of our giglets suffering from insomina.

A/S JACK SALOUM.

## Alumni News

George Sager was chosen top sergeant at Nashville. . . . F. Salamon writes that he's progressing satisfactorily. . . . Glenn Purdy enjoyed his copy of FLIGHT RECORD. He wrote in part, ". . . receiving the paper was a distinct pleasure." . . . Edward Schweizer, the creator of the Giglets, wrote, "I received the copy of the paper, and am more than pleased with the progress shown by the second issue. You and your group have done a swell job. Be sure and tell your readers to bring both pairs of fatigues clean when they come to Nashville, as you put them on the first thing, and keep them on. It is the official uniform. Tell the boys to learn to wash their own clothes. Thanks again for the swell paper. It makes a good souvenir." . . . R. S. Murphy, Charles Patrick, Bill Patton, and H. T. Odum have written that they're getting along ok. We proffer to all the men who are in Nashville now our best wishes for future success.

## Off We Go

I joined the Air Corps because I wanted to do my fighting among the clouds. A handsome lieutenant with his Silver Wings came to the fraternity house, and forty out of forty-seven men signed up as cadets. Few of us had ever been "among the clouds."

Last week I met my instructor and climbed into a plane for the first time. At last I was to realize my ambition. At last I was to fly! The takeoff was very interesting. Doubts arose as soon as the plane left the ground. Would the doped fabric and a flimsy frame support my tremendous weight? Then I remembered my parachute—I felt much easier.

We climbed to three thousand feet, and the instructor asked with a sardonic grin, "Would you like to do a few spins?" I hesitated and then thought of my experiences with the "loop-o-plane." Nothing could be worse than that.

"Sure," I said. It was all over in a few seconds. I felt much healthier after I lost my French toast and eggs.

I settled back (course my knees were still knocking) and for the first time began to enjoy my ride. Then without warning the tormentor shouted, "Forced landing!" and cut the throttle. "This is it," I thought. I opened the door and looked out into space, hoping my parachute would open within 400 feet. The instructor decided that the time had come to end the flight and after he dragged me back into the plane and explained things a bit, he landed the ! ? / . : ; ¼ \* ) ( & % \$ thing on the east-west runway. I sang, "Yo-ho! yo-ho! a bombardier's life for me!"

Now I am a veteran. Yesterday I took the plane into my own hands, and after cleaning the runway for a hundred yards with a left wing, I ascended into the air. I decided to let the pilot instructor land, and sat back peacefully to wait. As we neared the ground, he remarked, "Look! no hands" and I looked, to see his hands raised into the air—I bounced only fifteen feet, and circled the field only three times.

Oh well, anyhow I flew among the clouds. Besides, what can you expect? I have had only six lessons.

Corporal (at dance): "Do you see that old buzzard over there? He's the meanest officer I ever saw!"

Girl: "Do you know who I am? I'm that officer's daughter."

Corporal: "Do you know who I am?"

Girl: "No."

Corporal: "Thank God."

"That girl you've been going around with is on her way to the doctor's office!"

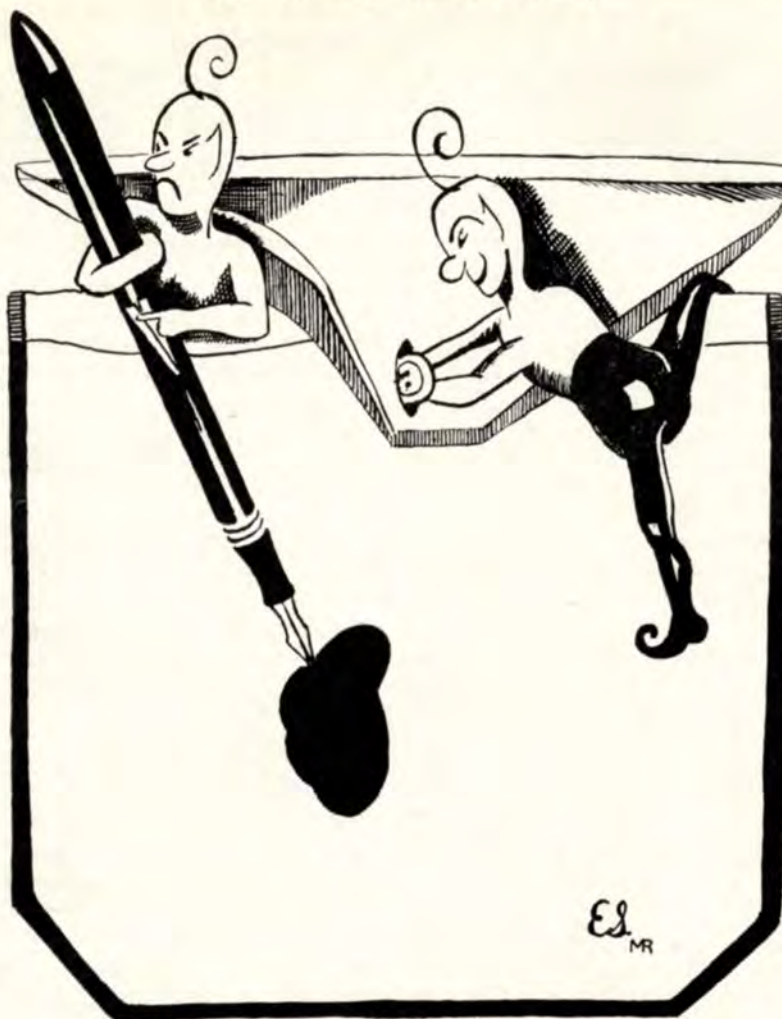
"Well, I'll be blamed!"



Gigs and Gags

MacDougal in the P. X.: "Gee, it's wonderful how they train those cows to give chocolate milk." . . . Ogletree's boys lost again—this time to the tune of five whole dollars. . . . Attention! stu-dets, Nashville's new equilibrium test. Stand on tiptoes with one foot behind the other; next, stretch arms out to the side at full length, put left hand on hip and right hand behind head; tilt head upward and slightly to one side. Now, can you do it? You can't! Well, then, you had better see A/S Kelley or Chulick in Rm. 330 for special instruction. . . . Out at Greenville Sunday: A/S "Bud" Eidahl almost had to jump at nine thousand feet. When told to get into his parachute "toot sweet," because they were in trouble, Bud did. However, the pilot was able to make an emergency landing back at Greenville. To this, Bud probably owes his life, for you see, in the rush to put on his chute—somehow or another—the chute was put on upside down. (Ed. Note) — Dear "Bud": What would the fellows back at Grenier Field, N. H., think of that one? . . . A certain Maxine Rogers seems to have made quite a hit with the Sqdn. "C" men. You'd think so if you saw them rush her at the dance Saturday night. Those who are still interested should consult "Agent" Hugh E. Long at the first opportunity. . . . Open letter to Coach Petosky: "Dear Coach, what did Sqdn. 'B' ever do to deserve it?" Oh, well! They're a disgustingly healthy lot anyway. . . . Speaking of health, isn't that Powers a marvelous specimen? . . . A/S "Bob" McKearney can hardly wait for the day when he can Hup! Two! Three! Four! without getting "gigged" for it.

Giglets Play--Students Pay



Do you carry your pen to Saturday morning inspection?  
 Are you confident of the manufacturer's guarantee that it will not leak at a height of 50,000 feet above the ground or at two inches below the inspecting officer's nose?  
 Well, friend, we don't like to disillusion you, but those guarantees were made before the horror of the giglet broke above our unwary heads.  
 Now nothing is sacred.  
 In the above cartoon, the second in our series of explanations for our names being on the gig roll, we see two of our giglet friends caught in the act of brewing a little double trouble for a Wofford student.  
 You will notice that we have purposely drawn a close-up of the giglets, rather than one of the victim's visage.  
 The reason is obvious.  
 If you've ever felt that clammy sensation in a breast pocket just as the inspecting officer draws near and looked down to see that blue stain threatening to spread all over your heaving chest, you will realize how impossible it would be to capture the expression which unflinchingly comes into your saddened face.

Our Teachers' Sons

Several members of the faculty have sons or grandsons in the armed forces. They are as follows:  
 Dr. Snyder—a grandson in an armored division.  
 Professor Herbert—two sons, one in the Army Medical Corps, and one in the Infantry.  
 Professor Pettis—a son in the Coast Artillery in the South Pacific.  
 Professor Shuler—a son in the Infantry.  
 Dr. Wallace—a son who was killed on active duty with the Army Air Forces.  
 In addition, "Cap'n." Jones, College Marshal, has four sons in the Army, one of them in North Africa. Also three faculty members are in the armed services, one in the Army Air Forces, one in the Naval Air Corps, and one in the Chemical Warfare Service.

Such Is Life

A young ensign in town for a brief spree was taken by a devoted aunt to a luncheon at a tea shoppe which includes palmistry with the 75-cent special. The gypsy lady took the aunt first, and foresaw the conventional dark man and journey across water. Then she seized the reluctant ensign's hand and peered into his future. "My," she breathed, "a very good fortune! Before the war is over you will be promoted to a sergeant."

Love starts when she sinks in your arms and ends with her arms in the sink.

Open House

The Fortieth College Training Detachment extends an invitation to all seventeen-year-old young men to visit the campus this Sunday. All the facilities of the detachment will be at the disposal of the visitors. In addition, the Palmetto Air School will be open for inspection. Instructors will be present to explain flight training offered by the college training program.

Come to the Wofford campus Sunday and see the Air Force training program in action!

Nashville News

If you're lucky, when you get to Nashville, you'll be assigned to a permanent detail. This excuses you from guard duty. The most common permanent details are:

1. C. Q.—two.
2. Mail Orderlies—two.
3. Dayroom Orderlies—two.
4. Latrine Orderlies—two.
5. Runner—one (all of us can qualify for this!).
6. Barracks Chief (one in every barracks).

If you fail to become a member of one of these, perhaps you'll be chosen as an officer. The officers are selected in this manner: The cadets are lined up, and ordered to bellow orders. The ones with the strongest lungs are chosen. Exercise your lungs, men!

After a two-day orientation, you will begin your tests. These were enumerated in an earlier issue. During the first day you'll take mental tests covering mathematics (fundamental algebra, trigonometry, and solid geometry), physics, and general science. You'll also be given some speed tests, in which you watch aeroplanes and maps. Simple speed addition, subtraction, division, and multiplication will complete these tests.

As the last portion of the day's activities, you'll be given a general test. English comprehension, airplane construction, aeronautical terms, and mechanical comprehensive are the principal tests in this division.

The second day is managed by the psychological department. Tests on electrical machines are for the main part very simple.

The third day you will be interviewed by a commissioned officer concerning your attitude regarding military aviation. He may ask personal questions, but retain your calm, and curb your temper.

After this you will have a complete x-ray, urinalysis and blood test.

The physical exams continue to the fourth day. Your teeth, eyes, height, weight, bone structure, and coordination will be examined at this time.

The rest of the time is occupied with rechecks and night vision tests.

Keep your nerve and stick to your convictions and you will come through the Nashville experience with "flying" colors.

Weather Report

Some idea of the character of the global war our men of the Air Corps are fighting is reflected in these facts: The hottest spot on earth is Azizia, in North Africa, where a shade temperature of 136 degrees Fahrenheit has been recorded; the coldest place is at Yakutsk in Siberian Russia, where 90 below zero has been reached. Some like it hot—some like it cold—thank goodness.



### Did You Know . .

*Editorial Note: The following article is the second of the "Did You Know" series. As you can see, the column has been completely revamped. Turn in unknown facts about cadets to the editor for incorporation in this column.*

When the new squadron arrived at Wofford last month the present detachment was enthralled by the stripes on the arms of several of the previous service men.

Among the myriads of chevrons they were able to distinguish the top three grades and all ranks below. There has been much speculation about these "old army men," as it were, and the FLIGHT RECORD wishes to recognize them by mentioning the career of the highest ranking non-commissioned officer, First Sergeant William L. Kelly.

Aviation Student Kelly enlisted in the army on September 10, 1940, and was stationed at Scott Field, Illinois, for two and a half years. During this period Kelly worked up to the grade of Technical Sergeant. On February 5, 1943, he was transferred with the promotion to first sergeant, to the 39th Academic Squad at Yale University.

The FLIGHT RECORD wishes to congratulate Mr. Kelly and the other previous service men on their achievement. We sincerely hope that these men can improve our detachment by utilizing their knowledge gained from long service.

### We're Off!

This is lap number one,  
The fun we know has just begun.  
This is lap number two,  
And we still feel good as new.  
This is lap number three,  
We're not tired, can't you see?  
This is lap number four,  
We're getting in shape to win the war.  
This is lap number five,  
It's a miracle we're still alive.  
This is lap number six,  
Smokes and this do not mix.  
This is lap number seven,  
We wish to hell it was eleven.  
This is lap number eight,  
Have Doc McCue at the gate.  
This is lap number nine,  
Petoskey thinks we're doing fine.  
This is lap number ten,  
We're ready to start all over again.  
This is lap number eleven,  
Now we've got one foot in heaven.  
This is lap number twelve,  
Put my dog tag on the shelf.  
This is lap number thirteen . . .

Mary had a little lamb,  
Some salad and dessert;  
Then gave the sarge the wrong  
address,  
The dirty little flirt!

### Can It Be the Breeze?

Slim Power proved to everybody's satisfaction that all that talk about Georgia peaches was no idle boasting. The peach that showed up on Slim's arm the other day had the Wofford wolves gasping.

Charlie (Bugs) Hansen has a new problem on his hands. Two letters with two pictures enclosed in one week gives "Bugs" the lead in the Romeo line.

Pepsodent Delesdernier, the kid with the "IT" smile, is wooing wisely and very well. A Converse cutie and strictly on the beam.

"Sarge" Newman and Al Sabin are vying for the honors as maestro of Wofford's amateur swingsters. The Sarge practices on the violin in the early hours of the morn, while Sabin steals away to a secret hideaway in the Science Hall each night for practice.

Bob Brust is up in the clouds again this week. Millie must still be whispering those sweet everythings via the mailways.

Hank Donahue really had the wind taken out of his sails for once last Tuesday. A ceiling full of plaster unexpectedly decorated his unprotected head and Tex Elrod was without his man Friday for a while.

Prize of the week goes to Turk McDougal, the only man in the college who can get his entire cranium in the mailbox at Carlisle Hall, ears and all.

### From Here to There

From here to there, from me to you,  
This letter goes today,  
To tell you that you're missed, my dear,  
Since you have gone away.

To tell you things are not the same  
When you're away from me,  
To let you know I think of you,  
Wherever you may be.

From here to there, from me to you,  
I'll send you all the news,  
And if you'll read between the lines,  
You'll see how I need you.

I'm sending all my love along,  
And heaps of kisses, too,  
And I wish that I could go myself,  
From here to there, to you.

"I have a pain in my abdomen," said the rookie to the army doctor.  
"Young man," replied the medico, "officers have abdomens, sergeants have stomachs; you have a bellyache."

Sentry: "Who goes there?"  
Major: "Major Jones."  
Sentry: "I can't let you proceed without the password, sir."  
Major: "Drat it, man, I've forgotten it. You know me well enough."  
Sentry: "Must have the password."  
Voice from guardhouse: "Don't stand there arguing all night; shoot 'im."

### Bits of Wit

Jane: "Jim proposed to me last night, and I'm sore at him."

Josephine: "What makes you so mad?"

Jane: "You ought to have heard what he proposed."

An Ensign at one of the Navy Yards had been granted many furloughs. He applied for one more. It was denied. He complained to his Commander, stating this additional furlough was positively most essential.

"Why?"  
"Because my wife is expecting."  
"Application denied. It was necessary for you to be present at the laying of the keel, but is unimportant for you to be present at the launching."

Somebody told us about the girl who, when asked her war ambition, said, "I want to be an air raid siren."

Landlord: "Washington once slept in the bed you occupied last night."

Guest: "That's more than I could do."

"What becomes of your lap when you stand up?"

"It retires to the rear and pops up under an assumed name."

Betty Co-Ed: The coach was all wrong about our team not having a good line—I've been out with them all.

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."

How easy it is the night before to get up early the next morning.

Jack: "It's a great world, isn't it?"  
Jill: "Let me smell your breath."

"I want to get a little on hand before these hoarders get busy," explained a Canadian woman to her grocer, ordering ten pounds of butter.

Filling station operator up North: "I filled your tank with gas, now how's your oil?"

Southern Negro: "We all's all right, how's you all?"

"But, Betty, don't you trust me?"  
"Yes, Lloyd, I'll go to the ends of the earth with you; but I absolutely refuse to park on the way."

I see no evil; I speak no evil; I hear no evil; boy, am I a sissy!



Pyle m