

7-9-1943

## Flight Record 4

Wofford College 40th College Training Division

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# FLIGHT RECORD

Vol. 1—No. 4

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

July 9, 1943

## QUINTILE "E" GRADUATES TONIGHT

### Farewell Dance This Evening

The music will be hot, but in the words of the latest song hit, "That's All, Brother, That's All."

Difficulties which arose at the last Wofford swing session when the torrid temperature threatened to ruin a pleasant evening will be no more.

Tonight, come heat or humidity, there'll be cool breezes wafting their way across the floor of our Field House while members of the 40th C. T. D. and their lovely lassies swing out to the music of Camp Croft's capable senders.

Fans will be very much in evidence and not of the hand variety either. Administration has succeeded in making arrangements for several high-powered motor fans which, it is expected, will be more than a match for whatever the weather man may think up.

With this question settled the only one remaining is the problem, always interesting, to be sure—GIRLS.

That, too, has been capably handled by Administration, with the result that if there are any wallflowers tonight among the strong and the brave the blame must fall on their own shoulders.

Naturally, the honored guests of the

occasion will be the members of the departing quintile.

For the statistical minded in our group the dance will begin promptly at 9 p.m.

The place, as we all already know, is the Field House. Music will be provided by the Camp Croft dance band, under the able baton of T/Sgt. Melvin Raab.

Your buddy's going. Why don't you come too?

### President Greene to Deliver Principal Address to Grads

The end of another academic month brings with it this evening the graduation of the third group of Aviation Students to receive their training at Wofford College.

As has been the custom in the past, fitting exercises will be held tonight in the chapel, during which the students will be honored by the entire 40th College Training Detachment.

For the outgoing quintile the ceremonies will mark the completion of five months of arduous labors in the classroom, in physical training, and on the drill field.

From here the outgoing quintile will move on another step toward the goal for which the rest of the students at Wofford are working.

Therefore, for the group's last evening at Wofford, fellow students, friends, relatives, and the faculty of Wofford will unite to wish them well and to hear the parting messages which our military and teaching personnel will offer.

Dr. A. Mason DuPre will preside over tonight's program, with the opening prayer and final benediction being by Dr. E. Gibson Davis. President Walter K. Greene will deliver the principal address. A chorus of the 40th C. T. D.'s Glee Club will also be on hand to entertain.

At the completion of the services in the chapel the graduates will be guests of honor at a dance especially planned for the occasion.

The last formal parade and review of the departing members of the Detachment will be held tomorrow afternoon at Snyder Field, at which time the new officers for the coming month will be installed and the old officers officially relieved of their responsibility.

Later in the afternoon of the same day the by now familiar sound of "Army Air Corps Song . . . In Cadence . . . Sing" will undoubtedly ring out as the entire quintile swings down the road past the Science Hall for the last time.

"Off we go into the wild blue yonder,"

And with you goes our . . . Good luck . . . God bless you . . . and Happy Hunting.

"In the strength of our forefathers we go, not in their tracks; their stars we follow, not their dead campfires."  
—King.

### THE C.O. SPEAKS

*On Tuesday night we witnessed the first showing at this station of "Why We Fight." As it stirred every man of this detachment so it stirred me, and when the lights went on many faces revealed a look of grim determination.*

*The fires kindled within are best used as a stimulant when the enemy is at hand. Before that opportunity presents itself to you you will have many days of study and training.*

*It is relatively an easy thing to employ anger in disregarding danger. Full of hate for the enemy, men achieve goals far beyond their normal capacity.*

*You men are called upon for something harder than a stimulant attack or than a morale rousing exhibition. You are called upon to store your anger and dole it out to yourself day by day, reaching down into your surplus especially on those days when you feel that you are not getting some obtuse point in a basic subject.*

*Yours is the hard way, the long haul. Remember the slogan of the AAFSETC, "Prepare for Combat." Keep that slogan in mind throughout your training period. Store up your anger and use it wisely. The day will come when you CAN give the enemy Hell!*

CAPTAIN A. N. HEXTER,  
Commanding.

### New Officers

Tomorrow's the big day for the selected few of the old Quintile D who will officially take over as the new cadet officers of the 40th C. T. D.

As the officers of the past month step into the history of Wofford at drill tomorrow, the new men will step forward to claim their places, their honors, and, unfortunately at times, their multitude of troubles.

To these men, knowing and appreciating the task that lies before them, "The Flight Record" offers its sincere good wishes for success and good fortune.

### Vacations -- For Faculty

An unofficial communique from a fairly reliable source has disclosed that the faculty vacations will begin soon. The reason????? We haven't quite decided whether it is to give the faculty a rest from the Aviation Students or vice-versa. Strenuous efforts to discover when Coach Petoskey will take his vacation have met with little success. We haven't even an unofficial announcement on that one, fellows.

### Squadron "E" -- "Two Men Missing, Sir"

When Squadron "E" leaves for Nashville tomorrow they will leave two of their men behind. They are A/S Frank Vermilyea and A/S Leo F. Opalka.

Frank, the former commander of Squadron "A," was stricken with pneumonia June 22 and will be unable to be with his buddies when they march off this week-end. He is at

(Continued on page 5)



# OPEN RANKS . . . MARCH!



( 1 ) The Chapel (Administration Building).  
 ( 4 ) Awaiting Inspection.  
 ( 7 ) Group Commander John G. Murray returns salute of Capt. William Shank  
 ( 10 ) Officers, Front and Center.

( 2 ) Popular "Bill" Shank, Squadron "B" Commander.  
 ( 5 ) Passing in Review.  
 ( 8 ) Parade's over. Retreat next.  
 ( 11 ) Our Adjutant. He'll find the whisker you missed.

( 3 ) Lest We Forget, the Science Hall.  
 ( 6 ) Parade Rest.  
 ( 9 ) Drill begins.  
 ( 12 ) Precision.

## MY JAP

A little yellow man put me through this school. I call him My Jap. He is sitting in the Mikado's Aviation Training School some twelve thousand miles away, but he exerts a beneficial influence on me all through school. He is the little man who keeps me working at top speed all the time, and never lets me think of slackening off.

My Jap is a young almond-eyed A/C who enlisted about the same time I did. He is a dogged, persistent Little Oriental who spends all his time studying like a fiend. In his mind is one goal—to shoot me down. Some day, he knows, we will meet in combat near some luscious South Sea Isle, and he doesn't want to be missing any piece of information.

So he never misses an assignment, never skims through a lesson, and his notebooks are complete and immaculate. He reviews everything he has learned frequently, so that he will have the information at his fingertips when he tries to feed me to the tunas.

Don't ask me how I know about him. I had a vision of him early in the course, and it has never left me.

Whenever I am tired of studying the fire control system and feel I would like to knock off for a while to look at the pictures in *Life*, I suddenly see My Jap. He is sitting on a mat in a Tokyo dormitory, his glasses perched on his Orange Pekoe nose, grimly absorbing the same Ordnance assignment I am inclined to skip. I go back to my book, and I never do see how drum majorettes are trained in Texas high schools.

Sometimes a bull session down the hall gives off a mellow sound which floats to my ears with the same enchantment the songs of the Lorelei are said to have had on sailors. My navigation text droops in my hands. Then suddenly I see My Jap again. His agile yellow hands have completed a dozen maneuvering board problems and in his mind is the theory of aviation combat tactics to outsmart me. Up comes my Navigation book and the bull session sings its siren song no more.

Does My Jap sound a little like superman to you? Not at all. He just hasn't got the devil-may-care spirit which is America's great blessing—and its failing. You see, ever since he can remember he knew he was going to be called upon to fight the white devil, and he never forgets what he is doing. We, on the other hand, are so unused to the idea of battle that we rarely correlate some dull Ordnance chore with the fateful moment when we must meet Our Japs. We tend to get a false perspective, and we forget that our enemy is the Axis, not the Instructor.

So, on the whole, I am grateful  
(Continued on this page, column 4)

## PROGRAM

Friday Evening, July 9th, 8:00 P. M.

Dr. A. Mason DuPre, Presiding

★ ★ ★

1. Song—"Onward, Christian Soldiers"—No. 74.
2. Prayer—Dr. E. Gibson Davis.
3. Solo—Mr. Maury Pearson.
4. Address—President Walter K. Greene.
5. Chorus—Glee Club.
6. Remarks—Captain A. N. Hexter.
7. Delivery of Certificates—President Walter K. Greene.
8. Army Air Corps Song by entire Detachment.
9. Benediction—Dr. E. Gibson Davis.

## "OFF THEY GO"

*A Toast to the Host of Those We Boast*

THE FLIGHT RECORD offers its congratulations and best wishes to the following graduates of Class '43-C, to whom this paper is dedicated:

Loftis, R. T., Lincoln Park, Mich.; Monica, W., Cloverdale, Mich.; Morrow, R. Q., Wheeling, W. Va.; Moser, C. S., Baltimore, Md.; Mourning, H. L., Friendship Heights, Md.; Mowry, R. D., Naperville, Ill.; Moyer, C. E., Pine Grove, Penna.; Muhlmeister, J. G., Baltimore, Md.; Mullens, A. A., Garetta, W. Va.; Muller, A., Alexandria, Va.; Mulligan, W. G., Pittsburgh, Penna.; Murchake, J. P., Annapolis, Md.; Murphy, J. D., Pittsburgh, Penna.; Murphy, L. P. (parent in service); Murphy, W. E., Hyattville, Md.; Murray, J. G., Springfield, Penna.; Murray, R. O., Vineland, N. J.; Muschlitz, R. C., Arlington, Va.

Nickell, W. O., Lansing, Mich.

Oatman, C. W., Windber, Penna.; O'Brien, W. F., Chicago, Ill.; Ogden, J. H., Detroit, Mich.; Ohmer, W. C., Detroit, Mich.; Oldashi, D., Big Stone Gap, Va.; O'Lone, J. P., Daytona Beach, Fla.; Olsen, R. A., Chicago, Ill.; O'Malley, P. J., Pittsburgh, Penna.; O'Neil, R. E., Glencoe, Ill.; O'Neil, T. A., Philadelphia, Penna.; Orange, H., Jeanette, Penna.; Orsi, L. J., Chicago, Ill.; Osmondson, R. D., Chicago, Ill.; Overby, E. H., Wheaton, Ill.; Overstreet, J. R., Norfolk, Va.

Pare, T. N., Grand Rapids, Mich.; Parrish, D. W., Pittsburgh, Penna.; Pastorik, R. J., Clairton, Penna.; Patterson, W., Braddock, Penna.; Paul, C. H., Battle Creek, Mich.; Paul, R. H., Baltimore, Md.; Paveglio, F. L., Chicago, Ill.; Powell, J. S., Birmingham, Ala.; Powell, W. H., Rocky Mount, N. C.; Powelson, M. S., Zanesville, Ohio; Poyo, J. F., Atlanta, Ga.; Preiss, F. E., Fall River, Mass.; Price, E. M., Forest City, N. C.; Price, F. G., Fort Wayne, Ind.; Pritchett, J. E., Auburn, Ala.; Pruett, W. L., Detroit, Mich.; Prunty, H. V., Chicago, Ill.; Puente, R., Chicago, Ill.; Puetzer, H. C., West Allis, Wis.; Prumphrey, R. G., Daytona Beach, Fla.; Purcell, W. J., Streator, Ill.

Saltzberg, I., New York, N. Y.; Sampson, C. D., Tip City, Ohio; Sanders, T. E., Greensboro, Ky.; Sanders, W. L., Lizella, Ga.; Sandilos, J. C., Amblar, Penna.; Saul, G. K., Troy, Ohio; Saunders, T. D., Dunbar, W. Va.; Sawyer, H. G., DeKalb, Ill.; Sawyer, W. J., Madison, Wis.; Schaefer, J. M., Dayton, Ohio; Schievink, H. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.; Schiro, A. N., Tampa, Fla.; Schneider, A. J., Cleveland, Ohio; Schneider, E. W., Franklin Park, N. Y.; Schnell, J. M., Mobile, Ala.; Schock, N. R., Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; Schoeffler, P. R., Maple Heights, Ohio; Schofield, J. A., Narberth, Penna.; Schoonover, G. F., Lima, Ohio; Schoonover, R. M., Toledo, Ohio; Schowe, L. C., St. Petersburg, Fla.; Schroeder, D. H., Detroit, Mich.; Schroeder, E. V., Arcadia, Mich.; Schumann, M. D., Charleston, W. Va.; Scroggin, O. O., England, Ark.; Scruggs, T. W., Birmingham, Ala.; Seacord, J. E., Greenville S. C.; Searles, C. N., Madison, Wis.; Seat, W. R., Washington, Ind.; Selby, W. R., Fort Wayne, Ind.; Selevan, A. A., Miami Beach, Fla.; Sessamen, D., Birmingham, Ala.; Shank, W. O., Hamilton, Ohio; Shanks, J. T., Euclid, Ohio; Sharkey, F. A., Albemarle, N. C.; Shasne, A. N., Ocala, Fla.; Sheetz, C. R., Halifax, Penna.

White, A. V., Cumberland, Md.

## An Appeal—

At the very outset a threat has presented itself to our new Marching Band. A careful survey has shown that almost one-third of the present band membership will be depleted within a month and with no replacements coming in, the shortage will be acute. An urgent appeal is therefore made to all men who are musically inclined and who are interested in making the 40th C. T. D. extraordinary.

We of the FLIGHT RECORD staff feel that a band makes our detachment outstanding and colorful and we know that we are not alone in so presuming. It would be a shame, in view of the remarkable progress which has already been made, to have this unique organization dissolve so ingloriously.

Candidates will please report to A/S Gene Prichard at Carlisle.

## Wanted!

Do you like THE FLIGHT RECORD? Do you think it's worthwhile?

We do and we're working hard to make it more worthwhile each issue.

But . . . we need help and we need it badly.

If you will notice you will see that our staff is pitifully small.

It isn't fair to ask so few to do all that must be done, and in addition, we can't get the coverage we need with the number of men we now have.

Some of you we know are genuinely interested.

Others just gripe but won't offer to help.

Well, we're going to have a meeting Monday night at 8:30 p.m. at THE FLIGHT RECORD office in the basement of the library.

If you're at all interested, please come.

We need you.

"When we want to sight-see in the restricted hot-spot areas," wrote a soldier from North Africa, "we dress up like the native women, with veils over our faces. Because they don't dare peck, even if they suspect the truth, the MP's are going nuts!"—*Foreign Service.*

## MY JAP

(Continued from column 1)

for My Jap. He gives me no rest and he works me to death, but he keeps reminding me what this whole part of my life means. If I can help it, he will not get ahead of me. I have better facilities, better teachers, and what is more, I am fighting for true freedom, which gives me a tremendous edge on that little yellow weevil. When we do meet out there near that South Sea island, I am pretty sure I am going to knock the living daylight out of My Jap. And I won't be sorry. For then, and only then, will he let me rest.—*Courtesy of the Naval Reserve "Sideboy," through the Public Relations Office of The Citadel, the Military College of South Carolina.*

## Non-Coms

Mystery men of Wofford, but mighty handy to know when you're in need of a lift are the Non-Coms, who minister to our needs quite effectively at headquarters and the infirmary. So that we can all become more familiar with the office staff, THE FLIGHT RECORD offers for your study a bit of the past history of the following men:

Master of all he surveys at administration is T/Sgt. Thomas C. Welch from Chicago, Illinois. Sgt. Welch is 28 years of age and enlisted in the Army January, 1942. He received his training at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and further experience in the field of administration at Spence Field, Ga. He was then stationed at Maxwell Field, Ala. He is now the head of our administration office.

Next in rank is S/Sgt. Howard W. Rhea, a Tennessee boy who upholds the tradition of his home state in fine style. If you have any excuses to offer at headquarters, better make them good — he's really from Missouri. Sgt. Rhea is payroll clerk—another reason for getting to know him better. He enlisted at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in January, 1941. Howard received his Basic Training at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and Fort F. E. Warren, Wyoming. He was soon transferred to Nashville, Tennessee, as an Aviation Cadet and was again moved to Maxwell Field, Alabama. From Maxwell he came to Wofford. He is a great help in making the administration what it is.

Following on our list of men is Sgt. Ben Mason. Ben hails from South Carolina and feels very much at home here at Wofford College. He received his training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and was assigned to Maxwell Field, Alabama, and finally at Wofford. Ben, like many of the others, is a good man to know, because it is he who is in charge of the Supply Office.

Then comes Sgt. Lester Seidenkranz, who most any day can be found at the infirmary. Les is the head Non-Com of our Medical Department. He enlisted at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, in January, 1942, and received his basic training there also. He, like many of the others, was stationed at Maxwell Field, Ala., before he came to Spartanburg. He is Doc McCue's right hand man.

Next on our list is Cpl. Joe Rumore, better known to most of us as just "Joe." Joe has, among his many other duties, the job of being contact man between us enlisted men and our commissioned officers. Always helpful, never in too much of a hurry to hear our tale of woe, Joe has made himself so well liked by everybody at Wofford that he needs little introduction. For his background though, let it be known that Joe is a New Yorker to the core, all 26 years of him. He

(Continued on page 6)

## Recreation Hall

There is a new favorite on the Wofford campus these days, and although this one has no bars, she certainly rates the salutes that we aviation students, our wives, mothers, and friends feel like bestowing upon that favorite, who, as we all know, is our CO's gracious wife, Mrs. A. N. Hexter.

THE FLIGHT RECORD has followed in detail the growth of our Recreation Hall from its beginning, attempting to prophesy in some way just what it would look like when finished.

Indeed, the whole college detachment has had a turn at pecking in from time to time to watch the amazingly fast progress of the hall.

Knowing the inherent modesty which is a part of our new favorite's charm, we want to warn you that Mrs. Hexter will probably keep very much in the background now that the hall is nearing completion.

However, we do believe she will find difficulty in hiding from all of us who will, we know, wish to thank her for the long hours she has spent for the benefit of the Wofford students and their friends.

Our Recreation Hall is not finished yet by any means.

Pool tables are on their way, as well as the promised furniture and combination radio and phonograph.

The rooms upstairs will also be completed in the near future.

However, even if the Recreation Hall were to remain just as it is now, we would still be very proud of our new addition.

We fellows for the most part are more interested in pool tables, darts, and the like, but at the same time, we all realize that our Recreation Hall really has something when we escort our friends across the threshold for the first time.

We want our wives and girl friends to like our hall and feel at home there, and from all the comment that has been heard so far, we know that they do like it and do feel at home there.

Although, manlike, we may not have a proper understanding of the taste with which the drapes were selected and the manner in which the hall was equipped, the ladies, God bless them, do not miss a thing, and their remarks on every hand have been warm compliments for Mrs. Hexter.

The fireplace, corner seats, and the flowers that unflinchingly add just the right touch really make a hit with the visitors.

Underneath it all we are a proud little group here at Wofford, and we are thankful that Mrs. Hexter has given us something else of which we may be justly proud.

Professor: A fool can ask questions a wise man can't answer.

Student: That's why we all flunked our exam.

## TWO MEN MISSING

(Continued from page 1)

the Camp Croft hospital, and from latest reports is resting comfortably.

Not altogether sad news for Frank is the fact that he will be given a two weeks' furlough before reporting back to Wofford in time to go out with the next contingent.

Leo fell victim to an attack of appendicitis a week ago today and is also at Camp Croft, feeling very much better after an operation performed by our own Lt. "Doc." McCue.

Leo was second in command of Squadron "B."

In behalf of Quintile "E," Group Commander John G. Murray has requested that THE FLIGHT RECORD print the following message to both of these boys:

"We can fully appreciate the feeling you had when you learned that we would be leaving without you, because that feeling is mutual.

"We've had a great many 'good times' in our four months' stay here at Wofford.

"It's said that everything happens for the best.

"Sometimes that statement is very difficult to understand, but in the majority of cases it has proved itself to be true.

"Regardless of how things look to you now, you will, we are sure, realize the wisdom of this philosophy.

"We will certainly remember you when we reach Nashville and perhaps will meet again later on, but for now we will say, so long, get well quick, and all the luck in the world to two great guys!

"You certainly deserve it."

## Saga of the Embarrassed Parachutist

Perhaps the most red-faced flier in Africa is a sergeant pilot who jumped at night from his plane and landed in icy cold water.

Part of a group returning from a bombing mission, the pilot lost his bearings in the dark, and when gas gave out, he took to his parachute. Down through pitch darkness he sailed, to gasp suddenly when he plunged deep into water. Remembering instructions for keeping afloat under such circumstances, he made an air balloon of his parachute. By supporting himself with this and treading water, he kept himself afloat.

Conserving his strength as much as possible, he waited for the dawn, hoping that the sight of his parachute would attract a ship or a flying boat.

When the sun came up, the sergeant's eyes opened wide with amazement—for instead of being lost in a watery ocean waste, he found himself in the center of a large millpond. Cows and sheep grazed peacefully a few hundred feet away, while ducks sailed serenely around.

## Bits of Wit

A girl is sometimes like the ocean. She may look green, but she can get awfully rough.

\* \* \*

Her (at dance): Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose.

Her (three dances later): Been waiting long?

Him: No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact.

\* \* \*

I used to love my garden,  
But now my love is dead,  
For I found a bachelor button  
In Blackeyed Susan's bed.

\* \* \*

If little Red Riding Hood lived today  
The modern girl would scorn'er—  
She only had to meet one wolf,  
Not one on every corner.

\* \* \*

"Shall we sit in the parlor?"  
"No, I'm too tired. Let's go play tennis."

\* \* \*

Little song entitled "She may be a moonshiner's daughter, but I love her still."

\* \* \*

"Did you ever ride a jackass?"  
"No."  
"Well, then, why don't you get onto yourself?"

\* \* \*

They sat alone in the moonlight; she soothed his troubled brow. "Dearest, I know my life's been fast, but I'm on my last lap now."

\* \* \*

Said a police officer, peering into a car parked on a dark side-road, "I ought to pinch you, soldier."

Came a feminine voice from the car, "Quit giving him any more ideas."

\* \* \*

Bachelor's version of it: "What-soever a man seweth, that shall he also rip."

\* \* \*

Once upon a time there was a traveling salesman who pulled up at a country farm house about dusk. The farmer's daughter came out to see what he wanted.

"Any brushes today?" asked the man.

"No, thanks," said she. "But won't you spend the night? Father isn't home."

"Thank you, no, I've got a lot more work to do," he said, and drove off.

\* \* \*

## HARD TO BEAT

Last night I held a little hand,  
So dainty and so neat,  
Methought my heart would burst with joy,  
So wildly did it beat.

No other hand into my soul  
Could so great a solace bring  
Than that I held last night, which was  
Four aces and a king.

**Gigs and Gags**

Sad Sack Filo will certainly miss Bill Shanks' pleasant goodnight when Bill leaves for Nashville.

The blue ribbon for drilling goes to Squeaky McAndrews. He is the all-time guide for the 40th C. T. D.

The boys of Sq. "B" are throwing a big shower for Frank Price, corporal of the 1st Platoon, when he leaves.

Mystery of the week: Who put the wet underwear under 88 Kays' sheets?

Red DuBose is running around Spartanburg taking pictures of the belles. Why don't you put some film in the camera the next time, Red?

Memo to Colonel Smith: If you lost your recipe for apple pie, ask any of the Northern boys.

Colonel Enman goes for Model "A" Fords, we understand.

Does everyone appreciate the morning serenade of Newman's fiddle?

Rumors say that Bob Garrity is taking in his own laundry now. He has been wearing the same uniform for three weeks.

The past week was a new experience for most of us Yankees—the first time we've seen sunshine in liquid form. The local Chamber of Commerce claims South Carolina has a wonderful climate, so what else could it be called?

"Joe" Saizen claims the "mush eating" championship of Wofford College. He took second place at Duncan Park a while ago and has issued a challenge to all members of the 40th C. T. D.

"Slim" Powers lives so far from town that the sun rises between his house and town.

Last week on the Red, White, and Blue program, the following song request was made and very affectionately dedicated to Coach Petoskey: "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off." For the peroxide blonde in 105, Snyder—"All or Nothing at All."

"Bob" Matthews' latest job is that of drill master, and he's managed to get a fairly good cadence out of his men. Now, if he could only get them all to march in the same direction, everything would be copesthetic. . . .

"Tex" McKearney rolls his own now, fellows. You have probably heard George Hugo's latest song hit, entitled "The Cow Kicked Nelly in the Belly in the Barn." Incidentally, the second verse is the same as the first, a little bit louder and a whole lot worse. . . . Math teacher in 109, as noisy pupil comes charging into the building: "Sounds like a tank going upstairs"; McLaren: "Not those stairs, sir." . . . "Stan" Privitt missed his calling when he joined the A. A. F. From the looks of the jump he made the other night, he should have been a paratrooper. Oh yes, when "Stan" is late for formation, you can bank on his having a new funny book. . . .

**P. F. R. DATA**

CLASS OF '43-C

EXCELLENT GROUP

	Situps	Chins	Shuttle-run	P. F. R.
O'Malley, P. J. . . . .	114	15	45 sec.	90
Saul, G. H. . . . .	114	17	46 sec.	90
Parrish, D. W. . . . .	114	17	48 sec.	85
Sanders, W. L. . . . .	114	16	47 sec.	85
Schowe, L. C. . . . .	114	16	49 sec.	85
Saltzberg, I. . . . .	114	14	47 sec.	82
Schoonover, G. F. . . . .	114	14	47 sec.	81
Schroeder, E. V. . . . .	114	15	49 sec.	81
Seacord, J. E. . . . .	114	13	47 sec.	81
Nickell, W. . . . .	90	16	47 sec.	81
Pruntz, H. . . . .	84	18	48 sec.	81
Sawyer, H. . . . .	114	14	49 sec.	81
Mulligan, W. . . . .	70	17	46 sec.	78

**Two Times "Free" Is Six**

At one southeast training center field there is a red-faced cadet who learned that the hard way.

The cadet had written a letter to his girl. It had to go air mail—and he had no postage stamps handy. Now, everybody knows that a man in the service can send his mail postage-free. Likewise, everybody knows that it costs three cents to mail an ordinary letter, and six cents for air mail. Two times three is six.

The aviation cadet knew that the word "free" written in the envelope corner was worth three cents. So he dipped his pen in the inkwell and wrote on the envelope "Air Mail." Dipping again, he firmly wrote "Free," not once, but twice, in the proper corner.

The moral being, of course, that two times "Free" is six.

The cadet now has a large supply of air mail stamps on hand.

When told of the hillbilly band being formed in 106 Snyder, Lt. Scholefield expressed joy at leaving in the near future. . . . They say guard duty is an honor and a privilege. But, Schneider wants to know why he is always the one to be so honored. . . . Wanted: One good, husky voice, must have a lifetime guarantee. Apply First Sergeant Overstreet, Snyder Hall. . . . There will be a noticeable manpower shortage at the P. X. drycleaners when Quintile "E" leaves the 10th. Capt. Seacord and Lt. Scholefield have handed in their resignations to Helen Clements. Think you can handle the job, "Cuddles"?

Chaplain McNamara will issue T. S. slips between 22:00 and 24:00 daily. All interested clients should report to room 106, Snyder Hall, for an appointment. Reduced fees for civilians.

Honors of the week go to Rip Van Winkle Gallagher, the snoring champ of the math class.

Mark Howe can't get used to getting up at 6 A. M. He used to get up at 5 A. M. to milk cows back in Vermont.

**NON-COMS**

(Continued from page 5)

signed up in August of 1942, and went to Miami Beach and then to Radio School at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin. From there Joe went on to Maxwell as supply clerk, and then to Wofford.

Now as we move on we come to Cpl. Luther Greene, who boasts Birmingham, Alabama, as his home. He enlisted in September, 1942, and went through basic training at Columbus, Mississippi. Previous to his present assignment, Cpl. Greene was stationed at McClellan, Alabama. His work here is chiefly in supply.

Also on our list is Cpl. James Barker, who is a native of Jersey City, N. J. Jim has been in the service for thirteen months and received basic training at Columbus, Miss. He comes to us from Mississippi. Cpl. Barker is in charge of the individual records at the administration office.

Cpl. Jack Lyons of our Medical Corps has a very interesting record. He started his service with the Canadian Army at Sherbrooke, Quebec. After Pearl Harbor he transferred into the U. S. Armed Forces and, as his previous service had been in the Medical Department, he was continued in it and was attached to the Air Corps. His first assignment was at Maxwell Field, Ala., in April, 1943. He is perhaps the best known "Medic" on our post, as he is the man who gives you your numerous "shots."

Then there's Pfc. Charles Sweeney, who hails from Friendship, N. Y. He entered the service in November, 1942, and took his basic training at Fort Niagara, N. Y. Charlie was sent to St. Petersburg, Fla., for further schooling. He was then transferred to Maxwell Field, Alabama, and from Maxwell to his present assignment at Wofford. Sweeney is a graduate of a Surgical Technical Course at Billings General Hospital at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

Last, but not least, comes Pvt. Frank Valenzuela. Frank is a new, but very popular member of the Wofford family. His home is in San Francisco, Cal. He entered the army in September, 1942, as an Aviation Cadet, and was stationed at Nashville, Tenn., for classification. Upon being classified as a pilot he was transferred to Maxwell Field, Ala., where he went through pre-flight. Next, he went to Arkansas for his primary training, where he was disqualified. Frank was then stationed at the Greenwood, Miss., Basic Flying Field as a dispatcher. Previous to his coming to Wofford, he was at Presbyterian College. Frank is in charge of the mail department here.

Doorkeeper (at W. C. Glee Club concert): "No, sir, I can't open the doors during the singing. Half the audience would rush out."