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Flight Record 5

Wofford College 40th College Training Division

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FLIGHT RECORD

Vol. 1—No. 5

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

July 23, 1943

FIRST INTER-SQDN TRACK MEET SAT.

BAND WELCOMES KEESLER GROUP

There was excitement on the campus last week, no matter how much the upperclassmen will now deny it.

Squadron A was moving in.

As the appointed hour drew near, the lucky ones gathered near the gate and when the sound of our own 40th C. T. D. band approached we knew that at last we could put aside the doubts and rumors.

They're still pretty much the mystery men of the detachment, due to their working quarantine, but by now most of the fellows have had a chance to get in a few words with them and there are some facts that have been discovered.

First of all, and for reasons of military secrecy we can only say that the USUAL number of men arrived.

They were a tired and admittedly haggard looking lot when they first marched through the gates, but their marching showed that wherever they had learned they had picked up the rudiments quickly—a good sign for a prospective Woffordite.

The new Squadron A was molded at Keesler Field, Mississippi, with the boys having an average of about six weeks training to their credit. Most of the men came originally from Pennsylvania.

They've been through the mill here at Wofford already, know what is expected of them, and so far are doing a pretty swell job in living up to those expectations.

The recently departed E quintile had a lot of talent, and the glee club and the band are expecting the A men to help mightily to swell the chorus and sound the cymbals.

Ed. Note: And incidentally to push the pen for the good old FLIGHT RECORD.

Almost too late for an official word of welcome from the FLIGHT RECORD was the arrival yesterday of fourteen new replacements to our Detachment. The newest manpower addition hails from Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

Although the welcome of the officers and students of Wofford is brief through necessity, in this issue, it is none the less hearty and sincere.



WHICH WAY'S WOFFORD?

VETERAN FLYER TELLS ABOUT PRIMARY

Mr. "Buck" Moss, one of the favorite instructors at the Palmetto Air School, ex-barnstormer and a man of ten years' flying experience, was kind enough to give your roving reporters, the other day, several tips and suggestions about Primary Flight Training. Mr. Moss is thoroughly acquainted with the type and range of instruction we'll all undergo at Primary if we're classified as pilots.

The one important fact he impressed upon us was that Primary instructors will definitely wash out men for deficiencies in manners and general attitude. This point cannot be

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New Wing Insignia Ordered for AAF Planes

Washington.—A new airplane wing insignia has been ordered for all army planes.

The war department announced that the new insignia consists of a white star on a circular field of blue, a white rectangle attached horizontally at both right and left of the circle, and a red border enclosing the new device.

The department said that the new insignia was developed because the present device, a white star on a circular blue background, can be confused with Japan's red dot and Germany's black cross on a wider white cross, when seen from a distance.

NEW SPORTS PROGRAM UNDERWAY

Track Meet July 24th

Something new—and optional—has been added to our Physical Training program. It comes under the heading of organized sports, but the organization will be done on a fifty-fifty basis. It includes events like softball games, basketball games, track meets and the like. Coach Petoskey and the P. T. staff are willing to sponsor and instruct us, on the post, provided we get together and take an earnest and active interest in what they have to offer.

First, we have a track meet scheduled for tomorrow. It will take the place of the regular P. T. period every other Saturday, provided enough interest is shown by the men. It will certainly be the most enjoyable hour you'll spend on Snyder Field.

On the intervening Saturdays, softball or basketball games will be played.

It's open to all. A list of the events, in their proper order, has already been posted. So make your entries immediately, if you have not already done so.

A few restrictions have been imposed, to wit: No man will be allowed to participate in more than two dashes and no man may enter both the one and the two mile—even if he wants to.

The entire meet will be run on a competitive basis between squadrons.

The winner of each event will receive five points to tally on his score card. The second place winner gets three points, third place, two points; fourth place, one point. An engraved loving cup will be presented to the squadron which has the highest number of points. The capital will be provided from the Wing Fund.

In addition to the regular track events, there will be a special inter-squadron relay race. A team of four men will be picked—by you—from each squadron.

Those who want to practice are invited to do so—during their spare time.

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FLIGHT RECORD

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CAPTAIN A. N. HEXTER, *Commanding*
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Editorial

We remember our first orientation talks not so long ago when Lt. Goldstein first mentioned the subject of alertness, the primary object of our training here. Alertness on the field and in the classroom is necessary, but to make this attentiveness a part of us we must keep a constant check on ourselves in other fields also. When Mr. Moss of the Palmetto School told us of cadets washed out of primary because they wouldn't get out of the rut of saying "huh?" and "whatsat?" to their instructors, we wondered if perhaps now isn't the time to swing into good habits of speech. It will mean a lot of hard work, but since we've heard what poor speech has done, to some men, we should be eager to improve our own. Correct use of words, clear, incisive diction and a good vocabulary will be very great assets, not only in our army days ahead, but for all our lives. Good speech is as necessary to a professional man as it is to an officer. For one it will be the means of making a more successful career; for the other, the means of impressing on subordinates the elusive combination of geniality and authority. Let's not be like "Gas-mask Joe," gentlemen. Will it be all or nothing at all? Think about it.

J. J. M.

★ ★ ★

Far be it from us to tell anyone what to read. We enjoy detective stories and Buck Rogers and Little Abner along with everyone else, but after all, there is such a thing as overdoing it. Something like *Newsweek* or *Coronet* or any of a dozen other standard magazines can't be much more difficult to plow through than the *Adventures of the Green Mask*. Comic books are the modern fairy-tales, but unlike those real treasures of former days, they present no real ideals. From the volume of sales of comic books at the PX, we find it difficult to understand why Wofford aviation students aren't taking a more general interest in current affairs.

We have just made arrangements with the Camp Newspaper Service to send to us each and every week for your private edification that delovely of all delovelys Lace—Milt Caniff's beauteous creation, who takes the place of Terry and the Pirate's Burma in the Army version entitled Male Call.

In case you have been unfortunate enough never to have seen Male Call, and above all, Lace, we can tell you that it is really a WOW. Along with Male Call will come that genial Army sprite called G. I. Wolf, a weekly cartoon of a fellow (who might even be you) generally caught in the pleasant but embarrassing position of ogling a likely de-icer drifting by.

Be sure to be on hand for your next week's copy, fellows. Something tells us there won't be many extras lying around.

In behalf of the student body, the FLIGHT RECORD wishes to thank Mr. Wallace DuPre for his attractive gift of aviation pictures now on display at the recreation hall. We wish also to thank the authorities of Wofford for financing the framing of the pictures, and Dean Norton, who did much of the work of actually framing them.

TEMPORARY TRANSFER

Lt. S. L. Goldstein, tactical officer for the 40th C. T. D. since its inception here at Wofford, has announced receipt of orders transferring him to temporary duty to the Commandant of Cadets School, Randolph Field, Tex.

Lt. Goldstein will leave early next week and is expected to return some time in September. To our tactical officer, the FLIGHT RECORD, on behalf of the student body, offers its very best wishes for success and an early return to Wofford.

TEN HOURS OF IT

"Boy, I'll be glad when I get to E Quintile, where I'll have a chance to fly!" More than one aviation student has been heard spouting those words. Yet he has very little idea of what this aspect of training entails, what will be expected of him, and just what he will learn. Few of us, except those now taking this training, know what kind of men instruct the students. In fact, few of us are in the "know" about the whole course of instruction.

The purpose of the ten hours of dual flying, to which all aviation students are subjected, is to give them a foundation for Primary Training. Essentially, all of the maneuvers covered are the same as those given in Primary Flight Training, with the exception of acrobatics. Of course, a different, more powerful plane is used in Primary, while during our student training, 65 h.p. Piper Cubs are used.

O-o-o-o-h!

Another good purpose of this flying ground work is to cure those who become ill of air sickness when they first fly. Some men take "sea-sickness pills" before they go upstairs, finding that they settle their stomachs. Others do not bother with anything, and so have to keep open the cabin windows, just in case! The instructors have observed, however, that even in the worst cases, air sickness disappears after a short time. In the average man, it usually disappears as soon as he has orientated himself to his life in the air. Anyway, much of it, say the instructors, is purely mental.

Several times a week, the men of quintile E ride to the Spartanburg Airport for an hour of flying instruction. At the airport they are taken over by the Palmetto Air School, owned by Mr. Robert F. Turner. The school works under a contract with the Army Air Forces to give students at Wofford their ten hours of instruction.

Experienced Instructors

The instructors, men of six to ten years' experience, many of whom have over 3,000 hours in the air, accompany the jeep pilots. The majority of these men are in the Army reserve, as commissioned officers. When they are called to active duty, they will be sent to schools for instructors and will learn to teach aeronautics from Primary to Combat.

The men who instruct have had orders concerning the method of treating Aviation Students. They arrange things so that when the really "tough" instructors are reached in Primary, it will not be nearly so hard on the cadet as it would have been had he no experience whatever. Students are graded on manners and attitude as well as on flying proficiency. This is the same method used in Pri-

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Booby Traps

In North Africa fools rush in—a wise soldier takes it easy and lives a lot longer. The fool collects souvenirs on a battlefield—nice German and Italian souvenirs, such as a fountain pen, or a flashlight, or a whistle. Some of these little items will finish his collection for good.

The fountain pen, for example, may be a neat contrivance designed to explode as soon as you try to unscrew the cap; the first time you blow through the nice, dark-brown, bone whistle, it may blow right back—and you'll be lucky if it only knocks out your teeth and part of your jaw. The flashlight, when you turn it on, may startle you with the last light you'll ever see on this earth.

One of the leading demolition experts in Tunisia—an officer whose job is to prevent the booby and the trap from getting together—says: "When you find a suspicious object, don't pick it up. Call a demolitions expert. When I see one of our boys reaching for a helmet or Luger pistol left behind by the enemy, I get ready to call the ambulance."

Some of the enemy devices that already have been discovered by our own demolitions experts and by soldiers who will never announce their discovery include a German grenade (Mark 24), in which the delaying system was removed. When troops tried to use the captured grenades by pulling the igniter, the grenades exploded immediately.

A German plane brought down behind our front lines had a radio set. When soldiers tried to remove the radio, the set exploded and five men were killed.

Barrels have been left on the side of the road by retreating Germans. The barrels contained 3.150 shells and also an electric firing system.

In one narrow pass, hand grenades were hung on steel wires and concealed. Another steel wire was stretched taut a few inches above the road. When troops stepped on the wire the grenades exploded.

Wells and reservoirs in areas abandoned by the Germans have been known to be left in good order, with explosive loads left in the large wells. One large cistern contained a charge of 20 kilograms of TNT with a firing system, as the boys who tried to get a bucket of water by hauling up the rope found out.

Many houses at the front are full of such gags as a load of TNT attached to a firing system attached to a wire that leads to the door, or a loose floor board between one room and another. One of the nicest little stunts of all was putting a heavy explosive charge under the body of a dead German. When you move the body—!

What do you need to get through the war without tripping over a booby trap? According to the demolitions

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NASHVILLE NEWS

Upon arrival at Nashville, you are assigned to a "casual squadron," where you remain for a period of about three to six days. The details assigned you will depend largely upon your Commanding Officer and the section of camp which you will call home. In the event one is lucky enough to be left off of a detail, a period on the drill grounds will be your pleasure.

If the present barracks seem crowded, wait until you've spent a night with other men. That is the situation at the Classification Center. The luckiest of all is the barracks chief. He arranges the details and is one of the fellows you should be nice to, above all. If you should be on the right side of him he will probably give you "baggage detail," which is the biggest "goldbrick" job of all.

During the stay in the casual area, confinement the whole time is one's happy lot. Visitors are not allowed in the area.

Now we move into the camp proper and start classification. Upon these few days may depend your whole future in the AAF.

Examinations

The first day covers the mentals. They are multiple-choice questions and cover most everything, including math, plane identification, map reading, and speed tests on numerous subjects.

The second day takes in the machines which test reflexes, coordination, etc. Most of the boys write back, saying these tests are fun.

Next comes the personal interview or "Arma." By the time they get through with you, your life is an open book. Be prepared to tell the truth all the way, as the interviewers are expert at crossing one up. Beware!

Then the dread six-four physical. The boys already through the Center are amazed at how easy the exam is to get through. If one does not get an O.K. the first time, he will get at least another chance.

Classification

Classification in a period of about a week. If rechecks have been taken, a longer time may elapse. Before you start classification, you may state your preference, but an officer tries to sell you on the idea of being a pilot. Most of the fellows are classified pilot-navigators or pilot-bombardiers, which means that in the event of a washout as a pilot he is sent to either navigator or bombardier training.

With processing comes the long awaited moment. Uniforms are turned in for better fits, cadet cap insignia issued, field jackets, mess-kits, etc., are turned in, and you are all set to go.

After classification, one can expect to be there for a period of about three to six weeks. During this time a cadet has the privilege of open post three times a week, a twenty-seven

Veteran Flyer Tells About Primary

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overstressed, and to illustrate it, we pass on to you an account of an experience one young man had at Primary with an instructor.

The cadet was one of those sloppy men who never get out of the Mutt and Jeff stage of saying "huh?" and "whatsat?" Advice fell all around him, but took no effect. The instructor warned him in vain, and then one day, as they came in for a landing, he taxied the plane into a large mud puddle and stopped it there. The cadet was ordered out. "Look under that wing, mister, and tell me what you see." The cadet, walking gingerly through the water, craned his neck under the wing and said, "I see a star and the words 'U. S. Army.'" The instructor nodded. "Now get down on your back and watch that star till sunset." And the cadet did.

That kind of discipline isn't done to make anyone miserable, but to test a man's ability to take punishment and obey orders. Sometimes it's to teach a man a lesson, as it was in this case. That cadet learned his lesson, but there have been others and there will be more who won't see the light. Instructors have insisted again and again that the men who are alert, who can stand on their feet and come out with a snappy "yes, sir," or "no, sir" will, all in all, have a greater flying ability. This may be contrary to all the versions of Hollywood and Broadway, but it's a cold fact.

An instructor not only has to teach a man to fly, but in a few short weeks must try out his character. Severe testing will mean a greater perfection in flying. Remember that the instructors will be out to make you blow up!

Mr. Moss explained that instructors will sometimes put students in positions maddening enough to make a rabbit take after a lion. For instance, instructors have been known, even in our own training, and in a mild way, to tell men to keep their feet off the

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hour pass over the week-end, and two week-night passes until eleven o'clock. Dances, for cadets only, are scheduled regularly in some of the city's larger hotels.

Some of the boys, who left in the first group, have written back that they are leading a swell life. Three-day passes are not uncommon and details are a thing of the past.

In all, boys, Nashville is something we must all go through, so let's make the best of it. It can be a nice place if everyone cooperates and does his best when he gets there. It is not a place to be feared. The Army is going to do all it can to get as many pilots as possible and the per cent of washouts is very low. When the old boys write back, most of them stress the fact that if one does his best, the chances of washing-out are slight.



PRESIDENT WALTER KIRKLAND GREENE

WOFFORD COLLEGE HEAD

President Greene of Wofford College is a handsome man, of medium height, with white hair and an enchanting personality. His intelligent, alert look bears witness to the fact that he ably fills the role of leader and head administrator for the college, and for the course of instruction at the 40th College Training Detachment.

President Greene is well qualified for his job. Before August, 1942, when he accepted the presidency of Wofford, he was for fourteen years at Duke University, where he served as Dean of Undergraduate Instruction, professor of English, and advisor to the senior class. He has had many years of association with students, and knows them well, both as individuals and as groups. He himself was a student at Wofford, having graduated in 1903.

While he was here, he played baseball on Wofford's championship team as its left-handed second baseman. This team lost but two games for three years, and their opposition was the stiffest in the South. To this day, President Greene maintains his interest in athletics. But intellectual pursuits have taken most of the college president's time in the years since leaving Wofford. He earned his first M. A. at Vanderbilt in 1905, and another at Harvard in 1921. In 1923,

Dr. Greene won his Ph. D. degree at Harvard.

Wofford's president has a high opinion of the Aviation Students at Wofford now. It is obvious to him, he says, that the men who are on the campus now are carefully picked from the nation. They compare favorably with the peace-time students of Wofford, in manners and their attitude toward life in general. It is indeed gratifying to President Greene that the Aviation Students respect and admire the traditions of Wofford. He has been impressed with this attitude, and has spoken of it to people outside of Wofford.

In his leisure time, what there is of it, President Greene enjoys hunting quail, either in South Carolina or Georgia. That is his favorite sport, but when quail hunting is out of season, he likes to fish or play golf.

Dr. Greene wishes that he could return to teaching, because it was a great source of satisfaction to him, but the pressing duties of college administration prevent him from doing so. To the present students at Wofford, and to the world in general, Dr. Greene has this to say: "The only thing worth while in the world is purposeful self-abandon in some great, noble and enduring cause."

There is something there to think about.

Gigs and Gags

There has been a noteworthy comparison struck up between Jack Mosley's "Down Wind" and our own Dick Lemmen.

Watch out, belles of Spartanburg; spirited by the fact that Fibber McGee found a Molly, Mr. Rivenberg has taken to hunting himself a listener. . . . Just who presented Jerry Fisher with a Junior commando manual on drill regulations? . . .

The reason that "Alabam" Driggers hasn't eaten a full meal for the past few weeks is the telephone. . . . He gets calls morning, noon, and night. . . . Hemeon has shaved his "cookie duster" . . . He was persuaded to do so by a few Gigs in a recent S. M. I.

It is our honest opinion that "Snapper" Graham wouldn't object a bit if he were allowed to sleep legitimately for fifteen hours a day. . . .

Envious eyes were playing on the uniforms of Squadron A when they made their debut at mess recently. . . . They were issued three new sets of sunbats at Keesler Field. . . . Lucky boys!

The latest is—Bob Moffatt expects to get a sunburn in the very near future—he received a package from home recently and it contained sunburn lotion.

We are still wondering how Corp. Saloume of Squadron "C" marched through a mud puddle the other day . . . he didn't get a speck on himself, but you should have seen Doug MacGillivray . . . his pants were covered with mud. . . . Doug marched next to Saloume that day.

George G. Miller can't get used to Spartanburg. . . . He still has New Haven, Conn., in his blood in more ways than one.

Joe, "The Ladies' Man" Hitzel, has to get up earlier than the rest of us now, in order to put the flag up before reveille.

A picture of Charles Atlas—Lee "Shoulders" McCarthy—while at attention. . . . The "G. I.'s" have finally caught up with "Tex" Elrod. . . . Let us hope that the eyes of Texas aren't upon him.

Individual clubs are now forming rapidly at Carlisle Hall—the latest two are the "Mustache Club" of room 325 . . . they boast of five members, with Andrew "Gable" Soloby as the leader . . . Room 319 boasts of having a "League of Nations" club. There are five men in that room and each one is of a different nationality.

Who said that Giddings wasn't "on the beam"? He goes with a local lovely who is employed by a meat packing concern here. We understand that she prepares a steak dinner for him every Sunday now.

TEN HOURS OF IT

(Continued from Page 2)

mary, except that the latter is more strict. But this is still a tough course.

One must watch out for what he says as well as does. So far, say the Palmetto instructors, the students have been unusually bright and quick to catch on to the knack of flying. They seem to take a profound interest in their work, and are eager to learn. Each of these attitudes is noted carefully about each man, and when his requisite flying time has been completed, the instructor evaluates the latent talents in the student that can and should be developed. This record follows the pupil through every phase of his flying training.

While the instructors may seem to be brusque, they are ardently interested in the students, and in helping them over the hurdles that lead to Primary. Keep in mind, though, that the instructors are not interested in your feelings, but in developing those talents and attitudes that you will need later.

Veteran Flyer Tells About Primary

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rudder pedals, when their feet were any place but on them. They'll do their best to get you confused, so much so that you'll probably be asking yourselves "how mimsy is a borogrove?" Well, we're sure we can't answer that for you, but we do know that if you'll hold tight and keep your temper, you'll be all right.

One more tip. A very large percentage of those washed out fail in knowing thoroughly their traffic patterns. Instructors feel that if a man is a bit hesitant about procedure when coming in for a landing on a busy field, he's a menace in the air. One pilot's error can make a junkyard out of a landing field in no time.

So, let's remember to keep our chins up and our minds straight. Then, with careful watch over our manners and attitudes, we'll be all right. Let's win those wings!

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE

(In Two Short Acts)

I

The moon had been shining a few minutes ago, but now there was pouring from the heavens, cats, dogs, pitchforks, hoes, rakes, Sears-Roebuck catalogues, and some rain. Our ardent young lover was caught at his "one and only's house," without an umbrella (as though an umbrella would be of use against the elements on a night like this). His sweet young thing heaved and sighed, "Darling, I can't let you go home on a night like this; you'll catch your death of cold. I'll ask mother to fix the guest room." The lad was all thanks as the beauty disappeared into another room in search of her mother.

II

A few minutes later the young girl came back to find her lover's favorite chair empty. She called his name several times and, receiving no answer, was about to call out the state militia, for a night like this was enough to frighten anyone, when a timid tapping suddenly sounded on the front door. She cautiously opened it and peered outside to find our young hero soaking wet and drenched, with a small package under his arm.

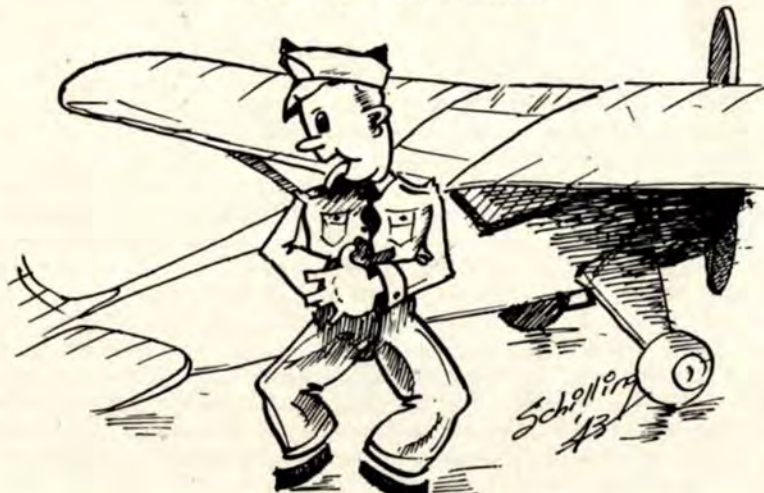
"Oh, where have you been?"

"Who, me?" he said, "Oh, I just went home for my pajamas."

SITTING UP NIGHTS

It's been rumored that there is, hereabouts, a unique little group which calls itself the "150 Club." Their function is allegedly to whip off 150 sit-ups whenever and wherever they get a few free minutes. It all started in Snyder Hall, Quintile C, last month, as far as we can make out. P. T. places its seal of approval upon this wholesome enterprise, and if such a club does exist, will the supermen please step forward and be recognized? Yours truly thinks that special P. T. privileges are in order for all those who can prove that they are charter members.

Not the G. I.'s Either



Bits of Wit

"Stop the presses!" cried the constable as he drew up beside a parked car.

* * *

A recent survey shows that 70,000 gals have returned to cotton-top hose. When at its height, this investigation must have been interesting.

* * *

Salesgirl: "What sort of toothbrush do you want?"

A/S: "Lemme have a big one—there's three other boys in my room."

* * *

A/S: "There must be some mistake. You've kept my shirt and sent me a dozen very ragged handkerchiefs instead."

G. I. Laundry Mgr.: "Why, those aren't handkerchiefs. That is your shirt."

* * *

Professor: "This examination will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three apart and in alternate rows."

* * *

"What you need is an electric bath."
"Nothing doing, Doc—I had an uncle drown that way up at Sing Sing."

NEW SPORTS PROGRAM

(Continued from Page 1)

All the equipment will be available, including shot-put, high jump, and broad jump pits.

Captain Hexter, Lieutenants McCue, Howard, Goldstein and Waby will be the officials. Theirs will be the unenviable job of deciding "who beat who."

BOOBY TRAPS

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expert, you need the caginess of an Indian fighter, the sensitiveness of a deer and the skepticism of a man from Missouri. When you see a nice, bright, shiny object lying on the field, you say, "Uh-hunh." When entering a house, you don't go fooling around with doorknobs. You shoot the doorknob off, or bash in the panel, and then step back. Sometimes you'll find it advisable to toss in a hand grenade before you enter—just to make sure.

You'll want to remember that the Russians discovered a German latrine that had been designed for their use, the design consisting of TNT blocks and a trigger-quick detonator. And you'll want to remember the story of the reconnaissance patrol which went out one night and got all the information their mission demanded. They did fine. But on the way back some of the men decided to pick up a German helmet, a pistol holster and a few other souvenirs. Two men of the patrol returned to camp. — *From the Stars and Stripes (Africa).*