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## Flight Record 12

Wofford College 40th College Training Division

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# FLIGHT RECORD

Vol. 1—No. 12

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

November 12, 1943

## CHAPLAIN PAYS VISIT TO WOFFORD

### RECEPTION DANCE FOR QUINTILE "E"

Another commencement; another dance. The time has caught up with the class of 43-H as they move out of Wofford College, one step closer to their ambition. The exercises will again be held in the Chapel at 1930 P. M. for the out-going quintile. The exercises will get under way by the congregation singing, "America the Beautiful." Rev. J. R. Williams will give the opening Prayer and Benediction. The Glee Club will then sing, "When Day is Done", with A/S R. M. Johnson conducting. A piano solo "Fantasy in C Sharp", by A/S Harry Fore will be heard at this time. Captain A. N. Hexter will present his remarks, after which the Graduation mementoes will be given out. The exercises will be completed with the singing of the Air Corps Song.

Sgt. Melvin A. Raab will again be on hand to provide the music for the men and their partners at the dance.

Appropriate ceremonies will be held on the drill field Saturday, the new officers taking over their positions.

### WAR FUND DRIVE

Professor Patterson, of the Physics Department, is certainly contributing his portion of service on the home front. In addition to working as an instructor for the Air Corps he, with the able assistance of Professor Coates, obtained contributions from fellow faculty members, officers, and non-coms of Wofford College, netting \$700. This amount was in conjunction with the Community and War Fund Campaign of Spartanburg County.

The drive was designed to solicit funds for use in maintaining local and national agencies such as the U. S. O. and Travelers' Aid Society. The goal for this city was approximately \$137,000, but a total of \$169,000 was reached.

We students realize the value afforded by the two organizations, therefore, it's "hats off" to the two civilian fighters.

### RETIRING GROUP STAFF OF CLASS 43-H



The departing student officers and non-commissioned officers are, reading from left to right: Supply Sgt. Low, Adjutant Kolton, Major Grantham, Public Relations Officer Johnston, Sgt. Major Knack.

### NAVIGATOR RETURNS TO ALMA MATER

First Lt. Richard L. Smith, Army Air Forces navigator, recently returned from the Mediterranean Theatre of War, addressed several classes at Wofford Thursday, October 28.

Lt. Smith's address was confined in general to a question and answer affair, as he felt he could satisfy the greater number of listeners by answering the questions uppermost in their minds.

Lt. Smith said Trig was especially important, but all math is valuable for it helps a flyer understand what he is doing and why. A hint to the wise is sufficient. Lt. Smith also said that a knowledge of math affords the cadet a better chance at the Classification Center.

Incidentally, Lt. Smith majored in math and physics at Wofford and graduated in 1941.

A knowledge of maps is also important to the prospective flyer and this fact was emphasized by him. Land masses stay where they are. If you have a detailed knowledge of the terrain over which you fly, there is less chance of getting lost.

Lt. Smith did not say so, as his modesty would not permit, but it was learned that he received the Air Medal for his part in the invasion of North Africa on the nights of November 7-8, 1942. He was navigator on one of the Army Transport planes that ferried troops from England to North Africa in what was then "The longest, massed, unescorted, non-stop, troop carrier flight ever performed by the American Air Forces."

Another Wofford man, First Lt. Bjoen Ahlin, was on the mass flight.

After helping in the invasion of North Africa in a C-47, Lt. Smith participated in the invasion of Sicily and in the bombing of Italy. On the latter two operations he navigated a B-17.

The importance of cooperation between pilot, navigator, and bombardier was emphasized by the lieutenant. If any failed to do his job, the missions would end in failure.

Lieutenant Smith calls Spartanburg "Home." His furlough has now come to an end and he has gone on some other mission for the Army.

### Will Speak Tonight Before Detachment

Chaplain Revere Beasley, Coordinating Chaplain of the Eastern Flying Training Command, with headquarters at Maxwell Field, Alabama, is visiting the 40th C. T. D. at Wofford College for a few days. The visit is a part of a plan for providing religious ministrations for soldiers in training in small detachments.

On Friday at Mess in Carlisle Hall, Chaplain Beasley will meet all the ministers of the City of Spartanburg. Friday night, at the exercises in honor of Quintile E, Chaplain Beasley, who holds the rank of captain, will be presented to the Aviation Students by Captain Hexter and will speak briefly.

Air Students at the larger installations, such as Pre-Flight, Basic and Advanced Schools, have access to Chaplains of Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths. There are, however, numerous College and Primary training detachments whose personnel is too small to warrant the assignment of a permanent Chaplain. This is particularly true in view of the present shortage of Chaplains, as brought out in the recent speech of the Chief of Chaplains. In order that these students may be served, Coordinating Chaplains, attached to the staff of Major General Thomas J. Hanley, Commanding General of the Eastern Flying Training Command, have been assigned to make regular visits to each detachment.

Their function is many-sided. While at the station, the Chaplain is available to the students for advice and counselling; he conducts services if the visit includes a Sunday and he consults with the Commanding Officer regarding needs of the men. In the community, the Chaplain acts as a liaison between the detachment and the civilian clergy in order that the relationship between the two, particularly in matters of religion, may be mutually pleasant and helpful. While in Spartanburg, Chaplain Beasley will express the appreciation of General Hanley for the outstanding manner in which the local clergy have cared for the religious needs of Aviation Students at Wofford College.



## FLIGHT RECORD

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

CAPTAIN A. N. HEXTER, *Commanding*  
LT. S. L. GOLDSTEIN, *Public Relations Officer*

Vol. 1

November 12, 1943

No. 12

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## Editorial

One thousand plane bombing raids and machine blitzkrieg warfare have accomplished astonishing results in our war on the "Isms," but behind all this mechanization stands the factor which since the beginning of time has been the fundamental factor in the winning or losing of any war—the MAN—the soldier. Those magnificent machines bombing the very life out of the Axis do not fly themselves. Inside there must be skilled pilots with their trained crews of accurate gunners, efficient bombardiers, capable navigators, and dependable radio operators. Then, too, there are those men on the ground—it's their efficiency, you know, that makes possible the excellent work that is done by the air crew.

What has this to do with morale? Just this—"Morale" and "Spirit" and "Men" are real partners in this game of war. Spirit has been defined in a number of ways, but one of the most significant definitions is: "A state of mind with reference to confidence, courage, zeal, and the like—especially of a number of persons associated in some common enterprise as TROOPS." Morale has also been wisely written as, "The determination that arises from intensity of vision and singleness of purpose."

War is a grim business. Our Army and Navy must be totally prepared. They must have material, weapons, and also the strength of spirit to wield them effectively. A fighter pilot, recently returned from the war zone, stated in an interview, "I would rather meet an Italian fighter in combat than a German, BUT I would always choose combat with the German, than with the Italian who had his heart in it!" It would be a less desperate enterprise to fight a clear sighted, wholehearted war with inadequate arms, than to fight a blurred, faint-hearted war with the best mechanical equipment. Our soldiers must be hardened to the rigors of ardu-

ous campaigns, they must be seasoned under proper discipline, they must be instructed in the appropriate elements of leadership, they must be physically capable, and, finally, they must be imbued with the will to fight for their country, even against tremendous odds. It has long been recognized that men fight best when they have something beyond themselves to fight for. When a man risks his life, he wants to risk it for something important.

These, then, comprise the elements of military morale: training, discipline, leadership, physical fitness, and the will to win—each as important as the other. It is already quite evident that our fighters have more than the will to win; they have the *ability* to win!

We might say then, that morale is nothing less than the quality of the whole people—its sense of the past, its grip on the present, and its belief in the future. If an army does not have these basic qualities, certainly no manipulation of opinion is going to produce them.—R. R.

## Letter To Editor

A/C William R. Seat, the first editor of the FLIGHT RECORD, recently dispatched a letter to a member of the Faculty. He wrote of seeing Cadet Dillon, also a former editor of the paper, who was then a lower classman or "zombie," as they are referred to at Maxwell Field.

Cadet Seat had but two more weeks of pre-flight at the time of his writing and was then to continue his training at primary school. He was then a cadet officer and had qualified with the pistol and submachine gun.

We quote a paragraph from his missive:

"Many times I think of the months I spent at Wofford, of the friends I knew, and of the benefits I obtained. Sometime I hope to come back and renew those friendships. Maybe it won't be too long—"

## How to "Goof Off"

By Philip Barrager

The term "goofing off," is, as far as we can determine, a euphemism or refinement of a fine, old Infantry expression, which, unfortunately for possible lexicographers who might read this, is unprintable, although Hemingway would probably find a way around it. As to its classification, it is used loosely as a noun, pronoun, verb, adjective, adverb, or conjunction. This authority has thus far not heard it applied as a preposition, although the inventiveness of G. I. linguists will undoubtedly overcome this limitation. It can be applied, upon occasion, as a term of endearment or of approbation, as, for example: "He's a good old goof off"—meaning that the party mentioned is a good egg or "That lousy goof off is going to get gigged," which requires no explanation.

The technique consists, in brief, of avoiding unpleasant details or duties without incurring the wrath of superior officers that such conduct would ordinarily bring, although the term is loosely applied to any job improperly, inexpertly, or sloppily executed, regardless of the intent.

In the fraternity of goof offs, which is small but closely bound together in adversity and triumph, a few rules are regarded as axiomatic. These include the following:

1. When confronted with a detail which requires an intolerable layout of effort, cast about for an easy one and volunteer for it before the other detail comes up, thus making it quite impossible to be roped in on the more difficult detail. In other words, choose the lesser of two evils.

2. Keep moving. Give the impression of great effort (P. T. victims please note) even if no effort is being expended. If necessary, wrap your face into expressions of great agony during hard calisthenics, to convince the coach that you have had enough. This is one of the most difficult tricks for the beginner to acquire, but consistent practice will pay off in labor saved. An expert can give the impression of prodigious effort during push-ups and side-straddle-hops, and still save himself to come in strong on the "Burma Road." It should be noted that no effective method has yet been discovered for goofing off during cross country runs, except to drop out altogether. This crude and obvious technique is regarded by experts of the fraternity as comparable to a golf player kicking the ball into the hole with his foot.

3. Never be caught frankly and honestly doing nothing. This is the crux of the whole matter, and is probably most important of all the rules. A veteran of many embarrassing situations recently confessed, in confidence,

## HONOR SYSTEM

"What is the sense of living up to the honor code if we are not completely trusted?" The preceding query was often heard a week or two following the installation of the new system. The answer is that we are trusted, implicitly so. The only drawback is our failure to take the problem seriously.

Too many of us have a tendency to show the old book of Army Regulations and our teeth and snarl because of bed check and the so-called "snooping" by the student officers during our evening study period. Too many of us have been "giggled" for writing letters or simply "horsing around" to make the removal of the check-up system practical. As for bed check, it's just another regulation that cannot be abolished. "Well," you say, "how about the seating arrangements in the classrooms?" "Well," we say, "how about them?" By sitting in every other seat, more space per man is obtained as well as improved ventilating conditions. Then, too, you can't copy from your neighbor's paper. You're on your honor!

The honor system is composed of a good deal of common sense. Let's give this code a fair trial. Remember, if you have any grievances, don't simply sit back and gripe about it. Here are the men to see: Student-Major, Johnson; Timmons, Sqd. B.; Parsons, Sqd. C.; Thomas, Sqd. D.; Gilbert, Sqd. E. These men are certain it can work. They are certain you will make it work.

that the most humiliating of all his experiences occurred while he was a "jeep" at Basic Training. While on K. P., he had sat down to rest for a few hours between meals, with a copy of his favorite "Superman Comics" in his hand and a quart of cold milk with which to refresh himself at intervals.

He was discovered in this blissful state by a sadistic K. P. pusher, who immediately put him on a pots and pans detail under strict observation for the rest of the day. After this painful experience, he devised a system whereby it was possible to sit for hours with a single potato in his hand and a large container before him (at the bottom of which the literature was concealed), along with the quart of milk. K. P. pushers, nosing about, smiled approvingly at his industry—someone else did the pots and pans.

In conclusion, it must be remarked that a goof off's popularity is apt to vary inversely with his ability, but, of course, every good profession has its drawbacks. Since his friends are apt to be few, it behooves the aspiring G. O. to choose them wisely, with an eye to their future use. Thus, his career will be long and full of leisure, and his hands never calloused with hard work.—P. B.



## QUINTILE "E"

The call was heard! From North, East, South, and West we came to make up the memorable class 81.

Our class was formed at Keesler Field, Mississippi, with men from all branches of the service. Men from the Infantry, Artillery, Medics, Engineers, Chemical Warfare, and Air Corps ground crews became buddies.

The life at Mississippi was a hectic one. We had our fill of the long hours of "K. P." and guard duty. Standing in line was another thing that proved slightly discouraging.

At last, after twenty-eight days of restriction, we were to move out to school. This was a happy day for all.

We entrained for an unknown destination. What was before us was a thought open to wide discussion.

With a number of wheezy groans, a few backaching jerks, a toot or two from the whistle, and a puff of smoke the train halted as if in the throes of death. The call, "Pick 'em up, boys, we're here", resounded throughout the coaches.

Our first glimpse of Wofford was at night and even then the twinkling stars blinked a message of welcome.

The routine was strange at first, but gradually we became accustomed to it and began to like it. Here was a chance to learn many things that would prove of great value to us later on in our training.

We seemed to fly from one quintile to another and, at long last, we were in "E". The coveted positions were to be ours. Our high hopes that we could fill the gaps left by capable forerunners remained to be seen. We've tried hard to keep things running smoothly and efficiently. We hope we have been successful.

Nashville now beckons and we must be on our way. The classification center is in need of us. We are expert K. P.'s and crazy about guard duty, well, at least, just crazy.

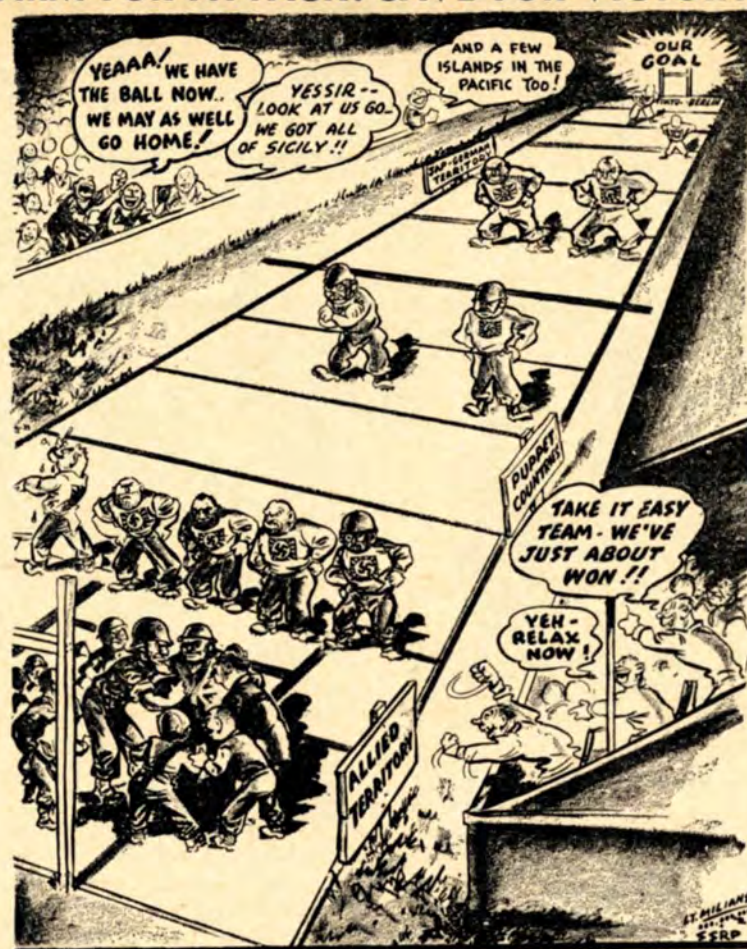
We wish to tender fond "thanks" to all the officers of the detachment for what they have done for us, to "Colonel" Smith for the wonderful meals, to the neighbors in Spartanburg who have been very considerate, to the faculty for what we've learned, and to the young ladies of Converse College, the Nurses' Home, and Limestone College for making our dances such huge successes.

So long, for the present. Wish us luck. May we soon meet again.

### DO YOU KNOW?

1. What word is misspelled on the metal plaque in front of the chapel?
2. The English translation of the Latin inscription on Benjamin Wofford's monument?
3. The significance of the square of granite near the east entrance of the main building?

## ARM FOR ATTACK! SAVE FOR VICTORY!



## SALUTE TO LIEUTENANT WABY

Who is the rather modest-looking Commissioned Officer largely responsible for the supplies of this organization? Surely you have seen this tall, slender, light-complexioned Second Lieutenant. His name is Merle W. Waby.

Lt. Waby hails from the state of South Dakota. He had access to an excellent education, having spent a year at South Dakota State College, two years at Oregon State College, and three years at the University of Oregon. While attending these fine institutions, Lt. Waby majored in Business Administration. During the two months preceding his entrance into military service, he worked in the Bureau of Internal Revenue of Portland, Oregon.

It was in the month of March, 1942, that our supply officer entered the Armed Forces. He was inducted at Fort Leavenworth, spent two months at Jefferson Barracks, three months at Waco Field, and three months at Elington Field. On December 7th, 1942, holding the rank of Sergeant, Lt. Waby entered the Officers' Candidate School at Miami Beach, Florida. He graduated from OCS on March 3, 1943 and was assigned to the 40th C. T. D. at dear old Wofford.

Athletics, chess (in season), and Irish potatoes are the prime fancies of this Dakotian. He fully acknowledges the hard blows dealt by the upper classmen to the permanent party in their competitive basketball games.

Perhaps the Quintile "E" proved more than a match for Lt. Waby in Tuesday evening's event for, while playing, he was stricken with abdominal pains. These continued to annoy him throughout the night. The following morning he was rushed to the Station Hospital at Camp Croft where he was placed under observation for possible appendicitis. The pains gradually subsided and Lt. Waby was released from the hospital Friday, November 5th.

We are very pleased to know that our Supply Officer has recovered from his afflictions. We are ready, too, to salute him as an excellent provider and a respected leader.

## Landscape Improved

The members of this detachment were startled, a few weeks ago, by the sounds of a number of minor explosions. It was not A/S Truitt "blowing his top" but, rather, it was discovered that these percussions were caused by landscapers who were removing some of the trees on the campus to prepare the ground for future developments. This was, however, not the only work being carried on. The trees were also being pruned and the leaves cleared away.

The classrooms, too, which were recently equipped with fluorescent lighting, are now receiving a new coat of paint. The interior of the field house and shower rooms are to be painted next.

## Students Parade In Recruiting Drive

With all squadrons in full dress uniform and marching with matchless precision, the Aviation Students of Wofford College presented a picture which will long be remembered by the people of Spartanburg. Accompanied by a superb, fifty-piece band from Maxwell Field, Alabama, each and every participant felt proud to be a part of this impressive review.

Gathered together in an attempt to further the war effort and to aid in the enlistment of female members in the Women's Army Corps, the men of Wofford can rest assured that each individual played an important part in this event for, with the consequent placing of more of the weaker (?) sex in many highly technical positions, they will aid the Army Air Force to successfully complete its mission.

A note of gratitude was given to the prospective pilots, bombardiers, and navigators by Captain Hexter for their cooperation in making the parade a success. While marching, the students sang such songs as: "Pistol-Packin' Mama", "The Farmer and the Maiden", "For Me and My Gal", "Roll Out the Barrel", "My Girl's a Corker" and others.

## Tryon Excursion

Seven members of the 40th C. T. D. Glee Club journeyed to Tryon, N. C., Saturday afternoon, November 6th, in the trusty, grey, Hudson of Corporal James Barker. The men sang in the choir of the Church of the Holy Cross and enjoyed a weekend of fabulous Southern hospitality in the homes of members of the church.

Included in the excursion were: Ralph Flinn, Keith Sellers, Dick Farnsworth, William Crowl, Karl Hansen, Philip Barrager, Ralph Rubenstein, and the afore-mentioned Cpl. Barker.

These Aviation Students were the guests of Mr. Harold Crandall, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Albrecht, and David Kromer (the latter better known to the men of Wofford as the lad who procures all the succulent edibles for the mess hall).

After a trip through the scenic mountains near Tryon, the Glee Club members were entertained at a Halloween party at the local U. S. O. with cider, gingerbread, apples, and all the traditional trimmings, including girls from the vicinity. Two singers who strayed from the festive scene during the course of the evening reported meeting other and even more picturesque characters from the mountains nearby.

On Sunday morning, the men sang at the church, then went to the homes of their respective hosts for dinner. In the afternoon, a horesback riding party was organized.



## The Wolf

by Sansone

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"Oh! I'll bet I know what you're wishing!"

## Gigs and Gags

## Squadron "A"

Flash! After obtaining fame via the local tabloid, two of our ingenious brood are very much in the social whirl of Spartanburg. Yes, "Bruce and Charlie" have invaded the Southland with a new type of approach and, as a result, can be found at any time in telephone booth at Carlisle Hall. It is rumored that they intend to spend the winter there.

A/S Korn, this week's holder of the title of "Gig Collector Supreme", expresses his opinion of the whole matter by simply saying, "I was framed."

Anyone who is interested in learning how not to "trip the light fantastic", should contact A/S Kirkpatrick, dance instructor deluxe. His latest creation is called "The Dance of the G. I. Shirt". It looks like a cross between the whirling dervish and the highland fling. This exhibition is being shown in room 219 in the evening only.

A/S "Brownie" Houston was seen in a certain restaurant last Friday, employing the most recent blitz tactics. Paper dollies are out; two blondes are in!

## Squadron "B"

L. J. Carver and R. W. Cisar, because of their past experiences and excellent records, have been appointed assistants to the chaplain.

A/S "BoBo" Becker seems to have a knack for tangling with rugged men from Camp Croft, his specialty being "midgets." It has also been brought to our attention that a special type of chow plate has been ordered for "Bo."

The gadget has a radius of two feet and is called the "G. I. Trough."

Student Sgt. H. P. Dunnigan, a Rudolph Valentino protege and a definite asset to some members of Squadron B, is on the verge of matrimony. A prominent Spartanburg belle and Converse grad. is the lucky gal. This handsome boy is quite excited about the whole thing, as shown by his flying ability.

Flash! Radical change in stock market over the week-end! Minnesota dropped nine points. For further details, consult L. Naymark, prominent local broker.

It is interesting to note that "B" has many men who enjoy an afternoon stroll. Oddly enough, none of them carry walking sticks, none have a hound on a leash. Still they love to promenade, especially on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS. WHY?

A/S I. B. Guillory, "relative" of Clark Gable, points out that Monday P. T. can be a headache after that GOOD Open Post.

They tell us that T. J. Parsons is slowly but surely turning into somewhat of a cowboy and is taking great "pains" to be a great one.

Captain Domurat's song of the week: "That Old Black Magic"—"In a SPIN, Loving (oh, yeh?) the SPIN I'm in."

## Squadron "C"

Elections of the week:  
Big Bait, "Wrigley's Spearment" Neuse.

Tail Gunner Bait, "Short Stuff" Francis.

G. F. O., "Deep Knee" Neuhaus (by unanimous vote).

"General" Stem has changed from a "wolf" to a "chow hound."

We certainly hope that Troiano wins

## Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of



the position that he is so earnestly seeking (that of janitor).

Has anyone seen Harry Sowa wiggling his ears lately? Ask him about it.

We hear that Len Soderling is going into the vegetable business. He started his enterprise with the purchase of one turnip. We wonder (?) where he got it.

Carl Snyder goes in for THINGS in a big way. Did you notice the procession of girls following him into the stands for parade last Saturday?

H. P. (Horse Power) Smith has a unique way of spending Open Post on Saturday. Why does he go into town in the afternoon and then sleep all Saturday night?

We feel sorry for the poor unfortunates who have recently failed to procure clean linens. Guess you boys will just have to get to supply a little earlier.

How does "Junior" get all that "shoe polish" on his handkerchief?

## Squadron "D"

Roger Holloway deserves top honors for being the loudest "griper." Kanovaros runs a close second.

Have any of you fellows ever stood on a street corner wishing? K. Harding did. Ask him for the results.

Every time Harry Fore writes a letter, he is surrounded by pictures. "Inspiration," says he.

## Male Call

by Milton Caniff



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## and the Pirates"



Gillis, "Farmer" Hoag, "On the Ball" Johnson and, of course, GosTOMski.

## Squadron "E"

We hear that Dick Hughes had no less than seven engagements last Saturday evening. How does he do it?

"Dynamite" Maisch is a cotton picker. He happened to wind up in a field one day and his first thought was to gather some of the fluffy material. Souvenirs?

Charlie Holdridge was seen practicing "Cover and Concealment" the other night. Not a very good job, C. H.

Seems like there will be quite a few tail-gunners in "E". Even the members of this squadron admit this to be so, eh, J. L.?

"Handsome" Bob Jewels is having competition for "Pin-up" man of P. S. 139!

While checking the pay books t'other day, Corporal Barker discovered that under the heading "Changes Affecting Pay Status" was the following item: "A—C—P—St., Spartanburg—YOU PERSISTENT LITTLE DEVIL." If you need any help in filling in the blank spaces, see Wayne W. Brown.

"Mr. Gig Happy" (G. H.) leaves the 40th C. T. D. tomorrow, much to the regret of the third flight of "C," and one other—himself!

## Like A Fetter From Home



## Warmin' the Bench

By Sgt. Frank de Blois  
CNS Sports Correspondent

Who's The Guy That Leo Doesn't Like?

Back of Ham Healy's saloon on New Lots Avenue, there's a tree grows in Brooklyn and if you just sit under it long enough why sooner or later a fellow is almost certain to come up to you and say:

"Who's the guy that Lippy Leo doesn't like?"

He will be referring, no doubt, to the celebrated remark made by Leo Durocher, the big bell cow of the Brooklyn Dodgers, on the happy occasion of his reinstatement as manager of the Bums for the coming campaign. On that great day the Lip said that—despite some ugly rumors he had heard—he really loves every last Bum on the team "with the exception of one man."

Well, who is the guy that Lippy Leo doesn't like?

This, of course, is the burning question of the hour all along Montague street. It is also being asked between sips of potheen on New Utrecht Avenue, on the Parkway, up and down Myrtle Street and in the public baths at Prospect Park. You can even smell it mingled with the herring

## The Wolf

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"Really—I don't understand why you two go into town every weekend. There's fully as much fun to be had right here in camp!"

scent in the evening breezes that waft up from Gawanus and hear it in the thunder of the waves that beat on Brighton's noble shores. It's on every lip in Brownsville and every ear in Greenpoint is flapping for the answer all Canarsie wants to know.

Who's the guy that Lippy Leo doesn't like?

Speculation runs high on this question among the clan of faithful that gathers every afternoon around the old hot stove in front of Left Field Louie's chestnut stand at the corner of Flatbush and DeKalb. There every effort is made to get to the nub of the problem, as the saying goes.

"All I gotta say is," says Dan Parker's friend Jeremiah Francis Looney, the three button elevator man with hash marks under each of his eyes, "is that it better not be Dixie. If they let Dixie go, it'll be the rawest deal they ever done in Brooklyn."

Jeremiah speaketh of Dixie Walk-

er, first in the hearts of all Flatbush, who has been mentioned most prominently as the man that Lippy Leo doesn't like. It is reported that bad cess developed between Dixie and his manager during the season.

Bad cess, for that matter, developed between the Lip and quite a number of his athletes during the season. One day Bobo Newsom squawked when Durocher dressed him down while Bobo was dressing up to go out. The Lip then suspended Bobo and the whole team went on strike. Branch Rickey, the Number One man on the Dodgers, fired Bobo and ended the strike, sending Arky Vaughan, leader of the insurrection, back to third base where he performed with alacrity and dispatch for the remainder of the season.

Rumor hath it that the Lip doesn't like Vaughan, for sticking up for Bobo; that he doesn't like Billy Herman, because Billy wants his job; and that he doesn't like Luis Olmo, the Pureto Rican outfielder, because Luis doesn't bring him pretty flowers.

The boys at Left Field Louie's chestnut corner can't figure it out and Left Field Louie himself is as befuddled as the best of them. As a matter of fact, he has put his lament into verse, to wit:

Is it Hoiman, Vern, or Erlmo, boys?  
Coit Davis, Bordygary?  
Is it Mickey Owen's brother,  
Koiby Higbe's mother?  
Or is it Typhoid Mary?

Is it Joe, the popcorn salesman, boys?  
Or the goober vender, Mike?

Is it babe the batboy,  
Pratt the fratboy?

Hey, WHICH Bum don't Lippy like?

## Some Stuffing:

## Defeat

I sought my bed at day-break  
After a night in town;  
It dodged me when I approached it,  
Sidestepped and knocked me down.

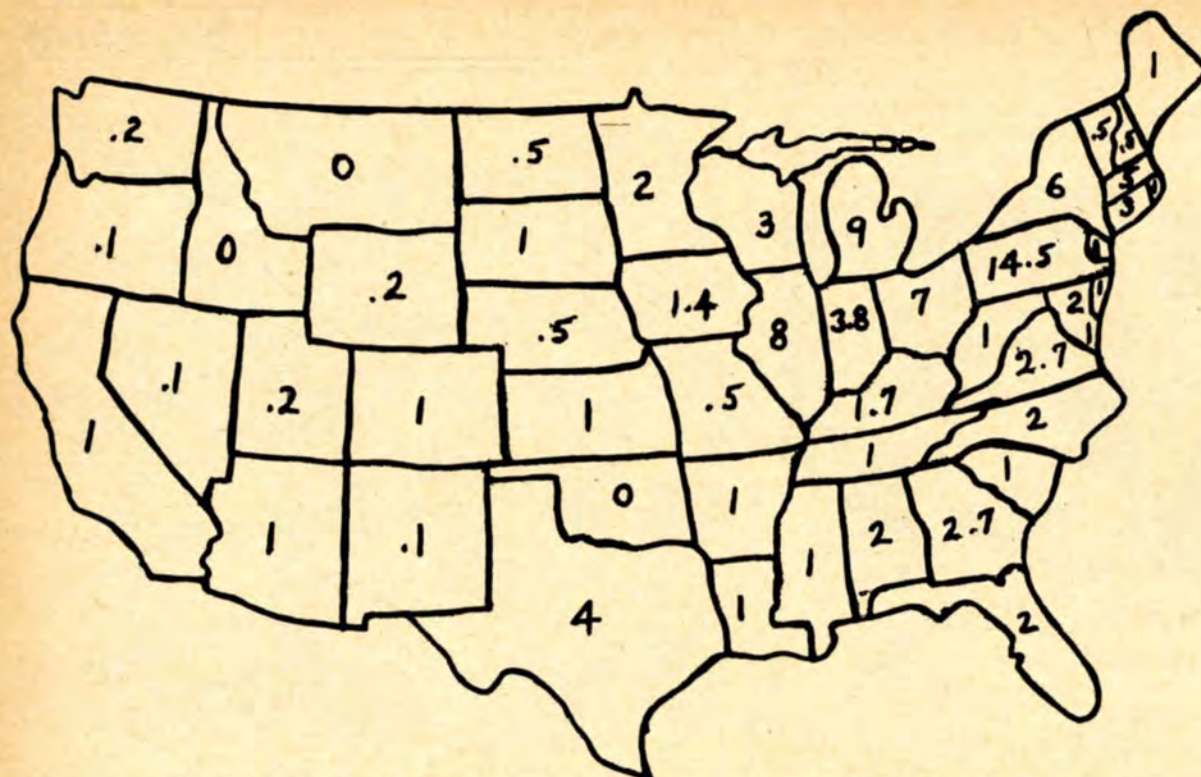
Enraged, I grew strategic,  
But it slipped through the open door  
Just when I tried to grab it,  
So I slumbered on the floor.

—Anonymous.

## ator of "Terry and the Pirates"







The figures in the above map represent the approximate percentage of men from each state who have been or are at present members of the 40th College Training Detachment at Wofford. As can be seen, only three of the forty-eight states are not represented by at least one man.

## "OFF THEY GO"

### *A Toast to the Host of Those We Boast*

Bernstein, Sol, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Berry, Gilbert C., Jr., N. Muskegon, Mich.; Biederstedt, Albert F., La Salle, Ill.; Bindol, Charles J., Akron, Ohio; Boone, Joseph N., Louisville, Ky.; Booth, Garland S., Detroit, Mich.; Bower, Olen P., Kings Park, N. Y.; Brannon, Frederick W., Philadelphia, Pa.; Breen, John E., Manchester, Conn.; Breves, Chester P., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Brown, Wayne W., Seattle, Wash.; Cashman, Edmund F., Hartford, Conn.; Coyner, Donald F., Winchester, Ind.; Creed, Johnnie L., Jr., Fayetteville, N. C.; Cronin, John J., Jr., Weston, Mass.; Cunnane, Joseph T., Arlington, Mass.; Cunningham, Ernest F., Cresbard, S. D.; Davidson, Herbert W., West Milbury, Mass.; DeLong, Earl W., Van Wert, Ohio; Dole, Warren C., Brockton, Mass.; Domurat, Aloysius, Medford, Mass.; Doyle, Donald R., E. St. Louis, Ill.; Dreker, John J., Jr., Kearny, N. J.

Duffy, James W., Jr., Amsterdam, N. Y.; Dunigan, James F., Cincinnati, Ohio; Dunlap, Robert J., St. Paul, Minn.; Eckstrom, Elmer E., Jr., Gary, Ind.; Erenberg, Norman B., Chicago, Ill.; Faehndrich, Frederick, K., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Farone, Amsterdam, N. Y.; Fassnacht, Alfred P., N. Bellmore, N. Y.; Faust, John T., Bessemer, Ala.; Fawcett, David H., Warrensburg, Ill.; Feinberg, Elias C., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fix, James N., Boston, Mass.; Flacco, Frank G., Ithaca, N. Y.; Flowers, William F., Charlotte, N. C.; Fort, Collins G., Seneca, Mo.; Fraking,

John E., Schenectady, N. Y.; Frankart, Ned C., Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Gallander, Earle J., New York, N. Y.; Gann, James H., Sevierville, Tenn.; Garren, Arthur L., Hendersonville, N. C.; Gates, John E., Detroit, Mich.; Gerin, Joseph, Akron, Ohio; Getty, Paul J., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Goldfarb, William, New York, N. Y.; Grantham, James M., San Antonio, Texas; Guinn, Charles R., Delano, Tenn.; Haddock, Walter F., Midland Park, N. J.; Haese, George P., Bloomfield, N. J.; Harbison, Cornell H., Corydon, Ind.; Harper, Robert A., Chicago, Ill.; Harris, Philip R., Bedford, Ind.; Hendrix, George J., Philadelphia, Pa.; Hill, Joseph E., Medford, Mass.; Holdridge, Charles T., Rome, N. Y.; House, Forrest E., Springfield, Mass.; Hughes, Richard B., Froid, Mont.; Humenik, Michael, Garfield, N. J.; Huntsman, Leonard L., Lindsay, Cal.; Hurt, Werter H., Jr., Culpeper, Va.; Hyman, Warren G., Forrest Hills, N. Y.; Jewels, Robert D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Johansen, Gaylord E., Minneapolis, Minn.; Johnson, Charles P., Mt. Rainier, Md.; Johnson, Robert M., Fargo, N. D.; Johnston, Ralph E., Williamsburg, Va.; Jones, Robert L., Danville, Va.; Knack, Henry A., Calicoon Center, N. Y.

Kolor, Edward J., Schenectady, N. Y.; Kolton, Victor T., Camden, N. J.; Kreske, Jerry M., Columbus, Ohio; Kukla, Thomas, Milwaukee, Wis.; Lane, Arthur L., Altus, Okla.; Large, James W., Birmingham, Ala.; Layng, Delbert L., Rockford, Ill.;

Lehr, Leo E., St. Louis, Mo.; Lodi, James A., Laurelton, N. Y.; Low, Joe Y., Detroit, Mich.; Lucas, Walter R., Jersey City, N. J.; Maisch, Richard C., Baltimore, Md.; McCarthy, Donald J., Brockton, Mass.; McGehee, Ray E., Smithville, Miss.; Meyer, Glen G., Elmhurst, N. Y.; Minnick, Gene A., South Bend, Ind.; Momeier, Fred H., Charleston, S. C.; Morey, John L., Newark, N. J.; Packer, Jacob D., Hooper, Neb.; Queally, Alfred E., New York, N. Y.; Ring, Jack A., Arlington, Va.; Wiltfang, Chester R., Morroco, Ind.; Winebrenner, John R., Cumberland, Md.; Yancey, Rolland L., Sardis, Miss.

## Halloween Dance

T/Sgt. Melvin A. Raab, well known by previous engagements at Wofford, again provided the melodious music for the Eager Beavers and their partners who attended the Halloween Dance. The Field House was neatly decorated in the appropriate colors, adding greatly to the enjoyment of the "down-beats." The credit goes to the wives of the students, with Mrs. Hexter and Mrs. Goldstein lending a helping hand.

"Swing mates" from Converse and Limestone Colleges and the Nurses Home made the evening complete.

Entertainment was also provided during intermissions by the Glee Club singing, "Night and Day." Several piano solos rendered by A/S Harry Fore, who also played his own composition of "Fantasy in C Sharp", filled the evening with pleasure. This was the first appearance of the Glee Club at a 40th C. T. D. dance.

## Dusk Curtails Squadron Leagues

Two weeks ago, Coach Ted Petoskey, his staff, and student officers inaugurated a new form of recreation plus physical training for the students of the 40th C. T. D. in the nature of intra-squadron competition in touch football and basketball. The original draft called for games to be played every evening after retreat. For the first two nights games were rushed and hurried to the extent that, although participants got a little extra exercise out of them, they enjoyed the games not at all. After the first two nights, it was concluded impossible to play a game in that short space of time before dusk, so both the football and basketball leagues were closed.

### Not Just 32!

A large majority of the detachment backing the newly organized leagues thought that to discontinue them altogether was unwise, but Coach Petoskey's explanation is as follows: being forced to curtail outdoor basketball and all touch football, there remained only indoor basketball that could operate unhampered by darkness. With eight men on a basketball team and two games per night (which is crowding the formation times), this plan would cater to but 32 men every night. The Physical Training program here is so set up that the entire detachment and not a mere 32 receive benefit from the athletic facilities. Petoskey decided that the only alternative to follow was to let each one of the entire detachment do as he wishes with the ample supply of athletic equipment provided in the short time there is for outside recreation.

### There's Still Opportunity

Certain reservations, however, have been made under the newly adopted policy. Should any two teams of eight or more men care to play a regulation basketball game, the managers of both teams should see Mr. Petoskey and he will arrange the time and provide proper officiating. If any two teams should schedule a game by themselves without consulting the Coach, they can expect to be bounced from the court by the two teams who have contracted that hour for the use of the Field House floor.

For those who have already organized teams, there is no cause to gripe at the discontinuance of the old league. Under the new provisions, your games can be played and without the interference of darkness.

Notice: The Frisco Flashes basketball team announced this week through its manager and coach, Frank (the mailman) Valenzaela, a challenge to any and all teams of the 40th C. T. D. to a game or games at the local Field House. For games, managers should contact Coach Venzuela at his earliest convenience.





1. Band on drill field. 2. WACS on parade. 3. Cub trainer being overhauled. 4. Squadron Commanders "Present Arms." 5. At work in the physics lab. 6. Shuttle run. 7. The "Flying Cannon." 8. Over the top. 9. Group staff marches. 10. Cadet musicians of Maxwell Field.





## P. P. Five Whips "E" Four to One

Series Scores:

Permanent Party 32; E Quintile 31  
Permanent Party 36; E Quintile 40  
Permanent Party 38; E Quintile 27  
Permanent Party 42; E Quintile 34  
Permanent Party 53; E Quintile 37

Last Tuesday evening at the local Field House, the Permanent Party quintet easily took their fourth victory in the five game series with the departing E Quintile. After two close games, the combination of Petoskey and O'Shields was simply too much for the students to cope with and Wofford's coaches led three deciding victories. Their passing combination together with Lt. Waby's par excellence back board play and great floor games on the part of Lt. Goldstein, Sgt. Rhea, and others easily overcame the losers despite their plentiful reserve strength.

The first two games of the series were covered in the last issue of the *FLIGHT RECORD*; the first game a tight squeeze with Teddy's last minute basket deciding the verdict, and the second game featured by Joe "Wrong way" Rumore's basket which set the E boys on to the victory road at the crucial point in the game.

"Mule" O'Shields' nine floor goals and two free throw completions for a total of 20 points along with Lt. Goldstein's 4 twine-ticklers were enough to beat the E total alone. The E lads led at the half by a 13 to 12 count but early in the second half, the "Mule" started kicking and couldn't be stopped. Jack Drekker and Mike Humenik led the losers' cause with five points apiece.

In the absence of Lt. Goldstein, the P. P. five drafted two new players from Camp Croft to round out their team in the fourth game, namely Lt. Shoolen, a former Wofford star, and Corp. Wooton, ex-Univ. of Tennessee crack forward. The Petoskey-Wooton-O'Shields passwork in this game was something to marvel at. They ran E Quintile into the court in the first three periods and held their eight point margin throughout the remainder of the last stanza, winning by a 42 to 34 score. Drekker, Johnson, and Kolton led the scoring in vain once again but it was Al Fassnacht's passing as was true in the first and second games of the series that was the mainstay of the whole attack. He set

## 40th C. T. D. WINNING LEAP



up virtually all scoring opportunities save the rebound cripples

The final game of the series was a complete rout from the opening whistle as the Permanent Party ran up a half time lead of 17 points over the Hot Pilots, 30 to 13. The latter outscored the winners in the second half 24 to 23 but this was to no avail in trying to surmount the great margin that the leaders held. With eight goals and four foul shots, Ted Petoskey led the scoring with a score of markers, and he was closely followed by his colleague on the P. T. staff, "Mule", who turned in 16 tallies for his evening's efforts. Again it was the passing that beat the Nashville bound boys. With 43 fouls being called, the last game was definitely the roughest of the five played.

Outstanding for the E lads throughout the entire series was Al Fassnacht. It was decided best to utilize his defensive talents and his ability to set-up plays rather than to insert him at the forward position, thus his scoring total was held down compared to his usual double-figured average.

In the ten games played to date by the Permanent Party team, it was E quintile that has given them their only setback. Future graduating squadrons will find the P. P. five even more tougher a nut to crack as the season progresses.

Tribute is due to both teams for their fine brand of basketball and show of true sportsmanship throughout. The 40th C. T. D. has now had series games, the likes of which may not again be seen this season at the Field House.

## SPORTS CHATTER

With the discontinuation of Inter-collegiate meets with other detachments, and the discontinuation of the basketball and football leagues among the squadrons, there is very little for the *Chatter* to discuss this week, save the all-important P. F. R. Not that this topic hasn't been mashed over enough by this column and on this page in recent issues, but it seems well worth the emphasis that is put on it, especially in the light of recent developments. Just what these recent developments are can be told in a few figures. The squadron that left the gates of Wofford just four months ago averaged 72.67 as they headed for Nashville. Coach Petoskey this week announced that the average of the entire detachment is approximately 20 points below that figure. Squadron A, for example, that has been here over a month now, really left room for great improvement with the scores they turned in. Of the 97 men in the squadron, a mere four scored above 55.0; an aggregate total of 51 men were physically unsatisfactory, being below 46. Although Squadron A cannot be taken as a fair criterion of the entire detachment, it can be generally stated that all readers had best take heed of their own Physical Fitness Rating before it is too late.

Again with reference to the boys that left here four months ago: quote Leonard Preston (P. F. R. 90) "...and tell the boys to keep their eyes open on all the exercises. Alertness counts more than 50% in this

cadet training, I have found." And from Andy Tomasic: "We're going through with a breeze here at Pre-Flight, after the excellent physical training we received at Wofford. The wash out percentage is going up, and is due mostly to lack of coordination."

Coach Petoskey was quoted as saying: "The government is willing to spend over \$27,000 in training each cadet. Naturally they have to be fussy at classification as to whom they are going to give this education. From letters I have received, endurance and coordination seem to be the greatest wash out point. If a classifier picks up a P. F. R. card of a fellow who improved from 42 to 46 over a period of five months or of one that went from 54 to 53 just what would you think of taking the risk of \$27,000 on that boy? In the space of five months the average P. F. R. increase should be 19 points. This has been proven. And the only way this increase can be accomplished is by a determined mind with a strong will to do just a little more every day. That is the only way!"

Thus, the coach has spoken. Student, if you like this idea of being a cadet, it's up to your own determination. Let the above few paragraphs be a reminder of the importance of those three little letters, P. F. R.

Squadron C's rapidly improving basketball team was among the first to take advantage of the newly organized set-up providing basketball time and space in engaging the officers of retiring E quintile. It was a grudge affair terminating a long talked of contest. The Squadron C lads stepped out in front after a slow start and had a ten point margin at the final whistle.

Rumor No. 34581902 that swept Carlisle and Snyder Hall this week was to the effect that S/Sgt. Rhea was going to import some ringers to stop the disgrace the non-coms suffer in defeats they receive every afternoon at the hands of the officers in volley ball contests. Capt. Hexter, Capt. McCue, Lts. Howard, Goldstein, Thomas, and Waby just seem to have too much on the ball for the Sgts. Rumore, Rhea, Mason, Green, Welch, and Corporals Barker and "Hot Shot" Sheehy.