

3-4-1944

Flight Record 20

Wofford College 40th College Training Division

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FLIGHT RECORD

Vol. I—No. 20

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

March 4, 1944

NEW SQUADRON 44-1 COMES TO WOFFORD

MUSICAL ROUNDUP

"A New Music Maker" An Artist in Our Presence

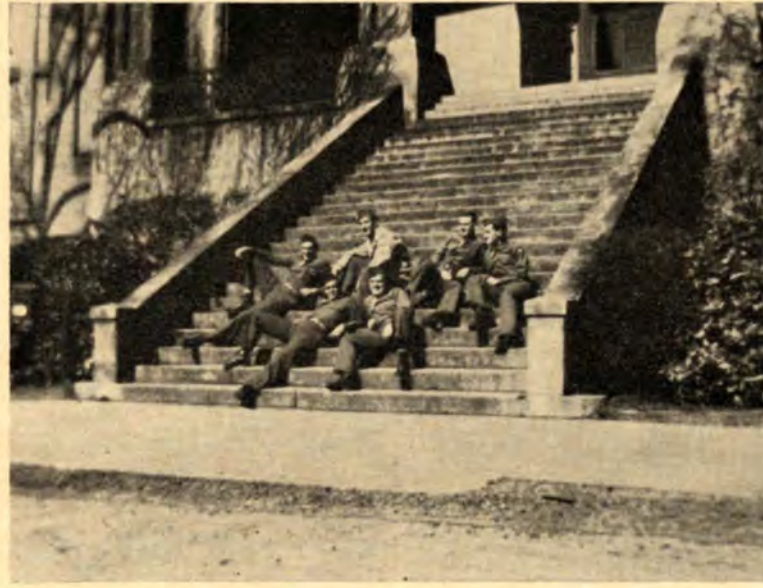
Through the billowing dust of Snyder Hall one can always hear those impromptu sweet refrains of a well played and educated saxophone. Those mellow tones originating from room 108 are the product of those hot lips of A/S Bill Torkelson.

Bill in his happy-go-lucky days (previous to being drafted) spent the greater part of his years in the musical world. His musical career had its beginning in the mid-west and in the city of Chicago. During those days he spent a great deal of time playing with name bands around that region. Mr. Torkelson's first opportunity to leap into the limelight came when Will Osborne sent for him to come East. With this as his beginning, he climbed steadily to the top rung of the ladder. In fact, he practically went over the top and into Glenn Miller's Moderners. It was almost two years ago when he replaced Chuck Goldstein, who at that time was singing with the Moderners. Bill's main ambition in life while singing with the quartet was to remain free of the clutches of Marion Hutton, Miller's beautiful blonde lyric singer. It appears that Bill, during his stay with the singers, was known as bashful Bill, for whenever Marion Hutton appeared, Mr. Torkelson disappeared.

We may also acclaim Mr. Torkelson for being one of the actors in Universal's picture, "Crazy House," which was shown recently at the Carolina Theatre. In this picture he sings with the group known as the Glenn Miller's Singers. Bill also has a great knack for arranging, and during his singing career did a large bit of the arranging for the orchestra and the vocal group.

Although Bill has had his time well occupied with radio programs, singing in pictures, and with Ed. Robinson and theatre, he had within him the initiative and courage to become a man and husband six months before becoming a well dressed man in khaki. He is happily married, and we do bestow all the happiness he well deserves. If Bill can continue making friends as in the past, his singing and musical career should be a success.

SPRINGTIME REVERIE!



HEADQUARTERS CHATTER

The women in Chicago received a well-deserved treat as T/S T. C. Welch obligingly gave them ten days of his time. Local gal makes good—seems as if S/S Mason is headed for the altar. Better think twice, Sarge!

S/Sgt. Reah is still avoiding a certain shotgun. According to the Sarge, the gun isn't so bad, but there is a person with an itchy finger on the wrong end of it. No chance of reconciliation, eh Sarge? What or who gets Sgt. Rumore out of bed at 8 o'clock on Sunday mornings? Maybe it's spring fever, or is the Sarge going to church. Corporal Frank Valenzuela is leaving to enjoy ten days of that California dew. According to Frank, it still hasn't rained in California, but the last your reporter heard was that a heavy dew was floating houses down the San Francisco Valley. Anyway, rain or no rain, those California gals will be glad to see Frank.

After what and what corporal returned, followed by his bride: "Oh, pardon, he is now Sgt. Barker." Congratulations, Sgt.!

What hot shot from Pittsburg is trying desperately to get a certain girl from said smoky city to go to the altar? Good luck, Corporal Sheehy!

PHOTOGRAPH CONTEST

Due to the enthusiastic interest shown by members of this detachment in the recent Poetry Contest, the FLIGHT RECORD is pleased to announce a new contest.

This time photography is to be the theme. Pictures of any size, type or class will be accepted, but each picture must have been taken by the man entering it. The accent will be on unusual angle shots and oddities—but any picture is eligible.

All entries must be into the FLIGHT RECORD staff by Wed., April 5, 1944.

Let's go, you photographers, for the prizes of: Five dollars, first place; \$3, second place; and three prizes of \$1 apiece.

YE ED.

A cadet was forced down on a desert island. After he had been there for nine years, he awoke one morning and saw a lovely young woman floating toward the beach on a barrel.

The barrel washed ashore, and the woman approached.

"Hi ho," said she, "and how long have you been here?"

"Nigh on ten years," said cadet.

"Gracious," said the woman, "then I shall give you something you certainly haven't had in a long time."

"Bust my prop!" said the cadet. "Don't tell me you got beer in that barrel!"

FROM SUNTANLAND

At last! We're shipping! Leaving Miami Beach! Cheers rang out in the 908th, 910th, and 912th Training Groups. You can well imagine why—after all, we had been waiting to ship for three months.

It was all rather uncertain as to exactly where we were going. The rumors had us heading for colleges and air bases from Miami to Alaska.

Most of the men on our orders are made up of northerners. Yankees, I guess they would be called. There were a few Rebels in the group, but the odds were too great against them. They didn't dare say much about where they wanted to go unless it was up North.

After about fifteen hours on the train, the official orders were disclosed, to wit: This contingent will proceed to Wofford College, South Carolina. Stop the train! Let us off! Who wants to be shipped into the hills with the moonshiners to hibernate for the winter with people that don't even put glass in their windows?

Faces fell, but not all the way. They fell the rest of the way when they saw the student officers waiting at the station. The rumors at the Beach had it that these were the guys whose sole purpose was to make our lives miserable with gigs and wash-outs.

Something strange happened on the march from the station, however. No chewing of the derrixere. Everyone was strictly business, but in a very pleasant way. We suddenly realized that if this was not just their good behavior that these fellows were going to be our best friends, because they seemed to actually want to help us.

The sun began to shine—maybe life wasn't so bad after all! Then came the crowning touch to their hearty welcome—the chow was out of this world, words can't describe it. 'Tis true that it was in the chow hall that we became the most loyal rooters that good old Wofford has ever had, but more has cemented this bond that holds us to Wofford, our some-day Alma Mater. It is the spirit of helpfulness and cooperation, this spirit of gung-ho, the way that everyone has helped us to get started, that has made fast our ties to the best part of the Army we have seen yet—Wofford. T. Z.

FLIGHT RECORD

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

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

Vol. I March 4, 1944 No. 20

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Editorial

The student officer system in cadet training was invoked not only to provide an efficient system for maintaining order, providing for discipline, and keeping military; but students are put above their fellow cadets in order to teach leadership, and to give the potential commissioned officers an opportunity to practice their future vocation before graduation day.

By far the most important reason for the student officer system is the latter. It has been noticed that the student privates tend to disrespect the non-commissioned officers and, in some cases, the commissioned officers placed over them. Military courtesy to, and due respect for student officers should and must be maintained whenever reporting to any officer and on the campus at all times.

The most outstanding example of the time when the men are burdened

by remaining under the proper military discipline is on the drill field. Inexperienced officers taking over squads, flights, or squadrons inevitably will make mistakes. That is the reason they are on the drill field in their capacity—mistakes to be corrected before the man is commissioned. Every student should keep in mind that he is drilling to give his officer practice as well as to learn himself, and that he, himself, will very shortly be in the shoes of the student in charge of him.

Our pre-service men, many of whom were even drill masters at one time, find themselves under particular strain when being given cadence and flanking movements by a man of lesser experience; but they, too, should bear in mind that they once had to learn and that they will at some time in the near future have to learn that which others are more thoroughly acquainted with than themselves. Cooperation and self-discipline are basic requirements for flying men. J. D. S.

CAMPUS TOURS

By Baylis

Step right up and join us in a tour of the Post Exchange of the 40th C. T. D. The P. X. is the high spot of the campus, for it is here that one and all gather to discuss the latest rumor over a bottle of coke or a milk shake.

It is here that the students go for their haircuts, dry cleaning, candy, and cigarettes. Many other necessities can be purchased here also. There is tooth paste, shaving cream, razor blades, soap, shoestrings, shoe polish, shoe-shine kits, and other items too numerous to mention.

The P. X. can easily be compared with the well-known country general store, for that is just what a P. X. is—a general store to furnish the students with the necessities and, to some extent, the luxuries of a soldier, at a low cost and a good value for the money spent.

There are many departments or sections in the 40th C.T.D. P. X.—each to help the student prepare for those omnipresent Saturday inspections.

In the barber shop there are usually two barbers to give our heads the required weekly clipping. If they have time, and the student can afford it, the barber will give you a shampoo and any of the other things that are so unnecessary but serve to keep up the morale of the more fastidious aviation students.

The P. X. tailor shop is managed by Helen, the girl with the beautiful red hair. Helen takes care to see that our clothes get back to us when they are misplaced or lost at the cleaners. In spite of the many trials of her job, Helen always has a smile for the boys and manages to keep them happy, even when an error has been made in the delivery of the clothes.

The candy and soda counters seem to get the major portion of the business, but the P. X. is the handiest thing on the campus. It serves to keep us both broke and happy at the same time, and that, I am sure you will all agree, is nothing short of miraculous.

Gigs and Gags

Squadron "B"

Could it be the eager beaver spirit? The new "B" is well represented in all the C. T. D.'s activities. Keep up the good work, men, but keep your eye on the coach.

The Glee Club needs candidates. A representative should go to the Snyder Hall showers any night. No reflections, boys.

Squadrons "B" and "D" met in a game of basketball Friday, the 25th. "With a victory of 56 to 36," says "B," "we're still a little green, but we're willing to learn." Do we hear any challengers?

This rush will have to stop. It took Bob White a week to discover he had been brushing his teeth with talcum powder.

Do you know the rugged individual who does pushups in the showers and runs around the campus a few times at night? What a beaver! Don't tell the coach or he'll think he's slipping. You know the coach's motto: "If you can walk to the locker room unaided you haven't had a good workout."

The order of the day in Room 107—gas mask drill, and not by the numbers, either. The boys in this room claim the record for getting them on. Chemical warfare is a much discussed subject and really is taken seriously.

Squadron "C"

The "C" boys say they are towing their own gals to the dances after the last one. Seems as a number of the boys waltzed around to the gals, some even formally introduced, and sure got a cold reception. We may not be Clark Gables, but we are sociable anyway.

Our boy, "Sorkin," gave a most amazing exhibition of control and death defying courage (Thursday night) as he performed the snake charming illusion with the aid of his mighty flute. Everything was in order till a sergeant said, "Oh, I got 20-20 eyes; you can't kid me, there's a string to this."

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"Time'll go much faster if you know of any games we two can play."

Male Call by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates" R.

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It was something indeed to see and hear when "Swoonatra Decker" gave out with the band at the U. S. O. Saturday night. Our boys as well as the wimmen were all agog as our glowing boy started sending. The big hand he got and invitations to return were something. (Whataman!)

Oltman's jittering last dance was not as rugged as usual, cause the floor wasn't splintered up a bit afterwards. Could be the coach is wearing him down a bit.

Casanova Stratton wrote a couple of his gals awhile back and put the wrong letters in the addressed envelopes. He says he talked his way out of it. I'd like to know how he had that wrist broken.

Last Saturday, A/S Fellows came in in an awful mood, slammed the door and went to bed mumbly to himself. The boys say Janey must be giving him the brush. Could be she don't love him any more?

The boys would like the straight of how Erdhiem cracked up his finger.

Philip R. Smith has the congrats of the boys on his 7½ pound bundle of joy.

Squadron "D"

It is rumored that two "B's" in room 313 are engaged.

Have any of you fellows had the opportunity lately of meeting our own "Alan Ladd, Jr." in room 324?

P. T. has been getting tougher lately, and Sam has been having more trouble with his teeth.

Which well-known lad in 321 used to pose for Walt Disney as Mickey Mouse? He's still looking for Minnie?

How come the navigator of 325 hailed out over Berlin Saturday? Was it self-defense, Kingsley?

"A Sinner (!) Kissed an Angel (?), Bantas.

Wagner's popular march and what A/S will soon go down the aisle of fate together.

G. I. cocktail song, "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me."

I wonder what has happened to Teddy B's dear sweet gould. Has he lost appeal? (Ha! Ha!)

"No Love, No Nothing"—Starkey.

Why is it that our dear (?) 1st "Sarge" is so happy to add the gigs to our Gigs and Gags scandal sheet?

Squadron "E"

Charles Kirkpatrick, Kentucky's gift to the women, is the reason the upper classmen are so well informed on current events. His can't-be-copied briefing is the envy of every Air Force.

Our own D. C. Lees and Donnie Hunter are doing their bit to lift the morale of Spartanburg's younger set! How about that, boys?

Lucky Landon is the hottest of "E" squadron's hot pilots. With only two hours in the wild blue yonder, he feels he is ready to solo. It must be remembered that Lucky is the man who keeps the doors of "The Brass Rail" open. Any Saturday he can be found under the table looking for—well, pennies. Cheap! my poor head!

The "Crutch"—spelled C-R-U-T-C-H, pronounced "crutch"—gave a superb performance in the mess hall. He arose from the table, and with all the great artistry that is his alone delivered a speech unequaled in history, after which effort he returned to the dispensary for another week.

Our vote for a gruesome threesome—Keck-Johnson-Klepack. On almost any clear night they can be found howling at the moon.

Glee Club News

The new and revised glee club, under the able musical direction of Cpl. Richard Sparks, has begun work. Membership consists of about 25 would-be Sinatras, who incidentally seem to be improving, considering the many drawbacks they are working with.

Practice is held once a week during drill period. If any of you boys decide that your feet need less practice than your voices, just sign up with the Glee Club.

There is also a dire need of a piano player. If there is anyone interested, will he please contact Lt. Kearton.

FLIGHT RECORDINGS

By Sorkin and Kearton

Interviewing Professor Pettis for this column was on the most pleasant assignments I've ever had. The genial professor's full name is Charles Semple Pettis, and he happens to be head of the physics department here at Wofford.

It would seem rather natural for such an eminent physicist to have in his repertoire of hobbies such technical interests as: higher physics, chemistry, astronomy, electronics or Radar, but, oddly enough, this is not so in the professor's case. I don't mean to infer that he is not interested in any of the above, because, naturally, he is extremely interested in some, particularly physics, mathematics and electronics. But his chief hobby, he proudly confessed, is the history of the War Between the States. "Notice I do not say 'The War of Secession!'" He believes that, contrary to numerous popular beliefs, the war was fought over a matter of principles, and not over slavery. "The North was fighting, principally, for the preservation of the Union. That was Lincoln's driving incentive for endorsing the war." In reply to why the South fought, Professor Pettis says, "Well, son, the South fought to preserve State's Rights, more than for any other reason. Of course, some Southerners were fighting for slavery, you understand that, but States Rights was the chief thing see that?" I learned many very interesting things about the Civil War and could expound on some of the conversation now, but must move on to more about this week's celebrity. However, it might be interesting to note that Professor Pettis considers Lee and McClellan (a Yankee) the outstanding generals of the war.

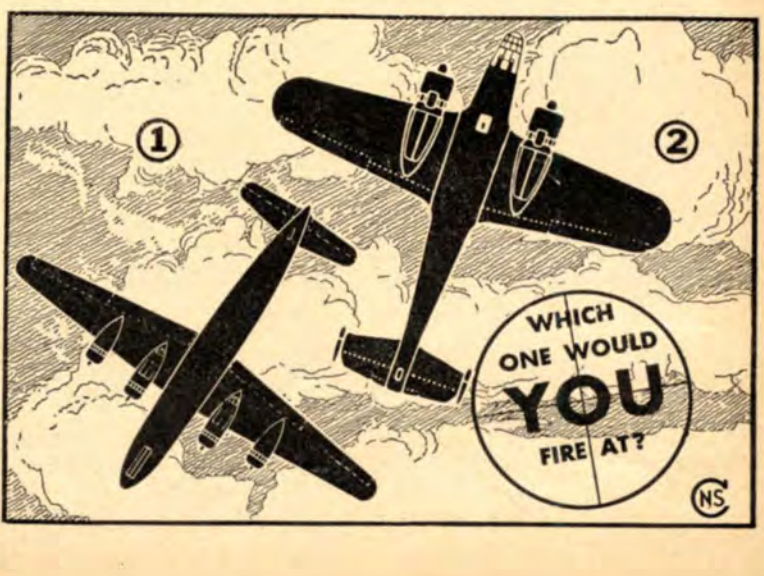
Professor Pettis was born in Norfolk, Virginia, where his boyhood days were spent amidst log tables. He spent four years at the University of Wisconsin, and then did time at Harvard, returning to the University of Wisconsin for his B. S. and M. S. in mathematics and physics. He has taught at such leading institutions as Harvard, Duke, University of Wisconsin, and the University of Virginia, before coming here in 1924 as head of the physics department. He likes Spartanburg and enjoys teaching in a small college, where he can get to know his students more intimately, in addition to having more self-independence. When asked if he intended to remain here for the rest of his days, the professor grinned and said, "Oh! son, I'm too old to change horses now."

As a reply to the question of politics, he smiled and said, "My politics are North Carolina, New Deal Democrat." I learned that his pet hates are Pegler and the Chicago Tribune. He believes that Roosevelt is one of the greatest presidents the country has ever had, and that a fourth term would be the most beneficial thing in the world to the country. (Unless Dewey is elected??).

Professor Pettis has a son, Lieutenant William Pettis, with the C. A. A. in the Pacific, who taught mathematics at Harvard before entering the Army in August, 1941. It is interesting to note that Lt. Pettis was only nineteen at the time he first taught mathematics. The female side of the family, not to be outdone by the men, are school teachers too: Mrs. Louise Smith Pettis, the professor's wife, is teacher of Latin in Spartanburg High School, and his daughter, Mrs. Cecil Sanford, at one time taught English at Limestone College in South Carolina. She is now assistant editor of the Technical Manuals of the Chemical Warfare Department at Edgewood Arsenal, Md.



H. P. (Rank Hinders Impromptu Propositions)





THE SPORT LIGHT

Babe Ruth recently celebrated his 50th birthday at his home in New York, and was so overcome at his own birthday cake that he dropped his own slice on the floor. Honus Wagner, oldest active man in the major leagues, observed his 70th birthday recently.

The latest draft score has Paul (Dizzy) Trout, who won 20 for the Detroit Tigers last year, expecting the Army's call soon. Bob Harris, Tiger outfielder, has already left for the Army. Big Bill Lee, pitching ace of the Chicago Cubs; Joe Beggs, Cincinnati relief star; and Pete Suder of the Athletics have recently been classified 1-A.

College Basketball Standings

According to statistics on the present basketball season, the rankings of teams are as follows: undefeated Army is on top, with one of the best teams they have had in many a year; Ohio State, current Big Ten leader, is second; following Ohio State are Western Michigan, Kentucky, Dartmouth, Oklahoma A. and M., and Illinois, respectively. In eighth place, but not last, is the University of Northwestern, definitely an outstanding team. Hard luck, curiously enough, has hampered their efforts all season, with the breaks going to the opponents. Some of the Wildcat regulars were lost, due to the draft, and as a result rookies had to be substituted. The close scores of the games seems to indicate that they were well worth their metal. Next season will no doubt see the Northwestern Wildcats up to their usual good form again. G. L. W.

SPRING BASEBALL

Coach Petoskey has just completed plans for a four squadron baseball league. The plan calls for each squadron to form a team from its own men. This will enable each squadron to have a sufficient number of its own men on hand for each game. The leaders of the four squadron teams will be: Lieutenant S. L. Goldstein, Mule O'Shields, Coach Petoskey, and Frank McCullough. It has not yet been decided to what squadrons the leaders will go, but word to that effect is expected soon. With the formation of these leagues, it is hoped that a convenient schedule can be worked out for the week-ends, since favorable weather is in the offing. The success or failure of the baseball league, whichever the case may be, depends upon the enthusiasm shown by the student body in forming their respective squadron teams.

DON'T DO IT DARLING!

By Sorkin

FOOTBALL FINALS



S - T - R - E - T - C - H

We come here with one idea, to gain a little knowledge, Life is sweet and then we meet the coach of Wofford College; He claims that he will give to us the muscle that we lack, His methods are comparable to torture on the rack; Between us, boys, I have a hunch he's not a muscle maker, But, perhaps the silent partner of a Spartanburg undertaker.

WM. F. HAY, PT No. 100.

SPORTS CHATTER . . . G. L. White

Recent news flashes from here and there have it that Tony Dyer, famous football ace, was quoted as saying that the 1944 outlook for football is still a big question mark.

Although certain colleges like Minnesota, Northwestern, and other football power houses have V-12 and pre-flight schools from which to draw material from, they are not always certain that the boys will be stationed there for the entire season.

Mr. Dyer points out that the Notre Dame team of last year is an excellent example of this. The fighting Irish were well on their way to a perfect season when Angelo Bertelli was assigned to a different station. As a result of this, they dropped a tough one to the bluejackets of Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Lee Lovett, spark plug of the bluejacket team, baffled the Irish to the point of desperation, who weren't the same without old Bertelli in there pitching away. Otto Graham, All-American halfback at Northwestern, may be back for next season. If this is the case, there should be an interesting battle between the Big Ten teams, for this flash from Waukegan, Illinois, made up the spearhead of the wildcat attack all season. While, on the other hand, Bob Westfall, Michigan All-America, is rumored to be headed back for another season at Michigan. These two boys could provide plenty of excitement for football fanatics this year, in the event they were to be around.

Seventeen-year-old hopefuls should find a warm reception from college coaches for their services this fall. Perhaps the best example of this is the very strong Wake Forest team, which is made up of 17 and 18-year-olds, and is definitely a smoothly organized outfit.

As Mr. Dyer pointed out recently, in an article on high school football, there can be no doubt but what the success or failure of this fall's season depends to a large extent upon whether the seventeen-year-olds will be capable of filling the able shoes of their older predecessors.

In the event of a drain on the available manpower for next season's games, it is highly possible that we may see some revisions on present collegiate rules.

Don McQuiston, young football hopeful from Westchester County, N. Y., is no doubt headed for college football fame. McQuiston distinguished himself by the accumulation of twenty-one touchdowns during a seven-game season for his local school team last season, which incidentally is doing all right. He appears to be a triple threat player. In any event, he will be quite a grab for college football coaches to fight about—or the draft board. G. L. W.

Sammy Baugh, the Texas longhorn, has been awarded the coveted N. L. passing title for 1943, the determination of the title winner being based upon the number and percentage of completions. Although Sid Luckman's aerial artistry secured for himself the most valuable player award, he was runner-up for top honors in the N. L. passing race.

Competition between Luckman and Baugh was so keen last season that there was much debate on the parts of football men as to who was the better. Sammy Baugh was the better of the two for sheer accuracy, for he finished with a per cent of .547 of his passes completed. Luckman, who entered the Merchant Marine in December, finished with a per cent completion of .545. Incidentally, Baugh's marker set a new National League record, which probably won't be threatened for a while. The league's leading ground gainer was Bill Paschal, New York Giant fullback, who finished with a total of 572 yards gained in 147 attempts for an average of 3.9 yards every time he carried the pigskin. In second place for ground gaining honors is Jack Hinkle, a sophomore with the Philadelphia Eagles, who finished with an average only 36 inches short of Paschal's mark. The Chicago Bears, the usual powerhouse on the ground, lost the honors to Phil-Pitt, which gained 1,730 yards for the season, while the Bears made 1,650 yards rushing.

Hockey Summary

The hockey season is rapidly drawing to a close, with the Montreal Canadians decidedly out in front, their rivals for top honors being the Detroit Red Wings. With but ten games left to play, Montreal needs only four victories and a tie to garner the National Hockey League Championship. The Canadians got hold of first place early in the season and haven't relinquished it yet. They seem to be showing a complete reversal of form this season by completely sweeping away all opposition in their path. Once the championship is decided, the Stanley Cup Playoffs will begin; and if past records serve as any indication of future actions it will be a wide open affair, with even the cellar Rangers standing a good chance. Reliable opinion, however, seems to favor the chances of the superlative Detroit Red Wings, who since 1933 have figured in the Stanley Cup Playoff finals five times, winning the cup three out of the five. Manager Jack Adams, of Detroit, attributes the success to a well-managed farm system. G. L. W.