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Flight Record 14

Wofford College 40th College Training Division

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CAPTAIN, DEAN ATTEND E.F.T.C. CONFERENCE

40th C. T. D. Glee Club Entertains Nurses

A group of amateur entertainers presented an unrehearsed, completely extemporaneous program of music and comedy last Friday evening to a most attractive and appreciative female audience of Cadet Nurses. The girls were students at the Spartanburg General Hospital.

Individuals Star
The organization, under the official title of "The 40th C. T. D. Glee Club," was scheduled to entertain the women-folk. Actually, however, the outstanding numbers of this hilarious show were contributed by individual performers such as John Gleason, who demonstrated his fine whim for singing Irish ballads. John entertained the future "Angels of Mercy" most satisfactorily, as indicated by their responding applause. A cast of other equally talented boys included A/S Morgan, who played "solid" clarinet, and Klieth Sellers, whose "rocking" Boogie-Woogie piano playing had all feeling as though the "Count" were there himself, tickling the "ivories."

Air Corps Song
The entire Glee Club both opened and closed the program with the roaring, sping tingling "Air Corps Song." During the rendition of this number, the audience rose from their seats, thus displaying their true feeling and admiration for our great theme.

Ralph Rubenstein, acting as master of ceremonies, introduced pianist Harry Fore, who gave his usual grand arrangement of his own original composition, "Fantasy in C Sharp" and, as an encore, played a unique interpretation of "Tea For Two."

The second contributor was "Fun Packin' Melon" of Broadway fame. He held the girls in stitches (OooH!) for fifteen minutes with his witty antics concerning his family and prominent figures of the day. The high point of Art's hilarious act was an excellent "take-off" on a Bob Benchley speech.

An unexpected pleasure presented itself in the form of a "Mills Brothers Trio" when Hank Myers, Jerry McDuffy, and Ralph Rubenstein clasped arms and "gave out" with a rendition of "Paper Doll." It sounded like the celebrated negro trio minus the guitar, harmony, rhythm, voices, key and tune, that is, without anything but spirit. The girls loved it and gave the boys a tremendous ovation, encouraging them so that they again braved it later in the evening with their inimitable version of "Pistol Packin' Mamma." This caused such a howl that the boys were forced to cease in order to save the walls from caving in.

Audience Appreciative
The Glee Club "Twelve" sang Cole Porter's immortal "Night and Day" as their feature number, and did a splendid bit of harmonizing on this grand classic. This one number alone would have made the program a success. The boys are to be highly commended for doing so splendidly.

Wofford has a competent "Swooner" in A/S Hughes, who crooned "White Christmas." The girls were completely dazzled.

Before closing the concert, the ensemble sang a few songs of the "My Gal Sal" variety, thus ending a most enjoyable evening for the prospective Cadets and their appreciative audience of young women.

IN HONOR OF 43-1

Dean Norton has prepared a program which is to be presented this evening in honor of the departing Class of 43-I. President Greene is to be the principal speaker.

A copy of the program appears below:

1. Song: "Hark the Herald Angels Sing"
2. Prayer: Dr. Charles F. Neshitt
3. Vocal Solo: Mr. Maury Pearson
4. Christmas Customs: Dr. Walter K. Greene
5. Vocal Solo: Mr. Maury Pearson
6. Remarks: Capt. A. N. Hexter
7. Piano Solo: A/S Harry Fore
8. Delivery of Certificates
9. Army Air Corps Song

CATHOLIC EXERCISES

The Catholic men of this detachment were entertained last Sunday by a Communion Breakfast given in their honor at St. Paul's Church. The traditionally fine spirit of Wofford was shown as the men sang with much gusto as they marched through the town at 0730.

The arrangements were made by Mr. Francis of the Catholic U. S. O., the priests of St. Paul's Church, and the young ladies of the N. C. C. S. Club. A delightful breakfast was served, after which brief speeches were given.

(Continued on Page 2, Column 2)
FLIGHT RECORD

Published by
A V I AT I O N S T U D E N T S ON 4 0 T H C . T . D .
S p a r t a n b u r g , S . C .
C A P T A I N A . N . H E X T E R , C o m m a n d i n g
S t a f f
L T . S . L . G O L D S T E I N , P u b l i c R e l a t i o n s O f f i c e r
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Editorial

Let's think more often of problems that arise in the natural course of living together at Wofford. The Honor System, for example, is an ideal that cannot be imposed from above, but must emerge from the ranks of Aviation Students. We have to live together during our five months here. Our mode of behavior is originated purely to make this a smoother running period.

We are all interested in becoming better men before we leave here than we were when we first arrived. There can be no question about the average improvement in the first two categories, as the PFR's and classification tests demonstrate. We must never forget the importance of the last item, which brings us to the realm of the Honor System and the policy of discussing it openly in meetings, similar to the one held in the chapel last Monday. It is a healthy sign to see commissioned officers and students alike mention items of importance in open forums. That is the American way of doing things and, invariably, a few grains of practical policy can be winnowed from the chaff of argument.

Everyone has ideas as to what is lacking in our Honor System. Too many suggestions that the student officers would be only too glad to hear are wasted in futile dormitory "telephone" sessions instead of being passed on to the people who could use them and make them work.

Don't hide your light under a bushel. Don't waste your sweetness on the desert air. If you are genuinely interested in making an essentially good system work, "give out" with those notions. Submit them to this, your newspaper. "Sound off" at the assemblies. You are the ones, the only ones, who can better the Honor Code.

P. R. B.

Peace Has a Price—Pay it!

Captain, Dean Attend Conference
(Continued from Page 1, Column 4)

flight training. They learn to solo Primary Trainers within 12 hours, provided they have been taught in the ten hours instruction at college. If they have not, they may be eliminated, with the obvious waste of time and money involved in their training to date.

Basic Training

After sixty hours in Primary, in which they master the rudimentary principles of flying a light ship, they move on to the Basic phase. At Basic, they spend two months learning to fly the heavier Basic Trainers. In making this greatest transition step in flying, the step from Primary to Basic, pilots must also begin learning practical navigation, map-reading, meteorology, "time and distance" problems, and night instrument flying. The effectiveness of the college training shows up more markedly here than in any other phase.

Advanced Training

Men chosen as fighter pilots in Basic go to single-engined Advanced Schools where a higher degree of perfection is required of them than in Basic. Subsequently, they go to Operational Training Units to learn to handle the fast Fighters such as the "Airacobra, P-39" or "Warhawk, P-40." Those classified as Twin-Engine pilots take their Advanced Training in twin-engine schools.

Even more specialized courses for pilots of Four-Engine bombers follow at schools such as the one at Maxwell Field, where they learn to master the Liberator bomber.

Improvements

"We have not yet had time to determine the exact value of the College Training Program. I do know that the Aviation Students who have gone through the colleges thus far are able to take hold of the Advanced Training much more readily than the new recruits and can devote more time to technical subjects. There are numerous intangibles such as: improvement in morale, attitude, and the other qualities of good soldiering, which for the moment are showing up on the credit side of the ledger."

"I think the College Training Detachments are accomplishing an important mission in a creditable manner. It is safe to assume that as long as the war lasts, as long as there are losses and replacements, this system of preparing our students will be a very necessary part of the war effort."

M. A. L.

Gl Gets $310 Family Allowance

DES MOINES (CNS)—A total of $310 a month will go to the family of Cpl. Cyril G. Wolfe under the new dependency bill. Cpl. Wolfe, 42, has 12 dependents, a wife, 10 children, and his mother.

Since our host, Wofford College, was originally founded as a Methodist institution, and since the religious aspects of education were given a good bit of accent prior to March, 1943, when the college was turned over to the A. A. F., it seems appropriate to mention the religious picture as it has been since Aviation Students inhabited the 'Grey Old Walls.' After investigation, it has now been calculated that next to Roman Catholic religion, the Methodist sect has been most numerous represented. The above tabulation depicts the exact distribution of the various religions represented here.

MP Stands Firm, Defies Air Marshal

ITALY (CNS)— Pvt. Bill Wallace of Piedmont, Ala., an MP, was ordered to bar everyone without a pass from a certain building. One of the first men to present a pass to Wallace was British Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham. With him were two ordnance, both passless. Wallace wouldn't let them through.

"These men are with me," said Sir Arthur.

"But they have no passes, sir," said Wallace, kindly but firmly. "I'm sorry, sir, but those are my orders."

"I'm going to overrule your orders," said the Air Marshal, ordering his men to follow him into the building. The two policemen took one look at Wallace and his side arm. They stayed where they were. Finally Sir Arthur smiled and gave in. The two ordnances went after passes.

5 Marines Meet 75 Japs

BOUGAINVILLE (CNS) — Five American Marines and 75 Jap soldiers met at a river here and for two and a half hours fired at each other. When quiet was restored there were 74 dead Japs piled on one bank of the river and five very live Marines were still shooting from the other. The 75th Jap escaped somehow.

The five Marines are Sgt. Bernard Brown, 30, a former policeman of Saranac Lake, N. Y.; CPL. Omer Logan, 22, of Renapla, La.; CPL. Lewis Trott, 22, of Haystacksville, Md.; Pfc. J. E. Barlo, 19, of Trenton, N. J.; and Pfc. Joseph Les, of Roselle, N. J.
Men "Under Fire" Tell of Experiences

In our midst are four boys, who, at least, actually have some idea of what war is. It has been my pleasure during the past week to interview these four veterans of whom I now expound:

My first personality is David Crockett. Dave, although born and raised in "Jolly" England, is a good solid citizen of dear old U. S. A. and mighty proud of it. He is a direct descendant of Davy Crockett of Alamo fame.

He was born in a small town just bordering London where he has lived all his life with his mother and his father, who are Americans. He has two brothers, one in the American Diplomatic Service arriving in New York just last month, and another who has just joined the U. S. Army in England.

Enlisted at Outbreak

Dave enlisted in the R. A. F. at the outbreak of the war. He served in the ground crew and later as a cadet. His cadet training lasted for only three months when he decided to go "American" and join the 8th Air Force. This enlistment took place in April, 1943. According to Dave, the reason for this change was that he felt that he, as an American, should be in the American Army rather than in the British.

Dave served as a clerk in the American Embassy in Sandan where, he said, "I did some frightfully exciting work!"

Dave says he is amazed at the comforts and food that we are enjoying and says that we really have a lot to be thankful for. He enlisted as a cadet last May and says that his one desire is to fly over Germany and get back at the Jerries for the suffering they have caused.

Michael A. Hughes

Our second man is Michael A. Hughes, who was born in Stakean, Calif., where he lived until his enlistment in the U. S. Air Forces. He started after Pearl Harbor was bombed. Mike took his basic at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and graduated from his home town high school the following June in his uniform.

He left this country in August, 1942, for England, where he served in the 8th Air Force until his return to the States this September. While there, he earned the rating of staff sergeant.

He says, "England was all right, but you can't beat the good old U. S. A."

Irving J. Fleischman

Irving J. Fleischman was in the same outfit as Hughes and, therefore, his story is very similar to Mike's. He was born in 1922 in Memphis, Tenn., where he spent most of his life. He enlisted on December

(Continued in Column 4)

DANCES RESUMED UNDER NEW PLAN

A united action on the part of the students, in the form of a Cotillion Club, was made early last week. In the comparatively short space of time since its adoption, it is fast developing into a progressive organization which is way down here at Woford. The consensus of opinion was that lack of aggressiveness on the part of the student body was, to a great extent, the cause for the shortcomings of our dances.

Plan Adopted

A plan, after adoption by the student body, developed into a new organization consisting of those, and only those, interested in furthering the success of C. T. D. dances. Many helpful ideas came from Mrs. White, Captain McCue, and Lt. Goldstein.

The constitution of the Club calls for a democratic, governing body which will represent the men as fairly and honestly as possible. This group will consist of a Chairman at its head, who is chosen from the "E" quintile and has, as his co-workers, ten counselors who are elected from the five quintiles. A/S Hugh Floyd was given the honor and responsibility of becoming the Cotillion Club's first chairman. Let us congratulate Chairman Floyd and his council for the excellent start they have made.

Perhaps the one most important provision in the by-laws is the No Stag Girl Rule, which was, surprising­ly, met with unanimous approval. Among the other plans and ideas already adopted are: membership cards, program dances, non-formal dances, girl-tag dances, no-break dances and several others presently on the fire.

First Dance

The first dance to be given under the sponsorship of the Cotillion Club will be held this evening in honor of the graduation of the class of 43 J. In the way of extra-special added attractions, the well-known Limestone College Choral Group will render several selections which will undoubtedly prove a great boon to a successful opening for the club. Let everyone show his appreciation by turning out "en masse" and really giving his all to make this one dance an event our guests will not forget.

- R. J. R.

Bombsight Bertha Killed

LONDON (CNS) - Dorothy (Bombsight Bertha) Robson, 23-year-old fliter and bombsight expert, was killed on a test flight here. Miss Robson was said to have been as accurate in placing bombs on a target as any flier in England.

(Continued from Column 1)

25, 1942. He sat back and casually lit a cigarette.

"Jolly," he said, "Yes, yes, it was a jolly great place. 364 days a year it rains and, on the 365th, it just drizzles."

He claims that when they docked at the port of arrival in England, they threw cigarettes at the Limies, who fought like dogs for them. He went to Black Pool, the Cony Island of England, and was surprised to find that England even had that much sense of amusement. "It was poor compared to Cony, though," he remarked.

He says that mail is the biggest thing in the world to those boys overseas, and that the mail service is constantly being improved.

When he was in a London Air Raid Shelter, during his first raid, he said that all he could do was to think how lucky we were and to get as scared as "Hill" about what would happen to himself. He spent the Christmas of 1942 on K. P. and then got "tight."

Framon J. Musgrove

"Red" Framon J. Musgrove, a native of Daynesville, La., enlisted in the A. A. F. in July, 1940. His most unusual and, may I add, most attractive boost of luck was his two weeks basic at Barkesdale Field, La. After basic, Red went to parachute riggers school to become one of the boys to "bring 'em down alive."

Sergeant Musgrove's first impression of England was, "I thought the gay nineties era had passed." However, he does like merry old England and says, "Next to the U. S. A., it's tops."

I add, that he did during his first experience of an air raid. "I was scared to death, but did my darndest to act absolutely complacent to show the British that we Americans could take it too," was his reply.

Joseph Gilbert

It would appear that crossing the Atlantic ocean in a Martin Marauder or a Mitchell bomber might furnish one with adequate conversational material long after this war has been successfully completed. To Aviation Student Joseph Gilbert, formerly staff sergeant of the 2nd Ferrying Group of the Ferry Command, however, the experience is no more of an event than would be a boat ride to Staten Island for one of us. Joe has made the trip, not once, but numerous times in his former capacity as radio operator on the B-25's and B-26's being flown to our pilots in the European theatre of operations.

He has flown the air line both in the North and South Atlantic routes. It is obvious that the time he spent in these distant places was necessary, for the Ferry Command is a vital arm of our forces and its function is that of being "fastest with the modest." and then

(Continued on Page 6, Column 4)
The Wolf
by Sansone

Thanks awfully for helping me. Isn't there some way I can repay you?

Gigs and Gags

Squadron "A"

No news. None even print to, (Ed.)

Squadron "B"

What A/S was present at a recent bout 'tween Wiggins and heartthrob? A/S King has been replaced by the returning A/S Dudley. All in favor say, "Ay.

New student officer positions will have to be added to the present list for the "lucking" futurists of Squadron "B."

Indiana Hoosier Kinnert and Georgia Cracker Key can be heard "sounding off" with fiddle and banjo quite frequently at Carlisle.

Robert L. Jongema, alias "Der Fuchter," nearly frightened his but half-club female friend out of her wits by arriving at a Converse dormitory on a prancing steed.

A/S Jack L. Kannik would like to organize a wrestling team for bouts with Limestone and Converse Colleges. Kannik, formerly of C. C. N. Y., has had recent experience in this particular field.

What MANN is now wearing dark glasses as a result of speaking out of turn about a specific style of music? Squadron "B" is still trying to find out "Who doed it."

Squadron "C"

We were all greatly relieved when Captain Grasso referred to the Snyder Hall "Oyster" as a "Clam." Clam sounds so much more friendly than just the vulgar "oyster."

While some of us have had to be satisfied with a stag ticket Friday night, "Hank" Myers is muttering to himself that he has invited two girls to the same dance. Some of us are just cursed with charm.

Then there is that weird group which meets occasionally to perform its mid-morning ritual of eating hard-boiled eggs during class—but with salt and napkins yet!

"The war of the Roses" has nothing on Squadron "Cy." "War of the Oranges," Willie Mellor is still cleaning the juice and pits out of his ears.

Looks as though that certain blonde at Converse will have to wait one more week-end before the big date with Jim Parsons—unless she too likes to "walk."

If Robert Ripley is in need of fascinating material, he would be interested to know that "Butch" Cisar ran five round trips of the campus the other day with the boys at P. T.

The boys are always giving their all for their dear student officers, the latest gag is counting off for bed check.

Captain Grasso is doing his best to develop a glee club out of his men. He shows them off to the public at least three times daily and is partial to a late evening performance.

Squadron "D"

SELECTIONS OF THE WEEK:

Gig Bait... "Texas" pride and joy!

E. L. Smith

G. F. O. The winnah! Huhah, the mysterious.

Introducing the 40th C. T. D.'s own pinup boy (sunken cheeks and all) Frank "You Are My Sunshine" Swor-Nable. Sigh!!

In all seriousness, we express the best wishes of Squadron D to A/S

Traugh, who is now recuperating from an appendectomy. Best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Bill Steitz has gone in for juggling but has decided, after much damage, to use unbreakable items for his talents.

We saw A/S Trutt "walking round" last Saturday. Guess he couldn't find any excitement in town. What's the story, Bill?

Any one with photographs of "old flames" that they no longer desire are asked to leave them with Fred (Errol) Finch.

Guess it's just impossible to "goof off" with "on the beam" Petoskey around. If you don't believe us, ask Snatch or Neuhause.

Squadron "E"

R. H. Hoag is an authority on citrus fruits. Anyone desiring to learn the principal value of some, consult "lemon-eater" Hoag.

Guess who: Red hair, slender build, thin face, Texan, conscientious and solemn—sometimes.

We wonder if Winton Hardison is remaining true to his "VirginiA HAM."

H. J. Hudson ("Romeo of Woford") finds the lectures of Dr. Nesbit, relative to contour lines and "physiographic symbols," supremely fascinating.

"Ragged but Tight" Gainey has had considerable trouble in "navigation problems" during the past week-ends.

In C. A. R. class, W. H. Jones was very pleased to learn that it is permissible to drop unconfined material from a plane in flight.

"Stoegy," you-know-who, is all set for tonight's "fling." Poor wife!

C. H. Carter really gave the boys a thrill at P. T. last Saturday. After watching his twitching and squirming antics, the spectators were convinced that he was subject to St. Virus dance.

"Sac 1," "Sac 2," and "Sac 3" are convinced that "Sac Junior" is the most intelligent member of their chummy group.

J. P. Reiley seems to have difficulty in keeping his mind on his work.

We wonder if "Chubby" has had any thing to do with this.

Say, "Uppe," what's the story on Ethel? Any more tough competition?

Male Call

Dear Miss Lace-

Since you are the only glamorous girl most of us guys will ever see, we'd appreciate it if you'd show up in real pin-up outfits—You know like the movie stills.

Logface Dan

December 10, 1943

G. I.'s Barracks Bag

Not so very long ago, in a class in English at this post, Aviation Students were asked to write a military letter to another post, asking that a search be made for a lost barracks bag.

At the students' request, they were given permission to let their imaginations play when they came to the listing of the contents of the bag.

Here are some of the items said to be in the bag of Private "Joe Bowls."

1. One Little Ray O'Sunshine, self-powered electric razor.
2. Two leggings, both for left leg.
3. One O. D. Uniform, size: too large.
4. Toilet articles, including: lipstick, rouge, eyebrow pencil and cold cream.
5. One 30 mm. Field Mortar, loaded and ready to fire.
6. One pair of G. I. shoes, one too large, one too small.
7. One General Grant Tank.
8. Mess equipment with cook (blonde, 5 ft. 3 in.).
10. One fur-lined, muzzle-loading shotgun.
11. One pair of dice, one deck of cards, one roulette wheel, one revolver with shells.
12. The days of the week and all corresponding dates.
13. The wives of three of his buddies.
14. Seventeen pin-up pictures (8 are excellent).
15. One Wright Cyclone 2000 hp. engine.
16. Thirteen pairs of galloping dominoes.
17. One stray dog.
18. Fifteen skyhooks.
19. Five alley cats.
20. One can of striped paint.
21. One English professor (height: 5 ft. 8 in.)

thing to do with this.

Say, "Uppe," what's the story on Ethel? Any more tough competition?
there's a war on, don't be a 'no show'

There's a War On, Don't Be A 'No Show'!

"Off They Go!"a Toast to the Host of Those We Boast


Sports Slants
By Camp Newspaper Service

Lost during a dive bombing attack on a Yangtse river port last October, Lt. Tommy Harmon, fighter pilot and All-American football star, has turned up safe in China, the American Air Force has announced.

It was the second time that the former Michigan gridiron great had been reported missing. Last April a bomber he was piloting was disabled in a rainstorm over French Guiana and the crew bailed out. On that occasion Harmon was saved by friendly natives.

Lt. Don McNeil, former U. S. tennis champion now stationed with the U. S. Embassy at Buenos Aires, won the Argentine singles championship recently when he trimmed Pancho Segura of Ecuador, 6-4, 6-1, 5-7, 6-3.

Sgt. Barney Ross, former lightweight and welterweight boxing champion and a Marine hero of Guadalcanal, has been awarded the Silver Star and honored with a Presidential Citation. Ross, laid low by recurrent attacks of malaria since his return to the U. S., recently underwent an operation for the removal of shell splinters from his left arm.

Lou Klein, St. Louis Cardinals second baseman, has joined the Coast Guard and Millard Howell, veteran Syracuse pitcher, has been inducted into the Army.

Two-Ton Tony Galento, the cheerful little beerful from East Orange, N. J., has passed his pre-induction screen test physical and now is awaiting the main event—induction into the Army. "Til moister dem buns," he told friends recently, referring to Germans and Japs.

Sergeant Tells Colonel
Where to Head In

NORFOLK, Va. (CNS)—Lt. Col. Leon J. Meying, a new commander, was running along the line in a practice march dressed in fatigue clothes when a sergeant stopped him.

"What the hell are you waiting for," the sergeant snarled. "Get in line!"

Just then the Colonel realized that he had dressed in such a hurry he had forgotten to pin his silver oak leaves to the lapel of his fatigues. He looked just like any other soldier. He started to explain to the sergeant but the latter just wouldn't listen.

"Get in line," he repeated. "And don't look so offended."

The Colonel fell meekly in line.

W A T C H F O R N E W S OF "WOFFORD WIVES' CORPS" IN NEXT ISSUE

The Wolf
by Sansone

"When did you become so interested in Art?"
Few Aviation Students ever leave the hallowed atmosphere of old Wofford without a parting promise to write pages of advice and admonition on what to expect upon arriving at the next post. Seldom does someone remember to drop a line to those who follow.

Here are three exceptions:

Dear Dr. Nesbit:

Sorry I can't remember your initials, and please don't try to remember me, but I promised to drop you a line telling of the results of your geography teaching and how they compare with our needs. I left there July, spent two months in Nashville for classification, two months in Wofford for pre-flight, and have been here a month. I realize that you knew little of our needs when you began teaching us, but instead of world geography we need to know PROJECTIONS—Mercator, Polyconic, etc., how they are used and why. Please write and tell me your opinions, and I'll be glad to do it.

Captain Petosky can be darned proud of his Wofford men. They may not profess to be great athletes, but they certainly stand up under the P.T. we get. Frankly, I don't think the P.T. here much harder than that we received at Wofford, and as for the "Burma Road," it is no harder than evading all over that hilly lot behind the campus. In fact, considering monotony, I say it isn't hard.

Tell the men to take their studies seriously. A goodly percentage of the courses are repetition of C.T.D., and paying attention in class now will help them quite a bit when they get to Maxwell. There is little time to spend on academics here and to fail any subject means one hour of supervised study six nights a week—nothing one wants believe me!

You should feel very proud of your first group of students, rather, Cadet Officers, sir. Mr. Dillon made Captain here, while Shambaugh, Price, and myself all have made group positions. Quite an accomplishment, considering the competition, and I want you to know that each of us can thank you for some of the best training in the military that we will ever receive.

Tell the men to appreciate what they have at Wofford. Granted, it does become tiresome at times, but so does everything else a person does—especially when a career may be in sight. Tell them, also, not to fear Maxwell Field and what is in store for them. If they learn well at Wofford, both from an academic and a military standpoint, they'll find Maxwell Field a fairly easy stepping stone toward their wings.

With hopes of visiting Wofford some day "sporting" a pair of wings, I remain,

Sincerely,

Jim Himmer

P. S.—You're doing a grand job, keep it up! Regards to all from one of the "alumni."

To the Editor:

Professor Collee thoughtfully sent me the last issue of Flight Record. I enjoyed them very much. It has been several months since I left the 40th C. T. D. I was in the class of 43-C, I think. Since then I have read in the daily papers of the battle of Nashville, the war at Maxwell, and at present I am learning to fly. I would like to tell you a bit about what to expect.

No doubt you have heard a great deal about Nashville, the K.P., guard duty, and tests. I remember a feature we ran when I was editor called "Nashville News." It was full of rumors and discouraging reports. Discard any latrinothographic news about the Post known as NAAC. Know you will emerge from there, and before you realize it you will!

Maxwell was a bit different. Rigid discipline is the distinguishing characteristic there. The cadet becomes a military machine under the tutelage of experienced officers, generalizing the true meaning of cadet honor, the implications of the words "I will not lie, cheat, steal, nor allow any other cadet to do so and remain in the Corps," and the rituals of discipline are instilled in the potential flyer's mind.

The curriculum is comparatively simple—maps and charts, code, math, p'yaics, and military subjects. Some of you always have trouble with code, but you will be required to take only 14 words per minute, and if you should happen to stop at 6 wpm, they will pass you. Few fail a course at Maxwell, but if such a thing should happen, the unlucky cadet merely uses his spare time taking a make-up exam. If you stay on the ball, and ignore wire cracks, you will enjoy pre-flight.

Begin working from the start for a student officer's job. Military bearing is most important. If the officers see that you are trying to co-operate, the chances are you will become a cadre commissioned or non-commissioned officer. This means a great deal to you later. It is taken into consideration when flight officers and cadet officers are chosen at the close of advanced school.

After nine weeks, the great day arrives when you bid preflight farewell. All of you are anxious to begin the real thing. I am stationed at Decatur, Alabama, at the 65th Army Air Forces Flying Training Detachment, where I am studying a pair of wings at Stearnes. The planes are in fine condition, and 225 H. P. definitely drag them along.

Perhaps you will be interested in a brief description of my schedule. Reveille sounds at 5:00, and at 6:00 rooms must be clean, breakfast finished, and shoes shined. At 6:15 we march to the flight line, where we work until 12:30. After chow, we attend ground school, drill, and have P.T. By the way, tell Petosky (the cadet killer) that his training is the best I've had thus far. His chamber of horrors enabled me to soar past the best Maxwell could offer. Does he still scold at cadets with that twinkle in his eye, "Aviators got to have strong necks," or "Keep movin', Mister, Keep movin'" on that murderous cross country? While cadets from other C. T. D.'s were sweating, strain ing, and cursing the dumb bells at Maxwell, we from Wofford laughed.

Even our instructor wore down eventually.

I was speaking of ground school. The curriculum of course has to do with the general ignorance of navigation, meteorology, mechanics, identification, and theory of flight all help you become a better flyer. Your Wofford training will stand you in good stead later on. If you cheat, loaf, and in general ignore the law of God, you will regret it. At Maxwell, many fellows stayed on the post on Saturday night and Sunday just to retake an exam. Don't let this happen to you!

Good luck to you all!

A/C W. R. Seat.

(Continued from Page 3, Column 4) come back for more. Joe, nevertheless, carries with him a vivid and colorful picture of a wide and varied world whose contrasting shapes and people few of us will ever have the opportunity to view or appreciate.

E. N. K. and G. K.

(Any information regarding Aviation Students is courtesy of Wofford which has been "under fire" will be appreciated.)

God, Father of Freedom, look after that boy of mine, wherever he may be. Walk in upon him. Talk with him during the silent watches of the night, and spur him to bravery when he faces the cruel foe. Transfer my prayer to his heart.

Keep my boy inspired by the never-dying faith in his God. Throughout all the long days of a hopeful Victory, wherever his duty takes him, keep his spirit high and his purpose unwavering. Make him a loyal friend. Forbid him to store up the love I gave to him at birth, and satisfy the hunger of his soul with the knowledge of my daily prayer.

He is my choicest treasure. Take care of him, God. Keep him in health and sustain him under every possible circumstance. I once warmed him under my heart. You warn him anew in his shelter under the stars. Touch him with my smile of cheer and comfort, and my full confidence in his every brave pursuit.

Fail him not—and may he not fail you, his country nor the mother who bore him.

—Anonymous

(Footnote: A copy of the above prayer was found in a book left in the Orderly Room.—Ed.)

FT. WAYNE, Ind. (CNS)—Pvt. William Emig of Philadelphia made his way into the engine cab on a speeding Pennsylvania railroad train, knocked the engineer cold and grabbed the controls. Fireman Arnold Waell then kayoed the soldier, halted the train and turned him over to the cops. Emig could give no explanation for his action.

Page Six
Field House Court
Busy Every Night

All Quintiles are now taking an active part in basketball facilities offered at the Field House and a round-robin-like tournament has already begun to take shape. Many contests, official and unofficial, have played in the last two weeks as the basketball bug seems to have caught on with the entire detachment.

The greatest upset in the past two weeks and one which will cause much keener competition through the rest of the winter basketball season was the drubbing that the graduating E Quintile suffered at the Field House and basketball bug center to have caught we played in the last two victories.

Second Half Fatal
As was expected, the Permanent Party took an early lead and coasted to a half time margin of 18-12. At the beginning of the second half, Coach Petoskey and Sgt. Rumore were relieved for two minutes. This was to enable them to outrun the E lads in the second half as they had done in the first half. This relief was the fatal mistake for the losers. In less than two minutes, the students had taken advantage of the absence of the two key men and hadviraged like two pointers to capture the lead.

This two point lead could not be surmounted throughout the third period despite the furious play that the Permanent Party displayed. And in the final period, it was the students that had worn the favorites out, continuing to roll and roll onward, piling up a seven point lead. Just before the final whistle, Ganney and Kelly, who had led the attack for the winners, each intercepted passes and scored within 10 seconds. The final score was 41 to 30. O'Shields, Rhea, and Petoskey each scored ten points for the losers to account for all their points. It was the entire team's hard pressing offense throughout that brought victory to the E lads.

Many Other Games
Squadron B took Squadron C in a close game later in the week by a score of 26 to 22. Both teams played a fine brand of ball and gave the strong indication that the 40th C. T. D. is in for quite a few good games this winter.

HAPPY LITTLE DODO LINE

Aviation Students comfortably (?) encushioned on none-too soft wooden posts along the "dodo line," the better to watch their comrades "double-time" on the track.

CLASS 43-I HAS FINAL P. F. R. OF 66

Coach Ted Petoskey sadly announced that the final PFR of Class 43-I fell below the mark of 68.57 set by Class 43-H by 2.35 points, as the final average was tabulated at 66.02 with 94 men accounted for.

The scores ranged from one at 30 up to two at 85. Three of the Nashville-bound students turned in tallies over the four score mark. Jerome Porte and Donald Carter shared top honors for the "E" lads with the 85 scores. John Parklong finished third among the 94 contestants, trailing closely behind Forte and Carter with an excellent 81.

The Permanent Party gained a little revenge last Friday when without Petoskey they took the "C" boys into camp. The losers just could not seem to keep up with the offensive pace that Mule O'Shields set and they succumbed 41 to 28.

This week, Squadron A came into the limelight for the first time and put up a fine battle against "B," but the latter eked them out 29 to 28. Also this week, "B" took "C" by the score of 36 to 34, in another closely contested ball game. Both of these games left no doubt as to the fact that the boys at Wofford will support basketball. The caliber of play this week should leave the Permanent Party with a few worries concerning their 14-2 record and its being spoiled by these ambitious courtiers.

Wofford Quintet
Whips Croft, 41-38

The Permanent Party basketball team came within an inch of tossing away a seemingly easy victory last week at the Field House in a game with the 26th Battalion from Camp Croft. The final score was 41 to 38.

Cpl. Wooten started the Permanent Party off with three quick baskets at the opening. The contest was fast and looked to be a complete rout at the beginning. O'Shields, Petoskey, and Wooten kept the splurge going right up to the half time whistle. At the half, the winners had a 29 to 10 lead and were still hot.

The second half, however, proved to be somewhat of a different ball game. The second half started slow and, after approximately three minutes of dull play, the twine began to be tickled. But this time it was MacVey, Sunvale, and Burdine of the Camp Croft five that were starting in a splurge. They made two baskets for each one the Wofford team was able to tally. The absence of Lt. Goldstein and Sgt. Rhea was heavily felt towards the end of the fracas when the losers came within three points of knotting the count. The Permanent Party's splashing in the first half told on their stamina at the end and, without reserve strength, they were at the mercy of the Infantrymen until time ran out.

The totals.

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