Flight Record 17

Wofford College 40th College Training Division

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INGRAM WINNER OF POETRY CONTEST

Post-War Planning At Wofford

All over the country educators are asking all sorts of questions about the future of higher education: questions about the changes that may be necessary or advisable as a result of the return to colleges of thousands of soldiers, and the part that the small college is to play in the after-the-war educational system.

According to Dean Norton, Wofford is taking thought for what is to come.

President Greene has asked the faculty to submit plans for curriculum enrichment, with a view of rendering a special service to men who have served in the armed forces. Many soldiers will return home with the desire to continue their education. Some will want to finish interrupted college courses, and a great many will wish to prepare themselves for business or professions.

Wofford will continue its function as a standard liberal arts college. As in the past, preparation for the professions will be an important part of its task. The pre-medical, pre-dental, pre-law, pre-ministry, and teaching courses will be strengthened by the addition of new members to the teaching staff, and a wider range of courses will be offered. It is probable that a department in economics and business administration will be added. Such a department would offer advanced courses in many fields directly related to modern business methods and practices.

While in no sense will the college seek to duplicate the work of a trade school, its curriculum will attract men who seek to fit themselves for work in scientific, business, and professional fields.

SWEATER HOP

Tonight ushers in a new experiment fostered by the Cotillion Club—a “Sweater Hop,” at which all those luscious femmes will wear sweaters, no less! In addition, there will be special lighting effects, novel decorations, and a jitterbug contest. Need we say more? Let’s make this dance one hundred per cent at eighty-thirty tonight in the famed field house, and remember, “Sweaters!”

FIRST PRIZE WINNER

A FLYER’S SWAN SONG

Out of the vastness of the sky
The battleground of those who fly
A mournful hymn from the stillness sounds
To mark the fall of one who died
Like a Viking in his funeral pyre
The airborne craft the pilot shrouds
In flaming tints that feed the cry
“Here is a man that’s fit to die!”

R. C. Setzbourg, Squadron C
J. B. Thomas, Squadron D

40th C. T. D. SQUADRON COMMANDERS

Carl C. Snable, Squadron A
Roy M. Turner, Squadron B

Three Also Share Money Prizes

After long deliberation, the Poetry Contest judges have selected as the most outstanding entry “A Flyer’s Swan Song,” by A/S Robert L. Ingram of Quintile C. The Flight Record is happy to present the first prize of five dollars to A/S Ingram, and herewith reprints the winning verse.

Second prize of three dollars was awarded to A/S Le Roy R. Schlaeffi of Quintile D for his “G. I. Brush Ballad.”

Third and fourth prizes, of one dollar each, went, respectively, to A/S Jim Doyle of Quintile B, for his “Wofford Lives Again,” and to Sheldon Landess of Quintile C, who wrote “Sunday, Monday, and Always.”

All of the prize-winning poems are printed in this issue.

The Flight Record staff congratulates the winners for the excellence of their work, and the whole detachment for the lively interest that has been shown. Watch for the next contest, which will be in a different field.

NEW GLEE CLUB FORMED

The nucleus of a new 40th C. T. D. Glee Club met in the chapel Tuesday night for a lively discussion of methods for building a new and better Glee Club.

Present at the meeting were Aviation Students E. N. Kearton, G. E. Ruble, L. J. Wood, W. Stephens, T. R. Jaquette, P. L. Barrager, and R. S. Hyles. Topics for discussion were the possibilities of getting a good director and a pianist from the members of the detachment.

The Glee Club has a record of interesting and colorful activity during the history of the detachment. During past months members have sung in Tryon, North Carolina, in the U. S. O.’s in Spartanburg, and on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, at the local nurses’ home, where the audience almost kidnapped the entire club.

The Glee Club urges all who are interested to apply immediately to A/S E. N. Kearton, since membership may have to be restricted after practice sessions are under way.
FLIGHT RECORD

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

CAPTAIN A. N. HESTER, Commanding
LT. S. L. GOODWIN, Public Relations Officer

Vol. 1 January 21, 1944 No. 17

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NEW SCHEDULE

On Monday last Aviation students the country over stepped into a new program of training. Here at the 40th the change has been sudden and many of us by now we are all well acclimated and the old schedule is just a reverse, but what a reverse!

In traveling about the campus the past couple of weeks yours truly has been able to get a few of our more notable characters (and I mean CHARACTERS) to express their opinions on this new schedule. A/S Furlong said, "It beats the socks out of me." You should worry, Old Man, your schedule will remain, "Breakfast at eight." How some "guys" do it! Lonie Lee merely commented, "Ling-Che." I wonder what the English translation of that is? The new schedule has eliminated loopholes for " goof-off," but some of the more versatile students have been working over-time and some of them have discovered ways to "gold-brick" even under the new yoke. L. J. J.'s remark to the question of what he thought of the new program was magnificent, be replied, "Horray for me, foolish them." (A few of his closest companions know the unprintable word that goes with that!) Even Hagop Herruch Jamgochian expressed his feelings with the following statement, "I mean—what can I do; it looks like it's here to stay," A/S Broglio reported that the new schedule makes him think more and more about dear old Amherst, and not because of any comparability between the two. Anyway, it won't affect business at the gardens, will it, Brog? Captain Thomas said that if he were to be quoted in this column on what he thinks of the new schedule, he preferred to stick to the old adage of "Silence is Golden." Even Sgt. Sneath, beloved first sergeant of Sqn. "C," believes the old is better. He is a die-hard, would probably vote for Harding if they could get him to run again.

The new schedule has been met with great approval by many because of its giving more men the opportunity to learn physics and get more thorough instruction in Math. There is no question about it, the new program definitely broadens our chances at acquiring the technical type of training which we so vitally need.

E. N. K.

Permanant Party Pattier

Rumor has it that a certain person now connected with the musical world just loves Amarillo, Texas. Could that be the reason that S/Sgt. Rhea was appointed NCOIC?

First Lieut. Gene Howard returned to Wofford upon completion of temporary duty with the 326th C. T. D. at High Point College, High Point, N. C.

The Permanent Party lost one of their star players when five of the fast basket ball game with Drayton. The player, 1Lt. S. L. Goldstein, suffered a severe arm fracture and will be unable to play again for several months.

Cpl. Jack Lyons returned recently from a very hectic (3) furlough to New York City. Ask him what happened in the "Cafe Rouge" at the Hotel Penn. How about it, Jack?

Sgt. J. C. Rumore now has the Rebel girls going to Yankee colleges. What a salesman!

S/Sgt. "Shotgun" Rhea, as a result of his latest experiment with the feminine gender, challenges all comers in the hundred yard dash.

Lt. S. J. Thomas left for Tactical Officers School, Randolph Field, Texas. The school offers intensive training in cadet administration, honor code, etc. Its purpose is to set up uniform procedure throughout the Flying Training Commands.

Cpl. Barker "Merged Down the Asile" while furloughing in Jersey. Bells and orange blossoms seem to be the style this year. Cpl. Barker is in order. His wife will join him in the near future.

Cpl. T. S. Sheedy, a former policeman from Pittsburg, returned to duty minus an Air Corps patch and his brass insignia. Souvenirs for the "girly's".

Chow bounds in the first flight celebrated the return of Lt. Cook. His rapid-fire commands save them some ten seconds in getting to the mess hall.

Cook: Blaftsten, you are a cake-eater.

Harry: Oh, no, I ain't.

Cook: Prove it.

Harry: Cook, I ain't even got the energy to eat the stuff.

Until we meet again, pour the promenade.

Squadron "C"

Guy L. Jones states that "Jerugen's Letters in the White container" keep his hands white and soft and "pleasant to the touch."

What "Korny" A/S was seen in town sucking a lolly-pop on Main street? Shame! But then our age will out?

A/S Abrahams is the latest lad to qualify for the title, "Cake Eater." His qualification rests upon the fact that cookie crumbs were recently found in his bed.

A/S Johns, who thought the boys in No. 305 Snyder gave him a bit of sweet one night, knew the next morning the true contents of that chocolate bar. But definitely there was no doubting then that it was really Ex-Lax, was there, Bob?

A/S Gordon D. Wiggins will henceforth be known as "a sweet thing to all his roommates and a certain swell dish of curves!"

1. J. can often be heard muttering to himself, "Ah! Mimi's a good kid." Is that the one and only "Mimi-Baby" Fishbush?

If anyone is in the market for a quick haircut and shampoo, Hagop is definitely the man to see. I do believe Paul Accorso has acquired three more hairs since last Saturday night's "Mar-sel a la Hagop."

Anyone who wants his lobes checked by official lobe-checkers of the "Amalgamated Association of Ear-Lobe Connoisseur of America" will be elated to know that the staff in No. 209 Snyder are now offering a bigger and better check for all comers. E. N. K.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of

quite a fruit salad on your
chest, general! - how about
being general! Where I've been around... kid? Come here
and I'll lay a thug down on you.

Copyright 1944 by Milton Caniff.

As you were, general! This little
lady has a broken crock.

with the
p Card pool,

lady. Come近;

In the
powder

A pool with a

just as if you

Just as if you

If this looks like a
tie up in this port.

A pool with a

If this looks like a

Just as if you

If this looks like a

If this looks like a

If this looks like a

If this looks like a

If this looks like a

If this looks like a
Second Prize

C. I. BRUSH BALLAD
A bunch of the boys were whooping it one night at a GI party. The name was not the Pfanner type, The lunch was a la carte.
As you may have deduced, it was Friday night, In stately Snyder Hall; With mop and soap and GI brush, The boys were on the ball.
Up spoke a stalwart Texas lad, And they listened without stopping—
"I joined the corps to fight a war, But my back is broke from mopping."
A man from New York next sounded off.
His aching muscles rubbing, "They told me I, too, could wear those wings,
But they didn't mention scrubbing."
A brave cadet from the middle west
Now leaned on his smoking broom.
With commanding gaze and leadership
He thus addressed the room:
"We all admire the brave air men, Who fight for our country's fate, Their stirring deeds we read about, And yearn to emulate."
"We are told by those who have gone ahead
That to be like those iron men
We must have instilled in our daily life
Courage and military discipline."
"So ply your oars with a hearty will,
Though courage it takes, we know:
The hands that guide these mops tonight
Will soon bomb Tokyo."

A/S R. S. Scharfle, Squadron "D."

Third Prize

WOFFORD LIVES AGAIN
Deal cars thrill to familiar sounds
Of tramping feet that now resound
Through halls that hold to men of old
The great story that history unfolds.
Still hearts begin to pound once more
As brave men once again tread steps of lore,
That we may remain—as free men must,
And destroy the power of those who lust.
How restless lie they in their wooden crates,
As the call to arms reverberates
Through halls that hold to them the voices yet
Of friends—long since their Maker met.
We talk of your courageous might
And of your respect for another's rights.
We pledge to you that we will hold them high;
That to do this we are prepared to die.
We pray that God will see us through
This job that we are about to do;
And though we live for love and fight for right,
We resolve that we will never lose sight
Of Wofford men of old so true,
To them we pledge this job we do.

A/S Jim Doyle, Squadron D.

Fourth Prize

SUNDAY, MONDAY, AND ALWAYS
Through ice and fog and tropic heat,
Through jungles where the tom-toms beat,
By air, by sea, by underground,
No matter where, it can be found.
There lives a man who sees it all,
All shapes and sizes, big or small.
Each night his lonely vigil keeps,
And stacks it up in towering heaps.
A monument or two or three,
To last throughout eternity,
Should be erected for his clan—
There's no other, Frank, the tailorman.
SHELDON LANDRESS, 1st Lt. "C."

The Wolf

by Sansone

GIGS AND GAGS
Squadron "D"
Al Carollo had a swell time on his first flight last week—and it only took him 40 minutes to clean out the plane.
A strange thing happened out at PT this month. Goof-off Cisar showed up one day. For a while I thought he was going to put on his equipment, but after due consideration, he decided that guarding the boxes was strenuous enough.
These push-ups that Coach Petoskey gives us really get our faces covered with dirt. When I joined the Air Corps, I didn't mind the idea of fighting for my country, but I don't like the idea of having to eat it too.
Bo Becker is really turning into a how-hound. It wouldn't be so bad if he ate all he wanted at the table, but when he stuffs pork chops into his pockets, goes back to the dormitory, and dumps them into his barracks bag, that's going too far.
Andy Mellow has given up the girl he was going with last month. Yes, I guess she sold her car.
Marvin Metosky has quite a knack for not being able to understand anything. In fact, the guy is so dumb he thinks the Latin Quarter is a rare coin.
Occasionally we see Ben Moorhead out leading the band at retreat parade. Some people might have the idea he does well at the job, but the majority seem to think he looks like a chicken looking for a place to lay an egg.
A. W. M.

Squadron "E"
Fate has once more played a trick on the class of 43-J. Seems like men will come and men have gone, but—well, anyhow, they are happily (?) attending classes.
However, for some of the boys, Eliot Zeller, for instance, who have interests here won't be so disappointed.
Seems like Kenny Hobbs has gone in for fowl. Saw him the other night with a chicken.
Robert "Glasses" Stem has been seen here and there with a pretty little thing, but believe it or not, No Glasses!
Everybody's heard the song "The Dreamer." It was written about a guy that thinks he might get a wife. There were lots of them around here the last couple of weeks. If any of you men would like a description of a beautiful girl, be sure to see Brosky. So help me, I've traveled near and far, but I have never run up against a girl so beautiful, so simply wonderful, as his. If you don't believe me, just ask him. That is where I found out.

COMMUNION BREAKFAST TO BE HELD

According to A/S Phillips, P. B. student representative of the Catholic youth at Wofford, there will be a communion breakfast held at St. Paul's church on the 6th of February. All Catholic boys are encouraged to attend this affair. The necessary arrangements will be made for the boys to attend services here on the campus. There will be further notice in the next edition, with all the details.
SPORTS CHATTER

Once again this week, the Chatter will devote its attention to all sorts of tidbits from here, there, and everywhere... Squadron "C," the intra-squadron champs, lost their first game in eight starts to the present "F" (or something) quintet recently by a score of 34 to 23. The game was close until the last three minutes, at which time the present student officers broke loose and mounted a decisive victory margin... The first major golf tournament of the new year at San Francisco in the Victory Open resulted in another Byron Nelson triumph as he turned in a 72-hole score of 275, 13 strokes under par for the Harding Park course, and six strokes ahead of Harold 'Jug' McSpaden (who, incidentally, topped the Los Angeles open last week)... The National Boxing association decreed recently that Phil Terranova, featherweight king, and Sammy Angott, recognized NBA (not about all the recognition Angott—note: N Y B A) lightweight champion, must defend their titles against "worthy contenders" within a month. And if they do not, Abe J. Greene, NBA prez, flatly stated, the association will declare their crowns vacant... Poor Beau Jack—and with non-title bouts scheduled with Angott within fortnight. . . . Present National Hockey League standing has not changed a note in the last two weeks save the fact that the Montreal Leafs have secured themselves more unquestionably on the top rung of the ladder, and the sad-sacks from Gotham, the Rangers, are more deeply emboldened in the cellar and still struggling for that playoff berth, but yet over a dozen points in back of the Chicago Hawks... Indoor track season broke open at Madison Square Garden last week and the absence of many top-name figures proved to be a bigger blow than anticipated. Bill Hulse, second to Gunder Haegig in a 4:06 mile run, had to be used as the sole drawing card in the card-war-stricken program... Unless the big stars, now in the uniform of Uncle Sam's fighting forces, can compete, a complete flop for the entire indoor winter season is predicted.

Participation in Golden Gloves boxing tournaments by soldiers on duty with the AAF Eastern Flying Training Command was approved this week. Because of the non-profit and charitable nature of the event, its traditions and national scope, and because it would necessitate travel of relatively few men, this exception to regulations governing athletic competition was made.

By D. E. M.

30th Bat. Whips Wofford Five 58-44

In one of the most rugged games at the Wofford Field House this season our own Permanent Party quintet lost its third game of the year to the yet unbeaten 30th Battalion five from Camp Croft on Friday last. Although the final score read 58 to 44, the true tale of the game lies not in the score book but in the minds of those that had the pleasure to witness the contest. "Exciting" cannot begin to describe the tenseness of the game. It was agreed at the start of the contest that, because neither team was at full strength, and both teams wanted their best men playing at all times, the four-foul elimination rule be eliminated for the game. This fact caused the game to become increasingly rough throughout, climaxing in the "heave-ho" sign to one of the visiting players. A total of sixty-two personal fouls were called in the game, a figure which, it is estimated, will be unparalleled for quite some time.

Lt. Visser Scores 26

Lt. John E. Visser led the attack for the infantry, piling up 26 points and being the hottest man on the Wofford hardwoods. He broke the scoring famine at the start and then proceeded to set up Pvt. Bernard Smith, huge pivot man for the visitors, on several bucket plays. Together, Visser and Smith brought the winners to a substantial half time lead of 11 points and continued to "breeze in" during the last half.

Director Ted Petoskey took high scoring honors with Mule O'Shields for the locals, gathering 13 and 11 markers respectively. Sgt. Rhea was held to but 9 points, the first time in over ten games he has kept in the single figures. The loss of Lient. Goldstein, who sustained a fractured arm in the Drayton game the week previous, was felt heavily in the lack of reserve strength to carry on the vigorous offense.

Wofford College Permanent Party

11th Annual 45-

Rawks, rf. . . . . 10 6 7 26
Farnacht, if. . . . . 1 2 8 4
Smith, c. . . . . 6 3 5 15
Russ, c. . . . . 0 0 0 0
Hulet, c. . . . . 0 0 1 0
Quintana, lg. . . 3 0 6 6
Rasmussen, rg. . . 2 2 4 6
Honey, rg. . . . 0 0 1 0

Wofford College Permanent Party

6. G. P. P.O.

Waby, rf. . . . . 2 2 4 6
Valenzuela, rf. . . . 0 0 2 0
Rheo, if. . . . . 4 1 0 9
Faust, c. . . . . 3 1 6 5
Petoskey, lg. . . 4 5 13
O'Shields, lg. . . 3 5 11 11
Ramone, rg. . . 0 0 0 0

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Ramone, rg. . . 0 0 0 0

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