

CO. LEAVES FOR NEW DUTIES

43-C MAKES GRADE

FIRST COMPLETE CLASS
GRADUATES 25TH MAY

Graduation exercises replete with ceremony, diplomas and formality will mark the culmination of six months' training for 43-C, Wings "A" and "B" of the Student Flight Instructors at the Bloomsburg Naval School, 25 May.

After completing the Secondary, Cross-Country, Special Flight Instructors', Formation Flying, and complete ground school courses, the group of eighteen men will form a class unique in the history of the Bloomsburg State Teachers' College. It will be the first time Naval students have been graduated with ceremony at the new headquarters of the Flight School. (Turn to Page 9)

LUNCH AND DANCE
FEATURES RACKET
CLUB FESTIVITIES

Racket Club dance number two, 7 May at the Elk's Club, was well attended and reportedly entrenched that newly formed club of N. F. I. S. officers of Bloomsburg in a very firm position as entertainment medium of the school. The club plans bigger and better socializing with summer coming on.

Art Wendel's orchestra showered a variety of melodies which seemed to the liking of all present, and those present included the charming wives of men at the school as well as the very welcome presence of Lts. Boyd and Wilhite, Messrs. Roth and Lelanne.

Buffet luncheon added a festive atmosphere and was a successful innovation, attested to by the general clean-up of all edibles.

Future issues of STRAIGHT AND LEVEL will inform you of more Racket Club enterprises under the able leadership of Lt. Sweeney, 43-D"B".

LT. CLABAUGH DEPARTS
23 MAY FOR KANSAS CITY

Bids Farewell to Men
At 0620 22 May Muster

Telegraphic notification from headquarters deprives Bloomsburg's Naval Flight School of its esteemed Officer-in-Charge, Lt. C. L. Clabaugh, USNR. Mr. Clabaugh leaves for duty with the Air Transport Command with headquarters in Kansas City. He departs Sunday, 23 May, to join Squadron Three in piloting four-motored aircraft across the sea.

Deep regret is keenly felt throughout the Naval Flight Instructors' School at losing Mr. Clabaugh who has never tired in his task of organizing and running one of five of the largest Naval Reserve Training schools in the nation.

(please turn to page eight)

SKIPPER HOLDS AIRPORT
PARTY 19 MAY

Rain is too Late to
Dampen Flier's Spirits

Mr. Ailor smiled - until the rains came. Then McGee cottage had a dish-rag look as half a hundred half-drowned fliers clustered about the kegs or munched damp sandwiches.

That is a pretty dismal picture to paint - and from an observer's standpoint about 1900 Wednesday 19 May, it is pretty true.

But if nature saw fit to dampen the enthusiasm of Lt. Clabaugh's party for N F I S Navigators that evening, she missed the boat for all the fun had come before the rain.

At 1730 the kakhi gathered at the lodge at the field's east end and dived into sandwiches of half a dozen varieties and drank of the malt and hops. A game of baseball rang up a nifty figure while conversation on an endless line of topics ran freely.

Mr. Clabaugh and the fellows, Messrs Boyajian, Fisher, Gargan, Roth, Boyd, Lowe, and a dozen others of the instructors and inspection staff, mingled in one of the most pleasant gatherings N F I S has witnessed.

STRAIGHT & LEVEL

U.S.N.R.

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 Ens. F. J. Roth, Exec. Office Staff

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Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania

22 May 1943

EDITORIAL

YOUR C. O.

BIDS ADIEU.

Carry on, men. I want you to continue the same excellent cooperation with your new Commanding Officer that you have given me.

I have enjoyed working with you for the past seven months and it is with regret that I leave such a fine group of men. The only bright ray about my leaving is that I am going to an operation to my entire liking and an advancement along my Naval activity.

I hope that I have given you something tangible and helpful in Naval manner, customs and habits, and flying. I have tried; and you have been excellent students.

I, too, have learned from you. I feel that I have come across a cross-section of men whose personalities have enlarged my understanding of people. And that, believe me, is a great contribution to a man in my line of work.

So, men - carry on. And I hope that our paths cross again some day. In the meantime, good luck and great success in your flying career.

C. L. Clabaugh
 Officer-in-Charge.

Bearing--the direction of an object from the observer.

Belay-- to make fast.

Below-- below decks.

Bilge-- the bottom part of a ship or boat next to the keel.

Binnacle list -- sick list.

Bits-- vertical pieces of metal secured to the deck of a vessel. Used to secure hawsers under heavy strain.

Bitter end--the end of a rope.

Wisdom is made up of 10 parts, nine parts of which are silence, and the 10th, brevity.

Log

PROCEED AND TRAVEL ORDERS ARE CLARIFIED

All orders from commanding officers or others to their subordinates, involving travel, must be in writing and must state specifically what duty is to be performed. (N.R. 107 (1))

Orders requiring officers to proceed to any point, or to report for duty at a place not involving travel but fixing no date and not expressing haste, must be obeyed by reporting within four days exclusive of travel time after receipt of such orders. If the orders read "without delay", they must be obeyed by reporting within 48 hours exclusive of travel time; if immediately" within 12 hours exclusive of travel time after their receipt; and all officers must indorse on their orders the date and hour of their receipt. The foregoing allowances of time do not apply to any provisions of an officer's orders requiring him, after performing the duty specified, to return to his regular station or to proceed on further duty. Any delay which may be granted will be additional to the above time. (N.R. 132)

(To be continued in the next issue of Straight & Level)

A MAN TALKS TO HIS MULE

Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule drawing a plow. Unexpectedly, the plow hit a root, the mule stopped, and the man began to grumble as he fixed the harness:

"Bill, you are just a mule, the son of a jackass, and I am a man made in the image of God. Yet here we work, hitched up together year after year. I often wonder if you work for me or I work for you. Verily, I think it is a partnership between a mule and a fool, for surely I work as hard as you, if not harder. Plowing or cultivating we cover the same distance, but you do it on four legs and I do it on two, therefore I do twice as much as you.

"Soon we will be preparing a corn crop. When the crop is harvested I give one-third to the landlord for being so kind as to let me use a small speck of God's earth. One-third goes to you and the rest is mine. You consume all your portion, with the exception of the cobs, while I divide mine among six hens, two ducks, seven children and a banker. If we both need shoes you get 'em. You are getting the best of me, and I ask you, is it fair for a mule, the son of a jackass, to swindle a man, the lord of creation, out of his substance?

"Why, you only help to plow and cultivate the ground, and I alone must cut, shock and husk the corn while you look over the pasture fence and hee-haw at me. All fall and most of the winter the whole family from baby up picks cotton to help raise enough money to pay taxes and buy a new set of harness and pay the mortgage on you. And what do you care about (Please turn to page Ten.)

BULLETIN BOARD

Immediately in front of the Junior High School building a flagpole with yard-arm and halyards has been erected across the court from the building. This area is to be known as the quarterdeck and will be paid the same respect as the quarterdeck of a vessel.

Wing leaders will time their musters and march so as to be at the school at 0755 when the colors are run up.

Attention to colors will be sounded at 0755 and colors themselves will be sounded at 0800 and the flag raised.

Men will be required to remain within the quarterdeck area between 0755 and 0800 but may move about and not necessarily stand at strict attention until colors are sounded.

The JOOD at the Junior High School building will be in charge with two assistants. He will step back, salute, and follow the colors with his eyes. Wing leaders will have their platoons halted, and salute while their men stand at attention facing the colors.

Individuals will salute the flag not only at these times but at each and every time they approach or leave the quarterdeck. The proper method is to come to a halt, face the flag, salute and face away for stepping off.

Evening colors will be sounded at 1930 with similar ceremony and respect.

This innovation at the Bloomsburg Naval Flight Instructors' School should add greatly to the respect, prestige, and bearing of the school that is rapidly climbing to the top from third among the five similar training-centers in the country.

May 18th Happy Hour Scintillates With Local Talent, Stars

Now that the boys (Lainweber and Miller) have reached the end of their rope it's safe to say, "Halleluja, brother. That was the Happy Hour to end all Happy Hours"--at least it should have been--but wasn't. There will be more.

When the men do a job as fine as that of Tuesday last, the record should be left to stand. And here is that record.

That sterling Flying Quartet of Gilday, Alexander, Demeritt, and Stiling were encored three times. "The Old Ark's a-Movin'" was dedicated to senior class 43-C which group's ark is "moverin'" the end of this month down "Nieuw AuLEENS" way. (It almost moved prematurely on the crest of the waves of the last few days' downpours.)

Antonio Recellio-Missionetto sang simple serenade to some starry-eyed
(Please turn to page ten)

The Threat To SECURITY

Fourth Installment

"Faith"

Last issue we took up the subject of "CONCEIT" and its affect on our security. This time let's look at "FAITH," its uses and misuses.

Faith, contrary to Biblical teaching, is sometimes a questionable virtue. As a nation we are too ready to trust our fellow men, and to believe implicitly in the safety of such national institutions as the Postal Service and the Telephone, both of which can be the spy's best friend.

Most of us consider that we are pretty good judges of character, and not easily to be fooled. We forget that an enemy agent, if he is to be successful and avoid a firing squad, must be such a plausible and convincing person that no one suspects him, and least of all those who pride themselves on being good judges of character. In other words, he will look exactly like what he isn't - a typical American with an honest (and probably rather stupid) face.

Spy Is Ordinary

The spy is a very ordinary sort of a person; the sort of person to whom you would not give a second glance if you passed him on the street; the sort of person who is easily lost in a crowd; the sort of person whom the police would find very difficult to trace because the description of him would also fit so many other people.

You know what they say--"To hide a pebble, put it on a beach." The enemy agent, in order to hide himself, sees to it that he looks like every one else.

You must learn to adopt a suspicious outlook in war-time. You must assume that every stranger you meet may be a spy, that every letter you write may go astray, and that every telephone call you make may be overheard. You must learn to be suspicious--and learn to be careful. If you had a five-dollar bill, you would not go about asking strangers in bars to look after it for you, so why trust them with information which can be far more valuable.

Keep Ears Open

Always put yourself in the place of an enemy agent. Imagine that there is a little black moustache on your upper lip and that you are Hitler. Then ask yourself what you could learn from the conversation that is going on in the bar, or the information that is given

Threat to Security

in a letter. When you learn to adopt this outlook, you will not only be careful to keep your own mouth shut - you will also want to make other people shut theirs.

So much for the danger of having faith in your fellow-men. But what about the faith you have in your friends and relatives - in your mother and father, and the girl you are going to marry?

Of all Security lessons, this is the hardest to learn - that Service information must be shared with no one, not even with those you love.

Now that is not to say that you must no longer put your trust in these people in whom you may have confided all your life. But you must not share with them secrets that are not yours to impart - secrets that belong to the Navy, and to the Navy alone. It is no good arguing that you have absolute faith in the girl you are going to marry, and that if you cannot trust her, then you cannot trust anyone.

That is not the point. She will not have had the advantage of Security Instruction such as you have had. She may give away information without knowing she has done so. And remember that the first person an enemy agent contacts when he wants to know anything secret is the wife or girl-friend of the man who knows that secret.

You may feel that your wife or mother has a right to know when you are in danger - a right to be told if you know that on a certain date you are sailing in convoy, or are going on a raid from which you may never return, and you may also feel that they have a right to know if this raid is cancelled, so that their minds may be set at rest.

Careless Talk Costs Lives

But this must not happen. The more people who know a secret, the less chance there is of it being kept. Get this quite clear in your minds, because it is the first rule of Security. Once you realize this, you will see that it is not only careless talk that costs lives. Too many people are of the opinion that careless talk is loud-mouthed conversation in public bars to perfect strangers, and that the opposite, careful talk, is a confidential whisper to your wife or sweetheart. But it is talk of any sort that must be stopped, no matter what the precautions that are taken.

Mothers and sisters and wives, with the best intentions in the world, can give away information without even knowing that they have done so. If they are worried about your safety, they will tend to confide in those who are sympathetic. In war-time we do not always choose our friends wisely, but turn instinctively to anyone who shows kindness and understanding, especially if they seem to be suffering like ourselves.

Changes In Naval Uniforms Are Due By Next January

Changes in Navy uniform regulations provide for garrison caps as optional equipment for all commissioned, warrant, and chief petty officers, for the elimination of braid on officers' caps except for formal wear, and for stripes of rank only half way around the cuffs on officer's sleeves on blue service uniforms. The elimination of braid on officers' caps and the half stripe regulations will become effective on January 1, 1944.

Garrison caps, which may be worn in place of the regulation visor cap, will be blue, white, khaki, or green material to match the uniform. Commissioned officers, except aviators, will wear the insignia of rank on the right side of the cap. A miniature device--the Navy shield worn on officers' visored caps--will be worn on the left side. Both devices will be placed two inches from the front edge of the cap.

Effective January 1, 1944, all officers will wear caps with polished black visors and black chin straps, or the new overseas caps. For formal wear, caps with embroidered visors and gold lace chin straps may be worn by officers of the rank of commander and above. Officers of the rank of Lieutenant commander and below substitute a gold lace chin strap for the black braid chin strap on formal occasions.

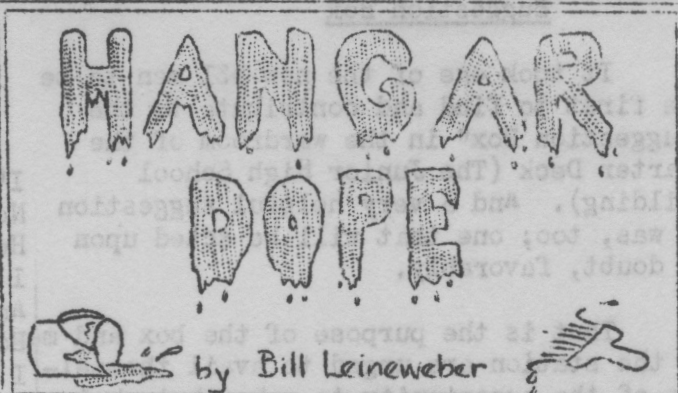
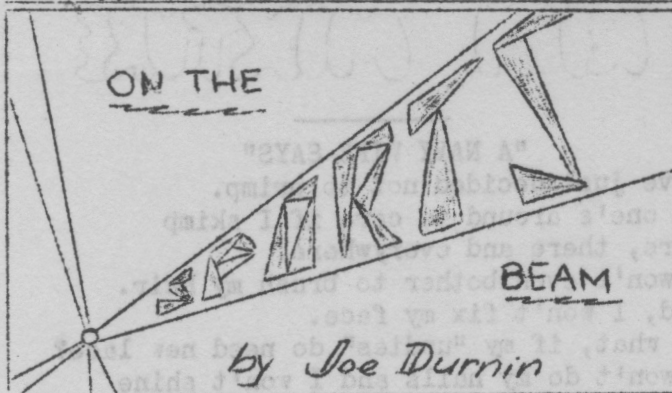
The regulation providing for stripes of rank to be worn half way around the cuffs of officers' sleeves is as follows: "Sleeve stripes on the blue service coat shall extend on the outside of the sleeve from seam to seam only."

Any enemy agent will not only be a good Listener - he will also be a sympathetic one.

And so you must harden your heart. If the people who love you are wise, they will not try to learn your secrets. It is your duty to keep them to yourself, and the woman who tries to make you betray this trust which is put in you is not worth very much.

Think deeply about these things, because you will not solve this problem without a struggle.

Only 6,000 binoculars have been offered the Navy, of which 2,000 were acceptable types. In World War I, 50,000 binoculars were offered and 31,000 accepted. All but one pair were returned after the war.



LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF 43-C:-

Whereas in the normal course of events, even the trackless wastes of the desert finally reach an end somewhere: so, too, does the interminable sojourn of that unique class of student officers known as 43-C. Their's indeed is a record to be proud of, for aren't they the only living class in captivity to leave Bloomsburg by the front door after successfully completing every devilish course that was ever devised to trap and ensnare an unwary A-V(P)? And WHEREAS this week as eventually to all good Naval men the time has come to "shove off" to more distant shores and whereas all the odds and ends that are naturally or unnaturally acquired during a six and one half month period cannot be expected to fit into the small confines of a sea bag, therefore regretfully we leave behind the following items which with rare good taste we bequeath to the ones who plow along in our footsteps --- GAWD HELP THEM!

Bequeathals

To Lt. Boyd, we bequeath, for his exclusive use after strenuous workouts in the gym, the bird bath in front of the school.

To Ensign Roth, we leave our ancient yet treasured hide-bound copy of "Navy Regs", all the rifles the unfortunate members of our class had to shoulder as they walked their penalty tours, and eighteen complete sets of shoulder boards, collar bars, and cap devices. It's been so long since we've worn them we just can't get used to them.

To Lt. (jg) Wilhite we bequeath all our unused liberty passes together with our favorite parking places in back of Waller Hall which we were not allowed to use, and our automobiles which we have forgotten how to drive.

To 43-D we leave the Wacos, Cubs, Stinsons, Cruisers, Fairchilds, etc., which served us so long and faithfully and which are now in need of a 100 hour check.

To all the other classes we cheerfully give our crystal ball into which we looked many times in order to discover when the end was in sight.

To Mr. Ailor we bequeath our three volumes on "The Care and Reclaiming of Swamp-land."

To the good people of Bloomsburg, an umbrella.

(Please turn to page eight)

And still they come! Meaning the new "J" -birds. Only they didn't roll in with such style and pomp as the "I" group. No convertibles - just station wagons. No zoot suits - just those snappy ten topcoats. Oh, well, time changes everything. They already have quite a ruddy complexion from the healthy outdoor life of Bloomsburg.

Our old aristocrat, Edmund "You Know Me" Gravely gave out with a remark at how the other day that tops all his previous efforts. Our Ed said, in his inimitable "buddy-buddy" drawl; "He's just jealous because I have such a hold on all the college women around here." With plenty of emphasis on the "I".

This story drifts back to us. True or not, it's something to think about. Seems that the 43-I boys were doing a little drill work out on the field. One of them blacked out, keeled over on his face. "Well," roared kindly, mild-mannered Lt. Lelenne, "Don't just lie there. Do push-ups or something!" That's efficiency! Or something.

Another poem for those with intellectually warped minds:

Scintillate, scintillate, stellule
nocturnal,
Fain would I fathom thine essence
supernal;

In the superterrestrial ether halatious,
Aloft, as a crystalline gem carbonaceous.

That, gentle people, is merely a scientist's version of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

If you're still reading this, it proves that anything can happen here. They should have given us more dual before they gave us our "poetic license."

Seems that the only Navy men in town on Saturday nights now are the boys who thought No. 6 "A" coupon would be good this month-and the men on watch. About 69% can be found in Wilkes-Barre. The residents of that community are steadfastly searching the Susquehanna for a glimpse of the battlegewagon that turned loose the thundering herd of Navy blue on them. The stock answer that the boys give to the perpetual query of whence they came is (in true war-time "No secrets divulged" style): "We just got into New York after six months at sea and wanted to get away from the big city."

Suggestion Box

It took one of the new 4ZI men to be the first to find and contribute to the "Suggestion Box" in the wardroom of the Quarter Deck (The Junior High School Building). And a very helpful suggestion it was, too; one that will be acted upon no doubt, favorably.

That is the purpose of the box and men of the station are urged to avail themselves of the opportunity to make their helpful suggestions known in this manner. How about putting some of those shower room rantings, those verbal beefs, in writing?

Waiting for the Cyclops

There is an old expression around Navy Yards and Receiving Stations "Waiting for the Cyclops". When one seagoing man addresses another and says, "What ship are you waiting for?" The reply is, usually, "I am waiting for the Cyclops".

During World War number one the Cyclops was in service between a South American port and a port in the United States. She was a collier but had been carrying shipments of ore for use in war materials.

The Cyclops was never heard from after clearing for that last voyage. She is one of the few vessels that has disappeared without a trace.

It is therefore understood in Naval parlance that when a sailor is waiting for the Cyclops he either doesn't know what ship he is waiting for or is not too anxious to go to sea.

PROMOTIONS

Swain, Lester E.	Lt. (jg) to Lt. (sg)
Beach, John S.	Ensign to Lt. (jg)
Boothe, Tom W.	" " " "
Colabella, Alfred V.	" " " "
Cravely, Edmund K.	" " " "
Huff, Curtis A.	" " " "
Leineweber, W. E.	" " " "
Miller, Kenneth	" " " "
Holcott, Fred E.	" " " "

Written by a soldier of World War I

Dear Mom,
I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for democracy. I was called into class "A". Next time I want to be in Class "B" -- "be" here when they go and "be" here when they come back.

I remember when I registered. I went to a desk and the man in charge was my mailman. He barked, "What's yer name?" I said, "You know mine, what's yers?" He barked again so I told him August Childs. He said, "Are you an alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine." He asked me how old I was and I told him 23 the
(Please turn to page eight)

RAIN MIXTURE

"A NAVY WIFE SAYS"

I've just decided not to primp.
No one's around to care if I skimp
Here, there and everywhere.
I won't even bother to brush my hair.
And, I won't fix my face.
So what, if my "undies" do need new lace?
I won't do my nails and I won't shine
my shoes.
I'm really not subject to Navy "Blues"
I won't keep my clothes looking "in the
pink"
And I'll never clean the kitchen sink!
What of it, if my house is never clean?
No one will know that I'm just plain mean.
Damn it all - there goes the 'phone.
Boy what a noise it makes when you're
all alone.
Oh well, I'll answer it anyway.
It could be a bid to something gay -
"Western Union, did I hear you say,
'Jack will be home in less than a day'?"
Why I'd not even rate a kiss
If he ever found me looking like this!"
So remember, sister - one day of "repair"
Can't fix the damage that you've done there.

-- Peggy Moon - Kiwi

Streetcar conductor: Did you get home all right last night?
Wagaman: Why, yes. Why do you ask?
Conductor: Well, you got up and gave a lady your seat and you two were the only people in the car.

Lampoon

Conrad: I like lying in bed mornings and ringing the bell for my valet.
Watson: My goodness -- have you really got a valet?
Conrad: No, but I've got a bell.
Sellers: You say this woman shot her husband with this pistol, and at close range?
Gallagher: Yes, sir.
Sellers: Are there powder marks on his body?
Gallagher: Yes, sir, that's why she shot him.

Sagehen

Mrs. jg: Your husband sort of grows on a person.
Mrs. Ensign: Yes -- the little wart!
Barwick: Did that psychiatrist help your wife's mental condition?
Werner: Oh, she's better, but the psychiatrist went nuts.
The pig is a caution;
He's seldom seen washin',
His grooming, at best, is inferior.
But that doesn't faze him,
He knows we will raise him
Because of his lovely interior.

The FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR'S CURSE

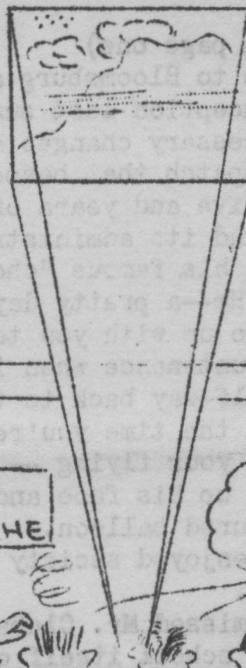
by Bill Leineuber

NOW WHAT LUCKY GIRLS ARE HERE THIS EVENING?

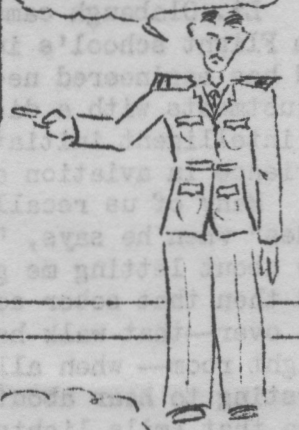


GRAVELY'S LIBERTY NIGHT MUSTER

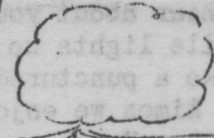
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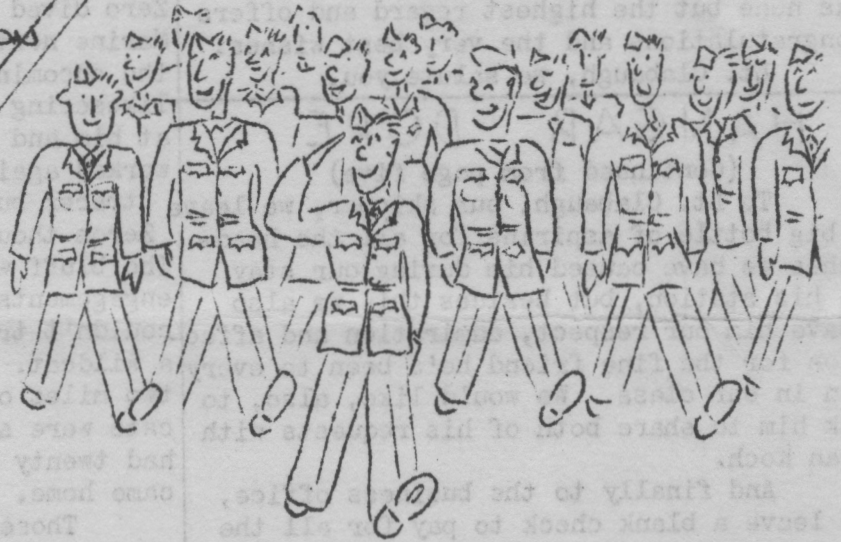
NOTICE THE PILOT'S EXPRESSION



43-D HEADACHE

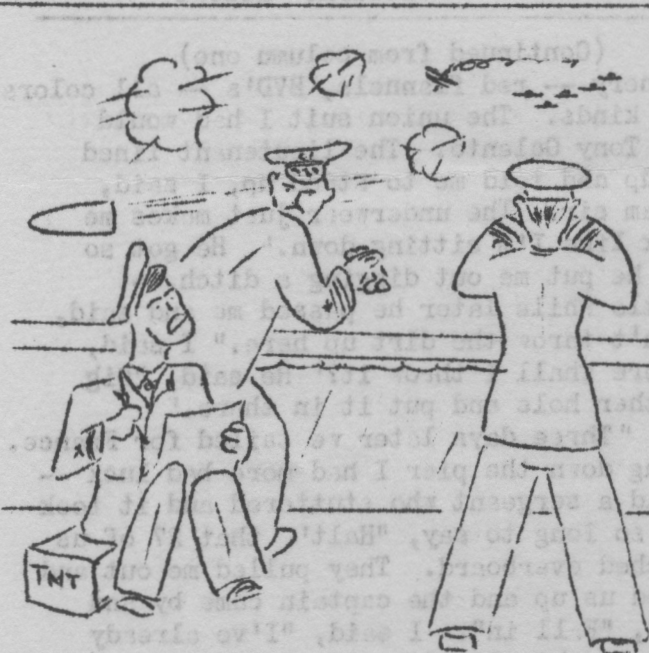


THE GOOD DOCTOR NELSON



"LAUGHING BOY" HUFF

AND HIS 43-F "GLEE CLUB"



"SIR, I THINK THE PROPER FORM IS: REINFORCEMENTS -- URGENT REQUEST FOR."



"SMALL FIELD PROCEDURE"

To Be Continued

LT. Clabaugh Joins Air Transport Command

(Continued from page one)

Lt. Clabaugh came to Bloomsburg at the Flight school's inception last summer and has engineered necessary changes and adjustments with a dispatch that bespeaks of intelligent initiative and years of experience in aviation and its administration.

Many of us recall his famous "check-rides" when he says, "Hm--a pretty day. How about letting me go up with you today?" And then that sober countenance when it's all over--that walk half-way back to the flight room-- when all the time you're bursting to hear about your flying -- before that smile lights up his face and you relax like a punctured balloon.

Or the times we enjoyed society at dances and Happy Hours.

43-C would have missed Mr. Clabaugh by fact of leaving the school itself on 26 May, but now the entire organization is going to lose a man for whom each officer has none but the highest regard and offers congratulations and the very best wishes.

Lt. Clabaugh, we salute you.

HANGAR DOPE

(Continued from page five)

To Lt. Clabaugh, our skipper, we leave a big bottle of aspirins for all the headaches we have caused him during our stay on his station, but besides this we also leave him our respect, admiration and affection for the fine friend he's been to every man in our class. We would like, also, to ask him to share both of his requests with Dean Koch.

And finally to the business office, we leave a blank check to pay for all the meals we did not eat here. Until later, happy landings, mates.

WORLD WAR I SOLDIER SAYS:

(Continued from page six)

first day of September. He said, "First of September you will be in France and that will be the last of August."

"The day I went to camp I guess they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow wrote on my card - "flying corps." I went a little farther and some fellow said, "Look what the wind's blowing in." I said, "Wind nothin'. The draft's doin' it." As soon as you're in it, you think you can fight anybody.

"They have two sizes in the army -- too small and too large. The pants are so tight I can't even sit down. The shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't move. And what a rain coat they gave me! It strained the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said: 'Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed?' I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about -- look what they gave me!"

"Oh!! it was nice -- five below zero one morning they called us out for an underwear inspection. You talk about

F-4-F's Come Thru

WILDCAT FIGHTERS WITH GUNS EMPTY

DEFEAT JAP ZEROS

Trapped en-Route Home

Pilots Bluff Enemy Without Loss

Four Marine pilots flying Grumman Wildcats have found they can fight Jap Zeros without bullets.

After using all their ammunition to destroy four Japanese dive bombers and damage three others which they found attacking an American Naval force north-west of Guadalcanal, the Wildcats still had to fight their way home with empty guns.

They had flown only about fifteen miles of their long trip back to Henderson Field when a Marine pilot spotted twelve Zeros. The Japs didn't know that the Wildcat guns were empty, but in spite of the odds of three to one in their favor the Zeros came in cautiously. As each Zero dived at an American plane, the Marine next in line pulled up and faced the oncoming Japanese. The Jap didn't like seeing a Wildcat's nose coming straight at him and he'd pull away. The bluff worked again and again because from headen tracer bullets aren't visible and the Zeros thought they were being fired on. The bluff worked, too, because in other engagements the Japs had found that they couldn't trade lead on even terms with a Wildcat. The fight continued to within two miles of Henderson Field. The Wildcats were shot up plenty -- one of them had twenty bullet holes -- but they all came home.

Those boys are members of one of the fabulous Marine outfits whose Pratt & Whitney-powered Wildcats have kept the air over Guadalcanal clear of enemy planes. On one day alone their squadron sent thirty Zeros, two destroyers, and two cargo ships to their ancestors.

Melbourne Wildcat

(Continued from column one)

scenery -- red flannels, BVD's -- all colors and kinds. The union suit I had would fit Tony Galento. The lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up, I said, "I am sir. The underwear just makes me look like I'm sitting down." He got so mad he put me out digging a ditch. A little while later he passed me and said, "Don't throw the dirt up here." I said, "Where shall I throw it?" He said, "Dig another hole and put it in there."

"Three days later we sailed for France. Going down the pier I had more bad luck -- I had a sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say, "Halt' that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled me out and lined us up and the captain came by and said, "Fall in". I said, "I've already been in, sir."

(Please turn to page ten)

CAPSULITEMS

By Allan M. Adams

100,000 This year

In case you missed it the US manufactured 50,000 planes in 1942--expects to double that in 1943. A lot of planes.

A capsule full of material on the Helicopter.

A great deal is said today about the HELICOPTER. Most of us know generalities... but here are a few facts for your memories.

The first successful Helicopter was developed by Professor Focke in Germany in 1937.

The Helicopter flying characteristics enable it to rise and descend vertically without running space...to fly forward or in reverse direction, to shy to either side or bounce about on the air, or spin like a top on its vertical axis, or to hover motionless over a definite spot. There are no stalling characteristics, since in case of motor failure the craft merely windmills to the ground.

The Helicopter fuselage is without wings. The front has the square-faced appearance of a taxicab. Aft it lifts sharply to provide clearance for the rear rotor. Two rotors (or props) are installed; one approximately 36 feet operating in the horizontal plane on top of the fuselage; one of 7 1/2 feet in a vertical plane at one side of the tail. The full lift of the Helicopter is obtained from the horizontal rotor. Power is furnished by a seven cylinder Warner radial engine by gear and shaft transmission to the two rotors.

Gross weight is 2400 pounds.

Uses are numerous, including aerial ambulances, photography work, patrol work, etc. The fact that it can operate from any ship deck large enough to accommodate its bulk makes it a real factor in this war.

The Helicopter, incidentally, can stop in 50 feet from 80 miles per hour. That's better than you can do in your automobile.

(Continued from page one.)

Members will receive diplomas in the school auditorium in the presence of the executive staff including Lt. J. J. Boyd, executive officer, Lt. Wilhite, Lt. Lelanne, and Ensign Roth, also of the executive office.

The graduation exercise will commence at 0930, Tuesday 25 May. After graduation the men leave for advanced training in New Orleans.

Names familiar about the school and airport include Lt. (jg) Gene D. Strickler, formerly executive officer and present company commander; Lt. (jg) Samuel P. Conrad, Wing Leader "B"; Lt. (jg) W. Jack Roney, Wing Leader "A"; Ensign Edward Sellers, Platoon Leader; Lt. (jg) Daniel K. Watson; Lt. (jg) Robert L. Wagaman; Ensign Joseph Durnin; Ensign William D. Barwick; Ensign John J. Gallagher; Ensign Roland F. Anderson; Ensign James R. Berner; Ensign Robert W. Shreve; Ensign Robert H. Holben; Ensign Luther E. Glasgow; Ensign Samuel H. Hirshberg; Ensign Charles Weyhenmeyer; and Ensign James McCormick.

f Eas. Ed. Roc Ker

Static Electricity.

Every night my roommate Pfaff shuffles across the room, touches the bunk and exclaims profusely at the resulting spark. Which brings to mind that surprising as it may seem, the human body can generate a stored charge of static electricity as high as 10,000 volts by walking across a woolen rug on a dry, cold day. By actual experiment, a charge of this type has been released with such intensity that a cigarette lighter has been ignited. Just imagine, some of you super-charged gentlemen, what might happen if you shuffled across a hangar floor and touched the neck of a tank full of high octane gas---which, incidentally, has occurred around airports with disastrous results.

Wright Bros. first motor.

The Wright Bros. first motor was a small water-cooled job of about 12 hp. and weighed 144 lbs., a weight-horse power ratio of 12 to 1.

The common Metal Radio Tube

Sometimes we take the little things for granted. Typical is the metal radio tube which has the following structural parts: metal envelope---spacer shield---insulating spacer---mount support---control grid---coated cathode---screen---heater er suppressor---plate---batalum getter---conical stem shield---header---glass seal---header insert---glass-button stem seal---cylindrical base shield---header skirt---lead wire---crimped lock---octal base---exhaust tube---base pin---exhaust tip---aligning key---solder---aligning plug. Now if we knew what each of the foregoing was, we'd have something!

The Chinese

Maintaining their usual manner of doing things thoroughly, the Chinese Army rate their soldiers comparatively in rank to ours as: Our private is their 2nd Class Soldier---Our private 1st Class is their 1st Class Soldier---our Corporal has the comparative Chinese rank of "Superior Soldier." The Chinese word "Gugn Ho" is their version of our "V" for Victory. It means "Work Together."

Prisoners' Pay

With 175,000 and some odd prisoners down in North Africa, Uncle Sam has inherited at least a share of the burden of salaries which must be paid to these men. They'll receive payments ranging from 10¢ a day for enlisted men to \$40.00 monthly for officers from the rank of major to field marshall. This exclusive of food and shelter. Incidentally, captured officers do not have to work unless they desire to do so. The U. S. hopes that U.S. prisoners of war are getting the same treatment.

Who started this flying anyway? OK--So you want the whole story.

While authorities seem to confirm the opinion that Orville and Wilbur Wright of Dayton, Ohio, solved the problem of aviation, the facts show that the idea of aerial locomotion goes back to the myths of Daedalus and Icarus---which portray the attempts of men to soar above the earth. A wooden pigeon which sustained itself in the air for a few minutes is recorded as having been invented by Archytas of Tarentum, 400 years B.C. Simon Magus was killed in Rome during the reign of Nero by attempting to fly from one house to another.

Friar Roger Bacon (1214-1294) constructed a machine using two hollow copper globes with the air exhausted, which could rise into the air supporting a man. (This sounds like it might be the first Real McCoy). In the 13th Century Emerus, a Monk, flew more than a furlong from the top of a tower in Spain. Giovanna Battista Bante, a mathematician of Perugia, at the close of the 15th century attached artificial wings to his body and made several flights above Lake Trasimene, but discarded the idea after an accident. In the 17th century Besnier, a locksmith of Sable, France, made flights from elevated positions, which enabled him to soar over houses and rivers of considerable breadth.

Group 43-I objects to Leineweber:

They demand a retraction of certain unpleasant aspersions cast on the composite 43-I character by this illustrious columnist.

"convertible cars---facsimile Ensign uniforms---drooling cigarettes---Fifth District Sailors." Indeed!

We will have the readers of S&L know that: 43-I arrived on a rainy Sunday afternoon, not a "cloudless azure blue afternoon," as stated by Leineweber. 43-I group has one convertible (a uste was) in it's possession and that owner doesn't smoke, let alone "drool" cigarettes, as stated by Leineweber. 43I regrets the obvious confusion created between upper classmen and 43I when Leineweber writes about "reasonably facsimile Ensign's uniforms."

(Continued from page two)

the mortgage? Not a thing, you on'ry cuss. I even have to do the worrying about the mortgage on your tough ungrateful hide.

"About the only time I am your better is on election day, for I can vote and you can't. And after election I realize that I was fully as big a jackass as your papa. Verily, I am prone to wonder if politics were made for a jackass, or to make jackasses out of men.

"And that ain't all, Bill. When you die, that is supposed to be the end of you. But me? The preacher tells me that when I die I may go to hell forever. Tell me, William, considering these things, how can you look so dumb and solemn?"

(From page three)

seniorita but then sadly sat secluded in a cell when subdued by some sanguinary soul sadly short in sonorous sanction.

Rusello and Porto gagged---and gagged the audience. Keep your eyes on these two.

High spot of the show was Ensign (Bert Lahr) Holben, the man who plays saxophone, doubles in brass, mellows the audience with a characteristic monologue (with pantomime), "and wears a size 37 suit".

But of all the acts perhaps the most riotous was the buxom chorus of Bloomsburg NEIT beauties, song and dance girls" whose terpsichorean art is not to be touched-----.

That was the show. And a good one it was. With a little dancing to top it off the fourth Happy Hour left a high record to be the goal of future efforts.

(From page eight)

I was on the boat 12 days---seesick for 12 days. Nothings going down---everything coming up! Talk about dumb people. I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor." He replied, "I knew they'd lose it. It's been hanging over the side ever since we left New York!"

Well, we landed in France---we were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pass. I was shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree and there weren't even enough trees for the officers. The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock we go over the top." I said "Captain, I'd like to have a talk with you." He said, "Well, What is it." I said, "Captain, I'd like to have a furlough." He said, "Haven't you any red blood in you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to see it." Five O'clock we went over the top. Ain't War Hell?????