

# STRAIGHT AND LEVEL

BLOOMSBURG,  
VA.



Volume II . . . . December 28, 1943 . . . . No. 1

NEW SKIPPER, LT. STEELY,

REPORTS ABOARD BLOOMSBURG

NAVY C A A - W T S

.....B. S. Hefkin.....

Date: 12/21/43

Time: 1500

Place: Office of the officer-in-charge

Knock-Knock, "Come in."

"Cadet Hefkin, Sir." - and thus began an interesting conversation with our new officer-in-charge, Lt. Glenn F. Steely, a congenial southern gentleman from Alabama. He was seated behind the former skipper's desk, resuming the duties of Lt. Michaelis.

Lt. Steely was born in 1906 in Alabama and was one of two children. He is a graduate of high school and attended Georgia Tech for three years when illness halted his further study. A major in electrical engineering, he has spent fourteen years in Philadelphia with the Sun Oil Company, where he held the position of Assistant to the Coordinator of Sales. Lt. Steely has hopes of returning to the Company when the war is over. Until then, we here at Bloomsburg will try to make his work most interesting.

Lt. Steely reported for active duty in the Navy October 1942; since then he has taken a two month's course in indoctrination at Quonset Point, R. I. He was with the AvCads three and a half months at Moravian, in Allentown, Pa. From there he was transferred to NACSB, Philadelphia. He comes to us directly from that office.

Married for nine years, Lt. Steely has no children. He is at present looking for a home for his wife. She is expected to arrive after the first of the year.

A lover of football, although he never played the game at college, he is an ardent fan of his Alma Mater - Georgia Tech. He also mentions that a good game of Bridge provides a very enjoyable evening at home.

We, the Navy Cadets, feel sure that we will enjoy having Lt. Steely as "Skipper of the Ship" that will guide us on to our last days at Bloomsburg.

*Welcome  
to Bloomsburg  
Lt. Steely*

OFFICERS PLAN

NEW YEAR'S EVE

DINNER-DANCE FOR

V-5 CADETS

...E. A. Rost, Jr...

The end of the week finds us on the threshold of a new year, and for many of us, the first new year in the Navy. Since New Year's Day is just another work day in the Navy, no liberty can be granted to the hands on New Year's Eve. However, Lt. Boyd and Lt. (jg) Prendergast have planned a dinner-dance for the occasion. The entire cadet company and their "one and only's" have been invited.

Quarters in the girl's dorms have been secured from the college for the guests. This will enable the cadets to see them "home" without having to go ashore - and this will also help cut down on the expenses.

The schedule for the evening will begin with dinner in the college dining hall. The dinner program will consist of music and other entertainment, and, believe it or not, no speeches.

Following dinner, the outstanding event of the evening, a formal dance, will be held in the Navy Hall Auditorium. Music will be furnished by the Melody Syncopators. The last engagement of this ten-piece orchestra was at Cape Cod.

Intermission will be from 2230 to 2300. Refreshments will be served in the Ward Room of Navy Hall.

The New Year will be given a warm welcome by the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the noise of many novelties which will be on hand for the occasion.

Taps have been extended until 0045 for this special event, so the cadets can see '43 get its final check and help get '44 started on a "straight and level" course.

With the cooperation of each cadet, the New Year's Party is expected to be a great success. And if so, similar parties may be held in the future.

CADETS - GET THOSE DATES NOW!!

As Lt. Boyd says, "The beautiful girls don't stand at the end of the line!"



Volume 2 . . . Dec. 28, 1943 . . No. 1

Editor . . . . . Ronald S. Jones  
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 Dilbert's Best . . . . . J. R. McKinney  
   A.D.V.I.S.O.R.S....  
 Lt. G. P. Steely . . Officer-in-Charge  
 Lt. J. J. Boyd . . . Executive Officer  
 Lt. (jg) W. J. Prendergast-Flt. Officer  
 Lt. J. F. McGovern . Athletic Director

This is the first issue of "Straight and Level" entirely under the management of the V-5 cadets. We sincerely hope this issue meets with your approval and that "Straight and Level" will be a continued addition to the activities here at Bloomsburg.....Ed. note.

Our thanks to Rooney, Wallace, Fitchko, and all others who made this issue possible.....Ed.

**\*\*\*\* A WORD ON FLIGHT \*\*\*\***

--Lt. (jg) W. J. Prendergast

Good flight conduct is one of the basic requirements to be sought by any student who expects to become a Naval Aviator. By flight conduct we mean the attitude of a student while flying. He must be alert at all times, and thoroughly conscious of all traffic rules and regulations. He must know, and know definitely, where each plane is in his immediate vicinity, so that at no time will planes come dangerously close together.

Students are given stringent regulations to which they must adhere throughout their training. Their purpose is to aid the student and help him along in the quickest manner possible; not to hinder his progress. Failure to abide in these rules oftentimes brings unhappy results.

A good flyer and a good pilot follow these rules without hesitation or thought. He follows the rules instinctively because he has learned them so well in his student days.

"Hot Pilots" and "Flat-hatters" usually come to grief in some form or other due to their endeavors and failure to follow the commonsense rules laid down by more experienced men.

A good idea to keep in one's mind when the urge comes to break rules is: "Try to be the oldest pilot in the air; not the hottest."

:::.....:::

Some of the cadets are wondering what became of "WACO" -- remember that stew we had last week? Good, wasn't it?

Well, here I am, in a few months I have graduated from cadet (jg) to mate of the deck Waller Hall. You know, a cadet in the Navy is a "boot" with Hair.

It has been wisely said, "A cadet is the only man that can walk up to a Marine - look him squarely in the eye, and say, "What Kept you bud?"

It's nice in the mornings. The mate of the deck - that's a Sing Sing guard that has been discharged for cruelty - stamps and gently screams, "Hit the deck, you guys!" Then we gain consciousness, dress, wash, brush our teeth, shave, and generally stagger about. Then we go to "Chow." By that time it's light enough to see why the meals are called "chow." I think it refers only to the meat. They call it chow, but it tastes like Poodle or Great Dane.

They give us time at night, and after 2129 you can do absolutely anything you want to - but the lights go out at 2130.

Out on the drill field you always stand at attention. Attention-----that's a suspended rigor mortis. The only way you can get out of drill is to go to sick bay. That's where you report when you're ill; then have to die to prove it.

Every CAA school has a JOOD, that's a stool pigeon with a gun. When he puts you on report you get either demerits or a change in title to a/c John Doe, D. D. (dishonorable discharge). That means you cannot hold a public office for the rest of your life. It's awful-----just like being a Republican.

I'm just kidding, fellows. It's really wonderful here, the weather is always perfect for flying. (I'll continue to write as soon as I get back from town, I have a date with a blond, we're going out for a few short ones) I think of you quite often. How I wish I was back in Mike's Jewelry Shop -- sweeping the dirt out of the cuckoo clocks, as I did before I started to fly.

Your closest friend,

*Waco*

THOSE WHO FAIL --

Through my office in Philadelphia there passes many a washout, and the mails from Pensacola and Corpus Christi bring in reports of cadets who fail in the air because of bad flying habits. Examination of record jackets reveal that a good many of the cases are directly traceable to instances of "kicking over the traces" early in the training program. Naturally, I'm not trying to say that every washout is a potential discipline problem. There are exceptions, men who fail to make the grade through no conscious faults of their own. However, a large percentage of down-checks could have been avoided if those involved had practiced the golden rules early in the game.





CARTOONS A-LA JERK  
BY  
HERMAN M'NATT

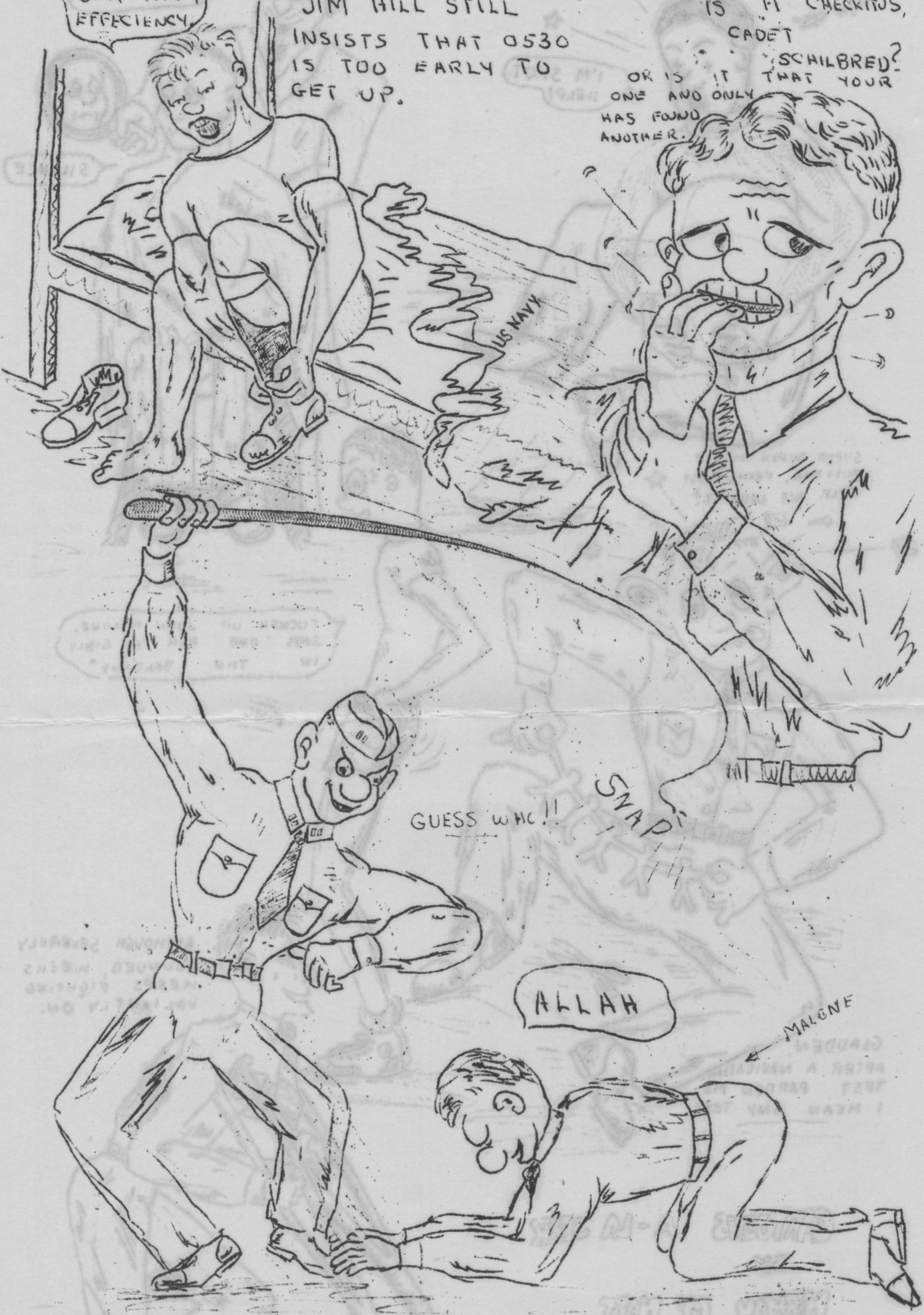




DAM NAUVE EFFECIENCY

JIM HILL STILL INSISTS THAT 0530 IS TOO EARLY TO GET UP.

IS IT CHECKITUS, CADET SCHILBRED? OR IS IT THAT YOUR ONE AND ONLY HAS FOUND ANOTHER.



GUESS WHO!!

SNAP!

ALLAH

MALONE



# SPORTS



AT  
 (10) WTS. BLOOMSBURG

By  
**FRANK KEARNY**

Along with the news that Lt. James Lalanne was being transferred to Iowa Pre-Flight School came the question, "Who will be our new athletic officer?" This question was answered when Lt. James F. McGovern came aboard directly from the Pre-Flight School at Athens, Georgia.

Lt. McGovern is a graduate of Muhlenburg College, Class of 1919. At Muhlenburg he played three years of varsity football and baseball and participated in varsity track for three years. In the first World War, Lt. McGovern served in the U. S. Army for a year and a half after which he began his long coaching career. His first stop was at Englewood, N. J. High School, where he served for two years as Director of Physical Education and coach of football and baseball. Following this was a two year stay at Summit, N. J. Academy as athletic director and football and baseball coach. Lt. McGovern ended his high school coaching career at Roselle Park, N. J., and then began his college coaching career. For seven years he was Physical Education instructor as well as football and basketball coach at West Chester State Teachers College. While at West Chester his football teams won 42 games and lost but 8, going undefeated in 1927. Leaving West Chester the other Teachers Colleges couldn't forget his records there, and it was not long before he was signed as Director of Physical Education and Athletics at Kutztown where his 1935 basketball team won the mythical State Teachers College basketball championship.

Then came World War II, and Mr. McGovern was commissioned a lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve, January 29, 1943, and was assigned to Pre-Flight Schools. He took his indoctrination course at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and following completion of this course was assigned to Pre-Flight School, Athens, Georgia. From there he came to Bloomsburg.

To Lt. McGovern we wish to extend a belated but hearty welcome and wish him all the success during his stay here.

## BASKETBALL RESULTS--

Helldivers . . . 33	Mustangs . . . . 26
Vindicators . . 27	Buccaneers . . . 24
Coronados . . . 24	Hellcats . . . . 40
Wacos . . . . . 13	Mariners . . . . 32
Mustangs . . . . 28	Hellcats . . . . 37
Helldivers . . . 9	Wacos . . . . . 21
Mustangs . . . . 48	Helldivers . . . 31
Vindicators . . 10	Buccaneers . . . 22
Mariners . . . . 38	
Coronados . . . 21	

## LEAGUE STANDINGS:

Team	Won	Lost	Aver.
Mustangs . . . . .	3	0	1.000
Hellcats . . . . .	2	0	1.000
Helldivers . . . . .	2	1	.667
Coronados . . . . .	1	1	.500
Mariners . . . . .	1	1	.500
Buccaneers . . . . .	1	2	.333
Wacos . . . . .	0	2	.000
Vindicators . . . . .	0	3	.000

As evidenced by the standings, the teams seem to be evenly matched. The Mustangs have developed a fast-breaking offense and are the team to beat. The poor showing of the Wacos may be traced to their inability to practice, whereas the Vindicators have not been at full strength at any time.

The Buccaneers gained their first league victory when the Vindicators were forced to use an ineligible player in order to place a full team on the court.



# THE IMMORTAL WACO'S

WITH A BRAND OF BASKETBALL ALL THEY'RE  
OWN, THEY MARCH ON AMID OVERWHELMING ODDS.

-REPRODUCTIONS BY HAM  
ALIAS  
HERMAN MCNATT

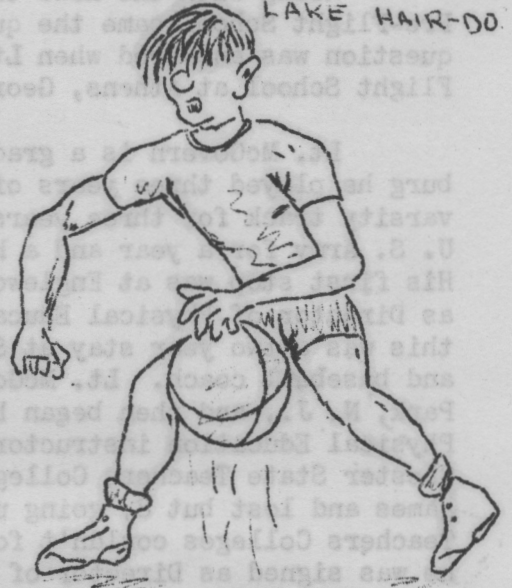


PUFF-PUFF

IN THIS  
CORNER WE  
HAVE CHUBBY  
ERDMAN. GAME  
TO THE LAST  
OUNCE. (OF BREATH)

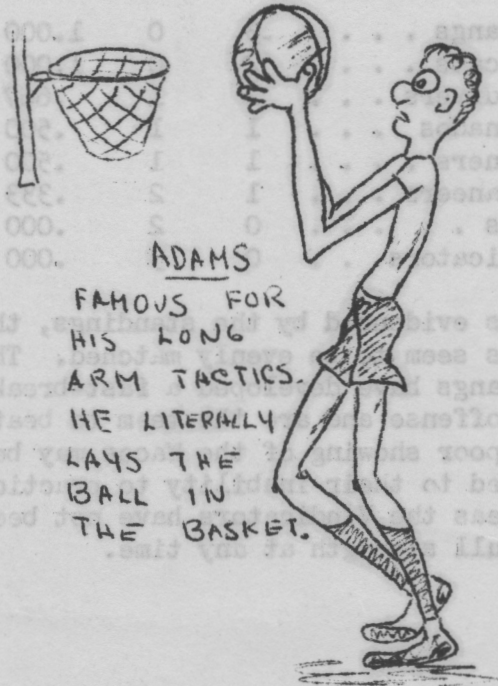


PRETTY BOY  
WEYENMEYER  
DOES HE COME  
TO PLAY BASKET-  
BALL OR SHOW  
HIS WONDERFUL  
SHARE?

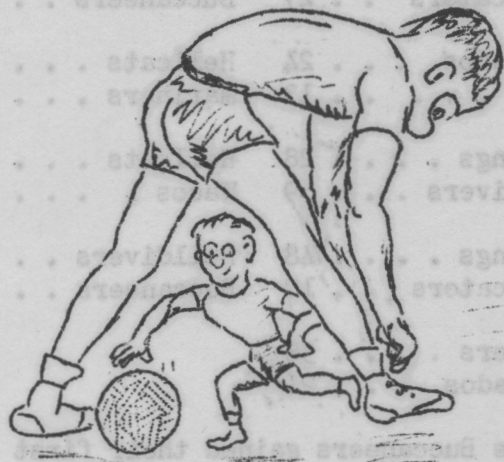


VERONICA  
LAKE HAIR-DO.

ACE METZONG  
WE STILL WONDER  
HOW HE KNOWS WHERE  
HE'S GOING, OR DOES  
HE?

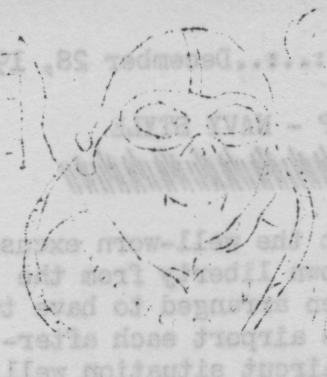


ADAMS  
FAMOUS FOR  
HIS LONG  
ARM TACTICS.  
HE LITERALLY  
LAYS THE  
BALL IN  
THE BASKET.



FRALEY THE SUPER MITE.  
THE NEW SECRET WEAPON  
DEVELOPED BY THE WACO'S  
TURNED OUT TO FRALEY.

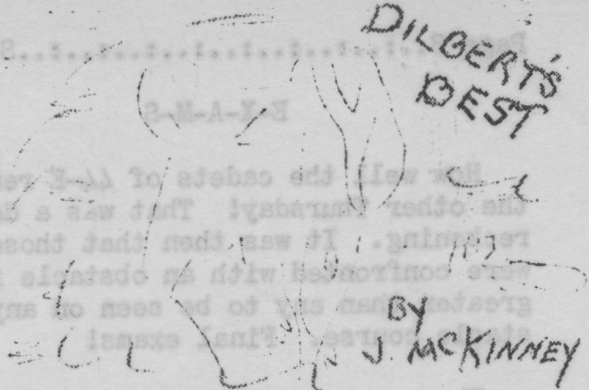




*Gosparty*

*Chatter*

BY  
*AT KANE*



*DILBERT'S BEST*

BY  
*J. MCKINNEY*

"Two beers."  
"No! two cokes."  
"Two beers."  
"No! two cokes."

This between Malone, Stone and the Bar-tender. What Malone did not know was that Lt. Boyd stood not far away. He soon found out, and we all know the rest.

When will Gluche's name be pronounced right? Utterances have ranged from Glug to Gulch.

Jones better be careful. That wacky combination of Devers and Coleman, 44-F, were playing under the Christmas tree with his de-icer, Jeanne Keller, Sunday afternoon. Just hope she doesn't get like those two.

McNatt is dating a girl 15 and she has swallowed the story that he is 19.

Cadet Thompson is a pretty big boy for a bouncing baby, but did you see his landing the other Friday? Corrections have been made now, and he feels much better.

Judging from the number of Christmas packages H. W. James received in the mail, he must belong to 4 or 5 different churches. Well, nobody can accuse him of being an Atheist.

The boys on the second deck of North Hall are still talking about "Lefty" Brunn 44-E getting up at 2350 a few Saturdays ago. Kiddled along by Bower, H. L. Jones, and James, he was dressed and on his way to wash before they put him wise. He doesn't retire early anymore.

The boys feel much better since "Big George" Veling has retired as mate of the deck. His father is champion Hog Caller in Brooklyn. Brooklyn, you know ....New York is one of its suburbs; ask George.

Lt. Prendergast didn't have the right Christmas spirit the other morning when he awoke to the tune of "Joy to The World." The quartet, Reitz, Hefkin, Hill, and Moles have just learned of the Christmas liberty.

Malone is sure one guy that doesn't waste time. Ask him about a certain telephone operator. They were seen "dragging the area" around Science Hall one fine Sunday night.

.....(Continued - p. 8).....

--- DILBERT'S BEST ---

What's more terrifying than to see a Waco bearing down on you from dead ahead? But who should I meet last week but, "Wrong Way Corrigan" Stone flying a west course pattern when the yellow flag was up.

Chocks are rather queer contrivances says Cadet Morrison. Maybe the Gremlins shove them in your way, however the consequences are you see the unlucky Cadet carrying black boards proclaiming his folly.

Gentlemen, look at that Cadet taxi. He certainly can handle a plane on the ground. Why he's traveling twice as fast as most of can taxi. Then comes the sound of tearing fabric and cracking wing-bows. Who is the Cadet that possesses that forlorn countenance? Why it's Marchakitus.

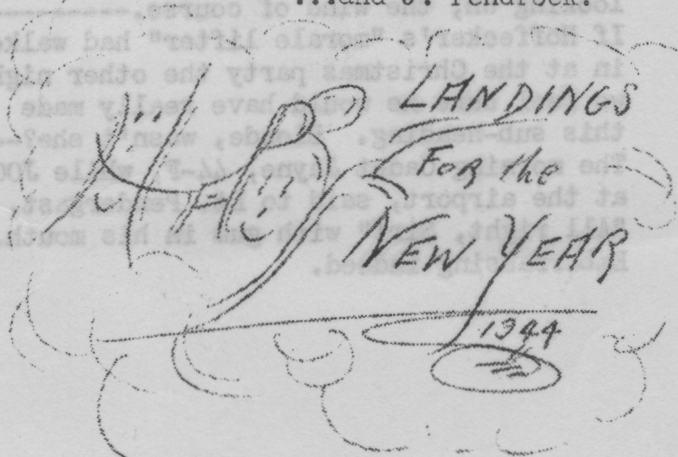
Yes Lewis, you'll soon learn to refrain from starting your flirtation with Janet by asking, "Who's the screwball with the light?"

Joe Miller, (super ace of 44-E) has inagurated some new low work, mainly stampeding cattle and dive bombing farm houses. Careful Joe, it may become so low that it's six feet under.

The apron in front of operations office has become so large, that it is now being divided into streets. The first which has been named Shaw Avenue is a strip two feet wide and twenty feet long which is patrolled daily by Cadet Shaw and his trusty rifle.

Congratulations are in order for these fortunate cadets who have finished stage "B" and passed their C.A.A. - check with flying colors. These happy cadets are:

- ...J. Rooney,
- ....J. J. Ryan,
- ...and J. Fendrock.





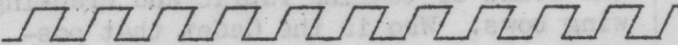
E-X-A-M-S

How well the cadets of 44-E remember the other Thursday! That was a day of reckoning. It was then that those cadets were confronted with an obstacle far greater than any to be seen on any obstacle course. Final exams!

These exams were given by the CAA under the supervision of Mr. Bagon during the regular class periods. They took exams in Aerology, Engines, and Civil Air Regulations. Then in the evening of that same day, there was a final exam given in Navigation, and the following day they racked their brain for a Code exam.

Some of the exams seemed to be a stumbling stone for a few of the cadets, especially Aerology. For these cadets there will be another day of brain sweat and frustration as they dig into re-exams on the subjects they failed.

For those fortunate cadets, who managed a passing grade for each subject, it means another obstacle overcome in their progress toward those Navy wings of gold, the goal of every Naval Aviation Cadet.



GOSPORT CHATTER - (Continued from page 7)

Bevan insists that if T. Chirico, 44-F, doesn't pull his ears behind the windshield, he'll do a ground loop as sure as Lt. Boyd will have you marching before you leave this base.

P. Gladden, 44-E, is more careful when turning the water off in his head since the swimming meet in his room the other morning. If Waller Hall is anything like North Hall, perhaps he was thinking of ice skating.

THINGS SOME CADETS HAVE IN COMMON: --

Lewis, ee-F, and Hill, 44-E, their early attendance at all musters (?) -----  
Marchakitus and Huffman, 44-F, eradication of wing tips -----  
Miller, Willner and H. L. Jones, nurses at the local hospital. (Jones claims his is a technician).

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS: --

The afternoon R. S. Jones bounced his Waco in with his Mother and OAO (One and Only) looking on; the wind of course.-----  
If Hoffecker's "morale lifter" had walked in at the Christmas party the other night, we feel sure he would have really made this sub-heading. Blonde, wasn't she?-----  
The morning Cadet Jayne, 44-F, while JOOD at the airport, said to Lt. Pendergast, "All right, Sir!" with gum in his mouth. Embarrassing indeed.

BARBER SHOP - NAVY STYLE



In order to stop the well-worn excuse of "Haircut" for town liberty from the airport, it has been arranged to have two barbers come to the airport each afternoon to keep the haircut situation well in hand. The shop is located in the south corner of the ready room and consists of two stools and two barbers. It is not what one would call a modern, streamlined shop, but we do get our hair cut just the same - and fast. The schedule as set up now calls for a platoon to be completely trimmed (and in more ways than one) in about two hours. This leaves seven minutes per man, and they keep on schedule at any cost.

When Lieutenant Boyd informed us of the new system, he said these were first class barbers, 'tis true, but he didn't tell us how they would be influenced as they progressed through (and we mean through) the foliage on some cadets. The result is, in some cases, it looks as though the head had been held too close to a prop while the mags were being checked out on the line. We could mention some such specific cases, but space for such is limited.

Please don't misunderstand us, these are not "G.I." hair cuts, but there must be a name for them. Although this is a very handy system and is quite an aid to those cadets who need a haircut before the two weeks are up, it saves them a precious portion of their pay with which to buy defense stamps and stuff and we do appreciate all that is being done for us.



JOKE DEPARTMENT

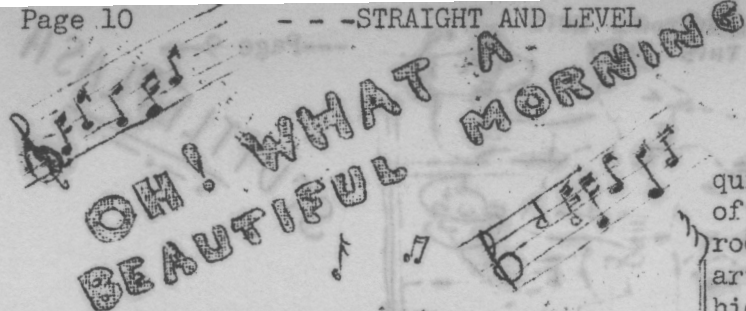
Cadet Devers, 44-F, was JOOD at the airport one Monday and did a good job, too. In the middle of the afternoon the phone rang, Devers answered. As he returned the receiver to the hook, a deep frown appeared on his face. Slowly and hesitatingly, he proceeded to the cigarette machine. Taking money from his pocket, he gave it a fond look, and slowly dropped it into the machine; then he said with a hurt look, "Boy, oh boy, Lt. Boyd doesn't care how he spends my money."











(Continued from column 1)

0730--The detail of semi-awakened cadets; who have groped their way through two miles of darkness, suddenly stop walking on each others feet and march in perfect rhythm as the lights of operations fall upon them. The morning flight wing has reached the airport!!

Everyone stands at attention while muster is taken, and then react the "Charge of the Light Brigade" getting into the gear room. Here, the gear is received in a most orderly manner.."Hey! I saw that flying suit first!"..."Come on! Come on!...Who's the wise guy with two left feet!"...."Say, look! The zipper works on this one - Now if I can only find the mate!" ... and in this manner the day is usually started.

Those unfortunates who have first flight scurry back and forth donning the gear they have salvaged from the rush while about 92% of the others.....How many....Well almost, anyway, pick out a good soft chair, open flight manuals, and study most diligently or write up the previous day's flights. It's surprising how anxious the boys are to keep their log books shipshape....Remember when they were called in?!!

At about this time the first flight begins to come in, the ready room becomes deserted as the boys go out to watch the acrobatics that their flying mates put on for them.

The cadets of the first flight jaunt in as Aces back from battle and begin to relate to their small audience the thrilling experiences of their flight; strafing tanks at Berwick - wakening the farmer's daughter by - ah -- spinning, and so it goes.

The boys undress being careful not to leave a toe in the boot or a finger in the glove while the second flight prepares to go up and fight, not Zeros or ME 109's, but carburetor ice, frost-bitten nose, frozen fingers and the like.

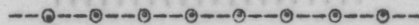
A little group of cadets sit in a corner listening to another one tell his tale of woe - a down check - a few more hours and we'll try again...Don't ask how we know? A few feet away sits another cadet, gnawing on his fingernails, trying not to hear the sad tale, but straining his ears anyway--he's up next for his check.

And so it goes throughout the flight period. Cadets and instructors come and go, some eating sandwiches and drinking coffee which they have purchased from friendly Tom Phillips who by this time has appeared with his generous supply of food-- He's a blessing and a God-send, to say the least..

(Concluded, next column)

This passes quickly....All too quickly in fact...till the familiar call of "Fall in!" resounds throughout the room. Magazines and choice reading articles are stowed away in special hiding places until the following day and the O.O.D. is left alone in what had been an orderly room six hours ago.

THE UNIFORM WE WEAR--



To be proud of something is to live for it and make it a milestone on the road to success.

Gentlemen, the uniform we wear is the uniform of the naval aviation cadet. A history of the Naval Air Corps is indeed not necessary at this time, it is familiar to all of us, I'm sure. The men who made it and the men who are keeping its glorious traditions are all bound together for one purpose; the love of life and liberty. Something else also binds them together, the uniform they wear, the one we wear. Wear it with a proudness because it stands for all the things we believe in. Keep it neat and clean; govern your actions by what it represents.

We have been told, "You salute the uniform not the man." Remember--it is the man who makes that uniform worthy of a salute. True, our uniform carries no gold braid, but soon it will. Ask yourselves, "Is my appearance and conduct in keeping with the things that go into making of an officer and a gentleman? Am I making myself and uniform worthy of a salute?"

Be proud of your uniform and I assure you your country will be proud of you.

-- R. S. Jones

