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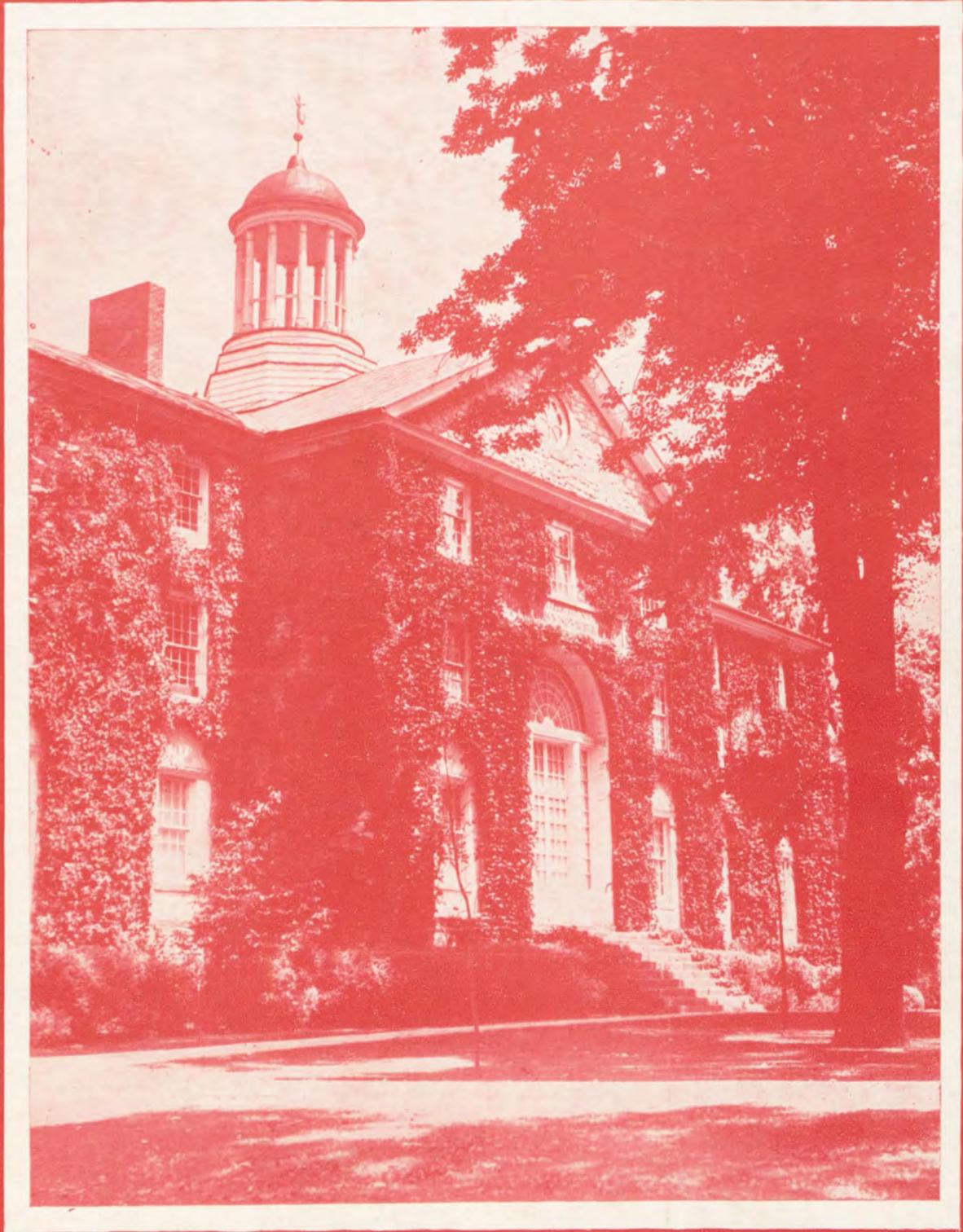
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FLIGHT LOG





32nd COLLEG

Volume 1, No. 1

E TRAINING DETACHMENT

SIXTH QUINTILE
U. S. Army Air Forces
Corps of Aviation Students
Dickinson College
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

HARMAN PRESS
HARRISBURG, PA.

April - August 1943



Major John D. Hartigan

A Message

In wishing Quintile No. 6, 32nd College Training Detachment (Aircrew), Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., Godspeed, may I extend to you the appreciation of my Staff and myself, for the excellent and cooperative work which you have done.

You were one of the first Quintiles to come to this College, and you have seen it grow from a College Detachment to an Army Post, with a very distinct sense of military courtesy and obligation. This work could not have been done without you. In founding this Quintile Book, you are again leading in the pioneer work of the College Training Division.

Remember, that the Air Corps can measure its beginning during the life of men who are today serving as Commanding Generals, and that we have a real tradition, already established.

Do keep this in mind in leaving, that no matter where you are you carry with you the respect and affections of these Headquarters.

About Our C. O.

Major John D. Hartigan, Commanding Officer of the 32nd C.T.D., was born in Nebraska in 1890. He attended high school in California, and in 1911 he was graduated from the University of California. Between 1911 and 1917 he held several positions with financial firms. His career was temporarily halted by the outbreak of the World War. Joining the armed forces as a military observer, he rose rapidly in command, and finished the war as an Operations Officer for the First Army Air Service. From the year 1917 to 1942, he served on many international committees, the American Relief Administration, the League of Nations Commission, and as European Commissioner for the Worlds Fair of 1939. The Second World War again found him in the armed services as Liaison Officer for Lend-Lease, and his latest post, commandant of the 32nd C.T.D.

S T A F F O F F I C E R S



Lt. Anderson is another one of the staff of the 32nd C.T.D. who has a pre-war athletic background. He was a varsity tackle for Temple University from which he received a Degree in Health and Phys. Ed. in 1933. From 1933 to 1942 he was football coach at several high schools. August 24, 1942 he received his commission in the United States Army Air Corps. Before coming to Dickinson he was stationed at the Jackson Army Air Base, Jackson, Mississippi.

A popular figure about the campus is Lt. Campbell, the Medical Officer of the 32nd C.T.D. He was born in Michigan in 1910, but moved to Nebraska at an early age. Here he received his early education, graduating from Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska. He received his medical degree from the College of the Medical Evangelist, Los Angeles in 1935. Dr. Campbell became Lt. Campbell of the Army Medical Corps in 1942. He has been at Dickinson since May.



Lt. Melvin E. Lapman, the latest addition to the staff of the 32nd C.T.D., is an old army man, having entered in February 1941. He is a graduate of the University of Texas. His hobby is tennis, and the lieutenant is one of the country's ranking players. To prepare Aviation Students for the rigorous trials ahead is the main purpose of his stay here.

TURNER



We are a diversified group. Our homes are in every section of the United States—the plains of the midwest, the skyscrapers of New York, the sun-warmed fields and cities of the South, the hills and woods of New England, the mountains and fertile valleys of the Pacific coast—all these places we call "home." Yet a crisis, a world conflict, has brought us together united for one purpose. That purpose is the destruction of the enemy and the reconstruction of the world.

When we left the railroad stations of New York, Chicago or some other large city, it was to go to Basic Training. For us it meant Keesler Field, Biloxi, Mississippi. We traveled a weary two days to get there.

Basic training was one of our big jumps. As veterans of four weeks of more or less haphazard tutoring, we felt like veriest of great warriors. We were set for the rigors of pre-flight training.

Our train deposited us neatly at Carlisle Station. Well, we said, "Here we are!" And for four months we've stayed here.

As we trudged up to the campus, various doubts arose in our minds. How would the mess be? We had suffered for weeks in "Tent City Mess" at Keesler. Would they pile on both academics and physical training? How would the quarters be? As underclassmen, would we be subjected to the merciless wrath of the upperclassmen? It is hard to remember all that flashed through our minds as up West street we came.

The answer came slowly at first and then with a rush. The mess was grand. The quarters weren't inches deep in sand as they seemed at Basic. At first, we were all together at the then-being-renovated Old East College.

For a week they left us pretty much to ourselves.

We revelled in the unaccustomed luxury of hot showers, time to spare, being "dressed up" all the time, looking, for the first time, like soldiers instead of prison convicts in fatigues.

We were soon separated into squadrons, and the routine of classes and drill and calisthenics began. We had classes from 0800 till 1200 and from 1340 till 1430. Our afternoons were occupied by drill twice a week and physical training the other three. We thought we knew how to drill, but we learned that we were still green—for hours all we did was march, march, march—everywhere, to classes, drill, mess, and study halls. But it did us good. Now we march with a sure step, a straight back, and a confidence born of much practice.

Calisthenics was nothing new to us. We had had one or two hours a day before we came here. But, on top of five hours of classes, two hours of study, drilling, shoe shining, daily room inspection, et cetera, ad infinitum, all that left us wearied and ready to sleep. Our groaning bodies were the better for it, and it wasn't long before arm waving and stomach stretching didn't bother us nearly as much as before.

Once a week, we were trotted through the Pennsylvania countryside on a road run. The tales of goldbricking with regard to cross country are too numerous to recount. Suffice it to say that no one went on such a jaunt if he could possibly avoid doing so.

Also in the physical vein was the P.F.R.—physical fitness rating. The P.F.R. is the G.I. way of classifying your brawn and muscle. By some magic formula, the Army takes the number of set-ups and chin-ups one can do together with the speed with which one runs the 300 yard shuttle race and obtains a number, one's P.F.R.

But not everything was blood, sweat, and tears.

There was open post — ah, open post. One magical Saturday afternoon, they told us, "All right, boys, just sign that book and be back by 0100 Sunday morning. You can go anywhere you want from now until then—within fifty miles." Freedom! After a month and a half of being tied to "our station's" apron strings! Our experiences on our first open post were as varied as we are ourselves. Until the wee hours of the morning, fellows related their adventures in Carlisle, or Boiling Springs, or Harrisburg. Every one of us felt like a new man after open post.

After our first month here we became upper-classmen. At the same moment we were eligible for student officership. From our ranks came corporals, sergeants, lieutenants and captains. Along with their new ranks these men took on additional responsibilities. Guard duty for corporals and sergeants was a new adventure. True, guards were hardly needed to protect Dickinson from invasion, but we now know how to stand guard if the need ever arises.

The Army has seen that adequate recreational facilities have been at our disposal. The tennis courts and swimming pool have been ours to use. However, occasionally something backfires. One notable example was the visit that Judy Garland paid our fair campus. After showing up over an hour late, she said she was sorry that she couldn't stay long enough to sing anything. With a "God bless you all; I know you'll all get your silver wings someday," she swept out. You could have run several full-sized locomotives with the steam we blew off after that **faux pas**.

All such trivia was forgotten as the time approached for us to get a small foretaste of Army flying. We had been divided into four flights. That fateful Monday morning when we started out to Wilson Airport, most of us shall never forget. To us the airport looked like an overgrown cow pasture—it was. There were more bumps, gullies, and ruts in that field than in a corduroy road. We forgot that, however, when we started

the serious business of flying. We were told the various vital safety rules of the field. After making a line check on the plane and strapping on our parachutes, we climbed into our J-3's and J-5's.

It was only a matter of minutes before 65 or 75 horses began to roar into life. We bumped down the field till suddenly we realized we were flying. Yes, by heaven, we WERE flying! For a little while we just sat back and enjoyed the scenery. But it wasn't long before those dread words came through the gosports, "All right, take over." Immediately thereafter our plane described weird acrobatics as we tried to fly straight and level.

We rapidly progressed from that point. Soon, we were masters of the air—we thought. Our first jolt was the progress check. After four and a half hours' flying time, a strange instructor got in our ship. We had to take-off, fly to our special part of the sky, perform various gyrations in a specified way at a specified altitude, fly back home, and land, all by ourselves.

Next came more difficult maneuvers—stalls, spirals, power turns, spins—each done in a military manner. Some of these left us with an empty feeling in our stomachs.

Our last flight was our final check ride in which we did every maneuver we had learned in our weeks at Wilson Airport. For the last time we pointed our ship skyward. For the last time our wheels again touched that rough landing area that we had grown to hate and love. With a last look out the back window of our bus, we felt a bit sorry that it was all over for awhile.

For two weeks we marked time at the campus. We were eager to continue our training. Somehow, even though we would miss the pleasant surroundings of Dickinson, we felt that we ought to be moving.

Then one fateful day, we boarded the train.

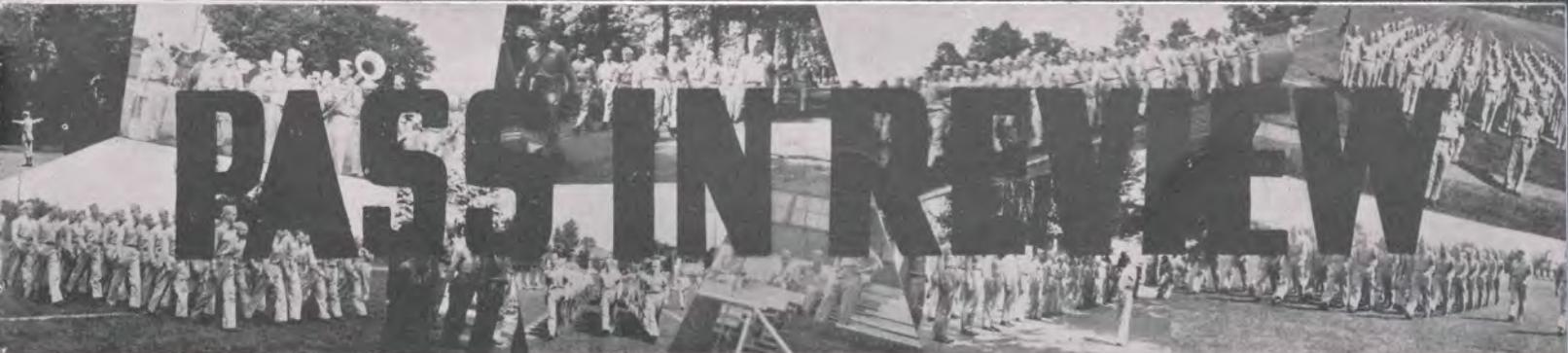
We carried with us the pleasantest of memories. But the trumpet sounds. The call rings clear, and we are ready to meet the future, whatever it brings.

WILSON





PHOTOS BY DAVE ZARNER
MONTAGES BY NORM ZAGET



It's Tuesday and fourteen-thirty. If the heavens appear overcast, our spirits rise in anticipation of rain; and if it does, an event occurring only by the grace of God and the supplications of six hundred anxious soldiers, we are overcome with joy. But today there is no rain, there is no joy, for the sun is shining. As Poe once said—"disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled in our bosoms and chilled, with a heavy calmness, our hearts." There is no way out of it, and we reconcile ourselves to the fate that has befallen us.

In a matter of minutes five squadrons are formed, the band and color guard take their positions, and the processional to Biddle Field commences. As we realize what lies ahead, our spirits rise and fall with the throbbing tempo of the drums. Someone begins to sing the Army Air Corps song; mechanically, hundreds of voices drown the sound of tramping feet, echoing across the barren drill field. Somehow, we begin to feel better, things take on a rosier hue; music has accomplished its purpose.

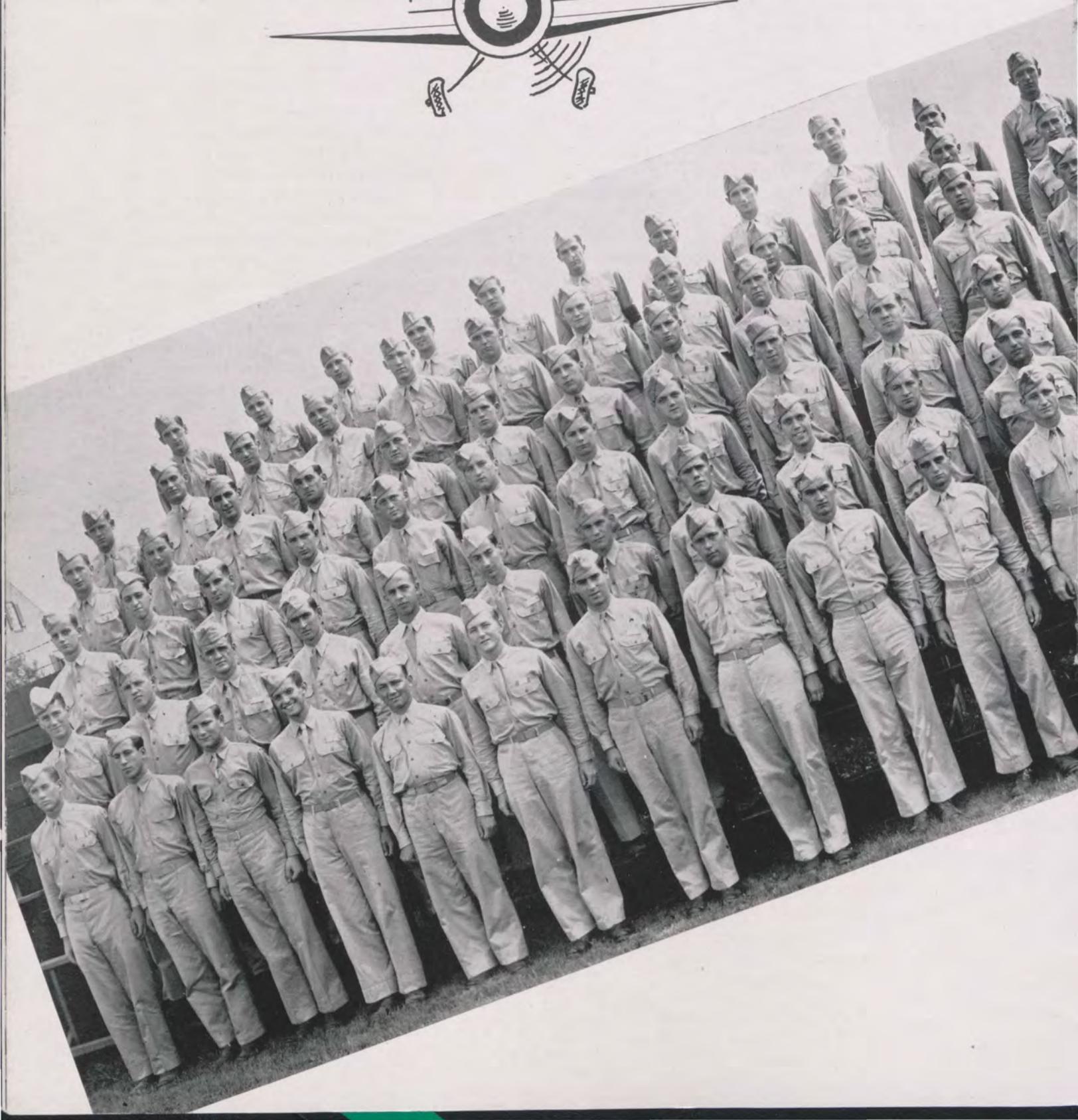
After the squadrons have lined up in front of the grandstands, announcements regarding the procedure of the day are conveyed by the tactical officer. It may be squad, platoon, or mass drill—carried out at the whim of the Tactical Officer. The stress on proper arm-swing, sharp corners, making those obliques, stepping off with a thirty inch step—all these acting concurrently not only promote precision and efficiency, but also produce an intangible pride among the troops. Yes, we gripe at the unbearable heat; feel like telling that Platoon Lieutenant to go to but when your squadron prances, and the band pours forth those few strains of "America," transmitting uncontrollable chills around your sweaty chest, you're proud—proud to be in the Air Corps.

It never fails that, before an actual parade, fierce orders bark from the public address system calling for a practice parade, known as a "dry

run." Squadrons, having been arranged on the far sidelines facing the stands, enact their formal dressing of lines and covering of files. The group adjutant cries out the orders of the day in a voice that—well, in a voice. The stiff silence of attention is then shattered by the bombastic reports of the squadron commanders, whose words come in inaudible bunches and as your feet begin to tingle and drowse off, by reason of that unnatural position, a ghostly epithet whirls across the grass—"Pass in Review." The mental cobwebs are cleared, glass-eyed faces awake from their stary slumber, and with joints that are rigid from that prolonged position of attention, the squadrons move off and pass before the reviewing officers. The drill and parade successfully completed everyone relaxes and thanks God the ordeal is over. "They were dressed pretty good, Joe." "I know, but they weren't covered down," says the First Sergeant. That's the typical conversation which seeps through the ranks, and as the days go by the trend is not "pretty good" but "darn good," and the trend of marching demonstrates progress. They can't be beat. . . .

As the flaming rays of the sun shadow us, we trudge wearily down the road to stand retreat. To a real soldier it is no ordeal, no boring task. It is an honor—and yet it is more than that. When we form around the flag pole, your hands sticky with sweat, your back knotted with stiffness, you're physically tired, a glimpse of "Old Glory" from the corner of your eye paralyzes all sensations of material discomfort. Hundreds of eyes look straight ahead but hundreds of hearts and minds look upward. Our national anthem rising into the sunset kindles the something that warms us inside; that something which carries us on and makes failure into success, discord into harmony, and a world torn asunder into one of peace and contentment. These men have that something.

WALDO and YATES







Our flight started on a rainy morning but ended in a blaze of glory. Could it be otherwise? Our lusty past was a roaring encyclopedia.

In retrospect we have visions of "Lumberjack" Wondrasek, jackknifed into the cockpit. . . . Blasi, posing for his Yehudi admirers. . . . Bruce Stearns, leafing through his prayer book for landing instructions. . . . Floyd Springer, flight leader supreme, built to fit a cub. . . . "Kid" Aldrich, reiterating his rapid progress with that blue-eyed amazement. . . . Harry "The Rooster" Baird, neatest of the "Flying Dickinsonia". . . . K. I. Allen still thinks his tachometer indicates his tire pressure. . . . Benny Bunn, probably the hottest "Hanger Pilot" of the flight. . . . Tomlinson, periodically flushing out his plane.

Who can forget—Atkinson, taking to flying as a tanker to a torpedo. . . . "Howie the Rowdie" Stiles, tearful cryer, peerless flyer. . . . Willy Thorngate, using chewing gum as a stomach anchor. . . . Long, lean, and limpid Zabinsky, making life easy for his instructress. . . . and his follow up, Doug Wilson, with that "Good morning, Miss Jones." . . . "Jelly Belly" Strauss had other worries—he fractured his facial blood vessels.

Now who can remember—Sid Silverman, the roll call ventriloquist, answering for his boy. . . . "Baby face" Sioles. . . . Eick and Smith—they made with the root beer. . . . Vik, the piggy bank proprietor. . . . "Peoria" Waldmier, muttering in his sleep, "Let's have everything legal." . . . Our inseparable Musketeers, "Frenchy" Soule, "Laundry-boy" Sliptzin, and "Superior Soldier" Slotpole, were our outstanding citizens. . . . Czop, Dorn, and Edinger, make up our J. V. Musketeers. . . . "Moose" Arrington, much too eager. . . . J. C. Alberts, in the air, on the ground, there he stands, in the brown. . . . Schifferli and Serven, timidly singing "Leaves on my Wings." . . . Sarsfield and

Kloepfer, milk bar competitors. . . . Roy "Let 'em Die" Witlin only loves his Lena.

So in conclusion, we feel that you should not neglect your pet cow. She may need some insurance.

If songs are bullets, we're going to refire the shot that was heard around the world. Flight S wrote a history that was wrapt in song. Listen to the strains:

Calvin "Roosevelt" Bishop, the political antonym from Tennessee, fought many a battle with Dave Bacon, the soap-box diehard. Our two "bees," Beach and Bachman, received congratulations from the Green Hornet. "Double John" Cockrell strolled into his first formation during his last week. "Ike" Aicardi was our triple threat, wine, women and song. The nerve center of the detachment is located in Hubert Aaronson's nebula oblongata. "Fearless" Scroxtton, Dr. Wells' protégé. "Ace" Goddington found it impossible to take off with his wings anchored. Dieterle and Blaustein, two hot pilots, took ten hours to cool off. Slovak was the Paul Bunyan of the ready room. "B-19" Slocum swears his plane was tail heavy. "Torp" Eckenthal found potato chips don't fly well. Club 22's stock rose 100 points when Staud and Tice rang up 80's on both their check flights. "Moose" Solomon's fifth lesson proved he could fly in echelon. Jim Stevens and "Trigger" Trigony can prove that instructor Weavil is a 45 minute ego squasher. "Turk" Tashjian, the taxiing profile. Art Vincent's progress from a Piper Cub to an AT-10 after ten hours confirms the fame of the "Flying Vincents." "Snaggle" Smith convinced his instructor that he had spaghetti for lunch. At 3000 feet, an octopus popped out of his mouth. Ware Warfield, the flying sprinter. Von Lengerke taught his instructor. The Squadron E boys were "pilotos caldos." Whish, Yazak, Zoller, Williams, Wagner and Wood never said much, but could they fly those "Maytag Bombers." . . . Tommy Vinson, your spinner par excellence. "Streaky" Smith, the frankfurter consumer, and "Gremlin" Tremlett were the exception. Their instructor applied for Navy entrance exams. Our boy Bowen is still looking for a left-handed airplane.

Fly high, Flight S. Take off, Senke.

The memories we shall cherish most are a recollection of the madneses of the grand "guys" we teamed up with. Our fame was food for a thousand tales and provider of a thousand laughs. In our modest hearts we know that Flight "T" is the biggest thing that has hit Dickinson College in a century; we gave it class, put it on the map, then knocked it off with coke bottles, cigarettes, and songs. When we invaded the campus, Dickinson had a heritage; but, when we withdrew, she had a reputation.

Meet the men who did it:

"Missin" Sisson—Legal F.O. with his public address system . . . Spatz formula—F.O. plus 2 NY divided by Time equals Confinement/Weekend. . . . Dick Baird—SMOOTH. . . . Red Slade—Yehudi, the little man who wasn't there. . . . Dick Smaus—F.O. with an M.P. cap. . . . Roge Campbell—better known to section 63 as "Camel." . . . Hank "running through the guards" Del Vecchio—still has Hope. . . . Marvin Edwards—did well with the papers, especially cups. . . . Ralph "Oh! You lucky civilians" Wilson—received a shock when the top of the stick came off in his hand. . . . Bob Lowther—the only man who can come near fitting Pitcher's pants. . . . Vin Manas—uses a computer to find a woman. . . . Dick "Mop Head" Shemansky—blamed his instructor for his mistakes. . . . Mel Schwartz—"But we don't want to give Brooklyn back to the Indians." . . . Jim "Fabulous" Fee—F.O., A.W.O.L., G.B., S.N.A.F.U. . . . "Doc" Galletly—Will anyone ever pronounce his name right? . . . Mort Silberman—Flight Leader; we saw him every morning, she saw him every night. . . . "Dink" Wagner—he's always asking, but the answer is always no. You can't keep a pekinese in the barracks. . . . "Vasconcelliosis"—that strange oriental disease. Looking for Jean he ran his wheels down the Super Highway. . . . Zaret—flags may wave, roofs may fall. Eleanor always comes through. Remember the garden! . . . Bob Staffield and his "Junior Miss." . . . Sternberg—he's a character. . . . Carlos Stillwell — another. . . . George "Nightingale" Stites—with Florences all over the country. . . . "Bottle" Backman—cause for prohibition. . . . "Ivan the Terrible" Szitas "chorus girl cannibal," enough of these romance. . . . "Toot" Tootikian—"Hold me up while I wreck the joint." . . . E. D. Suckow—he's the guy that bounces twenty feet then heads for China. . . .

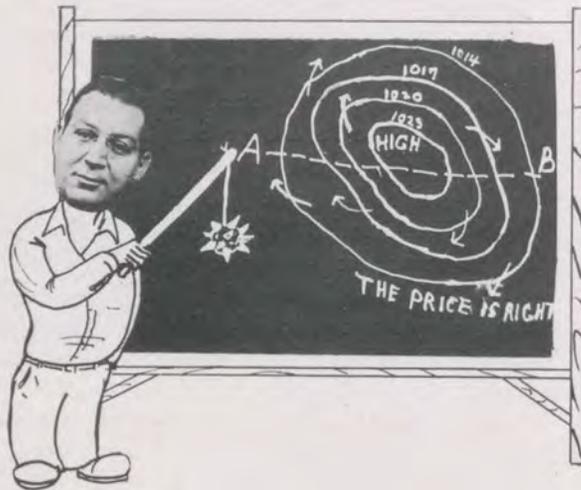
"Switch off! Contact!!!"

Flight U represented a unique cross-section of the "characters" of the Flying Quintile. Able witness to this fact was the bus driver who used to make frantic efforts to reach the airport ahead of schedule in order to get rid of his noisy crew.

"Flying is for the birds," chorused our senior members, Stull and Teague, "and we aren't birds." Ershaw and Young still think that paper cups are regular equipment on planes. "Geronimo" Zeizel wants to solo—so he can go back to the reservation, no doubt. In charge of all Inactivities was Danielson, aided by Polard and "Horizontal Harry" Tillman. Waldo and B. A. Wright, "Weavil's Wonders," supplied the answer to why instructors go mad. Bright looks forward to Nashville—it's near home. Gerry Auger hopes XMD's are transferable to Nashville. "Phys Ed" Cantellmo's rugged appearance scared his instructor at first. Jack Saylor on flying: "Sorry, no thrill." Spencer and "Starchy" Stillerman are Navigator bound. Quietly efficient were J. D. Smith and Zieminski. W. A. Wright and Joe Spicketts are on record for bigger windows or periscopes. Incidentally, Joe is the papa of a baby girl. Stack has a brilliant career ahead of him—trimming hedges. Whether to concentrate on flying or their charming instructor, Miss Jones, was Wahl and Vindal's big problem. "Slide Rule" Spicer came through in fine shape. "Boy Scout" Van Tuyle, a "hot pilot," never failed to earn his merit badge. He tied down the airplane every day. Thanks, Hank. Tucker's big day came when flying partner Tumminaro, Mr. Packman's would-be nemesis, failed to show up. Tuck had a swell time. Anderson lost track of "the ball" long ago. Instructors quaked when "3800 hour" Snyder appeared. Don't worry, H. S., the tail wheels on a B-17 don't break like those of a certain Cub you know. Pals, Slavin and Sibinsky "muddled thru" their ten hours together. "Pop" Silver was the first to take his check flight. S. S. Smith—big operator in town and in the air. Orchids to Mr. Ball, he's on it. Allard has never missed a formation, but will never live down the time he came out of a spin, four turns late. Last and least, Turner's one claim to fame: Quoth Mrs. Zimmerman, "You're the laziest pupil I've ever taught. . . . STOP LAUGHING." Anyway we got along well on the ground.

NIGHT OWLS





Academics

When we cinder-smudged Keeslerites first gawked at icy-covered Dickinson what were we asking each other? What was it we eagerly pried out of the older men? What were our courses? How hard are they? How much study time is required? How are the courses presented? How significant are the marks? Gad, if we didn't look like a horde of question marks! But now . . . now we know. Here was the set-up:

One hundred and eight hours of physics, eighty hours of math, sixty hours each of history, geography, and English; twenty-four hours of Civil Air Regulations . . . meteorology, navigation, military courtesy, hygiene and sanitation, first aid, map reading and aerial photography, American Ideals—WHEW! What a job!!

The Physics department, ably headed by Dr. Parlin, has become an efficiently working outfit in the past four months. At first, we found ourselves extremely handicapped by lack of classroom space and proper equipment. In two months' time, old Tome changed from a morgue-like tomb to a decent place in which to work. Before we knew it we were in full swing—five chapters in four days.

From day to day we found ourselves burdened with mechanics, heat, vibrations, sound, light, electricity, magnetism, radio—old physics—new physics . . . best swimming course we've ever had. Remember college, fellows?

The math department evolved a similar system with the only exception that they started in shallow water; not a front flip in a pike. Let's see . . . Monday 4 plus 1; Tuesday x equals; Wednesday radius of action; Thursday log of — and Friday, "Got that, boys? Okeh, TEST." In three months

we went from simple arithmetic to spherical trig. Our traditions were jerky, but we got there. The text used was written by Dr. Frank Ayres, head of the department. A good text . . . good man.

Time out for a rest . . . a smoke maybe. Between every class we have out ten minutes. . . . Ah! Those ten short minutes. . . .

Geography, history, English, meteorology, navigation; each added a little something. Although the material came fast and furious, we assimilated at least an elementary background in the subject.



And then we had our Sergeant Yazvas for Military Courtesy and "Sick Call Sarg" McCartney for Hygiene and Sanitation. Old Army man Yazvas, not to be outdone by the Prussians, ruled the class with an iron hand and iron command—AT EASE!! Sarg McCartney dismissed us early to save himself the trouble.

The last of our courses, C.A.R., will always hold a prominent place in our memories. There was truly an iron hand, Mr. Packman. The class was interesting and informative. In addition to flight rules, aircraft certifications, traffic control, pilot regulations, and what not, we got a good taste of meteorology and navigation. C.A.R., being closely associated with our ultimate objective, appealed to us.

From this account, you might think we did other things, too. "Spinner" Kennedy's First Aid class never broke any bones or any books—Ah! We can recall the time when our classes became delightful little siestas. Even our instructors joined in occasionally. Letter-writing had its place, too. Then the C.A.R. concert. Good old "Monk" had the instructor entranced by "Rhapsody in Blue." That ecstatic lull in Mr. Packman's eyes . . . it was beautiful.

"D— it, men! You've got to get on the ball. Too many deficiencies again."

NIGHT OWLS





next exercise



On the unfortunate shoulders of the Dickinson College Physical Training Staff fell the thankless job of reupholstering 100 physical flops, recently escaped from Keesler Field. Because of the fact that this group arrived after the Fifth Quintile and because all other possible labels might be less complimentary, this motley crew was dubbed the Sixth Quintile. Logical. . . .

When the physical instructors got their first look at this mob that they were to renovate, their first two thoughts were: 1. Resignation—in the face of an impossible task. 2. Hara-kiri. These two cowardly possibilities were discarded, and they decided to battle ahead and damn the odds. And so, on this bleak and somber note, 100 tortured souls began a program of road runs, push-ups, pull-ups, and assorted cadenced contortions.

At first, sick call was well populated, and groans and aches were prevalent. The transition from soft civilian life to G.I. muscle culture was painful and unpopular to say the least. When applications for officers were handed out, the rush was caused not by the added prestige accompanying such a job but by the fact that squadron officers did nothing during calisthenics except encourage the slave class to greater effort. As time went on, Joe Private began to catch on to a few of the techniques of Goldbricking. For instance, road runs became popular because it was convenient to develop a pain in the side and drop out—these chronic sore sides never to be seen again until 4:30, the approved time to return to the barracks. Fryckland's Miniature Golf Course and Refreshment Stand, a spot

located on the road run route, enjoyed a tremendous upsurge in business on road run days—a direct contrast to ordinary days in the week.

Little incidents like this made calisthenics bearable. In a few months, however, battle as they did, this sorry 100 began to round into condition. Wheezing on road runs decreased to a dull roar, chin-ups became just a struggle instead of a physical impossibility; and even a stray soul here and there was heard to say that he was proud of himself and his new found physical prowess. Of course, no one ventured to say that he actually liked calisthenics because he knew he would immediately be branded as the most magnificent liar since the fabled Baron Munchausen, but I'm sure that most of the boys have come to see that as bitter a pill as calisthenics might be, the reward is great. Since they've started to fly, they have come to see the real importance of peak physical condition and good coordination. These boys have joined the Air Corps to fly and if good health and coordination are prerequisites of a good pilot, they're going to have them even if they must run several miles down a dusty road under a hot sun, or strain to do that impossible 10 count leg exercise. To be



very truthful, this group, as does any large group, has a few characters that possess muscles only between the ears, and who believe that physical conditioning is for the other guy. As a whole, they've changed their attitude for the better, and they believe that they're ready for anything that Maxwell Field can throw at them.

Make no mistake. Our boys make no exaggerated claims nor do they profess to be G.I. editions of Charles Atlas, but they do say that this program has done something for them (no wisecracks, please), and that the Dickinson College Staff, i.e., Messrs. James, Kennedy, and McAndrews, has done a competent job in raising them from the scrap pile of human wrecks to the level of good physical condition. They've got a long way to go but they've made a pretty good start here, and I'm sure that if all their physical training programs in the army are tempered with the same common sense and humanity as this one at Dickinson College has been, peak conditioning should be reached with a minimum of heartbreak and disaster.

STILLERMAN

DICKINSONIA



DR. FRED P. CORSON

Dr. Corson has been away in New York City for a week. He sent the following telegram to the men of the Sixth Quintile.

THE INTEREST OF DICKINSON COLLEGE FOLLOWS ALL CADETS WHO HAVE COMPLETED THEIR TRAINING ON THE CAMPUS. EACH MAN PERPETUATES THE COLLEGE TRADITION FOR PATRIOTIC SERVICE. OUR PURPOSE HAS BEEN TO GIVE TOP TRAINING FOR TOP PERFORMANCE. THE COLLEGE IS PROUD OF HER SONS. GOD BLESS THEM EVERYONE. . . .

FRED PIERCE CORSON
PRESIDENT

Fred Pierce Corson, 20th president of Dickinson College, was born in New Jersey in 1896. He attended the local public schools and was graduated from Dickinson College with Phi Beta Kappa honors in 1917, receiving an A.B. degree. He was president of Kappa Sigma fraternity and otherwise active in campus affairs.

He entered Drew University in 1917, was graduated with honors in 1920, and the same year received his M.A. from Dickinson. He was ordained in 1919, entering the New York conference of the Methodist Church. He became president of Dickinson College in 1934. Dr. Corson was a member of the governor's committee for the revision of the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania. His college conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1931. He is a member of Kappa Sigma Fraternity, Omicron Delta Kappa, Tau Kappa Alpha, Phi Beta Kappa, Union League of New York, Newcomen Society, and Rotary.



DR. HERBERT WING

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE
FLYING QUINTILE:

The coming of the aviation students to the campus of Dickinson College has brought to our life a new realization of what active participation in the war means. We had previously been told by the men students of the Liberal Arts College who left for service with the Armed Forces something of their life in camp. Now we learned at first hand the kind of students who made up the Army Air Forces and the training by which they were transformed into efficient and dependable soldiers.

You, the members of the Flying Quintile, have been representative of that group. Like the men that preceded you, you have become a part of our life in the class room, in physical activities, and in social relationships. Your stay has been too short for you and us to accomplish all that we should like to accomplish, but you have made a good beginning of your training in aviation. Our best wishes go with you as you leave us for further training. We hope that you will carry with you a goodly degree of respect and affection for this venerable college.

the editor's corner

It is now 2 A.M., or 0200 as we say, almost time to put another portion of the FLIGHT LOG to bed. An editor yawns wearily at the thought of tomorrow's roll call, his heavy eyes scarcely reading the final page of farewell on the desk before him. Even the C.Q.'s are motionless until somebody bursts into the room frantically waving a letter. We read the letter, sigh, and look fondly at the copy on the desk—six hours shot to hell.

Dear Bob:

I got your letter and this is the only time I have to write; Sunday is the only day with any time off. This place is hard except for Sunday. We take code which is hard to get on to but easy after awhile. Math is simple for we only have to maintain a 70 average in three tests. Aircraft Recognition is perhaps the toughest but is manageable if you know your planes beforehand, so study them in your spare time. Later on we get: mapping, physics, military courtesy and customs, War Dept. manuals, chemical agents, and that stuff. Easy as a whole but they keep us on the go all the time.

We have an honor system here, and it really means a lot; they've thrown a fellow out for cheating, and we've only been here two weeks. They called us all out in formation at 12 P.M. one night to announce over a loudspeaker that his name was never to be mentioned in the Cadet Corps. Seems harsh, doesn't it, until you can understand that there is far more at stake than an exam paper?

Prepare yourself for the most rugged workout in physical training you'll get; although runs on the Burma Road are taboo now, Bob, it is the worst two miles I ever saw. Up hill and down dale and lots of uneven, ankle-breaking country. Some of the fellows used to run it for all they were worth and at the end they just crumpled.



The only way to get along is to jog it easy; you should not have too much trouble with it. Although cross country is brutal you feel marvelous later on, so you don't mind. You may get either an easy instructor or a bone-crusher, and the latter is the better, though they're all swell guys. As they say, we're here to "Prepare for Combat;" there is no sense in taking the easy way through. Some day I'll thank them for maybe saving my life. Of course we have variety too: dumbbells, relays, calisthenics, obstacle courses (easy), mass boxing (lot of fun), games, and horizontal bars.

The food is delicious but the table manners are strict; we have to ask for everything in a set way. For an example, if I want a glass of lemonade, I pass my cup to the next fellow and say, "G.I. juice for Mr. Towne," and everyone passes cup repeating until it gets to the pourer. It's kind of hard and chicken at first, but not bad once you get used to it. Above all, don't get discouraged as I almost did the first few days. I was tempted to tell them to take the cadets and—, but a talk with my roommate made me an Eager Beaver—his brother was machine-gunned out of a parachute at Bataan. I'm anxious to get to Primary, the real test.

All in all, I wouldn't want to miss this experience for anything, so keep on the ball, and pass all your tests at Nashville. This is really the cadets, and they even treat you like one. I'm not full of sentimental blah, but evening parades are really stirring.

I hope I've given you a rough idea of what the place is like, and I know you'll make out O.K. at Nashville. Good luck, give my regards to your folks.

As ever,

Mac.

—See what we mean?

the editor



A/S Roy Witlin
Editor-in-Chief



A/S Henry VanTuyle
Managing Editor



A/S Douglas Wilson
Features Editor



A/S David Zwerner
Photography Editor



A/S Norman Zaret
Art Editor

the staff

thanks - - -

To our many friends who helped turn a dream into a reality and without whose aid this "Four Day Wonder" magazine would never have gone to press, we of the editorial staff extend our gratitude.

We are grateful to Major Valentine for the use of the U.S.O. darkroom—to the Hines Photography Company for permission to reprint their flying quintile photo—and to the Eager Eagle for its willing cooperation. Appreciated, too, are the many valuable courtesies afforded us by Floyd Springer, and to able Jay Turner, our Assistant Art,

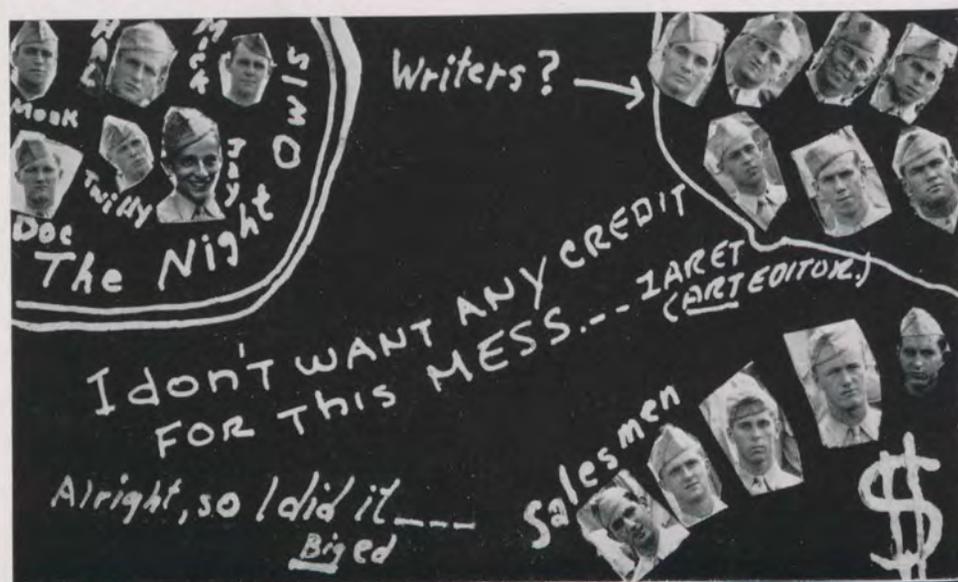
Features, etc. . . . Editor, we are greatly indebted. In the gregarious atmosphere of coke and pretzels, the "Night Owls," Hal Backman, "Monk" Danielson, "Mick" Fee, and "Doc" Galletly, were irreplaceable as they unravelled numerous journalistic snarls.

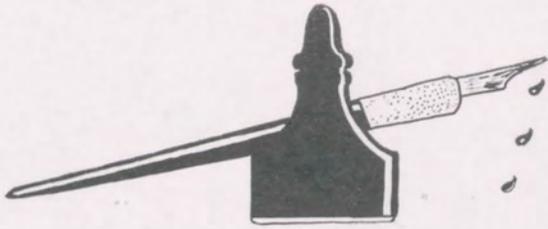
Our unsung staff member heroes, of course, are to be highly praised for their meritorious services in the compilation of this, "The Flight Log" of the Sixth Quintile.

To everyone connected with this publication then, especially our Commandant, Major John D. Hartigan, we say . . . thanks!

editorial board

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Autographs

