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Flight

U. S. NAVAL
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GROSSE ILE, MICH.



FLIGHT

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Contributions from all departments are eagerly sought. Department heads are urged to appoint reporters from their departments to submit material for Flight magazine.

NATION'S GRATITUDE

Respectfully dedicated to Commander R. G. Armstrong, U.S.N.
on being presented with the Navy Cross.

*This medal that you see is no reward
Merely for one outstanding feat that's done;
Rather it is a Nation's gratitude
To one who's shown his pride as its own son.*

*It is a sign — by this shall all men know,
That he who wears it gave a little more
Than e'er was asked by duty's clarion call
Or by the challenge grim by gods of War.*

*Heroes are made within the man, not born;
Made of a pride and love of homeland dear,
Made of a will as strong as that same love,
Made of its freedom and its promise clear.*

RONALD LINFORD, CORPORAL, R. A. F.

Fledglings Of The Flight Command

By Lt. Jenie L. Burke, Jr., "Spindrift"

*I see them come all starry eyed and new
Wonder filled and deeply thrilled
These fledglings of the flight command.
No wings have they—but hope they have
And youth with courage and a will to do.
Each throbbing heart is stirred and filled
With faith—pure faith in things they hardly understand;
The glory of the cause, the Country's need,
A God of war that stil is wise and good,
A sweetheart's parting smile and hidden tear,
The reassuring comfort of a mother's gentle hand.*

*I see them come all starry eyed and new.
I watch them work and labor, march and drill
And with each lesson learned—each mastered skill
A subtle change is wrought upon each face
The 'wonder look' is gone and in its place
A glint of eye and set of jaw which tells us
Now there awakens deep within a growing confidence
In his budding strength and quickening mind.*

*A few short weeks and then they go
But hard and stern as we may seem to be
In those few weeks we come to love them so
These fledglings of the flight command.*

BECAUSE OF YOU

Everything has a cause behind it. Things just don't come to pass without reason. Happiness has a cause; so also has hopelessness. Order rules, or chaos reigns, not as a matter of chance, but as a matter of cause. We are what we are, and our world is what it is, because—

Because means "by a cause". We need to look at our causes! Are they petty, or are they great? worthy, or unworthy? the kind to make, or unmake a man? The happy man is the one who knows his cause is right, and so can give himself to it wholeheartedly. His voice has a ring that we like to hear, and his eyes look straight forward.

We are fighting to defend our native land, and for all that we hold dear—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; for the building of a new and better world order; for the Kingdom of God on earth.

Is that possible, because of you?



Commander Armstrong bids farewell to Rear Admiral Buckmaster (left) and his aids following presentation of the Navy Cross.

Commander Robert G. Armstrong, commanding officer at this Station now wears the blue and white ribbon of the Navy Cross, the second highest combat decoration that can be awarded. The presentation of the medal was made on Friday, June 18th by Rear Admiral Buckmaster.

"The Navy Cross", in the words of the official citation signed by Admiral Nimitz, commander of the Pacific Fleet, and which was read by Admiral Buckmaster, was given for "extra-ordinary heroism and distinguished service in the line with his profession as bombing squadron commander and while piloting an airplane in an attack against the enemy."

Assembled for the presentation in one of the hangars were the officers, the enlisted personnel, the WAVES, the band and student pilots. Among the latter were many Australians and New Zealanders whose countries were saved from Japanese invasion through the successful efforts of the high type of action which was being recognized in awarding the Navy Cross to Comdr. Armstrong.

Admiral Buckmaster spoke briefly of the attack against the Japanese Fleet at Salamau and Lae in the Pacific Ocean on March 10, 1942, causing the disablement and probable sinking of three enemy craft and the dispersal of the enemy fleet in that area, and with the loss of only two men of Comdr. Armstrong's squadron. The Admiral, it will be remembered was the captain of the Aircraft Carrier

ABOARD THE U.S.S. *Grosse Ile*

Yorktown, later sunk at the Battle of Midway, and Commander Armstrong was his commander of the Bomber Squadron.

"He led his squadron armed with bombs, over the clouded Owen Stanley Mountains and over the dense jungle of New Guinea, and with calm judgment and consummate skill led in a dive bombing and strafing attack against enemy light cruisers and destroyers, in the face of heavy anti-aircraft fire. His courage and skill, and the complete disregard for his personal safety are in keeping with the highest traditions of the Naval service."

The Yorktown fought it out with the Japs for 104 days from Pearl Harbor on December 7th until it was finally sunk at Midway on March 10, 1942, after having seen action at the Marshalls, the Coral Sea, New Guinea, Tulgai and finally at Midway.

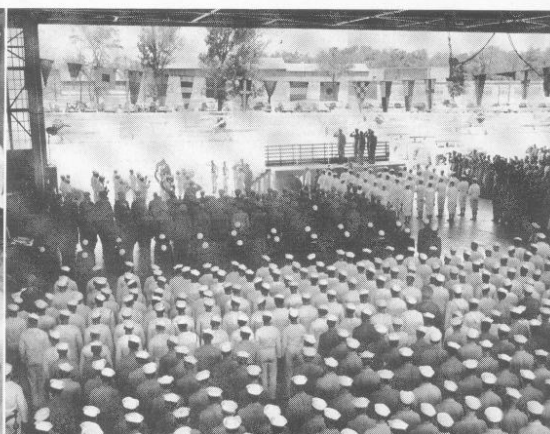
"Anything must seem like an anti-climax after all that action," a visitor remarked after the ceremony. "The climax hasn't come yet," was the Commander's reply, "the climax is the taking of Tokio, and I want to be back and help do it. Remember this, only because of those wonderful Douglas dive-bombers and those Grumman fighters, the Japs are not today in California."

During the long trek of the Carrier Yorktown, it finally took 36 Japanese dive bombers, 12 torpedo planes and a sub to sink her in the end. But she had done more than her share in those 104 days. Now another Yorktown sails the seas.

Commander Armstrong assumed command of the Naval Air Station at Grosse Ile on March 1, 1943, coming here from Melbourne, Florida. His home is in Rockford, Illinois.

Left: The Presentation dinner at the BOQ preceded the ceremonies.

Right: Personnel of the station witnessed the presentation which took place in Land Plane hangar No. 1.





Meet R.A.F. 7Lt. LT. WILLIAMS

Flight Lieutenant Williams after attending Public School and University entered civil life as a Barrister-at-Law. His practice included the Temple, London, and the South Wales and Chester Circuits. He acted also as a Company Director for a Flying School.

Military experience was gained during service in the Officers Training Corps in both the Cavalry and the Infantry. At the end of 1938, Lt. Williams joined the 614 County of Glamorgan (Army Cooperation) Squadron of the Aux-

iliary Air Force. He was embodied with his Squadron for active service on the 25th of August, 1939, and was invalided from Royal Air Force in May, 1940. He returned to active service at the end of 1940, serving on the Staff of a Fighter Operational Training Limit, (Spitfires). From May, 1942, to April of the following year he served on the H.Q. Staff of 81 Group, Fighter Command.

He is happily married but at present his wife is still in England. His hobbies are fencing and flying.

"RADAR" — The Modern Age Marvel

The early development of Radar was described by the War and Navy Departments recently. This joint announcement was made in line with the policy to give American people as much information as possible without endangering our own forces or helping the enemy.

The term "Radar" means radio-detecting-and-ranging. Radars, then, are devices which the Allies use to detect the approach of enemy aircraft and ships, and to determine the distance (range) to the enemies' forces. Radar is used by static ground defense to provide data for anti-aircraft guns for use in smashing Axis planes through cloud cover, and by airplanes and warships.

It is one of the marvels made possible by the electron tube. Ultra high-frequency waves traveling with the speed of light can be focussed, scan the air and sea. When they strike an enemy ship or airplane, they bounce back. Radio waves travel at a constant speed of 186,000 miles per second. Thus a small space of time is required for a receiver, so that, with means provided for measuring this time interval, it is possible to determine the distance to a given target. Ra-

dars operate through fog, storms, and darkness, as well as through cloudless skies. They are, therefore, superior to both telescopes and acoustic listening devices.

Radar is used for both defense and offense. In fact, the British who call their similar apparatus the radio locator, say it was instrumental in saving England during the aerial blitz of 1940 and 1941. At that time the locators spotted German raiders long before they reached a target area, and thus gave the RAF and ground defenses time for preparation. Since then Radar has stood guard at many danger points along United Nations frontiers and at sea, warning the coming of aerial and sea-born forces, and contributing towards victory in combat. The new science has played a vital part in helping first to stem and then to turn the tide of Axis conquest.

It was first discovered in the United States in 1922, when scientists observed that reception from a radio station was interfered with by an object moving in the path of the signals. Accordingly, a radio receiver was set up on the banks of a river and the effects on signal reception caused by boats passing

up and down the river were studied. The experiment of installing the receiver in a truck was also tried, and it was observed that similar disturbances were produced in the receiver when the truck moved past large buildings. Development work was immediately undertaken so that the new discovery might be used for detecting vessels passing between harbor entrances, or between ships at sea.

So far, it had been necessary to have the moving object pass between the radio transmitter and

(Continued on page 13)

Britons quickly pick up the good old American custom — hot dogs — on a bun.





They let you down easy! Drying out parachutes in the loft.

RADAR, THE MAGIC WEAPON

Now it can be told—partly. The greatest secret weapon of the war is radar. The word is scientific slang for electronic instruments which use ultra-short radio waves to locate and measure the distance of remote objects. In principle these waves are projected and, if they strike, and object, are bounced back so that its distance may be computed from the time consumed. The War and Navy Departments recently announced that radar is standing guard along many danger points alert to locate and identify approaching enemy aircraft or surface vessels. So sensitive is radar that it is able to spot a pigeon ten miles away, flying in a pea-soup fog at midnight, and to tell how fast it is going, in what direction, and approximately how big it is.

Left: Sammy Kaye doing his stuff at one of the "Happy Hour" stage reviews held here.

Right: Ouch! T. O. Seiy, PhM3c gives E. H. LaBrosse, PhM2c, the needle.

Lucky Bag

THE JAPANESE ZERO IS NO MATCH FOR THE NAVY'S SWIFT CORSAIR

Fighting in the South Pacific has proved the Navy's Vought Corsair decidedly superior to all models of the Jap Zero, according to a message from Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, USN., Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet.

"Our Naval and Marine pilots at Guadalcanal are enthusiastic about this plane, which so regularly turns out a first rate job," Admiral Nimitz declared.

These pilots say that the Navy's newest fighter, designated the F4U, has the Zero licked in every phase of combat performance; interception, maneuverability, climb, speed, firepower and armor.

Included in the action on which their conclusions are based two engagements with mass Japanese fighter sweeps over the Russell Islands. In one of these — against twenty-five Zeros — Corsairs accounted for 15 or 16 enemy planes shot down by U. S. fighters. Two more Jap planes were listed as probabilities.

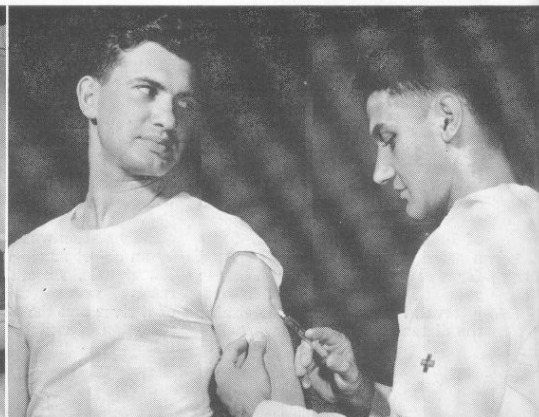
In the other engagement, Second Lieutenant Kenneth A. Welsh, Marine aviator, let his squadron of Corsairs to the aid of six P-38's which were taking on twenty-five Zeros in a dogfight at 20,000 feet.

Other squadron pilots reported Corsair maneuvers similar to those of Walsh and Raymond. They expressed confidence in following any evasive movements of the Zero. Due to its superior speed, the Corsair achieves a faster rate of climb than the Zero and its greater speed in level flight was reported all along the line with no qualifications. All pilots reported the plane successful as an interceptor.

Equipped with a Pratt and Whitney motor and Hamilton Standard propeller, the F4U is the Navy's first fighter plane with a 2,000 horsepower engine.

GO AWAY, SHARKS

If you ever fall overboard in shark-infested seas, take along a tube of shark-repellent and the man-eaters will avoid you as mosquitoes shy away from citronella. The nature of the new chemical shark-discourager is still secret, but it is being distributed by the Navy to sailors and merchant seamen.



Red Cross Active on Station

When the tortures and hardships of wounded prisoners of war touched the heart of Jean Henri Dunant, a Swiss philanthropist living in Geneva, he wrote a scorching pamphlet about it. The upshot was that, five years later, about ten nations got together in Geneva and formed the Red Cross.

In America during our war between the States, we had a sanitary commission which had much the same purpose. Out of this grew our own Red Cross, which later affiliated with the international organization.

For his work, Dunant won the first Nobel prize, and our of his sympathy for war's victims came the first basic rules for the treatment of prisoners, the wounded and such like. Practically all nations are in agreement to respect these rules, and most nations, as a matter of fact, take pains to observe them, if for no other reason than the fear of reprisals.

The Grosse Ile Red Cross Chapter was organized in October, 1942. However, regular meetings were not held until the first week in November.

The members of this organization are the wives of the Naval Air Station officers. All new officers' wives are welcomed into this organization and automatically become members.

Every Wednesday from 0900 to



Many wives of officers on the station have given many hours to Red Cross work. The group meets every week at the inn.

1600, the members meet in the Commissioned Officers' Mess. During these meetings bandages are made, with something like a thousand bandages rolled at each meeting. During the past month 3500 bandages were made, which is quite an accomplishment.

The following is the honor roll of members who have worked more than fifty hours since November 1, 1942 on this Station: Mrs. Robert G. Armstrong, Mrs. Gordon Beckler, Mrs. Glen Brough, Mrs. Hor-

ace Brown, Jr., Mrs. William Christian, Mrs. Carl Crawford, Mrs. Ambrose Gleason, Mrs. Hardie, Mrs. Brent Jacob, Jr., Mrs. William Lamprecht, Mrs. Robert E. Peden, Mrs. Frank Prochaska, Mrs. Herbert Rickards and Mrs. Henry Wickes.

Dentist: "Open wide, please. Wider yet."

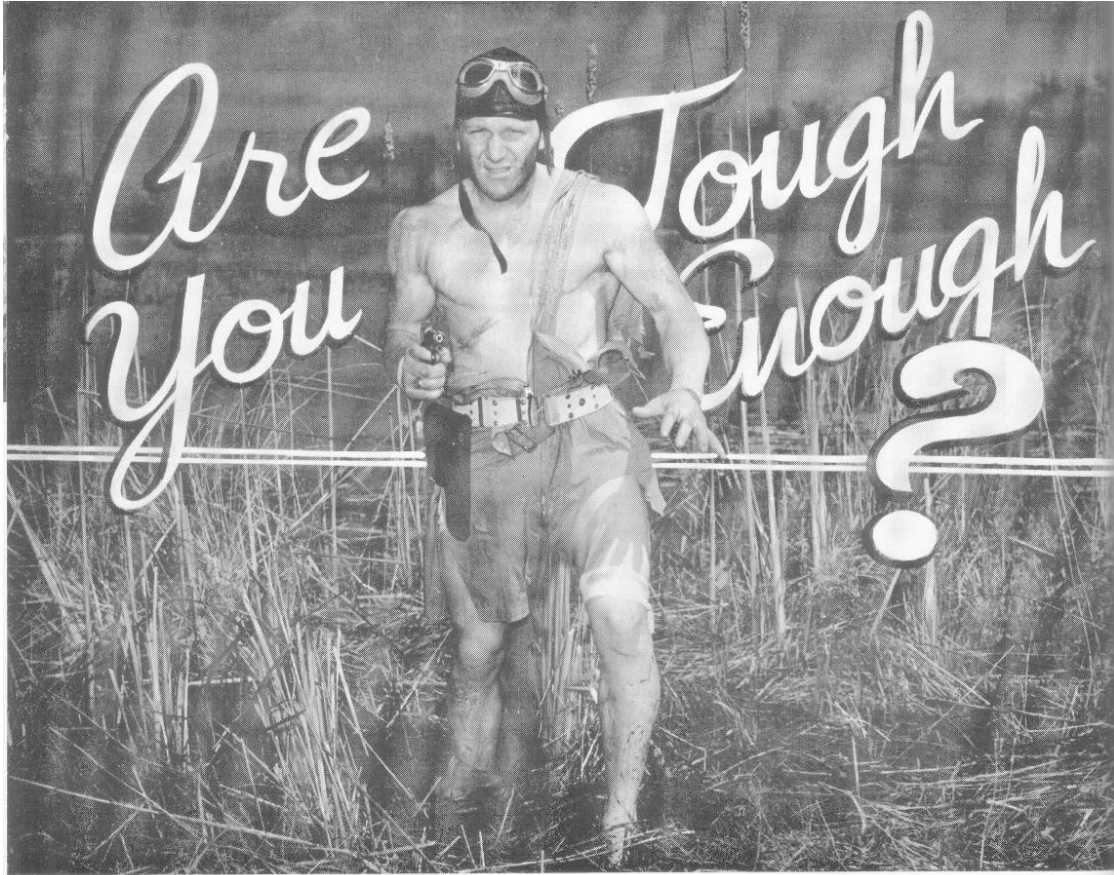
Patient: "Aaaaaah."

Dentist: (inserting a rubber gag, towel and sponge) "How's the family?"

D. Pempin, Sp(W)3c, does a little fancy finger work on the organ.

The all-American sport, fishin', is indulged in by men of the station.





We do our fighting sitting down; some of us even do it lying down—and a very comfortable way to fight it is; no trouble at all. Unfortunately therein lies a very great danger. Our fighting makes too little demand on our bodies for us ever to be able to check in battle just how fit our bodies are. It is enough if we are “pretty fit”—fit enough, that is, to fly our aircraft, to drop our bombs and depth charges, to release our torpedoes, to fire our guns; and if when we land again at base, we feel tired, well, we are justified in feeling tired. But that is not enough. What matters is with what precision we flew our aircraft, with what precision we dropped our bombs and depth charges, with what precision we released our torpedoes, with what precision we fired our guns. It is difficult even for us to gauge that degree of pre-

cision, and almost impossible for those others on the ground to assess even with the aid of diagrams, photographs and reports. Yet it is upon that degree of precision that success and failure depend.

War may be an imprecise science, but battles are fought with highly precise scientific instruments. The success or failure of a bullet is measured in inches, of a bomb, depth charge or torpedo in feet, of an aircraft taking evasive action in yards. A high degree of precision is essential, therefore, if our flying is to be anything more than happy-go-lucky skylarking. But that is all it will too often be if we are content merely to be “pretty fit.” Training is the flying of modern, high-precision aircraft and in the operation of modern, high-precision sights and instruments is largely useless unless it is matched by a parallel training

of our eyes and brains and bodies to be themselves high-precision executives.

The ancient Greeks had a word for it—MEDEN AGAN, or “nothing to excess.” They loved and they ate and they drank and they just lazed around in the sun to their hearts’ content; but they were deliberately content with ENOUGH. And so it was that the gayest people of all time were also fine athletes, fine shots, fine artists and magnificent fighting men. Let each one of us search his conscience and ask, “Am I soft or am I tough?”

Spiritual contentment, physical courage, pride in the perfect mastery of one’s craft are the personal rewards of physical fitness; they are more than that—they are one’s duty as a patriot.

Over and above the twin motives of operational efficiency and oper-

ational contentment, a third and more compelling motive exists for deliberately training one-self to a high pitch of mental and physical fitness—the motive of self-preservation. If and when the day comes when one has to escape, whether it be from death by the elements or from capture by the enemy, one's chances of escape will be in direct ratio to one's physical and mental well-being.

Baling out sounds simple enough—until you have to do it; then it may involve every ounce of strength you have got to bust through a jammed hatch, all the presence of mind you have got to perform the simple operation of pulling your rip cord, all your sense of judgment to “spill” yourself away from the spike on the Church steeple, all your muscular elasticity to alight without hurting yourself. If you have never learnt to fall and fall hard without hurting yourself, you will probably not be able to run very far or very fast when, for the first time you “hit the deck.” And never forget that the sea is just as hard as the earth if you hit it hard enough.

Enough can never be said or written about the importance of drill—but all the drill in the world is not going to help you if your circulation is not what it was when you took your first “Medical.” A German fighter pilot was shot down over the North Sea, baled out successfully, “landed” and settled himself in his single-seater

dinghy. He was badly wounded and entirely without food or water. He was not picked up for six days and six nights. Yet he suffered no ill effects of any kind. The doctors, cynical men, were surprised. Oh, yes, he drank a certain amount. Smoke? Well, yes, moderate. Take much exercise? But on that subject he was more communicative. There practically wasn't a game which he didn't play and play regularly—he went off ski-ing wherever he could find some snow and used to do regular twelve hour trips in the mountains every day.

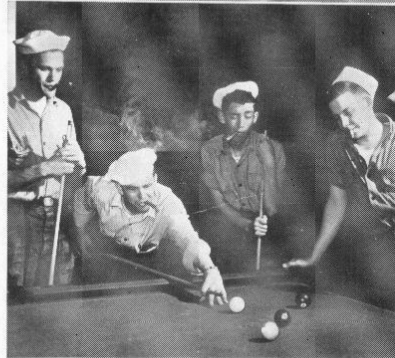
Yet another survivor—a Canadian, again the only one of his crew—survived because he alone was able to swim 500 yards to a dinghy. In civil life he had been a professional Life Saver on one of the Australian beaches.

These examples, among hundreds, prove one thing. One does not survive by accident. One survives because one is not merely fit to fly but also fit to swim, fit to climb into a dinghy and to go on climbing into it every time it overturns, fit to endure lying in soaking clothes in icy water, fit to suffer the gripping misery of sea-sickness on an empty stomach, fit to watch night follow day and day follow night without food, without water, without company, perhaps without hope. To do that, one must be very, very fit indeed.

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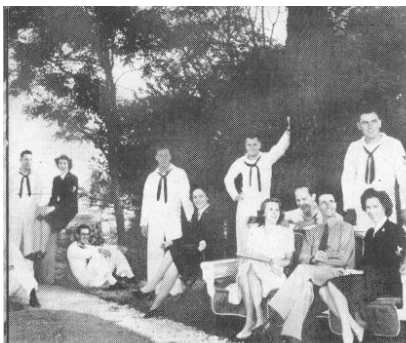
Survival is not by accident! One survives because he is not merely fit, but also fit to swim, fit to climb into a dinghy, fit to suffer the misery of seasickness on an empty stomach, fit to watch night follow day and day

follow night, without food, perhaps without hope. To do that, one must be very, very fit indeed! Be moderate — “Nothing to excess” is a good motto to hold ever in mind.



The demand for physical fitness is ever present for men in the service. Emergencies call for stamina that is acquired by regular attention to building strong bodies rather than a soft enjoyment seeking routine.





U.S.O.

A HOME Away From Home



Philip Handerson, director U.S.O.
Grosse Ile

"We have signed the lease for the Olds residence on Elba island. Take it over and have it ready to open on September 25th. Make it as homelike as possible."

It was George Pierrot speaking—Managing Director of the Metropolitan Detroit U.S.O. That was quite an order!

Plasterers, steam fitters, plumbers, electricians (the old home was almost a wreck) painters, paper hangers—the last of these moved out just as the band struck up the Star Spangled Banner on September

25th—opening the ceremonies of the dedication.

Fifteen hundred people attended the opening of the Grosse Ile U.S.O. Club. Twenty rooms were completed including a Snack Bar and kitchen, library and writing room, living room, two large sun porches, two ball rooms for dancing (one indoor—one outdoor) billiards, pool and ping-pong rooms and a shuffle-board court. But these were only the physical accommodations. It still remained to provide a homelike atmosphere. Among other things, food is always a prime requisite in the home.

The Snack Bar required man

(Continued on page 16)



Left—top to bottom: On the grounds of the USO.

The homey atmosphere prevails at the USO.

For those who like to dance, here is the time and the place.

Time out for refreshments—all served free to men in the service.

Below: Service deLuxe—with USO girls adding a touch of feminine beauty to the friendliness that awaits servicemen at the club.





SERVICE Squadron

Notoriety!. That's the word for it—I mean, for the gang of swell guys who make up this once, indiscreet, small outfit. A year ago anyone mention this group, why no one would even know what they were talking about, but NOW, TODAY, it's a different story.

The men in this squadron, are the men that keep the ships in flying order for the officers to become well advanced in flying; to enable them for combat duty in the War Zone.

Under our new syllabus the pilots can become experienced in cross country and instrument flights both by day and by night. Flying an SNJ or SNC-I also offers relaxation for nerves grown taunt from hours of primary instructing, which at its best is a tough job. A pilot would grow pretty stale flying nothing but N2S's or NP's. These are just a few good reasons for having the Service Squadron around. There are other reasons such as servicing visiting aircraft, taking care of planes having trouble on the field and securing the wind tee in the correct position.

Pat Gray, one of our eminent PO's has been in charge of the Service Squadron since its birth. Right along by his side, we have, Bud Pearce, Don Donaldson, Don Casler, who have also taken a distinct part in helping the organization and construction of the department. Cum Laude and congrats, go to the rest of the swell guys who worked laboriously four or five months straight, twelve to thirteen hours a day so that they could obtain and have one of the best and one of the most efficiently run departments on the station.

Our engineering crew under the

supervision of Duke Duquette deserve a great deal of praise for the wonderful job they have done in keeping our planes in tip top condition.

The towermen are another important part of the squadron. To guide the SNJ pilots for a safe take off or landing through swarms of yellow birds is some times a very ticklish job and the tower controlmen must be constantly alert to any situation that may arise.

TO THE DEPARTEES AND OFFICERS IN CHARGE

Lt. Cronk, prior to his departure, was known for his amiability and cooperation toward his crew; and because of this he won wide acclaim throughout the station. He has also been highly recognized for the fine job he had done on organizing the Service Squadron. He is,

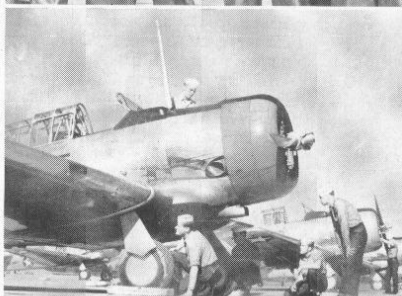
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Top to bottom: Operations officer Lt. J. W. Hunt, Lt. (jg) David Graham, Lt. W. A. Wenner, Asst. Operations Officer, and Lt. W. Cronk. Lt. (jg) K. Wines, not in the picture is also an Asst. Operations Officer. Lt. (jg) Graham and Lt. Cronk have left this station to report for duty elsewhere.

A few of the service ships in the operational training squadron undergoing inspection by members of the line crew.

Stinson, S2c, H. Witt, S1c (in plane) Gray, AMM1c, Morrison AMM3c, and Pearce, AMM3c, getting the dope from an SNJ aircraft manual.

Hart, 32c, Reirdon AMM2c, Gray AMM1c, and Modlin AMM3c carry out duties in a service squadron jeep.



THE CHAPLAIN'S *Page*

BEAT YOUR BEST

At the Northfield Student Conference, the West Point delegation was holding a little group meeting in a dimly lighted tent. "What is Christianity?" was one of the perplexing questions that was asked. There was a moment's silence; then from a dark corner came a voice, "Christianity? Why, Christianity is Oscar Westover."

How would you like to have known him—a West Point cadet whose life had so commended his religion to his mates that in his absence he should be offered by one of them and accepted by the rest as a working definition of the living embodiment of the Christian religion.

It isn't for me to tell you what your spiritual *dare* should be. You know your own life. There is just one thing I dare you to do: *Beat Your Best*. Spiritual investments are repaid a thousandfold. Don't worry about your small accomplishments thus far. Invest what you have, but be sure you do just that. The returns will be far greater than you realize. Catch some great challenge of service. Men do great deeds by the inspiration of Almighty God.

Don't be discouraged if you fail in your first efforts. Coach Meehan of New York University says, "We learn practically nothing from a victory. All our information comes from a defeat. A winner forgets most of his mistakes."

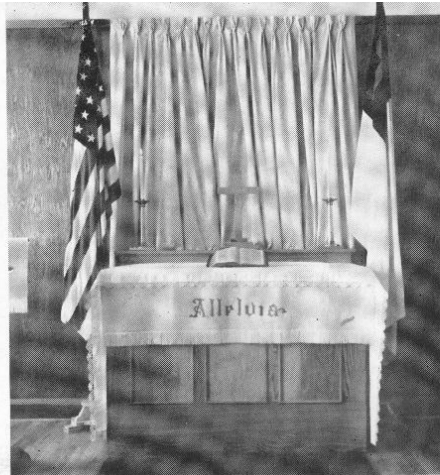
THE NEW CHAPEL

Have you taken the opportunity as yet to visit the new Chapel, (adjacent to the Chaplain's Office)? If not, may we suggest that you do so in the very

Father George Pare, parish priest on Grosse Ile, and Army Chaplain in World War I, has been reading Mass since August, 1942 to the men at this station.

First infant Baptism to be held in the new Station Chapel on June 27. Sonia Lee Smith. Her proud parents are Lt. Ralph Smith and Meredyth Smith. Witnesses: Lt. (jg) Wm. Christian, Jr. and Mrs. Kenneth White.

Wedding bells for Joe R. Sloan to Miss Arlene Zobel of Detroit, by the chaplain on June 13, 1943 at this Station.

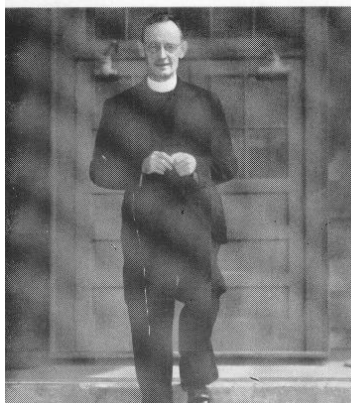


near future. The Chapel has just recently been painted and refinished; a new, permanent altar has been erected; a baptismal font and kneeling bench installed; while in the rear of the room reposes a tiny portable organ which belies its size by the tremendous volume of tone it is capable of producing.

The altar, designed by L. Bause, Ptr. 2c, and constructed by R. Almas, CM 2c, is truly an excellent piece of craftsmanship, beautiful in its simplicity of design and in its perfection and solidity of construction.

Already several weddings have been solemnized here and the institution of baptism performed. The Chapel is also used for the meeting of the Christian Men's Discussion Group on Thursday evenings.

It is open at all times for rest, prayer, and meditation. Take a few moments out of a busy day to stop in and offer thanks for all the blessings afforded each one of us; to say a prayer for your friends and comrades in the Services; to ask God for His guidance in your life as well as in the lives of our civil and military leaders.



Personals

Ft./Lt C. R. P. Cullum
... a citizen goes, too ...

After 18 months as liaison and administrative officer for the RAF at Grosse Ile Naval Air Station, Flight Lt. C. R. P. Cullum leaves here to take a staff appointment.

His assignment to Grosse Ile came after he was invalided home to England from North Africa. Then the Detroit post was a reserve base. In the year and a half since it has quadrupled in size, grown to base status.

A year ago Mrs Cullum joined her husband here, arriving with one suitcase. Her other possessions had to be left behind for the boat on which she had booked passage was torpedoed.

When they leave they take with them one American citizen, Elizabeth Ann, seven months old. Their daughter was born here at Harper Hospital.

Said the Lieutenant:

"After the war we hope to bring our American citizen back here to live. We're leaving some of our furniture here, just to prove it."

An advertising man in private life, and a former member of the Coldstream Guards, Lt. Cullum was attached to the air corps in 1939.

His first overseas service was in Libya. Invalided back to Egypt, he watched the Italians bomb Alexandria harbor. Said he,

"They rarely hit it. I used to lie in my hotel bedroom at night and watch them dump their bombs well out into the bay and then run."

CORRECTION

It was erroneously stated in the June issue of FLIGHT, that Mr. R. E. Peden was the construction engineer for the O. W. Burke Company. Mr. Peden is however, an Inspector of Construction for the Navy at this Station. We are sorry this mistake was made. (Ed.)

OFFICERS REPORTED SINCE JUNE 1

Lt. (jg) George E. Raab, D-V (S), USNR; Pharmacist, James O. Atkinson, USN; Ens. James M. Reeves, A-V(N), USNR; Sns. Wm. F. Sampson, A-V(N), USNR; Lt. (jg) Richard H. McMahon, A-V (T), USNR; Ens. Wm. L. G. Smith, A-V(N), USNR; Ens. Joseph R. Humphrey, A-V(N), USNR; Ens. John T. Lawlor, A-V (N), USNR; Ens. John C. Rogers, A-V(N), USNR; Ens. Harry F. McDonagh, A-V(N), USNR; Ens. John H. Heinhart, A-V(N), USNR; Ens. Wm. E. Gibson, SC-V(S), USNR; Ens. Robert L. Shaw, A-V(T), USNR; Ens. Edin J. Condon, A-V(N), USNR.

Ens. Matthew J. Corrigan, A-V (T), USNR; Ens. Charles H. Gompf, A-V(N), USNR; Ens. Edward H. Jones, A-V(T), USNR; Lt. (jg) Wm. F. Taylor, A-V(T), USNR; Ens. Robert P. Collier, A-V(N), USNR; Ens. Edward L. Hart, A-V(N), USNR; Lieut. Comdr. L. A. Johnson, CEC-V(S), USNR; Ens. Jack W. Schaefer, A-V(N), USNR; Ens. Evelyn S. Petering, (NC), USNR; Ens. Edward A. Beck, CEC-V(S), USNR; Lieut. Henry S. Stone, A-V(T), USNR; Ens. Conrad A. Bradshaw, SC-V (P), USNR; Ens. Irvin D. Gay, SC-V(P), USNR; Ens. Joseph P. Clark, A-V(T), USNR.

Ens. Arthur S. Cummings, A-V(T), USNR; 2nd Lt. Curtis J. Hall, USMCR (NAVC); Ens. Wm. B. Hall, A-V(T), USNR; Lieut. John R. Gilmour, MC-V(S), Lt. (jg) David N. Loevinger, A-V(T), USNR; Lieut. Stephen J. Patterson, A-V(T), USNR; Lieut. Don J. Marshall, CEC-V(S) USNR; Ens. Grace Hunter, W-V (S), USNR; Ens. Grace E. Stowell, W-V(S), USNR; Lt. (jg) Irene A. FitzGerald, W-V(S), USNR; Ens. Emma Duckstein, W-V(S), USNR; Ens. Paul R. Lawrence, SC-V(P), USNR; Lt. (jg) John A. Kulbitski, D-V(S), USNR.

Former enlisted men who have been commissioned.

Joe L. Banken to Ens. D-V(S); Wm. E. Severns to Ens. D-V(S); Leslie E. Kimball to Ens. A-V(S).

Officers detached: Comdr. H. D. Scarney, MC-V(G), USNR; Lt. (jg) Wm. S. Kline, Lt. (jg) H. W. Sumi, Lt. (jg) J. E. Gates, Lt. (jg) D. C. Edwards, Lt. (jg) M. C. Friedman, Ens. R. B. Hoschna, Lt. (jg) J. O. Fisher, Capt. E. S. Roberts, Jr., Lt. (jg) A. G. Baer, Lt. (jg) D. M. Graham, Lt. Wm. F. Cronk, Jr., Capt. Wm. L. Bachelor, Lt. (jg) T. P. Holleran.

CHIEF ED NIRMAIER

Our own Chief Air Pilot Edwin Nirmaier, USN (ret) has completed 1500 flights this fiscal year as of July 1. Nice flying!

THE SECOND FRONT

"The story goes, that a German officer was squeezing down the aisle of a crowded passenger train when he stepped on the toe of a passenger. The passenger, bowed down by the trouble of living ten years under Hitler and almost four years in war, turned savagely, and, in blind anger that comes so quickly now to Germans, kicked the officer smartly in the trousers.

Of once another passenger rose from his seat, hurriedly made his way to the officer and kicked him three times. The police arrested both assailants of the army man, but exonerated the first on the ground that he had provocation, since he had been stepped on. The police demanded to know of the second however, why he jumped into the fight. Explained he:

"When I saw that man kicking an officer, I thought the war was over."

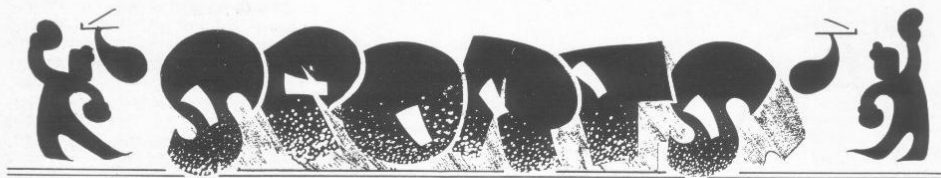
MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Bystander: Look at that youngster—the one with cropped hair, and trousers. Is it a boy or girl?

War Worker: It's a girl; she's my daughter.

Bystander: My dear sir, do forgive me, I would never have been so outspoken if I'd known you were her father.

War Worker: I'm not—I'm her mother.



NAVIATORS HOLD SECOND PLACE

The Naviators' baseball team, coached by Lieut. Charles V. Zeno, is firmly entrenched in second place in the Enlisted Servicemen's League at this writing by virtue of six wins against one loss. The Sailors enjoyed a rather prosperous month as they leveled all their opponents with the exception of the Selfridge Field Flyers.

Nominated as the player-of-the-month is pitcher Bob Hall who turned in his second consecutive no-run, no-hit triumph. In his second start of the season Hall set down the Coast Guard nine of Detroit without a hit or a run. While facing the Military Police of River Rouge in a regularly scheduled Servicemen's League game he retired the opposition without a single batsman reaching second base. He gave up but one hit in twenty-one innings, struck out thirty-two batters, and walked only two.

Agile Jack Lorenz, Naviator shortstop, leads the Sailors at the plate with 21 hits in 51 trips to the batter's box. In compiling a percentage total of .412 Lorenz has shelled opposing hurlers for seven doubles and two triples. He has been issued three free passes to first base and has stolen six bases against the opposition. Bulky Chet Zielinski follows with 17 hits in 50 times at bat for an average of .340 and Dick Blauvelt, Navy third sacker, holds down the third position with 18 hits in 54 times at the plate for a .333 percentage. The Glamorous Gobs have been very effective at the plate as a team. In 438 trips to the plate the Naviators have pounded out 140 bingles, good for 96 runs, in amassing the remarkable team average of .319. Thus far this season the Tars have won eight games while losing

PITCHING RECORD										
	W	L	Pct.	IP	SO	BB	WP	ER	R	H
Pichan (RH)	2	0	1.000	23	23	6	1	7	11	18
Daron (RH)	1	0	1.000	9	13	3	0	1	1	5
Hall (RH)	2	1	.666	30	36	4	0	3	6	9
Mach (RH)	3	2	.600	36	46	18	0	16	21	25

BATTING AVERAGES										
	Pos.	AB	R	H	RBI	Pct.	Sac.	S	BB	SO
Kubitsky	2b	45	10	14	8	.311	2	3	2	2
Blauvelt	3b	54	14	18	8	.333	1	7	1	4
Lorenz	ss	51	13	21	6	.412	0	6	3	4
Jurica	2b	6	0	2	0	.333	0	0	1	2
McGhen	1b	27	4	10	6	.370	0	1	1	3
Moore	1b	39	13	12	6	.309	0	2	3	9
Zamecki	rf	23	5	6	5	.214	2	1	1	5
Spangler	lf	30	6	6	4	.200	0	0	3	5
Thurman	rf	24	6	4	1	.166	0	0	3	7
Hawke	cf	32	6	10	5	.312	1	2	3	5
Lendzion	uf	0	1	0	0	.000	0	0	0	0
Zielinski	c	50	8	17	12	.340	0	0	4	0
Molnar	lf	4	2	2	3	.500	0	0	1	1
Hall	p	16	5	5	3	.312	0	0	1	1
Pichan	p	10	1	5	2	.500	1	0	0	1
Mach	p	19	1	6	1	.316	0	0	0	1
Daron	p	3	2	1	0	.333	1	0	1	0

three. The scores during the past month were as follows:

Naviators 10 Army Ferry Com.	3
Naviators 10 Detroit Police	9
Naviators 10 728th Mil. Police	0
Naviators 14 Coast Guard	1
Naviators 2 Selfridge Field	5
Naviators 14 Coast Guard	2

ROUND TABLE GROUP

A newly organized and flourishing activity is the Round Table Discussion Group which meets every Thursday at 2015. Officers, students, and enlisted men who believe in Christian principles as the logical guide to the lasting solution of the World's problems meet in the Chapel and thrash out the particular problems of the evening in a stimulating and invigorating manner.

Keen intellects, cool heads, quick wits, and robust singing, combine to make the tempo of the meeting move along at lightning speed. So interesting becomes this lively gathering that Time literally seems to fly.

Weekly leaders are chosen from amongst the men themselves, although occasional guest speakers are chartered for appearances in the near future. A hearty welcome awaits all Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish Men.

OFFICERS TOUGHENED BY TRAINING

The new Officers' Physical Training Program is taking its toll in extra pounds and stiff muscles. Almost any hour of the day Officers can be seen exercising in accordance with the late N.A.P.T.C. order from Kansas City. Every officer aboard the Station must engage in some form of exercise for a minimum of four hours each week. They are given credit for one hour each day and it is suggested that a certain part of each day be given over the purpose of exercising. The physical conditioning program calls for participation in such sports as golf, tennis, swimming, softball, badminton, bowling, volleyball, and Victory gardening. The response at Grosse Ile has been splendid as all of the officers realize that healthy, sound bodies give for peak efficiency.

Visitor: "Are you the Executive Officer? I'm Mrs. Carlton. I have a grandson serving here in your Navy."

Exec.: "Yes, Madam. He's away on leave, just now attending your funeral."

The B.O.Q.

LPH No. 1, C.O., S.O.Q., and B.O.Q.,—these constitute the most common of the alphabetical descriptions attached to that very important phase of Naval Station life, i.e. living quarters for the bachelor officers.

At all Naval Stations and Bases, unmarried officers are furnished adequate quarters as determined by the Commanding Officer. Here at Grosse Ile, officers are fortunate in that quarters are new and comfortable.

The higher ranking officers are quartered in the three central wings, where single rooms are available. The new east wing houses Ensigns of later day rank, two officers being assigned to each room. Ensign Michael, who is a senior ensign having quarters in the more desirable central section of the building, jokingly refers to the new wing as "Boot Hollow".

The new west wing will be commissioned about the first of July, and will provide quarters for the Wave Officers and Nurses Corps. This section of the B.O.Q. is not connected structurally with the main building, although the Wave Officers will eat chow at the Bachelor Officers' Mess.

A spacious lounge and game room has been provided on the top-side, while a larger and more form-

al lounge is to be found on the main deck. The Mess Hall itself is connected with the lower lounge by ingenious folding partitions. These two large rooms can be easily made into one. Recently the B.O.Q. members held an attractive reception honoring Commander and Mrs. R. G. Armstrong.

Lt. M. H. Zellers is Senior Member of the B.O.Q. while Lt. (jg) W. M. Sanders acts as Mess Treasurer. Chief S. A. King, CStd (AA), supervises the Stewards Mates, mess hall, and the officers' quarters. He has two capable assistants in the persons of R. A. Hackly, St2c and M. F. Vaughn, St3c. Chief Perry L. Webster, CCK(AA), operates the galley and is noted for his quality chow.

ARE YOU TOUGH ENOUGH

(Continued from page 8)

The two best aids to escape on land are one's legs. Read any book on the subject of escaping in the last war whether from Germany or across the desert from a Turkish prison camp, and you will find that every man bent on making his get-away systematically hardened himself, systematically built

up his health and muscular strength by every means at his disposal. You will find that fit though these men were when they set out, few of them had the strength in the end to do much more than stumble blindly across the frontier, and collapse. And they were the fittest. The majority never got that far. They could not do without food; they could not do without water; they could not endure the cold or the heat; their feet blistered past bearing; they could not suffer to lie hidden for hours at a time in the cramped postures which their hiding places in ditches and pigsties and railway trucks imposed. They had every aid to escape except one—the constitution.

If you want to know honestly why your torpedo missed, why your depth charges overshot, why you got your aircraft shot full of holes when you were taking what you so blithely imagined to be evasive action—run once around the perimeter track, swim just 100 yards in the nearest lake in your clothes, run in full flying kit flat out from the Mess to the Range and there fire five rounds rapid. The answer will be painfully obvious.

The tempo of war is gathering speed. As we pass on ever widening fronts to the attack, we shall be called on to endure, to go on enduring and then at last when we think we are all in, to endure more. It will not long suffice that we should be fit to fly. We must prepare ourselves now to be fit to win.

Left to right: BOQ lounge—a place to relax and get acquainted.

Chow at the BOQ—good eats and good company.

Shipmates share quarters in the BOQ and find many common interests.



A HOME Away From Home

(Continued from page 10)

power (or rather woman power) to operate, and financial support if there were to be no charges—which, of course, is the Metropolitan Detroit U.S.O. policy. Outstanding volunteer workers in Ecorse, Grosse Ile, River Rouge, Trenton, Wyandotte and later in Flat Rock and other nearby localities came forward and organized their communities. Church groups, patriotic groups, business groups, service clubs and educational groups all put their shoulders to the wheel. Today, that kindly lady who serves you coffee, tea or punch, a sandwich or a piece of cake in the canteen is a representative of 1,500 Snack Bar volunteers from the Downriver District.

Nor would it be a home without a "sister" in the house. Other outstanding volunteers from the same area went to work organizing Junior U.S.O. Hostesses. This was no simple task. The girls must be selected according to their appearance, adaptability, reliability and within certain age limits. First, a Junior Hostess must be interviewed by one or more members of the General Hostess Committee and approved. Letters of recommendation must be filed from her church, her employer or some prominent citizen of the community in which she lives. She must attend a training school. Then, and then only, is she permitted to serve, until she either proves herself a competent hostess—or not.

Three hundred and fifty girls who have fulfilled these qualifications devote one or two nights a week to the Grosse Ile U.S.O. They are not "butterflies". A recent cross sectional check reveals that the average junior hostess is twenty-one years old, has better than a high school education (all must have graduated from high school) and works for her living. Many are in war plants, driving rivets in bombers, working in tool cribs, making out production orders. Others are in allied work of

all types. So bear in mind when you meet one of these hostesses, she has also put in a good full day's work before she rushes home, puts on her prettiest dress and reports for duty at the U.S.O.

Other committees have also contributed more than their share in the attempt to provide a homelike atmosphere. Various organizations contributed funds for curtains for the house. Other groups made them up. Flowers are always on hand, supplied by the flower committee. General repairs to uniforms, socks, etc., are provided by a committee each Wednesday evening.

All in all, over two thousand volunteer workers from the Downriver District are actively engaged in doing their best to provide a cheerful, bright, attractive spot for you at the U.S.O. when you are off duty.

On the six beautiful acres of ground, outdoor fireplaces have been constructed since Spring

* * *

British students enjoy one of their regular dance parties held in the Recreation hall auditorium.

came, a baseball diamond laid out, cricket equipment obtained, horse-hoe pitching facilities installed and badminton will soon be available outdoors overlooking the river.

If you would like to row or fish, equipment is available without charge. Or if you prefer a game of bridge or some quiet reading, these facilities are available.

At the present time, showers and dressing rooms are going in for those who wish to freshen up after an hour or two on the river or a good strenuous game. These will be available about July 1st.

The Grosse Ile U.S.O. is not operated on a static basis. Each month brings new plans for clean, healthy, homelike entertainment. As rapidly as these can be worked out they are provided. For, after all, from nine months of operation and some 50,000 contacts with service men and service women, much has been and is being learned. The model airplane and carpenter shop on the third floor and the outdoor sports are examples of this.

It is not unusual for service men who have been stationed in this area to return a thousand miles on furlough to revisit this spot. Not only from them but also from scores of letters received by the Grosse Ile U.S.O. comes the gratifying phrase again and again—"It is a home away from home".

