



Mike Babala, AMM3c and C. P. Heckett, Cox, looking over a student progress chart with Lt. 1st Lt. Lindsay



One of our advanced trainers cruising high over Crossfield.



Even an airfield must have a traffic cop.

Squadron 1 office finds gather Lt. Parsons. Left to right: F. Lucas, S2c; W. Waring, S1c; W. Richards, S2c; P. Conroy, S1c; C. F. Mink, AMM3c; E. L. Chasin, S2c; J. Sherman, S2c; D. W. Elwell, S1c; E. R. Frieskorn, S2c; R. M. Zachary, S2c.



SQUADRON 2, back row: Lt. 1st Lt. Crockett, Lt. 1st Lt. Madala, Sakulso, Lt. 1st Lt. Hanson, Lt. 1st Lt. Clark, Lt. 1st Lt. Marcom, Lt. 1st Lt. Fenner, Lt. 1st Lt. Auglenbaugh, Lt. 1st Lt. Cameron, Kucin, Lt. 1st Lt. Brown, Lt. 1st Lt. Baugher, Enr. Goodley, Lt. 1st Lt. Enr. Misamber, Lt. 1st Lt. West, Lt. 1st Lt. Fitch, Lt. 1st Lt. Ford, Lt. 1st Lt. Harquet, Lt. 1st Lt. Hollison, Enr. Boyd, Lt. 1st Lt. Enr. Fawceter, Enr. Mc

OPERATIONS — BY CRONE

Speaking for the crew in general, they have a pretty big job to do. We have at the present time a sizable complement of airplanes. Unless an airplane is in Engineering for check, or in A and B for overhaul, it must be fit and ready to fly every day. The men on the line are assigned as plane captains. It is their job to get the planes out in the morning ready to go on schedule. Each plane is given a routine check daily. The plane being in flyable condition is then turned over, warmed up and ready to go when scheduled. It is the responsibility of the plane captain to act as wing man and direct the pilot from the line as he taxis off the ramp. Between hours the division leaders assign other duties to plane captains such as washing down other airplanes, cleaning the hangars or other miscellaneous jobs. When the flights come in the plane captain must be on the job to bring them in on the line properly, park and check. The gas crew then goes to work and refuels all planes at the end of each flight. Everything including oil is rechecked, the plane warmed up and ready for the next period. This routine, every day, seven days a week. The day crew for both squadrons is on duty from 0700 to 2000, approximately 1300. The night crew comes on at 1600 and work until 2400. It is the night crew's duty to handle aircraft until flying is secured which about four nights a week extends through night.

SQUADRON 1, back row: Enr. Drexel, Enr. Mills, Lt. 1st Lt. Howard, Lt. 1st Lt. Van Duren, Enr. Caldwell, Enr. Anderson, Enr. Lt. 1st Lt. Bear, Enr. Dault. Second row: Lt. 1st Lt. Soren, 1st Lt. Terret, Lt. 1st Lt. Kennedy, 2nd Lt. Gundersen, USMC, Lt. 1st Lt. Fenner, Enr. Davis, Lt. 1st Lt. Leonard. Front row: Lt. Parsons, Lt. Conroy, Sgt. Enr. Rourke.




Flightt



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U.S. NAVAL RESERVE AVIATION
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DECEMBER 1942



YOU'RE IN U. S. NAVY AVIATION NOW . . .

***And Have Mighty
Reason to Be Proud
of It!***

Uncle Sam's Navy fliers, keen-eyed, alert, courageous fighting men, are playing a major role in battling the enemy. The Detroit Times salutes you who are in training, knowing well you will sustain in the future the valiant record of the legion of heroic U. S. Navy fliers now in actual combat.

It is of outstanding importance to you to keep up with developments in the war . . . and you will, if you follow The Detroit Times regularly for war reports from HQ's, the great International News Service and the also great United Press. Besides written dispatches and war interpretations by experts, you'll also find action war pictures from all over the globe.

DETROIT TIMES

Detroit's Most
Interesting Newspaper

Christmas, 1942

We have come to another Christmas Day, the birthday of the Lord Jesus Christ who preached the message of peace on earth and good will toward men. Dark though the hours be in this the year of our Lord 1942, it behooves each and all of us to have faith, faith in the ultimate victory which must be ours. Remember Pearl Harbor a thousand times yet. Remember it with fire, sword, blood, and tears, and when the peace of the world does come, as it surely will, let those of us here at Grrosse Ile look back with pride on our achievements in the realm of effort. Yes, we trained them in the name of freedom, the Allied pilots who carry the flags of victory to the far flung corners of the world.

E. W. LITCH
Captain, U.S.N.



Honor

He was a Marine, his chest sailed with sharpshooter's medals, his dress uniform bright in the morning sun, beautifully cleaned and pressed. He gave a salute, a smart salute, one that cannot be forgotten, a salute that told everyone he was a Marine and a good one, and that he felt he was in the best outfit in the service of the best country in the world. Sometimes there is an awful hollow feeling of inadequacy, a feeling that makes a man want to deserve the respect of men like that sergeant. No animals in all military history are more brightly furnished than that of the Marine Corps. From the Marine to Guadalcanal, "Semper Paratus", always faithful, is their motto, and there is no tarnish upon it.



Goodwill Toward Men

Some sailors and soldiers and marines and some airmen will have holiday leave; but at millions of firebrands the hearty faces and appetites of sons or husbands will be missing. Hidden anxieties, and anxiety not hidden at all, must needs be present.

On this Christmas season we shall have been at war more than a year. A year of war in a long, long year. The world we lived in before appears to us to have been unreal. We know now it was unreal. We lived in our world blindly, knowing nothing of the undercurrent realities. We could be light-hearted before, not knowing what was waiting for us.

On the war front our allies have had three years of defeat and we ourselves have been driven from lands over which the Stars and Stripes had flown. Some hundreds of millions of our fellow creatures on this planet hate us with a murderous hate that is born of fear of us. Pearl comes to our very shores.

America in her trials did not cower but stepped out to meet the conqueror of nations. America took note of the dreadful might and cunning and now has summoned all the strength of her soul to match it. The valor at Lexington still shines brightly today.

Perhaps we have now reached the turning point of this war. The whole world awaits the victory of Allied Nations. Among fighting men there is faith in Almighty God.

Christmas 1942 is not "peace on earth, good will toward men" but it fights to win and is winning back for a suffering, bleeding humanity that very gift of God.

FLIGHT

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MANAGING EDITOR

Charles Hackett, Cox

BUSINESS MANAGER

W. P. White, Y2c

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W. P. White, Y2c

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In an effort to obtain original short stories from the officers and men on this base, *FLIGHT* will pay five dollars for each story that it prints from such contributions. A \$25 dollar prize will be paid for cover designs that are used. These stories and cover designs must be in the Chaplain's Office not later than the 25th of each month.

Her Symbol

BY J. H. MILLS, I.A.C.

It was never really satisfactorily explained how Linda Thomas came to be cut in an Air Raid in the first place. The circumstances which led to the abrupt and brutal ending of her vivacious life shielding an infant under her tortured body would have made front page news in normal times . . . but Death and heroism were cheap and common on those Winter nights of 1942.

Linda bent near the body of her friend Judy, examined the label, read "Fractured Femur". She splinted and bandaged it as instructed by the Commandant of the First Aid Post, Mrs. Hammond. Finished, she straightened up and said, "I said I'll have to go now, Mrs. Hammond".

"But Linda, it is only half-past eight, and you are on duty until 9:30, you know."

"Well I've got a date and I'm going," Linda replied, "besides, what good is all this practicing, endless practicing, when nothing ever happens. The war has been on for a year now, and we've never even heard an enemy plane".

"Our job," the Commandant interposed, "is to learn in practice, ready to be useful when things do start to happen. Though I only hope, as you would if you had nursed in a Clearing Station in France in the last war, that they never would start. That means, Linda, that on nights when you are on duty you must learn up at the proper time, and stay until the end".

Linda flashed back, "Well anyway I am not staying tonight and if you don't like my timekeeping, I think I had better resign. I hate the sight of blood, anyway". Linda scurried out.

That night London was bombed to blackened ruins. Linda, enjoying herself in Manchester never dreamed that her fiance, Bill, might be in danger there. She loved him, in her usual way, more than somewhat, but that did not prevent her from having other dates when he was not available. Next evening she came tripping home from work, her nose too ardent duties as a bank clerk, and ran upstairs to change for a dance. Stood before her mirror, she checked up on her appearance — she had no illusions, she knew she looked good and that the new cherry red frock with its imitation green

gardenia suited her flawless complexion perfectly.

She skipped downstairs gaily, looking a perfect modern picture of joy. "Who was that at the door, Mother?" she inquired.

"A telegram dear; why, it's for you". Linda's heart skipped a beat — she didn't receive cables every day. Evidently she tore it open, ripping through the flimsy yellow envelope.

"No, No, Mum, it can't—"

She collapsed against a wall, a glow of the radiant creature she had been a few moments ago. Her face was racked and twisted with the agony of her despair. She lifted a hand wearily and pushed back the hair from her pale and desolate face. Her mother plucked the cable from her hand and read, "Biggest Bill died this morning. Air said. Writing, Joe." Her mother fought against the sickening waves of anguish which were sweeping over her, as she realized her daughter's need of her.

Eventually she got her to bed where she lay gazing with stricken eyes at the ceiling, tearless and desolate.

That was the night that Goering unleashed the scorching might of the Luftwaffe upon Manchester. By eleven o'clock the sky was dripping blood. It resembled to the unending scream of engines. The crashing inferno of bombs and our own A. A. guns. Linda roused from her lethargy at last. They could not persuade her into the comparative security of a diamond cupboard under the stairs.

"Bill," she moaned as she lay there, "Oh Bill," against the hellish halcyon outside. Slowly, then more slowly, she realized the selfishness of her attitude. She realized that there would be other Bills tonight in her own district, needing help — needing her help at the First Aid Post, where the other volunteers would have gathered before the raid had become too severe. Eventually it became too much for her. She knew she would hate herself forever if she didn't go — even though it was virtual suicide to venture out at that time. She pulled on a coat and jammed her tin hat on her head. Silently she crept downstairs, so that her parents should not hear her. She stepped into the street, flood lit by the diffused light of the vapor heaven-pushing fingers of searchlights. She panicked a little as ardent messengers of exhausts became de-

tached from the main continuous trail and headed in her direction. She tripped herself to the ground as she heard the screech of bombs. The earth came up to meet her, rocked, and was still again. The silence which momentarily followed seemed uneasy and was broken only by the tinkling of broken glass. Linda rose— she had grown older in the past few minutes; no longer an irresponsible girl, she was now a woman, fighting like any tigress for her life — frightened, and hurt. As she regained her feet she saw a small pathetic figure silhouetted against the glare of burning houses. She saw it was a tiny boy scarcely able to walk.

She clutched the child to her as she hurried on. "Take him to the post", she thought, "it's only a few blocks further on, and he'll be taken care of there." She asked his name as she pressed on, the child answered in a frightened voice and delivered in her arms. A passionate desire to save that child, to atone for all her previous selfishness and inconsiderations swept over her. She had a job to do. A mission like a searing flame which would, flame like, consume her life that night.

She felt him tremble against her breast at the same moment as she heard the whine — the nerve wracking whine of a terrifying bomb. She dropped down in the sidewalk, against a wall, lying on top of the life she so passionately wished to save. The whine grew louder. "Oh God," she thought, "why doesn't it come". Her arms tightened about the child.

It did come. To be precise, it burst in the middle of the road. Gashing chunks of Krupps beat about into her back — into the cherry red frock, into her flesh. But there they lodged and pierced no further, whilst beneath her a child lay safe.

Hours later Special Constable Hammond, red-eyed and weary from a night of endless toil attempting to save victims from fallen buildings, of fruitless searching for his wife and son in the ruins of their home, found Linda. His feeble flashlight revealed her body on the sidewalk. A tattered gardenia lay wretchedly beside her hair. Gently he moved her. Unbelieveringly he saw and lifted the child's body. He never knew he was holding Linda's mission. He only knew he was holding his son, his little son whose name was just—Bill.

Your EXEC.

As fair and square an officer as you will find anywhere is our Executive Officer, Lieutenant Commander H. W. Wickes. Because of these virtues, the personnel of this base admire and respect him greatly. Many years of service and experience in the Navy have made Commander Wickes well qualified to hold the position of Executive Officer.

Perhaps the duty of the Executive Officer that almost all of us are acquainted with, is listening to requests from all personnel. This is usually done at request mast, and it can be truthfully said that Commander Wickes is very fair and impartial to all matters brought to his attention. The Executive Officer is second in command, and is the Captain's direct representative. Commander Wickes was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on February 21, 1902, but grew up in Boston, Massachusetts. He attended high school and college in Boston, and in 1923 enlisted as a seaman second class and started his flight training in Boston. In 1925 he was commissioned an Ensign in the Naval Reserve.

From 1928 to 1934 Commander Wickes owned and operated a flying company. In 1934 he sold his company when he was called into active service.

Commander Wickes has been a flight instructor at the U. S. N. R. Aviation Base, Squantum, Massachusetts; Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida; and at Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York. This is not the first base at which he has served as Executive Officer. He was the Executive Officer of Floyd Bennett, and before his assignment to Grosse Ile last May, he was the Commanding Officer of that base.

Adding to the long list of Commander Wickes' accomplishments is a dive bombing sight, which he invented and developed while stationed in Norfolk, Virginia. This sight is



known as the Wickes Dive Bombing Sight, and is still being experimented with by the Navy.

Commander Wickes was married in 1927, and has a nine year old son, Henry Wickes, Jr.

Commander Wickes' favorite sport is ice hockey. His hobby is radio, which has led him to invent a radio controlled buzzer and an aptitude tester used to test the flying aptitude of prospective flyers.

Grosse Ile is indeed fortunate to have an officer as well qualified as Lieutenant Commander Henry W. Wickes.



THE EXEC'S AIDE

The Executive Officer's Aide, Lt. (jg.) Wm. Lamprock, is a native of Cleveland, Ohio. Lt. Lamprock was born in 1914, he received his B.S. at Yale in '36, was married in 1937, and was commissioned an Ensign in the Naval Reserve in 1941. He became the Exec's aide in January 1942, June 1, 1942, he was promoted to Lieutenant Junior grade.

Christmas Week

The spirit of a "White Christmas" will abound on Grosse Ile with the approach of another festive season. Although there is to be no let up in our all out training program, a full round-up of holiday festivities will observe the Day of Nativity.

Familiar buildings take on a gay new aspect with their holiday dress of wreaths and holly. The giant Christmas tree, proudly arrayed in glittering splendor, will bring fond memories of peaceful days.

Traditional Christmas services will be observed on the Sunday preceding Christmas. Familiar and ever inspiring carols and anthems will play a major role. Recordings of Christmas carols will be played after service each night over the public address system during the week preceding Christmas.

On Monday evening, December 21, the service personnel and students will be invited to a truly gala Christmas Party. The Recreation Building is to be the scene of continuous dancing with both Chief Melnick's island band and Don Dimaria's Navlans supplying the rhythms. A bevy of lovely young Housewives from the USO will be on hand for the dancing, or the men may bring their

wives or best girl. Appropriate holiday decorations, a floor show, and choice refreshments complete the prospect of a gay event.

No less a personage than Santa Claus himself will arrive by airplane on Wednesday evening, December 23, at 1800. On deck to greet the genial gentleman will be the children of the Base personnel. He will be escorted to the Auditorium by the Station Band and the Fire Department. Movies, entertainment, gifts, music, and refreshments, will insure a good time for the kiddies.

At 1100 on Christmas Eve, a special candle-light service for all hands will be held in the auditorium of the recreation building. Captain Litch will give a short greeting to the crew, officers, and students. The Glee Club will sing Christmas Carols. Immediately following the service, a movie will be shown. On Christmas morning, a Mass will be held in the auditorium.

Somehow such an eventful week seems more than just a time for merrymaking and is proof that the Christmas spirit of good will is vibrantly alive within our fighting forces. It is the same spirit that has filled Christendom for 2000 years.

An International Christmas Greeting with a genuine crew man in the background. Representing almost all of the different branches of the allied nations fighting forces we have: (left to right) Coast D. S. Tuttle, USNR; R. Booth, S1c, USNR; M. J. Anderson, LNA, Royal Navy; Lt. (jg) E. E. Coonrod, USNR; Era. Marvin, WAVES; Lt. (jg) G. W. Gilder, USCG; Capt. L. P. Edwards, Royal Marines; Sgt. G. Alway, Royal Air Force, and A. J. Nekery, S1c, USCGR.



Ferry Trips Do Not Always Go As Scheduled

On a recent ferry trip in which Lt. Cmdr. W. J. Wicks was returning with twelve planes from Wichita, Kansas, the weather took the upper-most hand. Twelve eager pilots left the Reserve Base at Peru, Indiana, fully expecting to arrive home before dark that night. They were particularly anxious to make Grosse Ile because they had been delayed for a period of six days of bad weather and cash was running low. When the group got within a distance of approximately sixty miles from their destination they encountered a solid wall of snow running from East to West. The leader of the group considered it inadvisable to stick his nose into this blanket and decided to parallel the mass turning westward, hoping that an opening would appear. After flying for approximately five minutes, snow clouds began to close in on all sides. It was quite evident by now that an emergency landing would have to be made. As luck would have it a little town sprung into view and this was chosen as the vicinity in which to land. After circling the town twice at a very low altitude a field was sighted which appeared to be favorable for an emergency landing. One by one the twelve war birds came into this field and made a successful landing, but as luck would have it one plane met its doom when the pilot turned down-wind preparing to taxi to a favorable parking position. A gust of wind got under the tail of this plane and slowly but surely lifted it and turned the plane on its back. All during these maneuvers the local townspeople began to collect around the field seeing for the first time twelve Navy planes in their own town. The first person to meet the group was the honorable mayor who asked if he could render any service to the party.

Upon being informed that a plane guard would be needed throughout the night he called out the local Civilian Defense director. He in turn gathered his group and the Red Scout group and formed a guard to stand shifts for periods of two hours each throughout the night. Reservations at the one and only hotel in the town were made by the honorable mayor himself. The state police also stepped in with a helping hand and closed the road to keep the curious from getting too close. This member of the group can only say that on the following day when the group pulled out there was a smile of satisfaction on the faces of all. Everyone agreed that of all the stunts made, this was by far the best. Weather and people do funny things.

"Keep 'Em Flying"

By J. W. MILOSCH, Y82

Marching briskly, behind the spirited music of the Base band, go the student pilots on their Sunday morning dress parade. Officially known as the Cadet Regiment, these men are members of one of the most interesting units on the Base.

Lt. Harold E. Stall is the Officer in Charge. He is assisted by Executive Officer Lt. Roy R. Clugston (who is also in the head of the athletic dept.) with Lt. Ralph E. Lee as Personnel Officer. In addition there are the officers whose duties are both athletic and military. These are Lt. Crawford, Lt. (jg) Zima, Lt. (jg) Gallagher, Lt. (jg) Larson, Lt. (jg) Dixon, and Ensign De Marini.

Britishers from all parts of the vast Empire compose a large part of the Cadet Regiment. English, Australians, South Africans, New Zealanders, along with Canadians are included in the group. Many have seen action in battle, mostly in the artillery and anti-aircraft units, although some have been aerial spotters.

The Coast Guard students, both officers and enlisted men, take a hard seat to no one when it comes to real action. In fact, some have stored their clothes in Navy Jones Locker when their ships were shot out from under them. S. Smith, Flt, was on a patrol ship when a Jap dive bomber dropped a bomb in the forward hatch. J. V. Winslow, GM1c, was on convoy duty and assisted in sinking a number of German subs.

Then too, there are the Naval Aviation Cadets, previously based at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, a number of whom have had many hours of flying time before joining the Navy. Composed almost entirely of college men, from such schools as Harvard, Dartmouth, and Penn State, over half of the "V-6" boys are Yalmen.

Put them all together and you have the Cadet Regiment. Not only a smart military unit but a group of smart, intelligent men that have a lot of that traditional Navy pride and spirit.



THE CAPTAIN INSPECTS the cadet regiment. Top picture: Royal Air Force Students. Center picture: U. S. Naval Cadets. Lower picture: Royal Navy, Fleet Air Arm Students.



For God and Country

Christmas Bells

By Ronald Linford Cpl, RAF

Answer to not only need and want, but all our hearts, our hopes, our faith. In lives for other generations as yet unborn, who shall need all the love we give her but—she shall thank God, rebuild on ashes of perished nations and great faith, with a new life and a new world.

We bless the Hand that has sustained every need and shielded every pain of those who perished and saved our souls. We pray that all the yearnings of our faith may be forever satisfied and that the grace manifested through day, night or storm and weather.

December 25, 1912, may not be a Mass Christmas, but it can be a day which commemorates the hopefulness, the constant, flows in the strength of God, we will remember the hopefulness, the constant, and the departing throughout the whole world. May God give us the blessing of peace, but with their courage for each day. May the dawn light us our way with victory and make us workers everywhere for God and country.

Back in the Lusitania, 1912.

<p>POSTAL TELEGRAPH 10, BUCKINGHAM GATE W. 1, LONDON</p>	<p>Postal Telegraph THE WORLD'S LARGEST COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM</p>	<p>TELEGRAMS TELETYPE CABLES AIR MAIL</p>
<p>LETTER BY THE MAIL, POSTAGE AND CARRIER PAID, NEW YORK GROUP INCLUDES POSTAL BUSINESS, NATIONAL COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY, INC.</p>		
<p>TO THE THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SERVICE FOR THE YEAR FROM 1912 TO THE END OF 1911. THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SERVICE FOR THE YEAR 1912 HAS BEEN THE MOST SUCCESSFUL YEAR IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY. THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SERVICE HAS SERVED THE INTERESTS OF THE WORLD IN THE MOST EFFICIENT MANNER. THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SERVICE HAS BEEN THE MOST SUCCESSFUL YEAR IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY. THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SERVICE HAS SERVED THE INTERESTS OF THE WORLD IN THE MOST EFFICIENT MANNER. THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SERVICE HAS BEEN THE MOST SUCCESSFUL YEAR IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY.</p>		
<p>FOR THE YEAR 1912, THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SERVICE HAS SERVED THE INTERESTS OF THE WORLD IN THE MOST EFFICIENT MANNER. THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SERVICE HAS BEEN THE MOST SUCCESSFUL YEAR IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY.</p>		
<p>RECEIVED 1912</p>		



*Ring out, ye bells, ring merrily,
 Your message of good cheer;
 Ring loud your anthems, loud
 your praise,
 For Christmas is here.*

*For out the shadows, out the gloom,
 Need not the north and south
 Of their own who rise and fall,
 For Christ again is born.*

*Kind creature flesh, and flesh
 have done,
 And Man is born in pain,
 Yet there is peace, for in the heart
 The Child is born again.*

*Ring out ye bells, ring merrily,
 Your message of goodwill;
 Ring loud your words and rejoice,
 For Christ is with us still.*



DEAR PAPPY:

The next time the call comes to make the world safe for Democracy, I am taking a crack in the Navy. As you know, I was a victim of "Class A". The next time I want to be in Class B - B these when they go, and B these when they come back.

I remember, when I signed up I went to the desk, and my milligan was in charge. He said, "What is your name?" "You know my name," I said. "What is your name?" he barked. So I told him, "August Child," and he said, "Are you an alien?" and I replied, "No, I feel free. Then he said, "When did you first see the light of day?" I said, "When I moved from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia." He said, "The first of September you will be in Australia, and that will be the last of August."

The Doctor started to examine me. He asked me if I ever had measles, small-pox, or St. Vitus Dance, and if I took fits. Then he said, "Can you see alright?" Then he listened around my chest, and said, "I think you have a wart in your ear and are blind in my eye." The Doctor said he had examined 140,000 men, but that I was the most perfect physical waste that he had examined. Then he handed me a card, Class "A". Then I went off to camp, and I guess they did not think I would live long. The first fellow wrote on my card, "Flying Class". I went a little further, and some gas belated, "Look what the study blushing in," I said, "You're wrong; the draft's doing it."

On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as you are in it you think you can tick anybody. They have two sizes: Too large, and too small. The pants are too tight, and I can't sit down. The shoes are too big. I turn around three times and they don't move. And what a raincoat they gave me. It strains the rain, I passed an officer all dressed up, with a fancy belt and all that. He said, call-

ing after me, "Don't you notice what I have said?" and I said, "Yes, but what are you kicking about. Look what I have on."

Everything was crazy. If you were a livery man, you were put in the medical corps. If you were a watchman, they made you an Officer of the Day. I saw a guy with a wooden leg, and I asked him what he was doing, and he said he was going to wash the potatoes.

Three days later we sailed for Australia. Marching down the pier, I had some more bad luck. I had a sergeant who stuttered. It took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out, and the captain came along, and said "Fall in." I said, "I have just been in." I was on the boat 20 days, and was seasick all the time, nothing going down, everything coming up. I learned over the railing all of the time. In the middle of one of my best loams, the Captain walked over and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I am all by myself." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet, and I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up."

Well, we landed in Australia, and were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches all the exams started to rear, and shells began to fall. I started to shake with patriotism. The Captain came around at five o'clock and said, "We go over the top." He said, "Fire at Will," but I did not know any of their names. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement. On the way to the hospital I asked the fellow whom they were taking me. He said we were going to the morgue. I said, "There is some mistake: I am not dead." "Lay down and shut up," he said, "Do you want to make a fool of the Doctor?"

Well, Pappy this is all I have time for, but the next time the call comes to make the world safe for democracy, I am joining the Navy.

Your son,
AUGUST

CHEMICAL WARFARE

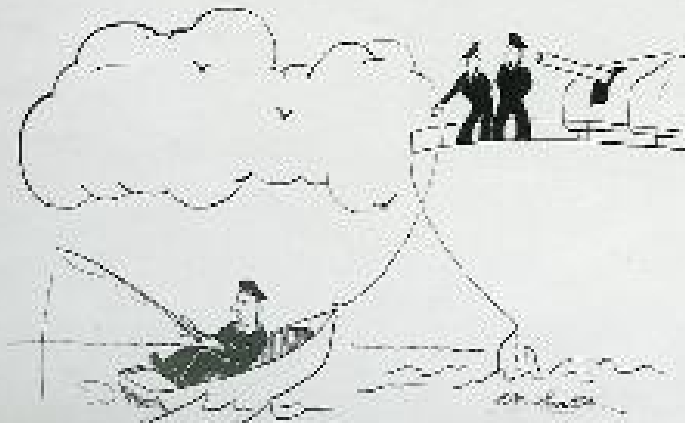
On November 12, the first class in Gas Defense and Chemical Warfare passed their final examinations and on November 14th, received their certificates of the Course from Lt. Comdr. W. W. Wichita, Executive Officer. Under the instruction of Lt. Lawson S. Earl, who is a Graduate of 6th Navy Fall Class, Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland, a class of nineteen men signed up for this first class of Chemical Warfare on November 2, and after thirty hours of intensive training were ready for their final examination. The material covered in the course included: history of chemical warfare, use of Gas in World War I, Navy training and experimental center, knowledge of all chemical agents, gas mask drills, use of gas chambers, protective clothing, decontamination methods, material offensive and defensive, Naval chemical warfare, training methods, duties of petty officers, and how to instruct others.

"Whether gas will be used in this war, only history will tell, but we are better prepared in offense and defense than we were in World War I," says Lt. Earl. "A new gas 'Lewisite' has never been used, and is our most toxic agent."

Our congratulations to the following men who completed the course successfully: E. A. Jones, AOM1c; A. J. St. Peter, AOM2c; D. W. DeWorth, AOM3c; J. A. Sellars, AOM3c; C. M. Eddleman, S1c; W. A. Glas, S1c; F. M. LaVack, S1c; R. H. Kinosh, S2c; W. E. Galle, S2c; M. J. Keshot, S2c; A. H. Cheizen sen, S2c; S. Ohlin, S3c; P. J. Weindel, S3c; V. J. Swannay, S1c; J. W. Morals, FM2c; T. H. Whiting, FM3c; R. V. Warrick, Cpl, USMCR.

Every enlisted man and officer will receive a two hour course of instruction.

The Grand Piano in the auditorium of the Recreation Building was obtained through the efforts of Leonard Brooks, S1c. The Associated Theatres, Inc., of Detroit donated the piano.



AUGUST IS HAVING HIS CHRISTMAS LEAVE "WAR OR NO WAR."

