

AIR SCOOP

LANGLEY MEMORIAL AERONAUTICAL LABORATORY

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AERONAUTICS COURSE TO BE REPEATED

Anyone who would like to know the difference between a joy stick and a joy ride, a roll and a bun, a pitch and a balk, an angle of attack and a felonious assault should be interested in the repeat performance of the Introduction to Aeronautics course offered by the Training Division.

Non-technical employees of the Lab will have a chance to get on the ball in discussions of aeronautics after they have been bolstered by the course. Among the comments of those who took it last term were: "Fine! Now I'll know what they're talking about at division meetings." "Oh my! So that's all he meant when he said he was trying to find a better angle of attack?" "Gee, maybe engineers aren't crazy after all."

Training Chief Tom Hulcher says of the course, "It's a business necessity and a social asset. Unquote."

Hot Pilot Steve Cavallo, well-known operator of Flight Operations who will solo for the second time as instructor was quoted as saying, "The topics covered in the course will be an Introduction, History of Aviation, The Airplane, Elementary Theory of Flight, Stability, Aircraft Engines, Wind Tunnels, and anything else your little de-icers' hearts desire."

Classes will begin at 7 p.m. Monday April 2, at Hampton high school and will meet for a total of 25 hours. (Ed. Note: Ye gods, all in one night?)

The mad rush of applicants will be taken care of by the Training Office, telephone 2300.

NEW SHUTTLE BUS

Additional morning and evening shuttle bus service between the East and West areas was inaugurated last Monday.

The busses are scheduled to meet Citizen's Rapid Transit busses arriving and leaving at the first circle inside the East gate. They leave the Administration Building at 6:45 and 8 a.m. and 3:20 and 4:30 p.m. The trip to the 16-Foot Tunnel



Among those who welcomed the ex-servicemen at the big party at Syms-Eaton last Saturday was Elton W. Miller, Chief of the Laboratory's Administrative Department. Miller posed with his friend, Harvey by name, to help Don 'Foto' Foster set an appropriate stage for Easter Greetings.

Easter Message

Through the years, Easter has provided us with a special occasion to be reminded of the sacrifice of One most dear, who gave up His very life that we on earth might have peace and everlasting life.

At this Eastertime, He has been joined by so many others, thousands upon thousands of them free American boys, who have willingly given up their lives in order that we, and our children, and our children's children might live in a world of peace.

In our churches, our homes, and in our hearts, we should give thanks to all of them who have died in order that we might live, and avow again and again that those noble dead shall not have died in vain.

*Elton W. Miller,
Chief, Administrative Department*

in the West Area takes ten minutes.

The busses leave the 16-Foot Tunnel at 6:57 and 8:12 a.m. and 3:35 and 4:50 p.m. arriving at the Administrative Building ten minutes later

MAKE ALLOTMENTS NOW FOR 7TH WAR LOAN

The drive for subscriptions to the Seventh War Loan will begin on May 14, 1945 and last until the 30th of June. The total amount of this loan will be 14 billion dollars, of which 7 billion is to come from individual purchases, or Series E bonds.

The quota assigned to this Laboratory is 18 percent of the total payroll for the months of April, May and June or \$375,000. This is the largest sum for which we have ever been asked and as usual our purchases by allotment will be credited against the total and cash purchases are suppose to cover the difference. Unfortunately, our percentage of allotment has been sagging and, unless the allotments are increased, \$126,600 will have to be made by cash purchases.

The only way to reduce this cash purchase amount is to increase the purchases by allotment. Therefore, there will be a drive beginning immediately to increase allotments either as permanent measures or temporary increases for the pay periods in April, May and June. By spreading a purchase over six paydays, one can make a large purchase much more easily.

BYRON HUNSICKER DIES, WAS NACA ARCHITECT

Byron A. Hunsicker, consulting architect for the Committee, died at 9 a.m. Saturday, March 24 at his home in Cleveland. He suffered a hemorrhage about a month ago and never fully recovered.

Hunsicker, stationed at the Cleveland Laboratory, had been associated with the Committee for approximately two years. He collaborated with architects of this Laboratory in design of the majority of the new West Area buildings. Prior to his connections with the Committee, Hunsicker was a practicing architect in Cleveland.

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HATS OFF TO BASKETEALL

King Basketball bid the crowd a fond adieu last week in the Hampton Armory. Under the leadership of Frank Read, the league committee did a fine job in arranging such a fine dance and ball game. It was the first time that an athletic group had achieved such marked success in the social field. Congratulations go to Fred Rice and his team from Low Turbulence for winning the Tournament Championship and to Jack Reeder and the Flight Blues, the League champs, all of whom really provided a thriller. Last but not least comes Harry DeVoto, chief referee, who took a full season of kidding for his fine efforts in keeping the games on the "up and up".

"I UNDERSTAND"

It is too bad that you are limited in the use of your automobile. I know what it is to walk through miles of jungle and swamps; so, I understand.

It is too bad your choice of food is limited. I have the same trouble too, except that there is no choice here. So, I understand.

It is too bad that Willie has to work so many hours at the defense plant, but I understand.

It is too bad that you have to wait in the rain for transportation. I have to wait in the rain for my transportation and destinations are uncertain, but I understand.

Winning this war is hard on all of us. You work long hours and so do I, so I understand.

But during those long hours I get shot at. Do you understand?

*From Sgt. R. C. Reed, U. S. Signal Corps.
 Somewhere in the South Pacific.*

WATCH IT, MEN!

"The Japanese in late 1943, according to "Air Force," published a document indicating that they had a good deal of information - too much - about the B-29 Superfortress. Despite the highest American security measures, the enemy report contained information about the 29's horsepower, bombload, speed, range and rate of climb.

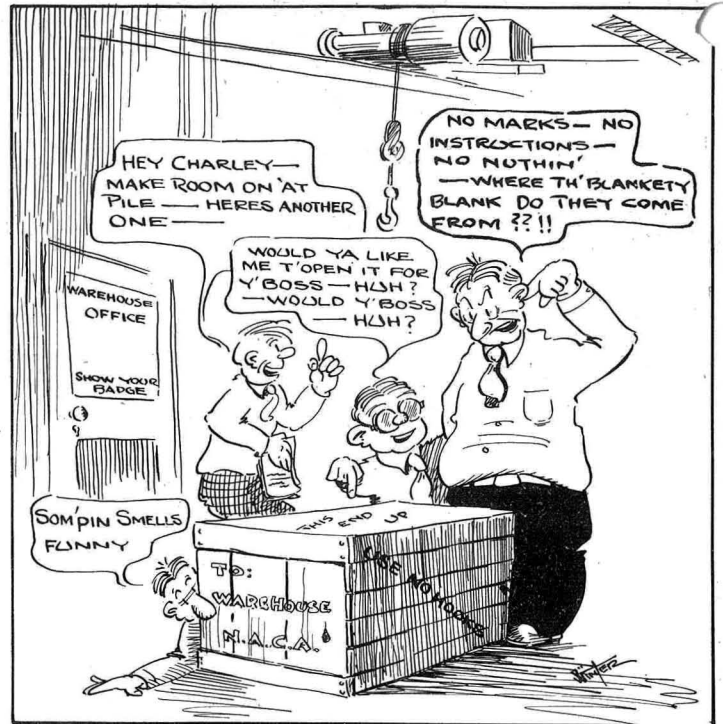
"Enemy agents aren't just figures in adventure magazine stories and movie plots. They exist in flesh and blood - in this country - and the final aim of their activities is dead American soldiers.

"Keep quiet, button up about our weapons and military activities, and let the enemy find out about them when it's too late for him - that admonition is as vital and important as ever."

This timely reminder reprinted from a recent issue of the Mitchel Beacon, as well as all other "precaution re-

WAREHOUSE WORRIES

Winter



mindes", will remain timely throughout the duration. 'The Blabbers Did It!' was the title applied by the Mitchel Ed. - and rightly so. For strong Americans like you and me may have unknowingly contributed to the original sources of Jap information on those B-29 Superforts. And today, strong Americans continue to convene in various meeting places where minds grow numb and tongues become loose - where information of vital concern to the enemy is glibly talked about. It happens nightly with the foremost apostles of sober quietude during sober hours talking the loudest to merry, fellow health-toasters.

Watch it, men!

-The Tailspinner



Starr Truscott isn't biting the hand that feeds him. He's merely sampling a piece of cake proffered by Katie Banick, Files, at the Ex-GI party.

TURBS BEAT BLUES IN TOURNEY PLAY

Fred Rice led his Low Turbs to the crowning event of a successful season last Friday, a thrilling 29-27 Tournament Final victory of the champion Flight Blues.

Rice scored 10 points, among them one basket made with one minute to play which broke the 27-27 tie. Time was called with 40 seconds left to play, and the crowd - already deep in the spirit - began to roar. With eight seconds left big Herman Parker, Low Turb center, fouled Andy Bogart and left the game. Bogart took the ball outside, rather than a free throw, in an attempt to get it in and tie up the game. With three seconds remaining, Joe Herrig fouled Charlie Forsyth and again the Blues elected to take the ball out. Forsyth passed in to Bogart who dribbled once, and then time ran out.

At the conclusion of the game, George B. Colonna presented trophies to the winners: Flight Blues as League Champions; Low Turbulence as Tournament Champs; and AWT as Girls' League Champs. In addition, Low Turbulence won the Clarke Memorial Thundermug as runners-up in season play.



Pictured above are the lassies who carried the colors of AWT and NACA through an undefeated season to the tournament championship in the USO Community Basketball league. Front row, left to right, Mary Hester Austin, guard, Virginia Perry, guard, Captain Eleanor McKinstry, guard, Edna Lishman, forward, and Jo Farthing, forward; back row, Coach Billy Bates, Roberta Menzies, guard, Margaret Ivey, guard, Louise Cox, forward, Mary Frances Mike'll, guard, and Becky Boykin, forward. Captain McKinstry holds the Everett Trophy which went to the winners.



Word has also reached us that Edmond R. Kay, who was a photographer and model maker here before entering the service, is now a Flight Officer and pilot of a B-24 in the 15th Air Force in Italy. He entered the service in October, 1942.

Only a week after it was mailed in New Caledonia we received a very nice letter from Bill Brewington who used to work in the Erection Shop. Bill's in the Navy, has been overseas for over two years and has been on six islands in the Southwest Pacific. Needless to say, he's looking forward to the 30-day furlough he has coming upon his return. He's also looking forward to returning to the NACA. Says Bill, "I hope when we win this war with the Japs that I can return to my old job... The NACA has done wonderful work in this war and we are doing our best for you at home. We've had a big job here but we are just about finishing up now and we are hoping to go stateside after this job."

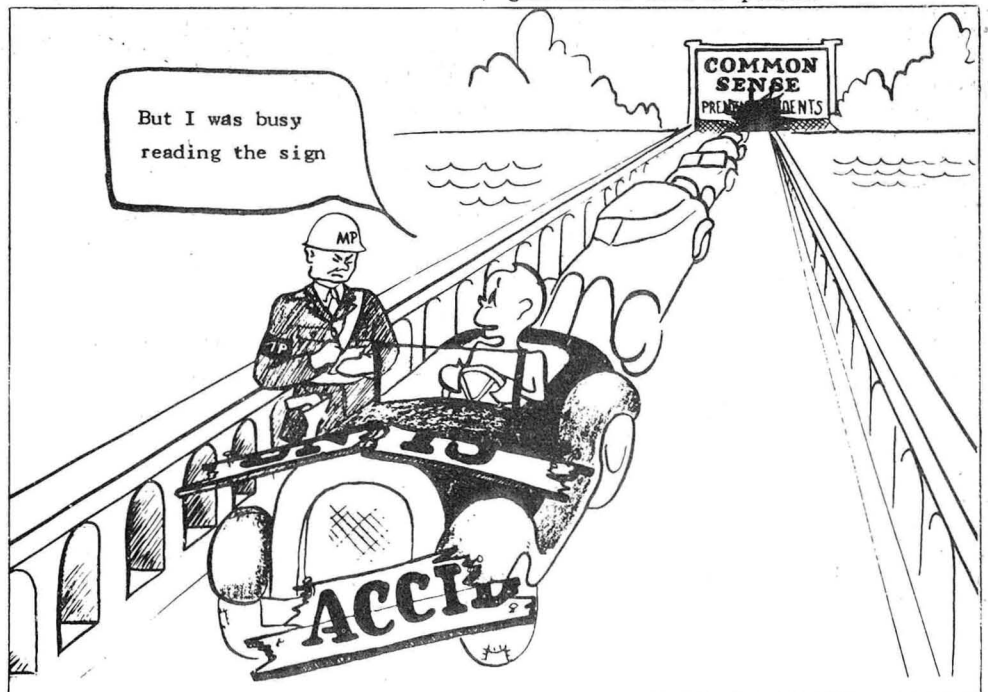
WANTED: Pair of gold rimmed frames for goggle type sunglasses, similar to the Ray Ban type. J. M. Miller, Research Staff Office.

AWT GIRLS LEAGUE AND TOURNEY CHAMPS

In the finals played last Thursday night, the girls of AWT defeated PRT-16' 38 to 21 to wind up the season as league and tournament champions, with the impressive record of nine wins and no losses. Jo Farthing, AWT forward, was high scorer in the final

game with 16 points.

Becky Boykin, AWT forward, was league high scorer with 82 points to her credit. Runners-up were Maxine Horne, PRT-16', with 63 points; and Dot Beadle, ALD, with 58 points. Boykin was also league high single game scorer with 27 points.



CROWD EXPECTED AT ENGINEERS DANCE

The Engineering Club anticipates a large turnout at the Easter Parade dance which will be held next Friday at Hampton Armory. The Club plans several intermission features in addition to the much-publicized hat contest. These will include a girl vocalist who will sing several popular songs, a novelty pianist with an individual style in rendering anything from ballads to boogie-woogie, a girl tap dancer and a ballet dancer. The price is \$1.50, stag or drag.

The Engineering Club states that last week's presentation in Air Scoop of the ultimate in hat fashions has caused no end of comment both here and abroad. The club modestly declines to quote the many telegrams and letters of congratulation they say they have received from Vogue, Harper's Bazaar, Mademoiselle, Glamour, and the Psychiatric Patient's Guide. "What do the orgies of praise lavished on our chapeaux by these publications mean,"

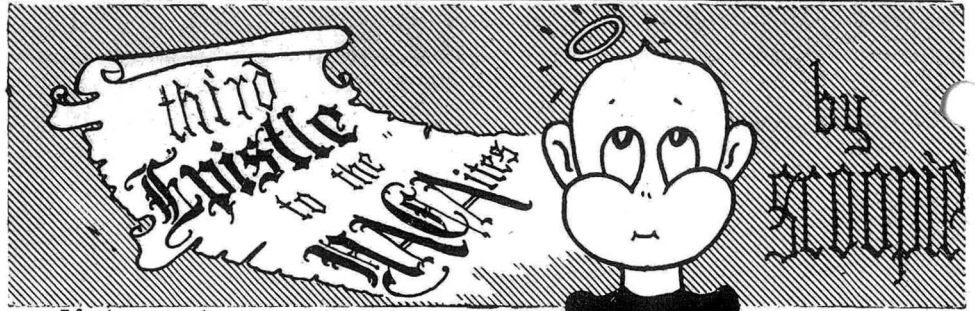


said the club's publicist, "compared to the prestige of having our designs reproduced in that outstanding fashion journal, our own Air Scoop. Better half a column in Air Scoop than an eight page spread in Vogue." (Advt.)

"However," continued the Club's spokesman, "we had one teensy-weensy complaint. One of our prominent engineers, who is also a noted wolf, wished to enter his Easter hat in the collection but it arrived too late for publication last week. We therefore reproduce it this week with our apologies."

REMINDER!

The deadline for entries in the NACA Softball League is next Monday, when the league will hold a meeting at the Symes-Eaton Community Center in Hampton. The meeting will start promptly at 7:45 p.m., and all team representatives should be present at that time, bringing their team rosters and entrance fees. Officers will also be elected at this meeting.



If thou art but recently separated from the service, but aside thy GI habits with thy GI raiment, lest perhaps, in walking about the post, thou art seen saluting, or policing the area, or ducking MP's which ill becometh thy civilian status.

And if thou art newly come from the battlefield, and are sent to the West Area, dive not into a ditch when explosions shall rend the air, and the earth shall shake and thou shalt be sore afraid. For this is but the launching catapult in the Impact Basin and not thine enemies about to smite thee.

And abide not by the suggestions of thy brethren that thou playest practical jokes upon thy Section head to cause him to be embarrassed and look foolish. For thy Section Head is more learned than thou, and even they, and he is thy boss though his shoulders are laden not with stars, nor eagles, nor leaves nor bars, nor are his sleeves marked with the stripes of the sergeant called Master.

And if thou wouldst make thy comrades believe thee wise, refer not to aircraft by familiar names such as "Flying Fortress" nor "Lightning" nor "Thunderbolt." But call them by model number and thou shalt be deemed an old hand. Behold, even he who is named "Liberatore" is called "24."

And mark well that thou calleth not such craft "airplanes." Let their name be "job," such as "jet job," or "pusher job" and all will think thee wise.

If thou hast thine own car, take care to carry with thee to thy labors as many of thy fellows as thy vehicle will hold and thou wilt be blessed by thy Ration Board and much loved by Personnel Services.

But watch that thou dost not become an eager beaver and call for them who are thy riders ten minutes before thou art expected and then beef mightily when they are not there. Else they will murmur against thee, and desert thee and hang thee up for whatever is thy due.

And if thou art a rider, beseech not thy driver six times a week to drop thee off in town, to go by strange roads laden with rocks and holes, nor yet load up his car with thy friends.

If thou doeth these things thou shalt soon be rideless and busses shall be thy lot forevermore. For thy driver prizeth much his tires and his gas even more than he prizeth thy friendship, for thou canst easily be replaced while they cannot.

THE LINE at the LABORATORY

These Warm Days Recently

have given many the idea that a swim in the Tank might not be such a bad idea. That brings to mind the Tankers' favorite story about the soldier who fell in. It seems that a G. I. was stringing some telephone lines across the top of the Tanks when he happened to step onto the roof of Tank 1. This roof is made of shingles which are of a light construction, designed to keep out rain, snow, sleet, and sunshine, but not the husky 190 pound frame of a military man with military shoes upon his military feet. And so he plunged----yes, he fell in the drink. His plummeting body narrowly missed the high tension wires, and a fall a few minutes ahead of schedule might have landed him on the cow catcher of the towing carriage---if the carriage had a cow catcher---which it probably would have, if there were any sea cows around. Since no one was around to throw him a line, he swam to the side and pulled himself up. This was pretty easy as the water was at a twelve foot level instead of a six foot depth, which fact also contributed to his longevity. Drenched to the skin, dripping from ear to rear, water slooshing from his number twelves, and using the dainty language that is first nature with all perturbed privates, he made his way to the front door. Thinking nothing about his narrow escape, but wanting only to get home, he approached the exit. The sweet young thing guarding the portals refused to let him leave, demanded to know how he had entered, and generally would have naught to do with him until he produced his badge. All of which proves that one's job can be taken too far. Ask the soldier.