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Well Done

Not all the plaudits of the 15,000 grid fans in the Washington's Griffith Stadium last Saturday evening were inspired by the scrappy resistance of the hometown Hoyas, nor by the power runs of Len Eshmont, the spirited driving of Walter Wood, or the line-battering of Lou Bufalino, although each of these elements—and others—combined to give the onlookers a well-played first class football game.

While football was indeed the principal item on the bill of fare, the fans were treated between halves to a cadet exhibition that they will remember perhaps after they have forgotten who scored which touchdown and how.

Some ninety Chapel Hill Pre-Flighters made the journey last Saturday to give the Capital city a brief glimpse of the training underway here—and its results. Some of them, under the direction of Lieut. Charles Speidel, head wrestling coach, boxed, wrestled, tumbled, kicked a bit of soccer, dribbled a bit of basketball, and then hurdled a selection of 10 obstacles to give the 15,000 fans an inkling of how the Pre-Flight program is making tough, aggressive, self-reliant naval aviation cadets out of physically average American youths.

Highlight of the intermission entertainment, judging from the response of an appreciative audience, was the selection of smart, precision drills with arms unreeled by 40 cadets of the 9th Battalion, tutored by Lieut. Robert D. Robinson, Pre-Flight School drill master. The strictly top-flight drill performance would have been a credit to veterans of military life, and yet no more than three of the group had ever handled rifles before reporting to Chapel Hill. It was a representative group of Pre-Flighters demonstrating what brief but effective training can do. The performance was a tribute to the drilling skill of Lieut. Robinson and the aptitude of the cadets.

One viewing the exhibition could have no difficulty believing that the following reaction of one Bureau of Aeronautics officer is typical of that of the many Washington naval officers and fans who witnessed the show:

"Your crack drill team," this officer wrote to Lieut. Robinson, "certainly amazed everyone with the show they put on between the halves of Saturday's game. Everyone got a big kick out of it and you are to be congratulated on the results you've achieved in so short a time. I wished I could say I was part of your organization when I saw what you had taught your cadets."

For all the cadets participating in the mass physical activities and in the drilling, and for their leaders, it was a job well done.

In the True Naval Spirit

In the belief that there is something fundamentally heroic in facing certain death with calmness, we are moved to narrate here the final scene in the life of two sailors who went down with the Lexington, showing to the end the true spirit of the U. S. Navy.

These men (we don't even know their names) did not bring down a squadron of Jap planes or sink an enemy vessel singlehanded. When the Lexington was mortally wounded, these men, carpenter's mates, were trapped five decks below the flight deck. Above them and to each side were flooded compartments, making rescue impossible. The ship's communications system was still intact, however, and the officers could talk with the doomed men. The officers asked the sailors if they knew what kind of a fix they were in, and the answer came back, "Yeh, we know, but we are having a helluva good acey-ducey game anyway." Then later they said, "When you sink her, put a couple of torpedoes near our compartments—we don't want it to last too long."

When the Lexington finally was sunk these men, of course, were carried down with her—gallant company to sail a gallant ship through eternity.

Men such as these two carpenter's mates typify and exemplify the spirit of the American Navy. With such a spirit moving the boys who sail the ships and fly the planes, there need be no doubt as to the outcome of the conflict.



By LIEUT. ERIC H. ARENDT
Chaplain Corps, USN

Who among us has not run away from responsibility? And who among us has not thought that he actually had been able to get away with it? Who among us has not had the experience of doing just this, only to find that someone else rises to the occasion to do the task from which he ran?

However hard we try, it is impossible for us to run away from ourselves. So often we have regrets—shameful regrets—because we failed to face, and do to the best of our ability, the job which was ours to do. Our conscience will not be still. Sometimes we try to "make it up" in some other way, after the determination that whatever temptation, it will not move us again.

In the biblical recordings of the Old Testament, we have the story, familiar to us all, of a man who refused to face the responsibility which God directed. He, also, tried to run away, to find peace only after repentance. That man was Jonah.

Jonah, sent by God to preach in Ninevah, rebelled and ran away. He ran into a storm . . . the sailors threw him overboard . . . the great fish came . . . you all know that story. And although the tendency is to argue about the accuracy or possibility of the story, we fail to see the real lesson which the story so clearly presents that no man can find a hideaway from his conscience . . . or from God.

We cannot afford to be Jonahs today! The present issues must be faced with courage and determination. God has given us a mind by which the problems and solutions can be recognized. God has given us a will by which we are able to assume the responsibility for His world. And God has given us the gift of freedom of choice and action. We cannot, we must not, shirk responsibilities now. The things for which we stand are important to the world . . . God's world.

Sunday

Divine Services

Catholic

Masses 0615, 1000, 1045
Confessions, Friday, 1830-1930
Gerrard Hall

Jewish

1000, Hillel House

General Protestant

1000, Memorial Hall



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