

Worthwhile Stories About Unfamiliar Names

Meet Some of Your Cadet Shipmates

(Ens. Gourley came to Chapel Hill with the intention of resigning his commission to enter the Pre-Flight program as a V-5 cadet. He failed to pass the required physical examinations, however, and was transferred for duty at Hollywood, Fla. The following article was written by Ens. Gourley, just before he left the station.—The Editors.)

By ENS. EDWARD GOURLEY

Anyone who reads the newspapers or the current periodicals is aware of the galaxy of sportsworld names connected with our Naval Pre-Flight Schools. Former collegiate and pro-

fessional stars and many of the nation's top-flight coaches are working efficiently together to produce a superior physical and mental stamina integrated with a will to win in our naval aviators. To these instructors much credit is due, for chances are that medals and citations will not fall to them, but, nevertheless, their skill and effort will be recognized when their pupils engage the enemy in the air.

Although the cadets in most cases are not familiar names, they do have a story worth telling. It is a story that falls under no single heading; its origin is as global as the war itself. Many have served one or more years in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps. Some were at Pearl Harbor a year ago. Others have been attending relatively luxurious preparatory schools or universities while some of their new bunkmates were fighting heavy seas and subs on North Atlantic patrol. Still others were working as shipping clerks, commercial illustrators, aircraft workers, or newspaper reporters. A large number are fresh from city and country high schools. Let several cadets, chosen at random, tell their own story.

Richard Allen Morse, a 'veteran' at 19, was a seaman, first class, on a sea-plane tender, at Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941. He was graduated from Ashland (Mass.) High School and waited for nine days to become of age to enlist in the Navy.

He left the States in June, 1941, and was in port when the Japs launched their initial vicious attack. When the first wave of bombers came over, Morse, who was ashore, made for his battle station aboard ship. His first contact with the war came when a Jap truck driver attempted to block the only entrance to the yard. This Son of Nippon was promptly rewarded with a .45 slug for his efforts and the truck was cleared from the entrance. While anti-aircraft shells were blossoming among the attacking planes, Morse ran to man his range finder. By



MORSE

that time, however, the Jap planes were inside the range scale and firing was point blank, so he started for the hangar deck to operate a .50 caliber machine gun. At that moment an enemy plane hit by fire from a nearby cruiser crashed topside on a crane without killing the pilot. A seaman manning another .50 caliber gun ran out and had a brief but successful hand to hand fight with the pilot. Morse continued on his way only to be blown off the deck into the water by the concussion of an armor piercing bomb exploding three decks below. He was picked up by a small boat and put ashore where he helped treat the wounded survivors from other ships. During the second attack he carried .50 caliber ammunition up to a roof until the Jap aircraft withdrew.

In January he arrived back in the States and went to Lakehurst, N. J. where he trained as an aerographer and remained there until his entrance into the Pre-Flight School in November. Asked what assignment he would like upon winning his wings and commission he replied simply, "A fighter squadron in the Pacific. That's where my grudge is—I lost a lot of good buddies out there." His is just one of the stories of the cadets, told with an unaffected directness and with a determined will to beat an enemy he knows first hand.

Although the majority of the cadets have not felt the fire of the Axis, there are a number who have been in the service previously. One of them is Richard James Hoben of Coaldale, Pa., an ex-sailor. He began selling newspapers at 13 and became one of the youngest branch reporters for the Allentown, Pa., *Morning Call* at 15. He left high school and worked up to an office job where he had charge of eight correspondents in small outlying towns. In addition to this he was a photographer covering strikes, murders, and fires. As another sideline, or perhaps antidote, he tried his hand at



HOBEN

poetry and met with some success. Cadet Hoben obligingly reproduced a poem, describing the antics of Mr. Hitler's mustache, published in *The Poetic Voice of America*, 1940. Out of 11,000 entrants only 600 were selected. The last stanza he added impromptu as he handed the poem to me.

A Little Black Mustache

It wiggles quite ferociously
When the voice below it speaks,
And when it shakes, a scared world quakes,

Wondering what now it seeks.
It wiggled at the Czechs one day
Then took a great big slice.
The world stood by, didn't question why,
Just mused "That wasn't nice."

It wiggled plenty after that
Its demands were always met.
Till Poland's men rebelled and then
The earth with blood was wet.
Since then it's wiggled endlessly
Beneath that Aryan nose

And mankind's gore from hill to shore
In crimson rivers flows.

There's one solution to it all,
One way this spell to break,—
If a barber brave that mustache could shave
The earth would cease to quake!
P. S.—Chapel Hill, N. C., December, 1942.

I think I've found that 'barber brave'
Here with Uncle Sam's sky-blazers;
That bushy lip he's sure to clip
—With Grumman props for razors.

In expressing his preference for fu—
See CADETS, page 8

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