



# Blue's news

No. 2

15 march 1967

"When the dew is on the rotor blades at Downing,  
And the IP's come a'sneaking through the rows,  
Do not look for me because I will not be there,  
My TAC has hung me up by the toes."

The mournful voices of fifty WOC's cut the cold, clear morning air as we leave for the flight line. We've been out of bed for almost two hours, but the sun is hardly over the horizon. Sometimes we wonder what makes a man put up with the things we do here--the long hours, the restriction of free time, the amplification of seemingly petty details into matters of great importance. Murder is a sin, but dirty brass.....Well, some WOC's get wings and some don't. It's a strange motive indeed that can make men live as we do for the privilege of risking our lives in combat helicopters.

But lying unspoken behind the words of our songs is a deep feeling we share. Perhaps it's a feeling we can't put into direct words, but we communicate through our songs and our comradeship that each of us knows that feeling. It's more than a dedication to a common purpose, more even than pride for the profession that sets us apart from other men. But when the dew is on the rotor blades and we fly solo into the cold, clear air of the morning, each of us knows the exultation of that strange love affair peculiar to the men who fly, the communion of man, his element, and the machines he builds to meet the challenge of the air.

WOC James N. Post

## SOUND OFF CANDIDATE--

Major Rector said we, as a class, have great spirit. I feel this is very true, but as he said, let's buckle down and put that spirit to work in the proper place. Let's show those Primary Check Pilots that Third WOC has spirit, but not in the form of songs and catcalls, let's show them how to fly those crazy birds. That's the kind of spirit we need, a spirit derived from the self-satisfaction of knowing we have done our level best. Let's keep up the good work.

WOC David C. Greene  
Editor-in-Chief



## SOUND OFF CANDIDATE

During the past weeks, accomplishments toward our class goals have been steadily progressing. A good example of the overall participation and enthusiasm shown by this class is our bi-monthly newsletter. The staff has done an excellent job on the "Blues News" and continued support by each flight should be 100%. This is your paper.

Thanks to our Commanding Officer, Major Rector and his staff for giving life to our "hot line". Major Rectors article on communications in our first issue says everything necessary.

Many of you in 3rd WOC have come up with many ideas and suggestions concerning your class. Please continue this great contribution of support. Submit your ideas to your flight representative or directly to your president or vice president in room 102, building 772.

Fred Funk  
Class President

## ARTISTIC AQUATIC ACROBATICS A2

This should be a lecture on synchronized swimming or how to survive the frigid temperatures of Twelve Oaks. Actually it is about the happy results of the final week of soloing our flight. Everyday found several new initiates into the ranks of fledgling aviators. The manner in which these candidates handled the traditional heave-ho was most refreshing.

Tuesday was probably the most prodigious and productive day in the annals of Twelve Oaks history. Fully twenty-five candidates were plunged into the icy depths, and their numbers precipitated an incipient free-for-all which resulted in several fully clad Blue Hats joining the water frolic. WOC Dayton had already been initiated but thought another dip would be nice; Candidate Dunlap had not soloed as yet, but looked to enhance his chance by diving into the drink. At any rate, the tenants of Twelve Oaks were given a daily treat as A-2 prepared for Primary.

On a closing note, A-2 would like to offer its heartfelt and sincerest thanks to the weatherman who supplied us with such warm days for swimming and dry ones to preserve our unique and outstanding guidon. Could I perhaps offer you this little song; "Him, Him--Bless Him"?

John P. Fayer  
P.I.O.

## A3

The date: 9Mar67. The time: 21:45. The water laps high at the dikes. Emergency workers are working feverishly to keep the water out of the residential areas but all is in vain. At 22:00 hours the water washes over the dikes and many residents are forced to flee their homes. Where did this tragedy occur? In India, South America, Africa? No, Alpha 3. We were almost totally washed away.

It started with a small leak from the faucet in Room 105. One of the Candidates residing in the room decided to remedy the situation by cutting the water off at the wall. Gingerly turning the knobs under the sink, Candidate Gookrich, the amateur plumber, was knocked down by a sudden gush of water as the knob came off. Hot water then quickly inundated Room 105 and overflowed into the hall outside. Before emergency workers could erect an efficient barrier Room 108 was flooded. A dike, however, was quickly erected and the water stopped momentarily. It soon flowed in a magnificent crest into Room 104, where the residents were caught completely unaware.