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# The Campus Chronicle

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## Through The Sound Barrier With Gallaudet's Third Licensed Pilot

by Andrew Foster

The other day, I wobbled out of a small, two-seated aircraft and embraced good old terra firma. Thirty minutes of acrobatic flying had grounded my aerophobias, that is, when it involves a pilot minus his hearing. Thus, one more person stood awed at the unassuming abilities of Harold Laverl Wright.



One day when he was five years old, Hal's uncle landed a plane on their ranch and began three weeks of barnstorming. Getting his daily share of rides, it is no small wonder that young Hal decided then to follow his uncle's air trails some day.

Many activities and interests have failed to make Hal lose sight of his first love. Whenever the opportunity presented itself, he mounted his motorcycle and rode out to Queen Chapel Airport in nearby Hyattsville, Md. to accumulate flying time and instruction. Hal said he usually had no difficulty in grasping instructions, because he would study his flying manual so much before arriving at the airport that anticipated what the instructor would say.

Last August, when Hal made his first cross-country solo to finish his qualifications for a pilot's license,

there was no pompous send-off at the airport. Hal quietly packed his goggles, log book, an air map, and his lunch (three raw carrots). Mrs. Deborah Dorr, wife of the airport owner, warned Hal not to take chances, and added: "If it looks stormy, land. I'll come for you in the car." Hal laughed—not to scoff at the instructions, but because of his "blush-easy" nature.

Having successfully flown over the last hurdle, the Civil Aeronautics Administration waived Hal's deafness and granted him an unrestricted private pilot's license. Thus, Hal has joined the growing ranks of licensed pilots in the silent world. He is presently a member of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association (AOPA), a former member of the Airmen's Club, and also holds a TWA courtesy card. In amusing but vivid terms, Hal sums up his flying know-how this way: "... a compass and speed indicator plus a watch plus a map plus common sense."

Perhaps we all suspect some hair-raising events in the business of flying. When queried as to his most horrifying experience aloft, Hal recalled the incident in which his compass fouled. He was returning from Pennsylvania; night was setting in; fuel supply was low; and home was still some forty miles ahead. All of a sudden the compass went haywire, and Hal inadvertently strayed from his course. It became darker, and Hal decided to land on a farm, apologize, and then contact the airport. But as he swooped near a barn, he noticed on its roof some directional markings. Recognizing his position, he climbed back into the air and soared homeward — arriving, according to him, with about ten drops of fuel left.

As for the future, Hal says he is already sold on a \$1000 per month crop-dusting job pending his graduation from Gallaudet.

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## *The Truth About College Spirit*

Much has been said—and probably will continue to be said—about college spirit. It is relatively a simple thing to go around bewailing the seeming lack of *esprit d'escote*; also to shake an admonishing finger at the apparent do-nothing-for-dear-old-Gallaudet type of individual. But our dispirited vigilantes have not precisely stated what constitutes "college spirit." A precise definition is, of course, as complicated as the ingredients of which it is composed.

At least, we can draw a line between two kinds of college spirit. There are, in one sense, the college-spirit tradition; and in another sense, college spirit *per se*. We encounter a good number of brickbats concerning the former. The fact is that most of the students at Gallaudet come from schools in which some of the teachers are also alumni of this College. Naturally, these students have had their fill of glowing tales of yesteryear's hazing madcaps, along with unforgettable athletic feats. Consequently, it is difficult for some students of today to visualize college life *sans* any outmoded, bizarre pranks.

This however does not imply that the student of this generation is, as one Yale student put it, "a humorless, apathetic cog in a lifeless community."

If our "little Napoleons" would take a look at the life in other college communities, they would notice that gone are the bonfires, tug-of-war battles, freshman beanies, head-shaving raids on unsuspecting freshmen, hazing, and so on. The reasons these feats have faded away are complex mixtures of the good and bad, the trivial and the significant.

Does this mean that students found on campuses today are, as the Yale man inquired, "quiet, mature individuals not given to flamboyance and exhibitionism?" This question can be answered intelligently only by giving just weight to both ends.

On one end, what constitutes present-day humor is quite different, as the following stunt will illustrate:

According to one clipping, former Governor Denver of Massachusetts was "kidnapped" by a bogus Harvard political group. He spoke for two hours before an attentive but fake audience while the real audience waited impatiently in a near-by hall.

This is definitely an extreme example of student behavior, prankwise, in today's colleges. But it only goes to exemplify a different pattern. The slapstickantics of those noble but grandfatherly teachers obviously were in an era by themselves. The college sense of humor today is therefore more subtle and restrained.

On the other hand, observation of other college communities would reveal further that the student of this new era (which is still in transition) has almost no leisure time. He has placed the emphasis of his spirit increasingly on first things. It would be found that his academic schedule is far more time-consuming than most of us would dare to believe. Despite the recent overhauling of the curriculum here, many of our bravadoes still seem to treat their field of specialization as a "by-product" of college life. Is that how accreditation is obtained? Also, is that how genuine leaders are produced?

Then, too, the Mid-Twentieth Century student has ingeniously sandwiched an amazing number of extracurricular activities into his work. That's college spirit, *per se*. His interests, needs, time on hand, etc., determine the extent he will indulge in the wide array of activities found on today's campuses. There is the crowd which goes all out for the college sports; one fraction competing and the other cheering; there is the dramatic group: one segment producing and directing, the other acting; there is the newspaper clique . . . the social butterflies . . . the part-time employees . . . and so on. The college spirit? It's there!

The well-rounded scholar is more respected today than the little imp and the one-sided athlete of the by-gone era. Our handful of collegiate

dinosaurs would do well to listen earnestly to Cato, who said, "The wise man does no wrong in changing his habits with the times." —A. Foster