Faculty Row

Doctor V. Dimitroff

able to work ten hours. The five hours work netted him a clean seventy-five cents a day, whereas some lowly occupation would have an eight cent an hour rating, such as dish washing. Five years later he stroffled off the campus with a high school diploma, bound for Providence, R. I., and Brown University.

This "work-study program" continued at Brown where he did hospital duty, lab, assistant duty and had a part-time position in town doing piece work in his spare moments. Four years later, in 1936, he was awarded a B.S. but lost his bachelorhood when he was married a few months later. The following year he was M.S. in organic chemistry.

The next two years were spent at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., activating their biology department which at that time was in a dormant stage. The Doctor feels sure he called himself around the old labs that he stimulated, because they haven't changed much since that time. While at Clark, he had the good fortune to work with the pioneer psychologist, Dr. G. Stanley Hall.

Harvard Medical School then found the research work of Dr. Dimitroff so commendable as his instruction in pathology. The research consisted of detailed work in spirochaetes found in drinking water. From 1925 to 1940, he was a pathologist in several hospitals, visiting pathologist in others. In 1940, he accepted his present position at Paul Smith's College. From the port of debarkation, he immediately went to New England where he secured a laboratory job, toiling from 6:00 A.M. until 6:00 P.M.; after which he somnambulated to evening classes four times a week at 7:15 in order to learn English. When he mastered the national language sufficiently he entered boarding school in the fifth grade, full of ambition but usually latent, self-consciousness being an adult in these jenovescious environs. School hours were seven, he rose in it at 6:00 A.M. At one he busied himself with various duties until six in the evening. Thus, he became a full-fledged modern G. I. student and graduated with a B. S. in Chemistry in 1922.

Continuing his research on T.N.T., returning to the University on a fellowship, he worked on tri, four five qualifying jumps. There are long weeks of rugged training the toughness of his kind the world. In the month the budding jumpers learn how to execute parachute landing-falls; they master the complicated art of packing parachutes in such a way that they open properly when the crucial moment comes; they spend long hours practicing, step by step, the correct method of leaving a plane in flight; they pass on test the devices, log-throwing, and running until they think they'll drop — and many a first step. Then they are faced — and they train on high towers and complicated apparatus until they are dizzy. When a man has successfully completed his preliminary training, he knows that he is ready for the supreme test, the event he has been lying awake nights thinking about — the first jump.

Nerves tension grips the men as they march to the air-strip on the morning of the first jump. Hurriedly they file through the hangars and pick up their parachutes. Out on the strip in front of the plane the men take their place, minute adjustments with their harnesses or their helmets — anything to keep their hands busy. The men of the static line fall in on one side of the plane, and one is occupied with his own thoughts.

It is a chilly and damp. Far off on the eastern horizon the last red streaks of the sun are slowly dropping, the sky brightens into daylight. And now the morning silence is abruptly shat- tered by the loud, thumping sound of huge aircraft engines far down the runway. The coughing quietly changes into a full, steady roar as the engines warm up. Big twin motored transport planes taxi up the strip and come to a halt in front of the hangars.

The group of waiting men braces itself against the terrific wind of the "prop blast." Instructors make last-minute checks of the men's gear and then, bent into awkward positions by their parachute harnesses, the jumpers waddle up to the waiting planes and clamber aboard. Inside the transports, the men quickly take seats and fasten their safety belts.

One by one the planes taxi to the end of the long runway and wait there for the "chute-off" signal. At last it is time to fly; the first plane starts down the strip, quickly gaining speed. The sound of the engines increases to a deafening roar; finally the plane leaves the ground and begins to climb. After reaching a certain altitude, the plane levels off and proceeds on its course towards the jump field. For many of the men it is the first airplane flight. Some of them peer out the windows to get a look at the ground far below, others sit glued to their seats with their eyes straight to the front — expressionless. There are two rows of seats facing each other, one on either side of the plane, so the men look across the aisle at one another. Some smile feebly; most puff nervously on cigarettes; all are taut and nervous. Suddenly a loud burst sounds; everyone is startled by it except the jumpmaster, who knows it is the ten-minute warning bell.

Finally the plane approaches the jump field. The jump-master gives the commands, and the first "step" of twelve men leaps to its feet. The men hook their static line snap-fasteners to the anchor-line cable which runs along the sides of the cabin. They push close against each other in a line down the aisle of the plane, ready for the final command. At last it comes — a sharp "GO!" They shuffle quickly to the door and make their exits; it takes eight seconds for the twelve men to jump. As each man steps out, the prop blast catches him and turns him toward the tail of the plane. He there, for the first time, he (continued on page 4, col. 3)