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Genius is an immense capacity for taking pains

EAGER EAGLE

Success is 1% aspiration; 99% perspiration

CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1943

VOL. 1, No. 21

8th QUINTILE SHOVES OFF



A/Sers March Again For 3rd War Loan

The Bond Rally last Tuesday evening saw the entire 32nd Detachment again marching through the streets of Historic Carlisle. It was a gala parade led by the Boiling Springs School Band, with the Carlisle High School Band coming second. The Detachment came next and the American Legion Band brought up the rear.

The bands played well and the men of the 32nd sang a number of their favorite songs with fine spirit. A large assembly of townspeople were on hand to see and hear the students and the high school bands. Our Commanding Officer, Captain Poach, was seen watching the proceedings from a vantage point near the square. The Captain seemed pleased with the result of one afternoon of practice on Biddle Field.

Although we have obtained no definite figures on the amount of bonds sold as a result of the rally, we know that if the citizens of Carlisle still have the fine spirit they have shown before, the Third War Loan Drive will be a success in Carlisle.

The parade covered all the downtown section of Carlisle. Starting on West High Street, it proceeded to Hanover and wandered a block in either direction and then finished with a flourish on West High as the Carlisle Band's Drum Majorettes saluted the Detachment as it passed by.

USO Program, Carlisle

Saturday, September 11—

1:00 P. M.—10:00 P. M.—Dark Room Open. Use of all equipment free. Bring your own paper. Develop, print or enlarge. Instruction free.

9:00 P. M.—Movies, "Three Men From Texas, starring William Boyd and others.

10:00 P. M.—Coffee and Cookie Hour. Ask for it.

Sunday, September 12—

2:00 P. M.—Classical Recording Hour.

4:30 P. M.—Vespers, with group singing.

5:00 P. M.—Supper served by USO Hostesses. Free to All Servicemen.

Departing Quintile Takes Friday Review

On Saturday last, the members of the "Flying Eighth" took off from Carlisle for their last time, with their course set for Classification Center. As the fellows prepared to leave, the many hand-shakes and good-byes were short, for everyone of us found it hard to say, "So long" to a group of men as well liked as the "Flying Eighth."

But they left with a feeling of having accomplished something during their stay here. On Friday, September 24, our new Commanding Officer, Captain Poach, had bestowed upon the flyers the honor of taking the weekly review.

These men taking the review were marched to the front of the grandstand at Biddle Field and the remainder of the detachment did its best to give a fine review for these men who were their pals, roommates, and former officers. One could see in the faces of the departees that they deeply appreciated the occasion and everything that had previously been done for them.

After the review, the "Flying Eighth" was moved to the retreat area as a separate squadron, and stood retreat in that formation. What must have been the thoughts in the minds of those men as the flag descended for the last time they would ever witness it? We have no way of knowing, but we may venture a guess that they were wondering, "Just what lies ahead, and will it be as pleasant as our stay here has been?" These men are navigating toward greater adventures now, and the *Eager Eagle* sincerely hopes that every member of the "Flying Eighth" has Happy Landings.

Headquarters Falls Before Strong Staff

Last Monday night seemed to be a night of revenge for the A/S Officers as they really went to town on the permanent party men headed by Captain Poach. They lost count of the score after the third inning when the score stood at 18 to 5. What happened after that

Dickinson College Holds Fall Convocation

Honorary Degrees Conferred On Sir Vivian And Dr. John Lord

Last Sunday afternoon Dickinson College held its annual Fall convocation for the purpose of conferring degrees upon its graduating class. This was the 171st commencement exercise to be held at Dickinson.

Among the visiting dignitaries who attended the exercise were Col. Sir Edmund Vivian Gabriel, British Knight, and member of the King's Household; John Wesley Lord; and Brig. General Addison D. Davis, who received the diplomas of those absent graduates who are serving our country with the armed forces.

The highlight of the afternoon occurred immediately after the invocation, which was delivered by Dr. Carson, the school's president. Sir Vivian addressed an audience which consisted of graduates, their relatives and friends and over 700 Aviation Students who are stationed at the college.

The text of the noted Britisher's address was a well composed survey of the war; not from the average layman's point of view, "but rather from the solid ground of scientific knowledge."

Although Sir Vivian made no definite statements as to the actual war situation as it is today, he did say, "There is no ground at all for a pessimistic outlook." That statement in itself is most reassuring, since Sir Vivian is in a position to know the war situation in its entirety.

With deeply religious men like Sir Vivian at our helm, we, the Allies, will emerge the victors. Throughout his discourse, he made many references to the always present Divine guidance which all men must, of necessity, have faith in. "We have scientific evidence that the groans and travail of the universe are never aimless or resultless, and that in the long run, the harmonies of God will and must prevail."

Many of those who had never seen Sir Vivian were amazed at the resemblance he bears to Victor Emmanuel, the King of Italy.

One of the most impressive ceremonies of the day was the conferring of honorary degrees. Sir Vivian had the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law conferred upon him by Dickinson College. The college conferred one other honorary degree—that of Doctor of Divinity, upon John Wesley Lord.

We at Dickinson consider Sir Edmund Vivian Gabriel our newest old friend. Let's hope we have the pleasure of his presence again, in the near future.

is lost in the grass of Moreland Park.

The author of this column has been instructed indirectly not to print the score but as he has no Tours to walk off this Saturday he might just as well resign himself to his fate.

The way it seems to me is that the A/Sers really made Headquarters look pretty sick. And as one man put it, "The only way you could distinguish them from really "old soldiers" was their uniforms. There are

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Capt. James R. Poach, Jr. Assumes New Duties As Commanding Officer Of The 32nd C T D



Captain James R. Poach, Jr., the new Commanding Officer of the 32nd CTD, assumed command of the Detachment on September 11th. It is already quite noticeable the changes that have been made, and through them a high respect for Captain Poach, as both a soldier and a real friend, has been brought into being.

Captain Poach was born in Providence, R. I., and since then has lived in the city of his birth, and in Dorchester and Waltham, Mass. The Captain is married and is the proud father of two very lovely children.

Captain Poach graduated from Norwich University, the oldest Military College in the country, and was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant (Cav. Res.) While at Norwich he majored in Governments, held the student rank of Captain Adjutant, was President of his Class and also his fraternity—Theta Chi, —played football and baseball. While attending Norwich he enlisted in the Vermont National Guard, and served with them for nearly two years.

The Captain was a member of the 3rd Cavalry for 5 years and went to Summer Camp with this outfit in '30, '31, and '32. In 1935 he was transferred to the 301st Field Artillery.

During this period of ten years Capt. Poach was working for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company in Boston, Mass. He was a manager for the Company and worked for them for a period of twelve years.

Upon being called to active duty he was sent to OTS at Miami Beach and received promotion to 1st Lt. From there he was sent to Gunter Field, Ala., where he held the position of Executive Officer at this Cadet Training Det. Among the various other places he has served are the following: Glider Det., Grand Forks, N. D., as Commandant; Helena Primary School, Helena, Ark., as Personnel Officer; Administration School, Maxwell Field,

Ala., this School being held for Officers destined for CTD's. Upon leaving this school he was sent to the University of Vermont, 61st CTD, where he acted in capacity of Adjutant. It was on February 10, 1943, while at the University of Vermont that he was promoted to the rank of Captain. From here Capt. Poach was sent down to State Teachers' College, 338th CTD, Kutztown, Pa., as Commanding Officer. As you all know, Capt. Poach then was transferred on September 11, 1943, to 32nd CTD, Dickinson College, here in Carlisle, Pa.

Religious Calendar

- St. Patrick's Catholic
East Pomfret Street
8:00. Low Mass
10:30. Low Mass
7:30. Evening Services
- Brethren In Christ
A Street
7:30. Evening Worship and Sermon
- First Church of the Brethren
Cor. West and Walnut Sts.
10:30. Sermon and Worship
- First Church of God
West Louthur Street
10:45. Worship and Sermon
- Allison Memorial Methodist
High and West Streets
11:00. Worship and Sermon
- Second Presbyterian
Cor. Hanover and Pomfret Streets
11:00. Worship and Sermon
- St. John's Episcopal
Public Square
7:30. Holy Communion
10:00. Parish Eucharist
9:30. Matins and Sermon
- Grace United Brethren
Cor. Pomfret and West Sts.
9:30. Unified Service of Worship and Sunday School
- First Lutheran
Cor. High and Bedford Sts.
10:45. Worship and Sermon

EAGER ★ EAGLE

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A/S G. COLETTA

How much did we win on "Gig-Sheet's" race? Well, we don't discuss that particular sporting event in our room, now. Mention of the subject causes my bosom pal and me to make words, mainly because we didn't exactly make a killing—in fact—we lost.
I can't say that Harry was entirely wrong in singing "Gig-Sheet's" praises. Far be it from me not to recognize an intelligent animal. That horse has a very keen memory. Of the hundreds of ways that a horse can drop a decision, "Gig-Sheet" remembered all, except one—he forgot to drop

dead. Believe me, the best purse that he will ever earn will be his glue conversion value.

In the future, if I wish to make a wager on the speed and endurance of any animal, I will patronize my local "Smoke Shoppe," which is fully equipped with "Green Sheet" specials and the like.

As for Harry, I consider him to be a tout of the lowest caliber. We are no longer associates. Duke just reminded me that I crossed Harry off my books once before—I did—but I am in deadly earnest this time.

The "once before" was a few weeks ago. At the time we were in dire financial straits—broke to you. As was our habit, we turned to Fairy Godmother, Harry, who was handling a fighter in those days. I

(Continued on page 4, col. 4)

MUSIC BOX

A/S F. BUTCHER

Well, guys—being more or less at a loss for a band of the week this episode, we shall hafta' delve among the piles of debris to see what else the old Music Hall can produce.

And immediately we come up with something of interest for the would-be Romeos who are music lovers. We have a letter composed of seventy-five song titles, that some A/Ser wrote for a heart-throb (reportedly local):
"Dearly Beloved"—

"Never a day goes by" that I don't "Miss you." Even "From taps 'til reveille," "You are always in my heart." "As time goes by" I realize "It's always you," so "I don't mind" "Taking a chance on love." "As long as I know you love me" I'm "Constantly" "Happy go lucky." I'm "Thinking tonight" of my "Million dollar baby," just as "I do" "Every night about this time." "In the blue of evening," just before I "Hit the road to dreamland," "You'll never know" how "My heart and I" feel.

"By the light of the silvery moon" I go into my "Moonlight mood" because "Moonlight becomes you," and that's the way "I remember you." "You were never lovelier" than "Under a strawberry moon." "I know that you know" that "This is the story of a starry night," and that "You're the only star in my blue heaven." "Memories" prove that "There are such things."

"Maybe" "I'm old-fashioned," but "I'm getting sentimental over you." "All the things you are" are "The things I love." "You rhyme with everything that's beautiful," so "Who wouldn't love you?" "Night and day" "I think of you." "It started all over again" "When you won my heart." "At last" I know that this is the "Right kind of love." "It can't be wrong," because "You made me love you." "I don't want to set the world on fire," but "I'll never smile again" "If I should lose you."

"I can't give you anything but love." "Darling," because "I don't get around much anymore," but "When we get together again" "I want you" to "Put your arms around me, Honey," and "Hold Tight." "Time was" when "Takin' off" meant "Good-bye now," but "When you hear me sing" "Flying home," you can say, "I've heard that song before."

"Honey," "I'm getting tired so I can sleep." "I just kissed your picture good-night," but it wasn't "Just as though you were here." "There's a harbor of dreamboats" "Waiting for me," so "Good-night, sweetheart"; "I'll be seeing you" "On the street of dreams."
"Please think of me."
"Yours,"
"Sunday, Monday, or Always."

If any of you fellows want a review of the Hit Parades for the past eight or nine months, just look this over.

I'm running out of paper and ink, so I'd better slam the doors of the joint for this week and start looking for a band to present next week. So long.

FLASHES OFF THE BLADE:

In that two of my scouts have received their "Greetings" and another is celebrating his thirty-fifth wedding anniversary, I'm afraid the flashes this week will be pretty dull and sparse. However, you are welcome to those that have been brought in.

Here are a few recordings of the not too distant past which have gained renown:

Tommy Dorsey's "You Took My Love," Jo Stafford vocalizing, with a bit of Ziggy Elman thrown in, and on the other side, "Dig Down Deep," a bond-selling opus featuring Sinatra and the Pied Pipers.

(Continued on page 4, col. 3)



Squadron A

A/S G. COLETTA

Conway Hall is like the inside of a mausoleum since the ex-zoot suit boys left. Why, it's almost quiet enough for a guy to study now. With the 8th quintile went all the New York accents. Us Yankees sho ah outnumba'd naow.

The 8th's departure and the subsequent advance of the 9th quintile to flyers status made almost a sweep of Squadron "A"'s officers and non-coms. The talents of the remaining men were so equal that Captain Bakes had to spend the best part of a week deciding just which men he could entrust the squadron ranks to. At least, you can rest assured that you have the squadron's best men leading you now.

Here is a roster of your new leaders:

For the present, Bakes, Bi-beault and Conant will retain their student commissions.

Lieutenants: De Bruyn, Conant, Alford.

First Sergeant: Allen, L. W.

Supply Sergeant: Casali, J.

Platoon Sergeants: Dumont, Engert, Allain.

Guide Sergeants: S. P. Clark, Charlefour, C. Collins.

Corporals: Cote, Chute, Cibula, Colburn, Dunton, Cooke, Greenwood, and F. Collins.

The 10th quintile lost two of its members to the 9th this week. Bill Bohannon and "Chick" Coletta are the lucky men. To them, it's all very confusing.

The trouble with the men from Miami is that they're not green enough. They've had nothing but closed post since their arrival and yet they have managed to date up every good looking in town for the next month. O.K., we give up—what's your system, boys?

Who wouldn't pick apples for 45 cents per hour? WE WOULDN'T. Never again will we venture to the top of an apple tree without a parachute.

While picking apples this week, more than a few flyers discovered that potential energy is a lot safer than kinetic energy. It's not the fall that annoys one—it's the sudden stop.

Tom Bevins assured his little honey that she'd be as safe in a plane with him as she'd be on the ground (with him). Subsequently — Bevins flies alone.

Adding insult to injury: First she drank him under the table, then she had the nerve to expect George C. to pay the bill—the crust of some of these dames!!

The lights went low and she shrieked, Oh!! Come, come, Mr. Casali, couldn't you wait till the bus stopped, at least.

Now, how in the world can two fellows, two Collinses to be exact, leave the barracks for six hours, come back looking just as clean and neat as they did when they left and expect us to believe that they had a swell time? Everyone knows that a "swell" time just naturally musses a guy up.

The 10th quintile was discouraged about the whole set-up until that notice concerning class distinction was posted. Now the boys really have something to sink their teeth into—the 11th and 12th quintiles.

Cartoonist Segar, take notice. We have the original Whimpy in Squadron "A," Joe Cibula, by name. He keeps his hamburgers the way the soldiers keep their gas masks. That's right, he even sleeps with one.

What! Eight gigs, Mr. R. Clarke? We personally, know that they can't do that to you and what's more, we'll punch your card to that effect any time you care to drop into the office.

Frank Clem asked us to print these few words to you, men. "Honest, please believe me, that woman wasn't my wife and I never saw the baby before, either." We can vouch for this statement.—He just picked them up when you saw him.

That's all—

Squadron B

A/S A. DZIAJKO (ZEKO)

Do the men of Squadron B know that: the members are at work once more. Squadron B lost the honor ribbon to Squadron D.

A/S Krantz was going to be doing P-38 belly landings for talking back to an upperclassman. (Krantz did quite a few belly landings). . . . That there were only five applications in for squadron commander. It looks as if no one cadet wants more than a flight lieutenant. . . . A/S Benjamin (the Reb.) almost passed out when Commander Chick called on him to take over the second flight and march them off to chow. (He really thought he was going to be giggered.) . . . A/S W. C. Hood is at it again telling the big fellas where to head in.

But yesterday he told an upperclassman where to head in, and made quite an impression, so the upperclassman really impressed A/Ser Hood with an "impression" and not with words. . . . A/S J. J. Jackson keeps boasting of the Texas beauties and how none can compare. Well then, Jackson, leave our Yankee women alone.

The men of room 319 are going to put out a pamphlet on how to be eager Beavers in 101 ways (and pass inspection).

Corporal Cardiello had to sew the hole in his blanket after Adjutant Williams tested it for dust. . . . Room 318 opened the eyes of the rest of the squadron, there was a brass strip along the doorway (they were the first to discover and blitz the brass strip). . . . The deep, dark secret of the week is, why did the staff room suddenly start to GI their walls at the very last minute for Saturday's inspection?

This Saturday will be the first open post for the eleventh Quintile. So, men, let's be gentlemen in all respects.

The two women they saw in slacks at Biddle Field were not P.T. instructors, but only spectators. . . . A/S Edgar Cook is really a very good cook and when you men have time, come up to room 319 and test some of Edgar's fudge. . . . A/S Kerydakes was in cadet training and was washed out for goofing off. But he was given another chance to start anew. He no doubt learned by his mistakes and is really on the ball now.

The upperclassmen have been coming into the rooms lately and giggling men for supposedly having dusty rooms. It seems that the men have to dust with the one hand and do home work with the other.

A/S A. Hagen was really listening to Sir Gabriel very attentively Sunday afternoon. But we know A/Ser Hagen

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"THE EAGER EAGLE"

Sponsored by the

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SQUADRON NEWS

(Cont'd from page 2, col. 5)

doesn't understand a bit of "English."

When A/S Black (one of the Reb. boys) was asked, "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?" he answered, "At the bottom."

When A/S U. Frantzko was asked, "What is a communist?" he answered, "A communist is either a republican or a monarchist who votes for the one opposite to the one he is."

Squadron C

A/S KALLAUGHER

Last week we saw the colorful members of the eighth Quintile drop quietly from our midst. A farewell address and ballet dance by "Clipper" Gleed, along with a demonstration of acrobatics from Bill Hannum being the only marks of their departure. We'll sure miss 'em all.

If you will close one eye and look around you, you will see who I now have left to write about—discouraging, isn't it? Well, here goes, anyway—

AIR CURRENTS:

We better nominate Mat Kulaga or someone equally as sharp-eyed, as a special fire squad, since Tom Christian has now moved in with A/Sers Cutting and Carleton, and the sparks should be flying thick and fast.

From now on, all unclaimed cigarettes found in the squadron will be turned in to the staff room. 1st Sgt. Cone plans to pass these out to the fellows always in need and thus to eliminate "mooching"; A/S Capt. Davenport is also interested in the movement.

You have heard of women driving men to drink but they've got Red Houston smoking cigars. Which is worse? Over the week-end we see A/S Concello, the man-about-town, with Carlisle belles in ever-increasing numbers. It's not that we resent your good fortune, John, but let's remember our motto, "Share and share alike."

A/S Lieut. Dale entertained his parents this past week-end, who came all the way down from East Cupcake, Mich. (correct me on that, Mr. Dale). The welcome visitors were serenaded by the 1st Flight, with a passionate rendition of "The Chain Gang Song."

Don't always believe what you see, men! Sqdn. Adjutant Crouch assures us that he spent his entire week-end in solitude; so that wasn't the Adjutant you saw with the cute young lady on Saturday last.

To walk into 414, you have to either have a pad on your arm or gold on your tongue.

What has A/S Kuchta got that we haven't? I hear that his little bundle of dreams was ready to cut him down to her size, if she caught him Saturday night, for standing her up. But on Sunday night he saw her for a few minutes, gave her a kiss of assurance and then went off with another gal.

Getting a little sick of playing "Flinch," A/Sers Javor, Jacques, Howell and Kelley have originated a new game—Mop, mop, whose got the mop?

If you haven't dropped into Harrisburg as yet, you ought to do so. Ask J. A. Kelley.

You have probably felt the floor sag and resag about 2200 each evening, but calm your nerves, boys, that's only Kosacz doing his 30 push-ups. Daniels and Schmidt are convinced that chisels are the only things that will open those lockers in the Penn. Station. Throw the keys away!

"No news is good news, they say," that is everyone except Shirley Keene. Cheer up, Shirley, she'll write to you in a month or so.

DOING THE PILOTS:

The air over Carlisle has been rather still the past few days with the absence of flying, but when the boys of the zipping 9th get up there, the

clouds are really due for a kicking around.

As a tuning up exercise, the flyers-to-be have been climbing apple trees and they cheerfully say the altitude doesn't bother them a bit.

Cronk, Culbertson and Dahlburg are really upset because they're not starting off with A-20's, B-26's and P-47's, respectively.

You can always expect some kind of a project when Cutting is around; this time he's going to resurface the airfield before he even sets foot inside a plane. Keep in there punchin', "Speed." . . . Who will deny that Floyd Chalek, Cornelius Clark, Jr., and J. J. Cisar are potentially the hottest pilots of the gang? . . . Gerrey Kinross, though he may not be flying this week-end, will have his head in the clouds for other reasons.

OUR GOOD WORK:

Welcome back to the "Old Home," Bob Jepsen, we're also glad to hear that your father is improving.

As well, we'd like to say hello to A/S Joyce, if he can hear us. He is now vacationing at the Carlisle Barracks Hospital after undergoing an operation.

NEWS OF THE "NEWS":

The "news" who have just joined Squadron "C," wish to express their thanks to A/S Capt. Davenport for the welcome he has conveyed. Also to assure him they will do, not their bit but their best to keep the reputation of "C" as high as ever.

A/S F. E. Baker is expecting a welcome visitor this week-end. F. E. and Mrs. Baker we hope enjoy a very nice open post.

"You-all" J. Martin from Houston looks like sure choice for squadron "Romeo." Handsome and quick-witted—that's him.

"Neat Charlie" from Missouri and "Eager OJ" from Savannah seemed to be battling it out for honors at the GI party on the 24th. Meet A/Sers Mayes and Murry.

Room 428 is the "black-braid" office. "Chaplain" John is a master of math, too.

Thanks to John McClure, who has been around with the putty knife, scraping up stuff on the new men for me.

Squadron D

A/S M. RANDOLL

Last week's column was written largely as a dedication to the departing "Hot Pilots." The column this week will be written with somewhat the same idea, only it will be dedicated to the new men from Miami Beach.

However, before we go into the tales of woe and the news of happenings I would like to acknowledge the able work of my predecessor, A/S Joe Katen. He did a fine job on the newspaper, and I am sure you would like to wish him the best of luck. Certainly he has handled the news with near-professional delicacy.

Currently the boys of the eleventh and twelfth quintiles are involved in a program of readjustment. A great change in the living habits of these men has taken place, and with no small amount of restraint. For almost two weeks they have had a struggle with themselves to avoid indulging too greatly in the social whirlpool at the PX. It is difficult for the men to adjust themselves to this type of living after spending a good portion of their free time in Miami's better resting establishments—Charlie's Inn and the Riptide Club. It will be the responsibility of the upperclassmen to pamper the men and introduce them to campus wild-life gradually. They haven't as yet found a suitable substitute for the quiet and reflective atmosphere of Miami's famed "Five o'Clock Club."

In addition to finding these beings unadapted, we also note a tinge of bewilderment in

their expression. They believed wholeheartedly that Miami Beach had the acme of tough military drill. They realize now, however, that they were quite mistaken.

For example, one man was rudely shaken when, upon being found breathing while at attention, he was given seventy-five tours, all of which he had to walk in one day, except for fifteen. Others were startled at finding the position of parade rest obsolete. The newer and more versatile command of "at ease" being used.

Then the confusion came promptly. The aforementioned man was required to fall in, and at parade rest—which is obsolete—at the five-minute warning. Theoretically this gave him five minutes before he had to fall in. But when he fell in ten seconds after "fall in" was given he received another ten gigs. He protested—by dropping his jaw slightly—but this only got him five more gigs.

The situation would be less confusing if things ended here, but these poor misguided creatures find it necessary to do everything in formation and cadence.

In spite of the apparent hardships which must be overcome, these students are being moulded into a staunch crew. Their spirit and aspirations suggest that another party is coming into power. Time will tell.

UNUSUAL EVENTS:

A/S Schelain introducing the latest thing in fall styles at a recent fashion show held in his room.

A/S Robey conducting an extra-curricular PT program in his room with A/Sers Ogden and Rhyner participating.

SADDEST MAN IN TOWN:

A/S Ramsey after the inspecting officer failed to notice the bright, sparkling door knobs Ramsey spent long hours polishing at the last SMI.

PEAS IN A POD:

A/S J. Davis and A/S J. Davidson. These new men can be found daily at eachchow formation beating each other to a bloody pulp.

SPLASH:

Flight Corporal Lynch won his water wings and a commission in the Ugly Duckling Brigade by having weathered a strong torrent of water directed at him in one of Club 22's recent rabble rousing sessions.

A/S Lucey washed out literally however after A/S Lynch deflected the course of the water to Lucey's bed, Lucey was subdued.

A mysterious man in tattle-tale grey underwear is said to have been the cause of it all.

CLUB 22:

A/S McCrohan has office hours from six to eight, Monday thru Friday, during which time he will take proper care of all condolence cards (TS) of the disgruntled bearers. His office hours on Saturday after 12 are held at the Molly Pitcher.

Pres. McMahon and "Vice-Pres. McCroman are campaigning for prospective members to enlist in the IRA (Irish Republic Air Force). Hot pilots Luttazi and Lysonski have submitted their names for consideration. What?

The girl friend of A/S P. E. Lord believes that her man is a Lieutenant. Three stripes usually mean sergeant, I think. Nothing sacred about the name Lord in this case.

Sick-call patients will get an added incentive to seek medical aid when they encounter the new sick-call sergeant—A/S McCrohan.

Well, men, that does it for this week. Remember, we are all in this together.

Squadron E

A/S J. FRANK

Well, fellows, here we are in a new month and a new schedule. All this means the ninth quintile starts to fly and

you can bet your bottom dollar there will be plenty of dirt now. Such flyers as Goldberg (you might know he'd be this way), Greenhut, Frontino, Erwin and a few others are arguing about getting a woman instructor already.

What's the word on a ninth quintile mag? The blackout which took place last Monday evening turned out to be a huge success as far as the first floor of the second section was concerned. I came in shortly after the light went on and frankly it looked like a hurricane passed through.

STRICTLY ON THE LEGIT:

What Carlisle lovely has Henry Ford on the run? . . . A/S Fields has two Betty's but would rather have the one in Delaware for his OAO. . . . If at first you don't succeed, try and try again. That's all I can tell you Vlk? What certain Mr. that lives on the second floor in the second section is going strong for what certain girl, who wears glasses at a certain mess hall? . . . Does Mr. Meyer really do all right in town?

By request I'm retracting a statement I made last week concerning Mr. Erwin's girl. I said he should give her a nickle for her to call him up in ten years. I'm cutting that down to five years. . . . There must be some way Mr. Winger can explain that phone call he received Monday? . . . Tong claims there is nothing he can snag in Carlisle. . . . I sure do see a lot of pretty pictures while going around talking to you fellows but A/S Shallenberger has the best of the bunch. Is that where all that mail comes from, Chuck? . . . Mr. Towater also has one of those glamour girls.

STUFF AT A GLANCE:

A/S Greenhut, better known as Milton, was voted the wolf of the week. Milton may now report to Mr. Goldberg for his button bearing the great seal of the "Amalgamated Wolf Pack." Mr. Osingman just ain't talking this week. . . . What did Findly have on his mind the other night to make him pour sugar in his soup? . . . If you were to move the bed about three feet away from the wall you wouldn't have that trouble, Mr. Farina. . . . Today I found out that A/S Weldon knows all about Indian spiritual and can put it to use around p.t. time for rain. And here I've been spending all my dough on those three Hopi Indians. . . . Skid Waldos, who formerly sang with Artie Shaw, is now entertaining the boys in the second section.

A/S Smith thinks he will drop navigation for campusology. . . . If you get a chance, find out why Phil Rotzien is called "Chattanooga Choo Choo"? . . . Rout step Reilly ought to know. . . . Mr. Miles the perfect soldier, reported for a gig. . . . Mr. Goodrich is more or less lost since his pal Dietz left for Nashville. I'm sure the Molly Pitcher feels the loss also. . . . Wow! Who would believe Mr. Ganey was visiting the dispensary Sunday A. M.? Incidentally, Mr. Ganey's basket ball team is busted up, but a new one started. George Mark of Carnegie Tech, Ed Meyers of Spring Hill and Chuck of Dartmouth, all forwards, are down in Nashville. The sole remainders—Turner, Mass. State; Freund, F.B.I., and Hank of Wright College. Mrs. Ganey still challenges any team in the detachment?

Probably the most popular man to leave Squadron "E" was Mr. Gahan. Mr. Gahan, who never flashed his chevrons, was a staff sgt. with a little better than two years in the service.

THE MAN NEXT TO YOU:

Our man of the week is Robert Winger of Milwaukee, Wis. Bob entered the service a little more than five years ago at Chanute Field, Ill. Being a boxer in civilian life and in the Army both he has won over such top-notchers as Kayo Watly, China Robertson and the ex-champ Sikorski. His career came to a sudden halt

when he broke his arm at Chanute Field in 1941. Due to the broken arm he was unable to accept an invitation to fight in the International Championship fights at New York. Since his accident he has been a flight chief and holds the rank of Tech. Sgt.

The hour was late and low-hanging clouds lent a discouraging factor to the motives of all men who planned on leaving Old East. A deserted doorway in the second section loomed barren and rain-swept. The zombie-faced C.Q. applied a skilled hand to the door handle and slowly the worn, wooden door swung inward. The sole being lumbered half-hesitantly down the hall and cast a pleading look at the khaki-clad man behind the door. A sudden gust of wind whipped a cold spray of drizzle into the door and a bolt of lightning accentuated the gleam of sternness in the CQ's eye. Outside the doorway was empty but made a temporary sanctuary for the grizzled old traveler about to descend onto the muddy gravel.—IN OTHER WORDS, RED HATED LIKE ANYTHING TO GET WET.

Well, fellows, I guess that's all for this week. On, yes, I might let you know that Towater and I are getting along alright now. Yep! he asked me for a cigarette the other day and I gave it to him. (Chee, fellows, I had to or he would have twisted my arm again.)

Band Squadron

A/S F. BUTCHER

Hello again! Here we are with this week's reason why the Editor's hair is turning gray.

As you all know, the Band has been a busy little group this past week. During the Commencement exercises last Sunday the Band was called upon to rend three—Oops; I mean render three well-known tunes. Tuesday they did their best to overcome competition and play a number of marches in their own inimitable style.

Room 119, "Has-beens' Haven," has been ridden of the rodents. Some fellows believe it was the traps that did it, but we are inclined toward Cotting's sarcasm. That would drive anything out. But whatever it was, they are evacuated, and joy and peace reigns over the "Sanctuary of Olde Soldiers and Great Lovers."

The members of the Band who reside in Room 119 deserve a note of recognition for the fine job they did in renovating the place last week. It really looks good, fellows.

And now for the new "Hot Pilots." Of course the foremost of these is "O, Captain-my Captain" Fetler P., and just a fly's eyelash behind him is "Flit" Sergeant Gene Bridwell, who still maintains that it isn't his good looks that gets the gals. And we mustn't forget A/S Hank Carroll, the old apple picker. Here today, gone tomorrow—and back the next day, eh Hank? Some of our comparatively new men are flying now. John Anthony Kelley (just so you won't confuse him with the other J. A. Kelley) is one of our hottest. "Little Ed" Karczmarezyk is flying, too. That is if they find a plane he will fit into. And we hope that when his plane comes down to earth, he'll come with it. George Voss, our photography fiend, may not be hot, but he's very warm. "President" Hosepian is all up in the air, so we sincerely hope he can fly. If his being called "President" puzzles you, here is the explanation: He is president of the "North Conway Society for the Advancement of . . . !" "Tex" Handlewich, our anchor man of the sax section, is the last, but not the least of our new group of

(Continued on page 4, col. 1)

SQUADRON NEWS

(Cont'd from page 3, col. 5)

H.P.'s. When most of us are just sitting around wasting time, you fellows should watch Tex—but don't wake him up.

KEEHOLE KOMMENTZ:

The past week-end saw the boys tramping gaily about in all the best places. Bridwell spent almost the entire week-end with his second love—Mrs. Kessler's husband. A/S Jennings was very disappointed because he came in one half hour too early Sunday evening. We wonder what's wrong with the guy; he isn't a "Hot Pilot" but he has surely been up in the clouds lately. P. P. (Perpetual Private) Cotting was worried Saturday about what he thought was a strained tendon. He wired his father and was inquiring about sick-call Sunday morning. Must be terribly serious. C. M. "At Ease" Lovell, our tall man on the totem pole, was seen dashing around as usual. The girls think he's dashing, too, fellows. A few of us were downtown Sunday evening and were honored by the presence of the "Olde Soldiere" himself. Phil had a very delicious looking sandwich, but when he met A/S Carroll it didn't last long. The members of the fairer sex that were present seemed very pleased to have Phil around. But he says, "Ho-hum. They bore me." Is he human? We are thinking of starting an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column and putting Fred Mitchell in full charge. Watta' guy!

SWING BAND:

Our swing band is in full swing again and, although it is a bit ragged due to newness, it is progressing very rapidly and when we have a dance you may be sure the band will be in there pitchin'. The personnel of this aggregation, for those who care to know and for those who don't care to know, is as follows: To be seen in the Trumpet section are the handsome faces of Stan Perrin, Max Cramer, and Johnny Kelley. Our two fine slush-pump players are Paul Joyce and Bob Kisner. Hiding behind the saxes are F. Danny Butcher, Rod Pacini, "Tex" Handewich, and Hank Carroll. In the rhythm section we have "Basie" Santillo, and Harry Turner, on piano and drums respectively. Most of these fellows are good musicians with experience and before long this combine should be something to be proud of. My apologies to all who come within ear-shot of rehearsals. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know.

QUESTIONS OF THE WEEK:

Has MacDonald really found Dr. Livingston? Will Cotting submit to unconditional surrender? When will Orphan Annie join the WAC?

Headquarters Falls Before Strong Staff

(Cont'd from page 1, col. 3)

no first hand accounts of the game at hand but if there were, a lot of people around here would hang their heads in shame. But I think that in all fairness to the officers we should take into consideration the fact that they were up against a fresher team which had all the vitality of youngsters. I repeat that it is a shame that the game cannot be written play by play because the Headquarters team did pull some very nice plays on the A/Sers.

From the beginning it was a runaway, because any team that scores 18 runs in three innings and then loses track of the rest of them must have quite a ball-club.

After the game the A/Sers issued a challenge to the old-timers for a basketball game to be played at the gymnasium on Monday evening. We are wondering if they will accept or will they claim that basketball is too fast. I really believe that if the game is played it will be pretty close but I don't dare to predict a winner as I think that I have got just about as deep as personalities are allowed to go in this man's Army.

"Let's Keep Plugging, Boys."



The New York Yankees voted yesterday to split up their part in the World Series booty in 32 full shares after cutting off a slice of more than \$9,000 to distribute as cash bonuses to former Yankees now in the armed forces and to non-playing members of the organization.

At a clubhouse meeting before yesterday's game with Cleveland, the players set aside \$5,000 for cash awards to persons other than players, \$3,500 for the players in service and an extra collection of \$520 to be given to three gate-men around the clubhouse. In all 47 persons will share in the Series spoils.

Full shares were voted to Manager Joe McCarthy, Ernie Bonham, Hank Borowy, Marvin Breuer, Tom Byrne, Spurgeon Chandler, Frank Crosetti, Bill Dickey, Atley Donald, Nick Etten, Joe Gordon, Oscar Grimes, Rollie Hemsley, Bill Johnson, Charley Keller, John Lindell, Arthur Metheny, John Murphy, Marius Russo, Ken Sears, Tuck Stainback, George Stirnweiss, Jim Turner, Roy Weatherly, Charles Wensloff, Bill Zuber, Coaches Earle Combs, Arthur Fletcher and John Schulte, batting practice Pitcher Paul Schreiber, Road Secretary Rex Weyant and Trainer Eddie Froelich.

Cash awards of \$1,500 each were voted to Walter Owen, groundkeeper and Fred Logan, clubhouse attendant; \$750 each to Pete Provite, clubhouse attendant, and Pat O'Dougherty, bat boy, and \$500 to Mark Roth, veteran road secretary who has been sick all season. The following players in the armed forces were voted \$500 each: Joe DiMaggio, Charley Ruffing, Phil Rizzuto, Buddy Hassett, Tom Henrich, George Selkirk and Norman Branch.

Army trainers at Princeton University have formed a football team with about 40 candidates and expect to play a series of games with the Tiger freshmen—a regular Army-Navy affair . . . Dave Smukler, who quit pro football for the army, has been given his medical discharge.

Keep your eye peeled for that Navy grid team this fall . . . In addition to the gang that licked the North Carolina Cloudbursts, 31-0, Saturday, the Naval Academy has just ac-

quired Don Whitmire, All-Southeastern tackle at Alabama last fall, and Bob Jenkins, a pretty good soph fullback on the same club . . . Otherwise, Capt. John E. Whelchel, Annapolis coach, maintains that the Midshipmen have just about reached their peak for the season and won't improve much . . . Stanley Stevens, New York representative of the British Broadcasting Corporation, reports that there's unprecedented interest in the world series in England since the Britons have begun to learn what baseball is all about by watching American soldiers play in their parks . . . The mutual handle at the recent 32-day harness racing meeting at Empire City was \$2,767,610—a little more than the running tracks get on a big day.

Snappy Job

When the Fort Benning infantrymen reached Jacksonville, Fla., to play the Naval Air Technical Training Center football team last Saturday, they found the regular gridiron too soggy for a good game . . . The soldiers suggested that results might be better if the action could be shifted to a dry field . . . Always obliging, the Air Raiders' athletic officers summoned 2,000 Marines and put them to work moving bleachers, goal posts, markers, etc. . . the job was finished in 22 minutes flat.

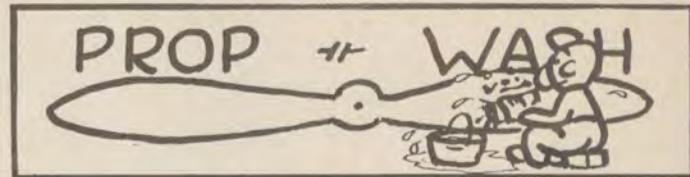
New York Yankees Are In

Winning the pennant is a habit with Joe McCarthy and his warriors. It is the seventh time the Yanks have won the American League title in eight years, and the fourteenth title pennant captured. Now comes the test when they meet St. Louis Cardinals in the World Series. There are still a number of disappointed local fans who were turned down on tickets in advance, and checks came back. Some day they will bow to the scalpers.

MUSIC BOX

(Cont'd from page 2, col. 3)

Duke Ellington's "A Slip of the Lip," featuring Ray Nance and Johnny Hodges, with Ray also taking a good trumpet solo. On the other side we find a "Sentimental Lady," Hodges taking the honors on this superbly played melody by the Duke, which is by far the



By Mr. Bernard H. Packman
Instructor in Navigation,
Meteorology and C.A.R.

Certain erroneous impressions and theories concerning the beneficial use of parachutes from heavier-than-air crafts served to retard the progress of parachutes. They are:

1. Free fall of human bodies caused unconsciousness due to the rapidity of the fall. Hence inability to open the chute.
2. Failure to breathe while falling.
3. Danger of being struck by propeller, wing, or tail surfaces.

The fallacy of the above-mentioned beliefs were demonstrated innumerable times, and also that it was possible to escape from a plane in a spin, dropping from an altitude of 500 feet or less.

We have all read communiques from the various theatres of war referring to the loss of planes. We were relieved, however, by a further statement to the effect that "the pilots were saved by using their "chutes," referred to as "hitting the silk."

Each part of the chute is tested to withstand a strain greater than those usually expected or actually imposed when chute is in operation.

Sizes of chutes are 22, 24, 26 and 28 feet. The most universally used chute is 24 feet. A 22 foot chute is used as an auxiliary. A 28 foot chute is used in exhibition and training jumps. The five principal components of the parachute are: Canop, shroud lines, pilot chute, container and harness.

Silk and pongee silk is most universally used for canopy, (cotton, nylon, and other substitutes for silk are heavier and bulkier).

Only natural untreated silk is used. No chemicals are permitted to impart a sheen, nor weighting to give it "body."

Construction of canopy: Composed of 24 panels or gores. Each panel consists of 4 pieces of silk of unequal sizes cut on the bias. The 96 separate pieces are stitched together with a special machine (prescribed by the C.A.A.) to

record of the month.

Benny Goodman's "Mission to Moscow," featuring a solo by the Benny, with some fine piano collaboration. Turning the disc over we find "It's Always You," which dates back to the day when Helen Forrest was with the band. Helen does a beautiful job on the vocal, assisted by some truly fine backing by the band.

WINDSOCK

(Cont'd from page 2, col. 2)

beg your pardon—not a fighter—a boxer, a smart, clever, intelligent, lion-hearted example of the higher type athlete, still unmarked after 15 knockouts. Of course these 15 wins all occurred in a local gym, where the smart boys couldn't spot him. Acting on Harry's advice, we promoted a "double saw-buck" and sent it to him to invest for us. "Thunderbolt Sam"—a non-de-plume chosen for the psychological effect that it would no doubt have on all opponents—was soon to exhibit his fistic ability in a legitimate contest. Since our man was strictly an unknown, we stood a very good chance of getting the better end of 10-1 odds.

Duke and I weren't in a position to attend the scene of the massacre, because we had made previous commitments to a certain branch of the war department. [I was guarding Post No. I and he was stationed at Post No. II.] We didn't worry a bit, tho. Harry had explained that "Thunderbolt" had an ace-in-

sew seems in a specified manner in order to prevent their ripping. The silk used must withstand a strain of 40 pounds per square inch and must have a bursting strength of 500 pounds.

Shroud lines: Long silk cords passing completely over canopy, crossing at the top, falling from 16 feet to 20 feet on either side of skirt, or periphery of chute, and attached to metal rings in the harness.

The chute is provided with a vent at the apex, 18 inches in diameter, to allow air to escape from the top.

Types of chutes: seat type pack, back, chest and detachable types.

Chest type is used by professional chutists as an auxiliary or emergency chute.

Chutists are provided with manual releases, others are the automatic release type, such as paratroopers us. They use a "static line" to which the rip-cord is attached.

The pilot chute is a small secondary chute equipped with springs attached to metal ribs. When the pilot chute, which is folded in a separate compartment, separated by flaps from the main chute, is packed, a series of springs cause the pilot chute to snap over immediately and when it makes contact with the air it drags the silken folds of the main chute from the pack.

Terminal velocity in free fall (parachute unopened) is 120 miles per hour (175 feet per second.) When chute is opened the fall is checked to 12 miles per hour. The landing shock is similar to a free jump from platform of 5 to 12 feet.

Chutist should land with his back to the wind. Grasp risers as high as possible and somersault to absorb shock. Land on feet and then on hands. Air should be spilled from the chute to collapse same.

At first, oscillation may cause chutist to swing from side to side. This can be avoided by spilling air from canopy, by pulling on shroud lines on the opposite side. Similar manipulations will enable chutist to steer and land at desired location.

This is the second of a series of three articles on the maintenance, the use, and the history of the parachute.

the-hole. Yep, our boy had a knack of rolling with his opponent's punches, thereby rendering a potential knockout blow almost harmless. The morning papers gave us a graphic description of his prowess—after the fight. At the sound of the bell, Thunderbolt proceeded to roll this way and that way with every punch.

After he stopped rolling, his seconds had dragged him to his corner and explained very carefully to him why he wasn't eligible to speak over the microphone.

Even now, vivid memories of that occasion are very deeply imbedded in my mind. Yes, I remember that fight as if it had happened only two paydays ago. In fact, it did happen two paydays ago. The stockholder, our false, fair-weather friends from room 209, still remind us, from time to time, that \$20 is \$20 and that they have only a limited amount of patience. They have really been very square about the whole matter, tho. Even now, I have lowered our debt by \$6.50. Shining shoes for them twice a day isn't half bad—Duke says.