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Michigan Beauty Reigns As Queen Of Air Student Formal

Mrs. John Eichelbarger To Rule Student Ball After Tally Of Votes By Men Of The Ranks

Above is a photograph of the newly chosen 32nd Detachment Queen. She is Mrs. John Eichelbarger of Grosse Point, Michigan. Her husband is an A/S Sergeant in the Band Squadron here at Dickinson.

Although Mrs. Eichelbarger was born in Philadelphia, her family moved to Detroit while she was very young, and she has spent most of her life in this great city. Recently she moved to Grosse Point, where she now holds her permanent residence, although she is now living here in Carlisle and will remain here until her husband leaves.

She attended Grosse Point High School and after graduating from there went to Purdue University, where she majored in Home Economics. For a lass of 19 years of age, she has accomplished quite a bit. She likes to be busy all the time and when she isn't working, her favorite hobbies are swimming and dancing.

Mrs. Eichelbarger acquired her present surname on March 4, 1943, when she and John were married in Detroit. After a short honeymoon, the Mr. entered the Army and began his training that will make him a future pilot and officer. After her husband was in the Army, Mrs. Eichelbarger lived on at their residence in Detroit until she moved to Grosse Point.

Mrs. Eichelbarger is truly a queen. She is 5'3" tall, weighs 116 lbs., has blue eyes and brown hair. As for beauty, well, judge for yourself. It must be good, because she won over some very stiff competition. The 32nd is proud to have her as its queen, and may she rule long and peacefully in her new-found queendom.

First YPF Program Introduces Co-Eds

Last Sunday evening, October 10th, the Young People's Fellowship of Dickinson College held their first get-together of the current College year. This first meeting of the YPF was well-attended by the students of Dickinson College and Aviation Students of the 32nd College Training Detachment.

During the course of the evening, which commenced at 6:30, there were a Community Sing, a brief Worship Service, and a few words of welcome by Reverend Shultz. Reverend Shultz, after welcoming the two hundred-odd girls and fellows from the Dickinson Campus, then turned the meeting over to the President of the YPF, Wallace F. Stettler.

Mr. Stettler has done much to arrange for a very interesting season of YPF entertainment. There will soon be published a brief outline as to the program for the next few months, thus giving the Aviation Students an opportunity to see just what is in store for them.

On Sunday, Chick Kennedy and Jack Steckbeck did much to make the entertainment and game session a big success, and it might be added that they

(Continued on page 4, col. 2)

REIGNING QUEEN OF 32nd



Things You Should Know Of The 32nd CTD

At last the final arrangements have been made in regard to the new Barber Shop program here at the 32nd CTD. There will be a full-time barber in the basement of Conway Hall from now on, and he will be there right through the week. The Barber Shop will be open from Noon till Evening Mess, and then from 6:30 until 10:00 in the evenings. This will greatly simplify the matter of getting haircuts on Post and it is hoped that the A/Sers will avail themselves of this opportunity.

On Sunday night, October 17th, there will be movies shown in Denny Hall at 7:00 P. M. The main feature will be "True to the Army," starring Judy Canova. In addition there will be shown a GI film the title of which is not at this time available.

Mr. Weaver, the tailor, will be at the Christian Fellowship house on Saturday evening, October 16th, for the purpose of seeing the men about alterations and repairs to be made on their uniforms. If you have any such repairs or alterations to be made, drop in and see Mr. Weaver at this time.

All men desirous of making dates with Co-eds of Dickinson College may make application for a date by filling out cards which can be obtained from their respective Squadron Commanders. On these cards they must give a brief description of themselves, and state their interests or hobbies. Upon filling out these cards, they are to be turned in to the C.Q. by Wednesday night. These cards are then sent to Miss Barkman, chairman of the Date Bureau, where the cards are read over and the attempt made to match to some extent the common interest of the A/Ser and his date-to-be. This is the only way for men to be sure of securing a date with one of the Co-eds, unless he knows her and has made the date previous to the week-end.

Applications for War Bonds should be filled out without delay, if it is desirous of making them out as of this month. Application Blanks may be obtained from the Squadron Commanders, and should be properly filled out and returned to Lt. Cook in Headquarters.

Lieut. Rossell To Fill Tactical Vacancy

New Officer A Veteran With Experience At The Nashville Classification Center

The newly-arrived, quiet-mannered man filling the vacancy of tactical officer is Second Lieutenant John W. Rossell, a native of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The Jap attack on Pearl Harbor acted as an incentive to Lt. Rossell, for the next day he enlisted in the Army and was sent to Keesler Field, Miss., for basic training.

Classified as a clerk, he was sent to Ft. Logan, Colorado, to learn the fine art of administration. His accomplishments and rank increased until as a staff sergeant at the end of an eight months' stay at Gowen Field in Boise, Idaho, he was selected to attend Officers' Candidate School.



Since his graduation from OCS about the middle of last April, Lt. Rossell has served as Tactical Officer for one month at Nashville and as Supply Officer of the Detachment at the Duquesne University in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lt. Rossell's position, filling the vacancy created by Lt. Lapman's departure, is temporary for a period of one month. However, during his stay here, the Lieutenant can expect a welcome from the entire 32nd CTD and more especially, a vigorous handshake from all the boys who want "the low-down" on the Classification Center at Nashville.

Decorations, Sweet Swing Band Combine To Make Smashing Success Of First Formal

Ninth Quintile Guests Of Honor And Hosts To Wilson College Girls And Queens Of Carlisle

The formal dance given for the Ninth Quintile is something that has never before been attempted by any other quintile or the Detachment here at Dickinson. Each quintile does something while it is here that distinguishes it from other quintiles. A formal dance is the successful attempt of the Zipping Ninth to distinguish itself. The dance is something of which any quintile would be proud.

Reorganized Eagle Staff To Emphasize Content Of News

Reorganizing the policies of the **Eager Eagle** along the lines of greater news value to more readers is the task of the recently chosen staff headed by Aviation Students Robert W. Jennings, editor-in-chief, and G. C. Coletta, associate editor. Assisting, in the newly created office of managing editor, will be Aviation Student Fred H. Metcalf.

Features are to be edited by John Kallaugher in an attempt to get more sidelights of the off-duty activities of the A/Sers into the paper. The general attitude of the staff is that more short features and less squadron news would be more entertaining and, at the same time, of more news value to the entire Detachment.

Sportswriter Fred Collins will not only continue his activities campaigning for more sporting events, but will edit all sports in addition to supervising the editing of the back page.

It is to be the task of A/S John Frank to bring together and choose the items of squadron news deemed of interest to a greater number. At the same time, he will supervise the duties of the other squadron reporters: Don Briere of squadron A; Eldon Jenne for

(Continued on page 4, col. 5)

Wilson Girls Hostesses To A/Sers At Paper Doll Dance

Last Saturday night, aviation students of Dickinson College answered the invitation issued by the girls of Wilson College, Chambersburg, to attend their "Paper Doll" dance. The men, thirty-eight strong, were transported by bus to the college. At Shippensburg, the bus became stalled on a railroad track, but the men were equal to the task of pushing it off without mishap.

Upon their arrival, the men were graciously welcomed by their prospective dates. The couples were matched by cutting a deck of playing cards in half, one half being possessed by the girl, and the other half was placed on a tray and chosen by the fellows. The system proved embarrassing in at least one instance when a five-foot-five fellow was matched with a partner measuring about five-eight, but on the whole, everyone had a wonderful time.

Phil Young and his band gave a noteworthy performance in handling the music, and since the dance was formal, his music was predominantly sweet.

The gymnasium is decorated with blue and yellow crepe streamers beginning at a ring in the center of the ceiling and extending to the outer margins of the dance arena. They continue on down to the floor from an overhead support and the effect is that one can hardly realize that he is in a gymnasium. For the first time, the orchestra will play from a raised dais which is built in a stairstep arrangement, so that the whole orchestra is featured and every man in it is clearly visible from the floor. The backdrop is of white crepe, which makes the whole arrangement more attractive, and the bandstand itself is skillfully dressed in what is considered the best that bandstands are wearing this fall. On the west side of the dance floor is designated the spot for those who want to sit one out. A unique arrangement of chairs has been put there for this purpose. There is an entrance between the crepe streamers to this spot from the dance floor; also one to the dance floor from the front entrance of the gym to the floor. The decoration of the gym is one of the brightest spots of the dance, and for all the ingenious ideas and for the physical labor involved in placing the colorful patterns, we credit Aviation Students Callow and Bridwell, with the able assistance of K. Brown. These men have put in long hours of tedious work, but the gym as it looks now, pays tribute to their labor.

The orchestra has really worked into a smoothly running musical organization. The ragged edges have been shaved down and the band plays as though they meant it. And they do. Special note should be made of the brass section, which boasts not only fine sectional work, but plenty of individual talent as well. Anyone will stop to listen when they hear the exquisite tones that issue forth from Paul Joyce's trombone. He is THE man for either sweet or swing. He is just as ably backed up by Bob Kisner, the other slide man, who can take a mean chorus himself. In the trumpet section there are three men—and three stars. When Max Cramer stands up to take a chorus, his notes run little chills up and down your spine. When Stan Perrin begins one of his hot ones, he melts the bell off the horn; and on equal terms with both of these is Johnny Kelley. All in all, it's a mighty fine brass section and one to be proud of. The spark of the saxes is Rod Pacini, the Artie Shaw of the 32nd. He can play a tenor so sweetly that you melt and run down in your shoes or he can ride it ragged so that you want to jump up and down. The lead man is Fred Butcher on 1st Alto, and paired with him is Al Gosselin on 3rd Alto. Balancing the section to a full chord is Hank Carroll on Tenor

(Continued on page 4, col. 4)

EAGER ★ EAGLE

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Squadron A

A/S C. COLETTA

Oh, brother, did we pull a boner in last week's column! A couple of jokers informed us that Squadron "A" had won the honor award, so, being very gullible, we just went ahead and printed it. It seems that Squadron "C" actually won the award that week—so sorry—no doubt Squadron "A" should have won, tho.

If Walter Allen had submitted his girl's picture along with the others in the beauty contest, we wouldn't have had so much difficulty in making a choice. You're doing right by her, Wally. Keep it up.

Bill Bohannon and John Adams were just about as successful, at the "social" Sunday nite, as a couple of "chalk" bettors on a longshot day at the race track—they didn't make a thing.

Did you know that Rounds and Engert have assumed aliases for the expressed purpose of wolfing? Yep, "Kennedy" and "O'Brien." It's their own little secret, so please forget it.

A/S R. Adam is just "beating his gums" when he brags about his prowess as a lover. We're from Massachusetts. In short, we need proof before we can believe any wild stories.

Oh, yes, before I forget, Don Briere just convinced us that he should write this column from now on. He's from the 13th quintile, so you birds from the 10th, 11th, and 12th quintiles might just as well get used to reading "Greensboro" news—that's what you'll probably get from now on.

O.K., Don, it's all yours! "Hello, everybody, this is the powerful little 5-watter bellowing from Greensboro, or should it be, about Greensboro?"

Here goes, fellows! I'm sure "Chick" Coletta has done a fine job of keeping you fellows up to date on the latest rumors, and I hope to measure up to his standards.

The "Conway Hall Front" was very peaceful over the week-end. Most of the upperclassmen were away for the week-end, and the new men were out exploring the confines of the Dickinson College Campus.

From the buzzing noise that was heard Sunday night, I gathered that they had a very successful exploring tour. How about it, fellows, "Have yo' got dates for next week?"

From the reports of the room inspections Saturday, it seems that there are going to be many "sad sacks (barracks bags) and tours for the new men next week. The first inspection is the toughest, isn't it, gentlemen?"

Has "Chick" Coletta's "worry bird" accumulated any grey feathers lately? It has a blue nose and red feathers. If the nose was red, we could diagnose the case, but it happens to be blue. How do you figure that out, "Chick"?

Squadron B

A/S E. JENNE

Lot of the fellows were wondering why we didn't have a column last week. Well, it seems that, with the last departing quintile, went part of the news staff. Now that the vacancies are filled and everything is settled, I'll try to get the news into print.

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK:

If you think A/Sers Kavanaugh and Lester were sweating a couple weeks ago, you should have seen A/S Lorange last week-end. He can't figure out how X can be anything, but anything can't be X. . . . Why is it that an old soldier like A/S P. Karydakis isn't dating these Carlisle girls? Who is Dottie that he is talking so much about? . . . A/S M. Black was seen dodging the Milk Bar over the week-end. It seems that, everytime this certain young lady sees one of our boys, she asks, "Where's Melvin?". It's just a case of a little man evading a big girl. . . . Why is it that the A/Sers, who attended the dance at Wilson College last Saturday night, had such a good time? We heard about that reservoir. . . . Speaking of the dance at Wilson, why didn't A/S Wendell C. Hood like the method used to choose partners? Well, one can't be lucky in all card games. . . . A/S Cpl. D. Hanson telling the "fifth column" to cover up. . . . A/S Adj. F. Harding calling a meeting to inform the A/Sers that he wasn't restricted for the week-end. . . . When asked to describe the heart, A/S E. Johnson told the First Aid instructor that all he knew about the heart is that it is shaped like a valentine. . . . Speaking of First Aid, A/S H. Hopper tells us that for fainting rub the person's chest, or if the victim is a lady, rub her arm. . . . A/Sers Haensel and Horner were seen horseback riding last Sunday afternoon. Are you two grounded already? . . . If anyone is wondering how it feels to be confined for twenty-four hours straight, see A/S Krantz. . . . I understand that we are going to have a mascot pretty soon. Probably A/S Capt. T. Chick could tell us more about it. . . . A/S Fuzzell thinks that 6 demerits is 1 1/2 tours. That's good figuring. . . . Our "hot pilot" A/S Callow has been seen practising left and right banks in Conway Courtyard.

THE PRIZE OF THE WEEK: Goes to A/S Gallent, who sat in a booth at the Milk Bar for five hours straight with a certain brunette, and then let her walk home by herself.

THE STORY OF THE WEEK: A/S Lowell Jelden, who has been in the army for nineteen months, discovered that his brother Elvin was sent here on the last shipment from Greensboro, N. C. The oddity of this is, neither knew the other was an A/Ser.

Squadron C

A/S J. KALLAUGHER

We dedicate this week's song and dance to the vanishing flyers of the ninth quintile; right at present, they are beating it down the home stretch at a reckless rate—so it won't be long now.

PHOTO FINISH:

Before they move off, it's an even bet, that there will be at least one more session, with all the trimmings, in room 420, crossroads of the ninth. . . . that "Twinkletoes" Corbitt and "Ole Sarg," Cronk will wear out either the Milk Bar dance floor, or the gals involved, in that all-out finale. . . . that Cal Clark will still be insist-

MUSIC BOX

A/S F. BUTCHER

As we enter the old hall this week, we see sitting on the front stoop a tattered old man. His beard is shaggy and he has a three days' growth of hair (no, that isn't a mistake). He motions to us to come on over, and when we finally decide in favor of our worst judgment, and port the helm to navigate in that direction, his tired eyes brighten and we can observe that he hasn't been a drunkard all his life.

As we approach, he lifts one eyebrow and says, very sarcastically, "So you'r'r the guy what writes this here 'Music Box,' eh?" To which we reply with a friendly, yet brisk, "Yeah! So . . . ?" "So I wanta' say something in that corny column of yours this week," he quips.

When we finally deduced that it would do no good to tell him that only a member of the "Zoot Suit Quintile" could have any say in our column, he began to unfold this story:

"Once I was an ambitious young songwriter. I'm gonna' die poor. I don't mind so much, but other young composers might like a chance to see their works hit the stands. I'm mighty tired of seein' young kids who are potential Hoagy Charmichaels get nipped in the bud because of somebody's mistake from way-back. Now here's the situation:

"Today, the 'pop' music industry is concentrated almost entirely in New York. Two huge combinations dominate the industry; the group controlled by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (Robbins, Feest, and miller music corporations) and the Warner Bros. group (Remick, Whitmark, and Harms). Paramount Pictures controls the smaller Famous Music Corporation and Paramount Music Corporation.

"The film companies are not so much interested in good music as they are in seeing that their music subsidiaries plug the film songs on the air, because every time a picture song is played, the announcer must credit the movie. As a matter of fact, there is no relation between the merit of a song and the number of times you hear it on the air. . . . A big shot once told me, 'Merit is strictly one per cent of a song's popularity. Any good publisher, if he turns on the heat, can get action and push his number-one song up there on the sheet.' Now the 'sheet' is a page which appears in every issue of Billboard and Variety, telling exactly how many plugs a certain song has gotten. A song must have at least five plugs to get on the 'Sheet,' and the number-one song on the sheet usually has about 40 plugs.

"But because a song has been played 40 times over the radio in one week does not make it a good song. It does make it popular enough to force recording companies to put it on the wax, which gets it heard by many more millions of people.

"The fellows who get these songs plugged over the air are called pluggers, and a whole staff of pluggers may be working on the same song at one time. An efficient staff of pluggers doesn't find it too hard to get a song 40 plugs a week.

"The pluggers go to the maestros, who are the men with the bands who have a "wire," or radio outlet. The song pluggers woo the maestros and say their boss is putting on a drive and they need a plug or they lose their jobs. The pluggers will beg, lie, weep salt tears, mind the maestro's baby, buy him ringside tickets for a fight, or almost anything,

Optimism And Common Sense

A/S H. HOPPER

Too many of us tend to blow hot and cold as concerns our attitude toward the progress of the war. A reversal comes along and we are immediately in the depths of despair and utter gloom; the next day we have a morsel of good news and we immediately begin talking about the war being over in six months.

This war is global in scope. It is so widespread, that isolated local actions cannot greatly affect the final outcome. The war will be won, when the efforts of the United Nations are so coordinated, as to effect the successful execution of a master plan of action, based on the global nature of the war. Then and only then will we be on the highway to victory.

The news is good. After long months, even years of hearing the old story of "Too little, too late," it is indeed heartening to hear of our successes, but we must all temper our optimism with common sense and a determination to gain speed in hitting the enemy. When the opponent is groggy, then is the time to close in for the pay-off punch.

Safety At Night

These brisk autumn mornings and evenings find a great many of our formations heard but not seen. In some respects the old adage "Children should be seen and not heard" applies to the Aviation Students.

Residents of Carlisle have long since been familiar with the various formations the Dickinson airmen use and are accustomed to taking polite orders from student officers regarding the driving of their cars. Now that darkness has fallen on the ranks going to and from chow formation in the morning and to academics at night, town residents are even more careful to observe safety precautions.

Such may not be the case of those automobile drivers living outside Carlisle or just passing through.

Too many times our ranks have flanked across the road in front of an oncoming automobile at night.

There are numerous incidents of serious accidents resulting from improper safety precautions while flanking across roads at night. Great emphasis is placed on "road discipline" in outfits that both walk and ride. In towns with streets lighted much better than the streets of Carlisle, the end man of the column carries a red lantern according to post regulations.

At any rate, careless incidents are not to be condoned—it is the section marcher's greatest responsibility to guard his column.

Perhaps the late risers among the Carlisle townspeople would appreciate, in return for their safety interest, a little less noise from the airmen before seven in the morning. "Roll Out the Barrel" sounds off key to them that early in the day. Sleep is the civilians' most envied possession these days, gentlemen, let's not disturb it.

Leisure In Litter

A general laxness has prevailed in regard to the upkeep and general appearance of the Day Room in Conway Hall.

If one were to walk into the Day Room on a Sunday night, expecting to be greeted by a typical, military atmosphere, he would be rather disappointed.

Our anonymous stranger would find newspapers and magazines littering the floor, ashes and cigarette butts that never reached their proper receptacles. To put it bluntly, the room's appearance is a discredit to the Detachment, and a personal reflection on the men responsible.

Men, this room has been provided for your use in your leisure moments and although it is a place for recreation and relaxation, the latter does not include laxness in good manners and habits. The room should be a credit to yourselves and the Detachment and it could be kept neat and attractive with very little effort, if everyone using the room cooperated to make it so.

This room is one privilege enjoyed by only the men in Conway, and in order to protect your privilege, you should all take some personal interest in its appearance. If you have any suggestions to make in regard to its appearance or improvement, drop them in the Eager Eagle suggestion box in Conway Hall.



A/S C. COLETTA

You won't be hearing much about Duke from now on. At least, you won't hear anything more about him from me.

I didn't even know the little double crosser was married until his wife walked in on us last week-end. It seems that one of our "friends" has been sending her copies of my weekly reports on Duke's escapades.

Figuratively speaking, I was in an awful spot. We didn't even have time to get our stories straight when she barged in. After all my talk about our gambling deals and horse racing ventures, I certainly had my work cut out for me trying to convince her that he was really a sportsman—not a gambler.

What a woman! I still can't imagine why she called me a liar. An "unmitigated liar," no less. To top it off, she called me a miserable fabricator. I told Duke, after she left, that his wife might have at least had the courtesy to omit my religious convictions from our arguments.

Here is the payoff—she talked to the sweet little "chicken" who works at our favorite restaurant just long enough to learn that Duke is Charles Boyer's cousin, from Paris. It cost us \$5.00 to squeeze out of that one. One of the boys from 209 volunteered (for a finnis) to dream up a suitable explanation for us. The alibi was well worth the price, tho, considering that he dreamed it up while she was fixing her hair in the bedroom (two and a half hours).

By the time she left for New Bedford, Duke and she were reconciled, but I was still in a fine pickle. She had me tabbed as a wild misguiding character. (Like Mephistopholes or whatever his name was—you know—the character in Faust.)

Never again will little "Chickie" stick his neck out far enough for some bird's wife to cut. Frankly, I'm glad she is gone.

I really believe that Duke intends to buckle down to business now. For the last couple of nights he hasn't even left his room. Yep, study, study, study. His new course includes physics which, incidentally, he likes very much. I'm afraid that he may fall back to his old habits after reading about Newton, Archimedes and some of the other geniuses.

Here is an idea of what I'm getting at:

Duke reads about some Greek named Archimedes who claimed that he could move the earth if he had a place to stand and a leve long enough. Most guys could read a piece like that and just show a passing interest in it—not Duke—He figures that this Archimedes would draw a swell crowd in Yankee Stadium if we could convince him to do his stuff for the public. Everyone knows that an athlete with a Greek name is a good drawing card—Duke says—See was I mean? Duke's incorrigible. (Is that the right word?)

Let the men who make the news write the news. That sentence is the keynote of the plan which resulted in the placing of suggestion boxes in Conway Hall and Old East. Men are not only asked to contribute but are urged to place any sort of timely and interesting news items in the boxes

Any suggestion for the betterment of the Detachment will also be appreciated and will be acted on at the discretion of the newspaper staff. Donors' signatures are not required.

The box in Conway Hall will be located by the mailbox; the other will be in the vestibule of Section I, Old East.

SQUADRON NEWS

(Cont'd from page 2, col. 4)

ing that it was the bus ride, and not the airplane, that caused his change in complexion on flying days.

On the other hand, let's hope, for all we are worth, that "Lover" Concello can stem the tears and heartbreaks, of all those little women . . . that Bob Courtemanche can keep his departure a secret; it'll make it easier all around . . . that "P-38" Cizas will somewhere find a plane that will appreciate his prayers . . . also that "Pop" Christian can get a patent on his one-wheel landings.

We'll certainly miss guys like Adjutant Crouch, and his original theories on flight. Those theories were really O.K. if you subtracted about 50%, for the effects imposed on them by the rigors of open-post. . . . Then, there are the boys who looked like fugitives from a fashion magazine, in their flying outfits: Ted Dale and his ensemble of "Parisienne" design; "Big Boy" Schmite and his dainty knickers; not to forget the most colorful Ozone—Harry's of the group—Kimball and Lesch, with their blue fatigues. . . . Tell me! Who will add that ripple to life, now that Daniels is a-goin'? . . . It'll be tough on Gerry Kinross to be leaving those week-ends in Carlisle; they were something to shout about and he often did.

All in all, we find you were a hard bunch to get along with, but you'll be harder to get along without.

AIR CURRENTS:

Will Javor has been a nervous wreck since his little blue book of "who" and "where," dropped out of sight. There is no reward for its return, but let your conscience be your guide.

Ed McMenamy is fast inheriting the title of "pretty boy," being selected as a candidate for best-dressed soldier four weeks in a row. More flower to you, Ed.

Following that lonely cry, over the week-end, we see Fred Metcalf investigating the college girls. Anyone interested in the results of the research, contact A/S Metcalf and you will find out—maybe.

Interest is trying to be raised in "inter" and "intra" squadron basketball. Only a few men have turned out, up 'til now, and with all the open-post "hot-shots" we have there ought to be a considerable number of the same order on the basketball court. To keep Squadron "C"'s record untarnished, those who have had basketball experience, are urged to fall in line, on the double.

A/S Capt. Davenport will revert back to bachelorhood this Sunday as his wife is returning to her Government job in Washington from which she has had a "Leave of Absence."

John Maloney thinks that the supply sergeant's job is a shortcut to insanity, in the army, a section 8.

Got a crink in the back, or an ailing leg? If so, slip into room 414. "Doc" Kulaga and "Nurse" Kiff will iron out the sore spot, free of charge. However, they are not responsible for any lost or distorted limbs.

THE LAST WORD:

To the new men of the Squadron, we say, "Cheer up"; we know you're here and we're glad to have you with us. Right now the scouts are posted in your midst and should have all sorts of stuff by nextweek.

Thanks a million to Gale Lockhart for helping me on the hot-air pump this week.

Squadron D

A/S MEL RANDOLL

This week the column will be written for the benefit of only half the squadron, since the other half knocked itself out at the dance last night and hasn't as yet come around. The boys have been particularly

active in the last two weeks attending dances and prowling generally.

Speaking of prowling, "Wolf" Schelain was in extreme ecstasy dancing with an eight-foot Zombie at a recent social engagement at a nearby town.

However, his roommate, "Smoothe Boy" Menough, did quite well at the same place—so well that he had her come to see him.

So uncertain is A/S Agden's love life back home that he decided to ask a Wilson College girl to the dance. Rumor has it that he's getting the business.

HOT PILOT NEWS:

To date the hottest pilot award goes to A/S Lutazzi, who did a 180 m.p.h. dive leaving both his stomach and his instructor at three thousand feet.

Hot Pilot D. S. Lord executed a barrel roll when he heard that Harvard lost a football game to Worcester high—no, Tech.

Evidently the big week-end didn't do Hot Pilot Debenak's insides much good; and definitely not the spins and stalls. Between the two he almost lost part of himself while flying.

He claims that a lot of good gunners will come out of the ninth quintile. No doubt they'll all be tail gunners.

CLUB 22:

"Sawbones" McCrohan is the most eager of the "22"ers. As sick call sergeant he saves people's lives with proper application to pressure points; does exercises at night to build himself up; and, over-indulges in PT trying to break his leg in self-sacrifice so that he can give his sick call patients the benefit of the experience gained. Friends expect him to get the Soldier's medal.

McMahon, of IRA fame, is looking to McGrohan for medical aid since he received teeth marks and bruises from one "Pork." He hasn't told us just how or why he got them.

Our boy Lucey again gave us material for the paper. After Peggy Stork gave him the axe he decided to give the local talent a break. He had the company of one Carlisle lass until she saw a flashy medical lieutenant. From then on it was strictly stag for our boy.

All of Club 22 is awaiting the arrival of the wedding of A/S MacDonald. It seems they all want to kiss the bride, and not a bad idea at that.

Until Now. A/S Sadowski has been leading a soft life; but we understand that he intends to change—and quick.

Local barmen of our squadron are wondering how the Molly Pitcher will fare after the departure of A/Sers Los and McAllen.

Incidentally, we've been wondering why the new men have been so quiet since their arrival here. It may be that they are waiting for the ninth quintile to ship out before they assert themselves. Yet, it may be because they are bashful. We'll see.

Squadron E

A/S J. FRANK

Well, fellows, I guess the jinx that has hung around our squadron has left us for at least a week. I'm referring to, of course, the fact that we did receive the ribbon and only three deficiencies this week, plus the fact that the best soldier of the week came from this squadron. Our 1st Sgt. says he appreciates the way you boys put out for them at the review.

Howard Dringman says he would rather fly than eat. What I would like to know is who the little cookie is he was flying around with this last week-end? . . . Who was that blowing the horn outside of Old East so early Sunday morning? I hear she was plenty cute, Meyer? . . . You fellows that are interested in learning about life can obtain the same by visiting Room 403. . . . Tong, it has been suggested that you sit on the floor in all

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the classes from now on so when you fall asleep it will save you the usual trip down. . . . A/S John Slanga seems to be a pretty quiet little boy these days? It's my guess that he has snagged something in town and doesn't care to let it go. How about that, John, hmm? . . . The height of power mad Van Goethems ambition showed up on pay day night as he stood at the side of a small group of his fear-filled classmates—droning out with a monotonous "At ease, men—At ease"—Results: He was eased out by the laughter. . . . What's this we hear about a certain A/S Sandberg who's heart has been fluttering hither and thither with each glance at his Medical Aid Instructress? No restitution will be necessary, we hope. . . . A/S Brisco seems to like the idea of washing dishes. Anyway he spent a very lovely evening this last week-end keeping in practice. . . . The post-war ambition of one A/S Swanson is to be the sole owner of a harem. Good luck, Dick. . . . It's rumored that A/S Stitlion was seen in town with a woman who 'tis said was due for her 47th birthday. Even the Milk Bar makes mis-

takes. . . . There is no excuse for some of them though.

Ganey and Greenhut DID have both of Shallenberger's shoulders touching the floor last night—of course there are obvious reason for you to doubt this, but if you care to walk over to the hospital Hank is in condition to give you the story himself.

ATTENTION!

The custom in the past has been to award to the two "Hot Pilots" of each quintile, selected by the quintile that is flying, the traditional Hot Pilot Cap held by Eddie Goldberg, the Hot Pilot shoes and worry bird held by H. Ganey. So let's get on the ball, you future pilots, so that you can take over the honor left by the previous quintiles. From here on it will be up to you men to pass these awards on to the following quintiles.

STORY:

With a hysterical cry of "Don't . . . Please stop!" came a terrified voice of a man which was human and yet not . . . and reverberated through the room with the force of a lion calling to its mate. I tried

(Continued on page 4, col. 1)

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

to subside my unnerved feelings as I almost fell out of bed and started out in the direction where the sound had come from. As I ran, half stumbling, half groping in the black pitch of the room, the voice had reached a very high pitch by the time I had reached the spot where the sound had emanated. I then tore the well-filled barracks bag from the grasp of A/S Taylor's hands, and then returned to the warm comfort of my own cot. Tsk, tsk! What a life.

A perky little car was parked on High Street near West the other day. It was covered with warlike mottoes gummed on most of the available window space—"Remember Pearl Harbor," "Back the Attack—Buy Bonds," "I'm an American," and so on. Some casual citizen had added his comment in the layer of dust moving finger had written this that covered the paint. His remark, "Patriotic little cuss, aren't you?"

You new men may think that they are shooting this stuff at you kinda fast, but wait till you get up to where the ninth quintile is now. Why, just the other day I dropped my pencil in the physics class and missed two chapters. Next week we are going to have three teachers so that we can learn more.

Band Squadron

A/S F. BUTCHER

This week the Band has three new officers. They are Flight Sergeant Cotting, Line Sergeant Cramer, and Corporal McKenney. These men rose to their positions because of their ability and because one of our former officers was promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant, Group Public Relations Officer. I speak of our own Bob Jennings. Congrats to all of you, fellows.

Our war on the little gray Gremlins of the long tail variety succeeded in so far as they have been driven from the confines of room 119. Where they went we don't know, but our sympathy lies with the poor souls who must now wage war as we have done to exterminate these nuisances. Of course we still must stick to the policy of "unconditional surrender" concerning our other nuisances.

KEEHOLE KOMMENTZ:

The "Olde Soldier" is a little older now than he was last week—also sadder but wiser. Despite the fact that everyone dislikes to carry small change, a penny can come in handy once in a while, can't it, Phil? . . . Eichelbarger was so exhausted from his excursion through Conway last Monday that he fairly fell into bed. Was it worth it, Ike? . . . There seems to be a fellow around who enjoys taking credit for someone else's hard work. We should do something about this, guys. Maybe he should have left with the Gremlins. . . . Keeney seems to be the most versatile man in the Band. He can play anything from a radio on up. One day he is doing a good(?) job beating the bass drum and the next day he's blowing his brains(?) out on the tuba. Captain Fetler is trying hard to decide whether to use him as a blower or a beater. . . . There is a traitor in the Band and he knows who he is and so do we. I won't mention any names, but his initials are P. (as in Paul) J. (as in Joyce). I hear tell that Johnny E. is looking for him with a bayonet.

QUESTIONS OF THE WEEK:

Who is the Queen? Did anyone ever hear Wayne Johnson raise his voice? When Hosepian leaves, who will succeed him as president of the "North Conway Society for the Advancement of . . . ? Have you been through the "Chain of Commands"?

Life's Little Disappointments



Cross Country Sports

A/S W. ENGERT

Aside from Speed Chandler's 2-0 win over the Cards, the biggest thing in sports during the last week was the tumbling of mighty Michigan from the unbeaten ranks by the Irish of Notre Dame. These green jerseyed lads, with Bertelli and Miller running wild, had very little trouble in slashing the Michigan team into submission to the tune of 35-12. Bertelli did everything but kick the leather off the ball. He threw two touchdown passes, set up another with one of his long aerial maneuvers, and kicked all of the extra points. Miller, not to be outdone, crossed the pay line twice. He ran for sixty-eight yards for one score and was on the receiving end of the Bertelli pass for the other. Michigan had its ace, too, in the person of Daley. He ran and passed his heart out, but he didn't get the cooperation that the Irish backs received.

Another game, which furnished plenty of excitement for 45,000 spectators, was the Penn-Dartmouth game. It certainly was a surprise to see the Penn boys defeat the unbeaten, unscored upon Dartmouth eleven. Dartmouth knocked at the door of Penn six times, and five times found it locked. The only time they crossed the double stripe to get themselves six points, they failed on the conversion, thereby passing up a chance for a tie.

There were some lopsided scores too—the Army's 51-0 defeat of Temple—Cornell's spanking of Princeton wasn't a pretty sight for the fans from New Jersey.

A very close game was the

YPF PROGRAM INTRODUCES CO-EDS

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

will put in another appearance in the near future. At 8:30, following the serving of refreshments, the party began to break up and the fellows and girls were to be seen wending their way back to their respective dormitories and barracks.

On Sunday evening, October 17th, Dr. Corson will be the guest of the YPF, and the program promises to be a very interesting one. The usual Sing and serving of refreshments will make up the rest of the program.

On October 24th the program will feature an All-Dickinson Quiz, with the Faculty, the Dickinson students, and the Aviation Students providing the participants.

Navy-Duke tussle. Navy bombarded a powerful Duke eleven and sailed away with a 14-13 victory.

The player of the day was none other than Notre Dame's Bertelli. His speed, passing, and timing, certainly were enough to award the title to him. His passes seemed to be tied to the receivers. With excellent protection from his line, Bertelli was running the Wolverine backfield ragged. His passing and tricky quarterbacking, found the Michigan team without an air raid warden. The backfield couldn't fathom those long passes, mixed in with wonderful running and A-1 kicking.

The run of the day was made by another Notre Dame star, Miller. A 68-yard, touchdown run, that carried him to both sides of the field and finally over the double markers for six points.

Last Saturday football took to the air, when the junior varsity squads of North Carolina Navy Pre-Flight and Duke were flown to Camp Mitchell, N. C. The players were transported in C-47s and gliders. Evidently some of the boys became a little sick, but as a whole they had an uneventful trip.

DICKINSON'S NEW SPORT:

The latest sport at Dickinson seems to be occupying a prominent place in the hearts of its coaches. A great game was inaugurated last Tuesday, its stars including none other than "Chick" Kennedy. The sport, gentlemen, is penny tossing. Coach Kennedy is a "penny tosser from the old school." He even had a cheering section consisting of eight small, but loyal, boys. Look for the weekly standing of your stars in your next week's Eager Eagle.

USO Program, Carlisle

Saturday, October 16—

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, "True To The Army."

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

Sunday, October 17—

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.

Sports—
Personality Of The Week

A/S F. COLLINS

On August 29, 1924, in Wichita, Kansas, there came into the world a new personage by the name of William Cannon. In his early years, Bill didn't seem interested in the world of sports. As a matter of fact, he spent six years in grammar school and three in junior high school without so much as giving it a thought. Then came high school, and something inside of him seemed to awaken, as he watched the fellows on the wide expanses of East High School's football field. His next thought was to try out for football. As the days went by, it became more and more a pleasure to get in there and "fool around" with his classmates. Next came basketball, and in this sport he made the varsity in his Freshman year. Because Bill seemed to be having the time of his life playing sports, baseball season beckoned him, and again he showed such promise, that he was given a varsity berth.

After this came two years of high school, which must have seemed like something out of a fairy book. He won his letters in the three major sports before he graduated. In his senior year, he was captain-elect of the football eleven, and because of his ability as a triple threat, he was picked as quarterback on the Ark Valley League "All Stars."

After graduation he thought that he would like to have at least one year of college at the University of Wichita. It was here that he had a chance to show just why the men that picked the Ark Valley team had seen in his versatility as an athlete.

Immediately he was picked for the varsity football team, which was quite a feat for a freshman.

Outstanding among his achievements, was the completion of twenty-two passes, eight of them for touchdowns. His accurate "coffin corner" kicking put many opponents' back against the wall.

BAND MAKES SMASHING SUCCESS

(Cont'd from page 1, col. 5)

Sax. This is the section which has progressed rapidly in recent rehearsals. It is a real sax section, now, and is setting it off for the brass. With a combination of two units like this, coupled with the hot licks of . . . on the drums and the never idle fingers of Frank Santillo running over the ivories, plus the bass of Leon Stutzman, you can count on some fine music from a fine band.

In writing of the dance, we must mention the persons who made it possible for the dance to be realized. The Dickinson faculty cooperated ceaselessly with the Students working on the project. Without the use of the gymnasium, we should be without a place to hold a dance. Capt. Poach, Lt. Anderson, Lt. Cook, and Lt. Lapman have given willing aid wherever possible. And much credit is due the businessmen of Carlisle; for they have been wholeheartedly back of the dance, as they have always been with the Aviation Students of this Detachment in any such undertaking. We are deeply grateful to all of these people for making our first formal dance a success.

Inasmuch as the idea for this dance originated with Lt. Lapman, it is too bad that he cannot be here to witness what results have been achieved since the committee has gone to work. He would be glad to know and see how his idea has been developed. If and when he returns to this Detachment, he may start the ball rolling for another dance and may it be as successful as this one.

Basketeers Answer Call For Hoopsters In Squadron Tourney

A/S F. COLLINS

We at last seem to have stirred up something in the line of sports for our Detachment. Twenty students answered the call for hoopsters. Among them were William Cannon, former freshman star at Wichita University; Bill Engert, from the late Syracuse University's roster, and Warren Rounds from Nebraska. In addition, many other fast ball handlers reported.

We haven't had any real chance to see just what we will have in the line of a team, but when practice begins next Monday night, we shall see just what's what.

The following men reported: Hinchion, Canonge, Capretto, Larson, Collins, Leighton, Brigida, Cannon, Engert, Martin, Murry, Rounds, Kiley, Kelley, Bennett, Bellamy.

STAFF TO EMPHASIZE CONTENTS OF NEWS

(Cont'd from page 1, col. 4)

B; John Kallaugher of squadron C; Mel Randoll of D; and Fred Butcher for the band. Frank will continue to report for squadron E.

By the addition of Gale Lockhart of squadron C to the staff as copy chief, attention will be paid to the quality of stories printed.

Pat Briscoe and Clayton Collins, photographer and cartoonist, respectively, will continue in their former capacities.

The reorganization of the staff is expected to result in a change of policies. A greater coverage of the news will be attempted in order to make the Eager Eagle the Aviation Students' standby. In the future, squadron news items will be shorter and of wider interest.

Alternate squadron writers have been named as well as extra feature and news men. It is hoped that the use of alternates will lead to more consistent policy in the future and prevent a recurrence of serious vacancies on the staff.

At present, all staff positions are filled; however, alternate positions are open and writers of the thirteenth quintile are welcome to apply since old staff members will be departing with the ninth quintile.

MUSIC BOX

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

even up to giving cash bribes (this is known as a 'payola') to get the radio plug. The song is played and replayed. It becomes a hit overnight, is played to death and buried all in six months.

"Tin Pan Alley has forgotten that the universe is not bounded by 49th Street on one side and 51st on the other. They need to recall that when Francis Scott Key wrote the Star-Spangled Banner, he was a lawyer; when Rouget de Lisle wrote the Marseillaise during the French Revolution, he was just a professional soldier; Yankee Doodle was written by a doctor; and when Zo Elliott wrote There's a Long, Long Trail Awaiting, he was an undergraduate at Yale University."

"This is my story and I'm stuck with it, but it might do some people some good to know about it. So when you hear someone sing "Slap the Jap," or "We Did It Before, etc. . . ." you can think of an aged old man sitting in his wheelchair, drawing money for a song he may have composed in 1932, and then try to visualize just how much inspiration he must have had to write a song like that. It may be that he was entertaining the spirit of all our boys who were losing a battle somewhere in the Pacific at the very moment he was writing the song, but I doubt it."

With that, the old man went his way, but we believe he has something there.