

Dickinson College Archives & Special Collections

<http://archives.dickinson.edu/>

Documents Online

Title: Quintillion - Seventh Quintile

Date: September 1943

Location: I-Original-1943-2

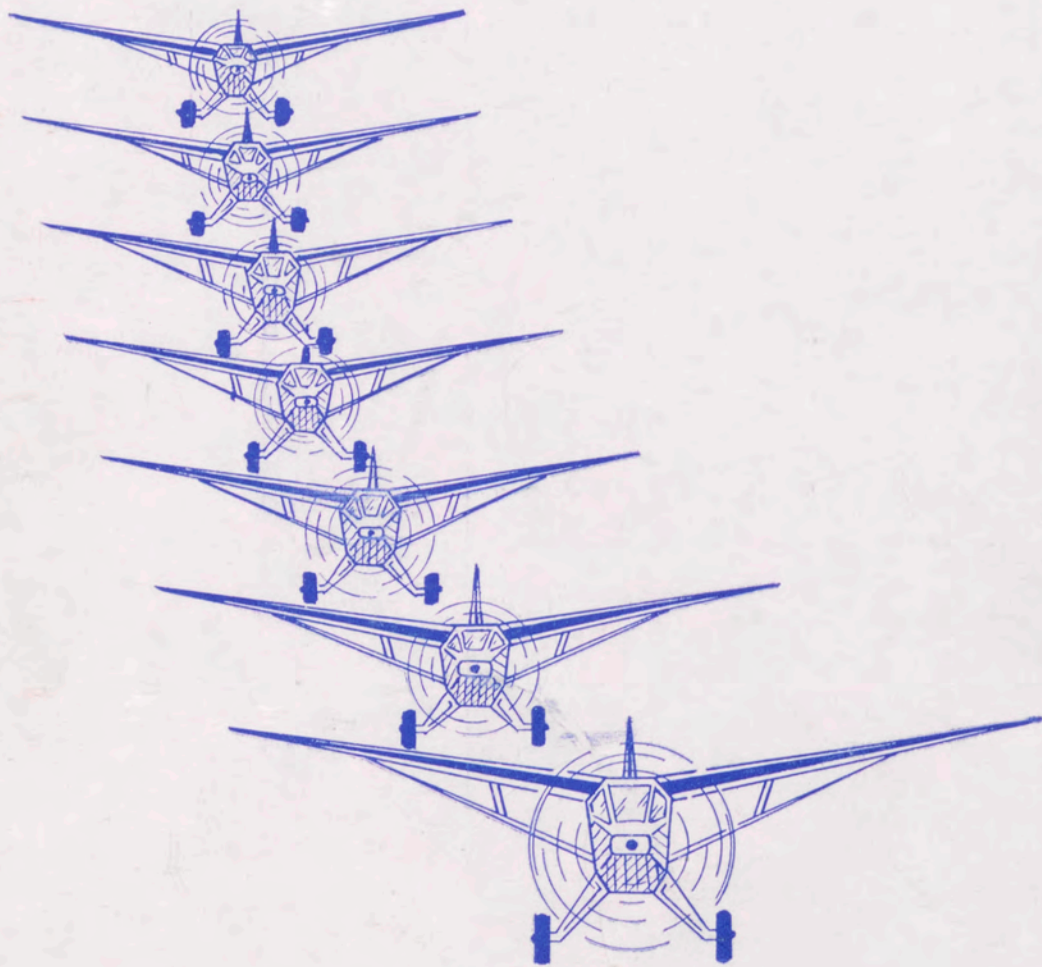
Contact:

Archives & Special Collections
Waidner-Spahr Library
Dickinson College
P.O. Box 1773
Carlisle, PA 17013

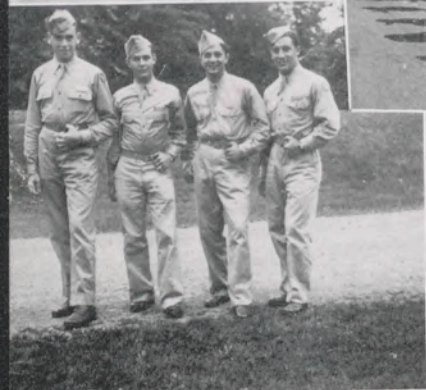
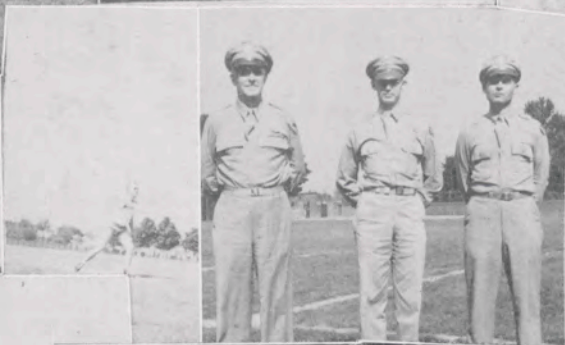
717-245-1399

archives@dickinson.edu

quintillion



7th flying quintile
dickinson college



QUINTILLION

Published by

THE SEVENTH QUINTILE

of

THE 32nd C. T. D.

Dickinson College ∴ Carlisle, Penna.

September, 1943



quintillion staff

Co-Editors

Marion Spinks
Irving Garshinsky

Photographers

Frederick Budde
Robert Van Graafeiland
Edward Greenstein

Associate Editor

John Shaffer

Business Editor

Robert Allen

Cartoonist

Alfred Drexel

Writers

Vincent Ambrosio
James Cook
William Deitz
Walter Drazl
David Strobel
Richard Wicker
Marvin Wilson
Robert Woodhouse

to the aviation students:

It is always with regret that we see each Quintile leave, especially such a Quintile as No. 7, which has been one of the most important units in the rounding-out of this Post.

You have had the advantage of being in one of the oldest Colleges in the United States with a long tradition of service and accomplishment. You cannot help but have benefited by this contact, and will leave with a greater appreciation of what we are fighting for—namely, freedom of conscience, freedom of expression and freedom of religious thought.

This is your second stepping stone on the way to becoming an aviator, and we hope that, as you go through the different phases of training, you will not forget your stay with the 32nd College Training Detachment.

As we said, it is with regret that we see you leave, as we have become very attached to you, but it is the same regret with which a parent may send his son forth to fight and protect the principles of government and social organization which has been brought to the highest state of development in the World, throughout these United States.

My officers and myself bid you Godspeed, with warmest appreciation of your soldierly cooperation.

JOHN D. HARTIGAN,
Major, A. C.,
Commanding.



introduction

Sweetness and light are well and good for Polyannas, but Aviation Students are intelligent enough to want truth. That is why this magazine was written—to serve as an honest, revealing record of the time we spent at Dickinson College. We have tried to mention every phase of our well-rounded existence; we have let the facts speak for themselves. The staff labored far into the nights during the seven days we were allotted to compile the Quintillion, endeavoring always to avoid the wishful thinking that is sometimes mistaken for reality. If we succeed in our aim, then we shall feel that our labors will not have been futile.



before



Into the siding at Keesler Field, Biloxi, Miss., last March 31 puffed a weary train to disgorge 500 men in smoke-blackened civilian attire. This group, part of which was to become famous, or infamous, as the "Bitching 30th," was off to probably the most inauspicious start that any military group ever experienced. Assembled outside the train, we marched (?) to an area called Hut City

where we were divided into two squadrons, assigned to our quarters, bedded down, and tucked in by our boss, Sergeant Reams.

In the middle of the night, a wail like that of a banshee brought us to our feet—mentally. This was our first introduction to the unique Army custom of getting men up to ascertain if they are on the premises. After staggering out to answer a sleepy "Ho" to our names, we marched to chow, only to be greeted by numerous "You'll be sorry's" from veterans of two and three weeks. This morale-building prophecy was quickly added to our increasing vocabulary of Army slang and we perpetuated this hoary custom by shouting it at new-comers three or four days later. As we were not issued uniforms until the next day, we were an easy mark for barbs of humor. Somehow we lasted the day through and turned in at 2130. Most of us wooed Morpheus with little success that night, our minds at variance with logic in trying to reconcile fatigue suits with cadet uniforms, double drill with P-40's, and leggings with silver wings.

On our third day, we were issued equipment. There were the usual cases of misfits, but on the whole we were happy to don the uniform of the soldier. No longer were we pseudo-G. I.'s; we were now the real thing and were just itching to get behind the controls of a Lockheed Lightning. We soon found that there were a few preliminaries to flying, namely drill and K.P. On a renovated sandbar called, quaintly enough, the Drill Field we discovered that the Law of Diminishing Returns is not limited to the field of Economics. It seemed that the longer we drilled, the less proficient we became. For five torrid weeks we toiled under a fiery Mississippi sun with the inviting blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico a stone's throw away. Sergeants Pike, Hoxie, and Molinski were hard masters, but their labors bore fruit when Squadron 31 won the review ribbons twice and Squadron 30 turned the trick three times, two of these times being in succession. Incidentally, this latter feat is without parallel in Keesler Field history. After this, we were inclined to rest (or rust) on our laurels and sank into a lethargy from which we did not recover until our arrival at Dickinson.



During this training period, Squadron 30 was under the able direction of Arthur Sullivan and Joe McConnell, while Squadron 31 had Albert Crenshaw, our present student Major, as its leader. These men showed qualities which were later to make them leaders in their

respective C.D.T.'s.

So, as five weary weeks dragged by, we began looking forward to the day when we would once again board a train, this time for college. Rumor was rife, the latrine rumors having us sent to every college from U.C.L.A. to Fordham. After being on the "alert" for four days, during which time two sections of our group left for Toledo and Cleveland, we boarded a train on May 5—destination supposedly unknown. As we passed out of the gate on the siding, a great shout arose from every throat. We were off to the second phase of our training and deep in every heart was the feeling that though we would not exchange our basic training for a thousand dollars, we would not endure the rigors again for ten times that amount. Remember:

Jim Roth resting at the infirmary while the rest of us drilled . . . that 3.2 at the P.X. . . . Vastola writing letters constantly . . . "Jeeter Lester" Woodhouse contending that unpunctuality was the mark of a great man and then proving himself truly great . . . Jack Shaffer going through the mill . . . our affection for easy-going Sgt. Hoxie . . . Dick Wicker and Ev Williams collaborating on that best seller "Primary Principles of F.O." . . . Spinks, the inveterate Hearts player . . . Whittles raking the yard at Tent City . . . "The game starts at 8, so don't be late" . . . Strong man Carl Wild, the sergeant's nemesis . . . Dick White singing Beta songs while marching . . . our buddies who went to Tampa, Cleveland, and Toledo . . . Art Spellman looking for his bed . . . the Buena Vista in Biloxi night K.P. . . . the false "alerts" . . . the able Sgt. Molinski . . . "the right way, the Army way, the Keesler Field way" . . . the piney air in Hut City reverberating to "The Stars and Bars" . . . "If there is no beneficiary, does one write the address?" . . . the false alarm at midnight . . . Biggers and his dollar watch crap game at the Club La Trine . . . Chadakawitz discussing soul-kissing while asleep . . . the train ride here . . . coin of the realm changing hands en route . . .



Dickinson—"fair as a garden of the Lord to the eyes of the weary Keebler horde."

Atlantic City proved to be a well organized basic training centre. Upon our arrival, our particular group was assigned to the most elaborate hotel on the shore. Hotel Traymore offered many unusual hospitable accommodations to new recruits. Elevator service, hot and cold running baths, some equipped with showers.

On the third day of "vacation stay" most of the men realized how grossly exaggerated oversize and undersize G. I. clothing rumors were. However, we did discover, much to our regret, that khaki and olive drab appeared to have a more conservative drape on the permanent party. As George De Rosa would remark, "Quite a drastic change from the 110th Street Zoot Suit."

Inclement weather prevented our group from immediate basic training. We were formally baptized into the Army Air Corps on the day we were marched down the Atlantic City boardwalk for a series of G. I. physical inspections in our civilian clothing, while the clouds poured their blessings upon potential Dickinsonians. Dan Fairhurst, the 703rd Training Detachment's "beautiful hunk" of man, and the indomitable Ferlazzo and Febles discovered a rather difficult problem that night in removing dye stains from their bodies that only civvies could yield.

Atlantic City's famous boardwalk, Hamid's Pier, the Steel Pier and the white sandy beaches were the favorite backgrounds for pastime recreation. Fred Ebbers, Henry Flink, and Martin Ganon discovered that beaches were satisfactory roosting places for lonely and desolate soldiers.

Brigantine Field, appropriately located in an area that lacked vegetation and shrubbery of any kind and roughly one quarter mile square with a foundation beat down by the dogged determination of heavily laden feet acted as our theatre for drill instruction. On this field marched the twenty-one men who, in fourteen days from their arrival, would form the reputable Section 75 on Dickinson's Campus.

Fourteen days at Atlantic City and two days of actual drilling. We were extremely fortunate and yet more so when we were chosen to be sent to Dickinson. Francis Donleavy, Geo. DeRosa, William De Myer, William Gordinier, Alfred Gomes, John Girard, Patrick Gillen, Henry George, Irving Garshinsky, Martin Ganon, David Freidman, Arnold Freidman, Henry Flink, Abe Fleminger, Tom Ferlazo, Aberardi Febles, Daniel Fairhurst, Joe Endler, Fred Ebbers, Richard Eaton, Alfred Drexel and Walter Drazl made up Dickinson's aforementioned Section 75. We leave with a true spirit and determination to carry out the traditions of those who left before us.

We arrived at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., on June

2, a tired, dirty crew. Immediately we became acquainted with food army style—beans, slaw, bread pudding, et cetera. After our first meal, we were marched en masse to our quarters—the 27th Training Group.

Jefferson Barracks (JB for short) is a picturesque place. Tall trees cast long shadows over the cool green grass. Many beautiful buildings are scattered throughout the post. Our Squadron was located on 23rd street. It was here that we learned what the army expected of us. In our huts they wanted uniformity and cleanliness. On the drill field they wanted precision and discipline. In our minds they wanted blankness and blind obedience. Under their incessant hammering it was not too difficult to comply with their desires.

Getting our huts into shape every morning was an ordeal. The day never passed that we didn't have to wield our trusty brooms and mops. That part was comparatively easy. The trouble lay in fetching water to mop the floors, for our water faucets were at the top of a hill. Pity the boys in the vicinity of Hut 40. Hut 28 was tops for inspections. McCafferty, Clark, Amedola, and McAninch earned three week-end passes as a result of the inspections.

Jeep Hill will always bring back memories. Here on this incline, where the dust lay several inches thick, we struggled through our daily calisthenics. How well we remember our physical instructor, Sgt. Garrison and his favorite expression, "The next 'extricise' will be poooooshups."

As we reminisce we think of many people. There was handsome Lt. Davis, definitely a ladies' man, who was our Squadron Commander. He was quite good at recounting his experiences as a guard in the deserts of Arizona and on the sands of Miami Beach. An amusing paradox was the fact that diminutive Sgt. Aden was in charge of the tallest men in the outfit, while towering Sgt. Webber headed the shortest. By the way, it was Sgt. Webber who composed our well-known theme song, "Alice, Where Art Thou Going?" Sgt. Ellinger treated his flight fairly well, often arranging parties for the boys.

Then there were Hepple, Clark, Cumberledge, and Isenberg, who were flight leaders. Who can forget the day that Ed Brown appeared for calisthenics clad in purple shorts after hearing specific instructions that only white G.I. shorts would be worn. The boys in Hut 13 were content if Chuck Martus simply stayed out of the way and kept his feet off the floor when house cleaning was in progress.

Ah well! Those days at JB will always live in the depths of our memories; days when a crew of selected civilians metamorphosed, within the short space of six weeks, into full-fledged soldiers on the way to their wings.



after

squadron a

Gene Adkins, Ozarks mountaineer, is partial to his pipe. You seldom see him without it.

Robert Allen. "Beak" was the former sqdn. cmndr. of A. His individuality lay in his voice. Seems he couldn't get rid of his laryngitis.

John Alsup. Our supply sergeant was in charge of details and was duly appointed to the Order of the Loyal Sons of Rest.

Sam Alvino. "Before I entered the army, I was a conceited so and so; now I am one helluva swell fella."

Maunsel Bain. The exalted Governor of Tennessee used his voice to good advantage by starting songs for his squadron.

Charlie Bancroft. Our former first sgt. took his work so seriously that he harvested a crop of grey hairs.

Edward Barbour. He lives with a den full of Eager Beavers.

Lester Barnett. At this late date, Les still can't decide whether he likes flying or not.

Robert Baumgarten. Happy-go-lucky "Barrel" made hay at Dickinson by becoming engaged to a local girl.

Dave Beaty. "Hut Daddy," the small package of dynamite, withstood the effects of four flights a day.

Jimmy Biggers. Our former adjutant has been looking forward to the day when he would return to the South. Could it be the Georgia peaches?

Don Allen is always pounding the worries. He says he is developing his own style. Howie Apgar is true to his one and only. Red Baylor has been in constant hot water ever since he's been here.

About the smoothest operator when it comes to something he wants is Hank Behre. George DeRosa is the baseball wonder. Perhaps that explains why he is never to be found in his room.

Logic by Walt Drazil—"Don't do as I do, do as I say." Donleavy and Drexel stayed busy doing the

P X decorations. Neat job.

Fred Bickel. Zombie is always screwing up the works somewhere.

Edmund Brown. E. O. Brown, A. K., M. D., resents being given these titles.

William Burke. Bill says any person who wants to get out of the army is a slacker.

Jack Armstrong. Jack says that Wheaties don't help, but we know better.

William DeMeyer. Bill made the order of the Loyal Sons of Rest.

Almont Bertin. The ever silent studier.

Vincent Ambrosio. V. X. has always wondered what one must do to become an upperclassman. He finally became one when he was a flyer.

squadron b

G. D. Blackwell and H. R. Blight are two of a kind who have managed to stick together through their college training at Dickinson. Both taking gigs on alternate days. Another twosome often seen together are John Bohannon and Joe Blotner. The eyes of jealousy were upon Johnny when he won the overnight pass sans mileage limit, for naming the detachment newspaper.

J. F. Boyd, better known as "Long John III," has the distinction of being the tallest pilot in the squadron. Invariably he ends up as guide sergeant. His namesake and ex-sqdn. cmndr., Bob Boyd, has become very interested in the classics since he attained a student office—I wonder if it is due to the influence of a certain high ranking commissioned officer on the post????

Jefferson I. Breazeale was color guard and one of the best liked A-Sers. He hails from Tennessee and anticipates with delight the thoughts of going to Nashville. Don Browne, a true son of LXA, had a big time one night but paid the penalty by walking 9 tours the next Saturday.

D. H. Britton is so eager (or lazy) that he doesn't ever lie down on his bed after making it. F. W. Buddle upholds the honor of the U. of T. by being

the staff photographer for the magazine. Gee, has he got a sister? I'm still wondering why R. T. Bush's instructor carried him up to 4,000 ft. to cruise?

A. F. Castaneda found the food in the mess hall so bad that he had to go to the hospital. Now comes one of the most interesting characters in the squadron—Al Cermele, or, more accurately, "Smelly." Undoubtedly the best FO in the detachment, author of the sqdn. song, and artist for the Major, he rates. "Chappie" Chapman has really enjoyed his month of flying after a severe term as 1st sgt.

Jim Chastain—"Oh the Stars and Bars"—a true rebel and philosopher from Atlanta, Georgia. A. Chodakewitz has really lived up to the title of "Gremlin," since a J-3 came under his control. D. R. Christ had the distinction of being one of the privileged few to stay at Dickinson for one month. DeWitt Clark is kind of a mixed breed. He lives 10 miles from West Point, he attended Annapolis, served in the navy, and now look where he is.

J. W. Clark is bashful with the women, but did you ever notice that he still has 10 dollars when pay day rolls around? R. E. Cole may think he's the best marcher in the outfit—well, who knows? D. J. Colquitt, "sick call prodigy," could be found at the dispensary most any time. J. A. Cook, alias Jim, Rebel, Irish, Cookie, likes the north, but loves the south. Roy E. Cook, J. A.'s roommate for 2 months, has a certain little girl named Jan.

R. T. "Deke" Cosgrove—wonder what happened to his bed the first open post? C. G. Costos thinks so much of the army that he is going to join the Greek air-force after the war. A. David Crawley, the red-headed devil, simply slays the Yankee girls with his quiet manner and southern accent. P. E. Del Gatto, a graduate of the New York Aeronautics school, turns down the chance to be an engineer just so he could learn to fly. E. Del Badio is a veteran of the air with over 200 hours to his credit as well as a cute little wife.

P. J. De Santis, "Butch"—an exception, who is true to the one back home. R. N. Eaton is a true Yankee, but my, he talks like a southerner. Freddy Ebbers is a typical New Yorker with his love of finery. He was supply sgt. of B at one time. Joe Endler's prize possession, outside of his girl, is an autographed baseball from Mel Ott. Danny Fairhurst almost got up a romance with Jesse Jones, but spoiled it by being late for almost every flight.

squadron c

Under the reign of the seventh quintile officers, Squadron C achieved the unequalled record of winning the honor plaque three times within five weeks.

Perhaps one of the most important positions in a squadron is that of corporal. In our opinion, R. E. Shannon handled this job in a most tactful and intelligent manner.

Not to be overlooked is the "little Corporal," Johnny Duryea, who received the distinction of being the best senior CQ of the week.

While on the subject of student officers, we might mention that, of our four Atlantic City civilians, three held rank—Febles, Ferlazzo and Friedman. Happy Flemenger didn't make it, but only because his campaign for Sqdn. Cmndr. fizzled.

We regret that ex-looie John Schmitz will not leave with us. "Big John" was one of the best-natured men in the detachment. Crenshaw, his Sqdn. Cmndr., says that John was the best soldier in the squadron.

The JB boys have acquired a reputation. Hal Fried departs with the title of operator supreme. Dan Gardner will be remembered as a truly eager Corporal, and Tony Ferrigno as a hot pilot in the literal sense. Red "Smiley" Evans was Sqdn. C's outstanding athlete. The Sqdn.'s most widely read man, Ed Sheffler will be sorry to leave. He found Dickinson an excellent place to catch up on his reading. Ralph Schmidt will always recall that Saturday afternoon on the drill field. He says he can forgive the tours but not the fifty lashes and the hanging by his thumbs!

Jack Shaffer claims that he will never forget calisthenics and drill. What a memory.

Bill Simon's first impression of Dickinson was the green grass of the drill field as compared to the dust bowl of Keesler.

Don Sauer, once the eagerest soldier in this man's army, is going to have his TS card framed. Most fellows have their cards pretty well perforated, but Don's has been punched more often than Joe Louis' opponents.

Dick Davis, affectionately called RB the "Harpy" by his buddies, has been converted to a true Yankee at last. He certainly won't forget his stay in the north.

Alan "Abey" Ely, our former efficient supply sergeant, currently one of the hottest pilots in the outfit, will never forget his week ends in Harrisburg, nor will Hugh Slawson forget his dates in Carlisle.

Bill Dietz will always remember that front porch on South Street, and the Penn Harris hotel.

Peary Shelter's fondest memories will be of Boiling Springs, Market Street, Mechanicsburg and the Hotel Columbus.

squadron d

Introducing Squadron D's seventh quintile. With all of you A/Sers taking the review, the boys proudly march before your critical gaze.

First, the men from Keesler Field, well trained and hardened, they are also, shall we say, the old soldiers of Dickinson.

James Roth. "Big Jim" possesses many aliases; namely: "Court Martial," "F. O.," "V. F. W.,"

and "Angles." Jim has so many angles he can't lie flat in bed.

Richard Solberg. The fairhaired boy from Syracuse. His two loves are "the Honey," as he calls his girl friend back home, and that ever present Teddy bear he sleeps with each night. We all agree it's a poor substitute, Dick.

Richard Spencer. Spence will be remembered as that guide sergeant with the rigid torso and the wilted neck. He always appeared to be pushing his left rudder at the same time he was maintaining a true course forward.

Marion Spinks. Born in the south, Spinksey has lived in so many different localities that his accent is unique. He was always busy with the Eager Eagle, and he will be remembered by Club 22 for those magnificent packages arriving almost weekly from Rochester, N. Y.

John Stenberg. "Jerry, Jerry, Jerry"—yes, that was John, patiently attempting to attract Strauss' attention in Club 22. During his recent illness, John very appropriately acquired the nickname of "Death."

Arthur Sullivan. "Big Art," or Sully, former Sqdn. D Commander, is widely known for the famous hat style, "the Sullivan drape," and also for his favorite pastime—draped in his f. sack. Headquarters would like to know where his academic report is.

David Strobel. Quiet, serious Pop brought sunshine into our lives when he brought wife Dolly down to Carlisle. The boys at the Molly Pitcher remember him, too. Dave made the 2nd platoon a darn good lieutenant.

Arthur Spellman. The great MacArthur—a soldier in every non-sense of the word. Strictly a lover of peace and tranquillity, Art has experienced very little of them since being at Dickinson.

Bob Van Graafeiland. Since the dispersal of Club 22, Shorty has succeeded Snatch Stevens as the practical joker of Room 300. His snappings with that candid camera don't help either.

Roger Teachout. Roger the Lodger was another regular guy in the Club until he was cruelly shoved into the position of Sqdn. Adj. Overnight there occurred a Jekyll-Hyde transformation. What an eager beaver.

The Atlantic City boys arrived at Dickinson as civilians garbed in soldier suits, and have maintained that status since.

Dave Friedman. One of the few fanatic recruits from the east coast training center and hails from New York City. Call him "Dave," but he is better known as "Civilian." He always appreciated Saturday CQ duty.

Martin Ganon. This boy has really instilled the true Brooklyn bacteria into the otherwise quiet atmosphere of the Milk Bar.

Henry George. "Hank" was just another civilian from Atlantic City until he was pledged to Club 22. Seems fascinated by his GI shoes, and is lost without Harry the Turk's arguments.

From Jefferson Barracks:

Wm. Hawthorne. Bill was supply sergeant of Sqdn. D for two hours, before being moved up to the flying quint. His record-breaking demotion pleased Bill as he said 2 hours of that job was enough.

Paul Isenberg. The ideal platoon sergeant. "Nobody could get away with nothing nohow" with Paul in power. It seems he is an accomplished magician. But it cost Trigony and Moose Solomon plenty of gigs before they saw the light.

Stanley Jacques. Jake is best known for his timid, monotonous voice. A section marcher, he used to "hip-hop-hip-four" his men to sleep before they reached their class room. His girl friend has learned the **hard way** that it is best to keep one's distance from Old East.

Austin Johnson. He attended Yale University and was a pre-med when called to the colors. He says his instructor, Miss Jones, is very fond of him. In fact, she **swears** to it!

Lee Keenan. Keenan's position as a civilian made him the envy of all. Why? He worked in an alcohol distillery. He claims his only regret is that now he is practically immune to the stuff.

Max Keizerstein. Being a southpaw, Keiser is be-moaning the fact that his instructor won't allow him to fly the ship cross-handed.

George Kimmelman. "On the ball" Kimmelman always runs to the window on the 3 minute warning signal and tells the CQ that he will be right down. He was in the middle of an engineering course when he was requested to report to JB.

Svend Knakkegaard. With a name like that he must have a history. Svend was born in Denmark and came to the U. S. when he was two. Here he became a citizen and is so hepped up about it that he is already doing loops, he says.

squadron e

These fellows hate to move once they get settled. At least they have established a record for length of stay at each post so far. They started off with five weeks at Keesler Field, and have been at Dickinson longer than any other group.

Davis Wallbridge was a constant companion of Hal Wells, even after the time that Hal got him a blind date with his girl friend's chaperon. Dave is eager to get to gunnery school so he can shoot Warefield's tooter full of holes. Harold Wells was 145 lb. class intercollegiate boxing champion prior to donning GI's, but he's one of the best-natured fellows in the place, and almost as mischievous as a dozen gremlins.

Charles Whitmore surprised us all when he announced the good news that he was the father of a bouncing baby boy. We never did see the cigars. Charlie could and did go to sleep anywhere, even during drill.

Lee K. Whittles was better known as "Leon," "Leaky," "Smoky," or "Firebug." Became well

known just after his first open post when he fell asleep with fag in hand. His bed was completely destroyed and although he was sleeping on it, his only burns were caused when he attempted to put out the fire in true side show fashion with his bare hands.

Platt Wiggins . . . a quiet, good-natured fellow and a true gentleman . . . usually went around in a daze between visits of his gal, which were frequent enough to keep him looking alive most of the time.

Carl F. Wilde's name really fits him with the exception of the F. and even he doesn't know what that is really for. He met Francis of mess hall fame and as a result was a few minutes late one evening. The gigs piled up for several weeks.

Robert K. Williams never did enough to cause any great excitement but he had a good time and was well liked by all of the fellows. He always had a better way than the army's, but was intelligent enough not to try to use it.

Burt Wixon attended the Forestry College at Syracuse and, for the first few months as a GI, that was his favorite and only subject. He sure misses that bright flannel shirt which is the official campus wear at his dear Alma Mater.

Robert "George" Woodhouse proved that he could really move when he played third base on the Old East team. "Woodie" had the misfortune to break his leg during one of those games, and has enjoyed a good rest ever since. He even got a furlough out of it.

Paul Wyckoff surprised even himself when he became first Sergeant. He made a real study of it. We never did see him in class again.

Adjutant at the same time was colorful Tom Zetkov. His big trouble was remembering girls' faces. He would spend what would seem like hours becoming acquainted with a girl and then find out that he had been out with her the week before.

To look at Art Zimmerman now one will not see the eager beaver that he once was. Remember how he used to do push ups before bed and drink an extra pint of milk each day at 1807 sharp? Now all he does is build up sack time.

Open Post usually found "Spike" (R. C.) Zwahlen with a date. We don't know how he did it but we do know that he did all right.

Bill Gordinier was about the slowest and last to get acclimated. He was just about catching on when a little flower of the "Mayfair Set" visited him and he had to start all over again. He still utters in his sleep, "Oh, to be a CIVILIAN."

John Girard can't really be called a two week wonder as he is a bona fide corporal with a rating of crew chief of a B26. A gentleman through and through and a swell guy.

Alfred Gomes didn't care much for Carlisle, and we have reason to believe that he has something very nice to go home to in Newark. He loves athletics and was one of the originators of the evening basketball games.

Patrick Gillen spent most of his free time operating his portable gym and the rest of it arguing with Gomez on the subject, "Weight Lifting vs. Athletics."

When we started flying we discovered that about ten men from the eighth quintile had been moved up to join us. Without exception they were all from JB.

William M. Wilson was known as Marv till Uncle Sam began to refer to him by #1 name and a sergeant at Keesler gave him a new nickname when he chased him out of bed. Kept track of squadron gossip and was the only man of the 32nd /CTD to cut himself on a bar of candy.

A dash of Schenectady and Syracuse under favorable circumstances will once or twice during a lifetime produce a character like Dick Wicker. Literature and psychology were his more serious interests.

The best known of this lucky bunch was Charlie "Rigor" Martus, whose favorite pastime was sleeping. Loniewski was not far behind, and rarely missed a chance to crawl into bed. Loyal son of Hudson Falls, Langlois started bucking for captain as soon as he arrived and finally worked his way up to first sergeant. His joy was short-lived, as he started flying, but this griper was really happy. Lebish made himself a bitter enemy of several of the big boys when he called to Sergeant Werner's attention the fact that several of the Sunday flyers had overnight passes. Elmer Mahlon seemed to have an empty head and even found himself griping about open post.

band

It was a small but determined crew that marched out to Biddle Field one day in May—12 men and a drum trying to do justice to Sousa. Entirely voluntary, this diminutive organization grew to the large and popular band we now have. Squadron status came, after long and weary waiting, as a welcome relief to the unprivileged bandsmen.

Most outstanding member of the band was trombonist Dick White, whose appointment as captain for 3 months was well deserved. Dick was as proficient with the dance orchestra as with the band.

Among my souvenirs . . . Lou Vastola improvising in the key of C . . . Ralph Silverman playing marches on his glockenspiel with a syncopated beat . . . Monty Beville and his indefatigable Elk's Parade . . . Don Stickles counting off for adjutant's call . . . Irv Garshinsky wondering whether to go to the movies with the band or the newspaper . . . Ed Bacon getting the underclassmen on the ball and Hank Flink getting them off it.

No less dear to my heart . . . Al Friedman noticing our attitudes . . . John Bress continually arguing with Pete Gigliotti . . . Bob Anderson and his wife's picture . . . John Carswell's look of amazement when he was moved up to the seventh.



calisthenics

The rush is on! Hundreds of students run in wild frenzy while the charge of quarters announces, "Five minute warning for calisthenics." True to precedent the unfortunate lower classmen are the first to fly down the stairs and form a rigid skeleton of their squadrons. When the call, "Fall out for calisthenics" is given, the plutocracy of the class system rises from their "Simmons Inner Spring" and nonchalantly fall out to form the remainder of their squadrons. Men clad in athletic uniforms stand rigidly at attention as the adjutant directs, "The men shall be double timed to the athletic field."

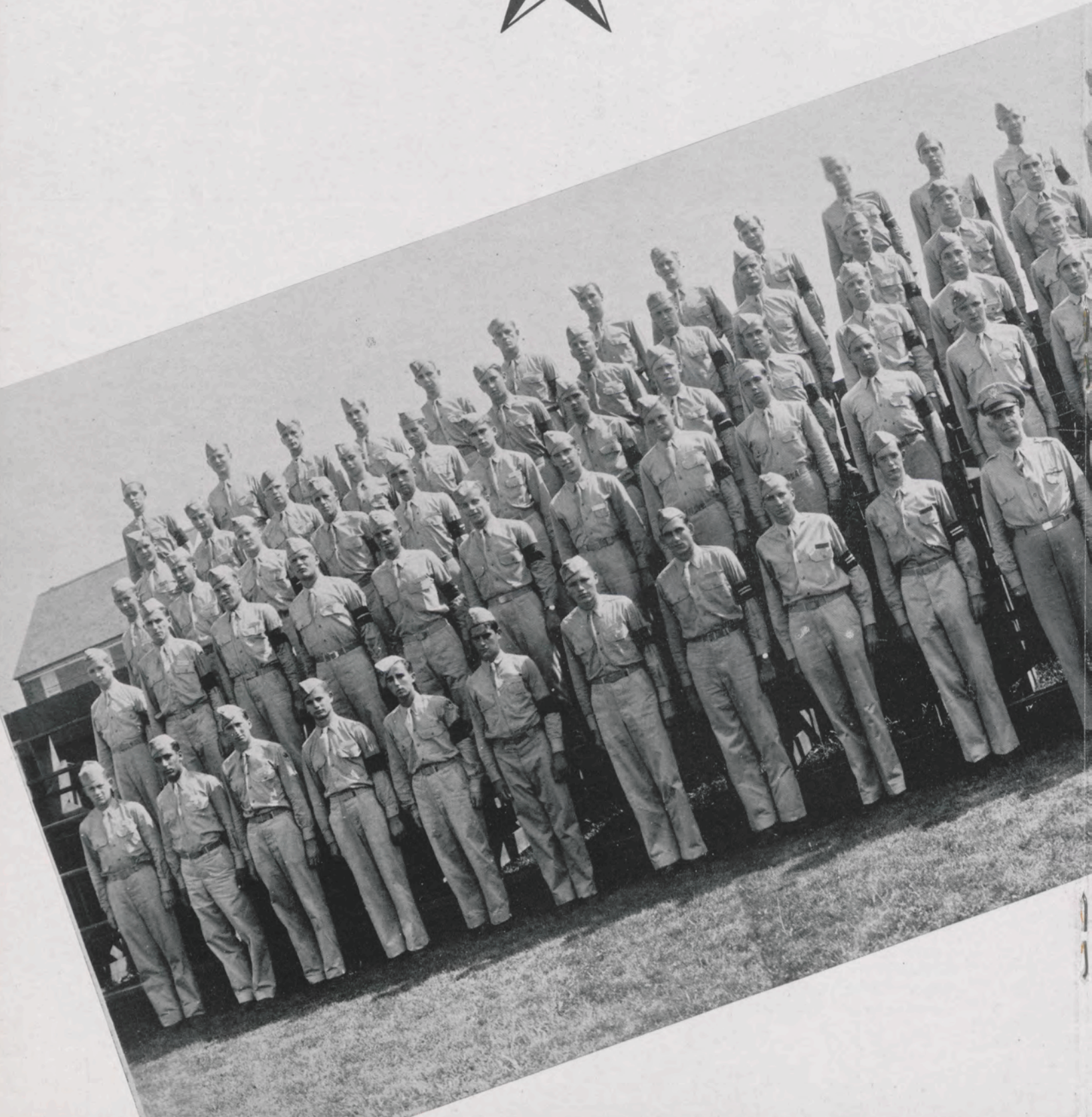
Remorseful day, how could it be so, when we prayed and pleaded to the dark overhanging cloud to burst and send to the humble souls of Dickinson a legitimate excuse to return to their quarters and complete the partially written letter for the women who were left behind. Yes, the dread calisthenics hour had begun.

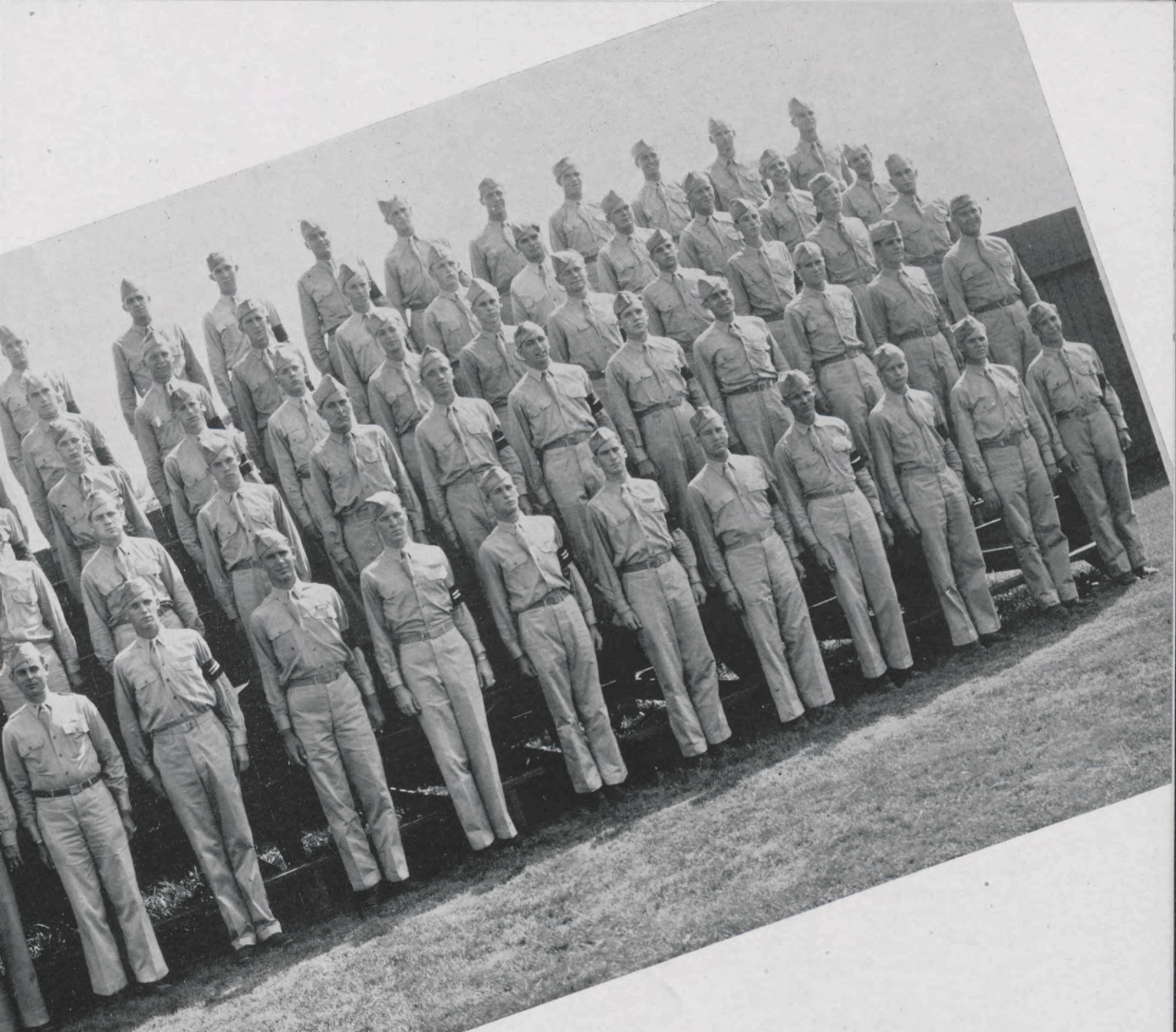
The entrance to the Biddle Field now holds an entire detachment. Volley ball and basketball are being played by two squadrons at the south portion of the field, while at the northwest corner the three remaining squadrons are uniformly aligned and prepared to carry on with the calisthenics. Mr. Kennedy, our reluctant athletic instructor, displays the proper coordination for the exercise. "Hands clasped behind neck and feet spread apart. Go!" "Front leaning rest position,—take!" Every muscle grows tense, while our arms strain to raise our bodies in the "sit up" exercise. "Hands behind head! Twisting the neck in four positions in four counts,—begin! One, two, three and four. One,

two, three and four." How well we realize the importance of these exercises. Preparation for Nashville is a very important task for the C. T. D.'s. One hour of various physical contortions has finally come to a drastic close with the exercise that requires the legs to be raised from sitting position, to increasingly greater heights in four counts. Haggard and fatigued our glorious tribe now exits from the athletic field. Mr. Kennedy has announced that our final hour shall be spent at varieties. How wonderful, varieties!

The tall towering ladder approximately eighteen feet high greets the expectant arrivals. Directly forward lies a tumbling rail and a sturdy wooden wall. A portion of the field has been set off for hurdle jumping while several unusually shaped wooden constructions mark tests for the physical capabilities of Dickinson's students. The once dread obstacle course has now become a reality.

When the final man has leaped the last hurdle, a day of grief and undeterminable hardship has arrived at its final stage. The adjutant once again orders the men to be double timed back to the barracks. We turn our heads and carry our weary limbs, we gaze in a stupor and deep in our hearts we aspire that someday we **too** can be an adjutant. How reluctant to look forward another day and to allay the fear of calisthenics. Two hours of drilling shall be sufficient time to recover from today's bodily stress. The band shall play as we proudly march forth carrying the banner of Dickinson and the flag of The United States. ("We must build our bodies as we do our machines. They must withstand and overpower the forces that attempt to weaken it.")





... the trees

In time to come, we may want to think back to our days at Dickinson College and recall with time-mellowed nostalgia just what went on in the "good old days" when we were still pre-cadets, before we received our commissions.

The seventh quintile arrived in May, and was met at the depot by the great god Skalamenos. He was our first group commander. Group commander. That rank was equivalent to that of a major in the student government set-up. Student government was employed principally to facilitate the shortage of regular non-coms at this detachment and incidentally to furnish the future officers with experience in leading men.

Under the group staff were the squadron commanders who headed each of the five squadrons of approximately 130 men. Each squadron was further divided into 3 platoons with a lieutenant for each platoon, plus three corporals and two sergeants.

These student officers wore black arm brassards adorned with the symbol of their rank. Commissioned officers were supposed to rate a salute and a "pop-to" at all times. There seemed to be a difference of opinion on this point between officers and men.

In rotation student lieutenants were required to act as Junior Officer of the Day during which tenure of office they made a bed-check, inspected the guard, and kept order in the mess hall. Non-coms were eligible for sergeant and corporal of the guard.

Oh yes, we had guard duty. At first, guards were posted on 7 posts in three shifts from 1800 to 0600. Later this was modified to 5 posts of two shifts from 2200 to 0600. Clad in leggings with folded raincoat strapped behind and white armband gleaming in the dark, the private of the guard made an imposing figure as he walked his post in a military manner, twirling his two-foot weapon, a club. Only the unwariest of FO's ever ran afoul of the guards.

CQ, or Charge of Quarters, was another duty in store for the lowly private. He served for 24 hours, from 1245 to 1245, during which time he was responsible for rousing the men from slumber,

calling them out to chow at the proper time, getting them to fall out for academics, sorting their at 10 minute intervals. Old East and Conway alternated eating first. One week, one would eat break-mail, and having them "get those lights out" at 2030.

From lights out to reveille the darkened hours sped by on winged feet. At 0545 the whistles blew and the groans flew up from every bunk, as the sleep-drugged lads faced another day. Underclassmen awoke at the 10 minute warning and fell out for roll call at the 3 minute warning. Fell out at attention in squadron formation. The upperclassmen had an extra three minutes.

The class system struggled fitfully for recognition. About the only difference between the upper and lower classes was that the latter wore a stripe on their name placards, fell out three minutes later, and were free to walk out of detail to the PX. Several attempts were made to impose the "sir," square corners, and GI haircuts, but a fine sense of fairness on the part of the upperclassmen allayed the inclinations.

Name cards had to be worn at all times on post. They consisted of a rectangular, transparent pin, into which was inserted a card with the name, rank and squadron of the individual. Privates wore white name tags, corporals blue, sergeants green, lieutenants yellow, sqdn. cmdrs. pink, and the group staff red. Officers and non-coms did not wear stripes on their badges; flyers had two.

Flyers were a special group. When they started flying, they had to give up whatever rank they held because their irregular attendance might impair the efficiency of the organization. It was not always an easy adjustment to make; consequently, their chip-on-shoulder attitude sometimes caused the officials to frown.

Infraction of the rules brought gigs for punishment. A list of giggable offenses posted on the bulletin board covered two complete pages, in small type. We could be gigged for almost anything, and frequently were. Three gigs a week were gratis. For each one over three, a tour had to be walked; tours being served on the drill field

on Saturday afternoon and/or Sunday, under the supervision of an A/S non-com. Serious charges brought interviews with the group board, and unpardonable sins received a court martial.

Chow formations were handled quite well here. The schedule was staggered so that squadrons ate supplies, etc. Here was located the juke-box—for fast first, lunch last and dinner first, and the next week vice versa. The squadrons within the buildings also rotated, so that each ate first in turn. Likewise the platoons within the squadron took turns, and to make it even fairer, the squads within the platoons changed order. So, sooner or later, each individual at Dickinson was the first one through the mess hall.

Eggs—scrambled, boiled and omelet-style—were the prevailing breakfast staples. The midday meal was light to humor the flyers' constitutions, so the evening meal was the heaviest. It was then we had the steaks, chops, roasts and fish. Always fish on Friday. Always.

Sick call was held every morning at 0800. The ailing marched over to the dispensary for treatment. In serious cases, the meat wagon was used for transportation.

Mail call came twice a day, at noon and 1700. Incoming mail was sorted at the post office in Conway, the Old East CQ's traipsing over after theirs. After being separated by squadrons, the stacks of letters, packages and papers were taken outside for personal distribution.

A favorite campus spot was the PX, located in

the basement of the gymnasium. Here was sold ice-cream (half sherbet), candy, cigarettes, toilet articles, clothing accessories, jewelry, stationery five days a week our only source of music.

Just outside the PX, on the rolling lawn between the permanent party house, was a natural amphitheatre where band concerts were presented on the average of once a week.

In August, with a fanfare of publicity, the Fellowship House was opened to the students. It was a fraternity house, located directly adjacent to the campus, and leased for the benefit of the CTD by a Carlisle church organization. Two days after its dedication, headquarters came forth with the announcement that visitors would not be permitted there during the week—just on week ends. Since a main selling point had been that it would be a place for us to meet our friends during the week, we felt cheated. As a result, the House was seldom crowded.

With the coming of hot weather, neckties were abandoned between reveille and retreat. That was a privilege to be grateful for.

This article has endeavored to look at the trees, which, when considered as a whole, make up our forest. Our forest was thin in some spots, luxuriant in others. Our CTD was better than some and worse than others. Our lot was average. It could have been so much nicer if . . . a lot of things.

The 32 CTD was not all sweetness and light and the purpose of the Quintillion is not to represent it as such. Look at the trees, and remember.

lights out

It is characteristic of most men that, like Voltaire's *Candide*, they will consider their world the best of all possible worlds, their opinion the criterion, and their standards the mode. Whether it be dog, car, or school, an ego-centric rationalization will clothe their choice in the rosier of rosy garments; they develop a "spirit," a chauvinistic pride, rendering it incomparable to others. Permutate, combine, transfer—their ardor will diminish not at all. So it is that Princetonians love Princeton, Clemsonians love Clemson, and Dickinsonians love Dickinson. Our stay here has been brief, yet we

have been thoroughly imbued with an appreciation of Dickinson's historical past. We have assimilated it into our life pattern; it has become part of us.

Our backgrounds are varied. They represent a diversified stratum of this democracy racially, geographically and socially. In our classes, Southern drawls mingle with crisp Northern accents, and broad Boston "a's" match notes with Brooklyn "er" and "oi" mispronunciations. And yet, these differences matter little. We are one in our single-mindedness of purpose, our unity of aim: to destroy Fascism, whatever its guise, and to prove our

belief in the principles of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, regardless of race, color or creed.

Memories, now, are the huts of Keesler, the hotels of Atlantic City, the barracks of St. Louis. We have learned to adjust quickly, to make our home wherever we set our barracks bags. It will not be entirely without regret that we leave Dickinson, for it has become integrated, by virtue of habit and familiarity, into our very lives. Between our initial descent at the dirty, smoke-filled station and our final check flight at Wilson Airport is a kaleidoscope of images and impressions of academics, drills, formations, open posts and myriad others. Commonplace now, these mental images may easily be a source of pleasure at some future, less pleasant post.

Our stay here has been a miniature college course. We watched four quintiles go, among them friends who had been advanced. The detachment was ruled by the mighty hands of Scalemenos, the man before whom even the commissioned officers quaked, when we got here. As underclassmen, we were subjected to details and hazing; we cut square corners, "popped to," learned to brace. It was good-natured hazing, however, and we took it cheerfully. The atmosphere was congenial, truly one of camaraderie and good-fellowship. In time, there came the transition to upperclassmen. Five minute warnings meant only that we had five more minutes for bunk fatigue; we were above details . . . we were of the aristocracy. To our contingent from JB, it was a sudden change, from underclassmen to flyers. To the rest of us it was a long-awaited dream. With it came the chance to be of-

ficers, and, throughout August, our quintile sported black bands for every office from corporal to Group Staff.

We have seen many changes, numerous improvements. The 32nd merely existed before we came; it **lives** as we leave. Under the able guidance of H. H. Wilson and Marion Spinks, our post newspaper blossomed from a mimeographed sheet to a well-planned, printed paper. Through the efforts of pioneers Dick White, Ralph Silverman, Irving Garshinsky, and Lou Vastola, the 12-piece band grew to a mighty 50-man group. Student effort, too, was responsible for the redecorating of the bare, white walls of our PX-effort skillfully co-ordinated by talented Albert Friedman. We leave with the proud assurance that we have done much for this detachment.

We cannot say that our stay has been unpleasant. We have had our share of joys as well as sorrows. We have made new friends, shared pleasures, traded details. Calisthenics were not severe, and drill far less tedious than at basic training. Moreover, it was inevitable that we learn something. Throw a handful of sand at a sheet of flypaper and some is bound to adhere. From the great mass of material presented to us, strange as it seems, there is much that lingers.

This war is a long one; it must be won. A long road lies before us, a road beset with obstacles and hard work. It is a path for the strong and able; weaklings will fall by the way. Our time here has not been wasted. We leave Dickinson, better equipped both physically and mentally to face the task ahead.





airport antics

The 7th quintile began their first day of flying with a bang—they were grounded. Some thought this was an omen; others waited for more substantial evidence, which came to Carl Wild all too soon. By Mills' method, logician Roth decided that grounded meant a free afternoon in bed. He told Woodhouse of his interpretation. Said cogitating Woodhouse: "Sounds good to me." Both retired for the afternoon.

Better weather Sunday. All received first flights. As soon as we had emptied the blue bus a pseudo officer was guiding each of us Dickinson Lambs to a flimsy Piper Cub. He introduced himself en route and talked professionally of the nearby orange crates as if they were the latest Hart, Shaffner, and Marx suits and we were going to try one on for size. A few words we caught here and there . . . "magnetoes . . . R. P. M. . . . Air Speed . . . gossports . . . safetybelts." But they meant little and rattled around in our heads unintelligibly, and when we reached the plane—"our" plane—the instructor ceased talking, and we dumbly grunted, "UH-huh!" It was doubly difficult for Lee Whittles, for Philadelphia sidecars were still playing leap-frog in this "Vic Mature" cranium from the night before.

After 45 minutes "in the air" some life-long decisions were made: Gagged "pass the cup please" Carl Wild, "This is for the birds;" growled platitudinous Platt Wiggins, "Make me a bombardier." But some still remained confident. The "tilt your hat and look eager boys," Sullivan, Spencer, and Shelter, were still eager, though they encountered more than they had anticipated. Straightening hats a trifle, extending jaws a bit, they said curtly, "We still like flying." Thus were first impressions registered. At week's end decisions were still in flux. Affinity for flying continued to vary with each flight.

To each "Hot Pilot" occurred incidents of singular significance. Quiet, athletic McCann left-flanked his cub where he should have right-flanked, landed downwind. Enthusiastic Marck loves flying. A basketeer from Carnegie Tech, Marck dribbled his rudder down Wilson Field, feigned to the left, dribbled again, finally landed. Dartmouth educated "Rigor" Martus likes to be in the air so much that he tried to make a landing at 1000 feet. Bashful, serious minded Dick Shannon has more to contend with than just flying. The wind changes to disconcert him, while his instructor continually sings ancient ditties.

Mathematical "Muscles" Whitmore is an expert at 360° turns—on the ground. Round and round he goes before take-offs. "Check Flight" Saur's memory lapses in crucial moments. Said Saur, "My God! I forgot my drift sights completely." Jut-jawed, conscientious Dave Strobel, husband of "Doty," is mighty pleased she wasn't present in the cockpit during those first flights, for said Dave, "I've learned an entire new vocabulary, and it wasn't technical either." Of opposite opinion was squat "Dr." Harold Wells. Smirks the erudite doctor, "The more I bitch the less chance the instructor has to give me hell. I think maybe he's even picked up a few new 'bons mots' from me."

William Simon, of the thick eyebrows, confessed to his check-flight instructor, "I've never been able to find my area yet." White-faced, white-haired John Stenberg spotted a perfect field for a forced landing. His only difficulty was that he couldn't get in under the telegraph wires that surrounded his field. And toothy Ralph Schmidt turns cow's milk to butter. For a forced landing ex-hobo Schmidt chose a Holstein-strewn pasture.

'Beak" Allen gave his instructor so smooth a ride that he lulled him to sleep . . . Ed Brown wished that his cockpit was just a wee bit bigger . . . The plane went one way and Adkins tried to

go the other . . . Bickel went frantic when he forgot his chewing gum . . . Hank Behre took pictures of Helen to show to his children . . . White did as well on take-offs in the J3 as he does on his trombone . . . Jack Armstrong is still the All-American boy . . . Tenhut Bancroft tried to fly in formation. His instructor disapproved. He stopped trying . . . Bress just ate his flying up.

Bertin couldn't stand his flying, so he sat it out . . . Quart-a-day Sauer says milk is good for pilots. Keeps things down . . . The air wasn't bumpy, but Ralph Silverman and his stomach were never in the same place at the same time . . . Irv Garshinsky, our fair Romeo, proved that it's a simple matter to mix business and pleasure when you have a pretty instructress . . . The one, the only, Hank Flink was able to put his rhythm to good use in his coordination exercises . . . Marion Spinks claims that his instructor vastly underrated him in marking. "At least," he says, "I deserve 90 for effort" . . . Hawthorne impressed Miss Jones with

his flying, especially with looking around at all times. He was really trying to catch her eye in the rear view mirror . . . Stickles was quiet about his flying; his mouth was usually full . . . Budde's chest was so far out after his check flight that he took a self-portrait just for the record . . . Monty Beville, veteran of many flying hours, was often heard straightening out his instructor. . . .

Remember—Anderson's Built-for-a-Cub physique . . . Mahon taking to flight like a fish to air . . . Zwahlen and Carswell demanding to know what's wrong with the instructor . . . John Shaffer specializing in groundloops . . . Artist Al Friedman painting the sky in a blaze of glory . . . Phil Donegan trimming bushes . . . Marv Wilson praying for the chance to get into the Caterpillar Club?

Each of us will have many personal memories, and many that are recaptured here. Some of us will become pilots, others bombardiers, still others, navigators. Nevertheless, these first hours in the air will always keep their place in our hearts.

academics

At basic training centers, the future air cadet's training was the same as that of the lowly draftees. We were no less ignorant of flying and airplanes after five weeks than we were at the beginning. Like any infantrymen, we learned the IDR, drill, guard duty, KP, manual of arms, and so forth. We were discouraged, disillusioned. We looked forward with anticipation and hope to the second stage of our training.

Yet, even here, many of the courses have been too remotely associated with our ultimate goal for us to appreciate them. What value did courses in English, history, geography, or sound and light have for a potential pilot; especially since they were displacing more valuable courses like navigation and meteorology?

Other work has proved more satisfactory. Though at first it seemed elementary, the math course quickly concerned itself with problems of speed, distance, fuel and drift; taught us the use of the computer and protractor. Probably our most useful class, it utilized algebra, geometry and trigonometry to solve navigational problems. Physics was allotted more time than any other subject, taking up three hours daily for three months.

In that period, we covered the equivalent of a year of college physics from levers through electricity. In addition, courses in history, geography, map reading, first aid, hygiene and sanitation, technical reading, customs and courtesies, speech,

meteorology, and navigation were piled on us in rapid order. What we missed in class we were supposed to pick up in study hall or conference periods, though the former were most often used for writing letters.

Our teachers were a source of great amusement to us, for the most part. Outstanding among our memories will be the classic expressions of Yazvac in "Military Customs and Courtesy," the sad face of McCartney as he read from his notes in "Hygiene and Sanitation." One swell fellow was J. E. Kennedy, who started off each medical aid period with several spicy jokes. Then, too, there were Heckman, Gruber, and Atwater in physics, Smith in English, C. D. Leedy in geography, pulchritudinous Miss Broverman, Howe in history, and Miss Grubb in math. Not to mention Miss Jane Evans, angular computer whizz with the Arkansas drawl.

Theirs was the difficult task of project proportions, of pounding into our willing but unable heads the required knowledge. The fact that the subject matter was often as new to them as it was to us added further to their burden. Nevertheless, they struggled masterfully, and not entirely unsuccessfully.

In all, we have been exposed to approximately 350 hours of academics. Some we absorbed, most we reflected; still we are undoubtedly better prepared to meet the mass of material facing us in pre-flight and further advanced schools.

the eager eagle

An important contribution to the morale-building program at Dickinson College was the Eager Eagle, post newspaper, which appeared every Saturday morning.

Making its first ink-smear debut in mimeograph form under the editorship of H. H. Wilson, the Eagle won instant approval of the aviation students. Here was an organ to serve as a mirror reflecting the passing parade of daily events.

The front corners room of the Old West basement was converted into a newspaper office, complete with one ancient, space-skipping typewriter, a few battered chairs, and several tables. This equipment materialized suddenly, apparently out of nowhere, and to this day no one seems to know where it came from.

H. H. Wilson was a remarkable character, capable of gaining any end he desired. He did as he pleased and got away with it. And members of his staff got away with it. They got away with so much that they made synonymous the terms "newspaper" and "F.O." But they turned out an absorbing newspaper, one that faced the facts and pulled no punches.

When Wilson's fifth quintile departed for Nashville he naturally went along. His last important act was choosing a successor. There were several members of the staff under consideration. The leading contender was a boy who had been editor of the Duke University college newspaper for two years. Then the last night that Wilson worked on an issue, another aspirant, Marvin Edwards, stayed up with him until 3 a.m. ostensibly to help check copy. The next morning the new editor was announced—guess who, Marvin Edwards. Remarkable coincidence.

Edwards took over just after the Eagle had shed its mimeograph skin and emerged as a type-set, slick-paper aristocrat among the CTD publications. There was a notable change of policy. The Eagle glossed-over issues, bowed and scraped to officials, and invariably carried on its bosom a photograph of our commanding officer.

The staff members bore with this farce, living for the day when the sixth quintile would depart, carrying with it the editor. The day came, the shipping list came out, and lo—startlingly conspicuous in its absence was the name of the editor. He had done it again. As he carefully wiped his nose with a clean handkerchief, he triumphantly announced that he had permission to remain until the 7th shipped.

Writing for the newspaper occupied much of the staff's spare time. So extra privileges were granted them. They could attend the movie once a week with the honor squadron, and were exempt from guard or CQ duty. And, occasionally, they were excused from a formation.

Members of the seventh quintile who served on the staff were Marion Spinks, associate editor; Irving Garshinsky, features editor; Bill Dietz, sports editor; Fred Budde, photographer; Jack Shaffer, Marv Wilson, Ralph Silverman, and V. X. Ambrosio, columnists. Nearly every member is also on the staff of the Quintillion.

The Eager Eagle is now in the hands of capable, hard-working Bill Cannon, whose long journalistic experience will stand him in good stead in the reconstruction job ahead.

S T A F F O F F I C E R S



Lt. Melvin Lapman, our senior tactical and mess officer, entered the army as a private in Feb. of 1940, so he is not unfamiliar with the woes of a private. He entered CCS in May of '42 and graduated in the upper quarter of his class.

Lt. Lapman gives the following message to the 7th quintile: "The days ahead of you are going to be tough and filled with many dark moments. However, I want you men to remember that you are all picked students, and that you have the necessary 'stuff' to make the grade." These words seem characteristic of Lapman who, we know, always has the best interests of his men at heart.

The name of Lt. Anderson will be synonymous with "Goddammit, men, you've got to get on the ball!"

Anderson has held more different offices since he became part of the 32nd than any other man. He played tackle on the Temple football team.

Noteworthy was his famous insurance drive. "You don't have to buy it, but for all those men without it, there will be a detail this Saturday afternoon."

Seriously, he is one of the best friends the A/Sers had during their stay here, and he leaves the departing students these words: "The training that you have received at the 32nd CTD is just the beginning for the bigger job to come. The best of luck to all, and may you do a better job at each succeeding post."

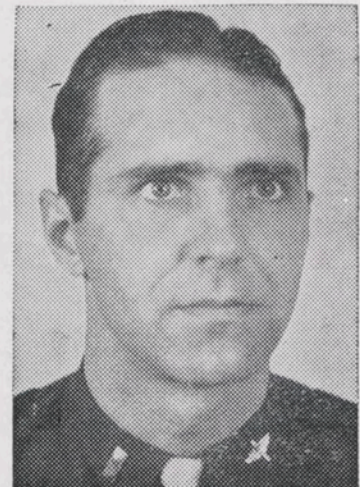


No officer knows the enlisted men better than their medical officer. Lt. Campbell, perhaps the best liked by the students, is completely informal with his men. Aviation students felt that they could take almost any problem to him.

He attended Union College and the College of Medical Evangelist, Los Angeles, where he received his medical degree in 1935. Since entering the army he has visited many posts and camps.



Lt. Smith is best known to the students as the supply officer; he also sees that our food is as good as any obtainable. Soon after the arrival of the 7th Quintile Smith entered Carlisle Barracks Hospital for an operation. All we can say is that we were mighty happy that he was able to join us again before we departed from Dickinson.



major hartigan

Major John D. Hartigan or "Major" as he was more affectionately called by the A/Sers was a real soldier in every sense of the word. During the last war, he was a member of the 1st Aero-squadron which saw more service than any other American outfit at the front. He was originally on the staff of General "Billy" Mitchell and later was Operational Officer of the 1st Army Air Services. During his career in the first World War, he was decorated with the "purple heart," Croix de guerre, with gold star; both were received during the battle of Chateau Thierry.

He has seen active service at many different posts since he returned to army life 18 months ago, arriving at Dickinson in April. The best compliment that we can pay our commanding officer is that he is truly an old soldier.



permanent party

No verbal picture of Dickinson would be complete without mention of the permanent party enlisted men. The students' contact with them was generally limited to Sgts. Werner, Yazvac, and Mc-Cartney. The latter was the man to whom they took their physical troubles. He was a good guy but shouldn't be crossed. Sgt. Werner was best known to Conwayites—if you remember his name was always signed to the "gig" lists, a friend if you know him; however, very few of us did.

Who can ever forget "Sad Sack" Yazvak and his famous sayings: "I don't never want to find no

empty spaces in these halls at all times." Those who lived in Old East can be thankful that he didn't realize those "empty spaces" were vacant beds.

The other members of the enlisted personnel were not as well known to the students. At headquarters were to be found Sgts. Ralph Lester, Julius Mendelstine; Cpls. Arthur Graziani and Wm. Shealy; Pfc. Robert Roberts (best known as coke man). In Conway, Supply Sgt. Turner and Mail Sgt. Michalik, along with Col. John Brockman and Pfc. Art Woods, will live long in the memories of the men of the seventh quintile.



autographs

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To our friends whose cooperation enabled us to publish this magazine, we, the Quintillion staff, express our gratitude.

Invaluable was the assistance of Bill Cannon who, though not a member of the seventh quintile, generously donated his time and talent toward its glorification.

To Hine's photographers, thanks for permission to publish our quintile picture.

We appreciate courtesies granted us by our commanding officers and the group staff.

