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**Title:** *Eager Eagle* (Vol. 1, No. 3)

**Date:** May 29, 1943

**Location:** I-Original-1943-3

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# The EAGER EAGLE



Vol. 1, No. 3

Friday, May 29, 1943

Carlisle, Penn.

## 'B' AND 'D' TO PARADE

### HALF-HOUR EXTENSION OF OPEN POST CURFEW HOUR

All men will be pleased to know their sensible recommendations are seriously reviewed by the officers of the post. We are especially pleased to chronicle the fact that open post on Saturday nights has been advanced to 0130. The change was suggested in the last issue of the "Eager Eagle" by a Squadron D man. Due to bus schedules, many men were reporting back to the post late or forced to return several hours ahead of time.

The Commanding Officer released an order today in regard to the Saturday night curfew hour, extending it the half hour. It is important to note, however, that this half hour is to be used for checking in at the C-Q register and that everyone must be signed in and back to their rooms by 0130.

Violations of this accommodation will bring the curfew hour back to 0100 and then you'll have to run like hell again to make it on time.

### SQUADRONS AWAITING NEW COMMAND

New squadron officers will be announced on the drill field Saturday. Men appointed on this cadre will serve until their flying activities take precedence.

### DECEIT HAS ITS OWN REWARD AS PROVEN BY TWO RAPACIOUS SCHEMERS

Two gluttons, Jim Wells and Harold Walters have snagged the bait again without getting hooked.

In the past they've depended on Bob Tyler's well supplied barracks bag; always full of good things to eat. But here lately Bob's Mom has'nt been sending packages fast enough. So--they got their heads together, and sent his Mom a letter, telling her they were orphans, with no one to write to, no one to send them good things from home. Please send more to your son so we may enjoy 'home cooking'.

The pay-off of this fraud is that they received a reply, telling them, that she and the Church people have gathered a huge supply of delicacies, which is now on its way to the unscrupulous duo.

Named as the best marching squadrons B and D will leave the campus early Monday morning for its place in long Memorial Day parade that will wind its way through the city.

With the 32nd band, Squadron D will fall in the first division of the parade along with a band and detachment of troops from the Medical Service School. The parade will probably be the longest in the history of the occasion in Carlisle, a city which has long been noted for tributes to the dead of many wars.

Following the first division will be the various patriotic organizations of the city, including the Veterans of the Foreign Wars, American Legion and Auxiliary, and the Spanish American War Veterans.

Pupils of the public school will march in the third division carrying floral tributes to be placed on the graves of fallen veterans resting in Graveyard.

Various youth organizations will complete the fourth division.

The parade will start at nine o'clock  
(Continued on page 10)

### FAREWELL DANCE TO FLYERS

"Grab your Gals and Swing Out" will be the order of the evening when the flyers and upperclassmen get in the groove over in the Dickinson Gym tonight. This, the first C.T.D. sponsored dance, is in honor of the flyers. All fliers and upperclassmen are invited to bring their dates.

A large number of young ladies of Carlisle will be our guests the U.S.O. assures us.

"Kid Kiker and His Kadets", the Post dance orchestra, will start swinging about 8:30 P.M. and give out with two and one-half hours of solid jive. The band has been practicing new music, obtained specially for this occasion, for the past two weeks, and from reports on their performance at the U.S.O. was "strictly on the beam."

All fliers will be extended Open Post privileges from noon until midnight Friday to arrange dates, etc. The upperclassmen of Quintiles Four and Five will be released after evening mess and will be free until midnight also.

# The EAGER EAGLE

Published by the Aviation Students,  
Army Air Force, 32nd College Train-  
ing Detachment, Dickinson College,  
Carlisle, Penn.

Major John D. Hartigan, Commanding

H.H. Wilson-----Editor  
Al Hartley-----Cartoonist

### Features

W. Nalley                      A. Greenspan  
H. Fisher                      S. Rosenthal

### Correspondents

Squadron A-----D. Campbell  
Squadron B-----H. Fisher  
Squadron C-----S. Slotpole  
Squadron D-----F. Puls  
Squadron E-----C. Tibbs

### Columnists

The Windsock-----H. Paulsen  
Historic Carlisle-----J. Pitzinger  
Prop Wash-----R. Donald  
War Commentary-----M. Edwards

### Staff Members

E. Sherburne                      B. McClure  
H. Hancock                      L. Kruszejewski  
C. Bancroft                      E. Wright

Lt. W.S. Gorson, Pub. Rel. Officer

One of former 32nd C.T.D. colleagues paid us a surprise visit the other day. He is Cadet Bill Albert who is at the present stationed at Nashville, Tenn.

While he was here at Dickinson, he was a member of the C quintile and was in the second group to leave for Nashville.

When Mr. Albert arrived at Nashville he was issued eight cadet patches, the cadet hat, and two sets of collar insignias. He was also issued two more sets of sun-tans. Bill claims that the life down there is more or less a past time while you wait for the results of your classification tests. Students are stationed at Nashville for a period of from three weeks to three months.

He says that they have the same sort of a set up as we have here at Dickinson, in regard to student officers. The only difference being that there are no non-coms. The lowest student officer is the 2nd Lt. and it proceeds up the scale accordingly. The students do not wear any name tags but the student officers wear stars, in the same place that we now wear our name tags.

Two notations to you men from Sheppard Field, Texas. There is no retreat. Your time is your own most of the time.

I know that there is one more thing that you are all interested in and that is the sugar situation. As Mr. Albert would say and I quote, "The gals are beautiful."

ters of all the other men in your building as well. The unfortunate incident Sunday night in Old East should be sufficient warning for those inclined to smoke in bed. It's dangerous! As the old saying goes--an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

### LOOKING SHARP

Several professors took time from class work Monday morning to issue favorable comment on the Saturday College Commencement retreat ceremonies staged by the 32nd. Besides the commendations coming from school officials it was learned on good authority that the ranking officer of the affair, Brigadier General Addison D. Davis, Commandant of nearby Carlisle Medical Field Service School was favorably impressed with the formalities and the apparent state of training of the 32nd.

The appearance of a Brigadier General at the retreat formation of a group in training is uncommon and an occurrence of which this group may well be proud.

Four or five hundred civilians who witnessed the affair also were generous in their comments. Good job, fellows!

Smoking in bed not only endangers you and your bedding but the safety and quar-

### THE GROWING CHILD



This guy must think Mr. Hienze has a pull with the cow !!!!!!!

REPORTS OF CHORAL PROGRAM  
BRINGS REQUEST FOR FUTURE  
PERFORMANCE BY SAME GROUP

Choral Programs out of the realm of interest to a virile group of young soldiers? Not at all, according to dozens of enthusiastic attendants at the program in Bosler Hall last Sunday evening. Much genuine appreciation of the concert was heard in the student's quarters following the early evening affair.

The choral group, made up of the combined Methodist and First Lutheran choirs was under the direction of Mrs. Karper, one of the music instructors of the college. They have the technical perfection of Fred Waring's chorus and range and quality comparable to the Don Cossack choir. Their music is essentially neither long hair nor jive, but is in the happy medium class which most of us enjoy.

Their interpretation of Noble Cain's negro spiritual, "I want to Write My Name Down", was alone worth the effort it took to go to the concert. The hymn, "In Heaven Above", featured the amazingly lovely voice of a fifteen year old girl against an excellently handled background of the full chorus.

There is a large number of unusually well trained voices in the chorus, and all the voices are beautifully blended. The chorus also shows excellent training in its quick response to the director. This was particularly evident in their handling of "Oh Susannah", the arrangement of which was quite novel.

Another commendable point is the diction of the group as a whole. Every word was brought out very clearly and smoothly, and the attacks and releases were punctiliously executed. Such careful handling of individual phases make for the utmost enjoyment in hearing choral work.

Of course, many of us were out on open post and forgot about going. If such programs were made available to us through the week, we should certainly show our appreciation by turning out en masse to hear them. Unfortunately, only about seventy-five of our fellows were there, but the group may be prevailed upon to reappear soon. If it does, let's all turn out to hear some really good music.

BAND ACQUIRES NEW INSTRUMENTS

This week the band's instrumentation was increased by the purchase of three bugles and eight fifes. The bugles will be used to call you A.S.ers to attention at drill and parades and to sound retreat in the afternoon. The fifes, from all appearances, will form the means of development of a life and drum corps at a later date, the personnel to play them being available.

CREATOR OF EAGER EAGLE'S FUNNIEST  
CHARACTERS FINISHES FLYING TIME

The clever and skillfully executed Art work in this and preceding issues was done by versatile Al Hartley of Squadron C. The adept Hartley is a native of New Jersey, born in 1921, attended Riverside Military Academy at Gainesville, Ga., for a year and polished his art ability with training at the Art Students League, New York City. Worked as a District Army Air Force representative in a liason capacity with the Curtiss-Wright Propellor Co., N.J. Enlisted September 23 in A.A.F.E.R.C. and was called to active service the last of January.



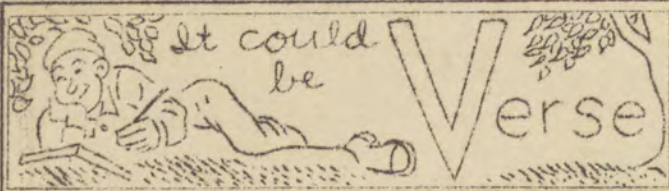
Few know his father is a veteran U.S. congressman from the 10th Congressional District, New Jersey, with 18 years experience in haunting the marble halls. The senior Hartley wrote and piloted the 'free-mail for soldiers' bill through the house.

He has done considerable commercial art work, including illustrating for various Street and Smith Publications. He also has several hand embroidered rejection slips from Esquire. The redoubtable H. has been a frequent weeper at the editorial front because we couldn't see fit to publish his version of the perfect pin-up girl. Our rock like determination being the only reason that this paper still enjoys an unrestricted circulation.

The uninhibited Hartley has finished his flying time and will be one of those on the next shipping list. The lamentations of the "Eager Eagle" staff have been loud and profound over its imminent bereavement--half of its thunder will fade with the folding of Hartley's tent and we know it.

To return to Hartley the student: he means to be a pursuit pilot--and it will have to be a pretty good ship to get ahead of him.

We all like the way the swing band does.



HARRISBURG U.S.O.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1943

Dance (Orchestra) 8:30 to 11:30 P. M.  
Portraits taken from 8 to 10.

STALINGRAD

WRITTEN THE 17TH DAY OF  
THE FAMOUS SEIGE --1942

The heroic defenders of old Stalingrad,  
Stood to the enemy and fought like mad  
The Germans press on in countless attacks  
But never quite seeing the brave  
Russia's backs.

The fields are piled high with wounded  
and dead  
Stained red are the grounds where  
freemen have bled.  
Shells whining over in numbers increasing  
Bombs falling round, their havoc not  
ceasing.

When the fighting is over, the enemy slain  
There'll be many spots where brave men  
have lain  
With hearts pumping out the red blood of  
life  
Upon such a field of terrible strife  
On the hands of the Nazi the blood of the  
lads  
But in the hands of the Russians will  
be old Stalingrad.

--E. Sherburne, Sq. E.

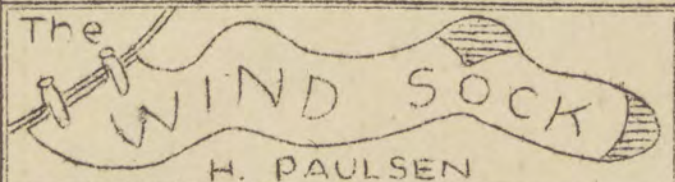
We signed up in the Air Corps,  
We signed up for a fight.  
They put us here in college,  
Things don't seem just right.  
We should have joined the Tank Corps  
Where the boys get action fast,  
But we're stuck here in college  
Where we'll see action last.

--E. Wright, Sq. E

SUNDAY, MAY 30, 1943

Special celebration to be announced.  
Breakfast-----8:30 to 12.  
Dancing-----1 to 11:30P.M.  
Memorial Day ceremony-----3 P.M.  
Home cooked supper-----5 to 7 P.M.  
Community sing-----6:30P.M.

An interesting as well as interested  
visitor at the post this past week was  
Lt. Wheeler, physical education instruc-  
tor at Maxwell Field. The Lt. was present  
at Biddle Field during Wednesday calis-  
thenics and reviewed the PT of the 32nd.



The local civilians would have been  
amazed if they had seen a number of under-  
classmen down on their knees praying for  
rain Monday at calisthenics time. Squadron  
Commander Pearson suggested it laughingly  
but they took it seriously. Your whim is  
their command, Captain--especially when  
their hearts are in it..

Every time my girl passes by I wonder  
what fool wrote "I could not love thee  
dear so much, loved I not honor more..."  
Ask A/S Mitchell (the laughing boy) why  
he doesn't like blackbirds..

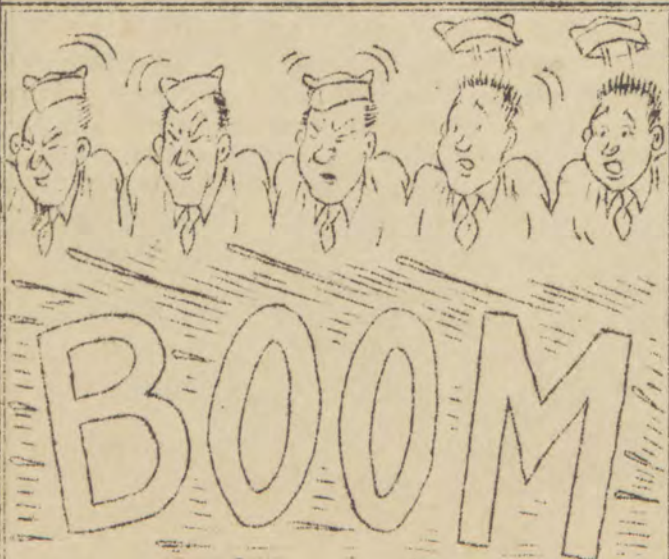
Here's another one about A/S Captain  
Pearson: He was giving some last minute  
instructions to his squadron Saturday. "Now  
when you get out there," he said, "I don't  
want any of you to move a muscle. If your  
nose starts running, let it run till it  
gets down to your toes. (laughter from the  
squadron) Now some of you guys may think  
it's funny, but it's-not..

Today's gripe concerns the telephone  
situation at Old East. Things have been  
much improved by the installation of ano-  
ther phone at Conway, but it's about time  
Old East was detached from Conway's apron  
strings--why must we find nine other guys  
in a similar mood before we can buy a can-  
dy bar or make a telephone call..

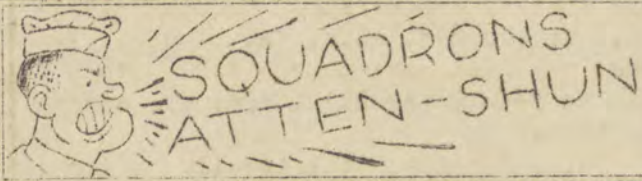
We regret the ball game didn't come  
off Saturday as planned, and wonder why  
boxing or wrestling bouts cannot be held  
in the same fashion? There must be among  
us a couple of amateur leather pushers or  
grunt and groan boys..

Fellows at Conway like the screens.

RETREAT



A.H.



#### SQUADRON A

A/S Bill Albert, former A supply sgt. in town for a visit, giving the boys a thrill by allowing them to touch his cadet insignia.

A/S Bailey's face turned as red as the stripes of his patriotic pajamas when the lights came on after Sunday nights blackout and found him pajama clad standing in the hall at Conway in view of the girls who were in the day room.

A/S Sgt. Phil Blond, A's Dapper Dan spreads terror in the hearts of the underclassmen at Conway.

Bill Donald spotted at the Molly Pitcher Saturday night hob-nobbing with the faculty.

Under the leadership of Hac Brittland and Burt Barkan the older men in A have been getting the underclassmen on the ball. Latest reports have it that the situation is well under control.

Although Brig. General Davis praised the Detachment on the manner in which they executed their maneuvers during Saturday's retreat we'll bet that there were several red faces caused by the boner that was pulled at the completion of the ceremonies. How about it, C. W?

Vic Calderon, Squadron A shutter-bug is kept on the run taking photos of all the hot pilots.

Bob Brett (with the thinning hair line expects a discount each time he gets a hair cut.

Ed Broderick, the thrush, has something that attracts women to him by the dozens. His roommates claim he carries a club with which to beat them off.

Members of the third quintile wish to take this opportunity to bid a fond farewell to all those they leave behind.

Seldon Campbell giving roommate Sebastian Cannava (recently wed) a bit of fatherly advice.

Members of Squadron A are watching with interest the changes that are taking place in the Squadron leadership.

#### SQUADRON B

During the past week the boys of Squadron B carried off honors that will make the other four Squadrons take notice. The most notable of these achievements was that of being selected as one of the two best marching squadrons at Dickinson. Being chosen to march in the Memorial Day parade as a representative of the 32 C.T. D. is a real tribute to the work of the student officers of our squadron. They have set an example for the new officers to follow.

J. R. Bohannon brought additional honor to the squadron when he submitted the prize-winning name for The Eager Eagle.

J. W. Nalley, also a Squadron B man, took second in the contest. Evidently the other squadrons need a little tutoring about how to get "On the ball". We have a hunch Squadron B will be well represented on the new group staff.

W. R. Fischer has a new hobby which he is really taking seriously-----that of collecting elephants. Although Bill's fancies definitely run toward red elephants, he might be interested in other colors. We aren't sure about whether they come from Texas or Chicago, so ask Bill all about the details.

We heard, on the sly, the other day that it is mighty thrilling to be hid under bushes the guards are beating trying to find you. Of course it wasn't a Squadron B man who had this experience.

M.B. Silberman's sweetheart from Brooklyn was here on a visit last weekend. By the way, has anyone bought the Brooklyn Bridge yet?

A.V. Engle is proudly displaying the "hand that saluted the General". He isn't so much on the talkative side when you mention about him having to stand at attention during a class period.

Are you one of the soldiers who detest writing letters, yet loves to receive some mail? D.A. Britton was in that boat, so he subscribed to the home town paper.

#### SQUADRON C

A/S Pollard referred to in these annals previously as the jeep, is still drying his hair.

Supply Sergeant Mahoney's a good, level guy, isn't he?

A/S Troxton rushed to review without a tie. If you don't like khaki ties wear red ones, but don't expose yourself to a gig by wearing no tie at all. Play the Army game smart.

"Bat Man" Kaneally he was known as-- The appellation was applied after he vanquished 2 bats in the hall the other nite.

Since someone short sheeted and bath salted Corporal Johnson's bed he sleeps curled up and smells pretty.

Who started this business of filling balloons up with water and then placing them in the beds of unsuspecting victims?

Is there an A/Ser who carries his authority more naturally than Adjutant Dave Mitchell?

Aviation Students Carrs, Griffin, and McCanlis were in a girl's apartment with eight girls during a recent blackout. Poor fellows! They are still suffering from their numerical inferiority.

Until we joined the Army we never knew that there were forty eight greatest states.

A/S Edinger, it's alright to salute a state trooper if you feel so inclined, but don't blush so if he doesn't reciprocate.

John Kielbasa had trouble with an unbalanced line. He toured every Carlisle

(Continued on page 6)

### SQUADRON C (continued)

off by adding two fellows to the unworkable foursome. No two guys wanted to add. They must have been some lookers, huh?

First Sergeant McDonald was picked up by a W.A.A.C. in Harrisburg. Now we know the most aggressive arm of the service.

E.K. Howard fell out of bed on top of Chernin while the latter was making a bed check. No comment.

Quoting R. H. Mara who just got married: "It was a wonderful week-end"---The paragon of homonymous eloquence.

Gerry Herron serves notice through this column to all Southern gentlemen that Pat Smith's reserved for him. She doesn't like a wide open drawl anyway.

J.L. Higgins suddenly stopped seeing Marie Landis, waitress at the Hamilton Restaurant.

Squadron Commander Howe has given this correspondent ten demerits so far. Sir, how about easing up and giving Skalomenos a chance?

### SQUADRON D

N. Porzorski's love life has finally come to a focus, much to our relief. He now has not only been disengaged from his tid-bit back home but he claims he saw his Carlisle mossel walking arm in arm with what he terms a 4-F'er. All's fair in love and war Pozorski, and brother-- You've got both!

One of our air raid wardens instructed a pretty young maiden to walk along with J. Roth on his guard post for she claimed she was afraid to walk alone in the dark. Please Mr. Roth--what attraction have you in the dark?

R. Solberg has a favorite pastime; taking a teddy bear to bed with him.

A/S Stevens is willing to advertise the hours he has free for details. He claims he couldn't get any more details. That's alright Jim--we're just trying to help you.

A/S Staud had a date the other night with a Carlisle beauty. The next night the guards were given specific orders to keep her away from the campus. That's all right George--you can see her next week-end.

A/S Stansel says he was out with a woman the other night. Ain't it wonderful what the fellows think of now a days?

A/S Strauss, alias "Crisco", was seen saluting a night watchman while on guard duty. Must be that his 20-20 vision has gone on the blink.

A/S Solomon, "Moose" was on guard duty the other night--carrying his club in the right hand. He heard a whistle behind him and did an about face. He was looking at two captains. He saluted smartly with his club. Draw your own conclusion about that situation.

An upperclassman, in search of fun accosted a group of underclassmen and told them to go down the stairs with their arms outstretched making noise like an airplane

The underclassmen objected because they said that it was hazing. The Upperclassman, dumbfounded, said, "Aw please fellows; the guys next door did." Quite a command from a potential officer, don't you think?

Jules Paradis, athletically inclined Supply Sergeant of D, has been declared fourth in command of that squadron--semi-officially anyway.

A/S Fred Popper is now known as "stool pigeon" or even "Rodent Popper" to his intimates.

### SQUADRON E

A/S Norman Wagner is a great authority on how things should be handled according to the I.D.R. (Infantry Drill Regulations).

A/S Stoneburg, the joot from New York has a very interesting hobby which I am sure fascinated most of us. Just take a peek at his bunk any free time of the day and he will be sleeping.

The student who is greatly responsible for keeping the medical department functioning is A/S Zeizel who is continually wrecking himself by cutting or breaking a finger, spraining his leg, hacking his knee, or some other freak accident.

The nightmare that you observe running around on the first floor in his G.I. shorts is none other than our blue-beard associate A/S Sargel, who, by the way, is a strictly on the ball student.

There is one incident which occurs over and over again, which is hard to analyze. Why is Bob Young constantly pressing his clothes, with his electric presser? One would think that he's stepping out with Hedy Lamarr nightly.

If you see a student walking around in a zoot suit of officer's worsted, it won't be an optical illusion, it will be Walter Wagner wearing his new \$20 suntans.

A/S Sullivan was visited this weekend by his mother and Rosella Mooney, his flame from St. Louis. They enjoyed Bill and Carlisle from Friday to Monday.

A/Sers Tayler and Thompson are the newly appointed members of the color guard.

Yes, miracles do come true. At least one came through for Jack W. Strong. Some way, somehow, he managed to get a 95 on his Physics Demonstration test. Keep plugging kid.

Just to show what Cupid does to a fellow, A/S Stead takes his girls picture to bed with him every night. He also asked if it was proper to keep it on his bed during inspection. Boy, that takes love!

We hereby petition the local air raid wardens, C.D.O. etc., not to have anymore 2130 Sunday blackouts. It causes a riot amongst the A/S who are trying to sign in.

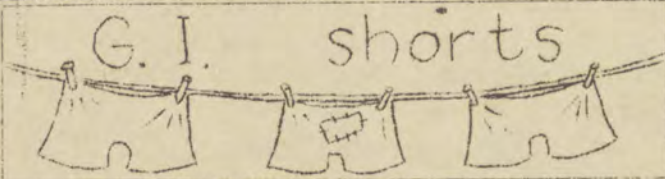
A fellow who's putting the weaker sex into a tailspin is Zedock Tucker. He was snapped at the U.S.O. dance with two beautiful hostesses. The pictures now adorn the bulletin board at the Carlisle U.S.O. and does Tucker proud.

POST COMMANDER TO SPEAK  
SUNDAY AT MEMORIAL SERVICE

Major John D. Hattigan, will be the principle speaker at the annual sunset Memorial services to be conducted Sunday evening at 1915 in Westminster Cemetery, Carlisle. Vocal patriotic organizations will attend.

FIRST CALL FOR FUTURE SHOW

Good news for men who, like to demonstrate their favorite talent! Anyone who is an instrumentalist or who can dance, sing, or is adept at lergerdemaine should talk to Ray Emery, Room 204, Conway. From what we can gather, a musical extravaganza is in the offing and if you want to be on the program better apply now.



ARMY DEFINITIONS

G.I. There are two ways of doing a thing. The G.I. way and the logical way.

Chow-Pound a human octopus who has discovered the art of eating from the plate on the right, and the plate on the left in addition to his own. He may be identified by the presence of fork holes in his right hand.

Gold-Brick Those things a 2nd Lieutenant wears on his shoulders.

Fort Dix Where a private talks only to a corporal, a corporal only to a sergeant, a sergeant only to a Lieutenant, and a Lieutenant only to God.

K.P. Keep 'em peeling!

Cute Nurse:--Quick! Hurry to the operating room--the surgeon wants you to kiss poor Mr. Jones.

Cuter Nurse:--Gosh! Is he going to die?

Cute Nurse:--No silly, we've run out of ether.

A young bride had a beautiful trousseau, and also had a beautiful torso, But her groom liked her torso Much better than her trousseau, That's why her trousseau got tore so....

Then there's the one about the sergeant on maneuvers who pep-talked his men thus: "Now remember that maneuvers develop individuality, initiative, and leadership. Now get going and do exactly as I tell you."

Voice from passing car: "Engine trouble"

Voice from parked car: "Nope"

Voice from passing car: "Tire down?"

Voice from parked car: "Didn't have to."

S.D. Chernin, Group Adjutant. A member of the fourth quintile, came here early in March. Sol attended the College of City of New York; was a member of the enlisted reserves for three months. Hopes for a pilots seat in a two or four motor bomber

OFFICER'S INGENUITY SAVES LIVES

The lives of many pilots will be saved in the future by the invention of a safety control lock by Capt. Henry Gordon, assistant operations officer at Columbus Flying School, Mississippi.

Captain Gordon, who has seen several ships crash on the takeoff because pilots believed their controls unlocked, then found them rigid after leaving the ground, has designed a special locking pin. This pin, ten inches long, slips through the cockpit control column projecting so far on either side that the pilot can not put his feet on the rudder control bar until the pin has been removed. All twin engined trainers at the Mississippi school are now equipped with this device.

DIJA KNOW: That when a post is "bucked" in army terminology, it is on its toes and works a little harder to have everything shinning and dustless?...

When Carlisle Indian School was discontinued, a hospital was established on the grounds and in 1920 the Medical Field Service was founded?...

The yard behind the Carlisle USO is being made ready for an outdoor dance floor, picnic tables, and shuffleboard?...

and that the boys from this post really appreciate and make use of the USO facilities?...Carlisle Barracks opens a pool on their own reservation May 27 and will no longer use the one in the Dickinson Gym?...That designation on many government forms, WD-AGO is universally as W Dago to office clerks and stands for War Department, Adjutant Generals Office?...And also DIJA KNOW that we all get paid on Monday, the 31st?



# PROP WASH

W. DONALD

You are all set for your final check flight. This flight is your tenth and last hour while you are at Carlisle. Every action on your part must impress the check pilot because he is the one who decides your final mark.

As you approach your sixty-five horse power Taylor Cub you salute your civilian check instructor, and once again begin the well known routine. From your short experience you know how to get into your chute and then into your safety-belt.

A mechanic spins the prop and you give him "cracked throttle", "switch off", and "contact" as he asks for them. In every plane may be found a check list for the plane. It covers everything from fuel to dirty wind-shields. One by one you check the plane and in a forceful voice you call out your observations. Included in this check is the observation of the performance of the engine.

The "ship" is in condition and your check instructor gives you the word to take off. Now to get things straight you are entirely on your own, it's a solo with a "passenger".

As you taxi into position according to all rules and regulations you give the ship full throttle. When complete control of the ship is felt you apply forward pressure on the stick to raise the tail, then when the plane has acquired flying speed and is in flying position you gently ease the stick back and you are off. All take-offs and climbs must be done at a certain degree of climb so you are careful.

Flying out of the "traffic pattern" you proceed towards your "area" which consists of a cross road and hence four rectangles. It is this area that all your turns, spins, stalls, and other maneuvers are done. They are supposed to be done in series and in a precise manner. Occasionally your "passenger" will give a word of advice or correction. The usual advice is to keep the wings level or to "shallow" or increase a bank. During these maneuvers you are careful to observe in all directions before changing your altitude.

Having finished your series at cruising speed without gaining or losing altitude you head for the airport at one-thousand feet. About a mile from the spot you enter the "landing pattern" and on the last "leg" of it you cut the throttle and glide in for a landing. The technique in landing a Cub or other small plane is to practically stall it as it touches the ground. At the point of stalling you pull the stick as far back as is possible. All you do now is to taxi the plane to the "line", cut the engine, salute, and leave.

An 85% mark is what most of the students glean at--see that you do as well

# CONFUSING AIN'T IT ?

During the week you have acquired a few demerits, confinements or tours. If you got giggered twice and have six demerits you have three half-hour tours which it gives you the equivalent to the six gigs. Beginning with four and ending with six demerits you receive one tour for every demerit and about the time you get six demerits the tours are doubled; or is the time doubled? How do confinements enter in? If you are a student officer your demerits are doubled or is it the gigs that are doubled? Some "Cadets" have the idea that the time of a tour is doubled so you now have three one hour tours instead of three one half hour tours, but they are no longer tours, as an officer you enter the confinement class.

Now all we need to know is what this is all about and then we would understand the gig system.

Messrs James and Kennedy please ignore: MPs at Fort Niagra, N.Y., do their calisthenics during a three mile road run each morning. The super drooper routine has all its exercises at double time during supposed lulls in the run.

# DEGREE PRESENTED IN ABSENTIA

Walter Varnado, Jr., of Osyha, Miss. now of Squadron E, got the kind of a break a number of our fellows will envy. In spite of the fact that he was pulled from his classes at Mississippi Delta State College the last of March, he will be granted his B.S. Education at the school's commencement.

Majoring in Chemistry and Physics, Varnado found time to carry extra subjects in addition to playing end on the Varsity football team for three years.

# HITLER'S LITTLE HELPERS



I can't concentrate on this darn Physics

A 'MANUAL' OF ARMS FOR  
UNDERCLASSEMEN-TO BE  
LEARNED THE HARD WAY

As defined by typically conservative army terminology, bracing is "an exaggerated position of attention." Surprisingly enough, and the opinion of underclassmen to the contrary notwithstanding, bracing is meant to be an aid to discipline and obedience. It serves to allow that feeling of self confidence to course through the veins of the man directing the bracing in the same manner to which he will later become accustomed when addressing subordinates.

Of course all the upper classmen know the foregoing is a lot of malarkey--bracing is just a damn good way to show those smart new guys who's boss.

Let's make with the bracing, taking as a typical case that Big Lug who came in with the last bunch and who has been shooting off his mouth about how tough he is.

First of all, these rookies have to zoom down the stairways five minutes before the more mature members of the squadrons thunder down. As they hit the assembly walk they immediately snap to attention (or had better).

Words and Music

About this time from around the corner (underclassmen saw they come crawling from under stones or beneath logs--'taint so) ambles an innocent looking veteran of all of six weeks. Casually strolling up to the usually noisome Big Lug he thunders "Pop to, Mister."

The B. L., who has been emulating a rurood already then begins to color a little around the ears and starts to look a bit like a ketchup bottle ready to blow its top.

With the rapidity of a Thompson sub-machine gun the following one sided conversation takes place. "H--l, brother, it ain't even a conversation, it's a monologue.

"Reach for the sidewalk, Mister! The sidewalk! Reach!"

"How old are you, Mister? Twenty-one? All right, let's see you make twenty-one wrinkles in our chin."

"Bring those shoulders back, Mister. Stretch. Elbows straight. Fingers extended, thumbs along the seam of your trousers! Stretch! Make those blades touch! Make 'em slap each other!"

"Eating well, Mister? Pull in that stomach. Get it in. In. In!"

"Let's see you arch that back. Arch it. Ya Happy?"

"Is that a smile I see there, Mister? Wipe it off. Throw it on the floor. Stop on it. Hard. Wipe it off. Bring the smile to attention. March it along the road. All right, halt it. Halt it. Don't ever let your smile get away from you!"

With his subject almost touching the back of his heels with the nape of his

neck, the procedure is now a cross examination of the defenseless defendant on military knowledge. If he clicks off the answers with reasonable rapidity, the bracing draws to a close.

However, if the victor should be naive enough to appear to be enjoying himself, his tutor may designate him as a flying A-25 and send him on a few dozen dive bombing missions, adding a few original touches of his own.

Turning and ambling away as though nothing at all had taken any of his valuable time, the upperclassman figures he "seen his duty and done it." The Big Lug by this time, still at attention and perspiring a little, mutters and mumbles under his breath and tries to engrave in his mind an image of his persecutor so that on the next open post, in some dark alley, he can wreak dire havoc and destruction upon the countenance of that so-and-so upperclassman.

The "weather man" of Turner Field, Ga., who predicts the conditions for flyers, is red faced these days. The entire personnel of the meteorological station had planned a picnic, made arrangements for a ball game, had dates with local belles, steak fry planned, and so forth. With their complex weather forecasting equipment, they picked a perfect day, a Sunday definitely forecast as fair and warmer. The girls showed up on time and soon the food was laid out on the table cloths while the ball game got under way--and as you might guess, the whole thing broke up when the heaviest rain of the year deluged the party.

Many A/S Subscribe For War Bonds

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1



TO TAKE CHARGE OF THIS POST AND  
ALL GOVERNMENT PROPERTY IN VIEW

MEMORIAL DAY--continued

from Hanover and North Streets and follow a brief downtown route that will lead to the cemetery. At the burial grounds the traditional program will be observed, with David R. Perry, Altoona, deputy attorney general as the speaker.

Despite the fact that this will be the first participation of the 32nd CTD in a downtown parade, emphasis will remain on academic work at the post on Memorial Day. The only deviation will be the participation of the two squadrons in the parade.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL REVIEWS 32ND

Post Surgeon, Lt. Colonel G. Benet, of the Medical Field Service School, Carlisle, reviewed the retreat ceremonies Wednesday in company with Major John D. Hartigan, Commandant of the 32nd C.T.D.

CARLISLE U.S.O.

SATURDAY

Open House-----All Day  
All facilities of the club will be open to service men.

SUNDAY

Vespers-----4:30 p.m.  
Sermon by Rev. H. B. Stalk.

Supper-----5:00p.m.  
Served by U.S.O. hostesses.

Accordian concert-----5:30 p.m.

AIR SICKNESS CAN BE PREVENTED BY RIGHT CONDITIONING

Air sickness--that plague of the unhappy victim and source of amusement to the unaffected--is curable, Dr. G.R. Wendt, who has made a ten year study of the ailment, asserts in an article for the magazine "Flying"

Conditioning is the key to both prevention and cure of air sickness, Dr. Wendt says in setting forth a few rules for conquering nausea, which has proved a serious problem in the vast pilot training program of the armed services.

Air sickness is attributed to the delicate mechanism of the inner ear, but psychological factors play an important part too, Wendt states. Most potent of these factors are association with others suffering from nausea, memory of previous attacks and expectation of illness. Avoid extreme fatigue, overeating, alcoholic hangover, or other physical upsets, Wendt advises. "Remember, every trip made without sickness increases tolerance for motion--while every trip on which sickness is experienced makes the person just that much more susceptible."



Recently, seismographs in this country recorded what seemed to be earthquake tremors in the vicinity of Japan. It later turned out that the vibrations were caused by Japanese trembling over the thoughts of new American bombing attacks... Hold on to your kimonos little men, we're on our way

An Italian general was given a medal by Mussolini for commanding the last Axis army to lay down its arms to the Allied troops in Tunisia. This is the first time that the Germans were outrun by the Italians.

Admiral Yamaoto was killed in a plane crash last week. He was the very dishonorable gentleman that planned the attack on Pearl Harbor. He also had the strange dreams that he would dictate the peace to America in Washington. When things got too bad, Yam took it on the lam. In fact, reliable reports have it that he was asked by Hirohito if the attack on the U.S. really paid. His sad answer was, "No! and please to remember I tojo so." May he rest in pieces.

Mussolini has turned out to be the real heel of the Italian boot, and Allied airmen are really stepping on him.

A few weeks ago, a famous American Artic explorer declared, "If the Japs stay in the Aleutians much longer, they will be able to take out first citizenship papers."...Our brothers in arms are now causing the Japs to swear in the Aleutian and its not because they are taking an oath of citizenship.

Now that we are definitely cleaning up in the Aleutians, all that one need say is, "Attu way to go boys."

The British bombers that blew up the great Ruhr dams, did much to remind the Germans that they are all washed up.

A SOLDIER LIKES: Unexpected visitors from home . . . To read the bulletin board and find his name isn't on the gig list . . . Picture of his girl friend from home with "love" written across it . . . To post his roommates name as room orderly . . . To discover that they do not have hard boiled eggs for breakfast . . . To discover that "Fall out for Chow" when he was only half dressed was for the other squadron . . . To find out that they didn't have a bed check when he was "off the ball" . . . To feel sure that he'll be so good on his first flight that the instructor will be surprised.

# HISTORIC CARLISLE

J. PITZINGER



(Continued from last week)

On the night of January 7, 1849, a student steps from the doorway of room 36 on the second floor in Old West, glances toward the stairs and freezes in his tracks for he is petrified by fear at the sight of a light, almost invisible form--a Ghost. Whose ghost is this that walks the halls of Old West? Or was it some other faculty member of those by gone days? Or perhaps even a student, a former resident of Old West who had come back to re-live for a moment the happiness of his college days. Who knows?

Old West was the second building used by Dickinson College. The first was a little building on Liberty Alley near South Bedford Street. On July 5, 1799, the trustees purchased this present campus of eight acres for \$150.50 and decided on building the college on this plot.

During the winter of 1802 and 1803 the new building of West College was nearing completion when an unforeseen event befell the school.

On Thursday, February 3, 1803, a spark falling on some shavings in an unfinished part of the building, set the structure afire and in a few hours destroyed it completely. If it was not for the light covering of snow on the roofs of the houses which prevented flying

brands from setting the whole town of Carlisle on fire.

Before the smoking ruins had cooled, subscription lists had been opened for a new building having as architect, Benjamin Latrobe, the designer of Washington D.C. Because of lack of funds the front of the building became the back and the back the front.

You often wonder what the boys did back in the 1800's. Well, those boys had quite a fancy for "dueling" and raising "hell" with a gun. Among the famous duels that were held here was the one between the Virginian of Virginians, Randolph of Roanoke, and Henry Clay. The proud young Southerners of Dickinson carried guns, using them whenever insulted.

These boys of the 1800's had a neat way of eliminating their profs. One day in the year of 1829 some students took a shot into Professor Spencer's apartment in West College, scaring the poor man out of his wits and causing him to resign from the faculty.

It is interesting to note the following opinion, vouch-safed by John Rush, the founder of Dickinson. He wrote to General Armstrong of the U.S. Army and later of Congress, "Without religion, I believe, learning does real mischief to the morals and principles of mankind."

John Dickinson, for whom the school was named and signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the author of the original of those famous words:--"United we stand, divided we fall."

(Continued next week)

THIRD LOUIES

DEBUCHEMENT

AL HARLEY

