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The EAGER EAGLE



Vol. 1, No. 4

Friday, June 4, 1943

Carlisle, Penn.

WHAT WE DO ON OPEN POST



Now pay attention gentlemen, for we have several things to cover. This hour we will have the new Harvard 4 year physics course, take up Einsteins theory of relativity, read Tolstoy's War and Peace. Rest of the hour you may ask questions.

NEW SQUADRON OFFICERS

Squadron A	
Commander:	W. Bieschke
Adjutant:	J. C. Alberts
1st Sgt:	W. J. Broussard
Supp. Sgt:	R. L. Creek
Squadron B	
Commander:	R. M. Dodge
Adjutant:	J. Pitcher
1st Sgt:	W. H. Gray
Supp. Sgt:	T. Hoade
Squadron C	
Commander:	L. Johnson
Adjutant:	G. C. Hudson
1st Sgt:	S. Somach
Supp. Sgt:	L. Mahoney
Squadron D	
Commander:	J. B. Mitchell
Adjutant:	K. F. Perkins
1st Sgt:	T. E. Pettyjohn
Supp. Sgt:	J. F. Tomb
Squadron E	
Commander:	H. O. Van 'Tuyle
Adjutant:	C. B. Williams
1st Sgt:	R. H. Wallis
Supp. Sgt:	R. K. Wilson

Being in Carlisle over the weekend with nothing planned, as many of us frequently are, can be very enjoyable if you like any of the various recreational facilities available here.

You water fans will like the canoeing at Cave Hill, which is located on North West street across the Pennsylvania Turnpike. The rental fee is very reasonable, 50¢ for the first hour-35¢ each successive hour, and paddling about will calm your flustered minds. The gym pool is also open on Saturdays and Sundays. A towel is the only equipment necessary.

If you feel more energetic, a jaunt out to the mountains on a bicycle (25¢ per hour) will limber up those stiff muscles caused by calisthenics.

Lone Ranger Stuff

Horses are also available for a dollar an hour at the local stables. The horsemen in our bunch really enjoy their Sunday morning canters through the countryside. Seventeen horses are available, and while none of them would be mistaken for Whirlaway, the boys have a lot of fun aboard them.

Since many of our golfers feel that their game is a bit rusty, they will enjoy playing on the course at the Country Club. There is a small fee charged for the use of the course, and clubs are available.

If you feel the urge to go roller skating, you might as well forget it, because the only rink in town is out of bounds for members of this command.

Blue Laws Hit Movies

Of course, it didn't take us long to find out about the movie setup here in Carlisle. With no Sunday movies in town, the theatres are filled with our fellows on Saturday night, and the post movie at Carlisle Barracks gets quite a rush on Sunday. Seeing first run pictures there for fifteen cents is quite a break for us \$50 per Joes.

The athletic equipment ordered by the commandant should be ready for use in the near future. It covers tennis, football, volleyball, basketball, baseball, and pole vaulting. The track at Biddle Field is available, but you must furnish your own spikes. The weight lifting room in the basement of the gym is open to us as is ~~the main~~

(continued on Page 2)

The EAGER EAGLE



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

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F.H. Puls-----Editorial Asst.
Al Hartley-----Art Editor

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Squadron B-----R. Hancock
Squadron C-----S. Slotpole
Squadron D-----F.H. Puls
Squadron E-----E. Sherburne

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Prop Wash-----C. Tibbs
War Commentary-----M. Edwards
Sports-----H.C. Fisher

Staff Members

E. Sherburne H. Hancock

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

GRATIFYING

It has been brought to the attention of the staff that several hundred copies of the Eager Eagle are being mailed to the "folks back home," each week. The staff, therefore, has a right to believe the publication is meeting with approval from its constituents.

We know the mimeographing has been pretty illegible at times, however we may have a decently printed sheet someday too. A recent limitation has been placed on the number of pages permitted in each issue and of necessity we will have to omit many features of interest to you.

We still need the help and contributions of the individual A/S to make the paper a success so don't forget to help us out when you have an item of interest.

Band members enjoyed an extra open post period Monday night to attend "Air Force" at the local theatre. The group has invested many a long and arduous hour of their own time in the success of the band and we're glad they got the break.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS?

Looks as if the most embarrassing moment has come to roost here at the post. We suspected something was a little wrong when the cannon failed to boom every morning for reveille, and except for Tuesdays and Thursdays was singularly... silent at retreat. The horrible truth was finally revealed--no ammunition--- it's all going to the ARMY!

Worst blow of the week: J. Schultze loses forty-three bucks between Denny and Old East just after pay day.

OPEN POST - Continued
gym floor and the shower room.

Best Entertainment Free

For those who want to see the Gettysburg battlefield, the U.S.O. is sponsoring a trip there every two weeks, the first one beginning Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock. A bus will leave the Carlisle U.S.O. at that time Sunday, taking about 32 men. The tour includes the more interesting spots in Gettysburg and at the battlefield, and is free of charge. The bus will leave Gettysburg about 4:30 Sunday afternoon. The trips are exclusively for 32nd C.T.D. men and will be made every other Sunday. Men who do not get to go this weekend but have signed up will be given first choice for the next trip.

If you are anxious for a memorable trip, sign the register, which will be placed on the main floor of the U.S.O. Saturday.

The trip costs about five dollars per person at normal rates and as long as it does not take much to jolt our curtailed income we really appreciate the fact that it is free to us.

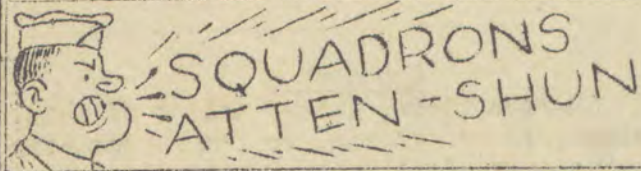
Gig tours are now fifty minutes.
Confinements are raised to 2 hours each.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 2



A.H.

"...keeping always on the alert and observing everything which takes place within sight or hearing."



Squadron A

Henry Sankle has been muttering to himself since he was on guard duty one night last week. He's sore because he didn't have an Anti Aircraft gun when he needed it most. The trouble was that he was dive-bombed by a screech owl so effectively that his cap was knocked to the ground.

Richard Sewer took his watch to a jewelry store last Saturday night but can't remember which one! If anyone happened to see him go into a jewelry store, they had better tell him so mother's little soldier can be happy again.

The men of the squadron are planning to buy A/S Duray a megaphone so they'll be able to hear him the next time he's CO.

The only casualty of the weekend was Al Ely--did she make you walk home too, Al?

Harrel Holloway, Squadron A shiek has been seen going around very serious the last few days realizing his new responsibilities.

Bob Allen "Beak" has been waiting eagerly for a mail order catalogue--"The Playboy's Handbook" that he ordered.

Ask Bob Backman how refreshing it was when he went to sleep Saturday night at 12:00 o'clock and got out of bed after a little nap and took a moonlight stroll before open post time was up.

Ask "Omar" Briskin what he prophesies for his future after having made his first flight.

The new squadron commander of A, W.B. Bieschke, is determined to keep his men on the ball. Here's more power to him.

The restriction of musical instrument being played after 7:00 o'clock is quite a disturbance to the jazz session of Monty Bevel with his clarinet, Ed Bacon and his trumpet, and Kieth Allen drumming on top of a garbage can in Room 119. Maybe the rest of the fellows will have a little peace now.

Here's a tip to the fellows. One of the students of the squadron spent two hours of good open post time Saturday night in Harrisburg at one of the U.S.O. dances showing one of the belles a merry time only to find that she was married and her husband present. -- Fellows, we've got to do better than that.

Jack Armstrong (the all American boy) went over in a big way when a young lady asked him last weekend why his voice was hoarse and he pompously replied that he had been hollering all day giving orders on the drill field. Keep it up Jack!

Squadron B

Squadron B stars in Conway--Old East baseball game--J.W. Haigh and Hoade made

three of Conway's five hits. R.J.

Shemanski held the losers to two hits. And, oh yes, the umpire who could see, in Conway's opinion, was the West Point hopeful, W.M. Harton. Howie Ginsberg led the cheering for Conway.

To J.F. Boyd--Stripes and initials M.P. on a blue uniform doesn't mean Military Police of the Navy--or do they?

G.A. (Right Face) Gray explains his last Saturday morning drill tactics with "A good officer doesn't ask his men to do anything he won't do himself." But he can't explain why his face was so red.

Let's hope D.S. Hochberg has less bounce in formation when he gets into the air.

Ask R.M. Dodge how "Peaches" and "Sonny" are getting along. By the way, A/S Dodge is another West Pointer to be.

after missing seeing his girl friend during the parade Monday, C. Gunderson has started taking vitamin pills with great vigor to correct that faulty vision

Squadron C

Squadron C is afflicted with a touch of poison Sumach. Nothing so serious that it can't be cured by some common sense and perspective.

Things you should have heard or seen. Mara singing spicy tunes while strumming George Scales guitar....Mohoney bowling a neat 194 using the Hall for a bowling alley, oranges for bowling balls, and coke bottles for pins...."Red" Slade, the Royal Eagle, representing a permanent party member of Carlisle Barracks for not having an A/S name tag...."Texas" Sonnenburg singing the Eyes of Texas Are Upon You with each arm draped over a Captain from Carlisle Barracks; the Captains came from Houston....William P. Smith, who said he could down two to any man's one, with a buzz that became a roar as the evening progressed...."Shorty" Horrigan's wife....Sisson quoting Mara...Lowther clearing twelve feet on the Biddle Field pole vault....R.J. Dorn leaving his girl while he ran to the men's room where he could get at his money belt in order that he might pay the bill....J. McDonald on his first sky ride; he had all he could do to keep reverse peristalsis from reversing....G. Eick saluting a Marine corporal.

Well, someone on Interior Guard finally used his billy. Crenshaw on post 6 tripped over an inebriate and WHAM!

In the speedy exchanges of affections taking place around Carlisle an enviro's a man's due is reciprocity or contempt.

If you lost out on a local charmer come console with me:

Beauty is so small,

It lasts not long at all!

And so much must the tribute be

'Fore it nods its head to thee!

Molnar, Mitchell, and Morris of 434 ask politely that those of 433 politely shut up. a man's got to get his sleep.

The A/Sers are almost unanimous in desiring body contact sports, such as football and boxing, to be included in the curriculum.

Poor Bill Dieterle just discovered his second best is engaged. Before the discovery she was first best. That's what hurts.

Donald Morris suggests that in order to have the same number of men in a squadron for every formation, and to avoid holes in the ranks left by the men who are flying, the flying quintile be formed into a squadron having their own officers. This would surely facilitate the job of aligning the squadrons for reviews, retreats, etc. It would also enlighten the burden of the squadron administration

Squadron D

With a perfectly relaxed mind your squadron reporter writes this column.

One of the students claims that even though Harry Tashjian does walk behind Joe Spickets, he always is ahead by a nose. And I thought it was a banana.

Here's a novel little item about Dave Strobel. He was paid the other day, as were all the rest of us; but he received only six dollars. He claims that after all the allotments are taken out of his pay, six dollars is all that he has coming to him. His insurance isn't taken out as it is. Wouldn't it be awful if the government suddenly decided to take his insurance allotment out of his pay. He'd be owing the government every month. You fellows that are getting around the fifty dollar mark every month and are goofing, put yourselves in Dave's shoes and see if they don't pinch a little bit.

M. Stansell came out of the pay office, went up to a fellow and said, "Here is the five dollars I owe you." The fellow took it gladly. After a little while it began to work on Stansell's mind and he approached the fellow that he actually owed the five dollars to and asked, "Did I pay you that five dollars I owed you?" The fellow said "No" so Stansell had to reach for another fin. He still doesn't know who the first fellow was.---If any of you other squadron men would like to have a little extra money just approach M. Stansell. He will gladly provide and forget about it later.

The love life and problems of N. Porzorski are in the line-light again. He still wants the girl back home and has written faithfully for the past two weeks without receiving a reply. He claims that the mail train must have been wrecked and says that he is expecting his mother and his girl friend to visit him during his stay here. It's wonderful to be optimistic. Let's hope that Porzorski is not disalussioned. (continued next week.)

It is reported on good authority that "Redent" Popper, before entering the army, worked in a hospital---as a pan handler. (I don't get it, maybe you will.)--See you all next week---men!

Squadron E

Charles Tibbs, former writer of this column, is now flying, so I'm reluctantly taking over until another writer can be found.

A/S Sgt. Zabinski is on the well known beam. The other day at reveille, he feel out in shorts and raincoat. S'matter Sarg., lose your trousers?

A/S Rutledge still has a trace of ox blood shoe polish in his hair. Hmmm, some people don't care what they polish these days.

Ray Schwieger really had a swell time last weekend. "Irish" came up from Chicago just to see him. More power to you Ray, she's a cute girl.

Boys, at last it can be told. Hugh H. Ryan is Squadron E's fountain of knowledge. When in doubt about anything just ask Hugh. He will tell all, and as far as I know, there is no service charge.

A/S Stoneburg got a 2 weeks vacation from the Medical Dapt. for a blister resulting from a hot foot.

Johnny Watt is one of the new hot pitchers on our Old East baseball team.

Al Turner always has his lucky lemon with him. He's always sucking it just before a flight to ward off that "Old Black Sickness."

Don Wilkerson had his flame, Jean Andrews, here last weekend from Indiana. From the lipstick that was still on his G.I. shirts when he came back he must have had a good time.

ODDS AND ENDS--All that W. F. Nalley, lanky Texan, could talk about after last open post was the snappy salute and charming smile given him by a WAAC Captain ...Letter from a friend at Fresno, Cal., BTC:"Now that I'm no longer a cadet and a m back to BTC for reclassification, I discover that three choices are left me: gunnery, gunnery or gunnery. Life shouldn't be too dull, anyway."

MEMORABLE MEMORIAL PARADE





Harry Gebauer, Group Supply Officer, hails from Montclair, N. J., 24 years old. Graduated from Williams and Mary in 1940 with B.... Worked with Simmonds Metal Co., as metallurgist, later managing department. He joined AAFERC in October, called to active duty in January. Took basic at Atlantic City. Pilot for B-17E or B-24 coming up!

Following a recent directive, cleaning and pressing establishments are no longer allowed to return shirts to enlisted men the three military pleats showing.

MARIA MONTEZ CHOSEN AS THIS WEEKS SHIPWRECK COMPANION

After due consideration and much restraint, the staff of the Eager Eagle has come to the conclusion that what this post needs is a "Two on an Island Girl" in other words a model for your next open post! We have her, boys, we have her! This week Maria Montez, that sylph of the celuloid in excelsis, that flamboyant, that lush bit of lettuce, that walking testimonial to technicolor has been soundly voted as IT.

One of the choicest bits that blooms in the Hollywood vineyards, this beautiful tormentress hit the austere "Island" selection board like a block buster. It is no secret that her special communi-ques on the follies and foibles of Men, considered at the same time that her hand embroidered, lace edged, frothily covered voluptuousness passed from hand to hand (photo) had something to do with her choice as THE babe for the week. Bespeaks Montez, quote: "A man has nothing to lose, the least he can do is try." "The easiest animal to tame is the wolf." This modern DuBarry's pronouncement on her own kind runs something like--"Men shouldn't ask too many questions; they should go ahead and find out."

Now as this issue should be in your hands Friday, that gives you nearly a day to plan your weekend. All we can suggest is that you follow Marias advice only where it seems to apply, but don't try to suggest a local girl for our next "Two On An Island" selection.

Pitzinger bought \$20 worth of nickels!

An unannounced and unexpected trip was picked off by ten men from this post last Sunday. A Memorial Day tour, especially appropriate, was made of the Gettysburg battlefield and was climaxed with the placing of a wreath on the Soldier's National Monument by a Dickinson English professor, D.J. Farrage.

As the wreath was placed on the monument, which marks the cite of Lincoln's immortal address, a picture was taken of two soldiers, one from the South and the other from the Northern states, showing a firm and symbolic handclasp being exchanged. The photo was sent to the Associated Press as a Memorial Day release.

The free bus ride and tour was arranged by the Carlisle United Service Organization. Men from the M.F.S.S. as well as the men from the 32nd filled the bus for the trip to Gettysburg.

CROSS COUNTRY SPORTS



H. FISHER

According to Yank, The Army Weekly, the record for situps is 2,326 in succession, held by A/C John Bugler of the Iowa Naval Pre-Flight School.

From the same source we learn that Don Budge, tennis great, now stationed at Sheppard Field, Texas, is quite an attraction as a ping pong player. Several boys now at Dickinson saw the net wizzard while they were at that Texas station.

Vernon Stephens of the Browns, the junior circuits leading swinger, spoiled a no-hitter for rookie Don Black of the A's last Sunday with a single in the fourth. Stephens reports for his army physical examination on June 7th.

Would you have believed two months ago that Washington and Philadelphia would be in the first division of the American League on Decoration Day and the Boston entry would be bringing up the rear.

This year's major league All Star game will be staged under the lights at Shibe Park in Philadelphia on July 13th. Joe McCarthy and Billy Southworth will be the rival pilots. All receipts of the game will go into the fund to provide baseball equipment for the armed forces.

Birmingham has a rather comfortable lead in the Southern Association with Chattanooga, Nashville, and Little Rock following in that order.

The Brooklyn Dodgers grabbed Boyd Owen Bartley, University of Illinois flash, after he had turned down a Chicago Cub contract. The youngster, who is to remain with the Flatbush team until called into service, hit .372, .300, and .430 in three seasons with the U. of Illinois Varsity.

PROP WASH

C. THISS

Let this serve as a dire warning that the day of reckoning or wrecking will come for all Aviation Students as it came for the writer of this column last Saturday morning. It was the world shaking hour of my first flight.

Sitting there tense and nervous in the cockpit of the plane I was to pilot through the blue, I began to mull the data over in my mind that the flight instructor had already given me.

I had been shown how to use a parachute, learned how the controls operated, and knew what the various instruments were for. The only trouble I could foresee was that I found I needed five hands, three feet and four eyes to use all these controls and gadgets.

I was as positive as dozens before me must have been that airsickness was not for me. However, when the instructor handed me the 'yurk' cup, I somehow did not feel as certain as before.

Finally the instructor climbed in, we taxied across the field, turned into the wind and strangely enough were suddenly off the ground, skimming along beautifully. Soon, or I should say too soon, I was practising turns, climbs, and glides.

Later the fellows who were watching far below told me that fifty percent of them were wondering if I was going to crash as I came wobbling out of my turns. The only truthful answer I could give them was that fifty percent of the people in the plane were wondering that same thing, at the same time.

Somehow the first forty-five minutes passed and the 'boss' took over and stalled the ship in for a landing. As I clambered out, I wasn't sure just how I did feel, except that somehow I sensed a big milestone had been passed that morning.

G-I's DANCED ON CONTENTEDLY LAST FRIDAY NIGHT....P.S. CONTENTEDLY WASN'T HURT!!

In an ephemeral setting of kahki clad warriors, beautiful ladies and empty coke bottles, the teeing-off third quintile was bowed out last Friday night with a whing ding in the gym.

The guys and gals flocked to the Barren Ballroom so tastefully decorated with nauseous gray nobby pine bleachers and festooned with slightly discouraged looking basketball hoop netting.

On stage five of the make-believe ballroom was Maestro Kiker and His Kadets riding the rhythm ranges to the last octave. That tune about the girl who wore the purple garters for her airman was conspicuously absent from the repertoire but various new rondelys and mazukas recently acquired by the orchestra kept the joint jumping.

Underclassmen by the score were gnawing their fingernails as the sobbing strains of K.K. and H.K.'s filled the evening. The upperclassmen and the bold third quintile kept the banners flying high 'til 2300 and were thankful no lower classmen cluttered up the stag lines.

A momentary death-like hush settled over the married man as the inconsiderate rumor flourished that W.A.A.C.'s were to be recruited as tyrannical Drill Instructors. When this was proved false and died a dastards death, the evening was refreshingly and candidly described by one of the bolder attendants as "a heck of a lot better than closed post."



This started to be a contributors column originally. The following is the first contribution and it should encourage the rest of you to turn in your pet jingle or gambit:

(This should be thought of as having been written the morning after a "Pub Bust" or "Tavern Tour", back in the dear days when the gas spent getting around was a negligible item and we didn't have to worry about the M.P.'s picking us up in the wee small hours.)

Making The Rounds

There are some of chrome and plastic angular modernity,
Where Pan and Bacchus hang their heads in lachrymose fraternity,
That scorn the grape, or rum--or brew of malt and hop,
For medicated lemon juice with a cherry on the top.

There are those of even more exalted atmosphere,
Where garcon lifts a brow at a call for plain ol' beer,
Where the silver's Second Empire and the floor is quartered oak,
And they charge you half a dollar for a frosted cherry coke.

There's the smoky sub-cellar for the neo-Cezanne crowd,
Where long haired ones read Baudelaire and Branch Cabell aloud,
Where Picasso's the anointed-Godhead's given to Monet,
Where Nagi and Sal Dali are the idols of the day.

It's thus the next morning with an ice bag on my bean,
In retrospect I dwell upon these places I have seen,
And wonder why I hesitate to bring my bottle home,
And with my thoughts and fancies, get paralyzed alone.

SQUADRON C MAN HAS HAD OUTSTANDING CAREER IN TRACK COMPETITION

Big Bob Lowther is so modest and reticent that it took some time for the news to leak out that he is an athlete with a record to be proud to talk about.

It wasn't until he received an invitation last week from the National A.A.U. president, DiBenedetto, which read in part, "would be delighted to have you participate in both junior and senior A.A.U. events," that the secret of Lowther's competitive past became known.

A Transplanted Texan

Although Bob was born in Houston, Tex., he was reared and educated in Louisiana where he attended Bolton High School and L.S.U.

While at Bolton he hit 12 ft. 9 in., in the pole vault, 134 ft. in the javelin throw and 46 ft. in the hop, skip, and jump competition. The last event, while not such a popular feature, earned for Lowther the crown as far as prep school competition was concerned.

Later, at L.S.U., Lowther bettered his high school marks in pole vaulting by 6 inches, javelin by 6 feet and in the hop, skip, and jump by a foot.

Compares Favorably With Champ

In 1942 Bob vaulted against Cornelius Warmerdam, Southern California ace and the only human to top fifteen feet. A review of their records is enlightening. At nineteen, and a L.S.U. sophomore, Lowther had the pleasure of hearing several eminent coaches make the prediction that he would clear well over 14 feet in his favorite event, the pole vault, while he was still in college. It is interesting to note that the best Warmerdam could do in college competition was 13 feet, 9 inches.

The six foot four athlete also demonstrated his athletic prowess to good advantage as a center of the L.S.U. basketball team.

The outcome of his recent bid to the A.A.U. depends upon the verdict of the Southeastern Command at Maxwell Field, which has received a request from the 32nd headquarters that Lowther be permitted to compete. The 32nd would be proud to have you as its representative, Bob.

When we get a taste of civilian living on open post, we often are amazed at the rigors of everyday existence. The other day we ordered an egg (poached) coffee, toast, and decided to pay a nickel more and get bacon. We did, but only received a thin one at that. Boy, what they have to put up with!

PERMANENT PARTY MAN UP A NOTCH

John Warner, efficient private in charge of the officework at Conway, was notified of a raise in rank to Corporal this week. He was a former Aviation Cadet

OF COURSE YOU
REALIZE THIS
MEANS.....**WAR**
M. EDWARDS

The International Scene

A French bookstore recently had a picture of Hitler, and one of Mussolini displayed in the shop window, in between the photos was a copy of Victor Hugo's Les Miserables. Proof that the conquered people still have a sense of humor, bitter as it may be.

Last week the R.A.F. dropped 2,000 tons of bombs on the German industrial city of Dortmund, at the terrific rate of 33 tons a minute for 1 hour... something like a concentrated dose of castor oil to clean out the Nazi system once and for all. The Allied doctors have prescribed continuation of the same treatment at an ever increasing rate and strength...By now, beer barrel Goering has probably suffered a well deserved stroke--we hope!

When Attu fell to American forces a Japanese radio announcer was heard to say, "What the Imperial forces were Aleutian the war in the North." He continued, "The news must be taken for better or for worse." At this point the static became too great for the short wave listener to stand. His body was found in a field of ripe corn growing out of the receiver...We suspect sabotage

The Domestic Picture

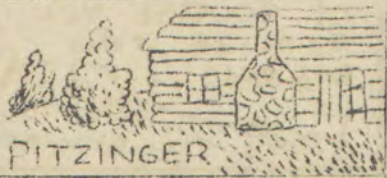
New York City was without 80% of its bus service last Sunday due to the oil shortage. Many a traveller felt like a fuel as he burned up waiting for the buses that weren't there...Carlisle isn't exempt from the gas emergency either. Bus service to and from this city will be curtailed 20% in the near future...to make room for the extra load in each bus, you may have to travel with your girl on your lap...The hardships one must suffer these days!

If any of us have been dreaming we were living in the clouds, the weather of the past month makes it a reality. A good rain now and then is a healthy sign, but the precipitation has gotten out of hand...The local weatherman has been showered with calls by the reigning people of Carlisle who want to know when the broken water main in the heavens will be repaired. His only answer was that he was as puddled as everyone else...That washes up this column for the week.

Overheard in Old East from a victim of a receding hairline: "Everytime I wash my face there's more of it. In a year I'll look like Mussolini."

HISTORIC CARLISLE

J. FITZINGER



(Continued from last week)

Another ghost that is seen on the Dickinson campus is that of Dr. Mason, president from 1821 to 1824. It is a well founded rumor that this spirit makes an annual visitation in Mooreland Park, usually in the spring.

He used to drive to his classes and still comes that way, driving a spectral steed hitched to an equally vaporous buggy. Legend has it that he is never actually seen until he is through the gates to the college, but it is generally accepted that he comes from the southwest, the direction of his old home. In recent students have gathered to drink a toast to their melancholy old tradition.

Another piece of Dickinsonian lore that would bear repeating in these columns is that concerning the treatment one monitor (corresponding to our C.O.) received when all the fellows were suffering from a dearth of sleep. They simply tied the offending thorn in their flesh to his bed and gagged him. History gives no particulars except that they slept late that morning.

After a little further investigation into the museum, we'd like to pass on several discoveries to you. A mechanical refrigerator based on the principle of

Frederick Carre, 1850, operates on the fundamentals of absorption. It is the forerunner of the present gas refrigerator.

Also in the museum reposes an Egyptian mummy, denise date about 600 B.C. To keep it company is the mummy of a sacred Ibis bird which lived about 2000 B.C.
(To be continued)

CONWAY DRUBBS OLD EAST IN FRIDAY DIAMOND BATTLE: EAST VOWS REVENGE

Khaki-clad residents of Conway Hall are still beating their chests and shouting praises for their baseball team which took a 4 to 3 victory from East College last Friday.

Old East's warriors, not discouraged by their first attempt, vow they'll push Conway all over the field next time--they'll "mow 'em down."

That argument rages like a second Civil War--but cold figures show it was closely contested and anybody's ball game until the final out.

Lack of practice was evident at the two clubs committed seven errors, four of them by Conway. Shemansky stood the Easterners on their ears, holding them to two singles and no earned runs. Haigh of Conway was the most offensive-minded with a triple, a single, and two runs to his credit.

McAndrews was the winning coach. Someone said Kennedy was also at the game.

THIRD LOUIES

GOOD OL' RED

AL HARTLEY

