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The EAGER EAGLE



Vol. 1, No. 6

Friday, June 18, 1943

Carlisle, Penn.

COMMANDING OFFICER OF OFFICER'S TRAINING BATTALION TO REVIEW 32ND

Another high ranking officer will be present at the Saturday morning parade, in the person of Colonel Edgar W. White, Commanding Officer of the Officer's Training Battalion at the Carlisle MFSS.

It is interesting to note that Col. White was born in London, England, but early became a resident of New York City. He attended the University of Michigan as well as Columbia U., later practicing in New York City. Called to active duty Oct. 17, 1940, he was advanced to full Colonel on July 7, 1942.

CHURCHES AND COMMANDING OFFICER ENDORSE SOLDIER'S CENTER AT FRAT HOUSE ON POST CONFINES

The Ministerial Association's proposal for setting up a soldier's center on the Dickinson College campus for aviation students there was enthusiastically endorsed by representatives of the Carlisle churches at an open meeting in the YMCA Monday night.

The church representatives authorized the association to continue its negotiations for the renting of the Alpha Chi Rho fraternity house between Bosler Library and Conway Hall.

As evinced by Rev. Dr. Harry L. Saul, Ministerium president, at the Monday night meeting, the purpose of the center is to provide a place with home atmosphere where soldiers could drop in during off hours to chat among themselves or townspeople. They could also visit with their parents and other out of town visitors at the center. There will be no overnight facilities or canteen included in the venture.

The plan has been endorsed by Dr. Fred P. Corson, president of Dickinson College and by Major John D. Hartigan, commanding officer of the College Training Detachment Air Force. Both were present at the meeting.

Under present conditions the boys and their visitors have to sit in hotel lobbies or at restaurant tables or walk the streets except in cases where the visitor is staying the week-end at locations suitable to more adequate hospitality. Parents are cutting their visits shorter than they had intended because the boys have no suitable place to visit with them Dr. Saul stated.

HONOR GUARD STATIONED AT BIER OF CARLISLE AAF CASUALTY

Two men of Squadron D and E, Norbert Pozorski and William Young, were chosen to act as honor guards at the casket of Leon Tanger, Carlisle man who died at Atlantic City Basic Training Center the first of the week. The 32nd representatives stood at parade rest during the hours of open chapel at a local mortuary on Tuesday night.

The deceased was a recently recruited member of the Air Force ground crew, having been in business in Carlisle prior to the time he reported for active duty.

The body was interred at Westminster Cemetery at ten o'clock Wednesday with Captain A. F. Wagner of Carlisle Barracks officiating. A firing squad and bugler from the MFSS were also at the graveside.

32ND ORCHESTRA RATES HIGH

Men of the orchestra have a right to feel rather proud that they have been selected as the organization to furnish music for the graduation dance of the officers leaving the AAF Intelligence School in Harrisburg. The event is to be held the 26th of this month. All fourteen of the orchestra men will attend.

FORMER STUDENT OFFICERS OF THE 32ND REAPPOINTED AT NASHVILLE

In a letter from Dave Campbell, former Squadron A correspondent for the Eager Eagle, came the information that two men who had served as squadron officers here had also been selected as officers of a Nashville Classification Center Squadron. The letter reads in part: "Bill Howe and Tom Spencer, C and E Squadron Commanders at Dickinson have been appointed to similar capacities in Squadron D-5 here at Nashville. Howe is second in command while Spencer is a platoon Lieutenant. They were selected from a large group of men who held officer's posts at various CTD's throughout the East. The competition was keen, but the training at Dickinson stood them in good stead."

In closing Campbell stated that it wasn't bad at the center, despite the heat and K.P. He also said he was nearly finished with the exams and were not as tough as had been led to believe.

The EAGER EAGLE



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

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Squadron C-----S. Slotpole
Squadron D-----M. Spinks
Squadron E-----A. Soirez

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The Windsock-----H. Paulsen
Historic Carlisle----J. Pitzinger
Prop Wash-----C. Tibbs
War Commentary-----M. Edwards
Sports-----H. C. Fisher

LT. N.S. GORSON, PUB. REL. OFFICER

"HELLO, SIR"

To a good soldier, it's a genuine satisfaction to give and receive a snappy salute. Many of us when walking along the street during Open Post have been struck by the fact that many of the officers seem rather pleasantly surprised when saluted in the proper manner. They usually seem unaware of a non-saluting soldier, yet are quick to return a salute sometimes accompanying the act by a "good morning" or "good afternoon" as the case may be.

To those soldiers who avoid saluting an officer by looking the other way, or turning their backs and gazing into a shop window or even changing the direction in which they are walking, the following advice may be helpful.

You don't salute because it makes you feel inferior. Remember when you salute an officer, you are not saluting the man; but what he stands for. As one veteran sergeant said, "You salute that eagle on his cap and not what's under it."

The officers, for their part, realize that often the men in the ranks of our citizen's army are their social and financial equal. To them your salute is your method of saying, "hello," with proper respect for their position, and the traditions of the organization of which you are both members. It is the officer's duty to return the salute as much as yours to give it. Naturally you salute first since you are the junior.

Moreover, as aspiring officers-to-be, it should be a privilege to salute the men with whom some day you hope to be associated.

The axiom along these lines should be, "Salute as you would have others salute you."

GENERAL ORDER NO. 10



To salute all officers and all
colors and standards not cased.

THE PRICE OF A RUMOR

"We love our country more than our life",
Said Mr. Smith and his sweet, young wife.
(But an ugly rumor reared its head-From
some little thing that the Smiths had said

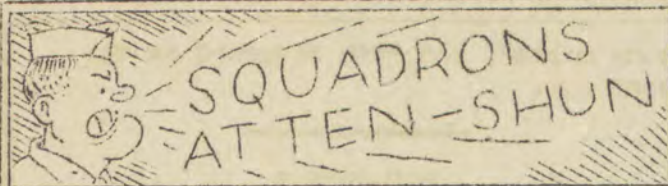
Cried Mrs. Jones: "I have given a son,
I'll do my bit till the war is won!"
(Yet 'twas Mrs. Jones who made the slip
That spelled certain death to a brave,
new ship!)

Then there was the case of Ann and Nell,
"He's flying....", they said. It was fun
to tell.

(If the flyer is safe, it is thanks to
God,
In spite of a whisper, a wink, and a nod.)

NOW STAFF SERGEANT

Sergeant Stephen Yazvac was named in
a recent order raising him from sergeant
to staff sergeant. He is located in Lt.
Eldredge's office and came to the 32nd
after being stationed at Maxwell Field.



SQUADRON A

Why does Sheik Holloway want an overnight pass this week-end? It couldn't be a young lady, could it?

The latest report on "Slick" Donaldson is that he's not only fast with the women, but has great running ability as a track man.

Ed Ball, in room 119, is really living up to his name. Saturday night, a couple of fellows came in about 1:00 o'clock, and walked into the room making a little noise. Ed had been asleep about two hours and hearing the racket thought it was time for Sunday morning roll call. He immediately jumped out of bed, threw on his clothes, and was half way out the door before being informed of his mistake.

"Brains" Briggs was on the spot last week trying to remember where his guards were posted.

Joe Bradley, the "Arkadelphia Kid", says that he wants to play a basketball game feeling like he did last Saturday night.

Tall, dark, and handsome Danielson has to go some to keep up with his fast working roommates.

Why is it that "Barrel" Baumgarten feels self-conscious when the squadron sings the "Beer Barrel Polka"?

Hank Behre, with his irrelevant clauses, has everybody talking in riddles. Ask him why you can't catch a train going that fast.

C. R. Bishop is recognized as the "Bat Man" after having served tours of guard duty on post number four. Each time he comes back with tales of having been attacked by vampires.

SQUADRON B

The second war is starting for M. B. Silberman this week-end. Congratulations on your coming marriage Mr. Silberman.

For any information on how to play miniature golf, see M. R. Fisher, D. R. Feeny or C. L. Fearn. They have been showing great interest in the game lately.

Here's our nomination for a man to make any daylight raid a success. T. L. Franklin does better work by day than by night.

West Pointer William M. Harton left this week for Washington for his Pre-West Point physical examination.

Squadron B is the only squadron to have that dubious honor of having a squadron commander and supply sergeant in the flying quintile.

Frank J. Harper is keeping in practice for later assignments. How's K.P.

at the U. S. O. Francis?

We are sorry to hear that J. W. Haigh's wife is in the hospital.

Lough of the week--E. B. Fee demonstrated how the WAACS fight mice.

Is it correct to ask A. V. Engle what the "A" in his name stands for?

The man who gets the mail in Squadron B is J. H. De Young. There's no rationing of letters for him.

Watch the A/S lieutenant's ears get red when the first platoon sings "Wait 'til the Sun Shines Nalley."

H. C. Fisher had as his visitor last week-end Jean Goetze and her sister Betty from Peoria, Illinois.

Can you tell us where you went Saturday night Gus?

J. G. Findley is absent from the squadron on sick leave this week.

Aerial Gunner C. S. Harriss was very discouraged after having a real forced landing his first period up Tuesday and then losing his tail wheel the second period up.

SQUADRON C

Last Wednesday seven guys called Smith were on the first relief of the interior guard. What do you suppose the corporal of the first relief had for a name? You're right. See here----

Quote Somach: "We're not soldiers here! We're not nearly tough enough!"

Since most of what we were used to singing has been blacklined, A/S Lt. Honeycutt is rehearsing humms with his platoon. Silent Night is a favorite which turns up about 10 p.m. and does all but that to the night.

After M. Sliptzin swallowed a few he withdrew to the barracks and spent the night in prayer. The Lord said, "There shall be light."--So Sliptzin lit!

Room 421 retired from hunting big game after destroying 8 mice. If every room would obtain a trap we might be able to clean out the critters.

The boys want inter-squadron competition! Soft ball games could be run off between six and eight p.m. without interfering with our schedules.

How does it feel to go up the first time?--Laggrin (cupping his hands in front of his mouth) says "Whoops!"

Sonnenberg ran the complete length of the slanting wall around Old East. He can ride a bike free hand too.

When William Smith was asked why he wasn't named John Smith, he replied, "Oh, that's too common."

SQUADRON D

Squadron D, already recognized as the best marching outfit, is now going all out to become the most saluting squadron in the 32nd C.T.D.

1st Sgt. Pettyjohn's task of making

out the guard roster was rudely interrupted Monday night when Springer and Spickett armed with clubs and flashlights chased as indignant skunk right under his open window.

Roommates Bill Tice and Bruce Stearns celebrated their 21st birthdays within 3 days of one another. Both got great big birthday cakes. Yummm.

Dave "Moose" Solomon wishes that Mr. Kennedy would just try lifting his own feet in the air 25 times without lowering them. "Moo", says the Moose.

The next time Big Jim Roth double-crosses his friends by getting them on F. O. details which turn out to be T. S. details, it will probably be his last time.

Bad-News Peters blackmails pal Peterman to make him date his girl-friend's girl-friend.

A swarm of bees seems to like the outside of Friedman's window. "If I could only swat the queen, maybe they would all go away," he moans.

"Henceforth and forevermore, no delegations from Club 22 will go up to pay social calls on the new men," sternly stated Squadron Commander Mitchell to the stiffly standing inmates of that institution. You may go up by twos and threes, but any more en masse visitations might shock our rookies into prostration.

Commander Mitchell had been hastily summoned by Lt. Stansell who, hearing the patter of many ascending feet, feared the worst. He needn't have worried. Club 22 had just learned that one of the new men said he had been enrolled in a university before he was inducted. They only wanted to see a real college man.

Hearing the commotion on the fourth floor, the fifth floor men barricaded themselves behind the water fire extinguisher. We'll get the first man to come up those stairs they said. They did. But it was Lt. Stansell.

Squadron E Commander Van Tuyle pulled his rank on a private using a phone booth. Why didn't you show him your merit badges too, Commander?

Great excitement in Denny study hall when Cpl. Rubidge read out a list of 7th quintile men's names who supposedly were to be put immediately into flight training. Does Rubidge know yet that the whole affair was a practical joke--on him!

How would Szitias, Tootikian, and Teague spend their Sundays if there were no Elks Club?

The blonde lovely standing on the corner who struck dumb two singing squadrons passing by was none other than G. L. Slentz's girl friend from the old home town.

Donnie Stickles is thinking of patenting the device he invented to make his wooden soled sandals stick on.

Welcome back to our two Richards---Spencer and Solberg. They just returned from a week's stay at the Barracks Hospital. Both underwent operations for the

same melody, and both returned on the same day.

SQUADRON E

The following A/S's were hosts to the girl from home last week-end:

Miss Margie Koone was the guest of Bill Stephens.

A/S Cpl. Charles Tibbs was host to Miss Ricky Ann Lutz of Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Marie Garman of Akron, Ohio was the guest of Donald Thompson.

The general comment from all three of our buddies was, "I never had a better time in my life."

A/S Lt. Williams was very much disappointed last Sunday when he found out he was J. O. D. next week-end. It so happens that his fair maiden from Louisiana is to be here. We all sympathize with you Bill.

If anyone knows of a remedy for one who drouls in his sleep, please notify A/S Sgt. Wagner's roommate.

A/S Lt. Yates Jr. should apply for a permanent seat on the steps of the Law building in Moorland Park. After all Colonel, the night air is very refreshing for a lonesome soldier and a pretty redhead.

A/S Sgt. Tucker will hereafter be known as "Daddy". He inherited a daughter last week-end, but she happens to be 17 years old and a blonde.

A/S Sgt. Sommers made a little mistake in his manner of speech last week. Was it worth a gig, Paul?

Charles Tibbs has finally decided which way North is, even when pointing his finger into one officer's face.

A/S Wicker should try to sleep off the after effects of open post on Saturday instead of singing the Syracuse University Alma Mater. After all the boys would like to get a little sleep Saturday nights.

A/S Lt. Soergel comments on the third platoon, Quote "They can't keep in step, but their shoes always shine." Unquote. He is the only Lt. who conducts a shoe inspection at every formation. "Keep 'em Shining."

Robert Rutledge believed he had everything on the beam last week-end, but he soon found out that she was engaged. However he is not giving up hopes.

Bill Sledge is doing alright now that he has found out that girls don't bite. Two nights and two dates, not bad Bill.

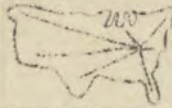
A/S Cpl. Sweetman's latest comment, "When I arrive in Nashville, lookout."

Supply Sgt. Wilson and Fred Wahl were observed in the James Wilson last Saturday night discussing Shakespeare.

A/S Weaver is on the rampage again. Come on fellows, let's all chip in and buy him a violin, even though a haircut is a lot cheaper.

Better stay on the beam because your old reporter is hungry for gossip.

CROSS COUNTRY SPORTS



W. FISHER

This column, consisting of facts gleaned from other post publications, is intended to give an idea of the sports programs of other College Training Detachments throughout the country.

For some time now the future cadets of Massachusetts State College, Amherst, Mass., have had an aquatic program for beginning as well as more advanced swimmers. They have organized a softball league and enjoy other inter-squadron competition. P.S. They also have an obstacle course.

Plans for athletic competition with other service teams with a 100 mile radius have been made by the 38th C. T. D. at Due West, S. C. This detachment already has an inter-squadron softball loop. Touch football has been approved for the school and plans for the construction of two outdoor basketball courts have recently been announced.

The 57th C.T.D. at the University of Alabama has bowling leagues operating. All-star teams picked from the loop have been competing with city quints in special matches. Also from the same school we learn that tours for gigs have been abolished. Instead, they have the offenders toil in a victory garden started by the men of the detachment.

The 56th C.T.D. of Norwich University Northfield, Vt., recently held a successful inter-squadron track meet. Events consisted of running and field competition. Those who seek other phases of sports have their choice of softball, touch football, and volley ball.

Bath volley ball and softball leagues are in operation at the University of Florida, location of the 62nd C.T.D.

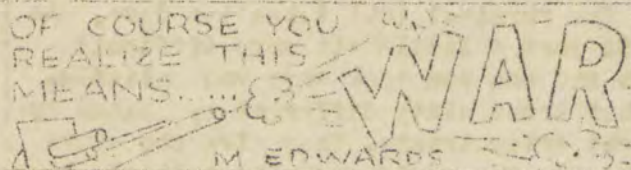
The latest addition to the conditioning program of the 60th C.T.D. of the University of Pittsburgh is a weekly, five-mile, cross-country run. Horseshoe and softball contests are held each evening between chow and academics.

At State College, Miss., 30 men finished in the Excellent division on their P.F.R. tests. About 34 per cent of their boys placed in the Very Good group and 53 per cent in the Good classification.

Staff members of the Eager Eagle were pleased to know that the Harrisburg Telephone Company requested all past issues of the 32nd publication. Along with the request came the explanation that the company was planning to issue a weekly paper principally to send to their employees now in service, having it also serve as a house organ for their present personnel. They stated that our effort was the style after which they wanted to pattern their publication.



This shocky headed fellow is 12 year old Russell Grimm, magazine merchant and delivery boy par excellence. He is a familiar character to all the men of the 32nd--they call him Loopy for the gold bars he wears. His father is Dr. J.C.M. Grimm of the college faculty, teacher of romance languages.



LOOKING AT THE RECORD

The United Nations seem to have been talking Turkey to Ankara. It is safe to bet that Turkey will play an increasingly important role as coming events cast their shadow on the European continent.

Sicily seems to be the next Axis ace to be trumped by Allied air power. After the 4 million unhappy inhabitants are tenderized by a concentrated fire of bombs, an invasion can be expected.

Another point that bears watching is Kiska. This island, 196 miles east of Attu in the Aleutians, must be taken if we are to strike at Japan via the Short Northern Route.

June 22 is a day to watch. Three years ago, a triumphant Germany was signing peace terms with a vanquished French Nation. In 1941, crying "Deutschland Uber Alles" (Germany over all), German troops crossed the Russian frontier. Last year on this fateful day, Tobruk fell to Rommel in his last, and almost successful drive on Suez. Today, conquests by the "superior race" is a thing of the past. The Allies will write the history this time.

LEAVE FOR WEST POINT

Bill Harton and R.M. Dodge left for West Point Military Academy Thursday. Both had been appointed through routine channels and each will graduate with a second Lt.'s commission in the regular army at the end of three years.



The fellows are having a difficult time trying to keep their stomachs where they belong during these periods of spins and stalls. These maneuvers also bring about air sickness due to the higher altitudes.

Downwind Paro says there's only one thing for him; that's pursuit. He hates flying straight and level, likes stalls and spins.

Jack Strong, our hot pilot, is baffled again. He doesn't know what to do or where to turn when he pulls out of those terrible spins, as he calls them.

Ace Yahnell, the guy with all the flying hours, is trying to turn the tide and get into liaison pilot work. His instructor and C.A.A. check pilot both, think his flying is okay.

Floyd Stoneberg, the lost pilot, is still home on his 5-day vacation which he received when the law called for his appearance.

Louis Olsen, the hedge hopping romeo, snagged his tail wheel and ripped it clean off the other day.

If it wasn't for centrifugal force, Jimmy (Skull) Wells would still be flying through space; for he went through his whole check flight, including spins and stalls, without fastening his safety belt.

Altitude does things to Chalmer White for every time he gets up in the blue he has a lapse of memory, and can't seem to remember just where the airport really is from his practice area.

A/S De Young almost ran into the fence at the far end of the field when his ship stalled with lots of right rudder as he was coming in for a landing.

A/S Wilkey doesn't seem to agree with his instructor on forced landings, for he makes them every other way except into the wind.

RIGORS OF CLASSIFICATION AS TOLD BY A GUY WHO MADE IT

Dear fellows:

You don't appreciate good old Dickinson College until you leave it (and that's straight stuff).

You wanted to know about the examinations. Well, here's the dope hot off the wire. Frankly, you've got nothing to worry about.

The mental exam is seven hours long, but isn't too difficult. You are given your choice of what you'd rather be, pilot bombardier, or navigator. Some of the boys have applied for navigators, but the men here are encouraged to become pilots. I guess they want pilots first and then you've always got a chance if you wash out to become a navigator or bombardier. Of course you have to do pretty well on the exams if you are to be classified as a bombardier or navigator.

After finishing your mental, you take a psychometer exam which tests your reactions, nerves, and how quick you think. It takes only an hour, but everyone thinks they have flunked it. It is really nothing though, just super-duper penny arcade.

The physical (64) takes two days, and it is just a little bit more difficult than the one you took when you enlisted. We had about sixty different eye exams by flight optometrists. They give you every chance in the world and will call you back two or three times before they wash you out. Most of the fellows have not had any rechecks. About ten were GDO (ground duty only). Frankly, the way we figure, that isn't bad. Don't worry about your teeth; if the ones you've got aren't any good, they'll pull 'em out.

The screwiest exam is the one by the psychiatrist. He asks you all sorts of intimate questions about your life, women, attitudes, etc. The best thing to do is to give him the straight facts, 'cause he'll catch you if you lie. The main thing is to give a good reason why you want to fly.

Right now we are busy with K. P. and guard duty. We get one right after the other. I don't know how long this will last. We were issued our cadet uniforms but we can't wear them until we hit pre-flight.

I've got guard duty now, so I'll have to close. But before I go here is what the faculty board told us: Though the training you get as aviation students isn't counted as flight training, it is best to stay on the ball. It shows up in your tests here and is an asset later on.

See you in the sky.
"The Boys Who Made It"

Pertinent comment on the swell show at the Barracks--fellows in the back rows were willing to pay another quarter for the added attractions visible only to them. Ask them about it.

INDIAN RETURNS FROM HAPPY HUNTING
GROUNDS FOR POST GRADUATE
HAUNTING COURSE AT BARRACKS

Joe Pitzinger, our Historic Carlisle columnist, isn't the only one who has been seeing and writing ghosts. The Medical Soldier, published by Carlisle Barracks, also reports supernatural activities. Soldiers on lonely guard posts report an Indian ghost and even got a picture of him. The identity of the spirit has been established as Zenoheuh, a Kiowa brave, since the Zombie was seen on the mound in the old Indian graveyard where that Indian is interred. It seems the ethereal visitor was middle-aged, as was Zenoheuh, while all the other grave stones in that vicinity indicate that young Indians are buried there.

Dr. A. C. Dwarf, secretary of the American Psychic Phenomena Laboratory, explains in an article to the Soldier that the occurrence is altogether possible and plausible. In the meanwhile, we can imagine the disconcerted sentries firing their 11th general order all over the place while the ghost of Zenoheuh walks unconcernedly through their guard lines.



All are characters--each has his own dreams, his own idiosyncrasies, his own shoe polish--I'm joking of course...Now take Downwind Paro, who's been passing out cigars this week. His \$10.00 babe came in third at Churchill Downs. And Ken (Timber King) Peters, who claims he is self-made--showing the horrors of unskilled labor. And Otto Yahnell, the ex-boxer who gave it up because he wasn't making hospital expenses. Then there's "Yurk" Tibbs whos some say takes his own bucket to the airport...Melvin "Pile it" Peterman, who's mighty proud of one of his dozen girl friends because she donated her aluminum knee-cap for defense...And Rea, who sends all his money home to put his grandmother through welding school. There's Ray Harrison whose heart is really in flying. He says most of the rest of his insides have been donated, why hold back the heart.

Yes, it's a great bunch of fellows who'll be leaving their happy home at Dickinson when the next wind blows hard toward Nashville. They only hope that the next bunch of flyers can someday equal their amazing record: that of all the bed checks made in Old East and Conway, not a bed has turned up missing yet.

When asked how the strip tease was in the floor show Saturday night, punning A/S replied, "Abdominal."

PROFESSORIAL
PORTRAITS



PROFESSOR SMITH

After searching the rooms of Denny Hall futilely for 20 minutes, we finally found Professor Smith in one of the numerous tiny offices of the second floor. He was about to leave for a staff meeting in Tome, so he kindly consented to have us run along beside him, and have a running interview, as it were.

As we trotted along, Professor Smith told of his experiences in the last war. He was a second lieutenant in the Third Field Artillery, and served in the Meuse-Argonne sector with the Sixth Division. One of the distinctions that Dr. Smith claims, is that he was responsible as Officer of the Day for having the bugler blow reveille an hour ahead of time. It was the first day of Daylight Saving time and the then Lieutenant Smith had forgotten all about it.

Today, Professor Smith holds the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the reserve, and is hoping that he can pass the army physical so that he can get into active duty. Besides holding this high rank, this mathematics teacher turned physics instructor has accomplished numerous other things. He is in command of the 578 Field Artillery Unit, a reserve corps of officers, and also was the coordinator of the CPT group at Dickinson College. During 1911, while he was a student at Dickinson he had the singular honor of running against the one and only Jim Thorpe. Well, it was a close race anyhow.

By this time, we had reached the Scientific Building, and descended into its cavernous depths. We waited for another 20 minutes while the faculty thrashed out its problems. Dr. Smith had to make the 3:20 to Harrisburg, from where he commutes every day, so we jogged along at his side trying to complete our interview.

While taking notes and attempting to avoid being hit by automobiles, we were pleased to hear Dr. Smith say that teaching Aviation Students has been one of the most pleasant experiences he's ever had. He finds them more alert, more sincere, and better mannered than any other group of students he's come into contact with. He believes too, that the training they are getting to-day is fundamentally sound.

Breathlessly climbing aboard the bus, Dr. Smith stated that although he believes it will be another two years before the war is over; good staff work, excellent military training, and air superiority, will win it for us in the end.

Slumping down on the curb, we regained our breath while assembling the wilderness of scribbling that was our interview. Dr. Smith may be on the reserve but he's in perfect physical condition.

HISTORIC CARLISLE

J. FITZINGER



Harrisburg is the capitol of Pennsylvania but probably better known as a swell place for open post. In the city is a large Service Club, a place for canoeing, swimming, and many points of interest for a guy historically inclined.

John Harris, fresh from England, settled on the Susquehanna near an Indian Village called Peixtan, at or near the present site of Harrisburg. One time, a band of slightly intoxicated (poluted to you) Indians came to John Harris wanting some rum. Harris refused, and the Indians seized, tied him to a tree, and started to burn him alive. As the flames began to crackle a band of friendly Indians came to his rescue, like the Lone Ranger on Silver. Many years later, on his death bed, Harris asked to be buried beneath this tree where his life almost ended so abruptly.

The state capitol building at Harrisburg is considered one of the most beautiful of the forty-eight. Gold leaf adorns the ceilings; beautiful stained glass windows are in the Senate and House of Representatives. The architecture is predominately of the grand style and charm of the famous Parisian National Opera House.

While on the State Capitol Grounds one should go to the State Museum where there are many battle flags of the different Pennsylvania regiments, old guns, surgical instruments, many old Carriages and coaches, and paintings of famous scenes of American History.

By the way, do not become interested in hunting when you see the very friendly pigeons and squirrels of the capitol grounds as the capitol police will shake a finger at you and say "Naughty, naughty"
(Continued next week)

100 MEN WOWED BY ALL-SOLDIER SHOW AT CARLISLE BARRACKS WEDNESDAY NIGHT

The second showing of the all-soldier "See Here, Mr. Smith," presented by the enlisted and commissioned men of the MFSS played to a large audience at Tugo Hall at the Barracks Wednesday night. One hundred students from the 32nd were lucky enough to get the 25¢ admittance ducats and laughed until their sides were sore at the antics of the amateur funsters. The show included musical interpretations of martial, serious, ballads, and humorous numbers. Barbershop harmony held the stage along with a hefty bunch of chorines aptly called the Barrackateers, the post band shared the stage with the dance band and Lieut. Norman Feitelson stopped the show with "Tragedy In Verse."

THIRD LOUIES

DESPERATE SATURDAY

AL HARTLEY

