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The EAGER EAGLE



Vol. 1, No. 7

Friday, June 25, 1943

Carlisle, Penn.

SPORTS PARTICIPATION URGED

32ND MEDICS LIST CHANGES IN PERMANENT PARTY STAFF

Sergeant Maurice Freeman has been honorably discharged from the army, being over 45, and has left the medical detachment of the 32nd. His place will be taken by Sgt. McCartney, who has been notified of an increase in rank from Corporal to Sergeant.

Other changes on the medical staff include the advance in rank from private to Pfc for Arthur Woods and the addition of Pvt. John T. Brockman to the infirmary staff.

LIEUTENANT ELDRIDGE TO ATTEND RANDOLPH TACTICAL SCHOOL

Lieut. H.V.N. Eldredge will leave soon for Randolph Field where he will attend an AAF tactical school for the next month. He will return to the 32nd on completion of the course. In the meantime, another officer will assume his duties here. Who it will be has not been revealed.

According to good authority, army officers spend half their military lives in school and the other half on maneuvers

NEW GROUP STAFF APPOINTED

New members of the group staff were announced the middle of the week. The new appointees will function until they are nearly finished with training here. They are: Pitcher, Group Commander; Peveto, Adjutant; Tombs, Supply Officer; and Carlton as Group Sergeant Major.

The new named men will succeed a particularly efficient group staff which consisted of Skalomenos, Chernin, Gebauer and Peveto.

NEW INSIGNIA FOR STUDENT OFFICERS

Corporals and sergeants stripes, bars for lieutenants and captains and group staff insignia will all be prominently displayed on blue arm bands, we learn. The new rank designations are similar to the present JOD arm bands we now have.

LIMITED AMOUNT OF ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT AVAILABLE FOR INDOOR AND OUTDOOR USE

Since the Post Exchange has been moved to the basement of the gym, good use has been made of the ping pong tables in one of the adjacent rooms. Paddles and the bounding spheres have been placed in the P-X and are available to students who request them. They are for your use at any time, the only stipulation regarding their use being that they be returned to the P-X when the game is finished and that common sense should prevent damage to the tables or paddles and balls while they are in use.

Eight tennis rackets and a number of tennis balls have likewise been placed at the disposal of the students. It is necessary to accept financial responsibility for these more expensive pieces of equipment and at the same time it is cautioned that they are virtually irreplaceable, so proper care should be taken of them while they are in use.

Other Equipment

The tennis equipment, soft ball and volley ball weapons can be taken from the Conway supply room on Saturday between noon and 4 for open post use. Students wanting to use those items on Sunday should sign them out Saturday. Due to the limited amount of paraphernalia, it is necessary that a fair division of the equipment be made and kept only while actual use is being made of it.

Again it is emphasized that care be taken of all items used on the athletic field. On one afternoon recently three baseball bats were broken through carelessness. Small hope is held that replacements will be available or forthcoming if the present stock of bats, balls and rackets are misused or broken.

Time and Place

Tennis courts and softball diamonds are available to students over the weekend. Likewise, officialdom of the post approves and urges participation in intramural ball games after evening meals until time for study hall or classes in the evening.

80% of the military personnel and 99% of the civilians at MFSS buy war bonds.

The EAGER EAGLE



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

MAJOR JOHN D. HARTIGAN, COMMANDING

H. H. Wilson-----Editor-in-Chief
F. H. Puls-----Editorial Asst.
Al Hartley-----Art Editor

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W. Nalley A. Greenspan
P. Zucker R. Hancock

Correspondents

Squadron A-----C. Bancroft
Squadron B-----R. Hancock
Squadron C-----S. Slotpöle
Squadron D-----M. Spinks
Squadron E-----A. Soirez

Columnists

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

Mimeographer-----T. E. Vinson

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

Specific instructions were issued this week regarding proper headgear. Kahki flight caps are to be worn with no exceptions, except by special permission on fatigue details, with the single exception of the athletic formations will wear the summer flight cap.

Class A uniforms will be worn to all mess formations except when a detail has been on special duty or, of course, the men who are in the flying quintile.

The new athletic uniforms will be worn at Biddle Field only and not in Mooreland Park.

32ND CTD ORCHESTRA MAKES A REAL HIT WITH ALL MEN OF THE POST

Under the guise of gala opening of the P-X (it opened two weeks ago) the Post orchestra played a concert to a receptive crowd of about ninety percent of the post Wednesday night. Ensnored on the open porch of the Phi Psi fraternity house, now the home of the permanent party of the 32nd, the orchestra filled the evening with swing as well as smooth rythm. Men soon filled the lawn between the gym and the porch and applause was long and hearty, after each selection. Soloists, including White on the trombone, Proulx on the base viol, Silverman tickling the ivories, Jacobs on the sax, White with his hot trumpet, and Firehammer making with some fine vocals, all received boisterous acclaim.

Opinion was voiced many times during the evening that the post be treated every week to a similar session.

PROPER DRESS

First of all, we know just how difficult it is to keep uniforms looking the way they should during this humid weather. However, we should be prepared to change two or three times a week to maintain a reputable standard.

As with considerable items of army issue, the sun tans look pretty good when spick and span but plenty lousy when soiled or wrinkled. This reminds us of an officer who told us that he owned 14 suits of sun tans at OCS and necessarily changed several times a day to meet dress requirements. We should be able to afford two or three changes a week.

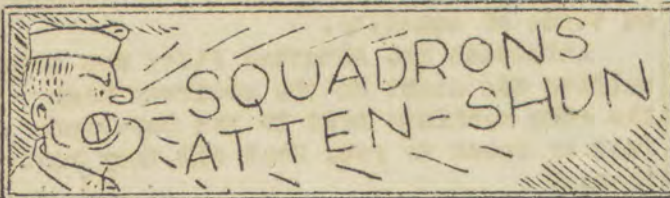
A comment has reached our ears which doesn't sound as if we took much care of our appearance on open post. An outsider sat behind a student in church who attended in a uniform bad enough to cause unfavorable remarks on its sightliness.

What a reflection on our outfit as well as ourselves to wear a sloppy uniform. We've got a snappy outfit so let's keep it looking snappy.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 8



To give the alarm in case of fire or disorder



SQUADRON A

We want to commend W. Bieschke, our former Sqd. Commander, who is now in the flying quintile, on the excellent job he has done in the past. We know he'll make just as good a flyer.

The other afternoon J. D. Bradeley was plenty eager when he beat the squadron commander to the command, "Forward March."

"Shorty" Beaty was really worried the other day when he was informed by an upper classman that he was appointed permanent room orderly of Room 119.

L. "Moose" Arrington is quite a character with his tales of "cock-fights" in the hills of N. Carolina, his home.

G. Gordon has been going around all week smiling very contentedly. We understand that his girl friend visited him last week-end.

G. W. Henderson who has just been put into the flying quintile, says that there is nothing like it, although there's plenty to keep you busy when you're up.

If a fellow thinks he can play pool, don't play the game with D. R. Bacon and M. C. Bain. We don't know whether they just luck their shots or not, but they're pretty good.

What's happening to our Lt's in Sqd. A when they don't know what day it is after taking a short nap. After serving as J.O.D., E.R. Anderson woke up Wednesday afternoon and thought it was Thursday morning roll call.

J. C. Alberts has acquired a new nickname. The boys all call him "Tiger."

It seems that W. G. Ackerman has learned his lesson on introducing his New Hampshire style poker to the men at the American Legion Club. He now has an empty pocket.

W. Arcarde had better hope that his three girl friends he has been corresponding with do not all visit him on the same week-end.

SQUADRON B

With the leaving of the fourth quintile, new authors must take over many of the jobs on the Eager Eagle staff. The one to turn in any tips on Squadron B is now R. T. Bowman in Room 233. Mr. Bowman has written the major part of this column this week.

Squadron D, self-styled "Best Marching Squadron" was obliged to call on Squadron B to get a demonstration of how a good squadron marches in retreat Tuesday afternoon.

We are wondering about the letters that come to R. A. Frey from Wisconsin. Blue Grass comes from Ky. doesn't it?

With military precision J. D. Pitcher had four teeth filled in seven minutes at a dental appointment this week.

Let T. L. Franklin explain his new game of Skinny Dunking to you.

What's this about F. J. Harper receiving a letter signed "your loving daughter" from some saloon?

Who was the fellow that the men in white coats carried away in a straight jacket? Maybe he was the middle man when A/S Lt. W. F. Nalley said "Halt" and A/S Lt. N. C. Robilliard said, "Left flank, march!"

All contributions to the "Socks for Gus Langley" fund should be turned in at the C. Q.'s desk.

We overheard Roy "New Jersey" Cook wanting to know a way to look over the local talent. It is a shame "she" has to come every week-end. Who will volunteer to take care of Cook's girl?

James "Alabama" Cook is looking for a new set of tonsils for extraction purposes. Thought you would be tired of having to go into town every night.

J. G. Findley made good use of that furlough. We here he is now engaged. Quote Findley, "I just did it so the rest of you would have a chance here at the Milk Bar."

All you muscle men make room; D. E. Fairhurst after three days of conditioning, army style, scored 85 on his first P. F. R.

Hats off to the eighth quintile. Six hours open post, a locale belle. Nice going, Eaton.

The C. Q. could find plenty of men for detail by looking in the right places R. C. Bush and J. J. Breeding may get stuck on a detail before they leave unless they make better use of their spare time.

G. Pollard is just a country boy at heart. Shoes are only made for Sunday; or was it that those sneakers were just to keep from shining those shoes twice before Saturday morning inspection.

From this day forward, the men of Squadron B wish to claim the title of the "Konfinement Kids." We have it straight from the barracks bag that W. R. Fischer has applied for G.D.O. Guard Duty Only.

W. E. Firehammer, the "Golden Boy", passed up two very lovely dates just to keep the boys in confinement company. Such a fine attitude will surely be recognized when commissions are passed out.

From all reports the overnight passes issued this past week-end were thoroughly enjoyed. G. H. Goss wants everyone to know that there is nothing like a good orchestra to lift the morale of the soldiers. It is also rumored that H. Gebauer was really a hot pilot Saturday night. Six hours of solo is quite a record for such a time in training.

We would like to hear more of the love life of F. D. Budde. It seems he has a fraternity pin on one and a

gleam in his eye for another. Maybe some of the local talent he has pursued can help solve his riddle.

With the time of F. J. Harper's tenure in Carlisle drawing to a close, what is going to happen to that certain bit of love-ly femininity?

Someone should warn A/S Lt. A. F. Reese that Carlisle Barracks was once an Indian School. One more week in the sun and they will be trying to "give Reese back to the Indians."

A. L. Cermele has injected a personal touch into the business of C. Q. It is not essential, however, to personally invite the under classmen out to formation at the five minute warning.

SQUADRON C

When Squadron C loses the cute, fun and laugh provoking Mara, the good natured Mahoney, the boisterous Kassel, the soft spoken, tall dark Mitchell, the witty Laggren, and their like, it will lose its personality and become no different than any other squadron.

When we came here under-classmen, we resented their "sadistic tyranny"; but it's probable that they carried their authority more becomingly than do the officers recruited from our present ranks.

Red Slade is at Carlisle Barracks waiting to be operated on for a paranoidal cyst. Happy landings, "Red."

Heard at the back entrance of Conway at 1 a. m.: "Halt, or I'll load your head with splinters!"

Most of the fellows who were here before interior guard was instituted claim that there was less delinquency prevalent then. The honor system, they said, worked. Perhaps that was because the officers had the honor and the students had the system.

We are proud to note that the contingent which gently induced popular Van Tuyle to swim in the baby crib at the Boiling Springs Pool, was composed mostly of Squadron C boys.

When Harleth Husted fell out with lipstick smeared all over the front of his shirt, the boys in ranks yelled, "Was she cock-eyed?" But it was all in envy. Husted was out the night before with the tall stately blond Ruth of Milk Bar fame.

Now that McNiel and Malcak are leaving, Lowther will have a difficult time transmitting those programs over station A.W.O.L. Fearless Scroxton, addicted to the sponsor's beverage, Dr. Well's Drink and is under observation. What will happen to him when Dr. Well's is no longer available on the market?

Mara reversed usual procedures, as usual, and stood out on the balcony (fire escape) of Conway and serenaded his wife as she passed below. Mara, you are not so short that you need climb four stories to converse with your wife

on terms of equality.

Attention Mr. Alberts: Fifty men were waiting one night on the stairway near the coke machines next to the day-room just to speak to you. What did they have to say?

SQUADRON D

H. G. Paulsen, room orderly, posted the following notice on his wall: "Please gig me, I'm leaving soon." signed H. G. von Paulsen Finklestein. Was he surprised to find upon his return the following notation in small letters, "I did--J.B.M."

Apologies to A/S Lt. Szitas for misspelling his name last week. But, after all.....

Why was the flying quintile so anxious to get on guard duty Tuesday night? Only two made it, they being former Com. Person and his first sergeant Robertson.

Squadron E was so elated at winning the ribbon Sat. that there was no restraining their enthusiasm. Well, can you blame them? After being frustrated for so long.

It is reported from reliable sources that Mire's girlfriend refuses to see him ever again.

Salomi, pigs knuckles, kraut, cheese, crackers, canned goods--what will you have in the line of groceries? See Starchy Stillerman, who received a box of stuff big enough to stock a delicatessan.

For once, the Navy beat out the Air Corps--a sailor marrying Peterman's girl right out from under his nose. She called from Chicago, utilizing more than an hour to break the news.

Club 22 staged a big review and parade outside Old East. With pseudo General, Colonel, Major, et al. For the first time in history, a review was held without a private participating. Everybody in this one was at least a Squadron Commander.

Supply Sgt. Tomb has in a new supply of t.s.slips--with black borders, yet.

If it takes an operation to get 'em, start cutting, doc. Yeah, R. Solberg and Spencer both got luscious 6 day passes on account of their operations.

Korshinsky graduated from NYCC last week, all 'cept he wasn't there in person. (For a very good reason) He and roommates George and Friedman celebrated appropriately, anyway.

With 1/3 of Squadron D on Guard duty Tuesday, we allowed one platoon of Sqdn. B. to fill in for us. They picked up quite a few pointers of snappy marching.

Little foxes, raccoons, and escaped convicts tremble when Squadron C comes down the street. Have no fear, shaky ones; it is not a blood hound--just Commander Johnson baying cadence.

After two months, Tootikian finally investigated that lump in his mattress. Guess what he found--a crowbar! Whatta man, whatta man!

Rephan bet Rea a swift kick that he

(continued on page 5)

could do forty push-ups. He did 23. Rea collected, but good. They gave Rephan a chance to reciprocate for a measly quarter.

Wonder if Com. John B. Mitchell knows that his roommates keep up with his day by day diary entries?

SQUADRON E

All members of Squadron E fell out Sunday morning for roll call in their class A uniforms, per usual---all except Squadron Commander Van Tuyle, who fell out in fatigues and with no shoes or socks. That's alright, Van. Next time we will give you more time or maybe you would like Sunday breakfast in bed the next time.

Does anyone know why Marv "F. S." Wilson has been smoking cigars?

Sight of the week is the shoe display under Tom Zetkov's bed.

J. R. Tricou is racking his brain for a way to establish Thursday as official bow tie day.

H. H. Ryan is an expert on teas. His latest was a discussion on dehydrated mint leaves.

Smoky Whittles enjoyed the floor show as much as the musical Wed. night.

The lady in blue from Chicago who visited Beldon Wright is going to come again. Let's keep on the ball this time Bell!

Slugger Yahnel has substituted tomatoes for raw meat on his training diet. They are the same color, aren't they, Otto

Lyman Warfield has become a ready reference for Prof. Atwater. Tough when you are trying to sleep, ain't it, War?

Eager Beaver Art Zimmerman is taking no chances with his health. He drinks a pint of milk regularly at 1910 each eve.

No column would be complete without mentioning Johnnie Strong. They say he is going to make a good flyer.

Tom Vincent, ace coon chaser from ye olde south land, has been conducting wild life classes in front of Old East. Tuesday's lesson was on quail.

Harold Wells spent 4 hours last Sat. locating his sisters who were also looking for him.

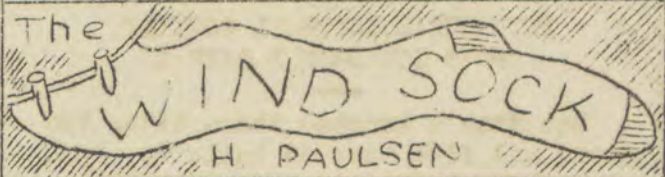
Dick White made a good showing with his "slush pump" at the PX opening.

D.R. Sweetman feels that salt and pepper are essential to personal hygiene. Does it really keep blankets clean, Cpl?

It is rumored that A/S Lt. Soergel has taken up fishing as a Saturday afternoon sport.

Van Tuyle finally broke down and passed out a few gigs out on the drill field Tuesday.

L. A. White was seen wandering around at 0930 the day after guard duty stating he had had enough sleep. Whatta man! Or maybe we should say what a corporal of the guard he must have had. Of course this is all in fun, L. A.



Well, this is it, our last column before investigating the pleasures of K.P. at Nashville. (Or is it Nashville) We have it on good authority that classification centers are what they are because as such they instill a horror of washing out. Nothing like a jigger of K.P. with a dash of interior guard to keep one eager. We had our fill of K.P. at Shepard Field coming a near miss of getting a merit badge for being the best clipper pilot in the Basic Training Command.

Carlisle will hold a lot of memories for those of us who are leaving. The startling greenness of the campus and the first magnolia blossoms...that first beer on our first open post, and the look of running water after the red dust of Texas. The camaraderie of the James Wilson Bar; the quaintness of the town.

Omar (A/S Briskin) eminent prognosticator and prophet sends in the observation for the day. We quote: "The trouble with the 32nd C. T. D. is that there is too much song and no wine and women... Omar also begs us to remind you fortunates who will remain within the cool ivy sanctuary of Dickinson that the flying group is the modern version of Cox's army--flatter 'n a 4F's feet. No pay here ditto Nashville. Be generous brothers, we'll send a money order, honest.

BEST MARCHERS

All the squadrons took a back seat last Saturday when Squadron E carried off the honors as best group on the drill field. Col. E.W. White was present.

AIR CORPS ADVICE



Airport Advice:

Keep your eyes open don't lose your head over a woman.

INTRAMURAL SOFTBALL CONTEST
PUTS SQUADRON B OVER A

Squadron B bunched three hits, two errors and five base on balls to score a 4-3 victory over A in softball Friday afternoon. Kaster hurled six hit ball and gave no free passes in scoring the victory. Goldman, hurling for the losers, was fast but wild. Barten and Baird led the hitters for A; Barten got the only extra base blow and Baird hit two for two. Kirly drove in two runs on one of B's three hits in the second.

Summary:

	Runs	Hits	Errors
A	3	6	2
B	4	3	1

HOT PILOTS BUZZ CAMPUS

Two advanced pilot training ships, twin motored AT 17 and AT 10's, executed the maneuver known as "buzzing the town" Tuesday. Even the college smoke stack dodged as the planes gave the students at Dickinson a thrill. Concensus of opinion is that they were piloted by Carlisle's AAF men. What we need is a buzz or two a week to keep us eager.

STUDENT WRITES FROM PRE-FLIGHT;
TELLS ABOUT BURMA ROAD TRAINING

Ben James, college coach and 32nd athletic director received a letter from Arthur Balik, who is now at Maxwell Field undergoing pilot training. The former 32nd man had the following to say:

"I can't possibly stress too much the importance of calisthenics and running. Every day we have one hour of P.T., which includes a variety of the following: Calisthenics, dumb-bell exercises, wands, obstacle course, cross-country, Burma Road, and also twice around a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile track. It's really quite a program, and it certainly has been doing me a world of good. The Burma Road consists of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of running along narrow paths, up-hill and down-hill, jumping across streams, etc., and frankly, it's a pretty tough assignment. As for cross-country, it varies from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, free style. The only time we run in cadence is from our own area to the field and back. Calisthenics down here are really rigorous and we have 45 minutes of it at a time without rest. They seem to emphasize arms and shoulders in these exercises.

That's about all I can think of for now. If there are any questions, I would appreciate your writing to me. I hope that I've convinced you that the P. T. program at Dickinson College should be stepped up for the benefit of prospective pilots.

There are quite a few fellows from Dickinson College in my squadron, not to mention the group on the wing."

PROFESSORIAL
PORTRAITS



DR. PARLIN

We sat in a little book filled office, stuffed with papers, and talked. Here at last was a real honest to goodness physicist. Dr. Parlin, senior member of the physics department has spent a lifetime pursuing the derivation of the famous finagle formula, the boon of harassed physics students the world over.

Born, bred, and educated on the plains of Iowa, Dr. Parlin still speaks with a midwestern twang. He went to Simpson College near Des Moines, took his masters degree at Iowa University, and his doctors degree at John Hopkins. Before coming to Dickinson in 1930, he taught at Emory University in Georgia. Since then though, Dr. Parlin has remained true to the dear old red and white.

In his spare time, this proud father of three daughters, likes to work in his home shop--making experimental equipment. Now you can stop wondering where some of those wierd pieces of apparatus come from. Daddy also confessed (under pressure) that he also used to play trumpet, but he is much too busy to be indulging in these vicissitudes today. Giving examinations and marking them occupy too much of his time.

Another of the ebullient doctor's interests is aerodynamics and meteorology stemming from the days when he taught ground work for the Civilian Pilot Training course that used to be given at Dickinson. Determined to know exactly what he was talking about when he discussed aviation, he went up in a plane. "It was just like a three dimensional roller coaster," he says.

Today, Dr. Parlin's weather prophesying experience is being turned to better use than ever. Every day, a little before calisthenics time rolls around, a group of hopeful A/Sers respectfully listen as he estimates the chances of rain. Now, sir, if you could only apply some of the physics, and invent a little rain-maker, well.....

WHAT, NO SNOWSHOES!

The fellows who really brought shoe rationing on are R. R. Stead and J. E. Watt, Squadron E habitues. In the long E squad room in Old East one day last week we noticed a double deck bunk with a solid row of shoes on the floor from one bed post to the other. On closer investigation we found the following: 4 pairs of G-I's, 3 pairs of civilians, 1 pair of house shoes, 1 pair of tennis shoes, 1 pair of basketball shoes, 1 pair of baseball shoes--no snow-shoes!

OUR LOSS IS APPARENT

Whenever the fourth quintile leaves the Eager Eagle will be shorn of some able men. Included in this group are some of your favorite columnists, Chas. Tibbs whose Prop Wash has told of flying activities; H. C. Fisher who wrote of sports across the nation and at the 32nd; "Historic Carlisle" chronicler, Joe Pitzinger who liked to write about ghosts and certainly Howard Paulsen, entrepreneur of that chatty "Windsock" column, which was liable to be about anything in general but always good.

W. F. Nalley, and R. Hancock, both competent feature writers will be in the group leaving as well as Alden Soirez, our correspondent from Squadron E.

We feel sure, too, that this time we will lose Al Hartley to the Army. He is, as everyone must know, cartoonist extraordinary and proprietor of the "Third Louies" strip. T. S., we say.

About all we can say is that if you can write, we need you. And have you heard that the entire newspaper staff will be given open post on June 31st?

"Mr. Smith," said the instructor, "how far were you from the correct answer?"
"Only three seats, sir."

SEE THE FIRST SERGEANT

Everybody tells me to see the first sergeant. I don't know why. If I wake up a little late in the morning, and run out to roll call in my raincoat, they tell me to see my first sergeant. When I stroll out of the mess hall a little early after chow, the Squadron Commander says, "Report to your first sergeant." And even when I take a walk around the campus, I meet the lieutenant, and he says, "See your first sergeant."

If I scratch my nose at retreat, there is always somebody that whispers, "Report to your first sergeant." And the same thing happens if I whistle at girls while we're marching. The day I forgot to sign the departure book, they told me to see the same guy. I became a little tired of hearing that phrase, so I told the squadron commander. You know what he tells me? That's right, "See the first sergeant." ---- So on it goes.

"Your button's open, mister. Report to the first sergeant."

"Spit out the gum, and report...etc."

"Don't you ever shine your shoes, mister? Explain to the f. s."

"You say you didn't feel like going to calisthenics? Well, you see the first sergeant, and tell him all about it."

It's beginning to get on my nerves hearing that phrase so often...What, you say my name is on the bulletin board and I have 200 tours? They can't do this to me. I'm going to see the first sgt.



THE PILOT'S 23RD PSLAM

1. As the telephone operator who giveth wrong numbers, so is he who extolleth his exploits in the air.

2. He shall enlarge upon the dangers of his adventures, but in my sleeve shall be heard the tinkling of silvery laughter

3. Let not thy familiarity with airplanes breed contempt, lest thou become exceedingly careless at a time when care is necessary to thy well-being.

4. My son, obey the law and observe prudence. Spin thou not lower than 1500 cubits nor stunt above thine own domicile For the hand of the law is heavy and reacheth far and wide throughout the land.

5. Incur not the wrath of thy Commander by breaking the rules; for he who maketh right-hand circuits shall be cast out into utter darkness.

6. Let not thy prowess in the air persuade thee that others cannot do even as thou doest; for he that showeth off in public places is an abomination unto his fellow pilots.

7. More praiseworthy is he who can touch tail-skid and wheels to earth at one time, than he who loopeth and rolleth till some damsel stares in amazement at his daring.

8. He who breaketh an undercarriage in a forced landing, may, in time, be forgiven, but he who taxieth into another plane shall be despised forever.

9. Beware the man who taketh off without looking behind him, for there is not health in him verily, I say unto you his days are numbered.

10. Clever men take the reproofs of their instructor in the same wise, one like unto another; with witty jest, confessing their dumbness and regarding themselves with humor. Yet they try again profiting by his wise counsel and taking not offense at aught that has been said.

11. As a postage stamp which lacketh glue, so are the words of caution to a fool; they stick not, going in one ear and out the other, for there is nothing between to stop them.

12. My son, hearken unto my teachings and forsake not the laws of prudence, for the reckless shall not inhabit the earth for long.

13. Hear instructions and be wise, and refuse it not; thus wilt thou fly safely; length of days and life of peace shall be added unto thee.

Recently, there was a rumor about the post that we were going to get 700 Simmons mattresses. We investigated and found it was a lot of bunk.

HISTORIC CARLISLE

J. PITZINGER



Conway Hall, the gift of Andrew Carnegie in memory of Moncure D. Conway, was built in 1900. It was operated as a preparatory school until 1917 when the college made it the Freshman Dormitory.

Now you jerks (I am from Old East) will start strutting around when you hear what the former tenants paid for their rooms. Here are some of the room rent charges per year: room 101, \$260.00; room 210, \$230.00; room 229, \$115.00; room 332, \$90.00, and room 431, \$85.00.

And for you room orderlies; before you moved here, two janitors were employed during the day and for the you-know-whos there was a watchman at night.

In the catalogue of Dickinson College for 1838-9 there was a two dollar charge per session for "warming and use of recreation rooms." The college rules said that no student should receive money from anyone but his patron. The patron was the student's parents if the student came from Carlisle, but if from some other town, the parents appointed a member of the faculty as patron.

In those days of old, the necessary expenses for a college year were estimated to be \$129.25.

In 1840 there was a grammar school which was designed to prepare students

for college. The students had to be at least ten years of age and have some acquaintance with the elementary English branches.

SAXAFONEST VOLUNTEERS FOR BAND; GUARANTEES HE'S A HEP CAT

Shortly after the band was formed, it became apparent that the organization needed a few more reed instruments. This paper published a short notice to that effect. Now, Robert Miller, who is in charge of the band, tells us he received the following note from some Joe Miller character:

Dear Sir:--Ibeen readen tha newspaper where it say you needs a sax-a-fonest. I been a blowin my guts out on this here outfit fer goen on now about three year and I speck I got it perty good fer now. My gal done told me that I is a sho nuff hep cat. I reads musik some 'but them $\frac{1}{4}$ and 8 nots is perty t.s. I plays a mean hot corus. I ain't got no e flat altoe but this here horn is a b flat sup ranno and its got a crook in it what makes it apere like a e flat altoe from some distanc a far off.

If yo sho nuff needs a steamin rug cutter yo had better come and see me at Conway on da double. I got a perty red shirt I wears if yo lets me play solo and Lieut. Smith sez I kin.

musikly yours, P. P. Snafu

THIRD LOUIES

VOLUNTEER

AL HARTLEY-

