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The EAGER EAGLE



Vol. 1, No. 8

Friday, July 2, 1943

Carlisle, Penna.

CIVILIAN RECEPTION MONDAY

TAYLOR AVIATION FLIGHT INSTRUCTION
HAS PROVEN SAFE FOR
'HOT PILOTS' OF THE 32ND.

Despite a schedule which waits for no man, an impressive safety record has been amassed by the three women and nineteen men who are acting as flight instructors at the Wilson Airport. Over 4500 hours of dual instruction has been logged since the first of April when the aviation student training program was launched. During that time only two minor accidents have occurred. One caused by a sudden gust of wind which overturned a stationary plane and the other was one involving a parking plane.

Twenty eight planes, Piper Cubs, Cruisers, and JT-3's as well as several Taylorcrafts, composes the government owned fleet of trainers. Each plane is constantly checked by a crew of eight mechanics, repairs being made in a hanger at the field.

According to W.F. Taylor, who leases the facilities of the Wilson Airport for the student training program, procurement of spare parts to keep planes flying constitutes the biggest maintenance problem.

Due to the 250 or 300 landings and take-offs daily, maintenance problems are greater than for a similar period of straight line flying. One hundred hours of logged flight is an average time flown per day. A government inspector at the field certifies all plane maintenance.

Constant Program

Each student of the 32nd gets ten hours of flight at the school. Rain seldom interferes with flight instruction but visibility and ceiling dictated by Civil Air Regulations i.e., one mile visibility and 1000 foot ceiling. With the light ships, wind cannot exceed fifteen miles per hour for safe take off and landing conditions.

Student performance is graded by the the instructors at the completion of each 45 minutes of flight. At the end of five and ten hours, check flights are given the students. Records of flying ability of each trainee follows the student to classification center and plays an important part in determining the future role of the student in the air force.

The initial "open house" of the 32nd is to be held Monday, July 5th, with prominent army men attending as well as citizens of Carlisle and other visitors.

Open post for the visiting public will start at ten o'clock, at which time ball teams representing Old East dormitory and Conway Hall will battle for victory in this decisive game of a tied series at Biddle Field.

Officers from Carlisle Barracks are expected to take advantage of the visiting period, as well as Col. Lewis H. Dayton, the Commanding Officer of the AAF Intelligence school at Harrisburg and Capt. van Patton, U.S.N., Commanding Officer of the Navy Supply Depot near Mechanicsburg.

The officers will review the detachment at Biddle Field while it passes in parade in front of the grandstand between 3:00 and 3:30.

Retreat At Flag Staff

Formal retreat ceremonies will be held on the campus between 4:00 and 4:30.

Between 4:30 and 5:30, Old East as well as the mess hall will be open to the public inspection. At the same time the detachment orchestra will play on the lawn between the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity house and the gymnasium. Major Hartigan and staff officers of the 32nd will be present at the lawn reception.

Invitations have been mailed to young men in 1943 graduating classes of Carlisle Mechanicsburg, and Boiling Springs high schools, and they will be personal guests of the Commanding Officer. These young men will be greeted at headquarters and taken on a conducted tour of the campus.

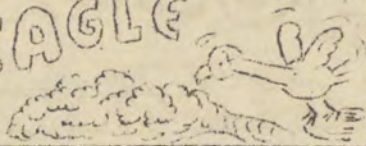
Open post for Aviation Students will start at 1730 Monday night and last until 2300, with taps at 2330.

Students Invited To MFSS

Brig. Gen. Addison D. Davis, commandant of the MFSS, has extended an invitation to the C.O., staff, and all A/S of the 32nd CTD to attend an open air show at Stark Field commencing at 8:30. The show is in preparation for a visit by Major Bowes talent scouts. A \$50 bill will be awarded the winner. Many excellent presentations are expected.

Families and friends of 32nd A/S may accompany them to the entertainment.

The EAGER EAGLE



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

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Sports-----P. Wycoff
War Commentary-----M. Edwards

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

COCKPIT FOGS

How long has it been since you left home for your basic training---three, four, or five months? Since that day you left the family fireside, you've probably been "running down" in flying enthusiasm. For three or four months all the NCO's and goats in the army have been hollering at you; all you've done so far is to drill like any dogface and try to decode a dozen or more thick textbooks.

Lately you've been mentally lost---in a cockpit fog---thinking they've entirely sidetracked you from a B-17 or a P-47. Tain't so, son, tain't so. When you start in on that C.A.R. course and climb on the bus for the airport it all comes back to you. You really want to fly and finally realize that you are going to get a chance at it.

A fellow we know was registering a mighty gripe a week or two ago. Said he, "I'm farther away from flying now than I've ever been. All I do is study and I can't get more than half the lessons---I'd be better off in the infantry." He'd hit such a low that he was way off the beam, and didn't care.

However, this week it's a different story. This same student is really eager. His name was listed on one of the flight lists and now he's one of the best soldiers in his quintile.

Patience is a winning virtue. Don't ever let that grounded feeling louse up your record; when you get that throttle button in your left hand any day now, you will feel mighty foolish about your previous misgivings. Be just a little more patient fellows and Keep Eager.

General Order No. 6

HOT PILOTS

Probably this is not the place for a dissertation on acrobatic flying because most of us will have scant opportunity to indulge in uncontrolled flying while here. However, some of us are liable to get the idea that hedge hopping is what every hot pilot must do. Plenty of really good flyers have been washed out when they hit basic training because they stunted inordinately or took long chances.


Tales have been reaching us about pilots buzzing the swimming pool at Boiling Springs, as well as that incident near the riding academy where a couple of planes were dusting 'em off.

Don't start flying with the idea that you have to be a quiz kid behind the prop. Hot flying is alright to watch but you'd better forget about it until after you get your wings.

Salt tablets and dispensers have been ordered and will soon be placed in the mess hall and several other locations.



To receive, obey, and pass on to the sentinel who relieves me all orders from the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and noncommissioned officers of the guard only.



SQUADRONS ATTEN-SHUN

SQUADRON A

We wonder what M. C. Governor Bain's secretary meant when she said that she was going to limit him to hand-holding from now on. Could it be the warm weather?

"Slick" Donalson and Enrietto have been practicing up on commando tactics using brooms and coke bottles for guns and Molotov Cocktails. Can't imagine why flying has affected them this way.

If any of you fellows want to know the process in paper making, ask Broussard, also about the fellow in his home town who could lick six fellows at one time with ease. How about it, Broussard.

Last Saturday night Hal Holloway was seen at the Molly Pitcher Hotel waiting to meet a certain young lady, and it so happened that five other fellows were waiting for the same young lady!

W. Ackerman was putting a young lady on the train Saturday night when the train suddenly left the station with him aboard. Luckily he jumped off without injuring anyone, despite the fact that the train was going at a fairly good rate of speed. Maybe he'll learn not to become so engrossed next time.

Squadron A men on guard posts around Old East come back with exaggerated tales of moans and groans emanating from the squadron E section. Our cohorts who lamented the oppression of "do or die" Biescjke would really have something to shriek about if they had to endure the lash of Van Tuyle. All we can say is T. S., boys.

Our laments were profound when the stoic Skalemenos, good natured Gebauer and chipper Chernin hauled freight. Maybe we'll learn to like the new administration, too.

SQUADRON B

"B" must stand for "ball" because Squadron B is not only "on the ball", but seems to have the ball players. Isn't there some squadron which can offer "B" some competition? Of course, there probably aren't any pitchers who can stop sluggers like Dick Shemansky, Danny Fairhurst, and Eddie "Shorty" Fee.

Squadron B is seriously considering making "Butch" its official mascot, provided it meets with R. Sibinski's approval.

W.R. Fisher was rambling around in double time Sat. nite with everything lined up, but still asking for aid. Did someone come thru, Bill, or did you spend a miserable Saturday night?

What kind of war paint could R. K.

Carlton be thinking about? Does she spread it on thick, or are misinterpreting obvious signs?

It seems that a certain fella by the name of Pierindozzi has been keeping his distance from the "Milk Bar" recently--- can it be because of your visitor, Tony? Tony Cermele really works this overnight pass for the song was saved until just the opportune moment.

Tell us how it feels to be a civilian even the short time you have, W. M. Havton. Is it true that you just bought a zoot suit to get is style?

B. G. Bunn was caught trying to make a sergeant out of himself the other day to get out of details. You'll get a green tag some day, Bennie G.

It has been note lately that R. G. "Sleepy" Bush has decided to give up that precious name of Rip Van Winkle, now that he is a sergeant.

We all wonder why W. H. Gray waited until the sections, or should we say fliers, were arranged. Could it be that you are just afraid of work, or do you like to slppe, Bill?

That ring of J. Findley's is six hundred miles away--just far enough not to slow you up, eh Johnny?

Roge Campbell is what some people call "True Blue". He won't even look at local talent much. Well-ll, looking won't hurt, if you only look.

Men of Squadron B, let's leave a bed or two on the third floor. When (?) the new men come in, some of them may want to sleep. "Ace" Coddington went back Monday to get the floor of his room, but found it nailed down. Better luck next time, "Ace".

It was nice to see the way the Squadron A reporter took such a liberal slant on the race question Saturday night. How was she as a date, Bancroft?

R. T. Cosgrove thought the dentist tried to extract his face from his teeth last Tuesday. That's all right, "Cos"; plastic surgery can do wonders if you need a new face. After all, you've got the flesh.

SQUADRON C

Under the able guidance of Commander Crenshaw, Adj. Smous, and the other officers, Squadron C again assumes its place as the leader of the 32 CTD. The new officers, we are proud to say, didn't have to wash their faces as hard as some people on this post.

Room 417 is complaining that they lost the finest roommate they ever had--ask A/S Davis why.

We hear that hot-pilot Irving Sloan uses his flight cap instead of a cup when feeling woozy in the air. Why be different, Ivr?

A/S Hensley and Hudson report "situation well in hand" over at Shippensburg. Squadron C boasts the only living man

able to land a plane by himself after only one flight. Take a bow, Ace Herrling.

Thanks to the advice of "Shorty" Hourrigan, Joe Jacobson's marriage last Sat. turned out to be a smooth affair.

Bob Louthier claims the next meeting of "Wilbank's Store" will be at the Black Cat in Nashville.

Fearless Scroxton is still his Doctor Wells, purchased at Wilbanks before O'Neil and his boys moved on to Nashville, but shows no improvement.

If anyone is lucky enough to get that owl on post 4, the ante has been raised by Henry Senke.

Remember the bowling games between Mara and Mahoney, the friendliness of Mitchell and Laggren? These boys will long be in the memories of Squadron C, for they were the men who made it the best on this post.

A. G. and D. C. Smith must believe that "we could make such beautiful music together". Art does compare with Rubin-off or Heifitz. But, seriously, Smith can really make music on the viliin.

A/S Servin again lived on his diet of aspirin last Sunday. What do you do on Saturday nights, Dick?

Lover Herrling has lost his line, as Squadron B has moved in.

Those two 5 day wonders from Atlantic City still don't realize that they are no longer civilians--perhaps someone should help them out. Let's get on the ball.

The 7th quintile must have more on the ball than the 6th in Sqdn. C. As most new officers are from the former.

A/S Shelter really provided his friends with a good time last Sunday. Heard as the party boys trooped unsteadily up Conway's stairs, "Itsh was a wonderful party!"

SQUADRON D

When Jim Stevens had his broken thumb set, the medical department neglected to have him remove his shirt. Result: Jim either had to rip his sleeve or go around in the same clothes for about a month. He ripped.

"You know where I can find the Sgt?" a voice asked Henry George, as he sat with his back to the squad room door, merrily typing away. "Couldn't tell you, bud", he replied without looking up. Little did he know that the voice was that of Lieutenant Leitz!

Hoo hah, wot you know! Proulx is beaming all over himself this week. Tuesday he discovered a whole new hair had grown in on the top of his head!

Doings of Club 22: Every night Jerry Strouss narrates the biographies of our members. Notable were those of MacArthur Spellman, Moose Soloman, and Harry the Turk Tashjian...How lilting the nights since Solberg brought his violin home.... Roger "Trenchmouth" Teachout kissed "Gargantua" Zetkov. That's what playing spin

the bottle will do for you.

Doc Savage magazines hold a strange fascination for Jay "Supersnooper" Turner.

"I don't want no empty spaces in these halls at all times." Will someone please explain this to us. Please!

So peaceful since the 4th quintile left. And so lonesome too. At one roll check, Cpl. Throcky Thorngate reported "All men present or accounted for," and not a single man was in his squad.

Hey! How about Conway taking a whole afternoon off from calisthenics to change their rooms???? While East was there as usual, having only the time from 6 to 8 p.m. to change!!!

Our smallest man had the longest face Wednesday as he received the shortest pay check. Joe Spicketts looked longingly toward the soldier's relief can and passed by with only 3 cents in change left.

Shippensburg now holds a strong attraction for "Miller" Rephan and Art Vincent. As they walked down the streets of that hamlet last week-end, a perfectly strange, and perfectly lovely, girl stopped them on the street, exclaiming to Art "Oh, you look just like Tarzan!" Yeah, she had a firend, so the boys didn't lack guidance in their tour of the sights.

More than one flyer has become a member of Murrell Stansell's "Ice Cream Club."

Difference between two Squadron Commanders: Squadron E's tries to run his by "putting the fear of Van Tuyle into them"; Sqdn. D's Springer wants "love of cooperation."

That strange gibberish of pigden French and English that Bill Tice and Marion Spinks (that's me) now affect, is the result of Saturday nite's beer. Thees talk, she sound so nice at that time. The throbles ees, wance started, we no can stop. Ooh la, la--wot you know!!

SQUADRON E

Ken Wood thought that he was having a hard job getting the room clean when he had Burt Wixson and "George" Woodhouse to put up with. Now Dick Wicker has joined the boys, and Ken is going crazy.

Well, the privates of this famous squadron have found out how to get out of evening study hall. Guard duty took care of Mon and Tues sessions, and a G. I. party took care Wed. and Thurs. What will it be next?

Squadron E got a chance to do something first for a change. They inaugurated the new 24 hour guard.

Jake Schottel is exhibiting one of the deepest towel scars seen on the campus, even when Joe College was supreme.

Hal Wells, E stern inter-collegiate boxing champ 145, is anxiously awaiting the day this rag is printed, so he can have his picture printed.

Sloppy Ev Williams of Room 212 does some amazing things. How did he ever be-

(Continued on Page 5)

come a corporal? Also, we hear he made an amazing recovery after lying for two days in the infirmary. Did that little girl from Shamokin have anything to do with it?

Lyman Warfield, ex-capt. of Cornell's track team has made some good showings here and there. It is a drill field rumor that he is one of the best hurdlers in the East.

An expert skating exhibition was staged when N. P. Wagner slipped on the hall-floor that Yates and Whitlin were really GI'ing.

Supply Sgt. Wilson felt he was wasting his time writing for his pay. Raif collected at least 3 bucks.

Tex Wallis, our old gig master, 1st sgt. to you, stood all the way to Nashville and slept on the floor. Who said that the "lucky 22" were going in Pullman cars?

After hearing E. F. Wagner, alias "Honds" sing, your correspondent can't figure out why he didn't try out for the choir.

Dave Wallbridge says: "Just feel sorry for me--I sleep above Warfield."

Paper shortage or no, "Bat" Thigpen took both side of four pages to tell his ma about his first day in the air.

Sight of the week was 1st Sgt. Varnado rushing out of the door with a hand full of notices to read just as "Hank" Van Tuyle dismissed the Sqdn. Wed. morn.

They say that M. Spinks of Sqdn. D is charging 50¢ to put names in his column. We only charge two bits.

OLD EAST 5

CONWAY 0

It may be old news for everyone, but it's good news for Old East. Yes, the fellows avenged the close defeat suffered earlier in the baseball season by turning the tables on Conway.

A/S Whetstone made his last fling at Dickinson a glorious one. He not only pitched a one-hitter, but also punched out a timely triple. The game winning runs came in the second inning when Walt Varnado connected for a mighty two-run homer. Little Jimmy Stevens, catcher for Old East, was hit on the thumb by a pitched ball, and is now sporting a broken thumb. To be more exact, it was broken in five different places. Tough luck, Jim.

Old East is still challenging you, Conway. What have you got to day?

C LOSES THIRD IN A ROW

A powerful 4th inning uprising by D clinched the game. Six runs came across the plate. Final score of the one-sided affair was 7-1. The Conway boys were holding their own until their defense fell to pieces.

PROFESSORIAL PORTRAITS



PROFESSOR SCHECHTER

A devotee of loose white shirts with trousers to match, Professor Ralph Schechter, musician extraordinary, speech instructor, and the pride and joy of Illinois (the S is not pronounced, son) loves to gambol along on his bicycle and smoke home rolled cigarettes. His first love is English, although music runs a close second in his interests. In fact, the little office is chock full of records and musical instruments, and the good doc devotes much of his time developing the band of which we're all so proud.

Dr. Schechter's career began back in the days when he went to the University of Illinois. After deciding to major in English, he took post graduate work at the University of London. Then came the war, and Private Schechter shipped overseas with the 23rd Engineers. He became leader of the band; which, once it got into the combat area, spent its time repairing roads.

After 21 months on the other side, Johnny finally came marching home. It took him six months to get back, so he admonishes us to be patient when our turn comes. By the way, he never got a furlough, either.

Home from the wars, Professor Schechter got a job teaching English at Dickinson College. He's been here ever since, teaching and bringing up a family, which consists of three boys and a girl. Two of Dr. Schechter's sons are in the Air Corps; one about to get his wings, and the other awaiting the call to active duty. The daughter, he claims, is a "honey", and very partial to aviation students. Walk, do not run, fellows.

Dr. Schechter has always wanted to fly himself. But the closest he ever came, he tells us, is when he was in France and a 17 year old pilot wanted to take him up for a package of "ceegarettes american". It was a bargain until he saw the plane. Then he just gave the butts to the kid and walked away. It was a Wrights' Bros. nightmare.

The professor believes that this new college training for soldiers is going to alter the entire field of education after the war. College education will no longer be the namby-pamby country club affair that it has generally been up to now. The gov't will be sending soldiers to schools, and will expect them to learn something. So a great reform will result, and it will be better for all concerned.

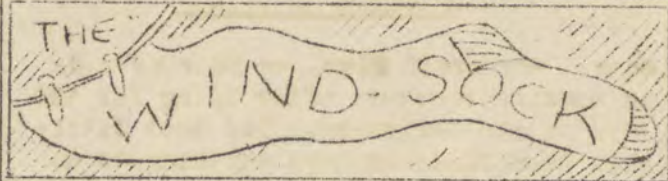
We hope so, Doc, we certainly do hope so.

PHYSICS TEACHER ENJOYS VISIT FROM
FLYING FIRST LIEUTENANT SON

Members of the Eager Eagle staff had the good fortune of meeting and talking to Lieut Chas. W. Gruber, Jr., last Wednesday. He is Operations Officer at the advanced twin motor school at Seymour Indiana, Friedman Field, and flew to Carlisle in company with another plane on a night operational flight.

Lieut Gruber explained several phases of his work at Freeman Field and touched upon his various experiences since joining the AAF in October, 1941. He received primary training at Jackson, Miss., basic at Greenville in the same state, and graduated from advanced school at Columbus, Miss.

His father is Prof. C.W. Gruber, instructor in the physics department of Dickinson war college. From all indications, we might say that Dr. Gruber is justly proud of his son.



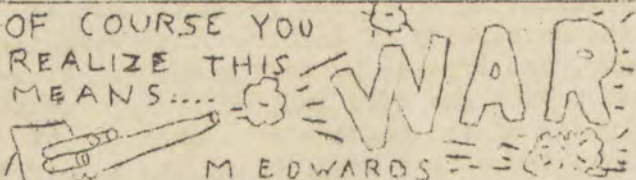
Looking backward: Having just begun the last stage of our training here, and destined soon to leave for the wilds of Tennessee in the very near future, we feel in a very reminiscent mood. Do you remember when there was no such thing as guard duty, open post only one day a week, no band, no chorus, no newspaper, and the PX was at Conway Hall? And to go back a little further (information obtained from the dear departed fourth quintile) in the infancy of our detachment, we're told that meals were eaten from paper plates, men were barracked in the gym, and the road run was five miles instead of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ we enjoy today. So what are you kicking about, you lucky devils?

Cherchez la femme note: We know a girl in Harrisburg (we really do) who claims that the best place to go on Saturday night is the U.S.O. Boathouse along the banks of the swirling Susquehanna. Gertie claims that there are oodles of belles demoiselles just dying to meet you. In fact, when you enter the float dance hall, she says, they ask you your choice--you can have anything from titian haired beauties to albinos.

If you don't believe Gertie, try the boat on your next open post (if you have one). Frankly, we prefer the Bolton Harder drinks and softer women.

The T. S. slip of the week goes to the optimistic A/S who met a girl, rented a room in the Penn Harris, and then spent a very lonely night trying to use up \$4.50 worth of towels and electricity.

Rumor dept: Since student officers don't get guard duty, and neither do the flyers, nor the band except on Sundays, we hear that Sgt. Yasvac is applying for a pair of roller skates to be worn by the members of the guard. In that way, the two privates who are left will be able to cover the entire post. After all, fellows, it's $98\frac{1}{2}\%$ training. Even if they are going to equip the guards with Garands, it's still only $98\frac{1}{2}\%$.
Gimmie another beer, Joe.



AXIS CITIES BECOME BOOMING TOWNS

The Axis bandwagon is sounding off to the reverberations of crashing bombs. Herr Dr. Goebbels, D.L.M. (Doctor of Lies and Misinformation) has declared that the air assault now being staged by the Allies should be verboten. That is, only because the planes have circles and stars instead of the crooked cross, or rising sun.

Seems as though the Axis started something they couldn't finish. It was perfectly all right for the Japanese to mercilessly bomb a Chinese that had no air defenses, as far back as 1937; it was fine when German planes ruthlessly wiped out large Polish cities such as Warsaw; and it was touching to hear such brave Italians as Mussolini's son-in-law boast of the beautiful sight he saw when Ethiopian natives were "blown up like the petals of roses opening when they bloom." In those days it was quite according to Hoyle to literally disintegrate populated areas, even though there were no military objectives nearby.

Now that the air crescendo is rising with increasing strength from Allied bases, and it is Fritz, Tony and Toto who must turn tail and dive into the nearest shelter, "it just ain't humane to bomb"--or so it says here in very small German print. It is only the beginning boys, only the beginning.

Premier Hideki Tojo of Japan, in a speech to the Japanese Diet, issued a strong warning that Lippon may be bombed again. Which caused the Japs to cry out for a change of Diet.

The war in Burma will see little activity until late September. The monsoon season has set in with its long periods of heavy rain. Certain sections of that country have an average total rainfall of 130 inches during July and August. Compare this to New York City's annual precipitation of about 42 inches. Both sides are taking advantage of the bad weather and mud to prepare for the Fall campaign. Here's hoping that our side will be able to strike first. Indication that they will is evident.

"NEEDLE NERVES"

On the immunization record, they call it Triple Typhoid Anti-Toxin or something. That's what made me feel so bad from the beginning. I don't mind gigs or details so much, but the thought of taking shots leaves me cold.

That's why when they marched me over to that ominous white house that they call the infirmary, and I saw the bodies being carted away out the back door, I lost my nerve. There I was, struggling against the efforts of the group staff to hold me back, and sobbing, "They can't do this to me--I'm too young to die!" I subsided, though, after a while into a little heap at the foot of the stairs.

Slowly the time ticked on inexorably. As I lay there looking at the others going bravely to their doom, I took heart. I raised myself upon my elbow, and in a cracking voice I said, "Pick me up, fellows, Ah'm a goin' in." Willing hands lifted me up and shoved me toward the little door. Before I had time to break down again, I was inside.

With quivering hands, I unbuttoned my fatigues and exposed my bare white arm. With twitching lips, I gave my name to the man at the desk, and with watery eyes watched him scribble something on the little white slip of paper.

I began to eye the possible avenues of escape, but before I could act, two brutes, (PFR ratings above 90) descended upon me, and took me into another room. This was it. There was the little sterilizer with its numerous needles, and next to it were the syringes. At the other end of the table were some ugly little bottles, chock full of the dread Typhoid bacillus!!

I searched the faces of those around me. What to do. But everywhere I encountered that gleeful sadism typical of shot givers. No hope. Time was dwindling fast. I uncertainly took a step toward one of the orderlies. At least his hand didn't shake like the other fellow's did. He swabbed my arm with something cool. I felt giddy--it was alcohol. Then I waitedwaited.

Suddenly he slapped me on the back. "Next", he said. I stumbled away, disappointed. "I didn't even feel it. I didn't even feel it." ---I fainted!

ARE YOU KIDDING?

At Parsens, Kansas, according to an item in a daily paper, boys nine to twelve have organized a "Foocy on Firecrackers" club and will spend their Fourth of July cash on War Stamps.

Parsens has a pleasant sound to many of the boys here. The U. S. O. meets every train coming into the city and favors flow in great streams to the traveling servicemen.



Excitement--a new group of hot pilots jammed the bus for the airport. Hudson and Stevens started a jam session in a few minutes, and "hot licks" were all over the place before we could get as far as the call room across from the airport. Chief Instructor Herlick gave a short talk on military courtesies required of the students to their instructors. The students were then assigned to their instructors, who walked with them over to the planes.

After four months of drill, K.P., guard duty, and study in the Air corps, they finally came face to face with an airplane.

The students were instructed on a lone inspection, which consists primarily of checking the plane from prop to tail to see whether it is safe.

After being instructed on how to get into the little cabin (now you realize how a sardine feels) the chute and safety belt is fastened. Now you're finally ready for that wonderful feeling of having the earth slip away from beneath the wheels. After a series of climbs, banks, turns, and maybe a dive or two, it's all over. The total time for each lesson is between 45 minutes and an hour.

James hailed his buddy with his right hand, held his mouth with his left, mumbling that he had done fine and thought it was swell. It was a swell G. I. party too, wasn't it, James?

Pennington had a little trouble riding the plane. He thought he was in Arkansas riding the range. Those little cups sure do come in handy, don't they?

After all had finished flying and report sheets made out, they all clambered for seats in the bus. I say clambered, for there was a fair young damsel along. What the flyers do have to contend with! There was no jam session going back; just the steady hum of voices as the fellows told each other of their various experiences and their reactions.

All in all, it's what they've been looking forward to for these last few months. They've started on the road to those wings. Underclassmen are envious of the fellows in the flying quintile; but don't forget men, the flying quintile is envious of those men who've been flying AT 10's over the campus lately.

That complete tonsorial parlor in the Conway basement will come as a surprise to many men who are quartered in Old East. If you're in danger of a gig, better get permission to get those wooly locks shorn--Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday nights.

HOLIDAY DIAMOND BATTLE
WILL DECIDE QUESTION

Conway Hall and Old East Squadrons will decide the question of superiority at Biddle Field Monday, playing before anticipated crowd of several hundred townspeople and army men. The two teams have established a hot rivalry, each having won a previous game from its opponent.

The following line-up will probably start the ten o'clock game, and includes several men who have had professional ball playing experience:

OLD EAST	PCS.	CONWAY
Tremlett	SS	Smith
Wallbridge	C	Auger
Varnado	1B	DiRose
Vastola	LF	Silberman
Young	RF	Sperling
Trigony	CF	Endler
Woodhouse	3B	Haich
Williams	2B	Schwartz
Wood	P	Shemansky

NEW LIEUTENANT STATIONED
AT OLD EAST

Lieut. Wm. Leitz arrived the middle of the week from Hendricks Field, four engine bomber school located at Sebring, Florida. He will substitute for Lieut. H.V.N. Eldredge, who is attending a tactical school at Randolph School.

DRUM MAJOR LEAVES

J. L. Miller, who has acted as drum major of the detachment band, left today for West Point Military Academy. He is an appointee from the 25th Congressional District of Illinois.



Dickinson College is the tenth oldest college in the United States, established in 1783.

West College was erected in 1803; burned February 3, 1804; rebuilt in 1805. The architect was Latrobe, who was the supervising architect of the Capitol at Washington, Nassau Hall, at Princeton, and Carpenter Hall, at Philadelphia. The mermaid which surmounts the tower was copied from the Temple of the Winds, at Athens.

East College, which serves as quarters for Squadrons D and E, was erected in 1836.

Thomas Cooper, said by Jefferson to be the greatest mind of the Revolution, taught at Dickinson, where the first DuPont received his training in chemistry.

Dickinson College has graduated one President of the United States (James Buchanan); one Secretary each of the Department of State, Treasury and War; forty other Federal departmental officials; one Chief Justice and one Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and many military, naval, and state officials.

MOORELAND

Now a beautiful, rolling park, it had at one time a fine old manor house owned by the late Johnston Moore. For many years it was stocked with deer.

The Dickinson School of Law was founded in 1890 by Dean William Trinkett. It was built in the style of Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

METZGER HALL

Women's dormitory of Dickinson College. Formerly Metzger College for young ladies. Founded by George Metzger in 1881. Site of the garden in Mary Dillon's famous romance, "In Old Bellaire", the scene of which is laid in Carlisle.

SCHEDULE SUGGESTED FOR
CONTINUATION OF SOFTBALL RIVALRY

A softball league has been organized to replace the challenge games that have been played to date. Games will be played from 1830 to 1930. Wednesday will be left open for any postponed games.

Squadron A opens against B Monday. The schedule is as follows:

FIRST WEEK:	SECOND WEEK:
TUESDAY A vs B	TUESDAY A vs D
THURSDAY D vs E	THURSDAY A vs E
FRIDAY A vs C	FRIDAY B vs D

THIRD WEEK:

MONDAY	C vs D
TUESDAY	B vs E

CROSS COUNTRY
SPORTS



R. WYCOFF

Greg Rice loses 5000 meter run to Gunder Haegg by 50 meters----Yankees and Cards hold slim leads in American and National Leagues, respectively----Joe Cronin hits three homers in three consecutive games as a pinch hitter----Vernon Stephens, shortstop for the St. Louis Browns and leading hitter of the American League, rejected by the St. Louis draft board officials because of a bad knee brought about by an injury about a month ago----Other major league clubs are hard hit by the draft boards. St. Louis Cards expect to lose four ace pitchers and second basemen. Phillies expect to lose Babe Dalghren shortly----Gil Dodds scheduled to meet Gunder Haegg in two mile event, Friday, July 2, Chicago