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5th Quintile;  
We Hate  
Nashville!

# EAGER EAGLE

567 Days  
Since  
Pearl Harbor

VOL. 1, No. 11

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1943

CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

## Town Band To Play On Campus

### Carlisle Band Has Military Record Back Of Them

Martial music will resound over the campus Monday night and this time the 32nd Detachment band will sit back and listen while the other organization plays. The opportunity to hear the excellent Carlisle Town Band has been arranged and that organization will appear on the PX lawn at 7:00 Monday night.

This thirty-five piece organization has an interesting musical background that carries back to 1900, the founding date of the band. Mr. Clarence Smith, director and owner of the Smith Music Store in downtown Carlisle, was one of the original members and assisted in the initial formation of the group.

From 1905 until a decade later and the outbreak of the first war, the band unit was affiliated with the 8th Pennsylvania regiment of State Militia. Every summer the group would attend summer camp and participate in the attendant military maneuvers. Many members of the band who were on these militia maneuvers are still affiliated with the organization.

Of recent years the band has played regular summer concerts. They still retain the reputation of a top flight group of musicians and have managed to do so despite the fact that for many years all purchases of music, etc., came from the pockets of the band members in the absence of a sustaining fund. Many sections of the organization are headed by outstanding soloists in their own right.

In recent years the band has been sponsored by local contributions and is a source of civic pride.

There are now more than 2,000,000 men serving in U. S. forces overseas.

## JUDY SAYS HELLO, GOODBYE TO LARGE CAMPUS CROWD

A thousand air students and townspeople were getting very restless Monday night about the time Judy Garland finally arrived in front of headquarters building. The time was a quarter of seven; everyone had been momentarily expecting the plump Hollywood singer since 5:15, the scheduled time of her arrival.

Attired in a plain blue and white print wash dress, the surprisingly strawberry blonde star was whisked through the post headquarters building on the arm of Capt. K. R. Schneck and Capt. G. L. Nereim, Special Service Officer and Public Relations Officer respectively, of Carlisle Barracks. Somewhere in the dark recesses of the headquarters building Major Hartigan joined the entourage and the C.O. and petite Judy made a dash for the microphone set up on the loggia of the permanent party house facing the PX lawn.

Following the instruction by the Major, the pretty screen luminary managed to appear properly abashed by the wide-eyed crowd, immediately apologizing for her tardiness. Breathlessly, she said, "I'm terribly sorry I can't sing for you. But I want to say hello and I hope you'll soon be wearing silver wings and flying high. Good-bye and God bless you."

With that she was off again in the Major's and Captains' company, all crowding into the



WE WANTED MORE OF HER!

Barracks staff car, and heading for the MFSS where she was scheduled for an 8:30 appearance.

The Air men of the post had seen her for little more than a minute, but it was a refreshing minute. Later in the evening she appeared before 3,500 people at the barracks, singing

eight numbers to the enthusiastic crowd. Following that session she was the guest of the officers of the Barracks and remained until eleven o'clock when she left for a Harrisburg hotel.

Tuesday she again appeared before servicemen, going to the Indiantown Gap camp.

## 32ND FAST BECOMING J. B. NO. 2

Another large contingent of men from Jefferson Barracks arrived at the 32nd Friday morning. This makes a clean sweep of the 8th and 9th Quintiles from that Missouri outpost. Especially in this last shipment of men appeared many experienced soldiers and non-coms who have transferred to the flying arm of the air corps via the college training route. We welcome them and from experience can assure them a pleasant stay in Carlisle.

## Brig. Gen. Reviews The Detachment

Brigadier General Addison D. Davis, M.C., Commanding Officer of the MFSS, Carlisle, took the retreat ceremonies and formal parade at Biddle Field yesterday. The winning squadron on the drill field was honored when the General affixed a rosette and ribbon of the air corps blue and gold to their guidon.

The entire detachment feels honored that the General attended the formalities. Few College Training Detachments have had the distinction of having such a high ranking officer present at their ceremonies.

## OLD EAST HALL HAS BABY!

Major event on the campus of the 32nd Thursday was the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Spicketts of Kalamazoo, Mich. A/S Spicketts had all the men of Old East waiting breathlessly for the news. The happy mother is a patient of the local hospital, having been here for a number of weeks. We add our congrats, Joseph.

## POST HAS NEW ADJUTANT

Reassignment of duties at post headquarters the past week has been announced. Lieut. Boyd, newcomer to the 32nd staff, has acceded to position of adjutant and intelligence officer while Lieut. Anderson becomes S-3 or plans and training administrator and public relations officer. Lieut. Leitz will continue to administer tactical policies.

## WE COULD GET IN SOME GOOD LICKS, TOO

Eight musicians from Carlisle Barracks were in New York on one of those blissful heigiras that a soldier gets all too seldom. They were the winners of the talent search conducted at Stark Field two weeks ago and each received \$50 for spending money in the big city. Five days have been granted them for their appearance on the contest stage and to see the town.

All the men have extensive musical backgrounds and appeared in the all soldier show, "See Here, Mr. Smith."

## All Churches Join In Campus Service

### Union Services Planned Until September 5th

The fervor of an old-time outdoor campmeeting is present these Sunday nights on Dickinson campus. The first of a series of Sunday evening union services sponsored by the Carlisle Ministerial Association drew scores of people to the tree canopied campus for divine services last week. The event promises to be one attended each Sabbath evening by hundreds of townspeople and soldiers of the 32nd stationed on the Dickinson confines.

Last week Rev. Walter Anderson of the First Presbyterian Church conducted the services. This next Sunday night the First Lutheran Church pastor, Rev. Harry L. Saul, D.D., will lead the devotions. Rev. Saul is also president of the Ministerial Association.

A regular schedule has been planned for the ensuing summer Sundays, the program carrying through until September 5th. Choirs of the churches presenting the services will also be on hand.

A hearty welcome has been especially directed towards men of this detachment as well as any friends who might be visiting them. The services will be held on the stone steps of West College facing Bosler library at seven o'clock.

## U. S. WARPLANE INSIGNIA NOW APPEARING

Pictured below is the new wing insignia of the AAF. To the old white star on a circular field of blue was added a white rectangle with a red border enclosing the entire device.



## Key Men Named In Latest Student Officer List

Newest appointments to the Student Group Staff were announced yesterday afternoon. Two of the top men of the student officers remained on the Staff roster, namely: John Pitcher as Group Commander and Richard Carlton, who was advanced, however, from the post of Group Sergeant Major to rank of Group Adjutant. Floyd Springer, former commander of Squadron D, was raised to the post of Captain and is the new Group Supply Officer. W. S. Varnado, who has been First Sergeant of Squadron E, is another newcomer to the staff in the capacity of Sergeant Major.

Marvin Edwards, formerly of Squadron C, accedes to the position of Student Public Relations Officer with Group Staff rank following his appointment as editor of the detachment publication.

Outgoing staff members are: Peveto, adjutant; Tomb, supply sergeant, and H. H. Wilson retiring as Public Relations Officer.

### Squadron Appointments

The captains of the six squadrons, with the Lieutenants and First Sergeants follow:

**Squadron A**  
Captain—R. L. Allen  
Adjutant—H. D. Baird  
First Sergeant—C. M. Bancroft

**Squadron B**  
Captain—R. H. Boyd  
Adjutant—J. F. Boyd  
First Sergeant—C. B. Chapman

**Squadron C**  
Captain—A. D. Crenshaw  
Adjutant—D. M. Davis  
First Sergeant—H. Slawson

**Squadron D**  
Captain—A. G. Sullivan  
Adjutant—R. S. Teachout  
First Sergeant—M. F. Hepple

**Squadron E**  
Captain—W. W. Williams  
Adjutant—T. E. Zetkov  
First Sergeant—P. E. Wycokoff

**Band**  
Captain—R. W. White  
Adjutant—R. Baird  
First Sergeant—U. U. Beville

## Eagle Staff Confers



Shown above are some of the members of the Eager staff, including the outgoing editor and the new pilot of the editor's chair. Left to right are Paul Zucker, outgoing ace feature writer; Marvin Edwards, past current events writer newly appointed editor; seated, H. H. Wilson, editor of the Eagle since the first issue nearly three months ago; Norman Zaret, illustrator and cartoonist; Harion Spinks, Squadron D correspondent and capable feature writer, and Richard Bowen, correspondent for Squadron B.

# EAGER EAGLE

Edited by the Aviation Students, Army Air Force, 32nd College Training Detachment, Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penna., and published through the courtesy of the Retail Merchants Bureau of the Carlisle Chamber of Commerce.

**MAJOR JOHN D. HARTIGAN, AC...** Commanding Officer

H. H. Wilson ..... Editor-in-Chief  
F. H. Puls ..... Editorial Assistant  
N. Zaret ..... Illustrator

### Features

P. Zucker ..... F. Budde  
M. Spinks ..... E. Garshinsky

### Correspondents

Squadron A ..... C. Bancroft  
Squadron B ..... R. Bowen  
Squadron C ..... J. Shaffer  
Squadron D ..... M. Spinks  
Squadron E ..... W. Wilson  
Band Squadron ..... I. Garshinsky

### Columnists

Windsock ..... P. Zucker  
Prop Wash ..... F. Puls  
Sports ..... P. Wycoff  
Background For War ..... M. Edwards

Opinions contained herein are not to be construed as official War Department policies.

## AIR FORCE REVEALS DECIDED SUPERIORITY

Army airmen are acquiring an auspicious record against Axis aircraft. For every American plane that was lost during the first six months of 1943, the Axis paid for it with an average of at least four of their aircraft destroyed. In actual figures as announced by Gen. Henry H. Arnold, Army Air Force Chief, the enemy lost 3,515 planes to our loss of 846. We probably destroyed another 1,127 planes, and damaged 1,280.

As if this record weren't envious enough, our forerunners sank 121 ships, probably sank 74, and hit another 315 from January through June alone.

Our airmen are not kept on the battle fronts until they are worn out, Gen. Arnold also declared. There are now 9,000 officers and enlisted men that had served on the fighting fronts, who are now home giving their knowledge based on the practical experience of actual battle to the new members of the Air Corps.

## THIS IS WHAT WE SEE AT SICK CALL

He's a sad, sad man—our Sgt. McCartney. Day after day he listens patiently to the same tales of woe, the same



threadbare excuses for release from drill, the same dopey questions day after day in his military hygiene class . . . so the Sergeant is a sad, sad man.

"No, you can't come to sick call in the afternoon . . . no, I can't excuse you from calisthenics because of that hangnail . . . no, you don't need vitamin A to help you keep awake in class . . . so-o-o the sergeant looks like the "before" in one of the "before and after" advertisements. Yeah, so the Sarge looks like he could stand some medical treatment himself.



First Sgt. John B. Blazetic was honored in a recent ceremony for "auspicious service above and beyond the call of duty" following his attempts to rescue a drowning fellow soldier. Even though exhausted himself, he swam back to the middle of the Conodoguinet Creek near Carlisle and attempted to rescue another soldier who was crossing the creek during maneuvers. Sgt. Blazetic received the commendation from his acting Battalion Commander, Major Howard G. Kreiger.

Touring the post last week were members of the Russian Purchasing Committee, a famous neuro-surgeon and a graduate of a Russian military medical university. They inspected the post as guests of the commanding officer, Brig. Gen. Davis, M.C.

One lone tank is stationed at the Barracks. It is used on maneuvers and is piloted by Captain Simpson. It was revealed this past week that the Captain takes such good care of the vehicle that he insists on keeping it in a garage when it is not in use.

It has been determined that about three operations are performed a day by post surgeons. Work is done, not only for post personnel, but for most military encampments in this area, statistics shown that 90% of the work is done for outside institutions.

Tonsilectomies and appendectomies appear in the record book as most frequent, but many rare bits of surgery are reported.

A request has been forwarded through proper channels that evaporated milk be placed on the mess hall tables instead of the ordinary cow juice. The latter won't cut through or mix with the GI coffee.

Brig. Gen. E. G. Reinartz, Commandant of the School of Aviation, Randolph Field, recently returned from the African theatre of operations, addressed the MFSS in a training school session. He lauded the recent improvements in mobile first aid and casualty evacuation, particularly that of the flying medical divisions. The visiting officer cited training at MFSS as being directly responsible for a large share of the impressive record of many overseas medical units. In the north African campaign 16,000 cases were evacuated, with fatalities confined to less than two per cent in all hospitals. In one specific instance only two men died in 6,000 cases.

## FORMER STAFF'S FORTUNES AT AAFCC

We have it on good authority from sources in Nashville that after undergoing the rigors of classification only one of the popular former group staff has managed to pass the tough physical that fells so many. Skalaminos, former group commander, was classified as a navigator, but Chernin and the personable Gebauer were disqualified for physical reasons. Of the three, it was Kebby who was most prepared for his fate, for he knew that he'd never get by on his high blood pressure. Chernin's reason for washing out was not ascertained.

## Hot Light Plane Takes Student's Eyes

Curious and interested groups of air school students swarm around the shiny, sleek-looking Ercoupe when it drops in to the Wilson airport. The latest word in grasshopper planes, the low wing ship is powered by a 65 h.p. motor and attains a cruising speed of 105 m.p.h. It is distinguished by tri-cycle landing gear and



twin rudders mounted on an extended elevator. This smooth auction when war stopped the job was just getting into pro-wheels of civilian airplane production but this model gives an insight of what light post war planes will look like.

The Ercoupe shown here has an all metal fuselage with fabric covered wings. It has wheel controls instead of the stick controls and the control panel boasts of a lot of colorful plastic. The cockpit affords extreme visibility, front and rear, and seats two persons, side by side. Govt. Inspector R. E. Bell makes the rounds of various training schools in this spirited job.

Pictured before the plane in a shot taken earlier this month is Ray Schweiger, fourth quintile flyer.

## J. B. Man Writes "Unk" To Give Lowdown On 32nd

Dear Uncle:

I figure that it is about time that I sat down to write you a serious letter, and as I have nothing to do except math and physics, which I can't do anyway, I may as well write to you now.

I guess that you have heard through the family grapevine that I was heded out of Jefferson Barracks last Saturday. They packed about a hundred and thirty-odd of us into three day coaches, and the show was on the road. The army, being a very secretive organization, wouldn't tell us where we were going, and so we never really knew until we arrived here. Anyway, I spent thirty-five hours on a day coach trying to sleep with a pair of number eleven GI shoes in my face all the way, and this is quite a feat just in case you have never tried it. Somehow or other, we pulled into Chicago Sunday morning and were given a three-hour liberty within the station. The boys took over the place like Grant took Richmond, and after three hours of hard and strenuous staring we finally shoved off again. Chicago is a swell ship-

## "THE EAGER EAGLE"

Sponsored by the

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CARLISLE CHAMBER of COMMERCE

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James Wilson Hotel
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Ladies' Wear — No charge for Gift Wrapping

ping medium for points North, South, East and West, and I was pretty worried about the latter. However, at last, through my native talents of navigation, I managed to ascertain that we were headed East. What a relief, what a sensation, East—where the dust is green grass, and the hills are for mountain climbers only and not for cross country. To make a long letter shorter, the first thing that I knew I was at Dickinson College. Now I knew how Archimedes felt when he shouted "Eureka, I have found it." Unk, I am telling you, it was like stepping into the garden of Eden to pass through these campus walls into the shade-studded college grounds. Even a double chocolate malted, or a new zoot suit could never take the place of this. Now, don't misunderstand me, it is not that I dislike J.B., never that, but Dickinson—ah!

After a week of orientation, I find that my first sentiments were not worthy enough to describe my new post. Like it here? Unk, Everybody likes it here. I heard that one upper-classman nearly suffered hysteria when he had to leave, and I can well sympathize with him. It is the spirit that

counts. The whole attitude around here seems to teem with the highest of ideals "Mister" instead of "BOY," and will you please—instead of Z@!b&\*!b@0\$ do this. The idea that the school is run for pre-cadets, by pre-cadets is enough to encourage any fellow to stay on that old ball. Somehow, it gives one a feeling that at last he has a definite place in this struggle for a better world, and that he is not just a number scratched on a dog tag.

In another week I will be eligible for an open post, and will be able to give the local surroundings the once over. I already have my eye on a little blonde (she winked at me while I was in formation down town). Art sends his best, and says that he hopes that the fish are biting. Thanks for the ten that you sent me at J.B.'s Unk; I used it where it would do the most good. Well, I had better shine my leather again, before I find myself walking a few tours off instead of dating that aforementioned blonde. Drop a line when you get a chance, and give Tim a couple pats for me. . . .

As ever,

Elmer.



"Sure you got more than Sergeant York, but they're smaller."

## Squeaky Shoes, Passes, Bedmaking, Are Big Army G-I Problems

One of our buddies was recently released from the army with the peculiarities of Basic Training Center still lingering in his mind. As nearly as he can remember, and with a few touches of our own, here's what the ex-private told a group of civilians about the strange GI way of life:

"A friend of mine was responsible for peace and quiet in his building. One night he heard a lot of noise and commotion downstairs. Upon investigation, he found three rookies having a hilarious time shaving for the first time—but with tooth paste."

Some of the recruits thought a tooth brush was for shining their shoes.

Foot troubles are not the least of the worries of the

rookies. If it's not one kind, it's another.

One Negro was having trouble remembering to put his left foot forward first at the order, "Forward, march!" His sergeant, a Negro also, came up to him, stomped on the private's right foot and said, "Now the next time I say 'Forward, march,' put the foot out in front that ain't sore!"

Another common foot trouble is squeaky GI shoes. Two remedies are suggested by old-timers for this ailment. One is to put a cup of water into each shoe overnight. Another is to drive nails into the sole of the shoes on the theory that the squeaking is caused by the slipping of two layers of leather which make up the sole.

"But they told me all I had to do to go to town was to sign the book," was the wail of a rookie who didn't fully understand Army regulations concerning "signing out."

"This particular rookie came into the post one evening to sign in, but the orderly couldn't find the soldier's name on that day's sign-out book. After much discussion, it was discovered that he had signed out three weeks before and hadn't been back during that time. 'I went home to show my family my new clothes,' was his only explanation.

"Another rub that comes in getting used to Army life is bedmaking. Some of the men never made up a bed before in their lives. To avoid the bother, some develop a systematic way of getting in and out of bed with a minimum of mussing up.

"Getting along in the army is determined mostly by the recruit's frame of mind," our friend declared.

The most accurate description of Army life at reception center was told by a young soldier at the BTC.

"They call your name, and you come a-runnin'. Then you just sit and wait."



To all you, new men who recently arrived from notorious Jefferson Barracks, we extend a mealy mouthed greeting, and wish you many happy sessions of guard duty, C.Q., and latrine details. Not that we bear you any animosity; we've just been waiting for you for such a long time, and taking all your duties by proxy, that we're hoping for a well-earned rest. So get eager, learn those general orders, and wring out your mops.

Willie Stevens, Old East's Dr. Wells emissary, and hot pilot extraordinary, has revealed a new talent. We all listened with mouths entr'ouverte as he and Clyde Proul gave out with numerous little witty ditties. Which reminds us. What happened to those optimistic plans that were made for a minstrel show? There's enough talent around here to turn out something really good. Besides, we'd like an evening off anyway.

We received a letter recently from the master F.O. himself. It was none other than the one and only Jack Strong, now undergoing the rigours of classification at Nashville. Rigours, did we say? Jack maintains that the whole thing is a lot of fun. He hasn't tangled with the psychiatrist yet, but if we know Strong, the bug doctor should be ready for the psychopathic ward when Jackie gets through with him.

We'd like to announce, especially to the sad sacks of Conway Hall, that the Eager Eagle's office has replenished its stock of T.S. slips. If you've been caught FOing, or merely have a simple case of R.A., just drop in, and we'll gladly oblige.

Strolling nonchalantly into the recreation room of the PX, we spied a pair of bloodshot eyes staring at us over a pint—of milk, dammit. It was none other than Omar the Second with as good a milk jag on as we ever did see.

"How is everything, Omar," we inquired, politely offering him a potato chip.

"Not as good as usual," he answered, fingering a twenty-five cent piece, "Two bits to last me for the next two months. Tell me, what price glory?"

"Sensing a feeler for the well-worn touch, we immediately revealed the meager extent of our own bankroll, and reminded him that we were leaving dear old Dickinson soon, too.

"Oh boy," he said, becoming suddenly very voluble, "ain't Nashville gonna be an awful nice place, what with everybody trying to borrow from everybody else, and nobody having money in the first place? Oh boy."

"And I hear the women are expensive there too," we added, knowing that Omar the Second was quite a lover.

A pained expression crossed his face, and we knew he was thinking of the slew of gorgeous damsels he was leaving behind.

"I ain't been frugal enough," Omar said sadly, "I spend all my money in the PX. See that portable shooting gallery there, with the guy running away with the chickens? Well, I put enough money in that to start a down payment for a P-38. And the thing that hurts is that I never get more than five hits, except for the time it was broken. For that they'll probably make me an aerial gunner when I wash out."

"Tch, tch," we said with all the sympathy we couldn't muster.

"And that ain't all," said Omar, not waiting for the comment, "I spent a month putting nickels in the juke box trying to get Star Dust. But the only



Now that men of our flying quintile are flying mostly Piper Cubs and Cruisers, this item on the newest entry in light plane aviation should find ready readerage.

A completely new Piper airplane with high performance and safety factor still retains the facility of affording these advantages with a relatively low source of power. This airplane not only meets the early requirements of primary flight training but it also serves in the training transition period, when a higher degree of maneuverability is desired.

This new ship is a low wing monoplane. It is powered by a 130 h.p. Franklin six-cylinder, horizontally opposed engine. It has a wing spread of 34 feet, an overall length of

22 feet, 10 inches, and has a top speed of 150 m.p.h., with a cruising speed of 135 m.p.h. This new Piper has a range of 700 miles.

Utilizing a modified version of the airfoil section used in its sister Piper trainers, the new craft shows excellent stall and spin characteristics, as well as a landing speed of less than 50 m.p.h.

The ship is equipped with landing flaps and hand operated retractable landing gear. Later models will have electrical landing gear controls instead of hand operated models.

Front and rear cockpits are identically outfitted. All instruments and controls are dual, and are identically located as well as being readily accessible.

thing that ever comes up is Pistol Packin' Mama, which I do not like because it reminds me of a girl back home."

"You certainly do have a bad case of R.A., Omar, old boy," we said, managing to squeeze out a tear.

"Yeah, my T.S. siip is completely punched out."

Not being able to stand this depressing atmosphere any longer, we thanked Omar for the pleasure of his company, and made an exit, but not before we inserted our last nickel in the juke box to play Omar's Star Dust. And as we left the PX we could hear remotely the familiar beginning of "Pistol Packin' Mama."

"The sailor has 13 buttons on his trousers because there were 13 original states." We imagine, though, there is more to it than that, as indicated in the answer to "Why did Washington wear red suspenders?"

If little Red Riding Hood lived today

The modern girls would scorn 'er,

She only had to meet one wolf,

Not one on every corner.

A woman flees from temptation but a man just crawls away from it, cheerfully hoping that it may overtake him.

## DROP IN!



## T. R. Wins Honors



Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt makes his way through a slit trench, somewhere in North Africa. The general and his son were both cited for gallantry by the war department.



"I think we've got their morale a little too high, Sir—they want to know if it's true some day they might have to return to civilian life"

## BACKGROUND FOR WAR

It made little difference in what theatre of operations the actions took place this week. Allied air power was bringing the war closer to the enemy, and also close to the day of final victory for the United Nations.

Backed by a friendly air force that controlled the skies overhead, and also over the enemy held territory, British, Canadian, and American troops were able to continue their push deeper into the Axis positions in Sicily. The enemy was being beaten back on all fronts. The only slow-down was in the suburbs of Catania. There a German army, fearful of being driven into a narrow pocket along the coast (adjacent to 10,741-foot Mt. Etna), just north of the city, fought desperately with its back to the wall. The city of Catania is now a mass of rubble due to the bombings and shellings. Once this city falls, there will be little opposition along the east coast until the area near Messina is reached. There the Axis will have to stand and fight, or face an evacuation across the Strait of Messina to the Italian mainland, two miles away.

The intensified air bombardment of the Italian mainland continued. Among the cities on the boot feeling the punishment wrought by Allied air power were: Naples, the key port for exporting supplies and men to the besieged Axis armies in Sicily; Genoa, a munitions center and seaport, Reggio Calabria, the toe city opposite Messina; and the latest addition to the black list, Rome. It had been the accepted policy that this sacred city would be spared the shattering that accompanies a visit by the dreadnaughts of the sky. However, the Germans and Italians commercialized on the Allies' leniency. The city became a busy rail and supply center for war equipment, and Axis troops in great numbers were based near the rail station. The damage to the military facilities and installations was great. No bombs were dropped near the Vatican. Rome can expect more bombings as long as the Axis uses it as a base for military operations.

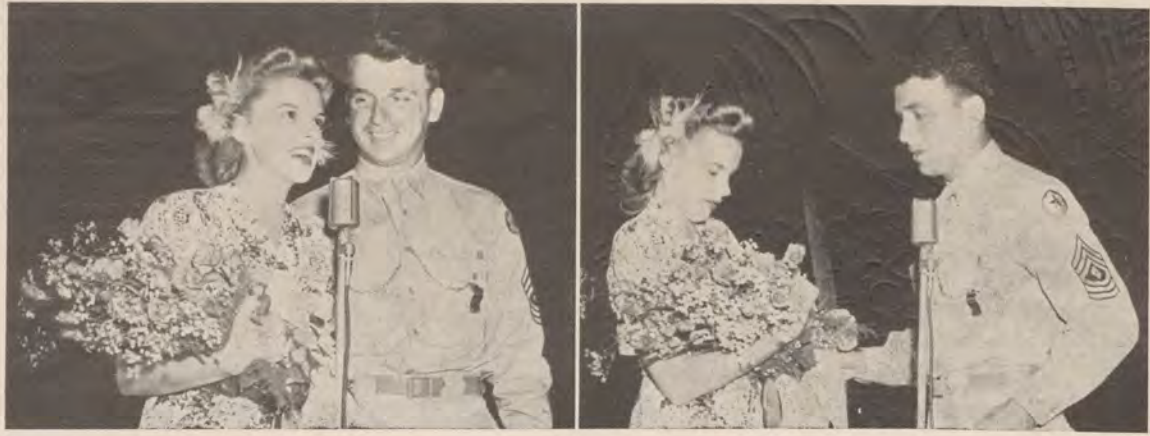
The area around the Gulf of Taranto, because of its level terrain, offers a choice spot for an invasion of southern Italy. The important Italian naval base of Taranto will probably soon feel the weight of Allied bombs. Units of the Fascist fleet are resting comfortably there while the Allies have had the freedom of the Mediterranean.

The German Summer offensive in Russia had no sooner petered out, when the Red Army started a pincer's movement on the key German base of Orel. Latest reports place the points of the two-prong drive only 10 miles apart. If Orel is isolated, and finally falls, the whole Nazi position on the central front will be threatened. German positions have been under constant bombardment by the Russian Air Force, which has paved the way for Soviet troops to advance.

In the north Pacific, Liberator bombers pounded the important Japanese naval station of Paramushiru. This base is the northernmost of the Kurile Islands. It is 765 miles west of Attu in the Aleutians, and 1,300 miles northeast of Tokyo. After the fall of Kiska, Paramushiru is the next important Japanese base along the great circle route to Japan. Kiska has been under constant air attack, and with little chance of reinforcement, its days seem numbered.

A large force of Liberator bombers made a 2,000-mile round trip in a surprise visit to the Japanese base of Macassar in the Celebes in the Dutch East Indies.

## Star Wows 'Em In MFSS Appearance



**First Sergeant Meets Embarrassing Situation—Overcomes Same:**  
Sergeant John P. Blazetic, Company D First Sergeant, finds (on the right) a situation that isn't covered by "regulations" in presenting captivating Judy Garland with flowers on behalf of the garrison. He stammers a bit but, (on the left) comes through in grinning style to win a warm hand-clasp and a smile from Judy who puts the soldier "at ease" in nothing flat.

### HERE'S THE REASON FOR THAT RULING

Creases in army shirts were forbidden in line with orders of the war department and a request of the war production board. The WPB has denied cleaners the equipment used in making the creases. Shirts will be pressed flat, "less the five creases now expected, but not required." The creases custom originated in the regular army during peacetime when it was the custom for the best turned out member of the guard to be selected as orderly for the commanding officer. Guard members originated the extra creasing as competition for the honor increased. The instructions apply to all uniforms, whether wool olive drab, or summer "sun tans."

### PROFESSORIAL PORTRAITS



#### PAUL D. LEEDY

That red-headed, bounding mite of energetic impulse scurrying through the "sweatboxes" of Denny Hall with atlases under his arms is Mr. Paul D. Leedy. How he ever came to be instructing three classes in geography is still a puzzle to him. "There I was, an English major, and the first thing I knew they had me talking about lakes and rivers."

But he livens his classes up considerably every day with a five minute condensation of current events. And his batting average as a prophet of things to come is pretty high.

Mr. Leedy came to Dickinson College with the influx of Air Cadets, pardon me, Aviation Students, this spring. Behind him lay a kaleidoscope career starting with his winning a scholarship to Dickinson. He graduated in 1930 during the height of the depression; turned to writing magazine articles. Then, thanks to his theological training, he was able to accept the pastorate of a Harrisburg church when the opportunity came to hand. And to this day, he maintains a flock of 400—at the Methodist church in Gettysburg.

As the depression receded, Mr. Leedy progressed. He did book-reviewing, occasionally, quite a bit of writing as a reviewer for the New York Times, as well as reading an occasional manuscript for the Abingdon-Cokesbury Press to evaluate it.

Not only that, but he made the Pantheon of the Muses—you will find him listed in Who's Who in Poetry. Better Verse and a whole bevy of anthologies have carried his work.

Most recent claim to fame was his appearance on the Memorial Day Gettysburg program with the governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Leedy gave the invocation. Were his students very surprised to see him in the newsreels!

## Student Asks For Facts And Less War Ballyhoo

Dear Editor:

Seeing the government picture, "Prelude to War," brought to mind a few thoughts concerning the education of the soldier in this war. While at basic training, most of us saw movies and heard lectures on sex hygiene, insurance, guard duty, the articles of war, and other such related subjects. We were never, however, subjected to any mature discussions, lectures, or motion pictures, concerning the purpose of the war, and the necessity for us new soldiers to be in the army. It was just a case of "This is the army, rookies, get used to it."

There was obviously a definite need for some kind of education for new soldiers; many of us were uninformed, many of us weren't interested, and some of us even had the wrong attitude as to what we were fighting for. As a matter of fact, there were very few who did realize that we were in the army to accomplish the very definite and tangible job of licking fascism, and preserving the democracy and freedom to which we are so accustomed.

Now comes this new effort to reveal to us the reason we are fighting. We have in this motion picture the first statement as far as we know, on the part of the army to teach its soldiers the causes and ideals for which we're sacrificing so much. And we think it's high time the soldiers were educated on this all too important question.

Nor is it enough to just make a motion picture and say that the job is done. This education should be carried even further into reading, lectures, and posters. The effort should not be aimed at propagandizing, but rather the idea of teaching should be of paramount importance. We do not need lies to convince us that ours is the just cause—truth presented clearly, straightforwardly and simply will accomplish the same purpose.

Naturally the other extreme is undesirable. Just as it is important not to lose sight of our war aims through inaction and subsequent mental atrophy, it is necessary that we soldiers not be fed too stiff a dose of the same thing. Hammering in the thought that the things we are fighting against are evil, especially without telling why they are evil, can do more harm than good. The element of moderation is an aim always to be kept in sight.

This writer believes then, if a systematic program of education is instituted, a great moral victory will be the result. The good beginning that "Prelude to War" has made, should be continued, and the result will be a better informed soldier, and therefore, a better fighting soldier.

More than a hundred girl graduates of a Roxbury (Mass.) high school wore red and white gowns they made themselves with blue war stamps.

We all remember Joe Pitzinger, prize pilot. His instructor refers to him yet as that Chinaman—One Wing Low Pitzinger.

### EATING CHOW WITH A GAS MASK ON IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY—AND THEY KNOW

A certain major dropped into hall at noon hour and asked, a certain CAC position's mess "Do you fellows have your gas masks?"

"Yes sir," was the reply, although only one mask was visible.

The major said "Okay," then slipped around to the side of the mess hall, tossed a gas grenade through the window and dashed off in a jeep.

The boys report that eating chow in a gas mask is an impossibility. Those who didn't have their gas masks couldn't be interviewed.—Exchange.

### RAF MAKES GOAT A FLIGHT LIEUTENANT FOR LUCK

London, England.—In a formal ceremony by Wing Commander (Bee) Beaumont, RAF, in presence of all the members of the squadron the other day, William the Goat was made a flight lieutenant and decorated with the DFC. William is the mascot of the West Riding (Yorkshire) 609 Typhoon outfit, which has had great success in combatting hit and run raiders.

The goat must be saluted every morning. When the station commander first did it the squadron went out and shot down six Germans and a lot more probables. At latest advice the record of the squadron was 172 enemy planes destroyed for certain, 65 probables and 97 damaged for the loss of 31 pilots.

More than 23 railway tank cars of heavy fuel are needed to supply a single destroyer on a round trip convoy between the east coast of the U. S. and north Africa.

## HISTORIC CARLISLE



### CARLISLE BARRACKS

First known as the Country's "Public Works." 1775-1789, occupied as a U. S. military post, gunshop and army laboratory—being in fact the original West Point, and named "Washingtonburg"—the first place in the United States named for George Washington.

1863, burned by the Confederates.

1872-1879, occupied as an artillery post.

1879-1918, used as an Indian Training School.

1918-1920, used as United States Army General Hospital No. 31.

1920, U. S. Army Medical Field Service School established.

Famous Indian athletes, including Thorpe, greatest athlete of all time, were trained on Warner Field.

### BLAINE'S HOUSE

(At northwest corner of Hanover Street and Dickinson Avenue.)

General Blaine was Quartermaster General during the Revolution, the friend and local entertainer of George Washington, and great-grandfather of James G. Blaine of Maine.

### J. HERMAN BOSLER MEMORIAL LIBRARY

(Near southeast corner of West and High Streets.)

Erected in 1899 and presented to the town of Carlisle by the family of J. Herman Bosler. Contains 12,000 volumes, including many rare as well as modern books. In its first reference room is the first commission issued to an officer

of the Continental Army, issued on June 25, 1775, to William Thompson, as colonel of a battalion of riflemen.

### ELKS' HOME

Built by John Brown Parker in 1838. Marble steps were first freight load carried on C. V. R. R. Steps formed opening scene in famous novel, "Old Bellaire," by Mary Dillon.

### HOME OF JAMES HAMILTON

One of the first promoters of America's Common School System. He presented suggestion to Congress in 1831.

### SITE OF "WHITE HALL"

(Now drug store of W. F. Horn.)

Famous printing shop of Archibald Loudon, from which were issued about thirty Carlisle imprints, among them the rare and valuable "Loudon's Indian Wars," in two volumes.

Here was printed the first color print made in America, now on exhibition at the Museum of the Harrisburg Historical Society.

First building erected in 1776. Burned March 24, 1845. Rebuilt 1855-56. The first public library in America was located here. The main room contains a beautiful painting of the Pennsylvania coat-of-arms, executed by Williams, a Carlisle artist. One of the Corinthian pillars at the main entrance of the building bears the marks of a Confederate shell received during the attack on Carlisle by Fitzhugh Lee, July 1, 1863.



### Squadron A

The permanent party versus the A/S officers was quite a ball game. Squadron A was represented by "Tiger" Alberts, catcher, Hal Holloway, short-field. Congratulations, A/S, on your decided victory.

"Pretty Boy" Danielson is expecting a lot when he carries the torch for the girl in the black and white checkered dress. It seems that fire from a hammer is more persuasive than fire from a torch.

Why were Bachman, Baumgarten, Behre down on their knees to the first sergeant last week-end for an overnight pass? Maybe their mutual interests were in the capitol city of Pennsylvania.

Things we would like to rec-reek and his wonderful gift member about the flyers: L. E. of gab . . . the foremost F.O.'s Bantz, Baldoni, Burdick, Banon, Berg, and Baker . . . Garren, Gordon, Burch and their famous trip to the golf course . . . the Donaldson, Dunlevy, Cotter, Cheney room that never looked good except during S. M. I., but it never got a gig. . . Broussard and Bailey were the combination that could get out of anything. It seemed they always had a stooge around to take care of the hard work. . . The Dunn-Durant nightly battle royal with pillows. This is a rough sport the way they play it. . . Ackerman and Auty will probably be just as wild in Nashville as they were in Carlisle, right brand of wine, women that is if they can import the and song. . . Enrietto and Fawver will always be gentlemen providing the "Long One" does not fall victim to temptation. . . This CTD will never forget "Brains" Briggs and his long drawn out accounts of his truck driving experiences. . . Blakeman and Biggerstaff never said much but it has been said the "silence is golden," so may these "nuggets" always stay 14 carats.

Bigelow was the happiest A/S alive because he was not confined last week-end. His mother came 800 miles to pay him a visit. Hope you enjoy Nashville, and don't get sick again, boy. The softball team will miss that southpaw arm of yours behind the plate.

There has been a contest between Jack Armstrong (the All-American boy who can do anything) and "Beak" Allen as to who has the most beat out sounding voice. "The Beak" wins except on Sunday morning.

The new men in Room 119 put on a little show for the upperclassmen. Their songs were well-written but it seems that they exhibited an air of superiority.

The new men have a Zombie in A/S Bickle, but Mr. "Moose" Arrington promises to straighten them out, and you may take this literally.

C. R. Bishop cannot convince bartender Jim that Alabama's victory over the U. of Tennessee was not a fluke win. The Tennessee boy must really believe this, because he has been asked to leave three times while trying to get his point over.

"The Earl" Biggers says the first time he lays his hand on the stick of a plane, he's Georgia bound.

### Squadron B

The way Squadron B swung their bats last Friday after chow, you would think the bats

were pendulums. All the flies they swatted were the insect variety. Mort Silverman says he thinks the catcher was jerking the ball out of the way before he swung. J. I. Boezeale seems to think Eppley's drug store has it over the Milk Bar after last week. We hear there will be a more detailed account after next week-end.

Jim Bouding says he likes them plump, especially when you have to compare them to the choices of David Brittan and Hazen Bright. Maybe the lights of the lights of the feima discised (beauty).

For a girl he has never seen Davy Fairhurt carries on quite a correspondence with his little (Suzy).

Tony Cermili should at least wait until she becomes a "grass widow." You can never tell but what her girl friends might be undercover agents for (mama). It seems Mama is not too keen on the idea.

The "muscle men" of Squadron B have gone to Old East. Gus Longley and Bill Reise are not our idea of two guys to meet in a dark alley. Things or so it seems. Someone pul-have quieted down in Old East ease return Robillard's GI shoes. There is no reward, but if you want to take a chance on those shoes, you may walk like Robillard someday. Fair enough warning.

Squadron B has condescended to let some of the other squadrons have a chance for group staff in the new line-up. We really do not want to keep furnishing 75% of the group staff all the time.

J. I. Boezeale is really news this week. Last Tuesday morning he rolled out of bed at 2:00 A. M. and dressed for roll call then returned to bed and slept to roll call and fell out without his shoes. After all, can't expect a guy to think of everything at 2:00 A. M.

Just who did have a date with "Butch" last night? Mrs. Sibinsk is quite popular with the boys, eh, Bob?

Who saw Roy Cook last week? The O. A. O. kept him really busy over the week-end in that there are no other reliable sources available, we will have to take Roy's word that "life is wonderful." Pull that noggin out of the clouds, old man.

We hear Della Badia can teach the Japs a few tricks when it comes to Judo.

Will someone please tell us why James Cook spends the nights on that overnight pass last week-end?

To all cigarette smokers: D. L. Haley wishes to announce that he quit smoking last Monday. All cigarette smokers D. L. Haley would quit "humming" cigarettes.

Who was the straight man for the permanent party last Tuesday? All good minstrel shows have at least one good straight man.

Squadron B's rendition of "Me and My Gal" last Monday night was the musical highlight of the week.

What did "Rebel" Chastain mean by that remark, Georgia "Peaches and Cream" could

John Boyd seems quite eager not to be surpassed by any state? to go to Nashville. How far is it from Nashville to Helen, John?

Mells Schuatz said Boblire had better not come to see "Pop" Silver. Well, one never knows, does one?

### Squadron C

In remembrance of the fliers this column takes time to wish

them the best of luck in gaining those wings.

Most of the "hot pilots" gripe about studies and life in general here at Dickinson until it is time to move on to a new post, then they realize this present set-up is perhaps, the best in Army life. . .

#### DOING THE TOWN

We see Crenshaw and D. Davis leaving from the Moreland very early Saturday. . . . Fearless Scroxtion looking in every bar for just one bottle of Dr. Wells. . . . Flying very low, Tailspin Skiffington really taking advantage of open post in every way possible. . . . Bob Hester and his constant companion with that sofulef look in their eyes. . . . Sonnenburg again making his complete tour of back porches. . . . Dick Servin able to get into town with his bad leg just for something to quench his thirst. . . . Jimmy Heffley again disappearing in the general direction of Harrisburg, something must be mighty interesting over at the Penn-Harris. . . .

#### EAGER BEAVER ASKS

Who was that one man who Gled his plane after his first flight? Perhaps it was you, Mr. James. . . . Where did Shorty Horrigan disappear every afternoon—and was he really able to help Joe Jacobson with his marriage? . . . If you want to know the answers to these questions, just tear off a couple of First Lieutenant bars and send them in. . . . If Loveall has been able to convince Slovak that the Battle of Gettysburg was just a strategic retreat? . . . Why Hudson never spent any of his week-ends in Carlisle? . . . What's the definition of a privilege? . . . Why are there always a few men strolling at Biddle Field Saturday afternoon? . . .

#### CONGRATS

To Supply Sergeant Ershow of Squadron C for keeping everybody happy even with the questionable laundry timetable. For a little man, he works like a demon. More power to you, keed! . . . To Squadron Commander Crenshaw for his tactful way of getting the new men over to for the great game they night. . . . To the students the ball game last Wednesday played. . . . Orchids to the underclassman who took his status so seriously that he was seen cutting square corners around his table. . . .

#### WE WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Febies and Ferlazo broke up? They seem to be such a happy couple. . . . Carlisle ever lifted its Blue Laws and permitted the shows and bars to be open on Sunday? . . . Slovak was ever talked into giving a dance demonstration? . . . A/S Sergeant Sliptzin ever did the rational thing, just once? . . . The boys in 409 ever agreed on any one subject? . . . If a letter ever arrived just addressed "Smith"?? We have seven in the squadron. . . . Everyone was allowed "one" real week-end pass while they were here? . . .

#### WHO TO SEE

For bad advice on "how to be good," see Shorty Horrigan. . . . Anyone interested in piling up an impressive number of gigs should see W. J. Howe. Anyone interested? . . . Lover Herrling is the man to see if you have heart trouble—and if you have troubles of soul stop in room 422 where you can also drop any and all news for the paper. . . .

#### S-N-A-F-U

Who is the lucky man who is going to get Husted's telephone list? Jack Holt is really taking this conditioning business seriously. You can see him taking laps at Biddle Field any Saturday or Sunday morning. . . . Hensley, we have absolutely nothing about you, but thought your name would look nice here. . . . Let's hope Sloan will still wow the girls in the deep South. . . . Someone should let Spurling know that most girls are harmless—even if they do think he's cute. . . . Paul Shifferili explains that room 420 has

changed its mind about women—bring them on! . . . Retractions for last week: Sidney Smith was made Student Lieutenant instead of Sergeant. . . . Harry Snyder and not Smith is President of the Pandas. Shiffington, our Squadron C lover, could not eat supper at his latest flame's house (belle of Boiling Springs). He had only nine cents for carfare, so he told her that he had to make CQ early in the evening. . . . Frank Slovak is now going steady—God bless him! . . . Dick Dorn had better be true to his South Orange flame, or haven't you been out since you've been here, Dick? . . . John Czop has his old girl friend chasing after him from Passaic, New Jersey. Watch out, John; don't let he catch in this Squadron who will you. . . . If there is one man take advantage of a situation, it's J. D. Smith. After a party broke up last Saturday, he was seen purloining a couple of quart of milk from the icebox. . . . Layden just discovered that you can get a better shave from a shaving preparation than tooth paste. . . . We understand that Herron never did finish that poem to Pat Smith. . . . When is H. M. Holt going to let everyone know the name of that lovely?

### Squadron D

We hear they're starting a 202 file for Spellman—his 201 is all filled up.

When Roger Teachout gets a picture from his girl friend with quote, Yes I do, unquote, written across the bottom, what do you think?

S. Jacques wants to know who the officer was who drew up beside him while on guard duty, and brusquely demanded the 7th general order. "Sounded a lot like a certain first sergeant to me," he said.

Tootikian reports his worst celebrating his birthday Sun-hangover yet was caused by day with chocolate sodas.

Suckow would so like to lose 10 pounds—but every time calisthenics sweats off one pound, another package of cookies gets in.

"Mercury looks awfully pretty on a silver ring the first day," says Joe Spicketts, "but you should see it the second day."

Say, what kind of guy is this Poole? He passes up a perfectly good chance to take the belle of the airport, Mildred Zimmerman, to our party.

The room of Pishotta, Pijot, Pool, and Pfeiffer greatly resembled a Monday morning laundry job when we peered in to get the dirt. GI laundry's free, boys!

The new way to drink Dr. Wells is to insulate the bottle with wrapped newspaper. 'Course that conveniently covers the label, too, eh, Stansell?

Trying out for officers positions, Charles Johnson let forth with a gargle like a P-38 warming up. Worse still, Katzen bellows, Patrol attention!

New men are praising our mess hall here. Said they once got hot dogs five times in one week at J.B.

Jim Stevens must snatch purses, else why does Club 22 call him "Snatch"?

Ray Trigony really likes the children's slide out at Boiling Springs. "But I'll never slide down it backwards again," he declares. "Those kids' backbones must be made of rubber—mine ain't."

Just back from a week's furlough in New York City, Gannon says "It was beautiful."

Since the night Patin woke his roommates yelling, "Pearl," they have been lying awake nights keeping tabs on his nocturnal conversations. "Gee, we could write a book," murmured Pennington.

Hey hey—Club 22 is snickering about its new Mutt & Jeff combine. What a contrast 5' 5" Jay Turner and 6' 3" Art Vincent present as they stand beside their bed for inspection.

Inglese is experiencing difficulty meeting formations on time. Better get those clothes straightened up, too.

Will somebody please tell us why Rephan hoards bottle caps in a box on the floor of his closet? They're filling up the place—almost crowding Popper's books out of the way.

Dolly—sweetheard of Club 22. Now are we forgiven, Mrs. Papa Strobel?

Say it's not true that Paul Teague disappears from the scene between reveille and academics. Dust is irritating.

Tucker, Tappan, Theisen and Horizontal Harry Tillman are warily on guard when Adj. Szitas enters their room. Five minutes after he came in the door, all four cots were on end.

There must be some crack we could make about J. B. Mitchell's girl friend, Topsy, and the little Eva he's been

Lift up your heads, Squadron D men. Did you hear about the two Conway men who went into a Harrisburg cafeteria and sat for 45 minutes waiting for a waitress to take their order?

Hangover from Keesler Field: Hut 31 regrets losing Jake and John.

And don't we all feel serious for a moment as we bid goodbye to the fifth quintile? You were a grand bunch, fellows. Thanks for staying on the ball.

### Squadron E

Can you play Ping-Pong? Well, here is your chance. R. K. Williams challenges all comers—four games out of seven with unlimited odds.

"Rigor" Martus did a front roll with a tube of Squibb's Squeeze Weezy Tooth Paste in his hip pocket to earn the name of the "Toth Paste Kid." This didn't satisfy him so he fell asleep while taking a sun bath and ever since he has been looking for the mantel (fire place to you farmers) in the mess hall.

Scene: SMI; Characters: Two underclassmen and one upperclassman; Action: Upperclassman getting gigged. That's right, it was Gordinier.

Alas, here is another William that we almost forgot to mention, even though he used to hold quite a high rank. His roommates call him POPPS.

Anyone wonder what that noise around 206 is? The boys tell me that John J. Sweeney snores.

Who were the two A/Ses who burst into the USO Sunday evening arguing about the advantages and disadvantages of the Spitfire, while the Vespers Service was being conducted?

That man Lind who did 115 sit ups just to go the test one better is now suffering. Not only is he lame but he can't figure out how he is going to improve next time.

Former "B.M.O.C." Varnado has been getting worried. Someone told him that he is going to be classified in either Canada or California. He says that Nashville is a lot nearer home.

Speaking of Southerners, the administration has been thinking seriously of hiring an interpreter ever since they arrived. Now with all of these boys from Joisey and New Yawk it is beginning to look as if they will have to.

The "Three Musketeers" are still raising Cain but they have had enough publicity recently. What will happen when they start flying?

Sight of the week: The expressions on our faces when Judy Garland said in one breath, "Hello—I'm sorry I was late—wish I could sing you a lot of songs—hope you get those wings soon—God bless you—sorry I have to say good-bye. Aaaaahhhhhh."

Has anyone an explanation for R. Homer Young's undershirt turning red while bathing at the GI laundry. The undershirt, we mean.

That human fish you were watching play tag last Sunday was Tom Maher. Did you

(Continued on page 6, col. 1)

### Squadron News

(Cont. from page 5, col. 5)

know that he is one of those guys who expects the CQ to take laundry slips up to his room.

A/S Loniewsky spent most of the week-end in bed and still claims he can't get enough sleep. He is probably one of those fellows that we will have to look out for when the eighth quintile gets open post though.

Can you imagine a fellow with all the women trouble that Sam Lyon has to be drawn to guard Judy?

Excellent Bob Marlens strained and groaned and did only 74 situps, giving him a final rating of very good. Says he, "I've cased the joint and have decided to become new Squadron Commander.

Late Bulletin: Spike robs cradle and goes on a picnic.

"Geronimo" Irv Zeizel is quite certain that the crushed stone in front of Old East is going to cut policing time in half. He also was very glad that he wasn't put on a detail to spread it.

Wonderment was rampant when Roy Witlin received that Special Delivery letter Tuesday night bearing the legend, "Importan"! "Please Rush"! Please!

The steak served in the mess hall Saturday was the first for the new J. B. men since they have been official GI's. They are still talking about in in Squadron E.

A/S McNap, one of the unfortunate men who is residing in the fifth floor oven, wants an elevator in the worst way.

Hal Wells spent the greater part of the week-end eating hot dogs at the Market Cafe. Rumor has it that he was trying to make a date with the little gal who was dishing 'em out.

Here's good news for you last-minute boys. Ken Wood has purchased the barber rights from Jake Schottel, making him official barber in Old East. So you fellows will still be able to get your hair cut Friday nights, after Jake is only a memory.

Roy Witlin, the sergeant who makes the color guard shine their shoes just before retreat, claims to have really burned-up Van Tuyle by jabbing him with a lighted cigarette.

### Band Squadron

This being our initial contribution to the Eager Eagle, we start with a declaration of intention, namely: to make this the best of columns about the best of squadrons. We reiterate Captain White's assertion of supremacy, and feel that underclassmen and old-timers alike will strive to uphold the high standards befitting a musical organization.

Thank you Dept.—In our new autonomy, heart-felt thanks to Prof. Schechter, under whose inspired guidance we have molded a number of ambitious individuals into a first-rate marching band, and with whose assistance we have formed our own dance orchestra. We are deeply obligated for whatever gains we have made, and for the recent innovations in the band's status. Whatever we are, or hope to be, we owe to him.

Congratulations and welcome to our newcomers. These boys from Jefferson Barracks are co-operative, disciplined and willing to work. We're glad to have them with us and hope that they won't allow time and familiarity push them off the ball as it has so many others. A couple of them were rather impressed by Dickinson's historic past. I overheard Donegan ask Gigliotti, Pete brightly replied, "George while cleaning one morning, "Who swept here?" To which Washington swept here."

Mon - of - the - week: Dick White . . . capable, modest.



### SOLDIER'S DILEMMA

Why do they call them day-rooms when the only time you're allowed in them is at night? Why do they refer to them as supply sergeants when you have as much chance of getting supplies from them as you'd have of getting a quarter from Silas Marner? And why do they call it the post office when I never get any mail? —Camp Wolters (Tex.) Longhorn.

good-natured band captain . . . at 21 years, tips beam at 168 and measures 5' 10" . . . hails from Canandaigua, New York. Studied business administration at Syracuse U. . . grades at Dickinson reflect his college training. . . .

Despite evidence to the contrary, does not like tall, slim blonde girls who look like Veronica Lake and chase him all over Carlisle . . . he says.

Being in the seventh quintile, will probably head band again . . . knocks off solos on Biddle Field as astutely as he does when playing with the dance band . . . leads dance band from Dorsey-like position. . . .

Not quite accustomed to being a commissioned officer. . . . Looks embarrassed when attention is called at his approach. . . . One of the swellest fellows at the 32nd CTD.

Items: While most fellows here are developing beer bellies, Lou Vastola is swollen with cokes. Comes from bar-fying in the Wilson Pharmacy. After all, he can't just sit and stare. Incidentally, a very popular lieutenant also finds the cokes at Wilson's very intriguing.

Were those apples Captain White were after in that orchard?

Drummer Brower was out on a date with one of Fred Puls' girl friends.

Musicians are reputedly hungry—but I've never seen one eat at such a superhuman pace as does Ralph Silverman. Ralph, by the way, was in Harrisburg with yours truly last week-end, and got stuck with a pick-up so ugly that he ran off and spent the rest of the evening in the hope he'd forget her face. I was forced to turn the pretty date I'd arranged for him for 9:30 over to the capable hands of a tank corporal from Indiantown Gap.

Seen around town: Ed Bacon and wife at the Terrace of the James Wilson. . . . Monty Beville dodging his girl friend's fiancee. . . . Two pretty girls hotly pursued by Keith Allen and associate. . . . Bob Stafffield and his blonde bomber. . . . Bob's still working up his courage to ask for a kiss.

Hat's off to Iron Man Stickles—five months in the army and still faithful to the girl at home. And to Al Friedman, for having the courage to resist temptation in the form of a pretty girl inviting him home for dinner. Poor Al is still on closed post, and too "eager" to abuse the honor system. Saint Anthony could have done no better.

## Versatile Musician Can't Leave Those Strings Be!

That smiling little man who strums a hot guitar ever so often; attracting large crowds of admiring listeners is Clyde J. Proulx (pronounced "Prue"). In front of Old East he periodically entertains his fellows. Their consensus of opinion is always "The guy is terrific!" There ought to be a reason when a guy is that good, and so there is—he's been strumming since he was five year old. 'Twas then that he made his first appearance on a stage.

As Proulx grew larger, so did his instruments, progressing through ukelele, guitar and bass viol. Naturally he was in the high school orchestra of his home town, Kenosha, Wisconsin. The band's director was an NBC arranger who encouraged Clyde to stick to music.

Still in high school, he joined a local orchestra which played one-night engagements in nearby cities. Proulx would study on the bus to and fro, and often would pull up in front of the school doors just as 1st bell rang. This continued until a crack-up demolished the band's bus—the last

of a series of 14 crack-ups in 2 months!

That summer he oscillated among a number of one-night bands, including those of Movie Star Mary Marshall and George Olsen.

When he went back for his last term, his talents were turned to higher things; he played a season with the Kenosha Civic Symphony Orchestra under Czerwonky, assistant concert master of the Philadelphia symphony. Two weeks before graduation, he heard that Clyde McCoy was looking for a bass man, so Proulx auditioned one night, and left with the band the next.

He played with McCoy to December of 1942, when the whole band except Proulx and one trumpet player enlisted in the Navy. Incidentally, McCoy and his group are in Memphis, where he is bandmaster of that post.

Our man desired the Air Corps, so he enlisted in December and was called in February, going to Shepherd Field and thence to Dickinson, where he is a cog in our very excellent swing band.

## Student Officers Drub Permanent Party Nine

In a real ding-dong battle, the group staff showed the permanent party officers how to play softball. After a nine-inning game, the staff found themselves on the long end of an 18-9 score.

1st Sergeant Varnado led the hitting attack with three hits in five times up. Two of these three were for extra bases, one being a home run, the other a double. Adjutant Peveto also hit for the circuit for the group staff. Probably the outstanding fielding of the game was contributed by Supply Sergeant Doc Tomb, second sacker for the staff.

The officers are not to be forgotten. Everyone was hitting the ball hard but always managed to hit in the fielders' gloves. Lt. Lietz connected for a circuit blow to help keep the officers in the game. The most outstanding player for the officers was undoubtedly Sgt. Yazvac, who caught an excellent game. His single with the bases loaded also kept the game lively.

Much credit should also be given to Lt. Campbell, ace twirler for the officers. With a little better support in the field, the lieutenant could have given the group staff plenty of trouble.

The score by innings:

Inning	Group Staff	Officers
1	0	7
2	0	0
3	0	3
4	2	4
5	1	1
6	1	1
7	0	0
8	1	2
9	0	0
Total	4	18

Batteries: Group Staff—Williams and Alberts; Officers—Campbell and Yazvac.

### Strikes Out 19 Men in 7 Inning Game

Pitching superb ball, A/S Lou Vastola blanked the Squadron team, allowing them one scratch hit in the fourth inning. The lucky man was A/S Cottingham, who dribbled one down the third base line and barely beat it out for a hit. Vastola struck out nine men in a row before the lucky hit came. He then settled down and struck out the next nine batters to face him. His streak was again broken when one of the Squadron B men managed to hit a loud foul to the catcher. The last man up in the last inning fell in line by striking out.

Squadron D gathered all their runs in the fourth inning. With two men out, Vastola pounded a double to right-center field, Tremlett and Trigony walked, to load the bases. The unexpected happened when "Starchy" Stillerman, third sacker for Squadron D, walloped a tremendous drive in left-center for a home run. It was a surprise to all, especially Mr. Stillerman. Everyone from the Squadron D team is still challenging anyone and everyone. Does anyone think they can take over this cocky bunch?

## Notes About Other CTD's

**7 CTD, Albright College Reading, Penna.**  
The Rip Cord, student publication of the 7th CTD, appeared for the first time last week in printed form. On the front page was printed a two column cut of six visiting officers from other detachments, including Major Hartigan, of the 32nd.

**330 CTD, Penn State College State College, Penna.**  
Nominated as the Gremlins of the week are the townspeople of State College. The students of the 330th registered a monumental gripe over the closed theatres on Sundays, their one free day. Count us too, gentlemen.

**21 CTD, Colby College Waterville, Me.**  
Sports writers of the New York Mirror and Boston Post have both printed articles commending the Baseball team of the 21st. The team was coached by A/S John Kelleher, once a Lou Little star at Columbia. The team has cleaned up everything in Maine, and was looking for new worlds to conquer, according to the article.

**15 CTD, Concord College Athen's, W. Va.**  
Two A/S's have been appointed to the official position of dog catchers of the fifteenth. Their job is to keep stray dogs, varmints and other mendicants from the mess hall.

**35 CTD, Susquehanna Univ. Selinsgrove, Penna.**  
Amos, Alonzo Stagg, Jr., coach at the 35th, recently took a trip to other Pennsylvania and mid-western CTD's to determine the proper kind of obstacle course and conditioning track to install in Susquehanna.

**60 CTD, U. of Pittsburgh Pittsburgh, Penna.**  
Horace Heidt's orchestra appeared before the A/S of the 60th in a special hour program. The detachment was invited to a broadcast of the popular Pot of Gold contest and a number of the students appeared on this program.

**36 CTD, Geneva College Beaver Falls, Penna.**  
A former crew chief on an A-20, now an A/S, has volunteered to give a series of lectures on the operation and theory of gasoline engines. The meetings are to be held in spare time periods and attendance will be voluntary.

A prayer that should be posted in the airport: "My student is my headache; I do not want. He maketh me to lie down at night very weary. He leadeth me beside high tension wires. Yea, though I fly on the clearest of days, I fear evil for he is with me."

If all the fellows who sleep in class were laid end to end, they'd sleep a lot better.

### GI PLAYBOY

