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Weather For
Axis Nations:
Very Bombey
Indeed!

EAGER EAGLE

Do Your Best
And The
Best Will Be
Done For You

VOL. 1, No. 12

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1943

CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

CARLISLE TOWN BAND MAKES HIT WITH A-S STUDENTS

Surprise Jive
Rideouts Bring
Students To Feet

True to their word, the Carlisle Town Band came to our campus Monday night, and for three-quarters of an hour, regaled the students with some very welcome music. To men who have so little opportunity to patronize the Arts, the concert was a most pleasant surprise. The program was carefully selected, and consisted of:

Marches
"Morning, Noon and Night"
Selection from "Maritana"
"Volunteer"—a trombone solo
"Washington and Lee"
A Rain Medley
and others

Especially pleased were the jive fans in the audience, when the first trumpet player unexpectedly gave out several "hot licks" during "Washington and Lee," and the Rain Medley. The trombonist, Mr. Charles Bender, is also a fine dance man, although he gave no hint of swing during his solo; he has played with many dance orchestras.

The band has been organized since 1900, and is now under the direction of Clarence M. Smith, owner of the town music store. In this position of vantage, Mr. Smith gets many opportunities to enroll new men in his organization. He himself has a good musical background, and has played in several orchestras in Pennsylvania.

The members of the band are mostly businessmen, printers, carpenters and tradesmen who play for pleasure in their spare time. That "hep" trumpet player happens to be the town tax collector (no connection, of course). There are four members of the "Sentinel" staff in the band, as well as our own Professor Schecter, who did very well in the French horn section. Several young high school boys also play with the band, which is the best experience they can possibly get.

Mr. Smith (Smitty, to the boys) is a neat, mild, bespectacled little man. His conducting, while not spectacular, was efficient and showed true feeling for his music. We enjoyed, too, the Toscanini-like manner in which he bowed and nodded gravely in response to the applause after each number. It was with distinct sorrow that we heard the closing piece, for approval among the students was unanimous. For a grand concert, and the trouble and time they spent, thanks to the Carlisle town band.

FIRST EDITOR OF EAGLE AT CLASSIFICATION CENTER

H. H. "Doc" Wilson, the former editor of the *Eager Eagle*, is now in Nashville for cadet classification. Wilson put out the first issue of the paper, which was mimeographed. Under his guidance, the *Eagle* was improved, and expanded, and finally, a week before he left, his efforts were realized, as the paper made its first printed appearance July 11th.

Shipping with "Doc," were

General Davis Reviews 32nd C. T. D.



CARLISLE BARRACKS COMMANDANT WITH OUR OWN
MAJOR HARTIGAN

The parade and formal retreat which was held last Friday afternoon was taken by Brigadier General Addison D. Davis. Squadron A found it well worth the waiting to become the Honor Squadron as no less a personage than General Davis conferred the award by pinning the ribbons on their guidon.

General Davis is at the present time Commandant of the Carlisle Medical as well as being Assistant to the Surgeon General. First commissioned a Lieutenant in 1908, he steadily climbed the ladder until December, 1940, when he became Brigadier General. In May, 1943, the honorary degree of Doctor of Sciences was conferred upon him by Dickinson College.

As a campaigner of long standing, the General lists among his experiences those in Mexico in 1919, Manila 1930, and China 1931. He has also served as Acting Sixth Corps Surgeon at Chicago, and as Executive Medical Officer at Washington, D. C.

CAMPUS SERVICE LED BY REV. H. L. SAUL

Lutheran Choir
Highlight In Second
Of This Series

This Sunday past brought forth an even greater gathering to the Union Services held on the Dickinson Campus. Granted a fine summer's evening and a responsive audience, Rev. Harry L. Saul, D.D., of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, led the services with the assistance of Rev. Paul R. Koutz, D.D., of the Grace United Brethren Church.

This week's Choir was that of the First Lutheran Church. Well known to the A/S students of the 32nd CTD from their earlier appearance at Bosler Hall, the Choir again pleased all listeners with inspiring and melodious choral music. The Choir is under the direction of Mrs. Leslie M. Karper, who acts in the same capacity at the Allison Memorial Methodist Church.

Next week's services will be conducted by Rev. Harry B. Stock, D.D., of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, also assisting in tonight's impressive services.

his two right-hand editorial assistants, F. H. Puls, also writer of Prop Wash, and P. Zucker, who contributed his thoughts in the Windsock.

We only hope that we can put out a paper equal in quality to that which existed while some of us worked under the direction of these three men.

STUDENT OFFICERS EXTEND STREAK TO 3 STRAIGHT

Permanent Party Victims
Again In Slugfest

Tallying nine runs in the first four innings, the student officers clinched their third straight victory over the permanent party men.

Walt Varnado, Bob Staffield, and Whit Williams led the attack, driving in 10 runs with three circuit drives.

The Group Staff struck quickly, scoring four runs in the top of the first inning on Varnado's homer with the sacks loaded. Another four base clout in the fourth by Bob Staffield netted three more tallies, and virtually clinched the game. The permanent party never recovered from those two blows, although they scored three runs in the last of the fourth.

They put on a final surge in the sixth sending two runs across on Lt. Leitz's homerun. However, Williams permitted just one runner to get on in the last three innings.

Jack Pitcher turned in two snappy plays in the last of the 7th, throwing out Werner and Mendelstein on difficult plays at third.

Lt. Boyt, in his first game for the permanent party, played well in short field and beat out an infield hit in the sixth inning rally.

Walt Varnado and Lt. Anderson were the hitting stars, each getting three hits in five chances at the plate.

COLONEL GILLESPIE TO ADDRESS DICKINSON STUDENTS

MONDAY MORNING AT 11:00
IN BOSLER HALL

UPPERCLASS- MEN DANCE SERIES STARTS FRIDAY

Next Friday night, and on alternate Fridays thereafter, the upperclassmen will be seen gliding along the floor of the gym, as they dance away the evening. This new program, which gives the upper classes two extra nights a month to keep up with the latest in popular music, was announced by the recently set up Special Service Committee. The SSC is made up of the Group Staff, the Squadron Commanders, and Sergeant Werner.

As long as the aviation students stay on the ball, these bi-monthly affairs will continue. In fact, if these dances are successful, other forms of entertainment are promised as well.

Open post will begin at 8:00 o'clock, with the affair getting under way at 8:30. The dance will last until 11:00 o'clock, and open post until 11:30. Refreshments will be served, which will help to make it one swell evening.

POST HOME OPENING EAGERLY AWAITED— AUGUST 1st

Students To Have Chance
To See Relatives,
Friends, During Week

The Christian Fellowship House, sponsored by contributions of members of Carlisle churches, will open on August first.

The Fellowship House is designed to be a meeting place for the A/Ser, his parents and his friends. Fortunately, it had come to the attention of some interested people that we fledglings had no place on the campus to meet and entertain our friends.

The Alpha Chi Rho Fraternity House has been leased for \$75 monthly and an annual budget of \$2,700 is the anticipated expenditure. Located on North College Street, between High and Louthier Streets, all will find it readily accessible for the anticipated constant use. The House will be open during the week from 6 P. M. to 8 P. M. daily, and from 2 P. M. to 4 P. M. on Saturdays and Sundays.

Ministers will be present for any service they may be able to render to members of the 32nd CTD seeking their friendly advice or companionship. Operation of the house will be supervised by a House Mother.

While there are no sleeping facilities available at the House for our folks, a list of local homes accepting boarders will be accessible to all desiring such information. This should prove a boon to many of the fellows who are lucky enough to find use for this service.

The friendly spirit of the citizens of Carlisle who are endeavoring to make our stay here more enjoyable, will not be readily forgotten by the students of the 32nd CTD.

Medical Officer
To Relate Experiences
In North African Theatre

Early next week, Colonel Frank Sheppard Gillespie, British Liaison Officer, will give a first-hand account of his experiences during the Tunisian visit. His offer to address the Air Crew Students of the 32nd CTD has been graciously accepted by our Commanding Officer, Major John D. Hartigan.

Colonel Gillespie was born in County Clare, Ireland. He attended Dublin University and then Trinity College in London. He received his commission in the British Army, August 31, 1914, and has served ever since.

He served with the British Army in India for 8 years, in Germany from 1924 to 1925, in Malta from 1933 to 1937 and in Egypt from 1937 to 1939. He was in France during the critical period from 1930 to 1940 and in May, 1940, he was transferred to Ireland for three months. Since 1940, he has served various units in England, Ireland and Scotland and was present at the Battle of Dunkirk. In the spring of 1942 he came to the United States and he is now located at Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

WILBANKS STORE MAKES LAST APPEARANCE

The Dr. Wells sponsored "Wilbanks' Store" program was played last week for all hot pilots, and was attended by around 400 howling, Dr. Wells "addicts."

The program, written by Master-of-Ceremonies Bob Louthier, Wilbanks Store owner, featured such rugged Saliners as "Cajun" Clyde Proulx, former member of Clyde McCoy's band, Wild Bill Stevens, Cheyenne Sommers, Mustang Reese, Trigger Stansel, "Death Valley" Donaldson, Paul Isenberg the magician, and the "ideal" of millions of Dr. Wells drinkers, "Fearless" Scroton!! Fearless holds the record for continuous Dr. Wells—six straight!!! He was assisted on and off the stage by Zoot Suit Meir, and "Milgram" Smith.

"Cajun" Clyde and his Bunk House Boys announced that they would play next down at the "Black Cat," in Nashville.

"THE MEDICAL SOLDIER" PRAISES "EAGLE"

Appearing on the front page of last week's *The Medical Soldier*, Carlisle Barracks, internationally known weekly newspaper, was a write-up of the *Eager Eagle*, congratulating us upon our entrance into the printed field.

We of the *Eager Eagle* wish to thank the members of the staff of *The Medical Soldier*, for the kind words they expressed. Much of the credit for our success goes to them for their cooperation and willingness to help us at all times.

We of the *Eager Eagle* are honored in having *The Medical Soldier*, recognized as one of the ten best Army papers in the World feel that we are "Brothers under the Skin."

EAGER ★ EAGLE

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

**BACKGROUND
FOR WAR**

A/S M. Edwards

The twentieth century Caesar has toppled off his throne. Or was it just a high dunce chair? Benito Mussolini, the humpty-dumpty of Italian politics has had his great fall. The Black Shirts, the Fascists . . . these are all of the past. The originator of the dictator fashion . . . the man with the big chin, who stuck it out so far at a time when his vision was very short. Just as Mussolini has made his final bow, so Italy has let the curtain of time ring down on her last act—at least until the war is over. The Italian people had given the Fascisti drama a good review when it first opened up. The opening lines made it look like a good show. What the people didn't notice until it was too late was that the director, and producer, and star actor, and business manager had been changing the scenery, and the cast, so that one man actually held all the important positions on the Fascist Grand Council, with a few tight-lipped vertical moving dummies to answer the call of Vive Il Duce.

There will be little resistance when the Allies take over the country. The Germans could not hope to defend the long Italian coast line against an invading army. If the Germans make a stand anywhere in Italy, it will be in the Po Valley, located in the north of the country. When this happens, the key to the Adriatic, and one of the entrances to the Balkans will be open. The fall of Italy, and that country can soon be crossed off the books, would mean the fall of Sardinia, with only a limited number of German troops located there, who may offer some local resistance.

The Dodecanese Islands in the Eastern Mediterranean, which belong to Italy, but which also contain some German troops, would make a valuable prize. These Islands, including Rhodes, would give us bases a stone's throw from Crete, the chief obstacle to an



Some of the members of this post have found the solution to problem of point rationing, at least as far as food is concerned. Victory gardens that have been carefully labored upon, are now showing signs of bumper crops. Great quantities of sweet corn and tomatoes are among the vegetables that can be seen in most of the gardens.

Ten boxing bouts are scheduled to take place on the post sometime during the first week in August. Major George A. Caruso, Post Athletic Officer, said that both the winner and loser of the fights would receive an award of worthwhile merit. The men that will compete have been training nights to get into shape.

The chief American health officer in Sicily is Col. Edgar Erskine Hume, who had previously been head of the Medical Field Service School Department of Administration and later Public Relations Officer of Carlisle Barracks, during his six year stay there. During the last war, Col. Hume was the director of the American base hospital in Italy.

Captain Victor A. Bacile has been putting in many more hours than usual. The reason is that an average of a baby a day has been born at the Station Hospital during the month of July. Captain Bacile is the post obstetrician. At the present rate, the number of deliveries this year will double those in 1942. The girls born outnumber the boys by a score of two to one.

invasion of Greece through the Vardar Valley.

In Sicily, the Germans have been driven into a pocket in the northeast corner of the island. They are making their stand along the so-called Etna line. While this is proving a barrier to Allied armies now, it will cause the splitting of the Axis armies once it is cracked or broken through at any point. The next week should see the finish of the Sicilian campaign.

YOUR OFFICERS

Beginning with this issue, the *Eager Eagle* presents a series of personal glimpses of the officers who command the 32nd CTD. The first subject that we place under our microscopic eye is 1st Lieutenant William Henry Leitz, Jr.

Lt. Leitz gave his first public performance exactly 23 years ago in the frolicking city of New Orleans. During his childhood our senior officer modestly claims no grounds for fame. After seeing him set the pace in the long distance run the other day, he must have been active in the field of sports.

Military training has occupied most of Lt. Leitz's mature years. At Louisiana State University he had three years of ROTC in the infantry. Following this, three and a half years were spent as a member of the home state's National Guard. About this time the war clouds had begun to drift toward our shores, and our hero became a member of the regular United States Army. He put in 13 months of intensive training with the infantry. Eight of these were at Camp Blanding in Florida, and the rest were divided between maneuvers in Louisiana, and patrolling the coast of North Carolina.

Lt. Leitz was then transferred to the Air Corps, in which branch he has been ever since. In January, 1942, he was training at well-known Keesler Field. After spending one month there, he was allowed to continue on his GI tour of the country. From Mississippi, he was sent to the New England Aircraft School located at Boston, Mass. His six months' stay here included a study of mechanics, especially motors. Once again, the army decided that the then still prospective officer must continue his travels. He spent two months at Stewart Field, New York.

Then, our energetic roamer finally was granted his long-wished-for desire. On August 8, of last year, he began his OCS training in Miami. He graduated as a polished second lieutenant less than three months later. From Miami, the next jump was to Maxwell Field for classification. Lieutenant Leitz's first assignment as an officer took him to Hendricks Field in Florida. His title was Assistant Plans and Training Officer. Among the other duties which he successfully carried out were as a basic training officer, and as an instructor in small arms. He instructed in the use of 30, 45, 50 caliber guns, the sub-Thompson machine gun, the Browning Automatic, and the hand grenade.

From Hendricks Field, Lt. Leitz came to the 32nd CTD, on detached service. During his short stay here, he has instituted many of the ideas and procedures that his long army experience has taught him. A few weeks ago he received his silver bars.

When asked if he could be quoted, Lt. Leitz said, "I've enjoyed working with the boys very much. Those things that I tried to put into effect, were for the good of the fellows, not for my own benefit. I did it to prepare the students for the conditions they will encounter in the near future."

Lt. Leitz is not married, and is still looking the field over for his dream. As for his future plans, he wants to do his part in winning the war, and then to be an everyday business man.

He is proudest of the fact that he became an Uncle for the second time only two weeks ago.

The aviation students of Dickinson want to wish you the best of luck in your new work, wherever it may take you, Lt. Leitz.

"THE EAGER EAGLE"

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**"CREW'S EYE VIEW
NOT ENOUGH"**

**Veteran Crewmen Here
For Pilots Training**

For all that you know, the man next to you may be an ex-crew chief from a B-17, or an aerial gunner with special radio training. Of course, he is just a plain A/S now, but it may prove very interesting to have a talk with him, as well as highly instructive. The *Eager Eagle* has swooped down on several of these notable men, and wishes to pass on to you what he has learned.

Let us take Ralph C. DeCarion as exhibit "A." A/S R. C. DeCarion is twenty-two years old, and has been in the air corps for three years and seven months. His home town is Miami, Florida, but the air corps has carried him on enough trips to make an ordinary globe trotter green with envy.

A/S DeCarion was an instructor of mechanics at Cha-

nute Field, Ill., and was recommended to represent that technical school as part of a mission to establish a flying school in Haiti. Haiti, the land of the beautiful girls, the swaying palms, and clear blue ocean water. It rather makes the old home town look pretty tame already, doesn't it? The next thing that Mr. DeCarion knew he was at Port-au-Prince, Haiti. It seems that the sub menace was really becoming acute, and the Haitian officials saw the need of some sort of a force to combat this menace. Naturally, it was the good old United States that sent men to help them with their problem.

This Port-au-Prince is better known as the "black Republic," and is governed by one Eli Lescot, a man who is equal to all the respect that is shown him. His is a policy of complete harmony with the United States, and constant touch with our own president. The new mission was to train a carefully picked group of natives to fly. These men were to form another part of the long-established Guards D'Haiti. In-

(Continued on page 4, col. 1)



**ALRIGHT GENTLEMEN, JUST A FEW MORE
ANNOUNCEMENTS BEFORE YOU GO ON
OPEN POST.**



Squadron A

A/S C. Bancroft

"Hot Pilot" Dave Bacon, with 1½ hours of flying, has sworn off anything stronger than lemonade and milk. He says smoking is the next habit he'll break.

Danielson seems to be losing out all around. Just who was his date at the dance last Friday night?

"Red Baird can't seem to come out ahead with his dates. They always wear an object on their third finger, left hand.

If "Tiger" Alberts doesn't stop stepping on his bunk mate while going to bed, there's going to be some rank pulled.

Hubert Aaronson splashed his hash first time up and his classmates thought it was the funniest thing they had ever seen.

We see that Mr. "Moose" Arrington is keeping his Zombie on the ball. Mr. Bickel is not an upperclassman as applied to all J.B. men.

"Doc" Galletly found a real treat in store for him Sunday afternoon after eating a good meal. He was custodian of a three-year-old boy while its parents went to church.

At this time we would like to congratulate every man in Squadron A for his part in winning the plaque. This, no doubt, was due to the leadership of its former Captain.

M. C. "Governor" Bain was carried away by the music at the concert the other day, and almost by the flies that were pestering him while he was trying to sleep.

Bill Burke literally stopped traffic, the other evening on guard duty with his spinning, twirling, and general manipulation of ye ole night stick. Note: see file Flushing Police Force for further details.

John Arnold has a past record of flying over highways around Newburg, N. Y.; this, along with being put in the 6th Quintile by mistake, we can look forward to him being a red hot pilot.

Squadron B

A/S R. Bowen

Squadron B admits it has the best officers in the 32nd CTD. With Capt. Bob Boyd at the helm it is doubtful that any squadron will have a chance for honor squadron in the next four weeks. Our officers not only have the cleanest noses but are definitely the most eager.

Squadron B was well represented on the train back from Harrisburg last Sunday. Latest reports put the figure at twelve. "Ace" Coddington says there is nothing like a weekend in Harrisburg for morale purposes.

Further happenings on J. I. Breogeale's episode at Eppley's. After Saturday night he reported, "It was good."

John Cocknell was really making good use of the USO last Saturday and Sunday. We hear he was broke at the start of his week-end: lived like a king (almost), and ended up two cents richer than when he started.

Bush and Bunley say an over-night pass is fine but the place not to spend it is on a curb 45 miles from Carlisle looking for a ride; especially at 0345. Such rides are scarce now, we hear.

What is this about two Squadron B lieutenants Friday night? We hear Dan Browne could not find his date; after he took Jane home; nor could he find Fred Budde.

Mart Silberman—Why did you ask when the flying group might leave?

Freddie Ebbers is not satisfied to capture the heart of any girl in Carlisle; he imports two, not one, from Atlantic City. We hear he met them in those two days of basic at Atlantic City.

Fred Klrepfer reports he spent an enjoyable 24 hours behind the desk of the Senior C. Q. Consider yourself lucky, Freddie, you almost missed the job altogether.

Danny Fairhurst was busy Saturday night trying to recover from a terrific Friday night.

Section 71 had the group commander, three squadron commanders, three lieutenants, myriad corporals and sergeants and PRIVATE Sad Sack as section marcher. Private Sad Sack says he will have the boys in line by the end of this month.

Fred Budde, he's here again, was very busy Saturday night explaining to his date about the other five girls who mobbed them as they walked into the milk bar. Surely a little thing like six girls at a time doesn't upset your equilibrium, Budde.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Charles B. Chapman any Saturday from noon until Sunday at 2130, please bring information to office of Eager Eagle.

Squadron C

A/S J. Shaffer

DOING THE TOWN

We see one of the new men from J.B. cornering the "women market"—nice work if you can get it. At PX Sidney Smith making remarks about Sqdn. Commander Crenshaw being from Ga. This conversation was overheard by one of the young ladies behind the counter who offered to hold Smith while the Georgian hit him to which Sid answered that if she would hold him every man in the detachment could take a swing. . . . John Czop and Wally Edinger with those "the girls I left behind" beauties while walking slowly in the general direction of Moreland. . . . "Happy" Fleningere after 3 weeks still looking for that girl who will make his "little" heart beat faster. . . . George Sisson with that beautiful petite wife of his just happy by themselves—marriage must be wonderful. . . . A lonely blonde waiting hopefully for D. C. Smith to keep that date—we think you missed the boat, D. C. . . . D. M. Davis the loneliest man in Carlisle Sunday when he had J.O.D. . . . The newly appointed 1st Sergeant of Sqdn. C with the "light of his life" in a world of their own. . . . Wm. Hannon truly enjoying the quietness of Moreland with his FAMILY. . . . Retiring Hank Senke turns to be quite a women killer when he is seen with 3 different glamor girls on the week-end. . . . Fearless Scroton just able to put through "Town Guard" without his Dr. Wells. . . . D. R. Spencer creeping back from a hard week-end in Harrisburg—we wonder what happened.

EAGER BEAVER ASKS

What delayed those newly appointed corporals Febles and Ferlazo at chow formation Saturday? . . . Who was that friend of Jerry Echenal that couldn't take Town Guard last Saturday? . . . When is that much "talked about" soft ball league going to get under way? . . . If some of the new non-coms realize that there are two ways of giving an order—one way won't make them any friends. . . . What does Pary Schelter find so "interesting" just north of Carlisle? . . . Just what are the orders pertaining to Moreland Park? . . . At the request of the 9th quintile—why can't we have beer at the PX? . . . What the Slavin family finally named their new arrival? . . . Why the departing flyers painted FO on Frank Slovak's back and who did the paint job on Doogle Davis? . . . If the flyers departure dates are supposed to be a military secret? . . . If someone wouldn't put benches in Moreland Park where the students could talk to their families? . . . Who was the A/Ser who said that the only thing wrong with the army was that he couldn't have breakfast in bed? . . . Why it wouldn't be possible to have short "Vic" dances during the week from 6 to 8 at the gym?

CONGRATS

To Sqdn. Commander Crenshaw in his wise judgment of student officers. . . . to the newest arrivals from J.B. for the way they are getting on the beam. Orchids to the man of the week, Al Ely, who is able to fill Ershow's shoes as supply sergeant.

WHO TO SEE

For the best story of the week, see Hal Fridd—personally I don't believe it. . . . If you want to know about patrol bombers see Down Close. . . . Any men interested in baseball should talk to Chaffin who was under contract to Chattanooga Club. . . . And if anyone is interested in the after effects of Dr. Wells, see Arnie Friedman. . . . If you want to learn to remain in the background, see Schefer S-N-A-F-U.

The new arrivals claim closed post is like waving a red flag in front of a bull. . . . R. F. Smaus certainly can keep his past a dark secret. . . . It certainly is hard to leave here after you get a nice girl, said Skiffington as he wiped the lipstick off his shirt. . . . Bobby Lowther is probably the loneliest man in the 32nd CTD now that most of his friends have left for more advanced training. . . . That ghost that walks the halls is none other than Billy Dietz with a lotion on his face. . . . The remark of the week—"I hope his belt buckle gets rusty." . . . One buckle gets rusty."

Squadron D

A/S M. Spinks

Being a squadron correspondent and a lieutenant at the same time just ain't probable. How can you go into the guys' rooms to chew the fat when they must pop to at your entrance? What nice, care-free underclassman would like to take over this space? We're not kidding.

Was William Curtis Tice flabbergasted when, after inadvertently standing alone for five minutes during the schedule assignments, he was made section marcher.

Club 22 is wondering whether Palmy Stevens will come through for the third straight week-end now that Moreland Park has been declared verboten.

Called to attention with a group in front of the USO, Art Vincent turned around to salute. Nobody there! Then he looked down from his towering height of 6 feet three and observed a 5 foot barracks lieutenant nonchalantly returning his salute.

Trigger Trigony and Big Jim Roth hereby declare Boiling

Springs closed territory to underclassmen. "We've got the area well sewed up," they declared.

The Moose and G. L. Staud are occupying their bunks again after a spell in the infirmary and an emergency furlough disrespectively. John Stenberg remains in the hospital. He sends his thanks for the thoughtfulness of all you fellows who are helping to make his ordeal less tedious.

Sgt. Heath, according to his roommate's reports, has metamorphized from the worst J.B. marcher to the most power-mad Dickinson sergeant.

Behold Katen, the 48-hour wonder. On two successive days he stood guard and CQ duty.

C. B. Johnson doesn't see why the inspecting officer should object to his bed tag being printed in Old English. "It looks so pretty," he pouts.

"If we're confined over the week-end," says Oliver Knapp, "I'm gonna see to it personally that the men responsible stand at attention and BLINK in cadence."

Those few men from the 8th quintile who were advanced to the 7th are very confused. "Am I an underclassman or an upperclassman?" moans G. Kimmelman. "Do I rate a strip on my badge, and am I on open post? Oy!"

Club 22 posts Harry Tashjian at the strategic approach to its domain, and every time the CQ comes dashing for details (particularly flyers), the Turk warns the boys off with "Green Eyes"—the danger signal.

Not one guy became sick in Squadron D from his first day's flying.

Toothless Harry Tillman just grinned when he saw corn on the cob for dinner—he had installed his new store teeth.

With Stull's wife coming up, he would have to draw flying on Saturday. Roommates Stillerman, Stenberg, and Stites promise to entertain her until he is free.

"R. A." Suckow definitely does not fit in the slide at Boiling Springs. Just take a look at the side of his leg. OOH!

Joe Spicketts swears his daughter, Carol Marie, winked at him when he told her of his first day of flying.

Prediction: Watch the third platoon of Squadron D outshine all the rest in Old East. Hep, hep, hep.

Squadron E

A/S W. Wilson

VanTuyte, that boy that is baffled by the computer, is just itching for gigs. And how! Boy, does he like to see things fall, he and Stumpy.

Room 200 is fast becoming a "Spit and Whittle Club." Admission by card only will soon be necessary.

Where have we heard a similar version of this although it wasn't uttered by our one and only Supply Sergeant "Leaky" Whittles. In the ranks I am one of you, but in the supply room I am supreme!

Just in case that Vasc. hasn't told you he did a loop on his first flight.

Any man who can handle his women like Wagner can't had better give up. If he was only married we could call him henpecked.

When asked for dope Ralf K. Wilson casually offered his roommates.

Our Junior Birdman "Muscles" Which can now usually be located directing traffic at High and Hanover.

The first qualification that Dick Wicker's gals must have is an I.Q. of minus four.

Just where did that man Joe Zibinsky get those second louie's bars? I know damn well that he is too cheap to buy them.

Burt Wixon was the little fellow who said, "That must be a new song," when he heard

Hands Wagner singing "When the Mountains Meet the Sky."

Loniewsky Vindal and Waldo are trying to find out who can get the most sleep. Loniewsky hasn't had "Open Post" yet, but what about the other two?

Patrick Gillen, the boy who never curses and never gripes, is also an anti-capitalist.

Metzler has so many gigs that he is planning to use them for a bib. Ask his roommates what it means, I haven't the slightest idea.

A couple of the new men aren't wasting any time. Meyer's girl and Kruse's wife will be here to greet them as they step off the campus after that morning when all of us foot-worn GI's were so glad to see that new roster fodder strut in.

Tom Vinson, so all the boys in his flight agree, drew the prettiest. (Please note that this does not necessarily mean that it is my opinion too.)

The big questions on all our minds this week is what to do with our time between six and eight and also how to take care of ten floors and eight latrines with only six mops.

Band Squadron

A/S I. Garshinsky

Bob Staffield was a white collar man in civilian life. The army's changed him. Now Lindy is a red collar man.

No dirt about Captain White—his girl friend was in this week-end. Ho-hum!

Man of the Week: Lou Vastola—also known as "Muscles" and "Stoneface" to his friends—5' 11" and 185 pounds of beautiful man; one of the best physiques in the detachment. . . . looks like a weight lifter, boxer, or wrestler, but did none of these. . . . plays corking game of baseball and is all-around athlete, starring at basketball and swimming. . . . big, quiet, mild, never curses. . . .

Likes girls blonde and pretty, as don't we all. . . . especially pretty blonds named Betty. . . .

Had three years at Buffalo State Teachers, majoring in industrial arts. . . . Buffalo also his home town. . . . plenty of industrial experience as riveter at Curtis Aircraft and arc-welder for the Navy.

Lou has never been heard to raise his pleasant baritone voice in anger, is unanimously liked by people he meets. . . . is scholar as well as athlete, one of our library students. . . . dependable, trustworthy and serious, he is a friend worth having.

Boiling Springs was popular with Ed Bacon and family last week-end—Ed offered to take on all fellows who whistle at his pretty wife one at a time.

Instead of jam sessions, the band now has a concert hour, with the newly organized woodwind quintet rendering (and reading) Mozart, Bizet? etc. Feature soloist is Al Friedman, flute player extraordinary. Nor will we omit our oboist, McAninch, who challenges anyone in the detachment to equal his 800 sit-ups. Professor Schecter has consented to play the French horn with the Quintet. . . .

Fashion Notes: Pete Gihottli vainly brushing his hair 15 minutes each nite—Ralph Silverman in fatigue cap and shorts—Bruce Sterns still so much in love with his girl friend of 3½ years that he has eyes for no other (or should this be Hats Off!)

Men at Conway got a kick out of Hal Keeler jamming with an unknown piano player in the dayroom. Less pleasant to their ears was the sound of Jimmy Hain blowing "taps" nitely at 10:30.

Back from their first flight came Allen, Atkinson, Blasi, Baird, Sterns and Statfield, their heads high. Back, too, came Chet Sarsfield, his posterior dragging.

Oops—almost forgot U. U. Beville! That John Peel melody's fine, Monty, but what would your honey say?

EAGLE CREDITS

A/S M. EDWARDS, STUDENT EDITOR
 A/S M. SPINKS, ASSOCIATE STUDENT EDITOR
 A/S W. CANNON, STUDENT MAKE-UP EDITOR
 A/S BUDE, STUDENT PHOTOGRAPHER
 A/S ZARWI, STUDENT ILLUSTRATOR
 STAFF ASSISTANTS,
 A/S L. HEATH, A/S J. KATEN

"CREW'S EYE VIEW NOT ENOUGH"

(Cont'd from page 2, col. 5)

identally, the Haitian government is one of the largest growers of a certain plant that our scientists are using extensively in the production of synthetic rubber.

A/S DeCarion says that he was extremely fortunate in receiving an appointment with this mission. He attributes it mostly to the fact that he has a working knowledge of both French and Spanish which are used by the natives. A very few of them speak English at all, and so the teaching had to be done in their own dialect. He spent four months in Haiti as a part of this program before he was returned to the United States to begin his own career as a flying officer.

Mr. DeCarion has many fine things to say about the people of Haiti. For the most part he says that they have a keen sense of friendship and honor. The American soldier is as popular as he would be in his own home town. While he was there he enjoyed the best of hospitality by the elite class,

including the president and our own American Minister. The customs are for the most part European, and the language largely French. As for the Creole women, that is another story and you will have to see him personally for that, or hope that you are placed on a mission that sends you to Haiti.

We asked Mr. DeCarion just what he thought of Dickinson College and the thirty-second C.T.D. with no holds barred. We shall quote: "The system is a fine one, especially the cadet officers, and I feel that it is one of the greatest privileges I have ever had to be here."

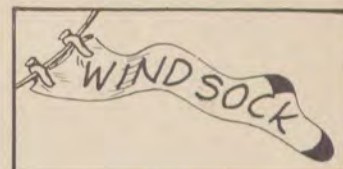
used to save a life, was on July 24, 1808, 135 years ago. One Jodaki Kuparento safely escaped from a burning balloon.

In the early days chutes were made in different designs and structures, e. g., cones, inverted cones, square canopies, etc. These parachutes had little or no safety factor, nor stability. Later professional aeronauts used chutes to enhance ascensions in balloons to thrill crowds. They ascended to 1,000 feet to 2,000 feet and cut loose the parachute, which was suspended from the bottom of the balloon basket. The weight of the chutist caused the air pressure to fill out the canopy and folds of the parachute. In World War I, an insignificant percentage, possibly 1% of the pilots used chutes. The pilots at that time felt its use displayed a sign of cowardice, lack of confidence in their flying abilities and the worthiness of their aircraft. The result was that a large number of good pilots were lost to the Air Corps.

In 1919, the U. S. Army Air Corps was the first agency to require all its flying personnel to wear chutes. Due to the lack of suitable equipment and distribution this requirement was not strictly adhered to until 1920. At that time, all fliers were absolutely required to wear chutes and the rule became firmly established.

Narrow escapes from death by the Test Pilots at the Army Air Corps Experimental Station at Dayton, Ohio, who used chutes to bail out of defective experimental planes were given wide publicity. This gave added impetus to the benefits and advantages to be derived from the use of the parachute.

The "Caterpillar Club" is an organization whose members were saved by the emergency use of a parachute. Their ship is confined to those whose insignia is a golden caterpillar with ruby eyes. This is one of a series of 3 articles on the maintenance, use and history of the parachute.



A/S I. Garshinsky

Here at the 32nd CTD, Christmas comes once a year, immunization twice a year, and appointment of new officers every month. The last is attended by much confusion, fierce competition, and open jealousy. It is an occasion as interesting to the philosophical observer as the New Orleans Mardi Gras or Coney Island on Sunday.

Ostensibly, the selection is a democratic one, for each student candidate is given his chance to howl on Biddle Field during tryouts. Unfortunately, personal preferences, here as well as everywhere else, cause some injustices in choice. For the most part, however, the officers are good men and deserving of their rank. Let the frustrated applicant for squadron commander compare himself objectively and with less self-consciousness with his rivals and he will more than likely repent of his bitter denunciation of the powers that be.

With the new staff comes the new order. The officers take over with grandiloquent illusions of Rooseveltian succession as honor squadron. The first week is marked by youthful vigor, high spirits and great expectations. Still disdaining the uneasiness that goes with the crown, the yearling leaders exhibit the joie de vivre, the savoir faire that they hopewill make theirs the best squad, platoon squadron, or detachment of all. Six squadrons reverberate with the admonishments of the commanders, exhortations of first sergeants, and threats of corporals. "On the ball" and "on the beam" become the sine qua non of student life.

So goes a week of sweat for the officers, of strain for the men. Fear not, however. Sure as the sun will shine and the winds will blow, this rigorous regime will relax. It is a sort of mutual adjustment; a slight relaxing on the part of the officers, a slight improvement by the squadron. Once more, we slip into the manner of old, and continue in a plateau-like contentment until still another change of officers.

It is with some annoyance that we view the attitude of certain short-sighted student officers toward our two chief extra-curricular activities—the band and the newspaper. This is shared by many of the other students, who seem entirely unaware that the fellows who go in for these activities give up the spare time enjoyed by the others, in their efforts to make post life more pleasant for everyone.

CROSS COUNTRY SPORTS

A/S W. Dietz

Star of the week—Gundar Haegg—The Swift Swede did it again as he established a new American mile record last Saturday night at Harvard Stadium. Haegg shaved .4 seconds off the old American mark set by Glenn Cunningham as he hit the tape at 4:05.3, beating Gill Dodd by 10 yards. With the competition the amazing Gundar is receiving from his American confederates, he should be able to better the 4:02.6 mile turned in by his fellow-countryman, Arne Anderson.

Upon his transfer to the St. Louis Browns, by the Brooklyn Dodgers, Bucky Newsome made the following comments: (1) "I absolutely refuse to play for the Browns." (2) I will win the pennant for the Browns." Before the week was over little of these statements proved to be as reliable as a promise from Hitler.

Mr. Newsom did report to the Browns and the great Bobo was promptly knocked out of the box in his first two starts.

Last week in the majors—Brooklyn's unpredictable Dodgers continued their nose dive. The Flock is now in danger of dropping to third third place, by virtue of three straight defeats at the hands of Pittsburgh' climbing Pirates.

The Bums are now but 2 percentage points and 1/2 game out of second place. . . . Truett "Rip" Sewell, the league's leading pitcher, won his 15th victory of the season in trouncing the Dodgers 6 to 1 last Saturday. Rip's new pitch, a tantalizing slow ball with an impossible hop, still has the league's sluggers breaking their backs. . . . The New York Yankees stretched their lead to 7 games over the Washington Senators.

ment—came out for football. Because of the excellent conditioning system, not a single man was injured all season.

"This achievement leads me to believe that the army should endorse competitive sports. Not only would the boys enjoy such a program, but it would boost their morale in that everyone would be pulling for a common end."

"You are right, sir, absolutely right," we purred. "What about swimming and tennis here? A lot of the guys want that too."

"Well," he said, "the swimming pool is open on weekends. I've been trying to find some way to fit a swimming program into our schedule—maybe that can be worked out. The tennis courts at Biddle Field (not the ones behind the PX) are available every day from 8 to 5."

Here we gently pointed out the fact that at five we are just getting back to our barracks from Biddle.

"True, but you may obtain a

PROFESSORIAL PORTRAITS



A/S M. Spinks

BENJAMIN D. JAMES

"Hello, operator, get me Mr. James on the wire. Hello, Mr. James? This is the Eager Eagle. We have selected you as the subject for Professorial Portraits this week. Are you willing?"

Allowing that he was, he graciously meandered to our paper-strewn office, seated himself in our "visitor's chair" (the only one with four legs), leaned back against the wall, and said, "Shoot."

"No, sir," we said "you shoot—we'll listen."

We already know that Mr. James is Instructor in Education and Psychology at Dickinson. He is head football and track coach as well. In the war college, his position is Director of Physical Training and Administrative Assistant to Dr. Herbert Wing, Jr.

"Well, I don't know that there is much to tell," he began; "I was born in Plymouth, Pa., attended Dickinson for my A.B., Bucknell for M.A., and have almost completed credits for my Ph.D. at U. of P. I taught seven years at Plymouth High School, and came to Dickinson in 1941.

"My main interest at the moment," he continued, "is to develop a physical training program that will be considered worthwhile by the air college, the students, and their future instructors at Maxwell Field.

"I believe that under the guidance of President Corson, Dr. Wing, and Major Hartigan, we have the finest air crew group in America."

"Yes sir, we do, too," we assured him; then craftily switched the subject to sports—Mr. James' favorite vocation. "What was one of your most interesting experiences in coaching football, sir?" we inquired.

Ha! The right track, because instantly Mr. James rose from his sturdy chair and began to pace back and forth through our snow banks of wadded paper.

"The time Lehigh defeated Dickinson 17 seconds after the game was over," he ejaculated. "Score was 0-0 with 10 seconds to go. Lehigh completed a play and the fifth official, without receiving instructions to do so, stopped the clock. Twenty-seven seconds later they scored—17 seconds after the game was over. The official later admitted his mistake, but of course, it was too late then."

As soon as he could stop gnashing his teeth we asked about football at Dickinson.

"Coaches McAndrews and Kennedy did a wonderful job last year," he said. "72 men—1/4 of the total male enroll-



THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT YOUR AERIAL LIFE PRESERVER

(Chute To You)

By Mr. Bernard H. Packman
 Instructor in Navigation
 Meteorology and Civil Air
 Regulations

A Down To Earth Resume.

Generally speaking the parachute is an umbrella-like device used to retard a fall. The CAR definition is as follows: "The parachute is a unit comprised of a canopy, harness, container, and accessories, so arranged in combination as to allow instantaneous release of a folded canopy by means of mechanical control or manually operated release device, such combination to be approved by the Administrator. A Canopy . . . that part of a parachute combination which is desired to retard the descent of a falling body or object. The Harness . . . is that part of a parachute combination designed to enfold or carry the body or object and to serve as an attachment between the canopy and its intended cargo. The Container . . . is that part of a parachute combination designed to hold or contain a folded canopy."

Leonardo Da Vinci, famous architect, sculptor, engineer, and painter, designed a model of a parachute as early as 1500.

Earliest recorded parachute descents were made by the Gamelin Brothers in the late 18th Century followed by Robert Cockling, Blanchard and the Montgolfier Brothers in the 18th Century.

Originally used to escape burning towers, in the 16th Century and also in conjunction escapes from the hot air balloon.

An accidental bursting balloon, parachuting to earth, in all probabilities provided the first parachute descent.

The first alleged recorded instance of a parachute being

key from any one of the officers. Provisions should be made so you men can conveniently use those courts."

"Thunderation!" he exclaimed, glancing at his watch. "I've got to be going, or those weeds in my victory garden will smother the corn."

"Victory garden, professor?"

"Yes, Professor Thompson and I have planted 4 bushels of potatoes, 250 tomato plants, and 50 pounds of string beans. And we've already gathered in a half bushel of red beets," proudly beamed Mr. James.

"Don't let us keep you then, sir," we said, preparing to close our shorthand notebook.

"One thing more—you might say that I sincerely hope that every one of you men will have the chance to come back to Dickinson College after the war and see it in the light of peace.

Particularly"—and here a sly grin twisted the corners of his mouth—"particularly all of you All-American football players!"