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Title: *Eager Eagle* (Vol. 1, No. 14)

Date: August 14, 1943

Location: O-Original-1943-2

Contact:

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Prove all things: hold fast that which is good. —I Thess. 5:21.

EAGER EAGLE

Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

VOL. 1, No. 14

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1943

CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Lt. Lapman Replaces Lt. Eldridge As Tactical Officer

New Lieutenant Star Tennis Player

Lieutenant Melvin Elliot Lapman is the new Senior Tactical Officer and Mess Officer at the 32nd CTD, replacing Lieutenant Harry V. N. Eldridge, who has been assigned to duties at another military post.

Lt. Lapman is one of the country's top ranking tennis players. He has played against such notables as Don Budge, and Bobby Riggs, and he holds many tennis championship titles of his own.

Entering the service as a private in February, 1941, Lt. Lapman received his basic training at Camp Upton. He was sent to Mitchell Field in New York, where he spent the rest of his enlisted man's status. He went to OCS at Miami, and was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the Army Air Corps. While at OCS, our new officer acquired 9,100 points out of a possible 10,000, which placed him among the upper eighth of his class.

Lt. Lapman has served as Physical Training Officer, giving as much as five hours of calisthenics a day. While the groups of men changed for each period of an hour or so of physical conditioning, he went through the paces with all the men during the day.

Though he only arrived a short time ago, Lt. Lapman has already gained the confidence of the aviation students at Dickinson.

We all appreciate the work that Lt. Eldridge did while he served as Tactical Officer here, and we want to wish him the best of luck in his new position.

An interview with Lt. Lapman will be printed in a future issue.

Squadron Swing-Band To Play At Harrisburg Officers Dance

32nd C. T. D. Dance Band To Perform At Air Corps Intelligence School

Stepping out with a double-barreled entertainment program, Dickinson CTD talent will perform for the Officers' Ball at the Harrisburg Army Air Force Intelligence School, commanded by Lewis H. Dayton, A.C.

On Thursday evening, August 19, the swing band will make with the jive from 9 to 11 P. M., while that master of the occult powers, Paul Isenberg, will practice his art of Legerdemain during intermission. Paul presented a sample of his trickery to our students here, and if the show he puts on for the officers is comparable, we may safely predict their complete mystification.

The swing band will be in there with instrumental solos by Captain Dick White, Bob Keeler, and Chet Saarsfield, plus those exciting arrangements of the tunes we all got hep to last night.

Our boys are proud that they have been chosen for this social event, and are eager for the chance to prove their mettle.

FELLOWSHIP HOUSE DOORS OPEN



"A FITTING POST ON CROSS-ROADS OF AMERICAN HISTORY"—MAJ. HARTIGAN

New Home Hailed As Symbol Of Unity And Effort Of American People

A/S M. SPINKS

"On behalf of the churches and citizens of Carlisle, I take pleasure in presenting to Major Hartigan for use by the Aviation Students of the 32nd CTD, the Fellowship House."

With these words, Rev. Dr. Harry L. Saul officially turned over the keys of the former AXP fraternity house to the Major, who accepted the gift as another evidence of the co-operation and friendly feeling that has grown between the Detachment and the citizenry of Carlisle.

The dedication was held on the green slope of the natural amphitheatre at the rear of West College. Rev. J. E. Strine, who acted as master of ceremonies, opened the dedication program by having the audience rise and sing "America" to the accompaniment of the A/S band. Invocation was by Allan D. Thompson. Then Dr. Saul traced the beginnings of the idea of the Fellowship House. The reason for its being is that months ago, members of the Church League felt that Air Force students at Dickinson College were in lack of an adequate place to meet friends and relatives. These good people collaborated with our own officials, and the present House is the result of their efforts.

In his acceptance speech, Major Hartigan mentioned the significance of Carlisle in American history. It was here that the Federal Government triumphed in two crucial tests of its authority—the Whiskey Rebellion and the crossing of Lee's and Meade's armies immediately prior to the Battle of Gettysburg.

The program closed with a hymn, benediction, and the playing of the National Anthem. Then everyone adjourned to inspect the House itself.

Interior

The House is located on College Street directly opposite the center campus gate of that wall. Constructed of dark red brick, its marble-white Grecian columns stand out in striking contrast. In its setting of lush green shrubbery the edifice

presents a most attractive picture.

Upon entering the doorway, the visitor notices 4 living rooms, each with its own personality. To the left is the fireplace; felt furniture, cavernous chairs, bookcase, registration book. To the left rear lies the men's den furniture of red leather, smelling of tobacco; a bay window, draperies on the wall, a floor model radio.

Crossing a small passageway wherein sits the cooler of ice water, one enters the room with the piano, slip covered living room suite, desk, French windows, and table. Completing the circuit, the front right room contains magazines, mirror, poems, another fireplace. Mounted animal heads gaze fixedly from the wall.

There is also a kitchen, shower, rest room, and a game room for checkers, cards, etc.

At present the upstairs is not being utilized.

House mother is Mrs. Andrews, widow of a U. S. Army colonel. She is an attractive, grey-haired matron, well qualified for the job, having seen service in foreign lands. She can appreciate and understand the problems of soldiers.

The House is open each week-day from 5:00 to 8:00 P. M.; on Saturdays from 11:00 A. M. to 1:30 P. M.; and on Sundays from 2:00 to 9:00 P. M.

Army Stands Firm On Varsity Sports Ruling

Despite the petition submitted recently by 256 members of Congress headed by Rep. Samuel A. Weiss of Pennsylvania, the Army rules once and for all the men it has placed in college are ineligible for varsity sports competition. The reply of Under-Secretary Patterson to Weiss left no doubt that the war department was firm in its decision, and that the matter was not open to reconsideration.

This quenches the hope of Mr. B. D. James for inter-CTD competition.

Weekly Review Taken By Lt. Col. Duke

Director Of Training, Carlisle Barracks, Guest Of 32nd C. T. D.

The 32nd CTD was honored again yesterday afternoon by having another distinguished visitor take the weekly review. Yesterday's guest was Lt. Col. R. E. Duke, M.C., Director of Training at Carlisle Barracks. He was accompanied by Major W. L. Hartman, M.C., also of Carlisle Barracks.

Col Duke was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He received his pre-medical training at Oregon State, and then finished his schooling at the University of Oregon in Portland. He received his commission in 1936 at Fort Lewis in Washington. In 1937, Col. Duke was at the Medical Field Service School at Carlisle Barracks. In 1938, he was at the School of Fire, Fort Sill, Oklahoma. The following year he was at the Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington, D. C. Col. Duke returned to Carlisle Barracks later that same year. In 1941, he became the Director of Training of Carlisle Barracks, the position he still holds today.

YOUR OFFICERS

LIEUTENANT JACK BOYT

Introducing the 32nd CTD's Adjutant, a native of Barnesville, Georgia, First Lieutenant Jack Boyt.

As a boy he worked on a peach farm and even while going to school, he did chores in the field. At high school, he won three letters, for football, baseball and tennis. At college he also received letters for the same athletics. His favorite sport is football, in which he usually has played tackle.

While going to Junior College, the Lieutenant worked in a textile machine mill. At one time he expected to make this his life's work. However, he changed his mind and went to Gordon Military College at Barnesville, Georgia, in 1930. He left in 1936. Lieutenant Boyt received his commission as a reserve officer in the infantry in 1938. Immediately following this he served six months on CCC duty.

Still having an interest in soil chemistry, the Lieutenant went to a branch of Mississippi State College where he spent three years working toward a degree.

He was called to active duty in August, 1940, and his first assignment took him to Craig Field at Salma, Alabama, where he did supply work for four months. He then did the same work for the same length of time at Barksdale Field, Shreveport, La. From there he was sent to Napier Field, Ala., where he did transportation, mess and supply work. He next reported to the Army Air Force pre-flight school for pilots at Maxwell Field in January, 1942. While here he served as assistant personnel officer. In August of last year he received his "Silver Bar." From the middle of March, 1943, until this past July 15, he was at the 328th CTD, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa. At that later date he left for Dickinson.

Lieutenant Boyt is 26 years old and single. His hobbies include hunting and fishing and he also has a valuable collec-

First Dance Of New Series Enjoyed By A/Sers

Campus Jazz-Band Jives For Student Jitterbugs

The wooden floor of the gymnasium was taxed to its elastic limit last night, as the Detachment swung and swayed to the music of our "On the Ball" orchestra. As the sweet strains of "Solitude" announced the start promptly at 8:30, married A/Sers led their wives out to the floor, while the bachelor students approvingly appraised the USO belles and selected their partners for the night. The girls were sociable, the refreshments plentiful, and the music danceable.

Showing the results of their long hours of practice, the boys in the orchestra did themselves proud with their large new repertoire, designed to satisfy all tastes. Pianist Ralph Silverman displayed some solid basic-boogie on his solos, while the five-piece sax section, led by Irv Garshinsky, and sparked by hot-man Hal Keeler, sounded like a chunk of Glenn Miller. Chet Saarsfield once again pleased the cats with his hot choruses, while the sweet numbers were more satisfying to the ballroom artists.

During the intermission, Paul Isenberg entertained the crowd with feats of magic and prestidigitation. The only unhappy thing that happened was the end of the affair.

tion of signatures of famous people. Among his "John Hancock" are included President Roosevelt's, many governors, senators, actors and actresses, including Clark Cable, Fred MacMurray, Claudette Colbert; and baseball players including Babe Ruth and the late Lou Gehrig.

The Lieutenant remembers when there were only 25 officers in pre-flight school and there were no CTD's. He believes that we students have a much better opportunity to learn the points of military discipline and bearing that are needed to make a good cadet than the men who did not have the privilege of going to the CTD. Lieutenant Boyt further mentions that the percentage of men from the CTD's going to pre-flight school for pilot training has greatly increased under the present set-up.

USO Program, Carlisle

Saturday, August 14—

1:00 P. M.—10:00 P. M. — Camera Club. Dark room facilities. Come and learn photography. Printing and enlarging equipment free. 10:00 P. M.—Movie, "The Glass Key," starring Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd.

Sunday, August 15—

9:00 A. M.—Trip to Gettysburg if enough men register. 2:00 P. M.—Musical Gems. Recordings of the Classics. 4:30 P. M.—Vespers and group singing. 5:00 P. M.—Free Supper. Home made meal by hostesses. Enough for everybody.

Saturday, August 21—

USO open for all servicemen from 9:00 A. M. to 12:00 P. M. 10:00 P. M.—Movies, "Great American Broadcast," starring Alice Faye, John Payne and Jack Oakie, with Cesar Romero.

EAGER ★ EAGLE

Edited by the Aviation Students, Army Air Force, 32nd College Training Detachment, Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penna. Published under the sponsorship of the Retail Merchants Bureau, Carlisle Chamber of Commerce, and printed by the Harman Press, Harrisburg, Penna.

EXCHANGES**A/S J. KATEN**

This column is installed in order to reprint the humor of our fellow CTD's. We wish to thank all the papers from which we have taken the liberty to extract this column.

"The Echelon" of the Mississippi State College is responsible for this one:

Tramp: "Have you a piece of cake, lady, to give a poor man who hasn't had a bite to eat for two days?"

Housewife: "Isn't bread good enough for you?"

Tramp: "Ordinarily, yes, ma'am, but this is my birthday."

This one is a bit off the record, but if "The Fledgling"

thinks it's good enough, who are we to refuse it?

"Edgar Kurz, a merchant seaman, was sunning himself on the Harlem River bank when a cop came along. The cop didn't mind Kurz taking a sun bath but he did object to his not wearing any clothes. So he hauled Kurz into court where the seaman was fined \$5. He reached into his pocket, pulled out an \$1186 roll, peeled off a fin, tossed it on the bench and went away whistling."

The 46th CTD's "On The Beam" is credited for this piece of news:

In Louisville, Mayor Wilson Wyatt made an electrically transcribed speech; played the record back to himself to hear how he sounded; fell asleep before the finish.

Well, I guess that's all for the present. See you next Saturday.

PROFESSORIAL PORTRAITS**A/S M. SPINKS****DEAN SWIFT**

All these weeks we've been printing our column with the bearded gentleman peering quizzically from the upper right hand corner, but this is the first week we have presented a subject who actually boasts a Van Dyke in real life—meet Professor Charles Lowe (Dean) Swift, instructor in English and world literature.

"This is probably the only English professor's office in the world that does not have a bust of Shakespeare, and a picture of Stratford-on-Avon adorning its walls," Dean Swift said comfortably ensconcing himself behind his helter-skelter desk.

"Oh, you wanted to know something about my past. It's a good thing you came in today, young man—I'm leaving on my vacation tomorrow. Going to Cape Cod. Fishing, you know. Fishing." He closed his eyes while a beautiful expression of sublime anticipation relaxed his face.

Five minutes later we thought he had been in reverie long enough, so we timorously ventured a remark. "Your past, Professor?"

"Eh? Bless my soul, young man, you'll have to pardon me—I was just hauling in a monstrous fish."

"Not a cod, sir?" Ignoring my feeble pun, he quelled me with a glance and proceeded. "I was born in New Bedford, Mass., descended from a long line of whalers. Took undergrad at Dickinson, graduate at Yale. Has been a newspaperman with the Baltimore Herald and N. Y. Tribune. Was one assistant editor of the "Independent Educational." Came to Dickinson faculty in 1934."

As he paused for breath, we took him unaware with, "Did you ever write a book, Dean Swift?"

He eyed us with a calculating stare, as though trying to determine just how much we really knew. "Yes," he admitted, "I once published a novel," "The Other End of the Candle," which no one ever bought. The plot was how a Puritan and Quaker fell in love. Maybe that's the reason nobody ever bought it. But I still read and enjoy the thing," he declared.

Eluding his baleful stare, we cringed, and quickly changed the subject. "Have you traveled much, sir?"

"I was director and lectured for Thomas Cook for 12 years." "Indeed, and if you will pardon our ignorance, who is Thomas Cook?"

For a full minute silence reverberated painfully loud through the room. Then he sighed gently and began in a low tone. "Thomas Cook is perhaps the best-known travel agency in the world."

"Oh."

All the while we had been taking notes, our eyes had been turned in fascination toward the magnificent iron grey Van Dyke and mustache of our host. A perfect complement to the Professor's thick thatch of hair, it seemed to emphasize his long, expressive face. At this point our curiosity overcame our reticence, and leaning forward we asked, "Sir, would you tell us how you came to cultivate a beard?"

Without batting an eyelash, the Dean shot back, "I grew it because I have a dimple in my chin which makes shaving quite hard."

"And what do you consider your most adventurous experience of your career?"

"Young man, I've been shot at, twice arrested, held up, nearly drowned, and have met the Pope, but by far the most adventurous phase of my life has been teaching."

To which we amen with "But do you remember when you were a pupil!"

MUSIC BOX**A/S V. AMBROSIO**

Hello, music lovers! This is Basin Street bringing you news about the blues. Quite noteworthy is the part that musicians are taking in the war effort supplying entertainment for the servicemen—from every corner of the U. S. to England, Africa, and the Pacific. Here's three cheers to them.

Bob Hope is being accompanied by D'Atega and his all-girl orchestra on an extensive tour of USO camp shows. . . . Dinah Shore, the Dixie Belle, is traveling a long way to entertain the boys in England and Ireland this summer.

From the files of Victor Borge, the famous Danish pianist, come the following quips: "Dance your dimes to Harry James"; "Try double timin' with Abe Lyman"; "Pipe the limbs on Ginny Simms." Frank Sinatra, star of the air waves, is to have the leading role in "Higher and Higher" at RKO. . . . Keep listening for "I Heard You Cried Last Night," Dick Hayes starring, leading contender to F. S.

Swing fans and collectors of corn can learn what recordings are holding the honors as best sellers. Dinah Shore is still holding her own as the country's best female vocalist. On top is her Victor recording of "Murder—He Says," and her ever-enticing "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To." Harry James has two old standbys still on top, namely, "Velvet Moon" and that fine number "I've Heard That Song Before."

On the lighter classics Andre Kostelonez features Alec Templeton in an impressive version of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

Don't miss "What's Doin'" with vivacious Betty Grable and Harry James. If you saw "Coney Island" you'll know what I mean.

Suggestion Box: Nothing to do on Sunday? Stop in and listen to the varied concert orchestras on Sunday afternoon. The new Christian Fellowship House and the USO are available to all, so spend an enjoyable afternoon with music.

Confirm or Deny**A/S W. CANNON****Note to Editor:**

The contention shared by a few (and possibly many) with this writer is that too much mumbling and far too little shouting has been in evidence. Please don't misconstrue the meaning of that statement.

In order to introduce a new idea to you fellows of the 32nd CTD, let it be said that this column, if it survives, is designed to give vent to your rumors, ideas and ambitious questions.

If you have something on your mind—within the realm of reason, of course—let's hear about it. Things are busy enough around here without keeping stale snacks in our cookie jars. Let's air 'em and see if they can't be "CONFIRMED OR DENIED."

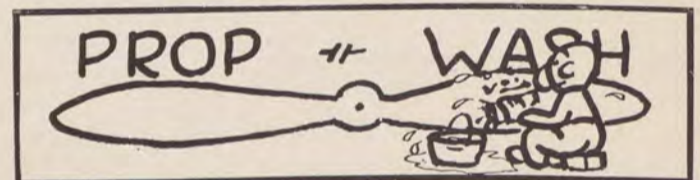
No group of experts are available to pour through musty tomes, but a nose for facts can really bring some things to light if sufficient impetus is brought to bear. You ask the questions and give us a chance. No names will be used unless the writer of the question desires it, however, our files must remain open to official inspection at all times so temper your thoughts with—shall we say—caution?

RUMOR BUSTING—

Lately you've heard departure dates for flyers that have ranged from the 10th to the 35th. A nice spread if true. "Inside sources" are credited with all dates—and all are DENIED. You know, as well as this writer, that if any information is closely guarded by military authorities, it is that of troop movements. Why? Please refer to your own file of facts—recalling the execution of the Nazi spies landed by submarines. Contrary to belief, rabbits feet don't work—always.

"THE EAGER EAGLE"*Sponsored by the***RETAIL MERCHANTS BUREAU
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- Edio D. Lewis
Wholesale Distributor
- Wm. M. McClain
Fresh Sea Foods and Shell Fish
- Molly Pitcher Hotel and Annex
- Myers Furniture Co., 164 N. Hanover St.
Complete Home Furnishings
- J. C. Penney Co., Inc.
A Nationwide Institution
- Richter's Gift Shop
110 W. High St.
- Sadie Dress Shop, 26 N. Hanover St.
Ladies' Wearing Apparel
- Smith Music House
48-50 W. High St.
- Beauford S. Swartz, Owner-Manager
James Wilson Hotel
- Swigert's, 2 N. Hanover St.
Military Supplies
- Wenger's, Cor. Louthier and Hanover Sts.
Ladies' Wear — No charge for Gift Wrapping

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

In bailing out of the plane make sure to clear plane before opening chute, thus preventing a fouling of the shroud lines.

In a spin—jump from the high or outside.

CAR states that parachutes must be inspected and repacked within 60 days and drop tested twice a year.

Army has a Riggers school. Army rule—chutes are inspected and unpacked once a month and drop tested twice a year.

Elastic pack cords fastened by a hook and eye arrangement around the outside of the pack. These cause the flaps enclosing the chute to be snapped back when the rip cord is pulled, thus releasing the chute from the pack immediately.

Parachutes must be packed by certified riggers.

Each manufacturer issues instructions with chutes as to the proper way to pack it.

Acid from battery and other chemicals cause harness, pack or chute to deteriorate. An inspection should reveal their presence.

Miscellaneous Information

Formula to determine distance travelled in free fall.

$$D \text{ equals } \frac{1}{2} g t^2$$

D distance
g gravity acceleration
t time

Example: In 12 seconds
D 16 x 144
D 2304 ft.

A man jumping from a plane without a parachute falls approximately 3000 feet in 20 seconds.

A man jumping from a plane with a parachute falls 390 feet in 20 seconds.

Resistance To Air

In a diving position there is a 28 square feet resistance.

In a prone position there is a 10 square feet resistance.

Using chute there is a 450 square feet resistance.

The inverted cup shape of the parachute gives 1½ times more resistance than a flat surface

Pertinent Parachute Pointers

If your chute comes through its packing, don't expect it to "come through for you."

Take as good care of your parachute as you would have it take care of you (Airman's Golden Rule).

It's a wise man who knows his parachute.

By treating your parachute with due care, you will have cause to feel less terror when you are on firmer (terra firma).

A few stitches in (the harness) in time may prevent a rip (cord failure).

Treat your 'chute with the utmost respect because it has a man's size job to perform.



Squadron A

A/S C. BANCROFT

When R. L. "Beek" Allen and Governor Bain, the exalted ruler of Tennessee, get together on Saturday night—women and children stay clear of the streets. Last Saturday night they serenaded quite a few people at Cold Springs tavern and received a big hand from all.

Looks like Sam Alvino can't stay awake in class. We'd better have him report to his first sergeant to be shot at sunrise.

The Amstutz twins, D. F. and E. W., helped a lot at the track meet, but the judges were a little confused till one fell down and left an identifying mark on his knee.

When will A/S Angelo learn which platoon to march in coming back from chow? He finally found the right one after three noble efforts. It seems that Angelo fills the place left vacated by "Brains" Briggs.

I heard from a reliable source that R. R. Bachman has become a pin ball addict just so he can have an excuse to look at the good-looking girls in the Milk Bar.

The next time that Mother Baird ropes "The Earl" Biggers in to see a show like "Bambi" the rank is going into action. A/S Bakes probably ran into a lot of hard luck in his life, chiefly because his initials are T. S.

"Hut Daddy" Beaty once made the statement that money doesn't mean anything in the army, but the action taken by L. E. Barnett and himself last week disproves this.

Who is this brunette that seems to be occupying H. Apgar's mind? Maybe he falls for the religious side of her life. It's rumored he met her in church.

It seems that this CTD was trying to get rid of A/S Arnold. He was put in the flying quintile two days after arriving in Carlisle. He's now one of Squadron "A's" useful men.

Even though it hurts the conscience of Mr. "Moose" Arrington, he is making an F. O. of himself. He maintains that to be a flyer and the hot pilot that he is, he must stoop to this level.

It seems that "Lawyer" D. R. Bacon might have gotten a chance to exercise his ability if things hadn't quieted down so soon. Tough one to lose, Bacon.

Squadron B

A/S R. BOWEN

Squadron B is gathering more and more of the "hot pilots" into the fold as they finish their course in learning to fly the "Maytag Bombers." Each pilot seems to get colder with each lesson; by the final check flight each is sure he will be an accomplished AM student or gunner.

What's this we hear about Hagen Bright telling the instructor he would rather fly a kite?

Roommates Breeding and Britton had a slight mix-up Saturday night. It seems Britton had a woman at 0030 but Breeding wore the lipstick at 0131.

We finally saw that handsome "Junior" Sherlock with a lovely member of the opposite sex at the Penn-Harris. Dick Shemansky has quite a sister as well as the O.A.O. visiting him, eh, Sherlock.

Speaking of Shemansky, did

you see him Monday night? He may have been hitting 1,000 in her league but he almost missed his times at bat. That's O.K., Dick, you played a beautiful game in right field.

BOILING SPRINGS

Squadron B has been well represented at Boiling Springs on Sundays and last week was no exception. . . . Dan Browne still holding hands but with a new flame. . . . Bright and his breath-taking aquatic feats. . . . Crawley on the missing list. . . . Budde and his vivacious blonde, has the flame gone out back home? . . . Roge Campbell looking amused as he took in the sights. Still true to Betty, eh, Roge. . . . Sibinski and Butch, Squadron B's ideal couple, seemed to thoroughly enjoy the swimming even though we didn't see Butch get wet. . . . Casanova Cantelmo, "darn those trunks" (no belt), spent Sunday swimming. Strange to say, we didn't see him give the women a tumble. Surely you didn't go to swim.

ABOUT TOWN

School day romance of J. F. Blocker is still in full bloom. Every night you'll find John in his room pining his heart away. Who wouldn't after receiving letters signed "Oceans of love and luscious kisses" Martha (Shorty). . . . I guess he won't wait for his wings and commission. Lots of luck, ole man; incidentally, her kisses come sealed in cellophane just like frozen strawberries. . . . James Clark spent a most pleasant week-end with his folks. Fortunately they came by car and were able to see the points of historic interest at Gettysburg. . . . Boys! J. R. Bohannon finally got a pass. Have a good time, John. . . . Why, Oh! Why cant I join the band moans M. Byrant, I can play the harmonica. Woe is me. . . . Mr. Bunn received a luscious 70-pound watermelon and a grand time was had by all in room 223. . . . Mr. Pitcher tripping the light fantastic Saturday night. . . . Wonder why playing golf is Mr. Fairhurst's favorite sport? . . . It is heartening to know that the last contingent of men from Jefferson Barracks, Mo., as well as some of the older men have made excellent use of our USO in town. As a special treat the men enjoyed a very good picture, "Holiday Inn."

The team of Bosi and Burns entertained some friends in Harrisburg—I wonder? . . . Wonder what Bob Cumberledge calls doing nothing on a Saturday night? He certainly must have enjoyed seeing Betty home who hails from Plainfield and is here on a vacation. . . . Jack Connor and "Chick" Hawkins did the sights in Harrisburg—I understand that they did alright. . . . Oh! yes, K. C. Brown is contemplating marriage on the 20th of August. Lots of luck to you, Martha, you have made an excellent choice. . . . Who is this certain redhead in Squadron "B" who has his eye on a certain brunette? His initials are E. C. Bills. . . . A very distinguished lady visited G. Blackwell this week-end. It was his mother, Mrs. Ruth Blackwell, who came here all the way from Florida to see him. Lucky.

LOVE LIFE

One of the luckiest students is E. Dela Badia. His wife has visited him for the past four, yes, we said four, week-ends and now he's strutting around like a peacock. Why? His little son is coming down this week-end. Proud, that isn't his natural strut.

A/S Duggan running out on

a charming dancing partner. Cold feet, ole man?

Mark up another week-end in Harrisburg for John Boyd. He says he spent it with his parents. Well, it's nice to have a different reason for a change. That show gag was getting old.

We hear Jack Pitcher would like to stay home another month. She really must be nice, Jack.

Those glamour boys called Fred, Budde and Kloefer, spent Sunday without women. With such men failing us it looks like Sergeant Brady will have to take up the banner. He, Sergeant Brady, met a cute little chick in Harrisburg Saturday night, so we hear.

Charlie Chapman remains a week-end enigma. Help, help. Jim Cook spent a miserable week-end on CQ. Most of the boys deserted him for greener pastures.

Ace Coddington is quite a correspondent; at least his mail goes out in stacks even if it does dribble in.

What's this story about Bennie G. Bunn, a class ring and a cute little brunette? Could it be this is serious or did he just want an excuse for a return trip?

Orchids to A/S Capt. Bob Boyd and his men. They turned in an excellent job this Tuesday and marched off with top honors. Keep up the good work, men of Squadron B, and we'll be the honor squadron for weeks to come.

Squadron C

A/S J. SHAFFER

DOING THE TOWN:

We see that Bobby "Cowboy" Lowther with the "ruggiest frail he has seen since he left Saline Swamp." . . . Jimmy "Dauntless" Smith following Max of milk bar fame around with those soulful eyes of his. . . . That romeo from J.B., Jim Charon, swimming Saturday night with that 16-year-old beauty who wasn't at all afraid of the cold, cold water. . . . Boozie Carlton did alright by his little self when he connected up with the daughter of State Dept. Official who had her own car. . . . "Our Boy" Bill Close now knows, after spending an evening with the M.P.'s in Harrisburg, that he should either wear his dog tags or carry a pass. . . . Smily Evans leading the wolf pack at Boiling Springs Sunday—from what we have heard, he did alright by himself. . . . Dieterle retaining his title as "All American Yank"—how about that, Jerry?

EAGER BEAVER ASKS:

If Flip Erslow actually owes the airport \$1.67 for burp cups—his instructor claims he does. Is Bill Chaffin helping to get that old married man, Tom Christian, into trouble? . . . Why does Dick Servin and Paul Schifferli's instructor call them "Bechner's Burden"? He has even written that statement on their coveralls. . . . Will Mr. Chalek ever get rid of those gigs so he can leave the ranks of happy bachelorhood? When is the phone situation going to be clarified at Conway Hall. Perhaps phone booths could be added to the new C.F.H.

CONGRATS:

To A/S Lt. John Schmitz for the wonderful job he has done in handling his men. We understand that Squadron C is going to lose his able guidance when he reports to Carlisle Barracks for a "little" operation. There is nothing more we can say as his actions spoke louder than words or as Squadron Commander Crenshaw once said, "He is the best soldier in the outfit." Good luck, John, and keep that chin up. . . . Orchids to Perry Schelter, in his able way of handling JOD on Saturday and then being able to handle himself at Boiling Springs on Sunday. By the way he did one of the best tours as JOD that this reporter has seen yet. . . . To old G. W. Sioles who has been asking for publicity, and since charity is the greatest virtue, your

reporter will offer some comments (at the usual rate of 20 cents a column inch). He asked us to tell the boys he is on the ball. . . . To A/S Sergeant A. Friedman who has performed a very good job as platoon guide even if he only did have two days of basic training.

WHO TO SEE:

If any of the A/Sers haven't had anything to do between 1800 and 2000 in the past, they can now find companionship and hospitality at the new C. F. H. We would suggest that the boys find time to say a few words to Mrs. Andrews, the house mother. After talking to her, we feel that she will be able to help each and every boy solve a few of his personal problems.

Anyone interesting in cutting classes should see Ralph Schmidt. He will be able to tell how not to accomplish this feat. . . . A/S Fay is planning to have a full week-end this week. He has a date with a sideline marker at Biddle Field. . . . H. V. Soules with his wife and son were very engrossed in the ceremonies the other night. . . . "Whirlaway" Slovak, the horse of last week and every week, has been studying racing forms and has decided he is the best bet of the week. "Wolf" Senke says he is growing tired from fighting off all those women who ask him for dates—remember, girls, he has his OAO at home. . . . That Dale boy is a riot—he's even a double feature.

Squadron C was a close second to E in the track meet last Saturday. Perhaps if some of the boys from a squadron in Old East hadn't found the baton too hot to handle the results might have been different.

And so with fond adieu, your reporter turns his prop towards those distant horizons where there are no gigs, late sleepers, continual open post and you never wake up.

Squadron D

A/S M. SPINKS

Congratulations to Howard Stiles on his engagement to his long-time Rochester sweetheart, Ruth Jakeman. He broke the news Saturday night in the Molly Pitcher. Glasses were lifted in a toast.

Incidentally, Dolly Strobel will not be here when Dave starts to fly. She'll be off to her home in Newport, N. Y.

The boys all know why Paul Teague had to GI his plane last week. We're still wondering.

"What Seat Adjustment," chorus our long-legged hot pilots. Among the loudest moaners are Teague, Stull and Stinky Vincent.

Willie Tremlett knows now that you pull a milk bottle cap up—you don't push it down like he did Tuesday. Wow, a regular geyser!

Hedgehopper Stack must have a grudge against the airport fence. He keeps trying to cut it down.

What went on with Katen last week-end? We hear his girl came down from New York City. That much is definite. From there on rumor has him married, engaged, divorced. Who was your best man, Joe?

Tomlinson and Oliver Knapp narrowly escaped confinement forever, as they checked their tongues just in time to avoid snapping back at the man who came up behind them in the mess hall and asked them how they liked the food. How'd they know it was Lt. Boyt?

De Angelus and De Cicco say they don't want to see their names in the column because too much publicity ain't good for f.o.ing.

Tough luck: Barry Strauss injured his ankle jumping from the third rung of that 18-foot obstacle. What we wanna know is, who were the two guys who carried him off the field? They took the rest of the day off.

Careful—the Moose is on the loose.

What a sad sack Dudek was Monday morning. So sad he had his tie around his neck and knotted before he realized he didn't have his shirt on yet!

We hear Eberly (no relation to Ray) is popping the question tonight. Here's hoping.

Howard Doringman got a letter from his St. Louis woman saying, quote, I want a kiss from you so much that I feel like kissing somebody else and making like it is you, unquote.

Similarly, the gravevine reports that Stites' girl is faithful—everytime she kisses somebody else, she just closes her eyes and pretends it is he.

Suckow—the only man who can make four takeoffs with only one landing.

Ozzy Spicer veehmently denies that he has ever had any use for an ice cream cup.

To Sports editor: Whaddya mean Sqdn. B is uncrowned defending champion of the softball league? D has yet to be defeated, and if memory serves, D has soundly trounced B every time the two have met.

This is too good to keep—you know where the Conway fliers go to hide from calisthenics? Up on the rooftop! Their tracking of tar gave them away.

Speaking of hiding, Englese, live wire of the 3rd platoon, crept into his closet when detail time rolled around Monday night. He went to sleep in there, only to discover when he woke up that there hadn't been any fatigue duty after all!

Stull finally found a woman his own age, and she owns a Packard convertible too.

Was that Arthur G. Sullivan's name on the gig list the first of the week? Tsk,tsk.

At first we thought that Tice rhymed with nice; we know now that it should rhyme with the big brothers of mice.

Squadron E

A/S W. WILSON

"George" Woodhouse is at last back in the fold. Spent last week at Niagara Falls.—No! He lives there.

Did any of you who were in Harrisburg see that GI counting the bricks in the Harrisburger? Says Ed Ziminsky, "I am going back next week and count the west side and the back.

Dean Yazak is that Hot Pilot who likes best to spend his free time doing nothing.

Has anyone discovered Toater's secret of shining shoes? He says it is just plain shoe polish but we are inclined to believe that it is well mixed with elbow grease.

I still think that the best way to eat water melon is to pick it up. Good for the complexion too.

Zabinsky wasn't satisfied to join the "Downwind Club" so he started a club of his own. Meet "Ground Loop Joe."

Whit Williams has been seen foraging food for a certain "Sergeant."

"Shack Wells and Davis Walbridge spent the week-end entertaining a couple of very nice young ladies from the Salt city.

Want to see something nice? Get 1st Sgt. Wyckoff to show you his new pictures.

Wicker was having quite a time trying to find the girl from Wilson's Drug Store last week. Perhaps you had better start looking before midnight tonight, Dick!

A/S Mahon started off trying to make time with a slightly too popular blonde at the Milk Bar. He should have also inquired about her age.

Hottest Pilot in the 32nd is "Casey" Wood. And as you would expect he is not one of those fellows that wants everyone to knowit. P.S.: His wife is due to appear today.

Our boy Fitch started off in low gear in the meet Saturday. Claims he forgot to shift.

Several of the new men were noted pedaling about the countryside. Some of them had very nice company with them too.

(Continued on page 4, col. 1)

Squadron E

A/S J. Shaffer

(Cont'd from page 3, col. 5)

Spike Swahlen gave an ingenious demonstration of the machine gun at the beginning of Geog. class.

Man of the week from room 204 is none other than Falf Wilson.

Did anyone notice the yellow and green nail polish on Zetkov and his pal?

Tong was in Harrisburg looking for Chinese atmosphere and we don't mean Chop Suey either.

The A-20 in No. 402 we told you about last week has been completed. A prize of two cokes goes to the A/S who submitted the winning name for it. Quite a treat since those coke machines have been on the blink.

Shallenburger has the record for the most mail. Guess he expects to be married soon.

"Twilly" Yates and Doug Wilson underwent minor operations last week. Had their ears lowered.

Zim had to make an emergency call to Miss Harrisburg when plans for the dance fell through.

A/S McNab had a little trouble with a certain door bell. Sounds like an old Hallowe'en trick.

Any of you who have missed Girard at that popular meeting place of A/Sers might be interested to know that he has at last met a very nice girl.

Platt Wiggins and his roommate "EV" were out with a couple of Cornell girls last week-end. Platt says that they knew them when they used to go to school up there.

Burt Wixon is getting to be quite a man about town. Back in Tyrone he used to adulterate baled hay with excelsior.

"Do a climbing turn and gain 600 feet of altitude" came through the gosports. Tom Vincent did six of them and only gained 200 feet.

Bob Martin sleeps under a constant shower of plaster from the loose ceiling in his room. Also gets giggled for it too.

Norm Zaret nearly fell over when he read in the paper of the 35th CTD that Judy Garland spent a day with the boys at Dickinson. Remember, a bug flew in his eye about the time she appeared and he didn't see her at all.

Sound of the Week is the voice of that mile a minute talker Hank Ganey. Gillen would sure suffer marching to his cadence.

Doris, the blonde across from the mess hall, is leaving, boys. Too bad, Greenhut.

Aliver Eagen of Squadron D has been trying in vain to pass

off his very young girl friend to Jack Frank of "Casino Fore Oh Six."

R. "Bildge Water" Smith has had so much latrine detail that he thinks that he is eligible for flying pay.

Band Squadron

A/S R. SILVERMAN

OPEN POSTERS:

This week-end proved to the new men that although we leave the reservation only once a week, it is well worth working and waiting for. Harry Keeler and Hank Carroll both had their wives visit them as they had planned and 9:30 P. M. Sunday night started scouting for the where-when-how, and why not of overnight passes. . . . Pete Gigliotti danced all the fast ones, Johnny Carswell the slow; Fetter, Bridwell, and Butcher sat them out. . . . Bob Anderson sat writing letters to the Mrs. He's still living on last week's recollections and next week's hopes. . . . We wonder how you do it, Jimmy Hain: Saturday night with the PX attraction, Sunday with an invite for dinner at Mechanicsburg from three fair damsels at Boiling Springs and all those letters from that little one back home.

VACATION NOTE:

While the Band labors on Professor Schechter is taking a much-needed vacation at his mountain retreat 17 miles from telephone, telegraph, and Carlisle. In the interim A/S Capt. Dick White at the helm and Bob McAnich wielding the baton. . . . The benediction ceremonies were proof that they are doing a good job.

MAN OF THE WEEK:

Arthur Lewis Friedman, A.L., is "Al" to the Band. Behind him stands a record well worth delving into. He hails from Schenectady, New York. From high school he took his turn at music. . . . Played with the Albany Symphony Orchestra and a dinner dance band which alternated between Lake Placid and Florida during the vacation seasons of '34-'35. . . . As an undergraduate at New York University he won many laurels for both his athletic and scholastic prowess. . . . He held a scholarship as a result of his academics, being president of his class for four years (incidentally, he is life president of his class) and member of the Student Council and Sphinx, senior honorary fraternity. . . . His athletic prowess must not pass without note. Other squadrons at the 32nd CTD boast of men eating up the cinders in 10 seconds flat for the 100 yard dash. Al has clocked 9:8 seconds for the 100 yard dash and was an outstanding man on the 220 low hurdles. . . . He carried out into the real estate world this same drive and completed a few successful projects. He sees a future in small airports all over the United States. With his background in real estate and his interest in aviation he will achieve what he is striving for.

WE WONDER:

Why Chet Sarsfield was so happy Sunday evening? Why Lou Vastola is so happy since he made that incorrect correction? A/S Eichelbarger was so unhappy at the score he made at the miniature golf course, he said that he tends to slice his putts. . . . Where Jack Atkinson disappears each week-end? The DKE's have a word for it. . . . When Dick Baird will get a model built of some of his designs for airplanes, automobiles and modern appliances? Dick spends much of his spare time in helping to carry out the remodeling and redecorating of our PX.

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 BUDD, STUDENT PHOTOGRAPHER
A/S J. KATEN, COPY CHIEF

Mustangs Drub "Y" All-Stars, 3-1 As Vastola Stars

Return Match Scheduled For Early Next Week

The Dickinson Mustangs pushed over three runs in a big fifth inning rally, clinching their tussle with the YMCA All Stars last Tuesday evening.

Lou Vastola pitched and batted his team to victory. He held the All Stars to one scratch hit and smashed out two ringing singles, one of which sent two runs scurrying over the plate.

The game, played in Carlisle, opened with the Mustangs going down one, two, three. In the last of the first the All Stars scored their lone tally. McEvoy led off with a base on balls. He was doubled off as Vastola clutched Worley's pop, whirled and tossed a bullet throw to Varnado on first. With two out, A. Thomas walked and cruised all the way around on a wild pitch and two passed balls. Renard struck out to end the inning but the damage had been done.

Both sides remained hitless until the top of the third, when Vastola smashed a one-base shot over third, with two men down. He died on the initial sack as Tremlette skied to third.

The All-Stars made their first and only hit in the bottom of the fourth as Worley beat out a rap to third.

Ray "Trigger" Trigoni led off the Mustangs' fifth by beating out a drag bunt down the third base line. Two errors by the All Stars inner defense followed and the bases became densely populated. Stillerman

CROSS COUNTRY SPORTS

A/S W. Dietz

An old-fashioned rhubarb boiled over in St. Louis on the Dodgers' last western trip. The Broods were playing the Cards in one of their longer crucial contests.

It all started after Stan Musial nearly decapitated Les Webber, with a blazing line drive. In Musial's next appearance at the plate, Webber wadded him with four "dusters." Stan picked himself out of the dirt for the fourth time and trotted off to first. But Walker Cooper the next batter was not satisfied. He sent a roller to short and slid into first, spikes high. Then the cover blew off. Mickey Owen pounced on Cooper and both were finally ejected from the game. Results—Webber fined \$100, Owen and Cooper

sent a short fly to left, Trigoni scoring after the catch to tie the game up. Padjen made a sparkling catch of Auger's fly behind first and there were two out. Then Vastola won his own ball game, as he singled two men home with his second straight hit, a vicious drive over short.

That was the ball game as far as the All Stars were concerned. A. Thomas reached second in the seventh; but was stranded as Coy went down swinging to end the game.

A return engagement has been scheduled for next Tuesday at Biddle Field.

Table with columns: Player, ab, r, h, e. Rows include McEvoy, Worley, A. Thomas, Renard, Coy, Zimmerman, Berger, R. Thomas, Alsvary, Albright, Shears, Patrick, Day, Padjen, Cooper, Heberlig, Richwine, Totals.

Table with columns: Player, ab, r, h, e. Rows include Tremlette, Shemansky, Echenthal, Varnado, Trigoni, Staffield, Silberman, Stillerman, Schwartz, Auger, Vastola, Totals.

Summary: Runs Batted in—Vastola (2), Stillerman. Strike Outs—Vastola (13) Heberlig (1), Coy 0. Bases on Balls—Vastola (3), Heberlig (2), Coy (1).

Score by Innings table showing runs, hits, errors for Dickinson, Coy, and All Stars.

\$50 each. It looks as if the Bums can't even win a brawl anymore. The Flock's current losing streak of 11 straight games is the longest in six years.

The New York Yankees' heretofore productive Kansas farm is suffering from a severe drought of well-pitched ball games and base hits. The once proud Blues, champions of the American Association, are now wallowing about in last place.

Elmer Riddle, ace Cincinnati pitcher, playing in his fifth

Squadron "E" Victors In Inter-Squadron Meet

Squadrons "C" And "A" Close Runners-Up

In the first event of its kind, squadron E came from behind and nosed out Squadron C last Saturday on the Biddle Field Track.

Going into the Squadron races (in which every man ran) Squadron C had a formidable 9 point lead. However, a third in the quarter mile and a last place in the relay left them two points short of Squadron E.

The meet opened with the 100 yard dash. Due to the large number of contestants the race had to be run in two heats, the first four men in each heat running in the final. Dunham of Squadron B won the first heat in 13.6, with Jack Armstrong of Squadron A taking the second in 13.2. The final was won by Henry Van Tuyle of Squadron E, with Armstrong second and Red Evans of Squadron C, third. The time was 11.4.

Lyman Warfield, Squadron E, Cornell's track captain and star hurdler, won the 220 in 23.7. Bobby Lowther of L.S.U. came in second for Squadron C.

By virtue of these two triumphs in the dashes, Squadron E held a 5 point margin over Squadron C. But the men from C were far from defeated.

Frankie Slovak, former Cornell track star, defeated Edgar Brindisi of Squadron B by 40 yards in the quarter mile. He was clocked in 53 flat.

It was the half mile that put C way out in front. Jimmy Smith, formerly of Morton Junior College, ran a beautiful race beating Friedell, also of Squadron C, by 75 yards.

Squadron D, heretofore virtually unnoticed, finally came in the limelight as Ray Trigoni, ace Syracuse miler, turned in a 4:54 mile.

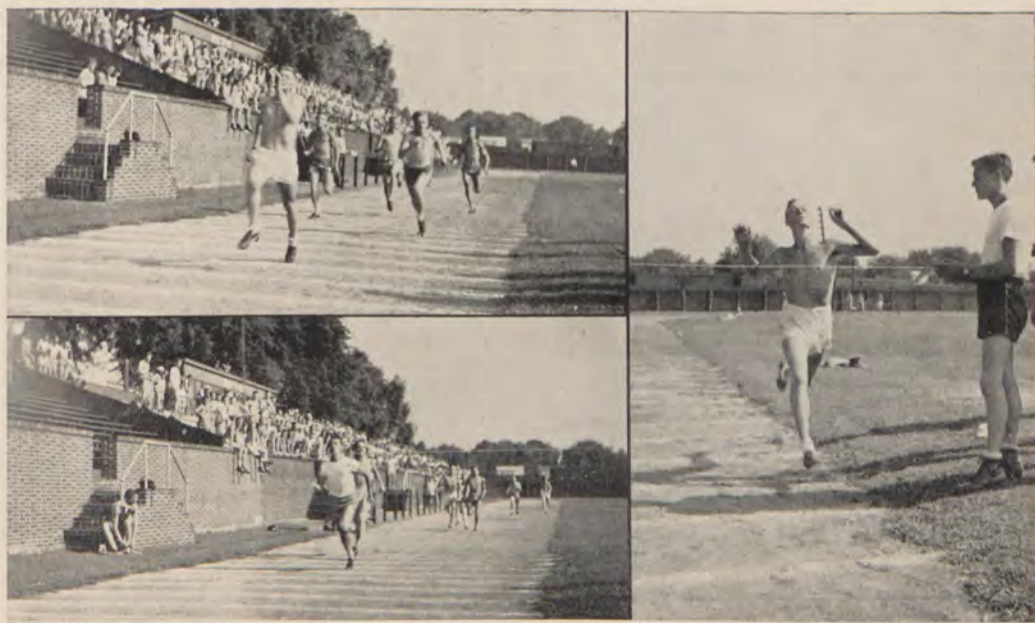
The results of the meet follow:

Table showing points for Squadrons E, C, D, A, B.

season for the Reds, has yet to make an error.

Baseball lost one of its brighter stars last week, with Dolf Camilli's announcement of his retirement. Camilli had considered quitting the game before the present season opened; but decided to play one more season for the Dodgers. Upon his shift to the Giants, however, Dolf decided that it was a good time to hang up his spikes.

TRACK MEET WINNERS



Upper Left: 100 yd. Dash—VanTuyle, first; Armstrong, second. Lower Left: 220 yd. Dash—Warfield, first; Lowther, second. Right: 1/2 mile—J. Smith, winner.

Religious Calendar

- St. Patrick's Catholic East Pomfret Street
8:00. Low Mass
10:30. Low Mass
7:30. Evening Services
Brethren In Christ A Street
7:30. Evening Worship and Sermon
First Church of the Brethren Cor. West and Walnut Sts.
10:30. Sermon and Worship West Louthier Street
First Church of God
10:45. Worship and Sermon Allison Memorial Methodist High and West Streets
11:00. Worship and Sermon Second Presbyterian Cor. Hanover and Pomfret Streets
11:00. Worship and Sermon St. John's Episcopal Public Square
7:30. Holy Communion
10:00. Parish Eucharist
9:30. Matins and Sermon Grace United Brethren Cor. Pomfret and West Sts.
9:30. Unified Service of Worship and Sunday School
First Lutheran Cor. High and Bedford Sts.
10:45. Worship and Sermon St. Paul's Lutheran Cor. Louthier and West Sts.
9:00. Worship and Sermon