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Genius is an immense capacity for taking pains

# EAGLE

Success is 1% aspiration; 99% perspiration

CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1943

VOL. 1, No. 22

## 32nd DETACHMENT FORMAL DANCE TO BE GALA AFFAIR

### Headquarters Headlines

It looks as if in the near future the possibility for A/Sers to have their hair cut on the Post will be greatly increased. This past week Capt. Poach has been engaged in a very extensive search for a full-time barber for the 32nd CTD. Preparations are already under way to set up a barber shop in the basement of Conway, and this shop will be open most of the day. Watch this column for further notice.

Arrangements have been made to have movies in Denny Hall on Sunday evenings at 7:00 P. M. The movies are to be shown in the C.A.R. classroom, which is located on the third floor. This week there will be two pictures shown. One is a GI film, which incidentally is in technicolor, based on the Battle of the Aleutians. The other is a standard full-length feature which will be obtained from the USO.

This Sunday, and on future Sundays, there will be an Army Chaplain in Bosler Hall who will hold services for all Protestants interested in attending. This service will be held at 9:00 A. M.

It should be noted that it is definitely against regulations for any Aviation Student to talk to any of the Dickinson College Co-eds at any time during the week. This rule applies also to any civilian anywhere on the campus. This rule is, however, lifted at 1200 on Saturday.

In regard to the dance to be held on October 15th, arrangements are being negotiated to make it possible for some Dickinson College Co-eds to be present. It is up to you men to watch your step and not give the College any reason to reconsider the possibility of letting the girls make an appearance.



(2)



(3)



(4)



(1)

### Ruling Queen To Be Chosen By A/Sers From Photographs

Across this page you see before you five girls—all queens. Your task is to choose the one you want for the Detachment Queen.

These five were selected by a committee which professes to be connoisseurs of feminine pulchritude. During the session to decide just which five, from among the many, to print here, these judges were almost ready to throw in the towel and call it quits. There were too many beautiful girls. But eventually they were narrowed down to the five which you see before you. Now it's up to you.

In choosing the ones to be candidates, every possible item was checked in so far as was practical in the photograph. Every photograph was carefully scrutinized by each of the men present, and all its merits were taken into consideration. The photographs you see on this page were unanimously voted the best by all the judges, but it was a precarious proposition to determine the upper five.

Among this upper five there is no distinction. All are considered equal until a final tally of the votes is taken. It is simply a case of majority rule from here on. The one who receives the most votes when all is over will be the queen.

Whoever the queen may be, she will reign over the dance and the Detachment until a successor has been elected to replace her. She will be handed her scepter when she is announced and crowned during the dance next Friday. Her first pleasure and duty will be to lead the Grand March immediately following her ceremonial crowning.

But what of the other four girls who were the almost-queens? They will be maids of honor for the queen, and held in high esteem by everyone. It must be understood that only one queen can be elected. It would be wonderful if all the beauties who turned in photographs could be made queens, but this is impractical, so when the choice of the majority of the Aviation Students is announced, she should be supported by the entire detachment.

After you have made a careful observation of the five photos here, take up your pencil and label your choice on

(Continued on page 4, col. 4)



(5)

### Lieut. Lapman Leaves 32nd CTD

Lt. Melvin E. Lapman, the 32nd CTD's Tactical Officer, will be leaving us within the next few days. He embarks sometime next week for the Central Instructors School at Randolph Field, Texas, where he will take a 4-weeks course at the Tactical Officers and Commandant of Cadets School.

This school offers training in regard to the standardization of tactical procedures. Here men from Training Detachments all over the country converge to undergo this ground school training. In addition to the Ground School, there is also a Flying School where flight instructors receive the same type of training in regard to the standardization of flying procedures.

Lt. Lapman, who has been at this Detachment since early August, has done a fine job and has won the respect of all of us. He has done much for the 32nd CTD as Tactical Officer and Mess Officer. Although we are sorry to have him leave us, to him we extend our best wishes and good luck in this new phase of his military career, and the sincere hope that we will have him back with us again in the near future.

### Red Cross Declared On Post

The Red Cross Headquarters on the corner of College and Louthier Streets is now considered on Post. The Red Cross wishes to make known to all A/Sers that they are very glad to be of any service at any time. You may take your blouses and shirts there to have patches sewed on.

### Departing Ninth Honored Guests At Dance

Next Friday, October 15th, the 32nd College Training Detachment is acting as host at the most colorful dance yet to be held since the arrival of Aviation Students at Dickinson College. It is being held in honor of the departing Ninth Quintile and every Student on this post and all the permanent party men are invited. According to reports from A/S Carroll, the "charge d'affaires," the dance is really destined to be a gala event. The hours are to be from 2030 to 2400 and the dress is formal. In this respect alone it outshines all previous dances for it is the first to be held as strictly formal.

The gymnasium is to be decorated especially for the occasion with a large display of multi-colored lights, ornaments and bunting of the patriotic variety, and the finest collection of feminine pulchritude available in the East. For those who crave refreshment, a light punch will be served.

The Detachment Orchestra, a really fine aggregation of musicians, who have been working every night to be able to present the best of music, will play for the dance. The music, because of the order of dress, will necessarily be on the sweet side, but there will be ample opportunity for those of talent to demonstrate their pederterity.

The entire Detachment may feel that this is truly an event to be proud of. Several Aviation Students and a number of the officers on the post have done their best to make it so. Every detail has been taken care of in order to insure everyone present an enjoyable time. Captain Poach and Lieutenant Lapman have given their full cooperation and A/S Carroll has carried on from there. With the aid of capable assistants he has overcome all the obstacles that stood in the way of our holding a successful dance.

The expected attendance of Aviation Students at the dance is between 450 and 500, and a very large percentage of these are flying solo. And to help this situation, Major Valentine, of the local USO, has come to our aid. He has arranged for approximately 100 girls from Wilson College at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, to attend the dance as hostesses. In addition there will be 150 regular USO hostesses so that everyone may be assured a dancing partner at least part of the time.

Arriving guests will be greeted by a receiving line of A/S notables, composed of the Group Staff and the squadron commanders. After passing the receiving line, everyone may start dancing at his or her pleasure. The dances will be arranged in sets of three songs. At the appropriate time, the newly elected queen will be announced and ceremoniously crowned queen of the 32nd CTD, and following this will be the grand march, led by the queen and her escort. After this takes place, dancing will continue until the close of the affair at the witching hour.

It is apparent that the dance is THE occasion for spending a pleasant evening and enjoying one's self to the fullest extent, so all ye who would be a part of the fun, plan now to attend the AAF Formal Dance on Friday, October 15th.

### A/S Cadet Pay Clarified

Since the recent headquarters order regarding the pay status of aviation students holding rank above that of private, all cadets leaving Nashville will have a choice between pay as a cadet or pay from a war department schedule of compensation on a rank basis.

Under the new plan introduced on September 28, it is possible for a cadet who previously held a non-commissioned officers rank to retain his aviation student status and his pay he received as an A/S after leaving the classification center. This will enable him to receive his former pay during pre-flight with an additional 50% during primary and subsequent flight training as flying pay.

Technically, the enlisted man, electing the new schedule to benefit because of rank, will retain his Aviation Student rating. He will not become an Aviation Cadet.

On the other hand, those electing to become Aviation Cadets, or those privates who automatically become cadets upon being classified, will receive the base cadet pay of \$105 minus a mess allowance of \$30 or \$75. Under the plan in operation before the headquarters order of September 28, all enlisted men leaving classification received cadet pay of \$75 regardless of rank. The new order merely makes it possible for the recognition of a man's previous service rank as reflected in his pay.

The status of Aviation Student during flight training is exactly the same as that of Aviation Cadet. The men working on this basis will not be called flying sergeants and will be appointed Flight Officers or commissioned 2nd Lieutenants according to cadet rating scales, upon graduation from advanced flying school.

### Religious Calendar

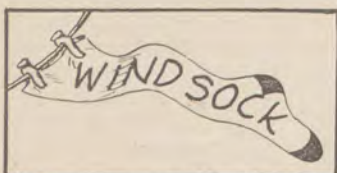
- St. Patrick's Catholic  
East Pomfret Street  
8:00. Low Mass  
10:30. Low Mass  
7:30. Evening Services
- Brethren In Christ  
A Street  
7:30. Evening Worship and Sermon
- First Church of the Brethren  
Cor. West and Walnut Sts.  
10:30. Sermon and Worship
- First Church of God  
West Louthier Street  
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

**EAGER ★ EAGLE**

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**A/S G. COLETTA**

You all know, by now, that my buddy, Duke, is a very sharp gambler. But, did you realize that he has a finer analytic side? I didn't, either, until last Sunday.

We usually take a Sunday afternoon walk thru the town, but last week we couldn't decide on who or what to do, so we just lolled about in the dayrooms, smoking and listening to the radio.

One of the local Frank Sinatras was singing "Chattanooga Choo Choo" over the radio. While I thumbed thru a back number of the "Police Gazette," Duke concentrated

on the radio program.

Now, as far as I was concerned, the program was O.K.—good music, good song, good singer. Duke had different ideas on the subject. He kept staring at the radio very serious like and mumbling, "Tsk, ts, ts, ts." I knew my cue, so naturally, I asked "There is something wrong, no doubt, pal?" Definitely," he replied, "I will explain the situation. This song makes like double talk. In fact, it tells a very interesting story. Let me read between the lines for you.

"Parden me, boy, is that the Chattanooga Choo Choo? Track 29? Boy, you can give me a shine"—Who does this guy think he is, anyway? It sounds to me as tho he's trying to confuse the poor shine boy. On top of all the questions, without even waiting for

(Continued on page 4, col. 1)

**MUSIC BOX**

A/S F. BUTCHER

Open wide the doors and we shall enter! I'm not sure who it was that originated this little morsel, but I am plagering it for this week's edition. It is what we yell at the guard of the old music hall when we want to grab some copy for you jive fans.

Have any of you fanatics ever heard the record entitled "Finger Buster"? If you have, then you know who I'm gonna write about this week. If you haven't heard it, then by all means try to get a listen somewhere. It is really solid, I mean. The band that recorded it is the band of the one and only Jimmy Dorsey. We may say that this column probably will deal with Jimmy himself, rather than with the band as a whole, for Jimmy is really a great personality.

Jimmy's first big band job was in Scranton, Pa., with the Scranton Sirens! We say "big band job" because at that time the Scranton Sirens was a big band to Dorsey, the unknown sax player. But from there he has progressed, as you all know, to the undisputed title of the No. 1 sax player of the world. On the E flat alto sax Jimmy plays impossible, yet amazingly mellow notes both above and below the range of the horn. Once Bob Ripley wrote of Jimmy in his "Believe it or not" column. He said, "He can do the four hundred-odd notes from the 'Flight of the Bumble Bee' in two breaths." Hardly before the ink was dry on this copy, Jimmy appeared on the CBS program, "Swing Session" and played them all in ONE exhale.

Speaking of swing sessions, it might be added that J. Dorsey is strictly a swing man. He plays sweet stuff because he must please his audience, not himself, but his idea of paradise is a place where nobody wants to hear anything but swing. His standards of swing are high, so high that they command the respect of every boy and girl in the business. He won't compromise; it has to be good or he just isn't satisfied.

The shy little kid from Pennsylvania has come a long way since he first played for the Scranton Sirens. The rise of Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra to the top of the ladder has been one of the most rapid in band history. Organized just five years ago, the Dorsey orchestra played its first engagement at the exclusive Sands Point Bath Club, a private club on the north shore of Long Island, and scored such a hit that NBC asked the governors of the club who had never permitted their name bands to broadcast, to let them run a wire in.

During Jimmy's next job at Ben Marden's Riviera in New Jersey, NBC had the band come into their Radio City studios to continue their sustainings so that the series would be unbroken. This had never happened before and has never happened since.

There was a time when Jimmy and his brother, Tommy, had an orchestra together. Jimmy was playing the trumpet at the time and he had a solo on a piece called, "I'll Never say Never Again." Their arrangement of this had a tricky tempo and if it was kicked off too fast, Jimmy was lost on his trumpet solo. One evening at the Glen Island Casino Tommy kicked it off—too fast. Jimmy played his solo in tempo, all right, but it was a big raspberry. Brother Tommy picked up his horn and walked off the job, and that, kiddies, is how J. Dorsey became a band leader.

No one can argue the point that he has made a success of it, and we hope he continues to be a success, for his

(Continued on page 4, col. 4)



**Squadron A**

**A/S G. COLETTA**

It could be that we just don't get around much anymore, but news seemed very scarce this past week—printable news—

As a rule, if it's news, it's a private affair that's not for the squadron's consumption, and, if we can print it, everybody knows about it before the paper gets to press. What a life!

Here is a sample of what we mean:

It wouldn't be fair to reveal: The name of the A/S in 207 who is leading one of the sweetest girls in town up to an awful letdown . . . Walter Allen's latest romantic escapades . . . The identity of the girl who Conboy claims is his sister . . . The reason George Conant was gunning for us . . . The names and ranks of the A/Sers who rode the new men from Greensboro the very first night they were here . . . The reason George Cooke sleeps Saturday and Sunday afternoons (we do know why, George) . . . Why Fred Collins and Clayton Collins bought new "overseas" caps . . . The devilish motive that prompted Frank Clem to phone his bosom friend at 0130 the other morning . . . The fact that Tom Bevins does not always wear GI clothes. We suppose that a person's choice of underwear is strictly a matter of taste, anyway . . . The reason all the boys from Georgia felt so badly last Saturday (It wasn't even a blanket decision, was it?)

On the other hand, every man in the Squadron knows that:

Barry, Balinskas and Clarke got caught with their sheets down the other night by none other than Lt. Cooke—one gig apiece . . . Wilbur Beisner is an ex-automobile race jockey . . . George Cooke doesn't care if he does die . . . Roland Cote's natural voice sounds like a good imitation of Charles Boyer's . . . The sight of new co-eds on the campus is acting like a shot of adrenalin to most of us . . . The lines at the phone booths in Conway Hall last Monday night brought back memories of the lines in front of the \$2 Daily Double window at Suffolk Downs on a holiday . . . There will be droves of patients for the dispensary some morning, if Conway Hall isn't heated more than a couple of times each week . . . One of the candy machines in Conway Hall doesn't even flash lemons, when fed . . . Check flights aren't half as bad as they're cracked up to be . . . Caseli is working altogether too hard. Remember, boy, we do have a physical exam at Nashville . . . Most of Squadron A's fliers have completed more than half of the flight course already . . . Some of the men would rather fly than eat. At any rate, we've noticed that they eat very little on the days they fly . . . Baker "tossed his cookies" in our favorite plane . . . In spite of Biesner's admonitions, Aragon will put water on his hair three or four times a day . . . Sherwood Clark's wife is as pretty as a picture . . . Duke Cote's favorite drinking partners are majors and lieutenants from Carlisle Barracks . . . A/S Rounds is a swell guy (mighty handsome, too) . . . Winddrift is not to be dealt with lightly . . . fliers must learn to wiggle their piggies . . . Squadron "A" finally won a pennant. Now, do you fellows understand why we have such a difficult time reporting your Squadron news?

**Squadron C**

**A/S KALLAUGHER**

With the opening gun, we shoot our good wishes to the new officers of Squadron C who have already made known their intention of getting the men completely on the beam and who lack none of the attributes for carrying that out.

The question is—Will A/S Lieut. J. A. Kelley be able to start off, "Roll Out the Barrel" in the same key as did his predecessor, Dale—Does A/S McVicker inherit Culbertson's rigid seven-day schedule?—Can A/S Lieut. McClure maintain the lofty spirit of Daniels? Never a dull moment.

Flight Sergeants, newly chosen are: A/Sers Jaques, Greenhill, and Murry.

Guide Sergeants: A/Sers Larsen, Leland and McMenamy.

The squadron corporals are: A/Sers Howell, Kiley, Ireland, Linsey, Gregg, Mayes, Majewski, R. J. Maloney, and Martin.

A couple of men who will have their troubles for a while are A/Sers Maloney and Kozora, supply and first sergeants respectively, but both are plenty capable.

There is no need to mention that Adjutant Crouch and Captain Davenport are still in there pitching.

**AIR CURRENTS:**

It isn't everyone, who in steadfastness to that girl back home, spends his free evenings by his lonesome. But, look here—Will Jaques modestly tells us that he has not so much as looked at another girl. He is the most faithful man in the squadron, so he says.

"It ain't so different up here," asserts Johnnie Gillespie, "The only thing is, I have difficulty blowing out the lights at night."

For an example of what three periods of physics can do to a man, look at Tom Kelley. He's even afraid to brush his teeth now, for fear of the friction involved.

That was a mighty pretty soldierette A/S Kuchta was seen with last week-end. Ed is helping to boost the army's morale, no doubt.

Is it the little lady's blue eyes or the little lady's mother's fried chicken that has Red Houston's heart all a-flutter?

William Grabbe, the Southern Gentleman Deluxe, was observed on the week-end's open post, surrounded by all sorts of feminine pulchritude. That boy must be either a woman magnet or a nylon stocking salesman.

For safety's sake, a pair of asbestos gloves should be put down by the telephones. With all those calls coming in for George Clinton, the gadgets are red hot.

It's a common thing to hear the trains blowing off steam in the evening, but on last Sunday night about 2130, the huffing and puffing was of a different origin. It was the end of a desperate race with time for Linsey, Ireland, and Leland, which they won although they don't believe it yet.—In Harrisburg, they discovered at the last minute, that busses were running in every direction but the right one. What to do—Double time, roller skate or fly? Well, how they got back here is a long story, but their advice to you is, don't try it.

The new slippers which Tom Christian bought are of the best quality, according to

(Continued on page 3, col. 1)

**"THE EAGER EAGLE"**

Sponsored by the

**RETAIL MERCHANTS BUREAU  
CARLISLE CHAMBER of COMMERCE**

**"BEST WISHES TO THE EAGER EAGLE  
AND TO THE 32<sup>ND</sup> C. T. D."**

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- T. E. Farrell J. E. Stimson
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## SQUADRON NEWS

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

"Speed" Cutting and "Smoky" Chamberlain. They also figure it's about time he purchased a new bathrobe.

Have you noticed that Ted Dale is just like a father to the men from Miami? Boosting them up the ropes ever since their arrival, he really displayed his interest on last Sunday when he showed the boys the town and then some. A/Sers Martin, Murry, Metcalf, and Majewski are really looking forward to another one of Dale's excursions.

When football season swung into action last Saturday, I understand that many of the fellows were thrown for a loss.

It has come to our attention that one of the boys, referring to A/S Larson, is not as original as he would have his friends believe. Records show that the copyright on "Call to Quarters" was taken out by Squadron A's Club 101. Truth is revealing, no?

You probably wonder where those cookies disappear that mother sends from home. The trouble is mice—two and four-legged.

To his already innumerable titles, J. Concello has now added the rare one, Conn.

## Squadron D

A/S M. RANDOLL

It might be well for me to take back the sardonic crack made about the social whirlpool at the PX in last week's column. It seems that the PX was hopping with numerous women last week-end and was the scene of much merriment. This type of thing is a welcome addition to the general scheme of social arrangements and might be worked up into a real morale building device. At any rate, it's worth mentioning.

From all indications the Bar Lounge, in the Molly Pitcher, has been established as base headquarters for the men from Miami Beach. So many of these men were in evidence that it was suggested that a roll call be taken. I saw personally why someone called them the Miami Beach Buoys. No less than five of the above-mentioned were seen floating high on the crest of that old liquid tide. In spite of the fact that it was the first time out for some of the boys, the operations were conducted with care and reservation.

## STORY OF THE WEEK:

At a very recent impromptu inspection (cause unknown), an eager individual, seeing an officer through the maze of darkness step into his room, called attention from his bed and roused the dozing room-mates from their stupor. This young lad, set on impressing the officer, rose promptly to a sitting position of attention, and struggled earnestly to get to his feet. The quick-thinking officer, sensing a certain disaster, since the man was on the upper bunk, immediately gave "rest." The ceiling being only a few inches above the head of the man in question would have been "impressed" also, but not half so much as the skull of the eager individual. Who is he? I'll never tell!

## SPOT-LIGHTING:

A/S M. R. Debenak was seen at the Molly Pitcher with a pert blonde. "She was crying on my shoulder," he says. Hmm. Not from where I was sitting.

A/S A. M. Jones goes aplenty for the cute Carlisle Miss he met at a local milk bar. He was seen operating at the PX.

G. Irvin is following the straight and narrow path now that he has hooked up with a local preacher's daughter.

Cpl. Jeffers was seen everywhere and with an endless number of women. That's the story he gave me.

"Chucky" MacFarland, squadron Agitator, was said to have been seen holding hands with a pretty belle in an unnamed spot. This was an ad-

mirable accomplishment, but she stopped him cold by informing him of her marital status—married. By the way, Mae, what happened to Penn State?

## HOT PILOT NEWS:

We have the story of the new flyer who went looking for the Good Humor man because he saw so many of his buddies running around with ice cream cups. The stuff that goes into those cups isn't normally eaten, and definitely is not cold.

Hot Pilot Menough thinks that Hot Pilot Menough is a Hot Pilot. But, we know, Menough . . . Hot Pilot Goldberg has submitted a new acrobatic stunt for adoption by the air corps. So radical is the maneuver that his instructor commented on it. No one has named it as yet . . . Lutazzi, of Club 22 fame, wants no communication between student and instructor . . . Flyer Ek-lund says, "The happiest moment of the day is when I set the wheels on the ground after forty-five minutes in the air."

## CLUB 22:

A/S McCrohan is taking in laundry every Sunday for those who are interested. He did a beautiful job on someone else's last week—by mistake.

The most aesthetic salutation we have heard in a long spell is that of the correspondent for A/S Lynch. It goes something like this: "My darling Platoon Lieutenant."

A/S Lucey is longing for another of his Harrisburg loves. It seems that one of them jilted him on a recent occasion. Her name is Peggy STORK; but what's in a name? There's plenty in this one.

## Squadron E

A/S J. FRANK

Instead of the usual mealy-mouth greeting that is given each new group of men, we are trying the following this week in hope it will have the same effect:

Welcome, you new men,  
To Squadron E;  
Our greetings are open—  
As you can see.

There isn't much more  
We could say to you all  
With the exception of this—  
Keep on the ball.—Joe.

The dance given by the USO at the Penn-Harris Hotel turned out to be a great success—from the standpoint of a conglomeration of glamour gals who outnumbered our men by a 5 to 1 margin. There were many sharp characters from Squadron E who we know felt as popular as they ever will. It was a night for the wolves to howl—and did they howl! A casual remark from the male element there—"Beat it, sister—go on and suffer," and "Go get me a drink. I'll still be here when you get back."

Have you fellows ever noticed the sad looks in the faces of our ex-student officers as you walk by the doors of their rooms? I have heard that they now live in constant fear of being giggered—eh what?

The two-week restriction period ended for the two quintiles from Miami Beach. Although the climate here can hardly be called tropical, it was a rare treat to watch those Eager Eagles head for town on the double. That "Miami fever" is still in their blood—so lookout, gals!

Definition of a gig—"A gag with a 50-lb. sack. Don't forget, fellow—the moron stories committee meets Thursday in room 203 now. Mr. Frisbee is our new chairman.

I'm sorry, fellows, but the little red head who was seen around the campus the last two week-ends is well taken care of.

A/S Seckinger claims the gals in Carlisle just won't leave him alone. (Confidentially, I hear these women want to adopt him.) Seck, you may report to Mr. Goldberg for your wolf pack button bearing the great seal of the "Amalgamated

Wolf Pack." Seeing as how you got the brush-off from your OAO, you are entitled to a Club."

In the event you other fellows don't know about our new "Brush-Off Club," here's the membership in our "Brush-Off qualifications: You must have a letter from the OAO stating she has found a 4-F and can't be bothered with you. This letter is your membership card which entitles you to attend our weekly meetings where you may cry on the shoulders of the other members in peace. Your T.S. card will also be punched by request.

Skid Walos is organizing a choir at St. Patrick's Church and would like some men with voices to assist. So let's go, you Catholics, and get on the ball.

Mr. Eddie Goldberg claims to be one of the hottest pilots to ever hit Dickinson? (No conceit in his family, is there? He's got it all.) Incidentally, Eddie requests his name and the word "girls" be eliminated from this column as of today.

What certain becoming young gentleman (I fail to see that) wearing horn-rimmed glasses and smoking a pipe was playing bridge (bridge, mind you) in room 208 last Saturday? (Can you feature a soldier playing bridge on a Saturday? Can you feature a soldier playing bridge period?)

The following is a roster of the new officers in Squadron "E":

CO—H. R. Dringman.  
Adjutant—R. P. Meyer.  
1st Sgt.—R. Wragge.  
Supply Sgt.—C. H. Rolleston.  
Lts.—R. Turner, H. Trunklebach, F. Walos.  
Flight Sgts.—E. Willis, B. Weldon, F. West.  
Guide Sgts.—Van Goethem, Utts, M. Stender.  
Cpls.—R. Seely, C. Swanson, V. Reilly, Roche, Snyder, Tarkington, H. Walker, S. Sheir, W. Young.

If you men do as well as the last group of officers you will be doing well.

## THE MAN NEXT TO YOU:

The man standing next to you this week is none other than Andy Wragge, our 1st Sgt. Andy, or Wragge, as his friends call him, is twenty-two years old and entered the service July 20, 1942. Andy plays the accordion like a master and in civilian life had organized a few dance bands of his own. Being an amateur on roller skates and a professional jitterbug he has a few contests and trophies to his credit. Andy worked under Eddie Hopson at the Grumman Aircraft when the hellcat was still a secret. Incidentally, Mr. Hopson shipped in here the other day which was a complete surprise to Andy. A clear case of a former boss being ordered around by a former employee.

What makes all you fellows stand so erect when you are getting your ten-minute break between classes. Could these co-eds have anything to do with this? I suggest some of you get your drooling cups out when they go by as it's getting all over your shirts. I know they are nice, fellows, but you will just have to wait till Saturday.

Hot Pilot Smith filled up his burp cup twice the first time up and still had to GI his ship. Will someone please tell Joe Frontino that horseshoes and rabbits' feet don't make the pilot?

Well, fellows, I guess this is all for this week. I have to get some sleep as there is a rumor that we are going to be put to work in the defense plants in Carlisle between ten at night and six in the morning so that we can use up that time we waste sleeping.

## Band Squadron

A/S F. BUTCHER

The Band has grown during the past week and has blossomed into two full flights. With the arrival of the new members from Greensboro, the

big room at the end of Conway Hall is filled to capacity. I wish to take this opportunity to welcome you, one and all, to the 32nd CTD and into the Band Squadron and may your stay here be as pleasant as the stay of those who have gone before you.

Of course with a new flight must come new officers, and those who have risen from the ranks are as follows: Flight Lieutenants: Fred Butcher and Gene Bridwell; Flight Sergeant: O. Twitchell; Line Sergeants: Bill Cotting, and E. Lamson; Corporals: J. Stutzman, Paul Joyce, and Dick Wallour. Some ranks didn't change, and here I must mention First Sergeant Bob Kisner as one who didn't. We shall always consider him very rank.

Our "Hot Pilots" seemed to have a tough time getting hot in the past week. Due to rain or something just as disastrous to flying, they haven't really gotten a good start as yet. And speaking of our "Hot Pilots," it seems as though I neglected to mention one last week. One of our very hottest, too, it would seem. My apologies to Johnny Eichelbarger, and I hope your wife won't dislike me too much for forgetting her little "hunny-bun."

I should like to take a paragraph here to warn the new men before they become involved, and the old men too if by chance they haven't heard: It is well and good to have friends, but please refrain from taking upon yourself the responsibility of taking charge of any of their property in their absence to perform any kind of a favor whatsoever. It may have dire consequences . . . take it from one who knows.

## KEEHOLE KOMMENTZ:

The most interesting morsel this week is something that happened just Tuesday afternoon. A member of the fairer sex was strolling past the Band as it stood on Biddle Field, and she was distinctly heard to refer to the "Olde Soldiere" as (of all things) "Daddy." He says there is a plausible explanation, and we certainly hope so . . . Our original "Daddy," Hank Carroll, has been promoted to "Grand-daddy" now. We have no explanation for this but we do know that he was sitting on his saxophone case on the lawn in front of Conway last Sunday evening playing a melancholy serenade on his clarinet, and we do know why he was playing it . . . Lamson says he is always in the background and consequently we never have anything to print about him—let it be here known that we do observe his antics, but he can never furnish us with copy that is fit to print . . . As Confucius would probably say, "He who blows bugle to test bad lip helps not his lip nor his feet (tours, you know)." Right, Cotting? . . . When better advice on women is given, Fred Mitchell & Co. will issue it . . . When a count was taken of the men from the Band who will attend the dance without dates, it was discovered that of all the fellows in the band who are coming, very few have dates. It has always been the policy of the Band Squadron to get around more than any other squadron. How about it, guys?

## QUESTIONS OF THE WEEK:

What A/S Captain in what Band Squadron is trying to pilfer what A/S Lieutenant's girl? Rod Pacini asks, "Why can't these girls have birthdays every day?" If roses are red, and violets are blue, how does this silly column ever get printed?

## STATEMENT:

A few weeks ago someone asked a question of yours truly in this very column. Here is my answer: Yes, she can cook—and she does—with gas, too.

A/S M. SHULTZ

The Ninth Quintile was due for its flight—  
The boys were all pale and were shaky with fright—  
It was time for them now, to get out and try—  
Those little Piper Cubs to fly.

The first on the list  
Was a chap called Ford—  
He looked quite O.K.  
Till he hopped on board—  
He buckled the safety,  
Without further adieu—  
Then passed out as cold,  
As a man full of brew.

The second to go was none  
other than Ervin—  
A remarkable boy, who as ser-  
geant was servin'—  
He was willing and able, and  
ready to show—  
Upon reaching the plane—on  
his face he did go.

Then came our friend, all the  
boys call him Field—  
Who shouted, "I'm brave" and  
"To fear I won't yield,"  
He stepped toward the plane—  
On his face was a scoff—  
But in less than a minute—  
They carried him off.

By this time the rest of the  
ninth quintile—  
Were filled with emotion—  
And were cursing in style—  
But no one attempted to back  
out just yet—  
For no one had made it  
Though their hearts were so  
set.

The next one to try, was our  
"writer-boy"—Frank—  
Who got to the plane—  
But complained that it stank—  
The reason for this, he knew  
was sound—  
As he folded in style on the  
cold damp ground.

Then Greenhut and Enslow,  
and Towater too—  
Had made up their minds—  
But were licked and were  
through—  
Came Ganey and Foy—what a  
"Hot-Pilot" pair—  
Who froze in their tracks—  
With a dumbfounded stare.

The quintile thinned down  
To a few lonely guys—  
Who sat there and gazed at the  
ever blue skies—  
The time it had come, for the  
last few to try,  
To get into the plane, let alone  
make it fly.

With disgust the instructor,  
Just made up his mind—  
With the ninth quintile—  
He was through being kind.

So he grabbed old Frontino  
And took him right up  
Before he could blink—  
With the speed of a wink—

Frontino came in the air  
very soon—  
He took one look down—  
And again he did swoon—  
The instructor revived him  
And gave him the stick—  
But it wasn't too long, before  
he took sick.

He grabbed for the "Burp-  
Cup,"  
He tried for the door—  
Missed both of 'em cleanly—  
And hash splashed the floor.

There was Goodrich and Gold-  
berg—  
There was Smith and Love  
too—  
They went up and came down—  
With the chills all anew.

Near the end of the list was a  
mighty stout lad—  
His monicker — Shallen-and-  
berger 'twas said—  
He pooled all his strength—  
And his muscles took hold—  
His chest had expanded, and  
he sure did look bold—  
But, alas, with much sorrow,  
his try was too ruff—  
He went out like a light—  
When the switch is snapped off.

The last one to go with the  
teacher was Fry—  
He took to the air, with a glint  
in his eye—  
And when they came down  
All the boys knew the trick—  
As they walked from the  
plane—  
The instructor was sick.

Toward the end of the day—  
When the work was all done—  
And the bus took the boys—  
From where they had come—

The sick call was full—  
With a bunch that felt vile—  
So ended the flight of the ninth  
quintile.

### Honor System

Dubious expressions greeted Saturday's announcement of the installation of the honor system at the Dickinson detachment. Perhaps a few aviation students have been acquainted with the system in its deteriorated form.

The natural meaning of the honor system is that self-regulation is in effect. The question is well asked, "Can the Aviation Students of Dickinson regulate themselves?". Minor violations of pass obligations, closed post regulations, and the number of men walking tours are indications that the doubts of the dubious persons are not entirely unfounded. The simple question to be answered boils down to whether the withdrawal of a certain amount of regulation will, in effect, mean a legalization of these petty violations.

West Point uses the honor system which has either proved successful or has completely fooled the instructing officers. It is suspected that the former is true and that it can be as true of the Dickinson detachment.

A certain percentage complain that they would receive a bad reputation if they had to turn anyone in for a violation. Such cannot be the case under the true honor system which, both, allows the individual to state his case before the group and allows him to reveal any violations any other student has committed. He has the same recourse, he is protected against deliberate persecution. Thus, the absolute cure against the creation of any enmity is for each student to keep himself "strictly on the ball." The person who holds a grudge against anyone rightfully turning him in does not, in reality, recognize the value of discipline and is not fit to be an officer. In turn, if he can learn to regulate himself first, then others regardless of his feelings towards them, he is well on his way to an understanding of the duties required of an officer.

The deterioration so prominent in honor systems results governing bodies—in this case, from a poor selection of the student officers. The men in the ranks become the officers; they do, in fact, make their own officers. Once a group of intelligent men "get in the groove" the officers chosen will be able to keep the morale up and the violations down.

It will take a revision of ideas for the system to go into effect, and the hour for the decision as to revising ideas is at hand. The qualities of an officer are at stake, gentlemen, and you may as well be learning them now. The system needs a strong will on the part of the men. It needs your backing.

### WINDSOCK (Cont'd from page 2, col. 2)

an answer, he wants a shine. "I can afford to board a Chattanooga Choo Choo. I've got my fare and just a little to spare."—Believe me, this bird is plenty cozy. While the kid is shining his shoes, he gives the old sympathy line about being short on cash. Get it? A free shine, maybe.

"You leave the Penn. Station about a quarter to four, read a magazine and then you're in Baltimore."—That part isn't so bad, but get this—"Dinner in the diner, nothing could be finer than to have your ham and eggs in Carolina."—See what I mean? Ham and eggs. Ham and eggs. Anyone knows that even railroad companies have a tough time getting those items these days. This guy probably figures that if he gives with the ham and egg routine long enough, the customers will expect them. What a set-up for a 'black market' operator. In order to keep its patrons, the R. R. Co. will do business with him—he figures.

"Shovel all the coal in, gotta keep it rolln'."—Just what is this guy's game? One

### Sports Personalities

A/S F. COLLINS

William Engert first came into the world early in the year 1922 and right off the bat he was asking his parents to buy him a bat. He attended 7 years of grammar school and all the time he was there he was just waiting for the day when he could go to high school and see if he was really as good a sportsman as the fellows in his grade said he was. Well, in 1934 came his chance and sure enough even the high school coaches said he was just what they needed, an all-around athlete.

While in Montecello High he really made quite a reputation for himself in three sports, namely—football, basketball and baseball. In his last year there Bill was picked on the All New York baseball nine as the first-sacker. He then climaxed his young career by being rated as the third highest scorer in the Duso League.

Then came two fruitful years in Mt. Herman Prep school for boys. Again he played three sports and again he was living up to the expectations of his grammar school chums by being picked as the Captain of his school's baseball team. He batted .420 in this place and also played during the summer on one of New York's best amateur teams in the Eastern League. This is where he got his offer from the Albany Senators. At that time they were the best team in the Eastern League, but as he had already decided to continue his studies at Syracuse University, he turned the offer down.

When he finally entered the famous halls of Syracuse, he was sort of scared and awed by the ever eminent relics of sports heroes in the days gone by. He wondered to himself if those kids back in the old days would expect him to ever play for such great teams as Syracuse had in their possession. But he soon got over this feeling when he reported for football that first day. He knew then that somewhere along the line of his experiences he had picked up enough knowledge of sports to get him over those first terrible days.

But strange as it may seem to many people Bill weathered those awful bumps and became a great addition to the University's football team.

When the basketball season came around he naturally tried out his luck here. And for two years he was first string guard on the great five of Syracuse.

Then came his first love, baseball. For four years the name of "Stretch" Engert was on every tongue on the campus. During his last two years he batted .325. He was claimed to be one of the greatest first basemen in College circles and he really lived up to his name. After his third year was over he went to Cuba with some other College All Stars to play a game with a Cuban team.

The personal life of Mr. Engert is naturally all baseball but he is also quite a lover of horses as can be seen by the fact that he worked during the summers that he wasn't playing ball, on a dude ranch.

minute he says he has enough money for a ticket, then he starts talking about shoveling coal during the trip. I don't get it. Unless, of course, he figures to work his racket by getting a job with the company (ground floor stuff).

"There's gonna be a certain party at the station. Satin lace. I used to call funny face."—Yep, that's always the way it goes. The more a guy insults a girl and calls her names, the more she loves him. She's probably a small town girl, from a good family, who just couldn't resist his smooth line. Some dames are just plain suckers for a city slicker."

Gosh, I never had any idea that a run of the mill, rag-time song could ever have more than one meaning.



### CROSS COUNTRY SPORTS

A/S F. COLLINS

This last Saturday saw some of the best football teams in the country go into action. And there were quite a few upsets such as Minnesota running wild over a favored Nebraska team 54-0. And before a crowd of 11 thousand, Wisconsin just barely eked out a 7-5 win over Iowa. Ohio's extra fast backs really were too much for Missouri's big Green line as they took them into camp to the tune of 27-6 before a record crowd of 27,527.

Notre Dame really went to town last week with the untouchable Bertelli tossing three touchdown passes and then being on the beginning end of a lateral that ended in another tally. They beat the Georgia Tech squad that just couldn't seem to hold them to the ripe old count of 55-13.

The Army went to town on Colgate and ran up a score of 42-0. The only way that Colgate even got their hands on the pigskin was when the Army fumbled time and time again. North Carolina beat a favored Penn State team 15-0 Saturday. Both teams used their V-12 men but the Southern team just seemed to have the best of them.

Purdue won over Illinois 40-21. The pre-flight Sea Hawks with Monk Maznicki of 1942 B.C. football fame took the Iowa State 11 into tow by the score of 33-13.

### Intra-Squadron Sports

As yet we have no fall sports among the A/Sers. This is partly due to the ban of contact sports by the Air Corps, and partly to the lack of interest in other sports such as basketball. The Air Corps does sanction basketball, however, and we have been granted the use of the gymnasium for this purpose. It is the opinion of the writer that there is some very good material here at Dickinson and these men should get together some night to see just what we have in the line of hoopsters.

There is a possibility that we could schedule some games with a few of the other CTD's in this area if we have a team worthy of the privilege. Anyone interested in participating in this fast sport will report to the Gymnasium on Monday, October 11, between the hours of six to eight.

### QUEEN TO BE CHOSEN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

(Cont'd from page 1, col. 3)

the ballot you will find on page 4 of this paper; then check over them again to make certain you don't want to change your mind. Write your name and squadron on the lines provided for them, fold the ballot and put it in the boxes provided for such a purpose: In Conway Hall, the polls are in Room 118; in Old East they are in Section 2, Room 200. These votes will then be counted, recounted, and checked over several times to make certain that nothing is amiss, and then we shall have a queen.

Here are some points to make clear before you vote: (1) Vote only by number. No names will be published until the decision has been made as to who is queen; (2) Be sure that your ballot has your name and squadron on it. Any ballots without these two things cannot be counted; (3) Be sure you vote on a form ballot. This makes it easier to count the final vote; (4) Be smart. Don't vote for No. 2 just because your buddy or your roommate votes for her. Decide definitely which one you would prefer as your choice for queen and then vote for that one; (5) Be sure that your vote is in one of the boxes by 2230, Monday evening, October 11th. The polls close promptly at this hour and no ballots will be accepted thereafter.

Got it? O.K., now you take it from here and put your choice in first place.

### MUSIC BOX

(Cont'd from page 2, col. 3)

contrasts will long be a favorite with me.

### FLASHES OFF THE BLADE:

The hit this week is Capt. Glenn Miller's "Rhapsody in Blue." It's one he made before going into the service and they've been holding back on us. It is mellow in the usual Miller style and has some terrific blending of all the sections. Beneke stars as always on the Tenor solo. On the reverse side we find "Along the Santa Fe Trail," an "oldie" brought to life by Ray Eberle and done very fine as is his custom.

Claude Thornhill's pianistics with Artie Shaw's Navy Band at Pearl Harbor so intrigued the officers there that they asked him to stay on with a band of his own when the Shaw unit pulled out for parts unknown.

A/S W. PEAKE

To the underclassmen, one and all  
The boys who aren't quite on the ball  
As I lay on my bed tonight  
This silly poem, to them I write  
(Before you start, please let me say,  
Just hold your nose and read away.)

You newer men from Miami Beach  
And you from the hills of old N. C.  
You lucky potential officers  
I deeply feel for thee.

I, too, day-dream of civilian days  
Sometimes it almost makes me cry  
When I think of the Posters that used to say  
"Enlist Today,—You Too Can Fly."

Remember the days when you slept till noon  
Or worked on a farm and followed the plow?  
But times have changed, you sleep till Five;  
You're in the Army Air Corps now.

So shine your shoes, keep on the ball;  
Watch out for Gig's, they're bad;  
It just takes four, then Sunday  
You're walking tours and feeling sad.

Now keep your chin and spirits up  
When things go wrong, just try  
To keep this one thought in your mind—  
Someday,—YOU TOO CAN FLY.

### INTER-SQUADRON PING-PONG TOURNAMENT:

Any A/Sers interested in participating in an inter-squadron ping-pong tournament report to the gymnasium on October 11, 1943, between the hours of six to eight. Squadron teams and team officers will be elected at that time.

**USO Program, Carlisle**  
Saturday, October 9—  
1:00 P. M.—10:00 P. M.—Dark Room Open. Use of all equipment free. Bring your own paper. Develop, print or enlarge. Instruction free.  
9:00 P. M.—Movies, "The Major and the Minor"  
10:00 P. M.—Coffee and Cookie Hour. Ask for it.  
Sunday, October 10—  
2:00 P. M.—Classical Recording Hour.  
4:30 P. M.—Vespers, with group singing.  
5:00 P. M.—Supper served by USO Hostesses. Free to All Servicemen.

**MY CHOICE FOR QUEEN IS**  
No. ....  
Name .....  
Sqdn. ....

### BITS FROM THE BANDS:

Helen O'Connell, the "Green Eyes" girl, will soon become a housewife . . . Charlie Spivak's recent composition, "Day Dream of a Jitterbug," is knocking the "sweetest trumpet in the world" falls right out of their seats . . . Frankie is getting a little tired of being kidded about his "Swon-attr" clubs . . . Behind Tommy Tucker's theme song lies an equally beautiful story . . . Jan Savitt used to be a concert master for the great conductor, Stokowski.