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EAGER EAGLE

CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1943

VOL. 1, No. 24

Basketball To Be Leading Feature In New Sports Program

Winter Sports Schedule Gets Under Way With Plans For Inter-Squadron Tourney

In answer to increasing sentiment toward a winter sports program, announcement was made of a co-ordinated sports schedule of basketball and volleyball this week, a call being issued for the entrance of squadron teams in an intra-CTD tourney supplanting the previous inter-CTD plan ruled out by army regulations. The former vision of an all-star Detachment team went by the winds in a ruling forbidding inter-post play.

Under the proposed set-up, at present under the direction of Mr. James and Mr. Kennedy, eight teams will be entered in the tournament. Each tourney will last for one month in order that squadron teams will be able to play the entire competitive period without being broken up by shipments. Six of the teams will be from the squadrons; one of the remaining teams will be composed of permanent party non-coms, the other, to be the already smoothly successful coach-officer five.

The games will be played on Tuesdays and Thursdays between six and eight. Schedules will be posted on the bulletin boards concerning when and whom to see about joining a team. Anyone is eligible to play.

Practices will be on Monday night for squadrons A, B, and C and Friday night for squadrons D, E, and Band. Tournaments will start as soon as captains have been chosen. A suitable award will be given the members of the winning team after the play-offs at the end of the tourney. Records and standings will be posted each week in the *Eager Eagle* as well as write-ups of the games.

For those men who don't play basketball there is to be a volleyball league similar to the set-up for the basketballers. These games will probably be played on Wednesday nights.

Since there are a great many former basketball stars in the Detachment, the tournaments are expected to be well worth the time involved and of interest to the squadrons as a whole.

Let's back up this effort and get a little squadron spirit behind a good team. With the material at hand, the equipment and facilities available, and the whole-hearted co-operation of the officials, nothing seems to be lacking but the players. See the notice on your bulletin board.

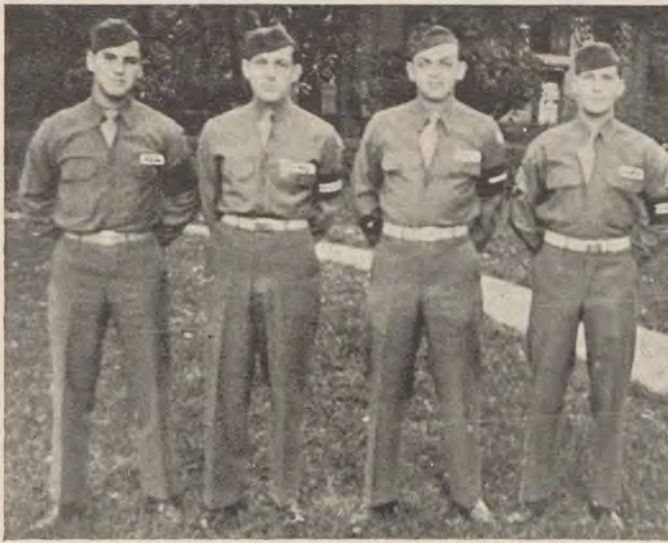
Friendship House—A/S Service Club

To you new men from Greensboro, and a repetition for the benefit of the new men from Miami Beach and all the remaining old soldiers, take note of the well-trodden welcome mat at the door of the Alpha Chi Rho fraternity house on the west side of College street. It is known to you as your Friendship House. Any army man would call it a service club and that is what it is.

The new man's prospect of

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New Group Staff



Left to right: Royden B. Culbertson, sergeant major; Ted Dale, group adjutant; Thomas Chick, group commander; and Thomas J. Henry, group supply officer.

Headquarters Headlines

Our new Barber Shop is now operating, and proves to be working out very well. It certainly has relieved a great deal of the rush and general difficulty involved with getting a haircut. It might be suggested, however, that the men try to drop in to the Barber Shop during the day if for any reason they have a legitimate excuse for being in the barracks during the course of the afternoon. This would cut down on the number of men striving to get their haircuts during the course of the evening.

It may have been noted by many of you men, but for the benefit of those who may have failed to see the notice, it is at this time brought to your attention that men still having tours left to walk off when they leave here will have to finish up the walking of their tours when they reach their next station. This program will be carried out by this Post, so it is up to you men to keep your "gigs" down to a minimum.

Word has been received that our Field Jackets will soon be here, and that they will be issued within the next week or two. That, needless to say, is good news to all A/Sers.

For the next week or two all the commissioned officers and permanent party enlisted men will be noticed either out on the athletic field or in the gymnasium working out. The reason for this is the fact that they must all take PFR's on the 15th of November. However, it might also be due to the fact that they will soon be engaged in some hot games of basketball and that they wish to be in the best of shape for those many gruelling battles coming up.

The black sleeve patches, which were ordered some time ago are now coming through and it is expected that they will be issued within the next week.

Word has been received from Lt. Melvin E. Lapman, who is now at Randolph Field, Texas. Lt. Lapman reports that everything is very military, and that the discipline is really stiff. Also, he added that he was collecting plenty of ideas which he plans to bring back with him.

Chick, Dale, Henry, Culbertson, Chosen As New Group Staff

A new regime has entered the Group Staff Office, headed by A/S Thomas D. Chick as group commander. He will be supported by a versatile staff consisting of Thomas E. "Ted" Dale as group adjutant; Thomas J. Henry, group supply officer, and Royden B. Culbertson, sergeant major.

The new staff will continue the policies of the departing staff with more emphasis being placed on the type of discipline well-known to Squadron B. The transfer of policy to the group staff, in the person of Mr. Chick, means "That every man will look like, act like, and be a soldier." Pass limits and privileges are to be strictly enforced and "off limits" regulations more carefully supervised.

At the helm, the group staff has a sharp disciplinarian, who knows what he wants done and is entirely capable of enforcing any violations. Mr. Chick's record here includes the positions of commander of Squadron C, although only for a few days, and commander of Squadron B, which he molded into an outstanding unit by his tougher inspections and emphasis on marching discipline.

Assisting in the position of Group Adjutant, A/S Thomas E. "Ted" Dale intends to support to the utmost the overall policy of Mr. Chick. His experience as a Squadron C Flight Lieutenant, coupled with a year's service in the signal corps and other air corps posts, serves him well in his new position. The men of Squadron C know Mr. Dale as an efficient administrator who is capable of handling any position assigned to him.

A/S Thomas J. Henry, former first sergeant of Squadron B, heads group supply. Mr. Henry saw two and one-half years of service with the Navy, received a discharge and was drafted back into the service, this time with the Coast Artillery, in Boston, Mass., where he was made sergeant technician. Arriving at Dickinson in July, he became, first, flight sergeant then, first sergeant of Squadron B and co-worker of the new group commander.

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Military Ball Hailed With Enthusiasm As Sentiment Increases For More Dances

Ruling Queen Crowned With War Stamps As Newly Organized Band Plays Hit Selection For Ninth Quintile And Guests At Year's Most Successful Dance

Counted as a huge success by those who participated, the 32nd's formal dance last week honoring the departing Ninth Quintile looms to the front as a milestone in the extracurricular activity of the aviation students.

Dr. Corson Addresses Second YPF Meeting Of Present Series

Last Sunday evening, October 17th, the second program in the Young People's Fellowship entertainment series was held in the Church School room of the Methodist Church located on the corner of West and High streets.

The guest of the evening was Dr. Fred Pierce Corson, President of Dickinson College. Dr. Corson addressed the group of Dickinson College students and men from the 32nd CTD, his topic being the well-known Biblical character, Jehosaphat. He drew an analogy between the ships which Jehosaphat built for the purpose of bringing gold back to his country, to our lives. The idea which he stressed was that we should make our lives show for something, and not let them be as ships lying idle in the harbor. Dr. Corson's talk was much enjoyed by all present and carried a message of real worth.

A brief Worship Service, which is a regular feature of the YPF meetings, was conducted by two members of the Fellowship, Dorothy Nagle and Mary Ellen Kistler, both students of the College. The prayer was given by Donald Sprole.

All entered with enthusiasm into a Community Sing, which was capably led by Dr. Horace E. Rogers. Not to go unmentioned were the very delicious refreshments which were served before the group broke up, thus bringing to a close another very successful program in the YPF series.

The program for tomorrow evening, Sunday October 24th, promises to be one of great interest to all concerned.

The highlight of the evening is to be an All-Dickinson Quiz featuring Dr. Russell I. Thompson as Master of Ceremonies, and the following as participants: Professor Mulford Stough representing the College faculty, Edith Ann Lingle and Wally Stettler representing the Dickinson College Students, and Lt. C. A. Cook representing the 32nd CTD.

The questions will be based on information about Dickinson College and about the 32nd College Training Detachment. Through the medium of the questions asked it is intended that the answers will give the students of both the factions now on the campus the opportunity to find out a few points as to the doings of each other.

Also included in the program is an hour of games and other rather unique entertainment, which is to be handled by two very well-known characters here on campus, Jack Steckbeck and Chick Kennedy. With two men such as these at the helm there promises to be plenty of fun in store for all.

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Climaxing the evening's entertainment was the crowning of charming Mrs. John Eichelbarger, Grosse Point, Michigan, as queen of the detachment by Lt. Clorval Cook. Just behind Lt. Cook as he placed the war stamp-studded crown on the winning beauty's head, were three of the maids of honor, Mrs. Steve Rodnak, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss Florence Mounce, Minneola, New York; and Miss Helen Snyder, Carlisle. Miss Dottie Chapman, the fourth maid of honor, could not be present.

For the first time during the evening, the main lights came on, and the Grand March, led by the queens and their dates, began. Columns of two's, four's, eight's, and, finally, sixteen's crossed the floor a dozen times, part of the time marching and part of the time sliding to the tunes of college pep songs and marches. All the time, sergeants and corporals were for getting themselves and endeavoring to keep the girls dressed right and covered down.

The greatest surprise, to the A/Sers and their dates from Wilson College and Carlisle, was the hit made by the band. Whipped into shape almost without guidance, but under the direction of Fred Butcher, in three weeks, they played the music the dancers wanted, the way they wanted it played. The greatest hits of recent times blended with the latest from the discs and song sheets exhibited the band's versatility.

Paul Joyce's trombone in the "Song of India" in Tommy Dorsey style brought many comments. Woody Harman's famous arrangement of the "Woodchoppers' Ball" and a "jiving" "One O'Clock Jump" put the jitterbugs on the solid side. Miss Millicent Anderson of Carlisle added the feminine touch with the late number, "People Will Say We're In Love." Everywhere was expressed the fear that this was to be the last dance for the band, since it was thought the departure of the Ninth Quintile would take the key men.

From Wilson College came enough girls, in addition to the wives and girl friends who live in Carlisle, or who made the trip to Carlisle for the dance, to provide every man with a date. Few stags were seen on the floor and a great many men were appreciative of that fact. Never before has the Dickinson Detachment been host to as many pretty girls so gorgeously attired.

The decorations of red, white, and blue streamers running from a central point on the ceiling and falling short of the walls, formed a smaller room within the gym which had lost its athletic atmosphere for the night.

Credit for the dance goes to C. F. Callow, F. D. Butcher and W. E. Bridwell for the decorations; J. C. Bourne, K. C. Brown, and R. E. Altman, for helping out; to H. E. Carroll for lending a guiding hand. To Lt. Melvin A. Lapman goes the highest credit—that of suggesting the dance.

Problems In Study

A controversy has arisen among the students to the value of study hall, under existing conditions. A leading objection concerns the time wasted in going to and from study hall. Also, that the period spent there does not allow sufficient time to settle down to concentrated study. In most study rooms, a few playboys are always present to make things more difficult.

A recent survey was taken, and although the results were not made public, it is well known that a large number of students listed study hall as their number one complaint with the present program. Your writer's consensus of opinion, gathered from everyday conversation and discussion, is as follows: The men would prefer a two-hour study period in their rooms. They would list as advantages: uninterrupted study, less noise due to smaller groups, and a gain in time of at least forty-five minutes, which is now lost in-transit.

The rooms themselves have their disadvantages, the main one being lack of tables and chairs, but all things considered they offer more opportunity for study, than can be found in the study halls.

If our suggestions are not feasible, we hope that the subject will at least be treated seriously by the authorities in charge, because the morale of the men is low in this respect.

Gentlemen—

Last Saturday night an aviation student from our detachment bought a pair of shoes from a local merchant, but neglected to bring his ration stamp. Assuring the dealer that he would bring the stamp in sometime in the near future, he left with the new shoes under his arm. Perhaps a half hour later it was:

"Back already?"

"Sure, you can trust a soldier; they're generally a pretty honest lot."

With that the storekeeper commented, "But the air students are something different. We're pretty proud of you fellows—you're a better class of men."

Yes, you men have seen the citizenry of Carlisle pause along the streets to watch our retreat ceremonies, listen to our songs, to wonder at our energy in singing while at double time, to think that perhaps somewhere their sons are doing the same thing—or maybe something different, but in the same uniform. You've occasionally caught words of compliment just passing by some corner.

The formal dance last week saw some of our men making the best of what to them was an unfortunate match. They did a good job and many still remember how the girls enjoyed it. Here's a Winchell orchid to the lads who raised our reputation just a little notch that night.

People really know us only when we are ourselves—on open post. They see us in church, at the movies, all over the streets and in the stores. They know us when we visit at their homes.

Is the connection too vague to understand if we say that the aviation students should live under the same code on open post as they do during the week simply because the population knows us and likes us by the things we do during the week?

There have been no outstanding incidents of bad conduct at this Detachment. Every man is a self-appointed guardian of the heritage left to us by former squadrons.

Yes, men, we're gentlemen, but don't let anybody kid you about it. There is great satisfaction in knowing that our job ahead is tough—what more could be asked of a real soldier?

Army News

The American newspaper is proud of its heritage of freedom from censorship. It has won the respect of the common people by its willingness to defend them in all controversies, irrespective of the power of their opponents. The American newspaper has been instrumental in promoting our democracy by its clamor for reform in, and outside, the government.

Many people speak of the American newspaper as a controlled press because of the influence of advertisers and powerful organizations, but these do not impair its freedom, because the publishers are free in choosing whom they wish to support. Also, the better newspapers are independent of even this type of control.

An army newspaper such as ours, is, of necessity, in a different position than our daily newspapers. The army is autocratic in form for reasons of efficiency and speed. The army cannot tolerate clamoring and has no time for bureaucratic reform, even though in civilian life it is one of our prized possessions.

An army newspaper, therefore, must fall in line with army policy and concern itself with being mainly a news organ to keep its men informed and, secondarily, editorially suggestive of improvements local in character but not concerned with general army policy.



Squadron A

A/S D. BRIERE

We "dood" it, fellows! Now that we've won the Banner Award, let's keep it in Squadron "A."

HIGHLIGHTS:

We've got plenty! One of the highlights of the week is the loss of the 9th and part of the 10th Quintiles. We're sorry to see you go, but we know that you are going out for higher aims in flying. We wish you all the luck in the world, boys. Happy landings.

We are sorry to see Student Capt. Bates leave us. We know and we feel, that you have done your utmost for Squadron "A" and we wish you lots of luck. Wherever you may go and wherever you may be, we will always remember your devotion and spirit to Squadron "A."

We wish to express our sincerest wishes to the following men: Aber K. A., Allen W. M., Altman R. E., Amatutz D. F., Amatutz E. W., Aragon R. A., Arp C. F., Aymett C. A., Badowski S. A., Baker C. C., Bakes T. S., Bakke E. H., Balinskas E. R., Barbknecht A. H., Barger L. G., Barham R. M., Barrett W. H., Barry J. P., Barton Jr. R. F., Becker R. E., Beckman H., Basner W. T., Benine T. J., Ribeaute A. A., Biernot E. We know you have worked hard and that you are well on the road to achievement. Good luck and happy landings.

We have a personal message from Capt. Bates. "You men, that have been under me, have been a fine bunch of fellows. I give you full credit for going out and winning that Banner, last Friday, and I hope to see you men keep that banner in Room 109 for as long as possible. Now that the 9th and part of the 10th Quintiles are leaving, most of the men that will be left in Squadron A," will be from Greensboro. You men have come into this Squadron with a fine spirit and you have shown that spirit. I want you to keep up that spirit!" Stating the general opinion of the Greensboro men, we can assure Capt. Bates that this spirit will be kept as long as we are here.

FUNNY STORY OF THE WEEK:

We asked Supply Sergeant Cacelli how he felt when he received the Banner Award. Here are his original words: "Just like getting a baby!" My! My! If that's the way you felt, who passed out the cigars for you?

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK:

A/S C. J. Alexander's "sensation" last week, we don't think he'll freeze this winter. We understand it was winter-green.

A/S Capretto extends a challenge to anyone who wishes to meet him, to an argument on any subject. We suggest, though, that he go out in the country and hire a hall. Confidentially, Mr. Capretto, we think you're SNAFU.

Here is an appeal to anyone concerned. Will someone have the kindness to have something happen to A/S Burgdorf? So he claims. Nothing ever happens to him..

MYSTERY OF THE WEEK:

We understand that Student Major Crenshaw had to force the boys into dancing with the girls last Friday. What is the mystery? Were you boys bashful, or was it something else? How about it, boys?

Squadron B

A/S J. BLAKELY

TO THE FLYERS:

We wish to take this opportunity to wish those departing the best of luck when they hit Nashville and all points thereon. Show 'em, boys, what "hot-pilots" you all really are.

Just as regular as we eat, we watch the brilliant performances of our staff, namely, A/S Capt. T. D. Chick, A/S Adp. F. W. Harding, A/S Sgt. T. J. Henry, and A/S Supply Sgt. E. E. Henshaw play football with the dogs and negro boys on the lawn of the mess hall. They really have a grand time and if we even so much as move a foot, they gig us good and proper. 'T'AIN'T FAIR.

A/S S. Gardenshire really believes in hitting the pivot points, he come right on the point and then, well, now you see him and now you don't, just like a P-38. Really, Shirley, there's such a thing as carrying a point to far.

A/S Justin Blevins, after being giggered very heavily by our A/S Lt. M. Bennett, sounded off in his typical Tennessee drawl and said, "I'm telling you boys, that guy is "gig-happy." Have pity on the boys, Lieutenant.

If you don't think A/S Bingham is ambitious, ask the boys in 324. He is attempting to paint the walls, and at night, too.

A/Sers Frakes and Freeman made a big hit at the dance last Friday, they were standing with A/S Ippolito in the stag line.

Three cheers for A/S Krantz—He is getting his first open post this week-end.

A/S Kochanski reported for duty Monday morning with a front tooth "missing in action." WOW! what a powerful kiss.

A/S Bill Gallaher is the most fortunate man of the week in my estimation. He just returned from a five-day furlough, and to top that off, his one and only from down Knoxville way came up for the dance. Nice going, Bill.

Will someone please explain to me about this business of our hero Mel "John-Strong" Black fighting the "Punian Army," so we can get some sleep at night?

HYAR AND THAR:

The Civil War has been revived and fought over again. This time on Biddle Field during calisthenics. The Rebels and Yanks fought it out on the tug of war. The Rebels, though outnumbered tremendously, fought bravely and valiantly but all to no avail. After the Yanks had pulled the Rebs down the field about ten yards, one of our more brighter Rebels sang out 'See the Yankee dogs run.' We'll get you next time, Yanks, so be on guard.

A/S Dziajko takes his regular ritual milk bath every time we have milk for chow. Won't some kind soul please show him the proper method of taking the cap out of the bottle? Do this immediately, and save us all a cleaning bill.

Our hot pilot Butkovitch got that "old feeling" of air-sickness last Wednesday, and he said he had that suicide thought, you know, he didn't care whether he lived or died. Have courage, boy, we're pulling for you.

LAFF OF THE WEEK:

Among the applications for student officers, was none other

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MUSIC BOX

A/S F. BUTCHER

When Glenn Miller entered the Army, over a year ago, all his fans and possibly some people who weren't his fans felt that his leaving the orchestra world would create a void that would be difficult to fill. His spectacular rise from an unknown nobody to the top-ranking band leader in the country made history in the realm of both sweet and swing—for Glenn Miller's band could do equally well on either. The most popular ballads of recent times and the hottest swing numbers were those that Glenn gave immeasurable boost to by starting them via his band. He was a gold mine to the recording companies, the movie studios, and to sponsors.

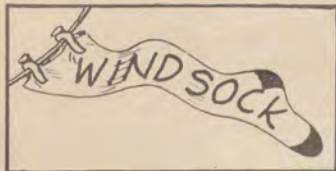
The band that Glenn Miller finally put on top was his third attempt at stardom. Two previous aggregations had gone broke on the road. But when Glenn opened at the Glen Island Casino with his third outfit, it was unanimously acclaimed. Then he went to Frank Daly's Meadowbrook and proceeded to break all records of attendance there. From there on it was easy going. Just give the kids what they want to hear and you are a success. This is what he did, and he was a success.

A person who knew nothing about music would be attracted by Miller's band. A person who knew a lot about music would be enchanted by it. He achieved a fullness of tone and a blending of harmonies that is seemingly incomparable. His arrangements were simple, yet so deep that they commanded the respect of every man in the business. His swing numbers had terrific power, but were never blaring or jumbled. His sweet numbers had a tenderness that was the secret of his success with them. Use of counter melody and dynamics gave his numbers an individual style that belonged to Glenn Miller alone.

His popularity was nationwide. When he was making a picture for a Hollywood studio, he broadcast every Saturday for half an hour. During the time he was broadcasting (from the sound stage), the workers on the lot stopped working and came over to listen and would not return to work until he had finished. This is one of the finest tributes ever paid to any orchestra. The night during the fall of 1942 when he made his last appearance with his band, he was at the Palace Theatre in Passaic, New Jersey. The last number he was to play before his final curtain was the then popular "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo." While singing her chorus, Marion Hutton, the pretty girl vocalist for the band, burst into tears and had to run from the stage. Tears in his eyes, Glenn found he could not face the men in his band and turned towards the audience to see a theatre full of faces that were overflowing with tears. It was too much for Glenn. He had to turn, leave the stage and have the curtain drawn before the show should really have been drawn to a close.

Yes, when Glenn Miller gave up his band for a captaincy in the Army of the United States, it was a great loss to the world of young music. But someone had recognized his ability and he was to be given a chance to show what he could do in our great army. He has shown what he can do, and what he can do is plenty. When this war is over, it is the hope of a good many million people that once again they will be able to turn on their radios and be able to hear Captain Glenn Miller's own composition,

(Continued on page 3, col. 1)



A/S M. RANDOLL

The dance last week-end was the object of interest for the GI men of Dickinson. Without a doubt almost everyone was pleased with the outcome of it, except for a limited few. In fact, I might go so far as to say that everyone was pleased—everyone but me.

Someone said there were plenty of girls upstairs, so I ascended the steps madly. But when I got to the gym floor there were no loose girls to be seen. I found out later that one of my friends tipped them off that I was on my way up, so they all made a dash for the powder room.

However, I wasn't dismayed. After several hundred rounds of the dance floor I finally got to dance with one—a beautiful blonde—a northern chick, southern fried. It took a lot of courage for me to ask her to dance, but the guy she was dancing with was small, and besides I had four friends with me to impress him if he objected.

I had my plan of attack worked out in advance. I started out by sweeping her off her feet, but it turned out that she brushed me off her shoulder. I took four steps with her and asked for a Saturday night date. She had one. I tried Sunday, too. She had one then, too. In fact she told me she was dated up until July, 1949—but I wasn't sure that I could believe her. I decided she wasn't the girl for me, and subsequently dropped her. Anyway, I'm in the upper 98% of my quintile and I'm scheduled to leave about May, 1947, so I wouldn't be around to give her a supreme break.

Well, being a gentleman I made an excuse to leave. (Also, six fellows cut me.) This was a mistake. Lt. Cook noticed my itinerary from one end of the dance floor to the other and decided to become a match-maker. He looked at me and then at an unescorted girl. I looked at the girl and then at him. I knew what was coming. The ensuing race carried us thru every room in the gymnasium, including the PX, where we hesitated long enough to get a coke. I won the race, however, and saved myself from my fate, and also the girl from her's.

Someone offered me a drink—of punch. I hesitated for about 1/300 of a second—just long enough to reach out and gulp down three glasses of the liquid. All the profits the dance committee envisioned, vanished in the fleet two minutes which followed. I devoured 325 cookies and 13 gallons of punch; and in addition to those a small fly which found its way into my cup. When I complained about the little creature being there, the attendant mumbled something about what I wanted for nothing—a hummingbird? They carried her body away without much confusion and I continued on my way.

I came away from the dance a much wiser man, and I came away with a thought in mind: Why not have more such dances, more often, say for each departing quintile? How about it? At least it will give me more of a chance to get a date with the blonde. Somebody might break a date with her, you know.

MUSIC BOX

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

"Moonlight Serenade," played by his own band. Wherever he is, and whatever he should undertake, he knows that his fans are still behind him, and that they are waiting for him to come back and continue where left off. He is temporarily gone but not forgotten, even temporarily.

SQUADRON NEWS
(Cont'd from page 2, col. 4)

than A/S J. E. Fuzzell, who applied for the rank of "Squadron Commander or Supernumerary of the guard, it don't make no difference which."

Will someone please say a prayer for those unfortunate boys who burn midnight oil over in Old West study hall on Saturday afternoons?

A grand time was had by all who attended the dance given in honor of the departing Ninth Quintile. You boys, really know how to pick the women, or did they pick you? Anyway, we're looking forward to the next one.

Squadron C

A/S J. KALLAUGHER

IN APPRECIATION:

"Like all that enter the detachment, I someday must leave, and so it has come. But in moving off, I leave with you my sincerest gratitude; your willingness to help has made my job an easy one. Let's keep up the good work, men, and back the new squadron commander to the limit.—See you somewhere up ahead."

John Davenport,
Captain, Squadron "C."

FAREWELL:

Losing a right arm is nothing to laugh about, but we'll nevertheless try to look happy as we say, "So long and good luck, Captain Davenport." For the rest of the happy throng we put the old lace curtains at half-mast in parting tribute and holler "Bon Voyage."

BIG ITEMS:

We're gonna' be different, fellows. In the future we shall omit the term, "get on the ball" in favor of "buckle down"—it's more euphonic.

It's a good thing that everyone in the squadron doesn't have his wife in the area, or this column would have to close shop. Take McClure, Maloney and Lockhart for examples. You just can't get the goods on these boys—they walk the straight and narrow.

No one but a news hound could get any significance out of the fact that someone bought a ten-cent pad on last Sunday. But it does follow—that if a guy had carelessly dated two girls for Saturday night and overlooked the fact that he was to meet them both at the same place, he might think it wise to tabulate data thereafter. Observation—A/S Lt. McVicker purchased a ten-cent pad last Sunday.

This College Dating System must be all right. Murry, Martin and Kelley were in a world all of their own over the weekend. Oh yes, Leland had a date, too.

NEWS FLASHES ON THE NEW FLASHES:

The sooner we get to know these Greensboro Go-getters the better.

You'll see what I mean, when I say that one of these bohunks, Rudolf Korski by name, is a personal acquaintance of that cinema flower, Donna Drake.

You must have seen Grandma Foley and those pajamas he received from home. They pack all the color of a three-alarm fire.

Another new man, A/S Feldman, has discovered at least one thing from his experiences on Guard Duty. Don't halt an intruder if he wears a white stripe—that is, if the stripe is down his back.

Squadron D

A/S M. RANDOLL

About the proudest man at the dance last week was Supply Sergeant Steve Rodnok dancing with his lovely wife. He's been in a trance ever since she came down to see him.

We saw Charley MacFarland running around the dance floor looking for a beautiful girl in

a white formal, but it so happened that A/S Schelain's influence was embedded too deeply.

Even married-man Hepple attempted some operations at the dance, but how well he did, we, and his wife, will never know.

I want to eulogize the efforts of McLane the Martyr. After his roommate deftly persuaded a roving female psychologist that McLane was the Astaire of the two, our boy reluctantly accepted the invitation she offered to dance with her. A struggle to do the leading followed, and after he said something about not being a dancer by trade, she put him at ease saying he hadn't stepped on her feet at all. No, but she beat a tattoo on the top of his shoes. We asked him about her description and he retorted, "Big? She was so tall I had to lift up her arm to see behind her." He is still complaining about the top of his head being sore which became so when she rested her chin on it.

Club 22er Lucey, after two weeks of social beating, finally got a date that didn't leave him. It was a horse.

Making sure that the horse didn't leave Lucey were Hard Riders Lynch, Little, and McCurdy.

Mrs. Ball would probably be interested to know that her boy Clarence was out with a Yankee girl last week-end enjoying the northern hospitality. We think she tried to convert him.

A/S D. S. Lord looks pale and rundown after spending a bang-up week-end at home. We asked him how he liked it at home, and he said, "It was terrible."

It seems that A/S Ballinger is taking over where A. M. Jones left off, or could it be where he was left off? He's been doing a lot of circulating lately.

Hard work and plenty of studying tell on a man's grades. Ask Lee Robertson, who is doing good work in physics lately.

Club 22 is taking applications for membership into the elite organization since IRA pilots Lutazzi and Lysonski are departing. Advice: Don't join.

The Greensboro boys got out for the first time this past week-end, but we haven't heard any wild tales of what happened. Maybe they are withholding some interesting news.

Well, boys, we are losing another good bunch of flyers and I think we should hold a two-minute silence for them. They are a good bunch of men and deserve a lot of luck, so let's give it to them. Adios.

Squadron E

A/S J. FRANK

BEING FRANK WITH FRANK:

Well, fellows, the ninth quintile men have their barracks bags packed and are about to "blow this post" for the sorrows that await them at Classification. Therefore, the column this week is dedicated to this fine group of men. As a member of the ninth, I will have to add my "Adieu" (for which I'm sorry) and introduce your new and quite capable news-hound, and knowing him personally, I can assure you that from here on you will be entertained by the best in the business. The sharp character I speak of is none other than A/S M. Schultz. Mr. Schultz will give you his best, starting next week.

It's unanimous that our music makers "rang the bell" with their efforts to make the dance a complete success. Miss Milly Anderson deserves a round of applause for her vocal renditions. Escort A/S F. West was sure proud. . . . A/S John Slanga was right in the groove and it's my guess the boy not only did all right, but scored. . . . A/S Sol Sher (undoubtedly the sharpest wit to recoil from Chi.) mentioned his attentiveness to a certain Wilson Col-

EAGER ★ EAGLE

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lege coed. Any of you guys know what a "sixty-nine" is?

This being Sunday, I decided to bum my way to Harrisburg to case the public "jernts." Amusement activities being at a standstill, and me without as much as a paltry skin in my jeans. To wit, I started with the R.R. Station. All I could find were a lot of characters in uniform rushing like mad to make the Washington,

D. C., special . . . truly a small-scale Grand Central Station. Although nothing interesting ever happens to me, I was startled when a melodious voice from behind chimed out with, "Would you please direct me to Carlisle?"

I turned around to face a beautifully dressed "doll," as

(Continued on page 4, col. 1)

SQUADRON NEWS

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

I stuttered out with an unconscious, "But of-course." And before I could recover myself sufficiently, another direct question grounded me with, "Are you doing anything tonight?" I opened my mouth with the intention of blurting out, "Why no"—but the words never came out—as she smoothly out with "My convertible is just outside? Looking as though I had just inherited a mint, we strolled arm in arm from the station. And you want to know why I crippled the C.Q. and made him eat his whistle for waking me up at that psychological moment.

Band Squadron

A/S F. BUTCHER

One more column is all I shall ever be able to write for the *Eager Eagle*, so you fellows will have to look for someone else to handle your stiletto from now on. I must say that I am sorry that I am leaving the 32nd, and I know you are all sorry to see me go, but perhaps we shall all meet again someday—who knows?

The members of the band who will be no longer with us are "Big Ed" Karczmarczyk, Johnny Kelley, "Haigie" Hosiopian, J. Eichelbarger, Hank Carroll, and yours truly. We all hope you fellows whom we leave behind will carry on the fine spirit that has been present in the Band since it was first started.

The answer to the riddle of the gray Gremlins has been found. It seems the little fellows all left Room 119 and are setting up housekeeping in Room 117. I guess they feel more at home there.

KEEHOLE KOMMENTZ:

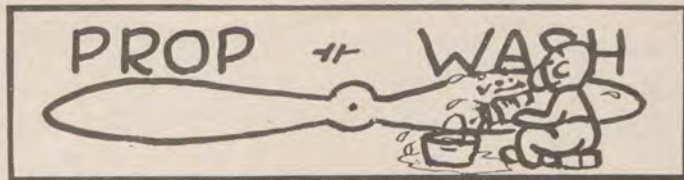
The new motto of the boys in 119 seems to be: "It's better to be 'safe' than sorry." It's the principle of the thing says J. C. Keeney, Esq. . . . Only one thing is wrong with Room 119; there are too many pied pipers blowing their flutes and there aren't quite enough rats to follow them all. . . . Hinchey has threatened to throw a certain party out of Room 118 unless he stops making so much noise at times when aforementioned Hinchey has a desire to drift into the arms of Morpheus. You won't have to do that now, Frank. As a matter of fact, I doubt that the certain party will ever make that noise again. . . . This fellow, Pacini, seems to be quite a Romeo. He has to beat them off with a club sometimes. . . . Kisner has developed a sudden liking for 1942 Buicks—or is it Buicks? . . . A quote from Adj. Keeney, "Now you all be good little boys from now on or papa spank!"

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

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

closed post is brightened by his opportunity to visit a place with the atmosphere of home. A Glenn Miller fan is at ease in pleasure among his favorites. Take your choice men: plenty of books, latest news, dance floor for that woman you're going to meet, apples for your appetite, easy chairs to sit in before a log fire, free maps of Pennsylvania so important to the newcomers—what more could you ask for, men? There is more. Bring your patches over; somebody'll sew them on. Use the phone to find your wife a room.

Your hostess will probably be Mrs. Andrews, a former fraternity housemother who knows what men like, want, and need. You want to go, but a clarification of the times when it is permissible for the enlisted man to be out of quarters is necessary. For the men on closed post, the Friendship House is the place for you to go. Between six and eight each evening of the week is



A/S C. COLETTA

Then he (or she) will demonstrate the action and use of the controls. Don't worry about your size. No matter how tall or short you may be, you will be able to reach the controls comfortably. In the event you are short, extra cushions will be provided under or behind you so that you will have an adequate range of vision while flying.

The only controls you will have to cope with are:

- a. stick (elevator and aileron control)
- b. rudder pedals
- c. throttle and primer
- d. ignition switch
- e. fuel shut-off valve
- f. carburetor head valve
- g. lever for horizontal stabilizer adjustment
- h. brakes.

Next on your program will be a forty-five minute familiarization ride. Very seldom does a student get airsick. Usually it is a mental rather than a physical condition that induces airsickness. In short, concentrate on what your instructor will be trying to teach you rather than your relative position to the earth.

Since the time for each flight is limited, your instructor will not be able to give you ground instructions. There are scheduled ground school classes, however, which you must attend between flights. No one can learn too much about the theory and practice of flight. No matter how insignificant certain details may seem to you, just bear in mind—the knowledge of those seemingly "insignificant details" may save your life some day.

A good pilot is one who knows he still has a lot to learn about flying.

Above all, learn to relax physically while you are alert mentally.

You men of the tenth quintile have been at Dickinson for seven weeks and you will start to fly in approximately three weeks.

No doubt most of you have heard just about enough "hangar pilot" conversations to sour you on flying. The best advice that I can pass on to you is, "Pay no heed to the wild stories "Hot Pilots" usually circulate.

The planes you will train in are small (between 60 and 85 H.P.) and easy to fly.

You will not be expected to become an expert pilot during your stay here. Actually, the course has been designed merely to "expose" you to the air and the fundamentals of the theory of flight.

You will not make a solo flight, although you will be qualified to make one at the completion of ten hours' dual training.

During your first hour at the field you will be assigned to an instructor. Despite malicious rumors, they are not "ogres," rather, they are very patient, understanding men and women. You are expected to make mistakes. That is the reason for instructors.

After you meet your instructor you will be taught to give your ship a line check. Actually, a line check is nothing more than a thorough inspection of the plane to ascertain whether or not it is ready for flight.

The first lesson you must learn is that immediately on getting into the seat of an aircraft you should adjust and securely fasten the safety belt and parachute.

Your instructor will then point out the various instruments with which the ship is equipped and explain the use and proper reading of each.

A/Sers Enjoy Trip To Gettysburg Battlefield

The guide takes the party through the three phases of the battle which are, in reality, the three days of battle. The first day's battle resulted in a Union Retreat to a line of defenses called the Fish Hook Line. The shallow trenches are still visible today. On this line are such famous names as Cemetery Ridge and Culp's Hill.

As the party enters the second phase, they pause in the famous "Wheatfield," said to be the bloodiest piece of ground on earth. Here a Minnesota brigade lost eighty-two per cent of its men.

Gettysburg is well-remembered for the famous charge of General George Pickett. This phase, the third day's battle, began with an artillery duel across an open field lasting for over an hour after which Pickett advanced. His entire force crossed the completely open space a mile wide with no cover. It is interesting to stand on the spot and speculate what would be your route of attack under such terrain difficulties. At any rate, even under terrific fire, Pickett's men made it! Pickett's men reached the Union line, an angle in a stone wall from which the battle derives its name, Bloody Angle, crossed the wall and engaged the northern army in hand-to-hand struggle. Forced to withdraw, they again crossed the field to Cemetery Ridge and their artillery leaving almost seven thousand dead and wounded after only forty-five minutes of fighting.

There are many memorials about the grounds which are interesting. The trip also includes visiting the National Cemetery where there is a memorial to Lincoln for the "Gettysburg Address."

Sports — Personality Of The Week

CHARLES W. MacFARLAND

Charles W. MacFarland first became a personality on June 23, 1921, in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, and he later became the leading athletic figure of Canonsburg High School, from which he graduated in 1939. While attending high school he earned eleven varsity letters and he won "honorable mention" recognition in football, basketball and baseball in the Western Pennsylvania Interscholastic League. His high school football team won the conference championship in 1937 and two of his teammates, Phil Awesh and Alfred DeLucia, became all-Americans at Duquesne University.

After graduation, Chuck played semi-pro baseball with teams that figured strongly in the National semi-pro championships.

In 1940, Chuck entered Penn State to continue his athletic career. While a freshman he played against Penn State's famous "Seven Mountains," who boasted Leon Gajeki, captain and all-American center. His freshman team was picked by the New York Times as the best in the East. He also starred in freshman baseball, batting .437 and breaking the college home-run record with seven in twelve games.

In 1941, Chuck began his varsity football career as understudy to Bill Swotley, all-American fullback. He played in every game and threw five touchdown passes to Leonard Krouse, the East's leading passer in '42, and scored two himself. He was picked by the "Sunday News" as the outstanding back in the Penn State-N. Y. U. game at the Polo grounds. State won, 41-0.

In 1942, Chuck shifted to tailback to make room for a great negro fullback named Dave Alston who died during the season of tontilitus infection. He was moved back to fullback, but after four games received a leg injury that handicapped him for the remainder of the seasons. With his injured leg, he made 87 yards in three plays against West Virginia.

Last spring Chuck was the leading swatter, batting .467 and personally accounting for two wins against Syracuse by hitting for extra bases. After the second Syracuse game, Chuck received his greatest thrill, in the form of a contract offer from Ed Katalinas, Detroit Tiger scout. Joe Bedenk, his baseball coach, prevailed upon Chuck to wait until he graduated before signing and he intends to finish college after the war, and then sign with Detroit.

Since Chuck's arrival in the army he has continued his athletic career, playing baseball at Greensboro with Frye, formerly of the "Athletics," and Every of the "Phillies." Chuck's only regret is when he picks up the sporting pages and reads of his former teammates still flashing across the gridiron and around the diamond. In a way he wishes he was there but he knows that here he has a bigger game to play.

GROUP STAFF

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

Taking over the reins as group sergeant major is Royden B. Culbertson, former Squadron C Lieutenant. Mr. Culbertson has eighteen months' service in the Army and while stationed at Casper, Wyoming, Army War Base, he was a S/Sergeant doing work similar to that which he will handle as sergeant major. Mr. Culbertson also expressed his intentions to support Mr. Chick's program to the best of his ability.

No break in present policies is expected, but a decided stiffening of present regulations is in the offing. These will in-

Officer-Coach Team Sinks Student Five In Fast Basket Tilt

A/S W. ENGERT

On the smooth oak floor of Dickinson's gymnasium, Coach James' "Hotshot Oldsters" played a "bang-up" game to down a scrappy student five to the tune of 36-33. Coach Charles "Pop" Kennedy scored 17 points to top the individual scoring list. Air student Martin was high scorer for the cadets with eight points. Mr. Prescott, the only youthful member of the coach, officer five, was runner-up in the scoring line with 12 points.

The game started off with the cadets guns booming as Martin dropped a set shot to make it 2-0. Collins followed promptly with a beautiful lay-up shot. Coach Kennedy countered with a one-hand shot from the foul circle. Kennedy intercepted a pass, dribbled down the left side of the court crossing over and "rang up" a shot from the coffin corner. Oldster Shuman followed this with a snap shot under the basket. The oldsters then started their bombing run with Kennedy sinking shots from all over the court.

Teaton, of the A/Sers, went into the game to check Kennedy. This gave Prescott his chance to shell the cadets with lay-ups, set-ups and long shots that came from every angle. "Wee Willie" Cannon then took over Mr. Prescott and stopped him cold. Coach James looped a set shot from quarter court to make it 18-6. Rounds added a point for the air students with a clean ringing foul as the quarter ended.

The second quarter was wild and fast. The students threw away chances with bad passes and failing to cover their men giving Kennedy a chance to add four more points to his already swelling total. Shuman, of the oldsters, came through with two more points on a basket hanger play. A/S Kiley entered the game and rang the bell twice for four points making it 26-17 at the half. Third quarter score was 28-21.

The fast-tiring oldsters were bombed heavily in this last quarter by Kelley, Brigida, and Kiley. A/S Collins popped a one-hand shot from almost mid-court to make the score 31-34. Chick Kennedy came out from hiding to add the last two points for the oldsters. Martin added the last counter for the students.

The air student team, although fast and clever, couldn't fathom the Kennedy-James passing attack. These two used all the coaching tricks—fast breaks, roll-offs and court passes. The coach-officer team clicked along well in the first half and gave them enough margin to carry them over the students' bombing in the last period.

Bill Cannon, Wichita star, played a swell offensive and defensive game but couldn't seem to get his eye on the pay loop. Teaton of Squadron E played a classy game of ball under the basket.

The line-up was as follows:

Coach-Officers	
James	RF 2
Prescott	LF 12
Shuman	C 6
Kennedy	G 15
Steckbech	G 0
Anderson	G 0
Air Students	
Collins, Sqdn. A	C 5
Kelley, Sqdn. B	RG 4
Cannon, Sqdn. A	LG 2
Canonge, Sqdn. B	RG 0
Martin, Sqdn. C	LF 8
Rounds, Sqdn. B	RG 4
Kiley, Sqdn. C	LG 5
Teaton, Sqdn. E	RF 2
Engert, Sqdn. A	LF 2

clude: more rigid inspections, greater emphasis on marching discipline and stricter adherence to specific rules and regulations.