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## UA64/25/5/3 Open Post, Vol. 1, No. 13

321st Detachment

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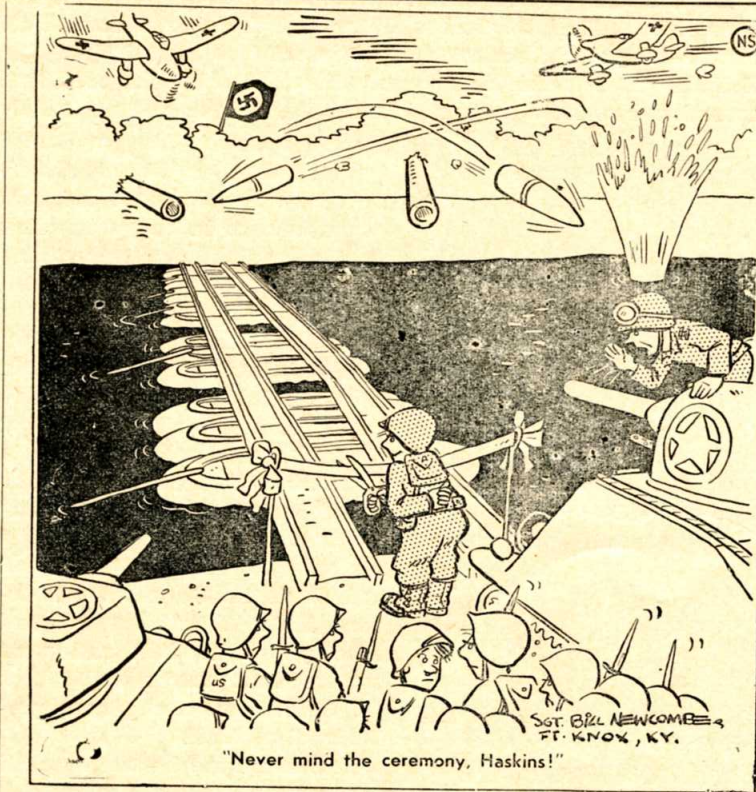
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## Moving Day Sees Laughter, Tears, Busy Chaplains

Possibly the greatest moving day since Moses led the trek out of Egypt took place on the Hill last Monday afternoon. Almost everyone in the 321st changed halls, rooms or room mates and scores of men could be seen stumbling up and down the steps between West and Potter Halls. They carried radios, bedding, hangers, overcoats—oh, what a moaning and groaning was heard as the various squadron chaplains punched cars far into the night. It developed that each man was being torn from room mates whom he dearly loved and the new room was much inferior to the old one.

Running his hand over the shelves for dust and inspecting the glass and brass the average man made little clucking sounds over the "untidiness" of the previous tenants. He dumped his clothing and with jaundiced eye surveyed his new partners. Things looked pretty glum for a while but after an evening spent in gliding the new abode for the



morrow's inevitable inspection the new combinations began to click and wounds to heal.

Although there were the usual number who thought that moving day was some fiendish idea realized that the new grouping of the powers that be, most men realized that the new grouping of sections and squadrons in the same general area would lead to greater efficiency.

## Newest Squadron On Hill Contains Men Of Long Service In Many Army Branches

Our newest squadron on the Hill is as representative a group as we have ever had in this detachment. They come from all branches of the service, the infantry, artillery, gilder corps, paratroopers, armored divisions, cavalry, Air corps ground crew, well, by now you get the general idea. We'd like to introduce a few men of Squadron "A" as typical of the whole group which recently arrived from Shephard Field, Texas.

When an audacious Japanese submarine shelled Santa Barbara two years ago John M. Boyer was a gunner on one of the A-20's which went out to run it down. At the outbreak of the war Boyer was in a convoy carrying the 19th Bomb Group to the Philippines but when news was received of the attack on Pearl Harbor the convoy turned around and went back to the States. Before his acceptance for flying training A/S Boyer was a First Sergeant in the 395th Bomber Squadron.

On the fringes of the jungle in the Panama Canal Zone William Harris stood guard duty for seven months as part of his duties with the Fourteenth Infantry. Not much excitement there, said he but "once in a while we shot a native by mistake." Harris claims the standard of living in Panama is far above that in most any army camps here, but as for women and excitement "there just weren't any."

With almost four years in the ground crew Air Forces to his credit, Adderson W. Nix feels

quite at home when the conversation turns to aircraft. Nix had a rating of Tech Sergeant and spent most of his army career servicing AT-11s in the bombardier school at Raleigh, New Mexico.

Master Sergeant Roy Ainsworth has been a busy man in the anti-aircraft division of the coast artillery ever since Pearl Harbor. A/S Ainsworth has roamed up and down the West Coast as his duties carried him, his last post being with the 40th AAA at Camp Hahn, California.

From the 29th Cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas comes Harry E. Harris, exchanging his horse for a Maytag Mustang. Harris has been near horses most of his life and before entering the cavalry he was one of the top steeplechase riders in the country. Some of his mounts have shattered world records and at Saratoga he has carried the racing silks of the Du Pont and other famous stables.

As a whole the members of Squadron "A" are eager and enthusiastic over the chance to fly. They pop to attention without looking for the stripes whenever a stranger enters the room, even for so lowly a personage as a reporter for the OPEN POST. Last Tuesday morning at least half the squadron got up thirty minutes before the buglar and tightened their bunks until not a wrinkle showed. Imagine their chargin when told that beds are aired on Tuesdays! With such an attitude, however, they cannot go wrong.

## New Year Reverie

They come and go, regardless of anything anybody can do. What? Why years of course. During your life you remember many things; happiness, sorrow, depression, prosperity, life, death. You were terribly influenced by them at the time, but now? Time has stepped in. You no longer feel these emotions as strongly as you once did. They are in your memory, true, but time has covered them over with a soft grey veil. I don't mean you've forgotten, on the contrary, you'll never forget. I do mean that instead of being raw wounds fresh in your mind, able to provoke tears or laughter at a moments notice, they have been smoothed over by Time. You are not excited now about a new car your father brought home in 1925. Nor are their tears in your eyes or a lump in your throat about a disaster in the family many years ago. You can think back and recall these incidents, but Time has been at work. Time as the great healer is usually applied to sorrow. It can apply to joy or any other emotion.

None of the men are living now who helped found our country. Their ideals live on, however. In fact their ideas of a way of life are what we're fighting for now. A man as a person can influence a few people, but a man's thoughts and character can influence the whole world. Time proves the worth of these thoughts and ideals. The weak and worthless ones disappear like smoke. The strong and right ones live forever. Wars are fought, and people are killed in the preservation of ideals that have been handed down for generations. We're in the midst of the greatest struggle of its kind in history, based really on a code of ethics and a mode of living established many years ago by people we've never seen.

Nineteen hundred and forty-three is gone. Time has lived another fraction of its infinite life. Our ideals have lived another year in their long life too, and if it takes the blood of every American, they will continue to

## OPEN POST Seeks Queen Of Hill In Contest Beginning This Week

Popular Vote By Squadrons Marks First Round Of Search For Bowling Green Pin-up Girl

## 321st Graduate Selected As Outstanding

Aviation Cadet Danford E. Josey, Jr., of Scotland Neck, N. C., has been selected by officers and instructors at Southern Aviation School here as the outstanding cadet of the class 44, for the meritorious achievements in aerial flights, academics, military bearing and athletics.

Cadet Josey was a student at Wake Forest College before being accepted for cadet training. He later became a member of the college training detachment of Western State Teachers College at Bowling Green, Kentucky, and is the second cadet in succession from there to be cited for outstanding performance at Southern Aviation. During pre-flight training at Maxwell Field, Ala., Josey was guide sergeant of his flight. He excelled in baseball and basketball, and was a member of the tennis team at Bowles School, Jacksonville, Fla. As the outstanding cadet he received a gold medal presented by Major Leonard M. Hauprich, commanding officer of the 64th.

## New Name For Band Results From Contest

For several weeks our band has been without a name, so a contest was held recently to determine a new one. The results of the contest, just released by Lt. Allan Hadley, decree that our swingsters be known from this day onward as the "321st Jive Bombers." As a reward for the mental fatigue involved in dreaming up this title the co-winners, A/S William R. Groom and A/S Francis W. Hays, are awarded duplicate prizes of \$2.50 in War Stamps. True to his word Lt. Hadley announced that these men may also receive Open Post on any Saturday they are not walking punishment tours.

Our band found itself in the ranks of the "nameless ones" last month when a directive from Maxwell Field made it necessary to abandon the old title "Caydets." Through the efforts of the OPEN POST a contest was arranged and Lt. Updegraff, Hadley and a member of the band were asked to pass judgment upon the names submitted.

Nineteen hundred and forty-four will bring many things that are important, but most of all we pray it will bring VICTORY.

A/S A. I. Henderson, Jr.

Last August a contest was held by the OPEN POST to determine the "Sweetheart of 321st." The winner then was pretty Miss Jean McKenzie, of Nashville, Tenn., with Misses Janet Motley and Margaret Hitchcock as close runners up. These young ladies were chosen from pictures the Aviation Students submitted of their girl friends, and we admit the results were charming.

Now this was fine for the boys here in August, but what about us? It's now January, and there is a whole new crop of students and their respective girl friends. So why not? We'll just have a contest of our own, with a few variations in rules from the last one.

Here it is, men, a perfect chance to show her what you really think of her. The OPEN POST is sponsoring a contest to chose the Queen of the Hill, Hillcat, Girl You'd Most Like To Sign Your Gig Sheet, or any other title you'd like to give her. Almost any will do, but we've chosen Queen of the Hill which is nice and conservative like most of us Aviation Students.

The Queen is to be chosen for personality, looks, figure, and general sex appeal. She should be a good sport, have at least enough sense to come in out of the rain, and being a good date is no handicap. (If you find all this, please wrap neatly and send to the Editor C.O.D.) We must be able to get our hands on her; in more explicit words, she must be a student of either Western, Business University, or a local girl.

Each Squadron will get together and make up a list of the three girls they think most nearly meet these requirements. How they go about selecting them without a general free-for-all we leave up to the individual squadron. These names are to be turned in to one of the editors by Wednesday night of next week.

In the next issue the list of girls to be voted on plus the time and place for the voting will be published. Every Aviation Student is entitled to only one vote, and the girl will be chosen by popular vote of the entire detachment.

Now this is the reward for the lucky girl. She will be honor guest for the day at Saturday inspection. She'll troop the line, eat in the mess hall, inspect, and in general be "Officereess of the Day." What girl wouldn't love to be the center of attraction for men? (No military secrets!) It'll be the thrill of a lifetime, so get to work men. It is an honor to be bestowed only on the most whistled at, so pick out the cutest gal you know and set about getting her elected. Who knows, maybe your girl will win, then just think what a position that would put you in!

# The Open Post

321st A. A. F. C. T. D. Newspaper

Commanding Officer: Lt. George S. Updegraff

Public Relations Officer: Lt. Alfred M. Collins

Adjutant: Lt. Allan E. Hadley

### EDITING STAFF

Co-Editors ..... A/S Gilbert E. Andrews  
A/S Arthur I. Henderson

Staff: A/S Fred C. Calabrese, A/S Kenneth Coulter, A/S George W. Douglass, A/S Clinton F. Egerton, A/S Francis Engle, A/S Richard Farrar, A/S Robert G. Green, A/S Russell L. Horky, A/S Franklin E. Kepner, A/S Euvelidia C. Maynor, A/S Donald E. Nelson, A/S Edward N. Walczewski.

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## UNTIL JUST RECENTLY

We thought that the appearance of the OPEN POST was an ordinary affair, a thing which the world would little note nor long remember. But when our last edition came out a day late we were met by a barrage of snarls, "Whatsamatter, no paper today?" There were scores, it seemed, who had just been living from day to day till the next issue of the OPEN POST. It was a solemn moment when we realized our full importance on campus.

Seriously though, the printer was in bed with the flu and when ye olde editor sat himself down to the linotype machine the owner dashed over to protect his property. "It'll come out tomorrow," he pleaded, "only a day late. It'll come out tomorrow."

So it came out tomorrow.

## OUR WET CHRISTMAS

was not the fault of the Bowling Green Chamber of Commerce nor the many townspeople who opened their homes to us last Christmas day. Everyone we've spoken to has gone on record as having had "a grand time" and for many it was the best Christmas in years.

## ONE GENERAL STATEMENT

which may be made concerning all student officers is that they come and go. Some are good, often very good, while others—well, mediocre is the advisable word. Mistakes in conduct and attitude on the part of student officers does not justify open criticism or sounding off, however, for this is one sure way to clip your own wings. Rather let those errors on the part of others stick in your memory. Then when your turn comes as a student officer you'll not commit the same blunders.

## IT'S ONLY A SUGGESTION, GENTLEMEN,

but some evening when you're dashing your skull against the wall trying to think of something to write the folks or Mary Anne, why not send them the latest edition of the OPEN POST? When folded in an envelope it travels free of postage and in some small way it may give the homefolks a better idea of your life here on the Hill.

G. E. A.

## THE PROVERBIAL BALL

gets mighty slick and hard to hang on to, we know, fellows, but stay there we must. According to Lt. Collins (and if you take a look around you'll see for yourself,) more than one of us has slipped from this coveted position. It could be due to a holiday laxness, or a psychological plateau in improvement, the usual excuse; but it is more likely just plain carelessness. Whatever the reason, Plans and Training strongly advises a Renaissance along this line, and the wise Aviation Student will take heed. Inspections have become extra stiff. If the real purpose, which is to instill military discipline into us as future officers and flyers, doesn't hold enough incentive, then the more obvious one of spending the week-ends walking does.

It really is not as hard as it seems to stay on the ball. In fact it is easier to stay there than it is to get up there in the first place. So get out that blitz cloth, men, we all want to get out on week-ends, and after all the habits we form here may mean the difference in whether we DO or DON'T along that road ahead.

## LET'S TAKE A FEW MINUTES

to pat the detachment on the back. The Christmas carol singing was excellent, and we think it was a fine idea. Lt. Collins and the men who organized and led the group deserve most of the credit, but the boys who participated deserve their part. It was a fine idea and although we won't be here for another Christmas, it might well be made an annual affair. It's a small, yes, but thoughtful way to show the townsfolk we appreciate their never waning hospitality.

A. I. H.

## Introducing A New Series About 321st Officers Open Post Presents Lt. Alfred M. Collins

The efficiency of the 321st C. T. D. is due in large part to the efforts of Lt. Alfred M. Collins, Plans and Training Officer (S-3). He has developed and activated a program of training and discipline which has given to this detachment the distinctive air of officer preparation. Not for a moment is a member of the detachment al-



Lt. Alfred M. Collins

### In The Mail

In a recent issue of the OPEN POST I read that you wanted to hear from "old grads" of the 321st. so here goes. While at Western I was group commander and have held office at Nashville, Maxwell and Primary; you can't convince me that getting off to a good start doesn't help.

Maxwell was pretty nice because of the fact that the class system was abolished just before we arrived, but the cadet officers made life plenty interesting for us! Tell the boys in "E" squadron that they'll soon learn what military discipline is really like, and don't forget those co-ordination exercises—they're a lot more important than you think.

We flew the Stearman 17 in Primary at Camden, South Carolina and it's truly a rugged ship, takes unbelievable punishment and ground loops at the slightest provocation.

Right now I'm in Basic Field, Georgia and have "graduated" to the BT-13A and BT-15.

Regards,

A/S Martin Karant.

## Don't Print This

A few months ago we received a list of excerpts from letters which were sent to a state relief agency. Unfortunately the list was misplaced and it wasn't until a few days ago that we secured another copy. This time it appeared in a column in a New York City newspaper. Here are a few of them.

"Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and child."

"Please send my wife's form to fill out."

"I am writing to tell you my boy was born two years ago and is three years old now, when do I get relief?"

"This is my eighth child, what are you going to do about it?"

"Please find out if my husband is dead as the man I am living with won't eat or do anything until he nos for sure."

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lowed to forget the purpose of this training, or his responsibilities thereby entailed. Because of his success in this connection Lt. Collins holds the respect and gratitude of every Aviation Student on the Hill.

Lt. Alfred M. Collins was born on December 2, 1919, in Battle Creek, Michigan, and attended public schools until the age of eleven. His family moved to Pasadena, California, and he completed his high school training in this city. He participated in baseball, football, basketball and track in the regular Pasadena High School league and later played football and went out for track in junior college. Lt. Collins has also played professional football.

Before the war he was engaged in banking, having studied this field in junior college and extension courses at the University of Southern California.

On October 14, 1941, he was called into the service in the second peacetime draft. He served in the Coast Artillery Anti-Aircraft unit in General Hardaway's command and was selected for O.C.S. After attending Coast Artillery A. A. O. C. S. he was sent to Camp Haan, California where he worked for General Townsend. Deciding to follow the physical training end of the service, Lt. Collins entered his second OCS course at Miami Beach, Florida. Here he spent three rugged months of concentrated training and after graduating from OCS at Miami Beach he was assigned as Junior Director of physical training at Maxwell Field. From there he was sent to Gunter Field, Alabama where he became Asst. Director of physical training.

In the early part of March, 1943, he was sent to Bowling Green to help activate the 321st C.T.D. as Plans and Training officer and on August 17 he was promoted to the grade of first lieutenant.

## Soldier Of The Week

December 25th, 1943

Last week's award was shared by two men, Robert J. Dorr of Squadron "B" and Daniel H. Bachman of Squadron "E".

While attending High School in his home town of Detroit, Mich., Robert Dorr became interested in metallurgy and later he moved to Houghton in the Upper Michigan peninsula to attend the Michigan College of Mining and Technology. After receiving his degree A/S Dorr joined the Air Corps and now he hopes to pilot "a B-29 or the biggest one they'll let me have."

Dan Bachman was raised in Northampton, Penn., in the heart of the steel industrial region. After leaving high school he attended Bethlehem Tech to learn the different processes involved in turning out steel and up to the time of his induction several months ago he was a repairman, overhauling machinery for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

## Say Ah-h-h!

That is a very misleading title. I definitely did not say Ahh . . . during my entire stay in the infirmary, nor do I ever remember saying Ahhh . . . to a doctor in my life. However, it's a customary sound to make around doctors, so I'll use it, bruised tonsils and all, as a title.

As you no doubt know, it has certainly been sick out lately, and I found myself a victim of one of the million little flu germs flitting about. I thought I could overpower anything this small, but evidently I couldn't.

After reporting on sick call one day with a sore throat, I dropped my nose so much the rest of the day that I felt like a chicken. I went to bed that night saying to myself "Well Old Man, you're well now, you sure foxed them," and other such expressions; in general patting myself on the back (with vicks) on having conquered my ailment. Now you guess it. The next day I felt like warmed over death and went on sick call with more degrees of temperature than I could change to Fahrenheit (or vice versa). The next thing I knew I was flat on my back with dozens of Nurses Aides standing around me, slowly shaking their heads.

Not knowing we had any nurses here, I thought sure I was in the City Hospital awaiting an operation to cut out my excyze-pheynus. I soon learned I was only in the infirmary and the head shaking was some secret method of theirs to signal each other their next attack.

As I lay there and groaned (I really didn't, but it sounds better that way), and my temperature rose to exhaltant heights, someone came in and left enough medicine to stock a small drug store. There were A.P.C. tablets. I never could figure out what A. P. C. stood for unless it was Aspirin Pink Colored, but I really don't think that's right. Then there was cough medicine, the first kind was delicious, tasted like Tom Collins and a sneering smile spread across my face as I prepared to chug-a-lug the whole bottle. This was abruptly stopped by an attendant who came in and beat my head in with an axe (bloody, what). The second cough medicine tasted like reapherry and milk of magnisier mixed, and I can't say much for it.

There were nose drops and laxitive pills, both of which served their purpose only too well. These made up the curatine measures provided me. All in all they were very good, and I thoroughly enjoyed taking them.

Now don't get the idea it was all sack time. (Abrupt change, no less.) It was not. When I finally got accustomed to the new mattress and settled down with a blissful smile and 108° temperature, I was gently awakened with a sledgehammer, and a thermometer thrust in my mouth. I just lay there looking at my room-mate who was also chewing on one. After this ritual I settled down again, was awakened again, and handed a glass of fruit juice with seeds. This over I settled down again (monotonous, isn't it), and it happened again. This time it was a nurse's aid giving out magazines. I managed a feeble smile and chose the smallest one with the

(Continued on Page Three)

# Max Baer Still Talks A Great Fight As Interviewed By CNS Sports Editor

By Sgt. Frank de Blois  
CNS Sports Correspondent

Sgt. Max Addled-a-Bit Bear, the Livermore (Cal) liver sausage boy, has two firm beliefs: (1) that he's the guy who really started this war and (2) that Jack Dempsey is the greatest fighter he ever saw in his life.

Concerning belief No. 1:

"Don't let it get around, but I knocked out Max Schmeling in 1933 and that made Hitler mad. Then the next year I knocked out Primo Carnera and that made Mussolini mad. That's how the whole business started."

Concerning belief No. 2:

"Joe Louis is the best man old Maxie ever fought and Jack Dempsey is the greatest fighter old Maxie ever saw. But don't you forget that old Maxie himself was the 13th heavyweight champion of the world."

Max made these pithy observations a week or so ago at a bull session which followed an exhibition of break banding he and his brother Buddy, who is also a sergeant, had performed for GIs stationed at Mitchell Field, Long Island.

Well, anyway, Max's remarks about Dempsey were interesting to those present at the Mitchell Field soiree because they made him the second guy in two days to rate Dempsey over Louis. The other was Jack Sharkey, the only living American who was knocked out by them both.

Sharkey fought Dempsey in 1927 when Dempsey was washed up and Sharkey was the most promising young fighter in the land. Dempsey knocked the sailor as cold as a Lithuanian herring inside of seven rounds. In 1936, when he was washed up himself, Sharkey fought Louis, who knocked him out in the fourth.

"Dempsey was the best man," Sharkey believes. "You can hit Louis with a left hook and hurt him. You could hit Dempsey with a left hook and nothing happened. If I had to bet, I'd bet on Dempsey to knock the other fellow out."

Somehow, no one has ever asked Joe Louis if he thought Dempsey could take him, although a good many sports writers have turned out thousands of words on mythical bouts be-

tween the two mighty champions. The late Heywood Broun wrote a story like that in which Louis bowled over Jack in one round.

But if anyone ever did ask Joe a silly question like that, Joe probably wouldn't reply for a minute or two. He'd punch the bag around for a while and then he'd take off his gloves and sit down on a bench with a towel over his head. Then he'd probably give you the same answer he gave the reporter who asked him how tough a man was this kid Billy Conn.

"They's all tough," he said then. "Ain't none of them easy."

## Coach Ed Diddle, Hilltoppers, Featured In Look Magazine

Coach Ed Diddle's famous Hilltoppers basketball team has been honored again. The team and their coach have been featured in the December 14th issue of "LOOK" magazine. A four page picture story of Western and its famous coach was written by Frank Graham, sports editor of this popular magazine.

In his article, Mr. Graham tells how devoted the whole city of Bowling Green and everyone in the vicinity are to this basketball aggregation.

To add to their honors Western spent the Christmas vacation in the East playing outstanding Eastern teams.

Christmas night they played Brooklyn College in Madison Square Garden. The Hilltoppers dropped the game in a close finish 36-35. At the half they were leading with 20-17 advantage, but with the loss of Jim Callis, by the personal foul route, they relinquished their lead in the second half and never regained it.

Weakness at the free throw line was a big factor in their loss as they missed 10 free throws.

This loss gives Western an average of .500 in Madison Square Garden competition. They have won 3 and lost 3 with the 3 defeats being by a total of 5 points. The Hilltoppers lost to West Virginia two years ago by two points, to Fordham last year by two points, and by one point in this last game.

# At Ease, Rest, Peel Off

Along the Flight Line—

Guess this month's graduating class contains at least one future dive-bomber as demonstrated by "J. J." Begley's diligent efforts at using his "Maytag as an A-36—Who's heard many complaints from "E" squadron about the extra 'Sack Time' received when the weather prevents them from being "Along The Flight Line"? Oh! To Have A Picture Of—

Clint Egerton showing off all his knowledge about the details of marriage ceremonies, while typing up the "D" Squadron news—How do you gather such info, Clint?—The four volumes ((all Army Regulations) which take up about a foot and a half of desk space over in headquarters—that anonymous character who sound-

ed-off with "You ain't just beat-in' your gums" mister when the section marcher bellowed, "You had a good home, but you left"—"Big Mace" Cohen's eyes lighting up when his Pearl finally came in from New York—That two foot Christmas tree complete with all decorations that George "Santa Claus" Douglass sported in his room over the holiday week-end—Ray "Food - Hater" Morse spilling what was appar-

ently his first meal in an infirmary bed, into the G.I. gunboats of his bed-mate occupying the lower bunk—a graph of Don Nelson's pulse rise when the nurse at the infirmary came in to check it—the tremendously long line of individuals extended along the road all last week to be excused from drill and calisthenics—what was inside that FLAMING red envelope Bill Dorne received from "Red," his girl, last week.

Initials Of The Week—

We have a whole bunch for you this week. Duck!! Here they come: R. A. Farrar (RAF); Gotham, F. O. (GFO); M. P. Petrizo (MP); P. P. Graziano (PP); B. N. Florio (BN).

Things We like—

The new girl in the serving line in the mess hall—more Open Posts like the one we had Christmas—Western—the new way of walking posts on the INTERIOR guard—more cross-countries (?) Three Silver Stars To—

The people of Bowling Green who were so nice as to ask the fellas' here out for Christmas dinner.

A/S Douglass, G. W.

## Don't Print This

Continued from page two

"In answer to your letter I gave birth to a boy weighing 101 pounds. I hope this is satisfactory."

"In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope."

"Sir" "I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children, one of which is a mistake as you can see."

"Please send me a double bed as the bed you sent me was a single one and my wife and children must sleep on the floor."

"When will I get relief. You send it where I am."

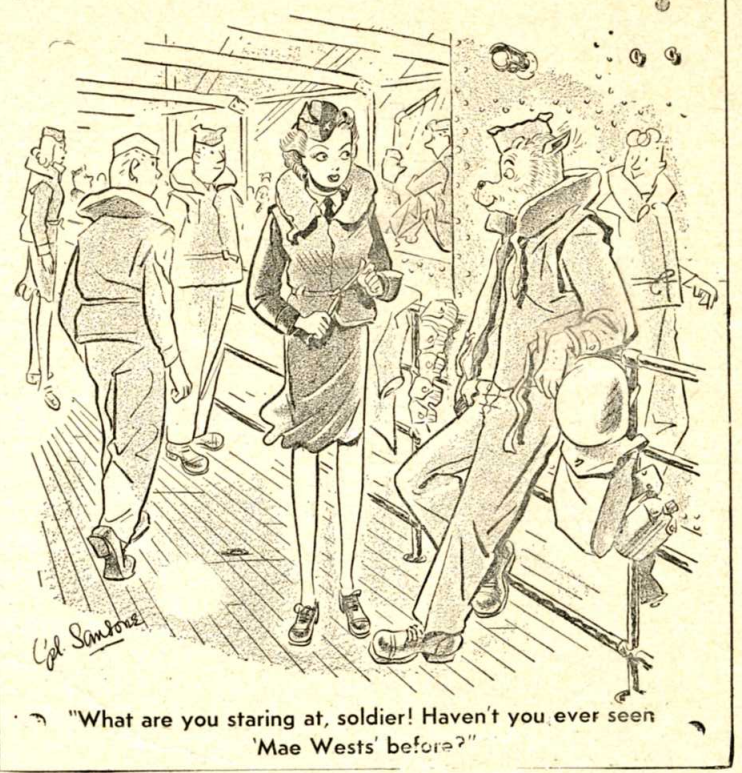
"You have change my boy to a girl, does this make any difference?"

(ED: We're blushing too)

## The Wolf

by Sansone

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"What are you staring at, soldier! Haven't you ever seen 'Mae Wests' before?"

## First Flight And Its Effects Described

Slowly but surely, the bus got us out to the airport. I jumped out of the bus and ran into the flight room to see if my number was on the board. Peering through the gathered crowd of Aviation Students, I saw that it was my turn to fly the next period. My partner was going to go up before me. I helped him into his 'chute, and he climbed into his seat. The motor was started by the flight line mechanic, and I then did the most important job of taking away the chocks. I went back to the hanger to wait for my turn. I stood by the window and watched the planes slowly taxi and then take-off, and as they did I pictured myself in the cockpit.

After one hour, some loafing, and a little shooting the breeze, the planes came in, and I ran out to meet my plane.

The next few minutes found me in a parachute and sitting in my seat ready for the consequences which were to come. I was a little scared and at the same time anxious. My instructor taxied out to the take-off position, and then we were off. The plane lifted off the ground, and I knew I was in the air. It felt as though I was sitting on air. I now received a new sensation. The ground slowly lowered away from me, and everything began to get smaller.

My instructor climbed to 2000 ft. and leveled off. After showing me some right turns, left turns and level flying, I began to feel somewhat better. Then it came. He told me to take over. I felt good as long as he had the controls, but when he said that, it made me feel like wanting to get back down to solid earth.

My feet were on the rudder pedals, my right hand on the stick, and my left hand on the throttle. I now had full control and my little Aeronca immediately showed signs of change of pilot. After building up a little confidence in myself, the instructor told me to try some left

(Continued on page four)

## Poem

HE'S A WOLF

If he parks his little flivver, down beside the moonlit river, And you feel him all aquiver, Baby, he's a Wolf.  
If he says you're gorgeous looking, and your dark eyes set him cooking, But your eyes ain't where he's looking, Baby he's a Wolf.  
When he says that you're an eye-ful, and he flushes just a trifle, While his heart pumps like a rifle, Baby, he's a Wolf.  
If by chance when you he's kissing, you feel his heart amissing, And you talk but he won't listen, Baby, he's a Wolf.  
If his arms are strong like sinew, So he stirs the gypsy in you, And you want him close against you, then maybe, you're the Wolf.

## Say Ah-h-h-h!

(Continued from page two)

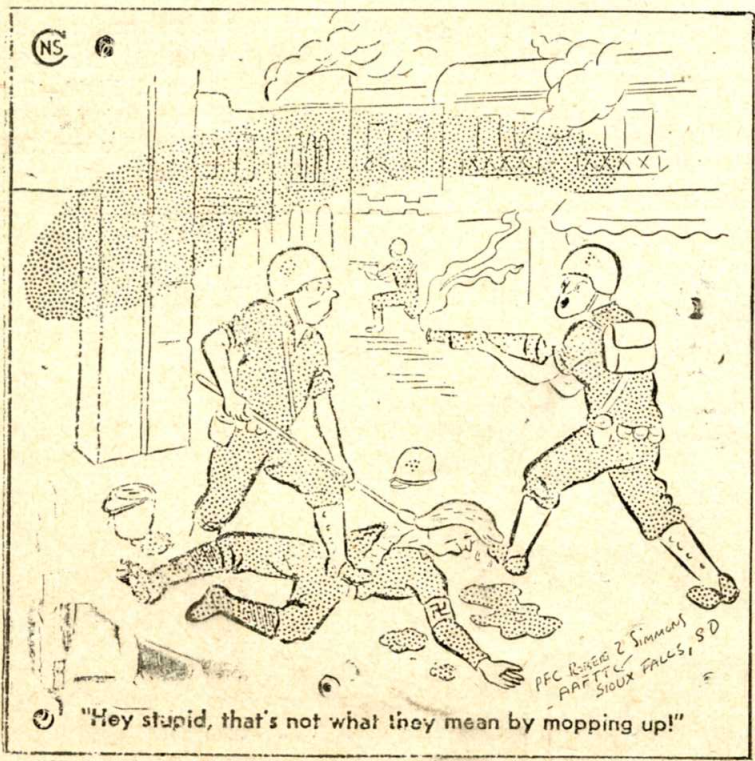
largest type and went to sleep again. Then it was supper time. The final result of the day was a sprained back from turning over trying to go to sleep.

This happened day after day, and much to my surprise my temperature and sore muscles disappeared. I must have thrived on the treatment.

Now Christmas was looming in sight, and I was standing on one ear for fear I wouldn't get out by then. In fact the doctor definitely said I wouldn't and I was beginning to turn purple in exasperation. I did get out Christmas morning however, and was so glad I almost did a jig. I tried to even, but my legs were so weak after my weeks stay in bed, fell in a pile, looking like dirty laundry.

I feel so good now that I thoroughly advise everybody to go to the infirmary if they are ill (brinary deduction). The Nurses Aides and our Permanent Party did fine taking care of the disabled, and the treatment I received was much, much better than I expected—frankly. I no longer feel like just staying alive to save funeral expenses. I am now an alert, healthy specimen (it says here), so take my advice, go on sick call if you're sick fellows. Your room-mate can get along without you; in fact he'll probably be glad to get rid of you.

A. I. H.



"Hey stupid, that's not what they mean by mopping up!"

### Squadron News

#### Squadron "E" News By "The Hot Pilot"

I'd like to take this opportunity to welcome Squadron "E" back from the infirmary.

Eager Beaver of the Week: John Casalnuovo who mopped the North Hall last Monday EVENING.

Joe Farruggio received a letter 14 feet long. I hear it was so hot that it came in an asbestos envelope. She's really out to get you Joe.

Mace Cohen has been trying to get blood out of a stone. For the explanation see the bulletin board opposite Room 101 in Potter Hall.

Goof-Off of the Week: Sorry, none this week, everyone is getting eager.

"Red Pencil" Dooley is doing a good job of censoring Squadron "E" mail.

#### Seen at the Airport:

"Catapillar Club" Begley hooked his RIPCORD to his harness instead of his chute.

"Peanuts—? was seen expectorating a few of Mr. Planters best which, "Stuck in my teeth," out of the window of his Aeronca.

When his fight instructor told him to take hold of himself, A/S Fass replied, "Can't, I'm ticklish."

As we toured Bowling Green Christmas week-end we could easily distinguish "E" men from all the rest. It was easy, "E" men had the women.

A/S Eichen said that he had to meet a girl at 14h and College at 6 o'clock. When asked who she was, he replied, "How do I know who will be at 14th and College at 6 o'clock?"

Who has been making improvised gig sheets out of toilet paper, saying that he's sure it's an appropriate substitute.

Congratulations to A/S Rice who was married this past week-end. Wish I could think of a good pun, it's a natural opening.

... "Well you may think that this is the end... well it is." HAPPY NEW YEAR.

#### Squadron "D" News

A/S Walter Zuelow joins the losses of "D" squadron as he was notified Thursday that he too has been moved to "E" squadron.

A/S Gene McLain and the former Miss Kittie Lou Combs have joined the happy institute of married couples as of Christmas Eve. A/S Robert (Red) Warrington and his wife were best man and matron of honor.

Another gala occasion—A/S Danial Rice joined in wedlock with the former Miss Leah Francis Smith on Christmas Eve. Pvt. Robert Duncan did the honors as best man and Miss Mary Eliza-

beth Sargeant as maid of honor. A/S Rice is now a member of "E" squadron.

The officers of "A" squadron, chosen from "D" Squadron are as follows: Anthony D. Rausch, Captain; George Reid, Second in Command; William Stanton, Flight Lieutenant; Robert Walters, Flight Lieutenant; Melvin Truax, First Sergeant; Eral Parker, Flight Sergeant, Mike Steffonic, Flight Sergeant; Paul Schulltz, Guide Sergeant; Basil Read, Corporal.

Room 316 Potter Hall had a thorough G. I. party all of its own, seemingly to no avail.

#### Squadron "C" News

"Happy Holidays," these words are still running through the minds of most of us fellows—it hardly seems possible as yet, that we are into our New Year. Many of us are reliving some of those precious moments that we spent with the good folks of Bowling Green during the holidays.

Many thanks to the families that gave us the opportunity to spend our time in a cheery, home atmosphere.

With the holidays over and the program going on in full swing, still, we don't find much time for mirth provoking escapades, but occasionally something does pop up like... the time that our squadron's head-man, Capt. Wash, tried out a new system for cleaning his shoes. Well, as the story goes, Wash first gets himself a pan, or if none is available he just uses the floor for the same purpose. Next, a little liquid polish and a match are needed. You pour a little polish into the pan or on the floor and touch the match to it... This is supposed to give off a shine giving smoke or sumptin'. Guess it did give off the smoke 'cause when I saw Wash he was using a shine cloth on his face. Better luck next time!

There is something that has quite a few fellows puzzled A/S Rappaport. Can and would you please explain the meaning of the three words that we see on the board every day or should we ask A/S Fishman?

If any extenuating circumstances necessitate the use of a "hard to get" safety pin report to Room 314 of West Hall and without any bother or cosigners you may borrow our squadron safety pin. A/S Liles is the keeper of this object.

Now we come to the quaint character of "Mr. George." Been wondering about Pistol George lately... he has been roaming West Hall in quest of a place to sleep. Could it be that Mr. George has disowned Squadron "C"—I see that he now bunks

### Song Of The Week

Our song of the week is the slogan song of Squadron "C." The Eager Beaver is the theoretically ideal Aviation Student, so the song is called "Eager Beaver Boy." This is the second in our series of popular songs one is apt to hear almost anytime on the Hill.

.. "EAGER BEAVER BOY" ..  
I wouldn't give a bag of beans  
For all your fancy pants Marines,  
I'd rather be a jerk  
Just like I am. Berrump.  
I wouldn't trade my B.V.D.'s  
For all the Navy's dungarees,  
For I'm the fighting pride  
Of Uncle Sam. Berrump.  
On a poster that I head  
It said the Air Corps Builds up  
men,  
So they're tearing me down  
To build me over again.  
I'm just an Air Corps soldier  
With a rifle on my shoulder,  
And I eat a Jap for breakfast  
Every day.  
So feed me ammunition  
To keep me in condition,  
Your Eager Beaver Boy is O.K.  
Oh, Keep Em Flying,  
Your Eager Beaver Boy is O.K.  
Oh, Tootsie Baby,  
Your Eager Beaver Boy is O.K.,  
Da-Da.

with the boys of Squadron "A". We don't hate you George, HONEST, we don't!?!  
ODDS AND ENDS

Potter Hall, third floor, a service cap, an unsuspecting student with a case of inspection jitters and then ATTEN-HUT!! A sigh of relief from a member of Room 333 as he gathers his half buttoned coat from the floor and proceeds to finish the job. Luckily it was just a case of mistaken identity.—Kind of think that Miss Stonecipher doesn't appreciate our love for music—anyway she won't let us listen to the radio before the study hall session begins. Why?—The newly organized P and M Association nominates A/S Clayton Werden as honorary Vice-President of the week. Appointment was made for outstanding contributions.—BC Hawkes (barrack's chief) alias "The Little Fat Man," takes a motherly pride in caring for the barracks. Now if he could only cook!!

Seagrams to Squadron "C" for its generosity when it came to remembering fellows that were less fortunate than the rest of us. This trait is one to be proud of!—After copiously contemplating on these capricious comments I come to the conclusion that this is the END....

#### Squadron "B" News

After two quiet weeks on the campus, we are all looking forward to the arrival of the col-

### First Flight And Its Effects Described

(Continued from page three)

and right 90° turns which were performed to his approval. I did some straight and level flying along the railroad tracks, crabbing all the way. All at once he pulled the throttle shut, and my heart went to my mouth. I thought my gas had run out. The instructor said he was going to show me a forced landing. He shoved the nose straight into a glide. Down we went to 600 ft., then a quick circle around his picked landing field and down into the wind, ready to land. It was then that I began to get that funny feeling in my stomach. I knew now what a good aircraft mechanic I would make. My instructor pulled out his intended forced landing and climbed up to a safe altitude, heading straight back to the airport. I enjoyed my instructor's landing considerably. He had me taxi back to the flight line, which I did quietly and quickly. After stumbling out of the plane and removing my chute, my task of cleaning the plane began.

So ended my first day of actual flying.

Fred C. Calabrese

lege coeds.

We all regret losing A/S Bernie Greenberg, but he has been called back to his duties by Lockheed Aircraft in Hollywood, California. Uncle Sam decided he was more important as a civilian worker than he would ever be in the Army Air Corps. As he left, his last words were that he hated to leave it all, and I think he really meant it. Lucky guy!

#### Squadron "A" News

The newest addition to the 321st CTD, with the abbreviated haircuts, officially announce as of now that they are "gassed up" and ready to "take off," come what may. (Except possibly a flurry of demerits).

West Hall's new hot pilots are "snaprolling" with glee about their new home, and its very hospital personnel.

#### Personal Touches:

We can boast (?) of the tallest and baldest students on the Hill. The former title goes to A/S J. C. Ehbart, while the latter title rests on the condescent cranium of A/S A. deNix. Question: Who is the Eager Beaver who G. I.'s his room and is now faced with the probability of evacuation?

Our first experience with one of Lt. Collins' "jogs" was quite a strain on the leaden-footed "A" boys. Most of them held up admirably, but quite a few stragglers came in on a "wing and a prayer."

The P. T. field is getting new blood this week. After our first rigid inspection, laurels go to

### Student Officer Corner

(Student Major C. H. Carpenter)

From the viewpoint of the man out in front of the ranks, reviewing the men or giving them commands, one soldier looks just like another. Uniformed men in ranks are supposed to present an even regular appearance. However, individually, each man in those ranks may present a different degree of personal neatness and correctness.

One of the aims of this CTD program is to raise that standard of personal appearance to its highest possible point, not only for the benefit of the individual, but for the welfare of the post as a whole. An Aviation Student in town or in some social center represents the whole detachment, and his neatness of dress, cleanliness, and general attitude will be judged by those with whom he comes in contact, as representing that of the rest of the men "up on the Hill."

A man who shows interest in his personal appearance to the point of keeping always neat is the type of man who is generally capable of doing bigger and more important jobs in the same clean-cut manner.

Lately, there has been a noticeable decrease in the usually high standards of the appearance of the men both off and on the post. Overcoats, field jackets and rain coats have covered up unshined brass and unpresed clothing in the field, but in classrooms and halls these things have been particularly evident.

Personal field inspections have been few and far between for the last month or so due to poor weather conditions. However, in the near future squadron captains will be holding regular inspections, and personal appearance will be stressed. Clean shaves, shined brass, shined shoes and neat clothes properly worn—these are the things we'll be looking for.

A/S B. N. Florio (Sad Sack to his friends). Luckily he is a former Infantry man just off desert maneuvers, because he will need the foot-soulders' stamina to erase 5 tours.

One title we are learning to fear—room orderly (ask A/S "Giggy" Roberts.)

Dislikes: Eating second mess last—Shining shoes twice a day—Western Coeds being home on vacation when we arrived.

Likes: Wonderful food—Our exit from Sheppard Field—General Spirit of the Aviation Student Corps, and its Student Officers—Cedar House.

### Male Call by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates" In Attacking, Never Take Terrain For Granted



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