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321st Detachment

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Canine Jezebel Is Queen Of Hill In Her Own Right

Although there is considerable evidence that she is anything but a lady, she has always been treated as such by the men of the 321st. They bring her sandwiches and cokes, and always make sure that she sleeps comfortably on nights when the wind is chill. We are speaking of "Ma," a dog with a reputation comparable to that of Cleopatra or Helen of Troy.

Where she came from and the facts of her early life are cloaked in secrecy. She is white and tan in color, mostly dirty gray, and somewhere in her mixed ancestry there must have been quite a bit of bird dog. Her love life—and who are we to judge?—has been as cosmopolitan as it has been constant. Many lovers and many litters have come and gone, but Ma stays on forever. Her pups are taken from her soon after birth; if Ma were allowed to keep her progeny, we'd soon be faced with the problem of comparable to that of "The Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe."

It's always the woman who pays, they say, and Ma is no exception. Despite the fact that she has lost none of her charm, this modern Jezebel has slowed up considerably of late and has not been so frisky since her last litter. Let those who are critical of her morals look into her eyes as she suns herself on the grass. Is it not possible that those dreamy eyes mean that she's thinking of some brave terrier in the WAGS, now serving his country in Africa or Italy? Perhaps some day when the lights go on again... well, who knows?

Talisman To Feature New Military Motif

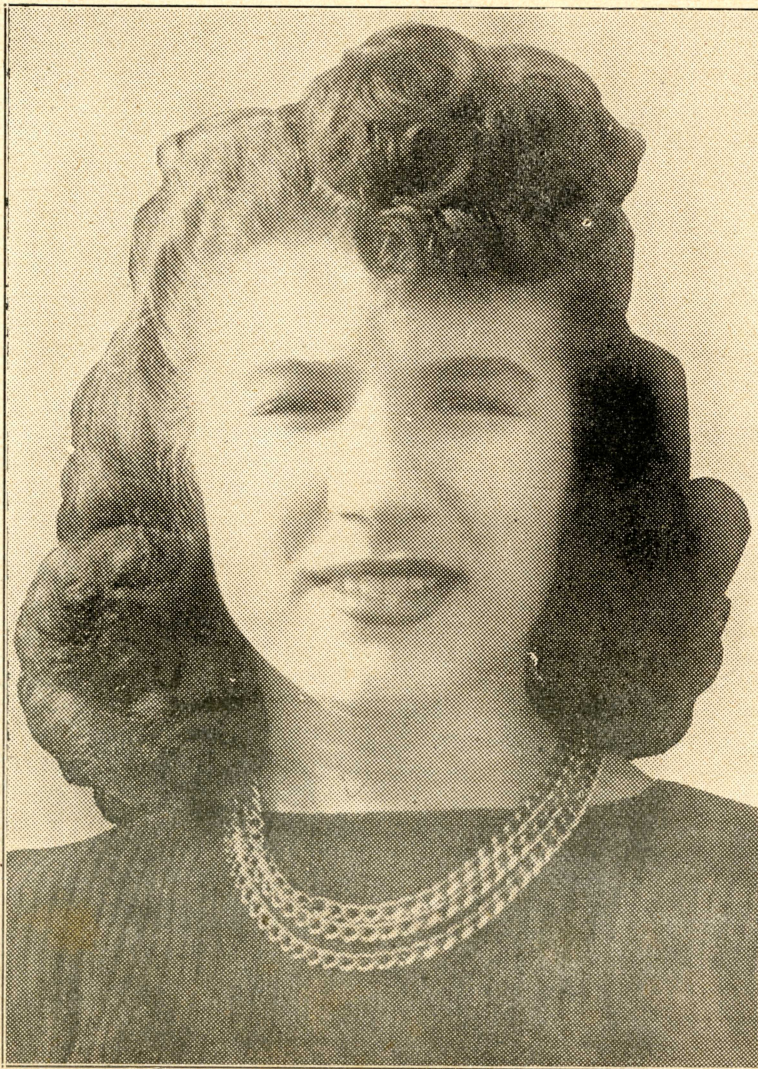
The Talisman, Western's annual which is being edited by co-editors Misses Beatty and Gibson, and incidentally is a very good annual, plans to change its policy slightly this year. It is being offered to the aviation students, and since Western will really be an alma mater of ours, and we are definitely a part of its student body, we should feel lucky to be able to purchase a year book.

Most of us have seen the publications, comparable to annuals, which are put out by the other schools we will encounter in our training. We will undoubtedly get one of these. Therefore since the 321st, C.T.D. is a part of our training, and the first phase at that, we will want a permanent record of our stay here.

The editors haven't made definite plans yet, but there will probably be group pictures of the squadrons and candid shots of the men. Tentative plans call for a military theme running throughout the book.

Definite information will be announced later.

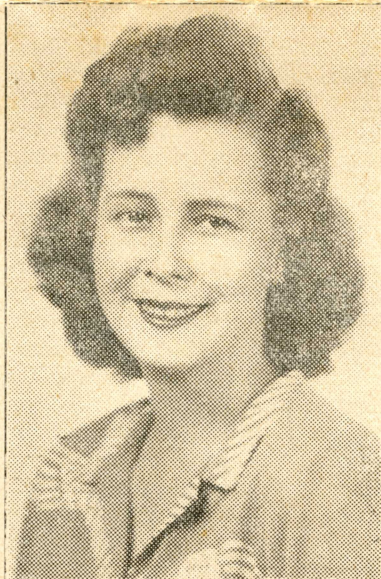
QUEEN OF THE HILL



Miss Geraldine Smith



Miss Frances Vickers



Miss Opal Faulkner

Miss Geraldine Smith is Queen of Hill By Popular Choice of 321st Votes

Frances Vickers And Opal Faulkner Are Runners-Up When Final Tabulations Are Read

The "Queen of the Hill" has at last been selected, and she is none other than Miss Geraldine Smith. The two runners-up in the race are Miss Frances Vickers, second, and Miss Opal Faulkner, third.

In the contest sponsored by the OPEN POST to search out the

most popular girls around, these three came through with the top honors. The voting created widespread interest and the amount of campaigning and cigar flourishing around the polls was terrific. The race between the fifteen girls, each of which is darn good looking, was close, but there is no doubt that these three represent the Aviation Students ideal as far as personality is concerned.

State Procedure Modified To Aid Soldier Vote

Acting on the request of the Council of State Governments, the War and Navy Departments have prepared a statement on "Practical Aspects of Cooperation by Army and Navy in Voting by Absentee Servicemen during War Time," according to Camp Newspaper Service's Washington Bureau.

The statement issued by War Secretary Henry Stimson and Navy Secretary Frank Knox, was made public in answer to a letter from Frank Bane, executive director of the Council, which asked for suggestions regarding federal legislation on the soldier vote.

In their reply to Mr. Bane's request, Secretary Stimson and Secretary Knox made it clear that the War and Navy Departments had no intention of interfering with states' rights in the soldier vote issue. It is understood that whatever bill Congress adopts, the action of state legislatures will remain vital.

The secretaries also stress the point that their departments do not advocate or oppose any particular voting legislation. "They will endeavor to administer, subject to their primary obligation, whatever law may be in effect," according to the statement.

"The policy of the Army and Navy is to assist and encourage servicemen to vote, so far as is practicable and compatible with military operations. Nothing must interfere with the services primary obligation to wage victorious war," the statement said.

Just A Reminder

There are suggestion boxes in both West and Potter Halls, and everyone is encouraged to use them frequently. However, they are not receptacles for trash, both in the form of candy wrappers and foolish suggestions. Lately a few students have used these boxes for perfectly ridiculous suggestions which will accomplish nothing except possibly the removal of the boxes. They offer an opportunity for worthwhile suggestions and should be used to the fullest extent, not taken advantage of. So if you have a reasonable suggestion, you are urged to put in in; it will be read and given every consideration.

The "Queen" herself, beautiful Miss Gerry (as everyone calls her) Smith, is a local girl. She was born here in Bowling Green, and has lived here all her life. A student now at the Training School, Gerry has two alternative plans for the future. She plans to either join the Cadet Nurses Corps or attend the University of Kentucky, where she will major in home economics. Although at first glance Gerry appears to be a glamorous, actually she is a girl who loves to swim, dance, and ride horseback. Incidentally, fellows, she's not engaged, doesn't plan to be a career woman, can sew, and whip up a mean lemon pie, which ought to put ideas into your head.

Slender, tender Miss Smith is the possessor of lovely reddish brown hair, green eyes, and olive skin, and she puts these together to perfection. She owns a cocker spaniel pup and five registered Jersey cows in case you're a bovine admirer. When asked what type of man she liked, she was hesitant to answer, but settled on the old standby, "tall, dark, and handsome." She hastened to add that blonds aren't bad, and for none to take her qualifications too seriously. He must be fun, with a good sense of humor, but must have a serious side too. Gerry is an all around good sport, and well deserves her new title.

Vital statistics: Height, 5 ft. 6 1-2 inches; weight, 133 lbs; bust, 34; waist, 24; hips, 34; favorite actress, Bette Davis; favorite tune, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes; Phone Number 1666.

In second place is that knockout blonde, Frances Vickers. Born in Glasgow, Ky., she later moved to Franklin where she attended grammar school. From here Vicki attended school at Virginia Intermont, Los Angeles High School, Ward Belmont College, and now she's at Western where she is working for an A. B. Vicki is another slender, tender gal with long blond hair, blue eyes, and fair skin. Swell looking in an evening dress, she looks just as good on a horse; in fact, that's where she would rather be. She too, is an outdoor girl who swims, plays golf and tennis, and loves horseback riding.

(Continued on Page Three)

Lt. Hubert D. Osteen Joins 321st Staff

The commanding officer has announced an addition to the staff of the 321st C.T.D. Last Monday, First Lieutenant Hubert D. Osteen arrived on the post to take up his new duties. Lieut. George S. Updegraff explained that the 321st has been operating with one officer less than the usual quota for a command of this size, so Lt. Osteen is an addition to the staff and not a replacement.

Lt. Osteen was in newspaper and publishing work in civilian life and his home is in Sunxter, South Carolina. He was previously stationed at Maxwell Field, Spena Field, Georgia, and Glen Falls, New York.

Soldier Of The Week

January 29th

As a policeman in his hometown of Port Jarvis, New York, Clarence A. Coslick had many interesting experiences in his two years of driving a radio patrol car. Before joining the police force, A/S Coslick worked as an automobile repairman.

Coslick will be remembered as sergeant-major of the recently retired staff; he'd like to fly neither a bomber or fighter, for his choice is a medium attack plane, such as the A-20.

January 22

Irving J. Elmore is from the rural section of New York, having been born in South Fallsbury, New York. As a boy his favorite hobby was building model airplanes, but now his taste runs toward the "real thing"

(Continued on page four)

(Charles H. Carpenter gift)
11640

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 Kenneth Coulter, A/S George W. Douglass, A/S William C. Graves, A/S Robert G. Green, A/S Russell L. Horky, A/S Franklin E. Kepner, A/S Euveldia C. Maynor, A/S Donald E. Nelson, A/S Edward N. Walczewski.

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No Sales Talk

should be necessary in selling War Bonds to members of this detachment. The Fourth War Loan is our greatest single weapon against inflation, and money saved now will come in handy after the war. When millions of men race home to the jobs which may or may not be waiting for them, a fistful of War Bonds might possibly be the best friend you ever had.

The People Of Bowling Green

have helped to make our stay here the most enjoyable of our Army "careers." Since this will be our final opportunity to thank them, we'd like to express our appreciation of their hospitality. After the men now on the Hill have moved on and newer squadrons take our place, we hope that later arrivals may enjoy the same kind of treatment.

Have You Noticed

the precision and snap in the Saturday afternoon parade ceremonial since W. J. Tichacek became student major? Under the new staff our drill periods require a greater output of energy, but the results make it worthwhile. As one student officer was heard to remark, "That guy Tichacek knows how to run the show."

Morale Has Zoomed

here as a result of recent innovations. Little things like voluntary attendance at GI movies, a mid-week basketball game, a squadron dance on Friday night, some entertainment at the Van Meter Hall formations—little things like these can go a long way in shaping the attitude of men toward their surroundings.

This Is The End

of the OPEN POST as you have known it for the past several months. When a directive from Maxwell forbade excusing members of bands and publications from any formation, many CTD newspapers folded up immediately, while others emerged in a monthly form. At some future date the OPEN POST may be revived as a monthly magazine, but the present editors decided to stop publication after the Queen of the Hill had been selected.

By all journalistic standards the OPEN POST was a sad little rag, yet it is with a feeling of regret that we cover up the typewriters, turn out the lights, and call it a day.

Last Thursday Night

we found ourselves in an unusual position. We were seated at a table. Before us lay a book. The book was open. Yes, say what you will about the new regime, but the prospects of losing a week end is enough to make anyone study.

This detachment has a good academic record. We are in a CTD only because the army considers our courses here valuable training for the road ahead. Most men have no trouble getting passing grades, and when a man muffs an exam or two on Friday, it is usually by the narrowest of margin. An hour more of study would have made the difference.

And Those Grades

will be an important factor in deciding the best squadron of the week. Each squadron is to be rated according to total Pts, demerits, class average and performance in the Saturday parade. The squadron judged best will be excused from the Saturday afternoon stand-by inspection.

Do you have the "room orderly jitters?" Do you bite your thumbs and tear your hair when Saturday morning rolls around? We suggest that you do your best in helping your squadron win the weekly award.

G.E.A.

Interview With Lt. Allan E. Hadley Gives Vital Statistics Of Adjutant

Lt. Allan E. Hadley sat at his desk, studiously pencilling a moustache on an old photograph of himself. He was reading an article from an OPEN POST of several months ago which gave his personal history. Finally he looked up at the reporter and grimaced; "This stuff is too stale—and too long," said Hadley, "so when you

At Ease, Rest, Peel Off

by George Douglass

Oh! To have a picture of—

The completely lost and bewildered look on "E" Squadron faces as they march back to school.—The pictures "Mac" McCombs has of himself and his pal Perry, standing side by side.

—The multi-colored and rather enlarged right eye "Doug" Douglass sported for a whole week. He still claims, "I can't elp it if the moon was so dark Saturday night, that I just bumped into my room-mate."—The swimming pride of the 321st, Riha, falling into the murky depths of Kentucky's inviting, but definitely wet, Barren River.—A couple of anonymous Aviation Students doggedly attempting to become a vital link in the hilarious square dance at the Armory, but succeeding only in tripping over themselves.—Mace "Nimble" Cohen mistaking the footbath in the wash-

room for a tub and practically lunging head-on into it; maybe some light would help, Mace.—"PT" Ferrara with that continual searching look on his face as he runs his hands across his

scalp, muttering to himself, "Now where did that go?" "I know it was there yesterday."—Rick "Lover" Elting trying to explain to Plans and Training, during an informal meeting, how deeply he felt the loss of his hair. Is that the first punch on your new card, Rick?—The surprise the 321st boys got when they went to cast their vote for

"Queen of the Hill" and discovered the girls weren't there for their observation, punch no. 2 on the cards.—Dr. Sterret, when he received the wine decanter and eight little wine glasses as a gift from "E"—Also the Aviation student who visited him at church Sunday to inquire whether he had filled it as yet.—This careless fellow, C. Q. who is forever losing his gloves and fountain pen.—All the fellas taking their "formals" out of moth balls for the big hop last Saturday.—The girls that sold tickets in the barracks.—The letter to "All those poor souls who received no mail today" in the C. D. and Dudovitz mail room; come and read it for yourself.

Along the Flight Line!—"T. B." Crawshaw, "E" Squadron, sure had his troubles. Up until his sixth hour, he was still working on a formula by which he could unstrap his parachute and safety belt, all in time to beat the instructor to the jump if it was necessary. Someone tipped him off, tho.—The hottest pilots of "E" Squadron have at last been decided upon. They are "J. J." Begley and "RAF" Farrar. The former displays his abilities by landing the plane fifty feet up in the air, while the latter stubbornly insists on taking his ship off across the runway instead of down it.—Joe Farrugio seems to have things a

little backward. Who else ever lost 1400 ft. in a climbing turn? We Like—

Western and 321st basketball games.—"The Adventures of Snafu"—Farewell parties—Flight pay—College Heights Herald. Three Silver Stars To—

"THE QUEEN OF THE HILL," Miss Gerry Smith. It would be also interesting to have a picture of the tears shed by the members of this staff as their last copy goes to press. So long, YOU ALL, and best of luck.

Charlie Barnett blows a mean sax, and Charlie, it developed, is Lt. Hadley's favorite orchestra leader. We naturally wondered how long it had been since the adjutant last danced to the music of the Barnett organization, but our confidential agents report that he collects the latest discs and adds them to his already extensive phonograph collection.

He thereupon handed back the old paper and began to answer our questions about Friday night entertainment. Our young adjutant has charge of the band and other means of entertainment here on the Hill and one most welcome change which recently took effect was abandoning compulsory attendance at GI movies and giving squadron dances at the Cedar House on Friday nights. Any lauding of detachment officers is strictly out of place in this type of column, but we'll content ourselves with stating that Lt. Hadley's efforts in the entertainment line are greatly appreciated by the men of the 321st and the friendly reception given to all callers makes it a pleasure to stop in the adjutant's office.

And so we come to statistics; Lt. Hadley was born on April 26, 1921 in Chatham, New Jersey. After high school he enrolled at Rutgers, graduating in May, 1942 with a B. S. in business administration. Having been a member of the ROTC for four years, Lt. Hadley graduated as second lieutenant, and after being assigned to the Air Corps he was stationed at Maxwell, Selfridge Field, and later was with the 38th CTD before coming to Bowling Green when the 321st was activated last April.

As might be guessed from looking at the way he fills out his uniform, Lt. Hadley was very active in college athletics; in his freshman year he was on the rowing crew at Rutgers and later joined the boxing team. Less strenuous college activities of his included the Glee Club, Rutgers quartet, and the position of head song leader, in addition to his obligations as a member of Zeta Psi.

Life In A Dorm Described By Popular Coed

Getting up at 6 o'clock a. m. in a girls' dormitory does have its advantages, much as one likes to sleep 'til 10 minutes before eight.

This business of getting up daily at six holds no appeal for me whatever; but a couple of days ago I made myself pull my head off the pillow, made myself get out of bed long enough to pull down the windows and turn on the radiator. My experiences at this early hour have been few but this one proved to be most interesting from the human interest standpoint.

While I was waiting for the room to get warm (that's my excuse for that last-minute nap) I heard the alarm clocks from the rooms down the hall, across the hall, and adjacent to me. The one next door I knew to be one of those "Waralarm" clocks, so it went unheeded—a queer little plastic noise which continued for some two or three minutes—or am I exaggerating?

A book could be written on events which ensued from six til eight that morning, but I'm only relating the most interesting.

By the time my room was warm and I got out, there were two or three glum figures trailing down the hall in the general direction of the washroom. Just who these people were I don't know. I really don't begin to gain my cognizance until about 7:45.

Anyhow, I decided to do a little studying for my eight o'clock history. My room-mate was sleeping soundly. I feel for the person who has a light turned on in his face, so I decided to do my studying the closet, which has a light, and is big enough for several chairs.

The closet was unsatisfactory; cold, too. To the washroom I moved, where the steam had been going full blast all night long. My improvised desk was the ironing board and I had begun my study of the election of 1876 I believe it was, when the roommates began to form lines to brush their teeth and wash their faces. I might add that there are very few words spoken in these lines as no one is ever sufficiently awake to recognize even her room-mate. The sign of friendship as one passes a fellow tooth-brusher is the sign of the upraised hand... no "hello"—just the hand up as if to say "How!"

I was not disturbed at my study—just a few interruptions now and then when some jerk decided to gargle.

When the 6:45 to 7:15 shift returned to their respective cells, I had peace and quiet until the 7:30 to 7:50 group ran in. Then I might as well have had my ironing board on the Lincoln Highway for all the work I accomplished.

"Do you have an eight o'clock?" What time is it anyhow?" "Wish I had time for breakfast." "The soldiers just passed. It must be 10 minutes of."

What amazes me is that these people are complacently scrubbing behind their ears at "10 minutes of" manage to get to the

(Continued on page three)

Besides His Trade As A Banana Salesman Zeke Bonura Also Played Lots Of First Base

by Sgt. Frank De Blois
CNS Sports Correspondent
The news that Cpl. Henry (Zeke) Bonura, that great big man from the south with the great big grin on his mouf, is the most popular GI in North Africa, is good news, forsooth, to all who remember the dear, dead days of long ago when Zeke was hitting home runs and kicking ground balls around in Chicago, Washington and the town of New York.

Bonura was awarded the Legion of Merit for "exceptionally meritorious conduct" in organizing and conducting a successful sports program in the Mediterranean area and soldiers there said that no one in that neck of the woods had done more to save them from going nuts with boredom than good old Zeke, the good humor man from New Orleans.

Zeke always was a lovable guy. They started to love him in New Orleans the minute he deserted his Mealy Street banana stand and took to flailing the air with a bat. Jimmy Dykes, manager of the Chicago White Sox, loved him, too, and almost swallowed his cigar in remorse the day he decided to sell Zeke down the river to Washington. "I hated to do it," Dykes said that dark day, "but Zeke fields like a blind bull in the moonlight."

Verily, Zeke was no Hal Chase on the hassock. When he came up to the Sox from New Orleans, he placed a dime on first base and he never moved off it again.

Life In A Dorm Described By Coed

Continued from page two
second or third floor of Cherry Hall by eight. But I've done it too! Some good little gremlin seems to give you excessive energy anywhere from 7:40 to 8:00.

Of course, if you get up at 7:40, you probably have time for a cup of coffee and doughnuts at the Goal Post and an investigation of the Post Office for mail. If you make it by 7:45, just the coffee and doughnuts. If you waited 'til 7:55 like I did that morning when I piled out of bed at 6:00, you probably have only the time to fold up the ironing board, set it in the corner, and forget about the much-despised "eight o'clock."

Pal Faulconer

When a line drive came whistling his way, Zeke would lunge at the pill like an elderly lady chasing a tramp with a broom. Then he'd turn around and wave his glove hopelessly as the ball shot past him into right field.

He never lost his good humor, though, and he never lost his spirit. Dykes recalls one day when Zeke dropped a fly ball, kicked a grounder into left field and messed up a forced play at third, then pounded his glove and yelled across the diamond: "Ata go, gang. Let's tighten up out here."

Then he was drafted. He plastered a grin on his face and went to work organizing service teams both at home and abroad. In North Africa, he whipped up a baseball schedule, saw that his men got equipment, then staged a Tunisian World Series. Later he brought fights, football and even camel races to the GIs on the desert. In fact, he did everything but play first base himself.

"You see," he explained. "I'm not as fast as I once was. I don't think I could get out of the way of them line drives anymore."

Miss Geraldine Smith Is Queen Of Hill

(Continued from page one)

ing. She also cuts a mean rug, and plays a good game of bridge.

Not engaged, vivacious Vicki plans to settle down someday and have a house full of children. Vicki's ideal man is the tall, outdoor type who smokes a pipe; however, she rates personality much higher than looks, fellows. Vicki has flown several times, and can't wait to learn how herself.

Vital Statistics: Height, 5 ft 7 inches; weight, 125 lbs; bust, 36; waist, 23 1-2; hips, 36; favorite food, anything; Phone Number 345.

In third place is pretty Miss Opal Faulkner. Born in Gatliff, Ky., Opal attended high school there, Cumberland Junior College in Williamsburg, Ky., and is now at the Business University, where she is studying stenography. She is a senior now and a member of Kappa Beta Pi, a local sorority. Opal has no definite plans for the future, but will probably get a job and later settle down. She likes to dance,

Tilts With 321st Prove That Western Is Still Western

A fast moving, sure shooting Western team had its hands full when they scrimmaged against the C.T.D. Flyers last week. The practice session was witnessed by quite a gathering and it proved a thriller up to the last minute of play.

Western's seasoned basketeers overcame the Flyer's early lead and at the half, managed to catch a quick breath behind an eleven point lead. Score, 21-10.

Within the early minutes of the second half the Flyers began to taper the margin, but once again the Hilltopper sharpshooters took toll and managed to maintain their hard won advantage. The pace in the second half was trying, and the baskets were few and far between.

When the final whistle blew, the Diddlemen emerged on the long end of a 35-24 score.

Deacon Jones, Western's tall center, grabbed the scoring honors with a little 14 points. Rielly and Bozarth, both Flyer men, dropped in 6 counters each.

The members of the Flyers team are:

- A/S Rielly.....Guard
- A/S Tustison.....Guard
- A/S Thrailkill.....Center
- A/S Bozarth.....Forward
- A/S Paden.....Forward

Substitutions: A/S's Schester, Sieg, Horky, Washburn, Grosche, and Rousch.

The Flyers team is being coached by S/Sgt. Zandt, who is doing a very splendid job. Coach Diddle praised the boys very highly in saying that with a few more practice sessions, they possibly could out-point the boys from Western. The entire Flyers team was invited to the Morehead game as the guests of coach Diddle.

read, go on picnics, and can cook an apple pie fit for a King. Opal has never flown but is anxious to and plans to learn to fly herself sometime. Dream man must be tall, brunette, blue-eyed. Smoking a pipe and being a good dancer would help too. But he must be natural; Opal detests anyone who is affected.

Vital Statistics: Height, 5 ft. 7 1-2 inches, hair, brown; eyes, blue; hobby, collecting pennants; favorite food, anything but deserts; Phone Number 760-J.

Incidentally all three girls pride themselves on being able to listen to a Frank Sinatra record and remain perfectly normal.

The OPEN POST wants to congratulate the students of the detachment upon their excellent choice. You'll go far before you run across three girls as lovely as these.

The reward for our winners will come Saturday, when they will have dinner in the Mess Hall, review the troops at the Saturday afternoon review, and later inspect the rooms in the dormitories. In case they should draft women, this military experience will undoubtedly give them the jump on the other girls.

To you winners, the OPEN POST extends our congratulations; to you Aviation Students we extend their phone numbers and wish you the best of luck.

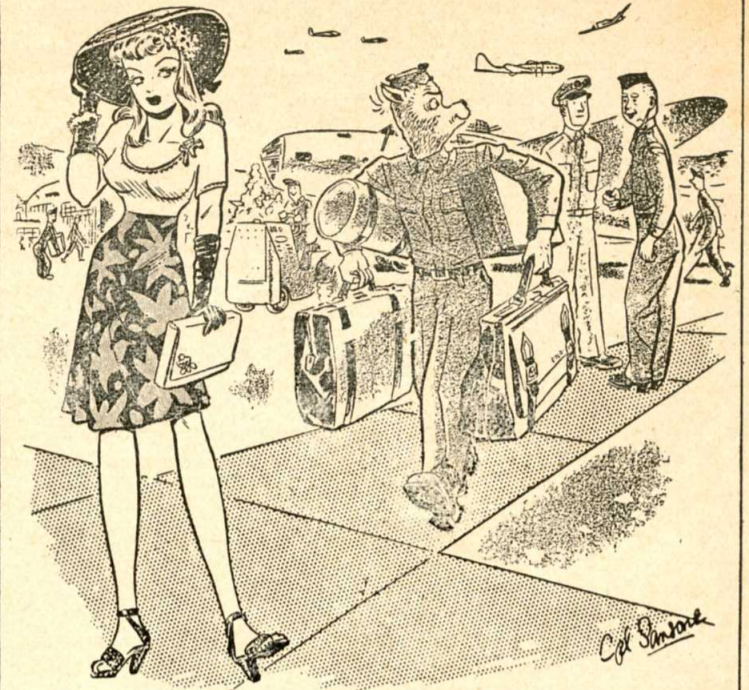
BUY WAR BONDS
EACH PAY DAY

The Wolf

by Sansone

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(In Hawaii)



"Do whatever you like for the next hour, orderly."

Steeple Chase Jockey Stationed Here Tells Of His Experiences With Bangtails

Life for the past few years, has been just one big series of obstacles for Harry E. Harris, but with a few exceptions, he has been equal to the task, and has come through with flying colors.

The 23 year old, Buffalo, N. Y. boy was, for two years, one of the top steeple chase riders in the country. He set a record for the 1 3-4 mile course in 1941, aboard the aptly named, "Flying Fire," and it is believed that the record still stands. Further proof of his ability to take the hurdles with the best of them, is the fact that he rode for some of the biggest names in the "jumping horse" set,—Mrs. John Hay Whitney, Mrs. Esther DuPont, and Mr. Richard K. Mellon.

Harris has been crazy about riding ever since he was a small boy and was showing horses at the time when most lads were still riding tricycles. He was in Canada showing read hacks when he was only nine years old. Throughout the next few years, he was in show rings all over the East, riding hunters and jumpers.

He had to do a lot of coaxing, but in 1939 his father consented to his going into the big time. However, his first steeplechase came as a result of a rather unexpected turn of events. Harris was a spectator at a show in Syracuse, in which a friend had entered some horses. Came time for one of the chases and the friend was without a rider for one of them. It didn't take much urging to get Harris astride the mount. Contrary to the usual story-book twist, however, he didn't win the chase in a blaze of glory. As a matter of fact, he cleared three fences, and then was tossed squarely on his collarbone in a violent manner. The bone was broken, but Harris' spirit wasn't. He recalls that he drove 180 miles to his home while in that condition.

"It was quite an initiation," he smiled.

"After the first chase, though" said Harris, "it really was in my blood. I got a big bang out of all my races. There is no particular thrill that I can recall."

The average person doesn't know much about this thrilling sport. Harris explained that there are two types of chases; the "brush" race and the "hurdle" race. The brush race covers

a course of two to three miles, and has large obstacles. The hurdle race is a much faster one, with smaller obstacles and a course of only a mile and three fourths.

The aforementioned "Flying Fire" was a two-time winner of the International Gold Cup. In addition, Harris piloted "Hills of Erin" to a third place in that classic at Aiken, S. C. Other well-known chases ridden by trooper Harris are "Crooked Wood," and "Himmel." Harris received a fractured skull in a crack-up at Saratoga, while up on "Himmel," but it was later that he set his record on "Flying Fire."

"However," remarked Harris, "the injury bothered me until I had to give up chasing last year."

He went into the wholesale and retail meat business with my father. That's what I was doing when I came into the army last September." It's just a matter of conjecture as to just what Harris must have thought when his business threw him in contact with a war-time horsemeat trend.

Before Aviation Student Harris joined the Air Corps and was sent here to the 321st, he was as you might expect, in the 29th Cavalry, at Fort Riley, Kansas.

POEM

It was midnight and the street was dark,

The passing cars were few.
Just then a girl came walking by,
The flower of her youth.

He asked her if she'd like a ride,
She seemed to hesitate,
Then stepped in and breathed a sigh,

Alas, I could not wait.
I took her to a lonely road,
Where stars lit up the sky,
My very blood ran through my veins

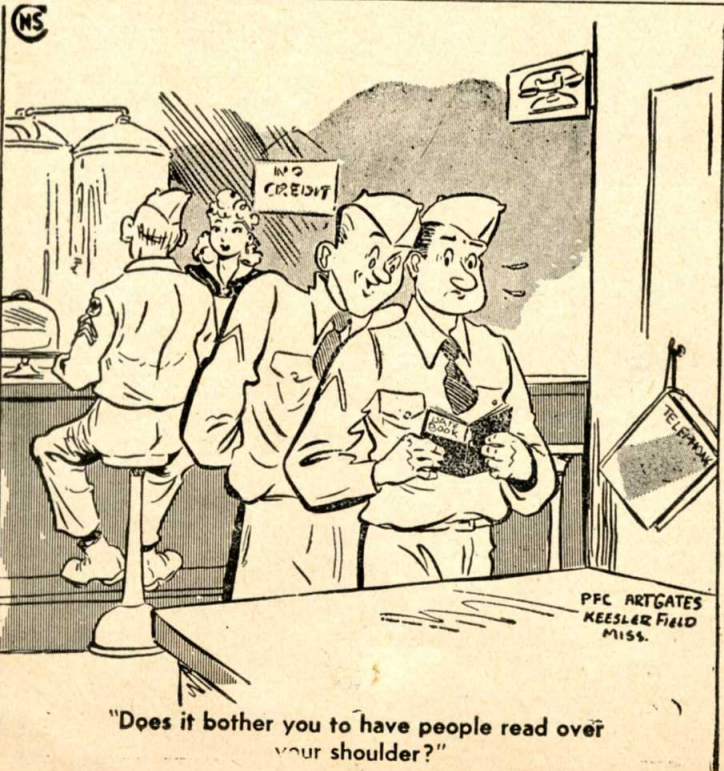
With a feeling of do or die.
Her eyes were of the deepest blue,

Her hair was blond and fine,
When I touched her hand I knew
That she was really mine.

I put my arms around her waist,
I kissed her ruby lips,
And when I drew away,
My hand slipped to her hips.

It was then I found out who she was,
It hit me like a bomber,
For around her waist was slung
a gun;

It was Pistol Packin' Mommer.



"Does it bother you to have people read over your shoulder?"

Lost River Saga

The term "Lost River" brings to mind thoughts of dark, romantic, mysterious events which traditionally took place around the small section west of Bowling Green years ago. "Lost River" brings to mind the exploits of the daring Jesse James, who spread a trail of terror through western Kentucky during a foray made in the early eighteen seventies. James staged a desperate hold-up of the bank in Russellville and is reputed to have fled from there to Lost River, where he "holed-up" in a cave under the high bluff.

Bowling Green and the surrounding territory make up what is geologically termed "karst" country, having underground drainage almost exclusively. Scores of rivers, not shown on any map, run through Warren County. They are underground rivers running their courses with out ever breaking to the surface, others coming to the light as sinkholes or ponds. Lost River, the most famous of these underground streams, rises several miles southwest of Bowling Green, the exact source being unknown. Perhaps the head of this elusive river is in the old swamp south of Greenwood, perhaps it is at a point nearer town, but the exact course is untraceable except for the few yards it runs along the surface and into the cave, where it vanishes again. The river is believed to come to the surface again as a pond, north of Bowling Green near the Morgantown road. The stream joins Jennings Creek at some point north of Bowling Green and, as a part of Jennings Creek, empties into the Barren River.

Lost River, according to Ripley's "Believe It or Not," is the shortest and deepest river in the world. As it wells from the ground, the depth of the stream approaches 400 feet. The visible course of the river is only about 400 yards.

There is a constant and powerful current in this smallest of rivers, which is dammed below the bluff as it runs into the hide-out cove. Years ago a flour mill stood under the bluff and the water power ran the mill. The mill burned in 1914 and since then a private company has owned the property. The cave is about 500 feet long on a generally accessible route but a few people have been back a mile or more. The depth of the cavern is not known but, according to one old-timer, "you could run a freight train through it after you get a little piece back." Recently a new route has been prepared for the public and Lost River is fast becoming an important spot of interest to tourists.

The karst country is full of mysteries, challenging to those interested in the phenomena of

Squadron News

SQUADRON "E" NEWS by "The Dodo"

I never expected to be writing this column again, but what has to be done, has to be done, so here goes!

Fred Boone pulled one of the most terrific stunts we've seen in a long time. He was in two places at the same time. At the time he was sleeping last Sunday, his hometown paper said that he was seen in church. How do you do it, Fred?

Squadron E has a new way of marching to chow. Sideways. Hey A/S Collins, what happened to your mattress?

Scandal of the Week: What former roomie of Willie Dorne has been receiving letters from Red? What did she say, Doug?

"Bushy Sally" Salmanowitz is threatening to gig anyone who votes for him as section marcher. He has a clean record, and doesn't want to spoil it. P.S. He got it.

Congratulations to "Eager Beaver" Elmore, who was just chosen "Soldier of the Week." See, being eager got you somewhere.

We hear Joe Costello has been playing recently—"Johnson was there too."

SQUADRON "D" NEWS

The members of Squadron "D" bid found adieu to A/S Harry Perry as he has been sent to Nashville for an operation on his knee.

You've no doubt heard about McFarlands swimming resort on the Barren River. Any needed information can be gotten from A/S Ray Riba.

It's quite odd. I have always been under the impression that the Aeronacs were air cooled, but quite frequently you see an A/S carrying a bucket of water out to his plane. That's, of course after his ride.

SQUADRON "C" NEWS

Now that you have devoured and digested the long awaited news of "Who is Queen of The Hill," maybe I can persuade you to read a little of this stuff that I knock my brains out to gather. Please—no wisecracks from the peanut gallery—I sometimes show a spark of human intelligence, alright, alright so I aint human!

"How To Milk A Wild Mare," in two easy lessons—strange, not to our fair haired boy Ed Sandlin. Ed has some amusing incidents to tell about rodeos and life out West. If you ever want to nature. "Lost River"—its green depths, its whispering echoes of romantic history, its prophetic rumble of discoveries ahead, its challenging, mocking "swish" as it vanishes into the earth; all combine to make this small spot on US 31-W a place of fascination and adventure.

pass the time of day, drop in and see him.

Nominations are in order today for the P&M Association. Vice-President of the Week award goes to A/S H. Sauls for his meritorious achievements according to the associations policy.

C-2's section marcher for the preceding week was being addressed as "Yes, Lord and Master." Butts Werden goes in for the strictly deluxe or a la carte class of section marchers presumably.

Oh yes, we get haircuts tonight!! Speaking of haircuts, it seems that the General practices field problems on these nights—Last time it was a pincers movement with M-4 tanks and from my vantage point it seems that he successfully encircled the enemy (friendly!)

Gentlemen, I give you the Philosopher of our very versatile squadron, namely Joe McCrary. Joe has that unmistakable talent of an old wise man which was shown during his recent speech in English. Philosophize old boy, give out!!

Are you lonesome? Do you feel as if you could stand the companionship of some lovely creature? Does your heart demand a little stimulation? If any of these items are bothering you, I recommend that you contact Chuck Fant. Chuck has made a study of the female species and is a capable advisor.

"Oh Brother!" you might have heard this expression on quite a few occasions and possibly a puzzled look came over your face as did on mine. Baumer will you let us in on the secret of those words?

Henderson, Ky., seems that we've been hearing this town mentioned quite often lately. Let's see now, our traveling radius over the week-end is only fifty miles—it really is a shame, and do mean you George Stathas!

All that commotion that you hear is just Squadron C's way of showing their appreciation for the Friday Nite entertainment feature. So thanks to the person responsible for a swell time!

LUCKY

SQUADRON "B" NEWS

It may be small in number, but many and varied are the activities of the Squadron known as "B".

In the society section the big events are the marriage of A/S Leonard Amenta and the President's Ball. Taking them by order of their importance, A/S Amenta joined in holy wedlock with his bride Mary McNamara January 15. A/S Flynn was best man and A/S Ellis gave the bride away. On behalf of Squadron "B" we wish to extend our most sincere wishes to the bride and groom.

Many a confused aviation student was tearing his hair trying to find corsages etc. for the President's Ball. It turned out to be a grand affair though, and every body had a good time.

Have you heard Squadron "B's" new crooner? He even practices in his sleep. A/S Clinton Green's roommates were awakened at

A. M. the other night to hear him singing "Shine On Harvest Moon" while sound asleep.

Sergeants Graunke and Flynn are having a close race to see who can get through one gig book first.

The flights are dwindling down to such a small number that certain complications set in during drill period. For example during flight drill, due to the four by four dimensions, the men are perplexed as to whether they are doing a flanking movement or a column movement.

A/S Rudy Hammermeister asked a learned Squadron "E" man at the armory Saturday night if that soldier marching back and forth with the letters M.P. on his arm was picketing for more pay?

Who was the Squadron "B" man walking down the main thoroughfare of Bowling Green Saturday afternoon with his garters dangling around his ankles and dragging along behind?

SQUADRON "A" NEWS

A review of the past few weeks' events leads the writer to believe that the plebes of 321st are at last veterans on the Hill. They seem to have acclimated themselves well with the general or shall I say, feminine personnel of Bowling Green. Apologies are extended before going any further for the rather gossipy note that seems to run thru this column, or any other Squadron news column, so the reader must be tolerant.

Particularly revealing, last week were the autobiographies given by the men in Squadron A. They represent quite a cosmopolitan group in that they hail from 22 states in the union. The Yanks and Rebels are fairly even in number although not in ability as the Yankees in the outfit dwarf the boys from below the Mason-Dixon Line. Primary reason for this rests in the fact that representing the whole South, from the stubborn state of Arkansas, A/S Graves throws a dull light on his rebel friends. At any rate, Yank or Rebel, the boys from A aspire to be one of the top squadrons on the Hill. In the latter respect, they have succeeded in part because their basketball team, captained by Horkey the Horrible, played some good ball against Sgt. Zandt's All-Stars and managed to eek out a victory over them.

In case you've heard anybody from "A" yelling the word "Rube" at the top of his voice

Birthday Ball Nets \$500

Last Saturday night in towns large and small, all over the country, President Roosevelt's birthday was celebrated by the customary President's Ball. The proceeds from these dances are added to the Infantile Paralysis Fund to finance the campaign against the crippling disease.

Here in Bowling Green the President's Ball was held in the gymnasium on the Western campus. The dance was quite a success and the crowd was a mixture of uniforms and townspeople. Camp Campbell furnished free, an exceptionally good orchestra for the occasion, and the gym was donated by Dr. Garrett, president of Western; therefore the entire proceeds, five hundred dollars or more will be added to the Fund.

As is the custom, half the intake goes to the National Fund, and half remains for use in the state. Last year sixteen children from Warren County were treated for the disease.

Soldier Of The Week

(Continued from page one)

and he'd like to fly a pursuit job.

After graduating from high school, A/S Elmore attended a trade school before joining the army, taking his basic training at Greensboro before coming here.

and wanted to jump on him, go ahead and do it. If in turn you get mutilated, don't blame anyone though, as "Rube" seems to be the pet password for the whole squadron. You see, "Rube" really means a farmerish fellow that comes from Maryland and runs around with cheerleaders, but we have but one "Rube" from Maryland, A/S C. E. Smith, so we use the title for anyone who has agrarian traits. Need we say that President Smith's first and second assistants are "Flow-foot" Freeman and "Brownie" Nedeau?

In closing there are a few historic titles we'd like to change. "Beauty and the Beast" to Lilly and Dupuis; "Ten Nights in a Barroom" to "Where the Hell's the Liquor?" "David and Goliath" to "Ercha and Rhoades"; "Audobon the Bird-Lover" to "Rice the Flenck-bird Lover"; "Tarzan and his Mate" to "Hitchcock and his Harem"; "Mercury" to "Buglar-boy Pitts".

Phenomenon of the week: The effects of the merry whirl in the 321st caused A/S McLaughlin to send a gushy letter meant for his girl-friend to his mother. P. S. He's a woman-hater now!!

Male Call



by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



Quarantine

