

HART THROBS
Squadron V

I am opening my line tonight with a request which follows immediately. WANTED — Enough arsenic to kill a horse for the extermination of two roommates who have absolutely no scruples about stealing away one's one and only. Signed Lee (Jilted Again) Patton.

It seems that Mr. Patton has two roommates whom are cadswell, one of them is a sterling character, but at any rate, these fiends treat Lee like a dog, and especially when it comes to Lee's women.

If "Terrible Two" (it says here) was so doggone good in the review before last, why didn't their guideon bear the ribbons of "militaire par excellence" at last Saturday's review? The answer is simple, boys—we did it again. Let's keep it up. But, I'll tell you guys something, the sections have been looking rather sloppy the late, so let's remedy that, but quick.

What I want to know is: where did Mr. James Parker's art collection which used to grace the walls of his cubicle disappear to? The Art lovers (?) in "C" ramp have missed the works of Varga, Hurrell, Petty, and the other great masters.

A/S Warren Bennett is wanted for assault and battery. He tried to scald a fellow student in the swimming pool shower room last Saturday. After the war is over, he plans to open a turkish bath, and let me assure you, he knows is business. The fiend.

I hear that some of the boys tried to shorten the road run the other day by cutting across the corn field. A very corny (get it—ouch) trick—they all got ours. One bright lad turned to the follow in back of him to tell him to keep his head down, and lo and behold it was one of the P. E. instructors. Look, you guys, you can't get away with it, it doesn't help you a bit, and you might get bitten by a snake doing it, so why not just run the whole distance and forget about it.

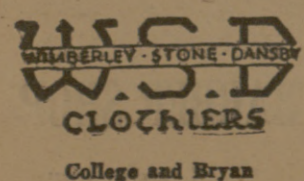
Maneuvers are coming up Saturday, and we will do or don't on the field of "battle". I can't very well say "do or die," but what we



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ACTD NEWS

RUDDER DUST
by A/S Jack E. Shaw

Now that everybody has become fairly accustomed to the army routine after their last week-end, let us turn our heads once more to the higher things in life. Ahem! Yes, the review last Saturday was a smashing success and each squadron hopes that the other's success was smashed! A certain baby squadron is betting their collective pants that they at least came in second. Let's have the favorite on next week's engagement if these tips are really the "McCoy."

That happy little fellow that received the poem, "Dear Sweetheart" last week, has dreamed up a sonnet that seems to express the thoughts floating around in the typical aviation student's mind.

Dearest,
I received your letter just the other day,
You always seem to know just what to say.
As I read it—'tis but a tiny thing—
But I thought of a song that we used to sing.

Yes, my darling, you are my guide.
All through the day and in dreams,
By my side.
Your thoughts are incentive, your words are good cheer—
And the things that I do, are your credit my dear!

I start my day with the bugler's shrill blast,
Out to formation, then on to class.
You see my dear, that airmen today
Don't get in their planes and just fly away.

They run a course—much more than a mile
And it's plenty tough but they're back with a smile!
They study and work until the day's end.
Their minds and bodies—our land to defend.
The score must be perfect, no lower will do
And darling we'll win—for our side and you!

Keep the flowers blooming and the smile that I love,
'Cause soon I'll be back from the skies up above.
Your letters, your thoughts and the memories we share
Are the things that I need for my job in the air.
For ever yours—

do and the way that we do it Saturday will come in handy some day, so let's take it as seriously as we would if it were the real thing. When those planes come over to strafe us, act as if they had swastikas on them. When you see the "enemy" make believe it's a Panzer division and act accordingly. Put everything into it, boys, it's one investment that will pay off.

Well, that's about all the dirt for this time, fellows, so I'll blow. Remember: Keep your eyes moving. (You might spot a blonde.)

U. of V. Publishes Leaflets on Peace

Free or inexpensive leaflets dealing with varying aspects of the much discussed peace are listed in a booklet "Everybody and the Peace," published by the University of Virginia Extension Division.

In the 235 pamphlets listed are publications of such organizations as the American Council on Public Affairs, National Planning Association, and the World Peace Foundation. A few representative titles: "Towards a United States of Europe," "Reports of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace," "European Agreements for Post-War Reconstruction."

In making the booklet generally available, the University of Virginia hopes it will prove of value to persons preparing programs on the subject of the peace to come and the shape of the post-war world, as well as to all who are concerned to follow the trend of thought in recent authoritative statements on the subject. Copies of "Everybody and the Peace" may be obtained free of charge from the Extension Division of the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER

Squadron 3 has been very diligent in their activities. Every man seems to be cooperating to the fullest of their extent.

As a whole the detachment is doing very good, but there are a few exceptions.

The sections have improved in their marching, but there is still a tendency to be lax the moment they are on the outer parts of the campus.

I am very pleased with the showing that Squadron 3 made in the parade last Saturday. Squadron 3 will prove to be competition for the other squadrons.

Service Record

A/S George A. Martin

The purpose of these articles is to better acquaint you with some of the unusual backgrounds of a few men of Squadron III. I believe we can truthfully promise you some very interesting stories.

It is only fitting that we start with our highest ranking non-commissioned officer. We would like to introduce A/S Frederic J. Rick, former first Sergeant of an anti-tank company of the 89th Division stationed at Camp Carson, Colorado. Mister Rick is a five foot eleven inch soldier, weighing 185 pounds, has brown hair, blue eyes, and ruddy complexion. He has a very noticeable military bearing and an easy going manner. Mister Rick is 26 years of age and was born in Rock Falls, Illinois where he attended school. While there he participated in several inter-mural sports activities, earning two ribbons in swimming and a medal in basketball. He also played High School football, being on an undefeated team three years in running and personally making all-conference two successive years.

Mister Rick entered the Illinois National Guard on September 26, 1938 where he served until March 5th, 1941 when his unit was federalized. At this time he went to Camp Forest, Tennessee, in the grade of Corporal. While there, he became proficient in the use of small arms and machine guns. In April, 1942, he was transferred to Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, as a S-Sergeant and entered a Cadre School. Mister Rick helped to organize the new 89th Infantry Division and was appointed first Sergeant of an anti-tank company when the Division was stationed at Camp Carson, Colorado, a short time later. The old 89th, of the last war had a very colorful record, seeing much action in France.

While at Camp Carson, which incidentally is in the shadow of Pike's Peak, Mister Rick became well versed in the art of mountain warfare and the use of Modern Infantry equipment. In April, 1943, he began to realize a life long ambition, that of becoming a pilot. Applying for Cadet training he was sent to Sheppard Field, Texas. After spending three weeks awaiting appointment, he was assigned to this station.

Mister Rick has been appointed acting Adjutant of Squadron III. When questioned as to likes or dislikes, he informed us that his favorite food is Air Corps chow, he thinks Texas is great, but much too hot. His ambition is to make the Army a career. We wish him all success and remain confident of his ability.

Proposes Via Radio And Gets the Gal

CAMP GRANT, Ill.—Radio listeners who heard a soldier's proposal of marriage broadcast from coast to coast may be interested to know that Helen Barus, 20, of Milltown, N. J., answered yes.

A radio performer on a visit to this camp asked soldiers to submit messages to their loved ones. Pvt. Joseph W. Moscar, 20, turned in this:

"Helen, darling, I love you. Will you marry me?"

Helen heard the broadcast. The wedding will be during Joe's next furlough.

University of Wisconsin radio station WHA is aiding in collection of old radio sets for the army air force training school at Madison.

Colgate university has introduced a compulsory pre-induction program of military drill and physical conditioning requested by a vote of the students.

DUTY, HONOR, AND COUNTRY
By A/S Alvin B. Cooter

Today, then what? What does tomorrow hold in store for us? Those are two questions that carry weight in the controlling of our future. We may look at tomorrow as a fatalist and say let happen what may. If we were to look at it as an optimist every thing will be white. There is also the pessimistic view point with the thought that all will be black. If we are either of those, no good will come of it. We must possess a bit of each. It is true that what will happen tomorrow will happen, and there is nothing that can be done about it, but we can govern the results. We do not know if tomorrow will be black or white, so to be on the safe side we must prepare for the worst. With this in mind we must still hold the optimistic point and not think of the black side too much.

We can govern the future by planning the attack today. We must always view the possibilities and make the necessary arrangements if they are to occur. What we are doing here is planning the attack, and making the necessary arrangements. All we do here must and will be done well. What does not just concern us alone, but the nation as a whole. Your best friend; your family may be effected indirectly or directly by the way we govern ourselves now. We must be good. The job that is to be accomplished is a difficult one.

It is going to be a hard task, the question of tomorrow, but it must be faced. There is good in all things, but it may have to be uncovered. The bad will be weeded out in time. With a job in front of us, a determined mind, and a will to win, tomorrow can be conquered in the proper fashion.

Circling the Field

Squadron III

We have been introduced to our officers, both commissioned and student officers. Under their command Squadron 3 is going to be the crack squadron on this post. What more proof is needed other than the fact that at our first parade we almost won the ribbons. We think we can safely predict that we will win them in the review Saturday.

The reason Howard W. Roberts is running around in a daze is that Mrs. Roberts (his wife) has arrived. A very lucky man, yes, a very lucky man, Howard. We hope she will enjoy being here as much as we do. Good luck.

Among the first new phrases we've picked up are "open post" and "release from quarters." We had our first release from quarters the other day. The first thing everyone did was to run like hell for the north gate. The only thing about the north gate area that disappointed us was the apparent lack of young unaccompanied women. When, are we going to get a detachment of WAACs here? Talking about women, will you fellows who have been here for a while, kindly tell us where we can get 200 dates for the dance Saturday night? Does it pay to run an ad in the Houston paper, or have you tried it?

If ever, any of you men should be walking along and suddenly find yourself in the 5th or 6th dimension, don't be afraid, the world has not come to an end. It is just our master magicians William L. Rowles and Herbert Roskind. They have both been on the stage for some time and they are so good that they can take your socks off without taking off your shoes.

Just in case it is of any interest to you, your reporters for Squadron 3 are George A. Martin, Martin E. Ismert, Jr., and John V. Miles. Let us in on any information you might have and we'll write it up.

With all the talent we have here in Squadron 3 we should be able to drum up a nice show. We have pianists, clarinet players, harmonica players, etc. Two of the boys who are famed for blowing the Brass Reeds (Harmonicas) are Kerwood M. Jackson and Peter J. Giglietta. The latter is also a Lialect artist. Let's all get together some time and put on a show.

The Nazi "Cauler" for the Baltic States has ordered the removal of all church bells as a total mobilization measure.

PROP WASH

Squadron II

Telegram honors of the week goes to Vincent "Curly" Mefford. "Darling am leaving Wednesday" Love, Margaret. Wouldn't I like a Western Union!

Two new nicknames have been coined. William "Snuffy" Rice and George "Tailgunner" Wright are the tagged gentlemen. Its all in fun and they seem to enjoy it.

The ants played a minor role in Saturday's Review. Clyde B. Payne found himself astride a hill of the pesky insects at Parade Rest. He was besieged and up they climbed. Well—what could you have done?

Henry "Hank" Davies set a mark to shoot at one the 1.6 mile road run. He ran the track in a fast 8:31. Hot competition is being given by Willard H. Sollers who lacked one second of equalling Hank's feat. That looks like running from here.

A model of the Lockheed "Hudson" Reconnaissance Bomber is being built by Charles W. Stricher. He's doing a neat job on this solid miniature and a little more time will see it completed.

Despite the strains of a week-end pass in Bryan George S. Wallingford and Grant W. Terrell came tearing around the corner for Sunday evening chow. What were the "smirky" expressions for, gentlemen?

TURRET TIPS

Squadron I

Have you heard? No, this correspondent is not starting a rumor, but he came across this note of news recently. A few of the boys in flight C, namely, Chuck Walters, Jim Whitson, Johnnie Weller, and Owen Ward, got the brilliant idea that this campus would be a good place to have a Coca-Cola Spotlight Band program. Having such a large number of service men stationed here, this campus would seem to be an ideal spot for such an event. Correspondence is now taking place to see what possibility there is of arranging to have one of the programs come to Texas A. & M.

And then there is Sid Smith of Flight 11 who stayed after geography class. But he wasn't talking to the teacher. No, he was just sitting there, head back, mouth open, eyes closed, sleeping soundly. But some boor went back and woke him from his reverie. Too bad.

Latest suot for discovering musical talent of a vocal nature is in the shower rooms. With the water running, the men's ears plugged up, with those resonant acoustics, the tones are great. Still needed are a first tenor and a baritone who can harmonize or, at least, carry a tone. When the select group is worked into shape, they will probably fill in with a number while the band is changing music at one of the detachment assemblies.

Holding the Squadron 1 spotlight of the week is A/S Raymond Waski. Before becoming one of

Gen. Patton Writes To Ten-Year-Old Boy Who Wanted to Get Into Army

the chosen lot fo young gentlemen, Mr. Waski was a civil service airplane inspector working for the government checkin planes. His work entailed his flying numerous and sundry ships such as the AT-6, AT-11, AT-18, B-25, and the B-17. His flying time numbers in the neighborhood of 1400 hours. That is a lot of flying experience, eh, what, men?

It is going to happen on the 18th of June. And we're not talking about the Wing Ball. What 't is, we don't know; sort of mysterious isn't it?

Apparently Squadron 1 is the sole, unchallenged holder of the detachment basketball title. Squadron 3 intimates, however, that they have a group of athletes over there in Bizell. Perhaps there is still competition to be had. If not, the game was planning to arrange a game with some of the marines. (Is this official, or is it just the opinion of Squadron 1? Ed.)

Newest innovation of the Squadron, the S. I. O. Club, has been growing rather rapidly. With Doug McDonald being one of the group's founding fathers, it's popularity has spread throughout the Squadron, and so the morning P. E. class is clamoring for a chapter. For some reason or another the club is most popular on those days that the men run the long road run, and is least popular in those days that the men are to play volleyball or basketball.

Big business has been thriving in room 37, the Flight canteen. Stocking a line of candy bars including a box of Hershey's, Mounds, and Oh Henrys, the turnover of goods has been quite startling.

Mr. Quick, Squadron Commander, had this to say about last Saturday's parade. "From my point of view, you looked good, men; but we won't know the results until the review coming up this weekend."

School Mate of M. Chiang in Waves

OXFORD, Ohio.—Lieut. Bernice D. Lill, executive officer for the WAVES at the naval training station at Miami University here, once was a fellow student of Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek, wife of the Chinese Generalissimo, at Wellesley College. For the past fourteen years Lieutenant Lill has been registrar at Sweet Briar College.

BOXES ARE PLACED FOR HOBIERY COLLECTION

Women of College Station are asked to bring silk or Nylon hosiery contributions to the war effort to the Red Cross production rooms where two boxes have been placed or to Luke's Grocery, where one box is maintained, according to Mrs. Manning Smith, hosiery collection chairman. The boxes were made by Girl Scouts of Troops 2 and 6.

EL PASO, Texas.—Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., wrote a 10-year-old El Paso boy who wants to be an Army mascot that "you can be sure that during your lifetime there will be more wars, and I feel convinced that being a boy from Texas you will give a good account of yourself when the time comes."

The lad, Bill Patton, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Patton of this city, had written the colorful United States armored force commander, recently in action in North Africa, offering his services as a mascot and recalling that his parents' ancestors came from Londonderry, Ireland, had asked if they were any relation.

"Please answer this letter," Bill wrote, "so I can brag to the kids in school."

Thursday, two months later, this answer was received from General Patton:

"My Dear Bill: "Thank you very much for your letter, but while I have the greatest admiration for the Irish, I cannot say I have any ancestors from Londonderry, although my grandfather, Gen. G. S. Patton, did fight in the Civil War on the Confederate side. I believe that he was the youngest General in the Confederate Army. He was killed when he was 26. Unfortunately, I cannot claim to be the youngest General in our Army by a great many years."

"I certainly hope that by the time you grow up that we will be in a period of peacetime, but you can be sure that during your lifetime there will be more wars, and I feel convinced that being a boy from Texas, you will give a good account of yourself when the time comes."

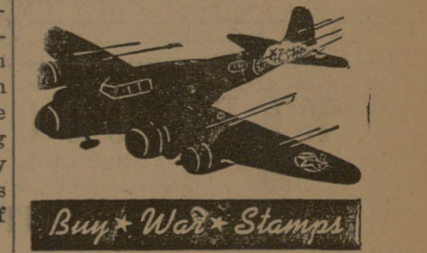
"Thanking you for your letter, I am most sincerely,

"G. S. PATTON, JR.,
Lieutenant General, United States Army, Commander."

JAP INTERNEES SAID TO HAVE PLENTY OF MEAT

LO SANGELES.—While Californians recently were experiencing a critical meat shortage, Japanese evacuees at a Potsom, Ariz., relocation center were enjoying ample meat rations at least three times a week, a Dies congressional sub-committee investigating Japanese-American loyalty was told Tuesday.

On January 1, 1943, there were 25 million A ration books for passenger cars in the hands of consumers, 6,400,000 of the B books, and 3,600,000 C books.



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