

PROP WASH
Squadron II

Each member of the Squadron undoubtedly remembers the small park just across the street from the railroad station in Dallas. We took a period of calisthenics there enroute from Sheppard Field. Several members of the group paid a return visit to the park while waiting for the late train Sunday night. They will readily agree the park is much better for courting than calisthenics. How about it, Messer, Jack Wright, Duane Stratton, and James Wallis?

Our basketball team dropped a close decision to the fast Squadron I team Monday night by the narrow margin of 16-14. Squadron II is improving rapidly and is providing plenty of competition for the five claiming the detachment basketball title. Squadron II held a 9-8 advantage at the half time but could not keep the pace in the final minutes. Look out, champs, we are going to get you next time.

If you have noticed the faces of Buford Witt and John Spears beaming the past few days it is because their wives arrived last week-end. Don't forget to bring them to the dance Friday evening, gentlemen.

Monday the four o'clock P. E. class ran the 2.4 course for the first time. As a group of over-energetic men were wrestling in the yard, Mr. Harold D. Stratton looked on and sighed wearily, "I'll bet they didn't have the 2.4 run this afternoon."

George E. Vincent has a twin brother in basic flying training at Denison, Texas. George visited him at the flying field last week-end and reports he thinks the Air Corps will be "heaven" when he

ACTD NEWS

RUDDER DUST

By A/S Jack E. Shaw

Get out your best-fitting uniforms, shine your shoes and make a date with us for Friday evening, June 18th. That's the date of our coming Wing Ball. There will be gals galore, smooth music for your dancing pleasure, musical surprises from former big "name" hands in addition to some other novelty numbers. Come one, come all. This event promises to be the biggest and best yet. Don't forget the date—Friday, June 18.

Sergeant Paris, the jovial chap from back East, has under his wing the responsibility of whipping into shape those who are now taking extended order drill. Everything has been gone over again and again to insure the men that they will get their instruction under conditions that will simulate actual warfare.

The short maneuver held Tuesday proved to be very satisfactory except that some of the men are taking the training too lightly. The sergeant's comment on this matter was that no one suffers but the men. They are the ones who profit by learning each part thoroughly.

Instruction has now progressed to a point where it is becoming more and more difficult. The Sergeant's only advice is that the men must find and correct their errors in the shortest possible time as they have to cover the course in the prescribed time.

Just a parting shot at G.I. humor via the boys from flight 'C' in squadron two: "He made his bed, now let him lie out of it!" And did YOU write the missus today—or did she answer your last letter?

reaches that stage.

A slight illness has kept John Thurman in the hospital for the last few days. We miss his interesting chatter and hope that he is back with us soon.

Frank D. Lane, squadron adjutant, asked all men who were expecting guests for the Wing Ball to raise their hands and announced that rooms might be secured for them if signed for at once. "Sir," George F. Stamper said, "I don't know yet. I ran an add in the Houston paper and haven't heard from it."

No response has been forthcoming from last week's request for items that would be of interest in this column. Jot it down and leave it in rooms 21 or 58, Ramp 6 or room 82, Ramp 3.

ENGINEERS

(Continued From Page 2)

technic Institute of Terre Haute, Indiana was Pat's alma mater. After leaving school, he went to work for the Le Blond Engineering Co., as an assembly hand in the lathe assembly department and worked his way up to the job of foreman. Last October he volunteered for V. O. C., took his basic training at Camp Wallace, Texas in the Anti-Aircraft Artillery and then went to OCS prep school. If you think you have it rough here, get Blanford to tell you about the Sunday evening classes he had to attend.

As to the future, Pat has no plans, although he would like to get a commission in the Army Engineers in order to get a chance to help rebuild some of the countries that have been blown off the map. From the tone in Pat's voice, it was easily seen that it wasn't flag waving, either.

HITLER SUMMONS HELP
Hitler called the devil upon the phone one day. The girl at Central listened to all they had to say; "Hello," she heard Hitler say, "Is old man Satan home? Just tell him it's the Fuehrer who wants him on the phone."

The Devil said "Howdy!" and Hitler "How are you? I'm running Hell here on Earth, so tell me what to do." "What can I do?" the Devil asked, "Dear old pal of mine, It seems you don't need any help, you're doing mighty fine."

"Yes, I was doing very good until a while ago, when a man named Uncle Sam wired me, 'Go Slow!' He said to me 'Dear Hitler, we don't want to be unkind But you have raised Hell enough

TURRET TIPS

Squadron I
By Jas. H. Kizziar

Yep, just a few more days and we'll be jumping and jiving to the tune of an orchestra. Jack Pesek, day dreaming of the dance and all the beautiful Texas gals he can throw his masculine arms about, made a wing-over and dived onto the concrete floor. Did it hurt much, Jack?

Jack "Piggy Back" Johnson has been seen taking vitamin pills in preparation for the swing session while "Jamie Boy" Joslin is perspiring buckets waiting the good news from Dallas. "Pop" Maher has a standing date for all these Wing Dances, don't you "Pop." Can't you get sick sometime so - - - well, I need a date.

Flight 16 is experiencing a drastic change in militaristics. The Illinois Breeze (commonly known as Marcus) is determined to march his flight into a state of insanity to the third degree.

Squadron I has done it again in basketball with a defeat of 16 to 12 over Squadron 2, holding that undefeated championship. (Note, Editor). Last evening Sergeant Hutcheson started the organization of the squadron softball team.

Lloyd Merwin has definitely demonstrated that he has a way with dogs. Why Merwin, I didn't know you had it in ya! Say, you aren't part wire-haired terrier are you? Just wondered—your hair you know . . .

It's believed that food will win the war, but how in hell are we going to get the Japs to eat over here?

so you'd better change your mind."

I thought the Lease-Lend Bill was bluff and could never get through

But soon he put me on the spot by showing what he'd do.

Now that's why I called you Satan; I need advice from you! For I know that you will tell me just how and what to do."

"My dear Hitler, there is not much left to tell,

For Uncle Sam will make it hotter than I can here in Hell.

I have been a mean old Devil, but not as mean as you

So the minute that you get here, the job is yours to do.

I'll be ready for your coming, and I'll keep the fires bright; and I'll have your room all ready when Sam really begins to fight.

For I see your days are numbered and there's not much left to tell.

So hang up your phone, get your hat, and meet me here in hell!"

—Just an M. E.

Man Flies Half-Way Around World To Study at Texas

Travel half-way around the world for training to fit him for duty in behalf of the United Nations has brought Sehsein Soroosh, whose home is in Tehran, Iran, to the University of Texas. There he is attending two Engineering, Science and Management War Training courses, putting in 9 hours a day to prepare for a radio job.

Soroosh was brought to this country in January by Army transport plane, on a special student visa. He is the only student from Iran permitted to enter the United States this year. A graduate of the American College in Tehran, Soroosh first intended to enroll in the College of Engineering, University of Texas, but his desire to speed his radio training led him to take advantage instead of the federally financed ESMWT course.

ESMWT is the popular designation given the War Manpower Commission's tuition-free Engineering, Science, Management War Training courses offered in 220 colleges and universities, and by extension arrangements, in as many as 1,000 additional towns and cities. The courses are sponsored by the U. S. Office of Education.

Soroosh chose the University of Texas because it's the alma mater of a girl whose name he drew in an "international pot" through which students of different countries exchange letters. He wrote to her—in English—and the correspondence resulted in friendship. He met her when he arrived in Texas.

DUTY, HONOR, AND COUNTRY

By A/S Alvin B. Cooter

By Alan E. Goldsmith

Rating high in the conditions contributing to a soldier's morale is his pride. Pride in his service, in his organization, and in himself as a soldier are the main components of the attitude of the American soldier. One must have infinite faith and confidence in his own branch of the service and should hold it foremost in his mind whenever he contemplates doing something. He must ask himself if what he is about to do will bring credit to his branch, or if the act will cause his unit to become the object of unfavorable comment. He should always regard his company, troop, or squadron as his family or team. To show pride in his team he should always contribute to its success by giving the fullest measure of cooperation in every activity in which it participates, whether it is recreational or in the midst of battle when every man is doing his bit to aid his unit in becoming the victor.

A soldier's outlook on the army depends a great deal on his individual pride in his uniform, the uniform that has developed from the one which was worn by the first American soldier in his first battle for freedom from tyranny. It is an undying symbol of the rise of our United States as a country where men are not machines, but human beings who are full of life and love and are free. It is your job to make your own organization the very best, your duty to make this army something of which you can be proud.

Make your uniform the symbol of freedom and justice so that when the day comes that the uniform makes its victorious appearance before the enslaved peoples of Europe and Asia, they too will come to understand, as the American people do, that theirs to keep is our way of life; that they can once again pursue their lives in peace and security and can become proud of themselves and their countries.

HART THROBS

Squadron V

Tonight when Earl McCutcheon spoke to us, he wasn't just calling from the corn field, as some of you may think. If you few would just think how we have been acting lately, you would realize that it is high time we, using a very well-worn but adequate expression, "got on the ball" and stayed there. Remember how we didn't exactly like Sheppard Field? Well, we can laugh about it now, and if being here has gotten a little old, just think of the day when we will be flashing those big silver wings in our friends' faces, and joking about our days at A. & M. Some think we have had a rough time of it here; well, brother, you haven't seen anything yet. It won't take much effort to do the job right. Retreat formation tonight was an example of what we can do, and none of us killed ourselves doing it, so let's really put out.

A bushel of orchids to the band. They have been working overtime lately, and they aren't getting time-and-a-half for it, either. The effort is really appreciated.

WILL SELL two good dates for the Wing Ball for an A gas coupon. Signed—Jack Harper.

Sergeant Gralla has been dealing with those who drift into the arms of Morpheus in a very effective manner. Ask the boys who own one (tour).

Sam Shannon has been learning the fine, though bloody art of butchering. After C.A.R. each day he watches with rapt attention the slaughtering of livestock in the Ag. building.

What well-known squadron leader tried to play hop-scotch with his plane on a take off the other day? Three guesses, and the last two don't count.

Well, fellows, buenos noches; I'm going to draw up my flight sequence and hit the sack. See you again next issue.

Circling the Field

Squadron III

The boys of Bizzell Hall have been going around the last few days with their chests protruding and their heads held high. The reason for this is the very complimentary statement by Captain Hill in Tuesday's edition of the Battalion. In reply we can only say that we will do our best to fulfill his expectations.

Squadron III has officially adopted the name of "Eager Beavers." All that remains now is to prove our right to bear that title. I am sure that all the men of Bizzell Hall will agree with me when I say that we shall do all in our power to make our squadron the best on the campus.

A/S Rudolph J. Marengo has been commissioned by the Squadron to design our official insignia. Mister Marengo is a cartoonist of no mean ability and we are confident that he will do an outstanding job.

In our ramblings from room to room we had the pleasure of encountering A/S Billy M. McCloud, the manager of our newly organized softball team. We were astounded at the remarkable array of talent he has acquired in so short a time. Watch our smoke boys, we are going to offer some real competition.

The Eager Beaver award this week goes to A/S Harry M. Miller. Mister Miller upon hearing crickets at 2 a.m. the other morning and thinking it to be the whistle, aroused his roommates and told them to fall out for roll call.

Cursing vaults and piggy banks are multiplying in Bizzell Hall in an endless attempt on the part of the men to curb their ungentlemanly language. Even distinguished visitors are assessed.

Your reporter has just about reached the end of his rope for today's column. He is practically worn to a frazzle from staggering around the old drill field. It shall not have been in vain though if we win the review next Saturday and I know that each and every man of Squadron III shall be in there pitching.

Service Record

A/S George A. Martin

A/S Martin E. Ismert, Jr. A/S Marion C. Johansen of the new Squadron III has a varied and colorful background in the A.A.F. Mr. Johansen was born in Greeley County, Nebraska in 1920, is married and has served thirty-two months overseas during pre-Pearl Harbor days.

Of the athletic type, Marion won the shot-put title in the Loop Valley Nebraska Conference and walked off four years consecutively with a football letter merited during high school in Greeley County.

Marion is six feet tall, has blue eyes, weighs 175 pounds, has blond hair and a fair complexion.

He entered the U. S. Infantry December 20, 1937, unassigned, later being sent to Headquarters of the 22nd Brigade in Hawaii, under the command of General Trott. His duties ended in the Infantry, however, when he was assigned to the 18th Air Base of the 18th Wing at Wheeler Field, Hawaii. At this field he remained twenty-seven months, then returned to the United States in October, 1940, being released from the Service December 2, 1940.

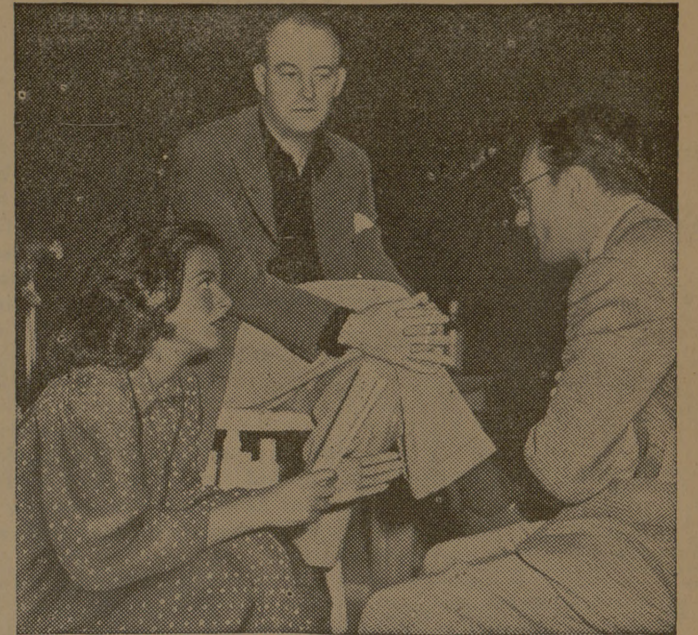
Johansen then took a competitive federal examination for a position on San Francisco's police force. His duties consisted of handling the transfer of prisoners, searching boats and helping the alienation station.

Mr. Johansen has been in various camps and fields throughout the world. Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Ft. McArthur and Mather Field, Calif., Lowery Field, Colo., and Luke Field, Arizona, to mention a few. While at Lowery Field, Johansen won his air crew wings after successfully completing Aircraft Armourer School. From Luke Field, Johansen went to Gilla Bend Gunnery Base, Arizona, where he was made a First Sergeant by the command of Lt. Col. George A. Basch.

In order to enter Cadet Training, Johansen took a voluntary demotion to a buck sergeant rating and proceeded to La Junta Army Air Base, Colorado. May 21st he went to Sheppard Field, and from there to this station.

At Gilla Bend Gunnery Base, Johansen had the interesting experience of flying in planes towing targets.

During his extensive travels throughout the world, Marion has crossed the equator by coast guard cutter and by aircraft. Marion relates the process of "initiation" that one must undergo by the



A scene from "White Cargo", shown at Guion Hall Saturday only, starring Hedy Lamarr and Walter Pidgeon.

ship's crew, while crossing the equator, which is a story in itself.

While on furlough flights, Johansen has been to various islands in the southwest Pacific; Tahiti, Malokoi, the Marquisians, Niva Huva, Tatuva Murua, Guam, Midway and the entire Hawaiian group.

Johansen has three brothers in the A. A. F.: one is a flying lieutenant in Arizona, the second is an aerial gunner in the Aleutian Islands, and the third is a fledgling at Lakeland Flying School in Florida.

His favorite foods are schechine (something like asparagus) one-two-three-finger poi, (Hawaiian taro root food) and Swiss and Chinese chards. He is a vegetarian, likes watermelon, has a fondness for the Dutch and Chinese and

does not gamble. He enjoys swimming, hockey, ice skating, and piano playing. Cartooning is his hobby. His favorite sport is to watch a mongoose fight a rattlesnake. (note: the only snakes in Hawaii are those which are imported from Japan).

Johansen is firm, determined, well collected in thought and replies to questioning instantly. To prove he is an "eager beaver," his roommates say his shoes are so brightly shined, he can see his belt buckle reflection in them and vice versa.

He is student commander of Squadron III and from what I saw of him at Sheppard Field, he is a competent drill leader, is ambitious, willing and eager to get his work finished, as well as the one "big job" which lies ahead.

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