

# ACTD NEWS

## HART THROBS

Squadron V

Well, this has been a big week end, in one way or the other, I hope.

Your reporter was on hand to meet the girls who came up from Houston for the dance. He went down there with high hopes, but, alas, Alaska, he came away empty-armed. Am I ever gonna get a girl in my arms? One Squadron Five lad elbowed his way through the crowd to the door of the train, politely assisted a beautiful damsel down the steps, took her luggage, gallantly escorted her through the mob, and turned to introduce himself to find his newly-found love in the arms of another Squadron Five boy who happened, by chance, to be married to her. The first lad has been sobbing his heart out ever since, and is near a nervous breakdown.

Having looked at the gig and tour lists, and listening to reports, the "Ramp" must have looked like a special review. Almost everybody, their brothers, and their dogs seemed to have fallen under the axe this past week.

Our flight training is about finished, and I wish to say a few words about your check flights. There is absolutely no need to work yourselves into a lather about your check flights. Just, simply go out there and do your best. Don't worry, and don't get nervous. T-h-h-hat's being s-s-s-imple, l-l-look at m-m-me.

The Wing Ball was a great success even though the stag line looked like Sheppard Field at show time. The highlight of the dance was the presentation of the colors by Mr. T. B. Bryan, one of Bryan's most outstanding citizens. Let's do those colors justice.

In closing, I wish to express Squadron Five's appreciation to the other squadrons for their part in our graduation exercises, and also to our flight instructors for their stirring part in the program. We have reached another rung in the ladder, and all of you fellows were right there with us. Thanks again.

## —DISTRACTIONS—

(Continued from Page 2)

OMAHA TRAIL, starring James Craig and Pamela Blake.

The plot of the show is one of the old west when the Indians and pioneers were still shooting it out at least once a day. Craig is trying to bring the first locomotive across the plains by means of an ox-train and his fellow drivers try to sabotage his attempt. They entice the local Indians into attacking the expedition and pull a good deal of other dirty work themselves, but Craig wins through the battles and wins Miss Blake's heart at the same time.

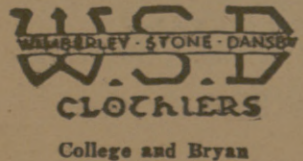
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College and Bryan

## RUDDER DUST

By A/S Jack E. Shaw

It seems as though digging up colorful backgrounds of unsuspecting souls in our detachment is becoming all the rage. So continuing the mood and by way of explaining the reason why, I humbly offer the following and hope it will be filed away in the annals of posterity.

First in this series of interesting stories describing the non-commissioned officers stationed here at Texas A. & M., begins with the tale of Corporal Vernie L. Bower's army life.

The corporal was born in Georgia but before entering the army, spent most of his life in good ol' North Carolina. Incidentally he would like to see that 'Carolina Moon' again too! I wonder if it's any different than the one in Iowa? You know—hay-rides, cool breezes, your best girl, icy-drinks!

After induction at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, the genial corporal was then expedited to the A. A. F. B. T. C. No. 7 at Atlantic City, New Jersey where he spent his basic training period and as much money as possible.

By the way, before you miss an interesting high-light, it must be at least mentioned that Vernie spent about three years as a professional boxer and was a "Golden Gloves" champ. Strangely however, this manly art runs second to his first favorite sport—"post-office!" Boy, are my ears burning!

Attacking the thought once again, we find this gentleman (and a scholar) stationed at San Antonio, Texas, aviation cadet center, and one of the first five best drill instructors there.

A sunny day came and the commanding officer recommended our hero and another (whose name you will soon read herein) for a transfer to the 308th college training detachment, which insisted on having none but the best men. To bring our story up to date, Br. Bowers has practically grown up with the 308th and is doing a fine job in his work connected with Squadron Two.

There's no doubt about it—the "Wing Ball" was really put over with a bang and everybody enjoyed the in-between "extras" starring Manuel H. Alvarez and David C. Campbell along with the feud-in' of the Martins and the Coys, via the Bryan field swing band.

Every man in the 308th was struck with a certain feeling of pride and honor when Mr. Travis B. Bryan presented us with the colors for our detachment. Our deepest gratitude is expressed to Mr. Bryan for this proud banner and the symbol of the thoughtfulness shown by those of Bryan, and the Young Women's Service Club of Bryan.

Hottest news around the campus seems to come from the sports and Saturday review department. The youngster Squadron Three was paddled to the tune of 4 to 0 by Squadron Two in the season's opening softball tilt. And onto the glory train stepped Squadron One as they marched off with the ribbons at Saturday's review. Nice goin' gents, you looked plenty good!

## DRIFTING

By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

A Poem from Home  
There's a bright star in my window  
Or a field of bluest blue,  
And it shines there, paying homage  
As a service star should do.

It's a silver star in heaven,  
I can see it night on night,  
And it's God's own starbright promise  
That he'll see us thru all right.

O, you valiants with your soldiers  
And your boys now off so far,  
Look to heaven in the evening  
And you'll see God's service star.

## Jest in Passing

Suggested motto for soldiers and sailors in Los Angeles zoot area: "Don't shoot until you see the cut of their suits."

## The Right Proportion?

From the Wheaton, Ill., Journal: "Uncle Sam wants 250 women to enlist in the WAVES and release a (See DRIFTING, Page 4)

ACTD STAFF  
Alvin B. Gooter Editor-in-Chief  
Jack E. Shaw Managing Editor  
Fred J. Rosenthal Associate Editor  
Alan E. Goldsmith Associate Editor  
Max E. Stump Associate Editor  
Max S. Zimmerman Editor  
Joseph E. Platt Squad. Two Editor  
George A. Martin Squad. Three Editor  
Bill Peters Squad. Four Editor

## Colonel Nowotney Is Campus Visitor Sat.

Lt. Colonel Bert Nowotny, an A. & M. graduate, returned to the campus for an inspection of the Air Corps detachment Saturday, June 18. Accompanied by his charming wife, he attended the Wing Ball held Friday evening and was received as guest of honor.

The Colonel commented very favorably on the cordial relations between the men of the detachment and the college. He also noticed a tremendous improvement in the detached, which is considered to be the finest in the Gulf Coast Training Command.

When questioned as to the benefits of the course of training given by the Air Corps at A. & M. College, he said that the results of tests given to all men at the various classification centers stood as positive proof of the advantage that the College Training program has given to potential aviation cadets. This course of training makes it possible for men, who could not ordinarily cope with the intricacies of some of the subjects given at Pre-Flight, to get the full benefit of their instruction and thereby lower the number of eliminations. Our program also enables the trainees to make the necessary adjustment from the enlisted man's ideas to those of a potential officer by a thorough system of indoctrination.

Colonel Nowotny was very pleased to see his former school carrying on under wartime conditions with so much vigor. He hopes to return in the near future.

By Alan E. Goldsmith—ACTD.

## Service Record

By Martin E. Ismert, Jr.

A/S Harold H. Guckeen is a twenty-three-year-old Irish lad who was born in Fargo, North Dakota. Mr. Guckeen moved to Billings, Montana, with his family in time for him to enter the Billings High School there.

Harold worked in a drug store after graduating. Later he worked on several nearby Montana ranches as a cowhand entertaining guests.

Guckeen entered the U. S. Army March 3, 1942, at Ft. Lewis, Washington, and was sent to Sheppard Field, Texas, for his basic training and then to Lowery Field for five months. Harold then went to Hunter Field, Georgia, as an Armorer Student for one month. From Hunter Field, he was transferred to Tyndall Field, Florida, where he took a five week course of instruction in Aerial Gunnery. At Tyndall Field, Guckeen received his Gunner's wings and the rating of Staff Sergeant.

After graduating from Gunnery School, Harold went back to Hunter Field where he received further training. There he flew in A-24's and A-31's perfecting his ability of effectively strafing ground and water targets as well as fill plane-towed targets full of holes.

Guckeen is five feet, ten inches tall, and blue eyes, brown hair, weighs 155 pounds, possesses a fair complexion and a handsome profile.

His favorite sports are bowling, tennis, hockey and football. His hobby is collecting old coins. He likes good foods, especially second helpings of the Air Corps chow served here at A. & M.

Guckeen was nicknamed "Bob" by his family while a youngster in grade school. He gives the impression of being quiet, calm and humorous; always punning with his roommates, tablemates and associates.

A/S John C. Hempbell was a roommate of Guckeen at Tyndall Field and strangely enough the two again sharing the same room here at A. & M. Hempbell, describing Guckeen says of him, "he is a fine, upstanding young gentleman, who dislikes gambling and drinking."

After the war Harold intends to take up commercial flying for an air transport company. His brother is a Corporal in the Infantry of the Regular Army in the Aleutian Islands.

Another school which Guckeen received training in was the Aircraft Mechanic School at Sheppard Field. After completing five months of that course, he decided to answer the urgent call for Cadet applicants, was accepted and is now well underway with his training here.

Guckeen's life ambition, besides making a success of his present training, is to live to see the year 2020 come rolling around. He expressed that A. & M. is the best College he has ever seen and says that the Army student life cannot be compared with the regular Army life.

We wish Harold all the success in the world and from his previous records in two other Army schools, know he will make a fine pilot and officer.

## PROP WASH

Squadron II

Joseph E. Platt

Squadron II won the first softball game of the season Saturday afternoon as they trounced Squadron III 4 to 0. Hank Davies was the winning hurler and he had a not-hit and no-run game within one out of competition. The opening game was a five-inning affair and it was not until two were out in the final stanza that Squadron III was able to get a safe hit. No II broke the scoring column in the first inning with a three run burst. The counters were manufactured with three singles and the same number of walks. J a c k Wright was the big gun in the winner's attack, by collecting three hits in the same number of trips to the plate and driving across the two runs. Joseph Platt drove across the ego from Squadron III. Edward O. Martin was elected manager for the team at the first practice session. Manager Martin says the positions for the team are far from settled and anyone wishing to try for the team report for the daily practices at 6:30 p.m.

Two men of our Squadron put a memorable day in their lives Saturday with wedding bells playing the melody. Willard H. Sollers and Lucille Hughes came down the aisle in the afternoon with Miss Jean Wood as bridesmaid and George Wallingford the best man.

The second ceremony of the day found Lester A. Moeller and Helen E. Maillee taking their vows. Mrs. John Thurman was the bridesmaid on this occasion and Jack Young the best man. Best wishes from the whole Squadron. And thanks for the cigars.

The Squadron has been missing the presence of their Squadron Commander, Gerald O. Anderson. If you have not heard the reason it is because he was called to his home in Kansas due to the serious illness of his father.

Congratulations to Edward O. Martin on being elected the manager of Squadron softball team. Ed is only 23 years old but has enough baseball experience under his belt to easily be referred to as a veteran. His home is in Kansas City, Kansas and he attended Rockhurst College in that city. His athletic ability is not limited to baseball however, as he played football at Creighton U. at China, Neb.

The Kansas lad dropped his college education early to go into professional baseball. He spent two seasons in pro ball and put in his best licks for Joplin of the Western Association. Martin had to make a choice between pro baseball and getting married so he dropped baseball. He has now been married three years and his wife is on the campus with him at the present time. Since he retired from baseball he has been working for organized labor. When he entered the service he was president of a mid-western labor union.

John Thurman is back from his interment at the hospital and looking fine, "but," says John, "stay well!"

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HIGHLIGHTS OF THE WING BALL  
By Alan E. Goldsmith

We caught Dr. Walton, President of A. & M., in the midst of a bright smile as he observed the antics of the "beavers" at play.

He commented that he enjoyed the dance very much and he wants the Air Corps to feel that they are an integral part of this institution, and that they will be availed of anything that A. & M. has to offer them, both culturally and for recreational purposes.

Lt. Troy N. Pickens celebrated (See HIGHLIGHTS, Page 4)

## Circling the Field

Squadron III

Another deadline is swiftly approaching and your reporter has been caught empty-handed. What with starting of school, P. E. for the first time, and the Wing Ball, I am running around in circles.

Perhaps I could make a story out of the softball game Saturday between Squadrons Two and Three. On second thought, maybe it would be better if I didn't say anything about it. Even the fact that your reporter was the umpire wasn't enough to prevent Squadron Two from defeating us 4 to 2. Oh well, maybe next time.

A/S Joseph C. Martin received one of the finest presents possible this Father's Day. His wife presented him with an eight pound two ounce baby boy. We extend our congratulations.

All the limping that is so prevalent in Squadron Three at the present time is due to the fact that we have started our daily road runs. Does anyone know where we can obtain some bicycles or roller skates?

In our usual ramblings about Bizzell Hall we encountered the following poem dedicated to pay day.

Little Bank Roll, here we part  
Let me press you to my heart.  
All this month I've waited for you  
I've been faithful and you've been true.

Little Bank Roll, in a day  
You and I will go away  
To find some gay and festive spot  
I'll return but you will not.

It is very self evident that everyone had a wonderful time at the dance Friday night. The progress of Squadron III was quite noticeable in itself. Keep up the good work boys. If it is at all permissible, your reporter would like to mention how much he enjoyed it personally. Not being an expert in the art of dancing, I was fortunate enough to meet a fellow journalist from Houston. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Jennie Marie Little for the most enjoyable discussion on the works of Shakespeare.

And so we wind up another column, as we have to be initiated to the mysteries of homework once again. If we manage to survive we shall be back with you again, two days nearer victory.

## TURRET TIPS

Squadron I

Some people do the "Jersey Bounce," but in Flight A, they do the "Haley Bounce." Outstanding exponent of the new bounce is Dan Haley. Haley comes from a line of California bouncers, and like all well brought-up lads, he holds to the family tradition. He is not alone, however, in his method of marching. Other men in the flight who have developed the off-cadence swagger are Ed Wagner, the Portland Kid; Conoly Brooks, the basement lad; and Stanley Bergeron. Flight Lt. Persons is a proponent of the "Beasley Glide" which was introduced by Bill Beasley of Beaumont. If the group would catch onto this glide, it would be the smooth outfit it claims to be.

Although the Squadron has marching individualists, they all forgot their own styles on the review of a week ago, for as you know the guidon streamers are now with Squadron One. The Squadron has an optimistic feeling that they will remain there when this week's parade is held, but we make no bold and unfounded predictions.

A fine gesture it was to present Squadron Commander Talmadge Quick with the much appreciated gift of about fifty dollars to help welcome that new lad who recently came into the Quick family. Again, congratulations, Mr. Quick. And thanks for the cigar.

Of late Sgt. "Joisey" Paris has come under the grammar tutoring of Bill Close, who attended Harvard. Mr. Close says the Sergeant is having his English reconditioned. Sgt. Paris claims, however, that the whole procedure is reversed, and that he is doing the teaching; he further states that "you'se guys" is not only permissible, but strictly correct. Notes on nothing...

Latest reports show that Charles Donnelly made the top score in the physical fitness tests massing a total score of 253, which gave him a rating of about 91... Nothing to report as yet on the Coca-Cola Spotlight Bands program... Everyone is still awaiting the return of dinner music to the mess hall, even if it be Bach or Beethoven... "Bread," cried the moron. And the curtain came down with a roll...

With the softball leagues, Bomber Pursuit, being organized recently, and with the opening games being played last evening, Squadron One went into action with its group of potentialities under the direction of Sgt. Hutcheson. Since this goes to press before the results could be tabulated we'll have to give you the welcome later.

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