

Circling the Field
Squadron III

The Wing dance last Friday was the first dance for Squadron III, which was tremendously enjoyed by all. The men especially liked the music, the decorations, and the lovely ladies from Houston and nearby Bryan. Naturally many new friends and acquaintances were made. Squadron II was represented on the reception committee at the depot by fifteen fine looking specimens, the maximum number allotted each squadron. Many thanks to all officers and persons whose work terminated with such a pleasant evening for us all.

These days the boys are all working the creaks and stiffness out of their muscles and limbs in the Physical Training classes. After the first few sessions, Squadron II was a good, potential customer for rubbing alcohol, liniment and crutches.

The baseball team is shaping up better now after suffering a minor defeat recently from Squadron II during a practice game. Squadron III asks just a little more time, then we should be able to handle our own.

Flash: Tuesday Squadron III received only three demerits during barracks inspection; however, we topped this record Wednesday with the grand total of no demerits. Gentlemen, we understand that this is a new record for the detachment, so let's keep up the splendid work. To Squadrons I, II, and V, we say—let us see you try to tie this score!

The men unfortunate enough to be caught in classes when the rain came Thursday, were slightly wet when they reached Bizzell Hall. Nevertheless, the rain was a great relief to everyone. It was the first real rain Squadron II has witnessed since we have been here.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
We hate demerits,
And so should you!

TURRET TIPS
Squadron I

The other day a young lady stopped her bicycle to watch Flight 15 (the pride of the Squadron) march. They say Chuck Chambers, the Flight leader got so dizzy from trying to drill his flight and watch the young lady that he almost broke his nose by walking into a tree.

There's a big, rough corporal that haunts the drill field in the evening and chases all the boys out of the shade when they take a break. Of course we don't mind, since we know the sun's good for us, don't we?

Richard E. Davis, our most esteemed Group Commander from the land of the Citrus, California, has nicknamed himself "Rick". We agree that this sounds romantic, Rick, but we'll also bet you got the idea from the motion picture, "Casablanca."

The question is: "Who is the most simple?" The candidates are Merwin, Bridges, and Sugarek. Get your vote in today. Merwin's campaign slogan—"When simpler things are done, I'll do them."

ACTD NEWS

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RUDDER DUST

by A/S Jack E. Shaw

Our non-com of the week is jovial, husky, Sergeant Eddie Gralla. The sergeant was born in Brooklyn during the last war, on September 2, 1918, to be specific. He attended schools in Brooklyn and, later, attended a well-known New York university, majoring in specialized textile courses and preparing himself for the buying end of the Rayon industry.

When Uncle Sam sent out his call for men to aid democracy's fight for survival, Eddie Gralla was managing a drug store in Brooklyn. That was early in 1941. Private Eddie Gralla became an infantryman and by hard work was promoted to the rank of Sergeant. He spent 18 months as a buck sergeant in the 28th Infantry in South Carolina. He later applied for cadet training and got as far as pre-flight, where he was eliminated. The "sarge" offers to give any helpful information he can about cadet training to anyone who asks him for it. Sergeant Gralla claims that he enjoyed being a cadet more than any other part of his army career.

As to his hobbies, he did considerable work in gymnastics and did some wrestling on a YMCA team. One of his famous philosophies is that sergeants were not born to be loved. Men like to be treated roughly and want to give the same treatment to the men under them. They like to become well-disciplined, but do not like the process that brings it about.

The sergeant's main ambition was to become a psychologist, but he claims that he will settle for a training detachment he wants to establish at Brooklyn College in Flatbush.

The boys from Squadron V are to be with us for a while longer and have their books ready to go for a big day on Monday. We are extremely happy to have you as fellow students again.

(See RUDDER DUST, Page 4)

Something for the classical minded:
Words to fit, of wise men...sages,
Scrawled on history's fading pages,
Are there for naught, for they're
heeded not,
Search for and sought, and then
forget.
How many wars have ravaged
man,
Sacked and wasted, land on land.
When but to recal the battle be-
fore,
And those same mistakes to make
no more.
But there's always some crazed
and selfish fool,
Who'll trade human lives, so that
he might rule.
But along the line, there's always
a fumble,
And his whole little world comes
down in a tumble.

DRIFTING

By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

SMILES

Sometimes I think I shall not smile
Again until I smile at you;
I shall be solemn all the while
Until this waiting time is thru.

I must begrudge each ray of light
Till days of peace come back anew;
On days when all seemed fair and
bright,
And has not passed into your own.

And life should run in sober style
Till days of peace come back anew;
Sometimes I think I shall not smile
Again until I smile at you.

Is There No Hope?

Weather forecast from home town newspaper—Continued war.

What's in a Name?

In a steeplechase in Kentucky a horse named Equilibrium fell and threw his rider.

Walter Lake is chaplain of the WAVES at Cedar Falls, Ia.

Sudden Thoughts

With reference to this here new pay-as-you-go tax plan, I'm not going any place. Do I still have to pay?

Amusing Musings

I've said it before and I'll say it again—the zoot suit was invented by a frustrated designer of ladies' hats.

Burlesque—Tabloid Style

A kick is but a kick, a thigh is just a thigh.

Help! It's Terrible

The other day a girl went into a shoe shine parlor to get her shoes polished. She put her oversized purse on the floor beside her chair and the nearsighted shine boy polished one shoe and her purse.

Crowding the Heroine Bench

When my friend asked me what the dentists do in the army, I didn't reply, "Military drill."

Service Record

A/S George A. Martin

(Editor's note: In response to popular demand we are printing the Biography of the Comedian of Squadron III. Please address all comments and complaints to the dead letter office.)

Tonight we would like to discuss the life history of A/S Leonard L. Lombardo, the budding young poet who has just recently entered our midst. Leonard is a short, stocky fellow about five feet six inches tall and weighs one hundred and forty-two pounds. We would like to say that he is the quiet type, but it would be a gross misstatement, as he always has a cheery word for everyone and appears to be in a perpetual state of good humor. Mr. Lombardo was born in Falconer, a small hamlet in upper New York state. He attended both grade school and high school in this community, being fairly active in sports in the latter.

While winning ribbons in both football and basketball, he was also quite active in swimming and diving. After leaving school Leonard worked in the woolen mills, steel mills, and various machine shops. At one time he even worked as a bartender but soon left this line of work as it was not to his liking. On July 11, 1942, Leonard was inducted at Ft. Niagara, New York, and soon after was sent to Miami Beach, Florida, for his basic training. While in Florida he served as a drill instructor for a time. In the latter part of August Leonard was transferred to Lowrey Field, Colorado, to attend Armorer's School. After completion of this course he was selected to attend the Sperry Power Turret School in St. Louis. In early December Mr. Lombardo was assigned to the 18th Ferrying Group, Headquarters Squadron, Hamilton Field, California. While at this post he observed many interesting sights one of which was the entry into this country of Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, the wife of China's Generalissimo. Mr. Lombardo was also fortunate enough to witness the arrival of Captain Eddie Rick-enbacker, the American ace.

One of his unforgettable moments was the day he helped to unload an LB-30 which had for a cargo a very rare assortment of Orchids that were sent from the officers and men overseas to their

HART THROBS
Squadron V

Well, you all know the worst, of course, and there isn't much more to say. There is going to be a certain amount of belly-aching—that's expected, because the blow was hard to take, but there is no need in over doing it. The more you gripe, the harder it's going to be. So we may as well make the best of our stay here, and do it graciously.

Ever since the orders came out that we could use our own discretion as to the distance we cared to travel over the week-end, I wouldn't be surprised to hear eye-witness accounts of how the dancing was at the Paladium, or at the Commodore Perry, or at the Panther Room at the Sherman, or at the Netherland Plaza. There's only one thing, fellas—try your darnedest to get back, on second thought, just get back, period. Your few extra hours at wherever you are going may mean that a lot of guys won't get passes later. Our officers have been swell about it, so let's not take advantage of this opportunity. Have a sterling time, thought, but there's no doubt that you will.

Yesterday, a group of Squadron Five characters were harmonizing in C ramp. They were putting their all into "Mary Is a Grand Old Name" when who should appear in the doorway but one of our tactical officers, who undoubtedly was attracted by the singing (?) from the East Gate. The boys shot to attention en masse, terrified, but the Lieutenant merely wanted to inform Leo "Crackerjack" Fedigan that if he didn't stop hitting those sour notes, he would forbid him to sing. Well, it was almost like that, anyway.

A character named Johanneson who happens to be the squadron leader of Squadron Three was giving his boys a pep talk the other day and made the following crack, and I quote: "Don't pay any attention to those boobs across the street, they're just jealous because of our feats since we've been here."

wives and mothers here.

Mr. Lombardo's ambition is to remain in the Aeronautical field and above all to become a pilot. Leonard is of Italian descent and is in the position to appreciate the privilege of being a citizen of this country. To put it in his own words he is quote, "Damn proud to be an American," unquote. Mr. Lombardo is single at present but is expecting to hear the sound of wedding bells very shortly. He is also an amateur poet of no mean ability and we would like to close this column with one of his verses:

FRIENDSHIP

There is as little Friendship as there is gold
Never bought, stolen or sold.
A mutual feeling between loving men
A feeling of which even Shakespear can't pen.
A true love that never, no never dies
But always, yes, always tries and tries
Too bring on happiness in it brightest hue
A happiness and friendship, I now share with you.
—Leonard L. Lombardo

PROP WASH
Squadron II

Squadron II was saddened at the loss of five loyal men to Squadron I. These men, Henry G. Davies, Ray M. Walrath, John W. Cone, George H. Guenther, and Robert W. Wullenwaber, carry with them the best wishes of the men of their Squadron. May we meet again soon.

Our very best welcome to Gerald O. Anderson, Squadron II commander on his return from a brief furlough. His father's condition has improved greatly.

The opening of the new softball league was rained out Thursday evening and also the roaring opening that Squadron II intended to give the team it met in the opener. Manager Martin has a new worry now that his number one hurler, Hank Davies, has been transferred to Squadron I. Since Hank is originally from Squadron II he may continue to play with our softball team. If Squadron II loses Davies from its hurling staff they will be in a bad way. Manager Martin is sending a S.O.S. to all members of the Squadron that have ever pitched softball, asking them to report for the team. Squadron II has a fine field in ginfield, a fleet outfield, and considerable power at the plate, but they must have a good hurler to have a league leading team.

The marrying fever is still at an abnormal temperature in Sqdn. II. Gerald Sutton plans to be married in Dallas Sunday. And we have just finished last week's cigars.

Today's Guest

Today's guest has had a very interesting life and the outdoor experience he has had makes him different. Harold D. Stratton was born and raised on a cattle ranch near Cookson, Okla. The ranch on which Duane was born nineteen years ago is one of the few free range cattle ranches in Okla.

Being brought up in a ranch atmosphere he naturally likes the out-of-doors, and fishing and hunting are his hobby as well as his favorite sport. His home is very near the Illinois river, which is one of the best fishing streams

Now, what I want to ask you, are we going to take that? The answer is a big, loud, and emphatic "NO!"

Why does Flight Lieutenant Bobbitt get such a fiendish glint in his eye whenever he speaks of going to Houston to "make with the romance," as he calls it.

While one of the P. E. instructors was walking home the other night two masked figures approached him stealthily, shoved him in the bushes, and spoke to him in harsh whispers:

"You think a lot of your wife and kids, don't ya?"
"You guys can't scare me—much." (very bravely).

A hose filled with lead flashed in the moonlight—thunk!
"That's just a sample, see? Now get this, we play basketball tomorrow—or else!"

Now, look, you boys, that's carrying things a little too far. That poor guy has a fractured skull. Besides, a lieutenant is instructing us now and they can court martial one for such action. Don't do it, please!

in the nation. Many interesting stories of rattlesnake hunts, etc., may be gotten out of the Oklahoma if you happen to get in a conversation with him.

Duane graduated from Tahlequah, Okla., high school in 1940 and the following fall went to Okla. A. and M. The Cookson lad went to A. and M. for two years and studied pre-law there.

In June 1942, Stratton went to work for the F.B.I. in Washington, D. C., and while working there attended law school at George Washington University. It was on December 4, 1942, when he enlisted in the Air Corps and simultaneously quit his job and spent the remaining free time on his folks' ranch until he was called to active duty on April 6.

New Plastic May Solve Tire And Shoe Rationing

AKRON, Ohio.—Perfection of a plastic which may serve as a substitute for rubber and even leather in the manufacture of shoes was announced today.

This and other scientific developments, including the invention of a static elimination device, were disclosed as leaders in American science and industrial research gathered for the dedication of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. research laboratory, built and equipped at a cost of \$1,325,000.

Can Be Vulcanized

The new plastic, named plioflex, can be vulcanized like rubber and thus serve as a substitute for rubber in many cases. It is expected to come into general use after the war. One scientist said part of the shoe top can be made of plastic and intimated that a shoe might be developed which never would need to be shined.

Goodyear also announced an apparatus for finding tire defects before retreading, and a device utilizing sound waves beyond the reach of the human ear.

Red Signal Shows

If the tire is solid supersonic vibrations pass through it with full intensity to a microphone controlling a green light. If there is a separation in the tire, the waves do not get through with full force and the green light is replaced by a red signal.

The device to eliminate static, a handicap to war communications, was announced by P. W. Litchfield, Goodyear board chairman, who said the invention—the radio static neutralizer—will eliminate static whether due to atmospheric conditions or man-made machines.

House Leader Isn't Going To Banquet

WASHINGTON.—If Pennsylvania republicans are charging \$8000 a plate for a banquet at Pittsburgh tomorrow night the price alone excludes congressmen from having a part in it, republican members of the house said tonight.

The charge by Senator Joseph F. Guffey, democrat of Pennsylvania, that the fund raising dinner to be held at Duquesne club will rival the Biblical feast of Belsazzar brought only light quips from the house GOP.

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