

**RUDDER DUST**

by A/S Jack E. Shaw

You always hear a lot of interesting conversation while traveling—on a train—especially with a bunch of aviation students.

I hope that no military information or censorable material is included in this abridged edition of the "Confessions of an Aviation Student," or "He Talked When He Should Have Been Listening!"

First on the hit parade and it really is a parade of hits, is the marriage of A/S Gerald Sutton to Calista Olander of Des Moines, Iowa. The wedding took place at the Central Christian Church of Dallas, Texas. The ceremony was unique, as it was performed in the "Little Church" within the main church itself. This little building was constructed in one of the big auditoriums of the church and is an exact replica of a little, white country church-house. The bride wore a corsage of pink roses and was dressed in white ensemble. Along with Mr. Frank who performed the ceremony, all of us wish to extend a friendly welcome to the couple and wish them all the success possible.

A friend of yours and mine and quite a gentleman, Mr. Alvin Swanson went to Dallas with eyes only for motorcycles. After finally locating a hotel room, he started to see a little Dallas night-life. The finale comes as A/S Swanson is marooned in the wee hours in the residential district with a sergeant from Georgia, and still no scooter-bike! Ho hum!

That queer but lovable chap known as Bill Peters, seemed to provide an abundance of dope—when he wasn't asleep. A fully extended ear caught the melancholy note in Mr. Peters' voice as he described a somewhat erratic trip through West Texas before finally ending up in Dallas. "Yeah," adds Mr. McCutcheon, "we rode in everything that they would let on the highways of Texas!"

About this time, our happy (?) editor-in-chief is talking to an officer with almost all the ribbons and medals in the book, to his credit. The officer told Mr. Cooter that he had well over 500 combat hours in the Pacific theater of war and had downed a score of Japs.

After going through his pockets ever since the train pulled out of Dallas, a young aviation student pulls a badly worn ticket out of his jeans and goes screaming up to the conductor. Returning with \$4.11 clutched fiendishly in one hand, he calmly says, "Well, I made on that deal!"

Weary and tired everybody again relaxes only to hear the inevitable, "Next stop, College Station!" Then we all got off.

**PROP WASH**

Squadron II

By Joseph E. Platt

Squadron II wishes to take this opportunity to congratulate the band on its merit. The band was organized only a short time ago, but it has developed rapidly into an outstanding organization. The music the band plays is excellent and they looked very good marching in Saturday's review.



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**ACTD NEWS**

**TURRET TIPS**

Squadron I

By Jas. H. Kizziar

Well, it's finally come at last—we started our flying schedule Monday. Now fellows, this is no rumor, believe me. No more eight hours of classes, drilling, or formations. Okay, okay, then don't believe me!

So far the boys haven't come in contact with enemy aircraft, but you can be assured of a good defense put up by Squadron I for dear ole A. & M.

An order has been put in for a specially built plane for Andy Tacon's six-foot-four inches. Don't tell anyone, but his secret ambition is to be a tall gunner.

In behalf of Squadron I, this reporter welcomes Henry G. Davies, Roy M. Walrath, John W. Cone, George H. Guenther, and Robert W. Wullenwaler who transferred from Squadron II. It's swell to have you fellows with us.

Squadron I has won the ribbons twice in succession. Nice going guys. I guess we're finally getting on the ball like it should be. Let's try and keep it up.

Hold your hat fellows, here's a bit of real news: William "Whizzer" White now holds the title for our mile and six-tenths. He was clocked at eight minutes and twenty-three seconds. Here's the secret boys, he eats Wheaties (this is not a commercial plug) every morning, doesn't drink, chew, smoke, or go out with girls—with girls—with girls. Say, turn off the record Joe!

Someone passing by John Thaxton's room the other night overheard him talking to a beautiful blonde. Stick around some weekend John, and we'll tell you all about it.

There seems to have been a mix-up on who wrote last Saturday's article for Squadron I. The rightful owner of that piece of manuscript was Charles Donnelly. Sorry, Charlie.

The new softball league will get underway this week and the Squadron II team is better prepared for the opening than it was last week. Manager Martin pushed the team through a stiff workout Saturday afternoon after Squadron I failed to show up for the proposed game. It is not known if II will lose pitcher Hank Davies when he transfers to Squadron I. William Rice has been limbering up his pitching arm and may share the mound duties even if Davies is retained.

Each Flight now has an athletic officer. Under the new P.E. setup the athletic officers lead their Flights in P.E. class. The officers were chosen by the members of the Flights.

Cecil Turner received a slight touch of home-sickness the other evening when he tuned in on the Spotlight Band program to hear Blue Barron broadcasting from Burlington, Iowa, his home town.

Today's Guest

Versailles, Mo., is the birthplace of today's guest, Edmund Staly who is 24 years old tells us that he was born near the Lake of the Ozarks which has 1400 miles of shoreline and one of the finest lakes in the country. However, his parents moved to Tulsa, Okla., where he finished high school. Four years later he received his B.S. degree in Bacteriology from Oklahoma A. & M.

Ed worked in the Bacteriology Dept. while in school as well as for the City Health Department at Stillwater. Mr. Staly also did experimental work in the Geophysical Dept. of the Stanolind Gas Co. The last two summers he has core-drilled for the same company in Kansas and Nebraska.

The medical profession is this man's ambition and he plans to re-enter medical school after the war. His favorite pastime, whenever possible, is fox hunting.

**ETSTC To Present**

**Series of Programs**

COMMERCE, Texas.—As the opening number on its regular summer schedule of lyceum programs, East Texas State Teachers College presented Miss Mary Hutchinson, gifted young American actress, in a series of Dramatic Portraits at 8 p. m. Monday June 28, in the college auditorium. Miss Hutchinson, a graduate of the New York School of the Theater and the John Murray Anderson-Robert Milton School, has experience with Broadway productions, summer stock theater groups, theatrical tours over the country and radio shows over national hookups.

**ACTD STAFF**

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Joseph E. Platt	Squad. Two Editor
Martin E. Ismert	Squad. Three Editor
Bill Peters	Squad. Five Editor

**Another Jap Atrocity**

By George A. Martin

(Editor's note: The following story appeared in Reader's Digest and is written by Gwen Dew, a correspondent for the Detroit News in Hong Kong when the Japs invaded the city in 1941. This incident was related to her by British nurses who survived the ordeal and were thrown into the same concentration camp with her until she was repatriated in 1942.)

We recommend that you read this and then stop and think awhile about just what kind of monsters we are fighting.)

Japanese and British soldiers had been fighting for hours in the vicinity of St. Stephens College. More than 3,000 bodies of dead Japanese carpeted the area before the outnumbered British finally retreated to Fort Stanley, half a mile away.

The College had been turned into an emergency hospital, and it was filled with Canadian, Scotch, British and Indian troops. A Red Cross flag emblazoned its non-belligerent status.

Suddenly a group of exhausted young Canadian soldiers burst into the hospital.

"The Japs are nearly here—you'd better evacuate!" they shouted.

The British doctor in charge, Colonel Black, remained calm. "We can't do that," he said. "Too many badly hurt men here. Besides, we're a Red Cross hospital, and everything will be all right. But you'd better move on, because if they find unwounded soldiers here it might make a difference. Sorry, boys."

The Canadians saluted. "Right you are, sir. We'll carry on." They hurried away.

Through the building moved the whisper like a swelling tide: "The Japs are coming!" "The Japs are coming!" THE JAPS ARE COMING!

Outside, dawn was dusting the sky with coral and gold. It was Christmas morning. On came the Japanese, mad with the moment of victory.

Colonel Black went to the door of the hospital, put his arms across it, and stood there until the enemy was a few feet away.

"This is a Red Cross hospital," he said, motioning to the big flag with its symbol of mercy. A Japanese soldier plunged his bayonet through the elderly doctor.

The second doctor in charge, Captain Whitney, stepped forward. "This is a hospital! Don't you see the Red ——" His upraised arm dropped as a bayonet slashed into his body, and as he lay crumpled on the floor other bayonets were plunged into him.

Then the British nurses, who stood quietly at their posts, witnessed a sickening slaughter of the wounded and helpless soldiers. Laughing and shouting, the Japanese ripped bandages from torn chests, from stumps of bloody arms and legs, then bayoneted their victims. There was nothing the nurses could do but move to the men when the Japs left them—dying and dead. Before the Japanese were satisfied, 52 soldiers had been hacked to death.

The yellow men now turned to the nurses. "Line up," the leader yelled. "All of you. There."

"March."

The little line of nurses, their white uniforms now red stained, were hustled into a nearby office, prodded by flicking bayonets.

"You three, come." The smirking soldiers in the lead grabbed at the uniforms, tearing them from white soldiers as they shoved the women into a small room. After being raped one woman was killed with a bayonet and her body thrown beneath a clump of bushes outside.

All day, all night the bestial scene went on. The nurses were numb with terror, as countless Japanese violated them.

Then the Japanese moved on.

(Remember this when your turn comes to fight and show no mercy or no quarter. Think this over now and above all be sure to HATE YOUR ENEMY. Editor.)

**Back From Furlough**  
- - He Wants a Pass  
LEAVENWORTH, Kan.—Could he please have a three-day pass, asked Cpl. Leslie Victor—so he could recover from his ten-day furlough?  
He scrubbed floors of his family's new home the first five days, he complained, and the last five days he labored as a volunteer fighting a flood at Kansas City.

**DRIFTING**

By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

These are the things I want to do Often before I die:

Walk in the rain with a song on my lips  
Instead of a sigh;  
Stroll by the lake while a silvery moon  
Shines radiantly down;  
Take the old lover's lane that winds out of sight  
Of the teeming town.  
I want to do the trivial things  
That lovers like to do,  
Smile at you over sherry wine,  
Exchange bon mots with you,  
And share a match to light cigarettes—  
Snatching a kiss;  
These are the things, heart-happy things,  
That, without you, I miss.

**Random Thoughts**

With the allied invasion of Italy a strong possibility we soon will hear Muzo's theme song: "Hold That Tiger! Hold That Tiger!"

**Revised Quotations**

Large jokes from little A cards grow.

**Amusing Musings**

Saw an all-girl professional softball team play over the week-end. Never have I seen so many curves in one game.

**It's a Strange War**

The other day I saw a tough top sergeant getting a manicure.

**Sudden Thoughts**

Maybe we'll have to wait until the next world for world peace.

**Diana's So Big Headed**

FOR RENT—On Monday night only. My boy friend, who is the son of a butcher, nephew of a coffee planter, handsome, 4-F, and owns four new tires and a C card. Only security asked is your right arm.—(An ad appearing in a recent daily newspaper and signed by a girl, Diana —.)

**Pet Peeve**

To grab a tube out of the dresser drawer, smear the tooth brush generously—and get a mouthful of shaving cream.

**Circling the Field**

Squadron III

Another interesting week of school has flown by for Squadron III. For many it is an initiation to College work, while for others it is the old story of schedules, tests and grades.

Saturday was the first week-end for the issuance of passes for us. Bizzell Hall looked like a haunted house over the week-end except for a few remaining ghosts who were either married or financially embarrassed.

"Squadron III looked fine in review Saturday and if we don't win the streamers this time, we never will," were the words of the Squadron Commander after the review.

New posts held for many are the athletic directorship jobs of each academic flight. Wednesday proved during the Physical rating fifty a headache and a backache for many during the Physical rating fitness tests—somehow we all managed to survive.

Comments are still going around about what a fine place A. & M. is and especially the Air Corps Detachment. In case there are any dissatisfied members, they should keep this one thought in mind: There are thousands of men on the battle fronts who would gladly trade anyone his rifle, hard ground and field rations, for his text books, steak dinners and bed here. So men, let's keep on the beam and just to show you we are not angry or griping, we offer the following poem (?):

July 4th. Day of Independence,  
Means much to us all.  
July 1st means more so,  
For its Air Corps Pay Day call!



**Service Record**

A/S George A. Martin

By A/S Martin E. Ismert, Jr.  
A/S James R. Andrews of Squadron III was born in Amarillo, Texas March 6, 1919, three years later moved with his family to Washington, D. C., where he attended the McKinley High School. James was the president of his freshman class, production-stage manager for school plays, Cadet First Sergeant in the R. O. T. C., a member of the Cheverons Club, handled a newspaper column entitled "Wing Talk" and was a sharp-shooter on the R. O. T. C. Rifle Team. Incidentally, this team won second place in the United States for reflemanship at Camp Perry, Ohio, in the annual Hurst Trophy Match.

Mr. Andrews is a fine looking English-German young man, six feet, two inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, has brown eyes, black hair and a fair complexion.

After graduating from high "J. R.," as his friends call him, worked on the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics at Langley Field, West Virginia. In the meantime, his family moved to Dallas, so eight months later J. R. went to work for the Interstate Theatres at Dallas up until the time of his enlistment on December 28, 1941.

J. R. went to Cheppard Field, Texas, for his basic training, then to Brookley Field, Mobile, Alabama, in the Cadre of the 29th Air Depot Group. February 28, 1942, he was transferred to the Stewart Engine School in New York City, where he later received his diploma. He then went back to Brookley Field, where he was in charge of an engine test block section. As J. R. explained it, engine testing is very interesting and at the same time a highly responsible task.

Andrews was then transferred in July to the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, to a school for the Installation and Repair of Self-sealing Fuel Cells, where he graduated five weeks later.

Then J.R. went back to Brookley Field where he was a crew member flight testing, and checking Bomber and Cargo ships. One interesting incident was the time an engine caught fire which forced a belly landing for plane. The crew was a little shaken up, but all the more experienced after the ordeal.

Andrews was then transferred to Miami, Florida Eastern Air Line's Municipal Air Port to an advanced A. M. Engine School. While there, he made two trips to South America, one to Natal and one to Rio. On one return trip, his cargo plane carried a precious load of 15,000 pounds of coffee. He was flight engineer on the trips.

All this time J. R. was a corporal. After returning to Brookley once again, he applied for Aviation Cadet training, was accepted, then sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, for processing,

then again to Sheppard Field where he attended school and went through Aviation Cadet basic training. From Sheppard Field J. R. has come to College Station.

His prime interests in life are to make a success of his present training and to be happily married to a sweet little lass in Mobile, Alabama. His life's ambition is to sail the world in a small vessel alone. His hobby is model building, while he dislikes yellow dresses on women and girls who smoke and drink in public. He likes good sports, reading and Bette Davis movies. His idol of Aviation is Amelia Earhart, whom he still believes is livin' somewhere today.

James is serious minded, possesses a fine sense of responsibility and judgment, is quite an easy mannered. He is also a devout Catholic, an excellent conversationalist and First Sergeant of Squadron III. We wish A/S James R. Andrews all the success and happiness in the world and know his two prime interests in life will come true.

Westminster college is in its ninth year.

Eight state colleges for women in the south report a decrease in enrollment of 13 per cent.

A. T. Howard of the coaching staff of Hampden-Sydney college is taking marine officers' training at Quantico.

Bernard Hubbard, Santa Clara University's Glacier Priest, thinks it would be a mistake to force the Japanese out of Kiska right now, since Kiska is a "rat trap."

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