

# ACTD NEWS

## RUDDER DUST

by A/S Jack E. Shaw

The victims of today's "non-com" parade are Corporal William G. Tyler and Corporal Marilyn D. Worrell.

Corporal Tyler has the dubious honor of keeping the men of Squadrons Three and Five 'eager' and on the well-known pellet. Mr. Tyler hails from the fair village of Tabor City, North Carolina and first saw the light of day through an unsteady eye, exactly twenty-one years ago.

As far as it was possible to determine, his favorite sport is baseball, along with various and sundry others—mostly sundry. May we quote: There is nothing like a good game of baseball to brighten up your days and nights! end quote.

Bill was engaged in the manufacturing industry before he was called to the service and says that "they are really putting out the materials on the home front." (We were all relieved to hear these gems of wisdom.)

The corporal, along with his bosom pals, Corporal Bowers and Corporal Worrell were all sent to Atlantic City, New Jersey and then on to San Antonio Cadet Training Center. Out of the five best drill instructors there, these men were the first three.

At this point I must pause for a few minutes while the staff gently urges an amiable little stinker out of the office. The little fellow was good natured enough about it all, but you know that skunks have that certain air about them.

Continuing, but now with Corporal Marilyn D. Worrell, it is definitely decided that he comes from Wilmington, North Carolina, and also has existed for twenty-one years.

Corporal Worrell was busy in the trucking and freight business at Wilmington before entering the Army. A good-sized book could be filled with all the hair-raising episodes that Mr. Worrell has had. For some VERY interesting stories about what not to do, see this gentleman at either Squadron Three or Squadron Five headquarters or Aggieland Pharmacy.

During his six-month stay at the "SAACC" Merlin spent a great share of his time giving the men lectures on the Manual of Arms, Hygiene, Articles of War and the many others that we are all familiar with.

He is adept at all phases of drilling and extended order, so everybody that would like to brush up on their marching, is welcome to see the Corporal and he would be only too glad to see that they are taken through the routines.

## DRIFTING

By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

### Farewell to an Aviator

Good night, dear heart, the crimson dawn will find  
Your craft a silver speck above the deep,  
All these pleasures you have left behind  
Will be as dreams to one who wakes from sleep.

You will have new surroundings far away  
And other friends that you had never known,  
And in the strain of battle day by day  
You may forget the ones you called your own.

But when your plane is in the thick of fight  
And all hell's lightnings seem to cleave the blue,  
Know that these lips that you have kissed tonight  
Will be beseeching God to care for you.

And when the shells of war shall shriek no more  
And peace shall roll away the mist of fear,  
Should you come back to this old vine-clad door  
You'll find a faithful friend still waiting here.  
—from a student's sweetheart at home.

### Dusting Off the Old Ones

When I saw a soldier coming from the mess hall with egg all over his mouth I didn't say, "He looks good in anything he eats." Please Rush Season Ticket

Miss Esmeralda claims those fan dances and bubble dances are too tame. She's planning to do a dance with smoke rings.  
—via La Crosse, Wis., paper

### The Labor Shortage

The manpower shortage must be acute when a lovely young maiden of 18 marries a hombre of 54.

### Jest in Passing

Since Sgt. Cohen took the Island of Lampedusa single handed don't you think they should rename it Cohen-y Island?

Ever since Uncle Mort got that job in a defense plant he takes a half-pint to bed with him. Says he has to sleep tight.

### Famous Last Words

Your three minutes are up.  
Thinks You Never Hear  
You look tired, sit down and take it easy.

### Pet Peeves

To enter and usherless movie house, grope around in the dark for an empty seat, sit down in it, and then find out it isn't.

## Gremlin Gus

Alan E. Goldsmith

The next bigger-than-ever Wing Ball is going to take place on the evening of Friday, July 16. Reliable sources have it that any student officer who presents himself minus a date will place himself in a very precarious position.

The men of the detachment seem to have consolidated their positions in regard to gals for the dance as a result of countless visits to Houston and Dallas. It is up to you fellows to write a nice letter to that young lady and make certain that she is present for the big night.

Perhaps these few will make an end of all moron jokes. Ever hear the one about the moron who: Saluted all refrigerators in camp because he thought one might be General Electric? Or the one who moved to town because he heard the country was at war? Or maybe the one who got off a street-car backwards because he heard that two women were going to grab his seat?

There's one in every squadron: He's always the last one to show up for formations, always the first one to complain when he gets his just reward, always the first to find fault in others. Let's get rid of this chap.

Everyone seems rested after their respective jaunts to the big cities and are all set to return as soon as Uncle Sam remembers his sons with the monthly allowance. Here today; gone tomorrow: That's the way it goes with our pay.

## League Standings

Bomber League			
	W	L	Pct.
Squadron I	1	0	1.000
Squadron III	1	0	1.000
Squadron V	0	1	.000
Squadron II	0	1	.000

ACTD STAFF  
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## The Big Surprise

A/S Roland E. Tornquist

The hall was packed! With anxious eyes  
We waited for the great surprise.  
It came! As one we hit our feet—  
Not one man loitered on his seat.  
And down the aisle in all that still  
Walked our commander—Captain Hill.

The mike was raised without a word;  
Lieutenants bowed low on their knees.  
At last the great command was heard—  
"Young gentlemen, at ease!"

"Young warriors, you are here to be  
Prepared to fight for liberty—  
Prepared to stand, to fight, to give,  
So that America can live.

We know you sweat; we know you're good . . .  
The best of all our young manhood!"  
And then to close these words he used;  
"Relief is on the way," he said.  
But how that phrase has been abused!  
"Relief!" My God, I'm almost dead!

Oh, Lord, please hear by prayer today . . .  
Take part of this "relief" away.  
This soldier's prayer please don't deny . . .  
I have to be alive to fly!

## HART THROBS

Squadron V

I just returned from a hot softball game between Squadron "The Winnah" One and our solid sendin' nine. Both teams were very good, but only six innings were played, so our boys really didn't have time to show their true worth. There will come another time, though. Here are the John Hancock's of the nine spots: Earl "You-Know-Who" McCutcheon, catcher; Allen "Dig-Me-Jack" DaBarry, second base; Wayne "Line Drive" Rickart, out field; Howard Eaves, center field; J. C. Barber, left field; Bill "Varga" Fleming, right field; Ralph "Sweetwater" Stewart, pitcher; Robert Bartholomew, first base; Jack Wizant, third base; John Billingsly, short field; Ira "Plantation Club" Broyles, left field; and John "And Jump" Prochaska, center field.

I hear A-10 had a flood last night. For further details, please see Bill "Rainmaker" Newton.

Warren Bennett and Bill Peters  
(See HART THROBS, Page 4)

## Service Record

A/S George A. Martin

Today the subject of our column is A/S William L. Rowless former Staff Sergeant and Gunner. Bill was born on January 26, 1921 in Altoona, Pennsylvania where he attended both grade school and high school. Altoona High School, by the way, is one of the largest in the country. During high school Bill was on the gym team for three years, specializing in hand balancing. He was also on the wrestling team for two years. While in his last year of school he organized a hand-balancing routine with two of his teammates and began giving professional performances. After leaving school they began a tour of the country playing on the stage and also in clubs and hotels. During this time Bill also became (See RECORDS, Page 4)

## World Philosophies

By A/S Alvin B. Cooter

There are three great philosophies that prevail and control the world today.

The first, based on the supremacy of might over right, says that war between nations is inevitable until such time as a single master race dominates the entire world and every one is assigned his daily task by an arrogant, self-appointed fuhrer.

The second, the Marxian philosophy, says that class warfare is inevitable until such time as the proletariat comes out on top, everywhere in the world, and can start building a society without classes.

The third, which we are a part of, democracy, denies that man was made for war, whether it be war between nations or classes, and asserts boldly that ultimate peace is inevitable, that all men are brothers, and that God is their Father. This democracy which is with us today, is the only form of government in which unity and individualism are practiced at the same time. We are a unit bound together by duty, and yet individualism is still preserved. We have our own beliefs, draw our own conclusions, and state our thoughts without being threatened.

We have seen in the many historical records of the world which class was the victor. History shows the many mistakes and miseries that other types of government bring with them. The destruction, disorder, hatred, and discontent that always have been, always will be with Militarism, Imperialism, and Despotism. Democracy and all of its brothers will be the victors and control the peace of the world. It has before and it will again. Inevitable ruthlessness and barbarism cannot govern the Christian's way of believing and living.

## TURRET TIPS

Squadron I

Dote and dashes . . . At last we have seen and flown an airplane. All that can be heard in Mitchell Hall nowadays is "hanger flying." Already several claim to be "aces". Melvin Sugarek has applied for the North African front, while Hershell "Arizona" Smith plans to see action in the Pacific "in the near future." Both have one full hour in the air. Flight 16 claims the honor of nobody getting air sick on their first trip up.

Ferd Wiegman spends all of his spare time admiring his curly hair. Be careful you will lose your 2020 eye sight . . . Flight A is helping to keep Richard Davis cool . . . Fuhrman has been elected athletic captain of Squadron One . . . A name is needed for our softball team; if you have a name for the team turn it into Willie "Whizzer" White . . .

Bill Beasley is trying to get a private telephone for his room so he can handle all of his calls from the "weaker sex."

Squadron I opened the twilight softball league Tuesday evening by edging out Squadron V by a 9 to 3 score in the last few minutes of play. The highlights of the game consisted of a home run by Roger Taylor of Squadron I and two spectacular double plays by Squadron V. The game as a whole was largely an offensive game with many hits because of the earliness of the season. From Tuesday evening's results it appears that the teams are quite evenly matched so we can be looking forward to some exciting games.

## PROP WASH

Squadron II

Weekly Weather Report: The weather has proven conducive to profound slumber as evidenced by the effect on a certain member of Flight 3. He became so involved in his sleep that his flight almost left him in his reverie.

It is rumored that relief has come at last, or at least that seems to be the general opinion of the members of the detachment, for pay day is at last here again.

Everyone made errors for Squadron II but the scorekeeper, when Squadron III avenged an earlier defeat with a 7-1 victory Tuesday evening. In the league opener Squadron II tallied but one time during the four inning contest and (See PROP WASH, Page 4)

## DR. N. B. MCNUTT

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 Over Canady's Pharmacy  
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## Circling the Field

Squadron III

The East wing of Bizzell Hall would like to buy one hundred pounds of sponge rubber to tack on the soles of those wooden cloddy-hoppers that the men have been dragging and plopping around the halls in recently. They have dragged the Charlie McCarthy monstrosities from every nook and corner of the U. S. here to A.&M.

Squadron II's new athletic officer, A/S Bill McCloud, was popularly chosen by a mass squadron meeting Monday evening. Bill has pitched right in on the spirit of things and promises great things for the squadron. He says the new

softball team is rounding out fine and will prove a great threat to the other squadrons after a few changes have been made. He stresses the need for more practice, which we need since we are newly organized.

Squadron II took the top off of Squadron II Tuesday evening in a "non-practice" game. We walked off the playing field with a score chalked up 8 to 2 in our favor. To the gentlemen of the other squadrons we give a fair warning that this is only the beginning of a successful season.

McCloud is a good hurler, as the "disaster" proved. Here is the line (See CIRCLING, Page 4)

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