

ACTD NEWS

DRIFTING

By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

American Soldier—1943

He who had fought so hard with gun was O, so brave, dear Lord.

Now he in foreign soil peacefully lies

In final rest beneath tropical skies, O, he was not afraid to give his life. So men could live without hatred and strife.

He died so all mankind one day might be able to raise their heads and say, "We're free." Let us never forget our whole lives thru that this soldier was in love with life, too!

Shrapnel

Rome wasn't built in a day, but (See DRIFTING, Page 4)

PROP WASH

Squadron II

The softball enthusiasts thank all who donated to the athletic fund. The money will be used to purchase the additional needed equipment. From the scores of our last two games we apparently still need some softball players. Any of you that have been putting off trying out for the team better make it to our next practice. And a reminder of the P. E. outfits that you will need before you leave here. If you haven't taken care of that item yet do so as soon as possible.

Jimmy Oliver has been granted an emergency furlough to return to his home in Oklahoma where his mother is to undergo a serious operation.

A riddle: Which Squadron II man had dates with three different girls on his last week-end pass in Houston? (The lucky man was Marion McIntosh). Can you tie or beat this one?

Today's Guest

Burt Goebel was born the day before Christmas in 1922 in San Francisco, California. He attended Polytechnic High School there and played quarterback on the football team and was a high jump man on the track team. His feet on high jump is 6 feet 3 inches. San Francisco Junior College was Burt's next step where he took a general course and played the same sports that he did in high school and in addition he took C. P. T. training.

During the summer vacations he drove a supply truck for the quartermaster corps at nearby Fort Scott. Mr. Goebel claims football as his main interest. However, after the war, he wants to travel a bit. South America, especially Rio de Janeiro is the country that Burt intends to explore.

RUDDER DUST

by A/S Jack E. Shaw

"Yaaa! Moidah da bums! Kill da ump! Hey, youse guys, sidown in front!" You guessed it—we're at one of those inevitable 'Dodgers' baseball games and none other than our own Sergeant John J. Paris, who was then civilian John J. Paris, is causing all the fuss over one little low ball. As it's his favorite sport, 'Sarge' goes all-out for America's number one game as you can plainly see.

Born and reared in Joisey (May or Hague) City, New Joisey, Hudson County and practically in the shadow of the Empire State building, you can see he is a confirmed big-city dweller.

John J. is 27 but as everybody has to find out the hard way, here's a tip that might be well to bear in mind. Boxing is also one of his favorite sports and in 27 encounters, Mr. Paris won 23 by K.O.'s and four by decisions.

Before enlisting in the Army, he owned a garage and had quite a fine business worked up. "You wreck 'em and we'll fix 'em," was his slogan. Better look out when he gets that gleam in his eye, he might be trying to drum up a little trade!

His first camp was at Pine Camp in New York State where the Second Corps Area was holding its maneuvers at that time. The situation resembled actual combat conditions with the mechanized cavalry, infantry and the air support from above.

After enlisting in 1932, his second station was at Fort Dix, Louisiana. While there he was an instructor in conjunction with the return fire of ground troops with their rifles when being strafed by enemy planes.

John was picked as an instructor also to teach the G-men the fine points in firing the pistol, the rifle and the Thompson sub-machine gun. Gunnery seems to be another specialty of his because next he is tutoring the young hopefuls in one of the finest, keenest and most exacting art of shooting the rifle—that of landscape shooting. In other words, it means that you are shooting at an invisible target. The range of a visible target is found, then the bearing from it to the invisible one—set your sights, pull the trigger and after looking at the target, you agree to practice for another three months.

The Sergeant returned to civilian life for a short time and then enlisted again in the Air Corps. He was then sent back to his lovely old Alma Mater, Fort Dix and after the basic (as if he needed it) he was transferred to Midland, Texas. After enjoying the spotlight in the form of being one of the best all-around instructors stationed at this base, he was selected to come to the home of the 308th Aviation Students and play daddy to all of them.

In the form of a bit of advice in closing to those who are flying or who are about to fly, Ser-

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WHY WE FIGHT

By A/S Alvin B. Cooter

Inspirations of many sorts have led many great men and armies to overwhelming victories—victories over their own souls as well as over their enemies. It may seem strange to some of you that a few words and a simple arrangement of musical notes can give undying inspiration—but it is true. Even throughout a normal day when everything might seem hard-going and we might grumble at this and that, our thoughts immediately change when the National Anthem is played and no man dares breathe and not a muscle is moved. The only sound that prevails is that of trees rustling gently in the evening winds and it is then when that great anthem is played that we begin to think and say to ourselves that this is worth fighting for.

Even though the sun might blaze down on us and perspiration forms rivers down our legs and backs, even though our knees are weak and our brains are weary, we still know that there must be something more than we can see. And we know that it is there even though it is not revealed by sight. Yes, gentlemen, we feel these things in our hearts and souls the inspiration to go further with vigorous determination to complete and succeed in our work.

Other inspirations are those of other great men who have brought fame to their country by their heroic deeds; men like Washington, Lee, Abraham Lincoln, General MacArthur and President Roosevelt. All these men were inspired to great things—Washington withstood many helpless nights and days at Valley Forge to give us freedom; he was inspired by the thought of a great nation that would be as strong or stronger than any of the others in the world colony. His dream has come true, for today we are a Nation great among world powers.

The coming Sunday is the Fourth of July, our National Independence Day—a day that Washington fought for and a day that we are helping to preserve now. This freedom that was so hard to earn must be kept intact. This freedom that no other nation in the world has ever had must be preserved and shared. Such a freedom as this leads men to fight until death so that others might have security.

Those men of yesterday and those of today must have had a tremendous inspiration to fight for or they would not have done their job so well. Keep in your hearts the same things that inspired the men of Wake Island to hold on for weeks of death and destruction until the last man was dead. Keep in your hearts the greatest stand in our American History—Bataan. Those men had the will and determination to fight and to win; they had something deep within them that could end only in glorious victory. Perhaps these did not win the battle of the moment over their enemies but they did win the struggle within themselves. They knew that there was no hope for them but they also knew that there would be other men to follow in their footsteps, men that would avenge them to the fullest extent, men that would have their inspiration to fight for all that they had died for. Yes, gentlemen, there will be men to follow—and those men are us!

gent Paris (who has had over 100 hours in the air) would like to remind them to live a clean and scrupulous life here so as not to let air-sickness wash them out. A great many have been "G.D.O.'ed" already and it all can be traced back to the lack of physical fitness.

Spotlight on Sports
By BILL PLATT
The softball league has gotten off to a good start this week and Thursday evening provided a pair of thrillers as Squadron I defeated Squadron III by the count of 43. Squadron II was handed their second league defeat as Squadron V came out on top 5-3. Squadrons III and I fought a close game but the latter had a three run burst in the fourth frame to decide the winner. The game rocked along for two innings before Squadron III broke the scoring ice as second baseman Fallon rocked a long double to drive across a pair of runs. Squadron I tallied once in the third inning and

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Service Record

A/S George A. Martin

(Editors Note: This article should have a high degree of accuracy and authenticity for the subject is my roommate!)

A/S Kenwood M. Jackson is the subject of this issue. Mr. Jackson was born in Alexander, Virginia, September 10, 1919. Later he attended Eastern High School in Washington, D. C. where he was a Quartermaster Sergeant in the High School Cadet Corps. He gave up his rating though, because a night job as usher kept him too busy. In 1935 his Cadet company won several ribbons at various competitive drills in which numerous high schools competed.

During high school, Kenwood joined the Naval Reserve, but later received a discharge. He then intended to join the Marine Air Corps Reserve, but his work again interfered with the drilling and therefore his ambition was not realized.

After graduating, Jackson worked for the Jewel Tea Company, the American Agricultural Chemical Company and with the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Company. He was a "line trouble shooter" for the latter company. Incidentally, he is on a "military leave of absence" from the telephone company.

Jackson volunteered in the Enlisted Reserve Corps of the Army September 30, 1942. He was called to active duty November 1942 and sent to Ft. Meade, Maryland, his reception center. From Ft. Meade, Jackson went to Camp Crowder, Missouri, where he was made an acting Staff Sergeant of Company B for the 804th Signal Training Regiment by the order of 1st Lieutenant Bilbur C. Vagt.

Later on at Camp Crowder Kenwood entered Cable Splicing School and graduated with a skilled-excellent rating of T/5 grade. He applied for Cadet Training, was accepted an dsent to Sheppard Field for his Cadet Basic Training.

"Ken" as his roommates call him, is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 163 lbs., has blue eyes, brown hair, a fair complexion and a sturdy build. He is the proud father of a little daughter who will be three years old July 4th.

Jackson is Squadron III's Adjutant, likes to study Military strategy and tactics and is an ambitious student. His life's ambition is to be a pilot and remain in the Army after the war if possible, however if not so, then he would like to take up commercial flying.

His hobby is repairing automobile engines, which he has not done since leaving Washington, D. C. He enjoys good sports, especially swimming and air meets, and enjoys an occasional magazine article.

Jackson is a sober young man, ambitious and is extremely interested in the Army. He loves his work as Squadron Adjutant, often-times preaches to his roommates on the various advantages of cadet training, officership, Army life, and so on. He always has a cherry "hello three!" for everyone. We wish A/S Kenwood M. Jackson the very best of luck and have a firm confidence that he will attain his goal.

TURRET TIPS

Squadron I

The tables have been turned. The boys with advantage in the physics and mathematics courses are now the ones that are moaning over their flying difficulties, and the boys with previous flying experience are now having the fun. That's life you know, some have got it, and some haven't.

As passing randoms we're glad to see that the Fighting First's softball team is still batting them out 1000%, to hold top position in those league standings. . . . Incidentally, I would like to get some more starch in my food, ditto, men?

This poem written by Leland Larsen seems to give a picture of what many of us have thought since joining this man's army, so we here print it.

"You, too, can fly"
Thebill board read to the passer-by
Get your wings and soar
With the United States Army Air Corps.

I thought of gold bars and silver wings
The thrills of flight and a thousand things.
It spurred me on to join America's best

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GREMLIN GAB

By Alan E. Goldsmith

This detachment is liable to turn into a musicians' detachment in the near future due to the fine array of musical talent that the men display. Our band has already been recognized for its fine job of playing for our reviews, so let us turn our attention to another musical group that has sprung up in our midst.

A rehearsal of the new 308 C.T.D. Glee Club was under way on Thursday evening when I visited it. The boys really sound great and have already acquired a large and varied repertoire (nice word?) and have promised to sing for us in the very near future.

The group is made up of about forty Aviation Students and is under the able direction of Dick Jenkins, the jovial host of Kampus Kapers.

It seems that we have a new crop of potential bomber pilots as a result of the showing of "Air Force" to the members of the detachment. The film gave a true picture of the gallant job that the men of our Air Force are doing in the battles of this war.

This is just a reminder to you men who have young lady friends from 6 to 60 that you want to bring to the next Wing Ball. Don't forget to turn in their names and addresses to your orderly room in order that invitations can be sent to them. The deadline is July 6.

After exhaustive researches on the source of the moron joke, an amazing discovery has been made. It has definitely been established that this type of wit was invented by a Grecian philosopher by the name of Hierocles who called his hero a simpleton. To our knowledge he preceded Joe Miller by about fifteen centuries. There

(See GREMLIN, Page 4)

Circling the Field

Squadron III

Well here we are again seated at our typewriter trying to figure out just what we can make a column out of tonight. We had intended to devote a goodly portion of our allotted space to the softball game between our Squadron and Squadron I but after looking at the score we have decided against it. Confidentially we lost by a score of 4 to 3. Nuff said!

The famous words of the week awards were captured this week by A/S Kenwood Jackson and Leonard Lombardo. Mr. Jackson may be heard to remark each day in Physics, quote, "Where did the X come from?" Cheer up Ken, its just another one of the mysteries of life. Along the same line of dry humor are the remarks of Mr. Lombardo who daily informs the Math instructor that he is following him, but falling behind steadily.

According to the man in Flights 25, 26, and 27 it might be a good idea to put some road signs up on the mile and six-tenths P. E. course. We ran it for the first time today and everyone managed to get lose with the result that no one ran the full course. A few even managed to end up at the starting line after only a half-mile jaunt. Come on boys confess, were you really lost or just plain tired like yours truly?

Your squadron representative attended a meeting of the Squadron Fund Committee and has the following to report. The balance at the end of the month of June was \$154.18. This will be considerably swelled by your contributions this last payday. All but a very few of the men contributed and it is believed that because this was our first payday here was the only thing that prevented it from being a one-hundred per cent contribution. We know you fully appreciate the Wing Balls and the other activities that are carried on by the Detachment Fund so please stop by the donation box next payday.

By the way gentlemen we have some news that is hot off the press. An effort is being made by our Officers to incorporate swimming in our P. E. program. Believe me fellows that nice cool water is going to be a very welcome relief from those daily road runs. Let's toe the line a bit harder and show our appreciation. Our formations been near the top of the list the past few days but we must remember that there is always room for improvement.

Another bit of news is the pending formation of a newscasting staff to keep you informed on the current world news. As soon as it is organized this group will give you the latest news weekly at the Detachment meetings.

Well the home work is piling up so we will say "Keep 'em Flying" till we come zooming back again two days nearer victory.

BRANDINGS . . . by DANIEL

This is the first time that a column of "brandings" has been written, but "Brandings" is designed to make constructive criticisms rather than be a continuous bleed column. It is the wish of the writer that there wouldn't be a need of writing this, but some suggestions that might help out everyone may be the solution to the problem. Anyway, here is the first column that will be known as

HART THROBS

Squadron V

I just came from Guion Hall where the movie, "Air Force" is playing, and it was au reet, but strictly. Of course two-thirds of the squadrons were there, and they all seemed to like it. Sure was a good show.

During the picture, the part where the "Mary Ann" was joined by other bombers and pursuits to bomb the Jap task force, the pilot of one of the bombers was named (why, I don't know) Jack Harper. Now, I've got a roommate who also is named Jack Harper, and of course the picture gave him quite a thrill; so humor him, boys, he will undoubtedly rave about it for days.

Man there must be something to this marriage stuff. Jim "California" Bullis is a very good friend of one of the most beautiful models in Dallas who asked him to go swimming with her, but will he? No! Jimmie got married last May, and he is true to the little woman. Some people's children! The part that bothers me is that he won't introduce me, the cad.

"Air Force" sure was a good show—golly, can't get over it.

Suppose you guys heard what Captain Hill said about us last night. For those who didn't, and means those who were in the hospital, I quote: "Squadron Five's formations at meal time the last few days have been very good." That's fine; let's keep it up.

Last issue, I mentioned nicknames for two gentlemen in this squadron. Since then, I have been intimidated, and beaten. In other words, they slammed the heat on, so for my sake (what am I asking) don't call them "Adorable" and "Dimples" any more. Please, fellows, I'm damn near dead! What d'ya mean, "GOOD"!!!!

Boy, those Zeros sure blow up when you shoot 'em down—gosh, that was a good show!

WANTED—Five rocks until pay day. To answer ad, see writer of this column.

Well, fellas, as you see by the preceding corn, I ran out of material before I started, and, besides, I can't get my mind off that show, so I think I'll fold up now. 'Night.

"Brandings." The Laundry—A question that a lot of Aggies would like to ask is about the "more and greater profit" policy of the college laundry. It seems that we pay a certain amount to have our laundry cleaned but when it returns, there is usually a small charge (15c) for being late or out of place, a nominal fee (15c again) for having an extra pair of pants in, or some other similar price for this and that. Do the Aggies get any refund when they have only ten or fifteen pieces in their weekly laundry? No, but put 24 pieces in and you can always get stuck for a little extra charge.

Everyone would profit if the laundry didn't try to charge a little "extra" every time someone turns around. Whoever has charge of this, why don't you do something for the good of the Aggies by keeping your extra charges down to a minimum?

Musical conflict—The bands are doing better now, but a little improvement could be made if both organizations would cooperate a little more. A recent editorial brought an outburst from the Air Corps band concerning their playing of the national anthem, but that piece of writing was just a suggestion that the two bands get together. Since it is such a difficult feat to play the same note at the same time (due to the distance between bands), why can't one band play in front of Sbisas one day and the other play there on the following day. This plan worked out to the satisfaction of all while the Air Corps band played at the suggested place, and it seems that the two bands could solve this problem that way. Can't it be given a try?

Civilians at retreat — Civilians are not to blame for the "branding" that is going to be given them now, but they can very well profit by this little tidbit. When "The Star Spangled Banner" is played at any time while you are on the street, you are supposed to stand at attention with your hands at your side, legs together and chest out. There should be no embarrassment for anyone while they are standing erect at such a playing. Don't let anyone look at you and make you feel as though you are doing something that is silly. This is a sacred occasion. Please try to keep it that way.

This marks the end of the first column of "Brandings". I wish that it were the last, but a few suggestive criticisms now and then might help.

Co-operation is the essence of success. No man ever achieved greatness by himself.

DR. N. B. McNUTT

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