

TURRET TIPS

Squadron I

Well, everything seems to be under control now that most of the check rides have been finished. It's amazing the decrease in numbers of the "Hot Pilots" of Squadron I as flying time increases each day. Cheer up fellows, someone will have to service the planes. Each time I go up I can see what a good grease monkey I'll make.

Adrian White was flying a rectangular course at 600 feet and before he knew what the score was he was at an altitude of 2400. That was some "hump draft", eh Adrian?

That white, sick-looking ghost that climbed into Flight 16's bus Tuesday to go out to the airfield was only Rudy Senich ready to make his check flight.

Doug McDonal was making a fake force landing after a soft field and got so low he had to land. Well, after trying five or six times he managed to get back into the air.

The same thing happened to John Thaxton except it was actually a forced landing—his motor really conked out on him.

Squadron I was defeated in baseball last Monday. Its the first time we've been defeated in any sports event, let's not let them do it again.

The men who live out of the state of Texas don't seem to like the varmints in our fair state. Robert Wentworth went into a panic the other day at the sight of the insect cockroach. Don't let the Texas boys fool you Rob, they don't really grow gig down here. That cockroach was probably the same one that I saw sneak into my room, grab a box of cookies in one hand and my vitamin pills in the other, and run like hell down the hall. He won't do anymore than chew your leg off.

Say fellows, this dance coming up on the 16th is supposed to be in our honor. What say we put the hustle on and all get dates. It's going to be hard to do but let's try and have at least two apiece. Also let's make this little swing session the best one that this detachment has had or will ever have.

ACTD NEWS

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RUDDER DUST

by A/S Jack E. Shaw

Another man from the Atlantic coast states is in the non-comm spotlight today. Sergeant Jacob Edward Crist, born of proud parents in Rochester, New York who as soon as little Jacog could be up and about, moved to Salamanca, New York where they made their home.

After Jacob's delightful adolescence, Mr. and Mrs., Crist decided that their little son had definite tendencies toward the "intellencia" so he was sent to Saint Bonaventure college in Western New York state. The sergeant graduated with no less than a B. A., degree in English. During his summer months while in college, he was employed as a life guard at one of the beaches.

Upon graduating from school, Mr. Crist spent a few months with the Royal Art and Decorating company doing clerical work.

Now the army beckons—and I really mean beckons! Making his choice, he starts training as one in the group of the first fighting Quarter-master Corps men. His first camp was at Camp Lee, Virginia, where he received his basic training.

Shortly after going to Samp Lee on March 11, 1941, he became an instructor in all the basic military requirements. At first, his primary duties were concerned with the R. O. T. C., men from the colleges. Soon after, he was transferred to instructing the officers and the officer candidates who came there for basic drill and training.

One of the high-lights of his tutoring at the camp came when he had some officers that ranked from lieutenants to majors to whom he was giving the required instruction.

A short time after being at Camp Lee, J. Crist was made sergeant and had many an opportunity to take the officer's candidate course that was being given there, but that old familiar feeling still persisted—yes, HE TOO wanted to become an aviation cadet.

Final preparations were made and the sergeant was finally sent to the "SAACC" to take the opening phases of becoming a cadet. All was well until that nasty little man that tells you whether you are too nervously inclined to fly or not, stepped into Jake's life. If you want to know how it feels to be "eliminated", just ask the sergeant. A word to the wise might be to settle down and "keep cool-fool!"

Just three months after leaving Camp Lee, he was sent to our fair little hamlet of College Station where his main duties consist of instructing, which by the way, may become his life's work. His ambition is to become a teacher in high school history—he really likes it!!

His main loves are sports of all kinds—especially swimming, music and good books.

Winning his commission, is still one of his highest ambitions and strictly off the record, we may lose him to the commissioned ranks sometime this year, via the O. C. S.

Best wishes and lots of good luck to Sergeant J. E. Crist, in all his future work!

HART THROBS

Squadron V

Oh, happy is the day when the airman gets his pay—or; Happy is my—on the day I get my pass. Well, the eagle flew high tonight—just high enough—last time he didn't put down his flaps soon enough and passed right over us. But, tonight all are happy for the present, at least.

Perry P. Pyle has been seen down at the "twenty-degrees cooler" joint wolfing that little blonde lass at the soda fountain. And from her sighs and stares, he doing all right.

Robert "Postman" Bartholomew has been recommended by the boys of A ramp for a citation. He collects all the letters to be mailed every morning and mails them for the boys. A noble act, indeed.

I just got back from an unweaving. Hugh "Red" Wood took the tape off of his appendectomy. It was quite an affair—he charged admission.

Every time Harry Barber walks by a group of men, everyone kneels down saying in unison, (See HART THROBS, Page 4)

Are You Complaining

By A/S Alvin B. Coater

Compare the ways we are living to the ways that men on the various islands in the Pacific exist. Can you picture yourself sleeping in a two-by-four hole half full of stagnant water? Can you see yourself trying to look through the grey morning fog for the enemy to attack. There you are, may be just you and one other friend, water up to your waist, your belt pulled up to its last notch for the want of edible food, and wondering when your time will come. You may live for another hour, or even another day; no one knows. You just sit and wait; the day passes and the evening shadows begin to fall. Your eyes begin to feel as if they had lead weights on them, but you must stay awake, for if you fall asleep the attack may come, and with it death. But maybe you do not care if you die or not any more. You begin to figure maybe death would be easier. Then there is a chance that you may not die, but be a prisoner of war and subject to torture and live a thousand deaths. All these thoughts begin to spin in your mind; you see objects crawling toward you; you hear things that you never heard before.

Now compare the mode of life we have. We sleep in good beds with clean sheets; we have a nice room with showers to refresh and bathe ourselves. We know that we are going to have three solid meals a day. We have no fear of an enemy coming down on us at night and putting us to death. We have no real worries that have any importance.

We will have our turn at those dreader days when we are well prepared to fight them, and not before. There is a time for everything and our time will come. We will look back at those days we once complained about and wish that we could live them all over again. There are men now in the far corners of the world that would like for us to be in their shoes and they in ours. If you ever meet any one that has seen action ask them if they would rather stay here or go back to the living Hell they came from. It is impossible for us to actually compare what is being gone through by the many men of our armies, but we can see, and compare to a slight degree. The day will come when we can compare, for we will be there.

DRIFTING

By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

For Every Hero's Mother Weep not to think that he died alone,

Far from his loved one's care, For every son on the fields of war Has a mother who watches there.

And Mary, who followed the bloody steps That led to Calvary,

Was with your boy when he gave his life That other men might go free.

She wrapped him warm in her mantle of blue

And folded him to her breast, Whispering low in his listening ear,

Let me take you home to rest.

His haven was all that man might ask,

For who would choose another, And comfort lies in these sweet words,

He died in the arms of his mother.

Pet Peeves

To look at my cuffless trousers and then see the material used in zoot suits.

To have my nose start itching just as the barber gets the cloth pinned oved my shoulders.

What's in a Name?

Pvt. 1st Class Floyd Jump is in the 2nd Marine parachute battalion.

Sudden Thoughts

News headline: "6,400,000 Nazis Killed." It ain't enuf.

Revised Song Titles

Lead me, daddy, straight to the bar.

An Unsolicited Testimonial

Cousin Esmerelda is becoming quite popular in her new job as hostess at the home town USO center. Last week the boys elected her as "the girl you'd want to take home to meet mother . . . when mother isn't home."

Daffynition

...Gargoyle—What I do with mouth wash.

Spotlight on Sports

By BILL PLATT

After the firing had ceased on the softball front Monday evening the Bomber league had tightened up and mostly because Squadron II pulled an upset and dumped the league leaders, Squadron I, by the count of 9-5, while Squadron V took a close win from Squadron III by the 2-1 count.

After having dropped the first (See SPOTLIGHT, Page 4)

PROP WASH

Squadron II

After reading "Turret Tips" in the last issue we sympathize fully with Sqdn. I and their difficulties in hold their supremacy. Remember that you mustn't loose any flying time patting yourself on the back.

John Thurman is still at it. He is almost as consistent at shining his door knob as his shoes.

Vincent Mefford has been confined to the hospital for the past few days.

Today's Guest

Robert J. Noble was born in May 1923 in Evanston, Ill. In a short while his parents moved to Miami, Fla. where he spent the next eight years. Following his sojourn in the south he came back to Evanston where he entered high school.

Bob was a member of the golf team and also played tennis. However, his main interest was the Military Training Corp in which he took an active part. He was Lt. Col. of the corp his senior year and captain of the rifle team as well. In that season his team outshot Culver Military Academy and went on to win the National Midwest Championship.

Mr. Noble has an older brother in Raday School in Camp Murphy, Fla., and a younger brother who intends to enlist in the navy in a short time.

Bob's hobby is making recordings. The recordings consist of his imitation of several nationally-known personalities. He plans to attend Northwestern U. and study public speaking. This he hopes, will lead him into radio work.

GREMLIN GAB

By Alan E. Goldsmith

Seems as though the boys from "fightin' five" have taken on Bugs Bunny as their mascot. A picture of their hero has been posted in one of the ramps for some time but was recently removed due to alleged slander. One of the cartoonists from the "Beaver Squadron," Squadron V, added a picture of a beaver in a pugilistic attitude and blackened the eye of Mr. Bun- (See GREMLIN, Page 4)

Service Record

A/S George A. Martin

For our personality in this issue we have chosen S/Sgt. William F. McCarthy, the largest man in Squadron III. Mac is six foot one and weighs two hundred and ten pounds. He has bright red hair and a very ruddy complexion, a bit of an irish brogue and a marvelous sense of humor.

McCarthy was born on April 20, 1920 in the city of brotherly love, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He attended grade school there and (See RECORDS, Page 4)

Circling the Field

Squadron III

During the weekend and up until Tuesday, the student officers of Squadron III were the Officers of the Day for the first time in the 308 C. T. D.

The oddest mystery which is yet unsolved, is the burning question of how the "auto" owned jointly by Corporals Tyler and Worrell got up on the pipe airing rails on the South side of Bizzell Hall Monday morning. The little Austin, which may be termed as "a detriment to National Defense" was perched neatly on the rails. As the Academic Flights, were about to (See CIRCLING, Page 4)

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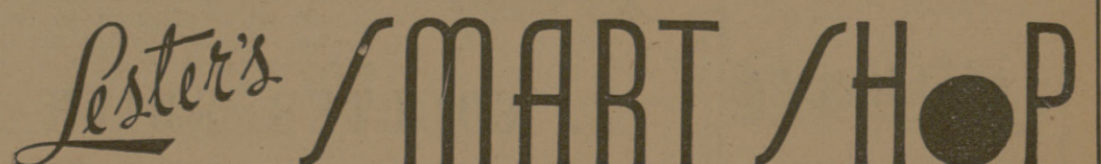
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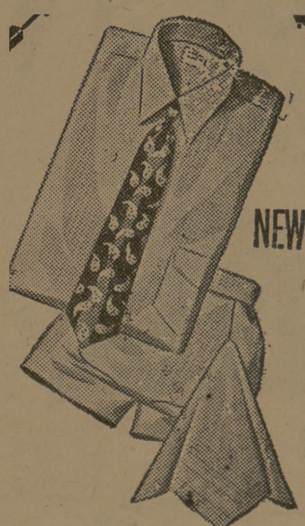
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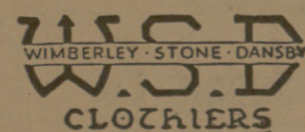
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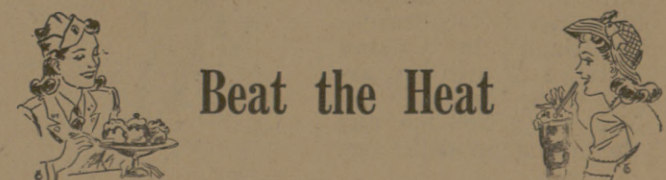
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