

ACTD NEWS

TURRET TIPS Squadron I

The fellas of Squadron One are busy studying and exchanging "tips" on how to fly. We have our flight test this week. After his first trip trip up Horacio Ramirez said, "I guess I'd better be a "bombardier".

Harry B. Monsell calls a person a "Moetapper" when his ire is aroused. What we want to know is what is a "Moetapper", Monsell?

George Persons faced blushed with shame when he saluted an Aggie Frog. He mistook the surprised Frog for an officer. Persons is an ex-aggie.

"Gullible" Ray Grose is thinking about opening his mind to the general public. Why cheat them Mr. Grose?

Dots and Dashes. . . . "He dood" it again. Richard Davis became a popa again. This time it is a baby girl for Davis. Congratulations . . . Donald Hartsough entertains Flight A every night. . . . Fred Wiegman looks sleepy at A. M. formations. . . . Who doesn't? Charles Oldfather really likes the small town of Rosenberg, Texas. Could it be love??

Pet trick of Flight C is to fry an egg on their floor. Now fellas, it really isn't that hot up there, is it? Why don't you move down to the cool tomb that Sq. V is buried in? . . . Has the food been slipping or is it just me? O. K. both. . . .

It's time, once again, to lock me up for a spell, so until next time, bye bye.

Hedge Hopping Squadron IV

As this beaver scrambled, grinning, out of the train, with the sweet music of the band (and the student officers) in his ears, snapped into formation in a brace, every bone straining, muscles quivering under the steely eyes of the student officers, he knew definitely that he had "arrived" at Texas A. & M. He seemed a little incredulous at having really "arrived" after all. But don't you wall those eyes, mister, keep 'em on the back of that man's neck, and get those: (I quote) 1. Shoulders back. 2. Stomachs in. 3. Chests out. 4. Chin in. (end of quotes). Although my nose knew that I couldn't scratch, it persisted in itching.

Seriously, the reception of squadron 4 last Sunday evening was wonderful, with the band playing everybody's favorite tune, the title of which you know.

Notes on the differences between A. & M. and our Former Abode

The vegetation (trees) under which we joyously loiter (HA) on our way to noon formation, and the lush green grass. These things in themselves constitute a heaven. Whereas in speaking of the chow, we no longer even desire to sing about it. At our last station the only song anyone knew about chow consisted of the song sung to that old old Army tune, "Hinky, Dinky Parley Voo."

Sarg appreciates the sender's thoughtfulness.

Harold Stratton is a little wiser from his latest experience with aviation students. At least he won't be such a perfect target for the future bombardiers to practice on. His observations led him to pause and study the situation before entering the bombed entrance of his ramp. He concentrated too long in one spot and from above, with deadly accuracy, came the dampening deluge. When he tore up the stairs he found everyone diligently studying. They hadn't even heard anything.

Two of the student officers got a bit chilly while studying Monday evening so they put their O. D. uniforms on. They strolled through the ramp and asked the men if they didn't think that an O. D. inspection would be suitable for the next day. Without asking questions the students began trying on the woolen suits and parading about with a great deal of satisfaction. Listen more carefully next time you industrious lads.

Today's Guest

San Jose, California is our stopping place for today as we round up William "Bill" Crawford and try to get a bit of his life history. He was born in the Santa Clara Valley in February 1924. He attended grade school in San Jose and high school at Bellarmine Prep where he played baseball and did the pitching for his team.

Bill then went to work in the shipyards. He worked as a driller on ships that were being converted to aircraft carriers for the British. Uncle Sam called him into service in February of this year and he was inducted at Monterey and from there was sent to Sheppard Field where he became known as "Blue Denims".

Mr. Crawford's hobby is mechanics which consists mainly in keeping his jalopy in super running order. He also enjoys horseback riding and owns a beautiful riding horse named "Rey".

Bill hasn't decided on anything definite that he would like to do other than become a pilot of a bomber.

DRIFTING

By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

Disappointed

The saddest words of tongue and pen heard by mothers of service men are those of the postman passing our way:

"Sorry, lady, no free mail today."

Jest in Passing

There seems no end to that Veronica Lake hair dressing fad that hides one eye. This should increase by 50 per cent our chances of being struck by a woman driver.

Zoot Suit Hits in a Texas Town

It was raining as I came out of the postoffice last night and as I walked along under dripping trees I suddenly got the feeling some one was following me. Glancing out of the tail corner of one eye, I was startled at the long, flapping shadow made by the corner arc (See DRIFTING, Page 4)

ACTD STAFF

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BE PREPARED

A/S George A. Martin

Life is like a variety store unto which each man goes periodically with his pay to shop around and purchase various items. Some people with a very poor grasp of the permanent values of life and with very little sense of responsibility, spend their money for worthless items which have no lasting value and often are extremely detrimental to the well-being of their purchaser. They buy "bright colored baubles and tin whistles"—usually riotous living and pastimes—passing by those counters where the things which make them better men and soldiers are sold. We are so far from war at College Station, so far from battle conditions where men die without leaving the world better for having lived, that we feel abused unless permitted to spend our incomes on pampering, self-indulgent, and worthless, though temporarily pleasurable activities. If we are to recognize our responsibility not only to ourselves and our nation, but to the whole world—we must all join in cooperative undertakings such as National Service Life Insurance, which protects not only our own families but the families of our brothers-in-arms from want and fear. Freedom from fear and freedom from want constitute 50 % of the freedom for which we are engaged in this life-and-death struggle. Both are insured by National Service Life Insurance.

The man who thinks he can least afford National Service Insurance because of the pressing demands of the present is the man who needs the insurance most, for it is his dependants who need his income dollars so badly that will constitute the problem of his fellow man tomorrow, when that man is no longer a living incomeproducer in our economic system.

Only a few weeks remain of the 120 day extension period granted by Public Law 36. This period during which military personal may obtain National Service Life Service without medical examination expires August 10, 1943. Now is the time to insure that your loved ones will not be left totally in want should you meet with misfortune during your army service. When you leave them a monthly income you may be sure that they will not be suffering without your being able to help them. The Armed Forces are offering this protection for the dependants of their Military personnel and it is imperative that you take advantage of it immediately. Don't put it off a day longer, do it now.

Service Records

By George A. Martin

Today's personality is none other than the well known William R. Peters, the quick witted comedian of Squadron Five. All remarks will receive immediate attention if addressed to the dead letter office.

Our hero is a short, slim fellow being five feet seven and one-half inches tall and weighing one-hundred and forty pounds. He has brown hair and baby blue eyes. Bill first saw the light of day on May 3, 1923 in Gloversville, New York. A short time later his family moved to Boston, Mass., where he claims he learned to talk. It seems the wandering urge was too much for them and after short stays in Columbus, Detroit, and Cleveland, they stopped in Pittsburg, Pa., long enough for Bill to start school. After completing his fourth year of grammar school the urge returned and he made several trips between Wilmington, Del., Montreal, Canada, and Pittsburg. A short time later the family migrated to Dallas, Texas where Bill re-entered school and in due time graduated from High School. While attending North West High he was quite active in journalism and was a member of the Quill and Scroll. He was Editor-in-Chief of the school paper and also managing editor of the yearbook staff. After graduation he dabbled in Dramatics for a short time and then worked with the time and transportation department of a large construction company. In this capacity he was again compelled to travel through-

(See RECORDS, Page 4)

Circling the Field Squadron III

Professor Gammon of the History Department told us the other day that a Nazi "necking party" is one in which the rope does the necking.

The following ditty is solemnly dedicated to the Progress Reports which are due Friday for the A. C. T. D. men.

I wish an intelligent Ostrich I could be,
So I could burry my head deep in the sands.

Friday, Progress Reports are due, you see,
To tell us whether or not, we passed our exams.

Most of the Squadron officers were busy Sunday evening, volunteering for Sunday jobs, when Squadron IV came in at the depot. Kenwood Jackson guarded the barracks bags, while Oscar Price diligently watched the ambulance.

Mr. Frederic Rick, Group Commander, says Squadron IV is going (See CIRCLING, Page 4)

The match. Rain early in the week halted most of the Physical Education classes but mose Flights were taken to Kyle Field on Tuesday and track events were held on the cinder oval around the football field.

Competition was held in the mile relay and the 440 yard event between Squadrons II, III, and V. Squadron II captured the mile relay run as Flight 6 from that Squadron picked four men that hoofed the four quarters in four minutes. Sterling Reamy of Squadron V was the winner in the 440 run.

This lad Charles F. Hinshaw of Squadron V did not need to join the Air Corps to fly. Only last Tuesday the Squadron V man smashed the course record on the 1.6 road run. He flew around the course in 8:06 to clip 15 seconds from the former record held by Hank Davies of Squadron I. This record also includes the Aggie Students that run the course in Physical Education class. The new record is plenty fast in any league.

Here is Squadron II at the top of the news again. It seems that they have several top notch tennis players in their organization and would like to meet some other fast racket swingers in some intersquadron competition. If any squadron would like to tangle with the players from II on the tennis court they should get in touch with the Detachment student athletic officer, Edward O. Martin, and he will help arrange

LOUPOT'S

An Aggie Institution

RUDDER DUST

by A/S Jack E. Shaw

At this writing, we are all saddened at the news received by Aviation Student Henry G. Davies, whose father was killed in an auto-train accident. "Hank", as his many friends here at Texas A. & M. know him, is a crack track man and a favorite at all the athletic contests. The true spirit of Squadron Two was shown and greatly appreciated by Mr. Davies when a generous collection was taken to provide "Hank" a financially secure trip to his home in Beaverton, Oregon. To you "Hank", we offer our mose sincere sympathy and condolences in this time of your greatest sorrow and look forward to your safe and speedy return.

Wing Dance To Bring WAACS You can put your eyes back in their sockets now men. Yep! We are going to have a bevy of our feminine "comrades-in-arms" (not to be taken literally) at the coming "Wing Ball". They come from Nacogdoches, Texas, where they are stationed while taking their course in Army Administration. Incidentally, you might look for (See RUDDER DUST, Page 4)

GREMLIN GAB

By Alan E. Goldsmith

The men of the detachment seem to have taken to the new Aggie hit tune, "I Lost My Ration in College Station." Seems as though sugar rationing has provoked all kinds of comments.

Sergeant Paris was happy to see the spirit of the boys from the new Squadron IV when they arrived. He commented that they were eager and appeared to be very eager. More heavers.

At the request of Sergeant Paris we are putting the "buzz" on Squadron I. The Boo-cays go to the boys who start the Hangar Rumors. According to these obnoxious chaps, the squadron has shipped a dozen times to points ranging from Tokio to Alaska.

Next week we are starting a new serial story entitled "The Love Affair of Sergeant Paris." Anyone desiring back copies of this thrill-

(See GREMLIN, Page 4)

LOUPOT'S

Watch Dog of the Aggies

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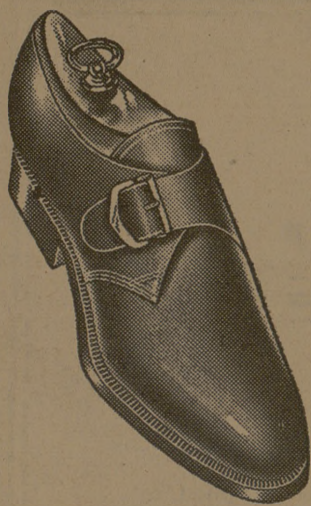
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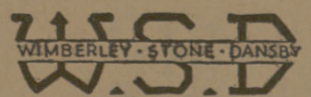
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FOR THE REST OF THIS SEMESTER

The subscription price of the Battalion has been reduced to \$1.00 for the rest of this semester since one third of the term has passed. Several of the students of the college have not as yet subscribed to the campus newspaper and in order that everyone on the campus may have an opportunity to subscribe, the rate has been reduced in accordance with the time lapsed since the opening of summer school.

The Battalion carries campus news, news of interest to service men, news from other colleges, College Station news and items of general interest, both civilian and military.

The official notices of the college can be found in the Battalion through which the administration, the faculty and the commandant issue bulletins of vital importance and of valuable information in regard to college policy.

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