

ACTD NEWS

TURRET TIPS Squadron I

The veteran pilots of Squadron I are finishing up this week-end with their course in flying and combat tactics. Yes, the guys who decided that they would make excellent gunners found out that they could actually fly.

One of the many harrowing escapes of the "Hot Pilots" of Squadron I this last week happened to William Williams. It seems as though he had motor trouble and had to make a forced landing about seven miles from civilization and had to stay there until a mechanic could be flown in to make repairs. Milton Williams (no relation) assured Bill that he made short work of the so-and-so that shot him down.

On the check rides the general conversation was a bit one-sided as it usually is. "Get that wing up, pull that nose down, your banking to (censored by Ed.) steep," and remember that five bounce 3-pilot landing after he told you you'd never make a pilot. Well, I guess you felt pretty good when he gave you a big smile as he climbed out and gave you that assuring confidence that you had passed.

Downwind Simpson, the guy who walks tours for the hell of it, has finished and is going home this week-end. He acquired the name "Downwind" for his many take-offs and landings out at the airport.

The tape measure must have been thrown away when we were issued the athletic uniforms. Even so, we compliment Lt. Sergeant on his proceedings in passing them out under his handicap.

Much to Squadron I's praise, the meals have been just what the boys have been wishing for. We had chicken with trimmings last Thursday night and the shortage of milk has passed over so we again have two bottles. What more could a fellow have asked for? Alright, so you'd like to eat it at home!

It's rumored that John Weller is going to Austin this week-end. Any of you guys know why he's going? Well, he asked me the other day if I knew any girls that lived there so—

The latest question is, will we go to classes Monday morning? What will happen to Squadron I now that we've finished flying? What will the Lone Ranger do with his horse when he's drafted? Oh hell, I quit!

PROP WASH Squadron II

With Squadron I finishing their flying this week the anticipation, expectation and rumors are thick as to when we will get on the flying line. It can't be too soon according to most of the wishes. Just have a little more patience and the time will soon be here.

The formations of the past week on the whole have been good. But they could be tops with just a little more effort. Perhaps we should recall our last detachment meeting and use Col. Duckworth's advice. "Drop that anvil!" and get some earnest enthusiasm and responsibility in your job. That is from a man who knows.

Today's Guest

A very able wrestler is today's star. He doesn't remember exactly how he got started in the sport but he enjoyed it and has succeeded quite remarkably.

William "Bill" Rice was born in Des Moines, Iowa, on April 15, 1920. His early days were spent in this city and he entered Roosevelt High in '38. Here is where Bill's colorful athletic career began. He was quarterback on the football team for two years and his last year the team tied for state honors. But that was only a sidelight. During three years of high school wrestling competition Bill acquired his share of the records. Some of the tournaments that he placed first in were the City Tourney, State High Tourney, State A. A. U. and the Midwest A. A. U.

In 1938 Mr. Rice entered Iowa State College. He spent three years studying Veterinary Medicine and was specializing in physiological chemistry. Again Bill followed his wrestling urge and he made the varsity team two years in the 118 lb. bracket. In college wrestling he won 19 matches and lost 4. He was runnerup in the National A. A. U. in '39 and the next year he won the Big Six and took second in the National Collegiate Meet.

Bill left school in the spring of '41 and went to work in the metallurgy department of the Des Moines Ordnance Plant where he was employed until he entered

RUDDER DUST by A/S Jack E. Shaw

Another 'Jacob' takes today's non-com spot-light but this time it's Sergeant Jacob A. Hess of the headquarters command. "Sarg" was born in Masontown, Pennsylvania where he spent those playful first ten years, then moved to Belleville, Pee Ay where he graduated from Belleville High. Jake's folk blessed him with two lovely sisters and a couple of brothers—don't start the old friendship line though, 'cause they're all married.

After graduation, he became connected with the local creamery as an "inside" milk-man, (not the kind that drives a horse in the wee hours and sobers up all the drunks!).

Turning to a more "sole-ful" future, today's man started working at the A. N. Wolf shoe manufacturing as an expert 'heeler.' In civilian life you may have walked on some of his old heels. This was his latest occupation—that is, before he signed up to work for the government. It was a long term contract, in fact it was for the duration plus six months.

On July 16, 1943 he was officially assigned to his new work with the armed forces (that's the Army) and was sent to Ellington Field for his basic training period. Incidentally fellows, he has only pleasant thoughts and speaks with rapture in his voice when he recalls his stay at Ellington—just a hint, in case!

After spending two months on the line, he was assigned as the section leader in charge of eighteen men and their trucks. This group was in the 73rd School Squadron of the Transportation Section and mainly had the job of transporting the men from the field to Harrisburg, Texas, where they could take the bus to Houston on their free time.

Jake got his orders from Randolph Field to report at College Station on February 18 of this year and was in that first group of three non-coms to arrive here at the school. As you probably remember, Corporal Duesterberg and Corporal Eubanks were the other two men.

His duties here at the 308th consist of working out the details of the transportation problems in the large part involving commutation between here and Bryan Field.

DRIFTING By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

Again the Drums
Again the drums and the marching feet
Down the old town's quiet street;
It used to be old men that we'd see
Bearing the banners all tenderly;
But young boys join with them
this year,
Home for the day from far and near,
The old are dropping out it's true,
But the ranks close in with the
young and new.

Again the drums and the marching feet
Down the old town's tree-lined street,
Only one old man riding alone,
His gaze far fixed on the things
he's known;
But this old man isn't grieving or sad,
For he sees in the shining face of
each lad,
Full proof in each boyish head
held high
That American courage will never
die!

Rosie's Ledger

Pictures of Japanese always show them with fine white teeth. This comes from biting off more than they can chew.

Revised quotation: When in Rome do as Mussolini wishes he had done.

Amusing Musings

Maybe it was a Nazi spy that invented the zoot suit. He wanted to break down our morale.

Little Miss Patriotism

She saves silk and rayon by not wearing hose;
She doesn't wear corsets or hats any more;
Saves leather for shoes by baring her toes
No doubt she is saving to help win the war.

She cuts her skirts high as her
(See DRIFTING, Page 4)

the Air Corps in March of this year.
Following the war, if conditions permit, Bill plans to re-enter Iowa State College and finish his study of Veterinary Medicine.

ACTD STAFF
Alvin B. Cooter — Editor-in-Chief
Jack E. Shaw — Managing Editor
Fred J. Rosenthal — Associate Editor
Alan E. Goldsmith — Associate Editor
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George Martin — Editor Sd. Three
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Bill Peters — Editor Sd. Five

SPECIAL OFFER

Less than one month remains for members of the Armed Forces to obtain National Service Life Insurance protection without medical examination. Lt. Logan H. Bagby, Sr. detachment insurance officer, pointed out today.

August 10 is the deadline date on the special insurance offer. Report will again be made to the War Department showing the insurance status of all personnel within the territorial limits of the Eight Service Command.

"Over all, considerable improvement has been shown, but there are still certain installations whose records show failure to appreciate the need of an intensive effort to insure all personnel for the maximum amount (\$10,000.00) available by law," Lt. Bagby was informed by Capt. John L. Briggs, chief of the Insurance Section, Headquarters, Eight Service Command.

GREMLIN GAB By Alan E. Goldsmith

Our nomination for happiest man, as this issue goes to press, would be Rey Cronquist of Squadron II. The reason being that his fiancée has arrived from sunny California. Plans are being formulated for an early wedding.

Another one of the many surprises of the Wing Ball will come when the new Glee Club takes the spotlight for a few selections. This is only one of the many types of entertainment that will be in store for you on Friday evening.

Hearty slaps on the back to the bandsmen for their whole-hearted efforts on the drill field when the rest of the detachment has release from quarters. Keep up the good work, we really do appreciate it.

Mr. Luke Crockett of Squadron II offers his aid in any problem you might encounter. Of late he has been of immeasurable aid to the news staff in the capacity of Columnist (?) and consultant in regard to matters of policy. (From what we gather he has had considerable experience in the field of giving his unbiased opinion.)

Mr. Alvin B. Cooter, our Editor-in-Chief now goes to the music room in the library for an hour before deadline in order to get an inspiration for his tri-weekly editorial. It has been said that "music soothes the savage beast," and Al is no exception.

Circling the Field Squadron III

The Glee Club has been progressing rapidly during the meetings which are held twice weekly. Squadron III is represented by seven members in the club. All are cordially invited to join.

Be sure to get your copy of the Battalion and then after you read it, pass it on to a buddy or to a roommate. If they have a copy, then mail yours home as your folks are glad and anxious to read about what you are doing here.

We have been warned about the excess noise around the halls men, so let's keep it "down", because after all it's for our own benefit. There are those who wish to study, so please be considerate of them. Also take an extra few seconds to obliterate those cigarette butts and dispose of them and waste paper in the proper manner. It will be better for all concerned.

Yours truly, Martin Ismert, Jr., was the first of Squadron III to be "wounded in action" on the home front. As the dust cleared from the cinder track Tuesday afternoon, I picked myself up with my knees bruised, which a quick trip to the hospital remedied. It was the belief of many men that I was attempting to fly and made a bad take-off, which resulted in a "crack-up".

(See CIRCLING, Page 4)

LOUPOT'S
A Little Place and a Big Saving!

HART THROBS Squadron V

Well, lads, you of course realized that this column did not appear in the last issue. Not because I didn't write it, but due to circumstances not under my control. At any rate, all apologies, and the promise that that will not happen again—even though some think the last issue was the best put out yet.

I have just returned from a inter-squadron game. The great American sport, they call it, and it must be. Anything that makes the boys knock themselves out for a full day and a heavy (?) meal must have an appeal that equals that of Hedy Lamarr.

"Adorable" Bennett shows promise. "Jivin' Jack" de Barry shows enthusiasm. "All State" Bartholomew shows that he would, and probably could play every position on the team including the batter, and win. I don't know how he does it, but he does it.

"This P. E. is killin' me" Poin-dexter is back, has returned, etc. from a few days in the old home town-Houston. He was complaining of being underweight before he left. I don't think he's gained much. Who would, the lucky dog. Welcome back, chum.

Virgil "Sith trueth, so help me" Thornton, it is rumored, is slinging the bull a little too promiscuously of late. Some of the boys can't figure it out. There is a 26 year-old limit on cadet enrollment, but Virgil claims that he is a member of every trade and profession known to civilization. The boys think that would make him at least 102 years old.

Joe "Kid-Hop-and-a-Half" Frets says that the next guy that steals his crutches or cane will be reported to the War Transportation Board. (Nickname submitted by Mr. "Delco" Ramey.)

Reward—25c—for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the fiends who gave Rober "Hotfoot" Hendrickson the wellknown sole warning welcome the other night. Signed R. Hendrickson.

(See HART THROBS, Page 4)

Service Records By George A. Martin

Our personality today is one of the new men of Squadron Four. It is Pfc. Harry A. McLeod of Tennessee, who closely resembles some Greek adonis of ancient mythology. He is six feet tall and weighs one-hundred and eighty-five pounds, has brown hair and eyes and the build of Hercules or Atlas. Harry was born on March 30, 1923 in Ooltewalk, Tennessee and later moved with his family (See RECORDS, Page 4)

Hedge Hopping Squadron IV

Gentlemen of Squadron IV, it is the duty of this writer to inform you of a dangerous wild beast retained in captivity by one of our fellow students. This ferocious creature, it is said, stays in that gentleman's room and preys upon the little ants who venture here and there in search of food. If it is absolutely necessary that this monster roam the ramp unfettered, a warning sign should be posted. Which might read something like this: "Danger, Horned Toad At Work."

Squadron IV men have really jumped into line on volunteering for duty with the band. It was reported there were between 8 and 15 men who requested instruments to play. Good work men.

The academic course books were issued last Thursday and although most tried to hide it, some were observed casting fearful glances at the thickness of their physics volume. No one dared open the trigonometry book. We are all ready and eager, however, for the beginning of classes, as this is a course which will toughen you up mentally exactly as the obstacle course brings on better physical shape. Yep, we'll all be easy in the hair, after this, when we get on the ole flyin' line.

A Note to the Interested

To those who would like to write the Squadron news: Come to G ramp-room 5 and see Mr. Ledbetter.

Milner Medley By Archie Broodo

Well, old army, the first column was greeted with howls, laughs, and threats. Anybody know where a person can get some water wings? Should have learned to swim I guess.

What's this we hear about W. Brough sharing with the women the privilege of changing his mind? Still wish you guys would drag up the tidbits of stuff you would like to see in print. Bryan Duke gets that old cuss eating grin on his face whenever anybody mentions Denton. Hmm. Also still offering a reward for the secret of success in hearing from women. Haven't had a letter since they were using Washington's portrait on the \$0.03 stamp. First Year Cadet Stratman is quite a lady killer. Of course, he hails from Utah where the Mormons have always been lady killers.

Here's an inducement to some of you budding, sprouting, or fading journalists of other dorms to start a column similar to this one. The column has already paid for itself in the extortion and blackmail I've earned, besides the two cute females I've met. The Batt wants someone to write about Legget and Walton. It's a lot of fun digging up scandal about your friends and enemies. For instance, he's not from Milner but I wish someone would give Harold Kleiman's story to the press. Sounds interesting. Details please?

For BENEFIT OF BIRDDOGS . . . As if it needed advertisement or inducement, here is some news that should bring the local hounds out in full array to the juke box prom. Our X92/3 reports that the following beauties among others will attend: Pat Orr, cute Cakkie Foster, Betty B. Ballerstedt, Pat Doney, and Ruth Williams. Yours

truly is joining the ranks of the birddogs tonight. Seems the freshmen are getting everything, even dewdrops' favorite girl friends. Of course everyone has heard the one about the little moron who cut a hole in the rug so he could see the dirty floor show. Then he covered it back up because he decided he didn't want to see the whole (hole) show. Maybe I'd better stick to scandal and not attempt humor. Sure is tempting though. Speaking of entertainment, lotsa guys go to shows non-reg but "Goose" Ball's combination of blue silk pajamas pants and cowboy boots must really have been a sight. Wish I could have seen that zoot special.

J. "Romeo" Veien said that he specifically did not want his name in the Batt. Bet that that was just to insure getting it in. He's stopped being a Romeo so there's nothing to kid him about. First Year man Curtis seems to want to see his name in print so here it is Jimmy. Curtis has been trying to get his roommate to go home with him and he promises a swell date. Since his roommate has bachelor instincts, would anyone volunteer to take his place? Milner men have the preference. Enough of this bull. Let's get some of that old spirit back and try to remember to speak to everyone we pass and let's also beat the h— out of T. U. and a couple of others.

FARM FORESTS HEAVY

About one-third of all the forest land of the United States is on farms, according to the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

LOUPOT'S

Watch Dog of the Aggies

CASH!

— For the articles you don't need or want to sell —

STUDENT CO-OP

Phone 4-4114

North Gate

Battalion - -

Subscription Has
Reduced To - -



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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