

# ACTD NEWS

## TURRET TIPS Squadron I

In circulating around the Squadron, we have become familiar with the many nicknames of "our boys". Some of the typical ones are "Simple" Merwin, "Gullible" Grose, "Conscientious" Quick, "Collegiate" Close, "General Whistle" Teall, "Laughing Boy" Hartsough, "Dead End" Sinich, "Monster" Peseff, "Brains" Sugarek, "Mirror-Conscientious" McDonald. They fit, don't they?

Bouquets of the week go to Simpson, or rather to Simpson, who is Squadron I's champ ramp tourist. Last time out there he was reminded at every round to pick up the cadence and to straighten his rifle, but not to much avail. He was saving himself so when the ordeal was over, he could go out in his chariot and be fresh and ready for a big night. Not much of a soldier—eh?

Recent accident was Monster (Peseff's) stepping on "Midg" Purcell. Purcell gave Peseff a working over when he got up from the ground, but what he needs is a pair of stilts, perhaps.

Table two at the mess hall has three first rate food gorgers com- (See TURRET TIPS, Page 4)

## HART THROBS Squadron V

Barber and Bobbitt, you know who I'm talking about, want to know who the dirty so and so is who is sabotaging their radio. Some one with an electric reazor keeps turning it off and on at night just the hear the ocifers sound off.

Earl MacCutchin is back after several days furlough in Oklahoma City—that is in Oklahoma, which, the Texas boys claim is piece of land that Texas didn't want, so they gave it back to the Indians who, in turn gave it to the Oklahomans. But that is getting off the subject—welcome home, Mac.

One of the boys in C ramp thinks he is a Bombardier. In the middle of the night one will hear a near piercing whistle that con- (See HART THROBS, Page 4)

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**LOUPOT'S**  
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**DO YOU DO IT?**  
Submitted by Joe Vander Warff  
University of Washington

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## Spotlight on Sports By BILL PLATT

The delayed playoff for the championship of the Detachment Bomber League were played Thursday evening but the championship was not decided as Squadrons I and V tied 7-7 in a seven inning game and Squadron II downed Squadron III by a count of 10-9 in an extra inning contest.

Squadron V had the championship game sewed up until the final half of the seventh frame when the Squadron I boys went on a rampage to drive across three runs to wipe out a 3-1 lead and surge ahead 4-3. Squadron V did not quit then however and came back strong in their half of the final inning to tie the game. The tow teams are scheduled to try again to determine the top team this evening.

The game for first place in the playoff was a pitchers battle all the way with both hurlers and their support played perfect for four innings. It was not until the first half of the fifth inning that the scoring ice was broken and then it was Squadron V manufacturing three runs to take the lead. Squadron I went scoreless in their half of the fifth frame but after holding V in the sixth scored a counter to make the count 3-1. Only three outs from the championship Squadron V took the field but a fighting spirit and a barrage of base hits drove across a trio of markers to shoot then to a 4-3 lead. Squadron V came back with a run in their final time at the plate to again knot the score. The game was called at this time and the playoff will be this evening.

Second place was decided when Squadrons II and III went two extra innings with the former coming out on top in the seventh frame 10-9. The game was a high scoring contest filled with walks and base hits. The scoring started in the very first inning and the winners started it out with a five run uprising in their first time at bat. The losers came blaring back with four runs to make the score read 5-4 at the end of a long first inning.

Squadron II was still chasing across runs in the second frame as they counted three times to take a 8-4 lead. The winners added another counter in the third to increase the lead to 9-4. Squadron III tied the score with a two run spurt in the third and three runs in the last half of the fourth. With the score tied at the end of the regular five inning game the teams battled on through the sixth without either team scoring. With one out in the seventh Platt, Squadron II third sacker, shot a single to (See SPOTLIGHT, Page 4)

**ACTD STAFF**  
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## Bombardier's Last Breath A/S Alvin B. Cooter

The mystery about First Lieutenant Jack Mathis, bombardier of the Flying Fortress, The Dutchess, is not how he died, but when he died. The "How" is answered simply; in the performance of his duty. It is the "When" that takes us to the wonderful, unfathomable realm of the spirit of man.

Texas Jack Mathis had earned the title "hero" long before his last ride over Germany, depicted in this second canvas of the epic series of the men of America at war. He had already flown fourteen missions over enemy territory. It was on his fifteenth that he achieved immortality.

When the Dutchess smoked the English runway with her wheels after the punishing raid on U-boat works at Vegesack, near Bremen, Germany, the body of Bombardier Lieutenant Mathis was taken from the shattered nose of the huge battle bird. A burst from a "Flieger-Abwehr-Kanone," the dreaded "flak," had knocked him away from his bombsight just as Pilot Captain Harold Stouse guided the ship in the steady bombing run over the sprawling target below.

The doctors who examined the dreadful wounds in the chest, side, and back, of which he died, said that they must have killed him instantly, that he could not have survived the impact of the metal that struck him down. The boy, he deduced, never knew what hit him. One moment he was bent over his bombsight weaving the cross hairs into the target; the next, a black burst, a searing blow and external darkness.

Medically, and perhaps factually, the diagnosis was correct. But spiritually and equally factually there is another story, and the story has a witness, First Lieutenant Jesse H. Elliott, the navigator of the Flying Fortress, who occupied the nose compartment with Lieutenant Mathis.

And there were still other witnesses. There was Pilot Captain (See BOMBARDIER'S, Page 4)

## GREMLIN GAB By Alan E. Goldsmith

Denton papers please copy—  
Wanted—Approximately 100 volunteers, female, between six and sixty, to enjoy the privilege of attending the next Wing Ball and to dance with an equal number of Aviation students. Address all correspondence c/o this column or to "Letters to the Editor."

Anyone wishing to participate in old time "Revival Meetings" consult "Nickel-on-the-drum" Gruidl in ramp three, Puryear Hall.

It really happened—  
With the same care as though he were really injured, the "victim" in a first aid demonstration was carefully stretched out on the ground—on a comfortable little patch of poison ivy!

Then there was the man who was holding his gal friend on his lap. He held her son long that his leg fell asleep. When he arose, the leg crumpled and broke under his weight.

A perfectly sober gentleman drove his car into a service station for a grease job. He was busying himself trying to locate something in the glove compartment when the machine was lifted. When he had found what he wanted, he stepped out—into mid-air.

Congrats to Squadron II—A new system of pep talks has been arranged and one such meeting took place last Tuesday evening. Keep your eyes on those boys. They are really "flying the beam."

Afterthoughts—  
It is better to be silent and thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt—Heard about a girl who couldn't join the WACS, SPARs, V ACs, WAVES, or even WOVs. She joined the WIVES.—Definition of chivalry: A man's inclination to defend a woman against every man but himself.—Ever hear the one about the absent-minded private who wired his C. O. for a two weeks' extension on his AWOL?

## RUDDER DUST by A/S Jack E. Shaw

**Fedigan Rides Again**  
The forgotten squadron (you guess what I mean) again comes to the fore as that jolly gent Leo Fedigan put on a bit of light humor in front of the mess hall. Guess our old and worn-down band leader just doesn't have the strength to hang on to that evasive baton. Incidentally, as this instrument of destruction flew through the air, it just missed Sergeant Crist and crippled two trombone players.

**Censored**  
Some of the latest dope on what the censors have to work out, comes via the latest "bull session" and starts with the one about the little girl that sent two sticks of gum in the letter to her father on the African front. In the letter, she wrote, "One stick for my daddy and one for the censor." The censor affixed the cryptic remark—"Thanks, the censor!"

Some censors even write out the part that is on the reverse side of the material which is so neatly cut out. About their only remark about this phase is, "The young man loves you alright but he talks too much!"

One young father had written in his letter that he was sending some Japanese coins had forgotten to enclose them in the envelope, so the censor promptly slipped some of his own souvenirs.

## GOODBYE

Gentlemen, during the past few months that I have worked on this, our newspaper, I have enjoyed every moment of it. Each and every word was a thrill for me to write. My fondest desire is that you enjoyed reading my column as much as I did writing it for you.

I wish to express my appreciation to the members of the staff for their cooperation, and for doing an excellent job. I can assure you that the paper will be as good, if not better than before.

I also thank Lieutenant Kelly for appointing me Editor in Chief of the A. C. T. D. Newspaper. I consider it a privilege, and high honor.

Just a small bid of advice from one that has been here ever since this detachment was born. I can safely say that all that is put in here will come back to you some day with interest. I can say for myself, and some day you also will say, that the most pleasant days of my army career were spent at A. and M. College in the 308 A. C. T. D. Make the best of all that may come, and your very all into your work.

Again thank you, and it was a pleasure working with you and knowing you as my friends.  
Yours Most Sincerely  
Alvin B. Cooter.

## PROP WASH Squadron II

Thanks a lot fellows for the turnout at Tuesday's softball game. Although the cheering section wasn't as large as it might have been it was appreciated and we like to see that old fighting spirit that Squadron II can put out.

Ramp 6 became infested with ants early Tuesday evening and the fight was on. Masses of the insects were in the corners and on the walls. Several methods of extermination were proposed and finally the burning out one was adopted and most of the ants were destroyed. Any suggestions or secret formulas for keeping them out will be welcomed.

The first orangeade party of the summer was held on the top floor of Ramp 3 Tuesday evening after the gentlemen of that flat secured the necessary ingredients. Drinks were served in room 81 by Richard Fields. Leo Gruidl was ration chief as he dolled out the oranges, lemons, and sugar. John Hagopian acted as ice man when he mauled the 25 lbs. to bits and cooled the liquid. This all added up to a tasty bit of refreshment and the party was declared a success.

**Today's Guest**  
Your amiable Rudder Dust editor, Jack E. Shaw, is the star today. He was born in West Des Moines, Iowa on October 17, 1920, and ever since then he has had the friendly twinkle in his eye. We will skip the beginning years of Jack's life and get along with his career.  
He attended Valey High of West (See PROP WASH, Page 4)

## Circling the Field Squadron III

Everyone is reminded to join the golf club (pun here) who is interested in banging the old ball around for the summer. The famous Driven N. Putt, Professor of golf at a noted university, defined golf as "a game in which one pursues a small sphere upon a larger sphere."

Congratulations to A/S Charles R. Sturge who entered the holy bonds of matrimony Sunday evening, quite unexpected and unannounced. We were put on the trail of this scoop when Mr. Sturge wanted to use the orderly room telephone to phone a minister and inquire if he could be married in three hours.

This is the second week for the student officers of this squadron being the officer of the day and they seem to be enjoying it as before.

A/S Allen W. Houston claims to be the most polite "chow hound" in the detachment. He eats his meal along with his tablemates and after they have left he really goes to town on the leftover food. Mr. Houston said: "I'm not afraid of getting my next meal, but then why take chances. What if the stoves blew up?"

There was a slight error in this column Tuesday in that we mentioned that the colors of the Air Corps were gold and blue. According to the Basic Field Manual, (See CIRCLING, Page 4)

## DRIFTING By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

**SERVICE FLAG**  
Within the church there hangs a service flag  
And every week the stars of blue increase,  
And each one represents a boy who's gone  
To fight for us until the day of peace.

And every time I look upon it there I find one star that seems a deeper hue;  
And this it brings a message straight to me,  
Somehow, as tho I'd seen the face of YOU.

—another poem from home  
**LIFE'S LITTLE MYSTERIES**  
Why do little men invariably smoke big cigars?  
**ROSIE'S LEDGER**

My brother still doesn't know what the D. C. after Washington stands for—Darned Crowded or Downright Confused.

**JEST IN PASSING**  
Love is like apple pie—a little crust and a lot of applesauce.

**ROSIE'S JOURNAL**  
Just read that an eastern factory formerly devoted to the manufacture of rat traps has been taken over by the government for war production. And why not? Ater (See DRIFTING, Page 4)

## Typewriter Smoke A/S George A. Martin

A naval aviation machinist's mate wrote a letter describing minutely his unit's action overseas—but the censor did not mind. His parents received a letter which said:

"I'll describe our place and how we got there. After leaving where we were before we left for here, not knowing we were coming here from there, we couldn't tell whether we had arrived here or not.

"Nevertheless, we now are here and not there. The weather here is just as it always is at this season. The people here are just like they look."

"I had better close now, before I give to much valuable military information."  
The censor added: "Amen."

The following is a poem that A/S Kenwood Jackson received from his mother. It is one of his most prized possessions and we would like to take the liberty of reprinting it.

**TO MY SON**  
Do you know that your soul is of mine such a part  
That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart?  
None can pain me as you, son, can do;  
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember the world will be quick with its blame,  
If shadow or stain ever darken your name.  
"Like mother, like son" is a saying so true  
The world will judge largely of Mother by you.

Be this then yqour task—if a task

## Hedge Hopping Squadron IV

School days, School days, good ole golden rule days.

We've started to school, now, and everybody is sweatin' under the strain. Remember, fellas, back in the days when you, as small children, went traipsin' off to school in the mornin' swingin' your books, and your mother's voice echoed in your ears, telling you to be good in school. Them days are gone forever. Nw if you don't be good, you get giggered. Horrible word, GIGGED. Also, we have begun the course in P. T., and from this view, it looks like the thing that will put the men in top notch shape for the grueling strain that is combat duty.

it shall be—  
To force this proud world to do homage to me.  
Be sure it will say, when its verdict is won,  
"She reaped as she sowed—this man is her son."

May we suggest that you clip this out and save it to read on those days that you feel sort of discouraged.

This paper is going to devote a column to "Letters to the Editor" beginning in the near future. Please address your letters to the ACTD News and give them to your Squadron columnist or leave them in your orderly room. We will welcome all criticism and suggestions that you may have to offer. Let us know what you think of our efforts.

The following poem was submitted by Mr. Philip K. Mershon:

## THE AIR CORPS GOES TO COLLEGE

The air corps has gone to college, and has a short time to stay. The chow is good and we are treated fine, in the good ole army way. The squadrons marching down the street, put on a very good show. And you can tell at a glance that the beavers, are really in the know. We've got a commander who's aces, he really is the best. He'll back us up and fight for us, I'd say he's the best in the west. The college itself is a beautiful thing, with it's grass and trees green. As we wander about and view the place, a better spot we have never seen. When we are through with our training here, and on we will have to go, We will stop and think of the friends we made, and be kind of sad I know. So the air corps has gone to school, to gain some useful knowledge. And we'll give a cheer as we bid goodbye, to Texas A. & M. college.

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