

ACTD NEWS

TURRET TIPS

Squadron I

Big scoop as told by Oscar Weed, supply sergeant and guidon bearer, quote: "We're shipping". With the eagle flying over Law Hall Tuesday evening, it looked like a good sign. Debts and bets were paid off. And this matter of shipping time is a big subject for wagers; hope Randy Beard loses his bet.

Speaking of scoops, Morris Ross is looking forward to the day when you can get a 3 scoop ice cream cone for a nickel.

The "trashing three" has finally been broken up. The rowdy clique of Ray Hannibal, Al Hart, and "Red-dog" Hendrickson has ceased to exist. No longer shall the fists fly, the lamps be broken, or the ink and absorbine, Jr. get the toss around in the tour-happy room. The note attached to Mr. Hannibal as he was transferred to "Monster" Pesek's room was "Handle him carefully, or you'll hurt him".

Although somewhat belated, congratulations are in order to A/S Ray Walruth, who was married last Friday to Miss Ardy's Carter of Cedar Falls, Iowa. One more of the men joins that select and envious group of family men.

Just in passing—Does anyone know if Flight 12 is still taking mathematics? You love that course don't you, Mr. Edmondson?

Rambblings—They say Sergeant Paris, the "Joisey Bum", has a picture on his desk of some beauty (See TURRET TIPS, Page 4)

Circling the Field

Squadron III

Well we're back again after a short vacation from the typewriters and printer's ink. Biggest scoop of the week was the "shot" heard by everyone, which turned out to be a torpedo bomb after all the commotion had subsided. Marion C. Johanson swore the "shot" was aimed at him and received even a bigger scare the next morning when he woke up and found a note pinned on his door, printed in large bold lettering, saying—"YOU'RE NEXT!" The note also had a handsomely engraved picture of a streaking bullet on it with wings projecting from the side of the missile. Mr. Johanson was a little perturbed over the or- (See CIRCLING, Page 4)

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LOUPOT'S

Watch Dog of the Aggies

Typewriter Smoke

A/S George A. Martin

Typewriter Smoke

By George A. Martin
FEMINE FIGHTERS
Stalingrad, U.S.S.R. — Girls, too, make fighter pilots. So the Russians have found—and the Germans, also.
Junior Lieutenant of the Guards Lilya Litvak and Lieutenant of the Guards Katya Budanova combined forces and between them accounted for eleven German planes destroyed. Each of the girls has shot down three Nazi planes in single combat, while in group combat Lt. Budanova destroyed three and Lt. Litvak two. Both have served with the Red Air Force for a year and are veterans of the battle of Stalingrad.
Today these Soviet combat pilots wear the Order of the Red Star.

WHISTLIN' "WEAPON"
Radio Tokio recently gave out this announcement: "Enemy forces are moving into Northern Burma in force. Spear head of their invasion is a new aerial weapon, designed foolishly to unnerve the Emperor's conquering pilots who hold mastery of Burma's skies. This 'secret weapon' spouts flame and screeches in horrible tones as it flies."
The Now-It-Can-Be-Told Department of Pan American Airways has cleared this up for us:
One dark night a CNAC DC-3, crowded with refugees fleeing from the battle zone, ran into trouble. Shuddering as if it would break out of its nacelle, the left engine coughed, sputtered and then died. Capt. Harold Sweet made a forced landing on a postage-stamp airfield just over the border in Free (See TYPEWRITER, Page 4)

DRIFTING

By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

Chinks of Time
It isn't the number of things that you do, it's the time that you waste in between.
That's often the measure, when each day is thru,
Of just how successful you've been.

We all have our jobs to be done every day,
But if it's success that is craved,
Each day must be lived in just such a way
That each fleeting minute is saved.

Little White Lies
I don't want to be complaining all the time, but . . .
Thanks a lot for the cookies, Mom, not a one was broken.
(See DRIFTING, Page 4)

RUDDER DUST

by A/S Jack E. Shaw

Now that Squadron Five has gone and there can be no more shady cracks about the "granddaddies," the staff of the Aircrew News must be re-assembled and we hope that a new Squadron Five can be welcomed to the detachment soon.

A lot of improvements (we hope) are in store for the future editions, among which will be the addition of pictures of Aircrew activities and maybe a few candid shots of "unsuspecters."

The following is the list of those on the staff of the coming issues of the Aircrew section:
Jack E. Shaw Editor-in-Chief
Alan E. Goldsmith Managing Editor
Fred J. Rosenthal Associate Editor
Max Stump Associate Editor
George Martin Associate Editor
Hal Zimmerman Associate Editor
Lloyd Merwin Editor Sqd. One
Max E. Stump Editor Sqd. Two
Martis E. Ismert Editor Sqd. Three
Joseph Ledbetter Editor Sqd. Four
"Gallup Pole"

After conducting a recent survey to determine the extent of the following that the Aircrew news has and to get the reactions of the man-on-the-campus concerning the paper, some very definite trends have developed.

The interviewees called on one-hundred representative students or about twenty-five from each squadron. The first question asked was, "Do you read the Air Corps section of the Battalion?" Out of the hundred, ninety men answered "Yes" and the reason that the other men didn't get to read the sheet was because of faulty circulation or the supply of papers was exhausted when they went after theirs.

Second on the list of questions asked was "Would you like a new name for the section that the Air Corps has?" Seventy-five men answered in the affirmative and suggestions such as "Wing Command," "Slip Stream," and "Roger," were offered.

Name your favorite columns, was the third question. Of course, each squadron was 100 per cent for their respective squadron columns. Spot Light on Sports was second best read, with (ahem!) Rudder Dust running third to show.

Last question asked was, "Would you like to have pictures of interest about the life on the campus?" This was answered by one-hundred (See RUDDER DUST, Page 4)

EXPRESSES GRATITUDE

The following letter of gratitude was received by Mr. Gerald O. Anderson from the family of "Hank" Davies and shows what the spirit and thoughtfulness of Squadrons One and Two has done to bring a little cheer to this family in their time of sadness.

Beaverton, Oregon
July 22, 1943

Dear Mr. Anderson,
We wish to express our thanks and appreciation for your kindness during our recent bereavement and loss of our beloved husband and father. You can be proud of such a fine bunch of young men, as you are commanding. It was quite touching to hear that Henry has so many kind comrades. It will give him such a lift at this time.

He is on his way back again to join his squadron and although it was a sad home-coming, he had several cheerful moments too. He got to talk to so many of his old time friends and neighbors while he was here on his four day's stay.

We wish to thank you each and everyone again for your generous offering which made it possible for Henry to leave for home in so short a time. He will never forget your kindness and tender hearts. We all wish you the best of luck in your flying career and hope you come through with flying colors.

God bless you all —
Mrs. Jenny C. Davies and sons, Archie and Lawrence.

ATTENTION ALL AVIATION STUDENTS

A new department is now opening in the ACTD News. This column will be titled "Letters to the Editor." Anyone having a contribution will leave the letter in the orderly room. The letters must be signed but names will be deleted on request.

Spotlight on Sports

By BILL PLATT

After battling to a tie in the first attempt to determine the Detachment softball championship of the former Bomber League I and Squadron V finally settled the issue Tuesday evening July 20th as Squadron I captured the title by a 6-2 count.

G. Walker of Squadron I and Stewart of Squadron V tangled in a pitching duel for the first six innings and it was in the last half of the sixth frame that the champs bats exploded a four run barrage to take the game and the championship.

W. Williams, W. White, and J. Webb were the big guns in the winners seven blow hitting attack. Broyles, the losers centerfielder, was the only Squadron V man who put himself on base twice with safe hits.

The title contest started off in championship style and rocked along at 0-0 for the first two innings. Squadron V broke the scoring ice first in the initial half of the third as they manufactured a run on a brace of hits by Broyles and Bennet. The title holders came back strong in their half of the third frame to chase around a pair of runs to take a 2-1 lead at the end of that inning. After one was out Walker drew a free pass and advanced as R. Taylor was tossed out at first. Williams and White followed with the first of their hits to drive the two runs across the plate.

In the first half of the sixth inning Squadron V knotted the score as Billings led off the inning with a single and advanced and scored before the side could be retired.

It was Williams and White again in succession who started the four run rally for Squadron I in the last half of the sixth. With two on the bases and one out the telling blow came as Wullenwaber caught a fast pitch and drilled it down the left field line for a double and two runs. After Thurman walked, Webb concluded the big inning by pushing across two more runs with a sharp single.

A home and home series between our Detachment and Bryan Field softball teams is arranged and the first of the series was postponed Tuesday night because of bad weather. Squadron I had been chosen to represent the Detachment in the series because they had won the local playoff. The next game is not scheduled as yet and it may be that Squadron I will not be here to represent the Detachment. In this event an All-Star team will probably take the duty of representing the 308th C.T.D. against the Bryan Field team.

(See SPOTLIGHT, Page 4)

GREMLIN GAB

By Alan E. Goldsmith

You might be interested in the opinions of the powers that be in regard to the fighting efficiency of our Air Force. Here is what Col. J. S. Allard, a veteran flyer of World War I, says: "American flying equipment in North Africa is as good as that of the German Luftwaffe, if not better, and our pilots are infinitely superior to the Hun." For the information of all we will publish some further facts. There has not been a day since the outfit landed, that the Twelfth Army Air Force has not flown at least one mission.

During a recent RCAF sweep, P/O MacDonald felt something scratching his head. When he squirmed and shook his head, the scratching turned to bites. Puzzled, the boy clamped his hand over his helmet and discovered . . . a mouse.

Who's idea was the dog with the fancy ribbons and a large "3" painted on his sides at last Saturday's review? The name Joe was also visible together with an arrow aimed at the poor hound's posterior. At whom was this quip aimed?

ACTD Presents—The Life and Loves of Sergeant Paris.
Episode I—Book I—Volume I
(As we open Sgt. Paris is speaking.)

My beloved awaits me in New Orleans with open arms. I will fly to her at the nearest opportunity. Nothing can stop me. (Note: Sgt. Grallis' team beat the softball team coached by Sgt. Paris by a score of 10 to 5) Nothing can stop the famous Sgt. Paris.

Don't fail to read the next thrilling (-) episode.

PROP WASH

Squadron II

Squadron II has finally sprouted wings and all members of the squadron are trying to find back copies of the "Batt" with Mr. Tornquist's poem on airsickness. It was entitled "How to be ill and be Poised".

With the prerogative that flying status brings hanger flying is the order of the day. Monday found the men getting their first taste of the Texas upper air and from the stories that are floating around it was certainly exhilarating. This evening George Wright was sitting on the edge of his bed, using a broom-stick for the control stick, and taking the boys free rides around the room. "If you don't want to ride get out", he yelled.

Flight 8, the newly-formed academic flight led by Mr. Garcia, is the hard luck flight of the week. They weren't scheduled to fly until Tuesday afternoon and in eager expectancy they rode to the airport. To their dismay the red flag was flying. Better weather can't come too soon to suit these men after listening to the other sky-lads boasting of their feats.

It all happened last Sunday evening. As the smoke of battle cleared away, Alden Hart, the boogie-woogie bugler from Squadron I emerged the victor of the bugler's duel as the silvery tones of his new arrangements of the standard calls came out. Circumstances beyond his control conquered Charles Lamb of Squadron II.

Friday's review brought a change in ribbons. We slipped on formation marching during the week and lost three ribbons. In their place we are now proudly displaying the blue and yellow one for the review. Do your best again Friday evening and keep those ribbons because we haven't anything to boast of when the weeks for capturing them are so far apart.

The horseshoe courts back of Law has been getting plenty of use as a number of would-be pitching artists toss the shoes continuously whenever the time allows. The country boys have no edge in this game. Perhaps some top notch slingers will be developed.

Hedge Hopping

Squadron IV

The extra-curricular athletic program of Squadron 4 has gained momentum and has finally proceeded on its way with the appointment of A/S Frank Stern Jr. as squadron athletic officer. A widely diversified athletic program is in the skiffed with the wing athletic officer Ed Martin doin' the planning. Among the sports in which the men will participate are: volleyball, soft-ball, basket-ball, tennis and golf. The formation of competitive teams, in leagues, should arouse the spirit of the men and full cooperation is urged. The various phases of the program will be directed by the individual flight athletic officers under the supervision of the squadron officer.

To date the efforts of Mr. Stern have had a very good effect. A volley-ball team was formed Tuesday night, and the interest of the attending players was enough to reward any laboring young athletic officer. A/S A. Whitney was appointed captain; to be assisted by Mr. Carl Burgner, who was made co-captain. The league will get under way sometime this week and Mr. Stern reports Squadron 4 will put a classy team on the court. SOOOO, in the name of squadron 4 ah'm servin' warnin' on all the other squadrons. Mr. Frank Stern will take all bets. It is hoped that, if not actually participating in a sport of some kind, that the other gold-bricks,—ugh, men, will at least come out and do some yellin' in the name of our own ole Squadron Foo.

NOTES ON INTERESTING PERSONALITIES

Jack Lucas, this boy is a tall lanky "OKIE" or, in English, he is from Oklahoma. He has been in the army for a couple of years and has developed that quality which makes him rougher'n a sergeant in the AAF. That which should bring him interesting publicity, however, is for you to hear him exclaiming in as fervent a manner as is possible to obtain with his okies drawl "ah hates P. E."

Well this is your Squadron 4 reporter signing 30. And now to bed!

Europe's meat shortage is such that people wouldn't mind if it rained dogs and cats.

Politicians concern over taxpayers might indicate even more concern for taxpayer's vote.

STARS IN SERVICE



Frog Stuff

By Frog DuBose

Well, fellows, green as I am, here's some stuff that I hope will interest you, and maybe even rate a glance from the upper classmen. Holidays are over! But brother, they didn't catch us unprepared. I'll bet there was more brass shined this last week than there will be for the rest of the semester. Frog Donahue was packed for a week, and I don't imagine he was the only one.

I took a little trip down Waco way over the holidays to see how the home town was getting along. While I was there, I went out to Baylor, and I know why an Aggie doesn't appreciate being called "gentlemen." Why, the only ones who would even speak to you were life-long friends, and they weren't any too quick with that old "hello."

First one I saw when I got back was Frog Levy. What's wrong, Frog Levy, wasn't Galveston up to standard?
I have never seen a review before, but that last one looked good to me, and it seems that most

everybody agrees that the "water babies" of dorm 17 looked mighty good. Nice going, you guys! And speaking of 17, why don't you guys do something unusual, that floating out is getting monotonous. Try setting the place on fire! Still on the subject of 17, did you here about the guy that hopped a freight to "Eds" and ended in Navasota?
Frog Slaughter just came in and he tells me that he just had one date while he was home—seems that he does his best work on one individual. However, this is not the case with Frog Christie; he, like a sailor, seems to have one in every port, and eight or ten at home. Nice work, Frog Christie!

There's a certain Frog's papa going to have the "Reds" on his son. Frog Roberts from dorm 15 (See FROG, Page 4)

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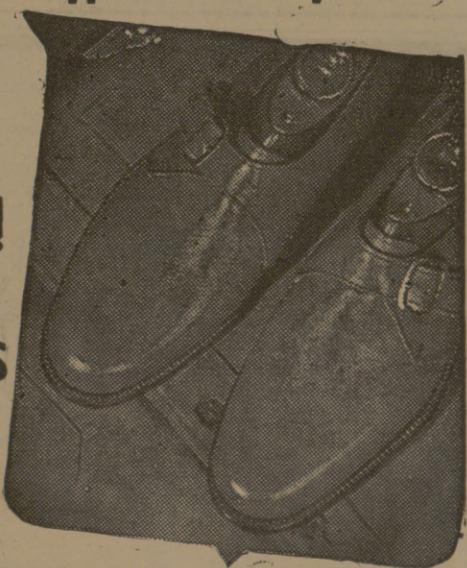
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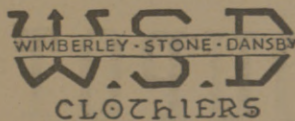


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