

TURRET TIPS Squadron I

SQUAD. ONE Hal Zimmerman Editor Lloyd Merwin, Jr. Editor James Kiziar Editor Charles Donnelly Editor James Terrell Editor

As you will notice, today's issue is somewhat "centered" on Squadron One. We would like to thank those who have so willingly relinquished their usual space, so that this review page can be printed. As to the actual news copy, please excuse the seeming egotism and braggadocio of the reporters about their Squadron; it's their natural reaction. To the men on the regular staff who will publish the news from now on in, we would like to say that it has been a pleasure to work with them, and to have made their acquaintance. Best of luck to all of them.

Subject: Letter of Appreciation To: Men of Squadron I

I wish to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to all of you men of this squadron. You have done a swell job in your three months at this post and Squadron, it will not be soon forgotten.

You not only achieved high scholastic marks throughout a hard and pressing academic schedule, but you were also outstanding in the field of sports and other extracurricular activities. Men from this outfit formed the major part of the band personnel and were prominent in glee club work.

During our entire stay here, you have shown a high degree of cooperation with your student officers; this fact being of great value in our success.

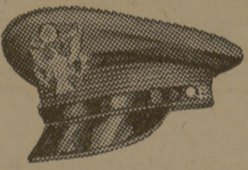
In closing, let me wish you all success and luck in your future army careers and I hope that someday we can meet again under more fortunate circumstances than preparation for war.

Sincerely yours,

Talmage Quick Sq. Commander Squadron I.

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ACTD NEWS

RUDDER DUST

By A/S Jack E. Shaw

As you have probably already noticed, Squadron One has taken over the bulk of the effort connected with the paper today and they have really done it up with a deep tan—if you know what I mean.

Those that are left behind to continue carrying the ball, wish all the men in Squadron One the best of everything that their new home has to offer and may they take advantage of every opportunity.

I have enjoyed working with editors Zimmerman, Merwin, Kiziar, Donnelly and Terrell of Squadron One and hope that they will find a spot on the paper of their local field. Let's have a lot of letters from you fellows, so that we will know what not to do—and say, maybe a few addresses, huh??

Wing Dance

The new Wing Dance committee for the coming occasion on the 14th of next month have elected their chairmen and laid the tentative plans for its flashy opening.

Sub-committees and chairmen are as follows:

- Chairman—A/S Lane, Sq. II.
Asst. Chairman—A/S Weatherly, Sq. III.
Committee for dormitory—A/S Anderson and Baker, Sq. III.
Committee for orchestra—A/S DeMatteis and Van Brocklin, Sq. III.
Committee for girls—A/S Ledbetter and Meek, Sq. IV.
Committee for hall and decorations—A/S Lucas, Sq. IV.

DRIFTING

By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

Johnny Doughboy

They call him Johnny Doughboy And he's fair and on the square— A speedy "touch and go" boy With a will to do and dare.

He comes from plains and valleys And from winding mountain trails; He comes from streets and alleys And he's tough and hard as nails.

He serves his flag, and gladly, In a hundred a gallant ways And yet he fares quite badly— When it comes to getting praise.

He's never bagged a Zero Or a speedy Messerschmitt But Johnny is a hero Any way you look at it!

His nerves are always steady And he won't retreat an inch For he is fit and ready When "the shoe begins to pinch."

So give to Johnny Doughboy All the credit he is due For he's the "don't say no boy" Who is sure to pull us thru!

Jest in Passing

If there is going to be another World War within the next 100 years it will have to be a cheap one.

The only thing feminine bathing suits leave to the imagination is what makes them so expensive.

By Way of Description

If often has been said of questionable women that they smoke like a chimney and drink like a fish. However, after watching some of them gulping thrusters at a lighted fag I'd think it would be sufficient to say they smoke like a fish.

Amusing Musings

Little Bobby used to learn his A, B, C's from blocks. Now he learns them off the windshield.

Nazigrams

It is reported that Nazi Gen. von Arnim, now interned in England, is suffering from delusions. Shucks that can't be anything new for a Nazi.

Round the Razzberry Bush

I think the War Department ought to allow the weather forecasters to have their predictions printed in order to mislead the enemy.

Jack E. Shaw Editor-in-Chief Alan E. Goldsmith Managing Editor Joseph E. Platt Sports Editor Fred J. Rosenthal Associate Editor Max Stump Associate Editor George Martin Associate Editor Hal Zimmerman Associate Editor James Kiziar Editor Sq. One Max E. Stump Editor Sq. Two Martin E. Ismert Editor Sq. Three Joseph Ledbetter Editor Sq. Four

308th WELCOMES

CAPT. JOSEPH M. MURPHY

Former high school editors now attached to the 308th C.T.D., will be interested to know that the genial officer who has been moving to and fro on the campus, is Captain Joseph M. Murphy, founder and director of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association of Columbia University.

Before accepting the commission proffered by Lt. Colonel Hans C. Adams, later incidentally, one of those lost and found with Major Eddie Rickenbacker, the captain was assistant Director of Admissions and editor of the School Press Review at Columbia U. Also, for a ten-year period he found time to commute between New York City and Washington, D. C., where he was Director of Public Relations at Catholic University.

Captain Murphy's visit here at our training detachment, is to observe and participate in the general activities of a representative, larger college Air Corps Detachment. We of the 308th commanding officer, detachment staff, and trainees, can be proud that our unit was chosen as the typical and Superior organization.

After his stay here, the captain will then visit a small training unit in the college program. When his tour is completed at the selected small college, he will then return to Randolph Field for an assignment covering secondary schools in the Gulf Coast area.

Upon the re-opening of high schools in the Eighth Service Command district and in answer to invitations from the various school superintendents and principals, Captain Murphy expects to bring the story of "Aviation Cadets" to the students. His experience here on the campus along with the extensive information gained at the phases of flight training in the Gulf Coast area will surely mark his mission as successful.

The staff of the Air Crew News and the rest of the students would like to take this opportunity to welcome Captain Joseph M. Murphy to Texas A. & M., and to offer any assistance that would be of help to him.

Spotlight on Sports

By BILL PLATT

Bad weather slowed down the Detachment sports program the past week as wind in the earlier part and rain in the latter part brought activities to a halt. The Detachment softball representatives were to play the Bryan Field team on Tuesday evening and high winds caused the postponement until early next week. The Volley ball leagues were ready to swing into action Thursday evening and steady downpours prevented the opening which will probably be next Tuesday evening.

Golf is the main issue in today's sporting news. This afternoon it is Squadron IV who is holding their intersquadron competition. Athletic Officer, Edward O. Martin, reports that the newest Squadron has a large number of entries and also reports some crack stickers among them. This week-end marks the end of the intersquadron competition and probably a week from today is when the Detachment members will flock to the Bryan Country Club to see the best golfers of the 308th tangle in a championship match. Squadron II and Squadron III have completed their tourneys and the scores seem to be even. If Squadron IV does not produce a group of professionals today the grand finale should be something to watch.

The first of the week will probably find a 308th All-Star softball team locking horns with Bryan Field in the first game of a series. Squadron I had been chosen to represent the Detachment but plans have been changed and an All-Star team from the Squadron teams will be picked to represent us. Lt. Segrest will be in charge of the All-Stars and the team will probably be picked Monday evening when try-outs are to be held. If plans mature the All-Stars will be battling for the campus championship because contacts are being made with the Sailors and Marines for games.

The pairings for the tennis tourney have been made and along with the Volley ball leagues the

Aero-Anxics

By Alan E. Goldsmith

The "bombardier-navigator" officer makes his appearance under a new training program for the Air Forces. Full training courses at both bombardier and navigator schools, plus five weeks of aerial gunnery, will hatch a large number of these combination crewmen who will be appointed flight officers or commissioned second lieutenants at the end of the first phase of their training. Those appointed flight officers will be commissioned second lieutenants upon successful completion of the second phase.

No economizing of personnel is involved. Under present plans, for instance, many heavy bombers now carrying both a bombardier and a navigator will carry two of the combination officers. Object: to enable one officer to relieve the other in case of fatigue or injury. So you think it is new?

The concealed motor as found in the P-39 appeared in the 1918 model of the Beardmore W.B.IV. The pilot straddled the prop shaft. Built in 1917, the Martin Kitten had retractable landing gear as our modern fighters have.

Wing flaps were built on a French warplane in the last war. The plane was the Breknet 14B.2. and had flaps that were operated by means of a rubber shock cord. The Burgess-Dunne, the first model of the tailless ship, was built in 1910, and although not as efficient as Northrop's flying wing, it flew very well.

Ceiling Zero

A/S George A. Martin

No Dough

An Aviation Student at Texas A. & M. wrote the following letter home: "Dear Dad—Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t of all— That\$ right. \$end it along. Be\$t wi\$he\$. Your \$on, Tom."

The father replied: "Dear Tom: NOthing ever happens here. Write us aNOther letter aNOw. NOW we have to say goodbye."

Grammar

Invited to dinner by a friend, Will Rogers said, "No, thanks, I've already et."

"You should say 'have eaten,'" his friend corrected. "Well," drawled Rogers. "I know a lot of fellers who say 'have eaten' who ain't et!"

Cautious

Secretary of State Cordell Hull is an extremely cautious speaker, striving always for absolute accuracy. One day on a train a friend pointed to a fine flock of sheep grazing in a field. "Look. Those sheep have just been sheared," he said.

Hull studied the flock. "Sheared on this side, anyway," he admitted.

Music Quiz???

Do you know what a hemidemiquaver is? It's a sixty-fourth note, and it's probably over before you can begin to say it.

And there's a longer name for a shorter note. It's semihemidemiquaver, and it's . . . of course! A one-hundred-and-twenty-eighth note. We give up too.

Hedge Hopping

Squadron IV

The coming Wing ball, apparently, is going to be the best yet. A bang-up committee has been organized, with three representatives from each squadron.

If any of the men from Squadron 4 have any suggestions concerning any of the two major problems (which are girls and a band) they are needed and would be appreciated. Turn them in to Mrs. Meek or Ledbetter. A few of the facts which the committee will have to know are: how many of the men have dates coming from the various cities and whether they will stay racket swingers will go into action Tuesday evening.

Rumors have it that Squadron I is leaving us in the near future. If this be true the writer of this column would like to take this opportunity to write a line about the Squadron that holds the Detachment softball crown. You men have produced some fine athletic teams from your ranks and have always shown good sportmanship in competition. Keep it up and "good luck."

PROP WASH

Squadron II

Bad weather the middle part of this week kept Squadron II on the ground. As you would safely guess it hasn't been appreciated by those scheduled to take to the air. However, they have been getting some valuable ground instruction in the elementary maneuvers during these periods. The skies are clearing and the lads will take to the wings again which will bring its usually variety of experiences behind the controls.

The happiest man alive after finishing his flying is Ellis J. Nichols. A trip through the fun house on Coney Island couldn't give this man more enjoyment. Are the high altitudes effecting you Joe?

Burford Witt, of Vinita, Oklahoma, is back after an emergency furlough and ready to catch up on his day off lost flying. This column is getting cut short today to give Squadron I adequate space for a summary of their time spent at A. & M. They are leaving behind them an unequalled record and something for every other squadron to shoot at. We wish you lots of luck, fellows, on down the line.

Circling the Field

Squadron III

We were all sorry to see A/S Robert McKinnon leave on an emergency furlough—hope to see him again soon.

Men—if you want to read a supreme little book, chuck full of history, data, pictures, information and hints on Cadet life, be sure to read "Randolph Field," which was recommended recently on a daily bulletin. This little blue edition can be handled in about three hours.

Then the other night we were all sitting around studying hard, when a character over the radio said: "Everybody around this Army Camp wants to be nobody!" "Why?" a voice chirped in. "Because 'nobody' gets a thirty-two day furlough."

Be sure to read the "Cadet Honor System" fellows, as it's the real thing and must be read and adhered to by all.

We have found out from secret agent 4 F-16 where to buy those good old-fashioned licorice candy sticks. We'll pass the name of the store on to you, fee free, room 306. Even with the loss of Squadron V's band members—the band is as fine as ever and should be appreciated and congratulated.

Remember in case you want to do something with your spare time, there are always the band, Glee Club, baseball, tennis, volley ball and golf teams to join.

Well, another chapter of Texas History has been terminated. It rained Wednesday and Thursday.

Be sure to write the folks back home to cheer them up. We don't have to worry about sugar, meat, food, shoe or gasoline rationing, taxes, or the boys away from home as they do. As a surety of having a means of writing them all next month, be sure to stock away plenty of ink, paper and envelopes.

We all wish to express our appreciation to A/S James R. Marengo whose artistic hand is responsible for the handsome invitations which are printed for the Wing Dances. His latest creation for the Wing Dance of August 14th is even better than the previous one. James also created the Squadron posters, displayed in the lobby of Bizzell Hall, depicting the Eager Beavers of Squadron III. To Mr. Marengo we say, keep up the splendid work! See you again three days nearer VICTORY.

overnight; how many men have wives who are coming and whether they will need housing, and other such items which you will discover in the course of time.

We all had a short, very short indeed, vacation from P. T. last week while it rained. Oh glorious rain. The strangest thing about that short rest was that there were very few kicks. Though had there been many of those kickers, there would probably have been a few "kicks" applied to a certain portion of the anatomy of those who kicked. Gets complicated doesn't it?

Phil Mershon, squadron four's poet laureate, and Mr. Mihaviev left for the SAACC with Squadron I last Saturday morning and we had to see them go. A couple of swell boys.

Notes on interesting personalities.

Joe Reith, a tall black headed former doughboy who is a charter member of Mr. Lucas' squad in flight C. This gentleman has been (See HEDGE HOPPING, Page 4)

Marine Mad-Caps

Perhaps all of the talking a certain "Glamour boy" Sergeant is doing to try to convince everyone that he has a 28 inch waistline, is just wishful thinking. Why not confess Sgt. "Glamour boy" Boles, you've that old desk chair spread. Don't let it over-lap on you, or you may think you don't get enough exercise.

You all, I suppose, have heard Marines called Bell-hops a one time or another—Well sir, the following incident really happened: Ya see! A certain corporal was blessed with the very good fortune of being granted a furlough. While enroute to his destination this Gyreen paused for a smoke in the lobby of a big hotel. An elderly gentleman came into the lobby yelling "Boy, hey you Boy". This Gyreen of course did not respond in the least to his frantic cries and soon the gentleman came over in a fit of rage. "Well, you bell-hops sure have gotten independent with this man-power shortage and all, I shall report you immediately to your manager, but bet I won't get the least bit of satisfaction." At this point the Gyreen began to get the drift of this one-sided conversation, and requested that the gentleman sit down and cool off. They both sat down and Corp. started to explain—"Look Bub—I happen to be in the Marine Corps, And if you were 25 or 30 years younger you wouldn't be sitting at this moment, YOU'D BE FLAT ON YOUR BACK—But I suppose you are not to blame."

The elderly gentleman quickly apologized and invited Corp to have a drink in the lounge with him. Of course this Marine never touched a drop of liquor in his life, but went in and had a glass of lemonade with the old gent. Thus another civilian learned to know and respect the Marine Corps, over two glasses of iced lemonade.

Tooth-less Canfield will no longer be toothless, according to a temporary transfer order, granting Corp Canfield time and money to go to Corpus and have his face chiseled, drilled, chipped, sprayed, etc; etc;—Yes sir, we won't even recognize Herr Canfield when he returns. Maybe his wife won't either, but we all agree that Corp Canfield does need a few facial alterations. He's been scaring the Shore Patrol and the little kiddies long enough.

Last night I walked in one of Bryan's Night Clubs, and what did I see—about 15 or twenty Marines in the back of the joint having the time of their lives. Of course, in a semi-blackout, there was one bright spot, Sgt. Bald Eagle—alias W. R. Hawk—You couldn't miss that shiny dome in a total blackout.—So I latch onto my wife real careful like, and waltz up to

the table to inquire the why and wherefore of the party. (Having in mind the eleven-thirty curfew) and after taking one look at the party knew it wouldn't be over by any eleven-thirty.—So Sgt. began elucidating—He said he requested transfer, first choice being, Seattle, Wash., second choice being Los Angeles, Calif., and third choice being anywhere on the Barbary Coast. And his transfer came through, he was going to Cherry Point, N. C. on the Atlantic Seaboard.—With him were going 6 Barnes, Corporals—Cpl. Dillenger, Cpl. Barnes, Cpl. Jones, Cpl. Bouchar, Cpl. Ash, and Cpl. Fitzpatrick.—They think they might see a plane now.—I think so too.—But what Sgt. Hawk will do up in the strait is questionable.—Just think No Houston, No Girls, No Scotch, No Seagrums, no nothing—hardly oxygen.—But after one look at Hawk I doubt if he will miss the oxygen.

The party was in full swing when suddenly in bounced about 6 sailors—And joined the party—Imagine a bunch of sailors associating with a bunch of Marines. O' well, it was fairly dark in that part of the joint, and it was a night when there wouldn't be many people about to see them degrade themselves. (Hell yes, I'm a sailor)—Sh, even the Shore Patrol peeped in—It seems as if the party started out to be a stag party, but there was a sprinkling of femininity by the time the evening got well under way. Every time I looked for my wife I would just pick out the largest group of Marines and crawl in under their legs until I got in the center and when I stood up I was with my wife—Pleasant mode of transportation, crawling.—Of course I was on the wagon, fore and aft.—As a matter of fact, I was crawling all over it.—The Bald Eagle was crawling over, under and every other which way—but not the wagon—In his case it was the table.—And finally it comes to light—Marines are sad about the mistake they made—Last eve they were all tussling for our white hats.—Frustrated ambitions.—But if they train real hard they may make the Navy by the next war.—We'll all be smarter then.—That is all but Sgt. Harrison.—There is very little hope for him.—I mean Sgt., that you're so smart now I doubt if you can improve????—But I must commend Harrison on not giving us the 19 counts of the Marine Manual of Arms.—Again—As a matter of fact man—(See MAD-CAPS, Page 4)

LOUPOT'S

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