

**PROP WASH**  
Squadron II

Frederick Rosenthal hits the headlines again with his flying experiences. He is the only student that has had the opportunity of landing in a cotton field. The conditions were a bit adverse. Just as "Rosie" started into a spin the motor failed. "The prop has stopped!" he gasped excitedly. His instructor took over the job and made a dead-stick landing with both of them coming out safe and little damage to the ship. Since then "Rosie" has had to answer hundreds of questions and give as many explanations to the inquisitive members of Squadron II.

Another Physical Fitness Test is in the offing. Thursday some practice sprints were performed and one of the best exhibitions was given by Thomas Smith who did 200. The squadron needs some extra points to raise our progress curve to the level it should be so let's each put out a little and get them.

We especially enjoyed watching Jimmy Oliver and his saxophone swing out with that solid music at the first appearance of the swing band at our last detachment meeting. The men have really done a great deal with a small amount of time available.

**Today's Guest**

John Barnett was born in Kansas City, Kansas in October of 1922 and until the army came calling he had spent his life in this metropolis. He attended Ward High School and participated in basketball, softball and newspaper work. Following his graduation in '40 he went to work as a laboratory technician for National Laboratories Inc. and worked for them until his entry into the army in March '43. He played basketball and softball on several independent teams out of Kansas City after his high school career.

Mr. Barnett has two brothers in the army. One of them is a Lt. in the Medical Corps while the other is a Cadet in the Air Corps and is about to receive his wings in navigation.

Photography is John's hobby. If the army continues to interest him he may consider it as a career after the war.

**ACTED NEWS**

**RUDDER DUST**

By A/S Jack E. Shaw

The following is an extract from a letter received from former Wing Commander Earl B. McCutcheon from the SSAACC.

Dear Captain:  
I have been trying to drop you these few lines for some time to come, but every time I start to do it I have something to do. They sure keep you on the go down here. Now I realize how easy things were at Texas A. & M. The training I received there has sure done me a lot of good and I don't believe that I could have picked a better place to go and I am sure that I couldn't have picked any better officers to serve under. The officers I have here are really nice and they are swell but still demand that military discipline and usually get it. I am the Squadron Commander of this Squadron 104 and it is some job. It would take a book to write all of it down, but believe me it is really a job. I have almost as many men under me here in one squadron as I did in my whole Wing at Texas A. & M.

Texas A. & M. really rates around here. The officers like the boys from A. & M. and they really fight over them. They have me transferred from 105 to 104 with the help of Lt. Grover. I am glad to get in this squadron because all of the boys from our old Squadron 3 were in this Squadron and they really helped us out a lot in getting all of the Student Officers positions and we got just about all of them. I am Squadron Commander, J. C. Barber is Flight Lieutenant, while Harry Barber and Cralie Coons are Flight Lieutenants. We filled up 7 out of 10 places and all of them were the top notch ones.

After you have seen some of these fellows that come from other Squadrons and Detachments all over the country you could notice the difference in the training we received. All of our boys knew how to be gentlemen and also be the best of soldiers. I wouldn't trade my five months at A. & M. for any other part of my training regardless of how much fun I have had in any other part of my life.

Sir, you can tell all of the boys that education will do them a lot of good and not to let anybody tell them different. — — — those tests that you take to become classified aren't any cinch. I sat in one place for a solid eight hours and didn't move but three times, one to eat and the other two for rest periods of 10 minutes. I didn't do anything but take written exams and they covered everything in the book. I mean everything. They weren't so hard but that work I received at A. & M. really saved (See RUDDER DUST, Page 4)

**Aero Antics**  
By Alan E. Goldsmith

**Blackout—**  
As this story has it, the co-pilot of a transport was making his virgin trip over a northern run. Suddenly, at 18,000 feet, he realized that his vision was getting blurred. He had but one thought—Anoxia! The co-pilot hurriedly checked his mask. No leaks. He checked his regulator. It was O. K. But still it grew darker. Frantically he turned to the pilot, and found him totally undisturbed. When our co-pilot felt himself about to blackout completely he prepared to gasp into the intercom for help. But before he got the chance he heard the flight engineer's voice come in: "Damn, this is the first total eclipse I ever saw."

**Did you know:**  
... that a plane flown continuously on a course of N. 45 degree E. (true bearing) will eventually arrive at the North Pole ... that Fairbanks, Alaska, is equidistant from Washington, D. C., Tokio, and Murmansk, Russia ... that the lowest temperatures ever recorded have been found in Siberia, south of the Arctic Circle?

**Desert Static—**  
To overcome the hazards of static electricity under desert operating conditions, the nose wheels of the P-38 and P-39 and the tail wheels of the P-47 and P-35 are now equipped with static inductive tires having a graphite base. These tires do away with individual conductive wires. After the war, they might be made available to the college boys parked in Lover's Lane on moonlight nights.

Jack E. Shaw ..... Editor-in-Chief  
Alan E. Goldsmith ..... Managing Editor  
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George A. Martin ..... Associate Editor  
Fred J. Rosenthal ..... Associate Editor  
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Max E. Stump ..... Squadron 2 Editor  
Martin E. Ismert, Jr. .... Squadron 3 Editor  
Joseph E. Ledbetter ..... Squadron 4 Editor

**Spotlight on Sports**  
By BILL PLATT

The first Detachment cross country run was held at 7 p. m. last Thursday evening with Squadron II running off with the meet and honors. A great deal of interest was shown in the race by members of the Detachment and all in all it was a success.

Squadron II took everything but the fellows watch in the second row as they captured the first three places in the meet. In order to get a cross section from all the Squadrons and get a score that was fair for everyone the first five men from each Squadron represented their Squadron. The runner who finished first got one point and so on down the line, and after taking the first five men from each Squadron, the one with the lowest total score won.

With men placing 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Squadron II had the race tied up in the bag but the 9th and 10th places held the total for the winners to 25. Squadron III placed second with 46 total points and Squadron IV was third with 51 total points. Squadron III placed men 5th, 8th, 7th, 13th, and 15th to get their 46 point total. Men came across the finish line 4th, 8th, 11th, 12th and 16th to place Squadron IV last with 51 points.

Willard Sollers, slender lad from Squadron II, was clocked in 7 min. and 15 sec. for the winning time. The course was altered from (See SPOTLIGHT, Page 4)

**Ceiling Zero**  
A/S George A. Martin

"As Time Goes By"  
A Hollywood "idea" man suddenly found himself in the Army, stationed as a private at a West Coast base. It wasn't long before he had developed what he thought to be the answer to the Army's prayer. The next step, of course, was to get the idea before proper authority. Laboriously he sold his brainchild through channels. Then the great day arrived and he was standing before the Colonel, a tough old campaigner. Our hero, using his best Hollywood technique, employed "terrific," "stupendous" and "colossal" with abandon. The Colonel sat unmoved. Finally, his presentation over, the Private paused for breath. It was the Colonel's move. Said he: "That idea has merit, young man. Come back and see me in six months." The Private didn't blink an eyelash. With military precision he raised his arm and stared at his wrist. "Shall we synchronize our watches, Sir?" he asked.

**Pilot's Ten Commandments**  
In the columns of "The Flyer," publication of the Reno, Nevada, Army Air Base, we found "A Pilot's Ten Commandments." Here they are:  
1. Seat thyself well upon thy fifth vertebra, leaving not thy fingerprints on the controls, and chewing not on thy fingernails.  
2. Know thy instruments, for they are the true and appointed prophets.  
3. Follow the indications of thy instruments, and verily the airplane will follow along, even as the tail follows the sheep.  
4. Do not stick out thy neck a foot; stay within the confines of thy ability, and thou shalt live to a happy old age.  
5. Know the appointed words and approved methods; so if thy neck drapeth out thou shalt be able even unto thyself to place same in its proper place, upon thy shoulders.  
6. Follow thy radio beam; for their ways are the happy ways and will lead to the promised land-ing.  
7. Listen carefully, yea verily, to the signal impinging on thy eardrum, for sometimes they seem to have the tongues of snakes and will cross up thy orientation, to the sad state to where thou must ask Heaven itself for guidance.  
8. Assume not, neither salt thou guesses, that thy position is such, but prove tothine own satisfaction such is the case.  
9. Boast not, neither brag; for surely Old Devil Overcast shalt write such words in his book, and thou shalt, someday, be called for an accounting.  
10. Trust not thy seat (of thy pants) but follow thy instruments; read and truly interpret the word as given from thine instrument board; know that the responsibility lieth not with the hand that rocks the control column, but in the mind that directs the hand, and thou shalt be blessed with a long and happy life.

**WING DANCE TONIGHT**  
The Social event of the month is to be held this evening, and the portals will be swung wide at about 2000, so be there with those luscious lovelies and the gals in khaki—you know always on the double.  
Our comrades but feminine and who are from Nacogdoches, have not let us down this time either. Yep, the WAC training detachment is sending over a bevy of beauties to help out the hep-cat beavers. You can get quite a chuckle out of the fact that you might step on a top-kick's feet and get away with it!  
Music will be furnished by the outfit near Austin and from previous accounts, their music is of excellent quality.

**DRIFTING**  
By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

**Penny Wise**  
I've heard lots of complaints about them, Silver pennies that look like a dime, To hear all the citizen's ravings You would think minting them was a crime.

Why complain so about a trifle? Praise the honest New Deal to the sky! Why shouldn't the dimes look like pennies When a cent's worth is all one will buy?

**Amusing Musings**  
One thing I never can get thru my head is how hospitals can show such attractive menus and then serve such terrible food.  
A dietitian is a girl who studied a couple of years about proper food combinations and then by her own ingenuity discovers that the way to keep a bowl of soup on a patient's tray hot is to cover it with a plate of ice cream.

**Jest in Passing**  
It isn't the ceiling prices we need so much as a floor under the quality of some of the products.  
On a short furlough the soldier's motto is "Wine, women, and s'long."  
Do You Remember 'Way Back

When:  
A draft board was something we did our drawing on?  
The railroads offered special weekend rates to stimulate travel? (See DRIFTING, Page 4)

**Bonds Away**  
By A/S Jack E. Shaw

Getting men to Sicily, men to Rome, winning one victory then another—it may look simple, but here are the additional facts that don't show up to the uninitiated. This information is now released to show just what it costs to run the world's biggest business, the Army Service Forces:

For each soldier sent overseas, between five and ten tons of equipment must be sent along.

In addition, approximately one and a half tons of food, clothing and other supplies must be transported monthly to maintain one fighting man in the combat zone.

A single infantry division may use up 540 tons of ammunition in a day's firing.

A single armored division uses more than 600 tons of ammunition and 78,000 pounds of food every day it is in action.

A single mechanized division requires 18,000 gallons of gasoline every hour it is on the move. In the Tunisian campaign nearly 2,000 tires were needed daily to replace those which had been worn out or destroyed in action.

It takes about 50 gallons of fuel per hour for each engine on the big Flying Fortresses and Liberators. Roughly about 1,000 gallons for each bomber for the average bombing mission. Multiply this number by the number of planes participating. Is it possible? Yes, it's possible and is being done every day but only at an enormous price.

And so goes the story of supplies and more supplies.

It becomes a mighty business, a business of which the Eight Service Command is an important part. And big business must have capital. That's why your War Bonds means so much to Uncle Sam. Do your part to offer the best in defense of your country. The best in mind and body is indeed a thunderous offering to the Air Corps and is a death blow to the enemy.

Surely it costs to win — but it costs infinitely more to lose.—

**Circling the Field**  
Squadron III

Biggest news of the week is the marriage this afternoon in the fair City of Bryan of Miss Dorothy Hankwitz to A/S James R. Andrews of this Squadron. Miss Hankwitz is from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where she attended College and received her degree. The ceremony will take place around two o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Andrews is Squadron III's Student First Sergeant. The future Andrews will spend a short honeymoon in Dallas, which is Mr. Andrews' home.

Aviation Students Boone, Loomis, Carvin, Carnohan, Lombardo, Crum, Linseman, Clark and Marengo belong to a newly organized club, which is called "Houston Enterprises Inc." A/S N. P. Buckner is founder of the club and explained its purpose is to keep an accurate account of all expenditures while visiting Houston on week-ends.

My father, Martin E. Ismert, originated and sent me the following bit of wit—which I pass along to you. Said the Oberleutnant German Censor to the Hauptmann Censor: "I will have to delete a paragraph in this letter that Generaloberst Franz is writing to his wife. He says the Fuehrer is a damn fool." The Hauptmann Censor replied: — "No, no you can't do that, you see you can only censor Military Information — the Allies already know that!"

A/S Bill Hammett received a letter from a friend in Primary Training down in Florida, who said they learn to run the seven mile track almost daily where he is and they enjoy it.

This week a message came to us which crossed jungles, mountains, rivers, streams, oceans and came by boat, plane, train, car, submarine roller skates, and skis. Here's the message: "A Clergyman is a man who works to beat HELL."

There are only one hundred and thirty-three days left until Christmas, so do your shopping early.

There is a sign in the Bryan Field Post Exchange which reads: "If you throw rubbish on your barracks floor — do it here, we want you to feel at home."

Aviation Students B. B. Loomis and LL Lombardo learned a law of Physics today — the hard way. The two gentlemen in question wondered what would happen when they stuck a cork in a tube with live steam coming out. They found out.

We'll be leaving you now with

**★ BACKWASH ★**

By Andy Matula

"Backwash: An agitation resulting from some action or occurrence" — Webster

WELL, THE BIGGEST dance of the semester went smoothly last night. Of course, there could have

this thought for the day; "Wise is the individual who is sensible to his own follies." See you at the Wing Dance tonight so in the meantime—keep them flying and buying.

**Hedge Hopping**  
Squadron IV

In writing this column, I am pinch hitting for Mr. Ledbetter who originally wrote it. I have just been sent here from the San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center, commonly known as SAACC. Take it from me fellows, you really have something to look forward to. Here are a few highlights.

Upon arriving at the Classification Center you are restricted to the squadron area for two weeks until your tests are completed. These tests determine your status of either bombardier, navigator, or pilot. The tests are divided into three different types. These are physical, psycho-motor, and psychological. The first mentioned is nothing more than the regular Army 64. The psycho-motor consists of a group of aptitude tests using the eyes and hands coordinately. The psychological tests are a group of written tests, given to determine your mental abilities. This is topped off by a personal interview with a flight surgeon.

A lot of fellows have asked me about these interviews. It is true that a lot of men are washed out by flight surgeons, but they are mostly those that are mentally unfit. If you have normal intelligence, just relax.

Next you are sent to your classified pre-flight schools. If classified as a pilot, you are sent across the road. Life on this side of the road might seem at first like that at Classification Center. You soon find that you are in a fast moving organization, intent on making officer prospects of you. Your life there is divided into two parts. The first as an underclassman, and then as an upperclassman. I think I can truthfully say that the studies here are much harder and cover a much wider field than those at SAACC. Preflight is no walk-over though, not by any means. You will find the daily schedule there more compact, with usually two hours of drill and two hours of physical training and classes seven days a week.

They are in a hurry down there fellows and all you have to do is stay on the ball to get through. Thanks a lot for reading this. I hope you make it.

been more girls, but that can be said about any dance. Considering the many difficulties that arose and the small size of the class I think that the dance was quite excellently put over. Durward Cline, Pat Barlow, and the boys in the band certainly demonstrated their ability to dish out solid dance rhythms and we really ate it up...

QUITE A BIT OFF THE BEAM to say the least, was the picture of a freshman getting rammed the other day in the mess hall for meeting those on the table. Of course, the new regulations say that there is no class distinction, but I think there are quite a few of us who were brought up to know those whom we take our meals with. Knowing those around you makes you feel so much more at ease that it is really worth it to meet them, and freshmen in a college are not the only ones who meet people...

THIS SATURDAY BRINGS another Kadet Kapers and I think we should all bow our heads for a moment in silent tribute to the poor intinerants who produce this super-duper show. (And I'm not kidding). Last week we could easily have remedied the corn shortage and had some left over. All kidding aside, here's two bouquets for Brownie and Burl; they did a swell job...

LATEST REPORTS FROM TEXAS UNIVERSITY via the well-known grapevine say that they are fooling around with the idea of having a football team this fall. Tsk, tsk, will they never learn? Guess we'll just have to show them that they're wasting their time...

SOME OF YOU will remember Marty Karow, who was one of the first on our coaching staff to be called to duty last year. Marty visited the campus during the week and many of the fellows were sure glad to see him. He now holds the rank of Lieutenant Senior grade in the Navy, which is equivalent to an Army rank of Captain. Marty, as you may know, is stationed at Corpus Christi and is coach of the famous Comets. When asked about the possibilities of a team at the naval base this fall, Marty said that is was still uncertain...

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