

PROP WASH Squadron II

You couldn't have found a more deliciously happy group of men than those of Squadron II Tuesday evening when it was announced that they were to get a three-day pass. The applause was tremendous and joy ran rampant. Those that can are planning to spend some time at home. Those that can't are going to have a gala time otherwise. Everyone is undoubtedly going to get the maximum amount of relaxation out of these few days and would like to express their appreciation to those that made it possible.

To date Flight C is the only flight that hasn't completed its second round of daily inspections. As a rule nearly every man has his shoes and buckle shined and the only thing left to do is that "posture correction" some of the lads so dearly love to hand out. It's all for the best though and as long as some of the men do not push it to an extreme these bi-daily events really keep the squadron in top shape.

Sgt. Crist found to his surprise that his military sanitation class had suddenly been christened with a new name. "Cristology" was the title of the class handed in by flight leader Monte Waller on his flight report.

During the same class the sergeant was asking some review questions of the last class. Far in the back sat a boy named Rene Chapot. "Mr. Chapot what are the duties of the engineers in regard to military sanitation?"

Rene replied, "I don't know. I'm in the Air Corp." Where were you the day before Rene?

The lemonade syndicates are doing a thriving business on the hot evenings. James Nuckolls is operating very successfully in Ramp 9 of Law while Harry Bond and Raymond Brooks of Ramp 7 in Puryear are doing likewise. These boys really go out after the trade and you can buy it almost anyway you choose. This cold drink tastes good and is refreshing to last degree they assert.

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ACTED NEWS

RUDDER DUST

By A/S Jack E. Shaw

COLONEL HILL, FLYING TIGER

Lieutenant Colonel David C. Hill, brother of our commanding officer, Captain Sam B. Hill, is again in the news by the way of the latest edition of the Cosmopolitan. Olga Greenlaw who is writing a book entitled "The Lady and the Tigers," met "Tex" as he was then known, in one of the larger cities in Burma. At that time he had 19 Jap planes to his credit and was known as one of the "fightiest" men in the A. V. G. group and a proud son of Texas. His narratives proved excellent material for her book which is soon to be published. While in Burma, Colonel Hill had his papers on record to become commissioned as a Major in United States Air Corps. We, as Olga Greenlaw did at that time, again wish Colonel Hill the best of luck and will be looking forward to "The Lady and the Tigers."

TERRIFIC TOUR FOR TWO

The roaring cheer that was heard coming from the inner park of Law and Puryear Halls was for a good reason and if the everybody could have seen the mad yells and the wild tumult that ensued, nothing less than an armistice could have surmised as the reason. No end of the war or no armistice but one of those long sought and precious three-day passes was granted to each and every member of Squadron Two. Yes, the home folks and families of the "Beavers" in the terrible Two will soon see their happy sons returning for a short visit. To everybody, this is mama from the skies and whether they will be able to go home or not, the pass will be a relief from the gruelling grind of being really on the beam and that is exactly what Squadron Two can be proud of. The men wish to extend their deepest gratitude to those making this a possibility.

Ceiling Zero

A/S George A. Martin

The G. I. Shoe

G. I. shoes seldom demand polishing due to the fact that the occasions on which they are worn rarely cause them to lose their original high lustre. A slight film of silt or mud does, however, become adhered to the surface now and then, producing a cloudy effect. To polish the shoe—or shoes—if you decide to do both of them—requires a very simple process taking only three or four hours. The shoe is disassembled by removing the stitching that binds the sole onto the relatively unimportant section above it. This may be easily accomplished by using a long-handled screw-driver. Now, an error commonly made is that of brushing off the gritty particles before applying a coat of varnish. If allowed to remain, the grit will serve as a sort of weather-all. The purpose of disassembling the shoe is not to remove these particles, but merely to see if they are there. After shoe has been thoroughly varnished, apply—using mop—a liberal amount of brown paint. Make another application of varnish, then take a good look at them. You will be astonished at how differently they appear. The problem of how to reassemble the shoe is, we feel, none of our business.

If after reading the above mentioned instructions you feel that you are still unable to safely stand inspection, our only advice is to see Mr. Marion C. Johanson of Bizzell Hall. Mr. Johanson has on several occasions informed us that when it comes to putting a gloss on a G. I. shoe, he has no equal. (Editor's note: This is not a paid advertisement.)

Commando Raid

Silently I watched with abated breath. Would I make it? My heart was in my mouth as I planned a flanking movement. Carefully I looked first to the right and then to the left. All was in readiness. With one decisive move I gained my objective unscathed. The "Battle of Sbis Hall" was won. I had spared the last piece of meat on the platter.

Swap Rumors

The Air Corps Wives have formed a little gathering that meets each afternoon in the Y.M.C.A. for the purpose of swapping the latest rumors. To date they have—by ru-

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

Spotlight on Sports

By BILL PLATT

The Detachment softball All-Stars take the field against the Guard Squadron from Bryan Field tonight at 9 p. m. in Bryan for the deciding game of the three game series between the two squads.

The 308th All-Stars will be making their first appearance in the city of Bryan and will be shooting the works to win their first encounter under the lights and also to take the championship away from the Bryan Field team.

The first game of the series was played at College Station and the All-Stars emerged victorious by the count of 9-5. Bryan Field took an early lead in the game but a strong hitting attack in the later innings pulled the 308th over the hump.

In the first contest Neal Sorenson, Squadron III, was on the mound for the victors and after a shaky start muffed the Bryan Field bats with his left handed slants.

Bryan Field was the home team the second game of the series and they did not treat their visitors very well. As a matter of fact they gave the All-Stars rough handling and came out on top 9-5.

Sorenson was the starting pitcher for the 308th in this contest but the Guard Squadron began to set their sights on the hook arms pitches and chased across six runs in the first and three more in the second before Bill McCloud, another lefthanded thrower from Squadron III, took over and set the Bryan batters down. McCloud worked his fast ball good for the rest of the game and did not allow a run to cross the plate while he was on the hill.

The starting pitcher lies between McCloud and Sorenson. Both are lefthanders and have worked well against the opponents for the championship.

The All-Stars' infield is entirely Squadron II men with Ed Martin, c; Jack Wright, 1b; George Davies, 2b; Max Stump, ss; and Bill Platt, 3b. The shortfield position will be filled by the pitcher who does not start on the mound. Squadron III will also have the centerfield spot with Bill Elek roaming the spaces in center. John Marnett and George Hill from Squadron II will fill the left and right field position.

The softball and volley-ball games between Squadrons II and IV scheduled for Tuesday night were postponed until a later date because of a meeting of Squadron IV. It is hoped that the volleyball games can be played at a time

(See SPOTLIGHT, Page 4)

Bonds Away

By A/S Jack E. Shaw

"Somewhere in New Guinea" a war correspondent was passing by a tent when a voice from within yelled to him to wait a minute. He waited, and then came the request: "Could you put a little piece in the paper about our war bond sales?"

So this is what Robert Cromie, correspondent, heard from Sergeant Traylor of Wedowee, Alabama and was so impressed that he put the 'piece' on the wire:

Bond sales among the enlisted men of the single American bombing unit to which Traylor is attached last month totaled more than \$12,000—approximately 66 per cent of the enlisted men's payroll for the entire month. That amount doesn't include bonds under the pay allotment plan, a plan to which 32 per cent of the enlisted men in Traylor's unit subscribe.

The amazing record, reported Correspondent Cromie, made by only one of many units making similar purchases from New Guinea, does not include War Bonds bought by officers.

Traylor was quoted as saying he believed one of the reasons these men are buying so many bonds is their desire to have more equipment flow to the South Pacific.

To guarantee a volume of bond buying sufficient to assure a steady stream of weapons to the front lines, these first-line fighters themselves are investing heavily in bonds. Their lives are at the service of their country, and so are their dollars. In the Eight Service Command at present we have only our meager bond allotments and the fact that we, too, may equip ourselves in every way possible and then soar above foreign soils to wrest freedom from the enemy.

Way things are turning up at Oral, map-makers may soon paint the town red.

Circling the Field

Squadron III

Flying "daze" are getting much closer for Squadron III now, as everyone knows. There is a considerable amount of "hanger flying" going on during leisure moments. Many are already "commissioned Officers" and are flying "aces" over seas—according to the manner in which the men have been thinking, speaking and wishing.

A/S Paul A. Harris has a particular fondness for dumb animals. Sunday evening Mr. Harris was studying History—with the usual feet on the desk position, sipping a coke and feeding flies to his pet toad, Oscar L. Mr. Harris stumbled over Oscar L. on the way home from the movie earlier Sunday evening and couldn't resist his big, pleading blue eyes.

Welcome back to Aviation Students Robert C. Johnson, Ramon A. Martinez and Robert L. McKinnon, who were away briefly on emergency furloughs.

Congratulations to A/S Fredrick J. Rick, Student Wing Commander of the 308th C. T. D. Mr. Rick announced his engagement Saturday night, August 14th at the Wing Ball, to Miss Helen C. Czuprynski of Sterling, Ill. Mr. Rick quietly slipped the engagement ring on Miss Czuprynski's finger and has hopes for his wedding to take place before Christmas.

After the issuance of our Cadet patches, many men have solved the problem of placing them on properly. Some tack them on temporarily between washings, some sew them on permanently, while others use snap fasteners.

Best of luck to the latest married man in our Squadron. The marriage of A/S James R. Andrews took place Saturday afternoon in Bryan as scheduled.

When the little moron went home on a furlough—he kept saluting the electric refrigerator, because it had "General Electric" printed on it. See you again two days nearer VICTORY.

BUY A BOND TODAY

Frog... Stuff

By Frog Dubose

Well, fellow Frogs, I just got back from drill, and since I am too tired to do anything but sit, I cogitate it would be a good time to write a little Frog Stuff.

Swimming class had its B quiz today, and Frog Renondo seemed to be able to swim fine—on his back! Frog West and Frog Fromy went sixteen times across, and they claimed that they could have kept it up all day. However, Coach Adamson doesn't seem to think so.

Frog Phillips began the day, as usual, by starting a rumor, only today it wasn't a rumor at all, even though it sounded like one. When he said the Freshman Ball was going to be held at the Grove, everyone just figured he was at it again, but when we read it in the Batt we found it to be true. A lot of the fellows said right then that they would not bring a girl all the way down here just to make a dance at the Grove, which really isn't the right attitude. However, the fact remains that the committee for getting the orchestra hasn't even been appointed, and the date set for the dance is only ten days off! This certainly should be corrected soon, and in the meantime, fellows, proceed with your dance plans as planned.

Everybody seems to think the idea of having music at mess again is a good one. Let's hope it keeps up.

The latest rumor, which is now a fact, I believe, is that we are to have three weeks off between semesters. I am wondering if the recent gasoline coupon cut will affect travel and thereby limit the Aggie pastime, travel. Oh well, in three weeks we could walk home.

Featured at Town Hall Thursday, August 26, will be Ernst Hoffman and the Houston Symphony Orchestra. Expected to be seen there is that great music lover, Frog House. Also, if he has nothing else to do, Frog White might give it the once over, especially if his roommate Frog Massey is there. Of course the Frog Band of 16 will survey the situation, and maybe get a few pointers.

Well, I am missing some swell bull sessions down the hall; one in Frog Fulbright's room and one in Frog Phillips' hole, and maybe it would be a good idea to go down there and maybe dig up some dirt for the next time. So long for now.



AT EASTERWOOD—Above is pictured the flight line at the Easterwood Airport just before flight seven of Squadron Two took off to chase the clouds out of the sky. This is where the Aviation Student first gets his taste of the air thousands of feet up and is never again lost. —Photo by Shaw

Walton Whispers

By Mat & Charlie

Attention, Profs!—Walton Hall has definitely decided to settle down for a while. After eleven weeks of mild hell-raisin' and not-so-mild goldbrickin' we are going to buckle down and start studying so as to pass the requisite hours.

Several members of the Frog Band, playing three saxes, three cornets, clarinet, drums, and bass horn, made their personal appearance in front of Walton Monday after supper. Featured on the impromptu program were "Blues in the Night," "Little Brown Jug," "Pistol-Packing Mama," and "Aggie War Hymn"—rendered with such vim and vigor that a couple of officers were thought to be seen jitterbugging a bit as they sauntered down the street opposite.

Noted tale-spinner of "A" ramp, Sumner Hunter must be given credit for some of the most original (if fantastic) yarns yet heard about these parts. Ask him the one about the Maharajah! . . . But then, perhaps no better's to be expected, of Uvalde. . . These tempo boomed off by the three scribes wonder, of noontide, the origin of that "lively" march tempo boomed off by the three drummers of aforementioned Frog Band—It makes us feel somewhat like a march to the guillotine.

Monday we diners of Sbis Hall were again being entertained by big-name bands via the long-popular but recently-disconnected sound system; and one of the first incidents thereto was the near-tripping of waiter Ed Bond walking from the kitchen to the tune of "Anvil Chorus" . . . But on this point, fellow sops and others, let these representatives of the press remind you that any more boisterous glass-finkling and plate-beating will very likely cause us to be deprived of this privilege of music with meals. . . And that, friends, is no rumor—but a friendly warning mess hall managers asked us to convey you. . .

The present Aggies, strange as it might seem, received a compliment the other night from an ex-member of the class of '40, who stated that he found the boys "pretty well on their toes" meeting people in the halls, and speculated as to whether "We've Never Been Licked" had been cause for any recent improvement. . . Think so? But don't go out and buy a bigger hat, boys, because he also commended still further effort along this and other lines—notably a more unanimous and cheerful greeting of people on the campus.

Walton's 1st Company, having nosed out the 2nd Company in the race for the league softball championship among 3rd and 4th Cos., "F", "G," and "I" Cos., Band, and Cos. 1, 2, 3, 4, thereupon processed to get mopped up by the boys of Leggett's 8th Co. to the tune of 7 to 2 in favor of the latter. Too bad, Walton; but perhaps you can come out of it in other events.

Things must be getting bad, boys. . . We heard (only heard) that Num of "F" ramp and two companions "robbed the cradle" with cute little girls. Could it be? And Johnny Broussard must take on to water like a duck—at least we heard he's hit the water six times lately.

About forty boys have been named for the list to be soon issued the famed maroon-and-white Aggie football uniforms; and a number of them are from this dormitory—Walton offers considerable main-string material, and the fellows are putting all they've got into it. Prospective Walton gridsters who'll give the "Teatown" ball toters fits include: Bob Cherry; J. E. Thomas; J. S. Williams; "Butch" Butchofsky, Charles Brunow; Joe Jones; Bill "Ham" Berger; Joe Atlas; L. C. DuPuy, Billy Gunn; Ben Reynolds and per-

(See WALTON, Page 4)



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