

PROP WASH Squadron II

As we are putting the "babby" to bed tonight, Squadron II men are preparing to go on their long-awaited furloughs. Having just returned from Squadron II's Orderly room, I could hardly say it was "disorderly", but it is a bee hive of activity—as all the men are waiting in line behind batteries of typewriters for their furlough papers. The four Editors from Squadron II were unable to make the dead line, in view of the fact their furloughs came up a few hours before they expected them, hence much excitement and joy prevailed among the men and they were in no mood to turn out copy. Your Squadron III Editor is going to take over for A/S Max Stump, who usually handles this column.

The Beavers of Squadron II have been rather busy all day in their spare moments getting their little traveling bags together, borrowing a few from the men in the other Squadrons, and purchasing last minute articles at the North Gate.

The Officers in charge are doing a wonderful job in getting the men on their way, and I imagine they will be working until the wee hours getting the last furlough papers through.

Master Sergeant Howard A. Bradford just dropped in the office and gave us the latest comment about the furloughs and I give it to you verbatim.—"In recognition of the enormous effort exerted by the members of Squadron II in the past few months, Captain Hill decreed that they should be granted generous leaves of absence prior to their departure from this station. It behooves the remainder of the students to observe the Captain's reaction to a job well done. This is not to be construed as a promise of furloughs upon the completion of training at this College, but may be interpreted as a gesture on the Captain's part, circumstances permitting, that each departing group will be similarly rewarded

Frog... Stuff

By Frog Dubose

Here I am, at it again. Here's a little news about the Frogs. There was a swell party in Frog Breaux and Frog Keever's room the other night. The room looked like a grocery; they had lemonade, crackers, jam, scabs, and ice cold milk. The get-together wasn't a two-some for very long, however, because word of the session soon got around the second stoop. Some of the more prominent visitors (cups in hand) were Frog Massey, Frog Donahue, and Frog Smith.

Frog Ross and Frog Campbell went to see the picture, "Seven Sinners," and when they got back to the dorm they were awfully anxious to start a little gang-fight of their own, but they soon forgot it and went to sleep.

As yet the dance is still to be held at the Grove, but don't break those dates, fellows; in fact, if everybody had a date we would come nearer having the Freshman Ball in Sbsia since anyone knows that one dormitory of boys and their dates would pretty near fill the Grove. Think what would happen if four dormitories of fellows and their dates should try to hold a dance there!

Frog Broogs of dorm 16 is sleepy all the time, he says. According to him, he stays that way because of his continuous study, but I sometimes wonder!

Seems as if it is going to take Einstein himself to figure the new, 4 semester schedule. At any rate, plans are being made as rapidly as possible.

To the guy that confessed to the little "inscription" on the bulletin board we say "thanks" for being man enough to say you did it. By doing so you saved the whole dorm from doing a lot of drill that we didn't deserve to do. We appreciate it.

Just a thought: Wonder how the dome on the Academic Building would look after a rub-down with a thousand blitz cloths.

Quiz tomorrow in English, so I had better get at it. In the meantime if anyone has any stuff of interest I will be glad to get it. BEAT THE HELL OUT OF TEXAS U!

The RAF must have discovered those fifty remaining houses in Hamburg on the last raid.

Adolf's intuition must be telling him that the jig is up.

August seems bent upon making us stew in our own juices.

ACTD NEWS

RUDDER DUST

By A/S W. D. West

V-Mail Humor

A/S Martin E. Ismert, Jr., received a comic V-mail letter from his brother Lt. Theodore V. Ismert, overseas, which one of the men in his outfit stenciled on a V-mail form.

On the upper half of the page is a drawing of a beautiful, voluptuous South Sea Island native, reclining in a very susceptible position. Also with quite a lot of her anatomy showing, which was labelled, "As Hollywood sees her." On the lower half of the page are a half a dozen pictures of what New Guinea native girls really look like. All of their anatomy is showing except a narrow strip of cloth around the middle. This is curiously labelled, "But we have ring side seat!!!!" Ismert's father showed a copy of the letter to their negro maid, who has a boy friend in New Guinea, to which she replied, "Uh huh, dat's why dat no good man ain't said in his letters, 'wish yo was here'". She was looking at the top part of the letter.

Bodies By Stern

Less than a week ago, the Wing and Squadron athletic officers received a rating as a reward for their fine work on the athletic program, headed by Lt. Segrest. Ed Martin, the Wing Athletic Officer received the Student Officer rating of Captain. Ed is also the Squadron 2 athletic officer. Bill McCloud, Athletic Officer for Squadron 3 and dFrank Stern, Athletic Officer for Squadron 4, received ratings of Lieutenant.

It was after a hard day of P. E. that Frank Stern told me his intentions as Athletic Officer for Squadron 4. He intends to do all that he can to see that his part of the job is well taken care of. As he puts it, "You have heard of bodies by Fisher, bodies by General Motors or bodies by Buick, so when the men of Squadron 4 are referred to in connection with their physical build-up program, they can be thought of as 'Bodies by Stern.'"

—provided that standards of discipline and academics are faithfully maintained."

We wish Squadron II the best of luck on their furloughs and know they deeply appreciate the favor very much and will show it by taking a deep seat in the saddle and really "dig-in" when they return to this station.

We of the two remaining Squadrons wish we could be with Squadron II tonight as they depart. So Squadrons III and IV, let's take a lesson from Squadron II's splendid record and maybe some day soon, we will be in their place.

And now by the way of a joke—freezing the patient is a new strategy in the war on disease. When feeling below par, you crawl into the ice box with the left-overs.

Hedge Hopping Squadron IV

Tonight, I am going to reveal the deep dark secrets of that mysterious specie of human life that haunts every G. I. post from Maine to Malay, the rumormonger. His presence is most noticeable in latrines, post exchanges and barracks. Doctors are yet to find a disease that will upset human emotion as much as do rumors. Webster gives the definition or rumor as: A current story but not confirmed, or a prolonged noise. Both of which mean exactly the same thing.

In Squadron Four, as most of you know, the rumors fly from room to room and as each story is changed just a little, by the time it gets to the third floor, it is transformed from a small rumor to a paramount strip of fiction that would no doubt affect our very existence. For example: The story came in yesterday that five hundred Italian prisoners were to volunteer to come here to make up our beds and shine our shoes. Another monger stated that our classification and preflight training would take place on top of Rockefeller Center in New York and that the Rocketts would supervise. Wow! Another was on the subject of President Roosevelt and future terms of office. Will he run again. As the rumor has it, in future years we will hear a television announcer say, "and now American people, the President in his first campaign speech of the year, President Roosevelt, "Mah

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KNOW YOUR ENEMY

By George A. Martin

(Editor's Note: The following article was written by Lieutenant Colonel Warren C. Clear. We offer it to better acquaint you with what you are fighting.)

The recent mysterious death of Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Japan's No. 1 military and naval strategist, has been variously explained. But Robert Bellaire, former United Press chief in Japan, reports that Yamamoto frequently said he would take his own life rather than lose any Japanese-held territory.

Many instances of "honorable suicide" by Japanese officers and soldiers have been observed in this war. The only Jap commissioned officers taken prisoner have been unconscious or badly wounded. A Tokyo communique announced that the sick and wounded soldiers on Attu killed themselves before the last American attack—probably on orders from their officers. Crews of Jap planes shot down in the thrown to them by Americans. Several officers entrusted with the air-raid defense of Tokyo committed hara-kiri because the shadow of the wings of Doolittle's bombers fell athwart the Imperial Palace.

The ancient custom of hara-kiri is typical of the Japanese ruling caste. Day after day from earliest youth, the samurai are drilled in the awesome details of the tragic ceremony. So vividly is the technique of self-destruction impressed on boyish imaginations that, when Jap officers are confronted with what they consider the necessity of performing it, they can meet the terrible ordeal with complete composure.

I once heard the exact story of such an act, from the lips of a man who had seen it performed before his very eyes. It may give the reader a clearer picture of the extraordinary enemy we face.

My informant was General Ogawa, whose father committed hara-kiri a few hours after his superior, General Nogi, had done so. The son took great pride in his father's action.

"My father called me," said General Ogawa, "and told me that he felt under compulsion to join the spirit of General Nogi, and that he wished me to assist him in the act of hara-kiri—if assistance became necessary through his failure to perform it efficiently. I was to stand beside him, slightly to his rear, with his great two-handed sword upraised, and strike off his head if all did not go well.

"I remonstrated with him, because he was yet a comparatively young man, only 51. But he said that he had followed General Nogi through many years of fierce battle and he was resolved to follow him in death.

"I watched him bathe, put on his white kimono and prepare the

Spotlight on Sports

By A/S W. D. West

Squadron III has been making a fine showing during their touch football practices for the past two weeks. A/S Robert L. McKinnon who is in charge of the group reports some good material in the lineup, including three men that made all state during their high school days. McKinnon reports that he has excellent passers and receivers, which is usually the deciding offensive factor in touch football.

Squadron III beat Squadron IV Thursday night in a hard-fought, man to man volley-ball game, 21-16, in one of the hottest games either Squadron has so far participated in. Then ending up a thrilling double-header evening, Squadron III came up to beat Squadron II, 21-10.

Thursday night, the Detachment All-Stars of the 308th beat the Guard Squadron 13-10 in one of the most thrilling, free-scoring soft ball games yet seen by the citizens of Bryan. The preliminaries were played off on the campus in the past weeks and the championship was held in Bryan. The boys of the 308th really played inspired ball and the fact that the Squadron II boys knew that their passes for extended leave would be waiting probably had some effect on the victory.

Circling the Field Squadron III

The average Aviation Cadet retires at 22:30 and sleeps no later than 06:07 the following morning. Following are excerpts from a typical student's nightmare. Quote:— "... pass the stew, please ... burpies, 2-3-4, ... burpies, 2-3-4 ... ready change! ... Let's do it up brown skin ... Eager Beavers ... week-end pass ... furlough! ... we fly Monday (burp) ... damn that train whistle ... cadet patches ... Casey's ... make mine cherry ... Wing Board (ug) ... do it like it ought to be done ... gigs ... tours (burp) ... the ramp ... Randolph Shuffle, 3-4 ... Parade Rest ... attention ... meeting tonight ... change sheets ... fall in ... fall out ... right flank ... mile and six-tenths ... Charge of Quarters ... Houston ... Bryan ... grab a sister and gin her around ... daily bulletin ... eight tenths mil (burp) ... yes sir ... no sir ... no sir ... to the rear ... pass the water please ... young gentlemen, be seated ... present arms ... sick call ... retreat ... chow call ... mail call ... (burp) laundry slips ... Officer of the Day ... Wing Ball ... wonder how she is? (sigh) Physics Lab ... Tests (ug) ... report ... roster ... no excuses (See CIRCLING, page 2)

DRIFTING

By A/S Fred J. Rosenthal

The Mothers

They may never have been on a field of war, Where brave men charge and the big guns roar. They may never have been where the battle's hot, In a blistering fire of shell and shot; But they show a spirit beyond compare, When their boys leave home to go "over there."

And I fancy that many a lad to-night, Who is making a hard and a gallant fight, Who plays his part in the hardest test, And is loyally trying to do his best— Is holding firm with a courage grim, Because of the mother who waits for him. And his thoughts leap over the (See DRIFTING, Page 4)

Ceiling Zero

A/S George A. Martin

The Fighting Heart

Lieutenant Colonel Philip G. Cochran of the United States Army Air Corps, just back from the fighting in North Africa with five medals, made this statement:

"I want to say that our kids, American boys, are just kind of automatically wonderful. Just through our own way of life they get something that makes them superior fighters. They don't have to be indoctrinated and have it hammered in for months or years, the way the Germans or the Japs do.

"The fighter pilot flies with his heart. The thing that makes him superior in combat is inside him all the time. Our kids have it, and I think it is something they get naturally, something they get just by growing up in this country. I think that the thing that makes them better fighters is an individual sense of responsibility to what they are doing and a capacity to think for themselves."

Stop me if you've heard this one: An old gentleman asked a splendidly attired Negro at a wedding, "Pardon me, suh, is you de groom?"

"No, suh," replied the young man gloomily. "Ah was eliminated in the semifinals."

Optimism

Ismert: "I have to pick up a girl at Hollywood and Vine at six o'clock."

Jackson: "Who is she?" Ismert: "How do I know who's going to be at Hollywood and Vine at six o'clock?"

Promoted

The Lieutenant glared at the Private standing at attention before his desk. "Just why is it," he asked, "that you are called up before me almost once a week?" This has been going on for the last six months and it is beginning to arouse my curiosity." The Private glanced down at his feet and then looked at the officer and blurted, "Can I help it if you don't get promoted."

Leggett Laments

Ross Rucker

Brother, could you spare some news for this column? If so, Room 73 is always open to you.

Just had news from an ex-o-1, RALPH RANDALL, former Infantry Aggie Class '45, now in the V-12 Naval Training Unit at Georgia Tech, says "W.N.B.L." is getting a nice reception in Atlanta, especially since plenty of ex-aggies are there. His bleed: "The Campus of Tech isn't co-ed."

In case your in the need for same—Frang Craig and yours truly are thinking of composing a publication on "How To Avoid M.P.s." After what happened Thursday night I believe any suggestions would help.

Attention Milner Men: Since you have so branded other Campus groups with not too complimentary names, one or two names appropriate for the Milner boys occurred to me. Maniacs or morons seem to remind me of Milner. It's just a friendly thought all in fun ...

For a change the Campus sidewalkers are becoming passable. Wonder who whispered to the newcomers that it was etiquette at A. and M. for them to occupy the

street? At least its good for a change.

ABOUT FACE! The Intramural Dept. have postponed our Championship a few days because of circumstances, mostly weather, but 8th Co. will be around to nab it as soon as the next Softball game is played. This isn't a case of optimism either, personally with a good turn out of men to play I think it can easily be done. How about it Drake? ... He's In, He's Out, He's In again. That's our Frank Shepherd, back in the hospital with an undetermined ailment. It seems he just can't stay away from Mom's care over two days.

There just wasn't much stuff or news either for today, but maybe next week we'll have a real scoop for you. Such as who this "Pistol Packing Gal" really is. See you around.

If the coyotes of the West are exterminated, there'll still be wolves in the cities.

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