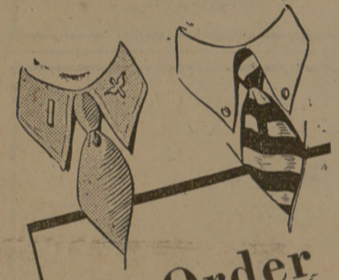


Hedge Hopping Squadron IV

At last the question about heart murmur has been settled and may we hear the last of it. Lt. Sergeant has made an extensive inquiry about the matter and the column Heart Murmur carries the full details. Some of the men in Squadron 4 had been a little worried that it might affect their being classified at SAACC, so fellows, rest at ease.

You would be surprised at the number of men who are not physically fit, who would give their right arm to be where you fellows are. You had to pass a physical, just to get past your draft board, that some of our great men in history couldn't pass. For example: They would get George Washington for false teeth, Bismark couldn't get in because of being overweight, Napoleon couldn't make a pilot because of ulcers of the stomach, they would get General Grant for alcoholism, Julius Caesar for epilepsy, Horatio Nelson only had one arm and one eye and Kaiser Wilhelm had a withered arm. So you see how fortunate you are to be "all here," and it is up to the P. E. instructors to see that you stay all here. So when you make that last turn on the 1.6 run, just remember that you are a privileged group. Civilian life is rougher now, believe me, probably than you have it here. Since shoe rationing, word comes that a thug pushed a civilian in a dark doorway, pulled a gun and said, "Put up your feet."

The other day I was told the story of the boy who was going to the YMCA. As he started across the street, a long black car swung around the corner and almost hit the boy. The lady in the back seat of the car was heard to say, "Be careful, Harold, you might ruin a tire!"



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ACTD NEWS

Spotlight on Sports By A/S W. D. West

Since Squadron II has a game of touch — football scheduled with Squadron III for Thursday evening we would like to introduce some of their experienced material. A/S Frank Stern who is in charge of the group says he has plenty of boys to pick from and they all seem to be plenty beefy. The boys are a bit rusty as yet due to the lack of practice but they intend to be in tip top shape for the game Thursday.

To head the list we have Mr. Joe Total a letterman of Fordham University, having earned his letter at this distinguished football school we are assured that Mr. Total has plenty on the ball. In addition there are many boys with considerable high school experience, Mr. Hoffman of Chicago, Madaris of Dallas, Texas, Gotcher of San Angelo, Texas, Sage of Wagoner, Okla., Whitney of Baltimore, Md. and Mr. Stern of Delaware. The Squadron is pointing to the game Thursday with a mighty wicked eye and you can bet your Maytag's motor that they are going to be plenty rough on their opponents.

Squadron III's Super-Duper volleyball team is still hard at work during their practice sessions, they are also anxiously awaiting any challenge from whomever might be concerned in a fast round. Mr. Clauser still predicts that he has a club that can stand up to the best. These boys would be more than pleased to receive a challenge in the very near future.

The Detachment All-Star Softball team remained idle during this past week due to the fact that it would be impossible to schedule games since the players of Squadron II are away on leave at the present, they hope to quickly get on the field as soon as the Lucky Squadron II men get back from leave.

Ceiling Zero A/S George A. Martin

Your reporter has finally sprouted wings. After my first two trips off of terra firm a I have become a thorough aviation enthusiast.

The bus sped into the parking lot at the field and we crowded out, craning our necks to get a look at the planes we were to fly. Our flight leader lined us up in front of the Operations Building and we met our Instructors. Mr. Chapman, the Instructor to whom I was assigned led me out on the field and explained how to check the plane over before flight. At last the moment came when I was told to get in the cockpit, my knees were shaking and my heart was in my mouth for this was to be my first flight. All the stories that I had heard about air sickness came back to me. I even found myself looking around for Gremlins and especially for Finelinellas, the female of the species. Suddenly I was awakened from my dreaming as the ship began to move. Down the runway we reached and before I had time to be afraid we had taken to the air and I experienced the most thrilling sensation of my life, the sensation of floating. We seemed detached from everything that was earthly as we soared higher into the pureness of the sky. Gone were all the drab and dreary things that one encounters on the ground, and in their place was the soft blueness of the sky and the pure whiteness of the clouds. I am completely convinced that there is nothing to equal it that can be had on the ground.

A word of praise should be given to the Instructors at Easterwood Field for the patience and understanding that they show to each student. I would like to take this opportunity to personally thank Mr. Chapman for the patience he has shown me. To the members of Squadron Three; these Instructors deserve your respect and the utmost in courtesy so lets show them that we deserve to be called gentlemen.

CLEANING, PRESSING ALTERATION Lauterstein's

LOUPOT'S Watch Dog of the Aggies

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. Ismert, Jr. Squadron 3 Editor W. D. West Squadron 4 Editor James L. Anderson Squadron 5 Editor

Heart Murmurs By George A. Martin

During the past few weeks we have heard many rumors emanating from letters received from former students of this detachment. One of the most persistent of these is the rumor that Heart Murmurs are predominant among former students due to the strenuous Physical Education Program received at this station. Upon investigation we received the following information from Post Surgeon at Classification.

"There are very few cases of Heart Murmur developing at this post. In any case the number is not excessive. I do not believe that your cross country course is so strenuous and it causes no harm. In fact, your graduate training of these boys during the time that you have built them up sufficiently to meet the very strenuous program given at our Preflight School. We wish to thank you for your deep interest in this matter and feel that your program is a great contribution to their physical welfare."

Wing News

Welcome to the new Squadron V who landed at College Station Monday evening on Military Walk between Bizzell and Hart Halls. The new Squadron has been housed in the former Squadron V's quarters.

There was a noticeable predominance of wings, ribbons, medals, and awards such as the Purple Heart and so forth among the new men as they lined up on the walk after weary bus ride from their last station. There was also a lack of the usual radios which accompany incoming Squadrons.

The 308th Detachment Band was on hand for the welcome as usual. The Squadron V—Aviation Students James L. Anderson and James D. Thomas.

Asked about Texas A. & M. Mr. Anderson replied—"it's a hell of a lot better than North Africa!" The new men were surprised at the "layout" here and know they will like it very much.

Our Impressions Of A. & M. By A/S James D. Thomas

The boys that make up Squadron V rose early Monday morning and bade farewell to ole' Sheppard Field. "Where were we going?" Latrine Generals said Texas A. & M., so Texas A. & M. it was.

On the way down two of our buses had flats, one broke down and numerous other things held us up. But here we are and do we like Texas A. & M.? Just ask any A/S and hear what he has to say.

Well, frankly we expected to hear "You'll Be Sorry" echoing all over the campus, but instead, we heard friendly hello's. And that band playing the Air Corps song, Oh, it made cold chills run up and down your back. We expected to be called G. I.'s and a few unmentionables but they called us "Gentlemen," and addressed us as "Mister." We were astounded! We came here to be pushed around but instead they treated us as "gentlemen". We weren't used to that. 'Gentlemen' sounded purty good.

It made you feel good, like you were somebody for a change.

The food! Oh! the food. It was delicious! I think some of the fellows made themselves sick eating so much. After all, they hadn't "eaten" since they had first arrived at Sheppard Field.

But seriously the fellows here are on the ball and we all like it fine. We consider ourselves lucky to be here.

The fellows in Squadron V are instilled with an eagerness to get started. We have a goal to attain and we expect to reach that goal. From now on, take notice. Squadron V will be called The Eager Beavers. Am I right Squadron V?



Buy War Stamps

Aero Antics By Martin E. Ismert, Jr.

Since the majority of us hope to be pilots soon, let's endeavor to learn a little something before hand about instruments.

The Gyro-Horizon

Gyro-Horizon, pilot's bad-weather friend, offers the flyer a direct indication of altitude and course of his plane in "zero-zero" weather, just as though he were out in the open with a sharp, clear horizon. Using a miniature plane and a gyro-actuated horizon bar, Gyro-horizon tells whether plane is banking, climbing, gliding, or flying level—even though there is no visual contact with the ground or horizon. Obeying the principle of "rigidity", the gyro maintains its spinning axis regardless of the movements of the plane. An indication from the gyro is picked up and brought around to face of the instrument by a horizon bar. If the plane is in a climb, the horizon bar tilts downward to the proportionate degree below the tiny fixed plane. If the plane banks left, the horizon tilts upward on the left, thus causing the miniature plane to have left-wing below level.

The Altimeter

The Altimeter determines the altitude at which an airplane is flying. Because it indicates altitude by measuring atmospheric pressure it is similar to an aneroid barometer. It is the prime instrument used to maintain level flight. Its operation is generally similar to that of any basic pressure-actuated instrument. The heart of the altimeter is the diaphragm which is evacuated and sealed. There is a device which enables the pilot by the station barometer in the particular zone of operation, thereby maintaining safe altitude.

In the next issue, we'll describe a few more instruments, so it would be a good idea to clip these articles and put them in your flight notebook for reference.

The Tailspinner By W. D. West, Jr.

The Blessed Event

The odds were up twenty to one on twins and ten to one that it would be a boy and "Red" Runkle was really sweating it out. His room was taking on the appearance of a bookie joint. Leonard D. Runkle was going to have a baby or, that is, his wife was going to have a baby and every one in the ramp was anxious to know if it was going to be a boy or a girl. That's what the wagers were about. "Red" was sure, as every one else was, that it was going to be a boy. He even had a name for it: Jimmy Daniel Dunkle. It was going to have red hair (as 'yo can plainly see) and when it was fourteen, it was going to play the "licorice stick," like his dad (that's the clarinet).

As the day drew near when Jimmy Daniel would make his debut, the fellows would pass regularly by the room and ask, "Anything new "Red", and Red would tell them no and the next day it was the same.

Finally it happened! August 23 was the day. The telegram came and with trembling hands Red opened it. So many were pushing to look at the message he could hardly make out the words. Finally, as the telegram settled a little, Red made out the letter G-I-R-L. It was like receiving the message from Garcia. Well, Red thought, girls aren't so bad, in fact, skirts always had sort of attracted him. (I hope hope his wife doesn't read this).

After everything had quieted down, Red still had babies on his mind when he brought me this fish baby story. It went something like this: "So you see," concluded the biology professor, "the female fish deposits her eggs, the male fish comes along and fertilizes them, and later the little fish are hatched."

One of the girls held up her hand. "You mean, Professor, that the father and mother fish—that they—that before that nothing happens?"

"Nothing," said the professor, "which doubles explains the expression, 'Poor fish'."

MARINES Let Us Do Your Alterations Lauterstein's

Circling the Field Squadron III

By the time you Gentlemen of Squadron III read this, we will be in our fourth day of flying. I would say the morale of the men has been boosted another 100% since we have taken to the air.

It is a favorite pastime of the men to convene in each other's rooms after evening mess and elaborate of such fantastic tales which now follows a sample of a typical crosssection of conversation. "... I didn't believe it when my instructor told me we were upside-down until I released my safety belt for a minute" ... "my instructor told me to be sure to check the engine-mounting bolts, for it would be embarrassing to lose the power plant in the air" ... "when the star-board wing came off—I asked my instructor what to do next!" ... "I like the type of planes that we are flying very much, but they vibrate a little when I fire both wing cannon at the same time!" ... "I got another Zero today!" ... "so I stopped the plane at 4500 and fixed the flat tire" ... "Hey, Mister! Did you lose your cookies today?" ... "so you see see id was like dis—the instructor chews me all to pieces, see, because I forgot to put down the landing gear!"—and on in to the night this goes on unceasingly.

Several new members have been added to the club, whose motto is, "he who egests in a plane, must obtain a mop and clean up the same." A/S L. L. Lombardo sucks a lemon to help settle his stomach; A/S Kenwood M. Jackson chews gum, while A/S J. Justin Jordan munches tums for the tummy. Members of this "bucket and brush" brigade include McKelvey, Laemans, Clark, Fragalle and many others.

The men of Squadron III are enjoying their new academic courses, even more so than the previous installment. English, Medical Aid, and Civil Aeronautics Regulations Texts were issued Tuesday.

The innovation of Guard duty has struck Squadron III. Monday night, during the first relief, A/S James R. Marengo was returning on pass and came within hailing distance of a guard. "HALT!" was the command, "who is there?" Mr. Marengo let fly his hypocritical laugh. The guard, without recognizing Mr. Marengo's features, said: "Pass, Mr. Marengo!" Incidentally, Mr. Marengo is doing a splendid job in decorating the orchestra's music stands. He's doing the job like it ought to be done, with the help of his several men of the Squadron.

We hope that the little side remarks and humorous incidents which we write here aren't taken in the wrong attitude by some of you men, as they have been by one or two of this Squadron. A little humor ever so often is just what the doctor ordered, during these trying and war-torn times.

And now for a little joke—Panting and perspiring, two Irishmen on a tandem bicycle at last got to the top of a steep hill. "That was a stiff climb, Pat," said Mike. "Sure it was now," said Pat, "and if I hadn't kept the brake on, we would have gone backwards." Better buy a Bond today and invest in the good, old U. S. A. See you again two days nearer VICTORY.

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"EXHAUST" Squadron V

On August 23, a footlocker, aviation B-4 bag, gas mask, and portable typewriter got off a bus in front of Hart Hall with a small cadet's shoes showing beneath the load. That is the fellow who is writing this column now. I know who I am so why bother telling you?

We were greeted in by the band playing "The Air Corps Song" and a reception committee. The pleasure was unexpected but none the less appreciated, especially as we were a bit late.

A journalistic representative of the "Battalion" met the bus and asked if I would conduct this column for Squadron Five, so readers be patient.

We had a grand time coming down from Sheppard Field. Especially since we were coming from Sheppard Field, and getting started on our Aviation Cadet training. Our trip was delayed by a bus break down and a pair of flats enroute. We changed our song to, "Coming in on a Rim and a Spare." But we did arrive, that is the main point.

Our group of men are still in the infant stage as far as the college is concerned for we still do not know all of its customs and traditions. Hence, our news this edition will be scanty; but as we gain a foothold in our progress through the prescribed college courses, we will pass on to you through the "Battalion" the news of what our group is doing.

We are very new around here but our group of men have shown their willingness to cooperate. Already the newcomers to Hart Hall have felt the air of military courtesy, discipline, and precision left by our predecessors.

This we will promise, we are out to claim the banners for the squadron guidon. Squadron Five has set this objective as a "must."

A bit of news worthy of mention is the fallen countenance of "Curly" Ayres as the wavy locks tumbled around his shoulders in the barber shop. I quote him as saying, "Unlike Samson, I have not lost my strength. I've still got it in me to get through here curls or no curls."

Another item that has caused no end of speculation is why this fellow, Joe Gwazda goes around with a sign on his back reading, "Don't touch—Fragile" and wondering "where do I belong?"

T/Sgt. Daverman provided the good humor tonight with a distinguished military funeral complete with one each ten gun salute. Attired in the long black robes of the ministry, Daverman quietly and sadly laid his three up and twin rocker stripes to rest in a grave marked by a cold rock.

Another of our barber shop commando's contributes this short verse in the good humor of the G. I. haircut situation!

You sit in the chair and hold your breath Your face is cold and pale as death The scissors fly and so does your hair Your neck gets red and your skull gets bare. You feel a breeze and cough and sneeze You're still alive, boy,—but

Walton Whispers By Dave and Charlie

BEAT THE HELL out of Bryan Field!! A few of the Frogs around the campus have been heard uttering these immortal words lately. It certainly sounds good, and if all the freshmen (Fish and Frogs) would start saying it, the "Ole Spirit" would come back.

A CORPS BALL is being talked up around the campus for a near future date. Sounds like a pretty good idea, but if anything is to come of it the whole corps will have to give its support. This means a lot of real work, but that won't be very hard for real Aggies. Talk it up and something will happen ... Reveille is still running for General. She hasn't ever let us down, Army, let's get that money in those boxes and make Rev the ranking officer of this post.

That wonderful Rumor about three weeks vacation is still the principal topic of conversation. Bill Dinerstein and Gerald Kaplan have talked one of the Frog's father's into giving them a car to make a trip to California. The only catch is that they have to furnish the gas. They figure it will take between 250 and 300 gallons. So far they have about 200 ... Then another topic for talk around this hall is the big Intra-mural Swimming Meet coming up this week-end. Every company in Walton ought to be out to win it from the way they talk. Tiny Taylor claims he can do a Swan dive and not even make a ripple in the water. But Akiba Davis and "Birdie Houtz" of "F" Ramp ought to have the best chance in the meet. They swim more regularly than the rest of us.

And about them "Fish Heads"—those poor inmates of dorm 14—seems like since they have never lived with outfits, how could we call them "P-heads" Fish Heads seems to suit them to a Tee ... Rumor 39, 211: No three week vacation for the worn out Aggies. This is a reliable bit of information from a friend who has a cousin whose boy friend knows a fellow who is in a position to know.

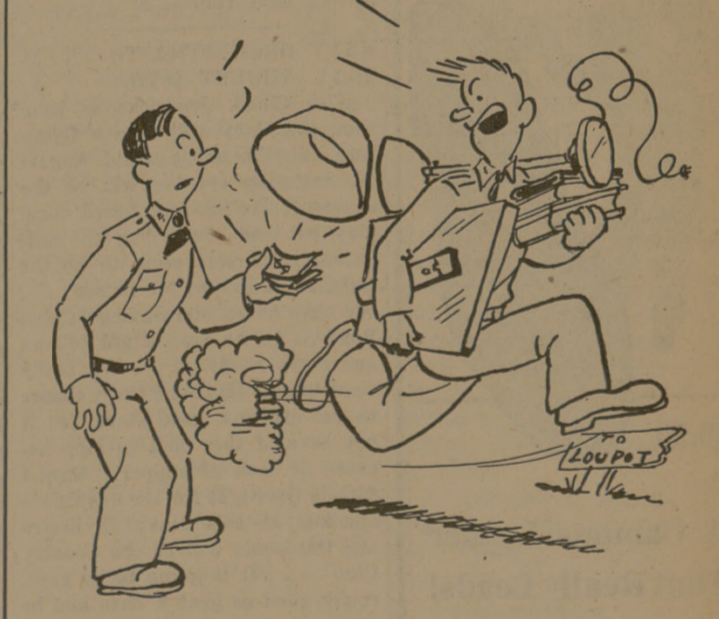
RIGHT FACE, Forward March (in the wrong direction). C. O. Harry Roberts, Engineers, is in dire need of a compass to tell the directions. Dizzy with all his power he had his company running all over the place the other day ... Out of B Ramp, not one second too soon came M. A. Juda with a

(See WALTON, Page 4)

Where'er you go, your friends will know Your hair is G. I. cut.

So until next issue I'll throw the mixture control into "idle cut-off."

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