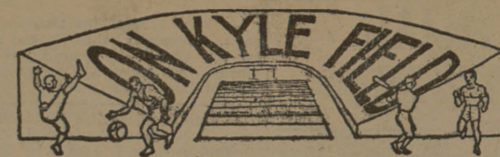


# Squadron Two Farewell Edition



By Harold Borofsky Battalion Sports Editor

## Aggie Team Takes Shape; 65 Issued Uniforms

Yes sir, the Aggie team is getting we're going to have. The power along swell, as you have noticed if you've been down Kyle Field way lately. Since Tuesday, when 65 boys were issued uniforms, the pigskins have been flying out of hands and off toes with great regularity, and Coach Homer Norton is quite optimistic about our chances this season. However, the coach is not saying that we will have any easy going. On the contrary, the road is going to be a long and hard one.

If there is one thing that is our greatest handicap it is the lack of experience. This shortcoming cannot be stressed too greatly, for it will be a deciding factor all through the season and will have to be worked on a great deal. Many Navy V-12 boys will be playing in the conference this year, and many of them have had a great deal of college football experience. It is quite a different matter to work with a bunch of boys who were good in high school teams. As the coach so pointedly puts it: "there is no substitute for experience—absolutely none."

At the first regular session the boys practiced falling, tackling, passing and punting. The main object is still to see just how well each boy can handle himself, as this is a very important part of organizing the team. There seems to be no lack of candidates for any particular spot, and that should be ample assurance of at least two or three top-notch men at each position. There is, however, a very noticeable lack of weight at all positions. Though there are a few "heavies," the team as a whole will be much lighter than any previous Aggie team. Accordingly, it might seem that the plays will be more on the fast and shifty type than otherwise, but don't think that means there will be no power plays. Only a well-balanced playing scheme can provide what it takes to win games, and that's exactly what

the Navy decided to let its trainees play in the conference it brought about the largest squads we have ever boasted in this section. Even without Baylor, which has dropped blame it all on the Navy. When (See KYLE FIELD, page 4)

Latest count lists the number of prospective football boys in the Southwest conference as around 470. Of course this is an unusually large number of men, and you can

- Sept. 25—Bryan Air Field—College Station.
- Oct. 2—Texas Technological—San Antonio.
- Oct. 9—Louisiana State University—Baton Rouge, La.
- Oct. 16—Texas Christian University—Fort Worth.
- Oct. 23—North Texas Agricultural—College Station.
- Oct. 30—University of Arkansas—Fayetteville, Ark.
- Nov. 6—Southern Methodist University—College Station.
- Nov. 13—Rice Institute—Houston.
- Nov. 25—University of Texas—College Station.
- Both the Texas Tech and the L. S. U. games are scheduled to be reeled off at night.

## Sports Spibs From Here and There; 470 Report For Play in Conference

the Navy decided to let its trainees play in the conference it brought about the largest squads we have ever boasted in this section. Even without Baylor, which has dropped blame it all on the Navy. When (See KYLE FIELD, page 4)

# ACTD NEWS

## RUDDER DUST

By A/S W. D. West

Comes that time now that I've often seen come and go but like all the other fellows of "Terrible Two," graduation day from good ol' Texas A. & M. seemed to creep up from behind and say you'll be gone any day now!

To some, our parting, the bits of reminiscing found on this page, the thoughts expressed by Two's students and yes, maybe a little sentiment, may seem a trifle on the slobbery side but we merely want to put into print the thoughts of the average G. I. Aggie during his stay at the home of Ol Army.

As was only natural, that break early morning arrival of Squadron Two into the folds of College Station, was rather a dismal occasion. Texas A. & M. was strictly non-coed, and that in itself was a blow to the morale department. There were about ten-thousand other students here . . . yes, life was going to be unbearable. We all were used to having snow for Christmas and yet everybody was being shipped farther South all the time . . . wonder if I'll ever see a white Christmas again? No band to welcome us with the Air Corps song which may have sounded a little ironical after all these hours spent drilling in the blistering Texas sun . . . yeah, we're the guys from the walkin' Air Corps.

Days later showed a grudging expression of approval on each of the newly christened "Beaver's" faces. Conditions weren't so bad after all. The food was much better, the men didn't growl when they ate and they even played music while you munched on your Rice Krispies. Some kind of a "Wing Dance" was being scheduled to take place soon and there were a bunch of U. S. O. girls coming from Houston and Bryan to act as hostesses for the ball.

Days later, smiles could plainly be seen on many of the original "down-and-outers" and even now and then an ecstatic A/S could be heard whistling.

Volunteers were invited to join the band, to be on the staff of the newspaper, to take part in the Glee Club or to give a little via the swing band. But wait! Hadn't they called for volunteers at our former residence and hadn't many a hardy soul fallen prey to fiendish plans laid by plotting non-comms. Yes, I had offered my services as an engineer and had ended up digging ditches around the barracks. This was no joke however and soon the extra-curriculars thrived and grew with the talent from the baby outfit.

"Fish Bodskin's my name-what's yours?" That Aggie spirit was at work again and it was one of the most timely and unforgettable parts of that great Aggie tradition. Fish and Frogs alike made us feel as though their campus was ours and that we weren't invaders but visitors for a short while.

Then the day of all days arrived and those scheduled for the flight line quickly donned their freshly washed fatigues and nervously waited for the bus to Easterwood Field. After that first day when most of us stepped gingerly into that fragile looking monoplane but bounced proudly out of it after the first ride, we were finally convinced that the Air Corps DID own some planes after all. Flying didn't pass without incident though . . . remember the time when Carnahan crawled out of his plane and spilled his chute all over the North-South runway? And when the boys always had the hose ready when Staten was ready to come in? Then there was Greenhelgh whose instructor always accused him of trying to fly to Heaven and said he'd have to get there some other way. Don't forget Rosenthal who used 80 feet of the runway (the concrete is 80 feet wide) from side to side in those take-offs. The instructor used to say that the plane was just shifting around to get used to the load.

Comes that tenth-hour day and the final check-flight when everybody is a little jittery but puts on a good front and tries to get a check pilot that isn't too orthodox. Later seeming to have passed the test with flying colors, everyone piles into the bus for the last trip back to the college, battling the familiar hangar breeze.

"All will have a five-day pass beginning tonight and extending to Wednesday night at 2030." That was the terse announcement made by Lt. Troy N. Pickens. The excitement and wild tumult that ensued, need not be explained. At least three glorious days at home with the family, wives and sweethearts. Who could ask for anything better? After spending a sleepless night and a day of planning and packing, the beavers were finally on their way HOME.

And now back . . . a little tired from a long trip and a little sad in parting from those we love but grateful for the opportunity to see home once again and now ready to face the future training might bring.

May the men from Squadron Two who win their wings, look back and proudly acclaim Texas A. & M. as the home of their adolescent Air Corps career and may those of Ol' Army be proud of their sons from the Air Forces.

**DOWN THE RUNWAY**  
Beyond the soon for the great beyond, it seems only natural that farewells, salutations and lingering handshakes are in order. This may seem like a preacher reading an obituary over a dear friend's body but actually what I'm trying to say is that I've worked with a swell bunch of fellows on the staff of the Air Crew Training Detachment news.

Some have already gone on ahead—Alvarado, Cooter and the rest of the gang whom we'll all meet sometime or other and who have left enviable records here at A. & M.

For a pleasant term as editor-in-chief of the Aircrew News, I would like to thank personally students Goldsmith, Martin, Platt, Stump, Rosenthal, Ismert, and West for their splendid cooperation.

And to the incoming staff, I wish the best of luck and hope that they will strive to make our detachment paper a continuously bigger and better product.

Working with the officers in charge has been an irreplaceable experience and many thoughts of gratitude go to them. To my Commanding Officer, Captain Sam B. Hill, I wish the best of everything.

Speaking for the others as well as for myself, "we'll do the job up brown-skin—like it ought to be done!"

A/S Jack E. Shaw.

## MEMORIES

By Alan E. Goldsmith

In this, my final column for the ACTD, I want to say goodbye to all of you and to tell you how much I enjoyed working with and for every one of you. — Alan E. Goldsmith.

Do you remember: . . . that warm, sticky morning in May when we pulled into College Station . . . we got off the train and somebody called us Mistery . . . we stood at very strict attention while they called roll and then we went to our first home, Puryear Hall . . . and that first meal . . . it was tops with waiters and music 'n everything . . . classes began and we sort of groaned under the load of books but were determined to do our best . . . we did . . . remember the first stand-by inspection . . . you hit a very stiff brace and the student officer looked down his nose at you and you began to wonder what was wrong . . . he pulled the same tricks on everyone . . . and then came the first Detachment meeting . . . we were thrilled when the older squadrons applauded us . . . the first review came and then the second . . . that was when "Baby Two" won the ribbons from the senior squadrons . . . after that we were "Terrible Two" . . . the

first Wing Ball was held and we really enjoyed it . . . all the grand gals from Houston and Bryan . . . we could hardly wait for the next one . . . our academies drew to a close and then we went on flying status . . . you got up early in the morning and paced up and down waiting for the airport bus to come and get us . . . it finally came and all the way to the airport we wondered what you were going to fly; P-38's or P-40's . . . then we saw the little Interstates and decided that if they would fly then they were good enough for us . . . we got along didn't feel like sitting down after our instructor gave us our daily lecture . . . of course we had our characters on the flight line too . . . "Dead Stick" Chapot, who cut the switch instead of throttle . . . he almost got out of his ship at 300 feet . . . and our own "Caterpillar" Carnahan, who got out of his ship one fine morning dragging yards of silk behind him—his ripcord ring caught on the door catch . . . and "Rosie" Rosenthal who always used all 80 feet of the runway's width for his takeoffs . . . then came rainy weather and we had to go to ground school and pray for a clear day so we could fly some more . . . and finally that last check ride . . . a little jittery, we climbed into the ship and took off . . . after the whole series of maneuvers, was completed, we landed and got out . . . our instructor said that he'd make us take him up again but he valued his life too much . . . we smiled then because we knew that

Reminiscing over our experiences at A. & M. seems to be the order of the day. One short article would not be sufficient for what most of you remember. I will dispense with any past happenings because I know that each of you have enough material to fill a book and it wouldn't be a dull one either.

The latest chatter of the squadron concerns our recent five day furlough and what is awaiting us in classification.

One could hardly begin to express the happiness and show the joy on the men's faces as they relate the tales of their furlough. Squadron II raged from New Orleans to Chicago and found plenty of green pastures to roam wherever they chanced to graze. We are all back and erady to go to work with a freer outlook than before.

As classification is in the offing it is naturally getting to be the predominant topic for discussion. I might remind you of a few words that someone mentioned. "There's nothing to worry about. You either have it or you don't. Do your best and you will make it."

I think a few words should be said about our Squadron Commander. Mr. Anderson has done a wonderful job whether you have stopped to think about it or not. He has really tried to keep this squadron on top in everything that we have done. We owe him much of our thanks for what we have accomplished as a group for I doubt if there is another man who could have done as well with the task that he assumed. Let's keep the spirit that has been developed here as we move to another phase of our training.



FLIGHT SEVEN—Pictured above is that snappy flight because of Squadron Two! We know they don't look so snappy now because it's just after that mile-and-a-half road-run but "it's always on the double men!"

## PROP WASH

Squadron II

Propwash has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

"Propwash" has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

"Propwash" has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

"Propwash" has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

"Propwash" has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

"Propwash" has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

"Propwash" has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

"Propwash" has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

"Propwash" has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

"Propwash" has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

"Propwash" has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

"Propwash" has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

"Propwash" has been fun and it has been a pleasure writing what little I could scrape together the last minute. I remember seeing two fellows reading it once so it wasn't written in vain. All cracks or remarks were purely coincidental and meant well. So long and lots of luck to you all.

## Bonds Away

By A/S Jack E. Shaw

Not so many months ago we heard a lot of griping concerning the slow delivery of War Savings Bonds bought through the GI payroll reservation plan. Many soldiers cancelled their reservations. Others pointedly refused to buy Bonds through the plan because of the long delays in delivery.

The Army, however, was aware of the problem and did something about it. They slashed a lot of red tape and fixed it so Bonds could be delivered more speedily. Fifteen days, they promised, would be the longest period a soldier would ever have to wait before delivery.

The Army has kept its promise. There are no longer any waits or delays in processing Bonds for soldiers. A special War Bond Office at Chicago speeds them along as fast as they are processed.

This week, however, the War Bond Office disclosed a significant piece of news. It said that allotments being received for Bonds "were not nearly sufficient to fully utilize its facilities." In other words, the office wasn't being given a fair chance to demonstrate its system of speedy delivery because military Bond purchases had bogged down.

It looks, on the surface, as if a lot of soldiers had avoided buying War Bonds by using the argument that deliveries were too slow and they might have to wait forever to get their Bonds. Maybe this is true and maybe it isn't, but the implication is there.

We think it is now time those guys who complained about slow Bond deliveries stepped forward and did something about getting on the Bond buying list again.

The line forms on the right . . .

## Spotlight on Sports

By Bill Platt

Newspapers usually do not like to write farewell articles and usually readers do not like to read them so I will make mine short and snappy. Since I am leaving this morning this will be the last time the Spotlight on Sports column will bear my name. I have enjoyed writing it for you and I hope you have enjoyed reading it. Squadron II has been very active in sports and a look back over the activities since they have been

(See SPOTLIGHT, Page 4)

we had made it . . . now it's time to say goodbye to you of the 808th and to our Officers, the finest there are, and to the friendly Aggies and their customs . . . we have learned much in our brief stay here and we will carry every bit of our new knowledge to the battle fronts with us and use it all toward the final glorious VICTORY.

## MARINES

Let Us Do Your Alterations

Lauterstein's

WE HAVE OUTLINES

In Almost All Subjects

Student Co-op

Phone 4-4114 One Block East of North Gate

CLEANING, PRESSING ALTERATION

Lauterstein's

LOUPOT'S

Watch Dog of the Aggies

ORDER YOUR

# Lilley-Ames

## WINTER UNIFORMS

### --NOW--

Place your order today for the handsome Lilley-Ames uniform—made-to-measure to insure you a perfect fit. Lilley-Ames is the largest uniform manufacturer in the United States. Prices governed by ceiling!

THREE WEEKS DELIVERY

# LOUPOT'S

## TRADING POST

"Trade With Lou --- He's Right With You"

