

Wing Tips

SQUADRON I

The white heat of competition that threatens to assume the proportions and aspects of a knob polishing marathon, sizzles this week in Squadron I.

It started, innocently enough, between ramps Three and Five but now it's a free for all for anybody with the time and the Friday night ambition. It started when Lieutenant H. B. Segrest, Squadron tactical officer, had voiced before the entire squadron his praise of the shining white floors of ramp Five.

Ramp Three, where several rooms full of Eager Beavers had sweated earnestly with GI brushes and strong soap, was injured. Cut to the quick, suh, stabbed ignominiously in the pride.

Last Saturday the Lieutenant found nearly all the brass door-knobs, lock plates, window handles and latches on ramp Three gleaming from fresh applications of steel wool and blitz clothes. They glittered in the somewhat year-worn halls like diamonds on threadbare plush.

So in each succeeding ramp the Lieutenant dropped the gentle hint. And Beavers of varying degrees of Eagerness knew the answer. For 70 rooms, there no doubt will be 70 shining door knobs next Saturday, and no little muttering Friday night. But someone, in the heat of their ire, will dream up a new one and the vicious circle will start again.

Wax on the floors, furniture polish, new paint jobs—who knows? Anything can happen and odds are better than sligt that the Beaver who first put the abrasive to the brass or applied sand soap to the pine planks already can foresee the day he'll wish he hadn't.

SQUADRON III

Mr. Johnston's folks wish to say they enjoyed their stay here very much, and only wish they could have stayed longer. They also enjoyed their ride in one of our interstate muck.

The Personality Kid—Yesterday with "Poison-ality plus," A/S Billie J. Skinner gave his version of how a cadet looks in full blackout.

LOUPOT'S
Watch Dog of the Aggies

By tall stretches and hand maneuvers he gave the English class a picture of all sorts of loops and tailspins like they might expect to see in the future.

What does Wing Adjutant Vern Miller mean when he goes around giving the commands "Fuselage Ten-Hut" or "Empennage at Ease"?

Mr. Perry is an honorary plane washer now. He'll stop laughing now.

We hope Mr. Eccell doesn't break his arm patting himself on the back as a Hot Pilot.

Mr. Folkerson claims he misses his usual trips under the famous bridge since they changed instructors.

Maybe a certain Mr. Dell will stay awake in class now. A hot foot did the trick.

Would somebody please give Mr. Martin information where the rank of student officers begins. He can't see why a Flight Sergeant can't march out with the Flight Officers.

The reason Flight 83 had to march was a bird flew threw the ranks and made them rather confused.

SQUADRON IV

The mystery of the missing guidon ended Thursday when a casual Western Union messenger boy delivered a neat package to the Squadron IV orderly room and several hundred aviation students breathed easier.

The banner missing since early morning, was in the package. It's disappearance brought forth a threat to withhold privileges until it was returned, which seemed to take the flavor from the horseplay.

Ninety men passed the word along "Tonight's the night", and the trap was set to catch whoever was doing all the mischief in G-10. The Gremlins got in nevertheless and twilight found several beds short-sheeted and one bed filled with crumbs.

Romeo's flame seems to be pulling the wool over his eyes—Charles Toft comes out one day with a letter, the next day a picture—all from Bryan. He then calls

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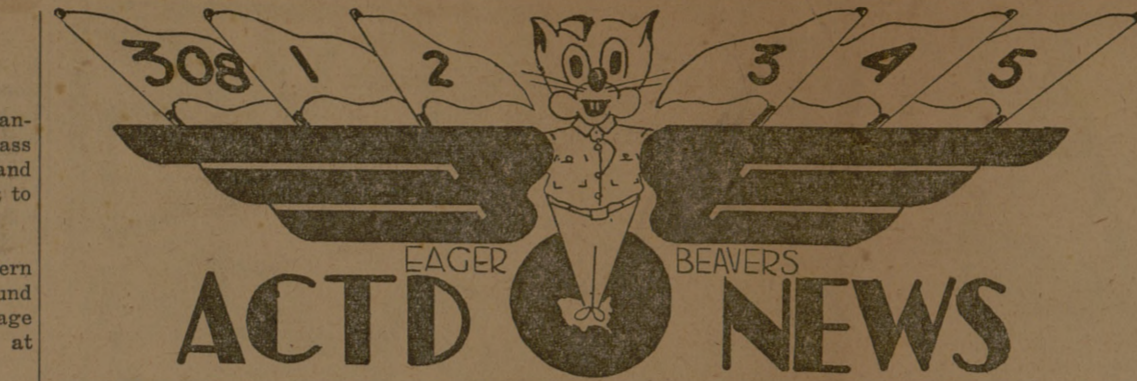
Have a "Coke"—A thousand miles is not too far to come



... or being friendly with a Chinese cadet

Chinese flyers here in America for training have found that so simple a phrase as *Have a "Coke"* speaks friendship in any tongue. East, west, north, south, Coca-Cola stands for the pause that refreshes, — has become the happy bond between people of good will.

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Last Issue

Gentlemen, we're on the rocks! We might dilly dally around here for a few months and watch the thing die a slow death, but it's never very nice to see something that you've sweated for, and nursed, and babbled along until you thought that at last it was big enough to stand on its own two feet suddenly get sick and slowly go off. Frankly, we'd rather kill it, and let it go fast.

When some of us came here this wasn't much of a paper, and so we got busy and we tried to bring it somewhere near the standard that a paper representing a thousand should be. And you saw it grow. Each week, as you picked up the latest issue, you felt a small portion of the pride that we felt as we realized that it was surely getting better. And then, one day, we saw it fall—and we knew that we were back where we started from.

And why? No, it wasn't all our fault, although we, all of us—you, your room mate, and the guy who lives across the hall—had plenty to do with it. First, there was that guy that none of us can ever beat—Old Man Time. The staff is here for the same thing that you're here for, to make the best grades possible. The only way that we could study and put out a paper at the same time

the sweet lass from whom he received them only to find that she was no longer a miss but a Mrs. and that she had lived in Oklahoma City since last June. There must be something fishy about this... (ha ha).

Wing Board Millan exmember of the Ft. Worth Rough Riders—to prove his endurance, he recently retired for the night with his fatigues and G. I's on.

Wolf comes sliding thru—Mr. Raymond E. Wolf made a one point landing while making a skidding stop in P. T. today. He arose with red on his face and green on his pants and smiles all around him.

Aviation Student Alvin Peterson left for Des Moines, Iowa, Thursday evening because of the serious illness of his father. Word was received here late in the afternoon and he left by the six o'clock train.

Mr. Charles A. Deislinger now takes the Guidon everywhere he goes. He wears it strapped to him like a six gun on the "Pistol Packing Mama."

Squadron 4 is wondering how Mr. Bossert will ever conduct the Glee Club without a baton. A rumor says it has been lost.

was to get late lights. But they were struck from the list of our "privileges" too. Now there is danger that passes to staff members will be called in.

With that news, things really went to pot. Some of the best men on the paper had to quit simply because they didn't stand a chance with the Old Man. Please don't misunderstand this; we're not blaming any one, or any group. Sometimes we wonder why we haven't quit ourselves.

Well, that's about all. Oh, there are a few other things that contributed, too, but those are the main ones—lack of time and lack of interest.

So what are you going to do? We're going to try to save the thing from our end by pleading for a reinstatement of our old privileges, but even this won't really save the paper. It'll only prolong the agony. You're the one who can make this sheet again a real organ of the 308th. All we need is a few men who are interested enough to give only a few minutes a week and we can give you some copy that you'll want to read again.

Well, what do you say? It's in your hands now. We've tried to give it to you straight. WILL THIS BE THE LAST ISSUE?

Eighth Marks Year and Half Of Hun Blasting

One and a half years have passed since the Eighth Bomber Command tried their "wings" at air war, dropped their first bomb loads on Dutch airfields. On July 4, 1942, escorted by British Bostons, six American crews of light bombardment squadron took off for their "kindergarten raid." Two American planes were shot down.

Today, 800 to 1,000 rugged Flying Fortresses slip quietly over the Channel in early dawn to liberate from their bomb bays over ten times the loads that the first raiders dropped.

Almost any mission of the Eighth Bomber Command might be termed a "famous night."

The Rouen raid on August 17 was the first official raid of the Eighth Bomber Command. All snips returned safely. On January 27, 1943, for the first time, the Eighth Bomber Command joined the RAF in its assaults on Germany, attacking naval dockyards at Wilhelmshaven. When seventy-three Forts, twenty-four

Liberators blasted the Bremen Vulcan shipbuilding yards at Vegesack, it marked the largest force ever sent over one target by the BC. It also proved the faith of those who ardently believed in high altitude precision bombing. The destruction of the Focke-Wulf plant at Marienberg, the smashing of the ball bearing works at Schweinfurt will be recorded for the penetrating blow to German industry.

Every morning that the Fortress crews climb nonchalantly into the ships, open their bomb bay doors over Europe, they are weakening Axis industry, crippling the spirit of the German people.—Air News.

Bryan Activities For Next Weekend

PROGRAM ACTIVITIES, BRYAN USO CLUB, 210 West 26th Street.

Saturday—4:00 p. m. Group Singing; 8:00 p. m., Ping Pong Contest, Prizes.

Sunday—9:30 to 10:30 a. m. Coffee and Doughnuts; 10:45 a. m., Let's Go to Church. 5:00 p. m., Hymn Singing.

COUNTRY CLUB ACTIVITIES

Saturday—8:00 p. m., Dance, Country Club.

Beaverettes' Column

The usual meeting of the Beaverettes on Tuesday evening was postponed due to the show on at the Guion Hall at that time. Dunninger's performance was acclaimed a grand one by all Beavers and Beaverettes who attended.

A group of 10 wives showed up at the Bowling meet last Thursday evening. We had a good time even though we are beginners. If this attendance keeps up we will soon have a standing Thursday night date.

We are losing a few of our Beaverettes. We wonder what the reason is. Could be the missing friendship and encouragement of Capt. Hill or perhaps the lack of cooperation on the part of some people who are not doing all in their power to make things pleasant.

Congratulations to a certain Beaver and his Beaverette who are celebrating one year of wedded bliss. First hundred are the hardest, Norma.

Bryan Blind Fliers Use Fleet of AT-6s

As the only instructors' school in the United States teaching Army Air Forces student officers "blind" flying, Bryan Field's training program depends greatly on its large fleet of strong, durable and easy-to-fly North American Aviation AT-6's.

A student officer at Bryan may be going through a storm and suddenly hit a gust of 100-mile-an-hour up-going wind. The next minute he may hit another gust of 100-mile-an-hour wind, this time going down. It takes a powerfully built and quickly responsive ship to stand such conditions. Because the North American Aviation AT-6's filled these qualifications to the letter, it was decided to use the AT-6's at Bryan Field. A quick glance at the school's outstanding record is evidence the choice was a wise one.

Colonel Duckworth and his staff of capable instructors are serving as the teachers—and North American Aviation AT-6's are the classrooms.—Skyline.

Joe Doakes Speaks On Pride

By Hilary Mattingly
Perhaps you don't know me; perhaps you never will know me,

but I'm the fellow that stands right next to you in formation for reveille, mess, retreat and at various other times during the day. I'm Mr. Aviation Student, a member of the Army Air Force just like you and the gentleman on the other side of you.

Looking at ourselves we may seem to be rather small or unimportant members of the 308th C. T. D., but in that phrase alone we are powerful and most important.

Like most of you, I didn't join the AAF just for the glory it had to offer. I had a job to do, and my fulfilling that job made it imperative that I join, for like you, I felt I could best do my job in the air.

So here we were sent to the 308th C. T. D. at Texas A. & M. How well I remember that first day here. I knew at last that I was beginning my career as an Aviation Cadet, and, although filled as I was with the glory and pride of the though, I sensed an air of tenseness about myself and the other new men. This feeling made us feel united amongst ourselves within our Squadron.

But before long, we realized we weren't only members of our respective Squadron, but were also members of the 308th C. T. D. Just like all the other Squadrons were. Once this thought struck us, we lost that air of tenseness and began to feel at ease among the gentlemen of the other squadrons.

So it was, that I first realized how important being a member of

Beaver Band Rocks Crockett With Extemporaneous Jive

By Vincent Nonnemecher

The Military Band of the 308th CTD blew Crockett, Texas, wide open last Saturday night—by popular request of the citizens of Crockett, according to members of the band. It was not sabotage. On the contrary, it was for the patriotic purpose of selling bonds.

The band members, who left Saturday morning with the idea of playing in a parade and concert, eventually found themselves involved in a street corner jam session, a civic dinner, and a dance at which Detachment Dance Band members entertained on borrowed instruments.

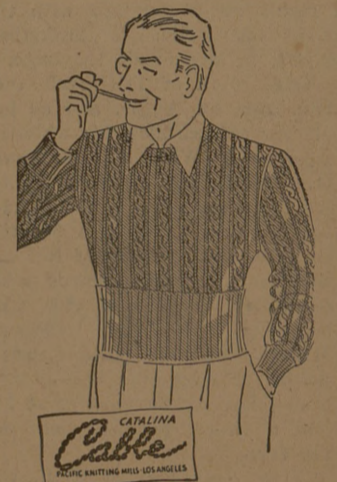
Enthusiasm for the band concert led to a number of requests from the spectators. The requests in turn led to a few ideas thrown in by the boys. By the time the unrehearsed jam session was over the members found they had played such numbers as Beer Barrel Polka, Pistol Packin' Mama, and Aggie War Hymn. They hit an all-time high when they played Blue Skies and Star Dust—probably the first and last time these popular classics were ever played by a military band.

During the course of a dinner given for the band, the mayor of the town decided to put on an impromptu dance for the band members. He opened the country club and rounded up a convoy of beautiful girls in record breaking time. At the dance, members of the Beaver Dance Orchestra borrowed instruments from a Crockett High School, and played a half hour program as an intermission feature.

The convoy of GI trucks carrying band members back to College Station arrived here at 0300 Sunday—with all members present except a few men who had the foresight to draw passes to Crockett. Information concerning sidlight social activities of the day may be obtained from band members R. Wolfe, W. Condeley, H. Martin, R. Getting, R. Gilbert, and T. Tomlinson.

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