

# Wing Tips

## SQUADRON I

For the second time in two weeks men of Squadron I have been on hand to administer first aid in accident cases. A week ago seven men drew official praise from the detachment for their coolheaded administration of treatment in a wreck on the Houston highway.

Sunday Aviation Students Rex Foster and Jack Porter were the first upon the scene of an accident near Bryan field and took charge. No one was seriously injured, they reported, and a practical application of first aid brought the situation under control.

Henceforth Squadron I offers its deluxe first aid service to the motorists of southeastern Texas, within a reasonable and prescribed range.

Staff Sergeant Ray A. Hutchinson, tactical non-commissioned officer of Squadron I, is back on the job after a 15-day furlough during which he visited in San Angelo and at his home in Ballinger, Texas.

A/S Donald Hall returned over the weekend from LeRoy, Minn., where he had been called by the sudden death of his father.

Mrs. C. I. Flowers and her son John, of Indianapolis, Ind., arrived at College Station Saturday to join her husband. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. John R. Kopp.

A/S M. Sylvester Priske has been receiving refrigerated letters from his home town. That accounts for the gloomy look.

## SQUADRON IV

Mr. Thomas K. Travis, well-known about the campus for different things, has developed quite a literary talent. He spends all of his odd moments writing to a certain little miss at Pittsburg, Pa. From all appearances he believes her to be about "tops".

A meeting was held Wednesday night to make arrangements for our St. Patricks dance. Mr. Hamilton was the most distinguished speaker of the evening. One hundred and seventy-three men will be present at the dance since only one man arose to offer his apologies because he will be absent.

The Tumbling Tumble Weeds—Twice a week now the acrobats in the tumbling class are proving physics laws the hard way. Everyone in class now believes in the law of falling bodies.

Quote, Women are wonderful things, unquote. These words were taken Sunday from Mr. Darold Peterson after he enjoyed a weekend with his favorite fiancée from his home town. Miss Phyllis Goodspeed arrived from Aberdeen, S. Dak., Friday morning. Mr.

Peterson was handicapped by being in charge of quarters that day but he was all bright eyes and smiles, and was really proud of the fact that his favorite lady could come to visit.

**PIN HOLE HART**—The study of the pin-hole camera ran aground last week when Estal Hart asked why one doesn't see an upside down image when he looks through a key hole. Instructors were amazed at the knowledge the young man has regarding key-holes.

**CHARITY FOR ALL**—Room-mates in G ramp are planning a cash collection to buy tooth-paste for Mr. Jordan. He has been out for some time.

All of you race fans or other horsemen see Lawrence E. Potts at once. He has all the latest hot tips on the Kentucky Derby. He is well known in Texas as well as Kentucky, so just ask for "Blue Grass Potts."

Squadron IV Football team cleans they have beaten all squadrons except the new Squadrons I and II.

Staff Sergeant Gerald Dumont, brother to Flight Lt. Leo Dumont was here Friday night and Saturday. He came from Camp Polk, La., where he is with the 9th Armored Division. Leo and his friends showed Gerald a good time about town during the brief visit.

"One never knows, does one?" is all that Mr. Otto has to say in regard to his late love affair at Houston.

Mr. Calvert has added a wrestler to the list of his numerous acquaintances.

## SQUADRON V

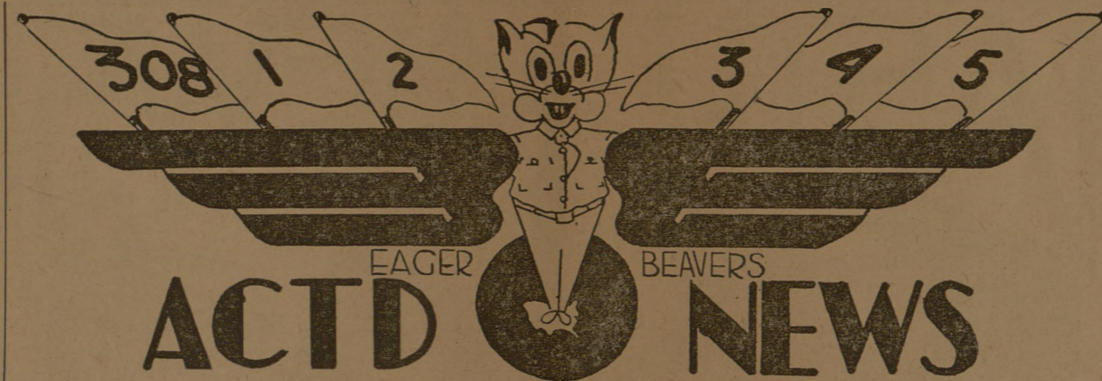
A certain member of the Squadron, otherwise known as A/S Charles (Stinky) Lee was seen at a Houston night club with a dancer falling in his lap.

A/S Mayo Sauerwein was seen dazedly walking around Houston last Sunday trying to find the place where he was to meet his date.

Squadron V beat Squadron I on the road run again last Friday, this time by a score of 85 to 18. Only Yehudi knows where the 3 extra men came from.

By the looks of Mr. H. J. Owens lipstick-stained handkerchief he obviously had a good time in Houston over the weekend.

Was it nervousness that made A/S Fred McGehee keep his pitching hand so tightly clenched during inspection last Saturday morning?



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# ASTU Cagers Nose Out CTD Quint; Detachment Officers Triumph, 19-15 OFFICERS ...

Paced by Capt. Greeson the C. T. D. officers avenged their previous defeat at the hands of the A.S.T.U. officers by overcoming their opponents early lead, and stalling in the final few minutes to a 19-15 win last Friday night in the opener of a double header in the Aggie gym.

A mild rout was in progress in favor of the A.S.T.U. until recovery was made in the last eight minutes when further scoring by the A.S.T.U. was halted and the Beaver Officers opened up on their own side of ledger with the score 6-12. Lts. Norris and Pickens dropped a brace of field goals immediately followed by a basket and free throw by Lt. Segrest to tie the score.

Lt. Pickens cashed in two additional points to put the C. T. D.'s in the lead, never to be headed again. The score was tied up at 15-15 a moment later when Lt. Scruggs slipped through a tight defense for a left handed hook shot. But this was immediately offset when Lt. Moist counted by running the length of the floor for the deciding edge. Capt. Greeson put the final touch on the victory with a long shot that gave him his sixth point of the game.

Outstanding was the fact that the starting five for the C. T. D.'s played the entire game, while the Specialists ran in every man on their roster.

Tied for scoring honors with Capt. Greeson of the C. T. D.'s was A. S. T. U. officer Lt. Scruggs with six of his teams 15 points.

entire bunch why it was impossible for him to perform this "task," and finally had to order—mind you, ORDER—men to go.

We wondered, too, if any of the many gentlemen who bitterly complained, "I just wish I had a chance to get one of those girls," were among the groups who let the Aggies take our dates to the train the Sunday after our last Wing Ball. Incidentally, that little demonstration of our gentleness didn't help much when we were looking for some girl to come over to this squadron dance. Can you blame them?

Thirdly, we wondered if some of the members of the detachment who asked the loudest why only one squadron was allowed to go to the dance were on that rather large decorations committee at that last dance in which only four members did all of the work. The rest just came to the ball.

Those were the questions that we asked ourselves, and of course we couldn't answer them. All we could satisfy ourselves on was that the detachment had lost its privilege of a Wing Ball because you just didn't give a darn—there was no cooperation, you had a "Let Joe do it" attitude, and worst of all, you forgot the common essentials of courtesy to guests. Do you still think you got such a raw deal?

Well, that's that. Some of you may not like what we've said, but after all, it's the truth that really hurts. When this column thinks that the detachment gets a raw deal, we'll say so; but when we think that the 308th has gotten only what it deserves, we'll say that too.

**Time Marches On:**  
 1942—Whatta man!  
 1943—What? A man?  
 1944—What's a man?

Scraps: Wonder why the daily bulletin is always so far behind the times? "54,973 days since Napoleon marched on Paris" should be coming up soon. . . . By popular request, will the fellows who bought rubber stamps please pick them up. We're getting sick of that one in the bulletin too. . . . The only way we found to crash Squadron 3's dance was to get hired as an assistant cook. . . . And

## The Long Run ... by Ken Ramers

All you gentlemen taking advantage of Uncle Sam's gift to the nation's youth by getting an advance in education in the beginnings of your toils toward a pair of wings of one type or another, have undoubtedly kept well abreast of the news in the sports world. As we all know you are supposed to be the athletes of the country. Because it seems to take an athlete to complete and endure eighteen months of traffic as heavy as this.

Most papers, even from one-horse towns, usually have an analyst of the national sports news even if they do not seem to encourage local sports in their papers. You all knew who was winning in the big leagues and you also knew who was the leading softball and bowling team if your town had a daily paper.

Also those of you who have spent time in college previously to Texas A. & M. will recall how well your college newspaper kept you upon the set-up of athletics and their progress on your campus. But that isn't all. You also remember how they could create great interest in about any sport they wished, merely by building it up by stories in their paper.

But not only by stories. The local sports columnist or editor could say what he wished. He could criticize as he wished or throw bouquets if he wished. He could create interest by feuding with other teams, coaches, school policy, or even with other sports editors.

But—this is the Army and any similarity between this column and one I would write in civilian life is purely—

With all the publicity it received during the past football season you no doubt know or remember without undue strain that the Navy is allowed to participate in all athletics at their various universities. And also that the Army is not.

The Army, and especially the Air Force, is supposed to be the rebirth of the so called intramural athletics. In the college I attended these intramurals were played up big—so much so that there were undoubtedly many men playing intramurals who could easily have competed on the inter-collegiate teams. And during these I-M events the interest ran so high that everyone who could possibly enter a team or two always did and had quite a little support when they went on the field or floor to play another team.

But—here at Texas A. & M.?? I want to ask a few questions. Who knows the standings in football between the squadrons? Or basketball? Or bowling? Not even Mr. Papik, and he is Wing Athletic Officer. This is the rebirth place of I-M sports and one of the outstanding C. T. D.'s among the various colleges left and where are the intramurals? The spring season is rounding the corner and it is time for the baby squadron to take their place in the standings—only they find there isn't anything to stand-in. And they sort of wonder if they aren't at the wrong place. Something else besides the Air Force I mean.

Squadron III is leaving and a new set-up should start now. If you want a lot of intra-squadron competition and a lot of spirit and morale, talk up these sports and buck for them. You get your teams. I'll go 50-50. I'll do my ———— to get your leagues.

when we got through with those potatoes, the dance was over. . . . Dress for the opera last night was strictly formal, only men who wore black patches being admitted. . . . One beaverette remarked on

## STUDENTS ...

A reinforced Beaver quint pushed the more experienced ASTU five into an overtime period last Friday night at the Aggie gym before bowing to defeat 54-49 in perhaps the most exciting of the four game series thus played between the two camp rivals.

A/S Thomas Carey, latest addition to the Beavers played the out-standing floor game of the evening. Carey rolled up twenty points during the extra period and was continually the main cog of the CTD offense and defense.

The high point of the game was furnished when nafter holding the lead throughout the game from the second minute of play until the last four CTD relinquish, the lead to the ASTU. With thirty seconds remaining Carey refused a free throw and took the ball out at the center of the floor. Fifteen seconds later Carey tied the count at 45-45 with a long toss from the center of the floor to push the game into overtime.

The entire CTD five played an outstanding brand of basketball throughout the game, but were completely overrun in the five minute extra period when the Specialists put on a show of their own headed by former "Whiz Kid" Barrich formerly of Illinois, and put the game on ice with nine points before the Beavers could count.

The score of 24-22 in favor of the CTDs showed the story of the first half battle between Carey and the ASTU perpetual star from Southern California, Fry. Fry accounted for 12 of his team's total first half score and managed to control the ball off the board most of the time. His play was overshadowed in the last half when he was held to a zero count in the regular playing time.

Five of the men who played for the CTD quint have probably played their last time for the Detachment. The five men are Aviation Students L. B. Kueck, R. E. Norris, R. F. Parry, K. W. Morgan, and Sam Kaiser. A call for new men will be issued in an attempt to bolster the remaining combination.

leaving Guion Hall, "It was so operatic!" . . . Have you read that new book, "Vacationing in the Alps," subtitled, "Backsliding on your Week Ends." . . . OK, I'll quit after that one.

Open letter to Mr. Papik: We're not interested personally in who is finally made athletic officer of Squadron 2, but if the man is chosen merely by virtue of having attended the same university as you, it isn't going to look good in our books. You might have at least have introduced the other four candidates by name to the P. E. instructor.

**Bouquet of the Week**  
 This week the flowers are handed to Tom Carey, whose twenty points were just a little short of bridging the margin between our own Beaver team and the ASTP basketeers. It's a good thing that he's in the baby squadron, too, because we'll have his services around here for some months.

**Pillow of Thorns**  
 Once again this "honor" is given to the entire 308th. Well, we lost again this week to our traditional rivals. We're not sure that we would have won that game if a few more members of the detachment had been out there, but our cheering section looked like the proverbial needle in a haystack among the hordes of ASTPers rooting for their team.

# Distractions

By David Seligman

th and the rib tickling situations n-re  
 The Lowdown: Deanna is O. K. to look at, but . . .

"The Mystery of Marie Roget", starring Maria Montez, Patric Knowles and Maria Ouspenskaya plays to the audiences at the Campus today and tomorrow. If you like thriller mysteries, fine, but this is not quite so thrilling. The plot runs rather slow for a picture of this type. The scene is in Paris in the 1889 horse and buggy days, the time in which the original Poe story was written. There isn't too much mystery as the murderer confesses his crime about the middle of the film and the fine point is whether it was a justifiable homicide or premeditated murder.

The Lowdown: Get the "Works of Poe" from the Library and save money.

**Campus**  
 Dial 4-1181  
 Opens 1 p.m.

TODAY AND WEDNESDAY

MARIA MONTEZ in Edgar Allen Poe's "THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET" with

kyayo route. His manager planned to turn him loose in professional circles after the 1941 Golden Gloves, but the elder Burian called a halt there, thinking his son was being rushed to fast.

The Manassa Mauler, a friend of Burian's father, had helped plan his future ring campaigns. His decision that the youngster needed a few more years of development abbreviated his Golden Gloves campaign.

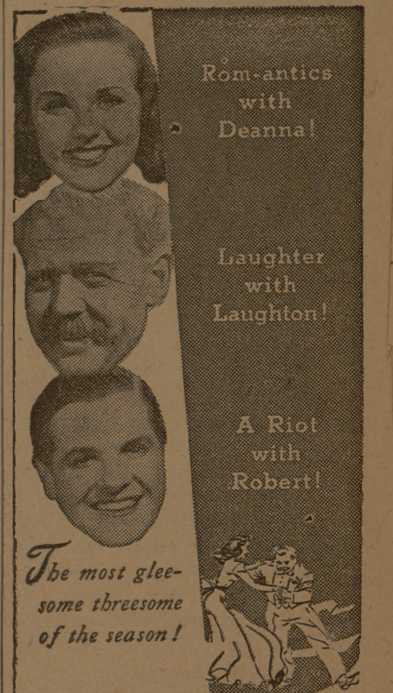
Burian was raised in East St. Louis, Ill. He started fighting when he was 16 and worked out at the noted Missouri Athletic club in St. Louis. He has sparred with such experts of the squared circle as Hammerin' Henry Armstrong, and Fritzie Zivic, former middle-weight champs, Bob Pastor and John Henry Lewis, top-flight heavyweights.

He trained with Joe Louis at the club. Burian's an infighter. He likes



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TODAY AND WEDNESDAY



Deanna DURBIN and Charles LAUGHTON in Edgar Allen Poe's "THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET" with ROBERT CUMMINGS

to mix it up close. Like the famous Hammerin' Hank, he believes in getting in the first punch, and boring in all the time. His attack is based on bobbing and weaving tactics.

He was inducted four months ago and went through basic, classification and processing at Shepard Field before being sent here.

(More Air Corps on Page 2)

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## PEEL OFF! with PEEL

To hear the way some of the fellows were moaning over the week-end, either the world was coming to an end, or the entire female population of the world was being eradicated effective midnight Saturday night. Being an inquisitive soul, we asked what it was all about, and were curly informed "that everyone had been stabbed in the back except Squadron 3." Phrases like "Cinderella's sisters," "they always get the breaks," and "While we study, they trip the light fantastic" were wafted through the torrid air to our ever-waiting ears.

We, being a glibble soul at heart, could see an editorial shapung up. . . . "as for the rest of us, a few went to Houston, a few wandered over to the USO in Bryan, and the remainder of us did our waltzing with a physics book. . . . we didn't have a particu-

**LOUPOT'S**  
 Trade With Lou—  
 He's Right With You!

The Bryan Banks will be closed Tuesday, Feb. 22, in observance of Lincoln's birthday, a legal holiday.

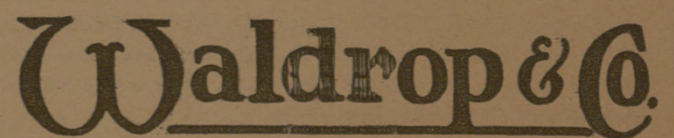
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