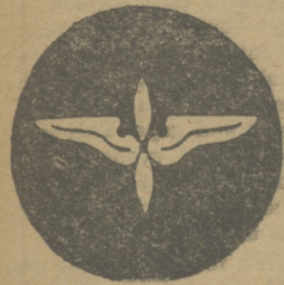


PROP



DUST



350TH COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT (AIRCREW)



350th College Training Detachment

Canyon, Texas

Thursday, January 27, 1944

Soldiers Warned By Secret Service Allotment Thefts

(By Camp Newspaper Service)

The United States has issued a warning to all soldiers and their dependents that many army allotment and allowance checks are being stolen.

Most of these thieves who follow the postman around on days during which the allotment checks are delivered. They then steal them from the mailboxes of soldiers' families. Watch out for them, the Secret Service warns.

To aid servicemen and their dependents in guarding against theft of checks, the Secret Service has offered the following suggestions:

1. Write your family to have someone stay at home when your check is due. If it is removed from the mailbox immediately, it cannot be stolen.
2. Make sure your family has a deep, strong mailbox with your name printed on it in large letters. Be sure to keep it locked.
3. Have the folks arrange with the postman to signal when he delivers the check, if possible.
4. Tell them to notify the postmaster when they move. The Post Office has a regular card for them to fill out.
5. Your family should make a point of cashing the check at the same place each month. This will make identification easier. Merchants have been cautioned to insist on proper identification, so it is wise to go to a place where you are known. Better still, have them open a bank account and deposit the check instead of cashing it. Tell them to be certain they understand the rules of the bank about how soon they can draw the money out.
6. They should never fold, pin or mutilate the check.

The site of the Army Ordnance arsenal in Philadelphia was part of a tract sold in 1742 by John Penn, grandson of William Penn, to Alexander Hamilton for one shilling per hundred acres. Since the site covers 91 acres, its cost at that time was less than a shilling.

Student Major Is Mud Bath Enthusiast

Preceding the review Sunday afternoon, Sergeants Anton, McGee and Corporal Walsh under the direction of Captain Jacobi, constructed a make shift bridge over some 20 feet of mud. Immediately after the review, student Major Stemerick close behind his adjutant, Student Captain Strain, was in the process of crossing the bridge. It might be added that S/M Stemerick was using his best military bearing and, of course, his famed acrobatic stepping. Mr. Strain, who is inclined to be very daring at times, placed his foot on a loose board and sprang gallantly to the other side. At this instant

Mail Call Comes In Picture Introduction Of WAC Ex-Baker

FORT KNOX, KY.—A picture in YANK is the only introduction a girl needs to members of the Armed Forces.

T/5 Virginia Kilgore of the 1550th Service Unit, WAC Section, Fort Knox, Kentucky, accidentally discovered the drawing power of the soldier magazine when a picture of her was published in the November 12 edition of YANK.

Within a week of the publication mail call at the WAC Company became a chore for Virginia, and every day added to the pile of letters that arrived from soldiers all over the United States. Some came from old friends in the service, others from soldiers in hospitals, but most of them were just from "GI Joes" who liked the looks of the little Virginia girl who was shown baking a cake.

Several of them proposed, nearly all of them wanted a reply to their letters and they were unanimous in their enthusiasm for Virginia.

The mail from overseas has not yet started to arrive, but if the views of the soldiers in this country are in criterion, the "V" letters will be equally enthusiastic.



MISS BILLIE DeHART

* * *

Billie DeHart Is Chosen 'Miss 1944'

At a dance sponsored by the Pi Omega sorority Saturday evening, January 8th, Miss Billie Lois De Hart was named "Miss 1944".

Miss De Hart, freshman from Claude, Texas, received a satin ribbon with the lettering in gold metallics, MISS 1944.

Miss Jean Claiborn, president of Pi Omega sorority pinned the ribbon on the winner.

Detachment Gets New Board Walks

With the snow and rainy weather coming upon them rather unexpectedly, the Aviation Students of the 350th C. T. D. recently found themselves having to go through some terrain which resembled the swamps of Louisiana, minus the vegetation, when going to the General Office to read the bulletin board.

New board walks have now been laid through that small but bothersome area and once again students can read the bulletin board without fear of losing that ever-present shine on their shoes.

Chaplain Scholten Makes Regular Visit

Chaplain Howard S. Scholten paid his regular monthly visit to the 350th College Training Detachment from January 15 to 18.

In addition to being available to students of the detachment for consultation, Chaplain Scholten preached at the First Presbyterian Church in Canyon Sunday morning. His subject was "Prayer."

Permanent Party Personnel Top List In War Bond Allotment

In a recent survey that was made at the 350th College Training Detachment, a chart was composed to show the average War Bond Allotment per man. The chart gave the average amount of allotment in each flight, in the permanent party personnel, and in the civilian personnel.

The permanent party personnel had the highest average per man with an average of \$19.91. In second place was the civilian personnel with an average of \$18.75.

Listed below is the average allotment on each flight: Flight 1, 7.20; Flight 2, \$5.50; Flight 3, \$6.60; Flight 5, \$3.40; Flight 6, \$5.40; Flight 7, \$5.80; Flight 8, \$3.40; Flight 9, \$4.00; Flight 10, \$4.10.

In opening the Fourth War Loan drive at the 350th College Training Detachment, Lt. Manly D. Ballard, insurance and war bond officer, announced to the aviation students of this detachment that it was not only expected that all members of the armed forces should fight this war, but it is also our duty to help finance it. "In addition to combating the enemy on foreign battle fields," he explained, "the purchase of war bonds plays an important part in combating an economic enemy within our own country—inflation. For these reasons, together with that of accumulating a reserve for future contingencies, it is urged that all aviation students consider increasing their Class B Allotments where it is at all possible to do so."

Lt. Ballard is going to contact every aviation student in the detachment personally about increasing their Class B Allotments. Of the students contacted so far many have indicated that they had contemplated making Class B allotments for the purchase of war bonds but had been delaying to do so.

"The interviews with the aviation students are not intended in

Pin-Up Girls Are Chosen Saturday At West Texas

The meeting of the four classes of West Texas State College on Saturday, resulted in the election of class Pine-Up Girls. Class favorites for the year were also chosen and a class representative, who will be photographed and their pictures shown at the weekly dance on February 5.

For the Senior class, Miss La Nell Harmon was chosen as Pin-Up Girl with Stuart Condon and Maribel Hazard as the Senior Class Favorites. Helen Studner was named as their representative.

Jean Taylor and Bob Travis were elected favorites for the Junior class, and Nieta Stephens as the Pin-Up Girl. Mary Lee Darcus was chosen as the representative.

In the Sophomore class Alice Wiley was selected as the Pin-Up Girl; Bob Conner and Mary Jo Priddy were named favorites. Jeanne Kleinschmidt was chosen as the annual representative.

For the Freshman class Pin-Up Girls, Lavada Lanier and Vesta Gamble received the honors. Gene Lowman and Evelyn Elliott were named favorites and Ruby West is to be the Freshman class representative.

Aviation students will be able to purchase the Le Mirage if they so desire. The price will be \$2.50, and the book will be sent to them if they are no longer in Canyon.

any way to put any pressure on the men," explained Lt. Ballard, "but rather is designed to present an opportunity for some of the students' good intentions to make Class B Allotments for the purchase of war bonds to materialize."

A report will be given at a later date on the increase in War Bond allotment which this detachment expects during this Fourth War Loan Drive.

Certificates To Be Awarded Graduates

Present and future graduating students of the 350th. College Training Detachment will receive certificates stating their accomplishments while in their college training. Each student will also be presented with a Diploma, which is very impressive and will make an excellent character recommendation. These awards will go to members of each graduating class.

To the student making the most progress during his stay here will go a certificate reading "Highest Honor for Progress."

To the student who is voted best in Physical Training a certificate of Highest Physical Training Honors will be awarded.

The student who is in every respect the best in military bearing, neatness and all the principles of an Aviation Student, will receive a certificate for the Highest Military Honors.

Certificates will be awarded to the student with the highest academic grades. This award will bear the grades which qualify the student to this honor. All student officers who have performed their duties faithfully and well, will receive a confirmation of this—bearing his name, student ranks and honorable discharge of duties upon graduation.

Do not wait until you are graduating to try for these awards. The competition begins as soon as you set foot in the detachment.

Each time you perform a duty well, and live a little closer to the Honor Code, and comply with the rules of the detachment, you not only are growing close to an award, but you are growing closer to the type of man the Army Air Forces requires for officers.

A/S Dan Hicks, Jr.



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This issue is my first as editor of PROP DUST. I sincerely hope that I can do as well as did my predecessor, Nyle G. Rothembach. At any rate I will do my best to turn out the kind of paper that the members of the 350th will enjoy reading and at the same time, be proud of. Let it be understood now that if anyone has any suggestions as to how PROP DUST can be improved, by all means make a note of them and be sure that attention is called to them. You can do this by contacting any member of the staff. Remember that this is your paper and any suggestions that you make will make it even more so.

The editorial column will present various ideas submitted by "guest Editors." In a few weeks flights 5 and 6 will leave for Santa Ana. They leave behind that memory of a grand bunch of fellows, not to mention the usual crop of broken co-ed hearts. To them we bid farwell and good luck.

To Squadron B, the infant squadron, we extend a hearty welcome and the desire that your stay here will be as enjoyable as has ours. To you we pass on the magic word which will open all doors and solve all your problems while you are a member of the Army Air Forces. That word is HONOR. It is now the most important word in your vocabulary and certainly your most priceless possession while you are in the 350th C. T. D.
 A/S Dan Hicks, Jr.

Rabbit Punch

NORTH CAMP HOOD, Tex.—Maj. Edward H. Burch Jr. is explaining to fellow-officers of the Tank Destroyer RTC that he got a bad black eye from a rabbit punch. He shows a patch of Texas jack fur to prove it.

Major Burch was going through a field problem, and hit the ground at the first sound of enemy fire. He found himself standing eye to eye with a tough Texas jack. The jack was quicker than he, with the result that its ten pounds hurtled through the air and bounced off his left eye.

The rabbit vanished while the major was recovering his helmet and his composure.

About Your War Bond

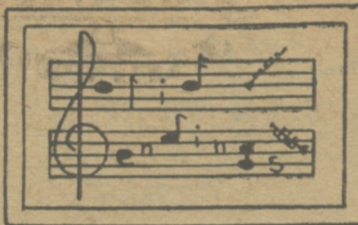
Some things about War Bonds are hard for soldiers on the field to understand. This isn't a surprising situation, since there are some things about bonds that aren't very simple.

Many soldiers have been mystified by the discrepancy in the dates that appear on the face of the bonds. The bonds carry two dates. One is the date of the bond itself, the other is the date of issue. Don't let the difference in the two confuse you.

It is the policy of the war bond office to issue all bonds within the first 15 days of the month following completion of payment. Ordinarily, the subscriber is given the benefit of 30 days interest, since his bond is dated the first of the month although payment is not completed until the month is ended.

A lot of times, bond purchasers start to worry when they do not receive their bond on the day they expect it. The reason for these delays is that sometimes complete information is lacking by the war bond office. If your bond is more than 15 days late, you should make inquiry at your war bond office so the records may be checked to find out just what is holding it up.

"Solid Sendings"



A/S N. J. Kalanzis

LES BROWN
(Band of the Week)

Few bands have been able to completely capture the audience as has been Les's fast coming outfit. Bow now to Les Brown who, with a new name and a young band, has accomplished this fact so well that you are on the edge of your seat with amazement whenever Les airs over the radio.

The band is employing some of the cleanest, best thought out arrangements in the field today. Not necessarily showy, they are attractive to musician and Johnny Doe alike. Excellent little trumpet, alto, clarinet, rhythm passages built a lilt for the full band to attack savagely with the audience in a receptive and appreciative mood. Full treatment of well selected tunes will put this band on your customer's hit parade. Roberta Lee handles the light tunes with Hal Durwin doing the ballads. Incidentally Les finished 8th on Downbeat's King of Swing crown for 1943, and 6th on the King of Sweet list.

The band has spark and charm. Their chords are full and their rhythm light but steady. As for arrangements, there will never be a "White Christmas" like Les's.

HERE AND THERE

Be sure to see the latest March of Time. In it are featured Benny Goodman, Perry Como and Bea Wain, Glenn Miller and his AAF band, and a scene showing the late George Gershwin playing "I Got Rhythm" . . . Skip Nelson, former vocalist with Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey, has skipped across the tracks to Guy Lombardo's ork . . . George Whiting, lyricist on "My Blue Heaven", died two weeks back . . . The amazing Charlie Barnet, stuck for a vocalist to use for his Strand Theatre booking New Year's Eve, finally decided to hire Harriet Clark—his estranged wife, whom he fired from the band several weeks before eloping with her in 1941 . . . The music world lost one of its best showman composers when Thomas "Fats" Waller passed away last month. Waller's immortal "Honeysuckle Rose" has been going strong since its intro back in '29. (Written when Waller was a young tinkler at the age of 24). "Fats" love for the jug hastened his passing away at the young age of 39 . . . Here's a 21-gun salute to the bands that made the best rise toward A-1 musical perfection the past year: Lionel Hampton, Charlie Spivak, Stan Kenton, Count Basie, and the incomparable Benny Goodman. . . Dianah Shore Montgomery is the way you should address little Dinah from here on. Montgomery who will be remembered by jazz fans as the actor who played the trumpet-lead in Glenn Miller's "Orchestra Wives", is now a private in the Air Corps . . . Attention jazz lovers: Look out for Esquire's Jazz Book, expected to hit the stands next month . . . Rumors have "Count Rumford" to hit the 350th one of these days . . . Kal pauses at this moment to tip his hat to Mr. Frank Walker for pulling the top boxer of the season by banning Esquire from the mail. Walker said it was a "lewd and obscene magazine!" Ho! Ho! That's a laugh. . . Downbeat's 1944 Poll gave Benny (That man is here again) Goodman the King of Swing title for the fifth time in the last eight years. Ellington placed and Charlie (Surprise) Barnet showed. Tommy Dorsey was tops in the King of Sweet column, repeating as last year's champ. Spivak and Glenn Miller followed up in the same order as last year.

You, Too, Can Be An Aviation Cadet

By A. D. Campbell

Run! Don't walk to your nearest psycho-analyst. He will question you with simple and sane questions, such as: Have you ever Hmmm! Do you Hmmm! When did you kiss your first girl? Where? How? Why! Are you attracted by the opposite sex? If so, why? If not—(they wash you out). After a gruelling half hour, with a person you are by now thoroughly convinced is section eight material, you complete the rest of the Army's 64 physical examination. You will leave the infirmary as dragged out as a Lockheed rivetter on the 11 hour grave yard shift. You're smiling if you passed; a lump is in your throat if you don't.

The next few weeks (eight or nine) you receive what is called basic training. You are expected to absorb the same training that an infantryman gets in six months. Oh! yes, in between training activities each man has a few "details", such as K. P., guard, "polishing up", latrine orderly, barracks orderly and a few other unmentionables. Your entire basic training is supervised by men who are known a spermanent party—the qualified cadets have other names for them.

In your last week of basic training, two tests meet you eye to eye. Number one, the psychomotor and number two, the psychological.

Number one is to test your coordination. It is about two hours long. Various wheels, cogs, springs, cams, light, pegs, shafts, and "gadgets" will be placed at your command. If you are not the commanding type—Oh! Oh! you will be a gunner. It is also advisable to take along an extra pair of eyes and hands.

Next day—if you don't have a nervous breakdown—you will take up about 7 hours of your valuable time. The object of it is, to test your mental ability—assuming that you have some.

Incidentally, whoever compiled this "brain twister" must have

been secretary to Einstein, because he is the only one alive that could ever dream up such cranium crackers. To this day I doubt if Einstein could make a passing grade.

The tests are over, then you "sweat it out" for the next three days—and I mean sweat. The D. I. enters the barracks with the qualifying list. Color leaves the men's faces, a few faint, other stand and gape. This seems to be the biggest event in their lives. The names are read out and those who pass are jubilant; those who fail are gloomy.

In a few days, those who qualified are sent to a College Training Detachment. I understand you have a "Choice" of three states: Texas, Texas, or Texas.

No kiddin' men, college training life is wonderful. You can sleep as late as 5:30 every morning. You are aroused at this time by the S. O. D., who says—in a meek voice, "Time to get up gentlemen." Your days work is over as early as 8:30 p. m. (2030 army time)—sometimes. That gives you a whole hour and a half before lights out. You take a shower, polish your shoes "highly", clean your teeth too, and about 99 other little odd jobs. Then you go to be.

Yes, men! You too can be an Aviation Cadet.

IN CASE OF AN AIR RAID

If an incendiary bomb comes through your roof, don't lose your head. Put it in a bucket and cover it with sand.

* Tulsa School Life

Sambo—Pass me the 'Lasses mammy.

Mammy—You must say Mo'asses, son.

Sambo—How can I say Mo' when I ain't had any yet?

She was only a dentist's daughter, but she ran around with the worst set in town.





"Tennessee Hicks"

Squadron D, in it's third month on the W. T. S. campus, paused briefly this week to take inventory. First, in the "Moon light and Roses Department," we find A/S Hogue making frequent trips to the cleaners. Careful Hogue, recall what happened to one Mr. Faires? Next in order we find the Burch-Reedy affair. A Woosom Toosome if there ever was one. The exhaust pipe of the class, Mr. Olson, is still trying to sew up the Tucker deal. The Bobby Brant—Percy Sylvester Simpson incident also deserves attention. A/S Ridley, the class cynic and critic, reports that he has not seen anyone worthy of his attention. S/M Ryan is still true to the girl back home. Your correspondent, ? ? ? ?

Elevyn McCarthy (Stunted Weeds), "I'm forgetting cadets."

Mona Burleson (Borger Incident), "Me too, I'm FOR GETTING a couple as soon as possible."

After the graduating class had finished their delicious repast and took their leave, several student officers were seen occupying the vacated seats of the officers. Student Corporal Lokey made an excellent Master of Ceremonies. The flowers used for decoration, were later found adorning the locker of one Student Major Ryan.

For hours and hours the argument raged. The AM boys vs the Radio Gunners. Perspiration poured like water. Adjectives flew fast and furious. Abruptly a gentleman stepped forth and settled the question at hand. All eyes turned toward the speaker. Admiration for one who had mastered their art shone forth. "And what are you, Radio Gunner or AM?" they asked. Each anxious to claim the champion. "The Mule Artillery was the reply.

(Verse or Worse)

"A student officer stood on the track,"
"The train was coming fast"
"The train got off the track,"
"To let the student officer go past."

OUR BARGAIN FOR THE WEEK . . . A/S Robert Reedy—prepared for the ballet, won both the typing and shorthand championship of his alma-mater, carried away several contests. Likes: dancing, cartooning, good music and trees, especially if the trees are of the birch variety, answering to the name of "Sharline".

A/S Ridley cautioning A/S Robinson that some day he is going to get gigged for not shining his forehead . . . A large white cat answering to the name of "Mable" has adopted Squadron D,

(Continued on Page Four)



STAFFORD HOLLERS

We're going to start this column writing with our left hand, while our right hand slowly comes to life in a bucket of warm water—Ah, what could be so rare as a sunny day in January. We are still wondering as to where they moved the wind tunnel on to the Buffalo Stadium football field.

Imagine—getting sunburned on one side and wind-burned on the other.

A/S W. Murphy has just completed his "tour" of duty—he has announced he is open for bids on a gas mask—slightly used. He had miss two installments of the Saturday serial at the movies.

A/S B. B. Smith (Housemother's delight) has been the victim of a sore shoulder muscle—due, he says, to too much work on the parallel bars—not from slipping on the other kind.

News has just reached us that soon, women's handbags will be made with a flashlight built right in the bottom. Nothing seems more disconcerting than to see a young lady fishing around the deepest corners of her purse, trying to find the elusive what-ever-it-is they always seem to want. (Maybe barracks bags will come so equipped in the future—that WOULD be an improvement.)

Speaking of inventions—If necessity is the mother of inventors, War surely must be the father. Think of all the modern conveniences that will be waiting for us when the war is over—(hmmm, Maybe no time-clocks or alarm clocks. Wouldn't it be swell to be awakened each a. m. by the dulcet tones of Dianah Shore's or Helen O'Connell's voice, singing a lovely ballad—pardon us while we refill our opium pipe.)

By the way—with all the gals wearing painted-on stockings, what did they hang up for Christmas?

Well, one thing's certain, this would have been an awfully lonesome place last weekend—All the lovely chicks free to go home for their Mid-semester vacation, but they stayed for the dance. Bless their little hearts! What would happen to our morale, (and the pavement between here and Amarillo) if they didn't worry about us?

We just heard an enlightening remark—A gentleman is nothing more than a patient wolf.

Parting Shot—Weather forecast for Europe—Shroudy, with overblast skies. . . .

Here's an added bit—Take it for what it's worth—(Yeah, we copied it from someone)

A BETTER EXPERIENCE OF AN AIR CADET IS HERE RECORDED

A WARNING TO ALL OPEN POST HOUNDS

It was mid-nite and the streets

CHARACTER PLUS

A/S Thomas S. Woods

Willie is just an ordinary Aviation Student. He isn't exceptionally brilliant nor is he of the stupid variety. Sometimes he gets himself into little bits of trouble but he always manages to escape one way or another.

Willie arrived at W. T. one Sunday afternoon, October third to be exact, and seemed highly dissatisfied with the situation. The main reason was due to the very large size of Canyon. He had expected to see a town of many and varied amusements with something doing every minute.

To bring Willie up-to-date, we'll quickly summarize his past experiences beginning with his first open post. October 23rd he received the good news and began to change his opinion of Canyon. Although, the events weren't quite what he had expected he was in a very jovial mood over the ordeal.

During Saturday evening Willie thought he would visit Bob's cafe. He had heard that they used a first class lever to enter and a can opener to get out. As he casually strolled to the door and pulled it open, four couples fell out because one of his roommates took a deep breath. Homer, his pal, had three mashed toes and a broken arch from the trampling that was ever present.

After several hours of standing on one foot and someone else on the other, he finally obtained a booth. Just as he did, the waiter came around and announced that there would be no more orders taken. With every thing not so good he decided to call it a week-end.

She was only Charlie McCarthy's sister, but don't think she wooden neck.

"You spent only two months in Alabama? You talk like you were born there!"

"Yes, pardon my sudden accent."

were dark,
The passing cars were few.
Just then a girl came walking by;
The flower of her youth.

I asked her if she'd take a ride
She seemed to hesitate
Then she stepped in-and breathed
a sigh.
Alas! I could not wait.

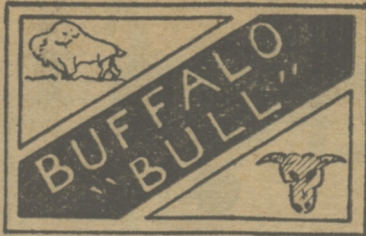
I took her to a lonely lane
Where stars lit up the sky,
My very blood ran through my veins,
With a feeling of do or die.

Her eyes were of the deepest blue,
Her hair was blond and fine,
And then I touched her hand—I
knew that she was mine.

I put my arms around her waist
And kissed her ruby lips.
And as I drew away, my hand
Dropped gently to her hip.

T'was then I found out who she was
It hit me like a bomber,
For on her hip was slung a gun,
T'was Pistol Packing Momma.

A/S George D. Anderson



By James (Duke) Poulos

Hello, Folks here I am again with a little of this and that—

This past week-end I saw—A/S Joe Russo and John Levikas out on dates for the first time since the boys hit West Texas. I don't know the young ladies' names but they were real cute.—A/S Jimmy Scott losing a close one to S/Lt. Carrozza at the bowling alley.—A/S Jim R. Williams with Eris Norton, getting to be a steady twosome, that is if Jimmy isn't restricted this week-end.—Just before I started to go back to B. C. I met T. S. Woods and his wife having a midnight snack before turning in.

Sunday morning I attended services at the First Presbyterian Church and heard our own army chaplain, Captain Sholten preach the sermon. I enjoyed it very much but was disappointed to see so few Aviation Students in church. After church we all returned at 1400 for the review which was to be held in the afternoon.

Monday, Class 13 started flying, if I may call it so. The students received their ground instructions and got acquainted with their instructors.

Tuesday was the one we had been waiting for, a chance to fly. That morning A/S Burns was walking to the stage house whiffs as a sheet. Later A/S Renegar and I met away up there, and we came mighty close to each other and when asked by his instructor what about that plane, Mr. Renegar replied, "Let him watch out for himself." After our first 45 minutes we were all Hot Pilots, and to hear us talk you would have thought so. Well enough for this edition so I'll sign off by saying Hasta la vista!

A Privates Prayer

The Sarge is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me pick up burnt matches. He leadeth me through the mud puddles; he restoreth my step. He guideth me on the course of obstacles for my health's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valleys I must run up the hills. He anointeth my head with abuses and my cup runneth over. Surely cadence and KP will follow me all the days of my Army life and I shall dwell in the hair of my Sergeant forever.

—Anonymous.

SIX WEEK'S TEST BLUES

or

IT CAN (and does) HAPPEN HERE

A dansa
A data
Perchanca
Out lata
A classa
A quizza
No passa
Gee whizza! !

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

"Tennessee" Hicks

Figuratively speaking, (And we hate to speak about ours) physical education is a very tiring subject. It's purpose is to build one's self up, while at the same time, tear one's self down!

Before my entrance into the Army Air Corps, my conception of vigorous exercise was to extend my two index fingers and wiggle them vigorously in two counts, while at the same time to have a very determined look on my face and sweat on my brow. It is much the same here. You extend your two index fingers and try like heck to wiggle them as fast as the rest of your body!

Twice a week we don our abbreviated tuxedos and a bit of cross country running. For some of us it is the farthest we have been, or ever will get, from Air Crew Avenue.

As in every group, there is an Eager Beaver, who lunges ahead with the speed of light, and consequently makes you feel very bad because you are running last as usual. But soon you get your revenge as you run across his prone body in the middle of the road on the way back. It might be compared to religion—we are all headed in the same direction, but it's a little harder for some of us to get there than others.

For recreation we are blessed with a medieval torture chamber which some joking gentleman has very appropriately named, "The Obstacle Course." Each gentlemen backs up, shifts into low, and soars over the first hurdle. Just about now you are feeling like a million and would take on Sinatra single handed. After a short jump of six feet you make a three point landing—your two big toes and your nose. Here you crawl under a row of two-by-fours so low that Mike the Mascot was forced to go around. Then up before you looms a towering 8 foot skyscraper. To your weary eyes comes a vision of clouds hovering around its summit. Your objective is to steal over the top of said wall—you have larceny in your heart, but your feet are honest, and there you hang! Before you can back up and try again, several dozen fellow sufferers climb up over your legs and arms, and use your head for a foot rest. Quickly you dig back into your subconscious mind seeking the formula for the pendulum—you remember said formula, apply it to your feet, and over you go—last as usual!

A wave of relief floods your body. You are almost through. All that lies before you is a trip across a too round log, a trip over the horizontal bars, a short sprint up and down the vertical bars, and a dozen or so pull-ups (Really, I'm not kidding!) Then the supermen in the group carry your limp body off the field.

Gentlemen, in closing, may I give you a tip. Especially to those of you, who, like myself, are winded after a fast game of checkers. Drop your children on their heads, give them money to spend and then take it back from them, tell them lies, and in general teach them to expect anything and everything—because that's just what they'll get when they run an Army Air Corps Obstacle Course!

Male Call by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates" In Attacking, Never Take Terrain For Granted



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CUBCARE

Class 12 has some really "hot pilots" in some of the boys who have chalked up previous flying time at one time or another. "Little Abner" Elliott is a former Glider Pilot who would have won his wings if the program hadn't been discontinued at the time. He lacked but a few hours in the air before getting his wings.

Misters Scully, Harden, Metzger, Noel and a few of the others have all had previous flying time, and were upstairs practicing stalls, spins, climbing turns, S-turns, and the like, while the rest of the boys were hanging onto the stick for dear life or something after the instructor had told them to take over for the first time.

Enthusiasm and morale runs high at the airport each day as all the boys from flights 3 and 4 push their aerial putt-putts across the sky in practice—just the beginning of the long climb upwards towards winning their wings, but nevertheless the start that we will all need.

The war was over. Hitler's death finished it. And the corporal who had helped to lay the body well and truly underground was describing the scene.

"The Germans put the coffin down twenty-five times," he said. "Twenty-five times?" echoed his listeners. "What for?"

"Encores", said the corporal.

Workers in Army Ordnance explosives plants are 4.2 percent safer than in their own homes, according to latest safety statistics.

Ridin' The Beam . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

said feline has taken up her abode under the bed of Captain Ryan.

THE HEIGHT OF AMBITION . . . A/S Milton Rappfogle receiving a razor for Christmas . . . A/S Robert Ott reading, "You Too Can Be a Romeo" . . . A/S Flash Hogue remarking that this year is a leap year.

WHY ? ? ? Did the handsome couple in King's Cafe leave two large steaks untouched Sunday night? And they tell me that you can't live on love.

Were Bill Ryan and Jim Morrell seeking a back door?

Didn't the girls in Bob's come out Sunday night?

She was only a Chaplain's daughter, but you couldn't get anything pastor.

She was only a roadmaker's daughter, but, oh, how she made the grades.

The jap general rode forward, "I have the honoh, your Imperial Highness, to report a great victory," he said.

"Good, go and congratulate the troops."

"So solly, sir. There are none left."

The dumb belle—she may not be able to add but she certainly can distract.

SO, YOU DON'T LIKE IT?

So you are sick of the way the country is run,
And you are sick of the way the rationing is done.
And you are sick of standing in line,
You're sick, you say—well, that's just fine.
So I'm sick of the sun and the heat—
And I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet
And I'm sick of the mud and the jungle flies
And I'm sick of the stench when the night mists rise
And I'm sick of the siren's wailing shriek
And I'm sick of the groans of the wounded and weak
And I'm sick of the sound of the bomber's dive
And I'm sick of seeing the dead alive
And I'm sick of the roar and noise and din
And I'm sick of the taste of food from a tin
And I'm sick of slaughter—I'm sick to my soul.
I'm sick of playing a killer's role.
And I'm sick of blood and death and smell
And I'm even sick of myself as well.
And I'm sicker still of a tyrant's rule
And conquered lands where the wild beasts drool.
And I'm cured damn quick when I think of the day
When all the Hell will be out of the way,
When none of this mess will have been in vain
And the lights of the world will blaze again;
And things will be as they were before,
And kids will laugh in the streets once more.
And the Axis flags will be dipped and furled
And God looks down on a peaceful world.

(From a soldier in N. Africa; name unknown)

Permanent Party News

It was announced Saturday, January 15, 1944, that sergeants Irwin W. Becraft and Charles C. Graham, were promoted to the rank of staff sergeants. Also corporal L. Gardner was promoted to the rank of sergeant.

Sergeant Roy Gardner returned last week from a fifteen day furlough which he spent with his family in Winchester, Kentucky.

Corporal Iver W. Stenborg, a former member of the 350th permanent party staff, was transferred to the Army Air Base, at Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

Corporal Gay McReynolds from Roswell, New Mexico, arrived January 19, for his new assignment as permanent party at the 350th. McReynolds, prior to this assignment, was stationed at Roswell Army Air Field, Roswell, New Mexico.

Sergeant M. C. "Elmo" McGee has been recently made an honorary member of a newly formed club known as the "T. S. I." It seems that Sgt. McGee is the only MALE member of the club.

A few Saturday nights ago seems to have brought to a close a romance which many thought would never end. Cpl. Ed Walsh is now a free man with no strings attached.

Sgt. "T. S. I." McGee has firmly decided to spend more week-ends in Canyon rather than Lubbock. For now his one and only has turned out to be one of his fellow "T. S. I." members, none other than Nedra Evans.

While Sgt. Roy Gardner was away on furlough, a certain young lady, who spent many a night at Bob's, had that far away look in her eyes whenever the Juke-box played "Star Eyes". It must have been for Roy who is far, far, away.

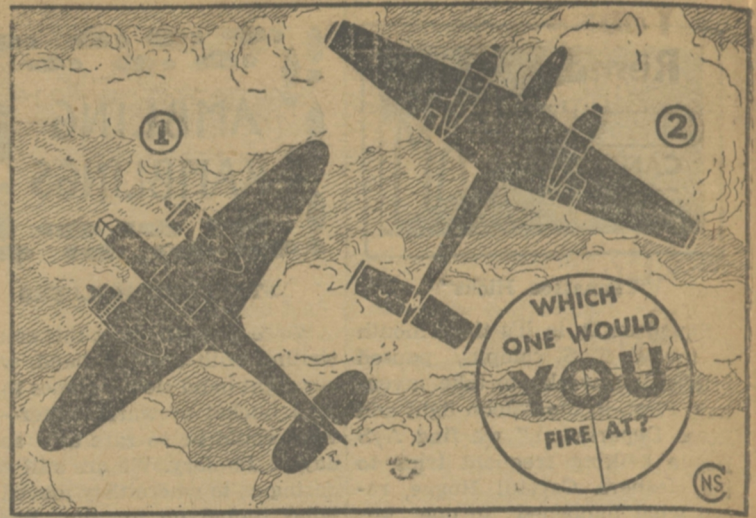
Seen at Bob's recently was Cpl. Ed Walsh playing that 'ole song "Waiting for the Evening Mail." Is that the only way that you could find to get rid of those extra nickels, Ed.

1885
Grandma had a fellow
Who had a timid heart.
When they sat together,
They sat this far apart.

1900
Mother had a boy friend
Who was bashful and shy;
Do you think he'd kiss her?
Why he wouldn't even try.

1944
Whenever daughter's choice does call
He greets her with a kiss.
And when they sit together,
They sit up close like this.

I like exams
I think they're fun
I never cram
And I don't flunk one.
(P. S. I'm the teacher).



NOT AT NO. 1! It's the British Blenheim, a mid-wing medium bomber, powered by twin radical engines. The nose of the fuselage extends forward of the engine nacelles. The wings taper almost equally to rounded tips. The tips of the tailplane are also rounded and it has a single fin and rudder.

FIRE AT NO. 2! It's the German Messerschmitt Me. 110, a long range, twin-engine escort fighter. Its fuselage is long and thin. Both edges of the wings taper equally to square tips. The leading edge of the tailplane taper slightly to square tips; the trailing edge is straight. It has twin fins and rudders.

(Courtesy Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers Aircraft Spotter by L. Ott)

Silver Threads Among The Bold

Being the baby member of this staff is lots of fun—every morning the editor pins up my diaper and with a fond little tap sends me on my merry way to steal scandal from "The Prairie."

Terrill Hall now harbors the bold and the brave of class sixteen. We inherited the ruins from Santa-Ana-mad class twelve. Speaking of class twelve, they surely were a merry bunch as they liked the better things in life—like Esquire for instance. Their uncanny ability to bite the prongs off the fork endeared them to the entire student body.

As we gleefully bounce up and down on Palo Duro Springs we read class 12's will. To us they bequeath: Their Petty pictures, one two headed flight Lieutenant, and the memory of Lil' Abner's breath on Sat. nite. (We like the Petty pictures fine).

The coed population gave them a little party on graduation eve. Some darn fool brought along nails to spike the punch—but they caught him. To liven things up Abner Elliot yelled "Free beers at Bob's!" and in the ensuing trample seven Aviation Students were mercifully spared from Santa Ana.

Well that just about covers class 12, so here's a toast and may it be burnt at that.

Our most efficient student supply sergeant, Mr. Lipman almost woke up his English class with one. He knew that Dominoes spelled with an "es" was a game, but Dominoes without the "e", according to him, was a big machine that furnished electricity.

What's buzzen at Cousins—

A/S R. Flanagan and R. Cole have been getting their signals mixed. The same girls have adorned their appearance for the last two weekends. Honorable (?) Student Captain Bryant and Evelyn Elliot seem to remind each other of a date. By the by, Evelyn was

the freshman favorite choice, and its easy to see why.

A/S Chuck Garrison seems to have that little thing where Dorothy Gates is concerned. A/S (talk to much after lights out) Loren Jolley isn't mad at Mary Cowart either. Willy West and Aviation Student Young haven't a girl problem—it's sort of mass production, according to last reports. Mr. John Kovach is currently Randall Halling it. A/S Smith is at present supporting (well I'll be) on his (well whatcha know) arm. Neil Zartman wants to know if they call him stupid because he's round shouldered. (Glad I wear glasses).

Say, A/S Phil (Casanova) Thomas is making headway with them all, I even had to watch my girl, Consuella Dropwater, when he was around. Luckily, she's crossed-eyed. I just poked my nose in her face and she's a blind date. S/Lt. Wasserman would like to be seen with Alice Wylie. You're not the only one?

A/S O'Hara and Niebuhr were on the loose last week—for about three minutes. Mr. Sumption wishes Jean Shaver wasn't so chummy with that certain upper classman.

Student First Sergeant W. Houston has a cat that eats lemons. Wonder if it's a sour puss.

A/S Hoefer and Porter were trueing it like mad. From their favorite pictures, I can see why.

Say, that block buster from Cousins, Mary Henslee, really slings a mean inuendo. She kept your Lone Ranger sweating verbals at the Buff the other nite. Wonder where A/S Howard Pippin got that cute name sake he was conveying.

Well now that that's finished I'll hop down to the Nat to get a malted milk.

Famous last words: I wonder how many tour I'll get this week.

A/S Donald Silver

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Things Are Not Always As They Seem



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