

PROP



DUST



350TH COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT (AIRCREW)



350th College Training Detachment

Canyon, Texas

Thursday, February 24, 1944

Squadron 'C' Departs For Santa Ana

On Friday night, February 18, Class 13 participated in Graduation Exercises in the Education Building Auditorium. Friends and relatives of the graduates attended. A very impressive program and ceremony followed. Captain Buntz, Commanding Officer, introduced Dean R. P. Jarrett, Dean of West Texas State, who delivered a farewell address to the students. Following his address, Dean Jarrett presented diplomas to members of the graduating class.

Special achievement awards were presented during the ceremony for outstanding achievement. Capt. Buntz presented the certificate for Highest Military Honor to Ben K. Strain, Group Commander, Group I. Coach Gus Miller presented Harold T. Greco with the award for Highest Physical Training Honors. J. L. Reeden, with an average of 94.42, received an award for Highest Academic Honors from Dr. A. N. Neyer, Coordinator. Alvin Bartlett was awarded to have made the greatest ground progress during his period of training as an aviation student at the 350th College Training Detachment and was presented the certificate signifying Highest Honors for Progress from Dean Jarrett.

The ceremony was concluded with the audience singing the Army Air Corps Song."

A Glance At The War Fronts

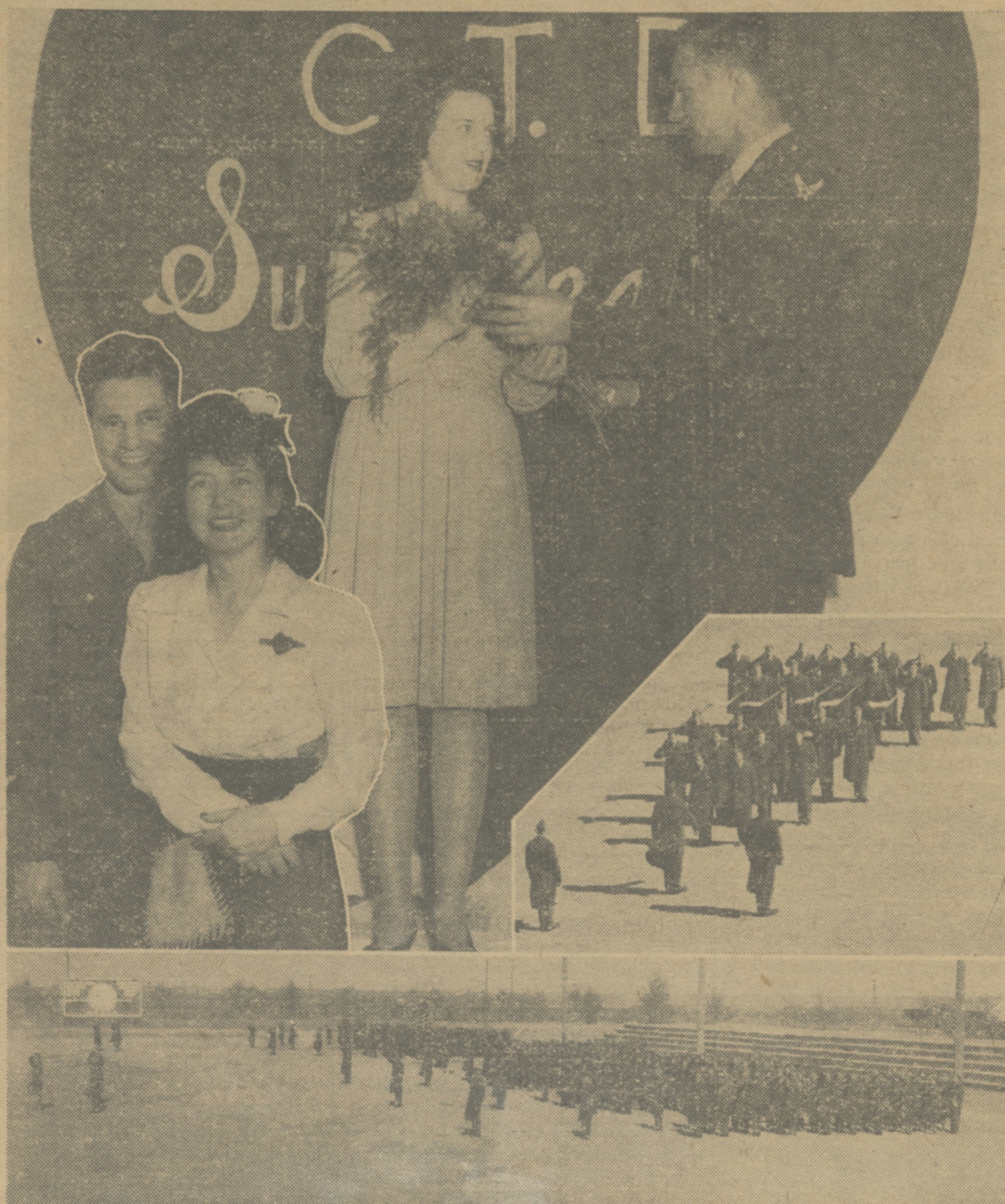
By A/S Loren C. Jolley

SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

Pearl Harbor Partially Avenged! An attack on the island of Truk partially repaid the Japs for their ruthless attack on Pearl Harbor. Admiral Chester W. Nimitz announced Feb. 20, that enemy ships had been sunk and 201 planes destroyed; compared to our losses of 17 planes and one ship "moderately damaged" in the two-day attack by the U.S. Fleet and carrier planes.

ITALY The American armored columns have driven two miles into the German's flank in a fierce counter-attack after an all-out, reckless onslaught by nine Nazi divisions had been blunted by invading beach head forces near Salerno.

RUSSIA The Russians have captured more than 114 localities in their new advance on Pskov. It is reported that in one sector the Russians were aided in the advance on the prized Baltic outlet by sub-zero blizzards which froze and softened turf and permitted Soviet mechanized units to push toward the borders of Latvia and Estonia.



TOP PICTURE—A/S Dan Hicks, Jr., Editor of "Prop Dust" presenting Miss Fern Cunningham, Queen of the 350th. RIGHT INSET — "Officers Front and Center". LEFT INSET—Miss Lavada Lanier, and A/S Altieri, "Pin-up Couple". BOTTOM—"Review."

BUNK MATES WED

Aviation Students Robert E. Hogue, and Dean R. Muir, took their nuptial vows on the evening of February 12th. Although they are buddies in everything, their brides were individually chosen.

After a five-month engagement, A/S Muir decided the time had come for him to culminate his marital plans. As a result, Miss Wilda Marquess, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Marquess, traveled the many miles from Fort Lauderdale, Florida to Canyon, Texas, to become his bride. The important event took place at the home of Mr. Paul Rose, Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in Amarillo, who also performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Miss Nina Iverson; A/S J. W. Morrell filled the capacity of best man. Others present were Student Major W. R. Ryan, Q. M. Eskelsen, K. V. Shurtz, J. Jellinghausen and friends from Amarillo. The ceremony was performed at 7:45, Saturday evening, shortly after which the couple returned to Canyon.

Student Lieutenant Hogue chose as his life partner the former Miss Norma Davis, daughter of Mrs. Zora Campbell, of Canyon, Texas. Mrs. Hogue, a second-semester freshman at West Texas State plans on continuing with her college education as long as Mr. Hogue is in the Service. They were joined in wedlock on the evening of the 12th at 8:00 p. m. by Reverend Robert Jones, in the Presbyterian Manse in Canyon. The wedding was a small, informal affair, held in the presence of the Bride's family, and a few friends. The couple's limited honeymoon was spent in Amarillo.

Saturday evening, shortly after which the couple returned to Canyon.

Student Major Ryan Promoted

Thursday at Retreat S/Adjutant Latta made the announcement to the wing that A/S W. R. Ryan was promoted to the rank of S/Lt. Col. S/Col. Ryan, beginning as a Flight Lieutenant, rose all the intermediate ranks to attain his present rating.

A/S Ryan is a native of Logan, Utah, where he attended Utah State; was a member of the football and basketball squad, in addition to being rated as an all-state basketball center in high school. He comes by his athletic prowess naturally, as his brother, Kent Ryan, All-American in '36, was one of Utah State's "Greats." At present he has three brothers, one Major and two Captains in the service, and a sister in the Local R. O. T. C. Unit.

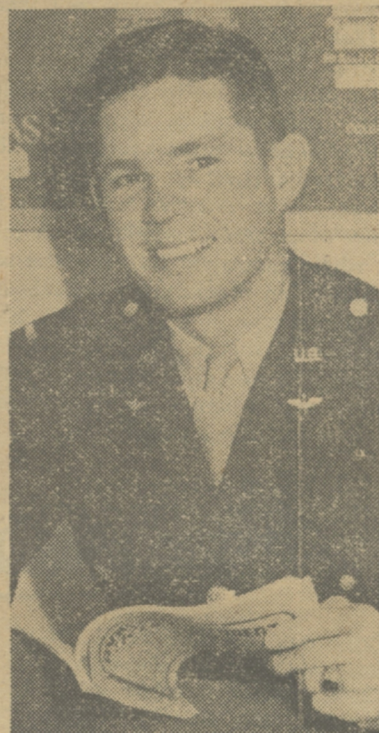
Lieut. Essing Is Commandant of 350th Students

First Lt. Earl B. Essing, 22, a native Texan and Commandant of Students for the 350th, plans to remain in the Army after the war.

The amiable and efficient lieutenant graduated from high school in 1939 at Corpus Christi, Tex., his home. While attending high school he was a member of the school's football and track teams.

After graduation he entered the University of Texas where he remained for a year.

In 1941, Lieutenant Essing enlisted in the Air Corps as a cadet and was sent to Kelly Field, Texas. Completing his preflight there, he moved on to Sikeston, Missouri, for primary flight training. He received his basic flight training at Perrin Field, Texas.



In the spring of 1942, Lieutenant Essing applied for Officers Candidate school. He received his orders in April, and reported to Miami Beach, Florida, for training.

He pinned on his gold bars in August of the same year and reported for duty at Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas.

For the next eight months Lieutenant Essing was kept busy with the duties of Senior Tactical officer for the field. During his sojourn at Brooks Field, he took a course in aerial observation.

March of 1943 found him on his way to Canyon to assume the duties of Tactical officer for the 350th and later those of Supply and Intelligence office. He assumed duties of Commandant of Students on 3 February 1944.

Shortly after his arrival in Canyon, Lieutenant Essing met the West Texas girl, Nola Kennison, who later became his wife. Mrs. Essing is at present attending school at the college here.

Lieutenant Essing received his

(Continued on Page Four)

350TH COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT (AIRCREW)

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CAN YOU TAKE IT?

Mister, how do you expect to keep up with all the facts and equipment that a pilot, navigator, or bombardier must keep straight, if you can't shine your shoes and get your hair cut on your own initiative? Learn your lesson the easy way, the hard way is too permanent.

—A/S Dan Hicks, Jr.

MEET OUR NON-COMS

When questioned concerning his post-war plans, Sergeant Gardner professed himself undecided, but remarked that he enjoys his present duties more than any of his previous assignments.

Corporal Walsh next attended Military Instructor's school at Kingman, Ariz., where he became acquainted with Sergeant Gardner. The two non-coms received a refresher course together at Santa Ana, and Corporal Walsh arrived in Canyon, a month after Sergeant Gardner assumed his duties here.

CHICAGO (CNS)—Burglars broke into the home of Wilbur Anderson, stole \$600 worth of silverware, china and jewelry—and Anderson's \$1 alarm clock.

Permanent Party News

What does Sgt. McGee have that has so many girls calling for dates? It would be a wonderful thing if they would only give their names. He has certainly become a very cautious person after breaking an engagement for one of those mysterious calls, only to find out she had to meet a sick uncle or (?)

Her dress was tight,
She scarce could breathe,
She sneezed about,
And there stood eve—

Monday at the air port I was asked the classification of a plane nearby—It resembled an L2 but it had four wings—So I replied, "bi-plane"—I was very seriously reprimanded when I found that the extra pair of wings were A/S Ramsower's ears.

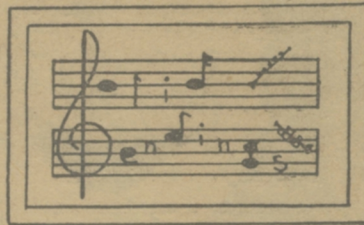
The Team

—From "Wings to Victory."

PITTSBURG (CNS)—Sitting in the living room of his home, Clarence Zeise heard a woman scream. He dashed into the street and found that the woman was his 35-year-old wife. She was sitting on a man. "He grabbed my purse and slugged me," she explained. "Then I guess I lost my temper."



GENERAL ORDER NO. 4—To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guard house than my own.



A/S N. J. Kalanzis

TONY PASTOR
"Band of the Week"

As far as drumming is concerned, Tony's "Paradiddle Joe" is a fine comedian. Pastor's best recording to date still is "This Love of Mine" ('42), though Pastor's recent "I Can't Get Started," a real knocker, is pushing steadily.

Here and There

Victor Records will issue "The History of Swing," an album of eight reissues, the middle of this month. Numbers included are: B. Goodman's "Don't Be That Way," T. D.'s "Marie;" Shaw's "Begin the Beguine," and Miller's "String of Pearls." . . . Esquire, one of jazz's best drum beaters, sponsored a concert at the Metropolitan Opera House January 18. A \$500 War Bond and an "Eskie" trophy was awarded to each of


War Bonds

A/S E. W. Davis

What did you do to help win the war today? You say you are in the Army, that's not enough! Right now you are simply costing the Gov't money and giving practically nothing in return. Sure you did a lot of studying and you must have stood 15 or 20 minutes at retreat. How about those men on the front, charging through shrapnel and diving through flak. Don't get in that train of thought that lets you think just being in the army is doing your best. Buy more Bonds today.

the swingsters selected by a board of critics featured in the Blue Network through Coca-Cola's Spotlight Band's program . . . New York's celebrated Famous Door closed down with a bang. The trouble was put as too much output, and too little income. The hot spot was forced to fold up when Lionel Hampton's ork pulled out, due to the "Door's" hesitancy in laying out the mazuma to the players. Hampton's crew didn't take long to pack up after they found there was some financial trouble. The spot plans to re-open as the Cotton Club, featuring a floor show in preference to name band . . . Teddy Walters is still at ends with his boss, Tommy Dorsey, in regards to his contract. Walters wants a three year contract, while Dorsey prefers a seven-year one. Incidentally Dorsey is still grossing from Sinatra, due to their long term contract.

Solid Sendings regrettably announces that this is the next to last column of yours truly. Next week we will present a special(?) "Do you Remember" column, or "Looking Back at the Good Old Days."



By Tennessee Hicks

Rumor has it that "Bomber Pilot" Scott has just completed a book titled "How to Win Money and Influence the Deck."

What gentleman of Flight 7, shyly removes his wedding ring before entering the chow line?? If he could shyly remove that hen-pecked look, perhaps he could get by with it.

LATEST FAD . . . HASH MARKS the girls who have dated Cadets since the beginning of the Detachment. Especially the "Giles Go Getters." First time anyone has ever traveled faster than the speed of LIGHT.

To Stunted Weeds—(Unseriously)—"This is one blade that can give you "Mower" trouble.

"Vell . . . A/S Seymore Polander to A/S Milton Rapfogel—"The whole world is wrong but me and thee, and sometimes I think thee is a little off."

OUR BARGAIN FOR THE WEEK—A/S Jim Morrell—Portland, Oregon—6 feet—brunette—Student Corporal—the only man who ever rode down the Palo Duro Canyon Trail backwards in the saddle. Likes dancing, swimming, skiing, and girls who can work physics problems.

Jean (pardon my sweater) Shaver and "B. W. O. C." Rubydell Roberts, clad in but nocturnal shorts and sweaters, innocently tripped past Flight one—three seconds later, forty-one men were A. W. O. L. No kidding, every time a girl walks by our flight, the Flight Lieut. is washed away by the drool.

S/M Latta and Ryan, engrossed in an Esquire . . . A/S O'Donnell, and "Sherry," engrossed in Sherry . . . S/C Phillips, engrossed, "period." S/L Stallings and S/L Stallings engrossed in S/L Stallings . . .

A TIP TO THE WISE

Study Hall in Randall Hall begins at 8:30 (2030, Army time) and terminates at 10:30 (2230). Air Force Students wishing to communicate with Randall's Rubies are reminded that the girls are available after Study Hall; they are, you aren't, so why worry about it?

TO ALL THE GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE MADE REMARKS ABOUT THE BUGLER'S TALENT AT REVEILLE—I refuse to go to the place suggested. I sleep with one eye open, so I do not fear for my life—and last, but not least, my horn is chained to my bed, so you cannot carry out some of the other gruesome threats you have made . . .

Post Exchange

By A/S Bob Reedy

With this issue, we are proud to announce the betrothal of Student Lieutenant Hogue. The following information was received from my favorite gremlin secretly posted at the ceremony.

The groom, hailing from Indiana, chose the season's popular olive drab blouse, and trousers of wool serge, with harmonizing beige shirt, sporting the season's favorite pointed wing collar. Setting off the immaculateness of his blouse, there was a single row of brightly shined brass buttons down the front, to say nothing of the individual buttons on each of the four patch pockets, and one on each shoulder. Wool Sox of olive drab (garters to match), harmonizing brown shoes, and a tan silk cravat completed this spectacle of the well-dressed Groom.

Upon departure from the ceremony, the Groom chose a heavy, woolen double-breasted coat of olive drab, with two rows of brass buttons down the front, and on the shoulders. A dressy flight cap, trimmed with blue and gold braid, a pair of knit woolen gloves and scarf were his only other accessories . . . Oh, yes, incidentally, the bride wore pink . . .

A Sergeant in Ordnance Maintenance very carefully placed a block of wood against a metal frame in order to straighten it. Calling a yardbird over, the Sergeant told him to pick up the near-by sledge hammer. The Yardbird obliged. "Now," said the three-striper, "When I NOD my head you hit it." HE HIT IT!!!

The most appropriately-named officer in the war was General Messe, of the Italians in Tunisia.

Sitting on my G. I. Bed,
My G. I. Hat upon my head,
My G. I. pants, My G. I. shoes,
Everything free, nothing to lose;
G. I. Razor, G. I. Comb,
G. I. wish that I were home!


They issue us everything we need,
Paper to write on, books to read
They issue us food to make us grow,
G. I. Want a long furlough.

Your belt, your shoes, your G. I. tie;
Everything free, nothing to buy,
You eat your meals from G. I. plates,
Buy your meals at G. I. rates,
It's G. I. this, G. I. that,
G. I. haircuts, and G. I. hats,
Everything here is G. I. issue,
G. I. wish that I could kiss you!

Turning to the problems of the day, in World War I, Woodrow Wilson got by on 1 points . . . A M A Z I N G!

The impatient motorist, who wrote his gas Ration Board "Long time no C."

One of the burdens we will have to bear in the post-war era, is having to listen to the never-ending arguments as to whether the WAVES or the WACS won the war . . .



A/S E. W. Davis

In the absence of A/S Anderson who suffered an unfortunate accident this week yours truly will try and make with the chatter and dirt of Squadron "E."

The Squadron is all atwitter over the coming of O. D. duty and the realization that the time is drawing near when we will be sprouting wings. Flight Lts. E. Tim and "Square Root" LaPaglia aren't so elated over the whole thing though. And I might say they are even being human with the Students.

We wouldn't say S/Capt. W. Baker and A/S Bullington are hen-pecked but they don't run the three miles as fast as they can make for home the minute Open Post begins. Incidentally, the Squadron had the pleasure of meeting S/Capt. Baker's brother who had just graduated from navigation's school in Hondo, Texas. Lt. Bager was on his way to his new post at Pueblo, Colorado.

I guess the Students in Flight 10 just won't make good housekeepers after looking at the demerits they received for not cleaning the Recreation Hall properly.

A/S Howe and Gibbons finally came back from the hospital, much to the delight of their roommates who were having a tough time keeping the appearances of Room 15 up to par. If anyone is wondering what the expression "Yo" means just consult A/S Howe, I understand he is somewhat of an expert on the matter.

A/S J. Belder was welcomed back into the fold upon returning from his furlough. A/S Belder was called home recently when his mother was killed in an automobile accident.

Our nomination for the "Family Man" of the week goes to A/S Gardner. His attractive wife and baby are in Canyon now and A/S Gardner plainly shows that he's happy about the whole thing. Welcome to Canyon Mrs. Gardner, May your stay here be as cheerful and pleasant as ours. (on Open Post, of course)

What S/Lt. LaPaglia is wondering is: When these Texas girls say "You all" do they mean singular or plural. Reason, the other night the Lt.'s girl friend said "Don't you all squeeze me so hard." Don't worry, Lt. Mr. Dodson says its singular.

A/S E. Baker says he just can't get along without A/S Farley's radio. Now who is going to answer the questions on current events in Geography? A/S Baker was gradually coming into the name of Quiz Kid before our radios were taken away, but now all hope is lost because he is just as much in the dark as we are.

The Squadron can now breathe easier at reviews when instead of something that resembles a member of the barnyard family, there comes across the field our own

B-17

By Bill Demsey

After a grueling first month, the battered and weary veterans of Flight 4 have joined forces with the superior but tour-walking members of Flight 3 in order to make room for our latest arrivals, the fresh and determined new Flight 4.

We have worked hard during the past month, and our accomplishments are many. We look with proud eyes towards the remainder of our stay here, and we will do our best to live up to the standards expected of us.

•

Since our first class of Physical Training, our members have lost a total of two hundred pounds. . .

•

Congratulations are in order for our basketball team for three impressive victories in four starts.

•

Ah, what some of us would give to have our wives and sweethearts with us . . .

•

Our vote for the Beau Brummel of our flight goes to A/S John Trembly. Johnny claims that he was cut-in on nineteen times at the Cousin's Hall Dance; and in our opinion, any man who can dance with nineteen different women in one night, certainly deserves this award. . .

•

Our pin-up girl of the Campus this week: Miss Benelle Holt . . . (This Aviation Student is doing his best to remain on the pleasant side of Student Lieutenant Kunstman)!

Student Major Latta. What an improvement to know that the Major has two arms.

A/S Hartman and Valenti can't get a minute's rest with the students ribbing them about their Brooklyn accents. But we have to be nice to people from New York, after all they are our Allies you know.

NOTICE In spite of what A/S Howe may tell you, he is from Hot Springs, Arkansas. Rumors have it that A/S Howe will be listening to wedding bells as soon as convenient for both concerned. Mail call never misses A/S Howe and the way his face lights up when the letter comes from "her" puts the neon sign on the highway to shame. Ah, John, things are rough.

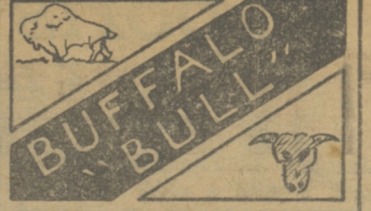
Not rumor but a fact, so A/S Merkle from the "Peoria area" tells me, is the news that his bachelor days are over when he gets to Santa Ana.

Which reminds us of the story of the young man who before his marriage was a reckless blood, but after he was married he was just a bloodless reck.

Tickler of the week. Have A/S Gibbons give his interpretation of "Black Rufe." He claims such a person really exists, but we doubt it.

Thought for the day: A bond a day keeps the Bund away.

They say all good things must come to an end and I don't see how this has gone on along as it has. So until the next issue, Quin Sabe?



Valentine's Day was great, received a lot of cards, as did all the other fellows, and seemed like old home week. We hear that the girls received some, too, but it's something new isn't it, to get boxes, especially from anonymous persons, eh, Dello.

I have heard that Cramer is going to have a visit from his WAC some week-end in the near future. I've heard that she is really a beautiful girl.

Now you take Dale Light and his girl for instance—just ask them—are they ever thinking about matrimony—just ask me. "Berline" Naquin told me the other day, that "Napoleon" Pleasanton was getting married this week-end. He forgot to tell me that the young lady won "Flat-top" in a crap game. It must have been a "small stakes" game.

The "Tankers" Sextet has been reduced to a foursome. It seems the strain was too much for two of the members.

Earl Stevenson has been carrying on quite a correspondence with his girl friend, Inez, from Sweetwater, Texas. But girls, don't get worried, because it don't mean a thing." (It says here). Lew Phillips, the ideal man, doesn't smoke, drink or cuss. Upon being interviewed he exclaimed "Oh, I just can't stand the ga-rils!"

H. M. Aitkenhead was seen haunting the dark corners of Cousin's Hall last Sunday. I guess he has at last found his true love in the form of—Period.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce should place "Bubbles" Wade on their pay-roll. He is the most ardent booster of his home town that I have ever contacted.

Messrs. Staszak, Aitkenhead, Wood, Edginton and Sarnowski celebrated Mr. Sarnowski's birthday by having dinner at Bob's. I can't understand why Sarnowski sat at a distant table eating hamburgers while the rest had chicken.

"Tiny" Johnson (6' 3" 220 lbs.) threw "Mountain" Davis (4' 8" 96 lbs.) out of bed the other night. Davis is attempting to borrow a "block and tackle" so he can even the score.

Lester Perry must be bucking for a Section VIII, what with dating the "Major's" girl friend. "What was that you just said, Perry?" "Oh! I didn't know that the Major wouldn't dare gig you, Perry." "Frenchy" Naquin (the Great Lover) has more lady friends writing him than Clark Gable has fans. He was slow in getting started around here, but is burning up the trail at present.

Famous quotations from, oh, well, famous people—"Never Again!"—R. D. Hillman.

FRANKFORT, Ky. (CNS)—A local butcher hung this sign on his shop window: "Unless it's bologna, we ain't got it."

Male Call

UNCLE SAM—hatter...

HIS VARIETY OF ISSUE HEADGEAR IS EXCEEDED ONLY BY THE WAYS G.I. JOE AND JOSEPHINE HAVE FOUND TO WEAR THEIR SHAP-PO

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POOPED DROOP
one thing about this lid—it was good to sit on during 10 minute breaks...



CHINA-SIDE JOB—VERY MASKEE... only seagoin' Gurenes with hash to the elbow can do this justice...



They never seemed to finish the NAVY NURSES' hat...



THAT FIELD CAP ISN'T BUILT FOR THE R.A.F.'S PICCADILLY TILT... ESPECIALLY ON WINDY DAYS...



ARMY NURSES allowed to wear new brown peaked cap on the street—and WACS get field cap for post duty—All goes well until dumb civilian mis-takes one branch for the other...



The A.A.F. "DONALD DUCK" on DISH-FACED Jokers this is MUR-DER!



NAVY'S DISHPAN... who wouldn't wear earphones? It gets lonely. In there—you can pick up Bob Hope between Zeros...



COAST GUARD IMMIGRATION RESTRICTOR. Those guys are always going to the beach at the wrong time of year...



THE GOOD OLD ALL-PURPOSE M-1 BUCKET



THE MARINE GALS... TEUFELHUND with chic...

The "DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE" makes every Dogface look like he built the PANAMA CANAL—well, maybe a foxhole

No doubt about who's got responsibilities in the WAVES and SPARS

REMEMBER?

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

100 MISSION CRUSH—For that first furlough home from FLYING SCHOOL

MILTON CANIFF

Sports Slants

By Bob Reedy

January 31, Flight 6, defeated Flight 5 with a score of 27-24. February 1, Flight 8 defeated Flight 9 with a score of 31-30, overriding the tie-up of their last game. February 7—Flight 8 and Flight 10 tangled, Flight 8 coming out on top with a score of 26-18. February 10—Flight 8 defeated Flight 6, almost doubling their score over their opponents—25-13. February 16, Flight 7 again overrode their opponents, Flight 4, Class 1-A, with a score of 47-22, and you can be sure that the players are as good as the scores. We are happy to receive Flight 4 into our Basketball competition. They're fine sports.

* * *

SPORT ODDITIES

A Cleveland Marine, home on leave from Guadalcanal tells of a Japanese prisoner whose first question after his capture was, "Who won the 1942 World Series?" . . . The Jap explained that he had toured the United States with a College Nine before the War . . .

* * *

GABBY HARTNETT, Manager of Jersey City's Club threw his cap on the ground while arguing with an umpire . . . Jewel Ens, Syracuse Pilot, picked it up, filled it with dirt, and handed it to Hartnett. Gabby jammed the cap on his head and Ens quietly eased out of the picture, which was excellent judgment according to those who know the former Cub Catcher best . . .

* * *

After being turned down in six attempts to enlist in the Army, Boxer Mike Belloise was drafted . . . What a blow to his pride! . . .

Looking toward future sports, Commander Gene Tunney predicts the greatest sports boom the United States has ever known immediately after the war . . .

* * *

A group of civic-minded Detroit citizens are looking ahead, too. They have formed an organization whose object is to bring the Olympic Games to their city in 1944 or 1948 . . .

* * *

CLINT BROWN, formerly of the Indians and White Sox, has had several offers to return to baseball—the only one that interested him was a chance to break in as umpire, but he turned that down too, in the interests of his huge chicken farm—Wise man . . .

* * *

Bowling enthusiasts in Washington, D. C. insist the poorer grade of wood now used in bowling pins cuts an average of 5 pins from their scores—Wish they could see our pins here in Canyon, to say nothing of the four-cornered bowling balls . . .

* * *

JOHNNY SCHIEHL, former All-American from Santa Clara has been rejected by the Army because of a perforated ear drum, a trick knee, a touch of sinus, high blood pressure and a slight concussion.

Ho-hum—Guess he will have to go back to football . . .

* * *

One of the proudest possessions of DIZZY DEAN'S is a tattoo "Job" on his right forearm—It depicts a hand holding an envelope on which is inscribed, "LOVE."

* * *

ATHLETES OF WAR

JOE KILZROW, who played with the college all-star in 1938 after a brilliant career at Alabama, was made a Lieutenant for bravery in action in New Guinea, where his anti-aircraft platoon shot down four Jap Zeros in one Jap Air Raid . . . BOB SAGGAU, Notre Dame Halfback, who was an all-star a couple of years ago, made the nation's front pages for his heroism as a Dive Bomber in

the Solomon Islands offensive . . . MARIO TONELLI, of Notre Dame, 1939 All-star, has been a prisoner of war since the fall of Bataan . . . GRANNY LANDSDALE, who came on from the University of Southern California for the 1940 All-star Game, has been flying a fighter plane in forays against the Axis in Sicily and Italy . . . CHUCK GALATKE, end from Mississippi State with the 1937 All-stars, was the first American Flyer to strafe landing barges in the current war . . . Now an Army Captain, GALATKA returned last year from seventeen month's service with a Fighter Squadron under General MacArthur, wearing the Air Medal and the Distinguished Flying Cross, in addition to citation for outstanding work in the Papuan and New Guinea Sectors.

* * *

These Athletes I have mentioned are only a few of the ones who have made important and valiant contributions to the War. It is only reasonable to assume that men who have been reared in contact sports are better fortified to carry on in times such as these.

* * *

A generation ago, Germany, Italy, and Japan tried to copy our American System of Sports and gradually adopted some of our games. But the Axis could not import in one generation the eager spirit of athletic competition, the spirit of play. It is this spirit of Athletic competition and spirit of play that encourages individual brilliance, as well as disciplined teamwork. Critics who question the value of contact games will be silenced forever when the records of World War II have been written, and we, who have participated in them, will all the more realize the necessity of sports and calisthenics which we are receiving now, in view of higher ideals and goals which we are striving to attain.

Silver Threads Among The Bold

By A/S Donald Z. Silver

Oh happy day, my column's in the paper. I missed the deadline last week—and received 300 letters of congratulations. Ah deadlines,—of course, you know what a deadline is—a row of cadets on Monday morning.

I realize that some injustices are being done, and some of this stuff is old enough to be shaved; however, last week was so dead you could hear our editorial liquidating old columnists with his squirt gun. So pity the poor nosy writer, shunned and avoided by his betters who fear his forked tongue and fiendish fleam.

* * *

KNEWS ABOUT TOWN: S/Lt. Wasserman, better known as the self-taught genius, or the square root of one, was drooling over pert lil' "Tuddy" Lanier two freedoms ago—me too. A/S Neibuhr, the Boy's Town special, and Shirley Byers are double-timing constantly. Strange parallelism, but Johnny Kovach is all cut up about the appendectomy. Don Olsen is rather scarce lately around Bonelle Holtz. After he confiscated a different flame during her furlough it's no talkee. Herb "Snafu" Wilson is the present beacon of Mary Britten (the Whistle Kid). But what I want to know is: How Bill Crook got to be known as A/S Crook, T. S.—and a red head named Mary.

* * *

SCANDAL AT RANDAL: A/S Al Oliver and Winona Frances have been a dual for the last for freedoms . . . could it be? Ray Kuehn skated on three points with "Queen" Cunningham, and

The Canyon Ear

By Lionel Davis

Class 1-A, Buckley's gift to the Panhandle, has now settled down to a normal routine as part of Flight 4, Squadron B. With the aid of Ye Canyon Kleaners and shoe repair, this class is definitely on the proverbial beam . . .

A/S Dave Griffith is our Flight Lieutenant, A/S Tom Frazio, Guide Sergeant; A/S Bill Noe, Flight Sergeant, bringing up the rear . . .

Out of the cellars of Stafford Hall emerged five inexperienced Conyoneers to increase our class to full strength . . . They include Aviation Students Don Schrantz, who has been serving as Mail Orderly, has taken his life into his own hands with his persistent refusal to deliver the goods . . . Right now, the boys are hoping for a few V-Mails . . .

Thre of our group saw foreign service in the Aleutians. A/S Dale Carlson shivered through a long winter at Cold Bay on the Alaskan mainland. A/S Noe was stationed at Odak, where the constant fog blanket makes the famous London pea soup affair seem like a sunny day. A/S Arnold "Tuffy" Tufto, a former National Guardsman, vacationed for 25 months on Kodiak with an ack-ack gun.

We welcome back A/S Elmen Hall, from the hospital and hope that A/S John Hill, Jr., and A/S Joe Kipp join us soon . . .

A recent survey by Telephone Poll, Inc., indicates that 63½ percent of our group are former Artillery men, hence the name "The Canyon Ear."

We'll put an end to this colyum (for this week) with a peculyar item, hitherto unrevealed, about A/S Paul Nagy . . . It seems that while at Buckley Field, he worked as a K. P. poosher . . . One guess whom he worked for . . .

MINEAPOLIS (CNS)—Charles M. Peterson fell on the sidewalk, injuring his hand, and he couldn't shave for a couple of weeks. Now he wants the city to pay for the barber bills he ran up during that period.

he's been an "Untouchable" ever since. Chuck Garrison, getting conditioned—with Dorothy Gates as his condition. Hugh Pennoch, looking through rose-colored glasses at LaNell Harmon . . . and yet so friendly a la Cunningham, too.

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SCENES AT BOB'S: Student Captain Bryant sans Evelyn Elliot, the reason is a visit by his one and only from the big city. Jimmy Sumption beaming at Jean Shaver over a coke. B. E. Pierce, and Kermit "the hermit" Morris on the beam with two, real, live girls. S/Lt. Taylor and Danny Young trying to get a booth, which is as rare as drawing an ace-high straight. Dick Cole with Mary Cowart on the same side of the beam. Willy West steadying with Betty Jean Kelly. Three Aviation Students, gone "Section VIII," singing "Mares-e-dotes"—and a redhead named Mary.

* * *

A/S Mason (and he admits it) Dumont yearning for something different and exciting, took Joyce Hightower to Bob's. A/S Al Smith is buzzin' Cousins' Iris Notyon like mad. A couple of us had blind dates there last week. Mine wasn't quite blind yet—at least we shuddered simultaneously. Floyd Howell and Dick Danilowski had cute dates too; one looked like a disappointed Ubangi—the other just looked disappointed. We really had fun though, with the movies and things. Ah Cousins Hall, where men are cadets and women are period.

A/S Ben K. Strain

Our introduction to flying began with an orientation lecture by Chief (what the H... is your rudder for) Attaway and Chick (Slow Roll) Nelson. At this time, we were introduced to our victims for the next four weeks, L2A's or the Army's version of the Taylor Craft. To us they were the largest most fearful looking objects that man had ever created. This lecture included such things as line procedure, theory of flight, and flight patterns. At the conclusion of this lecture one Mister wanted to know if the Good House Keeping seal of approval was stamped on the flight patterns. We were then introduced to our individual instructors who were to teach us in ten short hours how to make an airplane respond to our gentle touch through a series of turns, spins, and stalls. Mr. Stewart finds that it is elementary to do S turns and figure eights on the ground, but to do spins and stalls it is necessary to take the airplane into the air.

After the first hours of flight the hot pilots were separated from the good ones, and if science could harness all the hot air that flows after each flight, our nations turbines could take an indefinite vacation. Mr. J. R. (Cowtown) Scott probably keeps his direction better than anyone else. When asked by his instructor as to the whereabouts of the airport, Mr. Scott (lost in a fog, as usual) replied, "Just four and one half miles north of Canyon, Texas, Sir." Entirely correct Mr. Scott but not what the instructor wanted you to say.

Mr. Williams had quite an interesting experience. Mr. Williams thinking that the smooth landing he had just made was attributed to his flying skill, found out much to his chagrin that the stick he held in his hand had been pulled from its socket the day before and never replaced. This proves that if you let them alone these

L2A's will fly by themselves.

One of the extreme dangers of flying without instruments is that layers of clouds may close your visual contract with the ground, and therefore you will lose all sense of direction and balance. This is just what happened to Mister Koretz. He was flying in a layer of clouds, when who should appear on the scene but Marty Stemerick. Mr. Stemerick realizing that Mr. Koretz was a little confused, decided to add to this confusion. Rolling his plane over, he flies by Mr. Koretz giving him the old "Thumbs Up" sign. Now Mr. Kortez thinking that he had best get himself in the upright position before something happened, immediately rolled his plane over and gave an appreciative grin to his friend. Mr. Stemerick went into a cloud bank and immediately righted his inverted ship. Spectators were amazed to observe some thirty minutes later an airplane breaking out of a cloud flying in an inverted position. One Canyon citizen was heard to remark, "Not only are they making the boys learn to fly backward and forward but upside-down too!"

Lieut. Essing . . .

(Continued from Page One)

first lieutenant in November, 1943.

Lieutenant Essing holds a CAA commercial pilot liscense and has over 500 hours in the air logged. Since the beginning of the war the busy lieutenant has had very little time for recreation but does manage to find time to do a little hunting with Lt. Ballard.

WILKES-BARRE, PA. (CNS)—The police called Albert Jones to report that the auto stolen from him had been recovered. But when Jones went to police headquarters to pick up his car, he found it had been stolen again.

THE EDITORS LAMENT

Did you ever try to edit a paper?
Do you know each insidious mental caper
Necessary to extroit a modicum copy
from reporters whose brain processes are sloppy?
Do you know the frenzied Thursday night pace
We set to fill so much space?
Of course, there's the censoring and excision on non-censoring.
Silver and Reedy are a bad combination
of their silly drivel.
I've had my ration
And as far as the rest of the staff—
Those characters are strictly a laugh
It isn't any wonder that I've got the blues,
I have to cover all the interviews
Besides begging a little cooperation
from my lackadasial corporation
The mortal to this dissertation is simple,
Instead of a frown wouldst surely see a dimple,
If my staff would get on the ball
And quit thinking about Cousins Hall.

—Tennessee Hicks

RENDEVOUS IN TOKYO (Dedicated to the Emperor of Japan)

We shall remember well, O Son of Heaven,
How shattered was a Sabbath morning's calm.
The debt shall be repaid you seven times seven.
Your sacred creek shall feel the smiting palm
of righteous indignation. In the spring,
When cherry blossoms blow, we shall remember
How stealthily you came upon the wing,
How red the rose of death fell in December.
A nation was united in an hour,
One flesh, one spirit, striving heart and soul
With all its unknown strength, its latent power,
To reach a certain designated goal.
Through long waves roll between and tempests blow,
We have a rendezvous in Tokyo!

—Florence Wilson Roper