

PROP



DUST



350TH COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT (AIRCREW)



350th College Training Detachment

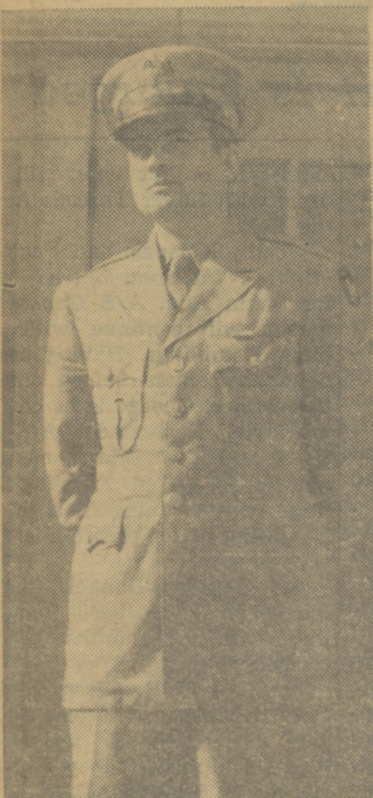
Canyon, Texas

Thursday, February 10, 1944

Major Corbyn, Former C. O., Visits 350th

Stops Over Enroute To AAF School At Wright Field

Mja. Richard C. Corbyn, former commanding officer of the 350th, paid a short visit to the detachment last week on his way to the AAF Staff school, Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.



MAJOR CORBYN

Major Corbyn is one of a hundred chosen to attend the school. The purpose of the course is to train Air Force officers for staff duty in higher command echelons.

One of the requirements for the school is that the applicant be a graduate of the Command and General Staff school, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, from which Major Corbyn recently graduated.

After graduation from Wright Field he will attend the School of Applied Tactics, Orlando, Fla., and visit the various ports of embarkation, staging areas and other installations of the AAF.

Major Corbyn is also a graduate of the Adjutants General's school. He was adjutant in the Caribbean Defense Command and stationed at France Field, Panama prior to his CDT work.

Mrs. R. H. Strain Passed Away

A/S B. K. Strain returned from an emergency furlough last week, owing to the unexpected death of his mother, Mrs. R. H. Strain. She is survived by her husband Mr. R. H. Strain, A/S B. K. Strain and three daughters. The detachment joins A/S Strain in his bereavement.

Navigation Aid Is Latest AAF 'Secret Weapon'

The U. S. Army Air Force has come up with another new "secret weapon," the use of which makes possible the accurate bombing of targets obscured by as much as 25,000 feet of thick cloud overcast.

Described by Maj. Gen. Frederick Anderson, Jr., commander of the Eighth Bomber Command, as of tremendous importance in the United Nations' aerial assault on Germany, the new "weapon" is probably the most minutely developed navigational aid in the history of air warfare. Already it has been used in bombing missions involving a total of more than 8,000 bombers and fighters.

Gen. Anderson, who disclosed information on the navigational aid at a press conference held in Washington shortly after his return from Britain, said that his British-based command with the aid of the new device, dropped more than 9,000 tons of bombs on Adolf Hitler's Fortress Europe in one month.

Another disclosure made recently by the AAF was that a brand new German Junker 88 bomber had been installed at a well-guarded hangar at Wright Field, Ohio, where it is being studied by engineers.

The plane was flown from Rumania to a British airfield on the island of Cyprus by a discouraged young Nazi pilot who explained to the British that he was "tired of it all." It was then flown to the U. S. from Cairo. Engineers hope to learn German plane secrets by studying it.

Capt. Jacobi, C. O., Is Transferred

News was received this week that Captain Oscar J. Jacobi, who has been serving in capacity of Commanding Officer for this detachment for several months, has been transferred to La Junta, Colorado. His duties at his new station are not as yet disclosed.



CAPTAIN JACOBI

Captain Jacobi was Director of Military Training before assuming command of the 350th College Trained Detachment.

Captain Paul L. Boutz Is New Commanding Officer Here

'SWEETHEART'



MISS FERN VIRGINIA CUNNINGHAM

Campus Favorite Winner of Eight Weeks Contest

The members of the 350th C. T. D. have chosen for their sweetheart, Miss Fern Virginia Cunningham of Friona, Texas. For the readers who have not followed our contest during the course of the last few months, an explanation is deemed necessary. Briefly, the contest ran for eight weeks. Each week a campus nominee was chosen and votes were cast. The winners for the eight weeks were: Marion Littlefield, Anne Waffard, Mary Sue Fields, Betty Dromgoogle, Mary Hensley, La Nell Harmon, Bobby Storey, and Miss Cunningham. Each participant was well worthy of that honor bestowed upon her.

During, what we of Prop Dust laughingly call a press meeting, we decided to sponsor a contest to determine the winner of the eight. Their names as well as their pictures were posted, a ballot box was provided and votes were cast. When they were tabulated, Miss Cunningham held top place. She will be presented at a

dance in the new Club 350, February 12.

Miss Cunningham was born in Malvern, Ark., Jan. 23, 1926. She received her early education in Arkansas and her High School education in Friona High, Friona, Texas. During her Senior year she was chosen Victory Queen. Brunette, 125 lbs., 5' 6", she likes bowling, skating riding, swimming, and skating. At present she is a Sophomore, employed by the book store, member of the school band, and Methodist Church Choir. She is accomplished on both the piano and clarinet.

She is very proud of her brother, Elmo Cunningham who is attending West Point—after seven months of action at Dutch Harbor.

The following facts were secured by a third degree action on some of her closest friends. She combs her hair 50 times per day, can keep a secret and prefers sport clothes (skirts and sweaters). Enjoys getting letters. She is a B. A. major and has no immediate plans for the future, except that she plans to return to Arkansas.

Native of N. Mexico, Has Been At Fort Hayes, Kansas

Captain Paul L. Boutz has replaced Captain O. J. Jacobi as Commanding Officer of the 350th C. T. D.

Captain Boutz is a native of New Mexico and a graduate of New Mexico A. and M., class of '39. Upon receiving his degree, he was commissioned a reserve officer in the Infantry R. O. T. C.

Captain Boutz entered active duty immediately upon our entry into the present conflict. He was transferred to the Air Forces at which time he attended O. T. S. in Miami Beach, Fla., then was assigned to a Primary Base, as Commandant in November, '41.

When the Army College Training Program was started in February, 1943, Captain Boutz was made Commanding Officer of Hastings College in Hastings, Nebraska. From there he was sent to McCallister College, St. Paul, Minn., then to Fort Hayes, Kansas State College, Hayes, Kansas.

Combining a fine sense of military discipline and leadership, Captain Boutz gives us this message:

"We all have a job to do. The officers and enlisted men are here to supervise and provide for adequate and comprehensive training. However, it is our purpose to supervise; with you as individuals remains the responsibility to accomplish your goal.

"Each individual must realize what requirements he is subject to and realize that this is not a fly-by-night program.

"This is one stepping stone in accomplishment of military character and bearing—for its officer first, and pilot second. Each cadet must realize this, and conduct himself accordingly."

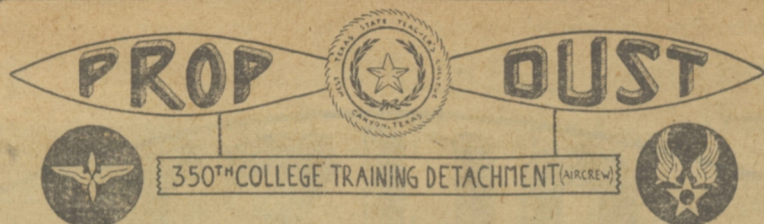
Educational Opportunities Are Offered

College Education Is Offered All New Ex-Service Men

Legislation now under consideration offers to all service men and women the opportunity to receive a complete college education, free of charge, upon release from service.

Service veterans would be able to attend any college or University up to four years with all expenses paid by the government.

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Think This One Over

Consciously or unconsciously, Americans as individuals are becoming deeply religious—with a religion so personal that it far transcends the scope of organized church, sect, or group. ALMOST FIVE MILLION SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN go into troubled sleep each night with prayers on their lips so intimate, many supplications are never put into words — and wake each morning buoyed by faith and hope.

The man who said, "There are no atheists in fox holes," might have added, "There are no atheists in the armed service."

Some day we'll get over the embarrassment of this new-found consolation of prayer—we won't be ashamed to carry our prayers into our everyday duties.

And when that day comes: We'll quit looking at war as a football game.

War isn't any kind of a game.

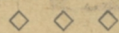
War is blood and sweat and tears and prayer.

And the day we frankly add prayer to the list—

That day—

We declare independence from doubts, fears, and happy-go-lucky gentlemen who dominate "bull sessions" with their arguments that there is no God.

THINK THAT OVER!



The Student Officer

Every member of the Armed Forces, whether willingly or unwillingly, observes military courtesy. The fact that Student Officers are entitled to all the respect and courtesy given regular officers is known to us all. In many instances, the Aviation Student, as well as the Student Officer, fail to realize the opportunity at hand.

Our "military bible," "The Military Triad," is composed of Honor, Discipline, and Leadership. A Student Officer is vitally concerned with all three, and is given a chance to make them a part of his military bearing. The eyes of authority at times do not appear to be on the individual, but nine times out of ten, they are looking directly at you, and adding up your qualifications for an officer. Live by your Honor Code, and it will become a part of you.

There are many ways for a Student Officer to perform his duties well and faithfully, other than carrying delinquency reports to the Tactical Office in a wheelbarrow. In every Squadron, Flight or Squad, there is a problem student. With a few words of encouragement, and a little understanding this gentleman can be put "back on the beam," to emerge a useful Pilot, Navigator, or Bombardier.

—A/S Dan Hicks, Jr.

Meet Our Non-Coms

SGT. HUFFSTICKLER

M/Sgt. "Tommy" Huffstickler, 28, sergeant-major and "top-kick" of the 350th, hardly had the new worn off of his GI uniform before he was on his way overseas.

Entering the armed forces Jan. 20, 1941, Sergeant Huffstickler donned his olive drab and settled down to a month of basic training. At the end of this period he was hustled aboard a boat and found himself on the way to Panama.

His duties in the canal zone were those of personnel clerk in Air Base Headquarters and later that of squadron sergeant-major.

After two years of fighting mosquitoes and bed bugs, Sergeant Huffstickler returned to the states and assumed his duties with the 350th, March 20, 1943.

Recreation is not considered a part of a first sergeants schedule but he does find time to play handball and basketball and do a little swimming. Each Saturday

night sees him at the Cousins Hall "stomp", dancing with the best.

His post-war plans are indefinite but he will probably return to the drug store business in Easley, S. C., his home.

CPL. GLASS

CPL. CHARLES R. GLASS, 21, personnel clerk for the 350th was attending school at the University of Texas prior to his enlistment in the AAF.

Corporal Glass a native Texan, hails from Houston. He attended high school there where he was a member of the school's football and basketball teams.

After graduation from high school he entered the university and began working toward a degree in business administration.

The urge for Army life came Sept. 5, 1942, and leaving school behind he enlisted. Completing basic training at Camp Luna, Las Vegas, N. M., Corporal Glass was

(Continued On Page 3)

Permanent Party News

Topping the list of suggested changes for the 350th is an earlier reat. Of course that does have something to do with Sgt. Gardners lack of presence at Bob's by five in the afternoon. With that tremendous stride you should really make much better time Sgt. Wonder if you should limit the 440 to four nites a week.

Speaking of the 440 there seems to be a great confusion as to who is chasing who for our newest member of the Permanent Party. We do agree, Mack, there is a greater chance of being caught with three chasing you. Give the guy a chance, ladies. He really hasn't had time to train.

Many of the college lasses seem to enjoy watching the Saturday Review. Now you have a real treat waiting for you. Fancy drill performed by the Permanent Party themselves. Of course our chorus girl style isn't perfect yet but just a few more years and a little patience, please. This is only the beginning, tho. Each one must be able to drill men and it is wonderful to hear those deep booming drill instructor's voices. Come down off that high "C" McGee! We are really happy there are no canyons present when Be-craft starts that well known stuttering. Anything can happen.

Why not rent Bob's Coffee Shop from five until seven daily to the T. S. I. and the Permanent Party. Step in the door anytime between these hours and a blast of laughter and hilarity smacks you in the puss. Why can't other people, who seem to have forgotten how to smile, join in. It's really good for the morale.

Pfc. Gauthier was given a bit of advice from the preacher on his wedding day and seems to be doing alright. The Reverend says to insure a happy married life, spend one night a week with your old friends. My Dear Medico; Must you keep your old friends hidden in you pockets.

Buy War Bonds In Fourth Drive

Since the last issue, new developments and many changes have been seen in the standings of the squadrons. Overnight Squadron "E" skyrocketed to first place with an increase of 24%, a total of \$138.75 per month.

If you have the last edition of Prop Dust handy, take a look at their standings they were running a close 7th. It illustrates what can be done. Let's go fellows, increase those allotments today. He p put your squadron on top.

You say you can't afford to increase your war bond allotment? We should have said "Pease Bond" allotment; for eve'y nickle, every dime, or quarter you put in war bonds brings that day of peace just that much nearer.

Think beyond goals and quotas. Think of the men, your friends and mine who are "over there" giving their arms, their legs, their eyes, and yes, even their lives in order that we all may live in peace and decency again. When you think of what those fellows are doing, it makes that dollar sign that seems to be foremost in our minds seem rather insignificant. Remember, Gentlemen, we will be in combat before long; don't let the fellows down who are doing the fighting today. The eyes of our fighting buddies are upon us to see if we are backing them, the eyes of our Allies are upon us too, to see if we are with them: the eyes of the enemy are upon us to see if we are too soft to sacrifice for this emergency. America needs your help. Don't let her down!

A/S E. W. Davis



General Order No. 3—"To report all violations I am instructed to enforce."

Prop Dust Staff Is Enlarged

The present Editor of Prop Dust is proud to acknowledge the aid of twenty-six fellow-journalists? From Arkansas State, A/S L. Browne, well-versed in journalism, because of several years of college, civilian and Army experience. Mr. Browne at present is classified as a feature editor. L. C. Jolly, of Drake University, where he majored in journalism and radio announcing, joined our staff in the capacity of current event reporter. A/S J. L. Reeder, who is not a stranger, as he has done work for the Prairie, Amarillo Paper, and Prop Dust; will edit Cub Capers during the remainder of his stay here. A/S Bob Reedy typing and shorthand expert of Pennsylvania, will be at the helm of the Sports Column—This week's column is the most conclusive bit of work we have had in this line. M. J. Burbank, ex-N. Y. newspaper man, will handle the Flight 8 news. E. W. Davie, will take care of Class 15, and bond publicity. A/S Donald Z. Silver, the only man on the staff who writes his column with a

clothespin on his nose, will continue with Silver Threads Among the Bold.

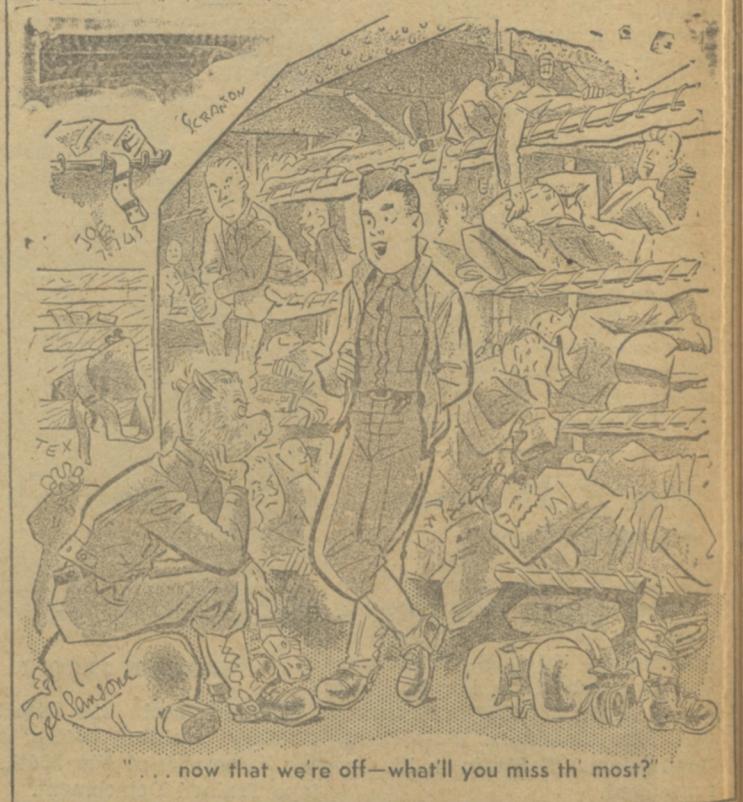
Woods, Kalanzis and Poulos Flight 6 will soon bid us adieu for Santa Ana. A/S George Anderson will continue with Ambling Ramblings. Having been newspaper man before entering the service, George is at home in the layout Department. A/S Paul Clark and R. E. Udesen our camera fiends, go on snapping pictures of everything in sight, and if nothing better presents itself, each other.

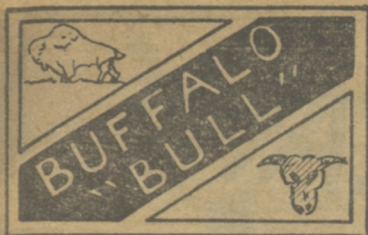
A/S Larry O'Donnell, "the noble Irishman" as he is known in this vicinity, is months ahead of cartoons.

Corporal C. R. Glass, advisor Editor, continues to tear out hair, and gnash his teeth. A. D. Campbell, Sidney P. Lukin, Harold R. Stallings, E. W. Davis, B. McMurtrie, and W. T. Dempsey aid greatly in the typing and composition department, but yet have not made their journalistic talents known.

The Wolf

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A/S M. J. Burbank

Why is Naquin always talking about the cute little things that works in the mess hall? Could it be that he has at last found a mate . . . Tim Wood is said to be going with a cute little number . . . If anyone desires a date, contact Stevenson or Flight 8. He is the official date broker for Randall Hall . . . Why doesn't Hillman, who hails from Utah, care for the young ladies around here? Could it be that he is true to Tom Mitchell's of Amarillo . . . Mr. Welton seems to be hitting it pretty regular with a very nice young lady of Randall Hall. Is the date to be named pretty soon, Jack . . .

As far as we know it's still proper to put the address on envelopes isn't it? What we'd really like to have explained is—which is correct to put on the return address, A/S or S/Lt.—can you enlighten us, Lloydie, old man? . . .

Tim Wood, our Supply Sergeant, was telling me the other day that cleaning rags are becoming scarcer and scarcer. One of the boys must have been listening in, because the next thing I knew, we had one that was really a beaut, pink and trimmed with cute little rosebuds. What a blast!

One of the students got some religious literature one Sunday, can't quite imagine where, so all night he quoted and quoted—to honor him I would like to give him a new name "Deacon" Anderson.

Homer Quinn is one of the very few gentlemen of the detachment who has never been out with any of the young ladies of the college.

Misters Smith and Elliot still receive their "bed check" three or four times a day from their wives . . . Quite a few hearts were broken when the girls were told that Mr. Patton is a married man. John Hensal and Cal Cloud seem to have had one big time when their folks were here to visit these two lonesome lads . . . North, Stazak, and Edinton are seen everywhere with their lady friend from Cousins Hall . . . Sarnowski seems to be pretty lonesome when he is not near Miss Tyler of Randall Hall . . . "Rabbi" Sawicki never is seen without a date on week-ends. Maybe it is because he's a foreigner. He is from the ice-land of North Dakota . . . So that everyone will know, that "great" basketball team of Flight 8 is composed of Hillman, Welton, and Anderson, all from Utah, and Sarnowski of Wisconsin, and Stevenson from Oklahoma.

Seen over the week-end:
The "Tankers" sextet carrying on the tradition of "Lil Abner" . . . Now "B. T. O." Cramer is certainly covering territory
(Continued on Page Four)

Flight Seven At Chow

A/S R. A. Ronyak

Gentlemen of Flight 7—this brief dissertation has been approved by Herr Stallings and with his permission, I will proceed:

We of the Seventh observe a few unwritten laws in our chow procedure, namely: Thou shalt obey thy superiors—if no other way out. Thou shalt not cover the syrup bowl—unless empty. Thou shalt keep both soles of thy shoes firmly on the floor, unless thou wilt filch thy neighbor's doughnut, whereupon thou shalt keep one foot in place; however, strict cadence will be observed. Thou shalt not be wanting—we speaketh of food. Laws proclaimed, let us proceed to a typical rise and wonder, fall-in-for-chow procedure.

We are asleep—No one can doubt that. A blast most blatant suddenly removes that doubt for the most of us. One fugitive trumpeteer from a basin street reorganized plumber section, (one Mr. Hicks, I believe, but that is immaterial) makes plumber a thing of the short past. His brief opus, a modern work of some newly created scale, sets music back to the Madrigal age. We have to tolerate it because a Cadet suffers anything to achieve his purpose—they tell us. Personally, I can't see why they don't dispense with this early-morning symphony; any one of our Student Officers with their voice alone can shatter a pane of glass from N. Y. A. to Cousin's Hall. The girls claim sympathetic vibrations have issued from their piano, which they can only attribute to those bellowing crusaders of Cadet bedlam.

On to chow. We place the four most wide-awake at the head of our motley squad and lay our hands on each other's shoulder. We've missed surprisingly few breakfasts that way. We file in from the street adjacent; however, it seems we have a roving group of nameless men that follow the first squad that peels off. Mr. Hicks has never been past the second rank as yet. Mr. O'Donnell has to use more finesse, being so close to the flight sergeant, Mr. O'Malley. Surprising what that fellow can't see. Hmmm—They're both Irish.

We had two lines formed the other morning.—Those that wanted to partake of breakfast proceeded as usual. Mr. Lokey (of I-don't-know fame) saw something feminine in the shadows (food of vision) and exemplified the theory that the shortest line between two points is a straight line and took off. Mr. Simpson and so on inadvertently followed. Mr. Hogue caught up—and read the Cadet Regulations and the Riot act to these individuals, whereupon they patronized the cafeteria.

Into the Educational Building we rush and wait in line. Someone awakens Mr. Scott against his will, and he argues vociferously. The epidemic passes down the line, and not to be outdone and to keep in practice, Student Major Ryan bellows "A-TEN-HUT!" All
(Continued on Page Four)

'Club 350' To Open February 12



This is quite a place! We freeze one week and the next—Spring fever hits us! What's happened to all the snow? Do you suppose it's all been lend-leased to Russia so they can use it to give the Nazis a "slay-ride?"

Well, snow or no, there's one thing most of us can avoid this coming March. That ever-lovin' Income Tax. They used to call them income-tax blankety-blanks.

Consider the lads in the RAF—they're getting the American equivalent of \$66 per month. Out of that they have to pay income tax, (of all things), buy their own uniforms, pay for their food, etc.

(Some fellows are luckier than they realize!)

What's this we've been hearing about a new brand of Hot Chocolate being served at one of the local dispensaries. Wind of it reached us a couple of weeks ago but we've been holding back waiting for confirmation. Oh well, it was probably just a rumor. (the stuff was supposed to be relaxing!)

New thought for a simile: "Those sardines were as tightly packed as the last bus from Amarillo any Saturday or Sunday night." It seems to us the Transit Company in Amarillo could do well to furnish the Aviation Students here in Canyon with bus service between the two towns. With the guarantee of being returned on time, many more boys would venture into the big town for some needed shopping and relaxation. (Those USO dances at the Auditorium are really swell, they tell me.—every Sunday afternoon from 3:30 to 5:30)

The grapevine tells that one of the lads of Squadron E was seen last Sunday driving with the very lovely Miss who plays piano with Paul Whiteman's Ork. It beats us how they do it—all we can find time to do is shine a pair of shoes and make out our laundry for Monday. Then, if we hurry, we can make Bob's for a cup of coffee before Open Post ends.

Reports have it that "Club 350" is going to be something super. All new furnishings, etc. Now! if the bowling alley next to Buffalo Drug would round the corners off their bowling balls and fill in the low spots in their alleys, we'd have a real entertainment center right here on the campus.

Speaking of entertainment, remember how the gals used to take a little change along on a date to use as "mad money"? Well, according to the latest story, they have to have a few bills or they don't get a date. (We don't believe it, either.)

Flight 7 is to be congratulated on the very snappy exhibition of precision drill they have given us

Recreational Center To Replace Hall In Buffalo Courts

"Club 350", new recreation hall for the detachment, will open Saturday, February 12, according to Capt. Paul L. Boutz, commanding officer of the 350th.

The new club, which was developed by the officers of the detachment, will be situated in Terrill dining hall and will replace the recreation hall now in Buffalo Courts.

Terrill dining hall has been altered and several new pieces of equipment have been added. Four new living room suites consisting of a divan and chair have been purchased and a number of other chairs will be moved up from Buffalo courts. Drapes are being made by the officers' wives for the windows of the club.

For recreation there will be pool and ping pong tables and also a nickelodeon if one can be located.

The club is equipped with a sink and icebox and will be available for parties and graduation dances.

It will be open to all aviation students from 2030 to 2130 unless the permanent party members or the officers have made arrangements for a private party. On weekends the club will be open from the beginning of open post until 2400 on Saturday and from the beginning of open post on Sunday until 2130 that night.

Aviation students may bring their wives or girl friends to the club during open post hours.

It is planned that dances will be held each Saturday night. The floors of the club have been painted and treated to give them the necessary polish for dancing.

A canteen serving soft drinks and candy will be open during the open post period.

The club will be financed by the permanent party, officers and from the student fund.

the past few Saturday afternoons. However, they can expect to run into some stiff competition VERY soon. Squadron "E" having a few tricks up their sleeves, is really going to break loose. Student Lt's. Lapallia and Timm, along with Student Cpl. Kuzma are whipping Student Captains W. E. Baker's boys in shape.

"JOKE"

Movie Star: "I'll endorse your cigarettes for fifty thousand dollars."

Agent: "I'll see you inhale first."

Well, I guess it's just like my friends tell me. The only thing you can get a case of today—is pneumonia.

Then too, I guess you heard about the little moron that thinks he's Hitler—and is.

It might be well to remind Student Major Latta not to practice his Adjutant's walk in back of Stafford Hall in case any dead-eye Texas duck hunters are passing by. (Quack Quack!)

A/S George D. Anderson

The B-17

A/S Bill Dempsey

Many were the tales of joy and woe that echoed through the corridors of Stafford Hall after our first strenuous day of Open Post. We were off to a late start, as we spent Saturday night in our pleasant dorm, due to a tardiness in class earlier in the week. However, we accepted this nine hours' restriction cheerfully (who said that? ! !). We arose bright and early Sunday morning, raring to go. We were in town early—we even helped the citizens pull out the sidewalks.

There is absolutely no doubt as to whether or not A/S Chuck Railsback enjoyed his Sunday afternoon rendezvous. Monday, Chuch was laid flat on his back in the hospital. This Mary Jo Tatum must be a rough sort of a gal.—

We are wondering if our great, exalted S/Lt. Durham made Virginia Green stand at attention all afternoon while he barked in her ear. If he didn't I guess it's because he got enough practice on us during the last two weeks.

If any gentleman on this h'yar campus ever finds himself in a position with two dates, just get in touch with our own Percy "Available" Chase—He'll take one of 'em.

We'd like to know why the date of A/S Louis Tew, by the name of Wauleen, was wearing a patch over only one eye . . . We are of the opinion that she must have had the other eye covered, too.

It is understood by all residing in Stafford that A/S Willie Kuntsman was very well satisfied with his date Sunday. Her name: Bonelle Holt.

A/S Stan Howard spent all day Sunday hiding in the basement. Rumor has it he's girl-shy, so yo' all gals around h'yar take it easy on him; Hokay ? ? ?

Meet Our Non-Com . .

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transferred to Ellington Field, Tex., where he took over the duties of Post Headquarters, personnel clerk.

Corporal Glass assumed the duties of personnel clerk of the 350th, March 16, 1943. Besides his regular duties which keep him busy a good eight hours a day, he is also advisory editor for PROP DUST which adds on a couple of hours of work each night.

For recreation, Corporal Glass turns to swimming and basketball. Before the war, tennis and bowling also occupied some of his time.

After the war he plans to return to school and complete his work for a degree.

BUFFALO, N. Y. (CNS)—To prevent the spread of colds, kill-joy Francis Fronczak, health commissioner, suggested that "No Kissing" signs be suspended from holiday mistletoe all over Buffalo.

Male Call

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



Quarantine

Sports Slants

by Bob Reedy

December 20—The high-stepping basketball team composed of members of Flight 7, defeated Flight 10, with a score of 43-21. The line-up for Flight 7: Forwards, C. J. Hermanek, B. J. Long; Center, W. R. Ryan; Guards, G. G. Olds, R. E. Hogue. Substitutes: J. C. Ross, H. R. Stallings, N. C. Slack, F. M. O'Malley, J. W. Morrell. The line-up for Flight 10: Forwards, P. C. Valenti, Jr., D. E. Farley; Center R. M. Gibbons; Guards, J. W. Howe, B. B. Smith. Substitutes: E. W. Davis, E. F. Baker, J. H. Vogt, J. W. Jellinghausen.

* * *

December 26, Flight 9 tied Flight 8 with a score of 29-29. The line-up for Flight 8: Forwards, B. C. Anderson, E. W. Stevenson; Center, D. F. Sarnowski; Guards, R. D. Hillman, J. A. Welton. Substitutes: L. R. Phillips, W. R. Nebeker, L. C. Perry, T. Wood, K. J. Shurtz.

The line-up for Flight 9: Forwards, F. M. Swain, W. L. Boyden; Center, A. H. Kuzma; Guards, P. G. Bosc, D. E. Anderson. Substitutes: R. Totten, W. L. Bullington, C. G. Papajoglous, H. E. Gardener, R. E. Shaw. Your writer's observation of the fine show of competition and sportsmanship at the games proves conclusively that there is more than one flight who have their minds set on the possession of that silver cup.

* * *

Speaking of basketball, do you recall when your best girl came to the games to cheer you on, and how you literally painted the town in your little roadster after the game?—Nice life, eh?—Well, we can dream, can't we?

Sports Oddities

• With reference to the coming basketball season, I hope the next world series will be played in the Oriental league for the championship of Tokyo.

* * *

When basketball was in its infancy one personal foul disqualified a player for the season.

* * *

Nick Cullup, Columbus manager, was playing center field in St. Petersburg, Fla., one day in 1925, when Babe Ruth hit a long ball over his head. It seems that there was a sizeable swamp beyond center field, and the ball bounded into the water and reeds with Cullup in merry pursuit. A few seconds later, he rushed back, shouting that an alligator was after him. Other members of the team streaked to the edge

of the team streaked to the edge enormous alligator leave the spot and swim away. Cullup refused to play center field again, until the city put up a wire net.

* * *

TED FRITSCH, of Madison, Wis., star full back for the Green Bay Packers of the National Football League, has signed a Chicago Cub contract to play with Los Angeles of the Pacific Coast League next season. Ted is the proud possessor of a .457 batting average, as well as a good throwing arm.

* * *

Shortstop Bill Rigney of the Oakland Pacific Coast League club, is an example of the changing values of baseball material. The New York Giants, who could have had Rigney for small change several years ago, have agreed to pay the Oaks \$25,000 for Rigney's contract if he is available after intervention from the Draft the war. Thank goodness WE can carry on our sports, without Board!

* * *

The managers of the Cubs and Sox, are resting quite well these days, what with the return of 19 players, either rejected or honorably discharged from the Armed Services.

* * *

GABBY STREET, who had cherished the baseball he caught from the top of Washington monument since 1908, sacrificed it to a war bond drive in Joplin, Mo. It brought \$40,000—expensive ball, but worth it!

* * *

Gen. Dwight Eisenhower coached the St. Mary's (San Antonio) football team in 1916.

* * *

Only one pitcher in the history of modern baseball has scored six runs in a single game. That was the Giants' Mel Ott, who did it on August 4, 1934.

* * *

TED HUGHSON, who won 22 games for the Red Sox last season, was the only American league pitcher who finished with a percentage edge over the seven other teams.

* * *

Then there's the chap who joined the Air Corps to fly, only to find himself becoming increasingly familiar with the term "Calisthenics."—Oh, my back!—but let's remember that this war is being fought by men—strong healthy men. In the Army, sports are a means, not an end. It has been found that athletes make the finest soldiers. Take full advantage of your calisthenics—they are for your benefit and welfare.

Post Exchange

A/S Bob Reedy

I've been fleeced! Mail has been slow, and sometimes it even don't come. But with the resourcefulness that is known to be mine, I have remedied the situation. I made a small loan with a loan company on my signature only, and let the payments lapse. Now I get letters every day. They get nastier and nastier, of course, but a letter is a letter, no matter how you look at it!

TO AN UPPER BUNK

O, Upper Bunk, to you I turn, When barracks bulbs have ceased to burn, Too, like eight million other chaps, Seek slumber's solace after taps. To me you're eiderdown and stuff, When hikes are long, and drill's been rough, When field packs weigh and blisters swell, O, Upper Bunk, I love you well.

You're nothing like a Blackstone suite; No privacy, and just one sheet; Your mattress sags, your springs are punk, But how I love you, Upper Bunk!

MEDITATION (Or what I do in my spare time)

I was sitting on my bunk one night about 12:00 (0000, Army Time), in deep meditation. I had become deeply engrossed in a fly putting bobby pins in her hair, while knitting bundles for Britain with her other four unoccupied hands, when a Jap appeared on top of the water tower, and shot me in the heart. I took a pair of ever-handy tweezers from my locker and extracted the bullet, whereupon the Jap yodeled "Heil Mussolini," and dived 120 feet to the ground, where he hailed a taxidermist and vanished. A girl from Cousins rode in on a broomstick and kissed me vehemently. I vehemented right back. I drew closer and closer until I had finally stuffed her in my "B" Barracks bag, and with only her slip showing. The barracks bag thundered and lightened, then blew its top—Poof! Out came the fly, the Jap, the Taxidermist, the girl from Cousins, Student Major Ryan, and last but not least, Supply Lieutenant Stallings, all 'wrapped up' in his sheets and pillowcases. I woke up under the bed, and one of my legs were off. Let this be a lesson to you not to eat one or more of Bob's Specials, with mustard and onions, just before the termination of open post.

Having spent a year in the Army, I still can't decide which would be the more interesting topic—the private life of a General or the general life of a private.

DAFFYNITIONS—

Iceicle—A drip that gets to the point.

Time—The stuff between pay-days.

Nodding acquaintance—A person with whom you have nodding in common.

Did you ever realize that when a girl starts to powder her nose she's taken a shine to somebody?

I hear that Hitler is writing a sequel to "Mein Kampf."—Appropriately enough, it's called "Mein Kramp."

It was so chilly the other Sunday that my date told me (confidentially of course), that she had put on three coats of stockings.

Example of frustration—Girl with over-the shoulders coat arrangement and Veronica Lake hair-do trying to eat spaghetti.

How would you like to live in a town named Muleshoe? (Texas, incidentally). The folks down there sometimes try to dodge the issue by calling it Jinny-slipper.

When, at the recent formal my girl friend told me "The lace on this dress is 50 years old," I did

CLUBCAPERS

Buffalo Bull . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

while here in Canyon, being seen with his ninth date in the nine weeks he has been here. What is the matter, Bob, won't they go for a second time? . . . "Hairless" Smith sitting in bed with a baseball bat waiting for someone to disturb his sleep. . . . "Bucking Bar" Pleasanton singing the blues. Did the "sweet little thing" from Dumas "throw" the Judo master. . . Woods, Shurtz, and Aitkenhead polishing their new discs. Congratulations, Fellows. "Rabbi" Sawicki emphatically denying that the three bearded gentlemen in the picture on the bulletin board of NYA are his ancestors. . . B. Anderson and R. Nebeker being "rebuffed" at the Buff Saturday night. Could it have been that the dates didn't approve of your visit to Amarillo. . . Larry Brown welcoming his new bride (since Xmas) to the fair city of Canyon. . . Cal Cloud worrying about being classified as a glider pilot because of his ears. He keeps saying to himself, "with ears like wings, what else can they classify me as."

Flight Seven . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

his understudies point and remark "See—we're at attention and can't answer their pointed remarks."

A man is stationed at the top of the stairway to inspect each nodding G. I. to see if he is sufficiently awake to proceed downstairs under his own power. A detail is then sent back to awaken Mr. Scott, who leans sleeping on the wall, near the statue of David. Once this detail was overlooked and the school staff thought they had acquired a new piece of statuary, entitled, "Bomber Pilot in Retrospect."

Through the line we continue to wind and upon our trays we place whatever we can entreat the cafeteria aides to give us. They smile most graciously, but I guarantee one cannot live over two weeks on this alone. A few of the boys have developed a technique—either embarrass the girls into an extra share, or be a gentleman like myself—read the menu twice, and go through with my eyes shut.

Thus we've reached the end, and dear readers (optimist), I believe I have dug my grave deep enough by these varied and sundry remarks—all in fun, (I hope they believe that).

not inquire, "Did you make it yourself?" (Noble, eh) . . .

Have you heard of the young couple in the Armed Forces who were married in a jeep? They'll probably live "hoppily" ever after.

Little Girls want dolls for toys And soldiers are chosen by the boys

But grownup girls change to soldiers, then

Baby dolls are the choice of men.

Worst joke I've heard:

2nd Lieutenant: Why didn't you salute me?

Draftee: Oh, I didn't see you, sir.

2nd Lieutenant: That's all right, —I was afraid you were mad at me!

Sudden thought:—The axis has apparently been divided into two parts—"ax- is" and "ax- was."

Yours for the duration, plus six.

By S/L J. L. Reeder

News from ye local airdrome. Remark of the week—Joe Henton, after his first trip in one of our L-4's. "I wouldn't trade the prop from a B-24 for a whole plane."—Wonder why, Joe.

Check flights are beginning. No wonder some of the boys can be heard muttering, to themselves—"S turns into the wind—keep your wings level, nose up."

Reports from Charlie Saunders are to the effect that his instructor said he was a star pupil until the day he flew No. 19. What was it he said after that flight? Anyone desiring information about 19 had better see Mr. Saunders.

Thursday night, February 17, a Victory Variety Show will be given in the Administration Building Auditorium. This will be the second All-College Stage Production of the year. The program will be somewhat on the order of the last Variety Show given, and will feature Special Numbers by both college and Aviation Students. An hour and a half of entertainment is being planned.

All College and Aviation Students, Faculty and Canyon Residents are invited to attend. The admission fee will be the purchase of a defense stamp of any denomination. The stamp will be sold at the door. The sale of stamps at this program will contribute to West Texas State's new big war stamp drive.

(Editor's Note: Several details including the program, could not be secured before our deadline. Complete coverage will be released in the next issue of Prop Dust.)

Educational . . .

(Continued from Page One)

Included in the program is a \$5 dollar monthly allowance to provide for maintenance and expenses. Additional allowances are offered to dependent wives and children.

This program is a means of compensation to those in the service who were unable to continue their education because of service.

The program has a duration of six years, and persons taking advantage of the offer must begin training within a year after the conclusion of the present war. Statistics prove that the cost will be much less per capita than the present cost of maintenance of service men. It would cost approximately 900 dollars a year compared with fifteen hundred now being spent.

Trainees will be free to choose their own course of study and the institution they attend. However, the school will have the right to determine qualification for admission. Also, if the trainee does not show any aptitude nor constancy in ability he may be eliminated.

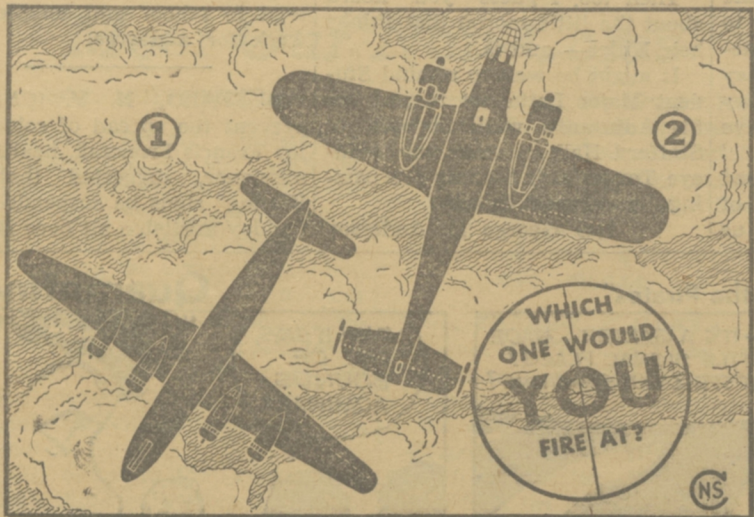
Eligibility is on a honorable service basis. Qualification requires honorable discharge or at least six months service. At the present time all men disabled as a result of action may enroll for educational purposes as well as rehabilitation.

By A/S Donald Z. Silver

Mrs. John Bleder Succumbs

A/S J. Belder of Holland, Michigan was called home Feb. 1 due to the death of his mother Mrs. John Belder. At present full particulars are not available.

A wreath was sent by Class 1. The members of the 350th extend our sympathy to A/S J. Belder and family.



NOT AT NO. 1!—It's the U. S. Douglas C-54, a low-wing four-engine transport plane. The nose of the large, oval fuselage projects far ahead of the engines. Both edges of the wings taper equally to rounded tips. The edges of the tailplane are also equally tapered and it has a single fin and rudder.

FIRE AT NO. 2—It's the German Dornier Do 17, a high-wing medium bomber powered by twin engines. It is called the "Flying Pencil" because of its extremely narrow fuselage. The thick wings taper to rounded tips. Both edges of the tailplane taper to square tips and it has twin fins and rudders.

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