

OFFICIAL NOTICES

Classified

WANTED TO BUY—Ladies Bicycle. Call 4-1168 after 4:30. FOR RENT—3-Room furnished apartment, 3 blocks from east gate. Vacant now. See Steve Andert at A. & M. Press.

Announcements

Some Aggie left his raincoat at my place this week. Call by for it, please.—Loupot's Trading Post.

PREMEDICAL STUDENTS The Medical Aptitude Test will be given on Friday, November 5, 1943, at 2 p.m. in the Science Building. The date has been changed from October 29 as announced earlier.

Executive Offices The President's Office has a Red Senior Duford pen which was sent to the Parker Pen Co. for repairs. If not called for within the next week this pen will be returned to the Parker Pen Co.

Contact Squadron II The latest dope from the Squadron II men on passes has not as yet made its way to Yours Truly, so we'll give you a substitution for a good cause this week, and be in there pitching with hot news next issue.

BUY THAT EXTRA WAR BOND TODAY Only one \$25 war bond will buy 17 steel helmets (and you might find a steel helmet mighty handy one of these days.)

Only \$18.75 invested in Uncle Sam means 98 more first aid packets available when you're out on the battlefield.

Only a bond a month will buy you, as a soldier, three gas masks. The boys with the bars probably pointed out all the patriotic motives for buying bonds. So, let's skip that. Let's look at it selfishly.

More War Bonds mean more fighting equipment. More fighting material means a better opportunity for you sooner to return home safely. You, as a soldier, on an invasion beach-head, have a better

Trimming Tabs Squadron I

The latest dirt hasn't come off of pass yet so we'll delay the Dorothy Dix side of Social Activities until the next issue. A very interesting item has come to our attention and we would like to print in our Squadron Column this time.

The following article is a News Release from Special Service Station, Hqs., AAF Training Command, Fort Worth, Texas:

Brotherhood Of Battle

There is a brotherhood of battle that only men who have faced the enemy together can know. In the Army Air Forces we speak of a mission to Rabaul . . . a mission to Lorient . . . a mission to Cagliari. Our combat teams walk casually to their bombers or fighters. Airborne as squadrons, they cross the harbor, they vanish behind the hill, they disappear into the horizon.

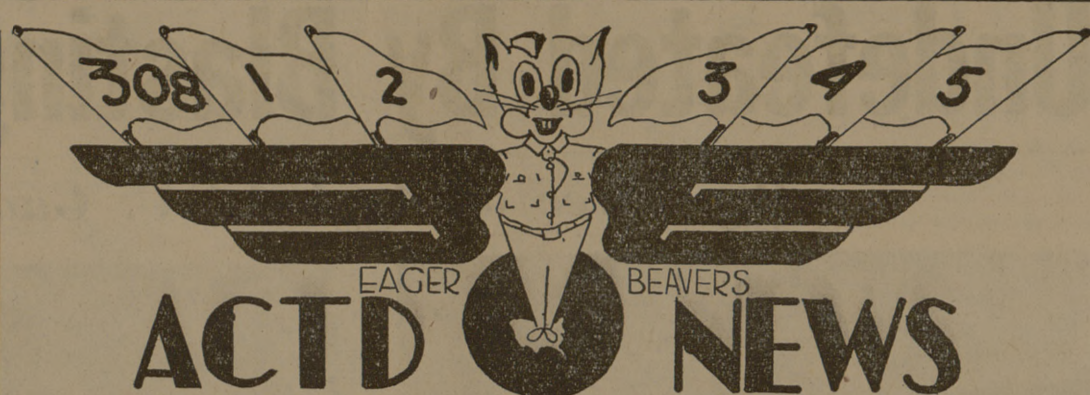
They have gone to fight the Hun and the Jap. The janitor's son, the plumber's nephew, the lawyer's kid brother . . . farmer boy, city boy, American boys together . . . plunge like dauntless voyagers over the rim of the earth. They enter a world halfway between life and death. Its wind is fire. Its rain is steel. Its sounds like thunder. Its colors are gray flash and purple blood. It is the world of the soldier at work . . . and even the soldiers falter when they speak of it.

For this man-made Hell is a searing, purging test of will and heart and brain. There is fever in the eyes and a blizzard on the bones. Privates, sergeants, captains and colonels must answer the same question: "How shall my comrades think of me when this is finished." The petty irritations of rank and discipline do not matter now. Was my officer too harsh with me, Did my men seem too slow to learn? Now the iron storm is raging. My officer leads me well! My men have learned their hard-taught lessons. Forward now together! Bomb the city . . . strafe the trench . . . blast the enemy out of the sky. Mission completed.

And then the mabic silence after combat, when men look at one another with red-rimmed eyes and grimy smiles . . . and know they have become a little band of brothers in the stern fraternity of war. Out of the horror and hate they come. Back to the home field they fly. Yes, there is a brotherhood of battle . . . and a love that only they can ever understand. It shall go with them down the years and each group will have its own immortal password . . . Wake . . . Midway . . . Guadalcanal . . . Tunis . . . Lorient . . . Rome . . . Berlin . . . Tokio.

chance of survival if your air umbrella fills the sky hour after hour. You, as a machine-gunner in an advanced post, will have a better chance of beating off attacks if you do not have to grudge each bullet from a dwindling ammunition box. And one tank alone is a dead duck to a squad of well-trained dough-boys.

You don't have to buy 'em, bub. But wise says if you do, you'll be coming home sooner and to something besides a few bucks saved from your last GI poker game.



James L. Anderson Editor-in-Chief Al Lorenzetti Managing Editor Jack Peraky Associate Editor Odell Hawkins Associate Editor Dana Green Associate Editor

"EXHAUST" Squadron V

Good evening Mr. and Mrs. North America and all the ships at sea let's go to press: Flash!—First in War, First in Peace and First to razz his fellow man,—that is our studious Mr. Picard, first sergeant of Squadron V. Verily I say unto you, Thou shalt do unto others as thou wouldst have them do unto you, so Mister Picard it is night time you let this old gander get some good out of razzing. What is good razzing for the gander you know. Why has Mr. Picard been batting his brains out against the wall each evening? Why has Mr. Picard depended upon Mr. Johnson to work his physics problems for him while he stared dreamily out the window? Why? Why? At last we know! Mrs. Picard will you take your excited husband under your control and tell him to relax that everything is all right now that you are here?

A/S Herbert Lancaster was a victim of a pleasant surprise this week end. It isn't everyday a Mister has a birthday, is it, Herg? Especially with a surprise birthday party. I hear the boys at P. E. are planning up a belt line party, so verily I say unto you that if some person asketh thy age, say unto him "only one decade."

During the absence of our Squadron V Editor I have a chance to give you a bit of dirt on him. Photographs, fingerprints, and women (who said that!!!!) don't lie. Did you see the picture of Mr. Carson, Mr. Ayles, and his Navy brother David Ayles with those "eyesome" Dallas Belle's? Push in my clutch and call me shiftless. Guess that is one pair of Stoo-dents who don't need help getting feminine companionship for the Wing Ball. Mr. Walter PEACOCK!! Whatever is the idea of wearing your wife's finger nail polish on your toe nails. That is just too, too cute! "So touching." Take over Mrs. Peacock before we kid him to death, bring out the polish remover.

Instead of seeing black spots before his eyes, Mr. Picton is seeing wedding bells. Not much longer, Mr. Picton. The first of January will see "Shirley" wearing a Mrs. in front of her name.

Hold up your right hand. Do you swear to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help your lying soul???? "I do." Gentlemen this man, A/S Homer Stanart is here to be tried for—"Guilty your honor. On Sunday morning I was walking down Main Street in Dallas looking like someone who had been sent for and couldn't go, stepping all over my chin. But don't beat me, I'll be a Bombardier," confessed Mr. Stanart.

Mr. Baird and Mr. Woods were guest of the Young Family in Dallas this week-end for a birthday party. "Confoosing but amooosing" said the pair as they spoke of the two dates they had.—Twins I presume. Daughters of a Colonel at that.

From the Dallas Teletype we have rumors of a three-man invasion. A/S Baker, Scanga, and Maynard Christenson (the U.S.O. Commandos.) What is the matter? Your old stomping ground at Navasota play out?????

Mr. Lovstad exactly how long does it take you and Mr. Lancaster to run the 1.6????? So until next time readers I remain your Texas A. & M. correspondent wishing you so long and with "notions of love," at ease.

Education Program For Labor Started

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The war has hit a hard blow at the nation's schools, educators attending the twenty-third annual meeting of the National Education association agreed.

Thousands of teachers have left their school work to take higher paying war jobs, while other thousands are in the armed forces. An official report by the association predicted an estimated shortage of 75,000 this fall

Wing News

Good morning Beavers. This issue we begin reminding all the Beavers of the Detachment, of the forthcoming Wing Ball, October 16th. Our roving reporters have brought back stories of the Beaver's ability to match wits with the beauties from the far corners of Texas. So there should be a number of men who have already filled their little black book (with pink lace) (how did that get in there?) up with a date for that night so that gives the others a fair chance at the Stag Line. Come on some of you who haven't got dates, you shouldn't have trouble getting one. Not from some of the results of Beaver Social Activity that we print for you fellows. So remember, fellows, get the leg muscles loose for the rug cutting on the 16th.

Again we print a retraction; A number of people have asked, "Who is it that writes 'Service Record'?" Mr. Odell Hawkins is the author of that column. By typographical error it has been given the by-line of Mr. Robert P. Damsky, for the last few issues.

The entire Detachment deserves congratulations for the military precision with which they carried out Saturday's Review. Several favorable comments were passed by visiting officers and officers of other branches stationed here.

ANNOUNCEMENT Mr. Donald Richter, of Squadron IV, received the telegram last night informing him that he is the proud father of a 6 pound, 15 ounce baby girl. Little Janet or Donna Jean (the name is not definite yet) arrived at 10:00 p. m., October 9, 1943.

Mrs. Donald Richter resides at 625 East 76 Place, Los Angeles, California. The entire Detachment joins in wishing the three of you lots of happiness, and in congratulating you both, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Richter.

8 Minutes a Day Spell Difference In Life of Death

A brief study of airplane accident statistics enables us to come up with some rather unexpected facts.

Of these facts two stand out more especially significant to young pilots who have a definite interest in becoming old pilots eventually.

Here they are, lads! Fact No. 1: Nearly 70% of all accidents have been attributed to some form of pilot error.

Fact No. 2: Over 80% of all accidents occur during landings, take-offs or while taxiing.

Now if we scramble those two facts and examine the result we find more than half of the accidents occur because pilots make errors while in the process of going away from or returning to terra firma or while getting from one place to another on the ground.

Someone with a penchant for figures uncovers the further information that a pilot averages two take-offs and two landings a day over the course of his training period. Time required for these four operations: eight minutes per day?

A mighty small piece of time but a mighty important one, too! A time in which, if you "dope off" for a fraction of a second you double your chances of getting to know some pretty nurses or even having the undertaker get to know you.

It is a time, on the other hand, to keep in a "state of super-alertness." A time to use the proper amount of power on take-off. To watch your airspeed on landing and hit the first third of the runway. A time to anticipate by checking everything in advance, your plane, engines, and instruments.

A time, in short, to work very, very hard at the job of becoming a veteran pilot. From "The Tale Spinner," SAAC

Service Record By Odell Hawkins

Mr. John Marsch was born in Farmington, Minn., where he spent the first six years of his life. From there he moved to Minneapolis which is about twenty-two miles away. He attended both the grade and high schools in that city, describing himself as an "average student." As a youngster he was interested in baseball, playing on the high school nine; and in model airplane building. His early ambition was to be a radio operator on a Clipper. (I imagine he would rather fly one now.) After he graduated from high school in 1934 he worked as salesman for a bakery until his enlisted men in army December 16, 1941. He applied and was assigned to Air Corps, taking his basic at Sheppard Field and Jefferson Barracks. From there he went to radio school at Scott Field. After his training at Scott Field he worked on the line as a radio operator mechanic at Hamilton Field, California. His next stop was Fort Dix where he spent two weeks taking overseas training. He finally turned up in England.

At first he was on detached service, but when the Eagle Squadron was incorporated into the U. S. Army Air Force, he was assigned to it. He next attended Cryptographers School at Oxford, after which he worked as a cryptographer in the Eagle Squadron. The airfield at which he was stationed was a pre-war field. At its dedication Hermann Goering was the principle speaker. The morale at the field was very good. The men there considered it a privilege to stand retreat, even those who were excused came out to salute the Flag as it came down. They received excellent treatment. Furloughs were granted every three months.

In Mr. Marsch's opinion the English pilot and fighting is very good, but the pilots of the occupied countries were the best. The pilots of the Polish Airforce used Hurricanes with reinforced wings. Whenever they ran out of ammunition they would continue fighting, knocking off the tail of enemy ships with their wings.

After nine months with the Eagle Squadron he was sent back to the United States. He made the trip back on a prison ship, and docked in New York. From New York he proceeded to B. T. C. No. 10 at Greensboro, North Carolina. He left Greensboro October 3 and arrived at Texas A. & M. on October 5. Here he and the rest of Squadron III have spent the first week getting orientated and preparing for the things to come.

Hedge Hopping Squadron IV

This week sees the end of flight instruction for Squadron IV. From reports received from those who were given their final check ride the latter part of last week, the pilots are pretty well in the groove. So, you see, winning ribbons is not the only thing Squadron IV is adapted for. Up to this writing, there have been only two forced landings, during the period of instruction. Crash Pilot Parker had the first of the two. His "crack-up" was due to a broken crankshaft, and resulted in no damage to either plane or pilots. "Crash" Nellessen had the misfortune of his engine conking at three hundred feet last Friday. Slight damage was done to the ship, but the pilots were only shaken up a bit. Of course, there were a few close calls, but due to the careful guidance of the instructors, accidents were prevented.

Talk about cigars; they sure have been floating around the Squadron IV dorm lately. We even saw a big cigar walking down Military Walk this morning, and right behind it was Mister Richter, talking proudly of his new family addition. Can you name anything that Squadron IV isn't good at?

Practically the entire squadron took advantage of passes this last weekend. Yours truly used this privilege to very good advantage, and from reports received so far, a jam-up good time was enjoyed over the week end by most of the fellows.

Mister Rimmer journeyed to Dallas to attend a birthday party as guest of the Young family, and reports a most enjoyable time.

Mister Woods makes it down Houston way, and tells us that he had too many women even for a Squadron IV man to handle. It seems that he had a date with one, and then makes a date with another. But, wait, that's not all—he hadn't been in town more than ten minutes, when number three "picks him up" and naturally expects a date. Gee, it must be that magnetic personality.

The Bachelor's Club in Squadron IV is losing another good member this week. This time, it's Mister R. C. Higginbotton, who reports the

big date is set for Saturday. The lucky gal is Miss Betty Steiner of Santa Monica, California. Here's a wish for all the happiness in the world to you folks.

Has anyone noticed the bright shiny spot developing on Sam (cue ball) Schneidmiller's dome? Mister Parola called our attention to it, and we want to be sure everyone takes notice. By the way, Mister Schneidmiller is counting big on a trip to Dallas next week on that pass. Remember, Samuel, don't take a chance, take a (censored.)

Hanger Flying Squadron III

We would like to take this opportunity to introduce some of the members of Squadron III. First, Mr. John Marsh who spent 13 months in England doing radio and cryptographic work. Nine months of this time he served with the famed Eagle Squadron. There is one thing, however, that puzzles the entire squadron. Mr. Marsh is as Irish as they come and how he did so well with the English dames has us all wondering—a little enlightenment please, Mr. Marsh.

Among our miniature squadron, we have the Mayers twins—Messrs. Joe and Morton. They are as much alike as two peas in a pod and are roommates.

Mr. L. W. Patterson and Mr. M. C. Smith are rubbing their rabbit feet, or are they? They both took the cadet examination some nine months ago but were transferred immediately thereafter and were shipped quite a few times during the next eight months. When their cadet papers finally caught them, they were sitting at the POE awaiting shipment to England. Glad to have you with us, gentlemen.

Squadron III as an unit would like to express its appreciation at having been selected to attend school here at A. & M. It is especially gratifying to know we have a man of Capt. Hill's calibre as Commanding Officer.

It may take us a little time to get "trimmed" up but we will be in there pitching for those ribbons they dish out on Saturday at review . . . Okay our chin is out, let's go.

BUY THAT SLICE OF VICTORY TODAY!!!

Hi-Ya Aggies

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George's

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We invite you to trade at the Exchange store — operated by your college for your benefit.

Quality is the essence of our business, linked with lower prices. You can buy our merchandise with the assurance that you are getting the best — which is the cheapest in the long run!

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SEE LOUPOT'S

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