

OFFICIAL NOTICES

Classified

WANTED TO BUY—Ladies Bicycle. Call 4-1168 after 4:30. FOR SALE—Five room house. West Park addition. Phone 4-8499.

Boys—If you plan to join the Air Corps, get some hours now to insure against "washing out" in the future. Cardwell Flight Academy, Coulter Field, Phone 8520F4.

The Student Personnel Office is holding a leather coat and a drawing set which was found by the janitor in room 105 of the Academic Building.

Wanted permanent and dependable ride from Bryan to College when new time schedule begins. Call 4-4524 or 2-1359.

Announcements

Some Aggie left his raincoat at my place this week. Call by 10, 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.

The war has interfered with the regular activities of the United Science Club and no local contest will be attempted during the present semester.

Commandants Office

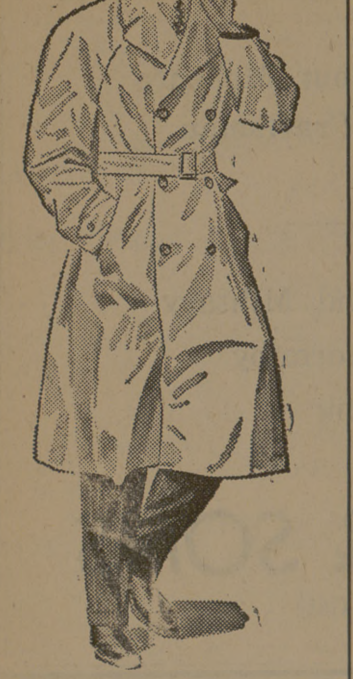
There will be a meeting of the entire student body in Guion Hall at the 11 o'clock period today, Thursday. Classes for all regular students will be suspended at that period.

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT

1. On recommendation of the COMMANDANT and with the approval of the EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, those students who desire to attend the football game in Fort Worth between Texas A. & M. and T. C. U. Saturday, October 16, are authorized to leave after their last class on Friday, October 15, without pass and return not later than 8:30 p.m., Sunday, October 17.

Uniform optional (khaki or wool).

By order of the COMMANDANT: JOE E. DAVIS Major, Infantry Assistant Commandant



Regulation Trench Coats

It's time to choose your Trench Coat . . . stop in and see our complete assortment.

Olive Drab Zelan Processed Trench Coat \$5.95

Olive Drab-Oiled Slicker Trench Coats \$9.95 to \$12.50

Tan Cotton Gabardine Trench Coat with Lining \$19.50

Cravanetted Gabardine with removable wool lining \$25.00

Cravanetted Wool Gabardine — with removable wool lining \$39.50

Waldrop & C "Two Convenient Stores" College and Bryan

Trimming Tabs Squadron I

Here's the dirt, fellows, straight from the rear ranks. Way back here the sun is always shining and we are so happy that someone is always singing or humming.

Mr. Wheeler, custodian of Flight 12 is very much in the dumps. He whines, "I could have thumbed a ride and still have been late. But I will not be lonesome next Saturday. The other boys will be out there with me. The only thing to bother is the ten bucks I don't have now."

A/S Benis, Callahan, and Matzner, The Peep-hole gang, have made lots of friends in the past weeks. They even have speaking acquaintances over at Bryan Field.

Please, Mister Mailman, don't forget Mr. Estelle. He doesn't even give us any competition any more at the table; he hurries back to mail call. He's sweating out the daily account of the progress of that new 1930 football player he has back home.

Misters Martin, Lorenzetti, and Klingsmith, in Taylor or letting time fly by and finding themselves far from home. They came in on a streamlined open air job at the cost of twelve and one half smackerels.

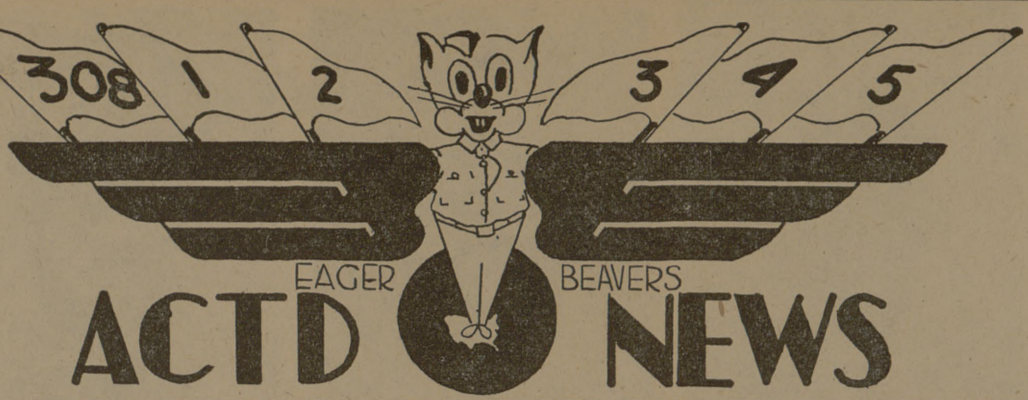
Hanger Flying Squadron III

Wedding bells! Hear 'em? Mr. John Marsh has decided that he no longer desires to continue this life in a peaceful manner. He and Miss Dorothy Siverson will say, "I do" during the holidays "Turkey Day."

The new candidates represent some of our far outposts. For example, we have Mr. Lois Hafner who served eight months in Central Africa as a mechanic.

Next we have Mr. Ed Kroner who spent some 12 1-2 months in the Southwest Pacific theater seeing service in both New Zealand and New Caledonia.

We also have Mr. Walter Bender who has spent his last three months in England with the Signal Corps. Mr. Bender is a local Texan, his home being at Ft. Worth.



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

Wing News

Beside Valiant Brothers

We of the Army Air Forces shall never forget that we fight beside valiant brothers. Here's to the Royal Air Force and the lads who flew the Spitfires through that awesome September of 1940.

Here's to the Aussies, the Anzacs, the Canadians. They were rugged men in the days when the Luftwaffe raged boastfully toward Egypt and Suez.

Nor should the brave story end without a toast to the Russians and Chinese. Three words . . . Leningrad . . . Stalingrad . . . Moscow . . . Oh, men of Russia, our enemies will remember them.

Our comrades, our allies are an inspiration to us and a challenge. So let us fight, that when the victory is won our comrades shall say: "These Americans kept faith with us and with Freedom's eternal soul."

Men, have all of you given any consideration to the effect, October 16 brings you another Wing Ball? All you Beavers who aren't much interested in dancing haven't started to live.

This Wing Ball is for you, cadets, and all the personnel of our detachment only. Yes, you will all have to make an impression on the women so that they will be eager to return next time.

As for the dance band, fellows, I promise you, you will never hear a better band around these parts in a long spell.

Formal dental education began in the East 104 years ago, and nearly thirty years elapsed from that date until Harvard University established the first university dental school.

Spotlight on Sports

The days of competitive sports is drawing near. Already schedules in various sports are being drawn up.

I'm sending a warning to all the Squadrons in the Detachment, take heed fellows. Squadron II trounced the high and mighty Squadron I by the unbelievable score of 30-6.

What is this I hear about Squadron IV, having to best shuttle-run average in the Detachment. Yes, fellows, that's right.

Attention Squadron IV: Please send me the name of the Mr. who ran the 1.6 miles in 8:30 flat. To a certain Cardinal fan, namely Sgt. Hutcherson, tactical non-com of Squadron I.

There is nothing like competitive sport so states Lt. Segrest. Yes, competition of any kind today will help you tomorrow.

Squadron V basketball team is shaping up very good these days. According to a Mr. Persky, they are great. After a few more workouts we'll be ready for anything, including Squadron I.

Well, to quote Mr. Benis: "You are judged by what you make of yourself." With this quotation I end today's column only with the reminder, IF YOU CAN'T TAKE PART IN A SPORT BE ONE ANYWAY, WILL YOU?

—EXHAUST— (Continued From Page 3)

find on the subject? —And observe everything without sight or hearing. Such was the general order Mr. Stanart had in mind the other night when he heard a noise in the darkened Assembly Hall while on Post Check.

The day was swell. With cheer-mul; eager, shining face Mr. Reynolds, LeRoy B. sweated mail call. Upon receipt of a heavy linen envelope his heart shook his khaki shirt with tremors.

—AGGIES— (Continued from Page 1)

lucky to get a Corps Trip and it seems that they are going to make the most of what appears to be an eventful weekend which ranks second only to the coming Thanksgiving Day game.

Service Record By Odell Hawkins

Mr. Robert O'Brien was born in New Orleans, La., January 16, 1922. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. James D. O'Brien. He remained in New Orleans for the first two years of his life and then moved to Dallas where he lived for the next 11 years.

In 1941 he drove a friend to Vancouver, British Columbia to join the RAF. While there he looked over the pamphlets of the RCAF and immediately decided to join. He took his pre-flight training at Regina College, Sask.

Mr. O'Brien has tremendous respect for the German Air Force stating that they were excellent pilots and flew excellent planes. He was discharged from the RCAF on February 9, 1943. He had arrived in America three days preceding.

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Hedge Hopping Squadron IV

Seven-thirty P. M.—no reporter, Eighty-three—no reporter, Ninety-three—no reporter, Ten-thirty—no reporter from Squadron IV and since I (Editor) and staff have been pondering where to find space to write the following poem we decided to use your column for this worthy cause.

A Fellow In a Fox-Hole

A fellow in a fox-hole . . . A lonely, silent kid, He crouches there with sombre stare And does his share to rid The world of dirty rats.

(Do you feel you could be content To give him less than ten per cent.)

A fellow in a fox-hole . . . He doesn't know your name, But he'll pitch in and help you win Because we're all the same In things we're fight for.

(Do you complain because you spent Your bit for bonds—say ten per cent?)

A fellow in a fox-hole . . . He's facing death tonight But with your aid, he's unafraid To face the foe and fight For all the things he loves.

(If he should die, would you repent And offer more than ten per cent?)

A fellow in a fox-hole . . . With weapons of the best. That is true, he owes to you And money you invest In this, your native land.

(And that is where your money went; To save his life for ten per cent.) Reprint from "Pelican" Camp Beauregard.

Fellows ince I have a chance to get a couple typewriter hot licks in on this column I'd like to ask for a few volunteers from your Squadron to help me get out a Squadron IV Autobiography and print up the Squadron IV Farewell Issue in the "ACTD NEWS".

The first yearbook published by a military organization on the University of Texas campus will come out in mid-February when the University Naval ROTC distributes its 70-page annual.

Contact Squadron II

We skipped one edition Gentlemen, and we prostrate ourselves at your feet. As a partial explanation of this dastardly deed we offer this, the entire staff cruised into Houston in order to glean a little inside information on what gives was had by the gang.

The prodigal sons of Squadron Three arrived at long last, and they are truly Beavers. Welcome Gentlemen, to the 308th.

Someone said once this place should be called a concentration camp. Everything here is concentrated. The methods for "larmin," the drill periods, the getting-in-shape process and all of the Beavers are concentrating on sweet demure Texas lassies.

Mr. Wineriter, romerly of KUTA Salt Lake City, can now be heard burning up the Ether every Sunday afternoon over the local radio station, WATW. Let's be for giving Squadron II a large plug, Mr. Wineriter.

L-O-S-T

Mr. Allen Ferguson mispaeed his wallet containing twenty-four dollars and personal effects. Please return personal effects . . . Owner is a capitalist.

Yea Team, The mighty Squadron II's six-man Football team rolled over Squadron I Tuesday afternoon, 30-6. The attack was led by Mr. Bard, a smoothie of the gridiron from way-back.

How about this one? Mr. Diamond Jim Brofit, star of the Baseball diamond and hero of the gridiron, and Mr. "All California Athlete" May have sworn Blood Brotherhood, just like Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer.

Mr. Jas. Bonini has made plans to end his tranquility and peace of mind. He will on the thirtieth of this month take unto himself a bride. She hails from Detroit, Best wishes, James.

Mr. Offenbecher, Military Dog of Flight A has ordered a pin with four diamonds, he wants to be Post Commander. Eager, isn't he? The odious aroma emanating from Ramp 8, Purpear Hall can be attributed to the efforts of Mr. Pallidina's girl-friend. She sent him a box of very ripe cheese. Very, very ripe.

What Hollywood Flash of Ramp 8, Purpear broke out last week and complete with brass, service ribbons and wings? He completed his gummer's course by correspondence.

Mr. Hill is gonna be Poppa Hill before very long, don't forget the "seegars" Hill. Mr. Terry, that Casanova of Squadron II, is now addressed as "My Lil' ol' Yankee Boy" Yee-Ipel

BE SMART AND MILITARY GET YOUR HAIRCUTS FROM Aggieland Barber & Beauty Shop North Gate

Where Quality is the Keynote 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! The Exchange Store "An Aggie Institution"