

OFFICIAL NOTICES

Classified

LOST—Brown leather jacket with green lining. K. E. Carpenter, 221, Dorn 15, or Box 1109, College Station, Reward!

WANTED—Ride to Administration Building from 25th St. and Eastwood Drive in Bryan, Hours 9 to 6; Saturdays, 9 to 1. See Chas. Schoedel at A. & M. Press, or phone 2-8889.

Black overnight bag, left on highway 81 out of Ft. Worth, Sunday 2:30. Contained Junior blouse, belt, etc. Laundry mark F-59. Reward. Contact Furman 64 Milner immediately.

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.

LOST—Billfold containing \$24 and personal papers, somewhere in the vicinity of Puryear Hall. Finder please return billfold. I don't care about the money, but I need the papers very badly. A/S Allen Ferguson, Puryear Hall, Room 106.

LOST—One Elrin Watch with "N.H.S. District Champions" printed on the face and "Dick Wright engraved on back. See Wright, K-14, Walton or Box 478, College, Reward.

Announcements

STUDENT EMPLOYMENT—"There are still 35 or 40 jobs available to students who are willing to work. If you are interested, call at the Placement office." W. R. Horsley, Director.

The New Comers Club will meet Wednesday at 2:30 at the Red Cross House in College Station to make surgical dressing. It is urgent all be present.

The war has interfered with the regular activities of the United Science Club and no local contest will be attempted during the present semester. The program of the collegiate division of the Texas Academy of Science, however, will be attempted as usual. For that reason, any undergraduate A. & M. student who has a hobby of any scientific subject would be welcomed as a prospective contestant from A. & M. Those interested should get in touch with C. C. Doak, Room 26, Science Building. The annual meeting of the Texas Academy of Science will be in Austin, Texas, November 11, 12, and 13.

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. All premedical students who have not previously taken this test should do so. It is one of the requirements for entrance into medical school.

In order that the number of test forms necessary may be determined, it is desired that each premedical student who expects to take the test will sign his name on the sheet entitled "Premedical Aptitude Test" and posted near the door of Room 13, Science Building. This order for test forms will be sent in on Saturday, October 9. G. E. Potter, Premedical Adviser

The Woman's Auxiliary of the First Presbyterian Church at College Station will be hostess to the Group Conference of District I of the Brazos Presbytery on Oct. 20. This conference will be held at the First Baptist Church of College Station. The registration will begin at 10 a.m. and the program will run from 10:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. with an hour for lunch.

Mrs. A. H. Crouch, Willis, Texas, District Chairman, will preside at this conference and a very interesting program has been arranged.

Please call in your reservation for the luncheon to Mrs. P. W. Burns by Monday, Oct. 18.

DR. N. B. McNUTT DENTIST Office in Parker Building Over Canady's Pharmacy Phone 2-1457 Bryan, Texas

STUDENT CO-OP Bicycle and Radio Repair Phone 4-4114

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Contact Squadron II

Congratulations, gentlemen (heartiest congratulations) on winning that review pennant. And of course with the congratulations always come the words "now let's keep up the good work." It would not be the army if that didn't follow. At any rate you're on the ball, so let's stay there. You've got the old fight, men; just show it and we'll be the number one squadron that we all know we can be. Right?

On the lighter side: Leave it to the New Yorkers: When the geography professor made mention of something west of New York, one loyal son of the bright lights had to say, "I didn't know there was anything west of New York but Joisey." Of course since there was another New Yorker in the crowd he couldn't help but say, "Dere Aint." And it remained for some Californian (no doubt a Chamber of Commerce member) to say "Aw, you New Yorkers are provincial."

Results: Gentlemen, you make us happy. Someone reads our column besides ourself. After having advertised (as a joke) the auction sale of Mr. Easton's trombone he had three bids within a few hours after the "ACTD" was out. "Some Joke."

Is there a romance budding right under our noses? Will someone tell us who it is who comes around at 6:20 each morning and in his sweet old sings out, "Kinsinger, Let's go. Are you gentlemen going steady?"

Have you noticed our two tall advance guards who do our road clearing for each mess formation. Well, gentlemen, something has come between them; they're not speaking anymore. One of them insists the other stole his anvil. We suggest that little march they hold down the sidewalk each mealtime should be named the parade of the giants.

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES

Theodore Levinewhat a man. Joe Doylepretty boy George O'RourkeFather Duffy. Donald Nesbitshort stuff Robert Meehanthe harp John DuncanHumm! Mr. Duncan Robert BroffittDiamond Jim Ralph Van Weren(censored) instructor William Hallhit the brace Arnold Bennettchow hound That being all the quips of the time and with the remaining odor of "perfumery" and sweet memories still cobwebbing the old thinker we say, until next inking time, "Cheerio old chappies."

Hanger Flying Squadron III

As of Monday, the new Squadron III ceases to be a nonentity and settles down to the job at hand. And from all appearances, Eager Beavers is just the cognomen, with the emphasis on Eager. And now for the gleaming of a week's snooping. A certain party has been causing people to stop and stare. Why not grow a beard, Mr. Broderick. By the way, have you met our Mr. Peterson, the poet-laureate of Ramp 2? Mr. "whence cometh those sonnets." One chap who couldn't get accustomed to the thin air up around the top bunk rolled off; and, didn't come to rest until he had bounced off a chair enroute and splattered himself literally about the floor. Why not try an oxygen mask Mr. Schap?

To these unworthy ears has come a most righteous complaint. When it comes to calling "Dress and Cover Gentlemen" from a Maytag Messerschmidt at 500 feet above the drill field, then things have come to a pretty pass. Don't you think so, Mister Meek and Wood? Here's one we like. It seems that the occupants of Room 77 in Ramp 2 have started a bit of corrective campaigning. It comes under the heading of "Profanity Pool." Any blasphemous language causes the user to go thru a financial and ceremonial embarrassment. The offender is placed in the Swear Chair, and deposits his monetary penance in a little gadget called the Curse Purse, while mouthing the penitent phrase "Mea Culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa" (I don't know what it means either.) Me-thinks Messers Mowry and Norris have something there. We have going our way unknowing that in our midst dwells one of the vanishing race. From the famous Michigan Blackhorse Cavalry comes Mr. Rhodaberger, who evidently has intentions of trading in his earth-bound steed for an Air Corp version of Pegasus. After



James L. Anderson Editor-in-Chief Al Lorenzetti Managing Editor Jack Persky Associate Editor Odell Hawkins Associate Editor Dana Green Associate Editor Al Lorenzetti Sports Editor F. W. Hennessee Staff Artist

Widdow W. Harris Squadron I Editor R. W. Yeutter Squadron II Editor R. F. Smith Squadron III Editor Dana Green Squadron IV Editor Faine A. Carson Squadron V Editor Reporters: Joseph W. Tiffenbach, Frank J. Stiles, Joseph Cantor, William Rabin,

William R. Fitzgerald, Edward F. Callahan. The ACTD is written and edited by Aviation students of the 308th College Training Detachment, College Station, Texas.

Good morning Beavers. Well the Wing Ball went over with a bang. That the Beavers had a good time is beyond question. As proof that the girls enjoyed themselves we will publish a few notes left in some of the rooms. (No, no, Mr. Wolf, Romeo, Casanova . . . no addresses. That wouldn't do. The girls would be avalanched with date applications.) Dear—?

This is the "morning after" but do I feel fine. The dance last night was quite a pleasant experience. A stag line is something passed where I come from, but last night the stags were plentiful and very nice. If the Wing Ball last night was a success as a morale booster for the boys, I'm certain it served the same purpose for the girls. The band last night deserves a great many compliments too.

I had been to College Station before to attend an Aggie Dance but this was the first time that I had spent the night. What an experience! First, I had to push my sister into an upper bunk, and then pray she wouldn't come down on top of me. I wish I could have left

WING BALL COMMITTEE

The old adage, "give the devil his due" will be converted to read "Give the Wing Ball Committee their due."

Everyone had a grand time at the Wing Ball so we take this opportunity to express our appreciation.

To Captain Hill, and the Wing Ball Committee we offer our gratitude and appreciation for a bang-up good time.

viewing his rolling gait we think a saddle mounted in the cockpit would be in order. Then there is our own Sgt. Paris, who is regaining his color and losing the habit of gazing hopefully at the train station as the train pulls in. Now that we are all here the man is on the road to recovery. We really were surprised by that Fire Drill of Thursday eve. But one of the Beavers of Squadron II, Flight B, was taken wholly unaware and had to expose himself to the night winds a-la Dorothy Lamour, and a very skimpy towel at that. And now, unlike Schubert, we have finished our Symphony for the week, and we're signing off. Don't cry, kiddies, we'll be back.

There is an old saying that "every dog has his day," and though we don't mean to imply that we are of the canine family (though such has been stated at times), nevertheless it is now our turn. We take it that all and sundry had a most enjoyable time at the Ball, and while you comb the moonbeams out of your beards let's rehash the doings and not-doings of Saturday eve past. So hark ye, gentle souls, to what we have to say . . . The duplicate sons of Mr. and Mrs. Mayer had one young lady doubting her powers of vision. She thought she was seeing double, and she was correct. (The suggestion has been raised that one of these gentlemen put a ring in his nose) . . .

In our wanderings we noticed one Mr. Muse repeatedly crossing and recrossing our field of vision. Upon inquiry, it turned out that from the vast assemblage of feminine beauty, he found but one damsel who could do the "shag" in the accepted Boston manner, and then lost her to one of our cousins from down yonder at the Marine Corps barracks. But it wasn't her dancing so much as the fact that she told him—get this, friends, . . . she told him that "yo' all are jus' th' mos' wonderful dancer I've met all night." He loved it, friends, he loved it. But then again, so did the other dozen or so Beavers she told it to, evidently they had been around more than J. K. He proceeded to look like one of those Boston cream pies he's always talking about, all ruffled around the edges and soggy in the middle.

Ah, me, such is the disadvantage of having led a secluded life . . . Smile benignly, friends, at our comrade Romeo, Mr. John Smith (uncommon name, that) and Mr. Harry McGinnis, who were so very pleased with themselves at their

Wing News

my bed made up as nicely as I found it because I'm sure the rouge on the sheet got there after I came (Sorry Mr.—).

We are leaving at noon for Houston so our visit will be cut rather short but every minute was swell. Thanks a million for letting us use your room.

(signed) Margie Rahinace, Arlene and Doris Pflaughaupt Dear Gang,

Thanks so much for the lovely place to sleep. This cot is just short of heaven. I really enjoyed it and I'm thanking you for Mary Ellis too.

(signed) Peggie. P. S. You fellows are really grand to show all the girls such a good time.

This note was left in Room D-7, (lucky boys) You really went to a lot of fuss, To make this room so nice for us. Our thanks so great we can't express,

Most of us have overlooked the men who are on the Wing Ball Committee. Now would be an apt time to bring them into the limelight and let them know we do appreciate the work and effort they spent to make the Wing Ball possible.

Mr. Donald C. Meek, was Chairman and his assistant was Mr. Robert S. Wood. The other members are as follows; Squadron I; Richard L. Martin;

Robert B. Holzknicht, and Alfred A. Lorenzetti. Squadron II; Phillip F. Stogel; William F. Smith, and Lawrence V. Jonhson.

Squadron IV; Donald C. Meek; J. B. King, and Robert S. Wood. Squadron V; Blanchard M. Dixon; John Moldonado, and Sidney Cummins.

Once again we thank you gentlemen for doing a good job in putting the Ball across.

You'll find us each at given addresses. (signed) Helen, Jonel, and Evelyn Dear Mr. —?

Thanks so much for the use of your room. The Wing Ball was swell, and we all really enjoyed it. (signed) Eleanor Green.

So men, that clinches the fact that the girls too, had a good time, making it unanimous all the way around.

Squadron V jokesters had their day Saturday night too. The question "What am I, Black?" was answered by a group of pranksters who formed the Squadron into regular formation in front of the Dance Band to present them with black ribbons. The guidon (broom stick) was adorned with black streamers. Following this each member decorated with a black campaign streamer pinned to his left shirt pocket. Despite this, numerous girls proclaimed their admiration for Squadron V men. Verify this by Mr. Aryes and Baker of Squadron V if you wish.

All in all a good time was enjoyed by everyone.

Robert B. Holzknicht, and Alfred A. Lorenzetti. Squadron II; Phillip F. Stogel; William F. Smith, and Lawrence V. Jonhson.

Squadron IV; Donald C. Meek; J. B. King, and Robert S. Wood. Squadron V; Blanchard M. Dixon; John Moldonado, and Sidney Cummins.

Once again we thank you gentlemen for doing a good job in putting the Ball across.

Did you know that a mathematician once worked a full life time proving and deriving the formula for "pi." BUT! what has that got to do with what Bearisto said in Geography class. "In India we have Wheat, Rice, Flax, Jute—" the Professor lectured. "What is Jute?" asked A/S Post. "That is what they make the Jute Boxes out of," returned A/S Bearisto.

Flash! A/S Bennett has now acquired the monstrous nick name of "Bird dog."

Flash! At the YMCA we have noticed such married men as A/S Sheldon, Ricci, Wisnom and others (for the sake of my neck I mention no others) marching their wives to and from Casey's and other points in the vicinity. You brutes! You should be beat to pieces.

Flash! Mr. Secoy had been noticed humming the tune "Mary Lou." When questioned about it he evaded the issue by telling us his opinion of Chivalry. "Chivalry," he says, "is a man's inclination to defend a woman against every man but himself."

No, Mr. Eichler, Duke Ellington DID NOT defeat Napoleon at Waterloo!

Ye-e-e-e-e-owwwwww-eeel Pin up girls once more grace our barren walls. And what an improvement, improvement, improvement (we can afford to be a broken record on that word.) What a lovely mystery the female is. Am I right, gentlemen?

Flash! A/S Stanton, E-14, has been disowned by his room mates now that he has made first sergeant. But mystery is why they are patting him on the back and whispering sweet nothings in his ears about such things as three day passes .

The two Bonning Twins received a letter from twin girls (but definitely nice) who had seen their pictures in a newspaper and wanted a date with the two boys. "I swear and Balls O Fire, times a wastin."

A/S O'Flarity quivered and under the guise of a evening stroll slyly led the boys by the Photo Shop at the North Gate so they could see his picture in the display window. (He doesn't know they are using it as one of those Before and After Ads. He is the before part.)

What hen-pecked husband whose first initial is A/S Lovstad insists that his wife doesn't make him

Hedge Hopping Squadron IV

Matrimony is still the main subject this week. Now we have Mister Hoffman, planning to get hitched in Chicago next week. From his looks last Thursday morning, we'd say his married life started officially Wednesday night. He informs us that the little lady is to be Miss Shirley Lapin. Power to you Mister.

Another of the beavers planning along these serious lines, is Mister Belsinger. We understand that his blushing bride is to be Miss Doris Lee Brooks, from his home town of Baltimore, Maryland. Here's wishing you all the happiness in the world.

Believe it or not, but A/S Hairless Joe (Dyanshine) Mizvitz has actually started eating and talking with the men in the ranks again. He is about to get over the visit of Lt. A. Ferra. But the officer he has been seen prowling around with will soon be one of us. At present, Lt. Ferra is stationed at Camp Hood, but he's heading for Aviation Cadets. I knew a Lieutenant once myself.

Casanova Joe O'Brien brags to us about Betty. Now we have heard some different stories about Betty, but draw our own conclusions from his collection of pictures. Joe's roommate has been trying to discourage him, but we are inclined to believe that Skipppy wants all the gravy for himself. Joe tells us that he is to meet her in Dallas on his way home. If you need any further advice, don't fail to call on us.

By special request, we print the following warning:

"To F-7, mind your own business, or we'll drown you out! (signed) F-6." And, from what we hear, they have made a pretty fair start. It seems Mister Worm was lying peacefully in his bunk, minding his own business, when ker-splash—he's wet from head to toe.

And, that wasn't milk running out the front door the other night. All the Squadron IV Oklahoma City men are scheduled to take over the Ranch House at that place Monday night. There's not more than forty men who lay claim to Okey City. Go easy there gentlemen, the Military Police hang around that city too. Don't forget the date.

"Crash" Nellesen makes the headlines again. This time he's crashed into a chick from Springfield. She came down to these parts with her sister, Mrs. Kidrowski, and made the mistake of meeting up with Crash. From all reports, he has the situation well

wear Vitalis on his hair when he doesn't want to. (Mr. Lovstad, am I glad you aren't on the paper staff.)

All the boys thought Mr. Hohener's Birthday was pretty fortunate yesterday when a lovely birthday cake arrived. Too bad you didn't get to see anything but the string that tied up the box Mr. Hohener.

Talk about your Romeo's, Casanova's, Wolves, Mr. Kline tops the lot. Four girls enroute to the Wing Ball to share his presence on a date. Neither knows the other exists. Yea man, I wouldn't want your troubles. Chaplain's office first door to the right.

So now we know who the lovely feminine character, that Mr. Javedas raves about, is. "Butch" he calls her. What is she, a lady wrestler? From the looks of the crippled wing in a sling you carry she must be.

Why doubt thou blush with the fair crimson of the rose in bloom Mr. Schmitzer, when you are asked who that 8 x 10 photo of yourself went to. That lame excuse of, "To my Sis" isn't good enough to appease the vultures on the ACTD Staff.

IYI! The Wing Ball approaches and the Squadron V has the "before entering the ring" jitters. Relax boys, the girls are too lovely to bite you. You are perfectly safe. Don't let the stag line get stagnant. In other words, Circulate brother, Circulate. Lift 'em up and set 'em down, come on feet I'm going to town.

BRAZILIAN

(Continued From Page 1)

parents took her to Paris, where she became a pupil of the great Jean de Reszke.

Bidu Sayao made her concert debut at the Municipal Theatre of Rio de Janeiro. On her return to Europe, she was engaged for opera performances at the Royal Theatre at Rome; Milian's La Scala, and The Teatro Regio of Turin. Returning to South America, she sang at Buenos Aires' famous Teatro Colon. The soprano came to the United States as a tourist, accidentally meeting Toscanini, who recalled hearing her in Europe several years prior. Toscanini gave Miss Sayao the role of the BBlessed Damozel of Debussy.

Now successful and busy in both opera and concert, Bidu Sayao feels that concert is far more difficult for a singer than opera. The magazine "Life" calls Miss Sayao a "glamor girl of the Metropolitan Opera." She has also been called "The greatest singing actress since Mary Garden."

The famous soprano is one of the most persuasive of all agents of Pan American good will, having sung at the White House and at the Presidential Palace in Rio. She is a good friend of both President Roosevelt and President Vargas of Brazil.

Bidu Sayao loves horseback riding and that is her favorite sport. Bicycling is a close second in past-times. When of singing, she prefers the simple homelife of sewing and cooking. Her costumes for opera and concert are superb. Unlike most singers she doesn't delve into albums of former great artists. She keeps her eyes open, particularly when she's at the movies. Jewels are a passion with her, although opals are scarce in her collection because of bad luck which they are said to bring. Her prize is a small watch one-fourth inch in diameter; in fact, it is the smallest watch in the world.

Bidu Sayao will be accompanied by Milne Charley, her pianist. Charley will furnish not only her accompaniments but also several numbers between the three parts to the program.

in hand, without any serious injuries.

You gentlemen who hit that windy day for your check ride, cheer up. One of the instructors made the statement that even he couldn't give a hot ride in that breeze.

Book of the week: Various time-tables of the many different rail lines. They're floating all around the dorm.

The Gentlemen that writes the article, "Spotlight On Sports," asked last week that we give him the names of the man who ran the 1.6 in 8:30. Since that issue came out, we have searched the ranks of Squadron IV, and have come to the conclusion that this writer has been slightly misinformed. Only the other day, however, our own Mister McGregor finished the run claiming a record of 8:40. Several in the Squadron were slightly doubtful that he actually made this time, so he decided to prove it.

We lined up at the starting point all over again, and "Speedy" appointed ten as delegates to beat him in, so they could prove the clock wasn't lying. Then the rest of the Squadron gathered around him to see that he didn't catch a plane enroute. The whistle blew, and away they went. The ten delegates passed the main body on the first lap, and made it to the finish in ample time to watch the clock quickly tick away the seconds. Here comes McGregor, turning on the heat in the last lap, with the rest of the Squadron still gathered close around him. The finish was a sight that thrilled them all. He did it—in 8:40 flat!

O course, there were a few in the Squadron who lagged behind the main body slightly on the finish. For instance, Mr. Sarvis came in on 8:45; followed closely by Mr. Watson with a 8:50. Mister McLeop was in this late finish somewhere, but we have no definite time on him. In fact, we don't have anything definite on him.

We're stalling this ship here for a perfect "three-pointer." See you sometime next week, provided the Squadron is still alive then.

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