

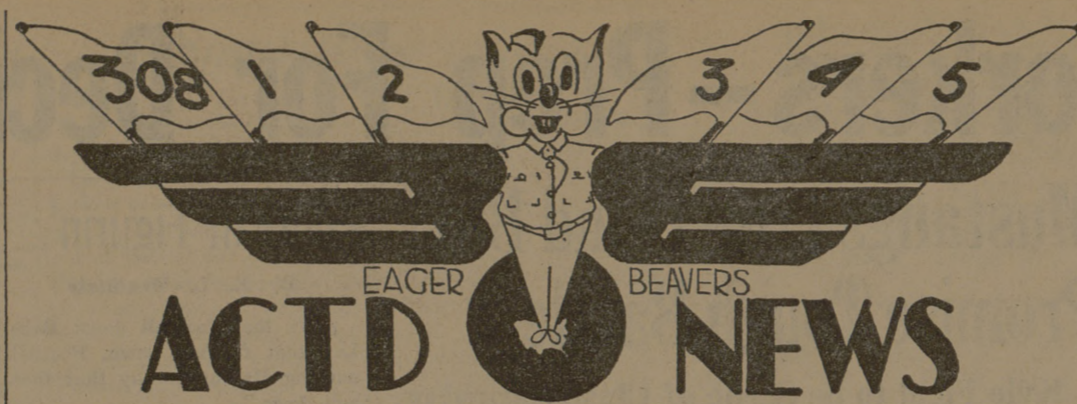
OFFICIAL NOTICES

Classified

LOST—Sunday, October 31 at GYM. A gold watch with brown leather strap. Tavnanes make. Also a set of keys. Return to Room 202, Dorm 15. Reward.

Trimming Tabs Squadron I

Greetings and Salutations "keds", how is every little thing? Now that that is over let's get down to "iron (brass is going to defense) tacks". Shall we say "apprentice to a moron," or shall it be "moronic character"? Well anyway we would like to know which one it is that keeps insistently applauding Mr. McCorkle's experiments.



James L. Anderson Editor-in-Chief F. W. Henneman Staff Artist
A. Lorenzetti Managing Editor Wodrow W. Harris Squadron I Editor
Jack Paraky Associate Editor F. W. Yeutter Squadron II Editor
Odell Hawkins Associate Editor Winsor Mowry Squad. III Editor
Paul McGinnis Associate Editor R. E. Wolf Squad. IV Editor
Dana Green Associate Editor Faine A. Carson Squadron V Editor

Thumbs Up Squadron IV

Hello again, Gentlemen, you handsome "Herren!" Better late than not at all, I always say. I meant to write sooner, but school started yesterday and I've been awfully busy getting in the groove again. It's really swell being back on a campus and seeing all the beaming faces. Of course, college just ain't what it used to be without Frauleins and marching to and from classes. They may call us Fish, but don't let that worry you, men. We have been in our O. D.'s long before today—meaning that we are really on the ball. This is one point that Squadrons I, II, III and V cannot be FIRST. Get what I mean?

Spotlight on Sports

Look! it's Squadron IV, no it's Squadron III, no it's V. Yes, it's Rau, he's from V, and look, some one catching up. Yes, Hoover and Benis of I are closing in on him, Hoover is getting closer, but Rau's undiminished stamina keeps him to the front; Squadron V's, Rau wins. Here comes Hoover, Benis of Squadron I, now Callahan of I and Bick of V. Here comes Crisp, Elgin, Hollifield Maurice, and now Powers. Squadron V took the honor with Rau in first place. Squadron I won the meet with a total of 32 points. Squadron II made it a close race by receiving 44 pts. The time of the race was 7 minutes and 9.3 seconds.

Announcements

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.

The College Station New Corner's Club will meet at the home of Mrs. D. D. Alexander, 301 Perishing Avenue, at 8:00 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, November 3, for bridge and sewing. Mrs. W. S. Guthrie and Mrs. James Guthrie will be co-hostesses for the occasion.

Called meeting Brasos Lodge No. 122 Wednesday night at 8:00 o'clock. There will be work in the Master's Degree in full form. This is to be Past Master's Degree Night and light refreshments will be served. All members and visiting brethren are cordially invited to be present. J. D. Benson, W. M. J. W. Hall, Sec.

Executive Offices

The President's Office has a box of 3 1/2 x 5 manila envelopes from the Carpenter Envelope Co. Will the department ordering these envelopes please call for them.

Contact Squadron II

Squadron II reporters, where are you? . . . Pause and no answers. Orders from our Editor says that CONTACT must appear in the newspaper, so after a long bus ride back from Houston CONTACT will be written.

Everything went well Saturday afternoon. Both nuptial knots were tied after two couples said "I do". Congratulations to both. May they live happily ever after.

Mr. Hobbs and the now Mrs. Hobbs were seen at the Plantation in Houston. They appeared to be enjoying each others company very much. The only thing Mr. Hobbs, is that you should not throw her out so often when you are jitter-bugging, remember you are now married.

Don't forget about that sweet-heart contest Gentlemen, you only have until November ninth to turn in that picture of your best looking lass. Do not be bashful about

A certain Mr. Brown of Flight 14 tried to get his wings the hard way the other day. It seems as though his prized fountain pen dropped from a classroom window and his roommate students wanted to procure same by holding him by his feet while he dropped below to the ground, head first. Honestly "keds he looked just like a hot pilot?????"

Oh by the way "girls" we would like to get your opinion and suggestions as to the idea of a "CLASS BOOK" covering all events and happenings, and also picture of each and every student in the FIRST Squadron, that has occurred in the past five months. Spread the idea around. We'll take care of details; lets us know about this.

Magnetism was our topic in Physics last week. Do you remember, fellows? As far as we know anything that men of Squadron I are magnetized to, is mainly women and sports.

What student is certainly in love with h is Physics teacher? The other day Mr. Land handed his teacher an orange. What can the matter be?

We see where A/S LT. POTTS likes to read about himself in the paper. Here is an eye full Mr. Potts. Mr. Potts, Mr. Potts, Mr. Potts. Mr. Potts, Mr. Potts.

Mr. Legutski, why do you go on sick call every morning except Sundays? It must be something very special. Let us in on it, will you?

Now that we have covered 4 semesters of Geography, and 6000 years of history, English will be short and what a relief.

Flight 14 sang a farewell song to Dr. Smith, who is our only female teacher. By the way, fellows, the song we sang was "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow."

First work done by Reazack in five months was figuring out football plays for his football team during Physics class.

Since your fine speech, Mr. Damsky, Squadron I and especially Flight C have gone out to show the rest of the Detachment what sort of boosted up our morale quite a bit.

We wish to complement Mr. Vacci on using his head today. While doing a flip he landed squarely, out on the mat was the dismantled figure of one Mr. Vacci.

Congratulations go to Lt. Segrest and his Squadron on winning the mess ribbon. I hope we won the Review this week.

Thumb-Nail Sketches Mr. Vacci Head-Beater Mr. Soto Not Zoto Mr. Ward Horse Mr. Damsky Wasatch This is Jaul Reazack the II signing off for the day, until I get another P. E. excuse.

it, because this may be your chance to see your gal, and chances like this do not come often. And as a member of the committee, I promise you that the address will not be stolen. Your pictures may be turned in to Mr. Yeutter or Levine any time you can find them not moaning over the pretty pictures of these gorgeous women.

Now we come to a point in our column which hurts us very much to write about. We are referring to that bad showing you gave of yourself at the basketball game last Thursday evening. We understand that everybody had quite a few exams Friday, but that was no excuse to cheer the other team and give our own team the Bronx cheer. Many men do not agree that the team that was out on the floor is the team that should represent our squadron, but they were our team! It was your duty gentlemen, to give them all the support that was humanly possible. Your actions Gentlemen, were a disgrace to our squadron. The next time we watch our team play, let's really cheer our team on to victory.

"All right Gentlemen, don't shove, I'm leaving." You will please excuse the interruption, I was speaking to the O. D.'s, who are trying to get rid of me, in order that they may go to sleep, which makes it necessary for me to close the column in short order.

Hanger Flying Squadron III

Well, gentlemen, it looks like the Sweetheart Contest is really on the move. You have just seven days from this printing to have those pictures in. Just beat your way through the dust and cobwebs of Ramp 2 and leave them at room 77 in our possession (A/S Paul McGinnis), together with your application blank. Make sure it's the third floor, because certain parties on the second floor will try to waylay you and get their hooks into some of those addresses. Those two would do anything for a date . . . By now you have probably heard of the great Rat Handicap in our room Saturday night. The rat, weighing 1 lb. 6 ounces and wearing purple trunks, spotted his opponents, Mr. Mowry and McGinnis, about 170 lbs. apiece.

Round 1—the rat comes out to the center of the ring, and Harry A. and Mr. Mowry immediately clamber to the top of their bed. Round 2—the rat leads with a dash for the door, which is closed, and Mr. Mowry counters with a blood-curling scream for help. At this point a substitution has been made, Mr. Renninger for Mr. Mowry. Mr. Michaels, the book maker, has just entered and is trying to make some easy money the hard by betting on "Kid Rodent." Round 3—Mr. Renninger and the rat exchange blows in the center of the ring. Mr. Michaels is standing in the \$1.71 seats offering 8-5 on the rat. The rat tries a dash under the desk. Mr. Renninger counters with a size 12 shoe (property of Mr. Mowry), and it looks bad for the rat. Mr. Renninger gets in two fast lefts with the shoe, and the rat is weakening. Mr. Renninger brings one up from the flood, and it's all over. What a battle, folks, what a battle. The "winna" an' new champion, Mr. "Ray the Rat-Killer" Renninger . . . It appears that this Texas night air doesn't agree with Mr. Pare. He got very sick and also very lost Saturday night . . . Who was the chap that attempted to make connections in Hounston over the weekend by taking a young lady to church. only to discover that she had nine friends (feminine) and was saved from a very embarrassing position only by the arrival of Mr. Scolari & Co. . . . He does 25 push-ups every evening. Then he is lifted into bed by his roommates . . . It's reported that Flight B is going to hire a translator for Mr. Shambolin so that they can find out what is in the daily bulletin. They get as far as "25 days since" and then Mr. Shambolin lapses into some strange language. In order to get this job, just tear off the tops of ten boxcars and send them to Mr. "Dirty Shoes" Smith . . . What is Mr. Herb Price bucking for? He was in such a hurry to make formation the other morning that he sprained his ankle. We wonder if Mr. Tom Mahan finally borrowed that five spot so he could smoke Houston over the weekend. Yes, he is still cultivating those Mexican "hot tamales" . . . Here's one on Mr. Bob Norris. It seems this worthy party made great preparation to go see a lady in Houston whom he had met at the Wing Ball. He returned with a very long face, explaining that the lady had a date, but condescended to go out with him—after her date with the other Beaver. But here is the payoff. When we saw him coming from the station, we asked him what the package was he was carrying under his arm. After much stammering and stuttering he finally admitted that it was a picture to be entered in the Sweetheart Contest. We couldn't see anything wrong with that, but when we got the real story we almost died. The young lady gave him her picture, all right, but gave him definite instructions to give it to the other Beaver with whom she had had a date so he could enter it in the contest. All together boys, but not too loud—"SUCKER!! . . . We'll keep you posted on the Contest, but don't forget that Nov. 9 is the deadline. . . .

Wing News

The men of the detachment are wearing their O. D.'s now and all seemed plenty glad to make the change. A number of men have been observed tugging at their collars, so we gather that the weather is still a trifle warmish to go into O. D.'s but in a few days the warm snail will be over and all will give a positive welcome to the feel of serge between you and the cutting wind.

At the detachment meeting last Friday night there were announcements made in regards to the ACTD Sweetheart Contest to be held. The members of the committee are ready to accept the photographs so turn them in to the members of the committee which are in your squadron. The names of these members are as follows; M. Callahan and Mr. Hawkins of Squadron I; Mr. Levine and Mr. Yeutter of Squadron II; Mr. McGinnis and Mr. Scolari of Squadron III; Mr. Dillard and Mr. Otto of Squadron IV; and Mr. Balliet and Mr. Anderson of Squadron V. Men, cooperation is needed in putting this across successfully, so let's all get into it and put it over. The deadline on getting the pictures in has been set at November 9th so that means speed is essential.

Every effort is being made to get a representative of Life Magazine down here to cover this story so we should be able to get some good publicity from it.

Our New Eager Beavers have finished the wild scramble that accompanies the first week of the arrival of a new squadron and began their classes yesterday. Squadron IV appears to be offering keen competition for the review and mess ribbons. They certainly have felt the spirit of everything and gotten off to a good start.

We close Wing News with a parting thought, "Learn now that you may live later."

SCRIPTURAL SIGNIFICANCE OF A DECK OF CARDS

Gentlemen, a squadron reporter on our staff is absent tonight as we put the paper out. The absence of the column gives us an opportunity to print a very, very interesting article. Here it is:

A troop of American Soldiers early in 1918, just before the close of World War I, were resting, and it being Sunday, the Captain ordered his men to attend a local church nearby. After being seated, one of the troopers produced a pack of cards instead of his prayer book and very seriously commenced to turn them over. The Captain noticed him, and quietly told him to put them away. The soldier paid no attention, and after service was over he was taken before the Major for disobedience and charges preferred against him by the Captain. The Major was very much surprised to think a man would be so sacrilegious as to play cards in church and if he did not give a good account of himself he would be placed under arrest. The soldier didn't want to be arrested so he produced his cards again, and said, "Major, I will show you just what a deck of cards mean to me. You see the ace, that means just one God. The deuce denotes two natures, man and beast. The ttry denotes the three persons in one, namely, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. The four spot denotes the four evangelists, St. Luke, St. Mark, St. John, and St. Mathew. The five spot denotes the five wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ. The six spot denotes the Lord made the earth in six days. The seven spot denotes that on the seventh day the Lord rested and hallowed it. The eighth spot denotes the eight persons kept alive on Noah's Ark, namely, Noah and his wife, his three sons, and their wives. The nine spot denotes the chorus of angels, nine in number. The ten spot denotes the ten commandments written on two tablets of stone on Mt. Sinai. Now sir, the Jack is bal, the Jack is dishonest, so we'll ignore it and lay it aside. The Queens were the women who anointed Jesus Christ,

Reporters: Anthony Castelluccio, Earl Turner, Theodore Wilson, Joseph Canter, Ted Levine, William R. Fitzgerald, Edward F. Callahan, Leroy Muelker, Robert Brien, F. H. Dillard, R. E. Otto. The ACTD is written and edited by Aviation students of the 30th College Training Detachment, College Station.

"EXHAUST" Squadron V

Most of the Squadron V hot pilots are plenty hot these days, seem to be so hot that in the presence of precipitation they sizzle. This, they found out in their five hour check ride this past Saturday. The taxes bronc busters having nothing on our boys. Despite all altitudes, pitching, bucking, rolls, etc., the boys have overcome that undesirable feeling that so many of us attained the first time we flew. (Editors Note — I was trying to find a dignified way of saying that the boys are not losing their dinner anymore.) Even A/S Wong kept his dinner down once.

Among low level hedge-hoppers having truck with a blimp we found A/S Balliet Saturday night at the Onyx. Who was the First Lieutenant with whom you had such interesting double talk, Paul?

Incidentals: Mr. Sorenson's gal calls him "Flash". My gals calls me—(think the worst and you'll be right).

Ring out the champagne, launch a battleship, kill the fatted calf, Squadron Commander Javadas went through a week end without being POURED. (Oh, take that knife out of my back.)

A/S Maldonado, the Sausage Tender, gave with a good one in C. A. R.—It seems the discussion was on balloons, and their lighting at night. John remarked that he had been in a balloon outfit and that they didn't have any lights on the cables hanging down. The professor patiently explained that the balloons he worked on were in the air for the purpose of trapping planes in their spidery trap, not to advertise their presence in the air. Stop! Think! and Listen!!

Misters Hewitt and Heikka can't get enough "edj-icatum." To further their intellect, they have a close companionship with two school marms. The usual procedure is to give apples but what is that lemon doing in your pocket, Harold?

Are your shoes soles thin? Are there too many patches in your khaki britches? If so Jack Withrow has information regarding the Capt. Murphy "Charity Bureau." It seems that Chow-hound Jack couldn't get enough to eat. Captain Murphy feeling heartbroken at the sight of his drooping mouth and tearful eyes sends him a gift of four bottles of milk and a piece of pie. This happened after Jack had consumed everything in a six table area.

Thumb-Nail Character Sketches Borsani, R. L. Little Napoleon Pack, R. E. Sleeping' Boy Rau, M. J. Greased-Lightning Stump, C. K. Gestapo Agent Esbin, S. C. Slim O'Brien, R. W. Persky's friend Persky, J. O'Brien's friend Secoy, J. E. Giggy, Jr. That's all there is there ain't no more.

and the Queen of hearts was his mother. The Kings were the wise men from the East who came to visit the infant Saviour, and the king of spades is the King of All Kings. These are 365 spots on the cards which denote the 365 days of the year. Also 52 cards in the deck which denote the 52 weeks in the year, and 4 sets of cards, hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades, which denote spring, summer, fall, and winter. And 4 things every human should always remember is heaven, hell death, and judgement. Yes, Major, a deck of cards are as good to me as a prayer book."

The Major became quite interested, and said: "My boy, that is fine, but you laid away the Jack, and said it was not honest." Well Major, if you won't put me under arrest I will explain the jack." "Speak up, my boy, you will not be placed under arrest." "Well Sir, the jack is Judas, who betrayed Jesus Christ to the Jews, and the Captain that reported me to you." The Major laughed, and said, "You are the cleverest rascal I ever saw. Here take a fin and go out and have a good time."

LAST: One set of side-burns, formerly owned by Mr. Bernard Tankel—an ex-super salesman in New York City of women's dainty unmentionables and a Rooter for the Brooklyn Dodgers. Side-burns were last seen walking toward the Y.M.C.A. Barber Shop last Thursday!

Sporting a "1917 Model", G. I. flight cap has finally gotten under Clifford McGilvrey's skin. On last Saturday evening, Mis McGilvrey with the aid of Mr. Mumford purchased a good-lookin' flight cap. It is rumored that the ancient version of the overseas cap is going to the bottom of his hope chest.

We regret that Messrs. Murphy, Elliott, Cline, Adams, D'Urso, Schneider, Saltsberg and Dale had to leave behind them such a brilliant record of getting out of work and winning ball games. But these distinguished gentlemen have analysed the problem here and they have settled down and are now in the swing of things. Some of these men are trying for Student Officer positions. Good luck, fellows!

What on earth has happened to the tall, red-haired Gentlemen by the name of "Buzz" who hails from Jasper, Indiana. Back at Sheppard Field, he was known for his shrewd acts of getting out of work. And when his comrades would return from breakfast—"Buzz" would just be getting outa bed. However, men, we have noticed his reactions at A. & M. He is completely reformed. "Buzz" crawls out of bed in the mornings one half-hour before the bugle blows. And when his roommates are just opening their eyes, he is all dressed, his bunk made and ready to "Fall Out." I reckon he has his heart set on "earning his wings." Keep up the record work, "Buzz."

What men in the Detachment, namely Mister Hoover, Benis, Vacci, Hancock, Klingensmith, Brodick, Matzner, and a few other Beavers, were seen playing water-pool Sunday noon? Pretty rough, eh Rover?

Regrets of the day go to Mr. Callahan of Squadron I. Trying to reenact the role of a good Samaritan in a football game Saturday noon as timekeeper, Mr. Callahan almost had to fight for his life. Someone challenged Mr. Callahan to a boxing match.

LOUPOT'S

Watch Dog of the Aggies

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