

OFFICIAL NOTICES

FOR SALE—Bicycle in good condition. See Nash, 205 No. 11 or Phone 4-4584.

FOR SALE—Motor Scooter, Cushman Huskie, with extra parts and tires, \$35.00.

Will care for child and home during the day. Sunday and Saturday afternoon off.

LOST—Sunday, October 31 at Gym. A gold watch with brown leather strap.

LOST—Wallet containing money, a check book and identification papers during the exhibition of "Come With the Wind" at the Campus Theater Tuesday night.

Announcements

GARDEN CLUB—The Bryan and College Garden Club will meet in the College Y. M. C. A. Friday, November 5 at 2 p.m.

There is to be a Chrysanthemum and fall garden show with Mrs. Fred Hale and Mrs. A. E. Bennett in charge.

Mrs. B. F. Vance will talk on the culture of strawberry and other bush fruits.

There will be an important meeting of the Horticulture Society Thursday at 8:00 p.m. in Room 103, Agr. Bldg. Plans for Horticulture show will be discussed.

Executive Offices

Thanksgiving holidays for the clerical staff have been limited to the one day, Thursday, November 25. It is expected that offices will be closed on Thursday, the 26th of November, but opened for the remainder of the week.

The Christmas holidays for the clerical staff will begin at five o'clock on December 23 and extend through December 28.

Commandant's Office

1. ATTENTION ALL CADETS: It has come to the attention of this Headquarters that by error the Exchange Store has issued black ties to some of the cadets instead of khaki ties.

2. ATTENTION ALL CADETS: Memorandum No. 15, this Headquarters, dated 28 October 1948, reference wearing of uniforms, is amended for cadets ONLY, as follows:

Paragraph 1. Until further order, cadets will wear cotton or woolen shirts with woolen slacks for all formations and for habitual wear on the campus.

Paragraph 2. Garrison caps (oversizes) will be worn by cadets for all formations and habitual wear on the campus.

3. Tactical Officer of the Day: Wednesday, 3 November 1948—Major J. E. BRELAND

Officer of the Day—3800 S. U. ASTU: Wednesday, 3 November 1948—Lieutenant P. E. DANIELS

Officer of the Day—3801 S. U. STAR: Wednesday, 3 November 1948—Captain S. D. BRATTON

Officer of the Day—3802 S. U. LYNCH: Thursday, 4 November 1948—Captain L. R. LYNCH

4. LOST—Eversharp fountain pen. If found please return to Captain Edward L. Scott, Quartermaster Corps, Military Department.

By order of Colonel WELTY: A. J. BENNETT Lt. Colonel, C. A. C. Adjutant.

Contact Squadron II

Yoicks, Tally-ho and to the press we go. All freshly arrayed in itchy O. D.'s and reeking of G. I. moth-balls do we solemnly present this day's doin's.

For a starter, let's take Mr. John E. Wilson of Ramp 8 Lawry Hall. T'other eve he was slumbering soundly, a gathering dream took a vague form in his sub-conscious mind, and out of the mist came this monster of steel, breathing fire making horrible sounds like Choooooo-Choooooo. This apparition scared Johnny so badly he rolled out of his beauty-rest mattress and

Trimming Tabs Squadron I

This is Paul Reazack bringing you the latest dope by trans-radio. You are exactly six days to get in your picture of your most beautiful girl, sister, or relative.

Now we bring you the short epitaph every student must follow when each visits ye local dining hall.

Dining Hall General Orders:

- 1. To take charge of this meat and all spuds in view.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any dessert that comes within sight or smell.
3. To report any bread sliced too thin to the mess sergeant.
4. To repeat all calls for seconds.
5. To quit the table only when satisfied that there is nothing else left to eat.
6. To receive, but not pass on to the person, tapioca or beans left by the cook.
7. To talk to no one when I am busy eating.
8. To allow no one to steal anything in the line of food.
9. To call the dining Sergeant in any case not covered by the menu.
10. To salute all chicken, steak, pork chops, ham and eggs, and liver.
11. To be especially watchful at the table, and at the time for eating, to challenge anyone that is getting more to eat than myself.

By Order of Mr. Stanfield

What fellow is extremely interested in balloons? During a Physics class he let one go to the amazement of all the Beavers. We presume he was trying to find out what the humidity of the day was that hour.

Flight 14 welcomes their new teacher, Mr. C. C. Burt. He will not be around to answer roll call December 10.

What local tactical non-tactical officer mistakenly uncovered the loss of a football and basketball? Are you taking up a collection, Sgt. Hutcherson?

Well, our great basketball team won another game tonight; the score 38-27.

I wonder if Mr. Summers is going to join Mr. Potts in raising chickens come peacetime. They have had it in mind now for quite awhile.

We have picked the following men to be the most gentlemen-like in the Squadron. Mistery Weiser, Danmsky, Trembesky, J. Johnson, Mabry, Terry, and Hancock.

Please tell us who that person is gabbing in baby talk in Ramp 4 Room 91.

Thumb-Nail Schetches Paul Reazack ... a cousin of Yehuti Mr. Otell ... Gabriel Mr. Utterback ... bucking for Lt. Mr. Wooley ... Tuba this and tuba that.

Mr. Hart ... Absent-minded Mr. Mayo ... beginning to live That is all for today fellows, except to tell you that Paul Reazack has entered a picture of a beautiful girl in the Detachment contest, so get going.

onto the floor from the top-side bunk. He said, "Migawd, the 20th century Limited!" Unquote.

Messrs. "Robin, the Boy Wonder" Penezick, "Green Hornet" Pflieg and "Six Timer" Blake have started an extra-curricular P. E. program. Each night they take calisthenics in their room. Penezick leads the group.

"The next exercise will be done in the following manner, on the count of one, place your left leg over your right shoulder. Ready, one, two. Uncomfortable, isn't it?"

This wedding business is getting monotonous, but after all, all the world loves a lover. Our own Mr. Boston is contemplating trying that "two-can-live-as-cheaply-as-one" deal. Smooth sailing on the sea of matrimony, Sport.

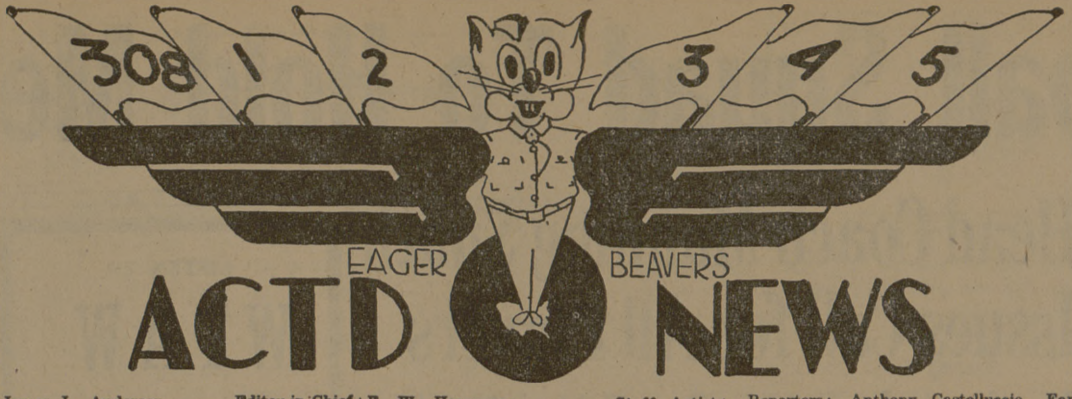
A/S Acuff, famed physicist, received a telegram last week-end notifying him that he has been commissioned a Second Lieutenant. The telegram bore the signature of Col. Robinson, our own. T'was a thrilling message for awhile.

Mr. R. D. Wilson known of in the vernacular as Supermouse, could be seen Hallowe'en playing pranks on his mates. The naughty boy.

As THE boner of all times, let us mention Mr. Cahill of Flight 24. He whipped up a sharp salute the other morn only to realize he had "Hiballed" an Aggie! Mr. Cahill can be seen at any time in his room belaboring himself with a hand-make black-jack.

Miss Brown, Sawyer's femme de Physiques, submits this "Pome" See Wing News for further scribbings of Squadron II scribes, Mr. Fitzgerald compiled all of those statistics after days of nerve racking computations. Nice goin'.

Pertinent question of the hour: Why does Mr. May have a haggard look when he finishes mess each day? And we come to the close of Uncle Elmer's Kiddie story for the day, but don't forget the contest to choose the fairest little girl of the Detachment. And whatever will happen to Peter Wabbit next week?



James L. Anderson Editor-in-Chief F. W. Hennessey Staff Artist Al Lorenzetti Managing Editor Wodrow W. Harris Squadron I Editor Jack Persky Associate Editor F. W. Yeutter Squadron II Editor Odell Hawkins Associate Editor Paul McGinnis Associate Editor Dana Green Associate Editor Al Lorenzetti Sports Editor F. A. Carson Squadron V Editor

Hanger Flying Squadron III

Hail, loyal (?) followers. Whad-dya know? (Neither do we, cause we got a 20 in Physics, too.) And speaking of things educational, we wish to correct the impression of one unnamed genius in Flight 36. He is laboring under the impression that Don Ameche invented the telephone. (So help me, it really happened in history class) . . . Does any one know our Squadron Commander's name? It appears that this gentleman has taken to appearing in public without a name tag. Come out from behind that name tag, Mr. Smith, we know you . . . It has been reported to us that Sgt. Regal wakes up in the middle of the night screaming "Take that man's name!"

We would like to know why Mr. Wayne Smith, Mr. Tom Mahan, and Mr. "Oosh" Marzbacher are making such bitter complaints about the room service at the hotel at which they stayed in Houston last week end. Whitt is the story gentlemen?

We would like to set Mr. Brunner straight on something. Mickey Rooney did not invent the telephone. Neither did Jack Benny.

Did you notice the dirty looks passed between Mr. Bob Norris and a certain Mr. Orr of Squadron V on the basketball floor last night? He is the gentleman to whom Bob is supposed to give that picture.

The picture if Bob's (?) gal that Mr. Orr is entering in the contest at the directions if the lady in question.

Speaking of the contest, there are only a few shopping days left until the deadline is up. So get in the snaps, etc. of all the females. Speaking of deadlines, this story is exactly twenty seconds over the deadline so hold on to your hats while I turn this corner.

"DID YOU KNOW?"

Did you know that the average man during his stay at the 308th College Training Detachment spends approximately 2500 hours here and the most of that is gainful occupation, (not like that of the author who figured this out.)

Did you know that if you sleep 8 hours per day you sleep away 1/3 of your life and that sleeping during classes adds to this terrifying, wasteful figure? Your Bureau of Statistics has computed the following for your benefit. To wit:

The average Man here: Spends 168 hours or 10,920 minutes in Physics classes, has 269 breaks during which time he probably spends 538 minutes smoking. If half the men here smoke a cigarette each break, they will consume 134,500 weeds or 6,725 packages. (Ask your local vendor how much he makes on a package—not bad.) If these cigarettes, smoked only during breaks, were layed end to end (not figuring King Size) they would stretch over 5 1/2 miles or from here to Bryan. Get your local Physics professor to figure the volume of smoke. Some gas!

He will spend 3,360 minutes in quizzes, 4,550 minutes in P. E., 1,680 minutes at attention, 7,140 minutes marching, 455 minutes making beds, 300 minutes shining shoes and about 6,000 minutes eating.

Whilt on the track (only) he will run 55.6 miles at an average time of 480 minutes. If someone can give us the co-efficient of friction of the track we'll figure the heat generated and rubber used.

Has anyone any suggestions as to how many minutes he spends shooting the breeze at the Aggie-land Pharmacy with the girls?

Did you know that the fellow who wrote this is flunking math?

Why does Mr. May have a haggard look when he finishes mess each day? And we come to the close of Uncle Elmer's Kiddie story for the day, but don't forget the contest to choose the fairest little girl of the Detachment. And whatever will happen to Peter Wabbit next week?

THANKS TO THE AGGIES

The enlisted men and officers of the 308th College Training Detachment use this article as a medium of expressing their deep and sincere appreciation for the article written a few issues ago by an Aggie Student entitled, "Old Glory Flew At Half-Mast Monday."

Wing News

A CABLE FROM LONDON

John Steinbeck, one of America's foremost novelists and at present a foreign correspondent for the New York Herald-Tribune, has seen a lot of this war. His reports have unusual clarity. One of his latest cables from London is reprinted. Radio, press, movies have told you that you should buy War Bonds. John Steinbeck tells you why.

"I have seen the soldiers come down from the ships and stand in long lines on the decks, their 'B' bags beside them and their packs slung over their shoulders. They have come to a new country and it is strange to them. They are puzzled and although only a little time from home, they are homesick."

"I have seen the supplies come in by the hundred of shiploads, locomotives and tanks and trucks—acres of boxed food and great mounds of hams, shiploads of bombs stacked in from keel to hatch and all materials that we need at home, steel for bridges and buildings, food for our own people, material enough to make all America well fed and well housed and well clothed. And all this dumped on the docks of a foreign country."

"I have seen American railroad men shunting cars on the British line, men who got good pay on B. & C., on the New York Central and now with the sergeant's stripes and the sergeant's pay."

"I have seen men climb into the Fortresses in the early morning and fly away waving with elaborate nonchalance, and I have seen the gap in the mess when they did not come back and the empty bunks, the blankets thrown aside as they threw them, and the framed photographs in the steel lockers."

"The men have gone up the gangways again to go into action, and they jump from landing barges to a beach, strewn with the bodies of their own people, and they claw their way like animals into a hostile coast."

"I have seen the hospitals with mangled men, the legless, the blind, the fingerless hands and burned faces—all with the destruction that steel and fire can do to a man's body and mind. I have seen the children hauled out of a blasted building; lumps of crushed, dirty meat in pinafores, and dead—boxed and buried carrion. In God's name, what is it for except to get this horrible thing over with as quickly and as thoroughly as possible? And if this is true, it should not be a matter of 'Who will lend his money?'"

"WHO DARES NOT TO?"

WATCHWORDS OF FREEDOM David Glasgow Farragut: "Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!" The Minute Man: "Our heroes charge upon the Huns, and look to us to send them guns! War Bonds unbought might seal their fate; don't buy too little or too late!"

Reprinted from A Special Bulletin, Headquarters Eighth Service Command, Dallas, Texas.

Spotlight on Sports

Flash! Squadron One won another game tonight by the score of 37-28. Squadron II put up a good fight against Squadron I's best team. Finally Squadron II put in their first team and a real ball game began. At the end of the first quarter the score was Squadron I, 11, Squadron II 3. The second quarter was a long drawn out affair. Spillsberry and Brownley provided the only thrills of the quarter with their beautiful set-up shots. The half found the score registering I 25, II 15. At the end of the third quarter I went out in front by a score of 29-15. In the last quarter, with Wilson and Zimmerman leading Squadron II, the game became an interesting affair. Spillsberry and Soto again began clicking to manage to keep I in front for the duration of the game. The final score was 37-28. Congratulations to Squadron I on their second straight victory. Lots of Luck against V.

Well, Beavers, today was a rainy day, and hence no P. E. I'll bet you were all very disappointed. A certain fellow was so angry he sat down and cried for joy. Attention Lt. Segrest! A certain fellow named, Mr. Benis is worried over his sore knee. Please console him with your advice.

Some of the fellows want to know when a volley-ball contest is going to be held. Attention Mr. Iffrig, see if it is at all possible to start something along this line.

What say all you football-minded Beavers, get out and cheer for the Aggies come Saturday. Let's get behind them with all our fight and eagerness.

Latest dope on the Callahan affair. After a certain party had challenged him to a boxing match, Mr. Callahan answered, "On your way, fellow I have other things to do besides fighting."

Mr. Cantor is looking for Reazack to give him some football plays. It seems that this fellow Reazack knows quite a bit about sports, so Mr. Cantor is tagging along.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

It is better to be yourself and make a good impression, than be someone else and make a bad impression. Yes, Beavers, due to some fellows going overboard over the week-ends, all of us have to suffer consequences. Please keep the above quotation in mind, and don't ever forget it.

Who will lend his money? And if this is true, it should not be a matter of 'Who will lend his money?'"

"WHO DARES NOT TO?" WATCHWORDS OF FREEDOM David Glasgow Farragut: "Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!" The Minute Man: "Our heroes charge upon the Huns, and look to us to send them guns! War Bonds unbought might seal their fate; don't buy too little or too late!"

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Thumbs Up Squadron IV

By all rights, I shouldn't be writing this column, 'cause I have not prepared my physics lesson for tomorrow—I'll be good to you, though. School this week has been just one huge uproar, as Fish Week usually is. It is just one big continuation of "Falling Out" on the double, and I do mean DOUBLE!! I'm glad that we have found something in the Army that "gripes" us and provides us with an outlet for our energy and ability.

Went to a lecture in physics the other day and guess what! The Flight Leader of 45 commanded his men to wade through mud and water instead of using a concrete walk. And to top it off, Doctor J. M. Ward advised me that the following gentlemen cannot seem to listen without having their daily nap in his classes—Messrs. Weiler, Skully, Fairchild, Evans, Massey, Eller and Ditsworth! Come on fellows—let's wake-up!

The physical training program is not agreeing so well with Messrs. "Muscles" McGregor, "Ug" Maese, "Tis" Tirsber, "Bob" Summers, and "Tommie" Tomlinson. Today, these men have sore feet and sore backs. We also know that these gentlemen received their basic at the Enid Basic Flying Center. Perhaps, they should have run the "two-mile obstacle course" at Sheppard Field. How about it men?

There is a rumor that Mr. Dodge is "off the beam." No one seems to know a reason WHY! And even Mr. Evans, Mr. Brune and Mr. Dolan cannot seem to concentrate on their studies. The cause could not be that their wives are arriving Saturday. Or could it?

Wouldn't it be a surprise if Mike, the soldier from Potsdam could get to his table at Mess a little faster! By the way, Potsdam is located in the Northern part of New York State. So there will be no misunderstanding, we call this man, "Mister Elliott."

If anyone hears a noise resembling a couple of lawn-mowers at work each morning—don't worry—it is only Mr. Steelman and Mr. Kinser trying to remove a heavy growth of beard with their electric razors.

No fair, Mr. Ray Darrough, you can't submit a picture of that cute "Model" you know in St. Louis. Anyway, she would probably bring a MALE chaperon with her as a body guard. Oh well, turn it in.

Well, men, the old brain just can't seem to function any longer, but I'll try and dig up some more dirt before I write again.

The University of Texas library, largest in the South, has doubled in size during the past seventeen years.

"EXHAUST" Squadron V

Have you noticed the new flight marcher for Flight 53? A month ago you could have gotten a thousand to one that such a thing would never happen. Yes! A/S Doliner is now the big gun of Flight 53. He is certainly on the ball, and it wouldn't surprise us if he makes a bid for bigger things. Keep up the good work (PINNOCHIO) the boys are rooting for you.

Today the members of flight 52 were all shining. It couldn't be that they were having a test in Civil Air Regulations. It seems that they have a very nice looking teacher. If any information is wanted about the new teacher ask Mr. Thomas.

I wish to take this time to compliment Mr. Paysour on taking such good care of his grandmother last Saturday night. We like to see our "Beaver" taking such an interest in his relatives (?).

An English Prof., was lecturing on jerserverence. "He drove straight toward his objective. He looked neither to the right or to the left, but hurried forward. Nothing could turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?" A/S Rennie: "A damned Hot Pilot, Sir!"

Squadron I has been trying to imitate us the past few weeks and have done a pretty good job of it. They wait about two weeks and then put almost our exact column under the title "Trimming Tabs." It's very possible that the writer of the column has been hanging around some of our boys and has wised up. They stole such phrases as Reazack, Haba Haba, Let 'Em Die, et cetera. As a matter of fact, some of Squadron I men could be seen hitch-hiking to Madisonville. That, my friends, is the last straw.

Sleeping accommodations in Houston are quite a problem on week ends. The problem was solved by a member of Squadron V last week. He hired a cab and rode around all evening. It cost him \$10.00 but he claims he got plenty of sleep????

A/S Picard and Secoy enjoyed a very fine dinner last Sunday, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. (Let Em Die) Sergeant. Steaks were served, followed by K. P. Mrs. Sergeant was very much pleased with the way the dishes and silverware was handled. She hopes that the boys drop around next week to give her some suggestion on how to change the apartment around. According to Joe Sergeant both of you would be nice to come.

The picture contest is now in full swing. "BEAVERS" let's get those pictures turned in to Mr. J. L. Anderson or Mr. Ballet. Bring the pictures to rooms A-8 or A-7. Song of the week—"I Saw You and Got That Old Black Feeling."

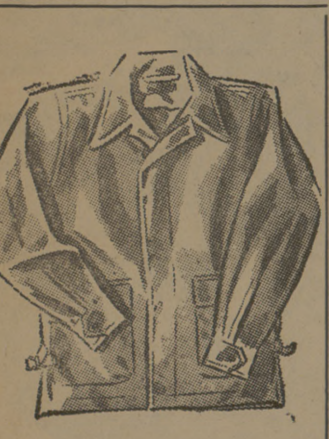
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