

OFFICIAL NOTICES

Classified

FOR SALE—One tuxedo size 34 and evening dress size 8 1/2, Bobby Dobb, D-12 Walton.

LOST—Last Friday in Library—Brown Suede Zipper Jacket with large flap pockets. It was a gift and would like to have it back. Reward. No questions. M. Mulcah, K-12 Walton, Box 466.

Commandants Office

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT Circular No. 10:

- 1. The following schedule will be complied with during the fumigation of dormitories. Leggett Hall—vacate 9 a.m., 5 Nov. 1943; re-enter hall—8:30 p.m., 6 Nov. 1943. Mitchell Hall—9 a.m., 6 Nov. 1943; re-enter, 4:00 p.m., 7 Nov. '43. Blazell—vacate 9 a.m., 8 Nov. '43; re-enter, 4:00 p.m., 9 Nov. '43. Milner Hall—vacate 9 a.m., 9 Nov. '43; re-enter, 4:00 p.m., 10 Nov. '43. Hart Hall—vacate 9 a.m., 10 Nov. '43; re-enter, 4:00 p.m., 11 Nov. '43. Law Hall—vacate 9 a.m., 11 Nov. '43; re-enter, 4:00 p.m., 12 Nov. '43. Puryear Hall—vacate 9 a.m., 12 Nov. '43; re-enter, 4:00 p.m., 13 Nov. '43.

CANDIDATES FOR DEGREES: Any student who normally expects to complete all the requirements for a degree by the end of the current semester should call by the Registrar's Office NOW and make formal application for a degree.

DISTINGUISHED STUDENTS—Citations from Dr. Bolton are now available in the Registrar's Office for those students who were distinguished during the Summer Semester.

The University of Minnesota Memorial Stadium got its start when a cheerleader passed the hat at a football game, asking the crowd to help pay for a huge stadium to be erected in honor of the Minnesota men who, at that time, were fighting in World War I.

Contact Squadron II

Hot mon, t'was a wicked weekend that just passed. The zoot-suiters on the west coast have little or nothing on us when it comes to getting in trouble. Come on, gentlemen, wise up. Let's get on the ball and stay there. Squadron II has suffered the tortures of the damned in the past few weeks. Let's all get together and pull this Squadron right up on top where it belongs. A very timely remark was made not so long ago. In a few weeks this Squadron will be the senior Squadron. We, and we alone will have to be the exemplary Squadron. By our actions we will help get the entire detachment on the proverbial ball.

Trimming Tabs Squadron I

Hello there, pull up a chair, and knock yourself out.

In a basketball game the other day, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Potts almost put themselves in the hospital when they collided with each other. I hope you both recover soon.

Who is the shadow that is always following Mr. Bates around? Why did he move all his belongings to Mr. Bates room?

The new song of Squadron I is "Oh How I wish I was 'Ohm'". What is this I hear about Mr. Potts? Did one of your chickens injure a wing?

Mr. Robson is certainly in there fighting when it comes to playing volleyball.

I still would like to find out why Mr. Kisser didn't know who was winning the battle in his English speech? Mr. Ekliff, our prof, was also puzzled.

Fellows, take it from your scribe, Squadron I looked great in the review for the Daughters of the American Revolution. I certainly hope we looked good enough to win the review.

What is this I hear about a tablet scout signing up Mr. Uruski, after he heard Joe play his sweet harmonica?

This morning we absent-mindedly walked into Mr. DeSylva's room and woke him up. He went into the bathroom and looked in the mirror. He let out a whoop, for he discovered to his amazement he had acquired a black-eye. Where or when did it happen, he asked his buddies? We still are waiting for the answer, Mr. DeSylva.

More! More! Yes, that's what everyone wants. They want to see more movies like those witnessed at the Detachment meeting.

How is it that all of sudden an epidemic of lame feet has occurred? To mention a few, Missers Benis, Klingensmith, Bell, Lorenzetti, and Iffrig. It couldn't be too much drilling could it, fellows?

What say everyone, this is our last week of studies, why don't we all get a 70 or better in our last Physics test.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

- Mr. Zabolotsky Clapper Mr. DeSylva puzzled?? Mr. Wulff arf-arf Mr. Neibaaur planes Mr. Bernstein welcome Mr. Clayton good kid Lt. Segrest tops

That'll be all for now, just want to remind you to hand in your picture stoday.

Some fellows will do ANYTHING for a week-end pass. Those old married men came traipsing into the orderly room Sunday night. If married life is such a wonderful life as it is portrayed by the faces of the beavers, I think I will take a crack at it.

"Fingers" Malensky and QMC Bigelow had their better halves down over the week-end. When asked why they weren't all aflutter and excited, they casually replied, "After you have been married for three years, you don't get excited so easily."

The "Cuss an' It'll Cost You" club has been organized. Father O'Rourke has been penalized most so far. Mr. Mascaro and company are the charter members and they pass sentence on the offenders. Mascaro is garbed in some weird looking robes. And Mr. Penezick, collects the booty.

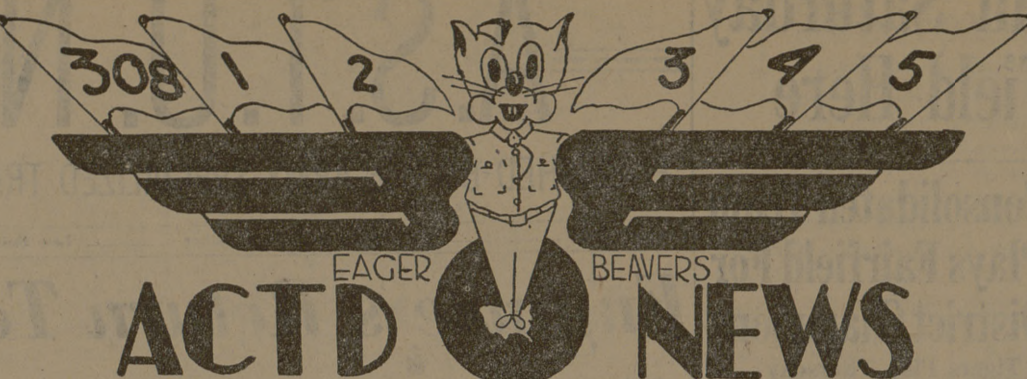
Mr. Robert Eul, former Navy Ace (I can't spell very well) did with malicious afore thought, criminally attack, with intent to kill two huge rats. He has the pelts hanging on the wall of his den.

Today is definitely the very last day for those pictures of your O. A. O. Get them in sometimes before 8 tonight. Remember, you need no boxtops. It's absolutely free, and think of the benefit you derive.

Mr. Koury, our small edition of Clark Gable, was somewhat astounded to find that he could still walk Sunday A. M. He seemed to be navigating with a full sead of steam when seen pursuing a shapely blonde Sat. Nite.

Mr. May has found a rose in Texas. He has actually located a female who is twenty years old and has never been kissed. "Chucky Wucky" is racking his brains trying to figure an iron-clad, guaranteed-not-to-fail method for getting the lass to succumb to his charms. Any and all suggestions will be gratefully accepted.

A/S "Bob" Brofft made his debut last Saturday night, he was seen along the "Great White Way" of Bryan last Sat. He was out spreading sunshine among local Femmes. Quite a boy, that Brofft. And as a bit of closing advice, remember gentlemen, Familiarity breeds contempt.



James L. Anderson Editor-in-Chief Al Lorenzetti Managing Editor Jack Persky Associate Editor Odell Hawkins Associate Editor Paul McGinniss Associate Editor Al Lorenzetti Sports Editor

F. W. Hennessee Staff Artist Woddrow W. Harris Squadron I Editor F. W. Yeutter Squadron II Editor Winsor Mowry Squad. III Editor R. E. Wolf Squad. IV Editor Faine A. Carson Squadron V Editor

Reporters: Anthony Castellucci, Earl Turner, Theodore Wilson, Joseph Carter, Ted Levine, William R. Fitzgerald, Edward F. Callahan, Leroy Mueller, Robert Brien, P. H. Dillard, R. E. Otto. The ACTD is written and edited by Aviation students of the 308th College Training Detachment, College Station.

Hanger Flying Squadron III

Now that another week end has rolled by, let's see who did what, though we'll never know why. Who is the quaint character who is taking up "Joe Benomo's Muscle Builder Program." What's the trouble, pal, don't you get enough P. E? . . . The other day some of the inhabitants of Ramp 2 fell to talking about hobbies, and in the course of the discussion it developed that one sweet little thing crochets to take up his spare time. We won't reveal his name, but his initials are Mr. Robert Robison . . . We can't imagine what the trouble is with our friend Mr. Brunner, but he just doesn't seem to make out with the opposite sex. Things have to come to such a state that he can't even hold hands with a young lady without being told to hit the road. What was the trouble, Mister, were your hands cold? . . . The question has been brought up as to the age requirements for the Air Corps. It seems that one Mr. Moeller met his roommate in a restaurant in Bryan Sunday, and said roommate was accompanied by a young (very) lady. Mr. Shock, the other party concerned, was having a little chat with the young lady as to respective ages. It developed that the young lady was exactly sixteen years and ten months old.

When Mr. Moeller heard this, he piped up with the sarcastic comment "Why you're almost seventeen, aren't you?" Without changing expression, and smiling very, very sweetly, the young lady replied "And when will you be twelve?" That should teach you, sonny boy. . . . We were wondering why Mr. Ed Michaels was wearing that forlorn, beaten look. It turned out that a certain young lady who worked at the Aggield Pharmacy hadn't been around. Mr. Michaels is all smiles now, though. He discovered that she was working at the Campus theatre. Get him to do "Gunga Din" for you sometime. He can repeat it word for word, because he's seen it four times. . . . Mr. Peterson has been elected to the presidency of the "Hot Pilot Association." This worthy party has the astounding total of two hours in the air, which makes him about tops for the Squadron (so he says) . . . Today being Tuesday, it has occurred that today is also the last day for the submitting of pictures for the Sweetheart Contest. Let's get them in, but please don't be like Mr. Verne Miller, he demanded to see every picture before he would let go of his. And the astounding thing is, she isn't a redhead. We heard he went for redheads only, but this one is a very pretty blonde named Caroline. For further information come to Room 77. (We were only kidding Verne). And that's all for now.

Thumbs Up Squadron IV

Greetings, Gentlemen! Here it is Tuesday, the day after the night before. And that night before—what an evening. Members of our intelligent Squadron indulged in discussing that branch of knowledge treating the material world and its phenomena; natural philosophy. Since November 1, 1943, the arms of knowledge, our Physics Instructor quizzed our so-called minds in an effort to see how much we had learned. He surely must have obtained the information desired, for no two members stated results with the same answers. Thus, a lengthy "battling the breeze" could be heard last evening in our rapms, trying to decide who the lucky man were. We thought the boys on the lower floor must have been in pretty deep when they started rolling up their trouser cuffs but after an investigation, found out it was in preparation for alterations (Use your own imagination!) Poor, old Mr. Bendlin, he sure gets flustered—when trying to write letters. Someone tunes in that

Wing News

Right And Wrong

My father told me, numerable times, that there were always two ways to do something—the right way and the wrong way. In his own words, "Son, there is the right way and the wrong way to do everything. If you set your mind to do something and then go through with it without putting your into it, then you have done it the wrong way. A half-way job is ten score worse than a job not done at all. Everything worth having is worth fighting for, and to get something worth fighting for, you've got to do it the right way. You'll possibly have to do a lot of cooperating and take a lot of orders but it's all part of the hard knock game of life. Never stay on the level with a class of people who have no ambition and who live their span of life with a distaste and fear of doing more work than is required of them. Ambition is a virtue which every man should have and it is one of the right things of life. Ambition can bring you the things you want most in life if you have enough of it. An easy way to stray from your ambition is to form a companionship with John Barleycorn. A close examination of the lives of people of your acquaintance will prove that John Barleycorn is one of the most definite wrongs. For whiskey has undermined the careers and life work of more than any other singular thing. It is often hard for men to make correct decisions on matters when they have a clear head. So how can a man with a fogged head make correct decisions? To answer my own question—he can't. Nine out of ten times he does the wrong thing which leads only to trouble—loss of honor, position, and the things which mean most to him. So, son, good sound advice is to think twice and then do the right thing. And by all means do the right thing all the way—not half way right."

How many men of the detachment can apply this advice to themselves? Are there men present who have relaxed from studying as fully as they should? Then don't half study—do the thing right and put your all into your classes. Information you gain here will not only be of benefit to you in the army, but will follow and aid you the rest of your life. Are there men present who are on too intimate terms with John Barleycorn? Then remember "WRONG" is John's middle name. Beware, for such a companionship only leads to disaster. Perhaps there are a few readers who think that this article is "bunk." To such a reader this article is directed. Its purpose is to make that individual STOP AND THINK, "Am I doing Right?"

master of the trumpet, Harry James, and Edgar becomes frantic. Why, Edgar, don't you like Harry James? He'll put some jumpin' jive in the letters you pen and I'm sure they'll beat ours in the mail. Keeping a sober face in ranks comes hard for the gentlemen in Flight A. Reason: two small boys who were puzzled over the lettering on the cover. In usual boyish fashion one of them was urging the other to ask Mr. Pncard a question about the slab. After attempting to get Mr. Pickard's attention several times without success, the would-be interrogator finally gave up with, "Oh, that's o. k. Jimmy, I don't think anybody's buried there after all."

Securing a place for your loved ones to live in Bryan must be a real task. For at the wee-hour of two a. m. last Saturday, Mesdames C. R. Dolan, J. E. Evans, and V. Maese, arrived in Bryan thinking their darling husbands had reserved accommodations for them. Well, perhaps, the victims did try but they didn't try hard enough because these lovely wives had to spend the night in a lobby of Bryan's leading hotel, 'nuff said, I guess—you know the rest!

According to Mr. Robert Kenagy, it isn't wise to talk while trying to limber up with a few simple

"EXHAUST" Squadron V

Well we walked in, pulled a line check on this typewriter, yelled "CONTACT" and the doggone keys started flying so we won't be held fully responsible for what is written here. All old shoes thrown will be donated to scrap drive for victory.

A/S Turner has been having the "Oklahoma Dream Girl" dreams. All the students, in the surrounding three ramps to him, have come in to tune in on the "line he hands his dream girl". Sleep talking is dangerous my lad. Such things you tell on yourself! Missers Wilson, Stamp, Stiles, Cantor, and others verify some committing statements you made while sleep ridden. (Ed. Note—too bad you weren't at the press meeting Earl. Perchance you could have stopped this article).

A/S Ricci took his ten hour check ride for Maytag Merresschmitts last Friday. The only thing he was unable to accomplish was the figure eight. His instructor told him if he would fly the figure of Betty Grable he would accept it. Such a figure he traced.

America has it's "Wrong Way" Corrigan—Texas has it's "Wrong Way" Willey. Seems like he manages to leave o. k. but can't find his way back to the airport. Don't like us John?

Did you hear about our honorable A/S Jack Persky? He was just awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for shooting down five Maytags with his imaginary P-38. His five victims were the Nazis ace Cantor, Bearisto, Knoch, Michaels, and Picard. The ace was verified on his story by his instructor who saw him press the trigger and say, "Rat-a-tat-tat."

Well just to keep in practice for throwing mud at the coming election, I guess I'll tell the dirt on a couple married men in the squadron. Seems as though A/S Lovstad forgot his marriage vows and stepped out wit ha lovely red-head. Also Mr. Lancaster was under observation when he had the charming brunette out. (Ed. Note.—Reporter was mistaken—said charmers were the victims' wives, so you readers don't have a scandal at all)

TIME MARCHES ON and today is the deadline on the picture contest. Tonight while you sit in your rooms talking over check rides there will be a meeting going on in a secluded room. Members of the Sweetheart Contest Committee will be pulling their hair trying to decide which ten are the most beautiful. Remember, men, those pictures for the contest must be in before eight o'clock Tuesday night.

Well our check ride on this writing machine is almost over. Just have the landing to make.—Enter 45 degrees downwind, now 45 to right, then a 90 to the left, throttle back, another left 90, normal glide, coming too short, little throttle, ease now, back on the stick, back, back, stall her out she's low enough, she's down, now a very slight brake pressure to check her speed, S-turn taxi pattern back to the hangar, switch off, throttle closed, ga on.

A woman is someone who will need drapes to go with the upholstery she has in mind to match the drapes.

calisthenics—such as touching your toes with both feet off the ground and grabbing yourself by the hair and holding yourself at arm's length. Mr. Kenagy did a bit of "soldiering" on his own time, fellows—he walked a tour with one of those wooden rifles. Or as in Latin we would say Mittus floppus.

Mr. Keith McWilliams is the best tailor in our Squadron and has testimonials from such leading men as our First Sergeant Mr. Ralph Otto. He is particularly famous for his sheveron cross-stitch. Paid advertisement—K. McWilliams.

LOUPOT'S Where You Always Get a Fair Trade

KANGAROO COURT (One act play in Ninety-nine Scenes)

City Clerk: Hear ye, Hear ye, Hart Hall Court is declared in session, Case of Secoy Versus Baker of Squadron V, Honorable Judge O. K. Umbrigio presiding."

Judge Umbrigio: "At ease! Take seats!" (Stroking tie) City Clerk: "Defendant rise—come forward—raise your right hand—do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help your lying soul?"

Defendant William K. Baker: "I do."

City Clerk: "Did you on the night of November third open your mouth while standing in ranks, cry out—chew gum, spit, whistle or in any way break any of the state laws of attention?"

Defendant Baker: "I did you honor. I spoke to a friend next to me asking him for a match to light the cigarette I bummed from someone else."

Judge Umbrigio: "Guilty!! Sentenced to 3 gigs or twenty years at hard labor. Next Case." (Stroking tie)

City Clerk: "Case of A/S J. F. Cahill versus G. R. Frisk of Squadron II, Defendant arise, come forward—raise your right hand—Do you swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help your lying soul?"

Defendant Cahill: "I do." City Clerk: "Did you on the night of November 6th on or around 12 midnight assault Mr. Frisk with intent to maliciously render his insensible, and did you hit him wit ha desk, pound him with tiles from the shower, and otherwise embarrass him with bodily harm?"

Defendant Cahill: "I did but—" Judge Umbrigio: "Guilty! 50 lashes wit ha cat-o-nine-tails. Next Case."

City Clerk: "Case of the State versus A/S Thomas Mahan of Squadron IV." Defendant arise, come forward—raise your right hand—Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help your lying soul?"

Defendant Mahan: "I do."

City Clerk: "Did you or did you not appear in public on the evening of November the fifth at 6 p. m. immodestly, wearing necktie untied, shoes unlaced, hat off, and belt undone and were you or were you not guilty of using blasphemous language when corrected for such items by an officer of the law?"

Defendant Mahan: "I did."

Spotlight on Sports

Squadron IV held their first basketball practice the other night, and according to Mr. Iffrig they are coming along in fine shape.

What do you say, Athletic Officers, let's arrange a race where only the best ten men in the Detachment will take part. Some of the runners could be, Missers Benis, Hoover, Soto of Squadron I, Mr. Callahan and Broft of Squadron II, Missers Raup and Bick fro V and other fellows from the different Squadrons.

Some of the fellows around think that the Air Corp is a little off the beam by keeping in good shape. Heard one fellow say as, one of the Beavers ran across the finish line of the 1.6 miles on Sunday morning, "Geel! those boys are really eager."

Sunday noon found another football game being played between Squadrons III and I. The game was won by Squadron I 57-37. Squadron III played a bang-up ball game considering the fact that this was their first game according to touch rules. Their blocking was a little rough, but that will all come out in the wash. Squadron I with a new addition to the Squadron, namely Mr. Spillsberry, played at their best throughout-out the contest. Bring on Squadron V, before they leave.

Now we come around to the topic of tumbling. Beavers, quite a few accidents have occurred in tumbling the past week. Of course all of the accidents weren't accidental. Many of these injuries could be avoided just by applying that simple formula "Haste makes waste." So, my tumbling friends, next time you go upon thy mat please take your time and avoid freak injuries.

Judge Umbrigio: "Guilty of Immodesty and Blasphemy. Ninety-Nine years and one long dark night in solitary confinement." (Next Case.) (Stroking Tie) City Clerk: "Case of the State against Editor of ACTD News. Plea entered for case to be dropped because of insanity of staff members."

Judge Umbrigio: "Plea Accepted" (this without a moment's hesitation) (loosening tie).

GIFT BOOKS Order books and magazines through the Brown Cottage Library at 205 Pershing, Oakwood. Inexpensive books for children in stock. Phone 4-9469

LOUPOT'S Watch Dog of the Aggies

TOWN HALL NOV. 18th. "A HUMAN TORNADO" - N.Y. Her. Trib. S. HUROC presents THE WORLD'S GREATEST FLAMENCO DANCER CARMEN AMAYA AND HER FIERY GYPSY ENSEMBLE 8:00 P.M. Guion Hall Tickets Now on Sale at Student Activities Office General Admission — 50¢ — Reserved Seat — \$1.00

HEY! HEY! OVERSEAS CAPS ARE HERE WITH AND WITHOUT BRAID LOUPOT'S TRADING POST "Trade With Lou — He's Right With You"

Walk WITH EDGIE! Edgerton SHOES FOR MEN Heavy harness stitching adds that sturdy touch to this Edgerton Moccasin style. Comfortable—and smartly attractive! Try on a pair—they're as easy on the feet as they are on the eyes. Most Styles \$6.50 to \$7.95 Waldrop & Co "Two Convenient Stores" College and Bryan