

# OFFICIAL NOTICES

### Classified

Two soldiers wish secure apartment or small house (furnished) for 1 (one) year in or near College Station. Both work, don't smoke or drink. No children or pets. Are interested in vacancies or future vacancies. Please notify Mrs. Fox, P. O. Box 3217, College Station (South Station) Texas.

The Student Personnel Office in the Academic Building is holding two cloth zipper jackets and one leather zipper jacket. Will the boys to whom these jackets belong please call for them.

"We have a Bulova wrist watch and several pairs of glasses that the owners can get by describing same and paying for this ad in room 2, Ross Hall."

### Commandants Office

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT  
Circular No. 11:  
1. The following action of the DISCIPLINE COMMITTEE, duly approved by the PRESIDENT of the COLLEGE is announced:  
A DISCIPLINE CASE NO. '63—Cadet Howard C. Register.  
CHARGE: Having in his possession stolen property.  
FINDINGS: Guilty.  
SENTENCE: M. D. WELTY, Colonel, Infantry Commandant.

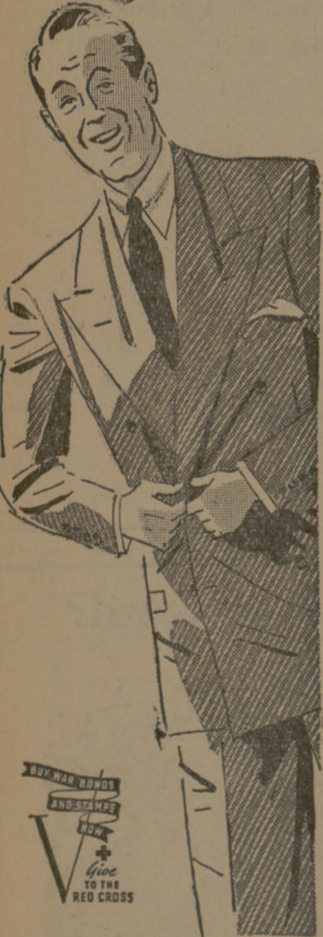
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT  
General Order No. 8:  
1. With the approval of the PRESIDENT, the following SCHEDULE OF CALLS, is announced, effective at FIRST CALL for REVEILLE, WEDNESDAY, 10, NOVEMBER 11:  
1st CALL—Daily, 6:07 a.m.; Reveille—Daily 6:17 a.m.; Assembly—Daily 6:20 a.m.; Fatigue Call—Daily 6:25 a.m.; Sunday—7:00 a.m.; Mess Call—Daily 6:57 a.m.; Sunday 7:25 a.m.; Assembly—Daily 7:30 a.m.; Sunday 7:30 a.m.; Mess Call—Daily 12:10 p.m.; Sunday 12:20 p.m.; Assembly—Daily 12:13 p.m.; Sunday 12:25 p.m.; 1st Call Retreat—Daily 6:25 p.m.; Sunday 5:25 p.m.; Assembly—Daily 6:27 p.m.; Sunday 5:27 p.m.; Retreat—Daily 6:30 p.m.; Sunday 5:30 p.m.; Mess Call—Daily immediately after Retreat; Sunday, immediately after Retreat; Call to Quarters—Daily 6:55 p.m.; Wednesday 8:25 p.m.; Saturday 12:30 midnight; Sunday 8:25 p.m.; Assembly—Daily 7:00 p.m.; Wednesday 8:30 p.m.; Sunday 8:30 p.m.; Tattoo—Daily 10:25 p.m.; Wednesday 11:35 p.m.; Sunday 11:35 p.m.; Taps—Daily 10:30 p.m.; Wednesday 11:30 p.m.; Saturday 12:30 a.m.; Sunday 11:30 p.m.  
By order of COL. WELTY,  
JOE E. DAVIS  
Major, Infantry  
Assistant Commandant.

### Announcements

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.  
H. L. Heaton, Registrar.

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

## A SMART DRESSER LOOKS HIS SMARTEST IN A Varsity-Town DOUBLE



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### Trimming Tabs Squadron I

Tuck under your chutes, men, have a seat and give me your attention. This is a very dangerous mission we are about to set out on. Just one important thing to remember. Keep your eyes on a swivel. Some of these "Flying Lawyers" will start a dogfight and make a suicide dive at you if you don't keep your eyes peeled. Yes, fellows, we go off into the wild blue yonder come the zero hour—soon we hope. We're getting stale being grounded for so long. The answer to the sixty-four dollar question of the week goes to Mister Rousseau. In reply to Mister Wheeler's "Check the arm swing," he quips, "Can I help it if the wind blows it?"

Those men who had the job of picking our Detachment sweetheart for the next Wing Ball really had an all night session trying to find the right girl. Yours truly saw the Squadron One contributions before they were handed in, and there were really some beautiful girls in the bunch. Hollywood has nothing on our girls, eh what?  
"Bouncy" Hamilton offered to enter his favorite girl in the beauty contest but Mister Callahan, who was soliciting entries, took one look and saucily declined. Come around to his room sometime and he will be very glad to show you "the belle of Punta Gorda."

What a team, what a cheering section, such zoot cheer leaders. We really had the spirit the other night when the basketball team drubbed the boys of Squadron Five by using that sixth man. Those gaudy ties and white shirts with the red teat really gave the pep to our cheerleaders and brought out that old spirit. We can't be licked when we use six men to their five.

Well, it seems that politics has become an issue for debate these days. It is rumored that Mister Martin had rather have a Willie button than a pair of wings.

Looks as if we get a new member in our squadron. Mr. Levine from Squadron two has been reported coming our way. He's a short guy and seems like a pretty good candidate for the rear ranks of that wonderful Flight C. We wouldn't wish you any hard luck, fellow, but stay away.  
Those speeches we are stuttering through on English classes really are fun—especially when you can sit and watch your buddy do the stammering. Joe Uruski has the record for the longest speech. He really gave a first hand account of the attack on Pearl Harbor and the instructor and his classmates asked so many questions, that it took the whole class period. "Sure wish we all could have heard that speech, Joe."

Well, here we go, off to press, trying to find one spot where you don't have to get a sniff of cyanide with every breath. So long, see you later.

To Squadron Five, we of Squadron I write an open-letter. We wish to say that anything used in our columns about you is merely in fun. Actually, we are like brothers here. We arrived only a week apart, and most of the fellows know each other from Salt Lake City days. So once again we say let by-gones be by-gones, Squadron V.

### Thumbs Up Squadron IV

How do you do, Gentlemen! Since Hart Hall, the home of Squadron IV, has been fumigated during the past eighteen hours—I will airate this column today by relating to you the spirit of Squadron IV.

This is Station N-O-N-E, bringing you a play by play description of a college couple dating, or HOW the game of Campusology is played at Texas A. and M.

The weather is ideal and from our pressed box seat here on the bumper of Mr. Nelson's Stream-lined Conferted, we are able to see everything as it comes off, pardon, I mean takes place. The moon has just appeared from behind Shot Mt., slightly to the east of here, and the soothing gurglings of a nearby brook added to the already perfect setting that Nature has provided.

Play is just to start, and it is reputed that both teams have excellent lines; however, the Coed's line is conceded to be strongest, but recent developments, through experience, have added greatly to the strength of the opposition. It will be the Battle of the Ages, and the winner remains to be ascertained.

There is a signal (the driver just parked) and the game is on! They are in a huddle, a sharp shift to the



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The ACTD is written and edited by Aviation students of the 308th College Training Detachment, College Station.

### Hagar Flying Squadron III

Ah, me, Girls, girls, girls. Friends, we have just come from the Sweetheart Contest at which the ten most beautiful girls were selected to be placed before the Honor Board. Gad, what femininity! Never have we seen the like. In case you haven't heard, the winner will be announced at the Detachment meeting Friday night . . . .  
And now we will get down to the poor unfortunates whose blunders have given them notoriety. First and foremost on the list is the Connecticut Yankee, Mr. Milton Smith. Milton entered a picture in the beauty contest. When he came up to our room we had to smile slightly at the stupidity of the child. In case you haven't heard the story on him, here it is, as related by his friend???? ally, Mr. Merzbacher. It seems that a young lady from Hartford, Connecticut (wherever that is) delivered an ultimatum to "Stud" which said, in short, Dear Milt, I have had a better offer from another fellow, so either you come across with a ring for Christmas, or you get the brush." At first we found it hard to believe, but when we were at the North Gate events verified Mr. Merzbacher's charges. He (Mr. Merzbacher) called us aside and whispered something in our ear. We turned, startled, and sure enough, there was Mr. Milton C. shopping for a ring—in the Ag-gi-land Pharmacy. Mr. Smith the Elder when informed of what was happening, just shook his head and said, "The boy's young, so very young." We are inclined to agree with him.

It seems that Mr. "Joe" Benomo's "McGirney" is running into some competition. Every day through the mail our own Mr. Muse gets a young library from a character named Charles Atlas. It seems that for a normal fee this Atlas chap is going to give J. K. bulging biceps to match the ones in his head.  
Flight 36 has tagged Mr. Phelps "Quiz Kid" because he has come close to being tagged by some of "Mahan's Murderers" quite a few times.  
That is all we can think of right now. (Ed. Note: Thank Heavens!)

right, and they go into kiss formation. Yes, it is a quick kiss. The Boy takes the offensive, using a single wing to huddle—now they are back to their lines, and again they go into kiss formation. The Boy tries to pass and fails. Just a minute, there seems to be a penalty—yes, there is a penalty; the Boy is penalized for illegal use of the hands.

Play is resumed and they go back into the huddle—back to their lines again. They go into formation—the offense tries his line for no gain. What a game! Two great lines seem somewhat tangled, and the Girl stiffens her defense—but the boy seems anxious. Back in the huddle, they go out of it into kiss formation.

The boy being very fast, makes a short gain on a round-about-play. From the huddle, he goes into punt formation—the punt is good. The Girl gets the punt—just a moment, there is a scramble, the Coed seems to have fumbled, yes, that's right—the boy has recovered. Folks, this is indeed a break for the Boy. They go back into the huddle—out of it into kiss formation—there is the play and the Boy seems to be making tremendous gains. Oh, no, there's something wrong. As soon as I get the play I'll—here it is, both sides were caught holding and the play is called back.

Play continues, and the huddle again. Out of the huddle, they are relying on their line play again. Here's the play, and the Boy is circling end but he is being chased out of bounds for a small loss. Both sides seem very, very tired—they are both breathing heavily.  
The play is brought play—they go back into the huddle. He's up to the line and here's the play. The offense failed to gain, but something went wrong, and there's

### Wing News

**Inheritance of Valor**  
Our fighting sons gain courage from brave comrades and gallant leaders—but they also possess an inheritance of valor from the past. No boy who flies an American plane into battle goes unaccompanied. Flesh and blood companions he may lack in some desperate extremity of single-handed combat—but he never fights alone. All the years of all this nation's past follow him like a mighty host.  
Our enemies know this. German and Japanese military writers have been careful to warn: "The American has a tradition of success in war." Tradition is a cold word and in Berlin, they hoped it was a dead one. But boys in Flying Fortresses and P-38's, in Mustangs and Liberators, have crushed that hope. Their engines rumble on many a far flung front—once more the drums of Washington are muttering down the Trenton road. Propellers flail the air—and once more old Andy Jackson's coat tails fly as he leads a charge at New Orleans.

Do you hear that dawn-wind singing boy in a Curtiss Warhawk? It is a whisper of the bugles at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Pilot of a Thunderbolt, cut loose with all your guns and listen. You have awakened the barrage at St. Mihiel. Bomber crew, must you make an unescorted flight across the Channel? Unescorted by fighters? Then men of the Nieuports and Camels will rise up to keep you company! Is the sky full of echoes? They are shooting Richthofen's Circus down in flames.

Men of the Air Forces, never doubt it. As your resolute feet go marching out to duty—there is historic thunder on the close horizon. The Yanks are marching across the Rhine once more! Even today the Germans hear it. And tomorrow? Tomorrow?  
**Sweetheart Contest**  
Tonight, leaning over a desk, and saying not this one, how about this, and this one is darn good, the staff of the newspapers are busily picking out the ten best pictures for the "Sweetheart Contest." Mr. Anderson, chairman is in for quite a busy evening believe you me.

Everyone in the Detachment is anxiously awaiting the outcome of the meeting tonight to determine the ten most gorgeous women in the Detachment. From here, the pictures will be sent to some other body, where they will pick the five most charming winners. Of course if you ask each individual who is going to win, he will probably answer my girl-friend or my wife. Let's keep our fingers crossed, gents.

### Spotlight on Sports

**Squadron I Defeats Undefeated Squadron On Five**  
The greatest upset in basketball circles happened Monday night when the underdog Squadron I team beat a stubborn Squadron V 43-37.  
Led by cheer-leaders and a tremendous cheering section, Squadron I rose to great heights. Dressed in flashy garments the cheer-leaders led by Mr. Martin turned the Squadron I rooting section into a mad-house.  
In what appeared to be just another Squadron V shellacking of their opponents in reality turned out to become a Squadron I victory. It was strictly Five and Five and Five again during

to be a penalty. Yes, the girl is penalized half the distance to the Boy's goal for slugging.  
Gentlemen, this is the most thrilling game that I have ever witnessed. The Boy now has a real chance to score. They're back from the huddle into kiss formation—and here's the play, but there seems to be another penalty. Yes, the girl, trying to bolster her defense, was caught offside.

### "EXHAUST" Squadron V

The Marines may have their fighting men. The Navy has it big battle boats. Squadron V, has its "HOT PILOTS". A bit of good news has reached our ears "Mr's". At the end of our flight training, we found that Squadron V has turned out more fellows with recommendations for future flight training, than any other Squadron. Keep up the good work fellows, we have shown that we have qualifications for future pilots. Now let's show Captain Hill and all of the other officers, that we can, and that we will qualify for pilots, bombardiers and navigators. With a start like we have received in the 308 College Training Det., we are certain to go far in our training, and help our country win this war.  
New inventions are invented every day, and new uses found for the old ones. Mr. J. L. Anderson has found a new use for his flight cap, especially on the flight line. (Ed. note. "Are we still friends Mr. Anderson.")  
After weeks of earnest waiting, Mr. Sapolin's girl finally arrived. We wish to thank Sylvia for coming, so that our boy "Mr. Sapolin" can now settle down and his friends can get along with him.  
The other day who should we find in back of Hart Hall throwing horse shoes, but Mr. Peacock, Mr. Shaw, Mrs. Harcharik and Mr. Picard. We hear you fellows are really good, maybe we should see the Athletic officer to see whether you fellows can't get excused so that you can finish your game.  
The fellows in Flight C are lucky they didn't have to march this evening. So, fellows, let's get on the ball, and stop all the talking while in formations. We'll have more time to talk in the evening, and less time to walk.  
Mr. Wright seems to wear old glasses to his drill formations, we wonder whether he does this to get his name in the paper or if it is some other reason.  
It seems that room E-11 is the new day room of the Squadron. It can't be this is the hang-out for the "Hot-Pilots" now can it?  
Squadron V wishes to take this time to say, that if anything that we have had in our column to offended any of the other Squadrons, we offer our apologies as we only meant it in fun. So fellows let's bury the hatchet, and get out the peace pipe, and shake hands.

the entire first half. Led by Scott and Orr, Squadron Five functioned smoothly and persistently to run up a 19-11 lead at the termination of the first half.  
At the opening of the second half, Squadron I came into it's own. Spillsberry had to leave the game due to injury. Five minutes later Spillsberry returned and started Squadron I on the rebound; he himself contributed nine baskets to this wild second half. Scott kept popping the basket for Five, keeping them in the running for the leadership. Finally, one broke away never again to be overtaken. Scott, Lucke, and Orr played a brilliant ball game, both defensively and offensively. For Squadron I Spillsberry, Johnson, Hinkle, Brownly, Kerkorian, and Soto stood out.  
Congratulations to both Five and I on their great sportsmanship last night. It was a great game, and one that will not be forgotten in quite a spell.  
Thought for the Day  
In the words of Plutarch, "Time, the greatest of all sacrifices." So when you attend the Physics class make every second of every minute count. You know this problem of "Time," is urgent and every day we don't account for is a futile effort in our war program.

"And They Shall Walk," the story of Sister Elizabeth Kenny's life and experiences in the treatment of infantile paralysis, written by Sister Kenny and Martha Ostenso, is being broadcast over WLB, the University of Minnesota radio station.

### Contact Squadron II

We are definitely fresh out of witty openings, if any of our openings could be called witty, so we'll just start off with a mild bang.  
Who are the apprentice Robin Hoods in the back of Law Hall who practice the ancient art in the war of Law Hall every afternoon after P. E.? Those eggs are screwy, they shoot an arrow into the wild blue yonder and then go chase it. Sometimes I wonder . . .  
That "Cuss 'an It'll Cost You" Club deserves a much better write-up than it was given in the last issue of this periodical. It is actually a scream.  
Mr. Marcaro, the judge is on a perch in the center of the room. He is garbed in judicial robes. And I should know, because I am a judge of garbage from way back. Anyhow, the culprit is brought screaming into the room, in nine cases out of ten the culprit is none other than Mr. O'Rourke. The Bailiff swears him in. The book used is a Physics book. That's the only time it is used. A prosecutor is appointed and the defendant chooses a council. And away they go. Of course the poor fella hasn't a chance, and he is doomed to pay the fine. After all of the cases have been tried, Mr. Reed, the janitor, gets to work. It's a fine institution. The money collected goes for a nightly "Coke" party.  
A/S "Hot Pilot" Gookin is contemplating buying an airplane. He wants to land it on the drill field and use it to go to Houston on our short Open Post passes. All he needs is a Squadron insignia, and a plane.  
Mr. Cahill has broken all Squadron records, and not in P. E. either.  
A/S Levine (The Houson Levy) has received word that he may be transferred to that Squadron I. Last Tuesday I happened to drop in on a jam session at the "Y". The cats had the joint jumpin'. Sitting up onto the lias was A/S

Wagamon sending out like James with his bewitched trumpet. Two more of our Squadron are solid grates on the gobble pipes. Those lads Bob Eul and "J. Dorsey" Woodfint are truly hep. Mr. Thompson gives out the "Belly-Fiddle" while A/S Story socks the Bass. Mr. Ruggeri pounds the 88. Mr. Forrest is the manager of the entire combo. Pretty soon Downbeat will send over a reporter. No Doubt.  
If you may wonder what all the sirens were about Tuesday night don't worry; the entire story was covered by your Squadron II scribe. There were three of us newshawks. We went tearing over hill and dale for a lousy little tale. The fire engines pulled up in front of an ASTP outfit. Someone stuck his head out and said. "Uh-Huh, not bad George, not bad at all, three minutes flat." Well . . . after all they are our allies.

That lost and bewildered look on Mr. King's face can be attributed to the departure of his squaw last Tuesday. He wrote a six page letter to her the very night she left.  
L. T. H. P. (Link Trainer Hot Pilot) Hall is sporting a sharp set of CAP wings. He has ten hours stick time in his log book. Kinda reminds me of Sawyer.  
Flight C is getting a big bang out of a certain right guide in Squadron III. Don't laugh at a man just because he is a military dog. The man's just naturally sharp. Speaking of Squadron III, that long drawn out "Fawll Inn" reverberates around the area for ten minutes after the first sergeant sounds off.  
Newest romance on the campus, P. H. Broffitt and W. J. Lott are going steady now. They were last seen holding hands on the basketball court.

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