

OFFICIAL NOTICES

Classified

LOST—Practically brand new brown leather jacket. Left in Sbia Hall Wednesday night. Reward. If found please notify G. C. Garrison, Room 402, Dorm 16.

Two soldiers wives desire 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."

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.

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

Church Notices

A. & M. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH College Station, Texas Norman Anderson, Pastor November 14, 1943 9:45 a.m.—Sunday School 11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship Sermon Topic—"A Pattern for Our Traditions"

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, College R. L. Brown, Pastor C. Roger Bell, Rel. Ed and Music 9:45 a.m.—Sunday School 10:50 a.m.—Morning Worship 1:30 p.m.—B. S. U. Council 4:00 p.m.—Choir Rehearsal 6:05 p.m.—Training Union 7:15 p.m.—Evening Worship Wednesday evening 7:00 o'clock, Mrs. W. S. Barron will present the book, "More Than Conquerors. A social hour will follow."

A. & M. COLLEGE METHODIST CHURCH AND WESLEY FOUNDATION Rev. Walton B. Gardner, Pastor-Director, Rev. S. Burton Smith, Associate Director: Sunday School—10:00 a.m. J. Gordon Gay, Superintendent: Public Worship—11:00 a.m.; Violin solo by Mrs. C. H. Groveman; "Adagio Patheticum" by Godard; Sermon by the Pastor; Wesley Foundation Meeting—7 p.m.; Wesley Foundation Fellowship Night—Wednesday, 7 p.m. The Methodist Church is one block East of the Post Office at the North Gate.

AMERICAN LUTHERAN CONGREGATION Y.M.C.A. Chapel, Campus Kurt Hartman, Pastor Sunday School at 9:45 a.m. Divine Service at 11:00 a.m. Women's Missionary Society meeting Wednesday, November 17, at 3:00 p.m. in the parsonage. No student meeting this Sunday night.

A week's vacation may be given University of Washington students to aid in harvesting the state apple crop if a labor emergency occurs.



Regulation Trench Coats

Keep warm in a smart, durable Trench Coat. We offer a splendid assortment in lined or unlined coats

Light Weight Oil Slicker Trench Coat, Olive Drab Shade

\$9.95 to \$12.50

Fine Tackle Twill Trench Coats with Removable Wool Lining

\$21.50 to \$25.00

Wool Gabardine Trench Coat with Removable Lining—Full Length Zipper on Lining

\$39.50

Fashion - Park Trench Coat... Tailored in the Traditional Fashion—Park Manner. All Wool Gabardine with Removable Lining

\$55.00

Waldrop & Co. "Two Convenient Stores" College and Bryan

Trimming Tabs Squadron I

Pull up a davenport and be seated 'keeds'... Here we are again with another gruesome task???. . . . Gentlemen are we on the ball? . . . The whole Squadron is wondering where Mr Marshall keeps himself these days from the hours of four and five o'clock. Those are precious hours, aren't they???. . . We see where J. H. —is around again . . . Let's look our prettiest these days, most anytime now some member of the New Staff will be around taking snapshots of each and every man for that memorable class book which will be published by members of Squadron I . . . Flash!!

A/S Robson competed in the cross-country road run the other day . . . We hear the quaint reply of "Coming Mother" every time Professor Damsky echoes a shrill from his brass whistle . . . Mr. Moore, Levinson, and Hunter, what is this we hear of you noble characters taking showers in bed? Is it true? Let us in on it, will you? . . . Who in Squadron II tried to find out if the glass in their windows was unbreakable? What's the trouble boys? We'll see you out on the ramp, fellas . . . Squadron V donated their talents yesterday by contributing to the Armistice day parade in Bryan. They did look pretty sharp at that, didn't they? . . . Now begins the pep talk!

What do you say fellas, let's stay on the ball out on the drill field and while doing calisthenics. When marching to and from classes let's march in a brace and don't let it wear off until we hit the "fall-out" command; forget about talking in ranks, chewing gum, horseplay etc, and we'll keep that "gig" sheet clean. The main topic if this whole tete-a-tete is watching those students who kind of let themselves go on week-ends. You bunk mates know who they are; kind of put 'em wise, straighten them out, do not let these characters go beyond the privileges of their week-end passes (?). The staff says it's for your own good, how we act in the future. We can keep the slate clean, what do you say, can we do it? Chaplain now signs off . . . Orator Johnson of flight 15 gave out with a pip the other day. His speech was more or less on his experiences in Hawaii, or was it; what was it about anyway? We got some sort of a drift on the meaning of his Hawaiian vocabulary. A few follow: girl equals Wahine, baby equals Malahine, whiskey equals khaki, "big time" equals Luau, Hong yi philli too; that's all. By the way, how many men know the title of the bugle call which sounds off just before taps every night. That's right, you win \$64.00, it is called "Tattoo" . . . Who's Pete? Who's Repeat? Ask Msrs. Trembesky and Vacit. Way-laying pins and that duct have something in common, it seems although they and two marines had a rugged tick-tack-too game . . . Another popular speech practically convinced a Prof that Mr. Burke of Flight 13 was of Japanese descent. He said, quote—"when the Jap bombardiers give way with their bombs they yell 'Bonzi' and at the same time a clerk punches their T. S. card"—Unquote . . . A certain Mr. A. L. of Flight 'steen' has advanced rapidly during his stay here. Congratulations on promotion to Editor of the 'Bat' Mr. A. H. (Editor of ACTD News, not of the Aggie 'Bat', keeds) . . . Mr. Armstrong, fancy seeing you without your 'Dia-mond' . . . Are we on the Ball? . . . Well all reet, we'll tell you who won the Leauty contest—read Wing News . . . We close now asking for a "penny for your thoughts."

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How to Edit a Newspaper

By James L. Anderson, A/S The primary qualification of the college newspaper editor is insanity. Without this it is impossible to accomplish anything. Any writer must be a protege of the boghous to make his work interesting and lively. First of all, before sitting down to my editor's desk I empty all wastebaskets over the top of my desk. It gets cluttered up anyhow, so this saves time. Next I call all my reporters and editors over and have separate conversations with each at the same time on different subjects, such as crime, law, politics, flying, women, army, war, and more women. This is very confusing, but it puts me in the proper stage of insanity to get the ACTD News out with the maximum of efficiency. The next stage is usually much more complicated. I reach for the phone to call up Captain Hill for leads to publish in my column "Wing News." While I wait for



James L. Anderson Editor-in-Chief Al Lorenzetti Managing Editor Jack Perky Associate Editor Odell Hawkins Associate Editor Paul McGinnis Associate Editor M. Soto Sports Editor F. W. Hennessee Staff Artist Wodrow 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 Castelluccio, Earl Turner, Theodore Wilson, Joseph Center, Ted Levine, William R. Fitzgerald, Edward P. 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.

Decisions Announced on Sweetheart Contest

Contact Squadron II

Squadron IV bowed its head in humble defeat Thursday night when our Squadron II team rolled on to victory. Anyone who was so unfortunate to have missed the game truly missed a bang up game. A/S "Bill" Wright led the attack, ably backed up by Mr. Wilson. Now that our team is really going places, let's make an all-out effort to give them all the support we can. Corporal Bowers has his bunch of potential guards whipped into pretty good shape now. Only two or three of them come to port arms when present arms is given. They are accomplishing wonders; the general should be happy indeed to have such a well-trained detail. Speaking of Corporal Bowers, he is continually griping about the uselessness of this column. He claims that we should use this as a medium of correcting you fellows in such matters as keeping various ramps clean, picking up empty coke bottles and innumerable other things. Corporal, keep your shirt on, everything will be alright in a couple years. Rome wasn't built in a day. "Pop" Kropp can be seen beaming at any time of the day, anywhere. How's the Missus and the future Sweetheart of the 308th? Down on the Wabash far away, that's where she hails from; while waiting for Kropp's donation to humanity to grow up the present Sweetheart has been selected. Due to certain conditions, mainly a warped mind belonging to the editor of ACTD News, we are unable to use her name in this column. The name of this winsome lass can be found in WING NEWS.

"Buck" Nesbitt was the typical bashful boy when it came to making an appearance on the basketball court. The coach routed him out from behind the basketball and sent him in. It took three plays for him to muster enough courage to go out on the court. Afraid he may be mistaken for a mascot, no doubt. We hate to use the same names in this opus over and over again. Why don't some of you tell us what is going on? All info is gratefully accepted. The members of "C" flight miss Mr. Veress. He is the one who pulled such a beautiful Bridie last Saturday and broke his collarbone. That's one way to get out of P. E. Mr. Wade is the sole occupant of Ramp 7, Law Hall, besides the two top knockers. He is a very lonely lad. Anybody who wants to get in touch with him may use the aforementioned address and a prompt reply is guaranteed. Mr. Sorensen went to the hospital the other afternoon in order to escape the rigors of P. E. He was so convincing that the Sawbones put him under observation. And also incommunicado. That business about stripping the walls of all pictures except those of a military nature has created a mild turmoil in Mr. Sauer's room. The walls were literally covered with luscious Var-gaisms. In order to keep such things for posterity. Mr. Sauer applied some sort of adhesive. The problem now is to find a glue solvent that won't eat the plaster off the walls. And so we leave headquarters, land of wonder and enchantment—yes, verily with heavy heart and plodding footsteps as we trip off into the night the dismal cries of "Get the blankety-blank off that typewriter" are still reverberating in our ears. Pertinent question of the minute: What dog released the name of our Sweetheart before the Batt got a chance to run a sensational scoop?

The "line busy" signal to cease, I occupy the far corners of my brain with physics, hangar flying, women, copying class notes, and reading "Smilin' Jack."

The members of the 308th College Training Detachment have held a contest to determine which aviation student girl friend, wife, or sister would be elected "Sweetheart of the Detachment." A total of 130 photographs were turned in for judging and nearly every state in the Union was represented. Out of this 130 pictures, the ACTD Contest Committee picked out the top ten and submitted them to the Wing Honor Board for final judgment to pick the winners.

First place went to Miss Mary Patricia Travis of South Bend, Indiana, who is attending St. Mary's College there. Picture was submitted by A/S Thomas K. Travis, of Squadron IV.

Second place went to Miss Phyllis Porter of North Hollywood, California. The picture was submitted by A/S Floyd Sorensen of Squadron V.

Third place went to Miss Patricia Fredericks of Flushing, New York. The picture was submitted by A/S Milton Zabolotsky of Squadron I.

Fourth place and an honorable mention went to Miss Dudley Catherine Kein of Baltimore, Md. The picture was submitted A/S Hazard of Squadron V.

Fifth place and honorable mention went to Miss Dorothy Copeland of Greenville, North Carolina. The picture was submitted by A/S Levinson of Squadron I.

A lot of thanks should go to the committee for the work and time expended in getting this contest organized and put across. Further announcements will be made before the detachment at the forthcoming detachment meeting.

Members of the ACTD Contest Committee who have been organizing and conducting the contest are: Mr. J. L. Anderson and Mr. Paul Balliett of Squadron V. Mr. Ralph Otto and Mrs. Patricia Dillard of Squadron IV, Mr. Paul McGinnis and Mr. John A. Scolari of Squadron III, Mr. Frank Yeutter and Mr. Theodore Levine of Squadron II, and Mr. Edward Callahan and Mr. William Bennis of Squadron I.

Miss Travis will be brought to College Station at the expense of the detachment to reign over the Wing Ball on November 20th.

A cordial welcome is extended to Lt. Robert S. Grover, who has returned to College Station after a short course of instruction at Randolph Field, Texas.

Squadron V marched in the Armistice Day Parade in Bryan Thursday to represent the detachment. The parade looked very good and sincere homage was paid to our dead from the last war.

Special Flash!!

The ACTD Sweetheart Contest winner has been chosen and the following particulars are published regarding the first place winner. First out of 130 entries was Miss Patricia Travis of South Bend, Indiana. Miss Travis is attending St. Mary's College, at South Bend, Indiana although she is a native of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Miss Travis is 20 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, black hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, member of BVG sorority, was chosen queen of several senior dances at Notre Dame University, and is a straight A student.

"Captain Hill speaking," comes over the wire. "Acceleration equals mass times velocity squared equals Jungle Jolly; hence, the airplane on the digit gives way because she sure was one damn good date," I answer (in keeping with my thoughts.) "Must be one of my tactical officers," replies Captain Hill just before hanging up.

By this time the reporters have turned in their copy. I shuffle it all together, mark red lines all over it, type out a note defying Lt. Norris to decipher it, and leave. I make my way wearily upstairs clucking like Napoleon with my hand in my vest like a hen. That is how to edit a college newspaper.

What We Fight For

Captain Samuel B. Hill, our 308th College Training Detachment commanding officer was bestowed with the distinction of being honor speaker at the American Legion Assembly in Bryan, Thursday November 11. No person could ever reproduce the magnificent speech he made by trying to print it. We can only give you the gist of his subject.

"From border to border in our great nation, our sons are scattered in various posts in the service. One of the serious problems the Army, Navy, and Marines are confronted with is the recreation facilities for those men. Cooperation of every man and woman is needed to solve that problem. If each and every man or woman through out the nation would treat these service men as they would wish their sons, brothers, and husbands treated then the situation would be adequately solved. The service consist of the highest type of American manhood. The most select group of individuals compose the services. They are fine, upright, solid citizens and they are very good. Offer them your hospitality because you want to give it, but not because you feel you are being charitable. The services do not want anything given out of charity or pity.

The dead in the last war fought for their ideals. Ideals that America stood for then and that America stands for today. Men died to preserve those ideals that we might have them today. Men went without food, proper clothing, medical care, and many other discomforts in order that our world should stay free. Unfortunately faulty peace treaty was concluded and it became necessary for our country once more to go to war. The sons of the dead of the last war now carry on the fight of their fathers to bring into the world an everlasting peace. It is John Q. Public who must sit in on the next peace treaty made and write it with a finish that can leave no doubt and no bone of contention to instigate another war in the future. It is up to the individuals who are our nation's citizens to insure our everlasting peace with a definite treaty at the end of this war.

In order for our men to end this war we must have the backing of very man, woman, and child to train our soldiers and equip them right. To equip them right we must have the best of everything for those men. To get the best it takes money, each must give and give until it hurts. The individual thinks that his small amount doesn't help very much but each drop of water in an ocean contributes to its welfare as a whole, and similarly each dollar given to the War Fund contributes to its welfare as a whole. Training men isn't hard. We as officers can train those men but it is the public who must give us something to train those men with. If school teachers had as little trouble with their students as we do with our men, then school teaching would be heaven. A few get out of line but the vast majority are the best men to be found. The few who do step out of line now and then number not more than 25 per cent.

Some people lay claims as to the wastefulness of the army. If you see a camp being built and material being wasted, don't blame the army. Blame the persons responsible for it, those do the actual building. In closing ladies and gentlemen let us turn our heads to the west, remove our hats and pay honorable tribute to our dear in the last war."

As the public turned their heads westward solemnly, bugles sounded taps in the honor of those we lost. A squadron of airplanes flew overhead in their honor and all thoughts were directed to the greatness, to the bravery, and to

Hangar Flying Squadron III

Here we are again with the this-a and that-a on ye olde Squadron III. Congratulations are in order for two gentlemen of the Squadron, Mr. Papik and Mr. Harding. We wish to extend these congratulations to "Pap" on his selection as Athletic officer, and to Mr. Harding, who has just returned from sweet, sweet furlough the proud father of a baby boy. . . . That wild eyed Irishman, Mr. Patrick Gerald O'Flaherty Regan, is reported to have sent a letter to the Irish Government telling them of the potato growing possibilities. The rumor goes further to say that he and his partner in crime, Mr. Tom Dee, are formulating plans to overthrow the government and claim Texas for the mother country. . . . You probably have heard the old New England tale of John Alden, who fronted for Captain Miles Standish in the wooing of the fair Priscilla. Well, right in our midst we have the counterpart of that famous love story. The passionate lover, John Alden, (played by Mr. Palermo) goes to the fair Priscilla (a damsel working in a drug store at the North Gate) and asks for her hand in a date with the bashful Captain Standish (played by Mr. Miller, who has just returned from a successful tour of confinement to his room because of excessive gigs.) After all engagements and arrangements have been made, our hero Vern sallies forth to find romance, only to discover that Mr. Palermo overlooked one important detail. It seems the young lady hadn't yet reached the age of reason—she was only fifteen. Teh, teh, Vern, and you're such a big boy. . . . The running fight between Mr. J. K. Muse and Mr. Owen is due to result in bloodshed if the things continue at their present rate. Mr. Owen went into the lead by a slight margin last night when he contended that "If Muse had another brain it would be lonesome." After learning that Mr. Muse made a terrific mark of 5 in his math test we are inclined to agree with Mr. Owen. . . . Mr. Scolari of Flight B has come up with the suggestion that we might

the courage of those who gave their all for their nation that it might live in eternal freedom.

form a drill team of about forty members to cut a few fancy capers in competition with the other squadrons. Anyone interested in this movement should contact the above-mentioned gentlemen. . . . And that does it for tonight, except for the parting well wishes to Mr. Broderick. Get on the ball and get better, mister. You are missing some swell physics tests. On second thought you had better stay there. You might be better off. See you . . . 66.

Spotlight on Sports

If you were starting to take tumbling and were told that in two days you would be doing flips, what would be your reaction? The majority of the boys would be rather dubious about this flipping, and even more so when just doing backward and forward rolls that made them dizzy. "Tumbling will be an aid to flying," has kept Squadron I on the beam—for they expect to fly soon.

We sometimes wonder how that thin rope holds Mr. Hinkle, he carries quite a load.

Ask Mr. Utterback if tumbling has any serious effect on him.

Congratulations Squadron II, perhaps the jinx of losing basketball games is over. Under the Eagle-eye of Wright and heads-up playing of Quijano Squadron II defeated Squadron IV by the score of 44-32. The boys who lead Squadron IV were Dale and Young who both played a marvelous game. Squadron IV is the "baby" of the Detachment and it looks as they will be tough for anyone else in the Detachment once they have a few practice sessions under their belt.

Mr. Iffrig announces that a football game will be held Saturday during P. E. at 8 o'clock. Squadron V has accepted the challenge of the Group One Champions Squadron I. This will definitely determine the Detachment Championship.

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BUY THAT EXTRA WAR BOND TODAY

LOUPOT'S

Watch Dog of the Aggies

TOWN HALL NOV. 18th. "A HUMAN TORNADO" —N.Y. Her. Trib. S. HUROK 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

Please don't take my ticker, Let me go trade it with Lou, No one will call you a sucker There'll be enough for me AND you! AGGIES . . . If you need money for the Rice game Saturday . . . check with Lou first. LOUPOT'S TRADING POST "Trade With Lou — He's Right With You"