

OFFICIAL NOTICES

Classified

LOST—Elgin wrist watch, about 2:30 Saturday p.m. between Aggield Inn and North Gate. Reward. James Cross, Room 212, Dorm 11.

Student Personnel office is holding a good brand wrist watch which was found on the athletic playing field Friday morning, Nov. 19. Owner may establish claim in Room 101 Academic Building.

LOST—Gold watch chain with small gold knife attached. Please return to Fish King, Dorm 15, Room 115. Very liberal reward.

LOST—Black billfold, contents \$25.00, North American Identification card. Reward. F. M. Herrng, Hotard Hall, Room 102.

Two soldiers wives desire apartment or small houses (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. 4217, College Station, (South Station) Texas.

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Church Notices

Episcopalians are requested to attend Holy Communion, Thanksgiving Day, at 10:00 a.m. in St. Thomas' Chapel, Jersey at Pershing. This celebration of the Holy Eucharist will be especially in remembrance of our service men and those who have entered the Larger Life.

American Lutheran Congregation invites the public to its Thanksgiving Day Service to be conducted in the Y. M. C. A. Chapel at 8:30 a.m. on that day.

Executive Offices

All students registered from foreign countries must report to the Registrar's Office as soon as possible. The Government has requested us to secure certain information from you.

Third installment of maintenance fees of \$48.30 due Dec. 1-7 inclusive, can be paid now. These fees include Board \$36.10, Room \$9.05, laundry \$3.15 to Jan. 29, 1944. The cashier of the Fiscal Department will accept these fees from 8 a.m. until 1:30 p.m.

Students who are planning to go on the trip to Mexico next semester will meet in room 115, Animal Industries Building at 7:30 p.m. Monday, November 29. W. B. Davis, Department of Fish and Game.

Trimming Tabs Squadron I

Plink, plunk, plink, and once again the old typewriter starts pounding out the column. We may as well start out by wishing you all (southern accent) a happy Thanksgiving, although we can hear all the gripes as we are writing it.

Some new discoveries: Do you wonder why in the army the feather merchants in the rear, and when you went to school, they always marched in the front? Through careful research, we have been able to find the answer to this question. Some of the formations in the army are for mess and it is believed that the shorter men do not have to eat as much as the giants. Therefore, the mighty atoms arrive after the sky-scraper's.

Being this is Thanksgiving, we know of one gentlemen in the squadron who is not thankful for something. That thing happens to be his army serial number. It starts with the numbers 131313.

We have got at least one man in our outfit who is thankful for something. Mr. Aton had his girl friend leave him Monday. No sooner had she departed and he was able to find some girl on the campus to take the place of the one who had just left.

And now the reporters give thanks to their minds for being able to think of things to fill up this column three times a week, but are cursing it now because they can't think of anything more to write. Therefore until the next column, we bid you "Adieu."

Thumbs Up Squadron IV

Our forefathers, in an hour when one would think there was the least cause for Thanksgiving, paused to call all grateful people to give thanks to God; thanks for their harvest, which was meager enough, and thanks for life and its opportunities.

Today, we have much to be thankful for. We, as fighting men, with God's help, have been victorious on many fronts, and although peace may not yet be in sight, the side of battle is in our favor. This with our manifold other blessings should provide everyone of us with good reason for expressing our thanks to God.

As the Editor of Squadron IV, I, therefore recommend that we pause and give thanks on this day of Thanksgiving.

Whirling colors, flashing uniforms and stardust covered autumn leaves highlighted the Wing Ball last Saturday evening. Orchid of the week went to the Queen, Miss Patricia Travis. Her brother, Mr. Thomas Travis of our Squadron states he can count the steps he took with her on his one hand. However, with all the other girls, our Squadron really had a wonderful time. So thanks to you, Mr. Anderson and the Wing Ball committee, let us hope that another ball will be possible in the near future.

"What's your idea of an ideal date?" was the question that seemed to appeal to the boys of our Squadron this week. Here are their answers:

- Mr. Irving Goude—good dancer, sense of humor and beautiful.
Mr. Eddie Christopherson—cute, good dancer, and a uniform lover.
Mr. James C. Hunt—cute, short, brunette, and doesn't flirt with other boys when you take them out.
Mr. John Kalmbach—brunette, 5 ft 4 inches, cute, black hair, and her first name Mary.
Mr. Howard Clayton—5 ft, 8 in., black, curly hair, and blue eyes.
Mr. M. J. Iadonisi—5 ft. 2 in., blonde, blue eyes, and money.
Mr. Bob Guenther—slender, tender, and short.
Mr. William Terrill—good physique, full of pep, and likes the trumpet as well as I do.
Mr. Daniel Torres—dark and beautiful.

I-can't-believe-my-eyes - department: Almost any Tuesday and Thursday you can go to the gym and see a snappy game of basketball between our squadrons. Messrs. Kent Corwin, Rusty Drake, Stanley M. Green, Kenneth Kemp and Alan Daun usually shine on our team. The score usually ends up something like ? and ? — never mind boys, we've got a good start. They may get the highest scores but they also scratch, kick, and push the best (this no doubt comes from long years of repulsing repulsive advances).

What's the matter with Mr. James Evans, in the mile and eight tenths? We don't know! Could it be his big understanding (big feet). It seems as if Mr. Gerald Green



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

Wing News

Thanksgiving comes to us once more during a war torn world, a world that apparently should observe no thanks. But even in such strife, and turmoil, thousands, the nation, even the world over kneel in prayer to offer thanksgiving for the many small things. This isn't just another article to remind you that this is a wonderful country, where we have free speech, religion, and government. I'm not trying to preach to you to be thankful for the great nation we live in. No need for it—all of us are, or we wouldn't be in the army willing to do our part as the army sees fit to use us. I venture to say that very few men who will eat their dinner today will mentally offer thanks for the meal they eat. How many men recognize and appreciate the beauty of Texas A. & M. Campus? Very few. The lawns are something you take for granted and walk upon although you aren't supposed to. Not one out of one hundred men are thankful for and appreciate the beauty of the grounds of the campus hospital—it's just something you pass through on your way to sick call.

Are there many men who are truly thankful for the training they get here at Texas A. & M.? Do you students realize how valuable this training is? Or is it just something you entered with a vague idea of getting ahead in the army? It is something you have to be thankful for. The education you acquire here is something you are being paid to attain, yet in the end you, as an individual, are the one to benefit it. Why then, haven't you the right to be thankful for it?

Another item, by no means small, but usually neglected is the fact that none of us are thankful enough for our efficient and capable officers which we have in the 308th. With officers such as we have supervising our training we are better enabled to get a more thorough military and educational background. Few leaders of men have ever inspired the loyalty that Captain Hill has inspired in his Eager Beavers of the 308th. We are thankful for a leader like him.

Today the clashing blows of battle are heard around the world. And all reports are in Allied favor. Another item we have to be thankful for. Our relatives, friends, brothers, etc, who might perchance be on some of those battle fronts send home messages, and strange-ly enough they too have found things to be thankful for. In bulletins we have we find excerpts from letters saying that the men are thankful for the meals they are getting for the extra rest, for the chance to fight for what they love, and for other things. Then why should it be so hard for us in the United States to find time to give thanks of this Thanksgiving Day when those men ever there in the midst of blood and battle have found thanksgiving?

took about twice as long as the other fellows in returning his date to Hart Hall. We don't know the reason why? But he doesn't keep awake by smoking Elropo cigars. Men! Is anything holding us back? If so, it can be only the lack of desire on our part to take advantage of the opportunities we have! Let each day's task be a challenge to us to make the most of every opportunity to become better fitted, bit by bit, for whatever comes, "Sunday, Monday or Always."

Spotlight on Sports

A corsage goes to Squadron III on their stunning defeat of Squadron I. The final score was something like 66-40. Nice going, men. Achie Chism is looking for a volley-ball team to play his mainstays of Squadron I. Anyone interested please contact said Mr. Chism.

Probably the main news item in all the papers is the Texas Aggie-Texas football game. Even though we aren't actually enrolled here as Aggie students, I believe most of the Air Corps feel as I do when it comes to cheering for the "beardless wonders." We certainly enjoy writing to the folks back home, and telling them the Aggies won another game. Possibly the fact that Cadets are not allowed to play with the football teams here would stop the idea of spirit. To the contrary, it increases it. Comes Turkey Day and I believe the Beavers will leave an impression for all to take notice.

Today thousands of athletes are throwing away their pigskins and gloves to pitch in to beat the Axis. Every day you read of the notable achievements made by former star athletes in various sports. Probably all of you remember Tommy Harmon of Michigan. Well, Tommy went into Cadets and came out a commissioned officer. Later he was assigned a P-38 to fly in combat. In the papers the other day we read where the War Department declared him officially missing. We all hope that lightning strikes twice in the case of Tommy Harmon, for Tommy was declared missing before only to turn up eager for more action.

How many of you remember the great Nile Kinnick? He was a great U. of Iowa football star of not so long ago. Well, he was killed over the Pacific a few months back. Yes, the athletes of the world are carving a name for themselves, even going as far to make the supreme sacrifice.

"EXHAUST" Squadron V

Dear Goltrood, How's everything in Houston? All de bums here is pretty O.K. . . . Guess you'd like to gear all I hold about dem wooden you? You know dis joik Secoy? De guy dey call Giggy, Jr? Well he gets in a fight wid a dame, her name is Mary Lou. So he tosses her on de floor and hoits her purty much. She still standin up eatin'. Such a joik.

Well I guess you know de Wing Ball was a big knock down and drag out success. Sure was one big much swell time. Sure wish you could be here to cut the rug. No one can toitle like Moitle, I always say.

Squadron Commander Javedas turned in de wedder repote as being ceiling "too low" this morning. Said he was waiting for his gal so long dat de clouds settled so low he looked down on dem. She finally showed up and dey took off on de beam.

Mr. Sorenson the big mum was bragging dat he trucked a few steps with de beauty queen, and de gals grabbing Mr. Cilvin to jive. Also seen at the shindig was Mr. O'Brien wearing his O. D. for de foist time.

Well Gertie, that de woiks until de next time. Haba Haba.

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Contact Squadron II

Are you going to adopt him, Gill? Several complaints have been heard about the reluctance of Mr. Van Weren when asked to release that bit of lace he was dragging Saturday night. It seems that the bourgeoisie have no chance when Mr. Van Weren has the hands-off policy in effect.

What was in that box Mr. Frisk was toting around this week-end? The way he was tenderly caressing it one might think it was radium or that even more precious commodity, shoes. Pertinent question of the week—After all the screaming about dates, where was Mr. May's date?

Every week it's the same old stuff, but now you can have your T. S. cards punched. T.S. is for Tough Sledging. Mr. Bigelow was passing them out by the handful. Each time he would tag a fellow beaver he would hand out a card. The individual who was tagged was left with a very perplexed look on his face.

What over-zealous gentlemen were seen shovin' and tuggin' at a '40 . . . - 8 truck last Friday nite? Was it their interest in mechanics, or the six luscious femmes ensconced therein? Some calculations were heard about the brotostrope, frotostram and railfrat. When they were sprinting back to the barracks they kept lamenting the fact that the thing wouldn't start.

The Long Island lad, Mr. "Willy" Rabin, has been conducting considerable research in the library among the deep and enlightening volumes of Esquire.

The Messrs. Sorenson and Wilbur head the "T.S." list. They broke all records running their dates back Saturday night, but they just didn't make it. That's really tough, gentlemen.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs were sensational at the Ball. We didn't know Hobbs had it in him. Not at least judging from his lack of exertion at P.E.

A/S Don Gilliam keeps repeating that old poem about "My Little Shadow." His shadow is with him come rain or shine. In this case, Staff Sergeant Dorlan is playing the role of the shadow.

SAW VARSITY'S HORNS OFF!

We're right behind you Aggies and wish you the best of luck in the Turkey Day classic.

Fight 'Em to a Standstill and Let's Beat Texas!

ZUBIK & SONS ---UNIFORMS---

North Gate

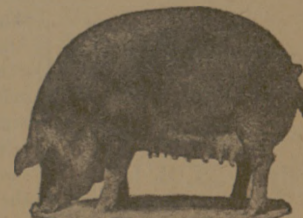
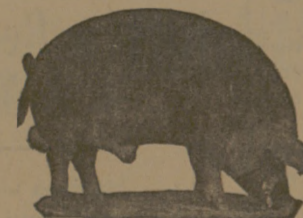
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