

OFFICIAL NOTICES

Classified

LOST—A ladies red purse at bonfire, dance, Aggiefield Inn, or in Bryan Wednesday night between 8 p.m. and 2 a.m. Tuesday morning. Contents included a small amount of change, lipstick, rouge, candy, white blouse with name on it, and gum. Nada LeYonne Redman is the name written inside the purse. If you have any information leading to the recovery of this purse, a reward is waiting for you in room 19 of P. G. Hall.

WANTED: Air Corps officer wants single room in a private home within easy walking distance of campus. Contact Lt. Norris, 4-1188.

FOR SALE—Very choice Holstein, Guernsey, and Ayrshire heifers \$25 each and up. Shipped C. O. D. if desired. Bull free with 5 heifers. Homestead Farms, McCraw, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Boys all wool trousers will fit 15 or 16 year old boy. Also Argie uniforms of same size. Phone 4-8314.

FOR RENT—One large room with twin beds. To men only. Phone 4-8314.

Executive Offices

The Student Personnel Office is holding a khaki army jacket, size 34 1/2, found in 105 Academic Building.

Announcements

As has been the custom in the past, Christmas holidays for the CLEGGAL force of the College will be from five o'clock on the 23rd through the 28th.

On Nov. 10th the C. S. Hammond Company stated they were sending to the Library a copy of Supplement No. 14 to New World Atlas. It has not been received by the Library; has it, because of inadequate address, been delivered elsewhere. (Mrs.) A. A. Barnard

CANDIDATES FOR DEGREES: December 15, is the deadline for filing applications for degrees to be conferred at the end of the current semester. This deadline applies to both graduate and undergraduate students. Those students who have not already done so should make formal application in the Registrar's Office immediately. H. L. HEATON, Registrar.

TEXAS METHODIST STUDENTS ELECT AGGIE TO HIGH OFFICE—Abie Jack Adrian of Baytown, Texas, was elected Vice President of the Texas Methodist Student Movement at Denton, November 26-28. Adrian is an Aggie freshman pre-ministerial student, a local preacher, and pastor of Cook's Point Methodist Church.

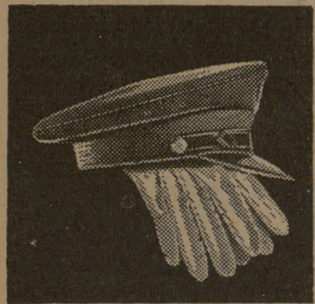
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Trimming Tabs Squadron I

Here we are again gentlemen, getting ready to put out another Squadron I column for you to have some reading matter during your classes. We are wondering whether or not the columns following this will be read, because tomorrow is the last day of school, and you will have to find some other time to read the paper.

On behalf of Messrs. Summers, Hunter, Johnson and Ives, let us thank the whole squadron for the way that they came through on supporting the banquet. Let's turn around now and thank the aforementioned Gentlemen, for the brilliant way in which they made the affair a success.

Capt. Hill was quite generous with that "open post" privilege until 11:30 after the banquet, and some of the boys really took advantage of it. By the way, Mr. Mabry, Mr. Thomason, and Mr. Jones, when you were out with Mr. Davis after the banquet, did you find out who "Maisie" really was?

Attention Mrs. H. Lancaster—Your husband was heard to remark, he would like to have Santa bring him a pipe for Christmas.

We don't want to mention names, but those two gentlemen that went to 11 o'clock P. E. Tuesday out of uniform, looked real silly taking exercises in raincoats.

It seems that those two silent partners who are in charge of Squadron I are becoming quite talkative. The only trouble is that what they say, is being written down on gig sheets. The noise has been quite disturbing to the members of the squadron, so how about all of us bearing down in our rooms and stop this uproar.

Well our career as hot pilots has been temporarily halted, for which some of us are not too sorry, because now a certain part of our anatomy will have a chance to heal.

As well as our pilot careers have ended, so ends this column. It is only temporary, it will continue when the next issue is printed.

We wish to make a reminder that mail takes much longer now, and if you have any packages that you want to arrive by Christmas, mail it now.

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

Civilian flying instructors from Air Forces Training Detachments are taking one of the hardest beatings of the war.

With the demand to throw everything into the fight, civilian instructors who teach Army pilots must do more and more work, more and more efficiently in less and less time. Ironically, they are getting fewer and fewer thanks.

Every civilian instructor would rather be in combat than where he is. Rather? He would LOVE to be in combat, flying fast ships, lapping up a little glory for himself. And he well might do just that, for he is one of the best pilots in the world.

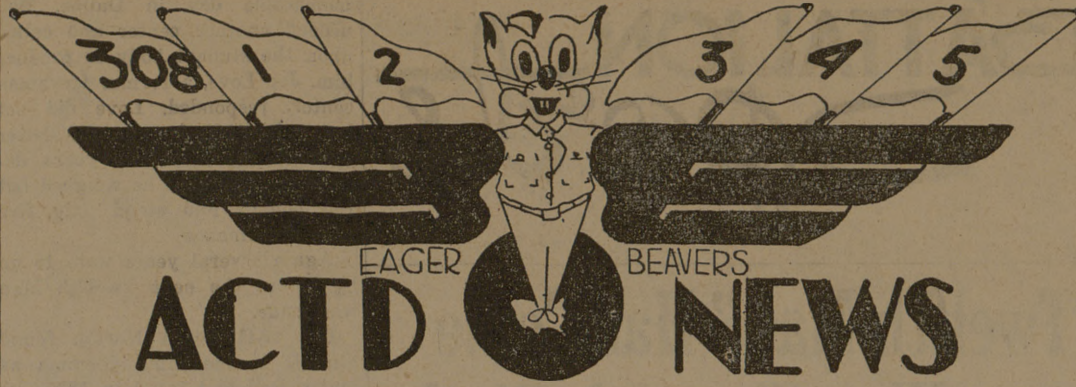
Just a few things to keep him from going to combat: The Air Forces' insistence that he stay where he is; his loyalty to the AAF; and the knowledge that he can create 40 to 100 pilots whereas he himself constitutes only one.

An instructor who can throttle back his temper a hundred times a day as some new cadet bangs him for a rough landing or dumps him upside down in the ozone 3,000 feet above the earth righteously sees purple when someone asks: "Why aren't you in the Army?" "How do you get by in the draft board?" or, "Why are you on reserve status?"

These questions demand a straight, quick answer, and here it is: The civilian flying instructor has been placed on reserve status and kept at his post because he is doing a more important war job than he possibly could do anywhere else in the world. He is doing exactly the same job that Army instructors in uniform are doing at other schools. He must be a specialist of the first order; an instructor, a psychologist, a salesman in one—and he is.

The civilian instructor is like an ace jockey, experienced enough to teach the kid brother how to ride an old nag in preparation for the big race, and patient enough to stand at the edge of the race track and see the kid come in on a fast winner. As jockey he could win only one race at a time; as trainer he can put winners in all the races at once.

When the Air Forces is doing a magnificent job—as it has done to date—certainly the civilians responsible for shaping the pilot's entire career, by starting him down the right track should rate nothing less than the heartiest congratulations, a good handshake, and a pat on the back.



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The ACTD News is written and edited by Aviation Students of the 38th College Training Detachment, College Station, Texas.

National Victory Poster Contest Opened To Service Men

Fourteen Prizes Offered

THE DIFFERENCE

Dead on a steaming beachhead, Face in the sodden sand— Dead for the folks, forget, Home in light-hearted land! ("Get me a series ticket! . . . "Who do ya think'll win?" "What do ya like at Belmont?") Hark to the Playboys' din!

There by the battered barges, Raging and prone and done; Paying the last full measure There in the tropic sun. ("What is a funny girl show?" "Where will we eat tonight?") God, do we hear aright!

Facing the foe as always, Gun in his stiffened hand; Joining the dead who saves us, Back where the going's grand . . . ("Hurry! I got the double!" . . . "Slip me a real good thing!" . . . "I know a swell new night club.") Is it of this I sing?

Dead with a buddy near him, Each like a rumped sack; There with hour bravest youngsters Fate is not sending back. ("Hey, do ya play gin rummy?" "Waiter, a good thick steak . . . "Where can we go this week-end?") Cut it, for pity's sake!

Boy on the beach at daybreak, Killed in the first attack Washed by the tide now ebbing, Crumpled beside his pack . . . ("Gee, ain't these taxes orful?" "Look what I gotta pay." "Cripes, how they take my money!") Can it be this they say!

Blood in a ghastly trickle, Soiling the sands so white, There where a boy lies lifeless After the slashing fight . . . (How can I buy more War Bonds? . . . "Ain't I done all I can?" . . . "Gee, but a guy's no gold mine!") Strange is the breed called men!

Gremlins Squadron V

Today's staff whose last column appeared in Saturday's issue wishes to apologize to our brother squadrons for using the word "superior." When we arrived here our flight lieutenants kept telling us to be proud. It seems this attitude was too strong at the time and must have influenced our column. Pardon us, Gentlemen.

A/S J. C. McFarlin, a truly eager beaver, has been fast at work in arranging for the Wing Ball. He has already selected a dance partner for the occasion. Methods used—military secret. . . Sqd. V's 1st Sgt. (60 minutes a word) J. A. Knost finds himself in the position of offering a solo in the near future, but as yet is without sheet music. . . Notice to Mr. Lee—Chaplain's office open on Tuesdays only—but cheer up, all days can't be off-days like last Monday. . . Mr. Blackman, math professor, created quite a stir in class last Monday when announcing Wichita Falls, Texas, as the home of Mr. Geren. No offense meant to Mr. Geren, it just brought back memories. . . Members of academic flight 51 are greatly concerned about the voice of Mr. Evans. However, the flight promised to produce a man in case his voice gives out.

Even though gasoline has been rationed for over a year and a half, we are again experiencing the thrill of being caught in a traffic jam. This seems to be most prevalent while waiting for classes around the Academic Building. Do not worry gentlemen we will get used to the crowds pretty soon, and then we will have time to take a drag on a fag, perhaps? . . . After our first sample of P. T. all we can say is—Whew! Whew! But don't forget gentlemen you will always have the road run to pep you up after P. T. . . This staff's trade mark is H. Ohm.

Wing News

Lieutenant Grover has received a letter from A/S James H. Proctor of the old Squadron V which is at present enduring classification rigors at SACC. To quote Mr. Proctor directly:

"A. & M. has started to pay off and I really mean it. We are in with a bunch of boys from Oklahoma and we've showed them up in all respects. We are in flights A, B, and C and they are in D, E, and F. Our Squadron Commander says that he wants to save the A. & M. boys for marling and he's going to put the Oklahoma boys on permanent detail in another example—we were told that on Saturday morning we would have a strict inspection of our barracks by our Squadron Commander. He came through Saturday morning and inspected A and B flights and remarked, 'They're no use inspecting C barracks they're A. & M. boys, too.' He was really pleased. Our first sergeant asked the captain, 'Can

was the next one called to the mike. He said that he was quite pleased that he had been associated with Squadron I while he had been here, and that he could not have asked for any better officers than Capt. Hill, Lt. Segrest, and Sgt. Hutcheson. Mr. Smith, Chief Pilot at Eaterwood Field, was the next speaker. He explained that this ten hour flying time has a great deal of importance. He gave us figures, which showed that since this idea of C. T. D. has been established and the men have been getting flight instruction, the percentage of washouts in primary has decreased tremendously.

This was the end of the program, and with the words of Mr. Bertolino, "Gentlemen, you're on your own," the banquet came to its end.

I march them around the block and show them off.

"I think Sheldon has Student Squadron Commander cinched. Javedas, Harcharick and Picard are getting at least flight lieutenants jobs. In fact, we are getting all the squadron jobs."

That gives you Eager Beavers here a rough idea of what they think of Captain Hill's boys down at SAACC.

A contest will be held shortly to determine a new and original name for our Eager Beaver Dance Band. Suitable rewards will be offered to the student submitting the winning name. Only Aviation Students are eligible for the contest. Further information will be printed at a later date.

With only twenty minutes advance warning, the Eager Beaver Band went on the air last Sunday and contributed six numbers to the half-hour All-Service Show. Miss Sue Hargroves, accompanied by the band, sang "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," while A/S Horace Acuff offered "Dearie Beloved." The band played "I Dug a Ditch," "Tonight We Love," "In The Mood" and closed with their theme, "Deep Purple."

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