

CLASSIFIED

WANTED—Log Duplex Slide-rule—No. 478. Saturday Please return to Dorm Room 420.

MISSING—One serge shirt, size 14 1/2 x made by Mend and Hornak. Reward return on information leading to recovery. No questions asked. See B. W. Levy, D-7, Walton Hall.

WANTED to rent furnished or unfurnished apartment. Will also consider purchasing home. See W. F. Oxford, Jr., Chemistry Dept.

WANTED: Air Corps officer within single room in a private home within easy walking distance of campus. Contact Lt. Norris, 4-1193.

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.

Announcements

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

Called meeting Brazos Union Lodge No. 129 tonight at 7:30. There will be work in the Master's Degree. All members and visiting brethren are cordially invited to be present. J. D. Benson, W. M. J. W. Hall, Sec.

There will be a meeting of the New Corners Club at the home of Mrs. C. A. Robinson, corner of Pershing and Jackson, South Oakwood on Wednesday at 2:30. Mrs. Mathews and Mrs. Balance will be co-hostesses.

TOWN HALL
(Continued from Page 1)

pella Coir of Bryan High School. Until the close of the semester he will remain as such, working with the Bryan group in the morning and Aggies in the afternoon. His solo will be the Christmas favorite "O Holy Night."

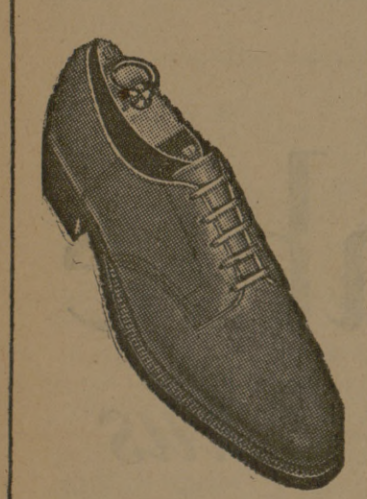
Other soloists for the club will be Watson Keeney in the "Marine's Hymn" and Burl Ervin rendering the lead in "Short'nin' Bread." The cadets' select octette will sing a new arrangement of "The Bells of St. Mary's."

Sunday night the Singing Cadet's journeyed to Navasota and presented a Christmas program at the Presbyterian Church. After the service the church served supper to the boys who thanked them with an impromptu program of Aggie songs. The only other trip scheduled for this semester will be one to Denton, Texas, where they will serenade the "angels in Aggie Heaven."

Tickets are now available for this performance at the Student Activities Office in the Administration Building. Individual seats are priced at fifty cents.

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Waldrop & Co
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Contact, Sq. II
Fellow orators, this is your correspondent who has been writing on this column since we've been here and who is repeatedly being flunked in English essays. With music etc. in the air and those gentlemen of Puryear displaying that Merry Christmas sign we thought it about time to inject a bit a Yule into this.

What do you lads want for Christmas: Mr. Erkila wants four buttons for his field jacket and a can of shoe polish. Mr. Robson is going to give it to him. It has been said that George takes at least three steps before his uniform gets under way—Mr. Meehan wants an apology for the slanderous name we called his. We apologize. . . . We want to say congratulations, luck, and thanks to Dr. McCorkle. Also, we want to highly recommend A. S. T. P. Sgt. Greenberg, WTAW, Sunday noon warbling. Put it on your must list. Many requests have been made for a column devoted to the "Order of the High Sabu." Repeated attempts to get permission to print such a story has been met with a fishy eye. We ask anyone who is on the inside to use his influence for a release of this story. That's all for this week, beavers.

Spotlight on Sports

Sunday afternoon Squadron I again proved its supremacy by defeating Squadron III by a score of 64 to 6. Squadron III's only score came in the last quarter when Mr. Hoover, from Squadron I fumbled the ball and Mr. Jerulle of III recovered for a touchdown. The lineup for Squadron III was as follows: At end was Klingensmith and Spillsbury. At the center spot was Wilkens. Benis, Hoover, and Lorenzetti composed the backfield. Lorenzetti and Spillsbury stood out, their passing combination couldn't be broken. Squadron III lineup consisted of Cooper and Jerulle at ends, Muller, Glass, Martin, and McGinnis were the backs. Mr. Martin and Mueller led Squadron III.

Squadron I started by scoring 22 points the first quarter. With three touchdowns and spectacular catch made by the fast-moving and quick-thinking Mr. Hoover. The second quarter three subs were sent in by Squadron III. Mr. Martin of Squadron III threw some beautiful passes but were not completed, thanks to the amazing backfield of Squadron III who blocked all of Squadron III's passes; that is, with the exception of those that were intercepted. The second quarter ended with the score 36-0.

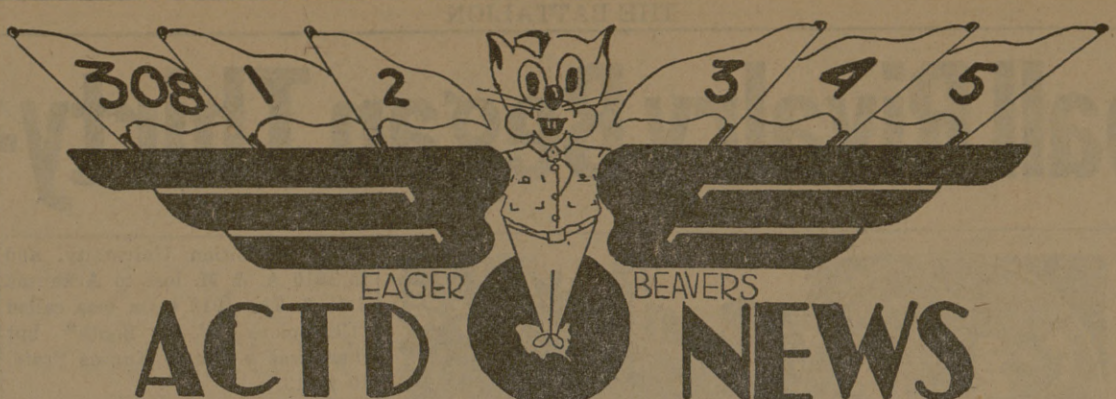
Squadron I started the third quarter by intercepting a long pass thrown by McGinnis. In a few well executed plays Squadron I zoomed over for a touchdown. The high spot of the third quarter was the almost impossible interception by Mr. Spillsbury. Mr. Spillsbury jumped high into the blue horizon at least five feet so say the observers, to snatch the ball out of the air. His fellow teammates still don't believe what they saw, but as you all know they passed their 64, so it must have happened. The score at the end of the third quarter was 49 to 0.

The fourth quarter consisted of some amazing single, double, triple, and quadruple reverse plays sprung on Squadron III.

To quote Mr. McGinnis of III, "we didn't know who had the ball." "We wuz baffled!" Everything was one-sided until Mr. Hoover did his juggling act with the pigskin. (Frankly though it's not a pigskin it's an imitation rubber ball.) Mr. Hoover was supposed to be at the receiving end of a long pass. Seeing as the odds were against Squadron III he slowed the ball down thus making it possible for Squadron III to score its only touchdown. Jerulle ran it over with Hoover hot in pursuit. An hour later Mr. Hoover was found talking to the chaplain about buying a T. S. card. (Tug sailing) After a few more trick plays by Squadron I the game ended with the score 64-6.

You Fly Ten Easy Lessons

(Editor's note—Article extracted from Aircrew Newspaper, MC of M & T, December 5, 1943, Houghton, Michigan.)
Flying is a very simple matter based purely on the skill and coordination of the individual. No difficulties should be encountered if everything is done properly. That one word "if" ruined me as a flyer. Of course I was a pretty good flyer as pilots go and as pilots go—I went. I went up for the first time and made it fine. Did not have a bit of trouble at all—except just keeping the wings level and staying at the same altitude and going in one direction at a time. Direction is what messed me



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

Wing Ball This Saturday

Christmas in Many Lands

The following facts were retrieved from the magazine called "Facts."
Historians do not have positive proof that December 25th is the actual date of the birth of Christ. However, with the aid of astronomers, they have figured out that it must have been about the time of the winter solstice—that is when the days are the shortest north of the equator and the sun is farthest away from that half of the earth. This particular season of the year also was a period of rejoicing and feasting on the part of the ancient Romans. Hence, when the Christian faith began to spread, it was thought wise to celebrate Christmas at this same time—thus supplanting the customary old heathen festival.

The first idea of the Christmas tree is not definitely known. According to a familiar tradition it was Martin Luther. He is said to have thought of it while trying to describe to his wife the beauties of the stars on the night when Jesus was born. Finding it impossible to give her a picture of them in words, he brought a fir tree into the house and placed small lighted candles upon its branches to symbolize stars of old.

Santa Claus, the fat, jovial fellow with whom we always associate merry-making at Christmas time, did not gain his plumpness until he began climbing down chimneys in America. German children have been taught to look upon Santa as a tall, thin fellow wearing a peaked hat, who always had his pockets filled with sugar plums for the kiddies. Even that is a modification. Saint Nick, as Santa was originally called was first pictured in the northern lands, where he was conceived, as a grim figure riding upon a white horse, and resembling our modern fancy of the image of death.

The Scotch think it is unlucky for any but a dark-haired person to cross a threshold first on Christmas day.

The country folk of England and Wales believe that persons dying on Christmas Eve are certain of eternal happiness.

up. Up there you can go up, down, forward or sideways. Feels as if you might just get excited and scatter in all directions some time. As I was taking my third lesson air sickness overtook me—or took me over, I should have said. You know what airsickness is! That's when you are doing a lot of maneuvers and after a while you stop but your stomach doesn't! So now I'm vice-president of the Sad Sack Club.

Ah, but flying is truly the life. Only yesterday as we were coming in off my sixth hour of flight my instructor complimented me. He really made me feel fine. As a matter of fact I was all up in the air about it. It happened like this:

We were flying along on a straight level (?) course. The instructor said, "Mr. Dumbjohn, you have improved quite a bit in the last two lessons." (Of course I enjoy praise as much as anyone, so I felt good.) "I almost believe," he continued, rudely interrupting my pleasant thoughts, "that if you continue to improve you might be able to fly straight and level on your final check flight."

Gremlins, Sq. I

During the past few days the student officers of Squadron V have been appointed. As you know these men were first required to prove their ability in the positions for which they were chosen. They began their work last Monday, and after a week of apprenticeship there seemed to be no doubt that Lt. Kettler quickly approved their appointment. These appointments were as follows: Masters A. H. Miller, Squadron Commander; E. W. Marvel, Squadron Adjutant; J. O.

Wings News

The monthly Wing Ball will be held December 18, 1943, as you probably will figure out to come around Saturday of this week. For the information of the fellows who have never attended an event such as this, I will try to tell you briefly the procedure we try to follow at the dance. Usually, girls are invited from the nearby cities such as Houston, Dallas, and the such; a group of Beavers are then detailed to pick up the beauties and take them to supper, and later escort them to the dance.

The Wing Ball Committee takes charge of housing, feeding, and the whole dance in proper. Every Squadron has three representatives on the committee. Various officers are in charge of the committee.

The dance usually begins around 8 o'clock, and follows a suitable pattern afterwards. The Beavers are then instructed in the art of how to dance, and finally let go to seek their ray of sunshine.

Of course, Beavers, competition is keen, but don't let anyone take your beauty away. A few dances with another beaver is okay, but that's all.

In previous dances the music has been grand. As anyone who attended the last ball will tell you, their out of this world. The music is steam on the beam. All the "jacks" say they cook with helium, and not plain gas. I'm telling you, beavers they are strictly instrumental. No matter what band plays we are sure of superb music from the bandstand.

A little warning for you beavers! It isn't too late to get your date to come down if you have one. So let's use your feet for something besides marching.

Congratulations are sent out to Mr. Gallino who went and got married Saturday to a beautiful brunett. What's her name, Mr. Gallino?

We would like to suggest to the "BATT" editor that a small corner be put aside in the paper with a mailing blank. This would allow many service men to put a 1 1/2¢ stamp on it and send it home. It would help spread the voice of A. & M. all over the U. S.

Knost, First Sgt.; P. Lightstone, W. Mendricks and R. Fisher, Flight Lieutenants; A. L. Herbert, Supply Lieutenant; J. Kalk, M. Wolfe and E. Samppalo, Flight Sgts.; F. Magee, Supply Sgt.; Berlow, Albers, Bartz, Camp, Wood, Moss, Rieke, Shaffer, Hodge, Leoney, Formanto and Burkett, Flight Cpls.; and E. E. Meuckler, Athletic Officer.

In order that the men of this squadron can know their student officers better, we would like to devote part of this column to introducing our Squadron Commander Mr. Alvin H. Miller. Mr. Miller is a native of Richmond, Va., is 23 years of age and has been in the service for over a year. Before being assigned to the Air Force, he spent ten months in the Infantry at Camp Howze, Texas. In the infantry he served in a mortar platoon and also in Battalion Intelligence. As a civilian Mr. Miller was a fingerprint expert working with the F. B. I. in Washington, D. C. He is a graduate of Richmond Univ., and a member of S. A. E. fraternity.

Mr. Miller is eager to do his best in the position he now holds. He wants to thank you men for the cooperation you have shown him in his first week as Squadron Commander, and feels that if this spirit is sustained by the men in each Flight that the Squadron is going to be an efficient organization. Although he realizes the nature of time spent by you men in the Army may vary greatly, he feels sure the cooperative spirit will prevail among his men. H. Ohm.

HELP BRING VICTORY . . .
BUY WAR BONDS TODAY!

Spirit and Friendliness

"Howdy," says the Aggie as you pass him on the street.

"Fish Jones is my name," says the Aggie freshman as he grips your hand in a firm greeting.

Many of the ACTD students who make A. & M. merely their temporary home have wondered what lies behind these A. & M. traditions.

Back on October 4, 1876, the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, the Lone Star State's first institution of higher learning, opened its doors to admit a total of 40 students. The school year of 1942 saw an enrollment of 7,000.

The origins of some of the customs that prevail on the campus can be traced to definite incidents, while there are still mysteries concerning the background of others.

ACTD men stationed here saw the bonfire built the night before the big Thanksgiving Dag game with Texas University. They probably heard the freshman greeting everyone with, "beat the H— out of Texas U." They undoubtedly noticed that the whole Aggie cheering section remained standing throughout the entire game.

That last custom has a story to which A. & M. alumnae point with pride. In 1922 the Aggies entered the Centre game with exactly eleven men. The squad had been hit hard by a flu epidemic. After a few minutes of play, an Aggie was injured. The coach, in desperation, turned to the crowd and asked

for volunteers to don a uniform and get in the game. To a man, the entire Aggie section rose to volunteer.

That part of Aggie spirit and hospitality which Air Corps men are most familiar is the custom the Aggies have of greeting everyone they pass on the campus. The Aggies develop this habit in their freshman year. Formerly they were "encouraged" by upperclassmen to develop this habit, but since the hazing and "Float-Out System" has been eliminated for the duration of the year, the freshmen have maintained this custom on their own initiative.

All freshmen lose their first name as soon as they hit the campus and in its place they assume the name "Frog." When they reach their second semester they're promoted to the rank of "Fish." No one seems to know what lies behind this tradition, but like all the rest it is an unforgettable part of the A. & M. College of Texas.

SIDNEY I. GREENBERG
(WILLIAM A. MILLER)
REWRITE
THEODORE LEVINE

Bull-Bomber, Sq. IV

"MAIL CALL!" At the sound of this familiar phrase comes a long shrill whistle as "THE RED BULLET" (AgS.E. Eager Beavers) buzzes around corners and downstairs, halting in the midst of his buddies to listen for his name to be called.

At long last a letter is passed to him. He mumbles and fumbles as he nervously opens the sweetly-scented envelope. There written in the familiar feminine hand of his

best girl he sees: "Dear Red, I was married last week to your friend Fore F. Drafty. Isn't that simply wonderful?" After this he is carried away to a quiet room in the local hospital for shock treatment.

A long period of deep consideration elapses before he meekly replies with his congratulations and asks if her husband would mind his writing to her possibly once a month in the place of his formerly well-expressed feeling for her, he writes of things like the new Classification Center in room I-13 and the good jokes that he heard Sunday night at the "bull session" under the direction of "Benito."

All this adds up to but one thing; a broken heart. Unless something is done to revive him soon his morale will reach the breaking point and thereby render him useless. For this cause A/S Eddie Christopherson has contributed the name and address of one of his "spare" girl friends. Information pertaining to above-named "babe" can be obtained in "Chris's" room any hour after eight at night.

He ends with the words, "That's all." That's right, that's all.

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LOUPOT'S
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