

OFFICIAL NOTICES

Classified

LOST—Sterling silver, gold plated identification bracelet. Please return to Tommy O'Dwyer, 44 Milner, for reward.

LOST—Log Log Duplex Slide-rule—No. 945678, Saturday Please return to Dorm 3, Room 420.

MISSING—One serge shirt, size 14 1/2 x 32 made by Mendel and Hornak. Reward for return or 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.

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. X.

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 25th.

Commandants Office

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT
Circular No. 16:
1. The following actions of the DISCIPLINE COMMITTEE, duly approved by the PRESIDENT of the COLLEGE are announced:
A. DISCIPLINE CASE NO. 771—Cadet John R. Wade and Carroll S. Weaver.
CHARGE: Having accumulated demerits in excess of their limit.
FINDINGS: Guilty.
SENTENCE: Cadet John R. Wade to be suspended until 6:00 p.m. December 17, 1943, and upon return to be censured for the remainder of the current semester. Cadet Carroll S. Weaver to be suspended until 6:00 p.m. December 17, 1943.
M. D. WELTY, Colonel, Infantry Commandant

Trimming Tabs, Sq. 1

Dear reader, and we do mean you. The English prof before you isn't talking through his hat. Stop reading and listen to him. Well, now that we are all alone, we can say what we please. You know, that would be fun. Oh, the people we would roll in the ditch!
Dirty doings: There's a new fad going the rounds of our Squadron. Some guy got the idea of pouncing on innocent, sleeping fingers and piggies and giving them a glossy coating of "Dragon's Blood" nail polish. Woe to the many victims; some of us have to swim every day. The boys would be embarrassed to go swimming with a bunch of ladies. We haven't got the dope on the guy to sleep at night with the cover up to his

LOUPOT'S

Trade With Lou — He's Right With You!

Gremlins, Sq. V

A Letter Home—Dear Mom; We have been here over two weeks. After our processing period; getting our books and clothes in order, we finally settled down to expect the worst. Most of the old timers warned us about class work and the tough work in math, physics, history, and geography. Our physical training is the real problem, and hard.

However, after we get used to it, we won't find it too hard. I feel better now after taking the exercises, which we take. I still have trouble getting my second wind, but if the others can take it, so can I.

The school is grand and the variety of men on our campus are congenial. Our military brothers; the Navy, Marines and Army Specialized Training boys and the Texas "Aggies" are very friendly. Naturally, we have a few rubbing remarks, but all of it is in fun. After all, Mom, we look forward to a lot of fun.

It has been a long time since I had classes in physics, math, history, and geography. Our classes are fast and the work is not too hard except that its literally thrown at you. Every class session has its significance in our career as good soldiers. We do the best we can.

The weather is fine. Please do not worry about me. Uncle Sam takes care of his 'boys.'

Say hello to the neighbors for me. I'll write you later this week. Yours, "Kaye"

ears and his hands are well hidden.

The honorable Mr. Bridge claims that he was a life guard at one time. Tsk, tsk, Bridgee, old boy, what are you doing in the swimming class? Giving the boys lessons, huh?

Mystery of the week: Where did all the buglers disappear to? Couldn't be that they were drafted?

Mr. John Lazar wins the Sad Sack nomination of the week. He's tearing his hair out over what to give dear wife for Xmas. Suggestions, John, read the shopping news. There's only seven shopping days to go.

Well, fellow C fliers, have we got the spirit? I'll say we have. Mr. Martin and Mr. Levine like to strut to the tune of "Indiana State". They really are good cheer leaders for the rest of the gang.

So long, fellow mourners, the time is drawing nigh, the sun is setting behind that wonderful hill we talk so much about. You know, the one you go over (on the way to town.)



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

Christmas Then--Now--Forever

Yuletide Spirit

When the month of December comes hastily dashing off the last lingering days of the old year, free peoples anticipate with reverence and joy, the festival of Christmas. America has always risen in a great and spontaneous extravaganza of its freedom prosperity, and love of things fine and good.

But what of Christmas 1943? America finds itself in a greater extravaganza of its freedom, prosperity, and love of things fine and good, and Americans, spreading their might all over the world, and showing their willingness to sacrifice all for these virtues. That children may forever share in the joy of a Christmas Eve and sit among their families, experiencing all the beauty of the Yuletide; that carolers may sing their joy and praises on a star-studded, white-velveted night; that lovers may dance over shining floors of golden dreams; that proud mothers may happily conjure great feasts for those they idolize; and that Christians everywhere may go to the little church by the way or the Cathedral on the avenue; and bask in the peace and security of Him, for whom this day is dedicated, America rises like some great giant with its unfathomable might to sweep from the world the filth that it has gathered. So that on another Christmas they may make this a cleaner and more deserving world for the Prince of Peace to look upon on his birthday.

And so as we spend this Christmas, many of us far from home, let us resolve that those men who gave their lives in flaming, cruel,

Hangar Flying, Sq. III

Back again trying to get this column in print. If we are lucky perhaps Squadron III's Beavers will be able to catch up on the news... Here is a reprint on a badly mutilated bit in a former column. It concerns Mr. Shambolin. He was bragging to us that he never had a broken bone in his life. So now we will proceed to disprove both statements. We happen to know that at one time Little Leo was leading the cows home from pasture and when going down the ranks to see if they were dressing right and covering down, had his toe stepped on by one of the mastodons. The result was a broken bone. Don't get too close to Flight B. Mr. Shambolin, those clowns are liable to break both your legs... Squadron II's mascot is back. Mr. "Pint-Sized" Brodick took up where he left off and stood the K C dance on its collective ear by picking on and dancing with the tallest damsel in the room. Same ole lad... Came a luscious chocolate cake the other day from a young lady down Dallas way to Mr. "Ilove-mall" Johnstone. It seems the gentleman had a birthday. (We didn't know he was born, we thought he was invented.) Well any way he returned the favor and now they are knocking the postman out with long juicy letters. Meanwhile Mr. Peter Dell is turning green with envy. He couldn't get to first base with the girl. Try that best seller by Dale Carnegie... This place must be getting Mr. Papic down. He hasn't reached the stage where he cuts out paper dolls, but he is buying toy ones. Tsh-tsh, Mr. Papic, and at your age too... We wish to make this announcement, quote Mr. Shaw "Crime don't pay." After all those tours we don't doubt that he will change his ways. Also this gentleman was classified as a Non-Swimmer at the test the other day. He shouldn't be after all the experience he has had with water both throwing and dodging... Glad to have Mr. Maddox back, we all missed his version of Frank Sinatra's version of Bing Crosby's version of White Christmas... So long Gents—See you in next Tuesday's column... Little Dog.

You Too Can Fly

(So we speak—theoretically) Physics is a wonderful subject. First you have it and then you don't: Gentlemen, when is an inch, not an inch? Ans. An inch is an inch when you multiply Density by hot boiling water, kick around some pressure, pick at the volume, delute it with Math, subtract the pot, blow the flame-out (brains too, if any) decide the exit you wish to use and take it. Please close the door quietly. (Authoritative resource: Physics Vol. T. S.—Sec 8.) T. S. Meaning 'Tough Subject' (?)

Mother told me there would be —daze—like this. Contrary to popular belief, we're the cream of the crop. What crop in Texas? With paper as a scarce item, we do the following to speed up the paper drive: Carefully copy all notes in class that the instructors give us and prepare to file them away—neatly folding them 5 x 5 and ex-ting them into the waste paper basket—using the Bombardier method. Let Tangent Angle equal 60 degrees travel Northeast by Southwest at elevation—Zero. Be sure not to mention the weather reports—the Enemy has ears (dirty ones, too.)

Summary—you have learned that what you know is—what you know. It's an elementary disputed fact. When is a Nautical Mile not a Nautical Mile? A D—good question. That's easy! Ans. (Geography.) When you can get enough gas from your ration board to paddle your own canoe cross-country, seeing and using the North Star along with Venus, located in the Solar System.

Next, we'll find the conclusion that Day is Night and Winters are

valiant death on the dozens of blood-stained fields of battle, shall not have died in vain. And those untrained, poorly equipped, but spirited Americans who died in the last war should not have died in vain. They strove to make the "World safe for Democracy" and must look upon it today with bitter tears.

When those heroes came back the last time they had ideas about what needed be in the world. They knew that the German nation was not defeated and only given a brief respite. They returned to live in the spirit of great Christmases and now must now watch with anxious eyes their own sons plod through the mud of battle knowing that they had won a war and lost a peace. And as those men kneel before God on Christmas morn, they bow their heads and ask that American youth set this world right for a final and definite victory, so that their sons will not be marching off on Christmas of 1965.

American youth, a large portion of your life has been taken in this war. Unfortunately this came at the time that you were endeavoring to establish a niche in this everyday strife. Let us resolve that those persons who would take away your right to do those cherished things, such as voting, be reprimanded whether they seek to do these things by democratic or tyrannical methods. You are going to emerge the mightiest body of men ever assembled for the preservation of love, life and happiness. Resolve yourselves on Christmas day to ask God to forgive this foolish world and for guidance in the post-war reestablishment. Ask that once again the American way of living be resumed. We don't ask that drastic changes be made.

May we all enjoy brighter Christmases to come and on those days may we feel a deep-rooted pride and satisfaction in saying, "Peace on Earth and Good-Will to Man."

It is your responsibility to God and country, may both give you strength.

WING NEWS

A suggestion has been made to your Editor that the following request be printed: Students, who are seeking to eliminate much of the confusion, are asking that cards with numbers or letters designating the type uniform for the day or for the next formation be placed on the double bulletin boards at regular allotted times. This will prevent students from coming out for formations not in the proper uniform. Placing these cards on the bulletin boards could be a duty assigned to the Charge of Quarters for the day.

A/S and Mrs. Morgan S. Boston represented the 308th College Training Detachment in last Sunday's "Battle of the Sexes" radio quiz program over WTAW.

1st Lt. Jack G. Norris, adjutant of the 308th C. T. D., is in the hospital at Bryan Field recuperating from his recent illness. We all hope to have him rejoin us in good health shortly.

Sometime ago the ACTD Staff issued an appeal for men to work on the staff. The staff has been increased until there are two full staffs. This eliminates the burden of too much extra work on the reporters. All but one squadron cooperated to the full extent. Squadron Four has only two men on the staff. With this issue we appeal to the students of that squadron to turn their name in to the Adjutant, to Mr. Nonnemacher or Mr. Dillard of Squadron IV, or to A/S J. L. Anderson, ACTD Editor-in-Chief. These men will be required to put out every other issue.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: Now comes the melancholy days of year; too soon for whiskey straight; too late for beer. —Shakespeare.

Bull Bomber, Sq. IV

The marked change in morale last week in squadron IV, accompanied by low moans, wailing, and weeping, requires explanation. Its cause was the edict that all pin-up girls were to be off the walls by reveille Tuesday. When news of the liquidation of the "morale-girls" broke on the already bowed heads of the Squadron IV men, it left in its wake a flood of gloom. It was only with a good deal of persuasion that Calvin Precht was persuaded to leave his room even to make formations. He pleaded to be allowed to spend the last fleeting moments with his Dotty, Heddy, and Alyse. "Give me a dozen tours on the ramp if you want," he raved, 'but please let me stay with them.'

In Room F3, the sorrowful occasion was observed by Silver Taps. As each picture was taken from the wall ceremoniously by Michael A. Hunter, his room-mate, Luther Hunnicutt, accompanied by Paul Maisano and C. Hubert Nelms, sounded taps. As the evening wore on, Hunnicutt, Nelms and Maisano became completely winded and Hunter removed the last thirty pictures in impressive silence, broken only by the attempts of the "buglers" to regain their collective breath. Or possibly those were the submissive sighs for the passing of the pin-ups. Room-mate W. W. Johnson has even greater plans to keep alive the memory of the cheering-nifties. He was seen shopping for crepe last evening at North Gate.

However, little by little, signs of the old life are returning to the Bull Bomber Squadron. William Napier's jaded appetite has again returned and his outstanding short-stop play with miraculous ability to roam over the dining table is leaving his stable mates (or rather table-mates) open-mouthed—and empty handed. Another sign is that James Murphy's imitations of Hitler again have the old verve. Finally, the last sign of all, Victor Jordan is again found to be chewing his nails for fear that he will get the same "farewell to bachelorhood treatment" that Edmond Gallino received at the hands of his ramp-mates.

With these signs everywhere, can the Spring of the old IV spirit be far behind?

You Too Must Invade—Your Income.

Everything is over but the fighting!

around the Equator. Let it be known by these presents (Christmas shopping daze—6 days) that we are a selected lot and chosen by our neighbors through the personal greetings of our "My Friends" Committee.

You too can fly—on paper. P. S. Is it drafty in the tailend of a B-17?

HELP BRING VICTORY... BUY WAR BONDS TODAY!

MARINES Let Us Do Your Altering LAUTERSTEIN'S

Gifts For: Christmas Cheer! Sox Ties- Scarfs- Pajamas- Handkerchiefs- Buy a Gift Certificate for Him— He can select he wants after Christmas. Bullock-Sims POPULAR PRICE CASH CLOTHIERS FOR MEN AND BOYS Bryan, Texas

For His Christmas Manhattan SHIRTS Waldrop & Co. "Two Convenient Stores" College Bryan \$2.40 to \$3.95

Gifts that Cheer for... the SERVICE MAN - MOTHER - SISTER - DAD - BROTHER - You will find outstanding and distinctive gifts for everyone in our large stocks of gift items. Use your own College-owned store for savings on every occasion. THE EXCHANGE STORE "An Aggie Institution"