

OFFICIAL NOTICES

Classified
General Order No. 11:
1. So much of General Order No. 9, current series, 9 November 43, Office of the Commandant, concerning regular A. & M. students is amended to read as follows:

Flying
Editors note—Article extracted from Aircrew Newspaper, MC of M & T, Dec. 5, 1943, Houghton, Michigan.)

Flying is a 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 in one direction at a time. Direction is what messed me up.

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 a straight and level (?) course. The instructor said, "Mr. Dumbjohn, you've 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."

HELP BRING VICTORY . . . BUY WAR BONDS TODAY!

Contact, Sq. II

Friends, Romans, and countrymen, lend me thine eyes. Beneath your eyes will unfold the story of Squadron II, its doings and quips of the last week. Each Squadron releases their space once every fifth issue for other material and last issue it was our turn to "hit the road," but here we are again.

Mr. Fitzgerald of CONTACT fame is still taking congrats for the excellent job of writing on the Christmas story he wrote for the last issue. Somehow or another it helped to instill the old Yuletide spirit in our hearts.

Mr. Sawyer's cellmate has left for new and greener pastures. He is spending the winter at the Riviera. Ah, those plutocrats! He even had two austere chauffeurs.

If you are wondering what you should ask Santa Claus for, we are giving a partial list of first-grade gifts all service men enjoy. Best of all is a pair of Penezicks "Never Crap Dice." (regardless of how thrown always eye up to 7 to 11—even for rankest amateurs they give favorable success.) Next a set of How to Woo books by experts such as Hobbs, Bonini, Boston, and Johnson have been first sellers for a long time because their own divulging intimate secrets bring to light the way to win a woman (any woman)—it's a must. A pair of M. P.'s Brass Knuckles De Lux—never tarnish—no blitz needed, studs mounted on the knuckles. Then there is the compact bar made to look like a philco radio, which is manufactured by Beers and Sawbucks Mail Order Company. Even an inspecting Officer is tempted to turn the dials. Fits in any convenient corner.

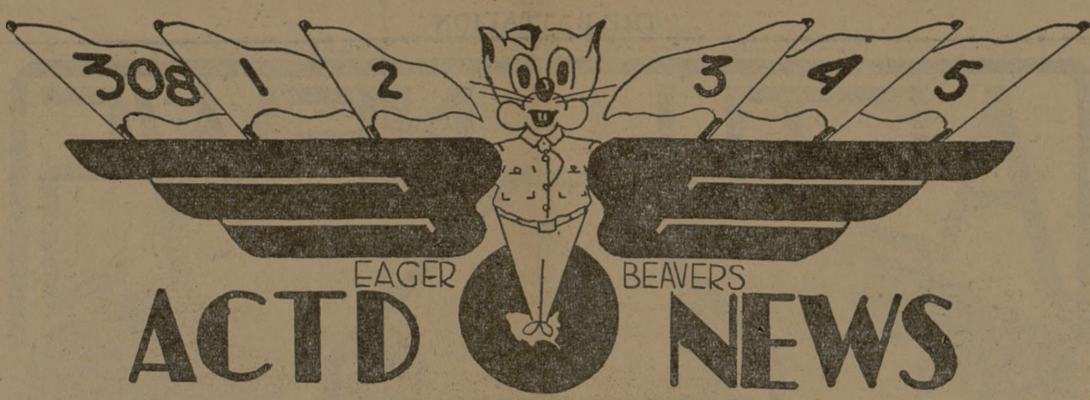
Mr. Mascaro was surprised to find leather flight jackets are not the latest things worn by B. M. O. C. (Big Man on the Campus). Misters stay on ramp also BRIEF. So once again we say goodbye to our land of opium dreams, and as the paratrooper says—"Good To The Last Drop"—what's cookin' is cooked, that's all, chum.

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Hangar Flying, Sq. III

Here we go with today's column more nearly up to size than last weeks. Because last week's column was mutilated beyond recognition we would like to reprint one of the articles contained therein. It concerns Mr. Shambolin. He was bragging to us that he never had a bone broken in his life, and in the same breath denying that he was a farm boy. So now we will proceed to disprove both of his statements. We happen to know that one time when Leo was just a little tike, he was leading the cows home from



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Detachment Five Triumphs Over Bryan Field, 92-18

Co-Pilot's Lament

I'm the co-pilot—I sit on his right. It's up to me to be quick and bright, And I never talk back, for I'll have regrets, And I must remember what the captain forgets.

I take the readings and adjust the power, Put on the heaters when we're in a shower, Tell where we are on the darkest night, And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my captain and buy him coles, I always laugh at his corny jokes, And once in a while when his landings are rusty I come through with: "Gosh, ain't it gusty?"

All in all, I'm general stooge, As I sit to the right of this man I call Scroogs, But maybe some day with great understanding, He'll soften a bit, and give me a landing.

- ACTD QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
1. What U. S. Army aircraft has six landing wheels?
2. How many blades has the Vought-Sikorsky Helicopter?
3. In what year did the present Sino-Japanese conflict begin?
4. Aboard what vessel was the Atlantic Charter written?
5. On which side of his head does Adolp Shickelgruber part his hair?
6. In what country is Osaka located?
7. In Aggie slang, what food does "maggots" designate?
8. When did the first contingent of American troops arrive in France for the first World War?
9. What is the capitol of Australia?
10. What does A. W. O. L. stand for?

pasture, and when going down the ranks to see if they were dressing right and covering down, had his toe stepped on and broken by one of the mastodons. Don't get too close to B Flight Mr. Shambolin, those clowns are liable to break both of your legs. Squadron III's mascot is back, Mr. "Pint SIZED" Brodrick took up where we left off and stood the K of C dance on its collective ear Sunday afternoon when he picked out the tallest maid in the room to be his partner. Came the luscious chocolate cake the other day from a young lady down Dallas way to Mr. "Houemall" Johnston. It seems the gentleman had a birthday. (We didn't know he was born, we thought he was invented) Well, anyway, he returned the favor, and now they are knocking the post-man out with long juicy letters. Meanwhile Mr. 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 is cutting out paper dolls, but he is buying toy ones. Tsh-Tsh Mr. Papic, and at your age too. . . . We wish to take this time to announce a statement made by Mr. Shaw. It seems that Mr. Shaw is going straight. After all those tours he has finally decided that crime does not pay. Also this gentleman was classified non-swimmer at the test given the other day. He shouldn't be after all the experience he has had with water both throwing and dodging. . . . We wish to extend our good wish-

Spotlight on Sports

Led by the fiery, sharp-shooting Jack Spillsbury of Squadron I the detachment basketball team walked away with Bryan Field by the overwhelming score of 92-18. Mr. Spillsbury clicked for 9 baskets in the opening part of the fracas. A great defensive team composed of Keupal and Kuedk held Bryan Field scoreless for the most part of the first half. Butcher clicked for their first basket making the score 25-2. A new team was sent in by Lt. Segrest composed of Norris, Dieke, Soto, Kalsar, and Perry. With new fire and enthusiasm, this new array displayed a fine brand of basketball to run the score to 52-8 at the end of the half.

The half began and the story was the same, too much Air Corps students and not enough Bryan Field. Spillsbury again continued his scoring ways, and with the aid of Keupal managed to maintain a 50-point lead through-out the ball game. Butcher and Drusedow were the stand-outs for the Bryan Field array.

Box score table with columns: Pos, B, F, Total. Teams listed: Spillsbury, Keuck, Morgan, Soto, Dieke, Norris, Keupel, Maddox, Perry.

In attendance during the game was our Commanding Officer, Captain Hill who seemed happy about the whole affair. We still think that Lt. Segrest is in fine shape, even though we hear to the contrary. What do you think, Lt.?

IF YOU CAN'T TAKE PART IN A SPORT BE ONE ANYWAY, WILL YOU? es for a rapid recovery to Mr. Maddox. Let's get on the ball and let's get out of that hospital. Ramp 2 doesn't sound the same without your version of Frank Sinatra's version of Big Crosby's version of White Christmas. . . . That did it. See you Thursday. . . . Big Dog.

Church Notices
ST THOMAS EPISCOPAL CHAPEL
The Rev. J. E. R. Farrell, Priest-in-Charge
Holy Communion—9:30 a.m.
Coffe Club—9:30 a.m.
Church School—9:45 a.m.
Holy Communion—11:00 a.m.
The Annual Candle Light Service will be held, Monday, Dec. 20th, at 7:00 p.m.
This special service will consist of Carols, Prayers and Christmas Hymns. All of the children of the Church School will participate. Visitors are welcome.

AMERICAN LUTHERAN CONGREGATION
Y.M.C.A. Chapel, Campus
Kurt Hartmann, Pastor
Sunday School at 9:45 a.m.
Divine Service at 11:00 a.m.
Student meeting at 6:30 p.m.
Christmas Eve program at 7:00 p.m. in the parlour at West Park; social after the program. All servicemen welcome.
Christmas Day Service at 11:00 a.m. in the Y. M. C. A. Chapel.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
R. L. Brown, Pastor
C. Roger Bell, Education and Music
9:45 a.m.—Sunday School
10:30 a.m.—Morning Worship
1:30 p.m.—B. S. U. Council
4:30 p.m.—Choir Rehearsal
6:15 p.m.—Training Union
7:15 p.m.—Evening Worship

A. & M. COLLEGE METHODIST CHURCH and WESLEY FOUNDATION
Announcements for Sunday, Dec. 19, 1943:
Rev. Walter B. Gardner, Pastor-Director;
Rev. S. Burton Smith, Associate Director.
Church School—9:45 a.m., J. Gordon Gay, Superintendent.
Public Worship—10:30 a.m.
Wesley Foundation—7:00 p.m.
Woman's Society of Christian Service—Monday, 8:00 p.m., at the home of Dr. Sylvia Cover.
Choir Practice—Wednesday, 6:45 p.m.
Wesley Foundation Fellowship Night—Wednesday, 7:00 p.m.

LOST—Class Ring from La Porte High School, class of '42, initials R. L. Z. Finder please return to P. G. 14 and receive reward.
Anyone having extra Christmas tree ornaments and willing to lend them to the 1st Student Training Co. of 3801 (Stars) for a Servicemen's Tree please contact Capt. Earl, Phone 4-3154.

Gremlins, Sq. V

Following our policy to acquaint you with the student officers, today we find Mr. Edwin W. Marvel the victim of this staff's inquiring reporters. This is what we found out about Mr. Marvel's past. He was born some 23 years ago in the state of Pennsylvania, and most of his life was spent in West Philadelphia. After graduating from high school in 1938, he worked at various positions until he finally accepted a job with the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia. Here he worked in the experimental laboratory for over three years before joining the Army Air Force. Mr. Marvel's favorite sport is basketball, having once played on a Y. M. C. A. team.

Back to battin' the breeze, we report the following—Mr. Moody seems to have found himself a girl friend in Navasota. We hear the dance was quite a success, but I'd watch my step, especially with all the letters you have been getting lately. More military secrets? . . . Mr. Sauerwein and Mr. Knost have found a great interest in Physics, esp. the Lecture periods. They sit in I-24 and J-21 respectively and the interest is not far distant. . . . History question of the week: "Why was Charles I allowed to live for three years after 1646?" (Do you know now Mr. Fredericks?) . . . Mr. Klein and Mr. Bilotti seem to be quite the two for harmonizing. If you haven't heard them as yet, just ask the fellows living on the third floor of "C" ramp. . . . After two weeks of Geography, Mr. McCabe has come to the conclusion that the moon is too far distant to be reached on an overnight pass. (How long has a pass would you like Mr. McCabe?) . . . Proof that Army chow is really what it is cooked up to be, and makes muscles, was proved when "Muscles" Katakian (an old Army man) stepped forward during a Physics Lecture to demonstrate his power with the Mandeburg Hemispheres. . . . Latest news flash—Mr. Mackey has received word that his baby (a daughter) has learned to sit up on her little red chair. Goodbye now. H. Ohm.

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something to do with it. Jimmy Potts Jr., is thinking very seriously of becoming a junior beaver. Trying to follow in your father's footsteps, Jimmy? Mr. Amatuli still insists that New York City is the back-bone of the nation.

I wonder what the attraction is up in John Rousseau's room every night? You can see cards floating through the air. Have you taken up airplane building lately, Mr. Rousseau? Mr. Damsky and Mr. Coe were seen twice over the week-end running the 1.6 mile course just for the enjoyment. Believe me fellows, I have a better way to relax. Mr. Zabolotsky, has that trouble

Trimming Tabs, Sq. 1
To be or not to be a gentleman, that is the question. Well, now that a busy day has just come to a conclusion, we all hope you are in fine shape this gruesome morning. Ah! me just is life. "Red" Harmon is still pondering over his Christmas gift. Leland Miller and his bracelet haven't come to blows as yet, but there is a rumor going around that a WAC of some kind has

in your family been settled yet? You seem so worried these days. Mister Young has seemingly taken his double-timing seriously these days. Today he was seen running up and down the hall way to keep in trim for further events. Who's the sphinx in ramp four who is always planning trouble for someone else, but seemingly always stays out of trouble himself?

Bull-Bomber, Sq. IV

A week before Christmas and all through the stores crept angrily Eager Beavers looking furiously for a greeting card for a friend. Not a wife, a darling sweetheart, nor a husband; just a friend. In the rush we perchanced to notice A/S Willie M. Childers, known to the "Quiz Kids" as "Oak Head," looking for a pair of red flannels as a gift for Robert C. Edwards, so that when someone stops their car to window gaze at him, they will really get a thrill. At his side was Mr. Peyton Massey selecting a Sympathy card to send his wife on their anniversary.

It seems that the Yuletide spirits have sent everyone soaring to the stratosphere as a group of the more eager spent a full hour 'cussing and discussing the different ways two dollars and ninety-five cents could be divided into nickels, dimes and quarters. For the total count, see A/S Lowell Curl.

After Christmas comes the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-four and with it comes a new sorority under A/S James W. (Red) O'Rourke. "Red" has organized the "Phi Goota Gigged Beta" to be opened for applications of entrance on or about New Year's. To qualify, one must be unjustly gigged at least once each week for a month and be tops at taking it with a smile.

Along with the season's best greetings comes cold weather and overcoats! "Snafu" Hamilton got quite eager and decided to be a seamstress and sew on his patches. This he did in record breaking time and with great pride pranced out to show his handy work to "Benito." It reached us as being a good job of sewing but to his surprise the patch had the appearance of a bee in flight making a stall before entering the petals of a wilted rose.

Goodnight, Good-lick, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, and Cheerio.

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LOUPOT'S
Watch Dog of the Aggies

Advertisement for Manhattan Shirts and Waldrop & Co. featuring an image of a man in a suit and tie.

Advertisement for 'Gifts that Cheer' by The Exchange Store, listing various gift items like 'Service Man', 'Mother', 'Sister', 'Dad', and 'Brother'.