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 THE CAMPUS BARBER SHOP  
 For First Class Work. All Kinds  
 Tonics and Face Lotions.  
 Yours For Service  
 J. F. LAVINDER

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 THEMETROPOLITAN BARBER  
 SHOP  
 Real Service. Call and See us.  
 BRYAN, TEXAS

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**THE EXCHANGE STORE**  
 Welcomes all Old Boys Back to Aggieland and Extends the  
 Freshmen a Cordial Welcome  
**THE EXCHANGE STORE IS YOUR STORE**  
 Everything New and Modern  
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**A. & M. DEBATERS LOSE TO KANSAS**

(Continued from Page 1)

but the Kansas boys put their points over in the better way. The speeches were limited to eleven minutes each, giving each speaker a five minute rebuttal.

A fairly large crowd was present, and it is hoped that the remaining debates will attract enough attention on the campus to enable the team to enter more contests, or even a debating league.

Bo: "Say, if you take that three-hour public speaking course you can get a good job with Sears & Roebuck."  
 Zo: "Yeh, what doing?"  
 Bo: "Addressing envelopes."

**NEW RECORD FOR MACHINE GUN.**

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L. Ware, Infantry, U. S. A., (D. O. L.), in charge of the firing matches.

This is the second record in machine gun firing to be made by an A. and M. cadet on the College range, the previous record being 175 out of a possible 200 hits made by I. Bethel, of the class of 1926.

The United States Army record in the Eighth Corps Area, up to this year has been 174, held by a gunner at Fort Sam Houston. The highest record of the army for such a target is reported as 185, held by a non-commissioned officer in the Infantry school at Fort Benning, Columbus, Georgia.

The strain of firing such a target tells heavily on the gunner, Captain Ware pointed out, this being one of the principal difficulties of making a high score. Blount, who has set the record here, is quite an athlete, being a "T" man in baseball from last year. He is a member of the Aggie baseball squad this year. Athletic training makes itself felt in the steadiness and nerve control, as indicated by his score, Captain Ware pointed out.

Two other cadets have made records of 174 for the target this year, these being J. H. Edge, of Bryan, and K. P. Brock, of Livingston. A. and M. is the only school of its kind at which this course is fired.

**Cogitations of an Aggie getting Monthly Haircut—**

Decides to get hair cut; either that or buy a fiddle.  
 Picks out a time when no one else will be in the shop.  
 Goes to shop and, as usual, it's full.  
 Reads Houston Post—cusses sports editor—glances at comics.  
 "NEXT."  
 Gets into chair with as much dignity as the occasion calls for.  
 Tells barber the kind of hair cut he wants, cautions him on cutting off the top.  
 Tries to look undisturbed while the clippers run over the back of his neck.  
 Glances into the mirror and sees God's gift to America's young womanhood.  
 Gets self conscious and looks the other way.  
 Asks the barber what he thinks of Aggie baseball prospects.  
 Barber picks Aggies to win—says we were rightful champs last year.  
 Glances down and notes sad need of shine.  
 Recalls that he still owes his tailor bill.  
 Barber asks if he wants some off the top,—yes.  
 Barber makes sarcastic remark about the need of a shampoo.  
 Can't spend too much money all at once.  
 Barber daubs cold lather on back of neck and asks if he has shaved all around or down the sides—down the sides.  
 "How about a little tonic?"—No uses his roommates.  
 Barber puts on finishing touches—Aggie gets up—glances into mirror for final glimpse—recombs his hair—admires manly features—fixes up collar—replaces tie—grabs hat—leparts. "Venture rinctums!"

If punch with a punch were served at the double E's dance we suppose that it might truthfully be called a Condams chasers' carousal.



**Me and the joy-friend... Prince Albert**

WHEN my father was in college, "Put that in your pipe and smoke it!" was considered snappy conversation. I'm ready to take this old line literally when the talk centers around Prince Albert. Because P. A. makes two of what I like in a pipe.

All wise-cracking aside, P. A. is the money when it comes to deep-down satisfaction in a smoke. It's got everything! Cool as the trail of the ice-man across the kitchen. Sweet as vacation. Fragrant as a pine forest.

Think up your own similes. You'll write them all in the column headed "Superlative Degree" when you learn the joys of a jimmy-pipe and Prince Albert. If you don't know this grand old smoke, come around to my room and I'll give you a load.

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
 —no other tobacco is like it!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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