

FROM ANCHOR HALL

'Tis a tale told by the Marines, and it refers to the mosquito. Not the ordinary garden bred pygmy mosquito, but the real, honest-to-goodness, full grown Guadalcanal mosquito.

There is no denial by the ground crew at Henderson Field, for instance, that one of the medium size mosquitoes landed on the runway at dusk one evening and before the refueling crew found out their mistake, they had pumped forty gallons of gasoline into it, believing it to be one of our planes.

And then there is the unfortunate All-American fullback who had the misfortune to have a mosquito get under the netting with him during the night, and had to have a blood transfusion the next morning before he had strength enough to get his feet on the floor.

One medical officer observed one of the more discriminating mosquitoes looking over the identification tags of the sleeping men to learn what type blood they had.

And there is the narrow escape one of the generals had. While crossing the Lunga River bridge, two mosquitoes zoomed down on him. Carrying him far and high, one asked the other: "Shall we eat him here or take him home?" "Oh," said the second, "let's eat him here. If we take him home some of the big fellows will take him away from us."

And then you know of the sailor on a cargo vessel. The girls loved him because he knew every hold.

DID YOU KNOW . . .

That one of the most powerful fortresses in the South Pacific is the Japanese island of Truk . . . that really it is not one island, but a series of 245 high wooded islands . . . that all of these are within one lagoon, 40 miles in diameter . . . that the entire Japanese fleet can be accommodated there . . . that the lagoon is protected by a dangerous reef . . . that the only method of attack would have to be by air . . . that the batteries on the high hill tops would make this extremely hazardous . . . that there are concealed submarine channels which would permit the Japs to attack our ships without warning . . . that they have good air fields . . . that they sliced down an entire island 300 feet high and half

a mile long to form a perfectly level field only ten feet above high tide . . .

That Japan has built up great food reserves. For many years she has been canning sardines, tuna fish, salmon, and bonita, caught in the South Pacific . . . that these stores were put away for a time of crisis . . . that the Japanese people have had their food rationed ever since the war with China . . . that this was all in preparation for the second World War.

That there are about 25,000 characters in the Japanese language . . . that there are only about 100 individuals in the entire United States qualified to teach it . . . that several groups of Marines have already learned the language and have graduated from the language school . . . that they have set a record by acquiring the language in the six months during which the course is given . . . that normally the course takes five to ten years . . .

Sez The Sixteenth...

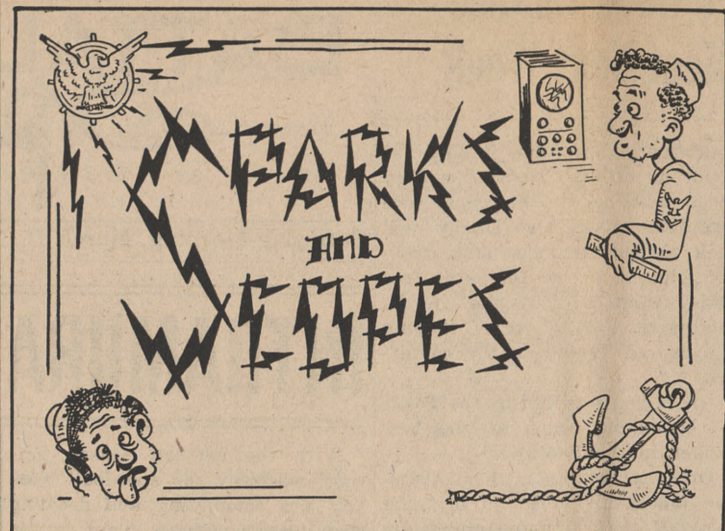
Still a bit disgruntled over the snake - in - the-coke-machine . . . Company 16 mailman L. J. Poillion "et al", went into the final few weeks of radio school with only a few casualties, including a few sudden deaths (just plain Algiers), and a few setbacks . . . that the day after Company 14 departed, Joe Archambeau, recruit commander addressed his men with a dignified, "Gentlemen, Gentlemen—let's fall in like the senior company we are in, Gentlemen." . . . and so—Company 16, Yes, mailman Poillion et al, assumed a superior air unsurpassed in the annals of the Navy training school of Texas A. & M. . . So much did the atmosphere prevail, that Totas "Bean Bag" Robinson was seen marching to school in his undress blues instead of the usual dungarees.

Chow department: C. L. Pichard rubbing the extra 15 pounds gained since arriving here Thanksgiving day . . . Leroy Shearer bragging about eating two spoonfuls of grits.

Just stuff: Oliver O'Dell (now ain't that a sweet moniker) Smithers telling R. L. Nicholson that he "shouldn't get mad like that when I call you 'hoss' . . . This tag, 'hoss' has found its way into the hearts of the company . . . a lead pipe worked its way from under the beaten path between the dorms and Anchor Hall and had been bent to the extent that it was somewhat hazardous to companies marching to and from school—especially when a "gentleman" approached nonchalantly and suddenly side-stepped it, leaving the "gen-

Chief Walling Can't Stop When Telling of "Nip"

Ask Chief King about "Nip," the white bulldog he and another fellow rescued from a wrecked lumber schooner on the rocks off San Luis Obispo. The yarn goes on and on and if you're a good listener he is good for a week or two at least—relating the uncanny abilities of the super canine. They took him aboard the U. S. S. California and he stayed down in the radio shack. Chief swears that every night at 2000 "Nip" would sit up on his haunches until they put him to bed. Too, "Nip" wouldn't have a thing to do with any of them if they came in with as much as one "Scotch and" on their breaths—He would just turn his nose up in the air and seek solitude. He finally got so he wouldn't eat anything except beefsteaks, much to the disgust of the hash-slingers in the galley. "Nip," so the story goes, met his untimely demise at the hands of a steel horse—Chasing a ground squirrel, and Chief swears it wasn't him, one day, "Nip" failed to hear the train coming around the bend. That was the end of "Nip," but not of Chief's story. I left then, but I imagine Chief is still extolling the virtues of "Nip." Or perhaps by this time he has resurrected him from the dead.



For Infanticipators...

When I get married I'll know just what to do in case of a blessed event. After listening to CRM Long, CSp Walling, Y2c Munson and a few of the others discussing the "Child Problem" I feel qualified to write a dissertation that will end all dissertations. Worthy of a degree in "Childosophy." You buy big bottles and big nipples—easier to wash—brown nipples instead of black ones—black ones fade. Watch attentively when

they are cutting teeth, for they are apt to bite off the tops of the nipples and cause a minor flood—milk of course. Doctors can feel of a child's leg and tell whether he is a kicker or not. I don't know exactly what this means, but evidently it is something to be proud of because Chief Long broke three buttons off of his shirt when telling us that his was a "kicker." Munson maintains that if they start walking too early they become bow-legged. Chief Walling, being rather new—just a week—doesn't have much to say just yet. Lt. Monroe is a veteran—some several weeks now—he smiles and tells them just what to do at midnight when you have to get up to feed the infant—Sleepless nights galore—Roesch Ylc, is still waiting—about another three weeks and I imagine he'll be going full blast. But right now he is just getting nervous. Me, well, besides getting a liberal education I'm also getting to be a nervous wreck. My head goes back and forth during one of these sessions like I am watching a ping-pong tournament. If I were a mastermind I would forget all about it, but the easiest way out is to write a book—"The Essence of Childology". It would either make me famous or get me shot—heads or tails.

Ticklish moments—During a recent inspection of the company the boys came closer to being restricted for the duration than ever before. Following the captain and his inspection party was a little white mangy dog. The little animal paced between the flanking lines of sailors at the same slow pace as the inspection officers, stopping only for an occasional sniff-over. He had the scrutiny of an admiral. Laughs were swallowed until after inspection.

Japanese news item—"Our son in the Navy writes that they captured a little island with 47 U. S. Marines on it. It was a great victory, we only lost 3 battleships, 14 bombers, and 2 airplane carriers."

OFFICIAL NOTICES

Notices appearing in this column must be in the Battalion office not later than 3 p.m. of the day before the paper is issued. Notices arriving after that time absolutely cannot be carried in the following days' paper, and will automatically be carried over to the next issue.

Found

DARK BROWN LEATHER JACKET with tan gloves in pocket. Found under Kyle Field stadium. Come by P. H. No 12, room 7. R. C. Jaska.

Classified

LOST—Garrison cap. Lost Saturday afternoon about 3 miles north of Navasota. Please return to Conley, Room 48, Milner. Reward.

FOR SALE—A 1942 table model 7-tube Philco, walnut finish, reasonable. Call Jack Ruttenberg, 4-5819, or American Legion Hall.

LOST—Brown leather jacket, goat skin. Trade mark California. If found please return to Harold Ivey, Room 201, No. 7.

LOST—One silver key with red ribbon tied on it. Call 4-5754 or come to Administration Bldg., Room 225, 228. Reward.

Meetings

THE PORT ARTHUR CLUB will have its picture made Monday afternoon at 5:15 on the steps of Guion Hall. Juniors and Seniors wear serge. Freshmen and Sophomores wear wool slacks and khaki shirts.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY of the College Presbyterian Church will meet Monday, March 15, at 3:30 p.m. in the home of Mrs. T. W. Leland with Mrs. Walter Manning acting as co-hostess. There will be an installation of new officers and this service will be conducted by Rev. Norman Anderson, the pastor. All officers, as well as members, are urged to be present at this annual meeting.

A.A.U.P.—The A.&M. Chapter of the American Association of University Professors will meet at 8 o'clock Tuesday night, March 16, in the Seminar room on the second floor of the Y.M.C.A. Dr. W. A. Varvel of the Department of Psychology, will talk on the subject, "Teacher-Student Morale in War Time."

WOMEN'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE—The A. and M. Methodist Women's Society of Christian Service will meet Monday, March 15, at eight o'clock at the parsonage. This will be a joint meeting with the men invited. Mrs. Walter N. Ezekiel will speak on "Post War Peace." Preceding this meeting, from 7 until 8 o'clock, a rummage sale will be held at the church.

Eleven new war preparation courses in seven departments have been added to the curriculum of Bates college.

Keuka college has announced a new three-year accelerated course to train nurses.

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The time crusted quip of the radio wag is called, in the talk of the trade, "a gag." The reason, I think, this has come to be true is because that is just what it makes you do.

The Meat Axe and the Sailor

A Navy Nightmare

Mother Dear came down the stairs with the meataxe circling over her head. "Where is that no-good sailor you married?" she screamed as the last two steps passed into oblivion. "Tell me where he is and I'll hang his scalp on the front door—that Lothario—that specimen of the briny deep," she raved as the sailor sailed over the back fence.

"Mother Dear, control yourself, why put his scalp on the front door? After all, there is no percentage in scaring all of the neighbors, is there—And anyway, it means fifty buck a month to me. And besides, he's got a shoe rationing card. Just think, a new pair of shoes—And he's got the cutest mustache. Mother Dear, put that meataxe down and control yourself," consoled Darling Daughter as she persuaded the weapon to fall to the deck.

Fifteen blocks away a pair of bell-bottomed trousers flashed past a couple of SP's and kept right on going. The SP shouted for him

to halt and then a bullet zipped past—A second later he passed the bullet and left it fanning the dust at his heels. "My God," he panted, as he shot into a barroom for a brew, "Please, Mr. Jacobs, please send me back to the Solomons—Africa—anywhere—Just let me have a little peace and quiet." Then in the vernacular of the deep he muttered, "Oh hell!"

A couple of hours later, he, steaming with confidence and brew, sauntered back to see his wife, the Darling Daughter. Peering from behind one of the Snowball bushes in the back yard he waited until he saw Mother Dear ascend the stairs to her sanctuary above. Then crouching behind the fence he made his way to the garage and then from there he scuttled to the back door and mously squeezed inside. The verbal barrage that blasted him left him weak and so shaken. His Love talking to him like that—Well—He began, "Now look Wifey Dear . . ." then the second barrage hit and he began to fade . . .

"A h-- of a sailor you are—running under fire . . ." Wifey Dear exploded. "Abandoning ship to the enemy—without even a return salvo." Getting slightly exasperated he answered back.

"Fire, H--! If I had stayed around it would have been a major catastrophe . . . And the catastrophe would be me . . . and I'm not just about to be a catastrophe . . . Come . . ." Just then the third step from the bottom squeaked and again the gob went sailing over the fence . . .

The parting remark of Wifey Dear was, "He joined the wrong outfit—the way he sails he should be in the Glider Corps."

But the gob's self-fortitude was in excess of his brain power and a few days later there from the front door flew a pennant of black curly hair.

The moral of this story is: The mother-in-law is always right.

LIBRARY

(Continued from page 1)

American production of ships, planes, tanks, and bombs. May we see as soon as the government can safely publicize them, pictorial records of our own fighting.

Two pictures about Mexico will be shown as part of tomorrow afternoon's program. One, Mexico Builds a Democracy, is in technical and records the progress of Mexico from the bondage of the Church and militarism into Agrarian and labor reforms and the education of her people. The other, a travelogue, is Sundays in the Valley of Mexico.

A ten minute short, Women at War, shows the many kinds of work women are doing in wartime Britain, in the Army, in the Navy, and on the farms.

AGGIE NINE

(Continued From Page 3)

April 16-17—A&M at Houston. April 23-24—Rice at Austin. April 30-May 1—Texas at College Station.



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Some Call It One Thing; Aggies Call It Something Else

India, like many other countries of the East, is a land of flowery compliments and outrageous hyperbole. The Viceroy of India once saw fit to severely reprimand a certain native Prince, warning him in brutal terms that unless he mended his ways at once he would be forthwith deposed and another ruler put in his place. The Prince's answer, addressed direct to the Viceroy, began as follows: "Your Excellency's gracious message has reached me. It is more precious to the eyes than a casket of rubies; sweeter to the taste than a honeycomb; more delightful to the ears than the song of ten thousand nightingales. I spread it out before me, and read it repeatedly; each time with renewed pleasure."—Wall Street Journal.

Mansfield State Teachers will now admit to all departments students who have completed all but the last half-year of the standard secondary school course.

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