

OFFICIAL NOTICES

Classified

LOST—Pair reading glasses in brown leather case with name of optometrist S. H. Laufer, New York City—embossed on case. Please return to H. R. Glassey, 33c Navy Administration Office. Will be in market for seeing-eye dog if can't be found!

FISH TALES

(Continued From Page 2)

by none other than "I" Company of the second stoop. The final score was 21-1. The "I" fish were sparked by our dazzling pitcher Max Mohnke. In one inning, the fish batted around three times each. Nice going, boys!

Acting Cadet Major Alan Pike has gotten into the groove and is really doing a swell job as the Fourth Battalion Commander. Keep it up, Alan, we've really got somebody with tonsils now.

It seems as if a certain fish in room 232 has really got an extreme case of the "reds". His roommate left for home last week and also he thinks he's not a wolf anymore. That makes him sad, very sad. And along with that, he has trouble keeping his prize "jock" boots together. Every night those boots walk out of his room and take a little stroll down the hall. (Wonder how they do that?) Then the proud owner sends out a posse after them. But he usually finds them in his laundry bag. The boots are of the rarest type, and the value is estimated to be in the millions (Confederate money).

Then there was the frog who went around the campus saluting all the refrigerators because he thought that one of them might be General Electric.

Major Gerald P. Lerner, tactical officer for Dorm. 14, announced last Tuesday that there would be an inspection of rooms over the holidays and that there would also be a similar inspection at 12:05 P. M. Friday. It has also been announced that if any room was found disorderly, it would warrant an immediate cancellation of passes to its occupants for the rest of the current semester. This can mean but one thing, boys. We've really got to get in that room and have it spick and span by Friday noon.

The physical education program has been stepped up, it seems. Never before have we seen such exercise. Of course we don't mind doing push ups, 100 yard dashes, sit ups etc., but to run the cross country on top of all that, well,

"how about some other day, Mr. Putnam?"

Since a water shortage has fallen upon us, we fish have a time taking a shower. We can only use water while washing the soap off us. But there's at least one or two men with ingenuity always among us. "Boots" Eberspacher and his "old lady" Charlie Crabtree have decided to start taking baths in their wash basin. While "Boots" is sitting in the bowl, Crabtree blows all the soap off his roommate with his snout. (Silly, isn't it?)

A group of fish had a very secret watermelon party last Sunday. It has been rumored that seventeen watermelons were guzzled up. But don't wonder why you didn't get in on it. It was off the campus.

If anybody wants to know anything about Analytics, just go see Fishes Hawkins, Langston, or W. H. Wallace. These boys are all "queers" in that course. If you don't believe me, just look at some of the grades they made on Mr. Nelson's quizzes.

Well, chemistry is still a four hour course, and it needs to be studied every once in a while. So long until the old grind starts again.

BOMBARDIER'S

(Continued From Page 3)

Stouse who heard a word sing through his ears on the interphone. And there was a crew of the Fort-ress next in formation who saw the deadly spawn come tumbling out of the belly of Mathis' ship to split the target and send it heaving in chunks up into the smoky air.

And that was seconds after Bombardier Mathis had been struck and knocked backwards out of his shattered bombing seat.

During these seconds, Navigator Elliott watched Mathis roll himself over onto his hands and knees and crawl forward again to his unharmed bombsight. His movements were slow, almost reflective, and had about them a kind of irritated, dogged stubbornness, the resentful movements of a man who has been unreasonably interfered with in the performance of an important piece of work.

Mathis reached the bombsight. He knelt and squinted through the eyepiece. The navigator thought it queer that he worked the control and sighting knobs with his left hand until he noticed the right hand hanging limp.

The target was in line. The navigator glanced at his watch to time the flight of the bombs. The bombardier removed his left hand from the knobs. His fingers reached and found the solenoid switch. His head the characteristic little bombardiers hunch forward at the kill as he pressed his eye still tighter to the finder. He touched the switch. The Dutchess bucked, free from the ton load.

"Bombs . . .", said Lieutenant Mathis over the interphone. The pilot and the co-pilot heard him, the navigator at his side. The gunner parked in the tail and the engineer and the radio operator. "Bombs . . ." but not "Bombs away!" which is the Air Force regulations.

Only the navigator at the juncture knew what had become of the missing word or two, and what had become of Bombardier Mathis. He looked up in time to see him reach for the lever to the bomb bay doors, push on it and fall over backwards.

The enemy cannons on the ground had killed him. But Bombardier Mathis had also destroyed his target and completed his mission.

Heroism in natural to war. During those mysterious seconds from the time that he was struck his mortal blow until his death or dying finger pressed the switch, this twenty-two year old boy transcended heroism, for in what he did was no longer heroism, but only the purest manifestation of the indomitable will and spirit of an American.

Into the broken nose-cubicle of the bomber swept only the winds from enemy skies, but the divine breath that animates the youth of our country.

No man can tell the thoughts of young Mathis in the greatest and most beautiful moment of his brief life, but one may guess that perhaps there were no thoughts at all, but only that rising gorge at being balked at the moment of accomplishment and victory, the instinctive reaction to the inextinguishable flame of competition, the same unconquerable will to win that brings a fighter up from the floor; that hurls an exhausted, fatigue-blinded runner five more strides to the tape, that sees the downed ball carrier fight for that last forward inch of ground.

In the slow, agonizing progress

—DRIFTING—

(Continued From Page 3)

all, aren't we out to trap the biggest rats in all history?

IT TAKES ALL KINDS Mrs. Roosevelt says we owe ourselves the national debt. Can I pay me my taxes?

AMUSING MUSINGS

And now Chester Davis resigns as food czar! There's nothing like passing the job on to other boys as soon as you get fed up yourself.

They're talking of rationed water. About all that's left is the air. Breathe deeply while you can, folks, breath deeply.

THINGS YOU NEVER HEAR

Yes, the girl I used to go with has a lovely new boy friend. He is the best looking, most intelligent, charming little person!

LADY IN DISTRESS

Heard from a woman passenger on a crowded bus in Bryan: "This is my corner. Please, may I have my leg?"

HEROES

Across the soft, white stillness of a cloud

I picture unsung heroes marching on,

The heroes, now forgotten, shoulders bowed,

Who first salute me and then are quickly gone.

When all the heroes of the world are met,

And all are standing in a mighty row,

The ghostly tribunes of the dead regret

That more such men are not on earth below.

TURRET TIPS

(Continued From Page 3)

monly known as gluttons, namely "Red-dog" Hendrickson, "Tubby" Davenport, and Willie (the people's friend) Gamboa. As soon as they reach the table the food business is rushing. In their ability to grasp and devour the food, they have not as yet caught up with the Chow-hounds at the other end of the table.

By his intimate friends he is called "Bow-wow". By his professors and others he is called Mr. Wullenwaaber, which is suppose to be Wullenwaber. After his first flying experiences, the boys called him "Barf"; this developed into "Woffenwaber". Now he comes by most anything.

Two chore boys of Ramp 3 who should not have their deeds go un-sung are Private Beasley and Dwight Runner. Mr. Runner did the talk of carrying over about six bags of laundry Tuesday morning, while Private Beasley was the lad who bought eight quarts of coke for the ball players who had just finished the tie game was Squadron five.

—PROP WASH—

(Continued From Page 3)

Des Moines where he participated in several extra-curricular activities. His energy was distributed among several fields. Jack played on the tennis team, was in the Glee club, took part in the marching band, wrote for the high school newspaper, founded and was president of the camera club. Besides these things he found time to handle the job of branch manager for the Des Moines Register and Tribune for his city.

After graduating from high school Jack worked in the photographic laboratory of the Sarwin Studios in Des Moines. Following this he went to work for Associated Press as teletype operator, re-writer, and assistant photographer. He then secured a position with the Woltz Studios in the aerial survey department. Mr. Shaw gave up this position to work as a caterpillar operator at the Des Moines Ordnance Plant where he was employed until he enlisted in the Air Corps in September 1942. He did commercial photography work until he was called to active duty in March of this year.

Acquaintance softens prejudice.

he made back to his post, in the will to deny the death that had come to him until he had rung up the score for his team, Mathis was speaking for his kind, the millions upon millions like him—the men of his country.

The "How and the "When" of his passing in the light of this story somehow becomes less important, or what the doctors said, or where he lies today, for perhaps the truth might well be that young Mathis did not die at all, nor ever will.

(Editor's note! This story is taken from the August issue of Esquire, word for word. I have taken the liberty of reprinting this because of the fact that the late Jack Mathis was a close friend of mine, and I believe that this story will be an inspiration to all who are soon to take wings and fly.)

STARS IN SERVICE



—HART THROBS—

(Continued From Page 3)

tinues for several seconds. This is followed by terrible metallic crash. This special sound effect is created by several brass door jams being thrown on the floor. It is very realistic and scares hell out of everybody.

AIR RAID INSTRUCTIONS

In case of an air raid, wear track shoes. This is in case anyone gets in your way you can get over them fast.

If you are the victim of a direct bomb hit, don't go to pieces.

When the first siren blows, scream bloody murder. It will add to the confusion, and besides it will scare hell out of the kids.

If you spot an incendiary bomb, throw gasoline on it, and then lie down—you're dead.

If you spot an unexploded bomb, throw it in the furnace—it will give the fire department something to do.

When the blackout comes, take advantage of the situation.

If in a bakery, grab a piece of pie or cake.

If in a bar, grab a beer.

If in a theater, grab a blonde.

Eat onions, Limburger cheese, and drink heavily before entering an air raid shelter. This is to insure yourself of a good seat. The persons located in your immediate vicinity will become very much aware of your presence and seek other, more favorable locations.

When you see an air raid ward-en, kick him in the teeth; he always saves the best seats for his friends and himself anyway.

End Quote.

—CIRCLING—

(Continued From Page 3)

the official colors are ultramarine blue and golden orange, so we were a little right after all.

Gentlemen we wish to apologize for one incorrect word of the Air Corps song handed to you Friday. The first line should read, "Off we go," instead of "Off we climb."

Dr. Dodson, History Professor has a new method of handling his sleeping beauties in class. He has a regular time table on the black board whereon he keeps the time of sleeping and awaking of the students, then it is impossible for them to deny that they have been sleeping.

A/S Kenwood M. Jackson and

—SPOTLIGHT—

(Continued From Page 3)

right center and advanced to third while Martin was called out on strikes and Burman walked, Platt scored the winning tally from third when Squadron III tried the short throw play when Burman swiped second.

The Detachment gold tournament advances another step this afternoon when Squadron III tees off at 2 p. m. at the Bryan Country club golf course. Squadrons I and II have had their intersquadron competition and the Detachment playoff is nearing as the Squadrons finish their tourney.

BOXSCORE

Squadron II	ab	h	r
Stump, ss	1	0	2
Davis, 2b	2	0	1
Chestnut, cf	3	0	1
Wright, lb	2	0	2
Platt, 3b	4	2	1
Martin, c	4	0	1
Burman*	0	0	0
Moodie, rf	3	1	1
Hill, lf	2	2	1
Marnett, p	3	0	0
Collett, sf	3	1	0
totals 27 6 10			

Squadron III	ab	h	r
Carvin, 2b	3	0	1
Fled rf	3	0	2
Zabel, ss	3	1	1

In getting promised help, let's hope Chiang Kai-Chek has more than a Chinaman's chance.

Congress has just passed a bill to erect a monument to Dr. George Washington Carver, famed negro scientist.

A/S Barney Loomis pulled a "prize" Tuesday while talking to Lt. H. B. Segrest. Quote—Jackson: "This fella 'Fish' sure must have been famous, because his name is everywhere around here. It is on the water-tower, on the roof tops, in the assembly hall and so on, in fact everywhere."

Loomis: "Yea, he must have really been somebody all right!" Lt. Segrest: "Ahem, Gentlemen, 'FISH' is the name given to the first semester Freshmen Aggies here!" Oh well, live and learn, add two more red faces to the ledger account and chalk it up to experience. We'll see you again a week nearer VICTORY!

MAKE CLOTHES LAST LONGER

WITH PROPER CARE IN CLEANING

Proper cleaning and removing all the dirt and grit from clothing will make them last much longer and look nicer. Have your clothes cleaned at the Campus Cleaners where you have the assurance that the best materials and the greatest of skill and care will be exercised.

CAMPUS CLEANERS

LISTEN TO
WTAW
1150 kc.

Thursday, July 22
11:25 a. m. Home Front News
11:30 a. m. Something to Read—Dr. T. F. Mayo and Library Staff
11:40 a. m. Dramatized News Events
11:45 a. m. Brazos Valley Farm and Home Program—FSA
11:55 a. m. News—Interviews
12:00 a. m. Sign-Off

McCloud, p	4	2	2
Rodimank, cf	3	1	1
Fallon, 3b	2	1	2
Giglietta, 1b	2	0	0
Parr, sf	2	1	0
Perry, sf	1	0	0
Starch, c	2	0	0
Carnahan, lf	3	0	0
totals 28 6 9			

*Burman hit for Moodie in 7th

Squad. II	5-3-1-0-0-1	10	6	3
Squad. III	4-0-2-1-0-0-0	9	6	2
Squad. I	0-0-0-0-0-1-3	4		
Squad. V	0-0-0-0-3-0-1	4		

LEAGUE STANDING (playoff included)

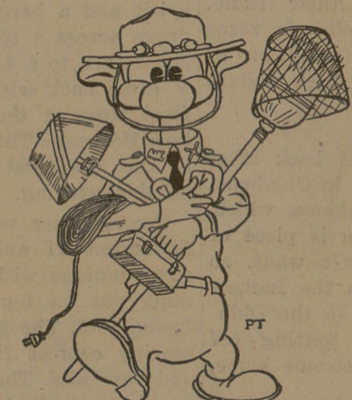
W	L	Pct.
Squadron I	2	1 .666
Squadron V	2	1 .666
Squadron II	2	2 .500
Squadron III	1	3 .250

Friday, July 23
6:02 a. m. Texas Farm and Home Program—TQN, Dairy—A. V. Moore; Forestry—D. A. Anderson
11:25 a. m. Home Front News
11:30 a. m. Student Personnel Office's Findings
11:40 a. m. Industry looks to the Future
11:45 a. m. Brazos Valley Farm and Home Program—Triple A
11:55 a. m. News from Air Corps
12:00 a. m. Sign-Off
4:30 p. m. Panel Discussion—John Quisenberry, George Potter, W. A. Varvel "How Shall Medical Service be Financed in the Future?"
5:00 p. m. Tragedy at Sea—Play by Radio Club
5:15 p. m. Bryan Air Field
5:30 p. m. Sign-Off

Saturday, July 24
6:02 a. m. Texas Farm and Home Program—TQN, Treasury Department.—Jack Criswell

DR. N. B. McNUTT
DENTIST
Office in Parker Building
Over Canady's Pharmacy
Phone 2-1457 Bryan, Texas

LOUPOT'S
Trade with Lou —
He's right with you!



LEAVING FOR THE HOLIDAYS?

If you are leaving for the holidays or checking out to the army, navy, marines or air corps—Lou will give you the highest prices for your drawing instruments and slide rules. I'm buying books on the wholesale market for used books and will pay your current market prices—bring us your school supplies and used books, Lou will give you the best prices.

If you find that you can sell any item at a higher price than Lou pays you he'll sell it back to you at just what you paid for it. How do you like that deal?

AGENTS FOR POST DRAWING EQUIPMENT

LOUPOT'S

"Trade With Lou — He's Right With You"

THE BEST---

is what we have to offer to our friends and customers...

It is our desire and endeavor to carry only the best lines of merchandise. We feel that there's nothing too good for our friends and customers. We invite you to use the facilities of our store often—to fill your every need from our complete stock of better quality merchandise.

See the Friendly Aggieland Pharmacy for . . .

Toilet articles, novelties, gifts, magazines, tobaccos, school needs, service jewelry, stationery, and thousands of other items that you need every day.

Bring Us Your Prescriptions for Careful and Accurate Compounding.

AGGIELAND PHARMACY

"Keep Right At The North Gate And You Won't Go Wrong"

LOUPOT'S
An Aggie Institution



You WON'T Need the UNIFORMS Illustrated Above!

But you will want cool . . . comfortable summert shirts and slacks — so come on in and see our fine stock.

- Broadcloth Shirts \$2.00 to \$2.95
- Waldrop & Co. Poplin \$3.25
- Chino Khaki Twill Shirt \$3.95
- Chino Khaki Slacks \$3.95

- Spun Rayon Shirt — \$5
- Field Club Slacks — \$6
- Trop. Worsted Shirt 6.50
- Trop. Worsted Slacks 7.50

Waldrop & Co
"Two Convenient Stores"
College Station Bryan