

OFFICIAL NOTICES

Classified

LOST—One raincoat belt at the Assembly Hall, July 28. A reward is offered at H-2 Walton.

Church Notices

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Bryan. Corner 27th and S. College. E. S. Bledsoe, Pastor. Bible School 9:45. Communion and Sermon 11:00. Young People Meet 6:30. Evening Worship 7:30. A special invitation to all service men to the splendid Sunday School especially arranged for them.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS. Y.M.C.A. College Station. All Mormon fellows are invited to attend. 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.

Hedge Hopping

luscious young ladies in a 42 "V-8" Ford. Upon being asked where they wanted to go our boys replied that they would like to drive out in the country in search of a lake of which they had heard. After driving around awhile, talking and becoming variously acquainted, "our boys" had proceeded to loosen their ties, roll up their shirt sleeves and feel secure in the belief that they were "in" for the afternoon. Needless to say they were thunderstruck when they heard (in sugary tone) "and just where would y'all like to get out?" This is a big let-down to all of your squadron-mates men, so I would like, after this week-end to hear a story of tremendous conquest. Good luck.

A/S John Mack, Squadron 4, an old army "sergeant" who was made wing adjutant. Mr. Mack is a good man and in behalf of all our squadron I would like to say that we'll all be ridin' with you when you hit the trail. Another promotion, Mr. Meek also of squadron 4, who was made group commander of group 2. Good work.

Notes on Interesting Personalities. Mr. "Brute" Higginbottom, one of those B flight beavers, whose eagerness in most respects isn't too noticeable, but becomes absolutely overzealous in the one sense of which I will presently speak. It is said that upon meeting a girl on the street "Brute's" technique automatically puts itself into operation. It runs something like this: sidling up to the young lady with the brilliant smile, the glaring eye and the brassy air of the practiced wolf, "Brute" then directs a quaint remark of some sort at the female of the species or asks them a very close personal question concerning who she would like to go with in the very near future. The reaction to a sortie of this type is varied and in all cases highly entertaining. "Hig" has been known to chase girls for three blocks trying to, er, apologize. Take er' easy boy.

LEGGETT

(Continued From Page 3) low, quotes and unquotes on the item omitted for obvious reasons. We can still use more news from the first and second stoops. . . AND while on the subject of the 8th Company lad, aren't his lungs???? becoming strong and convincing while talking to the Sgt.

WHERE TO SPEND YOUR SPARE MOMENTS

There's nothing more relaxing and refreshing after a long session in classes or a hard afternoon on the drill field than to come by George's and enjoy a cooling and refreshing drink and spend a few minutes visiting with the fellows. You're always welcome at George's—where the guys all get together!

GEORGE'S

New "Y"

WANGER'S

(Continued From Page 1)

his school life. After his four years in A. & M., Brad Craig, in his senior year, becomes involved in a spy plot with Japanese students on the campus. A secret formula, which has been discovered in the research laboratories of the chemistry department, is lost and Craig becomes involved. Through deduction and a little detective work he discovered that the formula has fallen into enemy hands and although he is involved and is asked to leave school, he makes no effort to clear himself since he realized that the results are far reaching and that more people are involved. So sacrificing himself, he keeps quiet, loses friends and is disgraced. He joins the Japs and becomes an English-speaking radio commentator for the propaganda department, all the while planning on dealing a heavy blow to his country's enemies. Finally, through real heroism, he brings about the successful repulsion of the Japanese in the Solomon Islands, thus vindicating himself and bringing glory to Aggie land. In his effort, he gladly sacrifices his own life.

As Brad Craig's "old lady", Noah Beery, Jr., turns in a wonderful performance as "Cyanide" Jennings—the embodiment of what a true Aggie should be. His characterization of the second role of the picture will be well received in that he caught the spirit of the Aggies in the portrayal of "Cyanide" Harry Davenport, as "Pop" Lambert, was at his best in bringing to life the professor that loved and was beloved by generations of students.

The love-interest was admirably portrayed by the lovely Anne Gwynne, who, as "Pop" Lambert's granddaughter, brought beauty and charm to an already charming picture. Martha O'Driscoll, although occupying a comparatively minor part, turned in a nice performance and added a note of humor as well as beauty to the production.

The story, although weak in spots, moved along smoothly and was so deftly spiced with the true picture of Aggie land that it will meet with acclaim wherever and whenever it is shown. Scenes of the campus are plentiful and well photographed, the corps lending a very capable and professional background to the show. Aggies, past and present, will be greatly pleased and deeply impressed by the cinema record of their own school.

know. It has often been said, "Why study?" That question has been answered as follows: "The more one studies, the more he learns and the more he forgets; the more he forgets, the less he knows; but the less he knows, the less he forgets; and the less he forgets the more he knows; so why in the heck study?"

Fish Tales

By Fish Bryan A. Ross. Well boys, our show has finally arrived. And when this goes to press it will have already been shown, and we will have seen what we've been counting on for many months. We Fish were not here at A. & M when Universal brought their cameras and sets and stars, but we have heard that it really was a gala affair last Fall. All we are hoping for is that some day we may return to Aggie land when it's like it was in days gone by. This has been a hectic weekend for most of us. On top of all our regular troubles, we sweated out a "B" quiz in Chemistry and gosh knows how many daily troubles (math quizzes etc.). It seems that the more we study the less we

Fish Langston down on the first stoop says his "Uncle" has called for him. But he's not alone, I think we oughta run a railroad through No. 14 so that the "drafts" wouldn't have to walk so far to the train station every day. Fish Corless had better not wear a pencil on his ear anymore. A certain officer thinks it's a penitentiary offense to do same. And if you don't quit Fish Corless, he'll tell his mama on you. Our old friend of last semester, Wilburn Sharp, is now in Coast Artillery basic school in Virginia. Things that couldn't be possible: Fish Settegast singing soprano, and Fish Wallace teaching Analytically. I wonder how many girls Fish Thompson has anyway? Every week-end we see him with a new girl friend. Say, I wonder why Uncle Ed's was closed to us? Fish Talbot will hereby lose his beer belly. And if they don't get some brew out there pretty soon we're gonna brew our own.

Marine Mad-Caps

We all miss that bright cheery smile and hearty voice of TOP—Seems as if he went to San Diego—that h—h—of creation—But he'll be back—The news is sudden and, if true, somewhat startling since Cpl. Powers always seemed to be the strong, silent type with a definite ban on marital ambitions—But it seems as if that predatory female, referred to once before in this column, has finally won her battle—Who in the devil said the Marines always won—Look at Powers, I guess this will be his farewell to Navies—Congratulations to those ultra-gyrgines that have made Sergeant—Bladergroen, Miller, Murphy, O'Neill, and Storey—Now they are the tough Sergeants that have made the Marine Corps the terror of little boys—How about that, Sgt. Boles

Reflections---

(Sparks & Scopes) I'm sad and unhappy today—See I do have moods—Moody Wednesday—But I've just got to reflect—Remember "Lucky" Jackson, CSp (A)—I just noticed the write-up he received in The Pelican—Algiers wonder sheet. Chief Jackson, one of Texas' great track men was anchor man on the relay team that holds the present world record. One thing the Pelican forgot and that is the bride-to-be.—A little lady from Conros.—They also forgot to mention that Lucky seldom loses in a poker game.—The party for the Sailors and Marines that were leaving was a success and I do mean a success—densely populated by Marines, they let their hair down and let the Tiger Roar.—How about the station wagon that was gone fifteen minutes according to the Log and traveled 104 miles according to the speedometer.—Get out of our way, P-38 — Two SP's are leaving—If we pray real hard like, maybe we can get rid of the rest of them too—Happy Day—But so long, BECKER AND PIPERI, and don't take the Crescent City too hard.—Can you imagine, Friday came around and no fish— That is, on the table.—The incredulity on my brow was genuine, I assure you.—And so was the appreciation in my mind—Never mind, what mind—The awesome looks on certain peoples faces when they learned that Houston was still out of bounds.—One fellow put "To visit friends" on his request and when it came back with the notation attached that no one would be allowed to go unless it was urgent, added, "From New York".—Did he go to Houston? —Chief Young, who says "Only God can make a bo'sun mate", is going around talking about oilwells, waterspouts and barbecue—Wonder what he means???—"She's a pistol packin' mama"—Wotta song, wotta song.—A buddy of mine joined the Army Oct. 17, 1940 and since that time I haven't seen him. After the war began I lost track of him entirely but from the vine I've heard of him.— He was shot all to hell in Africa and sent to Texas, Texas to recuperate—So I shoot a line to Temple but no go, he had shoved off again. The letter followed him to Virginia and then to Africa, where he had gone again—He was wounded again and this time sent to Station Hospital, Camp Claiborne, and my letter followed him there, where he finally got it. His answer stated that he was getting five weeks leave to regain his health and is on his way to Texas, provided he can find Bryan.—So I guess Uncle Sam does get our mail around after all.—Reading the ACTD columns, gives a guy the creeps—they sound so mournful about leaving that one would half expect to see them slogging through tears ankle deep. The silent cursing when Ship's Service was closed for a couple of days for alterations.— Boykin Y1c, back from a ten day leave and looking no different, just as dissipated as ever—and as rum-dum.—Simmons Y3c, preparing to leave for ten days holding out his arm for "Pappy" Maskel Y1c, to skin the cat on.—Munson Y2c, reporting from Houston, says the tale going the rounds about him having 22 Waves under him is slightly erroneous.—Only two, he says.—The super-bleeding about the laundry situation.— We don't quite understand how we are supposed to wear whites every day when it takes from two to three weeks to get them clean again. Did you take guzinta in school?—You know, two guzinta four.—TO THE MARINES—Be good to Trescott boys, and he may show you the pretty pie he has in the dark room.—la, la.—What little boy, with the big mouth, on

though. Enough feudin' for now. If you men in all dorms will cooperate now and give us the news that we miss, the Batt will be sure to have the news that you want in and no one can gripe.

Milling around Milner. . . Tinajero is inquiring about T. U. just in case A. and M. closes to students before he gets his degree. Jimmy Souris threatened drastic things for not having his name in the Batt. He should have read the one a couple weeks ago. Deisler worked four days on one physics formula only to find out that 5/5 equals 1/1.

Amazing deduction. Some guys around here sure chum around with the Tactical officers a lot. Heard that a couple of guys had an escort to the dorm Tuesday night. Also, Murphy of the lower stoop dates a lieutenant general's daughter. Anybody know where I can find an officer's daughter that will go with me? I'd like a chance to go to O. C. S. too. H. N. F. R. D. Q. X. L. J. Forman is having trouble getting up in the morning. Of course he gets up at ungodly hours to study. Lotsa Milner men are out for football. Among them are Brant Myers, "Red" Turner and Leon Myers. Watch them give T. U. trouble. Jack Knox is still smiling over the prospect of having regular yell practices. For that matter, aren't we all. Moreman, Landry, Gruberman, Eng, Myers, and Knox sure have fun at their end of the hall. Promised to make Terrell's name mud, but it's still Terrell. Conrad Sommers wants someone to help pick his cotton. Promises \$1.00 per pound. Also promises to get at least one pound. Dirty deal that we weren't allowed to take dates to the picture we worked on for so long.

Soph snaps: All the Milner men sweating P. O. boxes for word that their women are coming to the ball. We hope that all sophs in the dorm will attend. The class has a band now that promises to be good, and the only thing left for us to do is turn out and make the dance a big one. Allbright and Terrell got us a dorm to keep our dates in and we believe that we can have a good time. Even some of the pronounced bachelors are thinking about getting dates so all the class Beau Brummels should surely have dates. Let's show that we can make this dance really big and good.

A. C. Zamora says that the dean wants him to take a rest so he's leaving till September. As far as we know no one else is leaving, but the last time that appeared in this column about half of the third floor left. A couple of fellows from the other floors left too. Enough for now. Remember to get a date for the ball and to watch football practice. Let's be sure we beat T. U. this time.

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INTRAMURALS

(Continued From Page 1) furnish their own equipment, but badminton rackets will be furnished by the P. E. Department. Badminton birds may be purchased at the P. E. office while handballs will be checked out at the gym.

FROG

(Continued From Page 2) we really have that spirit of Aggie land, that spirit known through the country, THEN WE'LL LEARN THOSE YELLS, and, small as the student body is com-

Milner Medley

By Archie Broodo

Well, I've got an option on a P. T. boat so I'll keep trying. The Milner men finished their softball league in third place and won their tennis league. Dick Morrison says to look out when basketball comes around because that's his game. The men showed swell spirit and played good ball, but lost to the 8th company in the last game of the season. At this time we haven't yet seen the show, but the Milner-Leggett battalion likes the idea of going in first. No one seems to be bleeding about the idea of regular yell practices either. A good old fashioned yell practice might help a lot of things around school right now. Glad to see that someone in Leejay and Walton finally whipped out and started a column in each dorm. Now I won't feel all alone. The lament from Leggett's lamenter about omission of an exchange store beauty's name from a Medley column should be explained, I suppose. The lady didn't want her name in print anymore so the omission was caused by that and nothing else. If you want her name in the Batt, you're a big boy with a column of your own now and you can put it in yourself. I doubt if it will be appreciated.

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