

OFFICIAL NOTICES

STUDENT EMPLOYMENT
Those students expecting part-time employment during the coming term are urged to fill an application or application renewal with the Placement Office before September 10.
W. R. Horsley
Placement Office.

The shipment of senior rings due September 1st are now ready for delivery in the Registrar's Office. Since we are trying to close our books for the fiscal year 1942-43 we would appreciate it if all students having rings in the Registrar's Office at this time would get them out as soon as possible.
H. L. Heaton,
Acting Registrar.

—ASTP—

(Continued From Page 1)

ography, military science and physical education. Men attend classes from 7:30 to 4, with one and one-half hours off for "chow."

Intramural sports are held from 4 to 6 p.m., after which the men have the night off. Industrious ones study for their next day's classes, while others recuperate from their day's activities by going to the movies, bowling, playing pool, and drinking cokes at corner drugstores.

Sometimes the men gather in their rooms and have "bull sessions." Topics discussed range widely, a Company B man said, but usually the soldier-students talk of the superiority of their particular company to that of other companies, the war and its conduct, and letters from relatives and friends at battlefronts.

Comparing their training here with regular Army life, the men speak of it as "Life at the L.S.U. Country Club."

After the ASTP men complete their basic and advanced training, they will hope to be sent to Officers' Candidate school where they will reach their long-sought-for goal—officership.

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An Aggie Institution

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Do your Christmas shopping now for men in service overseas. We have a pleasing assortment of practical gifts that will be certain to please.

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- Reg. Trench Coats
- Reg. Field Jackets
- Regulation Caps
- Regulation Shoes
- Regulation Ties
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A.S.T.U. NEWS
ARMY ENGINEERS ARMY VETS

C. Q. Ramblings

The Aggie Frogs and Fish did themselves well at the Freshman Ball this last week end. It's been many a day since these tired old eyes have seen so many lovely dolls. We wouldn't worry too much about the Sophs, Frogs and Fish. Any group knowing as many cute tricks as you apparently do need worry about nothing.

Wonder if the Freshman really wanted to show the gal friend their classroom or if they didn't trust their fellow man? Every one seems to have a gal in town when going to class.

A bunch of the Bryan Field boys were about to whoop it up. Six of them had been pricing the stock-in-trade of an Avalon Grog Shoppe. The big decision had been made. One of the Lieutenants called out to a Major, "Come over here, Major, we're chipping in on a pint." Yes indeed, a bunch of the boys were about to whoop it up.

Johnny Cornell of the 1st company trundled into bed leaving the radio on. Several hours later he awoke to hear, "the ball is on the thirty-five yard line." "Say, what the h— day is it?" he demanded, "Wednesday" . . . "What date?" . . . "August 25" "Whew. . . I heard that football game and thought I had slept for two months." He's just the boy who could do it too.

Under threat of great physical harm including a punch in the nose we retract the statement that the airforce are usually the sloppiest group at any post. We are very sorry indeed to cause the air boys embarrassment and we did not know that they were so sensitive about being the slo . . . but there, we mustn't say it. (How's that, Brownie?)

The eternal feud between the Arms of the Service was on. The ex-medico was extolling his branch, "And talk about marching. Why the medics out march every outfit. Just you remember that every time an infantry outfit goes out a medical outfit goes out with it. And they carry everything an infantryman does." This did not sound quite strong enough, so he continued, "And they carry everything an infantryman does, including . . ." The air corps came through with . . . "Including the infantryman."

League Standings

Team	W	L	%
3rd Co.	3	0	.1000
1st Co.	3	1	.750
2nd Co.	1	2	.333
5th Co.	1	2	.333
4th Co.	0	3	.000

Games This Week

Sunday, September 5th, 1943:
2nd Company vs 4th Company, CALLAHAN PARK, behind dorm 3, new area, umpires, LeRoy Carlson, Mon T. Cheves.
3rd Company vs 5th Company, PICKETT PLAYGROUND, behind dorm 1, new area, umpires, Rex G. Butler, Julian Klashman.

ASTP Track Meet Sunday

Trial heats beginning at ten a.m. and the regular meet starting at 2:30 ASTP tracksters compete in track and field events this Sunday at Kyle Field.

The following events have been scheduled, 100 yd. dash, 300 yd. dash, mile run, mile and seven tenths cross country, 120 yd. low hurdles, 800 yd. run, mile medley. Field events will include the high jump, running broad jump, shot put, discus and bar chinning.

Any man in ASTU 3800 is eligible to participate and if he has not already done so he should see his company athletic manager.

—CIRCLING—

(Continued From Page 3)
nutes. It's swell!
"About the only thing to compare it with is love. Of course it isn't anywhere near as good as love, especially loving you, but it has the same pattern."

"First there is the matter of getting acquainted; that was exasperating. The plane is just like a pretty gal; a guy gets tense, excited, and just isn't quite sure of himself. Then he gets his head high in a cloud, his heart beats a little faster, gently and uneasily the first overture to friendship is made. When the plane rolls back out of the first turn, well, it leaves him feeling as he did after the first kiss. It is sort of unpolished,

Just Ramblin' Round

By PRITCHARD

The question has been posed and is worthy of consideration: What Would Become Of The Army Without The "G. I. Whistle"? From early morn till the very last thing at night, we are constantly reminded of his existence by his shrill, nostalgic call. It can be safely said that nothing exerts such an influence on a soldier's life as our friend "The G. I. Whistle." He gets us up in the morning; takes us to breakfast; to classes and in general, controls our every move, with slight exceptions.

Without this dearly beloved instrument of torture, absolutely nothing could be accomplished. What else in all the world could pierce the delirious brain of a sleep-drugged G. I. so early in the morning, or by what other means would it be possible to induce a reluctant "future Engineer" to scramble eagerly for the stairway, out the door and into line, in order to be on time for class? The answer quite obviously is "no-thing."

Now, in order to get the very best results from this "masterpiece of slavish ingenuity" it is necessary for the user to employ a few simple rules. In fact these rules can all be solved into one fundamental but very important rule. That is "To Blow It!" Never do it gently for this will only breed contempt for the user and the whistle. Give it everything you've got and blow until you have absolutely no breath left. Then relax and inhale deeply. This is only the beginning, for to stop now would be fatal. You must blow and blow until, completely exhausted, you can blow no longer. This last must be followed carefully. To fail to follow through would bring nothing but disgrace upon the entire "Corps of Whistle Blowers" and the end of the "G. I. Whistle" as our most treasured "secret weapon."

—PRINCE—

(Continued From Page 1)

of many articles and several books on history and political science of Central Europe, including his autobiography, "Consuet of the Past," published in 1938.

His appointment to TSCW is in line with that part of the work of the Carnegie Endowment in which professors are appointed to lecture at educational institutions in countries other than their own.

"The purpose of these visits is to multiply and strengthen the bonds of intellectual and scholarly understanding between different countries and to perform such academic service as the authorities of the several institutions may desire or suggest," Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, has written Dr. Hubbard.

Applicants for Civil Service Must File Now

Statewide competition began today for the civil service examination announced for filling the \$4600 a year position of general salvage executive with the War Production Board at Austin, Texas, according to the local civil service secretary, from whom the necessary application forms may be secured.

Applicants must have had six years of experience involving the supervision of employees and the planning, organizing, directing, and coordination of their work.

"The salvage executive organizes and directs state-wide programs for the collection and disposition of waste and scrap metals", the secretary said.

Applications must be on file with the director, Tenth Civil Service Region, 210 S. Harwood St., Dallas, Texas on or before September 6, 1943.

bit his stomach has butterflies and he gets the same old light-hearted feeling. As the plane responds, he feels a bit more confident, and then he knows that there will be difficult times, gradually everything will improve.

"Gee, darling, it was a real adventure and even way up there in the blue I was thinking of you." That's all for now gents. Be seeing you next Saturday. Look for me, I'll be waiting for you. Come in and . . . "Call for Circling-The-Field."

Personalities

S. N. Johnson

Our graduating senior for today is S. N. Johnson of Dallas. Neil was born in El Paso, Texas, but got all his elementary and high school work in Dallas. September, 1939, found him as a fish in F Battery Field Artillery where he stayed through three and a half years of bull text. Then he decided to give up his advanced contract and his chances for a commission in the F. A., so that he could continue in his chosen field of Veterinary Medicine.

Neil was cadet captain of 7th CHQ following his move from the battery. Now he is a cadet captain of the 2nd student company, ASTU 3800.

Johnson's record as a trackman at A. & M. in intramural contests has been one of which any man could be proud. He has won the 100 yd. dash for three consecutive years. He also weilds a wicked arm at golf which is his favorite pastime.

When Universal Studios finished making the picture "We've Never Been Licked," Neil and one of his friends decided to journey out to Hollywood via thumb to see what made things tick out there. Johnson made the whole journey to California, eating, sleeping, and riding without ever taking off his bright and once lustrous senior boots. This could readily be a record for wearing boots. When Neil and his friend walked into a swanky hotel upon arriving in Hollywood, their dirty and unshaven appearance created quite a scene among army big shots and civilians as well. Johnson says Universal treated them like kings while they were there and the exe's they met both at Hollywood and on the trip were swell fellows.

Woman trouble? No, not exactly as he has just been run under by a second lieutenant. Johnson you haven't long to wait before you will rate that second lieutenant.

After the war Neil wants to set up one of those super-modern small animal hospitals in Dallas. The hospital will be fitted with all the latest innovations in modern equipment. Hope you make it, Neil, and good luck on your career.

RUMORESQUE

Catastrophe:
When "S. A." Fickes acquired two white mice from one of the laboratories on the campus, it was with the intention of utilizing them to affirm or negate the assertion made in the Battalion several editions ago concerning "Senile Atrophy" Fickes and "Alopecia" Boyd. With the zeal of a scientist coursing through his 10-6 H. P. cerebrum he made preparations for his research problem while Tisch, his roommate, basking in the high frequency oscillations emanating from Fickes' frontal bone, concerned himself with the menial details connected with the upkeep of these wee sleek creatures. Finally, the precious material (The formula for this preparation cannot be divulged at this time) was inoculated into these tiny martyrs and a twenty-four hour vigil was begun.

Then, in the early hours of this Friday morning passed, a marauder came on padded feet and unconcernedly and with great gusto devoured, in several seconds, what had taken countless cerebrations and painstaking precision to achieve—Yes! it was a callous cat that so abruptly yet efficiently terminated Fickes' incipient research activity.

Did our hero falter? Nay! Tyro though he be he has persistency. Now he is working with several white rats, and we fervently pray that neither incubus nor fleshed sprite molest his solemn rites.

Bullarney

Excerpts from a letter. . .

"Just because a war is going on shouldn't necessitate the drafting of all the men and the stationing of all the dodos in our

MARINES

Let Us Do Your Alterations

Lauterstein's

Where You Always Get a Fair Trade

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LOUPOT'S

Where You Always Get a Fair Trade

Poet's Corner

Two weeks ago this column carried an article on Lt. G. H. Sanders, brother of Jack Sanders, here with the army vets. Today we are offering you a poem written in North Africa by a man in the ack-ack outfit of which Lt. Sanders in commander.

The Stepchild Outfit

You hear the praise of the Infantry,
The deserving of our forces;
The Field Artillery's glory next,
And Engineers of course.

Maintenance and Ordnance
Must surely get their share,
We can't continue mechanized
Without them being there.

So one and all they've got their
just
Divisions old and young;
But alas, just one battalion left,
Their praises go unsung.

It's just a "stepchild" outfit
Not wanted anywhere,
They're never missed, or noticed
But for granted they'll be there.

To the first' attached, on time
To leave, no one objects;
Just anyone who'll feed us,
Is the group who'll get us next.

But it's not fair to criticize
Until you get our side;
We've seen as much as all of you
And had our share who died.

We're better known as "Ack Ack"
And cannons everywhere,
But still you do not need us
Or want us anywhere.

You keep a few machine guns,
That's not to be denied;
If a plane is brought down "we
do it"

Till after it's identified.
If it's a ME or Stuka
The honors, of course, you claim,
But if it happens to be a "Spitfire"
"Sure" we'll take the blame.

home town. Of course, we can't complain that all the wolves have gone . . . Those animals, I am happy to say, are as yet not extinct. Enough howls still follow one across the street to make one realize that in uniform or out they all sound alike and all have the same subtle approaches: Hey Toots! am I going your way? or "Hm! Hm! isn't that delicious? Let's see if we can take a bite." These are only two of the "crummy" lines. I don't think you will be able to stand up under others."

Notice: Stan Vezey will be the guest of honor at a party to be given by his friends sometime in September . . . What will be the outcome of the incident created when that dulcet-voiced dainty creature telephoned "Iron-Man" Munson several days ago?

With "Bird Boyd"—the man who discovered the Fickes foramen at the handle of the bicycle pump and Krakoff welding the hose, this duet spent the better part of this Friday night past in chasing the dust from the crevices on the backs of the company dressers. . . amazing ingenuity and selfless service eh wot?

And now let's turn the pages back
And set them to be seen . . .
One of the first to hit Oran,
Last to leave Kasserine.

We've "drug" our guns thru mud
and rain
And set them up in view;
And took the fire of 88's,
Those shells were meant for you.

We've been thrown in as Infantry,
Stood guard both day and night,
It's not a thing to boast about,
It's everybody's fight.

As far as we are concerned, you
can
Claim every plane,
We'd gladly leave you to yourself,
For a nice airport again.

So take all the glory;
And credit we deserve;
We're just a bastard outfit,
"Cowards with no nerve?"

This poem was written by a
member of an Anti-aircraft Batta-
lion while in North Africa.

—TRIMMING—

(Continued from Page 3)
their output could be absorbed;
nevertheless, we appreciate the in-
terludes without further question.
Thanks for all of us, Mistfers.

Right now, it is honestly and
firmly felt that each member of
this organization should pat the
back of his nearest respective as-
sociate at the next formation be-
cause the general attitude and re-
sult of our first road run was
far from poor which is an excel-
lent indication of our future re-
actions and progress. It must also
be remembered that many were
acting with cumbersome handicaps
and in spite of same, at times,
there seemed to energy and breath
to spare on the part of a few hardy
souls which quickly evaporated
through miscellaneous jesting. Yes
sir, many men surprised themselves
but we may be amply assured that
bigger and better surprises are
ahead. Of course, the elemen of
"harmless griping" might be con-
sidered a necessary evil, yet it is
felt sure that this factor will be
kept rewarded if one can see the
"light". Can you? Have you tried?

It is considered great sport by
many fortunate individuals.

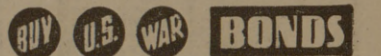
Each and every time we atten-
tively listen to Captain Hill orate,
irregardless of subject matter, all
concerned become definitely con-
verted to almost all ideas expres-
sed and this scribe has been re-
quested by many to openly ac-
knowledge earnest thanks and ap-
preciation not only for genuine
enjoyment received in the past
but also for the actual help from
which we have all benefited. This
is a recognized debt by many and
should be repayed by all in a man-
ner of an obvious nature. Regard-
ing "OF BBBBEEAM" news . . . The
complete seriousness with which
Mr. Holderbaum and Mr. Kemmler
throttle their musical band instru-
ments is more than well appreciat-
ed at all times, but it seems that
there are those individuals who
insist on peace and decorum at
all times also, well, a word to the
wise should be ample. Cooperation
accomplishes wonders. Goodnight
gentlemen.

So take all the glory;
And credit we deserve;
We're just a bastard outfit,
"Cowards with no nerve?"

This poem was written by a
member of an Anti-aircraft Batta-
lion while in North Africa.

—SPOTLIGHT—

(Continued from Page 3)
Squadron III remains on the
idle side as far as sports go; it
looks is though this flying is
using up plenty of their time. Dur-
ing P. E. they have been playing
some volleyball. (Plenty good on
those air legs.)



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