

Trimming Tabs Squadron I

Well, the inevitable has finally occurred gentlemen, yes—one of our associates has been (this tastes bitter, ugh) giggled, but being the man he certainly is, swalled this medicine with little exterior emotional display, however, we all realize that this justly famous cure—all serves an admirable purpose and just think—this remedy is gratis, yours and yours alone but for one move . . . the wrong one.

Where are these days going? Yes, this question is firmly justified and on many local minds but to realize that this is "only the beginning" provokes even more thought and the conclusion usually reached is quite widely recognized, simply that time is one of the many intangible elements over which we may exercise very little control other than to completely avoid any tendency towards wastage, it progresses but only one way, consequently, we are left no alternative other than the obvious so perhaps it would be wise to bank towards a frugal attitude for the immediate future.

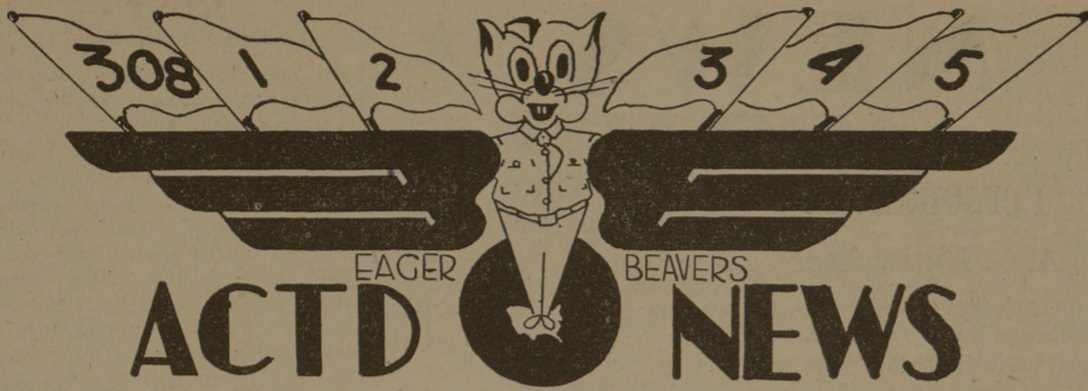
Very recently it was our distinct privilege to hear Dean Brooks and Captain Murphy give brief addresses and while both were immensely appreciated and enjoyed, the occasion was saddened through the fact that Captain Murphy is very soon to depart for a new assignment. All that can be stated at this moment is that our loss is another's gain and our acquaintance was much too short, but the well wishes of Squadron I will always follow you Captain—this is the sentiment of each and every student.

OFF BEAM STATUS . . . A/S Johnson and Secola are exceptionally envigorating personalities if one has had the pleasure. Mr. Secola's latest quip is "Petrified Rest" (get the idea). Mr. Johnson's quips are being censored at present, he understands—I am sure. Mistert Hunter, Callahan and Benis are respectively seeing red these days, wonder why? Your scribe's desire. "Oh, to be a Gremlin for one hour each day." Enough for now gentlemen, switches off.

Circling the Field Squadron III

Hello there young gentlemen, Say, if any of you gentlemen have any little ditty or any news you think the other fellows would like to read, why not drop up to room 306 and let me in on it? I'm always open for suggestions and I know the rest of the Mistert would like to read it in the column . . . all two of them: myself and the one fellow I pay to read it. To start us off with a bang, or (See CIRCLING, page 4)

Crosby Square Authentic Fashions IN MEN'S SHOES A Step to Distinction Military Air These sleek and handsome shoes do you proud on dress parade, whether you wear khaki or civvies. Their looks say, "Attention!" Their healthful comfort says, "Forward—March!" Ready for your inspection so see them soon. \$5.95 and up W.S.D. WIMBERLEY-STONE-DANES CLOTHIERS SHOE DEPT. B. C. ALLEN, Owner College and Bryan



Spotlight on Sports

(Editors note) The following is a radio broadcast by Lt. Segrest, which was presented last Wednesday noon. Due to the many requests for publication, it is as follows.

Physical Education For Pilots Physical Education for pilots was such a necessity that from the first it became one of the (four) pillars of the College Training program.

Most of the men came into the service from a soft, easy peace time life. It is our task in one year to prepare these aviation students physically and mentally to meet and defeat pilots of our enemies who have been thoroughly trained in a purposeful wartime physical and mental system for years; in fact, from childhood.

Our high school and college physical programs have developed on mental alertness, agility, initiative and a sporting competitive spirit possibly superior to that of our enemies, but no matter how mentally alert, agile and clever an athlete may be in handball or other sports, he will be defeated invariably by an opponent only slightly less skillful and less imaginative, who has a great superiority in strength and endurance, and a cold blooded will which pushes aside all rules to win. So in War: The mission then is to train our pilots not only so they are more skillful in flying technique and knowledge, but in one year to turn them into the air stronger and tougher both physically and mentally. To accomplish this our methods must be revolutionary as compared with those prevailing in our peace time life, and the most intensive, rigorous and comprehensive program of physical and mental training has been outlined for Cadets of the Army Air Force at the 308th College Training Detachment. We stress calisthenics, running, swimming, and other sports. When the men first arrive at the 308th College Training Detachment, they are given a swimming test which segregates the non-swimmers from the swimmer. Out of the last two units to arrive 3 out of 8 men could not swim for as much as eight minutes, the Army's minimum requirement. So the primary objective of the swimming program is to equip the trainee with the fundamental basic skills necessary to meet an emergency which might confront him under Combat Conditions.

Recently a man arrived at this detachment who had spent 10 months on Guadalcanal—I questioned him as to his idea of the value of physical training. He said that he promised himself one thing while on Guadalcanal and that is "If I live through this I will always stay in good shape physically so that I will be able to carry on when the going really gets tough."

While I was stationed at the San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center it was my privilege to have several men from the 19th Bombardment Group in my class—one was a tail gunner—He had been in the roughest part of the battle in the south Pacific. One day the men scheduled to run the cross-country course when I noticed this man limping. I told him that he might be excused from running the course, but he said he wanted to get as tough physically as possible before returning to combat.

At the 308th College training Detachment the men have intrasquadron competition in touch football, basketball, volleyball, and cross-country running. Tumbling is also stressed, because of its ability to prevent air-sickness to a great extent.

Physical training will play an important part in the preparation of our men for our combat forces. Trainees must be mentally alert to assimilate the knowledge and skill taught in our schools. Alertness is the reflection of a sound mind in a sound body. Knowledge and skill is the manner in which our graduates comport themselves during actual warfare.

George A. Martin, Editor-in-Chief; Martin E. Ismert, Jr., Managing Editor; W. D. West, Associate Editor; James L. Anderson, Associate Editor; Al Lorenzetti, Associate Editor; Ramon Martinez, Sports Editor; James R. Marengo, Staff Artist; Robert P. Damasky, Squadron 1 Editor; Johnny Jameson, Squadron 3 Editor; Kenneth A. Pfeiffer, Squadron 4 Editor; James D. Thomas, Squadron 5 Editor; Joseph W. Tiffenbach, Reporter; Frank J. Stiles, Reporter; William C. Davenport, Reporter; Woodrow W. Harris, Reporter; John D. Bante, Reporter; Francis W. Hennessie, Reporter; Roger C. Randles, Reporter.

The Church Social By W. D. West

Our church always ends its social season with a big supper given by the ladies of the church. The big event is announced several weeks in advance in a racy sheet known as the "church bulletin." It also carries news of what our friends are doing down in New Orleans. It's always good to know what our friends are doing in—er—New Orleans. Anyway, the ladies of the church will unbelt with a supper the 8th of the month in the basement of the church. The ladies committee is incidentally headed by Mrs. William Cornelious McInting. They are divided into commissary groups to bring different articles of food and every one has something to do but Mrs. McInting, who agrees to bring the napkins and send her car for the refreshments and then, too, there's the use of her name.

The day finally arrives, bright and rainy. But it finally clears and every one is left with rubbers and steamy raincoats, just to add to the fun. The ladies were in the kitchen "helping out" as they called it. There looked like from four to nine thousand women rushing back and forth carrying platters of food, bumping into each other, hysterical with laughter, filling pitchers with hot coffee and breaking plates.

And so it goes, back and forth, the men cracking jokes that were coined with the first batch of buffalo nickels, and I, all of this time have been trying to get the Curtiss girl to go out side with John Martin, his wife and myself, to get out of this noise. But each time I got them to the door, I was dragged back by one of the ladies to do odd jobs—like move the piano or the double cafe-size coffee urn.

Finally the paying guests arrive and after leaving their coats in the kindergarten room on the dwarfed tables and chairs. They (See CHURCH SOCIAL, Page 4)

ed such a gala event, now is your chance. This is the opportunity above all other opportunities to make new social contacts which will be of invaluable experience to you as your army career progresses. Why not bring your own date if it is possible; after all this is your dance and is run for your enjoyment only. Of course all the beautiful young ladies that attend are reserved for us stags.

Our officers have done very much toward putting this thing over and now is going to leave it up to us. We can't ask for more to make this a night you will never forget or want to forget. So get the ball-rolling before competition becomes keener. Lt. Segrest And His Little Ones "My boys are definitely on the ball," states Lt. Segrest. Yes, as proved by the fact that a few days ago during a typical Texan thunder shower, about twenty gentlemen were seen playing football. Not until called in by Lt. Segrest did they let up in the least. It seems that the fellows were disappointed in not having their P. E. for the afternoon. So it definitely seems as though the statement made by Lt. Segrest leaves no loopholes. His boys are most certainly living up to the Eager-Beaver tradition.

P. E. Triumphs Lt. Segrest, was found gloating all over today, the reason: he had just won two fast games of handball from Lt. Pickens.

As proven by his bruised hand, it certainly demonstrates that Lt. Segrest had a tough battle. Possibly the fact that Lt. Segrest is the head of the P. E. department had something to do with his hard-earned victory.

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

Ladies Dresses A Specialty Lauterstein's

Hedge Hopping Squadron IV

Here we are again, gentlemen, and for a change we have some items of major importance to occupy this column.

First, we would like to extend our congratulations and best wishes to A/S James Patrick Heffley, of this squadron, and Miss Mary Eileen O'Keefe, who are to be united in marriage this afternoon at St. Mary's chapel, on the post. Both are from Pittsburg, Pa., where they were childhood sweethearts. The ceremony will be performed at 2 p. m., with A/S Francis Baransky serving as best man. Everyone in the squadron is invited to attend.

Next we wish to welcome T/Sgt. Dishman, who has taken over the duties of Squadron IV tactical N. C. O. Sgt. Crist, who formerly held that post, will take up the job of instructing some of the classes in military courtesy and interior guard. Sgt. Dishman has already won the approval of most of the Squadron IV men, and is rated a real "right guy" by those who have become acquainted with him. We wish him well in his new job.

A brief sports note: Squadron IV's golfers are organized and are rarin' to take on any outfit on the campus, from the ASTP on up. If there is any outfit which feels capable of putting up a little competition for the boys, Athletic Officer Frank Stern will be glad to arrange a match.

To wind up this column, we'll mention a few of the more common sights to be seen around Hart Hall: Mr. "Romantic" Randle, always first in line for mail call, and we must say, seldom disappointed . . . The crowd around the bulletin board whenever a new gig list appears, and the ensuing groans of "that . . . /@&* . . .", "three more tours," "I told that guy to turn the light off, and now I get the gigs", and so forth . . . Mr. "Shorty" Rattiff jumping the gun when counting cadence . . . the would-be football stars practicing through sunshine and rain . . . and this reporter trying to find something to write. That's all, folks.

"EXHAUST" Squadron V

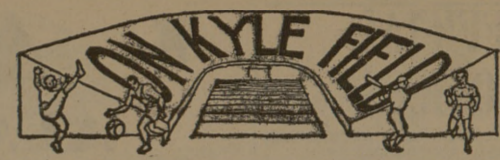
This bit of poetry was written by one of our talented students of Squadron V, whose name is withheld by his own wish.

MAMA'S BOY You say he can't stand the Army, The life is too rough, how sad. Do you think that he's so much better Than some other mother's lad?

You brought him up like a baby. He doesn't smoke or drink, is your brag. If all the others were like him, Well, what would become of our Flag?

You say, "Let the roughnecks do the fighting, They are used to beans and stew; But I'm glad that I'm classed with the roughnecks, Who fight for the Red, White, and Blue.

You say his girl couldn't stand it,



By Harold Borofsky Battalion Sports Editor

Biography of Coach Homer Norton Reveals Highlights of Great Sporting Career

Coach Homer Hill Norton came to the Aggies in 1934 from Centenary College, Shreveport, La., and after going through the "building" he saw his 1939, 1940, and 1941 teams rise to national recognition as one of the football powers. His 1939 and 1940 teams set a new record in the Southwest Conference wins when they ran up 19 consecutive victories. That string was finally broken by Texas, a traditional rival, in the last game of the 1940 campaign.

In 1939 Norton produced the National Champion football team, the Texas Aggies, which went through a ten game schedule against teams from coast to coast without being

defeated. His team climaxed the year by beating Tulane in the Sugar Bowl Classic at New Orleans, 14 to 13.

In 1940, with almost the same personnel as the '39 aggregation, his team lost only to Texas and then came back to beat Fordham 13 to 12 in the Cotton Bowl Classic at Dallas.

His 1941 team, after losing all of the "big name" stars, surprised the football experts by losing only to Texas, the Aggies' nemesis, during the regular season. The Conference Champions journeyed to Dallas to lose their first post-season encounter to Alabama 21 to 29 in the Cotton Bowl Thriller.

Coach Norton was born at Carrollton, Alabama, on December 30, 1896. He attended Birmingham High School and Birmingham-Southern College, graduating from the latter in 1916. He was a four-sports letterman in college and voted the best all-round athlete in his senior year. In 1920 he gave up a promising professional baseball career with The Columbus (American Association) team to become head coach of Centenary.

Norton headed the Gentlemen staff for two years and then served as line coach under "Bo" McMillan for three seasons. When "Bo" left, Norton was offered and declined the position as head coach, but accepted the post in 1926, after another year as line coach, and held it until he came to Texas A. & M. in 1934.

He tutored three undefeated teams in seven years while head man at Centenary. His 1927, 1932 and 1933 teams were undefeated and his 1930 eleven lost only one game, the Texas Aggies nosing out a 7-6 victory in that one. During the 1932 and 1933 seasons, his teams were undefeated in twenty straight games and unscored on in fourteen. He says his 1939 and 1940 Aggie teams are the greatest he has ever coached.

In his eight years at Texas A. & M. his teams have won 51 games, lost 22 and tied six.

At A. & M. Norton has turned out four All America players and two of them repeated. Those included: Joe Rout, guard, 1936-1937; Joe Boyd, tackle, 1939! John Kimbrough, fullback, 1939-40; and Marshall Robnett, guard, 1940. Several 1941 men received Honorable Mention.



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