

By Harold Borofsky Battalion Sports Editor

Cadet Team Primes for First Game, Coach Enthusiastic About Chances

As the days roll by there is slowly taking shape down on Kyle Field what may turn out to be the surprise team of the Southwest Conference...

boys on the C team are sure looking forward to the day when they will lick the A team all over the field. In regard to the listing of the boys, their numbers, etc., do not get impatient...

"EXHAUST" Squadron V

During a geography class, a member of Flight 55 found proof of the modern conveniences of fast travel. After a big dinner he found it increasingly difficult to keep from dozing...

Babe "Sailor Boy" Dollinger sports a snazzy new outfit of late. We wonder if the Blue Jackets have had any influence on the change.

Mr. Esbin member of tribe A, has been sporting a picture of the WAC he met in Nacogdoches with real enthusiasm. Tell us Ezzie are you wacky for Khaki?

Mr. Bernstein, seems to have two inclinations toward individualism, one is: Serenading his buddies on one of the numerous benches along Military Walk; the other is: beating the stuffing out of the scales in front of the durg store at the North Gate after he put in a penny and didn't get the usual information.

A long and heated debate has been taking place in Squadron V. A four day filibuster was ended with Mr. Yarech on the floor admitting that his girl could write but the X's on a letter he received was really kisses not repetition of her signature.

Mr. Cantor, P. E. cannonball, has a unique way of performing simple exercises such as holding himself at arms length by the hair of the head in mid air, which baffles us all. The pay off came when he gave out with his version of the Randolph Shuffle.

Attention! Heads up, stomach in, chest out, keep that hand down, dress is right, Flight, Flight, Flight, Fall out, so long.

ON WASHING CLOTHES

Army Air Forces personnel who find it necessary from time to time to take care of their own laundry will appreciate the tips offered by Staff Sgt. Arthur H. Brown in his article "How to Wash Your Clothes" in the October issue of AIR FORCE.

BAIL-OUT AT 40,000 FEET

Lieut. Col. W. R. Lovelace, who bailed out of a B-17 this summer to set a record and prove the practicability of new-type high altitude bail-out oxygen equipment, has written an account of his experience for the October issue of AIR FORCE.

Trimming Tabs Squadron I

Gentlemen, colleagues and potential scholars, have you recently noticed an intangible something, a new and revitalizing element which completely enshrouds us these days? If not, relax and observe this interesting metamorphosis because it is a good example of man's adjustment to a new environment.

At this time we are all, more or less, wound up to the current schedule as witnessed by those who are hitting a safe cruising speed in most subjects and those who seem to be struggling for control patiently waiting the arise of dawn which we earnestly hope will come soon, but never soon enough for those who might be losing hair and not through the efforts of any local beautician.

OFF BEAM STATIC: We would like to know who is responsible for those ingenious blackboard sketches in a certain room in the Academic building as they are proving particularly distracting being always in the unfinished category—you know what curiosity can start—our respective minds and would-be powers of concentration must be kept free of all matters indistinctly regardless, so on your guard and let us retain this attitude until one better may be adopted.

Keep that nose up . . . lookout for that plane over there . . . why are you dipping your right wing? . . . take both wheels off the ground at the same time . . . don't bounce the ship into the air . . . lookout for that runway boundary marker . . . Mr. Price, what were you trying to do to your instructor — keep him from growing old? In case you gentlemen haven't heard about the new C. A. R. that Mr. Price is perfecting, I'll try to briefly go over them. You know the rule about not doing acrobatics below fifteen hundred feet from the ground; well, Mr. Price has taken two zeros off that distance and it is now going to read, "Acrobatic flying shall be flown no lower than a height of fifteen feet from the ground." He has also changed the direction for take-offs. Instead of taking off into the wind as some have, we are now going to do all take-offs cross wind.

Circling the Field Squadron III

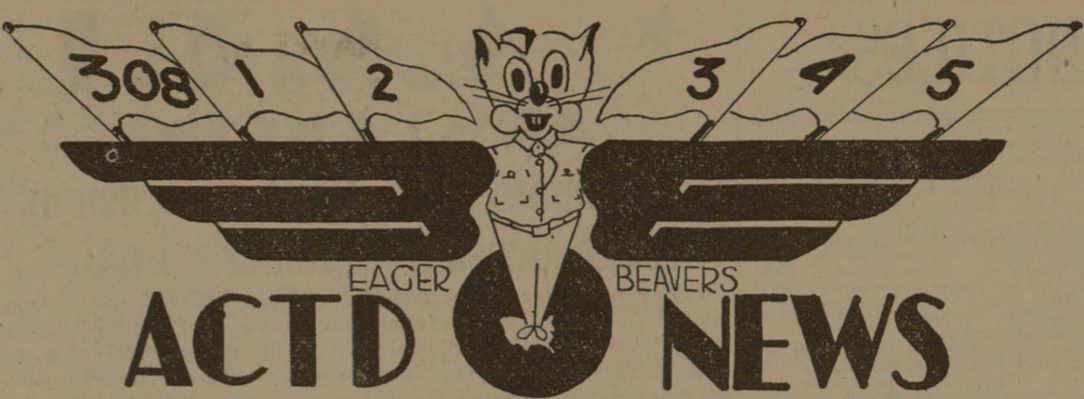
Did you hear about the soldier who came from Guadalcanal to Sheppard Field and after two weeks, asked for a sick leave to go back to Guadalcanal to recuperate? A guard, walking his post the other night saw a person in the shadows. "Who goes there," cried the guard. "The 'Green Hornet,'" came the reluctant answer. After studying hard for a Physics exam, Bob Tender lay comfortably in a supine position on his bed to let the stuff soak in. At five o'clock the next morning he woke up in this same position, feeling a strange tightness about himself. His shoes were still on!

WHEAT

(Continued From Page 1) germinate with the wheat, especially if weather and soil are rather cool at planting time. The parasitic threads of the fungus grow up with the plants and at heading time infest the young kernels.

Senior Squadron that's us. Doesn't seem possible, does it gentlemen? We'll never forget those days of academics we had here. We had some wonderful profs and teachers that did their best to get everything into our skulls. Johnny Zero and his protege Mr. Giglietta, Dr. Gammon and his, "At ease seats," and still another prof with "Now wait a minute gentlemen . . . wait a minute." At the time all of this seemed so tiring and boring, but when we look back, we'll remember all of those little things that happened.

Don Juan Wajzyski. In case you don't know him, his pen name is Mr. Carl Wajzyski. Our lover has been writing a girl in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He's never seen her, but he receives two letters a week from her not including all the candy and presents. How does he dot it? The only statement he (See CIRCLING, page 4)



Spotlight on Sports

Squadron I began its softball season in a very distinct manner by defeating Squadron V Thursday evening by a count of 7-1. Squadron V began the scoring with Mr. Masten slamming a tremendous home-run over the right fielder. Then Squadron I settled down to the business of gathering in some runs for themselves. Rosenfield started the rally that netted them six tallies in the second inning, they tallied one more in the third stanza. Mr. Morris of Squadron V pitched very fine ball throughout the entire game.

George A. Martin, Editor-in-Chief; Martin E. Emert, 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. Damsky, Squadron 1 Editor; Johnny Jameson, Squadron 8 Editor; Kenneth A. Pfeiffer, Squadron 4 Editor; James D. Thomas, Squadron 5 Editor; Joseph W. Tiffenbach, Reporter; Frank J. Stiles, Reporter; William C. Daverman, Reporter; Jack Persky, Reporter; Woodrow W. Harris, Reporter; Roger C. Randles, Reporter; Leland R. Schliep, Reporter.

Reply to Texas Foreign Service

(Editor's Note: After the appearance of the poem "Texas Foreign Service" this office was engulfed with angry Texans. It is the policy of this paper to remain strictly non partisan. So in reply to the storm of protest, we are running the following poem. The Editor wants it definitely understood that he is completely neutral, even if he is a Yankee.)

Twice once that I was happy My life was full of cheer Till that damn Yankee came to

College Station, To tear down my Texas dear

I can make some excuse For his stream of abuse On some silly pretence or other But I will bet my last dime It was his first time, Away from his home and mother. Yes the sun is hot in Texas And the rain a little wet, But if you stay in Texas, We'll make a man of you yet

The Yanks get lots of credit But ask them down in Bataan, Who it was had the guts in the battle They'll tell you the Texas man.

Yes, deep in the heart of Texas, There is sand and sweat and sleet, Some of our girls may be bow-legged But they'd—sure stand on Their own two feet!!!

So I'd be more careful, "Brother", In spouting off my mouth. (See REPLY, Page 4)

Hedge Hopping Squadron IV

"At ease; take your seats," and so another lecture begins. And while the good professor holds forth on the various aspects of heat and its relation to meteorology, the spitwads begin to fly, heads nod, and matches begin to flare under unsuspecting G. I.'s. Such is the scene that takes place twice a week at Squadron IV's Physics lecture.

A few sport notes: Squadron IV is all set to take on all comers in practically any sport, be it softball, touch football, volleyball, or golf, and before long they will have a tough bunch on the basketball court, judging by the action seen in some of this week's inter-flight contests.

There were quite a few dizzy lads on the P. E. field Wednesday, after flights 35, 36 and 37 finished tumbling. More than one Beaver, including your correspondent, finished the roll down the mats (See HEDGE HOPPING, Page 4)

CLEANING, PRESSING ALTERATION Lauterstein's LOUPOT'S Watch Dog of the Aggies



I'm Buying!

Aggies have made me the largest book dealer on the campus because they can get a right deal when they bring their books, slide rules, drawing sets and other school equipment to me. This semester is about over—so Lou suggests to you that you keep your books if you can—they'll be fine in the future for reference—but if you can't, bring them to me for best prices.

THE BOYS NEXT SEMESTER WILL NEED LAMPS—SO BRING ME YOURS AND I'LL PASS IT ON TO SOMEBODY AFTER SEPTEMBER 27.

LOU'S GUARANTEE

As always—my guarantee still stands. If you sell us something and find out later that you can get more for it somewhere else, we will sell it back to you at just what we paid you for it. That's fair, isn't it?

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

Ladies Dresses A Specialty Lauterstein's

LOUPOT'S TRADING POST "TRADE WITH LOU - - HE'S RIGHT WITH YOU"