

Living Vet of Freshman Week Warns of Entrance Dangers

Danger! Beware to persons who aren't accustomed to the regulation way of life here at the Annex. You must be up around 5:30 if you expect to keep up with all that goes on.

As you parade by the barracks a barrage of alarms shake the ground under you. Merely for the curiosity of it you stand and watch.

A sudden steady thunder starts rushing toward you, and before you can move the thunder is upon you. It is only then that you realize that you are a victim of revellia. Someone stops to pick you up and shoves you into line. The group drags you along to show where you are slapped in the face with a very difficult problem. Yet have to stand in line, one of many you are to endure before the day is done.

At breakfast someone persuades you to proceed to your 8 o'clock class. Remembering your high school training you are soon onto the hang of it. Taking notes, listening to the instructor, and seeing everything that happens in the (class room).

Soon it is time for lunch; which means a long trudge from one side of the campus to the other.

After lunch you find yourself in a classroom which makes you very sleepy. That, however, is the best thing for next comes drill.

You line up again and do some marching. Your throat is hot and dry and when you finally march off to a little rest what should it be, but time for retreat. As the companies fall in for the salute to the lowering flag, you almost collapse.

Just then someone whispers that you will have to line up again for some more food. The conversation at the table happened to mention an empty bunk and that is your chance.

Clamor and noise confront you as you enter the rosy panels of a black sided building with little white windows. Call to quarters falls everything down and you quiets into a bunk. Even though it seemed that you had been asleep for only a few minutes tattoo sounds off.

Others in the barracks engage in a friendly bull session which would stir the dead. At taps lights go out and nightly prayers are uttered for the relief. Then and only then, you see the only sensible thing that has happened this day; we go to sweet dreams!

Around The Annex

By DAVID FOLZENLOGEN

The Rivoli Theater at the Annex opened Saturday showing "The Spirit of West Point." The sound and focus were swell. "Nice work," goes to the manager. Admission is a quarter.

We hear the Dean of Men had to rush things and really worked to finish the swimming pool on time. Thank you, Luke Harrison. Hours are 2 to 6 p.m.

All you boys singing around the Campus: the Glee Club is forming and wants that swell tenor voice of yours.

Luke Harrison says the intramural program will begin soon. The "Blind-Blind" or umpires are meeting every night. We will start with "Flag-ball." Each company has a team of nine, so look around for a captain!

Although it has never been officially designated, the Road Runner, commonly called the Chaparral Bird, is generally regarded as the State Bird of New Mexico.

Union Services To Be Held At Annex

There will be Union Church Services held at the A&M Annex each Sunday morning at 11 and each Wednesday evening at 7. The services are under the auspices of the Inter-Denominational Ministers of Bryan and College Station, and will be held by ministers of various churches in the area. A student choir will be organized to sing at these services.

Also available to the new students at the Annex is a counseling service, offered by the Ministers Alliance. A minister from that organization will be in the Chapel from 6 to 7 p.m. each evening Monday through Friday. This service is offered to assist the new students in any personal problems they may have.

FRESHMEN

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Man or Monkey? . . .

McClain's Antics Remind One Of Theory of Great Biologist

By "FIG" NEWTON

It has been said, "All things human, change." This philosophy has been quoted in practically every life insurance and camera advertisement in every magazine and paper in the land. If this is true, I hope that at least one character that I have met is not human.

The first time I met Fish McClain I gave vent to the longest and loudest guffaw ever to be issued from the human throat and lungs. Later on though, I found out that what he lacks in beauty he makes up in personality, popularity, and wit.

Having a very remarkable sense of humor, he laughs at, as well as recounts, numerous anecdotes. When sounding off on a joke he reminds one of a Frenchman, using facial contortions, using his hands to demonstrate so many movements that one is sure that his "Right hand knowest not what his left hand doeth."

He is very good at imitations of lower animals. His imitation of an orangutan is so realistic that one thinks very seriously of Charles Darwin's theories of evolution. The procedure for this mimicry is somewhat like this. Stopping over to about a half hump, he practically throws his face out of place, begins to fling his arms violently but limply around in the air.

He makes noises that have never been uttered by another human being, coming from somewhere deep inside his throat; he begins to jump around on the floor. Upsetting things (unbreakable, of course), he gives a charming demonstration that there is even a correct way of making a monkey of oneself.

To illustrate the completeness of his imitation, I wish to tell what happened one night when we first saw this great feat performed. Fish Margotta was sitting at his desk writing a letter. Going into his act, Fish McClain sneaked up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder. After having taken one look and having listened to those weird noises, Fish Margotta removed himself from his desk as quickly as possible and left the barracks very rapidly and with few wasted motions.

While laughing, Fish McClain shows that he is very proud of his teeth by exposing to view all but approximately eight of them. He certainly should be proud of them. Who else has teeth an inch and a half long? Who else can boast that the passage, "A smile like an acre of sunflowers," was written for him and him alone?

When not trying to give his own special version of songs, he sings very well. His voice is something that should make his roommates very envious. In short, Fish McClain is someone that practically anyone would be proud to give his last cigarette or even his last pair of clean socks to. As I said before, "The first time I met Fish McClain I gave vent to the longest and loudest guffaw ever to be issued from the human throat and lungs." The facts are, I have stopped laughing very few times since.

Some Must Wait Till Weekend As Tailor Works Feverishly

By L. O. TIEDT

Are you a victim of the armory rush? Are you singing the Clothing Blues? Do your pants drag on the ground, sag at the waist, and give you the general appearance of a Sad Sack?

Do some of your shirts reach only halfway to your wrist, or hang over your hands, or fit you like a barracks bag? Is your fatigue suit one that was made for a person twice your size, or do you have to squeeze into it? Does your cap hang over your ears?

Does your overcoat reach to your knees, or is it a one-button wonder with a lead liner; at least it feels like lead, doesn't it? Have you gotten a chance to use your poncho?

If you haven't, you have quite an experience awaiting you. Getting on the under side of one and not being able to find the place for your head is really something. Those of you who haven't met any of the above obstacles probably are waiting to get your uniforms out of alterations. If you have met with the previously mentioned barriers, don't feel too sorry for yourself, there are several hundred other new Aggies who are in the same position.

The latest unofficial information received from the alterations shop was that all khaki uniforms should be finished by the end of next week. Only after all khaki uniforms have been finished that will work begin on the dress uniforms and the field jackets and overcoats that are without patches.

It is unknown how long it will take for the dress uniforms, overcoats and field jackets to be made ready to use but let it be your hope that Old Man Winter doesn't give Little Aggeland a preview of what we will get later this year. If he does the ranks of the ROTC

Fish Class of '52 Invade Annex Develop A&M Habits and Slang

By DAVID FOLZENLOGEN

Two Sundays ago the A&M College Annex, at Bryan Field, which had been sleeping all summer in a scorching sun, awoke to cherry "howdys" and the friendly Aggie hand-clasp, and once again became the greatest "fish" headquarters in the world.

However, before we say anything about the biggest, and we hope the best, freshman class, let us describe the Annex briefly so that all of us can better conceive the type of life lived by the new Freshman Class.

The Annex is much the same in appearance as any of the Army fields splattered throughout the nation. It is some large area, half covered by the low, one-story barracks every G.I. recalls only in nightmares.

These barracks (100 feet by 25 feet) are divided into two types, the first of which can be called classrooms, and the second living quarters.

The barracks classrooms serve as lecture rooms for the subjects such as English and History. For the sciences there are bigger buildings, better constructed.

But most of us are concerned with the living quarters, which are occupied by about 1200 boys, one of whom might be your son, brother, or cousin. The barracks of this class contain ten double decker bunks, twenty desks, ten dressers, two fan heaters, two fire extinguishers, and twenty dazed freshmen.

Next to these quarters are two drill fields; an exchange store, or as the freshmen so aptly termed it, the "gyp store;" barber shop, or "clip joint;" tailor, or "misfit shop;" gymnasium; army supply dump; mess hall, or "slop house;" and, of course, a snack bar, and student center. Also on the Annex Campus are a student center, swimming pool, hospital, fiscal office, and large chapel.

If you see a boy who limps on both feet; whose hair resembles that of a young porcupine, who stares at all girls like they were some strange creatures, and who acts as no civilized person ever acted, then that boy is a Freshman from "the Annex. He always has something wrong with his shoes; I even saw one with his shoes on the wrong feet.

If you meet a boy who says "fish," don't grab your rod and reel. It's just a freshman and that is what he says to everyone he meets.

If your son comes home and calls the food "sand," "dirt," "gun-wad" or "gravel," mothers don't think he is insulting your cooking. He is just asking for salt, pepper, bread and sugar. If you hear him speak of his "old lady" and the "boob," in which he lives don't become angry. He is just talking about his room and his room mate.

Girls, if you and your Aggie boy friend go to a show, and he jumps into the first line he sees, don't take him to a psychopathic ward. He's suffering from a "line complex" developed at the Annex.

You don't sell him short. An Aggie's conduct in the chapel, conference, on a date, attending a football game, and with a stranger, is always impressive, but even more so in the way he looks you in the eye with self assurance, knowing that he comes from one of the best colleges in the world.

I was, and still am, amazed at the Aggie spirit every student displays already whether flunking or passing, losing or winning.

Fish in A Barrel? . . .

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Fish Awakes Suffers First Impressions

By ANTHONY MARGOTTA

group with shrill cmpfy pupu I never anticipated finding so many different towns represented at "Little Aggeland." Houston, San Antonio, Dallas, Amarillo, and Marlin have really made their presence known.

Why, everytime you try to make a new acquaintance, one out of five turns out to be a Houston or a San Antonio Fish. Let's not forget the other Fish, for they are all friendly freshmen ready to say "Howdy."

Finally Gave Up All of my barracks buddies really enjoy he-man life. To show how enthusiastic they are, they insisted on taking me on a snipe hunt, consented without a second thought on the matter. They said, "Look here, now; stand next to this tree and hold this bag open until we chase some snipe into it." They walked away clapping their hands in order to stir the birds more quickly. Well, anyway, we didn't get to eat any snipe the next day. I'm still grieving over my failure.

Surprised! I was surprised to find that everyone conducted themselves in such an orderly manner. I was equally surprised to find out the campus of "Little Aggeland" was in the condition it is in today. It could be made more attractive if some trees were added.

I know one thing to be true; cleanliness, orderliness, and a good school spirit at "Little Aggeland" met all my expectations, and these qualities are here, and here to stay.

Editorials

Open Letter From the Dean...

To Each Entering Freshman:

At the invitation of the acting editor, I am addressing this open letter to you as a sort of postscript to Freshman Week.

When you registered on September 10, you began writing two histories—the history of your own college career and the history of the Class of '52. Whatever you do from now on, day by day, becomes a part of both. You will wish to see that the records make good reading.

One way to make the class record outstanding is to see that your personal record is a good one. But since the class is more than the sum of its parts, you will also need to act as though you are, to the limit of your ability, responsible for what your classmates do. Whenever a great class has come along in the past, its members have recognized this double responsibility.

The rest of us—administrative officers, faculty, and non-enrolled students—will not be bystanders only. We can help you, and you should expect help from us. As the latest class, yours should realize that it has a chance to become the best. Those of us assigned to direct your progress have qualified as guides by exploring our own mistakes. We put that experience at your call, and wish you good use of it.

You may be sure that if we expect a high level of performance from you, the expectation is a confident one.

DR. J. P. ABBOTT
Assistant to the Dean of the College

Thanks . . .

Speaking for the Freshman Class, we want to thank the Co-Editors and the readers of *The Battalion* for allowing us a regular weekly page in a newspaper whose standards we cannot possibly hope as journalists to achieve.

A Challenge . . .

We are the Class of '52 at A. & M. It's easy to say and easy to be proud of, but how easy is it to live up to? This is the largest freshman class to ever enter Texas A&M. Will it be the largest graduating class ever to graduate from A&M? Will it be the best to graduate?

No teacher, no parent knows—only the Class of '52. Only we can make the grades that will make our class the greatest. The fate of this class is placed in the hands of us here at the Annex.

Our preceding class left a great record; can we do better? The point is we must do better. Fourteen hundred students—how many will wear those senior boots, which one will lead the student body that last semester, who will stand for Silver Taps that last day? Which one? How many? No one person knows.

The name "Class of '52" becomes more than just another name, more than just another set of "fish." It becomes a challenge. A challenge to each and every one of us here at the Annex. A challenge to make this the best gosh-durned class ever to graduate from the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas—Fourteen hundred strong.

Freshman Staff

The Freshman Page appears one day each week as an integral part of The Battalion. Material for this page is collected and written by members of the Freshman class at the Annex.

Make-up: Henry Cole, David Darter, L. O. Tiedt, Dean Reed, John Tapley, Robert Bynes, Henry Cole, Charles Sebasta, Anthony Margotta, Dean Reed, George "Fig" Newton, Weldon Aldridge, David Folzenlogen, James Gurney.

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First Aggie Line Perplexes Fish, But He Likes It

By JOHN TAPLEY

Slowly I picked myself up off the ground, brushed the dirt from my uniform and tried to remember what had happened.

As my mind cleared, I remembered today was Saturday, we had been in school one week, and today we got a leave to go home. The last thing I remember was the word "dismissed," the rushing onslaught of the crowd for the gate; then things went black.

Yes, the new Aggies headed home that weekend. In every direction the "line" stretched as far as the "fish" eye could see. Upper classmen were on all sides. Meeting everyone in the line wasn't bad, but remembering all the names, where they were from, and what they were taking often brought horror to the Fish.

Having an Aggie uniform on was as good as having a car and personal chauffeur. All one had to do to spot a Fish was to look at the guy busting with pride in the full uniform with an AMC on the wrong collar, his new brass shining in its lacquer coating, and looking for someone to come along for him to salute.

The line moved fast and soon it was time to stop and wave my thumb at a motorist. For most of us, it was not a maiden voyage, but those who were unaccustomed to the procedure soon were first class "air men."

After entering the car, the rest of the trip was uneventful, but I neared home, excitement rose in me and I was proud to be an Aggie and to wear the uniform of the corps.

Those who had rides directly from the Annex missed a real treat that only Aggies can receive. The Aggie uniform is a symbol to motorists of courtesy, honesty, and honor.

So, fellow Fish, lets live up to the standard before us.

Pocket Veto is the term commonly applied to the action of the President in withholding approval of a bill for ten days when Congress adjourns before that time.

Lutherans Elect Emshoff, Sy, And Stroebel

The initial organization of the Lutheran Student Association was held at Little Aggeland Tuesday evening at 6:30. The association is formed for the promotion and development of spiritual and social fellowship of college students.

Richard Wornat, president of the Lutheran Student Association at the main campus, will also preside over the branch association here. Freshmen elected as officers, members of the LSA group were Roland W. Emshoff of Baytown, vice-president; Paul Ernest Sy of Louisville, secretary; and Fred L. Stroebel of Cisco, treasurer.

James Lehmann of Brenham; J. D. Stein of Fredericksburg; and Arthur Geick of Brenham will serve on the Program and Refreshment Committee. L. O. Tiedt of La Grange was appointed conditional reporter until the next meeting when a permanent reporter will be selected.

Reverend Fred Mgebroff, National Lutheran Council's Pastor for Lutheran Students and who also serves as advisory pastor at Little Aggeland, urges all students who are interested to attend the next meeting of the association. The meeting will be held in Barracks T-347 Monday evening, September 20, at 6:15.

Harrison Plans Full Program For Intramural

By CHARLES SEBESTA

Luke Harrison has promised all cadets out here at "Little Aggeland" a well rounded and complete intramural athletics program this year.

The Intramural program will give the Fish a little relaxation and body exercise to take some of the academic load off their minds. That is the program's purpose.

Harrison is completing plans for the program and ironing out minor details at nightly meetings.

Competition will be between the 12 Companies, and plans include an Athletic Officer for each Company to organize the Company teams. The program is due to start later this month with Flag Football.

The sports will include football, basketball, track, softball, boxing, horseshoes, and cross country. Tournaments will be held in open tennis, golf, and softball.

In summing up the program, Harrison said, "It is the aim of intramural athletics at the A&M Annex to allow each Freshman to take an active part in a program designed to encourage competition, to promote sportsmanship, and to have a 'bunch of fun.'"

ANNEX-INTRAMURAL CALENDAR FOR 1948-49

First Semester

Monday, September 28, '48, Meeting of all unit athletic officers and veteran team managers in the Dean of Men's Office, 5 p.m.

Wednesday, September 22, '48, Entry cards due in the Dean of Men's Office for Flag Football, by 5 p.m.

Thursday, September 23, '48, Flag Football demonstration on the Intramural fields south of the gym, 6:30 p.m.

Monday, November 1, '48, Entry cards due in the Dean of Men's Office for basketball and horseshoes by 5 p.m.

Monday, December 1, '48, Entry lists due for Cross Country in the Dean of Men's Office by 5 p.m.

Thursday, December 16, '48, Cross Country Meet.

Second Semester

Monday, February 7, '49, Meeting of all athletic officers in the Dean of Men's Office at 5 p.m.

Wednesday, February 9, '49, Entry cards for volleyball and tennis due in the Dean of Men's Office by 5 p.m.

Tuesday, March 1, '49, Entries for open tennis, golf, and softball due in the Dean of Men's Office by 5 p.m.

Friday, April 1, '49, Track entries due in Dean of Men's Office by 5 p.m.

Friday, April 15, '49, Boxing entries due in the Dean of Men's Office by 5. All entries must weigh in by 5 on this date.

Monday, April 25, '49, Appreciation barbecue for all athletic officers and intramural managers.

New Aggies Reveal Strong Lungs At First Yell Session

A freshman at the Annex doesn't use a calendar he knows the date by the days until the next big social event. Such an event took place Wednesday called College Night, which begins the yell practices every Aggie loves so much.

All day Tuesday, freshmen memorized the school songs, and Wednesday night they sang their hearts out.

The field was crowded by the Aggie band whose reputation is known everywhere; however, for many it was the first time they had seen it, and they are still talking about it.

The program contained such well-known people as the football coaches and captains Jimmie Cashin, Jim Winkler, and Odell Stautzenberger; Junior yell leaders James Duke and Glenn Kathman and veteran yell leader, William Langst.

Everybody had a great time yelling and singing, and if there are any hoarse voices, the hospital has plenty of listerine.



Freshmen ROTC students draw uniforms at Annex. From left to right the boys are George Weddington and Audrey Warren, both from Waco.

Draft Deferment Quotas Being Established for ROTC Schools

Worried about the draft? Most people between the ages of 18 and 26 are, except those with 6 or 7 children and they are beyond the stage of worrying.

Certain deferments have been established which will postpone military service for many men who are attending colleges and universities.

To provide for deferment of a number of students who are enrolled in the ROTC program, deferment quotas are being established for each school which maintains a Senior Division ROTC unit. While these quotas probably will not be large enough to permit deferment of all men enrolled, or who wish to enroll in the ROTC, they will permit the selection and deferment of the best qualified students who wish to participate in the ROTC program.

The selection of the ROTC students to be deferred will be determined by a board appointed at each school and will be made on the basis of individual qualifications and military and academic standing. Each case will be considered separately.

All ROTC students between the ages of 18 and 26 will be required to register. Those students deferred will be required to go on active duty for periods of from 15 days to 2 years after they receive their commissions as Reserve Officers. If a student fails to qualify for a continuance of his deferment and his deferment is discontinued, he will immediately be eligible to be called up by his local draft board.

All members of the ROTC are subject to deferment, but it is expected that the deferment quotas will be insufficient to include all members of the first year basic course. It is probable that all other ROTC students who fulfill the requirements will be deferred.

Veterans will be required to register, but those with 90 days or more continuous active service will be deferred. Veterans on ROTC contracts prior to 24 June, 1949, have deferment status by reason of the effective date of the act.

Tuesday, March 1, '49, Entries for open tennis, golf, and softball due in the Dean of Men's Office by 5 p.m.

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1200 Freshmen Entered at Annex For Fall Semester

By HENRY COLE

Due to the heavy load of work on the personnel at the Annex, we are not able at this time to bring you an accurate count of students enrolled at the Annex.

However, here are the figures we have shortly before going to press; there are about 1200 students registered at the Annex. Of this 1200 there are approximately 1200 taking Military Science, which includes nearly thirty veterans. There are 1171 Cadets living in barracks. The veteran enrollment has dropped to approximately 90.

An interesting sidelight on these figures is the fact that one-third of the veterans enrolled this year are in the Cadet Corps. We have been able to locate six students from Latin American countries and there may be several more that we haven't been able to talk with.

Four of these six students are in the Cadet Corps, one is a veteran who served with the United States Navy. The countries represented by the students are Mexico, El Salvador and Costa Rica. From our talks with some of these Aggies they are interested in engineering. Nearly one-half of these Latin Americans received their high school education in this country.

NO RATIONS FOR CZECH SPIES PRAGUE—(AP)—Physically fit persons who do not work will no longer get food ration tickets in Bratislava. The official Czechoslovakian news agency reported that the order will not apply to married women, the aged and those unable to work because of their health.

"This decision will put an end to young men, who are able to work, sitting in the coffee houses and similar places," the report said.