

Willoughby McSnort's Safari South for the Fall Semester

By BILL BILLINGSLEY

J. Willoughby McSnort pulled his hand from his pocket and surveyed the pitiable remains. An intramural medal, his room key, several assorted ticket stubs from the more inexpensive Dallas dancing and drinking establishments, and sixteen cents in cold cash made up the lot.

"By accepting only rides with people in Buicks, Cadillacs, and the like and by laughing at all their stories," Willoughby said with the perennial optimism of all Aggies, "I will be able to get back to school and not go thirsty in the process!"

After standing on the Zangs boulevard corner for some two and half hours and receiving only

tire screeches and dirty looks for his thumbing, McSnort was almost asleep. Only the steady sound of the perspiration dripping off his brow and sizzling on the sidewalk kept him awake.

Suddenly a battered hot-rod, generously garnished with fox tails, painted signs, and high school students skidded to a stop, spewing gravel in McSnort's face.

"Wanna ride to Ennis?" said a voice behind several acres of freckles.

At that time, Willoughby would have taken an elephant up the interoceanic canal. Foolishly, he got in.

Going over the ground swells toward Ennis, the mass of reclaimed tin broke several records held by Mauri Rose and Sir Malcolm Campbell. As the crowd flies, the distance is only 30 miles, but Willoughby felt his sine wave course must have taken at least 75. He was still vibrating when he got off in Ennis.

After only a short, three hour wait, a 1927 Hupmobile ground to a stop. Forcing his arm down to his side, Willoughby sauntered over to see where the citizen was traveling.

"Howdy bud" said the ancient herding the antique, "get a move on; in a powerful hurry to get to Buffalo. Time's money, you know!"

Willoughby got in gingerly, replacing the door as he sat down. They roared off down the road in a cloud of dust, at what McSnort judged to be every bit of 23 miles

an hour.

The sun had just gone down as the sarfari pulled into Buffalo. Willoughby wondered what day it was.

He took up his post by the roadside and raised his aching thumb at the cars which came by at regular fifteen minute intervals.

The moon was shining brightly when the cattle truck pulled up with a hissing of air brakes.

"There ain't no room up front!" said a western-accented voice, "but you shore are welcome to put yo-self and yo gear in the trailer."

McSnort put himself and his gear in the trailer.

It became increasingly apparent, shortly, that he and his bag were not alone. There rose upward an aroma which reminded him faintly of a previous visit to the Ft. Worth stock yards. Willoughby held on with one hand and held his nose with the other.

When the truckman deposited McSnort in Madisonville, he felt numbed above the waist. He wondered why the dogs in the street slunk away from him and why the city night watchman clutched his throat and ran hurriedly into an open door.

Willoughby finally made it to the corner and sat his bag down wearily.

The sun was just lighting the horizon when a Model "A" covered with Aggie stickers pulled up. The owner alighted and sniffed the air cautiously.

"Howdy" he said, "you're an Ag

major, I see."

Willoughby had been a business major when he left Dallas, but now he wasn't sure. He staggered into the front seat and collapsed.

The sound of the power plant whistle awakened McSnort from his slumbers.

"We're just in time for the eight o'clock classes" the driver said, "I'll let you out here at West Gate while I go on to the Trailer Village."

Willoughby lifted his bag wearily and plodded toward the Academic building. Looking to his right, Willoughby stopped in surprise with his mouth open. Rising up on his right was a tremendous shiny, new building of Austin stone and vari-colored brick.

"Boy, that Student Memorial Building really looks good, doesn't it?" queried a voice from behind him.

"Yeah," answered a second unidentified voice, "let's go over and check it."

Too late Willoughby heard a chorus of feminine voices, the scurry of ballerina clad feet, and screams of "Oh, we have to hurry to the Administration Building to get our transfers to the University of Missouri!" A covey of coeds ran him and his bag down like a Sherman tank hitting a dandelion.

Lying there is a welter of shirts, socks, and shaving lotion, he gazed at the receding women.

"Egad," moaned Willoughby, "a new Student Union Building and coeds. After all this travel, I've only gotten as far as SMU!"

On his hands and knees, Willoughby made off toward the East Gate muttering, "I've got to get to A&M and get off Business 276 and 277. They don't offer Business Golf and Business Bridge during the spring semester!"

Two days later, three Galveston medical students were surveying a new specimen.

"Look at this fascinating new body," said the first student, "they found it on the beach yesterday."

"Remarkable," said the second man-in-white, "It keeps raising up every few minutes and saying something in a delirious voice about there being beautiful coeds and a brand new Student Recreation Building at A&M. Must be a mental case."

"Friend," said the third future medic, looking up from behind his glasses, "you speak truer than you know. I took my pre-med at A&M. If he thinks there are beautiful women and a student playground at A&M, he is definitely a mental patient. Sent for the double thickness straight jacket."



Dean W. L. Penberthy will serve again this year as Dean of Students for the college.

A & M Christian Church Announces Services

The recently organized Christian Church of College Station today announced schedules for its fall and spring services. Rev. J. M. Moudy, pastor of the church, said that the church school classes would be held at 9:45 every Sunday morning.

The regular morning worship service will begin at 11 a.m. and

a special student supper group will be held each Sunday evening at 7:30.

Those students interested in joining the choir of the Christian Church will meet each Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Last year, before the present church auditorium was available, the services of the Christian Church were conducted in the

chapel of the YMCA on the campus.

Now, however, the church activities are conducted at the church building located on Old Highway Six, south of Kyle Field.

Rev. Moudy extended an invitation to all students, both new and old, to take part in the church's fall activities.

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Mischevious Chimp

Los Angeles—(AP)—Charlie the Chimp is no Simp. He's just slightly money-mad.

He demonstrated this Friday when, after breaking into a home and helping himself to some children's lunch and smashing a window glass, he sat down to wait for his master to come and pay for the damage.

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