

The Corps Invades "BIG



Mascot Corporal John Harris and Company E2 escort Reveille III down Commerce Street on her first Corps trip.



The 1966 Corps Trip to Dallas might well have been called the Aggie Weekend. Although some Dallas weekends are reputedly wilder and less inhibited—one, in particular, involves some sort of inter-state rivalry, according to informed sources—the Aggies were very much in evidence Nov. 4-6 in the Dallas area.

Friday afternoon, the advance units swarmed over the campus of Texas Woman's University in Denton. A few hours later, when the dances honoring the Aggies began, it became manifestly clear that the latecomers were at a disadvantage.

The next morning, under one of those skies known as a photographer's nightmare, the Cadet Corps marched through downtown Dallas, warming the partisan crowd's hearts with such cheerful cadence calls as "I don't know, but I've got a hunch—SMU is out to lunch." The rest of the day was best summed up in an old Aggie saying: "We got out-scored, but we beat the hell out of the parties."

Saturday night, like the night before, was characterized by overflowing motel rooms and slept-on floors in the homes of the few students from Dallas.

And Sunday, several thousand glum Aggies were reminded of another old saying as they passed highway markers on the way home: "Highway 6 runs both ways."



Ruperto Martinez, Joey Weber and Francis Bourgeois prepare guidons, colors and rifles for distribution. Eddie Renbarger and Don Ray get finishing touches from their wives.



Squadron 5, above, gives "eyes right" as they pass the reviewing stand. Dallas police department, right, gives band director Lt. Col. E. V. Adams a joy ride. Fish and sophomore bandmen, below, form guard line around van to assure orderly unloading of instruments for the 272-piece band.

