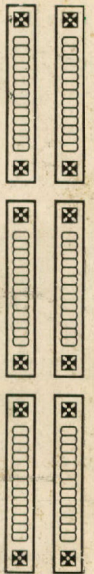


30-33

26 May 1922

The

BATTALION



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1922

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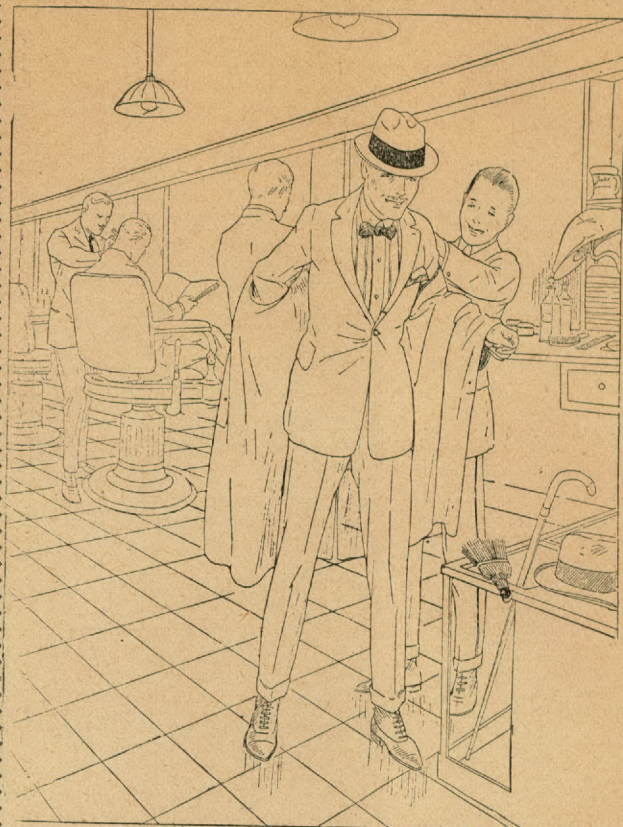
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We know what they are and we have them in clothes. Lively tweed fabrics; two button styles, sport models. They're a good deal livelier than staid colors and plain models. They have an air of dash and smartness and so well tailored that they will keep it all the time.

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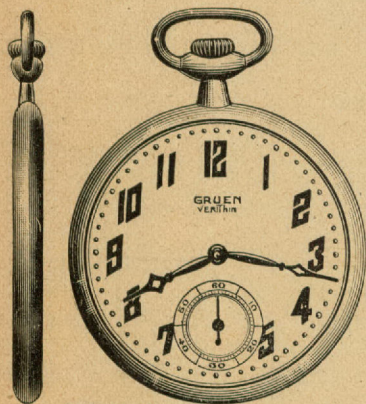


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We are showing a lovely line of vanity cases, mesh bags. See those \$35.00 Diamond Rings set in 18 karat white gold. They are a dream. Richelieu pearls in lovely tints and just the thing for your girl graduate.

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and

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A. RECIPE FOR KISSES.

To one piece of dark piazza add a little moonlight. Take for granted two people. Press in two strong ones, a small, soft hand. Stir lightly two ounces of attraction, one of romance, add a large measure of folly; stir in a floting ruffle and one or two whispers. Dissolve half a dozen glances in a well of silence, dust in a small quantity of hesitation, one ounce of resistance, two of yielding; place the kisses on a flushed cheek or two lips, flavor with a slight scream and set aside to cool. This will succeed in any climate if directions are carefully followed.

Soph: What is Cushing limping around for?
Junior: Why, he went to Houston, fell in love and broke his engagement.

I. & G. N.

I. & G. N.

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SAN ANTONIO

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J. O. Bell, T. P. A.

THE BLUE SKY TRAIL.

There's a golden trail to the setting sun, along
azure sky,
Where endless miles of fleecy clouds go
passing by,
While sunbeams paint in crimson hue, each
tuesqe shape and form,
And rainbow blend into the mist, false harbinger
of storm.
There's a race of men who laughing go along
danger trail,
Who navigate the upper air, as the sea is doing
sail.
Who battle its tumultuous storms and win through
fog and snow,
Piloting their tiny craft where trails of men
When evening shadows overspread and the
ling stars unveil,
A few of these will venture forth who love the
Sky Trail,
The Glory Trail that I shall travel, 'till the
drop off the plane,
'Till the hinges creak and buckle, and I won't
stick in vain.
When I drop in a yellow flare, a streak in the
day sky,
Pray shed no tears in mourning, and heave
no
ter sigh,
Just gather up whatever remains, ashes of
my
or body or brains,
And take me aloft on the golden trail, where
god of sunset reigns.
When the clouds have a crimson hue and
beginning to lower,
Drive me through the gateway, on the Blue
Trail, once more,
Then sprinkle me over the Western Front, the
lowed fields of fame,
Turn me loose on the Blue Sky Trail, and tell
I "died game."

By Lieut. Art. Pie

THE KISS

A kiss is a peculiar proposition—of no
one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy
it for nothing; the young man has to steal it
the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the
er's privacy, the hypocrite's mask. To a young
to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid,
ity.—Exchange.



1st AERO SQUADRON.

ROSTER.

MAJ. C. W. RUSSELL, Air Service U. S. A.
SGT. J. S. OTT, U. S. A.

Officers:

GARDNER, J. E. ----- Major
SINGLETON, NEILL ----- 1st. Lieutenant
PARK, A. L. ----- 2nd. Lieutenant
PROEHL, O. A. ----- 1st Sergeant

Juniors:

ms, H. C.
er, T. H.
s, F. W.
e, C. M.
pman, S. F.
ell, B. E.
ing, E. C.
lberg, G. A.
ange, W. H.
n, A. L.
y, B. E.
er, W. C.
ver, R. M.
e, W. C.
son, D.
hes, W. H.
am, W. H.
gus, O. S.
onald, H. R.
man, S. W.
inn, G. B.
e, A. L.
s, C. B.
el, O. A.
e, J. T.
h, W. S.
son, A.
ver, L. L.
land, O. F.
iams, R. B.



MAJOR "SLICK" GARDNER

Freshmen:

Benson, S. V.
Bickel, A.
Ballantyne, C. E.
Candler, J. N.
Calloway, G. N.
Davidson, C. L.
Denham, C. S.
Ford, B. L.
Greenstreet, W. H.
Hill, W. H.
Howe, J. J.
Joyner, A. L.
Jone, M. N.
Johnson, A.
Knotts, W. H.
Kasper, C.
Linsford, R. E.
Myers, W. J.
McDaniels, G. N.
Owen, R. K.
Rawlins, R. A.
Ragsdale, T. H.
Sayers, R. S.
Sandford, L. F.
Sawyer, F. L.
Schiwetz, D. P.
Stewart, C. D.
Styner, F.
Smith, W. R.
Valentine, C. H.
Whitson, H. V.
Wilson, W. B.
Ycung, E. U.

Denison, E. R.	Murphy, H. A.
Donald, P.	Old, W. D.
Ellicott, L. C.	Orr, A. S.
Fuqua, C. C.	Parsons, J. M.
Gibson, J. K.	Pflaff, A. G.
Ginn, V. L.	Poage, C.
Grissom, S. B.	Rounds, W. A.
Herrling, F. C.	Short, C. E.
Hohn, W. L.	Smith, Z.
Johnson, H. J.	Stevens, J. K.
Lawson, W. J.	Toner, S. M.
Long, F. D.	Wallace, F. G.
Malcolm, H. O.	Watson, J. W.
MsFadden, E. C.	Whatley, G. A.

Sophomores:

er, J.
er, A. D.
ford, R. A.

JUNIORS.

Adams, H. C. Houston.
 "H. C." is a man who holds the power of chemicals in his control. He has a line that even Mr. Bracket takes notice of. Give Adams a chance and he will make good.

Baker, T. H. Memphis, Tenn.
 Harri is a Texan but now hails from Sunny Tenn. He is one of the "brush-wipers," and will some day make McKim, Mead, and White look like a bunch of jack-leg carpenters. His pleasant manner and ever-ready smile have made him a great favorite, especially with the ladies.

Burns, F. W. Cuero
 "Pat" lives in the same apartment as Hale, but states that this is a poor man's life. Watch him knock them cold when he gets back to Cuero. Pat, we are with you boy.

Close, C. M. Dallas.
 Cephas Close, better known as Rufus or Vernon Castle is the original man with the million-dollar smile. He even admits it. If you don't believe me ask him to smile for you and see for yourself. About the only fault we can find of this staunch aviator he chews Browns Mule and expectorates between his teeth.

Chapman, S. F. Hutchins.
 "Chap" hails from a city where speed is the main object. Try getting off there some night while on your way to Dallas by rail. Although Chapman lives in a large city he doesn't mind associating with small town men.

Cordell, B. E. San Antonio.
 "Kewpie" Cordell, locally known as "Little Jug," is in every since of the word a man in heart, if not in stature. We hope that his future as an aviator will be attained with better success than has his attempts at winning the heart of maid fair.

Cushing, E. C. Stockdale.
 "Cush" is another western product. Most of the people when first meeting him think he has the mumps, but they are all wrong, he can change that swelling from one jaw to the other, at will. No one dislikes "Cush."

Dahlberg, G. A. Taylor.
 "Slim" drifted into College Station, in 1919 with sand in his shoes. "Slim" knows his notes when it comes to making music vocally. "Slim" likes to sleep but says "he can't see why they dont make the beds men's length." That is alright, we'll see that you get a long bed at camp. If all of us took life like "Slim" things would run smoothly.

DeLange, W. H. Sherman.
 "Whiskey" hasn't any bad habits, except smoking, chewing, drinking, swearing and gambling. He claims to be immune from the evils of the fair sex, but we wonder, "Whiskey" has ambitions of becoming a great C. E., but will probably be a street cleaner.

Egan, A. L. Dallas.
 "Al Hogan," seemingly has much confidence in the saying "Inspiration comes when one is happy," for he is eternally seeking inspiration in the arms of peaceful slumber. By the way, our friend "spec" is a Landscape Architect and inspirations are quite necessary for his numerous watercolor renderings. Hi sinterest in chickens is unsurpassed.

Grey, B. E. Slocum.
 "Benny" doesn't seem to have the pep that his make-up promised, but where he is lacking in pep he has in goodness. Benny will do anything to help a fellow along. Benny seems to have lost a great deal of his cash in Denton, but his heart is totally missin'.

Greer, D. C. Pittsburg.
 "Bobbie" is a trombone artist and grappler of great not. When "Bobbie" finishes college he is going to put Pittsburg on the map, by opening the "East Texas H. E. College, and by directing the Pittsburg Band.

Grover, R. M. Houston.
 Grover is quite here of late, where as he used to help throw the "bull," but we know the boy can't keep his mind on such things as he once did. Never do you hear anything against him and his friends on the campus are many. Some say Grover is in love.

Hale, W. C. Abilene.
 Hale holds his own upon all occasions and if you don't hurry and get your part of the bottle he will hold part of yours. Don't misunderstand me, far be it from Hail to sip the nector of the commodity's corn. Hale has no enemies and never will he forget to give each man his allotted share of whatever is to be devoured. With your assistance Hale, we are expecting a large time at camp.

Hudson, J. D. Mart.
 "Jack" seems to find a great interest out north of Dallas, I think she has brown eyes and is a small lady. His ambition is to become an aviator and take his M. S. degree in C. I. A. Yes, I think he went up both Xmas and during the R. V. to see if he could qualify. He is a radio wizzard as well as a lover of little women.

Ingram, W. H. Terrell.
 H___ Raiser hails from Terrell, Texas, that's where the bug house is, but Bill declares that he has no connection with it. The H. in his name probably stands for "Hell-raiser," the name by which he is known to his many friends. This alias was given to him, because he was such a quiet, obliging "Fish." Steienmetz has nothing on "Hell-raiser," when it comes to E. E.

Hughes, W. H. Lyford.
 "Tubby" hails from the border town of Lyford. His object in taking D. H. is to know how much cream to drink to keep him in fair condition. His ambition is to go to Mexico and judge cattle, but "Tubby" be careful how you judge those Senoritas. "Tubby" is big, but he has a heart of the same dimentions.

Mingus, O. S.

Mingus was making great progress toward being an aviator but the Dr. said, nothing doing, so "crimson cheeks" changed to become a Battery man. We hated to see you go Mingus, old boy.

Hico.

wings hereafter. What the Signal Corps lost was a great gain to the Air Squadron. "Rev." has shown himself worthy to become an aviator.

McDonald, H. R.

"Mack" is either your best friend or better enemy. He has those likable qualities that make him a boy among boys and will make him a man among men. He hails from East Texas where still is heard the whine of the saw and the ring of the woodsman axe. "Mack" knows his pannels.

Buna.

Watson, A

Eagle Pass.

Watson was a son of the Squadron and is still a Squadron man at heart. We hated to see Watson leave us, because no one was liked better as a man, than A. Watson. We wish you a great time in Denver this summer. We believe you are the best in playing pitch.

Newman, S. A.

Newman left our midst Xmas time having completed his correspondence course. He was a true shipmate to all and in a recent letter from him with a Paris postmark, states that he some day will return to A. and M.

Texas City.

Weaver, L. L.

Navasota.

"Colonel" hails from Navasota where he and "Prexy" were great pals in their younger days. "General" is pursuing a course in M. E. and if knowing the subject gets a person to his goal. Weaver will climb to great heights. He walks through math like "Puny" through Centre.

O'Quinn, G. B.

"Jug" receives this name on the account of his peculiar build. This peculiar jug being one of the kind with a neck that was not built to support anything. Although his faults are as numerous as the flees on a back alley poodle, we are for him. This line is continuous, never ceasing, unaboidable, and never stale.

Beaumont.

Weyland, O. P.

Taft.

"Nuts" gives more men orders on the campus than any other one man. He orders us to bed, orders us up, orders us to classes, and orders us to our meals. In radio he is good and we are sure he will make good at camp this summer. We look to Wayland to help Gabriel in the hereafter.

Potts, C. B.

Potts is the "Topkick" of the musical company, a man the Aviation hated to see go; but he didn't know his colors and therefore couldn't tell Spring from Summer. He doesn't hesitate to visit the larger cities and is making plans to visit in Europe this summer. Potts is a strong character, and a hard hustler.

Batesville.

Williams, R. B.

Albany.

"Bob" comes to us from the sand worn and wind torn regions of West Texas, where nothing but real men mature. In this land of sunshine is where "Bob" was endowed with a sunny disposition which has not been marred, by the toils of three years of C. E. "Bob" served his time as a "Fish" in company A; but decided to get a higher view of life by becoming an aviator. We have seen his qualifications and feel sure that he is a man for the place he is elected. Some one had to wear a diamond on his collar for the Squadron this coming year, and we are glad to state that "Bob" is the man.

Proehl, O. A.

It was careless on the part of the Registrar, when he let "Buzzard" through the gates. He comes from the city where mosquitos reign supreme. His chief delight is to talk about "Buz." His greatest task is getting someone to listen to his line. How many times can a man get married in two years? You will have to state, that Proehl has made the Squadron a good "top-kick."

Houston.

SOPHOMORES.

Reese, J. T.

"Jug" Reese is a species all of his own. Never did A. and M. possess such a man, and the same will never be found again after he is gone. He is independent and knows how to hold his own in any predicament.

Freeport.

Baker, J.

Fort Worth.

In Jonnie we find a man whom every one admires. Altho this Fort Worth lad is specializing in C. E. and tennis. As a man of correspondence he holds his own.

Simon, H. C.

Simon is a man few men understand. He will do anything to help move along smoothly, and when it comes to debating or giving an oration, he is second to Bracket. As a literary man we expect Simon to have great success.

Converse.

Benson, S. V.

St. Camden, Ark.

Benson comes from the state where shoes are rarely ever seen. But we give him credit for making old A. and M. the place to get an education. WWe hope you pleasure climbing those mountains this summer.

Smith, W. S.

"Reveille" caused the Signal Corps to lose a good man when he decided to get his share of flying on earth and not take the chances of having to sprout

Albany.

Boger, A. D.

Vernon.

"Hebrew" descended upon us with his polished manners and pleasant smile, and with these assets has made himself a host of friends. But sad to relate, while on a military, he showed himself up as a small town J. B.

- Denison, E. B. Waco. "Denny" besides his geniality has two other great assets, constancy and adaptability. He fairly radiates good naturedness, and a few will tell you he is as constant as Prexy's moon, in a social way.
- Donald, F. Fort Worth. Donald is a man that gets along with every one. He causes many of the ladies to fall for him, and carries many at a time. Donald, we look to you to keep the Squadron with pep.
- Elliot, L. C. Greenville. "Lucifer" hails from Greenville. His usual pastime is raving about being deprived of his "wordly pleasures." He helps "column right" Grissom to operate the suction pump. He hopes to be a Steinmetz in '24.
- Fuqua, C. C. Franklinton, La. This old boy takes things as they come, and is liked by those who know him. We look to the time when he can juggle chemicals and make strong drink for the Squadron.
- Ginn, V. L. Branbury. "Baby Face" hails from Granbury, Texas. As his name implies, he has a very winning countenance, and simply knocks 'em cold, especially one young lady of Bryan.
- Grisson, S. B. Granbury. "Column Right" comes from the sticks near Granbury. They had to put gravel in his shoes before he could wear them. He enjoys a good joke whether on himself or others.
- Old, W. D. San Antonio. Old, the man who rides from Denver to San Antonio on 11 cents, can give the personal history of every hobo east of the Rockies. He intends to specialize in his E. E. course, in the lighting and heating of box cars.
- Orr, A. S. Waco. "Lanky" is Tiny Keen's only rival as a star cleaner. He hails from the city with a (half) soul. Even if his feet are large enough to be a complete animal in themselves, he is one of the best hearted fellows in the Air Service.
- Parsons, J. M. Greenville. Parsons is making the college a good "hello girl." He has seen service on the "deep blue" and was found a worthy "Gob."
- Poage, C. Waco. "Eleven" Poage, the white hope product of the upper Brazos, is learning lots about cows, calves and bulls. He is high point man in the inter-battalion "Biggest Liar and Beauty" Contest.
- Rounds, W. A. Fort Worth. "Bill" hails from the "Cow Town," and has made good in the Squadron. He is good in tennis, altho this game and C. E. do not mix well. We look to-
- ward him to go out of A. and M. and fill his place among men.
- Short, C. B. Amarillo. "Shorty" hails from the faraway Panhandle where the men grow rosy-cheeked and wild. He is a bug student and got in the Air Service so as to be able to cover the far stretches of the plains country with ease.
- Stevens, J. K. Plainview. Stevens promises to be a great Che. He knows how to juggle his chemicals. As a military man he is good. Stevens, we hope you success in conquest for ladies fair this summer.
- Smith, Zay. San Antonio. Uzza's greatest ambition is to be a tea sipper and lady killer in Bryan, but the thing he worked hardest on was to beat his crony Parke on the range. We are expecting much of this young aviator.
- Toner, S. M. Indiana. "Gob" Toner has spent some time as a radio man on different ships. The only objection to be found with the man is, he is too good natured.
- Harrell, W. H. Claude. "Sach" in his "Fish" days was constantly on the trail of women, but men do change. Harrell is a man that will do his part and make friends anyplace he roams.
- Herrling, F. C. Kurten. Upon entering Ross 22 one usually hears the phrase, "Look out there," from "Chestie." We are expecting great things from you next year "Entomology," so keep the pep underway.
- Hohn, W. L. Nordham. "Dutch" has a great task before him to make the same name at A. and M. as old "Dutch" did in his time here. There is lots of good in "Dutch" and we believe it will come out.
- Howe Sherman. "Jack" spends weary hours in H. E., but never does he forget the lady of his heart. He has made many lasting friends in his short stay at A. and M. and will make more these next few years.
- Johnson, H. J. Chicesla, Okla. Johnson is a man not to be trifled with, because he made both the rifle and pistol team. He is an all-round man, and has A. and M. in his soul. He is constantly working to help lift the men of his class to a better class of '24 men.
- Lawson, W. J. Austin. "Ponzie" is a product of the Capitol City, but his heart is with A. and M. His home town institution has little attraction, except for the ladies there. Everybody is Bill's friend although he does profiteer on his candy.
- Long, F. D. San Benito. "P. D." comes from near the Border and states that,

it's easy to go out any time and take in "four fingers." Long was all set to make all company, but fate sent him to the hospital. Watch Long make someone work for a place this year.

Malcolm, H. O. Okla. City.
"Three dates" is a son of the Sooner State. His latest book is, "How to fill three dates in one night." He is now chief swabber in the Cavalry, and is good in that line.

McFadden, E. C. Pine Bluff, Ark.
"Corporal Musclehound" comes to us from the state where swine are used for saws, but with all this to his credit, he is a man with the squadron at heart.

Murphy, H. A. Mexia.
"Pat" is the pride of the Air Service. He had the honor of being "Fish" captain at the Air Service Banquet last year. Give Pat the reins and he will go high.

Wallace, F. G. Omaha.
Wallace drifts in from East Texas where the moonshine flows freely. As for acquiring "Fish" cush he is the best. Some call him "Pig," but with all that he is a good sport.

Watson, J. W. Mart.
"Bill" is a man with a natural ability. He has been putting up a great defense against Schurdardt of T. U. He uses his hands and arms lavishly in this defense. "Bill," "dad's" youngest boy, has proven himself an efficient jail keeper.

Watley, G. A. Calvert.
"What" run down from Calvert one day to A. and M. and the Aviation adopted him. He is making good in the squadron, and we look to him to help the Air Service along next year.

Bickel, A. Era.
"Mary" is the product of the cross-roads town of Era, Texas. He has red cheeks and a disposition that will win for him if he takes what old A. and M. offers.

Ballentyne, C. B. Bracketville.
"Swede has an ambition to get there without taking the book-route. Stay in there "Sock," you may get a fair damsel that will carry you through life without the aid of books.

Chandler, J. N. Weatherford.
"Fish" Chandler hails from the city of Weatherford, some place west of Fort Worth. He came to A. and M. so he could come through Fort Worth to get to look at the bright lights.

Davidson, C. L. Richmond.
"Mink" hails from the city of Richmond and his weekly paper takes great pride in writing up their home town product. His line is long with plenty of lead for a sinker.

Callaway, C. N. Palestine.
"Cal," a product of the holy city. His motto: "I had

rather be a 'meal hound' and bark at the moon, than go hungry."

Denham, C. S. Lubbock.
"Fish" Denham blows in from off the plains. His ability to carry out the "Sophs" with his solemn wit, is unsurpassable. Some of the "Fish" will have to wear corporal stripes next year.

Ford, D. L. Greenville.
"Fish" Ford is one of the Squadron's best "fish." He is always ready to do what is asked of him. We are looking to Ford to make good in years to come.

Greenstreet, W. H. Laredo.
"Fish" Greenstreet is a product of the border-land. He was an air service man until Doc helped him to the Signal Corps. We hope he makes good there.

Joyner, A. L. Gainesville.
"Skinny" is the big tank from his home town. He loves his specialties: H. E. and Sbisas hash.

June, M. N. Bryan.
"Fish" June lives just up the road to Bryan, and can drop in home any time for a square meal.

Johnson, A. Palestine.
"Fish" Johnson, another product of the Holy City. His ambitions and desires are to get three letters a week from Austin and become Corporal of the last squad.

Knotts, W. H. Kemp.
A native of the city of Kemp, has high ambitions, but Sbisas hash keeps him down.

Kasper, C. Shiner.
If pb. sold for \$5.00 a pound "Tony" would be a man of much money. As a meal-hound he ranks first.

Lungsford, R. E. Seymour.
"Fish" Lungsford is from the city where you look twice, because there is plenty to see.

Maynard, W. S. Hughes.
"Fish" Maynard left us early, but no matter where you are we hope you success.

Myres, W. J. Sweetwater.
"Fish" Myres lined up with the Aviation, but took to the band for entertainment.

McDaniel. Georgetown.
"Fish" Mc is the "wild Irish" species and hails from the city of Georgetown. As a ladies man he is well known as far south as Georgia.

Owen, R. K. Gainesville.
"Ladd" is a member of the bugle corps and his progress and efficiency is shown by his being first to the mess hall. "Hash" Owen promises to be a good man for the Squadron.

Rawlins, R. A. Lancaster.
"Snooks" is liked by most all "Fish" and the upper

class men have taken a liking to him. He is a good chambermaid.

Ragsdale, T. H. Palestine.
"Slime Rags" is the best for being late to formation. He has great sport placing tacks in his room-mates bed.

Sayers, R. S. Houston.
"Fish" Sayers has a way of getting out of being room orderly, that is not the ability of many "Fish." "Fish" Sayers is all right, and can make a mandolin breathe music.

Sandford, L. F. Monticello.
"Fish" Sandford promises to be a good man this next year and he hopes some day to be a great C. E.

Sawyer, F. L. Sherman.
"Huck" is great when dealing with the fair sex. Stacomb is his greatest expense. Sawyer is Tom's half brother.

Schiwetz, D. Cuero.
"Seaweed" is a military success in his own eyes, but all eyes don't see alike. In C. E. he promises to make good.

Styner, P. Palestine.
"Fish" Styner came into the Aviation, but afterward took up with the Cavalry. We hope him great success.

Smith, W. R. Sanger.
"Fish" Smith hailed from a city near C. I. A. Luck to you, Smith. Watch your step or you will get caught as you pass through Denton. They like curly hair.

Valentine, C. H. Palestine.
"Fish" Valentine, the longest product from the holy city, and would like to be military, but his walk is too jazzy.

Whitson, H. V. Weathford.
"Fish" Whitson desired to make an M. E. but I think the women kept him too busy answering his letters.

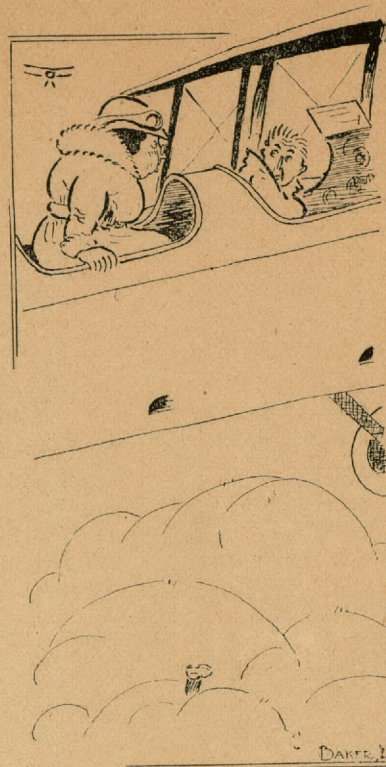
Young, E. U. Denton.
"Fish" Young was a promising Che., but naturally a young fellow from the place where ladies are plentiful can't keep his mind from drifting back home.

MY BONNIE.

My bonnie went down to the cellar,
A leaking gas pipe he would see,
He lighted a match to find it,
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me!

My Bonnie goes down to the cellar,
Quite often, alack and alas!
He comes back a different feller,
But he doesn't get lit up on gas!

—Aerial Age Weekly.



Lady passenger: "Stop a minute driver, my little Willie just stepped over the side."

THE BARE FACTS.

A pretty cave girl with hair of gold
Looked at the cave man bold,
Who had the sand
To ask her hand,
As his love he hotly told.

"Suppose," she asked and hung her head,
"That after we are wed
We were lost in the forest wide—
No cave, no fire, and cold your little bride!
What would you do?" she said.

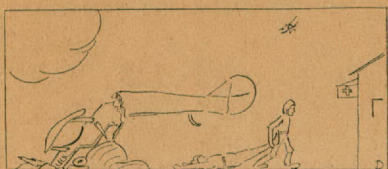
That cave man's smile became a grin
As he eyed the prize he'd win.
"Ha! ha!" he laughed,
"D'ye think I'm daft?
I'd snuggle you close in my little bear skin!"
—Exchange.

Slick Gardner: "Dearest you had better take the baby; you know I have my best suit on."

Nothing: "What sort of a chap is Parke?"
Toit: "Well, if you see two men in a corner and one looks bored to death, the other is Parke."

Sweet Thing: "Mary is awfully old-fashioned."
Jelly Bean: "Frightfully! She still clings to the idea that a girl should spend part of her time at home."

Skip: "Are raw oysters healthy?"
Hop: "I never knew one to complain."



One down, four more and he will be an ace.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Housewife (calling up for seats to style show):
"Please save three in the center and be sure they are fresh."

"Is there an opening here for a bright, energetic young man?"

"Yes! an' close it as you go out."

A little slip of paper in a skilled hand
Makes exams seem easy and grades just grand.

Friend: "In what course does your son graduate?"

Old Man: "In course of time."

Colonel: "That bird over there just asked to be made a pilot. Is he steady?"

Pilot: "That my mechanic. Sure, if he was any steadier, he'd be motionless."

Teacher: "Translate 'Rex fugit'."

Student: "The king flees."

Teacher: "You should use 'has' in translating the perfect tense."

Student: "The king has fleas."

Capt.: "Is the young lady you visit popular?"

Lieut.: "I should say so. Why she even has to have a chaperone when she accompanies me on the piano."

"I have a book here entitled, 'The Successful Chicken Raiser,' began the agent.

I don't need it, "broke in Uncle Cy Hopkins.
"All my children are boys."

Customer: "I say, do you ever play anything by request?"

Delighted Musician: "Certainly Sir."

Customer: "Then I wonder if you'd be so good as to play a game of dominoes until I've finished my lunch."

Billie: "Why don't you do the modern dances?"

Jug: "I know all the holds but I can't slip into them quick enough."

Prof: This paper is too poor for the ignorant to understand.

Class attender: "What part of it do you fail to understand."

Nothing: "What do you keep your watch under your pillow for?"

Toit: "Oh, that's so I can sleep over time."

Queen Specials

For A. and M. Commencement Are

Monday, Tuesday, May 29 and 30, the Best Yet

BEBE DANIELS in A GAME CHICK

Wednesday, Thursday—Six Rounds of Replies

CHAS. RAY in "R. S. V. P."

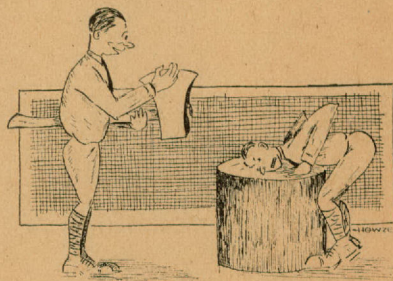
Thursday, Friday—Oh, Joy! Jackie Coogan

CHAS. CHAPLIN in "THE KID"

Monday, Tuesday, June 5 and 6, a Treat

"GAY AND DEVILISH"

A big program at The Dixie every day. Complete change of comedy, feature and weekly every day. The stars are Mary Miles Minter, Ethel Clayton, Elaine Hammerstein, Mildred Harris, Lon Chaney and others.



Watch out that you don't get an A. and M. AXE.
(It's an awful death).

Doc Hedges: "When does the air contain the most H₂O?"

Buzz: "When its is raining."

Trash: "I can trace my ancestors back to Henry VIII."

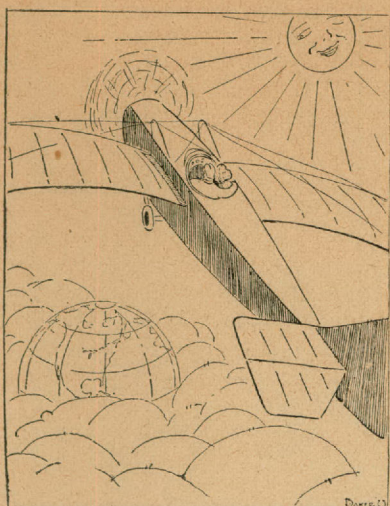
Bessie: "It's a shame dead men can't defend themselves."

Sis Braden (in Sunday School): "What is the application of the Golden Rule?"

Fish Rawlins: "I don't know, but it must be fierce."

Flapper No. 1: "That horrid thing even hinted that I am indebted to the druggist for my complexion."

Flapper No. 2: "The mean ole thing! I know positively you pay cash."



The Honeymoon of 1942.

THE GATE

I

A gate
Two lovers
A father mad
The hour is late
Two hearts are glad

II

A growl
A leap
A nip
A tear
A cry
A sigh
And then
A swear

III

(Final)

A gate
No lovers
A father glad
A dog triumphant
A maiden sad

Moral: If it took two lovers hours to say good night
It served him right if the dog did bite.

Wanted—To be a grown up man.—Garmon O'Quin.

Wanted—No classes before dinner.—Dan Hale.

Wanted—A girl in Bryan who can overlook this face of mine in consideration of my loving ways.—A. L. Parks.

Wanted—A waist line.—Tubby Hughes.

Wanted—A girl to love.—E. C. Cusing.

Wanted—A wife, must be white.—Buzz Prochl.

"KISS A MISS."

If you kiss a miss you wish to kiss,
You do not kiss amiss, but if
You miss the miss you wish to kiss
And kiss the miss you wish to miss,
Then you kiss the miss amiss.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

"Our boy has left us," wept Abel's mother as her darling little boy waved a good-bye from the car window.

"Yes," said the old man, whom Abel had just touched for a loan, "but he hasn't left us much!"

Prof.—Give an example of an imaginary spheroid.

Fish Knotts—A rooster's egg, sir.

Profane Willie: "Mamma, when I die I don't want to go to Heaven."

Mamma: "Why not, Willia?"

Profane Willie: "There won't be a damned soul there."

Even a frog must croak.

Yes, and the housemaid after a vacation must return to dust.

"She hung her clothes on a hickory limb."
Such a handicap for one so young.

Ma: "When did you write son last?"

Pa: "Wait until I consult my check book."

Little boy at track meet: Oh, mamma, I know who that man is by his clothes. That's Mr. B. V. D.

Visitor: Didn't that man out in front sneeze loud just then?

Cadet: No, that's Lt. Parke giving "Squads Right, March."

To me study is an awful bore,

I don't.

Some fellows do and crave for more,

I don't.

I always go to sleep in class,

Tho I'd rather sleep out on the grass,

You wouldn't think that I could pass,

I don't.

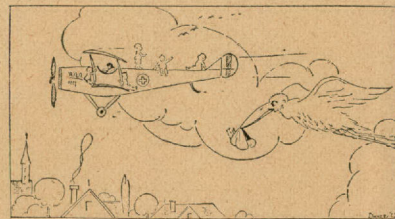
Major Russell puts an exam question on the board.

Jug Reese (after a moment's silence): "I can't even find that in the book."

The class in Household Insects had just been announced.

Student: "Prof., where can we obtain the specimens?"

Prof. (with a shrug): "Search me."



AIR SERVICE

THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE.

There has never been a single group of men in the near past who have gained for themselves such fame and world-wide distinction, as the members of "*l'Escadrille Lafayette*." Through all army channels, into the presses of the largest newspapers of the country, and by word of legend transmitted, has this name become familiar to a goodly portion of the peoples of every nation on the globe.

In the late Fall of 1914, when the war clouds first fell in the crushing assault of Prussian imperialism against the fortress at Liege, a small group of American tourists sat in studied silence in a private dining salon of one of the most exclusive cafes in Paris. Millionaire, gentlemen of leisure, globe-trotters, soldiers of fortune—comrades all; men who had been through the stifling campaigns of the Boer wars under British colors, men who had survived the Boxer uprising in China, bronzed vertrans from the Philippines; men from whom a change in the social scale had not erased the stronger ties of comradeship, now sat in deliberation over their demi-tasse.

It was decided!

Four days later they offered themselves at one of the local recruiting offices for enlistment in the "*Legion Etrangere*." The Foreign Legion, a relic of Napoleonic days, which so gloriously had upheld its notable traditions! Here one could find a sprinkling from every nation on the globe, here a polyglot strain of criminals, fugitives from justice, thugs and law-breakers from every continent, the flootsam and jetsam from a world-wide tide, and here, because of that abandon and high courage, one of the most fearless bodies of troops from any battlefield. In this unit alone no questions are asked in applying for enlistment, and it is said that if a criminal, no matter what his crime, who acquits himself well and survives his campaigns, is considered legally a free man. What better theatre of operations could have been chosen by this group of Americans.

Now picture the contrast, several months later, as a slow-footed, mud-spattered column drags its way wearily out of the last communicating trench and into the camouflaged roadway to comparative safety. From their grimy, bearded faces, ragged uniforms of horizon blue, it is hard to imagine that a small cluster grouped to themselves by the roadside, their numbers lessened by two, awaiting their turn at the *camions*, or large transportation trucks is the same as those whom we found, sleek, well-groomed, at perfect ease in the *elite* of Parisian society so short a time before. A day later, though a central rest camp, *en permission* to Paris. What a travesty, and on five sous a day!

Three nights later they met at the place of their former deliberations, and among them were several high French officials. Their meeting was a significant one ere they dispersed at a late hour the next morning, full permission had been given for the formation of a flying squadron, with themselves as flyers, to be supported by an enlisted French personnel. Accordingly, those who had not learned flying were sent to training centers, while the others busied themselves with co-ordinating their newly-gotten findings. The name, it was decided, would be "The American Esca-

drille." The Germans, on learning that there existed an "American Escadrille," took exception to this on the grounds that America was then neutral; this simple expediency was met by changing the name to that of the "Lafayette Escadrille."

Thus we find, a few months later, their appearance on the Western front, a single, mobile, independent unit, thrown here, there, overnight, from Switzerland to the sea, where strategy might dictate. That, with their unwieldy, unresponsive Caudron planes, at that time the best of French efforts, they did exceedingly well, is attested to by the following translation of their first citation in French army orders:

August 15, 1917.

The General Commander-in-Chief cites by order of the army:

ESCADRILLE NO. 124—"ESCADRILLE LAFAYETTE."

An escadrille composed of volunteer Americans, came to fight for France with the purest spirit of sacrifice.

Has carried on without ceasing under the command of Captain Thenault, who formed it, an ardent fighter against our enemies.

In very hard combats and at the price of losses which, far from weakening them, strengthened their moral, has struck down 28 enemy aeroplanes.

Has excited the profound admiration of the Chiefs who have had it under their orders and the French escadrilles, who, fighting at their side, have sought to rival in valor with them.

Signed: PETAIN.

Then with America's entry into the war it was most natural that the French personnel should be replaced, that the unit could be more perfectly "one hundred percent American." Thus, on February 18, 1918, the 103rd Aero Squadron, with replacements, took charge of a fleet of Spad 'planes in the Champagne sector, north of *Chalons-sur-Marne*. The first, and for nearly two months, the only American air service on the front! Some six weeks later camp was pitched on the flat near *Fismes*, between *Rheims* and *Soissons*, into what was then called the *Chemin-des-Dames* salient. An almost breathless move was then made, a scant two weeks later, up into the far reaches of the Flanders sector, within sight of the Belgian frontier. The day following their arrival here, it was learned that the *Boches* had broken through almost to *Epernay*, far to the rear, and that the French squadrons which had been left ere were captured intact.

It was here that so terrific a night barrage was undergone. In that section, so far north of the ecliptic, that the nights were of few hours duration, flying time was almost all the time; the rest was given to the peaceful respite of being serenaded by Gothas with their nightly compliments. July found the escadrille operating the *Toul* sector, September in the *St. Mihiel* drive, October and November in the *Meuse-Argonne* and *Verdun* attacks. Here, the armistice, and the game was over.

So much happened of the commonplace, and the unusual which became so, that no attempt will be made to describe to any great extent any of the foregoing campaigns. Mention might be made, however, of the *St. Mihiel* attack, a particularly striking picture of the morning of September 12. Word had been sent

through the intelligence department that the zero hour would be 3:15, and accordingly a patrol was detailed for that hour. All possible care and grooming was given the motors and machine guns the night before, and all lay in readiness for the coming hour. At about 2:30 the camp was awakened, to discover a heavy fog, an uncanny grayish blackness pervading everything. Hangars were already opened, and here and there along the line of planes, coughing, spluttering, could hardly be discerned the shrouded figures of mechanics and pilots, tensed, awaiting the first streak of dawn and the fated hour. Finally, chafing under the restraint, one by one the Spads would be wheeled around, headed into the light wind, slowly gather speed and with a bound be lost in the impenetrable fog. Just as the last of the planes were leaving, the low monotone of the constant rumbling of smaller pieces was drowned in a crash as the booming of the long rangers came in. This steadily increased until the very earth seemed to tremble, 25 kilometers distant. An hour or so later the planes came in, one by one, through the fog which had lifted a scant hundred feet, and immediately another patrol went out. Orders were to fly at the very low altitude of 500 meters and less, using machine guns on enemy concentrations. This was continued throughout the day and into the next, with the net result of two pilots lost and seven victories! Not such a bad trade after all.

Another striking incident which might go well for the relating, which is so vivid to anyone who has spent the greater part of a year within sound of the continuous rumbling of the lesser pieces, the rattle of musketry and machine gun, was the grand finale, when, at eleven o'clock on the morning of November the eleventh, everything seemed to grow suddenly, deathly still. If it is an irritation to be brought so suddenly into such a condition, surely in a whole year the nerves could come to subsist on it as a part of their normal functioning, and without it be as ill at ease as at first. But what a whole year had done, three weeks did with little difficulty.

Finally, at the end, it was always considered proper and fitting to exchange compliments and receive commendations. Thus it was not until after the armistice that it was learned the escadrille had again been mentioned in army order citations, which gave them the distinction of having their guidon decorated with the *croix-de-guerre* with two palms, and the individual members of wearing the coveted fourragere. The second citation, in translation, follows in part:

"A brilliant organization which has, in the course of operations in Flanders, shown itself worthy of its glorious traditions. Without permitting itself to be affected by losses reaching a third of its effective force, it provided, in a difficult sector, perfect security for our Army Corps planes, a most thorough service of reconnaissance at both high and low altitudes and destroyed, both near our lines as well as at a great distance within the enemy's territory, a very large number of German airplanes and captive balloons."

Signed: PETAIN.

A General Order, No. 17, is quoted simply as a picturization of several of the outstanding members and organizers of the unit:

1. "The 103rd Aero Squadron, Third Pursuit Group, will hold itself in readiness to move at any mo-

ment to join the First Pursuit Group and proceed into Germany.

2. "This honor has been conferred upon the 103rd Aero Squadron because of its long and faithful service with the French and American Armies.

3. "The Wing Commander takes this opportunity of expressing his pleasure at having had this squadron under his command. The Lafayette Escadrille, organized long before the entry of the United States into the European war, played an important part in bringing home to our people the basic issues of the war. To the French people of future generations the names of its organizers and early pilots must mean what the names of Lafayette and Rochambeau mean to us Americans, of this generation. To mention only a few, the names of Norman Prince, Kiffin Rockwall, James McConnell, Victor Chapman, Captain James Norman Hall, Major Kenneth Marr, Major David McK. Peterson, Major Raoul Fufbery, and Lieut. Colonel William Thaw, are never to be forgotten. In February last, the Lafayette Escadrille of the French Army was transferred to the 103rd Aero Squadron, United States Army. It was the first, and for nearly two months it was the only American Air Service organization on the front. Since that time it is not too much to say that pilots who served in this squadron have formed the backbone of the American Pursuit Aviation on the front. The Squadron produced two of America's four Pursuit Group Commanders, as well as a very large proportion of the Squadron and Flight Commanders. While giving thus liberally of its experienced personnel to new units the standard of merit of this squadron has not been lowered. No task was too arduous or too hazardous for it to perform successfully. In the recent decisive operations of the First American Army, the 103rd Aero Squadron has done its share.

4. "The Wing Commander congratulates Captain Soubiran, Squadron Commander, 103rd Aero Squadron, and all of his personnel, commissioned and enlisted. No other organization in the American Army has a right to such a high measure of satisfaction in feeling its difficult task has been performed. So long as the personnel bears in mind the record the Squadron has established there can be no other prospect for it than that of a splendid future.

"Signed: B. M. ATKINSON,
Lieut. Colonel, Air Service, U. S. A.
Commanding"

Then, in closing, it might not be amiss to quote the last general order from the commanding officer, for it sums up admirably just the mission which the escadrille performed:

1. "This date the 103rd Aero Pursuit Squadron dispatched without a mishap all its aeroplanes to the First Air Depot, thus successfully terminating our major responsibility as a combatant unit in the American Expeditionary Forces after nine months of active operations.

2. "At this time it is my earnest desire to express sincerely and fully to each and every member of the command, both officers and men, my appreciation and admiration of their faithful and willing services so nobly and splendidly performed.

3. "In February, 1918, the enlisted personnel of the 103rd Aero Pursuit Squadron joined the pilots of the old Lafayette Escadrille and from that amalgama-

tion there came a unit, purely American, that conscientiously and bravely struggled with its daily task of operating against the enemy. Serving as an independent unit for five months under four different French commands, the Fourth, the Sixth, the D. A. N. and Eighth French Armies, you maintained always a high standard of efficiency. Especially was this true in the Flanders sector where you were able to perpetuate the name of the old Lafayette Escadrille which had its origin under French colors, and brought added glory to its flag and traditions by winning a second French Army citation. This last citation should be treasured by all, knowing as you do, it was given in recognition of valorous and meritorious operations against the strongest kind of enemy aerial activity in a sector where the whole personnel was nightly subjected to intense bombardment from the air, without affecting its morale or detracting from its efficiency. In July this command came for the first time under the immediate direction of the American Army and from then until the cessation of hostilities you unceasingly labored with the same indomitable courage, tireless energy, and tenacity of purpose that characterized your efforts while with the French.

4. "On the eve of your departure to the land for which you have fought, reflect on the record that your squadron has made and, by your appearance and every act, show to the people awaiting you that the sacrifices endured and difficulties overcome have not been in vain, but from the mighty test you have come forth valiant soldiers and worthy representatives of your country.

5. "The Squadron Commander looks with pride upon your record and considers it a privilege to have served with such an organization.

"Signed: R. SOUBIRAN,

"Captain, A. S., U. S. A.,
Commanding."

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

Whereas, in His infinite wisdom God has seen fit to call unto Him the mother of our classmate, H. F. Spreen, Jr.

Therefore, be it resolved by the members of the Senior Class, of the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College that our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy and condolence be offered the family of H. F. Spreen, Jr.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and that a copy be furnished for publication.

Signed:

V. Bennett, Jr.,
R. B. Steele,
R. E. L. Patillo,
L. J. Bourke.

An aerial cop went up for a hop,
To pinch a speeding fliver,
But his old plane flopped when the motor stopped
And away buzzed the naughty fliver.

TEXAS COLLEGE STUDENTS TO RECEIVE FLYING TRAINING.

From Aerial Age, May 1, 1922.

The Air Service Unit at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas is the youngset of five units in that State, having been organized in December a year ago. The unit started this year with 102 men, but the 69 examination (physical examination for fliers) disqualified about forty of these men. The students are a highly enthusiastic bunch, all intensely interested in the course, and many of them will eventually become reserve pilots.

During the first two years at this college, students cover in the main purely Air Service subjects, including aeroplane engines, aeroplane instruments, bombing, aerial gunnery, aerial photography, radio, machine guns, artillery observation and Infantry and Cavalry liaison.

At the end of the Junior year, the students attend a six weeks' camp at some Air Service field, where they are given a great deal of back seat work as observers and also given an opportunity to take short courses in engines, aeroplanes and all other work connected with the Air Service station. Upon graduation these men are given commissions as reserve second lieutenants and ordered to active duty for a period of six months in order to permit them to obtain their flying training.

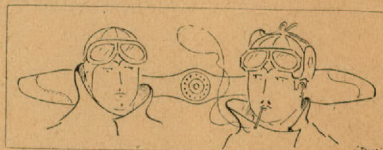
The camp this summer will be held at Kelly Field, and the Junior Class is hard at work preparing themselves for the work they will do at the camp this summer. Due to the hardships of the 609 examinations there will be only seventeen men qualified for the camp.

The Cadet Major of the Squadron, James E. Gardner, is a former Air Service officer, who left school during the war and enlisted for the Air Service. He completed his ground work course at the University of Texas, his primary training at Call Field, and his advanced training at Ellington Field. After the Armistice, Mr. Gardner returned to college, and will graduate this year in architectural engineering. He is considered one of the very best cadet officers at this institution, and it is in a great measure due to his earnest work for the squadron that such an esprit de corps in this unit has been built up so soon.

Stunt Aviator—"Behold me, in the flower of manhood."

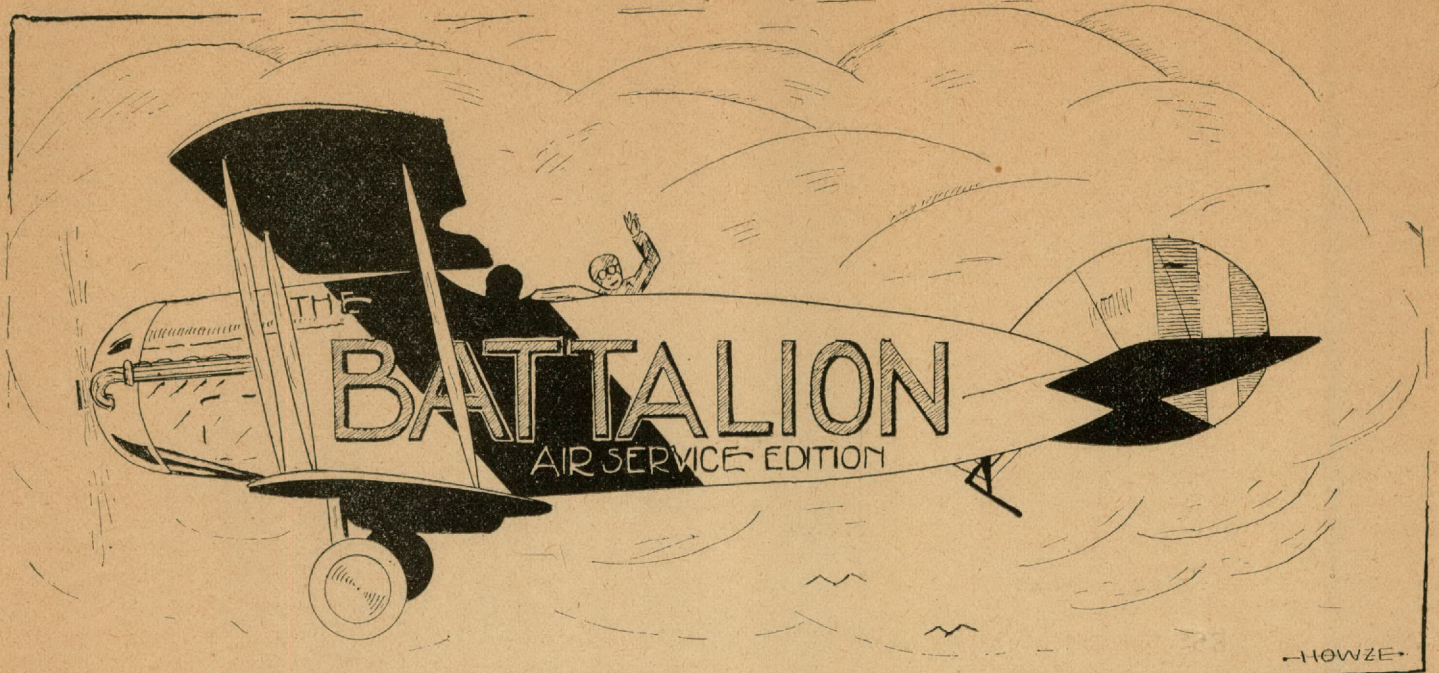
She—"Yes, a blooming idiot."

Even though nature makes our faces we can pick our own teeth.



First Pilot: "Where's your passenger you took up."

Second Pilot (innocently): "How should I know?"



Vol. XXX

College Station, Texas, Friday, May 26, 1922.

Number 33

NEIL SINGLETON	Editor-in-Chief
BEN EARLY CORDELL	Assistant Editor
ALBERT L. PARKE	Business Manager
ROBERT B. WILLIAMS	Asst. Business Manager
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HELP THOSE WHO HELP US.

It costs a considerable sum to finance a Battalion. If it were not for the generosity of the business men of Bryan, Houston, Dallas, San Antonio and other cities in taking advertising space, we could not publish this special issue of the Battalion. We expect this special issue of ours to bring a smile and to serve as a memoir to the men now in the Air Service. Our advertisers made this issue possible; trade with them and you will help repay the Battalion's patrons, and at the same time make the work of future Special Issues of the Battalion easier.

Patronize our advertisers, and tell them you saw their ad in the Air Service Battalion.

THE TRAINING OF AN AIR SERVICE OFFICER.

There seems to have grown up the mistaken idea that about the only training necessary for an Air Service officer is to teach him how to pilot an airplane. No idea could be further from the reality. There is just as much to saying that all a cavalryman has to know is how to ride a horse. Like a horse, the airplane is merely a means of conveyance and

its value lies in its swiftness of movement, the wide range of vision which it affords, and the fact that it does not depend upon roads. It is true that there is a considerable amount of technical knowledge to be acquired but this knowledge does not materially add to a man's usefulness as a soldier. This technical training is necessary solely to insure the return of an officer sent on a mission for the purpose of securing information. A man may be an excellent pilot, capable of handling his ship under all conditions, a daring fighter and yet be of little practical value to the service. To be of real worth an Air Service officer must not only be able to pilot a plane but he must be highly trained in the art of warfare. He must thoroughly understand what is required of him when sent on reconnaissance missions, must be able to fully explain what he sees and know what it means. To an untrained eye the rear of an enemy's army will be camps, trains, trenches, men, horses, and trucks, but to him it means nothing more. To the trained eye, however, it means vastly more. It means a retreat, a preparation for an attack, a new line of defense or any number of things.

When one stops to consider that the movements of an army in the field depend entirely upon the knowledge its commander has of the movements of the enemy and that the success of the army in battle depends entirely upon the accuracy of the information concerning the enemy one can see the importance of having highly trained officers to gather the information. The thirst of a commander for information is insatiable and he will spare no means for the securing of it. His information must be as accurate as is humanly possible, his personal success as well as the success of the army rests on the amount and kind of information furnished him.

Modern armies are enormous and are arranged in great depth; an important attack requires concentration of great numbers of men and vast quan-

tities of supplies in rear of the lines—so far in rear that they are beyond the reach of the cavalry and infantry. To successfully meet the impending attack of the enemy the commander must have advance information concerning it. How does he secure this information? From spies, prisoners, enemy newspapers—but best of all, from the aerial scouts; they should furnish the most accurate and the most reliable information.

If, then, success in battle depends upon the amount and kind of information that is in the hands of the commander and the accuracy of the information rests on the training of the men who secure it, is it not then logical to say that the training of an Air Service officer should be of the very best? Should not the aerial observer be as highly trained as the general staff? It takes time to do this but it takes time to make a surgeon, a jurist, or a teacher, or yes—a soldier.

WHAT BUSINESS HAVE I GOT IN THIS PLACE, ANYHOW?

Why, on that memorable September day umpteen years ago, did I take the "Jinney" for College Station instead of assuming a prominent post slightly in the rear of that well-known and popular agricultural character, Old Beck, or getting a job in the bank, or "accepting a position" selling sand in Cousin Frank's corner grocery? And again, why, after once starting the college game, have I kept on year after year drifting back to Ike's Beat instead of hanging on to that job I held all last summer at wages which would have grown by this time to a living for one at least?

Yes sir, it's a funny thing, for a lot of the fellows that did stay at home are doing pretty well now, and will have a long start on me when I do finally leave here and get going in earnest. Of course they tell us that the trained man can make money faster, when he does get started, than the lad who begins as soon as he finishes high school. (That's a fine way of defending higher education! The same argument would apply better to a one-horse business college).. However, I suppose it is true that the trained man is the financial superior of the other fellow, though I know of a good many cases that seem to prove the contrary. But even though by coming here I may be able to earn a little more money than the home boys can, that doesn't seem enough to pay me for spending four years and a good deal of money, both of which might have been used to set me up in business. Why, if I didn't have enough in me originally to make a living without a college education, I haven't got enough now to earn more than Joe Gosling there at home. So, financially, all my "book-larnin" will do for me will be to get me a very little more money than I could have made without it—and from the number of jobless graduates you hear about, even this advantage seems uncertain.

Well, then again, WHAT AM I DOING HERE? Financially, I'll gain a little something, but not enough to make it worth while. But (Aha!) what about the social side? Yes, it's true that the girls

do give me just a little more of the attention I deserve than they used to—I believe that the college contingent has a little the edge on the home boys during the summer. The worst of it is, though, that in the end the sweet things usually marry the old that's a fact. Anyhow, though we are all proud of our jelly-beans in the Cavalry, most of us at this place are not too ambitious socially, and we certainly wouldn't come here four years just for the polish (!!!!) that makes the Aggie famous.

Once more, then, WHAT AM I HERE FOR? The financial and social arguments are as weak as the editorials on the Profs.' Bat., (and that's middling puny). * * * * Well, I guess this college business is more or less a fake, and I'll just pack my old bag and get home and get to work. And I'm glad of it. * * * No more drill. * * No more slaving at football. * * * No more having to read a lot of heavy stuff for English—though I didn't much mind that last assignment of Brackett's, and it sure sharpens your wits to go through that mill of his. And I'll possibly be fool enough to get homesick for Kyle Reid next Fall, too. After all, that awful grind D. X. gave us this year made a man of me. Drill, too—well, I'll have to admit that it has braced me up a lot, and to tell the truth, it's sort of fun now. And I'm getting so I spend a lot of time in the Library just browsing around—of course, I'm a little ashamed of it, but I read Les Miserables on a bet last month, and I kinder liked the darn thing. I went ahead and read a lot of other heavy stuff without having to. It's bad leaving the gang, too. Somehow here you get closer to fellows and I believe it does you good. I know I've got a better attitude toward people than I ever would have had if I hadn't come away from home to school.

Maybe there are some sounder reasons for my being here, after all. If college braces me up physically and mentally, if it makes a man of me on the football field by teaching me to take punishment and keep on at it, if it interests me in good books—if, finally, it makes me like people better by showing me a lot of boys on their friendliest side and under the best conditions, then maybe I had better unpack the trusty bag and stay on a while longer. Only I guess I had better remember hereafter that

I AM NOT HERE TO BECOME EITHER A MILLIONAIRE OR A JELLYBEAN. I AM HERE TO GET A KEENER AND BETTER DISCIPLINED MIND, A WELL SET-UP BODY, A FRIENDLY UNDERSTANDING, AND TOLERANT ATTITUDE TOWARD OTHER MEN, EVEN TOWARD THOSE MOST DIFFERENT FROM MYSELF, AND SOME BREADTH OF CULTIVATION AND INTEREST, SOME SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCE WITH BIG MINDS THROUGH BIG BOOKS.

Bob: "A Ford and a flapper are a good bit alike."

Violet: "How do you figure that?"

Bob: "You can have a blamed good time with both and hate like the deuce to be seen with either."

"Why did they put Bob out of the game?"

"For holding."

"Oh, isn't that just like Bob?"—Virginia Reel.

THE AIR SERVICE COMES TO A. & M.

In the month of February, 1921, seventy-eight young aspirants were transferred to the Air Service, and the days that followed were days of torment, spent under a constant flanking fire of ridicule. At night these embryo Knights of the Air lay toosing in their bunks, like teething babies, their soft, white new wings hurt them so. Theirs were the dreams of romance, of beautiful upturned faces, the fluttering of a tiny handkerchief so far below, an opportune sputter in the left bank of the motor that made a landing necessary near a provincial heiress' home. Fair dreams they dreamed of wild roistering in the cool above, where the air is pure thin air for wine, the bang of a perfect motor for music, and a lurking death for company. What a shock, to awake from dreams so pleasant, to reality, and the march to mess under the appraising gaze of other organizations, with the sting of that odious word, "Buz-zards," in their ears. Those once bitter-sweet days we have shoved behind, for we are an old organization now, engaged in this present, more rational pursuit of the game, we have learned that the piano wires in the wings are not the only instruments in a wing.

There are many angles to the pilot's training, many hours spent in patient skull work on the ground, before he is ready to go up and crack the skull he crammed. There is meteorology, a very broad subject indeed, covering everything from the earth's surface out. In this course one learns the family history of "lows" and "highs," the tell-tale signs of an approaching storm, and how to play tag with a thunder storm. From the study of the whims and fancies of that great expanse, the atmosphere so-called, the student is carried through a course in aerial navigation, a science that directs man's light. How he is introduced to Monsieur Deviation and Madame Declination, the severe ruling heads of the erratic compass family. After struggling through a maze of angles, track, drift, ground speed, and the two breeds of North, true and magnetic—he comes out limp and miserable, determined to fly as the wild duck, with the weather eye cocked down on a familiar railroad that fades in the haze of the distant horizon so inviting accurate. The heart of the aviation, the motor, is studied with medical patience and accuracy, for if one is to remain out of yesterday's casualty list, one must know that his Hispano-Suiza is as temperamental as a chorus girl, that air is a nice thing to have in the gasoline tank, that a motor is as erratic as the motions of the festive turkey, sans the guiding head, and will "freeze" at high temperatures.

Not a little time is spent in the study of social duties appertaining to the cultured game of flying. The doughty freshman is given the mezzanine history of flying, in the informal classes conducted by Neill Singleton. Their egotism is seasoned to just the proper point, not to the danger point, but to such an extent, that they are hated cordially by the artillery, and this tends toward a wholesome social rivalry when the two branches meet in the old home town. There are many other courses too numerous to mention which go to make this a serious business and to make the air service officer one

who is versed in the other organization and operation of other branches of the service as well as his own.

The A. and M. Air Service Unit stands for 100 per cent proficiency and courage. They are justly proud of their service; they are enthusiastic on the subject of flying, and the great pride and love for the magnificent sport will bear them through many unrelenting demands on their physical and mental courage; it will steady the hand that jams on the gun for the first solo; it will be their strength in the hard fight of man for mastery of that light treacherous sea above.

IF I BUT KNEW.

If I but knew the hearts that ache,
And ever follow in the wake
Of some misguided deed of mine
That causes weary hearts to pine,
Or follow words too harshly said
And leave a soul alive, yet dead;

If I but knew what life would be
If I should try most earnestly
To do the little things I can,
To work for good and ever plan
To lift man's load with cheerful song
As we by labor trudge along;

If I but knew some little deed,
That I could do to help the need
Of those, who are in sore distress,
Whom, by my actions I could bless
And lighten loads that they must bear,
Thus make their life more bright and fair;

If I but knew some little thing
That peace and comfort ever bring,
I could not help but put an alm
In every worthy outstretched palm,
I could not help but say kind things
When every word much comfort brings.

If I but knew how great the need
Of each kind act and worthy deed,
The worthlessness of sneers and growls
Which, like a monster, ever prowls
To tear apart and to destroy
Our every hope, our every joy;

If I but knew, as I should know,
The good that from my deeds might grow,
I'd try, by scatt'ring cheer and song
From every path I pass along,
To sow good seeds that will increase,
And fill some other life with peace.

—Earle Sloan Smith.

BARNYARD ECHOES.

Rooster: "But what becomes of all your eggs?"
Hen: "That's what puzzles me. I never can find things where I lay them."

SUPPLEMENT

NOTE:—Due to late arrival of copy and cuts, this supplement became necessary. The truth of the matter is, it would take one hundred pages for the Air Service to do itself justice, but in view of the fact, the regular Battalion has such a small allowance for special issues, we are compelled to cut this issue down to 32 pages. I thank you.—EDITOR.

R. O. T. C. SUMMER CAMP AT FORT SILL, OKLA.

The Air Service R. O. T. C. summer camp was a fortunate mixture of Oklahoma heat, work, women, and brogan shoes with a tremendous squeak. It might appear that a part of the mixture, for comfort's sake, might have been dispensed with. Not so. The heat presented a wonderful field for griping, that grand old pastime of the soldiering world. Of course, it is just pastime of the soldiering world. Of course it is just-naturally impossible to bolster work up and make it appear a blessing but thank God the officers were human in dishing it out and so the vulgar stuff did not intrude too often on our social rounds. Naturally, girls are essential to olive drab, and the proper airing of same, and Oklahoma is famed for its essentials and politics. At first the girls shied at the brogans, made pretty grimaces at their generous proportions, and played at stopping their ears with tiny fingers to shut out that rasping squeak. The courage of a martyr was required to bear down across a dance floor upon a dainty little creature with those great shoes crying 'Issue' at every step but the glory of winning against such odds savored of accomplishment and the cadet who shimmied had to confine his grace to shoulder movements. Those shoes were so blamed heavy that when dancing with the Colonel's daughter he felt the pride of a chauffeur who wins an heiress. The uniforms followed the general rule of issue clothing, making little boys out of big ones and big boys out of the slighter ones—some blouses presenting the dignified appearance of the time-honored Prince Albert, others doing duty as vests.

The curriculum was extensive, but interesting. In the aerial navigation course we learned that the compass needle under favorable conditions pointed north, that even the slightest breeze will dash the poor pilot into brain storms of higher mathematics, and that it is better to follow railroads than the needle. We found trap-shooting far more dangerous than flying. Many cadets from the East had never seen a shotgun in action, and they spent their time on the range, dopping out ingenious ways of holding the piece in order to cause the greatest number of casualties. They shot anywhere from the hip to the shoulder, according to the state of their nerves. The miniature range was a subject for much speculation; some thought it must be a toy, judging from the name which implied that it was only a portion of the real thing. Still others had visions of a bean barrage let down by batteries of toy cannon. The miniature range developed into serious business however and there we learned that artillery fire was something more than pulling a halyard and

listening to warlike booms. We also found out how little we knew about map co-ordinates and radio.

Taking the camp by and large, it was a great success, and we left with a feeling that the time was well spent and that we were better citizens for the knowledge gained. This time it was just play, but there may come a time when there will be black bursts on the ground instead of the harmless smoke-puffs, and so it is well that a good citizen avail himself of the opportunity to learn the first lesson in citizenship: the defense of his country.

COULD ANYTHING BE WORSE THAN THIS?

Prof.—“What is a cosmopolitan?”

Stude.—“Suppose there was a Russian Jew living in England with an Italian wife, smoking Egyptian cigarettes near a French window, in a room with a Turkish rug on the floor. If this man drank American ice cream sodas while listening to a German band play 'Come Back to Erin,' after a supper of Dutch cheese made up as Welsh rarebit, then you might be quite safe in saying that he was a cosmopolitan.”—Burr.

REMINDERS.

Reporter (breathless): “Heard your cashier's gone off and left you.”

Bank President: “That's about all.”—Jester.

ROB HER.

“You had to hold me up to do it,” said the sweet young thing after the big tall man had stolen a kiss.—Frivol.

Lawyer (to lady leaving the witness stand): “I'm sorry to say, madame, that there are discrepancies in your testimony.”

Lady (looking down hurriedly): Good Lord, are there? Where?”

Facetious Old Gentleman (to barefoot boy): “Say, bay, where did you buy those shoes?”

Barefoot Boy: “Didn't buy 'em, sir. They're home-made.”—Cracker.

“Drink to me only with thine eyes,” sang the sweet young thing.

“I'm sorry,” answered Clarence, “but I left my glasses at home.”—Toronto Goblin.

Deep gloom and difficulty was spread over the young stude's face; the experiment required mineral wool. He scratched his head and muttered, “Now what the h—l is mineral wool?” Then the idea dawned. He set out to shear a Hydraulic Ram.

—Voo Doo.

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On June 6th, the H. & T. C. will operate SPECIAL TRAINS both north, south and west, leaving College Station at 3:30 p. m., and running through to the following places without change of cars: San Antonio, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Waco and Houston.

The San Antonio Train

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THE RIDDLE OF LIFE.

I.

Nothing to drink but water.
Nothing to eat but food.
Except for your hair
There's nothing to wear
But clothes or go in the nude.

II.

Nothing to read but writing.
Nothing to bleed but blood
With water and dust
The best of must
Admit the result will be mud.

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A New Shipment of "Stacomb"
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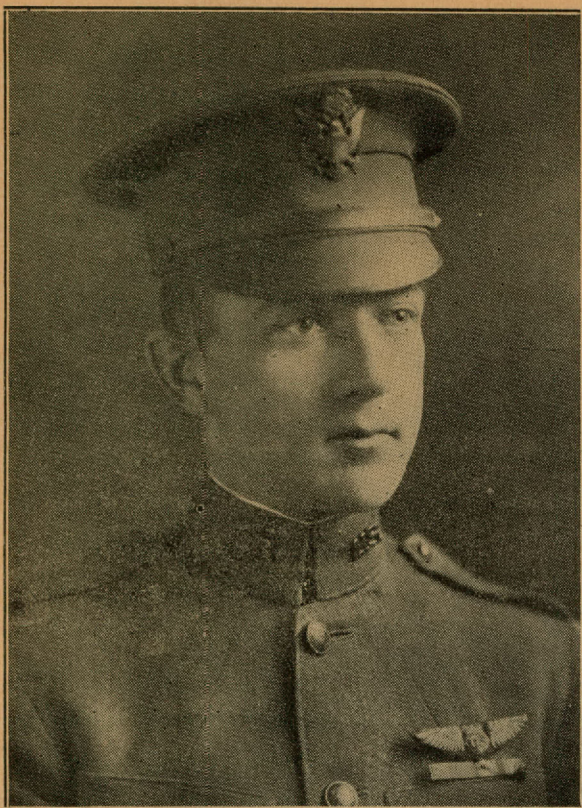
III.

No one to love but women.
Nowhere to turn but around.
It's hell to be married,
But wait 'till we're buried
A few feet under the ground.

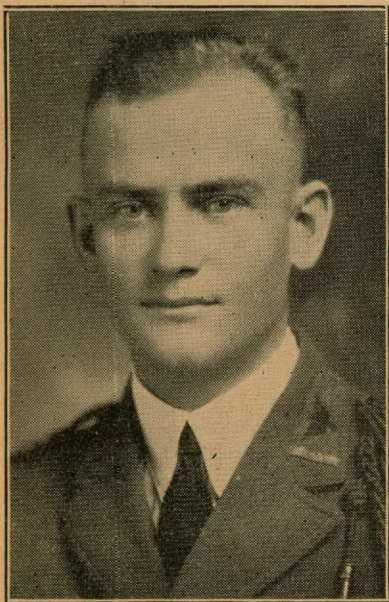
IV.

Nowhere to go but out.
Thus thru life we are cursed.
There's nothing to do
For a decade or two
'Till life's blue bubble is burst.

—Octopus.

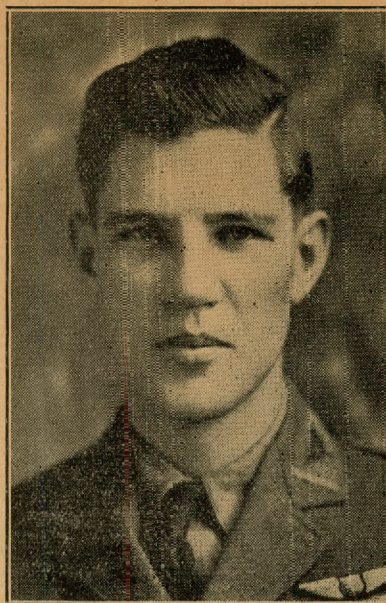


MAJOR C. W. RUSSELL, U. S. A.



1ST. LIEUT. NEILL SINGLETON.

"Why so meloncholy, old man?" "Miss Brown rejected me last night." "Well, brace up; there are others." "Yes, of course; but somehow I can't help feeling sorry for the poor girl."—Boston Transcript.



MAJOR JAMES E. GARDNER.

CHARGE OF THE "LIMB" BRIGADE.

Half an inch, half an inch,
 Half an inch shorter—
 Whether the skirts are for
 Mother or daughter.
 Briefer the dresses grow,
 Fuller they ripple now,
 While whisking glimpses show
 More than they oughter.
 Forward the dress parade,
 Is there a man dismayed?
 No—from the sight displayed
 None could be sundered.
 Their's not to make remark,
 Clergyman, clubman, clerk,
 Gasping from noon till dark—
 At the Four Hundred.
 —The Log, (U. S. Naval Academy).

A farmer hitched his team to a telegraph pole. "Here," exclaimed a policeman, "you can't hitch there!" "Can't hitch!" shouted the irate farmer. "Well, why does the sign say 'Fine for Hitching'?"—The Catholic News.

The origin of the bagpipe was being discussed, the representatives of different nations eagerly disclaiming responsibility for the atrocity. Finally an Irishman said: "Well, I'll tell you the truth about it. The Irish invented it and sold it to the Scotch as a joke; and the Scotch ain't seen the joke yet!"—The Watchman-Examiner (New York).

WAS A DRAUGHT, TOO!

Simp—What's the earliest mention of finance you know of?
 Samp—Pharoah's receiving a check on the bank of the Red Sea.—Sun Dodger.

JAMES E. GARDNER.

James E. Gardner, major in the Air Service, known to everyone as "Slick" or "Papa" was a fish in '16-'17, Pilot in the U. S. Air Service 17-19 and has been carrying several courses in architecture and dragging others since then. While a pilot, "Papa" learned to do the tail spin and has been spinning tales about it every since.

"Papa" is well known for his ability to maltreat the English language and as a connoisseur of art and liquor. He is one of the best commanders in the corps as is shown by his well drilled column of flights. "Slick" is a strong supporter of A. and M. and has taken part in many of the student activities. He is one possessing those rare qualities of mind and character that will enable him to do his own thinking and acting regardless of the opposition of others. In short Gardner is 100 per cent man, and we forecast success for him in his chosen field, Architecture.

NEILL SINGLETON.

There are few members of the present cadet corps who can tell of the old days, when Prexy was Sophomore, when hard wood was made into fish killers instead of dancefloors, and running beer could be found at Bohe Hall on Saturday night. Neill Singleton was among these few, and missed his first "Cush" when the '19 went on the water tower. In the eventful days '17 when the call to arms came, Neill, like many others, gave up his college work and answered the great call. He was soon ordered over seas and served for the remainder of the war with the Lafayette Escadrille.

With a good war record behind him, Neill was commissioned in the Air Service Squadron, which had been added to the cadet organization in 1921, and, though he only held junior classification was considered as one of the best cadet officers in the Corps. His success and popularity in the Squadron, was due to his real worth as a man. Rank did not mean peuter shoulder plates, shinny puts, and a girl in Bryan,—to Neill Singleton, it meant duty and responsibility to an organization of a hundred men and the respect of these men stands as everlasting proof of how well he discharged that duty and responsibility.

We shall remember Neill Singleton for what he is, a big, two-fisted man, who goes quietly and efficiently about his work, speaking only when he has something worthwhile to say.

ALBERT L. PARKE.

In the fall of 1919 old Co. A., Signal Corps, annexed a "rare fish" when Albert, or usually just plain "Parke" registered up. The military life here that most of us found rather trying at first was a snap for him, for after a year in France with the 13th Marines, the cadet life seemed easy enough. Parke has the name of being the busiest man in the school, and a glimpse over what he tries to do in one short year would convince one that the name

is not far wrong. In the first place he is one of the three commissioned officers of the squadron; to this add a place on the Y. M. C. A. cabinet, Methodist group cabinet, rifle team, (three consecutive years), and a heavy schedule of Civil Engineering and you will see a part of what he is doing. His main accomplishment however, is not in the Civil Engineering line, for, judging from the perfumed epistles that seem to find their way to him he is able to "shoot" something other than a rifle.

C. M. COPELAND.

The Air Service Squadron has been fortunate in that its commissioned personnel have been ex-service men, who learned something of the in and cuts of good soldiering in a bad school—The war-time army. Although we cannot claim C. M. Copeland for our own. He was attached to us a cadet instructor and the swing and carriage of the Air Service "fish" at drill is due this old infantryman who served as Lieutenant of Infantry in the 37th Division, A. E. F. and the 90th Division army of occupation.

"Cope" finished with the class of '18 but returned last September to take special work, and, though he rates the casual company, easy enough, the feel of the uniform in his blood he went into the Corps. Copeland is one of those unusual fellows who has never "busted" a course and still is not classified as a horn-rimmed book worm, for every afternoon found him on the athletic field. He is a he man, a soldier, and a scholar. We are glad to have served with a man of his type, and heartily wish that he could have worn our insignia.

MAJOR C. W. RUSSEL.

Major Russell came to A. and M. in December 1920 to take charge of the newly organized Air Service unit here. His constant aim and effort since taking charge at A. and M. has been to make the Air Service an A1 organization.

Clenton W. Russell has a record of distinguished service. He graduated from West Point with the Class of '13; later serving at Plattsburg and in the Phillipines. He organized French Field at Panama, during the war was in command at Kelly and later Rich field. Since the war commanded both Call and Baron Fields.

Major Russell is not a stranger at A. and M. life having spent his "Fish" year here in 1908. We of the squadron are fortunate indeed to have such an officer directing us.

Smith: "Who's a good guy to sit by during this exam?"

Ingram: "Sit by me, because there will be no inducement for you to cheat."

The victory bell was ringing, nobody knew what for.

Engineer: "I suppose the Ags. went and judged a chicken or something."

Ag.: "No sir, an Engineer just got a job."

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pied by Martin & Boriskie Market.

THE A. AND M. RIFLE TEAM.

Contrary to a statement made in the Bulletin some two weeks ago, the rifle team was not made up merely of infantry, artillery, and cavalry. Three members of the team, one-fourth of it, come from that brand generally referred to as "ninety-nine per cent air and one per cent service."

Those men who made the trip to San Antonio in the reconnaissance case (disguised name for truck) will tell you that they took dust from only one car. That one, though passed them like a freight train passing a tramp.

Blashke won the fur-lined palm beach for having the rarest line. To hear him tell it, he had had more dates in his life than all the others together; but on this trip he had less than anyone.

It might be mentioned that Davidson was high man at letting the others around the board know what cards he held. He wore a pair of horn rimmed goggles (Harold Lloyd style) that mirrored his hand perfectly.

Everyone knows the results of the match; but the tenseness of the last three minutes can be appreciated only by the members of the two teams. The last two men were up—Webster for A. & M., and Captain Bates for the ninth. Webster had a seven point lead to overcome. The two men shot, the targets were pulled, and Webster's was run up and marked. Webster made a score of forty-three; it was necessary for Captain Bates to make only 37 for the ninth to win the match. When his target

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was marked a yell came from the throat of the A. and M. men for Capt. Bates had two misses, and his score was only 32.

The team was the guest of the officers of the ninth infantry while at San Antonio. The members of the team were extended every courtesy; and when they left, every man had a feeling of appreciation for the many courtesies extended them during their stay.

The match was ended Wednesday, and that night the team was the guest of Capt. Brown, an A. and M. graduate, at a dinner given at the Gunter. Afterward they went to the Majestic.

Thursday the team started back to college. At Austin Joe Fuchs proved that he was a social hound as well as a rifleman. Blashke, as usual, held the sack. At Rockdale the truck was left and a wait of several hours was made for the next train. Here Sam Boriskie, Hall, Seelhe, and Fish Barber demonstrated their social proclivities. Blashke (with the inevitable sack) hung around the depot while Johnson and Works went to a show (the show, for there was only one). Works said that his only objection to the show was that he had to sit down.

The remainder of the journey was as uneventful as it was drowsy. Saturday morning it was noticed that twelve of the worst meal-hounds on the campus were not at the Sbisoria.

Jack: "Here comes a plucky girl."

Jim: "How do you know?"

Jack: "Look at her eyebrows."

THE COMMUNITY STORE

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THE K-DETS LAST HOP.

1

Out on the Post Field airdome
On a cold December day,
Beside a cracked-up D H-4,
A dying K-det lay.

2

His comrade stood beside him,
With low and drooping head,
Listening to the last words
The dying K-det said.

3

"Tell my sweetheart down in Palestine,
My time on earth is past,
I'm going to another hcp—
An it will be my last.

4

"I'm off for a better field," he said,
Where everything is bright,
Where you can get any ship you ask for,
And you can fly all day and night.

5

At this field they will not ground me,

SLOVACEK-NOVOSAD MUSIC CO.

Conn and Martin Band Instruments and Saxophones. Deagan Xylophones and Bells.
Ludwig and Leedy Drums.

And, though, I've never tried before,
I shall fly their Spads and Nieuports,
And lay off the D H-4.

6

There they have no traffic schedules,
They don't tell you where to turn,
Flight commanders do not care—
How much gas you burn.

7

There you can take off cross-winded,
You can "fish tail" when you land,
And you can stunt a Blimp or parachute,
If you've only got the sand.

8

But the crew says she's ready,
On the take-off I'll 'Chandelle,'
Tell the O. I. C. of flying
To send his flying rules to -----."

9

His eyelids drooped, his head fell back
He had sung his last refrain,
The other K-det swiped his goggles and wings—
And took-off in the air again.

THE K-DETS LAST SONG.

SOB STUFF (Sing echoes very softly with feeling)
(Tune "My Bonnie")

A young aviator lay dying (lay dying)
As under the wreckage he lay (he lay)
His mechanic leaned over him sighing (him sighing)
And these last dying words heard him say (him say)

"Take the cylinder out of my kidney, (his kidney)
The connecting rod out of my brain; (his brain)
Take the gun box from under my backbone, (his backbone)
And assemble the engine again.—(again)"

The Big Idea

IN THIS LIVE CLOTHES SHOP IS REAL SERVICE TO THE CLOTHES BUYER.

—and every energy of this big efficient organization is concentrated on that idea. It begins when we buy long before you buy and it runs uninterruptedly through all the activities of this shop.

—the big question always is “what will serve best our customers?”

—the answer to that unceasing question is not found in words, it is in Merchandise; in high quality; in big variety; in lowest possible prices; in efficient organization and operation; in liberal and courteous treatment and in a guarantee of your satisfaction or money refunded.

—confident of these facts, more men and young men than ever are turning to this shop in the calm assurance that every dollar spent here will secure the very utmost quality, value and satisfaction.

ROBT. I. COHEN

“Quality and Values All the Time”

Galveston, Texas

EXPLANATION.

For the benefit of those upon whose shoulders the blame for misunderstanding falls we wish to make some interpretations of Major Russell's commands:

Aoal han—Fall in.
 Secqrrroo anshun—Squadron attention.
 Frrd ho—Forward march.
 Squarry—Squads right.
 Ristlldrrumph—Right shoulder arms.
 Howrdraumps—Order arms.
 Zuweerrr—As you were.
 Sqillippibup—Dismissed.

PUTTING IT FAIRLY.

Mother (reproachfully): “If what, Willie?”

Little Willie: “If you can reach it.”—Gargoyle.

“They say whisky shortens a man's life.”

Yes, but he sees twice as much in the same length of time.—Siren.

“Who made the football training table this year?”

“Aw, they're using the same one as last year.”—Widow.

Barber—Your hair is getting gray, sir.

Customer—Well, I'm not surprised. Hurry up!

The Out-of-Door Days Are Here!

These are the days when every minute spent in the out-of-doors seems especially delightful.

There is no way to so thoroughly enjoy these outings as to go by automobile.

The new prices of Ford cars make it possible for all to enjoy the benefits of motor travel.

Remember, Ford cars are very inexpensive to operate, too.

We allow liberal terms on both new and used cars.

“Buy a Ford and Spend the Difference.”

Chambers-Wilson Motor Co.

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Real Estate

Agent for

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Phone 561

HOW'S THIS?

Geology Prof. : Please give us the name of the largest diamond.

Stude: (the morning after the night before: The ace, doctor.—Tar Baby.

“So you are going to send your wife away to the country for a rest?”

“Yes, I need it badly.”—The Crow's Nest.

He—You remind me of an angel, dear, your are always harping on something and you never seem to have anything to wear.—Jester.

IN ACTION WITH THE 103RD.

During the St. Mihiel Drive, we of the 3rd Pursuit Group, located at Vancouleurs, spent our time machine gunning and dropping some of our nice, newly arrived Cooper bombs on the fast retreating, but still obstinate Hun. This sport was carried on at a considerable depth in enemy territory, from 15 to 25 kilometers, and we had little need of Major Shroeders nice little super-charges, as we rarely ascended beyond the lofty attitude of a hundred meters or so. This work was very enjoyable in its way, but gave one slight opportunity of mixing up with the Boche Pursuit, and in adding yourself to their score, or possibly with luck boosting up your own.

The drive being over and there being a considerable influx of Hun Pursuit talent, hastily drawn from other sectors, the 3rd Group once more gave up contour-chasing the poor Boche and took to higher altitudes.

On the 17th of September, 1918, I was leading a formation of three planes on an offensive patrol. My companions were Lieut. "Bill" Furlow of Rochester, Minnesota, and Lieut. Jack Frost, of San Antonio, Texas. We were patrolling the sector from St. Mihiel to Pont-a-Moussant. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon and we had made several trips up and down the lines at about five thousand meters. We would swing out over the lines into enemy territory about five kilometers, at the St. Mihiel end of the sector and sweep eastward with the afternoon sun on our tails, keeping a sharp look-out for enemy planes. We had made two trips the length of our sector, without catching sight of a Hun and we were on our third, when I spotted eight small black specks away in the northwest of Metz. I looked around at my companions, and by their antics, realized that they had also seen the Huns, and were eager to have a shot at them. Although as a rule it would have been very poor judgment to have led so small a patrol so far into the enemy territory to engage a force of over twice our strength, and I had been on the line for about an hour and had seen no evidence of other enemy patrols, and thought that we would be able to come in on them, with the sun on our tails, and completely surprize them. However, the point that really counted was the fact that I knew that I could count to the last ditch on both of my companions, even if I were to start for Berlin.

I shook my wings and signaled that we would attack and headed into Germany toward those eight small dots in the sky. In a very few minutes, we could make out a patrol of eight Fokkers flying west, directly toward us about 500 meters below. We were directly in line with the sun, and held our altitude, until we were almost on them, then down went the noses of our Spads and with motors wide open, we each dove straight head-on at our man. I picked the high man on the right, Lt. Frost took the high man on the left, and Lt. Furlow took the second man on the right. We held our fire till within 75 meters and then opened up with both Vickers pouring out about 600 shots a minute each. Just as I was about to ram my man, his plane pitched up on one wing and went down in flames. Lts. Furlow

and Frost had been equally successful, each getting his man. We had knock down three on the rise, so to speak. I pulled up in a climbing turn in order to get back into the sun so that I might attack again. As I swung back over their formation, tracers and incendiary bullets were whizzing all around me; suddenly I saw a little round hole appear in my windshield, and realized that a bullet had just gone through. About that time I got numerous gallons of high test gas right in the face. They had hit my reserve tank in the upper wing with three explosive bullets and blown it wide open. Lt. Furlow's guns jammed and while trying to clear them, he had his plane riddled. We returned to the attack and finally I shot another one down. The remaining Huns by this time must have become discouraged for they soon broke out and with their tails high in the air, dove for the Fatherland and safety. We limped home the best we could. After landing I found that in addition to getting one through the windshield and blowing open my "maurrier" that about four inches had been shot off the end of my propeller, my right strut had been blown almost entirely in two and there were numerous small, round black-rimmed holes in various other parts of my plane. Lt. Furlow's plane had also been shot all to pieces, but none of us were touched, and we all got safely back to our airdome.

"Such is life in the big city."

FRANK O'D. HUNTER,
Captain Air Service.

(Captain Frank O'D. Hunter was a member of the American Lafayette Escadrille. Captain Hunter was unofficially credited with six Hun planes.)—Ed.

HINTS TO FRESHMEN.

When you arrive at College Station, don't for an instant, think of carrying your suitcase to the dormitory. Just call a Sophomore. He'll see that it is delivered to your room.

Introduce yourself to the officials of the college and assure them of your good will and willingness to co-operate with them.

Be sure to purchase a radiator and subscribe to the Daily Bulletin. Heating facilities and current literature are important phases of college life.

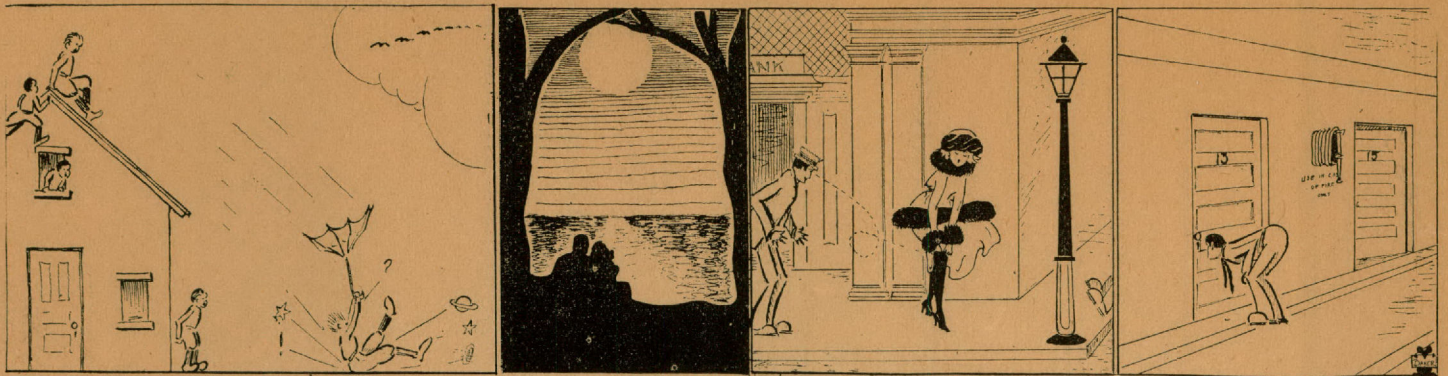
Assert your independence regarding the wearing of regulation uniform. If red rather than khaki appeals to your taste, don't hesitate to wear it. It will add greatly to the military appearance of your company.

Object strenuously to any curtailment of your supply of "cush." It is only thoughtlessness on the part of upper classmen that causes them to appropriate your share. They will be glad to have you remind them.

Don't hold yourself aloof from your cadet officers. They will appreciate an occasional kind word, and if you can give them advice as to how the company should be run, do so.

If you grow tired of hearing a prof. lecture yawn two or three times. If he fails to take the hint, get up noiselessly and walk out of the room. Your action is bound to bring results.

AERONAUTICALLY SPEAKING



"Tail Spins"

"Side Slips"

"Banking"

"Observing"

1

I have a story to tell you
Who fly up in the air,
If you have an OX 5 motor or the prop
Take it from me: Beware.
They back fire, spit and sputter
They never rev. up high
If there's a fence in front of you,
Just kiss yourself goodbye.

2

If its a Le Rhone you're depending on
To carry you anywhere,
Just give her the gas and hope for the best
And don't forget the air.
She'll sling oil, She'll cough and splutter
You'll think you are going to stop
But feed her gas and air just right,
And she revs. a wicked prop.

3

If you've got a Hisso up in front
You can pat yourself on the back,
Because you can go wherever you start
And be sure of getting back.
Don't warp her valves, "Handle with care"
Be leery of her stick,
She fires when you least expect it
And she's got an awful kick.

4

But give me a smoking Liberty
A-roaring in the wind,
Rocker arms leaping in the bræze
Twelve cylinders snarling grind.
Four hundred horsepower in your lap,
A good ship 'neath your feet,
Sky above, earth far below,
Say, boy, this life is sweet.

Little beams of moonlight,
Little hugs and kisses,
Make the little maiden
Change her name to Mrs.

"UH, UH; NOT ME!"

Co'se ah ain't saying ah won't go,
Jes' what mah country wants me to,
But deys one job ah fo'see
Ain't gwine to teach itself to me—
Uh, Uh; not me!

Dat's dis heah aihplane stuff—no, boss,
Ah'll bah some othah kind ob cross
Lak drove a mule, er tote a gun,
But Ah ain't flirtin' wif de sun—
Uh, Uh; not me!

If Ah mus' do a loop-deloop
Let mine be 'roun' some chicken-coop;
It ain't gwine to be up whah the crows
Kin say Ah's trampin' on der toes—
Uh, Uh; not me!

It sho' loot sweet, Ah don't deny,
To be a-oozin' 'roun' de sky.
But dat's fo' folks dat's in de mood;
Not fo' me, tho' co'se Ah's shrewd—
Uh, Uh; not me!

Down heah Ah firs' saw light of day,
Down heah am whah Ah's gwine to stay;
Folks, Ah don't keer to hab mah feet
Git too blame proud to walk the street—
Uh, Uh; not me!

—Plane Talk.

G. S. PARKER

LUMBER

Phone 46 BRYAN, TEXAS

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.



GREAT EXCITEMENT IN ROSS HALL.

Fake fire alarm causes great disturbance.

The sleepy denizens of Ross Hall were rudely shaken from the arms of Morpheus by a disturbance that almost terminated in a riot. Several fish were crushed and a few other minor accidents transpired in the rush to the scene of action and disaster. The alarm was sounded about nine o'clock when the majority of the squadron were ear-pounding otherwise the casualties would have been enormous.

II

Burns Shows Speed.

Sergeant Patrick Burns who was pursuing his favorite pastime was aroused from his deep slumber by the great tumult. He arose with such alacrity that he shattered a blanket in twain and cracked a sheet into pieces. He flew from deck number three, wrapped his breeches, tied on his shirt, leaped into his shoes and leggins, buttoned on his tie and pinned on his hat before the squadron alarm clock had time to tick four successive seconds. He was out of the door just in time to meet "Swede" Ballantyne, "Swede" not having taken time to plane the callouses from the bottom of his feet or to even look for his woden brogans.

III

Lt. Parke Takes Command.

Lt. Parke having borrowed two cakes of soap to take a bath had as usual compromised by taking a foot wash and was at that time wiping his face with his favorite towel. Upon hearing the noise he threw both mits heavenward emitting a huge "Eeek." His favorite towel skiddin' on a bare spot on his face formed a perfect nose dive and crashed to the floor shattering into a thousand pieces. Un-

mindin' this great catastrophe, the lieutenant with his face beaming like a desert sunset ploughed through the seething mass which had gathered on the second stoop. By issuing more orders than the War Department has in the last ten years he calmed the mob into a perfect panic. From a vantage point near the door he directed all operations with the skill of a major general.

IV

Sergeant Smith Displays Great Brain Work.

Great globules of smoke were pouring from the key hole and other numerous holes in room 19 which is known to be occupied by the great genius, master brain, and extraordinary follower of Steinmetz and Yates. Crowbars, bayonets, case-nives, fingernail files, and saptulas were rushed to the scene of faction. In vain many former physics students attempted the portal but alas, to no avail as none of the tools were of sufficient strength to force the door from its hinges. Finally the third pannel of the door directly above where the door-knob used to be. The door flew open with such violence that the resulting vibrato caused 3723 new holes to spring in the roof of Ross Hall. It was not known that there was enough room for that many more holes. The coughing, protruding gastronomic organs in the lead.

After several seconds the smoke had been inhaled sufficiently by the mob to make object discernable. There to everybody's amazement, sat "Jug" Reese hidden inside his locker calmly reading a borrowed Wampus Cat, mumbling to himself in incoherent electrical terms and puffing violently on a ready-roll cigarette, bought, procured, and purchased by his own self with **his own money**.

Great heroism was shown by many but special credit is to be given to Sergeant Smith who due to his extensive study of "Strength of Materials" remembered that Sergeant Dahlberg socks possessed greater strength than all other materials and thereby saved the day.

THE FINAL BALL.

The final ball is an annual institution at A. & M. College invariably given on the eve of graduation. This year it comes on Monday evening, June 5.

Preparations were begun early this year by the underclassmen and they hope to put on a dance, in honor of the departing seniors, that will be remembered by them as long as they live. With this aim in view the first question that arose was "who will furnish the music?" The answer was very simple for we know from past experience that there is only one dance orchestra in Texas, that being directed by Ligon C. Smith.

The decoration committee is working overtime and promises to give us something new under the sun even though its finances are extremely limited.

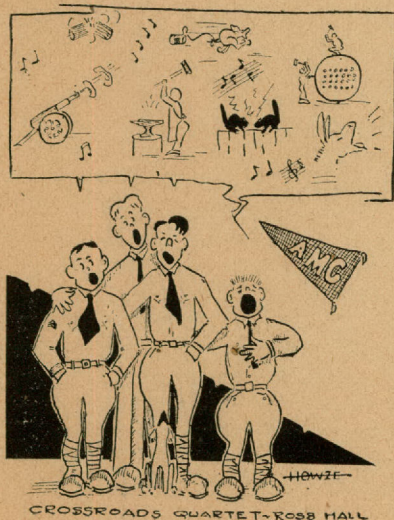
The uniform for this dance, as decided on by the senior class, is to be as follows: senior cadets are requested to wear white shirts, black ties, and white trousers. However they may wear khaki whipcord trousers with white shirts or the complete No. 1 uniform. Senior civilian students are to wear white shirts and trousers or they may wear white shirts with Tuxedo or Full dress trousers if they prefer to do so. All underclassmen will wear white shirts, black ties, khaki serge or full trousers respectively, depending on whether they are cadets or civilian students. R. V.'s may wear their uniforms if they prefer to do so. No sashes will be worn at this dance—the girls like them too well.

Another change in the usual form of big dances at A. and M. is that the program will contain only twelve dances and two extras. The first extra following the 4th dance and the last following the 9th. Intermission is to follow the 6th dance.

All other arrangements are nearing completion and the success of the dance depends upon your support. Let's ALL make it the most memorable **FINAL BALL IN THE HISTORY OF A. AND M.!**

HOME BREWTALITY.

A local man tried some of his homebrew on the cat the other night and the animal rose up and whipped a 72-inch electric fan in one round.—Eldorado Times.



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Watches and Jewelry. A. and M. Pins, Fobs, R. V. Pins. Orders taken for any kind of class pin or fob.

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ODE TO TEN BUCKS.

Oh, sweet, elusive ten-buck bill,
Pray hide with me awhile;
I'll let thee go against my will,
I love your golden smile.

"Best friends must part," the poets say,
"But parting brings sweet sorrow!"
I'll let you go tonight and pray
For more of you tomorrow.—Punch Bowl.

He: "Yes, that's a garter snake."
Sweet-thing (innocently): "What! That little thing! Why, it's much too small."

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J. BAKER WINS WALDROP TROPHY.

By winning the Annual A. and M. Tennis Tournament, Baker became the possessor of the Waldrop Loving Cup for the year 1922.

This cup donated by Waldrop in 1920 and won by Wilson in 1920—1921, became the permanent property of the men winning it for three consecutive years.

The feature match of the tournament was the finals between Baker and Chambers, won by the former after five sets of stretor (?) tennis. With honors even in back-court play and with the speedy Chambers, on account of his slashing delivery, having the advantage in service Baker owes his victory to his accurate rolleying and deadly over-head smashes.

At no time during the five sets was the match evened up. Chambers got away with a good lead, and by deep placement shots and steady returns, took the first set, 6-0. In the second set, with Baker in the lead, 6-5 match point, Chambers staged a characteristic come-back and won 8-6. The fourth set and title went to Baker 6-2.

The match was by far the best seen on local courts this year, and was marked throughout by clean and brilliant play.

The results of the tournament are as follows: First round, Chambers defeated Hayes by default; Estep defeated Dorby 6-2, 6-1; Higginbotham defeated Underwood 1-6, 6-1, 6-3; Rounds defeated Highland 6-2, 6-3; Beal defeated Rogers 6-3, 3-6, 6-3; Johnson defeated Phillips 6-4, 6-3; Baker defeated Camansaw 6-2, 6-3; Fason defeated Hinmann 6-2, 4-6, 6-2.

Second round: Chambers defeated Higginbotham 6-4, 7-5; Rounds defeated Estep 6-2, 6-1; Beal defeated Johnson 6-3, 4-6, 6-3; Baker defeated Fason 6-1, 6-2.

Third Round: Chambers defeated Rounds 6-2, 6-3; Baker defeated Beal 6-3, 9-7.

Finals, Baker defeated Chambers 0-6, 6-4, 7-5, 6-3, 6-2.

The Annual Freshman Tournament will be played within the next week and should bring out a great deal of material for next year's team.

Mabel: "Have you thrown Buzz over?"

Becky: "Yes, he was such a poor letter writer I was ashamed to show his love letters to the girls."

Young Willie Wurst was much in love;
His very soul was all awlirl;
He took Miss Wiener in his arms,
For he never sausage a girl.

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HOW IT FEELS.

By L. L. De Jean.

A friend of mine asked me one day:
"How does it feel to fly up high?"
I puzzled as to what I'd say,
And finally made this reply:
(Pe'aps it reveals)

Have you e'er sailed upon the sea,
When it was rough, in a canoe?
Hvae you ne'er watched the bumblebee
From flow'r to flow'r his course pursue,
While sweets he steals?

Have you in childhood days gone by,
Climbed up on top the barn to rob
A bird nest of its eggs, and spy
To see the pigeon feed the squab
Its wormy meals?

Have you gone coasting down a hill?
At sixty miles an hour or more?
Do you recall that breathless thrill
As past all other sleds you tore,
'Mid joyous squeals?

Have you sometimes when fast asleep,
Gone floating through the atmosphere,
And dreampt you climbed in circles steep
Up to the stars and felt no fear?
That's how it feels!

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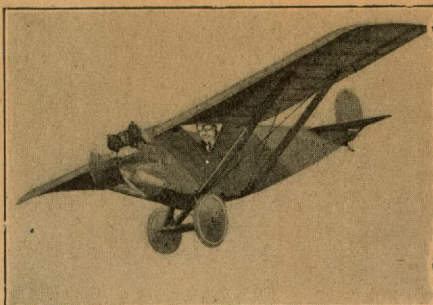
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Prints are excellent guide to anyone building a plane to their own ideas as well as to those following the lines of the H-12.

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She: "No. That is entirely too large an audience."

Sceptic: "If you have such an infallible remedy for baldness, why don't you use it?"

Subtle barber (very bald): "Ah, sir, I sacrifice my appearance to bring 'ome to clients the 'orror of 'airlessness."

Kindly old lady: "You are a very nice little boy to give your candy to your little friend."

Youthful hard guy: "Aw, he ain't no friend of mine."

"Then why did you give him the candy?"
"The flies was bothering me."

Aviatrice: Why is dancing like milk?

Aviator: Strengthens the calf, silly.

(The dull thud of the axe awoke the sleeping child next door.)

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Nemo: "Did you meet a man with one leg by the name of Sanders?"

Cockney Bill: "H'i sye, wot's the name o' 'is other leg?"

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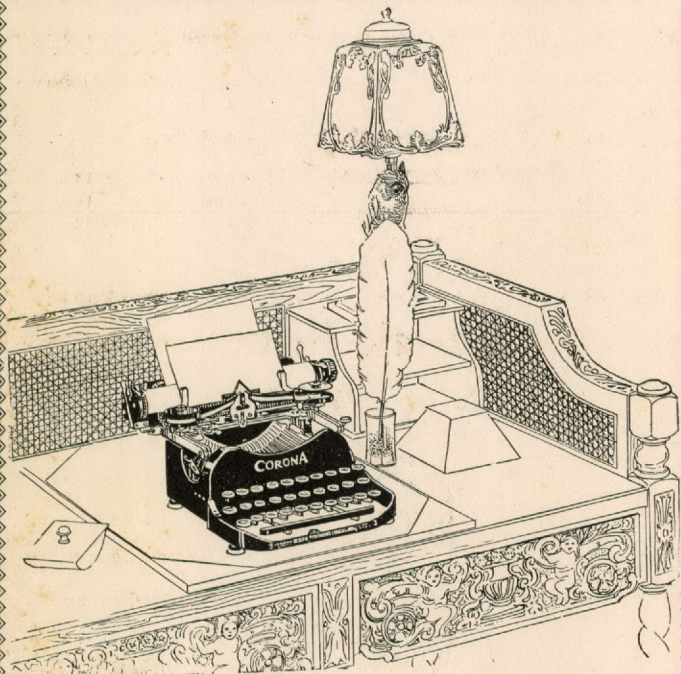
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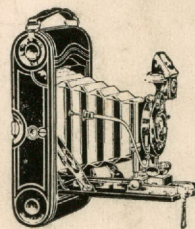
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