KHAKI CLIPS

ad lib

By Yutch

Each night as the last notes of taps fade away, there are a few breathless air corps men who climb, exhausted, into an upper bunk . . . exhausted, that is, from a long sprint home. Probably they were still a block or so from the barracks when the bugler began his lights-out play.

As friend to those helpless heroes of Hendricks hall, we have designed a zoning system for the campus . . . zoning system much the same as you see in the mail order catalogs. You see, we figure that if a man times it right, he can leave at a certain minute and be in his bunk at 2217 (the extra two minutes are echoes from taps) . . . and a man can time it right if he knows how far he will have to go.

This is not written for those steady few who haunt the same places night after night . . . they should have homeward retreat timed perfectly by now.

Now for the matter of beating the bugle:

From the library (if you study until 2200 o'clock, sucker) you should make it to the center of the zone, Hendricks hall and the bugler, in one minute and fifteen seconds. The library may be said to qualify the "near zone" or the zone of "no-excess-sprinting." Dark corners of the same proximity are also to be considered in this zone.

The "near zone" does not include Taylor's, the Side and the cemetery . . . they are examples of the first zone, from which a person should never take more than two and a half minutes. If your slide rule is sticking because of the moist atmosphere, we'll tell you that such timing allows you to start for home at twelve and a half minutes past 2200.

Now getting down to the more distant zones:

Zone two is considered a concentric which embraces such sorority houses as Tri-Delt on the south to the Chi O (and neighbors) on the west. From this group you'd better break away at eleven minutes past ten. (Note: the change from army time to coed time notation is due to your young lady's looking at her watch—you don't expect her to say "twenty two hundred and eleven").

We might break into the continuity to remind the soldier that this does **not** include the time of saying good-night . . . we cannot be responsible for men who linger longer than their allotted time. Each man has his own problem and certainly should know his own weakness.

The next concentric includes the more remote environs of such as the ADPi and the DU house (there are women there now) . . . girls, if you are troubled with a man after your watch says ten past ten, don't worry . . . he'll miss bed check and won't bother anyone again for a long time. However, if you are planning to see him again, pack him homeward with five minutes to spare before "Taps."

The Alpha Phi house lies halfway between this last zone and the outermost which may be exemplified by the Beta house known this year as Lombardy lodge. Use your judgment on this last zone but we'd adise you give yourself at least seven minutes . . . don't argue, do you want to run all the way back?

There are many places we have omitted but you should get the general zoning system and the

(Please turn to page four)

COMMUNIQUE

The sophomore class had to call off their dance this Saturday night. The army boys were quite willing, even anxious, to promote another army-sponsored formal to keep everyone happy. But . . . officials officiated . . . no dance.

Out of the blue comes a quickie suggestion, though. Since the Igloo and Gerlinger hall have been closed for the weekend, why not stage an impromptu dance anyway? The air corps did all right for themselves in Hendricks hall last week. John Straub hall has a large enough mess hall that, if all the fellows slid the tables back, a bunch of engineers could dance there. House dances are common on the campus . . . a tradition, it seems. Why not a series of them this weekend?

* * *

This football team, fellows, it's your team. The campus coeds and civilian men have been swell about rooting for the boys. But last Sunday's turnout was not enough to warrant another game. The team was "decommissioned" at eight o'clock Monday morning,, was finally put back on active duty at nine. Folks thought not enough of us were interested. Show 'em this time.

* * *

We've been hearing things on the campus. Some juicy rumors have been floating the way of all good rumors. But we think there have been these worthy possibilities mentioned. First, the idea of a Campus Canteen. The fellows would like to meet their girl, have a coke, bar, dance to a nickelodeon. Possibly something like the service unions on other campuses . . . on a smaller scale, of course.

And how about these oft-suggested Sunday date dinners in the various soldier units? Mrs. Turnipseed is all for the idea and it seems that the thing should go over in a big way with the kids. We could invite dates, have half of a company at a time, and do wonders for their morale.

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Thomas Guidera

Or maybe we'll have a G.I. Jill at the dance Saturday to take the place of Betty Coed.

And these traditions . . . thought this was a coeducational school! Where are the coeds in my classes?

* * *

The various groups under the war emergency council are all going full blast to provide a little harmless fun for the boys in uniform this weekend, too. The center of activities promises to be the YM and the YW . . . puppet show at 7:30 Saturday evening by the Girl Reserves, open house as every Saturday, dancing, refreshments.

The Baptist, Methodist (Wesley), Presbyterian (Westminster) churches all have planned special Hallowe'en parties with atmosphere, cider, doughnuts and apples, and all the trimmings. These things offer a lot of good entertainment, plenty of mixing and getting-acquainted . . . try them out sometime.

—Bob Stephensen.

Perhaps as much as 250,000 tons of fluorite, an essential war material, have been found in Hudspeth county, Texas, by the University of Texas Bureau of Economic Geology.

Waldo Steps Out

Blind-dates Dame; Forgets Her Name

Aside from shaving for inspections every Saturday morning and enduring a leaky raincoat, there is one non-g.i. activity that every soldier-student undergoes at least once in his stay on the campus. That's the blind date.

Sooner or later it happens to every man. The source may vary, but the routine remains the same. Symptoms preceding the attack are usually strained neck and crossed eyes, caused by difficulties incurred in trying to see all the lovely scenery while marching at "eyes front." Finally, something in a man snaps.

Some are pensive, some are impulsive, some sneak their names on a list, the most normal burst forth in a frenzy and beller, "Whothehellcan fix me up for Saturday night?" And he's off.

Naturally, somebody knows somebody who knows somebody else who's girl friend's roommate has fixed up good dates for fellows.

"Bygawd, she'd better be a queen or I'll stand her up," he'll invariably mutter. "I'm taking a big chance here and I don't want it to goof off." (Yeah, but look at the chance she's taking, Waldo.)

At last, Saturday night, dies irae, arrives. All day long, he stumbles in cadence from class to class. "I hope she's a teetotaler . . . it's a whole six days to payday. Who's gonna loan me a buck? What's on at the "Mac" tonight?"

Evening drifts upon him in his mood. He shaves as closely as if he were meeting the colonel's daughter. After wiping the blood from his face with a lipstick-smeared handkerchief and stiptic pencil, he began to look for the trivia he had mislaid in the process of getting ready.

"Where's that clean shirt I've been wearing the last two weeks? Who put my left shoe on my right foot? What happened to my new toothbrush that I brought all the way from Camp Roberts that I used to clean my rifle? Who knows what time it is? What's her name? Where did that dammole blitz cloth go?"

Finally, our trembling target for romance is declared to be ready. With a fellow - wolf - in - Uncle - Sam's - Quartermaster - corps - clothing taking him in tow, he sets out.

"No, not yet, fellers — we're only ten minutes late and Alfa Phalfa Moo just six blocks past the end of the bus line. Whattya say we drop into the Side and quaff a few? Aw, jeez, fergot my draft card—make it Taylor's. What's that gal's name? I gotta have strength . . . noive."

* * *

Part II next week. Will Waldo be quaffing at Taylor's? Will he be knocking at the door of Alfa Phalfa Moo? What is her name? Don't miss the next griping episode on your army page next Thursday.

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