

The Battalion

STUDENT TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
TEXAS A. & M. COLLEGE
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Penny's Serenade

By W. L. Penberthy

The boxing finals Saturday night wound up the largest and one of the most successful tournaments we have had in the history of intramural boxing at the school and I want to take this opportunity to express grateful appreciation to the many who volunteered their services and did so much to help make the tournament a success. To you 375 contestants, we want you to know that you were a swell bunch to work with, as were the recreational officers who represented you.

Thanks to you, S. O. Callahan, V. D. Wood, Roland Bing and E. L. Santoni, for your fine help in timing the bouts.

To you, "Pappa" Wesson, Frank Litterst, C. L. Smith, Willard Holzheuser, Bill Henderson, Angus Stocking and Jim Davis, thanks for some mighty fine judging. There were some mighty close bouts and you might have missed some, but I don't think you did. We wouldn't have asked you to judge if we hadn't thought you were human enough to be capable of making a mistake, and we appreciate the fact that you were willing to help us and give so generously of your time. It takes courage to judge and it takes courage to take criticism from your fellow students. No courage is needed to call them from the stands when you are not called upon to help determine the official decision.

To you spectators who came down with the idea of seeing good wholesome competition between your fellow students and who enjoyed the bouts and had a ready hand for the contestants who had shown honest, clean effort, it was a pleasure to have you, and we hope that you will attend all of our contests.

To you spectators who came to the matches and felt that booing was a necessary part of every program, we have a better use for the seat you occupied. Some booing is good natured and thoughtless (I hope), but it is an attitude that grows worse as time goes by. Some of you booted decisions, some of you booted some of the contestants because you didn't like them, after they had fought their hearts out, and then some of you just booted. But the fact remains that you booted your fellow students and your own folks and that is certainly not what our program stands for. At most contests people must pay for the privilege to boo, but we have never charged for intramural contests and don't want to unless it is forced upon us. It may appear that this is only my opinion, but the most harsh criticism I have heard has come from the boxers themselves—from the losers as well as the winners. The idea of the sport is to give the contestants good clean competition and in the future I hope that our spectators will take the cue from the contestants and be the same fine sports that they the contestants have shown themselves to be.

The World Turns On

By DR. C. C. DOAK

In making my debut as a contributor to "The World Turns On," I would like to emphasize the fact that there is but one world to "turn on." It is the same world that has been "turning on" for millions of years. There is every evidence, despite the gravity of present political and military crises, that it will continue to turn on for at least a few million years more. Irrespective of whether we as individuals or as a group win, lose, or draw in our present conflicts, the world will turn on.

In these troublesome times of doubt, it is reassuring to examine the wall of a great mountain, the face of a great canyon, the log of a deep well, or the ruins of an ancient city. The evidence hidden in each will testify to the great age of our Earth, and to the adaptability of plants, animals, and men. On each stony page of the earth's crust ample proof has been left in the form of tracks, bones, leaf imprints, and human artifacts of the kind of stuff used as raw material for building the firm earth for whose surface we so desperately struggle. The Creator has left a legible record of what has transpired on this turning world during millions of revolutions around the sun and billions of turns around the polar axis.

If you are biting your nails, smoking in excess, neglecting your work, mooning, or showing other distressing symptoms of war jitters and a lack of comprehension of your individual place in a world at war, then go visit the museum. There is nothing which is calculated to set one's feet more firmly on basic principles than a detailed examination of the stony bowels of our earth.

It is true that we have no high mountains, deep canyons, or majestic woods at College Station but in their absence the materials brought into the museum from such places make a fair substitute. A 60,000,000 year old log from a past Texas forest has recently been added. Go gaze upon it.

In a museum there is unmistakable evidence of the death of individuals, but there is also evidence that races live on and are improved. There is even evidence of the extinction of weak or ill adapted races, but better and more efficient ones have succeeded them. There are evidences of a continuous bitter struggle which has lasted without armistice throughout biological time, but out of the struggle, the craftier have triumphed. Records show that small nations and limited civilizations have passed away, but greater and more extensive ones have been built from their ashes. Resolve then to be strong, to improve in body and mind so that you and yours may survive.

PRIVATE BUCK

By Clyde Lewis



"Do you handle priorities here? I'm being discriminated against!"

BACKWASH

By Jack Hood

"Backwash: An agitation resulting from some action or occurrence."—Webster

Wald & Co.

Plenty of sweet-swing, congas, rhumbas, waltzes, and an occasional novelty tune, all mixed in the right proportion, earned "Young Mr. Rhythm" & Co. the top spot on the Aggie's list of favorite bands so far this year. George and his boys surprised dancers with the unexpected punch his organization packed . . . and so the Coast band landed on top in spite of the fact that it almost wasn't . . . Wald nosed out Lunceford, not because it was the better outfit, but because he had more personality, more originality, and he didn't try to wear the dancers out with one sizzler after another . . . incidentally, that wasn't Wald's entire band, but the Coast boys (and others) say it was enough . . . everybody was singing "Who Slapped Annie on the Fannie With a Flounder" following the dances and Kadet Kapers. Wisecracked Wald after a rendition of the same: "I see you folks go for the higher type of entertainment around here." . . . Vocalist Eunice Clarke drew "uh-huhs!" from everybody . . . A few of the bolder dancers coaxed George down from the bandstand for instructions in the "art" of the rhumba (it was called worse by some) and found out he really knows his business . . . Wald said this is the first place he's ever played where the men don't like



to be called "gentlemen." At Kadet Kapers, he didn't catch on at first—he thought the boys were razzing and booing him—but finally got the drift and did O.K. . . . the whole gang were grateful for the hospitality shown them, especially in Mitchell Hall.

Backwashin' Around

Forward: The spirit of the times is best set forth by a simple, but strong country boy who replied to the nice USO lady, "No, mam, I don't intend to lay down my life for my country—I aim to make the other feller lay down his fur his'n" . . . the Halifaxes will drop in the drawing room of the library at T. U. for a "spot of tea" after they leave here Wednesday . . . some of the Aggie-Exes who stopped in on the Coast Ball for a look-see Friday night, got a real kick when two lovelies deserted their dates to ask the Exes to dance—they did, while the boys stood by with forced smiles . . . the neat job of paint slinging—or spraying, as it was—on the backdrop for the Coast Ball, was by Jerry Rolnik, who sketched the mural, and Phil Crown, who did the painting . . . someone said that last Wednesday night reminded them of the film "I Wake Up Screaming"—(or do you like chicken pie) . . . and the paper shortage became acute.

The Rains Came

Following is a brainstorm by June Brown, of the Genetics Dept. (See BACKWASH, Page 4)

ANIMAL ODDITIES

By Tex Lynn

OUR FRIEND THE SNAKE

It is truly surprising to note the prevalence of the idea that all snakes should be killed, and that each and every poisonous species lies waiting to strike and kill some human being. The misconceptions about snakes is commonplace, and is carried from father to son to be enlarged and exaggerated but little of the actual truths about snakes remains.

There are, of course, poisonous snakes in this country, but even they are beneficial in their native haunts, and may be classed as helpful conservation agents in that they keep down the incidence of noxious rodents.

The pocket gopher rates with the farmers as do Quislings in Norway, and they are every bit as insidious. These burrowing rodents have been known to destroy many acres of choice fruit trees in one short week, and can be credited as being one of the worst predators in areas where alfalfa is grown.

A smaller, but equally noxious rodent is the field mouse; not only is it the most abundant rodent in the United States, but one of the most destructive as well. They reach wheat, rye, clover, and timothy fields, and often extend into orchards and nurseries—none of these are left unscathed from the ravages of this well-fed individual.

Too few farmers realize how effectively snakes aid them in their never-ending battle against these furry pests. More farmers should welcome the sight of such snakes as the harmless coachwhips, bull,

king, and indigo. It has been shown that a pair of bull snakes can police two or three acres of land quite satisfactorily and curtail the fifth-column activities of pocket gophers.

In open range country the rattlesnake should be given a free (See ODDITIES, page 4)



Before and After The Dance

Bring her where the Dining and Dancing are the best!

"The Aggies' Favorite Gathering Place"

HRDLICKA'S
Old College Road

COVERING campus distractions

WITH TOM VANNOY

A story that stands out against the world turmoil today is the tale of a struggling Methodist minister and his wife in their efforts to make the world a better place in which to live. The picture is called "ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"; Frederic March is the parson and Martha Scott is his wife. It is showing at Guion Hall today and tomorrow.

The theme of the story has been wonderfully developed and marvelously acted out. The young Canadian doctor, March, is converted and enters the ministry. His wife goes with him suffering in silence all their reverses and heartbreaking setbacks and gives him sufficient encouragement and moral help to get over the tight spots.

The story traces the epic of a struggling minister the problems of the church from about the turn of the century to the period just

preceding the start of the present world conflict.

Horror and melodrama are the keynotes of "THE WOLF MAN" at the Campus today and tomorrow. It is on the order of "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" with Lon Chaney, Jr., Claud Rains, and Warren William playing the main parts.

Chaney follows in the footsteps of his famous father as the "wolf man," but he doesn't succeed too well. The tale of how a man turns into a wolf isn't as good as it might have been the story of the script, not the actors.

Precisely opposite is the life of a pickle king, Hugh Herbert, in "DON'T GET PERSONAL" as the other half of the double feature at the Campus today and tomorrow.

With the mad Russian Mischa Auer to help him, Herbert manages to keep the laughs coming in spots where the story gets rather thin. It is just nonsensical comedy.

Enlistment for Class V-7 Naval Training To Be Terminated Shortly

NEW ORLEANS, La.—Termination of Class V-7 program on or about May 1, 1942, has been announced by Rear Admiral Randall Jacobs, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., according to information received from the Public Relations Office of the Eighth Naval District.

After that date the only method by which applicants will be taken into Class V-7, which is training for general deck and engineering duty, will be via the Class V-1 Accredited College Program.

College graduates meeting certain requirements may at present obtain Class V-7 program training, but after May 1 only young men enrolled or accepted for enrollment in accredited colleges between the ages of 17 and 19, who are of good character, who can meet the physical standards for enlisted men and who attend college at their own expense will be accepted as Class V-1 leading to Class V-7 training.

Professor Russell Addresses Meeting

Professor Dan Russell of the Rural Sociology department spoke to the members of the Society of American Military Engineers at the regular meeting of the group last Thursday evening.

WHAT'S SHOWING

AT GUION HALL
Tuesday, Wednesday—
"One Foot in Heaven," starring Frederic March and Martha Scott.

AT THE CAMPUS
Tuesday, Wednesday—
"The Wolf Man," with Claud Rains and Lon Chaney, Jr. Also "Don't Get Personal," with Hugh Herbert and Mischa Auer.

Campus

Dial 4-1181

BOX OFFICE OPENS AT 1 P.M.
TODAY - TOMORROW
DOUBLE FEATURE
"DON'T GET PERSONAL"
with
HUGH HERBERT
JANE FRAZEE
ANNE GWYNNE

"THE WOLF MAN"
with
LON HANEY, JR.
CLAUDE RAINS
RALPH BELLAMY
Also
PLUTO JUNIOR CARTOON

GET A
HAIRCUT YOU'LL BE SATISFIED
WITH
At
Y.M.C.A. Barber Shop

MOVIE
GUION HALL
MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY
3:30 and 6:45 — Regular War Time

You can SEE IT NOW!

FREDRIC MARCH MARTHAS
MARCH-SCOTT

"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"
of the sweetest hits yet!
after foot of grand film!
every respect a smashing success!

"This is it!"

From the beloved best-seller!

A WARNER BROS. SUCCESS, with BEULAH BONDI - GENE LOCKHART - ELISABETH FRASER
HARRY DAVENPORT LAURA HOPE CREWS - GRANT MITCHELL
Directed by IRVING RAPPER

Screen Play by Conny Robinson From the book by Harriet Spear
Music by Max Shuster A Warner Bros. First National Picture

No Show Tuesday Night Because of Town Hall

A New Tour Duty

It is generally understood that NYA funds for student labor will be cut considerably next semester, and even though it is hoped that the depleted income will be partially compensated with additional college money the blow will be felt considerably.

Perhaps the department which will be hit the hardest will be the Landscape Art department. The great number of students who now keep the campus in condition will be reduced to a minimum; in fact, the number will be far from adequate.

There is a way which this condition can be relieved without any additional cost to the college, with no extra effort involved.

At present every Saturday and Sunday afternoon some students are required to do tour duty. At the end of their two hour walk all that has been accomplished other than the teaching of a lesson in discipline is the wearing out of shoe leather. No concrete results can be seen.

It is easy to see that in times like these when labor is at a premium it is not practical to have men expending energy with no results forthcoming. That is what can be said about many Aggies who walk the bull ring week in and week out. Why not let these men do something other than just walk?

The problem of needing labor is here. That labor is also being spent—but not in the right direction. Therefore why not let this want be satisfied? Why not let those who are sentenced to tour duty assist the college and the landscape art department four hours each week in something beneficial?

This plan can work if it is given a chance. It will supply a need that is definitely going to be here. Perhaps it will also make the merit system more effective as some seniors are now in favor of. It will help all concerned.

Never say more than is necessary.
—Richard Sheridan

Khaki - Blue Friendship

It has been a pleasant surprise. Many hoped for it at least in a less intense degree, some thought it would never happen.

Yes, the naval men on the A. & M. campus have not only become good friends of the students but also have become staunch supporters of Aggie land. Some of them even have gone so far as to claim permanent affiliation.

At Saturday's ball game it was a peculiar sight. There were both Aggies and blue-jackets in the stands, but this was not the unusual part. The Aggies were out yelling as usual but man for man the sailors were out yelling them. Aggie enthusiasm was Navy enthusiasm; Aggie spirit was Navy spirit; Aggie ups and downs were Navy ups and downs.

Junior yell leader Ted O'Leary was the person to whom this sight was most noticeable. All during the game he passed back and forth and when he pointed a directing finger at the stands for yells the bluejackets were the first to respond and, as he claims, with the loudest yells. It was truly a demonstration of loyal Aggie spirit.

The friendship was demonstrated further Sunday morning. All over the campus could be seen small groups of khaki and blue intermingled. Aggies and sailors were going all over together, some to church, some to the gate, and some to the many other places on the campus. It was a real friendship and understanding.

Life is surely given us for higher purposes than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away.
—Samuel Johnson