

# The Battalion

STUDENT TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Texas A. & M. COLLEGE

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## The Return of Aggie Spirit . . .

Aggies, this is your Aggieland! The Spirit that goes with it is yours, too. In years passed the Spirit of Aggieland has been noted all over the world for its truthness and intensity. Outsiders used to wonder what it meant when 7,000 Aggies would cry their eyes out singing the Spirit of Aggieland and listening to Taps after an unlucky football game. The war and need for war training has caused changes but Aggies will always be Aggies no matter what happens and ex's can be found all over the world who would gladly give a fellow Aggie the shirt off their backs.

Aggie Spirit is something which cannot be defined in ordinary phrases; it is something that is intangible to the non-Aggie, but something which, when it really gets a hold on you, becomes a part of your being. "True to each other as Aggies can be," is a line from the Spirit of Aggieland. Have you ever stopped and thought what that line really means?

You old Aggies know and you new Aggies will know. Aggies stand together through thick and thin. In the fox holes of

## Tomorrow Is Another Day . . .

Yesterday's tomorrow is today! The spirit of Americanism, the love of country, the honor and the traditions that go with being an American, instilled into the present generation, is the outstanding element that is bringing glory to Old Glory on the far-flung battle fronts of the world. The armed services we have in the field today, although manned the equipped in a very short time, were actually created in that yesterday when those who bear our arms learned to love their country, to protect the rights it gives to those who are its citizens, and to hold dear those traditions that can be found only in America.

Winning today's war is a matter of manpower, a matter of machines and munitions and military skill—elements that America possesses in both the greatest quantity and quality. But after today there is another tomorrow—in which an even greater task must be undertaken, a task of such magnitude that the whole future of our civilization rests in the hands of those who undertake it.

To reconstruct and rehabilitate a broken and bleeding world, to guide defeated, oppressed and disillusioned peoples into the warmth and sunlight of freedom and equality, to stamp from the earth the virus of hatred, and to sooth and heal the wounds and scars of combat is the task that tomorrow's generation must undertake!

To accomplish such a feat—today, with the smoke of war and carnage blackening the sky, we must prepare men for tomorrow—men with training and skill, men with initiative, men with unbounded faith in mankind, and men who place their destiny and well as the destiny of their world into the guidance of a kind and all-powerful Creator. Then the dawn of the tomorrow will bring mankind a little nearer to the Perfect Day.

Bataan, the Japs were probably surprised when during the worst hours for the Americans, a song would drift out on the wind. That song was the "Aggie War Hymn" and the Aggies who sang it fought to the last wall.

Ole, Army, we know things have changed and it can't be helped. Bleeding about it won't do any good. Let's just stick together and have the faith to believe that when it is all over, over there, Aggieland will come to even greater glory.

advice and assistance.

Hats off to Lt. Arthur Jors, our new Commanding Officer, who has plenty of punch and is always eager to lend a helping hand. To our skipper we come with our tales of woe and shortly afterwards we emerge smiling. But above all we are never permitted to forget that we are soldiers. Our editor, Pat Bradley, swell chap who has seen plenty of service (ladies horse) and is some judge and exponent on the fair sex.

### JUST AN M. E.

It took us a couple of months but we've finally broken into print. From here on watch our smile!

We are the Engineers! . . . Our name and reputation preceded us here, and by study we'll try to live up to the name. But, then we'll have plenty of time to fulfill the rep if we manage to get through the first three months. We have only a year or so of physics, a semester of algebra, the same of trigonometry, analytical geometry, calculus and machine drawing to cover in twelve weeks. Nothing hard, you see . . . plenty of time for everything with a few moments left for P.E. obstacle course, two mile run, baseball, basketball pushups, et al. Oh yes, and our regular military education. In our spare time we sleep. After a year of this we are all set to become officers (I get this straight from the latrine, but then many a campaign and election has been settled there.)

We live in Spence Hall, across the street from the sailors. Had a little trouble with all their five o'clock whistles at first. That's all settled now. We just awaken at five and lie around until our reveille call at six. Simple isn't it.

All in all though, we are glad to be at A. & M. and we hope you Aggies are as glad to have us. You'll be hearing more from us and about us from now on. Bye now.

### COMMENT BY THE EDITOR

We are the Engineers! Hell raising, God fearing, slide rule pushing Engineers.

From California and Maine, from Florida and Washington, from Illinois and Texas we have assembled under your roof to partake of your hospitality and knowledge. To eat at your board and learn from your Bard we are thus gathered here for unknown (to ourselves) reasons.

Enough it is to know that the Army has confidence in our ability, has faith in our future. Enough it is to know that our future is your future, for, with our fellow service men the sailors and marines, with our fellow Aggies, whose college we toast, we are today your students, tomorrow your fighters, and next week your leaders.

For in true A. & M. tradition we are being trained for service, service to our army in this time of peril, service to our country when peace on earth will reign once more.

So . . . we, the heterogenous mixture of medics and artillerymen, of MPs and KPs, of infantry and air corps, thank you of the

"Bat" and you of A. & M. for allowing us to become a part of your tradition. And know you that when we go forth it will be with pride of A. & M. in our hearts, and on our lips will be, "Yes sir, my college was V.M.I. and Texas A. & M." . . . "That's right, I'm a Buckeye and an Aggie." . . . "College town, surely, Cambridge and College Station . . . I've lived in both."

May we prove worthy of your name and may we bring new glory to your old glory.

## "SAGA" . . . by Brad

"The miners came in forty-nine" . . . and so the story goes.

But the Army forty-niners were no miners . . . It was when the last battery of test had been fired, the last pencil laid to rest, when the last smoke of fevered brow had risen, there was discovered forty-nine who were neither animal, vegetable nor yet mineral.

With pure Army Snafu forty-nine had been sent to the wrong college, for there was to be no basic engineering taught here, no psychology, no language.

And so as we others worked our slip sticks proving again that two times two is 3.9999999, there came into being the forty-niners whiling away their hours with hup-tuos, push-ups, baseball and bull. Here on an athletic scholarship was the comment. Training for soft-ball cadres said others.

A goodly group they were, too. Our first Cadet C.O. was a forty-niner, now "Dickie Boy" Nelson is at Stanford University studying

Psychology, and Bud Koehler, co-author of the "strictly G.I." show, is also on the coast. Johnny Toner is taking basic in New Mexico and will be back ere long. Ben Morrison, the last to go, writes from the University of California, "As A. & M." . . . "That's right, I'm beautiful and quite friendly, but why in h--- it was built in a bunch of gullies on the side of a mountain beats me. We get enough walking and climbing just going to classes and back to ruin the morale of a common Texas mule."

This . . . this . . . blasphemy of my dearest, my own, my alma mater. My beautiful sun drenched hills overlooking the city by the golden gate . . . Alas it was ever thus. Even heaven has complainants to the C.O. that the golden streets do not bear the 22k stamp.

Closer home, forty-niner, Rufus Grace just proved that eight hours a day of hup-tuos is indeed better than early to bed, early to rise. Grace flew around the muddy mile and seven-tenths jaunt the other day in better than ten minutes.

Pat Blanford, no forty-niner, except perhaps in years, showed that even C.O.'s could run by beating in under twelve.

make up the 1st ST. Co., Unit 3800. A unit composed of soldiers from every branch of the Army from MP to KP.

"What are we doing here?" If you can answer that, you have answered a question that no one else on this campus has been able to answer . . . not even the military personnel. The latrine generals have it all doped out . . . the same way they solved Hitler's secret weapon.

To the campus goes the credit of baptizing this organization the "Engineers." The Army lists it as the "Specialized Training Unit." Three branches of engineering are offered under this system, mechanical, civil and electrical.

The soldiers are taught on an accelerated program. Accelerated, that's where you stoop over to pick up your pencil and miss two weeks of physics. This advanced engineering course lasts one year. We hope to last an equally long time. The fellows of the Army Specialized Training Unit No. 3800 are proud of their organization. It was a tough outfit to get into but it's so easy to get out of.



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# ARMY ENGINEERS

## 1st. Sergeant's Guff

By  
Cadet 1st Sgt. D. K. Springwater

One raining morning in March, a small group of bewildered G.I.s wandered down the main avenue from the railway depot searching for the Commandant's office. By the braid on their caps one could tell they were of many different branches of the service: Artillery, Engineers, Medics and even M.P. At times they were greeted by occasional Aggies with the "Howdy" or "Hello" which they were later to discover exemplified the Aggie spirit of comradeship.

These were the Army men long expected on the AMC campus and already christened previous to their arrival "The Engineers." Under the provisions of the Army Specialized Training Program set up

### ARMY ENGINEERS

Editor: H. P. Bradley  
Associates: Ed Babich, D. K. Springwater, Bill Martin, and M. J. Kaft.

last fall, these men had been subjected to a series of competitive examinations and an interview before a board of three officers in order to determine their qualifications for acceptance as college trainees. These qualifications were in addition to the requirement that they must also be eligible Officer Candidates.

This first small group composed the nucleus for the present company of 107 men, taking courses in M.E., C.E., E.E. Some of them, such as Paul Bishop now studying Advanced E.E., has been out of school for 18 years . . . others, Bill Martin, M.E., were in football togs last fall. Meanwhile, the Army demanded

its pound of flesh and a physical training program calculated to strike fear to the heart of a Commando was put into action. Burpees, push-ups, 300-yard dash were included and the men will be again examined upon completion of the course to note improvement.

Courses officially began April 12th and will continue until July 3rd, when the trainees will again appear before a board for reclassification and consideration for the next term.

Last month a cadet and merit system was incorporated under the supervision of Capt. W. O. Reeves, F.A., with the assistance of 1st Sgt. Fred Swan and Sgt. A. L. Swett, for the purpose of giving experience to the potential Officer Candidates.

Through highways and byways, from the far corners of our country, the engineers have traveled far and wide and are now assembled as a unit in Spence hall.

At heart we are still loyal to our native states. The Californian prides himself as coming from the land of honey; the Texans, Suh, we are gentlemen; New Yorkers take pride in their ball teams, especially them bums from Brooklyn; Chicagoans, ours is the finest city, swell to the boys in uniform; and running true to form, the Missourians, Show me.

We are now all grouped and our only difference appears to be which of the three branches of engineering, civil, mechanical or electrical overshadowed the other two. Yet each is dependent on the other for



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I need most them things here—if you have them bring them to Lou for better prices:

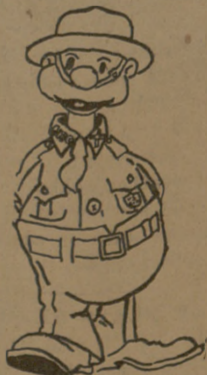
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