

# The Battalion

STUDENT TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Texas A. & M. COLLEGE

The Battalion, official newspaper of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas and the City of College Station, is published three times weekly, and issued Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at College Station, Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscription rates \$3 per school year. Advertising rates upon request.

Represented nationally by National Advertising Service, Inc., at New York City, Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, and San Francisco.

Office, Room 5, Administration Building. Telephone 4-6444.

1942 Member 1943  
Associated Collegiate Press

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## Something to Read

By Dr. T. F. Mayo

By Hazel Adams  
Pulitzer Prize Winners, 1942

The Pulitzer prizes for 1942 in the field of literature were announced last month. If the year had been any but the one in which we are engaged in the greatest war in history there doubtless would have been a considerable outcry over the fact that Upton Sinclair, a socialist who has used the novel for a lifetime to play every form of injustice known to mankind, was given the fiction award for his *Dragon's Teeth*. This is especially so, since the stipulation calls for a novel dealing with American life. *Dragon's Teeth*, except for a few scenes in the America of the stock market crash, is laid in Europe, specifically in Nazi Germany.

The plot of the story hangs on the hero's efforts to free a young Jewish socialist from a concentration camp. In accomplishing the task he is imprisoned himself and becomes eyewitness to some of the scientifically devised methods of Nazi torture. *Dragon's*

Teeth is not hysterical. The fact that it is the work of an author who is noted for his down to earth, realistic writing makes it an important document. The Pulitzer Committee does itself credit in awarding its fiction prize to this impassioned, crusading voice.

The award in biography went to Samuel Eliot Morison's *Admiral of the Ocean Sea*. Mr. Morison has rightly placed the emphasis on Columbus's ability as a seaman and as a navigator. He prepared himself for the writing of the book by following the routes of Columbus' sea voyages in small sailing vessels, comparable in size and rig to those used by Columbus. We are likely to come away from other biographies of Columbus with the feeling that the man's life was unhappy and bitter. Unhappiness and bitterness were characteristics of his life on the land. Mr. Morison, voyaging in the waters Columbus knew, has seen what must have been the rare enchantment opened to the Admiral. He says, "Waste no pity on the Admiral of the Ocean Sea! He enjoyed long stretches of pure delight as only a seaman may know, and moments of high, proud exultation that only a discoverer can experience."

The satisfaction of many readers has acclaimed the history ward to Esther Forbe's *Paul Revere and the World He Lived In*. The book rescues Paul Revere from Longfellow and the midnight ride. It is in no way a debunking biography, but a carefully written, extremely interesting story of a man who should be remembered as one of America's finest craftsmen.

In his amazing literary career, Thornton Wilder has done nothing so amazing as this past season's play, *The Skin of Our Teeth*. This play in rollicking satire covers the whole of time; it encompasses all of mankind in Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus, their daughter, Gladys, and their son, Henry. In picture showing the famous Mr. Antrobus, the inventor of the wheel and the alphabet, the caption underneath naming the faces in the picture always ends, "and friend." "And friend" is Lily Sabina, sometimes maid to the Antrobus family, sometimes camp follower in the Great War, which is any war and all wars, sometimes bathing beauty at Atlantic City endeavoring to seduce Mr. Antrobus.

Lily Sabina, the spokesman, is a wonderful creation. She goes through the ice age, the flood, and the great war, but she has no faith in the human race. It is Mr. Antrobus who has that and who is always willing to start over again.

The only possible criticism which could be made in regard to the poetry award is that it is given a fourth time to Robert Frost, a man long recognized as a master of his craft.

The original intent of the prize was to encourage new and struggling young poets. It must be admitted, however, that *A Witness Tree*, contains poetry which ranks with the best he has done, and indeed, with the best of American poetry.

# ARMY ENGINEERS

## EDITOR'S COMMENT

You who hold that we are not treated fairly, that this should be done or that should be undone.

You who don't like "nothing no-how," who are "agin it."

You who have so much to say in the bull sessions about the wrongs of the present deal, who gripe that a stacked deck is being dealt.

Cut it out.

The Inspector General was here... Here to listen to your complaints, real or imaginary, and it would not reflect on you personally.

The Inspector General's Office wished to hear these gripes. If they were substantiated by the evidence they would be corrected.

You were conspicuous by your absence, so let's cut out the griping.

You had your opportunity, it knocked once.

## THUMBAIL PORTRAIT

By Kaff

He is one of the better known characters of Section 80. Though referred to as "Jackrabbit" he more resembles the turtle than the hare. His mousey shoes that squeak, his running of the mile and seven tenths, his "speed" on the obstacle course, his general slow motion has won him the title of the 4A halfback. Halfback because when everyone else was through he was still half-way back.

Then came calculus... Generally on the ball, he was quite quick enough for the Calc Professor who yelled at his wrong answer, "You have the brains of a Jackrabbit." The name stuck but was he daunted? Not a bit. He immediately pulled a new exercise out of the P. E. book and so the Jackrabbit exercise has come to A. & M. You assume a leaning rest position and then throw feet and hands in the air clapping your hands before you alight. Have to have a little jackrabbit in you to do it and a good deal of kangaroo wouldn't hurt.

## RESTRICTED

By Brad

Hmmm... Saturday night... what to do?... Les' see... Can't go to a show... noooo... Can't go to a dance... nooo... Can't... Of course not. Can't go out 'tall... Restricted... Wish out a 'tall... Restricted... Wish... Why can't they restrict the whole company... This being lonesome... Well... I can write a letter home... Les' see... Dear Mom... Hmmm... It is Saturday night and instead of going out I am staying in studying... That sounds pretty good... studying... I feel that this is a great opportunity and will make the most of it... Say that does sound good... Hmmm... wonder if Johnny has a deck of cards... could play solitaire... Could study... Yep, that's what I will do... Now where is that Calculus book... Hmmm... What's this?... New Esquire must be Bishops... Heck I've seen it before... Now for a pencil... Pencil... Pencil... May-be I won't find one... Yeah... here's one... Now... hmmm... one plus one over U raised to the U power, as U approaches infinity

... guess I'll do my physics instead... Maybe there is something on the radio... "And here we are everyone having the time of your life... Why don't you and your friends, drop in this evening and"... "Good idea Bud but I don't think I can make it... Gosh it's hot... Think I'll take a shower... Better report of C. Q. first... There that is done, don't have to report for another hour... Another hour... The fellows will be in Houston... Boy Houston... Think I will go there next week... If I can get a pass... If I don't get restricted again... Le's see... where was that letter... and so you see mom I feel that if the Army will send me to College the least I can do is to stay and study as much as possible... Ho... Hum... Think I'll go to bed... Besides a guy'll go stale studying too much.

## 1ST. SGT'S GUFF

David K. Springwater

All our gratitude and appreciation to quizzical little John Goddard for the use of his nimble fingers. As Company Clerk, he's typed the equivalent of "Gone With The Wind"... Sorry day: End of the school month and posted grades. Tears, lamentations and pledges... "Red" Weiner's feverish attempt to sweat out a column and a pink mustache... Sgt. Swan with a fly swatter, digging for nickles and filling the Coke Machine... Jones trying to figure out how his brother can fly in over the week-end and obtain clearance at Bryan Field... Chow-hound Ed Hoerner beating your writer to the draw... Charlie Wood thinking every girl on the campus looks like his wife. He's expecting her to come down soon and is afraid she'll try to surprise him... That increase the number of members in the Married Men's Club to Eight: Earle Merrill, Louis Denenberg, James Quinten Neal, Theo Ziegler, Phil Dalot, Frankie Holmes, and Ed Wheeler... Why do Jack Jordan and Vance fret so about standing evening chow formation... Wouldn't be those impatient dates at George's, would it?... The fustest with the most-bit: Section 81 turning out for P. T. completely arrayed in noisy colored shorts. Even "Griper" Gos-

# ★ BACKWASH ★

By ANDY MATULA

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

## SWEEPINGS

Here we are back pecking a typewriter with our forefingers after twiddling our thumbs all week-end long. Those new faces you see on the campus are just the band boys returning from their "holiday."

Backwash went over to the Grove Saturday night to watch the All Service dance held there. We could only find one thing wrong with the "juke box prom" that night. It was the fact that our poor fellows sitting out behind the rope, couldn't see the dancers for all the stags (i. e., wolves) hanging around the edge of the floor. Now we know that you guys can whip out with some dates for next Saturday night and the rest of the dances, too, if you'd just try.

## DON'T WE ALL...

This little incident happened not so long ago at drill, one hot Wednesday afternoon. Lt. Col. E. A. Elwood was explaining to us Field Artillery cadets all the maze of military courtesy and discipline. He had just told us the ins and outs of saluting and was preparing to launch into another topic.

"If you are ever," continued Col. Elwood, "at retreat in civilian clothes..." Col Elwood stopped here a minute and pondered. Then a smile spread across his face as he said:

"Hmmm. I wonder how they feel."

## IT PAYS TO KNOW

Most of us here at the Athletic and Military College of Texas, learn insignia of rank as a matter of routine. But the shine boys, who are as thick as black flies on white sugar every Saturday at the North Gate, have put this little bit of military courtesy to use.

sage and roly-poly Jud Sprague appeared so garbed. It has been suggested that the latter wear suspenders in order to keep the equator equidistant from the poles. We wager Williams' brother is missing a pair of Boy Scout pants... What happened to the "Fish" Mittelsteadt for First Sergeant movement?... We wonder why the Mess Hall doesn't play the "Artillery Song" or other Army favorites. It'd help our poor morale a lot, although we've got plenty as it is... Cadet Lt. Herk Dykema on an anti-mustache campaign... and the C. Q. whistling "lights out"...

For the many men who would like to see their names in print, Sgt. Springwater has written today's column.

## "Cross-country"

Ulicny and I'll tell you a little Torrey. It seems we had Weiners, lettuce Sala and a pudding Dessert the other evening for chow and Hoerner ate a Hull of a lot more than you or I Wood. He was Still-well enough to go out and without any Adriance the mile and seven-tenths course Merrill-y in record time. That's an event worth Croan about. As he was beating down the last tenth, however, Cadet Captain Blanford riding by on a two Wheeler called out "Hey, where are you Cohen in such a hurry! Are you Tynan to kill yourself?"

"Gosh, no!" shouted Hoerner. "Huby at the finish line when I come in and I'll explain everything!"

Well, Pat and his girl friend Esther were waiting. She wore on her shoulder a beautiful White-Gossage of carnations trimmed with a Sprague of fern the Gartner had given her and it was very becoming. Pat looked as solemn as a Bishop a-preaching to a group of Parsons when Hoerner came in, puffing to beat the Band. "Gott-schall right where I wantcha!" explained Pat. "I Hertel you took the shortcut across the field and ruined a Kropp of potatoes. It's Curtains for you!"

"Macy the proof?" inquired Hoerner hesitantly.

"You passed right by one of those Brown-Holmes on the way where the Motta of one of our boys lives Anderson told me."

"Watson told you? Massion or Marron? you Taylor she'd better keep them inside from now on or I'll get Caddy about a few things myself."

"May I ask a question?" interrupted Esther as she Putzer-Hanse on Pat's shoulders.

"Haskett," said Pat.

"Just what is this Hull thing about?"

"Aw, nothing," said Pat, "Let's all three of us go out and kill the fatted Kaff."

## Here's a cited instance:

Saturday afternoon as we entered the Post Office, in a hopeful frame of mind as usual, an Air Corps Lieutenant came out of the door. We saluted and as this officer passed us, several of the shine boys spotted him.

"Hey, Lieutenant, come hear an' get a shine. 'Only costa ya a dime.' 'Can't go see that gal in Bryan 'less you got a shine, Lootenant."

Such sales cries as these rang out as this Air Corps Looney came up the scene. We didn't stop to see his reaction to this verbal assault but we don't see how any officer could withstand it.

## ABOUT THIS AGGIE LINE

This section of Backwash is directed at the new students and members of the Armed Forces, who don't know any better.

For years before you came to A. and M., Aggies have used the highway to get home on the week-end. Though the gas and tire shortage has hampered the matter some, we still rely on the Good Samaritan qualities of a person with a "C" card or a truck driver to carry us homeward on the week end.

To give everybody, who was hiking, a chance at the cars' the Aggie "line" was born. It's system goes something like this: whoever gets in line first, puts his bag down to mark the line and starts thumbing. Those who come after him put their bags down after the first one and wait their time to thumb. The person at the head of the line does the thumbing and tries to get as many rides as possible for other boys in the line in the same car that picks him up.

Lately we have heard of cases of "up-streaming" where certain hikers have gone ahead of the line in hopes of getting a ride quicker. This will prove disadvantageous to all who try. People who travel through this part of the country know all about the Aggie line and will stop at it in preference to lone hikers.

So the next time any of you leave on the week-end, go out to the Aggie line, put your bag in the line, introduce yourself and wait for a ride. They come pretty fast on the Aggie line. This means all you Air Corps men, Sailors, Soldiers, and Marines; we'll be glad to have you.

The Aggie line to Houston is out at the East Gate, in front of the bench there. Going to Dallas, Fort Worth, or Waco, the line forms at the second stop light in Bryan. Heading toward Austin, there's an Aggie bench in Bryan on the Caldwell highway.

Let's all use these Aggie lines to go home on the week end. Everybody will be satisfied that way.

## Pneumonia Deadly Killer Dr. Cox Warns In Release

The unusually high incidence of pneumonia in Texas at this time, being over twice that of the seven year median is undoubtedly one of the dangerous and disabling sequelae of the current epidemic of influenza according to Dr. Geo. W. Cox, State Health Officer.

"Pneumonia is a killing disease and a contagious one," Dr. Cox warns. "It is definitely transmitted from one person to another in the same manner as other contagious diseases. The pneumonia patient should be isolated with the exception of the attendant, and all paper tissues used for receiving nose and throat discharges should be immediately burned."

Dr. Cox advises all persons suspecting the presence of influenza to place themselves immediately under the care of the family physician and abide implicitly by his instructions. Bed rest, liquid diet and proper nursing will play a major part in the same recovery of the influenza patient.

"Pneumonia is the most frequent complication resulting from influenza and is certainly one of the most dangerous. The death rate in pneumonia remains high in spite of medical efforts to control it and when it follows so debilitating a disease as influenza, the patient naturally has less resistance and vitality with which to combat it," Dr. Cox declares.

## The Lowdown on

# Campus Distractions

By Ben Fortson

Today and tomorrow at the Campus is Universal's RHYTHM OF THE ISLANDS, with Allan Jones, Jane Frazee, and Andy Devine.

The story is centered around a small South Sea island which Allan Jones and Andy Devine have bought to use as a tourist mecca. The plot of the story is naturally pre-war and is a gay and tuneful musical. In the story a tourist, his wife and daughter come to the island visiting and Jones and Devine try to sell them the island. Jones falls in love with the daughter (Jane Frazee) but things finally turn out all right for all concerned. The film introduces Acquanna, who looks quite cute in a sarong. Allan Jones is somewhat miscast as a bogus native, but his singing of six numbers makes up for the deficiency.

The Lowdown: Good, for Universal.

Showing today and tomorrow at Guion Hall is COUNTER ESPIONAGE, starring Warren William and Eric Blore.

This is a typical Lone Wolf picture and the theme of it is Wil-

liam's work for the British government chasing down a couple of Nazi agents operating in London. He steals an important beam detector from a British army official as a ruse to get on the trail of the agents. The ruse succeeds until one of his enemies finds out he is being employed by the British. Just when it appears that his goose is cooked, the Lone Wolf comes through with several surprises and saves his neck by the skin of his teeth.

The Low down: Seventy-two minutes of a good mystery drama.

## WHAT'S SHOWING

At the Campus; today and tomorrow, RYTHM ON THE ISLANDS, with Allan Jones and Jane Frazee.

At Guion Hall; today and tomorrow, COUNTER ESPIONAGE, with Warren William and Eric Blore.

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