

The Battalion

STUDENT TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Texas A. & M. COLLEGE

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Garrison Caps - - -

The subject of garrison caps in Bryan on week-ends has caused a considerable amount of comment on the campus for the past several weeks, and it seems that something ought to be done. To you freshmen, we say that Bryan has been considered part of the campus as for as the uniform worn is concerned, and that the same uniform worn on the campus is regulation in Bryan. This means that the garrison cap in Bryan is non-regulation and is not to be worn. Forgetting the fact that it is non-reg, it might be said to look silly to Bryan residents. One sure way for people to tell a freshman from an Aggie is to see a garrison cap perched on his head. The overseas cap is the regulation hat, and it should be worn when you go to town and over the week-end.

Another fact about garrison caps is the wearing of them to lab. with your number 3 uniform (Aggie coveralls to freshmen). The overseas cap is again regulation in this case. The wise freshman would try to find out what kind of headress is reg after having a garrison cap on for any length of time, since the weather is so hot. Remember that the overseas cap should be worn on the campus and in Bryan always.

The overseas cap has just been designated as the garrison cap when worn with the summer uniform and the wool cap or garrison cap as it is called in the fall is to be considered non-reg when worn with any uniform except the wool or no. 1.—B.

Bombings Get Results - - -

At no time in 1940 and 1941 during Germany's aerial attacks upon English cities and calculated destruction of hundreds of thousands of British homes was there the comprehensive attacks such as now are being made night and day by the allied air forces. These latter are the first continuous and comprehensive air attacks ever made.

No one has ever supposed that the Germans would be easily overcome. Although the power of the bombing offense has grown enormously, there is nothing as yet to suggest that at this moment they have broken the German will to make war to the very limit. But that it is undermining the power to resist is certain. It is being proved. Germany's resources for continuing the war are being progressively destroyed.

During the last few days of the Tunisian campaign it was shown that when the Germans and Italians found their material resources depleted beyond a certain point, when they have their backs to a wall which no longer protects them but threatens them,

Something to Read

By Dr. T. F. Mayo

By Hazel Adams

Willard Gibbs, by Muriel Rukeyser

The nineteenth century in America produced four great men, great in the sense that they belong now to the world and not to our small part of it. Three of these men, Lincoln, Whitman, and Melville have been accorded their proper places in the history of civilization. The fourth man, "the man who has been called the greatest mind of the nineteenth century—of whom it is said that his name will live after all others, except possibly Lincoln's—is an unknown man to us."

The unknown man is Willard Gibbs, a mathematical physicist who was born in New Haven, who was educated in New Haven, who taught in New Haven and who died in New Haven. The events of his life appear to be without a redeeming spark of interest. Even the record of his long years as a professor at Yale show that, although he never missed a faculty meeting, he spoke only once during these years and that was to say, "Mathematics is a language."

Yet the life of this man's mind was such that any biography written of him cannot be a finished one. The effect of his discoveries is continuous. In general, he worked out a series of universal laws governing the condition of the phases of matter. The tragic deaths of Captain Scott and his men during their expedition to the North Pole were due to their ignorance of Gibbs's phase rule.

The most famous of the Gibbs papers contains clues which have led to explorations in geology, metallurgy, the study of blood, political economy, theories of currency, refrigeration, the airplane industry, work in high explosives, the study of salt deposits, and the explanation of the activity of certain volcanoes.

To write a readable biography of Gibbs would be a difficult task for any man, even for a man who understood the intricate equations and symbols of Gibbs. Upon first thought it seems strange that this story of the pure imagination should appeal to a poet. Miss Rukeyser admits that she is no mathematical physicist. If she has fallen short at all in this biography it is in her inability to interpret the laws of Gibbs for the layman. But to say that she should have left the biography to a scientist is to forget that the elegant precision of Gibbs's mathematical language has appealed to a poet seeking economy of words in her own craft.

Above this and of greater importance is the fact that the energy behind Gibbs which made him a force for good in the world—a force which was to extend through time and touch many lives—caught the imagination of a poet. Willard Gibbs by Muriel Rukeyser is a distinguished and an important biography. Stimulating and vibrant, it is the kind of work one could hope for from one of the most gifted, young poets of our time.

their psychological resistance—the will to resist—suddenly collapsed.

The present series of bombing offensives against German strongholds both in the reich and in enslaved territories is a much greater thing than any air offensive ever deemed possible by the axis. It is certain that had the mechanical minds of the German air command envisioned the possibilities of air offense, they would have perfected them. This they have not done. And this, it is indicated they might not now be able to do.

During the first Dortmund raid the allied bomber command announced that 100,000 tons of bombs had been dropped. This was a tremendous achievement, as is easily seen from the fact that during the first year of the war, the British lacked bombers, and in some of the biggest raids of only a year ago dropping of 100 tons of bombs was considered a heavy operation.

Today our bombers are beating down the best defenses the enemy can muster.—Waco News-Tribune.

Freshman Dorothy Quigley is helping finance her way through the University of Rochester by welding a meat cutter as a butcher's aid.

STARS IN SERVICE

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U. S. Treasury Department

★ BACKWASH ★

By Jimmy Thompson

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

O. K. . . so they will let anyone write for this paper . . . no cracks.

Bleed . . . for those who haven't yet subscribed to the Batt . . . let's whip out with that \$1.50. After all, every once in a while something happens around here that you should know about . . . why not get with the boys?

Backwashin' . . . Calisthenics at drill were accepted with the usual Aggie goodnaturedness. Especially when Sergeant Taylor (CAC) had to be relieved halfway through one of the exercises. Not what you think, tho . . . his voice gave out from counting cadence . . . The situation at East Texas State looks promising. Wonder if they have a good Ch. E. course there? Could always change to liberal arts. Anyway, that seven gals to one guy sounds tempting. Anyone with further info please advise.

Remember . . . the ERC juniors of last semester? They're all paddlefiet at Camp Roberts, Calif., now; that is, with the exception of the Chem queers, who are somewhere in Alabam'. Speaking of the reds, which we always are, the boys at Camp Roberts have a super case . . . they've been informed that their chances of O.C.S. are gone forever (rumor) . . . whereas, the dewheads and non-contract juniors who were sent to Maxey are even now being interviewed for placement in the army specialized training schools (confirmed). Moral . . . you can't guess right all the time.

Publicity man . . . is "Fish Blot," Borofsky, who is spreading a bit of propaganda of his own . . . Now carrying on violent correspondence with TIME and LIFE magazines, trying to swing a "Picture of the Week" for dear old WNBL.

J. B. Proms . . . are in swing again. Quite a turnout at the last . . . even if but one-tenth was the fairer sex. For the benefit of the frogs, it is traditional that all fish and frogs bring dates to all dances except the individual regimental balls, which we probably won't be having anymore. If you can't bring the little woman down, try your luck with some of the Bryan love-

lies. Let's all show up at the dance tonight, and have something there to dance with.

And if there's anyone who does not know, a 5-F is an unmarried man with children . . . Stale stuff.

Speaking . . . is getting worse, if possible. Since the freshmen are separated from the rest of the corps and we can't hold "better acquaintance" meetings anymore, the campus is the only place we see one another. How about saying "Hello" now and then? No true Aggie will pass you without returning the greeting. And no one will ram you for meeting someone you don't know. That's another tradition.

Happy . . . was the look on J. V. Landy's face when they told him that he was to be C. Q. Friday. Must have forgotten that the two major quizzes for which he was getting excused absences would have to be made up.

P. E. . . No comment. In no condition to comment.

The Lowdown on . . .

Campus Distractions

By Ben Fortson

The CAT PEOPLE are stalking at the Campus tonight at midnight and tomorrow and Monday. Don't be alarmed, it's only another picture, but what a picture!

It seems that Simone Simon is a girl from Servia obsessed with the idea that she carries the curse of her people. This curse springs from the evils of her ancestors and turns women into huge cats which destroy the men they love. The story concerns the young girl's jealousy and feline stalking of a rival and the destruction of a smit-

Campus

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SATURDAY PREVIEW
SUNDAY AND MONDAY

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ARMY ENGINEERS

SAGA

By Pat Blanford

Editor's Note: Due to the sudden illness of our Editor, Pat has obligingly taken over his column. We know that Editor Bradley will feel much better knowing that we are carrying on in his absence, especially with his good friend Blanford as stand-in.

Could it be that Pat Bradley is in the hospital with the case of stomach ulcers that were supposed to be given to the Cadet Company Commander? . . . Also from the looks of the punch on Johnny Cornell we'd say that the week-end trips to Houston . . . the wine . . . the beer . . . etc . . . is perhaps going to cause him to join Bud- dy Bradley in the sick ward with a dropped stomach . . . Well, anyway, the "Gruesome Twosome" will be together . . . to brood over their "honor" together. Score: One down and one to go! He who laughs last, laughs best. P. S. Wonder why Cadet Sgt. Costello was reading S. H. I. M. in the hall last night? Reckon as how he might be going to take the desperate step?

AT EASE

By Martin

The nerve of some guys. Here I am, practically flunking the mysterious course of Calculus, two days behind in physics and this guy Springwater insists I have some copy in for the Engineers column. What's more, he further insists it be 400 words long being as our dear editor was stricken with a strange illness this morning and went on sick call. Bradley was always good for about two columns so the rest of us associates could get by with twenty or thirty lines to fill up the space. Wonder what could have happened to Bradley? We had such a nice physics test today too, Hmhmhm.???? Then mind you, as if I don't have enough troubles, I go down to the orderly room to type up this beat-up article and Jordan throws me out, seems he and Costello were engineering a plan of attack for their week-end double date. I didn't stay in there long enough but did hear something about a picnic. Isn't that really

sweet though? Never knew Jordan was a nature lover.

Good old Stackpile, always good for a laugh. His wife has been here since Monday but he hasn't been able to "find her yet." He thinks she is somewhere in the vicinity of Bryan. How many years do you have to be married before you get that way, Stack?

I take back every thing I ever said about the Navy. This new bunch really looks good. That is of course when you compare them to the old bunch. They must be just out of boot camp because they still remember which foot is their left one.

How in the hell will Gossage ever get through this course, now that his roommate Putzer has left for West Point. Incidentally, Pat Putzer received the highest honor an enlisted man can get and anybody that knew him will have to agree that he deserved it.

(Phew . . . only 323 words so far)

Wonder what the fairer sex will do, now, that the ration board

has cut out the elastic waist band in those little "pink things" that should make interesting research work.

Oh to have the drag with the editor that Babich does. He has his picture taken with the Press Club, his name appears in the Press Staff but so far, I have yet to see a sample of the master's work. Maybe he's the consulting advisor or something.

JUST AN M. E.

M. Kaff

Have you noticed Dorm No. 2, Navy Barracks? About the middle of the "barracks" is a window in which hangs a "Service Flag," with three stars on it - - -?????

Milt Webb has managed to get himself talked of several times in past columns, but not recently. Somewhat of a sensationalist, he decided he was due for honorable mention again, and so ran the 300 yard dash in 41 seconds. The time was pretty fair, but the finish gets him the publicity. The Skid-marks of his perfect five-point-landing are still evident on the track at Kyle Field.

(See ENGINEERS, Page 4)