

The Battalion

STUDENT TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

TEXAS A. & M. COLLEGE
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Open Forum

It's high time for someone to hand out a few pats on the back where they are due. We've all been bleeding about the general situation and the loss of a lot of Aggie customs that have heretofore been on the campus. We have a man on the campus who has remedied the situation to a very great extent. It is to this one man that we would like to extend our appreciation for what he has done. Many a bad case of "Reds" has been cured in the last few weeks by the afflicted person attending a Kadet Kapers or a Juke Box Prom. The Sunday afternoon free shows give a person plenty of food for thought. Besides that, the shows give free entertainment for Aggies who might be temporarily in a bad financial state or just out of something to do for the afternoon.

One fellow who is well known for his friendliness and swell voice is mainly responsible for all of this low price or free entertainment. That man who we all owe thanks to is the Singing Cadets' beloved leader, Richard Jenkins. He puts plenty out on his own time planning shows and programs for Saturday evenings that might otherwise be very dull. It's a good thing for Aggies and servicemen here that someone will continue going out of his way for programs, ideas, and laughs that knock the "Reds" right up into the blue. Those Juke Box Proms can even make a success of a weekend at Aggieland. So we say, with sincere gratitude, a whole bouquet of orchids to you, Richard Jenkins.

Art Graf, '45
Archie Broode, '46
Bill Terrell, '46

anyone who has ever attended Aggieland so if you want to show that you know what you are doing, give out with the straight, forward, and firm handshake. No one likes to have someone come up to meet them, and have a hand come slowly up and limply take hold of your hand. A firm handshake among all the Aggies and everyone else is the thing that people like to see.

★ BACKWASH ★

by Harold Borofsky

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

Latest Diversion around town is the new nine-hole miniature golf course. Data for all interested is as follows: Price 15c, hours, five o'clock to eleven on weekdays and one till eleven on Saturdays and Sundays. It's a swell place to take your date, according to the grapevine, and there's a contest involving ten smackers in War Stamps beginning next Tuesday . . .

The Favorite Spot for counting cadence seems to be the library. At least every time I pass by and see a group of boys marching in formation by the library they seem to take special delight in displaying their wonderful ability to count cadence. Let's all remember that if we had work to do in the library we'd want it quiet, and treat others the same way . . .

She was only the pitcher's daughter; everyone knew her curves. There has been much said about manners around this campus and I'm not one to start it all over again. But let's remember one thing; good manners are not a mark of the "highbrow society" but a definite asset that means the difference between a real man and a weakling. A real man does the hard things, not the easy ones, and keeping your manners is sometimes such a very trying matter that a weakling would turn it aside by calling it "sissy". Aggies do not like to be called gentlemen, for we consider ourselves better than mere gentlemen; we are Aggies. Let's remember everything that name stands for . . .

Corps Ball in Houston is still being talked about, although no

The Lowdown on . . .

Campus Distractions

By Ben Fortson

Things take on a kind of sad note this time in the distractions circle. Pat Barlow was called to her home in Oklahoma yesterday by the sudden death of her father there. Emily, her pianist and a life long friend, accompanied her home. I wish to take this opportunity to express my deepest sympathy for Pat and her folks in their grief and now that I am expressing the feelings of all here on the campus.

The rest of the distractions are carrying on with THE DESPERADOS showing mid-night tonight and tomorrow and Monday at the Campus.

The show stars Randolph Scott in one of his best roles as a settler of the wild west. The story is one of the old west as it was in the days of Wyatt Earpp, Wild Bill Hickock, and many others. As usual the romantic angle is there, but the excitement overrides it. Everyone who has seen the show has enjoyed it.

The Lowdown: A western so real you can smell the powder-smoke.

At Guion Hall today only is a double feature. The first show is TRUCK BUSTERS, with Richard Travis and Virginia Christine.

This is a badly worn story brought up to date by attaching it to war problems. The big truckers are trying to crush the small independents out of business because they cannot buy trucks without

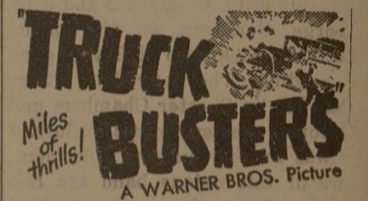


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The Aggie Handshake . . .

A friendly handshake with the person you meet is one of the best ways of showing the kind of person you are. The Aggies have always put forth a handshake that has had some spirit in it, and they have found that this is the only way to make an impression on anyone. The "dish rag" shake has always been met with disapproval among

Army Engineers

Our dearly beloved editor has finally returned to the arms of Mother Sweat and sporting a lovely mouth full of additions to his denture. Of course Sgt. Sweat soon tired of Pat's smile and made comment on the new bicuspid.

The boys returning from furlough were too busy the first days back attending sessions of the tall story club, to complain about the new regulations. But G. I.s being G. I.s, the complaints are now flowing as freely as ever.

Keep your fingers crossed and maybe they won't take our coke machine out, but if they do we might get a beer party on the past profits as a condolence.

Joe Lasnik returned with a pocketful of Colorado silver dollars, Jim Bedingfield with a pocket full of nothing but what a contented smile. Cornell with a hangover and not much content.

COMMENT

Service men are at last having some influence on Congress. According to news-reports, letters from service men and families of service men were in part responsible for the recent anti-strike legislation. Of course the strikers themselves were mainly responsible.

We in the service of our country know that the American worker is behind us almost 100% and that only a few in this great land of ours hold personal interests above national interests.

The manager of a plant manufacturing war materials called his employees together recently and told them proudly, that he had received a letter from his son in North Africa. The boy wrote that he'd just seen a lot of supplies with his Dad's firm's name stenciled on the boxes.

We know how proud that boy was to know that his own Dad was in there pitching.

I met a steel worker while on furlough and I asked him just how he felt about being a war worker. He replied that he would work like h—for his country and for that boy out there somewhere in the Pacific fighting with our navy. This man has no more time for strikes than that son of whom he is so proud.

TEETH . . . By Brad

Dr. _____
Pfc—has been admitted to hospital from furlough,
Signed _____
Col. _____

"Well now son, . . . been on furlough. . . have a good time? Furlough's are a wonderful thing. . . Just take off your clothes, son, and sit over here" . . . and (Space with dots) just a little blood for a wasserman . . . just a little more for a blood count . . . just a little more, little more . . . open your mouth, Say ah . . . breathe deeply, don't breathe . . . cough

NAVY NEWS

REFLECTIONS

W. R. Suda Y2c

I made the remark last Saturday about the Sailors and Marines working so hard to get dates for the George Olsen dance. And after seeing the outcome of their efforts they, and their dates are to be lauded. However, for a dance of that size (I mean the stag line) it looks like the Welfare Department will have to go to work and promote more of the fairer sex of the surrounding territory. We had a good turnout from neighborhood towns but not nearly enough for all the sideliners. I suggest the Welfare Department devote some energy and men to go to surrounding towns and entice girls to come to our dances, and by the way make certain their parents know they won't be left to wolves as they get off the bus but will be escorted to and from the dance.

I was wondering how the date situation would turn out and while it wasn't so terribly bad it certainly wasn't good. And the fellows fouled themselves up when they wouldn't tag. Personally, I don't like tag dances but under circumstances I expected a stag line that just wouldn't let you alone. Instead they simply stood and watched. I wondered why they came to the dance. Wake up fellows and if you don't have a date then tag or stay out of the way and don't create a dancefloor the size of a throw rug. I didn't stay very long just long enough to see the celebrities arrive and then I went to the Slab and danced to the platters, which, incidentally was much more enjoyable than listening to George Olsen. Neither hot nor cold he was just another band, with a name that was a name 15 years ago and still is, but how that name has changed.

WANTED:—A six man working party to handle the draft from Radio School this coming graduation. If and when found have them report to Sebald, Y2c in the Personnel Office.— Did you notice how the fellows ran Monday afternoon chow. Marines and Sailors came out of Duncan Hall like rabbits out of a hat, and scurried in all directions, futilely trying to drop raindrops.—It just can't be done fellows.—

BLUE GARDENIAS: To BRAD, author of that interesting column SAGA—Hurry and get well, we wanna read.—To Lt. McFarland, the Cuspid Extractor, who is undoubtedly the busiest man on the station and I must add, the gentlest, and for a dentist that is remarkable. . . . to Crowley and the Ship's Service crew and their service with a smile. During the noon and evening rush it looks like they take care of the 8th Naval District and 8th Service Command.—To the Aggies and Air Corps for not tagging the daylight out of the sailor and his wife on the Slab (See NAVY NEWS, Page 4)

FARMERS PLANT TREES
Under the Clarke-McNary and Norris-Doxey Acts, more than 75 million tree seedlings and transplants were distributed at cost of production to farmers in 42 States last year, according to the U. S. Forest Service. More than 32 million went to Southern farmers alone.

Formula-set retail prices on fresh vegetables, lower than current market prices, have been announced.

BRANDINGS . . . by DANIEL

A million thanks to the management of the mess hall for explaining the reasons for the shortage of "cows" on the tables. A number of Aggies had asked me about the situation, and now they have their answer. Thanks again for doing this.

It won't be long now, and the lawn on the campus will be beginning to look like something. As I passed the lawn south of Ross Hall, I noticed that the grass was becoming green and showed the makings of a real lawn. There are some, however, who still walk across the grass which does not help it any. A little more consideration in this respect would help the lawn become prettier faster than it is now. Let's try to use the sidewalks more, men.

"Cush" on the mess hall menu is one of the Aggies' favorite, and it is the way that the puddings are divided that have caused comment. Remember that there are ten to a table, and all of the men want their equal portion. Try to think of the rest when you dish out a little pudding and everyone will get as much as the first person does.

Appreciation should be given the service men for their splendid cooperation with the Aggies in this

Fish Tales

By Bryan A. Ross
"Dorm" No. 14 has some brand new additions to its family. Last Wednesday a unit of S. T. A. R.'s moved into the third and fourth stoops. And although we fish aren't allowed to go up on those stoops, we've managed to get around and meet some of the fellows on the outside and around the dorm.

There has been a new crop of bleeding lately. Not that the boys haven't been weened yet, but a fish has just got to have his daily quart of milk. We are in hopes of an enlargement of our dairy or something in the near future.

It seems as if a certain fish on the second stoop has become another Edgar Allan Poe. A little verse that was being passed around the halls the other day entitled, "B.F.K." was very interesting, indeed.

Among the many "wolves" that lurk about No. 14 is King Peverler. King believes all the girls are she-wolves, so he and the weaker sex are on equal terms. But I'm afraid that most of us aren't in his boat.

Much manual slaughter has been going on on the second stoop in the form of wrestling. A lot of mauling of fish and friends seems to be a nightly event. But to date the champion seems to be "Frosty" Moore. "Frosty" is well built and is of the "Charles Atlas" type of he-man, ahem!

Charlie Suit and Alan Pike are two more first stoopers who are "COYOTES"—(fish wolves).

Campus

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