

The Battalion

STUDENT TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Texas A. & M. COLLEGE
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Man, Your Manners

By I. Sherwood

Setting the table: Please don't skip this just because you happen to think that table setting belongs in a woman's province; no man—single or married—need be ashamed of knowing how to set a table, toss up a salad, or prepare his favorite dish. In these days of the servantless home, you can be a lot of help—when you are home on leave—if you know the proper table technique, and lend a hand when necessary.

Simple table settings are in line with our present day living but the more attractive they are the more enjoyable the meal; eating should be a pleasant thing with a wide range of social possibilities; to ask another to eat with you is a gesture of friendliness—even the sharing of lowly hamburgers.

Whatever the meal the forks are put on the left side of the plate (cock-tail forks an exception) the knives and spoons on the right, the pieces you need first being farthest from the plate, the others in the same order. The bread-and-butter plate, if used, is placed just in front of the forks with the bread-and-butter knife across it, the handle to the right.

Napkins may be placed on the plates, or if there is to be food on the plates when you sit down—as there would be in a servantless home—put the napkins at the left of the plates just beyond the forks. A salt and pepper for each two plates is enough.

A water glass is placed just in front of the knife. Fruit makes an attractive centerpiece as well as an edible one.

Something to Read

By Hazel Adams

FIESTA IN NOVEMBER

Some years ago an Englishman lived in South America, loved it, and wrote a hauntingly beautiful book about called *Green Mansions*, and another, which was the idyllic tale of a traveler on horseback, called *The Purple Land*. With them as measuring rods, I read *Fiesta in November*, a collection of stories and novels by Natin American writers, published this year. Eleven Latin American countries are represented with eighteen tales, four of which are really short novels.

No attempt has been made to impress the obvious with a showy collection of internationally famous writers. Many of these writers are young and struggling; all but two of them are living and writing today. But a great satisfaction comes to the reader on closing this book, for here he has discovered in the books of Hudson, a quality so individual and yet so convincing that he knows it belongs alone to South American life.

What are the qualities which stamp these stories as belonging to each other? For one thing, in all of them we have a sense of foreboding, of brooding tragedy. The pretty, ardent Lydia in "Sea of the Dead" waiting for her husband to return from the storm ridden sea reminds us of those fatalistic, sad-eyed women in famous stories of Brittany fishermen.

The stories have a poetic quality, not only in their prose but in the attitude of their characters toward life and its events. There is poetic understanding between the old man and the child in "Rain" as they talk to each other. There is poetry even in the sorry philosophy of that aimless rogue, Pito Perez, in the "The Futile Life of Pito Perez."

And above all events and all emotions, controlling them both and therefore the lives of the people involved, there are the elements: the wind, the rain, the lack of rain, the sea, the hard dry land—these are the things outside the understanding and control of these people.

To me the finest story in the book is a short novel from which the collection takes its title, "Fiesta in November". It is the only one in the book dealing with wealthy people and having for its setting a drawing room. It is also the only one which has a breath of social consciousness. Underneath the splendid and luxurious exterior of the house and its appointments are the evils at the root of the useless lives of the characters of the story and of the society which they represent.

The author, Eduardo Mallea, has employed a device long used by writers and painters, that of the story within the story. Here, it is the simply told, stark tragedy of what is happening in the world today. A group of Nazi hoodlums come to the door of a poor, young poet while he is eating his bread. They march him through dark alleys, stand him against a wall and shoot many bullets into his body.

It is significant that this story, "Fiesta in November", has come out of Argentina, and that its author is young and—possessed of an outstanding talent. His is the new voice of Latin America; it is to be hoped that it will be the dominant one.

"open city" of Manila; for when civilian areas of London were considered military objectives while women and children huddled in dumb terror in subways and cellars; for when hospital ships were considered fair game for carrier-based planes and sea-marauders. No religious or cultural shrines were considered in these—but innocent human lives were!

So with the war brought close to home, with the carnage and blood-shed garnered from gory battlefields from every corner of the world laid at its own doorstep—the Axis has suddenly become the protector of things holy and cultural!

BRANDINGS . . . by DANIEL

Having people speak to you when you walk around on the campus makes a person feel better all day and then some. Everyone is speaking now, and there seems to be a better spirit in all the people you pass. Favorable comments have been coming in about the treatment that is being received by the men who are sent here in the various branches of the service. I met one Sunday who said, "I still can't get over the way you Aggies are so friendly. Everywhere you go you can find someone sticking his hand out and wanting to meet you." Keep it up Aggies, and I like the way you service men are responding with the return of courtesy. Thanks.

Tomorrow is the beginning of an unexpected three (and more) day vacation. The executive committee surprised the whole corps when this was announced so now it is up to the corps to accept the holidays without taking an unfair advantage of the committee. The time limits or from noon on Friday to midnight on Monday should allow everyone plenty of time to do something. There probably won't be any more mid-semester holidays if the Corps does violate the principles of war-time Aggeland. What do you say, men? Shall we wait until the gun goes off at noon on Friday?

The Lowdown on . . . Campus Distractions

By Ben Fortson

The guns of the submarines are sounding in the Campus today, tomorrow, and Saturday, when Tyrone Power goes on a raid in 20th Century Fox's *CRASH DIVE*.

This is the type of entertainment everyone likes. It is a romantic war picture that will have you gripping the sides of your seat with excitement. Power (now a Marine Private) falls in love with the favorite girl of his commanding officer, Dana Andrews, and proposes without knowing of this near-alliance. In spite of the strained situation they stage a battle with an enemy Q-ship and blow a German base into the sea. Anne Baxter, as talented as she is lovely, plays the feminine lead and very capably. James Gleason and Dame May Whitty are also co-stars of the drama.

The Lowdown: Too bad you won't be here to see it twice.

At Guion Hall today and tomorrow is *GRAND CENTRAL MURDER*, a mystery that will keep you guessing 'til the exciting end.

The show stars Van Heflin, as the sleuth, Patricia Dane as a showgirl, and Cecilia Parker. In the plot of the story, Miss Dane has gotten her hooks into an eligible young bachelor, worth no less than 7,000,000 and has taken him away from his socialite fiancée. Anyway, Pat is killed by someone you'll never expect, but Heflin finally unravels the plot. The pretty dances is murdered in her private car in Grand Central Station, which explains where the title comes from.

The Lowdown: Good mystery entertainment you'll enjoy.

PALACE

PHONE 2-8879

Thursday - Friday - Saturday

"BATAAN"
—starring—
Robert Taylor
—with—
George Murphy
Desi Arnez

Preview Saturday Night
11 P. M.

"MISSION TO MOSCOW"
—with—
Walter Huston
Ann Harding

Fish Tales

By Bryan A. Ross

Well fellows, the holidays aren't very far off now. And it's just as I said before, it's really gonna be an Aggie week-end. No passes are now needed to go home, and just about every Aggie will be going home the 23rd.

Down in Dorm. 14 there has been much talk about our coming holidays. Many will hit the road and thumb, some will have those scarce automobile rides, and others will take that ole "Sunbeam". By the way, anybody going to Fort Worth or Dallas and has an extra c.c. of room in his or her car (preferably "her") will please contact room 226 of Dorm. No. 14.

Campus

Dial 4-1181
Open at 1 p. m.

Air Conditioned
By Refrigeration

Today, Friday & Saturday

TYRONE POWER

CRASH DIVE

in Stirring TECHNICOLOR!

— with —
Anne Baxter
Dana Andrews
James Gleason
— also —
Cartoon "Plenty Below Zero"
Short and News

SATURDAY PREVIEW
SUNDAY AND MONDAY

John Steinbeck's
The Moon is Down

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

— also —
Del Courtney and Orchestra
Musical - Short - News

But let's leave the subject of "freedom" and go to sports. Those baseball queers of ours are on the march again. One of the most terrible drubbings of the current intramural season was hoisted upon "H" company frogs last Tuesday (See FISH TALES, Page 4)

LOUPOT'S

Where You Always Get a Fair Trade

Guion Hall

Phone 4-1168
ADMISSION 9c & 20c
IS ALWAYS
Tax Included
Box Office Opens 1 p. m.
Closes 7:30

Thursday and Friday
"GRAND CENTRAL MURDER"

Van Heflin and Sam Levine
Saturday Only
with Bela Legosi

"NIGHT MONSTER"
—also—

"ONE DANGEROUS NIGHT"
with Warren William

— On the Stage —
Saturday and Sunday

SHEETZ & CO.
Magicians

Mystifying and Lavish Entertainment

Sunday and Monday
"HIGH SIERRA"

— with —
Humphrey Bogart
Ida Lupino

Tuesday and Wednesday
"UNDERGROUND AGENT"

Mid-semester Holidays . . .

The least expected happened the other day when the executive committee came out of conference and offered the corps a little vacation of over three days to give us a chance to rest before the final round of the semester comes up. Mid-semester holidays are rare around this campus, this having been the first time such an occasion has happened. The committee decided upon these holidays because there had to be a break in the monotony of a long summer of school and a lot of the Aggies would not have a chance to get home if the army called before the semester was up.

When the committee decided upon giving these holidays, they set the time limits far enough apart to give every Aggie a chance to get away from the campus and go home or some other place for some relaxation. The holidays begin at noon on Friday and will last until midnight on Monday. The corps is expected to give its fullest cooperation in receiving these few days, and stay until the last hour. The corps will be taking an unfair advantage of the committee if they do leave early, and a real Aggie would not show such discourtesy. Remember that the corps is lucky to be getting any time off between semesters.

Justification . . .

Waves of allied bombers this week swarmed over the "eternal city" of Rome and specially trained America birdmen dropped hundreds of tons of bombs on military objectives, including rail and aviation installations in that city. Prior to the bombing raids, leaflets were dropped over certain portions of the city warning population and advising why those certain sections were considered military objectives. Airmen were given large scale maps and photographs of the area showing locations of the Vatican City, churches, ruins of the old Roman culture, all of which were clearly marked: "Must on no account be damaged."

No sooner than the news of the bombing of Rome reached this country than the hue and cry was raised about the destruction of a holy city, the damaging of the remnants of an ancient culture and the bombing of a city long considered a shrine of religion.

Rome, for all its religious and cultural background, is the capital city of one of our Axis enemies—it is a commercial city from which emanates armanants for the destruction of Allied soldiers—it is a potential factor in supplying the opposing armies of the continental invasion of Europe. With typical American consideration and sense of fair-play, not a one of the religious and cultural shrines of Rome will be damaged, but it would be foolish to leave the city intact to feed death and destruction to the advancing armies of the Allied cause.

The eventuality of the bombing of Rome was not considered when the Axis poured havoc and carnage from the skies on the

Open Forum

The Battalion has space in each issue of the paper for an Open Forum which can be written by anyone close to the college on any subject. Anyone desiring to write in this column may do so if he signs his name to it and either drops it by 52 Milner, sends it through the campus mail to the Battalion, or brings it down to the Battalion office. The only requirement is that it must be signed. It is the wish of the staff that the Open Forum column be used often.

Letters in the past have come in to be printed, but due to the lack of a name, they had to be destroyed. Such letters signed, "An Aggie second semester freshmen" written on Calvary stationery, can not be printed. Be sure to have your name on all of letters for the Open Forum column.

ARMY ENGINEERS

Editor's Nook

Looks like the only solution to the laundry problem will be to adopt the Aggie method and have the "A's to L's" get their laundry on one day and the "M's to Z's" get their laundry on another. The present system is fast getting balled up with the GIs spending much valuable time waiting in line.

The picture "Fighting Engineers" caused much comment. Especially that remark about the Engineers being the first to the battle line and the last to leave. This scribe is curious . . . do the Japs always reveal their machine gun nest with a flag prominently displayed? If so can't understand why we are having so much difficulty with the little yellow monkeys at Munda and the canal . . . Perhaps the Hollywood Japs don't know any better. Wonder also if the Engineers always use landing barges to cross a river. Must be quite a task dragging them through the Jungle. Fact remains that the best pictures of this war are being produced by the Army under the Signal Corps and not in Hollywood.

Mother Sweat is soon to have a rival. Dorm one's mascot appears to become a mother soon and we are making book on the number of kittens in her litter.

Thank you W. R. Suda and right back at you—a red and white gardenia those being the Engineers colors.

We are still waiting for some of you GIs to come forward and do a bit of reporting for the Army Engineer. One article or column a week is all that is necessary of get you on the staff and we assure you it isn't as hard as you might think.

The new boys are learning the ways of ATSP 3800 just as we did the hard way. We found, after several experiments, that it was much easier to fall out for policing with the whole company than it was to fall out and police alone.

The CO also has a solution for not falling out on the double when assembly is sounded. Merely confinement for the company over a week end. We fell out in less than a minute every time after that episode. Unfortunately our officers have

SYMPATHY SLIPS

—By CORNELL

People keep blaming me for bringing that cat home the other night. Let's get this thing straight. That cat brought me home and I appreciate it very much.

What has happened to all those writers of last term? Springwater, Martin, Parsons et al, are pretty quiet these days. You fellows up on the top two floors of Dorm No. 1 are pretty quiet also. Let's get together and do a bit of writing.

Thanks to the powers that be, who got our coke machine back. Seems good to be able to drop in a coin and get returns again, if we only had a coin.

Wish some of these slip stick artists would get together and figure out an air conditioning system for the whole State of Texas. Lately it has been as hot as that place some of us will go if we don't mend our ways. Some of our ways need more of a complete salvage job than just mending.

COMMENT

—By PAT BLANFORD

When I first came to Aggeland, I had my "Old Lady" and A. and M. graduate, class of '37. Pvt. Clyde T. Norman. All his friends here at A. & M. and they include Aggies and Engineers will be glad to hear that he is now Lt. Norman. I know that all the boys go along with me when I say, "Congratulations and the best of everything Clyde, SIR."

While passing out bouquets how about a red and white gardenia to the ladies of the K. C. Hall in Bryan. There's always a cool drink, music and a smile for any GFI who happens in.

gone through the mill as EM and know all the angles. Also all the solutions.

One of the Basic Engineering GIs was absent from PT. Capt. Heister found him rseting in his room. He explained that it was much too warm for PT.

We admire his judgment as a weather commentator but we feel that he is a very poor judge of CO's.

CREDIT WHERE DUE DEPT. Thanks to Lt. Jors and the Colonel we GIs are again back on our coke diet.

TOP KICK

—By BRAD

It was a night similar to this. A lovely summer night with a suggestion of a Harvest moon peering over the horizon. Not that they thought much of summer nights nor of Harvest moons. The 23rd Inf. of the 2nd Div. were much too tired to think of anything. They had been moving up for several days. Up to the front, and already the big guns could be heard in the distance. Not much time to listen though. It was more important that they move up. The morning was the big push. The push that was to drive the Huns back to Berlin. The push that was to win the war. They knew that they were fixing to make a drive. They knew that a lot of their buddies would be hurt. But, each knew that he would not be hurt. No hero stuff. No heroes here. Just a bunch of damn good fighting mep. Men who only knew enough to go forward, for that was the way to victory.

The private knew that he was no hero. Never gave it a thought in fact. Probably never gave a thought whether or not he was a damn good fighting man. He merely knew that he was moving up. Fixin' to make a drive. Fixin' to do the job that he had been trained to do. Get hurt? Well, folks do get hurt in wars, I imagine. But there was a job to do. And twenty five years ago this week Fred Swan, Private, U. S. Army was up there doing his job. Did his job right well, 'till a shell brought him down. Didn't keep him down though. He was up in time for the march to Berlin. He had a job to do and no mere bullet was going to keep it undone.

Today it is First Sergeant Fred Swan, and he is still doing his job. Still serving his Uncle Samuel. Makes us GIs in the 1st ST. Co. sort of proud he is our topic. May we never be under a lesser man.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.

JUST AN M. E.

—By M. KAFF

We're all back now, in fact all were on time—Bradley's back too—how could you have known? "His name was on the first page under a picture, he wrote an article, and he was referred to by the Navy," you say! Guess I missed all that! Never before heard of an editor hiring a publicity agent. But then no-one ever said Brad was an Editor. To us in Spence Hall, he's just orderly for that very new Cadet Lieutenant Bishop, is roommate. Congrats Paul—you deserved some recognition long ago. But Editor H. P. is certainly sporting some lovely looking sparklers these days and doesn't pass up any chance to put on that silly grin and let you see the handiwork of the San Antonio drillers.

The Furloughs were great and over only to soon. The men crowded so much into them though, that spirits are still comparatively high even after 10 days of the new semester are over. Speaking of this semester—it's Mechanik, Infernal Combustion machines, and Thermodynamics that are now the leading "Block-Head Busters. Only 63 more school-days in this term though.

The new Officers all appear to be pretty much on the ball, and we think it was indeed a wise move drafting Jack Jordan as Cadet C. O.

We had a system B. F. (Before furlough) whereby mail was delivered to the individual rooms once a day, but that wasn't good. So one of our Happy Little Morons wrote a letter to the authorities and now everything is fixed. We stand in the hot sun half an hour or so each day waiting for the same mail that we used to find on our desks when we returned from classes. Smart boys we are!

Can't be stopped from thinking out loud, even if I can't say it for fear of the powers that be. But I'm still wondering why we aren't permitted to remove our fatigue jackets when drilling, and our ties between Reveille and Retreat. The sun in Texas sure takes its toll of energy and perspiration from the Army as well as from the other. 'Bye Now!