

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 4-5444.

1942 Member 1943
Associated Collegiate Press

Sylvester Boone Editor-in-Chief

THURSDAY'S STAFF	
Henry Tillett	Managing Editor
John H. Kelly	Business Manager
Conrad B. Cone	Business Reporter
LeVelle Wolf	Reporter
Robert Orrick	Reporter
Claude Stone	Reporter
Jacob R. Morgan	Reporter
Fred Mangels, Jr.	Reporter
Jack E. Turner	Reporter
Archie Broodo	Columnist
Bryan A. Ross	Columnist
Harold Borofsky	Columnist
John H. Wirtz	Circulation Manager
Maurice Zerr	Circulation Manager
D. W. May	Editorial Advisor

The following staff members use names other than their own when writing their columns:

Sylvester Boone	Daniel Blotto
Harold Borofsky	

ARMY ENGINEERS STAFF	
H. P. Bradley	Editor
Ed Babich	Associate
D. K. Springwater	Associate
Bill Martin	Associate
M. J. Kaff	Associate
E. W. Parsons	Associate

Man, Your Manners

By I. Sherwood

Young people appear to govern their lives more by what their contemporaries are doing than by any authority on manners; but their behavior is just about the same as always so I'm suspicious that occasionally they take a peek at an etiquette book.

A young man need not wait to be invited to a girl's home. If he feels that he will be welcome, he should ask to call—it is not improper for the young woman to invite him, though, if it is agreeable to her parents. Young men who linger an unreasonable length of time when they visit a girl become pests. No girl wants to ask a visitor to leave or to have her parents finally call attention to the hour; if he is considerate he will not make such a measure necessary.

The true test of the sort of guest a person is, comes when he is a house guest for several days.

A welcome guest—one that will be invited time and again—will not begin his visit by borrowing equipment from his host. He will take an interest in the family besides the one he is visiting; he will be on time for his meals; he will not monopolize the bathroom; he will not make long distance phone calls and forget to settle for them. He will observe the family customs as much as possible.

A thoughtful guest brings a gift with him or writes a thank-you note after he leaves.

Being a gracious guest is a big responsibility—a return invitation depends on him.

Something to Read

By Hazel Adams

Grand Gal

If you want to meet and exchange ideas with a really fine and most attractive woman, read *This Long Journey*, by Jenny Lee, British M. P. and labor leader. The lady writes straightforwardly and earnestly and humorously about her own life as a Scotch miner's daughter, as a hard-fighter in politics to make such lives better and more secure, and as a clear-eyed but intensely interested observer of twenty turbulent years of world affairs.

Jenny Lee accuses her mother, the miner's wife, of stealing the book—a lovable, anxious woman, scheming and slaving under an impossible social system to make a comfortable home for her family and to open a decent future to her children. But though Mrs. Lee does dominate the first section nobody could steal the book from Jenny Lee herself.

Yet *This Long Journey* was obviously written, not to assert a personality, but to make people understand and sympathize with a class, to make decent people everywhere protest against an economic and social setup which condemns millions of fine human beings, in this U. S. A. as well as in Britain, to poverty grinding labor, and nerve-wrecking insecurity, in the wealthiest countries the world has ever seen. I defy anybody to read Jenny Lee's book without being stirred to such a protest, even though he (like me!) may not be too sure about just what ought to be done about it.

I hope, at any rate, that our own lady members of Congress are reading Jenny Lee's book. If they would read it, the speeches and the votes of some of them might come to be a little less consistently and outrageously reactionary.

sailors. My navigation text droops in my hands. Then suddenly I see my Jap again. His agile yellow hands have completed a dozen maneuvering board problems, and implanted in his mind is the theory of setting a torpedo to steer a collision course with my ship. Up comes my Navigation book and the bull session sings siren song no more . . .

Does my Jap sound a little like superman to you? Not at all. He just hasn't got the devil-may care spirit which is America's great blessing and its failing. You see, ever since he can remember he knew he was going to be called upon to sink the white devil, and he never forgets what he is doing. We, on the other hand, are so unused to the idea of battle that we rarely correlate some dull ordnance chore with the fateful moment when we must all meet our Japs. We tend to get a false perspective, and we forget our enemies, the Axis, not the drill department.

So on the whole, I am grateful for my Jap. He gives me no rest and he works me to death, but he keeps reminding me what this whole part of my life means. If I can help it, he will not get ahead of me, I have better facilities, better teachers, and, what is more, I am fighting for true freedom, which gives me a tremendous edge on that little yellow weevil. When we do meet out there near that South Sea isle, I am pretty sure I am going to knock the living daylight out of my Jap. And I won't be sorry. For then and only then will he let me rest.—Cadeteer.

NAVY NEWS

TOP-KICK

The following article is written about a person any Marine stationed here at A. & M. can describe down to his G. I. shoes.

First Sergeant William P. Feccia enlisted in the Marine Corps, long before most of us had finish-

ed high school. He was transported to "Boot" camp, at the Government's expense, on May 17, 1937, a good six years ago. Here he went through four months of rough, tough, sweltering, "boot" camp and was promptly sent to Sea School. Yes! Top also came through Sea School with flying colors, and was transferred aboard the "battlewagon" Wyoming for sea duty. He served aboard the Wyoming for

a number of years, and can tell quite a few salty tales once he gets started.

The First Sergeant has seen sea duty aboard four U. S. Battlewagons, the New York, the Arkansas, The Texas, and the Wyoming.

While he was aboard the Wyoming, she tied up in San Juan harbor for minor repairs, and tied up directly along side the Cruiser Memphis. Top's brother CPO John

The Lowdown on . . .

Campus Distractions

By Ben Fortson

Today and tomorrow at Guion Hall is the first real story about the much talked of Commandos. COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN, starring Paul Muni.

This is a picture concerning the workings and dangers of the daring Commandos who raid the German sea coast under the quiet of night. Paul Muni is a man who has learned to hate the Nazis like most everyone else and as a Commando, gets his revenge on them for their doings.

The Lowdown: A true to life show you certainly won't want to miss.

At the Campus is CHINA, with Loretta Young and Alan Ladd. This is one of the most exciting

pictures yet to be filmed about the long war between the Japs and Chinese. It concerns a man named Jones (Alan Ladd) who is working for an American oil firm selling oil to the Japanese before the outbreak of our present war with them. Loretta Young is an American girl who is trying to teach the Chinese women under the very strained conditions of war and constant bombing. Ladd changes his mind about selling oil to the Japs and starts throwing bullets at them instead. The scenes are very graphically filmed and the show will hold your interest from the beginning 'til the exciting end. The Lowdown: Grand.

C. Feccia was aboard the Memphis, and never once did the two brothers see each other. This incident may not strike you as being very unusual but Top will never see his brother again. You see, CPO John Feccia went down with his ship in the Java Sea about five or six months ago, after serving twelve years in the U. S. Navy. The Feccia family has now five sons in the service of the U. S. Government. Two are in the Army, two in the Navy and "Top" is in the Marine Corps. Not a bad representation for one family is it?

First-Man Feccia spent about 2 years in the Panama Canal Zone, and knows the Canal like his own back yard. He also spent 14 months in the Horse Marines. He and about twenty other "bronco-bust-in" Marines patrolled an area approximately 1000 acres in circumference. The official name for this station was Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Hingham, Mass., and it supplied the Atlantic Fleet with munitions and supplies. The First Sergeant's home is in Milford, Mass., so you can readily see why, Top liked duty at the munitions dump in Hingham, Mass. But like all good things, it rapidly came to an end and Top arrived at Quantico, Va. He stated that Quantico was and still is one of the best posts in the Corps. Here Top spent a few pleasant weeks and was then transferred to A. & M., and Quantico's loss became our gain.

The Top has made a great number of friends while here at A. & M. and will continue to make more. Top needs no fancy build-up to put him across, his clean record as a top-notch Marine speaks for itself.

At this point I would like to thank the First Sergeant for his cooperation because without it, this article would never have materialized.

Corp. L. X. McCusker. Sgt. Bill Hawk, the widely known "Bald Eagle" is pretty much disgusted with the way Uncle Sammy is running the mail these days. It seems that every time Bill gets a letter, he learns of another of his numerous girl friends coming marriage. We feel for you Bill, but we can't quite reach you.

PFC Roy "Tyrone" Powers, as he is called by most of his pupils, is getting himself in hot water. It seems that some predatory female from Houston has her sights set on our boy, with the object of matrimony. . . . The latest reports leads us to believe Roy is fighting a losing battle.

Writer—Unknown—

REFLECTIONS

The Navy's definition of Junior Y (jg)—Insomnia in uniform.—It is no longer CSp (A) Bailey, but Lieut. (jg) Bailey—Congratulations—The same congrats to Bill Butler, Ex-Ag and former student in the Operators School on his Ensigns commission—Has anyone a fan for sale????—I need one to appease the wife—(How much does that cost me, Ed)—I noticed that the Bureau finally found those fourteen lost souls at Anchor Hall.—How does it feel boys, to know that you've been rescued?—No sooner do I tell the world (via Bat.) about how much our dentist does around this station when along comes Dear Old Bureau and sends some help—Maybe it's the power of suggestion but anyway, welcome, Lieut. (jg) Dillard.—And welcome to Bill Anderson Y3c—Another new arrival, stamping on the "Welcome" mat in front of Anchor Hall.—For a long time I refused to go to the Slab on Saturday nights because I didn't think I would enjoy the

incessant tapping on my left shoulder—But big hearted me, I take my wife out there where she can enjoy some 600 sags along with ten or fifteen other loyal morale boosters. Finally my wife, with rolling pin in one fist, and bolo in the other, persuaded me to take her to one of the dances. And so I petted my little geni (a cute blonde with that O' My Gosh figure) and trusted to luck. And we really had a good time, (my wife and I, I mean.) The floor and manners were a bit rough at times but shall we let it rest when I say I have seen worse.—By the way, "Hello" Coast Guardsmen.—Seems as if everyone, including yours truly, has forgotten that we do have some Coast Guard boys in our midst.—About the only time we hear or see them is when their pay checks come in.—The entire yeoman force was out looking for a seeing eye dog for Glassey Y3c when he lost his glasses. Fortunately for us and the dog, Glassey's glasses were found (???)—Thanks to the loud speaker in the mess hall—The voice without a face—Who in the 'ell is he anyway?—Every once in a while when I'm very thirsty I see some soldiers go past with a little jug latched to their fist, and I begin to wonder why.—How about the Yeoman from Conn. who thought he would buy a steer farm, but was worried about where he could hire cattle guards.—We all hope the detached duty for Munson Y2c won't last over two or three years, Amen.—Arrangements are being made to have Jan Garber play for the September Navy Dance—With cool weather peeping it's head around the corner (I hope), it should be a good deal.—And a more probable idea is to have Jack Teagaren play.—Sounds good.—

I guess we all have our troubles.—The other day a fellow walked into a cafe and ordered coffee without cream. As a matter of fact he insisted that it be without cream. The waiter left and was gone several long minutes. Finally he returned with a sad gleam in his eye and morunfully asked, "We haven't any cream, would you care for your coffe without milk?"

I had a dream the other night—Ah! What a dream—There I was, seated before or behind my desk—(the scenery was blurred)—ruffling my hair, squinting my eyes, racking my brain and smoking cigarette after cigarette, trying to get an idea for my column. I had to have an idea for the few words I had managed to squeeze out of my typewriter wouldn't even have been seen, hidden away in the depths of the Bat.—While I was vainly trying to meet with a sudden streak of brilliance, the door quietly opened and in strode about twenty sailors, each with a fistful of copy and matter-of-factly laid it on my desk and quite modestly stated, "It isn't very much, and it isn't very good, but next week we'll have more."—Just then I fell out of bed and woke up with a concussion of the brain and two fractured brain cells.—Ah! But what a dream.

ELEGY TO BATTLEWAGONS
Dead, to rise no more;
Unliving hulks, forgotten lore,
The mighty ships of a bygone age;
Gone, their proud and vengeful rage.

Their proud and taunting prow,
And wide swaggering hips,

LOUPOT'S
Where You Always Get
a Fair Trade

Can no longer keep their vow,
For they now are ghost ships.

Ships and crews and all their deeds,
O Honor, Valor and Victory;
Have planted, and firmly grew
the seeds,
That will always live in history.

Their victory flags now are furled,
Their gallantry has shown the world;
How the glory of men in right,
Can live through the darkest night.

The ghostly bell is tolling now,
Hear the erie cry of wounded ships,
So drink their toast on the ghostly prow;
'May the flagon of eternal peace
touch your lips'.

W. R. Suda Y2c

Milner Medley

By Archie Broodo

Good gosh, the holidays are already over, and they were so slow getting here too. The next guy that says something favorable about the woman situation to me gets crowned. Really believe now that Bryan has more opportunities than the "Big D".
Pat Gibbons says otherwise. Claims he has a woman on the line so well, she's coming down to visit him. What about that Cajun woman, Pat? Too bad about you—sad case. Seems as though lotsa other Aggies were working it up in Dallas, Friday and Saturday night. Ed Darke had to travel all the way to Louisiana for his wooing but he claims hitch-hiking was good and that he went around with 'em three at a time. Say, how far is it to Louisiana, anyhow? Art Graf and Bill Brough did O. K. in San Antonio, they say. One bit of good news it says hehr. Roy "Bed bug" Reynolds reversed the tables and gave the women a case of "Reds". "Romeo" Veien gave'em hell someplace besides Bryan for a whole weekend. Amazing how sparkling and fresh the Bryan beauties looked after a weekend of relief from Ole Army. Conrad Sommers was satisfied with going to Navasota, Terrell's stomping grounds, and taking his much needed vacation from studies. Red Turner (the spooner crooner) wants his John Henry in print. Here you are "Bing". Peach jam sure is good. Try some. Commercial. Tell you the company in next issue.
A compliment to the Frogs. Seems as though they finally learned how to conduct themselves hitch-hiking. All I came in contact with over the weekend seemed to have their heads out anyway.

PALACE
PHONE 2-8879

Thursday - Friday - Saturday
"THE MORE THE MERRIER"
— with —
JEAN ARTHUR
JOEL MCCREA
CHARLES COBURN
Preview Saturday Night
11:00 P. M.
"IN WHICH WE SERVE"
— with —
NOEL COWARD
— Plus Popeye - News

Keep it up, Freshmen. You'll become Aggies in spite of yourselves.
Deisler and Stratman, the Milner bachelors, kept watch over the good "Club" and fought enough rats off to keep the dorm from (See MILNER, Page 4)

Guion Hall

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

Thursday and Friday

Paul Muni

"COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN"

also Shorts

Saturday Only

Pat O'Brien

and
John Garfield

— in —

"FLOWING GOLD"

Also Shorts

Campus

Dial 4-1181
Open at 1 p. m.
Air Conditioned
By Refrigeration
PAT and EMILY
appearing daily except
Monday.

CHINA
A Paramount Picture starring
LORETTA YOUNG - LADD
— WILLIAM BENDIX

— also —
CARTOON - SHORT - NEWS

HEY KIDS!

BRING YOUR COPPER,
BRONZE and BRASS!
For Free Admission Any
Weekday Afternoon —
Monday — Friday.

NOTICE!

• SHAVE • HAIRCUT
— at —

AGGIELAND BARBER SHOP

SMART UNIFORMS

Require a Smart Appearance

VISIT OUR SHOP OFTEN

YMCA & VARSITY BARBER SHOP

Old "Y" New "Y"