

The Battalion

STUDENT TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
Texas A. & M. COLLEGE
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Peace and Politics . . .

The war will end . . . and thousands of Americans will come marching home from all corners of the world. They will come marching home men, instead of the carefree boys they were when they left their homes to do battle in the cause of the way of life we are fighting to preserve. Many will return as men in years, but many, many more will return as men in thoughts—with ideas and ideals about their country and a deep and burning desire to take a part in the administration of the affairs of the nation they risked life and limb to preserve. This is only right and just . . . and through the unification of having fought and bled for a common cause, it could bring about a solidarity of political economy that would prove of great beneficence to the entire nation.

On the other hand, the same solidarity of thought and purpose, misdirected into selfish channels, could bring into being a chaos that ultimately would result in the destruction of the very thing that life and limb was risked to preserve—the freedom of all Americans. The first few years following the war, the bulk of the voting power of this democracy will lie in the hands of those who served this country in arms.

So it is time now . . . while battle fields are running red with heroic blood and while battle fires are burning and purging hatred and the desire for personal aggrandizement from the earth . . . to plan a peace-time political power, to remove radicalism in leadership, and to establish a system to perpetuate the true sense of democracy, instead of delaying until the emotionalism of an anti-climax magnifies secondary issues to gargantuan proportions.

The political freedom of this nation of tomorrow lies as much in the hands of those who wear its uniform and bear its arms as does the existence of its actual freedom today. It is with a deep and abiding faith in them that this greater power . . . far more powerful and deadly than the guns that fire today . . . is placed in their hands, with the hope and trust that the same valor and honor, the same bravery and keen sense of right and justice, will be expressed when they lay down their bullets for ballots.

Who Is Guilty . . .

With the removal of Mussolini from power in Italy and his going into hiding, a question has arisen that has been a part of every war since the first recorded history of human conflict. Should he be sought out, personally, and tried as a criminal and punished in accordance to the deeds he has committed?

Certainly Mussolini, Hitler, Tojo and their satellites and sub-ordinates are guilty of crimes—crimes as deep and as dark and

The Soph Ball . . .

There isn't much time before August 13 at which time the Sophomore's long awaited dance will take place. This has been an event that every class of sophs looks forward to each year. Less than two weeks isn't long to start thinking about getting a date from home either. Write home immediately and ask the special one to come down, or if you can't do that for some reason, there are plenty of girls from Bryan who would like to come. Girls at the big dance is the question at the present time, and it is up to every one of you to have a date so that there will be enough girls on the floor.

Derwood Cline of Dallas has accepted the offer of the dance committee to come and furnish the music. Those who have heard him say that he has what it takes. He played over a Dallas radio station for some time, and I believe we are fortunate in securing such a band.

Definite arrangements as to who will be allowed to come have not been made yet, but there will be no one below the class of '46 permitted in the doors. This will truly be an all-soph ball with as many as the traditions as possible being adhered to.

Now is the Time . . .

One of the remaining wishes that Chuck Chalmers, head yell leader of '42, left behind for Aggie land to do this year was of beat Texas in '43. Yesterday afternoon, Homer Norton started out to beat U. T. in '43, when he called together the team on which Aggie land's hopes will rest this fall.

But Coach Norton seems to be the only one who has a desire to see the orange and white go struggling to the dust of Kyle Field next Thanksgiving. The Twelfth Man, the backbone as to whether we are going to have a team or not. They fail to see the handwriting on the wall that they themselves can help to write.

When the next semester begins, the Corps will be smaller in number; therefore we must prepare now to make the best use of any and all who compose the Corps this autumn. We suggest that more yell practices the remainder of this semester to fan a flame the Aggie Spirit that is now just coals.

So it depends upon the Twelfth Man to start now and back up the boys who are working on Kyle Field; the boys and their coach, who have started now to beat the hell out of Texas.

heinous as have ever been woven into the woof and warp of the bloody pattern of the world's history. The hangman's noose or the searing agony of tearing bullets from the firing squad's volley would bring a just end to their inglorious lives—but it would in no way justify the havoc and misery that has befallen the world since these Axis leaders began their march across the death-strewn field of human rights. In the end, these leaders will meet destruction—possibly a horrible one—either at their own hands; or at the hands of their own followers, revolting in protest; or at the hands of their captors. When this end comes, the world will be rid of the results of viciousness that caused this world-wide upheaval—but the cause of it will still remain. Beyond the personal satisfaction of knowing that the Axis leaders met horrible and inglorious deaths—nothing more would be gained.

The real criminal in the wars of the world, is the system and the conditions of life that permits such men to rise to power—the willingness of peoples to open their minds and be receptive to hatred and jealousy of other peoples.

After the bodies of Mussolini, Hitler, Tojo and their underlings have joined the countless dead moulding on the gory battlefields of this war; after their immortal souls have sped, screeching and wailing, beyond the impenetrable, black curtain of death that divides this narrow vale of life from the vastness of eternity—the things they stood for, the things they taught, the things that brought them to power, will, as they have since the dawn of mankind, still remain on earth.

Until justice, right, freedom, and love can eradicate from the minds and hearts of all peoples everywhere the strangling emotions of hatred, jealousy, greed, and distrust—mankind cannot expect to bask in the warmth and light of world-wide peace and brotherhood.

ARMY ENGINEERS

SYMPATHY SLIPS

By CORNELL
Was very surprised and hurt to find that there are some places about that serve beer to we GIs only if we are willing to kick in half-a-slug for the privilege of paying a quarter a bottle for the beverage. In case any of you fellows are suckers just go over the tracks toward the Brazos and you will find that all the clip joints are not in the big cities.

Guess most of us are dried after our trip through the rain Saturday afternoon. More than just our clothes got wet, some of us still have damp feelings.

Last term's "food-feud" with the STARS has its successor this term with the 1st Co playing its original role and the "basics" in Dorm 7 taking over the STARS role. It matters not that they are not in rank, nor dress up, nor even completely out of the Dorm. When they hear our measured tread they

GIs To Receive College Credit

"While no definite arrangements have as yet been made it is the considered opinion of most educators that full college credit will be allowed those soldiers completing ASTP courses."

This matter that has caused wonderment among local GIs was cleared up by V. M. Faires, Director of the ASTP Engineering program under Dean Gilchrist.

Director Faires continued that he believed that with so many soldiers taking ASTP courses the Colleges throughout the country would in all probability set up special courses so that the returning soldiers might complete the necessary college requirements for a degree in engineering.

Since term 4A is a reviewer course full college credit cannot be allowed but grade points may be awarded and the student would not be required to retake the courses.

JUST AN M. E.

By KAFF
The dorms look dismal and dreary these days. The studies in "Technicolor" and "Black and White" that used to give all that added inspiration on a sultry night, have all been ordered off the bulletin boards, and pin-ups now include only schedules and orders relating to the organization. You fellows in Dorm No. 3 need not have rushed to take down those beautiful Varga drawings; the roaches would have walked off with them, too, in another couple of days. Speaking of the dear little insects, wonder why so much attention is paid airing the mattresses and dusting the

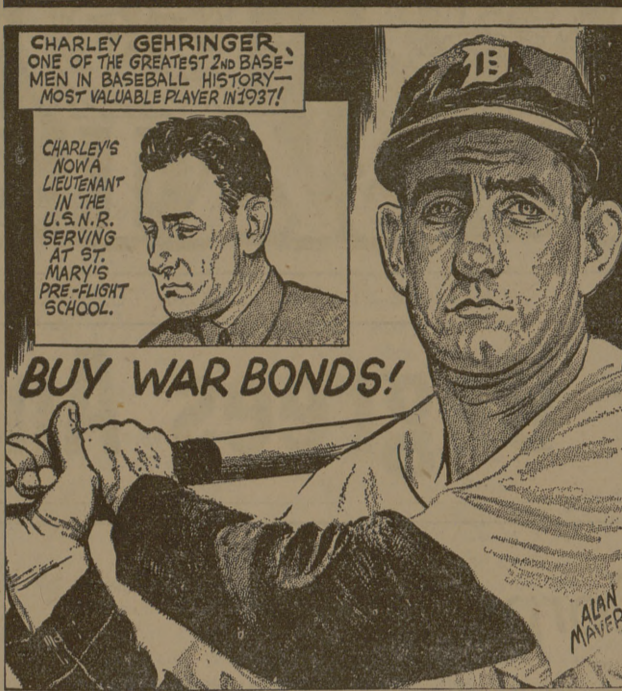
Now that Stoneface has been shattered, and Fearless Fosdick is to be revived, we wish that some of those around here, in a similar state of suspended animation, would pull out of it and wake up.

Saga Sequel

By BRAD
Now I am sitting next to Little Nero a short time later and I ask if it is true that he and Bosom Pal have buried the hatchet and not in Kentucky Pat's skull as promised. "It is most true", says Little Nero, "and I will tell you why."

"Bosom Pal and I", continues Little Nero, "are very unhappy indeed when it is called to the Cos

STARS IN SERVICE



★ BACKWASH ★

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

No Bull? . . .

What was that Dick Jenkins said about no M. P.'s to ride herd at Kampus Kapers. Ralph Greenberg found this to be contrary the hard way last Saturday night. Greenberg, as part of Jenkin's act, was to sing out while the S. C. leader was singing a lovely little ditty. About halfway through his sonata, Ralph felt someone touch his shoulder and he looked right up into the face of Major Learner. He also hit a flat note about that time.

Citizen . . .

We heard this float-out as it originated from two ASTP dogfaces the other morning. It runs something like this:
"Hey, lookit, Al. Two red-heads from New York."
"Yeah. Say when are you guys goin' take out your naturalization papers?"

closet doors, when none whatsoever is given to the cleaning of blankets, even if they ARE two years in use and have seen two maneuvers already. We've heard of rodents and insects getting along together in the same building, but don't think we've ever before found a place where the mice and roaches divide up each room for their little antics. When two of the men on the first floor of Dorm. 3 decided either they or the roaches would have to leave, the latter obligingly banded together and carried the barracks bags up to the second floor for the boys. But enough about those bewhiskered little devils—let's find something pleasant to write about.

Hours later!!—Nothing very pleasant, so will do some more suggesting. What about a coke machine for Dorm. No. 3? Even if we live in that "haunted house" that still occasionally turns up an old hair-pin or a pink garter, we're in the 1st Co., some of us charter members. We also carry cases with the rest of the men, but never seem to get to the machines until just after the last coke has been swallowed by one of the inmates of No. 1.

The boys who have taken over the table-waiting jobs at Duncan Hall, are certainly doing a fine bit of work. They deserve a big hand, and not one entirely empty either.

Pay-Day is just around the corner, but as yet no-one seems to know which corner. Just be patient fellows, it's a big job that the Personnel Office has on its hands these days, and besides it's really nice to be handed a large sum at one time, even if you do go without cigarettes and shaving cream for a month.

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The Lowdown on . . . Campus Distractions

By Ben Fortson
One of the most intelligently produced of the current war-underground-commando dramas yet to come out of the present war is, TO-NIGHT WE RAID CALAIS, starring Anna Fella, and John Sutton and showing today and tomorrow at the Campus Theater.

Distinguished by Annabella's return to the silver screen after three years' absence, the film needs to make no apologies for its few technical errors in production. The story is expertly told and holds the interest throughout. John Sutton plays the part of a British commando. In this he is told to land in France and locate as well as mark for bombing the hidden munitions factory being operated by the Nazis. He poses as the returned soldier-son of a simple peasant family. He accomplishes his mission but not without some serious opposition on the part of Annabella, who is embittered towards him for playing her brother's part. Her brother has apparently been killed or captured by the invaders.

The Lowdown: The blowing-up of the factory and its Hun occupants finishes a bang-up performance.

At Guion Hall today and tomorrow is Columbia's POWER OF THE PRESS, with Guy Kibbee, Gloria Dickson, and Lee Tracy.

This picture is one depicting news-paper life and the part the news-papers play in the running down of criminals and the breaking up of gangs etc. Tracy is the snooping reporter who splits the

tax included
Box Office Opens 1 p. m.
Closes 7:30

Tuesday and Wednesday
Lee Tracy
— in —

"POWER OF THE PRESS"

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Warner Bros. All-Time, All-Out All-American Musical!

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TODAY and WEDNESDAY

TONIGHT WE RAID CALAIS

20

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