

# The Battalion

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Texas A. & M. COLLEGE  
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## Something to Read

By Hazel Adams

### I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century

It takes a John Andrew Rice, a man who at fifty-four has acquired a civilized mind and a critical objectiveness, to make teachers, farmers, and preachers—people who are Methodists and Baptist by faith, and Puritans by philosophy—of sufficient interest to warrant a book.

His book, *I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century*, is in part a reminiscence of a boyhood spent on the South Carolina plantations of his grandmothers and in Methodist parsonages; it is in part the story of a Rhodes scholar at Oxford University! It is in part the story of American education and its failure told by that rarity among the species, a good teacher; and it is, all the way through, a witty, polished, adroit commentary on life and people.

To many readers the first two chapters of the book, which tell of the author's life on the plantations of his grandmothers, will be the most interesting. His grandmother Smith ruled her plantation like a queen from her throne; her throne was a split-bottom chair on her front porch. Years afterward her favorite grandson was told that no lady smoked a pipe; but this lady did and a clay pipe at that. She was the mother of a bishop and of the author's gay Uncle Ellie, who was to become South Carolina's notorious Cotton Ed Smith.

But the early pages are dominated by John Andrew Rice's father, a crusading Methodist preacher, a man of violent thought and violent action. In winter he demanded scalding soups and hot baths; in summer his baths were prepared for him in enormous zinc tubs cooled with blocks of ice.

Later chapters deal with schools and teachers, beginning with John Webb, the only teacher John Andrew Rice was ever willing to call master, and ending with the story of the experiment at Black Mountain College.

In between lie the Oxford years and clear cut, often caustic characterizations of Christopher Morley and Elmer Davis at Oxford, of Sam Avery at the University of Nebraska, and Holt of Rollins.

*I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century* is not in any sense a treatise on education, put in it there is such evidence of the working of a good mind, of a balanced mind which is ever ready to make doubt respectable, that the reader, on closing the book, can only regret that he did not have this man for a teacher. His is the kind of mind which would, perhaps, be harmonious wits a time that revered individualism more than this one, for in the end of his stormy reminiscences he is looking to the eighteenth century as a haven. If he had the living of his life to do over he would choose again the eighteenth century in South Carolina (in his boyhood it was still eighteenth century); he would choose it for "its long clockless days, for its child's world for children; for its passionate belief that the world would be better, perhaps tomorrow. . . . For its simple faith in simple words, justice, freedom, happiness; and belief in the rights of man, and faith in man."

longer than the one made to Java. The weight of Allied air power is just beginning to be felt in force. With Axis air strength becoming weaker every day the ratio of our air superiority is bound to increase rapidly. In Europe the range of our bombers will be vastly increased with the conquest of Italy. Munich and other cities in eastern Germany will be easy targets for planes based in northern Italy, while others can blow up Axis military objectives in the Balkans and make it difficult for Hitler to continue to get oil from Rumania. With the present raids making it evident, even to Germans, that the days of Hitlerism are numbered, bigger raids to come may prove a major factor in hastening the day of Allied victory.

Washington Post headlines that there is no egg shortage on the horizon, which is laying it on figuratively.

## ★ BACKWASH ★

By Blotto

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

WELL, AT LAST we've seen it. I, for one, am glad to see that all that paddlingfooting we did came to some good after all. The picture must have brought back sweet memories to those few of us who came back after the Turkey Day Game last year to work on it. Remember when there were 200 Tesses and 150 Aggies; those were the good ole days.

THE SOPH BALL seems to have been temporarily overshadowed but it's still coming up next Friday. Tickets should be on sale soon, so get that date and get that ticket!

OUR OWN RADIO STATION, W. T. A. W., is looking forward to full time broadcasting. We may be inclined to underrate our own station, but if you tune in sometime you'll find that it's a top-notch smooth-working little stud-

## BRANDINGS . . . by DANIEL

"He who works has the right to criticize." This is a motto that can well be applied to some of you Aggies. You want more Aggie news. Why don't you make the news so we can put it in the Batt. You complain about the columns that we have been having as regular features in the Batt for the past few weeks. Some say they are high school stuff. These complaints get to the editor by the old familiar grape vine route. If you want to have to criticize the way the Batt is run and the news that it contains, see the writer of this column. That is, if you have the nerve to drop by room 52 Miller. You don't know the first thing about news or about running a paper or you wouldn't run it down. Maybe I don't know what I am talking about, but if you think you do, drop around. I will accept letters, but a personal appearance will make a better impression if you can possibly make it.

## Frog Stuff

By Frog DuBose

Well, here I am again, pecking out on this ol' typewriter, trying to cogitate something of interest, and, believe it or not, I am going to talk about drill! No kidding, fellows, it was really interesting. Came Tuesday and there we were, standing in the shimmering heat, wondering what was to be the dish for that day when the command was given: "Column Right! March!" Oh, Lord, we were going to the drill field! Frog Clark moaned, and his rifle drooped a little. We marched on into the sun. Soon we had marched around the field and stood by a cool clump of trees. Frog Wheeler noticed them spreading canvas on the ground, and, with a grin on his face, said we were going to have a picnic. However, Frog Urbeana, (used to drill by now), simply gave the place a suspicious glance, and said nothing. Soon we were seated under the trees with the breeze and the clouds gliding over. Ah! What a way to drill. The Carbine was explained to us, and Frog Webb seemed mighty interested, but Frog Harrison insisted that he had rather have a deer rifle. Over to the right of us, I saw

Frog Bauer struggle with a Gar- ran; he seemed very much engrossed in the process. The Arch students made a trip over to Mr. Finney's house in College Station the other day. It is really a neat home, as all the fellows agreed. Fish Stranz reclined on a mattress to take a sun bath, and in the meanwhile, Frog Koelar climbed onto the roof—just to look around. Frog Brand waxed the floor; Frog Renondo ran the electric waxer, and Frog Hans mopped the bathroom. The rest of us, between mopping and dusting, held a bull session in the back yard. "She was only an Architects daughter, but what a build she had" (Plug). As you fellows know, we're going to have a yellpractice on the 10th, and it's to be broadcast. Now the point is, do we want to go to this practice half prepared? Do we want to send out over the radio a yell-practice that has the pep all right, but not the words that serve as an outlet for this spirit? Of course the answer is no; so what are we going to do about it? If (See FROG, Page 4)

## Comment by Cornell

It is second nature to a soldier to be proud of his outfit and as long as you are here this ASTP unit is your outfit. This outfit can only be as good as you make it, no better no worse.

The impression you make upon the public is for the most part made by your appearance in public. One or two men can spoil the appearance of a whole regiment and those few will have to change their ways before the public will think of us as a good group of soldiers.

Soldiers when marching at attention do not stroll along with cigarettes hanging from the corner of their mouths. They do not have their sleeves rolled up to their elbows, nor their caps slung over their belts. The best dressed and most military soldier is the best soldier.

If any of you fellows are in the habit of smoking in ranks get out of that habit now. Let's get on the ball not behind it.

some for them. This is short and rather pointless, but I'll really try to do better next time. At the moment, physics is starting me in the face with an accusing eye. Well, I can stare too! After a while it becomes known as "that Bryan stare". If you don't know just what that is ask Borggren, Room 302, Dorm 1. He's quite an authority on it. Pritchard, Wm. C.

## Marinero Manage 1st Co. Ball Team

Section 162's star pitcher, Fred Marinero, has been appointed 1st Companies baseball manager, Coach Lt. Howard Pickett announced yesterday. Tryouts for the 1st Student Training Co.'s softball team will be held this afternoon at three o'clock on the field behind dorm one. All first class ball players are encouraged to come out.

Lt. Pickett has arranged a tentative schedule which calls for games with the other S.T. Co's, the Marines, and the Navy. At present he is dangleing for a few off campus games with local softball clubs.

Marinero who managed a similar team last term promises to field a fast moving, snappy ball club. Equipment manager, Tech Sgt. Roy Brown, says that there will be plenty of bats, balls and gloves for practice purposes and at present he and Lt. Pickett are dickering for distinctive uniforms.

## Pritchard on Staff

William C. Pritchard, formerly with 88th Division Hdqts. in Oklahoma now stationed at College Station ASTP 3800 has become a member of the Army Engineer staff. Bill has had wide newspaper experience having been with the Los Angeles Times, largest West Coast daily prior to entering the Army.

## The Lowdown on Campus Distractions

By Ben Fortson

At Guion Hall today for the last time is Jimmie Cagney's smash hit, YANKEE DOODLE DANDY. According to most of those who already seen it, it is one of the great pictures of all times. This will be its last showing, so don't miss it.

Tomorrow and Monday at Guion will be Universal's colorful triumph, ARABIAN NIGHTS, starring lavishing Marie Montez, Jon Hall, and Sabu, the wonder boy of the jungles.

The picture has to do with a circus, a missing Caliph, and a bunch of slave-traders. It seems that Hall has been captured by one of his enemies who proceeds to torture him. He is rescued by a loyal band of his followers but in the escape falls from a high wall and is injured. Maria Montez and Sabu, two circus performers, save his life by tricking his pursuers into thinking he is dead. Later the friends have to flee from the town but are captured by slave traders. Hall escapes and as Miss Montez is about to be auctioned off on the slave block, he returns to save her.

The Lowdown: A bang-up spine tingling picture you'll want to see.

At the Campus midnight tonight and featured tomorrow and Monday is NIGHT PLANE FROM CHUNGKING, with Robert Preston, Ellen Drew, and Otto Kruger.

Familiar in pattern, this one deals with a group of passengers all of whom are bound from China to India on different missions. Their bus is knocked out of commission by a rain-storm and they resort to a plane to take them the rest of the way. About half-way there, some Japs shoot them down, but they land in the jungles with only minor bruises. One of the

group is a Nazi agent and the audience is permitted to guess who he is for a spell. He uncovers himself, however, after leading the party to his headquarters in the jungles. When he has them in his power, he goes to work on Preston to get some military information from him.

Don't worry, they're saved O. K. but it's a pretty good show. The Lowdown: Class "B" but good.

University of Minnesota had three presidents during the four years of the class of 1942: Drs. Lotus D. Coffman, Guy Stanton Ford, and Walter C. Coffey.

Texas' 1940 mineral production totaled \$714,905,731, according to Dr. E. H. Sellars, director of the University of Texas bureau of economic geology.

## Women in the Navy

In celebrating the first anniversary of their organization, the WAVES can point with pride to the work they have been doing in hospitals, naval bases and air stations. By replacing men at shore stations, they have released thousands of trained fighters for duty in the battle zones. The women in navy blue are doing efficiently many kinds of essential work. Many have office jobs, but others serve as radio technicians, switchboard operators, telegraphers, storekeepers, machinists, photographers or hospital assistants.

The WAVES, who range in age from 20 to 36, obtain valuable training and experience at government expense and have the same scale of pay as men in the Navy. Although they are not sent overseas, they perform a wide variety of shore duties and are filling important places in America's war machine. Uncle Sam needs many more of these energetic women in uniform to hasten the day of victory over the Axis. Every time a new WAVE completes her four months' training, some sailor is released to fight the Nazis or the Japs.

The WAVES will accept a married woman unless her husband is in the Navy. A single woman who enlists is free to marry anyone, including a man in her own branch of the service, except that she may not marry during her brief training period.

Those young women who are not satisfied with part-time patriotism and who want a man-size, full-time war job will do well to learn from the nearest recruiting station the many opportunities offered by the WAVES.

## By Daylight to Berlin

With Hamburg almost wiped off the map by a series of day and night raids of unprecedented violence, America's Flying Fortresses made history by penetrating Germany to within eighty miles of Berlin to blast airplane factories. This daylight raid was made without fighter escorts except over the Low Countries and the English Channel on the return. It gives new evidence of the weakened condition of the Luftwaffe and encourages hope for daylight precision raids on Berlin itself before long.

The Japanese, too, have had recent evidence of the lengthening reach of our heavy bombers. The raid on Java has led to new warnings to the Japanese people that they may expect soon Allied raids on Japanese industries from Allied planes based in free China. Such raids would involve flight no

# ARMY ENGINEERS

## The Old Man

By Brad

(The Old Man—Army slang for well liked Commanding Officer)  
The Old Man spoke again the other night, and again he had something constructive to offer. But, then the Old Man has never let us down. Even in pre-Pearl Harbor days when he was criticized for "preparing for a war that could never come". "No enemy would be so foolhardy as to attack us," the Old Man knew what he was doing and the GI was glad he was at the helm.

Now he says to the GI "we won't forget," but, the GI heard that of the last war and was wary. So the Old Man told the GI exactly what he had in mind, no lofty visions, no utopian plans, but, solid, concrete, plans of what the GI could expect when he returns.

Of course those with no plans call his talk "political". Those who don't give a damn—what the GI does when he comes home, harp and criticize. Oddly enough they resemble the group who knew we were safe from attack, who lived protected by two great oceans and a small mind. But the GI has come

## Weiner Bugler For ASTP Companies

From Reveille to Retreat and then on to Taps Red Weiner is on the job. Red is the Regimental Bugler this week, and it is he who drags us out in wee hours of the morning and puts us to bed at night.

Weiner has not always been a bugler. It was not until he had served guard duty for a continuous twelve day shift with no opportunity for bathing, shaving or even a change of clothes, that he decided on becoming a bugler. He was company bugler at his last post the 15th Hospital Center at Camp Berkeley, Texas. Red was with the original 1st St. company through his bugle proficiency unit went unnoticed.

to recognize these non-planners and the GI is glad that the Old Man is thinking and planning for the day we all come home.

The GI knows that the old man has never let him down and won't now. The Old Man is the Commander in Chief.

## Pritchard's First

The new men of first Co. wish to go on record as no longer feeling like new men. Four weeks of math and physics have brought about this great change. Cheer up, fellows, the worst is yet to come. Seriously though and in spite of the fact that it is the sacred right of A. G. I. to "bleed" about everything in sight, let's not lose confidence in our own ability because the going is so rough. The powers that be realize what we're up against and will make the necessary corrections as soon as possible. Meanwhile let's give it. Everything we've got and have that feeling of knowing we've done our very best.

A local product is to be found in our midst. Hails from Bryan, no less! He's a charming young man who has a wide acquaintance with local members of the fair sex. I understand that he will be only too glad to establish contact for some lonely soldier. The line forms to the right in front of room 124, Dorm 1. His name escapes me for the moment.

Glad to see the demerits finally being posted on the bulletin board. We were really getting very lone-

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