

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 6, Administration Building. Telephone 4-5444.

1942 Member 1943
Associated Collegiate Press

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Editor in Chief: Pat Bradley
Managing Editor: Len Sutton
Press Club Rep: Marvin Kaff
1st Co. Editor: John Cornell; 2nd Co. Editor: Joe Bennison;
5th Co. Editor: Len Sutton.

Sound Off ...

People now here at A. & M. are beginning to come under the impression that everything here has been changed. To a great extent, this is true; but there is a tradition that we believe typifies Aggieland and will probably live the longest in the memory of anyone who has ever been here.

We're referring to the tradition of speaking to everyone you meet on the campus. It is not only the new students, who are not yet familiar with customs of A. & M., who are guilty of this error, but upperclassmen as well are neglecting to speak as they pass.

When you really get down to it, this tradition of speaking is the only custom that has been able to survive the acid tests that have disintegrated other customs of Aggieland within the last few months.

One of the characteristics that the Soldiers and Marines the Air Corps, and the Engineers noticed when they arrived here was the cheery "Hellos" they received from the Aggies.

So let's all strive to pull this uttering tradition of Aggieland back to where it belongs, right in the hearts and on the tongue of everyone on the campus. Remember, the next time you go across the campus to your class, "sound off" to everyone you meet.

The Milner Merry-Go-Round

Under a new title, but still the same kind of column, so get your news in to room 26. Just got tired of being called the Milner Mead-leyer with the "e" syllable left out, that's all. Got a helper finally. A cute blonde at that. If you guys don't bring the news around on your own from now on, the stuff she tells will be used. Fair warning. If you have any news, slander, libel, or stories (no gossip please) on any one in Milner, just bring to room 26. Also bring in any bleeds you have. I need a transfusion every once in a while.

All the fellows that can make it are urged to go to Dallas tonight and unofficially repeat what happened in Houston last week. The last show starts at 11:00 P. M. since Dallas has no midnight show. Any yelling that is done should start at about 10:30. Lets show those cooleepushers at S. M. U. that the real Aggies still have the spirit. Besides it's a good plug for the show when the Aggies show in person a little of what's in the picture.

Hear something about S. Lacy getting his girl mixed up, but the informer said that at least he is loyal to College Park girls. She seemed to like that. She also said to ask where Jack Knox had been spending his extra time since a certain girl got back home. Don't worry you guys, she's gone to Mexico. Poor Jack was worried about a date to the soph ball, but he finally got one. Cute too. You can wipe your brow now, Jack. I'm just too chicken hearted, I guess. Quite a bit of argument going around the hall about who was the best looking date or best dancer or something. I don't know who some of you fellows are bringing, but I'll argue with you. Didn't see any reason for importing a movie star when there are beauties right around home.

Brant Myers said that the football boys were really grinding now and that should be a hint to you freshmen to start watching practice as often as possible. It helps the team more than you think to know that the students are interested in seeing them at work. Freshmen before this were made

to go down to watch practice. Why don't you try it voluntarily? If a bunch of you go down together you can usually start a good bull session about the team and the time you spend will be enjoyable and you'll be really helping your school. Try it, freshmen. It can't hurt you.

Some guy around here claims that progressive education is the idea of getting infants as interested in infancy as adults are in adultery. Some of these days a joke is going to progress a certain columnist right out of school. Hope not. The men on the bottom floor claim that Dick Morrison just can't lose. Sure seems to have all the luck. A rumor is also going around that Jerry Shapiro's BIG BLONDE in Houston "done him wrong" but bad. Sommers is still looking for cotton pickers. His room looks like a cotton field now. Someone get the spirit and help Conrad out. Dan Cupid is still at work. He's really in good form now. Some of you fellows that have as hard a time getting a date as some of us do ought to watch him.

Frog... Stuff

By Frog Dubose

A quick change and we were at the stadium; from a hot uncomfortable place to one where a breeze made plants do "wild-cat", a place where the music from the pianos of Braggiotti and Shaw filled the air. Among the Frogs at the concert were Frog Massy, Frog Stroud, Frog Kaufman, and others. The program gained momentum as it progressed, and by the time it reached Ravel's Belero, it was well under way. After the intermission Rhapsody in Blue was put over by the piano team—really put over! Everyone seemed to relax; Frog Thornton and Frog McKinney just leaned back and smiled. From there on it was music from the 17th century to Boogie Woogie, and not a dull moment in between. (See FROG, Page 4)

The Lowdown on . . . Campus Distractions

By Ben Fortson

At Guion Hall today only is a double feature. Showing are GIVE OUT SISTERS, and DESTINATION UNKNOWN.

GIVE OUT SISTERS, is the Andrews Sisters latest hit. Co-starred with Grace MacDonald and Dan Dailey Jr., they really make the audience rock with joy. It is the oft told tale of the young girl with the theatrical ambition. She is the heiress to millions but is dominated by three old-maid aunts. Leading light of a dancing school attended by jitterbugs she gets a trial in a nitery, is spotted, photographed, and published. When the aunts find out, there is considerable difficulty but a fast-talking impresario works the angles and in due time the business is ironed out. In between, the Andrews Sisters manage four or five numbers.

The Lowdown: Call it favorable, funny farce fodder.

Sunday and Monday at Guion Hall is one of the year's best pictures, CASABLANCA, starring Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman.

The title is good at the moment especially. The story holds up well enough. Seven top stars give their best to roles which reward their efforts splendidly. Mounted with careful attention to its North African location the story has its moments of charm, nostalgia, and wit that should cause it to take hold of the audience's attention and hold it. Storywise it deals with cafe life among refugees from Nazi-dominated Europe who seek exit visas to America. Bogart, Bergman, and Paul Henreid play the old triangle game. In the end Bogart softens up (unusual for him) and joins the Fighting Free French.

The Lowdown: A touch of everything including Ingrid Bergman.

At the Campus midnight tonight and featured tomorrow and Monday is HANGMEN ALSO DIE.

starring Brian Donlevy. This is a fairly good picture but it is in reality the same old line of propaganda. The picture shows the cruelty of German invaders and the way their leaders have their orders carried out to get things done. The people of the village don't like it and the picture shows them up in arms against their would-be conquerors. Time is found for romance and there is plenty of action.

The Lowdown: Class "B" but fairly good.

LISTEN TO

WTAW

1150 kc.

6 Saturday, August 14—

6:02 a.m. — Texas Farm and Home Program—TQN

Agronomy—J. S. Mogford

Extension—J. W. Potts

11:25 a.m. Today's Summary on the Home Front

11:30 a.m. Your Neighbor, Mexico—Dr. All B Nelson

11:40 a.m. Dramatized News Event

11:45 a.m. News Summary — Dr. Ralph Steen

11:55 a.m. News—Interviews

12:00 a.m. Sign-off

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— with —

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SAT. NIGHT PREVIEW

(Starts at 9:30)

Sunday and Monday

"CASABLANCA"

— with —

Humphrey Bogart

Ingrid Bergman

Paul Henreid

Aggies at Yell Practice . . .

(Editor's note: The following letter was received from a "real" Aggie fan who doesn't think the sophomores are showing any spirit at yell practices. Read it over carefully and think about the things she says. She refers to herself as "A Female Aggie.")

August 9, 1943

Dear Editor,

"As far as I know, this is the first time something like this has been attempted, and I don't know how it will be received, but here goes."

"Quite by accident, I happened to witness yell practice tonight. I was very happy that I happened to, but by the time it was over, I was so mad I couldn't see straight.

"It seems to be that a student here, who, instead of attending yell practice, sits on the benches or steps at Walton Hall and either looks bored or reads a newspaper doesn't deserve to be called an Aggie any more than a Teasipper would! Yes, there were about twenty upperclassmen who did just that! Maybe they think they are especially privileged characters, or some-

thing, but they were certainly a sickening sight! Maybe a Fish is the lowest thing on earth, and a Frog ten times lower than a Fish, but they were much lower than any Frog! I suppose that when these boys go home, they strut around and try to impress "the folks back home" that they are Aggies—well they're not! Any body who waits till the singing starts and the "Spirit of Aggieland" to stand up, very reluctantly, is sorry! That happened both times it was played—the last time even worse than the first—and the boys who did it were five who were sitting on the steps of G ramp Walton Hall. I don't know who they were but I'm sure they do. They ought to be hazed unmercifully. How can they expect the Fish and Frogs to get on the line if they are to lazy themselves to walk a few yards to yell practice?

"Don't think that you members of the corps are the only ones who have the old Aggie spirit. We girls get those "butterflies" and break out in chills when we hear the "Spirit of Aggieland" too. I'd be willing to bet that many of us girls are truer Aggies than some of the boys who claim the name. My father was an Aggie; my brother was an Aggie; my mother and I are Aggies, too. That's why a sight like that tonight is so disgusting to us.

"As I said I have no idea as to how this will be received, but I hope it shames some "Aggies" to get out and act like one!"

ASTU NEWS

ARMY ENGINEERS ARMY VETS

Mother Sweat Sgt. Major

The 1st company loses a good sergeant and a friend with the leaving of Sergeant Al Sweat, who has been appointed Sgt. Major for the ASTU companies stationed at A. & M.

Sgt. Sweat was one of the original non-coms of the st Student Training Co., acting as supply sergeant, and becoming father confessor to the sinners, hangman for the wicked and mother for the sick and the ailing. It was this last ability that earned him the title of mother Sweat. He will be missed by his many friends of the 1st Co., who wish him success in his new position.

Sportlights

By MAGLIO

The first games in the newly organized ASTU 3800 league have been played with both the participants and spectators looking forward with interest to the remaining games. If last Sunday's games are to be any criterion, the games to come should be hum-dingers. The boys displayed a really professional brand of softball. Although baseball has held more interest for most of the players in the past they seem to be taking the larger ball in stride without affecting their playing in the least.

Although the 5th Company team dropped their initial contest by an overwhelming score to the first Company's outfit, I'm putting myself out on the well-known limb and giving Dorm 9 my choice to be out in front of the league when the final count is taken. Yes, I'm from the 5th Company but my prediction is based on facts—not just company loyalty.

The boys from Dorm 9 are bolstered with quite an array of talent from all sections of the country. For example, they are managed by Phil Lubman, who had a bit of experience at Iowa U. The keystone combination of Hudson and Asselstine will be heard from in the near future since both have had minor league experience.

Hudson was romping around the ballyards of the Piedmont league and also played with the University of Maryland freshman club, while Asselstine was displaying his talent in the Pacific Coast league. Both are little fellows but possess good batting eyes and are lightning in the field as well as on the base paths.

Another boy to watch is Roland Holt, ace of the pitching staff. Prior to his present assignment, he was an outstanding hurler at Ellington Field with a record of 13 and 3. He is slated to make his first start in the team's next contest.

The remaining schedule is as follows:

- August 15—1st Co. vs. 4th Co.
- 2nd Co. vs. 3rd Co.
- August 22—1st Co. vs 2nd Co.
- 4th Co. vs 5th Co.
- August 29—1st Co. vs 3rd Co.
- 2nd Co. vs 5th Co.
- Sept. 5—2nd Co. vs 4th Co.
- 3rd Co. vs 5th Co.

Leaving sports for the amount we turn to the world music and find that the fifth company has once again taken the initiative and scooped the rest by the formation of an embryonic field band and dance orchestra. Not much can be said at this writing but if plans are completed, we shall be listening to two fine musical units.

Perhaps a little later on we'll be able to make arrangements to import some girls from one of the neighboring colleges and dance to the strains of beautiful music concocted by our own GI buddies of our Aggie friends. All in favor say "Aye."

Pickett, Calahan Honored

The first living Army officers so honored are Lt. Pickett and Lt. Calahan, PT instructors of the 1st and 5th company respectively, who, by order of the colonel have had the playground areas behind Dorm one and three named after them.

The area behind Dorm one will hereinafter be called PICKETT PLAYGROUND and the area behind Dorm will bear the title CALAHAN PARK.

Brad Ed. in Chief

Upon recommendation of the Regimental Cadet Staff, Pat Bradley has been appointed Editor in Chief of the ASTU News by Col. Buvis. He will be assisted by Len Sutton editor of the fifth company, who will act as managing editor and Marvin Kaff, press club representative for the ASTU News.

The 1st St. Co. news personnel will include John Cornell as Associate Editor assisted by Ken Parsons, Bill Pritchard and Pat Bradford.

The 2nd St. Co. comprised of advanced Vet Students have chosen Joe Bennison as Associate Editor with Marion Smith and Joe Farrell pounding out copy.

The 3rd and 4th Basic Engineering Companies haven't yet appointed a regular staff. The fifth company also a basic group has competent reporting of company activities with Len Sutton as Associate Editor and Mike Maglio assisting.

Hangovertures

By len

I'd foregone another wearisome clammy morning day break—those morbid mornings when a chilled, thin horn rattled out a drooping morning greeting and welcomed me to another daily stint of groveling through the short-tufted grassy weeds while sniffing for the essence of aromatic tobacco remains, assorted gaily-colored wrappers, and the few well-fingered bottles housed with the lingering bewitchery of sleepy Jose's black vodka.

Yesterday though, I decided to call upon the doers of friendly advice and comradeship—the blessed home of mercy—the Hospital. After all I hadn't had cramps for some time and so I hadn't figured on what awaited me. Hell, I knew I needed glasses, especially after I had watched a few drowsy bodies lurch around with a tangential compound of centripetal and a reactive torque force. Bolstered with the courage of my convictions I tottered over the well-sanctified path.

She unbound by nymph-like form, greeted me coyly, and offered a cool moist palm in the

token of salaam. I bent feverently and awaited her next move with bated breath, for she was an ace at the matter. Howdy podner, a deep throated rumble seeped out and enveloped my fever-wrecked features—I stepped back and looked for the gas main.

Shaken down and straightened out into the customary bulk of patriotically-trembling khaki, I outlined the source of my throbbing pain and explained my need for a pair of glasses.

So sympathetic they are, for she smiled through juicy red-dripping pursed lips and beckoned me into a stall, reminiscent of the fish booth up on the lakes. I sat zizzically and started at her elaborate machinations. She turned nimbly and tossed a conglomerate of shapely glass tubes down my gullet—crossed her hands neatly and awaited for the surprise. I wrapped my tongue around the pair of sphygmometers, and thermometers, and sat placidly amused.

The reading was 99 and struck a resounding note through the hall—she dashed off and then returning slammed into my hands a few clammy packages of dust, a half-dozen oversize aspirins, and the comforting suggestion that I take a tablespoon of epsom salts for relief.

Today the system's working fairly smooth, the physics is still within reality after all if a few square roots do look like cube roots and answers shouldn't be too far off. And when the eyeballs start merging into a precocious stare of one burning glare, all they can say is that we were looking at a pair of tapered stems until the epsom salts started running again.

I carried my paunchy self back to the home of the recluse. Brooding wearily I glanced out into the dry, parched space of Texas and listened intently. The quiet of the desert was suddenly punctuated with the joyous ringing of Church bells—no I wasn't floundering, for the epsom hadn't coagulated—those bells were tinkling for Stanley Bogdos who smirched with the finest glo-coat hair shine, had lurching into town, had married Miss Priscilla Geer of Chicago, Ill. My reddened eyes brightened and wept wishes for happiest fortune.

Lounge Open to GIs

Smart GIs are taking advantage of the Lounge privileges set aside for ATSU students. The lounge located at the south end of dorm 2 has been fitted with all the conveniences for a home away from home and affords the GI an opportunity to take his girl, sweetheart and wife, it can be all three you know, out of the heat and away from the envious stares of his brother soldiers. Provides quite a bit of privacy too.

3rd Co. Reports

Stirred on to victory by the roaring crowd there, the gallant men of the Third Company dealt a daring defeat to the GIs of Company Four. The score, if every-one's memory is correct, was 14 to 3; it seems that no one remembered to start taking the score until the game was nearly over. Victory for the mighty Third was due to the two-run tallies of Colangelo and Cotton, and the triple trips of Danley. Pitcher Ashcraft also did his bit.

The men of the Second Company are the next victims on the list. The chopping block is ready, Second Company, come on and stick your neck out.

WITH COMMENT

It wasn't told to us, we only heard. It was tacked on the bulletin board in the 1st St. Co. Dorm.

First Company

The Fourth Company challenges the First Company to a football game Wednesday night in the Dorm Area. If the First Company has nerve enough to accept, contact Capt. Smith at Fourth Company Orderly Room.

Go away, little man, and build up a reputation; then you may come back and challenge the champs.

And then the distant laugh of a little blue-eyed pride gurgled over the horizon. Walter Sauerburg who proudly sings out the praises of Nancy Sue is the happy dad. Gladdened that all was well, I chirped merrily, took another aspirin and gulped the tablespoon of epsom. Another day.

(See ENGINEERS, Page 4)

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with BRIAN DONLEVY

— also —
Cartoon - News and
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