

The Battalion

STUDENT TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
Texas A. & M. COLLEGE

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Georgetown Welcomes Trainees...

(Editor's note: The following editorial was written by a V-12 trainee who is stationed at Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, for The Megaphone, S. U. paper. It shows how the trainees who were sent there were treated upon arrival, and it shows how the accepted the arrangement. We could all benefit by it.)

When we received our orders from the Navy Department and the Marine Corps about a month ago, most of us sailors and marines didn't know what to think.

We'd all heard of Georgetown, and most of us had been through here before. But we didn't know much about Southwestern, and some of the boys came from as far as California to begin military training at Georgetown.

We had a strange feeling of loneliness when we first got off the busses and trains several weeks ago. All of us wondered what we would think of Georgetown and what Georgetown would think of us.

It didn't take us long to find out the answer to both questions. The people acted as if they expected us, and they did everything they could to help us get situated here. Naturally then we found that we liked the people of Georgetown.

Except for having to be in bed at 10 o'clock and out of bed at 6 o'clock, life in the service at Georgetown is no different than it was at our homes and at the universities we attended during days at civilians.

One who has travelled recently to large centers need not be told that the situation there is out of hand. Economically and socially these cities are unpleasant. In many cases, the military population greatly outnumbers the civilian population. There seem to be no ceiling prices, and continually there are rumors between civilians and service men. There is no cooperation.

But here in Georgetown, even with the influx of four hundred new faces, the town still retains its friendliness, simplicity, and cooperation, found only in places like Georgetown.

The Milner Merry-Go-Round

By Archie Broodo

Here goes again. Look out courts, here come some slander cases. Too bad this column isn't more interesting to you Aggies, but how about bringing in some more news? It's your column; I just help gather the news and stuff and sent it in. Some bright boy came up with the following names for the residents of certain dorms on the campus. The Walton Wags, The Leggett Lunatics, The Frog Fanatics, and of course The Mighty Milner Man. The following items of interest turned up in English class the other day. It seems that some scientists checked up on some man who married a demented girl. All of his children were crazy. Since the scientists couldn't use the real man's name in publications, they gave his family the alias of "Jukes." Is there any connection with the naming of the coin phonographs or the dances they call "juke box proms?" Orchids to whoever is responsible for bringing back the music during meals. It sounds swell and we really appreciate it. It brings back a little of the old Aggeland. A little variation in the type of music played would help, though. Red Turner has been nominated for the title of the Official Dumb-waiter of Shiba Hall. We move that nominations cease. There couldn't be a better one. We honestly believe this next to be a

scoop. At least no one else has gotten Allan Stratman to admit that he really has a woman. He claims that he left his sugar in Salt Lake City when he left Utah recently. He also claims to be a lady's man rather than a ladies' man. Just like most men their first year at A. & M. One woman keeps him on the line so well that he doesn't even look at other women. Well, not very much. No one can help it at times, Allan, so you're forgiven. Stratman and Veien, the two extremes. Add Deisler to Stratman's side and Hrnckirk to "Romeo's side." J. J. Hrnckirk almost stole my date from me. Just got a gripe that the third stoop doesn't get enough publicity. You ought to shell out with the news like the first floor used to. What's the matter down there lately anyway. You bottom floor men all worn out? Football practice is still going on for the benefit of you who hadn't heard. You freshmen that are trying so hard? To show that you have the spirit should try going down en masse to the football field some afternoon to watch practice instead of pouring out at midnight to yell and losing the privilege for all of us. Why don't some of you ringleaders try that. All of the freshmen that have off time in the afternoon should start yelling for the rest to go to the football field together.

Man, Your Manners

By I. Sherwood

War conditions bring about a swift change in environments and situations; unless you are well equipped with a knowledge of etiquette you find yourself faced with problems in social deportment for which you have no precedent.

Almost anyone is willing to concede, that during a war, a fond greeting or farewell in public is excusable; but public demonstrations of affection cause one to wonder if they are based on genuine personal affection. Those who indulge in intimacies in public, that are revolting, should have a thought that other people are subject to the same emotions but due to good taste restrain themselves accordingly. Most people, although capable of expressing affection, find it embarrassing to be subjected to the public demonstrations of others.

Nothing stamps the presence or absence of good breeding in a man as his behavior toward women. The society of men and women is based on individual dignity and mutual respect. If you really have a sense of your social obligation to others you will consider well before you grant yourself any "petting" privileges in public.

Good taste requires now, as it always has, that you keep any show of affection a private personal matter.

The Navy Department intends to keep us here only a short time, but when we leave, we will carry with us a remembrance of a nice little town, where we got our first taste of military discipline, and where the people treated us as if we were their own boys.

They'll Probably Want To Plow Up The Forty Acres

It couldn't happen here, not even on Thanksgiving Day, but it has happened!

Fourteen men on these Forty Acres have formed an organization styled the Texas A. & M. Club. The boys, all former Aggies, hold meetings Wednesday nights at a place not publicly known.

The campus S. B. I. has learned that most of these damaggers are in the Navy. They have already drawn up a constitution, but whether that constitution provides for sabotaging and fifth column work in connection with the annual Longhorn-Aggie game is not known.

The Texan feels that it is a public responsibility to inform the public of the existence of these aliens, and is herewith issuing a call for a copy of the Aggie constitution.

Dean Nowotny said Saturday that he knew of the existence here of the farmer's union and that it is entirely legitimate.

Quien sabe?—The Summer Texan, August 8.

Sunday, Aug. 8, 1943

Ole Army:

We are sending you the clipping from the Summer Texan concerning our Aggie Club at T. U. to prove to you that we are still Aggies and always will be. We are in the Navy now and are stationed at T. U. There are about 25 Aggies here and we are all waiting to see "We've Never Been Licked" when it comes to the Paramount here in Austin next week.

We are doing our best to get these teasippers on the line and hope to have everything under control here by Thanksgiving. The author of this article never was good at writing so we will close with—"Beat the hell out of T. U.!"

J. N. Lee, '45
O. H. Berry, '44
Fred S. Stuve, '44

The rest of the Aggies are not present at this writing but we who are here feel that we are speaking for them.

STARS IN SERVICE

PETE BOSTWICK
THE MIGHTY MITE OF POLO WHO ALSO RANKS AS ONE OF THE GREATEST STEEPLECHASE JOCKEYS.

PETE JOINED THE U.S. CAVALRY WITHOUT DELAY AND HAS WORKED HIS WAY UP TO THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT.



BACK THE ATTACK!
BUY MORE BONDS NOW

3rd WAR LOAN

U. S. Treasury Department

BRANDINGS . . . by DANIEL

A minor annoyance that occurs in some halls every morning right after roll call and on through time for mess is something that could stop if all persons who are so persistent at doing it would only stop and consider the other occupants of the dorm. I am talking of the electric razor users. Those men who like to listen to radios (and they are in the majority) in the early morning hours are forced to turn their radios off until the electric razor shavers (they are in the minority) get through. And, it seems to take them so long to get over their face, too. Wouldn't it be much simpler to use the good old-fashioned safety razor? A happier bunch of Aggies couldn't be found once they could listen to their radio in peace and not have such unnecessary disturbances. What do you say, men, let's either pick another razor or pick another time to do our shaving?

Someone must have told the Freshmen wrong or either they just got a little out of line Friday night. I don't know how they got the idea that we have mid-night yell practices on the night of every

dance, but they did do just that for no logical reason. You being just first year cadets has put the blame on our backs rather than yours. Maybe you had the idea that all yell practices would be stopped if you got out and had one on your own accord. That is an idea, but you should know that Aggies use common sense at some time or another. The question of the day now reads: Will we ever have another yell practice or when will we have another one—authorized, I mean? Try to be on your best behavior from now until the end of the semester and maybe you can become better boys by then. We are counting on you to whip out and show us what you can do.

Incidentally, I don't think you will be rammed for continuing the old American and Aggie custom of introducing yourself to other people more often. And, if you see someone you know but they don't seem to know your name, introduce yourself again. I had to meet some people a dozen and more times before I ever began remembering their names. Let's see what you can do.

Leggett Laments

Ross Rucker

This column wasn't quite able to survive the week-end activities in time for the Tuesday edition but from now on I promise not to disappoint you fellows so often. You sad men that struggle thru this stale stuff three times per week with me should be given a medal for valor—or something!

The Soph Dance met expectations. However, the floor wasn't at all crowded, and the male to female ration was a little off balance but everyone seemed to be having a grand time. All the Aggies I think should be complimented on their conduct that, if nothing else, made for a pleasant evening. Seems like all the 3rd stoop boys were stag for the night . . . However Leo Turner was definitely not on the list. That beautiful Brady brunette is about all any guy could ask for . . . Several of the local '400' were there, namely: Martha Ann Looney, Lorraine McNeil, Connie Seljos.

Glad to see the Aggies still rate the local talent now and then . . . Pat and Emily were really rushed their last night here, too . . . Mr. and Mrs. Dick Jenkins seemed to be having all the fun . . . Personally I'm looking forward to the next dance already—wonder if the frogs and fish will be so nice as to invite the seniors?

A note of thanks to the Sophomore class for the swell dance. I'm sure I speak for several more seniors when I say we enjoyed it. The pleasure was all ours.

Several of the Milner boys had a "pet" story for the week-end. All about one case of appendicitis . . . Not trying to renew a feud with a fellow columnist—But, by coincidence I "partook" of Hotard "chow" across the table from you Sunday but still we've never met.

SPORTS PARADE: 8th Co. is still on the march. Took the first basketball game from C Co. Frogs 42-16. One more game in softball and the championship will be ours provided we beat 1st Co. Jack Swartzell is making a nice bid for the best "all around" athlete. While Stotzer, Huber (Barron Van of the 3rd Reich), Buck, Lipscomb, and Felger are all proving to be czars at tennis . . . 7th Co. reports a sad loss of 10-5 to 6th Co. in

their recent softball game. Willie West accepts the blame for losing because he couldn't control his fast ball and they seem to hit everything else. (Just walked 5 batters.) Some of the most valuable players sharing in the loss were: Stewart, Durnal, Brennecke, Bilderback, Speer, Kaufer, Trigg, White, and Hawet . . . West did come thru with a watermelon feast for the boys, tho.

After Hawkins receives the affirmative reply from four girls that they would be here for the dance he still had to go stag. Better known as a wholesale stand-up!

Shepherd has recently visited the hospital again and he's still ailing . . . The amusing thing to him is the same semester of school is still going on.

"The rumor mill turns once more With more intensity than before
Copying Kaiser and the assembly line
Aggies now produce during C. Q. time."

In answer to a request for some poetry (well, the nature of the above hasn't been determined) in this column.

Well, there it is. Until another day nearer our Corps Trip to Tokio, I'll see you around.

Aggie-ex Attending Florida Naval Center

Roy H. McDonald, Jr., 20, son of Mrs. Thelma Byrd of 209 Cherokee St., Jacksonville, was recently appointed a Naval Aviation Cadet and was transferred to the Naval Air Training Center, Pensacola, Fla., for intermediate flight training.

Prior to entering the Naval service, he attended A&M for two years.

Upon completion of the intensive course at the "Annapolis of the Air" Cadet McDonald will receive his Navy "Wings of Gold" with the designation of Naval Aviator, and will be commissioned an Ensign in the Naval Reserve or a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve.

The Lowdown on . . . Campus Distractions

By Ben Fortson

This Darryl F. Zanuck production has one major asset which makes it a very good rather than an ordinary picture—technicolor. Showing at the Campus today, tomorrow, and Saturday, **TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI** stars John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, and Randolph Scott.

It is the story of a spoiled, cocky youngster who joins the Marines for the 'fun of it' and discovers the Marine Corps is serious business. He tangles with a hard-bitten sergeant, a good friend of his father, and the fire-works begin. Miss O'Hara provides the romantic opposite for Payne and Scott as an Army Nurse. Payne, the new-comer to the Marines, is at first rejected by his buddies but later, through a display of heroism, gains their good favor and it all ends happily. The plot is nothing especially unusual, but the technicolor shots of Uncle Sam's battlewagons firing their broadsides at night are some of the most impressive filmed.

The Lowdown: Timely, patriotic, and a pretty fair show.

SPRING PARADE, showing at Guion Hall today and tomorrow, is a good picture, but it arrived one war too late. Its tender treatment

Campus

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—SHORT—
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