

The Battalion

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

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Constitutional Week - - -

Tomorrow will mark the anniversary of our constitution. One hundred and fifty-six years ago, 55 delegates to a constitutional convention met to revise the Articles of Confederation, a document which was formed to meet the needs of the new government that was formed after the war that won our independence from England. The Articles were so inadequate that a new document was written. Out of this convention came what has been acclaimed as one of the greatest if not the greatest governmental document of any country in the world. So little time with so few members and so few facilities of transportation and communication, yet great paper was written! Washington as president and Jefferson as the actual writer of the constitution formed a great pair to perform this deed that was destined to make this the great country that it is.

The United States constitution has been tried and proven with such results that there should be no doubt in anyone's mind as to this being the country that is the best. No where else could you do the things that you do now and have no penalty waiting for you upon doing something not in accord with the ideas of the government. The present war has proven this to be true. War changes many situations, though. Free speech can not be practiced as thoroughly as it can in peace time, freedom of the press is not curtailed, and other minor curtailments that we don't want to think are true democratic principles are given us. After the war, however, the world will return to its normal position and the United States will again take its position of world leader in peace time.

Thirty, For a While . . .

This, as you well know, is the last issue of this semester's Battalion. So like you, for a while, we're not going to have to worry about deadlines and copyreading and all the other various jobs that confront a newspaperman.

We're going to take all this experience that we've found out this summer and put it to use on the future issues of the Battalion. There's plenty waiting for us this fall with football games and corps dances and all the other things that Aggeland isn't in the summertime.

We hope that we've given you a decent paper these sweltering months and that you're as satisfied as we are with the Batt. With this thought in mind, we say "thirty", for a while.—AM.

To Those Leaving . . .

This is especially to those who are becoming Aggie-exes next semester. Some of you are leaving for the Army, Navy, and other reasons, but all of you are taking some of the greatest spirit in those whole wide world with you . . . that old Aggie Spirit. Some of you have been down here for two years, some four, and some only a short while but you are all Aggies and Aggies all over the world will recognize you as one of them. To those seniors graduating; you have seen A. & M. changing from the start and no doubt it hurts, but it can't be helped. Aggeland is proud to put your names down in the roles of her Alma Mater with those who have gone on before. To those who are leaving for other reasons: After this war is over, if you come back to A. & M., so will the lost Aggeland come back. Wherever you go and whatever you do, remember you are Aggies . . . Texas Aggies and the whole world respects you. And one more thing . . . there's no H_____ like that old Army H_____!—B.F.

Let's Visit the Folks . . .

Many of us have been looking forward to this week of vacation that is almost here, for the last two months. If all the time could be added up, the total number of minutes we've spent thinking about what we will do and the big time we're going to have when we get home, would probably amount to hours.

Few of us have spent much time thinking about how privileged we are to be able to go home—to our parents. Seldom do we realize that it is Mother and Daddy that are the ones most interested in us, and that they are as concerned about us in our times of stress as we ourselves. It's hard for us to realize how little they actually know of what we are doing in school—the course we are taking, the things we're learning, and the new acquaintances we are making. Let's all plan to simply sit down and have a long talk with our parents when we get home. We'll be surprised at how interested in us they are.—H.A.T.

The Lowdown on

Campus Distractions

By Ben Fortson

One of the best pictures to yet come out of the present war is EDGE OF DARKNESS, the feature at Guion Hall today and tomorrow.

EDGE OF DARKNESS stars Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan, assisted by Walter Huston and Nancy Coleman. It is a story of conquered countries and the people who live in them. Flynn, always a good dramatic actor and a man of action, takes the leading male role very capably. Ann Sheridan plays the female opposite to him and turns in a superb performance.

Everywhere the film has been it has been held over for several days and from all reports gathered it is really a top picture.

The Lowdown: This one is fine. A re-showing of THE MORE THE MERRIER is the feature at the Campus today and tomorrow.

Starring Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn, it is really a swell picture. It tells the story of over-crowded Washington D. C., and of the people who live and work there. Conditions are such that there are approximately 10 girls for every man.

A. S. T. U. NEWS

ARMY ENGINEERS ARMY VETS

Engineer's Dream Lest We Forget

By BRAD

Yesterday's Snows Integrated

It is truly said, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing . . . As I ponder the fate of the snows of yesterday and wonder whence they have gone, my mind travels back to that bygone day when the resultant precipitation caused by the culmination of a high pressure area and a low pressure area coupled with an absence of heat caused a crystalline substance to form, and having a specific gravity greater than the surrounding air, it fell. And I feel certain that I can prove that there followed a period of temperature rise. Said temperature rise being above the melting point of snow causing it to liquify.

"Ah yes," says my mind as I toil up the winding path knowing that for each foot of rise I am doing 185 foot pounds of work and that upon reaching the summit I will have a potential energy of 8.75 foot tons, "Ah, yes, the snows are gone, tis true, and the shades of night are falling." A freely falling body has an acceleration of 32.2 feet sec, however, in calculating the above we must consider the curvature of the earth as omega and the speed of the sun as alpha. Integrating we find it will be dark in 18 minutes. "You mock me," cries my mind, "You taunt me, you drive me to despair," letting S equal the distance to despair and W the weight of mind. From a standing start where initial velocity equals zero to a final velocity of V, I conclude I cannot do it on an "A" card.

"I cannot go on," screams my mind, "I cannot go on." (the tendency of a body at rest to remain at rest is known as inertia) "This is the end," and mechanically I reach for a revolver, level it to my head and squeeze the trigger, calculating that the lever arm of the trigger will release a spring producing positive work $Ce2/24$ and setting off a shell. This shell will reach a muzzle velocity of . . . Ae everything goes black about me I recall, hurriedly, that blackness is but an absence of light.

Poet's Corner For Old Glory

By H. E. HAGEN

Around the world to East or West We Yanks are marching to do our best.

From Pole to Pole on land or sea We're out to smash the enemy. No stint, nor lag nor rest we may 'Til decency and peace again prevail

Our guns will roar, tanks will play A tune of respect for the U. S. A.

We clear our deck and sail away Nothing will daunt us, come what may

To crush our foes and slavery And save the world from tyranny. We'll see this thru, the Lord permit,

Everyone of us will do his bit— That no one dare again betray The Friendship of our U. S. A.

Folks at home may weep, may pray Comrades in arms, to you we say, "You keep 'em rolling, Keep 'em flying

If God wills, we won't mind dying Not 'til Freedom's light we gain Will We Yanks come home again. Let Airmen soar, with bombs away"

For old Glory's sake and the U. S. A.

C. Q. Ramblings

Nighty-Night

The Marine bugler was blowing taps, over the campus the . . . ta ta . . . ta ta . . . ta ta . . . floated reminding one and all that another day was o'er, lights out and all that. The last note faded, then softly, oh so softly, on the down beat he came in with "Good night ladies, good night ladies, good night ladies, we're going to leave you now. "Reminding one and all . . . Hmmmmm.

Secret-Weapon

Joe Lasnik, advanced Civil Engineering trainee makes use of his

McCrea is an inventor who builds baby carriages for Berlin, Coburn is a business man who has rented half of an apartment from Miss Arthur, a secretary. He rents half of his half to Joel unknown to Miss Arthur. A merry mix-up follows and before McCrea sails away to fight he marries her.

The Lowdown: Definitely one of the year's best comedys.

By PRITCHARD

It becomes so easy for a man, several months removed from a combat outfit, to forget the grim work portended by bayonet drill and hand-grenade practice. For this reason and for the valuable pointers which accompanied his talk, we of First Co. are deeply grateful to Lieutenant Daniels for his fine address of last Monday. The many details of how the Jap fights and how to fight the Jap reached many men who will have the pleasure of putting them into practice one of these days.

Lieutenant Daniels saw action in the South Pacific on the New Guinea front. He took part in the battles of Port Moresby and Buna Mission. During these actions, he got his quota of Japs. It was in these two battles that he became acquainted with the treachery and cunning of our monkey-like enemies. Monkey-like not only in their appearance but also in their desire to stay in the trees. A Jap much prefers to fight from a tree, according to the Lieutenant, and can remain suspended by a rope under his armpits for many hours. In this position, he can use the tree as a shield; and by placing his feet against the trunk, he can swing his rifle in a wide arc, covering an approach from any direction. After each shot, he will swing around behind the tree again. These tactics along with his natural aptitude for camouflage make him a very difficult target to find and hit.

This was the kind of warfare that Lieutenant Daniels and his outfit fought across New Guinea. Each new trick, as the battle advanced, was studied by our troops and overcome. Slowly but surely, the Jap was driven from the trees and forced back. His trickery uncovered, the sham that was his fighting quality went with it, and the superiority of the American fighting men came to the fore, even as it is today all over the world.

Toward the end of the battle for Buna Mission, Lieutenant Daniels was wounded and returned to Australia for medical treatment. After he had recuperated, he returned to the United States to tell the rest of us what to watch for when we come up against this foe. Yes, we are deeply grateful to Lieutenant Daniels, and it will be a long time before we forget the vivid picture he gave us. It may, someday, save your life or mine.

Strictly GI

The shadows lengthened across the Infantry Drill Field. The sun prepared to depart for the night. There was a touch, oh such a faint touch, of autumn in the air. There was a touch of expectancy there too. The men knew this was it. This was strictly GI. This was an Army review.

For months the men had been accustomed to pseudo-GI doings. . . . Mess served by waiters, definitely not GI, pleasant kind first sergeants, definitely not GI, Professors instead of officers for instructors, definitely . . . ad infinitum . . .

The men had a feeling that they were not a part of the Army. . . . something was lacking . . . Tuesday night made it up. . . . Thank you, Col. Welty; thank you, graduating seniors; thank you for reassuring us. For reassuring us that we are yet a part of Uncle Sam's boys.

training. He has designed a gun that will shoot thirty miles . . . not counting the length of the barrel.

Furlough-Fever With the announcement that furlough time will depend a good deal on grades many local GIs are hopeful that they will get a one day pass to Bryan. One is willing to settle for a couple of hours time off to go over to George's.

Slap-A-Jap With the fall of Italy, biggest worry now is that we won't get through our studies in time to get a crack at the Nazis. Oh well, we personally would rather slap-a-jap.

Wise-Guy One local ACTD Cadet made himself most unpopular calling out "4F draft-dodgers" as the ASTP Trainees marched to their review the other PM. We allow you cadets may form a protective air umbrella for us in the not distant future but, where-in-all will you land unless we engineers build a few air fields for you.

Q. M. Review

By BILL SHORT

From the looks of the fourth stoop of dorm No. 11 this weekend, a casual observer might arrive at the conclusion that a bunch of pre-war Aggies were residing there. And another reason for this impromptu decision would probably be that hardly anyone was present for the Great Hotads Sunday delicacies. Which all adds up to the fact that (due to the generosity of our company commander) practically all of the Fightin' QM's literally "took off" for a week-end of wine, women, and song, all of which was so noticeably absent in Wyoming.

I have been seeing several of the QM boys fairly reading the print right off the pages of a book entitled "Types and Classes of Livestock". I personally can't figure out why, but I suppose they read that kind of stuff because there are a lot of pictures included in the text. At any rate, you will very seldom find any of the boys in the above mentioned category running around without a sheet metal scabbard and two or three huge butcher knives, including of course a steel to keep them sharp. Well, knock 'em out with one swing boys, brains are bringing a very fancy price these days.

What We're Fighting For

"The iron in the souls and bodies of the men who enlisted when their country was endangered, has been finely tempered into sternest steel. The civilians have been tried in the crucible of the corps, and have emerged—Marines, Sailors, Soldiers, etc.

Such an "ex-civilian" was a young captain in the Raider Battalion that went into the Solomons. Late in 1940, when he decided to join the corps, he recorded his thoughts on paper at a time when the flames which now engulf most of the world were only localized. He wrote:

"I must, for the sanity of my mind, confirm that when I kill I serve justice; when I am killed I buy freedom. I want to remember that I was far from what I wanted to be . . . I want to remember that it was far from a perfect world I left to save, because I know it will be far from a perfect world to which I may . . . or may not return."

"The captain did not, will not, come back. But the world he went forth to save—with the help of God and a few Marines—will not forget him . . . nor the Marines who died and are dying in the Solomons.

"They have served justice and bought freedom."
—From a Marine Publication.

WELCOME BACK, CWS.

The Chemical Warfare Juniors have finally arrived back on the campus, having their basic training at Camp Sibert, Alabama. They have unanimously decided that they are extremely overjoyed, happy, etc., to be back.

Of thirty-eight men who left here in May, only eleven returned, which amounts to a cut of some odd sixty-six per cent. And judging from these statistics and the bull they have been slinging, their basic was nothing short of something awful. Just to get an idea of what it was like, the boys encountered bayonet practice, rough and tumble commando training, long road marches under field conditions, and all other minor things common to the PRIVATE'S private life. (K. P., guard duty, etc.)

They claim to have set a new world record in the guzzling of their favorite nectar, forty cases in forty minutes, believe it or not. However, being so close to Gadsden, Alabama, where they spent the weekday nights, and Birmingham, Alabama, where they spent the week-ends, the boys evidently had more than ample time to take care of all their social obligations in grand style.

Speaking in a serious mood, we are all glad to have you men back again, and everyone in the company extends a cordial invitation to each and everyone of you to come around and shoot the bull.

NOTICE To the officers and men of the 2 S. T. Co. 3800 ASTU, I wish to

LOUPOT'S
Watch Dog of the Aggies

Your Veterinarian

Glanders Epidemic-Russia, 1925: Appalling as the thought must seem to Americans, so helps was Russia to cope with the disease known as Glanders, after the revolution had "liquidated" its veterinary profession, that in 1925 the Soviet Red Gazette announced that "for humanitarian and sanitary reasons" the authorities had shot 117 children who had contracted the disease from horses afflicted with it.

That no such hopelessness as to the control of Glanders exists in America, is due to the fact that an (See VETS, Page 4)

extend my sincerest thanks for the many courtesies shown to my wife, myself, and my child.—W. K. Thomas.

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SATURDAY PREVIEW also SUNDAY and MONDAY
"ADAM HAD FOUR SONS"
— starring —
Susan Hayward
Ingrid Bergman
Warner Baxter

SATURDAY NITE PREVUE 9:45, also SUNDAY and MONDAY
"AIR FORCE"
— with —
John Garfield
Harry Carey
Gig Young

Plus Bugs Bunny as Super Rabbit

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"SHE HAS WHAT IT TAKES"

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THE GORILLA MAN

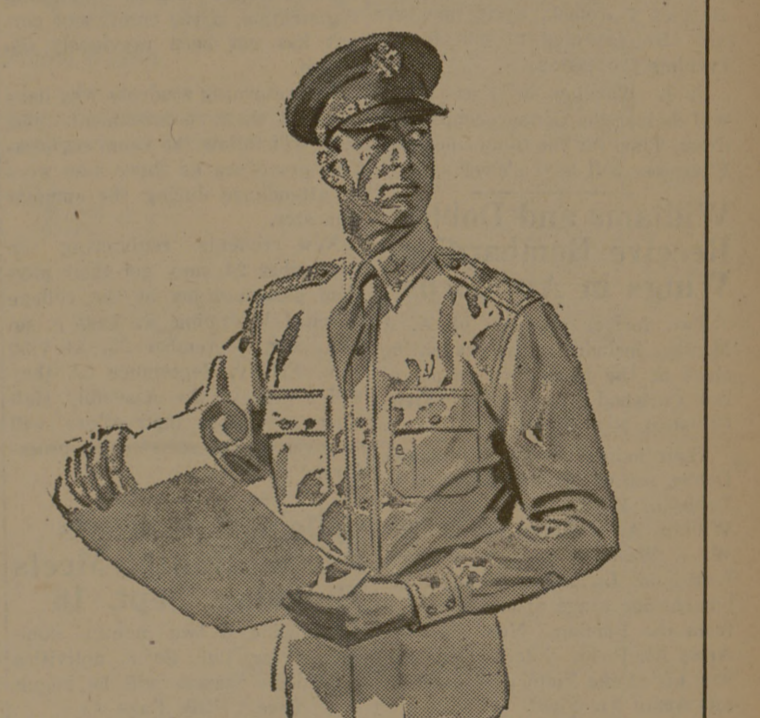
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Directed by D. Ross Lederman
Original Screen Play by Anthony Colverdy

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SATURDAY NITE PREVUE 9:45, also SUNDAY and MONDAY
"AIR FORCE"

— with —
John Garfield
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