

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

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A Word to the Corps...

Saturday is the day of the big game when the Aggies play T. C. U. at Fort Worth to see who becomes the only undefeated team of the Southwest Conference. An unexpected order from the Commandant's office authorized an official corps trip for the Aggies, but it seems that if you give anyone something for nothing, they will take advantage of it and want more. The authorization stated that students may leave the campus after their last class Friday. Leaving after their last class on this day should give every Aggie ample time to get to Fort Worth and have a good time at the same time. As soon as the Commandant released the order permitting students to leave on the official corps trip, many of them started talking about leaving early Friday morning while others wanted to leave Thursday night.

A few years before the war nothing was said about leaving early to go see the team defeat another team; some left two and three days early and their grades weren't even affected. Along with this, the Aggies didn't have to worry about whether their next Corps trips would be canceled because of leaving before the time set for the Aggies to leave. Now, however, these things should be noted carefully because official Corps trips aren't every day occurrences. The Aggie-T.C.U. game is going to be the game of the year; the Aggie-Rice game is going to be a good one also. When November 13 comes up, there will be a talk of another Corps trip coming up. If an official Corps trip is announced, it will be news and very unexpected. The only way for a trip to be authorized is for the Corps to stay until after their last class Friday, leave then, and give the T. C. U. Frogs everything that an Aggie can give them.

The commandant surprised the Corps; it is up to the Corps to surprise the Commandant by staying here until that last class. Which would you like to have, a Corps trip to Fort Worth and to Rice or just have one to Fort Worth? Of course, it is not absolutely sure that the Rice game will be authorized for the Corps, but there will hardly be a chance for one if the Corps doesn't play ball with the military authorities now.

The Texas Aggie Band...

Col. R. J. Dunn has and is maintaining his reputation of being the best band director in the nation by bringing forth another band that will prove worthy of bearing the name of the band of the Texas Aggies. Tuesday's "concert", at which time the band practiced a little marching, proved this. The band, although it will be good as far as bands go, won't be as good as in previous years for the simple reason that there are not 210 pieces representing it and it is only a freshman band.

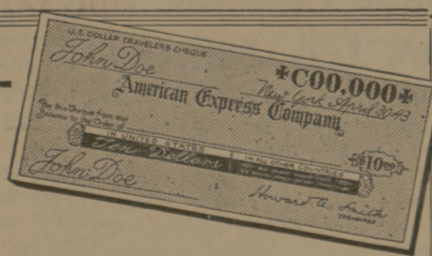
Several years ago when the band had so many pieces, it was acclaimed by some critics as being the best band in the nation. Unfortunate circumstances of a semester or so ago which were not the fault of the band members forced the best members of the band from among the ranks of the band. A simple act now would be to put these upperclassmen back in the band and again let it rise to its former position in the band world. The band is now a 60-piece band, something that has been unheard of for several years. It would be a swell thing if the band could come back to where it should be.

With another football season getting underway and the band playing during the halves of the games, it seems a shame to have such a small band go on the field when we could have at least a 100-piece band go out. The Corps wants a good band to represent Aggie land so why can't there be a better one than there is. Col. Dunn has done a very good job with the material that he has, but he could do a better one with more and more mature material.

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AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Man, Your Manners

By I. Sherwood

"What is the proper way to eat a baked potato?"

The usual way of eating a baked potato, either white or sweet, is to break it open with your fingers or fingers and fork; mix the butter, salt and pepper into a part of it at a time, as you need it. Do not scoop the insides with your knife or apply butter with your knife. The scooping, if any is done, should be done with the fork and the fork should be used for the buttering, also. The baked skin is considered a choice morsel and it is perfectly proper to eat it, if you like; your knife may be used to cut the skin, if needed, but the fork is usually all that is necessary. "What, specifically, are the foods one may eat with the fingers?"

"Finger foods"—olives, nuts, small pickles, celery, radishes, and other raw vegetables used as a relish; small fresh fruits, such as grapes, plums, cherries, whole strawberries; or larger fresh fruits, such as bananas, or those that are not too juicy to quarter, pare or handle with the fingers, such as apples and pears; breads, crackers, sandwiches, cookies, non-sticky cake, dry crisp bacon, potato chips and dry crisp shoestring potatoes, and cor on the cob. Sorry, but fried chicken is not on the list, you are supposed to be satisfied with what you can get with your knife and fork (unless you are alone in your own kitchen or at a picnic) so say those who know.

Something to Read

T. F. Mayo

Russia's "Winning of the East"

Emil Lengyel's recent book, *Siberia*, is the most interesting "travel book" I've ever read. In it, Siberia appears as the parallel in Russian history to the Far Western frontier in the history of the United States. Only Russia's "Far East" was acquired in the 16th Century by a bloody-minded half-mad despot, for 350 years was peopled by wretched exiles and fugitives from oppression, and was developed, if at all, not by sturdy individualistic pioneers like ours, but the corrupt and inefficiently tyrannical government of the Czars. The first nine-tenths of Siberia's history makes the most horrifying story that any country ever had. The bright and promising chapters begin only with the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, though even for the first ten years of the Communist Regime, civil war, counter-revolutionary adventures, and Japanese drives for annexation made the country a chameleon.

But the last fifteen years of Siberia's history have been a thrilling period of humane objectives, intelligent planning, enthusiastic and efficient work. The country has been proven to be what even the stupid czarist officials suspected it to be. An inexhaustible store-house of practically every-

thing that human beings need, The ropics have been irrigated; the Arctic has been electrically heated. The Trans-Siberian Railway has been double-tracked and supplemented by other lines. The country has been sheltered against Japanese aggression by the development of a great industrial and military establishment in the Far East. Above all, the wretched Siberians have been given work and hope and something to live for.

Lengyel's *Siberia* is in all its parts and from every point of view an entertaining and informative book. But the most interesting thing about it is not even in it (if you know what I mean): It is the implied comparison between the individualistic development (USA) and the socially controlled development (USSR) of a great and rich domain. If our West hadn't been practically fool-proof, our sturdy individualists would have wrecked it completely. As it is, we are spending millions now to try to repair the damage they did to the soil, the forests, the minerals, and what-not. As for what happens when a rich new domain is developed under social planning and social control, for social purposes—well, read Lengyel's *Siberia*.

Students Count the Steps of Passer-by

When internal combustion lab began to pall on the recently, a couple of V-12 seniors at M. I. T. walked outside, pulled out their sliderules and stop-watches and amused themselves by calculating the walking cadence of female passersby. They also clocked a couple of army officers at 119.5 steps per minute. This figure compares favorably with the regulation 120.

Conducted by experts who "know their onions," a special evening lecture series for victory gardeners was conducted this season at the University of Texas.

The Crouse College of Fine Arts at the Syracuse University was the first on the North American continent. Founded seventy years ago, it was also the first school to confer degrees for courses in architecture, painting and music.

The Lowdown on Campus Distractions

By Ben Fortson

Guion Hall comes through with an up-to-date hit this time with PRESENTING LILY MARS, starring Judy Garland.

This is a gay story of backstage life in the big-time theaters with delicate play of emotions all through it, the show concerns the consuming ambition of a girl who can take it; a family of cute kids; a man who falls in love with himself. Joseph Pasternack, the producer, has lived this boy and girl struggle to get someplace and is still young enough to translate his memories into entertainment that will please most any audience. Also in the cast are Van Heflin; Fay Bainter; Richard Carlson, and Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra.

The Lowdown: Strictly o. k. At the campus today and tomorrow is ESCAPE TO GLORY, starring Pat O'Brien and Constance Bennett.

One of the many pictures now being produced about the war this one has no unusual qualities in that it is a sea picture. Pat O'Brien is a fine actor and it is no fault of his when he is put off with this kind of role. It contains a good bit of excitement when the ship and crew have to fight it out with a German submarine. There's lots of gun-play for those who like it and the romantic angle is fairly good.

The Lowdown: O. K., but you wouldn't miss anything if you did not see it.

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A.S.T.U. NEWS

Chem News

In the last issue of the Batt, tall and bewildered Mr. Short apparently being short on news, just as we are tonight, was forced to print the song of fightin' Q. M. C. sing in their despondent moods. After several weeks of Stink Bomber basic at Camp Sibert, Ala., Pfc. Bob Drus (then Pvt.) assembled and started off the day with the following ditty, sung to the tune of "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech":

First Verse
You know I have a son Sir
He studied Chemistry.
He joined the U. S. Army for an education free,
And when he gets his furlough
I welcome home my pet —
I telephone the bug-house
And tell them to send a VET.

Chorus
I'm a physical wreck from Sibert
Tech
My home is my service mask.
My morale is o damn low
A furlough is all I ask.
I eat my chow from smoke pots,
I bathe in Chloride of lime,
They keep spraying gas all over
my tail,
I'm having a helluva time.

Second Verse
Now listen to the story Sir
Of poor old Corporal Jake,
While stationed on the main guard
He made an awful break;
And did they sentence him
To ten years in the pen, no,
They sent him back to Sibert Camp
And made him train again.

Third and succeeding verses are strictly censored. Similar songs are included in the Sibert repertoire. Drop in anytime, pull us away from our Wee Willie Chemistry, and we shall sing in silence.

Seniors Leave

On September 17, at 7:15 p. m., the above men received their degrees in Veterinary Medicine. All of these men were members of the 2nd Co. Today some of them are actively practicing their profession as 1st. Lts. in the Veterinary Corps of the Army of The United States. Others are engaged in the

fight behind the lines. These men are preserving sanitation, saving the lives of valuable domestic animals, and preventing the usage of spoiled or contaminated food by our fighting forces and our civilian forces. These men are today fighting the battle that tomorrow we vets of the 2nd Co. must fight.

I Challenge You

It is far from easy for all of us to stay in classrooms and prepare for the future when our closest friends and relatives are out on the battlefronts of the world killing and being killed—a sanguinary but necessary action which will eventually lead to peace.

Yet, at this time, it's wise to recall that victory on the field of battle will only be a prelude to ultimate victory which will take at least one decade to initiate and a century to realize. The destruction and undermining of our material things and moral values will leave their indelible stamp upon succeeding generations to the extent that we leave our work of reconstruction undone.

True! The challenge is bold and entails many hardships and privations which will have to be continued even after the actual fighting is over, but it is for us to decide—do we want a world of peace or more wars for our children?

A new semester has just begun, and now is the time for a resolute decision to pitch in at the very beginning and stay in there so that we will not fail in our duties when our time comes to contribute toward the making of a better and more friendly world.

Sgt. Sabo Marries

I walked into the room of Sgt. Sabo, 2nd Co., 1st Sgt., yesterday to get some news. Some stranger was the only person in the room. I turned to walk out, but was suddenly halted by a familiar voice—"Well, what do ya want?" Behold, it was no stranger. It was the Sgt. himself but with his appearance greatly changed. His hair (?) was combed; his pants had a razor crease, and his shoes

shone like a magnesium flare. I knew that it was true. The Sgt. was married. After a few questions the story came out. The Sgt. was married to Mrs. Gussie Plagens at the Evangelistic Church at Kurten, Texas, at 8:00 p. m. last Saturday night. The bride is the postmistress of Kurten. The Sgt. said, that after 8 years of eating army chow and making up bunks the army way, he was going to enjoy the help of a wife. How this is going to work, I can't see, for while Mrs. Sabo will take up residence at 2905 College Road, the Sgt. will have the extreme pleasure of living in room 127 of Dorm. 11 and will partake of his meals in Duncan Mess Hall. The men of the 2nd Co. wish the Sgt. all the luck in the world and hope that he may get an overnight pass every night of the week.

ASTP Patch

Uncle Sammy has finally gotten around to recognizing his ASTP brainbusters as a separate part of the army. To prove this recognition, the ASTP is soon to be given an arm patch of its own. This information appeared in the Oct. 15th issue of "Yank."

The patch has the sword of valor against the lamp of knowledge. The sword and lamp both are blue against a background of yellow. Consult the above mentioned issue of "Yank" for a picture of the patch.

Production has started of the patch, and maybe we will get them by January or February.

P. E. and Ha! Ha!

Last Saturday afternoon the boys in the 2nd Co., had a workout—and what a workout. Surprisingly, none of the weary wanderers grumbled about the task. The majority seemed to enjoy the trek, and the rest remained neutral. The jaunt started at the Cavalry stables; nicked the edge of Fish Lake; and wound up at Kyle Field. This all around 5 mile journey was made in three speeds—a high gallop, a slow trot, and a struggling stagger.

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