

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

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PENNY'S SERENADE

By W. L. Penberthy

In the years I have been connected with the College I have attended many athletic contests of various kinds and have witnessed many thrilling, as well as tense, moments. During this time the corps and the band have always played a very important part in the day's program. Their part has also been a very impressive one, but since Pearl Harbor their part in the program has meant much more to me than before that date. For the past two football seasons I have been in a position where I could look across the field at the Corps and watch our students as they stood and saluted while our band played the national anthem. The memory of this sight stays with me while some of the thrilling plays of the various contests have been forgotten. I wish it were so our cadets could see themselves as those of us across the field see them—I know they would be equally impressed.

As the men stand there, they give the impression of unity and their yelling as the game starts and progresses certainly convinces one of their unity of purpose—to help win the game.

As all this is going on, I can't help but wonder what goals could be attained if we had that same unity of purpose about everything we undertook to do. I feel that our present success in the war is due to the unity of purpose and action which is now being shown.

We may not always agree with a plan, but it has been my observation and experience that a poor plan backed by unity of purpose will meet with much more success than a good plan in which that unity is lacking.

Surely our Team is a good example of this; they are all trying to get the most out of a fine sport and are due the success they are having.

The Lowdown on Campus Distractions

By David Seligman

"Hers to Hold" is the coming feature attraction at the Campus Theater. If this isn't Deanna Durbin's best picture, it will serve as that until a better one comes along. La Durbin has shed her last semblance to an adolescent and has attained her place with the "grown up." With Joseph Cotten and Charles Wininger this film is both a funny-bone tickling and and heart appealing one. The theme is that of a por little rich girl who goes off the deep end for a dashing aviator. Cotten, and goes to work as a defense worker to land him, which she does after the usual romantic hurdles.

The Lowdown: Excellent entertainment.

Guion Hall's Thursday-Friday attraction is the old, but nevertheless excellent film entitled "Knute Rockne, All American." Starring Pat O'Brien as the famous football mentor, Gale Page as his loving wife, Bonnie, and Ronald Reagan in the character of George Gipp, the swivel-hipped half-back of the Notre Dame Team. The plot is a resume of Rockne's success story. It follows him through his college days at Notre Dame and then his coaching days there with the famous 'four horsemen.' The scenes of the campus and the games themselves are excellent examples of what Hollywood can really do. All in all it is a gripping picture that can stir you deeply.

The Lowdown: See it again.

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also Passing Parade
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LAST DAY
"BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON"
In Technicolor - starring
Dorothy Lamour
Richard Denning
Walter Abel

Tomorrow and Saturday
"HERS TO HOLD"
— starring —
Deanna Durbin
Joseph Cotten

The Aggie Spirit Dead?

Is the Aggie Spirit dead or is it dying? That is a question that has been asked time after time by exes who are now serving in the armed forces of their country and by people who are interested in the Aggies. According to P. L. Downs, Jr., '05, the Spirit is still in force and it will never die just as long as there are "Aggies left at this institution." To those who are led to believe that there is no Aggie left, it is well to take the word of a man who knows what he is talking about. Having been a student at Aggie land before any of the present Aggies were born and living here after his graduation, the friendly Mr. Downs can be taken for a man who knows his Aggies and the certain something that keeps the Spirit what it is.

It was indeed a treat for those members of the Corps who were at Yell Practice Monday night when one of the Yell Leaders introduced Mr. Downs as the man who was going to tell of Aggie land and the Aggie Spirit as he knew it and had watched it in his forty years as an Aggie. More men who can speak as did Mr. Downs are needed to make Yell Practices interesting to the Aggie. It is an almost sure thing that every Aggie who was listening Monday night enjoyed the talk, and it is also a sure thing that the Corps thanks those responsible for making the Practice as interesting and worthwhile as it was.

Twenty-Five Years Ago . . .

On November 11, 1918, World War I came to an end, an end that most people thought was here to stay. Many people lost their lives in this war that was supposed to be a "war to end all wars." They didn't mind because there would never be another war, but this was far wrong because on December 7, 1941, the United States was again engaged in a war—this time with the Japanese. Our country joined England and the countries that she was already fighting with in what was known as the Allies who were fighting for a common cause.

Today, everyone in the nation will stop to pay homage to these men who lost their lives in that bloody war, but they will pause at the same time to think of the many more men who have lost their lives in this World War II. This second world conflict is much worse than the first because of the improved methods of fighting. This may be the last war, and it may not. Everyone should stop for just a few minutes today and think and pray and hope that this will be the last war because only with God's help can this be the last.

Man, Your Manners
By I. Sherwood

A recent writer has come forth with wartime table manners that break some of the tightest rules of the most noted etiquette authorities. She doesn't want us to go as far as Jack Sprats did, but Mr. and Mrs. Sprat had nothing on some of us for cleaning plates; they did it for reasons gastronomic; we are doing it for reasons economic. Knowing men to break a rule takes good common sense. If you think your manners are good enough to stand the strain go ahead and break a rule, if it will help to save food.

Mop up your gravy with your bread if you must have something to take the place of butter—be neat about it—use your fork with small portions of bread to do the mopping up process.

If you think your friends won't think any the less of you after they see you gnawing on meat bones or chicken bones—to get that last bit of meat—do as you like about it. After the war you can take a refresher course in manners.

We have been taught to keep hands off, as much as possible, while we are eating grapefruit, but since they are so hard to get—for the duration—you may massage a half grapefruit to get that last drop of juice.

Rules or no rules, and no matter what happens, we are compelled to eat three meals a day. They should be made as pleasant as possible in order to give our spirits a lift.

Something to Read

By Dr. T. F. Mayo

A Meaning for the War
The Coming Showdown, by Carl Dreher
The Unfinished Task, by Lewis Corey
Toward Full Use of Our Resources, a bulletin by Alvin Hansen
Let the People Know, by Norman Angell
And Keep Your Powder Dry, by Margaret Meade
One World, by Wendell Wilkie

After re-reading these six of the best interpretive books which the present crisis has produced, I find that five general ideas seem to stay with me, though I can't say exactly from which book each one came:

1. That this war can be made to mean what we, the people, want it to mean: Either one more brawl for survival and power and loot, like all the dreary hundreds of wars that have disfigured history; or the necessary purchase price of a better, more just, more democratic world for everybody.
2. That Democracy is a sort of equilibrium between as much freedom and as much equality of opportunity as can be reconciled with each other. In complete freedom, the strong would so prey upon the weak that all equality of opportunity would disappear. For complete equality, the strong would have to be throttled down to an intolerable degree. Democracy, then, is a balancing of the two against each other.
3. We are fighting not to "defend Democracy," but to preserve our chance to make a Democracy, the very best chance that ever existed in the history of the world. If Hitler should win, that chance would vanish, perhaps forever. If we win—well, we shall still have a chance to make a Democracy.
4. That no international post-war arrangement can stand up, if the separate nations fail to give a square deal to any large class of their citizens. If American Negroes and tenant farmers, if British Hindus, if Latin American peons, if large classes of poor and helpless people anywhere, fail to be given a chance at educating themselves and living decent lives, then no League of Nations or World State, no matter how cleverly set up, can survive and prevent future wars. The problems of world peace and of social justice are one problem.
5. That, just as national isolation is gone forever, so the individual man can no longer isolate himself and his interests for national concerns. Social consciousness and a social conscience have become absolute necessities for a free people. We must all think and read and worry about the questions that so deeply concern us all. If we don't, if we charge bull-headedly and blindly after money and pleasure and "success," then somebody will come along and do the ruling for us, some Hitler or some military clique like that of Japan. It behooves everybody who believes in Democracy not only to work for Democracy and, if necessary to fight for Democracy, but—and this is really tough, I realize—to think for Democracy.

3801st Sparkles

Julius Bloom, Reporter

Pet point of interest (i. e. gripping) in the Unit these past few days has been the change in mess-halls we have suffered. Due to the return of the 3800th men, Duncan Hall could no longer accommodate our particular brand of chow-houndery.

Many is the threat of desertion that has passed the lips of a STAR since the change added three miles of walking daily to the strenuous (ed. note—Are you kidding, Bub?) routine in which our boys engage. We tried it ourself just one day, then went on sick-call and got off with the old pulled-muscle-in-the-leg-gag. Natch, the gag is hereby claimed as our own property.

It should remind most of our men of the time when they were in the army, this marching eight-tenths of a mile to and from chow, then walking on back. However, the fact that we can lose that Duncan Hall baby-fat must have its compensations.

Time and tide may wait for no man, but Sbis Hall reverses the process.

Life membership in the extremely superderogatory Order of the Purple Willie Button is this week extended to T/4 Orville Rue for his absolutely quiet demeanor and being on the ball. Taciturn Orville has his wife here, and that may be the check on him, but he certainly does stand out in the mess hall as an epitome of moderation when he does not even make the usual noise of smacking his lips together.

An inter-house football tourney has sprung up around our diggings to give the lads something to silence their nervous tension. The team of House Four has whipped the pants of House One, our alma mater. Truly collegiate is the atmosphere, with the lads walking around muttering under their breath. "Beat the HELL out of House Zero."

Attempting to pull a fastie in Dallas last weekend, Pvt. William "Fish" Eldot and Cpl. Isadore "Brigadier" Stahler had the tables slightly turned. The story goes that they met an elderly female in that town, and reckoned that they had stumbled on something good, namely a meal ticket.

After hindering about the good food for a while, the boys took matters into their own hands and steered their friend into a restaurant, and despite her persistent contention before they entered the eatery, that she was not hungry, she managed to stick them for a tidy sum.

Moral: Don't ask strange women to dinner unless they can show that they have the cash for their own bill.

S/Sgt. Bernard Kirsch, financially embarrassed, had to give up a date the other night with a local girl. Unfortunately, she had no telephone, and Bernie couldn't contact her. If she reads this, I am sure that she will understand that Kirsch saved her from a howling good time at home.

We beg to report that the address of the waitress Pvt. Robert Wood wanted has been duly discovered and entered in the files. If we can be of any like service to anyone else, the pleasure will be surely all that of the client, as in the case of the unknown waitress. She was interested as all get-out, but only in Bob. And this column goes on, still cherchant la femme.

Annoying as it may be, there will be some interest inspired by changing back to the old time schedule. We have not seen the sun rise so long that we are curious to learn if that practice still exists.

We are sorry for our roomie, Pvt. Thomas Fritscher. Much as we would like to, it is impossible to print his name here until he reaches an achievement of note.

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