

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 rate \$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 5, Administration Building. Telephone 4-5444.

1942 Member 1943
Associated Collegiate Press

Table listing staff members including Editor-in-Chief (H. Sylvester Boone), Associate Editor (Andy Matula), Sports Editor (Harold Borofsky), and various reporters and columnists.

Today is the Day . . .

Today is the day that every Aggie has been looking forward to, and that is the day when the fightin' Texas Aggies play the Rice Owls in Houston. A win today will mean the Aggies will be able to go into the Texas University game on Thanksgiving Day with an almost perfect record; that is, only one tie which stands in the way of that perfect record of seven games won.

Aggies will be found everywhere in Houston today. They will be found on every corner, sidewalk, drug stores, residential districts, and every other place that any college student might be found on the day of the big game. Today is, in reality, the day for the Aggies because they won't leave the Rice stadium without that game being their's. A mid-night yell practice was held last night, and it brought back memories to the exes who were once enrolled in A. & M. and it kept the spirit high among those who are now Aggies.

This will be a chance for the Aggies to show the City of Houston what an Aggie is because there is quite a bit of doubt as to whether they know. Show them as much consideration as they do for you. If the citizen's of this city are the perfect hosts like the City of Fort Worth was, then it is your duty to receive and act upon their courtesy as perfect guests should act. Fort Worth made you feel like you were wanted so see if Houston won't do the same. Remember, however, that this is your day, and you know what to do with the Rice Owls.

Women and the Post-War World

Since the first of September, 1939, women have been taking an increasingly large part in what was once called "A man's world." Women have been building ships, airplanes and munitions for the men who were once doing the job themselves. Though the introduction of women into the work world on so large a scale was not necessarily through choice, the women have shown, almost without exception, that they can do a man's job as well, or better than a man.

But with this development of woman power have come many problems, not the least of which is the problem of the post-war position of the feminine worker. The ordinary thought on the subject has been that at the end of the war woman's place will again be in the home.

Recently, however, Dean William Bowling of the College of Liberal Arts, Washington University, in an address welcoming new students brought forth a new thought on women at work. Dean Bowling said, "... They (college women) alone have the privilege of training themselves for efficient and effective service in the post-war world."

As Dean Bowling suggests, the period when we will cease to be dependent on women for work once done by men is not to appear immediately upon the demobilization of the Army and Navy. The men who have been trained for Army life cannot be expected to pick up highly technical and specialized tasks immediately. That will be up to the women who have taken this opportunity to prepare themselves for, in the words of Dean Bowling, "the age of the college women."

Possibly, it might be suggested that the solution will not be found in exclusion of women for certain jobs by the old edict of tradition, but instead, let individual ability and training determine the status of the individual.—Student Life, Washington University.

How To Write To That Boy

"Everybody in the outfit was feeling kind of low. Our mail came, and the next day was our second big battle. The mail made a lot of difference in the way that battle went. Everybody went into it feeling good—they had heard from home."

No artful blurb, this, from the facile typewriter of a Washington publicity man. Those are the words of a battle-hardened combat soldier, recorded by men of the Army's Special Service Division during an investigation to discover the kind of mail soldiers like to get. Multiply that statement a thousand times and you'll understand why Army officials consider mail from

home the greatest little morale builder ever invented.

There's such heap big medicine in a V-mail envelope from Du-buque that unsentimental Army men are prepared to use the whole might of the armed forces to assure its delivery. For the first time in the history of the war, a boy in a slit trench can get—by airmail, no less—his page of ardent nothings from Janie in Sioux Falls. The Army tenderly cradles a shipment of mail on every ship and plane leaving this country. From rear installations in combat areas, planes shuttle the mail to the most advanced foxhole. In North Africa, one Army Post Office on a much-

bombed airfield dug its quarters fifteen feet underground—and the mail went through. Thousands of former civilian postal clerks, bristling with pistols and Tommy guns, and specially tutored in the ways of Army mail, do their jobs so well that a letter addressed simply to "Tex, Machine Gun Company, —Camp" actually reached the soldier.

What's the soul-nourishing vitamin in a letter from home? Interviewers of the Army Service Forces grilled thousands of servicemen on this point. The answers provide an infallible recipe to follow when you're writing to your own serviceman.

Family chit-chat, news of friends, home-town gossip—these are the basic ingredients. The boy wants to know how the family is doing financially, and that you're busy as a beaver shortening the war on

OPEN FORUM

To Whom It May Concern:

We just wanted to relay a few thoughts that the ex-Aggies have about the situation at Aggieland.

That team of ours—we all know it's the best. When they told us we wouldn't win but one game, they didn't reckon with the scrappiest team the Aggies have put on the field in a long time, but you already know about this.

What we want to know is, do the yell leaders know the yells? Let's get them to brush up on "Lizzie" and slow "Aggies" down. And why can't we get all of the substitutions, it is the duty of those down front, regardless of their classification, to "pass those yells back." It is also up to the yell leaders to wait till the corps passes them to stop. That team means as much to us as it does to the corps, and we want to show them how we feel... They are al-

ways complaining about us being too loud; Army, pass those yells back and we'll rock the stadium. Let's make them admit that we are "true to each other as Aggies can be."

About that yelling, let's watch it when we have the ball. We can sing and yell when "they" have the ball and it won't hurt anyone.

It doesn't make any difference what those poor souls think over in Tea-land, we know who's the best. They know they'll never stop 100% of us, so let's not have any 2 percenters among us. This is our year Army, let's beat the hell out of Rice and Texas.

Pfc's

- Sylvan E. Ray, '43
Gene Paschall, '44
James F. Johnson, '44
Kenneth A. Ring, '45
R. Kenneth Williams, '45
Eddie G. Noyes, '45
Robert V. Thurmand, '45

To whom it may concern:

Saturday, at the game one of the worst things that has happened on this campus was witnessed. The Spirit of Aggieland was being played, 2000 cadets were singing and all of the people in the stands except for about twenty were standing as the song of A. & M. was played. But these twenty were seated right behind the band in the Aggie section. What is more they were merely disinterested spectators from the A. T. T. P. unit on this campus.

We Aggies have tried to show these boys some of our hospitality and friendship. We do not mind them coming to our football games and not yelling. We would rather have them for us, but that is up to them. However if they are in our section, we expect them to abide by our traditions. This means to stand during the game and

hump on our yells. This doesn't seem like much to ask from our "guests." Yet among these units there are some twenty or more men who wouldn't even stand for the school song.

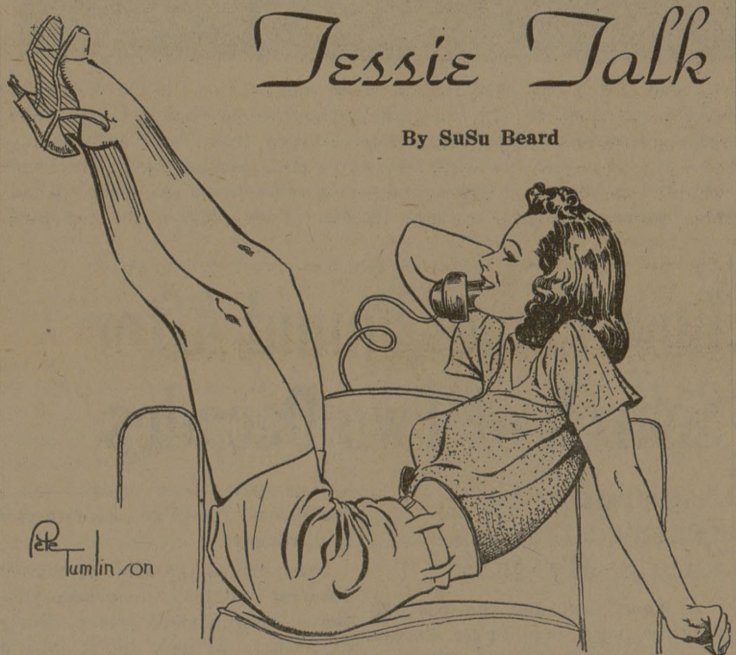
While on the subject it doesn't seem right that these "guests" of ours should yell for the other team merely because they are playing the Aggies. Yet in every game played on the campus the A. S. T. P. (excluding Aggies-exes and activated seniors) has yelled for the other team.

We are trying to make your stay at College Station an enjoyable one; all we ask is that you cooperate with us a little bit.

- Ed Katten '46
Bobby Kleas '46
James Kirk '46
Arthur C. Hay '46
B. C. Reeves '46
W. E. Denerstein '46

Jessie Talk

By SuSu Beard



Goodness, it's too bad that you aren't thoroughly aware of the disturbances around here, caused by the girls who are going to Houston for the game with Rice. Things are most confusing as everyone is borrowing each others clothes and so on. As it is now, no one knows who's or what's who. With this in mind A. & M. can expect feminine support from T. S. C. W.—even from those no nearer the game than the air waves permit.

Sunday afternoon the girls began returning from College Station. They came dancing in with droopy eyes and happy smiles. Of course, we all demanded to know immediately exactly what happened or what didn't happen. However, it wasn't until Monday that the reply was anything other than "Gee, it was wonderful!" Now that might be all right for an answer, but it isn't sufficient when you want to know if your true love had had a date with another girl, or if the boy with the eyes flirted with someone else.

Fellows, drastic things have been happening. Many of you have been writing here to your box number, but there hasn't been a corresponding T. S. C. W. box for all those letters. Our boxes number from 2001 to 2923, so those of you who have not written within this series can now understand why there has been no reply. Most of these letters were mailed around the first of the month, so if your's was among the forlorn letters, how about writing again, no telling what may result.

We spend hours each day trying to guess just how long our Christmas holidays will be. All of us are keeping our fingers and eyes crossed while hoping for a month. This would mean that several of you would get to see several of your friends, but most likely at the same time. My, wouldn't that be nice?

Here's imagining that the big score of this week's game belongs to the Aggies—best of luck.

SuSu

the home front. He'll be secretly tickled to hear that a mad afternoon of Victory gradening brought Uncle Wilbur down with lumbago. And don't forget to tell him, in a many sort of way, that you're all crazy to have him back.

Tell him what happened to his friends in the service; you know more about them than he does. Write about the girls he knows, and who's marrying whom; but if his special girl is gadding about with other men, for heaven's sake, just forget the whole thing. Write about the town's night life, and what's cooking at the places he used to like. How are the home teams making out? Is point rationing turning Mother into a C. P. A.? Have his family, and his country, any plans for his future after the war? He wants to know.

Spare him your worries; he has his own. Don't mutter about civili-

3801st Sparkles

By Julius Bloom

Rugged individualist to the extreme degree, Pvt. Melvin Trachtman has solved for himself, and posterity, the problem of how to make the most time in the morning. Faced by the bane of a G. I.'s existence, the problem of policing one's environs, "Schoolboy" Mel has hit upon an excellent practice.

Any of these cold mornings, if you care to arise that early, Mel will be found in the place, busily set about washing and shaving in preparation for a hard day at the library. The trick of it all lies in the fact that the ablutions are performed long before the dearly beloved bugler is pondering whether the happy young chap who awakened him is kidding; diligence, to say the least.

Pfc. Robert Snoddy has sweated through the rigors of classification to enter into the hallowed circles of the classified sections. Never one to be daunted by obstacles, Snoddy really put out on this one. Unfortunately, the lad is addicted to being flat, and needless to say, in his company, the use of tobacco is a social obligation more than a personal luxury. He's a good lad to have around, though, between sips of beer.

When a group of his buddies left, recently, Pvt. James Abbot was left with a sweet momento. The dear chaps, knowing that Jim would be on c. q. the next morning, systematically proceeded to insure his working the fullest extent of his time. It was humorous when they soaped up the windows of Abbot's room, but that waterproof shoe polish they used for tie-tac-toe on the walls was a bit too much.

Abbot is on exhibition every day as the perfect example of a man with nervous prostration. Admission is only to orphans 99 years old who have their parents' written consent.

One good Joe in these parts is S/Sgt. George Reed, pappy of Project House One. Reed is helping to referee the football games played in the inter-house tournament. No mean purveyor of pig-skinery himself, George played with his college team a few years back, and from his appearance now, one would imagine that he was a more than competent guard.

Surprising sight of many weeks was the way Reed grabbed a copy of the works of Shakespeare that passed his way a few nights ago; a sound mind in a sound body. However, one would say that the weight he carries among the constituents of our group is more engendered by his gridiron prowess than by his discussion of "Othello."

In line with the football tourney, if no other award has been selected for the winning team, we care to go on record as suggesting that each member of the champion crew be outfitted with one of Sgt. Michael Broody's rust-proof, dust-proof, moth-proof, silver-plated, streamlined, uncrackable T. S. cards. These cards are said to be honored on any post in the country, and their real value lies in the fact that cannot be punched, and are thus everlasting.

With the dim-out lifted back home, we wonder what will become of the lines of smoochers who lined the boardwalks at the beaches the last time we saw Rockaway. Undoubtedly, the poolrooms will be getting a larger attendance, but now that the boys have civilized themselves to the company of females, there is no telling to what extremes they may resort. Naturally, none will ever think of that most horrendous of expedients, spending a quiet evening at home.

We were strictly a home boys ourselves: as long as the gal's mother kept a well-stocked pantry. an hardships; his are worse. Be happy and newsy. Is your letter fit to be read in a foxhole? Then you've written a piece that Steinbeck couldn't better.

Send snapshots, of course, but when you photograph Mother be sure she's not poised winsomely in front of an important arsenal. The enemy is sly in sifting information from such little things. One succulent topic you must never write about is the weather. Sorry, it's a military secret; and so is

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The Lowdown on
Campus Distractions

By David Seligman

"Shadows of the Thin Man," one of the famous series featuring the renown sleuth, Nick Carlos, his wife Nora, and last, but not least, their pooch Asta is the weekend workout at Guion Hall. True to form the cast gives out with good comedy as well as melodrama. A jockey murdered in the race-track

COMMENT

(Continued From Page 1) first American to see the comet since news of its discovery had been received at Harvard several days earlier. It is possible that he made the only observations of the comet from the Western Hemisphere, for he reports that by Sept. 22 its magnitude had dropped from tenth to thirteenth, making it very difficult to locate.

Mr. Peltier states that the Diama comet was somewhat brighter at the center but without any suggestion of nucleus or tail.

Mr. Peltier's observations confirmed the path of the comet as indicated by the original discover, although its motion was exceedingly rapid. This, and the rapid fading of its light, explain why the comet proved so elusive. However, European astronomers observed it well enough for an orbit to be computed. From this it appears that the comet is already on its way into the depths of space, having passed nearest to the sun on Aug. 21.—Science News Letter.

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—starring—
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Joseph Cotten

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and SUNDAY
"VIVACIOUS
LADY"

—starring—
James Stewart
Ginger Rogers

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and WEDNESDAY
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Betty Hutton

— in —
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shower is the problem, the clues are numerous and confusing, but William Powell and Myrna Loy straighten everything out and solve the case. The show is witty as only the Powell-Loy team can produce. The dog does his share of the sleuthing and gets lots of laughs.

The Lowdown: The dog is tops, so are the other two.

The Campus egives "The Vivacious Lady" as the ned of the week attraction. Starring Ginger Rogers and James Stewart, this is an old reel, but still good.

Let's all get down to Rice and boost the team to victory, ole Army.

A seminar in speech pathology for in-service teachers is being organized for the current term at Wayne University, according to A. W. Bilo, acting director of the speech clinic, who stated that major emphasis in the course will be laid upon the problems involved in rehabilitation of soldiers injured in the war.



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