

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

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American Friendliness . . .

From the Gulf of Mexico to the tip of Maine and from the edge of the Atlantic Ocean to the seaboard of the Pacific, a certain type of cheerfulness and friendliness can be detected. Every section of the country has their own way of showing this congeniality toward their fellowman, but they are to be commended for doing it at all. Too few countries have this attitude; that is why they are usually the loser in their battles, as is the case now.

Since World War II shoved its way into the life of every American, this spirit of friendliness and cooperation has shown itself up more and more. This happens at camps and colleges all over the country. A. & M. has always had what they call the Spirit of Aggieland and whoever comes in contact with it takes a little with him wherever he may go. It is the greatest spirit in all the world. Any Aggie will say the same, but this isn't limited to Aggies alone. Aggieland isn't the only college that lives a friendly life toward the next door neighbor. Other colleges have it also, but their's a much younger friendliness.

To cite examples, one might use Texas University, the traditional rival of the Aggies. They might be odd characters to the typical Aggie, but the majority of them are cordial to the Aggie as the majority of the Aggies are the same way to them. The small colleges are not to be left out either. Little Southwestern University is one of the best of all colleges for treating their visitors with a welcome hand. No other college can beat their way of showing guests a good time. Texas State College for Women is also a college to show that the girls who go there have the good old American way of life as to the way they greet those who find themselves on their campus. These are only a few of the Texas institutions which go all out with their helping hand. With colleges like these, along with Sam Houston Teacher's, San Marcos Teacher's, Texas Christian University, and all of the others, no war can be lost by America and its Allies.

OPEN FORUM

Editor's Note: Following is a clipping from the T. S. C. W. Lass-O, student body newspaper, which speaks the mind of an Aggie in reference to making trips to Tesseliland. It might prove worth while for more Aggies to find their way to Denton, even in these war times.)

"I only wish the present Aggies could make the weekly trips to TSCW like we used to," Pfc. S. K. Kirk, ex-Aggie '43, stated in a letter to the Lass-O, while reminiscing the days when Aggieland boys infested the TSCW campus every week-end. "But the lack of transportation has jammed the works," he said in reference to the annual corps trip.

In his letter he mentioned that he and Mildred Margaret Henrichs, B. S., '42, were planning to

be married Dec. 20 in Wharton, Texas.

"To me TSCW puts out some swell gals (heck, I'm marrying one) and a closer relation between it and Aggieland is highly desirable. If you could only do something for these poor Frogs, Fish, Sophs, and even Juniors who have never seen the light," he added.

A proud parent called up the newspaper and reported the birth of twins. The girl at the new desk didn't quite catch the message over the phone. "Will you repeat that," she asked. "Not if I can help it," was the reply.

She was only a lumberman's daughter, but even then you could tell that she'd been through the mill.

Something to Read

By T. F. Mayo

Did You Miss Any of These?

The College Library recommends the following baker's dozen of books as perhaps the best novels (well, some of the best) that have been written in modern times.

Of Human Bondage, by Somerset Maugham (English).—The Modern young man's long struggle to find a meaning in life—or to make a meaning for it.

Babbitt, by Sinclair Lewis (American).—A highly irreverent portrait of that sacred character, the American Business Man.

The Man of Property, by John Galsworthy (English).—The story of a man whose dominant impulse was to own things, but who found that only the unimportant things can be owned.

An American Tragedy, by Theodore Dreiser (American).—Why do success stories go wrong so often in real life? Is this tragedy peculiarly an American one?

The Magic Mountain, by Thomas Mann (German).—An international saintarium in the Alps becomes the symbol of the Western world, with its warring philosophies and profound diseases.

Round-up, by Ring Lardner (American).—The short stories, funny but bitter, of a great American who saw too deeply for his own or his readers' comfort.

Point Counterpoint, by Aldous Huxley (English).—Highly sophisticated people caught in the glittering, merciless web of their own obsessions.

Sanctuary, by William Faulkner (American).—Evil is powerful and good is feeble and helpless in Northeast Mississippi. An impressive and terrible book.

The Don Flows Home to the Sea, by Sholokhov, Mikhail Aleksandrovich (Russian).—Probably the finest story that has come out of Communist Russia, and yet not a Communist story.

Man's Hope, by Andre Malraux (French).—The clash of world faces in Spain. Brilliant talk and heroic action.

USA, by John Dos Passos (American).—A group of three tremendous stories of American life, ending in the 1928 crash.

The Grapes of Wrath, by John Steinbeck (American).—American rural humanity uprooted and on the march, in laughter, tears, heroism—and Model T's.

For Whom the Bell Tolls, by Ernest Hemingway (American).—The darling of the Lost Generation comes to age at last. Robert Jordan, his hero, is the best full-length portrait of the modern ideal of personality.

3801st Sparkles

By Jack Mondo

Fortunate it was that the Eagle strafed us with the great god (small 'g', thank you) green a week ago. With nary a pawn shop in sight, our "Esprits de Corps" had sunk so low, that complete liquidation resembled a positive situation. Do you concur 1st. Sgt. Rosenblatt? Say what you will about inspiring factors; natural incentive, letters from home, THE furlough, the omni-present mate (or a reasonably exact facsimile), et al.—BUT without the multifarious "mazuma," our unit isn't worth a lead nickel. That, friends, you can take literally!

You Leave Me Breathless Dept.—Since Cincinnati University has claimed our erstwhile tower of Ty Power tendencies, S/Sgt. Bernie Kirsch . . . that loud ripple in the stream of local hearts . . . that . . . (add superlatives with reckless abandon) . . . nominations for his successor are before the board. We proffer that savoir-faire personality. Connecticut's contribution to any gigolo parade, soul-stirring Pfc. Basile. Rumor hath that Jerry is giving gratis lectures (with illustrations) on the art of romance. (Editor's note to Miss Anonymous: ARE Latis lousy lovers?)

Special appeal to that indomitable "Act of Congress" that is "the be all and the end all here." Kindly inform this Technician-Grade VII of the required behavior when one of your Commanding Officers takes a visiting Major into the alleged privacy of your wash room. There you are, undressed for the occasion, deep in the glory of your "bawth." Do you stand at attention, thus giving the Pneumo-coccus bug an engraved invitation? or do you lightly but politely drown yourself to get out of the glare of that blinding hardware? Captain Earll, would it be asking too much for the customary ten seconds notice before the next tour?? The mustachioed paperhanger's (mustn't say the naughty word) PURGES are a taffy pull as compared with the recent Post Office

change in personnel. Of course, with the jobs went four (count 'em) cherished Class A passes, the same "bathed in blood." Out going males are Messrs. Zmijewski, Samek, Reifer and Jianakoplos. Their Special Delivery replacements and new members of the "charmed" circle include Messrs. Bregman, Nebergall, Mills and Eldot. Formations presuppose men . . . and that one o'clock session is here to stay.

Something to behold in this STAR unit is the fabrication of friendships,—formed overnight and seemingly, dissolved as quickly. The redeeming feature is the desire for continuity on both sides,—those gone and we who remain. Methinks they spring for man alliance of feeling, an undeniable community of purpose and a fiery zeal to make good in our future capacities. The unfolding of human nature, chapter by chapter—in its nobler compliment—always has been a revelation to us. It's the greatest show on earth and . . . it's free! The finer things in life are, you know. We'd like you not to construe the above as a request for a custom-built soap box. It's simply "ipso facto" that we of ASTP (All Set Tojo-Punt! A pass or prayer won't help now) are "Hail fellows, well met" or if we fall short, at least the intentions are good.

—TYPHUS—

(Continued from Page 1)

and Asia. He was engaged in specific tropical disease studies in British Malaya, Siam, and Liberia.

His arrival in the United States was upon formal invitation of the National Research Council to participate as typhus expert in the Pacific Science Congress. Since then he has been associated with the University of California and Colombia University and is now Associate Professor of Tropical Medicine at the University of Texas School of Medicine. Dr. Anigstein has published over seventy papers on bacteriology, protozoology, epidemiology and tropical medicine.

The Lowdown on

Campus Distractions

By David Seligman

"Holy Matrimony" comes to the Campus Tuesday for a two-day run. Undoubtedly Monte Wooley can be expounded as one of the best present day humorists in the screen world. Films in which he stars are filled with his subtle humor. The feature at the Campus is no exception. Wooley is there with all his wit and ability. Playing opposite him is the wonder star Gracie Fields in one of the outstanding roles in her career. The plot of the picture is the story surrounding the arrival of an explorer back in this country. It seems that his valet dies and some way the news gets twisted into the story that Wooley, and not his servant is dead. Wooley decides that he will escape public life for a while and let the story stay incorrect. Assuming his valet's name Wooley falls in love with Gracie whose name was connected with the valet's wife by a marriage. Comedy and trouble arise when the dead valet's wife and flock of "kids" arrive on the scene. By pretending that Wooley has gone crazy, Gracie chases them off, and the story has a happy ending.

big picture, but it is a funny one and proves what Skelton can do if given the proper material. His gags are fast and his facial contortions are also good for laughs. This is the second in the series of



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