

The Battalion

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Texas A. & M. College

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Aggies . . . Now and Forever

Today, and for many days to come, servicemen will be returning to the United States and home after many long weeks and months of overseas duty. Some come back in large transports, while others, to impatient to endure the slow voyage by sea, fly home in grant fortresses, gaining the quickest passage home. On their journey homeward, they think, in deep silence. Yes, they think a great deal, not caring to talk or divulge their thoughts to anyone. Their minds are filled with last impressions and pictures of home, their loved ones and friends. The faces of their dear ones pass by in front of them as they meditate and dream of home. Home, only a four letter word among the thousands to be found in the dictionaries; but to the returning servicemen, it has a million dollar sound and it's the only word they know. Home, with its own quaint little oddities, and simple design. Only a mass of wood and nails, but to him every splinter of wood in that home is sacred, something for which he spent countless days and nights in cold, chilly foxholes. Something for which he offered his life time and again in battle; the supreme sacrifice.

He remembers these times for a brief moment but then quickly changes his thoughts again to home, and those who are waiting for him. Is home still the same? Have any new buildings been built? Does Tony still have his ice cream parlor at the end of the block? I wonder if they still have the open-air band concerts every Thursday night in the park. I sure hope they're still playing football games every Friday night at the high school stadium. I won't mind much if all the fellows I graduated with from high school are gone. I'd sure like to see and talk to everyone of them, but I know they can't be there. I just want to see once again the places which gave me one of the naippiest and fullest child-hoods a boy could hope for. The old swimming hole, the fields where I used to hunt, and the old vacant lot where our neighborhood had its big football game every Saturday. Just let me be by myself that I may view these holy places once again in silence. These are only a few of the thoughts racing through the mind of the war veteran as he speeds homeward—oblivious of the world about him. He doesn't look forward to a fast, exciting life when he gets home. He just wants to "stay around the house awhile" and listen to the radio and just sleep and take it easy.

Does the returning servicemen want sympathy and pity? Many returning veterans are bitter and take hostile attitudes toward civilians, scorning them for their happy-go-lucky routine of life. They have just returned from distant battlefields where the ultimate was expected of a man at every moment to a life with people who do not know and understand what a booming or a strafing or an artillery barrage can mean. Some may call it pity and sympathy which the veteran desires but isn't there a more rightful term for it—just earnest appreciation and consideration. Earnest appreciation and consideration for men, some who are coming back to a land they haven't seen for two years with only one arm or one eye, or with artificial legs providing their only mobile means. Some who still retain memories of faithful buddies being blown to bits by land mines or shot in the back by a hidden sniper.

Some will offer temporary condolence to the maimed servicemen, but years later, when fleeting expressions of sympathy have long past, that shirt sleeve or pant leg will still be hollow. These men don't ask for pity or sympathy. They will be competing with college graduates and men whose minds have not been scarred by the memories of dead comrades and nights of hell and torture on the battlefronts. But they ask no favors. They were men enough to take all that the horrors of war could offer without losing their determination or initiative; will a missing arm or leg stop these kind of men? They don't ask that they be treated with particular fineness and care. They ask only that they receive rights and privileges accorded any citizen of this free country; the rights and privileges which we never stop, and give any deep thought to; the rights and privileges for which they offered their lives in battle time and again. Men do not ask for consideration and appreciation for services rendered but an act of gratitude or an earnest thought of appreciation is never to be forgotten and it is sometimes the helping hand which instills in a man that self-confidence needed to lift him over the barriers which may have previously barred his path to happiness and success.

On the A. & M. campus today are men who have seen and experienced the ravages of war in the fullest sense. They are adjusting themselves once more to the life of a college student; once again enjoying regulated hours of sleep, study, and relaxation. Gone are the many tiresome, sleepless nights spent in the open, facing death in its every form. Yes, at the age of 19, 20, and 21, they are war veterans. They have done their part in this war and they are now working to lift themselves over any barriers which might confront them on their road to a successful, happy, and normal life. It has always been the unwritten law at Aggieland that members of the Corps show due consideration and appreciation for fellow Aggies. An earnest act or display of consideration and appreciation is never to be forgotten and its value is priceless. The war veterans on this campus are Aggies now and forever.

BACKWASH

By Junior Canis

Backwash: "An agitation resulting from some action or occurrence."—Webster.

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to what an Aggie's been thinking about all winter and now it looks as if that time is here. The time when Aggies sit in classrooms and gaze longingly out the windows and instead of seeing far a way clouds and waving trees they see an orchestra at the Plantation, the terrace at Lou Ann's, the calm, soothing breezes at White Rock Lake, a spry and lithsome little Tessyite, smiling and gay. It's the king of weather that makes Aggies whistle on the way to Calculus classes; send Vet students on a rampage; (mister, grab your dog); Causes Non-regs to roll their levies a little higher above their boots; makes Tommy Penn seep in cass; causes Rollo Langford to reduce?

Noticed About the Campus

Seniors eyeing their boots longingly, wondering when the promotion list will come out; Lloyd Schumann putting his Fish baseball team through its paces; the scarcity of Aggies watching football practice; (company commanders, take notice) Jimmy Henderson and Joe Green "dogging" it around the cinder track; the lights on at 2 a.m. in Hart Hall; must be studying; Tommy Murnane outrunning "speedy" Tassos in the 100 yard dash; the large stetson worn by the profs to and from classes; the many queries as to when the first dance will be held; the noticeable lack of freshmen at the basketball game; the sudden popularity of cartoons in dormitory four;

Let's Amble to Austin

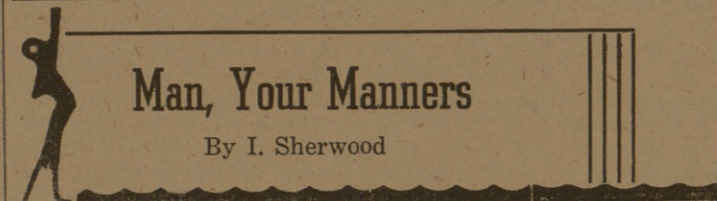
All Aggie thumbs point toward Austin this weekend as tearful teahounds relish the thought of squaring accounts with the cadets over the two T. U. blankets which were "left behind" by the teaspire at last week's basketball game. A dog always barks loudest in his own back yard and plenty of howling is expected at teatown after the Aggie Corps moves in Saturday night. The trip to Austin will cost you only the price of the ticket to the game as sleeping facilities can be obtained by contacting some of the Exes now stationed there in the V-12 unit. At last reports the Aggie club there is as strong as ever and Jimmy Grizzard, Chuck Patterson, Danny Hearn et al will be on hand to lay out the welcome mat. (Note: Don't forget what happened last Thanksgiving at T. U.)

Sad Sights

The withered, tattered wreath above Rev's grave; one would think she left us as she came to us, alone, with no friends; is that all that her memory means to Aggieland? Rev never did ask any favors, she was always loved enough or thought enough of that she didn't have to;

Seen Around

Kirk Henderson was on the campus this week; Ole "Red" has finally received that special invitation, R.S.V.P. Roses are red, violets are blue, Howard Selby goes with a sweet Tessie, Wouldn't you? Boyd Davies and Graham Barbour were trodding the famous streets of Dallas last Saturday; alone, too; and with boots on; very particular; Jimmie Evans is a mechanical genius; While on a date he shifted gears in an Austin without getting his face slapped;



Man, Your Manners

By I. Sherwood

The first thing a new student should do at college is to seek a knowledge of his school—even in war time. If he is called into the Service he will want to plan to return to A. and M. He should learn the traditions—the ones the school is famous for—and the reasons behind the rules that govern the school so that he may be an intelligent follower of them.

Roommates seldom have all the privacy, comforts, and conveniences they had at home and they must learn to share their common territory and possessions fairly. Neither should attempt to make the other over and both should be equally fair to the other's way of doing things.

A. and M. is a man's school—

man meaning gentleman, of course—gentleman meaning man of good education and nice manners; one who knows consideration for others.

A gentleman's manners are an integral part of him and are the same no matter where he may be.

A gentleman does not borrow money except in unexpected circumstances and money so borrowed must be returned promptly.

A gentleman does not show a letter written by a lady, unless perhaps to a friend if the letter is impersonal and from someone who is equally a friend of the one to whom it is shown; he does not read another's mail even when it is conveniently placed.

PENNY'S SERENADE

By W. L. Penberthy

Back in 1926 when I first became a member of the teaching staff of the College, compulsory convocation was held for the student body each Sunday morning. If my memory serves me right, this custom was discontinued in 1927 after a great deal of discussion. During the time the question was being debated, I visited in the home of one of our graduates who lived in Brenham. On that day

Penberthy was also a visitor in his home. These men had graduated several years before and neither seemed very religiously inclined so I was surprised when they brought up the question and showed deep concern over the possibility that compulsory chapel might be discontinued. Both agreed that when they were students they hadn't enjoyed the services nor appreciated their value but, since, had come to realize the worth of the program to them.

I am convinced that proper balance is of utmost importance in the development of fine performance in sports and in life. If we are to be happy and successful I feel that we should maintain a proper balance between our work, love, worship and recreation. In many cases I am afraid we are prone to get out of balance by neglecting our worship. It is easy to do and one must exert some self discipline, but the returns are great and I feel sure that every one of us would please our parents a great deal by regular worship.

Next week has been designated as Religious Emphasis Week. We are going to be encouraged to worship at combined services and at the church of our choice. We are mindful that many do not have such freedom and no encouragement. If we are a little out of balance religiously we will have a grand opportunity to get back in tune.

Each year a line of fire 33,000 miles long and two-thirds of a mile wide eats its scarlet way through our woodlands, striking at the very heart of our national prosperity.

China once thought she could get along without forests, but at present the Chinese do not have enough wood material to manufacture coffins for their dead.

WHEN YOU VISIT SOUTH AMERICA AFTER THE WAR, YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW

SPANISH

A. S. T. P. Excerpts

ASTU — 1st Co.

By Phillip Lichtenstein and Harold Squire

In the second week of the present term Edward Cushen, ASTP basketball manager, announced that twelve of the twenty seven men who turned out at the try-outs held Tuesday evening showed a great deal of promise. These include: John Russell, Alfred Gitter, Joe Fisher, and Richard Blake, of the First Company; and Frank Lowry, Raymond Lewis, Paul Georgas, Robert Cooper, Thomas Robbins, John Centanni, Hector Barrera and William Ponder, all of the Second Company.

"Mouse" Carlson seems to be having considerable trouble choosing one of several girls from Wichita, Kansas, to Austin, Texas. Wish we had a similar problem. The ASTP is looking forward with considerable anticipation to Rise Stevens' appearance here in March. We hear she sings a mean torch song.

In view of the fact that Bob Athey spent five weeks planning his furlough last term, his next is bound to be a lulu since he's already started preparing his itinerary and agenda.

We notice that Brooks Stein and Marvin Cohn have quieted down considerably since last semester. This is the first time married life has been known to act as a sedative.

Considering Joshua's feat at Jericho, we are deeply concerned with the future of Dorm. 1. If Willie Plant's trumpet ever hits the building's period of vibration, the results are liable to be catastrophic.

Lou Oddo is the first male we've ever seen swoon to the crooning of "Frankie".

Walter McKibben and Herbert Neillinger cut striking figures in their first public appearance on the stage of Guion Hall the night of the Adler-Draper concert. As piano movers, the audience considered the two worthy of an ovation. A return engagement has been promised them.

ASTU — 2nd Co.

By Bob Frisby and Dick Augrain

As the second week of the new term rolls by, groans can be heard issuing from the ASTP Dormitory. To an outsider, it would seem that a horrible and nameless epidemic was running rampant among the personal of this organization.

Well, the truth of the matter is that an epidemic is taking its toll. Mainly from the ranks of the new men. The epidemic? We call it "Chronic Snafu-ism". It is a complicated, highly contagious malady, the meaning of which can be summed up in a single paragraph.

The new men are just experiencing the period of "indoctrination, inoculation, and frustration". They are confused by the regimentation of the program, weary from the physical conditioning program, and sore from the various and sundry vaccinations and army takes liberty of impregnating their bodies with. There is also a prevailing lack of uniforms due to shortages from our sources of supply.

It is to be conceived that the next cycle will be "rehabilitation" with the grace of God and the Quartermaster Corps, all these difficulties will be ironed out in a very few days, and these men will be on the road to a much happier and more useful life in the program.

The mud-covered and thoroughly bedraggled figure of our own Gene McCormack was seen doing the Australian crawl across the athletic field Monday afternoon under the pretense of playing football with himself. Say, Mac, how old did you say you were?

Most of last term's basketball team has gone to basic; however, this term finds a new and promising quintet springing into life. At the first call, twenty-five ambitious stalwarts responded. Using this for a foundation for our high hopes, we plan to build up some competition for the seemingly unbeatable ASTP team.

This about winds up the news from this quarter until the first termers get the spinal injection from the corkscrew needle. We all wish them the best of luck!

"Aggies In Action" . . .

Fightin' Texas Aggies

CLASS OF 1945

Sidney L. "Slim" Inzer, former sports editor of the Battalion, who graduated last month, is now working for the Humble Oil and Refining Company. Pfc. George D. Dickie is now on overseas duty. Pfc. Jack L. Turner is now at the school of medicine at Tulane University. He would like to hear from any of his old buddies in "M" Infantry. Pfc. Robert Sims was recently awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge. Lt. Frank S. Haines, Jr., at last report, was somewhere at sea, along with several other members of his class. Pfc. John A. Knight reports that a jeep in the 99th division was given the name "Texas Aggie." Thomas J. Tighe, Houston, was commissioned a 2nd Lt. upon completion recently of the advanced single-engine pilot training school at Foster Field, Texas. Cpl. Laddie Liska, Range, Texas, was a starting halfback for the Fifth Army Mudders when they met the 12th Air Force in the Spaghetti Bowl football game somewhere in Italy on New Year's Day. He played on the Aggie team here in 1942 before entering the service. Lt. Julian B. Honeycutt, Jr., reports there are quite a few Aggies on the same island with him somewhere in the South Pacific. While waiting for an assignment he has been enjoying swimming, mountain climbing and fishing.

CLASS OF 1946

Pvt. Darrell F. Manley, Miles J. Luster, and Charlie Moseley are now with the Marines in the South Pacific. Lt. Jack W. Howell is now a pilot in the Air Corps on duty at Spence Field, Moultrie, Georgia. Jack L. Roger, ball turret gunner on a Liberator bomber of the 15th AAF in Italy, has been promoted to Staff Sgt. He has flown over 25 combat missions covering eight European countries since his arrival overseas in September, and holds the Air Medal with the Oak Leaf Cluster for meritorious achievement in aerial combat. O/C Ben Reynolds, now at the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., is now in a hospital with a broken ankle but hopes to be up soon. Murdoch E. Darsey has received his commission as ensign in the USNR and is at Landing Craft School, Ft. Emory Det., Coronado Heights, San Diego, California. A/S Danny Hearn, a member of the Navy V-12 Club there is doing fine. John W. Cooper, III, is in OCS at Ft. Benning, Georgia.

CLASS OF 1947

Pvt. James E. Fix, former "F" Company Infantryman, is now in school at Oregon State College, Corvallis, Oregon. O/C Jack Thompson is a member of OCC No. 132 at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. Shelton P. Prator, F 1/c, has been in the Navy six months now.

SILVER TAPS
Lt. Jarvis O. Butler, '45.
Pvt. John W. Waldrop, '46.

Something to Read

By Paul S. Ballance

GARDENING

This is the season of the year when our friends in the northern and more severe climes are doing their gardening from one or more beautifully illustrated seed catalogs. We, who live in a more moderate climate, are beginning to have some muscles and blistered hands as a result of our contact with the real thing.

Daniel J. Foley has written a book entitled "Gardening in Color" that will almost make one hungry to look at the illustrations. The illustrations of the principle vegetables are in color, and they are just as vivid as those in your favorite seed catalog. In fact, many

of the plates used in the illustrating of this book were taken from the seed dealers.

The illustrations in this book are not the only things of interest. The general facts about gardening and the various types and kinds of vegetables are not only interesting but would prove most helpful to anyone in planning a garden. If anyone expects to succeed in any task, they must make some kind of a plan. This is especially true in gardening as it is necessary to make a garden plan. Upon this plan you will outline the types and kinds as well as the varieties of vegetables you expect to plant and the amount of space

devoted to each vegetable. A person should select only those vegetables that his family likes and will eat. It is not only unprofitable to plant vegetables that will not be consumed, but it is a waste of seed and fertilizer as well as time. The selection of the right varieties is quite important because certain varieties are adapted to certain localities.

Included in this book is a very excellent item, and that is the name and address of the state agricultural college of every state where a person may write for free bulletins and information.

The chapter on the preparation of the soil, proper fertilizers to use, whether organic or chemical, and the one on sowing and early care of seeds are simply written but cover the subjects most adequately.

The various kinds of vegetables are discussed in alphabetical order beginning with beans and ending with turnips. The varieties, culture, storage and pests and diseases are the chief topics under each heading. The author devotes a chapter to culinary herbs, and (See BOOKS, Page 4)

Opens 1 P.M. — 4-1181

SATURDAY ONLY

Double Feature

No. 1



No. 2



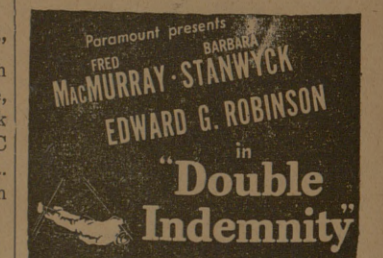
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