

The Battalion

STUDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Texas A. & M. College

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Our Country . . .

In this land of ours, this America, the man we choose as leader dons at no time uniform or insignia to denote his constitutional position as commander in chief of armed forces.

In this land of ours, this America, the average citizen sees so little of the army that he has not learned to distinguish between a Major and a Lieutenant from his shoulder straps.

In this land of ours, this America, there is no tramp of military boots to entertain the visiting statesman. There is no effort to affright him with display of mobile cannon.

In this land of ours, this America, there is no fortification along the several thousand miles of the northern border. In the great fresh water seas that partly separate it from another dominion no naval craft plies the waters.

In this land of ours, this America, no youth is conscripted to labor on devices of defense; military training he may take or leave at option. There is no armed force consistent with a policy of aggression.

In this land of ours, this America, one-third of the population is foreign born, or native born of foreign or mixed parentage. Our more numerous minorities come from fourteen nations.

In this land of ours, this America, the common citizen may criticize without restraint the policies of his government or the aims of the chief executive. He may vote as his judgment or his conscience advises and not as a ruler dictates.

In this land of ours, this America, our songs are dedicated to love and romance, the blue of the night, sails in the sunset, and not to might or to a martyrdom or political cause. Our national anthem has martial words; difficult air. But if you want to hear the organ roll, give the people its companion America . . . of Thee I Sing. In lighter patriotism we are nationally cosmopolitan.

In this land of ours, this America, there is not a bomb-proof shelter, and a gas mask is a curiosity. It is not needed that we teach our children where to run when death-hawks darken the sky.

In this land of ours, this America, our troubles present or prospective come from within—come from our own mistakes, and injure us alone. Our pledges of peace toward our neighbors are stronger than ruler's promise or written treaty. We guarantee them by devoting our resources, greater than the resources of any other nation, to upbuilding the industries of peace.

In this land of ours, this America, we have illuminated the true road to permanent peace. But that is not the sole moral sought herein to be drawn. Rather it is that the blessings of liberty and equality and peace that have been herein recounted are possessed nowhere in the same measure in Europe or Asia and wane or disappear as one nears or enters a land of dictatorship of whatever brand.

The Pulitzer prize winning editorial, written by R. G. Callvert:

Melting the Ice

"There are smiles that make you happy", is the theme and principle upon which the Student Senate is campaigning to stimulate friendliness among students.

Educators have pointed out that the greatest drawback in attending a large university is its unfriendliness.

If students and faculty alike would participate wholeheartedly in this campaign for friendliness, our friendships would increase manifold. And the most dismal days of winter would be a little warmer for many.

The Ohio State Lantern.

BACKWASH

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

By Eli Barker

SPRING TUNE—UP

Hello-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o. It seems that call was practiced more around the campus during the middle of last week than any other of the many known bird dog calls.

SAD STORY

And then there was the new Junior who had stayed here every weekend this semester until March 17 came around. He had carefully guarded that new serge in preparation for his first trip away from the campus so that everything would be in readiness.

cer. But, no, it was the Courtesy Patrol and the poor fellow was soaked on two charges, serge tie and white belt. Boy, was the wind taken out of his sails.

HARD TIMES

Probably the boys who have it harder than anyone though are the Dewdrops who have been whipping out in shirts which they call semi-khaki and which the other upperclassmen call semi-serge.

Junior: Second year cadet, where is the ROTC patch on your shirt? e Sophomore: I don't have one because this is my good shirt.

TESSIE TIDBITS

One of the most amazing things noted about Tessie was the fact that all these girls of such varied descriptions are all going to school together. Where else on earth could there be such a heavenly place?

MISINFORMED

As the new student walked blankly around the campus admiring the shining white stripe on his cuff, he thought of all the possible things which it could mean.

PENNY'S SERENADE

By W. L. Penberthy

The other day my wife received a post card from a very dear friend whose husband was on the European front. It said, "Dick has lost a leg in Germany but his letters are cheerful and he is fine.



I am sure there are many times when our fighting men are scared to death—I know I would be—but they conquered first their own fear and went on to accomplish their objective.

now living. Fighting a war requires a great deal of courage on the part of our men and women and there is no place for those who are lacking.

The British reserve food stocks are very low, according to an official statement issued by Prime Minister Churchill and his Cabinet. This statement is in answer to demands that the United States cut its food shipments abroad until the food crisis in the United States is eased.

AS THE WORLD TURNS

By Dr. Al B. Nelson

The War News which the government agencies permit to be printed is in every way satisfactory. The German holdings west of the Rhine have been practically wiped out by the armies of Generals Patton and Patch.

The greatest week-end raid of the war in the Pacific was carried out against the Japanese homeland by land-based Super Bombers and Carrier Based Planes.



The Gallup Poll reveals that there is a tremendous wave of criticism of the government's censorship policy. According to this poll the criticism is greatest among people over thirty years of age and among those people who are best educated.

The Congress is said to be holding up the recommended promotions of a large number of officers to the rank of four star general because the names of Generals Patton and Patch are not on the list.

BETWEEN THE BOOK-ENDS

By Edna B. Woods

During Religious Emphasis week on the campus, a group of recent religious books was displayed. Since these books are being read a great deal, this column is devoted

to brief descriptions of some of the most popular ones.

Sholem Asch is the author of the two outstanding books of religious fiction. The first of these books, The Nazarene, which was published in 1939 is a novel based on the life of Christ.

A. S. T. P. Excerpts

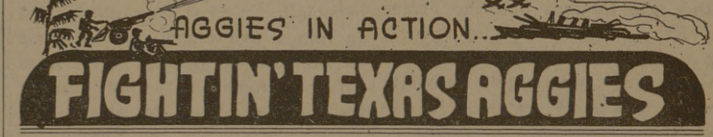
Tessieland was invaded last week-end by men from ASTU 3800 as well as Aggies. Jim Breesee, a second company man, saw Denton for his first time Saturday and has decided that he doesn't want to go to heaven when he dies.

A peculiar noise, akin to that produced by a Sherman tank rolling over a corrugated steel roof (if one could only visualize such a bedlam!) was heard on the second floor of Dorm 3 late Tuesday afternoon.

Another week gone by and all A.S.T.P. men still marvel at the previously unheard of consistency of the Texas weather.

Four years after publication of The Nazarene, Sholem Asch completed its sequel, The Apostle—a novel based on the life of St. Paul. "It is primarily a work of exposition, an account of the growth of early Christian doctrine and the spread of Christianity, and an interpretation of Christianity as the culminating, finest step in Jewish religious development."

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CLASS OF 1942

Robert A. Robinson, Jr., serving with the Ordnance Section of Seventh Army Headquarters, has recently been promoted to the rank of major.

Overseas thirty months, he wears seven stars on his campaign ribbon for participating in the Fedala-Casablanca, Tunisian, Sicilian, Naples-Foggia, Rome-Arno, Southern France, and German Campaigns.

Major Robinson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Robinson, Sr., 1476 Godwin St., Houston, Texas.

Smoking the Rhine River after the Colmar pocket had been cleared out was pretty soft work, but Capt. Sam Kesner, 1300, 1300 Pennsylvania, Dallas, Texas, assistant chemical officer of the Third Infantry Division, recalls that all of the Colmar operation wasn't quite so simple.

Capt. Kesner belongs to the Chemical Warfare Service, but there's a slight misnomer in that word "service". Although the CWS belongs to the Army Service Forces, some of the tight spots Capt. Kesner managed to work himself into and out of—hardly ring of rear echelon chair—borne strategy.

Capt. Kesner quit a nice soft job with a chemical company in North Africa to join the Third the day the division took off for Sicily, and since has spent most of his time figuring out more ways to play the tune 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes' to the Krauts.

Working with Major Albert Saffin, 2925 N. Eldorado, Stockton, Calif., and Lt. Col. James L. McGehee, Picayune, Miss., the division chemical warfare and ordnance officers respectively, Capt. Kesner helped develop the first phosphorus grenade on the Anzie beach-head. Not content to hear a first hand report of the grenade, the Captain went out on the try-out patrol and saw its operation for himself.

He landed at H-hour in southern France, smoking the beaches to cover the landings of second wave infantrymen, but some of his hottest moments came in the recent Colmar campaign.

He led a detail from the 168 Chemical Smoke Generator Company to smoke the Guemar bridges across the Fecht River when the attack started and was ready to smoke Ostheim until that town was called hot for a crossing.

Moving south to accompany infantry, Capt. Kesner and Sgt. Connelly were halted by an enemy road block. Sgt. Connelly got out

of his jeep, noticed a piece of glass under a back wheel. He dug around and pulled out a German plastic anti-tank mine.

On the night of the Colmar canal crossing, Capt. Kesner's smoke detachment set up a smoke line with smoke pots in case a screen was needed before dawn, then later took his generators across. The pots burn about five minutes and are used when it's impossible to tote oil to the two-man generators which burn 50 gallons of fuel an hour.

Once south of the canal it was necessary to drive the chemical unit's two-and-half ton trucks past five kayofed French tanks and within 800 yards of a Kraut anti-tank position. The trucks made it okay and the generators were set up south of the Infantry. A strong south wind covered the division's movements to the front.

Near the little town of Rieschein south of Neuf-Brizach Maj. Saffin led a smoke detail to again smoke positions south of the infantry. An enemy self-propelled gun opened up from 800 yards across the river, scattering the detail. Although under excellent observation by the Kraut gunner, Major Saffin rallied the detail, set up the pots and covered infantry movement north of Neuf-Brizach. For his actions the major has been nominated for the Silver Star.

Capt. Kesner is bucking for the Regular Army, and—no kiddin'—is looking forward to hitting the Pacific theater. That one leaves us a little foggy.

Capt. Larry R. Smith, a squadron intelligence officer of Fort Worth, has now completed thirty months of overseas duty with the veteran 93rd Bombardment Group.

He was assigned to the unit in July, 1942, shortly before it left for the European Theatre of Operations and became the first B-24 Liberator group to attack the enemy from England. The 93rd is now commanded by Col. W. R. Robertson, Jr., of Charlotte, North Carolina, and is a part of Maj. Gen. William E. Kepner's 2nd Air Division.

As an intelligence officer, Capt. Smith briefs Liberator air crews of his squadron before they take off on missions and interrogates them after their return. He also supervises target identification training for the bombardiers and navigators of the group.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Smith, live at 3104 Wingate St., Fort Worth, Texas.

The 93rd Bombardment Group has bombed enemy targets from Oslo, Norway, to the Ploesti oil field area in Rumania. The unit was cited for its famous Ploesti mission, and all officers and enlisted men in the organization wear the blue Distinguished Unit Citation ribbon.