

# The Battalion

STUDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Office, Room 5, Administration Building, Telephone 4-6444  
Texas A. & M. College

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## Rev Will Have Her Fitting Marker

The stage show held in Guion Hall Friday night brought to a close the Reveille Fund drive. Initiated at the beginning of this semester, the campaign was begun to obtain sufficient funds for the erection of a fitting monument for the unkept grave of our beloved former mascot, Reveille. Twenty-five dollars had already been donated the previous semester and during the first few weeks of this term the freshmen in Dormitory Two voluntarily gave one hundred and twenty-two dollars more. With nearly one hundred and fifty dollars to begin with, final plans to obtain the remainder of the money needed for a suitable marker were made. It was decided to hold a Reveille Memorial night in Guion Hall with all proceeds going to her tribute. With the entire corps contributing one hundred percent the show was very successful and slightly over five hundred dollars was taken in. This brought the grand total to approximately six hundred and fifty dollars, enough to cover the cost of a fitting monument.

As yet, the marker to be erected has not been decided on but one is expected to be approved shortly so that the final resting place of one we loved so well may not continue to remain a disgrace but will be properly distinguished.

The corps can well be proud of itself for the manner in which it supported this worthy effort. With only twelve hundred students now enrolled, over six hundred dollars was contributed, an outstanding achievement. If a corps of six thousand ever returns to Aggieland as it is sure to do, it would be a high honor indeed for them if they could display the cooperation and enthusiasm for such a project as the present cadet corps has.

Each member of the corps should take great pride and consider it a privilege to have been able to contribute to such a cause for each has had a part in keeping an integral part of A. & M. with us forever in a fitting manner. If Rev were alive today, she would not cuddle up to you or lick your boots, but she would have a certain gleam in her eyes that would tell you she knew that Aggies were still Aggies and that the friendly (true, and loyal atmosphere she once lived in and enjoyed so much had not vanished. Rev loved Aggieland and Aggies loved her as she loved them. She will soon have her fitting marker.

## A Letter to the Editor...

The Battalion of April 19 carried the first complete list of Aggies killed in this war. At midnight, Saturday, April 21, cadet buglers blew the last Taps for these four hundred and fifty men in a ceremony which is perhaps the most significant and the most deeply touching of all the rituals of A. and M.—the Aggie "Silver Taps".

We learn of the deaths of these Aggies with mixed emotions. Perhaps the most common is the self-protective "Well, it's War!" And so it is. But in the last analysis we cannot protect ourselves from the pain of losing these men—our students, and our friends. As we sit at our desks we have within reach of our hands letters from some, greeting cards from all corners of the world, sent by others. We find it impossible fully to realize that from these men, at least, there will be no further word.

In these trying times the so-called intellectual virtues of objectivity and calm analysis have their places, as always. We realize only too well that loss of life is the ineluctable corollary of the ghastly farce of war. And we realize that sentiment becomes cheap in the face of the price paid by our dead.

But for all our reasoning, we remember these men as friends—not as materials of war. As we read their names, their faces and their voices are again with us. J. O. Butler—tall and clean-cut, his browned face glinting in the summer sun as he swings his racket in an overhead smash; Claude Riggs, stocky, blond and quiet, with the deep-seated courtesy and the calm thoughtfulness which were so outstandingly his traits; Cy McCaskill—his slow drawl and his shrewd ability to cut to the core of an issue under discussion; Howard Brians—on the front row in the classroom because he wanted to stretch those long legs comfortably, but always forgetting to stretch in his eagerness to take part in some interesting argument—on or off the subject of the day's recitation.

Gentlemen all, we miss you. To us you are more than names in print, more than stars on a flag, more even than the crystal notes of "Silver Taps", floating over Aggieland under a midnight sky in April. We know that in this dance of death which is war there can be no place for long grieving, and we know that you would want it so. We know too, that time will dim your faces from our sight, and that in time your voices will be still—and that we will, indeed, being human, eventually forget. But today we miss you most deeply. You were our friends, our students, our sons, and our brothers—you "lads who will never grow old". May God rest you.

—A reader.

There is a homely adage which runs, "Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far." If the American nation will speak softly and yet build and keep at a pitch of the highest training a thoroughly efficient navy, the Monroe Doctrine will go far.—Theodore Roosevelt.

# BACKWASH

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

By Junior Canis

## PRESIDENT GILCHRIST ENTERTAINS

A gay time was had by all at President Gilchrist's informal banquet held recently. After a sumptuous meal in Sbsa Hall the group adjourned to the President's house where group singing and good old "Aggie Bull" were the main diversions of the evening. With Captain Walter Sullivan at the keys, Gibb Gilchrist on the Mandolin, and Joe Skiles making with the "sweet" and low, the roof was seen to shudder several times. The quartet of Dan McGurk, Jere Higgs, J. B. Kearby and Bob Zivney is definitely a "must" for the next stage show in Guion Hall. Never before had such sounds been heard as were issued by this famed four to the tune of "Wild-cat Kelly" and "Comin' Round the Mountain." Upholding the honor of the Junior and Sophomore Classes respectively, Eli Barker and Dick Baugh added their bit to "crash on the highway" and the like.

## HATS OFF TO WYBLE AND AVERY

Hats off this week to Stanley Wyble and his A Company Freshmen who really got the Trophy Case cleaned up for the visitors on the campus over the weekend. Prior to their little "dusting" job the plaques and medals were almost invisible as usual with the dust caked over them. This is a sad condition for the trophy case of a school which takes as much pride in its athletic record as A. & M. does. Thanks to the A Company men the class of '95 and other visitors saw the case in one of its rare appearances, not as it is usually allowed to remain. Well done, Stanley. While we're in complimentary manner, Hank Avery should be remembered as the boy who did such a swell job in authoring the Muster program held in Guion Saturday night. A lot of thought, time, and hard work went into the production of that program.

## PENNY'S SERENADE

By W. L. Penberthy

A short time ago I heard two men discussing a mutual friend who had served in the army with them. One of the men said, "I never called him in to ask his help in the solution of a problem that he didn't immediately go on the defensive and give a dozen reasons why the problem could not be solved instead of offering one constructive idea for its solution." I am sure all of us know people of this type.

The old saying is that "where there's a will, there's a way" but I am afraid that in too many instances we recognize that it will take real effort to work out a satisfactory solution to a problem and the making of excuses is comparatively easy, and gets easier with practice. If there is anything that

## TESSIE "FISH" IN SPOTLIGHT

Once again all roads lead to Tessieland as the spy and gay little "Fish" will hold their annual Freshman Ball Saturday night. Seems quite a few gallant Aggies will make the long trek this weekend despite the "cloistered" atmosphere and 12:15 curfew.

At this time we would like to correct a false interpretation gathered by many who attended the corps ball in Sbsa Hall Saturday night. That was NOT Frank Sinatra who sang "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall". It was Burl Ervin. This must be disappointing to Doc Kelly and Whiskey Harper whose limp forms were caught just in time as they headed forward when Burl gave out on the first few notes. Oh, that boy!

Those planning to enter West Point soon, take notice! Beginning with the class entering the academy in July an intensive Infantry course similar to the one given at OCS will be given all cadets prior to their entry into the school. THOSE TANNED AG STUDENTS

Has anyone noticed the remarkable tans which the Ag students are sporting these days? Their secret formula is very complicated, adhering to Ag traditions of the past. Just lie in the sun on your back each afternoon from one till six on a blanket or on the ground. Don't move or exercise, just sleep. But that isn't the complicated part. If you want your back to tan also, you must roll all the way over on your stomach. One prerequisite though is that you must not have any classes during the afternoon, not even R. S. No offense meant, Spragins, Evans, Jaggers, Brown. Also, it has been mentioned several times that our popular trumpeter (who sounds taps, and reveille among his other many accomplishments should sound premature taps each night around 8:30 for these hardworking lads that they might be sent to bed in a fitting ceremony. Bless their hearts!

(See BACKWASH, Page 4)



Portrait of a man, likely the author of the letter to the editor.

# AS THE WORLD TURNS

By Dr. Al B. Nelson

The Russians are in Berlin. Drew Pearson, and other radio newscasters have revealed that when American troops were in the outskirts of the German capitol the Russians demanded that U. S. troops retire and allow them to capture the city. Most Americans are willing that the Russians do



Portrait of Dr. Al B. Nelson.

the job and make the manpower sacrifice involved but the Russian armies were within thirty miles of Berlin while the Americans were more than three hundred miles away so it is a good time to mention for the record that the American Armies broke the German military strength and traveled three hundred miles across Germany while the Germans had the Russian Armies stopped cold. Thirty Thousand shipyard workers will be laid off per month

through the remainder of 1945. On the face of it this will solve the government manpower problem, but government officials are afraid that shipyard workers will not take jobs at lower pay rates so the government wanted to draft men to take the lower pay jobs. This was one of the reasons for the government manpower bill.

President Truman is said to favor the merger of the War Department and the Navy Department into one unified Department of National Defense which would do away with much of the duplication and senseless bickering which sometimes delayed the war effort in the early days of our participation. The President's attitude will possibly be the deciding factor in this controversy of many years standing.

The San Francisco Conference on World Organization opened Wednesday night amid gloomy predictions of failure from many sources. The great handicap seemed to be the uncompromising Russian demand for complete domination of all the smaller nations of

# BETWEEN THE BOOK-ENDS

By Edna B. Woods

A person who selects his books from lists of "blue-ribbon" best sellers seldom realizes that he misses some of the best modern reading. Reviewed here are two books that you may want to reconsider and a recent one that you shouldn't miss.

A Place in the Sun by Frank Fenton was published in 1942. It is the story of Rob Andrews who became crippled as a child when he fell off a picket fence, and tuberculosis developed in his hip bones. Sensitive Rob had leaned on his Mother for years, and with her death at the beginning of the story, Rob is practically alone. He neither resembles nor understands his brother Sam, a member of the local police force, so he starts out for California in Sam's discarded Model A touring car. In his pocket is his share of the money from the sale of the old home place.

Rob's experiences in search of his place in the sun are the narrative, and the author's description of Rob's sensitiveness as a cripple to people and to their actions toward him is thoughtful and very well done. Rob is continuously conscious of a necessity to get a job or to learn a trade; he compares himself with normal individuals who pursue conventional occupations. Yet, no burning ambition or desire to accomplish anything in particular challenges his energies. When questioned about his occupation, Rob conceals his lack of professional ambition by replying that he has been working on an idea or that he is considering a project. Meanwhile, he is seriously concerned with his inactivity.

Seventeen miles from the heart of Los Angeles, in the tip end of the San Fernando Valley, Rob rents a cottage, deposits his meagre possessions, and decides to stay until he can think of something better to do. In this small colony he becomes acquainted with Jonathan Shane, a composer of music. Shane proves to be an amiable if irregular companion, and together they promote plenty of excitement for two full-bodied men. The most compelling scenes from the book are those which Rob shares with a night club singer with whom he falls in love.

A Place in the Sun, Frank Fenton's only book to our knowledge, has plenty of action, and its plot moves rapidly. The conversation is good; the characters are for the most part real, sometimes salty, but always interesting.

The novel Tobacco Road caused so much comment and the play adapted from it was such a spectacular success that Erskine Caldwell's reputation as a writer of highly realistic literature has been permanently established. Tragic Ground, Mr. Caldwell's most recent book, attracts attention not only because of the author's reputation but also because it depicts another desperate type of American life.

Tragic Ground reveals without reserve the problems of war plant eastern Europe, more especially Poland. If there is to be permanent peace in the world it must be founded upon the principles of equal justice for large and small nations alike. If the conference compromises at the expense of this principle no peace will be lasting and no world organization can be worthwhile, but if the nations come together with a genuine desire for permanent peace it may be that for the next generation may live and die without knowing a major war.

workers who lose their jobs when their factory closes down. The story is set in the outlying district of a Gulf Coast industrial town. This particular 'shanty town' is appropriately called "Poor Boy". These unfortunate workers move to Poor Boy with radios, cars, and refrigerators, which they bought on the installment plan. They dispose of these prize pieces one by one to obtain money for a little food and a little pleasure.

Specifically, Tragic Ground is the story of Spence Douthit, his wife Maud, who lay on a cot all spring and summer with chills and fever demanding bottle after bottle of Dr. Monday's stomach tonic, and of their daughter Mavis, who left home at thirteen in search of excitement. Mavis' escapades attracted the attention of the Welfare Department. A welfare department was beyond the realm of Spence's experiences, and when it descended upon him in the form of an experienced spinster and her young trainee, he was completely baffled. Spence's attempt to effect Mavis' return and at the same time to find her a husband . . . someone with enough money to finance their return trip to Beasley county . . . is an unforgettable episode.

In reality, the people of Tragic Ground are pathetic. Their future is non-existent to them, and the present is measured in terms of biological appetites and immediate satisfaction. They are eternally hopeless. The problems of Tragic Ground are genuine; the characterization is excellent, and Erskine Caldwell's style is thoroughly effective. But surpassing all of these characteristics is the deep vein of humor which runs through the entire story.

The welfare of the Nation is to a large extent dependent on the perpetuation of our forests.—Herbert Hoover.

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