

The Battalion

STUDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
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Texas A. & M. College

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Let's Have More . . .

The informal dance on the slab Saturday night was a definite success by all standards. The response from the Corps was excellent, the number of dates surprisingly good for such short notice, the general arrangements went without difficulty—in short, everyone had a good time.

The music of the Aggieband Orchestra set a pleasing mood for the first real social event of the summer. What is needed now is a few more events equally as good plus one super summer attraction. Days pass a lot faster in these dreary summer schools when there is an appropriate variety of entertainment. Let's have more.

Fraternities Debunked . . .

Culminating decades of criticism of a most severe nature is this month's article in The Readers Digest enumerating the thousand and one evils of the Greek letter organizations commonly referred to as the sorority and the fraternity. That conscientious denunciation and debunking of the two greatest evils of college life can be applied to nearly every institution of higher learning in this country, but just because the majority of the colleges and universities have them does not indicate such organizations are commendable. A. & M., of the very, very few, can proudly boast that it has escaped such a plague, and when Readers Digest featured its article by Mrs. Glenn Frank A. & M. was paid a compliment in disguise.

Every Aggie who reads that article will be fully in accord with its every assertion; otherwise, he cannot claim the supreme honor of being an Aggie, for A. & M. is symbolic of democracy—the worst enemy of the sorority and the fraternity. Nothing is more disgusting to an Aggie than some of the insipid and degenerate fraternity practices so commonly found at some state supported institutions.

These are bad enough at state schools and when the notorious acts for which every sorority and fraternity is known, are practiced in a denominational institution supposedly based on Christian ideals and precepts, it is a little too much to swallow. And yet those things are known to exist in nearly every one of the religious institutions in this state.

The authoress of that article was motivated into writing her denunciation when she observed the evils of a fraternity being cast upon an American war veteran. She could not condone such an infamy being hurled upon a returned serviceman, and she took it upon herself to bring it to the public's attention. It was not surprising, though, to read of such a thing happening, for that is the reputation that the Greek letter organizations have acquired for themselves.

It was a relief and a pleasure to pick up an article such as that, read it, and then be able to say with a clear conscience that A. & M. never has and never will be guilty of supporting such cruel practices. The Aggies hate everything that a fraternity and sorority stands for, just as we hate anyone who does not love the American way of life.

Instead of making someone feel inferior and attempting to ruin his life with a sense of inferiority, we devote ourselves to reducing everyone to the same level. We care not for what a man owns or for who he is. Just being a plain old Aggie is all that matters to us, and from the time we enter here as "Fish", we are taught to hate and to fight fraternities and all they stand for. We are all for one and one for all here in Aggieland, because we do not have our institution divided into a polyglot of petty forces, each one competing against the other at the expense of the institution as a whole. We have one common aim and that aim is to make A. & M., not some trifling club for sissies, but a better place for a MAN to acquire an education and an appreciation of his fellow man.

BACKWASH

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

By Junior Canis

What two promising young law students nearly gave an English prof. higher blood pressure as a result of a bitter debate as to the proficiency of the new English Proficiency test . . . ?

And by the way, who is that promising young accounting major who makes a mad dash for Killeen every Friday evening? In his estimation June comes around every weekend. His highly intelligent roommate also has some fantastic ideas about a girl in Cowtown—that's Fort Worth in case some "bird brain" doesn't know.

At the practically unannounced dance this weekend (almost everyone knew about it by Friday) the following phenomenon occurred . . . Thully . . . The emaciated O. D., "Slim" Spragins was seen wearing a straw for a raincoat. By the way how was that dance? We did not quite make it by a hundred and fifty or so miles. What's this unconfirmed rumor about having a name orchestra for the next dance? Suppose we could engage Bob Wills or Roy Acuff?

How about Sleepy League, God's gift to the women of T. U., who finally got back from the weekend on Tuesday only to be outdone by his roommate, Bill Geer, who hasn't been seen since he left.

Bob English and Ambrose (Sunnyboy) Lyth are simply mad about lawn mowers. Who knows—they may go down in history as the men who mowed down College Hills single handed, and in the summer-time at that. It is inconceivable that anyone should be so hard up for folding lettuce. Who knows—they may end up as consulting engineers for some lawnmower Company.

Some people, simple souls that they are, are still existing under the illusion that there will be a 1946 Longhorn. It seems that some vile creature absconded with the yearbook funds. In this connection it might be noted that Smith promises that if you will all quit

hounding him he will give each and everyone who contributed to the cause a spin in his shiny new 1942 Cadillac convertible.

And there's the story of the cannibal's daughter who liked her boyfriends best of all when they were stewed. The next little excerpt is nothing but pure plagiarism, but it's a darn good story. It seems that two Aggies, whom for our purposes we will call John Aggie and James Aggie, were hitchhiking out of some little village not far away when a car came roaring around the corner headed in their direction—apparently out of control. John saw the car but James, facing the opposite direction was unaware of the danger. "Look out!" John yelled, but too late. As the driver slammed on his brakes, the skidding car flipped John a double somersault and, when he returned to earth again he didn't move a muscle, appearing to be near dead. Thinking that every bone in James' body must be broken and remembering the primary rule of first aid, John—now thoroughly scared—nervously cautioned his prostrate companion, "Don't move, James; don't move." "Hell," James came back—now very much alive—"Whatta you want me to do; stay here and get run over again ! ! !"

Any resemblance to this column and creative writing is utterly ridiculous. "Backwash" will hereafter probably be referred to as "Hogwash."

And as the setting sun sinks upon the distant horizon we bid a fond farewell to "Backwash", as we will probably never again be allowed to set foot in the "Battalion" office. Farewell.

Junior wishes to inform all the readers of this miserable tripe that due to his incapacity to write "Backwash" this week, three "collaborators" as they desire to be designated, put their heads together and produced the above "Hogwash" as they so accurately put it.

BETWEEN THE BOOK-ENDS

By Edna B. Woods

Bookstores and newsstands are full of books and magazines, and publishers are announcing new books daily. These are evidence that people are writing. Yet a vast majority of the books published during war time drop into quick and permanent obscurity, or earn the brand, "personal narrative" with the same ultimate fate. It could be that persons who would be our best authors are engaged in fighting, or it may be that authors can't isolate themselves from the sentiment and sordidness of war

to write at their best level. Whatever the cause, only a few novels live after a period of war. The First World War produced such books as Eric Remarque's ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, Arnold Zweig's THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISHA, and Ernest Hemingway's A FAREWELL TO ARMS.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT is an account of the fighting on the Western front told by a German who went into the army at the age of eighteen. It is a powerful story, not so powerful because of the horrors it portrays but because of the matter-of-fact way in which these horrors are accepted. THE ROAD BACK (a lesser book), a sequel to ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, is a soldier's attempt to adjust himself to the life of a civilian.

A moving story of power and loyalty is Arnold Zweig's THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISHA. It's the third of a tetralogy; the first two are: YOUNG WOMAN OF 1914, and EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN. THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISHA is the story of a little Russian soldier who is caught when he tries to escape from a German prison camp. And despite the fact that he has been erroneously condemned to death as a spy, the German Command asserts that he will have to pay the penalty—for political reasons and for the effect this act of discipline will have on the other men. The action of the story is based on the futile efforts to absolve the Sergeant from punishment.

Ernest Hemingway's novel of World War I, A FAREWELL TO ARMS is a highly dramatic story in which an American Ambulance Officer becomes involved with an English nurse on the Austria-Italian front. From a rather tawdry beginning the romance develops into a moving and beautiful love

his team in our friendly little PT basketball games. It couldn't be because he has the best five-man football team in the battalion.

And Louie Reeg won't answer any questions about a certain gal in Galveston who doesn't write to him any more. Neither is Section II burdened with that old "what a great lover I am" line that he usually hands out. That title, by the way, has gone to Ray (James incognito) Stewart. It's a well known fact that he has all the prettier women in Bryan on his string. Motto for the week is 'if you want a date in Bryan, stew Stewart.'

A. S. T. P. Antics

by John D. Kilgore

All members of First and Second Companies welcome the arriving Reservists and hope their stay here will be pleasant. To tell the truth we were more than a little surprised when all that two hundred and fifty men lined up in front of Dorm No. 5 for the first time. Regiment, ATTENTION!

The Battalion Softball League got off to a good start Tuesday when Third floor Second Company beat Section 263 in a close game that ended 4-3, and CE Section 262 lost 4-3 to the third termers in First Company.

And all of us who've met our new green—braider or have seen him around will be glad to hear his name is Ollie J. Helton, a shy boy who originated in Conroe, Texas. His eighteen months in ETO earned him the Bronze Star and other medals, and his visits to Paris (France) got him something more important. He's had four and a half years service, during which he climbed to Staff Sergeant, but he took a cut to Buck Sergeant when he came to A. & M. The entire battalion wishes him the best of everything, and hope his stay here will be one he will long remember.

Hot News—Rumor No. 726 has is that a mascot by the name of "Sparky Junior" is expected soon, and if true congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. Sparky, who, however, modestly waive all showers, etc.

We hear that Bill Cox is having trouble finding anybody to oppose

outside markets, as in the case of the nitrates.

Santiago, the capital, is one of the finest cities in South America, if not in the world. It has a population of 984,489. The buildings are modern and the commercial structures are as good as those found in Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and New York. Valparaiso, the chief port, with more than 300,000 inhabitants, is built on the same scale as Santiago. Concepcion is another impressive harbor city, site of the country's chief naval station, and the port through which pours most of Chile's coal.

75% Literacy
Education is compulsory and ranks high in Chile. There are five universities and a score of high schools and primary schools. The University of Chile, just a hundred years old, has the largest proportion of foreign students of any American University, with 1,000 of its 6,000 students from other nations. More than 75% of Chile's (See GOOD NEIGHBORS, P. 3)

Good Neighbors :

Chile . . . Land of Contrast

By Ruben R. Caro-Costas
Chile, a country with the longest coastline in the world, blazing deserts and antarctic forests, modern industrial cities and primitive agricultural communities, is the land of contrasts in South America.

Stretching for 2,600 miles from the subtropics to the subarctic tip of South America, Chile resembles an elongated California, no more than 221 miles wide at some places. Two mountain ranges march her entire length. Between these two mountain ranges is located the Chilean Valley, with some of the best agricultural soil in South America.

Three Regions
Geographically, Chile can be divided into three sections, each with its distinct climate and topography. In the north is found the great Chilean desert, arid and mountainous, source of the republic's mineral wealth. Below this desert comes a diversified region which includes the Central Valley with its rich agricultural soil, where 80% of the people are concentrated. In the northern section of this valley the area is dry, with warm summers and little frost in winter. Irrigation, fed by the Andean snows, has made the land agriculturally rich. In the southern section it is rainy, and the climate is mild in winter and warm in summer. Along the coast of this region are concentrated the industrial cities and haciendas. South of this valley is the last of the three regions in Chile, a territory densely forested with infertile soil.

Indian Blood on Wane
Racially, the Chileans are predominately Europeans, with an Indian strain which is rapidly vanishing. Spanish blood predominates and is followed by some British, German, French, Italian and Swiss.

Chile has been one of the most difficult countries in South America for colonization. She was a rough and difficult land to explore since the Spaniards were faced with the problem of fighting the toughest and most warlike Indians ever found in South America—the Araucanians. These Indians were in constant strife with

the Spaniards and they kept up this fighting for a hundred years until a treaty was finally worked out. The Indians were allowed to retain the southern region of Chile—the forested area.

The enterprise, energy, and imagination of the Chilean people rather than the natural resources of the country have made Chile one of the greatest of South American republics. She ranks along with Brazil and Argentina in importance.

Foreign capital, largely from the United States and France, has financed the exploitation of Chile's great natural resources of nitrates, copper and iron. Chile's own capital has helped to develop her coal, her hydroelectric power, and her smaller mines.

Chile's Mining Problems
The development of Chile's mineral wealth of nitrates, copper, and iron has been a terrific problem. Most of Chile's mining industry is found in mountainous and desert territory, where equipment, food, men, and even water have had to be brought from the outside world over forbidding territory. Roads, railroads and pipe lines have had to be built, and the original equipment was carried largely on mule pack. Despite all this, Chile's mining industry is one of the best equipped and managed in existence. Her exports of copper lead the world, while her production is second only to that of the United States. For many years, the story of nitrate was the story of Chile. When the nitrate market was good, Chile was prosperous. When the market fell off, she suffered serious unemployment. Until the introduction of methods of extracting nitrates from the air during the first World War, Chile, with her thousands of miles of powder dry desert, had a world monopoly in this material so necessary for TNT and fertilizer. After both Germany and the United States had developed chemical extraction, the nitrate settlements became ghost towns, unemployment was very serious, and the government suffered a set back as her revenues were cut off. But unless Chile could develop her own industries, she must be dependent upon the rise and fall to

story just before its tragic end. The author of A FAREWELL TO ARMS, Ernest Hemingway has received more acclaim through moving pictures based on his books than from the books themselves. This is only natural, yet those who read his books prefer them to the movie adaptations. Hemingway's literary achievements rest not so much on plot, but on characterization and on his ability to reproduce reality, and the conversations that he gets on paper have the superb effect of coming from the mouths of the characters whom he creates.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS depicts the phase of the Spanish Civil War which was fought by the guerrilla bands. Here an American sacrifices everything to fight for an ideal. The action in FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS takes place in three days, yet the four hundred pages on which it is recorded seem short indeed.

Hemingway's other writings include THE SUN ALSO RISES, a novel of the twenties describing shiftless Americans and Englishmen who possess nothing but time and money and who use them both in a fruitless search for an unidentified satisfaction in Europe, and his excellent collections of short stories, especially FIFTH COLUMN. All of these books are on your Library's shelf.

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Ronald Coleman
Jack Carson
starred in
"LUCKY PARTNERS"

No. 2
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
"Heavenly Days"
EUGENE PALLETTE
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Sunday and Monday

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IN BROOKLYN
Plus "Bugs" Bunny

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