

A Friendly Dinner . . .

We had a rough football season this year; our team won a number of games and lost a number; at the end of the schedule both student body and exes clubs were split between "Fire the Coach" and "Keep the Coach" partisans. But no matter how you feel about gridiron strategy, you must admit that the boys who wore the maroon and white jerseys were as fine a lot as ever showed A. & M. colors. They deserve the appreciation of the entire student body and staff. And Saturday night is when we will be able to show such appreciation.

The second annual Aggie football party is booked for Sbis Hall this Saturday. "T" letters will be handed to the football and cross-country teams. Eddie Dyer will tell how he skippered the St. Louis Cardinals to a world championship this fall. The Bryan A Cappella choir will sing "The Spirit of Aggieland." And the Aggieland orchestra will give out with the music both for the dinner and the dance which follows. Many special guests from Texas high schools will get a sample of A. & M. life, and decide whether or not this will be their school.

Chapel in the Sky . . .

Relax, folks. The half-million dollar chapel that caused so much hot talk in recent weeks is just a gleam in somebody's eye. As finally straightened out, the story comes down to this: The Board of Directors has officially said that if anybody offers A. & M. half-a-million dollars with which to build and endow a chapel, the board will be grateful. The board also said, in effect, that no amount less than that would be sufficient to build and endow a chapel worthy of the college.

The board has previously given similar approval to a number of projects planned by the A. & M. Development Fund, which accepts contributions from Aggie exes and others. So far the Development Fund has completed the financing of the Student Union Memorial Building—which is in the final stages of planning and will be built when materials become available. It has also made considerable headway in the establishment of endowed scholarships.

When the Union Building is at last erected, the problem of recreational facilities should be solved, for some years anyway. When that building becomes inadequate, the Development Fund will solicit Aggie-exes (including us, by that time) for money to build extensions. The Memorial Building has been so planned that it can be extended to take care of new needs that will arise in the distant future.

Guion Hall Premieres? . . .

Does the end of "block-booking" mean better movie programs for College Station? Court procedure last week established the illegality of block-booking by distributors, by means of which one group of theatres could hold a heavy advantage over smaller, independent showplaces. For a long time College Station has been behind the eight-ball due to contracts that made it impossible for pictures to be shown here until they had been shown in Bryan. Perhaps a new day is dawning. The Batt certainly hopes so.

There have been good signs recently. The Campus theatre has shown quite a number of first-run pictures, including the costly "Caesar and Cleopatra." Guion Hall has been packing 'em in, at the odd hour of 10 in the morning, to see re-runs of classic films from the past such as "The Green Pastures" . . . free, at that. Two more are coming up soon, "Midsummer Night's Dream" on January 18 and "Prince and the Pauper" on February 1.

Call the Ambulance . . .

The need for little-used but important equipment is often not given full consideration until some emergency arises—and then it is too late. Such is the case with the college hospital. A few days before the Christmas holidays, an Aggie broke his leg while engaged in an intramural football game. It was a complete fracture, causing great pain. His horror-stricken companions attempted frantically to find some means of getting him to the hospital. They telephoned the hospital, but were told no ambulance was available, and that they would have to move the injured boy in the best possible way.

Finally, after more than a half hour search, a GI truck was found in which the unfortunate victim was carried roughly and joltingly to the hospital. This regrettable incident merely illustrates the crying need of the College Hospital for an ambulance of some sort, available at all hours of the night and day for emergency cases. No high cost need be involved, for a repainted panel truck, of the type used by cleaners for deliveries, would easily suffice for the purpose.

The necessity for an ambulance cannot be shrugged off with excuses of "too much expense" and "seldom used." One of the old GI ambulances could be bought for practically nothing. And for the "seldom needed" argument, doesn't the illustration cited at the beginning of this editorial answer that?

SONGS FOR SPEEDSTERS

- At 45 miles per hour sing "Highways are Happy Ways."
At 55 miles sing, "I'm But a Stranger Here, Heaven is My Home."
At 65 miles sing, "Met Me There."
At 75 sing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."
At 85 sing, "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There."
At 95 sing, "Lord, I'm Coming Home."

Letters

MX 106
Dear Editor:

Perhaps to some people it will seem rather small of me to air this complaint with the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" still ringing in our ears, but then again, it might be the very fact that this is a New Year gives me the resolution to write this letter that has so long been pent up within me. For three school years before the war, 1940 to 1943, to be precise, I uncomplainingly endured the sufferings and mental cruelties thrust upon me by the A. & M. Laundry. . . . for three years I endured the malicious destruction of said laundry under the naive misapprehension that since this was my first experience with any laundry other than my own home, that it was one of the curses of life that just had to be endured. . . . that all commercial laundries were probably the same.

But now, four years later, older, wiser, and much more traveled, I know that that is not the case. It seems that other laundries do return one's clothing in exactly the same condition as sent, only cleaner. Now I have come to the full, and amazing, realization that the careful, and painstaking, shrinking and destruction of good clothing is a peculiar, identifying characteristic of our one and only A. & M. Laundry.

Having taken such loving pride in picking my present wardrobe, after shedding the khaki garments so kindly loaned to me by my Uncle Sam, it gives me great pain to see that same wardrobe being systematically ruined. Size 11 socks shrunk to size 4, yellow socks stained to blue, dress shirts shrunken beyond repair, laundry numbers stamped where laundry numbers were never meant to be, sheets ripped, underwear torn. . . . these are only a few complaints among many, and I know that there are many others who feel as I do. It seems that what I could once procure for a bar of chocolate in Germany is unobtainable here at A. & M. for the semesterly stipend we pay, not to mention the weekly tariff I have to pay because someone has deemed it advisable for me not to soil more than a certain number of pieces of clothing. Really, now, if we must pay more in order to get better service, I, for one, shall be happy to do so. Anything to get my name off that laundry mark blacklist that I am sure my number resides on at present! How else could the laundry employees so unerringly pick me out week after week as their hapless victim?

I invite . . . you, I even challenge . . . the person in charge of our laundry to answer my charges here . . . here, in this very page in the next issue . . . and explain why the terrible situation prevailing at present can not be corrected before I find myself naked. Now, mind you, no minor hiring . . . nothing but the chief scrubber himself will do. And, pu-leeze, don't tell me "There's been a war on, and we have shortages of competent labor, and shortages this, and shortages that . . ." I know there was a war, and besides the same conditions existed back in the years 1940 to 1943. Milton R. Beychok, '44.

POLLING THE CHAPEL

Dear Editor, Is there such a thing as an official poll at A. & M.? If so, one might be taken on the question of building a half-million dollar chapel.

G. W. Duren, '44. Editor's Note: The closest official poll A. & M. has is the poll made by the Batt's roving reporter on timely topics. In a previous issue of the paper the sentiments of students were voiced on the subject of a half-million dollar chapel.

HANDICAPPED!

Dear Editor, For many years A. & M. students and faculty have operated under extreme handicap through the tremendous lack of equipment placed at their disposal. Mr. Wallace '46, expressed with exactness, in his letter to the Batt on December 17, the extent to which the college is lacking in equipment. Hundreds of laboratory experiments in the various schools are incomplete or must be thrown out altogether because "we do not have the necessary equipment." The positions filled by many of the faculty are grossly underpaid—the reason for A. & M.'s marked lack of renowned men in the various fields. The recreational facilities on the

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An Eyewitness Reports:

'I Watch a Basketball Game'

By Charlie Murray

Saturday night, feeling in the spendthrift mood, with the remains of a three-day-old \$65 check jingling in my pocket, I went to Bryan for supper. Wary of Peniston's roast beef, I went straight to Hotard's Hash House, and what did I order, but—more roast beef—a la barbeque. Imagine that, forced to go all the way to Bryan to eat, because I was dubious of the infested eating places between here and there. After satisfying my ravenous appetite, I felt that my mission to Bryan was completed. On the return trip I picked up two band frogs, who informed me that there was "nothing to do in the way of entertainment that Saturday night." I assured them that there SELDOM was anything happening in these Brazos Bottoms, EVEN on Saturday night. But on that Saturday night there was a basketball game in DeWare Field House. A. & M. cagers were playing some pill-rollers from a far-away army camp.

So in my '27 Model T I zoomed to the gym to watch the Aggies beat the litter-bearers. The stands were filling fast. Basketball enthusiasts were filing to their seats. Ah, yes, the spirit was indeed tense! I managed to find a seat on the 50-yard line. It wasn't long before the band broke out in "The Aggie War Hymn." What a sight to behold—the band, 220-strong, dressed in their new orange and black uniforms. Then the game began. "Hey, Rusty, gimme some roast-peanuts!" I shouted to the passing vendor. So Rusty handed me a bag of freshly roasted goobers, saying, "Four-bits, please!" Well, I knew that Rusty was working his way through college, but not at 50c per bag. "Hey, fellow, down in front," I yelled to the guy in front of me. "I wanted to count the Corpsmen

filling out the other stands." One-two-three, I began to count. The cheer leaders balanced themselves on the rail, leading a few rah-rahs. "Look," I nudged the gent on my left. "There's white stripes on the sleeves of the cheer leaders." Yes, indeed, that there were—a narrow white stripe adorned the sleeve of the two cheer leaders! "21-22-23," I continued to count the Corps members across the way.

"See that scoreboard up there?" I asked the fellow on my right. "That's what they need for Kyle Field, only a little larger. One of those electric scoreboards, so that everyone can see the score." "45-46-47-48", the counting continued, while I munched on the peanuts. The band struck up a few more songs. "There'll Be a Cold Time in the Cold Town Tonight". And the cheer leaders conducted several more yells.

During the game I, a roving reporter, interviewed the fish-striped yell leaders. They, it seems, were not the duly elected yell leaders; however, they braved the cold and made their way to the gym that Saturday night. In their statement to the press, they said, "We are thinking of running for yell leader next year. Our one platform is: no yell leader fund will be collected from the students. We will make it to Houston, Fort Worth, Dallas, and the like of our own free will." For the time being, they did not want their names exposed for heroic actions demonstrated that night in the absence of the duly elected cheer leaders. "191". At last I had finished counting the Corps spectators. By the way, the Aggies won by a score of 50-46. I just remembered. There were three Corpsmen running the scoreboard. That makes 194 uniformed students present!

Be-Kind-To-Humans Week To Combat Animal Warfare

What is this world coming to—when mankind must suffer from the brutal attacks of the Animal Kingdom—rabbits, grasshoppers, and salmon?

After several million years of persecution by Man, the Animal Kingdom has suddenly begun to take its revenge. As a result, the human race is facing a very serious situation. The Animal Kingdom's first warlike aggressions, were brought to the attention of the public the other day by the National Safety Council of the USA in its annual report for 1946. The report contained the following startling list of such acts committed by the enemy during the past year:

- A lady in Baltimore was taking a bath when her dog noticed a gun on the washstand, put its paw on the trigger and shot the lady in the hand.
A kangaroo, having been hit in the hind legs by an Australian

campus are far below those of other colleges and universities of equal size. Unfortunately, A. & M. is not located near a large city where the town's facilities may be used.

The churches in this vicinity seem to be capable of accommodating the mass of people that attend them. I have attended churches of several denominations on the campus, and their facilities seem adequate in most cases. Those churches needing a little more space are enlarging or have plans of doing so in the near future.

As for the plans of a new Aggie Chapel costing one-half of a million dollars—I say "No," definitely "No!" Until the present shortages are cared for, the undertaking of such a project seems ridiculous and in my estimation the origination of the idea for such a plan should be investigated and the originator interviewed and be allowed to express his views and to answer some of the questions raised in regard to the reported plans. Sincerely, Henry Ash '44.

Editor's Note: Following the suggestion in the last paragraph, the Batt has investigated, and the results are expressed in the editorial on this page. A previous story on the front of the paper also clarified the "cart-before-the-horse" release of a proposed chapel.

hunter twined a forepaw around the man's rifle while he tried to pin the animal down and shot the hunter through the arm.

A buck deer in California, seeing that a hunter was training his sights on another deer, jumped out of the thicket, struck the man in the back and knocked him down disarming him in the process.

A rabbit, bagged by a boy in Kentucky, reached out from the game bag, pulled the trigger of the boy's gun and let him have it right in the foot.

A grasshopper in Oregon flew through the open window of an automobile driven by a fisherman who had his catch, a salmon, by his side. The grasshopper startled the salmon, the salmon jumped into the driver's lap, the driver lost control of his car and the car was wrecked after crashing off the road.

We have become so soft, that's what. We have adopted an inexcusably pacifist attitude towards the Animal Kingdom by organizing the Be-Kind-To-Animals Weeks and the like. The result is our being subjected to intolerable aggression.

What to do now? Nobody is willing and ready to fight another war right away. Barring the Animal Kingdom from membership in the United Nations will be necessary, but it won't be enough. My suggestion is: psychological warfare on a very big scale by a huge army of propagandists. First objective should be the organization of a Be-Kind-To-Humans Week among the animals. If we fell for a trick like that, why wouldn't they?

WATCH REPAIRS

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Hope Takes Serious Outlook in Wacky Book 'So This Is Peace'

J. K. B. Nelson

"So This Is Peace", Bob Hope's latest wacky work, is described in the New York Herald Tribune as a "Hit-and-Run Hope Chest", because, as Mr. Hope himself admits, his humor is often of the hit-and-run variety, but nevertheless Hope springs eternal jokes. From time to time in these ten chapters the



Edwin C. Hill, noted radio reporter, is heard over ABC on "The Human Side of the News." A former newspaperman and a radio veteran of more than 15 years, Hill has acquired a reputation as a keen student of national and international affairs.

comedians turns serious, for he is aware that being at peace is not the same as enjoying peace. However Mr. Hope does not expand this theory, but is content to merely give it a "plug" and then get on with such nonsense as these (valuable?) biographical side-lights: "Mr. Hope is a sports magnate. He recently acquired part ownership of the Cleveland Indians, who were, up to that point, a baseball team. This deal was "swindled" because of a life-long desire of Mr. Hope's to get to first base at something. Mr. Hope has also done movie and radio work." Bob Hope has broadened the old Vaudeville motto of "Leave 'em laughing", to "keep 'em laughing and you needn't leave 'em." He has followed this up all the way, and produced a very enjoyable book, one that you definitely do not want to miss! (Simon and Schuster, 1.00)

"Under the Red Sun", by Forbes J. Monaghan is a first hand account of the Japanese occupation of Manila, told by a Catholic priest who literally sat on the hottest spot in the Philippines during the occupation. Father Monaghan was at the outbreak of the war, a teacher at a Catholic college, one of the few places not taken over by the Jap army. As a result, it became a rallying place for Filipino patriots, a center for undercover activities of the guerrillas, and escaped American G.I.'s. From this focal point of resistance, Father Monaghan was able to observe and assist many of the resistance movements. Thus his well-written account is not only exciting, but authentic, and is proof that a catholic priest can write as exciting a narrative as any news correspondent. (Under The Red Sun, 2.75)

What's Cooking

- TUESDAY, January 7
7:00 p. m. Spanish Club, Room 123, Acad. Bldg.
7:30 p. m. ASCE, Lecture Room, S. W. Oberg, Chief Civil Engineer, Humble Co., guest speaker.
7:30 p. m. Cream & Kow Klub, Creamery Lecture Room.
7:30 p. m. Veterans' Wives Club, business meeting, Sbis Lounge.
WEDNESDAY, January 8
7:00 p. m. Former Navy & Marine Corps personnel, organizational meeting for club, Room 307, Acad. Bldg. All former enlisted men and officers urged to attend.
7:00 p. m. Battalion Staff Dinner, Sbis Hall Annex.
7:30 p. m. Beaumont A. & M. Club, Room 108, Acad. Bldg.
7:30 p. m. Reserve Officer's Association, Petroleum Lecture Room. Guest speaker, Col. Tom Adcock.
7:30 p. m. Air Forces enlisted reservists, Assembly Hall. Organizational meeting.
THURSDAY, January 9
7:00 p. m. Corpus Christi A. & M. Club, Room 217, Acad. Bldg. Election of officers and dance report.
7:00 p. m. Land of the Lakes Club, Room 324, Acad. Bldg.
7:15 p. m. Brazoria County A. & M. Club, Room 205, Acad. Bldg.
8:00 p. m. A I ChE & American Chemical Society, Chemistry Lecture Room. Guest speaker, Dr. K. M. Watson, University of Wisconsin Chemical Engineering Dept. Subject, "Kinetics of Reactions Catalyzed by Solids".
7:30 p. m. Bell County A. & M. Club Room 103, Acad. Bldg.
7:30 p. m. ASHVE meeting with Houston (South Texas) chapter. 6 discussion groups between students and engineers, Sbis Mess Hall.
7:00 p. m. Greenville A. & M. Club, Room 227, Acad. Bldg.

Two Screen Classics On Guion Hall List

Continuing the practice of presenting ever-popular movies to students and residents, Guion Hall will show two more screen classics this month at no admission charge, Manager Tom Puddy announced. "Midsummer Night's Dream" is scheduled for January 18, and "Prince and the Pauper" is showing February 1. The movies begin at 10 a. m. on the days indicated. If the crowds at the morning showing warrant, there will be a matinee performance at 3 o'clock that afternoon. "Green Pastures", the greatest Negro movie ever made, was shown last month on the program.

CAMPUS

Opens 1:00 p.m. Ph. 4-1181

TODAY Wednesday and Thursday

How they go for "Clementine"!

Darryl F. Zanuck presents JOHN FORD'S MY DARLING CLEMENTINE Starring HENRY FONDA LINDA DARNELL VICTOR MATURE with WALTER BRENNAN TIM HOLT CATHY DOWNS Directed by JOHN FORD Produced by SAMUEL G. ENGEL
Plus News—Cartoon

Guion Hall

LAST DAY TODAY! GARY GRANT and ALEXIS SMITH in "Night and Day" in Technicolor

WED. and THURS. "NIGHT in PARADISE" in Technicolor with MERLE OBERON and TURHAN BEY

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