

The Band: Tooting Our Own Horn . . .

No matter how hard we may try, we just can't seem to curb our fanaticism and quit writing at least two or three editorials a year about that wonderful institution—the Aggie band.

Cause for this current outburst of enthusiasm is the particularly fine performance the band made at last weekend's football game.

As usual when they marched upon the field during halftime, we sensed a strong feeling of pride. One of our most widely acclaimed living traditions was showing off, and we were proud.

But it only took a few minutes to realize that the band was marching and playing at its best. It's seldom that a football audience gets a chance to see such a snappy, closely-knit organization march out on the field, spell out several intricate initials, and play to perfection a selection

of stirring marches.

To Colonel E. V. Adams goes much of the credit for his original formations and efficient direction.

Some schools follow the practice of mimeographing diagrams for each member of a band to explain to him exactly what he has to do. This process takes some two weeks. Adams accomplishes the same thing in about 15 minutes by getting the band together and explaining the formations in detail.

But to the cadet members of the band should go a majority of the praise. For after all, they are the ones who can make or break the organization. Beside drilling an hour each day, band members practice in concert three times a week.

Yes, we're proud of our band. We believe it's the best band in anybody's stadium.

In Small Towns, Saturday Is Custom . . .

Last week's magazine supplement Parade for many metropolitan Sunday newspapers carried an article about American small towns on Saturday. The small town used as typical in the United States was Olney, Texas.

Olney, population 5,500, 40 miles from Wichita Falls, is a slow moving little town that thrives on agriculture and some oil. During the week Olney shuffles through long, lazy days in slow routine regularity, nothing much happening, not many people in the stores.

But on Saturday people from all around come into town. They shop; they talk with friends; they take in the local movie. Farmers have a sort of circuit they make around town; first, to the bank; next, to a farm implement store; and later, to a cup of coffee in one of the cafes. The womenfolk are busy buying groceries and looking for bargains in clothing for the family. The children lose little time in tanking-up at the drug store with milk shakes, a hamburger, and then off to the picture show.

On Saturday afternoon Olney, and thousands of American small towns like Olney, people stand on street corners and talk over the weather, crops, local politics and the high school football team. Everybody knows everyone else in the community, and no one's business is his own.

The cares and worries and interests of these people in America's small towns are generally limited to the locality in which they live. Their perspective of world affairs or national affairs usually never goes beyond 50 miles. They are little people, concerned with little cares, enjoying little things.

Olney, or any other small town in this country is only as important as are the people, who inhabit that community. Each person is, to the others in that community, important. And the limited sights of these people magnify this importance.

In small towns we find the roots of democracy are firmly imbedded in the soil and in the spirits of the people who till that soil.

King's Dead; Long Live Gravediggers . . .

Remember when, about ten years ago, you would pass the town cemetery late at night, frightened, whistling to maintain your fortitude? You would walk by at a double-time count, become a little more scared, and then strike out running for home.

This is but another of the tricks and traditions of America which is about to go to its own death. The old-fashioned, run down, deserted cemetery will soon be a thing of the past.

When the Texas Cemeteries Association met early this week, the president of the group announced that a trend toward making cemeteries into beautiful parks for the living—as well as resting places for the dead—is now taking place.

Thus an old favorite of horror story and mystery writers is leaving the scene. However, for those blossoming youths with a yen for inspirational ghost stories, there is still hope.

The ancient homes of ghouls, ghosts, and goblins cannot be destroyed, so they will merely drop into oblivion. This will be a time-consuming process, luckily for the embryonic sons of Poe.

Another feature of the graveyard gentlemen's meeting was a discussion on what was described as the world's first successful grave digging machine. This, undoubtedly, will be a boon to the eternal peace-makers, but think of the countless dozens of gravediggers who will become unemployed and will be cast upon society for aid.

Perhaps they all will write books. "How Not to Dig a Grave" or "I'm a Very Grave Fellow" should be best-sellers.

We do, though, wonder what the theme-song of the Association is? If they are without an alma mater, they should certainly find one. May we suggest "Red Roses for a Blue Lady?"

The Battalion

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

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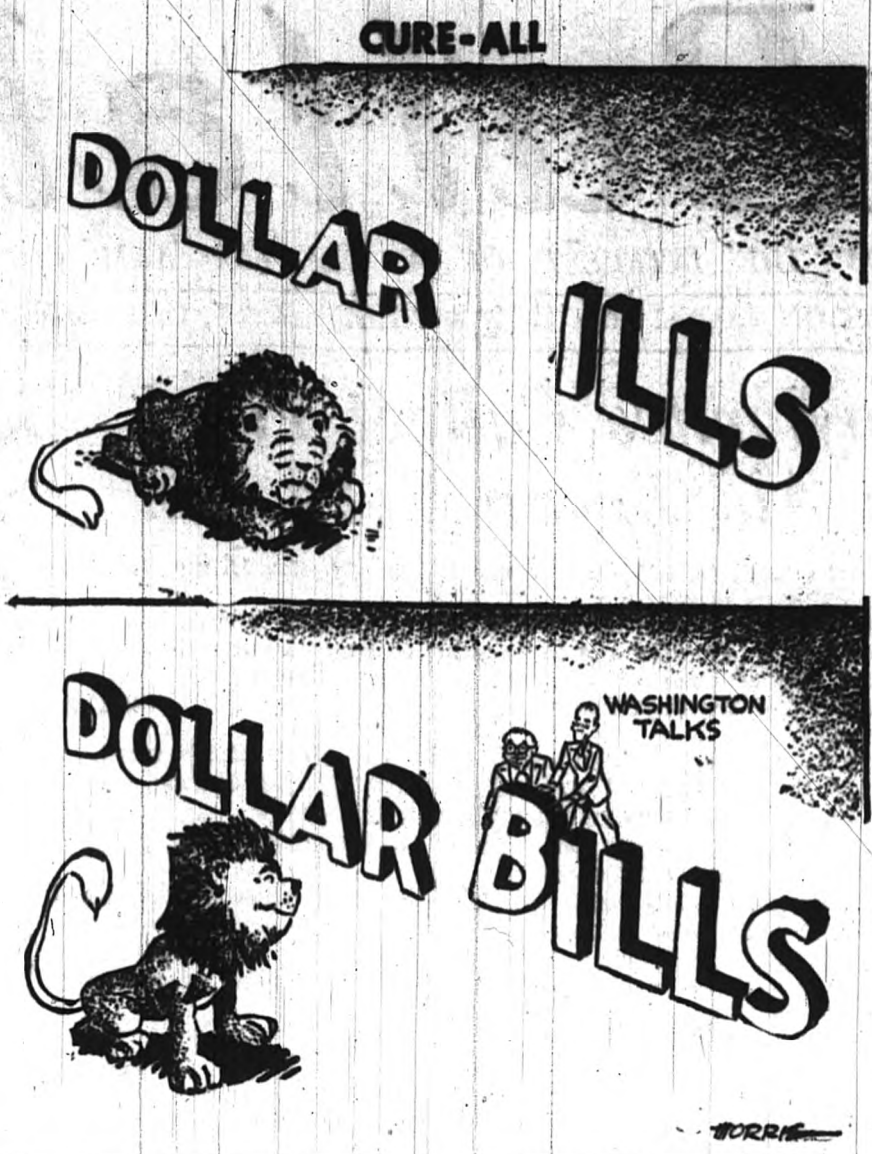
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WASHINGTON TALKS

Letters To The Editor

(All letters to the editor which are signed by a student or employee of the college and which do not contain obscene or libelous material will be published. Persons wishing to have their names withheld from publication may request such action and these names will not, without the consent of the writer, be divulged to any persons other than the editors.)

THAT THEIR LIGHT MAY SO SHINE . . .

Editor, The Battalion: We've kept this "gripe" suppressed so long that it had seven pups last night.

However, we're mighty proud of our reading room here on the third stoop, ramp 5, Law Hall, but it's mighty exasperating when you have to strain your eyes in the semi-darkness to see even the prominent features in the new French magazine "NUS" (Sun spelled backwards), because of the lighting situation.

Now it's not the one-fourth watt bulb that bothers us. It's just the fact that it burned out the first week of school, and no new bulb yet. Also, our library subscription to the "Texas Ranger" has run out, but luckily the Fall issue of the Sears and Roebuck Catalogue came through on time.

We hope that this is a high priority gripe, because it affects everyone who reads.

Think you can help us?
Dick Magers '49
Ed Haaker '48
Bobby Coon '49
Bill Bishop '50
Blue Tate '48
J. Novikoff '49

WRITTEN TO CLARIFY

Editor, The Battalion: I have read several criticisms of the new seating arrangement of the student section of Kyle Field. This letter is written to clarify, I hope, some of the gripes.

To begin with, the students get 10,000 seats, roughly extending from the 50 yard line to the middle of the section directly behind the goal posts. There are 4,500 corps students, 3,000 veteran students and 1,250 student wives to share these seats with an estimated 1,250 dates.

The corps sits in the front sections for several reasons. (1) The corps marches to the games. If they sat in back they would be running over the veteran students sitting in front. (2) The corps must sit together to be most effective in supporting the team. (3) Occasionally the corps forms the T and must empty and re-enter.

Official Notice

Those students who want their ring for Christmas must get their order in to the Registrar's Office before November first. Any student who lacks not more than eight hours of having completed the number of hours required through the Junior year of his curriculum and who has earned an equal number of grade points may purchase the A and M ring.

All rings must be paid for in full when placing the order.
The ring window is open only from 8 a.m. to 12:00 noon, daily except on Sundays.

H. L. Heaton, Registrar.

All students who have not had identification photographs made report to the Photographic & Visual Aids Laboratory, Room 27, Administration Building between the hours of 4:00 p. m. and 5:30 p. m., October 17, 18, 19. The Laboratory will not be open for identification photographs at any other time.

BENNIE A. ZINN, Assistant Dean of Students for Student Affairs

From Where I Sit . . . Rank's 'Red Shoes' Judged Masterful Screen Triumph

BY HERMAN C. GOLLOB

The Red Shoes (J. Arthur Rank) starring Anton Walbrook and Moira Shearer (Queen).

Once more J. Arthur Rank has given us the inapproachable motion picture that is British film making at its best.

We refer to "The Red Shoes," his latest cinematic triumph now at the Queen in its second day of a scheduled three-day road show run. Since its release last spring it has been eliciting only the loftiest and most ecstatic praise from critics and audience, praise which can be either too loud, long, nor fervent.

For "Red Shoes" is an altogether captivating and facile entertainment, stimulating and absorbing as few screen offerings have been of late.

Concerned with the rise of a beautiful and elegant English society debutante to fame as a ballerina, the successful ascent of a young music student to prominence as a conductor-composer for the ballet, their crossing of paths at the heights of their careers, and their tragic outcome, the story is at once beautiful and compelling, free from entangled plot complexities and possessed of genuine sentiment.

The essential air of fantasy which shrouds all ballet is not alone confined to the film's fifteen minute ballet sequence. Superior acting, shining direction, intelligent photography, and an eloquently unobtrusive but thoroughly fitting musical score conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham and played by the London

Philharmonic—all combine to produce a magical aura of unreality which settles over the entire film and provides an enchanting and unique fairy-tale whimsy, to accompany the intrinsic dramatic appeal of the story itself.

We fear this dream-like quality would have been converted into somewhat of a nightmare had Hollywood laid its highly specialized hands on the production; in both the Hollywood and British movie there is of course an abundance of technical skill and finish which is vital to the success of a picture. Yet in our acquisition of high gloss and near-perfection we lose a certain glow of enthusiasm and belief without which a film, or any work of art for that matter, will only be shallow and superficial.

At their best, however, the English offer a perfect balance between technical virtuosity and warmth and true sentiment. They have learned the secret of restraint.

For example, the ballet sequence, which offers the screen a quite wonderful concentration of sheer brilliance and grace, radiant rhythm and beauty, avoids a tawdry aspect through a restrained use of the technicolor camera. Hollywood would have imparted to it a plushy elegance which would have relegated the visual magic of the ballet to the gaudiness of an operatic line.

This all-important quality of restraint is manifest too in performance and direction. Several scenes offer heavy traffic in the emotions, and as the result of a firm directorial rein on the cast fail to trip over the hairline separating the dramatic and the melodramatic.

We were most impressed with the characterization of Lermontov, the haughty cold ballet impresario created by Anton Walbrook. Walbrook, exhibited extraordinary acting intelligence, and injected a magnetism into the role of Lermontov which made him the film's dominant character.

Moira Shearer, an exquisite, auburn-haired young actress who seems to be the British counterpart to Greer Garson (a native Englishwoman now wed to American films), imparts extraordinary beauty and pathos to the shy, sensitive Victoria Page.

Marius Goring as Craster, the conductor-composer, Leonide Massine as Grisha, the fiery, temperamental ballet master, and Albert Basserman as the elderly designer are all we would ask in other principal roles.

Hiked-up road show prices (Matinee-\$1.20, \$1.50, \$1.80; Evening-\$1.20, \$1.80, \$2.40) prevail at all performances. However, student tickets go for \$1 at all performances. If what we have been seeing on the screen recently is worth in the neighborhood of fifty cents, this one dollar tariff attached to "The Red Shoes" is by comparison a steal.

Truman Nominates Woman Envoy

Washington, (AP)—Mrs. Eugenie Anderson of Red Wing, Minn., has been nominated to represent the United States in Denmark as this country's first woman ambassador.

President Truman sent the name of the 40-year-old Democratic National Committeewoman to the senate Wednesday to succeed Josiah Marvel, who vacated the Copenhagen post some months ago.

At the 500-acre Minnesota farm where she and her artist-husband live, Mrs. Anderson said she is an "ardent supporter" of Truman's foreign policy and added that she was "especially happy to be nominated as ambassador to Denmark."

There have been women ministers representing the United States abroad—Mrs. Perle Mesta at Luxembourg is one; Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, was another—but no woman ever before has held the full ambassadorial rank.

Campus

LAST DAY
FIRST RUN
—Features Start—
1:50 - 4:30 - 7:15 - 10:00

The Great Sinners
Plus
SMU - RICE
Football Game
CARTOON - NEWS -

THURS. thru SAT.



ROSALIND RUSSELL
MOORING BECOMES ELECTRA
MICHAEL REDGRAVE
RAYMOND MASSEY
CARTOON - NEWS
FOOTBALL

PRE-GAME FUN

FRIDAY - 10:30 P.M.

ONE SHOW ONLY

SKYWAY

DRIVE-IN THEATRE

200 DOUBLE LAWN CHAIRS FOR THOSE WITHOUT CARS



Guion Hall

LAST DAY

J. ARTHUR RANK presents
STEWART GRANGER
KATHLEEN RYAN in
'CAPTAIN BOYCOTT'
As exciting as a torch-blazing in the night!

Thursday & Friday

DOROTHY LAMOUR, THE DONLEY, JACK TREWOR, LUCKY STIFF, BENEY PRODUCER

PALACE

Bryan 2-8879

TODAY thru SAT.



Evelyn WEST

INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS
HUBBA-HUBBA GIRL IN

"A NIGHT AT THE FOLLIES"

SOMETHING NEW IN ENTERTAINMENT!

YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT IT!
YOU'VE READ ABOUT IT!
Now See
BIG TIME BURLESQUE
JUST AS PRESENTED AT THE
WORLD FAMOUS FOLLIES THEATRE
IN LOS ANGELES

QUEEN Today thru Thurs.

There has never been a motion picture like



The Red Shoes

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

A J. Arthur Rank Presentation

MATINEES — 550 SEATS AT \$1.20

ONE ROW AT \$1.50 (tax incl.) **ONE ROW AT \$1.80 (tax incl.)**

EVENINGS — 550 SEATS AT \$1.20

ONE ROW AT \$1.80 (tax incl.) **ONE ROW AT \$2.40 (tax incl.)**

Students all performances \$1.00 (Tax Incl.)

20 ... AND THIS IS NOW
GARY GRANT
1000 ANN
SHERIDAN
THE GREAT HEARD THE SHERIFF
PICK-UP. 2 DIFFERENT
US ALL SO FINNY
It was a Male War Bride
MAYNARD MARSHALL RALPH STUMPS WILLIAM HOFF

Added Short - "UNINVITED BLOND"

ADMISSION—50c (Tax Incl.)

FRIDAY NITE - 10:30