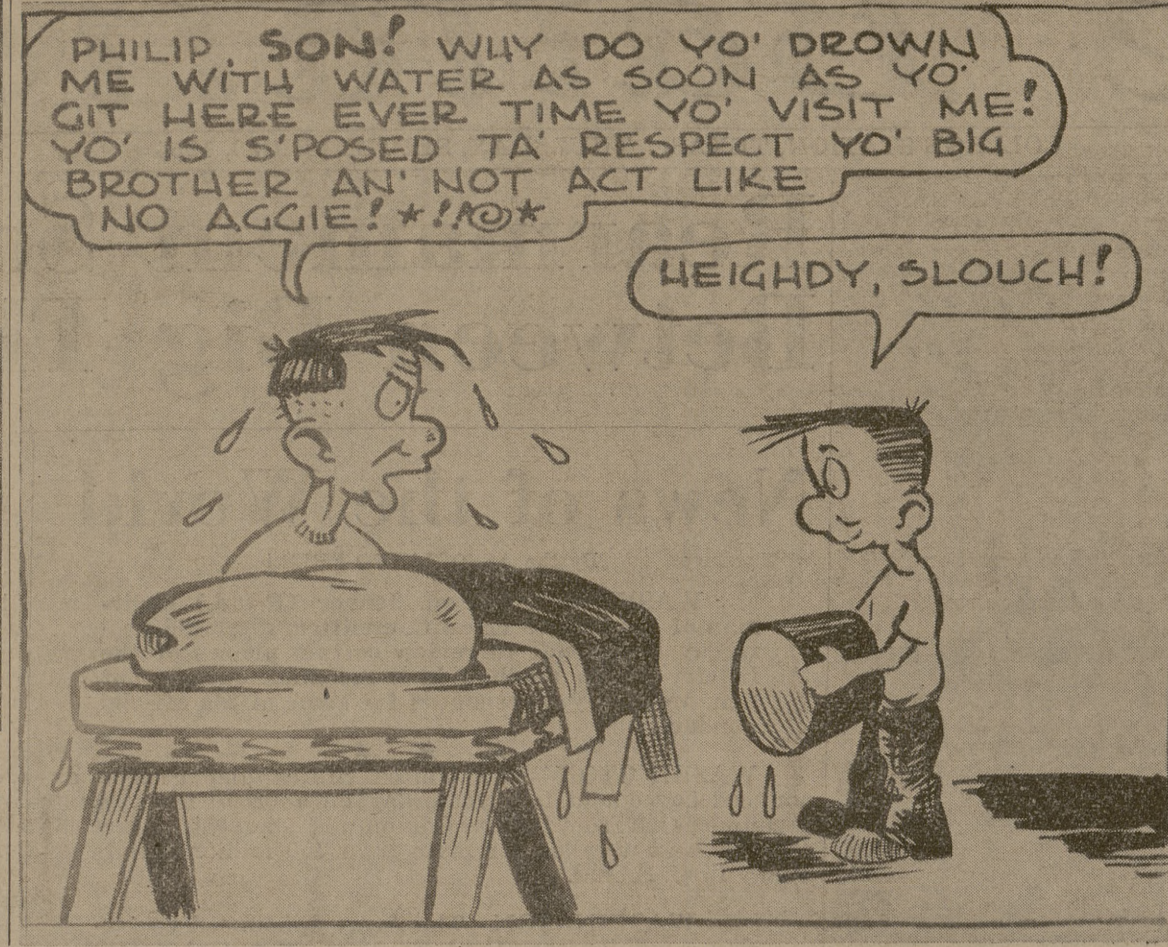




MACHINE SHOP—The inside of the temporary mechanical engineering shop set up after the Dec. 6, 1921, fire which destroyed the Mechanical Engineering building. The shop was set up with the equipment saved in the fire and other materials from this area. This was the old blacksmith shop on the east side of the Mechanical Engineering building. About 700 to 800 students were enrolled at the time of the fire.



The Day The ME Building Burned



REMAINS—This is the remains of the old Mechanical Engineering building which burned on Dec. 6, 1921. The building and most of the equipment and other materials were destroyed. The Electrical Engineering building and Ross hall are shown in the background. The blurred area in the photo is smoke.



WHAT'S LEFT—The blacksmith shop, which was on the east side of the Mechanical Engineering building, was saved and used as a temporary shop. The shop was set up by R. W. Downard, assistant professor of mechanical engineering.

ME Building Ghosts Haunt The Construction Engineers

By RALPH COLE
Battalion City Editor

The Mechanical Engineering building was completely destroyed after a fire broke out at 4:45 Sunday morning.

This was the talk of the campus back in 1921, when the Mechanical Engineering building caught fire early Sunday, Dec. 6.

Now, some 33 years later, ghosts of the building are coming back to haunt construction engineers.

The foundation of the building is now being removed as construction continues on the parking lot west of Bagley hall. Even an old sulphur well, where Aggies of the past got their drinking water, has also been uncovered.

Fire destroyed the building and

most of the engineering equipment, supplies and other materials. The old building was valued at \$25,000 and the equipment at \$75,000. The building was one of the oldest on the campus at that time, and college officials had been considering replacing the building with a more modern one.

The steam laboratory, a small brick building adjoining the main laboratory and containing most of the machinery and supplies used in the instruction of seniors, was the only part saved.

The alarm was turned in by Ben Garrity, a student living in Austin hall. After the fire, he said humorously that he had been sleeping with one eye on the water tower while he waited for the State University

sympathizer that might attempt to paint the score of 7 to 3 on it. He also won the place of yell leader for the next year by his vocal demonstration in spreading the news of the fire.

The Main building, Electrical Engineering building, Mechanical Engineering building and the Textile Engineering building all were within a 100 foot radius of the burning structure.

A temporary shop was set up by R. W. Downard, now assistant professor of mechanical engineering, in the old blacksmith shop which was part of the Mechanical Engineering building.

Students and firemen fought the flame but it did not reach it in time. Lack of water also hampered the crew's work.

Students and college authorities raked through the rubble picking out all equipment that could still be used. Enough equipment was saved to set up a temporary shop for classes to continue.

The new building was planned by E. J. Fermier, then head of the mechanical engineering department. The approximate cost of the present building was \$150,000.

It was never learned what caused the fire, but it was believed faulty wiring was to blame.

Foundations were never removed because of lack of money. They were covered up with gravel and the spot has been used as a parking lot since.

This summer, construction began on the lot. Storm sewers were added to take care of the excess water during severe rains.

The lot had to be slanted to the drains, and this is where the trouble began. Now, the foundations have to be removed to level the lot again.

SMITH & WESSON
K-22's
K-38's
HILLCREST
HARDWARE

Somebody's Lost Their Laundry

Approximately 200 unidentified bundles of laundry have been turned in since registration, according to Lt. Col. Taylor Wilkins, assistant commandant.

Wilkins suggested that students make sure tickets are in the laundry bag and their name and laundry mark are on the ticket before turning in their laundry.

Bruce To Address Houston A&M Club

General A. D. Bruce, a former Aggie who is now the president of the University of Houston, will address the Houston A&M club at its regular noon luncheon, Monday in the Rice Hotel.

SINGLE ACTION
COLTS
A few good ones
HILLCREST
HARDWARE



On Campus with Max Schulman

MY COUSIN HASKELL

I have a cousin named Haskell Krovney, a sweet, unspoiled country boy, who has just started college. A letter arrived from him this morning which I will reprint here because I know that Haskell's problems are so much like your own. Haskell writes:

Dear Haskell (he thinks my name is Haskell too), I see that you are writing a column for Philip Morris cigarettes. I think they are keen cigarettes which taste real good and which make a pleasant noise when you open the pack, and I want to tell you why I don't smoke them. It all started the very first day I arrived at college. I had just gotten off the train and was walking across the campus, swinging my cardboard valise whistling snatches of *Valencia*, *Barney Google*, and other latest tunes, admiring statues, petting dogs and girls, when all of a sudden I ran into this fellow with a blue jacket, gray pants, and white teeth. He asked me was I a freshman. I said yes. He asked me did I want to go places on campus, make a big name for myself, and get pointed at in fashionable ballrooms and spas. I said yes. He said the only way to make all these things happen was to join a fraternity. Fortunately he happened to have a pledge card on him, so he pricked my thumb and I signed. He didn't tell me the name of the fraternity or where it is located, but I suppose I'll find out when I go active.

Meanwhile this fellow comes around every week and collects his dues which are \$100. Lately he has been collecting \$10 extra each week. He says this is a fine because I missed the meeting. When I remind him that I can't go to meetings because I don't know where the house is, he twists my arm.

I have never regretted joining the fraternity because it is my dearest wish to be somebody on campus and get pointed at in spas, but you can see that it isn't cheap. It wouldn't be so bad if I slept at the house, but you must agree that I can't very well sleep at the house if I don't know where the house is.

I have had to rent a room. This room is not only hellishly expensive, but it isn't the kind of room I wanted at all. What I was looking for was someplace reasonably priced, clean, comfortable, and within easy walking distance of classes, the downtown shopping district, the movies, and my home town. What I found was a bedroom in the home of a local costermonger, which is dingy, expensive, uncomfortable, inconvenient, and I don't even get to use the bed till six o'clock in the morning when my Landlord goes off to mong his costers. Well, anyhow, I got settled and started going to classes. But first I had to pay my tuition. This came to a good deal more than the advertised rates. When I asked the bursar what the extra money was for, he told me lab fees. When I said I wasn't taking any labs, he said I was taking psychology which counted as a lab because they used white mice. When I offered to bring my own mice, of which there are plenty in my room, he twisted my arm.

So I paid the man and went to my classes where I found that all my professors had spent busy summers writing brand new textbooks. Over to the bookstore I went, saw the prices on the textbooks, and collapsed in a gibbering heap. At length I recovered and made indignant demands to speak to the proprietor, but they told me the Brinks truck had already taken him home for the day. There was nothing for it but to buy the books.

Next I turned to romance—and found it. Harriet, her name was—a great, strapping girl. I first spied her leaning against the statue of the Founder, dozing lightly. I talked to her for several hours without effect. Only when I mentioned dinner did she stir. Her milky little eyes opened, she raised a heavy arm, seized my nose, and dragged me off to a dimly lit place called The Trap where everything was a la carte. She ordered cracked crab (\$1.75), sirloin chateaubriand (\$7.00), a scuttle of french fries (18¢ the french fry), an artichoke (30¢ the leaf), and compote (80¢ the prune).

After dinner she lapsed into a torpor from which I could not rouse her, no matter how I tried. I banged my glass with my fork. I did bird calls of North and South America. I pinched her huge pendulous jowl. I rubbed the legs of my corduroy pants together. But nothing worked, and finally I had to sling her over my shoulder and carry her to the girls dormitory, to the vast amusement of everybody along the route.

But it was not the jeers of bystanders that bothered me. It was the hernia. Fortunately, medical care for students is provided free at the college dispensary; all I had to pay for were a few extras, like X-rays, anaesthetics, operating room, forceps, hemostats, scalpels, sponges, catgut, linens, towels, amortization, and nurses. They would not, however, let me keep the nurses.

So, dear cousin, if you see me these days without a Philip Morris cigarette, it is not because I don't like Philip Morris cigarettes. I do. I flip when I taste their mild rare vintage tobaccos. But I can't afford cigarettes. I can't even afford matches, what with fraternity dues and room rent and lab fees and textbook prices and my girl Harriet and medical care.

Well, I'll write you again soon. Keep 'em flying.
Yr. Cousin, Haskell
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The Battalion

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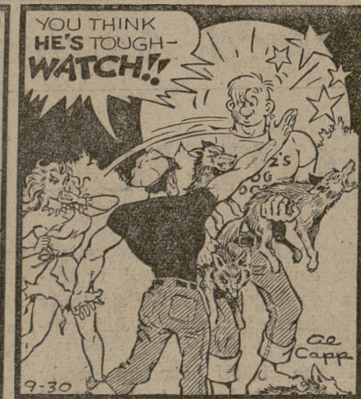
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