

The Battalion

STUDENT TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF TEXAS A. & M. COLLEGE

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Glamorous Students?

We've all thought for a long time that something ought to be done about it—this business of making the life of today's collegian glamorous and carefree—and at last the Daily Dartmouth of Dartmouth College has done it, the Associated Collegiate Press reports. We believe you'll give a rousing second to this editorial.

It's about time somebody tried once and for all to dispel the myth of the carefree college boy. The college boy, people who are out of college, or have never been there, will tell you, lives a life which runs the gamut from pure joy to the ultimate in rhapsodic existence, and the Sunday magazine sections picture him with glass in hand, his lips creased in a gay smile, while a number of beautiful women parade past him like so much beef on the hoof. The motion pictures are doing their level best to prolong the life of this popular fiction, and thousands of young girls who stand on their feet all day behind the counters from Worcester to Oshkosh find their own particular heaven in watching some clean-cut god of the Tom Brown species cavort through a land overflowing with evening clothes and exciting football finishes, strewing his fraternity pins behind him.

The college boy may seem that way at times, and particularly when he begins to reminisce for the benefit of the homefolks during vacation periods, but that is because he is learning that the only way to please is to give people what they expect, and that no one will believe, much less listen to him, if he tries to tell the crowd that he is doing a serious job of going to college, and that he has a lot of things on his mind.

The fact is that college boys work hard, take a Saturday night off for relaxation, like to sit by the fire and read the newspaper, are ugly or good looking as the case may be, have their domestic troubles with their roommates, get broke, argue with the traffic cop, do or do not like their eggs flopped over, and call Mr. Roosevelt names, even as any average citizen who lives uphill and goes to work on Main Street. To be sure, college boys are young, and they do these things with more spirit, and harder than they will twenty years from now, but the point is that this is what they do, and it's peculiar that nobody wants to believe it.

Just the same, we hope the day will come when some stranger will tell us that he's working in such and such a place, and we can reply that we're going to college, without catching that 'oh, college boy' look in his eye."

Da Vinci's Wheelbarrow

Leonardo da Vinci, born in 1452, the illegitimate son of a Florentine lawyer, is considered by many to have been the most universal genius the world has ever produced. His activities embraced all the fields of art and science in his day.

While he is best known as the painter of Mona Lisa and The Last Supper, he was also accomplished beyond his contemporaries as sculptor, musician, military engineer, astronomer, botanist, anatomist, geologist and what not.

But great as were his contributions to art and science, the most lasting benefits which he conferred upon mankind were probably in the line of mechanical invention, although many of his conceptions were not developed practically until centuries later. It is said that he invented a flying machine which would have been a success with a modern motor, for which the world had to wait another 400 years.

One of his inventions was the wheelbarrow, which, simple as it appears to us, has been one of the greatest labor-savers ever devised through the application of pure mechanics. It seems strange to us that so many centuries elapsed between the invention of the wheel and that of the wheelbarrow.

Why Die In Europe's War

Old men make wars that the young men fight. That is the history of every conflict, that will be the history of this one if the United States gets in.

The youth of this country doesn't want to fight in Europe. Why should he? For the first time he is face to face with a struggle whose only spectacle is horror, whose only passion is cruelty.

Recent statistics show that in the United States there are 26,000,000 men between the ages of 18 and 45. Presumably, by simple arithmetic then, there are at least 13,000,000 between the ages of 18 and 32.

Young men's blood has always paid for old men's blunders.

It shouldn't be so this time. We can pray that it won't—and continue living, instead of dying.

—Dispatch-Journal.

Collegiate Review

How do students rate students of other colleges?

In a survey, undergraduates at five eastern institutions rated the Dartmouth man as an "outdoor man, college-loyal, a hard drinker, athletic and rah-rah;" the Harvard man is "blase, snobbish, conceited, intellectual and socialite;" the Princeton youth is "style-setting, gentlemanly, smooth, college-loyal, socialite," and the Yale student is "college-loyal, athletic, typical college, hard-drinking, socialite."

What do you think?

Smart-cracking funnyman Robert Charles Benchley of the bounding broomstick fame, current networks and screen comedy favorite, believes that college is as good a place as any to start a life of fun and fiction—and he points to his undergraduate career at said Harvard to prove it.

Smartest come-back and shortest exam answer we've come across in a long time came from the collection of Benchleyisms that still keeps wearers of the Crimson in stitches: During an English literature examination he was asked, "Which of Shakespeare's plays would you rather see enacted, 'Hamlet' or 'Macbeth'?" Here's Bob's answer: "I would rather see 'Hamlet,' because I've already seen 'Macbeth'."

Can an A grade be unwelcome? Paul W. Summers, mid-year graduate of the University of Hawaii, says it can, and cites his own experience to prove it.

Summers entered the current year lacking nine credits for graduation. He enrolled as a special student, paying \$5 for each credit or a total of \$45. When he returned for a transcript of his record yesterday, he was informed that he had been granted an additional credit with an A grade for his performance in the guild play, "The First Legion."

This made him a regular student, and subject to \$14 ASUH fees, \$10 registration fee, and other charges. "Why couldn't I get A's when I wanted them?" he wails. "I like A's, but not at about \$28 each!" He firmly refused the additional credit, announcing that he was auditing dramatics.

PIGS: Luther College has a new endowment building stunt that we think is something that demands a place in our little book of collegiate oddities. To gather funds for the erection of a new women's dorm, it is asking farmer friends to donate a pig to the college in the spring, feed it during the summer, and present the full-grown hog or its equivalent in cash to the college next fall. Yes, the college is located in the tall corn state!

Harvard man Conrad Budny claims the unofficial milk-drinking championship of the world; he drinks seven glasses of milk per meal and has done so ever since he was a babe in arms. No sissy, he exercises with 50-pound weights, using a 200-pound weight for "special occasions."

NUDE NOGGIN: Latest money-making freak stunt to supplement the goldfish and phonograph-record eating contests of collegians comes from Ohio State. Ernest R. Tenenbaum, a sophomore, had his hair clipped off neatly and smoothly for a \$5 bill donated by his Tau Epsilon Phi brethren if he'd go through with the dare. Hair tonic manufacturers will prosper as never before if this idea goes the way of the fish gulping contests.

As the World Turns...

By DR. R. W. STEEN

The inability of the Republican Party to present even the shadow of a foreign policy is definitely encouraging the talk of a third term for Roosevelt. Garner, whose boom for the presidency is still under way, is being mentioned as a candidate for a third term in the vice-presidential chair. It appears now that the anti-Garner manager in Texas will be Railroad Commissioner Sadler. Recent developments have made Mayor Maverick of San Antonio less valuable than formerly as a Roosevelt leader.

Radio station WBAP did not carry the Sunday morning broadcast of Governor O'Daniel. A statement issued by the station declares that it is made available to the governor without charge for the Sunday addresses, but that its services can be had only in case a manuscript is submitted in advance. WBAP contends that the matters discussed by the governor are controversial in character, and that a manuscript is therefore essential.

The proposed special session of the legislature remains no more than a probability. The governor is asking that members commit themselves in advance to follow a generally outlined program. A number of the members have as yet failed to make the necessary pledge. Austin opinion is that there will be a special session, but the matter of when is far from clear. The governor is still advocating a tax on goods sold as the best means of financing the security program. Railroad Commissioner E. O. Thompson advocates increased taxes on natural resources as the best means of financing the program. His proposal has been reduced to a slogan: "A nickel for grandma." In ordinary language this means a tax of five cents per barrel on crude oil.

It seems that Hitler has been badly outplayed in the game of international chess by Stalin. The Russian dictator not only gained a large portion of Poland without the necessity of firing a shot, but has greatly improved the Russian position as regards the Baltic. Now, it is announced, that he has positively refused to aid Germany in the war on Britain and France, and that Russia will supply only those military supplies for which Germany can pay.

Some reporters are convinced that Germany intends to make a mass attack on the western front within the next few weeks, and that in this attack the neutrality of Belgium, Holland and Switzerland will be violated. It is said that Hitler is taking this move not on the advice of his generals, but the secret police are said to have told Hitler that to delay a large scale victory will be a sure way to invite revolution.

The Allies seem content to depend upon time and the blockade. Hitler must decide whether to take aggressive steps, or whether to continue the war of nerve through the winter.

Movie Review

By Bob Nisbet

"GOODBYE MR. CHIPS," one of the best shows of the year, is showing at the Palace Tuesday and Wednesday. The book, as written by James Hilton a few years ago, was just a short novel and therefore not overly crowded with details. Of course, to make a show, details are essential, and since the book lacked them the studio had to supply them. Never was more justice done to a book in carrying out the general theme and atmosphere than was done in "Goodbye Mr. Chips." Robert Donat and Greer Carson are the stars.

The life of an English schoolmaster in the little Brookfield School for Boys is the story. Brookfield is not an aristocratic school; it doesn't cater to the rich classes, but it is an old school filled with many traditions and memories. Sons follow in their fathers' footsteps at Brookfield; in fact, Chips himself could remember the grandfathers of some of his last class of boys, and he could call every boys' name.

When Chips arrives at the school as a young master, he isn't the type to push himself. His timidity leads to unruly conduct among his pupils, which incidence almost costs him his job. Chips is no miracle man; if it had not been for his wife there is strong doubt that he would have ever risen from the rank of an instructor.

"Magazine Vitamins" Tasteless, Odorless, Colorless, and Useless, Writer Reveals

From "The Campus Chat"
Losing your schoolgirl complexion? Is your weight normal? How's the appetite, is it poor? Ingrown nails, housemaid's knee, water on the brain, halitosis, B. O., pink tooth brush, or anything else wrong with you?

If so, you need vitamins—vitamins A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and maybe X, Y, Z—and you need them in concentrated form. A pellet that melts on your tongue and is colorless, odorless, tasteless, (and useless). Every product of Swindle, Cheatum and Company is guaranteed to contain every known vitamin or your money back. If you don't get vitamins, look out. There will be a doctor's bill to pay. Look for the big green figures and our guarantee on every cellophane-wrapped package."

To some people this may sound like the stream-lined version of the snake-oil seller's ballyhoo, but exhortations like it greet the modern consumer almost everywhere—from the air, in magazines, newspapers, from bill boards, and in packages. The consumer is told that he can get his vitamins in the standard or the de luxe model, but he must have one or the other.

The standard may come in the form of lusive Effervescent Evaporated Egnoodles, Flossy's Facitious Flakes, Paula's Puffed Pea Soup, or Sofia's Society Soap (with a vitamin content that soaks through the skin), but regardless of how it comes, the consumer is constantly aware that he is able to get it.

The deluxe model comes in the form of concentrates to be taken after each meal, morning, noon, and night, not to mention 10:30, 2:30 and 4:30, in addition to the midnight hotdog. Some of the concentrates are advertised as a cure for everything from a hangnail to phlebitis, and if the consumer will only consume enough, his worries about socialized medicine will be over.

According to the Consumer's Guide, May 1, 1939, a publication of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, the business in vitamins has reached the \$100,000, 000-a-year mark. When the people of a nation spend that much annually for a thing, it is probably time that they were asking if it is worth it.

Williams Invited To Address San Antonio Teacher's Association

The San Antonio Industrial Arts and Vocational Teachers Club invited E. L. Williams to speak at a breakfast on Saturday, October 21, at the Gunter Hotel. The membership of this club is made up of the Industrial Arts teachers from all of the junior and senior high schools and the teachers of industrial arts from the Lanier, Burbank, and Technical High Vocational Schools.

Mr. Williams will speak to the club on "Guidance Through Industrial Education."

On a vacation with a close friend and fellow teacher, Chips goes alone on a mountain climb. Here on the crags of an alp in the thickest of fogs he meets her. Such a strange courtship. The most timid man in the world, and middle-aged, falling in love with a charming young girl. Her love, however, is the spark that fires Chips' ambitions. Earnestly setting to work, he gets the promotions that he has so long deserved.

As an old man with his many memories, Chips reflects over his term as head master, over his wife's life cut short by childbirth, over the many faces that have daily passed before him. He dies as a man long to be remembered for his kindness and his sincerity. For the honest portrayal of a truly good book, I rate "Goodbye Mr. Chips" three grade points.

WHAT'S SHOWING

AT THE PALACE
Tuesday and Wednesday—
"Here Am I A Stranger,"
with Richard Greene, Richard Dix, and Brenda Joyce.
AT THE ASSEMBLY HALL
Tuesday and Wednesday—
"Goodbye Mr. Chips,"
with Robert Donat and Greer Carson.

BACKWASH

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

The season's half over and we're still undefeated... Don't be disappointed if we lose one, though, because any team can have an "off day" and there may be a South-west Conference team better than the Aggies... Aggies 106, opponents 16... Number one calamity of Saturday's parade was Don McChesney losing his shoe as his company passed the reviewing stand... Colonel Christian, while waiting for the special to return to College Station: "This is the day I've been waiting for." ... Funniest of all were the four elderly persons trying to give the comical Aggie yell "Lizzie" in the lobby of the Texas Hotel following the game... Sophomore A. S. Richards' harmonica playing on the first special kept a hundred cadets entertained for over an hour Saturday morning.



Fuermann

Jimmy Cokinos brings Backwash this one about "Big Jawn." A few hours after last Saturday's game, John Kimbrough was riding the elevator in the Texas Hotel where the team was staying. It was a crowded elevator, like all Fort Worth elevators this past weekend, and among its passengers were two middle-aged gentlemen not at all affected by the hub-hub of the game. Each of the gentlemen, in his own turn, carefully scrutinized John, one of them even touching his broad shoulder and feeling of his arm muscles. All this without a word from either of them. Finally, however, one of them let go with words of real wisdom: "Son, you should play football."

One week from tonight at 9:30. Next Tuesday night over a coast-to-coast network "The Aggie War Hymn" will be included in a medley of college songs on the Brown and Williamson Tobacco Company's weekly broadcast, "Uncle Walter's Dog House."

J. J. Casey, manager of one of the college's confectioneries, has a sense of humor, but like all things, it has its limits. Early last week a woman telephoned and asked to talk to Casey's wife—Casey who is very unmarried! At first Casey was amused, but the woman was so persistent that he began to realize that the whole thing was no laughing matter. No amount of persuasion on Casey's part could convince the woman that he had no wife; she insisted that he did have one and wouldn't take no for an answer.

\$10 Cash to the winner:
Backwash and the Y.M.C.A.'s associate secretary, J. Gordon Gay, offer a \$10 cash prize to any Aggie who can work Gay's puzzle which can be found in his office. It can be done and the contest doesn't close until November 7, so try your luck.

Rosenwald Fund Fellowships For 1940-41 Now Open

The Julius Rosenwald Fund has announced its offer of fellowships for 1940-41 "to white southerners who wish to work on some problem distinctive to the South and who expect to make their careers in the South," according to Dean T. D. Brooks, Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences and Graduate School.

The fellowships are not restricted to any special subject or activity. While they usually contemplate advanced university work, they are open also to those who "plan to go into the fine arts, creative writing or journalism, education, agriculture, business or public service."

Although very exceptional cases will be considered on their merits, candidates are expected to be between 22 and 35 years of age. The amount of the grant will be determined individually in each case but they are expected to average \$1,500. These grants are normally for one year.

Dean Brooks expressed the hope that the fellowships would be of interest to some members of the College Staff. Any eligible person who is interested in the fellowship can obtain further information and forms at Dean Brooks' office. The applications must be filed in completed form before January 5, 1940.



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J.C. PENNEY CO.

Aggie Economy Center
Bryan, Texas

Advertisement for Railway Express laundry service, featuring a uniformed man and the text: "...SEND your laundry home by convenient RAILWAY EXPRESS. Thrifty idea, this: It saves you bother, and cash too, for you can express it home 'collect' you know. So phone our agent today. He'll call for your weekly package, speed it away by fast express train, and when it returns, deliver your laundry to you—all without extra charge. Complete and handy, eh? Only RAILWAY EXPRESS gives this service, and it's the same with your vacation baggage. For either or both, just pick up a phone and call SOUTHERN PACIFIC DEPOT Phone 9 College Station, Texas 1839... A Century of Service... 1939 RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY, INC. NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE