

The Battalion

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

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A CHALLENGE

By Dr. P. L. Gettys, Economics Dept. Professor

1940 brings an open challenge to the students of every college. In this period of mass education, it is imperative that each student recognize and accept his individual and personal responsibilities. Although his professors, his deans, and his administrative officers stand behind him with help and encouragement, the real challenge he must meet and conquer alone. It is not an abstract something to be pushed aside with the resolve to do something about it next week, next month, next semester. He must be cognizant of the potentialities of each day, grasp its opportunities and turn them to creditable account. Success is built upon daily effort and the mastery of daily problems. Each day's work done with conscientious effort is one step nearer the goal of achievement.

This fact is doubly significant now. Too many students are prone to prolong their vacation periods far beyond the catalog limit. They extend them a week or ten days or even two weeks into the working period when classes are resumed. Such a student subjects himself to a heavy handicap—a handicap of his own making—for the remainder of his entire course. If a student is on the borderline, he cannot afford to take this risk. If he is in the top brackets, he is foolish to compromise his standing and assume an additional burden which he must overcome during the last weeks of the semester. Thus are the foundations of many a failure laid during the first weeks following a holiday vacation period, failures which could so easily be avoided. I have often wondered by what trick psychology a student could convince himself (and often attempt to convince his professors) that a holiday season furnished valid reason for plain loafing for several days following resumption of classes. But this psychological disease is not confined to the A. & M. campus alone—it runs rampant wherever college students are found.

Let's immunize against it. Let's get out of the mass rank of the procrastinators. How much easier we will find tomorrow's problem if we turn our minds to conquer today's instead of sliding by it. The holiday is over, the bugle for work has sounded, let's answer its call—and all, NOW, TODAY.

Hazing

It's initiation time for some fraternities, and of course that brings up the perennial subject of hazing.

First, let us say that hazing is a fine thing. It's that phase of initiation that binds the fellows together closer than brothers. It is the memory of those little trials and tribulations suffered by all alike that gives each brother "the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity . . . that binds brothers to each other, that binds together all fraternities." (With apologies to Joseph Conrad.)

Really, hazing is a noble thing. It reminds us strongly of the custom of the noble Red Man in selecting the braves. Before the Indian lad could become a brave, he had to prove his courage and endurance and virility. He must fast for seven days or let the tribe beat him for hours with buffalo thongs or eat rotten horse flesh or go through some other such test of manhood. The Apaches had a unique test of piercing the flesh of the breast of the would-be (pledge) brave, tying leather ropes through the holes, and letting men or horse drag him over the plains until the flesh broke or he became unconscious.

One of the current tricks of fraternity hazing is to dress the pledge in outlandish girl's clothes, take him twenty or thirty miles on some Godforsaken road at night, and let him out for a nice little stroll back to town. Very amusing and much more civilized than the customs of the Red Man.

Then there's another trick of taking the pledges to the basement for a tobacco juice spitting contest. They have two benches. On these the pledge are seated, half on one side and half on the other, facing each other. Each pledge is given a plug of tobacco and told the object and rules of the game. The object is to spit in the other fellow's face, and the rules are that you can't guard your face with your hands or move your head the slightest bit. Very amusing and much more civilized than the custom of the Red Man.

But one of the best tricks is to give the pledge three kinds of laxatives all at once. The best combination is five tablespoonfuls of castor oil, a large glass of concentrated hot salts solution, and five or six pink pills. Oh boy, is this funny! Just hang around about an hour and you'll die laughing. But that's only the beginning. Then for the next three

days you feed them on asafetida and pea salad seasoned with garlic. Of course they can eat whatever else they want, if they want anything else, but the rule is that they must eat a certain amount of the salad each meal. On an empty stomach, naturally this comes up, but they can have some more if they get hungry between meals. Very amusing and much more civilized than the customs of the Red Man.

Great sport this fraternity hazing. Great Sport! —The Daily Texan

And some people talk about "hazing" at A. & M.! Thank Heaven we haven't any of the above-described foolishness at our school.

Parade of Opinion

Polls. With all elements of the nation ardently campaigning for one side or another in the current debate over the United States' position in the current world situation, college students are strongly asserting their views on just what should be done to clarify their country's stand on international politics. Here is a summary of most recent polls—a summary that tells you just how the wind is blowing so far as the nation's undergraduates are concerned:

1. A little more than 58 per cent of the college youth favor the move of the U. S. Senate in voting repeal of the embargo against shipment of arms to foreign nations.

2. However, when it comes to the question of furnishing military aid to the allies (Britain and France) if they face defeat, collegians vote 68 per cent against sending our men and machines across the Atlantic.

3. The above vote is despite the fact that 91 per cent of the undergraduates voting favor the cause of the allies against the totalitarian alliance.

4. In keeping with the expressions given above, 96 per cent voted in the "no" column when asked if they thought the U. S. should enter the present European war. In fact, 78 per cent indicated that they would not volunteer for service if the U. S. went to war on the side of the allies.

5. On the other hand, 55 per cent indicated that they would fight in the U. S. army if we are attacked. The surprising fact here is the large number (45 per cent) who indicated that they would not fight even if our nation or its territories were invaded.

All these facts seem to indicate that the pacifistic views of the nation's collegians, so often expressed before, have changed little since the opening of hostilities in Europe. The general view seems to be that the U. S. should not fight abroad under any circumstances, but that we should do all in our power to aid the English-French alliance to defeat the forces of Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini.

One may rightly assume from this preliminary survey report that the college youth is strongly maintaining its views that the U. S. should remain aloof to all foreign entreaties that we should actively enter the fight to again save democracy from defeat. Just how strong this view is entrenched will be proven only when the defeat of the democratic nations becomes imminent, for then will come the real test of whether or not they can passively watch totalitarianism assume an even more dominant position in Europe.

"People of Russia are Befogged by War" says a headline. Who isn't?

The College of the City of New York has the largest R. O. T. C. voluntary unit in the nation.

As the World Turns...

By DR. R. W. STEEN

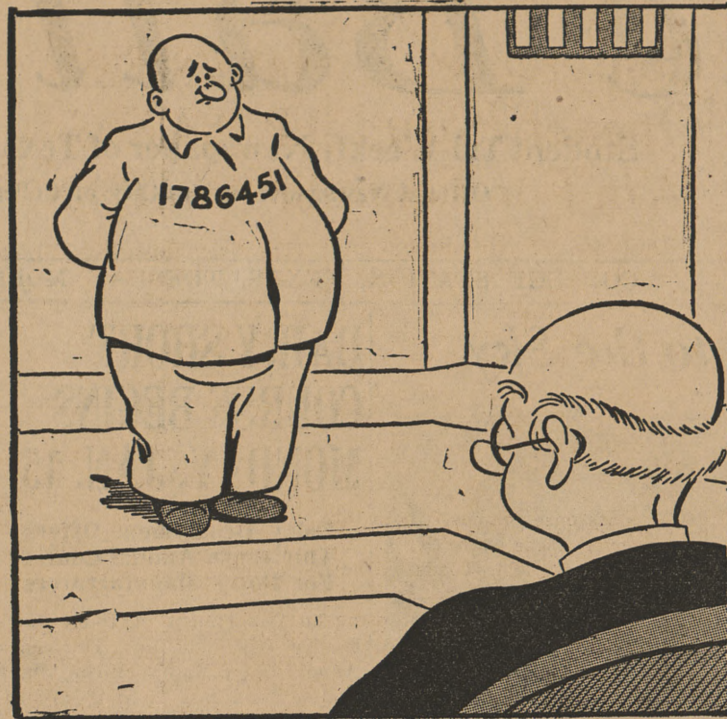
According to a news report John D. M. Hamilton, chairman of the Republican National Committee, favors Dewey for the presidential nomination and Hoover for the vice-presidential nomination. Mr. Hamilton has been busy since the debacle of 1936 trying to revive and liberalize the Republican party. This attempt to streamline the elephant has been carried to the extent of employing a well-known sculptor to concoct a streamline version of the Republican symbol. A streamlined pachyderm is an absurdity on the face of things, but no more absurdity than would be a ticket of Dewey and Hoover. Mr. Hoover belongs to an earlier era, and no amount of ballyhoo can streamline him. He seems, however, to be a very good administrator for relief projects.

The election year gets under way with no announcement from Mr. Roosevelt as to his plans. Many observers think that he will seek a third term, while others think that he will not be a candidate. A number of candidates have already announced their willingness to sacrifice themselves in the service of the people and relieve Mr. Roosevelt of his duties. This column hesitates to predict the Democratic nominee, but will predict in reverse that it will not be Roosevelt, Garner or Farley.

The German navy won two important victories during the holidays as it prevented the capture of two of its vessels by the British. The Tacoma, supply vessel for the scuttled ship Graf Spee, was ordered by Uruguay to leave Montevideo. The ship ran up its battle flag, and steamed to the limits of the harbor. There it parked, and was interned by Uruguay for the duration of the war. The Columbus, third largest vessel of the German merchant fleet, was scuttled off the American coast when an English destroyer approached. The German censors have not yet seen fit to tell their people of this victory.

The President's message to Congress indicates that the deficit this year will be less than usual. If Congress follows his recommendations—and if no more recommendations are made—the deficit may not exceed \$2,000,000,000. In that case it will not be necessary to revise until after the election the law which sets the limit for the national debt at \$45,000,000,000. Included in the items which the present Congress must consider are proposals to establish powerful naval and air bases in Alaska. Even a neutral must make enormous military and naval expenditures in a world at war.

Off the Record



"It's just a little favor, Warden, can't I have a small safe in my cell—just to keep in practice?"

Movie Review

by Bob Nisbet

This movie criticising is a hard business. If you don't believe it, try it some time. For instance, yesterday morning I asked about a half dozen Aggies who had seen "The Rains Came" what they thought of it as a show. I got answers that ran from "lousy" to "d— good." Now no matter what I say of the show, at least two of the six will think I'm nuts or worse.

"THE RAINS CAME," a novel by Louis Bromfield, was produced on the screen by the Twentieth Century-Fox studios, and in it are starred Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power and George Brent.

An important announcement comes from the Assembly Hall regarding this show. Due to the Town Hall presentation of the Graff Ballet in the Assembly Hall, there will be no Tuesday night show. This will be made up with a matinee Wednesday afternoon beginning at 3:15.

The story for "The Rains Came" is laid in India, with Tyrone Power playing the part of the Maharajah's adopted son and heir to the throne. According to the customs of the land, the ruler must marry one of his own race. For that reason Tyrone is in quite a spot when he falls in love with Myrna Loy, an English lady. An earthquake and a flood in combination solves all their problems, but not exactly to their liking.

Now for rating the show. This picture, whether you enjoy it or not, will hold your interest until it is over. Between the antics of Brenda Joyce trying to catch George Brent and the flood and earthquake catching them all, there's no dull moments at all. I think it is the three grade-point class.

At the Palace this week we find another topnotch show, "MR.

WHAT'S SHOWING

AT THE ASSEMBLY HALL
Wednesday matinee and night — "THE RAINS CAME," with Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, and George Brent.

AT THE PALACE
Beginning Wednesday — "MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON," with Jean Arthur and James Stewart.

AT THE QUEEN
Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday — "THE CISCO KID AND THE LADY," with Caesar Romero.

Broadway Collegian

By Joe Whitley, New York City

Seeing 1940 trip in was great sport for the scholars on shore leave from the adjacent academies. All around the town was high glee. Some tooted horns—mostly Princeton boys—at Fefe's Monte Carlo, for twenty bucks a throw. The Harvards unleashed their songs at clubs ranging from Waldorf-Astoria (free confetti and giggles at fifteen rubles admission) to the 46th Street Country Club, a most unpretentious place for troubadours and ladies of quality (different grades) at practically nothing.

We ran into a grim Vassar alumna who assured us "confidentially" that it was all "a bore," and where could she find the nearest soda bicarbonate?

Paternal Note

If any of you have been contemplating striking from your figurative angles the not-quite-so figurative fetters that are society's conventions, be guided, good friends, by the example of brave Rhoda Shafter.

Just before the Christmas holidays, Miss Shafter, irked at the jibes of her philosophy Professor at New York University on a theme that women were a hopeless low who wore silly hats, cried "Allah" to Emily Post, and were stereotyped conformists because they lacked the courage to be individualists.

What our Rhoda did—if you didn't hear—was to show up at

BACKWASH

By George Fuermann

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

From Santa to Satan as finals near . . . The orchids are for freshman Gene Burton. He's the one who was recently visiting a friend



Fuermann

in an organization other than his own. Imagine his surprise, therefore, to suddenly be "detailed" by a near-by friend. The detail was duly performed and, thinking he had done his daily good turn, Gene returned to his friend. Not so, however; another detail was in the offing. When the erring junior learned that the freshman was from another organization, his face turned all colors known to the spectrum as he guiltily stammered: "I didn't think that freshman looked very familiar!" . . . And what about the item noticed in the San Antonio Express last week concerning one of the "Alamo City's chefs who was making a good bit of profit on rabbit pie until the government threw a monkey-wrench into the works. It seems that they passed a law some time ago saying that the ingredients in foodstuffs must be declared. Undaunted, this chef put down "half rabbit, half horse." Whereupon the government agent inquired, "What do you mean, half rabbit and half horse?" "Sure," our man replied, "one rabbit and one horse."

If you've ever wondered, here's how the Aggie term "frog" came about:

An Aggie "ex" Caesar Hohn, advises that the term is an outgrowth of the days when the college gave sub-freshman work. This was started about 1910 and continued for several years. These sub-freshmen were called "frogs" to distinguish them from "fish." When sub-freshman work was later discontinued, the term was given to freshmen entering at mid-term.

Maybe Texas University can furnish the Cracked Bowl:

From the University's humor magazine, The Texas Ranger, comes the following paragraph which is true enough until A. & M. is brought into the picture—with a bit of bias, it would seem!

"First it was the Rose Bowl. Then the Sugar Bowl, the Sun Bowl, and the Cotton Bowl. If Amarillo falls in line we will have the Dust Bowl. Boston could furnish the Bean Bowl, Walla Walla the Apple Bowl, Salt Lake City the Salt Bowl, and College Station the Trash Bowl."

In defense of Cajuns:

A College Station matron who formerly resided in New Orleans has written your columnist an interesting letter in respect to a feature article which appeared in last Thursday's Battalion. The article in question related the high-lights of the Aggies' stay in the Sugar Bowl City during the New Year's weekend. Quoting from the letter:

"Just finished your feature in The Battalion and I'm proud and glad of all the nice things you

have to say about the Aggies' 'great' weekend in the Cajun's country. I think it is the grandest piece of earth anywhere. A place where it's no mortal sin to be merry and gay. Where, if a miracle took place and the water in the tubs turned to wine they'd know it wasn't meant for the bride to take a bath. However, I can't help but wonder what you have in mind when you write "from Sophie Newcomb coeds to French Quarter Cajuns"—giving the impression that the Cajun is to be found only at the bottom of the social scale. Cajuns are not a certain class nor yet a distinctive kind of people—rather a race of people. There was certainly nothing pale pink about ancestry that left their homes separated from their families for a principle.

"There are all kinds of Cajuns. Some I know can't say 'How do you do,' in English, just as some folks I know can't say the same thing in French, but all the Cajuns I've ever known had the courage to act and speak frankly and openly in the manner they find most natural, apologizing to no man."

Textile Industry May Create New Jobs According To Study

Although employment opportunities in cotton production show a decline, the cotton textile manufacturing industry may contribute to a speeding up of industrialization in the Southwest which will create new related jobs, according to a study of cotton growing in Texas, prepared by the National Youth Administration of Texas and made public by Aubrey Williams, N. Y. A. Administrator.

Employment opportunities in cotton production have decreased rather than increased, the study shows. The extent of further mechanization, and the absorption of workers now employed for cotton growing in other industries will influence future trends, according to the study.

The United States now leads the world in chemical progress.

AT THE ASSEMBLY HALL

A MIRACLE OF MAGNIFICENCE!

THRILLS BEYOND BELIEF... Loves stranger still! —The greatest modern novel!

"THE RAINS CAME"

Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power, George Brent

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Regular Show 6:30

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