

The Battalion

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

The Battalion, official newspaper of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas and the City of College Station, is published three times weekly from September to June, issued Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings; and is published weekly from June through August.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at College Station, Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscription rate, \$3 a school year. Advertising rates upon request.

Represented nationally by National Advertising Service, Inc., at New York City, Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, and San Francisco.

Office, Room 122, Administration Building. Telephone 4-4444.

1939 Member 1940 Associated Collegiate Press

STILL MURRAY EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
LARRY WEHRLE ADVERTISING MANAGER
James Critz Associate Editor
E. C. (Jeep) Oates Sports Editor
H. G. Howard Circulation Manager
Tommy Henderson Asst. Circulation Manager
Hub Johnson Asst. Sports Editor
Philip Golman Staff Photographer
James Carpenter Assistant Photographer
John J. Moseley Staff Artist

Junior Editors: Billy Clarkson, George Fuermann, Bob Nisbet, A. J. Robinson, Earle A. Shields

THURSDAY STAFF

Ray Treadwell Managing Editor
J. W. Jenkins Asst. Advertising Manager
Don McChesney Asst. Circulation Manager
Phil Levine Editorial Assistant
R. V. (Red) Myers Jr. Sports Assistant
Senior Sports Assistants: Jimmie Cockinos, Junior Advertising Solicitors: Jimmy James, L. J. Nelson

Reporter Staff: Jack Arcock, Jim Dooley, Walter Sullivan, D. C. Thurman, Murray Evans, Joe Taylor, Thomas Gillis, Don Corley, Bill Amis
BATTALION RADIO STAFF: George Fuermann, Battalion Announcer, Charles A. Montgomery, Associate

Slaughter Of The Innocents

Examinations are the ball-and-chain of our school system. A clumsy pan, they may retain the coarse gravel while letting slip the gold of finer grain. Who does not know ghastly cases of their injustice? Who can forget their nervous strain? A man of middle years tells me, "To this day, when I get overtired, my invariable dream is that I am taking an examination for which I haven't studied—a thing I never did in my life; on the contrary, examinations exhilarated me, I got good marks and was graduated with honors. Then if they cut such grooves in my nervous system, who was not one of their victims, what mutilations must they wreak on the less lucky?"

Granted: but what have you to offer as substitute? Schools must test proficiency somehow. . . . You are therefore referred to the current report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. It recites a seven-year experiment in a group of Pennsylvania high schools designed to replace the pupil's anxiety to "pass" with an eagerness to understand what he is studying plus an ability to apply his knowledge. Gone are the course "marks," course "tests" and course "credits," because the courses themselves are abolished. Instead, a good teacher is chosen in each subject—English, science, history, mathematics—who stays with the class not one year but three. A given group of pupils trained by the same set of teachers over a long enough period may reveal whatever individual aptitudes they may possess, and in addition to this, the various studies are related for the pupil, one with another, so that his schooling is not a crazy quilt but a design with unity.

One of the schoolmasters at Phillips Exeter Academy who can and do interest their boys in study for its own sake states that when he urges them to go at the matter and forget about marks, he is fetched up standing by his boys' retort, "But we have to pass examinations." The other evil which this Pennsylvania experiment is aimed to mitigate is the scatteration of snippet learning which results from volleying pupils from room to room, from subject to subject, from teacher to teacher, hour after hour. Ask any adult intellectual worker how far he would get if his concentration were shattered every fifty minutes. Mental growth in the young, like mental achievement in adult life, is a sustained effort of thinking things through and establishing their connections with related subjects.

The bane of any school system is the devastating notion that knowledge is matter to be crammed, written on an examination paper in order to win a diploma, and then to be forgotten forever with a sigh of relief. This heresy is a slaughter of the innocents. The Pennsylvania experiment is geared to make the pupil realize that what counts is not his "A" or his "F", pass-mark or flunk, but (1) to understand the subject, and (2) to know how to use what he understands. He learns that school is not a game of passing tests, but that it means ability to comprehend and power to apply. This is what Alfred North Whitehead calls "activity in the presence of knowledge." The pupils' attitude changes from that of chore and bore to one of curiosity and adventure: instead of dropping their books like hot potatoes at vacation time, they keep on studying through holidays and summer for the simple, good and sufficient reason that they want to know.

The form finally taken by tests for proficiency is a technical detail which can be consulted in pages of the Report and need not cumber the limited space of this column. What does seem worth attempting is to convey to the nonprofessional reader some idea of this experiment: that if pupils are given a rational plan of study they can meet rational requirements. The issue here is not so much the matter studied as the method of study.

Since the World War our whole educational system has been in a ferment, the American people have thrown their hopes, their money and their children into that yeast crock, and whether the mixture comes out sour dough or bread of life is still in the baking.

—Exchange

From an exchange: "If you like our paper, tell the world; if you don't like it, keep your fool mouth shut."

Soon a lot of candidates will be on the stump, while others will be out on a limb.

OPEN FORUM

W. F. "Chick" Denny, a well-known ex-Aggie who recently became a student at Louisiana State Normal College, dropped The Battalion a card the other day in which he had this to say:

"Keep it up, Army. It's a swell paper, and the three or four of us over here at Louisiana State Normal College who have our hearts at A. & M. certainly enjoy reading it. Yours for a better paper."
CHICK DENNY, '40
Box 87, Normal Station,
Natchitoches, Louisiana

PLAYING THE SUCKERS

When you—the thinking people of Texas—take the trouble to inform yourselves about what is going on in elections, the politicians will begin to respect you.

You may not know it, but candidates now hold you—the thinking people—in great contempt. They don't think you count. They don't believe that thoughtful people take enough interest in politics to matter.

That is why we have candidates giving great publicity to the fact that they dip snuff.

That is why we have bull fiddlers and banjo players in campaigns.

Politicians have decided that people don't want to be informed, that they want to be entertained, and they are bidding for the support of those who are either too lazy or too poorly equipped to think.

When you fall for this type of campaigning, you are tagging yourself as a member of the dumb or lazy group.

The sensational success of hi-de-ho campaigns is causing many observers to suspect that perhaps politicians are right in believing that the group of people who analyze candidacies thoughtfully is too small to bother about.

In government, we get what we deserve. If we use our heads and work hard at it, we will deserve good government. And we will get it. If we do not, we will have little right to complain that taxes are too high or that the government does not render proper services.

THE JUKE-BOX

The coming of the juke-box, the mechanical record player, bids fair to deepen the already tremendous importance of the popular song in the American cultural pattern. For a nickel deposited into its metallic entrails, the juke-box delivers any of a selection of songs ranging from ten to thirty in number, to "Yodeling Jive" or "Ave Maria" in melody. And the juke-box is cleaning up all over the country.

The things get more ornate, and more and more complex. Now they require a license to play one. You put in your coin, and it is lost in a welter of grindings, gnashings and mechanical grunts. Bells ring, lights flash, and artificial thunder is heard in the background. Then the wrong record is played for three and one half minutes, and the machine sullenly subsides, after a few final flickers and mutterings.

The philosophy and meaning of popular songs (and they have a meaning) are terrible to contemplate. Hundreds and thousands of records are being played to millions of people all over the nation with the refrain of blasted love, and nothing in life but the most sterile, the most artificial, the most unnatural values. And the juke-box is enabling these songs to tap a tremendously greater audience. Vicarious experience becomes one step more removed from reality. A singer, who has read about love from a gush-writer who has invented it, sings to a machine, which sells it to the populace.

As the World Turns...

The alleged German revelations of Polish documents, intended to show that the United States urged the allies to fight, have not made a favorable impression on the American public. Since the source of the said "documents" is Berlin, no American citizen would put any credence in them. Hitler has already established a reputation as "international safe-breaker," and the American public is not inclined to trust a safe-breaker. It might be well for German propaganda agents to investigate what nations did not wish the allies to fight Germany even before Munich.

A strike of telephone users is a rare piece of news. Last February the business houses, town residents and farmers of Jefferson, Iowa, went on strike when the telephone company proposed to change the rates—upward, of course. They requested that their phones be disconnected and used boys on bicycles, five cents a trip, as messengers. It is hard to determine the cost of the telephone services. One can compare the prices of groceries, shoes, or shirts, but in the monopolized telephone industry comparisons are not possible. The Federal Communications Commission has calculated that the average American citizen pays about \$64.00 a year.

The F.C.C. has just completed a three-year investigation of the telephone industry. It has spent \$1,500,000 and produced a 90-volume report. The report indicates that with the efficiency and improved materials of the telephone industry, the telephone bill of the average citizen should be measurably reduced rather than increased. The recent long-distance rate-cut is a step toward that end.

With the German thrust into the Scandinavian countries the position of neutrals is seriously affected. "There will be no neutrals in the next world war," the late President Wilson said. The belligerent demands are pressing the war upon the neutral countries. They are put in a dilemma from which they can not easily retreat: (1) If they assume the responsibility of defending justice abroad, they may destroy freedom at home (spread of Communism); (2) if they should remain inactive during the present conflict, they might become the victims of an all-powerful Fascist bloc; and (3) still, if they remain neutral, they might actually be on the side of the aggressor—that is, by inactivity help the aggressor.

BACKWASH

By George Fuermann

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

A bird's-eye view . . . Despite crutches, bandages, and splints, freshman Joe Miller managed to attend last weekend's Cavalry Ball. "I had a date, too," Joe pointed out. . . . Quoth George Tasker, manager for Anson Week's orchestra: "I may be a damn Yankee by birth, but I'm a Texan by choice—there's too many knives in your back in the East" . . .

Adding to useless information: The total cost of instruments in the average "name" band represents a fair-sized financial investment in itself. An inventory of one orchestra on the campus recently showed that the instruments alone were worth more than \$7,000. Add to this the cost of one or two pianos, arrangements, uniforms, the public address system which many bands carry with them, music, racks, trunks, and countless other items and you have an amazingly large investment figure. . . . The proprietor of a gambling house located not many miles from college recently claimed that the odds on his games were only 10% in favor of the house. A recent magazine article pointed out—with accompanying proof—that, at the least, odds were 40% in favor of the house. As might be expected, Saturday night is the owner's biggest business night at which time the "take" usually nets more than \$200. . . . Another name-oddy: Anson Weeks' drummer—Larry Sockwell. Larry, incidentally, is the only Texan in Anson's band and enrolled at A. & M. in 1936. He left the college after a week's stay because he was unable to secure a job in the Aggieband Orchestra. . . . Best "Bull session" of the past weekend was that which took place in Bryan's DeLuxe Cafe at 2 a. m. last Friday morning. Anson Weeks, band-members Sockwell, Tasker, Charlie Polzin, Ray Davis, and Wes Hite traded notes with Aggies John Kimbrough, Charles Montgomery, WTAW director John Rosser, Wayne Durham, and the writer.

400 plus:

It's just one more evidence that Texas A. & M. is a college without parallel. At 12:25 Tuesday noon an S.O.S. announcement was made over

the public address systems of the dining halls calling for blood donors. The announcement pointed out that an Aggie, Mac Stewart, was critically ill and in need of a blood transfusion. There was no money involved—the blood was to be donated. By 12:40—just fifteen minutes later—250 cadets had reported to the hospital to offer blood. Before the afternoon was out more than 400 had volunteered. Incidentally, the first to actually give blood was Mac's brother Tom, and three more Aggies—John Goble, C. D. Mitchell, and Charles Osborne—were placed next on the list if another transfusion is needed.

Try to find another college with a spirit like that!

On record, the Aggie Band:

Within a month commercial recordings of "The Aggie War Hymn" and "The Spirit of Aggie-land" will be available to the cadet corps and the general public. With the idea conceived by John Rosser and made possible by Board member A. H. Demke and the Former Students Association, the records will sell for less than \$1. Rosser pointed out that an unusual feature of the recording is that it is the only case, so far as can be determined, where the broadcast source was 200 miles from the recording machine. "Usually," he pointed out, "the unit making the recording is just a few yards from the recording machine." In this case the master recording will be made in Dallas and sent to the Columbia Recording Company at Bridgeport, Conn., where the commercial pressings will be made.

You name this one; Backwash gives up:

From "de Bronx" comes this "pome"—an easy winner in the "worst yet" class:
Dis is spring.
De boids am on de wing.
How absoid!
De wings am on de boid!

La Sheridan still reigns supreme at Texas A. & M.! Because of illness the Texas belle will be unable to attend the Cotton Ball, but she'll be on the campus before 1940 is history, and you can watch for more developments in the Aggie-Sheridan-Harvard deal.

Movie Review

by Bob Nisbet

By "Jaime" Critz
Nine hundred fan letters a day poured into Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios the first of this year demanding a re-appearance of Ann Sothern, the gal who started the "Maisie" pictures and proved she was an actress as well as a show-girl. She's back again in "CONGO MAISIE", based on the book "Congo Landing", showing Thursday and Friday at the Assembly Hall.

A light comedy produced as a sequel to the 1939 surprise hit "Maisie", Ann Sothern has again proved to movie-goers that she can act.

Cast
Maisie Ravier.....Ann Sothern
Dr. Michael Shane—John Carroll
Kay McWade.....Rita Johnson
Dr. John McWade.....Shepperd Strudwick
Captain Finch.....J. M. Kerrigan
Jallah.....Everett Brown

Maisie Ravier (Ann Sothern) is an American showgirl stranded in Kurmala, Africa. Broke, she sneaks out of the room her landlord has locked her in for not paying her rent, and stows away on a river boat she believes to be heading

SAY—
AGGIES—

"Yes, Sir! I've been around this school long enough to have tried them all, and I can tell you this. When you want the very best there is in barber service then go to Aggieband Barber Shop. The barbers there know what you want and how to do it, and I've noticed that more and more of the fellows who want good haircuts are coming here."

AGGIELAND
Barber Shop
Across from P.O.
North Gate

Almost 2,000 drawings, 100 photographs and 6,000 pages of notes are the result of 10 years of snail research by a University of Illinois scientist.

Dr. Clark To Teach In New York College

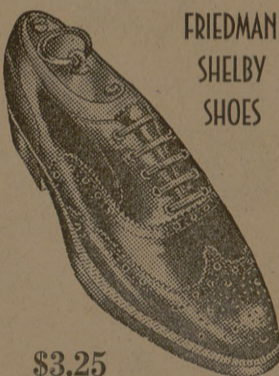
It has been recently announced that Dr. F. B. Clark, head of the Department of Economics has agreed to exchange professorship with Professor Frank A. Thornton of the College of the City of New York. Thornton will arrive here and start teachings the first semester of summer school. Dr. Clark will go to New York on July 1 and will remain there until September 1, when he will resume his work here. The subjects which Dr. Clark will teach in New York are substantially the same that Professor Thornton will teach here.

WHAT'S SHOWING

AT THE CHATMAS THEATER IN HEARNE

(Save for reference)
April 20—MY LITTLE CHICKADEE, with Mae West, W. C. Fields.
April 20 (Preview)—THE GHOST COMES HOME.
April 21, 22—THREE CHEERS FOR THE IRISH.
April 23—DANGER ON WHEELS.
April 24-26—GRAPES OF WRATH.
April 27—NIGHT OF NIGHTS.
April 27 (Preview)—LAUGH IT OFF.
April 28—VIGIL IN THE NIGHT.
April 30—SWANEE RIVER.

CLEARANCE OF CAMPUS SHOES!



FRIEDMAN
SHELBY
SHOES

\$3.25

An authentic Friedman-Shelby style . . . Made of Antique Brown, this versatile number will fit nicely into many clothing combinations.

LOUPOT'S Trading Post

J. E. Loupot Mgr.,
Class '32
North Gate



DON'T
DO
THIS!

Radios have been perfected a lot in recent years, but when they develop trouble they still need the attention of a really TRAINED workman if they are again to sound as they should. Our repair men are all highly skilled and will quickly locate the trouble and then do exactly what should be done to correct it.

TRY OUT

LOUPOT'S TRADING POST

J. E. LOUPOT, Mgr., Class '32
NORTH GATE



CONFUCIUS SAY

Confucius say:
"He who go out to eat at night goes to College Courts Coffee Shop and do all right."

COLLEGE COURTS
COFFEE SHOP