

In Peace As In War ---

During the last few weeks, A. & M. has received so much public praise for its war record that we have almost forgotten the important role of A. & M. in peace. The Houston Post, in a fine editorial this week, helps us set ourselves straight. Says the Post:

Through the R. O. T. C., the college is training more thousands of students for future military leadership if called upon to defend their country. But they are not preparing themselves for the profession of arms. This great institution is designed primarily to provide training especially in the fields represented in its name—agricultural and mechanical. And in those fields, A. & M. under the guidance of its distinguished president, Gibb Gilchrist, aspires to render the State and the Nation a greater service of peace than its service of war.

An enlightened, scientific, agriculture and ever-progressive technological development through trained engineers make for a more successful, more prosperous nation. Their benefits may be spread out over the world, and to the extent that they contribute toward making other nations prosperous and happy, they contribute toward making them peaceful.

Truly, in these days when famine is ravaging so much of the world, and when so many cities and factories lie in ruins, the responsibility of the agriculturalist and the engineer are as great as they were in war-time.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

APPLE PAN-DOWDY SERVED IN SBISA HALL!

To the Editor
Now that Shoo-Fly Pie has been stripped of its mystery by that Tessie, who informed you where to find the recipe, may I clear up the identity of Apple Pan-Dowdy?

Hold tight to your seats—I've eaten apple pan-dowdy in Sbis and Duncan halls on this very campus. Or at least it was something close to it. The Texas name for apple pan-dowdy is Apple Clobber!

There is a slight difference: true New England apple pan-dowdy has no bottom crust, and is usually served with hard sauce. But who has enough butter and powdered sugar these days to make hard sauce?

I have eaten apple pan-dowdy in New England and shoo-fly pie in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, and can testify that the popular song does not exaggerate the goodness of either. In fact, my mouth is watering right now!

Wick van Kowenhoven.
Bryan

(Wish those Home-Eco Tessies would bake us some Shoo-Fly Pie and Apple Pan-Dowdy.—Ed.)

Dear Informal Correspondent
Via The Batt Editor

Here is the recipe for apple pan-dowdy:

6 apples, sliced; 1 cup light brown sugar; 4 tablespoons but-

ter; ½ cup cider; spices.
The Vitamin Cook Book, Page 637.

Mrs E. C. Hodges
College Station
(We're getting hungrier every minute.—Ed.)

WOMEN'S HATS

There has been much ado about the changes in "Aggieland" traditions, conditions and admissions in recent years, especially since the outbreak of the current war. But

the changes that are first to be observed by those who return are the changes that are concomitant with the appearance of the fair lassies on the campus.

Strangely enough the one thing I observed when I first arrived back on the campus was the most conspicuous "Sky Piece" of the fair lassies. There are big hats and there are other hats, but the craziest hats of them all are the women's hats. Did I hear someone say this or have I sorta acquired the idea alone? Whether it be original or not I think that it unamiably voices the opinion of the stronger sex. The men have been very considerate, suave, and even in some cases brave about the whole thing. They have tried time and again to point out the absurdity of those darn hats in a kind and considerate way, but it seems as though more drastic steps will have to be applied before a compromise will be reached. As a good deed toward humanity I offer as a suggestion that we adopt a sort of "Board of Control" to put a check on some of the more "Modern Creation".

A few months ago I was visiting in one of our southern metropolises and was staying at one of its better hotels. During my second day in the city I met one of my old classmates of days gone by. Incidentally she had won three beauty contests in high school and the beauty of it all was that she had changed very little. After reminiscing of old school days I made a dinner date with her for the evening at the El Roytan Club where dining and dancing is a lifelong desire of all young girls of

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FEATURES

the state. Since Beryle, (that was her name) was an old friend and heart throb of mine, I was in a very high spirit when I dressed for the rendezvous at the El Roytan.

As I stepped gaily through the entrance I was immediately jammed in the seven o'clock rush. While waiting for the rush to subside so I could continue to my destination, I observed directly in front of me a young lady with one of those fowl-looking hats with a fuzzy feather perched atop her dome. Feathers have always caused me to succumb to agonizing hay fever, so you can see I was trying to evade such a catastrophe. But as I was turning to escape she nodded to a friend—the feather gushed with a long thrust across my nose and I immediately went into a hysterical fit of sneezing. After

sneezing for some time like an inverted pendulum, but looking more like a kiwi, I felt what I thought were the pangs of death in the back of my neck. I turned around, half expecting to see an Apache Indian, but I saw only a brazen female. On top of her head sat the instrument of death, as it looked to me, a long ornamental arrow struck through her red, heart-shaped hat. I noticed the arrow dripped red blood—my blood. I had to use an extra handkerchief, having borrowed one from a sympathetic bystander; one to sneeze in and one to stanch the gushing blood from my severed neck.

I then continued to the mezzanine where I was to meet Beryle. I spotted her at a table I had reserved for the evening and waved to her through the jungle of the latest "American, not Paris, Creations". I was truly welcoming the thought of a quiet, peaceful dinner. I sat down and was astonished to behold the scrawniest (See WOMEN'S HATS, Page 3)

FRESHMEN

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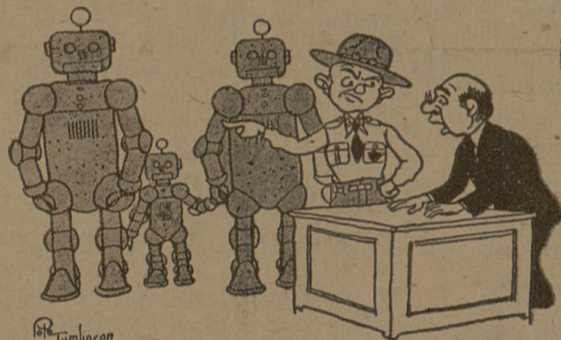
R. L. BROWN, Pastor
College Station, Texas



SUNDAY SERVICES

- 9:45 a.m.—Sunday School
- 10:50 a.m.—Youth and Tomorrow's World
Rev. R. L. Brown
- 6:15 p.m.—Training Union
- 7:15 p.m.—Life's Moral Reserves
Rev. R. L. Brown
- 8:00 p.m.—Baptismal Service

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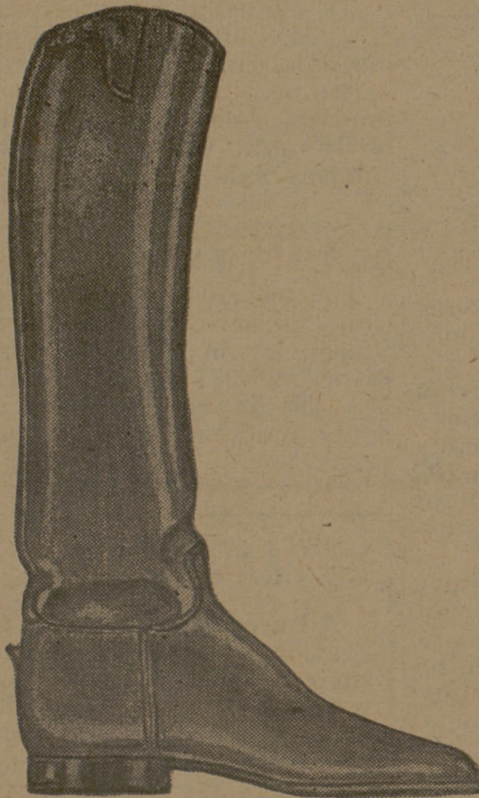


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