

Profession or Job?

Usually it is the instructors who are always aching at the students to spend more time on their subjects. They say you can't learn a course properly unless at least two hours of study are devoted to each separate course in preparation. How else can you acquire a thorough knowledge, they ask.

It's doubtful if more than ten per cent of students here really bone for all their courses. A greater number bear down on one or two subjects, doing outside reading of their own accord in the library and in magazine and newspaper articles. Ask any of these energetic individuals why the thirst for knowledge, and almost unanimously they will answer, "Why, I'm interested in it, that's why!"

Maybe the inference is evident already. Some of the A&M faculty just don't seem to be interested in their profession. Some consider it their duty to meet classes, deliver the information they have written down in a syllabus, give occasional quizzes, grade them, and that's all to their work-day. Then they can go home, read the newspapers and entertain their circle of intimate friends. Why mess with trying to provoke their students to some analytical thought? Why try to give them something that's not in the book? Why attempt to engrain some sort of social consciousness into our students' narrow methods of thinking? Aggies are unappreciative of any effort of this sort. They're too dumb to understand. And besides, we're doing all that's required of us, aren't we? We're doing our job. My teaching load is way above what it ought to be, too.

Please understand, critical faculty members and deans, that we recognize the presence of many outstanding leaders in their field who give unstintingly of their time and energy to further education.

But it cannot be denied that we have too great a number of educational deadheads on the A&M faculty—instructors and professors who care little for attempting to awaken latent mental curiosity, either in themselves or in the students committed to their charge. The usual brush-off given these profs by their students is "Yes, he seems to know his subject, but he sure can't teach it. To me, that is. Only reason I'm taking the course is that it's required."

We don't see the answer to the problem right off. Low salary scale can probably be blamed for some of it. Inbreeding in the faculty—that is, hiring A&M graduates without their having further education at other colleges, giving them new ideas, and new methods may be another sore spot.

It's interesting to know that genuine interest is infectious. If an instructor shows a healthy interest in the course he's teaching, his students seem to be imbued with curiosity. Organization of study groups helps in digging deeper into theory courses. Informal discussions, necessarily scheduled out of regular class hours, sometimes increase interest a hundredfold.

Particular attention has been given academic freedom in Texas for the past two years. At A&M we should strive for academic excellence.

For Untiring Service. . .

Twenty years is a long time. It's more years than some Aggies have lived.

Twenty years of devotion, or faithful and untiring service to an educational institution deserve reward.

In his speech of thanks at the Intramural Message Centes Presentation last Thursday night, W. L. "Mr. Penny" Penberthy said that the edifice constructed in honor of the Gold Star intramural managers and himself was a temporal reward for his service. He went on to say that the thing he valued most of all for his twenty years at A&M however, was the way Aggies have treated him at all times—by their smiles, their cheery greetings, and their genuine affection.

The good Lord knows that material gain from working with a bunch of Aggies is slight. We can thank the same Person that material reward is not the only means men have for showing appreciation.

Congratulations on twenty years of personal work with Aggies, Mr. Penny. A&M, and communities all over the nation, need more men like you.

Now We Are Twins. . .

At last the Battalion is again on a twice-a-week publication schedule. The newsprint paper situation is still uncertain, and we cannot splurge the way we would like to but at long as our paper holds out, there will be two Batts a week.

This way we will be able to get the news to you much more quickly than was possible with the weekly paper. When paper becomes available, we will resume the traditional three-a-week schedule, and we still dream of the day—long overdue—when A. & M. will have a Daily Battalion.

The Batt lost its paper quota when it was changed to a weekly during the last years of the war. To a newspaper, that is as bad as losing a sugar stamp. Rationing of paper, though unofficial, is just as strict now as other rationing was previously. Paper is sold to customers on a basis of what was used by them during the past two years—the time when A. & M. was almost deserted and the Batt was small both in number of pages and circulation. Today the Battalion's press run is so large that an entire working day is required to print all the copies.

Thanks to everyone for being so patient with us. We still have a lot of plans in our future-books which we will uncover from time to time.

Freckles Is Her Name. . .

She is the brown, thoroughbred cocker spaniel that marched with the Band at the Arkansas football game. Owned by senior bandsman Hal Mullins since last Tuesday, Freckles made a commendable showing at the half-time performance.

The motion has been made by R. Bruce Simmons in his letter to the Editor to adopt Freckles as A. & M.'s official mascot. This proposal has been seconded by several Cadet Corps members and veterans, and Mullins, the present owner of Freckles, is willing to donate the dog to A. & M.

A. & M.'s present mascot is band-shy; several attempts have been made to teach Rusty to follow the band. But at the first note of the Aggie War Hymn, Rusty is nowhere to be found. She confines herself to one room of Walton Hall, never associating the Aggies.

Since at the end of three days' practice Freckles was able to make such a splendid showing Saturday, there is probably no limit to her abilities after one year of practice.

Now, it is up to YOU, the student body of A. & M., to decide, to give your word of approval or disapproval of this suggestion. ACTION is needed—IMMEDIATE ACTION—in order to permit Freckles to attend the SMU game this Saturday.

A ballot in the form of a coupon is printed in this issue of The Battalion. EVERYONE is urged to complete this form and submit it to the Student Activities office by THURSDAY noon, November 7. Bring it by Room 3, Administration building or put it in an envelope addressed to The Battalion. Do it NOW!

With The Corps

By ALLEN SELF

HALLOWEEN HUNT

Oh, the joy that fills the hearts of freshmen when they're turned Thursday night it happened, as part of the regular Halloween festivities, and for two action packed screaming hordes of revengeful fish lit out after their sometime manning them, rolling them in the mud, and shooting compulsory questions at them at rapid fire rate.

They captured the dorm with his life, but without his clothes. Near midnight he was observed stealthily emerging from the Petroleum building, holding only green branches for and aft, Adam fashion.

Upon nearing the new area, he made the fatal mistake of allowing the glare of the street lamps all upon his near bare form. Freshmen were on him in a minute. Shedding himself of his only encumbrances, the fore and aft rigging, he streaked for haven in the vicinity of the Horse Barns, hotly pursued by howling demons.

That was the last we saw of him.

GEORGE GOT IT TOO

Some waggish Aggie, perhaps resentful because of soggy doughnuts, watery coffees, and meager servings of ice cream in George's Confectionary, poured out his grievances in red paint-over the doors and side of the sweets parlor.

There is was when we sleepily arrived at George's for morning dope and doughnuts. On the door was a warning reminiscent of Earl Carroll's in Hollywood, and the inscription at the entrance to Dante's Inferno—"Through these doors pass the biggest suckers in the world. Think before you enter!" And on the side screamed, OPA-like, "Inflation is here! Ten cent ice cream with five cent flavor!"

Don't worry about falling sick from the chocolate icing used for doughnuts at George's—he's seen the light and stopped dipping doughnuts in the concoction. But the price is still the same—forty cents a dozen.

What's Cooking

THURSDAY, Nov. 7

7:30 p.m. Lufkin A&M Club, Room 105, Acad. Bldg.

7:30 p.m. Marketing and Finance Club, Room 312, Agriculture Bldg.

7:30 p.m. Brown County A. & M. Club, organization meeting, Room 123, Acad. Bldg.

7:30 p.m. East Texas A. & M. Club, YMCA.

7:30 p.m. Victoria A&M Club, Room 107, Acad. Bldg.

7:30 p.m. Shreveport A. & M. Club, Room 106, Acad. Bldg.

7:30 p.m. Liberty County A. & M. Club, Room 126, Acad. Bldg.

Platter Chatter

By Ferd English

Decca has just released an album of top notch Bing Crosby records that are right in the spirit of the approaching Yuletide. The ten-sided set consists of all the popular Christmas and New Year songs and should go into every record addict's collection. Included are "SILENT NIGHT", "ADESTE FIDELES", "WHITE CHRISTMAS", "GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN", "I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS", "FAITH OF OUR FATHERS", "LET'S START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT", "DANNY BOY", "JINGLE BELLS", and "SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN". The Andrew Sisters offer their assistance on the two last tunes, filling out an album that is near perfect for the occasion.

The herd of hipsters headed by Erskin Hawkins have cut two very fine sides lately, one hot, and one bue. "IT'S FULL OR IT AIN'T NO GOOD" has typical race lyrics, and a good jump tempo, backed up by solid close harmony instrumental work. "AFTER HOURS" is a boogie blues piano solo that really has what it takes.

"BLOWIN' UP A STORM" by Woodie Herman is a semi-hot instrumental work that has a fine piano-bass intro and builds up into an excellent bit of orchestrated jazz. Upside down it is "FAN IT", almost a carbon copy of "Caledonia", on ythe words aren't the same. This side has a cibe solo very worthy of mention.

The Battalion

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A Story of Brother Orchid, Or Flowers Pay Schooling

Selling flowers to work your way through Texas A. & M. may sound odd, but it is done. In a strictly male institution a \$500 scholarship is awarded every year from returns on the student floral concession.

The winners of these awards can give credit to the Landscape Art Club for this financial aid. Each year the club sells enough corsages and flowers for social functions to enable them to select an outstanding senior in landscape architecture and offer him \$500 for the purpose of doing graduate work at this institution.

Members of the Landscape Art Club act as agents, producers, and distributors of these corsages. Each member of the club is assigned a dormitory for the purpose of taking orders. A week before campus-wide dances are held the dormitories are canvassed thoroughly. Students expecting dates for the dance thereby have easy access to flowers for their dates. In a college town that has no flower stores this a convenient way of handling the problem.

Nearby Bryan's three or four florists are usually swamped with orders so a great deal of trouble and confusion is avoided when the

chance to buy flowers on the campus is presented.

In return for their energetic efforts, agents collect a commission which adds up to no small pocket change on busy week-ends. Other members of the club work in the greenhouse on Friday afternoons and evenings to make up the corsages. All types of flowers and materials are used. Pay scales are based on college wage regulations depending on the experience and skill of the individual worker in handling the various types of work.

Fresh flowers and supplies are ordered from large wholesale concerns over the state. When the supplies arrive on Friday morning the work begins and continues uninterrupted until the last order is filled. If flowers are ordered for Saturday night, the corsages are made and put in cold storage to insure fresh and lively blossoms for the next night.

All profits from these activities are put in the F. W. Hensel Scholarship Fund and each year the outstanding student is selected by the Senior Landscape class, with faculty approval, to receive the honor. This is one of the only two scholarships in which funds are raised wholly by the students themselves.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

November 1, 1946

Sir:

Having viewed the sequence of events which have brought about the present strained relationship between the veterans and corps members of this school, I feel a strong urge to voice my opinion on the situation, if the good grace of The Battalion will permit.

First, I sincerely believe that every veteran here would be proud to see the corps win the Blue Honor Star and will in the future do his best not to impede the corps' success. When I entered school here last spring, I was gratified to learn that the privilege of wearing the uniform, as a uniform, is generously extended to the veterans. With the latest poop now out on uniform regulations, I believe that those veterans who have misrepresented the college in the past through ignorance of these regulations will in the future make corrections for the sake of the school. We appreciate the benefits of the uniform in catching rides and in letting outsiders know that we too are A. & M. students.

Second, I would like to say something about the yell practice incident. Anywhere in life we will find our two-percenters. We had them in high school; we veterans had them in the Army, Navy, and Marines; and it is only natural that we have them here—the veterans and the corps alike. There are few veterans here who have not had their share of blow-outs while in the service, and I believe that it should be expected by the college that there will remain a few who will still resort to them when things get a little monotonous, as things will get at an all-male college. On the other hand, I believe that the veterans' ninety-eight-percenters have done a good job of staying on the ball. No, not self admiration—observation. And as long as we are going by what has been said, I have heard it said that the Bryan police had to rout out a group of corps members from a cafe in Bryan where the cadets were trying to press the proprietor to serve beer to one of their buddies. So you see we both have our two-percenters—we all have our two-percenters. But we, the veterans, are beginning to resent the stress placed on us.

Sincerely,
John H. Chretien

Dear Ed,

When I returned to school July 15, 1946, one of the first things I did was go over to Kyle Field and look at "Rer's" grave. After that I went to look for "Rusty". Isn't that her name? I'd like to see this new mascot. Where does she hide?

As long as we are going to have a mascot, we ought to have one that goes to the game. Yes, you know what I'm talking about—that little cocker spaniel at the half today. Who does she belong to? Let's find out, army. That dog would make a fine mascot. How about it?

R. Bruce Simmons, '46
(As shown by our editorial in this issue, the Battalion favors the adoption of Freckles as official mascot of the school. ED.)

October 31, 1946

Dear Sir:

We, the undersigned, are of the opinion that this is the first time in the history of A. & M. College that a "two-percenter" has called the other ninety-eight percent "glamour boys" and had it published in the Batt.

In this letter we do not mean to criticize the Battalion or the editors. In fact, we feel indebted to your column for bringing to light the fact that there are men on the campus, even though they may only be transfers, who feel this way. We are referring, of course, to one Robert P. Kelly '47 (NTAC), college address unknown.

We do not have room here to carry on an extensive discussion of this matter. But we hope that you, the editor, will publish this letter in order that Frog Kelly will drop by our hole so that we may try to raise his opinions concerning the Aggie "glamour boys". Until we hear from you we remain

Three vets who returned to the Corps,

J. H. Edgar '48
R. H. Zachny '48
J. E. Wolpman '48
Room 309, Dorm 8

Mascot Vote Coupon

I, the undersigned,
AM.....
AM NOT.....
(Check one)
in favor of adopting FRECKLES as the official mascot of A. & M. College, replacing RUSTY in the capacity.
(Name).....
(Address).....
(Submit to the Student Activities Office or mail to The Battalion by noon, THURSDAY).

RIVOLI THEATRE

A. & M. College Annex

Tuesday and Wednesday

"TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE"

Jack Carson - Dennis Morgan

Thursday and Friday

"JOHNNY ANGEL"

— with —
George Raft - Signe Hasso

Tales from Tessieland

By Phyllis Radovich
TSCW Correspondent
HELLO AGGIES,

With this letter, 2600 Tessies send their greetings and prettiest smiles down A & M way and we re-open communications between The Daily Lass-O and The Battalion.

What with all the big football games and week-ends when TSCW has moved down to College Station practically en masse, you may know several hundred Tessies already; but in case you don't come up and get acquainted. The College welcome mat is always out for A&M. Just say, "Hi, Tessie, I'm an Aggie."

The big excitement around here, too, is the Corps Trip. Thursday's announcement of the Aggie Day Sweetheart meets with our hearty approval. We are as proud of her as you are—and, incidentally, just

Hollywood Revelations

By Harry Revel

Hi'ya Aggies . . . SHIRLEY TEMPLE and her hubby JOHN AGAR leave for New York City as soon as she completes her latest RKO picture THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOX in which she co-stars with CARY GRANT and GUY MADISON . . . this will be their belated honeymoon . . . lovely SUSAN PETERS, paralyzed a year and a half ago during a gun accident, is making rapid progress towards recovery from her spinal injuries . . . CLARK GABLE has finally decided on his next picture . . . it'll be THE HUCKSTERS, current best seller in bookdom . . . GARY COOPER's father passed away recently . . . he was the former JUDGE COOPER of Butte, Montana . . . the FRANK SINATRA marital mixup is straightened out with the crooner going home to his NANCY and the kids . . . contrary to popular belief, LANA TURNER had nothing to do with the split-up . . . HIS MELODIC HIGHNESS, IRVING BERLIN is the first songwriter ever to have four of his songs on the HIT PARADE simultaneously . . . last Saturday night, if you had tuned in, you would have heard THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL . . . GOT THE SUN IN THE MORNING . . . DOIN' WHAT COMES NAT'RALLY . . . YOU KEEP COMING BACK LIKE A SONG . . . MICKY ROONEY leaves Hollywood for an eight week tour of personal appearances in the East and middle west . . . see you next issue.

as eager for the big day as she is. Naturally the freshman are enthusiastic over their first Corps Trip, and everyone from the Class of '50 to the Class of '47 is planning what to wear, where to stay, what to do and counting the days until Nov. 9.

Of course in the meantime there is this week-end and we are depending on you all to pound Arkansas but good. The girls who don't get down to College Station to do their rooting on Kyle Field will be holding miniature cheering sections around the radios in the dorms. Even when we aren't down there, you can count on our support.

But back to the Corps Trip (our favorite phrase of the hour), it's a wonderful tradition, this annual week-end for Texas's brother and sister schools and now that the war is past tense, we ought to revive it in all its glory. In fact, there are a lot of Tessie-Aggie traditions that we can bring up to date.

Which heralds another point: Tessies and Aggies used to communicate freely via the old "just write to your corresponding box number" route, you know. But now, as your Aggie correspondent says, it's gotten to be risky business for TSCW what with all the married veterans running around your campus, but up here we don't have that problem. So the simplest solution seems to be just to let the Aggies write to THEIR box number, instead of TSCW troubling company commanders with a flood of letters.

The campus has been in a hum all week long. Halloween meant dormitory parties with black cats, ghosts, costumes, fortune telling, red apples and cider. (And believe me, you'd never have recognized the girl friend in the camouflage some of them wore.)

Then all the literary clubs rounded out pledge week activities with informal initiation. And if you know a Tessie who was pledging this year, best you send her your condolences after all those molasses and egg shampoos and vaseline sandwiches.

That about takes care of the TSCW news for this week so its good bye for now and we'll see you at the Corps Trip.



Tuesday and Wednesday



"Boys' Ranch"

A human, hilarious, heart-winning drama!

JACKIE BUTCH JENKINS
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A NEW STAR IS BORN... AND HE'S TERRIFIC!

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3 BIG DAYS — TUESDAY - WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY

The Bowl-Raiser of 1946! LUNATICKLESH
The Marx Bros.
"A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA"
Released thru United Artists
Plus Color Cartoon — Paramount News