

# Battalion Editorials

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TUESDAY, APRIL 19, 1949

## Does the Shoe Fit Texas, Too? . . .

With the Gilmer-Aikin educational bill now hanging in the balance in our state legislature, we read with interest the remarks of Editor Ralph McGill, of the Atlanta Constitution, on the almost identical situation in his home state.

McGill, besides being a brilliant man and capable journalist, is a humanitarian, and that rarest of rare birds, a liberal in the deep South. His remarks, in part are as follows:

"Politicians don't really care much about schools or teachers. If they did they would have done something about their problems long ago."

"Teachers and schools are something to which we give lip service. Indeed, the schools and education generally are grouped along with home and mother, blue skies and the spring flowers as something popularly supposed to strike the lute strings of the heart and cause them to give off sweet music like unto that of the celestial chimes."

"Hypocrisy, or perhaps routine tradition, runs pretty high in all public utterance on such sentiments. If . . . the (school) issue had been restricted to that of schools alone, it still would have been defeated."

"There goes on today a proper and needed campaign to emphasize the free enterprise basis of the American way of life . . . At the same time (we) are entrusting the nation's children to teachers, many of whom are more and more depressed, underpaid, exploited, and embittered."

It is just possible they may sincerely consider the system doesn't work too well and their students may reflect their views. They won't teach Communism, but they will teach change. And since change goes on constantly, they will influence and direct that change.

The situation is almost hilarious in its implications."

We agree with Mr. McGill, except in his last statement. To us, there is nothing even faintly humorous in the current situation in Austin.

The school improvement bills, gentlemen of the legislature are before you. The governor has stated emphatically his approval of quick action on the bills.

You are shunting the educational bills from committee to committee while you berate the evils of Communism. Your one weapon to defeat the evil you say you despise is languishing in committee.

The voters, to whom you must answer in the next election, are eagerly watching your disposal of the Gilmer-Aikin proposals. If you kill the bills with disinterest it is their schools you are shoving farther back into the morass of degeneration. If you are sincere in your abhorrence of Communism, why not attack it at its root? Give our children a true picture of the American way of life at the time when it will most affect them.

We will watch with deep interest your actions on the matter.

## It'll Still Be Rain for A&M . . .

A learned man in Washington has finally figured out a successful way to schedule picnics.

Weather predictions for 12 months in advance are possible for any city, Dr. Charles G. Abbot, famed sun expert of the Smithsonian Institution, reported last week. He bases the system on periodic fluctuations in the heat radiation of the sun.

Abbot disclosed a near-perfect record for predicting cool and warm days—by actual dates—in the nation's capital during 1948, and said the method could be applied to any other local area in the world.

He also has worked out a similar solar method of forecasting the likelihood of rain or fair weather on specific dates a year ahead of time.

(Asked months in advance by the Associated Press to give a forecast on the

Roosevelt and Truman inaugural days in 1944 and 1948 respectively, Abbot predicted fair weather—and scored perfectly in both cases.)

Here's his method:

For years, he has studied weather records of the capital. And he says he has found that drops and increases in temperature—which, looked at superficially, seem to follow no predictable pattern—actually are coincident with periodic fluctuations in the radiation given off by the sun.

He says there is a "uniform periodicity" of a little over six days in the sun's heat radiation—that is, rises and falls in intensity due to sun-spots and other solar phenomena as the great body rotates on its own axis.

It looks like Mark Twain's old and revered quotation about "nobody ever doing anything about it" is outmoded now.

second year that it has been awarded, Texas A&M received the award by vote of the Conference schools.

The Aggies won on pure effort—they've tried hard to get their award, against very difficult opposition from among their own student body. They deserve it on effort alone.

New York congressman introduced a bill to establish the "Joint Commission on the Westbrook Peeler Annual Award of

## The Battalion

*"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"*

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

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## Letters To The Editor

### LETTER FROM "POP" SHAW

Editor, The Battalion:  
Hello Aggies and everybody. Here I come from my silence so long.

No doubt you all heard of my misfortune of having to go to Temple last fall to Scott & White Hospital for a surgical operation. I have been unable to work and be with you at the Sandwich Shop since September, but nevertheless you are always in my mind and prayers. The one thing that has impressed me more than anything else since I have been in business at A&M College is that wonderful unity of spirit among the Aggies.

Blessing on this Aggie Band! Blessing of our check of tan if at first you don't succeed try, try, again. Keep working, 'tis wiser than sitting aside and dreaming and sighing and waiting the tide. In life's earnest battle, they only prevail.

Who daily march onward and never say fail.

When the weather is warmer and I become stronger, I hope to be with you a little while longer.

But we will keep fighting with that same Aggie spirit we've always had. Thanks to the Aggies and everyone else, who have so liberally contributed to my business to make it a success.

George B. (Pop) Shaw

### TURNER, TAKE A BOW

Editor, The Battalion:

How about a little recognition you have in your college? I've never heard a better college orchestra, and I bet there are many pro bands it could outshine, too.

Yes, it is easily "the best band in the land." Congratulations should be extended to Mr. Turner and the boys for the fine music they play for the dances. (That Soph. Ball was really a good dance).

Ed. Smolik  
University of Oregon  
Class of '48

### Sneak Preview . . .

## 'Chicken Every Sunday' Is Slow-Moving But Funny

### By FRANK CUSHING

Chicken Every Sunday starring Celeste Holm and Dan Daily.

Chicken Every Sunday is the humor-packed story of a wife's search for security and her husband's quest for money through get-rich quick schemes. Dan Dailey the husband, consistently attempts to make a killing on one magnificently deal which usually falls flat. The community benefits from his works, but his family is forced to struggle along.

The wife's, Celeste Holm, idea of security is the possession of a home without a mortgage attached. To insure the fulfilling of her desires, she takes in boarders and raises chickens and cows. An early marriage vow of hers was that for each new investment made by Dan, she would add another room to their home and thus be able to take in more boarders.

Therefore the once-modest dwelling evolves into a near mansion. The household becomes over-run with roomers who all turn out to be characters in their own right and add further laughs to the story.

The day that Celeste makes the final payment on the mortgage, Dan, who is desperate for funds to finance a copper mine, takes another paper on the home. The copper mine falls too, and Celeste heads for a lawyer when she learns what Dan has done.

All ends well, however, when in a teary scene she realizes that

security is not to be found in material things. Celeste then knows that her husband is actually far from a failure.

Chicken Every Sunday is basically a humorous movie but tends to be rather slow-moving and overdone throughout. In some respects the film seems to be a series of characterizations and skits which are only slightly tied together. Nevertheless, it's a genuine, yack-producing relaxer.

Certainly, my boy, I will try to advise you. It is refreshing indeed to find anybody still interested in that fine old vanishing American art—uttering up the boss.

But you don't want your boss to know you better—you may never get a raise then. What you want is for yourself to get to know the boss better.

Bosses, after all, are people.

They want to be understood, appreciated, yes—even liked.

Try to put him at his ease.

Don't let him feel too self-conscious around you. If he tells a joke, laugh. If he tells the same joke the next day—laugh again.

Try, when possible, to get him to tell his jokes after you have had your lunch. Laughter on an empty stomach sounds hollow.

Don't sit around waiting for him to come up and give you a good word. He needs a good word himself. He wants to know that you appreciate his own virtues more than he wants to praise your virtues.

Stroll into his private office sometime, give him a friendly slap on the back and say:

"Boss, I just want you to know that everybody around the plant has been noticing the swell job you're doing. Keep it up."

Don't make a special point of it.

## Weaker Sex — Ha! . . .

## Proposed Course Should Be Boon To Harried Husbands

### By FRANK CUSHING

Among the many needed courses that should be offered at A&M, Psychology of Wives ranks high on the list. Although many of the unmarried students might object to the study on the grounds that it would be of no value to them, a properly set up course of this type would prove itself a value to all.

The crying need for instruction in this subject is apparent. It has been estimated by a noted marriage psychologist that a husband is being killed by his wife every six and a half minutes. No doubt this is cheering news to those of the undertaking profession, but just think of the resulting mess to the family and home—especially if the wife uses an ax.

Students would be thoroughly conditioned to withhold the use of the word "no." Countless supposed happy marriages have gone on the rocks because of the husband's use of the word. In one case, for example, a husband honestly but naively answered his wife's question with that word after the asked if he liked the not-so-tasty dish she had laboriously prepared. That husband still doesn't know why she turned the dish over his head as she headed for her mother's.

Such things must stop and Psychology of Wives is the key to the problem.

After taking it, the husband will at least enter the ring on equal footing.

It's true that there are several courses at this school which touch on the subject of marriage. These, though, apparently fall short of the real issue of a happy wedded life. Too much stress is put on statistics and not enough on the basic problem of understanding and pleasing the laughingly-termed little woman.

Registration in Psychology of Wives, which would be a four hour course with lab, would not be limited to those already married. After all, that would be silly. We certainly don't limit our studies of criminals to those of the illegal occupations. However, each class should possess at least two or three sailors hardened upon the sea of matrimony to provide a fresh outlook on the topic and to supplement the text with timely

case histories.

Among the things a student would acquire from the course would be the interesting and concerning matter of negative psychology.

As this study would point out, wives must be treated in a reverse manner. Sort of sneaking up on their blind side so to speak. For instance if the husband wants his love to do something—he vehemently protests against his doing anything of the sort. This works both ways; thus, if he doesn't want something done, the husband heartily urges the doing of the same. Having mastered this art, the husband has a much easier life.

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