

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 pluries.

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 sun.

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.

The Passing Parade . . .

Reprinted from the Rice Thresher editorial headed "Rice Learns from Aggies".

"The Texas Aggies deserve the congratulations of all students who are members of Southwest Conference Schools. Two years ago they began a sincere movement to raise the level of Sportsmanship among schools in this area. This year, the

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 Pegler Annual Award of

Journalistic Infamy." This looks like a rank and flagrant discrimination against other columnists in priceless publicity.

The Battalion

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

The Battalion, official newspaper of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas and the City of College Station, Texas, is published five times a week and circulated every Monday through Friday afternoon, except during holidays and examination periods. During the summer The Battalion is published tri-weekly on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Subscription rate \$4.30 per school year. Advertising rates furnished on request.

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

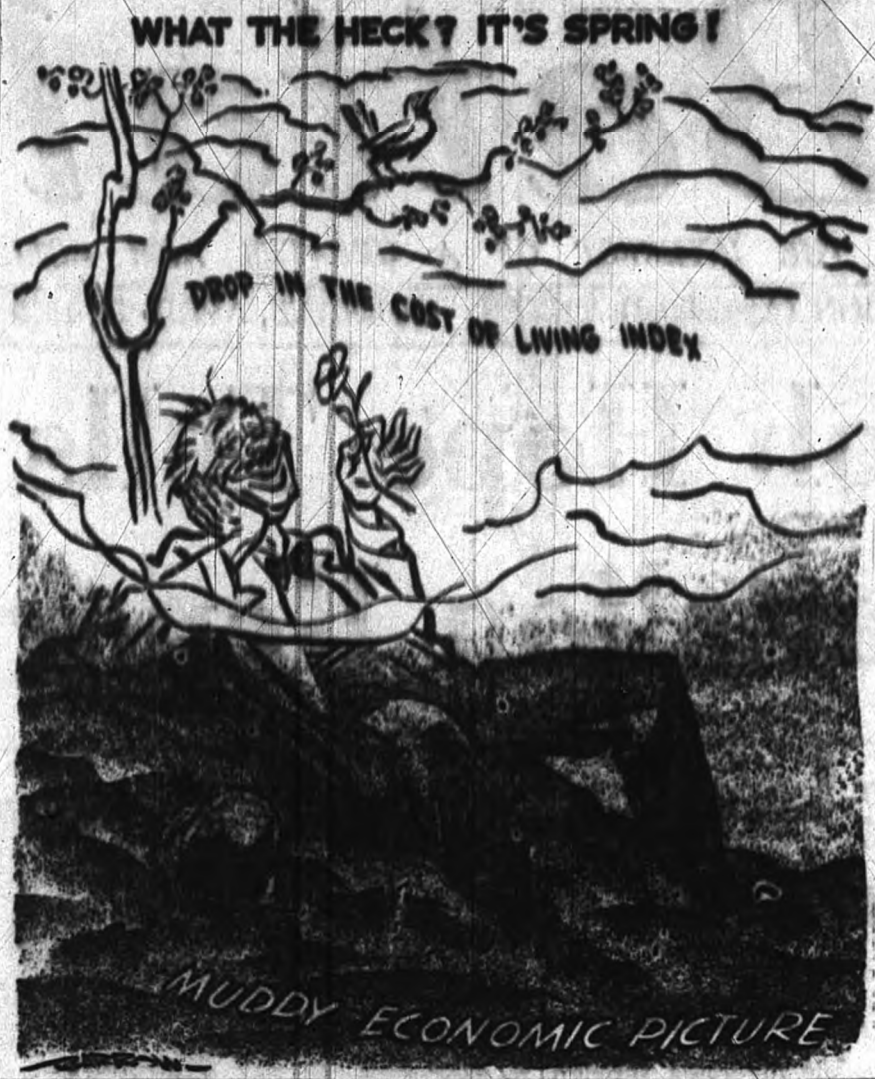
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Letters To The Editor

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 cheer 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 BOV

Editor, The Battalion:

How about a little recognition for the fine Aggieband Orchestra 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. Smolk 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 Dailey.

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 magnificent 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 light 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 fails 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 over done 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.

S. R. Gammon III Gets Rotary Prize

San R. Gammon III, son of Dr. S. R. Gammon of the History Department, is one of twenty persons in the world honored with a \$2,000 Rotary Foundation Fellowship for Advanced Study.

Announcement of the award was made Wednesday at the Bryan-College Rotary Club luncheon by Dr. T. D. Brooks, chairman of the International Service Committee. Dr. Gammon accepted the fellowship in behalf of his son.

Nominations for fellowships were made by the more than 7,000 Rotary clubs in the world, and from this list the twenty winners were selected. Purpose of the Foundation is to promote better understanding among countries and peoples.

Young Gammon has completed his graduate study at Princeton and is now doing part-time teaching in addition to research. He will sail for England July 30, to do research for his doctorate. While there he will be associated with the Institute of Historical Research, a branch of the University of London.

Red Cross Fund Drive Over Top

WASHINGTON, April 19.—(AP) The 1949 fund raising drive of the American Red Cross went over the top.

E. Roland Harriman, chairman of the National Drive, reported last night \$82,200,000 has been subscribed. The goal was \$60,000,000.

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.

Think too of the inhibitions and neuroses, no matter how small, that a child could easily acquire after seeing his mother quietly bash his father's head in with a baseball bat.

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 confusing 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 — his 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.

Students would be thoroughly conditioned to withhold the use of the word "no." Countless supposedly 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 she 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.

An introduction to arguing with the wife could be presented, too.

The average husband is at a severe disadvantage when trading words with his wife, since he usually attempts to be rational. The wife is unhampered with any such cumbersome thing as logic or continuity of speech in waging her battle. Hence, she generally has the husband reduced to bubbling incoherently while she's still going strong.

Numbers and finances in the woman's mind would be another topic in Psychology of Wives. Various substitute systems would be brought out—the Chinese abacus mechanism for instance, to replace the multiplication tables and other such unimportant mathematics.

medical courses of confusion to women. The futility of explaining to the female sex that \$9.99 is not one dollar but actually almost one would be valuable.

The value of keeping his mouth shut would be stressed to the class members.

After completion of the course the individual would be able to keep silent and maintain an air of belief while his wife spins unbelievable fantasies. This will avoid such fatality suffering.

If his wife tells friends that her parental home cost five billion dollars when he knows fair-weather that they are living in a coveted G.I. barracks, or she says that she's made seven trips around the world and found Europe extremely tedious when the spouse knows she's never been farther from her birthplace than Brazos county—the husband will realize silence is indeed golden.

The lab period of the course would be extremely beneficial to married men or those considering the step. After loosening up exercises, students would be put through tactics of defense. The science of weaving and blocking left hooks, ducking thrown crockery, and beating a hasty but strategic retreat would be thoroughly instilled in the subjects.

Optical training would be utilized, too. After several hours of practice, the instructed-one could focus one eye with a look of devotion upon his wife while wolfishly ogling female passers-by with his other eye.

Those not yet married will probably still fail to see the usefulness of Psychology of Wives. They will probably contend that their current flames are meek, obedient, and eager to please. That may well be. However, women have a peculiar way of changing as the ring is fitted on their third finger-of-hand. Thus, to make his wedded life as peaceful as possible, this course is a definite necessity to the Aggie student.

Boyle's Column . . .

An Unfailing Formula For Buttering Up To the Boss

By HAL BOYLE

Dear sir, To the poor man's philosopher: "Will you help a young man what is trying hard to rise in the world? How can I get my boss to know me better so I can ask him for a raise?"

(Signed) Ambitious.

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—buttering 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.

Do it in an offhand way—as if the thought had just crossed your mind. You'll be amazed at how a simple act of kindness like this will win his heart.

Let a year or two pass—they go quickly these days. By then he will be calling you by your first name, if you are still on the payroll. He will begin to notice the signs of faithful gray spreading at your temples, and the idea will suddenly come to him that here is a mar that ought to be getting more money.

Then, you might, for example, come to work bare-footed some morning. If he notices it, just laugh and say:

"Well, boss, you know things are getting so expensive a man has to begin cutting down on the luxuries."

And the chances are he'll give you a raise that very day. Or—he'll come in the next day carrying a pair of his own second-hand shoes for you.

In either case you'll know he has you in mind.

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