



In perfect formation the Aggie Band honored the Owls from Rice Institute Saturday afternoon by spelling out "RICE" while playing

the Rice fight song. After this formation the band melted into the word "ARMY," facing the A&M section of the stands.

## Hard Charging Owls Drop Farmers 13 to 0

BY FRANK MANITZAS

The Texas Aggies are still upset minded. After taming the highly touted herd from the hilltop last week, Coach Harry Stiteler's charges invaded the South Texas lowlands Saturday and limited the current conference-leading Rice Owls to a 13 point margin. Rice, a pre-game twenty point favorite, defeated the Aggies 13-0, with one of their touchdowns coming on a fumble. Despite a severe case of fumbleitis, the Aggies turned in a creditable performance. With the Houston papers cheerfully predicting he would never penetrate the Rice line, Bob Smith averaged 3.9 yards for his twelve carries.

Yale Lary punted better against the Owls than he did against SMU, averaging 46 yards per kick.

### Line Improves

The rapidly-improving Maroon and White line, sparked by Bob Bates, Dorbandt Barton, Cedric Copeland, and Carl Molberg, never let the Rice eleven get past the Aggie 33 yard line during the second half.

Twice in the opening moments of play, the Aggies almost scored. James Fowler in his attempt to block Tobin Rote's pass which was intended for Jack Wolcott, overran the ball and it slipped from his fingers. Two plays later, Buddy Shaeffer in a rush to intercept Rote's pass duplicated Fowler's misfortune. On the next play, Sonny Wyatt blasted the Owls out of trouble with a 50 yard kick.

Glenn Lippman took Wyatt's punt on his own 24 yard line and ran it back 16 yards before he was downed. With Dick Gardemal in the quarterback slot, the Aggies marched to Rice's 29 yard line before the Owls took possession of the ball on downs.

### Smith Sparkles

The Cadets drive was sparked by Robert Smith, Lippman's running and Gardemal's 12 yard pass to Wray Whitaker.

In the next ten plays Rice scored, with Billy Burkhalter, a 175 pound half back from Texarkana, leading the way and doing the scoring. Froggie Williams' attempted conversion kick was wide.

Lippman took Joe Watson's kick and returned it for 18 yards. Lippman and Billy Tidwell then carried the ball for nine yards before the Aggie's Yale Lary came in to kick. Lary's boot traveled 46 yards. For eleven plays the Owls tried

hard but could never cross the center line as the Aggie forward wall stalled the Houston power-house. Wyatt's boot went out in the end zone and the Aggies took over on their own 20.

Smith gained six yards through center, then Gardemal, after faking a hand off to Lippman, passed to Cedric Copeland for a gain of eleven yards. Tidwell carried the ball to the Aggies 40, but Lippman fumbled on the next play and Watson, recovered.

### Rote Passes

Then Rote started passing. He completed two for a gain of 31 yards and the Owls were deep in Aggie territory. Burkhalter slashed through the center for eight yards before being downed by Max Greiner. Rote passed 16 yards to Wyatt, who was downed by Tidwell.

For three plays the Farmers' line held under the terrific pounding of fullback Bob Lantrip. On the fourth play, Burkhalter crashed over for the touchdown. Williams' after-touchdown kick was good and Rice led 13-0.

The Aggies took the ball on their own 20 after Watson's kick sailed into the end zone. Smith gained seven yards after which Gardemal (See FARMER, Page 3)



Hugh M. Wallace (L) and Thomas L. Peacock were presented Borden Company scholarships, worth \$800 apiece Thursday evening in the Chemistry Lecture Room. Wallace is an honor student in veterinary medicine and Peacock is an honor agricultural education major.

## Borden Grants Won by Wallace And Peacock

Two seniors one in veterinary medicine and one in agricultural education, were presented scholarships by the Borden Company of New York, at a joint meeting of the AMVA and the Kream and Kow Klub, in the Chemistry lecture room Thursday night.

Hugh M. Wallace, Jr., of Oklahoma City, veterinary student and Thomas L. Peacock of Dublin, agriculture student, were the winners of the scholarships worth \$800 each.

Wallace, a veteran of two and a half years military service, eight months of which were spent overseas, is married and the father of a daughter. He is the son of H. M. Wallace, Sr., of Oklahoma City.

He attended A&M in 1942-43 as an animal husbandry major and had a grade point ratio of 2.97. He entered the School of Veterinary Medicine in 1946, and has a grade point ratio of 2.875 in the first three years of veterinary studies.

In his junior year he was assistant editor and is now editor of the "Southwestern Veterinarian."

Peacock is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis G. Peacock of Dublin. He is married. He has a grade point ratio of 2.79. He has taken two courses in dairy husbandry.

In high school he was a member of the FFA projects on dairy cattle, and member of the dairy cattle judging team.

## Carle Comes a'Calling As Aggies Dance in Shamrock

BY JOHN WHITMORE

The fabulous Shamrock Hotel opened its doors to 1,400 Aggies and their dates for an Aggie dance in the Emerald Room Saturday night.

Unexpected visitors of the night was an old friend to Aggies, Frankie Carle, who dropped in on the affair for the regular weekly broadcast, "Saturday Night at the Shamrock," dedicated for the night to the visiting Aggies.

Carle, now regularly playing in the Shamrock Room, was at A&M for two nights during the week-end of the A&M-SMU game.

The Aggie War Hymn was sung on the broadcast which featured Carle's vocalist Marjorie Hughes.

The dance presented more than its share of problems to the hotel staff. Charles, the head waiter, was constantly worried. At 8:30 he was afraid that not enough people would be in the Emerald Room to make the broadcast, which began at 9 p. m., a success. At 8:45 he was worried about where to put all of the people.

"Zey told me to set tables for six hundred couples; I set tables for seven hundred couples. Now I have to set tables for another hundred," Charles continued. "Zis is the best party I have ever seen in ze Shamrock."

After the broadcast most of the tables were taken, but people still poured in. Additional tables were put up; more people came in and so it went into the night.

## Britisher Airways To Fly Stratocruisers

London (AP)—The government's British Overseas Airways Corporation will put the first of its new Boeing Stratocruisers into service between London and New York Dec. 6, it was announced last night.



Doyle Avant, colonel of the corps, places a wreath on the World War I Memorial at the West Gate on Armistice Day. Preceding this

At 11 p. m. stragglers were still coming.

Mischa Razinsky's Hotel staff orchestra played after Frankie Carle returned to the Shamrock Room. He played most of the Aggie songs during the evening and, at midnight, played for a short yell practice.

Room on the dance floor was at

## Varvel to Head Psychological Meet in Austin

Dr. Walter A. Varvel, of the Education and Psychology Department, is the program chairman of the Texas Psychological Association, which will hold its third annual meeting in Austin, December 9-10.

President of the association is C. W. LaGrove, of T.C.U. There are about 130 members according to Dr. Varvel; of these about 100 belong to the National Association.

The meeting, which is to be held at the University of Texas, will consist of two general meetings, a banquet and five or six sectional meetings according to Dr. Varvel. He added that these plans are indefinite and tentative and that final plans will be made in the near future.

Papers will be presented by different psychologists in the state and by the Aviation Medicine School at Randolph Field and the Human Resources Center at Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio. These technical papers will be read and discussed at these sectional meetings, Dr. Varvel said.

a premium. Each dancing couple was allotted approximately one and a half feet in which to dance.

Jerry Lambert, and the "B" Company Boy's played and sang Hill-billy songs at the 11 p. m. intermission. Rather than lose their place on the dance floor the dancers sat on the floor and listened.

One Aggie was heard to say "Honey, let's get up on the table and dance." Much to everyone's regret they didn't.

Around midnight "Frankenstein" appeared. This sent the already close couples huddling closer together. It seems that he was part of the Frankie Carle show who had wandered over.

At 8 p. m., before the crowds came in, the tables had been laid out with gleaming white table cloths, plates, ash trays, napkins, Shamrock stirring rods, and a neat array of chairs. After the dance, the tables were still there.

One of the waiters, while comparing tips, said, "These Aggies must have a lot of money, because they sure don't give any of it away. I made twenty-five cents." The dance was sponsored by the Houston A&M Club.

## Marksmen to Get the Bird At Turkey Shoot Sunday

BY JOHN TAPLEY

Ever have a yen to play Pilgrim and go gunning for gobblers? If your answer is yes then you have a treat in store.

A real old fashioned Turkey Shoot will be held on Kyle Field, Sunday November 20 at 2 p. m. The affair is being sponsored by the rifle team in an attempt to raise enough cash to send itself on

a few shoulder to shoulder matches.

Contestants will be charged 25 cents per shot or \$1 for five shots. The birds will go to whoever can either kill them or draw blood.

Taggin' the turkey will be no lead-pipe cinch. The fowls will be placed in boxes 65 yards from the firing line with only their head and neck showing.

Shooting will be done from one of the four accepted firing positions—prone, sitting, kneeling or standing.

And, in case someone has the idea of shooting at the box and killing the gobbler, let him now perish the thought. The sponsors, who anticipated such characters, have provided the birds with a better than even chance. A sand bag and a piece of metal will be placed in front of the box.

Only persons barred from competition will be members of the rifle team. Shooting will start promptly at 2 p. m.

Prizes for the affair will weigh between 15 and 30 pounds each. They are being donated by local merchants.

The present list of gobbler givers includes Hollicks Boot Shop, Zubik Tailors, Mendel and Hornak College Station Shoe Shop, Charlie's Food Market, Lupot's, Smith Cleaners, H. A. Miller Appliances, A&M Grill Shaeffer's Book Store, Varner's Jewelers, Aggie Cleaners, Aggeland Studios, A&M Photo Shop, Campus Cleaners, and Smithy's Grill.

## Cops Find Silver Lining

Los Angeles (AP)—There is a silver lining to this sad little story about the 80-year-old woman arrested on a charge of begging.

The woman is Miss Louisa Schmidt.

Policewomen found the silver lining pinned to her undergarments—\$2,122 in currency.

## Nyaradi Talk Due Tonight in Guion

Dr. Nicholas Nyaradi speaks on "Russian Preparations for War" at 8 tonight in Guion Hall. Admission will be free.

The former minister of Finance in Hungary spent seven months in Moscow negotiating with top-ranking Soviet officials and was a witness to what went on inside the Kremlin.

He chose voluntary exile when the Russian dominated Hungarian government tried to force him to comply with their plans to confiscate all American property in Hungary.

Since his resignation Dr. Nyaradi and his wife have been residing in this country. At the present, he is traveling throughout the nation to present his lectures.

Based on his experiences while in Moscow, Nyaradi wrote a series of articles which appeared in the

Saturday Evening Post under the title "I Saw Russia Preparing for World War III."

He claims that Russia has two "iron curtains"—the familiar one behind which she hides her internal activities and another behind which she secretes her methods.

Born in Budapest, Hungary, Nyaradi was educated at the University of Budapest where he became Doctor in Political Science as well as Doctor in Law.

Since he was intimate with many of the top officials in Russia, he had every opportunity to penetrate the Russian's walls of secrecy.

No stranger to the United States, Nyaradi was appointed Finance Minister in the Hungarian Cabinet on a trip to Washington to discuss economic matters with officials of our State Department.

## Houston Hangover . . .

## The Story of One Roscoe Flubdub, From Blind Date to Lost Weekend

BY W. K. COLVILLE

It is written on page three of the Great Book of Corpstripping that he who goeth on a blind-date must be either blind or drunk, or both.

Roscoe Flubdub, a moral, impulsive idealist sought to disprove and discredit the age-old A&M axiom. Roscoe believed that if a person is patient, understanding, and receptive, a lot of good can be found in any girl, no matter how repulsive she may be.

"I've never found a girl I couldn't stomach," Roscoe used to say.

"Aggies who go on blind-dates and think that they have to indulge in alcohol to have a good time are all wrong and just don't know how to bring out the sweet charm in a woman," Roscoe used to say.

"One should try to cultivate mutual interests with a blind date and get familiar with her," Roscoe used to say.

"One should dance and laugh and be funny and not let the girl feel uneasy and one should really get with it," Roscoe used to say.

Roscoe used to talk an awful lot.

Roscoe had a blind date last week end.

When Roscoe's date sprang from the bus, only his great power of will and a stiffly starched collar kept his lower jaw from striking the curb. There she was, spread

ment for Ry-Krisp.

Roscoe swallowed the heart and other minor internal organs that had leapt into his mouth, and said hello, optimistically thinking that she must have a bang-up personality.

"Hullo," she rasped through bright red lips and teeth, "You must be Roscoe Flubdub and I'm Janice Dempsey and hungry as sin let's go get chow."

They went into a hotel coffee-shop. Janice had to stoop as she went through the door.

Roscoe marveled at her healthy appetite, and at her unique way of ordering.

"Bring me two chunks of meat and a double order of shrimp cocktails, will ya, Jack, and don't spare the shrimp."

Just a simple country girl, Roscoe.

"I love to ride horses, don't you?" he said, as she slashed at a bit of sirloin.

"Wait a minute, friend. Never talk when I'm eating. Makes me bilious," she choked, wiping her mouth and general physiognomy on the table-cloth.

Roscoe waited, admiring the sharpness of her teeth and the tearing ability of her green-fingernails.

"Speaking of horses," she said, as she finished and was inquisitively probing her dental cavities with a fork, "I think I've just eat one."

Roscoe laughed appreciatively. At least she had a sense of humor. "It's time to go to the football

game," said Roscoe, catching the check that Janice coyly sailed at him.

Janice yelled lustily through the first quarter of the game, frequently forgetting who was playing, frequently forgetting what was being played, and frequently forgetting her language. The other three quarters she spent sprawled angularly on the wood, snoring audibly above the noise of the crowd, her head resting easily on button shoes.

"Big city just wore the little thing out," Roscoe blushed bravely to his buddies beside him.

After the game, Roscoe left Janice in the lobby of the hotel and went up to change into fresh khakis. When he came down, the clerk told him that Janice was in the bar across the street waiting for a short one.

"Didn't take you long, did it?" she belched, as Roscoe steered her into a cab. "I was about to give the boys in the back room a little tune on my Jews-harp."

A music-lover, thought Roscoe. "What do you think of Chopin?" he asked.

"Don't start politics with me," she answered, "There ain't but one party and that's the Democrats and tell the driver to slow down—we ain't going to no fire!"

They got out at the Lake View Club, picturesquely situated on the banks of an abandoned gravel-pit.

Janice dances the waltz and Charleston, sometimes alternately,

sometimes simultaneously. Roscoe nursed bruised toes under the table while Janice winked at the waiters and any other males momentarily blinded by the smoke and dim lights.

"Don't you drink, Roscoe," she asked, expertly pouring a beer with one hand and lighting a cigarette with the other.

"No, I believe that one can have just as good a time without indulging."

"You got a good point there, Joeko," she said, "but my Grandma used to say . . ." She forgot what her Grandmother used to say and lurched off to the dance floor and cut in on a particularly seedy individual.

She came back three dances later and introduced Roscoe to this particularly seedy looking individual.

"This here's Jake Freedump. Used to know him back in Dewville. Mind if he joins us? He's got some whiz."

Jake slumped in a chair before Roscoe could answer. "Tell him about the time you and me feel in the hog-pen back in Dewville and had to go steal Maw's shoot before she'd let us in the house. Go on, tell him, Jake."

"Yes, do tell me," said Roscoe, uncorking the bottle of Barlow's Barwire and taking a long, gagging shot.

"Do tell me," said Roscoe Flubdub, raising the bottle to lips again, and again, and again, and again.