

Fast Word

'Senior' Wife Appraises Years At Aggieland

By VIVIAN CASTLEBERRY
Battalion Women's Editor

There will come a time—though I am sure now I cannot imagine such a thing—when I shall ask myself "What was it really like—those college years?" By then most of us will have forgotten a little of the ingredients that went into the making of a college degree for our husbands. While it is still very much with us, we want to set down something of the good times and the bad that have made up the lives of married college students at Texas A&M College.

Ask a married student what his years of getting a degree have been like and you'll get as many sets of answers as the sets of questions. But one thing they'll all have in common: the student remembers the long, hard, ceaseless grind, the never-ending routine.

Ask the wives and you'll get another set of answers, for they remember

Coming home from work at 5 every day and finding the sink stacked full of breakfast and lunch dishes. . . the bed still tousled from last night's few winks. . . short tempers during finals week. . . the party she'd counted on that her husband's prof knocked in the head by assigning an A quiz. . . the time baby's fever hit 105 degrees when polio was so rampant. . . the honorary her husband made.

What were our moments of delight and our moments of despair as married college students?

They were, perhaps, little more or little less than living at any place at this time in history.

For most of us, looking back over the three or four or five years it has taken us to go through A&M, we remember the laughs and we have already mostly forgotten the tears.

Nearly all of us who are graduating now came back to school after we had worked for a few years. We came back because we were tired of not getting the promotion because we didn't have a college degree. . . we came back because we recognized the necessity of aiming toward bigger things. . . we came back because we wanted to give our kids a better start in life. . . but one and all, for reasons that are deeply and confidentially our own, we returned to school. We chose A&M for another entirely different set of reasons. . . because it offered a good degree, because it was a family school, because it was close to home, because we thought living conditions would be good here.

Most of our folks thought we were a bit crazy when we broke the news that we were going back to college. They warned us that we had adult responsibilities. They wanted to know how we would manage when the babies came. A few of them planned right away to "chip in" a monthly check. Some sat back and waited for us to give up the idea. Some sanctioned our move. Others said nothing. But, one and all, they'll be among the proudest people present at commencement tomorrow night.

Most of us started out broke. When we had paid our first month's rent and the moving expenses we had a couple of dollars left to buy food for a week. . . and to meet any of the incidental expenses connected with our new way of life. We know one couple who wired home to borrow money from dad and stayed at the telegraph office until it came back so that they could go home to supper!

We didn't have much furniture either. Armed with a few wedding presents—mostly an assortment of crystal vases, bon-bon dishes, guest towels and cocktail forks—we set out to establish our homes in a new world. And what homes they were!

Many of us remember the Annex apartments—with little nostalgia. Couples doubled up, lived in garages, attics, bedrooms and shacks. One bride we know lived in a garage. Every time it rained, the sewage and waste water backed up in her shower and had to be siphoned out. She dissolved into tears a few times, but she always went to work with the mops and the disinfectant, pasted on a smile and looked forward to the next day. Another couple made a large closet into baby's room, hung their clothes behind improvised curtained closets so that the combination living room-bedroom-dining room-study wouldn't disturb the sleep of a tiny tot too much.

These early experiences will be with us always—and with them we'll remember how we haunted the College Housing Office for a place to live. We can't credit A&M too highly on that score: it has provided us with the neatest, cleanest, most livable apartments of any college we know about, and at a price within our means.

Pardon us if we smile a little at the new crop of brides who ask if we really enjoy living so close together with so little privacy. "Honey," we feel like saying, "these apartments are castles!"

What will we remember most about Texas A&M College? Perhaps above all else we'll remember the spirit of comradeship, the closeness, the feeling of doing things with somebody else who shared our every dream. We'll remember running into each other's apartments to borrow everything from a cup of sugar to a bobby pin to a baby thermometer. We'll remember sharing rides to the grocery store. We'll remember the complete dinner our neighbor brought over when we'd been sick for a week and our husband had just about thrown in the towel from trying to keep up his studies, manage his part-time job, take care of the kids and do the housework and cooking. We'll remember that spirit of "all for one and one for all." . . . And we'll remember the times when there was absolutely no pretense in our lives, when we didn't have to keep up with the Joneses.

Most of us became pretty good cooks. We had to be. Our specialties were Italian spaghetti and casserole dishes. We probably ate more ground meat than any group of people in any one place at any time in history. Near the end of the month we ate lots of beans and bread and rice. We learned things about cooking while we were student wives that will stand us in good stead for the rest of our lives.

As College residents we should have been in a position for stimulating mental experiences, but those we failed to find at A&M. Maybe we were too lazy to go in search of them. . . maybe small children kept us too close to hearthside. . . maybe we didn't have the "push" required to find the mental stimulus we needed, but for one reason or another many of us got in a rut. We missed the opportunities that we needed for stimulating hobbies and avocations.

Two other things have distressed us as student wives: we resent the patronizing way we are treated in many business places and we resent the low salaries paid by those same places.

We were probably a little spoiled when we came here. Many of us hold college degrees or degrees in specialized training; many of us have experience to back up our training, but we have gone to work for the same wages—and in many instances less—than girls just out of high school with no training and no experience.

Merchants mostly think their businesses show no difference between the local customer and the student wife. One girl we know became a resident of College Station on a permanent basis after her husband's graduation. She knew in a few weeks the difference in her treatment when she was stretching a-hundred-and-twenty-a-month and when she became Mrs. Localite.

These things have been our teachers and we have learned from them, but we are not likely to harbor any bitterness because of them. We'll remember college days because of the time our husband made the distinguished student list. . . and we'll remember the time we were on scholastic probation. . . we'll remember football games. . . and friends in for dinner. . . and typing all night before the term reports were due.

Many of us will remember birth here. . . the place where our children joined our families. A few of us will remember death here. . . the giving up of a child that we'd looked forward to so eagerly and planned for so much. . . the telegram that told us a loved one had passed on.

But most of all we'll remember the day-in-day-out grind, the never-ending, constant-striving for something ahead, the big dream of holding a degree from Texas A&M College. A lot of us will reach it tomorrow night. And, though we told ourselves "never-never" when graduating friends in former years told us "you'll hate to go," we admit arriving at this time with a little sorrow in leaving a place where we have done so much living.

'Tweedie Pie' Has Hard Time Making Grade

By HAL BOYLE

New York—(AP)—All my life I have yearned to look tweedy.

You think that's easy? Try it. It isn't as simple as buying a tweed suit. I tried that. It didn't work at all. I didn't look tweedy. I just got to looking baggy.

No, wearing a tweed suit is no way to look tweedy. That just makes you look like a man who wants to look tweedy. To look real tweedy you simply can't have on a tweed suit at all.

Just what is a tweedy look? Well, you can't define it exactly. On the other hand you can't mistake it when you see it. Some fellows look tweedy in bathing trunks. It is just a kind of air of desperate casualness.

"Well, heaven knows you look about as casual as a laundry bag," Frances said. "But you don't look tweedy, dear. Let's face it. You look more like somebody who ran for city alderman—and lost."

Then I got the idea that maybe looking shaggy would help me look tweedy. So I let my hair grow.

Tweedy? "No, dear," said Frances. "You just look like a middle-aged sheep dog going slightly bald." Then she whistled and snapped her fingers and said, "Come here, and I'll pet you."

Pet me? No, sir. Girls don't want to pet real tweedy looking men. They may have a wild desire to rumple them. But pet them? Never.

I was about to give up my dream as hopeless. And then I made an astonishing discovery. I found that the ten tweediest looking fellows I knew all smoke pipes.

Could it be as simple as that? I raced across the street and bought a pipe and some tobacco. I lit up the pipe and strolled out of the store with as desperate an air of casualness as I could muster.

Two girls walked by, and believe it or not, one said, "Isn't he tweedy?" and the other answered, "How tweedy can you get?"

Well, there I was—tweedy at last. Isn't it odd sometimes how life gives you an easy spring-board to happiness just when the world seems to be closing in on you?

There are some penalties to pay for looking so tweedy. At night my mouth tastes like I had been chewing razor blades. And in the morning it tastes like the razor blades had rusted. There was also the time I bumped into a door. A pipe-smoking friend of mine—tweedy looking fellow, too—saw me standing there with a strangled look and only the bowl of the pipe sticking out of my mouth.

"Take a tip from me," he said. "You're smoking that pipe too deep."

Oh, well. It's fun to be tweedy. Who cares about a few broken tonsils? But I do wish my wife would drop that new nickname she thought up for me.

It's hard to feel real tweedy when somebody calls you "tweedy-pie."



Miss Ann Hull will be married on June 23 to Aggie Senior David Haines.

Math Staff Member Sets Wedding Date

James H. Abbott, instructor in the mathematics department, will be married on June 16 to Miss Mickey Jo Cates of Dallas. The wedding is planned for Perkins Chapel on the campus of Southern Methodist University.

The bride-elect's parents are Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Cates and the groom elect is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Abbott. Both sets of parents live in Dallas.

Miss Cates is a graduate of SMU. She served as vice president of the Independent Students Association on the campus and represented that group in 1947 as homecoming queen candidate.

Abbott attended the University of New Mexico and was graduated from the University of Colorado.

Aggie Track Star to Wed

Don Mitchell is another star athlete who will join the wedded set Saturday.

Don, a track star, will be married to Miss Margaret Dolores Williams at 8 p.m. Saturday in the Gordon Oaks Baptist Church in Houston.

Mitchell is a graduate of Deer Park High School. He entered A&M in the fall of '47 and will complete work toward an Animal Husbandry degree in January.

His bride-elect is a graduate of Mexia High School and is now employed in Houston.

Among the couples attendants will be Leo S. Mitchell, the groom's brother, as best man and Aggie's Billy Carpenter and Billy Homer Johns, ushers.

Following a wedding trip to South Texas, the newlyweds will be at home in Pasadena.



Specials for Friday & Saturday — June 1st & 2nd

GROCERIES	MARKET
LARGE 24-OZ. BOTTLE WELCH'S Grape Juice 39c	DECKER'S TALL KORN Sliced Bacon lb. 47c
10-OZ. TUMBLER WELCH'S Grapelade 21c	ARMOUR'S READY TO EAT Picnics lb. 51c
Crisco 3 lbs. 99c	PEN FED BABY BEEF Porter House Steak, lb. 89c
2-300 CANS KIMBELL'S Fresh Blackeye Peas . . 25c	WISCONSIN MILD Cheese lb. 55c
3-7-OZ. CANS HUNT'S Tomato Sauce 22c	PRODUCE
2-16-OZ. CANS HERSHEY'S Chocolate Syrup 33c	Tomatoes ctn. 18c
1-16-OZ. PKG.—Makes 5 Quarts Non-fat Milk Starlac pkg. 39c	CRISP Celery 2 stalks 25c
2-NO.2 CANS KIMBELL'S Blackberries 33c	FIRM, CRISP CALIFORNIA Lettuce 2 heads 19c
5 LB. BAG Bewley's Best Flour 2 Lb. Bag Meal, The 2 for 49c	YELLOW BERMUDA Onions 2 lbs. 15c
REYNOLD'S—25 FT. ROLL Foil Wrap 35c (1 Roll Limit)	490 SIZE SUNKIST Lemons dozen 23c

WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO LIMIT ALL SALES

Charlie's Food Market

North Gate — WE DELIVER — College Station

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

Classes for all ages; June 4th-8th; 9 to 11 a. m. daily.

- Flannel Board
- Stories
- ★
- Films, Slides
- Charts
- ★
- Planned Recreation
- ★
- Transportation Provided



- Sand Table
- Stories
- ★
- Handwork
- Projected Material
- ★
- Closing Exercises
- ★
- Register Ph. 4-1163

(1950 Vacation Bible School)

A. & M. Church of Christ