

Our Eager Congressmen...

LIKE characters fresh from a session with Arthur Conan Doyle, our congressmen jump eagerly at any chance to pry into the firing of MacArthur, the omnipresence of organized crime, suggestions of disloyalty and the character of questionable governmental bureaus. But they don't consider turnabout fair play.

Or at least they seem little inclined to receive with hospitality a group that has set out to investigate the workings of Congress. The idea grew out of the RFC investigation, during which Sen. Fulbright (D-Ark.) proposed creation of a commission of prominent citizens to study and make recommendations for improvement in the moral standards of Congress and those it deals with.

The proposed purpose is to instill a bit of ethics in government. The vanguard of that commission set out yesterday under the leadership of Sen. Douglas (D-Ill.) to see what could be done toward the investigation.

But why the lack of interest and outright antipathy of Congress to this probe? Are members afraid that their morals could not stand the light of public recognition? Are the famed cocktail parties of Washington more than innocent social relaxation?

The commission, if created, would interest itself in setting up a code of morals by which the public could judge their legislation.

Human beings compose three classes, roughly the fish, the bait and the manipulator.

A New Explosive-- War's Innovations

HIROSHIMA has moved farther back in history with the recent announcement by an Atomic Energy Commission scientist that the atomic bomb is obsolete. The scientist, Dr. Edward Teller, is a physicist at AEC's Los Alamos, N. M., bomb laboratory. He was quoted as making the statement by Rep. F. Edward (D-La.), who is currently writing a series of articles on the Eniwetok tests.

The thought is an appalling one to those who remember the awed silence with which they watched films of the Bikini A-Bomb test for the first time. That was less than five years ago.

To think that the giant mushroom blast that stood whole battleships upright in the water has fallen into antiquity leaves us in dread of what its successors must be like.

It may mean but one of two things. First, the new weapons or bombs may stand as the power by which one nation will wipe out those who oppose it. Or it may be, as many hope, this awful power will stand as a warning against aggression.

A peace bought with power, though, is seldom a lasting one as history has proved. The mind of man is going to have to solve much more intricate mysteries than those of the atom before he will find that key to lasting peace.

Only when the prejudices, hypocrisies, greed and similar vices of mankind have been laid beside that outmoded A-bomb will the realizations of happiness and peace rise like that mushroom blast of old.

tors. The value of such a code might be negligible. Then, again, it might not. At least there seems to be no adequate reason for giving the idea the bum's rush.

Yet Congress seems to consider its members and their methods of operation inclosed in an impenetrable sanctity. Senators and congressmen are even adverse to instituting modern methods that would speed up legislative work.

And electrical vote computer, for instance, was suggested during the last century by no less a man than Thomas Edison. Congressmen rejected it, just as they rejected the same proposal presented to them last week. The machine would transform voting in the two bodies from a tedious to an almost instantaneous process. Yet Congress is still opposed.

This opposition to change is usually justified on grounds of tradition. That justification is hardly a sound one.

It looks to use as though the halls in which our lawmakers congregate could benefit greatly both from the proposed investigation and the voting calculator and other modern devices. Time, these days, is valuable. And a little soul-searching has yet to hurt anyone.

Peace will come to the world when the people of the world are willing to do as much for the cause of peace as they do for the sake of war.

Communist Paper Bans Wife-Beating

PLAY not your wife. So warns Izvestia, Communist party newspaper.

The paper brought up the subject by telling of one Sergei Yereimin, a collective farmer of the Moscow district who systematically drags his wife, Nyura, out of bed by the hair in the middle of the night and beats her up.

The crafty fellow is an expert at his avocation, too. He mauls her without leaving a mark. Even after being taken to the hospital for treatment of internal injuries, faithful Nyura would not complain against her spouse.

Izvestia deplores the incident, insisting that wife-beating is not a family affair. It says, "There is no place in our Soviet life for this repulsive vestige of the past."

Could this be humane pity we see here? Or is it, more in fitting with the Soviet life, a practical consideration. After all, Nyura is of no worth to the cause reclining on a hospital bed. That way she can furnish no progeny for the future glory of Russia. Nor can she lend her efforts to the common toil if brutal Sergei is going to insist on rearranging her ribs.

No comrade, you must desist from these wild impulses of the beast, else our dear commissar will be forced to bring you before the bar of "Communist justice." Shame on you.

The coming generation is the world's best asset but the adults of the world are a bit slow to spend money on the future rulers of the universe.

The Battalion

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions "Soldier, Statesman, Knighly Gentleman"

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

The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in the paper and local news of spontaneous origin published herein. Rights of republication of all other matter herein are also reserved.

The Battalion, official newspaper of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, is published five times a week during the regular school year. During the summer terms, The Battalion is published four times a week, and during examination and vacation periods, twice a week. Days of publication are Monday through Friday for the regular school year, Tuesday through Friday during the summer terms, and Tuesday and Thursday during vacation and examination periods. Subscription rates \$6.00 per year or \$5.00 per month. Advertising rates furnished on request.

News contributions may be made by telephone (4-5444) or at the editorial office, Room 201, Goodwin Hall. Classified ads may be placed by telephone (4-5324) or at the Student Activities Office, Room 209, Goodwin Hall.

JOEL AUSTIN, Editor; Andy Anderson, Associate Editor and Sports Editor; Vivian Castleberry, Women's Editor; William Dickens, Feature Editor.

Dave Coelett, Editorial Assistant; James Fuller, Church News Editor; J. R. Alderdice, Staff Photographer; R. D. Witter, Charles McCollough, Photo Engravers; Aubrey Fredrick, Advertising Representative; John W. Thomas, B. F. Roland, Dave Coelett, James Fuller, William Dickens, Frank Davis, Staff News Writers; Ray Bushing, Tom Rountree, Ray Holbrook, Sports News Writers; Owen Lee, Calvin Jank, Circulation.

The Last Word Charms of South Discovered Anew

By VIVIAN CASTLEBERRY Battalion Woman's Editor

Sometimes we live a lifetime in a few hours or a few days. At other times it takes us years to live a little while. We have just completed living one of those lifetimes. It came about on the vacation that ended a few years of thinking and planning for.

When we reached that long-awaited commencement and a degree from Texas A&M on June 1, we had just completed a portion of our goal. The rest of it was yet to come, for during the three-years-without-letup in A&M, we had promised ourselves a real trip when the grades were all in for the last time.

We decided on a kind of "Sentimental Journey" through the Southern States that would take us ultimately to Florida and home again by a different route. We had neither the time nor the money for such an extended trip, but we took it and we're glad we did.

People told us we would be disappointed. Other people said we would have the most wonderful time of our lives. Actually we did neither: it was a marvelous, exciting and totally different trip. We felt a little like the girl, a newcomer we recently queried: "Do you like this town?" she asked her, and her answer has kept us thinking many cras since "Yes," she said, "I came prepared to like it."

So we went South prepared to like it. In the first place, we chose our traveling companions with utmost care. A young couple from Tyler—Aggie-exes Eric and Peggy Malory, and friends we made at Aggeland—went along. We stowed into the car the bare essentials of camping equipment including a few blankets and pillows.

We pulled out of College Station as soon after final review on Saturday morning as we could make it. Our purpose was to drive to Tyler and there rest up after the excitement of graduation, but when we arrived our friends were packed and as excited over the trip as we were.

Our first stop was a "whistle" town in deep East Texas, the land of our berth, which we hadn't seen in many years. There we had dinner—at the home of a distant relative who provided steak with all the trimmings—talked with many cousins and a great aunt—and when we were tired out from talking, loaded into the car and headed Louisiana-ward.

Our destination was Shreveport, but when we reached that city our spirits were still riding high, so we pulled in for a cup of coffee and headed east—to Minden. At Minden we still felt good for many miles, so deep into La. we drove. Alternately singing, kidding and pinching ourselves to see if this really were true we were not aware of any trouble at all as our Ford took hill and dale—until Husband came up with "We are not generating."

We came to a speechless halt. It was a little past midnight. We crawled a mile into the next town—a sleepy little sawmill place with one filling station—closed of course. The boys tinkered with the generator, announced we would spend the night.

Just as we were setting down for a long summer's nap, the Nightwatchman appeared upon the scene. In good old Aggie fashion, the boys gave him the handshake and their names. He was a right jovial fellow, told us happily:

"That there station won't open tomrow (Sunday)—never opens on Sundays for no reason—got generators, though, got lots of 'em—right in plain view, too, though that there window—Fellow broke in there about two months back, took a whole set of tires and some other things—Two bad a fellow can't get to those generators right there in plain sight—they's a back door on that station—easy to break into, too—wouldn't be no trouble a tall for a man to get to those generators through the back door, would it?"

No thanks to the nightwatchman, we spent the night on our blankets out under the stars, crissled into the nearest town the next morning, got fixed up in about an hour and were off again. While we waited for the fixing, we ate the best hot cakes and maple syrup—real maple, never tasted anything like it before—we've ever put in our mouths.

At 12 noon we crossed the majestic, the mammoth, the beautiful, the terrible Mississippi River.

We hunched picnic style in a secluded country lane in Mississippi under trees so thick that the sun was hidden from view. Then we spread down our quilts and napped until we were rested.

Jackson was next. It was one of the nicest cities we were in on our entire trip. We stayed a night and a day and saw the capitol, the parks, the real workings of a city just growing into a big city—with apparently a full knowledge of where its going and how it intends to get there. We savored another culinary delight in Jackson—at Primo's, which we all have branded as one of the finest restaurants we've occasioned.

Across Mississippi we ticked around 60 per day all the way, stopping when we felt like it. We ate cream all over the Southern States.

Alabama was next and here our real Sentimental Journey began. When my grandmother was eight years old she came with her family from Alabama to Texas to settle. It took the party 6 weeks on what was then the best train available. Our party had made it in three days, stopping off to eat, sleep and sightsee.

We drove into Atlanta just after dark—and were disappointed. Up and down the length of a mile stretched the lights, the gaudy glamour of a Southern City of old and modern times. We made Peachtree street three times—from one suburb of it to the other—and it was what we had imagined in its entirety.

And then we dropped to Jacksonville, Florida. People had told us that we would be disappointed in J'ville. In a way we were.

But at St. Augustine we began to find what we came to see. The sands of the ocean were white and almost deserted. We had come "out of season" and we were delighted! We found prices half what they would have been "in season." We were particularly delighted with that! We saw the first school house in this country, and a part of the old fortress wall that once in Revolutionary days guarded the country from attack. Our friends remarked that one small shell would totally destroy it now. We saw—at the insistence of our husbands—the largest alligator farm in the world.

Down the coast then to Daytona Beach, stopping for Atlantic (See LAST WORD, Page 4)

Bridge Club Plans Summer Schedule

The Veterans Wives Bridge Club will continue its club activities through the summer, according to Mrs. Frances Stuart, reporter for the group. Meetings will be held each Thursday at 7:30 p. m. in Rooms 2C and 2D of the MSC. Dues are fifty cents for the full summer semester and each member is charged 25 cents per meeting she attends.

James Abbott Mickey Cates Are Married

A member of the A&M mathematics department and his college sweetheart were united in marriage Saturday. The groom is James Harman Abbott and his new wife is the former Miss Mickey Jo Cates.

Wedding vows were exchanged at 8 p. m. in Perkins Chapel at SMU. Officiant was Dr. Umphrey Lee, SMU's president.

Mr. Abbott, who taught this past year at A&M, took his bachelor's degree in engineering from the University of Colorado and his master's in mathematics from SMU. He taught at SMU before coming to A&M.

Mrs. Abbott was graduated from SMU with a BA in costume design. She was an active member of the Independent Students Association having served as its vice president and been its homecoming queen nominee.

Parents of the couple are Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Cates and Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Abbott, both couples of Dallas.

The newlyweds will live in Urbana, Ill., where the groom plans to enter the University of Illinois.

Pretty Secretary No Museum Relic

Two years ago when Mrs. Lucille Ethridge filed application for secretarial work with the College, she little dreamed that her present employment would result.

Mrs. Ethridge is the charming lady who ushers visitors through the Museum, across from the Administration Building on Roberts Street.

Such terms as "Raba Catesbeiana" and "Glyptodonts" present no problem to Mrs. Ethridge. She recognizes them immediately as plain bull frog and oversized armadillo.

In the Tracy Herbarium, which is housed in the Museum, Mrs. Ethridge can point out to the interested some 60,000 different specimens of uncultivated plant life. All 60,000 are either already mounted and identified, or are in the process of being dried.

One of the museum's showpieces, and one which still holds Mrs. Ethridge's particular interest, is the Egyptian mummy, which lies in state in an inner room. The body is completely encased in its original mummy wrappings. Where the cloth has deteriorated and fallen away, the bone structure of the right arm and of one foot are clearly visible. Authorities have estimated the year of burial to have been approximately 2000 B.C., Mrs. Ethridge reported.

In the vertebrate fossils collection...

Vardiman Child Born At St. Joseph Hospital

A nine pound, three and three-fourths ounce baby girl was born at 5 a. m. Tuesday at St. Joseph's Hospital in Bryan to Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Vardiman of College View. Vardiman is a freshman student of Veterinary Pathology.

News of Women

Mary Kathryn Johnson Weds T. G. Carroll

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Carroll are at home at 2300 AA South College Road after a wedding trip to South Texas. The couple was married on June 9 at 6 p. m. at the home of the bride, 1310 Hoppers, Bryan. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Harry V. Rankin pastor of the First Methodist Church.

Mrs. Carroll is employed as secretary to D. W. Williams, vice chancellor for agriculture of the college. She is the former Miss Mary Kathryn Johnson. Her husband is a senior student in the School of Veterinary Medicine.

Parents of the couple are Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Johnson and Mrs. R. H. Carroll and the late Mr. Carroll. The Johnsons live in Bryan and Mrs. Carroll is from Center.

Mrs. Clarence Lewis Spaeck of Ralls, sister of the bride, was matron of honor, Jan Kathryn Spaeck, the bride's niece, was ring bearer, Best man was the groom's brother, R. F. Carroll of Natchitoches, La.

Mary Kathryn wore a gown of white organza over taffeta. It was designed with a fitted bodice with tiny buttons from the small Peter pan collar to the waistline. The skirt was a bouffant ballerina-length style. She wore organza gloves and a bandeau of gardenias in her hair.

The bride's only jewelry was a heirloom cameo locket which had been a gift to her mother on her wedding day. An arrangement of gardenias and carnations on a white Bible carried by the bride completed her wedding ensemble.

The bride came up the aisle to the improvised altar on the arm of her father.

Mrs. Curtis Mathis presented traditional wedding music.

Assisting in the wedding reception were Mrs. E. B. Sale, who served cake; Mrs. Herman B. Segrest who served punch; Mrs. Stewart McLeod who presided at the bride's book; Mrs. Ross Dean and Mrs. L. E. Ellwood.

PALACE Bryan 2-8879

LAST DAY "Go For Broke" THURS. thru SAT.

NOWAY OUT HERE IS A PICTURE THAT REACHES NEW HEIGHTS IN DRAMATIC SCENES

QUEEN LAST DAY "San Quentin" THURS. thru SAT.

AMAZON BEAUTIES STAMPEDE JUNGLE RAIDERS! JOHNNY WEISSMULLER as Jungle Jim THE FURY OF THE CONGO

You Can Subscribe to...

THE BATTALION for only 50c a month

Please send The Battalion to:

Name, Address, City, State, Inclosed find I wish to subscribe for months.

Campus TODAY thru SATURDAY FIRST RUN

1:48 - 3:51 - 5:54 - 7:57 - 10:00

BELLE LE GRAND VERA JOHN RALSTON-CARROLL A REPUBLIC PICTURE

NEWS - CARTOON

L/L ABNER

Smoke Gets In Her Eyes

Comic strip panels with dialogue: HASSAN, TH' UNSPOILED WAS SPOSED 'BE LURKIN' SOMEWHERE IN HERE - W-WAITIN' FO' ME - BUT AH CAINT SEE A SOUL NOR HEAR NOthin' AH WAS AFERED HE WOULD BE HERE - BUT NOW THAT HE HAINT - AH IS EVEN MORE AFERED - YOH-HOO - UNSPOILED! HEY, UNSPOILED! ??-WHAR IN TARNATION IS YO'?? - A WISE O' SMOKE COMIN' IN - THAT KEYHOLE - ??- WASHUT'S BEHIND THAT DOOR ??

Guy Wallace, Aggie back into first base had teased a throw the first inning of

Jack Gannon, Ohio fourth inning on a take a throw from the putout was left stranded.

Aggies At Om

The Aggies w baseball tourname losses.

The win was six-hit hurling of Lary provided the home run over th

The first loss series—with Sprit ped the Maroon at the victim of the lowed only five hi

The other los lighted by Utah's accounted for five with four for four with two for five