

What's Cooking

The following is the schedule for tonight:

7:30
Dallas A&M Club meeting in room 107 Biological Science building. Plans for the LSU weekend to be announced.

Yankee Hometown Club will hold an organizational meeting in Room 2-D of the MSC.

Houston Hometown Club will meet in Room 301 Goodwin hall. All Houstonians are urgently requested to be present.

Galveston County Hometown

Club will meet in Room 2-B of the MSC to discuss dance plans.

Amarillo Hometown Club will meet in Room 108 of the Academic Building. No time was announced. Officers will be elected for the 1955-56 year.

Runnels County Hometown Club will meet in Room 2-A of the MSC. No time was announced.

Lou Creekmur, Detroit Lions tackle, hasn't missed a game—league, championship or exhibition—since he joined the team in 1950.



On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH

Today I begin my second year of writing this column for Philip Morris Cigarettes. Once every week during the coming school year I will take up, without fear or favor, issues that inflame the minds and quicken the hearts of college students everywhere. I will grapple with such knotty questions as: "Is compulsory attendance the reflection of an insecure faculty?" and "Is the unmarried student obsolete?" and "Are room-mates sanitary?"

While each week I make a bold assault upon these burning issues, I will also attempt to beguile you into smoking Philip Morris Cigarettes. Into each column I will craftily weave some words in praise of Philip Morris. I will extol, obliquely, the benign mildness of Philip Morris's well-born tobacco, its soothing fragrance, its tonic freshness, its docile temperateness, its oh-so-welcome gentleness in this spiky and abrasive world of ours.

For saying these kind things about their cigarettes, the Philip Morris Company will pay me money. This is the American Way. This is Democracy. This is Enlightened Self Interest. This is the System that Made

Our Country Great, and anybody who doesn't like it is MALADJUSTED.

Perhaps it would be well in this first column of the year to tell you a little about myself. I am 36 years of age, but still remarkably active. I am squat, moon-faced, have all my teeth, and am fond of folk dancing and Lotto. My hobby is collecting mucilage.

I first took up writing because I was too short to steal. *Barefoot Boy With Cheek* was my maiden effort, and today, fourteen years later, I continue to write about college students. This is called "arrested development."

But I can't help it. Though I am now in the winter of my life, the problems of undergraduates still seem to me as pressing as ever. How to pursue a blazing romance with exams coming up next Friday in physics, history and French; how to convince your stingy father that life is a bitter mockery without a yellow convertible; how to subsist on dormitory food—these remain the topics that roll my sluggish blood.

And in this column from now until next June you will read of such things: of dating and pinning, of fraternities and sororities and independents, of cutting and cramming, of athletes and average-raisers, of extra- and intra-curriculum, of textbooks and those who write them and those who sell them and those who read them and those who don't.

And, slyly woven into this stirring tapestry, the story of Philip Morris, America's gentle cigarette, in the handy Snap-Open pack, in king-size or regular, at prices all can afford.

©Max Shulman, 1955

The makers of Philip Morris are happy to be back with you for another year of good reading and good smoking—with gentle Philip Morris, of course.

The Battalion

The Editorial Policy of The Battalion Represents the Views of the Student Editors

The Battalion, newspaper of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas and the City of College Station, is published by students four times a week during the regular school year. During the summer terms The Battalion is published once a week, and during examination and vacation periods, once a week. Days of publication are Tuesday through Friday for the regular school year, Thursday during the summer terms, and Thursday during examination and vacation periods. The Battalion is not published on the Wednesday immediately preceding Easter or Thanksgiving. Subscription rates are \$3.50 per semester, \$6.00 per school year, \$6.50 per full year, or \$1.00 per month. Advertising rates furnished on request.

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Battalion Editorials

Page 2

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1955

Parking Problems

Texas A&M is faced with the worst parking jam in its history. Only one parking lot, and this one practically in the middle of the golf course, is not full or overflowing.

The new traffic system, with its parking decal and its fee for violations, is a wonderful step in keeping the burden from piling too heavily on any one particular group. But it is not solving the basic dilemma of A&M traffic.

We need more parking lots. And we don't need them on the fringes of the campus. We need them around the dormitory areas. We're getting a new lot to house Coliseum personnel—and also to take care of "visiting dignitaries."

How about taking care of some of the dignitaries that live on the campus? Namely, the students.

Granted that parking lots may not be as impressive as sidewalks, but they would be a lot more practical in many places. Students can walk around cars.

Hart Hall presents one of the worst problems, since it is in the middle of the campus. Its parking lot is one of the smaller ones on the campus. At present its cars are being parked along Throckmorton St.—way down along Throckmorton St.

It probably wouldn't be so bad if the students didn't have to pass by the great wide lawn on Guion Hall's east side to get to their cars. This area, which doubtless enhances the looks of Guion, could make a quite decent lot in which to park.

Other places for potential parking lots also exist. A few are: the fenced area between Throckmorton St. and the dormitory area, expansion of the Law Hall lot, sacrifice of some of the eastern Corps area's playground, expansion of the North Gate area's lots, and many others.

It's hoped the enrollment of the college will be greatly expanded. But any expansion is going to bring a greater deluge of automobiles.

A&M may have to substitute "function" for "beauty" in order to handle the traffic problem in the future.

Note of Warning

Last year was a bad year for A&M with respect to traffic fatalities. And we have more cars here than ever before.

Many students will be leaving tomorrow and Saturday to attend the A&M-LSU game in Dallas. It's a long trip, and a lot of traffic.

Be careful; the tradition of Silver Taps is a beautiful and worthy one. But it's a tradition that no one likes to have to observe.

Kittens Open At CS Tonight

A&M Consolidated's Junior High Kittens open their season tonight at 7:30 p.m. on Tiger Field against the defending district champion, Huntsville.

"Huntsville will be our toughest opponent," said Kitten Coach Edsel Jones.

In two meetings with the powerful Huntsville eleven last year, the Kittens were soundly trounced, 28-2 and 27-0. CHS finished second behind Huntsville in district standings last season.

The starting offensive lineup for the Kittens tonight has Virdon Smith and Ben Jackson at ends; Maurice Stone and Howard Mitchell, tackles; Ken Casey and Joel Mills, guards and Brenner Sayers, center.

In the backfield, Buddy Holick starts at quarterback, Tommy Bramble and Dee Smith, half backs and Jim Wright, fullback.

Defensive changes find Harold Alford taking Casey's guard position, Red Wright at center and Condy Pugh, quarterback.

Shannon Finishes MS Degree Work

Ralph L. Shannon of College Station has completed the necessary work for a master of science degree in electrical engineering at A&M. His thesis was on a "Function Multiplier for the Engineering Experiment Station's Electrical Analog Computer."

Shannon was the 1954-55 recipient of a Westinghouse Fellowship in electrical engineering.

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Everywhere But A&M

New Era Born in Radio

By DON SHEPARD
Battalion News Editor

A new era has been born in disc jockeying—playing music without the usual critique or comments. The idea is being taught and advocated by Broadcast Coaching Associates of New York, and has spread to almost every sector of the U. S., except our "educational" radio station here at A&M.

According to an article by Dick Kleiner, NEA Staff writer, people tune in disc jockey shows for music. If they want a commentator they tune in a commentator.

Students at BCA are taught to talk little and to make sense when they do, Kleiner pointed out.

This is where A&M comes in.

WTAW, in its beginning, was christened an educational station. In the past it turned out a number of programs which were a credit to A&M. Now educational programs are practically non-existent, and most of the programs offered are degenerating rather than adding to education or culture.

The following is quoted from a recent letter received by the Battalion:

"The other day my radio happened to be tuned to 1150, the frequency of WTAW, the college's 'educational station'. I delayed my dial-twisting impulse long enough to verify my suspicion that the quality of entertainment was at its usual low, or even lower if that is possible.

"What manner of trash is WTAW foisting on the populace of the dozen or more counties it blankets? If you're courageous enough, take your own sample someday between 10 a.m. and noon. You'll be enlightened by frequently repeated announcements of the dances coming off tonight at the many hill-billy dance halls scattered throughout East Texas. And if you continue to listen, your patience will be rewarded with some mighty fine pickin' and sangin' by the hill-billy virtuosos and their talented musical aggregations.

"To the thousands of people who listen to the station every day,

WTAW is the voice of Texas A&M College; the programs emanating from the college's station represent the brand of culture which the college presumably advocates. Perhaps hillbilly music is all well and good; it appears harmless enough in spite of the fact that many people find it offensive. But that is not the issue. The striking feature about what has happened is that the college, through its radio station, has been instrumental in furthering the current hillbilly craze. Why couldn't the influence of A&M have been used in promoting something more worthwhile?

"The programming trend during the last several years indicates that the college officials, from the chancellor down to the station's hill-billy announcers, have lost all sense of direction or perhaps have chosen not to listen to the station as have most of the other responsible members of the community.

"Is this appalling situation to continue? How long will the col-

lege officials choose to ignore their public responsibility?"

The preceding protest represents the opinion of an A&M graduate, a large per cent of students now enrolled, and many College station residents.

Since radio reception is unusually bad in the college dormitories, students are subjected to the voice of WTAW when they want to listen to the radio. Radios either blare low quality music or remain silent. Most remain silent.

Educational radio programs and more cultural music are in demand elsewhere. Apparently, students at A&M do not demand enough.



TODAY & FRIDAY

VICE-AND-VIOLENCE EXPOSE!
"NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL"
— ADDED ATTRACTION —
Miss Universe Contestants In Technicolor
"World of Beauty"

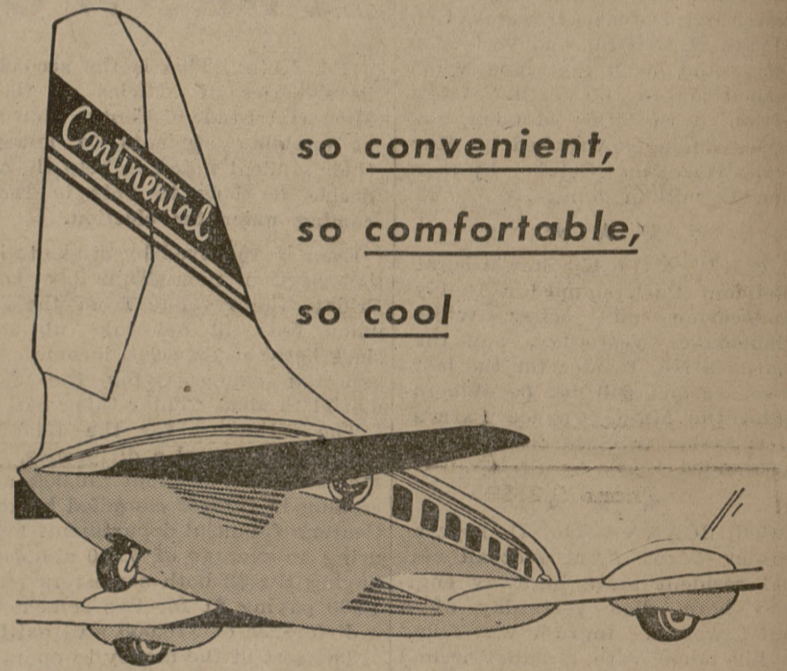
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L'I'L ABNER

John Crabsby on TV

After its sensational TV preview, Hal Yapp's Yappland seems to be loyally an egg.

Hal Yapp performed miracles finding real-life counterparts of his fantastic cartoon characters.

There's Shmo White herself, with her seven warts. Yapp's researchers discovered a real live Brontosaurus in the jungles of the Amazon, for his Land of the Past.

A talking rodent brings the mythical Rickey Rat to life.

Yes, everything in Yappland is real and live, except for Yapp's most popular character, the Hammus Alabammus, star of "Pig O' My Heart!"

This most delicious and lovable of all the pig species is extinct. The best Hal Yapp can do, is provide a stuffed replica.

When the kids see this, they scream, "It's a fake!" and run off, crying their hearts out.

This is ruining business.

BUT, KIDS!!—WE'VE GOT A TALKING RAT, A WHALE THAT SINGS LIKE NELSON EDDY—REAL PREHISTORIC MONSTERS—

WHO CARES!! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A REAL HAMMUS ALABAMMUS!!

MR. YAPP!!

I'M RUINED!!—OH-SO!! MY KINGDOM FOR A PIG!!

HIC! HIC! I'M HIC-RUNNIN' (HIC) NOW!!

By Al Capp

POGO

ALL RIGHT, NOW WE REVERSE THE ROLES. YOU TAKE MY PLACE AS PATIENT AND I'LL BE THE DOCTOR.

I GUESS I CAN'T BE HELPED THOUGH I FEEL SOUND AS A DOLLAR.

SOME DOCTOR! YOU CRAWLS IN BED THE MINUTE YOU GETS HERE.

WHOOF! FIRST OF ALL TAKE YO' HAT OFF IN A SICKROOM!!

NOW, LET'S SEE—

HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!

By Walt Kelly

I'M SORRY, BUT ONE OF YOU WASN'T RUNNIN'—I COULDN'T TELL IF IT WAS YOU OR THE CLOCK.

HIC! HIC! I'M HIC-RUNNIN' (HIC) NOW!!

HIC! HIC! I'M HIC-RUNNIN' (HIC) NOW!!

HIC! HIC! I'M HIC-RUNNIN' (HIC) NOW!!

HIC! HIC! I'M HIC-RUNNIN' (HIC) NOW!!

HIC! HIC! I'M HIC-RUNNIN' (HIC) NOW!!