

Letters To The Editor

Editor, Battalion,
Mrs. Betty Curl,
Students, Texas A&M College.

To you, Mr. Editor, I can't say too much. I've grown all too used, along with the rest of the Corps, to seeing students of this college belittled in the pages of your paper this year. It would have been too much to expect of you to have taken the slight trouble to verify the information this young lady phoned and wrote into your offices before you printed it. So, Mr. Editor, not a word from me about the latest of your small, sneaking shots at our backs. I can only consider the source.

To you Mrs. Curl, I'm very sorry that you found yourself forced to cover up your possibly innocent violation of one of this college's most cherished traditions with a gross exaggeration of the truth. My name appears at the bottom of this letter, so you will be able to now have someone concrete to slander rather than an unidentified body of students. Incidentally, I work 18 hours a day at being an A&M student, so excuse me if I'm not too impressed by your 13-hour stint in the lab which you saw fit to mention.

To you, the students of this college, I would like to relate exactly

what went on inside the State Chemist Lab on the night of Silver Taps. I think it's the least I can do to protect the student body from the slurs of the people who work on this campus and those who read this paper away from the college.

Along with most of the other people in the New Area, I noticed the lights in the building burning shortly before the ceremony. I also saw at least two people from the group I was walking with enter that building. Whether or not they told these people to turn off their lights, I do not know. At any rate, the lights were never turned off. Immediately after Silver Taps, myself and one other member of the Senior class went into the building to see why the light had not been extinguished. We were followed by a group of perhaps five other boys who entered the building quietly, stood in the hall, and never said an audible word during the entire time that any of us were in the building. Besides myself and the one other Senior, I don't know who it could have been who so shocked your womanhood, Mrs. Curl.

If you will remember a little better now that the persons you accuse are known to you, I think you will remember a little better what DID happen. We walked in and asked you, politely, why the lights in your building had not been extinguished. When you told us you hadn't known what was going on, we accepted your reason. You also informed us that since your's was a State building and not part of the college, you weren't actually even supposed to follow the traditional step of turning out your lights. Then, while the other boy looked around the building for the Aggie graduate students you claimed were there, I stood in your office and explained to you exactly what Silver Taps was, what it meant, how it was conducted and how you could always know when it was coming up by looking out your window during the day at the flagpole in front of the Academic Building. When my friend returned, he and I left, followed by the several other students who had gathered quietly in the hall. Every one of them left without saying a word. Incidentally, keeping quiet after Silver Taps is also a part of the tradition. So, when you say that they left talking loudly and apparently uncontently, you are accusing all of them of breaking a tradition that I have not seen broken in the four years that I have been an A&M student.

There is your story, Mr. Editor, Mrs. Curl and you Aggies. I don't know what smallness has prompted this lady to print these lies about a group of students, nor can I see where she gets the gall to demand an apology from the students concerned. A public retraction of her remarks on her part would be much more appropriate.

I'll leave it with the students of this college to decide who is telling the truth. All I can say is that if an Aggie Senior's word is any good, you have mine that every word that appears here over my name is the truth to the best of my knowledge, which should be pretty good; I was there.

Jan D. Broderick, '56

Editor Note

We had another letter, this one concerning the senior ring. Because we were unable to read the signature, or trace to any student now registered in school what we thought the name was, we are holding the letter until proper identification is made. We would appreciate the writer of the letter letting us know what his name is, and then the letter will be printed.



Well, Mr. Smarty, who knows a good way to clean clothes with gasoline. . . . Maybe next time you'll send them to —

CAMPUS CLEANERS

Battalion Editorials

Page 2

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1955

Your Community Chest

The Community Chest-Red Cross Drive this year is running ahead of its last year's total for a like period, but such favorable reports indicates no reason to let down now.

Twelve local agencies benefit from the funds collected, and some of these have no other source. These agencies are: The American Red Cross, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Salvation Army, United Service Organizations, Brazos County Hospital Fund, College Station Recreation Council, YMCA, College Station Youth Committee, Community Center, Inc., and Brazos County Youth Development Committee. Funds are reserved also for local charities in the Local Chest Charity Fund.

The goal of \$12,100 set this year by the Chest Committee is considered one that will not only be able to amply cover the needs of these worthy groups but is one that can be reached. Last year's goal of \$16,000 was not reached by more than \$4,000.

Solicitors are out for contributions to the Chest, or money can be mailed to the Drive headquarters at Box 1643, Clolege Station. The telephone number is 4-5224. Saturday is the last day for the Drive, unless collections and promises on that day show that more time might be required. Invest in the Chest—it needs your help.

Patience Or Patient?

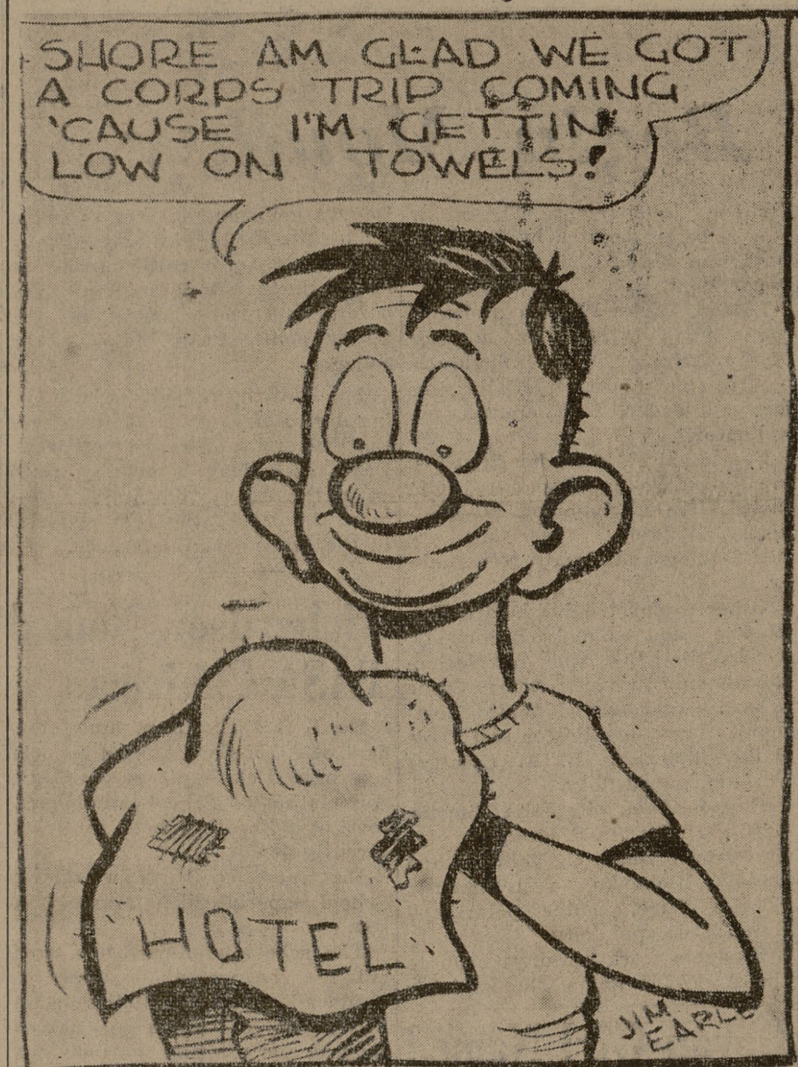
The Corps Trip to Houston for the football game with the Owls of Rice Institute is this week. That means that 90 miles of highway must be traveled both ways, plus many more around the city.

It was twice as far to Fort Worth a couple of weeks ago, but our good record there—both traffic and conduct—does not provide a reason for putting out only half the effort for tomorrow's drive.

Driving in traffic is an individual problem for every man behind the wheel. And safety is also his problem.

Traffic may mean having to have a little patience, but patience is worth avoiding being a patient.

CADET SLOUCH by James Earle



SHORE AM GLAD WE GOT A CORPS TRIP COMING 'CAUSE I'M GETTING LOW ON TOWELS!

ATTENTION AGGIES!
All Cadets In Uniform Will Be Admitted FREE To
THE FOUNTAIN LOUNGE
Houston's Most Popular Nite Spot
818 Gray at Travis
— Featuring —
The Inimitable Sonny Marx, His Music and His Many Novelty Acts
DANCING FROM 6 TILL 1 A.M.

L'L ABNER



Gonzalez Paintings In MSC Exhibit

Paintings by Xavier Gonzalez will be on exhibit in the Memorial Student Center until Nov. 21.

There are nine pictures in the group, eight caseins and one oil. The exhibit is what is left of a group of paintings exhibited in New York and Boston.

Gonzalez, according to Mrs. Ralph Terry, MSC art director, is

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Buy Your Exact Size
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If Lee Riders are not the best fitting and longest wearing you have ever worn, you may have a NEW PAIR FREE or your money back.
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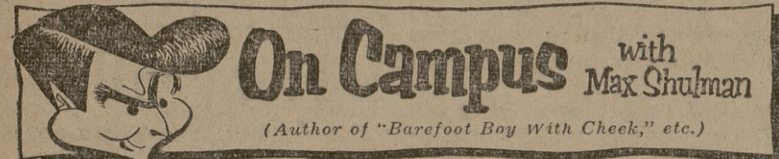
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Clark Gable
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Gulton Hall
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THURSDAY & FRIDAY
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Students . . . Use Our Convenient Pick Up Stations
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AGGIES COME BY AND FILL UP
Before
Going to Houston
IT'S TURNING COLD
Better get your Anti-Freeze
McCall's Humble Service Station
"Where Service is First"
East Gate Hy 6 4884

By Al Capp



SCHULTZ IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING

Beppo Schultz, boulevardier, raconteur, connoisseur, sportsman, bon vivant, hail fellow well met—in short, typical American college man—smokes today's new Philip Morris Cigarettes.

"Why do you smoke today's new Philip Morris Cigarettes, hey?" a friend recently asked Beppo Schultz.

"I smoke today's new Philip Morris Cigarettes," replied Beppo, looking up from his 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car, "because they are new."

"New?" said the friend. "What do you mean—new?" "I mean modern—up-to-date—designed for today's easier, breezier living," said Beppo.

"Like this 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car?" asked the friend.

"Exactly," said Beppo.

"She's a beauty," said the friend, looking admiringly at the car. "How long have you had her?"



"It's a male," said Beppo.

"Sorry," said the friend. "How long have you had him?" "About a year," said Beppo.

"Have you done a lot of work on him?" asked the friend.

"Oh, have I not!" cried Beppo. "I have replaced the pushrods and rockers with a Rootes-type supercharger. I have replaced the torque with a synchromesh. I have replaced the tachometer with a double side draft carburetor."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the friend.

"I have replaced the hood with a bonnet," said Beppo.

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed the friend.

"I have replaced the gasoline with petrol," said Beppo.

"Crim-a-nentlies!" said the friend.

"And I have put gloves in the glove compartment," said Beppo.

My, you have been the busy one!" said the friend. "You must be exhausted."

"Maybe a trifle," said Beppo with a brave little smile.

"Do you know what I do when I'm tired?" asked the friend.

"Light a Philip Morris?" Beppo ventured.

"Oh, pshaw, you guessed!" said the friend, pouting.

"But it was easy!" cried Beppo, laughing silverly. "When the eyelids droop and the musculature sags and the psyche is depleted, what is more natural than to perk up with today's Philip Morris in the red, white and gold package?"

"A bright new smoke in a bright new pack!" proclaimed the friend, his young eyes glistening with tears.

"Changed to keep pace with today's changing world!" declared Beppo, whirling his arms in concentric circles. "A gentler, more relaxing cigarette for a sunnier age, an age of greater leisure and broader vistas and more beckoning horizons!"

Now, tired but happy, Beppo and his friend lit Philip Morris and smoked for a time in deep, silent contentment. At length the friend spoke. "Yes, sir," he said, "he certainly is a beauty."

"You mean my 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car?" asked Beppo.

"Yes," said the friend. "How fast will he go?"

"Well, I don't rightly know," said Beppo. "I can't find the starter."

The makers of Philip Morris, who bring you this column, assure you that whether you're in a sleek new sports car or the old family sedan, your best driving companion is new, gentle Philip Morris.

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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