

John McCarroll

"tell you what I'd do"

Chicken.
There is probably no other way to describe some quizzes that are administered in college.

Before entering college we heard rumors about the professors who were sly and cunning and sadistic and who had illusions of outwitting or at least matching their students.

Getting back to the fables—I heard my share of them as almost anyone has, but now that finals are nearly over and new semester is about to begin, I would like to pass along those which struck more fear and hatred into my heart than most:

How about the professor at Tech who told his students the first day of classes that he would never administer a "pop" examination.

"As a matter of fact the only time you can look forward to a surprise quiz from me is when you see me climb in that window over there wearing tennis shoes, a sweatshirt and bermuda shorts," the sedate, slightly graying instructor assured.

About three weeks into the semester he was late for class. Just as a few brave souls were about to take a well-earned walk there came a clamor outside the third story classroom.

A few seconds later the professor burst in from the fire-escape clutching a set of mimeographed quizzes in his teeth. He was wearing the promised shorts, sweatshirt and tennis shoes.

At another college, which was never clearly named, an elderly professor taught history to a group of freshmen straight out of their glorious high school days.

The old man, so legend has it, was considered to be a little bit on the senile side and was not too sharp when it came to the fine art of attracting and keeping the undivided attention of the students.

He lectured in a large room with an ancient clock hanging at the rear. The clock was said to possess even less faculties than the aging scholar and that any sort of jar would send the minute hand around the dial at a 15-minute clip.

Throughout the semester some boys in the back of room tossed erasers at the decrepit clock and sped the 50-minute lecture to about 20 at the most—much to the obvious confusion of the lecturer.

On the day of the final the students filed into the room with at least two blue books each. The wizened old man went to the blackboard and wrote six discussion questions which promised to take the full three hours to answer. He then turned and walked out of the room. Within seconds, he returned with an armload of erasers, promptly marched to the rear of the lecture hall and began gaily tossing erasers at the culprit clock.

A&M is said to be blessed with quite a number of professors who are alleged to administer such exams.

The first major examination this fall in a Recreation and Parks class, taught by Ben Mehaffey, was dreaded by the students who had heard that the quiz might be a little chicken.

Mr. Mehaffey entered the room on the fateful day with the quiz folded in his hands—he opened the folder and blew chicken feathers from the tests and then passed them out.

Chicken means a lot at quiz time down here, but I never knew really how much until I took Dr. T. E. McAfee's Agronomy 105 course. He told us on the first day of class that he would always be available if anyone needed help.

One smart fellow asked where he could be found when he made out the test papers.

"At the Poultry Center across the tracks," was McAfee's spontaneous reply.

Tonight On KBTX

6:00 News, Weather & Sports
6:30 The Queen and I
7:00 Flying Nun
7:30 Bewitched
8:00 Thursday Night Movie
"Never Too Late"
10:00 News, Weather & Sports
10:30 Journey to the Unknown
11:30 Alfred Hitchcock

Bulletin Board

TONIGHT

Veterans of Foreign Wars, Post 4692, will meet at 7:30 p.m. at the Post Home. Prospective members are urged to contact "Spud" Adams at 846-3662 or 823-0941 or Ray Schultz at 846-3191.

TRY

BATTALION CLASSIFIED

THE BATTALION

Opinions expressed in *The Battalion* are those of the student writers only. *The Battalion* is a non-tax-supported, non-profit, self-supporting educational enterprise edited and operated by students at a university and community newspaper.

Members of the Student Publications Board are: Jim Lindsey, chairman; Dr. David Bowers, College of Liberal Arts; F. S. White, College of Engineering; Dr. Donald R. Clark, College of Veterinary Medicine; and Hal Taylor, College of Agriculture.

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ON OTHER CAMPUSES

By MONTY STANLEY

At Santa Barbara City College, in California, it finally happened—some students demanded that dogs on campus be treated with equal rights, in recognition of their brave contributions as police dogs, Seeing Eye dogs, firehouse dogs, etc. One may rightfully wonder just how facetiously the demands were presented when he discovers that the opposition agreed to meet them when the dogs agreed to:

"1) Pay for and use a student body card; 2) Refrain from disrupting normal class procedures; and 3) Adhere to proper campus dress regulations." And then there are those alleged discriminations against cats . . .

What a way to go. A marine technology student at SBCC who was killed in a scuba diving accident in November now has a scholarship fund in his memory. It was established through sale of mechanical parts of his Chevy, followed by a car bash in his honor.

Hoowah. The Batt finally received Hardin-Simmons' Dec. 13 newspaper. All evidence points to the school's continued existence.

On the front page of the University Daily, from Tech, is a cryptic piece of reporting. It tells of a Student Senate session in which the legislative body almost became "labeled as a racist body" when it refused to name Saturday "All I See Is Red and Black Day." A Jewish Senator in the group objected, while another guy suggested they drop the word "Black" from the name. When yet another representative suggested the day be called "All I See Is Red, Black, and Cowboy Hat Day," the reporter states, his motion died "for lack of a second." After all, who could follow up a line like that?

Also at Tech comes word of a "Study-in" at the library during finals week. It will include chances for students to attack the Vietnam, poverty, and racial issues, sign a petition written to Nixon, and listen to "local folk singers." A "study-in" like that should really make finals interesting or at least surprising.

At Oklahoma University's Stovall Museum, Campus Police investigators found a jimmied back door, a partially-moved refrigerator, and a note stating "Keep the damn thing, it's too heavy."

Just for the record, student jobs on the OU campus pay from \$1.33 to \$3 per hour. Minimum at Cal Poly is \$1.60.

More personals from the University of Minnesota's paper: "YECCH—Rick Perry—BLAH." "The Electric Fetus Lives—521 Cedar." "John Puffer takes 7

months to paint boats—know what I mean?"

A sorority rushee at the University of Minnesota, during Hell Week, traveled the campus dressed in a gorilla suit, collecting 200 signatures on a roll of toilet paper.

Oklahoma University presented to Bud Wilkinson its "Horatio Alger Award for going on to bigger and better places." Guess ours will have to go to the Horatio Alger of Laredo, Hector Gutierrez. Young Hector, or "Mr. Geniality," as he's known to his intimate friends, and RV juniors, got his name into the AP bulletin on Aggie fish haircuts which was run in papers all over the South.

At OU, there has been a change in the local laws. Norman police are no longer allowed to stroll into a class to arrest a traffic offender, as was apparently done in the past. He now must inform the campus police, who will then pick up the student when the class is over.

Listen Up

Editor,
The Battalion:

TO THE STUDENT BODY OF TEXAS A&M:

Howdy! As we were on our way back to school, six of us sat in silence. Separately, yet as one, we were thinking of the great honor we feel being associated with such a grand school, Texas A&M University. This sensation came as a result of the Spirit we participated in at the A&M vs. SMU basketball game. All the Aggies present were true gentlemen and fulfilled our ideal of an Aggie. We want to tell you how proud we are to be your Sister School.

GIG 'EM AGGIES

Six Loyal Tessies,
Kada Rule
Kathy Pollard
Becky Burk
Karen Burk
Carolyn Biggs
K. C.

Read Battalion Classified



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