Battalion
EDITORIALS
Page 2 WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

The Truth Hurts Even Us . . .

Have you ever wondered why editorials are predominantly concerned with politics and politicians? It's a simple answer but it's also a trade secret. In telling you I risk getting smeared with printers ink and ticker tape. (But reformers are inured to such petty displays of anger.)

We write about politics because we are lazy. Politics and political shennanigans are the lazy man's mental food. Anyone can venture opinions on politics without making a serious search for truth. Anyone can tell you exactly what's wrong with this country and seven good ways to fix it up. You may challenge his opinions and shout that he's a bloody fool, but never put your head in a bucket and whisper that he might not be qualified to judge on the issue at stake because he hasn't studied it. Not even if it's about something that happened last night and he's in the middle of a three day drunk.

Politics is politics and if the editor is free, white, and twenty one he's qualified by God! Everybody is an authority on politics. Nobody needs to study about that.

It is a strange commentary on the quality and temper of the American mind that this conception should exist. As a nation we demand the service of specialists.

Doctors are rarely just doctors anymore. That isn't impressive enough—they are orthodontists or peditricians or epidermitologists.

We demand exacting professional standards and adequate training from all public servants—all public servants but the most important ones, the politicians. Everybody is an authority on politics. There is no test for that. If he's white and ain't been to jail lately he'll be O. K. What does he promise?

Editorial writers see the possibilities of this mental attitude. When they are too lazy to intelligently search out the truth of a problem, whether it concern the public water supply or the latest Russian insult, they just tack on a big lusty label and call it "politics." That solves the daily editorial problem and the people who read the column say, "That guy is a realist. He knows where the trouble is." Yeah, he knows. Everybody is an authority on politics.—Guest editorial.

Coke Bottles Come to A&M . . .

Few people realize that more than 36,000 Coca-Colas are consumed on this campus every week. This doesn't include the fountain Cokes either, but only those bottles sold through the nickel fetching red machines that are in practically every building.

Whether this is a good thing or not is something we don't feel qualified to say, but we do wonder every now and then how so many empty Coke bottles manage to lie around the campus. If we weren't sure of the number empties each week we would feel sure that there were at least 36,000 empties running loose after the regular pickups are made.

A Coke bottle is a familiar thing. You can find them from one end of the world to the other. You can find them on every stairway, under every building, in every nook and cranny at A&M. They are in the showers, wastebaskets, and probably every now and then in mailboxes. Each bottle represents not only 2 cents to the various dormitory funds, but a waste to everyone if they are not returned to the company.

At least five are broken between every class period at the Chemistry Building alone, rolling down the steps, breaking a little at every bounce. If someone doesn't step on it on the way down only two cents are lost, but the cost could be much higher. A little thoughtfulness could go a long way in removing the obvious hazard.

We don't advocate chaining Coke bottles to their machines, but we do advocate consideration of others by those who drink Cokes. Try to remember to set the bottle where it can be found and not by your roommate as he rides it out the door.

The Tidelands Issue And Truman . . .

Republican leaders readily admit that President Truman put them on a spot with his call for a special session of Congress. However, the GOP lawmakers may put Truman on an even worse spot by tossing the tidelands issue into his lap along with several other controversial bills.

The bill to give the states full title to the oil rich tidelands has already passed the house and is listed as desirable by the Senate GOP policy committee. The chances are good that it will be brought up for consideration sometime during the forthcoming congressional session.

Interest in the tidelands bill is high in the coastal states for they have spent many millions of dollars investigating the potentialities of the seacoast areas. Two of these states, Texas and California, are big voting states and must be considered by the Democrats who have put into their platform a plank advocating federal control of the tidelands.

Favorable congressional action in the bill would mean much to Texas. It would add over 18 million acres to the state, enlarging many of the coastal counties and making Jefferson the state's largest. The potential income from the tidelands has been estimated in the billions, with Governor Jester putting the income from oil alone at over 1 billion dollars.

If Congress passes the hot tidelands bill and sends it on to Truman he will definitely be in a spot. He will either have to veto it and lose many coastal state votes, or he will have to sign it and repudiate his party's platform before election.

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In connection with the atomic bomb it is said that no one group can have a monopoly of truth. Some groups don't seem to want even their share.

From her convention speech, we take it Clare Booth Luce is fed up on Democrats, and would enjoy seeing some gravy on the Republican menu.

The Battalion

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: Letters to the Editor :

NO SERVANTS, NO SYMPHONY

Editors, The Battalion:

It seemed to me that the "Symphony on Wax" programs described in the Battalion of July 14 might be enjoyed by the families of A&M students, but I wondered who chose the hour for the concerts. Without a staff of servants, I could not be anywhere at 6 p. m.

Maybe our daily living habits are unique; but in case they are not and only a small audience attends the concerts, may I suggest that they take place an hour or so later.

MRS. W. B. ANTHONY
A Student's Wife

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THANKS TO CAMPUS SECURITY

Editors, The Battalion:

I am planning on leaving this wonderful campus for an eight weeks' vacation, but before I go I want to extend my deepest thanks to the office of Campus Security for their profound understanding of a student's problems.

I have just returned from a trek over to the railroad station, where I attempted and failed to obtain permission to use one of their four-wheeled flat wagons.

I have two foot lockers and about three boxes which I intended to ship, and as the weather is intensely hot, I was looking for some way to move my luggage without having to make two or three trips wrestling some pretty heavy stuff all the way.

When I was refused permission to borrow one of the wagons, I (my temperature along with the weather was approaching the boiling point) proceeded to tell the station master what he could do with his precious wagons. He told me to hold on, and then explained in a very nice tone, that he would be happy to let me borrow one of the said wagons, but that the campus police had been around and told him not to let any of the boys take wagons anymore. They didn't want them on the campus.

I started to tell him that you probably couldn't dynamite one of our protectors of life, limb and happiness out from under the shade of one of the many trees long enough to say anything to me for anything so slight as a railroad wagon, but I abstained, feeling that any remark like that on my part might be mistaken as evidence of feelings of distinct unlike for one of our most respected offices.

I left mumbling to myself, and I have just returned from the station and I'm writing this while attempting to cool off.

I know this letter is a bit long-winded, but I wished to thank the office of Campus Security before I left, for their far-sightedness in this matter of railroad wagons. I see now that it is impossible and very inconvenient to allow traffic such as this on the campus—Congratulations!

I must go and phone a taxi to help me with my moving. I hope I get one for $1.50.

R. L. McBROOM

(Editors' Note: Fred Hickman, head of Campus Security, said, "We have no objection to students using these baggage wagons to haul their baggage as long as the wagons are pulled by hand. We would consider it a safety hazard if the wagons were hooked behind a car or the wagons were left on the Campus streets after night."

R. Carpenter, Missouri Pacific station master said, "I have an order from Campus Police, which is about three years old, forbidding students to use the baggage wagons on the Campus. As far as I know, the rule is still in effect."

F. H. Black, Southern Pacific manager, said, "I have an order from my company forbidding the use of the wagons on the Campus. The order was issued after a wagon was demolished by a car on the Campus. I have had no orders from Campus Security concerning the wagons."

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OR IS IT THE GESTAPO?

Dear Editor,

You have received one letter from me today, but since I wrote it something else has come up which I would like to tell you about.

When I last took leave of you I was on my way to get a taxi to carry my baggage to the railroad station. I walked to the gate and got a taxi and told the driver that I wished to go by the dorm and pick up some baggage, and thence to the station.

I was slightly puzzled by the flush of horror that crossed his face but soon dismissed the matter as being none of my business. We drove up to the dorm, and carried my baggage and put it in the trunk. The driver closed the trunk and we got in the car and left.

On our way to the station we chanced to see a campus policeman standing in the shade of the newsstand next to Milner Hall. He ha a pre-occupied look on his face, and I was thrilled by the thought that maybe I was witnessing a policeman on the verge of solving some great case.

Let us get along from my thoughts though and go on with the story. As we drove past, the driver made the remark that he was glad the "K. K." hadn't seen us, because if he had seen us, he probably would have stopped us and inspected my baggage to see how much it weighed.

I wondered what he meant and asked him about it. He said that while he had been helping some other people with their baggage, he had been stopped and the baggage inspected for weight. He asked what was the matter, and was informed that they were cracking down, and that no more taxis would be allowed on the campus to help move baggage unless the stuff was too heavy for the student to carry.

I was annoyed at this, and I would like to know just what is going on around here. If a person wanted to have a taxi come on the campus and have a marble moved over to the station, I think that it would certainly be his business, and not that of the Campus Security.

Any rhyme or reason for this new law completely eludes me, and I cannot understand why it was put into effect. Any enlightenment would be extremely gratifying.

Again, R. L. McBROOM

P. S. As long as the new names chancellor and vice-chancellor have been instituted, I suggest that we rename our Campus Security Force. Gestapo or SS Troops would be more in keeping with the times.

(Editors' Note: Fred Hickman said there are three main pick-up points on the Campus for Taxis—Aggieland Inn, YMCA, and Campus Corner. "If students have heavy baggage and foot lockers, then the taxi may get as close as possible to the dorms as long as it stays in the street. If necessary, a member of the Campus Security will remove the chain so the taxis may enter the restricted area.")

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IDEA GOES SOUR

Editor, The Batt:

Ever have a good idea go bust in your face? One has just busted in mine, and I'm pretty upset about it.

This year at commencement time there was some talk about the advisability of wearing some form of hood or gown or scarf to show academic distinction, and made our commencement parade more than just a line of shuffling people in sack suits. Gowns, of course, are much too hot for our climate, and we would do well to stay away from them. But then I got an idea.

Why not have every member of the faculty and every graduating student in the academic procession wear simply a six-inch ribbon around his neck, indicating his type of degree? It wouldn't be hot, it wouldn't be expensive, and it would certainly help dress up the occasion.

So I looked up the significance of colors of ribbons in connection with commencements. And that's where the rub comes.

The color for arts & science degrees, according to Columbia University, is white; architecture, brown; medicine, green; engineering—orange! You see what I mean. Half our graduates are in engineering.

Just another good idea gone sour.

Wick van Koenenhoven

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Editors, The Battalion,

I have a tale of woe about people who are fortunate enough to own cars.

They say walking is one of the finest of the exercises. I suppose it is. They tell me it will slough off pounds if you're fat, add pounds if you're the lithe and lean type, put roses in your cheeks, sparkle in your eyes and add ten years to your life. I will sacrifice the roses, the sparkle, and be willing to die young if only I didn't have to walk to work.

It is only a mile from my abode to the office where I work on the

(See LETTERS, Page 3)

Trampling Out the Vintage . . .

Juveniles Invade Chicago Bar; No Privacy for Elbow-Benders

By FRANK CUSHING

A rude shock awaits all the men who have only recently become accustomed to seeing the weaker sex in bars. A Chicago paper contained a story that indicates that the elbow-benders club may have to shove junior aside to place their feet upon the famed rail.

The item told of dozen children, each trailing a balloon, skipping merrily into a saloon led by a mother. It seems that the woman had planned a party for the children complete with a television program. Nonplussed by the lack of a set in her home, she made arrangements with the tavern's proprietor to allow the [illegible] in for a glimpse.

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A poorly informed cat was picked up in the English Channel the other day as she swam merrily along. (The rescue boat crew said that the cat was definitely using the side stroke and not the dog paddle.) Evidentally the feline Ester William's mother had neglected to inform her that cats did not like water.

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A bigger and better Christmas for Junior and his Father is promised for this year. No longer will Mother have to worry whether her pride and joy's chemistry set will blow up his room or not. Now she may expect the whole house to disappear if things go wrong.

A Hagerstown, Maryland, manufacturer has started production on a tiny tot atomic energy set complete with samples of uranium ore and explicit instructions on what to do with it. No one has mentioned just how the product will be sold, but it would seem likely that an FBI man will have to check the past history of all prospective buyers.

Without some discrimination in the selling the younger generation wouldn't even be able to get close to the toy counter for the Russian agents. (I stand on my reputation as a man of letters not to say that the agents were rushing to buy.)

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The Vice-President of production for Schenley Distillers Corporation furthered the belief that it's a hard, cruel world by an announcement that enough aged and aging whiskey vanishes each year to load a freight train thirty-two miles long. He elaborated on this statement by explaining that the precious stuff is lost in leaks, evaporation, and absorption in the barrels in which it is being aged. The world will beat a path to the door of the man who can conceive some method of wringing out the here-to-fore considered empty kegs.

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It is quite apparent that even the Freshmen at A&M are superior to people not fortunate enough to attend this institution. A two day enrolled "Fish" could concoct a better alibi then the man apprehended while carrying a sub-machine gun by Siamese police. His explanation: "I bought it for sixteen cents as a toy for my children. You mean it is actually a gun?"

★

No longer will people have to spend hours having a psychologist delve into their inner being seeking to know their true selves. The whole process may be speeded up with a drive in and honk setup. At least that would seem to be the case since the announcement by three automobile associations after a nation wide survey.

They claim that the color chosen by the auto buyer, providing there is a color choice, is the key to his character. They find that "intellectual people prefer blue; athletes, red; egotists, yellow and extroverts orange." They haven't reached a conclusion as yet about the mud spattered gray and dust covered black that are so much in evidence around this campus.

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A new movement for shorter commencement exercises has started in Chicago. The entire graduating oratory consisted of the words "Ice cream and cake will now be served in the gymnasium." Many graduates ignored their kindergarten diplomas in the mad rush. There is much to be said for extending this type of ceremony to A&M; certainly there would be a much more enthusiastic reaction to it than the usual long-winded spiels.

The Stars And Bars Forever . . .

Ole Miss Students Snake Dance As Yantis Invades Dixiecrat Birmingham Convention

By IVAN YANTIS

Birmingham, Alabama. (By packet over the Brazos Intercoastal Waterway). I am just about worn out hopping from one convention to another. In fact, in 1952 I will suggest that all the parties meet at some central location, say Brazos County, and hash out their differences all at once. How much simpler that will be.

Because of the Southern States revolt I had to leave my Ben Franklin Hotel room before my five day period was up. They made me pay for my accomodations in advance and then refused to give me back my money, even when I showed them my courtesy card from the Millican International Hotel Association.

Snatching my luggage from the bell hop I had to dash to the depot to catch the Jeffersonian. I discovered that it didn't go to Birmingham, however, so I exchanged my reservations for a ticket on the SMRTLAD, the Southern Mississippi River Tidelands and Delta, a really fine old route.

After a peaceful journey along the road's scenic "General Sherman Overland Route" I arrived in Birmingham and took up headquarters in the lobby of the Tutwiler Hotel. There, beside a stand selling brass CSA belt buckles, I nonchalantly settled myself in a sofa and sat back to soak up some convention atmosphere.

Over in the corner by the cigar stand were some students from the University of Mississippi doing a snake dance. I questioned them what the purpose of their activity could be and one freshman stopped long enough to leer at me and say, "I don't know bud, but it's the biggest thing to hit Ole Miss in many a year."

Over by the desk was "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, who was governor of Oklahoma 15 years ago. He was trying to organize a parade of Civil War Veterans but hadn't had too much luck up until then. I volunteered my services as parade leader, but he said he had reserved that job for himself.

All sorts of acitivity filled the lobby until late in the evening. Finally the place was deserted except for a little old lady who kept wandering around looking for "Colonel" O'Daniel, who I hear is a misplaced grass roots soldier of the old school.

Seeing that no news would break until the morning, I followed a bell boy who was carrying a smoke pot to one of the rooms upstairs. Inside my room I immediately went to bed and was lulled to sleep by the strains of Dixie coming through the ventilator from the room next door.

The sun came up in the South Saturday morning, courtesy of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce. I was up early, had a hearty breakfast of river catfish and corn pone, and made my way to convention hall to begin my real work.

Sneaking through the rear door of the auditorium I began to buttonhole every delegate I could find. I plied each with questions concerning the probable outcome of the revolt, but the only man who would venture any comment was Brigadier General Herbert C. Holdridge. He said, "I want to be president."

I approached convention chairman Gessner T. McCorvey with my plan to change the theme of the convention from "Dixie" to "Way Down Upon the Brazos River," but I had no luck. Seeking support for my proposal I talked to several delegates from upper Mississippi. "Bud," one barefoot boy said, "if-fen yawl want yawl's own damn song yawl can organize yawl's own convention." These people fail to realize the huge block of votes I control.

I saw Governor Ben Laney, but as I approached him somebody yelled, "cheese it" and before I could get to the Governor he disappeared into the crowd. No doubt he didn't want to be put on the spot.

I talked again to General Holdridge. He said he tried to speak to the convention and as he made his way to the platform he was swept from his feet. The only trouble was that when he was put down he was outside the auditorium. He was most disappointed.

As the day wore on, I knew that if I was to stop the Thurmond-Wright boom, I must act fast. I grabbed a huge portrait of General Robert E. Lee and pushed my way towards the platform. Some Alabama native thought this was a signal for a demonstration and before I could halt him, the crowd went wild, nominated Thurmond and Wright and recessed the convention. I still have the portrait, but I never quite made it to the platform.

I understand, however, that Wright says he will step down if a more suitable candidate puts in an appearance at the October 1 convention. I am laying my plans now for my "coup de etat."

I can picture it now. Wright on the platform; cheers echoing through the rafters, "hurray you all, hurray you all". The tumult will be deafening. Wright will mount the platform and quiet the mob with his uplifted arm. My candidates will be introduced and nominated unamiously. My dream for Brazos Bottom rights will be adopted as the party platform's main plank. Truman will call Congress into session again. The world will gaze in awe as the true people's candidate is nominated.

Air Force Cadets Complete Six Weeks Training at Kelly Field

By J. T. MILLER

At long last we have reached the end of the tether! Saturday witnessed the end of the longest six-week period many of us can remember. Thursday we started processing out; Friday night 54 cadets (including 28 from Texas A&M) received commissions designating them second lieutenant, US AFR.

Squadron 11, the only all-Aggie unit at camp, was designated "Honor Squadron" July 11. No surprise was expressed over the announcement, for to have awarded the distinction to any other unit would have been a crime.

Not that the unit was head and shoulders above the rest. . . it was just that every detail dreamed up in camp headquarters automatically fell on its shoulders. In fact, things got so bad that when a detail assembled to clean the latrine contained not one of the men in Squadron 11, there arose a vociferous protest from that quarter.

Two familiar faces were seen at Kelly recently. Dr. J. C. Miller, head of the Department of Animal Husbandry, and Professor C. W. Crawford, head of the Department of Mechanical Engineering, were guests of the Air Forces July 9 and 10. Accompanying them were more stars than we have seen in many a day.

One lieutenant general, two major generals, and a brigadier general headed the party. High-ranking officials of other southwestern colleges and universities comprised the remainder of the group.

Several of the Aggies saw Col. Boatner, new commandant and PMS&T for A&M, here at Kelly last week.

Citizens Plan To Organize College Music Club

Plans for the organization of a music club at College Station were made by a group of interested people who met recently at the home of B. B. Trant. Purpose of the organization will be to further the appreciation of music.

The following officers were elected to serve until organization of the club is completed: Program Chairman, Roger Powers; Membership Chairman, B. B. Trant; Constitution Chairman, Mrs. Maudelle Gray; Social Chairman, Mrs. Ina Mae Thompson.

After the business session, the group heard for its first musical selections Sonata No. 8 in C minor, Opus 13, "The Pathetique Sonata" by Beethoven and an orchestral arrangement of "Clair de Lune" by De Bussy.

The first Tuesday in August was selected as the date for the next meeting at which time organization will be completed. Persons interested in affiliation with this group should contact any of the temporary officers.