Battalion
EDITORIALS
Page 2 FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

The Duty That Faces Congress . . .

Congress will open its election year special session on Monday and the President will be there to address its members. That address will probably call for, among other things, bills to halt the rising cost of living, provide adaquate housing, and authorize a federal grant for aid to education.

The President has been accused of summoning Congress to special session for political reasons. He may have, but there is no denying that in the last hectic rush to adjorn before the Republican convention Congress sidetracked many vital issues, forgot others and at best hastily patched and pushed through the most necessary ones. Much of the legislation that was passed was originally designed to serve good purposes, but when it came through the jam that characterized the final days of the 80th Congress it was barely recognizable.

This special session, whether called for political motives or not, will give both the President and the Congress an opportunity to prove their real worth.

If both sides make every effort to avoid a knock-down, drag-out, mud-slinging session, the nation and the world will be better off.

One thing is certain. Something must be done at this session about the rising cost of living and the housing shortage. Members of both parties are agreed upon this. There are other vital issues that could be considered, but they can wait until after election day.

Housing and price legislation cannot wait. If Congress and the President can forget, or at least ignore, political differences for this session and work together for suitable bills to settle these two issues then the nation will benefit.

The action of Cong ess and the President in the coming weeks must serve as an example to the world of the ability of the American people to work together in time of world strife and national political battling.

The Debt We Owe to Democracy . . .

Our democratic government owes us a great deal—we never allow ourselves to forget this. For 272 years we have clamored for orators who remind us of our inalienable rights. We have idolized those who could conjure up new ones. When the simple tenets of our Bill of Rights are stated in flowery terms by a politician we shout, "Lo, a statesman." Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are no longer enough (doesn't a democracy owe its people everything?)

As we have clamored and shouted, our democratic system nourished the strongest, most virile economy the world has known. Our society has flourished too; and occasionally it has risen above man's inhumanity to man by demanding a square deal for others or by sharing its bounty with the less blessed. We are a most fortunate people—and all of the time we go yappity, yappity, yap, the world owes us this, the state owes us that and the democratic government owes us everything.

The citizens of this democracy have a Bill of Rights, but the democracy itself has no such document. Its rights are shadowy and vague, rarely seen and rarely respected. But they are the source of democracy's vigor. We owe it something too. It has never been and never will be stronger than the people who serve it. We owe it therefore trained, competent officeholders. We owe it a conscientious voting public.

The democratic primary tomorrow offers us an opportunity to pay our debts. Democracy will get efficient servants only when we choose to furnish them. This will require that we study candidates more for their ability to serve than by what they promise, more for their character than for the character of their political party. We owe democracy more than party allegiance, more than taxes. We owe it lives devoted to its principles, intelligence devoted to its improvement. Given this devotion from day to day our democracy will not require the last full measure every 20 years. We have the choice. It can be expressed by votes. Let us not be silent.

Notes On the Youth Conference . . .

The past week has been the most pleasant week of summer school for one reason—the presence of some 500 young people attending the Methodist Youth Conference.

Their presence on the campus has been enjoyable, not only for us, but, we hope, for them. We were glad to see that despite the long hours the young people spent attending lectures and joining in discussions, they have had opportunities to take advantage of the many facilities offered here for their use. It has been a pleasant change to see them walking around the campus.

One thing for which we are sorry—this is the last year the conference is scheduled to meet at A&M. However, we wish next year's conference success when the new meeting center is inauguratd at Lon Morris Junior College.

Many of the young people have become well acquainted with A&M during their stay here, and we hope that before the conference is over all of them will have. We are sure of one thing, however, all the conferees are in agreement with the fact that a full moon couldn't have picked a better week to hang over the campus.

The Battalion agrees with this fact too, and in addition, joins the student body in extending an invitation to all young people to come back soon, and often.

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Chairman Robert R. Young of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad favors less hours and more pay. We had no idea that he, too, had presidential ambitions.

VACATING—Sacrifice blond, also maple bedroom suite, Bendix combination radio, misc. household. — *New Rochelle Standard-Star.*

The Battalion

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Random Thoughts . . .

Russia Offers to Furnish Food for Germans In Berlin

By Carrol Trail

As the situation grows from bad to worse in Berlin, all the world watches breathlessly for the spark that might touch off another war.

In the midst of charges and counter-charges, strained tempers, and high nervous tension, a small incident could provoke a physical conflict for which neither side is ready.

The Russian blockade, which has fostered the major part of the tension, has forced the closure of some 1,000 of Berlin's industrial plants. It has cut off the Western Allies' ground supply lines and forced the present air shuttle service. This unique method of getting around the Soviet blockade has turned out so successfully that the Russians have launched a new propoganda campaign.

Tuesday they announced that they were prepared to supply food to all of the Berlin inhabitants, including those in the western sectors. The food, they said would amount to some 100,000 tons of grain from the reserve supply of the Soviet Union.

The purpose of this announcement was two-fold. First, the Kremlin was bidding for support from all Germans in its attempt to oust the western Allies from Berlin. Russia wants the German to think of it as his provider and protectorer. If the Soviets can get this sort of economic hold on Berlin, half their battle is won. Probably, however, very little grain will appear on the market.

Secondly, the Russian announcement is an attempt to discredit the western Deutschemark. For in its proclamation, the Soviet agency said that only the Russian-sponsored currency would be taken in payment. Thus, the western currency would be rendered useless as a food-getting medium.

Even though the situation in Berlin is bad now, it will get worse. Relations will become more strained, and by fall the crisis will come. Then the Russians will make their last bid for complete control of Berlin, for they will figure that the United States will be tied up with internal affairs in the form of the presidential election.

Between the Bookends . . .

'Vinegar Joe's Selflessness Revealed in Stilwell Papers

By T. G. NANNEY

THE STILWELL PAPERS, by Joseph Stilwell, William Sloan Associates, New York, $4.

It is impossible to believe that the Stilwell papers could have been published without strong opposition from the guy with the horns. These papers are too powerful, too obviously allied with truth to be allowed a peaceful presentation to the world. These papers are not merely a challenge. They are an active assult.

They are a hell-raising, marauding attack. They castigate and destroy those perverse habits of man which man uses to destroy and castigate himself. We identify these habits by such names as hyprocrisy, slander, fear. In the Stilwell papers these perversities belong to our allies and to ourselves. Therein lies the story and courage of the Stilwell papers.

It is of historic importance that a man should have the character to assult so formidable a horde of errors. That he did so is part of our heritage. That he did so is almost unknown. That needs correction for Stilwell's story belongs to the world.

The main outlines of his defeat in Burma and his subsequent victory were well publicized, but the inertia, the stupidity, the double-crosses that he had to fight and defeat were not publicized. They are of more importance.

The politicians of Chungking feared, despised and hated him. Chiang K'ai-shek blocked his efforts with senseless vacillation and contemptious disregard. The British reneged on their promise and F.D.R. talked double talk.

The Stilwell papers are the story of his response to this mess. He called it his "manure pile." In that manure pile he fermented a little and picked up his name, Vinegar Joe; this was just surface corrosion. During his years of struggle he revealed integrity, tenacity of purpose, and selflessness that are a pattern for all men to come. Men following him will find it easier to be honest, easier to be humble, easier to be wise.

"Dear Emily Post: Should a gentleman offer his arm to the lady when they walk across the dance floor together?"

I can't answer definitely because it would depend upon the type of woman you were talking with and also whether it was in a great city or a small country town.—**Detroit News.**

Now, take a one-armed woman, for instance, in a place the size of Utica.

Editorial Page headline in the **Denver (Colo.) Post:** "Wanton Russian Lies."

According to the **San Diego (Calif.) Journal,** a subscriber ended a letter to Dorothy Dix with this paragraph:

"What do you think is best for me to do? I am very closely, Mrs. W."

A library event in the **Cincinnati (O.) Times-Star:** "Mrs. . . . . invited her two granddaughters to assist her with the afternoon's hostilities on Wednesday when she entertained. . . ."

Trampling Out the Vintage . . .

Pipe for Every Hat Expected In Milady's Future Wardrode

By FRANK CUSHING

Men who have gaped at the retrogression of the female species to long skirts and bustles are about to be shocked even further. That is if the "Pipelore" publication is a reasonable guide to trends in fashions. A recent advertisement gives the illuminating information that the chic, smart, young ladies are now reviving the fashionable art of pipesmoking. It proceeds in glowing words to tell how the women may once more enjoy the pleasure that their brothers and husbands have relished for years.

Doubtless no female wardrobe will be complete from now on without a brier-colored to match every hat. The enticing colors offered to date are Chinese Red, Jade Green, Tortise Shell, and the too divine Daffodil Yellow. Certainly that should be a sufficient selection to satisfy any women of taste and discrimination.

This news should gladden the hearts of our backwood's women who have nearly dispaired at ever catching up with the styles.

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The Security Office should take notice of the enterprising city of New Castle, Indiana. To facilitate driving, the city is placing on sale ten dollar books of tickets which entitle the holder to twenty parking violations a year. They would certainly be a handy thing upon our campus.

Students would merely have to tuck the coupon in the customary place under the windshield and then proceed to a restful classroom sleep unmarred with parking violation worries. Perhaps, too, the V. A. could be persuaded to finance the blessed books.

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Most people bemoan their fate for lacking skill in certain tasks. The opposite point of view is held by a young resident of Livingston, Montana. He tried his ability at lassoing a moving car. After a sudden twenty foot ride he got around to releasing his hold on the rope. The moral of that incident would seem to be that if you must rope cars, and are unfortunate enough to be an expert, select a Crosley at least.

★

A Chicago policeman related recently how he solved the common, service problem of top sergeants and still remained free from a court marshal. When his inner-feelings were too strong for suppression he merely relieved himself through the sign language practiced by deaf-mutes. The only drawback to this would be the danger of really losing your temper and breaking an arm or two in the procedure.

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The last word in thoughtfulness was shown by a bank in Omaha, Nebraska. During a recent remodeling of the building it installed a special catwalk and observation booth equipped with leather upholstered arm rails to facilitate the job of being a sidewalk supervisor. It is high time someone recognizes just how wearing the fine art of kabitizing proves to be.

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If there is doubt in anyone's mind as to the athletic powers of Aggies then he should simply go over and view the residents of Dorm 14. Perhaps the recent influx of female conventionites has had something to do with the activities there. It is indeed a rare treat to witness the occupants hanging nonchalantly from the third floor windows by their toes while they converse with the passing crowds below. Usually reliable sources report several cases of prospective Casanovas with injured limbs who found the stairs entirely too slow.

Cadet Nickname for Army Brass Originated With Capt. 'Bull' Sargent, '03 Commandant

By FRANK WELCH

When the roll is called in the great beyond, members of the class of '06 expect to line up to the commands of Captain Herbert H. "Bull" Sargent. If you don't believe it just ask one of the members of that class. To them, Sargent was tops.

A man who combined scholarly habits with his army career, "Bull" Sargent served as commandant here from 1903 to 1907. During that time he acquired not only the respect due a military man of his stature, but also the admiration of the entire corps. This is verified by the ribbings that Sargent took in the Long Horns of that period.

In the humorous section of '06 Long Horn, there is a cartoon of Sargent with the following caption: "30 years a war critic—a soldier and critic—author. He shows Napoleon how to do it. Eureka, he is still a CAPTAIN."

It was no joke that Sargent was a military strategist and author of renown. When he arrived at A&M, he had two books about Napoleon to his credit, "Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign" and "The Campaign of Morengo." In a critical review of the latter the London Army & Navy Gazette wrote, "We do not know where to find a finer picture of the Italian campaign than in Col. Sargent's volume. A volume that is well worthy to be ranked with Lord Yalseley's 'Decline and Fall of Napoleon.'"

After graduating from West Point, Sargent first saw duty on the American frontier fighting the Indians and later was engaged in the Spanish American War, about which he wrote "The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba," the only authentic account of that campaign ever written. With the rank of Colonel in the Volunteers, he fought in the Phillipine Moro wars where he was commended by high ranking officers for "the skill and bravery he displayed in the difficult San Matec affair."

The "Bull," with whom that well known title for army officers originated, was a strict believer in discipline. The cadet corps was wanting in this quality before he arrived but it wasn't long until Sargent had acquired his nickname and everything was on an even keel as is usually the case. Sargent was such a powerful personality that he became a favorite subject for jokes.

The '06 Long Horn had many such friendly jibes at the old commandant. One was a section called "Twenty Commandments of the Commandant." A few of the "commandments" were as follows:

"1. Ye shall not be 'Delinquent,' for I, the 'Bull,' your 'Bull,' am not 'Delinquent.'"

"2. Turn ye not in time of trouble unto the Faculty, nor trouble the Associate Professors with your grievances—I am the 'High Mogul.'"

"13. And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of the 'Bull' thy Commandant. I am 'He.'"

"19. He who so desires may chew the 'natural leaf' in great abundance, for I, the 'Bull,' do chew and do believe it cleans the teeth even to whiteness and aideth the Digestive Organs; but thou shalt not smoke the 'leaf' rolled in paper."

There is a story about Sargent and how he attempted to thwart the extracurricular activities of some students. In early days there was no Ed's or Youngblood's but there was a place called Bohe Hall which for all purposes served the same function. Bohe was a Bohemian dance hall where beer was served and all night dances were held. Needless to say, the cadets found this forerunner to Shiloh a favorite spot for relaxation.

The "Bull" decided that these frequent excursions were a bad influence on the boys and enlisted the aid of a math prof named Smith to do a little undercover work in behalf of military proficiency. One night Smith reported to Sargent that a large contingent of the civvy-clad cadets was out at Bohe whooping it up.

The commandant, determined to teach them a lesson, called the bugler out and had him sound "Long Roll," an assembly call similar to reveille. In the meantime, the adventurous group had started back to the campus across what is now the new drill field. When they heard the call for assembly, they tore out in a dash.

It must have been disconcerting to Sargent to find that not a man was absent when the roll was called. There in the darkness of the old drill field every panting cadet was accounted for.

Hero's Welcome Given Yantis On Return Home From Travels

By IVAN YANTIS

I arrived at College Station this morning and was met by all the "wheels" of the city. Ernest Langford, mayor, and Pinky Downs, ambassador, headed the welcoming committee. Although the Aggie band was not called out for an official welcome, I was told that Chancellor Gilchrist hit a few chords on his guitar.

After I arrived, I started to call a taxi to carry my trunk to the hotel, when I noticed Fred Hickman peering at me suspiciously from behind a baggage express truck. Since I could actually lift the trunk by means of a block and tackle, I decided that perhaps I had better carry it to the hotel on foot.

The hotels were crowded, and I decided to try to get a room on the campus in one of the dorms. I called the Housing Office, and although I was told there were plenty of empty rooms, my request couldn't be filled since Harry Boyer was out and couldn't OK it.

I must say that the campus has changed. The women here for the summer and the visitors attending the Methodist Youth Assembly give the old place quite a face lifting. However, it shouldn't last. Women shall never be allowed to come to A&M full time as long as I have anything to do with it. They give the school culture, demoralize our red-bloodied Aggies, and generally make for an unhealthy situation. Yes, as long as I am in any way responsible, A&M will not become co-educational.

I plan to stay in Brazos County until after the election, unless something new develops, or the Batt editor sends me out on another assignment. There is much work to be done right here. Believe it or not, there is a subversive organization in this county which is trying to discredit me and get the Brazos River Tidelands for the federal government.

I urge everyone to be on the alert for these corruptors of democracy and report their every move.

I strolled around the campus this morning for a while, and happened by Cushing Memorial Library. There I met my old sidekick, Librarian Paul Ballance. He was a character to behold. Dressed in shorts and a T-shirt, he was quite a sight. Replying to my raised eyebrows, he said, "You'd dress like this, too, if you worked in a building that was 110 degrees inside. Man, I nearly melt."

I left him in a pool of sweat and ambled over to the Housing Office at Goodwin Hall. Still getting no results, I was told that I might be able to sleep on a park bench, but it wasn't official—Boyer wasn't in and couldn't OK it.

Getting desperate, I decided to try the Aggieland Inn. Hearing that there was an English girl at the desk, I decided to put on my best Limey-talk for her.

"Cheerio and pip-pip," I said, addressing her.

"Whut cha want, Mac?" she queried.

"I say, old thing, could I possibly get a room and all that sort of rot?"

"Ain't got no room. All filled up," she answered, popping her gum.

"Oh, that's bloody beastly of you, old thing," I said. "Cawn't you possibly find me just one quaint little room?"

"What's de matter, Mac, Get the wax out of yer ears. Aint' cha hep? I said we ain't got no room."

Seeing I was fighting a losing battle, I left and decided to mosy around the campus and see if I could find anyone who could put me up for the night.

As I was leaving the Inn I just happened to see my old crony, J. G. Peniston. He was just going to chow in Sbisa, and he invited me to accompany him. I asked him what was on the menu. "Roast beef franks, and meat loaf," he said.

"But that's what we had when I was down here in '32," I answered.

"Listen, Yantis," he said. "This thing is bigger than you or I. Roast beef, franks and meat loaf are a tradition here. They have been served every meal since Noes. It is just as much a part of A&M as 'Gig em, Aggies."

I went. Peniston made me feel so ashamed that I bowed my head and crawled off.

I got to feeling so low that I curled up under a tree and watched the students go by, looking at me quizzically. I smirked back.

I laid there for almost an hour when a campus policeman made me move on. I shoved off, still looking for a place to lay my weary head.

He Cannot Tell A Lie

OMAHA, Neb.—(AP)—A lie detector which wasn't even used was credited with helping solve a burglary case. Deputy Sheriff Lou Adler and Highway Patrol Sergeant Jack Knudtson took the detector along when they went to the county jail to question a suspect. The man took one look at the detector and started talking.