

Local Bank Makes Good . . .

It is not often that an organization makes for itself a name such as the College Station State Bank has the past year. Especially when so many new businesses "stagger" through their first year, hoping to establish a reputation eventually.

One needs only to visit the area of the bank around the first of the month to appreciate the service it's performing. A line of veterans cashing their government checks, local businessmen making deposits, and wives putting away precious savings attest to the need the bank is fulfilling.

When the college bank was organized a year ago, many thought the possibility of success was slight. They pointed to the many veterans whose only incomes were the checks they received under the G. I. Bill - insufficient to supply the needed capital for such a

complicated undertaking as a bank. They thought the city population, with a small business district, unable to give the support that was required for a bank to become a success.

However, during the past twelve months the bank has made amazing progress. Local firms, professors, college officials, and students have combined their resources - both monetary and mental - to insure its success.

Although the bank building looks none too impressive, the important work that goes on inside more than makes up for any lack of beauty on the outside. Courteous and prompt service impress all who do business there.

The Battalion congratulates you on your first anniversary and hopes the coming year will also bring honors.

DP's Look to United States . . .

One of the most pressing problems in the world today is that of Europe's thousands of displaced persons.

In a recent speech to Congress President Truman declared: "We are dealing with a human problem, a world tragedy . . . Let us join in giving (the D. P.'s) a chance at decent and self-supporting lives." Thus he threw the full power and dignity of his office to the support of those who lost all of their worldly possessions, and even their nationalities to the greedy god of war.

Last week the Senate took up the challenge. A bipartisan group sponsored a bill which would give D. P.'s immediate entry into the United States as non-quota immigrants. They would be divided into four priority groups which would rank as follows:

- (1) War orphans under twenty-one.
- (2) Relatives of American citizens.
- (3) Persons who fought in the Armed Forces of the United States.
- (4) Those who have special trades, skills, or professions, or show an aptitude to learn a trade which would be beneficial to the welfare of our country.

A similar bill will soon be debated on the floor of the House of Representatives. The chief difference between this (Stratton) bill and the one proposed in the Senate is the limit the House has placed on the number of persons to be allowed immigration permits. House members favor not more than 400,000 of the newcomers during a four-year period, while the upper house has placed no restriction whatsoever on numbers. Also the representatives wish to first call forward those who ordinarily would wait several years for quota numbers.

Every man and woman in the United States should see the documentary film "Passport to Nowhere". This film depicts the D. P. camps, which exist all over Germany and Austria, in their filthy and inhu-

Self Satisfaction---Not Enough . . .

A renowned scientist is quoted as saying that, "The moment you are satisfied with what you are doing, the concrete has begun to set in your head."

How very right he is.

You may justly feel that you are making every effort to do the best possible job, but once you arrive at a point where you feel that there is no further room for improvement, you are beginning to "sluff off" - whatever may be your forte. Then it is time to ask yourself if you can afford self-satisfaction and complacency in this age of intense competition - competition energized by ambition, ability and unceasing effort on the part of the other fellow.

This same scientist goes on to say that, "All research is 99.9% failure, but if you succeed once, you're in. The price of all progress is trouble - and success depends on how you handle trouble."

This creed, as much as anything could, tells the story of this scientist's rise to the top of his profession.

Adversity and recurring problems can be the spark-plugs which set one's thinking processes in motion. To overcome them brings the elation of victory and the rewards of success. That is real progress and progress is simply the measure of improvement, whether it is expressed in better mousetraps or successful atom smashing.

A continual striving for the best requires courage, faith and hard work, and these, not

man best. Men, women, and children, denied even the barest necessities of life, live in a squalor that would nauseate any self-respecting American. There are 880,000 unrepatriables, 150,000 of whom are children, not living, but existing, in these hell-holes called "Displaced Persons Camps". Some of these camps are former Ghettos, which were gutted during the war years, but are now converted to "accommodate" these homeless people; others are former concentration camps and prisons; still others are make-shift camps thrown up by our own army.

Food is scarce and unwholesome. Even the most God-fearing would almost commit murder for a crust of bread for his family. Clothing is next to impossible to obtain. Many wrap burlap bags around their feet for want of shoes. Disease runs rampant. It is only proper that we, the best fed and best clothed nation on earth, should share with our less fortunate fellow men at least a portion of that which God has so graciously given us.

It is true that some of these people have been denied re-entrance into their homelands because of their unsavory pasts. The vast majority, however, are forbidden for political or religious reasons. Here is the chance for America to come to the foreground and prove to the world that it is truly a land where the four freedoms reign. Many of our forefathers immigrated to this country for these same reasons. Let us not deny the same opportunities to the present victims of oppression and the ravages of war. England, France, and Belgium have given their limited aid.

Now it is up to us to demonstrate the meaning of "a great nation" by assuming the responsibilities and obligations which are to be expected of a great nation. We must act immediately and amend the title of the documentary film to "Passage Out of Nowhere." These people must live again!

complacency and self satisfaction, are the vital ingredients of success and well being. -The Magazine of Wall Street

Assignment for Dick

When Gravel Gertie and B. O. Plenty, a couple of characters in the Dick Tracy comic strip, had a baby the other day, Tracy elbowed into the act with a tie-in ad alongside the strip, offering one layette free to any mother giving birth to twins.

We wonder now if they weren't a little impulsive because a few days later the New York Daily News published this letter in the "Voice of the People" column: "Unless my memory is wrong, Gravel Gertie and B. O. Plenty cut their wedding cake just about seven months ago. I think Dick Tracy ought to do some investigating here." -TIDE

For the latest variation on the "switched to Calvert" campaign, we give you a recent ad from Cue: "Joe Wilson, formerly chief bartender Longchamps - 49th St., has switched to Susan Palmer, 4 West 49th Street." -TIDE

CAPTION on an AP Wirephoto out of Cleveland: "BLIZZARD BABY" - Terri-Ann, Cleveland's blizzard baby, shown above with her mother, Mrs. H. Zellman, will be two years old Sunday. The child was born in the snow in a hospital parking lot unnoticed by her father and mother, who collapsed as she stepped from an automobile.

Prof Etaoin Shrdlu Relates Typical Office Scene at End of Each Semester

By Etaoin Shrdlu

It was toward the close of the semester, and I was as usual hard at work in my office. I was sitting relaxed in my swivel chair with my feet propped firmly on my desk, reading a comic book I had taken from an erstwhile student.



Shrdlu

Just as Bugs Bunny was saying, "What's up, Doc?" someone knocked at my door. (Growl!) "Come in!" The student came in. It was a chap whom I call "Gimlet" because he bores me. Without saying a word, he began to weave and sway before me, flailing the air with his hands. I thought at first that he was in the last stages of delirium tremens; however, when he began to wobble, I saw he was merely making with the "wildcat" as a distress signal. When he stopped writhing and twisting, I vomited in my wastebasket and said, "Well, Gimlet, what the h--- (cough): what do you want now?" (Whine!) "I've got a late theme, Dr. Shrdlu. I just wanted to give it to you." (I think he was referring to the theme.)



Shrdlu

"Why is it late?" (Snivel!) "My wife had a baby last week, sir, and this is the first chance she's had to write it between changing the baby's diapers and nursing it." (As nice a bit of faulty reference and as beautiful a misplaced modifier as I have ever heard.)

"O. K., Gimlet, just drop it in my wastebasket on your way out." I turned back to my desk and started to reread my comic book as I had by this time forgotten what had occurred. Just as Bugs Bunny was saying, "What's up, Doc?" I heard what is commonly referred to as a discreet cough. Looking up, I was again confronted with the mournful presence of my ersatz student, Gimlet. After giving a slight shudder of distaste, I said, quote: "Well?" unquote.

Gimlet uncrossed his eyes, crossed them, and said rather hesitantly, "Dr. Shrdlu, can I ask a question?" "You may," I replied, but I could see that my sarcasm was wasted on the stupid lout.

He uncrossed his eyes again, and then recrossed them.

"Dr. Shrdlu, how'm I doin', huh?"

"I don't even know what you're doing, let alone how you're doing it. What are you talking about?" "In my work."

"I didn't have to get out my grade book."

"You're not! You're making a solid F."

"But I got one C. Didn't that bring my grade up?"

"Not from where I'm sitting."

"Well, uh, couldn't you move over a bit?"

Gimlet picked himself up off the floor, and I put my feet back on the desk.

"Dr. Shrdlu!"

"Migawd! What now?"

"Could I maybe see my grades? Huh? Maybe?"

"What have you done with your papers?"

"Well, it's a long story; you see - there's been a war on, and there's been a paper shortage, and Scott's tissue has been kinda hard to get, and -"

"All right, all right!"

"And -"

"That's all I care to hear!"

I got out my grade book and showed him his seven F's one C, and a 0.

He sat there stupidly weaving the six fingers of each hand into a beautiful and intricate pattern. I had never realized that he had such an artistic soul. Yes, even in this savage beast there burns a spark. I looked at him, and the lines of Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe" came to mind: The emptiness of ages in his face. Who made him dead to rapture and despair, A thing that grieves not and that never hopes, Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?

He sat with his mouth open, closing it mechanically and swallowing every time a fly was lured in. Finally . . .

"Couldn't you maybe stretch a point and give me a C?"

"I'd have to stretch more than a point; I'd have to stretch my imagination; and if I gave you a C, it would definitely be a gift."

"But, Dr. Shrdlu, I've worked awfully hard in this course. I don't think you realize how hard I've worked. Everyone says you expect too much of your students. Why, I know three other students who are making F's, and they all say you expect too much. Now, I've worked hard, and . . ."

"You've what? You didn't hand half of your themes in on time, and those that you did were the wrong assignment and had been written by some other moron. Besides that you've been late to class every time but seven. . . those days you didn't come at all."

"But one of those was an excused absence. I was in the hos-

pital. I drank some wood alcohol by mistake."

"What about the other six times?"

"Well, I had to go to the out of town football games, and I took off a little early for the holidays, and then I got back a little late, but you were the only instructor who counted me absent; all the rest excused me from class."

"I can understand why. Tell me, Mr. Gimlet, why are you always tardy? Do you have far to come?"

"No, my other class is in the same building."

"Then why, why in the name of all that's holy, why are you always late?"

"Oh, I stop and talk to my math instructor; you know, math is an important course."

All I could do was sputter.

"I don't think that last exam was fair. I don't remember none of them questions being discussed in class."

(Sarcastically!) "Could it be, Mr. Gimlet, that you were either absent, tardy, or asleep during the time the questions were being discussed. You know, Mr. Gimlet, I wish to thank you. During all the time that you have spent sleeping in class, you have never once disturbed the class by snoring, and with your mouth open, too. I have suggested to the Physics Department that they make a study of the phenomenon. I envy you and your ability to sleep sitting up and I wish that I could sleep as soundly; neither rain, nor snow, nor hail, nor hail Columbia from me has ever disturbed your slumber. I wish that my mind was as untroubled by thoughts as yours; then maybe I, too, could sleep in class. Yes, Mr. Gimlet, perhaps you were sleeping the sleep of the innocent and damned, and, therefore, you don't remember."

"I don't think so. . . you don't think, period; you don't have anything to think with, you'd be

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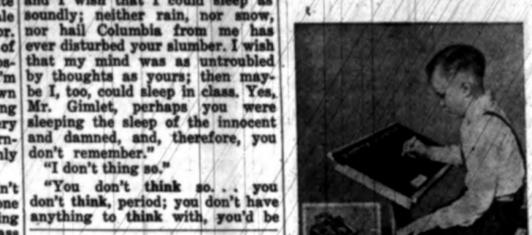
too damn lazy to think with it, period! Now, get the hell out of my office; get out of my class; get out of my life; get . . . but . . . but! . . . And that's exactly where I kicked him.

Texas Almanac At Student Activities

Copies of the 1948 Texas Almanac have been received at The Student Activities Office. Departments may obtain copies of the Almanac at that office upon presentation of an Interdepartmental Order, made payable to Student Concessions. Price of the Almanac is 85¢, paper bound.

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Lorraine Day Brian Aherne Robert Mitchum

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The Battalion

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