

Battalion EDITORIALS

Page 2

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1947

The Gestapo Rides Again . . .

We have always believed that a man could work for whom he chose and at any occupation so long as he violated no laws.



The State Labor Commission and the College Extension Service have indicated to us that in at least one field of endeavor they are taking it upon themselves to tell people where they can and cannot work.

It sounds silly, doesn't it? Frankly we thought that the passing of Adolph Hitler had seen the end of concentration camps and compulsory labor.

Little did we ever expect to find one of our own branches involved in making people work within a designated area.

That is exactly what is happening today. In the words of State Labor Commissioner M. B. Morgan, "I've had 11 or 12 deputy labor commissioners working the highways to keep Mexican workers from getting out of the State. We've been catching them at Marshall and diverting them to part of the state where farmers need them most."

Morgan could just as easily have said he had his gestapo watching all the high-

ways to keep the Mexicans from escaping and seeking refuge in other states, and that many of them have been caught and sent to different labor camps throughout the state.

A representative of the Federal Labor Department says that this action was taken at the request of the State Labor Commission and the Texas A. & M. College Agricultural Extension Service.

Now, we find that the reason the laborers want to leave Texas is that they can make higher wages elsewhere. We can't find any reasonable excuse for preventing people from leaving Texas to make more money.

The actions of the Labor Commission certainly border on tyranny of the most despicable nature. If the Agricultural Extension Service has had any part in requesting the Labor Commission to practice such high-handed tactics, we think it time that someone forced their hand.

This whole affair is in direct violation of the tenets of the United States Constitution. Maybe a few of the Extension personnel could read the Constitution to advantage. We recommend it.

By their actions, if what we read is true, they have brought discredit to themselves, to the A. & M. College, and to the people of Texas.

Three More Ignoble Prizes . . .

Last month The Battalion inaugurated an award—the Ignoble Prize—to be presented now and then to that individual or group of individuals who has created the greatest amount of dissension and confusion in his particular sphere of influence.

The first recipients of the award were Roy Bedichek and Rodney Kidd of the Texas University Interscholastic League. They decided that all boys over the age of 15 who participated in calf scrambles and won calves be barred from Interscholastic League contests.

Rather than slight anyone or any department, we have selected three separate Ignoble Prize winners.

First Prize
First prize for this issue goes to the person or persons responsible for the most unorganized registration since the antiquated method of running from one building to the other became extinct. (This pertains to both registrations—on August 30 and September 13.)

The line for athletic coupon books wound thrice around the mess hall annex, did a serpentine sort of movement through the door, and disappeared. A veteran in line for book requisition cards found a 2-hour wait ahead.

'Brother Can You Spare a Nickel?' . . .

Weary and footsore Aggies returning to another year of "the collich life" were pleasantly surprised to find "coke" machines installed in dormitories over the campus, and construction begun on the first of the new lounges scheduled to be built in all halls.

No doubt, the destructive wrath of Aggie land will be vented on the first empty coke machine encountered, and in a few weeks the little red contraptions will either be completely demolished, or else lying in state at the local bottling plant.

Incidentally, the particular model in-

Second Prize
Second prize goes to the man behind the desk in the Veterans Advisor's Office on Friday, September 12. The line for fee waiver slips extended along the wall on the first floor of Goodwin, down the steps, and around to the front of Bizzell Hall.

Third Prize
Third, and equally as discreditable as the first two, is the Building and College Utilities Department for their failure to look ahead.

Since June 26, the B&CU Department knew that freshmen were supposed to live at Bryan Field, the A. & M. College Annex. But not until Saturday, September 6, did anyone think to look into the barracks in which students were assigned to live. (Freshmen were already beginning to arrive, with the great influx of students the following day.)

Barracks numbers were missing in many cases; chairs were broken; mattresses were slit open; desk drawers were no where to be found; screens were cut; and floors were filthy. All living quarters were in a state of upheaval.

So to the above three winners, we hereby present Ignoble Prizes, in hopes that things will be different the next time.

stalled here for the comfort of Aggies is designed to thwart all attempts at thievery. Slugs, pocketknives, and pickaxes will not work.

The lounges, being constructed of steel and concrete, will probably withstand the onslaught of the coming horde, but there is room for doubt as to the permanence of the furnishings being installed in said lounges.

Local interior decorator, Wick Van Kouenhoven, foresees better times a head for A. & M. "with a maroon plush couch in every student's room."

acid tomorrow." But there were delays and before he actually could begin, this wire came from Washington: "Regrettable decision involves uncertainties. Hydrochloric acid will produce submerate invalidating reactions." (signed) U. S. Dept. of Commerce.

Delighted with all this attention, the busman wired back: "Thanks again. Glad to know it's O. K." This time the department decided to stop fiddling around and sent a rush wire: "Hydrochloric acid will eat hell out of your tube." —TIDE

AS PART of a straight report on a girls' baseball game, the Ogden, Utah Times sports page said: "Everything was going fine until the last half of the fifth when all of the bags got loaded."

The Battalion

The Battalion, official newspaper of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas and the City of College Station, Texas, is published five times a week and circulated every Monday through Friday afternoon, except during holidays and examination periods. During the summer The Battalion is published semi-weekly. Subscription rate \$4 per school year. Advertising rates furnished on request.

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As Mackenzie Sees It . . .

Veto Becomes Issue In UNO

By DeWITT MACKENZIE
AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

The most dangerous issue—and the most difficult—which the Assembly of the United Nations faces as it begins its new sessions today is that of the veto by means of which any one of the Big Five (Russia, Britain, France, China and the U. S.) can kill a majority decision in the Security Council.

Thus far the peace organization has been rendered virtually impotent by Russia's persistent employment of this paralyzing power which was adopted originally as a necessary safeguard but was intended for use only in extreme emergencies. Continuation of this situation must ultimately mean the death of the U. N. as at present constituted.

These Soviet tactics of obstruction have coincided with Moscow's launching of the world revolution for the spread of Communism, and have been duplicated by similar tactics in allied councils in Europe. The result is that peace and economic recovery have been stymied—and it's significant that turmoil and hard times provide the soil in which Communism thrives.

So we see that the consistent use of the veto power by Russia in the U. N., fits in with a broad strategy of obstruction which is favorable to the world revolution that is now in full swing. Meanwhile the Soviet delegation has been able to use the U. N. as a sounding board for dissemination of Communist ideas.

However, the Russians lately have been swinging into the defensive in contrast to the offensive which they were maintaining a year ago. The other members of the U. N.—apart from the Soviet satellites—are determined to have a workable peace organization even if they have to scrap the present structure and reform it along lines which will eliminate the present difficulties.

The hope, of course, is to get reform without remodeling the

U. N. but it will take a big inspiration to evolve an idea that will work. A year ago British Foreign Minister Bevin proposed at a meeting of the Big Five foreign ministers that a "Code of Conduct" be adopted in connection with use of the veto. But Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov vetoed this. Since then there has been eager search for a way to alter the U. N. Charter so to preclude abuse of the veto, but the Charter can't be changed in face of a Russian veto.



DeWitt Mackenzie

Chinese Typewriter Types in 4 Lingos, 90,000 Symbols

The Mingkwai typewriter, which types 90,000 Chinese characters and also can type in Japanese, Russian, or English, has been demonstrated by its inventor, Lin Yutang, the Chinese author of best-selling American books.

The unique machine, about the size of a standard American model typewriter, requires only three keys to be pressed for each word. A top and bottom key bring into position a choice of eight words of the same category. The operator then picks the one word of the eight which he wants by pressing a third key.

Claimed to be adaptable to teletype or typesetting machines, the invention may be extremely important to communication in China. The Mingkwai typewriter now does a day's work by a Chinese copyist in one hour.

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It's Flotsam That Jetsam, Says Boyle After Loafing

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK, Sept. 16 (AP)—Every time I go on a vacation I swear I will never come back and resume this mental straitjacket called civilized life.



Hal Boyle

For if there is anything worse than having no vacation at all it is going back to work at the end of a vacation. The only reason I ever want to go back to my desk is to be sure somebody else hasn't been hired to put his feet there where mine belong.

My idea of a vacation is to wait until after Labor Day, then go to a beach, lie down and cease from effort so utterly that I would die rather than blow up a pair of waterwings to save me from a sudden surge of surf.

That's what I did. The reason for waiting until September is that, contrary to popular belief, the ocean is warmer then. And there is more sand on the beach than people. Try it some time. In July and August you don't lie in sand—you lie in ice cream cone drippings, cigaret stubs and beer bottles.

I found a nice beach on Montauk Point, which is as far east as you can go from Broadway without swimming into a British accent.

There I laid me down in the sun and left instructions to be turned over every half hour until the vacation was over.

When I got restless, I just opened one eye and counted fat ladies on the beach until I fell asleep again. I never had to count more than a round dozen.

Whenever the wind blew a discarded newspaper aloft the beach, I would reach out, grab it and read out loud to the "sand dabs" about high food prices in America, Moscow appeals for more work from the comrades, and religious massacres among the Moslems and Sikhs in India. But the little "sand dabs" paid no attention.

They could not realize how we are all fools of fate in our separate ways. But one of man's feathered friends, once expressed that sentiment perfectly. This famous bird was a parrot, a mascot aboard the vessel *Elsie Fay*. In 1890 the *Elsie Fay* crashed into the Montauk Rocks, and sailors aboard heard above the roaring waters and splitting timbers the voice of the parrot croaking philosophical:

"We'll all go to hell together, boys!"

Sure enough, the parrot was washed ashore the next day frozen stiff as a hotel mattress.

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GUION HALL

LAST DAY TODAY



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