

# Battalion EDITORIALS

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## Words Have Been Spoken-Now Action...

Returning from San Antonio after seeing the Aggies' win over Texas Tech Saturday night in Alamo Stadium, students were congratulating themselves on a victory gained around a council table, as well as the one gained on the gridiron.

The Senior Class committee delegated to meet with the A.&M. Board of Directors achieved gratifying results in their "good-will" mission.

The board heartily agreed with the spirit of the move, intended to establish a friendly basis between the student body and school officials. Through mutual understanding and cooperative effort, it is hoped that problems confronting students and school officials can be solved without undue difficulty.

If this comes about, A.&M. will be able for the first time in many years to direct all its energies toward building a greater institution, both academically and socially.

No longer would men of high standing in the fields of agriculture and engineering be "scared away" from positions at A. & M. because of unsettled conditions. No longer would many high school educators advise prospective college students to attend schools other than A.&M. because of an unhealthy reputation it has been slowly gaining over a

period of the past few years.

Once more students would be free to pursue their studies and various activities uninhibited by a feeling of unrest.

The achievements that are possible through the united endeavor of all the branches and groups representing A.&M. are limited only by the imagination.

New courses, new departments, even new schools could be established. A thoroughly rounded education could be offered in practically any field. Perhaps A.&M. would have been among the 14 southern universities engaging at the present in a vast new atomic research project had it not been torn by dissension and internal strife for the past eight months.

These are what some would call dreams, but even the most practical-minded could not venture to call them impossible.

Most students at present are interested primarily in solving immediate problems the Cadet Corps dilemma. The Senior Class took a big step in the right direction toward its solution last week-end; if their action is followed with the sincere efforts of the corps and student body as a whole, this first barrier in the path of a "greater A. & M." will be demolished.

## Why Professors Can't Win...

So far, half a dozen A.&M. professors have forwarded to The Battalion an article "Faculty Failings" written by Harold A. Larabee of Union College and printed in the AAUP Bulletin. In self-defense, and in order to stop the flood of copies coming in, we reprint the article, which bears the alluring subtitle: "A professor can't win."

- ★
- If he's brand-new at teaching, he lacks experience.
- If he's been teaching all his life, he's in a rut.
- If he does all the talking in class, he's in love with the sound of his own voice.
- If he leaves the discussion to others, he's just too lazy for words.
- If he gets his name in the newspapers, he's publicity-mad.
- If he never appears in the public prints, he's so much deadwood.
- If he attends all athletic contests, he's a popularity-seeker.
- If he never goes to a game, he's a public enemy.
- If he dresses decently, he's trying to be a fashion-plate.
- If he thinks about something besides clothes, he's a bum.
- If he seldom admits a mistake, he's arrogant.
- If he ever admits a mistake, he ought to go back to bricklaying.
- If he teaches at a different college every three years, he's a rolling stone.
- If he teaches at the same college for more than three years, he's a stick-in-the-mud.
- If he takes an active part in faculty business, he's a politician.
- If he never serves on a committee, he's a work-dodger.
- If he plants an occasional joke in his lectures, he's a comedian.
- If he never condescends to an academic nifty, he's dusty dull.
- If he goes to chapel with regularity, he's a hypocrite.
- If he shies at sermons, he's a heathen.
- If he writes books, he's neglecting his teaching.
- If he never publishes, he never had a thought worth printing.
- If he hands out plenty of high grades, he has no standards.
- If he hands out plenty of low grades, he's a butcher.
- If he uses notes, he's unoriginal.
- If he gets along without notes, he's an ad-libber.
- If he's on good terms with the President, he's a sycophant.
- If he doesn't wear out the stairway in the Ad Building, he's disloyal.
- If he gets to classes late, he's an over-sleeper.
- If he gets to classes ahead of time, he's lost his watch.
- If he lets classes out early, he's run out of ideas.

If he keeps classes overtime, he has no terminal facilities.

If he gives a lot of quizzes, he's a slave-driver.

If he seldom gives a test, he's too lazy to read papers.

If he hangs around after class, he's looking for apples.

If he makes speedy exits, he's got a case of studentophobia.

If he sticks to his specialty, he has a one-track mind.

If he tours the encyclopedia, he's a show-off.

If he presents both sides of a question, he's afraid to commit himself.

If he betrays his own opinions, he's a propagandist.

If he ever says a kind word about anything Russian, he's getting monthly checks from Molotov.

If he ever says a kind word about the G.O.P., he's been reading the election returns.

If he listens to sports broadcasts, he's illiterate.

If he can't identify Fritzie Zivio and Jack Kramer, he isn't human.

If he gets paid for outside work, he's greedy.

If he does outside work for nothing, he's a sucker.

If he praises a book, he's on the payroll.

If he pans a book, he's just jealous.

If he stands up while teaching, he's oratorical.

If he sits down while teaching, his feet hurt.

If he's young, he needs more seasoning.

If he's old, he's seen better days.

If he doesn't sign his name to anything, he's wise.

If he writes stuff like this, and sings it, too, he's

H. A. L.

## Pass Master...

We're indebted to the Wolf Magazine of Letters, put out by the Wolf Envelope Co. (Cleveland) for this story about the president of a small railroad in Kentucky who sent a pass to the president of one of the largest U. S. trunk lines, with a request that the favor be reciprocated. The big railroad mogul had never heard of the Kentucky road, so he had his secretary look it up. Then he returned the pass, with this curt note:

"Dear Sir: I find that your railroad is only 10 miles long, while my road is 1,100 miles long. I herewith return your pass made out in favor of myself and family."

This was more than the crusty old Kentucky colonel could swallow, so he scribbled this note on the bottom of the letter and sent it back: "While my railroad is not as long as yours—it's just as wide."

## HUNTER'S LITTLE HELPER



As MacKenzie Sees It....

## Another War If East and West Don't Come to Terms

By DEWITT MACKENZIE  
AN AMERICAN ANALYST

The appalling question of whether another world war is brewing keeps turning up like a bad penny, even appearing in the Council of the United Nations where we are hearing grim warnings that unless the breach between the Eastern and Western blocs is healed we shall have another conflagration—this time of atomic proportions.

This being a persistent topic of conversation, it's interesting to hear from Ernest G. Ropes, chief of the U. S. Commerce Department's Russian section, that "we don't need to worry about Russia as a potential enemy." He says she won't have the industrial capacity to war against America for at least 25 years—maybe 50 years or more.

Mr. Ropes had in mind only the industrial capacity of Russia itself, without reference to how much the Soviet war potential might be increased by the industrial strength of its satellites and the Russian zone in Germany.

There are of course numerous imperfections involved in trying to gauge Russian capabilities of creating military striking power out of her vast resources, and it is a problem which should be approached with great caution lest we underestimate. As for your columnist, his thoughts immediately turn back to 1938 when Stalin achieved control in the new Communist regime.

The project of world revolution for the spread of Communism—which is now in full swing—was one of the cardinal projects of the Red. Leon Trotsky, competing with Stalin for leadership, wanted to push the revolution to the limit immediately, but the more far-sighted Stalin said in effect: "Everything in its proper time. To wage world revolution now is putting the cart before the horse. Russia first must be made powerful industrially and militarily."

Much of the industrial strength which Stalin had created was smashed by the invading Germans. But even as the Hitlerites were driving into Russia, Moscow was busy creating a new, great industrial area in the fastnesses of the urals, far from the ravages of war. The products from that new

## Hollywood Round-up...

### Cable One Actor Who Doesn't Care For Producing

By BOB THOMAS  
HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 1 (AP)—Clark Gable was relaxing on the "Homescoming" set and talking about the way most actors are always yearning to direct and produce pictures. What about screen vet Clark? He smiled sphyxiously and answered: "Nope, I've got no ambition to direct or produce. It would be a pain in the neck."

Eddie Cantor will move into Warners studio next week to start preparing his screen biography. He'll record his famous songs next spring and then the film will be ready to go. Al Jolson found his Larry Parks, and now Eddie is looking for a boy. He added: "I've been doing that for years."

The rift between Parks and Jolson is one of the town topics and you might expect Bob Hope to come up with a crack about it. Said he: "Parks is living on borrowed knees."

Out Culver City way Ingrid Bergman was receiving visitors on the "Joan" set. She was explaining that the film, though epic in size, would not be more than two and a half hours on the screen. I wasn't convinced when she remarked: "People will have seen enough of me by then."

Jeanne Crain, who scored a hit in "Margie," is now playing in another picture of the '20's, "The Flamingo." She looked at her antiquated dress and complained: "They keep putting me in the '20's, and I thought I was a pretty up-to-date girl."

Oscar Levant is in the same picture, working at 20th-Fox for the first time. The pianist, noted for his sharp tongue, says he was given instructions when he arrived on the lot: "They told me not to be funny, and I'm not disappointing them."

keeping quiet so they wouldn't interfere with their ability to hear their signals. All in all, the past week-end gave me more pleasure over the boys of the Cadet Corps than at any time during the last 15-years. The above is not only my belief, but that of hundreds of friends who took the occasion to tell me about it.

Very truly yours,  
C. C. Krueger,  
P. S. Again I say, "there is no Band in the world who can play the STAR SPANGLED BANNER as effectively as the A. & M. BAND!"  
C. C. K.

## Letters

PRaise FOR AGGIES  
Editor, The Battalion:  
Here is a letter I believe every Aggie would enjoy reading, so I pass it along.  
W. L. Penberthy,  
Dean of Men

Dear Mr. Penberthy:  
I heard so many compliments on the behavior of the Cadet Corps in San Antonio that I feel I wouldn't be doing my duty if I did not pass the information on to you.

The friends with whom I have talked were particularly complimentary about the behavior at the Football Game, and the absence of any ungentlemanly acts in the downtown area. It is surely gratifying to me that our boys have taken it upon themselves to prove to the citizens of Texas that they are the highest type young gentlemen. The Student Body may long be proud of the exemplary fine behavior in San Antonio, and that is as it should be.

There is another matter I would like to bring to your attention, and that is the fact that our cheering section surely respected the opposition when they had the ball by zone were being used long before the war ended.

So, while it will take Russia long to repair the damage and equip herself with great striking power, yet we shall do well not to overlook potentialities. After all, what are 25 or even 50 years in the lives of nations? Millions of the lads of today will still be young enough to go to war a generation hence. Don't forget that!

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But all that we can promise is that you'll look your best in a Van Heusen—and get top shirt value for your money!

**W.S.D. CLOTHIERS**  
College and Bryan

## Quail Need Have No Fear When Boyle Comes A-hunting

By HAL BOYLE

CHICAGO (AP)—Searing summer has gone from the great mid-west heartland, and the brown earth is getting crisp underfoot again. The hunting season lies ahead.

Best quail and cottontail are safe from my shotgun, as they have been for many years. I still like to go on hunting trips—just as long as the other fellow does the maiming. I know of many hunters who get that way. They retain all the joy of the chase—mankind's oldest intoxication—but lose their zest for killing game.

I first learned to hunt from my father. When the weather was right on wintry Sunday mornings, he used to load his four sons and three dogs into our old Maxwell touring car and set out across the Missouri countryside.

The function of boys and dogs was the same. We were assigned patches of wood or pasture and sent whopping and barking through them to snare out any wild life to the path of dad's old double-barreled blunderbuss. He was an excellent shot, and we usually came back with a good bag of rabbits, quail and squirrel which mother had the dubious pleasure of cooking.

As we grew older dad got a small-gauge gun for the boys, and taught us in turn how to handle it safely. I shot poorly but in time got so I could knock over an occasional rabbit. It was then that I began to lose my pleasure in hunting. I didn't think it was wrong to kill rabbits—I just came to feel it was wrong for me to do it, an interloper in the wilds, driven to take life neither by hunger nor by fear.

This year I'll go quail hunting as usual, but even the quail don't

mind that I've fired enough shells at them to blow a hole in the Siegfried line—and I never have hit one of the blamed birds in my entire life.

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## The Battalion

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