

Battalion EDITORIALS

Page 2 THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1947

Praise for Sportsmanship . . .

Severest strain on the A.M. student body, so far as week-end conduct is concerned, will come this Friday and Saturday.

A number of irritations have arisen during the week. Rice Institute students, remembering last year, have put a guard around their campus. Some one has painted "Rice" in grey letters on the administration building sidewalk—whether it was done by owls on the prowl or just by somebody who wanted to have some fun, no one can tell. Some students are still unhappy about moving the yell practice to Sam Houston Music Hall, not having read the complete explanation in Tuesday's Batt. And though the athletic department has dug up an extra thousand student tickets, some feelings were ruffled earlier when the original supply ran out.

The last two gripes should be pretty well settled by now. As for the painting and the guards, the best thing to do is ignore them. A group of Aggies will be officially welcomed to the Rice campus Friday night, indicating an attempt to meet us half-way in our efforts to restore an "era of good feeling" among Southwest Conference schools.

That the campaign is "paying off" was shown in an odd way last Saturday. Donk Walker, star of the SMU team, was accidentally trampled when caught in the stampede of Aggies after the T broke up. In a bad atmosphere, this could have resulted in nasty accusations. As it was, in view of the reception given SMU rooters and the team, it was obviously an accident and everyone immediately recognized it as such.

'Paper in the Bank'

Once again The Batt has "paper in the bank." The Tuesday issue was printed on paper borrowed from Mrs. Lee J. Rountree of the Bryan Eagle, who came to our assistance after all our stock was ruined by eighteen inches of water in the basement of Bizzell.

By press-time Wednesday, long-distance telephone calls to Dallas and San Antonio had brought delivery of new rolls of our customary stock, enough to last for two weeks. In addition, the Batt was able to secure some adding machine paper—in newspaper-size rolls—which to print in, case the regular newsprint runs short.

T. R. Spence, superintendent of construction, has announced that the drains in Bizzell, which stopped up and produced the flood will be connected to the new sewer line laid

Norris Gets Notoriety . . .

Texas Baptists have a problem child and don't know what to do about him.

Dr. J. Frank Norris of Fort Worth is revered by his congregation, admired by some, others, detested by many, castigated by the press, and disclaimed by his clerical brethren. While still alive he has become a Texas legend, but many Texans don't know whether to point to him with pride or alarm. So they just point and say "There's nothing else like him."

At the Baptist state convention in Amarillo this week, one of Norris's proteges heckled Dr. Louie D. Newton of Atlanta, president of the Southern Baptist Convention. This was in some ways a repeat performance, as Norris himself had been ejected from the national convention of Southern Baptists for personally heckling Dr. Newton. As a result of that attack, Norris was bitterly roasted on the August editorial page of the Atlanta Constitution; that paper suggested that every time Norris mounts the

The following letter from James H. Stewart, executive secretary of the Southwest Conference, was written to Asa Holleman, head yell leader:

"I would like to take this opportunity of expressing to you and, through you, to the students of A.M. College the appreciation of the Southwest Athletic Conference for the courtesies extended to the visiting teams at Texas A.M. College this fall. I have had nothing but the best reports from everyone concerned and know that such behavior is due to fine leadership.

"I was sorry to hear of the unfortunate incident that occurred just before the start of the second half of the S.M.U. game last Saturday. Coach Bell, of S.M.U., tells me that it was an unfortunate occurrence and that he appreciated very much your attitude in apologizing to him for the incident.

"We have a very high plane of intercollegiate athletics in the Southwest Athletic Conference, and the sportsmanship exhibited by the different student bodies towards their opponents is of vast importance in maintaining fine relationships between the different institutions. I sincerely hope that this can be maintained at all of our Conference institutions."

A.M.'s reputation for good sportsmanship is soaring again, due to exemplary conduct this year. Despite the petty irritations that have arisen, we should be able to impress the people of Houston as being still "soldiers, statesmen, and knightly gentlemen."

during the summer, in order to prevent such deluges in the future.

Just as theatrical people have a slogan "The show must go on," so newspaper people have a doctrine, "The paper must come out." In times of trouble one newspaper will usually help another, and so it was in this case.

It is hard to realize how much paper is used in printing The Battalion five times a week. Approximately a ton.

Publishers today worry more about the cost of newsprint and the difficulty of getting hold of stocks than they do to any other problem of the publishing business. Of course, there are car-load lots to be had from the "grey-market," but few papers can pay the price demanded. We can't. Therefore we appreciate all the help given us during this critical week.

pulpit, God must shudder. The editorial brought up old police charges against Norris, of murder and arson, for which he had been tried and acquitted years before. Norris sued for libel, but later withdrew his suit. Yesterday's fracas was soon over. The heckler, the Rev. Bill Frazer, was bodily carried out of the convention hall, while Norris smiled at reporters and said, "This is the worst thing they ever did."

But Perry F. Webb, pastor of the First Baptist Church, San Antonio, said afterward: "This is something that is repeated year after year and is terribly embarrassing to us. There doesn't seem to be anything we can do about it. These men have no more right to the floor of the Baptist convention than I would have to the floor of a Methodist convention. They are merely after publicity.

If publicity is Norris's goal, he must be counted successful. No other pastor of a church in our time has had so much ink spilled over him. But is Norris famous, or merely notorious?

'Short and Happy Life of Francis Cucumber'

(Ed. Note: Any resemblance between "The Short and Happy Life of Francis Cucumber" and "The Macomber Affair" playing at the Campus Theatre Friday and Saturday is purely coincidental.)

By Etain Shrdia

Through a tear in the pup tent which he had purchased at a surplus army equipment sale for \$7, shafts of moonlight stabbed and embedded themselves in the floor. A firefly glided to and fro in the darkness, showing itself the way to go home. On his air mattress in one corner of the shelter lay Francis Cucumber, garbed in hideous pajamas given him by Aunt Bertha on his twenty-first birthday. He could not sleep. His asthma plucked his sensibility, but being a weak, suspicious individual, he thought that his wife's flirtation was the reason for his discomfort.



Shrdia

It all started with that beastly butterfly. He (Cucumber, of course) and Dr. Watson had picked up the spoor of a magnificent lepidopterous munificence shortly after tea had been served. Spurning the delectable crumpet, the two had donned their sun helmets, grabbed their nets, and dashed out of the kraal to capture the bazaar—dead or alive. Staying down wind so that the butterfly would not notice their presence, they stalked through the bush. Cucumber's heart pounded in his breast; the veins in his neck throbbled to the unparalleled excitement.

Suddenly the wind shifted. The lepidopterous scented them! In a trice he curled back those fierce antennae, lowered his head, and flitted menacingly toward Francis.

Forgetting all that Dr. Watson had told him, he dropped his net and fled. Call it cowardice if you like, but the self-preservation instinct was stronger than his courage. He turned, started to run, and dashed his head nastily against a low-lying limb. As his eyes focused while he lay flat on the ground, he saw his wife sitting on the limb. In her eye was that desperate, determined gleam. In her hand was a Pitt gun. As the butterfly thundered by, too fast to swoop down and pierce Francis, she coughed the plunger. Lepidopterous whizzed instead past in his charge, smiled deviously, and expired.

Arabella climbed down from the tree, smiling sardonically. She kicked her husband in the groin as a token of her disapproval. He felt instinctively that she did not approve.



"You don't approve!" he queried sheepishly.

"No, I don't," she answered with a sneer, squinting. "I kicked her husband in the groin as a token of her disapproval. He felt instinctively that she did not approve."

After bashing Francis on the skull with her cue stick, Arabella dragged his limp form to the edge of the water hole and immersed his head, face down, in the cool limpid depths. There is some question as to her motives, whether she endeavored to bring him around or whether she endeavored to put out the light within his brain forever. At any rate, breathing was a difficult thing to accomplish under the surface of the crystal-clear pool. Francis realized this in an instant. He was ever quick-witted.

A bloated, stupid-looking fish swam idly by Francis's eyes. It reminded him of Aunt Bertha. She also had that vacant, bored air. Then, in rapid succession, Francis saw the little red wagon he had loved so well, his college days before his untimely expulsion for trying to oust the college president, his first night in jail on the night of the PU-TSCW football game, and the flowers in the front yard of his mansion.

The flowers suddenly turned to bicycles, then automobiles, then a long line of hearses before a grave

Three weeks later, a safari came upon the remains of the three mighty hunters who had not possessed the courage to face lift. The jackals and vultures had done their work well. Kicking the skulls aside, the leader said in a low voice filled with compassion, "I hope one of these was not Dr. Livingston. What would people say if Stanley didn't find him?"

submitting his questions to them for their own approval. Is this freedom of speech? Nobody approved the questions that the committee asked Mr. Hughes. I suspect that the committee was afraid that some of the questions Mr. Hughes wanted to ask might embarrass both Senator Brewster, and the committee members since they are his fellow colleagues.

It is my belief that the committee has been prejudiced against Mr. Hughes ever since the start of the investigation because he knows some embarrassing facts about some of our pure white government officials. More power to him in the fine fight he is putting up against this SO-CALLED investigation.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST

Even though the committee members cross-examined Mr. Hughes at some length, they absolutely refused to let Mr. Hughes question Senator Brewster without first

with the simple inscription, "Resurrect in Pace," on it. Francis wished he had learned Latin so he could read the inscription. And utter blackness—coal tar blackness—nothingness!

After baptizing Francis' head in the make-shift forest epiphany tank, Arabella arose majestically, walked to her pack, took out a bottle of Jergens Lotion, and rubbed her hands to prevent chapping. Dr. Watson came out from under a rock and remarked that Francis was exceptionally collected to be able to sleep after so much excitement—and in the water, too. Arabella, with feigned sadness, said he was dejected, having laid down by the pool to drink and dozed off.

More people drown in water than any other single element, she declared.

Watson, with a wooden expression on his face, quoted a stanza of "The Walrus and the Carpenter" to give vent to his grief.

"Arabella," he said with a thick Hindustani accent, "Methinks thou hast done abominably in this. Remember what Voltaire said—'Le crayon est sur la table!' Each of us has within him Heaven and Hell and a stitch in time saves nine. Can't you understand what this means? O' darling, I loathe thee!"

Pulling a derring-doe from beneath his cloak, he aimed it at her head and blew her lower extremities to smithereens. In the unendurable flash of pain Arabella suddenly saw her thought crystallized. It was so clear now. A stitch in time does save nine. With a smile of infinite understanding on her serene lips she gurgled and succumbed.

Hubert Watson stood alone on the hill top. The sunlight filtered through his hair, leaving a flaky white precipitate on the shoulders of his opera cape. The wind refreshing draughts into his confused mind. He, the sanest, clearest-thinking professor of physics ever graduated from MIT, the most logical mind of the generation, the greatest living reason for birth control was confused. What did all this mean? Was the WCUI right? Did the chicken come before the egg? Grabbing his head in his hands, he fell to the earth sobbing, a disillusioned, beaten man.

THE UNFAITHFUL (Gaiety, 8 M) a Warner Brothers production based on the indiscretion of a soldier's wife while he is overseas. Though apparently in love with her newly acquired husband who is promptly shipped out, she slipped just once during the "long, lonely" months of his absence. Complications really start developing when she slays her clandestine lover in self-defense and is faced with a murder charge, and subsequently goes on trial. A stellar cast, lavish mounting, and skillful direction raise the movie out of the list of failures of other war-based pictures. In the leading role is Ann Sheridan who is supported by Lew Ayers, Zachary Scott, and Eve Arden. Credit for superb direction and excellent delineation goes to Vincent Sherman.

THE UNSUSPECTED (Palace, 8-preSM) is as can be gathered from the title, a thriller. Here in one movie are combined a murder mystery, a chiller, and a recent Hollywood favorite, psychological drama. Only a director such as Michael Curtiz could arrange the action in this movie into a suspenseful picture.

It is definitely above average, but mostly because of high-class cast led by Claude Rains and Joan Caulfield, Audrey Totter, Constance Bennett, and Hurd Hatfield complete the players.

Nerve-tingling as it may be, the

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The Tobacco Inspector positions are in the Production and Marketing Administration, Department of Agriculture. From 3 to 6 seasons of experience in handling or marketing tobacco is required. Salaries range from \$2,108 to \$4,149.

Additional information and application forms may be secured from the Commission's Local Secretary, H. N. Yardley, at the Main Post Office.

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On The Screen . . .

How a Marriage Breaks Up; Wife to Drink - 'Smash-Up'

SMASH-UP (Campus, 8-preSM) is a story about the disintegration of a marriage. While on the surface this film may seem to be just another wife-vs.-secretary problem, an analysis will show that it follows the "smash-up" of the marriage of a couple who are in the process of "coming up in the world."

Susan Hayward does a commendable portrayal of the wife who is driven to drink by the thought that she is no longer of use or importance to her husband. He, Lee Bowman, is an up-and-coming crooner whose popularity rises too fast for the wife to keep up. With the entrance of a secretary, Marsha Hunt, to take care of Bowman's business and social contacts, Hayward takes a back seat. Observing his wife's habit, Bowman, in degrees becomes surprised, bewildered, alarmed, angry, ashamed, disgusted, vindictive—but never is able to see the part he is playing in her downfall.

These are several conventional features of pictures like this which in this particular movie are unconventionally treated. The cast is richly dressed, but in a disenchanted manner. Alcoholism is presented in a straight-forward way without hocus-pocus or cloaked appearance.

Not a Lost Weekend, "Smash-Up" deals with reasons rather than results, and this is what makes it a picture worth seeing.

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GUION HALL

SUNDAY — MONDAY

IF SHE WERE YOURS COULD YOU FORGIVE?

ANN SHERIDAN
LEW AYRES
ZACHARY SCOTT

THE UNFAITHFUL

IT'S SO EASY TO CRY SHAME!

WARNER SENATOR! EVE ARDEN

: : Letters to the Editor : :

COMMITTEES

Editor, The Battalion:

Your editorial in the Armistice Day Batt on Congressional Committees was well put and cannot be stressed too strongly. In the Nov. 10 issue of TIME magazine there is the following paragraph:

"Congress's power to investigate was not explicit in the constitution. But it has become implicit: the Supreme Court has held that the right to legislate carries with it the right to inquire into all business pertinent

to the nation's welfare. Because such inquiries are not a judicial process, Congress has the right to make its own rules."

The preceding quotation was written in connection with an article on the Congressional investigation into communistic influence in the motion picture industry, but it also has a direct bearing on the Howard Hughes case. The article states that Congress has the right to make its own rules, but these rules should not violate the Bill of Rights; namely freedom of speech.

In my opinion freedom of speech includes the right to interrogate, question, cross-examine or whatever you want to call it. It is the right of the person to whom the questions are directed to refuse to answer, but it is not the right of anyone or any group to deny a person to ask these questions, especially when he is being cross-examined himself.

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The Battalion

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Guion Hall

LAST DAY

VAN JOHNSON IN MOM'S The ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE Introducing JANET LEIGH

FRIDAY - SATURDAY

M-G-M's

"Little Mister Jim"

—with—

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and Frances Gifford