

Battalion EDITORIALS

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FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

That Life You Hold In Your Hands . . .

You may die today, but don't worry, you won't be alone. Hundreds of people will die today, tomorrow, and the next day just because someone wasn't careful, just because someone took a chance. Silver Taps on Tuesday will not only be a farewell to you, but to the other hundreds too.

Thousands of people will be on the highways this Fourth of July week-end. Men like you will be going home from college. Fathers are even now starting to drive home so they can be with their families. Parents and children are taking that long looked-for vacation. If only one of these is killed there will be untold grief, lives wrecked, and pitiful human suffering.

Student Guidance: A Challenge . . .

A report on the effectiveness of testing and guidance at A&M appears in this issue of The Battalion. This report, prepared by R. H. Hughes, director of the Veterans Appraisal Service, is a study of all A&M students who received guidance at the Appraisal Center during a period of three months in 1947.

This report brings to light a field which has been sadly neglected here. Briefly, testing and guidance procedure is a realistic attempt to acquaint the student with his capabilities and limitations. Results of the program have been such that 98% of the students tested recommended that guidance service be made available to all students during their freshman year in college. Eighty-two percent said they were more satisfied with their course of study after receiving testing and guidance.

Paging Robert Bates, Class of '47 . . .

The editors of The Battalion accept and read the Letters to the Editors with great interest.

Those letters, more than anything else, express the thoughts of our readers. If we fail to give full news coverage to a subject, then our subscribers let us know about it; when we do a good or bad job of reporting or editorializing, our readers tell us about it.

We maintain a policy that any letter written to The Battalion which has a legitimate signature and address will be published in full as long as it is not obscene or libelous. Since, we, as the editors, are responsible for material published in The Batt, no other recourse is open to us.

We received a letter Wednesday signed by one Robert Bates, Class of '47. This letter criticizes and praises the paper.

Neither the Former Student's Office, The Registrar, nor the Graduate School have such a person listed in their files. If this student will come by The Batt office and prove to either of the editors that he does exist, his letter will be published in the next issue of The Battalion.

Two choices are always open to the writer: He may sign his name, and we will publish it along with the letter, or he may request that his name be withheld. If such a request is made, that person's name will not be divulged.

We repeat, we do not mind criticism as long as the person criticizing us will stand behind what he says.

Are They Words or Promises? . . .

Two passages from Thomas E. Dewey's acceptance speech in Philadelphia will be repeated and reread many times. These two paragraphs compare favorably with best contemporary political writing.

"United we can match this challenge (of the times) with depth of understanding and largeness of spirit; with a unity which is above recrimination, above partisanship, above self-interest. These are articles of faith from which the greatness of America has been fashioned. Our people are eager to know again the upsurging power of that faith. They are turning to us . . . that is what we are called to do . . ."

"Our people . . . yearn to move to higher ground, to find a common purpose in the finer things that unite us. We must be the instrument of that aspiration. We must be the means by which America's full powers are released and this uncertain future filled again with opportunity . . ."

Such words belong in the platform of both major political parties and must be placed into operation if America is to achieve its goal of a "happy, prosperous world at peace."

A capitalist says the future is bright for the young man who realizes he must work hard. What's bright about that?

The Battalion

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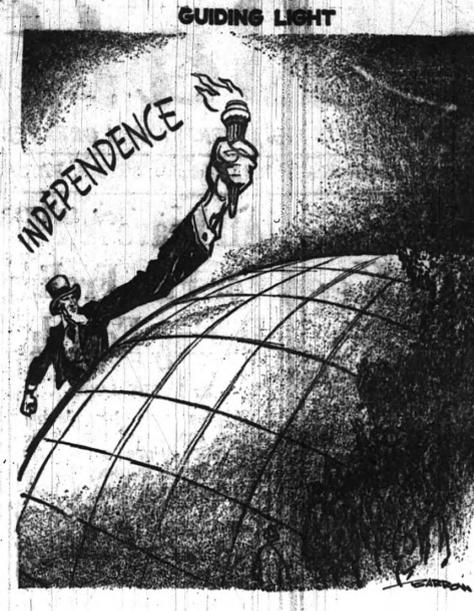
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Yugoslavia Incident Believed Communist Plan, Not Setback

By ART HOWARD
It is too early to herald the recent incident in Yugoslavia as a setback for communism in Europe. The Kremlin is playing its cards too close for that.

It is hard to believe that Moscow would publicly denounce one of its group without a good reason. If communism were not going according to Marx in Bulgaria, Hungary or Czechoslovakia, Moscow would simply direct that a new leader be appointed. Why the gentle treatment in Yugoslavia?

This direct slap at Marshall Tito will cost Russia and its communistic policy much prestige in Europe and abroad, so there may be a larger purpose than prestige behind this move.

There is no doubt but that communism is proceeding slowly in Yugoslavia. The economy there is still largely agrarian, and large amounts of machinery and tools are needed for its farms and factories. Russia cannot supply its own demand for those items, much less furnish them to Yugoslavia.

The U. S. embargo on satellite countries has shut off the only other major source of these supplies.



Houston College Life . . .

(Editor's Note: One of our foreign correspondents, Texingham J. Billingsley, is covering news, as he sees it, along the Gulf Coast. After checking the entire "system" T. J. finds that the University of Houston students have been exposed to study.)

By TEXINGHAM J. BILLINGSLEY
For quite some time now, I have been intending to visit the University of Houston.

As one of Houston's two contributions to higher education the university seemed worthy of personal. Then too, I have been hearing some interesting reports on campus life there.

Last Wednesday I decided to tour the city a bit. "Where" I inquired of a likely looking lad who was propping up a street lamp, "can I catch a bus to the Houston Country Club?"

"Whatcha wanna go there for?" rejoined the light company's little helper. "You can have a helluva lot better time out at the Univoi-sty."

It was then that I decided to look into the U of H.

The city bus deposited me south of town on a plain that was covered with well cut grass and a shady smattering of pines and backed by two or three low, neat, insignificant-looking buildings. It could have easily been a school, a city park or one of Jesse James' summer places. I was loathe to assume that this was the university.

Approaching me was a nattily attired youth, resplendent in bow tie, summer two-tones, a sport shirt, that looked like a hangover in technicolor, and encumbered by a set of golf clubs that gave him a definite starboard list.

Deciding to establish my position, I challenged the slanting sportsman. "Could you tell me how to find the Administration building?"

Carefully selecting a number two iron, sported pointed out one of the buildings. "That's it over there, but they're pretty busy now. Summer school, you know?"

"Oh," I rejoined with properly upraised eyebrows, "things are up more in the heat of the year eh?"
"Do they?" my informant appeared both startled and hurt, "why I got an afternoon class on Wednesdays besides this darn P. E.!"
The golf bag received a poison glance. "Man, that Musical Appreciation 313 is getting rough. Not just Benny Goodman records like they had last year, but they're slipping in Lionel Hampton and Frankie Carle now."

Trampling Out the Vintage . . .

Fledgling Pilot Didn't Receive Tower Warning; Loud Horn

By CHUCK MAISEL
The industrial age isn't all its cracked up to be. Planes nowadays have a warning horn that practically knocks your head off if you try to land with your wheels up. The Waco Times-Herald tells a story of a rookie who ignored the crackling warnings coming from the radio tower telling him he was about to land without wheels. Sure enough he came to earth in an old fashioned belly landing. "Why did you ignore our repeated warnings?" the tower personnel cried afterwards. The fledgling replied, "couldn't hear a word you were saying, a horn was blowing the whole time!"

The faces of the fire department in Denton were red. They were engaged in an important game of dominoes strictly at peace with the world when suddenly a woman came running in crying that there was smoke pouring out the rear of a building. What building? The fire house. It seems as though several mops had caught on fire in the rear of the station. One mop was a total loss.

One of the newest polls taken this election year was the one taken by the Tyler Courier Times which cleaned statistics from traffic cops on the most frequent excuses most frequently given for parking overtime. The excuses which ran first, second, and third respectively:

1. I've just been overtime a minute or two.
2. I've been to the doctor's office and couldn't leave.
3. I didn't have any change, and I've just come from that store where I got some nickles.

The Pampa News takes stock of the eccentricities of lightning. The other night a bolt struck the refrigerator of a Pampa resident, scorched the box, and burned out the electric motor. But the little light inside burned brightly as ever the next day. That

Sergeant of the Guard . . .

Edgewood Arsenal Correspondent 'Exposes' Army Reserve Training Methods in Maryland

By T. G. SMITH
The sole intent of this article is to completely expose the United States Reserve Army Training Program. It is all an insidious plot to undermine the feeling of security of America's young men. Our group of Texas A&M officer candidates now have the feeling that somewhere along the line we were sold out to the salt mines. We now understand why officers take things so easy. If they take training such as we are, they are still resting up.

When we first arrived, at Edgewood Arsenal they kept up the pretense for awhile. A car, with driver, was summoned to take us from the gate to the camp area. We were treated courteously and civilly and then—then it started, Monday morning. We were assigned tents in the midst of a dismal swamp area, laden with blankets and mosquito netting and acquainted with our immediate surroundings.

The aforementioned tents, our "home away from home" are unique, to say the least. They are hot in the daytime, cold at night, wet when it rains, dusty when it doesn't. Dick De Shazo, of Muleshoe, Texas had a great deal to say about them, which I fortunately didn't record. It would suffice to say that he preferred brick buildings. The mosquitoes, against "complete protection" also drew several guarded comments from Donald Barrett of Montgomery. The camp in general has aroused

Bear Foot Frank's Place Near Kelly Field Attracts Cadets

By J. T. MILLER
This week started out at Kelly Field with a bang. Today cadets of Squadron 11 (an all-Aggie group) had a lesson in chemical warfare. . . . Air Force version. Approximately 70 of us were marched down-wind from exploding vials filled with mustard, Lewisite, and chlorpicrin. Ostensibly the test was made to familiarize us with poisonous gases.

However, in the process a few of the troops were blinded temporarily, and uttered heart-rendering sobs of agony. Such stalwart cadets as Johnny Hammonds and J. D. Reitz suffered untold but discernible misery in the process. Oh, for the life of a Chemical Corps officer! (How's the odor at Edgewood Arsenal, by the way?)

The big event of camp will take place this Friday and Saturday. All of the men here are preparing for the little jaunt to Camp Ballis. Evidently the Air Force believes that all sirmen should be familiar with the customs and traditions of the Army. . . . and we are learning how Infantry officers feel at the end of a hard day. By Saturday noon the cadet wing will be in sad shape, no doubt.

is, with the door open. What happens when it is closed is still a mystery.

Patience is the most essential qualification for a good father. So says 1948's Father of the Year, George Biggar, a 36 year old employee of the Ford plant in Edgewater, N. J. His wife Doris conceded that her husband, father of four, is an exceptional man but she had a different criterion. He turns over his entire pay check to her, she says.

While on the subject of fathers, on the recent day in their honor one hundred men who were lined up for the noon meal at the Municipal Lodging House—a city-owned soup kitchen—in NYC received unexpected gifts. A woman who refused to give her name drove up in a chauffeured station wagon and walked down the line handing a \$1 bill to each man with the words: "A little something for Father's Day." Then she returned to her car and was driven away. No doubt some daddy had been nice to her once upon a time.

E. E. Johnson had an X-ray picture to prove his fish story today. Yesterday the 20 year old farmer from Douglas, Ga., was fishing in his usual manner—with his hands only. He grabbed a perch about four inches long. As was his custom, he put the fish's head between his teeth leaving his hands free to catch more. The fish flounced, slid down Johnson's throat and stuck. Johnson walked a mile and a half to his home where his father rushed him to a hospital in Douglas. The doctor there tried to pull the fish out but only succeeded in yanking off its tail. An ambulance was chartered and Johnson was hurried off 200 miles to an Atlanta hospital where doctors pushed the fish on down.

"Been fishing all my life and always put the fish head between my teeth like that," he said today, "Most times I clamp two fish that way. But I never had one jump down my throat before."

The entire A&M group have, of course, been given those "form fitting" army issue uniforms. They present a most inspiring sight when resplendent in full uniform. The field gacks also add a colorful note not to be neglected.

Well, the time grows short, and the major grows nearer, so this will have to do for the present. In closing, I might add that Marshall Findley of Dallas has only one complaint, that being he is of Dallas and not in Dallas. (A most general complaint if you were to insert the hometowns of the respective boys.)

Next time I'll try to mention the A&M baseball team that has been challenging all yankees. Bill Wheeler of Victoria is the guiding hand in this fine organization. All the boys mentioned so far, supplemented by Francisco Gouveira, help make up the team. Well, enough for now. You'll hear more later.

T. G. Smith, Sergeant of the Guard, Acting Commander of the Guard, Acting Officer of the Day (sounds good, doesn't it)

"Economic Man" Results From 17 Years of Study

"Economic Man," the first attempt to synthesize economics with the findings of biological science, will be published in late July, the Columbia University Press, has announced.

The author, C. Reinold Noyes, is chairman of the National Bureau of Economic Research. He is an economist who has spent 17 years studying biology, physiology, and psychology.

The book offers a documented theory of human motivation which appears to refute the major views of human behavior on which current economic theories rest. The book may mark a milestone in the coordination of the sciences, Noyes stated.

KISSES LOSE IN BATTLE FOR GERMANY

BERLIN—(AP) Hard times have made the kiss unfashionable in Germany, according to the German press. "The sentimental kiss, the insignificant family kiss are out of place," the newspaper "Nacht Express" found. "Hard times usually limit sentimental expressions to an absolute minimum." The newspaper said it found kissing in public also had "grown more seldom."

"Since the housewife has been freed from the seclusion of the home and participates in all daily happenings, the attitude of the sexes toward one another has become more open and unaffected. Even young people in love no longer feel it as necessary to make the world a witness of their love."