

Battalion EDITORIALS

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

Cluttered Rooms Bode No Good...

Cluttered minds, like cluttered floors, bode no good for anyone. We often discuss the cluttered mind and the methods which we think should be employed to clear it up. Cluttered floors now present a problem. We don't expect classroom floors to be swept, blackboards to be washed, or waste cans to be emptied daily, but we do believe that such little chores could be done weekly. Certain classrooms, particularly in the Academic Building, have not been swept since the beginning of the summer semester. The blackboards still have part of

the instructor's orientation caricatures on it. Cigarette stubs and pieces of paper clutter the floor. Coke bottles are scattered about the rooms and behind the doors. Armies of ants have not only moved in, but they have established summer quarters in some of the rooms. Janitorial help may be scarce during the summer, but we don't think it's unobtainable. Obviously more help or more ambition will be required to perform the work satisfactorily. A clean floor, a clean blackboard, and desks lined up once a week would lend an air more conducive to learning.

The 'Draft' And General Eisenhower...

General Eisenhower is confronted today with the same problem that is facing millions of Americans—the draft. These the similarity ends. Eisenhower doesn't want to be drafted as the Democratic presidential nominee and has been long and loud in his statements emphasizing that fact. It is obvious why all this confusion has settled on the doorstep of Columbia's new president. The Democratic party is split and that split is widening every day. The anti-Truman forces within the party are looking for a man to carry them to victory in November and they have settled on the General as the most likely prospect. This has occurred despite his statement that he could not "accept nomination for any political office or participate in partisan political contests." If he had said that just once those forces might be justified in pursuing their plans to draft the General. But he has said it many times and Monday he said that although he was "profoundly touched by the renewed suggestion that he could satisfactorily fill a high public of-

rice," he had not changed his mind since telling the Republicans last January he was not available. The Atlanta Constitution has suggested in an editorial that in 1952 the picture might be changed. It even says that Eisenhower has been reliably reported to have expressed interest in a 1952 presidential draft. Now, however, the anti-Truman forces in the Democratic party are frantic in their attempts to get the General to accept the draft movement they plan next week. Every word Eisenhower utters, they twist in one form or another so as to make it appear that all the "not available" talk is just so much smokescreen. These people are not doing the party any good. They are not doing their chances of election any good either. Unless they can produce a capable candidate who is willing to accept the nomination, it would be better for the party and the country as a whole to take General Eisenhower's statements for fact and mend the rift in the party which, among other things, threatens to cost them the election in November.

Beyond the Line of Duty...

Fred Hickman has courage. We don't mean the ordinary kind that is required to discharge the duties required of him in Campus Security. Courage might not show itself there for several years. Monday evening Hickman demonstrated that characteristic which most men boast of but few are ever forced to prove. A man had a .45 pistol pointed at

Hickman and covered Hickman as he moved in. Yet Hickman approached the open door with a full stride bearing neither to right or left. When challenged, the man refused to surrender. The gun continued to point unwavering at Hickman. Hickman asked the man to drop his gun the second time, and only then was the gun dropped. Yes, Fred Hickman has courage.

Am a native San Franciscan and wish to visit and try out, fully, a life time of study and research and treating so-called hopeless cases and afflictions, as well as accidents, from a spiritual basis, no contact. Infants and children also. No fees, no promises and nothing to sell. I would like to hear from those who might remember my telepathic code, 3-899,607. The best way to reach me is by card or letter. Raymond A. Cruza, 2478 18th Avenue, S. F. 16, Calif. — Adv. in the San Francisco Progress.

During the questioning today, Bramblet said, Mrs. Abner related that after her husband had gone to the barn she followed him with a shotgun, walked up behind him and shot him in the women's branch of the back of the head. —Louisville Courier-Journal. Couldn't be a worse place. The average consumer has suspected for some time that Jesse James was still alive.

Mrs. Mary Potts—Her Dream of a Vine-Covered Cottage Came True, But Her Employment of It Was Cut Short When Her Husband Murdered Her and Buried Her Body in the Cellar.—The American Weekly.

An all too miscellaneous household. HAMLET, by William Shakespeare (Vision, \$2.50). A psychoanalytic study of Ernest Jones, M. D., with drawings by F. Roberts Johnson.—From "Books Out Today," in the Herald Tribune. Clears up that mystery.

The Battalion

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Yantis Reports Feeble Kentucky Race Horses Enroute to Houston

By IVAN YANTIS

ON A FARM TO MARKET ROAD IN TENNESSEE—(Special)—At last I am in God's country again. The difference between Tennessee and Pennsylvania is unbelievable. Corn pone and turnip greens three times a day here, but in Philadelphia they have not yet discovered that delicious dish. This vacation is just what I needed before going back for the Democratic Convention.

This is strictly a non-political tour. I am not mentioning any candidate yet for fear of a landslide. The Democrats are so eager to find a man to run that any suggestions I might make would throw the country into a turmoil. Don't think that I am neglecting my duty as the servant of the people though. My eyes are open to any man who might be qualified to run.

The hotels in this part of the country are much better than those in Philadelphia. The rates are much more reasonable. Usually, if I let the manager take a ride on my motor scooter I can stay for nothing. The "horseless carriage" seems to be a novelty in this state.

My trip through Kentucky enlightened me on one thing. I had always wondered what happens to the race horses after they have retired from the track and are old and feeble. A truckload of them passed me on the highway and a large banner tacked on the side said "Houston Meat Packing Company." It is rumored that a law is before the Kentucky Legislature requiring all horses sent to Houston be registered through there.

I got my greatest thrill in life when I pulled into Memphis. A brass band was there to meet me and escort me to the fairgrounds where a large celebration was underway. The people were eating Crumpburgers and drinking Crump Cola. The new 1948 Crumpmobile was on display, and a large crowd had gathered there.

I even had a room in the Crump Hotel. Sensing that this oft repeated word must have some significance, I inquired at the desk about it. The clerk informed me that the next president of the United States desired to be remembered in some way. I intend to look into this man's qualifications as a candidate.

My next stop will be Oak Ridge. Just a routine check-up to see that everything is running smoothly. As a citizen of the United States and Brazos County, I feel that it is my obligation to help in any way I can. Probably I will not be able to include a report of my activities there in my next dispatch. Everything is so confidential. Nevertheless I will continue to report conditions in the various sections of the country just as I see them. There is altogether too much prejudice among correspondents today.

Random Thoughts...

\$10,000 Limit Not Practical

By CARROLL TRAIL

For the second time this year the leading candidates for senator have had their financial backing challenged. And in each instance they were accused of exceeding the \$10,000 limit.

The first charge came last May from former US Representative Martin Dies. Then a potential candidate himself, he requested that Attorney General Price Daniels conduct an investigation of the other candidates. Daniels refused, passing the buck on to the local district attorneys, saying that it was their job.

Last week, F. B. Clark, one of the less-prominent senatorial aspirants and former head of the Economics Department here, echoed Dies' charges by sending Lyndon Johnson, Coke Stevenson, and George Peddy a letter asking them how they can wage such an intense campaign and remain within the prescribed limit. He added in the note that if each did not give an answer which will satisfy his lawyer, he will ask for an "investigation by a grand jury to find out whether or not your name should be eliminated from the ballot."

He makes no statement concerning the evidence which he has to prove that there is a violation. His press release only said that from the figures quoted him by various radio stations, it appeared that the broadcasts alone would exceed \$10,000.

With so much smoke there is bound to be a little fire. It is apparent that the limit is being exceeded. Radio broadcasts, helicopter jaunts, and state-wide campaign tours would easily run an expense account higher than \$10,000.

If the law is to continue to remain active, an investigation leading to a more rigid enforcement is needed. Even now the statute has been dormant so long that it has lost all practical significance.

If, however, the limit is not to be enforced, it would be better to repeal it rather than to permit continued violation. Laws are made to be obeyed, not to be winked at.

Despite territorial losses since World War II, the British Commonwealth of Nations still has more than half a billion people and covers some 18,000,000 square miles.

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Trampling Out the Vintage...

Communists Cause Commotion For Complaining China Crows

By CHUCK MAISEL

A crises has arisen in China that is as serious as the British coal shortage. Chinese crows coming home from a hard day down at the rice fields, peck weary and scratch sore, are finding no sort limo to balance their weary feet on. They have become victims of the Chinese civil war in so far as the government drive against the Communists forces has cleared the countryside of places for the crows to roost.

Many inventive crows have started to roost on houses and churches, but unfortunately, this isn't appreciated by the building owners. A plea has been made to the crows for them to adopt the habit of roosting on the ground, but the crows got all up in the air about it and said that if they were going to be left out of something, they wanted to be left out on a limb.

Some of the more refined crows, used to roosting in nothing but cherry trees in full bloom, picketed a number of hall-tree factories bearing placards that read "Nevermore". Some pauper named Poe turned in the idea of rounding up all the paid dusts or fanns just above people's chamber doors and letting the crows roost on them. He said that this worked very well for him and that he still has one roosting above his chamber door, still a sittin', never flittin'. The Chinese officials fear that Mr. Poe is just a raven maniac though.

No solution has been found to the crow's problem yet, and they are getting pretty bitter about the whole thing. In a recent interview with the leader of the Chinese crows, Wing (Flop) Low, he said emphatically, "We crows are getting plenty tired of flying around, we want a let down in living standards."

When you call a policeman in Bangkok, be sure you get a \$2 a month man, not a two-bit one. One group joins the force voluntarily. These make 30 ticals a month. That's slightly less than two of the U. S. long green. The remainder of the force are draftees assigned to the job by the Army. They are paid four ticals a month—about 25 cents.

The police director general says this disparity in pay makes poor cops out of the conscripts. He asked the finance ministry for more money. The budget boys turned him down. Wonder how much the KK's are paid.

A news item from Singapore tells of the consternation of the local population caused by the large amount of land devoted to burial places on Singapore Island. Because of the high cost of maintaining the cemeteries, a commission is recommending the building of a public crematorium. The Minister of Cemeteries says that he's burned up about the whole thing.

What, No Hillbilly Band?...

'Uncle Mac' MacKrell Outdoes 'Pappy' With Evangelical Approach to Arkansas Politics

By FRANK WELCH

Word has been received via mountain mule that Arkansas is graced these days with a political star of such magnitude and genius that the backwoods people are flocking to his cause in droves. Yes, James E. ("Uncle Mac") MacKrell is rejuvenating hillbilly politics with a twist that even "Pappy" overlooked (if it's possible that Pappy overlooked any method of securing votes).

Evangelism and politics, it would seem, should not be mixed under any circumstances, but Uncle Mac is employing a "gospel approach" with amazing results. Presenting himself as the only individual in Arkansas who gives a hoot about the farm folk and implementing his platform with a complete repertoire of old spirituals, the 45 year old gubernatorial aspirant has wooed his listeners into a state of ecstasy. Uncle Mac is no dumb-bunny, he knows how to get close to the Arkansans.

Leads "Heart-Warmer"

Uncle Mac and his quartet (strictly a capella) set the tempo of each political gathering with a snappy rendition of "Keep on the Firing Line." Following this opening number, note Mac, who doesn't know one note from another, takes over the reins with a "heart-warmer" called "Everybody Will Be Happy Over There." (Uncle Mac exudes "casualness" while he sings, standing relaxed with hands thrust in pockets).

He always enumerates his qualifications at the beginning of each speech, announcing he is a Master Mason, a veteran of two wars, and a Christian for 11 years. He was a sinner and admits it. "I've consumed enough liquor to float a battleship," he recalls. "Some of that bunch in the state Education Department say I'm a woman-chaser. Well, maybe I did chase a few of them years ago, but I didn't catch up with many of them." The women in the audience smile; the men look at the

floor and snicker, and Uncle Mac brushes a tear away.

"Forgiven Now"

"The Lord has forgiven me, and I hope you will do the same," appeals the reformed one. Uncle Mac is a psychologist among his people. He knows what they think about the big-city politicians, and he takes advantage of this knowledge to strengthen his platform which includes abolition of a gasoline tax for farmers.

"Down in Little Rock," he says, "where the smart men live, they say that farmers would siphon the gas out of the tractors and use it in their cars. But I'd rather trust the honesty of any farmer than that gang in Little Rock."

In the midst of his tirade against the 40 year reign of Arkansas politicians, Uncle Mac and his boys give out with an appropriate selection called "I'm On the Battlefield for My Lord." Before the closing song, he delivers the knockout blow by showing slides of his two homes for unwanted children.

Seated before a microphone behind the screen, Uncle Mac utilizes the dramatic possibilities to their fullest extent. Out of the darkness, his voice is heard: "Do you see that boy? He is a congenital syphilitic. His father died of the disease. His mother is in the insane asylum. Within five years he will be a useful citizen. Our doctor has great hopes for him."

Those next two boys were

taken from an assignment house at Pine Bluff. Their mother operated the place. You ought to hear them pray and teach Sunday School classes.

Another slide is shown. "The father of these four little girls is here tonight. How long has their mother been in the Asylum, Jim?" "Three years," answers Jim out of the darkness.

Minister Closes. Before calling a minister out of the audience for a closing prayer, Uncle Mac "sends" the audience with his fabulous arrangement of "Way Down Deep in My Soul."

Following the prayer, the politician-evangelist-crowner and protector - of - unwanted-children casually meanders to the door with a bucket to receive any donations.

"Thank you," says Uncle Mac as he squeezes every hand. "May God Bless you."

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