

Battalion EDITORIALS

Page 2 WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

Cause for Renewed Assurance . . .

The Christian Herald, a reliable and respected religious publication, reported Friday that church membership in this country increased 3,713,006 in the year 1947.

Fifty-three percent of the nation's population now belong to some church. This percentage represents a total of 77,386,188 persons. In 1890, the Herald stated, only 22 percent of the population were church members.

While the Jewish congregations had not yet supplied their figures for the year 1947, the gains made in the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches evidenced that more and more people in our country are turning to the Church in these times of international strife.

The Catholic church showed a gain of

3.5 percent over 1946, increasing its membership to 25,286,178. The Protestant churches, divided into 11 major denominations, showed an increase of 2.6 percent bringing its total membership to 33,587,573.

The largest of the Protestant denominations—Methodist, Southern Baptist, National Baptist Convention, U. S. A., National Baptist Convention of America, and the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.—all showed significant increases as well as many of the smaller denominations.

All people of all denominations should take heart in the fact that in these days of national danger, threats of war, and internal political squabbling, the people are turning in greater numbers to the church for guidance and assurance.

Note-Taking And Studying, Section One . . .

Presumably everyone who comes to college hopes to pack away some knowledge before he is handed his sheepskin and helped along the road of life with a handshake and some oratory. However, in the rush to get the newly arrived student into class, the problem of how to make the best use of the material to be presented in the class is often neglected.

Once in college the student is taught a variety of subjects, some he enjoys, some he does not. The problem of getting something useful out of each subject could be made more enjoyable, or less distasteful, if when he entered college, he were taught how to take good class notes and how to use them.

The average college student makes a half-hearted attempt at note-taking that may or may not produce the desired results in the notebook. Some never get anything more helpful than the prof's room number recorded, while a very few take

good notes and are able to take full advantage of them.

While some students probably will never master note-taking and studying, we believe it would be to the advantage of both the student and the college if all entering freshmen and others who desired, were given an opportunity to attend a series of classes devoted entirely to the two subjects.

The series should be designed to equip the student to get the most out of every course. It should be short, concise, and practical. Obviously a course in shorthand would be a waste of time to most students, but a few shortcuts in note-taking could be passed-on in an hour or so.

Along the same line, a course in the psychology of studying, while it might be helpful, should come later in the college career, but some tips on how to study and how to use the notes taken in class would be of immeasurable value.

Such a series deserves consideration.

American Advertisers Go Wild, Again . . .

If any of our readers are looking for a "companion for carefree moments . . . a dainty, fun-loving dream," one that will put "laughter in your heart and a song on your lips," it is now yours for the asking, but you may have to wait a while to get it.

This companion is one to make "your spirits run high." With it you can "seek the unspoiled spots and strange scenes" where you can "settle back . . . with a smile, for THIS is fun." This dream isn't the ordinary kind of dream either, but one "ready to thrill those 'special' kinds

of people of every age who tire of the ordinary and always seek the uncommon."

What is this extravaganza of life, love and the pursuit of happiness? Have the doors of Hollywood opened to disgorge thousands of beautiful women to help the lonely man get "more out of living?"

No, this necessity for full happiness is one that comes and goes at your command; one that never loses its temper; never leaves home without your consent and returns at your bidding or so the manufacturers claim, for this is no fickle thing like woman; this is the Jeepster.

A friend who is going to spend a couple of weeks in Canada "roughing it" thinks that means without a radio in camp.

A famous sportsman says, big game hunting really isn't dangerous. Of course not. The danger starts after you find it.

W. E. White, head of the Forest Service, recalled its start in 1915 when four patrolmen mounted on horses shinned up a tree occasionally to look for smoke and then sounded a warning.—Dallas Morning News.

As nice a beginning as any Service could have.

In Alaska, the price of a haircut is \$2. That explains why sourdoughs in the movies always wear long hair.

We like this commercial from Art Baker's Notebook, KFI (Los Angeles): "If a bee gets in your car these spring driving days, don't kill him—shoo him out gently and bid him Godspeed. He might be on his way to make that wonderful Miller's honey."

Actually, we suppose Columbus was the original tourist who started out to see America first.

The Battalion

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Amplification Department

By CARROLL TRAIL. Yesterday in my 606 Math class, we had a problem that caused much discussion. As a matter of fact, the professor in charge became so entangled that he had to dismiss class. Even today, there was much tension and little was accomplished in class.

The problem, simple in appearance, is quite tricky and calls for astute thinking. This is it: If a hen and a half can lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs can six hens lay in seven days? Your esteemed opinion would help to clarify the situation and to put the classroom work back to normal.

Yours sincerely, M. T. Answer: Well, M. T., your problem is a stickler. No ordinary mathematician could work it, and we had to call in our board of experts. According to the way they figure, if a hen and a half can lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, then a hen and a half could lay two-thirds of an egg in one day. Taking two-thirds of this, to find how much one hen can lay, the experts got four-ninths of an egg. In other words, according to our learned mathematicians, one hen can lay 4/9 of an egg a day, or 28/9 eggs in seven days. Therefore, six hens could lay 86/3 eggs in seven days. Our mathematicians hasten to advise you that they used their slide rules and the result is only an approximation.

In the Bryan Daily Eagle, July 14 in the section under legal notices, headed by "Notice of Sale of School Property" was this announcement: "One African crocodile is said to have killed and eaten between 40 and 50 people before it was shot."

It's about time they sold it. Dear Sir: I have a problem that has bothered me for quite sometime. I have turned to everyone I know except you, and no one can give me a satisfactory answer.

It's just this: Is there a dormitory 13? I have consulted the General Information bulletin and the blue book, and I have watched intramural news in the Battalion. Never have I heard mention of such a dormitory. Sincerely, J. B.

Because of lack of space, J. B., I'm afraid that I will have to answer your request next time. In the meantime I shall check with the college architect, and the chief of housing.

Between the Bookends . . .

'All Things Considered' Best Of H. V. O'Brien's Columns

By T. NANNEY. All Things Considered by Howard Vincent O'Brien, The Bobbs-Merrill Company Publishers, Copyright 1948. Chicago is sometimes more than supermarket, transportation center and hog butcherer of the world. It can lay aside its meat cleaver and butchers' apron, put on a smoking jacket and light a pipe, it can curl up in an easy chair and read with pleasure the palaver of its literary sons. In 1932 the first column of "All Things Considered" appeared in the Chicago Daily News. That was the beginning of a memorable series.

Chicago had produced another great son. From then until his death in 1947 Chicago laughed and howled or bowed its head as Howard Vincent O'Brien commanded it. His rare gifts commanded instant appreciation from both the public and his professional colleagues.

His greatest gift was for the comic. The absurd incongruities of our existence he kidded and prodded derisively; but the incongruities in his own life he also revealed to the world. He was often serious but never with himself. The story of his hundred-dollar panama hat is a saga of exposed human frailty. It's as funny as Benecky and much more civilized. I would like to say that O'Brien was cosmopolitan and urban but western people think that cosmopolitans are stuffed shirts—and O'Brien was not a stuffed shirt.

Chicago could not have loved a stuffed shirt. Al Capone wanted O'Brien to write his "official" biography and had his record studied to see if he was safe.

The biography was never written but if you are interested in the Capone era, O'Brien's memoirs can give you some valuable sidelights and amusing revelations about underworld characters.

All Things Considered is a collection of the best of O'Brien's columns. The editors have done an excellent job. The book has unity, vigor and universality that belie its eclectic nature. This is the greatest tribute that can be paid a journalist. I wouldn't dare wrap fish with O'Brien, but O'Brien would have dared. You will like his book.

Sneak Previews . . .

"Dream" Becomes "Nightmare" In Current Betty Hutton Movie

By ANDY DAVIS and BILLY SHIPP. Dream Girl (Paramount), starring Betty Hutton, Macdonald Carey and Patric Knowles. Dream Girl may have been a successful Broadway stage play, but it is a nightmare on the screen. This is one movie that is as painful to review, as it was to sit through.

Betty Hutton plays the daughter of a wealthy family, who in simple terms "doesn't get around." Her life is completely resolved around her dreams, and no matter what situation arises, her dreams take command with resulting consequences.

Miss Hutton is in a daze 85 minutes of the time, the movie only lasting 85 minutes. Macdonald Carey finally brings Miss Hutton down to earth, but not without much difficulty.

Walter Abel, Peggy Wood, and Virginia Field are competent in the supporting roles, but Zarnah Cunningham, the broken-down singing instructor, offers the most laughs in the picture. Casey is first class in his role, and Miss Hutton does the best she can with the part given her. Betty

Trampling Out the Vintage . . .

Individualism Comes to Fore As Telephone Operator Quits

By FRANK CUSHING

Periodically a story appears in the news of some rugged individual who breaks the chains of social conventions. In our inhibition-fettered country it's refreshing to read of these too few incidents.

The small village of Ripley, Maine, witnessed one of these events recently. A romantic-bitten, but obviously bitter, telephone operator left her position with a quiet touch.

Just before she left the town to be married she cut all the switchboard wires because she was tired of "this 'number please' business."

There really ought to be a reward offered for those socially rebellious characters that can come out frankly and state "to . . . with it!"

A hoist artist in New Jersey showed real consideration for his victims. In view of the weather conditions around here lately it would be a down right pleasure to be held up by a person of his type.

The thoughtful individual placed employees and customers of a restaurant in a huge refrigerator while he awaited the manager who had the safe combination. After the manager had arrived, opened the safe, and joined the others in the cooler, the bandit departed somewhat richer.

The gunman exhibited sufficient thought for the comfort of his prey by selecting the freezer for storing them. However, that was not all. To appease any jerry nardy souls who might have suffered from the exposure, the

genial fellow doled out whiskey to keep them warm.

Comparable to the oft told tales of combat soldiers receiving their "Greetings" is the plight of a man in Philadelphia. He received a letter from the city that if he did not immediately remit his overdue taxes of five dollars and thirty-five cents, he faced court action.

The receiver was not frightened too much by the threats of punishment, however. It seems that he was residing in a county, convicted of murder, awaiting the state executor to do his job.

Oklahoma City decided recently that it would be much simpler all the way around to return one of their patrolmen to walking a beat. After he had had four squad car wrecks in less than a year, it was believed that the officer's talents definitely did not include driving.

A man and his wife in Babylon, New York, found that it doesn't pay to be too friendly with strangers. The couple ambled out of a drugstore Saturday night and encountered a friendly crow.

The crow said "Hello." The man not wanting to be mistaken for a snob said "Hello." Then to lure the bird closer for further chat, the husband dangled a chain attached to his car keys, driver's license, and car registration in front of the crow's beak.

The rude conversationalist grabbed the entire set and flew off. The duped couple still haven't recovered their papers and keys.

And Then There's Pigalle . . .

'Schooling It' Rugged In Paris, Former A&M Student Says; No Aggie Confetti Anywhere

By MACK T. NOLEN

(Battalion foreign correspondent Mack T. Nolen is attending school in Paris this summer. The following letter is the first report of his activities on the Continent.) No, the ship didn't sink; I've just been awfully busy filling my eyes with Paris. And it's like partying with the Aga Khan's birthday present to lay the proper amount of francs on the line for air-mail stamps. Even the money corresponding to our pennies is paper money here, and each five franc note is like five dollars till you get used to it.

We had what might be termed an uneventful voyage—only one man sea-sick and he didn't touch food for ten days. He was not of our party, however.

About four days out of Le Havre the weather turned off cold and for ten days we saw the sun only spasmodically. I'm told it's typical French weather.

We hit Le Havre on the 13th of July, the eve of their Independence Day, and joined right in with the merry-making throng, shouting "Vive le Third Republic" at the top of our voices until one of the

crowd told us France now has its Fourth republic. Chagrined, we retired.

The afternoon of Bastille Day we walked all over Paris, a stunt which was done only once before in history, and then in 1837 when the city was considerably smaller. Never again. But it's truly a wonderful place. The streets are antique-looking but clean, lined with tall Renaissance buildings of carved stone, and statues are omnipresent. The plan of the city was obviously drawn up by an idiot—the streets dash off every which way, come into picturesque squares or just stop dead—but there was method in his madness. The effect is extremely pleasing.

The pedestrians and drivers have a tacit agreement here concerning the right-of-way—if you can make it, good for you; if you misclick late, you're a lousy bum for fouling up the order of the system. However, I saw something the other day that dumb-founded me. Preparing to cross the street from the Louvre to the foot bridge over the Seine, we saw a sign above a

button, saying "Push the button before crossing." Having nothing to lose, we tried it. It was truly remarkable to see traffic grind to a halt for blocks along the street, but we didn't know the reason. Finally it dawned. The cars stopped for us. The button turned on the stop light and gave us the right-of-way. We ambled across and the autos resumed their deadly race.

Night of July 22—This is a memorable night for us; we just finished bathing! That might sound rather odd to your well-washed American ears but over here it's no joke. Hot water exists only in story books and in establishments specially devoted to selling baths. Every so often, when we get to smelling worse than the cheeses they serve here, we hike down to the "bain" and come out smelling of Camay. This was the high and feel the reason. Finally it dawned. The palace and places we want to see all have a strange habit of closing their gates the moment we arrive to gape. Last Sunday we went out to Versailles, the palace was closed. We went to Les Invalides and it shut up that instant. It's a plot, I tell you! But the Louvre people we caught unawares and they didn't have time to close before we were inside. They have huge collections of Egyptian, Roman, Greek, Renaissance, and other period art there. We satisfied ourselves with seeing the first three collections when we went, because to see any more would have been wasted.

And then there's Pigalle—bright lights, painted women, and beautiful Americans. The French can spot Americans at a glance and they slide up and ask, "Got any thangs to sell?" If you have—dollars, cigarettes, candy, clothes—they will give a pretty fair price. But the most magnificent swindle is gasoline.

The French government allows each American coupons for 200 liters (500 with car) which cost only like hot cakes for about 10,000 francs or roughly \$35. It amounts to the government subsidizing you if you put a few dollars in circulation.

Our school is rather rugged. Not only has one the language barrier to get over, but they have hours that would curl your hair. I speak only for this summer course; the regular course is in class almost no time. We go from 9-12, 2:30-6. The course is in the morning devoted to French grammar, vocabulary, phonetics, the afternoon gives with French history, literature, and arts.

Living is cheap over here, but there are certain inconveniences. Aggie confetti is scarce than a cow's udder. Light bulbs run up to and including 5 watts and give off a gleam like a candle in a hurricane. The water, cold of course, is turned off at night, so flushing of toilets isn't done. (Maybe some places do have water at night.) In describing conditions as I have lived through them.

By far the most disconcerting thing to the American Pallett is the French manner of serving meals course by course. They think of everything at once, but a meal of mashed potatoes, followed by cabbage, then meat, then lettuce, then coffee just doesn't ring true. However, you become accustomed to it. All this afforsaid fare is washed down with wine, main course. A French meal usually takes over two hours, thus our extended lunch time.

Transportation Corps Cadets Learning Latest Techniques

By J. M. RUSSELL

Twenty-six Aggies of the Transportation Corps are eagerly absorbing the latest techniques of transportation by truck, rail, and water at Fort Eustis, Va.

In order to get into the real workings of convoys, the first thing in order was a truck convoy trip to New York to inspect the port and its harbor facilities.

After giving the port and its facilities the once over, the Cadets went back to Fort Eustis to actually perform some of the feats such as stevedoring and harbor craft handling, which they had observed.

Railroading has come in for a study by the Cadets, also. Besides a study of the railroads of foreign countries, a conducted tour of the C & O Railroad yards of Newport News, Virginia, was made. This port has a huge device capable of bodily picking up an entire coal car and dumping its contents into a waiting ship.

The most exciting experience

that the Cadets have had thus far, besides the week-end dates, dances, and parties, was the two days spent at Fort Story driving Amphibious Trucks, DUKWS. Driving over the sand course and the hard surface course was mild excitement compared to the ride in the surging surf on the Virginia beach. It seemed as though the DUKWS would be swamped any minute by the huge waves, but none of them were.

Mooring these DUKWS to a wharf was practiced too. Most of the time during the week is spent in learning some phase of transportation.

However, the cadets find it easy to go through the week with the thought that the week-end offers a dance, party, or a side trip to some historic landmark in the vicinity.

This week-end an overnight trip to the Annapolis Naval Base is scheduled—army men in a navy stronghold!

'Not Me, Sarge' Is New Motto Of Eager Young Lieutenants

By WILLIAM ADAIR

Eager young lieutenants-to-be at the Camp Hood ROTC Camp at Camp Hood, Texas, are beginning to lose the starchy-eyed freshness and devotion to duty that characterized their first two weeks in camp.

At first the cadets went out of their way to do each and every detail to perfection, and when extra duty details were being selected, there were numerous hands raised.

After two weeks of indoctrination in the Why's, Wherefores and "Not me, Sarge, I'm going on school" of army life, the Aggies are doing-off with all the casual perfection of old soldiers.

Two veterans led the ROTC students through the non-quitting practice rounds while in the M-1 rifle range during the first part of the week.

R. L. Laurence from Omadita College, Arkansas, led the first day with a score of 225 out of a total of 245. On the following day, however, J. M. "Pet" Jones, from A&M overtook Laurence and led up on top of the pack with a total of 435 out of a possible 450.

Laurence served with the 38th Infantry Regiment, and Jones with the 97th Infantry Division. Both expect to graduate from their respective schools in June of 1948.