

# Battalion EDITORIALS

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

## Somebody Has to Get It Started . . .

A&M can be justly proud of its service organizations. The directors of the college have divided responsibility and relegated authority wisely. Each problem that arises can be handled efficiently and immediately by that particular arm of the college which is involved. The machinery for solving the schools various problems is excellently designed. This is as it should be.

But efficient machinery alone can not solve the problems that arise. Machinery of any type requires an appropriate fuel and intelligent direction. Unfortunately, these two are not always provided; they are always necessary.

An illustration of this can be seen in the traffic snarls on the campus. Had the campus machinery been furnished with fuel and properly directed this problem could have been minimized. The machinery has lain idle. The problem is getting worse.

There is one particular point in the campus traffic flow which needs immediate attention. This is found on the road between Shisa Hall and Aggie Inn.

Three roads pour their traffic into this narrow constriction. A smooth flow of traffic is hard to achieve. It is further complicated by the presence of a bus stop in front of Aggie Inn.

A new bus stop is absolutely necessary. The narrow street can not carry the load imposed on it when its capacity is cut in half by a parked bus. If a new bus stop deeper in the campus is not practical then the bus should be rerouted.

In this case the campus machinery needs gas. Intelligent direction has been offered. The Campus Police have been working on this constricted traffic flow for a number of months. They have arrived at no workable solution . . . which does not require capital expense. Money must be provided to help them solve this problem.

The troubles will be accentuated in September. More cars will crowd our narrow campus streets, more students will jay waltz and rabbit hop in front of these cars. Accidents are invited by such a condition.

We have the machinery. We have the direction. Lets give it the gas.

## The Taft-Hartley Law Must Be Retained . . .

One of the biggest drawing cards on this year's election fight will be the issue of the Taft-Hartley law. The Democrats have pledged themselves to repeal the law while the Republicans have pledged only to continue to "study to improve labor-management legislation in the light of experience and changing conditions."

Admittedly the Taft-Hartley law is not a cure-all for labor-management woes. It is difficult to imagine any bill that would be, but the law does at least partially fill a gap that has long existed in the American industrial picture.

When President Truman was faced with a devastating coal strike early in his term of office the nation's industry was at a virtual stand-still. The president spoke to Congress and pleaded for labor legislation that he might use to cope with the situation. Congress gave him a bill which, although not word for word what he asked for by any means, contained many of his requests.

Since the day the Taft-Hartley Bill became law it has been the target of countless suits designed to test its power. From these suits has evolved a picture that is not nearly as dark as union leaders would have the union member and the public as a whole believe. It does curb union power, but in curbing that power it has given the individual worker freedom to exercise his own will. It has given protection to the union worker and to the employer while at the same time impos-

ing responsibility for labor-management actions upon both labor and management. It does impose restrictions, but the law is not as terrible as some would have us believe.

An outright repeal of the Taft-Hartley law would not be a wise move. It would be better if it were retained and amended to suit changing conditions. The law is a step, perhaps a faltering one, but it is the right direction.

In the past there have been times when, figuratively, management was "in the saddle," and it rode its charges unmercifully. However, there have been times when the position was reversed and labor was "in the saddle," and it showed no more inclination to spare the whip and the spurs than did its predecessor.

Both labor and management need education designed to teach them that the best interests of each must be considered. Each will have to give ground in future dealings, but labor and management must learn that they have a definite obligation to one another. There is an undercurrent in the Taft-Hartley law which shows a tendency to impress labor and management with that responsibility.

Until a better law is drawn up, the Taft-Hartley law must be retained, for although it may be a faltering step, it is a step forward in labor-management relations, whereas its repeal could not help but be a step backward.

EXPLANATORY head in a column on behavior in the Clarksburg (W. Va.) Telegram:

"Goon Manners Are A Social Asset Everywhere."

Even more mysterious than the way of a man with a maid is how you get 10 years older than the girls who were your same age in school.

## The Battalion

The Battalion, official newspaper of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas and the City of College Station, Texas, is published five times a week and circulated every Monday through Friday afternoon, except during holidays and examination periods. During the summer The Battalion is published tri-weekly on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Subscription rate \$4.80 per school year. Advertising rates furnished on request.

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## Amplification Department

By CARROLL TRAIL

Dear Sir:  
I would like to know why my undershirts have to be laundry-marked on the neckline rather than on the tail or some inconspicuous place.  
If I wear a sport shirt, the "un-sightly" "GP4" is there for every one to see.  
I have become a social peanut. My friends shun me. One would think I used the wrong kind of soap or toothpaste.  
If you can do anything to remedy the situation, I would certainly appreciate it.  
Much obliged,  
O. G.

numbers was incorporated into the mark.  
It wasn't long before the marking system lost its significance and names were lost. Men were not referred to as Smith or Brown, but, instead, by their laundry marks.  
The administration saw the impossibility of this situation and started the handshaking tradition which has stuck.  
But the laundry mark has stayed. Nowhere else in the southwest can one have his clothes individualized for everyone to see. O. G., you are just a stupid little knucklehead. You don't appreciate a good thing when you see it.

Answer:  
O. G., I am ashamed of you. Apparently you are not a true Aggie or you would know that the system of laundry-marking is a forerunner of one of our oldest traditions; i. e., introducing yourself to all your fellow students.  
When the college was founded, all students were required to print their names on their clothing, thus making it possible for all the students to know their colleagues' handles. However, this process of labeling one's clothes was too slow.  
Rex Smoltz, then head of the college laundry, volunteered that department's service to label the clothes. And since there were only a limited number of letters in the stamping machine, a system of

Dear Sir:  
Say, C. C., I think we ought to have a bird dog for a mascot.  
If everybody's buddies are like mine, I know we ought to have a bird dog. Are your buddies like that, too?  
Your old chum,  
B. D.

Answer:  
B. D., I know just how you feel. However, I wouldn't feel too bad about it. Your friends are just trying to help you entertain your guest. I fear that you are letting your imagination run away with you.  
The old custom of "bird dogging" is strictly against the basic policy as listed in the Blue Book. And you know that none of your buddies would knowingly violate that cornerstone of A&M.

## Sneak Previews . . .

### Retribution Follows Villiany For Robinson in 'All My Sons'

By ANDY DAVIS  
ALL MY SONS (Universal-International), starring Edward G. Robinson, Bert Lancaster, Louise Horton, Howard Duff, and Mady Christians.

Voted as last year's best stage play, "All My Sons," has been adapted to the screen as an effective melodrama, packed with action and excitement.

Edward G. Robinson is a multi-millionaire industrialist, manufacturing cylinders under government contracts. In his desire for more money, he deliberately ships defective cylinders which results in the wrecking of 21 planes and death to their crews. Robinson frames his partner by giving false testimony at the trial, and his partner is sent on a journey up the river.

Bert Lancaster suspects his father's guilt and later extracts a confession from him, at which time he tries to kill his father. Another son, never seen, is reported missing in action, but his mother (Mady Christians) refused to accept the inevitable.

Lancaster falls in love with the daughter (Louise Horton) of the imprisoned partner who was once engaged to his dead brother. It requires Miss Horton to produce a letter from the missing son, to verify his death. (He had committed suicide because of his father's deeds.)

Lancaster shows Robinson the letter. Robinson then realizes that he is responsible for his son's death, and decides his only way

out is suicide. The moral of the story: Crime Doesn't Pay.  
Performances by an unusually good cast are tops. This movie is well worth seeing.

"FEUDING, FUSSIN' AND FIGHTIN'" (U-I), starring Donald O'Connor, Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride, and Penny Edwards. Queen Theater in Bryan.

Cross-country races, crooning traveling salesmen, and beautiful blonde hill-billies are the order of the day at the Queen Theater in Bryan. A show that was advertised to have just about everything in it, "Feuding, Fussin' and Fightin'" is one of the few movies that almost lives up to its billing.

Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride, Ma and Pa Kettle of "THE EGG AND I" fame, supply the humor. Donald O'Connor, a traveling salesman, and Penny Edwards, a glamorous hill-billy, supply very capable some harmonious lyrics and fancy footwork.

O'Connor is kidnapped from a stage coach to run in an annual foot race by Marjorie Main who is mayor of the local metropolis.

Kept in the town against his will, O'Connor soon develops the tender passion for Penny Edwards. A series of supposedly exciting events take the audience up to the day of the race which O'Connor wins in a blaze of glory. Donald then becomes mayor of the town and all live happily ever after.

Although this is no great piece of thespian endeavor, it is good family entertainment.

## Between the Bookends . . .

### Fools Learn From Experience Wisemen Learn From Others

JEFFERSON THE VIRGINIAN, By Dumas Malone, Little, Brown and Company, 1948.

History tells us two stories. One is a drab sad tale and the other is inspirational. One is the story of fools who learn only from their own experiences and one is the story of wise men who learn from the experiences of others.

The world is now suffering from an overabundance of fools. Too many of us still learn only from our own personal experiences. Too few of us learn from the experiences of the wise and foolish men preceding us.

ed many good men, some strong men, and a few great men. Two men were produced who have never been surpassed in the value of their experiences. They were Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin. All the world knows Franklin as a man, as a scientist, and as a friend. His intensely personal autobiography has explained him and endeared him to the world.

The world does not know Jefferson. He left no self-explanatory records, no biography, no biography. We know him not, but we need to know him. We need his wisdom and his experiences but

The 18 original colonies produc-

## Trampling Out the Vintage . . .

### Horace Greeley Didn't Say It; Historian Uncovers the Truth

By JOE HOLLIS

Some people are never happy with the status quo. Such a man reared his head the other day and informed us that Horace Greeley never said "Go West Young Man, Go West." Not only that, but our reliable informant further claimed that the true originator of the statement was referring to an area no further West than the Mississippi Valley.

How thankful we should be to the man that just corrected our poor disillusioned minds. Just think of going to your death bed still thinking our boy Greeley was the one who spouted wise. It certainly is a relief to at last know the truth.

All you sentimentalists draw up your chairs and prepare to hear of a love story rivaling Romeo and Juliet for tenderness. This gripping tale too has an element of tragedy.

Unromantic flatfoots in Atlanta, Georgia, arrested our hero the other day and with little or no tenderness deposited him in the clink. They booked the lover on some minor charges, bigamy and non-support, and sought to break up his second, slightly illegal, marriage.

Providing that love endureth all, the young second wife swore she would stay by her almost-spouse despite the charges. He was her knight in shining armor even if he hadn't helped his thirty-four year old wife much in the supporting of their two children.

Ah, but the real heart touching words came from the lips of our All-American Boy, who is a beer salesman. The nineteen-year-

old said "Even if I have to spend five years in jail I'll go straight back to the one I love. They can't keep us apart forever. Prison bars are not enough alone." The nice thing is that the two lovers can afford to be apart a while. She happens to be thirteen years old.

Curiosity kept a bear and a man playing a friendly game of hide and seek the other day. The man while checking some of his property saw the bear shuffling along ahead of him. Cautiously he followed the bear until the bear climbed the hill.

Satisfied that the bear meant no harm or damage the man started to retrace his steps. After proceeding a while the man glanced over his shoulder and saw the bear cautiously following him. The man wasted little time in climbing a tree.

Then prouder brum satisfied that the man meant no harm of damage retraced his steps.

The President of the Colorado Medical Association unwittingly caused a great deal of bother to all students recently. Evidently not having anything better to do, the Doc made a newspaper statement to the effect that a nervous breakdown is never caused by overwork. (He elaborated that over-work is the harmful thing to blame.)

All that is informative and highly interesting but it certainly snoots some big noses in the best rationalization available for leaving the cowboys and dust on the books undisturbed. Now a person is going to suffer a nervous breakdown trying to find a plausible reason to pacify the study conscience.

## A&M Students On World Student Service Fund Tour Reports On Activities in French Alps

By DONALD McCLURE

(Donald McClure is on a conducted trip for students under the supervision of the World Student Service Fund for the purpose of making contacts and studying conditions in Europe.)

I'm in the middle of our conference here at Combloux, France. It's been lots of fun over here even though some time things have been pretty fouled up.

The ship was mighty fine. Our quarters were crowded but the rest was good. We had wonderful meals and good weather. The crossing was calm—lots of fog—but we made good time. There were about 700 students on board and that made it lively.

We had orientation meetings to discuss various ideas and to learn how to act in Europe. They had language classes but I didn't learn enough French to help me so far.

At last we made it to England and everybody got up at five a. m. to watch the coast as we put in at Plymouth. We loaded on a tug and went through customs. That was simple.

After customs, Pete Middleton met us from the London ISS Office and we boarded the train for London. The trains are very nice and run on time always.

In London we found that things were pretty mixed up and they didn't have the same information that we did. We were put out at Hayward's Heath—45 miles from London and had to commute back and forth each day. However, they paid us for it so we couldn't kick too much. But there were no plans to visit Oxford and Cambridge so we saw more of London instead.

The rationing is very strict here and you don't get much to eat. I got so hungry that several of us packed up after five days, collected our money and went on to Paris. While in London we saw a good play "Edward, My Son," and went to Parliament, the Abbey and other places. Also got to go through the film studio in Denham.

We traveled by train to Dover, took a ferry to Calais and then came on down to Paris by train. I had a time not knowing French—but that made it more interesting. The French country side is still torn up, the villages are destroyed and even now you can see the shellholes. The port was badly damaged, also.

Paris doesn't look like anything I've ever seen before. It is some town—big wide streets and old buildings. Everybody rushes there and nobody knows what standing in line is—they just bunch around.

We stayed in the Latin Quarter near the ISS Office. Henri Jacques is the head boy there and a swell fellow. We were in Paris about a week and got to see about everything that there was to see but I missed the Louvre because of a strike but will see it in August when we go back.

The best thing to do in Paris is walk the streets and see the people. There are millions of sights to see from the flower girls to the black marketeers who approach you from all sides to buy dollars and anything else you have.

I nearly walked myself to death but it was worth it. Everything is cheap and you can find whatever you want by just looking around Paris. It's truly a great city but only for visiting. I wouldn't care to live there.

We took the all night train from Paris to the conference at Combloux but there were about 12 of us so we really had a time. Had to sit up all the way. We're staying at a Chateau-Students here in Combloux. It is a very nice place just preparing myself. I think I

but we got stuck in the dorm down in the cellar.  
We're going to move out into the tents tonight—get more fresh air that way. One Canadian went down with the mumps next to me and a New Zealander went out with dysentery. So far I've just got a cold. We have cold water showers and they come strictly from springs. But I like it still.

The conference was pretty dull at first but we talked to the head and got some changes in schedule to allow a little free time and all is well.

A typical day would go like this—Up at 6:30 and climb the mountain to pick up the milk and that's a job. One hour and a half to go up then cart 40 pounds of milk on your back all the way down—puts you in good condition, though.

Breakfast is about 8:30 and greetings begin at 9:15. We go until noon, eat and have the afternoon off until five, then we begin again. Usually get to bed around eleven. It's a good day and we get plenty done.

Soon we begin discussions of ISS programs, principles, etc., and that's where I'm going to keep alert. I figure I'll learn more than anybody else around here because I know less than they do about it. The past discussions have been on UNESCO and student problems.

The tallest mountain in Europe is right in front of us—Mt. Blanc. It rises way up above the rest and is always covered with snow. A party of 30 climbed it last Saturday and the weather was very bad. One girl froze to death and four persons fell together and all perished but still these people want to climb higher mountains.

Geneva, Switzerland is just over the hill from us and on the other side of Mt. Blanc is Italy. August 1 we're going to Switzerland for a week then go on our tours. The tour to the Balkans was cancelled and they are going to Scandinavia instead. My tour to France is to be a study of the economy instead of universities. It should be very good, too—we're going to cover lots of territory.

As you all know, Vanderbilt is noted for its medical school. The dean of this school quit just the other day and now the job is open. Wanting to replace this man with one of the most competent in the country, I asked my old college chum, J. E. Marsh, college physician, to take the job. He had to refuse because he hated to leave the practice he had spent so many years building up.

The board doesn't meet until next week, so I will remain here and try to make friends with all influential people. If my appointment goes through, I shall continue to work on the Battalion as moving correspondent. Success does not go to my head.

Yantis prepares for offer to head Vanderbilt University

By IVAN YANTIS  
Vanderbilt University, Memphis, Tennessee. (By Reality, Princeton, I left Washington after the first few days of unsuccessful lobbying, trying to get my bills passed. Alone, I stood little chance of competing against the big-moneyed lobbyists.

All the fuss made over Stassen's appointment to the PU presidency spurred me on to try to equal the score. The way I figure, Columbia and Penn have no right to get ahead of the southern schools in getting celebrities to head their institutions. Thus my journey here.

It is my intention to accept the head position of this school if the board asks me. Once my intentions are known I am sure that I will be offered the job.

Yantis the writer, Yantis the explorer, Yantis the politician, Yantis the poet. And now Yantis the scholar. I shall take it all in stride and still be the modest, unassuming sort of red-blooded American boy which has always been my trade mark.

However, I want it completely understood that I shall continue to voice my opinion on domestic and foreign affairs. Just because I will head a big university will not keep me from taking an active interest in politics.

## Collector-Auditor Posts Now Open

Examinations for filling vacancies in the positions of Zone-Deputy Collector and Office Auditor have been announced by the U. S. Civil Service Commission, according to Paul H. Figg, Regional Director.

The entrance salary for these positions is \$2074 per annum.

Employment will be with various offices of Collectors of Internal Revenue in Texas.

Application forms may be obtained from the College Station Post Office or from the Regional Director, 14th U. S. Civil Service Region, 210 South Harwood Street, Dallas 1, Texas.