

# Battalion EDITORIALS

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1945

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

## Another Atom Age Anniversary . . .

A bomb fell on Hiroshima exactly three years ago today. August 6, 1945, A. D. became the first day of the first year of a new era.

The Atomic Age was born. The world that conceived it was a sick world. It was a world made feverish by those ancient primordial illnesses of mankind—strife, hate, fears and paradoxes.

The sick parent looked down on its child and was frightened, astonished and glad. It wondered if its child would inherit those same ills. It wondered if the atomic age would be—or could be—so nourished that it might grow strong and throw off the old, age long curses of its heredity.

Could this lusty babe grow and develop beyond its inheritance? Could this child grow whole and strong without the deformations of its parents? Would it be a monster, more stupid and dull, more vicious than its ancestry?

Men were astounded by the possibilities. Life and hope were not impossible; tolerance and understanding could be found; liberty and justice might be achieved. Men were also frightened. The lusty youngster might develop into an atavistic creature more terrible than the parent which fostered Attila, Hitler and Nero.

## The Great Congressional Spy Probe . . .

President Truman as much as admitted yesterday that he was hurt by the lack of attention his special session of Congress is getting while it is playing second fiddle to the Senate's popular "spy probe." Calling the whole investigation a "red herring," the President sought to divert some wandering public attention to Congress where he is trying to get some action on inflation.

While there is no question that any suggestion of communistic infiltration into the government should be investigated, it does seem that the present show was just a little too well timed.

The FBI has known about Miss Bentley since 1944 when she repented and told all. Agents have been quietly working on her charges ever since. A federal grand jury in New York has been working on the case, but had not made any indictments as a result of her charges. The jury had, however, indicted the 12 top Com-

## MacArthur and the Correspondents . . .

"Dugout Doug" MacArthur is up to his old tricks again. New reports are coming from Japan that tell of the General's orders prohibiting correspondents from obtaining and sending non-military information to their papers in this country.

The latest report of the General's handiwork comes from a correspondent of the Chicago Daily News, Keyes Beech. In an effort to find out the costs of army occupation and construction costs in Japan, Beech went to Major General H. J. Casey, MacArthur's chief engineer. Casey suggested that the people back home were not interested in occupation costs, but when pressed asked Beech to submit a written list of questions. Beech submitted the questions and hasn't seen or heard of them since.

Other incidents have been reported and each time the General accuses the cor-

respondents involved of "sensation mongering, incoherence, and professional incompetence." It seems improbable that all the "incompetent" correspondents are in Japan.

The Supreme Command of the Allied Powers in Japan seems to take the attitude that the American people should know only as much about the American people's expenditures and operations in occupied Japan as SCAP decides it is best for them to know. This is the same technique used in Moscow.

Army Secretary Royall intervened once in behalf of a free press when it became clear that MacArthur was withholding information about non-military matters. It is now evident that the General did not heed the hint.

It is time for Secretary Royall to take action.

## Should the Dixiecrats Bolt?

Dr. A. B. Nelson, of the History Department, says the split in the Democratic Party is the climax of a movement which has been discernable for a generation.

By A. B. NELSON  
The present division within the Democratic Party is the climax of a constantly growing movement which has been discernible for a generation or more. The resulting groups represent divergent lines of thought regarding such fundamentals as what constitutes the party and party ideas and objectives.

The group at present in control of the national organization of the Democratic Party represents largely the northern wing, the big city bosses, organized labor and the so-called liberals and Communist Party line followers. It has also retained the dyed-in-the-wool party bosses (both North and South) who usually control the local party organizations.

The Southern Democrats or "Dixiecrats" hold to the "states rights" theory of the constitution as did Thomas Jefferson and the original founders of the Democratic Party, and represent a more agricultural economy than the big city industrialized North.

At present the two wings of the party use a fundamentally different approach to the question of party loyalty, which is being heavily stressed by the organized party bosses. Those remaining faithful to the national ticket define loyalty in terms of allegiance to the national party organization; those swinging to the "Dixiecrats" think of loyalty in terms of adherence to the principles on which the party was founded. This group does not believe in loyalty to an organization or a man but to the fundamental principles and rights the national constitution and the party were formed to protect. They also believe that the people, and not the organization, are the party.

However, even this disagreement over fundamentals of belief would not, in all probability, have brought about an open break if it had not been for constant and purposeful discrimination against the South on a sectional basis, plus a long series of vicious attacks, in constant violation of the rights guaranteed to the states by the Federal Constitution. These attacks have been on southern social and political institutions.

The attack on the poll-tax is destructive of the fundamental right of each state to set its own requirements as to voting qualifications and the attempt of the present national leadership to force social and economic equality on the southern states have precipitated a struggle for the very existence of those fundamental rights of self-determination upon which the republic was founded.

The southern plea for justice at the recent Democratic National Convention was received with contempt, and the present split is the result.

W. K. HENDERSON, an A&M student, believes the Solid South should break away from the regular Democratic party. These are his reasons:

By W. K. HENDERSON  
There is little doubt that the Republican Party will be the victors in the coming Presidential election.

The most profitable action for the South at this time would be the establishment of a two party system for electing Presidents.

Following blindly behind any candidate that the National Democratic Party chooses to thrust upon us will only earn us the contempt of both major parties. The Truman-Barkley crowd, feeling assured of the habitual support of the southern states' electorates, have gone to unbelievable lengths to carry the favor of minority groups in the pivotal states of the North and East.

This year will see heavy Republican campaigning in the South. The South must see that this campaigning is carried on into the legislating of the 81st Congress.

Republicans and Southern Democrats fought side by side in the 70th and 80th Congresses to defeat many of the socialistic measures that were advocated by certain elements in the House and Senate.

WE CAN GET USED TO MOST ANYTHING



## Battalion Forum

This Column is open to all Battalion readers

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DR. J. H. BASS of the History Department says Dixiecrats constitute a sectional party with a past but no future. These are his views:

By J. H. BASS  
The threatened dismemberment of one of our major political parties, the Democratic, into splinter groups, and the growing number of independent voters concerns us all. This general loosening of party ties and allegiances is significant for the nation. This analysis of the party situation, by request of the Battalion, is offered solely in the public interest.

It must be noted at the outset that the constitution makes no provisions for nor reference to political parties. Yet, the development by usage of "party government" is an essential feature of our democracy. In a democracy, where free elections are held among an extensive electorate, political parties are inevitable, necessary and useful. Furthermore, the most healthful condition exists when there are two major parties of about equal strength.

History proves that rampant multipartyism and its consequent chaos and confusion among voters is as destructive of parliamentary government as is one-partyism and dictatorship. The Weimar Republic in Germany was a victim of excessive multi-partyism. The instability of the French and the Italian governments today grows out of the absence of any major party capable of harmonizing and commanding the loyalty of a sufficient number of voters to create a party government. Such party fragmentation nurtures dictatorship.

No one contends, however, that minor and third parties have no useful place in a democracy. They do have a distinct role to prevent inertia within the major parties, to act as protest groups, and to serve as sounding boards and whipping boys for the major parties in gauging public sentiment on dormant and on new issues. Nor can there be unqualified censure of the "mugwump" voter, who for either whimsical or for serious reasons, exercises his right to cross party lines. That does not mean, however, inconsistent as it may read, that the American people can risk the disruption of the major two-party system by encouraging rebellion against party discipline upon issues that may be at best transitory and superficial.

It ought to be emphasized at this time that political parties are hierarchies and organizations not rabble-rousing and doctrinaires. While political parties do present platforms of policy to beguile the voters, they are composed of men and women who must be possessed of a high degree of compromise and reciprocity.

As organizations, political parties identify themselves and adopt their own procedures less through the apparatus of the platform than by the more elaborate machinery of committees, conventions, and primaries. It is through the latter machinery that they must maintain identity and continuity. Of course, parties may not coerce members by positive action; but they must by their very nature withhold from disloyal members and independent (non-party) voters such privileges, preferences, and patronage as they possess. No organization which wishes to pre-empt may give aid and comfort to its own destruction.

How, then, should one evaluate the Wallace-Taylor Progressives and the Thurmond-Wright Dixiecrats? The writer believes these new parties will serve as therapeutic agents in forcing a more honest realignment of parties and in forcing the two major parties to cleanse and clarify their policies. The Democratic ticket of Truman-Barkley and the Republican nominees of Dewey-Warren must recognize the warning signals.

The proper procedure for the Dixiecrats and Progressives is to perfect their party organizations in compliance with Texas laws relating to parties and present their candidates to the voters in the November election.

A referendum on whether Democrats in Texas should or should not support the Truman-Barkley ticket would be violative of the simplest concept of party organization and affiliation. Place the

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Trampling Out the Vintage . . .

## All But Passerby Happy Over Self-Made Bartender's Party

By JOE HOLLIS

Patrons of a Los Angeles bar thought that something seemed inconsistent with the ideas they held concerning saloons. Instead of being asked to pay, they were informed by six bartenders that everything was on the house. Being people quick to accept a free drink and slow to question a gift the non-cash customers drank heartily.

During the consuming of ten cases of beer and more than one hundred bottles of wine, the party livened up considerably. One frustrated Dizzy Dean pitched a beer bottle through the front window which had the misfortune to strike a passerby. The beer bottle did, not the window. (I certainly wish that the bottle had struck two people for I like the term passerby. It's got a certain air to it. However for the sake of news accuracy it must be passerby.)

Said passerby, being a kill-joy, ran tattling to a policeman who came to put a halt to the festivities. He too thought things were slightly inconsistent. After sleuthing around a bit he was so certain that he summoned aid to run in the bar-tenders. The self-made drink-servers, it seems, had desired a party. Finding the bar locked and empty they had kicked in the door and started the free drink policy to various and sundry passerby. (All good things come to those who wait, even passerby.)

Some people are never happy no matter how fate treats them. A perpetual mourner of this type started complaining long and loud. He was unhappy when a well, which he had believed contained water, exploded. Upon investigation it turned out that from some unknown source gasoline had seeped in.

The sad one reports that he has pumped some six thousand gallons of gasoline out of

his well in the past three months; gasoline so pure that it may effectively be used in his farm machinery. Oil refineries are near by, but they claim they would definitely know it if they had lost such quantities in that short a period of time.

Personally I can't see what the guy is griping about. So what if the seepage is polluting his well and threatening his garden? The cheerful solution would be to simply purchase himself a cap, build a rest room, and start selling the stuff.

More and more news stories relate how soft the younger generation is. One today is an outstanding example of how so many young men just throw up their arms in defeat when faced with a task which they consider overwhelming.

Late in an afternoon recently a maid found a stranger in the foyer of the house in which she worked. When she asked him how he got there the man brightly confided that he had walked in and questioned her as to whose home it was. The reply was William Randolph Hearst's. Upon hearing that the intended burglar said "Oh, this is too big for me!"

Such action is deplorable. What indeed has happened to the old time perseverance that gave past generations the determination to never say die?

Japanese police at Hiroshima investigated a fire the other day and had the same feeling that a man fishing for sunfish but hooking a five pound bass might have. When they quizzed a suspect he loudly proclaimed his innocence. All he had done, he said, was rob that bank messenger last fall of a million yen. Ever since he has been a completely law-abiding citizen. That man certainly showed sense. The officers forgot all about the arson charge.

## Saga of A Thumb . . .

## Telescope and Personality Smile Used By King of A&M Hitch-Hikers to Catch Rides

By HARVEY J. CHELF

Whenever a group of Aggies gather on an Aggie corner anywhere in Texas or the neighboring states, a "session" gets underway as they discuss with each other in relating to the best hitch-hiking experiences. These stories are invariably concerned with extremely good rides or extremely poor rides; the norm has no human interest.

And in these sessions, sooner or later, the feats of the Paul Bunyan of Thumb-wavers, A&M's World Champion Hitch-hiker, Keys F. Carson, '42, of Cuero, Texas, are brought up and retold.

Keys F. Carson got into his hitch-hiking method of locomotion while a student at A&M and wound up as organizer and president of the United Collegiate Thumbers Association, with 4,000 members, including 2,000 Aggies.

He elevated thumbing procedure to a professional basis, with such newfangled equipment as credentials and reflectors. As president he gave association members a mark to shoot at by thumbing 250,000 miles in six years—and at an average speed of 37 miles per hour!

Carson had already chalked up thousands of miles when he first gained front page publicity by thumbing his way to Washington, D.C., carrying a live turkey in a crate, which he delivered to President Roosevelt for the President's Thanksgiving dinner. In 1941 he went international by hitching to Mexico City with another famed Cuero turkey; this one for President Cernachow.

Even before this, hitch-hiking had gotten into Carson's blood. Like some people played golf or marble machines, Carson was addicted to hitting the highway at every opportunity for a trip someplace, just to see how fast he could do it.

Perhaps his greatest triumph was in 1940 when he thumbed coast-to-coast in 4 days and 20 hours. Life magazine had done a feature story on a hitch-hiker who managed to struggle across the nation in ten days. With a derisive laugh, Carson wired Life that he could do it in half the time, and then proceeded to do so. In order to prove he was no fraud, he mailed in street car transfers containing the hour and date from the major cities he passed through en route to the coast.

Another high point in Carson's career was the time in 1940 when he saw A&M's team off at College Station as they left to play UCLA in Pasadena, California—and then met them on the station platform when their train pulled in.

Carson kept complete records of his "travels." He rode in 6,981 cars and only three of them had flats. He never got wet and was never in an accident. But this success was more than a matter of luck; it was a result of his system of "selective thumbing." Selective thumbing meant flagging cars that appeared to be potentially good rides and ignoring others.

Carson found that those carrying only one man were the best sources of rides, and cars with out of state licenses offered the best chance for a long ride.

Having selected a car for thumbing, Carson would hold out a sign naming the city of destination, thumb with the other hand and flash his "Personality smile" at the owner.

Other equipment included a folding camp stool which he used

when rides were slow, a Texas A&M reflector sign which could be seen at long distances at night, and a handbag with a built-in portable radio.

Carson's career continued even after his induction into the army and up until the time he got his lieutenant's bars. OCS school required the World Champion Hitch-hiker, but not before he gave posterity many thumbing records at which to shoot.

Not so with the one in California. That one is supposedly infact. However, it's not for sale. The owner keeps it as sort of a Blarney Stone, and lets his guests kiss it.

Now this does not completely exhaust the supply. They can still be bought on the market in New York and Chicago. However, since prices are so high, I would advise you to save your money and wait for a depression.

As for the age of one of the tracks, the youngest seems to be only a hundred and fifty million years old. The old ones date further back than twice that far.

When you buy your track, the transportation will be a problem. I would suggest that you talk to the man moving E. E. McQuillen's house.

Yes, the mere mention of such a thing as a dinosaur track does bring pleasure to me. Oh, joy, Oh, rapture, Oh, ecstasy.

Dear Sir:  
Carroll, I think you're nuts. Sincerely,  
R. N.

Answer:  
I am,  
Dear Sir:

I want to purchase several dinosaur tracks, or should I say footprints, for three of my friends. Would you please tell me who sells them, and what they cost?

How old would the youngest dinosaur track for sale be?

If I am able to locate a dinosaur footprint, how would you recommend that I transport it? Wouldn't the mere mention of such a thing as a dinosaur track bring pleasure to you?

Sincerely,  
S. R.

Answer:  
S. R., I hate to disappoint you, but dinosaur tracks, like most antiquities, are getting scarcer and scarcer, and I am afraid that you will have quite a time finding one such track, much less three.

The last reported trace of the extinct animal was in Holyoke, Mass., in 1939. Some men were digging in a quarry there when they discovered a mass of the tracks.

Forty-one were found and one of the local merchandising companies

bought forty of them to give to its employees for lawn ornaments.

The other one was purchased by the local superintendent of public works and given to his son for a wedding present. The son subsequently moved to California and took the footprint with him.

From all reports, those bought by the company have been broken and clipped to such an extent that they have lost all their value and no longer resemble the print of a dinosaur hoof.

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## The Battalion

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