

Battalion EDITORIALS

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

Student Guidance; Still Challenging . . .

Soon a new class of freshmen will come to A&M. "Successful" ones will pass, "unsuccessful" ones will fail.

The percentage of "unsuccessful" freshmen has been high in the past, perhaps too high. Doubtless many have failed who could have done satisfactory work had they received adequate guidance and counseling in selecting courses of study.

Some may argue that colleges eliminate only those unfitted for higher education—modern version of survival for the fittest. If man lived by instincts alone and the student knew instinctively the course of study to which he was best suited, guidance would certainly be unnecessary.

Fortunately or unfortunately, man seems to have lost most of his instincts, and it has been found necessary to subject the young of the species to an intensive period of learning before sending them out into the world. Thus schools have evolved.

But trouble has developed somewhere along the line. Maybe the remnants of man's instincts has caused it. At any rate, individual differences have been discovered to exist among members of the human race.

Even the most ardent advocate of survival of the fittest would hardly recommend that monkeys survive by adopting the tactics of the lion.

Yet, figuratively speaking, modern schools often attempt to make monkeys of lions and vice versa when proper guidance and counseling facilities are not available to help students choose a field of study with a realistic attitude toward their aptitudes and interests.

The guidance program at A&M is small and completely subsidized by the Veterans Administration. R. H. Hughes, director of the Veterans Appraisal Service, reported in his first study of guidance at A&M, "... our program is far too small and ... we have no personnel to handle cases in the emotional area. . . ."

When the student fails in his major course of study, he goes home a failure. Adequate guidance and counseling might have prevented the failure. Thus the question arises: Has the student failed, or has the school failed?

Congress Fails in It's Duty . . .

President Truman has signed the Republican Congress' watered-down version of the Taft-Ellender-Wagner Housing Bill. He signed it because, as he said, while it falls "far short of the legislation which could and should have been enacted," it will possibly be of some help in meeting the housing crisis.

This bill pledges the Government to insure larger mortgages with smaller down payments. This will enable many more people to bid for houses, creating greater demands for already scarce labor and materials, and pushing the spiral of costs even higher.

The new law does not offer the buyer a cheaper or better house, but merely shoulders him with mortgage payments for the next 20 or 25 years. If the buyer is unable to pay off his mortgage, in case of a recession, the government will have to borrow money to do so because the charge it makes for the mortgage insurance is not nearly enough to cover the huge liability.

With the President's signature on this

compromise bill, the government increases its financing of private building with public money, shifting the risks to the taxpayers, and yet Chairman Wolcott (R-Mich) of the House Banking Committee described the proposals for public housing and slum clearance put forth by President Truman as socialistic.

The original Taft-Ellender-Wagner Housing Bill was not the ideal solution to the housing crisis, but it did recognize that the housing problem would go unsolved without mass production and lower prices and it included provisions designed to accomplish those things. While it too subsidized builders with government funds, it specified that some small fraction of the subsidy money be spent for slum clearance and relief for slum-dwellers.

Under the new law, the evils of the original T-E-W Bill are retained and its few saving graces are discarded.

The Eightieth Congress has not proved itself capable of forgetting partisan politics and ignoring pressure from selfish outside groups. Its record is not one that can be pointed at with pride.

The Need for A Campaign Handbook . . .

The legitimate publicity about a candidate for public office including his full educational, employment and professional record, in-office and out of office, credit rating, list of sponsors, platform, and so on, should be printed in a campaign handbook to be placed in the hands of every voter in the state. That book ought to be exactly fair to every candidate.

The cost of this book ought to be borne by the party as a contribution to clean elections. And that cost should be obtained from the party's part of an annual registration fee collected from party members in lieu of the present poll tax.

Out of a registration fee of \$1.75, there would be enough left, after the expense of registration and thumbprint identification, to pay for such a handbook containing in compact form what candidates now spend hundreds of dollars to strew over our sidewalks and highways in an effort to reach your eye.—Lynn Landrum in *The Dallas News*.

We are not even attempting to collect the money Europe owes us for two reasons: (a) we are trying to be her friend and (b) she doesn't have it.

"Easy payments" is a fit, appropriate and accurate term—except in the estimation of people who have to collect them and people who have to make them.

The Battalion

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Amplification Department

By CARROLL TRAIL

Dear Sir:
Several of us boys were on the campus last week with our shoe shine kits trying to shine Aggie's shoes.

They took those kits away from us and said it was not permissible to solicit things like this on the campus.

Could you tell me when I will get my shoe shine kit back? The summer is nearing an end, and I don't have much time to shine shoes before school starts.

Hopefully yours,
S. S.

Answer:
S. S., apparently you are young and inexperienced in this sort of thing. One of the first things you should know is that the Sherman Anti-trust law is not absolutely enforced.

The men who took away your shoe shine kits probably have a monopoly on the shoe-shine industry on the campus. But isn't this set-up fair?

Do they come into Bryan and try to horn in on your trade? Does not your gang monopolize the off-campus business? Do you object to a man's making an honest dollar?

As for your getting your kits back, it's doubtful. This is serious offense, and you are backing a well-organized gang. Probably the kits will be kept for evidence when the case goes to court.

Dear Sir:
I want to do all that is in my power to help in the reconstruction of the world. Even though I have the lovely job of being head of a laundry, I haven't lost my patriotic spirit.

I would like to know how can one who has something to sell to Marshall Plan countries get in touch with their purchasing agencies.

I happen to be in possession of a few clothes which I believe would help some poor unfortunate displaced person keep warm this winter. Understand, I am not mercenary, and I expect very little monetary compensation for my goods.

Yours sincerely,
J. H. K.

Answer:
J. H. K., I admire your unselfishness. Apparently you are one of those few people with a big heart. If you will write to the U. S. Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., or to any of its 42 field offices, it will tell you how to get in touch with foreign purchasing agencies.

When one works midst boilers, dirty clothes, soap, and hot water, it is easy to lose sight of the obligations to our fellow man that society has imposed upon us. You are the exception. Continue to do your job the way you have been and you will get what's coming to you.

Rebels Stay in Line . . .

Yantis Covers Convention Of Dixiecrats in Houston

By IVAN YANTIS
Rice Hotel, Houston, Texas, August 9, 1948. (By Carrier Pigeon) I left Vanderbilt University while the board was still considering my nomination for the presidency of that institution. I had received a wire from the Battalion to cover this Texas convention of the Dixiecrats.

I arrived here early Sunday in time to note the arrival of all the southern dignitaries. I met presidential candidate J. Strom Thurmond at the airport. We had a very tender meeting, since we have always thought a lot of each other ever since we were fraternity brothers at Tuskegee. We kissed on the cheek, gave the secret handshake, sang "Dixie" twice, and parted company.

Governor Fielding Wright, vice-presidential candidate landed shortly after Thurmond's departure. Flashing a big smile to the hundreds of admirers gathered at the field, Governor Wright said, "Let's stay in line, folks," the Mason-Dixon line that is. The crowd shouted with glee. Fielding was quite a comedian. "And," the governor continued with a sly twinkle in his eye, "I'm not wrong, I'm

"Wright." I thought my sides would split.
Midst loud guffaws and hilarious laughter, Governor Wright adjourned to his hotel.
Nothing much happened all the rest of the day. Coke Stevenson arrived with his slide rule. Although he didn't want to admit it, for political reasons, I think I guessed the motive of his visit. The slide rule gave him away. Coke was going to do a little calculation.

Monday saw lots of politicking among the delegates. Each was trying to get himself chosen as one of the party electors. Cigars were passed out, hands shaken, and backs slapped. The Rice Hotel was filled to overflowing with delegates.

I was standing in the lobby, appalled at all this hustle-bustle, when an old man addressed me. "What do you say there, sonny. What's your name?"
"Ivan," I shouted, seeing that he was holding a trumpet to his ear.
"You been what?" he asked.
"Ivan, IVAN. That's my name."
"Smoltz. Joe Smoltz. What's yours?"

Letters

ORIGINALITY, PLEASE!
Editors, the Battalion:
Your article on The Reminder Service appearing in the Monday Battalion was good, but the contents were not original as far as Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Frazier and Mr. and Mrs. William Tise are concerned.

In the August issue of Reader's Digest, Coronet, or Pageant appears a story of The Reminder Service on a national scale. Headquarters are in New York, I believe—if I remember correctly.
So if you want to be reminded of unforgettable occasions, I advise you to join the National Reminder Service and not the local organization which claims to be the outgrowth of a "conversation," as Phil Knoone phrased it.

NAME WITHHELD
Editors: Note: The Reminder Service story was published, not for its originality, but instead, for its local significance. The Battalion is not trying to steal from Readers Digest, Coronet, or Pageant, as Mr. NAME WITHHELD implied. The policy of The Battalion is to publish news of A&M students, and citizens of College Station. If any one of these people should go over Niagara Falls in a barrel, we will publish it, even though he was not the first.

WESTERN UNION 1948
DEFICIT HITS \$220,878
NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Western Union Telegraph Co. reported Tuesday its operations for the first six months of 1948 resulted in a deficit of \$220,878. This compared with net profit of \$8,288,885 in the same period a year ago which reflected extraordinary volume arising from the 1947 telephone strike.

Trampling Out the Vintage . . . Work Cut Out for Emily Post Amidst the Field of Drivers

By JOE HOLLIS

The Police Chief of Bloomington, Ill., has almost reached the conclusion that drivers aren't as courteous as they might be. The Chief was selected as a judge of a traffic courtesy contest and roamed the streets carrying a five dollar bill to reward any act he thought commendable.

The Chief had practically given the whole thing up as a bad job when he saw a situation that was just an ideal one for a motorized Sir Walter Raleigh. A crippled pedestrian was slowly hobbling across the street with the aid of crutches. The hopeful judge watched four motorists come along and each nearly knocked the crutch user down. The chief returned the five dollar bill to the contest committee and seemed a bit disgusted with the whole situation.

The height of something or other was reached the other day in Orange, Texas. A thoughtful individual gave a traffic officer there a ride to a luncheon meeting of a club which they both belonged to. They were slightly late and to avoid the ten cent assessment for being late the driver was a little heavy footed.

The next day the ride-giver appeared in court to pay his speeding fine. The passenger was just too darned conscientious. It is a reasonable assumption that the traffic officer will make his own way to the meetings from now on.

There are some days when you just can't seem to do any good at all. A family in Marlin, Texas, had such a day recently. They

had started for a church entertainment when things just started happening. They noticed flames shooting out of the back of the car. The family evidently decided each would take care of himself. The mother jumped from the car and broke her hip. The daughter, heading for parts unknown, ran through a barnyard and was bitten by a dog.

The fire in the car went out during all these happenings but not before it ignited the grass along the road. The new fire threatened to reset the car afire. The father, with the assistance of passersby, eventually put out the flames. (I really didn't think the story was so sharp but it gave me an excellent chance to use the word passersby. Great word, that.)

Burglars turned the old saying about in Little Rock, Arkansas, the other night. They entered a home there but didn't take a thing except the kitchen sink.

A small lad in Pasadena, Calif., produced a chain reaction of some worth from his chemistry set. The peculiar part about it was that most of the elements involved were not standard equipment in his set.

The initial reaction started when the boy put a lit match in a can he had been conducting experiments in. The can did its part by blowing up and catching the boy's pants on fire. Things kept moving as the mother rushed to help the amateur chemist. A neighbor's dog got excited by all the activity and felt compelled to get into the act too. He bit the mother. The only one that emerged from the experiment unharmed was the dog.

Be Kind to the Dogs . . .

Remain Calm When Food Splatters on Plate; It's Part of Etiquette Course at Sbis Hall

By FRANK CUSHING
Do you hide your head at mealtime? Are you fearful that you will be shamed by class mates because of your table manners? Won't your best friends tell you? Then read on.

This article is written to aid those mal-adjusted students who are embarrassed by their own lack of eating manners. To aid them overcome dinner time faux pas, I have thoroughly covered some of the most glaring errors and will attempt to give some small aids in dining etiquette.

The correct attire at Sbis is a fundamental requirement to eating grace. The evening meal requires more formal attire of the diner than the other two periods. There the keynote is upon fashion. White "T" shirts are extremely natty but are not to be recommended for the novice. Their color clashes with the bits of discarded food or beverage that chances to fall upon them.

Levis prove to be highly satisfactory due to their durability and because of their absorbent qualities which facilitates the wiping of the hands after completion of the meal.

Good manners should begin as soon as you enter the lines outside the mess hall. Be courteous to your fellow students at all times there. If one in front of you has the misfortune to fall because of your pushing, attempt to step over him. Also consideration may be shown by passing the word back along the line so that others, forewarned will not stand upon the prostrate one longer than necessary.

Control yourself as you pass along the serving counter. If the attendant insists upon depositing your ice cream in the gravy, do not give vent to your anger. Merely shrug it off with a "C'est La Sbis" which is French for "It's all mixed up in your stomach anyway."

Time does not permit a detailed instruction upon the proper

use of your eating utensils. However, you may fare well by looking about and observing the silver manipulations of others around you. A good guide as to whose technique should be emulated may be had by studying the faces of the eaters particularly about the mouth. Those whose faces are liberally marked with cuts, scratches, and bruises may be reasonably supposed to lack the dexterity desired.

You may have the feeling while eating that there are eyes staring at you. There probably are. The management of Sbis wishes the proper atmosphere for your meal and dogs seem to give the place that certain air. Note, however, that you are not to feed the animals from your plates. Several actions have been brought against students accused of this by the SPCA.

Emily Post follows tell us that the bowl should always be tipped away from the eater while consuming soup. I won't be quite that technical but do not blow heartily upon the soups and then drink directly from the bowl.

Always chew your food thoroughly. If, as some people complain, the meat is unchewable, do not throw it upon the floor and attempt to tenderize it with your fist until softened.

Do not talk while your mouth is full. I know of one friendship that was coldly severed because of this seemingly trivial habit. The companionship is an speaking of, was of the closest type until the fateful day when one undertook to explain Einstein's theory of Relativity with his mouth full of stew.

Upon the completion of the meal use care in removing elusive remnants of your meal from your teeth. Since toothpicks are provided by the thoughtful management, Bowie knives are not necessary.

One last caution. When leaving

Progress Made In Stock Feeding Studies At Spur

Progress is reported in cattle feeding studies at the Spur, Texas division of the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station.

In a recent report may be found results of experiments with fat color, protein feeds and light and heavy-grazed pasture effects on steers.

In an experiment run with Hereford, Jersey and Hereford-Jersey crossed steers, the effects and causes of yellow-colored fat were determined. The color of fat on a beef carcass has long been considered an index of quality, and beef with white colored fat has been preferred to beef with yellow fat.

This prejudice against yellow colored fat on beef does have some sound basis in that older animals tend to have yellower fat than younger animals. However, it is possible to produce excellent quality beef with yellow-tinted fat when cattle are finished on green pastures or other high carotene rations.

Sneak Preview . . .

Latest Carson-Morgan Film Rated As Slap-stick Only

By ANDY DAVIS
TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS—(Warner Bros.), starring Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Dorothy Malone, and Penny Edwards.

The only good thing about this movie is its title, and even then, the "Two Guys" (Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson) are not from Texas. Somebody missed the boat on this one, and guess who's the goat?

Jack Carson as the not so bright cowboy, who's afraid of animals and girls, is a riot (he's worse than that) and will keep the audience in stitches (agony is more like it). Morgan handles the romantic angles and the vocals (songs that are out of this world, and better off where they are). Penny Edwards and Dorothy Malone, two newcomers to the screen look mighty nice in this technical jamboree, and certainly add to the picture. (What chance they have).

The story makes no sense at all. Carson and Morgan run out of gas in the middle of the wide open

spaces, and bum a ride to a nearby dude-ranch (Shangri-La). Its owner, Dorothy Malone, allows them to stay, and they earn their living by putting on an act, together with Penny Edwards, a former partner. Morgan falls in love with Miss Malone, who is already engaged to the sheriff. Their car is stolen so this leaves the sheriff busy searching for it.

Jack is cured of his fear of animals by a psychiatrist (Vet), who explains that he really has an inferiority complex based on Morgan's success with the women. He advises Jack to take a girl away from his friend, Jack tries with almost favorable results. Then their car is found, after it has been used for a getaway in a slickup. Carson and Morgan are transferred from the ranch to the jug house. They escape from jail and arrive at the dude ranch in time to catch the real robbers, and you can take it from there.

If you like slap-stick at its best, then you should enjoy this film.