

Battalion EDITORIALS

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

Signs or Skullduggery?

Diverse and complicated are the pitfalls which await the unwary visitor, student, or local inhabitant who enters the campus and community of College Station.

Signs and street markers are completely missing in a community of over 10,000 persons. Directions concerning the campus or homes must be limited to the "three blocks straight ahead, turn right, then continue on for two more blocks" variety. Even the ablest memory is taxed to remember such information.

There is an immediate need for practical signs to designate the routes to main points on the campus and for plainly visible street names.

College authorities also should place warnings at all special speed zones. The present practice of maintaining safe conditions at some unmarked zones only by reprimanding and fining unsuspecting law

breakers is undesirable. Since these zones have no warning signs, drivers have no means of determining the speed requirements until they are accosted by the local constabulary.

"No Parking" signs should be placed at all areas where parking is prohibited.

It is absurd to practice such enforcement methods as were used on Bizzell Street at the rear of the Administration Building during the past week. Although there are no signs posted to restrict parking on the west side of Bizzell, two members of the campus police were busily engaged giving tickets to snared motorists after their cars were parked. No consistent attempts were made to prevent anyone from parking, however.

College authorities should strive to maintain safe and convenient conditions for all persons on the campus.

We suggest signs rather than skullduggery.

Observing All College Night

This evening most of the school will turn out for the annual all college night.

To those unfamiliar with the occasion it is the years first yell practice which serves to introduce both old and new students to the school and its traditions as well as to the football team.

The night marks the formal beginning of the school year and the football season.

In the past A&M enjoyed national prominence in these fields. Scholastically our reputation was for well versed graduates who were outstanding for their friendliness and cordiality toward others. Athletically we had excellent teams overshadowed by one of the strongest displays of group spirit and sportsmanship seen in any college.

The last decade has shown a decline in all four fields. In two of them there was just cause. An all out war weakened our athletic and educational facilities. But the old spirits of friendliness and sportsmanship shouldn't be bound rigidly to our

successes on a gridiron or in scholastic rating. There is no logical reason for our laxness. There is no reason why we can't regain our position.

The popular excuse that the present students "don't measure up" is erroneous. Blaming others to cover up our own shortcomings will not help us as a group. We have the same possibilities as those who preceded us. If we jeer our opposition rather than carry him off the field on our shoulders it is because it is easier to be small than to be magnanimous.

This new semester marks a turning point in two of the fields. Our instructional facilities have progressed through two improving semesters to a new peak. Athletically the slogan is "We are building."

Is there any reason why we can not build in personal stature? We all speak wistfully of the "good old days". By speech and action lets regain them beginning tonight with all college night. All the college. Tonight.

Hardiness in the Red Army

Today's AP wire brought in a graphic illustration of how thin-skinned an international power can become when it begins looking for "incidents".

British authorities reported the Russian charge that a shot was fired at the Soviet War Memorial in Berlin last midnight. A Russian sentry replied with two shots at a shadowy figure across the street.

The offended statue was the same monument that was stoned by anti-communist demonstrators last Thursday. It lies in the British sector where the Russians built it to celebrate their Berlin invasion only to lose the property when the city was partitioned.

When a British officer went to inspect the statue he was met by ten Russian officers and shown "a small chipped indentation in the memorial which might have been caused by a shot. He was not allowed to touch the hole or otherwise examine it and, therefore, was unable to

estimate the range at which the reported shot had been fired or the size of the bullet.

The report made no mention of the statues opinion of the entire affair and failed to state what decoration the sentry received for coming to the immediate defense of the oppressed piece of masonry.

Perhaps this is Moscow's answer to the Atom Bomb. From the concern exhibited the statue definitely seems to have been adopted into the Russian army, although its duties aren't clear.

It does sound like a good way to clear up Red Army recruiting problems without having to resort to the Siberian salt mines and the new plaster privates should bear up well to the Russian winters.

Having marble Cossacks also solves another minor difficulty. The American public can now call the Russian Army "stone-nosed" without being technically incorrect.

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An economist says prices have about reached their limit. And ours, too.

The only thing progressive about the Progressive Party is its name.

The Battalion

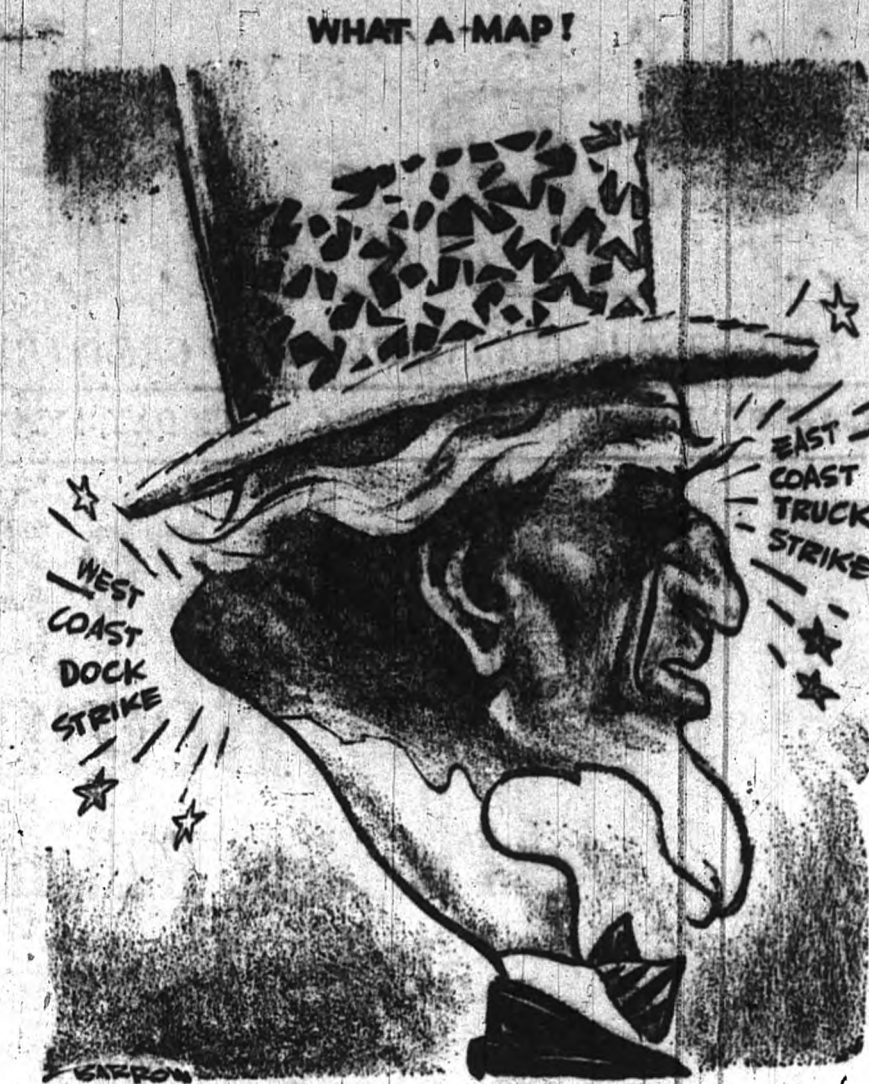
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Sneak Preview . . .

Allyson, Lawford, McCracken Star in 'Life at TU' Feature

By ANDY DAVIS

Good News (MGM) starring June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Joan McCracken, and Mel Tormé. (Guion Hall).

College life is presented in this top tune musical, and any similarity between this college (or any except TU) is purely coincidental.

June Allyson is the poor little girl working her way through college, and Peter Lawford is the college football star. Patricia Marshall is the little gal who is going to college to find a "rich" man. When some one tips her off that Lawford has money, she sets her traps.

Miss Allyson also has her eye on the guy, for different reasons, and it doesn't take him long to find out. Then the battle of the sexes begins. There isn't too much time for dialogue because everybody is singing most of the time. This is a good musical with almost too much music; don't say I didn't warn you.

Beyond Glory (Paramount) starring Alan Ladd, Donna Reed, Au-

die Murphy, Henry Travers, and George Coulouris. (Campus Theatre).

If you think Alan Ladd is a little old to attend West Point, just take a look around here.

Ladd portrays the mentally tortured cadet captain and veteran of the Tunisian campaign, who lives under the misapprehension that, due to his negligence in combat, he caused the death of a friend. A congressional investigation of West Point's disciplinary measures brings Ladd to the stand, and the whole story is brought out. The story is flashed back to the different incidents from the scene of the trial. Ladd is cleared when evidence is produced revealing he was knocked unconscious during battle and did not neglect his duty.

Donna Reed plays the friend's wife and adds to the romantic side of the film, since she and Ladd fall in love.

The picture is filmed with West Point as its background and traditions. Don't expect a gun toting Alan Ladd because he has been subdued to fill a West Point's cadet shoes.

Cajuns Again Face Two-Bit Cigarettes and 30-Cent Gas

By T. B. SMITH

The State of Louisiana is a state notorious for laughter, fun, fine food, Creole belles and twenty-five cent cigarettes, thirty-cent-a-gallon gasoline and Huey P. Long bridges.

When Huey P. Long's career was cut short, the people of Louisiana sighed relief, thanked God, and then elected his son to Congress and his brother to the Governor's office. Russell Long, the Kingfish's brother has not resorted to the more spectacular feats of graft or power politics, but he does lay the old tax hand on with unrelenting pressure and doesn't bother to smile. He's going "to get Louisiana out of the red" and loose pocket change too, apparently. The people of Louisiana are naturally righteously indignant. "The set-up is scandalous," they scream. Furthermore, no one voted for Russell, nor for Huey Jr. either.

Very mysterious it all seems; that these men were elected when "no one" voted for them. The state of Louisiana has become the laughing stock of the country as far as state's government goes.

Some Louisianians remember the time that the Ringling Bros' Circus was due to play in Baton Rouge. It also seems that Huey's pet playing, the LSU football team, was due to engage Rice Institute in a good clean college fray.

Now the circus is all right; Huey loved cotton candy, but—the circus played the same night the football boys did, all the good Baton Rouge people might not get to see the ball game (and might not get to pay the attached fee for witnessing the event.)

Consequently, Long phoned John Ringling and told him that his circus would have to amuse and entertain another night. Ringling in-

former the Ringfish that he had made all his arrangements weeks in advance and absolutely nothing could be done about the matter. Long told Ringling then that he had just toyed with the idea of passing a tiek law which would require all animals entering the state to be dipped and quarantined for two weeks. The idea of dipping a thousand pounds of snarling tiger at a dip made an impression on Ringling. The circus consequently made other arrangements.

There is also the time that Senator Long wanted his "boys and girls," the University student body to go, to Georgia to see a ball game. Furthermore, he wanted them to go for less than \$10 a head. The railroads screamed impossible. Huey just smiled and prepared to pass a bill which levied a duty on the railroads everytime they crossed a bridge in the state. The railroads somehow found a way to carry the students (and the loss).

As has been mentioned before, Huey's love for the LSU ball club was unbounded. He'd do anything for the boys. He even ran one of them for the state legislature.

The South now faces not just a corrupt governor in a nearby state, nor just a corrupt United States Senator, but a combination of both. A combination of men who have made no pretense of hiding their intentions or policies. Two men who have every chance and every reason to set up a ding machine even more powerful than that of their late kinsman. We abhor these men and their idea. But the free voters of Louisiana elected these men. These men, elected by overwhelming majorities, have no visible support. They are the "people's choice."

Think it over!

Trampling Out the Vintage . . .

Cops Interrupt Safecracking Performance of Young Yeggs

By FRANK CUSHING

Policemen in Cincinnati, Ohio, were somewhat taken aback by the appearance of the lawbreakers they apprehended recently. The criminals were rather youthful for their new found career, but were seemingly undaunted by a lack of experience and tools.

The policemen caught the juveniles busily working over a safe with an axe and a hammer. They had successfully removed two combination knobs when the officers arrived, and were enthusiastically attacking the third. The young hopefuls hadn't considered the fact that silence was essential in illegal circles and had been producing quite a clatter.

The safecrackers were quite upset by the lawmen's arrival. One in fact burst into tears. The crying one could be forgiven for his unmanly actions. You see, he was a she, and only four years old. The lone male of the trio was eight. He supplied the muscles of the team. The sophisticated brains of the mob, also of the female sex, had achieved the grand old age of eleven.

All snorers can now proceed to their noisy sleep without any worries. A judge has produced a weighty decision that snoring is perfectly legal. The court decree stated that the nocturnal sounds were not willful and malicious and that a citizen may snore with impunity even though it keeps others awake.

A cop's life is a hard life. At least that's the opinion of an unhappy flatfoot in Worcester, Massachusetts. The sad one had suffered through a difficult day of seeing

that law and order reigned. He was not only tired, but also very hot. A dip in a nearby lake seemed like a wonderful idea.

The water was fine but the aftermath was not. The swimmer returned to find that his clothes had been spirited away. The unknown thief added insult to injury by carrying off the policeman's badge too.

Anyway you look at it the army is losing money on one private. The soldier, stationed at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, is at the time a source of pride and of sadness to his mess sergeant. The lad, if he has no other claim to fame, has a strong one in the food department.

A typical breakfast for the six foot three-223 pound character consists of three dozen eggs, four to five grapefruits, a pound of bacon, a pitcher of coffee, or a half-gallon of milk.

The army expresses some bewilderment as to what course to pursue in slowing down the eater. The answer to that seems easy. Just put the G.I. on "C" rations for a week or two and he'll taper off in no time.

An incident in Maine would cause people to reverse their opinions as to just who the weaker sex is. An ambulance was summoned to transport a near-mother to the hospital. The women radiated calmness while she awaited the stork. Not so her husband however. He backed out while awaiting the ambulance. The internes when they arrived decided to take him to the hospital too. The distraught man passed out twice more during the ride. The hospital was happy to report, though, that the baby arrived and the family of three is all doing nicely.

Politicking Is Serious Business . . .

Little Kids in Paris Rather Talk Politics Than Carve School Desks With Witty Sayings

By MACK T. NOLEN

PARIS, France —(Special)—At this moment I am standing in a long serpentine line (which forms of existence I thought had ended with V-J Day) in the Prefecture of Police, waiting patiently but seeming it vain for my turn to enote to the visa-giver.

If you thought standing in line on registration days was "red-tape" at its worst, you haven't been around the French. Red tape is an art here.

The endless lines partly explain the black-market, it is worth a few hundred extra francs to avoid the queues and deal instead with the shady characters.

Some Frenchmen say that "Le Grand Charlie" De Gaulle will put an end to all official back passing and "form filling out" if he is given a chance.

I say that he (or any man who serves his homeland so) should have the largest, grandest and most expensive monument erected to his memory.

The goal of our waiting is an "aller et retour visa" which will permit us to visit Italy. The Italian visa is already in our passport (no red tape), but it is necessary to undergo this ordeal in order to get back into France after the trip.

Also we are prepared with bicycles. Just for practice we have been making short tours of Paris and incidentally finding out that it's all uphill going toward the Eiffel Tower, but a marvelous several mile glide to the Arc de Triomphe coming down.

Bicycling in Paris can be hazardous though—as much so as walking. The auto and truck drivers believe a toot of the horn sufficient warning for all needs, so when one hears a horn, he heads for cover and quick too.

Politics in France is a serious thing which is introduced to the

people while they are still in cradles. By grade school time, the kids are experts on international affairs. While the American kids are busy carving up their school desks with initials and cute sayings, the French youngsters are diligently inscribing "DeGaulle to Power," "Down with Russia" and "Down With the United States."

But it's not a sacred business—this politicking. A sign I saw in a store window said, "The republic may come and go, but our wastebaskets last forever."

One meets all sorts here. A school acquaintance went out with us one evening recently and we stayed out past the subway quitting time. Soon he came home with us. We threw a quilt on the floor in an off hand sort of way, not showing much interest in whether he slept or not.

A day or so later I found that he was a British peer of the realm—Lord Something or other. But you can never tell about the English these days. They can take only \$150. out of the country and that, size budget doesn't take to ermine robes and diamond watch fobs.

Campus

Opens 1:00 P. M.—Phone 4-1181

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1:20 - 3:05 - 4:50 - 6:35

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