

Battalion EDITORIALS

Page 2 TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

Your Representative Is Being Selected . . .

Monday is Election Day for new members to the Student Senate. Each dorm, each housing area, each student, will have a representative on this body which last year grew from an experimental board to a strong, effective branch of Student Government.

The new bulletin board in the Academic Building, the April twenty-first Muster Ceremonies broadcasted state-wide, the rigid inspection of local eating establishments, the seating arrangements at football games, the improved Aggie "other Southwest Conference college" relationships—these are a few accomplishments of the past Senate.

Coke funds in the dorms are administered by the dorm's Senator. He is the liaison man between you and the college.

This year the new Senate faces the challenge to continue the success of the old Senate. A constitution has been adopted to define the machinery and powers of the Senate. But its strength lies in the ability of the individual representatives.

YOU choose. The Senate can be no better than the men elected.

It is significant that last year there was no factionalism demonstrated in the Senate. Corpsmen and non-military students served together conscientiously on committees and all strove for a better A&M. This year there is no reason that this precedent cannot be continued.

Representative student government is something relatively new here at A&M. It has been tried and proven successful. We like the privilege of choosing a representative; it is consistent with our conception of democracy. This way interested students are given the opportunity to express themselves as individuals while working for the common good.

When you vote, vote for a man who will actively represent you and who will, at the same time, be a credit to this Aggeland. Keep him on the ball.

Remember, without his voice, you are silent in student government.

Let's Fill It As Well As Expand It . . .

Some 40,000 wild-eyed fans shook Kyle Field with their spontaneous cries . . .

Only once every two years it is now possible for a sports writer to fire the imagination of his readers with such an impressive statement:

Why must we limit ourselves to crowds of 22,000 (Baylor game, 1947) when our stadium will seat over 40,000?

The advantages of a maximum attendance at Kyle Field for every home football game are quite evident. Increased attendance results in more revenue for the athlete funds, greater interest by a larger body of Aggie supporters, and better publicity for the college and athletic teams.

At present large blocks of seats in the end zones and extremities of Kyle Field are not utilized except for the biennial University of Texas game.

Sensible remedies for this situation are numerous.

The sale of tickets, probably at reduced prices, to either high school organizations would help to fill vacant seats. At the same time such a program would stim-

ulate interest in A&M among these students and the public.

Certainly high school bands attending games in this manner could aid the college in presenting spectacular halftime exhibitions in cooperation with our own famed marching band.

Sections of Kyle Field could be reserved for high school athletes from all over the state. Such prospective Aggies might attend individually or in whole school squads. Perhaps Aggie alumni organizations would sponsor these groups and pay traveling expenses to the games.

Adequate promotion through this part of the state should result in more inhabitants within driving distance attending games on the local campus. Extensive advertising and placing tickets on sale in drug stores of nearby communities would help to solve the problem of this escaping revenue.

Think about it. Can we afford to have a single vacant seat in Kyle Field?

Both Diligent and Sensible . . .

Would anyone care to contribute to a fund for the purpose of securing an efficiency expert for the Campus Security Office?

Judging from the little drama that has been going on outside Guion Hall for the past week the security boys could use one.

For years there has been a little parking niche directly in front of Guion. For several years people have been parking their cars there. For years there has been no sign of paint around this parking area except when the playboys came up from Rice on a night call.

But all this week, and probably for some time before, the campus police have been industriously ticketing automobiles which have unwarily parked in this handy opening.

On each of these tickets the complaint is that the motorist has parked in a loading zone. Yet there is not one indication

that the spot is even a restricted parking area, much less a loading zone.

The only prohibitive sign in that area is a tired and faded "No Parking" sign which is protecting the sidewalk some fifteen feet away. And it is obliterated to the point of being practically illegible.

Now this is our contribution to efficiency. Why not take away that ticketing officer's pad and pencil one afternoon and give him a paint bucket and a stencil. Let him go down and stencil the words "Loading Zone" in maroon and white in a prominent place on the curb. Then the rest of the week the officer could devote himself to some of the security office's more pressing business about the campus.

Who knows, the officer might even find a couple of other places on the campus that could stand some painted clarification?

The Battalion

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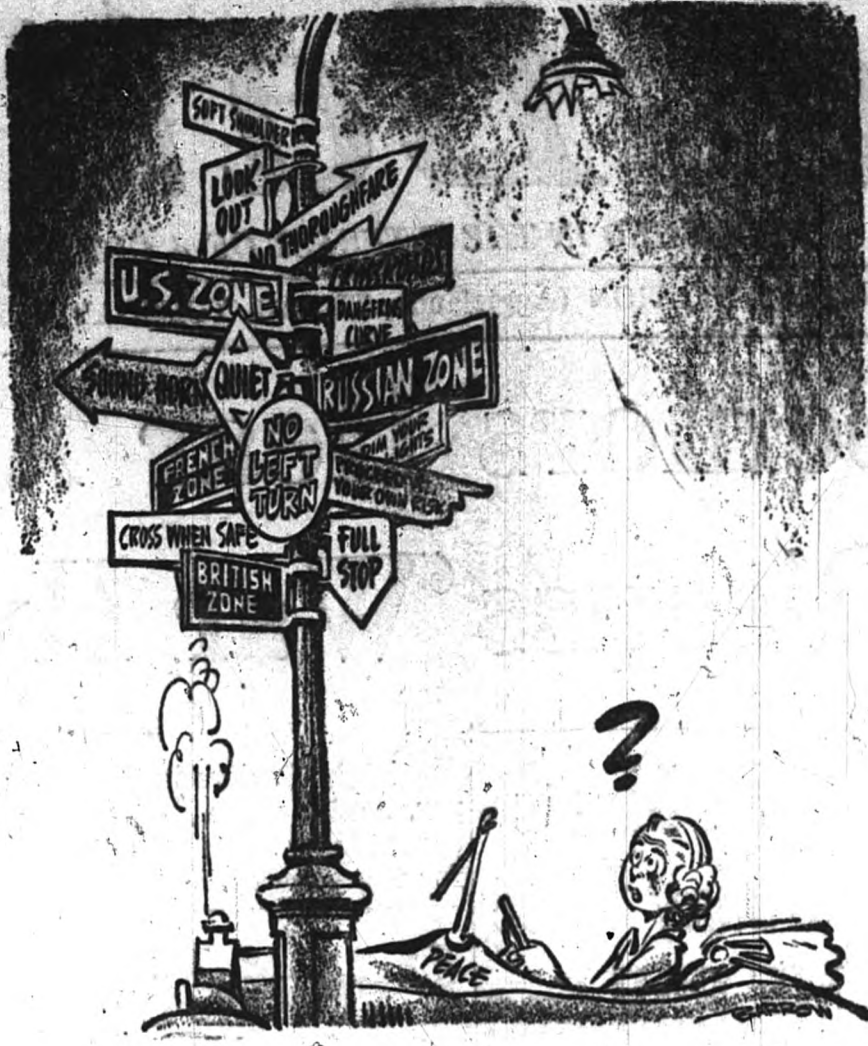
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A TREE GROWS IN BERLIN



Amplification Department

By CARROLL TRAIL

Dear Sir: Who is William Sidney Porter? I was assigned to find out his background for English 222, and I can't seem to make any headway. Can you help me out? Thanks mucho, T. C.

Answer: Bill Porter was perhaps better known in literary circles as O. Henry, famous short story writer. It is he who wrote the stories with the surprise endings.

O. Henry was born in Greensboro, N. C. Even today a leading hotel bears his name, as does a popular candy bar. He spent most of his life in New York City, except for a brief time as a teller in an Austin bank.

Needless to say, these days spent in the shadows of TU were not

his happiest ones. It was plain to see that that town was not his home and he moved east.

Dear Sir: I read in the Daily Worker recently that a Flint, Michigan butcher had an answer to the gripe he continually heard on high prices. He eased his customers' pain by handing out aspirin tablets with each order of meat.

I think the idea is a very good one and should be incorporated into our registration procedure. That is, give an aspirin with each assignment card. What do you think? Sincerely, P. A. D.

Answer: Capital, P. A., Simply capital.

Sneak Preview . . .

Teen-Age Musical Comedy Offers Good Entertainment

By ANDY DAVIS

A Date With Judy (MGM) starring Wallace Berry, Jane Powell, Elizabeth Taylor, Carmen Miranda, Xavier Cugat, Robert Stack, and Scotty Beckett. (Campus).

This is one musical that should hit the spot with everybody. There is just enough music, plenty of laughs, and two lovely young ladies to watch, Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Powell.

Jane Powell as Judy, is as cute as a bug and is mighty sharp on the vocals. This is the story of Judy's problems, and what the teen-age people of today have to contend with.

It seems Judy can't make up her mind whether to break up her romance with Oogee Pringle (Scotty Beckett) or not, when

along comes Bob Stack, a few years older and more appealing to her eye. Things look mighty dark for Oogee until Judy introduces Stack to Elizabeth Taylor (a little spoiled, a little lonely, and a little to easy on the eye). Miss Taylor not only happens to be Judy's best friend, but she is also Oogee's sister, so you can figure out what happens.

Romance is forgotten when a crisis has to be met at Judy's home. Her dad (Wallace Berry) decides to surprise the family by learning to Rhumba, and who should turn up as his teacher, but South American bombshell, Carmen Miranda. Judy thinks her dad is indulging in extra curricular activities, and really makes a spectacle of herself.



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Trampling Out the Vintage . . .

Harassed Husbands Find Boon In Sport Course for Spouses

By FRANK CUSHING

All married Aggies should be more than willing to send off for an adult education course in White Plains, New York. The course will undoubtedly prove to be a great boon to harassed husbands who have been forced to explain to his wife all the points of a sports event.

Recognizing the great need for such training, the course was designed. The study for women only, will cover the basic points of football, baseball, track, bowling, tennis and basketball. It will teach the fundamental of scoring, playing, and the terms encountered as a spectator.

One thing for certain, the price couldn't be too high. There's something so aggravating about the pestering questions of a woman unindoctrinated to even the name of the game she's supposedly witnessing.

Maestros, England, was the scene of a bit of embarrassment last week. A modern village addition had just been completed and occupied by the happy, new tenants. Nothing had been neglected to make their new homes the model of modern construction.

All bathrooms were furnished with one-way glass so that occupants could witness the passing parade with complete modesty. The carpenters who worked upon the job didn't recognize the fact that there was a definite side to the natural-appearing glass, and installed many of the windows wrong.

Tenants who were confronted with the side permitting no through-vision quite naturally assumed that passersby were no

better off. Several sizeable crowds were collected before the situation was rectified.

The National Association of Allied Finance Adjusters decided to call off a proposed contest at their present meeting. The finance lads were contemplating the selection, through tests, of the "World's Champion auto repossessor."

The hopefuls would be timed with stop-watches while they endeavored to enter locked cars and drive away without the use of keys. The contestants would rely upon their knowledge in this line acquired while dealing with customers who decided to ignore payments.

The delegates concluded that the contest would bring on bad publicity though, and decided against it. They were afraid that some people might decide the meeting consisted of nothing more than car thieves. Also the contest would probably have been too one-sided. The President of the Association was conceded the best chances of being the champ. He'd repossessed 10,000 cars in his busy past.

A policeman and a motorist exchanged notes in Columbia, South Carolina, and created a warm relationship.

An automobile parked overtime in front of a main street parking meter had the note tucked under the windshield wiper. It said, "I've gone to the picture show: put nickel in meter."

The passing policeman penned the answer: "Sorry, I'm broke. Ticket on steering wheel."

England Still in Poverty, But Determined to Regain Position

By CHARLES KIRKHAM

England was first a blinking beacon light off the port-bow, then a black strip on the horizon, and finally the port of Plymouth. Customs officials stamped passports without formal baggage inspections.

British Railways (official name of the nationalized railways) speeded us to London at sixty and seventy m.p.h. through farmyard lands busy with the large harvest of wheat and oats. Vegetable gardens grew in every backyard and in tiny patches too small for wheat.

London was definitely post-war in appearance. Heavy traffic of taxis, busses, and lorries moved down the narrow cobblestone street on the wrong side of the street; newspapers either praised or condemned the Labor Government; people bristled along the sidewalks past shop windows filled with goods too expensive or too rationed; and flower boxes sitting in the windows of dull stone buildings bloomed and gave a breath of Nature to the dismal scene.

Americans visited the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, and St. Pauls, and felt that these historic places belonged to us as well as to Britain. The audible question of an irreverent American, "If they (the British) need money so bad, why don't they sell some of this stuff?" brought stern glances from Britishers and a cough from the guard in the room housing the Crown Jewels.

There was about the destruction of war in London, a sort of uninspiring datelessness; it could have been one, ten, or a hundred years old. The rubble has been carted away, walls blasted down, and grass grows in the vacant lots. Many buildings have upper portions made of bricks not yet darkened by the smoke and roofs still obviously red. Along the southern coast are little pillboxes that were to stand off the invading Germans expected to follow-up Dunkirk.

There is occasional mention of an invasion fleet of German barges loaded with troops that British

planes caught in the Channel and destroyed with oil dropped on the water ignited by incendiaries.

For most Britishers, conditions have improved very little since the Axis sued for peace. Rationing of food (the most severely rationed goods are for one egg a week, one pint of milk, one strip of bacon, and one ounce of butter.) and clothing (one men's suit is a year's ration with the furnishings of shirts, ties, reaching into the next year.) prevents variety either in diet or dress.

It is difficult to talk for long and not get around to discussing the next war. There is extreme pessimism over the Berlin crisis. Conditions now, they feel, are bad enough and another war would certainly bring many hardships more, and there is always the Atom-bomb to consider.

The Labor Government is receiving mounting criticism from all quarters, but their position in government is not yet seriously threatened. Nationalization of the mines has given miners pride in their

work and production is increasing. Despite austerity, hardship, and export the British are still a proud people determined to regain a powerful position in world politics. But it is difficult for an American not to feel as the unarmed Bobby expressed as we boarded the ship to leave, "You've jolly well had it, chum."

Some followers of the Cleveland Indians think Larry Doby, Negro centerfielder, will be one of the stars of the American League in a few years.

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