

# Battalion EDITORIALS

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

## Come Now Candidates, Campaign! . . .

What we need here is a good old fashioned political campaign.

Aggies are not used to campus politics and not many politicians have crawled out from under the rocks yet.

There have always been a lot of politicians, or what the troops called "politicians," but few had the chance to RUN for office—until the Student Senate. Now every dorm can have its politicians and its own political struggles.

There are no fraternities, clans, or cults at A&M to machine a man through, so he must campaign for himself. Many "would-be" candidates are still reluctant to come out in the open and lock horns with somebody over an office.

To run for the Senate a candidate must go to Student Activities and fill out a form that requires his life's history. Then

he's got to go around being friendly to everybody and telling them what he will do if elected.

He even gets to where he thinks over everything he's about to say for fear of making a rash campaign pledge he can't fulfill. His roommate is bothered by people coming in and out of his "Campaign Headquarters."

But one of these days a candidate who is not such a conservative campaigner will run and then watch out. Of course, he will have a hillbilly band, and he may do like a fellow at TCU did last spring.

This young man had one of his buddies lead a goat around the campus carrying the sign, "I stink I'll vote for Joe."

Let's get a little color in political campaigns.

Political wallflowers just aren't in fashion this season.

## They Fight in War and Peace . . .

We often think of man as being a complex organism, psychologically and physically. And yet we are such simple beings for we all have one thing in common. We are all of one spirit.

Proof of this lies in the fact that through the years the world has been plagued with wars, greed, evil, and hate, and always the individuals and groups of one spirit have risen and have shown their banners and have fought courageously and have been victorious.

One of the groups, one that we unthinkingly pass by, is The Salvation Army. This international army, which is carrying on a one-world fight in 97 countries against sin, distress and poverty will be 70 years old September 26.

Governor Beauford H. Jester has proclaimed September 26, as "Salvation Army Flag Day in Texas" in recognition of the "great work for God which this valiant army is performing among our people in Texas."

The blue, red and yellow banner of The Salvation Army will fly over the Texas Capitol in Austin on this day, a day of recognition for a great humanitarian organization.

But it will not be a day of rest; for those who are a part of this work, it will be a day to reaffirm their ideals and objectives, and to strive for the ways and means to make God's world a world of peace and goodwill toward men.

## Possibly Some Fuel for The Flame . . .

Last night our Sports Editor had an idea. And strangely enough we think it was a good idea.

Art had been observing the construction men uprooting some trees preparatory to doing excavation work for the Student Union Building. Recalling in previous years the mad scramble after wood for the annual bonfire, Howard was horrified at the possibility of all this good timber going to waste and suggested that it be stored somewhere and used for a bigger and better bonfire in November.

Unless there is some technical angle we have overlooked, we are all for it. Surely in the early construction stages a fair pile of scrap lumber will develop

which could be added to any trees uprooted in the initial clearing.

Storage should offer little difficulty since on most construction sites there are numerous assorted piles of equipment and refuse and one more on a distant corner shouldn't hurt much.

Some on-the-ball outfit might even dispatch some troops to begin the stack and mark it with a permanent sign.

Now it is just an idea. We will look into the legal aspects and listen to any discussion of its practicability.

If the plan is permissible and practical we will go down any evening with anybody to begin the move. We might even get Howard to join us.

UNDERSTATEMENT of her situation by Mrs. Lewis Miller, Tazewell, Va., whom an Associated Press dispatch reports as saying:

"I shot him because he had me down and was beating me. I hope he won't die, but if he does I will never live with him again."

Political affairs are like a kid's party. Truman and the Republicans just stopped playing "Ring Around The Rosy" and are now enjoying "I Spy."

The modern Nathan Hale: "I only regret I have but one vote to give to my party."

You never hear any complaint that there is a dog-housing shortage.

Perhaps not-too-surprising headlines in the *Ogden (Utah) Standard-Examiner*:

Dr. Torsten Husen, of Sweden, says that the most intelligent men are between five feet ten inches and a shade under six feet. Come on, Einstein, get off your knees. Darrel N. Tooley

## The Battalion

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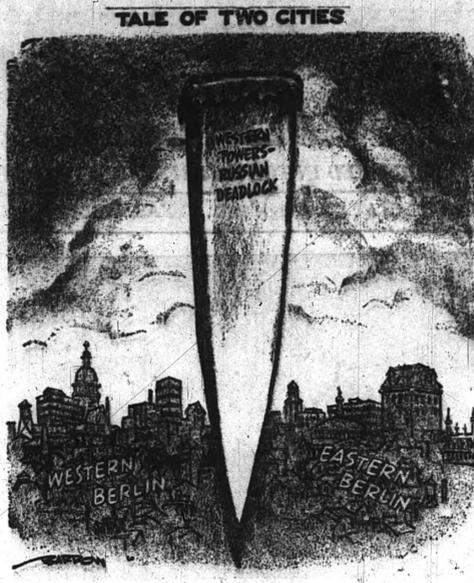
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KENNETH BOND, TOM CARTER, Co-Editors



## Amplification Department

By CARROLL TRAIL  
Dear Sir:

How many bricks are in Dorn 5? My roommate and I argue over it continually. If something isn't done, I'm afraid that we will separate.

According to my calculations, there are 6,931,452, while he figures a total of 6,931,450. Do you have the official number at your disposal?

If you do, I would certainly appreciate your enlightening us and settling the argument.

Thanks a million,  
J. F. G.

Answer: I believe that your roommate wins the debate, J. F. You were apparently fooled in your calculations by the outward appearances of the dorm.

According to the notes of the construction engineer, 6,931,450 bricks, one Hausmann and Slack physics test, A. M. Gaddis' grade book, and three parking tickets are

embedded in the mortar and steel of the building.

Dear Sir:  
On page four in Tuesday's Batt there is this statement: "Insects always die on their backs."

Why? Perplexedly,  
J. W. M.

Answer: If you don't know that, J. W., you're just a biological snoe. Even the most illiterate knows why: I do.

An insect doesn't die like a human. That is, it isn't a matter of rigor mortis setting in. When the insect dies, a homeogorical process begins whereby the insect's blood hardens, forming a dense clot in the top of the body, just under the cotton (the hard covering on the insect's skin). This clot raises the center of gravity, thus overbalancing him and turning him over on his back.

## Between the Bookends . . .

### Injustice, Politics, Murders All in Fast's 'The American'

By ALLEN SELF  
The American, a Middle Western Legend by Howard Fast.

In the annals of U. S. injustice, the conviction of eight radical labor leaders of bomb-throwing in Chicago's Haymarket Square stands along with the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Howard Fast, in light historical novel form, traces the life of John Peter Altgeld, governor of Illinois who pardoned the three remaining offenders, and ruined a brilliant political career.

Chicago in the later part of the 19th century was a sprawling giant the rail terminal of the midwest and stockyard for the nation. The slaughterhouses of Armour, Wilson and Swift bludgeoned men, as well as pigs and cattle, by low wages and long hours.

The meat and rail barons fought labor-organization with the dread Pinkertons, the injunction, and all violence possible. And when about 800 workmen assembled in Haymarket Square one rainy night to demonstrate for the eight-hour day two hundred Chicago police attacked them with guns and clubs. During the melee, a bomb was tossed from somewhere, fatally wounding a policeman and injuring several others.

Arrests started the next day, and a roundup of all known labor "agitators" was completed. From these eight men were indicted for murder, quickly tried by a prejudiced judge, before a biased jury, and convicted. Four were hung, the others imprisoned.

The free press was singularly aroused by the trial, and demanded swift justice for the "anarchists." It was never proved that those convicted had actually thrown the bomb. Some were not even in the area. That they were labor

"agitators" was enough.

Such was the situation confronting John P. Altgeld when he ascended to the governorship from a minor bench in Chicago. While a judge, he had played along with Phil Armour, George Pullman and their crowd, and profit. He justified this by one word—"politics." But when petitions came to him from the liberal elements, from the labor groups, and he had examined the trial records, Altgeld saw that justice had been miscarried. He alone could repair the damage by an unconditional pardon of those still alive but imprisoned.

Altgeld knew what the consequences of the pardons would be—his political and personal destruction at the hands of the vested interests, the controlled press, and a people convinced that labor unions and anarchy are the same thing.

True to conscience and convictions, Altgeld issued the pardons. The result was as expected, and the press hurled accusations of "destruction of law and order," "anarchy," and "socialism." Altgeld was ruined, and died a broken man for daring to express ideas ahead of his time.

Much of the book is concerned with Altgeld's background as a farm worker, railroad, school teacher and lawyer, and how he made millions from nothing. It is well done in a light and easy manner. Good reading, full of surprises if you still naively believe the good people of the U. S. are kind, sweet and gentle.

TAXES—A MATTER OF DIMES  
By M. T. Colner's tax duplicate this year was marked "paid" with 1,180 dimes. Colner explained he makes a hobby of saving dimes just for his taxes.

## Trampling Out the Vintage . . .

# Reporter Rises To Defend Traditional Kiss At Weddings

By CHUCK MAISEL

The Aggies will love this one. A story reaches us from Angola, N. Y., telling of the speech made at a ministers' conference by Rev. Frank J. Bauer.

The good pastor doesn't believe in the quote Hollywood Embrace unquote at the conclusion of marriage ceremonies in church. He suggests the kiss be planted on the cheek of the bride.

Morals are morals, but that's going too far. This would ruin weddings. In the first place, blushing brides would have no further reason to blush. And who would go to weddings if the old custom were abolished? Would a best man stand by and watch his beloved comrade go to his fate if there were not something in it for him?

The average man gets married one and a half times in his life, the average Aggie—one half. Where will statistics drop to if Rev. Bauer has his way?

The Maryland States Rights Demos have hauled down the Confederate Flag in front of their state headquarters.

The chairman explained: "We decided that, after all, was a national movement. Well! Just what do these traitors think the national flag is, anyway?"

For 26 years, more or less, they thought it was the flag of Missouri hanging alongside colors of 12 other states in the University of South Chapel in Sewanee, Tenn.

But somebody blundered, suh. Instead of Missouri's it's the flag of that Yankee state

of Massachusetts.

It all started back in 1922 when the Daughters of the Confederacy—bless 'em—had the thirteen states whose Episcopalians supported the University to send in their flags. The ensign of Mr. Truman's home state arrived late, so the mystery will never be cleared as to whether the wrong flag was sent or a change was made afterwards.

Now, adding insult to mayhem, the school officials have decided that the intruding northerner may as well remain.

A slight earthquake was felt in the vicinity of Stonewall Jackson's grave.

Don't try this, but it's a good idea. Hal Boyle tells in his column of a man who worked in the research department of a large corporation. The chemist was tired of the red tape and many forms he was supposed to fill out, so one bright day, as a joke, he entered an order on one of the corporation's many blanks:

"Monthly supply of test tube cleaning fluid—one case of high grade scotch whiskey."

Fate was kind and somehow the memo was okayed and sent to the purchase department. Every month for two years thereafter, the research staff was pleasantly cheered by the arrival of a case of scotch.

Now the man responsible is worried and wants to turn off the whiskey faucet, but doesn't know how. He's afraid that if he cancels the order, someone will find out what's been going on.

Some jokers have all the luck.

At one time coffee was sold as a medicine and advertised as a cure for many human ailments.

Voltaire, the French author, is said to have drunk 70 cups of coffee a day.

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**Austin Club Plans Organization Meet**  
The Austin A&M Club will have its first meeting of the semester Thursday night at 7:45 in Room 108, Academic Building, T. C. Eklund, club president, announced today.

**Cub Pack 102 Will Organize Thursday**  
A reorganization meeting of Cub Scout Pack 102 will be held in the Consolidated School Gymnasium at 7 p. m. Thursday, September 23, Scoutmaster Jack Roberts, announced today.

**Campus**  
Opens 1:00 P. M.—Phone 4-1181

**TODAY ONLY DOUBLE FEATURE**  
Features Begin  
NEW ORLEANS  
2:10 - 4:55 - 7:35 - 10:15  
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