

# Battalion EDITORIALS

Page 2 THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

## We Have A Suggestion . . .

We've said it before, but following the time tested maxim "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again" the question of study conditions in Cushing Memorial Library must again enter our editorial columns.

Despite earnest and repeated efforts to encourage improvement in the library that building remains its usual hot, stifling self. Why?

Surely none of the administrative personnel in position to recommend improvements are of the opinion that all is satisfactory at the library. Or perhaps they haven't been called upon to spend several hours on a hot day attempting to prepare some work which even the instructor has described as "rather dry."

Conditions in a library should be conducive to work. Not, as is the case at A&M obstructive.

The protest has been offered in the past that funds are not available for installing air conditioning equipment. And air conditioning definitely would be the ideal solution of both the students' and the employees' problems?

Thus we are forced to suggest another possible solution, ceiling fans.

With due appreciation for the fact that A&M has gained by the presence of the pleasant feminine help at the library, it might be even more beneficial to substitute on the library budget one ceiling fan for one extra assistant.

We don't mean to take a job away from someone now employed at the library. But when the occasion arises for the employing of a new assistant, investigate and see if the students would not prefer to do a little extra work for themselves and spend the money on a ceiling fan.

Twelve months of spending this saved salary on fans could mean twelve fans to help improve library conditions.

Cooling thought isn't it?

## Who Misses the Dodo? . . .

Generalizations are traps for fools, hazards for the wise and a curse to mankind in general.

An example of their disservice can be found on the headlines of any newspaper or in the conversation on any street corner. One that particularly offends us because it is used so often is this, "It takes all kinds of men to make a world."

We hear this platitude often but we rarely stop to challenge its validity. It doesn't take all kinds of other animal life to make a world. Only man's egotism makes him believe that all kinds of men are necessary for the "making of a world."

The world is probably better off without the Dodo. We regret its passing merely because of our intellectual curiosity and not because we feel an intrinsic loss.

There are also human dodos that the world would be better off without. An example of this species can be found on

## The Passing Parade . . .

Here is food for thought from the editorial page of the *Macon Beacon*.

The deadbeat sauntered casually thru the beer parlor and seated himself beside a nicely dressed gent who apparently was well in his cups.

"Listen, friend," he confided in a whisper, "I have here the most remarkable writing device you have ever seen." Whereupon, he reached a hand to his vest pocket with a flourish, produced nothing, and then made as if to write on the back of an envelope.

The drunken gent rubbed his eyes and peered intently.

AN OPERATOR advertised in the *Wakefield (Mass.) Daily Item* for: "Part-time married girls for soda fountain and sandwich work."

There will be a running man contest in November, the winner of which will receive a large white house in Washington. Tom S. Elrod.

"I don't see anything," he said.

"Of course not," confided the deadbeat. "That's why it is so remarkable—it's an invisible pen and it uses invisible ink. See? You can't see it."

"Well, I'll be darned," the other exclaimed enthusiastically. "That beats anything I ever saw. What will you take for it?"

The deadbeat glanced cautiously about him and whispered, "It's worth more than I'm asking, but I'll take a couple of bucks."

"Sold," said the drunk, reaching for an invisible checkbook. "Now lend me the pen and I'll give you my check."

KOSTRUM chosen by Pine Plains, N. Y. folk, says the *Register-Herald*: "Public Meeting on Local Dump Monday."

Personally, we don't believe the report about a Chicago boy who broke into 10 homes in one day and taking a bath in each one. A Chicago boy breaking into houses isn't unreasonable but taking 10 baths in one day is.

# The Battalion

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## Between the Bookends . . .

### Road to Survival Provides Economics Exchange Course

By T. NANNEY

Road to Survival, William Vogt, William Sloane Associates, New York, 1948, \$4.00.

Vogt's Road to Survival introduces us to a new branch of economics which does not concern itself with the exchange of commodities between man and man, but between man and the earth.

Vogt's main problem is a paradox. It concerns the fact that man is committing mass suicide by multiplying too fast. The populations of the earth have increased tremendously in the last 200 years and the strain upon the resources of the earth has consequently increased.

The lands of the earth are limited; all of our science and skill can not extend that limit. As a result there are now more men living than the earth can support. Millions of men, women, and children now living are existing on starvation diets and are doomed to eventual death from lack of food.

The arable areas of the globe are fixed beyond expansion by such things as water supply, sunlight, temperature, grade of slope, insects and disease, and wind. Science has enabled us to increase greatly our yields in certain areas but these yields have never kept pace with the demands on the earth.

We try desperately to solve our problems by drawing more from the earth than we return—and the result is that we are destroying

### Even First Seduction Bore In Lee's 'The Web of Days'

By ALLEN SELF

The Web of Days, by Edna Lee. (Harper)

If you're as sick of historical novels as I am, you won't like this one by Georgia's own Edna Lee.

Hester Snow, a Yankee school-marm, comes down to the sea islands off Georgia to be governess to the son of a queer segment of the landed gentry.

Through a truly marvelous train of circumstances, Hester manages to marry the owner of Seven Chimneys, get complete control of the estate, produce cotton and rice where only snakes grew before, murder her husband, and run off with his dashing illegitimate brother (whom she loved all along, of course).

Brook Willow, by Nella Gardner White. (MacMillan)

Psychiatry and the music profession are pleasantly mixed in this novel by an old but shabby hand at the writing business, Jake Blum, the psychiatrist, and Mary Pelotti, ugly piano virtuoso, wind their respective ways among the chapters, each to find mental peace in the last.

Jakey gives us the lowdown on the latest in psychosomatic medicine and that hobgoblin anti-Semitism. Mary Pelotti writes long letters about her unhappy childhood and nasty little love affairs.

Easy reading, but slow. Powders might enjoy it.

### Pinky for President . . . Constitutional Right of A&M Under Fire of Denton Mayor

By CHUCK MAISEL

Something's gotta be done! All A&M stands for is about to be swept away from us. The Supreme Court should stop fooling around with unimportant trivia like the Johnson-Stevenson fight and get down to brass tacks.

No, it's not the Aggie War Hymn, it's Denton! With a test case in that lovely town's corporation court, all the traditional constitutional rights of Aggies are being washed down the proverbial drain. Read this and rise up in defense of what's rightfully yours.

Here's how it happened. Two Ft. Worth gay dogs—more gray than gay—were overcome Sunday by Denton's beautiful women (as who isn't) and let their enthusiasm run away with them. They were arrested and fined \$25 each on charges of "mashing."

It seems that there is an old city ordinance in the Town of the Testies which reads:

"It shall be unlawful for any male person in the City of Denton to flirt with or ogle any female person unknown to them or

## Trampling Out the Vintage . . . Embarrassed Elders Exposed By Not So Naive Boy Scouts

By FRANK CUSHING

In an Ohio town, name unmentioned, the elders have stopped bemoaning the younger generation's delinquent actions. Youth had its day there, and the results were surprising not to say embarrassing.

An annual event in the town is the turning over of the city government to the Boy Scouts. In the past that day had been rather peaceful. The lads would take over, have their picture taken in the offices assigned to them, be written up for the papers, and that was that.

Not so the last Boy Scout day. When the city officials handed over the power, the boys eagerly seized it. They worked fast and accomplished much.

Before the townsfolk knew what was happening the boys had broken up a poker game, raided the local numbers-racket headquarters and were preparing for more action. The red-faced officials halted the proceedings just in time. The Scouts next raid was going to be upon a brothel.

People in New York evidently are a bit forgetful at times. An auction held of items lost and unclaimed on the city's transportation services featured some things that shouldn't be mislaid too easily.

Among the several thousand assorted articles were these oddities, 4,970 umbrellas, a vacuum sweeper, a box filled with false teeth, 300 odd shoes, and an artificial arm.

The price of fame is high believes a dex-

## Aroma of Garlic Prevailed . . . Snails Taste Very Similar To Snails, American Finds

By MACK T. NOLEN

Batt Correspondent in France

Americans traveling in France are primarily impressed with the chateaux. Second most impressive to this particular American was his encounter with snail-eating.

Escargots, they are called—limp, pitiful little creatures with such twisted expressions on their faces (one must use one's imagination), curled up in a manner peculiar to snails, without hope, without faith, without anything but hot butter and garlic. They accept the trusted fork without a whimper and make no outcry as the fork wrenches them from the shell that has housed them, lo, these many moons. They enter the mouth, all the while dripping butter and pieces of garlic, and are masticated. Fin!

What is the flavor of a snail? What does it taste like? This American couldn't tell you. All he tasted was garlic.

The chateaux of the department of Loire and Cher seem to outnumber the people. Racing madly on bicycle (as fast as the incessant hills would allow) we covered three a day for five days, and still we missed half of them. Most of the chateaux, which were the summer homes of the kings and great lords of France, date back to the middle 1500's, but as public monuments they are kept in repair now by the government and don't look a day older than three hundred.

From relatively inexpensive France, I climbed a train to Geneva, Switzerland, where the people live a life of quiet extravagance. At least tourists live in extravagance. I could not be quiet about it however. I screamed like a panther every time I parted company with another franc.

I had checked my bicycle to Geneva, planning to pedal from there to Lausanne but the over-

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**Ag Experimenters Get 5,300 Chicks**

A&M's Agricultural Experiment Station has received a gift of 5,300 New Hampshire baby chicks for use in a research project. The chicks, valued at \$560, were donated by The Western Hatcheries of Dallas.

R. D. Lewis, director of the project, said, "The effect of environment and genetic factors on the efficiency of production and the market grade of broilers and fryers will be studied."

TODAY and FRIDAY

"HE WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO GET ME OUT OF THE WAY"

SATURDAY Double Feature "Corsican Bros." and "Kit Carson"

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