

Battalion EDITORIALS

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

Typing Has Become a Necessity . . .

Typing has become one of the most necessary accomplishments in a student's life.

Yet Texas A&M does not offer a typing course for which college credits can be earned. In fact, no typing course, accredited or otherwise, is offered at our school.

Not only is the absence of a typing course allowed to continue, but students taking such a course elsewhere can not receive credits for the course here.

As a student takes advanced course after course in certain A&M departments, he is constantly confronted with statements such as, "You will have to have your term paper typed. And better grades will probably be given for daily assignments which are typed instead of written in long hand."

The student is confronted with a dilemma which certainly is not the result of any action of his own.

One alternative, not taking a typing

course, will result in lower grades, or at best having to pay a professional typist to prepare the student's work.

The other alternative, taking a typing course elsewhere, will involve paying for an outside typing course without receiving any credit for it towards his credit hours at this college.

Is this fair to the student?

Surely it would be possible for A&M authorities to institute a typing course here on the campus for students. If academic barriers stand in the way of giving credit for a typing course, perhaps it could be offered without credits being involved. If this were the case, the course should be given at a time when it would not disrupt the regular academic schedule of persons needing to take the extra typing instruction.

Typing has become a necessity. Why can't we regard it in this light and proceed to correct the unfortunate situation which now exists?

Political Statements, Then and Now . . .

Politicians are getting soft. They're almost gentlemen now—but in the good old days they were rip-snortin', war-whooping, hell-raising rascals.

They were hardy, thick-skinned individualists who spoke with vehemence and no discretion. They let their epithets fly at will and other opponents . . . and if their language could have killed, blood would have flowed in the streets.

When Governor Dewey accused the Truman Administration of "clumsiness, weakness and wobbling" in foreign affairs he was speaking with the kindness of a brother. The critics of Martin Van Buren were more elaborate in their criticism. They declared that he "consorts most naturally with the degraded and vile," and that he and his followers were "a band of the most desperate, aspiring and unprincipled demagogues that ever graced the annals of despotism."

William Henry Harrison was represented as a betrayer of innocent young womanhood—and in particular that he was the father of three children by an Indian squaw. This was supplemented with caustic comments on his noble intelligence such as "imbecile" had "superannuated and pitiable dotard."

The Passing Parade . . .

Governor Jester came forth with this rem at the Palestine meeting of the Store Fox and Wolf Hunters.

"Governor Beauford Jester, visiting Camp Kenley near here during the bench show and field trials of the Texas State Fox and Wolf Hunters Association, suggested his was the role of 'The Fox among some Texas Political Hounds.'"

In an address before the annual association bench show, the Governor said a boy 12-years old Sonny Fletcher, had asked him if he had any dogs. "I told him I

didn't have any, but that the hounds were after me," Jester said. "Its not the walkers, Julys or Trigs which are after me, but its the crossbreeds, those Dixiecrats. And, of course, every two or three years you have those house dogs, the Republicans, barking at you."

May we remind you, governor, that Webster defines a fox as a "sly, cunning fellow." And for that matter, most Texas foxes are Red.

That sort of thing could send him to the dogs faster than he anticipates.

The Battalion

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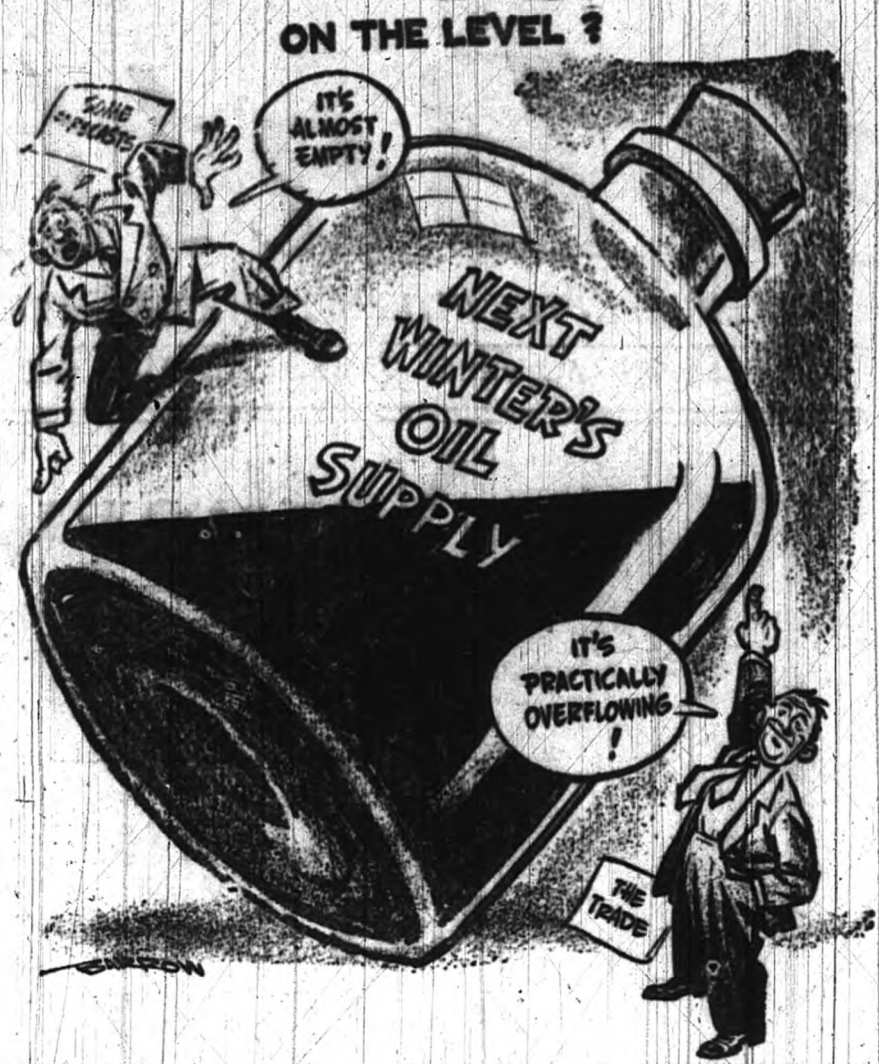
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Letters To The Editor

THANKS!
Editor, The Battalion:
After 28 years at A&M College, your today's (Thursday) headline, "Welcome to Texas A&M, Horned Frogs," is, to me, the finest expression of our College.

As a freshman at Missouri University in 1911, I was amazed at the ugly cartoons and signs all over the campus and town preceding the Kansas U.-Missouri U. game. Hate had been inspired at pep meetings, and the Kansas crowd was jeered.

At Kansas U. the next year, only one sign was displayed. It said, "Welcome, Missouri," and we were really entertained!

Robert R. Lancaster
Agronomy Department

CLIQUE
Editor The Battalion:
Tonight is the night for one of the biggest social events on the A&M Campus during the football season, the Artillery Regimental Ball. Of course, though, there are a few "catches" to who may attend.

Wednesday night of this week I heard by gossip between men in my outfit, "B" Co. Seniors, that there would be no "five year" men attending the Ball—with or without dates. There was no publication or write-up in the Batt or elsewhere to this effect so by talking to a few "button men" in the corps the rumor was found to be true.

This ruling came about by the convening of a small group of Seniors in the Corps. Upon questioning a number of Seniors in the Artillery outfits, it was found that about one out of 15 seniors even knew about the decision. Needless to say, the Junior and Sophomore Classes weren't even considered—it's their Ball, too!

In my opinion, the Artillery Ball

is given not only for Seniors but for all Artillerymen—regardless of classification. Aggie tradition has been established through the years but this shows that it can be torn down overnight by an unscrupulous few.

Had a notification been published to the effect that "five year" men were to be excluded from the Ball, many of us could have been saved considerable expense.

As my own personal experience, my date bought a new evening gown especially for the occasion and planning on a big weekend at the Ball tonight and the game tomorrow. But now, when she arrives this afternoon, it will be quite a let-down on her part and needless to say embarrassing to me.

I'm not the only one in this fix though—about fifteen or twenty of my buddies are in the same position.

After talking to a few Corps Seniors, who know of the so-called representative meeting and were there, here are a few reasons given for the decision they reached: (quote) "You all may take over the whole Ball," or "Glory has already been yours last year. Now it's our turn," or "You may detract attention away from us" (in so many words). (unquote)

If you notice, none of these reasons are worth a damn! It's a wonder that "five year" men are allowed to see the football games. I hope that the other Regiments on the A&M Campus don't use this weekend as an example when they give their respective Regimental Balls.

I sincerely hope the men responsible for this decision have a wonderful time at the Ball tonight and feel, that by excluding the "five year" men, they have accomplished a great act.

BOB CHILDERS, "48"

Laundry Problems, Also . . .

Americans Pay More for Room Than French Use in A Month

By MACK NOLEN
(Batt Correspondent in France)
Money is a problem in France just as it is in America. The root of the problem is that only the rich have enough of it. For an American student on the GI Bill, the exchange ratio and the living standard meet satisfactorily, but the French student is not so fortunate.

The Veterans Administration pays in dollars over here as it does at home. The dollars are converted in circumstances that are not quite but almost shady at the ratio of 400 francs to the dollar, a \$75 check bringing thirty thousand francs. It looks good until the disappearing act begins. Meanwhile the French student might be getting 15,000 francs if he is lucky.

Room and board have been costing me about 22 thousand per month. However, I am about to move (they won't let me keep bees) and the new place will run over 15 thousand.

Laundry, cigarettes, and incidentals claim something in the neighborhood of eight thousand a month. The laundry is slow and expensive, but cleaning is more so. And the French love to experiment with new chemicals in their dry cleaning. The result is that you smell like a laboratory or have gapping acid holes in your clothing or both.

The Black Market, the infamous Marche Noir, is disappearing. Practically everything is showing up on the counters again, but the

prices are rather high for the average French billfold. Butter, still scarce, can be had for generally the same price that it would cost in the U.S. but when you consider that \$100 a month is an unusual salary for a family man, you can see why most families don't eat a lot of butter.

Bread is still rationed in France but the manner is becoming lax as wheat becomes more plentiful. The loaves are long, thin sticks of bread, mostly crust, and the flour is a deep tan, but once you get used to it, it's not too bad.

The French housewife continues to tote a sheaf of ration papers in spite of a general bettering of conditions. She has stamps for coffee (gets very little, has the taste for a lot of it), canned goods (which the French are not fond of—they prefer everything fresh, even grind their own coffee!), bread, cheese (the French produce tons of this, but export, you know. The market is said to be glutted in England with it), chocolate, and milk (only for people under 21 years of age).

But hope springs eternal, they say, and it must be true because after a long, hard session of complaining about the prices and the red tape of rationing, the French generally grin soberly and remark that things will be better some day. They pointily avoid specifying when "someday" will arrive.

Trampling Out the Vintage . . .

Okie Aggies Suffering From Prices Seeking Baggy Days

By FRANK CUSHING
Oklahoma Aggies are having a little trouble with their dry cleaning. It appears that the prices asked by the Stillwater establishments are just too high for the students to accept cheerfully.

One group of Okie Aggies has declared war upon the businesses. A carefully worded statement has been drafted full of "whereas's" and "Resolved's" which states the cause in no uncertain terms. A complete boycott on the part of the student body is sought.

The rallying call is terse but apt. . . . Aggie Baggie Days. Mainly wash pants are to be worn by loyal followers of the fight and if, by an absolute necessity, wool pants must be worn—then they must be rumpied appearing.

At least The Battalion can take some consolation by musing that other papers have their critics, too. For instance the Wayne University's daily paper the "Detroitter" received a letter from a dissatisfied reader which couldn't exactly be classified as a mash note.

The letter said—"To the editor: Your editorial page today stinks so badly that I couldn't keep it in the house. I'm returning it to you to paste in your scrapbooks.

Just keep on as you are and there won't be a single student in the University who would be caught dead reading this rag.

You breast-beating, blatherskites make me sick."

Between the Bookends . . .

Sports Sketches, Oddities Latest by Harold Ratliff

By J. K. B. NELSON
"I Shook the Hand . . ." by Harold V. Ratliff, Naylor, \$2.75. Cigar-smoking Harold V. Ratliff has been writing sports for the last 25 years, and undoubtedly, has shaken plenty of hands in that quarter century. Gleaning the best from his experiences, he has compiled a series of personality sketches and oddities about athletes and sports in the United States, but especially in Texas.

Such sports immortals as Dizzy Dean, Satchel Paige, D. X. Bible, Byron Nelson, and Babe Didrikson receive Ratliff's treatment along with 81 other sportsmen. His study is not confined to athletes for Morris Frank, jovial columnist on the Houston Post, and Jim Tuckey, vitriolic Waco sports editor, are put on the block.

The "Twelfth Man" tradition of A&M is the subject of a three page chapter explaining the origin of that sports tradition which keeps Aggies standing throughout all games, offering themself

vet for football duty if needed. Most of Ratliff's attempts at humor fail to draw even a smile, and his sentimentality is a trifle overdrawn. His facts are good, though, and his anecdotes are times pungent.

Boyce House is listed as the inspiration for this book, and the organization of "I Shook the Hand" resembles that of the tall tales by that Texas humorist.

Bill McLanahan of the Dallas News does the cartoons and art work in his familiar manner.

Sports fans can get copies of "I Shook the Hand . . ." at the Exchange Store, for \$2.75. It's worth it, I guess.

Weatherford Club Elects President

Floy Blackburn, veterinary medicine sophomore from Springtown, was elected president of the Weatherford A&M Club at the last

club meeting. Other officers elected were Bob Yeary, vice president; Harry Joe Winston, secretary treasurer; Tom Hunnwell, social chairman, and Franklin Thomas, reporter.

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