

Battalion EDITORIALS

Page 2

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1948

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

Well Fired, Woodmen . . .

This year's bonfire, judging from the hot time in Memorial Stadium last Thursday, generated quite a bit of heat.

Whether the steak fry in Austin was a direct result of the local bonfire, we can't say. We do say that on its own merit, alone, this year's blaze was a success. It did what all good bonfires should do—burned with a bright, well behaved flame and served as a focal point for a kindling of school spirit.

This year's bonfire was sort of a Dick Whittington conflagration. It grew in the face of adversity. Built in a shorter-than-normal period, it had to go up fast to meet a deadline.

A Study of the Austin Attitude . . .

We have returned from another Corps trip and have settled down with pleasant memories—most of us at least.

Some were not so lucky as to get through the weekend unscathed. It seems that a few hoodlums were out to spoil the Aggies' weekend, or at least try to spoil it.

From several different sources, most of them reliable, have come tales of Aggies being beaten up, stomped on, and clubbed, at points and in such a way that they were defenseless against the attacks.

One notable story, well confirmed, states that two Aggies were walking along the street by themselves. Suddenly a car pulled up alongside them; three boys jumped out and attempted to get their garrison caps. In so doing, the boys beat one of the Aggies in the face and then retreated to their car.

The two Aggies got the license number of the car and turned it over to proper authorities. It was Perry Samuels' car. Whether he was driving the car has yet to be determined, but one of the editors was almost run down by Samuels' car that same night.

Another tale which comes from the people involved says that a group of TU students formed a blockade across a sidewalk in Austin and tried to make the Aggies walk in the street. This group did not meet with much success.

Another Aggie was walking past a dark alley. He, apparently, put too much faith in Austin people being civilized and as a result was clobbered like the rest.

All who attended yell practice Wednesday.

The Passing Parade . . .

From Belfast, Ireland and the Associated Press comes this little item.

Frisk, a bull terrier, joined the staff of the Ulster Food office today, to sniff out black market practices.

Authorities suspect many birds are sent to England illegally, labelled as auto accessories. Frisk will work an eight hour day at the docks, smelling parcels awaiting shipment.

Any that interest Frisk will be opened.

We are wondering if, after a hitch in the food office, we couldn't borrow Frisk for the sovereign state of Texas.

As smelly as some of our state activity becomes, the pooch could be on semi-retirement most of the time.

Sidney M. Brooks' service first as president and then as secretary of the Little Rock Rotary Club covers 35 years.

It would be interesting to know the exact weight of the English peas he has consumed during that time.

The Battalion

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Amplification Department

By BUDDY LUCE

Dear Know-it-all: Maybe you and all your book-larnin' can tell me something that I've been wondering about ever since I came to A&M as a freshman in the "dark years." What do teasippers sip?

Expectedly, Fletch

Dear Fletch: Obviously, Fletch, you two-percent on the troops last Turkey Day. Has you been in Austin you would have learned as I did that teasippers sip soup. All the sippers must have been hungry after the game, because they all went around answering questions with one word—"Campbell." Now you know.

A. Amplifier

Dear Amplifier: How come?

Sincerely, Bolivar Shagnasty

Dear Bolivar: Because, my dear Shagnasty, the editor says so! If it weren't for the editor's say-so, where would I be? Such a stupid question! You

sound, Bolivar, as if you just fell out of a well on your head! If you don't think I'm right, ask swimmer Art Howard.

Assiduously, A. Amplifier

Dear Feller: Who are you?

Annabella Pumphandle Skunk Hollow, Kentucky (Write by hand)

Dear Annabella: I'm sure, Miss Pumphandle, that you can't read, since you obviously engaged your old dominecker hen to write your letter to me. For your information, I am A. Amos Amplifier III, the sagest sage this side of Sadie's Switch, Sideshow County, and Smokehouse Junction.

Although your question interests me, I dare not climb further on the limbs of my family tree for fear of winding up in the blasphemy of my colorful but convincing cohorts in Room 202.

Your unscrupulous prognosticator,
A. Amos Amplifier

Between the Bookends . . .

European Integration Urged In Ward's 'The West at Bay'

By ALLEN SELF

The West at Bay, by Barbara Ward. Norton & Co., New York, 1948.

Europe has been the focal point of two great wars—running sores of chronic depression, for the past 40 years.

Shortage of Yankee dollars, and with it, paralysis of international trade is the chief symptom of Europe's present crisis.

How to place Europe on a stable economic footing is the problem Barbara Ward, young (38) and brilliant foreign affairs editor of the London Economist, presents and resolves in The West at Bay.

America's role in the reconstruction is known to all as the Marshall Plan, or ERP. Under this program, the 16 non-Communist nations of Europe have joined to estimate their economic needs, to balance their budget at a level high enough to insure political stability.

Miss Ward sees in this cooperation the seeds of something greater—a Western Association similar to the United States of Europe popularized by Winston Churchill.

Without such a union, the end of Western civilization is foreseen by Barbara Ward.

What cooperation she proposes—with all the excellent statistics, plans and programs stripped aside—in cooperation between the capitalist nations.

It involves no fundamental changes of European society's complexion, other than the revival of the "brotherhood of man" and other Christian principles. Fat chance!

The West at Bay is the first book published in America by Miss Ward. Throughout it her reasoning is excellent, her clarity superb. She is at her best when describing what the U.S. and Europe must do in order to make the ERP a success. But her primary assumption that Europe and its present social order is basically good can be questioned seriously.

Letters

LOST A BAG?

Editor, The Battalion:

Dear Sir:

On Sunday, November 28, 1948, I picked up a hitch-hiker in Denton Texas and brought him to Dallas. When I let him out he left a black zipper bag in my automobile. The outside of the bag has the name "Mitchell" painted on it with no initials.

During our conversation he stated that he was a student at Texas A&M in conservation work dealing with wild life, game and fish. His home is either in Gainesville, Texas or some place in Florida.

If there is any way that I could find this boy's address, I would be glad to mail him the bag. Any effort on your part to help me locate this student would be greatly appreciated.

SANFORD H. PALMER,
Litigation Attorney, Office of the Housing Expediter, Legal Branch, Fidelity Bldg., Dallas, Texas

NO MORE NICKEL RIDES

DAYTON, O., Dec. 1.—(AP) Dayton, believed to be one of the last cities where you can ride anywhere for a nickel, is giving in.

The city commission Monday gave the City Railway Co. permission to raise its fare to 7 1/2 cents.

Trampling Out The Vintage . . . Stogie Fan Finds New Rule, 'If You Smoke, Don't Drive'

By C. C. MUNROE

If your roommate is one of those whose greatest pleasure in life is laying a smoke-screen of El Ropo number 6 fog around your room, why not try and get him to take his smoldering hemp out to one of the local parking lots for a machine age cure?

A certain patriot, John Kainersky by name, of New York was a chewer of the politicians trademark, and as he was driving happily along puffing on his cigar misfortune stepped in to put an end to his smoke-screen.

His car became entangled with that of another driver, and while the gallant John was out investigating the damage a third car gently nudged the Kainersky jalopy. The jalopy in turn nudged John, and the upshot of the whole affair was that John swallowed the stogie.

No comment was forthcoming from the struggling Yankee, but a doctor who thrust his lights into John's throat commented that he had never before been called in to attend a case of singed tonsils.

Rattling windows have, in the past, always been a source of trouble, but after hearing of a recent escapade in Germany it would pay us all to investigate before covering our heads with pillows to drown out (excuse me) shut off the noise.

It seems that the male shortage is getting the German femmes a bit perturbed and they decided to do something about it. So, late one cold Bavarian evening as the moon rose over the cold Bavarian hills, three figures in men's clothing were seen approaching the window of a farmhouse. On the inner side of the window, so the account went, was the room of the farmer's son. The three figures approached the window, banged on it, and when the farmer himself ap-

Slide Rule Contest Set for Thursday

The annual freshman slide rule contest will be held simultaneously in the auditorium of Building T-180 and in Room 303 of the ME Building at 1 p. m. Thursday, J. H. Caddess, chairman for the contest, has announced.

A first and second prize for the highest score made in the contest and a first and second prize in each department of the engineering school from which students compete will be awarded.

Each contestant will be awarded a small plaque bearing a commendation from the head of his department. Caddess said.

The award ceremony has been tentatively set for Thursday, December 16, in the Annex Gymnasium.

Learn to Snore

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WEDNESDAY
LATE NEWS
STARTS TOMORROW

WEDNESDAY
LATE NEWS
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WEDNESDAY
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STARTS TOMORROW

Campus

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Feature Starts—
1:25 - 8:15 - 5:05 - 6:40 - 8:30

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