

Battalion EDITORIALS

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1949

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

Smoke, Smoke, Smoke That Cigarette . . .

Somebody's to blame. That "somebody" is doing a lot of jockeying with Marshall Plan money and dishing it out to overseas needy people in the form of things they really don't need.

A recent news release stated that more than half of \$11,534,000 in Marshall plan aid is going to Germany as tobacco shipments. Tobacco, as we recall, is not something you give to a hungry man, or hungry people.

A number of Americans who have recently returned from Europe hear the complaint, "We appreciate your aid, but you do insist on our taking many things we don't need."

If that was part of the bargain for politicians to pass the Marshall plan, maybe we should not beat our chests as being "good hearted" Americans giving aid to

needy peoples. Maybe, we'd better fess up and say, "Sure. We send them seventy per cent what they want, and twenty-five per cent what we want them to have."

With this twenty-five percent, we can let old Joe Taxpayer keep the tobacco interests, and the movie interests, and the fancy tinned food interests in the black. We just give the Europeans what we think they need.

Of course a huge debt occurs, but they won't ever pay it anyway. And all the while we'll be dumping American surpluses that would cause price reductions were they to be forced out into the domestic market.

Old Joe Taxpayer keeps plodding along paying his heavy taxes, thinking he is crusading for humanity, when actually he is being played for a sucker by some of his own American people.

What Progress? . . .

All day yesterday I thought about this being Texas Independence Day. I cleaned out each drawer in my desk and leafed through all the comic books in my reference library looking for an inspiration for an Independence editorial. I felt the day was deserving of great words.

Last night I went to my room with no editorial written. I fell into a fitful slumber with no more inspiration than a Democratic doorkeeper at a Republican convention.

Suddenly I heard a polite cough, and looked up to see a man dressed in buckskin, standing by my bed. He was leaning on a long, muzzle loading rifle and a powder horn hung at his belt.

When I recovered sufficiently to ask him who he was and what brought him to my room, he answered that he was a representative of the Sons of San Jacinto, an organization of early Texas. He had just arrived from the organization's local haven somewhere in East Texas, to check on the manner in which we moderns were handling the state.

As he picked up a copy of the evening paper, and scraped his muddy boots on my radiator, he remarked that 113 years had brought on lots of changes, but all in all, the old state still looked familiar.

"The weather and the roads haven't changed a bit" he said. I nodded ruefully and shoved my C.E. book farther under the mattress.

"Sure is a nice school you have here." My chest swelled perceptibly.

"I see, though, that your still paying your teachers the same as we did" he continued, leafing the paper. "From the price of bacon here I don't see how they live."

The Passing Parade . . .

A small town in West Virginia contributes this post-incendiary tale:

Hamilin's 375 high school students will return to school next Monday in a church, a jail and the preparation room of a mortuary.

The high school burned down last

Since I couldn't figure it out either, I scrounged down a bit in my bunk.

"This looks familiar" he went on, "You have practically the same state constitution we had when I joined the Association.

Not having the nerve to tell him how it worked 100 years later, I smiled weakly, and he continued.

"The congress looks familiar too," he said, scanning the paper. "Our first one took six months to get organized and I see yours has just about tied the record."

I hung my head in shame.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I had better be going. There have been a lot of changes but there are still a lot of landmarks. I guess the state is in pretty good hands after all."

With that, he took up his rifle, opened the window, and did a snap roll off into space.

For several long minutes I stared up at the ceiling and thought about my visitor. Even missing some obvious details, he may have been right. There are lots of things wrong with our state, but as far as we're concerned it's the best on this or any other continent.

But should we let pride in the present replace ambition for the future? There are so many improvements we could make. If my visitor could really make a complete survey of Texas, would he be satisfied with what he found?

As I rolled over and pulled my blanket up around my head I thought about the possibility of my visitor coming back next year.

I wonder if he'll see any improvement in anything except there being more land marks.

Monday morning. The make-shift facilities were donated until other arrangements can be made.

Now that you mention it, we can see many definite resemblances to those places in our own beloved institution.

SEE LEAD EDITORIAL— EUROPEAN RELIEF —



"Shut up and smoke your cigarette!"

Sneak Preview . . .

O'Keefe's Lights Are Turned Out, When Given "Raw Deal"

By Andy Davis

Raw Deal (Eagle Lion) starring Dennis O'Keefe, Claire Trevor, and Marsha Hunt. (Gulion).

Once again Dennis O'Keefe has a gun in his hand, only this time he is on the opposite side of the fence from the law.

With the aid of his girl friend, Claire Trevor, and his ex-partner, Ricky, O'Keefe escapes from the State "Pen". He does not know that Ricky is counting on his being disposed of in the process. Marsha Hunt an innocent bystander is dragged into the picture, and is forced to accompany Trevor and O'Keefe in the get-away.

With the drag-net out for the escaped convict, the three head for Frisco, dodging the state troopers all the way. By the time they reach their destination Anne, Miss Hunt, has broken down O'Keefe's defenses, shot

a man to save his life, and taken a tumble herself.

O'Keefe plots Ricky's downfall, but Miss Trevor begs him to leave Ricky alone. She almost succeeds until he finds out that Ricky has Anne in his possession. With his one man army, O'Keefe wipes out Ricky and his men, but in doing so, turns out his own lights, and dies in Amnes arms. Like most of O'Keefe's pictures "Raw Deal" is little better than average entertainment, but should satisfy most of the customers.

Positions Open In Civil Service Field

Examinations for the position of Scientific Aid have been announced by the Civil Service Commission.

Entrance salaries range from \$2152 to \$2974.80 per year, and employment will be with the Field Headquarters of the Production and Marketing Administration in Texas.

Persons may obtain application forms from the post office; Executive Secretary, Board of United States Department of Agriculture, 1114 Commerce Street, Dallas 2, Texas; or from the Regional Director, Fourteenth United States Civil Service Region, 210 South Harwood Street, Dallas 1, Texas.

Think Of This

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and it is profitable . . . for reproof. 2 Tim. 3:16

If we would be very truthful with ourselves, we would probably find that there are few times when we read God's Word for the reproof which it might offer to us. It seems to be the general practice to read and use it like honey and sugar. The scriptures are to be used to convict man of his sinful attitude. God said that his Word was like "a sharp two edged sword." We should use the sword not only to cut away our own sins, but as the doctor uses his knife to cut away a cancer, so should we use the Word of God to cut away the sins of our fellowmen who are spiritually ill.

WOLVES SCATTER REINDEER

STOCKHOLM—(P)—A reindeer herd of about 3,000 animals was recently scattered by wolves in the northernmost part of Lapland in Sweden, far above the Arctic circle.

After the attacks the Laps who are dependent for their lives on the reindeer could only assemble 400 of the frightened animals. Many had been killed or wounded, and the others had run away in alarm. It will be hard work for the Laps on their skis to bring them together again.

About 40 wolves are believed to hunt in this region. During this year they have killed between 500 and 600 reindeer.

Official Notice

SENIORS

Seniors graduating in June, July, or August, 1949, who plan to order a set of personal leaflets must order these leaflets not later than March 30. Orders for leaflets will not be taken after March 10th, until September, 1949.

Cost of Leaflets—\$5 plus glossy application size photograph. Where to Order—Placement Office, Room 230, Administration Building. WENDELL R. HORSLEY, Director, Placement Office.

PALACE
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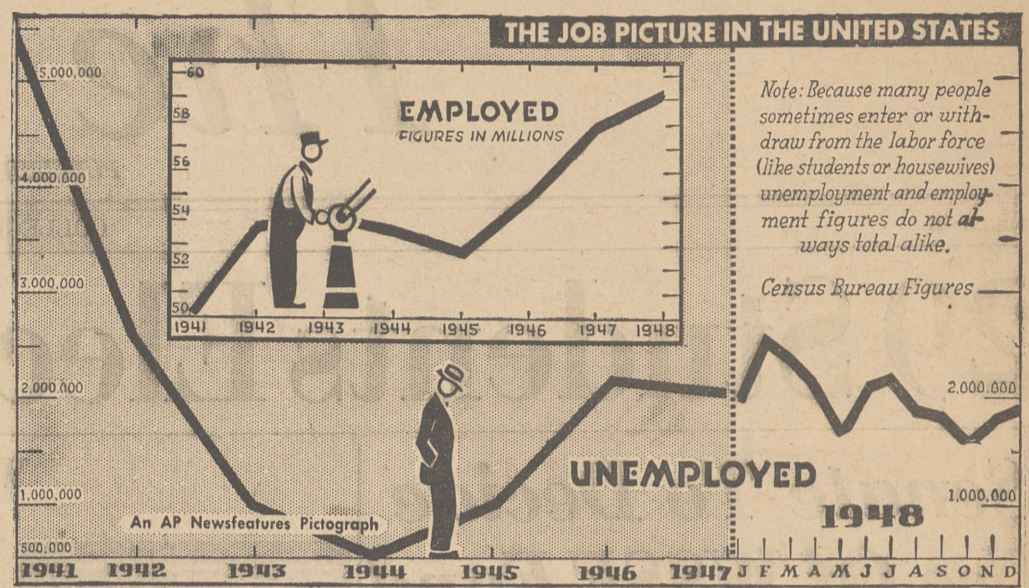
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Boyle's Column . . .

'Muscle Eyes' Loses Power For Day; Winds Up In Bay

By HAL BOYLE

MIAMI—(P)—It was the big moment in the criminal life of "Muscle Eyes," the hotel mouse who could fix horse races with his hypnotic eyes.

The cream of the American underworld was there to hear the head of the national gambling syndicate lay down plans for the "big killing."

But the tiny mouse, natty in his camel hair polo coat, was the key man. For little "Muscle Eyes" had earned \$5,000,000 for the syndicate by putting the whammy on race horses with his high-octane eye-balls.

"And we need your whammy for the big killing," said the boss coldly. "Here's the pitch: There's a horse called Jakehoff that's the odds on favorite to win the wider handicap at Hialeah.

"The mob's raised \$10,000,000 to bet against him. If you put the whammy on Jakehoff, we collect \$25,000,000. If you don't, well . . ."

The night before the race the mob threw a party. "Muscle Eyes" and his mouse moll, Madeline, were guests of honor. Everybody drank champagne until "Muscle Eyes" passed out on a sofa pillow.

When the mob left Madeline began undressing him. She discovered a tiny pouch around his neck.

DAVIDSON QUASHES PRINCE REQUEST FOR SUSPENSION

DALLAS, March 2—(P) Judge T. Whitfield Davidson yesterday overruled a defense motion for an instructed verdict of acquittal for Ollie Otto Prince, 44, Corsicana used car dealer charged with robbing the Rice Bank of \$4,000 last August 11.

The motion was made shortly after the prosecution rested its case.

"The circumstantial evidence alone is sufficient to carry this case to the jury," said the judge.

"What's this?" she asked, shaking him.

"Thass my magic medicine pouch," he mumbled. "Keep my thyroid capsules and benzedrine tablets in't. They put the old whammy in my eyeballs."

Then he passed out again. Madeline thought and thought. Then she opened the pouch. She emptied the capsules and filled them with sugar.

The next afternoon, still somewhat groggy, "Muscle Eyes" was smuggled out to the track in a binocular case carried by the big boss.

"Muscle Eyes" crawled out. He opened his neck pouch and gulped down two pills and two capsules. As the horses turned into the home stretch Jakehoff was leading by three lengths.

"Give him the whammy!" screamed the boss. The mouse bulged out his eyeballs. But instead of dropping back Jakehoff picked up speed. The mouse pawed down some more capsules and pills. It was no good. Jakehoff galloped on to win by seven lengths.

That night the mob gathered again. The mouse was being pressed with liquor from all sides, and there was a mickey finn in every drink.

He crawled into a hole in a hunk of cheese on the table and fell asleep. The big boss waited nervously until the mouse's eyes were shut. Then he gave a signal.

One huge gunman slapped a piece of bread against one side of the cheese. A second gunman jammed a slice against the other side. "Muscle Eyes" was entombed—a living mouse sandwich. Quickly the mob wrapped the sandwich with adhesive tape. Then they dropped it into a cigar box full of hardening concrete.

Later that night a low rakish black roadster raced across the causeway to Miami Beach. The cigar box, wrapped in a gunnysack was hurled out and sank to the bottom of Biscayne Bay. And so

perished "Muscle Eyes," the hypnotic mouse.
Moral: you can't get away with acting like a rat—unless you really are one.

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