

Battalion Editorials

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1950

Some Holes, a Shovel, and Some Gravel . . .

One of the Engineer units out seeking a little publicity the other night set what we think is a good example for the College to follow.

They put shovel to gravel and filled in a little troublesome mud-hole in front of George's (oops, Campus Corner). Now we'd like to see the College follow suit and fill in the big hole over behind that same building.

Besides that one, there are several other mud-holes, peculiarly located in the middle of heavily traveled walkways, that have been intimate with numerous pairs of well shined shoes on several occasions.

To mention a few: the short-cut path

from the main entrance of the new area to the Agriculture Building, the rest of the pathway behind George's, the entrances to both dormitories Four and Six (Trail Street side), and the pathway between the M. E. Building and Austin Hall. All of these could well use a few shovelfuls of gravel in their lowest, low spots at least.

A little telephoning revealed that a "yard" of filling gravel costs around \$2. About ten yards of this gravel shoveled into a few strategic points would be a wisely invested \$20.

We can't think of anyone who wouldn't benefit, except possibly the local shoe polish merchants.

Monday Night At Sbsa . . .

Monday evening's productions by the Aggie Players, in Sbsa's experiments with the "intimate theater" as Director George Dillavou phrased it, was enthusiastically received by the near-hundred theatergoers in attendance.

Working on a stage surrounded on all four sides by peering spectators the actors and actresses creditably presented three one act plays traversing the span from comedy to drama to farce.

Certainly the productions had shortcomings, none are presented perfectly. But our interest in the plays caused us to swallow whatever discomfort, we experienced when hearing the distracting jangle of glasses next door, or the poor enunciation of several of the players.

Our enthusiasm with the experiment

causes us to temper criticism for fear that the experiment would not be continued.

Criticisms, if any, should be directed toward those Aggies who "intended" to attend but didn't.

The hour-long program, staged after considerable preparation, was highly entertaining and something of the order that this campus needs in greater abundance.

Play acting furnishes students interested in stage work the opportunity to demonstrate their talents; it also affords interested audiences a pleasant evening of entertainment.

Whatever the future fate of theater-in-the-round at A&M, we regard Monday evening's performances as much better than "good."

With Overflowing Storehouses, Cutbacks . . .

Readers of today's newspapers don't have to know anything about agriculture to realize that our farmers are causing quite an economic problem in this country.

Judging from the column/inches used for farm surplus copy, this problem is as prominent in legislative and economic circles as the cold war or the rest of Congress' business combined.

This nation is having to face the fact that our farms produce more than our people can consume at present price levels. The government has, over the past decade or more, resorted to purchasing this nation's farm surpluses. Crops for the past few years have been so bountiful that government storehouses are bulging with agricultural stores, and many are overflowing.

Because of their strategic economic position and their likewise prominent political position, farmers have been handed the choice plumbs from our great legislative pot. Subsidies, grants, and all sorts of aids have befallen the farmer.

He is now virtually assured an annual income of a certain amount, whether his crop is destroyed or not. Naturally, the

farmer is greedy, like everyone else. He tries to wring as much from his land as he can. He joins government programs because they help him. He yelps when they pinch him.

Current among yelps being heard are those issued by cotton farmers who must cut back their acreage next year to less than previously. Corn acreage will be cut back 5.9%. Rice, potatoes, peanuts, beans—these and other surplus crops will receive reduced acreage allotments for next year.

The farmer, who produces for, and buys from, markets he doesn't control, has been victimized for generations, until the New Deal. Now that his position is profitable, it is threatened by the economic laws of supply and demand.

Agricultural prices are too high for any great increase of consumption by millions of Americans. If the farmer is to continue insisting on high prices for his goods, he must expect further governmental steps to control his production.

This nation cannot indefinitely go on buying farm surpluses at the present rate.

THOSE HORRIBLE FLYING SAUCERS AGAIN



From Where I Sit . . .

'The Way of All Flesh?' Or What's In a Name, Huh?

By HERMAN C. GOLLOB

Another note scribbled with poison pen has reached this department indicating the susceptibility of souls even as ethical and cerebral as we to the sins of the flesh and errors of the mind.

The letter comes from perceptive Harry Hurt, Jr., a stickler for the facts and undoubtedly a tenacious devotee of jazz:

Editor, The Battalion:

Your Herman C. Gollob really does it up right as an amusement editor; his write-ups are about as amusing as anything I've ever read in The Battalion. Did he actually attend the El-Lington concert? I don't see how he could miss so many names unless it was meant to be amusing. The star of the band was

Sonny Greer, not Sid Catlett. Others were Al Hibbler, not Albert Millie; Ray Nance, not Ray Tamer; etc. And when did Johnny Hodges become a great trombone and bass (?) saxophone artist? The "C" in Mr. Gollob's name must be for "cube," a worst kind of square, completely oblivious to everything but "heathen" hillbilly music.

I can't see how anything like that every got past the eagle eyes of that most musically wise Bill Billingsley. How about a bit more accuracy and less fancy palaver in those fine, critical reviews?

Sincerely,
Harry Hurt, Jr.
(Reader Hurt also encloses pic-

tures of Sonny Greer and Sid Catlett which we have pasted on our bulletin board as sharp reminders of our first great sin).

Sincere apologies, Reader Hurt. It was a sin most foul-smelling of us to rename the members of the Duke's impeccable organization. But to tell you the truth, upon leaving the concert we had their names listed correctly on a sheet of the onion-skin parchment we use in writing our column.

However a trip to the Flamingo Lounge to gather meat for our forthcoming Night Owl (adv.) column resulted in its loss, and in a fit of unsavory resourcefulness, we substituted names of our own creation. Little we dreamed that (See SINNER, Page 3)

Spring Has Sprung, Da Boids On Da Wing—Well, So What?

By DAVE COSLETT

Spring—it's here at last. The birds are singing, the bees are buzzing, the trees are budding. The world is happy.

Sez who?

So the boids is singing. They should be. Did dey have a quiz in Physics 210 this morning.

And the bees is makin' like a door-bell on Hallowe'en. They can sting a "Tac" officer and get away with it—I can't even sting my room-mate for a coke.

And the trees—poppin' out wit

leaves as thick as bird-dogs at a ball. So my Biology Prof tells me to get samples of different vanashuns in leaves.

The world is happy. I feel like I just got campused.

"When a young man's fancy turns to love." That's what mine did. Sent me the ring this morning. Sez she, "I know you won't like what I got to tell you . . ."

I didn't.

"When the world invites you to inspect the glories of nature." I got a yellow piece of paper in-vitin' me to trample down a lot of grass on the bull ring Saturday.

"When the sleeping wonders of nature awake." I just wonder how some people get to sleep around dis joint.

And the editor tells me to write a story on Spring. "Do you know what today is?"

I answer, "Two days after I pay fees. Only I didn't pay them."

"No," he says, "Something else."

"The day my 2,000 word theme is due. I ain't got that either."

"It's spring," he says, gettin' Argie maroon in the face.

"So what," I sez.

"Then he runs through all dis musus about boids and trees. And he adds, "It's time for spring fever, too."

Now dat, I got. Will you folks excuse me while I go to sleep.

Lookin' Back

From the Battalion Files of 15 Years Ago

Reville, A&M's canine mascot, attended services at the A&M Methodist Church Sunday. Her appearance was in conjunction with Rev. R. L. Jackson's sermon on "Human Pets."

The U. S. Army Air Corps revealed Friday that the use of 100 octane fuel had enabled new army pursuit planes to attain top speeds as high as 216.8 mph.

Results of a Literary Digest survey of 30,000 college students in 30 colleges throughout the country showed that only 4,982 of the students questioned would take up arms against a foreign invader of the United States.

An early morning fire completely gutted Bachelor Hall Wednesday evening. Seventy-five students were left homeless. A six hour fight by the college fire department failed to stem the blaze. Damages were estimated at \$30,000.

Official Notice
NOTICE TO VETERINARY MEDICINE SCHOOL APPLICANTS

All currently enrolled pre-veterinary medicine students who expect to qualify as applicants for admission into the School of Veterinary Medicine in September, 1950, should file their application in the Registrar's Office not later than April 1. Forms to be used in making application for admission to the School of Veterinary Medicine are available at the information desk in the Registrar's Office.
H. L. HEATON
Registrar

SKYWAY SHOWS AT 6:45 - 8:45
DRIVE-IN THEATRE
Tonight - Absentee Nite
Kathryn Grayson in "THAT MIDNIGHT KISS"

Stop the . . .

"GRIME WAVE"

DO YOU KNOW . . .

- That dirt kills more people than bullets?
- That harmful germs are more potent than the atom bomb?

Yes, It's True!

We are stopping the GRIME WAVE now. Let us do a bit of "Cleaning out" for you.

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SKYWAY DRIVE-IN THEATRE

TONITE SHOWS 7:00-9:00

LUCKY LICENSE

\$500

Less Tax

TWO LICENSES WILL BE SELECTED FOR

\$250

Each

Less Tax

If neither of the two licenses selected are present or have not signed the absentee book—

THEN A THIRD LICENSE WILL BE SELECTED FOR

\$500

Less Tax

SHOWING

That Midnight Kiss

degrees cooler



for leisure... for pleasure wear...

You're bound to be cooler, wherever you go, if you wear a Norris Casual Sportshirt. We now have a large and well rounded assortment of these sport shirts in stock. Come in early and make your selection while our stock is complete. Available in a wide choice of dusty tone solid colors and prints in both rayon and cotton, including mesh weaves, leno broadcloths and other fine fabrics.

Select yours for summer comfort at . . .

The Exchange Store

"Saving Texas Aggies"

The Battalion

"Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"
Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions

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L'L ABNER Ninety Years Too Late



By Al Capp