

On Bears and Bootblacks

The time seems ripe once more for discourse on a familiar topic—sportsmanship. And, sadly enough, it appears the discourse is slightly overdue.

Within the past few days a rash of "incidents" involving A&M and relations with other schools have developed. What started out as an isolated instance seems headed, by repetition, toward a rather unhappy conclusion. A long-clean sportsmanship record at A&M is picking up a few unsightly blemishes.

But before we get to specific cases, let's clear up a point. Seems words like "sportsmanship" are beginning to hold about the same station in a college newspaper as words like "sin". It's the accepted "duty" of the editor to advocate the former and denounce the latter.

Reactions to editorial opinions on either, therefore, are usually of the "there he goes again—so what" variety. The two subjects have a common quality—they deal with things that invariably tend toward the idealistic.

Allow us, if you will, to try to approach the topic realistically for once.

Yesterday's paper announced that seven Aggies were arrested Tuesday for using shoe-polish to paint signs on Waco cars. It's now someone's duty to evaluate those actions. Probably more than one opinion will run like this:

"They had the spirit. It's just too bad they got caught. That's good bull. Sportsmanship? What difference does that make?"

We would prefer to mince no words and say a few of our "spirited" group have been caught red-handed in pure and wanton destruction or defacing of property. But to avoid that trite phrase let's restate the charge. Some Aggies painted a sign on a car in shoe polish. That shoe polish has to be removed. Its removal is going to cost someone some time—and possibly some money. Its removal is liable to injure the finish of the car. That is liable to cost even more money.

But, you might say, the ones who did it are the ones who have to pay for it. Right. But only because they got caught. And paying for the damage to the cars doesn't buy back respect for A&M. The owners of the cars are perfectly within their rights to be mad as hell. The payment of the damage might ease that, but it doesn't dispense with it.

Going further, what was gained? Several Aggies have spent a night in a Waco jail and had that fact publicized throughout the state. The sign read "Beat Hell Out of Baylor." Nothing was gained in that direction. Our football team did a pretty good job on TCU—and didn't need any shoe polish to accomplish the job.

This Saturday, though, the Aggie team is going to have to fight that shoe polish—that shoe polish and a little cub-napping episode. Baylor and A&M are pretty staunch rivals. This year Baylor is the generally acknowledged underdog. But, like most underdog teams, all they need is a psychological shot in the arm to make them a foe to be contended with. Could be they now have that shot in the arm—two-fold.

Don't pass that psychological factor off as a bunch of hog-wash. Check with an experienced football coach and see how much stock he puts in it.

We mentioned some cub-napping. While we're on the subject, we might just as well

clear up some rumors on that. The information we have is from official sources—mainly because we couldn't get it from the individuals involved. We don't know who they are. Nor do we think it's particularly important to know their names. If our facts are wrong, they're free to correct them.

Fourteen Aggies, most of them Waco high school graduates, had a long-standing rivalry with several of their fellow high school graduates now attending Baylor. The A&M boys were more or less dared by their Baylor buddies to steal the Baylor mascot or mascot.

In response to that dare, and for no other particular reason, the boys carefully planned and executed a cub-napping. Their first attempt to get a bear was unsuccessful. Their second attempt was more fruitful. With two freshmen struggling with a cub in the back seat, three cars returned to College Station.

The cub was tied to a tree in the nearby country and treated well—much better treated than the captors on whom he vented his wrath. The Aggies realized before too many hours had passed that the incident was becoming serious, so they returned the bear indirectly. In the process they gave themselves away.

The case naturally came before the dean of men. The cub-nappers made a complete breast of the story and sent their apologies to Baylor. They realized that they had made a mistake and admitted it.

The mistake, though, had been made. And the guilty ones will have to take their punishment for it. That punishment shouldn't be too severe . . . it probably won't be too severe. It will be made public when it is decided.

The incident was probably one of the more humorous ones of recent times. The captured cub dealt a little misery of his own. But it may not be so humorous to some ardent Baylorites who prize their mascot quite highly. No more humorous to them than would their kidnapping of Sully, just as a joke, would be to us. An absurd comparison? We don't think so.

Just so we don't miss any aspects of this case, let's mention Baylor's action of a few weeks back. A few Aggies on the Baylor campus were molested by a small group of Baylorites whose actions were entirely unprovoked. In the course of the incident, an A&M student's ukelele was wantonly destroyed.

An apology from Baylor reached A&M almost before news of the incident. And the Baylor students responsible paid fully for the ukelele. The apology and the payment of damages did not excuse the incident—no more than an apology and payment will excuse our latest episode.

Fortunately neither of the incidents were anything more than isolated actions by individuals who did not reflect the feelings of the greater majority of students at either school.

Therein, though, lies the reason for this lengthy discussion. Such small incidents are the things that kindle more wide-spread ill feelings. If they persist, unnecessary and disastrous heated rivalry can develop.

This business of sportsmanship is not an idle dream of idealists. It's a common sense proposition aimed at preventing ill-feelings, unnecessary damages, unnecessary costs, and unnecessary trouble to everyone concerned. Let's treat it as such.

Baylor Packing Underway During Spare Moments

. . . By Vivian Castleberry

In student apartments all over college, traveling bags sit open as working wives and busy mothers find time to toss in articles of apparel for the weekend's Big Bear Hunt over in Waco. Among the couples who will make the trek are Bobbie and Joe Adams, Mary Ann and Jimmie Lester, Bobbie and Albert Jackson, Joyce and J. C. Stewart, Doris and Bob Marcotte and the two Rutledge couples, Peg and Red and Jerry and Bill.

Jeanne McCullough, receptionist in Student Activities, is still walking on clouds from her personal meeting with Leonard Warren, the Metropolitan opera star who opened Town Hall here. Jeanne and her husband, Charles, described the singer as "just too marvelous for words." . . . Scott and Ann Stiles have been on the go recently, first with a trip up Dallas-way and a visit to the State Fair and more recently to the Huntsville Rodeo. . . . Norma Cavanaugh was honoree at a shower-party Tuesday night with Wilma Barrett doing the honors.

The Seventh Regiment staged a big show Friday night last to open officially A&M's current social season. . . . The belles looked for all the world like debutantes. By far the most charming couple on the dance floor was President and Mrs. M. T. Harrington. . . . Queen was lovely Pat Young, but a host of student wives were just as sparkling in their once-in-awhile evening dresses.

It has been said by one college official who works closely with students that "There is more drama in a square foot of the veterans housing units than you'll find in lots of whole city blocks." This true, 'tis true, and especially so as the month and years as it does twelve times out of each year. By next press time the checks will be here again, but until then Baby better stay well, mealtime guests better not come, and the bill collector just as well forget where we live. Some fortunate few are able to stretch their shoelaces over an entire thirty days, but for most of us the month closes out on menus of beans, crackers and cheese and peanut butter!

Note to My Public: This is not an editorial column. Please DON'T ask me to air your personal gripes in these lines. The letters column was made for you and you and you and the editors of The Battalion will be glad to print your letters. Maybe you will find, through voicing your opinion, that others feel just as you do about the subject in question. . . . and it's possible that something might be done about it.

Wilma and John Drisdale had a big event at their house this week! Wilma, who is a nurse was on duty and had left instructions for no one to call her unless an emergency arose. The telephone rang for her. . . . and she could see visions of a sick child until a voice came excitedly over the wire "Miss Wilma, I just had to call. Diana's walking all over the house!" Diana is the thirteen months old queen of the household. She, no doubt, was taking the first steps toward being a future Aggie sweetheart.

The Why Don't We Department? . . .

The best way in the world to foster good relations is for people to meet on equal footing with favors being handed out and returned. One of the nicest things we Aggie couples can do for our single classmates is to offer lodging for their girl friends when they are down for weekend games and parties. Many of our cadet friends are in the same boat we're in: little money for the big dates they like to have. Of course, not all couples have the facilities to offer, but those with extra bedrooms couldn't do a nicer deed than offer them to a cadet friend for his date. . . . Likely as not you'll get a nice pleasant treat, too, just as we did this past weekend when we had Tessie Muriel Forte and Jean Henderson, dates of Bob and Joe Turcotte, with us for two nights. They were lovely ladies, a credit to their parents and to their school. . . . and now we number among the nicer things about Aggeland two more cadets that we might not otherwise have known.

Letters

Grimy Grand (No. 3)

Editor, The Battalion:

I am aware that you dislike for your Letters To the Editors column to be used as a medium for any disputes. However, I feel that an injustice has been thrown at the staffs of Town Hall, Guion Hall, and the people responsible for the presentations of the Town Hall program.

A one Mr. Tom Rountree, Class of '52, expressed his deep regret over the condition of the piano at the Warren concert last Thursday. To quote, "Dust was about two inches thick. . . ." It seems as if one of the first duties of the persons responsible for the piano should be to see that it is in as perfect condition as possible for the concerts.

May I present facts? The piano had been wiped by four individuals with everything from a damp rag to cleaning solutions. It had been inspected and passed by Mr. Sekterg—Mr. Warren's accompanist. As for the finish—if Mr. T. Rountree, Class of '52, was fully aware as to the volume of people that use our piano he would be terribly proud of the instrument and its appearance.

If Mr. R. would care to discuss this further, may I suggest some sympathetic ears that will listen to catch every word? He could come to me, or, if he would care to, see Mr. White or Mr. Tom Puddy.

Arnold F. Schmitz, '51

(Editor's Note: Now, now Mr. Schmitz, let's not be waving our senior ring in the air.)

Scientist Missing

London, Oct. 24—(AP)—Finland's security police were ordered to scour the country for Britain's missing atom scientist, Dr. Bruno Pontecorvo, also the British House of Commons began a debate on the man who admittedly might have atom secrets of value to an enemy.



Powder Developed To Eat Dead Tissue

Boston, Oct. 26—(AP)—A white powder that eats up dead tissue and pus in a chest infection, without hurting healthy tissue, was reported yesterday by the American College of Surgeons.

It promises to become a new wonder medicine to clean up infected wounds, chronic sinus trouble, and other infections.

The powder is pure crystallized trypsin, a natural chemical in your digestion. The trypsin made in your body digests the meat and other proteins you eat. But it doesn't touch living proteins, or otherwise it would dissolve the intestines.

Trypsin has easily dissolved jelly-like masses that sometimes form in the chest cavity, outside the lung, in people with tuberculosis, said Drs. Howard Reiser, L. C. Roettig and George M. Curtis of Ohio State University College of Medicine, and Clark County and Rocky Glen Tuberculosis Hospitals, Columbus.

This condition, called empyema, is one of the worst complications of lung tuberculosis. The mass is made up of blood, bacteria, pus, serum and dead tissue. It tends to get hard, while the pleura or covering of the lungs may become thickened. Sometimes it is impossible to operate, to remove ribs to rest the infected lung.

Trypsin, injected by needle, liquefies the mass, turning it into a tawny watery fluid which then can be sucked out of the chest cavity. The cavity itself seems to become sterilized in some cases, by a peculiar action not yet understood.

One woman, dying of TB, was helped so much she gained weight and was able to walk around again, the surgeons said.

The trypsin, extracted from the pancreas glands of cows, was supplied by Armour Laboratories, Chicago.

Legislator Sees Billion Dollar Tax Increases

Washington, Oct. 26—(AP)—Senator George (D-Ga.), a top manager of tax legislation, told the nation yesterday to expect further multi-billion dollar increases in taxes, despite victory in Korea.

He foresaw enactment of a corporation excess profits tax by Christmas—or at least "very early in 1951"—to be effective retroactively as of last July 1 or Oct. 1. This bill will be confined strictly to a super tax on excess profits or "war profits."

He saw the possibility of another general tax bill next year.

"The successes in Korea," George said, "do not remove the necessity for additional taxes. We cannot afford not to go ahead with strengthening our defenses—and that costs money."

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By Al Capp

THE NEXT NAME ON THE LIST IS—LADY HOUNDLEG-HOTFOOT, O' OLD DOGPATCH, ENGLAND!! YOU STAYS PUT, SON—UNTIL SADIE HAWKINS DAY IS OVER!! IT'LL BE A LONG TIME AFORE YOU TANGLES WIF LADY HOUNDLEG-HOTFOOT!! SADIE HAWKINS DAY NOV. 18. NOT SO LONG MAMMY—AND WHAT TILL YOU S-SEE HER!!

The Battalion

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

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