

An Editorial

Why Not a Leash?

Last night the question of a leash law for dogs was brought before the College Station City Council.

Although the councilmen considered the question briefly, no move was taken to imply that such a law might possibly be passed.

Dogs have been renounced as "man's best friend" and no doubt in many cases this is true. But recently in Dallas one of "man's best friends" ripped a young child's face to shreds in spite of the baby's father's efforts to pull the dog away. This was a rare case and fortunately not too many such instances occur. But to a father or mother, are all the dogs in the world worth the maiming or death of their child?

And of course, no sensible person is going to say that all dogs should be destroyed to free the world from such happenings. Dogs can be and for the most part are gentle and domestic pets and truly a friend. But roaming the streets, even the most docile canine can contract rabies and become a crazed killer.

A leash law would surely cause little ill will among the community. Especially since most dog owners keep their pets penned or on a leash anyway. But a glance around the city any day will show that this is not entirely true.

College Station has been lucky thus far. No serious attacks by dogs have occurred. This may not be the case forever. Now is the time to do something about the free-roaming dog problem. The lives of children are not worth risking needlessly, no matter how small the risk.

Call your councilman and give him your views on the subject. A leash law will be insurance for some child's future. Let's keep dog "man's best friend" in College Station—at the end of a leash.—GM



"Now, now, Fish Jethro! Let's be more patient with upperclassmen!"

State Capital NEWS

By Vern Sanford

AUSTIN, Tex.—If you drive a car, 1958 will be a good year to pay closer-than-ever attention to how you drive it.

Under Gov. Price Daniel's "Texas plan" to reduce highway tragedies, the spotlight will be on individual driving practices as never before.

Speeders and drunken drivers will be prime targets.

Governor Daniel is heading a drive to mobilize all the state's resources to combat "the threat of public disaster. Annual loss of life, health and property in traffic accidents," he said, "is greater than the loss sustained in all our natural disasters combined."

Five-point "Texas plan" involves (1) cooperation between all safety and enforcement officials, (2) formation of local traffic safety councils, (3) public education to the problem, (4) road improvements at hazardous spots and (5) more rigid enforcement and certainty of punishment for violations, especially drunken driving and speeding.

Last year 2,539 persons were killed in traffic and 122,000 were injured. Even so, 1957 ratio of fatalities to miles traveled was down—from 6.5 deaths per 100 million miles in 1956 to 6 deaths per 100 million miles in 1957.

Department of Public Safety Director Homer Garrison Jr. attributes the reduced rate to lower average speed. Texans saved 111 lives, he said, by slowing down average speed by 1.6 miles per hour.

Goal for 1958 is more ambitious—to save 254 lives or one for each Texas county.

It's up to every Texan, said the governor, to "accept traffic safety as a do-it-yourself project."

TOWARD SAFER ROADS—An important aim of the anti-accident campaign is a \$43,000,000 program to rebuild some hazardous spots in the highway system.

Governor Daniel and State Highway Engineer DeWitt Greer formally launched this work by placing a "drive carefully" sign by a narrow bridge on a farm road near Austin. Scene of previous accidents, the bridge is to be widened.

MONEY HUNT—Gloomy predictions abound as government and industry leaders look toward the state's 1959 financing problems.

A "conservative estimate" by Sen. William S. Fly, chairman of the Texas State Tax Study Commission, is that \$45,000,000 per year in new revenue will be needed just to maintain present state services.

Melodies of Wind Quintet Pleasing to Series Audience

By WELTON JONES

A touch of the intricate melodies and countermelodies that make up chamber music diffused themselves in the Memorial Student Center last night as one of the better touring wind quintets provided by the MSC Recital Series this year performed.

Although Series Chairman Jim Jones and MSC Director Wayne Stark spoke briefly before the performance about the need of student interest and assistance if the programs are to continue, neither performers nor audience lacked enthusiasm.

Included in the program were two pieces in the traditional chamber music style, a Quintet by Franz Danzi and a Mozart Divertimento, originally written for two basset horns and a bassoon and performed by Charles Russo on clarinet, Melvin Kaplan on Oboe and Bassoonist Morris Newman.

The pieces, both written at the end of the 18th century, illustrated the fragile beauty and intricateness inherent in small ensemble works.

In a more energetic mood, the quintet executed the boisterous, gambling "Kleine Kammermusik, No. 2" by Yale University's Paul Hindemith. The number is a personal favorite of this particular group and they barked it out with a will, seeming at times almost to be caricaturing a wind quintet.

The other two numbers on the

program were selections from many of Allen Schrader's music Ravel's "Mother Goose Suite" arranged by Kaplan and "A Woodland Serenade" by Herbert Haufrecht. The first reminded written for the Aggie Players' "Macbeth" this year and the second was a sprightly, syncopated romp that belied the title.



SWEENEY IN THE TREES

Spring is here—the season of tree-sitting contests. This I applaud. Tree-sitting is healthful and jolly and as American as apple pie. Also it keeps you off the streets.

Tree-sitting is not, however, without its hazards. Take, for example, the dread and chilling case of Manuel Sigafoos and Ed Sweeney, both sophomores at the Nashville College of Folk Music and Woodworking, and both madly in love with a beautiful alto named Ursula Thing, who won their hearts singing that fine old folk song, *I Strangled My True Love with Her Own Yellow Braids*, and *I'll Never Eat Her Sorghum Any More*.

Both Manuel and Ed pressed Ursula to go steady, but she could not choose between them, and finally it was decided that the boys would have a tree-sitting contest, and Ursula would belong to the victor. So Manuel and Ed clambered up adjoining aspens, taking with them the following necessities: food, clothing, bedding, reading matter, and—most essential of all—plenty of Marlboro Cigarettes.

We who live on the ground know how much you get to like with a Marlboro. Think how much more important they must be to the lonely tree-dweller—how much more welcome their fine, mild tobacco; how much more gratifying their free-drawing filters; how much more comforting their sturdy, crushproof flip-top box. Climb a tree and see for yourselves.



Well supplied with Marlboros, our heroes began their tree-sitting contest—Manuel with good heart, Ed with evil cunning. The shocking fact is that crafty Ed, all unbeknownst to Manuel, was one of three identical triplets. Each night while Manuel dozed on his bough, one of Ed's brothers—Fred or Jed—would sneak up the tree and replace him. "How can I lose?" said Ed with a fiendish giggle to his brother Fred or Jed.

But Ed had a big surprise coming. For Manuel, though he did not know it himself, was a druid! He had been abandoned as an infant at the hut of a poor and humble woodcutter named Cornelius Whitney Sigafoos III, who had raised the child as his own. So when Manuel got into the tree, he found much to his surprise that he had never in all his life felt so at home and happy. He had absolutely no intention of ever leaving.

After seven or eight years Ed and his brothers wearied of the contest and conceded. Ursula Thing came to Manuel's tree and cried, "I am yours! Come down and pin me."

But Manuel declined. Instead he asked Ursula to join him in the tree. This she could not do, being subject to mopey (a morbid allergy to woodpeckers), so she ended up with Ed after all.

Only she made a mistake—a very natural mistake. It was Jed, not Ed, with whom she ended up.

Ed, heartbroken at being tricked by his own brother, took up metallurgy to forget.

Crime does not pay.

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This column is brought to you by the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes who suggest that if you are ever up a tree when trying to find a gift, give Marlboros. You can't miss!

Man to Man

By JOE TINDEL

As I type out these last lines of the year, I can't help looking back to other columns and the events which have occupied the pages of The Battalion during this year.

It's been a great year really. Despite the fact that tempers flared from time to time, Aggies started thinking about what they wanted in the future for their school. They took much more interest in campus affairs.

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First, it was the honor code squabble. Now we are well on the way to having two honor codes or maybe one for the entire student body rather than one for the Corps alone.

Second, the compulsory Corps controversy arose. The board had ruled on the issue but there were forebodings on its effect on enrollment. There were words exchanged back and forth, but such controversy is good if it stimulates thought.

Third and probably greatest, was the controversy over co-education. Some wanted it and some didn't but the court in Bryan made up our minds for us. Time will tell its effect on A&M.

During this time we hired a football coach and one left. The single wing replaced the split-T and John Crow walked off with nearly all the football honors in the nation. Charley Krueger didn't do bad either. Nor did any other member of the Aggie team.

We got to see the first year of basketball under Coach Bobby Rogers and he showed us quite a season.

Besides being without a coach we had been without a vice president for some time. We got one in February—Earl Rudder, former student, war hero and politician. He's performing his duties well now.

It's been a big year and only the future can tell how profitable a year it has been for A&M.

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As I write the last 30 "Man to Man" some hardworking Battalion staffers are readying themselves to fill the "old heads'" shoes.

If they get your cooperation, next year will be a good year or maybe even better than ever. Good luck and we'll see you around the campus.

Local Lions Club Elects President

Dave Fitch, School of Business Administration, was named president of the College Station Lions Club by acclamation yesterday as the Lions elected officers for 1958-59.

Archie Flowers, Don Hood and Charlie Wootan were voted 1st, 2nd and 3rd vice-president respectively. Johnny Watkins was named secretary-treasurer with William R. Miller his assistant.

Directors of the club, elected for a two-year term were George Hubner and Frank Barnard.

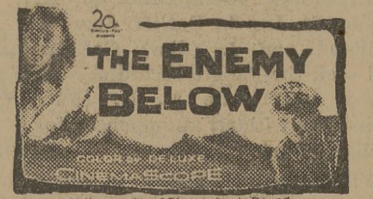
Charlie Haas, current president, will turn over his gavel to Fitch July 1, and the new slate of officers will assume their posts.

Other business conducted at the meeting included the report that the club had donated \$150 from their projects fund to the Brazos County Crippled Children's Clinic.

Ed Svendsen was given the Lion Tamer Title and Mac Prescott named assistant Lion Tamer. Red Cashion was chosen tail twister and Freddie Welters was made his assistant.



TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY



In the wonder of Stereophonic Sound



LAST DAY



JOHN SAXON • MEREDITH WILDER



TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY

"I Was A Teenage Werewolf"

With Michael Landon

Plus

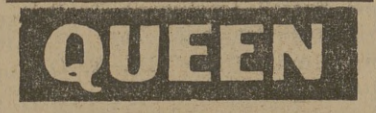
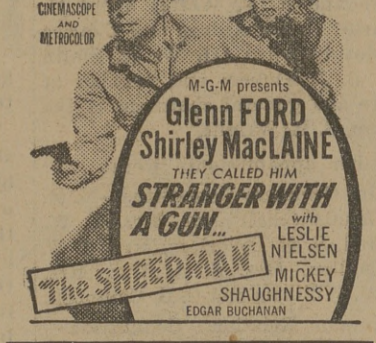
"Invasion Of The Saucer Men"

With Steve Terrell



Bryan 2-8879

STARTING TUESDAY



LAST DAY

The Tarnished Angels

THE BATTALION

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CIRCLE

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY

"Man From God's Country"

With George Montgomery

Plus



L'I'L ABNER



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By Al Capp



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