

# Eisenhower, Khrushchev Confront Each Other: Abyss Between Them

By RELMAN MORIN  
AP Staff Writer

UNITED NATIONS, N. Y. — The two most powerful men in the world confronted each other in the United Nations Thursday and demonstrated—one in words, the other in manner—the depth of the abyss between them.

Nikita Khrushchev's darting eyes narrowed to slits when President Eisenhower stepped up to the lectern to speak.

Eisenhower's voice slowed to an icy, measured cadence when he reminded the great audience of the Soviet vetoes in the United Nations and the Soviet walk-out from the disarmament conference in Geneva.

Khrushchev sat like a statue. He watched the President with a stony stare. He took his eyes off Eisenhower only once. That was when Eisenhower referred to the RB47 plane case. At this point, Khrushchev shot a swift remark to Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. Gromyko pencilled a brief note.

Eisenhower seemed to be speaking directly to Khrushchev. Through most of his speech, he looked straight ahead, seldom turning to right or left. The lectern was on a straight line with the middle-aisle chair where Khrushchev sat.

This was the third time in a year these two men—either of whom could plunge the world into nuclear war with a single word—had faced each other.

Just over a year ago, Khrushchev was in Washington. He was all smiles then. Only a little more than 12 months ago . . .

The next time was in Paris in mid-May.

Riding in separate cars, they rolled into the courtyard of the Elysee Palace. The world's hopes centered here.

When they came out, a few hours later, it was just the reverse.

Now Eisenhower was grim, flushed, with jaw out-thrust. Khrushchev was doing the grinning and waving.

He had attacked Eisenhower across the green baize table, shouting, banging his fists, using the toughest of tough talk. He had demanded an apology for the U2 incident, punishment for those responsible, guarantees from Eisenhower that there would be no more flights.

Between that day and now, Khrushchev heaped insult and invective on Eisenhower at virtually every turn.

Thursday, Khrushchev came to the great, blue and gold assembly hall. He was sunny and affable. Then, after the first speech by the foreign minister of Brazil, the assembly president announced, "The next speaker is the President of the United States."

A cottony hush fell over the room. Khrushchev froze in his chair.

Eisenhower entered. His expression was thoughtful.

From around the hall, hundreds of eyes were turned on Khrushchev, watching his reaction.

His expression was a blank. His eyes were hooded and hostile.

The distance in the hall between the two men, and their manner toward each other, symbolized the contrast between the cold war today and the hopes of last year.

## Social Calendar

The Dames Club will hold its first business meeting of the season Tuesday, Sept. 27 in the South Solarium of the YMCA. The meeting will begin at 8:00 in the evening.

The Wildlife Management Wives will have a tea in the home of Mrs. W. B. Davis, 712 Mary Lake, Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 7:30 p.m.

The Horticultural Society is having its first meeting this semester, Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 7:30 p.m. in the Horticulture Building. All students interested in horticulture or related fields are cordially invited to attend.

The Pre-Med - Pre-Dent Society will hold a meeting on Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 7:30 in the Biology Building.

The Aggie Band Wives Club elected officers at their first regular meeting last week.

Elected were Sharon Matchett, president; Marty Halstead, vice-president; Marilyn Jamison, secretary-treasurer; and Novie Jo Dunlap, model representative.

The club meets the first and third Thursday of each month.

## CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle



"... why can't all freshmen make a healthy transition from high school to A&M like Fish Jethro?"

## BATTALION EDITORIALS

### Welcome, Raiders

In Fayetteville, Ark. on May 12 in 1956 at exactly 10:32 a. m., Texas Tech was officially made a member of the Southwest Conference.

The acceptance of Tech as the eighth member of the conference terminated a long-sought recognition that first began in 1927-29 years from the 1956 acceptance date.

And tomorrow night on Kyle Field, the Red Raiders from Lubbock will realize the full measure of that 1956 acceptance of the Southwest Conference. The Red Raiders finally compete for the grid championship.

Unusually enough, Texas A&M and Texas Tech inaugurated their grid series in 1927—the same year the Raiders began seeking membership to the conference. Now the Ags are Tech's first loop opponent.

Since that time, the Cadets have built a 13-5 record, but it might be well to add that their winning success is not of recent origin. The Raiders have been victorious in two of their last three outings with Texas A&M.

And it could happen again tomorrow night.

Tech may be relatively unsuccessful in their initial year competing in the SWC grid wars. But they have been building for the rugged Southwest Conference for years. And a foundation has begun to form.

### Architect Display To Span Weekend

The Division of Architecture, located on the fourth floor of the Academic Building, will feature an open house during the entire weekend, with various projects and art work on display.

At the north end of the floor, Alan Stacell, instructor for the Division, has on exhibit 53 sketches illustrating the thinking process carried out in visual form to determine different values within people.

All sketches are in pencil with varying sizes and views. These are on the extending bulletin boards on either side of the north hall, along with a typed explanation of the philosophy Stacell used in drawing them.

In the north and south halls, different projects completed by students will also be on display, including scale models of housing plans, libraries, settlement houses, and other projects designed by the students.

An exhibit of play sculpture for a park is on display in the fifth-year lab. These are models of sculpture for use by children three to five years of age.

The second year architecture students have had as a project the redesigning of the alphabet, and the study of design of letters. They will have projects in this phase of art on display in their lab, across from the fifth-year lab.

The labs will be open all weekend, for anyone interested in seeing the various displays; as the year progresses, the architecture students will have more projects, but already they have ample material to form an interesting open house for those interested in art and design.

A special project the architects are working on is preparation for a "Live" party to be held in the American Legion Hall Saturday, Oct. 15 starting at 8 p.m.

Many of the architect majors have been busy themselves during spare time, making decorations and posters for the occasion. Prices have been set at \$3 a couple for the party.

## Three in All

Tonight at midnight in The Grove the first 1960 Texas A&M Midnight Yell practice will be held.

This is a meeting where the expectancy begins building up, an expectancy that moves Texas A&M students to back the Cadets throughout the sports season. It is a time for humor, for yelling, for "getting the Spirit."

But during the height of the festivities, and in the midst of it will be many visitors. The Class of '35 is holding its reunion, and over 100 of them will be on hand. Several students from Texas Tech will be here. Above all, the weekend visits of Texas A&M students' dates to the campus will begin.

Each and every visitor to the campus will have memories of this event—an event that can be long remembered.

Let's not forget, however, that these reminiscences can also be unfavorable. A relative minority of Texas A&M students making obscene remarks, or displaying disorderly conduct can mar an exceptional evening.

Midnight Yell Practice is designed for excitement and the humor will be rich. But there will be three of them this fall.

You don't have to overdo this one . . .

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Doyle Albright - Class of '59  
Expires Oct. 5, 1960

## THE BATTALION

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The *Battalion*, a student newspaper at Texas A&M, is published in College Station, Texas, daily except Saturday, Sunday, and holiday periods, September through May, and once a week during summer school.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in College Station, Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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News contributions may be made by telephoning VI 6-5618 or VI 6-4910 or at the editorial office, Room 4, YMCA. For advertising or delivery call VI 6-6415.

Mail subscriptions are \$3.50 per semester; \$6 per school year; \$8.50 per full year. Advertising rate furnished on request. Address: *The Battalion*, Room 4, YMCA, College Station, Texas.

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### ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS

Today, if I am a little misty, who can blame me? For today I begin my seventh year of writing columns for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes.

Seven years! Can it be possible? It seems only yesterday I walked into the Marlboro offices, my knickers freshly pressed, my cowlick wetted down, my oilcloth pencil box clutched in my tiny hand. "Sirs," I said to the makers of Marlboro—as handsome an aggregation of men as you will find in a month of Sundays, as agreeable as the cigarettes they make—mild yet hearty, robust yet gentle, flip-top yet soft pack—"Sirs," I said to this assemblage of honest tobaccoists, "I have come to write a column for Marlboro Cigarettes in college newspapers across the length and breadth of this great free land of America."

We shook hands then—silently, not trusting ourselves to speak—and one of the makers whipped out a harmonica and we sang sea chanteys and bobbed for apples and played "Run, Sheep, Run," and smoked good Marlboro Cigarettes until the campfire had turned to embers.

"What will you write about in your column?" asked one of the makers whose name is Trueblood Strongheart.



"Should co-eds go out for football?"

"About the burning issues that occupy the lively minds of college America," I replied. "About such vital questions as: Should the Student Council have the power to levy taxes? Should professors be armed? Should coeds go out for football?"

"And will you say a kind word from time to time about Marlboro Cigarettes," asked one of the makers whose name is Honor Bright.

"Why, bless you, sirs," I replied, chuckling silverly, "there is no other kind of word except a kind word to say about Marlboro Cigarettes—the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste—that happy combination of delicious tobacco and exclusive selectrate filter—that loyal companion in fair weather or foul—that joy of the purest ray serene."

There was another round of handshakes then and the makers squeezed my shoulders and I squeezed theirs and then we each squeezed our own. And then I hid me to my typewriter and began the first of seven years of columning for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes.

And today as I find myself once more at my typewriter, once more ready to begin a new series of columns, perhaps it would be well to explain my writing methods. I use the term "writing methods" advisedly because I am, above all things a methodical writer. I do not wait for the muse; I work every single day of the year, Sundays and holidays included. I set myself a daily quota and I don't let anything prevent me from achieving it. My quota, to be sure, is not terribly difficult to attain (it is, in fact, one word per day) but the important thing is that I do it every single day. This may seem to you a grueling schedule but you must remember that some days are relatively easy—for example, the days on which I write "the" or "a". On these days I can usually finish my work by noon and can devote the rest of the day to happy pursuits like bird-walking, monopoly, and smoking Marlboro Cigarettes.

The makers of Marlboro are happy to bring you another year of Max Shulman's free-wheeling, uncensored column—and are also happy to bring Marlboro Cigarettes, and for non-filter smokers—mild, flavorful Philip Morris.

**PEANUTS** By Charles M. Schulz

GOOD GRIEF, THIS IS FRIDAY ALREADY!

THAT MEANS MY REPRIEVE IS ALMOST UP AND I HAVE TO START WORRYING ABOUT THAT FREERWAY BUSINESS AGAIN...

I CAN'T STAND IT! I JUST CAN'T STAND IT!

WHY HAVE I NO FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES?!!