



# Pass In Review

The following is submitted, compliments of United Press International, in lieu of the approaching federal inspection of the Corps Friday and Saturday:

**Aldershot, England (UPI) —** The British army was shaken today in the early morning inspection parade ordered by Maj. G. C. G. Calvert.

Calvert, commander of Company C of the Royal Army Service Corps, First Training Battalion, ordered his new recruits out of bed before dawn.

The purpose: to find out what the new men are wearing—in bed. Some were dressed in gym suits; others wore socks, pants, and sweaters. Some even wore pajamas, while others wore nothing at all.

As a result, 11 recruits were sentenced to three days "restricted privileges" for being improperly dressed in bed. Seventeen others were severely admonished.

Calvert, 37, said he took action in the interest of hygiene. "This was not bull," he said, "it was in the men's own interest."

A spokesman for Britain's Southern Command said: "It is an army offense to be improperly dressed, whether walking out, going on parade—or while sleeping."

The approved uniform for sleeping in bed is pajamas. (And people at A&M complain because they have to make up their beds, and wear the uniform of the day, occasionally!)



A recent "Aggie and wife" honeymoon got off to a rather "spotted" start. Two days after the ceremonies, the groom came down with the measles. It was later learned that the entire wedding party had been exposed to the disease during the festivities.

(Let's hope the bridesmaids didn't go through the line kissing the groom!)

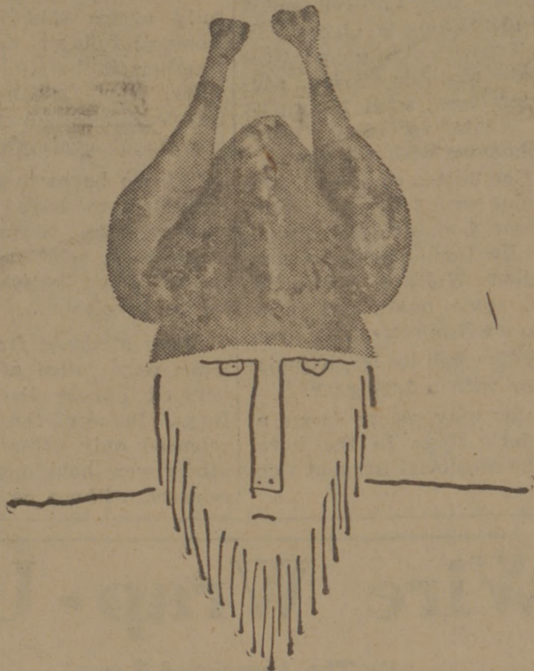


This is the last "Pass In Review" column to appear in the hallowed (or hollow) columns of The Battalion—at least the last for a decade or so. (When your editors might enroll for another four-year go-round, haw haw heehee!)

It's been fun, but since our desks are now cleaned out, there just aren't any more scraps of paper floating about upon which the gems of wit appearing here were usually written. Or scribbled.

Well, off to the East Gate Lounge . . . . .

Bob Sloan,  
Editor  
Tommy Holbein,  
Managing Editor



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## CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle

## Bulletin Board

### Hometown Clubs

Big Thicket Hometown Club will meet Thursday at 7:30 p.m. in Room 2-C, Memorial Student Center, to elect officers.

Gen-Tex club will meet at 7:30 p.m. in Room 2-A, MSC, to elect officers.

Laredo club will meet at 7:30 p.m. in Room 3-B, MSC.

South Plains club will meet at 7:30 p.m. in the Cashion Room, YMCA, to elect officers.

Waco-McLennan County club will meet at 7:30 p.m. in the YMCA Cashion Room.

Sam Houston club will meet at 7:30 p.m. in the YMCA Brooks Room to elect officers.

Reagan club will meet at 7:30 p.m. in Room 125, Academic Building.

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"... Sir, I missed that last class before Easter because I got sick and I missed th' first class after Easter because I had a relapse!"

## — Sound Off —

Editor, The Battalion: By recommendation of the commission on Christian Social Concerns, whose chairman is Dr. A. D. Folweiler, and by action of the Official Board of the A&M Methodist Church, whose chairman is Dr. Leslie V. Hawkins, I am requested to transmit to you the following letter:

"In the recent several months there has been a notable increase in the coverage given by news media to activities of the minority ethnic groups of the Bryan-College Station area. It can be inferred that the managers and editors of news media of the Bryan-College Station area are interested in improving the relationships between all elements of our community. It has been observed that there is an increasing tendency to make no reference to an individual's ethnic

affiliation when the individual is a member of a minority group. The A&M Methodist Church congratulates the editors of news media for this action and hopes that the practice will become normal, i.e., elimination of mention of ethnic affiliation if nothing constructive can be accomplished by the reference." Jack T. Kent, Secretary Official Board A&M Methodist Church

## CIRCLE DRIVE-IN THEATER

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QUEEN THEATER DOUBLE FEATURE "EXECUTIVE SUITE" & "PIRATES OF THE BLACK HAWK"

## PEANUTS

PEANUTS NO WONDER YOU WANT TO BE THE PITCHER, CHARLIE BROWN... IT'S COOL UP HERE ON THE PITCHER'S MOUND! YOU SHOULD FEEL HOW HOT IT IS OUT THERE IN CENTER FIELD... WE DON'T GET ANY BREEZE AT ALL... HEY, GIRLS, COME UP HERE! FEEL THE COOL BREEZE!

On Campus with Max Schulman (Author of "Rally Round The Flag, Boys", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

CRAM COURSE No. 3: ENGLISH POETRY Final exams will soon be upon us. This is no time for fun and games. Let us instead study hard, cram fiercely, prepare assiduously.

In this column today let us make a quick survey of English poetry. When we speak of English poetry, we are, of course, speaking of Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Some say that of the three, Keats was the most talented. It is true that he displayed his gifts earlier than the others. While still a schoolboy at St. Swithin's he wrote his epic lines: If I am good, I get an apple, So I don't whistle in the chapel.

From this distinguished beginning, he went on to write six other 40,000 poems in his lifetime—which is all the more remarkable when you consider that he was only five feet tall. I mention this fact only to show that physical problems need not keep the true artist from creating. Byron, for example, was lame. Shelley had an ingrown hair. Nonetheless, these three titans of literature turned out a veritable torrent of romantic poetry. Nor did they neglect their personal lives. Byron, a devil with the ladies, was expelled from Oxford for dipping Elizabeth Barrett's pigtails in an inkwell. He thereupon left England to fight in the Greek war of independence. He fought bravely and well, but women were never far from his mind, as evidenced by this immortal poem: How splendid it is to fight for the Greek, But I don't enjoy it half as much as dancing cheek to cheek.

While Byron fought in Greece, Shelley remained in England, where he became court poet to the Duke of Marlborough. It is interesting to note in passing that Marlborough was the original spelling of Marlboro Cigarettes, but the makers were unable to get the entire word on the package. With characteristic ingenuity they cleverly lopped off the final "gh". This, of course, left them with a "g" lying around the factory. They looked for some place to put it and finally decided to give it to the Director of Sales, Mr. Vincent Van Go. This had a rather curious result. As plain Van Go, he had been a crackerjack director of sales, but once he became Van Gogh, he felt a mysterious, irresistible urge to paint. He resigned from the Company and became an artist. It did not work out too well. When Van Gogh learned what a great success Marlboro Cigarettes quickly became—as, of course, they had to with such a flavorful flavor, such a filterful filter, such a flip-top box, such a soft pack—he was so upset about leaving the firm that he cut off his ear in a fit of chagrin.) But I digress. Byron, I say, was in Italy and Shelley in

England. Meanwhile Keats went to Rome to try to grow. Who does not remember his wistful lyric: Although I am only five feet high, Some day I will look in an elephant's eye. But Keats did not grow. His friends, Shelley and Byron, touched to the heart, rushed to Rome to stretch him. This too failed. Then Byron, ever the ladies' man, took up with Lucretia Borgia, Catherine of Aragon, and Annie Oakley. Shelley, a more domestic type, stayed home with his wife Mary, and wrote his famous poem: I love to stay home with the missus and write, And hug her and kiss her and give her a bite. Mary Shelley finally got so tired of being bitten that she went into another room and wrote Frankenstein. Upon reading the manuscript, Shelley and Byron got so scared they immediately booked passage home to England. Keats tried to go too, but he was so small that the clerk at the steamship office couldn't see him over the top of the counter. So Keats remained in Rome and died of a broken heart. Byron and Shelley cried a lot and then together composed this immortal epitaph: Good old Keats, he might have been short, But he was a great American and a heck of a good sport.

Truth, not poetry, is the business of the Marlboro makers, and we tell you truly that you can't find a better tasting, better smoking cigarette than today's Marlboro.

By Charles M. Schulz