

BATTALION EDITORIALS

Short Trip To Registrar May Prove Life-Saver

Next spring someone is sure to find his name missing from the list of those eligible to graduate. It happens every year and there is no reason for this spring to be an exception. And there is little that can be done once the list of graduates is posted.

The time to act is now. Assistant Registrar Luther A. Harrison issued a warning last week for students planning to graduate this spring. The warning, and one not to be taken lightly—be sure and check the registrar's office before registering for that last semester.

These interviews with the registrar are designed to show the prospective graduates the exact courses needed to complete all degree requirements.

Surely most students know exactly what stands between them and a degree. Others will admit they have doubts. Only one record is going to be followed—the one in the registrar's office.

We urge each prospective graduate to look into his record. The step may prove invaluable and will certainly not be a waste of time.

CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle



"... Very good men, however maybe we should stick to football signs and leave politics out of it!"

—Sound Off—

Editor,

The Battalion:

Getting to the point, I walk on the grass because I want to. Now this desire most of the time stems from the fact that I want to get to wherever I might be going as quickly and as easily as possible. This is because all of my life I have possessed that characteristic called laziness.

Having stated my reason for walking on the grass, it's only fair to state an opposing view in order to evaluate any difference of opinion. The main point against is that if one or more or all of the students here walked on the grass, paths formed by dead or dying grass would mar the beauty of the campus.

We have at least a pro and con. Now for the argument! Is this disfiguration of the campus by making streaks of dead grass wrong or bad or something? If so, why? Some people claim that since we have sidewalks and things to walk on, anywhere else we walk must not be right, since we are not following the pattern of the people who planned this campus. We do this by not using their sidewalks... causing damage to the vegetation. Then, according to them, walking elsewhere than on planned routes will destroy the artistic balance.

But then another school thinks that anything made by man such as buildings, roads, etc. destroys

the esthetic pattern of a perfect nature. If this were true than even sidewalks mar the beauty of this campus which would make unplanned paths but a small evil by comparison.

We all know, though, that something can be called beautiful simply because we impose beauty upon it by creating some criterion that some of us might feel is beautiful. Examples are certain styles of architecture or certain feelings about art or music. This brings us to the point where we must admit that perhaps one man's interpretation of beauty differs from that of another man. I don't always like the music I hear, I think some art is stupid, I think some buildings look ridiculous. Yes, perhaps, I don't even like sidewalks!

This argument is foolish! But before getting to the intended point of this article, which is not even about walking on the grass, keeping in mind the issue just covered, let me say that I like sidewalks and occasionally even use the ones around here when I'm not in a hurry.

The point is that we should stop debating these "complex" problems of whether or not our spirit is better than that of other schools, whether or not we should say "howdy" to people, whether or not we should stick together and impress people, and one or two others, and con-

sider the more basic problems such as whether or not we as a nation are following a beneficial foreign policy, whether or not a totally free enterprise is beneficial and to whom, whether or not the faculty is harming or helping the student body, whether or not the student body is harming or helping the faculty, and perhaps others.

Webster defines school as "an institution for teaching children," which was not the definition I was looking for but instead that of university which he defines as "an institution organized for teaching and study in the higher branches of learning..."

Since we're supposed to be learning "higher" things, let's start speaking and writing about subjects which require "higher" thought. Let's reach the point, or try to, where we can consider some of the problems that will face us after graduation more so than now, form opinions based on our reasoning as well as that of others, and then be able to express them intelligently posing perhaps a threat or consolation to someone.

Joe N. Wanja

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Editor,

The Battalion:

As a former member of the Corps of Cadets, I was disturbed by a recent letter written by an English professor. This teacher

was a witness to an instance that must happen on this campus at least a 100 times every day, that is the correcting of a fish by an upperclassman. Along with thousands of other Aggies I have gone through the same type of disciplinary training without any ill effects. If the freshman was as humiliated as the professor said he was, it was only because he, the professor, had stuck his nose where it certainly did not belong.

One of the big problems on this campus is the butting-in of outsiders who do not understand the Aggie way of life, and who, because of this, attempt to change the traditions of Aggieland.

I could go on like this for page after page but realizing that my comments will fall on deaf ears and that the outsiders are here to stay, I must be content to think back to the "good old days" when this school turned out men who were real Aggies and Texans and not the by-product of a "new Army" led by English professors.

Bill Lang, '62

Editor's Note: The above-mentioned letter, published by The Battalion on Oct. 1, was originally addressed to Cadet Col. of the Corps Bill Nix and has received Nix's endorsement.)

— Job Calls —

The following firms will interview graduating seniors in the Placement Office of the YMCA Building:

Wednesday

Allan-Bradley Co. — Industrial engineering and mechanical engineering, BS; electrical engineering, BS, MS.

Ford Motor Co. — Electrical engineering, mechanical engineering, chemistry and physics, BS, MS, PhD; mathematics, BA, MA, PhD; industrial engineering and industrial technology, BS, MS; economics, BA, MA; and accounting and marketing, BBA, MBA.

Texas Instruments Inc. — Chemical engineering, electrical engineering, mechanical engineering, physics and chemistry, BS, MS, PhD.

Texas Power & Light Co. — Civil engineering, electrical engineering and mechanical engineering, BS; business administration, BBA.

Robert H. Ray Co. — Electrical engineering and physics, BS; geology and geological engineering, BS, MS.

Standard Oil Co. of California — Chemical engineering, petroleum engineering and mathematics, BS, MS, PhD; electrical engineering and mechanical engineering, BS, MS.

Bureau of Reclamation — Civil engineering, electrical engineering, mechanical engineering and geological engineering, BS, MS.

Wednesday and Thursday
Western Electric Co. — Electrical engineering, industrial engineering and mechanical engineering, BS, MS; economics, BA; business administration and accounting, BBA.

NASA-Flight Research Center — Aeronautical engineering, mechanical engineering and physics, BS, MS, PhD; mathematics, BA, MA, PhD.

Well Spoken says
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BERNIE LEMMONS



GLOOM AT THE TOP

Oh, sure, you've been busy, what with going to classes, doing your homework, catching night crawlers, getting married—but can't you pause for just a moment and give thought to that dear, dedicated, lonely man in the big white house on the hill? I refer, of course, to the Prexy.

(It is interesting to note here that college presidents are always called "Prexy." Similarly, trustees are called "Trustee." Associate professors are called "Axy-Fixy." Bursars are called "Foxy-Woxy." Students are called "Algae.")

But I digress. We were speaking of the Prexy, a personage of once august and pathetic. Why pathetic? Well sir, consider the Prexy spends his days. He is busy, busy, busy. He talks to deans, he talks to professors, he talks to trustees, he talks to alumni. In fact, he talks to everybody except the one person who could lift his heart and rally his spirits. I mean, of course the appealing, endearing, winsomest group in the entire college—you, the students.

It is the Prexy's sad fate to be forever a stranger to your laughing, golden selves. He can only gaze wistfully out the window of his big white house on the hill and watch you at your games and sports and yearn with all his tormented heart to be in your warmth. But how? It would hardly be fitting for Prexy to appear one day at the Union, clad in an old rowing blazer, and cry gaily, "Heigh-ho, chaps! Who's for sculling?"



No, friends, Prexy can't get to you. It is up to you to get to him. Call on him at home. Just drop in unannounced. He will naturally be a little shy at first, so you must put him at his ease. Shout, "Howdy-doo, sir! I have come to bring a little sunshine into your drear and blighted life!" Then yank his necktie out of his vest and scamper goatlike around him until he is laughing merrily along with you.

Then hand him a package and say, "A little gift for you, sir." "For me?" he will say, lowering his lids. "You shouldn't have."

"Yes, I should," you will say, "because this package is a carton of Marlboro Cigarettes, and whenever I think of Marlboro, I think of you."

"Why, hey?" he will say curiously. "Because Marlboros have taste, and so do you," you will reply.

"Aw, go on," he will say, blushing furiously. "It's true," you will say. "Moreover, Marlboro has a taste, and so do you."

"In my swimming pool, you mean," he will say. "Yes," you will say. "Moreover, Marlboro has a soft pack, and so do you."

"My limp leather brief case, you mean," he will say. "Yes," you will say. "Moreover, the Marlboro box has a flip-top, and so do you."

"But I don't have a flip-top," he will say. "But you will," you will say. "Just light a Marlboro, and taste that tasty taste, and you will surely flip-top."

Well sir, you will have many a good chuckle about that, you may be sure. Then you will say, "Goodbye, sir, I will return soon again to brighten your lorn and desperate life."

"Please do," he will say. "But next time, if you can possibly manage it, try not to come at four in the morning."

Prexy and undergrad, male and female, late and soon, fair weather and foul—all times and climes and conditions are right for Marlboro, the filter cigarette with the unflinching taste.

By Charles M. ...

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OR DID YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT?
I'M NOT SPEAKING TO YOU! AFTER WHAT HAPPENED ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT, I'M NEVER GOING TO SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!
I WOULDN'T SPEAK TO YOU IF I MET YOU ON THE STREET, ON THE OCEAN, IN THE AIR OR ON THE MOON!
HOW ABOUT IF I WERE COMING THROUGH THE RICE?