

Reynolds' Rap

by Mike Reynolds

Danny S. is a second semester freshman at a large university. He has dropped or failed five terms and is presently on what his dean terms "a last chance probation." He is 23 years old.

He has no desire to work. The slightest suggestion of having to do anything that does not satisfy his gluttony for pleasure sends him into a moody trance.

Weekends are spent in a classy lounge that caters to his type. Beer and stronger stuff put responsibility far away in left field. Monday morning brings a muddled brain and no desire to begin the week's studies. He already talks of dropping classes and playing around for another semester. Only art interests him and then it is only to the limits of a release of inner emotion. When it must be worked at, it too is no longer any fun.

More or less, he represents a growing class of society today. Its members show no ambition to gain authority, position, stability or any of the other "goals" that are said to be worth having. At the same time, he resents all people who have authority, all positions or stabilities and he holds nothing but contempt for the goals of society.

What is being done by our present society to aid these people? Most are content to forget them if they can rise above them.

What is being done to help the social failures that everyone talks about, politicians make promises about, "proper" people whisper about, and all seem to forget about?

Something must be greatly lacking in the society that to a certain degree, created them. Something must be wrong with their particular environment that allows them to develop in ever increasing numbers.

Will any amount of government job training and employment projects ever be able to create the desire to succeed within these confused minds.

The United States is reaching for the stars and getting a little closer every year, but little progress seems to have been made in conquering the inner space between our ears.

Research in the social sciences doesn't even place in the same race for dollars in our economy.

The problem of society misfits is increasing with every year. It is of direct concern to all college students of today for they may be part of it, or later, as our societies leaders, they will bear the responsibility for it.

The "great society" had best find a solution to this increasing nasty problem or it could result in the downfall of our way of life. Minds open to the problem is the first step toward the solution.

New Viet Nam Junta Begins Command Change

SAIGON, South Viet Nam (AP) — The new military junta began changing command of key units in the Vietnamese armed forces Monday. These traditional post-coup rites were launched while the future of Lt. Gen. Nguyen Khanh still was under debate.

At the same time there were strong prospects that bombing of Communist North Vietnamese military installations by U. S. and South Vietnamese planes would be resumed soon, and not necessarily in specific reprisal for Viet Cong raids in the South.

American policy makers feel increasingly that the war must be carried directly to North Viet Nam from now on to win in the South. One factor was the discovery that a mystery ship sunk by air bombardment in a coastal cove last week carried nearly 100 tons of Communist-made weapons for the Red guerrillas.

A prevailing theory is that severing of North Vietnamese support for the Viet Cong, though it might not produce immediate effects, would be "cut-

ting the head off the snake."

Within the Vietnamese armed forces, one of the most notable changes was the reported appointment of Maj. Gen. Tran Van Don, 47, as new commander of the Central Intelligence Agency. He has been on Khanh's blacklist.

Emerging from retirements to which the little strong man consigned him late last year, Don was named to replace Col. Le Van Nhieu.

Don was one of five generals put under house arrest after Khanh seized power Jan. 30, 1964. Khanh accused the five of advocating neutralism, but eventually freed them under Buddhist pressure.

The changes in command inevitably mean a drag on the U.S.-backed war against the Viet Cong since it takes time for new men to familiarize themselves with complexities of their assignments.

American officials in Saigon viewed the latest series of power plays with a mixture of cynicism and resignation.

CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle



"Let him go, Squirt—it's not his fault you didn't get mail!"

Sound Off

Editor,

The Battalion:

One of the most pitiful sights in the world is that of a grown man who has lost all recollection of his past. A school, a state, a nation or society that has forgotten its own past, that knows no more the great sources of its own vigor, stands in desperate peril.

Does tradition still have a place at A&M? Does our University in its hell-for-leather drive for academic excellence have no need and no time for those things which have shaped its past and made A&M the highly respected educational institution it has become?

In answer to the first question I must answer a hearty yes! The second deserves an even more resounding no! The great traditions of A&M, despite what many "new army Aggies" (both Corps and Civilians) say, are not just so much dead wood to be kicked off the boat. On the contrary, these traditions form the keel itself, and are the basic stabilizing factors of success.

As the number of Civilian students continues to increase, it has

become clear that the Corps still must carry the responsibility of virtually the entire student body for living by and preserving these traditions. Therefore it is plain to me that when the Corps of Cadets is "shot to hell" the A&M we have known will be no more.

A strong Corps of Cadets is essential to the well being and continued improvement of this University and I will welcome the day when, once again, we have an all male, military A&M.

I urge you to lend what support and influence you may be able to muster to the passage of the legislation on this subject currently being debated in the Texas Legislature.

Eugene L. Riser II, '67

Bulletin Board

TUESDAY

Student Psychological Association will meet at 8 p.m. in Room 405 of the Academic Building.

Russian Club will meet at 8 p.m. in the Memorial Student Center. Two Russian films will be shown.

Mechanical Engineering Wives Club will meet at 7:30 p.m. in the Brooks Room of the YMCA Building.

Geological Society will meet at 7:30 p.m. in Room 101 of the Geology Building. Wann Lang-

ford will discuss "Dinosaurs in Texas."

Collegiate FFA Chapter will meet at 7:30 p.m. in Room 231 of the Chemistry Building.

Band Wives Club will meet at 7:30 p.m. at the home of Mrs. Alan Devilleneuve at D-8-W College View.

Math Wives Club will meet at 8 p.m. at the home of Mrs. Lucille Voss.

SENIORS

Seniors who wish to add information or activities to their "Aggieland '65" identification card can do so by contacting Robert Heger (Dorm 7 Room 305) by Feb. 27th.

CORPS SOPHOMORES & JUNIORS

Corps, Sophomores & Juniors will have their portraits made for the "Aggieland '65," according to the following schedule: Company D, E, F-2 Feb. 22-23

A, B-3	23-24
C, D-3	24-25
E, F, G-3	25-26
H, I-3	March 1-2
Maroon Band	2-3
White Band	3-4
Squadrons 1-4	4-5
	5-8
	9-12
	13-17
	10-11

Make up for these pictures March 15-19

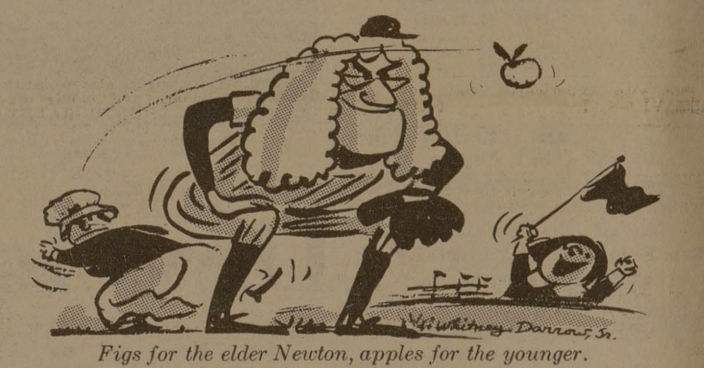
On Campus with Max Shulman
(By the author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!", "Dobie Gillis," etc.)

THE BEARD OF AVON

Topic for today is that perennial favorite of English majors, that ever-popular crowd pleaser, that good sport and great American—William Shakespeare (or "The Swedish Nightingale" as he is better known as).

First let us examine the persistent theory that Shakespeare (or "The Pearl of the Pacific" as he is jocularly called) is not the real author of his plays. Advocates of this theory insist the plays are so full of classical allusions and learned references that they couldn't possibly have been written by the son of an illiterate country butcher.

To which I reply "Faugh!" Was not the great Spinoza's father a humble woodcutter? Was not the immortal Isaac Newton's father a simple second baseman? (The elder Newton, incidentally, is one of history's truly pathetic figures. He was, by all accounts, the greatest second baseman of his time, but baseball, alas, had not yet been invented. It used to break young Isaac's heart to see his father get up every morning, put on uniform, spikes, glove, and cap, and stand alertly behind second base, bent forward, eyes narrowed, waiting, waiting, waiting. That's all—waiting. Isaac loyally sat in the bleachers and yelled "Good show, Dad!" and stuff like that, but everyone else in town sniggered derisively, made coarse gestures, and pelted the Newtons with overripe fruit—figs for the elder Newton, apples for the younger. Thus, as we all know, the famous moment came when Isaac Newton, struck in the head with an apple, leapt to his feet, shouted "Europa!" and announced the third law of motion: "For every action there is an opposite and equal reaction!")



(How profoundly true these simple words are! Take, for example, Personna Stainless Steel Razor Blades. Shave with a Personna. That's the action. Now what is the reaction? Pleasure, delight, contentment, cheer, and facial felicity. Why such a happy reaction? Because you have started with the sharpest, most durable blade ever honed—a blade that gives you more shaves, closer shaves, comfortabler shaves than any other brand on the market. If, by chance, you don't agree, simply return your unused Personnas to the manufacturer and he will send you absolutely free a package of Beep-Beep or any other blade you think is better.)

But I digress. Back to Shakespeare (or "The Gem of the Ocean" as he was ribaldly appelted).

Shakespeare's most important play is, of course, *Hamlet* (or, as it is frequently called, *Macbeth*). This play tells in living color the story of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, who one night sees a ghost upon the battlements. (Possibly it is a goat he sees; I have a first folio that is frankly not too legible.) Anyhow, Hamlet is so upset by seeing this ghost (or goat) that he stabs Polonius and Brer Bodkin. He is thereupon banished to a leather factory by the king, who hollers, "Get thee to a tannery!" Thereupon Ophelia refuses her food until Laertes shouts, "Get thee to a beaery!" Ophelia is so cross that she chases her little dog out of the room, crying, "Out, damned Spot!" She is fined fifty shillings for cursing, but Portia, in an eloquent plea, gets the sentence commuted to life imprisonment. Thereupon King Lear and Queen Mab proclaim a festival—complete with kissing games and a pie-eating contest. Everybody has a perfectly splendid time until Banquo's ghost (or goat) shows up. This so unhinges Richard III that he drowns his cousin, Butt Malmsey. This leads to a lively discussion, during which everyone is killed. The little dog Spot returns to utter the immortal curtain lines:

Our hero now has croaked,
And so's our prima donna.
But be of cheer, my friends,
You'll always have Personna.

©1965, Max Shulman

Yea and verily. And when next thou buyest Personna? buyest also some new Burma Shave? regular or menthol, which soak-eth rings around any other lather. Get thee to a pharmacy!

By Charles M. Schulz

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