

It's Not Easy

As any journalism major knows, for the student editor getting out a student newspaper is no picnic.

If you print jokes, people will say you are not intellectual enough. If you don't, they will say you are too serious.

If you stick close to the office during all of your "free" hours, you ought to be around hunting news. If you go out and try to hustle material, you ought to be on the job in the office.

If you don't print all contributions, you are one-sided and don't appreciate genius, and if you do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

If you edit the other fellow's write-up, you're too critical; if you don't you're charged with being asleep.

If you clip things from other papers, you're too lazy to write them yourself; if you don't you're stuck with your own stuff.

If you write tersely for your readers with an eye to their interests and the readability of the paper, you are lambasted by the English Department; if you write every story like a theme, most students stop reading the paper.

Like as not, someone will say The Battalion swiped the above comments from other sources . . . and we did!

We swiped it from "The Cougar," who pilfered it from "The Oklahoma Daily" who copped it from "The Intercom" who borrowed it from "The Tabulator" who grabbed it from "The Global Ranger" who lifted it from "The Plainsman" who stole it from "The Far East Activities Monthly" who got it from the "Iwakuni Torri Teller." Where they got it no one seems to know.

Sound-Off

Editor, The Battalion:

I must respectfully disagree with Coach Stallings' words at Monday night (Sept. 20) yell practice. Other teams play with 11 men; I was under the impression that the Aggies played with 12.

The Aggies in the stands have never been passive but rather a real force which attacks the effectiveness of our opponents—not as poor sportsmanship but as part of the game, a part which other schools are free to use if they have the necessary backing by their student bodies.

When other schools yell poor sportsmanship, is it just sour grapes? Should we be denied our 12th Man simply because our opponents don't have one? To me, this sounds like T.U. playing without their star quarterback because ours can't pass as far or run as fast.

Should we really degenerate to the level of tea-sips yelling only to make a noise and only when it can do no good?

John E. Ebey, '67

Mr. Ebey, the 12th man was not designed to harass our opponents, but rather to give extra support to our own team. Which is more important?—Editor.

★ ★ ★

Editor, The Battalion:

Please accept and extend my sincere congratulations for the excellent editorial, "The Stallings Diplomacy" appearing in the Wednesday, Sept. 22, issue. Mr. Tommy DeFrank is to especially be congratulated for this editorial.

As an interested Aggie for nearly 40 years now, it is hoped that our disgraceful conduct at football games will cease. It has brought Aggies nothing but censure and disgust by the public—and a lot of Aggie too.

Let's be good sports—let's abide by good conduct and good manners. Such action will place us back in the sun where we belong and out of the darkness where we are now.

Congratulations and best wishes to your staff—the entire student body too.

George G. Smith, '30

THE BATTALION

Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the student writers only. The Battalion is a non-tax-supported non-profit, self-supporting educational enterprise edited and operated by students at a university and community newspaper.

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Age Of The Picket

Tommy DeFrank

It seems today that no college generation can secure its niche in history unless it can come up with some sort of fad to identify itself.

In the past it has been goldfish swallowing or raskish initiations. Telephone booth stacking came and went as did the Volkswagen stuffing craze.

One of the more recent efforts at eternal glory has been the shower contest, where dedicated undergrads stage bath-a-thons to see

how long one can stay under the shower.

Last time we heard the world's record had cracked the 24-hour barrier and was still going up.

Each generation of collegians can be associated with some characteristic action, and the college student of the '60's is no exception.

The '60's have barely reached the halfway mark, but our stamp has been burned indelibly on college campuses from California to New York for all the world to see.

We of the '60's are in the age of the picket.

The picket of the '60's is a curious sort of animal. He looks like a Genghis Khan movie extra except for the fact that most movie extras usually wear clean clothes. A true-blue picketer isn't in unless his sweat-shirt has at least six holes in it and hasn't been washed for a couple months. His hair style makes it impossible to tell if he's a boy or a girl. Socks are a thing of the past. They're Out. Chances are he's been living with his "girl" as a protest against America's out-dated and backward policies of life and love.

His weapon is a sign, scribbled with crayon or printed with funds supplied by a well-organized student group. The sign doesn't really need to say anything as long as it says "We protest."

The 1965 college picket is an angry man of protest. Sometimes he doesn't know what he's protesting against, but that really makes no difference. The important thing is that he's protesting.

He has an impressive record with which to spring forward for greater conquests. He was responsible for disrupting the work of a great university in California when he found out some square wouldn't permit dirty words in campus publications.

Free Speech down the drain, he whined. We protest.

Except this time the students couldn't handle it themselves. They had to have a nonstudent come in and spearhead the fight which finally resulted in the resignation of the university's chancellor.

The picket has protested banning of the Prince Charles hair style. He has protested because the United States is not being fair to Cuba. He has protested before an airplane on a university campus in this state because the plane is a machine of death.

But his encore has been his massive effort against American policy in Viet Nam.

He has marched on the White House, trying to convince the President he is all wet about Viet Nam. He has also marched on college campuses throughout this country, desperately squealing that Viet Nam is none of our business.

We will not fight, he screams. Viet Nam for the Vietnamese. We will not register for the draft. We protest.

It is sickening to realize that young men in the prime of life are dying hourly on foreign soil to preserve the precious right of the long-hairs to picket.

Our angry young man is in reality a coward who refuses to believe he owes anyone anything. He is the type who says he is a conscientious objector but really has no conscience at all.

On the whole he is a semi-literate bum whose life remains in the gutter while his mind supposedly attained the apex of intellectualism years ago.

He is society's leech who takes advantage of the opportunity to receive an education and then flaunts authority in return.

But the real tragedy lies in the fact that many protestors are not beatniks. They are well-bred, highly-intelligent persons.

These are the types that must raise joy in the hearts of America's enemies.

We all have the right to protest, but it is sickening to see that so many have so much garbage to say and so miserably little to offer.

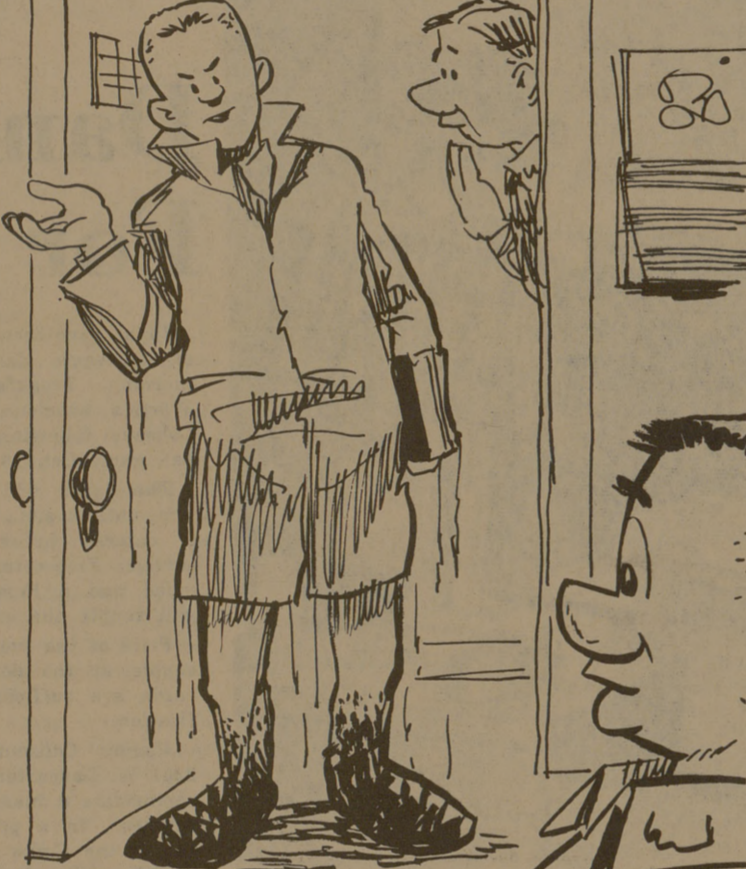
As one writer has said, it is time these persons are told a few things by someone. Like their fathers.

The 1965 college protester and his picket sign are not in the majority, but he is too numerous to be overlooked or go unrecorded by history.

This is the legacy of the college man and woman of the '60's. It is not a legacy of which our grandchildren will be proud.

CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle



"I've learned one thing down here—all this emphasis on shoe shinin' is bunk!"

High School Fads

Tim Lane

Reading newspapers, as everyone knows, is the surest way to round out the educational process. This only works, of course, if you read all of the newspaper—right down to the odd little stories picked out of local newspaper and circulated nationwide by the wire services.

I read all of the newspaper when I find time to, and recently I learned something I consider to be of importance.

A new fad is sweeping our country—so new that it hasn't been named yet. I think I am the first to discover it and I did so by reading the back pages of the newspapers.

It is a high school fad—which I will call the "Suppress the Fads Fad," or the "Let's Keep Our Students Respectable Whether It's Our Business Or Not Fad."

Obviously, this is not a student fad, but principals' and teachers' fad.

Since the first of September, scattered back-of-the-paper news items have described countless boys, singly or in groups, being expelled for reporting to classes in beetle—or some variation thereof—haircuts.

In Houston, an "A" student sits waiting out two weeks expulsion because another student objected to his long hair and sandals.

A few days or so ago a principal in some city I don't care to remember announced proudly that he intended conducting a "hemline inspection" of the 200

girls in his school every morning.

It is a very interesting fad, and it is a shame it will not last long enough for sociologists to evaluate it. I suppose it won't, because another news item revealed that the fad is about to be carried to its logical ridiculous extreme. Several sets of parents are preparing sets of court test cases,

across the country, and it seems obvious that the courts will remind the school officials involved that what they have been teaching the kiddies for years is still true.

We still have a constitution that guarantees certain basic rights—and I have always been taught that those rights stop when exercising them intrudes on the rights of others, not when someone does not like the cut of my hair, or my shoes, or current fashions of dress.

Parking Solutions Aired

Herky Killingsworth

Have you ever thought about the historical significance of the meeting of Eve and the serpent? Without that meeting the tradition of friendship would never have come about.

Down through history friendship has been recorded. Anthony and Cleopatra. Henry VIII and Molly Brown. Coach Stallings and Georgia Tech.

Here on the A&M campus we have followed through on that everlasting tradition. I'm mighty glad if it is, for without friends I'd never be able to hitch-hike to the parking lot.

Besides traditions on this campus, we have problems. Big problems. Far problems. Mile far problems. Every time I want to go to the cleaners I journey down to the far corners of the Houston Parking Lot, long past the Band Dorm and the Air

Force Drill Field. Later I'll return the car and possibly walk the two miles back to the pad.

I hate to complain though. My grandpappy told me never to complain unless I myself have a solution to the problem. I have a solution. Several of them in fact, so I reserve the right to complain.

First of all, bicycles could be issued with the parking stickers or maybe tricycles for the agriculture students. A special P.E. class could be set up to build up the Archille's tendon and A&M could become noted for its cross-country touring team.

More solutions could be derived also. Buses could go

hourly throughout the College Station area carrying students to and from classes. Freshmen could be forced to leave their cars at home until they get their GPR up to 3.5. Maybe sophomores, juniors, and seniors should also be under that regulation allowing only fifth year men to drive on campus.

One last solution to the problem should be reviewed when working at the parking problem (and I don't mean that kind of parking). At a slightly extra expense we could transfer the steam tunnels into subways and become the first campus in the world with our own MTA. Songs could then be written and books could be sung and parking would be solved forever on the A&M campus. We might even turn the KK's into conductors. They're already good at punching tickets.

By Charles M. Schulz

PEANUTS



NEWS BRIEFS

By The Associated Press

Castro To Allow Cubans To Leave For U.S.

HAVANA — Prime Minister Fidel Castro says any Cubans with relatives in the United States can leave the island after Oct. 10. He also promised to clear up the mystery of Maj. Ernesto Guevara in a few days.

Castro said in a speech Tuesday night he would provide boats to take would-be refugees out of the country and promised: "They will undergo no risk from us."

He blamed "the imperialists," his term for the United States, for blocking normal routes for Cubans wishing to leave the country since the October 1962 missile crisis.

Rescue Workers Report Many Killed By Volcano

TAGAYTAY, Philippines—The first rescue workers reached the blackened shores of the Taal volcano today and reported "a wide expanse of death and destruction."

There was no immediate casualty estimate from the first to land on the 13-square-mile island in Lake Taal where the volcano erupted at 2:30 a.m. Tuesday. Officials feared a heavy toll among the island's 2,000 inhabitants and in villages along the lakeshore, 5 to 10 miles from the island.

Minimum Wage Bill Gets Scaled Down

WASHINGTON — House Democratic leaders are considering scaling down a proposed minimum wage bill in hopes of getting it passed in the waning days of the current session.

A major part of the plan now being actively worked on calls for reducing from \$1.75 an hour to \$1.60 the proposed increase in the present \$1.25 wage.

Consideration also is being given to cutting back the number of new workers who would be covered by the bill from the 7.9 million approved by the Education and Labor Committee.

Washington Home Rule Enters Amendment Stage

WASHINGTON—The District of Columbia home rule bill enters the crucial amendment stage in the House today, with its backers still confident they can put over a bipartisan compromise.

But the pending business of the House is a substitute offered by Rep. B. F. Sisk, D., Calif., calling for a referendum to see if District residents want home rule, and then an election of a board to work out a city charter.

There was a possibility that other amendments would be disposed of too. More than 20 of them were lying on the speaker's table when the House adjourned Tuesday night.

Debbie Stalls Short Of Florida

PENSACOLA, Fla. — Tropical storm Debbie stalled just short of slamming into the plush Gulf Coast of Florida and Alabama today and forecasters said the storm appeared to be losing power.

In a morning advisory, the Weather Bureau said the storm probably would remain stationary about 115 miles southwest of Mobile, Ala., for the next 6 to 12 hours while weakening slowly.

"Most warnings will probably be lowered later today," the advisory said. However, squalls, winds and rains generated by the storm raked hundreds of miles of Florida Panhandle coastline. Wind whipped tides and pounding surf ate into the beaches.

Nixon Wants More GOP Men In Congress

LAKE PLACID, N. Y. — Former Vice President Richard M. Nixon suggests that the way to help President Johnson carry out his Viet Nam policies is to elect more Republicans to Congress.

Nixon told the New York State Publishers Association Tuesday night that Johnson is under pressure from Democratic members of Congress to adopt a soft line in Southeast Asia.

Republicans elected to Congress, Nixon said, "would support the President wherever he is right against the appears in his own party."

Dorothy Malone Improves But Still On Critical List

HOLLYWOOD — Academy Award-winning actress Dorothy Malone was reported "making some progress, but still on the critical list" by spokesmen at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

The 38-year old actress, star of television's "Peyton Place," underwent 7½ hours of surgery last Thursday night to remove blood clots from her lungs.

Miss Malone's temperature soared to over 105 degrees Monday night. Doctors continued today to give her massive intravenous doses of antibiotics to keep it down.

The spokesman said, "She's holding her own, but she'll be on the critical list at least for the next few days."

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