

Ranger For Mascot

The Student Senate is seeking a dog to replace Reville as the mascot of Texas A&M University.

Reville II, the 14-year-old mascot, is nearing retirement age.

"Every time I go out there to the vet hospital they tell me to start looking for another dog," Gary Walker, Rev's handler, told the Senators Thursday night.

"If Rev were to die tonight we would have no idea for a replacement or how we

would go about obtaining one," Andrew Salge, commanding officer of Company E-2 which is responsible for the mascot's welfare, added, "and it could take up to a year and a half to obtain another one."

The senators need look no further than their own backyard to find the dog most suitable and qualified for the massive responsibility that accompanies the position of Aggie mascot.

Ranger, the campus dog and unofficial mascot, is our candidate.

Already supported by The Battalion in last year's presidential election during which he lost a heart-breaking decision to Lyndon B. Johnson at the polls, Ranger has been constantly campaigning for a place of equal prominence.

The rumor is that Ranger collected more votes than the combined total of the Republican and Socialist candidates.

He has been mingling with the common Aggie — eating with him, riding with him, and on occasion spending the night in his dorm — just anything to gain support.

Many times he has even chased down a voter's automobile to bark some campaign promises.

Before last week, Ranger was just campaigning to keep his name before the public. At least he has another opportunity to win an election.

Ranger is a dog of his word.

If he says he wants to sleep, that's what he will do whether he is in class, in the middle of a sidewalk or in front of the president's office.

If he thinks the traffic situation is bad, he tries to remedy the situation by chasing a few cars off campus.

If the mess hall food is poor, he will come to the rescue of grumbling students by cleaning their plates for them.

If professors insist on boring lectures, he keeps students awake by politically-astute deviations such as yawning, snorting, groaning, scratching, shaking or mumbling.

Ranger's moral integrity is unquestionable, despite being picked up by the College Station police on a trumped-up vagrancy charge a week ago. Evidently the authorities didn't consider politicking a legitimate occupation. But the case didn't stick, and charges were dropped the next day. No grand jury would have indicted even a dog on such false and biased claims.

He doesn't drink, smoke, run around with other dogs, stay out late or curse.

Ranger is in good with the president, the Corps, the civilians, the faculty and the maids, so he should be a popular choice for the position.

The Student Senate would do well to give Ranger full consideration for the office of Aggie mascot.

It couldn't happen to a better dog.

Mortimer's Notes

FOR THE RECORD: Wayne Werdung, one of the two Aggies for whom Silver Taps was solemnized Monday night, died Monday morning — the day of his 20th birthday.

Silver Taps is always a tragic ceremony, but it was doubly sad this week.

Werdung and Joe B. Wilson were critically burned during the Fort Worth Corps Trip weekend before last, and both had remained in very critical condition until their deaths.

Wilson died Sunday.

It was a disastrous day Saturday for the Aggie football team.

Baylor uncovered a third-team quarterback whose shotgun attack mauled A&M's defense.

The "Make Something Happen" boys also failed offensively.

Don't know about Coach Stallings, but some folks kinda wonder about that statement after spring training last year: "I don't think anyone is going to embarrass us too much."

Some people, we are told, were plenty embarrassed.

It was unusual to see Aggie fans leaving before the game was over, but then of course it was unusual to see the Aggies get beat that bad.

The last time it happened was two years ago against this same Baylor team when Don Trull was president.

Even then it was only 34-7.

The Aggie Players are coming right along in preparation for their 1965-66 debut—"Death of a Salesman"—scheduled Nov. 8-13 in Guion Hall.

That sweet, young thing that took The Lettermen a note during their performance Friday night was really a sweet, YOUNG thing.

Her name was Peggy Pepper, she was from Houston visiting kinfolks here this weekend.

And before you get any ideas, she's only 14 years old.

Frank X. Tolbert had an interesting article in Sunday's Dallas Morning News about the Aggie mummy.

Do any of you former freshmen remember his name?

OFF THE RECORD: Ever heard about the all-American tomcat who made 40 yards in one night? ... Se Ya 'Round—Mortimer.

At the Movies

with Lani Presswood

"Hamlet" came to College Station Monday night.

And as it has been doing for over 350 years, it visibly moved an audience.

The production is of course a cinematic one, Sir Laurence Olivier's 1949 creation. And if ever a show depended upon one man for its success or failure, it is perhaps this one.

For Olivier is producer, director and star of the celluloid version of what is often called Shakespeare's greatest play.

His production has become so well known that in the minds of many there is only one Hamlet and that is Olivier's Hamlet. Such a tribute may not be desirable in the general scheme of things but such is the power of Olivier's performance.

It is a pairing of this generation's most celebrated actor with literature's most celebrated figure. The result is a textbook example of technical excellence. Every word, every gesture, every expression displays the experience and brilliance of a seasoned artist.

All right then, what's wrong? What's that flicker of doubt in the back of the mind that refuses to be rationalized away?

Maybe it's this. Prince Hamlet of Denmark is not really up there on stage, undergoing a fierce internal conflict. No, that's Sir Laurence Olivier up there, and he's providing a tremendous performance of Hamlet. That's not a tormented human being but a master craftsman on display. And you're al-

ways aware of it.

In addition, there was another notable feature of this particular production—the overt espousal of the Oedipal interpretation.

Every serious play is subject to various interpretations and "Hamlet" is no exception. One of these interpretations sees Hamlet as the possessor of an Oedipus complex. This possible but highly controversial view of the play is the one taken by Olivier and its effect is disturbing to those who don't keep one eye on Freud every time they read a work of literature.

But despite these flaws, the motion picture definitely dispels the idea that Shakespeare is only for scholars and critics. This is a swift-moving picture which entertains as well as elevates.

Switching from live stage to the big screen allows the use of a broader range of visual and aural affects and most add to the show. Particularly effective is the solemn bearing of Hamlet's body to the top of castle Elsinore, stirring accompanied by orchestra and cannon.

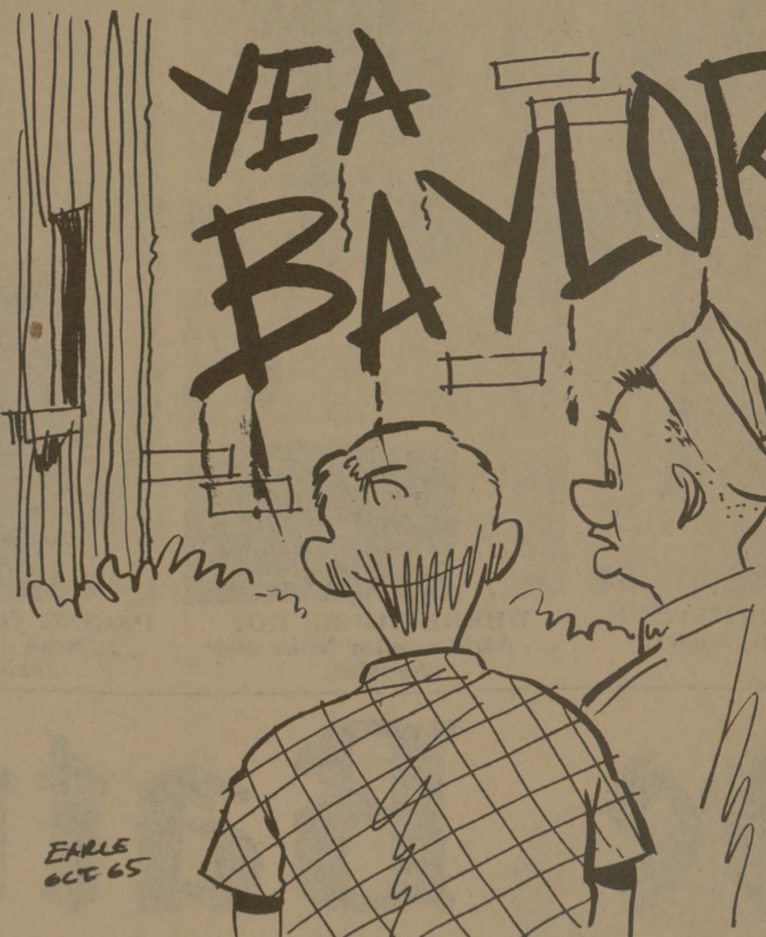
A competent cast supports Olivier, headed by Jean Simmons' sensitive portrayal of Ophelia. Eileen Herle as Gertrude, Felix Aylmer as Polonius and Terence Morgan as Laertes all perform adequately, though Basil Sydney is disappointingly colorless as Claudius.

What resembled a mob scene outside the campus theater became a near-capacity crowd for this first show in the 1965-66 Film Classic Series. Future movies are still indefinite but "Tom Jones" and "Romeo and Juliet" are two likely upcoming attractions.

The English Society and Sigma Tau Delta co-sponsor the series and their boxoffice success with "Hamlet" may enable them to step up their number of future presentations. However, "Hamlet" has played here several times before and reportedly has gone over well each time.

CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle



... and we're condemned as poor sports if we yell for our team at football games!"

After-Hours Brew Causes Spiritless 21st Birthday

That blessed day had almost arrived. For some 20 years, 11 months 29 days and 23 hours the Aggie had been awaiting the moment when he could walk into any establishment in College Station and get a bottle of soda pop without being required to show that little plastic card known as an I.D.

Now the minutes were ticking by with agonizing slowness as he sat waiting in front of a drive-in grocery for the hour to arrive. Only scant seconds remained and then he would be legal. The man behind the counter walked to a light panel at the rear of the store and reached inside and half the lights in the store dimmed.

He was closing up. He jumped out of the car and ran inside the glass partitions just before the attendant slammed them shut.

The moment that the attendant saw what he was after his eyes lit up and he began to rub his hand together.

"Son, let me see your ..."

He whipped out his billfold and stopped him in mid-sentence and flourished the new birth of freedom under his nose. It didn't make the attendant happy. Then after glancing at a wall calendar, his eyes lit up again.

"Son, this says that you will be 21 on the 24 of October. Right?" The Ag nodded his head in agreement.

"Well, it won't be the 24th until after 12 midnight and I can't sell you any soda pop after 12!"

"Now just a minute," he shouted in the storekeeper's face. "You can't pull that business on me. I know a few things about the soda pop laws in this state and you can sell it until 1 o'clock on Saturday nights. Right?"

"Well, you got me there son. However, my contract with the people that I rent this building from says that I am to close at 12 every night. Now, it is now approximately 12:05. That means that I have been closed for 5 minutes. Right?"

"Well, if I have been closed for five minutes, I cannot very well sell you something if I am not open," the attendant said twisting a small black mustache between his fingers like a villain in a silent movie.

"If I have been closed for five minutes, that means you are here illegally. You got soda pop in your hand. Maybe you are trying to steal it, eh? Why don't you get out?" He got.

Lettermen Criticize Aggie Audience

Performers Say Crowd Reaction Was Insulting To Them

By GLENN DROMGOOLE
Battalion Editor

One look offstage and you knew The Lettermen were not pleased with Town Hall.

There was Jim Pike raving about the poor audience reception, Tony Butala quietly voicing his displeasure and Bob Engermann silently listening to a tape recording of the performance.

Laughter was not heard, few smiles were seen, disgust filled the room.

The vocal group's members were not disappointed with their half of Friday night's program, they were sulking about audience participation.

"The audience was dead," Pike complained. "It was insulting to us."

"When a performer doesn't hear reaction from the audience, it is hard for him to perform to his best ability," Butala said. "You can perform 200 per cent better when you hear the response."

Pike wanted to know why the reaction hadn't been better.

"Was it the sound system? Our long hair? The kind of music?" he questioned.

Bystanders tried to tell them that A&M is perhaps the toughest audience anywhere, but that wasn't enough. The Lettermen thought they could work miracles with any group, and were disappointed that they hadn't.

"We get a standing ovation 90-95 per cent of our college performances," Pike claimed. "We did four jobs in Texas colleges this week and received standing ovations after each one."

"I've seen all the college attractions (Peter, Paul and Mary, the Brothers Four, etc.) and none of them have the variety we do," he continued.

Town Hall seating arrangement also drew a blast from the outspoken Pike, who during the show seemed like a Frank Fontaine by combining hilarious — almost slapstick — comedy with a stirring beautiful voice.

"When a college attraction



THE LETTERMEN MAKE MUSIC ... they weren't pleased with A&M audience.

comes in, they should make sure the college students have the best seats," he said.

But other than the post-performance tirade, The Lettermen provided an evening of sheer entertainment.

Dressed in red suede v-necked sweaters with white turtle-necks, black slacks and ankle boots, the three singers poured out selections such as "More," "Everybody Loves Somebody," "Granada," "Softly As I Leave You," "Lazy River," "Love Is A Many Splendored Thing," "Summertime," "Dear Heart," "Almost There," "Kansas City," "Summer Song," "Runaway," "What Kind of Fool Am I," "When I Fall In Love," "Summer Place," "Smile" and "People," as well as imitations of the Beatles, Four Seasons, Roger Miller, Beach Boys, Coasters, Highwaymen, Fleet-

wood, Marsels and Tokens, plus several selections from "West Side Story."

They gave extra effort to win audience support, but never got as much as they wanted.

Hand-clapping and rebel yells during "Summertime," rousing applause after Pike's solo on "What Kind of Fool Am I?", and mingling with the audience during "Kansas City" all failed to produce the reaction to which The Lettermen have grown accustomed and believe they deserve.

Highlights of the performance were "What Kind of Fool Am I," "West Side Story" medley, "Kansas City," and "Granada," in addition to instrumentals by the Wilson Brown Trio — The Lettermen's background group — on "In Crowd" and "A Taste of Honey."

It was overall a good show: variety of comedy and music, out-

standing harmony, terrific solo and amusing imitations.

Audience reaction might have been slightly below par for a usual Town Hall performance, but it didn't seem as bad as The Lettermen made it appear. But then, they were insulted by the "howls" that always flow from an A&M audience, a very unique and special type of applause.

So what could they expect?

Rowland Named To Baptist Staff

The Rev. David R. Rowland, former pastor of Temple Baptist Church in Los Alamos, N. M., has been named associate pastor of College Station's First Baptist Church.

Rowland's ministry will be in education and youth work, announced the Rev. Lloyd Edler, pastor of the church.

By Charles M. Schulz

PEANUTS



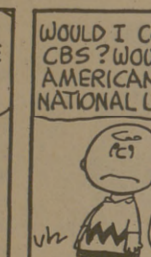
I CAN'T BELIEVE IN THE GREAT PUMPKIN BECAUSE I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM!



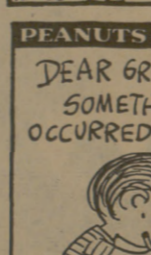
BUT HE EXISTS, I TELL YOU! ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT HE RISES OUT OF THE PUMPKIN PATCH, AND FLIES THROUGH THE AIR!



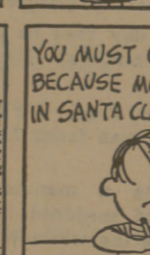
I THINK YOU HAVE HIM CONFUSED WITH SANTA CLAUS



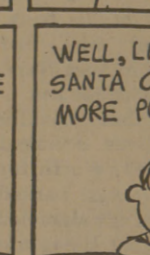
WOULD I CONFUSE THE SUN AND THE MOON?



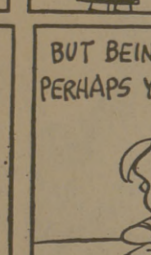
DEAR GREAT PUMPKIN, SOMETHING HAS OCCURRED TO ME.



YOU MUST GET DISCOURAGED BECAUSE MORE PEOPLE BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS THAN IN YOU.



WELL, LET'S FACE IT... SANTA CLAUS HAS HAD MORE PUBLICITY.



BUT BEING NUMBER TWO, PERHAPS YOU TRY HARDER.