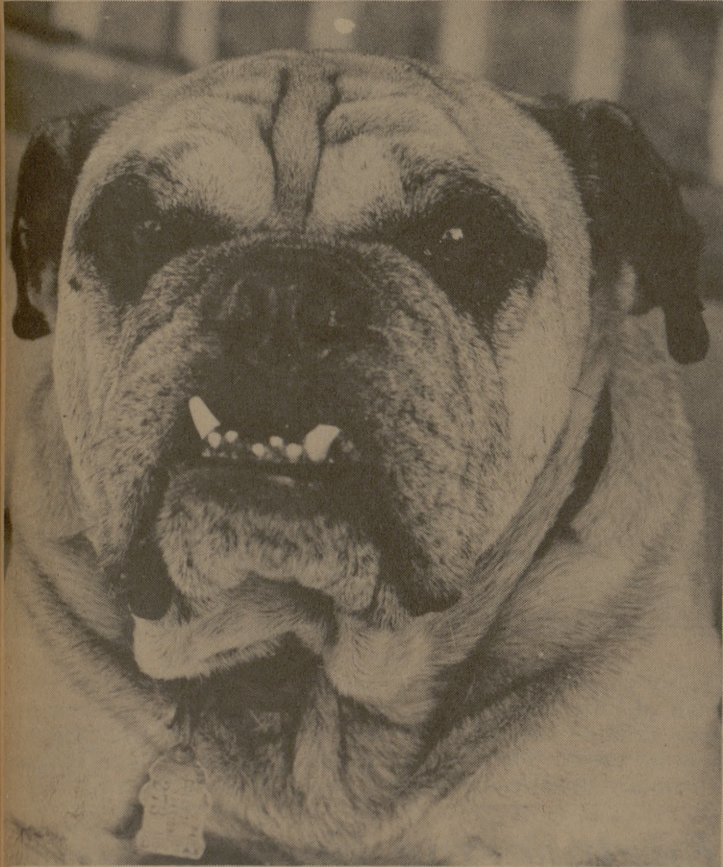


A Dog Among Dogs

Ranger—An A&M Campus Legend



... typical bulldog tenacity

By LANI PRESSWOOD
Battalion Amusements Editor
Faster than a speeding Volkswagen. More powerful than a mess hall bouncer. Able to leap tall curbs in a single bound.

Who can it be . . . Superman? Wonder Wart-hog?

No, no, no — it's the bulldog with the personality plus, the unmistakable, imperturbable, irrepresible Ranger, every Aggie's buddy.

And now that every Aggie's buddy has launched a campaign to become every Aggie's mascot, the time has come to expose the Ranger Legend to separate fact from fiction in the day-to-day saga of academe's greatest canine.

Despite rumors to the contrary, Ranger did not arrive at Aggeland via a spaceship from a disintegrating planet. Instead he made a very down-to-earth appearance seven years ago as the pet of now-A&M-President Earl Rudder, a fact which accounts for the nickname "Earl" which Ranger has acquired.

The Rudders naturally expected him to stick close to the home grounds, like most ordinary dogs are prone to do. Ranger quickly proved he was no ordinary dog however, by making the entire A&M campus his backyard.

An attempt was made to halt his roving ways by tying him up, Ranger proved equal to the challenge. He settled himself in the back of his dog house and sulked, catching a skin disease after a while.

But the dermatology problem was solved in short order and Ranger has had a free rein ever since.

Even as a pup the impressive animal showed definite promise of greatness. At the Fish Ball one year young Ranger turned up underneath some girl's spacious, billowing formal. He beat a rather hasty retreat for the exit afterwards but not before leaving one hysterical girl and a near-riot in his wake.

Fortunately, Ranger's zest for life didn't diminish with maturity. He developed a technique of stopping cars which is likely unmatched in the annals of dogdom.

The sight is a familiar one to most students but it never ceases to produce a smile, a chuckle, or an outright belly laugh. First, the cunning rogue stations himself in striking position near a curb. When a likely-looking auto comes beading along, the chase is on.

Ranger lights out in pursuit of his victim like an Internal Revenue agent after a prizefighter. The dog hurtles his massive frame at breakneck speed alongside the car, surges ahead of the onrushing vehicle, maneuvers in front of one of the tires, and then slows down.

This forces the car to brake down to approximately three miles per hour and at this speed Ranger chances a full stop. The satisfying screech of brakes then announces to the world that Ranger has made another conquest. He has once again taken on two tons of steel and come out on top.

Advancing years and an expanding paunch have forced the heady animal to refine his technique even further. He usually lurks near corners or sharp curves now to compensate for the increased horsepower in Detroit's more recent products. And he's also shown a tendency of late to prey on foreign sports cars and motor scooters, which are hopelessly overmatched by him.

Ranger's true motive for these raids is appar-

ently unknown to many Aggies. Actually, he doesn't have anything against automobile drivers and the sight of a traffic jam of his own making doesn't really excite him that much.

His genuine purpose is hitchhiking, and if an irate driver will simply open one of his car doors instead of just turning purple, the fun-loving bulldog will obligingly hop in for a lift around the block.

Several years back though, the lift around the block turned into an excursion across the state. It seems that an A&M student from Kerrville just happened to carry Ranger home with him one weekend. He spread it around town that he was the new owner of the A&M President's dog and one of the townspeople relayed the information back to College Station.

The abductor was quietly but swiftly called on the carpet and by the next day Ranger was once again cutting up on the campus he calls home, six months after his unscheduled departure.

Once back, he rapidly took up where he had left off, which included a resumption of his never-ending bouts with the mess hall management. He delights in mealhounding and Aggies willingly oblige although somehow the authorities don't seem to share the students' enthusiasm.

No, Ranger never has to sweat meals, any more than he has to worry about a place to sleep. He has been known to grace dorm rooms, lounges, classrooms and even the library with his slumbering presence.

It's not a one-way street however, because in return Ranger willingly volunteers as the campus bulletin board. Proclamations written with shoe polish have appeared frequently on the civic-minded canine's sides, ranging anywhere from "Beat The Hell Outa TU" to "Panty Raid Tonight."

In addition, Ranger enthusiastically supports Aggie athletic endeavors. Who can ever erase from memory the sight of the stouthearted bulldog's heroic charge of a tyrannic basketball official last year?

And when Reveille, the school's official mascot, became sick this fall, Ranger admirably filled in at the first home football game. After the Aggie Band took the field at halftime, Ranger exploded from the chute at the north end zone and romped hell-for-leather past thousands of cheering fans.

Before the evening was over, the adventuresome animal tripped half a dozen band members, attacked the bass drummer, and assaulted the University of Houston's cougar.

It's not known what was going through the mind of the A&M band director, Col. Adams, at the time, but the crowd didn't seem to mind the impromptu performance at all.

Such wholesome and worthwhile activities as these prompted The Battalion to unhesitatingly endorse Ranger for the U. S. Presidency last October. Praising his "bulldog tenacity" and "unquestionable moral integrity," the editorial dropped a bombshell on the political world.

But despite Ranger's dauntless campaign, he was eventually outballed by some obscure politico from the Pedernales River bottoms. Nevertheless, national political commentators are making no predictions about LBJ's chances to again upset the magnetic bulldog in 1968.

This then is Ranger . . . a Presidential candidate, a stopper of cars, a carrier of messages, an enemy of seriousness, a flouter of convention, a friend of Aggies, a dog among dogs . . . and a legend in his own time.



... home, sweet empty home



... waiting for a handout



... initiated into Corps



... what a dull TV show

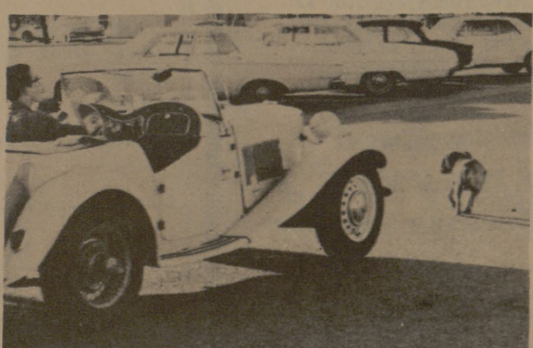


... what a dull lecture

Canine Hitchhiker Demonstrates Familiar Techniques



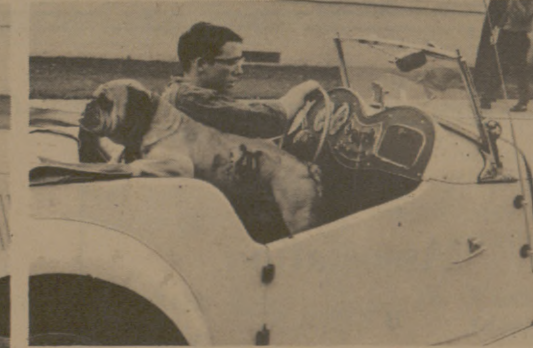
... lurks on corner



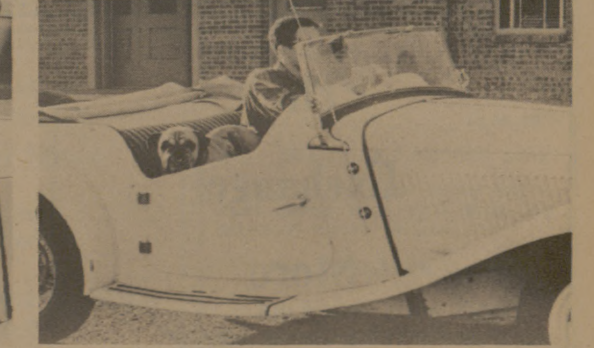
... chase is on



... offered a ride



... ignores generous driver



... triumphant at last