

This weekend I stayed on campus, something that is very rare, if not downright miraculous. The purpose was to study, and, after being "volunteered" for OD duty for the fourth time this semester, I did manage a little of

But the most outstanding occurrence of the weekend, for me, came Sunday afternoon. I was sitting bleary-eyed in front of the Batt-tube, when a special came on about Beethoven.

I first thought about just turnnever really moved me. But, on second thought, I had a hunch that may, just maybe, Schroeder was right. Maybe here was greatness.

There definitely was.

Ludwig von Beethoven was great in many respects, and his life was tragic. The tragedies of his life may have been the very catalyst that brought out his greatness, I don't know. But I do know that he was a man who had a sensitive soul, who was alive to the world around him, and could turn his deepest emotions to music by simply walking in the woods and letting the music come forth from his mind.

He said he didn't create, the music came as an inspiration and was created in him. Which brings me to the thoughts all this started in me:



Where are today's Beethovens? Where are those men who spend enough time alone to reflect on, and create from, the true world around them? Where are they who are truly creative? Are our times rushing at such a rate that those who would pause to reflect on what is around them never have the time, but must always be meeting new demands of society.

But the story of Beethoven had onee ffect that was stronger than all others: it made me, as millions ing it off, because Ludwig just of others doubtless do, desire more than ever the chance to create. Be it writing music, painting, or releasing what builds and is inspired inside them on paper, the urge to create is great among many who never identify it for what it is.

For me it is writing, and as I began to think of writing, I began to ponder communication in general. From there, it was but a step to consider what is doubtless the greatest fault of man. The one area that causes so many of his troubles: the lack of communication.

No, I don't mean the fact that many of the world's people speak different languages or dialects. I mean that words and language are, at best, an imperfect medium for relating feeling to another person

How many emotions and shades of emotions have you felt and, trying to relate these feelings to another, have given up in frustration, saying something like, 'There are not words to tell how I feel?"

And that is precisely the truth. There are no such words. As long as man relies on words, communications will remain imperfect. There is but one alternative, if it can be realized, and I think it can. ESP.

But not of mere words. Of feelings. I personally carried out ESP experiments a few years ago, using playing cards, that gave results up to 75 per cent successful identification.

Man has made tremendous strides in his mastery of the psysicval universe, and yet has taken such pitiful, faltering steps in conquering his mind. If there is ever to be a time of peace on this planet, man must completely understand himself and his neighbor

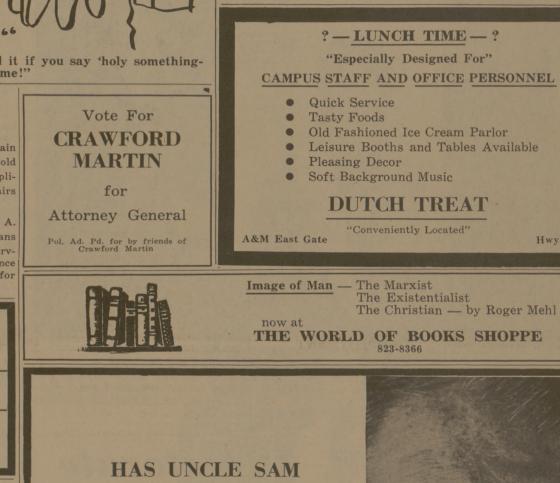


Forms Available

War" G. I. Bill may pick up applications at the Student Affairs Department.

Veterans Advisor Bennie A. Zinn revealed that all veterans who served with the armed services for more than 180 days since Feb. 1, 1955, may be eligible for Cold War G.I. Bill benefits.

FOUNTAIN ROOM M.S.C. **Tuesday Only** From 4 P. M. **Till Closing** PIZZA NITE ALL PIZZA — 50¢ —



GOT AN EYE ON YOU?

My congratulations to whoever made the splendid decision to about. This 40 cents hits close collect 40 cents from each and to home. Congratulations once every member of the Corps living again! in the Duncan Area for water fight damage.

I understand that the "powers that be" felt that this was by far the best manner in which to pay the cost incurred in the fight, for in this manner the Corps is learning the value of money. What better way could possibly exist to learn the value of 40 cents? I learned, for it meant that I had to forfeit my allotted cokes for the rest of the week (Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sat.), but I gave it up gladly, even though I wasn't present for the fight. (Ah, how I rue the decision to go out to eat that night.) Nevertheless, I feel the 40 cents a mere trifle to pay for the privilege of having water fights.

As for teaching us the value of money, in this manner we have learned its true value, far more effective than taking it out of the five dollars solicited from each of

823-8366

which we all promptly forgot

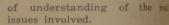
Still, through the blissful state at which I have arrived from being allowed to contribute, comes one gnawing fear . . . Did we get to pay for the water we wasted also

Michael E. Stover '67

Editor.

The Battalion:

I fail to see how Larry Jerden's trivial remarks on the "God is dead" issue (Battalion, April 13, 1966) could be dignified as an "article on Christianity," much less termed "outstanding." Mr. Jerden had apparently read the article in Time magazine which appeared a few days before his column, and little, if anything, else on this subject. He certainly could not have read anything of



(Mrs.) Rebecca Tisdale Editor's Note: Mr. Jerden says he didn't read the "Time" artic until later, or anything by Altize himself. He did, however, read a number of passages from Jo hua, II Kings, and Isaiah. suggests that you look at the "position," as well as Altizer's,

* * * Editor, The Battalion:

I have a suggestion as to what we might show for the feature at next year's Muster. It is a we known fact that Aggies lo tiger-flicks, so how about son thing like "Thirty Seconds Ov

Maybe more people would com to Muster, and stay for the flic Maybe the powers that be could even make us pay to get in Muster. After all, such a fin movie. David L. Feray



GOT A MAN'S JOB TO DO?

MAN-POWER DEODORANT or Old Spice

Get it done right. Get MAN-POWER ... the new power-packed aerosol deodorant! MAN-POWER'S got the stepped-up penetration power, the 24-hour staying power a man needs. Goes on fast ... never sticky ... dries in seconds. Try it! 1.00 BY THE MAKERS OF OLD SPICE SHULTON

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MY MOTHER IS ALWAYS COMPLAINING

MAKE LUNCHES

HERE'S THE WORLD WAR I FLYING ACE

HE RED BARON.

ARCHING FOR

WHAT'S SO HARD ABOUT IT? THIS MORNING I TOLD HER I'D MAKE MY OWN LUNCH

I DON'T THINK HE KNOWS THAT MY SOPWITH CAMEL IS POWERED BY A ROTARY ENGINE WITH A RIGHT-HAND

BRQUE SO I CAN EVADE HIM BY URNING HARD TO THE RIGHT WITH THE PULL OF MY ENGINE

PEANUTS

PEANUTS

PEANUTS

