

Baseball Team Gives All, Deserves Extra Support

The Texas Aggies are riding high! We've cinched at least a tie for our second Southwest Conference baseball championship in three years, and every Aggie is justly proud of the team.

They went to Austin and swept a two-game series that many people in both Austin and Aggieland thought would end up as an Aggie "choke."

As it developed, it was the boys in orange who felt the tight collars, and the tower was dark Tuesday night.

A fairly large delegation made the 90-mile trip to the land of the 40 acres, and the ole Army squeeze, as well as yells, were in evidence during the tense moments of the final game.

But, (here it comes), what about the first game? How many Aggies made it that day? And the games before that? Sure, when we were number two in the nation, it wasn't hard to get a crowd. And while we still had the SWC title in the bag, supporters came out of every bench.

But what about when we sunk to third

in the loop? If this were an editorial in the Daily Tea-sip, it wouldn't be out of place.

But in The Batt?

The most crucial game of the season is the next one, and the Aggies will play the Frogs at TCU Saturday. We can't make up to that championship team what we have already failed to do, but we sure can give it all we've got Saturday, because that's what the team will be doing.

From the way they played the last few games, that should be quite a lot.

The rest of the state counted us out when we dropped to third. Others thought it was all over when TU closed to within two points in the last inning of Tuesday's game. Now the word is out that beating TCU is something we just can't pull off.

The TCU crowd is undoubtedly the loudest in the baseball circuit, and their hazing of the opposing team is probably the worst. It sure would be nice to hear a little "Gig 'em" come Saturday afternoon.

Hotard's Holler

Aggie Rioting As An Art

Ole Army, I'm disappointed in you.

Groady non-regs, you let me down.

Didn't your mother ever tell you that if you were going to do something, you should do it right and in a big way?

I'm referring to the student "riots" and the strife between you two groups. What is this Mickey Mouse horsing around you've been carrying on?

In the first place, let's look at the civilian dorm situation. So you cut off the electricity and pop the tops to the johns.

Big Deal. You get four inches of water on the floor. That doesn't even get the Playmate of the Month wet. What are they teaching you fellas over there in bull text, basketweaving? If you're going to hit the non-regs, do it in style. Let's have an all-out joint military effort! Get a few heavy bombers and some tactical fighters and hit'em from the air! Army, hit'em from the ground with tanks and light artillery! Maritime Academy fish, shell'em from offshore in the Brazos River! LEVEL THE NON-REG DORMS!!

And you non-regs. What a let-

down. You get the whole North Gate outpost where you want them, and what do you do? You throw eggs at them. Good Grief! Anybody can get eggs and throw them. That's kid's stuff on Halloween night.

Now then, why didn't you throw rocks? I'll admit it's primitive, but it's all you've got until you can get more supplies. YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE THE GUERRILLAS IN THIS WAR! Fight like Guerillas! Go inside your room, get that half bottle of Scotch and make Molotov cocktails. (Welllll... sacrifices do have to be made if the cause is worth it.) Sneak into the Corps dorms at night and put scorpions in their jump boots. Find some electrical engineers in the group and make time bombs to go off when the whistle jock hits a certain note. Put bamboo spikes in the parade grounds. Think! Think! Think!

So you say to yourself, "Where can we get all this material?" Did you forget that we're fighting a real war 11,000 miles away? Send a postcard to "I Want to be a Guerilla," care of Charlie Cong's Discount Hut,

7346 Ho Chi Minh Trail, North Viet Nam, and tell them in 25 words or less why you hate the Corps. You should get everything at half price since you are a student group.

But when you get right down to it, neither of your groups are using the old beanie. Let's see, I believe it was Larry Jerden, that well-loved member of both groups, who said "A student body divided against itself cannot get publicity." If you students ever hope to gain the stature of the Berkeley campus, you've got the get together and fight for a common cause.

Have you people ever considered drowning out the President? Have you ever hung the Dean of Students in effigy? What about throwing eggs at the Board of Directors?

Hold everything! I've got it. You can flood the basement of the YMCA and wipe out Student Publications, The Housing Office and the KK's in one wave. There are no drains and the floor is four feet below ground level.

Just remember, fellas, use your head — it's the little things in life that count.

Of Mice and Men

By Herky Killingsworth

Who sez that the life of a photographer is a good life? A life spent photographing beautiful girls and wonderful women. It isn't, or at least the life of this photographer isn't.

Usually the photographer is out making an idiot of himself, playing the part of a straight man for a world full of comedienne. I can prove it. Take last Tuesday for example, when I innocently got in the way of a dumb baseball and let two stupid Teasips get two stupid runs. Wasn't that idiotic?

And take last Sunday, for instance. There I was, faithfully fulfilling my duty on Mothers Day. Poised in the traditional pose of a man who knew what he was doing. I pushed the button—and my flash blew up with a bang that woke up even the sleepest freshman. No words were said but a muffled laugh drifted down

from the balcony. I tearfully raced from the auditorium, into the darkroom and did not emerge until my 8 a.m. Monday class.

If you still believe the life of a photographer is easy then go back a week from last Monday when those two Aggie golf immortals, Bobby Nichols and Billy Martindale, performed for the benefit of those willing to brave the rain. It was the sixth tee and a dead quiet spread across the course. Even the raindrops seemed to fall quietly as big Bobby Nichols stepped up to the tee. He carefully addressed the ball, rared back to knock it a country mile, and—click. I took a picture and Nichols stopped in the middle of a swing looked straight at me, and said, "It really doesn't bother me."

I was shattered and insult was added to injury by Coach Stallings when he blamed his 30-foot drive of the second hole on me.

I didn't even arrive until the fourth hole and here I was being blamed for a crime I couldn't possibly have committed. But I was used to it.

After all, isn't it I who has to put up with the pleas of everyone wanting to be in a picture? And isn't it I who starts to take a picture and hears the answer every time, "Use someone else."

But it's always to me that things happen. Me, the original spastic. Even back at the first of the semester I made front page Fort Worth Star-Telegram simply by getting two tickets from the same guy in the same day.

Two days later I received a bill close to \$1,000 for the entire basketball team's stay in Oklahoma City for the big tournament.

I guess the photographer's life can best be summed up by that quote from John Mud, "Oh well, it's a living."



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THE BATTALION

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CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle



"I keep havin' this nightmare that th' score is 8 to 6, bottom of th' ninth, and Texas is at bat!"

Read Classifieds Daily

Farm-Market Road System Raised To 38,200 Miles

Texas' Farm to Market Road System got a sizable boost today when the Texas Highway Commission approved the Highway Department's 1966 Farm to Market Road program.

The commission action raises to more than 38,200 miles the State's designated FM System—roads approved for construction or already completed. Projections

fall for an ultimate 50,000-mile system.

The Texas Farm to Market Road System is one of the most highly developed rural highway networks in the United States and exceeds in mileage the entire highway systems of most states.

The 1966 program proposes improvements on 904 miles of FM roads at an estimated cost of approximately \$23 million.

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SENIORS

you're ALL invited (graduating or not) to the

Class Of '66 Induction Banquet—May 17

its free! Pick up your tickets at the Former Students Office — MSC.

Senior Ring Dance—May 21

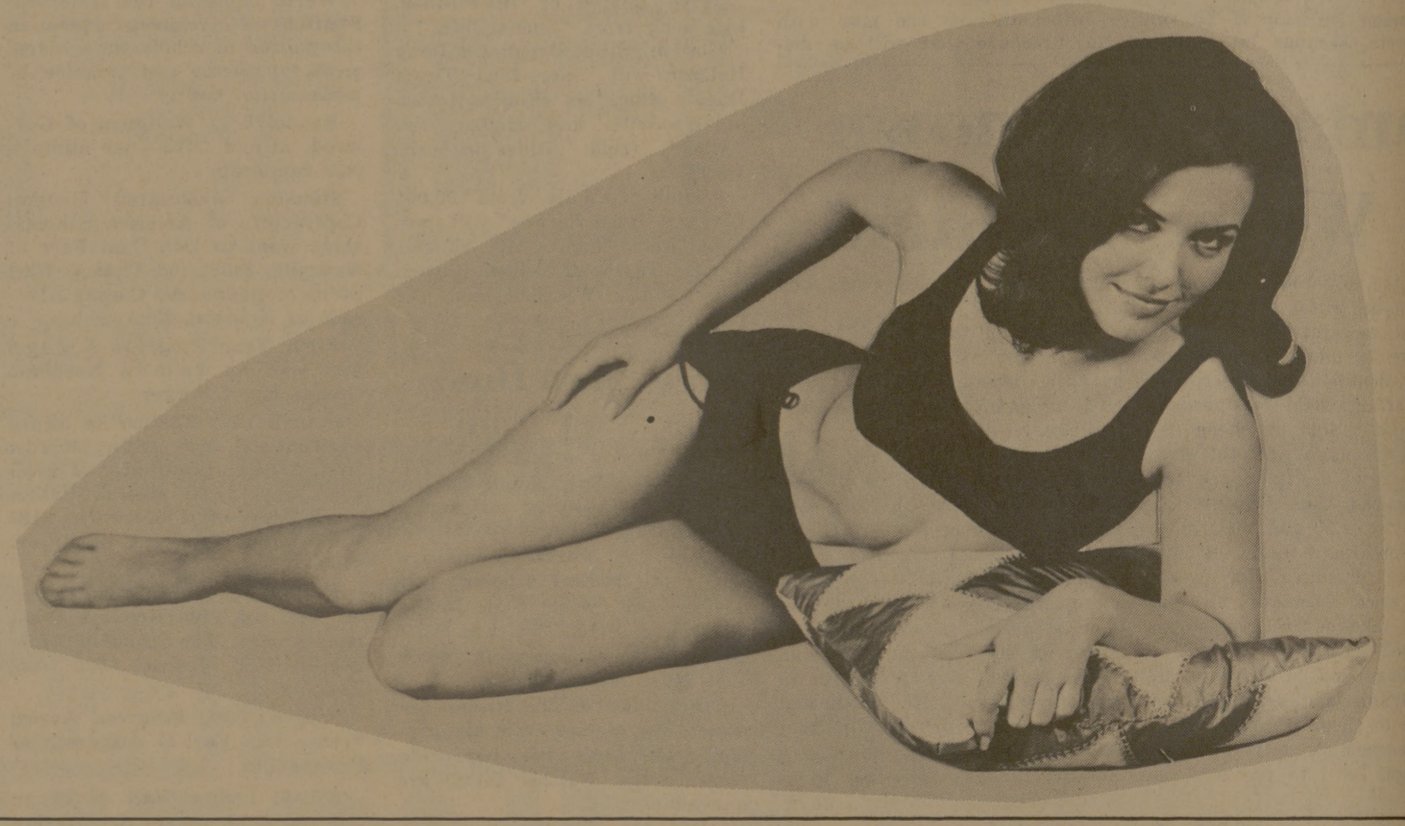
continuous music by the 24 piece Continental Orchestra of Buddy Brock — 8:30 to 12:30 — Sbisa Ballroom \$5 couple — tickets at Student Finance Center — MSC.

Senior Banquet

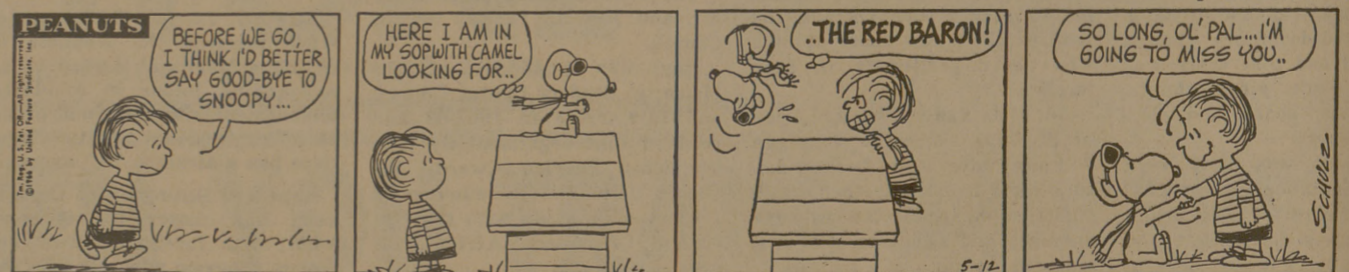
filet mignon dinner \$5 couple and featuring nationally famous humorist Newt Hielcher tickets at Student Finance Center and don't forget the SECOND GREAT

Senior A-Go-Groad

8:30 May 20th at the Bryan Country Club tickets at the door



PEANUTS



By Charles M. Schulz