

MISTI'S MUSINGS

CADET SLOUCH by Jim Earle

Hello there! It seems that I have landed myself in the precarious position of being The Batt's new fledgling. I have the feeling that if I even last a week in The Batt office I'll receive some kind of an endurance award! Oh, it's not that my fellow workers are beating me or anything, but somehow this is one of the strangest places I've ever been caught in, and believe me, I've been dragged into some pretty weird places since first entering A&M.

Take The Batt office, for instance. Now there's a real wierdy! I feel that the sign above my tiny space depicts the whole place. Incidentally, the sign above my lil' spot says "Misti's Mousehole."

Anyway, back to The Batt office! If you can imagine what a completely womanless office looks like, you can picture The Batt Cave! All the bulletin boards have at least one feminine pic on them, and the deeper I dug into the files of yesteryear (I don't think they throw anything away,) well, you can guess!!!

Just so you won't think I'm some kind of a fig for running the place down, I want you to know that it's really not half as bad as I've made it seem! All the staff (Ger, Herk, and Bob . . .) have been extremely nice to me. Especially Herky, 'cause you see, they've finally discovered someone other than him to pick on!!! And talk about hard workers! That they are!!! Bob supervises, I tap away on the typer, Herky makes large plans for his next layout of "a girl in every picture" and Gerald glues it all together and rushes it over to the Press! So now you know all our secrets of success!!! I think I hear my mother calling, so till next time (if I last that long. . .),

Tootles, Misti

Robinson's Crusoe

Fellow Aggies! Do you have problems waking up in the morning? When the bag monster is dragging you from one direction and that seven o'clock class is dragging you from the other direction, which one wins out?

If it's the bag monster, read on, for I have some solutions, which, although they didn't work for my roommate or myself, may be successful with you.

The first solution is for the benefit of electrical engineers, or those oriented in that direction. The ingredients necessary are one electric alarm, one cherry bomb, and one can of babo. Need I say more? Experience has not proved it too valuable for us, as it not only didn't wake us up in time for our seven o'clocks, but we also had to cut our nine o'clocks in order to clean the mess up. If you set the alarm for six, though, it should work.

The other solution is one that anyone with a friendly next door neighbor can utilize. Have him, or her, whoever the case may be, build a fire in your room and start pounding your bed with a baseball bat, yelling "fire!" As was the case before, this didn't work either. In fact, she had to put the fire out herself for fear she'd burn us with the apartment.

I'll close for this week in hopes that some of you, or even just one of you, may benefit from reading this. Also, if you have any ideas, make them known via The Batt office.



"I feel that I should remind you graduating seniors that th' summer term is not over yet!"

Venders Inspire Rock 'n Roll Tribute

By HERKY KILLINGSWORTH

Imagine this scene. You've just driven 100 miles to see the swank Astrodome, fought the 5:00 traffic through the middle of town, paid \$3.50 for a decent seat, and settled down for what you hope will be a good game.

Change the scene to two hours later where it's the bottom of the ninth with the Astros trailing three to two. One Astro stamps the ground at third eager to rush toward home plate to score the tying run. The Astros leading batter has the full count of three balls and two strikes on him. The entire crowd is hanging on the next pitch of the opposing pitcher. Tension fills the air. There's the windup, the throw, and . . .

"Peanut, Popcorn, Crackerjacks" The popcorn vendor steps in front of you as pandemonium fills the stadium. Is it a homerun? Is it an out? What has happened? Actually you could care less for by now the game has just been rained out in a domed stadium.

But I wasn't mad. I know that the job of the vendor goes unheralded receiving little praise but plenty of abuse and wooden nickles.

It is for this that I take my hat off to those noble boys in the red coats. I throw my tribute upon them all: the coke boy, the popcorn boy, the program boy, the peanut boy, the beer boy, and the ice-cream girl. In all forms of sports you see them going about their business letting neither rain, sleet, snow, or stray balls stop their plights. A statue should be erected to these outstanding performers; but nay, the athletes on the field grab the praise usually not giving half as good a performance.

It is for this reason that I have written a song to be sung to our unsung heroes. It is to be performed in the latest-rock-n-roll fashion in perhaps a seven: four time. In my wild imagination I can see it being performed in Carnegie Hall by the Beatles backed by Sonny and Cher with Mrs. Miller hitting the high notes.

I took me baby to the ballgame last night. It cost me seven bucks but I knew I was right When I saw her eyes light up like the score board, As the umpire yelled "Play Ball" and the crowd roared.

The bases they were loaded, it was the bottom of the ninth. And up stepped dangerous Dan Casey who was the kinth That could hit the ball clear over the fence Just as easy as you or I could fall off of a bench.

The crowd grew quiet, as tension filled the air: He took three balls and two strikes to make it fair. The pitcher pulled his hat down and nervously looked at Dan, Then came the wind-up, the pitch was in the air, and . . .

Pea-nuts, Pop-corn, Cracker-jacks; Hurry up now and get 'um right here. I'll stand in your way So you might as well pay For the programs, cokes, and cold beer.

I was disgusted, dejected, even provoked to all end. The damage done to me was of that'd never mend: I could not face my baby and even to this day I do not know the outcome of the game that they did play.

I went and sold my tennis racket, my football, and my glove. Threw away my golf clubs which had been my only love. I took up sewing, knitting, and basket weaving too, And now they've got me in this place to stop me sniffing glue.

— And you know the reason for all this was — Pea-nuts, Pop-corn, Cracker-jacks; Hurry up now and get 'um right here I'll stand in your way So you might as well pay For the programs, cokes, and cold beer.

Dear Editor, The Battalion:

I's needs some advise bad 'n every sense those three juniors in my dorm found out my Aunt Bess wuz comin' to visit me I ain't seen hide nor hair of them. So's whose else is there to turn to.

I's been seeing this here sign 'roun town that sez "Happiness is Bryan-College Station" 'n I's don't understand jest exactly whut it means. I looks it up in an old "New Webster Dictionary" and it sez thet happiness is contentment, not College Station. In fact I's found out that nothin' is Bryan-College Station.

But I likes it anyhow. Why the other night my junior friends took me to this here picture show thet ain't even got a roof. It wuz all about this cowboy who wears a black mask with ears on it 'n a cape on his back. He 'n this kid sidekick goes runnin' 'roun the west beatin' up Injuns 'n savin' preety heroin girls.

I got the idea thet the three juniors ain't carin' much for thet picture show though for thet's jest sat there chunkin' beer bottles at the screen 'n yellin' to thet projector man "I thought you said Elke Summer and Jane Mansfeel were going to go to new lows above and new highs above," what-so-ever thet means. They always talks so fancy.

I's got to go real sudden like now. My Aunt Bess jest arrived 'n wants to say here in the dorm with me. She's givin' some man down at the other end of the hall all sorts of trouble 'n I gits it's better go rescue him before Auntie gets her umbrella to goin'.

Cyric Hayseed '70

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter should be self-explanatory.

Cyric, After reading your interesting letters in The Battalion, I went ape over you. You're terrific! You may think that I'm some sort

of nut for falling for a guy I've never seen but if you likes A&M so much and you are going to be in the Corps, you can't be all bad. Cyric dear, you may also be wondering why a girl like me—one who gets around—would like a country hick like you? As you know, opposites attract each other.

Looky Cy, if you ever come to TWU next year, look me up. Better yet, come pick me up one of these nights and I will show you interesting places like Quail Farm Road. Bring your junior friends along.

Well Cyric, ole boy, I hope I'll see you and your friends around thet campus some time.

Prissy Box 36-22-36 Tunis, Texas

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IE Majors Plan Picnic

All Industrial Education majors and their families are invited to attend a family picnic at 5:30 p.m. Friday under the dome at Hensel Park.

Each family should bring their own picnic lunch, said Pat Emanuel, reporter.

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Trade With Lou, Like Other Aggies Do!