

An Open Letter To Corps Fish

Well, Fish Jones, by now your second day of classes at Texas A&M should be over and you're probably so shook up you're wondering where your senses were the day you decided to join the Corps of Cadets.

Yesterday you were probably yelled at for the first time in quite awhile. You had to eat in the mess hall with upperclassmen that probably jumped all over you at the table. You probably went crazy trying to run all over the campus whipping out to upperclassmen and still meet your first college classes on time.

And right now you've probably decided the Corps of Cadets is the most barbaric, senseless, ridiculous organization on this or any campus.

Well, Fish Jones, let me tell you what one of your buddies did yesterday. He must have felt the same way you feel now because he became real upset over being harassed at the mess hall at breakfast yesterday — his first meal with the Corps.

He told the Dean of Students his dorm was too noisy for him to be able to study. But that was before he ever spent an evening in his room after the start of classes. He didn't realize he will have all the quiet he needs every night after 7:30.

So your fish buddy decided, after only a few hours in the Corps, that it was too rough and so he got out.

Well, let's face it, the Corps really isn't so perfect as all those seniors say it is. Sure, it's got a lot of bad apples who haven't realized the way to make their Corps great — like the old days they talk about so fondly — is to make it so elite fish will want to stay in.

The Corps has its plus factors, but I won't attempt to brainwash you because you're sensible enough to learn for yourself what the Corps offers and the drawbacks it poses, too.

But that's not the point, really.

When a fish leaves after one day, he's not giving the Corps a fair shake, because nobody can objectively decide the merits and weaknesses of an organization with just one brief glance.

Most every freshman that comes into the Corps reaches the day where he wants to leave. Many do, of course, but some decide after awhile that it might not be so bad.

For some the day of decision comes quickly, like your fish buddy who left yesterday, but others keep putting off a final verdict until they realize that maybe it hasn't been such a lousy year after all.

Maybe you were ready to leave, too, until you went to All-University Night last night and sang "The Spirit" with the rest of us old sentimental seniors. And if you got goose bumps like most of us, Corps and civilian alike, maybe now you're not so sure about quitting.

Well, I'm not going to beg you to stay, but you might consider these factors:

As soon as it can be organized this week a new seating chart for the Corps dining halls goes into effect, and you'll be eating with six of your buddies and one junior. And that junior has already been told to let you eat. You'll still be required to act and eat like a fish and learn all the rituals, but at least you won't have it so rough between bites.

And if you're worried about grades, you might be shocked to learn that last semester freshmen in the Corps posted a higher grade point average than civilian freshmen.

So even if you're convinced you and the Corps don't mix, stick with it for just a couple of weeks. Wait until the first big home football weekend, or the first review, or the first Corps Trip. Stick with the mess hall a little longer, too, and you'll see you'll not be so mistreated as you think.

Then if you still want to leave, go ahead. The Corps deserves at least a legitimate trial first.

Farewell To Rev

Texas A&M pauses tomorrow to honor a noble daughter. Reveille II, the queen of a traditionally all-male campus for the last 14 years, will be buried near the entrance to Kyle Field.

Fittingly, the ceremonies were postponed after Rev's death last August so the student body could render appropriate tribute to the dog which captured the hearts of all Aggies over her long tenure.

Her last years were painful ones, due to arthritis and a kidney ailment. But the memories we will hold of Rev are of happier, more carefree days, when she had the reign of the campus and was the undisputed queen of the football field during halftime.

It's probable that no female ever had more attention than did Rev. Her cadet unit, E-2, tendered lavish attention. And when Bonfire rolled around each year, Rev was as hard to find as the most popular coed anywhere.

The picture that will linger the longest is of a boisterous, exuberant Rev, proudly strutting in downtown Austin or Dallas or Fort Worth, making all of us a little taller and prouder.

Kyle Field should be filled tomorrow. It's the least we can do.

THE BATTALION

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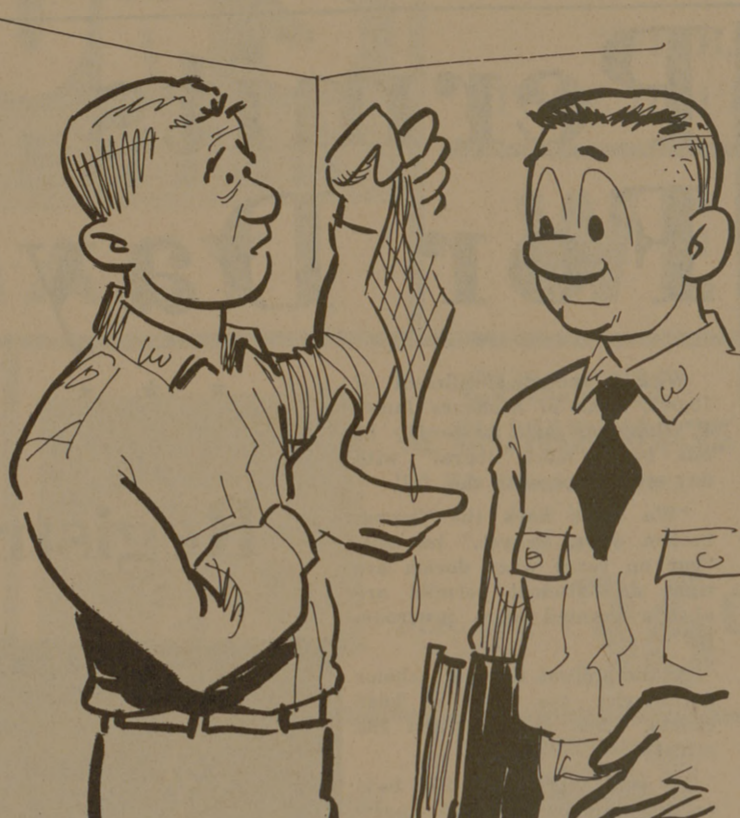
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CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle



"A perfect class schedule and I don't even know where to meet class just because I didn't use waterproof ink at registration!"

Sound Off

Editor,
The Battalion:

I am commanding officer of Company A-1. Something happened yesterday that I feel merits attention. My purpose in writing is not to degrade new students, nor is it my purpose to "buck the system." But I came back to the dorm Monday at noon to hear my first sergeant say he had just signed one of my freshmen's room change slips because the freshman was dropping out of the Corps. The reason he gave was that he wasn't going to be able to study because our dorm was too noisy. He cited an incident last Thursday when there was a lot of yelling and loud noise in the halls. That reason seems to be something he made up because I went to see the Dean of Students and was told by his secretary the freshman was dismissed for medical reasons. To my knowledge there was nothing wrong with him but perhaps he was medically incapable of carrying out his Corps duties. But he didn't say that when he signed up for the Corps.

My question is this: are we looking at freshman dropouts with the proper attitude and the good of the Corps in mind? And are we going to start following University Regulations which say a freshman who has been enrolled in Military Science and been issued uniforms is required

to remain in the Corps for one semester?

Or will the administration continue to override the Trigon as well as the Corps to let any freshman who decides he isn't going to like it out?

Regulations say a freshman who wants to drop from the Corps must first go to his commanding officer, then to his military advisor and then the Commandant's Office. But I never saw this particular freshman. He was processed out of the Corps of Cadets without ever going through any of the proper required channels.

My first sergeant saw him long enough to sign his room change slip, and my executive officer saw him long enough to hear him become insubordinate, and I never saw him although I was to have theoretically been the first to see him.

Let's either abide by regulations or do away with them. This freshman was required to remain in the Corps for one semester. But today he is gone, through a violation of regulations.

Bob Lackland
Commanding Officer
Company A-1

Howdy, Mr...??

John Hotard

Army, you've got a problem on campus, and I'll give you three weeks to work it out.

It's about your freshmen. Somewhere along the line these poor misguided souls are being given confidence. It must be confidence, because the things they're doing couldn't possibly be gross ignorance.

What happened to the fear of God that is supposed to be instilled in them? The ones I met today aren't afraid of anything. Take the one who stopped me in the parking lot Monday morning and said, "Say, what's the quickest way to get to the coliseum?"

"You walk across the drill field, cross the MSC lawn, walk through the MSC . . . taking off your hat at the time . . . and go out the back. Jolly Rollie is across the street. Any questions?"

"Yea, where is the MSC?"

" . . . forget it." I'll have to admit there are a few on campus who somebody put the fear of God into. One freshman saw a senior in his outfit coming at him, so he headed for the nearest vertical object around, which happened to be a tree, and upon which he hit a brace and screamed, "HOWDY, MR. JONES, SIR!"

Now that's enthusiasm. Now between these two extremes we have the species who are neither brazen nor scared stiff.

They're the ones who aren't really sure what to do, and so they play it by ear. I had one of these in my eight o'clock class.

There I was, sleeping peacefully, when I heard this scuffle and the creaking of the seat beside me. It soon subsided and I kept snoozing. All of a sudden the silence is broken by this tremendous "HOWDY!!!" which completely unnerved me out of my chair. It took me at least 35 seconds to get back to sleep. Then it started.

"ZZZZZ"

"FISH WANAMACHER IS MY NAME, SIR!"

" . . . ummm, nphnm, mine's Hotard. Very glad to mmmphnm you, fish Manerwan. ZZZZZZ"

(Long pause)
" . . . Glad to meet you, Mr. uh, Polard, sir. Where are you from, Mr. Polard, sir?"

"ZZZZZ"

"Uhhh, Mr. Polard." (Shakes me gently on shoulder.) Mr. Polard, sir, I hate to bother you again, but I need to know where you're from and what you're tak-

ing, if you don't mind."

"umhmmmmzzzzmm . . . certainly. I'm from Bryan, taking this Journalism. And you? ZZZZZZ"

"I'm from Dallas, taking Aerospace Engineering?"

"ZZZZZummm, that's lovely. ummmzzzzphn AEROSPACE ENGINEERING!!? THEN WHAT ARE YOU DO-

ING IN NEWS EDITING CLASS?"

"News Editing Class? I thought this was Chemistry 101. Isn't this the Chemistry Building?"

"ZZZZZumhmmmm . . . no this is the Nagle building."

"Oops, sorry to have bothered you, Mr. Polard, sir."

"ZZZZZ . . . anytime. zzzzz"

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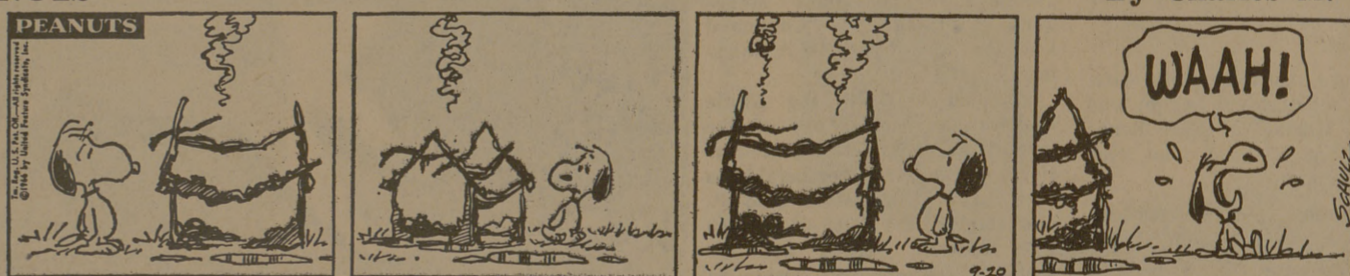
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By Charles M. Schulz

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