

Thank Your Wallet A&M Costs Less

Remember A&M's own march-in last spring when it was announced that all students living on campus would have to pay board, and prices were raised \$20 to boot?

Don't feel alone Aggies. There's nowhere you can go to escape (unless it's Vietnam).

Four-fifths of the nation's state colleges and universities have raised tuition, fees, and room and board rates this year, according to the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges (NASULGC).

NASULGC (A&M is a member college) says today's state university senior is paying about 15 per cent more for his education this year than as he did as a freshman in 1964.

As an A&M student, you're far better off than you think you are. The figures in parenthesis represent what you pay for two semesters at A&M, while the other figures are the average charges at state colleges and universities for 1967-68 according to NASULGC.

Tuition and required fees, \$351.50 (\$192); the same for a non-resident, \$850 (\$492); room and board, \$850 (\$656).

Even though college costs at A&M have risen and by necessity will rise in the future, costs are still well below the national average.

Member universities reported that costs have risen for two reasons. For many, state governments did not appropriate enough money, and charges had to be raised to make up for the shortage, and second, many colleges are being squeezed by rising costs of food, labor, operation, and construction, all factors in A&M's price hike.

But a justification of higher costs and the prospect of more additions to the price tag of a college education does not make it any easier for the student who has to pay the tab with a part-time job.

Fortunately Texas A&M, as well as several other Texas colleges, still have reasonable costs for the quantity and quality of their education.

Bulletin Board

TODAY

The Pre-Med Pre-Dental Society will meet tonight at 7:30 in Room 113 of the BSB Building.

The Psychology Club will meet tonight at 7:30 on the fourth floor of the Academic Building. Dr. William R. Smith, industrial psychologist will speak.

The Scuba Club will meet tonight in Room 305 of Goodwin Hall at 7:30. Underwater slides and movies taken by club members will be shown.

THURSDAY

The Amarillo-Panhandle Home-Town Club will meet in Room 3-A in the Memorial Student Center at 7:30 p.m. Plans will be made for the Christmas Party.

The Corpus Christi Hometown Club will meet in Room 3-C of the Memorial Student Center at

7:30 p.m.

The Student AVMA Auxillary will meet at 7:30 p.m. in the South Solarium of the YMCA. Mrs. Fannie Eaton will speak on "Achieving the Total Look."

The Orange Hometown Club will meet in the Academic Building at 7:30 p.m. for a "very important meeting."

The San Antonio Hometown Club will meet at 7:30 p.m. in Room 145 of the Phisics Building to elect yell leaders and discuss plans for the Thanksgiving Party.

The College Station Chapter of The American Meteorological Society will meet at 7:30 p.m. in Room 305 of Goodwin Hall. Mr. E. L. Deacon will discuss Turbulent Transfer and Evaporation Studies.

Editor,

The Battalion:
For several years I have been concerned about the way people drive on campus. After reading Pete Burch's letter and Robert Solovey's "Speed, Brother, And Hit Another," I feel compelled to speak out.

It is almost a cinch that Ronald H. Mehlen was injured by a student. Who else drives on the campus at that time? To take that incident and indict student drivers solely, as Solovey has done, is wrong.

Driving with a reckless disregard for the lives of pedestrians is characteristic of drivers on this campus. I see students, staff, faculty, and yes, even the KK's, driving at speeds which appear to be well over the speed limit and are certainly so fast that the driver could not stop in time if a thoughtless pedestrian stepped out in front of him any closer than half a block away.

Look around. If you see someone driving, I will lay you ten to one he is speeding. I see vehicles every day with "Texas A&M University" on the door zipping up and down the streets. I see students rushing off to some other place. I see secretaries driving as if there is something free wherever they are going but the suply is limited. I see professors storming off in their work cars as if they were competing for some sort of prize. I see wives drop their husbands off and then leave as if they had just remembered that they had something on the stove at home. I see all of this every day, and it makes me sick.

EAT A MEAL in Sbis Hall and when you leave, try to cross Houston Street. People driving South will almost run you down. They have just passed a 15 MPH speed limit sign, but they care not. They will never care unless there is enforcement of what the sign says. "So what? I'm in a hurry, and besides, the Aggie is a wary animal that is very difficult to corner." Their actions bespeak this thought.

The shameful thing is that it is all unnecessary. There is hardly any place west of the railroad that cannot be walked to from any other place on the main campus in fifteen minutes. From Kyle Field to the CE building is one example. If a man walks five MPH on the sidewalks along the streets and a car averages ten MPH, the car makes it in 7 1/2

minutes. If the car averages thirty MPH, it takes 2 1/2 minutes. How many men's lives is it worth to travel from Kyle Field to the CE building in 2 1/2 minutes. How many men's lives is five minutes of a driver's time worth? It seems that a lot of people think that five minutes of their time is worth any number of other men's lives. Their driving shows it.

I see the solution to the problem as strict enforcement of the speed limit. When I was in the Army, I learned to do what the signs said, because the penalty for not doing so was severe and intended to make me wish that I had done what the signs said. Go to any Army post. You will find thousands of pedestrians, just as at A&M, but you will not find any speeders. The reason for the difference is enforcement. It exists on an Army post. It doesn't exist at Texas A&M.

BEFORE THIS IS dismissed as just another tirade against the KK's, let me give them credit where it is due. The Campus Security Force does a tremendous job of securing the campus and making the students' property secure. In my years at A&M, I have never known or heard of an incident wherein a student's car was broken into and things stolen out of it, except one time in 1961 or 62 when a theft that would take about ten minutes occurred in Navasota or Hempstead Lot. There may have been other cases, but I didn't know of any. I think that the only reason for the paucity of such incidents is the fact that this campus is patrolled at night. The Campus Security Force does a great service to the students and the rest of the university if they are nothing more than night watchmen.

But night watchman duty is not the only thing at which the KK's are proficient. They also excel at writing parking tickets, all of which are strictly according to the book and the signs. I have no

vendetta against parking tickets, per se. The thing that galls me is the fact that the parking regulations can be and are zealously enforced, but almost no other regulations or laws having to do with automobiles and the driving of them are enforced. I have seen numerous parking tickets that were written at 4 A.M., when free parking on the campus changes to required parking in the proper lot. I have seen numerous parking tickets that were written at 7 A.M. or thereabouts. It is almost impossible to violate the parking regulations and not get caught. I learned this from observation and the hard way, and I gave it up quickly.

If the parking regulations can be enforced to the letter, why cannot the speed laws be enforced at least to the spirit? If men's lives are more important than someone's reserved parking place, why cannot some of the zealous officers who presently protect the reserved parking spaces be diverted to protection of the lives of the pedestrians who outnumber all persons who use parking spaces? Why?

A PERSON WHO DRIVES recklessly is a menace to the life of everyone who walks. He is as dangerous as a den of rattlesnakes let loose at a yell practice, and he is not nearly so predictable as the rattlesnakes. The rattlesnakes would probably run from the students rather than at them as the driver does.

I say that he doesn't need to drive on this campus at all. He should be restricted from driving on the campus for a calendar month for the first offense. If he does it again, he needs to walk for a long semester. Money out of a man's pocket means very little to him unless it is enough to make him badly bent if not broke. If he had these penalties staring him in the face he would think before he took off like a ruptured duck going some-

where that is not over a mile away. He doesn't think now. I say that this is what ought to be done now, not tomorrow.

I hope something is done to make him think before we have Silver Taps for an Aggie who was run down and killed by a car at the intersection of Houston Street and West Main Drive.
Robert E. Bigham '62
Box 4581

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On Campus with Max Shulman
(By the author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!", "Dobie Gillis," etc.)

FOOTBALL FOR SHUT-INS

At next Saturday's football game while you are sitting in your choice student's seat behind the end zone, won't you pause and give a thought to football's greatest and, alas, most neglected name? I refer, of course, to Champert Sigafoos.

Champert Sigafoos (1714-1928) started life humbly on a farm near Thud, Kansas. His mother and father, both named Walter, were bean-gleaners, and Champert became a bean-gleaner too. But he tired of the work and went to Montana where he got a job with a logging firm. Here the erstwhile bean-gleaner worked as a stump-thumper. After a month he went to North Dakota where he tended the furnace in a granary (wheat-heater). Then he drifted to Texas where he tidied up oil fields (pipe-wiper). Then to Arizona where he strung dried fruit (fig-rigger). Then to Kentucky where he fed horses at a breeding farm (oat-toter). Then to Long Island where he dressed poultry (duck-plucker). Then to Alaska where he drove a delivery van for a bakery (bread-sledder). Then to Minnesota where he cut up frozen lakes (ice-slicer). Then to Nevada where he determined the odds in a gambling house (dice-priker). Then to Milwaukee where he pasted camera lenses together (Zeiss-splicker).

Finally he went to Omaha where he got a job in a tannery, beating pig hides until they were soft and supple (hog-flogger). Here occurred the event that changed not only Champert's life, but all of ours.

Next door to Champert's hog-floggery was a mooring mast for dirigibles. In flew a dirigible one day, piloted by a girl named Graffa von Zeppelin. Champert watched Graffa descend from the dirigible, and his heart turned over, and he knew love. Though Graffa's beauty was not quite perfect—one of her legs was shorter than the other (blimp-gimper)—she was nonetheless ravishing, what with her tawny hair and her eyes of Lake Louise blue and her marvelously articulated haunches. Champert, smitten, ran quickly back to the hog-floggery to plan the wooing.

To begin with, naturally, he would give Graffa a present. This presented problems, for hog-flogging, as we all know, is a signally underpaid profession. Still, thought Champert, if he had no money, there were two things he did have: ingenuity and pigskin.

So he selected several high grade pelts and stitched them together and blew air into them and made for Graffa a perfectly darling little replica of a dirigible. "She will love this," said he confidently to himself and proceeded to make ready to call on Graffa.

First, of course, he shaved with Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades. And wouldn't you? If you were looking to impress a girl, if you wanted jaws as smooth as ivory, dewlaps like damask, a chin strokable, cheeks fondlesome, upper lip kissable, would you not use the blade that whisks away whiskers quickly and slickly, tuglessly and nicklessly, scratchlessly and matchlessly? Would you not, in short, choose Personna, available both in Injector style and double-edge style? Of course you would.

So Champert, his face a study in epidermal elegance, rushed next door with his little pigskin dirigible. But Graffa, alas, had run off, alas, with a bush pilot who specialized in dropping limes to scurvy-ridden Eskimo villages (fruit-chuter).

Champert, enraged, started kicking his little pigskin blimp all over the place. And who should walk by just then but Jim Thorpe, Knute Rockne, Walter Camp, and Pete Rozelle!

They walked silently, heads down, four discouraged men. For weeks they had been trying to invent football, but they couldn't seem to find the right kind of ball. They tried everything—hockey pucks, badminton birds, bowling balls, quoits—but nothing worked. Now seeing Champert kicking his pigskin spheroid, their faces lit up and as one man they hollered "Eureka!" The rest is history.

Speaking of kicks, if you've got any about your present shave cream, try Burma-Shave, regular or menthol.

By Charles M. Schulz

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THE BATTALION

Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the student writers only. The Battalion is a non tax-supported non-profit, self-supporting educational enterprise edited and operated by students at a university and community newspaper.

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OKAY, CHUCK, HERE'S THE CONTRACT... I'M TRADING YOU FIVE PLAYERS FOR SNOOPY...

I'M KIND OF NERVOUS... I'VE NEVER TAKEN PART IN ANY BIG BASEBALL TRADES BEFORE... MAYBE I SHOULD THINK ABOUT THIS A LITTLE WHILE, AND...

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS... YOU WANT TO BUILD A BETTER TEAM, DON'T YOU? COME ON, SIGN RIGHT HERE...

TRY NOT TO LET YOUR HAND SHAKE SO MUCH, CHUCK, YOU'RE SPILLING INK ALL OVER THE CONTRACT

SNOOPY, THIS IS A HARD THING FOR ME TO SAY...

I'VE TRADED YOU TO PEPPERMINT PATTY FOR FIVE NEW PLAYERS... ALL I ASK IS A LITTLE UNDERSTANDING AND SOME SIGN FROM YOU THAT YOU DON'T HATE ME...

BLEAH!!

THAT WASN'T IT!