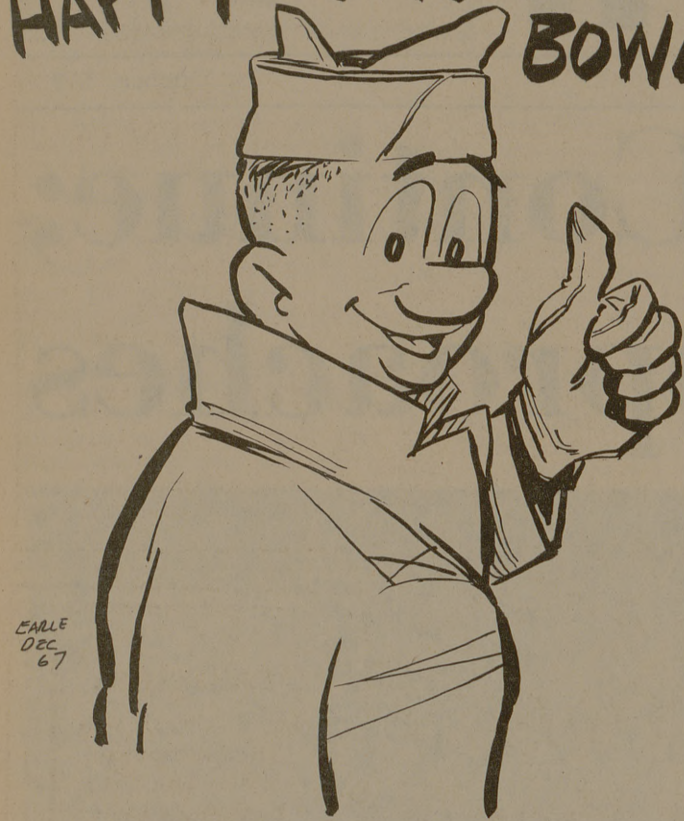


CADET SLOUCH by Jim Earle

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY COTTON BOWL!



Holiday Hopping, As Ags Head Home

Local merchants may say that happiness is Bryan-College Station, but for most Aggies happiness will be seeing the campus in their car's rear view mirror as they leave for the holidays.

That joyous Christmas and New Year's break once again heralds the end of another year, calendar-wise if not scholastically.

The thought of home, the family, a girl friend, good home-cooked meals, and late-night celebrating all but blot out the painful reality of term papers, chapter upon chapter of "catching up" and that after New Year gremlin—final exams.

For Corps fish, the holiday means they're halfway home, the toughest part is over. I wonder how many old army war tales will be told around the Christmas Eve table.

For administrators, teachers and staff the holiday will be a welcome break from eight to five routine. On Christmas Day most will don imaginary red suits to play S. Claus to their children and Bonnie and Clyde to their wallets.

Everything looks warm, rosey, and promising but the most important thing to remember is Santa laughs Yo Ho Ho, not Yo Ho Ho and a bottle of rum.

And when you drive, that makes the difference between a warm and a cold body.

If you think you're excited about leaving for home and about packing the car 48 hours in advance, think about 6,000 other Aggies doing the same thing.

And then multiply that number by 100 and you may get an idea of how many cars will be on the road between you and the safety of home.

You may get away with skipping tomorrow's classes to make it home sooner, but you can only "skip" life once, and it's easy to do at 80 miles an hour.

Take a little extra time, be alert, DON'T drink and drive, and as they say, you'll arrive alive.

We'd like you to enjoy many more holidays, and watch the clock change in Time Square until Guy Lombardo fails to host New Year's Eve or the sun fails to rise in the east—and no one knows which will come sooner.

Have a happy holiday season. See you next year in Dallas.

Make-Up Schedule
ALL CORPS SENIORS
CLASS PICTURES
DEADLINE
DEC. 20th

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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Fuller's Follies

by John Fuller

Things are getting tough all over. Columnists are running short of material and are having to reach pretty far for something to keep the advertisements from running together.

Across the Brazos in Austin,

the sports columnists are momentarily suffering from a notable lack of praiseworthy athletic accomplishments to extol. Here, where last-minute exams have taken most of the laughs out of a place where people don't walk

around laughing much anyway, it's us would-be "humor" columnists who suffer.

Anyway, last week Bill Halstead, one of the sports columnists at the Daily Texan, got tired of speculating on the upcoming badminton season and tried to inject a little dry humor into his domain, which is known, for want of a better name, as "Halstead's Hornography." ("Dry," of course, is a term for wine pressed from Sour Grapes.)

"THE EXCITEMENT and thunder of winning a Southwest Conference Championship still ringing in their heads, the Texas A&M Aggies have been forced recently into considering just what they have gotten themselves into," he began. It got worse. In fact, it got downright cute.

"Remember that the last time the Texas A&M was in the Cotton Bowl was 1941," Bill continued, following a couple of paragraphs about "the Big City—Dallas," which has "more cars than cows, real live streetlights, and indoor plumbing." Gosh, we remember a few Corps Trips to Dallas and Houston and even Austin, which now has indoor plumbing too; but of course the Cotton Bowl Classic is a different matter, requiring more polish on that crude Aggie exterior. Right, Bill?

If you don't believe it, ask the Texas Exes of Uvalde, whose advertising campaign "in cooperation with the Save Dallas Committee" will offer "training in Cotton Bowl Behavior" to Aggies. This was the Basis of Halstead's work—the germ of an idea that infected some 20 column inches.

YOU'VE REALLY got to hand it to those exes. They aren't limited to the catty, condescending wit that spawned the "Rename College Station" contest. Given half a chance, they can smile through their tears and tell Aggie jokes in the best tradition of the sore loser.

Ah, but it's the Christmas season—time to think nice thoughts about everybody—including hornographers—and to wish full stockings for all. Who knows—if Bill's a good boy, Santa might bring him something to write a real, sure-enough sports column about. (And maybe he'll bring me something funny.)

Bulletin Board

TUESDAY

The American Marketing Society will meet at 7:30 p.m. in Rooms 3-B and C of the Memorial Student Center. Guest speaker will be E. E. Galloway, manager of gas marketing with Texaco Oil Co. in Houston.

The LaGrange Hometown Club will meet at 6 p.m. in Room 223 of Dormitory 18.

FRIDAY

The DeWitt-Lavaca County Hometown Club will meet at 8 p.m. at the American Legion Hall in Yorktown.

The Rio Grande Hometown Club will have a Christmas party at Vera's Paladium in Weslaco from 9 p.m. until 1 a.m.

none of his business if people wear hats in the mess hall? Does it affect him if people wear hats in the mess hall? No. Doesn't he know that of all the twelve thousand-odd students at Texas A&M, not one came here to learn a set of mores identical to his? Doesn't he know that it is the custom in parts of Texas to keep one's hat on when eating in a public place? Probably not. Probably he's never been farther west than Austin, and that was to attend a football game. Only his busybody instinct and his provincial refusal to tolerate mores that differ from his provoke him to complain about something that is none of his business.

Steve reminds me of the ox in Ambrose Bierce's fable that told the ass that it should not bray, saying "the like of that is not in good taste." When the ass pressed him on this, the ox was forced to admit "Why-ah-h'm. I mean that it does not suit me. You should bellow." The ass put the ox down, and Steve needs to be put down, too; he also "transcends the limits of mere efrontery and passes into the boundless empyrean of pure gall!"

'Good taste' and 'proper and decent standards' indeed! Leave it to Emily Post, Steve. Decent standards include keeping your nose out of other people's business.

Robert E. Bigham '62

Editor,

The Battalion:

Did you know that officially no one is to park on either side of Bizzell Street except faculty and staff? And did you know that a substantial number of students simply ignore that official ruling? So, do they get ticketed for a parking violation? No, they don't and yes, they do. Now how can this be? Well, according to the official explanation put forth (regurgitated) by our dauntless, intrepid, fearless and bold upholders of the parking code, "unofficially" students can park on the west side of Bizzell Street without fear of getting that dreaded yellow slip, but if a student parks on the east side of Bizzell . . . friend that student is officially in violation of the parking code.

Makes sense doesn't it? Officially both sides of the street are off limits to student parkers and "unofficially" only the west side of Bizzell Street is off limits. Would one be safe in assuming our official campus security police force policy on parking violations inconsistent?

Gustavo De La Garza '67

ATTENTION !!
ALL CLUBS

Athletic, Hometown, Professional and Campus Organizations.

Pictures for the club sections of the Aggieland are now being scheduled at the Student Publications Office, Y.M.C.A. Building.

PEANUTS

By Charles M. Schulz

HE'S GONE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S GONE!

MY DOG HAS GONE TO FRANCE TO SKATE IN THE OLYMPICS... HOW DOES HE THINK HE'S GOING TO GET TO FRANCE? IT'S RIDICULOUS!

INCIDENTALLY, DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME ON BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHDAY?

I FORGOT!

HELLO? I'D LIKE TO RUN AN AD IN YOUR PAPER, PLEASE

MY DOG IS GONE... WELL, I DON'T KNOW IF HE'S LOST OR NOT, BUT HE'S SURE GONE... UH HUH...

WELL, HE'S MOSTLY WHITE WITH LONG BLACK EARS, AND HE'S GOT HIS SUPPER DISH ON HIS HEAD, AND HE'S ON HIS WAY TO.....

BRACE YOURSELF, PLEASE... I JUST KNOW YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS...

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Sunday Evening — December 31st — 8:30 p. m.
"SUNDOWN BALLROOM"

Featuring:
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Seasons Greetings
2711 NOV 67 M.P. 43

The glow of the holiday season is upon us. It is a time of good tidings and wishes of continued health and happiness. We'd like to extend our deepest appreciation to our special friends and customers for helping to make this year a success.

See you in the Cotton Bowl
Drive Carefully
Mr. & Mrs. Lou