

Apathy Breeds National Problem

People used to think that if trouble were expected there was "comfort in numbers."

The soldier on the front lines or in the field in Vietnam must feel some safety with the men in his platoon to help in case of trouble. The many men who have been decorated in the war attest to the fact that in the face of trouble they "become involved."

Aggies like to boast that if they are out and there is trouble the cry "Old Army fight" will certainly bring a swarm of buddies.

And an Aggie motorist who is identified by the sticker on his car or by sight by his friends knows that if he has car trouble most Aggies won't leave him stranded on the side of the road.

But on the front lines of American streets, it's every man and woman for himself. When it comes to helping a victim of some crime today, Americans are an apathetic lot.

Houston Post reporter Bill Coulter brought the pathetic business to mind with an article which would have been shocking at one time, but reveals only the more commonplace today.

In cases involving the police, whose filthy, unappreciated job it is to apprehend the criminals, rapists, drunks, and punks to "protect society" and enforce the law, most persons not only fail to help these officers but actually show contempt toward them.

One of the most publicized commentaries on our nation was where a young New York woman was stabbed and beaten to death while dozens of people watched from their apartment windows.

The fact that the people may have feared personal harm themselves was one thing, but the incredible fact is that NO ONE even called the police.

People read the paper and "tisk, tisk" when they note some unfortunate incident involving someone else. They berate other people when they find out that someone present at the crime could have stopped it or helped the victim but didn't.

And these are the same people who wouldn't lift a hand if they were faced with the same problem. They are the ones who scream "police brutality", who don't actively support the law when they should, but applaud when men are hired to wait at the back of shops with shotguns, as done in some of our larger cities.

The favorite phrases of the majority are "It's none of my business," or "I don't want any publicity," or "I don't have time to go to court," or "I'm afraid they'll get me if I talk."

Capt. L.D. Morrison, a 19-year Houston police department veteran said, in the Post article, that he did not know of a single case where a witness has been harmed because he gave information to police or testified in court.

Perhaps television has given people the impression that "they'll get theirs" if they help the law. Maybe newspaper coverage of crime has instilled a fear in the American public.

The problems of the world and of this country are becoming more burdening. People are floundering. They are unsure. They're more impersonal. They are reverting to isolationism and laws of the jungle.

The man who actively helps another human being in trouble, even with a simple phone call, or descriptive aid for investigation is truly unique today.

You don't care. You complain of crime but refuse to help the police or even respect the law. You don't have time. You don't want to get involved.

But someday you'll be the victim. No one will help. No one will care. Good luck.

John Hotard

ECCHSEDNIN HEADACHE NO. 856937

"May I help you, sir?"

"Yes. I received this letter telling me to report to the Registrar's Office."

"OH, YES, Mr. Snurdlinger. Well, sir, we've reviewed your records and we find that you're one hour short of having enough hours to graduate."

"You what? I WHAT!! One hour short!! Whatayamean, ONE HOUR SHORT!!"

"... Now, Mr. Snurdlinger, there's no need to get violent..."

"NOW you tell me?! Eleven days before I graduate you tell me!! Why didn't you tell me last year?? Why didn't you tell me in September?? Why wait until NOW?? NOW!! Nine days before..."

"I'm sorry. We didn't know until we checked your record."

"But I have that white piece of paper! It says I need 19 hours this semester. I'm taking 19 hours this semester. It's signed and everything. Now you say I need one lousy, crummy little hour..."

"Well, Mr. Snurdlinger, there's nothing we can do now. It'll just mean one more semester here. What's one more semester?"

"WHAT'S ONE MORE SEMESTER??" I have a job waiting!! I just borrowed money from the bank—at 10 per cent!! Do you REALIZE how much 10 per cent is?? On an amortized loan? I just bought a new Volkswagen! I owe the next three

years of my life to the Federal Republic of Germany! And this was right after the President's balance-of-payments speech. If I default, I'll be deported."

"You shouldn't look at it that way, sir. Just think. You'll get to stay on campus another semester..."

"ARGHHH! For the past six and a half years I've been on this campus! I'm ready to leave this campus. And now you're telling me I need—wait a minute—what about the five hours?"

"WHAT FIVE HOURS?"

"The five hours I lost when I switched from Architecture to Journalism. I lost two hours of mechanical drawing and three hours of mechanical engineering. Surely you can count just ONE hour of those five."

"I'm afraid not. They're counted as shop courses and not academic..."

"Not academic!! Whatayamean! They'll help me more than those crummy English courses you made me take. What happens if I'm made Real Estate Editor, huh?"

"I'm sorry, sir, we can't allow you credit for those."

"THEY DID me more good than learning a bunch of crummy poems. There I am, covering the Home Builders' annual convention. Some guy asks me about a particular house design. Whataya want me to tell him, 'Mary had a little lamb'?"

"Well, Mr. Snurdlinger, there's

CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle



"They used to laugh when we said it; now they turn white with fear!"

Town Hall Show Saved By Raiders

When "Paul Revere and the Raiders" appeared on stage Friday night at the Town Hall Special, they went far toward making up for the preceding hour.

"The Dream Machine" and "Michael," the two groups who played for an hour preceding the appearance of the Raiders, certainly taxed the audiences' resolve to remain and wait for the headliners.

The greatest fault of the two groups was that neither seemed to have the slightest idea of how to balance the volume of their instruments and the vocal.

From the second row on the floor of the coliseum, absolutely no words sung on stage could be picked up and the extreme clamor of the guitar amplifiers smothered any distinction between the various numbers.

The result was a continuous din which could not be discerned from a New York subway tunnel at five o'clock.

Hopefully, in the future, rock groups appearing on stage in G. Rolie will have the sounds they

put forth under better control.

The Raiders, however, were worth waiting for. As polished professionals they kept the program loose and easy and did more than blast the eardrums with one number after another.

The performance was one of the better ones of the year, the only criticism being that they did not stay on long enough and did not sing some of their biggest hits and many of those they did sing were included in medleys and were not sung in their entirety.

"Paul Revere and the Raiders" have to get the award for being the flashiest dressed combo in the business. They wore white, silver brocaded colonial-style suits with gold trim and lace shirt fronts and lace cuffs.

It was interesting to note that when Mark Lindsay, the leader of the group, asked how many were in the audience under 16, there was quite a response but when a remark was made about the Aggies in the Cotton Bowl there didn't seem to be very many Aggies in the audience to yell. It's fortunate that many of the teenagers in the area attended, otherwise there could have been an embarrassing absence of people in the audience.

The Raiders are on tour in Texas and Robert Gonzales and the Town Hall Committee should be commended for arranging for them to appear at A&M.

nothing more we can do. You'll just have to remain here another semester—what are those in the little blue bottle? Are those Echsedrin tablets? Do you have an Echsedrin headache?"

"These just LOOK like Echsedrin tablets. Actually, they're sleeping pills. You know, barbituates. I just carry them in an Echsedrin bottle. I'm ending it all. You won't give me one lousy little hour so I can get out of here. Well! I'm getting out of here, all right. The easy way."

"Now Mr. Snurdlinger, don't act rashly."

"It's too late. In 14 minutes I'll die. I'll keel right over on this counter. Right in front of you. Dead. I'll turn green and purple, and my tongue will stick out. It'll be horrible. And it's all your fault. I hope you suffer and get nightmares."

"Wait, Mr. Snurdlinger. Maybe we can allow you the one hour after all. Just... just stop taking those pills."

"LET ME see it in writing."

"O.K. 'Ralph Snurdlinger has completed the required number of hours and is hereby clear to graduate."

"Get it signed."

"Right. (pause) O.K., it's signed. Now we need to get you to a doctor and have your stomach pumped."

"Never mind. No need to. Those were only salt tablets. Uhh, is there a water fountain nearby?"

— Sound Off —

Editor, The Battalion:

This letter conveys my sincere thanks to the Texas Aggie football team, the Texas Aggie Band and the Texas Aggie student body for a job well done in Dallas on New Year's Day, 1968.

I attended the Cotton Bowl game and enjoyed the performance of all concerned, especially due to the outcome of the game. However, I received a bigger thrill during the following week from the response of my associates and colleagues as a result of the Aggies' performance. My hand was shaken and my back was slapped many times and I was congratulated by all as if I had been a member of the football team. Comments from those who saw the game on T.V. praised the band performance at halftime and of course the spirit, aggressiveness, stamina, etc., etc., of the Aggie football team. Those who attended the game said the same plus they praised the Aggie Spirit, the likes of which none had ever seen. One individual said he could not believe the fact that the Exes in the stands still knew all the school songs and yells, much less the enthusiasm they showed. Even several Aggies Exes with whom I spoke, mentioned how they were impressed by the latest generation of Aggies.

I doubt that I shall ever hear another Aggie joke from any of those who witnessed the Fightin' Texas Aggies in Dallas New Year's Day, either in person or via the tube. I am even more proud that I am a Texas Aggie. In the words of Old Army Lou, "God bless you, Aggies, Stand up and be proud." You earned it.

CHARLES E. BRAME '61
Captain, USAF

Editor, The Battalion:

Congratulations to the Texas Aggie Southwest Conference Cotton Bowl Championship football team. The manner in which you Farmers represented us, the Southwest Conference, in the Cotton Bowl this year made many

Bulletin Board

TODAY

S. A. E. will have a film presentation at 7:30 p.m. in Room 3C of the Memorial Student Center.

The Microbiology Club will have a film presentation at 7:30 p.m. in Room 107 of the Biological Sciences Building.

WEDNESDAY

The Karnes County Hometown Club will have pictures taken for the AggieLand at 7:15 p.m. on the steps of the Memorial Student Center.

Orange-blooded Teasips at Austin proud to have you in the Conference. I include myself in this group.

By the way, have you heard the one about the Aggie who...
Sincere Teasipper,
RONNIE GREENING

Texas A&M University Student Body:
We, the Bryan Boys' Club mem-

bers, truly appreciated the you so graciously donated.

Without your thoughtful, sincere efforts our annual Christmas Party would not have been a success.

Your gift was certainly received by the hundreds of that were made happy during this holiday season.

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

1968: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Are you still writing "1967" on your papers and letters? I'll bet you are, you scamp! But I am not one to be harsh with those who forgot we are in a new year, for I myself have long been guilty of the same lapse. In fact, in my senior year at college, I wrote 1873 on my papers until nearly November of 1874! (It turned out, incidentally, not to be such a serious error because, as we all know, 1874 was later repealed by President Chester A. Arthur in a fit of pique over the Black Tom Explosion. And, as we all know, Mr. Arthur later came to regret his hasty action. Who does not recall that famous meeting between Mr. Arthur and Louis Napoleon when Mr. Arthur said, "Lou, I wish I hadn't of repealed 1874" Whereupon the French emperor made his immortal rejoinder, "Tipi que nous et tyler tu". Well sir, they had many a good laugh about that, as you can imagine.)

But I digress. How can we remember to write 1968 on our papers and letters? Well sir, the best way is to find something memorable about 1968, something unique to fix it firmly in your mind. Happily, this is very simple because, as we all know, 1968 is the first year in history that is divisible by 2, by 5, and by 7. Take a pencil and try it: 1968 divided by 2 is 984; 1968 divided by 5 is 393.6; 1968 divided by 7 is 281.14. This mathematical curiosity will not occur again until the year 2079, but we will all be so busy then celebrating the Chester A. Arthur bi-centenary that we will scarcely have time to be writing papers and letters and like that.



Another clever little trick to fix the year 1968 in your mind is to remember that 1968 spelled backwards is 8961. "Year" spelled backwards is "raey". "Personna" spelled backwards is "Annosrep". I mention Personna because I am paid to write this column by the makers of Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades, and they are inclined to withhold my check if I omit to mention their product.

Not, mind you, that it is any chore for me to sing the praises of Personna, for it is a seemly blade that shaves you cleanly, a gleaming blade that leaves you beaming, a trouble-free blade that leaves you stubble-free, a matchless blade that leaves you scratchless. If you are tired of facial slump, if you are fed up with jowl blight, try Personna today... available both in double-edge style and Injector style. And if I seem a bit excessive in my admiration for Personna, I ask you to remember that to me Personna is more than a razor blade; it is also an employer.

But I digress. We were speaking of the memorable aspects of 1968 and high among them, of course, is the fact that in 1968 the entire House of Representatives stands for election. There will, no doubt, be many lively and interesting contests, but none, I'll wager, quite so lively and interesting as the one in my own district where the leading candidate is none other than Chester A. Arthur!

Mr. Arthur, incidentally, is not the first ex-president to come out of retirement and run for the House of Representatives. John Quincy Adams was the first. Mr. Adams also holds another distinction: he was the first son of a president ever to serve as president. It is true that Martin Van Buren's son, Walter "Blinky" Van Buren, was at one time offered the nomination for the presidency, but he, alas, had already accepted a bid to become Mad Ludwig of Bavaria. James K. Polk's son, on the other hand, became Salmon P. Chase. Millard Fillmore's son went into aluminum siding. This later became known as the Missouri Compromise.

In Missouri, or anywhere else, there is no compromise with quality in Personna or in Personna's partner in shaving pleasure—Burma-Shave. Burma-Shave comes to you in regular or menthol. Try it. You'll find it soaks rings around any other lather.

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PEANUTS
HEY, EVERYBODY! LET'S PLAY "KING OF THE HILL!"
WHOEVER IS ON TOP WILL BE "KING," SEE, AND...
HERE'S THE WORLD WAR I FLYING ACE ZOOMING THROUGH THE AIR IN HIS SOPWITH CAMEL.
OVER THERE! OVER THERE!
PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG...
HOW IN THE WORLD AM I GOING TO GET MY TROUBLES IN A 'KIT BAG'?

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.

Members of the Student Publications Board are: Jim Lindsey, chairman; Dr. David Bowers, College of Liberal Arts; F. S. White, College of Engineering; Dr. Robert S. Titus, College of Veterinary Medicine; and Hal Taylor, College of Agriculture.

The Battalion, a student newspaper at Texas A&M is published in College Station, Texas daily except Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, and holiday periods, September through May, and once a week during summer school.

Represented nationally by National Educational Advertising Services, Inc., New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

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Second-Class postage paid at College Station, Texas. News contributions may be made by telephoning 846-6618 or 846-4910 or at the editorial office, Room 4, YMCA Building. For advertising or delivery call 846-6415.

Mail subscriptions are \$3.50 per semester; \$6 per school year; \$6.50 per full year. All subscriptions subject to 2% sales tax. Advertising rate furnished on request. Address: The Battalion, Room 4, YMCA Building, College Station, Texas 77843.

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