

— Sound Off —



"He's terribly upset—it seems he forgot about Monday being a holiday, and came back a day early!"

## Peace Restored By Holiday Spirit

The traditional celebration, worship, rebirth and rededication during this Easter and Passover holiday season seems to have had a pronounced effect in several world crisis areas. In the wake of last week's riots and looting in scores of American cities, the holiday found a return to rational behavior, a withdrawal of National Guard troops, a new open housing law, and a strong call for peaceful demonstration from almost responsible official.

In the Far East and in Washington the diplomatic business of attempting to arrange a mutually agreeable site for Vietnam peace negotiations continued.

During the holiday the United States all but formally rejected Cambodia and Poland as sites. Although the North Vietnamese called it a stall tactic impending preliminary talks, the United States has offered such a wide range of other locations that at least one place should eventually prove agreeable to both.

During the week, ground action in Vietnam has been light, and although there is new heavy bombardment of Khe Sanh, the lull in fighting elsewhere is tied to a wait-and-see attitude toward those first negotiations.

The North Vietnamese will apparently take a hard-line stance toward any proposal from the United States which is anything short of a full halt to military action.

But that the talks may prove meaningful is evidenced by a North Vietnamese reactivation and recall of their top retired statesmen and negotiators.

In the Middle East, one of the most encouraging Easter-Passover sights was the influx of both Christians and Jews to Jerusalem.

For the first time in thousands of years the Israelis occupy all of Jerusalem. And for the first time since the crucifixion, Christians returned to the Holy City in the midst of a Passover celebration much as it was 2,000 years ago.

For Christians, cherished sights included the Via Dolorosa—the Street of Sorrow—and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

For the Moslem spectator to the two observances it was a time of peace, where the unusual of Christian, Jew and Moslem together was realized.

The Easter holiday seemed to provide a welcome respite from world tension and crisis.

## DAVENPORT

(Continued From Page 1)

existence, his remarkable sense of humor and his keen interest in people.

"The doctor knew many strange and interesting things. He once talked for hours on the history of bicycles."

"There was no phoniness, no air of formality with him," Davenport continued.

"He never took himself seriously; he looked upon his fame as a meaningless legend which had unfortunately grown up around him."

"BEING WITH Schweitzer reinforced my own belief that there is nothing intrinsically wrong with being selfish. It's the use of irrational methods in pursuit of personal goals that causes trouble," Davenport explained.

"Schweitzer started a hospital out in the jungle because that was what he wanted to do, not because of any great sense of mission to humanity. His is a good example of rational selfishness."

Dr. Davenport adjusted his glasses, tamped out his cigarette, and lit another. He leaned forward and his eyes narrowed as "I believe we are very close to a breakthrough in the field of ethics—one comparable in significance to Einstein's theory of relativity."

"PEOPLE are beginning to realize that the old rigid standards are going out of date. As people change, new situations arise for which the old ethical standards are unsatisfactory."

"Don't misunderstand me," he warned, "I am not speaking of situation ethics. Allowing the situation to govern the ethic is like having no ethics at all."

"No, I'm looking for the development of 'dynamic standards' which allow for the kind of change we know human beings are capable of. But we need to know much more about man before we can arrive at any specific 'dynamic standards,'" Davenport explained.

"If I could give you a concrete example now, I'd quit this job and become famous," he added, chuckling.

## THE BATTALION

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Editor,  
The *Battalion*:  
The following, for what it's worth, is my comment on one aspect of the clothing regulations question, and on University Regulations in general.

I believe that college students should be old enough, mentally, to form their own standards of appearance and behavior. I also believe that a Procrustean code regarding standards of student appearance is an open invitation to ridicule. Further, if a student wishes, by his manner of dress, to expose himself to the ridicule, ostracism, or pity of his community, then that is his business.

However, when a student departs from the accepted norms of his community, he should be knowledgeable enough to realize what he is doing and what the consequences of his actions may be. Therefore, a published set of standards is desirable, in order that the community may bring its naive few to a minimal level of social awareness.

In the final analysis, those who find themselves opposed to the University standards should ask themselves the following questions: Am I living up to the rich heritage of the institution which I am attending by my own choice? Am I mature enough to face society as a member of it rather than an outsider? Am I showing proper respect for the faculty and staff? Do I care whether I am socially acceptable to the world of the college graduate?

I don't believe a student would show disrespect and lack of self-discipline to the extent of leaving his shirttail out, failing to keep his hair neat, failing to shave or bathe, failing to wear clean clothing and socks, etc., if he were going to a job interview, or, in effect, if he were to consider himself working towards the standards of the college graduate in American society.

Ed Ellis '68  
\* \* \*

Editor,  
The *Battalion*:  
It appears that certain students at Texas A&M University are unaware of the reciprocity involved in their accusations of the long-haired members of our Inanimate Society.

Specifically, Mr. Huddleston and Mr. Martindale, in April 5's *Battalion*, accused persons having long hair of being criminals and referred to their extreme dress as "ridiculous."

My dear sirs, let us get serious about the matter and present some honest proof to back up these accusations. The cowboys have already proved their superior criminality by committing an act of aggravated assault upon our dear friend from Atlanta, Georgia. Another instance occurred last fall when several cowboys were engaged in the "good bull" that goes on between Legett and Mitchell Halls. One cowboy struck a fellow who was a good six inches shorter than he was; with his fist, of course, in the face. Another cowboy, after being called "goatroper", proceeded to line up the occupants of Leggett's fourth floor against the wall at the point of a knife. Is this not criminal?

As for calling a mode of dress ridiculous, dear sirs, have you ever turned around and looked at the cowboys standing behind you? Look at their high-heeled boots with pointed toes and swirling designs. Look at their worn blue jeans which drag the ground. Look at their shirts with fancy, pointed seams and pearl snap-buttons. Look at their outlandish hats which stay on at the dinner table (See Rules of Etiquette under "Eating outside of the corral"). Look at all this, dear sirs, and try to tell me that shirttails, long hair, no socks, ragged clothes, or anything you might name looks more ridiculous than all of that. Try again.

As for embarrassing our young women, I have seen cowboys prove that they go for a more effective and direct method of embarrassment than riding by them with a "bird finger" painted on their motorcycle helmets. Have you ever heard of the "red-

eye", sirs?  
You see, Mr. Huddleston and Mr. Martindale, that it works both ways, does it not? Please do not feel so righteous in your arguments that you fail to see both sides of the coin. In short, your letter was about as "other-sided" as could be and omitted quite a bit of intelligent proof. But, let's not get ridiculous about it. We are gentlemen, aren't we? Oh, gosh, I forgot: We're Aggies! Whoohoo!

Ryan Bernard  
\* \* \*

Editor,  
The *Battalion*:  
I extend a sincere THANKS to all who supported me in the recent class elections. To those who actively campaigned for me and to those who cast their vote for me, I will always be grateful.

To the new class officers I offer a most hearty congratulations. I hope that you will guide our Class of 1971 both carefully and fairly.

Paul A. Scopel  
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Editor,  
The *Battalion*:  
To the Class of '70:  
Due to the strange circumstances which have developed concerning the election of next year's class President and due to the length of time which has elapsed since the first primary election, I am having the following letter reprinted so that no doubts will prevail concerning my issues and my position in the Class of '70 presidential election on April 18, 1968.

My name is John F. (Jack) MacGillis and I am a candidate for next year's Class President. I would like to inform you of my plans for next year if I am elect-

ed.  
My first official act will be to call a class-wide assembly to obtain suggestions from you students as to types of social functions to have, ways to raise money and also to learn about any other major projects that you would like the officers to work on. If the first meeting is even moderately successful, others will be called throughout the year.

Since I am a civilian, I will have an informal Cadet Advisory Board consisting of about six active, informed, interested cadets who will enable me to keep abreast of the activities and problems of that part of the campus.

Since my main objective is to unify the class, I will attempt to have more social functions scheduled for the ENTIRE class.

In short Aggies, I want to work with you for the betterment of the entire class, for no matter what side of the campus we live on, or what type of clothes we wear, we are all Aggies, and I sincerely believe that, with your help, we can make the Class of '70 the "best d--- class on the campus."

John F. MacGillis '70  
Candidate-  
Class President  
\* \* \*

Editor,  
The *Battalion*:  
With your hospitality may we all express our deep appreciation to the PSA, Texas A&M Chapter for presenting a few pieces of the cultural traits of the Pakistani Culture.

We have all tremendously enjoyed it, every moment of it was an experience of education and cultural anthropology plus lilting music, songs, and dances. Believe us Mr. Editor, the PSA, Texas

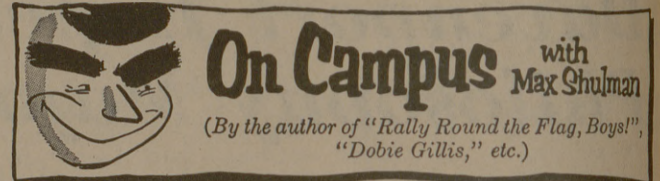
A&M Chapter has done a remarkable ambassadorial job. We are just thrilled and proud of their labor, imagination and aesthetic sense.

We are certainly grateful to Dr. G. W. Kunze for his short but instructive speech. We thank the Director of the YMCA, and

the Lady of the Ceremonies for her able presentation and explanation of the musical items. It is just great and fabulous!

Hats off to each and every participant of the PSA Cultural Night (7-4-68)!

M. A. Zaman and his SHSTC Friends.



## WAS KEATS THE BOB DYLAN OF HIS DAY?

Who was the greatest of the English Romantic Poets—Byron, Shelley or Keats? This question has given rise to many lively campus discussions and not a few stabbings. Let us today try to find an answer.

First, Keats (or The Louisville Slugger, as he is commonly called.) Keats' talent bloomed early. While still a schoolboy at St. Swithin's he wrote his epic lines:  
*If I am good I get an apple,  
So I don't whistle in the chapel.*

From this distinguished beginning he went on to write another 40 million poems, an achievement all the more remarkable when you consider that he was only five feet tall! I mention this fact only to show that physical problems never kept the true artist from creating. Byron, for example, was lame. Shelley suffered from prickly heat all winter long. Nonetheless, these three titans of literature never stopped writing poetry for one day.

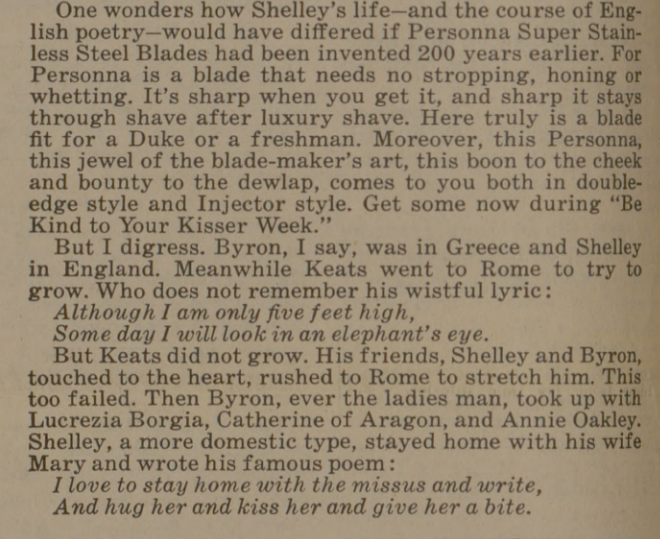
Nor did they neglect their personal lives. Byron, a devil with the ladies, was expelled from Oxford for dipping Nell Gwynne's pigtailed in an inkwell. (This later became known as Guy Fawkes Day.) He left England to fight in the Greek war of independence. He fought bravely and well, but women were never far from his mind, as evidenced by these immortal lines:  
*How splendid it is to fight for the Greek,  
But I don't enjoy it half as much as dancing cheek to cheek.*

While Byron fought in Greece, Shelley stayed in England, where he became razor sharpener to the Duke of Gloucester. Shelley was happy in his work, as we know from his classic poem, *Hail to thee, blithe strop*, but no matter how he tried he was never able to get a proper edge on the Duke's razor, and he was soon banished to Coventry. (This later became known as The Industrial Revolution.)

One wonders how Shelley's life—and the course of English poetry—would have differed if Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades had been invented 200 years earlier. For Personna is a blade that needs no stropping, honing or whetting. It's sharp when you get it, and sharp it stays through shave after luxury shave. Here truly is a blade fit for a Duke or a freshman. Moreover, this Personna, this jewel of the blade-maker's art, this boon to the cheek and bounty to the dewlap, comes to you both in double-edge style and Injector style. Get some now during "Be Kind to Your Kisser Week."

But I digress. Byron, I say, was in Greece and Shelley in England. Meanwhile Keats went to Rome to try to grow. Who does not remember his wistful lyric:  
*Although I am only five feet high,  
Some day I will look in an elephant's eye.*

But Keats did not grow. His friends, Shelley and Byron, touched to the heart, rushed to Rome to stretch him. This too failed. Then Byron, ever the ladies man, took up with Lucrezia Borgia, Catherine of Aragon, and Annie Oakley. Shelley, a more domestic type, stayed home with his wife Mary and wrote his famous poem:  
*I love to stay home with the missus and write,  
And hug her and kiss her and give her a bite.*



Mary Shelley finally got so tired of being bitten that she went into another room and wrote *Frankenstein*. Upon reading the manuscript, Shelley and Byron got so scared they immediately booked passage home to England. Keats tried to go too, but he was so small that the clerk at the steamship office couldn't see him over the top of the counter. So Keats remained in Rome and died of shortness.

Byron and Shelley cried a lot and then together composed this immortal epitaph:  
*Good old Keats, he might have been short,  
But he was a great American and a heck of a good sport.*

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By Charles M. Schulz

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ALL SET!  
ALL SET!  
ALL SET!  
ALL SET!  
ALL SET!  
ALL SET!  
ALL SET!

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AAUGH!