



"Here's a letter to th' editor that says he can't think of anything wrong with A&M and likes it the way it is, but wouldn't sign his name."

Listen up
More about our traditions

Editor:
 In response to a recent letter to the editor you stated that the civilians know the traditions of Texas A&M and do a good job of voluntarily following them. There have been too many instances where civilian students violate traditions, for no apparent reason other than to provoke cadets. There have been several times when a polite request not to walk on the Memorial Student Center lawn was answered with curt and often impolite responses, or simply ignored. At the Wichita State game, I asked a civilian student to remove his hat in honor of the 52 flags and what they mean; this is another of the A&M traditions that civilian students supposedly "know and follow." The only response was a barrage of snide remarks from surrounding civilians. Immediately after the last Silver Taps, the lights, not a few, but almost all the lights in Hart Hall were on. As if that wasn't

enough, someone was serenading the area with psychedelic squeals proceeding from his stereo. There have been too many yell practices where the civilians pop their heads out of their windows or come outside to watch the band go past and then continue with what they were doing, as if they thought that yell practice wasn't for them. Maybe it isn't. I am tired of the A&M students who have never been to a football game, a yell practice or participated in anything at A&M other than occasional appearance in class calling themselves Aggies because they don't know what the word means.

Sid Bednar '73
 Certainly some civilians "violate" traditions as they are not forced into following them as some groups are. Also, in a university of 14,000 it would be ridiculous to expect everybody to aimlessly fall into line. For these reasons traditions are not always observed by some civil-

Bob Robinson

A&M's construction circuses

"LAAA-DEEEES . . . AAAND . . . Gentlemen!" The chubby little man with the bow legs and penguin suit paused midway through his pendulum swing, turned a slight shade of pink and added nervously, "and students." He completed the arc with his open palm reaching for the top of the tent.
 "Prepare yourselves for the greatest show of your lives. These next four years will pass as minutes and if you are one of the lucky few, you can stay another year for your own private encore."
 The little man smiled, polished the "Go Gene, Go!!" button pinned to the lapel of his coat and stepped over a barricade to the center ring.
 The crowd was breathless with anticipation. Some wise guy dropped a pin and got a punch in the nose for his efforts. Students, professors, staff members and visitors from all over the 50 states eagerly awaited the beginning of the performance.
 "To my right!!!" Arm outflung, voice ringing through the years, fatty was warming up to his introduction. "The beautiful, irreplaceable Coedina braves three trenches and a 50 foot deep hole in order to meet her student prince at the MSC coffee shop for a Coke."
 Everyone in the stands turned in the direction of the ringmaster's waving hand.

Coedina jumped into the ring, smiling, waving frantically at the adoring onlookers and promptly fell into the first ditch. Seconds later, she climbed out, carrying a caution sign in her free hand. The crowd applauded her as she deftly eluded the next two ditches and someone shrieked as she tripped over another caution sign and dropped into the 50 foot pit.
 Minutes of cold silence passed. A road grader started up somewhere outside the tent, but no one noticed. Then a yell. Instantly the crowd was on its feet, cheering wildly. Coedina was carried out of the pit on the shoulders of her student prince, a Coke in each hand.
 The ringmaster called Coedina and her prince out to the center ring. They held hands, bowing to their adoring public, spilling their Cokes.
 The ring master took his hat off, a circular metal hat, painted red, and bowed, too. The show had begun. He started to introduce the next act, but the clowns beat him to it.
 They rumbled in on a 1907 VW with tractor treads over the wheels. Two of them. Behind them came four more clowns with picks and shovels and a huge bag of cement. Behind them came another clown with a hose.
 They pushed the ringmaster out of the way and rumbled up to the first trench. The two clowns with picks and shovels started chopping away at the sides of the ditch.
 The two clowns with the bag of cement muscled their way up to the ditch and dumped the cement on the first two clowns. The

clown with the hose ran up to the ditch and started dowsing the whole mess.
 During the excitement, a police official looked for the license number of the tractorized VW and opened up his citation book. This was after the fire official took away the water hose.
 The driver clown started arguing that he wasn't parked, just waiting for a temporary bridge to be built over the trench.
 The officer started writing out another ticket.
 The argument continued for three hours and the officer had to send a clown back twice for a fresh pad. He had just finished taping a ticket over the exhaust pipe when the VW roared into life and climbed into and out of the ditch. The officer chased it, scribbling furiously on his pad.
 Four years later, the ringmaster, tired lines etched into his jelly bean face, came out for a final bow. He called Coedina to the center ring. She waddled out, smiling and waving at the cheering crowd, slightly plump from too many Cokes. The graduate prince followed close behind, waving his orders for induction into the armed services.
 The seven clowns came out for their bows. Two of them, encased in cement, were carried by their buddies.
 The officer was nowhere to be found.
 "And now, ladies and gentlemen . . . and graduates, a fond good-bye. May your years of trying to find new routes to your classes be instrumental in hurdling the obstacles of life outside.

Don't forget to pick up the new up-to-date map at the door so you can find your way off the campus. It's a bargain at \$15."
 The ringmaster and performers left, backs slumped in sorrow at the end of another era. Spectators formed a line at the door, check-books in hand.
 The cop was at the bottom of the pit, next to the overturned VW, writing out a ticket.

BURGER HUT
 Remember Happy Hour!
BEER ON TAP 20c
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Bulletin Board
 Tonight
 Cepheid Variable Science Fiction Club will meet in the Physics Building room 146 at 7:00.
 Austin Hometown Club will meet in rooms 2A-B of the Memorial Student Center at 8:00.
 San Angelo-West Texas Hometown Club meets in 3-A of the Memorial Student Center at 7:30.
 Motorcycle Club will meet in room 3B of the MSC at 7:30 to pick up membership cards.
 International Students Association will meet in the Assembly room of the MSC at 7:00.
Monday
 Wings and Sabres will meet in the Military Sciences Building at 7:30.

Fish yell leader tryouts will be held this Monday
 Fish yell leader tryouts will be held Monday at the Grove, A&M's head yell leader Jim Ferguson has announced.
 Interested male students should report to the Grove at 5 p.m. Ferguson said the field will be narrowed to 10 candidates by 6 p.m. by the yell leaders.
 The yell leader committee will interview the 10 finalists Monday evening and select five fish yell leaders.

Have you bought your copy of the **TEXAS AGGIE CALENDAR BOOK?**
 52 brand new pictures of A&M day by day schedule of events
 Send one to your folks; send one to your girl friend
ONLY \$1.50
 At Journalism Office, Room 301 Services Building
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ATTENTION . . . ALL FRESHMEN!
 MAKE SURE YOUR PICTURE WILL BE IN THE 1972 AGGIELAND YEARBOOK PICTURE SCHEDULE
 N-S — September 20-24
 T-Z — September 27-Oct. 1

MAKE-UP WEEK
 OCTOBER 4-8
 Corps, Freshmen: Uniform: Class A Winter
 Bring Poplin Shirt and Black Tie and Citation Cords, if any, Studio Will Furnish Blouses.
 Band Must Bring Own Blouses and Brass.
 Civilians: Coat and Tie.
 Pictures Will Be Taken From 8:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.
 NOTE: Bring Fee Slips To **UNIVERSITY STUDIO**
 115 North Main — North Gate
 Phone: 846-8019

The Battalion
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LETTERS POLICY
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OAKRIDGE SMOKEHOUSE RESTAURANT
 807 Texas Ave. College Station

Added to Our Menu:
AGGIE SPECIAL
 Chicken Fried Steak or Country Fried Chicken
 With French Fries & Crisp Green Salad
\$1.25

PEANUTS
 I DON'T HAVE TO LIVE HERE, YOU KNOW!
 IN FACT, I'M GOING TO RUN AWAY, AND JOIN THE ROLLER DERBY!
 WITH ICE SKATES?
 THAT RUINED A DRAMATIC EXIT!