

Listen up

Letters praise goat-ropers, knock local red-necks

Editor: This is in response to the letter by Mr. Ronnie Quebe of October 28, 1971.

Dear Mr. Quebe: Although we wish to remain neutral on your stand concerning smoking, we feel compelled to defend our cherished ritual, for snuff dipping is dear to our

CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle



"I thought you had lost that bumper sticker!"

Steve Hayes

Bonfire: superlative disease

The Superlative Disease: The Tree Case As the lawnmower outside drones on, endlessly it seems, I find myself thinking of days past, women missed, steps travelled, and yet I know that I must return to more mundane matters; new material, research for columns, A&M, and the illustrious Aggie rendition of the burning bush... the 'ain't it swell' bonfire. The bonfire reflects more than just dogmatic adherence to an archaic tradition, but to me reflects a lack of foresight into the future, and a chronic case of what I call the "superlative disease," a disease that causes its victims to lapse into incessant chantings, all beginning with the "biggest," the "best," the "first," the "only," the "worst," the "grandest," and the "finest." I think you have the idea. If you don't, you probably have the disease.

superlative disease, although it is not normally fatal to the victim himself. Instead, the victim only suffers in his thinking, in that he finds it difficult to understand anything in life unless it is characterized by some superlative. In short, this obviously limits the capacity to understand most of life, for given the vast population and cultural array of human contributions, there are very few persons or arts that can claim to be the finest or the best, or even the worst. Very few contributions to human evolution and development are really presented as the best or whatever-the-superlative, they just contribute to an advancement in world understanding.

Sadly, the victims of the superlative disease, by focusing their aims on the immediate, (recall that this is myopia, an early symptom and condition), simply are unable to relate to the implications of their actions, they can see nowhere but immediately in front of themselves. The rest of the world of people and other living things are not considered in their decisions. This is not the fault of the sufferer, but the disease under which he labors. For him, the rest of the world is not considered, for it cannot be seen, and therefore does not exist. The victim, as a result of the myopia, also fails to consider any alternatives, for he does not believe that valid alternatives exist. He has never seen any actual alternatives, and so, you guessed it, the sufferer of SD does not believe they exist.

hearts. We wonder what forces compel you to observe this phenomenal event. Perhaps you are enthralled at the process by which Cowboy Bob endeavors to satiate the inner man. Perhaps those who do not dip are awestruck at Cowboy Bob's miraculous feat of unending wonder. (Don't knock it if you haven't tried it). Besides, we who partake in the art of separating liquids from solids find great peace of mind in listening to the pitter-patter of tiny droplets splashing to their destination. (And very little peace of mind from the gas produced while being observed) Sir, do you realize the skill required to hit a 2 1/2 inch circle from a distance of 3 feet while paying attention to the lecture in progress? Goodness!! You should be proud to be exposed to such masters of their art for a few hours each week!!

Perhaps you too should become acquainted with this fine old tradition. Some of the greatest talents of the past were dippers. All you have to do to join this giant fellowship of man is just go across the street and buy a tin of sweet snuff (good for novices), and ask Cowboy Bob to demonstrate the art for you. It will only cost you a dime, and could open up great new horizons of insight for you.

With a dip in our lips, and a smile in our hearts, Bill Turner Charles Kessler Tommy Blake

Editor: With all the recent talk about traditions here at A&M, I would like to propose one that would probably meet with general approval. I am referring to Hump Day (not the same as Ags now think of the word).

Where I come from, Hump Day is always on Wednesday. Now on Hump Day, no one can do any work or put forth any studious

Bulletin Board

Tonight Engineering Technology Society will meet in the Mechanical Engineering Shops at 7:30. Houston Hometown Club will meet in the Birch room of the Memorial Student Center at 8. Wednesday Host and Fashion will meet in the Memorial Student Center art room at 7:30 to hear Dean Schriber speak.

effort. Such things are against the ideals of this fine tradition.

After Hump Day of course comes Thursday, and Thursday, being the day after Hump Day, leaves everyone exhausted from the previous day's celebration. No work on Thursday, either. Friday follows Thursday, but Friday is the day before the weekend, and everyone must rest for the weekend. And of course the weekend holds no promise of effort being put forth, for obvious reasons.

Now Monday leaves everyone tired from a strenuous weekend. No possibility of work here, either. And since Tuesday is the day before Hump Day, preparations are in order, and these take all the time and leave none for study.

Now I realize that some Ags (notably, those trying for honors) wouldn't be inclined to uphold all the fine ideals of Hump Day, but I see no greater institution for a school such as A&M. Let's get those petitions for the establishment of Hump Day coming in... Gary Couples

Editor: In regard to Bob Dixon and Bob Stodghill's letter of Oct. 28,

1971, Battalion, two definite points stand out: 1) the Highway Six Syndrome is applicable in their case, and 2) they both seem to be ignorant of an obvious situation. They advocate the destruction of the Corps image because they claim "it misrepresents the student body." This is an erroneous statement. The name, Texas A&M University, immediately connotes the Corps of Cadets. This organization, in the past and the present, has been representative of the Fightin' Texas Aggie Spirit and the A&M University System. Agreed, the Corps exists as a numerical minority of the total student population, but to state that it mocks the ideals of A&M's students is fallacious. However, if Mr. Dixon's and Mr. Stodghill's self-partiality exceeds their own common sense, then why did they choose to attend a university whose student body is so grossly "misrepresented?"

The comments concerning the integrity of the members of the Corps of Cadets leaves one aghast to believe that such violations of logic could be submitted. An example is the statement: "the most apathetic students on this

campus are people who got out of the Corps." Therefore, those students left in the Corps must possess the spirit and the self-pride to do something extra, that is support your so-called "traditions without purpose."

The purpose of the Dixon-Stodghill letter initially proposed to point out two obvious ideas in a letter written by Mrs. Chambers. It turned out, however, to be simply a condemnation of the Corps of Cadets. The objective could have been better handled in the manner of Bill Dorkoch's reply to the same letter, in which he chose to emphasize that the civilian students as well as cadets display the qualities of an outstanding university. Think about it.

Louie Zingery '74 A. E. Adams III '74

Editor: The people of this red-necked, corps-dominated community continually bitch about civilians being long-haired, dirty freaks. They bitch because not everyone has a "corps" haircut, and what not. Well, not everyone is a white-anglo-saxon-protestant kicker or believes that God once

was in the corps. I wish the people in this area would stop trying to push their ideas down other throats.

I speak specifically of the incident which has served to make me ashamed to be an Aggie. My hair has never been long, moderate and well-kept. I went to the "C" for a trim, a mistake, a costly humiliating mistake. I asked for a "nice and thin," and explained myself. I was shaved, by a snotty, unskilled herding, shearing, barber. I wasn't mad. But I am, and I want everyone to know it. I want everyone to know that they are free to take their "C" and anything else they care to and put it in their ten-gallon corps and move it up their high sixes.

"Shafted" Pancho Stang. The barbershop says that if you have any complaint to please take it to them. If it is valid something will be worked out.

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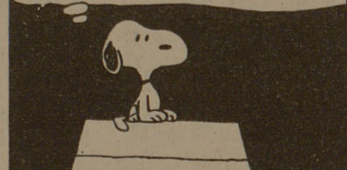
PEANUTS



I USED TO THINK THAT THERE WERE SPIDERS ON THE MOON AND THAT ONE OF THEM MIGHT FALL ON ME WHILE I WAS SLEEPING...



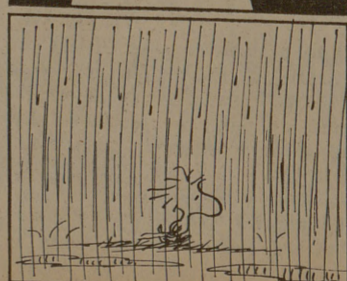
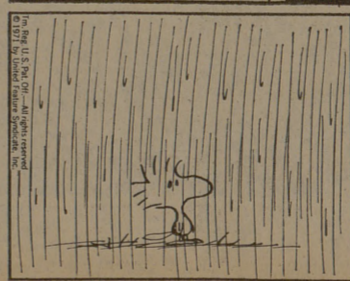
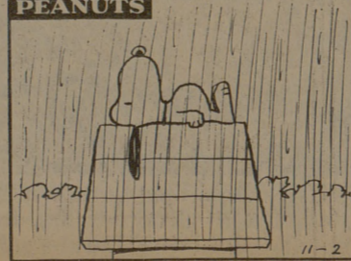
NOW, HOWEVER, THE ASTRONAUTS HAVE DISCOVERED THAT THERE ARE NO SPIDERS ON THE MOON



I'M A GREAT BELIEVER IN OUR SPACE PROGRAM



PEANUTS



POOR WOODSTOCK...WHEN HE GETS WET, HE LOOKS LIKE AN ENGLISH SHEEP-BIRD!

The Battalion

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