

The Battalion Classified

"OFFICIAL NOTICE"

SUBJECT: Filing Deadline Dates for Financial Aid
TO: All Students, Texas A&M University

The College Scholarship Service Financial Aid Form serves as the financial aid application at this University. To insure that financial aid funds are available at the beginning of the academic periods below, the following deadline dates for filing the Financial Aid Form are announced for your information and appropriate action:

Period	Last Mailing Date for Financial Aid Form	Last Date Financial Need Analysis Reports Will Be Accepted
Summer Session (12 weeks, only)	January 1	January 15
An Academic Year	April 1	April 15
Fall Semester, Only	April 1	April 15
Spring Semester, Only	September 1	September 15

*The Financial Need Analysis Report is provided to this office by the College Scholarship Service and is based on information contained in the Financial Aid Form. Normal processing time for a Financial Aid Form at College Scholarship Service (including mail time) is about two (2) weeks. Therefore, you should mail your Financial Aid form to College Scholarship Service to allow sufficient time for proper processing and mail time.

Applicants for financial aid from Texas A&M University have to compete for limited funds. Deadlines are established so that all applicants are treated fairly and equally, without last minute haste. Financial Aid Forms submitted after the dates shown above will be processed only if time permits and funds are available.

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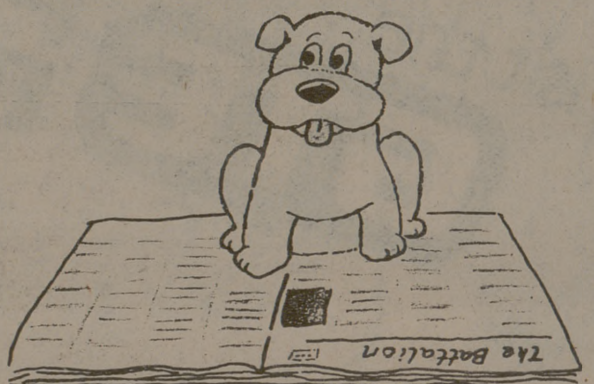
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Staffed by Corps of Cadets

KORP returns this week

By AVA KING

"KORP, 107.5 FM in stereo. Maintained, operated, and staffed by the uniformed students of Texas A&M University; that being the Corps of Cadets."

With these words radio station KORP will return to the air waves of the Bryan and College Station area early this week.

This station's unique feature is its all volunteer staff made up of members of the Corps of Cadets. The station is run by the KORP Radio Committee which consists of approximately 30 part-time disc jockeys headed by station manager Charles Knight, program director Robert Swanson, and music director Robert White.

KORP is a non-commercial, non-profit station specializing in public service announcements for Bryan, College Station, and Texas A&M University. KORP's listening audience is restricted to businesses and residences that subscribe to Midwest Video Corporation's FM

stereo cable service.

"It's pretty hard to get it in the car unless you use a 90-mile long cord," says Swanson.

Being broadcast by cable only, KORP is not required to meet the Federal Communication Commission's regulations concerning open-air broadcasts. For example, only three of the station's disc jockeys are federally licensed broadcasters. Also, the language used by the disc jockeys is less restricted than that used on open air.

"In other words, you can cuss all day long," Swanson says, "Especially on Friday and Saturday nights when no one knows what's going on."

The use of offensive language is discouraged by the KORP staff, but occasional slip-ups do not have to be reported to the FCC.

The committee emphasizes that KORP is not "just for the Corps." Swanson says at least one-third of the request line call-ins are from Bryan. The programming, which

runs from 7:30 to midnight Sunday through Thursday and 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. on Fridays and Saturdays, spans a wide range of interests. The format is listed as "adult contemporary," which confuses many people.

"When people hear 'adult contemporary' they think of the music in the dentist's office or that stuff you hear in Skaggs on Sunday mornings," Swanson says.

"I ask them 'Do you like Olivia Newton-John? Do you like the Bee Gees? That's adult contemporary,'" says Knight.

This semester's format is expected to show little change from that of last fall. Sunday night is devoted to progressive country and Monday and Tuesday will center on soft rock. Wednesday is the zany Monk-Moore Show which, Knight says, increased the station's listening audience last semester. The one-hour show, which features Scott Patton and John Moore as hosts, is a satire on the Corps complete with interviews with non-existent military personnel and a recommended "uniform of the day" for campus co-eds.

Thursday night is modern Christian music with Kent Cunningham. Friday and Saturday nights are what the committee jokingly refers to as "Pray and Hope It Comes Out All Right" nights. The scheduled Friday and Saturday disc jockeys change from week to week and, almost, from hour to hour.

"Who knows," says Swanson, "you might hear Johnny Paycheck and Deep Purple back to back on the weekends."

KORP's programs are broadcast from a room behind Midwest Video's studio at 3609 Texas Ave. in Bryan. KORP began broadcasting

the spring semester of 1976. All equipment used by the station was on loan from Midwest Video. Then, the station's committee was able to purchase its own equipment, and the latest addition are two Pioneer turntable and tape deck. Funding for the station comes from Texas Bookstore profits and fees of cadets associated with the station.

As music director, White says station manager's right-hand man, KORP receives the Top 40 and countless promotional records from distributors. In its two-year operation KORP has accumulated numerous albums and 45, which are duplicates of records readily in stock.

"We may have five copies of Dolly Parton's 'Here You Come Again,'" Swanson says.

To keep all those extra records from collecting dust, the committee is making plans to record pool. Members of the Corps would be able to check out records for private use by checking books out of a library.

No member of the station receives pay for his services. Only official recognition the members receive is a blue and white ribbon to wear on their lapel. Cadets must have 30 hours of cast time to be eligible for the honor. Knight pointed out that hours constitutes "just about a semester."

Grades are the only specification for KORP disc jockeys.

"If they don't have a 2.0, don't broadcast," Knight says.

School districts receive funds for good writing

To teach good writing to students one must teach good writing teachers.

One solution in recent years has been the workshop for writing teachers, but such a means sometimes been unavailable in schools in rural areas and small towns around Texas.

Now, an answer for both urban and rural school districts may be the offering at Texas A&M University where officials have received \$20,000 from the Sid W. Richardson Foundation of Ft. Worth to conduct such programs later this year for the 59 school districts in Region IV Educational Service area.

Region IV, which covers a portion of East Texas, has its headquarters at Huntsville, and offers as the first workshop, locally keyed to smaller school districts, will be held there.

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Glove Story

I've always been a very sensitive person. I take everything very personal and get my "feelings" walked on a lot. This nature caused me as a child to talk to God often. I can never remember not believing in Him. I did entertain some doubts but those came later on in my life. Anyway, I was always soft-hearted or big-hearted or whatever you call it. As I grew up I got hardened by the influence of my friends. In Junior High I hung around with a couple of girls that were really rude to their parents and they made fun of everybody and each other all the time. Unconsciously I began to follow them. My parents said I changed drastically - from the sweet, shy little girl to a rude kid that didn't care for anyone's feelings but my own.

In High School I finally got the chance to do the different things I had desired to do in Junior High. Everyone considered me the nice, sweet type in other words - square, "not cool." With this reputation I jumped at the chance to try marijuana and get into the concert/partying realm. By the time I went to college I decided to utterly rebel. My parents were so protective and I felt that they were wrong in trying to impose their morals, standards, and way of life on me. I also felt that they had messed me up by giving me all those "rights and wrongs", for when I did things that I know they would say was wrong, something inside of me disagreed also. I tried to suppress that something and shut it up by going further. But, no matter what I did, it stayed there - like a quiet little hum in the background - I hated it! Everytime I wanted to have a good time, there it was spoiling everything.

It seemed like there was a drive within me to do things - anything, everything. I was really curious to see what life was all about. The way I figured it, it was about having fun - somehow enjoying yourself. So that's what I tried to do. I knew a mundane type of life wasn't going to make it. You know - 8 to 5 job, settle down, have kids, get old, etc. So I tried exciting things. First of all, of course, I decided to get liberated. So I went to hear Bella Abzug and took karate and judo lessons and spoke like, what's the expression - a "drunk sailor"? Then, I was a bartender, rode a train through Mexico, was a Girl Scout (to make it exciting we smoked pot on the campouts), decided to become a merchant marine, changed my mind and stuck as a sculpture major. In

my classes I built the most wild and way out sculptures and made quite good grades. I dove into the philosophies and lifestyle of the "art scene." I knew living in a dormitory was not where it was at, so I moved to several different kinds of living situations, finally attaining the height - the nearest thing to do - I rented a ratty, roachy old house in the Montrose section of Houston - one block from the Fourth Ward. I went to every concert that came to town - front row tickets, did every drug that I got my hands on, climbed onto the roof of the Hyatt Regency (thirty something stories high!) and got high, dressed as wild as I could and wrote poems. I did everything I could think of and almost anything other people thought of but I felt like I was on a circular stairway going nowhere. Every concert I went to I couldn't wait til the next song, at every party I was lonely, every date was a disappointment, every art class, every dream, every plan, every conservation, every desire I had was empty and vain. What was I looking for? What drove me on? Why didn't I care about anything and yet, why did I care?

It's a crazy thing - the way I felt. I mean, I cared just so much but then it didn't matter anymore. I mean, well, it's like I wanted to give myself whole-heartedly to one of those careers or ways of life or to one of those people, but I just couldn't do it. You know I'd find something or someone and get excited about it and start getting into it, but the more I learned about it or got into it - when I saw what it really was, I was always let down and disappointed. Not one thing ever met up to my expectations. It seemed like my bubble got busted every time. You know it even went so far as this: I dated a couple of guys for a long time and they both asked me to marry them, but you know, both times I just couldn't ever say that I even loved them. I didn't understand why. They were real neat guys but why didn't I feel anything? And even, later I met this guy and we dated for a while and I realized that this was him. This was the guy that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with... but still, STILL there was something that wasn't right. Something was lacking. I really didn't feel like I was normal. It never even occurred to me that someone else might feel the same way. In every movie I'd ever seen and book I'd ever read, nobody was like me.

Then, when I was a sophomore in college something strange happened. After the winter break I came back to school and all my friends were talking about Tom. They said he got back from California and he had freaked out. He didn't smoke or drink or anything and he carried a Bible around everywhere he went (they slightly exaggerated). I just had to check it out. Frankly, I was very curious and of course, interested in what had happened to him. I mean, anything that would get everybody so riled up interested me for sure. I was always sort of interested in God, anyway. And besides all that, Tom was my boyfriend. When I saw him, I asked him what had happened and was he O.K. and all that. Everybody was worried about him.

You know, I don't remember what words he said or anything. All I remember is that he was different. I didn't know what it was exactly except that he told me he was a Christian and he believed in Jesus. He also read the Bible a lot. So, I didn't understand it because, I mean, I believed in Jesus too. Doesn't that mean that you recognize that He was a real man that lived on the earth 2000 years ago? And what's all the excitement about being a Christian? I mean, I was raised in the USA a country founded on religious freedom. We even have IN GOD WE TRUST on our money. And more than that I went to Church and Sunday School for years and prayed to God a lot of times. And I never would want to hurt anybody - or never steal. I thought I'd been a Christian as long as I could remember.

Even though I said all that to him (and to myself), I wasn't thoroughly convinced that I was coming from the same place he was. So, I started reading the Bible (it sure was hard to understand, I thought). That's all I knew to do. I must of started over at Genesis 1 a jillion times; then a few months later, something happened to me. I don't know what prompted it or where it came from. For about two days, everytime I was alone I cried. It seems like I was just crying out to the Lord, and finally I even prayed. I don't remember the words, but I do know that I had a real repentance. I asked him to forgive me for all past. I had the feeling that "sin" as I had thought it to mean - doing something "wrong" - wasn't that so much as it was something that somehow hurt God, and kept me from Him - and Him from me. Anyway, I also remember that I gave Him my life. I didn't really realize what that meant

either, but I felt like I needed it - I wanted so much to do it. The next thing I knew was He had Peace flooded my being. Something went through me kept saying everything's ok. "It's ok." And then thing was okay. I didn't know what happened but I know it was Jesus. And I knew the peace came from Him. And I knew the peace came from Him. And I knew the peace came from Him.

I found out later that at that time, at that opening of my heart, Him - He had come inside of me. And He is still inside of me.

That thing that always bothered me, that little hum I tried to get rid of - I found out that this was conscience. And that the Lord's my conscience to touch me and speak to me. That's why I brought to the point of weeping. Because when my conscience got heavy, that was the Lord Jesus coming through to me - to get through to me - to get that thick skull and all my old religious concepts of Him and His my thoughts. He didn't speak to me very much by thunder or lightning and a booming voice from the heavens, but He very often reaches me through my conscience.

The vanity and the emptiness my living is over. The Lord Jesus has filled me and satisfied me completely. You could say I'm a glove. The glove is in the inner of the hand. It has four fingers, a thumb, a palm and a front and back. But the glove is empty even when without the hand. The hand is content for the glove. Sure, if you see me today, you'll see the old glove that's been around for years. But this glove has come. My shallow love has been filled. His endless love. My small me being renewed to His mind, sometimes strong, sometimes wishy-washy will is becoming will. My misused emotions being conformed to His. Every part of my tired, tattered life being enlivened and enriched. His vast wonderful indomitable Life. With Him there is no lack, no need, no need, no need, no need. He is almighty. I love Him!

Janet Hendrick McArthur
Landscape Architecture
(846-6036)
Paid for by Christian students on campus.