

TWO CENTS WORTH

This editorial tells all!

As a familiar commercial says, "A mind is a terrible thing to waste."

Unfortunately, they sometimes are wasted — even at Texas A&M. Too often we accept things with little or no skepticism. Traditions are accepted blindly. The conventions and procedures of the University are accepted with few questions.

It's taken for granted that Texas A&M can do little or no wrong. But it can.

Yes, Virginia, silly, stupid, immoral and just plain bad things do happen here and too often they

go unnoticed — or at least they are not pointed out as they could be.

The purpose of The Aggie

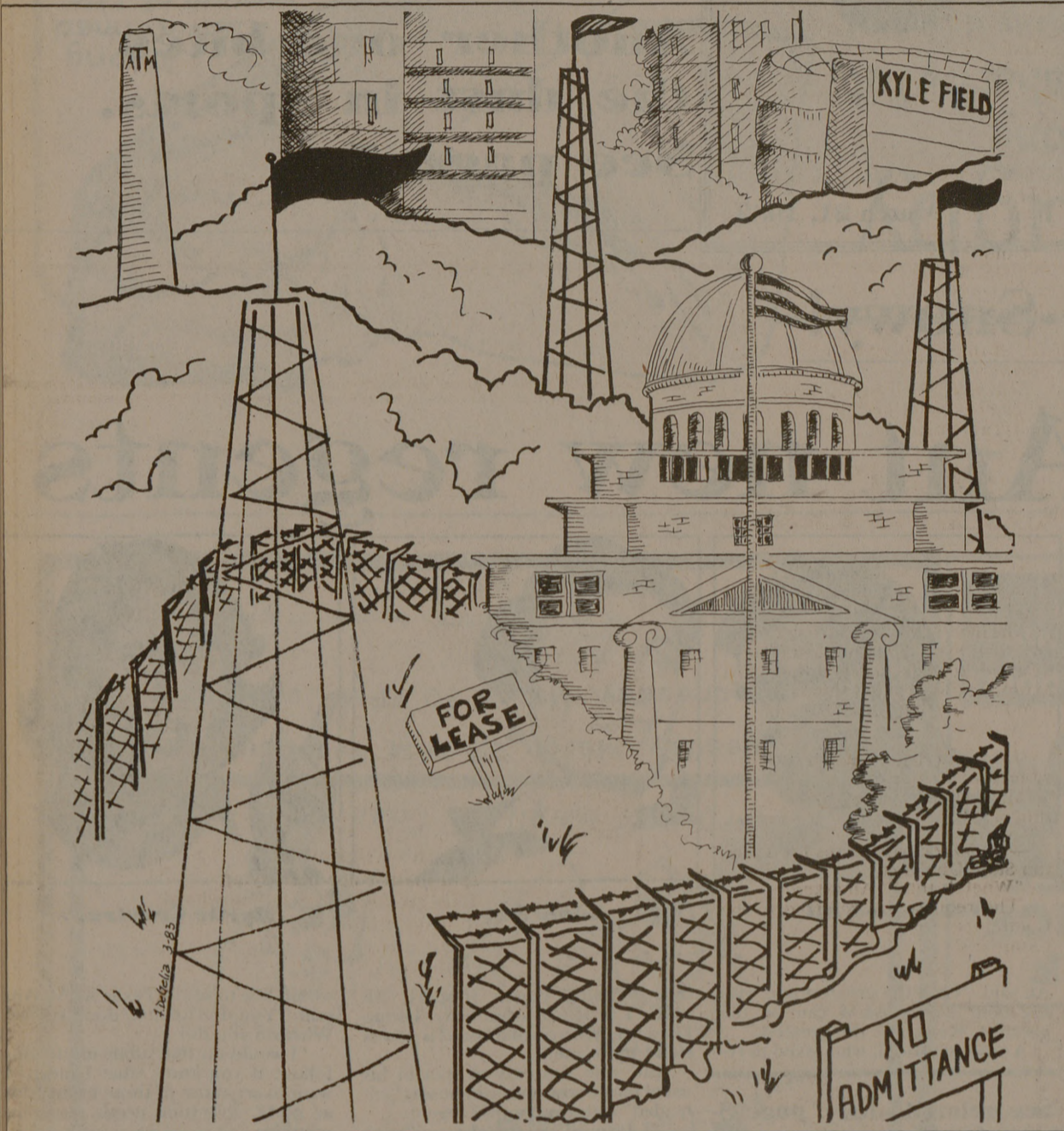
A piece of our mind

Rag is to point out some of these follies. Our purpose is not to

offend anyone, but just to make you think about the things you take for granted — and to have a few good laughs.

We spent part of our spring break putting this supplement together so we could welcome students back with a new attitude toward the sometimes stagnant life at Aggieland.

Undoubtedly a few groups on campus will be upset at the fun we have made of them. It's often hard to laugh at ourselves. But it's something we must learn, even at the sacred shrine of Texas A&M University.



Vanducci speaks:

Gimme a breaka

Hello. Gooda to be a talkin' to you again.

You know, just the other day, some guya from the media come to my office and he ask: "Hey Frankie, howa come this University ain't no worlda university yet? How come you'rea not solvin' the world's food shortage and everythin'?"

Here'sa what I tell him. I say look, I got 35,000 screamin' a bratty kids who want easy classes and wanna park righta in fronta their classes.

They wanna like make easy A's in their classes and they want everythin' like a real cheap. They don't wanna pay for nothin'. And then they complain to theira mommas that their professors don't speaka English — huh — and they complain to their professors that the a tests are too hard. I tell ya, what's a university president to do?

I tell ya, I don't knowa. So like I want you alla to send me your ideas. Or better a yet, I'll like let any of you a come and be president for the day and you can see whata thesena snotty-

nosed kids are like.

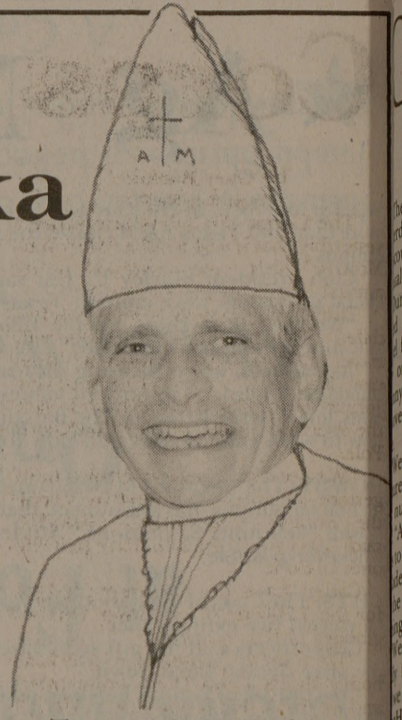
Oh, anda one other thin'. I'm really a tired of all you people who keep walkin' across my lawn everyday and messin' up a the grass all the time. My gardener, he like gets reala mad about this.

And that big fire you guys build across the street, that'sa gotta go. I singed my eyebrows justa lookin' out the window. That'sa too hot.

Yeah and another thin'. Thisa so-called boarda of regents is too much. I can'ta do anythin' around here without a this bunch coming over herea anda tellin me what to do. I tell 'em, just give me the money and go away, but theya don't listen. They're a reala pain.

And then we got like all these former students who like a donate biga money all the time and then wanta buildings nameda after them and want like these big prestige boxes in Kyle Field and wanta football teams that win every single game.

I tell ya. It'sa too much. Heya,



Texas A&M President Francesco Vanducci

you wanna this job? You got it.

Tomorrow's guest columnist: Pope Arturo Hansenni. You can have his job, too.

Miss Pageant aids all agonizing Aggies

Dear Miss Pageant: What type of leg-warmers will best accentuate my intellect when I travel with the troops on the March to Moscow? *Mystified in Mosher*

Dear *Mystified*: Relax and give up those leg warmers. For a long trip, like the one to Moscow, leg warmers can give you cramps in your calves. And we know how that disrupts our pleasant little disposition when we have leg cramps. I recommend a light khaki pantsuit outfit with low heels. You always want to look your best on the road.

Dear Miss Pageant: I'm just barely 18 and I was wondering if the new squeal law will apply to me. *Frantic in Fowler*

Dear *Frantic*: No, it won't and why do you care? That's icky.

Dear Miss Pageant: I lost one pound last week. Am I anorexic? Will I end up dead like all those movie stars and singers? *Cutting Calories in Clements*

Dear *Cutting*: Don't let rainy days and Mondays get you down. You've only just begun to diet. After you drop a few more pounds, you'll be on top of the world.

Dear Miss Pageant: I'm going on the March to Moscow, but my girlfriend can't go with me. What should I do



Miss Pageant Aggie Rag Columnist

on those cold, lonely nights? *Dis-traught in Duncan*

Dear *Dis-traught*: That's icky.

Dear Miss Pageant: Why won't my girlfriend go out with me anymore? I take her to the weight room, I take her jogging, I watch football games with her and I even let her feel my biceps sometimes. *Waiting in Weight Room*

Dear *Waiting*: Why don't you try taking to her some more intellectual activities like a showing of "Bambi" or to the mall. Don't forget that she has a mind.

Dear Miss Pageant: Why won't my girlfriend go out with me anymore? I take her to see foreign films, to poetry readings, to art festivals and I even gave her my Dostoyevsky. *Languishing in the Library*

Dear *Languishing*: I wouldn't go out with you if you gave me that disgusting disease either.

Dear Miss Pageant: My husband is leaving me for the paper boy, three of my 14 children have bubonic plague, the dog has tuberculosis, the cat has herpes, our goldfish have ick and I just washed my hair and can't do a thing with it. My oldest son just joined the Moonies and cashed in our life savings. My youngest daughter just got caught soliciting at a Boy Scout meeting. My mother-in-law, who just moved in with us, just got an artificial heart and will live forever. What should I do? *Bummed-out in Bryan*

Dear *Bummed*: MYOB, and wake up and smell the coffee. Talk to your minister and get a piece of the rock. Write me later, dearie. I really care.

Send your sniveling little letters to Miss Pageant, Aggie Rag Columnist. Letters should be engraved on white paper and be printed in either blue or black ink.

Lost and Found

Dear Editor: I lost my ring in the MSC last Thursday. It is my engagement ring and it is very dear to me. I hope that whoever finds it will please return it to me. I believe that all Aggies are honest and pure of heart and I am sure the person who found the ring will return it. I know that I could not sleep at night if I had something belonging to someone else.

Polly Purebred '85

Dear Editor: I'm the one who stole Polly's ring. I sleep very well at night, thank you.

Al Capone '26.

Dear Editor: I found a wallet in the Academic Building. Contents included a Visa card, an American Express card, four gasoline credit cards, travelers' checks and three gold rings. On second thought, forget it. I'm on my way to Brazil right now.

A. Nonymous '83

Dear Editor: I left my purse in the Chemistry Building on Wednesday. It is black and has little of any real value, but I do need it back very soon. Thank you for your help.

Angie Crabtree '84

Dear Editor: I found a black purse in the Chemistry Building and you should see what I found in it (naughty, naughty!). Hey, isn't that Angie Crabtree the daughter of our new regent Myrtle Crabtree. Just wait until I tell Myrtle.

Eddie Haskell '57

Angry Ag says: Keep kitty cats out of Kyle Field

Dear Editor:

What's all this I hear about cats in Kyle Field? I keep reading all these letters in The Battalion about cats in Kyle Field. What's wrong with cats in Kyle Field? They would be very good for killing mice and when people get tired of standing during football games, they could play with the cats. Cats are very quiet and nobody would notice them. They are very nice animals. Just keep them away from that dog. That dog is mean.

But dogs need to be kept out of Kyle Field, too. Dogs bite people. There should definitely be no dogs allowed in Kyle Field. My brother once had this dog that was ... (Letter terminated by editor)

Emily Latella '56

Editor's Note: Emily, the letters you refer to were about hats — not cats.

Dear Editor:

Nevermind.

Emily

Dear Editor:

Regarding the cuspidate letters of late referring to the cyclopean nature of the expurgatorial "squeal law," I believe it is time to say a few words about Malthusian population theory.

Under the Mississippi scheme of 1719, sexual activities were believed to lead to myasthenia gravis, however, due to the post-

liminary effects of the Playboy era, the supply side is now an accepted, if nevertheless satiated, theory. The standpatter ideal of self-induced chastity is as ultraist

Letters

as Nazism, if nonetheless ultra-fashionable in some fundamentalist circles.

To locate the medicament of this polypragmatic ukase, one must first look at the espoused minority ruling along with the solecism of the hiring of our latest sumptuous football coach.

As you can see by my sagacious syllogism, the problem of promiscuity will only be envenomed if we play in the Cotton Bowl next year.

Ino Itall Graduate student

News Flash!

This space for rent!

The Aggie Rag

USPS 007

Member of no press association, noway, nohow.

The following did most of the damage to The Aggie Rag:

- Gary Barker
- Daran Bishop
- Frances DeGelia
- Elaine Engstrom
- Colette Hutchings
- Scott McCullar
- Denise Richter
- Diana Sulterfuss
- John Wagner
- Jan Werner
- Diane Yount
- Rebecca Zimmermann

Editorial Policy

This is the first time you have seen The Aggie Rag. It probably will be the last. But we had fun doing it, so it doesn't matter. This is a non-profit endeavor. Opinions expressed are ours. So there.

Letters Policy

No letters are accepted. Period. Oh, all right, if you really want to talk to us, put on your ruby slippers, click your heels and say: "I will seek to protect my precious bodily fluids. I will strive to wipe out the Red Menace, wherever it may appear, to do my duty to God and my country, to help other people at all times and to obey the Aggie Code." We will hear you. And if you believe that, we have some great beachfront property in Bryan ...

Columns and guest editorials are absolutely out of the question. By the way, don't you have something better to do than to read the Letters Policy?



Members of The Aggie Rag staff