For you and your Yum-Yum
Culture-monger meets grid nut

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This week-end being homecoming (whatever that may be) let us for the moment consider the spirit-mongers.

Well, being a culture-monger will make the consideration somewhat biased (after all we don’t go about putting “Smear Smoo!” signs on theatre doors). But all in all one must consider what the trials of a spirit-monger must be like.

For one, there’s something a little bit distasteful about an intellectual who gets his kicks by shouting such civilized epithets as “Rape the Red Raiders” or “Pole the Steers.” But people who live in stone houses shouldn’t throw glass.

At any rate, we have seen more and more this dichotomy between man (that is, you and me) and the beast (that is, them). “Blood! Blood!” we cry at a football game—and of course if you aren’t a student of the athletic art, you can only sit in evil fascination at the hope that somebody (preferably on the other team, but we aren’t choosy) will fall to the field writhing in agony and heaving and panting.

Naturally, since you don’t like the idea of Aggies, we’ll tell you where to go instead.

BLUE PLATE AMBROSIA: “Mara/Sade” is coming!” If you consider yourself a culture mon-