



“Let’s try to figure this one more time! Let’s take it from th’ second quarter where we’re ahead 14-0 and we’re on th’ SMU goal line...”

# Fuller's Follies

by John Fuller

By JOHN FULLER

About six weeks ago I discussed the alarmist crusade being carried on by a group called the Texas Smokers League, an organization of people who feel that their God-given right to puff stogies is being threatened by little old ladies in high-button shoes.

Alas, not one angry protest note was received. No threatening letters appeared in my mailbox, no bombs were set in the Batt Cave, no air was let out of my tires. And — o bitter pill! — the American Cancer Society completely ignored my effort.

Not so with the column of Oct. 13. That was the one about the Great Mail Extinction; and even though I've already written something about the first wave of response to that one, the mail is still trickling in, and I just can't let all those anonymous letters go unanswered. And since they are anonymous, the only way to answer them, it seems, is in print.

PROBABLY THE most memorable contribution was a big greeting card which, when unfolded, shows a little guy perched on the end of an elephant's trunk, with the explanation "Just my insignificant way of saying..." The elephant is about a foot square, and wears a bright pink sign reading "HI!" It's "to keep the glare off the bottom of your mailbox," according to the explanatory note, and it's signed by "two Rice Coeds Velma and Sue Carol."

There's also a letter from "Dodi" at Texas Tech, which sympathizes with the universal problems of students away at college (the Great Mail Extinction, it seems, isn't confined to A&M), and the only return address on that one is a Gamma Sigma sticker. There was also a locally-

postmarked letter which apologized for beginning "Dear John," and concluded with the haunting words "I'll probably be writing again from time to time." This, too, was anonymous, naturally.

BUT THE MOST intriguing of all was a letter written on sort of a yellowish-green stationery, in an envelope lined with a pink-and-purple paisley design—honest—which was postmarked Ventura, California. The message was "In silence, man is alone with his God." Across the bottom of the sheet was some fine print: "Paste on bottom of box—as a reflector."

In all fairness, I should tell about the Ultimate Poison Pen letter I got about the same time. It was, of course, anonymous, with no return address, postmarked College Station, and it contained just a sheet of paper with the words "Fuller . . . SHOOT!" The significance of that phrase can be explained by anybody who's ever lived in the Duncan Area. It didn't need to be explained to me.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL implications of this series of letters should be pointed out, since there seems to be a parallel. All of the writers remained anonymous in varying degrees; all indicated some strong emotion (if it wasn't sympathy, it was pure, naked disgust), and every one of the letters was sent to my post office box instead of the Batt. In other words, nothing was wasted on a mailbox that hardly ever glints empty.

But the obvious outcome from this chain of events is not what actually happened. Granted, I began feeling like a minor celebrity when I started getting all the mail; but little by little I began

to realize that these anonymous letters were doing my mental processes no good. I discovered that plain, ordinary mail—heretofore a luxury—seemed lackluster and uninteresting. I caught myself looking suspiciously at every Maggie I saw, wondering how I could go about finding the ones who'd written those anonymous letters. I made the mistake of putting up the Rice coeds' card on my bulletin board, and then spent sleepless nights staring fixedly at the luminous pink elephant. I went around asking every student from California if he knew anybody that uses green-and-purple paisley stationery. Clearly, I was a candidate for Anonymous Letter - Receivers Anonymous.

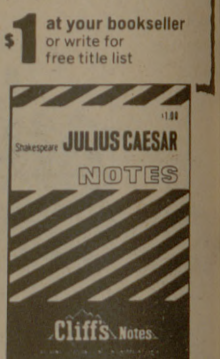
THE REMAINDER of this column, therefore, will be devoted to a humble, desperate plea:

Maggies, Dodi, Velma, Sue Carol, Poison Pen Writers, and you out there in Ventura, Calif., whoever you are: if you read this, have a heart! The Great Mail Extinction was bad enough; the Great Anonymity Scheme (G.A.S.) is downright diabolical!

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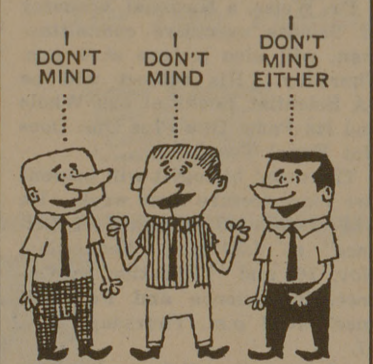
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## 'Why Race Riots' To Be Discussed Tonight By Pastor

"The Why Behind Racial Riots and Demonstrations" will be discussed tonight by the Rev. Earl Allen, campus pastor for Texas Southern University.

Rev. Allen will speak at the A&M Methodist Student Center on the psychological and sociological reasons for the Negro rioting throughout the country. The pastor of the predominately Negro university in Houston will try to bring insight into the problems faced by the Negro today. Everyone is invited to attend the discussion beginning at 7.



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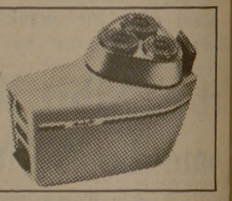
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By Charles M. Schulz



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