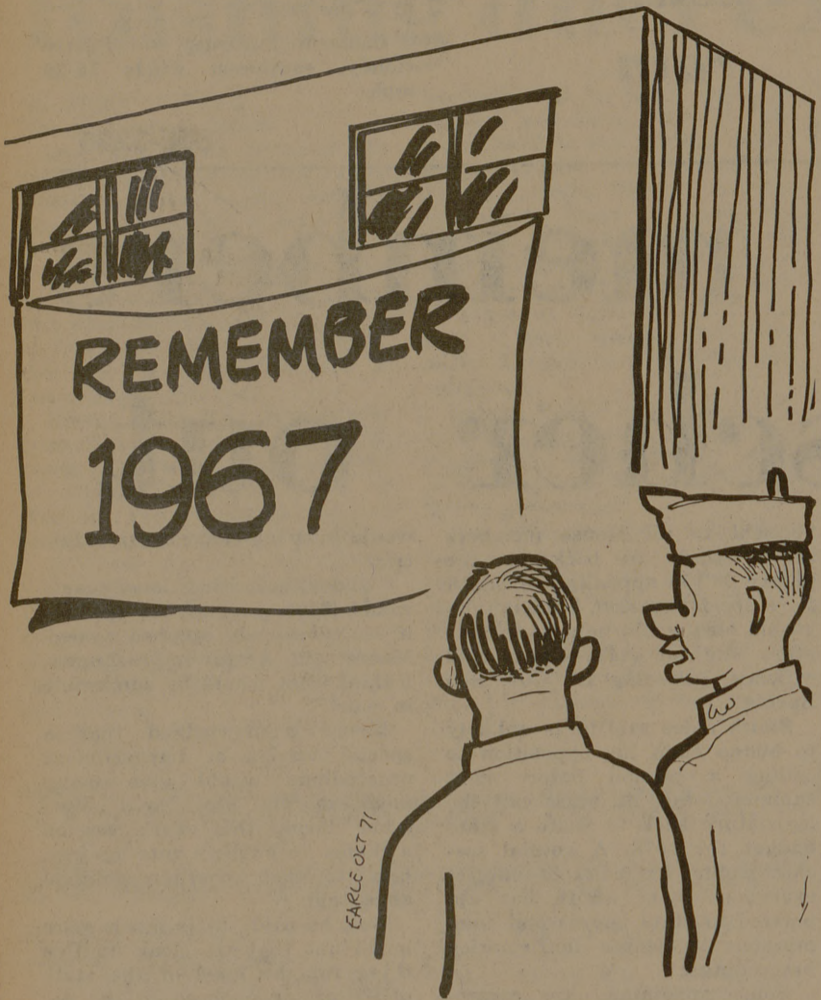


Steve Hayes

CADET SLOUCH by Jim Earle



"We're undefeated in conference play!"

Listen up

Respect asked for flag

Editor: The past few days I have gotten to the Academic Building about the time they are raising the flag. I have seen people just keep on walking although they are raising the flag. It makes me mad to see people fail to show respect to the flag of our great nation. We live in a nation where we can go where we want and do what we want where and when we want to, as long as, we do not tread on other people's rights. I think in respect for that kind of freedom it is very little to ask of people to stop and salute our flag out of due respect. The United States flag is a symbol of our freedom, government, and, more important, the men who have fought and died for this country. In the past, when our fighting men have seen our

flag raised it has given them a greater desire to win. We here at A&M have a similar symbol, the Memorial Student Center. The MSC is a symbol of the Aggies who have fought and died in this country's wars. When we go into the MSC, we take off our hats, if we are wearing hats, out of due respect. We do not walk on the MSC grass out of respect for what the MSC stands for. Now is it that much more to ask that we stop to salute our nation's flag when it is being raised? Gail L. Browder '74

Editor: Pertaining to "Listen Up" of Tuesday, Sept. 28, and my letter to the Editor. I am not writing an apology, but writing to clarify what should have been written previously. I

realize these differences occur every year, but I cannot help the way I think and I am sure I would think different if I were a civilian. My reasoning has Kyle a memorial through tradition. By my definition, a tradition is not something put on paper, but in the heart. It is our common bond. Clapping, up to now has not been called tradition, but I am not saying that it could not be. In rephrasing my biased statement, I would like to say that an Aggie is an Aggie, no matter who, what, where, or how, civilians and Corps alike. I admit my statement was most biased in structure, and was just plain stupid, on my part. But no matter what, I will stay just one of the boys in their khaki playsuits. Mark Richardson '74

Nixon seeks court injunction to halt striking dock workers

KEY BISCAYNE, Fla. (AP) — President Nixon will seek within the next few days a court injunction to halt, at least temporarily, the West Coast dock strike and may expand the move to include strikers at Atlantic and Gulf coast ports. Announcing the move early Monday evening, Press Secretary Ronald L. Ziegler said Nixon would act formally to begin invoking Taft-Hartley labor law provisions after flying back to the White House later in the evening. Nixon's first step will be to appoint a five-member board of inquiry to look into all negotiations involving dock workers and the maritime industry. He will do this in an executive order. Once the board reports, Ziegler said, Nixon will direct the Justice Department to seek a court injunction that would at least halt the 96-day-old West Coast walkout for a cooling-off period of 80 days. The big question, Ziegler said, is whether Nixon will seek a nationwide injunction or act on a selective basis, meaning a move

against the West Coast strike. The walkout in Atlantic and Gulf ports began just last Friday and obviously has not yet come close to having the economic impact of the Pacific strike. Ziegler said Nixon decided to use Taft-Hartley procedures after being informed late Monday afternoon that negotiations in the West Coast strike had reached an impasse.

The press secretary said Nixon received this word from director George Shultz of the Office of Management and Budget. Ziegler said Nixon already has decided that an anti-strike injunction will be sought, at least on the West Coast. He said: "The President feels that the situation at this time is of such seriousness that he will take Taft-Hartley action."

Bulletin Board

- Tonight
 - Lincoln Union Club will meet in the Birch room of the Memorial Student Center at 8.
 - Wildlife Biology Association will meet in room 113 of the Biological Science building extension at 7:30.
 - Solid Waste Committee of SCOPE will meet in room 433 of the Library at 7:30.
 - Electrical Engineering Wives Club meets at the home of Mrs. C. W. Allworth, 1812 Shadowood, at 7:30.
- Wednesday
 - Laredo Hometown Club will meet in room 3C of the MSC at 7:30.
 - Port Arthur Hometown Club meets in the Military Sciences building at 7:30.
 - Thursday
 - Student Senate will meet in the Library Conference room at 7:30.
 - Midland Hometown Club will meet in the Birch room of the MSC at 7:30 to organize and elect officers.
 - Model Airplane Club meets at 8:30 in room 202 of the Physics building to hear Dr. David Norton of Aerospace Engineering speak.
 - Pakistan Students Association of America will meet in room 2A of the MSC at 8:30.

The Battalion

Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the student writers only. The Battalion is a non-tax-supported, non-profit, self-supporting educational enterprise edited and operated by students as a university and community newspaper.

LETTERS POLICY

Letters to the editor must be typed, double-spaced, and no more than 300 words in length. They must be signed, although the writer's name will be withheld by arrangement with the editor. Address correspondence to Listen Up, The Battalion, Room 217, Services Building, College Station, Texas 77843.

Members of the Student Publications Board are: Jim Lindsay, chairman; H. F. Eilers, College of Liberal Arts; F. S. White, College of Engineering; Dr. Asa B. Childers, Jr., College of Veterinary Medicine; Dr. W. E. Tedrick, College of Agriculture; and Layne Kruse, student.

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An interview with the ecology Skulker

Editor's note: This is an interview with A&M's ecology Skulker. The interview is real, the Skulker is real and the final copy has been approved by him. We would tell you who he is but we don't know ourselves. But more important than the reality of the Skulker are the thoughts expressed below. Throughout the entire four-part series of this interview the Skulker comes back time and again to ideas held by The Battalion. We hope that you will read this and the next three parts of the interview and think about what they say. After shutting off the alarm, I dressed and tried to walk calmly to the car. It was only the greatest amount of self-restraint that prevented me from running, as if I were a cub reporter on my way to my first assignment. As I drove along Texas Avenue, I only casually thought of how nice the quiet was, for I was preoccupied with more important matters... an interview with the Midnight Skulker, yes, the same Skulker who struck out at the consciences of tree-slayers everywhere. Through a series of secretive messages passed on through knotholes on campus, I had been benevolently granted an interview with the hero of all those persons concerned about saving the environment. I had heard of his legendary feats of prowess, and I

hoped that I would someday get a chance to meet the Skulker. He was my hero, too. I parked my car off-campus, for I didn't want to take any chances of offending the Skulker. Through the darkness I approached the tree which had been designated as the point of rendezvous. No Skulker. Had he seen my car? Had I thoughtlessly stepped on a plant? Had I forgotten to brush my teeth? Spray under my arms? Perspiration began to roll down my ribs. Somehow I had missed picking the journalistic plum of the year by unwittingly offending the Skulker. Sullenly, I dropped my body against the base of the tree, and looked to stars I had forgotten were above me. Despite my bitter disappointment I felt the tranquility that only solitude, quiet, and clean air can give. I understood the Skulker, wherever he was, a little better. "Nice, isn't it?" the voice came from the other side of the tree. My pulse began to beat wildly. I tried to speak calmly. "Huh?" was all I could say. "I said, 'Nice, isn't it?'" "Uh, yeh, uh, I mean, yes it is." My stammering brought on a self-conscious silence. Should I have addressed him as "Sir"? My professional aplomb had deserted me completely, just when I needed it most. In desperation I bit my finger. The Skulker finally broke the silence. I couldn't. I was still biting my finger. "Isn't there something you wanted to ask me. I

mean if that's all you're going to do, just sit there, well, I'll be going. It's nice, but I've got things to do. Trees to plant, seeds to sow, signs to paint. The night is only so long you know." I took my finger out of my mouth. Despite the dryness of my throat I tried to regain any professional ability that I may have had, and speak. I finally managed to say: "Help!" "Wait." I heard the Skulker sit back down. Confidence returned. I began my interview. "Skulker, many people are wondering who you are. I suppose that's like asking the Lone Ranger to remove his mask, so perhaps, I should ask, 'what is your cause?'" I chuckled at my clever comparison. The Skulker only cleared his throat. I stopped chuckling. I wanted to bite my finger again. "You're correct," the Skulker tactfully stated. "I cannot reveal myself, although I do have a nom de plume—Tree Savior, or TS for short. Normally I do not talk about my activities. I've been sent here from Save Our Trees (SOT) headquarters with specific orders. I hasten to add, however, that I am allowed to work on non-tree projects in my spare time." "Well, what are you fighting?" I said. "Anyone with a cause is fighting for something or against something." "I'm fighting attitudes in an effort to make your town better, to enhance and to save the natu-

ral resources of the area at the same time. I'm fighting the accepted idea that your cities must get bigger forever: that by attracting new industry to your cities everyone benefits; that you continue to use, abuse, and misuse the environmental wealth of your area without changing it; I'm trying to convince people that some commercial signs are just plain obscene and many others are not needed—they cause visual pollution, they use

resources, they usually use electrical energy, and they obstruct your view of the scenic beauty of your living area. I'm fighting the well-known American Way of Life which is based on the formula: 'Spend money... Industry applies. Man conforms. I keep evidence that man is really seeking alternatives to the 'doing things.' I paused at what he had just said, going on with my questions. Continued tomorrow.

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<p>AGGIE PLAQUES Plaster Accessories Finished - Unfinished Working Area Free Instructions</p>	<p>GIFT - A - RAMA Redmond Terrace College Station</p>

Sign those letters!

If we can go by the trends set in the past few weeks, it seems safe to say that Listen up is going to prove one of this year's most popular columns. This doesn't bother us at all. We like the letters for the most part, even when we disagree with them, and are disappointed when we don't get any in the afternoon mail. But one thing that does disappoint us, even more than no letters at all, is receiving letters that are unsigned, partially signed, or signed with a pseudonym. Just why this happens, we're not sure. Our masthead, which runs at the base of this page everyday, states that all letters must be signed, typed, and not more than 300 words in length. If a letter writer feels that he or she has a good reason not to sign their name we will run it without a name, but first we must know who the writer is and just what the reason is. This is easily taken care of by signing the letter, stating that a name shouldn't be run, and leaving a phone number we can call to find out why a name shouldn't accompany a letter. So be good to us. Sign those letters, and if not, let us know why.

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PEANUTS

HI, CHUCK! GUESS WHO'S VISITING HERE WITH ME..

IT'S THAT WEIRD LITTLE KID FROM CAMP.. ANYWAY, WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER? I'M GETTING SOME OF THE GANG TOGETHER TO PLAY "HA HA, HERMAN"

"HA HA, HERMAN"?

SIR, IS CHUCK THAT ROUND-HEADED KID I MET AT CAMP?

STOP CALLING ME "SIR"!

C'MON, SNOOPY.. WE'RE GOING TO PEPPERMINT PATTY'S HOUSE..

SHE'S INVITED US OVER FOR A GAME OF "HA HA, HERMAN"

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT WILL GET ME TO WALK CLEAR ACROSS TOWN...

A ROUSING GAME OF "HA HA, HERMAN"!