

Viewpoint

The Battalion
Texas A&M University

Tuesday
September 6, 1977

The line is busy

"Duuuuuuuuutt . . . duuuuuuuutt . . . duuuuuuuutt."
That's the sound that has greeted most students trying to reach Texas A&M's student locator service this week. Those lines have been almost continually busy, put "on hold" intentionally because limited manpower can not handle the rush of calls.

The two telephone lines into the locator office are monitored by student workers from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. weekdays with shorter hours on weekends. But three of the four locator student workers either have or are going to quit, the one remaining student said last night. Those workers quit mostly because of scheduling problems, he said.

Normally two students would be working evenings, but most nights since school started only one has been working.

The worker handles incoming calls when possible, but people who walk into the Housing office, where the locator service is located, receive first attention.

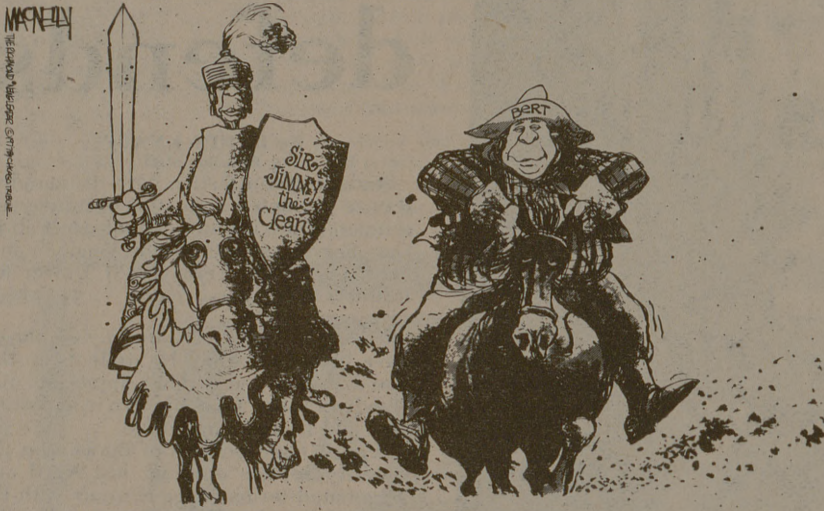
When a telephone line is open, calls come in almost non-stop. During one several-minute period last night, six straight calls came in within three seconds after the line was open.

And when a student does get through to the service, more often than not the phone number he wants isn't listed. Because of a computer failure, the locator won't have up-to-date listings until late this week.

Solutions? For now, students can try the local telephone information number, 441, although that service has only the same information the student locator uses. But University housing officials need to immediately locate and hire additional student workers to handle the early-semester glut of calls.

The locator service is a service only if it works.

L.R.L.



Old elephant back in Washington

GOP showing signs of rebirth

By DAVID S. BRODER

WASHINGTON — That strange creature seen prowling in the vicinity of the Capitol the other night was not what anyone thought. As big as a Metrobus, and just as sweet-smelling; as myopic of vision as a Bert Lance bank-auditor; with a trunk as long as Tongsum Park's gift list; and a memory as convenient as Suzy Park Thompson's, it was, in fact, our old friend, the Republican elephant, testing its legs for the first time since the unfortunate accident that befell it last year.

At the time of its eviction from the White House, for truly unpardonable offenses, it was thought the poor creature would crawl off to the Palm Springs boneyard and never be seen in these parts again. But last week, while Congress vacationed, the Grand Old Pachyderm came back to town, its tusks newly polished, and with what passes for a middle-aged spring in its step.

One election does not a trend make, much less a House majority, but neither is it every day that a party wins a seat that its opposition has held for 102 years in a row.

That is what the Republicans did down in Louisiana's 1st Congressional District, where the Democratic incumbent was indicted and resigned. It marked their third

victory in four House special elections since Jimmy Carter entered the White House last January.

As Steve Stockmeyer, the suddenly jovial director of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, said, "If we could just pass a constitutional amendment to elect one House member a week, we'd have our majority in no time."

Even as they are 72 seats short of that goal, the Republicans have grounds for satisfaction. "I'm not sure if it's a trend or not," said party chairman Bill Brock, "but it does indicate that some of the things we're doing will bear fruit."

One somewhat controversial project of Brock's that unmistakably bore fruit in Louisiana was the cultivation of the black vote. Ever since he studied the returns on his own loss in the 1976 Tennessee Senate race and Ford's defeat for the presidency, Brock has preached the folly of ever "writing off" black support.

It's a message that produces reflexive skepticism among many Republicans. And when Brock put his theory to the test by hiring Robert Wright and John McNeil as black-voter consultants to the Republican National Committee, his critics were anything but silent with their scorn.

But in the Louisiana race, Republican Robert Livingston, who had lost narrowly last November, won this time, in part be-

cause he increased his share of the black vote from 3 per cent to over 22 per cent.

More was involved, obviously, than the efforts of the Wright-McNeil team. The Democrats had gone through a bitter internal fight and ended with a candidate whose legislative record drew strong criticism from the AFL-CIO and major black leaders in the district. As if that weren't enough, the Democrat was endorsed two weeks before election by the notoriously segregationist Leander Perez machine, whose support was almost literally the kiss of death to many blacks.

But as Wright, a Columbus, Ga., political consultant, said, "In the past, Republicans had conceded the black vote to Democrats even when we had a good candidate and they had a bad one."

Livingston conceded nothing, campaigning heavily in black communities and showing himself, as Wright said, "a sensitive person who wanted to meet the needs of the whole constituency."

While the circumstances of this special election are unlikely to be repeated in 1978, Livingston now has 14 months to solidify himself in a district which had been a solidly Democratic for a century. And a Louisiana Democrat observed that "if he can hold 20 per cent of the black vote, he'll never be beaten."

Special elections are, by nature, special.

But in knocking off three of the four held this year (taking the old districts of Secretary of Transportation Brock Adams of Washington and Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland of Minnesota, and losing only in the Atlanta seat vacated by Ambassador Andrew Young), the Republicans have begun to erase the loser image of 1974 and 1976. There is, in fact, the best record since the Democrats swept five special elections in 1973-74, en route to their Watergate landslide.

Victory feeds the prospect of future success, just as defeat breeds defeatism. Financially and otherwise, things are looking up for the Republicans. Stockmeyer says his committee found that by spending \$2,000 or so on a targeted mailing to GOP contributors, it was able to generate an average of \$40,000 in gifts to the candidates in each of this year's special elections.

That kind of performance, of course, makes it easier to recruit good candidates. And from Bill Cohen in the Maine Senate race to Al Que in the Minnesota gubernatorial race to Tom McCall in a return engagement for the Oregon governorship, Republicans are finding their best prospects ready to take a chance in 1978.

There is life in the old creature yet.

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Aggieland isn't skin deep

Sandlot slugers beneath bigtime duds

By JAMIE AITKEN
Battalion Editor

Chris Mobler couldn't snag a baseball with a butterfly net. His dad, I recall, bought him the biggest mitt seen this side of the senior league field to try to remedy the problem. Chris was a ridiculous sight standing two feet off the bag at third base crouching for the play with his hands to his knees — his arm practically disappearing from the elbow down into the glove that

hid his whole left leg. At least it covered the hole in his "hefty-boy-sized" jeans.

But geez, that kid could throw. He was put at third base soon after he joined the team. In those younger years I remember second bounce was a fair toss to first, those years when running the bases was an obstacle course over the big, stuffed junior league base pads.

Chris could throw a country mile. And fortunately for the team, Larry Spondenberg could stretch a country mile and a little more. "Slim" Spondenberg was the

tall and skinny kid ("You must be the star of your basketball team") who couldn't shoot a basket to save his life yet loved baseball with a passion. And as Chris Mobler's alter-ego, he could catch just about anything an eight- to ten-year-old could chuck at him.

Sounds like the beginnings of your all-American sandlot baseball team, now doesn't it? There were seven other midget league teams that year. Most of the kids went to the same school. The camaraderie was stickier than a melted Slopoko and the jeering among teams was of the more innocent type — "Pitcher, pitcher, belly itcher" and "This guy couldn't hit a basketball."

You can guess everything about the rest of the team except their names. There was little Toby Halford stuck out in right field where he'd do everyone concerned the best job; Max Teller at shortstop where he could bail out Mobler and cover half the infield — a little cocky but a safe bet; Donald Rivers at second; Bobby Alhorn behind him, and Lloyd Day out in left (he was the fastest on the team and could get to those missed outfield flies the quickest).

The pitching squad consisted of whoever didn't have the wildman tendencies that night. Inevitably, though, the team would go through a couple or more Backstop Bombers before the night was out. Joey Nichols, the catcher, always had the busiest, if not the most frustrating, night.

Well, the scenario for all one season and half the next in the bleachers behind the team's bench was the same, game in and game out.

Chris Mobley's old man always sat on the second tier where he could watch Chris fumble around at his shoe strings and throw his squat body halfway to first base in his effort to make the play. Toby Halford's dad sat up at the top, a quiet guy with an ever-present dead cigar, always giving Toby the thumbs-up.

A few of the players' mothers gathered in the middle where they yelled encouragement like a pep squad. And Max Teller's dad always kept the scores for the umpire, including bad calls per inning. He sat directly behind the plate.

Neighborhood kids would bat around empty concession stand cups and the

mini-pennant was regularly re-enacted on many a warm Texas night.

Then one night, midway through the second season, the team took the field in uniforms. The over-sized t-shirts and holey blue jeans were replaced with brand-spanking-new gold and white pants and shirt with white, stretchy baseball socks. The tennis shoes were a little out of place, but no one seemed to notice. The fact was, out of nowhere, this team had uniforms when no one else did.

Later, it was discovered that some of the more affluent dads got together to give their team something for all their gutsy efforts on the playing field. Everyone agreed it was a nice gesture.

The kids played as good and bad as they always had, but the splendor of the togs seemed to make each victory better than the last, and the losses not quite so tough.

People came from out of nowhere to see this team with such flair and excitement. The bleachers were full each night the team played and many newcomers learned how to pull splinters from their posteriors that summer. The pep squad was reassigned a position right behind the team's bench to be near "their boys," and Mr. Teller became the life of the spectators' stands.

The kids pulled in a respectable third place that summer; "only a spit away from second place," is the only saying I remember from Mr. Teller.

At the end-of-the-season party, when the players got together away from the old folks' chatter, the talk turned back over the season — fantastic uniforms, everyone out to see them play...that big final game...how Toby got a hit, Chris lost the ball in his mitt, Larry caught everything in reach, the outfield bloopers and occasional catches. Joey always kicking his glove after those wild pitches...

Those two summers came to mind this week as I strolled around campus prepared for the worst after hearing the enrollment figures. I found that our new multi-million dollar duds recently constructed at various parts of the campus are quite a sight, the image of a bustling, quick-paced university. But the campus life, the human aspect, is as down-home as it was when I first began watching it many seasons ago.

Slouch

by Jim Earle



"LEAVING IT BLANK ALLOWS THE READER TO BE AS CREATIVE AS HE DESIRES!"

Top of the New

Campus

Aggie lawyers to gather

The MBA-Law Day program is planned for Sept. 10 from 8 a.m.-2:30 p.m. in room 145 of the MSC. A luncheon with Texas A&M University students representing several law schools will be at 11:30. Those desiring to attend the luncheon should sign up Sept. 8 in room 221 of the MSC between 8:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. in room 216 MSC between 5:00 and 10:00 p.m.

State

Last boat crash victim sought

Harris County marine deputies yesterday dragged the San Jacinto River, hunting for a sixth victim in the crash of two jet boats with large unlit cabin cruiser. Four bodies were recovered from the late Sunday about a quarter of a mile upriver from the Cove Marina where one of the boats sank in 45-foot-deep water with persons aboard. A fifth body was found Monday morning.

Nation

Texas farmworkers end march

A farmworkers "March for Human Rights" which started in Austin ended Monday in Washington D.C. with a Labor Day rally on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. About 500 members of the Texas Farmworkers Union (TFWU) and their supporters gathered to hear speakers call for legislation giving migrant farm workers the right to organize, to hold union elections, and to bargain collectively in union contracts. The farm workers walked 20 miles a day for 80 days stopping along the way for support rallies and staying in churches and private homes.

Treaty loses one opponent

A temporary injunction was served on Attorney General Richard C. Turner in Des Moines, Iowa, yesterday aimed at blocking him from further participation in a lawsuit to stop the signing of the Panama Canal treaty. State Sen. James Redmond, D-Cedar Rapids, obtained the injunction Friday night, contending Turner cannot use state funds in his attempts to stop the signing. President Carter is scheduled to sign the treaty in ceremonies Wednesday.

Washington Post reporter dies

Marion L. Clark, a member of the Washington Post team that broke the story on the Wayne Hays sex scandal, was killed Sunday night when she walked into an airplane propeller as she was rushing to greet her parents. The accident occurred at the Losco County Airport in East Tawas, Mich., as Miss Clark stepped off a private plane and ran towards her parents, who she was visiting for the holiday. She was pronounced dead at the scene from head injuries.

Legion disease reappears

Three confirmed and two suspected cases of Legionnaires' Disease in Franklin County, Ohio, are being investigated by state and federal medical authorities. One person died from the disease, three others were in serious condition and the other person has recovered. The five cases — all women — are the first confirmed cluster of Legionnaire's disease since the bacterial disease with severe pneumonia-like symptoms broke out at a Pennsylvania state convention of the American Legion in Philadelphia late last summer.

World

No survivors in Andes crash

All 33 persons aboard were killed in the plunge of a domestic airliner into a small Andes lake near Quito, Ecuador, only three minutes from its destination, the pilot of a rescue helicopter said. The four-engine airplane owned by the Ecuadorian Airlines SAN was on a flight Sunday from Guayaquil to Cuenca, high in the Andes mountain range, when it caught fire and crashed into Cajales Lake, authorities said.

Soviets asked to 'stop meddling'

Arab foreign ministers indirectly called on the Soviet Union yesterday to stop meddling in the horn of Africa and urged a peaceful settlement for the desert war between Ethiopia and Somalia. Meeting on the third and final day of their conference in Cairo, Egypt, the ministers also called a special session in Tunis Nov. 12 to prepare an Arab summit meeting on future moves in the conflict with Israel.

Weather

Partly cloudy and hot Tuesday and Wednesday with a high both days in low 90s. Northeasterly winds 10-15 mph. 10% chance of rain this afternoon. Low tonight upper 60s.

The Battalion

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