

"It sounds like a good idea, but if you do call a press conference to announce that you will not be a candidate, do you think anyone will care?"

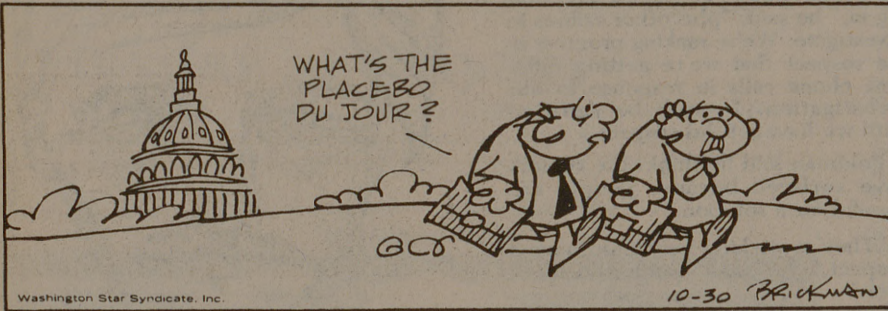
OPINION

Hail to Hotard Hall

They call it the Hotard Hilton, and it's the crummiest dorm on campus. What is weird is that its residents love it. It must be a perverse kind of pride that inspires them. Maybe they love it because it's so low-rent that the rooms don't even have phones. Or maybe because the rent actually is low — the lowest on campus. Whatever their attachment, the residents were alarmed when they learned the University planned to close the dorm this spring for renovation. Evidently the University had a change of heart. On Thursday residents were told they *could* stay in the dorm. According to Dr. John Koldus, vice president for student services, the administration decided to keep the dorm open after Hotard residents expressed concern about the closing. Residents would rather live with noise from nearby construction and wait until summer for fixing up their dorm. Besides, what's a few more months? Hotard hasn't been significantly changed since it was built in 1939 to house food service workers. It is named after J.C. Hotard, who was supervisor of food services from 1937 to 1944. It cost about \$75,000. During the 1940s, workers lived four to a room. One area of the dorm was reserved for Anglo-Saxons, another for Blacks and Mexicans, and a few rooms were partitioned off for maids. Food service workers occupied all of Hotard until late 1962, when students began moving into the dorm. Hotard has been fully occupied by students since 1971. And they will be able to stay in the dorm this spring. Congratulations.

the small society

by Brickman



THE BATTALION

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BRODER

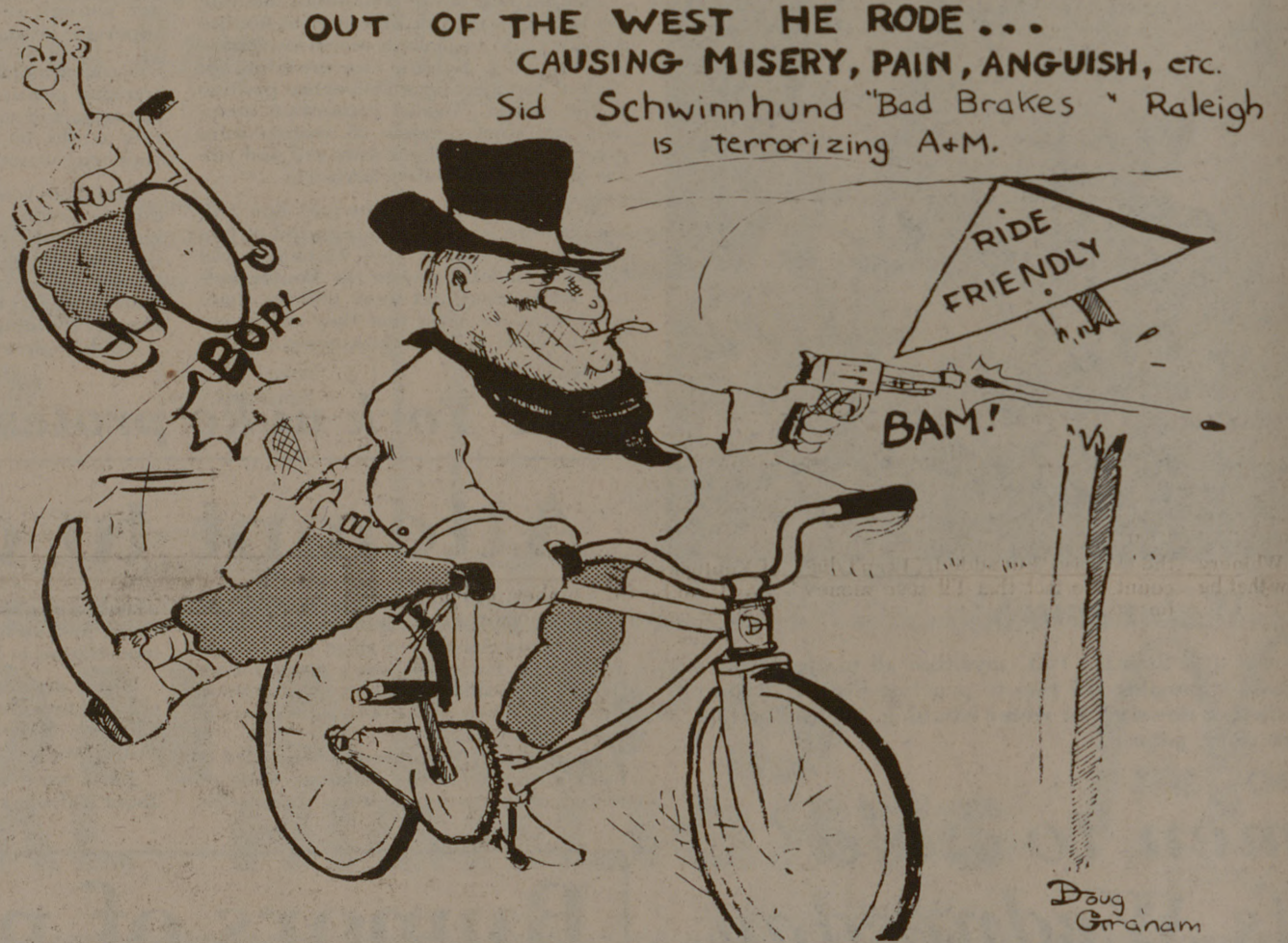
Democratic clans evaluate each other using migratory campaigners' reports

By DAVID S. BRODER
WASHINGTON — One of the features of the fight now beginning for the Democratic presidential nomination is the unusual degree of knowledge each side has of the political strengths and weaknesses of the other. The Carters and the Kennedys are thought of as separate clans, but there has been enough migration between the two camps to make each of them privy to what the other might prefer to consider privilege information. I am not referring here to dark secrets of the past, but rather to tactical tendencies, personnel strengths and weaknesses — the sort of information one professional sports team acquires when it picks up a player from another. Jimmy Carter's pollster, Pat Caddell, for example, has his business base in Boston and did some polling in 1976 for Ted Kennedy's Senate campaign. Two of the top Carter operatives in the recent Florida skirmish, John Rendon and Jerry Vento, are acquisitions from the Kennedy camp. There are many others in policy jobs in the Carter administration who worked closely with one or another of the Kennedy brothers in the past and know their way of operating. But Kennedy has equally good sources

of inside information on how Carter did it in 1976 — and how he is likely to try again. Carl Wagner, the top political aide in Kennedy's office, took leave from his union job in 1976 to help set up the election — day voter turnout operation for Carter in the key industrial states. Gerard P. Doherty, the Boston lawyer who is sure to be one of the senior Kennedy operatives, ran New York state for Carter in 1976 — with Kennedy's blessing, of course. Mark Siegel, coordinator of the draft-Kennedy operations, monitored the 1976 Carter campaign from a senior staff job at the Democratic National Committee and worked 18 months for Hamilton Jordan at the White House. Without necessarily attributing the views to the above-named gentlemen, it is possible to note something rather interesting about the attitudes of the two camps as the struggle begins. Each of them seems sublimely confident of the ability of its candidate to out-campaign the other. And each of them thinks it has spotted a fairly serious gap in the other's preparation for the game. The Carterites believe that Kennedy will be sharply handicapped by his lack of experience with the new rules of nominating politics, including the limitations on

campaign spending and the intricate requirements for delegate-selection. "He and his people haven't played this game since 1968," said one Carter strategist. "They're used to writing a check for whatever they have to spend, and hiring whoever they want to hire. But this is a game of limited money and lots of volunteers, and it's going to seem very strange to them." Whether that is the case is open to question. Certainly, the Kennedys have never had to skimp for money in past campaigns. But Steve Smith, the prospective campaign manager, is — among other things — a darn good businessman who should know how to stretch a campaign dollar and stay within a budget. The effective mobilization of volunteers has always been a major element of Kennedy politics. As for the technicalities of the new delegate-selection procedures, Carl Wagner and Mark Siegel probably know them as well as anyone in the country. On the Kennedy side, the belief is that, smart as the Carterites have proved themselves to be in organizing delegate caucuses, they lack the skill and sensitivity that it takes to hold the competing factions of the Democratic coalition together

through a long campaign. The risk that many of Carter's may not understand "how to keep Democratic factions from killing each other, or at least from killing you," Kennedy man put it, strikes this as a real one. But there is an important footnote to that point. The one man in the Carter camp with skill in handling the Democrats is the Kennedyites do admire is Bill Strauss. They saw Strauss together with the Democrats together in the 1972 debacle and hold them in high regard for victory, despite the wavering of Carter's 1976 general-election campaign. Kennedy would have been a good Strauss had devoted himself to East diplomacy in 1980, rather than to national politics. But, ironically, he handled his relations with Strauss the same way that Carter bungled his relations with Kennedy. Strauss is an antagonist Kennedy does not need, for he knows both the winning procedures and the Democratic intentions. And he plays by the old Kennedy respect: Don't get me even. (c) 1979, The Washington Post Company



DICK WEST Can a hot-dog lover find happiness with a habitual hamburger eater

By DICK WEST
United Press International
WASHINGTON — A Brooklyn psychiatrist, Dr. Leo Wollman, has undertaken a study of personality differences between people who habitually order hamburgers at fast food counters and those who religiously stick to hot dogs. The need for a research project along this line has been apparent for a long time. Wollman's findings, I expect, will be applied primarily to marital relations. The mating game, as it is now played, is woefully lacking in scientific exactitude. All too often, couples contemplating marriage and not entirely sure whether they are suited to each other are forced to rely on such unreliable guidelines as astrological charts. If one of them is, say, an Aries, and the

other a Gemini, that is supposed to tell them something about their chances of hitting it off in wedlock. Which is ludicrous on the face of it. Dates of birth couldn't possibly be as meaningful in match-ups as ascertaining whether both have hamburger personalities, or both are hot dog types, or one is one and the other the other. If I may speak from experience for a moment, in me you find the classic hamburger temperament. I have a hamburger for lunch at least twice a week; hot dogs no oftener than once a year. The woman I married, while not totally averse to hamburgers, will, when presented with an option, almost invariably go for the hot dog. Something that is reflected in these

predilections makes for matrimonial unrest. Wollman presumably will discover what it is about a hot dog fancier that puts him or her on a collision course with a hamburger aficionado. And the world will be better off for it. Pending his report, there are some general observations that can be drawn with at least as much validity as anything you will find in the Zodiac. What you call your basic hot dog freak tends to be a romantic, with a flair for adventure. Probably the main reason he or she is drawn to hot dogs is because nobody knows for sure what is inside them. Hence, they have an air of mystery about them. (Nobody knows for sure what is inside a hot dog lover either, for that matter.)

The archetypal hot dog devotee is a bit unstable, impulsive and inclined to part their hair on the wrong side. In more indecisive, they are apt to go over which condiments and garnishes to use. Hamburger enthusiasts, by contrast, are likely to be steady, dependable, and more predictable and utterly charming, a strong penchant for grace under pressure. By nature resolute, they know exactly what they want (mustard, pickles and onions) and go after it. Conceivably, Wollman's study will produce a formula under which hot dog and hamburger personalities can be brought together in harmony. Meanwhile, eat at your own risk.

LETTERS

Editor: Last week's report that some of our alumni are again putting an uncomfortable amount of pressure on our football coach is most disturbing. It is symptomatic of a disease that is all too prevalent at major universities. We are so obsessed with the game of football that we have forgotten that it is just that — a game. Never was this more graphically displayed than last year when Emory Bellard felt forced to resign. Ugliness was the theme of that week. "Make Emory a memory," they said. From the comments that students made to the Battalion on the day he resigned, it appeared the man was deserving of the gallows because our passing game was insufficient. We treated him like the scourge of the community when all he had done was lose a couple of football games. Letters to the Battalion in recent weeks have served as frightening reminders of that behavior. I have followed A&M football for 17 years and feel we have every reason to be proud of this year's team. Playing the 11th

Pressure on football coach to win is disturbing to 17-year Aggie fan

toughest schedule in the nation, they have improved from week to week. They have consistently added to their offensive repertoire and continue to play a good defense. And with any amount of luck on a sprinkling of plays, they would now be in the Top 20. But it seems beyond our ability to appreciate a game as being exciting and well-played. Instead we focus solely on the outcome. Alumni and students alike treat

a loss as a personal affront and as their own dignity had somehow been attacked. My only hope is that we treat our son better than we did the last coach. — Paul Bellard

THOTZ

by Doug Graham

