

"Just for the sake of conversation, why couldn't we get the Zachry people to take a break from the stadium and give us a hand with the bonfire?"

**OPINION**  
**Why no names?**

No name — not even initials — appears at the end of most editorials in this space. And one reader wanted to know why.

The reason is simple: the editor, Liz Newlin, decided this column should carry the opinion of the newspaper.

Adding a name to an editorial makes it that writer's opinion, not the newspaper's. Out in the "real world," most daily newspapers also leave out names.

Newlin writes most editorials, the rest of the staff writes a few, and some come from other newspapers through our wire service, United Press International.

Curious readers may call The Battalion and find out who wrote a particular editorial. We're not afraid to tell.

But we want opinions displayed here to stand as ours, not those of Texas A&M, its administrators or the Student Publications Board.

By leaving off the writer's name we can do that more effectively.

**Wealth wins this one**

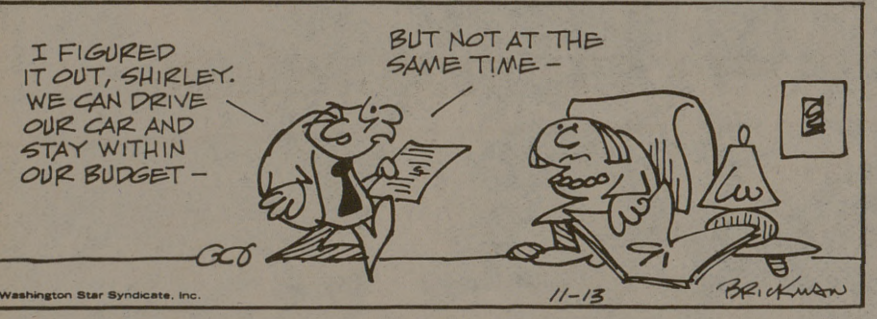
Both sides spent millions, and the wealthy man won. T. Cullen Davis is free after three trials and two mistrials, cleared of murder and murder solicitation charges.

Attorneys from both sides agree his millions were an advantage.

As District Attorney Tim Curry noted, "I doubt we will ever have a situation again in which a man of his wealth faces charges of this type."

Maybe not. But the state shouldn't shy away from prosecution if it is warranted. If that happens, critics who say wealth can buy justice will be right.

the small society by Brickman



**THE BATTALION**

USPS 045 360

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Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words and are subject to being cut to that length or less if longer. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit such letters and does not guarantee to publish any letter. Each letter must be signed, show the address of the writer and list a telephone number for verification.

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THE BATTALION  
TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY

TUESDAY  
NOVEMBER 13, 1979

**DICK WEST** *Our monolingual speech patterns not conducive to foreign relations*

United Press International  
WASHINGTON — Not all presidential commissions stand out as beacons of discernment, but the one on foreign language study appears to shine a light.

It reports that part of America's troubles in the world today stem from our "scandalous incompetence in foreign languages."

Our monolingual speech pattern causes "dangerously inadequate understanding" of international issues and weakens America's position in world trade, the commission concludes.

It notes, for example, that Japan has 10,000 English-speaking businessmen in the United States whereas only a few of the 900 U.S. businessmen in Japan speak Japanese.

Other examples can be found right in our

own hemisphere. Although we live next door to Mexico, few Americans bother to learn even rudimentary Spanish. And although our northern border adjoins Canada, most of us can't speak a word of Canadian.

If we have gotten along fairly well with both neighbors, that probably is because so many Mexicans and Canadians speak English.

Canadians, it is true, have a rather comical accent. But a trained ear usually can make out what they are trying to say.

As smooth as our relations have been, it is patent that a grasp of their languages would sharpen our insights with respect to their cultures, national aspirations and political peculiarities.

I say this not in the spirit of preaching but of confession. I am as guilty as anyone

when it comes to erecting language barriers.

The last time I visited Mexico, I had the devil's own time communicating even my most basic need — i.e., making a bartender understand I wanted an olive in my martini.

Have you ever tried expressing something like that in pantomime? Marcel Marceau might handle it without creating an international incident, but an American tourist's explanatory gesticulations only draw police.

And believe thee me, being arrested on charges of impersonating an olive is no way to start a vacation.

Communicating with Canadians is somewhat less awkward. If they have not acquired enough English for mutual comprehension, an American usually can get his

message across by grunting.

Canadians have a natural flair for preting grunts, although something is lost in translation.

But neither pantomiming nor grunting, however articulate, satisfactorily for learning another language.

In financial transactions, a monolingual American is at a disadvantage even with foreigners who speak English. When they start jabbering away in the tongue, usually with sidelong glances and a certain amount of dissembling.

It's a demoralizing experience, almost invariably winds up costing money. No wonder the dollar is in a shape overseas.



**Fight unemployment before recession hits**

The jump in the nation's unemployment rate, up 200,000 over the previous month, would seem to offer strong evidence that the U.S. is indeed in a recession.

Not unexpectedly, the latest round of layoffs has struck hardest on women and blacks, reflecting the longstanding inequality of hiring and promotional practices within the U.S. labor market.

For the moment there is a wait-and-see attitude on the part of President Carter and members of Congress regarding action to cut unemployment. Their caution is based not so much on conflicting data, but their political concern over the effects of inflation.

The unemployment issue is far down the list of concerns expressed by most Amer-

icans to their elected representatives. Inflation is at the top of it. But unemployment, which is double-digit among minorities, is a pressing social problem. It presents once again a classical election year confrontation, placing politics up against economics. Neither the President nor members of Congress is going to act until push comes to shove, when the social problem outweighs the economic problem.

That is why the administration has been line on employment-related spending increases and Congress voted against cut to stimulate the economy.

Unfortunately, that means unemployment will continue to increase as minority Americans and government wait until the middle of a recession deciding to do anything about it.

Dallas Times Herald

**LETTERS** *Article on divining provokes '37 Ag to tell 'water witching' experiences*

Editor: Relative to the article "Divination — Valid or Hoax" in your Oct. 30 issue by Clay B. Cockrill, my answer to that is "I wish I knew." This subject has always intrigued me and I have some experiences to base an assumption on.

Going back some 35 years, my cousin got married and his father-in-law gave them a farm. Before building their home they wanted a water well. A "water witcher" was brought in who had a great reputation for locating sources of water. The only tool used was a fork limb cut from a peach tree. For about an hour he wandered over the land and it began to look like a lost cause. Then suddenly the peach fork bent down with great force. The man said, "Here is your water well." The well is still producing water today.

That witching was all very strange and new to me. I thought it was kind of funny. I asked to try it. The man showed me how to hold the peach limb and what to do. Nothing happened until I came over the marked spot. I could not believe what was happening; the downward pull was so great that the bark was stripped from the peach limb. Many of the family in attendance tried this but it only worked for about two of them.

This left a lasting impression on me and I always had a subconscious interest in this mystery. Literature and reading matter is very scarce and what little there is, is very general and hazy. This led me to another incident in my adult life. Some 10 or 12 years ago, interstate highway 40 was being built across the Panhandle of Texas. On the Eastern outskirts of Amarillo a site was selected for a Highway Department Tourist Bureau. The right of way was about 300 feet wide and it was necessary to lay two pipes underground ahead of all construction, one for the future water supply and the other for the electrical connections.

Some four or five years later work was completed on Highway I-40 and work was started on the Tourist Bureau Building. No one could remember where the two pipes were placed. After two days of digging, probing and searching, we wished that we could give up — but we couldn't.

Mr. Reuben Bewley, maintenance foreman, remembered that he had a man who could "witch" for and locate the pipes. He used two welding rods bent in an "L" shape and within a matter of minutes located both lines. To my amazement later I "located" the pipes about a dozen or more times.

In 1971 the Highway Department desired to make the roadside park on the White River, five miles east of Crosbyton on Hwy. U.S. 82, truly an oasis in the arid country, by installing a sprinkler system in the picnic area. To install a new system was prohibitive in cost, but if we could tie on to the existing, partial sprinkling, or rather

water distribution, system the cost would be reduced by half. We were fortunate to find a blue print of the original park layout which was built in 1936 with W.P.A. Labor Forces. We anticipated no problem tying to the existing water lines, even though they were placed some 35 years ago. The project was approved.

One of the very first needs was to locate the existing water "main" and make a "key" connection. We hunted, we dug by hand, machines were brought in.

In desperation I was hesitant to make a fool of myself by suggesting that I could locate the pipe by "divining" for it. We didn't have too much to lose. Anyway two welding rods were secured and I started walking: within 15 minutes the "water" main was located 57 feet north of the location given on the original plan. We located other water lines that were not shown on the plan but added later (see story in April

1971 issue Texas Highways, Page 25)

During the noon hour the men decided proof positive that this was not a fluke or show off. With a jacket over head the men would hide a metal bar in tall grass and then watch me find it. Time it was 60 feet from the starting point. There was no way that I could see the bar in the knee-high grass — and I would cover it with more grass.

I used this same procedure in locating some "lost" water lines while rehabilitating a roadside park two miles south of Lamesa.

I have located many gas and water lines but somehow I do not have any luck with water.

I don't know what all of this proves, all of my years of experience and what philosophy came to be "you're looking you can't argue with it."

— Ben J. Ledwith  
Brownwood

**THOTZ**

by Doug Graham

