

VIEWPOINT

THE BATTALION
TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY

TUESDAY
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Slouch

By Jim Earle



"Maybe you-know-who IS on the side of the church schools."

Treasuring memories of the campaign trail

By DAVID S. BRODER

WASHINGTON — "Hooray and hallelujah. You've got it coming to you. Congratulations, Mr. President. Or congratulations, Mr. President-Elect."

As these words are written, I don't know whether it is Jimmy Carter's or Ronald Reagan's day to celebrate. But whoever is rejoicing when these words are in print, I say, just like the song, "Goody-goody for you. And I hope you're satisfied, you rascal you."

This column was written in the near-terminal stage of campaign fatigue, as you might have gathered by now, and in that strange mood, a sense of enormous relief that it is finally over is mixed with the sudden realization that a lot of it was wonderful fun that cannot be relived.

The campaign began for me a year ago in Waterloo, Iowa. On my first night ever in that town, I was taken home for dinner by a dashing local lawyer named Henry Cutler, a man with a passion for both politics and theater. He threw a steak on the broiler himself, because his wife, Lynn, was out already campaigning for Congress. Two weeks ago, he had a heart attack and did not live to see the campaign end.

Astonishingly, almost every Iowan one met was as hospitable as Hank Cutler, making you understand why Gov. Bob Ray's politics of decency could last as long as it has.

New Hampshire came next and provided the worst and best nights of the whole campaign. The worst? The evening I decided Lou Cannon and I could best cover the Republican candidates' debate in Manchester off the TVs in our motel — only to discover at the hour the debate began that it was not on live television in Manchester. That phone call to the office was a bit difficult.

The best night? The visit to a secluded restaurant, off in the New Hampshire woods, where a Swiss emigre cooked in an 18th century kitchen for a clientele of six. Its name, I will whisper, is the Silver Quail. But even if you find your way, which is not easy, you will not have the company of those superbly charming politicians, Susan McLane and Liz Hager, and their husbands, as we did.

They were not the only heroines of New Hampshire. Dudley Dudley and Joanne Symons rank right up there, for persevering in the cause of Edward M. Kennedy when they knew — far earlier than most — that Democrats in 1980 were not buying what Kennedy was selling.

This was a year when the women were distinguished by both their numbers and their quality. It was in the Oregon primary that I first

realized, with a start, that every presidential headquarters in Portland was being run by a woman. When I got to Connecticut this fall, it was no surprise that Carter and Reagan were being managed by two marvelously shrewd old pros named Patti Knox and Mary Ann Knous — who became good friends during their common away-from-home assignment, candidate loyalties notwithstanding.

Connecticut taught me a lesson in the falsity of cliché assumptions. Reagan's primary campaign was managed by Tony Nania, whose Republican loyalties did not keep him from taking a day off for the funeral of his mentor and hero, liberal activist Allard Lowenstein — another of the good friends who will not be around to add joy to another campaign.

There were other unexpected discoveries, none more surprising than Jerry Brown's dignity in defeat. His Wisconsin primary campaign was a travesty, and the night before the vote, he was bouncing off the walls of the Pfister Hotel in frustration. But when he lost, he took it with good grace, accepting the blame himself and staying around to console his workers.

John Connally and Howard Baker Jr. did just as well in their concession statements, but somehow you expect that of the old pros.

Kennedy enlisted my sympathy — and that of many others — by his fortitude in what he knew was a losing fight. His chipperness was a daily rebuttal to the slurs on his character or courage.

I am prejudiced in Kennedy's favor, and I might as well admit it, because his charter flight circled Mount St. Helen's for a 15-minute view, barely 24 hours before that beautiful mountain blew its top off and became a mound of gray ash.

I thought that was a good story to bring home from Oregon, until I learned that Jack Germond of the Washington Star had once again scooped me — taking off from Portland airport just at the volcano was erupting. Curse you, Germond.

One other happy memory: The look on John Anderson's face when he came onstage at Boston University, back last winter, and discovered that he, Mr. Mild-Mannered Unknown, could not only fill a college auditorium to overflowing, but inflame the youths to screaming passion merely by stepping from behind the curtain.

I hope he has many such memories to treasure today and I hope Tuesday's other losers, whatever their names, have their own to console them. Cheers to all of them. And just think, it won't be long until another campaign begins.

New class schedule promises brighter future next semester

Baseball managers get excited when the new rosters come down from the front office. Gardeners look forward to new seed catalogs in February.

I like the new class schedule.

It means so much.

First, it is a reminder that the current semester is almost over. That's refreshing news when I'm bored with classes but still face a lot of work. It assures me that life does not end with finals in December.

More important, the new schedule — a seemingly insignificant 76 pages of course listings and ads — elicits my favorite semesterly resolutions: Next time I will do better; I will outline the chapters as I read them instead of the night before the exam; I will start the research paper (a semester-long project) more than two weeks before it's due.

Next semester will be a new beginning, and I'll finally get serious about being a student. At least that's what the new schedule allows me to resolve.

See why I like it? It removes guilt.

It's a ritual. Like all rituals worthy of the name, it cleanses my soul and lets me look in the mirror with something other than contempt and disappointment. See, the schedule says I have a chance to do better.

Inside/outlook

By Liz Newlin

On another level, the schedule is entertaining. It's fun to piddle with the hours and classes and fill in the trial schedules on the back.

Can I take this course and that course and the one I need all in the same semester? Let's see. The schedule is a jigsaw puzzle, but better because I define the outline and then try to piece the clouds together.

It also gives me the illusion of control over my life, or at least the next semester of it, and I need that about now. The crush of 33,498 other students and a few thousand professors is pressing harder, and control over my own destiny becomes important.

The schedule also makes good reading. Did you know this University offers courses on farm tractors, digital speech analysis, shooting sports, solar engineering, nut culture, fun-

damental baking (any pecan pies with tortured nuts?), sound patterns in English, industrial freehand sketching?

The breadth and diversity is amazing. As a hint for schedule-browsing, look for 489 courses. They're "special topics" that have not yet made it into the catalog, and perhaps never will. Some, most off-beat, interesting and contemporary courses are first listed here, and a few are to almost anybody.

On a critic's note, the cover picture is a bit of praise. It shows two typical Aggies. The collection of Aggie faces — including Reveille — was another good cover.

One recent cover, however, wasn't the rate. It showed a "line to adviser" that around the floor of Rudder Tower and, for a three-hour wait.

That doesn't happen. Usually registration is short, fairly pleasant experience. When you open to your course selection after course, may not be pleasant, but registration does not deserve the slap it got.

Back to the subject, the schedule is a semester pick-up. It promises hope and advice, and maybe a little wisdom. What free booklet gives as much?



It's your turn

Team can win only with our backing

Editor:

I've been an Aggie all my life and my four years at Aggieland from 1970-74 confirmed my blood type as "Deep Maroon." I've missed very few Aggie football and basketball games since I was in high school, so I've seen our worst defeats in school history (1970 and 1980 games) and some of our better teams and seasons. I didn't join the bandwagon when we started winning again in 1974. I've been there for a while, win or lose.

I admit I cried, literally, very bitter tears following our loss to Rice this year. I cursed, screamed, lost my temper and swore I'd never attend another Aggie football game. Ever. How could that team disgrace itself and this fine university, and embarrass me with their inept, half-hearted effort, I raved from the third deck?

But days later, following a calm discussion with some of the Aggie players, I changed my ignorant, arrogant attitude. I realized I wasn't the only one embarrassed. But fortunately, I hadn't been on the field, on television, etc., getting my wrist broken, my knees torn, my head cracked, my shoulders separated and my very sensitive pride and spirit torn apart by other players and unfavorable scoreboards.

I was lucky. I could walk out of the stands at any time I damn well pleased, regardless of the score. The team, for over 100 years, has never been that lucky.

That's when I realized what an ignorant, selfish SOB I had been. My ranting and criticizing

did no good. My only contribution can be vocal, yelling FOR the team. I never played or coached football so I can't call the plays for anyone. I can only yell and pray. (Which sometimes irritates other less vocal alumni on the third deck!)

My attitude about this year's team has changed. I believe in these young guys we have. I know deep down they are winners. They can do it. They can win. But only if we back them 200 percent. We need a united 12th Man, yelling itself hoarse for these guys. We need to rebuild our own confidence and pass it on to the team. They'll feel it if we do.

But they'll feel nothing but "LOSE-LOSE-LOSE" if we don't turn this thing around NOW!

I believe in the coach and the team. I know they're young and decimated by injuries and dismissals. I know they've been racked by disension and lack of leadership.

But I still believe — I HAVE to believe that they can turn the season around and up three quick victories. We have no choice but to fight back — all of us — and those Aggie jokes back in their faces. Give our players back their confidence. Give our players back their confidence. Give our players back their confidence.

We can do it. It won't be easy, but helluva lot better than sitting around and cussing the coach and players for the loss and past errors. What's done is done. We can't start 1980 over. So let's finish up and change attitude and a winning team.

No one else wants us to win. We have to win it and fight for it. For ourselves. I believe. I KNOW we can. It takes every Aggie to WIN and thinking POSITIVE.

This team can do it. Let's show them we know that, too.

Hank Wahrman

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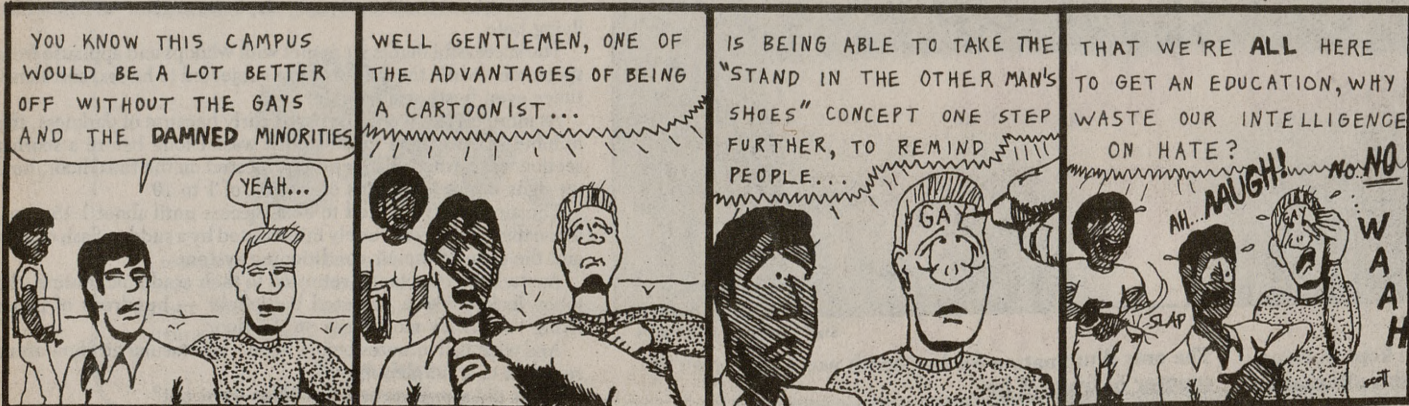
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Warped



By Scott McCullar