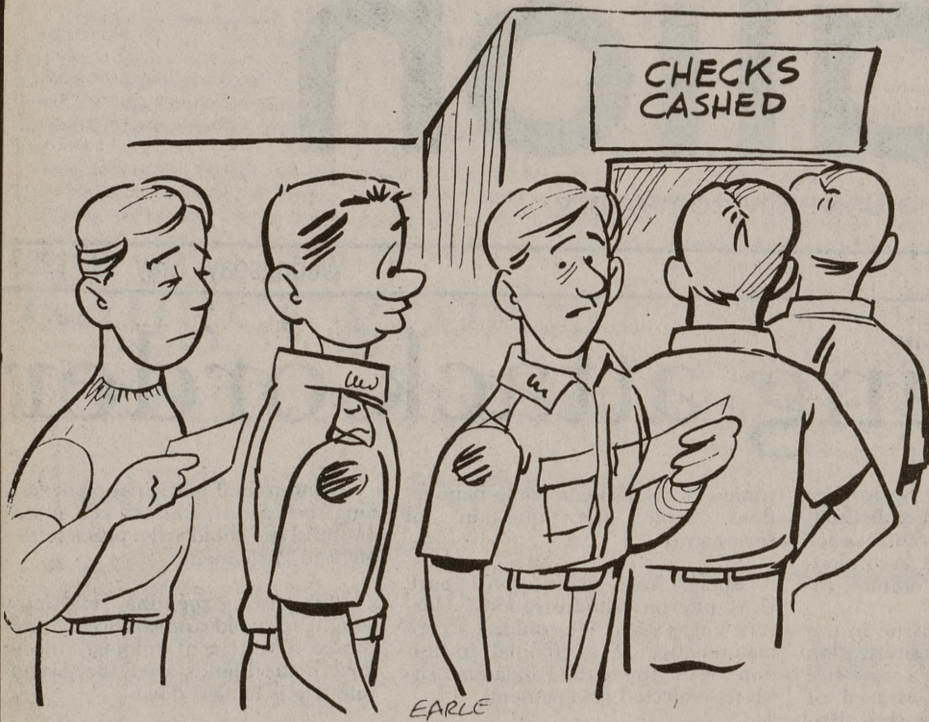


Slouch By Jim Earle



"If I was working during the time I wasted standing in line to cash a check, I wouldn't need to cash a check."

A sunrise experience relived

He runs, like a child on Easter morning going for his basket. Pajamas and slippers are his dress for that new morning — a Sunday. "It's Sunday," he says to himself in excitement. His old pickup truck starts cold as ever but revs up fast. "I've gotta git there fast or I'll miss it," he thinks. The cool air presses against his quilted jacket melted in patchy places from many campfires. "It's gettin' light fast, I can't miss it!" Streets are bare and haunted it seems — no life as during the lateness of a day.

One thing drives his soul and body up the winding walkway of the stadium. The turns of the curved walk are endless, "How many more? Oh, another one? But what if he rises without me? Run, boy, run! It's early yet, but run faster!" His house slippers rip a thread more as he runs his heart and mind and soul upward. In desperation, he ignores it and thinks the slippers are made for only these moments — this moment, this red, swirling Sunday — this one of being alive. A flock of pigeons tears out from the

sound of running and panting. His heart skips a beat as they steal the energy into their own beating flight.

At last, the cement canyon opens to the everlasting sky — a dark blue, "The darkest of the spring!" Dark but light, and he looks east and finds the sun has waited for his arrival. Then he swings west in a fearful glance hoping the near full moon has not yet faded in the morning glaze. There is the cratered being facing the sun in her early morning reverence.

Will the clouds block his beaming vision as he cracks the sky of the horizon? The Boy only waits, "When will he come? Is he coming at all?"

As he waits, his eyes wander the scene, of buildings, and lights, and trees. He has not noticed the trees before, or the massive greenness of it all until taking this perch atop the stadium. The pool blue in its tired smoothness. The sky shows blue-dark, a bright, pin-tip star light-years away, a long, narrow gray string of clouds

spanning north to south, a small arc from where day will begin any morning. Impatience gnaws at him as the turing cows in western fields graze, with the difference, that, the man's line taut with the weight of strous catfish below about to snap to things.

But then, a red, silent birthing ment plays its act upon the land, in the east, beyond the greens and ings, a painted movement, slow noticeable. It is silent and slow, eyes can spot the moments and ings. Fires loom inside, aglow with energy of a newborn star. This sun of man, has watched the earth for trillions of similar cycles. He sees the red chip; a cool ferries him aloft to a place high up heaven; and he thanks the morning and the peace he holds

Tom Be...

Seats only available in pacifying section

by Dick West
United Press International

WASHINGTON — The Senate currently is wrestling with legislation that would make health warnings on cigarette packages sound more ominous.

While verbal jolts of this type may give some smokers second thoughts, I doubt they really do much toward helping tobacco addicts break the habit.

For further assistance along that line, we may need to look to Europe.

Just recently, big headlines were devoted to reports of a new birth control pill developed in France.

And now comes word that a team of medical and industrial design specialists in Austria have come up with the first new baby pacifier in 20 years.

Called the Mam Orthodontic Pacifier, it was introduced in Europe five years ago but only this month has become available in the United States.

In lieu of relating the lore and history of pacifiers, which have been around much longer than either cigarettes or birth control pills, permit me to quote one of the Americans involved in the Mam import program.

"Personally," he wrote, "I have found it an effective substitute for a cup of coffee. And sucking on one in a plane usually ensures an empty seat next to me."

Here we have signalled what I believe is the real, but as yet largely untapped, potential for pacifiers.

Think for a moment of all the millions of Americans who are trying to quit smoking. Anyone who has ever been

through the ordeal will tell you one of the biggest hurdles is finding something to do with your hands.

Through reflex action, the hand continues to rise to the lips, which now are empty of cigarettes, pipes or cigars.

This gives other folks the impression that the new nonsmoker is blowing kisses at them.

And the next thing you know you may be in need of some of the aforementioned pills.

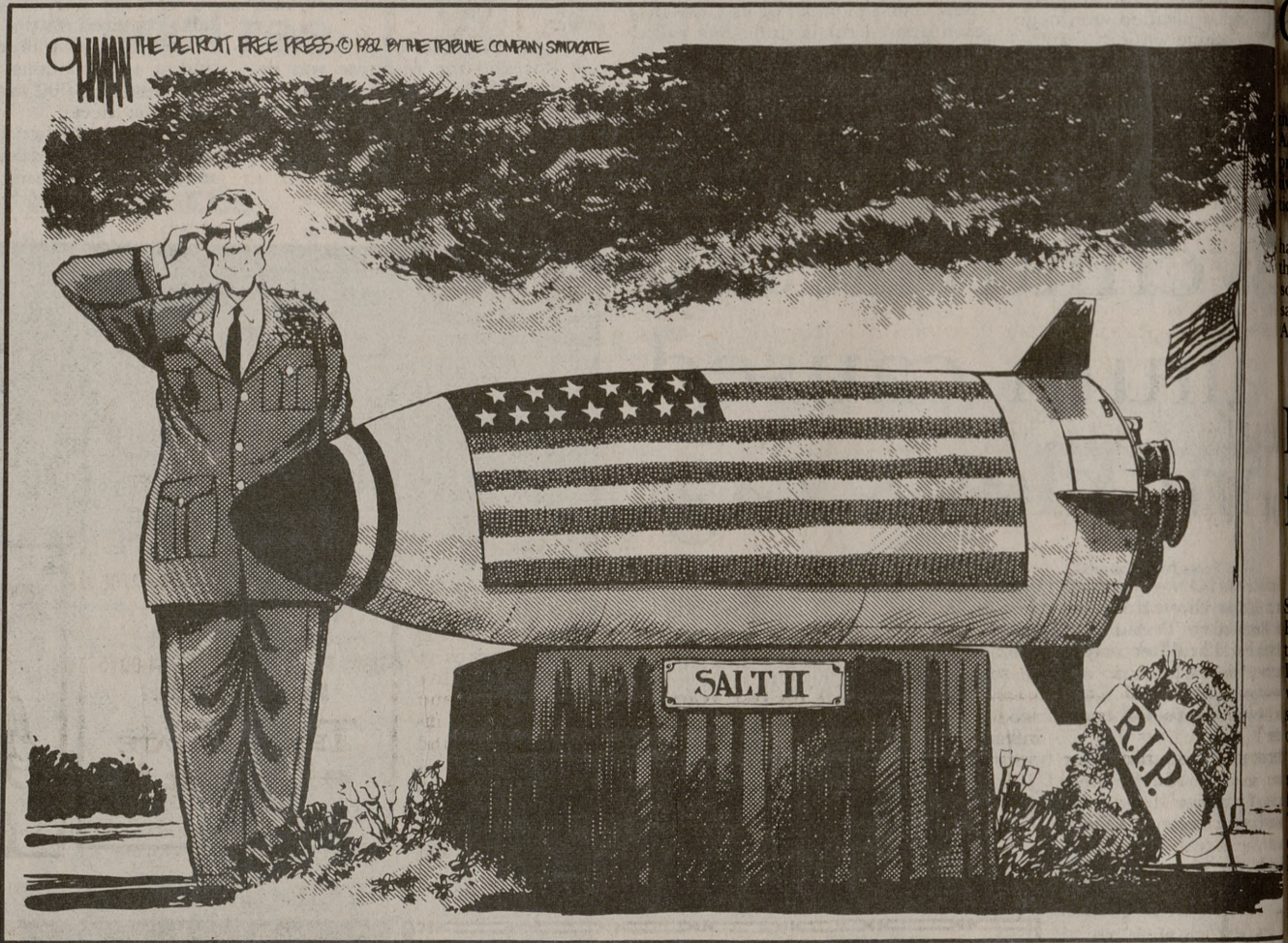
I personally licked the problem by growing a beard. Whenever my hand would reflexively spring to my mouth, I would simply give my beard a reflective tug and others would assume I was meditating or pondering.

That system, however, does not work very well for women who are giving up cigarettes or for men who for one reason or another find it inconvenient to have hair on their face. Here is where the pacifier comes in.

If the new design is an effective coffee substitute, why could not pacifier engineers also design one that would be an effective substitute for cigarettes?

That way, when non-smokers raised a hand to their lips, they could insert or remove a pacifier and it would all look perfectly normal.

And if, as the Mam man indicates, adult use of the pacifier disturbs one's seatmates on a plane, perhaps the airlines could divide passenger compartments into three sections — one for smokers, one for non-smokers and a new one for suckers.



Play catch-up reading the Record

by Davis S. Broder

WASHINGTON — The best way to catch up on what has been happening here in the capital while one is away on a reporting trip is to read The Congressional Record. Its pages reflect the activities and concerns of our lawmakers more sensitively than any other source.

And so it was, when I returned from nine days on the West Coast, that I turned eagerly to my favorite journal. It did not fail me.

By rough count, there were 33 Republicans praising the disappearance (however temporary) of any measurable inflation and 61 Democrats weeping tears (some of them crocodile) at the surge in unemployment.

There were none who even hinted that the latter calamity might be associated with the former blessing.

The man who came closest was Sen. Harry F. Byrd, the Virginia Independent, who is retiring this year. "Washington, D.C. — this Congress," he exclaimed, "is living in a fool's paradise." Byrd was speaking of the \$1 trillion federal deficit, soon to be swelled by at least \$100 billion.

Congress is concerned about the budget. In the seven Congressional Records I read on my return, at least 70 members must have urged that it be cut. They did not, however, do the dirty deed.

My favorite exchange on the subject involved Sens. Donald W. Riegle Jr. (D-Mich.) and Bob Dole (R-Kan.). Riegle began in classic fashion, saying "we need to move ahead here in the Senate with the issue of crafting a federal budget." He ended by accusing the Republicans of "exhuming Jimmy Carter to blame Carter for today's recession."

Said Dole: "I listened with interest, thinking I might hear something new, but, as usual, it is the same old speech... Many in this body seem to be running against Herbert Hoover. Give us a few years to run against Jimmy Carter, and then we can balance things later on."

It would be unfair to leave you with the impression that Congress did nothing during this period. It celebrated or proclaimed Ground Zero Week, National Snowmobiling Month, Missing Children Day, Older Americans Month, National

Orchestra Week, National Nurses Recognition Day, Clean Air Week — and the National Day of Prayer.

It commended Egypt and Israel for the turnover of the Sinai and Canada for getting its constitution back from Britain. It commended Britain for standing up to Argentina. It authorized a gold medal for retired Admiral Hyman Rickover, but only after inserting a chintzy proviso that Rickover's gold would have to be financed from the sale of souvenir bronze reproductions.

That kind of symbolic cost-consciousness is very popular in Congress right now, even when dealing with such emotionally charged topics as crime. Sen. John Heinz (R-Pa.) introduced the Omnibus Victims Protection Act of 1982, which he said "insures that the federal government does all that is possible to assist crime victims, without additional federal expenditures and without infringing on the constitutional rights of defendants."

Twenty-four other senators found that promise irresistible — half of the co-sponsors men, like Heinz, whose terms expire this year.

Congress did not duck the big issues of war and peace. For three straight days, Heinz's colleague, Sen. Arlen Specter (R-Pa.), tried to amend the defense authorization bill to say that "it is the sense of Congress" that the leaders of the United States and the Soviet Union should meet "at the earliest possible date ... to reduce

the risk that nuclear war would occur.

You wouldn't think that would be controversial, but it seemed so to some powerful Senators. They kept amending Specter's language and delaying the bill until after I got back.

But other major defense questions were settled. After several hours of debate spread over two days, Sen. Quayle (R-Ind.) was able to get Senate approval of an amendment that strengthen America's fighting capability and send a clear signal to the Soviets will prevent the transfer of control of schools for overseas dependents' children from the Department of Defense to the Department of Education.

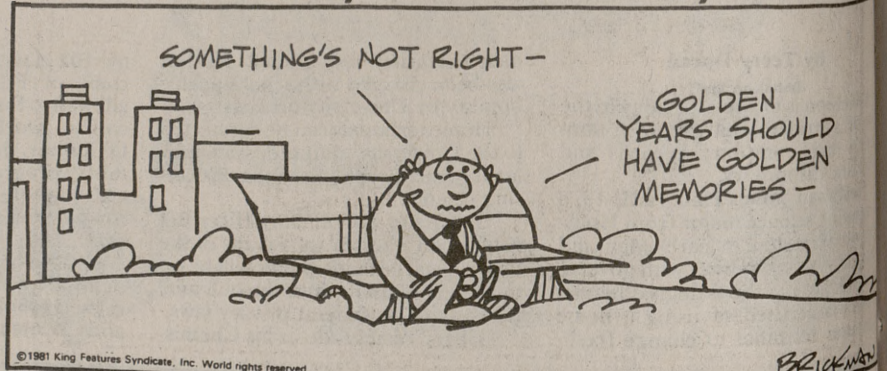
The best summary comment on what had been going on came from Rep. O. Conte (R-Mass.). "I do not want to get into this guerrilla warfare," he said, "ward the end of the week I was away. I will tell you one thing: The public there is laughing at this Congress." Conte was protesting a move by a group of fellow Republicans to outflank Democrats and grab the credit for budget-busting bill to bail out the housing industry.

But what he said read like a general indictment of the members of Congress. "Everybody wants to have their cake and eat it, too. Rome is burning, and they are playing their fiddles."

And proclaiming it National Music Appreciation Week.

the small society

by Brickman



The Battalion

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