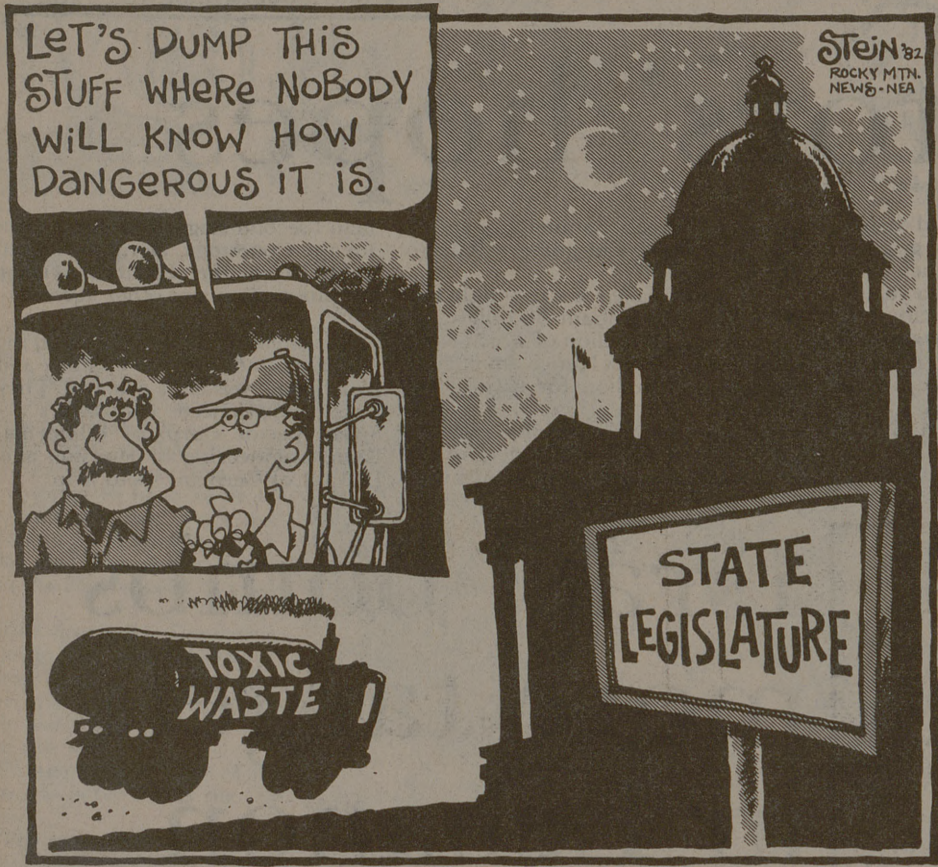


VIEWPOINT



Copping a plea sets 'em all free

by Art Buchwald

There is a lot of plea bargaining going on in our courts these days. The prosecutors keep saying they have to deal with criminals to avoid expensive trials and also to get the little fish to testify against the big fish.

The only problem with the second argument is that so many little fish get off the hook to catch a big fish, that many times no one is caught.

This is how it works. "All right, Trout, we know you blew off Barracuda's head in New Jersey because he wasn't kicking back on the guns he sold to Libya. If you testify against Mackerel to the Grand Jury, we'll drop your murder charge down to driving without a license."

Trout goes for the offer, and the prosecutors soon get a visit from Mackerel's attorneys. "If you let Mackerel off," his attorneys say, "on a vagrancy charge, he'll be the star witness against Sharkey, who is the biggest dope dealer south of Miami."

The Justice Department has been after Sharkey for years, so they say, "You've got a deal."

Sharkey is arrested on Mackerel's testimony and held on \$10 million bail. After a week in the slammer, Sharkey tells a government attorney, "I was just a courier in the dope business. If you really want some big fish, lower my bail to \$5,000 and I'll deliver whoever you want."

"Can you give us Bass?" the government attorney asks.

"I'll hand you his head on a platter." The Justice people go to the judge and tell him Sharkey is a key witness in a case they're building against Bass, and has to be bailed out.

Sure enough, two months later Justice has Bass nailed to the wall for running the largest white slavery business in

America. But he's hiding in Brazil. He sends word that he's willing to come back and blow the whistle on Whale, the most notorious labor racketeer in the country, but only if they drop the felony charges, and prosecute him for spitting in the subway.

Justice said they can't make that kind of deal. But if Bass is willing to turn state's evidence, they might reduce the 100 white slavery counts to one count of selling liquor to a minor.

Bass goes for it and lo and behold Whale has been arrested for the first time in his life.

Justice is preparing the prosecution when Whale drops a bomb on them. If they overlook the labor racket and extortion charges, Whale says he can implicate a United States congressman in a Brinks robbery.

The FBI checks out Whale's story and finds out it's true. They promise Whale if he testifies to everything he knows, they'll give him a new identity, a job and a condominium in Palm Beach, Florida.

Whale starts singing and the U.S. congressman is a dead duck. So the congressman offers to testify against one of the "highest" officials in America, who has been getting regular payoffs from Fidel Castro.

The Justice Department lets the congressman plea bargain his way down to "malicious parking," and start their case against the "high" government official.

But just before they're ready to go into court, they get a visit from the CIA, who tells them the high government official really works for them. They warn the Justice people that if the official is tried, the entire U.S. espionage effort against Cuba will be destroyed.

Justice drops the case, and with no big fish to fry, they go back to finding out if they can get a better deal from the courts for breaking the telephone company.

Dream along with me

by Dick West

United Press International

WASHINGTON — Back before Sigmund Freud gave dreaming a bad name, slumbertime hallucinations ranked right up there with apple pie and motherhood among the world class virtues.

Dreams were to a past generation of songwriters what "baby" is to today's lyricists. Tin Pan Alley then could hardly turn out more than two consecutive lines without using the word.

"Give me a kiss to build a dream on," begged Louis Armstrong between trumpet blasts. "You've got to have a dream," admonished Juanita Hall in "South Pacific." "Did you ever see a dream walking?" asked the juke boxes.

Dream songs generally had the sort of fruitcake quality one associates with skateboards, love in bloom and other outbreaks of dementia.

"You're all dressed up to go dreaming," reported one tunesmith. To the literal mind, that suggests the party of the

second part was wearing footsie jamjams, or some such attire.

Now, of course, this type of nonsense no longer makes the hit parade. Modern psychiatrists have taught us to regard dreaming as the lumbago of the subconscious — a sure sign the sleeper's pesky id is acting up again.

Perhaps the shrinks are closer to the truth than poets were. It could be our wistful preoccupations are too ridiculous or fanciful to find fulfillment except when we are asleep.

Nevertheless, as every romantic knows, some dreams really do come true. So it was gratifying to learn during the recent American Psychological Association convention here that an effort is being made to rehabilitate beddy-bye illusions.

"Lucid Dreaming" was one of the topics discussed at the meeting. The idea seems to be that with proper preparation a dreamer can control the contents of nocturnal imageries and even dictate their conclusions, thus ensuring that the

dreams have happy endings.

I like that. Ungoverned dreaming be disconcerting, to say the least.

It frequently is my rotten luck to have sweet dreams about people whom I bitterly disagreeable in real life. Most of my other dreamland excursions are equally unrealistic.

In order to have lucid dreams, psychologists were told, an individual "must have the intention to recognize that he or she is dreaming."

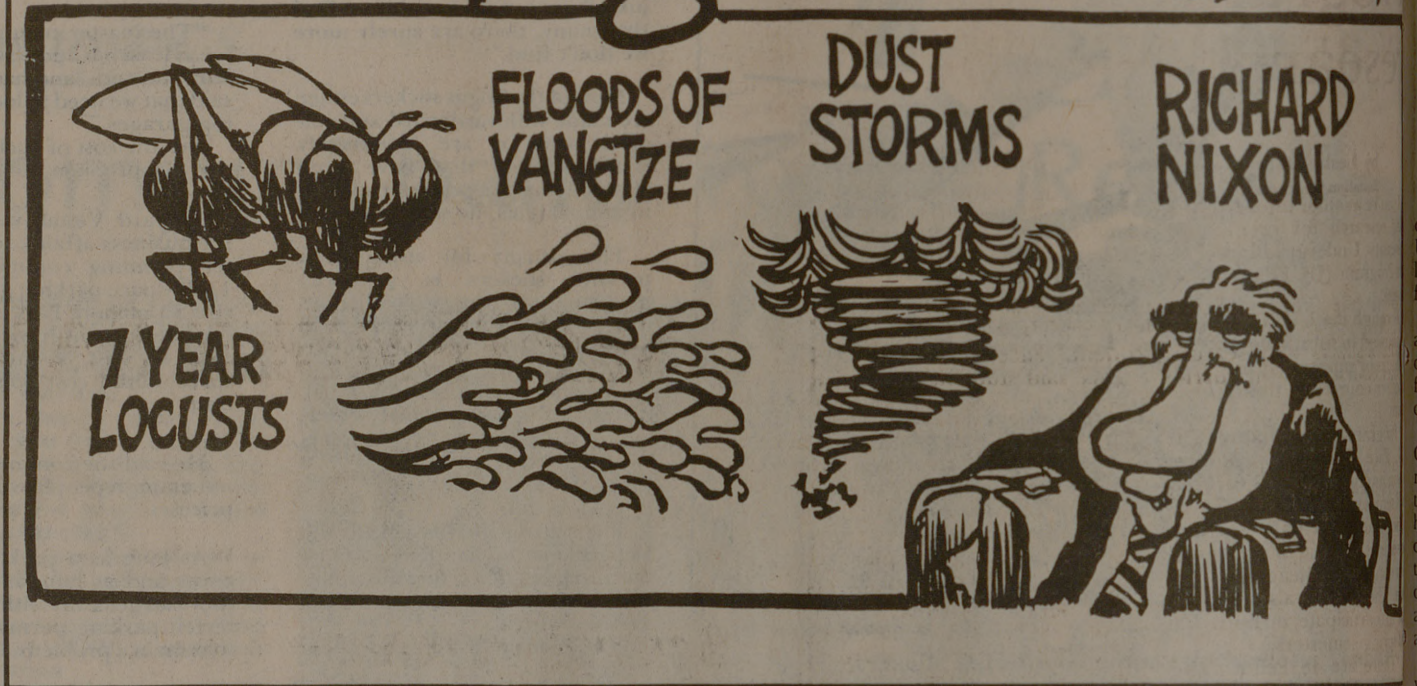
Here, I fear, is where the whole lot of cards is likely to collapse.

I have known a small army of dreamers who were totally incapable of recognizing that they were dreaming. I have exhibited such an incapacity upon occasion.

"You must be dreaming," employed and relatives have said to me when offered some helpful suggestions weighed in with a modest request.

And all the while I thought I was awake.

Recurring Disasters that plague China...



Letters: Bootline rules effective

Editor:

Once again, it seems that another letter has reached the pages of the Battalion before its authors thoroughly investigated the issue at hand. We wish to defend the bootline ring check that was unjustly criticized, by two juniors and one sophomore, in a letter appearing on Sept. 8.

First of all, it should be noted that, contrary to popular belief, the members of Student Government are not stupid. They realize that not all students, two of us included, can not afford senior rings. At the first bootline for the Class of '83, student ID's were also checked for '79' as the first two digits; therefore, we were all able to take part. We feel, along with all others seniors that we have spoken with, that the class verification provided for the most organized, and least crowded, bootlines in the three years of our attendance at Texas A&M. Our congratulations go out to those persons that were instrumental in the establishment of the ring check.

To conclude, it is difficult for us to understand the grave concern of three individuals regarding a privilege that will not be theirs for some time to come. We have watched non-seniors participate in bootline (on a regular basis) in the past, and could not help but think of this experience as we read the letter in question. We do not intend to accuse the authors of the letter of unscrupulous motives; however, we would like to see the business of the Class of '83 left to the Class of '83.

Jim Stolarski '83
Craig Martens '83
Thad Messengale '83

Soccer thanks

Editor:

I want to express my appreciation for the enthusiastic participation of the A&M men's and women's soccer teams at the second annual Sidekick Soccer Competition held Saturday, August 28, co-sponsored by McDonald's and Coca-Cola, in cooperation with the local youth

soccer clubs.

Over 200 area children, ages 3 to 16, participated in mini-games of soccer with everyone winning a prize and having fun. The A&M soccer players helped with everything from the early morning set-up of registration tables and marking fields to officiating the games, plus giving an excellent demonstration of soccer skills.

The team members' interest in young soccer players and their dedication to the sport of soccer was shown by their voluntary participation in this community project. Thank you.

Linda M. Martin
Coordinator, Sidekick Soccer, '82

Wallet lost

Editor:

Last Wednesday night, after a long day at school, I decided to go to the Dixie Chicken and have a few beers. I left the Chicken but happened to leave my wallet sitting on one of the tables there. I admit that it was my fault for leaving my wallet, but I would think that whoever found it there would have turned it in to someone at the Chicken or would have contacted me.

The wallet contains quite a few things of value to me and I would extremely appreciate it being returned. I know my phone number is not anywhere in my wallet so I'll leave it here in The Battalion. If you happen to be the person who found it, or if you know of that person, would you please call me. My phone number is 693-4702.

David L. Blake '84

Campus litter

Editor:

Last Thursday evening I learned something new. That is, the tendency to litter does not decrease with the amount of education a person possesses. How many of you have been surprised, and nauseated, when the person in the car in

front of you nonchalantly threw a can out of the window onto the highway. I see it all the time and I always have the same reaction: utter disgust of the human race. What gives this person the right to pollute what is not his? I would like to think that this person had some stupid dunghead that was not taught better.

Well, Thursday I saw a sight that made me realize that those of us who considerate of mother nature and our fellow man are in a depressingly small minority. As I approached the Russell entrance to the MSC, I noticed that I had an unpopular flyer in the days of the Battalion. I could tell it was unpopular because there were hundreds, yes a bunch of those flyers strewn all over the sidewalk.

Inside the MSC it was even worse. They were literally piled on the floor of the Flag Room looked as though 35,000 of use had read the Battalion and mistakenly taken the Flag Room to be the Battalion Can, you know, file #13.

After seeing all this, I began to wonder. If the inside of the MSC, the cherished Memorial Student Center, looked like this, I wonder what the rest of the campus would look like if it weren't for the hard work of the maintenance staff. I wonder how many people are employed by the University whose sole responsibility is to pick up other people's trash. I wonder how much of our tuition goes toward picking up this trash.

The students who did this obviously do not care about keeping our world clean, but everyone cares about money.

Thomas Hubbard
2421 College

Friendship

Editor:

As a corollary to David Fisher's article on friendship, I devised the following maxim: "Anyone can be an acquaintance but only someone can be a friend."

Marc Rogers
Graduate student

The Battalion
USPS 045 360

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The Battalion also serves as a laboratory newspaper for students in reporting, editing and photography classes within the Department of Communications.

Questions or comments concerning any editorial matter should be directed to the editor.

Letters Policy

Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 words in length, and are subject to being cut if they are longer. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit letters for style and length, but will make every effort to maintain the author's intent. Each letter must also be signed and show the address and phone number of the writer.

Columns and guest editorials are also welcome, and are not subject to the same length constraints as letters. Address all inquiries and correspondence to: Editor, The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843, or phone (713) 845-2611.

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