

Slouch

By Jim Earle



"This may just be a rumor, but I heard that several guys from the next dorm have been accused of being members of a matriculation ring."

## Mall mania strikes — it's time to shop

by David Spence

When I picked up a friend Saturday afternoon to go shopping in shorts and a T-shirt, she reprimanded me for dressing so sloppily for the occasion.

"But we're only going shopping," I pleaded.

"I won't go to the new mall with you looking like that!"

After I picked her up a second time - in jeans and an ironed shirt - we got under way to the "new mall."

Actually, the new mall isn't that new. It's been there about a year now, but I've been fortunate enough to stay clear of it until last Saturday — when it was either homework or mall-shopping. I curse myself for not having opted for homework.

"There, park there!" Susie pointed.

"I can't fit in there. That's a motorcycle slot."

Having somehow fit my car into that tiny space, I decided next to try my hand at fitting a camel through the eye of a needle. It certainly couldn't be any more difficult.

"Be careful not to bang your door into that Trans Am next to us, Susie. The owner might not appreciate-

BANG!

"Be careful not to what, David?"

"Never mind... What have you got to buy here, anyway?" I wondered.

"Kleenex and a birthday card."

"Doesn't Skaggs have those? Skaggs is next to campus!"

"Silly, you can't go shopping at Skaggs like you can at a mall," she explained.

Which is entirely true. A mall-shopper has a dramatically different shopping philosophy than a Skaggs patron.

The Modern Mall offers a "shopping extravaganza." Merchants invite customers to "experience storewide sales," "enjoy aesthetic product displays," and to "roam freely through relaxing showrooms."

Susie was so anxious to experience, enjoy, and roam that I decided to just meet her after the damage was done.

"Wait," I gasped after a sprint through what seemed like the tenth store. "I can't keep up this pace. Why don't we just rendezvous at the big fountain in an hour?"

"How do you know there's a fountain? I thought you had never been here before."

"There's always a big gaudy fountain in these malls. I'll see you in an hour," and I waved as she darted toward the Fashion Bizarre.

Ah, at a relaxed pace, I can almost enjoy these malls. I meandered through a record store - which didn't take long. Their selection consisted of 100 copies of each of the top 40 albums priced at \$3 over list.

"Have any Chuck Berry?" I asked the attendant.

"Buck, who?"

Next I went to the plastic sports shop. The guy there, dressed like an out-of-work football ref, wanted to put me in a \$90 pair of sneakers, a little silky running suit that I wouldn't let my girlfriend wear in public, and a watch that kept lap times, had five alarms, and balanced my checkbook. I needed a jock strap, but they were out.

I became hungry, so I set off in search of a light snack. But what to eat? So many options! One whole corner of the mall is devoted to sating restless shoppers' appetites. At one shop I could enjoy up to 501 varieties of chicken legs. Next door they were baking two-foot cookies. A big crowd was gathered around the Eggplant-In-a-Cup booth. I succumbed to a fudge-covered hotdog.

My hour was up, and I made my way down the concourse, past the mobile belt-buckle vendor, through the kindergarten art contest display, and barely resisted buying a molten glass sculpture of a giraffe. I finally reached the big fountain. Beneath a motley pile of brightly printed sacks lay Susie.

"I got my ears pierced with two more holes," she revealed excitedly as we walked to the car.

"You better watch how often you come here, Susie. Pretty soon you'll look like a gun-shot windvane."

On my car I found a note: "In response to the door dent in my Trans., I took the liberty of resculpting your fender!"

"On the way home," I grumbled, "I need to stop and get some touch-up paint ... at Skaggs!"

## Drinking age protest urged

Editor:

Attention 18, 19, and 20-year-olds! It's time you realize, you are about to be politically shafted once again, and it's your own damn fault. It's your fault because nobody so much as raised a finger in protest when the minimum drinking age was raised to 19 last year.

Consequently, the high-powered self-interest groups, vote-seeking bureaucrats and mad mothers in the state legislature have accepted the fact that we, as a group, are indeed mindless sheep.

Well, let's be mature and reasonable and look at this logically. What are some of their reasons for proposing this law? Last year, their main objective was to keep alcohol out of the hands of 18-year-old high-schoolers. To be sure, this was a noble cause, and all people concerned with the mental state of health of our high school brethren should stand and applaud. But now that they've accomplished this worthy task, what new dilemma prompts them to jack the age limit up another two years?

Apparently, the answer to this question can be found in the sacred book of Texas Traffic Accident Statistics, a rather vague but very powerful tool that can be manipulated by almost anyone to say and prove almost anything. Apparently, our age group is "over-represented" in DWI reports and alcohol-related accidents.

I contend that we are merely the easiest target for vengeful victims of auto accidents and for politicians who wish to score some points with these people. Besides, they know as well as we do that 18, 19 and 20-year-olds are infamous

### Reader's Forum

non-voters and, politically speaking, we have the weakest voice of anyone in state politics. This bill is just a political bone tossed to the tearful, retribution-seeking plaintiffs of auto accidents.

Furthermore, I contend that no matter what the reasons behind this bill, this time it's not going to work! The people being affected by this bill are, for the most part, out of high school and either attending college or working for a living. They all have friends or associates who are at least 21 and who will gladly buy them a six-pack or two. Another reason this law wouldn't work is because these 19 to 20-year-olds are not about to stop socializing or "partying" on the weekend, no matter what the law says. If they can't get into a night club or dance hall, they're going to do it at home or in the streets. Also, anyone with friends in other states with similar laws, know that the laws don't work there either. Drinking and

driving amongst 19 and 20-year-olds continues regardless.

Finally, and most important, I contend that the victims of this new law, passed, simply will not stand for very long. Although young women of the present generation are as prone to demonstrations and protests as those of the 60s and 70s, the business is still there if the cause is just.

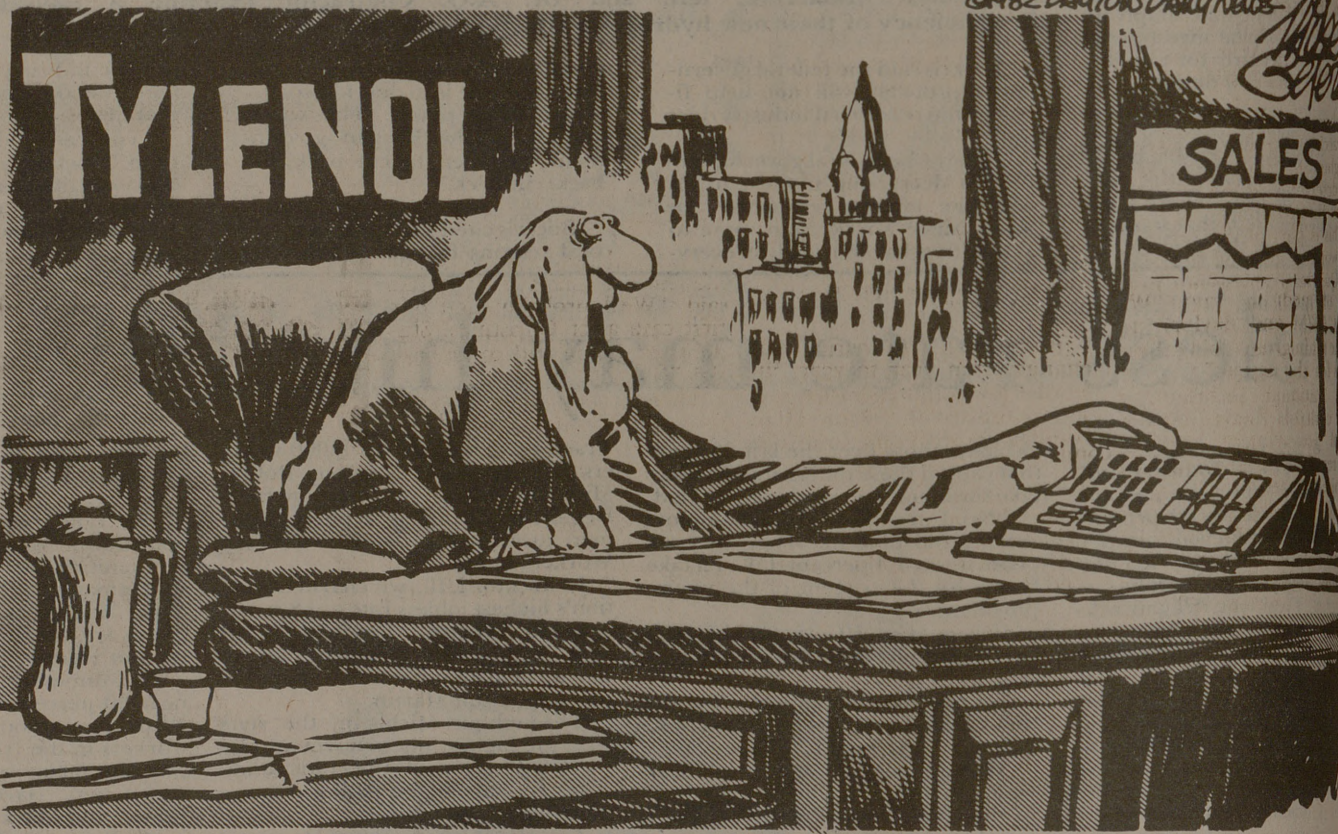
Fortunately, there may still be an act. The Texas Legislature is not to meet again until January, when the bill is expected to pass with little opposition. Until then, there are several actions open to us. Number one is to vote and vote for those opposed to the mockery of justice.

Second, write your congressmen and senators and the governor. Just strongly worded sentences on a piece of notebook paper is enough if that's all you have time for.

Third, put up fliers or posters, stand up and make a speech that you see a group of friends or associates themselves at your favorite spot. People know what they'll be missing, and most importantly, start some petitions. If just one person from each of each dorm on this campus signs a petition, this University alone could provide tens of thousands of signatures.

Act now Ags, or you may regret it.

Ted Gomez



## Letters: Ready to become an Aggie

Editor:

This letter is directed to all Aggies of College Station.

Being a senior at a small high school (250) in Wisconsin to many the idea of traveling 1,300 miles for a college education seems odd. When I began my search for universities last year though, Texas as the state was an easy decision. This is due to the many Texans I've met through my travels and the National High School Rodeo Association. The next step was a bit more difficult.

In 1 1/2 weeks, three Texas schools were thoroughly considered and Texas A&M came out on the top of my list with ease, for many reasons. Academics of course, but the idea of fantastic school spirit was also a factor along with the friendliness of everyone I encountered in my two-day stay at the University.

Keeping in touch with my future home through The Battalion perhaps has given me the most insight to be gained. Thank you for helping to make "the big decision" of my future. I am anxiously anticipating the fall of 1983, ready to contribute. That is if you'll help this Wisconsinite become a true Aggie.

Jean Mansavage

### Support of protest

Editor:

I commend The Battalion staff in having the initiative to provide the public with the varying views concerning the Palestinian issue. I also commend the

Palestinians for the manner in which they conducted their protest.

For too long, Americans have had negative feelings toward the Palestinians and their cause. Demonstrations such as the ones held recently alert the public that there is something dreadfully wrong that deserves their attention. The University community is the ideal place to bring world issues out into the limelight. It is a haven for the exchange of ideas, knowledge, and culture. We must take full advantage of these opportunities because it won't be too long before we will be the ones making the decisions that affect the course of history.

I would like to make one last comment to the Organization of Arab Students: Please inform the student population of your events, discussions, debates, etc., in advance. I for one care very much about Palestinian autonomy and you might be surprised at the number of other Americans who also care. Like Nabil Al-Khowaiter said: it is our responsibility to be informed, except that now I'll put the ball in your court, it is your responsibility to help us gain this information. You have my full support.

Georgina S. Perez '83

### Jackie knows football

Editor:

This letter is directed more towards Mark W. Shomaker, '81, than to the student body, although I feel it may reflect some of their feelings also.

Mr. Shomaker mentioned he is a graduate student with an undergraduate degree. He has been attending the University for six years and has watched "Aggie" football from Mr. Sherrill.

Those are impressive credentials. Sherrill has only one national championship, and as a head coach Sherrill's record is a gaudy 53-17-1 in six years. .757 winning percentage. His last year, while compiling a 33-3 record, Sherrill directed three consecutive victories, the last victory in the Sugar Bowl over Georgia, a recent national champion. This leads me to the conclusion that Jackie might know a little about football than yourself.

Michael J. Kelly

Editor's note: This letter was accompanied by 10 other signatures.

### Not for sale

Editor:

This is in reply to the photo you published on page 6 of the October 4 Battalion concerning the "exasperated owner" of Mercury Comet. I resent this due to the fact that I love my car and it is well worth twice that price. I've been swamped with a couple of requests for the purchase of that car when it is not for sale, and I intend to sell it. This was just a prank perpetrated by someone unknown to me. Please set the record straight.

M. Wayne Surginer

### The Battalion

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