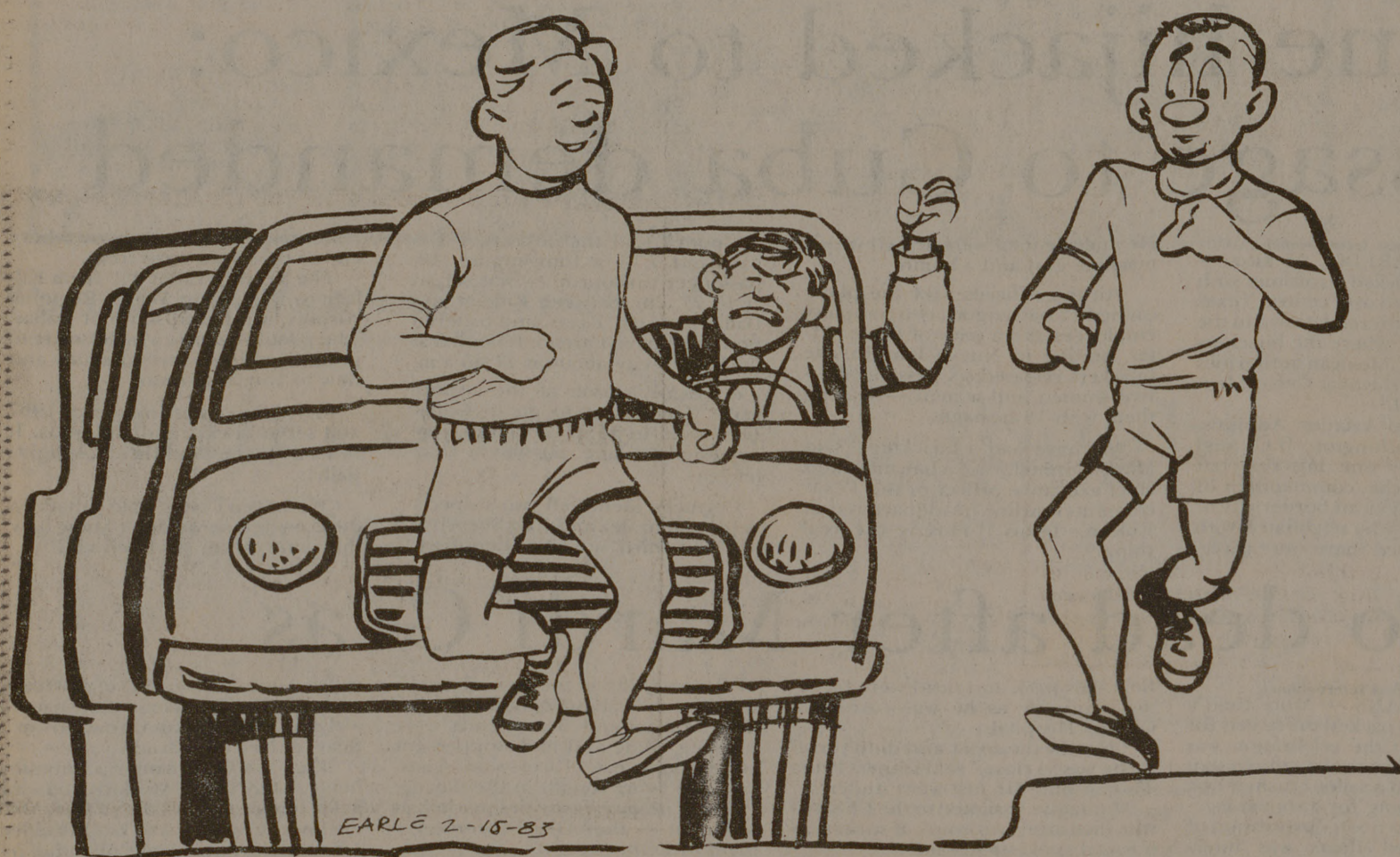


Slouch

By Jim Earle



"You ought to run in the street. That way, everybody gets to suffer along with you."

American workers stay on toes

by Maxwell Glen and Cody Shearer

The president's son put his finger on something the other day that has important implications for America's future.

In a parting shot in the pages of Newsweek, 24-year-old Ronald Prescott Reagan explained that he was giving up his chosen profession, ballet, because dancing was "much less and much more" than he'd imagined. The "glorious harmony of mind and body" wasn't worth the hassle of constant travel, low pay and poor treatment.

"Ten hours in a rehearsal room render one incapable of anything more energetic than sipping beet through a straw and watching 'I Love Lucy' reruns," Reagan contended in a guest column.

We know what you're thinking: A president's son, who dropped out of Yale to pick up toe shoes, doesn't need much sympathy. His father could introduce him to hundreds of employers and keep him from re-seeking jobless benefits.

And who else, excepting perhaps Bjorn Borg, could quit his job in the depths of a recession and explain himself to millions of readers? In times like these, many people vent their frustration — by missing work or getting high — but never give up their jobs.

But young Reagan is rather typical of an enormous worker class about which so

much has been said and written. He doesn't play by older rules of self-fulfillment, partly because he can't and partly because he doesn't want to.

Everybody at the first or middle rungs of that Ladder to Wherever understands the first reason. The sheer size of Reagan's generation has greatly exacer-

And who else, excepting perhaps Bjorn Borg, could quit his job in the depths of a recession and explain himself to millions of readers?

bated the stifling effect of low growth. Some fields, like ballet, pose more problems than others, but even engineering and business won't offer guaranteed promotional opportunities.

Meanwhile, as the first family's youngest explains, there's more to life than promotions. "I left (ballet) because I want to make a home with my wife and one day have a child," he wrote. Not only the finances of ballet but all "the prospect of touring for months on end made these goals distant, at best." To be sure, the "deprivation" and "humiliation" implicit in the work only magnified his discontent.

The dancer-turned-writer evidently wanted to warn us that such hardships

pose future problems for the ballet profession. He mostly blames ballet managers who bemoan cuts in National Endowment for the Arts grants but stage lavish productions on the backs of acquiescent performers. Unintentionally, or inadvertently, he sidesteps his father's fiscal parsimony with the arts.

But young Ron's job dissatisfaction has wide-ranging implications. It plagues a generation whose values, in the words of public opinion analyst Matt Puleo of the Yankelovich firm, have evolved from a "psychology of affluence." In the future, it means that many more workers, desperate for fulfillment, will make occasional job changes a career in itself.

If it hasn't already, the trend is likely to drive employers crazy. Even efforts to give workers a bigger piece of the rock or an expanded role in decision-making won't solve the problem. As with the Holy Grail, the precise nature and source of job satisfaction could be less clear than the search itself.

Perpetually restless workers, unfortunately, could undermine the chances for a healthy economy. While technological advances and a shrinking overall labor pool are likely to provide an enormous boost to America's productivity, the quality of the workforce will be a linchpin to economic strength. If workers lack a basic interest and commitment in their jobs, progress may be slow in coming.

Planned Parenthood parenting problems

by Art Buchwald

This column is about sex. Parental discretion is advised.

The Reagan administration seems to be going ahead with a rule requiring that any organization receiving federal funds for dispensing contraceptives to a minor must notify the parents within 10 days of the request.

The administration's heart is in the right place. But trying to put such a rule into effect presents problems. Many parents can't talk with their teen-agers about rock music, much less discuss with them the subject of sex.

Let's assume that the Wallingfords have just received a letter from Planned Parenthood, noting that their daughter Sue Anne has requested a prescription for the Pill.

Both are waiting for her when she comes home from school.

"Where were you?" Wallingford demands.

"I was in school."

"And what were you doing in school?"

"I don't know. I just went to class, and stuff."

"What kind of stuff?" Wallingford yells.

"You know, just stuff. What are you guys all excited about?"

"Are you sure you didn't sneak off in a clothes closet and do it with some boy?"

"Do what? And with what boy?"

"Any boy," Mrs. Wallingford says. "We know everything," she says waving the letter from Planned Parenthood.

"So what do you have to say for yourself?"

"I knew if I asked you for permission to buy the Pill you wouldn't give it to me."

"You're damn right we wouldn't give it to you. What kind of parents do you think we are?" Wallingford says.

"I know what kind of parents you are."

That's why I went somewhere else to protect myself."

"To protect yourself from what?"

"Having a baby."

"What do you know about babies?" Mrs. Wallingford says.

"Well, when the male's sperm fertilizes the woman's ovum ..."

"That's enough of that kind of talk," Wallingford shouts.

"I don't believe I'm hearing this," Wallingford says. "We've raised a phomaniac."

"You seem to know a lot about young lady," Wallingford says. "You tainly didn't learn any of this at home."

"I know. That's why I went to the nic. Every time I brought up the subje you said it was none of my business."

"It isn't any of your business," Wallingford says. "You're 17 years and nice girls don't discuss such stuff with their parents."

"Well, if it isn't any of my business, come I can get pregnant?"

"You can't get pregnant unless you it," Wallingford shouts. "And your mother and I forbid you to do it."

"Anything you say, folks. Now go go?"

"Where are you going?"

"To the basketball game with Jan."

"So that's where you're going to Wallingford cries.

"How am I going to do it at a basket game?"

"In the parking lot," Wallingford says.

"That's where I used to do it."

"I can't take any more if you Goodbye."

After Sue Anne leaves, Mrs. Wallingford wipes the tears from her eyes.

"I know, George, I think we both would be happier today if Planned Parenthood had never let us know."

Support your local generic politician

by Dick West
United Press International

WASHINGTON — Consumer and other illness-prone groups seeking cheaper medication long have lobbied for legislation to make it easier for doctors to prescribe drugs by generic, or chemical, nomenclature rather than brand name.

And now makers of generic, or no-name, cigarettes report a booming business. Filters, kings, lights and regulars sold in packages labeled simply as "cigarettes" captured nearly 1 percent of the market in 1982. That, as one industry spokesman commented, amounts to "big bucks."

There is more to their rising popularity than the fact that generic products generally are cheaper than brand-name goods. The phenomenon has been called "reverse snob appeal" by some social critics.

Injection of the ego element into unbranded merchandise makes me wonder where the trend will strike next. Generic T-shirts may be one possibility.

Everywhere you look these days you see T-shirts imprinted with political messages, personal statements of life style preferences and myriad pictorial graphics.

What about skivvies with the word "T-shirt" spelled out across the chest? Might they not be heavy sellers? Particularly if the price is right?

Also is brisk demand would be generic bumper stickers. Be the first on your

block to plaster your auto with placards bearing the word "bumpersticker."

Speaking of autos, a generic automobile might not be a bad idea. It could run Japanese cars right off the road.

The greatest potential, however, probably lies in the field of generic politicians.

U.S. political archives fairly teem with jokes about "the best senator money can buy." But buying a member of Congress isn't what it used to be.

Common Cause, the "citizen's lobby" that keeps track of campaign funds, has just isolated and identified the state's first "million-dollar PAC man."

It says one of the successful candidates in the 1982 campaign received \$1,101,951 in PAC contributions.

A prime reason the price is going up is the insistence on brand-name politicians. PAC contributors generally go for candidates who are affiliated with one of the major parties, which, at twilight's gleaming, were brand named Republican and Democrat.

Politicians might be labeled generically liberal, generically conservative or generically moderate. Whatever your ideology some of them should be in tune with brand of politics. Plus they are cheap.

The next time you mark your ballot and none of the namebrand candidates suits your fancy, try voting generically. It could be the next best thing to "vote the above."

ETTA ©1983 FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM
HULME
NEA



"First we put everything into the computer and when we arrive at a figure we draw a number out of the hat. Then we average them and cross our fingers."

The Battalion
USPS 045 360

Member of
Texas Press Association
Southwest Journalism Conference

Editor Diana Sultenfuss
Managing Editor Gary Barker
Associate Editor Denise Richter
City Editor Hope E. Pasch
Assistant City Editor Beverly Hamilton
Sports Editor John Wagner
Entertainment Editor Colette Hutchings
Assistant Entertainment Editor Diane Yount
News Editors Daran Bishop, Brian Boyer,
Jennifer Carr, Elaine Engstrom,
Johna Jo Maurer, Jan Werner,
Rebecca Zimmermann

Staff Writers
Melissa Adair, Maureen Carmody,
Frank Christlieb, Connie Edelman,
Patrice Koranek, John Lopez, Robert
McGlohon, Ann Ramsbottom, Kim
Schmidt, Patti Schwierzke, Kelley
Smith, Angel Stokes, Tracey Taylor,
Joe Tindel
Copy editors Shelley Hoekstra, Jan Swamer,
Chris Thayer
Cartoonist Scott McCullar
Graphic Artists Pam Starasnic,
Sergio Galvez
Photographers David Fisher, Jorge Casari,
Ronald W. Emerson, Rob
Johnston, Irene Mees, William
Schulz

Editorial Policy

The Battalion is a non-profit, self-supporting newspaper operated as a community service to Texas A&M University and Bryan-College Station. Opinions ex-

pressed in The Battalion are those of the editor or author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Texas A&M University administrators or faculty members, or of the Board of Regents.

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

Questions or comments concerning any 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 too long. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit for style and length, but will make every effort to preserve 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, but are not subject to the same length constraints as letters. Address all inquiries and correspondence to The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843, or phone (409) 261-2611.

The Battalion is published daily during Texas fall and spring semesters, except for holidays and vacation periods. Mail subscriptions are \$16.75 per semester, \$33.25 per school year and \$35 per full year. Advertising rates furnished on request.

Our address: The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald Building, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843.

United Press International is entitled exclusively to the use for reproduction of all news dispatches prepared by it. Rights of reproduction of all other material are reserved.

Second class postage paid at College Station, TX 77843.