

opinion

Unprepared could get lost in Aggieland

No one ever prepared me for Texas A&M.

I thought my transition from Amarillo College, a small junior college in the Panhandle, to A&M would be relatively simple because I had been in a college atmosphere for two years already.

But no one ever prepared me for this. I should have been forewarned that I was unprepared when I tried to obtain my paid fees receipt, that without which a student is not officially allowed to eat, sleep or breath at A&M.

I had mailed a check for my fees to the University two weeks before my arrival on campus, but had never received the receipt in the mail.

Wandering around the campus, quite

disoriented, I first proceeded to the wrong area of Rudder Tower and was then incorrectly directed to the Pavillion

kari fluegel

where I was again directed back to Rudder.

When I finally found the right place I proceeded to the line marked "Sent payment, but not received receipt."

The student behind the table looked for my records, which could not be found in his basket of paperwork. Then, in true

Aggie spirit, he searched other area baskets until he located my records in the unpaid fees line.

My receipt, I discovered, was being held because I had written my check out for \$1777.93 instead of \$1777.95. After putting in my two cents worth, I was finally admitted to A&M.

I realize A&M is a school full of traditions, but why didn't someone warn me about everything?

I understand and appreciate traditions like the Twelfth Man, not walking on the MSC grass and midnight yell practice, but no one ever told me about the other traditions.

No one ever told me it was a tradition at A&M to sweat. In my home town of Amarillo the temperature frequently

rises over 100, with no humidity; therefore, residents are used to being hot and dry. The transition from the dry Panhandle to College Station has left me hot and wet.

I was recently complaining to a friend about the humidity when I was reminded that girls don't sweat, they glow. Well, I have glowing like a pig ever since I got to A&M.

Also, I was never informed of the hurry-up and wait policy of the University bureaucracy. Unbelievably, the only place I don't have to wait in line is in the restroom.

Rain is also a new experience for anyone from the Panhandle. My brother, of the Aggie Class of '82, warned me that the insignificant little sprinkles I was

used to in Amarillo was nothing like rain storms here.

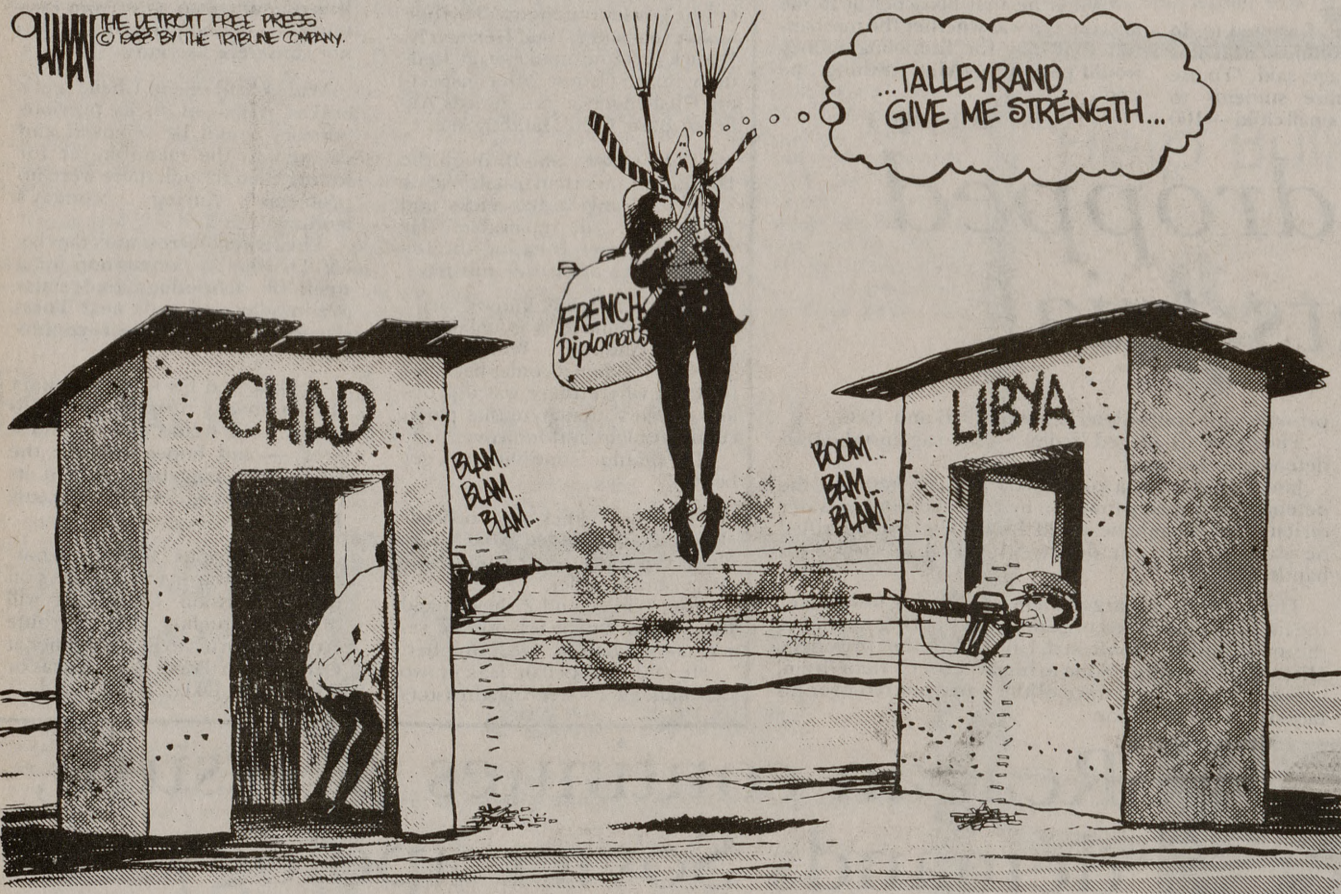
Being an ex-girl scout, I decided I would be prepared and purchased an umbrella. I should have bought a suit.

Sore feet seem to be a tradition. Standing at football games isn't so after walking a mile to class, a mile to MSC to discover there is no mail and a mile back to the dorm.

Another tradition I wasn't warned out is that walking on the sidewalk between classes is the same as shouting want to be run over by a bicycle.

It is unfair for new students to Aggieland completely unprepared therefore I'm taking the initiative.

New and future Aggies, watch out for the things Mama didn't tell you.



Reagan out of commissions

by Dick West

United Press International

WASHINGTON — President Reagan is being credited in some quarters with raising the government-by-commission concept to the level it enjoyed during the Eisenhower administration.

I personally am not entirely convinced that Reagan is all that devoted to the commission form of problem-solving — or problem-duking as the case might be. But Ike's allegiance was unmistakable.

Not for nothing did his years in the White House (1953-61) become known as the golden age of presidential commissions. So what if some of them operated behind signs that said, "The duck stops here."

Every time a hot potato was tossed in his lap, Ike would announce he was appointing another commission.

"We're going to get the best brains in the country to look into this matter," he would say.

Then he would name the president of a breakfast food company as chairman.

By coincidence, the chairman's name might have been drawn from a list of "I Like Ike" fund-raisers during the previous presidential campaign.

But don't get me wrong. I'm not suggesting that the brains of breakfast food moguls are not among the best in the country; or that presidential commissions might be a way of paying off political debts and cooling hot potatoes.

It is, however, somewhat axiomatic that by the time a commission appointed to study a certain problem makes its report, the public may have lost interest in the issue.

Moreover, a president is under no legal obligation to abide by a commission's recommendations.

Nevertheless, the popularity of commissions began to fade during, as I recall, the Nixon administration.

The usefulness of commissions as a governmental tool is at least questionable. There is, however, one sure way to settle the argument once and for all.

That would be for Reagan to appoint a presidential commission on presidential commissions.

In fact, he wouldn't even have to name a new commission. The study could be turned over to the bipartisan Scowcroft commission, whose life Reagan recently extended.

This group originally was appointed to recommend ways of deploring the MX nuclear missile.

If invited to testify before the group, I would recommend that some of the new MX missiles not be equipped with nuclear warheads.

Instead, they would be armed with copies of old presidential commission reports.

It could be the only way to get the Geneva disarmament talks off dead center. The prospect of being bombarded with old commission reports would, I suspect, bring Soviet negotiators to their knees.

Slouch

by Jim Earle



"We're the ones who are standing ready to go in and play, in case we're needed as a Twelfth Man on the kickoff team."

Letters: Appeal made against DWI

Editor:

I am writing this letter from my hospital bed and I'd like to direct it to the A&M students.

Last Thursday night (Aug. 25) around midnight I was unfortunate enough to be involved in an automobile accident on Harvey Road.

Not only was I the driver of the other vehicle speeding, but he was also drunk and did not have his headlights on. Within a matter of seconds, he crossed over two lanes, and traveling down the wrong side of the street, hit me head on.

My car, being only a Datsun 210 was no match for his Ford LTD. My car was completely totaled and had there been anyone in the car with me, they would have surely been killed. Unbelievably, I came out of it alive.

I did, however, sustain two fractured ribs, a broken hand, a possibly fractured collarbone, lacerations on my cornea, and many other cuts on my body.

Had the other driver not been so drunk, I would not be wearing a neck-brace and riding around in a wheelchair as I have been.

In the future, I hope that everyone will think twice before they attempt to drive while intoxicated. It is a terrifying experience to be involved in such an accident and to undergo the misery I am presently going through.

Just thankful to be alive,

Arnold Weil '83

Rules of college life

Editor:

Here are a few rules that you may find relevant to the student body. I know they brought back memories (good and bad) for me:

Seit's Law of Higher Education

— The one course you must take to graduate will not be offered during your last semester.

Remember 'fish' days?

by Dave Spence

It's not fair — it really isn't — how the upperclassmen automatically dismiss the

incoming freshman as a bunch of unstudious, pubescent hedonists to whom the word "study-lounge" is a paradox.

Certainly it hasn't been so long since most seniors were freshman (though for some, I know, it's been quite some time) that they can't sympathize with the fresh-

"John, they can't. When my roommate gets back, we're gonna study this bio..."

(Bam, bam, bam.)

"If that's you Barry, go away!"

(Bam! Bam! Bam!)

"C'mon in, he's just kidding."

"Dave, man! Party, man! Beer, man! Oh, and this is Belinda Crawllwell."

"Hello, Belinda. Nice to meet you Barry, you can't stay. I've got to..."

"Not until you've heard Belinda tell you about being rushed by the Delta..."

"Oh, wow! It's so exciting. See, first they called me."

"John, dammit, leave your hands off my roommate's records."

(Bam, bam, bam.)

"Go away!"

"C'mon in!!"

"Hi, I'm Frank. Live next door and heard the party. Thought me and my eight friends would join you."

"Hi, I'm Belinda! You're cute."

"John, would yuh turn the music down please. The RA will hear it!"

(Bam! Bam! Bam!)

"Go away!"

"Open up! I'm the resident advisor!"

"Oh, s-sorry. P-please do come in."

"I'm afraid the music's way too loud. Going to have to write you up."

"No, no, please. This is all a big mistake. Y'see, I never..."

(Bam! Bam! Bam!)

"Sounds like more guests, buddy."

"I'm sure it's just my roommate. He swears that we were just going to study tonight. I'll let him in."

"Domino's, sir!"

The Battalion

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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 telephone number of the writer.

Columns and guest editorials also are 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 (409) 845-2611.

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Paul Hassey and Rhode White House former prof his honor a on Tuesday

Banq Aggie

by Stephanie M. Battalion Staff "I want to be able to pay my rent payments," student Paul Hassey at a reception given for a Rhode White House Fellow. Hassey was able to work at a cabinet member's for informal disbursement for the background and making to restore a cataloging of American films made 1950.

His job involved trips to Hollywood to studios and filmmaking when Charleston H... at the White House for Hassey.

"This was the man Moses, Michael A... thing but God, Hasse said, s... slightly.

Greg Cizik

The B'nai Texas A&M City Comm New Year Everyone's Student R Rosh Ha Wedn Thurs Friday Yom Kip Friday Satur 6:00 p C.S.