

# opinion

## Letters

### Run to annoy Corps unneeded aggravation

**Editor:**  
Recently a resident of Moore Hall came to our dorm to distribute flyers. These notices requested that all who cared to should gather at 5:30 Wednesday for a run over to Southside. The wording of the flyer went like this:

"Freshmen! (And all others welcome!) We're jogging to Southside to Piss Off the Corps!" It then gave the time and date and was signed "Your V.P."

This campus has enough trouble with Northside-Southside relations without this type of antagonism going on. The Corps does not run on this side of the campus just to "piss off" the Northside residents. Do you have what it takes to do all they do, and do it as well? If your answer is yes, why can't you find a more effective way to show it?

Philip Carter '85  
Davis-Gary

population isn't controlled by humane extermination now, the gummy bear population will expand geometrically until their toad supply is exhausted--then those who want to "save" the gummy bears will be responsible for the deaths of millions of suffering, emaciated gummy bears. Third, in this world of dog eat dog and man eat gummy bear, it is the natural order of things that only the fittest should survive. To artificially distribute the equal right of all species to life is--like all commie-pinko programs--of waste of precious resources. The issue simply boils down to: should Ags change their whole way of life to save such a worthless species?

The bottom line? Preserve the status quo! If Aggies have eaten gummy bears in the past, then it must be a tradition, and as good Ags we should fight to maintain our traditions. Kill, mutilate, and chew gummy bears and their bleeding-heart liberal friends forever!

Chris Bowers  
President, Nuke the Gummy Bears, Inc

### Nuke the gummybears

**Editor:**

After being daily bombarded with left-wing, teapip ideology in the "real-world" newspapers, I could always be comforted by The Battalion--the eternal bastion of conservatism. Imagine my horror and disgust when I saw knee-jerking liberalism insidiously invading our hallowed campus under the seemingly harmless cause of "saving the gummy bears".

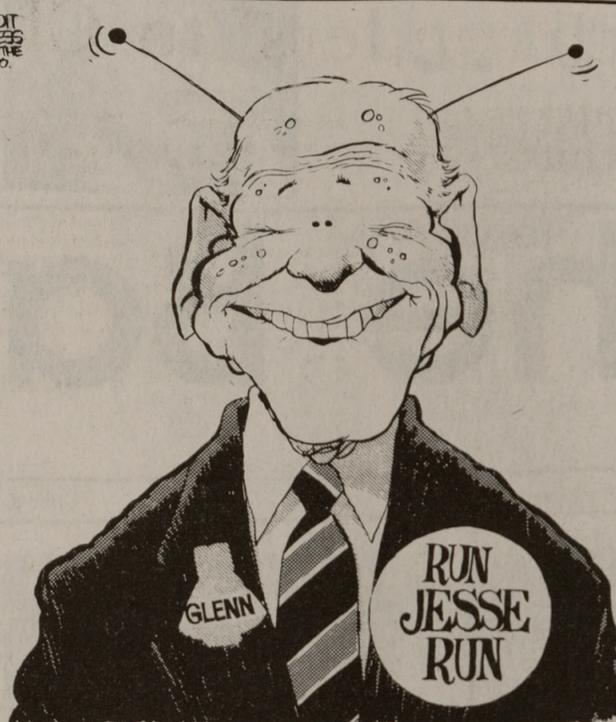
Like all socialist causes, the idea of "saving the gummy bears" has serious defects once it is seriously examined. First, if Ags cut back on their consumption of gummy bears, they would have to eat more of other meats. Knowing Ags, I suspect they would want to save their cute, lovable cows, pigs, and sheep for other purposes. Second, if the gummy bear

### Yell practice a tradition

**Editor:**

I'd like to encourage everyone to attend yell practice tonight at 7:00 in the grove. I think there has been a real problem of communication in that in asking many people why they didn't attend last week most said "I didn't know about it", "no one reminded me", or "I forgot all about it." C'mon Ags, spread the word. Time and time again you've heard that tradition is what makes this university such a unique and special place. I really believe this and yell practice is a big part of it. Try to make it, and encourage your friends to go. Let's show A&M that the 12th Man stands behind them even when they're playin away.

Jim Pizzitola '85



## State fair full of food, oddities

I recently was able to attend this year's State Fair in Dallas and never in my life have I seen such a display of oddities, and I don't mean the sideshows.

Supposedly fairs were created long ago so that farmers and other country folk could show their animals, vegetables and baked goods. That is a fallacy.

Fairs were invented for one reason alone: eating.

I once watched a little boy devour a corn dog, corn-on-the-cob and cotton candy only to hand his mother a chocolate-covered banana so he could ride a roller coaster. After his ride was over, he took one look at the banana and ran for the nearest port-a-potty.

The list of food that the unsuspecting fair-goer can pig-out on goes on forever: foot-long chili dogs, hamburgers, foot-long corn dogs; turkey legs, french fries, potatoe skins, pizza, cotton candy, candied apples, corn-on-the-cob, salt-water taffy, funnel cakes, beer, wine coolers, nachos, burritos and so much more.

When I was at the fair, I ate and I ate and I ATE. I ended up feeling bigger than "Porky the World's Largest Pig", one of the stars of the fair's sideshow.

Sideshows at the fair are probably the funniest part in the whole place. I would like to meet the person who would pay



kari fluegel

money to see "Giant Brazilian Cockroaches."

A person doesn't even have to go inside the shows to get a good laugh. The billboards are funny enough.

One of the major sideshow attractions at the State Fair this year is a woman who has no head, but "she is alive." I actually once paid to satisfy my curiosity about a similar attraction called "Headless Helga."

Helga ended up being a young woman, wearing a skimpy costume, with her head tilted back and a black cloth over her face. She was probably in her

20's even though the accident which capitated her had reportedly happened 20 years before.

Another characteristic common to sideshows is the "World's Smallest Man" and "World's Largest Man." As a fact, however, is that the "World's Largest Man" varies from fair to fair.

At the State Fair this year, a reward is offered if the "World's Largest Man" is not alive. Some dealers of "World's Smallest Man."

My all time favorite sideshow, however, has got to be "The Alien from X." I think it is fantastic how the owners found and validated of them important being without the Air Force Army or news media finding out.

I think I could open a pretentious sideshow.

Step right up and see the most amazing oddities on earth: "Giant Cockroaches that feed on hair," "World's Largest Beer Bill," and, not least, "the World's Lowest Chemistry exam."

## Another Christmas, another unused tie

By Dick West

United Press International

The advent of October means another Christmas shopping season is almost at our throats. So let us forthwith give some thought to Christmas neckties.

Not that one has to wait for a holiday to visit a haberdasher. At last report, about 200 million of neckties were being sold in this country every day.

These, I assume, are American-made ties. Although I've heard that some Japanese ties can get up to 60 miles to a gallon of gravy, the demand for foreign cravats appears to have peaked.

Imported or domestic, it is during the Christmas shopping season that the necktie really comes into its own. But, according to a survey I saw earlier this year, men generally are fed up with receiving ties as gifts.

Enough already! Although the first mile may be the hardest, the average male wardrobe is now deemed by its owner to have a sufficiency of cravats. At least of the gift variety.

Only 18 percent of the male participants in the survey said they would welcome a gift-wrapped necktie. None indicated a tie would be first choice in a letter to Santa, and about half said they already owned 20 or more ties, gravy spots and all.

The largest number (27 percent) ranked books as the gift they would most like to receive. Literature was followed by booze, toilet articles, shirts and sporting goods.

Conceivably, surveys of this sort could work a hardship on female shoppers, who buy 65 percent of the neckties, mostly as presents for husbands or gentlemen friends.

This year, they need to exercise a little more imagination in their gift selections, although goodness knows plenty of imagination has gone into the purchase of Christmas neckties.

As a rule of thumb (the thumb can be a big help in tying knots), ties that appear under a Christmas tree quickly make their way to the back of the rack, and are never seen again.

Be warned, however, that gift books aren't all that easy to choose either. Unless due care is exercised, Christmas books will be as unread as Christmas ties are unworn.

If the same taste that has governed the sale of Christmas ties goes into the selection of Christmas books, the biggest sellers will have red dust jackets filigreed with sprigs of mistletoe and other seasonal vegetation.

The watchword will be: damn the title and contents; full speed ahead with bizarre dust jackets.

Bear in mind that books are highly personal items, at least as individualistic as neckties. Perhaps the following fashion guideline will be of some help:

The vogue in literature right now is toward thick books. If a female shopper doesn't buy the male of her gift list a book that is at least 2.5 inches thick, that can be taken to mean she doesn't really love him.

Another point: you can no more judge a book by its cover than you can judge a man by what he wears around his neck. Just try to find a dust jacket whose color matches his character.

### Slouch by Jim Earle



"I could understand a traffic citation for skating too fast, in the wrong area, on the wrong street, but not standing in a no parking area."

## Why the kids come home

by Art Buchwald

What brings the kids back, once they've left the nest? What makes them want to return home, after they have declared their independence? I wish I could say it was love of parents. I even wish I could say it was the dog or cat they left behind. I discovered what finally brings offspring back to their mommies and daddies. There isn't a child who hasn't gone out in the brave new world who eventually doesn't return to the old homestead carrying a bundle of dirty clothes.

"Hi, Pop, I'm back."  
"It's Ezra. When did you return from the Amazon?"

"A week ago. I just stopped by to throw my laundry in the washing machine."  
"How did the jungle look from the interior?"

"Fine, Dad. It's a terrific place. Listen, I can't talk now. When the wash cycle is finished would you put my stuff in the dryer?"

"Of course, son. I'm mighty glad to see you. Would you like to say hello to your mother?"  
"Tell her I'll see her when I come back to get my laundry."

"I'll do that. She was a little nervous about your being in the Amazon for two years."

"Goodbye, Dad."  
"Who was that downstairs?"  
"It was Ezra, Mother. He came back to do his laundry."

"Where is he?"  
"He'll be back once his socks are dry."  
"I'll hear someone downstairs."  
"I'll go down and look... Well if it isn't Lucy from Birmingham. Why didn't you write you were coming?"

"I didn't know I was coming. But my washer broke a week ago and the kids' dirty clothes kept piling up on me, so I just got on an airplane to fly up and do them. Can I stay for a couple of days? I've got four loads."

"Of course you can. You're going to have to wait, though, because Ezra has his

clothes in the machine now from his trip to Brazil. Wander up and say hello to your mother. She'll be delighted to see you."

"Sure, Dad, but call me as soon as Ezra's stuff is done, will you?"  
"No problem. Now who could that be at the door? Why it's Paul. I thought we said goodbye to you last month when you went off to college."

"I just came home for the week-end to do my laundry."

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