

Tuition hike not fair

Amid the flurry of tax increases and education reforms now before the state Legislature, a new proposal has crept in.

It's one college students should be aware of.

Until now, most college students probably haven't paid much attention to the special session of the Legislature. The education reform measures are for state public education, not state higher education. You may think that's interesting but not something that concerns you.

The tax measures proposed to finance the reforms, however, should concern you.

The latest proposal calls for phased-in tuition increases at state colleges and universities. Tuition is now \$4 a semester hour — about 4 percent of the actual cost. The proposal would increase tuition by 2 percent a year until students are paying 15 percent of their college costs. Out-of-state students would go from the 40 percent they pay now to 75 percent.

Obviously, if the state has to put in less money for a student's college education, that leaves more money for other purposes, such as public education.

Granted, tuition at Texas universities is low — almost ridiculously low. Perhaps an increase isn't out of line.

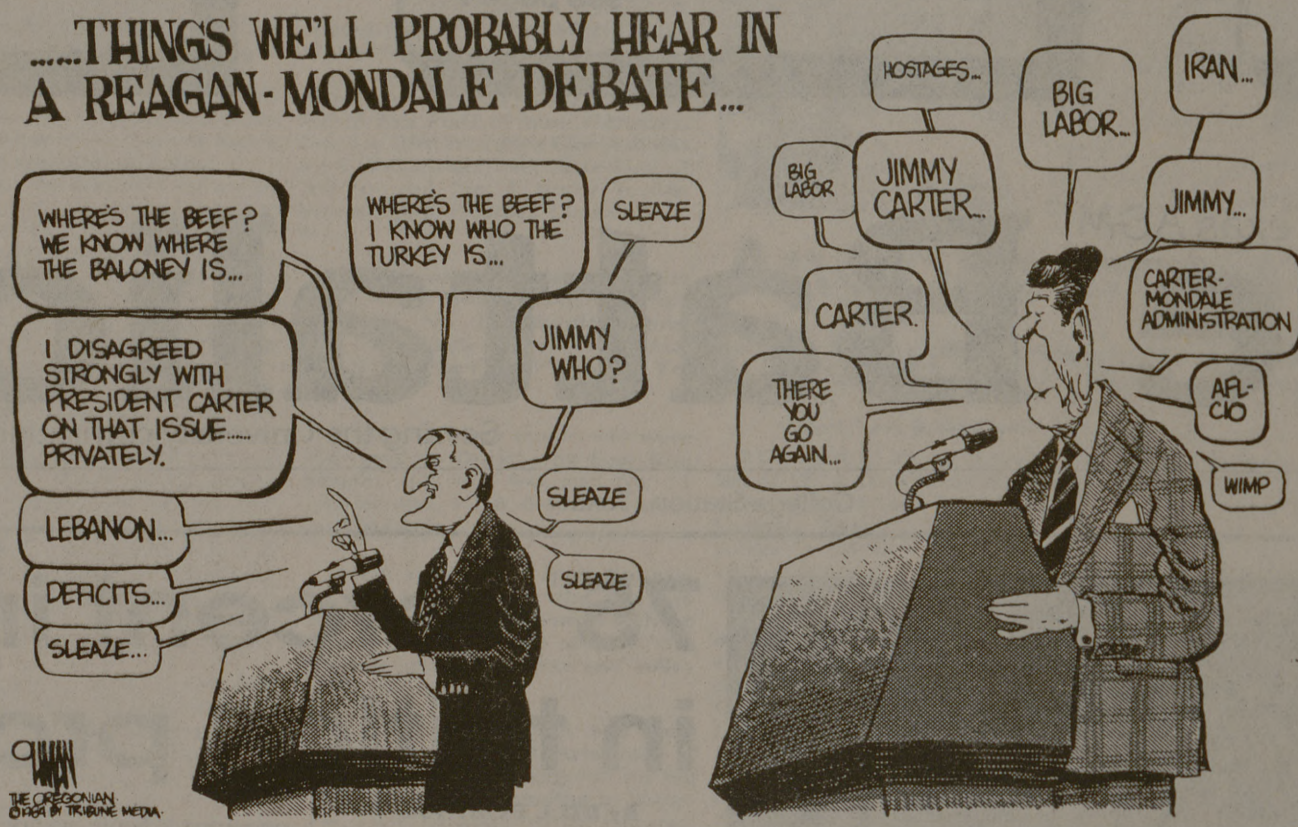
But almost quadrupling what we pay now — and doubling what out-of-state students pay — is out of line. Hitting students with increases such as that either will prevent some students from going to college or it will force colleges to come up with more scholarship money.

If the proposal makes it to the Legislature, The Battalion Editorial Board hopes legislators will scrutinize what the measure would do to college students.

It would be a shame to make legislators choose between higher education and public education.

— The Battalion Editorial Board

.....THINGS WE'LL PROBABLY HEAR IN A REAGAN-MONDALE DEBATE.....



Searching for the ideal running mate

By ART BUCHWALD
Columnist for
United Press International

I was walking down the street minding my own business when I passed the "Mondale for President" headquarters building. There was a long line out front and I asked a man what was going on.

"The candidate is interviewing people to be his vice president," he replied.

"What did he do — put an ad in the paper?" I asked.

"Not exactly. But he put out word to all the leaders of the unions, women and minority groups that he'd talk to anyone who wanted the job. I heard about it from my cousin who works with 'Hispanic Joggers for Mondale.'"

"I didn't know Mondale had time to see everyone who wanted to be vice president."

"He has nothing else to do until the July convention. By interviewing vice presidential candidates he can keep his name in the paper. You want to get in line?"

"It looks awfully long."

"That's what I thought, but it moves pretty fast. Every once in a while a volunteer brings out coffee and doughnuts so it isn't as bad as you would think."

I had nothing to do for the afternoon so I went to the end of the line. There was a woman senior citizen in front of me.

"You going to go for it?" I asked her.

"Why not?" she said. "He's going to need a woman on the ticket, and he also needs the senior citizen vote. I could be a twofor."

"Do you think you're up to being vice president of the United States?"

"As far as I can tell, a vice president's main function is to go to funerals, and I go to a lot of funerals."

"I understand the vice president also serves on the National Security Council."

"I thought it was the Social Security Council," she said. "That was one of the reasons I came down for the job."

"Not to worry," I assured her. "You have to go along with the president on national security anyway, so you just agree with everything he says."

"I hear the job pays pretty good."

"You don't get what you would as vice president of General Motors, but you won't starve to death."

"Well, that's better than being on Social Security."

Two hours later I was escorted into the candidate's office. He was surrounded by advisers.

He shook my hand and told me to take a seat. "What can you add to my ticket?" he asked.

"Well, sir, the way I see it the only way you can beat Reagan is if you have the media behind you. If you make a newspaperman your running mate, I can deliver CBS, ABC, NBC, and George Will."

Mondale seemed interested. "Are you sure?"

"I have the Eastern Establishment media in my pocket," I told him. "We've been dying to have one of our own in the White House for years."

"Well, it's something to think about. I'm very impressed with your qualifications. Leave your name with my secretary and we'll get back to you."

"Thank you, sir," I said and left. I met the little old lady out on the sidewalk. "How did you do?"

She said, "He was very impressed with my qualifications and told me he'd get back to me. Do you think he means it?"

"I'm sure he does. But I wouldn't give up your Social Security check until you see what happens in San Francisco."

Spiraling upwards with romance

One of my goals in life is to write a cheap, tawdry romance novel.

I think it would be fun to write a romance novel. I can see it now — a bottle of cheap wine on one side of my typewriter and a bag of Oreos on the other.

You know the kind of books I mean. The books that are laughably unrealistic. And the books that sell by the millions as soon as they hit the stands.

I'll admit it. I read romance novels, but only the good ones.

My favorite author is Kathleen E. Woodiwiss. I like the fact that with her books the predictability is unpredictable.

In her books, the heroine usually hates the hero at first, quite often because he raped her. But somehow they



Kari Fluegel

get married only to thwart the plans of the villain, who pops up threatening to destroy their happiness, once the couple discovers that they have loved each other all along and are deliriously happy. Anyway, love conquers all, they have a kid and live happily ever after.

The trick is getting the couple from hate to love. She does it every time, but no plot twist is ever the same.

The only thing you can count on with Woodiwiss is that in at least one love scene in every book, she has the heroine's emotions go "spiraling upwards."

Romance novelists are better writers than most people give them credit for. They just have to embellish life more than the Washington Post.

In romance novels, life simply isn't as clear cut as real life. Take a kiss, for example. That's right, a simple little kiss. In romance novels, characters don't just pucker up and smack each other on the mouth.

For example, in "Sweet Savage Love," (Yes, that's what I said, "Sweet Savage Love.") Rosemary Rogers writes, "She had been kissed before, but never like this! Nor had any man dared hold her so closely that she could feel the entire length of his body against hers. His mouth was hard and merciless. Instead of merely touching her lips gently, it seemed to sear into them like a flame, forcing them apart under the onslaught of his kiss."

Find me something like that in the Washington Post.

Kisses aren't the only reason to read a romance novel. In such books, life is more — for lack of a better word — romantic. Kisses are searing at the same time joy is bubbling, limbs are quivering, touches are lingering and sex, well, I'll let you read the book to find out about that.

Why would an intelligent, modern college senior want to read, much less write, a torrid romance?

Car adept at breaking in new driver

By KATHLEEN HART

What's blue and white and black? My new Toyota Corolla!

Well, it's not really new, but it's new to me. I've only had it a little more than a week and we're still getting used to each other. It's got a manual transmission, and I've always driven automatics, so our major problem is getting Tutti (that's the car's name) to change gears when she should.

If I just knew when she should, we'd be in good shape. But I tend to do things like stalling at a stop sign at the top of a hill — what am I supposed to do then when I only have two feet and need three? (One for the accelerator, one for the clutch and one for the brake.) Well, I can conquer that little

problem — somehow. But really, that's the only problem Tutti and I have.

Well, that's not the only thing. The seat is a little too low and I do have to sit on a pillow to see out, but that's OK.

And I do have to open the glove box to work the radio, but it's there because it's too big to fit in the hole in the dash. Besides, nobody can see it to steal it. So I can't change stations while I'm driving. I can wait for a stoplight.

And I guess Tutti doesn't want me to leave her, so she makes the lock on my door stick sometimes — usually when I'm in the car, which means I have to open my window and try to unlock the door with the key. Of course, if that doesn't work, all I have to do is crawl over the parking brake and get out the other door. No prob-

lem as long as I'm not wearing a dress.

But other than that Tutti's a good car.

Really, she's better than the last car I drove, which was my parents' — a 1964 Plymouth which looked like a junkyard reject. The radio didn't work at all — in or out of the glove box — and the speedometer jumped around like it was having fits — fits which were completely unrelated to the speed at which the car was traveling. The heater worked in the summer, and it had 460 air conditioning — open all four windows and go 60 mph.

And then there was the trunk key. It looked exactly like a screwdriver.

And I'm not saying it leaked water or anything, but once a passenger swore he saw minnows swimming around on the floor of the back seat.

But at least the engine worked well, even if the exhaust system didn't. I usually had to stop once on the way home to Houston because the exhaust fumes would make me dizzy.

Really, it wasn't the exhaust system. That was in great shape. It was the foot-long holes in the bottom of the trunk through which the exhaust fumes would swirl back in that were the problem.

But then that car is 20 years old and still runs. Nellie Monster, Nellie, or the Ratmobile, decided to go live with the man from whom I bought my car. My buying Tutti left him with no car. I think I got the better end of the deal.

(Kathleen Hart is the news editor for The Battalion and a senior journalism major.)

Letters:

Column writer has reality gap

Editor:
Clay Richards' column "America facing 'reality gap'" says that on election day if we decide to believe anti-Reagan rhetoric, the president could be defeated. As brilliantly insightful as this is, does it rate creating the new magic label "reality gap"? New labels help express new concepts, but Richards just gives us the same old nature warmed over.

He goes on to say that the Democratic strategy holds that Jackson's support of Mondale is important because he'll get newly-registered blacks and feminists to vote "in a system they have generally ignored over the years." The newly-registered account for less than two percent of all voters; their importance is marginal at best.

Recent events don't bear out the strategy in which Mondale courts Jackson's support. At the state convention the Mondale camp wasn't endeared to the newly-registered blacks and feminists supporting Jackson; we were to take a back seat and leave the driving to the party chairman and his committee. Texas' caucus system, affirmed by Mondale, largely shut out. For instance, the 21 percent Texas Democrats who favored Jackson resulted in only seven percent of the delegates to the state convention — if Richards seeks a reality gap, need look no further.

A winning Democratic strategy includes more than anti-Reagan rhetoric with a dash of labels like "yuppie" and "reality gap" — Richards didn't seem to spot this.

Analyzing the candidates' positions on issues of the day, petty as they may seem, tells us more about them than do columns regarding this week's superficial label. We deserve better columns than Richards'.

B. Meza

Gay opposition won't hurt Gramm

Editor:

(An open letter to Phil Gramm)

Dear Rep. Gramm:
Regarding your recent remarks about the gay community and the subsequent letter by Mr. DePalma, I believe that a few comments are in order. First, any anti-gay remark is sure to nothing but increase your already strong support. Having the courage to speak out against this group of deviants is commendable. It is indicative of your strong moral conscience which is so much needed among our country's leaders.

Secondly, Mr. DePalma's assertion that there are 3,000 homosexuals in Texas A&M or that this group could have any affect on the outcome of the upcoming election are highly improbable. Rep. Gramm, you have represented us honestly and fairly through the years, and because of the representation, you'll be in the winner's circle as a senator in November.

Mark W. Harris
Class of '84

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.

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