

## Raising drinking age — federal discrimination

Texas lawmakers will face a dilemma when they meet in January — either raise the drinking age to 21 or lose federal highway funds.

President Reagan signed the legislation Tuesday. Any state that doesn't have a drinking age of 21 by 1987 will lose 5 percent of its interstate highway funds. If it's not raised by 1988, the state will lose 10 percent.

That works out to about a \$150 million loss if Texas doesn't comply.

Faced with a choice like that, the state Legislature will almost surely choose the higher drinking age.

State Rep. Neeley Lewis, D-Bryan, says he is "violently opposed" to the legislation, but sees no way the state could do without the federal highway aid.

"It's coercion and it's a poor method for legislation," Lewis says.

But it's not unprecedented. Congress chose the same method of inflict-

ing its will on the states when the speed limit was decreased to 55 mph.

The measure is more than federal blackmail — it's a piece of discriminatory legislation.

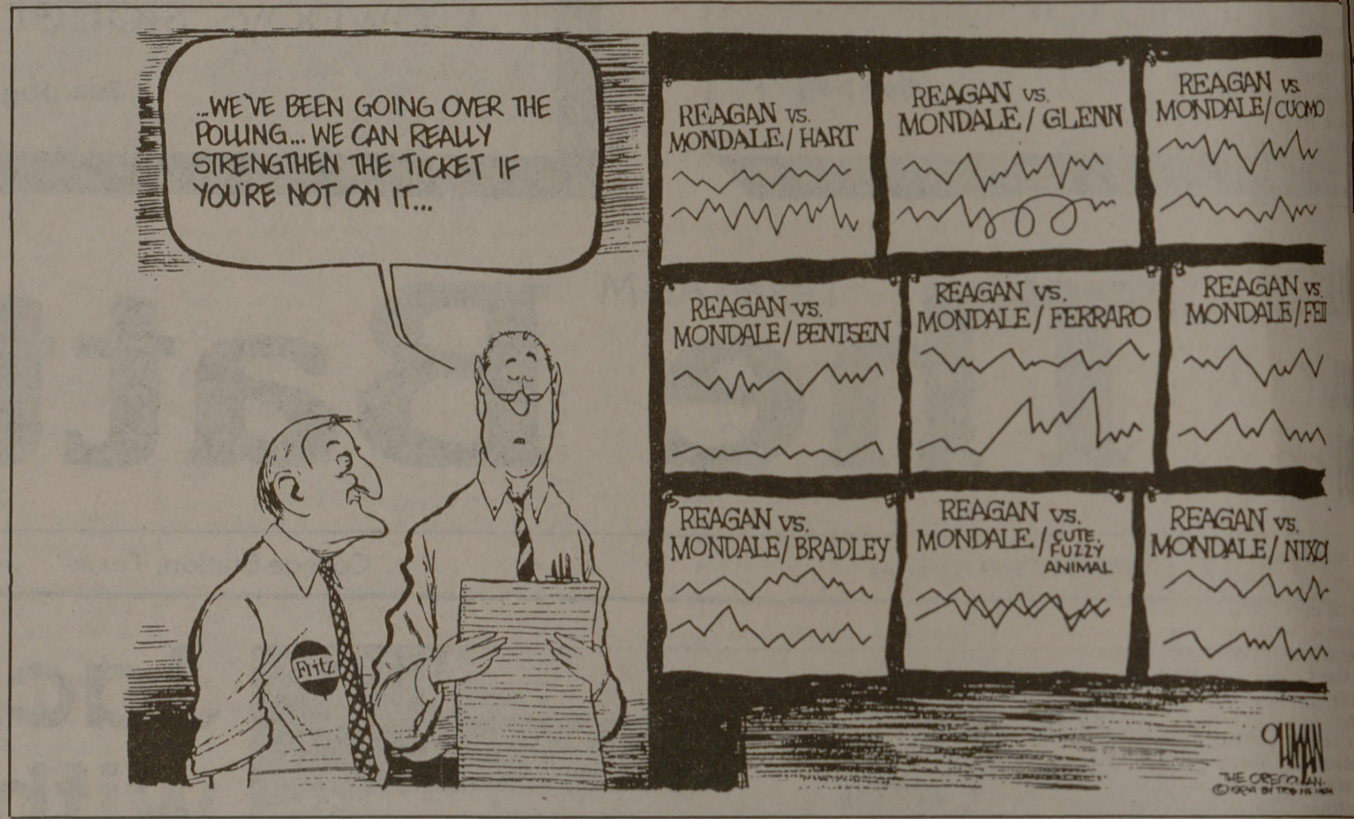
A drinking age of 21 discriminates against all adults between the ages of 18 and 21. Anyone old enough to fight and die for their country or to vote is certainly old enough to be allowed to drink.

It's ironic that the federal government can require states to pass discriminatory laws.

The solution to the drunken driving problem is stricter DWI laws and better enforcement of those laws — not increasing the drinking age.

Stricter DWI laws would put the punishment where it belongs — on the potential offenders. An entire class of people — college students — shouldn't be punished.

— The Battalion Editorial Board



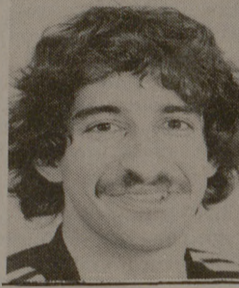
## Even roaches are welcome after travels

HOME — After a long journey, a gilded warrior returns.

Home, the place that Simon and Garfunkel promised waited silently for me. I piled out of the vehicle outfitted for the rigors of West Texas and darted to the front door of apartment No. 1.

I jiggled the door knob trying to enter the security of my apartment. The door would not open. Fishing into the pockets of my thrice-worn-but-never-washed blue denim jeans, I pulled out my leather Ford key ring. I gently slid the key into the slot and turned the knob.

The door opened. Dragging in two weeks worth of West Texas dirty clothes, I kicked the last remnants of the feedlots from my boots.



Donn Friedman

Four years of yell practice with G'gem Aggies and Farmer's Fight wasn't enough to send me windin' down the buckaroo trail to the Fair at Lott to buy a pair of Tony Lamas'. But four weeks with the rattlers and the rabbits on the Texas range was enough to send me at a full gallop to a western wear store in Amarillo.

So what if it was a chain store in a mall that could just as easily been in College Station. So what if the boots were on sale — just \$59 for high-tops that make my leather high-top Nikes look like topsiders. It was just good to be home and kick my boots off, like the real cowboys do on television.

With my boots in my right hand, my camera bag slung over my shoulder and my suitcase in my left, I dragged up the stairs toward my bedroom.

The door stood propped open with the tennis shoe that I had left there weeks before. My bath towels — none of which said MOTEL — hung dry over my closet door.

A familiar roach scurried away as he saw me arrive, going wherever roaches hide when people are at home.

I tossed my suitcase full of dirty clothes in the direction of my laundry bin that overflowed with clothes from my last trip home. I opened my underwear and sock drawer wondering when I would have to wash.

Soon, I thought, as I counted one pair of stretched out underwear worn only in emergencies but never on a trip. I wandered downstairs to the refrigerator — nothing of interest except the smell — what could the odor be, or what could it have been.

I climbed back up the stairs and slid under the covers of my queen-size bed.

How long had it been since I washed my sheets? Too long was the only applicable answer to any civilized person. I checked the box marked n/a and fell asleep.

In the midst of a dream involving an old man, a seedless melon, a 72-ounce steak and a burning desire that

had nothing to do with beating tu, the light in my room flashed on.

"So you're home again," Jeff, my roommate, said.

We sat up and talked a while of school and women and friends in Turkish prisons. A marble of sweat formed on Jeff's forehead and rolled down his cheek.

"I think it's time we turned on the air conditioner," I said.

I breathed deeply as the vent came to life blowing cool swirls of air into the putrid mist. I smelled the green fuzzy stuff that grew under the refrigerator and the sweaty mildew that clung to the piles of dirty clothes.

I was home.

Donn Friedman is a senior journalism major and the Battalion's roving columnist covering the plains of Texas this summer. He has returned from the outback and will file a report from another quaint hamlet next week.

## Jim Smiths a force at the poll

By DICK WEST  
Columnist for  
United Press International

WASHINGTON — For what, anything, it might portend for the presidential election in November, team of Republicans named Jim Smith will play a team of Democrats named Jim Smith in an all-Jim Smith softball game Saturday at Boiling Springs, Pa.

The starting lineups were sent me by a presumably non-partisan Jim Smith, who publishes, of all things, Jim Smith newsletter.

No matter how adroit afield softball may be, or how hot a bat might swing, no player need apply. His name is just plain Tom, Dick or Harry Smith. Only genuine Jim Smiths will see action.

A player may, however, have a bizarre middle name, or use a different first initial, as in B. James Smith, provided he doesn't flaunt it.

Personally, I rather doubt the outcome of a six-inning softball game, even with a Jim Smith at every position. Will presage very much politically. Of more import, if vaudeville ever makes a comeback, might be the impact on the old "Who's on first" routine.

I can tell you, however, that any presidential candidate who ignores the Jim Smith vote does so at his own peril.

At last count, the Jim Smith Society which is sponsoring the softball game, had 1,240 members. That figure, of course, does not include the vast number of closet Jim Smiths who are lurking about omniverber.

All together, they add up to a considerable political potential.

Considering all the hoopla that attended Walter Mondale's selection of running mate, I was a little surprised the Democrats didn't put a Jim Smith on the ticket as a vice presidential candidate.

Taking nothing away from Mondale's choice, Geraldine Ferraro simply doesn't have the ring to it that Jim Smith has. Nor would it necessarily have been a sexist nomination.

I am told that one of the Jim Smiths attending the 1981 gathering at Boiling Springs was a woman. Had Mondale put out the word, there probably would have been a dozen or more female Jim Smiths showing up for interviews.

They wouldn't have come from Congress, however. Of the six Smiths currently serving in the House, only one, Rep. Virginia Smith, R-Neb., is a woman. Although definitely of the right gender, she has an unsuitable first name as well as the wrong party affiliation.

There aren't any Jims, not to say gems, among male Smiths in the House either.

Chris, Bob and Denny Smith are like Virginia, Republicans. Reps. Larry Smith and Neal Smith, while sufficiently Democratic, lack first name creditability.

If I were a presidential candidate, I would not miss this opinion surveying opportunity. For there may be truth in the old maxim that "as Jim Smith goes so goes the nation."

## Ferraro selection shocks Queens native

By ART BUCHWALD  
Columnist for  
The Los Angeles Times Syndicate

Archie Bunker was sitting in his home in Astoria, Long Island, when he saw the news on television that Mondale had chosen Geraldine Ferraro as his running mate. He let out a scream and Edith came rushing in from the kitchen.

"What is it, Archie?" Edith asked. "That meathead Mondale has put our Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro on his ticket as V.P."

"Isn't that nice," Edith said. "You would say that. She's one of our people."

"I'm not Italian, Archie."

"I don't mean Eytalian. I got nothing against Eytalians. I mean one of our people — a woman."

"It's about time," Edith said.

"What does a dame know about running the United States of America?"

"What does a man know about it?"

"The vice presidency of the United States has always been reserved for male. The founding fathers of the Constitution wanted it that way."

"There is nothing in the Constitution that says a woman can't be vice president."

"That's because at the time it was written no one in his right mind could imagine a meathead presidential candidate choosing one. But I'll bet you if you took a poll of the great men who signed the Declaration of Independence, they would have said 'No woman vice presidents or we give the country back to England.'"

Edith replied, "Mrs. Ferraro is a very smart lady. I rang doorbells for her when she was campaigning for congresswoman."

"You pushed one doorbell too many, and now look what we've got. A mother of three who could be a heart-beat away from the presidency."

Edith was losing her temper. "We represent more than half the vote and we belong in the seat of power."

"That's the way your people always think. I knew we was in serious trouble when them women liberators was allowed to march in the street without the cops shooting tear gas at them."

"I wish you'd stop referring to women as my people," Edith said.

"All right. I'll call them by their right name — dingbats."

"Archie, you have no right to call a woman vice presidential candidate a dingbat."

"Why not? It's a free country, isn't it? Well, I'll say one thing. Since Mrs. Ferraro represents Astoria and Jackson Heights, she at least knows something about the Third World."

"That's not very funny, Archie. You should be proud that someone from our own district is running for vice president of the United States.

Whether she wins or loses she's broken the mold once and for all."

Gloria, Archie's daughter, came rushing in breathlessly. "Mommy, did you hear the news? Mondale chose a woman right here from Queens."

Archie said, "Another dingbat. They're all coming out of the woodwork."

"What's the matter with Daddy?" Gloria said to Edith.

"He's upset because Mondale chose one of our people as his running mate."

"One of our people?" Gloria said. "Are we related to Mrs. Ferraro?"

"No, your father is referring to our sex."

"I can't believe it, Daddy. You're living in the stone age."

"Edith is taking my remarks out of context. I got nothing against a woman running a country as long as she stays in India."



ACTUALLY... THE LAGOON DIDN'T TURN BLACK UNTIL REAGAN APPOINTED THAT ANNE BURFORD...

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