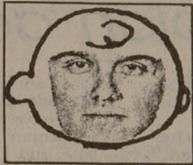


Opinion

Snoopy, Charlie Brown betray trust to make bucks

I have never been a big fan of advertising. The main purpose of advertising is to convince people to buy things they really don't need.



Karl Pallmeyer

There are laws that prevent advertisers from telling outright lies to the public. An advertiser can't say a product will do something that it doesn't. But advertisers have found methods to stretch the truth and insinuate actually lying to the public. Sometimes these methods get out of hand.

The Coke and candy machines here in the Reed McDonald Building, which have been dubbed the Batt Cafeteria, provide nourishment for all of the hard-working journalists who spend the better part of their evenings producing this paper in an attempt to keep the public informed. The Batt Cafeteria supplies chips, crackers, candy bars and other almost-edible snacks. Occasionally the Batt Cafeteria offers fried pies.

You might not be familiar with these fried pies, the ones I so lovingly refer to as "The Pies From Hell." If

these pies had a big yellow, neon sticker that screams: "WARNING! These pies have been condemned by the EPA because they would make a herd of goats barf," I wouldn't object to them. But advertisers have gone one step too far in their attempt to push these pies in the face of the unsuspecting public.

The apple and cherry pies have Snoopy on the wrapper. Most people have come to know and love the beagle from Charles M. Shultz's classic comic strip. These pies have been around for years, but I had never tried one. After seeing Snoopy on television and reading his exploits in various books and newspapers, I felt that I could trust this mutt. I decided to eat one of the cherry pies.

The first thing you notice when you rip through the Snoopy-embellished wrapper is that the pie has the consistency of one of the exhibits in Madame Tussaud's. This dull, waxy yellow build-up on the pie crust is the tastiest portion of the pie (excluding, of course, the wrapper).

Your first bite of the pie usually brings up nothing but crust and air since, for the most part, the pie is hollow. The wrapper says cherry pie, and that's what you get — a single cherry and a bunch of cherry-colored goop. If this goop was green instead of red you

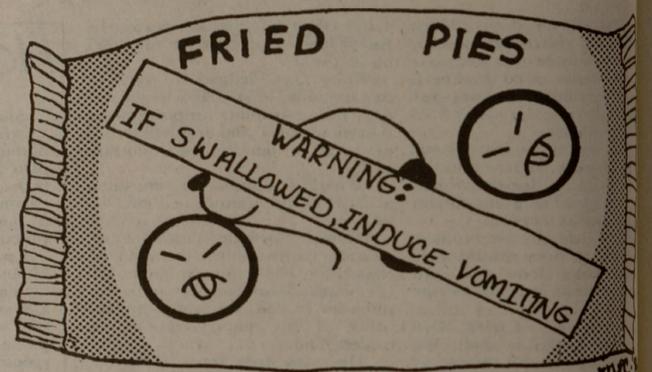
might think the workers at the pie factory had hay fever and couldn't find a Kleenex. That cherry pie was one of the worst food experiences I've ever had outside of our wonderful Fightin' Texas Aggie Dining Halls.

Despite the unspeakable awfulness of the Snoopy cherry pies, I keep eating them so that my fellow journalists won't fall into the same trap I had. I refuse to touch the apple pies, though. Sometimes sacrifice has its limits.

I was disappointed that Snoopy had betrayed my trust and allowed me to eat something that I wouldn't feed Moammar Gadhafi. Recently Snoopy has taken to selling insurance. Some dogs have no scruples.

I used to wonder why Charlie Brown allowed his dog to sell out. That was until I tried one of the chocolate pies.

The chocolate pies taste even worse than the cherry pies and have Charlie Brown on the wrapper. The chocolate pies have the same dull, waxy yellow build-up on the pie crust, but the insides are filled with a substance that resembles three-week-old diarrhea. Given the choice of eating a Charlie Brown chocolate pie or spending five years in a Viet Cong summer camp, I would choose the all-expenses paid trip to the Ho Chi Minh Health Spa without hesitation.



I have learned to deal with the treacherous tendencies that Snoopy displays. But it was a crushing blow when Charlie Brown pulled a Benedict Arnold. Charlie Brown and I were one. We shared many of the same traits: we never won a baseball game, we never could kick a football, we could never get a kite off the ground and the rest of the world never quite understood us. We both had similar problems with the cute little red-haired girl too. I felt I could trust Charlie Brown. There was a certain kinship between us until that blockhead began to peddle pies. Some Madison Avenue advertising executive must have given

Charlie Brown a ton of money to let him do this.

The '80s have become the decade of the sellout: Jerry Rubin became a pundit, Timothy Leary started selling computers, Bobby Seale became a supporter, Paul McCartney sang for Michael Jackson, and Bob Springsteen became popular. Charlie Brown is selling pies that violate the code of human decency. It's sad that we are willing to sell their souls for

Karl Pallmeyer is a senior journalism major and a columnist for The Battalion.

Mail Call

This evil undying ...

EDITOR:

In light of the recent letters to the editor concerning the July 25 column of Karl Pallmeyer, one would get the impression that poor Karl will be cast amongst the denizens of hell for committing (according to the letters) one of the most heinous, disgraceful and utterly unforgivable crimes possible: criticizing Texas A&M. I do not feel that Pallmeyer's column really warrants these accusations of its being unspeakably evil — Texas A&M is not perfect just as the United States is not perfect (there are just too many liberals running around, aren't there?).

Anyway, hurling insults (does Pallmeyer really dress like a dork?) at anyone who points out flaws at A&M is neither productive nor desirable. There are things wrong, they should be pointed out, and they should be listened to with an open mind. I hope that future letters to the editor will reflect these qualities.

Tom Tsotsis
Graduate Student
Mechanical Engineering

Out of left field

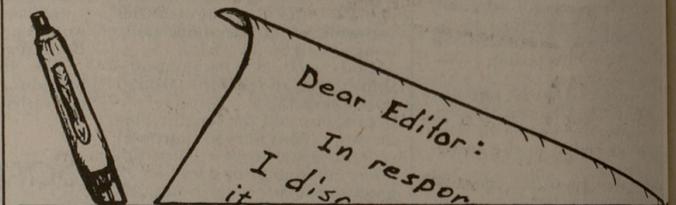
EDITOR:

In his commentary on beauty pageants in *The Battalion* July 31, Karl Pallmeyer makes the statement that "A real classy, elegant woman would not meet Teresa Fritz (Bennet), who recently finished her reign as Miss Texas A&M. She will become a doctor of veterinary medicine next May and literature exudes elegance and class (She probably also doubles Pallmeyer's IQ).

Pallmeyer should also introduce himself to my wife — she won a few Brazos Valley Mental Health and Mental Retardation Authority.

So my limited experience would indicate that Pallmeyer's remark is far enough off base to be called out (in left field).

M.J. Shiverly
Associate Professor
Veterinary Teaching Hospital



Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words in length. 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 be signed and must include the address and telephone number of the writer.

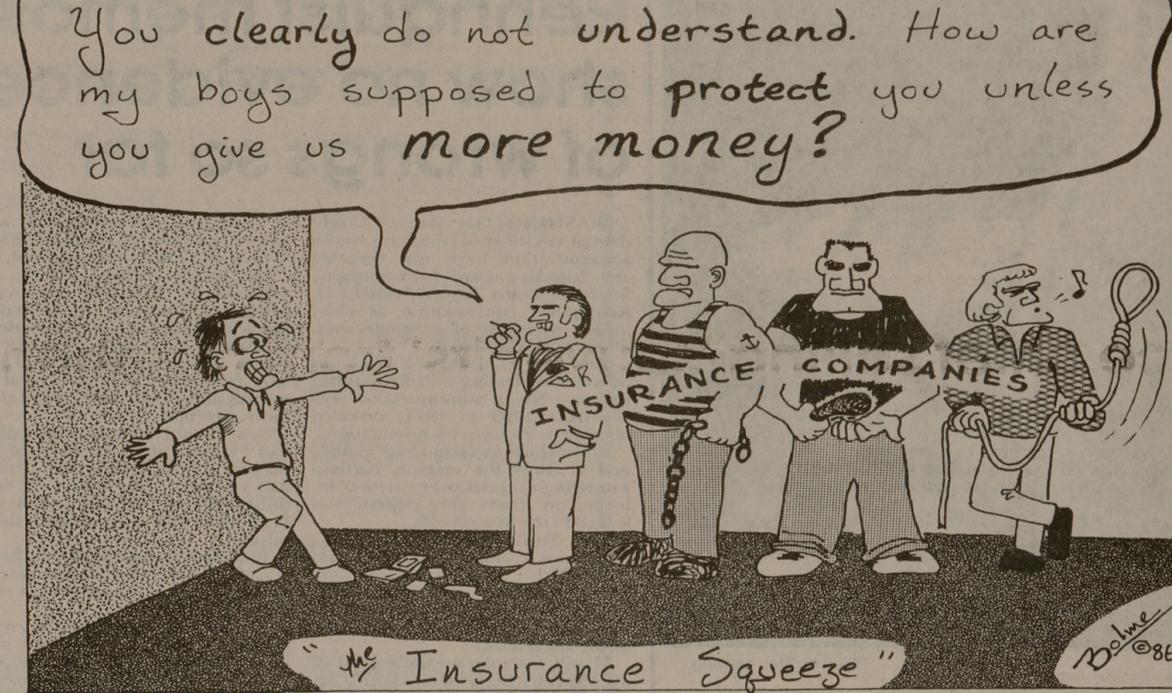
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Senators turn Rehnquist hearings into a political grand opera

The same week the Senate Judiciary Committee was grilling William Rehnquist, the Senate voted by an overwhelming margin to continue to submit its activities to television coverage. And no wonder. Politicians, one supposes, ought not to be condemned for acting like politicians. On the other hand, non-politicians ought not to be condemned for revealing disgust when politicians do this on the scale of grand opera. Sens. Kennedy, Biden and Metzger needed only Puccini for their act.



William F. Buckley Jr.

To begin with, there is the premise that by moving from his present seat, where he has been judging the living and the dead for 15 years, to the central seat, where in addition to writing opinions as chief justice he would assign opinions to a member of the voting majority, William Rehnquist would malign republican institutions. The premise is preposterous.

It is true that the court is due to swing a little in the direction of a) the public sentiment, and b) traditional views of the role of the Supreme Court. The two coincide at this moment in American history, and it is at the least anti-democratic to assume that the republic is endangered by self-government, and moderate court than those we have been used to is menacing to our institutions.

There is no absolute fix on legislators' ideological inclinations, one uses those of the Americans for Demo-

cratic Action, and they are pretty reliable. The man landing from Mars could with some security look at a senator's ADA rating and predict how he probably would vote on the economy, on foreign policy and on social issues. The three senators who are giving Rehnquist the hard time have a combined ADA score of 260. Maximum possible is 300. These are the gentlemen who are afraid that Rehnquist is not in the mainstream of America.

Now, all of the digging into Rehnquist's past has yielded only one concrete problem, and that is in two parts. Question No. 1: Did Rehnquist "harass" minority voters in the 1950s and 1960s? And Question No. 2: Did he lie when he said he had done no such thing?

For absolutely unfathomable reasons, we have not seen Rehnquist's champions make the point, nor has he himself made it, that up until we discovered pure democracy in 1964, we used to insist that people who voted should also be able to read and write. Under the circumstances, it was not an act of harassment to hold up a piece of paper, with, let us say, "John hit the baseball" written on it, and ask the aspirant voter what was written on that piece of paper.

If Rehnquist had said that he stood by the polls administering a literacy test, it is hard to think that anyone would accuse him of genocidal prejudices. However, he has said that he did not even do that, so the Gang of Three brought in four people from Arizona who said in fact he had done it. The only defense against this flat contradiction is mistaken identity, and calm observers of the scene reasonably incline to that answer. No one ever has accused William Rehnquist of lying. To lie about a point without legal or moral substance would

be not only immoral, but stupid. No one has ever accused William Rehnquist of stupidity.

It is a grotesque spectacle, watching Kennedy, with his background, accusing Rehnquist, with his background, of evasion, hypocrisy and contempt for unfortunate people. But the bitter-end liberals are playing for high stakes. Reagan's popularity is up in the vicinity of 75 percent. He won every state in the union except Fritz Mondale's home state. Massive gerrymandering by Democratic legislatures around the country has given the House of Representatives a 60 percent to 40 percent lead, notwithstanding the 60 percent to 40 percent lead given to Reagan the last time he ran for office. Even with that lead, the Republican reforms, one after another, have been making their way through Congress. Comes now an attempt to enhance the conservative position on the Supreme Court: That is, they judge, a burden they cannot accept.

It is overwhelmingly probable that Rehnquist will prevail, that he will be named chief justice, and that he will set a new standard for eloquence and lucidity. Meanwhile, he is docile, humble, nearly masochistic in what he is prepared to take from his inquisitors. It is entirely possible that the bullying, combined with such brazen contentious opportunism, will catch the public's attention in a way that is unmissable to politicians. If so, the curtain quickly will come down on the delirium being promoted by the senators, and historical footnotes will record that they voted against William Rehnquist, a diminishing and disgraced minority.

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