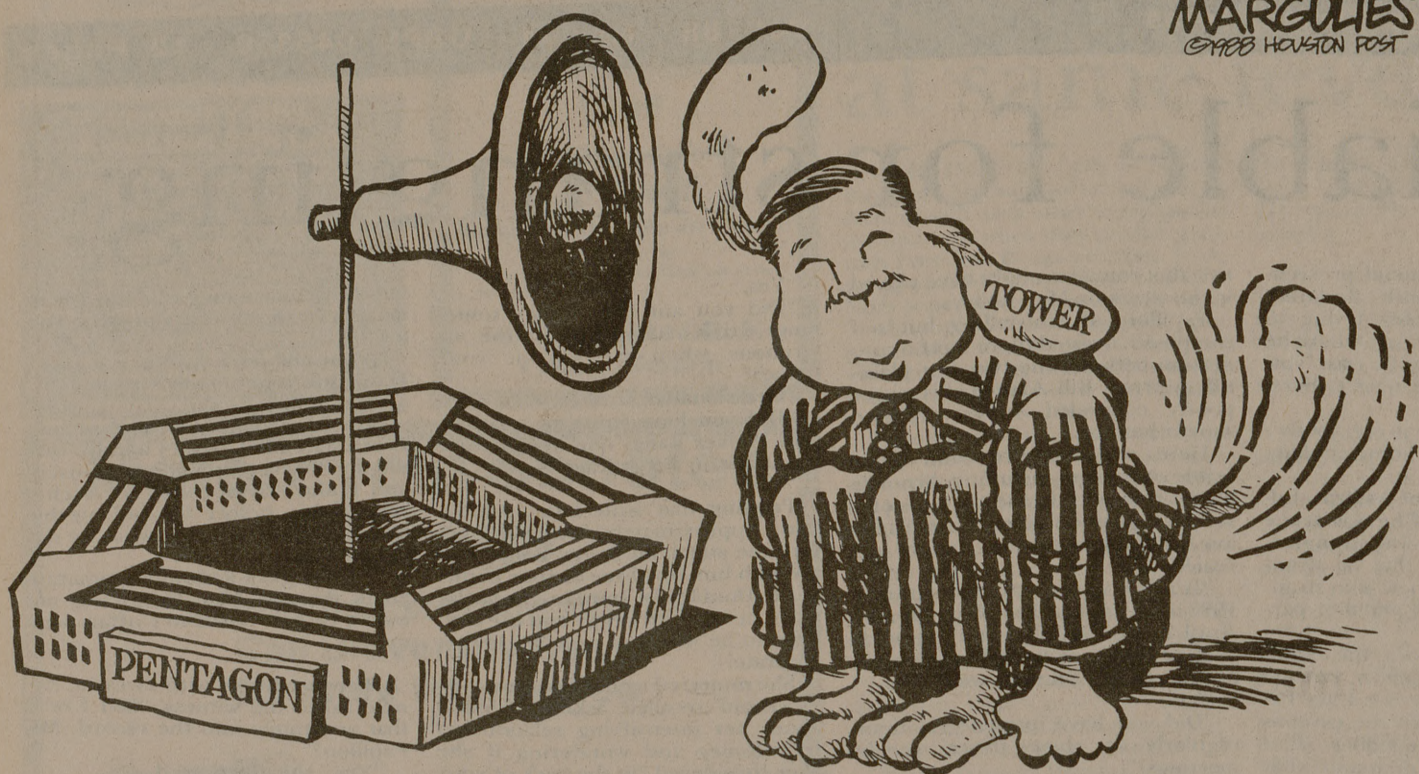


# Opinion



MARGULIES  
STAFF HOUSTON POST

## HIS MASTER'S VOICE

# Give this man a candy bar

My name's Timm. I'm a chocoholic.

I can say that now — a little over a year ago I couldn't admit it. I've been in therapy for many months, and the C.A. meetings (Chocoholics Anonymous) on Tuesday nights are a constant reservoir of support.

Of course there's no such thing as a "former" chocolate addict. I'll always be a "recovering" chocoholic. Once I had become hooked on the magic stuff, all the therapy and treatment in the world couldn't make me straight permanently. I fight a constant struggle every week, day, minute — every second of my life to stay off of chocolate.

I remember how the tragedy started, so many years ago. A high school kid got me hooked on the easy stuff — candy bars. At first it was just one or two every now and then, but before I knew it I was up to a six-pack of Milky Ways a day.

My craving for chocolate grew on a daily basis, but I tried to hide it. I thought nobody would notice me sneaking an extra piece of chocolate cake for lunch. They didn't, not at first.

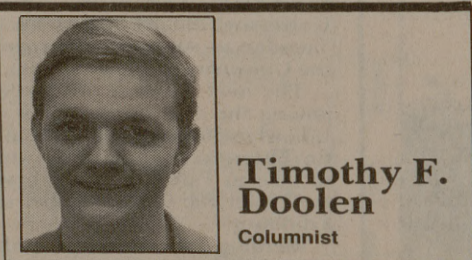
But soon my friends and family started noticing some peculiar idiosyncrasies that hadn't existed before. I'd always get chocolate ice cream when we went out, and I started drinking only chocolate milk. Sure, the chocolate was diluted, but I needed the fix.

My constant passion for candy bars was increasing. I would take a Three Musketeers, chew off the chocolate and throw the nougat away. I needed pure chocolate — there was no way around it. So in desperation I turned to Hershey's bars.

Not long after that came M&M's. I couldn't stop popping the magic little pills that made me feel so godly, and soon I was up to 3 or 4 packs a day — King Size! Before I knew what was happening I was dropping Big Blocks. My trusting and somewhat naive parents didn't suspect much; they found a few candy wrappers around my room, but dismissed it as youthful experimentation.

And the stuff was so easy to get — I could find it almost anywhere on the street. At first it was relatively cheap, but as my addiction grew, so did the cost. I soon found myself paying up to \$100,000 for a candy bar.

Getting money to support my habit



**Timothy F. Doolen**  
Columnist

was getting harder and harder, so I started dealing. My dad would ask me what was in the daily packages coming in from Columbia and Brazil. I'd lie and say they were narcotics, which he believed at first. I didn't want him to know what was really in the boxes — unrefined cocoa beans!

I had a lab set up in an abandoned building near our house. I'd refine the cocoa beans and sell the processed chocolate on the street. For a long time, I was known for having the purest stuff in town. I was riding high on my own summit, but my days of pleasure were soon to come to an end.

My addiction was worsening. I was drinking chocolate syrup straight from the bottle — it was the fastest way to get the chocolate into my bloodstream. I tried the fancy designer chocolates for awhile (Godiva, Neuhaus), until their price exceeded my financial limitations.

My life was starting to go downhill as a result of my problem. I lost most of my "straight" friends because they knew I had become "different". They were casual users of chocolate (they'd do some M&M's at parties), but I was an addict, though I couldn't admit that to myself at the time. Some of them tried to help me curb my addiction, but it was too late; I was hopelessly hooked, hitting the bottle of Hershey's on a daily basis.

Then one night at one of the lowest points of my life, my dad caught me free-basing Nestle's Quik. He put two and two together, and was so outraged to learn his son was a chocolate addict that he kicked me out of the house. That day my life changed drastically. I was out on the streets, in the same shape as the pitiful junkies to whom I had been selling chocolate just days earlier.

With my dealing days over, I spent the next several months wandering the streets, getting chocolate wherever I could. I'd wake up some mornings in an unknown alley, covered with bits of aluminum foil from the previous night's

Hershey's Kisses binge, and not know where I was, how I'd gotten there, or where my next Milk Dud was coming from. I even dabbled in prostitution, turning Twix to support my habit.

I was in and out of jail on a regular basis. Once I was arrested for attacking a vending machine that was selling candy bars. As I sat in jail, looking at the other wretched, destitute people who had suffered similar fates, I knew I needed to go clean. I had let this substance take over my life — it controlled me — and I didn't like it.

I called up my mother and father and told them I needed help — I wanted to get off cocoa and go straight. They lovingly took me back, and checked me into the Oprah Winfrey Clinic for Recovering Chocoholics. I stayed there several weeks, going cold turkey. My body went through marathon withdrawals, but I kept telling myself that in the long run it would be for the best.

I checked out of the clinic and returned to school. The ensuing weeks and months were some of the hardest of my life. Candy machines would taunt me with their displays, snickering as I walked by. I'd see commercials on television for instant breakfast drinks (chocolate) and start to quiver. The urges were there, but I had to resist them. My family and friends supported me through these troubled times and with will power, I stayed straight.

I haven't touched chocolate in over a year, but I still consider myself a recovering chocoholic. I continue to attend the weekly Chocoholics Anonymous meetings that have helped me throughout the past year.

Presently, in my recovering state, whenever somebody asks me if I'd like some hot chocolate, I calmly say "no" as I remind myself how easily the nightmare could start all over again. At restaurants when the waiter asks if I'd like any dessert, I say "No thanks, I just don't need it anymore."

I learned a lot of universal lessons because of my problem. Most important of which is, if you're having a problem with a controlled substance, like I was, please go for help. And if somebody offers you chocolate, even casually, please do yourself a favor, and just say no.

**Timm Doolen is a sophomore computer science major and columnist for The Battalion.**

## Mail Call

### Dorm residents demand satisfaction

EDITOR:

This letter is being written in response to a letter written by Mr. Tom Murray and addressed to the residents of Moses and Davis-Gary halls.

As is widely known, both Moses and Davis-Gary are being closed for renovations next semester. Earlier this semester we residents were told that we would be able to leave our belongings in the dorms until noon on Monday, Jan. 16, 1989, the first day of classes. This was an acceptable solution to all of the dorm residents; it was certainly better than taking our property home and then hauling it back next semester.

On Nov. 29, we residents received a letter from Mr. Murray stating that our belongings had to be removed from the dorm by noon on Jan. 13. This is totally unacceptable. Several people on the second floor of Moses have already made plans to work until Friday or even Saturday evening. Others in the dorm are from out of state and will not be returning until Saturday or even Sunday.

Mr. Murray maintains that there was a "misunderstanding" between our hall councils and himself. There certainly was: Even Moses' resident director was led to believe that we would be allowed to check out until Jan. 16. In summary, the assistant director of student affairs promised us one thing and is going to enforce another.

Mr. Murray, we will be happy to move out by Friday, but in turn we would like you to compensate us for lost wages and plane fares.

We residents of Moses and Davis-Gary halls would like to request that the original date of Jan. 16 be reinstated.

**Andrew Fischback '90**  
Accompanied by 52 signatures

### Picture prices ridiculously high

EDITOR:

There are undoubtedly many factors of which I am not aware in deciding who obtains the contract for the yearbook pictures. However, I am very aware of the cost to me.

I have not been overjoyed with the prices charged in the past, but this year I am appalled. For your information, a "family package" (1-8x10, 2-5x7 and 9-wallets) with Yearbook Associates is only offered in their "Master's Touch" series for \$79.95, plus \$10 for retouching and \$4.50 to package and insure for a total of \$94.95.

AR Photography, which has done this in the past, says this same package from them is \$54.95. Unfortunately, I was not aware that the students could have their pictures taken elsewhere and still be in the yearbook.

What I am trying to get across is that possibly, just once, you could contract with someone on the basis of giving the parents a break first, instead of whether the UNIVERSITY is getting the best kickback or most money. Yes, we want to chronicle our children's passage through this time of their lives, but must every fee, picture, etc. practically double in price each year? Please consider this a complaint against your choice for this year.

**Mrs. K.W. Varner, Jr.**

### Please keep off the grass

EDITOR:

This is an open letter to the students of Texas A&M University.

As all good A&Mers know, it is a time-honored tradition not to walk on the grass surrounding the MSC. I propose a new tradition; no walking on the grass anywhere on campus!

As of late, I have noticed numerous good A&Mers cutting across grassy corners, riding bicycles, skateboards and mopeds across these same areas, and also locking their bicycles to trees in these grassy areas.

The effect of all this negligence is there are now many worn spots around the campus. Some worn spots have been trotted on for so long that they are completely devoid of grass. One example is the northwest corner of the O&M Building.

If you doubt the seriousness of my words, please take a good, long look around on the way to your next class. Currently, the University is experiencing tremendous growth with new buildings going up all over campus. With this growth comes temporary destruction of the campus grounds. Therefore, the University does not need 35,000-plus students trampling over the grounds to add to the problem.

So please stay off the grass. You won't lose any time by staying only on the sidewalks. It's common courtesy.

**Charles Q. Simpson II**  
Graduate student

EDITOR:

As a former member of the Aston Hall Escort Service, the safety of our women is a big concern of mine. Not a night goes by when I'm running on the fitness trail or walking on campus that I'll see women by themselves — especially on the fitness trail. The possibility of an attack is extremely high, as it is not very well lighted, and there are not that many people around. There are also hundreds of dark, hidden places on campus for would-be assailants to hide.

How many times must you be told not to walk on campus alone? Don't take the attitude of "it won't happen to me," because it very well could be that you're the next victim. If you run on the fitness trail, take a friend with you. If you need to go somewhere on campus, and don't have an escort, call the Aston Hall Escort Service at 845-9822 or call the Guard Room at 260-6471.

Don't take your safety for granted. Heed this warning and do something to protect yourselves — you owe it to yourselves, if not your friends and family.

**Brian McGregor '91**

Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words in length. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit letters for length, but will make every effort to maintain the author's intent. Each letter must be signed and must include classification, address and telephone number of the writer.

## The Battalion

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### Editorial Policy

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Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the editorial board or the author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Texas A&M administrators, faculty or the Board of Regents.

The Battalion also serves as a laboratory newspaper for students in reporting, editing and photography classes within the Department of Journalism.

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by Berke Breathed