

# A new theory on how the world was created

By DICK WEST  
United Press International

WASHINGTON — Basically, there are three main theories of how the world began.

Two of them — those put forward by "evolutionists" and "creationists" — figured in a recent court test in Arkansas. The third, which may come closest to fitting the facts as we know them, is rarely taught in public schools anywhere.

Formulated by Robert Orben, a scientific-minded former White House speechwriter, it postulates that the world was put together by a congressional committee.

Newness may be one reason the Orben Theory has not gained a big following. There simply hasn't been time for the committee concept, which is only two weeks old, to be tested against Einstein's laws, mulled over during the cocktail hour and otherwise held up to the light for close study.

Until it has been around at least long enough to reach the Supreme Court, it is folly to dismiss committeeism as "unscientific," as some critics are doing.

Indeed, the more you think about it, the more it grows on you.

Just as the camel is said to be a horse that was put together by a committee, this particular view of primordialism implies that the committee that put the world together was trying to make something else.

Viewed in that light, the dawning of the universe finally starts to make sense.

The next question a committeeist en-

counters is: What was the committee trying to do when it made the world?

Here again, in the absence of eyewitness testimony, the answer must be circumstantial. However, knowing what we do now of the committee process, it is logical to assume that what the committee had in mind was a new congressional office building.

We all know how committees function — an amendment here, and amendment there, and the next thing you know the whole mess has gotten out of hand.

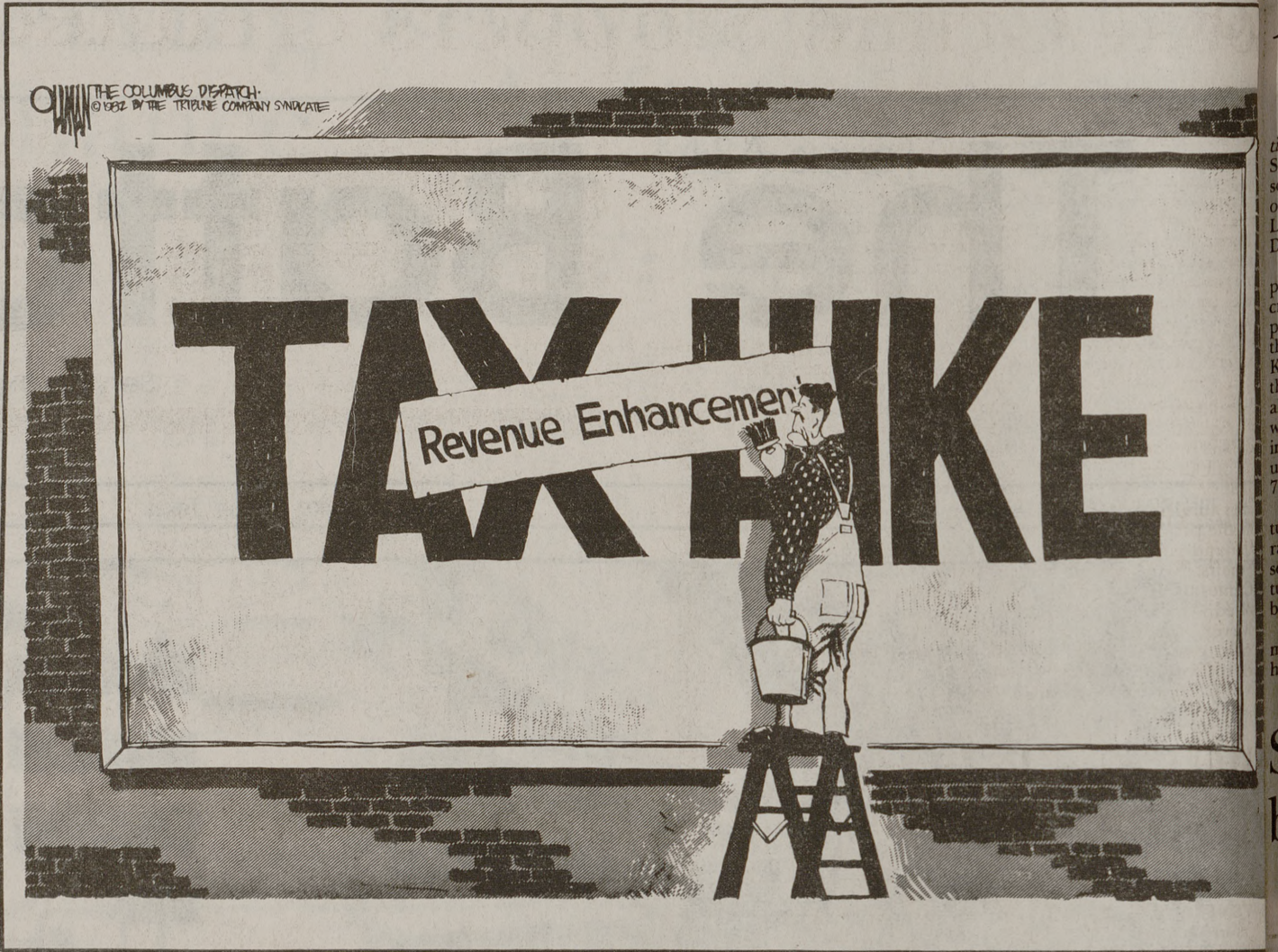
That is more or less how the existing congressional office buildings came into being, and if we drift back far enough in time we can readily imagine the world starting the same way.

The world's spherical shape most likely was a compromise between a committee faction that wanted a rectangular office building and a highly vocal minority that was holding out for a rhomboid.

The vote to put the world into elliptical orbit between Venus and Mars could only have come after a motion to put it between Jupiter and Saturn failed on a tie vote.

The world's 7,918-mile diameter probably was changed three times during construction, resulting in a huge cost overrun and a federal indictment against one of the subcontractors who had contributed to the wrong party.

In the circumstances, ask not whether the world was formed scientifically. Just be thankful it didn't turn out to be another Rayburn Building.



# Making a few points about lines

Since I've come to A&M, I've had to face the one particular bane of multitudes of people living closely together — the curse of lines.

There are lines to eat at Sbis. Lines to drink at the Chicken. Lines to use the toilet at football games (easily distinguished by the patrons' grimaces). Lines to register for school. There's even that last line to get your diploma.

Some people handle lines well. Many students look good just standing there, like they haven't anything better to do but remain in one spot in their spiffy new loafers.

But I lose my mind in those futile sinuous gatherings. I'm very anxious that I'll be in the wrong line. As soon as I get to the front, I know that a lady wearing a wig behind a counter will tell me that I don't belong there, and I'll mope off feeling rejected. Or if I tell a person next to me to hold my place while I go check at the front, I'll return, knowing that I was in the right line, only to find the guy next to me wasn't, so he left.

The best I can figure, three kinds of lines exist.

First, there's the rapid line — the one you can see move, which is usually a prerequisite for my having anything to do with all that humanity.

Second, is the tedious line. It moves just often enough to seduce you into

staying for hours, yet it never permits you to take a full forward stride.

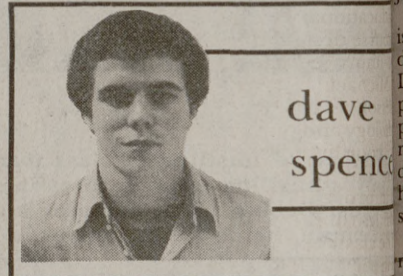
Third, and most dangerous, is the stagnant line. Often one of these can amass a mile's length of people without ever giving a clue to its destination. Suicide lurks at a staggering rate in stagnant lines, so they are legally confined to government-involved operations.

Once in any kind of line, I'm never quite sure how to entertain myself while I wait. Reading is one answer, but I'm afraid I'll look like I'm trying to impress everyone around me. And if I really do get into a book, once I look up, I find a huge gap between my half of the group and the people in front of me who have moved on. Horribly embarrassing.

Studying other folks around me sometimes proves amusing. However, I am almost always situated amidst a small population of ugly, boring-looking people. Old men with grotesque noses, ladies with figures that resemble bean-bag chairs, and small children who slobber too profusely to be cute.

My last resort is trying to balance my checkbook, but I've never been in a line long enough to do that.

What exasperates me most about lines concerns the jerks who cut. I think they do it just a few places ahead of me in order to irritate me that much more. I always want to raise a mob from those



persons behind me and bash the rest of their heads in. No one usually answers back though.

What's worse, is a schumck who has sat behind me in some of our semesters who rushes up and obnoxiously asks me, "Say, Dan. What're your buddies?"

"What the hell does it look like to?" I mumble to myself. "I'm in the pid line trying to hide from you. My name is Dave."

He'll babble on and on for a while calling me Dan again, until he finally around to asking, "Listen, Dan. I'm through this here line, too. Mind me a place?"

"Well, that's not really fair to 'C'mon, dude."

People I don't like and don't cut out always call me "dude."

"Oh, thanks, dude," and he'll shove his line ... in front of me!

# your turn

# Letters: Regents are above brotherhood, democracy

Editor:

Spirit and brotherhood; they are not only a tradition at Texas A&M — they are virtues that are embedded deep within every Aggie's heart. From a simple "howdy" to helping others, Aggies display many outright examples of spirit and brotherhood every day. No other institution can boast of such devotion and respect. This is one of many reasons why we are proud to be Texas Aggies.

However, a curious thing has happened to several men who occupy prestigious seats in the upper echelon of Texas A&M's hierarchy of power. We Aggies want only the best for our school and hope that the Texas A&M Board of Regents will carry out this wish. However, in order to obtain the best, in this case athletic director, the regents have seen fit to use methods that do nothing but blatantly tarnish the good name of Texas A&M. The regents have shown their distaste for the reckless bungling of Texas A&M's regents. These students' spirit and brotherhood have brought them together to protest the profane use of power and money as a vile instrument against our athletic program. The letters and protests are not heard, though. It seems that when one becomes a regent he

becomes a god, and thus the virtues of spirit, brotherhood and even democracy are discarded as useless tools to obtaining an end that pleases only those who are regents. Money and power are the objects of the game with the winners and the students, faculty and reputation of Texas A&M the losers.

As students, our spirit and brotherhood will remain undaunted, for we love Texas A&M. We pledge our support to Tom Wilson and Jackie Sherrill.

Steve Allender '83

### We all bear the shame

Editor:

I earned the right to wear my Aggie ring in 1979. Most of the time I have been able to wear it proudly, but right now I feel like yanking it off of my hand and flushing it down the toilet. I can no longer dismiss this latest Aggie Joke as an isolated incident as I have our previous "mistakes" such as Emory Ballard's forced resignation and the Saber Rattling Incident. We will all ultimately bear the burden of responsibility for this unfortunate situation as Aggies have gained the reputation in the eyes of non-Aggies for cockiness, egotism and ungracious-

ness. This "mistake" will be a hard one to live down.

In turning down the lucrative A&M offer for the head coach and athletic director positions, Bo Schembechler said that some things are more important than money. I agree. There are also some things more important than a winning football season — honesty, integrity, and tack — virtues which some Aggies in High Places are sorely lacking. It would not surprise me at all that after this episode is over, we will not be able to attract another high quality football coach like Tom Wilson for a long, long time. If we don't make it to the Cotton Bowl for another 40 years, it will be our just reward.

Dixie Peterson  
Graduate Student

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