

Safe from the parking lot demons

Every time I have to park illegally on campus, an almost regular occurrence, I say a prayer that my car's guardian angel will protect it from the ticket-writing demons who never seem to have the least little bit of grace in their hearts.

I remember once when I was a freshman and suffering from an illness I wouldn't even wish on my worst enemy. Because no parking spaces were available in front of the health center and because I felt the sudden urge to hang my head over a paper bag, I pulled into the staff parking lot behind the All Faith's Chapel.

Like most freshmen, I was afraid of doing anything on campus illegally for fear I'd be banished from here forever, so I scrawled a note begging the parking lot demons to be kind to me just this once, slipped it under the windshield wiper and made my way to the doctor's office.

After an hour or so, I returned to my car with a bag full of medicine and no worries about having a parking ticket.

But there it was — waving up at me from underneath the windshield wiper where I had left my plea for sympathy. I



sandra
gary

was crushed. I wanted to hang my head again — only this time I wanted to cry. I wondered if everyone around here was as heartless as that unseen demon who gave me a parking ticket.

Four years later, I'm not so fearful of being banished from campus for parking in the wrong place.

What scares me most is having to participate in the winner-take-all parking space search in Zachry parking lot. I've started getting to campus 45 minutes early in an effort to avoid getting caught in the "great parking space race." But a few times, I've had to grip the steering wheel,

maneuver my car like it was a tank on the battle field and think of all other parking space hunters as enemies.

In a way the search reminds me of the time I clobbered my best friend because we both spotted the same Easter egg in the all-important third grade egg hunt. I just knew I wanted that egg more than she did — or at least I thought so.

I'm not so vicious anymore, but you never know when I'll get that greedy feeling about a parking space — now that parking tickets don't frighten me and now that I know more than 7,650 cars have parking permits for which no spaces are available.

I just have to keep praying the parking lot demons don't find out about the phenomenal number of unpaid tickets I have and tow my car away.

But if you park in Zachry parking lot, you have to worry about the parking lot demons and if I happen to spot a space the same time you do, you have to worry about me, too. Remember, I'm the one who clobbered my best friend over a green egg — and I don't even like eggs.

Slouch

By Jim Earle



"To recap our conversation, you feel that the course on how to study that you're taking is cutting into your study time?"

Does your family tree have history of root rot

by Dick West
United Press International

WASHINGTON — For as many years as I can remember, I have felt a strange sense of kinship with Brussels sprouts.

I don't mean I looked upon Brussels sprouts as long lost cousins or anything like that. The consanguineous feeling wasn't that strong.

It was merely a vague sense of belonging, a nebulous impression that when I was around Brussels sprouts I was among my own kind. Had it not been for Ray Valentine, a California agronomist, I probably would have continued to shrug off the apperception as just another unexplained psychic phenomenon.

The eye-opener was a news item about microbiotic research involving nodules found on soybean roots.

According to Valentine, discovery that these nodules contain a fluid similar to blood pigments indicates that human beings and soybeans are distantly related.

I don't know what emotions this news might have aroused in you, but for me it added literal meaning to "Roots," Alex Haley's metaphorical book title.

Presumably, if we dig down deep enough into our genealogical background, we may uncover family ties with turnips, radishes and possibly even eggplants.

In any event, it now appears likely that at some point back around the dawning of time, Brussels sprouts and I had a common ancestry. That would explain the vestigial sense of identification I get when I pass through the vegetable section of a supermarket.

It appears my subconscious has been dredging up signals similar to the ones we get at a family reunion.

No matter what microbiological search shows, however, I am not sure I could ever claim kin with soybeans.

Okra maybe. And certainly I would be proud to share a genealogical link with blackeyed peas. But I would be reluctant to believe that soybeans sprang from the same antecedents.

The plants, we are told, are 2-to-4 feet tall and are covered with short, brown or gray hairs. That doesn't sound much like a family trait, Aunt Lucy contrary notwithstanding.

Even the fact that the soybean produces pods seems incongruous, although Aunt Lucy had pods all over her body.

At some point, apparently, there was a division of the species with man going one way and cauliflower and Brussels sprouts the other.

Should that theory prove valid, it would lend a whole new dimension to the newly discovered science of genetic engineering.

I would be hard-pressed to imagine where gene-splicing, with human genes spliced to asparagus, might lead. But test-tube broccoli in our future? 1984 just around the corner, anything is possible.

Ever since Darwin, evolutionists have led us to believe that we descended from an ape-like creature. But if I am right, these latest findings correctly, the "missing link" actually may have been something like a zucchini.



IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST.

Letter: Tradition not 'trashy' at all

Dear Editor:

Traditions are a big part of Texas A&M. They are just little, yet sometimes fairly big, displays of unity, spirit and loyalty that someone thought up years ago, people liked, and so have been around ever since. Most traditions have been taken to heart by the Aggies without much commotion. However, there is a fairly new tradition on campus that involves The Battalion and basketball which has come under recent fire since Monday's A&M vs. UH game. It's the tradition of holding up newspapers (Battalions) while the opposing team's lineup is being announced. It seems that some anonymous someone, a perturbed Battalion editor I fear, has decided for us that this tradition is trashy and no good for A&M's image, that it is a pain for those who have to clean it up, that it causes a shortage of Battalions, and that it is not going unnoticed. First of all, who is he or she (whoever you are) to decide what is good and what is trashy for this University's image? (We must learn to leave our image in the hands of Mr. Bright because of the unbelievable job he is doing.) Second, those people who have to clean up after the games are getting paid for their services. If we leave the place spotless, the won't have anything to do, thus a waste of money.

So in theory, we are actually saving money by messing up the place. As for the shortage of Battalions, that is a problem. There should always be enough for those who could not pick up a copy between delivery and 7 p.m.! Finally, the worries about the tradition being noticed I believe is unjustified and a little odd at least. Isn't that what most traditions are supposed to be? It would certainly be wonderful if all 60 thousand fans at Kyle Field whispered the Aggie War Hymn at football games or only mentally cheered our Ags to victory Monday night in G. Rollie without making a sound so no one would notice. What would be the use? I really don't understand the logic of that one. This so-called "trashy" tradition is a good one. People like it (and besides, it looks neat). Maybe someone can work out a deal to collect old issues of the Battalion so they can be used instead of current issues.

Rob Wohrer

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Editor:

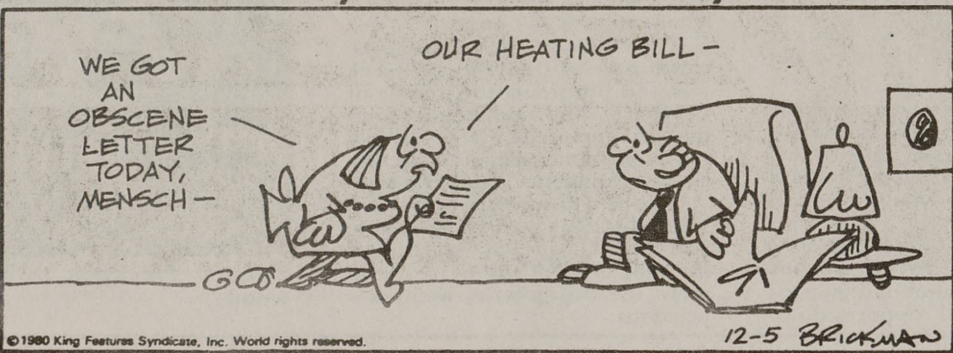
I am writing in response to the denouncement of the "trashy" tradition in the Wednesday, February 3 edition of The Battalion.

The only legitimate gripe this article presents is the potential mess this ritual creates. If it really is a problem, trash receptacles could be passed around and the yell leaders could organize a quick clean-up effort before the game. Or the fans could be discouraged from flinging their newspapers around after hiding their faces with them.

The author condemns the economics of this tradition. Baloney! Any newspaper's goal is to ever pursue a larger circulation. I am willing to bet that nearly every one of the "wasted" Battalions are actually read (many from cover-to-cover including the want ads) just as a football program would be read before the game. There simply is not much else to do when standing in front of G. Rollie White for two hours waiting to get a seat in the much sought-after student section. The brain trust of the Battalion should realize that home basketball games will be high demand days, charge more money for advertising, and print more papers those days. If nothing else, people could be encouraged to bring day-old papers and hometown papers to the games to conserve Battalions.

the small society

by Brickman



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Finally, the author questions the virtues of this tradition and condemns it as "bad sportsmanship" and as being "rude." As far as I can tell, this reception is one of the more mellow ways to greet an opposing team. Most college home-court fans boo or scream organized obscenities at the opposing team's starting lineup. Let's face it, we are not attending an elite English tennis tournament where spectators politely applaud each player and each point. Most of us Aggies go to cheer as the Twelfth Man or, I guess in this case, as the "sixth man." How can this tradition be isolated as "bad sportsmanship" after we scream "beat the hell outta" the opponent? This new tradition is only a show of visual indifference that parallels the silence presented during opponent's introductions throughout the years.

I do not think this new tradition tarnishes Texas A&M's image. Personally, I am glad to say that our school has an imaginative, non-obscene way of greeting opposing players. It is another way of throwing the opponent off guard and showing our team support.

Roy Corcoran '84
Dunn

Correction

In Thursday's Focus under the "Bad Bull" awards Company C-1 was listed as participating in the Annual Flight of the Great Pumpkin. It is Company C-2 that holds this event annually. Focus and The Battalion regret the error.

The Battalion

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

Questions or comments concerning any editorial matter should be directed to the editor.

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Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 words in length, and are subject to being cut if they are too long. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit letters for style and length, but will make every effort to preserve the author's intent. Each letter must also be signed and the address and phone number of the writer.

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