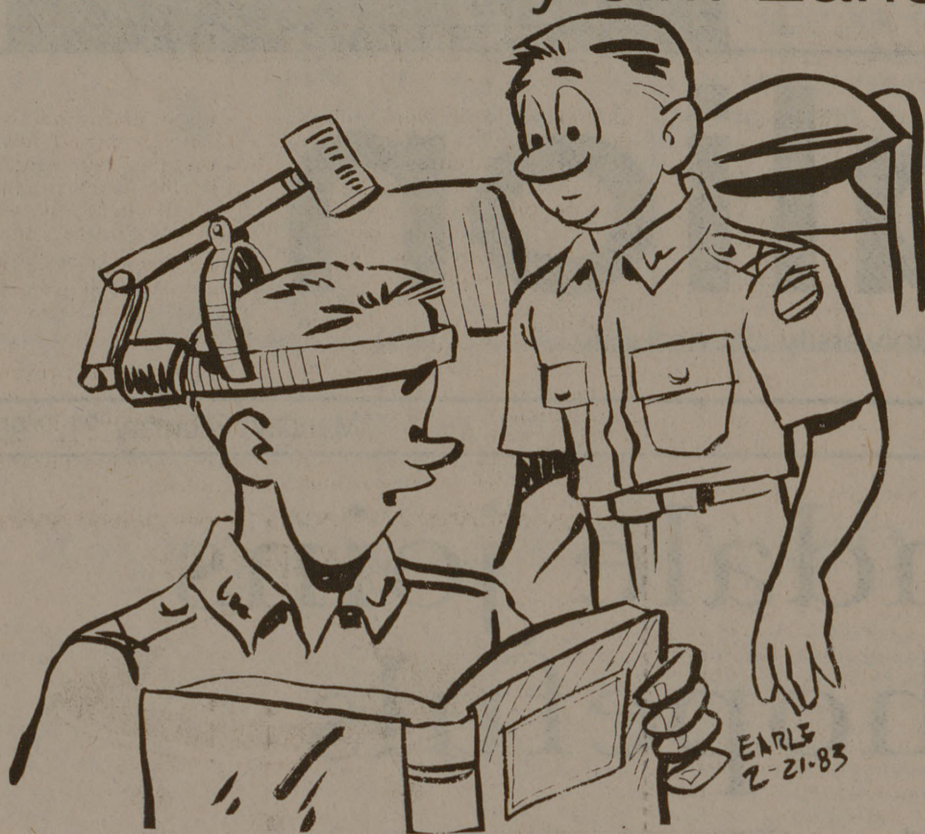


Slouch By Jim Earle



"It's a self-actuating device to help me study."

Blizzard of '83 — telling the grandkids

by Art Buchwald

"Well, grandchildren, I'll tell you the story once more. It was called the "Blizzard of '83." The white stuff came up from the south and paralyzed just about everything from Virginia to New England. Snowdrifts as high as telephone poles buried cars, knocked out power lines and closed airports. Some people didn't get home for days, and others couldn't get out of their houses for weeks."

"When did you hit Grandma?"
"Who said I hit your grandma?"
"She did. She said you hit her about the third day."

"Your grandma exaggerates. I took a swing at her, but I didn't hit her. What happened was I had given up cigarette smoking about two weeks before the blizzard, but I knew she always kept a pack for guests in the house. So I asked her nicely where they were, and she said, 'This is a good test of willpower. If you can stop smoking during a crisis like this, you'll have the filthy habit licked.'"

"You see, kids, I was working for the government then, and they announced on television the first morning of the blizzard that if you didn't show up for work you wouldn't get paid. So I drove in, sliding all over the road and almost getting killed. When I got to my office, my boss said the government had changed its mind and everyone could go home."

"By then it was really coming down, and I could hardly see. I finally got stuck about five minutes from here in a gridlock."

"What's a gridlock, Grandpa?"
"That's when several stupid SOB's go through a red light and block the cars that have the green light. Pretty soon no one can move, and people start honking their horns until they run out of gas."

"Then everyone leaves his car in the middle of the street and starts walking home. I got to my house about three hours later, and the first thing Grandma said was: 'You're getting my new rug all dirty with your wet shoes.'"

"Is that when you took a swing at her?"
"No, I was very nice about it. I said: 'If you give me a cigarette, I'll take my shoes

off.' She wouldn't do it. Anyhow the snow was coming down like you wouldn't believe, and your mommy, who was five years old then, and your Uncle George, who was seven, thought it was the greatest thing that ever happened in their lives. They insisted I take them out and pull them on their sleds."

"When I said I'd do it the next day, they both started to cry, and your grandma told me to do it then, because the snow might be gone the next day. So I pulled your mommy and your Uncle George in the snowstorm up to the drugstore, but it was closed. I could see 'Doc' inside and I knocked on the door. But he wouldn't open it. He shouted: 'Your wife said if you came up here to buy cigarettes, not to let you in.'"

"So you took a swing at Grandma when you got home?"

"No, as a matter of fact I played it very cool. I pretended she was right and said: 'What better time to give up smoking than during the worst blizzard the Northeast has ever known.' That night while everyone was sleeping, I ransacked the house. But I didn't find as much as a butt."

"The next day we were all snowed in. By afternoon your mommy and Uncle George were at each other's throats. Every magazine I read had a cigarette ad in it. I kept searching the house, pretending I was looking for a paperback edition of 'Winds of War,' but I couldn't find a smoke."

"I finally tried rolling some dried parsley in a newspaper, but when I lit it, it almost burned off my nose. That evening after your mommy and Uncle George went to bed, I started to beg. I told Grandma we were blessed to have a warm house, and enough food, and to live in a great country, and I would take her to the Virgin Islands with the insurance money I got from our abandoned car. She finally took pity on me and said she would tell me where she hid the cigarettes the day the city sanitation department cleared out the sidestreets of the snow. When she said that, I realized she was toying with me. And that day, children, is when I took a swing at your grandmother."

Weather wonderland cliches

by Dick West

United Press International

WASHINGTON — We were having such a nice winter here on the Eastern Seaboard. Compared to some years, January was almost balmy. (I mean that in the meteorological rather than the phrenic sense.) Then February had to come along and do something stupid, like dumping a near-record blizzard on the area.

One snowbound day, body all achin' and racked with cabin fever, I switched on the television to catch a weather update. What I caught that I didn't already have was the tail end of an interview with — Are you ready for this? — the ubiquitous psychologist, Joyce Brothers.

Along with writing "What Women Should Know about Men" and other professional accomplishments, Brothers has practically made a career out of appearing on talk shows. Availability is the watchword.

For its Valentine special, does your TV station need a psychological interpretation of "Roses are red, violets are blue,

sugar is sweet and so are you?"

Well, be assured that neither snow drifts, nor wind-chill factors nor the gloom of congealed traffic is likely to stay Joyce Brothers from the swift completion of her studio appointments.

As I recall, she was first imprinted on the tiny tube back when another type of cliche was in vogue — the quiz show format. Incongruity was the watchword then.

The cab driver who was an authority on Grand Opera. The cop who quoted Shakespeare. The female psychologist who knew everything about boxing.

Quiz show producers apparently had a rule against questions about, say, geology being answered by a geologist. I guess the great unseen audience wanted geological information to come from hotel doormen.

Anyway, they since have been replaced by talk shows and weather updates.

When Joyce Brothers faded from the screen, I was reminded of my first newspaper job in Waxahachie, Texas.

That was during the Great Depression, and the editor, to conserve funds,

kept in his desk a three-column photo gravure showing the Waxahachie Rotary Club with snow on the roof.

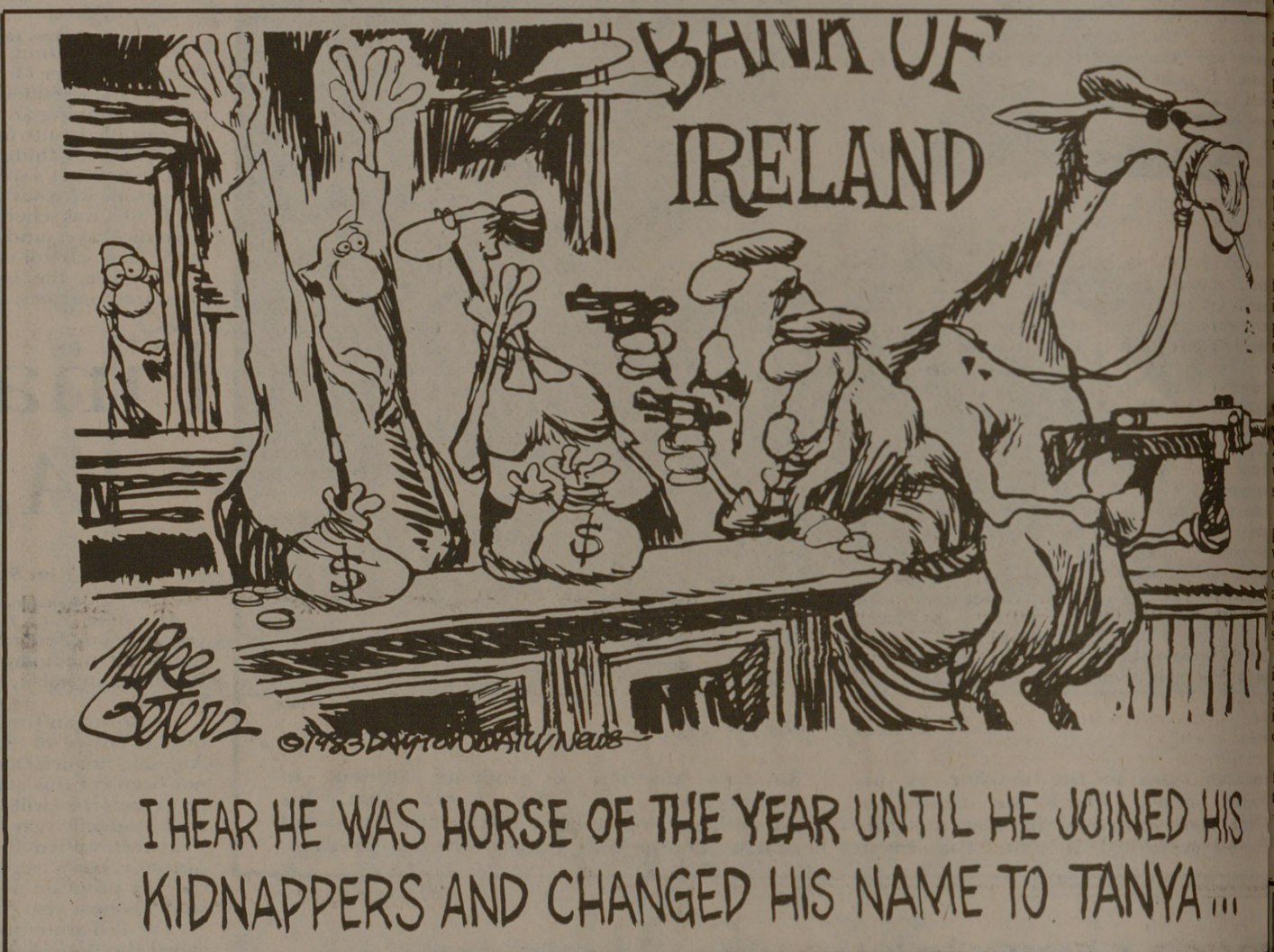
Rather than go to the expense of buying a new photograph every time it snowed, which was fairly rarely, he would use the old "cut" and run it in the paper to say.

In my parochialism, I thought of only talking about snow that fell from the sky. I since have learned the maxim to be applied to talk shows as well.

Other look-alikes include all the waiting on airport ramps for snow to clear the runways. And all the passengers stranded inside the terminals. And all automobiles abandoned on streets.

As television has so vividly come to this winter, all snow does indeed look alike, whether it falls in Washington, New York, Boston, Chicago, Des Moines, Denver or Waxahachie.

Next February, let us hope for weather and the winter wonderland cliches improve. With Joyce Brothers' hand to explain what it all means,



I HEAR HE WAS HORSE OF THE YEAR UNTIL HE JOINED HIS KIDNAPPERS AND CHANGED HIS NAME TO TANYA ...

Letters: Sorority wrongly accused

An open letter to William B. McGuire and Fellow Aggies:

The letter of reprimand that was placed in The Battalion was very misdirected. The sorority of Kappa Kappa Gamma did not place the distasteful flyers around campus on Feb. 11.

Mr. McGuire, had you shown some common courtesy and inquired as to the posting of the flyers, you would have been informed that the Kappas had no idea that the flyers were displayed and had no part in it. If you would have opened your eyes before putting pen to paper you would have noticed by Friday afternoon that ALL flyers had been torn down by Kappas and other Greeks who recognized the prank.

To the party who took the liberty to print such announcements in our name, we do not understand what kind of person would find humor in this type of joke. Don't you think it would be better if you were to confront us directly if you hold a grudge or have anger, instead of involving an entire university? We would think that in being an Aggie, you would try to support the endeavors of all Aggies, instead of bringing them down. As Aggies, a bond exists between us that singles us out as being willing to help one another and uplift and encourage one another. We do not think that you have exemplified the true spirit of being an Aggie.

Kappa Kappa Gamma is an organization based on Christian ideals and personal excellence. Sororities are not permitted to purchase alcohol nor hold open parties in their houses. The greek system does, however, hold many functions that support other local organizations. "Orgies" or "housing a brothel" does not and never will fall into this category.

Sororities and fraternities have done nothing to harm the atmosphere or traditions that occur at A&M. This prank is a slap in the face of the Greek system and Kappa Kappa Gamma is an innocent bystander. We hope the persons responsible for this slander have gained sufficient satisfaction from these actions so that no other group will suffer from these chil-

dish pranks.

The members of Kappa Kappa Gamma

Pledge kidnapping not condoned

Editor:

In response to a letter from Rhonda Reese which ran Friday, Feb. 18, may I simply state that the Texas A&M Interfraternity Council does not condone "kidnapping" of pledges or any other activity which may interfere with a student's academic responsibility. In fact, I completely agree with Miss Reese's point of view and assure you that measures will be taken to prevent any similar actions in the future.

Don Scott Marable
President, Texas A&M Interfraternity Council

Campus parking classes

Editor:

In the past years, A&M has made tremendous strides in recruiting and growth. Unfortunately, the transportation system hasn't been able to keep up with these increases. The following is a tentative curriculum which would be a prerequisite for obtaining a parking sticker. Hopefully these suggestions will expose the humorous side to the transportation problems facing the University.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING 417 — Automotive Engineering — Squeezing three cars into two parking places.

AEROSPACE ENGINEERING — High Speed Aerodynamics — across campus in under 30 minutes.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION — Survival Techniques — Finding a place on campus and finding campus after parking your car (forget a lunch).

ART 304 — Advanced Art — Designing your own staff sticker.

FINANCE 407 — Advanced Budgeting and Cost Control — Payment statement fees (parking tickets) \$40 check return policy.

MILITARY SCIENCE 306 — Keeping cadets off of streets during corps' runs.

MATHEMATICS 314 — Determining the percentage of gate tavern patrons causing accidents after 9 p.m.

ENVIRONMENTAL DESIGN — Landscaping — Revamping parking areas by uprooting No. 1 signs and creating new spaces.

Just remember, Highway 6 ways ... and one way might take you fish lot.

P.S. We park in New Mexico closer.

Statue error

Editor:

The picture of the cardboard take-off on the statue beside (Art at Rudder Tower — Feb. 18) minds me once again of an error was never corrected. The statue, during 1976, should have borne the slogan "Founded on the" instead of "Planned for the"

Office of International Cooperation

The Battalion

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Editorial Policy

The Battalion is a non-profit, self-supporting newspaper operated as a community service to Texas A&M University and Bryan-College Station. Opinions ex-

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

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

Letters Policy

Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 words in length, and are subject to being cut if they are longer. 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 also be signed and show the address and phone number of the writer.

Columns and guest editorials are also welcome, and are not subject to the same length constraints as letters. Address all inquiries and correspondence to: Editor, The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843, or phone (713) 845-2611.

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