

Reforms work after 30 years

Monumental decisions requiring great courage are nothing new to the U.S. Supreme Court. But perhaps none is more important than one made 30 years ago today.

It was May 16, 1954 — Brown vs. Board of Education — and the Court resolved that the educational philosophy of separate but equal had no place in America, that an equal opportunity of education could not be provided when whites attended one school and minorities another.

In the history of the American judicial system, few Supreme Court edicts have had as profound an effect as that one carefully chosen case.

Who Brown was and which Board of Education he sued are unimportant. The NAACP selected them for that reason. Brown represented all men just as that Board of Education represented all others.

The changes the decision forced didn't happen overnight and surely weren't painless, the first minorities to enter the all white schools can testify to that. But those first children found the same courage the Court had in making its decision and America is a better place today because of it.

Many mistakes were made along the way and many attempts at righting the wrongs ended in failure. But America has learned from her mistakes and those wrongs are being righted. We can celebrate the fact that the educational system envisioned by the Court is almost here.

What's more, the reforms are expanding beyond the elementary and secondary school level. The nation's colleges and universities are recruiting minority students with as much vigor as public school districts are putting into their desegregation programs.

And that's the best solution of all. Once integration begins to take place voluntarily the process will be complete.

So stand up and take a bow, America. Without you it couldn't happen.

— The Battalion Editorial Board

Tax proposal preposterous

\$4.8 billion is a lot of money. \$4.8 billion in taxes is a lot of our — the taxpayers — money.

A \$4.8 billion increase in state taxes is absolutely absurd. But that's just what Gov. Mark White is asking for, a \$4.8 billion increase in state taxes for the nebulous purpose of education finance. No particulars, just education in general.

Sure education and the financing thereof is important, but to dedicate the single-largest increase of state taxes in Texas history solely to elementary and secondary education while ignoring the needs of the prison system, state employees (including state college and university professors) and other governmental services demonstrates weakness in the governor at best and incompetence at worst.

How does White plan to fund these other state programs? Is a state income tax the next trick up the governor's sleeve?

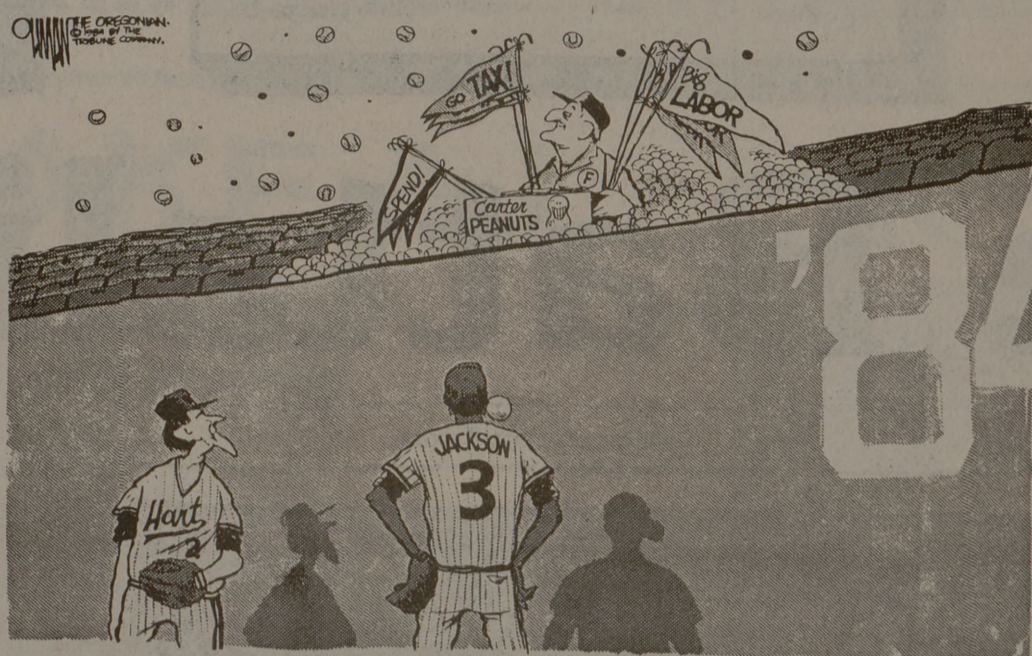
These are questions we must ask ourselves before giving the governor Carte Blanche on tax proposals Texans cannot afford.

The economic impact of increased sales and gasoline taxes would be devastating, especially to the middle and lower income groups — the groups that sent Mark White to the governor's mansion.

It is time for White to open his eyes and remember that he was sent to Austin to serve the people of Texas not H. Ross Perot.

If Perot thinks it will take almost \$5 billion per year to make the changes he wants in the state's educational system, let him find the money and pay for it.

— The Battalion Editorial Board



It could end up in New Jersey

By DAVID S. BRODER

Columnist for The Los Angeles Times Syndicate

WASHINGTON — A shrewd Nebraska Democrat says that it's like the body rejecting an organ transplant. Personally, I think it's more like the girl turning her head at the last minute to avoid a kiss on the lips.

Whatever the metaphor, there does seem to be a terrible reluctance on the part of the Democratic Party to accept the inevitability of Walter F. Mondale. Every time it looks like he has the presidential nomination safely in his grasp, somehow it wiggles free.

Whether this is just coyness on the part of the Democrats, or some primitive instinct for political survival asserting itself, the refusal of Ohio and Indiana Democrats to endorse Mondale's candidacy means his endless struggle with Gary Hart and Jesse L. Jackson will go on to the final day of primaries on June 5.

When, at long last, New Jersey will have its day in the sun — or at least in the smog.

The voters of the Turnpike State are finally fated to become, in Mondale's favorite buttered-up description of every audience, "the most powerful voters in the world."

Nonsense, you say. The big test on the final Tuesday will be California. California elects 306 delegates that day; New Jersey, a mere 107. The final television debate will come from Burbank, not Trenton. I know that.

But I also know there is no way Fritz Mondale is going to beat Gary Hart in California. I have been to California with Mondale. Many times. It is like visiting Samoa with anthropologist Margaret Mead.

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When he looks out on an audience of California Democrats, an inner voice tells him that within eight hours of his departure, 80 percent of them are going to be engaged in activities he has known since his boyhood in the parsonage are wrong. What is worse, they will enjoy what they are doing.

I remember a trip Mondale made to San Francisco when he was Vice President. In the middle of his rally, a group of aggressive homosexuals came onto the stage and began heckling. Mondale fled so fast reporters almost missed the motorcade.

His retreat from California will be less precipitous this time, but I would bet that after he surveys the scene, Mondale and his managers will conclude that though they might hold down Hart's margin, they cannot beat him on the West Coast. So they will try to do it in New Jersey.

Mondale has friends in New Jersey. An Eagleton Institute poll last month in the Newark Star-Ledger put Mondale 11 points ahead of Hart, with Jackson well back. New Jersey gets most of its television from New York City and Philadelphia, so the Democrats have already seen Mondale's "red phone" ads, questioning Hart's readiness for the presidency. Mondale has the backing of several of the congressmen, the speaker of the statehouse and, of course, organized labor.

But he also has potential problems in New Jersey. Jackson has an urban base, with large black

Of talking cars and mothers

By DICK WEST

Columnist for United Press International

WASHINGTON — Now that another Mother's Day has come and gone, this might be a good time to give some thought to the direction that talking cars are taking.

Not that automotive loquacity is ever likely to replace motherhood as a social force in American life. But the technology now is available at least to supplement a certain amount of maternal nagging.

At present, the application is somewhat limited. Put a key in the ignition and a voice asks, "Is your seat belt fastened, sonny?" Or words to that effect.

Actually, there's no reason why vehicular vocalizing should be restricted to such querulous inquiries as, "Aren't you getting a little low on gas, missy?" Or, "Are you sure you locked the trunk?" Or, "Did you have the tires checked before you left?"

With a little encouragement, I'm sure Detroit designers could give us cars with the complete oral equivalent of a back-seat driver.

Imagine being able to take a motor trip alone except for a disembodied voice that cautions, "Look out for that truck up ahead!" Or, "Shouldn't you have turned left at that last traffic light?" Or, "Is that a squad car parked behind that billboard?"

Why, with a little fine tuning, solo motorists could even enjoy one of those scintillating highway conversations that help

keep them from falling at the wheel. And I'm sure that another Mother's Day has come and gone, this might be a good time to give some thought to the direction that talking cars are taking.

The state of the art is such that a driver should be able to duplicate old-fashioned intonations like mother's make.

Once talking cars reached their full potential perhaps computerized components could be added to other machines and found around the house, thinking in particular of bathtubs.

If it is possible to make clocks that can shrill "Wa little Susie" at the appropriate hour, it should be possible to build bathtubs that administer a "Don't forget to wash your ears."

Another appliance that could be improved with a similar touch is the hi-fi system. Instead of a red volume knob, a cassette in the tape deck could flash, a well-modulated wailing cry out, "Turn that (excuse deleted) thing down!"

Hotels and motels are fixing up in homey accommodations. Suddenly also would profit from the technology that compares becoming a television set and a "Dinner's ready" just when the favorite program comes on.

If that doesn't help more at home in a home and was more from home, I don't know would.

Sexual revolution dies for lack of interest

By ART BUCHWALD

Columnist for The Los Angeles Times Syndicate

The Sexual Revolution, according to Time Magazine, is over. It started in the '60s and apparently was fought to a standstill. Finally, according to the magazine, both sides got tired and have now given up.

I remember the beginning of the Sexual Revolution as if it were yesterday. Three friends came over to my house and told me quietly, "The revolution began at midnight. Are you with us or against us?"

"I'm with you. But for heaven's sakes, what took you so long?"

"We had to wait for the post-World War II babies to grow up. Now we're ready to overthrow the bourgeois

mores of the Forties and Fifties."

I went upstairs to the bedroom and put on my old Marine uniform, which had been hanging in my closet since Japan surrendered to the United States.

"What are you doing?" my wife wanted to know.

"If you don't let it out of this room I'll tell you," I said. "The Sexual Revolution is starting tonight and I'm signing up."

"But you're too old," she said. "Sexual Revolutions are for young people."

"You're never too old for a Sexual Revolution," I said gently. "I could never face myself in the morning if I

knew there were so many kids out there fighting for it and I was safely at home."

"What about our children?"

"I'm doing it for them," I told her. "I want them to grow up in a world where they can be free of the dogmas and restraints that our generation was saddled with. I want them to have opportunities that were beyond our wildest dreams. Someday when the battle is won, I hope they'll be proud of the role I played in shaking off the sexual taboos and restrictions of the past."

"But suppose you don't come back?"

"Then hang this gold-framed picture of Hugh Hefner in the window."

My friends took me down to the recruiting station.

"What do you want, Pop?" a bearded fellow in a sweat-shirt and blue jeans asked me.

"I want to join the Sexual Revolution."

He laughed. "You couldn't even pass the physical."

"That's how much you know. I'm in better condition than I was in 1945. Test me."

"We don't have time for that. We have too many recruits already."

"Look, drop me behind the front lines — Vassar, Radcliffe, Sweet Briar. Experience counts a lot more than age."

"We're sorry, Pop. The Sexual Revolution doesn't trust anyone over 30."

"All right, so don't send me to the front lines. But let

me serve in some capacity. Maybe I could be a front-line observer?"

"The only position we have for guys your age is the 'M*A*S*H' unit in the back to take care of the sick and the wounded."

A Sexual Revolution sounds very glamorous when it begins, but you see what it does to bodies and minds of people you quickly get disillusioned. After a few weeks I decided I couldn't take it any more and asked for psychiatric discharge. They gave me with a Good Conduct Medal.

I'm glad Time Magazine has declared the Revolution over. We should have paid out the troops long ago because it was one war that could never have won.

The Battalion

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