

OPINION

Botha's word all Falwell needs

The Rev. Jerry Falwell, leader of the Moral Majority, has once again demonstrated his narrow view of reality. Falwell, who is on a fact-finding tour of South Africa with nine other U.S. clergymen, obviously has found few facts.

He claims the country is making advances towards racial equality.

Falwell met with South African President Pieter W. Botha Monday who assured him that his country is striving for equal rights and political equality for the nation's black majority.

Currently, South Africa's apartheid policies prohibit blacks from having a voice in the government. They are denied the right to vote, they are segregated from whites and forced to live in slums. They are denied basic human rights.

Falwell said he asked Botha if the South African government is in reform and Botha replied it was. He then asked Botha if blacks would be able to participate in government and the president said they would.

That was all the assurance Falwell needed. He has already planned two television specials denouncing U.S. proposed economic sanctions against South Africa.

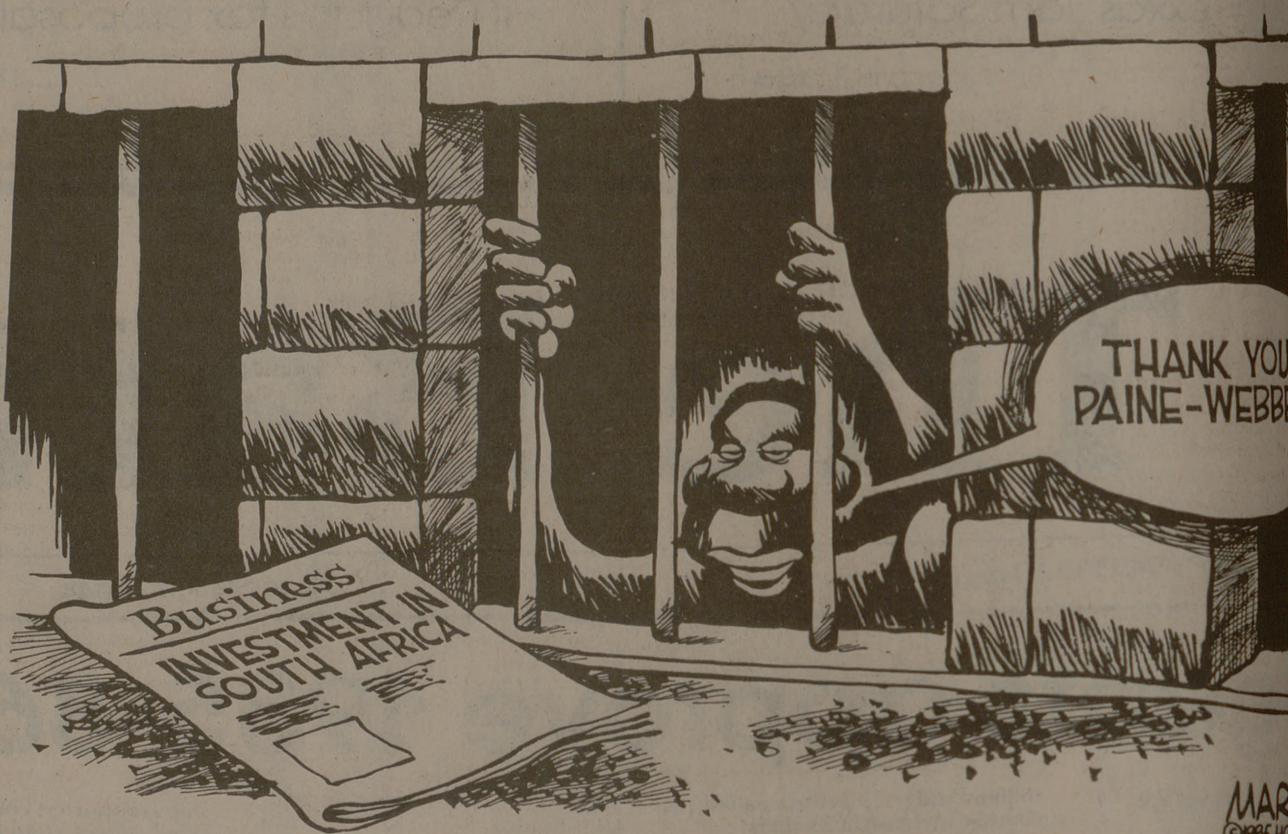
Such assurance from Botha is about as comforting as a promise of a free society from Atilla the Hun. Did Falwell expect Botha to say "Well, no we're going to continue our racist policies and never allow majority rule"?

Despite the violence, protests and obvious facts to the contrary, one word from the South African president is all Falwell needs to start another crusade of ignorance.

Falwell, in his conservative-for-conservative's-sake approach to reality, has seen one side of the South African problem and is ready to leap to the defense of a racist, elitist government which charades as a democracy.

If he sees progress in South Africa merely because Botha says it's there, Falwell must look at the world through a thick layer of wool.

The Battalion Editorial Board



Let's do it to them now before they do it to us

By ART BUCHWALD

Columnist for The Los Angeles Times Syndicate

Whilst Art Buchwald is on vacation we reprint some columns from the past.

Is there organic life in outer space? This is one of the major questions being asked in scientific circles today. Does this organic life resemble ours, and if not, what type of life exists on other planets? What effect will it have on us, first of all as Americans, and secondly as human beings?

It is not too early to worry about these problems and to prepare for them. I have already started an organization to hate life in outer space. I feel, as do many of the people who have joined my society, that life in outer space presents a danger to every man, woman and child in the world, and the public must be alerted to these dangers before we make the fateful step of being taken in by beings on other planets, who will in all probability try to dominate us.

There are some Munich-minded individuals who are prepared to make friends with the organisms in outer space. They are willing to trade our way of life for ways of life foreign to us. They are blind to the dangers of taking up with people — if you wish to call them that — who have none of the culture, the background or the intelligence

that we have on earth.

It is for this reason that the Society to Hate Life in Outer Space, or HALO, as it is known for short, was formed. We must combat all attempts to come to terms with life in outer space or lose our own in the attempt.

My society believes that there is something inhuman about life in outer space. If they were our friends, as they pretend to be, why haven't they made themselves known? Why haven't they come out and declared that there is life on other planets? What have they got to hide?

Obviously they're waiting for us to make the first move. They want us to go to them. They prefer to tackle our boys on their own territory. They must know about our attempts to get into outer space, the money and time and effort being expended to reach them.

But have they cooperated in any way? Have they offered to pay part of the cost to get one of our people out to them? They have not. All attempts to reach them by radio and other communications have failed. They refuse to answer our calls, they ignore our wave lengths, they are probably laughing at us right now. It is typical of life in outer space to be sneaky, uncooperative and treacherous.

But once we make it to one of their planets, then what? Will we be greeted

as scientists in search of new worlds to conquer? Will they understand that all we want to do is study and find out what makes them tick? I hardly think so. First, they'll kill us. If their weapons are more advanced than ours, then they'll try to win a nuclear war and prey on our naivete. If that doesn't succeed, they'll try to outpace us in space exploration and school with our children.

HALO is not waiting until we conquer space. We are preparing an educational program now to prevent life in outer space from creeping into our lives.

I think all books on outer space should be censored, and only those that affirm our way of life should be allowed on library bookshelves. I think all our astronauts should be briefed on the dangers of life in outer space. They should be made to recognize the enemy. Congress should hold hearings and call witnesses who have defected from outer space to show what could happen on our planet if outer-space organisms infiltrated our government and labor unions.

We have the money for such a program. What we need now is the cooperation of every citizen. It's too early to join. Our slogan is "Would you want someone to take you to outer space to marry your sister?"



Transportation woes driven off by truck

I have always been the laughing stock of all my friends because of cars I've driven.

While they got Cameros and Datsuns after getting their driver's licenses, I got to share my mother's 1968 Plymouth Valiant.

It was a fun car. There was nothing I

Rhonda Rubin
Guest Columnist

couldn't do to it. It was a mini-tank that wouldn't be stopped by the garage wall, curbs or parked Volvos.

However, it had a sense of humor and tended to stall while crossing major intersections during Houston's rush-hour traffic.

That didn't matter. What did matter was my friends' opinions of my mode of transportation.

The only thing they liked about the car was the stereo and the fact that it could seat six people comfortably (and nine uncomfortably).

This was the reason I was always the one elected to drive. Of course, I had to park at the other end of the parking lot so nobody would see them get out of the car.

I was so traumatized by my senior

year, I decided to show them that I could own a car too.

Being the wealthy person that I was, I begged and pleaded with my parents to help me pay for it.

Finally, the day came when I was to roll out of the dealership driving my slightly used 1976 Toyota Celica.

I was so proud of myself at that moment. I couldn't wait to get it home to wash it.

Unfortunately, it died on the way.

My triumph turned had turned into another joke for my friends. I told them, "Hey, it gets me where I want to go."

They said "Yeah, when it runs." This car lasted all of two years. It died a noble death and coasted into a parking spot on campus before uttering its last back-fire.

It was decided that I was to get a new car so I wouldn't inherit anyone's problems.

I wanted a truck, and my parents wanted me to have a nice little car.

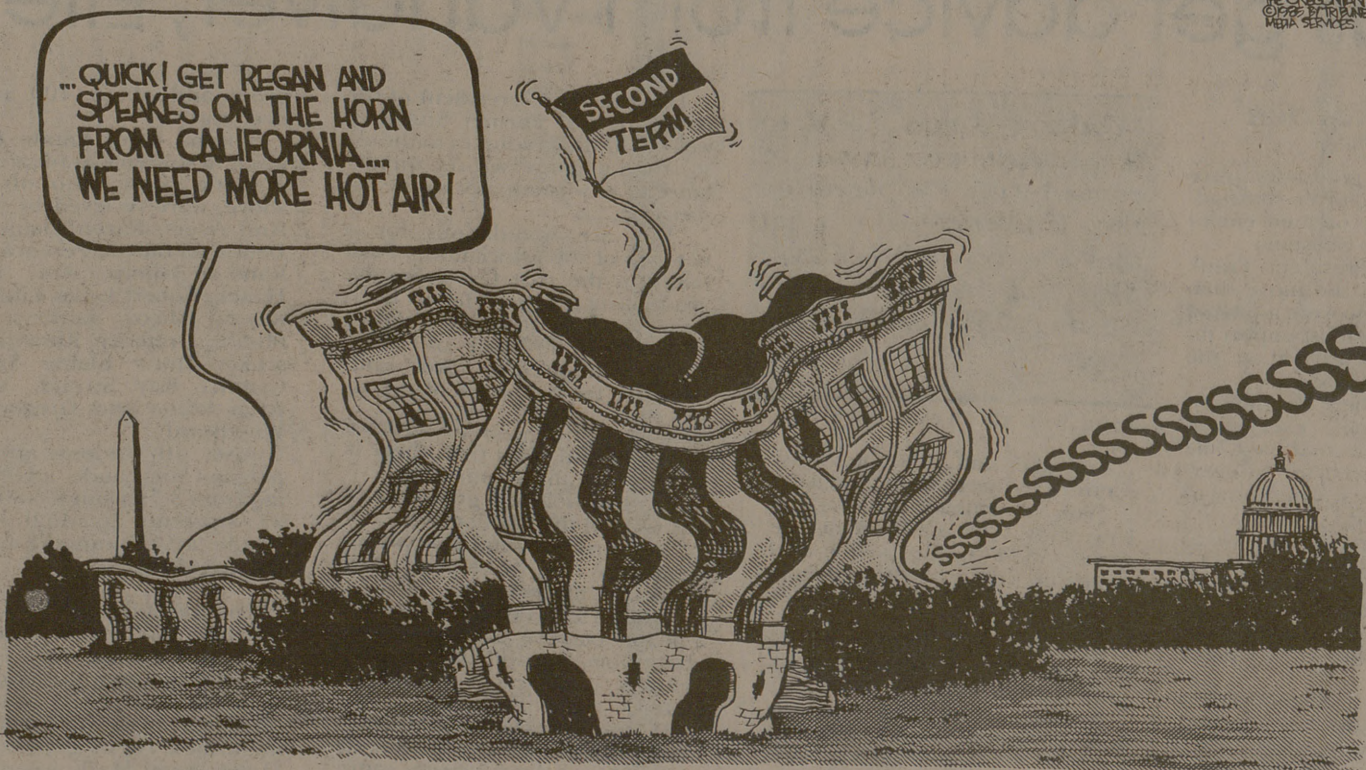
I didn't want a nice little car. I wanted a truck.

We compromised, and I became the proud owner of a new 1984 Toyota pickup.

Again I was laughed at. All my friends who owned trucks asked me why I didn't "get a real truck."

That doesn't bother me anymore, and they don't laugh anymore, because now they know that baby truck has gotten me through floods, snow, intense heat and the Houston freeway system all at 28 miles per gallon.

Rhonda Rubin is a junior journalism major.



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