

Opinion

Bah humbug! Unexpurgated confessions of a yuletide malcontent

I hate Christmas!

I'm not alone in my sentiments. There have been several people bitten by the bah humbug.

Charles Dickens once wrote a wonderful story about a man who hated Christmas. Scrooge just didn't enjoy the way that the entire world went soft in the head during the month of December and tried to make peoples' Christmas as unpleasant as possible.

Dr. Seuss also wrote a wonderful story about a man who hated Christmas. The Grinch thought that if he would steal all of the adornments of Christmas, then Christmas wouldn't happen. Scrooge and the Grinch are two famous examples of characters who weren't going to let anyone infect them with the "Christmas Spirit."

But Scrooge and the Grinch failed. Scrooge let a handful of ghosts blackmail him into suborning to the "Christmas Spirit." The Grinch fell victim to the "Christmas Spirit" and returned all the presents, trees, decorations and other yuletide garbage. Scrooge and the Grinch wimped out.

Why do I hate Christmas? Mainly because it starts in October. Weeks before you pig out on Halloween candy or decide what dumb costume you are going to wear, the television is filled with commercials for the Ronco Christmas Albums. I refuse to buy any album that has Slim Whitman, Box Car Willie, Pat Boone, Jim Neighbors, Drunken Dean



Karl Pallmeyer

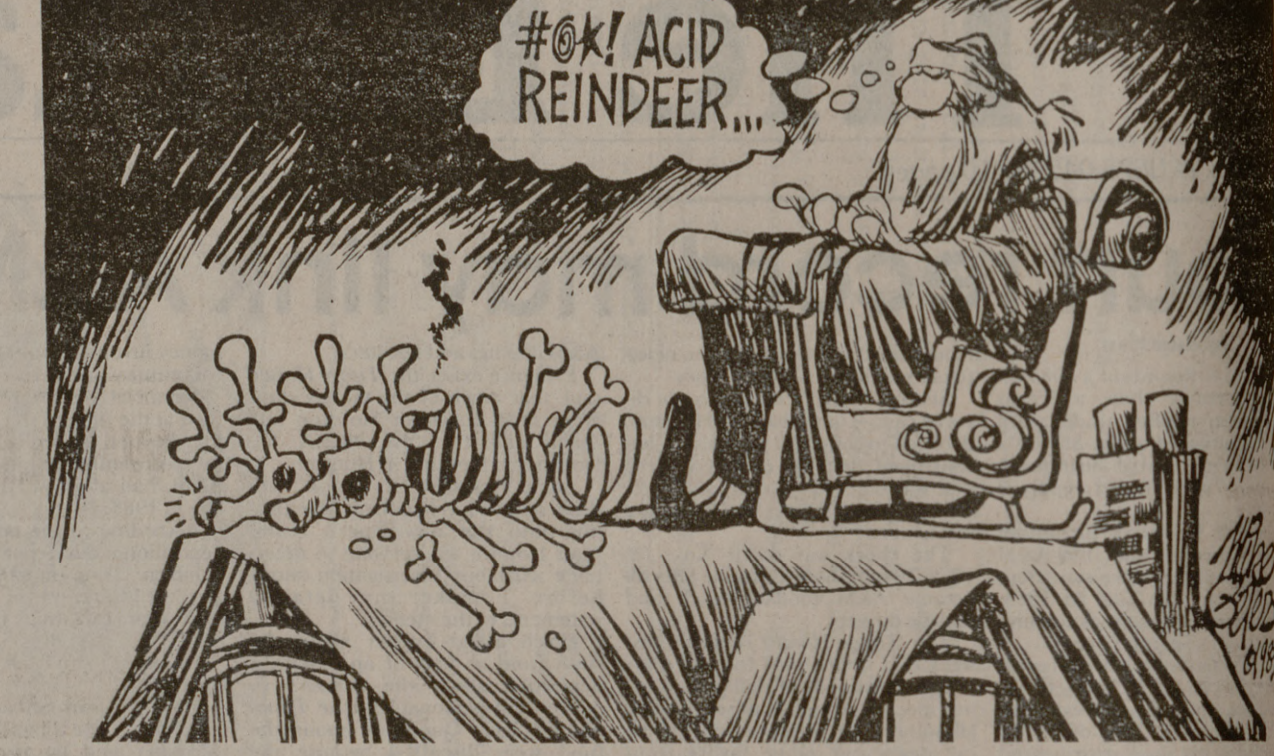
Martin and Zamfir doing "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer." What ever happened to the real Christmas music? I haven't heard the dogs that bark "Jingle Bells" in years.

Another reason I hate Christmas is because of the toys. Every year someone comes up with some new cutesy doll that causes people to rape, murder, pillage, plunder and fight for the last one while the department store's loudspeaker blares out "Peace on Earth."

And have you seen these toys that are a robot one way and a gun another way? When I was a kid I found a stick that could be used as a robot, an airplane, a gun, a boat, a dog, a cat, a nuclear bomb, a space ship, a boomerang and a Big Mac. I usually had more fun with the box and wrapping paper than with toys I got for Christmas anyway. The key was imagination — something that kids are being deprived of these days.

Those Christmas specials are another reason I hate Christmas. Every year it's the same dumb cartoon shows. I've always wanted to put Frosty the Snowman in a microwave and see if that stupid hat would save him. I would like to put a 1000-watt bulb in Rudolph's nose in hopes that his battery will run down so that he won't be able to fly this year. I wish the Little Drummer Boy would fall down and break that stupid drum so that he can't play when he gets to the manger. I could care less if that stupid bear woke up for Christmas or not. I'll still watch "How the Grinch Stole Christmas" just in case the Grinch wins this year.

The dumb Christmas shows with real people in them are even worse than the dumb Christmas cartoon shows. I've never figured out why the old but tal-



ented Bob Hope would want to spend his Christmas with the young, airheaded Brooke Shields and a football player named after a home appliance. Maybe we need another war so that Hope can be funny again.

Christmas is also the time of family reunions. Family reunions are great for about 15 minutes — then they get old. First of all we have to drive to where my brother and sister live — in Amarillo. Have you ever been to Amarillo? Amarillo is the place where they build nuclear bombs. They must have figured that if something went wrong no one

would miss Amarillo.

I have a total of three nieces and two nephews. Somehow five kids seem like five hundred when they start running around the house and screaming.

I could drink beer with my brother and brother-in-law except all they have is Coors Light. Have you ever tasted a Coors Light? As a Global Beer Expert I have found that Coors Light is considered to be slightly worse than an olive oil martini.

So Christmas is coming. You can have your Ronco Christmas Albums, your

gifts for cute dolls, your transformable robots, your "Rudolph the Frosty Bear Who Plays the Drums," your "Bob Hope and Stupid Guests Christmas Special" and your Christmas Spirit. I'll just sit at my sister's house in Amarillo, drink a Coors Light, watch "How the Grinch Stole Christmas" and let my nieces and nephews run all over me. I may even call the radio station and ask them to play the dogs that bark "Jingle Bells."

I still hate Christmas.

Karl Pallmeyer is a senior journalism major and a columnist for The Battalion.

Mail Call

Lost ring

EDITOR:

I lost my senior ring on Dec. 9 somewhere in the library or between the library and Briggs Hall. If someone found my ring give me a call at 260-6495 or return it to the Association of Former Students. Thanks!

E. Margaret Moon

Show some support

EDITOR:

At a recent basketball game I was continually overhearing fellow students downgrading one of the freshman basketball players. He had only 10 minutes previous experience and was very nervous. Instead of giving support to the player, the students groaned when Metcalf put him in and snickered at his mistakes.

The Ags in the stands should have overlooked his mistakes and given him credit and support for his good playing.

Due to injuries, the team has been forced to train these rookie players early in order to prepare them for SWC play. These freshman players need support and encouragement from all of the fans in order to perform to the fullest of their potential.

These are our future starters and can learn only through firsthand experience. Let's lend them our support and help give them that chance!

Kert D. Peterson
Allen J. Terrel
Chris J. Cooper

Lack of understanding

EDITOR:

I see from Karl Pallmeyer's Dec. 10 column that he's taken it upon himself to rank different levels of humanity. That's a big step Karl; not even God does that. Your unfair attack on two particular groups of people seems to be the result of a lack of understanding of economics.

The group you call the second lowest form of humanity are ticket "scalpers." These are people who simply value their time spent

waiting in line less than their expected profit from the resale of their tickets.

You asked what gives them the right to profit from reselling tickets. The fact that they own the tickets give them the right to ask whatever price they want. Whether or not they get that price depends on the potential buyers.

The group you call the lowest form of humanity are people who buy tickets from "scalpers." These are people who simply value the time they would have spent in line more than the additional price charged by the "scalper."

Neither of these groups are doing anything unethical, immoral or illegal. They are simply making a mutually beneficial free market transaction.

I suggest you learn something about economics before you malign people for trying to maximize their utility.

Joel Murphy '86

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ticket scalping is illegal in Texas.

Ring found

EDITOR:

I want to thank the members of the Historical Research and Recovery Club of the Brazos Valley for helping me find my Aggie ring which I lost on Duncan Field the night of bonfire. The people of this organization will never know how thankful I am for their effort in finding my ring.

After I lost my ring that night, I thought I would easily find it during the day when I could see a lot better. But four tries, two metal detectors and five hours worth of searching through the mud later, I thought I would never see my Aggie ring again.

That's when I called Robert Nichols of the Historical Research and Recovery Club. Talk about knowing everything there is know about metal detectors, especially how to use them — these people do indeed know their business. They met with me twice at Duncan Field, the second time being a regular meeting for the club. With all of these people looking with their detectors, they eventually found my ring which had been buried in the mud for 11 days. I never would have found it without them.

The members of Historical Research and Recovery Club of Brazos Valley really enjoy their hobby. They would not accept any money for looking for my ring. Only when they found it would they accept a donation to their club: whatever amount I felt I could offer for their services. Well their services were worth much more than my small donation, but I will always remember the fine people of this organization.

Trey Gross '85

Not a fact of life

EDITOR:

Brad Salinski's letter of Dec. 10 was the most immature piece of BS I've ever read! Brad, where do you get off expecting other people to clean up your litter? Apparently, you expect everyone else to be your mommy or daddy and follow you around with a broom and a dust pan so that you can celebrate without a guilt complex.

The grounds maintenance workers have enough to do besides picking up after self-centered slob who can't find a way to celebrate without destroying their surroundings! The money spent to clean up the environment could be better spent . . . if pollution wasn't such a problem.

And it isn't "a fact of life," as you call it. If people have a little more concern for others and pick up after themselves, this world could be a more pleasant place to live.

By the way, there is nothing wrong with being an activist. Activists try to solve problems. They take a public stance on an issue that they believe needs addressing. By writing a letter to the editor, you too are an activist. Unfortunately, your "cause" doesn't solve a problem; it perpetuates one.

Georgette Nicolaides

Friendships cherished

EDITOR:

"There's a spirit that can ne'er be told." Never has that been more evident to us than this fall semester which is rapidly drawing to a close.

The renewing of old acquaintances and our Cotton Picking Aggie team have made this fall truly one that we'll not soon forget. But the thing we cherish and will remember the most is the warm welcome and friendships we have received from so many Aggies and especially the Parents Day Committee.

Once again it is clearly evident that Aggies are the greatest people anywhere.

To those of you who are graduating we offer our sincere congratulations and to all of you we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year starting with a big win in the Cotton Bowl. We look forward to seeing you in Dallas New Years Day and during the spring semester in 1986.

"Gig'em"
Patty and Joe Hlavinka
Aggie Parents of the Year

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