

Opinion

Martyrs, naked kids with arrows ruined a pretty good party day

If there's a day I hate more than Christmas it's Valentine's Day. No, I don't hate every holiday, as a matter of fact I love Ground Hog Day, but Christmas and Valentine's Day are depressing.



Karl Pallmeyer

In the good old days of the Roman Empire, the Romans had a huge feast they called Lupercalia. The Romans had a good time dancing, drinking and being degenerates on this day set aside to celebrate love. Everyone had a pretty good time on this day until the Christians got involved.

Sometime around 270 A.D., the Christians decided to put a damper on everybody's party and changed the name of the holiday to St. Valentine's Day in honor of a Roman Christian priest who lived a depressing life and was put to death for his beliefs.

The Christian's also changed Cupid. Cupid was the Roman version of Eros, the Greek god of love. In the early days Cupid wasn't as innocent as everyone

seems to think. He was strong and masculine and knew how to have a good time. Now Cupid is a wimpy little boy that flies around without any clothes and bothers people with his stupid little arrows.

For the next 1,570 years Valentine's Day became a day to celebrate love as long as you remembered that if you showed that love too strongly you might be nailed to a tree for it.

But then, sometime around the year 1840, a silly, romantic woman by the name of Esther A. Howland created the Valentine's Day card.

Once the Valentine's Day card became popular, there was no stopping the commercialization of Valentine's Day. The Valentine's Day specials should come with the warning that this much saccharine can cause cancer. The commercials that infest the television screen this time of year are so sickly sweet I feel like barfing. I guess florists love Valentine's Day because its one of the few times they can sell flowers for someone who's not dead.

Even The Battalion has been swamped with Valentine's garbage. In

today's Batt you will find ads for Valentine's cards, Valentine's singers, Valentine's flowers, Valentine's candy, Valentine's pizza, Valentine's jewelry, Valentine's T-shirts, Valentine's books, Valentine's haircuts, Valentine's ice cream, Valentine's mixed drinks, Valentine's tans, Valentine's cupid bears, Valentine's videos, Valentine's telegrams, Valentine's perfume and even Valentine's lingerie.

Two of our cartoonists, Kevin Thomas and Scott McCullar, are sponsoring Valentine's Day card contests. A local radio station is trying to get all those struck by cupid's arrows to stand on the astroturf at Kyle Field and smooch for Muscular Dystrophy. Commercialization is the worst thing to happen to Valentine's Day since the St. Valentine's Day Massacre in 1929.

The main reason I hate Valentine's Day is that I usually feel a lot like Charlie Brown. I've yet to receive a Valentine from that cute little red-haired girl. For that matter I've yet to receive a Valentine from that cute little blonde, brunette or bald-headed girl.

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

Mail Call

Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 words in length. 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 be signed and must include the address and telephone number of the writer.

A sad day in Aggieland

EDITOR:

To the good Ag who took my backpack:
We here at Texas A&M have many long-standing traditions. But one tradition that is held by a select few falls under the category of V.I. BAD BULL. I am speaking about the taking of other persons' property — specifically walking away with backpacks that don't belong to you.

On Feb. 5, at 1:15 p.m., I was in the main hallway of the ground floor of the Memorial Student Center. Entering the mens' room, I put my stuffed backpack on the bookshelf, as did other people. It was intended for less than five minutes.

Incredibly, someone had the nerve to relieve me of it. In desperation I searched the farthest reaches of the MSC, including trash cans, to no avail. I notified the University Police. In detail I went through the process with the officer. I was told this was a common occurrence.

I am out one calculus book, one aviation book and one history book totaling \$75. Gone are several weeks of notes and homework, two chemistry books and an MPACT card, not to mention a new \$30 backpack. I am paying my own way through school. I cannot afford to replace the approximately \$100 in items that was taken.

This University is known for its world-class education and the atmosphere of being Aggies, not for criminal activities. It would be a sad day in Aggieland if students had to revert to a neighborhood student watch program on campus to protect their belongings. What happened to trust between fellow Ags?

I would hope that those who engage in this activity take a real look at themselves. Because for you there are only two ways to go: the main desk of the MSC or either direction of Highway 6!

Bobby Schwager
Class of '88
260-3175

A change of seatery

EDITOR:

This letter is in reference to the Lee Greenwood concert Sunday night, at Rudder Auditorium. We have several complaints for the Town Hall.

First of all the concert was poorly advertised. Or shall we say not advertised at all. It seems that they were too busy advertising the American Music Tour all day Sunday and must have "forgotten" Lee Greenwood was in town Sunday night.

Secondly, they forgot to mention the concert was moved from Rollie White Coliseum to Rudder Auditorium. It was to our great disappointment upon reaching the G. Rollie doors to find them locked. The course it was already 8 p.m., which was the time we planned on arriving because we had reserved seats — or so we thought. How wrong we were.

Disappointment #3 came when we reached Rudder and the Town Hall people seemed to have gotten "confused" and seated people in the front row, dead center seats. We stood in line two hours to get these seats only to arrive finding them taken, for all we know by general admission people. Of course, there was a slight difference in price between general admission and reserved seats, but this didn't seem to phase Town Hall either.

We understand about a bit of confusion existing in the change of location (which they failed to inform people of), but it seems to us that they could have come up with a slightly better plan of seating the people in the "seats they paid for."

In conclusion, we hope that next time maybe Town Hall will better organize their events. Thank you!

Pamela Ulrich '87
Brenda Rolirad '88

The virtual dictator

EDITOR:

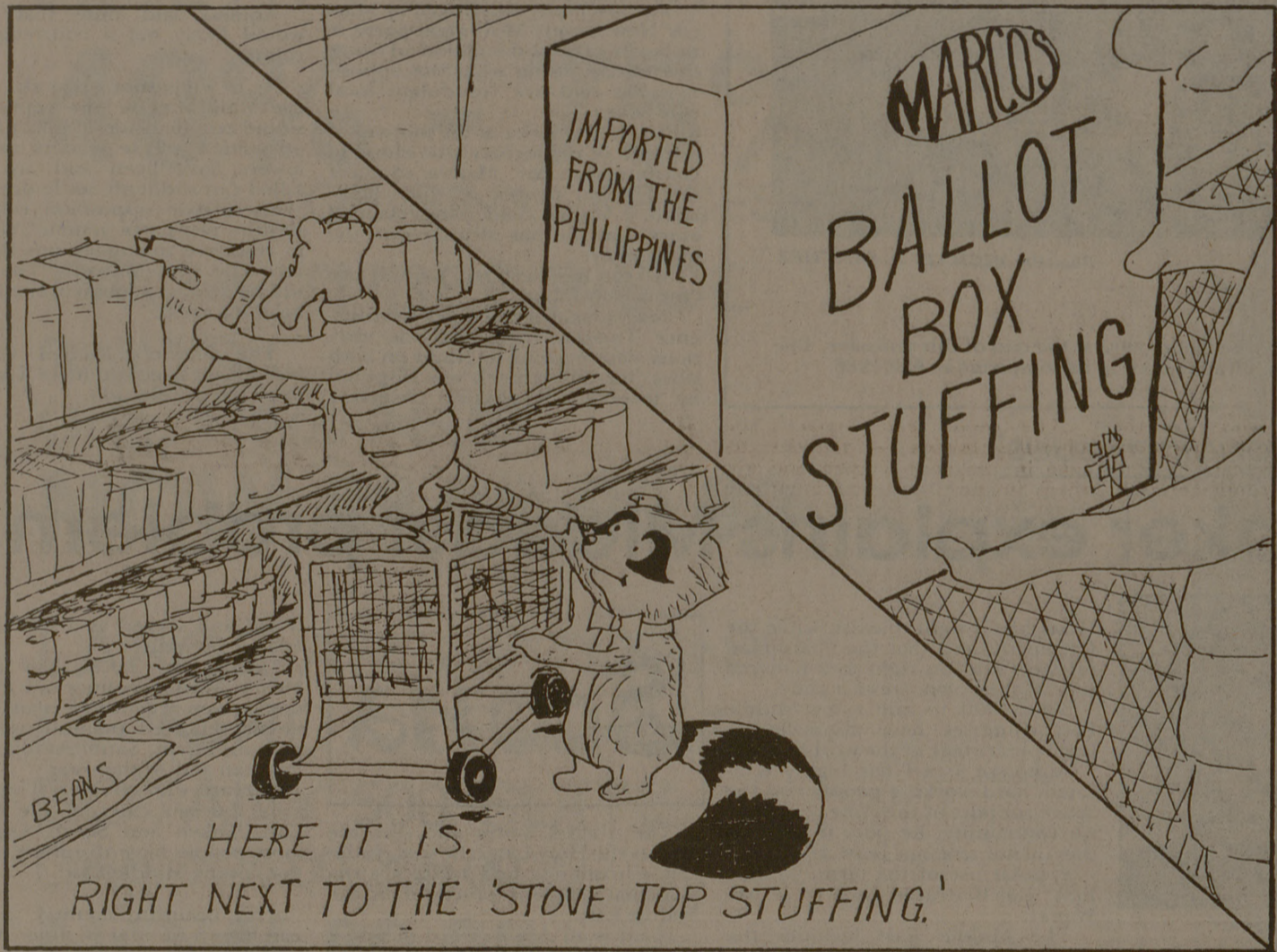
The treasury of the state of Texas is once again in trouble with the sudden drop in crude oil prices. The price of gasoline may be low, but the revenues from the corporate taxes on oil companies in Texas will also be lower.

It seems as if we are in for another round of budget-cutting measures in Texas, just like we had this time last year. Governor White may regret his decision last week to cancel the legislative session for this fiscal year, but he won't have his cronies around to back him up or to cover his committal tracks when he tries to fleece Texans.

He's a virtual dictator anyway and he needs to leach all the cash he can from us. No doubt, too, his primary target will be the state's public education system — especially the land-grant universities. Like last year, why not get the jump on him, and make some extra money for Texas?

For example, laboratory courses could be made to be worth their credit hours instead of the usual one. The student's cost might be high, but at least the course schedule and transcript would reflect all the effort needed to persevere in a lab.

William H. Clark II



It wasn't football commissioner, but it was the next best thing

Henry Kissinger, after "careful consideration," turned down the race for governor of New York. There are many questions left unanswered. Whose idea was it to ask Kissinger to run, and why did he turn it down?



Art Buchwald

It all started one morning when...

Henry Kissinger looked in the bathroom mirror and his image said, "Let's face it, Henry, they are not going to change the Constitution to permit foreign-born citizens to become president of the United States — although there is no doubt in my mind that you are the most qualified."

"So?" Henry said.

"You're going to have to think of something else to keep from getting bored. Why don't you become director general of the United Nations?"

Henry shook his head. "Ted Koppel never asks the director general of the United Nations to go on 'Nightline.'"

The mirror image said, "Then why not campaign for commissioner of the National Football League? It's the most powerful job in America. They can't play the Super Bowl without you."

"I wouldn't mind being football commissioner, except they don't provide you with a private plane or personal chef. I have to think of the perks."

The image in the mirror furrowed his forehead. "Would you like to be a network anchorman on the evening news?"

"They could use me. Dan Rather has a terrible accent. But I would have to give up going to conservative cocktail parties where I am adored."

The image spit some shaving soap out of its mouth. "You have to get an important job, Henry. How long do you think people are going to accept you for yourself?"

Henry replied, "How soon they forget that it was I who opened up a gateway to China and introduced silks, spices and breadfruit to the New World."

The image in the mirror said, "Don't get discouraged just because you got a raw deal. You are not without influence. After all, you are on a first-name basis with Margaret Thatcher, Francois Mitterand, Deng Xiaoping and Oscar de la Renta."

Henry blushed. "That's nice of you to say, but I'm not going to take any old job just because I know a lot of heads of state."

"That's it!" the image said. "Why don't you become a head of state?"

"What state?"

"New York State."

"New York is not a real state like Mozambique or Tonga."

"Nevertheless it is a state and the governor is its head."

Kissinger finished shaving, put on some Brut and said to the image, "May I think about it?"

The image beamed. "Take all the time you want. Gosh, you look beautiful."

Henry had pretty much made up his mind he would run when his wife Nancy came stomping in the bathroom waving a copy of the New York Post. "Are you going to run for governor?"

Kissinger said, "I'm thinking about it."

Nancy said, "You'd better make up your mind. You have to choose between me or Albany."

Henry sighed, "There is no choice, Liebchen."

When Nancy left Henry looked sadly into the mirror and said, "I could have been a contender."

His image was perplexed. "I don't know why she is making such a big deal about Albany. She slept with you in Damascus."

Art Buchwald is a columnist for the Los Angeles Times Syndicate.

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