

Opinion

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 and Bryan-College Station.

Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the editorial board or the author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Texas A&M administrators, faculty or the Board of Regents.

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

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Learning the lesson

This semester, Texas A&M has been battered by a barrage of open-records requests. So it's good to see at least one such inquiry recognized without the petitioners being subjected to the University's usual litigious attitude.

A little more than a week after releasing the results of its in-house investigation into alleged NCAA rules violations by the Athletic Department, A&M is again involved in Freedom of Information Act requests — but this time the process is not inhibited by the University's typically uncooperative demeanor.

The A&M chapter of the Young Conservatives of Texas has requested financial records of the Legislative Study Group, a lobbying organization affiliated with Student Government, to see if the LSG has used student service fee money.

The records are public under the Texas Open Records Act, and representatives of LSG have said they don't plan on fighting the request. Their main concern is that YCT doesn't understand the nature of LSG.

The Athletic Department should take note of the cooperation displayed by both groups. Over the last few years, the University has faced several lawsuits and many FOI requests because it refuses to divulge information that is clearly public record.

LSG's records are open to anyone who wants to see them, and that includes YCT. After the recent onslaught of open records requests, the University is finally coming to its senses. How ironic that it took two student organizations to show A&M how to obey the law.

Help wanted

Spring has sprung, the grass is green and *The Battalion* staff is kinda lean. You gripe and moan and scream and cry, and all the time you're asking, "Why?"

Why run this? Why run that? You *Battalion* staffers are really lax. Your minds are soft, your brains don't work, and Karl Pallmeyer is such a jerk.

To this we say, as we always have, "What the hell, you gotta laugh."

But if that reply does not suffice, here's a little good advice. Instead of whining and asking "Why?," show some guts and just apply.

Applications are due April 24 in 216 Reed McDonald.

Mail Call

Regrettable oversight

EDITOR:

I was looking through the directory of classes for the summer and fall of 1987, and I was very upset to discover that some of the final examinations for the 10-week summer session were scheduled for Friday evening and for the fall semester were scheduled on both Friday evening and Saturday morning. I took note of the fact that no exams were scheduled on Sunday, the Christian sabbath day.

Perhaps the fact that Friday evenings and Saturdays are the Jewish sabbath days was forgotten when this new final-exam schedule was decided.

I am writing this letter as a reminder to you. This new schedule is a violation of the rights of any Jewish student who is required to take an exam on the Sabbath. Orthodox students and faculty are not even permitted to write on Friday evening and Saturday as a part of the Sabbath tradition.

Please keep in mind the fact that this new schedule is a violation of the rights of any Jewish faculty member who would be required to administer an exam on the Sabbath.

I feel certain that as soon as the administration is made aware of this oversight that this violation will be rectified.

Terry S. and Lori Hill

Grow up, Mom

EDITOR:

To those Aggie mothers who "claimed responsibility" for the toilet papering of the Texas A&M president's home on April 10, these thoughts occurred to me as I helped my staff members clean up your mess that Saturday morning.

1. Surely, there was a more productive avenue for your protest against senior final exams.
2. Your attempt only spent money the A&M grounds department does not have. Granted, it only required three to four overtime hours to clean up. However, with the current funding level of 60 percent and anticipation of 50 percent in September, these few wasted hours are important.
3. It also took away some weekend hours for the cleanup crew.
4. After observing students and their increasing lack of concern for property, both state and personal, I now know the origin of these attitudes. Your junior-high type activities amply illustrate the source of these attitudes.
5. I hope your future efforts are directed in a more positive and adult fashion.

Eugene H. Ray
Director, Grounds Maintenance Department

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 classification, address and telephone number of the writer.



Little things can add up to one gigantic hassle

It happened Thursday. I was on my way to class and I stopped to get a Dr. Pepper. I deposited my two quarters and pressed the Dr. Pepper button. I waited. Nothing happened. I pressed the button again. Still nothing. I pulled the change return. No change. I pulled it again. Still no change. Nobody was looking, so I gave the machine several good, hard kicks. I got nothing for my efforts but five sore toes and a bad mood.



Paula Vogrin

Losing 50 cents certainly didn't put me in a financial bind, it just annoyed the heck out of me. I was thirsty. I really wanted that Dr. Pepper, and those two quarters were the only change I had.

Little irritations like that can ruin a perfectly good mood.

I went to class still stewing about my lost 50 cents and unquenchable thirst, and once there, thought of other mishaps that can put a damper on your disposition.

By the end of class I had a list about 12 miles long. See if any of these things ring a bell:

- Getting a zit before a big date, an important interview, or, worst of all, your school picture — where your zit is recorded on film for posterity. It won't be a regular zit, either. It will be the biggest, ugliest zit known to man and it will be smack dab in the middle of your forehead. You'll overhear people talking about you. "Hey man, did you see that guy? He's got three eyes!"

- Falling down on campus. Does anybody ever fall in a secluded place? No. I think everyone who's ever fallen down has done so in the most crowded, most conspicuous spot on campus. Those unfortunate enough to end up sprawling on the cement in front of the entire student body are always female, and usually wearing a dress or skirt. Don't tell anybody, but I fell down once in front of Blocker (luckily I was wearing jeans).

- Being late to class. When I'm late there are never any seats left by the door. I always have to slink past the teacher, head down, trying my best to look incognito. When I reach my seat some smart aleck says something like "Glad you could make it." That makes me wish I'd just stayed home by the pool.

- People talking about how drunk they were last night. Who cares? Is that really something you want advertised? It's not exactly the most complimentary thing you could say about yourself.

- Having only mustard, butter, soy sauce and a science project in the refrigerator. It's difficult to cook an appetizing meal when condiments and a half-dissected frog are the only ingredients available.

- Hair on the soap. Yuck.

- Having mosquito bites. You tell yourself you're not going to scratch them. But they itch, so you do. Then you can't stop scratching until you draw blood. Scabs are inevitable where mosquito bites are concerned.

- Bratty kids in department stores who run around, knock things off hangers and take the mannequins apart limb by limb, while their mother looks through the polyester pantsuits, oblivious to it all.

- Not getting any mail. Finding your mailbox empty for four consecutive days can damage your sense of self-worth. It's times like that when I become the Joe Barton political junk mail.

- Any form of chewing tobacco or snuff. Why is this disgusting practice appealing to some people? I can't find anything remotely pleasant in watching someone cram a substance resembling peat moss into their mouth, suck on it and spit brown juice in a cup.

- Buying something at regular price and finding it on sale the very next week. The feeling is worse if you've worn it — you can't return it and buy it at the cheaper price.

- Being interrupted. It's very irritating to be in the middle of a conversation and have some clown jump in to tell how drunk he or she was the night before, or something else just as irrelevant.

- Paying to do my laundry. That's about a waste of good money. Why should I have to pay \$5 or more to do something I absolutely detest? I don't use to mind so much when I could do my quarters in the slots and do the wash for free. But now those washing-machine companies have wised up, and I can't do that anymore.

- Getting trapped behind an old car in a Dodge Dart when you're in a hurry to get somewhere. Your situation worsened if the people in the other lanes won't let you pass.

- Having to come up with a new column idea every week.

Paula Vogrin is a senior journalism major and a columnist for *The Battalion*.

Vanna White slimes former lover

Flash! I finally have my first celebrity gossip column.



Lewis Grizzard

That's because a friend, a classic car dealer in Atlanta, contacted me and said he wanted to go public about his ex-girlfriend.

"What ex-girlfriend?" I asked Gordy, who has been happily married to Britta for two and one-half years.

"You didn't know I used to date Vanna White?" said Gordy.

"Sure you did," I said.

"I'm serious," he went on. "I met her 11 years ago when she was 18 and working as a cocktail waitress in Atlanta. We were together five years."

I thought we were going to get married.

Gordy even showed me pictures of him and Vanna together.

I thought she was a little chubby in those days.

A few weeks ago, Gordy read an interview with Vanna, the "Wheel of Fortune" press queen, concerning her forthcoming book, "Vanna Speaks."

The interview carried an excerpt from the book in which she says Gordy was her first love, but that he broke her

heart and was unfaithful to her.

"All I'm getting from my friends and family," Gordy said, "is, 'Did you really treat Vanna that way?'"

"I hear it everywhere I go and my wife is getting tired of it and I don't blame her. I just want to set the record straight."

Here is Gordy's side of the story. He wasn't unfaithful to Vanna.

Not only that — he also paid to get her teeth fixed, bought her diamonds and furs, put her in a Porsche and convinced her to do something about her figure and start a modeling career.

They planned to marry.

Vanna asked Gordy, he told me, to sell his house and all his furnishings first, however.

"She said there had been other women in the house before we had met, so I sold the house for 25 percent less than I paid for it and sold my furniture for 20 cents on the dollar."

"I was a man in love," Gordy explained.

But Vanna broke off the engagement suddenly and left Atlanta and Gordy for the West Coast to seek her stardom.

Gordy said he was the one who was heartbroken.

He said he even considered suicide before a miracle (his term) occurred. He met Britta.

"Vanna called me not long ago,"

Gordy said, "and I asked her what she would say such things about me in a book."

"She said her family knows I treat her well, and that my family knows and that's all that matters."

I asked Gordy if he was bitter.

"Surprised, but not bitter," he said. "She finally got what she wanted, stardom, and I got what I wanted, Britta."

"Vanna still calls and asks my opinion about things like cars. She thinks I was named after her."

I had just one more question.

"Did you and Vanna ever play 'Wheel of Fortune?'"

"We would see who could solve the puzzles first," said Gordy. "I always won."

Flash! Vanna White wasn't picked the letter turner on "Wheel of Fortune" because of her brains.

I dearly love a scoop.
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