

Opinion

The Battalion

(USPS 045 360)
Member of
Texas Press Association
Southwest Journalism Conference

The Battalion Editorial Board

- Sondra Pickard, Editor
- John Jarvis, Managing Editor
- Sue Krenek, Opinion Page Editor
- Rodney Rather, City Editor
- Robbyn Lister, News Editor
- Lloyd Brumfield, Sports Editor
- Tracy Staton, Photo Editor

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.

The Battalion is published Monday through Friday during Texas A&M regular semesters, except for holiday and examination periods.

Mail subscriptions are \$17.44 per semester, \$34.62 per school year and \$36.44 per full year. Advertising rates furnished on request.

Our address: The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843-4111.

Second class postage paid at College Station, TX 77843.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald, Texas A&M University, College Station TX 77843-4111.

Entering the Bork Zone . . .

Well friends, here we are again, pounding the pavement of that snow-swept blustery metropolis of Bryan-College Station. Here, in this bustling center of high finance and exotic trade, in the cultural hub of the entire North American continent, we are searching for answers. Out from the sheltered newsroom and into the rough-and-tumble streets and alleys of the real world, we are in quest of the "working men," the regular Joes, the backbone of our great nation, the keepers of freedom. Yes, friends, we are here to phrase those difficult political and social questions to the man on the street, to see exactly what the gears and pulleys of the most powerful nation on earth think.



Mark Nair

"Sir, sir. Excuse me, sir. As a man on the street, I would like your opinion."

"On what?"

"On tremendous issues involving the political and social fabric of our great nation."

"OK, shoot."

"Two words. Robert Bork. Just exactly what do those words mean to you?"

"Ah, Robert Bork . . . Robert Bork. Oh, yeah, old Bobby Bork. What's he been up to these days. Hey, last I heard, he was doing ten to twenty pounding out license plates down in Huntsville. A swell guy when he wasn't holding a shotgun. What's he got to do with any kind of fabric, anyway? Did he get promoted to the laundry room or something?"

"No, sir, I think you've misunderstood me. Robert Bork, the candidate for the Supreme Court. President Reagan's nominee. As a man on the street, what do you think of him?"

"Uh, yeah, the Supreme Court. Yeah, uh, I'm not too sure about that. Uh, no opinion, okay?"

"No opinion? Well, thank you anyway, sir. Enjoy your duties for the day."

"Sure. Thanks."

"Ah, perhaps this woman citizen will kindly respond as our man on the street. Excuse me, citizen. Excuse me."

"Yes."

"As a man on the street, what would you say about the Robert Bork nomination to the Supreme Court?"

"Woman."

"Excuse me?"

"I will answer your question as a woman on the street. Not as some quasi-macho, chauvinist, male zealot on the street. Get it straight."

"My apologies are offered in a most profuse manner. Now, as a woman on the street, what are your opinions about Robert Bork?"

"He's a fascist, racist, male dog. That's what he is. His decisions will put America into the middle ages. The Bill of Rights will become void. He'll take the Constitution and tear it to shreds. We might as well replace our names with numbers if Bork gets into the court."

"But, as a woman on the street, do you really believe that his one vote will be so crucial as to destroy our free and fun-loving country?"

"Of course I do! Men! You're all the same. Who cares what we women think anyway? Oh, just leave me alone."

"Thank you for your help. Ah, here is another prospect for our man on the street interview. Sir?"

"What do you want, huh?"

"Sir, as a man on the street, what would you say about the Robert Bork nomination to the Supreme Court?"

"Oh, well, I'm glad you stopped me. Robert Bork is the greatest thing to happen to the legal system in 200 years. We need strength in the court. We need a tough, conservative . . . uh, conservative and . . . well, conservative in the court. That's what we need. Heck, if it were up to me, I'd forget about Bork and put this man right here on the bench. As a matter of fact, I want him as President!"

"The man on the street points at his shirt, which has the phrase: "Ollie

"North Kicks Butt" printed above a photograph of a smiling Lt. Col. G. North holding several small American flags.

"I see, and as a man on the street, would you want to see Oliver North on the Supreme Court?"

"Because Ollie kicks butt!"

"Well, thank you for your comment for our man on the street poll."

"Wait! I'm not done! I mean Ollie really kicks butt. I'm serious! He's a guy! He really, really kicks butt! By time!"

"Thank you very much. But now time to move on to another man on the street. Excuse me, you there. Could you with you for a moment?"

"Certainly."

"As a man on the street, what do you think about the Bork nomination to the Supreme Court?"

"Bork, eh? Well, to be perfectly honest, I don't know. I know there's a lot of controversy, but really I couldn't say. Although, I really don't trust a guy who looks like Pan, you know, that god with cloven feet. I wonder if he plays a wooden flute?"

"I think all of America is ignoring Robert Bork's musical talent."

"Oh, well. Just the same, I think Sajak would make a better judge."

"Pat Sajak?"

"Wheel of Fortune, you know. He's honest, witty and doesn't look like anyone from mythology."

"Astounding! Mr. and Ms. America and all the ships at sea, you've been here first, from the man on the street. Once more has the great machinery of our great country expressed itself in a great way. Great Scott! In this reporter's opinion, the man on the street is right once more. Pat Sajak, both guy and closet judicial scholar? The world will soon know. Pat Sajak, a compromise found only in the stupendous U. S. of A.! Until we hear again, then, this is Mark Nair, signing with the man on the street. Work well, sleep well, and eat hearty. Good day."

Mark Nair is a senior political science major and a columnist for The Battalion.

Liars and cheats

The revelation that Gov. Bill Clements billed the taxpayers for his weekend jet trips to Dallas caps a period of misbehavior by public officials. Public officials, being human, misbehave. And they get caught. But most of them, unlike Clements and Sen. Joseph Biden, at least are repentant about their actions.

Clements, who during his campaign called Mark White's jet a luxury the state couldn't afford, vowed to sell it and use his own plane. Unfortunately, he didn't mention his intention to make the taxpayers foot the \$20,000 bill. The average trip cost the state \$1,300, although commercial airlines charge as little as \$110. Add to that the fact that the jet used by White was sold at a loss, and once again Clements appears to have mush where his financial sense should be.

Biden, of course, is the Democratic presidential candidate who revealed last week that he cheated in law school and has plagiarized in many of his campaign speeches, lifting lines from Robert Kennedy and British labor party leader Neil Kinnock, among others.

What is so disturbing is that neither man admits any wrongdoing. Clements claims the trips were "business trips," but he also said that ". . . a lot of times that business has to do with just getting away from down here (Austin) and getting away from the press." Biden said he "forgot" in the heat of the moment to mention that some of his best lines were borrowed.

Even such famed bad boys as Gary Hart, Richard Nixon and Teddy Kennedy professed repentance when their political and sexual indiscretions were uncovered. Biden and Clements don't even pretend to do so, claiming, as Biden did, that the whole affair is simply "much ado about nothing."

A line, of course, that he borrowed from Shakespeare.

Blooming comics

OK, OK, so we've been a little remiss about Bloom County. We didn't realize that not printing the Saturday strips was causing mental anguish. We apologize.

In the interest of presenting a complete storyline and saving the sanity of our Bloom County fans, *The Battalion* henceforth will run two Bloom County strips — Saturday's and Monday's — in the Monday paper. So now you won't have to ask how Opus ended up with Zsa Zsa Gabor in today's strip.

Tips from a master of overindulgence

A lot of people are turning away from alcohol these days, including my friend Rigsby, the former lush, who phoned to tell me of his plans to give up drinking.



Lewis Grizzard

"How long have you been drinking?" I asked him.

"Professionally, 25 years," he said.

"What is the difference between a professional and an amateur drinker?"

"A professional," Rigsby began, "drinks every night except New Year's Eve, which is amateur night. A professional never drinks anything with an umbrella or a cherry in it, and a professional awakens at least ten times a year in a Holiday Inn in a different time zone and doesn't remember getting there."

For others who may be considering stopping drinking, I asked Rigsby for some tell-tale signs one should look for in determining whether or not one has stepped over the quaffing line.

"It's the morning after that says it all," Rigsby said.

"Start with your tongue. If you have to shave it, then you had way too much to drink the night before."

"Then, there's your money. Look at any bills you might have left over, and if they have been wadded into tiny little balls and you find them in strange places like your shoe or your ear, son, you got down to some serious drinking the night before."

"What else?" I asked.

"Check your clothing. Did you remember to take it off before you passed out? Check to make certain the clothing you have on is the same clothing you had on when you left for the evening."

"If you are wearing a fez, it was a big night. If you are wearing a Royal Canadian Mountie's hat, then you had an even bigger night."

"And if the Mountie's horse is down in the living room, grazing on house plants, call AA immediately and see if they deliver because you won't be able to get anywhere in your condition."

"There's a few other things to look for, too."

"Check any credit card receipts you can find. If they are for charges at a Frederick's of Hollywood, at an arms dealer, or with a foreign airline, you've got troubles."

"Look at your checkbook. If checks 1562 through 1568 are missing and you don't remember writing them, call the bank and stop payment as soon as you are able to operate a telephone."

"And this one is very important: Check your body for any unexplained tattoos. If you find one you didn't have before and it's a heart with an arrow through it and include the names Doris, Trixie, Mona, or Grover, make up your mind to stop drinking forever — but call your attorney first."

I thanked Rigsby for his hints and I hope they have been of a public service.

To sobriety then. It just might catch on.

Copyright 1987, Cowles Syndicate

Constitutional disrespect

EDITOR:

It should strike some as a major surprise and disappointment that the MSC Programs Office apparently lacked the foresight and ambition to provide some sort of program or lecture to commemorate the bicentennial of our nation's Constitution.

For a University that prides itself on instilling a tradition of patriotism and a love-of-country spirit in its youth, allowing this date to pass with no speaker program scheduled to address the Constitution seems almost incomprehensible.

Is one to conclude that such matters are too mundane for the commercial milieu of contemporary higher education, or should we conclude merely that those responsible for programs at the MSC either forgot about the event or simply do not care?

John D. Robertson
Associate professor, political science

Mail Call

Flooded with thanks

EDITOR:

We would like to thank all the people who helped us combat the flooding in the basement of Legett Hall last Wednesday. Thanks to all the residents who brought themselves, their brooms, and mops.

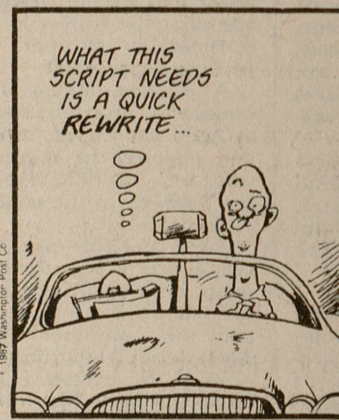
Thanks to Howard Garb of Moses Hall and James Tillotson of Puryear Hall, who came quickly to our rescue. And thanks to the guys who helped, including Clayton Simon, Paul Torres, and anyone else we've missed.

Your hard work and willingness to help enhanced our faith in Good Ags!

Christina Waddell '88
Martina Seyfert '90
and the residents of the Legett Hall basement

Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words in length. The editor reserves the right to edit letters for style and length, but will make every effort to retain the author's intent. Each letter must be signed and must include the author's name, address and telephone number of the writer.

BLOOM COUNTY



by Berke Breathed

BLOOM COUNTY



by Berke Breathed

Tex

bec

Garbage on topic of a document prepared for the Texas College Program, an A&M professor. The report by the editor will be offered said.

The 90-minute causes of problem and solutions, such as air pollution, ships' use of oil, Adopt-A-Beach up program run by the Texas Land Office, and the Texas Adopt-A-Beach program.

Tomlinson said come a greater years because of plastic. Plastic, he said, and last one's lifetime.

Tomlinson t from Florida to Texas beaches. The reason to Texas shores, shores on the Gulf, are far dirtier than the coastal area in the and surface current. The wind are such that this up on Padre and

Polic

TENNESSEE attacked a guard car early Sunday tured about an h. The four mar work area inside. The four men staff living area

Que

Ans

Que

Ans

Que

Ans

Que

Ans

Que

Ans

IF Y