

Opinion

It's time to kill The Beast and move up in the world

Robin Leach shouldn't have opened his big mouth. The colorful, aristocratic host of "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" told America that automobiles are reflections of our personalities. Now that graduation approaches and I'm looking for a newer, used car, I find this tidbit a little depressing.



John MacDougall

While I was an undergraduate student, I remember that Christmas well... sifting through my stocking by the fireplace, through the Bazooka bubble gum and those god-awful cream-filled chocolate eggs. What's this? Shiny car keys. "You shouldn't have, Dad." He glances at me with an "aw shucks — go getum tiger" look. "It's parked down the street, son." I bolt out the door, around the corner. There's nothing in sight, except for the neighbor's car. I run back inside, exclaiming "someone stole my new car!" Dad looks at me in bewilderment. My brother escorts me outside.

"That's it," he says half sarcastically, pointing in the direction of the neighbor's driveway. "It's really not so bad. Even has a V-8 under the hood."

And so I was introduced to the Beast, an oil guzzling, gas gurgling machine. A fine expression of my personality, that vehicle is. Four doors, park bench seats, two steel bumpers and more square edges than a lifeguard's jaw. Of course,

the Beast isn't a radical departure for me. At the time the Nova was bestowed upon me, I was carless. My former car, a 1977 baby blue Pinto, which I had bought for \$500 in Houston, had brought a rod in San Antonio. I had lent the car to a friend with instructions to use an oil to gas ration of about 1 to 3 when he tanked it up. He neglected to feed it, and the engine blew.

The Pinto was variously described by my female friends as a "cute car" and by my male buddies as a "tuna fish can with wheels." But I didn't care. I had a car when most of my friends were stuck riding the bus. The baby blue Pinto was the third one I had owned in as many years. I inherited my first one when I was only 15 from my oldest brother, who had nearly totalled in a collision with a police car. After repairs the car had more bondo on it than steel. In fact, the Beast was so burdened by bondo, that an entire quarter panel cracked off after baking in the sun for months. I got into the habit of missing the school bus before I got my driver's license when I was a

sophomore in high school, so my mother would let me drive it to school. One day a giant grocery truck slammed into me from behind on my way to school. Luckily, there was no explosion, but the car looked like an aluminum accordion. The truck driver got out of his vehicle and began apologizing, saying it was his fault. I was so paranoid about getting a ticket for driving without a license that I told him to forget about it. I drove the Pinto home for the last time that day.

Because I didn't know any better, I bought another Pinto when I turned sixteen with money I had saved mowing lawns. That one lasted a full year and a half before the engine blew up. By the time I bought a third Pinto, my classmates and friends were convinced that either I was nuts or I had a death wish.

Now that I've been through three Pintos and nine-tenths of a Nova, I think I'm ready for an image improvement. I want a car with muscle and lines. A big roaring motor in a sleek aerodynamic body. Of course I need a

head-banging stereo and amplifier that fits neatly into a dash filled with space age lights, beepers and dials I don't even need. And a moon roof that rolls back electrically without dimming the headlights. The car of my dreams has to be fast and handle well. But I don't want anything obnoxious that might cause my new boss to white knuckle the front seat when I take him for his first ride.

I need a car that befits my true self, which has been repressed by years of driving old American cars. A Rolls Royce? (Nah, that's too ostentatious.) Mercedes Benz? No, those cars are for the geriatric crowd. A Corvette? That's the ticket. First off, it's American, so would be helping to keep our auto workers in business. Second, it's fast. And third, it's sleek and refined.

But there is one problem. I got champagne tastes and an MD 20/20 budget. Is there anyone out there who'd trade me a 'vette for my next student loan?

John MacDougall is a graduate student in the MBA program and a columnist for The Battalion.

For the last four years, I've been driving The Beast — a four-door 1976 Chevy Nova, which, during its peak was one of the work horses of the General Motors line. However, time and the elements were cruel to the Nova, which is stricken by a severe case of malignant car cancer that threatens to eat up the trunk.

The Beast was a "gift" from my par-

Mail Call

Stupid sports guys

EDITOR:
Going into the Olympics, everyone was excited about our hockey team and the chances of the playoffs. Now that the playoffs are out of the question, suddenly our hockey team isn't worth a damn. I read Loyd Brumfield's article about team USA and I have to say he is just like all the other stupid sports columnists. He hardly had a nice thing to say — everything was negative. I am a true American, I cheered when we won, I got mad when we lost, but I don't blame the team or the coach. The team was made up of people much like us — college guys who want to play hockey. These guys are not professionals nor do they get paid, but they still choose to represent the United States. Coach Peterson did a fine job also.

Hey, Loyd, you sure had a lot to say. Why don't you try out for coach in the next Olympics, then maybe some columnist will write a stupid article about you and your team. I think all the American competitors have great pride and will give their all for their country, and I will be behind them all the way.

Greg Tonnie '90

The problem with apartheid

EDITOR:
I am writing in response to the article submitted in Monday's paper titled "Students Against Democracy." I found this article very shocking and down right scary. Anyone who is a little more informed on the situation in South Africa will know that the A.N.C. stands for African National Congress and, for 50 years they have been trying fruitless non-violent protests. Second, two-thirds of the blacks in South Africa support the ANC. They recognize that a total trade ban divestment would result in some increased unemployment. But, they recognize also that apartheid is the principle cause of unemployment and the misery they suffer from daily. Just as the union of mineworkers accepted the loss of Income & Jobs and the threat of violence when over 350,000 miners struck for higher wages, black South Africans and Namibians have decided that they are prepared to accept a short term increase in suffering in order to bring an end to the perpetual oppression of apartheid slavery.

Furthermore, Students Against Apartheid if nothing else is fighting for freedom, liberty, and justice in South Africa. In conclusion, people who are against such peace loving, freedom-fighting organizations bring to mind a quote by John F. Kennedy, "Those who make peaceful revolution impossible make violence inevitable."

**Susan Vint '90
president of SAA**

Apartheid is the intelligent answer

EDITOR:
I'm writing in regard to the anti-apartheid activity that the black students have been mounting on campus. I would like to say that based on my experiences and what I've seen, I think white South Africans are very intelligent to institute apartheid if they want to preserve their country and their freedom. It is obvious to me that the black Africans are attempting to use sheer numbers of impoverished humanity as a weapon to drive the white out of that country. The only real defense against this sort of attack is to separate them out so that they cannot drag the country down. In this manner they are also forced to bear the responsibility of irresponsible population growth.

Having lived a number of years in New Orleans, a city controlled and run by blacks, I will say that blacks are every bit as race conscious, and much more so in my opinion, than whites. Black people stick together and act in their own self-interests. They are a separate race and they act like it. They like to play to the "great white father" complex that many white people have in order to get sympathy for their cause. If I were a white South African, I would not submit myself to black rule and would do exactly as they have in spite of bad public relations. The U.S. should support South Africa. We could learn some lessons from them ourselves.

Loyd Sealy '75

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.

**RETIRED BLOND
SERBO-CROATIAN
TRANSVESTITE
DENTAL HYGIENISTS
CONVENTION**

BUSH '88

I'm one of you.

**MARGULIES
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Michael Dukakis' metamorphosis into a Super Tuesday southerner

Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis was still enjoying his victory in the New Hampshire Democratic presidential primary when an aide called him into a Super Tuesday strategy session.



Lewis Grizzard

Super Tuesday, March 8, will see 20 states hold presidential contests. Fourteen of these states are in the Deep South.

"Mike," began one of his aides, "do you know much about the Deep South?"

"No," the New Englander replied, "but I did see 'To Kill a Mockingbird' twice. I was very impressed with Robert Duvall's Boo Radley."

"Excellent," the aide said. "Do you also know campaigning in the South will be much different than in New England?"

"In what way?" Governor Dukakis asked.

"Well, I don't know much about the Deep South, either," the aide answered, "but I've heard a lot of these people don't wear shoes and walk around saying such things as 'sho-nuff' and 'bless yo' heart.'"

"How quaint," said the governor. "That's not all," the aide went on, "they have some very strange customs with which you are not going to be familiar."

"Could you be more specific, old boy."

"They eat strange foods. While you are hunting for voters in the South, you are likely to be offered some native dishes such as grits."

"Grits have always puzzled me," said the candidate. "Is it 'Grits are?' or 'Grits is?'"

"Am' sir," answered the aide. "It's 'Grits am.'"

"I'll be able to handle that," said Dukakis. "I'll simply say, 'These grits sho-nuff am good.'"

"Perfect," said the aide. "We've also got to do something about your appearance. Southerners don't dress like we do."

"They don't?"

"No, we'll have to get you a cap with the name of a chewing tobacco company or a heavy machinery manufacturer on the front."

"If we could also find you a shirt with your name sewn over the left pocket, that would be good too. And there's one other thing."

"What's that?" asked Dukakis.

"It's your name. We think we can really make some headway against Gore if we can introduce you as 'Mike (Bubba) Dukakis.'"

"That's fine."

"We also expect you to be able to converse with Southerners on topics that are most important to them."

"The trade imbalance?"

"No. College football and country music. You must learn to say, 'How 'bout them Dawgs.'"

"Dahgs?"

"No. Watch my mouth. It's 'daawgs as in 'haawgs' and 'fraawgs.'"

"Haahgs," said the New England politician.

"Don't worry about it, we'll try again later," said the aide.

"Just remember when you're talking to a Southerner occasionally to throw in names like Merle Haggard, George Jones and Bear Bryant and you'll be OK."

"Well, bless yo' daahg, Bubba," said the governor. "I think I've got it."

"Should we celebrate, sir?" asked the aide.

"Of course. A Courvoisier with a little branch water for me," laughed the governor, feeling more Southern by the minute.

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BLOOM COUNTY

HELLO? 911? **YES! HOW CAN WE HELP?!**

THERE'S A 465-POUND WOMAN ACROSS THE STREET PRUNING HER AZALEAS WEARING A PAIR OF PEA-SOUP GREEN HOT PANTS!! **WHAT'S THE EMERGENCY?**

FROM A TASTE PERSPECTIVE, IT'S A CRISIS OF BIBLICAL PROPORTIONS.

by Berke Breathed

The Battalion

(USPS 045 360)

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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, 230 Reed McDonald, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843-1111. 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.