

Mail Call

All people are not the same

EDITOR:

Dean Sueltenfuss, I am sad to inform you that you are ignorant, and ignorance breeds racism. All people are not alike.

I, being a Hispanic can tell you my skin color and culture make me different from you. The need for a minority on the Board of Regents is so that our cultures (minorities) are not forgotten. The need for minority representation on the Board is due to institutional barriers.

My second point is that racism is alive and well in the United States, unlike your opinion that it is declining.

An example of increased racism is the growth of a group called "Skinheads," which is a neo-Nazi organization. Another example is the election of David Duke to the Louisiana legislature. He has admitted being a past Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan.

My last point is that our society is not a melting pot of different cultures as you would like to believe, but a white assimilation model for minorities.

An example is the newspaper columnist Lewis Grizzard who sadly does not know his own heritage.

I am a Mexican-American and proud to divide the two, because I have a different culture and want to retain that culture. I am sure a white Board member would not push for a rap group to perform at A&M, but would prefer someone like that so-called singer, Reba McEntire.

Minorities have been under-represented at A&M and a minority Board member might give another opinion at a meeting before we continue to ignore minorities at this hoax of an integrated University.

William Puder '89

Not difficult to understand others

EDITOR:

I found J. Frank Hernandez' column of Feb. 22 very interesting. As a student of Texas A&M and a Hispanic, I would like to comment on his opinions.

First, Mr. Hernandez, I do acknowledge that they are your opinions and every person is entitled to his or her own opinion. However, I think you are isolating yourself more than the University or the student body is attempting to isolate you.

Racism in some ways is a state of mind. Yes, I agree that it exists, but you do not have to choose to accept it. If you have merits equal to those of minority or majority groups other than yourself then you are legally entitled to compete for any job or office available. The founders of our nation and the men and women who have followed them have tried and continue to try to protect each individual's right to better themselves.

As a female I would like to say that Texas A&M has changed with the times and continues to change daily. Women were not allowed to attend classes at A&M until 1963, at which time all men with no regard to race, religion or age were accepted.

If discrimination is the topic you choose to attack, then please provide your readers with specific ways in which the University is denying you rights as a person.

I find your statements about not being able to identify with people unless you are of their ethnic background extremely insulting not only to my intelligence, but to my compassion as well. I do not have to break my arm so that I can understand what that feels like, and knowing what it feels like does not depend on what color the arm is. Many people in the world are capable of sympathizing with others even if they cannot directly change their hardships.

In closing, Mr. Hernandez, please stop pointing out the problem and start giving your readers an alternative to better themselves as people, males or females and students of Texas A&M.

Stop telling people they do not understand where you come from unless they have lived in your shoes. I do know where you came from because I am your sister.

Jeanine Ida Hernandez '89

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.

MARGULIES
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LaRouche deserved prison

As you may have read, Lyndon LaRouche has been sentenced to 15 years in prison. And six of his followers got prison terms ranging from two to five years.

This has made all the LaRouchies miserable and unhappy. And anything that makes them unhappy makes my day.

If there is one group of political nasties that I loathe, it is the LaRouchies. I began tangling with them at least 10 years ago, back before they became well known as a public nuisance.

I wrote about their scams and cons. They used legitimate issues such as drugs and nuclear war to play on the fears of gullible people, hustling them for money and pumping the funds to LaRouche so he could live like a king and indulge his fantasy of being a major international political force.

They didn't like seeing their scams exposed. Nor did they like reading facts about their leader, LaRouche, and themselves.

For example, it upset them whenever I wrote that LaRouche and many of his original followers used to be Communists. LaRouche was a vocal defender of Joe Stalin and his methods.

But for a variety of reasons, one of

Mike
Royko
Columnist

which was that you can't make a very good buck being a Stalinist, LaRouche and his top people switched political gears and became sort of a hodgepodge right-wing cult. It's still hard to categorize his beliefs because most are bizarre if not outright nutty.

One thing that didn't change, though, were LaRouche's methods for keeping his followers in line. He and his top people still believed in the Stalinist approach. They demanded total, mindless obedience. They brainwashed, bullied and intimidated the mentally troubled misfits who gravitated to their cult.

And they used them to raise money for themselves and LaRouche.

But their methods finally caught up with them. The government gathered evidence that they had bilked people out of more than \$30 million in loans they never intended to repay.

And they nailed LaRouche for claiming he had no taxable income despite living on a huge estate with servants. His expenses were all paid by corporations he set up.

But what I dislike most about the LaRouchies is that they have bumped off cats.

When a reporter in New England wrote about some of their antics, she killed several of his cats. The killing didn't stop until his articles did.

Later, when I wrote something about them, they sent a cat death threat to the young female reporter who was my assistant.

I figured that anybody who threatens cats is basically a coward and a wimp. I phoned the LaRouche office here and said that if they threatened harm to any more cats, I would come there with some large, violent friends and we would break their furniture, their legs, maybe a few fingers and noses, and jump up and down on their chests.

They shouted and spluttered that those would be criminal acts. I agreed, but said we'd do it anyway and take a chance on getting a cat-loving jury. And that was the last I heard from the creeps.

I don't know which prison LaRouche and his associates will be sent to. But I hope that this column finds its way to fellow inmates. They should know that they have a cat-killer in their midst. And I hope any cat-lovers among them do whatever they feel is appropriate.

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Geeks, Greeks and Battalion freaks: Only at A&M

We're all attending Texas A&M University supposedly because we want to learn. We're here to expand our horizons, to create job opportunities for ourselves and to try and have a good time along the way.

However, some people seem to take the "good time" part of it a little more seriously than the "expanding horizons" part. These people party every chance they get, and they generally detest studying or reading books.

But not everyone is a partier. There are people at the other end of the spectrum whose sole purpose in life is to get a 4.0. They spend seven hours a day in the Library, and they are the people who read books while they're walking across campus.

In the interest of science, I believe we should examine these two deviant personality types to a greater extent. We'll do so by looking at a day in the life of these people. So, gentle reader, come along as we journey into the enigma-filled world of ... the Geeks and the Greeks.

(Before everybody gets upset, I'd like to say that this column shouldn't be taken too seriously. I'm not implying that everyone who studies is a Geek or that everyone who parties all the time is a Greek. It's just that the two words sound so nice together — Geeks ... Greeks. Geeks ... Greeks. They just kind of roll off the tongue, you know?)

Anyway, here's how a typical day goes if you're a Geek:

6 a.m.: Wake up, grab a bite to eat, and then hit the books.

9:40 a.m.: Arrive at class early to assure yourself of getting a seat on the front row.

10 a.m.: Class begins. Thirty seconds after your professor starts lecturing, you interrupt with the following observation: "I hate to disagree with you professor Brown, but from the 17 books I read over the weekend, Lincoln's role in ending the Civil War was not nearly as important as you make it out to be." (Translation: I think I'm smarter than you are, and I want everybody to know it.)



Dean
Sueltenfuss
Opinion Page Editor

Professor Brown, thinking to himself, "Geez, what an a----e," responds by saying that, yes, it is a most valid and interesting point, and he would be quite pleased to discuss it after class.

11 a.m. to 4:50 p.m.: Classes continue. (By the way, you're taking 24 hours this semester.) You keep asking questions that you think will make you look intelligent. Fearful that you might miss something that will be on a test, you take notes diligently in all of your classes. When your professor sneezes, you write it down. By the end of the day you have amassed 43 pages of handwritten notes.

5 p.m.: After seven straight hours of classes, you can feel the pressure building up inside of you. You're ready to blow off some steam. You want to do something crazy and uninhibited. You quickly pick up the telephone, dial a random number, wait for someone to answer, and then yell: "Phone tag. You're it!" As you hang up the phone you chuckle out loud, surprised at your own spontaneity.

6 p.m.: After a eating a quick meal and watching a few minutes of CNN, you're off to the library for an enjoyable evening of studying. You're already four weeks ahead in all of your classes, so you spend your time re-reading six of your textbooks.

11:45 p.m.: You're ready to get some

shut-eye so you decide to go on home. By the time you get back to your apartment, your roommate is already asleep. You set your alarm for 6 a.m. and you hit the sack.

But that's enough of the young geniuses. Now let's deal with the Greeks.

Here's a look at typical schedule if you're a Greek:

10 a.m.: Wake up with a severe headache (some people call it a hangover), take five extra-strength Anacin and go back to sleep.

11:21 a.m.: Wake up and remember that your only class today is at noon. After 15 seconds of debating whether to attend or not, you go back to sleep.

1:33 p.m.: Get out of bed and fix breakfast (a coke, two slices of cold pizza and a package of stale twinkies). Don't forget to call your friends and ask them what happened at the party last night (i.e. who did you end up with and what did she or he look like?).

1:45 p.m.: Go back to sleep.

4:17 p.m.: Wake up and start some serious studying. "I've got to study for at least three hours," you mumble aloud.

5:30 p.m.: Turn MTV off and tell yourself, "I really need to start studying soon, or I'm going to fail all (two) of my classes." Pick up your psychology book and look at the picture on the cover. Put the book back down. Turn the television on and catch some more hot videos.

7:30 p.m.: Start getting ready for tonight's big party. Be sure you're wearing clothes that look really "cool."

8:13 p.m.: You arrive at the party and start socializing. In a period of several hours you consume over half a gallon of Lone Star.

11:46 p.m.: You begin to feel a bit woozy, but you are still in fine spirits. Soon you begin to sing. "Give me

lovvvvve; give me Lone Star; give me Texas ..."

12:15 a.m.: You're damn proud to be a Texan, but your entire body feels like it is going to explode. You decide it would be best to go outside.

12:16 a.m.: As you stagger toward the door, you start screaming, "My God, I think I'm going to throw up!" Eight party-goers are trampled as hundreds of people rush to get out of your way. You get out the door just in time to throw up all over somebody's doorstep. Thinking that fresh air might help you sober up, you walk out into the night where you promptly pass out.

9:47 a.m.: You wake up in a garbage dumpster six blocks from the location of last night's party. Your head feels like you got slammed in a car door, and your clothes smell like rotten sardines.

10:16 a.m.: You arrive at your apartment. After showering and taking a bottle of aspirin you call up a friend and ask the following question: "So, where the party gonna be tonight?"

I think everyone now has a pretty clear picture of an average day for the Geeks and the Greeks. These are really the only groups of abnormal students at Texas A&M, and I hope everyone

What? What's that? Oh, you're absolutely right. There is one other group of students that's, uh, different from everybody else. I'm sure everyone has heard of them — they're known as the Battalion staff.

Most people just refer to us as "those Batt freaks."

I'd love to describe a typical day of Batt staffer to you — but I don't want to make anyone ill.

Dean Sueltenfuss is a junior journalist major and opinion page editor for The Battalion.

The Battalion

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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.

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