

Mail Call

Editor's note: Because of a misunderstanding earlier this semester, our subscription to Bloom County was canceled. We are pleased to announce that Bloom County is back.

Let's stay for the whole game

EDITOR:

G. Rollie White Coliseum was painted Greek at the beginning of the Aggie Ladies' basketball game on Feb. 21. It seemed as though all of the major fraternities and sororities were represented in large numbers. Banners followed the rail almost all the way around the student section. It was encouraging to finally see a turnout at a women's basketball game. Disappointment soon followed.

The Greeks did a roll call in conjunction with the Alpha Delta Pi Playday they were promoting.

Unfortunately, after the enthusiastic roll call a few Greeks decided to bug out. It is a shame that they did not choose to represent their fraternity or sorority during the game, when it really counted. The situation worsened.

Evidently a banner contest was going on. The winners were announced at the halftime break. After halftime, a constant flow of Greeks poured out of the coliseum.

With only a few minutes left and the Ags needing more support than ever, a mere 10 percent of the initial Greeks were left to yell. The Ags lost.

I'm not making any judgments on the Greek system and its relations (or lack of relations) with Aggie spirit, but I do know that it is not an Aggie tradition to show up to a game just to have a head count and find out the winner of some Greek contest and then leave.

Aggies stay and fight for the Twelfth Man until the clock says 00:00!

James Reid '92

Some people appreciate art

EDITOR:

I am writing in response to Clay Salisbury's Feb. 23 letter opposing a fine arts department at A&M.

First of all, I would like to say that if Mr. Salisbury thinks that fine arts are only abstract creations consisting of rusty exhaust pipes and discarded underwear, then he probably thinks fried pork rinds and a six pack of Schlitz makes a gourmet meal.

Fine arts are for the participatory. If you don't like it, stay out of it. Believe it or not, Mr. Salisbury, there are people in this world who appreciate fine art (which includes dance, music, theatre and cinema as well) and many of these attend A&M.

If we wish to express our creativity, then let us do so. We'll gladly leave you out. It is this kind of close-minded attitude that is helping to stagnate the cultural and intellectual growth of this University.

If you can make the broad generalization that those who enjoy the fine arts are "suspiciously limp-wristed," then we can make the generalization that you are merely a tobacco-chewing country bumpkin.

Danejah Ararat '91
Accompanied by 13 signatures

Racial differences inseparable

EDITOR:

J. Frank Hernandez should be commended for his excellent viewpoints about the inseparability of race and culture and for his observations on the general attitudes concerning race, culture and racism on this campus.

For hundreds of years history has shown us examples of "majority" bodies making decisions for the "minority" bodies. This is especially true of American society. Others cannot say what is best for everybody, not only because of cultural differences but also because of the lack of exposure to other ethnic groups and because of a lack of experience.

Schools should go a step further when teaching ethnic culture and history and expound on their importance in American History and not just their existence. Education could do wonders when there is a lack of understanding among cultures.

I've been an observer of the "us versus them" mentality for quite some time, and as a black female, I realize it goes farther than skin deep and even farther than culture. It goes down to experience.

Anja Demetria Boykin '90

Official English

EDITOR:

I am writing in response to Mr. Timm Doolen's column concerning official English.

First of all, I would like to state that I am a member of the Hispanic community and a proponent of the official English amendment. These two facts in conjunction with each other are rare. This rarity is not because Hispanics don't wish to learn English, but because of the attitude Mr. Doolen and many others take in dealing with this issue.

Mr. Doolen, when you wrote that racism is a weak defense for critics of official English, you surely did not understand the emotions this measure creates within most Hispanic communities.

These emotions cannot be ignored. To do so will surely alienate the Hispanic community and kill the proposed amendment.

Also, Mr. Doolen, your observation that our country is filled with an Anglo culture does very little in helping me explain this proposal to my Hispanic grandmother or her Asian friends. You must realize they are from cultures other than the Anglo culture.

I had thought the United States was the leading factor in this country's greatness.

Mr. Doolen, don't offend critics of official English, and please don't offend official English supporters!

Peter Fernandez Jr. '91

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.

I told Japan's prime minister to allow in more U.S. goods



And pressed him to contribute more to allied defense...



Heh-heh... who would've thought I'd get shot down by Japan again?



MARGULIES
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What happened to the good ol' days of Barbie and G.I. Joe?

Does it seem there's never enough time to get everything done? Do you frequently find yourself asking, "Where did the day go?"

If the answer is affirmative, you're not alone. People all over the world experience this phenomenon every day.

I don't know about you, but I find this very disturbing. I think it may just be a conspiracy — or a really bad joke.

And if it's a really bad joke, then Father Time is the guilty comedian. He's sitting up in the heavens somewhere saying, "Watch this guys. This one's a real screamer. Let's see what happens if I knock a minute off every day for the rest of their lives — throw 'em into fast-forward, so to speak. By the time they're 50, they'll be living in reverse."

Yeah buddy, that's a real screamer right. When do we get the punchline?

If it keeps up at this rate, by the time I'm 50 I might as well go right back to bed when my alarm goes off in the morning.

It wasn't like this when we were kids. Kid-time operated on a completely different clock. Kid-time had 360-minute hours, 72-hour days, and month-long weeks.

When you talk about time, it's necessary to qualify it as kid-time or adult-time.

I have found adult-time to have no more than four hours in any one day. Our week lasts about a day, and our year generally lasts a month.

When you were a kid, a day was practically a lifetime. You could pack an endless number of activities into one day.

Before setting out for school in the morning, you had time to catch the latest episode of "Speed Racer" or "Clutch Cargo." You also had ample time to create an interesting assortment of animal shapes with your breakfast food.

These days you should consider yourself lucky to get breakfast. Even if you have time to create animal shapes with your breakfast food, there's not a lot you can do with toast and a cup of coffee. Oatmeal, on the other hand, has limitless potential.

If you walked to school as a kid, there



Stephanie Stribling
Columnist

was always time to practice your rock-kicking skills. Or if you were like me, you practiced your high-wire act on six inches of curb.

If you rode your bike to school, you had plenty of time to re-enact an entire Evel Knevel performance. Or perhaps you and your buddies had contests to see who could ride farther with "no hands."

These days, getting to school is a contest in itself. A contest in which the grand prize is a 7-by-15-foot hole in which to temporarily plant your vehicle — sans parking ticket.

Getting to work is a race against red lights. The contest here is to see if you can manage to get to work in one piece while putting on clothes, applying lipstick, and fixing your hair — all at the same time.

When you were a kid, a single class lasted at least 37 hours. The clock became this hideous man-made monster designed as a perpetual reminder of your misery. You were just sure that if you stared at it long enough, you magically could make it read 3:15 p.m.

Today, class lasts just long enough for you to find a comfortable spot in your chair.

When you were a kid, 3:15 p.m. was a gift. It was like Christmas every day, 250 days a year. At 3:15 p.m., you became the proud owner of "the rest of the day," which in kid-time was roughly equivalent to our adult week.

When you were a kid, you could meander home at your leisure in 30 minutes or less. That same trek would take an adult in a hurry at least two hours.

When you arrived back home, you had the balance of the afternoon before dinner to spend with Gilligan, Granny, the Beav and Lucy. Each 30-minute

program seemed like a two-hour, full-length feature, complete with intricate plots and provocative characters.

Now, when you arrive home from class or work, you have just enough time to do everything that needs to be done. By the time you've finished, it's already past your bedtime. And if you try to catch up on lost sleep now, you probably wouldn't wake up until about 2010.

When you were a kid, the time spent between dinner and bedtime lasted at least 72 hours, and each individual activity was an event in itself: a quick game of "hide and seek," a couple of sit-coms and maybe a few telephone calls.

If you were a girl, you had time to get Barbie married off to Ken before bedtime. If you were a boy, you had time to send G.I. Joe on a reconnaissance mission to the jungles of the Amazon.

These days, you don't even have time to introduce Barbie and Ken, much less set them up on a date. And you usually have only enough time to get G.I. Joe enlisted. On a good day, you might have time to get him out of boot camp.

When you were a kid, summer vacation was roughly equivalent to a year of adult-time. You had time to conquer the world in a summer, and probably believed that you would.

But waiting for summer to arrive was sheer torture.

That's one big advantage of being an adult. We don't have to wait as long for things to happen. When you were a kid, surviving those last few days in May was enough to make you wet the bed at night.

These days, there's hardly enough time to pick out a flattering swimsuit before it's time to pull the wool out of the mothballs.

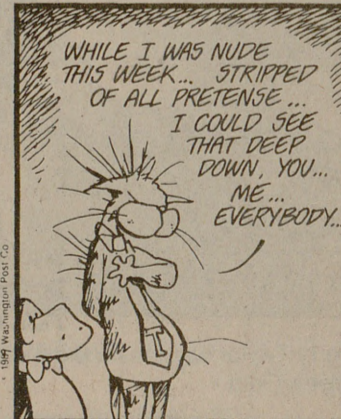
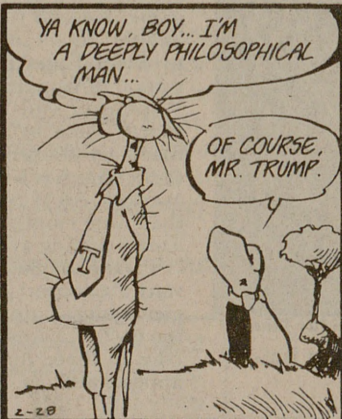
I may have a little chat with Father Time — I'd be willing to pay the man a gift every once in a while for the extra minutes a day.

It wouldn't be a difficult task. Just add one hour to every day, once a year.

That would mean by the time I'm 50, my day will average about 72 hours — which would be just about right.

Stephanie Stribling is a senior journalism major and a columnist for The Battalion.

BLOOM COUNTY



by Berke Breathed

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