

MARGULIES  
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## Poverty isn't pretty

Summer is here but, sadly, vacation is over. To make this self-imposed, dreadfully short recess as eventful as possible, a friend and I decided to make a road trip. Belushi would have loved it.

Chicago was our destination. Both Kevin, my traveling partner, and I are big baseball fans and we wanted to see some good games. You may then ask "Why Chicago?" The answer is simple. We thought it would be cheap and fun. We batted .500 on that one.

Kevin and I certainly had a great time but came back penniless. In fact, my next 1500 pennies are owned by his Master Card.

Whatever the case, the trip was worthwhile. We visited both ball parks in Chicago and a few others along the way. The trip was a stunning success; moreover, it was a great but sad learning experience.

Kevin and I are both college students. He attends Rice and I, of course, attend A&M. Early in our trip we realized there is more to this country, and life in general, than the sheltered atmosphere to which we are exposed daily.

College students are not, at all, a group representative of society. Fortunately, most of us come from middle class families. Another fact is that most of us come from suburban or rural areas. I am from a small town southwest of Houston. On occasion, I have been exposed to poverty stricken areas. By this I mean that I, and others living in the town with me, may venture into the poor section of town. Mostly, though, we lead our lives completely oblivious to the struggle many people face daily for food, clothing and shelter. Once the typical college student arrives at school, his blinders to reality become permanently attached.

Chicago was an eye-opener. As we arrived in Chicago and searched for our motel, we were exposed to a city which was much different from anything we had seen before. About 80 percent of the buildings seemed old. Very old.

An old building can be a beautiful anachronism reflecting bygone days. However, this is not the case in Chicago. The old buildings are run-down and filthy, reflecting only poverty.

Don't get me wrong, though. In the good areas of town, many of the buildings are restored to their former splendor. Unfortunately, the good areas are outnumbered by the poor areas.

Our motel was in Arlington Heights, a wealthy suburb sprawled on the fringes of the city. This area had all of the conveniences of home such as malls, theaters, good schools, nice restaurants and a low crime rate. Naturally, we felt comfortable there. Our culture shock somewhat abated.

After two days and two games at Wrigley Field, we decided to go see a game in Comisky Park, home of the White Sox. We were lucky enough to catch the annual Windy-city Classic which sports the only meeting between the Cubs and the Sox.



Matt McBurnett  
Columnist

Arlington Heights is located on the extreme north side of town, whereas Comisky is on the extreme south.

Kevin and I overestimated the distance and arrived at the park early in the park, we both paused and took in the wretched environment surrounding us.

Never in my life had I seen truly dirty or filthy urban slums. Across a freeway from Comisky and extending for miles in both directions were government sponsored projects. Trash everywhere. The air even seemed to smell foul. After our brief pause, we went to the baseball game and escaped from reality for a few hours.

After the game, we walked back to our car which, luckily, was parked relatively near the ballpark. It was my turn to drive and, of course, we got lost. I took Kevin and myself on a brief tour of the south side of Chicago. As had happened before the game, we were shocked. I thought I had seen poverty before, but this was horrible.

It seemed as if everything was poor. The projects were horrible sights. Windows were either open exposing the rooms' unsightly contents, or they were boarded. The grounds were dirty and the streets were in ill repair. The poverty was everywhere.

Each city has its poor. Many have relatively large areas of poor housing even a few government projects. Chicago was different. An entire side of town was poor. Chicago has more people than San Antonio has people. I found my way back to the freeway and Kevin and I went home and sleep. What had happened when we went into Comisky, we cast aside all thoughts of the horrible sights we had seen, choosing to dwell on more positive things.

Sadly, our society is doing the same thing. Poverty in America is a problem that many see but have chosen to ignore. With college students, the "leaders of tomorrow," the situation is worse. Few are ever exposed to the very real problem of poverty. Sadly, my blindness to this horrible problem were removed leaving me to draw the conclusion that America's policies are failing.

We seem to neglect our own in favor of worrying about South Africa, Panama and other areas which should be beyond our concern. Chicago forced us to realize this. I hope others will see it also.

Matt McBurnett is a junior electrical engineering major and a columnist for The Battalion.

## Mail Call

### Lost in the library

EDITOR:

The Location Guide is one of the most useful handouts (printed). The Location Guide attempts to help users of the Sterling C. Evans Library find what they are looking for. However, I find that the diagram of the Library, located in the back of this handout, is confusing and misleading for Library users. For example, only elevators on the six story building are shown, although the four story annex also has elevators. In addition, there is no indication where the study rooms and graduate/faculty carrels are located. Basic student needs, like the location of photocopy machines and restrooms, are not illustrated.

I strongly encourage you to revise the current diagram. I understand that for the sake of simplicity, some details must be left out. However, too many details have been left out, and the current diagram is misleading and unhelpful.

Ericka Gonzalez-Lima

Graduate student

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. Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words.

## Romping Rob gets three stars

It took some doing, but I finally got my hot little hands on a copy of the infamous Rob Lowe video tape. Or at least a part of it.

In case you've been off the planet, movie actor Rob Lowe currently is the focus of possible legal actions in Atlanta after he and a male friend met two young things in the Club Rio, an after-hours Atlanta spot, back in July during the 1988 Democratic National Convention.

Club Rio is across the street from the Omni and the World Congress Center, site of the convention.

The foursome, so the story goes, retired to a hotel room and somebody set up a video camera and there were all sorts of sexual maneuvering--and the rest is a dreamboat show for Geraldo.

Turns out one of the young women was only 16 at the time, and that gets into the area of sexual exploitation of a minor.

But there's more. The other young woman is 22, and she and the 16-year-old are alleged lesbian lovers.

The tape of the ensuing romp through Eroticville falls into the hands of the 16-year-old's mother, who is suing Lowe. Then, the cops get into the deal, and there might be criminal action against Lowe, who was in France at the Cannes film festival when this thing hit the fan. France is a great place to be when the newsfolk back home are busy discussing your kinkiness.

But enough background. I can't tell

Lewis Grizzard  
Syndicated Columnist

you how I got a copy of the tape, but I got one. I can tell you, however, I had the lesbian scenes between the two women edited out because it's against the law to be in possession of a tape showing a minor involved in sexual acts, and I wanted to keep my arrest record unblemished.

What I saw was Rob Lowe and his pal performing various acts on a woman, I certainly couldn't identify. During the tape, her face rarely comes into play.

I invited some of my friends over to watch the tape with me because I know of their interest in current affairs—such as global warming, China and anything where people take their clothes off.

The tape was vile. The tape was filthy. My friends loved it. Some of their reactions:

—"Can you believe that?"

—"What are they doing now?"

—"I don't believe I'm actually watching this."

—"Let's watch it again to see if we missed anything."

—"Can I have some more of that popcorn?"

I must say the threesome on my tape had vivid imaginations, but I'm not certain why somebody wasn't seriously injured.

What bothers me is how I missed the

story during convention week. Outside of Jesse Jackson stealing the show from Mike Dukakis, it was a pretty dull affair, the 1988 Democratic National Convention.

And while I'm running around looking for something fresh to report to the reading public, the only story of any real interest was taking place across the street at the Club Rio.

After watching the version of the tape I got, I had a couple of unanswered questions:

1. What was Rob Lowe doing at the convention in the first place? Did he nominate anybody? I don't think so.

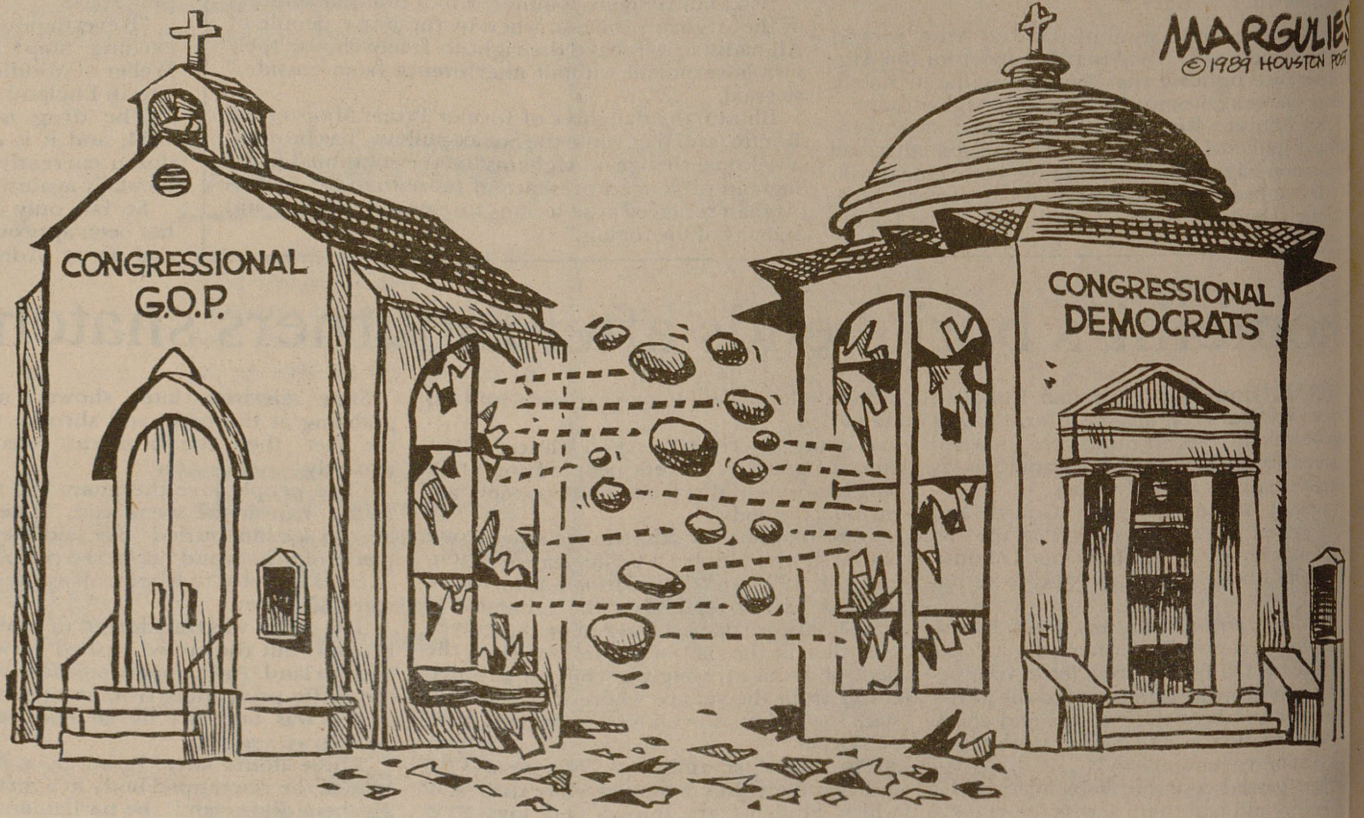
2. Is all this going to hurt the Democrats in 1992? One can almost see Lee Atwater's mind at work.

Jim Wright and Rob Lowe—quite a pair to draw to. The Republicans can have a field day.

3. Why didn't somebody think to put the video camera nearer the bed so you didn't have to get so close to the TV screen to see all the action?

My eyes are still blurred.

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People who live in stained-glass houses...

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