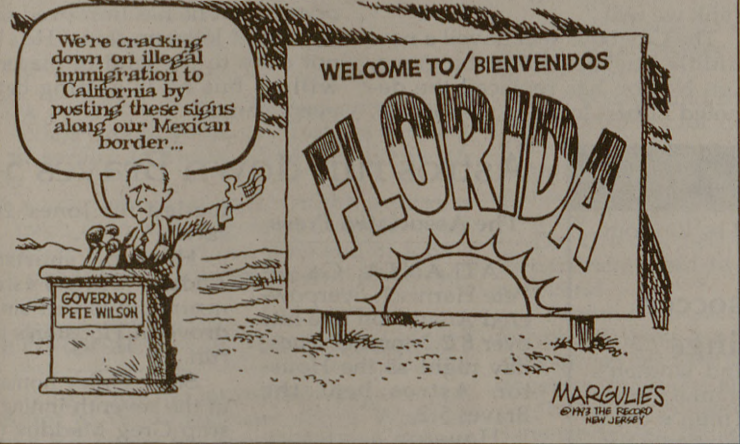


## THE BATTALION Editorial Board

CHRIS WHITLEY, editor in chief

JULI PHILLIPS, managing editor  
 MARK EVANS, city editor  
 DAVE THOMAS, night news editor  
 ANAS BEN-MUSA, Aggie life editor  
 BELINDA BLANCARTE, night news editor  
 MICHAEL PLUMER, sports editor  
 MACK HARRISON, opinion editor  
 WILLIAM HARRISON, sports editor  
 KYLE BURNETT, photo editor



## EDITORIAL Truth in politics Hutchison must answer charges

Texas Sen. Kay Bailey Hutchison owes her constituents an explanation of the events covered in the felony indictments brought against her Monday. Hutchison should stop hurling accusations that the charges are politically motivated and address the issue of her alleged wrongdoing.

The indictments come after a Travis County grand jury investigation into reports of wrongdoing while Hutchison was state treasurer. Initial reports cited the misuse of state employees and equipment for personal business.

Hutchison and two former aides were charged with official misconduct and destruction of government documents in an attempted cover-up. The charges against the senator carry a maximum combined penalty of 61 years in prison and \$43,000 in fines.

Hutchison, a Republican, denies the allegations and claims the grand jury investigation is part of a politically motivated conspiracy. She also denounced District Attorney Ronnie Earle, a Democrat, for engaging in "sleazy politics."

Accusations against Hutchison first came up in April, while she was still treasurer. She later refused to voluntarily appear before the grand jury. During the three and one-half-month investigation, Hutchison did not discuss either her behavior as state treasurer or the possible cover-up.

Hutchison is only the tenth U.S. Senator to be indicted while in office. The rarity of such an event casts doubt on the idea that the charges are solely of a political nature. Hutchison's continued credibility requires that she focus on the reasons for the indictment rather than any extenuating circumstances.

The upcoming trial of Sen. Hutchison will judge whether she committed several crimes. The charges merit more than vague, evasive statements. She has an obligation to account for her conduct her constituents.

If she has nothing to hide, then the information will refute the charges against her. Regardless of Hutchison's guilt, the public has the right to know the truth.

## Thank goodness it was only a dream No one discriminates because of genetic traits, do they?



JOHN SCROGGS  
Columnist

I had a dream a few nights ago. Actually, it was more like a nightmare. It was so traumatizing I'm writing a column about it as a sort of catharsis.

The dream began with me in a nice charcoal-colored suit, red tie and expensive leather shoes. I had yuppie written all over my face. I was sitting in a huge executive office facing one mean-looking corporate giant. It was a nightmare job interview.

It started out peaceful, but during the usual question and answer session, this tweed-clad ogre asked me if I was left-handed. To my own surprise, I answered yes.

Now, I am not nor have I ever been left-handed, but remember, this was a dream. I'm not responsible for what I say in a dream.

So anyway, I sat there and told this mogul monster that yes, I'm left-handed. He stopped for a moment, put down his pen and, with a look of utter disappointment, he sighed. I was crushed. I could feel the job slipping from my grasp.

After what seemed like an eternity, the interviewer asked me about my left-handedness.

When did I realize I was left-handed? Well, I suppose it was around the time that I began writing and playing baseball. On sec-

ond thought, I actually knew before that. I remember noticing that I ate with a different hand than my brother did.

Yes, yes, I suppose I have been left-handed all my life.

Where did I learn it? I don't know where I learned it. As a matter of fact, I don't think I learned it. I think I was born with it. You know, it's some sort of genetic thing.

A birth defect? No, no, I didn't mean that. Left-handedness isn't some deformity or abnormality. It is just a difference. I'm still a normal, functioning human being. I just use my left hand, not my right, to function.

This is where the dream became surreal. I was then asked if I was aware that being left-handed was immoral and completely unnatural. Excuse me? What is the basis for that argument?

The interviewer, who now began frothing at the mouth, started assailing me with Bible quotes and verses. From the gist of what he said, I gathered that because Jesus sits at the RIGHT hand of God, left-handed people are ungodly. I then told him that I really didn't think the Bible should be taken that literally, hoping to stop his verbal assault.

It didn't work though. The interviewer decided to take another approach — shame. He asked me if my friends, relatives, or even my parents knew that I was left-handed.

Chez, I never thought to tell them. It didn't seem to be that big of a deal. If they were ever interested, they could just watch me for awhile. Eventually any observer would be able to plainly see that I am left-handed. It's not a great secret that I try to

shield from the rest of the world.

The interviewer was visibly taken aback. Had I not tried to hide the fact that I was left-handed? Of course not. Why should I be ashamed of something that is an integral and innate part of my life. Is there any shame in being myself, in being a whole human being?

The interviewer finally told me that there was no hope. I could never be hired for the position with his company. I asked if it was because I was not qualified and he informed me that I was more than qualified to handle the job. As a matter of fact, I was the best person for the job, if only I wasn't left-handed.

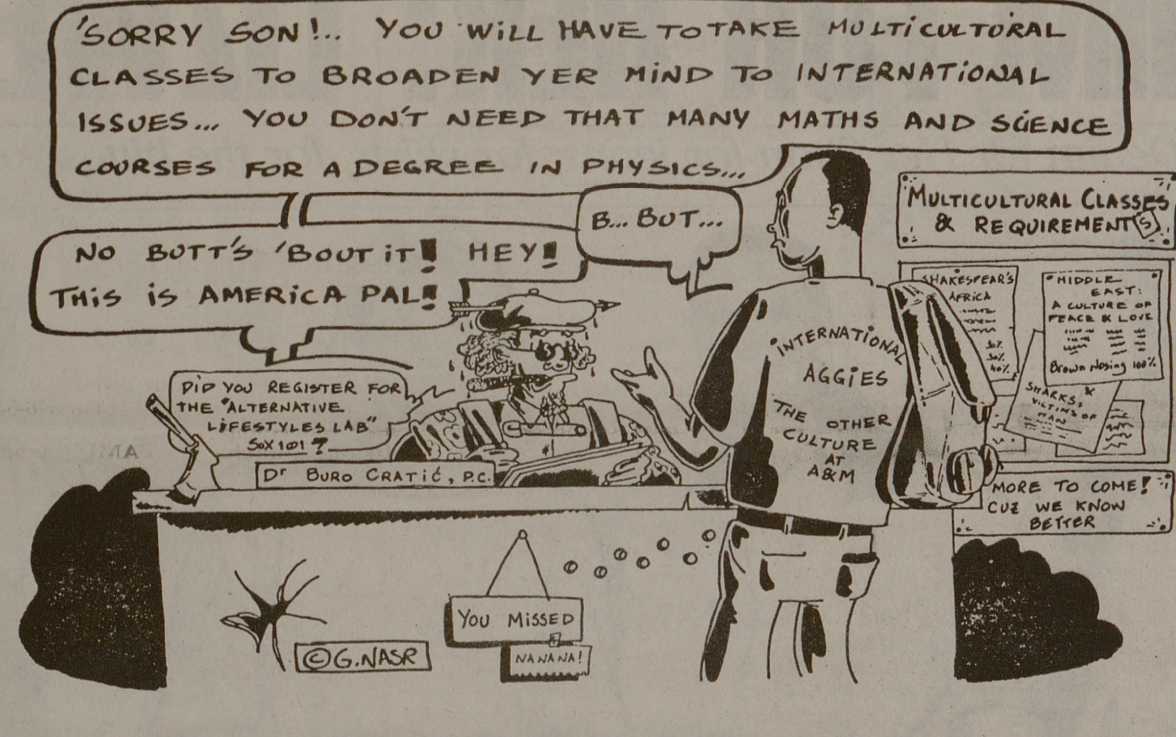
I was furious by this time, and began ranting about the discrimination I was facing. The word lawsuit came up several times. The interviewer then plainly stated that I wouldn't have a case. Left-handedness is a perfectly legal basis for discrimination in this state. My left-handedness would disturb and disrupt the cohesion of the other employees.

Also, it was a common known fact that left-handed people couldn't be trusted in the job market. They were best left to the artist world. Lefties — as he so callously called me — could really only excel in arts and crafts.

I was just about to reach my exploding point when, thankfully, I woke up. My heart was racing, and I was covered in sweat.

Whew! What a horrible nightmare. Luckily, that sort of thing never happens in the real world.

John Scroggs is a senior English and philosophy major



Editorials appearing in The Battalion reflect the views of the editorial board. They do not necessarily reflect the opinions of other Battalion staff members, the Texas A&M student body, regents, administration, faculty or staff.

Columns, guest columns, cartoons and letters express the opinions of the authors.

The Battalion encourages letters to the editor and will print as many as space allows. Letters must be 300 words or less and include the author's name, class, and phone number.

We reserve the right to edit letters and guest columns for length, style, and accuracy.

Contact the opinion editor for information on submitting guest columns.

Address letters to:  
**The Battalion - Mail Call**  
 013 Reed McDonald  
 Mail stop 1111  
 Texas A&M University  
 College Station, TX 77843  
 Fax: (409) 845-2647

## Crime and violence take away our humanity in age of fear

I hate to be afraid. I can't think of no feeling or emotion that can overcome a person in the same way. Sure, I paid six bucks to see Silence of the Lambs.



MELISSA MEGLIOLA  
Columnist

Occasionally I stay in the Twilight Zone. But even as I screamed when Freddie came back for the tenth time, I was comforted knowing the story was made up.

Over the past three years here at A&M, I have gone through a metamorphosis. Although I would like to brag about the knowledge, wisdom and complete understanding of the physical world I have gained as a student, the change that I am talking about is more of a change in behavior than a self-actualization.

As a freshman, I was afraid of nothing,

Doing exactly what my parents begged me not to do, I walked back to my dorm alone as soon as the library closed each night — well, maybe not every night. Sometimes I walked home from the Chicken.

It never bothered me that my first floor balcony room had direct access from outside. I felt sure crime was virtually nonexistent in a town like College Station.

As a sophomore and then a junior, I grew a little more cautious. Most of the time I locked my apartment. Yet, my roommate and I still kept our kitchen window unlocked in case any of our friends needed to let themselves in to watch television or borrow the VCR.

Starting this summer, however, my attitude began to change drastically. I was with a friend when we discovered his house in Bryan had been robbed. The thieves stole everything, including all of his clothes.

While at Fish Camp, a freshman told me about the murder of Michael Jordan's father. In church a few weeks ago, the sermon centered around the kidnapping and murder of a little girl who was abducted from a soccer field less than a mile from

my parent's home. Slowly, I began to chain the door at night, check the backseat before getting into my car and make sure I never walked alone at night.

Just before 2 a.m. on Sunday morning, as Roman and I were following another car home from a party somewhere near Navasota, a man in long green shorts and

### A man in long green shorts and a yellow t-shirt ran in front of my car. For a split second we locked eyes, and I instinctively knew we were about to hit him.

a yellow t-shirt ran in front of my car. For a split second we locked eyes, and I instinctively knew we were about to hit him.

Traveling at about 65 mph, we somehow swerved and avoided him as he jumped up and down waving his arms wildly. By the light from my headlights, I saw an older model car in the other lane

that had hit the guard rail of a small bridge or at least been set up to look that way. Roman thought he saw beer cans but wasn't sure.

Except for our friends in the car ahead, which by then was out of sight, the farm road was completely deserted. The darkness seemed to go on forever as we were at least 20 miles away from any town. Yet, we didn't stop. Quick glimpses of carjacking, kidnapping and thoughtless shootings flashed through my mind. We couldn't stop, it was too risky.

As we continued down 159, I could feel the shortness in my breath and I began to develop a queasy feeling in my stomach. The pictures of violent crimes were now dispersed among images of horrible accidents, emergency rooms and final breaths. I wanted to turn around and make sure the man was okay, yet I felt powerless against the fear that kept me directed towards the familiarity and safety of College Station.

About 15 minutes later when we hit Wellborn, we finally found a pay phone and called 911. The operator informed us that an officer had already left for the ac-

cident. She knew that someone else had picked up the man and somehow knew that he had lost a lot of blood.

As I scanned my memory, I couldn't remember any blood. All I could see was a flash of yellow and green reflecting in my headlights. And those eyes. If only they could have assured me that he was hurt and honestly needed help.

I spent much of Sunday wondering about the man in the road. If he died, I will feel personally responsible.

Something needs to be done about crime in this country. I don't know if the answer lies in handgun control, larger police forces, a better court system or improved family values.

I do know that in Japan I saw little girls about five years old riding the subways alone at night. People on the street stopped to help us everywhere we went.

Yet on a farm road in Texas, I am afraid to stop and help an accident victim. I hate to be afraid.

Melissa Megliola is a senior industrial engineering major

COLLEGE STATION, TX  
 SEPT 29  
**MAIL CALL**  
 1993

### 10 more reasons for minorities to enroll

Here is a "counter" top ten list why minorities should attend Texas A&M.

10. World class education will ensure a job after graduation.

9. Admission is based on merit, not birth right.

8. Top twenty football team composed of ALL races.

7. You get to rub elbows with people of all cultures.

6. You know if you get in, then you belong. (See number 9)

5. Elite and expensive Greek organizations not in mainstream, so membership not mandatory for sense of belonging.

4. Texas A&M College Republicans fight for academic freedom and not for

trendy multicultural curriculum.

3. Fightin' Texas Aggie Corps of Cadets. (Which welcomes all students, and cadets earn respect with actions, not by whining to liberal faculty members.)

2. Aggie Spirit pervades campus atmosphere, creating unification and brotherhood, not balkanization and bigotry.

1. Students like Mario Morales are the exception, not the rule.

I would like to add a few words of advice to Mario Morales. I was truly inspired by your closing sentence, "... education is our birthright and there is nobody who is going to stop us" (sarcasm intended). It's funny to listen to people like yourself, who probably develop ulcers worrying about petty things which intelligent students ignore. I encourage you to continue your racist stereotyping, yet while you try to divide the Aggies, I'll continue to enjoy fraternizing with people of ALL races,

content in the knowledge that people like yourself compose the vast minority of an otherwise intelligent student body.

Brian A. Beckom  
Class of '96

### If you're too drunk to walk, then call us

I'm writing this letter in response to Jeff O'Brien's Sept. 15 letter concerning walking while intoxicated. It sounds as if the CSPD is really cracking down on frivolous weekend activities of the average college student. Perhaps this new offense was created in our best interest; nevertheless, it does present somewhat of a problem when one is trying to

"drink responsibly."

Part of that responsibility is to make wise choices before the first drink is ever taken. One that comes highly recommended is appointing a designated driver. However, sober drivers are not always easy to come by. So, what's a person to do if he or she has sense enough not to drive or walk while drunk?

There is a concerned group of students who want to help out their fellow Ags. We are NITE LITE, and we are available from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. on Thursday nights to give anyone who is too drunk to drive a FREE ride to wherever they need to go. Just call 846-7722, and a ride will be there soon to pick you up. Please think before you drink and keep A&M safe for all Ags.

Karol Decuir  
Class of '93