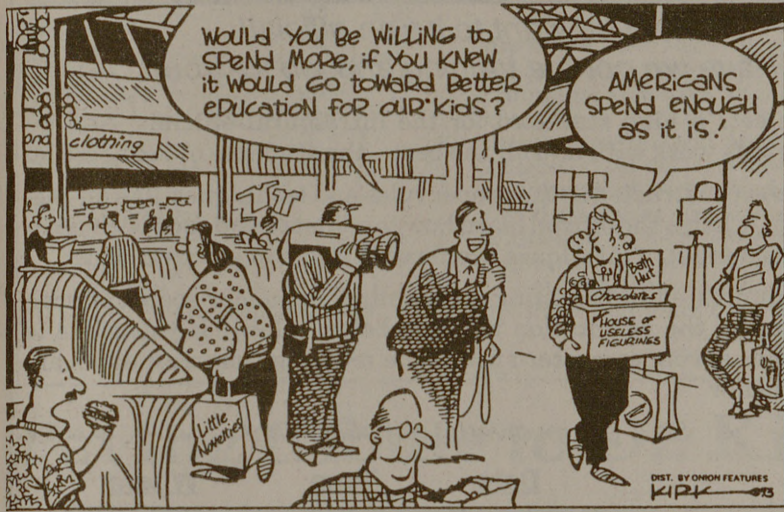


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Tired of working? Be a worthless child

Holiday laziness cultivates new at-home survival skills

I am a worthless child. My Christmas vacation consisted of getting up after noon, sitting around the house watching MTV and then preparing for a night on the town.



LYNN BOOHER
Columnist

Don't get me wrong — I didn't intend to let my free time waste away. Au contraire. I had all sorts of noble enterprises planned. Foremost was the novel a friend and I were going to produce. I am proud to have an entire four pages to my credit.

I also meant to do lots of volunteer work like wrapping Christmas presents for destitute little kids, but by the time I got home, those programs had ended because it was too close to Christmas.

I even meant to call all the old high school chums that I hadn't seen since this summer as well as to keep in touch with my college friends who live in Austin. That sort of happened, but mostly I sat around feeling guilty about not calling people (without) actually getting near a phone.

Of course, they didn't get around to calling me either. The hand-made Christmas cards I was going to send out managed to get left in my dorm room over the break in the form of construction paper.

The one card I actually did complete

was just too cute to send to anybody, so it's now tucked away under all the classic literature I was going to read.

But back to being a worthless child. My mother informed me that I am not a productive member of the family.

This means that since I am not forced to get up at six each morning and go to work, I should be cleaning the house all day or something equally useful.

Obviously, this was not appealing. Once, as an idealistic youth, I thought when mom told me to clean the bathroom she meant REALLY clean it. Not only did I scrub the sink, tub and toilet, but also the floor, mirrors, cabinets, fixtures, tile, grout, the walls and everything hanging on them, the door frame and even the door knob.

Three hours, two raw hands and one exhausted, good child later, I stood beaming, waiting for mom to heap on the praise.

"That looks so great," she said. "Why don't you clean my bathroom?" Quickly I learned to emulate my younger, smarter (read: more worthless) sister. She is affectionately known as "the roach" because she manages to leave a trail of stuff behind her wherever she goes. Not a room in the house is untouched by clothes, books, crumpled papers, old gum wrappers, Big Gulp cups or anything else she chooses to leave.

She can clean the bathroom in under 15 minutes.

Her method basically involves throwing the clothes from the floor into the hamper, pulling the shower curtain closed to hide the mess in the tub, throwing the bottles and junk on the counter into a drawer and

finally dimming the lights as she leaves to hide the grime she didn't remove.

While this method isn't necessarily sanitary, it saves a lot of time.

I have also recently discovered a trick that husbands and fathers have known for generations: act like you have no clue how to do anything.

I am making an art out of pretending that I don't know how to cook. Without warning I went from a woman who could whip up jambalaya or a soufflé to someone who couldn't follow the directions on a macaroni box without assistance.

It's saved me from having to make dinner numerous times. The people I call on for help generally get frustrated enough that they'll take over just to get me out of the way.

I also refuse to learn to light the barbecue pit. If I did learn, I could be held responsible for producing hamburgers, hot dogs, or any number of other grilled things.

A friend of mine has perfected the art of not knowing how to do things. She actually got away with not knowing how to feed the dog. Her excuse was that she'd been at college so long, she had forgotten where its food and bowl were kept.

Unfortunately, that excuse doesn't fly at my house. Still, I do manage to get away with a great deal. If I could just learn my sister's method for cleaning her room in five minutes, I'd have it made.

Lynn Booher is a sophomore psychology and English major

EDITORIAL

MLK day dismay

A&M starts class on holiday

When the administration decided to proclaim Texas A&M's commitment to multiculturalism, it should have taken a look at a calendar and acted on its promise.

A&M and Baylor are the only two Southwest Conference schools that did not cancel today's classes in recognition of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday. King was killed April 4, 1968 in Memphis, Tenn. after years of leading the civil rights movement.

Today is a national holiday when banks, the post office and most schools close to honor this man who would have been 65 years old Saturday. A&M has chosen to be an exception.

Students should have this day to remember and honor King in whatever way they wish. It is hypocritical to expect students to respect other cultures by forcing them to take multiculturalism classes when they will not even give students this one day to show respect for King.

After all, the multiculturalism

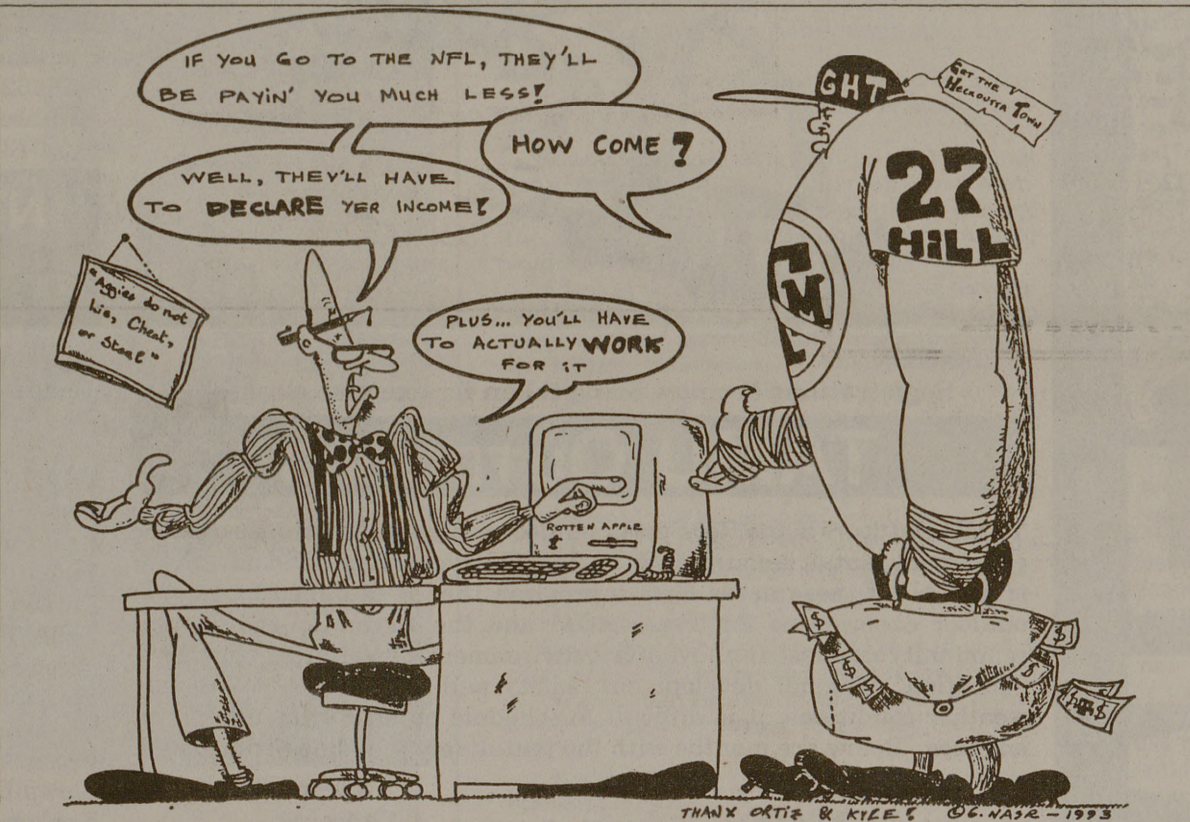
debate would never have been an issue today if men like King had not accomplished so much in the past.

Regardless of whether we agree with King's politics, the 1964 Nobel Peace Prize winner was instrumental in gaining rights for blacks by advocating nonviolence.

King said he had a dream of equality, and although racial tension is not a thing of the past, his dream has not died. Today is the day that our country, as a whole, remembers and celebrates this man and his dream. A&M cannot sit out such an important event.

The U.S. Congress decides if a day is to be recognized as a national holiday, not individual public institutions. It does not matter if a person is black, white or an Aggie — if he or she is an American, they should take this day to remember Martin Luther King.

The administration needs to remember that fact when they are looking over the calendar for next year.



Letterman's gap-toothed smile ... as sexy as it's ever been

As Abigail Van Buren said, "1993 certainly was an eventful year." Of course it was. They always are. That's what years are for, to be eventful.

1994 won't be unique. There are 365 days of dying, living and everything in between, not all of it worth writing about. For that reason I promise you won't find the following things in my column this semester. If you do, feel free to write in and demand my immediate resignation from not only The Battalion, but Texas A&M and public life.

I promise that I will not write about Bonfire '93, or NAFTA and whether or not it should be passed. They're both

ERIN HILL
Columnist

over. I won't discuss Madonna, Billy Ray Cyrus or speculate if the two are romantically involved.

I won't enter the ring to debate the six ticket limit at graduation until it's my turn to walk up and accept the degree. This means no time soon.

And nothing about the Bobbitts. I promise.

Some stuff is bound to pop up though. Stuff like my cats, my home in Minnesota, my cats in Minnesota, my observations of Texas, cats I've known in Texas ... and David Letterman.

The verdict is out. Letterman is king of the late-night air-waves. Magazines from People to the New Republic have recognized Carson's rightful heir. Letterman is not only the best dressed host but the hands-down funniest. Even Rush Limbaugh, who has made a guest appearance on the show, thinks Dave's show is the best production on television. Everywhere people are tuning in, especially in Bryan/College Station, where CBS is our

only choice without cable. During my high school years and his tenure at NBC, Letterman (at midnight) was too late for me. But as a college student, things have changed. Late at night is when I study — the perfect time to watch TV. Plus, Letterman's switch from NBC to CBS means a more accessible time ... and host. His humor, while still as off

During high school, Letterman was too late for me. As a college student, things have changed. Late at night is when I study — the perfect time to watch TV.

the wall as slime that won't stick, has mainstreamed, and he's not as rude to his guests. While there are critics, wretched as they may be, who say he's sold out, I'm so busy laughing, I can't make a judgment.

Actually, my roommate and I go beyond finding him funny. We find him attractive, too. We wish there were guys like him hanging around College Station. The general reaction to this from females is "You must be crazy!" The guys just look really, really confused.

For us, it's the gap-toothed grin (I can relate as a dentally challenged American) and his modesty. He simply refuses to take himself too seriously; when a photo of Lyle Lovett, Class of '82 appeared on the show, Dave said, "What's up with his hair?" Then he paused. With THAT look (just short of a grimace) on his face, he restated the question. "What's up with my hair?!" Classic Dave.

He knows, as Larry King recently stated on The Late Show, that the work they do is so fun it can hardly be classified as work. No wonder Dave seems so merry. He's making a fortune at CBS and gets to meet famous and interesting people like Dennis, the really strong guy. Thrills galore.

The refurbished Ed Sullivan Theater is

a great location, if for nothing else than to provide something to talk about with guests and to give the bandleader Paul Schaffer more room to display goofy outfits. It opens to Broadway (the street) so Dave can make quick exits to neighboring merchants. These people, like Sirijul and Mujibar — two Bangladeshi men who work at Rock America, a cut-rate gift shop — are our late-night friends. And Billy Crystal's, too. While walking down some street in New York City, Crystal recognized Mujibar from The Late Show and said hello to him.

I used to laugh at a friend who's high point in life was having Letterman read his letter from the mail bag and say his name on the air. That was before I tuned in. Now my roommate and I are plotting how we can meet him. In fact, why stop there? We're devising a plan to rope him into marrying one of us.

And there you have it.

Erin Hill is a sophomore English major

COLLEGE STATION, TX
 Jan 17
 1994
MAIL CALL

A simple solution to booster problems

\$20 million. That's the amount that Auburn says that they lost last year due to similar NCAA sanctions (no TV, no bowl games, etc.).

It's also the amount for which TAMU should sue "booster" Warren Gilbert. Wealthy, overzealous boosters

have affected many college athletic programs around the country, and it's time to set a precedent against these mavericks.

Did Gilbert use money from Aggie Cisneros to pay \$18,000 of HUD money to nine players for work that they did not perform? That's the federal government's problem.

Was there a "lack of institutional control" or a lack of personal responsibility on the part of the players? That's

the University's problem. Whose car do we use for the road trip to Louisville in November? Since there is no TV, that's my problem.

Mike Edwards
Class of '89

Accompanied by seven signatures

Conservatives apply past lessons to future

Near the end of last semester, John Scroggs wrote a column about Texas A&M's deep-rooted conservatism.

He made a valid point about certain people blindly clinging to a particular philosophy. I believe he gave quite a

tainted description of conservatism, though.

In Scroggs' article, he claimed that conservatism "always looks to some perfect past and longs for the return to those standards or values."

True, conservatism does look to the past, and religion does play "an important role." But, it is really about learning from the past to improve our future.

Writers like William F. Buckley, Jr., Jean Kirkpatrick, and George F. Will search for solutions that have worked in the past as well as ones that can be improved upon for the next generation. These intellectuals as well as our forefathers also realized the importance of God to the success of this nation. These are the ideals conservatives strive for. Returning to the Stone Ages is not. John Scroggs also suggested that

"freedom of thought [is] inherent in liberalism."

I question this assessment, too. Right here at Texas A&M, the traditional liberal organizations were fighting for a mandatory multicultural requirement. Elsewhere, many instances have occurred where, again, traditionally liberal groups have set out to rewrite the facts of history.

Maybe these people also felt that liberalism allowed for free, uncontested "learning."

John Scroggs' intent was noble: everyone should evaluate and substantiate their beliefs, not just follow tradition. In the future, though, I would appreciate a more truthful presentation of the facts instead of biased assumptions.

Curtis Neason
Class of '96