

THE BATTALION Editorial Board

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Overcome regret and face the challenge Stumbling blocks are natural on journey into the future

Risk is something we deal with everyday on one level or another. As seniors, many of us are going to deal with it on a very large scale come May. But risk has its virtues, and if we take the chance, life can open doors no one ever thought possible.



ROY L. CLAY
Columnist

For those of you who are worried by the uncertainty of the working world, there is someone you should meet. Paul was a rebel in high school, and, like most rebels, skipping class was the norm rather than the exception. Despite his love for reading, he did school work only in cases of extreme emergency. How could anyone trap himself with school books when there was a whole world to explore? As an American teenager in West Germany, he thought life was just too sweet to waste in a classroom.

The fact that Paul graduated was due in no small part to the faculty's reluctance to deal with him another year, and he knew it. He started to think about the four years he wasted and how others were going on to college while his grades wouldn't have gotten him into the worst junior college in the States. There the seeds of regret were sown.

Paul went into the Army and trained to be an infantryman. Later, they sent him to

airborne school to jump out of airplanes. The physical demand was satisfying, and the anticipation of further adventures almost wiped away his regret. Almost.

The Army, however, selected him to go to the Old Guard, the Presidential ceremonial unit in Washington, DC. Instead of jumping from planes and training in the boonies, Paul was doing ceremonies and marching in parades before some of the most educated men and women in the nation.

At nights he went to bars and clubs only to be surrounded by students from universities like Georgetown, George Washington and James Madison who were looking forward to futures which were possible only through their education. Surrounded by all of these educated people, Paul's regret festered into misery.

After a year of living in D.C., he began to plan and dream of a future where he was an educated man. It seemed a thousand miles away, especially after his first night course at a Virginia junior college. The cost of an education, both financially and mentally, was daunting.

But three years later his obligation to the Army was over, and Paul began his first full semester at a small East Texas community college. Slowly, he worked to overcome the deficiencies in his education and succeed in the academic world.

Today he's in his last semester at Texas A&M, and he will graduate in May with a bachelor of arts in history. It has been eight years since that day he made the commitment to earn his degree. Paul's aspirations of becoming an educated man are just a few

months away from being a reality. The desire for a degree has overshadowed his existence for so long that now it is hard to comprehend life without this quest.

For any college student, getting an education is a major goal. But to Paul, it has been the goal of his life, and now that it is almost complete, he is asking the question: "What now?"

That's a question almost everybody asks themselves at this time in their college career. Paul's dilemma is only heightened by his particular set of circumstances.

But there is something to be learned from Paul. Every day that he spent in the Army was filled with reasons not to leave. The main reason was fear. Why take the chance of failure on the outside when you have the safety of a guaranteed job and benefits? Sure, the military is filled with hardships and as an enlisted man a person is basically a servant, but many people have sacrificed freedom for security. Paul's desire to "be all he could be," however, made remaining impossible.

It's a scary thing to take off on your own and do something you've never done before, but people step out on that limb every day. Paul is only one example. The point is the world is full of unknowns and occasionally we stumble upon them on our blind journey into the future. But the risks we fear to take are the ones that, perhaps, we must take to create our own success.

Take Paul's word for it; regret is a hard thing to live with.

Roy L. Clay is a senior history major

EDITORIAL Budget battles Overall fee allocations system

Catastrophe has struck again. The Student Finance Committee of the Student Senate works out student services fee allocation recommendations. Every year they report findings to the Senate and every year it turns into a mess. Why? The system needs to be changed.

The fees help fund student services such as the MSC, Student Government, the Health Center, The Battalion, the Aggie Band and Student Financial Aid, but organizing and prioritizing allocations of the appropriate funds to each organization is something the Committee and the Senate have not been very successful at doing.

This year the Senate approved recommendations which would cut the MSC budget substantially. This action sparked controversy and hard feelings, but an underlying concern once again is: were the Committee and Senate informed enough to make a good judgment in the MSC's case? Although the MSC has risen to the forefront in this instance, one must wonder if decision-makers knew enough about the other committees to correctly distribute other funds.

The Senate changed other allocations despite formal Committee recommendations and without much in-depth investigation. For

example, the Aggie Band was slated for cuts, but after presenting their side, the cuts were rescinded. The MSC suffered cuts, but did not have a similar chance to address the Senate after a closed session, which decided the issue for many of the senators. This inconsistency is hard to stop in the current system.

The student government should take a hard look at fee allocations from their initial phase in Committee to the final proposal sent to Dr. Southerland for his approval. The Committee members need to know first-hand information about the organization and everything behind the numbers they will present to the Senate. The Senate needs to vote all or nothing on the budget.

Biases and egos seem to flare during budget debates, and resolutions are made to change bits and pieces of the Committee's recommendation. Sometimes the Committee's initial recommendations disappear. If the Committee is to operate properly, the senators should not be allowed to second-guess everything the Committee members have done. In this way, Committee recommendations will be informed, the Senate will have its say, and allocation recommendations will gain credibility and fairness.



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What our generation needs is a good dose of the '70s

Ahhh, the 1970s. A time when greasy hair was vogue, and glossy lips were in. A time when going to the drive-in in my PJs was the highlight of the week. A time of simple pleasures.

As a child of the '70s, I had no responsibilities. All I knew was the "Donny and Marie Osmond Show" and Barbies. And to me, that was heaven.

So now that the music of the '70s, particularly disco, is making a comeback, I am ecstatic. Whenever I hear "Disco Inferno" or even a Doobie Brothers tune, it brings back memories of family treks to Galveston each summer, of tromping



DENA DIZDAR
Guest columnist

across a tar-stained shoreline in my yellow Winnie-the-Pooh bikini. My biggest concern in life at that time was whether I could have a Twinkie before dinner. I say, bring back the '70s.

Besides the nostalgic element, discoing is a wonderful way to make fun of yourself. It's goofy, and you can't help but giggle when you realize you're dancing to a song with an electric clap machine pumping in the background. It's not high-tech, but it was my first introduction to pure, unbridled, expressive, interpretive dance. I learned that all you had to do was jerk your arm in some spasmodic fashion, and people thought you were an artistic genius. What a concept. Bring back the '70s.

Some of my fondest memories are of my entire family discoing in my aunt and uncle's living room. Yes, the bellbottoms were flapping, but I was blissfully ignorant of all the fashion violations. We were boogieing; we were happy, and that's all that mattered.

So what is all this fuss my generation

is making about the comeback of our tender years? Grab a hold of your inner child and rejoice. Why fight it? All social trends run in cycles anyway, and this one couldn't have come at a better time.

In this era of joblessness, rampant natural disasters and an unusually high rate of anal retention, why wouldn't you want

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to listen to music that harks back to the days when you weren't too old for trick-or-treating and slumber parties?

If I could invite anyone to a fantasy dinner, my guest list would include Barry Gibb (of course), Barbra Streisand, Simon,

Garfunkel, ABBA and all the sisters Sledge. We would dine on bite-size Jeni's frozen pizzas, drink Coke from environmentally unsafe cans with the completely removable pull tabs and Nilla wafers.

After dinner, we would move through my beaded doorway and gather around the piano for a rousing rendition of "50 Ways to Leave Your Lover." Barry and I would feel an uncontrollable urge to sashay across my white shag carpet with only the reflection of my spinning disco ball and the light in our eyes to guide us. As the other guests are screaming, "... make a new plan, Stan/No need to be coy, Roy ..." I would break down and sob uncontrollably, pining away for my girlfriend lost. But Barry would understand. He would offer me his lapel to dry my tears, and we would comfort each other. "We will always have the music," he would say.

Okay, so my fantasy will most likely never come true, but I can dream every time I hear '70s music. So why do many

of my contemporaries cringe at the thought of polyester and Disco Fever? It reminds me of happier, carefree days. My dad has a fascination for '50s music probably for the same reason. It reminds him of a time in his life when, well, he didn't have to worry about me.

If it's the fashions of the '70s that bother you, hey, I'll have to agree. They are unbecoming, but it's hilarious to imagine some designer laboring for hours over a green and yellow sunflower dress with a matching hat and purse. And it's another excuse to laugh at ourselves.

My fondness for the '70s obviously stems from the fact that I just don't want to grow up. Since I have to, I'll try to be strong. In the meantime, I'll revel in the return of my childhood favorites, even though this, too, shall pass in time. And after it's all over, I, for one, will continue to give myself a daily dose of "Le Freak" just for old time's sake.

Dena Dizdar is a senior journalism major

COLLEGE STATION, TX
 Feb 17
 1994
MAIL CALL

Ogden a modern day Good Samaritan

Society is not as bad as we may believe it to be, and the "Aggie Spirit" truly does exist.

I was returning to College Station from San Antonio when my truck stalled for no apparent reason. The sun had completed its descent, and the temperature was dropping rapidly. I tried several times to start the motor, ultimately draining my battery and my patience. I was 20 miles

from the nearest town and 60 miles from College Station, with no choice but to sit in my truck waiting for someone to come to my aid.

I sat there shivering for an hour and a half until a motorist finally stopped. I stepped out of my truck when I heard a voice from the car say, "Hey, you stupid Aggie, get in the car!"

The motorist introduced himself as Steve Ogden, state representative, resident of Bryan-College Station and a graduate of A&M. He drove me 60 miles to my apartment to ensure my safe arrival, and for that I thank him very much.

To Representative Ogden I would once again like to say thank you, and to the cities of Bryan and College Station, take comfort in who you have chosen to represent you. He is a good man.

Robert Cevallos
Class of '95

Rudeness at replant

Saturday a group of my sorority sisters and I ventured to Somerville for replant. We were there as Aggies showing our Aggie pride and spirit. We potted trees and planted a tree as a group. We were proud to be Aggies.

As we walked to our car, a group of guys from a dorm on campus ripped our tree out of the ground and said that a bunch of SBs couldn't plant a tree. We were offended because we were trying to share our Aggie spirit with fellow Aggies.

Obviously, this group of guys doesn't know what it means to be an Aggie. Maybe they need to go back to Fish Camp to be reminded of the Aggie Spirit and how we all share in it whether we are Greek, corps or non-reg.

Kim Dewbre
Class of '95

Accompanied by four signatures

Morality not a choice

This is in response to Ryan Hensley's letter of Feb. 7. It began by calling John Brown homophobic because he speaks out against what he believes to be wrong, but I think that morality can't be defined by individual choice. If everyone thought as Hensley, this would be a society without the moral base that it was founded on. You cannot redefine society's moral code

to include any immoral behavior, just as you can't legalize crimes because they're difficult to control.

"Who defines morality?" Brown was right in that the Bible clearly lays out what is moral and right, despite the attempt to downplay its importance by calling it a "historical piece of literature."

While it is that, it is also much more. Should people just decide for themselves at their convenience what is right? Much of society today reveals where that attitude will get you, as evidenced by the soaring crime rate and an apparent lack of remorse on the part of criminals.

It's time for people to realize that there is a definite right and wrong and quit trying to rationalize or justify the latter.

Todd Henderson
Class of '96

Brian Jenkins
Class of '95