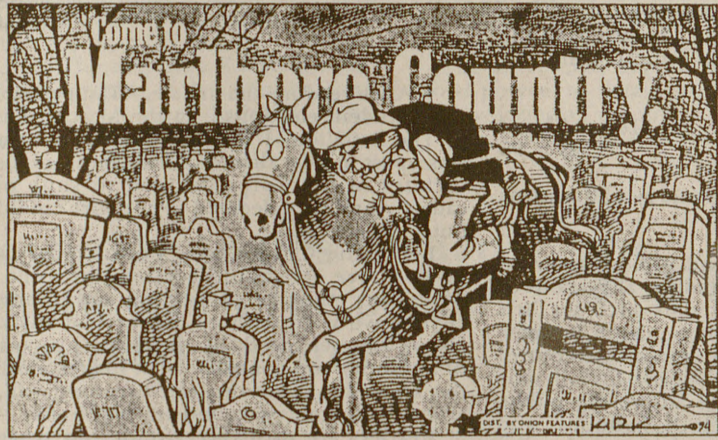


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EDITORIAL

Clarify regulations Election rules create confusion

When the Student Senate revised student election procedures over the summer, then-Election commissioner Steven Mathews said his job would be made a lot easier. "All the confusion will be stopped, and we will be able to avoid any controversy," he said.

In the wake of yet another year of controversial elections, this year's commissioner, and probably the whole student body, knows that this was one prediction that didn't come true. The student body is as confused as it ever was about the regulations concerning student elections, and something needs to be done about it.

There seems to be differing opinions on what exactly constitutes campaign paraphernalia. Last year when the Corps produced a list of cadet candidates, the judicial board ruled that this list was simply an organizational endorsement, and all fines were dropped. However, this year, prior to elections, Election Commissioner Michael Crain said such lists would be considered campaign paraphernalia, and organizations would be fined if they were to distribute them at polling sites.

There is also some confusion about what students can bring in with them when they vote. People distributing campaign flyers must

stay 30 feet away from a polling place, but students can carry the flyers in with them. But does this regulation apply to unofficial flyers that are supporting a certain candidate or candidates?

In addition to clarifying regulations, the people running the polls must be more organized and informed on the regulations. While APO's work as poll watchers is an indispensable service on election day, all volunteers must be made to understand and comply with all election regulations. A lot of controversy could be avoided if voters and workers were more informed about the proper election procedures.

Some poll workers were not sure who to believe and made the mistake of crossing out a candidate when they were told by unofficial sources that his name did not belong on the ballot. There must be someone in charge to rule on these issues, and the chain of command must be known to all those involved in organizing elections.

These questions should be cleared up — not just for the candidates in the next election, but for all the students as well. We need to learn from our past mistakes. With a more vigorous effort and clearer regulations, maybe next year will be better.

Did you hear the one about parking? Better to abandon vehicle in space than leave campus

Yesterday around noon, a group of Aggies stood on a sidewalk with their mouths open, pointing to something that obviously paralyzed them with amazement. Finally, a guy from out of town came along and explained that it was a parking space.

Okay, it was really a bunch of New Yorkers, and the guy was from Boston, and David Letterman first told the joke on his Late Night show. But there is not an Aggie around that cannot identify with on-campus parking problems.

When I got my car at the first of the semester, I finally had the freedom I had been wanting. I could go anywhere in the world, anytime I pleased, and no one could stop me. That is, until I realized I had no place to park when I came back from my worldly trips.

I didn't think much of it until I returned to campus one night and didn't see a parking space anywhere in a ten-mile radius. So I decided that I would slowly drive around all the Northside parking areas and catch someone leaving so I could take his spot.

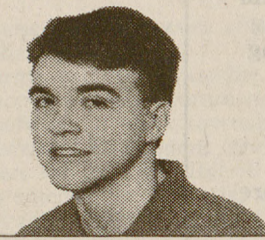
Two hours later, I was still slowly driving around all the Northside parking areas trying to find a place to park. I finally found a space on the outskirts of Navasota.

Then one day, because of an emergency, I had to move from that parking space. When I returned, I took a gamble and looked at the lot across from my dorm and saw a car pulling out of a space. I haven't moved my truck since.

I'm following the lead of a couple of cars that I parked next to. According to their

DAVE WINDER

Columnist



bumper stickers, they subscribe to the theory "If I don't move my car, they can't take my space." One says "Carter/Mondale in '76" and the other says "Make Love Not War."

Every couple of days I go and visit, but I don't dare move it because I don't want to lose the space. I either walk or bum rides off people when I want to go somewhere because I refuse to go through the painful experience of looking for a space again. I wouldn't even go home for my mother's birthday.

Dad: "David, your mother's birthday is next weekend, and we're throwing her a big surprise party. So when are you coming home?"

Me: "I'd love to come home and everything, Dad, but I just got a great parking space, and I don't want to lose it. Give my love to Mom."

Dad: "But, David, it's going to be one great party. The surviving members of The Beatles are going to put on a concert, and the first real evidence that UFOs really do exist is going to be revealed. For the finale, Elvis is going to sing with all the surviving members of Led Zeppelin. He's really been alive all

these years."

Me: "Gee, Dad, I really wish I could, but you don't understand — I have this great parking space. I already sent her a card explaining why I can't make it; I think she'll understand."

In case I ever do have to move my truck, my friends and I have come up with some ideas on how to keep our parking spaces while we are out running errands.

1. Act like the space is under construction by placing five bright orange cones in the middle of it.

2. Get someone to act like they have been shot and died in that parking spot.

3. Place nails and broken glass in strategic spots.

4. Pray.

5. Put a huge pile of panties in the middle of the space. Then place a sign over it saying: "Quarantined. Madonna was here."

Parking is becoming so important to me it is taking over my entire life. It's all I talk about.

Friend #1: "Hey, Dave, did you see the Final Four?"

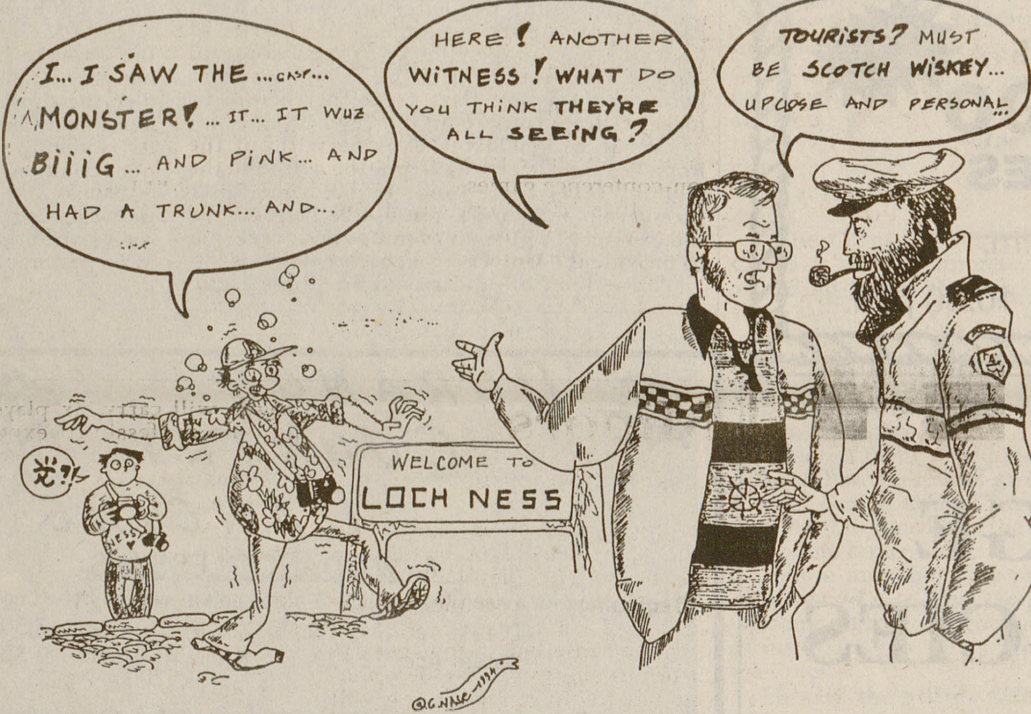
Me: "Yeah. How much parking do you think they have there?"

Friend #2: "Hey, Dave, have you heard Soundgarden's new album?"

Me: "Have they ever had a song about parking?"

Parking is consuming my mind way too much because this column was actually supposed to make sense.

Dave Winder is a sophomore journalism major



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A rose by any other name might be Picabo or Elmer

Short lists. Long lists. Some typed. Some scribbled. Lists where lecture notes ought to be. It's all part of a hobby I've had for nearly ten years: collecting names.

Lucky for me that the only other human being on earth with whom I share this hobby is a dear friend from high school, and she and I send lists to each other for approval.

I actually gather names, combine them in as many ways as possible — all of this several times a week. It started when I was twelve and writing my first short story. I made a list of names I wanted to put in the story and created the characters based on the names. I was hooked.

Or maybe it started when I began kindergarten and my toddler colleagues and I began to form words. From that point on, or at least since I can remember, I've been called Airhead Mountain. People thought they were extremely cute or clever to give someone named Erin Hill that nickname. Little did they know that everyone who met me called me that, no originality required.

ERIN HILL

Columnist



Perhaps then I became conscious of the power and significance of names and started noticing the effect they had on people. Like my friend Guy who happened to laugh a lot. He still has to put up with being called Guy Smiley and having people sing "Sesame Street" songs when he comes in the room.

We've all heard of people with "odd" names, like my ninth grade social studies teacher, Harry Wolfe. There are also name legends, passed from one generation to the next, like Bo Lane Alley and Christa Shandra Lear.

Currently I have an extensive list of names on my computer that I've collected.

To be included, a name must be aesthetically pleasing, meaningful or just likable. I've collected bizarre names, traditional titles, even comical ones. (And no, I've not added "Over the" or "Bunker" to the list.)

Some people humor my hobby by contributing to my list whenever they discover an unusual addition or by giving me name books. My own name is Gaelic for "peace" and is the name for Ireland, which I think is pretty cool. I appreciate that my parents gave careful consideration to naming me and my sisters (Marni and Courtney).

I make up the names for characters in that novel I'm going to write someday or the names for my future children. I even think of names for the cats I hope to own. (I want one named Agatha Christie who will answer to Aggie.)

Some lists have a theme, like "former presidents:" Carter, Madison, Reagan and Tyler are all lovely choices. Another theme was "famous writers:" Annie (Dillard), Jane Austen, (John) Dryden and Joseph Campbell. The lists could go on and on.

I like the idea of naming a child after a

person who achieved something or made a difference, like Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the pioneering women's suffragist. It's the hope that some of that person's legacy might rub off. But I'll admit it would be difficult to live up to names like Albert Einstein Johnson or Michael Jordan Smith.

"People are trying harder and harder to be more original," said Leonard Ashley, an onomastician — someone who studies names. But it can backfire, as actual names like Demon, Pitbull and Nausea can attest.

Some names, like Brunhilde, do carry negative stereotypes, but attempts to link names to more serious conditions, like psychological disturbances, has met with little success.

"A name can handicap and scar you for life — children have enough pressure on

them without the additional disadvantage of an unpleasant name," said psychologist Albert Mehrabian.

He also said that a name directly affects how a person is perceived by those around them. Witness the research that shows students with names like David and Lisa receive consistently higher marks than those with names like Elmer or Bertha.

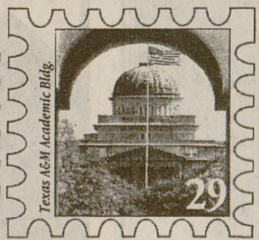
But there are those exceptions ... just talk to the parents of U.S. silver medalist skier Picabo Street. Actually, Picabo's parents let her "name" herself and waited until she was a toddler before calling her anything but baby girl Street. The unique name fits her outgoing personality perfectly.

Some names, like Bambi or Brunhilde, do carry negative stereotypes, but attempts to link names to more serious conditions, like psychological disturbances or criminal behavior, which researchers have tried to do for decades, has met with little success.

Ultimately, we must take responsibility for our actions whatever our names. Until then, I'll keep trying to find the perfect one.

Erin Hill is a senior English major

Mail Call



Battalion responsible for discarded inserts

Pick Up Your Mess. Does that look familiar? If not, refer to the April 4 editorial regarding campaign flyers and sandwich boards. This editorial reminds me of another mess seen on a regular basis on campus. The mess I speak of is that made when The Battalion includes flyers (such as advertisements) in the Batt. These flyers can generally be found on the ground around any stack of Batts. Conceding that it would do little good to blame the readers or instruct them to pick them up, how about discontinuing this eyesore by eliminating the fly-

ers? Surely, there must be some other way to generate advertising revenue without making such a mess. Think about it.

Glenn E. Earp
 Class of '94

In offense of no one

This Mail Call letter was specifically written not to offend the following groups:

Men, women, the elderly, sexually challenged, gay whales, small household appliances, CT's, mold, gravity impaired, fanatical religious groups, terrorist orga-

nizations, beer drinkers, BQ's, hippies, democrats, poster girls, most farm animals, the Dominoes guy, SB's, the average consumer, the Board of Regents, Buffalo fans, dittoheads, Homer Simpson, people with three feet, Ray Charles, the Honorable Ann Richards, RV's, Greeks, Bill and Hillary, Hell's angels, anyone who will work for food, truck drivers, Beavis and Butt-head, T-sips, PTTS, non-regs, jocks, Lechners, crossdressers, people who still think Elvis is alive, shiners, rednecks, porn stars, anyone nicknamed Bubba, anyone who has ever appeared on "Geraldo," or any idiot who spent the time to read this entire list.

Matthew Crawley
 Class of '96

Cheers for Friends

I am very surprised at the reaction to the "Faculty Friends" advertisement in The Battalion. Texas A&M University, so

I thought, has been striving to become a "multicultural" university.

I thought that the point of multicultural education is to promote ALL cultures for a better understanding of each other. What I see with the harsh reaction to the ad is a distinct double standard.

I dare say that if the "Atheist Advisor" or the "Buddhist Buddies" decided to take out a similar ad, that the reaction would be very different. The staff members involved would more than likely be exalted for their courage.

I would like to say that I am proud to have such a group of outspoken individuals, be they "Faculty Friends" or any other group.

Further, as a Christian myself, I applaud the efforts of my fellow Christians in "Faculty Friends." Thank you for your efforts.

Gig 'em, God!

Jeremy Mayhew
 Class of '97

Theater Program at A&M alive and well

Yes, Virginia, there is also a Theater Program at Texas A&M University! Believe it or not, I am a graduating senior in Theater Arts. Here, I sympathize with Pam Overmyer and all of the medical students at A&M. Almost every time someone asks my major, they respond with a laugh and say, "No, really, what's your major?" Again, I say Theater Arts.

"Is that new?" No, I say, the major has been around for about 15 years. "Why haven't I ever heard about it?"

The truth is, I don't know. We're not shy people. You read reviews of our plays in The Battalion and The Eagle. Some of you even come to see our productions.

Well, let me just say that we do exist. If you would like to know more about the Theater Program at A&M, drop by the Theater office at 152 Blocker, no kidding.

Amy R. Jimenez
 Class of '93