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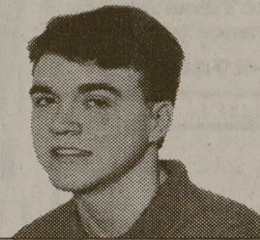
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He's still growing and growing and ... Family, friends unsympathetic to late growth spurt

Here it comes again. The pain in my chest has returned, and my legs go numb at the drop of a hat. I thought it was over a long time ago, but the cold, hard truth is I'm getting taller. I've had two major growth spurts in my life. The first one shot me up to six feet the next one stopped five inches later. I'm scared to see where this one is going to end.

DAVE WINDER

Columnist



don't get everything you want. You can wear high waters for the rest of your life for all I care. Don't come home this summer."

I guess my mom wasn't such a good choice either. She's still mad we had to get a bigger automobile to fit my legs. I'll go to my loving girlfriend; she'll be there for me.

Girlfriend (5'3"): "I give you all my love and all I get in return is you telling me that you're still growing (crying). How is that supposed to make me feel? You don't care about me. All you care about is your stupid height (hysterical crying). Well then - grow until you're 10-feet tall, because I never want to see you again. And I especially don't want to see you this summer."

Uncle (6'7"): "I guess you feel like a big man since you're growing again. Well let me tell you something, big man, nobody in this family is ever going to be taller than me. So if you have any plans on

growing soon I suggest you stop before you get in an unfortunate accident (punches hole in wall). After this summer you better be no taller than you are now, you got me, boy?"

That was a stupid idea. He never really liked me. He's been jealous of my height potential since the day I was born. A total stranger will understand what I'm going through.

Stranger (5'1"): So, I hear you are growing taller. Well I just want you to know I'm not going to let people like you stand in front of me at parades any longer. I bet you think all those short jokes are funny, don't you, punk? You better watch your back, tall boy, because if I ever see you with a Randy Newman album you are dead. I'll even be watching you this summer."

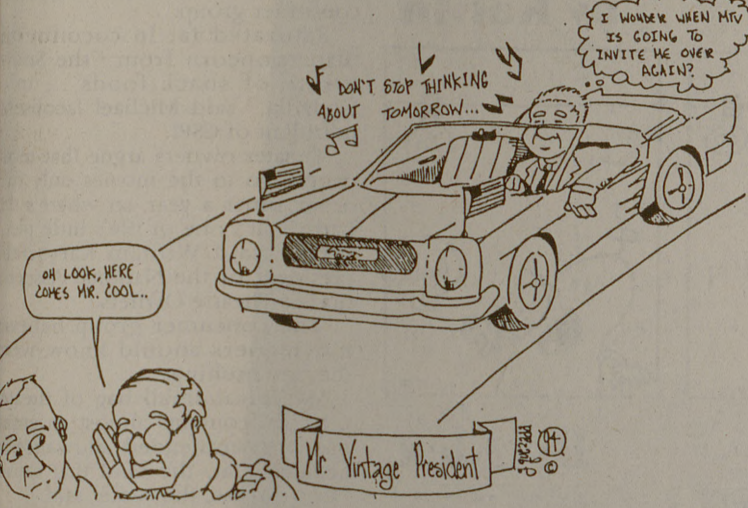
After those enlightening conversations, my body still refused to stop growing. It seemed the pain got worse the more I tried to make it quit.

I was at a loss on what to do. Nobody I knew would help me, and I couldn't go to anyone else. There are no self-help groups for tall people.

Me: "Hi! My name's Dave and I'm six-foot five and still growing."
Audience: "Hi Dave!" (Thunderous applause)

The only thing I think of is stunting my growth by smoking. I might as well since I got plenty of time to waste this summer.

Dave Winder is a sophomore journalism major



EDITORIAL

Nixon remembered

More memories than Watergate

Former president Richard Nixon will be laid to rest tomorrow, and he deserves to be remembered for more than Watergate. He has harsh critics and staunch supporters, but as a former president, all he deserves as we remember him is respect.

either. His loss in the 1960 presidential election was due in large part to his nervous and unhealthy appearance in televised debates with a younger, more comfortable John F. Kennedy.

Although he was the first president to resign from office, he was also the first president to do many other things. He was the first president to warn the country of a possible health-care crisis. He doubled the size of the food stamps program and created the Environmental Protection Agency. Nixon was not just the president who resigned in disgrace - he was also an astute statesman and a man who won the presidency with more popular votes than any of his predecessors.

Later he would curse the media, saying the press would not "have Nixon to kick around anymore" after his defeat in a race for the California governorship. But he came back and won the election for President of the United States in 1968.

Nixon was the first man to realize the power of television and the role it would play in modern politics. For Nixon, it was not an easy lesson to learn,

He left quite an impression there, too. In the books he published after resigning the presidency, he accepted blame for Watergate and regretted what it did to the country. It is time to accept his regret and remember Nixon for his accomplishments.

We should remember the man for his high points as well as his low points.

Richard Nixon has endured our criticisms, and now as we lay him to rest, it is only fitting to show our respect and keep the criticisms to ourselves.

"HOW MANY TIMES CAN A MAN TURN HIS HEAD,
AND PRETEND NOT TO HEAR PEOPLE CRY..."

BOB DYLAN



Is that your hair or is there a ferret on your head?

The bad hair day has become a cliché around these parts, but very few know I am the origin of this cliché. I had a 24-hour period of less than perfect hair seems positively tame compared with my experience - a bad hair adolescence.

ERIN HILL

Columnist



At age 14 (up until then I wore braids each and every hour of my life) I took the first step of a journey that is not yet finished - the quest for a hairstyle that both looks good and requires low maintenance. I gave myself a square inch haircut. This nickel-sized buzz took all summer to grow out, so every time I emerged from the swimming pool, my shadow looked like a rooster.

looked for alternatives to cutting. I (Eureka!) realized hair needn't stay the same color all the time. With my best friend in tow, I tried food coloring, peroxide and even nail polish remover but to no avail. While her hair turned red, mine stayed light brown.

Then came a special orchestra trip in 10th grade. I bought a new dress and my first pair of high heels and as part of this ultimate beauty spree, I decided to get my bangs styled. But before I could tell the stylist what I wanted, I blinked and my hair was gone - literally.

Though to all who observed it seemed I was doomed, the pursuit for a hairstyle didn't stop then. I merely became less successful with each try. I made jokes about hair stylists secretly hating me, but nobody laughed. They were too amused by my hair to hear what I was saying.

My bangs were less than a centimeter high and the bus for the field trip of a lifetime was leaving in an hour. Hello, headbands!

Despite warnings, the cutting option looked good once again in my senior year

and I made an appointment for a haircut. My family guessed temporary amnesia concerning me and beauty salons had set in. To our collective surprise, the cut actually went well.

With my new bob, I felt like I had finally arrived in hairstyle land. But with a "style" came responsibility to maintain it, and as a freshman in college I maintained the cheap way - beauty college and stylists-in-training.

At the beauty school, my first clue that something had gone terribly wrong was my roommate's expression in the mirror behind me. The second was when the hairstylist asked me to clarify what a "bob" was ... exactly. "Um ... let me get my supervisor," she said, and my roommate passed out.

Nothing could disguise the tension! One thought propelled the butcher-girl back toward my chair: Damage Control. She cut, snipped and shaved until I begged for mercy - all for only two dollars. (It was two-inches-for-two-bucks Tuesday.)

Seeing how easy it was to both make money and have fun with scissors, I started

spreading rumors about my own hair-cutting ability. With only my imagination to guide me, I began restyling the world, starting with the friends who were too cheap to hire a real stylist. I thought it was going well, but without any repeat customers I just couldn't build a clientele.

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Just last fall, I fell once again into the clutches of a bad hair semester. In my panic I must have stumbled into an expensive salon, because I woke up to find myself wrapped in a white cloak with my head in a sink. After one of those today-for-shampoos at the salon, which

left me incapacitated to make a wise decision, the woman suggested dying my locks. "How about a lovely honey wheat?" she asked.

In typical zombie fashion, I said, "Sure, anything!"

I spent the following hour and a half under a paintbrush and a dryer. It was only as I was writing out the check that it hit me - my hair was already "honey wheat." That was just the fancy salon name for light brown. I had been duped.

Only a fool would do what I had just done: spend a bundle coloring one's hair the color it is naturally. No one could tell the difference unless they peeked into my checkbook. But had it turned out any differently, I would have been suspicious. No, this hair is my fate.

I've accepted it now - wavy, light brown, to my shoulders. Neither blond nor brunette, curly nor straight, long nor short.

I guess even my bad hair days are kinda boring.

Erin Hill is a senior English major

Mail Call



Registration process makes life miserable

Fellow students, am I the only one who's feeling screwed by the registration process? I was happy enough when schedules came out a whole week before my registration. When the day for registration came, you can imagine my ecstasy at spending approximately five hours on the phone registration system. I have always had some trouble registering, but apparently the people who decide these things felt students could register too easily in the past.

I guess that's when they decided to allow only two designated days per class (as opposed to three) and have summer and fall registration on the same day. Well, their plan worked on me. Maybe, though, five hours still isn't enough. Maybe they should give us only one day per class - for the whole year - and give out schedules only that day. Hope this suggestion helps the registration people out.

Jeff Chase
Class of '96

Mark Hall
Class of '94

Letter demonstrates guest column's point

I would just like to clarify something for anyone who might have misread my article on feminism. Nowhere in the text did it state that abortion should be legal. I did say government would never be able to regulate it - there's a difference. My column did make a point however, and you demonstrated it very effectively.

Elizabeth Nicol
Class of '95

Abortion and theft not a good analogy

I am writing this letter as a response to Christopher Binovi's letter. His sarcastic comment for legalizing stealing, because like abortion, it has always existed and al-

ways will, is "comparing apples to oranges."

I myself believe abortion is wrong. However, if one is to take a historical approach to this problem, they would see that in the years when abortion was illegal, the number of abortions did not decline. Instead, they moved from the "safe and sterile" doctor's office to the back alleys. By making abortion legal, at least one life will be saved. Since saving lives seems to be the most important issue, this would seem to be valued greatly.

Many clinics which offer abortions provide information and counseling about alternatives, such as adoption or raising the child themselves. No such counseling will be found in the "alley" abortion clinics.

As to his cynical comment, "May feminists rule the earth!" Well, Christopher, if feminism ruled the earth, social ills such as pornography, strip joints (undeniably a form of prostitution), sexual harassment of workers, etc., would surely be cured.

Jeriad Zoghby
Class of '95

Men's tennis team lauded for SWC win

Last week while The Battalion was busy gossiping about the Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Aggies participating in the Kiss-off and fighting in Cain Hall, the Aggie Men's tennis team was winning a SWC championship title. Mark Weaver and Bernardo Martinez won first place in the SWC #1 doubles, and Chad Raymond and Ricardo Rodarte won first in the SWC #3 doubles. The team beat TCU (ranked fifth in the nation) to tie with TCU and t.u. for the SWC Championship. We would also like to thank the coaches, trainer, manager and all the fans for such a successful season. These elite team participants deserve recognition for a job well done. We would hope that in the future our paper would bring newsworthy information instead of tabloid news.

Jane Oliver
Class of '95

Accompanied by 24 signatures