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The sun will come out this summer Bypass reruns, spend hot months in community theater

Attention! I am stepping back onto my soapbox. Inevitably when we return to school in the fall, people will complain about doing nothing all summer. Jobs are scarce (as we well know) and studying abroad is expensive. So the end result is a lot of students sitting around on couches watching reruns of "Who's the Boss?"

ERIN HILL
Columnist



gearing up for summer theater productions. In my hometown, with about 60,000 people, there are at least five different theater companies that do musicals in the summer. So no excuses.

In the company I am involved with, which was founded by my parents and some friends, we go through the process of applying for grants, hiring musicians, auditioning performers and scouring the land for volunteers, since except for the director, just about all participants are volunteers.

In high school theater, I knew my lines, my songs, and my entrances, and that was it. Though those performances were delightful, I had even more fun when I became more involved in putting on a show.

Not that summer theater need be a full-time commitment. It isn't, but it can be full-time fun. And if your hometown is anything like mine, there are plenty of opportunities out there. But they need your efforts.

Because more than well-developed talent, summer theater needs people with enthusiasm. And not everyone has to be on stage. We need people to work the lights, move the set pieces and help in the dressing rooms as much as we need people to tap dance. Whatever you can do, whether it is singing in the chorus or pulling the curtain, at least it's better than watching Tony Danza vacuum his living room.

For information, look in the yellow pages under "Theater." And if you're going to stay here this summer, call the TAMU Theater Department at 845-2560.

Break a leg.

Erin Hill is a senior English major



EDITORIAL

Wasting winnings Bowl money spent frivolously

The Dallas Morning News has turned the state's attention to Texas A&M's spending practices. Again. The Athletic Department has come under fire for spending \$261,798 - money the football team received for bowl game appearances since 1990 - to cover expenses not related to the team.

spent \$37,400 on extra event tickets for administrators and boosters for last year's Cotton Bowl. The imagination runs wild with thoughts of what areas on campus could use that money.

Athletic Director Wally Groff says spending this money is a reward for all the supporters of the football team, who raise about 85 percent of the total athletics budget. Although these rewards are a nice gesture, I'm sure the supporters would understand if the money was put back into the school. There are plenty of projects and programs the money could help.

It is ridiculous to expect the team to reward everyone with bowl money. It is also ridiculous for All Sports Passes to go up in price year after year with all this money being used frivolously. After all, the Twelfth Man never expected a tip.

The bottom line is that the Athletic Department and supporters need to stop patting themselves on the back and put more of the winnings toward something everyone can enjoy.

I also got to teach Sandy (Annie's lovable mutt) how to dance. Despite all I'd done with him, Sandy completely abandoned the choreography and stole the show on opening night.

I have more than just good memories of that show. I also have a deep, ugly scar on my right shin from stepping off the stage during a rehearsal of "It's a Hard Knock Life." The sight of me, the dance teacher, tripping clumsily off stage was too much for those orphans, and it took several minutes to restore order, especially after they saw the blood.

These are just a few of the highlights from "Annie." I could talk for hours about this show and the ones before that. You see, I've

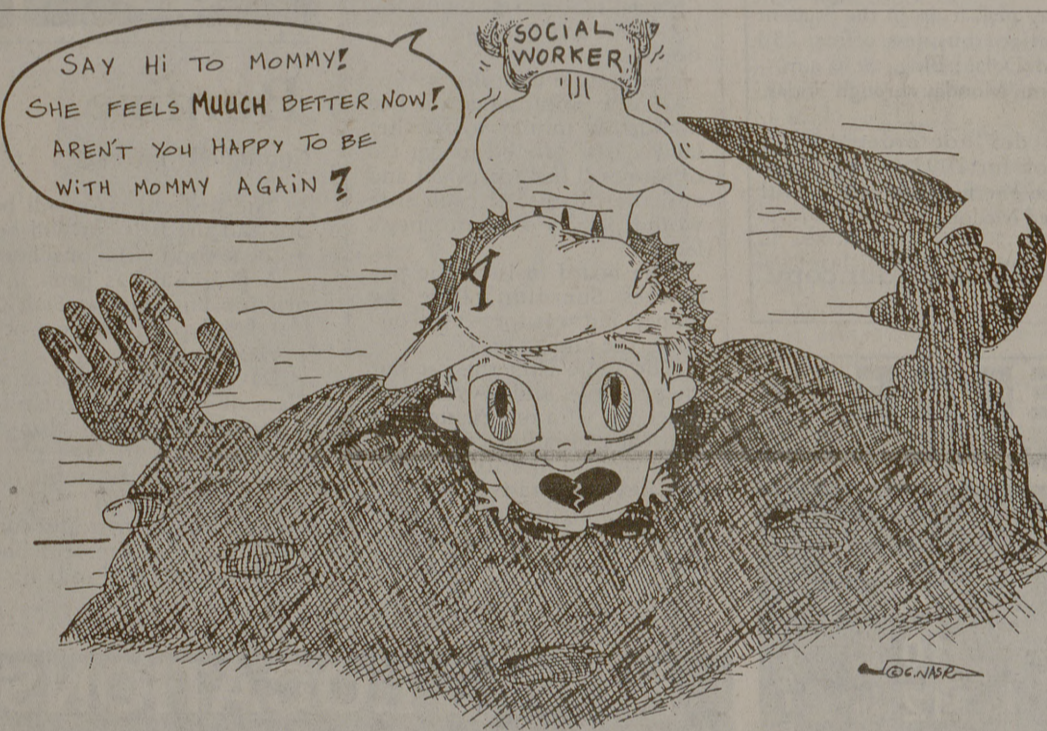
been doing community theater for five summers and have performed in "Annie," "Oliver!" "West Side Story," "Godspell" and "The Sound of Music." This summer we're doing "Guys and Dolls." Should be fun.

Many friends wonder why I spend three hours a night in rehearsal, after working 40-hour work weeks. Because I love theater and performing. To me, it is fun. Real fun with real people.

Maybe you think theater is for artsy types who have nothing better to do than sit around in black turtle-necks. People in my community probably thought the same thing until they got involved - people like mothers and fathers, with full-time jobs; people without jobs, like college students; people who don't necessarily act, dance or sing (but it helps if you can do at least one passably well).

And this is what you should do this summer. Not because I said so, but because you may never have the chance to do it again. During the school year, you may be busy with other organizations. But summer theater is an opportunity for you to get involved, without having to devote the rest of your life to the art.

Small and large communities alike are



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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:

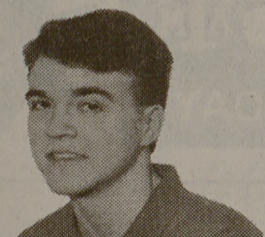
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Family reunion starts tradition of White Elephant Gifts

I never liked family reunions too much. You eat; you talk, then you try to figure out why this lady with blue hair is hugging your neck.

DAVE WINDER

Columnist



Lady: "You don't remember who I am, do you, Ralph?"
Me: "Sure, you're Aunt Edith."
Lady: "That's right, I'm Rosie, your grandmother's third cousin. I haven't seen you since you were this small. How have you been doing?"

Me: "I've been doing great since the sex change. It just goes to show that you can grow in more ways than one. It was really nice getting to see you again, though."

Lady (grasping heart): "You too, Ralph."
Up to last Saturday, having a little fun with my senior citizen kin folk was about the only fun I had at the reunions. That was until I experienced "white elephant gifts."

When my mother first told me about it, I thought the whole family was going to the zoo to feed some albino pachyderms. But then she explained to me

that it was some type of game where you gift wrap things that you don't want in hopes that other family members will take them.

Me: "You think anybody will take that stupid purple sweater Aunt Anita gave me for Christmas last year? Surely somebody would want a sweater with a picture of the whole cast of Joanie Loves Chachi."

Mom: "No, David, she's gonna be there, and we don't want to hurt her feelings like that. I can't believe you would be so selfish as to even think of such a thing."

Finally, the big event came and everybody in the family who brought a "gift" drew numbers to see who would pick

first. I got number 26 meaning I had to wait for 25 family members to pick through all the garbage that was spread out on the ground.

My grandmother picked first and got a bowl that looked as if somebody had tried to throw it away in the '60s. It was the only time in my life I could describe a food dish as "butt ugly."

Then something amazing happened. My great uncle Jim liked the bowl so much, he traded my grandmother another present. My grandmother didn't like the idea of giving up her precious bowl too much, but after reading "The 1994 White Elephant Gift Rules and Regulations" she was forced to relinquish her prize. In its place she got six sets of soap shaped like sea shells.

She then kicked Uncle Jim out of the family for making her say such a hard tongue twister.

After that, I didn't pay much attention until my cousin Monique picked out the tackiest thing I had ever seen. It was a trophy about three feet high which proclaimed whoever had won it

as the best fire ant caller in the state of Texas.

My cousin Monique picked out a trophy about three feet high that proclaimed whoever had won it as the best fire ant caller in the state of Texas.

After trading with my father up to number 19 in the draft, I switched with Monique. She wasn't happy about it, but I couldn't pass up something that would look so good on my mantle. It would turn my otherwise normal home into a full-fledged babe lair.

Date: "Dave, you are a really nice guy, but I just don't think it's going to work out between us."

Me: "Have you seen my trophy on the mantle?"

Date: "Wow! You're a fire ant calling champion. You just don't give a girl a chance do you?" (Clothes and undergarments hanging from the ceiling fan)

But Monique was out for revenge, and got her mother to switch with me so she could have the trophy back. In return I got a something ceramic with lavender and pink squares. I then declared war to recapture my trophy.

First, I got my Dad to take the trophy back from my aunt. His brother responded by getting the trophy back for his daughter. My mother then got it back from him, but Monique's daughter finally got it in the end. She wasn't going to, but her mother agreed to extend her curfew for that night's prom to three days.

As we were walking to the cars, Monique said we would share the trophy. She promised that before next fall I would have the trophy back and all the babe powers it possessed.

All she wanted was something in return. I sure hope she's a big Scott Baio fan.

Dave Winder is a sophomore journalism major

Mail Call



Chalk on sidewalk mars campus beauty

I would like to make an appeal to the people who sneak around late at night scarring our beautiful campus with chalk messages. Do you really think people are going to walk by those and suddenly become inspired to do something? I doubt it. In addition, these messages aren't very informative. If your gung-ho enough to stay out all night marking up the sidewalks, couldn't you just write a letter to The Battalion? After all, peo-

ple who read are more likely to do something. Maybe you could throw in educated reasons to support your opinion. All we wish for now is a good downpour.

Thomas Goerdel
Class of '97

Origin of Aggie jokes

Hey, Ags, after hours of intensive research, I have discovered the root of all Aggie jokes. I'll give you a few hints. It

is the same group of people that thought it was appropriate to take away 228 (I counted) parking spaces from the residents that live on North Side with only one week left of school. I can't imagine what they are doing that is so important it could not wait one more week.

Perhaps they didn't foresee the fact that during the second week of May, more than two thousand students will be trying to move out and go home, but will not be able to because of cars parked everywhere. But, on the plus side, the mile or so walk out to our cars should really do us some good.

These are also the people that early Sunday morning started towing cars that were parked in a staff lot that was to be closed May 1. I have to give them credit here. There was a sign informing people of this, but they also towed 48 cars that were parked legally in residential parking that had no similar warning. Now these 48 students are forced to come up with the towing fee, which I am sure will be over \$50.

Any guesses yet as to who these Aggie legends are? That's right, it is the happy people over at PTTS. I suppose as my second year living on campus, I should have expected this kind of stupidity.

The next time you see someone writing a ticket, you just go up and give them the biggest smooch you can, because it is these people responsible for the Aggie jokes that have brought so much laughter to so many people lives. As for me, I will see you off-campus next semester.

Ed Williams
Class of '96

Accompanied by 104 signatures

Feminist fantasies

Are you a lonely man always fantasizing about women calling you and giving you erotic messages? Well, I have the

answer for you. Simply write a letter to The Battalion criticizing a feminist's viewpoint, and chicks will call you up on the phone free.

After writing a sharply written masterpiece mocking a guest feminist columnist, babes just couldn't get enough of me. Not that I am complaining about it, I rather get aroused by these love chats. Those 900 numbers really cost a lot after a while.

Could this be called sexual harassment? No, of course not. I'm a man and everybody knows sexual harassment can only occur against women. Obviously, this shows that women are attracted to strong, opinionated men such as yours truly. Please never stop calling me. I often dream late at night thinking about you. I often reverie that there actually might be attractive feminists. Apparently, there is a feminist smart enough to use a phone book.

Christopher Binovi
Class of '97