

opinion

Grenadians thankful for 'rescue mission'

by Don Phillips
United Press International

WASHINGTON — A lot of congressmen would love Grenada. They would get a lot more love and respect there than they do back in their home districts. The 14 members of the fact-finding delegation that visited the small island 1,900 miles south of Miami could hardly move without seeing and hearing expressions of gratitude from islanders, almost all of whom insist on calling the U.S. invasion a "rescue mission."

"God bless America" is scrawled occasionally on doorways. Smiles flash across any Grenadian face whenever an American passes. Almost everyone wants to talk, and judging by the conversations, it would seem that almost everyone has at least one relative in the United States.

One must suspend stereotypes. Walking through an alley filled with tough-looking young men is not a harrowing experience.

"Hey, mon, how ya doin'?" they smile. And if you talk with Grenadians — in alleys, in stores, in taxis or wherever — inevitably someone will ask you as an American to intercede with your government to keep your troops on the island.

"Please, don't let your troops go home," they implore.

That attitude is not limited to the men, women and children on the street. The intellectuals, businessmen and other upper crust types join in.

"We ask you to stay as long as possible; I think Grenadians are getting to love your troops," Eric Pierre, a longtime labor leader, told the visiting congressmen.

The U.S. troops return the favor. According to all reports and observations, the behavior of U.S. troops has been exemplary, more like Boy Scouts earning merit badges than trained killers.

Taxi drivers seem to have formed a separate unofficial league to make Gre-

nada the 51st state, or at least a protectorate.

"We're tired of (Grenadian) politicians," a taxi driver told reporters. "Let the Americans run Grenada. You take over."

Once the congressional delegation began wandering about downtown St. George's and met the people, it was easy to see that the feeling was real.

House Democratic whip Thomas Foley, the leader of the delegation, was stunned.

"In a world of Yankee-go-home painted on walls, this is kind of a strange place," he said.

This sort of euphoria won't last forever, of course. As the years go by, the Grenadians will turn their attention to

other matters, as will the congressmen who visited them.

A rare combination of factors led to the popularity of this invasion, factors that may not happen again in our lifetime. The assassination of popular Prime Minister Maurice Bishop on Oct. 19 probably left Grenadians in a mood to praise anyone who punished his killers.

But there is little doubt that their attitude, whatever its genesis, had a profound effect on U.S. foreign policy and on the attitude of Congress. It is far too early to tell, but history some day may mark the Grenada invasion as the beginning of the end of the Vietnam anti-war era.

If the congressional delegation was brainwashed in Grenada, as George Romney once said he was in Vietnam, then "brainwash" must be redefined. Romney was brainwashed by a slick military and diplomatic sideshow; the con-

gressmen in Grenada were emotionally enveloped by the "victims" of the invasion.

If anything, the slick military and diplomatic brainwashing effort in Grenada — and there was one — got in the way. It is easy to control a briefing or a meeting, but once the congressional delegation began wandering about downtown St. George's and met the people, it was easy to see that the feeling was real.

There were many serious questions unanswered in Grenada. Were the Grenadians really in danger? Was there a basis for the invasion? Was it carried out properly? Those questions still have not been fully answered.

But after meeting these easily frightened people face to face, it was difficult not to rejoice that they no longer were under the control of madmen.

They made "justified" much easier to say.

Letters: Placement service is growing

Editor:

Yes, it has been a rough semester — for both the students and the Placement Office. We genuinely appreciate the patience that has been extended to us by the students during our trial semester on the new PCS system designed by Lynn Slater. The Placement Center has undergone phenomenal growth during the past several years, thus making our manual sign-up procedures obsolete. The new system was designed to be fair and still give students some control over who they interviewed with instead of relying on the "social Darwinism" of the old system. We have learned a lot this semester and will use this knowledge to improve our services in the forthcoming recruiting seasons.

In order to avoid crowds and lines, students should not come to look at data books and drop bid cards only on deadline days. We also provide each department with a copy of the data sheets according to major. Encourage your departments to make them available and to maintain them so that they can be a dependable source of information.

Most of the problems which occurred could be avoided by accurately keeping track of bid points, using correct PC numbers and filling out bid cards correctly. Our staff spent much time correcting rejected bid cards. We never anticipated the human error involved in filling out this simple form.

The most important point is that no one should use the Placement Office as their only resource in the employment search. Writing letters, sending off resumes and newspapers are very valuable tools in the job search process. There are many companies hiring who just don't use collegiate recruiting to hire employees. If students limit themselves to only those people who come to A&M, the employment scope is narrowed drastically.

Using the available resources, the Placement Center has spent much time and effort in devising a service which ultimately benefits the entire student body. 25,000 interviews are conducted annual-

ly and the numbers continue to grow. The staff is proud of what it does and will continue to serve the students with dedication.

Suzette Daugherty
Clerk II, '86

Control sprinklers

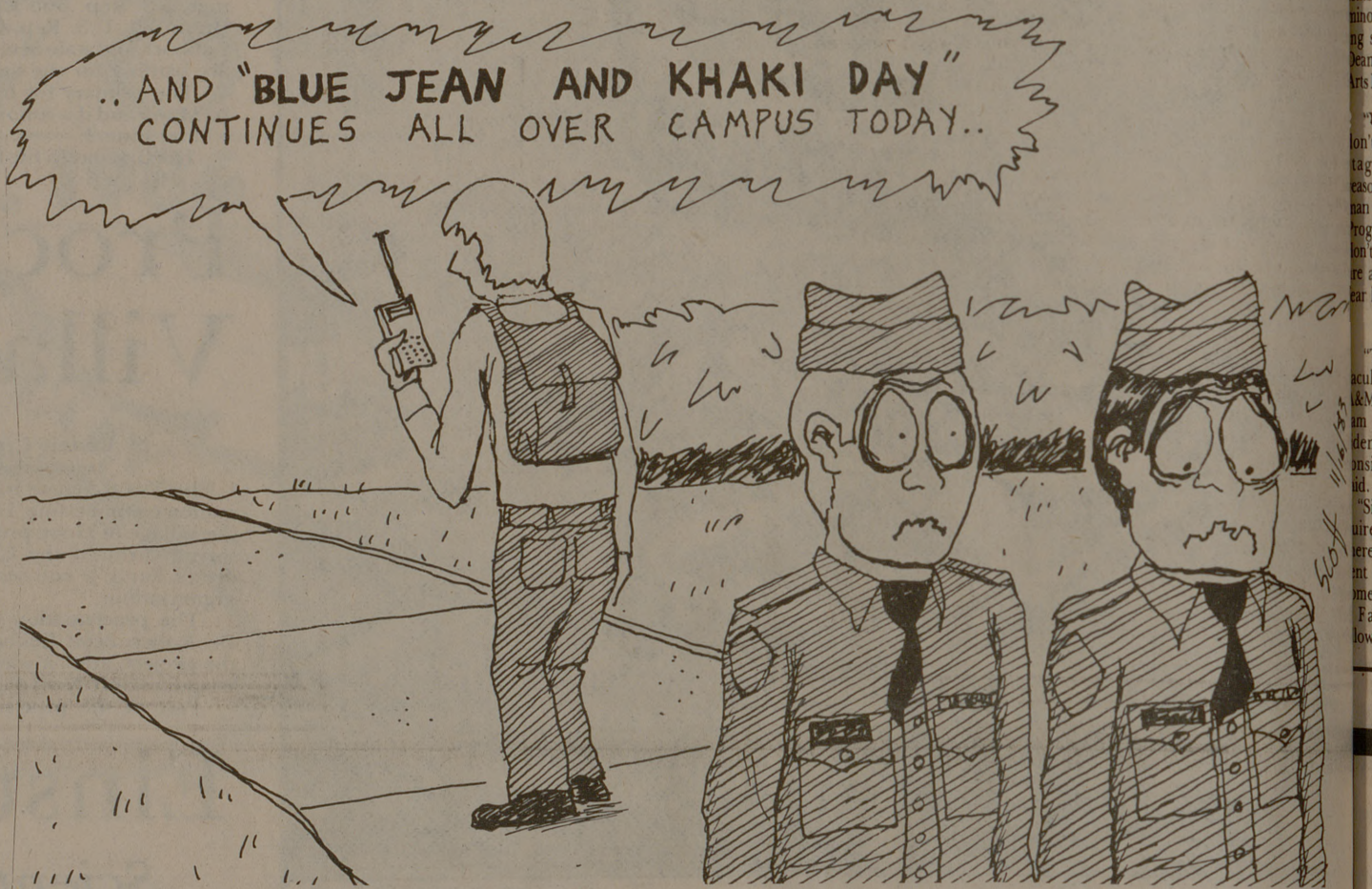
Editor:

After walking back from the library last Tuesday night, I was shocked to find myself sloshing across two raging rivers flowing over sidewalks by the Academic Building. I thought the rain had stopped around noon that day. I was right! It wasn't raining at all, it was our famous Texas A&M sprinkler system performing its job on a schedule surpassed only by "Old Faithful." Yes, either rain, sleet, sunshine, drought, famine or lost football games, the sprinkler system spillway is opened every evening to make sure our lovely grass gets plenty of needed water.

This doesn't make a whole lot of sense for a university whose campus is supposed to be so beautiful. I mean, to soak an already rain soaked lawn for 30 minutes at midnight, only to have 90 percent of the water drain into sewers and the other 10 percent remain as puddles through the next day. I have almost gotten used to the swamps and mudholes around northside, but to walk by the Academic Building, which is under megabuck restoration, and see algae lawns with standing water is a little too much. Even our sacred MSC grass can't grow in spots because it is underwater all of the time.

On the way to the football game last Saturday, countless students and parents ended up wading through a water-soaked rugby field, even though it hadn't rained all week. Oh — and how beautiful the field looked after the rugby game! The grass doesn't need that much water. My parents' lawn in Houston does great with a sprinkle once a week or so.

Is there not a way to water the grass twice a week, every other day, or on some



other time schedule? Isn't there some way to stop the watering when mother nature has done it for us? How many minerals are being washed away in the run-off? How much money is the University losing with all that water — and how much beauty?

Tom Reilly '84

Equal time asked

Editor:

In response to Lenny Depalma, other

homosexual sympathizers and homosexuals at Texas A&M and surrounding communities:

We "homophobians" of this fine University demand equal time by showing our disapproval of homosexuality.

We now declare Monday, Nov. 21, as "Anti-Gay Day." If you believe in our values please show your support by wearing blue jeans on Monday.

Those persons who wish to continue to show their non-support for the gay movement, please feel free to wear jeans as often as you like.

Ronald Claiborne '84
Allen J. Baiamonte '84

T.J. Boe

Illegible signature an asset for a career in Washington

by Dick West

United Press International

WASHINGTON — The second annual "celebrity doodle auctions" are being held this month to raise money for worthy causes.

Without taking anything away from these charitable endeavors, permit me to point out that hen-scratching is seen in the U.S. Senate much more frequently than once a year.

Only instead of doodles, they are called cloture motions.

Take a look at the celebrity signatures on any cloture petition — a parliamentary device to break up incipient filibusters — and you get a good idea of who the movers and shakers are.

The movers — Sens. Bob Packwood, R-Ore., Strom Thurmond, R-S.C., and Mark Hatfield, R-Ore., among them — usually sign their names in a manner that requires no translation.

On the other hand, such shakers as Sens. Lowell Weicker, R-Conn., and Mark Hatfield, R-Ore., affix signatures that are totally indecipherable.

On cloture motions sent to the press gallery, fortunately, some helpful soul usually prints the last names of the signers after the signatures. Otherwise, we might never have known that one of the signatures on a Nov. 2 petition to close debate on a motion to proceed to the consideration of the natural gas dereg-

ulation bill belonged to Sen. J. Bennett Johnston, D-La.

Johnston's signature consisted almost entirely of squiggles that seemed to loop back on themselves in the manner of a snake swallowing its own tail.

On a similar petition the previous day, by contrast, the name of Sen. Jennings Randolph, D-W.Va., took out in pristine clarity.

It is possible that Randolph, who first came to the Senate in 1958, has been around so long he no longer feels motivated to write illegibly. But in the executive branch, as opposed to the congressional arm of government, careers have been stymied for less.

I recall talking several years ago to a federal official who had been passed over for promotion because he formed the letters of his name so plainly anyone even half-literate in English could read his signature.

"Once you are important enough to have your own secretary, the executive squiggle becomes imperative," he explained. "It shows you are too busy making vital decisions to waste time writing your name."

"I just couldn't get the hang of it. I even tried writing my name with my eyes shut. It still came out recognizable. Consequently, nobody took my memos seriously."

Recently, that same bureaucrat was on Capitol Hill testifying before a congressional committee. It being apparent that

his star had risen, I asked how he managed to overcome the legibility handicap that had so crippled his governmental career in its earlier stages.

"Simple," he replied. "I quit signing my name to inter-office memos and began marking them with an 'X.'"

If senators tried that technique on signature petitions, the debates might be shorter.



"My parents are constantly getting into trouble — peer pressure, I guess!"

The Battalion

USPS 045 360

Member of
Texas Press Association
Southwest Journalism Conference

- Editor Hope E. Paasch
- Managing Editor Beverly Hamilton
- City Editor Kelley Smith
- Assistant City Editor Karen Schrimsher
- Sports Editor Melissa Adair
- Entertainment Editor Rebeca Zimmermann
- Assistant Entertainment Editor Shelley Hoekstra
- News Editors Brian Boyer, Kathy Breard, Kevin Inda, Tracey Taylor, Chris Thayer, Kathy Wiesepape
- Photo Editor Eric Evan Lee
- Staff Writers Robin Black, Brigid Brockman, Bob Caster, Ronnie Crocker, Elaine Engstrom, Kari Fluegel, Tracie Holub, Bonnie Langford, John Lopez, Kay Denise Mallett, Christine Mallon, Michelle Powe, Stephanie Ross, Angel Stokes, Steve Thomas, John Wagner, Karen Wallace, Wanda Winkler
- Copy Editors Kathleen Hart, Susan Talbot
- Cartoonists Paul Dirmeyer, Scott McCullar
- Photographers Michael Davis, John Makely, Dave Scott, Dean Saito, Cindi Tackitt

The Battalion also serves as a laboratory newspaper for students in reporting, editing and photography classes within the Department of Communications. Questions or comments concerning any editorial matter should be directed to the editor.

Letters Policy

Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 words in length, and are subject to being cut if they are longer. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit letters for style and length, but will make every effort to maintain the author's intent. Each letter must also be signed and show the address and telephone number of the writer.

Columns and guest editorials also are welcome, and are not subject to the same length constraints as letters. Address all inquiries and correspondence to: Editor, The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843, or phone (409) 845-2611.

The Battalion is published Monday through Friday during Texas A&M regular semesters, except for holiday and examination periods. Mail subscriptions are \$16.75 per semester, \$33.25 per school year and \$35 per full year. Advertising rates furnished on request. Our address: The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald Building, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843.

United Press International is entitled exclusively to the use for reproduction of all news dispatches credited to it. Rights of reproduction of all other matter herein reserved.

Second class postage paid at College Station, TX 77843.

The Battalion is a non-profit, self-supporting newspaper operated as a community service to Texas A&M University and Bryan-College Station. Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the editor or the author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Texas A&M University administrators or faculty members, or of the Board of Regents.