

Construction hinders hearing, learning

Professors must scream to be heard in the classrooms of the Academic Building these days, and it's not the result of students having listened to too much loud music.

At 12:30, Tuesday-Thursday one class period begins in the Academic Building. At 1:00 p.m. the construction crew returns from lunch. The Academic Building, you see, is in the long process of being renovated.

The grinding of power-sanders and jack-hammers merge with professors' lectures creating an orchestra of sound. Unfortunately students attend class to listen to experts lecture, not for a concert.

Lecturers struggle to be heard; students grab and record in their notebooks the few words they can capture from the clutter.

"It happens every fall," a professor told The Battalion Editorial Board. "In the last 10 years, I must have had 100 classes with the noise this bad or worse."

Classes being disturbed by distracting construction clatter are not limited to the fall or the Academic Building. Last spring, jack-hammers paved the way for this year's sanders. Classes in the Animal Industries Building, along with others, suffer the same problem.

It's time that administrators pull the plug on the power tools that buzz the Academic Building. Or look for an alternative, if changing construction schedules is too costly.

How about moving classes to buildings not in the construction zone and scheduling fewer classes during heavy construction times.

Before new projects begin, the repercussions of construction during class time must be discussed. Administrators must not sit in sound-insulated offices when they plan for the future; they must look at how their plans will affect students today.

Building is important at Texas A&M, but building for the future must not be allowed to interfere with learning today.

—The Battalion Editorial Board

Vernon no Mexican food oasis

Don't trust an Okie's buds

It had been over a year since I had last seen her. As I drove by the row of Northgate bars our eyes caught for a second, and we both waved as I passed at 35 m.p.h.

I parked my truck and walked up to where she stood sipping a beer. The last I'd heard from her she was bound for Antarctica.

"How was Antarctica?" I asked the tall red-haired oceanographer. "Did you get to stop in Rio again? Did you pick up any Don Juans on the beaches?"

She told me about her trip, her break-up with her boyfriend and the five bulldogs she had lost in one manner or another since I had seen her last.

"What about you?" she asked with a half-cocked smile through her sun enriched lips.

"Well, I've been traveling through the Rolling and High Plains, taking pictures for the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station," I said. "I'm leaving for Vernon in the morning."

"Vernon," she said, "is real close to my hometown — Altus, Oklahoma."

She took a bottoms-up gulp from the plastic cup. "Ooooooh, you can get some of the best Mexican food in Vernon," said the girl, whom I'd eaten with at Monterey House before. "It's called Huie's Palace."

A few days later, I arrived in Vernon and began my search for the Palace. Much to my amazement there were two Chinese restaurants serving Mexican food in this town of 12,695.

It seems 40 years or so ago, a young Chinaman moved to Vernon to grow mung beans (a.k.a. bean sprouts). The bean sprout business didn't boom. The young man opened a restaurant. The young man grew old and made plans to pass his business to his loyal nephew. But the old man's wife had her own plans for the establishment.



Donn Friedman

From Hong Kong she imported a relative — a chef — to take over the restaurant. The young nephew addressed the address in his name — Huie's Palace.

I was a bit apprehensive about trying confucian cuisine, but a signed picture on the wall of a New York Cuban-Chinese restaurant of Houston Astro Jose assured me that mixed ethnicity was ok. Why not Mexican in Vernon?

The young Oriental waitress placed the hot sauce on the table. I dipped the chip in the sticky red sauce. A single bite zipped my taste buds to Sbis; it had the same recipe used for the sauce served over pizza by Texas A&M's Food Services Department.

The taco was edible, but the guacamole salad well smashed and had a homogenous taste; the salsa surely had been stretched with mayo.

The second plate of food came. The tamale was as good as Wolf-Brand-canned. The hot and cheesy lida was the only redeeming entity. The beans were standard refried variety — understandably the norm above average.

The young Oriental girl brought the check, a 10-cent cookie on top.

For \$9.06, tip included, I bought heartburn the next morning. Luckily back at the motel, the satellite-enhanced television porno movies kept me entertained. My heart and mind burned as I searched for a cially redeeming value in the night's skin flicks.

And this brings us to the moral: If you're ever in Vernon on U.S. 287, the road from Ft. Worth to Ft. Stockton, stop and visit the famous bird museum and learn Chinese-Mexican-food to the Okies.

Donn Friedman is a weekly columnist for The Battalion. His column will appear on Wednesdays.

LETTERS

Student says 'It's my fault'

EDITOR:

I'm sorry, world. It's my fault. Yep, I killed cadet Bruce Dean Goodrich. You see, one night I threw a roll of toilet paper off my balcony because the cats were fighting at 3:00 in the morning. But the rules state I'm not allowed to throw things off the balcony and I broke the rules. So, according to the Battalion Editorial Board, it's my fault.

By their theory, it's also my fault that Henry Lee Lucas killed a bunch of women. And I'm responsible for the guy who shot up a McDonald's this summer. And I'm sure I broke a rule when I was young enough to have caused the Vietnam War.

Come on, guys. There are four investigations presently under way. Let them decide who was at fault, whether it was the juniors, the outfit, the Corps, or whomever. Then deal with those peo-

ple. But don't slide over the fact that someone messed up by blaming me. It's not my fault.

Sue Gary
Class of '84

Cadet death upsets former student

EDITOR:

Being a peace officer I have seen people stabbed, shot, beaten, sodomized, burned beyond recognition or mutilated in car accidents. Most of this does not get to me because it is part of my job and I have to live with it. I was sitting at my desk this morning reading the newspaper when I came across the article about Cadet Goodrich. I read it and that bothered the hell out of me.

Being an Aggie grad and a "c.t.," it really struck close to home. I am proud to have been in the Corps and even more proud to have walked across the

stage to get my diploma in my boots. I am proud of the leadership skills and self discipline I learned in the Corps that have helped me in my career in law enforcement.

Reading the article it appeared to me that Cadet Goodrich was a sophomore "frog," or a cadet that entered the Corps after his freshman year. It also appears that this "buddies" took him out on a red-ass good bull crap out. There is a fine line that divides the redass and the dumbass, and it seems that the line was crossed with Cadet Goodrich.

What most people don't know is that a cadet who frogs in is usually looked down upon in the Corps. The attitude is that the person would not have been able to take it as a fish and came in to get upper class privileges. That is not true in most cases. I frogged in as a junior. Not because I couldn't take it, but because of my financial situation I could not afford to go four full years at a major university. I had always wanted to be an Aggie, and particularly in the Corps.

When I entered the Corps the hazing I received was mental. People looking down at me saying I was wimp, a bag, etc. I was never physically abused, even by my upperclassman. The only crap out I received was by my C.O. so I could wear my Corps Brass. The crap out was pre-arranged by my classmates with the C.O. and I had prior knowledge it was going to take place and I had consented to it. I did it because I wanted to.

During the crap out my C.O. was never abusive and would periodically ask me if I was all right. When it came time to stop I knew it and so did he, so we quit. He made sure I would not be sick or pass out. Although I was worn out and sore at no time did I feel abused. I do not know all the circumstances surrounding the death of Cadet Goodrich, and my heart goes out to his family. What really upsets me is if the kind of crap that happened with Goodrich happens anymore, kiss the Corps, as we know it, goodbye. Goodrich came all the way from New York to be an Ag-

gie and a Cadet and look what he got. I am scared that the Corps will exist or it will become a unit once-a-week-grow-your-hair-ROTC outfit like the one at U.T. The university looks up to you as leadership and inspiration. Although not all members of Corps behave such a manner (thank God), my advice for those who do is, grow up boys! When you leave A&M the outside world is not put up with that kind of crap. Time you act like the young professionals that the university is trying to mold out of you.

Sergeant Scott A. Ashmore
Class of '82



The Battalion

USPS 045 360
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The Battalion is published Monday through Friday during Texas A&M regular semesters, except for holidays 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. Editorial staff phone number: (409) 845-2630. Advertisement phone number: (409) 845-2611.
Second class postage paid at College Station, TX 77843.