

No biking inside Student Center

It's been a long summer. Granted. But it hasn't been so long that we should forget the code of honor that all Aggies live by.

What we're referring to, in particular, is the status of the Memorial Student Center. Lest we forget, it is just what it says it is — a MEMORIAL — and there are certain patterns of behavior that a memorial is entitled to.

For example, it would take a pathetically dishonorable person to ride a bike over a soldier's grave. Soldiers who gave their lives so America could be what it is today deserve a certain amount of respect.

We owe the Aggies that died for our country the same respect. The Memorial Student Center honors those former students.

That is why it was so shocking to see someone ride a bike through the MSC Thursday.

Not one person, though there were quite a few around, stopped her or told her that that sort of action just isn't tolerated in the MSC.

Why? Doesn't anyone care?

Though the Rudder roofing renovation has made some of the sidewalks around the MSC inaccessible, that is no excuse for walking on the grass — a living memorial to Aggies who have died fighting for freedom. Yet everyday people are doing just that.

After all, you wouldn't walk over the Unknown Soldier's grave, would you?

— The Battalion Editorial Board

The Battalion

USPS 045 360

Member of
Texas Press Association
Southwest Journalism Conference

In memoriam

Bill Robinson, 1962-1984, Editor

The Battalion Editorial Board

Stephanie Ross, Acting Editor
Patrice Koranek, Managing Editor
Shelley Hoekstra, City Editor
Brigid Brockman, News Editor
Donn Friedman, Editorial Page Editor
Kelley Smith, News Editor
Ed Cassavoy, Sports Editor

Editorial Policy

The Battalion is a non-profit, self-supporting newspaper operated as a community service to Texas A&M and Bryan-College Station.

Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the Editorial Board or the author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Texas A&M administrators, faculty or the Board of Regents.

The Battalion also serves as a laboratory newspaper for students in reporting, editing and photography classes within the Department of Communications.

Our address: The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald Building, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843. Editorial staff phone number: (409) 845-2630. Advertising: (409) 845-2611. Second class postage paid at College Station, TX 77843.

Letters Policy

Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 words in length. 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 be signed and must include the address and telephone number of the writer.

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.

Chickens threaten freedom

The subject of my column is something that has haunted me for many months now, and only now do I think I have the necessary fortitude to broach the subject with the general public.

Though I have been subjected to ridicule and snide remarks from my fellow journalists at The Battalion, I feel it is my responsibility to tell it like it is.

I am talking about a subject that threatens the security of the entire North American continent and ultimately, the world.

Chickens. Not just the ordinary USDA approved chicken but a much more fowler creature. A chicken that can swim.

That's right, a chicken that can survive in the water of our world.

But this is just one element in a gigantic Russian plot to succeed in the ultimate goal of world domination.

The Russians have developed the first aquatic chicken in a laboratory somewhere in Siberia. Why, may you ask did they create such a genetic freak?

Simple. Now they have the vehicle to communicate their Red message to all Americans. I will explain their Plan.

It is devious in its very simplicity.

First produce millions of these poultry fifth columnists in converted Gulags somewhere in Russia.

Next release them into the Arctic Sea to enable them to swim directly under the polar ice cap to Canada.

There in sparsely populated northern Canada they will regroup, rest, adjust to culture shock, and slowly start their southward march.

Any roving American spy satellite would mistake this Red Chicken Squad for a rather large band of Eskimos or caribou.



Ed Cassavoy

First these Russian chickens will assimilate with native Canadian chickens, giving the Red fowls their hold.

Once integrated into the food chain, it will be a matter of time before they sweep into the United States and America.

The Russians knew that good relations between Canada and Russia would help them in their scheme.

How right those crumbs in the Kremlin were.

The chickens will immediately start laying eggs consumed by the general population. Talk about that destroyed an entire society.

Because within this harmless egg will be mind-blowing drugs produced by the chicken's metabolism.

I already can see another window of vulnerability opening up. You see the Russian political system is constructed to develop a superior poultry race.

The Russians can collect all chickens and select superior specimens that can be cross-bred. The puny weak become "un-chickens."

The U.S. is a victim of the free enterprise system. The best of American chickenhood goes to the Colonies.

Just remember as you chuckle nervously to you that fact has always been stranger than fiction. If you to ignore the early warning signs, then we are doomed to repeat the mistakes of the past.

What these drugs will do to Americans is still an answerable question. I don't want another Red Scare forewarned is forearmed.

No one can be an isolationist on this matter. Look, it happened in WWI.

So next time you are in the supermarket take a look at those, ha, harmless eggs. The Russian Bear is only a mouthful away.

Battalion Sports Editor Ed Cassavoy spent the summer observing fowl in the Canadian wilderness. Cassavoy is a roving political analyst for The Battalion.

Election '84: it's all rhetorical

We've been getting a lot of guff lately about the "rhetorical" excesses in this season's presidential follies. Right-wing columnists are rallying against the demagoguery of Walter Mondale, and the "liberal media" are bemoaning the harsh words of Ronald Reagan.

Did you notice, though, that it's never the other way around?

Wise up, folks. Rhetoric is what it's all about, what it's always been about, and probably what it will always be about. I am, of course, making here a distinction between the fine art of rhetoric, persuasion, and the usual use of rhetoric, deception.

Good ol' Rhet has had an up-and-down career. He reached the height of his powers in the 5th Century B.C. in the form of the Grecian sophists. But then came Plato and his gang of merry men, who pooh-poohed the art of persuasion and embraced the search for Pure Knowledge, whatever that is.

Rhet has had his little group of defenders, of course, but they've been few and far between. One of the latest and more eloquent is Robert M. Pirsig in



Robert McGlohn

"Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance." On the whole, however, our society has an ingrained prejudice against "form without content."

But why? Let's take a look at the two. Which is stronger? Which can stand alone?

Form can. We see it everyday, and some might argue you're seeing it now. But what of content?

Albert Einstein, in composing his famous Theory of Relativity, seemingly had to go off into a world all his own; we're told he walked on beams of light. Had he stayed in that other-world when relating his theory, what then his reception?

Or look to Karl Marx. Had he not employed a hired pen, where then the world today?

But back to Reagan, Mondale et al. You've heard this year's race is a classic Liberal-Conservative clash. Well it is and it isn't.

To begin with, if you have a meaningful definition of liberal or conservative ... well, keep it to yourself. I've one that serves me, but it's one of the many possible and is therefore fairly useless.

And let's lay to rest another myth. President Reagan is not a conservative, just as President Mondale would not be a liberal. That is, a U.S. president, once he is the President, seldom strays far from moderation.

The whole of American politics is forever swinging from left to right and

right to left about a very defined axis. This is not to say these swings are cyclical. They are. In many ways the axis we reach in November will be of the most far-reaching of the century.

Nevertheless, every U.S. presidential election has been a centrist deed if not in word. Regardless of the outcome in November, this trend will continue.

It's from that "in word" that the "sic" battle has come about, and whence come the complaints — a from the opposite camp — of rhetorical excess. But that's as it should be.

If you think about it a bit, a delicate balance between a liberal and conservative is not to pass the time of day, is it? Not because one or the other is more minded, but because they work with different basic assumptions. These assumptions can be argued — albeit not very well — but they usually are. Few people, for that matter, have examined the assumptions from which beliefs spring.

That leaves us only with rhetoric. And rhetoric has a way of haunting Class it for a minute with lying, more complicated the lie, the easier to get tripped up.

The same could be said of sophistry. Excess is almost always self-correcting.

Bob McGlohn is a weekly Battalion columnist. His column will appear Fridays.

Drop-add horrors linger on for weeks

"You are such a snot," she screams, waving a drop/add form in one hand and brandishing a Gucci purse in the other. "I have been in four lines already and I am not standing in another."

"Look, honey," the reply snaps back. "I don't care how many lines you have been in. If you really want this class, you will just have to stand in another. Oh, and thanks for calling me a snot. Yesterday, someone told me I was a bitch."

The saucy, young brunette behind the counter then gives the Gucci-wielding girl covered in Deltas a patented if-you-think-you're-going-to-get-any-more-help-from-me-then-you're-really-full-of-it smile and turns to the next person with a forced, but still friendly, "May I help you?"

It's the counter of last resort — where a wandering Aggie ends up when the procedure of dropping and/or adding a class goes terminally haywire.

The brunette looks tired. She could be attractive, but this is not one of her better days. The clothes look thrown on, the hair is snarled, her brown eyes are bloodshot and the make-up is absent. But still she plods on — answering question after question and receiving angry looks and comments as she explains what each person needs to do.

She faces the fretting mob alone with nothing but several square feet of formica and some cheap wood paneling between her and them.

From in front of the counter, she

looks in control of the world. She doesn't rush or raise her voice, despite the fact that the line now stretches across the Pavilion lobby. About forty people are staring restlessly at her, but she works methodically and efficiently — stamping cards, giving directions and signing dotted lines.

From behind the counter, however, the situation is reversed. She is so small. The cheap wood stool she is sitting on is almost as tall as she is — barely over five feet — and she can't weigh more than 100 pounds. Trash cans sit on each side overflowing with ripped pieces of paper and crumpled carbons. The floor is littered with a Coke can and a shredded wrapper that once housed a Snickers bar.

From her point of view, the line looks endless and the afternoon even longer.

Another confrontation arises and she sighs. The senior cadet in his impeccably polished and presumably new boots is at least three times as large and five times as loud. She patiently explains for the fourth time why he didn't get into the section he wanted and he finally seems to understand. Slamming his fist onto the counter, he jerks back and stomps off.

With a bemused smile, she drums her fingers and looks up at the next one. She's only doing her job.

Shawn Behlen is a Battalion staff writer and movie critic.

LETTERS

Cassavoy truly a 'bad Ag'

EDITOR:

This letter is in regard to the September 5 article written by our beloved Sports Editor Ed Cassavoy. Where do I begin Mr. Cassavoy? Your article (UTEP burn still has not healed) was worse than the Ags performance but let's not dwell on the past. Last Saturday, the Ags won ... case closed ... let's prepare for our next opponents.

You, Mr. Cassavoy, seem to have nothing better to write about and, quite possibly, you are a pessimist at heart. "Black Saturday" is a little too extreme, don't you think? How about the part where you "ached to boo the bums for dropping the ball!" I think your mother didn't teach you any manners.

What is this bit about triple figures in our scores? Your knowledge of football seems to be slight to practically nil. To top it all off, you wrote: "Apathy seems a way of life here at Texas A&M." I think you need to climb out of your hole and see Texas A&M. Maybe you should

check out a yell practice or Bonfire.

I could go on forever but why labor the point? You need to wake up or let someone else who knows what they're doing be our Fightin' Texas Aggie Sports editor.

Gary Slinkard
Class of '86

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ed Cassavoy says his mother did teach him manners but Canadian manners are different than Aggie manners.

Reorganization of F-1 unfair

EDITOR:

We, as students of A&M, have heard of the break-up of the "Finest First." The grief these cadets are experiencing is punishment enough! They should not be forced to disband from their Company, as this will not only affect the Juniors and Seniors, but the Freshman and Sophomores as well. This act seems as though it is doing more harm than good. People need to stick together and

not be torn apart in this time of anguish. We are SURE that these cadets feel extremely remorseful and guilty. This further assessment necessary?

The obvious answer is NO!

Why don't you as a faculty member as a student, put yourself in their shoes? Have you ever been involved in an accident? The death of Cadet Good seems as though it was a freak accident. No punishment, sentence, or retribution will bring him back. If he were able to speak to us now, he would probably want the cadets and the student body to learn from this unfortunate incident and not to be punished for from this day forward; those being punished are not solely the corps members but Texas A&M University in its entirety!

At this time, we need to pull together and not let this tragedy pull us apart. "The Twelfth Man" states, "... so united! That's the Aggie theme..." We are the Aggies, the Aggie are we,

True to each other as Aggies can be.

Let the punishment end for all of us.

K.K. Smith '87
accompanied by six signatures.