

Goodrich's father writes to Texas A&M

The Battalion Editorial Board devotes this space, normally reserved for editorials, to a letter from the parents of Cadet Bruce Goodrich. Goodrich died after taking part in a 'crap out' late last month.

To the Texas A&M administration, faculty, student body, and Corps of Cadets:

I would like to take this opportunity to express the appreciation of my family for the great outpouring of concern and sympathy from TAMU and the Bryan-College Station community over the loss of our son, Bruce.

We were deeply touched by the tribute paid him in The Battalion, and were particularly pleased to note that his Christian witness did not go unnoticed during his brief time on campus. We also owe a special note of thanks to the Corps contingent that took part in his memorial service and burial, Maj. Gaughan, Cadet Chaplain Goode, and Cadet McMillon. Many commented on the special touch added by their presence and participation, and how well they represented the University.

I regret that space and memory do not permit me to publicly acknowledge the many individuals whose kind expressions and thoughtful acts were of such help to me while I was on campus settling his affairs. Be assured that each of you will long be remembered with gratitude.

To those who may be burdened by guilt or remorse over their involvement in the incident, and to their families, I hope it will be some comfort to know that we harbor no ill-will in the matter. We know that our God makes no mistakes. Bruce had an appointment with his Lord, and is now secure in his celestial home.

When the question is asked, "Why did this happen?", perhaps one answer will be "so that many will consider where they will spend eternity."

Respectfully,

Ward Goodrich



Not even a number

ID essential to A&M survival

I lost my Texas A&M ID the other day. Yes, number 8910736 lost her ID. I can hear the oohs and aahs now.

Charean Williams

Well, Wednesday arrived and I was to have my first test. I was confident as I sat down in my chair. I had: my Scantron form 882, two No. 2 pencils, an eraser and all the material memorized and categorized in my brain.

The professor struts into the classroom and says, "Get out your ID, I will begin checking them before the exam." Can you believe? I couldn't take the test because number 8910736 didn't have a card saying she was number 8910736.

I decided to take out the day's frustration on the opponent at my team's intermural football game that night.

I got to the game and the referee says, "I'm sorry, you can't play without your ID, unless you go to the intermural office and get an OK from them."

I went to the office and paid the money to get the necessary paper that said I really was number 8910736. By the time I got back over to the field, two minutes remained in the game and the

other team had us down by 14 points (needless to say we lost).

When Wednesday ended I couldn't have been happier. However, little did I know things could get worse.

Money was the one thing that stood out in my mind when I woke up (what else is new). Thursday morning I stood in a long line waiting to get a check cashed at the Memorial Student Center.

I finally reached the front of the line and handed the cashier my check, my social security card, my birth certificate, my Gulf credit card, my... I think I handed her my entire wallet.

After sifting through all the cards she said, "I'm sorry you can't cash a check without your Texas A&M ID"

I said, "OK fine, two can play this game. I will go to a supermarket and get my check cashed."

Boy, did I think I was sly! I was going to purchase a pack of 30 cent gum — the cheapest item in the store — so I could get some cash.

Wrong! No Texas A&M ID — no cash, no gum!

Saturday arrived and the week's past events were history. It was game day in Aggieland and I was looking forward to seeing the boys in maroon.

I got up to the gate and the man said,

"You can't get into the student section without an ID, unless you have a guest sticker on your ticket."

For \$6, I stood in the student section. How do they think I got my ticket book in the first place? Don't they know I had to show my ID to even get my ticket book?

Monday came and I knew it was time to regain my lost identity.

I paid the necessary money, smiled for the camera, and signed my name.

My identity was back! I was once again number 8910736.

That afternoon I began doing my laundry. As I turned my blue jeans inside-out, I felt a lump in the ball pocket.

No, it couldn't be! But yes, there it was — the source of all my troubles.

I looked at the smiling face of number 8910736, put it back in the pocket and threw it in the washer.

Come to think of it, I really didn't file my picture on that ID anyway.

Charean Williams is a sophomore journalism major.

A red, white and purple Senate flag?

By DICK WEST

Columnist for United Press International

WASHINGTON — Under terms of legislation approved earlier this month, the U.S. Senate soon will have its own official flag of a design chosen from a competition among "at least six well-recognized firms proficient in the field."

Admittedly, I'm no Betsy Ross when it comes to designing flags and have no credentials to attest to my proficiency.

For a number of years, however, I have been observing the U.S. senate in action. Or what passes for action in the U.S. Senate. Therefore, I feel proficient enough to offer a few suggestions.

The banner I have in mind would be a tri-color flag — red, white and purple.

According to archivists in possession of photos taken before the Capitol was air conditioned, senators once showed a marked penchant for ice cream suits in the summer. Hence the white in the senatorial flag.

The red, as might be assumed, matches the color of their eyes. Whereas the purple, a royal hue, stems from the prose emanating from the stump when senators are running for re-election, and occasionally from debates over flag designs.

This colorful prelude might lead you to assume I was going to suggest a flag with a gust of hot air rampant on a field of red, white and purple. Heaven forbid!

Rather, my proposed design would consist for a red, white and purple field rampant on a gust of hot air.

So much for the colors. Now arises the delicate question of size.

Although the resolution expressly prohibits displaying the flag "for commercial purposes," it makes no mention of the occasions when it would be ap-

propriate for a senator to fly his own special ensign.

It is obvious, however, that the size should fit the purpose.

Let's say, picking an example at random, that a senator is authorized to fly the flag on the bumper of his automobile.

In that circumstance, it should not be so large that it might flap back over the windshield, thus interfering with the driver's line of sight.

Nor should it be so small that it would be obscured by the starry banners of generals and admirals arriving to testify at committee hearings.

I would say one of the colors — purple, perhaps — should be used create hash marks, one for each term a senator

has served. These stripes would give the flag a link with Old Glory.

As for stars, they could designate the chairmen of committees and subcommittees — a large star for the flag of a committee chairmen, a smaller one for the head of a subcommittee.

What color should the stars be?

Well, if purple is used for stripes, they would have to be either red or white.

Red stars, I'm pretty certain, already have been usurped by another country. So the star of a Senate committee chairman probably should be white.

Some chairmen, alas, think of themselves as galaxies, which would require a different design. But I'm sure the six competing flag companies can come up with something proficient.

LETTERS

Corps shouldn't be let off so easy

EDITOR:

My roommate and I feel that we have an obligation to dispute several of the statements in the editorial concerning Goodrich's death printed on September 10.

The editorial stated that the Corps was not solely responsible for the death. Not so. The sole responsibility for the death lies in the irresponsible actions of the Corps officers that ran Goodrich to death. The Corps officers involved in the death were trained by the Corps, promoted to high rank by the Corps, and were allowed to cause Goodrich's

death by the Corps.

The editorial suggested that hazing occurs in sororities, fraternities, and other organizations. An Aggie has yet to die from hazing from those other groups; apparently only the Corps engages in deadly hazing.

My roommate and I consider ourselves good Aggies, and we deeply respect and admire Texas A&M University; however, we are very concerned that such an incident could occur here, and we are shocked that The Battalion would attempt to absolve the Corps from blame that it brought upon itself.

Tim Grose
Aaron Pool
Class of '87

Campus much nicer without Spence traffic

EDITOR:

I can't help but notice the changes that have occurred with the partial closing of Spence Street due to the construction of the Chemistry Building Extension.

Having traversed the mall area surrounded by Scoates Hall, the O&M Building, and the Library many times during the past three years, I find the recent decrease in noise levels and traffic congestion quite refreshing. Without the need to dodge cars as I walk between classes, I am able to absorb the fi-

nal words of the lecture I just heard, and prepare myself for the lab experiment I will perform in the next hour.

President Vandiver, in his message to the Faculty Senate, challenged them to consider the atmosphere of Texas A&M, and whether this is a stimulating place to learn and conduct research. We should challenge ourselves to consider the same. As it continues to grow, Texas A&M needs areas that are free from the pressures of the busy world and to contemplate new and old ideas.

The walk or bike ride though the mall area is so much more beautiful, thoughtful, and relaxing with the absence of noisy, polluting vehicles.

Jim West
Class of '85

The Battalion
USPS 045 360
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