

## U.S. government ignoring acid rain

President Ronald Reagan has the power within his reach to destroy the earth. The quick way is to start an atomic war.

Acid rain is a much slower process, but already it is altering the environment. And the situation will only get worse.

Hundreds of lakes in Minnesota have such a high acidic level that no life can be supported. Southern Canada is monitoring hundreds of lakes that have died or have critically high acidic counts. As far away as Maine the same high acidic levels are showing up.

The beautiful Black Forest in Germany has had up to 30 percent of its trees destroyed by the ravages of acid rain.

Environmental alarm bells are going off.

A major cause of acid rain is the sulfur emissions spewed from the industrial smokestacks of the Ohio Valley.

Canada has agreed to cut their sulfur emissions by 50 percent in the next four years. The United States, led by the Reagan administration which prefers to ignore the whole question, still is arguing over where acid rain comes from.

The problem is acid rain damage is mounting. Reagan doesn't want to spend the money, estimated in the billions of dollars, to reduce sulfur emissions in a number of ways including the installation of scrubbers on smokestacks.

The monetary damage alone is staggering, and promises to hurt the entire economy. More importantly, we are killing our own future.

After Ronald Reagan is just another face staring out of a history book, our generation will have to deal with the horrors he chose to sweep under the rug.

The Battalion Editorial Board

## LETTERS:

### Unfairness part of life, politics

**EDITOR:**  
Fairness. A simple, noble concept, but one that has somehow become an issue in this year's presidential campaign. The Democratic presidential ticket has consistently used the concept of "fairness" in comparing their economic plans to present policies. Present policies, they

say are "unfair" to certain members of society, and they are determined to reinstate policies that will, once again, bring about "fairness." They cite one study showing an increase in the number of households in the poverty level. Yet another shows the upper tax brackets contributing a greater percentage of the overall tax revenue. Which shows fairness or unfairness? Can Mr. Mondale lay claim to all the wondrous virtues of "fairness." Certainly not. Fairness is a purely subjective concept, conditioned upon individual interpretation and dependent on one's particular situation. Your interpretation of fairness, defined within your situation, is most certainly different from mine. Your fairness could be my injustice. Is it fair to pay farmers not to produce when some people go hungry? Is it fair to take from those who produce in society's interest and give to those who don't? Closer to Mr. Mondale's heart, are 22 percent interest rates and double-digit inflation fair?

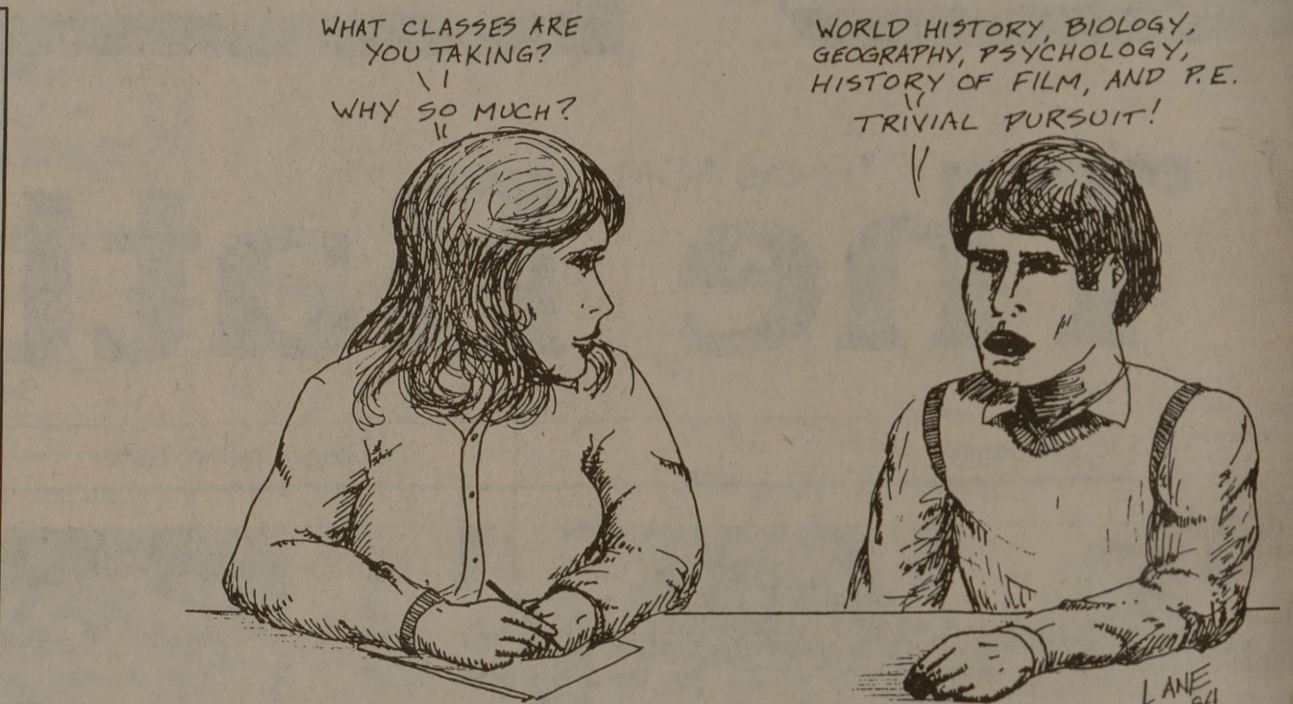
Mr. Mondale's message is that, because his policies might benefit a different sub-set of society than present policy, his policies are "fairer." But, of course, they are only fairer to those that might benefit from them, not fairer in some enlightened overall sense. The notion that a certain political party has a monopoly on the concept of "fairness" is as ridiculous as the notion that another has a monopoly on "patriotism." As a catch-all phrase in an election year, "fairness" has been turned into an effective emotional tool for the Mondale campaign. But as an issue it is vague, ill-defined, and ultimately meaningless. Let's talk about the real issues.

Scott Hentschel  
College Station

### GSS should move to Austin

**EDITOR:**  
I recently attended the A&M Forum debating the issue of having a GSSO on campus and was appalled to hear that higher authorities are actually considering such an organization taking place on campus, one that promotes homosexuality. At the debate, people kept repeating "let's forget the moral issue of," but what other issue is there? Texas A&M is a school with high and respected morals and should have no part in sponsoring a gay organization. The way I see it, school organizations should enhance the school. The gays have no concerning attitude on how to benefit the school, but are only concerned with their own needs, unlike the Corp, who was degraded at the forum, and who, despite the gay's opinion, have a very important and respectable role on campus.

As far as organizing groups according to sexual preference, why don't we form a prostitution group, bring in a few animals and form a bestiality group,



### Galloping groupism an epidemic

## Candidates court voters

I read in Newsweek the other day that both Democrat Walter Mondale and Republican Ronald Reagan are courting me; that is, they are courting the young, independent voters with no clear party loyalty.



Robert McGlohon

They are also, it seems, courting Hispanics, women, minorities and left-handed albino fraternity presidents.

I wish they'd make up their minds.

The problem, for me at least, lies in assigning everyone and his second-cousin to a group. This galloping groupism is a national epidemic, one that demands a quick and lasting cure.

I don't know about everyone and his second-cousin, but I'm me, dammit. I'm not a student or a Batt columnist or a Texan or a journalist or a white male. I'm me.

And if you think about it for a while, you're you, too.

I guess you could say this is a hang up with me, and I guess you'd probably be right. But it's a hang up I'm comfortable with.

I call my condition a profound respect for the integrity of the individual. My folks say I'm hard-headed.

I wasn't born hard-headed, of course; I had a soft gooey spot on the top of my skull like all the other babies on the block. But 18 years in the military can change anything. (And if you don't think being a military brat qualifies as time served, think again.)

Anyhow, when I left Germany and the military for Texas A&M, I was fed up to here (picture hand held over head) with groupism, standing in line, being referred to as "Oh, you're Col. McGlohon's son," etc. To prove it, I stayed drunk for a semester. I thought I had kissed that sort of thing goodbye. Boy, did I have some learning to do.

One incident in particular comes to mind.

I was taking my first biology exam, and they hearded us into this big room in Heldenfels Hall. "Get in line. Leave your backpacks on the floor. Don't sit

there, sit here. Don't turn your eyes over yet! Hey, dummy!"

Da de dah de dah.

But the worst part came when the exam was over. After having suffered indignities by the handful, I was in need of a swift shot. I made my way to the front of the room to give my seat to the head Piled-higher-and-Deeper lady teasp, no less — and she asked for my I.D. I couldn't believe it. I wanted me to prove I was me.

While I was fumbling for said proof this biologist — trying, I'm sure, just to be pleasant — took note of my scruffy appearance and said, "Oh, our we group shave."

"No," I replied. "We just don't like shave."

A few weeks later, after finishing a second biology exam and now wise to the ways of the world, I reached for my I.D. It was the same professor.

"That's all right," she said. "I remember you."

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

## Lifesaver needed; apply within

To whom it may concern:

This is a message in a bottle launched from the highest point in my flooded apartment — the barstool.

Leigh-Ellen Clark

Here I sit, snorkle and fins within reach, waiting. Waiting for the Coast Guard or the apartment manager or a watery grave if the others don't show up. The way I look at it, I have two choices — drown my sorrows, or just drown.

I returned home from my practically permanent address, The Battalion newsroom, and opened the door into my dark, lonely apartment. Greeted by the sound of rushing water, I left the door wide open and waded through to find the light switch. It's been raining, sure, but I never expected to be greeted by high tide when I came home.

I've found the source — the rain is pouring through a hole in the roof and through the fan in the bathroom. Of course the fan is strategically placed so

as not to leak into the tub or the toilet but right into the floor. Joy.

Don't worry though. Being ever-resourceful I've balanced the trash can on the edge of the toilet tank to catch about every other drip. It's teetering there now and threatening to dump into the floor. But at this point it would be a spit in the ocean.

My feet are pruny. And I won't swear to it, but I think something just slithered under the stove.

Now whomever, don't think I'm getting hysterical but my stuffed monkey, Joe Rilla is doing the back stroke. He's not a very good swimmer and the other stuffed things in my apartment aren't faring very well either. Take the giant stuffed cloth tomato for instance. It's big and red and was a gift — lord knows I wouldn't buy it for myself. But even so, I'm kind of attached to it and I would hate for it to become stewed just because of a little rain.

I paddled over to the telephone a while ago to call the "24 Hour Maintenance Service" — courtesy of my apartment — well, turns out it's a "24 Hour

Answering Service." The girl who answered the phone is very sorry, she's also very comfortable and dry; there's nothing really that can be done. I understand that, but try telling my waterlogged monkey!!

I've got plenty of food rations above sea level in my pantry, if you count the raw popcorn and General Foods Instant national Coffee. I don't foresee any problem with being thirsty. But sleeping is going to be tricky. I know, float it on a lax!

Well, Whomever, when you find my message in the bottle, if you could tear yourself away from the warmth of your cozy dry apartment, please come soon and bring a water-vac.

Meanwhile, I'll be alright, I'm busy keeping my senses by contemplating the advantages to such a situation. Catfish farm? Rice paddy? Marine world? The options are coming to me in waves.

Blub, blub, gurgle, gurgle, drip, splash, squish, squash. Please send help!

Leigh-Ellen Clark is a staff writer for At Ease, The Battalion's entertainment supplement.

### ... more letters

and fight to get these "service organizations" funded and recognized by the school. I don't want to be surrounded by a bunch of faggots, whores and other immoral perverts, so why don't we, the majority, stick together to stop these indecencies. If we don't, where will it end?

If these liberal, nonmoral homosexuals want a organization, why don't they organize it off campus, or go to Austin. They have already established a GSSO at T.U. Heaven forbid if A&M acquire one, too!

### Jamie Menton Class of '88 Corps of Cadets shouldn't be condemned

**EDITOR:**  
The death of Cadet Bruce Goodrich is a tragedy to be remembered by all Aggies for a long time. However, to condemn the entire Corps of Cadets and University in general, is not only wrong, it is incredibly shortsighted.

People claim that something is wrong with Texas A&M because this sort of thing doesn't happen at other colleges. The simple fact is A&M is not any other college. Things are done a little bit differently here.

We believe things are worth a great deal more when one works and makes sacrifices for them. That's why hundreds of Ags each year spend countless hours building Aggie Bonfire. That's why students cut trees for Bonfire with axes rather than chainsaws. That's why dorms carry their dorm log to a loading site, rather than having a tractor pull it. Bonfire isn't built this way because it is easier or because people enjoy the pain of blisters and sore muscles. Bonfire is built this way because of the feeling that sweeps through the heart and soul of everyone who contributed when that first torch catches and Bonfire burns. It is a feeling of pride and accomplishment greater than most people will ever know. For those who experience this feeling it is irreplaceable.

Aggie Traditions. Quadding, fish tails, and motivational exercises are all designed to strengthen character and increase the value of one's experience at A&M.

Senior boots do not merely represent senior academic status. They serve notice of the endless hours of work and sacrifice devoted by each senior. Sure, there were times, early in their careers, when these seniors doubted the value of some Aggie Traditions. Just as surely, these seniors wouldn't trade their experience in the corps for anything.

Many people take Aggie Traditions lightly. They say that to become a world class university, we must bury some of our traditions. These people are forgetting that these traditions have made Texas A&M the truly great school that it is.

What happened to Bruce Goodrich was a tragedy. To destroy a system that has produced so many fine individuals for so long would only be worse. Eric Wittenmyer Class of '87

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

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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.  
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