

LETTERS:

Gramm editorial right on mark

EDITOR:

I definitely agree with the Phil Gramm editorial. Because there is nothing worse than an Aggie economics professor who thinks he's a politician.

Gig'em Lloyd!

Sergio Davila
Class of '85

Gay Student Services recognition question of civil liberties

EDITOR:

This letter is written in reference to the proposed recognition of the Gay Student Services Organization. The GSSO is a service organization. It exists for the benefit of gay students who may need counseling. As for those people who do not want to be around homosexuals, and for this reason object to the GSSO being recognized, someone should open their eyes. Every person in this world is different. The sooner narrow-minded individuals learn to deal with these differences and respect people for who they are instead of the way they choose to live their lives, the more able they will be to cope with their own lives. Who are we to judge others. The actions of others are not anyone's concern but their own. Let people have the freedom to live their lives in their own fashion. After all, that is what America is all about.

J. Atchison
Class of '88

Liberal, homosexual not the same

EDITOR:

In response to Jamie Menton's letter concerning the GSSO, I have a few comments. I will not address the question as to whether or not there should be such an organization supported by Texas A&M for two reasons. The first being that it would serve no logical purpose; the second being that it would draw emotions and attention away from a larger issue.

Ms. Menton, what the hell is wrong with being liberal? I am referring to your final paragraph, "If these liberal, non-moral..." Is liberality synonymous with homosexuality, or did you just throw that in because it is the only word you could think of to fit into your very emotional, irrational letter? Are you implying that liberals are "bad" people and should be scourged for being criminals to decency and clean living?

Perhaps someone should remind you that it is these "liberals" who made this country what it is. Where do you think we would be today if people such as John Hancock and George Washington were not "liberals?" Was freeing the blacks from slavery after over a century of oppression a non-liberal thing to do? Can you think of any great American who is considered so because he (or she) wanted to keep things the way they were? It has always been a break from the traditional that brings about changes and improvements. So to call someone a liberal and imply that such a person is in some way demented for being so, or to attach that label to some other label you think bad is not a fair statement.

In conclusion I want to ask you to change your future references to homosexuals and omit the "all liberals must be gay" connotation.

Further, I think you should be honest with yourself and forget about trying to rationalize your very narrow-minded opinions and admit that you are simply a bigot.

Hopefully, as you progress through your college education, you will realize that other people have ideas that differ from your own, and that they aren't inherently wrong because of it.

Kevin Peter
College Station

McGlohon's column offends readers

EDITOR:

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" (Job 38:2). We feel compelled to write this letter to clear up some implied accusations in Robert McGlohon's column.

The Bible reveals that God created man and breathed life into him. But God put man before the trace of life, that man might receive eternal life. Instead, Adam partook of the tree of the knowledge of good in evil, which issued in death. It was not merely that God's commandment was broken. The real damage was that a poison, sin and death, entered into man. A good illustration would be if a father forbade his son to play with poisons in the cabinet. If the child broke this rule and got poisoned, the disobedience aspect would be far outweighed by the consequence of ingesting the poison: death.

So it is with all man. We all died in Adam. It is not that God has targeted whole segments of the population of the earth for eternity in a "nasty place," as McGlohon has alleged, but that we all got poisoned and received a sinful nature. This nature bears fruit, sinful deeds. As a result, "all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:23). Sin issues in death (Rom. 6:23).

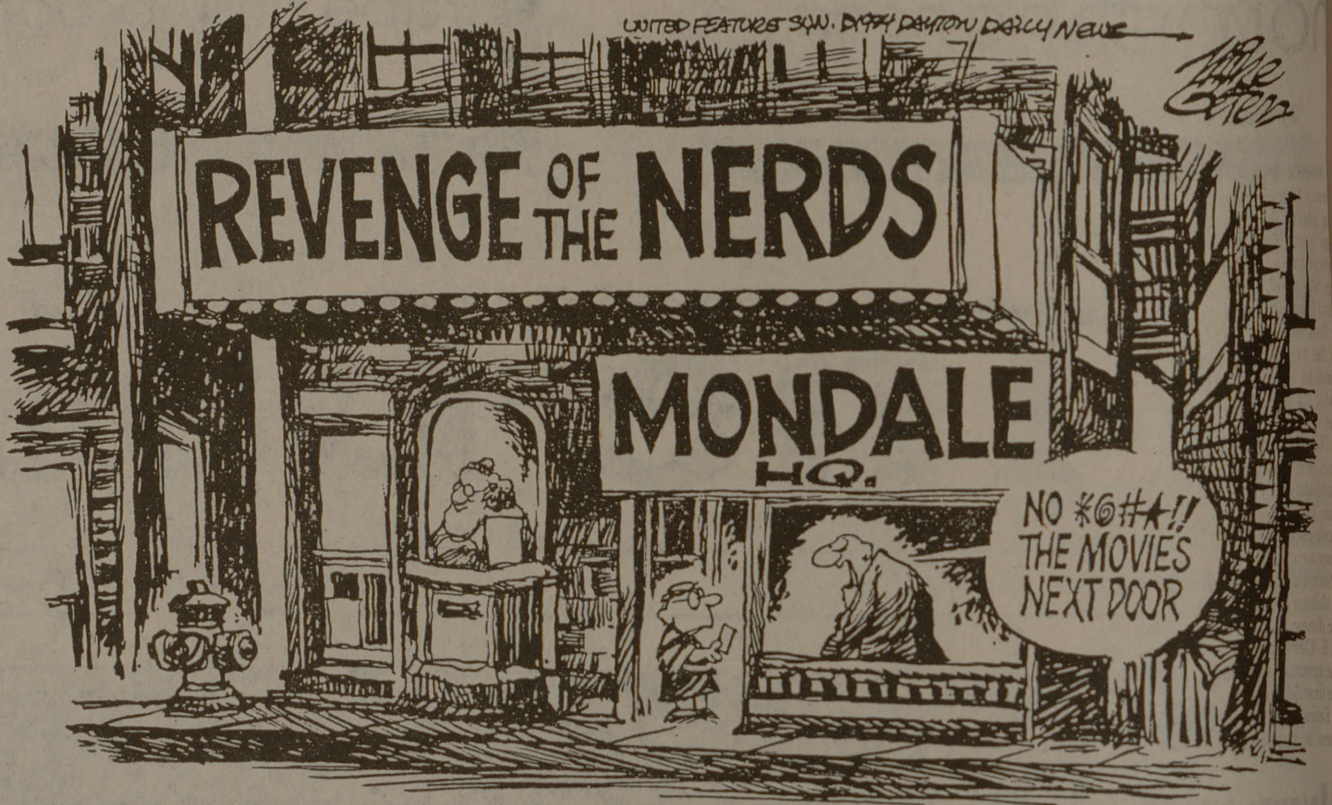
But God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him would not perish, but have eternal life (John 3:16). Jesus is the lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world (John 1:29). He also imparts life to us, that we may be born of God. It is not that Christians are exclusive, when we say that we are children of God. But as many as received Him, to them He gave authority to become children of God, to those who believe in His name (John 1:12). This includes all who believe, regardless of racial or national origin.

So far this semester, only one group of Christian speakers has used the spot at Rudder Tower that McGlohon described for preaching: we the undersigned. Our sharing did not resemble McGlohon's dream, rather we declared the jubilee (Lev 25:8-19; 39-41; Luke 4:18-19), the acceptable year of the Lord. We did not emphasize hell, but we declared the release from the bondage of death, through receiving Christ as the life-giving Spirit.

Robert McGlohon's column slanders God and offends us. Whatever his motive was in writing this column, it indicates a grave misconception as to God and His love for man. As long as this misconception exists, sidewalk preachers are a necessity. As to Robert McGlohon we hold no ill feeling, but as the Bible says, "Awake sleeper, and arise from the dead, and Christ will shine on you." (Eph. 5:14)

Gary C. Barbee
John Londergan
Mark Lupo
Terry Raines
Henry B. Ransom, Jr.
Samuel S. Villareal

EDITOR'S NOTE: Robert McGlohon's column runs every Friday in The Battalion.



Going to the grass hoppers

In search of Cannabis pests

It was inevitable that some sneaky agent in the Food and Drug Administration would get the fiendish idea and approach the entomology departments of major agricultural universities with it — a research grant destined to frustrate those involved in the selling of a particular illegal substance.



Scott McCullar

This grant would fund the development of natural insect pests of *Cannabis sativa* (See hemp) plants and bales. Once made host specific, massive release programs could spread the insects around the country; especially in the gulf states and major cities where smuggling and usage are highest.

Several major universities applied for and were awarded the grants, and even though the motives of the professors wanting to conduct such research can't be determined for sure, they never lacked willing graduate students.

Experimental plots of the "host" plant were needed and so grown, and soon several likely pest candidates were uncovered. "Grass" hoppers were one of the best; already known as ravenous plant-eaters, they only needed to be made "weed" specific. And the pest that lives anywhere and eats anything and everything — the cock "roaches" — easily became major "weed" pests.

The research was conducted in extreme secrecy to avoid dangerous repercussions from the underworld drug dealers. Otherwise, agricultural researchers would for the first time in their lives be harassed, threatened and terrorized, from a source other than their department heads. However, due to the security measures and element of

"surprise" involved, the experiments went along uninterrupted.

Even though the research would occasionally "drag," and those conducting it became slightly confused in their thinking, they were the most relaxed and mellowed out bunch of researchers ever known. The pressures usually involved in government research were somehow handled much better by these researchers, and who KNOWS what went on in those secret, test-plant field stations.

Soon the new pests were ready and spread across an unprepared country with "traumatic" effects. The stashes belonging to users of every race, class and sex were wiped out by insects with the weed-seeking ability far above any police dog.

Yet the screams of anguish by those victimized had to be kept rather restricted. They could hardly run to the authorities seeking aid, for such would acknowledge possessing the illegal substance in the first place.

Insecticides weren't much help either, for though they killed the insects, they ruined the pot. (Remember the Paraquat controversy a couple of years ago.)

However, pot smoking took on a new dimension when it was discovered that the bodies of the pest insects absorbed and concentrated a lot of the resins of the marijuana they fed on. For dopers, this created a "middleman" situation. If the weed itself could not be smoked, the pest that fed on it could. "Reefers" changed to "creepers."

Insect collecting took off like a SHOT, and dopers started gathering under street lights, parking lot lights, and porch lights. Hanging out at truck stops to scrape windshields and grills became popular. Even though smoking in-

sects wasn't illegal, policemen could tell if a person was "under the influence" something he'd just smoked if he was found running around in circles under street lights at night.

Some species absorbed and retained more of the precious resins than others. Thus the various "grades" of weed ranged from "pre-mo crawls" and "Major Reefer Creepers" down to grade bunches of small bugs smoked on rolling papers cut with mealworm mulch. High-grade grasshoppers could be smoked right down to the tips and the legs as a "roach" clips.

In Texas the practice of mixing dope with fire ants became popular with those liking the "Jalepeno high" added.

At pot parties phrases like "Are there any bugs in this room?" and "getting buzz on" took on whole new meanings.

From the "haze" of these new practices rose "black market entomology" for when research to combat these pests was outlawed, "underground" research began. Entomologists that had fallen on hard times, lost their morals that had their funding cut from under them were sought by the drug underworld for research.

And so came the despicable current state of black market entomology: cheap researchers working out of grimy labs involved in criminal research to obtain illegal objectives.

In retrospect and in the face of such developments, it seems the inevitable has occurred. Entomology finally, has gone to pot.

Scott McCullar is an artist who draws the daily Battalion cartoon strip "Wiped." He has a B.S. in entomology from Texas A&M and a b.s. in column writing from The Battalion.

Reaching out from the wallet to touch someone you love

I received my long distance phone bill the other day. I had reached out and touched my girlfriend to the tune of \$62.43.

John Hallett

I'm glad I've got MCI. Ma Bell would have asked for my first born male child. I can really relate to the guy in the commercial who boasts that a particular long distance company is for the guys who "didn't fall in love with the girl next door."

Now you might think that \$62.43 isn't much of a phone bill but allow me to indulge myself and explain a few things first...

This month's long distance bill reflected an attempt to reduce the number and length of my phone bills; earlier bills had been much higher. Actually what occurred was a strategic redistribution. It used to be that I would be the one to initiate the phone calls, now I call Elaine less but she calls me more. A lot more.

In fact, her phone bill is now higher than mine. But that's not all. She goes home from school at least twice a month and calls me from there, too. I'm surprised her parents aren't complaining since they're paying her bills. Mean-

while, I'm here at A&M slaving away at The Battalion trying to make ends meet.

Long distance relationships simply aren't cheap to maintain. Elaine's birthday is only a few weeks away. I wonder if she'd rather get roses or four hour-long phone calls instead (Believe it or not, the phone calls would be less).

So far this year I've been to Indiana three times (where Elaine lives) and California twice (where my family lives) and one more trip to Indiana before the year is out is likely. Not bad for an "independent student" on financial aid, eh? I hope no one over at the Student Financial Aid office reads this (Who reads The Batt anyway, right?).

Actually it can all be attributed to hard work and discipline. Discipline means keeping a strict budget which means no junk food, no beer and no Quarter-Pounders with cheese. Basically that translates to lots of peanut butter and jelly.

Last week, I splurged and ate dinner at the MSC Cafeteria. I had forgotten just how good mashed potatoes and gravy can taste. It makes you appreciate the simple things in life.

A friend of mine here at the paper has been kind enough to offer me rides home after work. Afraid that I might be

taking advantage of him, I declined one night. He was embarrassed and thought that I had been offended by his treating him on wheels.

In all honesty I can say it wasn't the trash that continued to accumulate in his car that bothered me. It's just that can't bear to be reminded by the empty bottles, cups, wrappers, containers and bags of all the things I can't have. Sometimes I do wish love was blind or at least deaf.

I finally decided that I just couldn't take it anymore, so I went to see a financial counselor to see if he had any suggestions.

"The way I see it, there's only one solution," he informed me.

"What's that?" I asked as if I didn't already know.

"Get married."

So if you should happen to be in Salem, Indiana next May, stop by for my wedding. If you don't recognize me, I'll be in the red tux that says ALS FOR MAL WEAR on the back.

Then I can catch up on my phone bills and maybe even finish my education.

John Hallett is The Battalion's mail up editor.

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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.

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.

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