

## University should give in to liberty

For over seven years the University has been trying to keep the Gay Student Services from gaining recognition as a campus organization. In the last round in the courts, the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that Texas A&M University must recognize the group.

A&M System General Council Ted Hajovsky now says that A&M will ask State Attorney General Jim Mattox for permission to carry the case to the U.S. Supreme Court.

The amount of money wasted on this fight is immeasurable. The university administration needs to realize that this is not a question of approving homosexual behavior; it is a matter of basic civil liberties. The University shouldn't waste any more state money or time on this matter.

Allow the GSS to be recognized and they will disappear into the myriad of over 500 recognized campus organizations. Continued oppression of the GSS can only lead to the humiliation of Texas A&M University in front of the U.S. Supreme Court.

## Regents should act to move train tracks

The deaths of two Texas A&M students in car-train accidents over the past weekend have reminded the Board of Regents of the danger of having railroad tracks near a university campus.

Despite the fact that the crossing where the students were killed is not on the Texas A&M campus, the Regents have called a meeting of a special committee of the Board. The committee will be discussing the possibility of moving the railroad tracks — including the stretch less than a mile south of campus where the students were killed.

The tracks must be moved. The two car-train accidents illustrate the danger inherent in a poorly marked railroad crossing, but the accidents should also remind us of the other dangers of having the tracks so near campus.

A few years ago when a train derailed near University Drive dumping its load of beer, it was funny. It would have been devastating if that same train had been carrying toxic chemicals. It derailed too close to campus and the northside dorms.

It's time the discussion ended and the Regents acted on the Target 2000 Project recommendation that says:

"Since the presence of a railroad line and a major highway running through the campus poses a significant danger to the health and safety of the university community, the Board and the administration should act decisively to arrange for removal of these arteries to site well off the main campus."

— The Battalion Editorial Board



## Looking for a few good men

# In search of Mr. Right

An open letter to:  
The few.  
The proud.  
The gentlemen of Aggeland.

HELP!  
Two close friends of ours, June and Lynn, have this problem. They need your advice.



Cyndy Davis Karen Bloch

They have lots of "guy friends," but no dates. Guy friends are wonderful, but, let's face it, it's nice to be romanced.

The problem seems to be June and Lynn have high "wholesome factors." They like hugs, roses, and quiet dinners for two. They like dancing and parties and lunch dates. They like midnight swims and ice cream dates in the Century Tree outside Bolton Hall.

They're the kind of girls you take home to Mom. But with Mom 500 miles away, wholesome is not popular. A non-scientific survey taken of University men Sunday night proves our point.

"I like girls who wear 'Dance 'til you Puke' t-shirts," one student leader said.

A neighbor told us he likes "girls who dye their hair three shades of green."

Other men informed us they like girls who wear tattoos, eat "weird Chinese food" and can swim from sharks.

"I like a girl who can entertain my mind before she entertains my body," one junior said.

What ever happened to the old fashioned gentlemen, the ones who open doors for ladies or surprise them with flowers?

Where are the Prince Charmings we read about in fairy tales?

Mom always told our friends if they were patient, someday a knight in shining armor would come and sweep them off their feet.

We found only one knight. Wouldn't you know? He's our girlfriend.

So, gentlemen, we need your help. We know there has to be more Prince Charmings out there, we just can't find them — for our friends, of course.

Tell us:

What's wrong with being wholesome?

What's wrong with the kind of girl who likes hugs, moonlit wine and cheese parties in the park?

A. Nothing.

B. They're boring.

C. I'd rather suck face with a gorilla.

If your answer is A, we, uh, our friends would like to talk to you.

We know you're out there somewhere.

Authors' note: Names, characters, places and incidents in this column are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual events, locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely intended.

Editor's note: You may write to either June or Lynn in care of The Battalion.

# Bothered by book trash

It was only the third week of school and I had most of my books, I turned on my reading lamp, fluffed my pillow and settled back on my queen-sized bed.

Reading assignment one, week one: Chapter 1. Introduction to the Study of World Religions.

I opened the book and started reading. It only took eight pages before it happened. Just a few pages — about the nature of religion, and studying religion, and scholarly methods — was all that I had read. I had just passed a Corpus Christi, body of Christ in crucifix form on page 4. In every movie I've ever seen about the devil a good cross is all you need, and it's goodbye Mr. Satan. But it doesn't seem to work that way in real life.

I should have expected it. The day before, over a drugstore basket and an order of fries, a friend had told me that he had gone through a religious experience. He said a man had told him that he was possessed. Demons had invaded his soul. I looked deeply into his eyes, but didn't see a demon, or a devil, or even an advertisement for a vacation in Hell. He seemed like another perfectly nice fellow, a bit overwhelmed by religion.

Demons, I thought, are just a remnant of Christian mysticism. But when I turned page 7 and it became page 8, the demon poured out of my textbook.

No, it wasn't your fire-breathing, green-vomiting friends of the devil like the guys from the movies. It was a more subtle form of evil.

"Save," it said. "I don't desire to be saved," I said. "I only want to catch up on my class readings."

"Your satisfaction is guaranteed," it promised as it rose off my bed. I grabbed the card that folded into three and tossed it in the direction of the trash. It fluttered, still promising salvation, and landed on the floor.

I returned to my reading. I turned



Donn Friedman

page 21 and it became page 22; a demon poured out of my textbook.

"Your favorite magazines," it promised. "At savings up to 50 percent or more!"

But I didn't want any magazines, I tried to explain to this demon that refused to go away. I tossed the card in the trash. I shook with fear. What else might lurk within my world religions textbook?

I performed a baptism on the book, turning it upside down and shaking it with a religious fervor. It seemed safe. No demons tumbled out from within the writings of the Hindus or the Buddhists or the Jews.

I dug back into my reading trying to absorb a chapter on megaliths and the center of the ancient religious mind.

The demons seemed content arguing with each other over who had the best deals on Playboy and Rolling Stone at Time.

Hearing a knock at the door, I charged down the stairs. I cracked open the door and a boy smiled. The boy roared like an apocalyptic tornado. Magazine inserts — having long ago escaped their keepers — swirled through the air in demonic circles around the boy.

"Hey mister, I'm in this contest," he said. "You wanna subscribe to any magazines or anything?"

Donn Friedman is a weekly Battalion columnist. His column appears Wednesdays.

# LETTERS:

## Luther railroad crossing needs gate

EDITOR:

We lost a friend Friday night. He was killed by a train that he may not have even seen coming. Some of you also lost a friend, Katherine Hossley, in a very similar accident at the same site less than 24 hours earlier. We send our heartfelt sympathies to you.

Two people who were loved and admired are now dead because of an unlit railroad crossing. What a waste! To think that it might have been prevented by a flashing light and gate.

This is a plea for you to be careful. If at all possible avoid this intersection. It is near impossible to see down the tracks when eastbound on Luther and because of the incline difficult to judge distances from either direction.

It may take a few extra minutes to go around to 2818 or to Jersey Street, but isn't your life or that of your passenger worth it.

The other plea we have of you is let it be known that you want something done about this crossing at Luther and Wellborn.

Call the city hall, go to city council meetings and speak up, or sign a petition to have lights and gate installed. Just please don't sit around and wait

for another tragic accident to happen, this time it might be your friend or even you.

Friends of Lynn McDonald Michelle Collins

This letter was accompanied by eight other signatures.

## Editorial Board should comment on abortion ads

EDITOR:

Since the Battalion editorial staff feels it is necessary to express its "outrage" over the: 1. selling of T-shirts that advocate killing, 2. Ronald Reagan's joke about bombing Russia and 3. Phil Gramm's joke about nuclear waste, why did you crawlfish out of condemning Battalion ads offering pregnancy terminations?

You said, in response to Allen Dobe's letter questioning your silence, that you have no control over advertising content.

Well, you've no control over T-shirt sales or political jokes either, but you express your outrage to your readers anyway.

So tell me . . . express your opinion, outrage or whatever about the ads offering to terminate pregnancies. (And they're no joke!)

Tom Broughton