

Murray earned the game ball

Ouch.

The Battalion's photo of Kevin Murray's crumpled frame, his ankle twisting into a v-shaped hinge, is a reminder of the pain often involved in sports. Each player knows the risks, and each hopes never to experience the reality of a sports injury.

Once again the Texas Aggies' starting quarterback Kevin Murray has experienced this reality. In the Varsity-Alumni game this past spring, Murray injured his knee. He went through rehabilitation and fought back, starting the first three games this season.

In little more than six weeks, Murray will repeat the painful sequence of injury, rehabilitation and return to action.

On the play in which he was injured, Murray could have gone out of bounds; he didn't, instead he dove for the first down. How many game-winning plays in football and in life are caused by going the extra yard?

Is it worth taking the chance?

Kevin Murray made the first down. The Aggies won 22-21. Give Murray the game ball; he earned it.

— The Battalion Editorial Board

LETTERS:

Jesus against co-existence with homosexuals

EDITOR:

I would like to commend the Regents for their stand against homosexuality. It is truly refreshing to see that the leaders of the University system are concerned with important issues facing Texas A&M students.

Hopefully the Regents' example will encourage both the Christians and the students on this campus to continue in their stance against homosexuality and groups which attempt to justify this sin. It has been wisely stated that "all that is necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing."

The Bible clearly states that homosexuality is an abomination in the sight of God. I hope that students will not be silenced by foolish men and women who request peaceful co-existence. To those who offer an olive branch, I offer them Jesus Christ.

God does not change — homosexuality has always been sin, it is sin today, and it always will be. Again, I commend the Board of Regents.

Michael Grage
College Station

Turn off music from Bell Tower after 10 p.m.

EDITOR:

It used to be quite a controversial subject, until, of course, the actual construction started. I'm referring to Mr. Albritton's generous gift, our infamous bell tower. Now, before you decide to stop reading this and go on to the next letter, I am not going to say a word about the traffic, nor the War Memorial. I won't even mention how bare it looks from my window on the fourth floor of Clements Hall.

I will comment on the music. It's lovely to hear bells ringing across campus. They add a mellowing affect to the hustle and bustle of Texas A&M, and a romantic touch to walking hand-in-hand back to the dorm at dusk. They even put a melody in my head and a skip in my walk at 7:50 a.m., which, believe it or not, make 8:00 classes bearable.

However, they do nothing for my C.S. 301 homework on busses, flip-flops, or ROM at 10:12 p.m. Exactly 10:12 last night my mind did a flip-flop of its own trying to "name that tune!"

It wouldn't be so bad if I could hear the entire melody, I mean doesn't everyone study with MTV on? Needless to say, it does nothing for master/slave flip-flops (C.S. 301).

Certainly the Board of Regents can do something about ringing the bells after 10:00 p.m.

After all, if the students can't study, they fail tests, which in turn accumulate to something called sco-pro, and eventually, Hometown Junior College here I come.

The bell tower is here to stay, but there is a time for everything - even studying.

Dawn Miller
Class of '86

McCullar's comics far from unbiased; stereotypes don't fit

EDITOR:

The recent comic strips from Scott McCullar were so helpful in understanding the problems with engineers that graduate from Texas A&M.

Scott's comments were so full of insight and must have come from someone familiar with many engineering students.

So many engineering students are guilty of stereotyping liberal arts students and criticizing their weaknesses instead of realizing that they are also an important part of this university.

Scott was obviously able to clearly see the problem and offer an unbiased opinion of the situation.

I hope that Scott will continue his crusade against illiterate and uncultured engineering students like myself.

Scott J. Miller
Mechanical Engineering

Hispanic voters not all Democrats

EDITOR:

A recent article in The Battalion focused on the changing trends in political participation of the Hispanic Community. As a Republican Mexican-American, I feel that the Hispanic community reflects the dynamics of this change. No longer can we be taken for granted by the Democratic Party or ignored by the Republican Party. We are not voting as a block, but we are voting on issues that will affect us.

The Hispanic vote is critical to this election because of the growth in the number of registered voters in California and Texas. Historical precedent supports both of these states as being crucial to be elected as president.

Although the majority of Hispanics have voted democrat, President Reagan is enjoying increased popularity within the Hispanic community.

Vas a vatar? (Are you going to vote?)

Carlos Cavazos
Class of '86



Starting a club at A&M

Hometown club no GSS

It took about seven days for the Meridian Hometown Club to become a recognized student organization at Texas A&M University.

Meridian Texas, population 1330, is just one of thousands of small towns most people have never heard of. But to me that little podunk town, 47 miles northwest of Waco on Highway 6, is home.

At the beginning of last fall I had an idea. Since Meridian is my hometown why not start the Meridian Hometown Club? I talked to the other Meridianites who have become Aggies and they said they would support the club. Then I called the Student Programs Office and asked them what was needed to become a recognized student organization.

The SPO said I had to do three things:

- First find at least ten students who would join the club.
- Second find a faculty advisor.
- Third fill out the necessary forms.

First step: finding members. At that time there were six Meridianites who were attending Texas A&M; we needed more members. Since there was nothing in the rule book saying that members of a hometown club had to be from that town, I got my roommate and several friends to become "honorary Meridianites."

We had honorary members from Houston, Dallas, Austin, Abilene and Saudi Arabia.

Second step: finding a faculty advisor. I asked one of my Journalism professors to be our advisor. He agreed when I told him his sole responsibility would be to sign a couple of



Karl Pallmeyer

pieces of paper.

Third step: filling out the forms. This was easiest part, had to have our faculty advisor and officers sign a signature card, and we had to write a constitution. The constitutional provisions for conducting business and a statement of purpose, which we said was "to provide A&M students from Meridian with an organization for fellowship." Our main purpose, though, was to get our picture in the Aggieland.

Once all these trivial matters were taken care of, I submitted the forms to the SPO. A few days later I got a letter that said: "Congratulations, the Meridian Hometown Club is now officially recognized as a student organization."

We spent the rest of the year going to movies, bowling, eating and drinking, knowing we had the full blessings of the university.

A year later the Meridian Hometown Club is no more. Members have either graduated, got married, flunked or moved on, or just don't care anymore. But we did achieve our main purpose, look on page 468 and you will see. WE GOT OUR PICTURE IN THE AGGIELAND.

There is another group of people who want to become a recognized student organization. They have been fighting for this recognition, not for seven days, but for seven years. Recently the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that Texas A&M must recognize this group. Even more recently the Board of Regents have decided to fight this decision, all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court if necessary.

The group is the Gay Student Services. They want to do more than just "get their picture in the Aggieland."

Karl Pallmeyer is a junior journalism major and founding father of the Meridian Hometown Club.

Living, playing as an Olympic Eagle

I hope Peter Ueberroth doesn't read this.

Ueberroth, president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, might not be too pleased with two Aggies if he does.

When we, (Mark Rudolph and myself), were hired to be Sam the Olympic Eagle, we were shown a videotape that listed the do's and do not's of being a bird.

No problem we thought:

- The bird is a non-speaking character.
- He can't be seen in a public place that would reflect badly on the Olympics.
- He can't be seen in a cumbersome position and he can't be seen in pieces.

For two college students who would give their left leg to get a good laugh these rules seemed a bit strict. Besides, we were usually a long distance from the LAOOC when we felt like having fun.

The first time we had some fun with Sam, we were on the Ohio State campus.

Since Mark and I are members of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, we tried to visit SAE chapters across the country. The afternoon we stopped by the SAE chapter at Ohio State we learned of a toga party that night. Mark and I immediately knew who was going to make a guest appearance.

When Sam walked into the party room it was instant chaos. I've never seen so many girls who wanted to dance or take a party pic with a bird. Sam was the hit of the party even though we couldn't find a toga big enough for him.

I still thank God nobody spilled punch on him.

Another time we bent the rules we were in Florida and we didn't have much choice in the matter.

We had just left Miami for Naples and were driving across the Everglades on the Tamiami Trail when our truck quit running. (Our truck breaking down

across the country is another story in itself.)

Well it was just me and the alligators. About a hour later Mark returned from calling a wrecker.

After a hour-long ride with a toothless tow-truck driver I was at wit's end. We had a major problem on our hands. Budget Rent-A-Car, (with whom the Southland Corp. had a contract), had no other large trucks in Naples and we had to be 90 miles away in Sarasota in 24 hours.

We were told by our superiors to make appearances at any cost; so, we did.

Sam got to see 90 miles of scenic Florida along I-75 from the front seat of Chrysler LeBaron convertible. I drove, Sam sat in the front seat and Mark sat in the back seat teasing gawking motorists by holding up Sam's large, yellow feet as we drove by.

We had the time of our lives without causing any accidents.

Experiences like these were numerous during our trip but they all went done in good taste. I don't think Ueberroth would be all that upset with us. The public just got to see a little more of the Olympic mascot and in some rather funny situations.

So, if you, or anybody you know, see something resembling a large chicken, owl, parrot, or even an eagle, doing peculiar things in peculiar places, think twice before you disagree with your imagination-it might have been Sam the Olympic Eagle.

Kevin Inda is a senior journalism major who spent the last nine months traveling the United States and promoting the Summer Olympics as Sam the Olympic Eagle.

The Battalion

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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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