

OPINION

Hostages' lives before 'pounding'

Frustrated conservatives upset by the Beirut hostage situation have demanded the resignation of Secretary of State George Schultz and retaliatory measures against terrorist strongholds.

"We ought to be pounding terrorist camps inside Lebanon," Paul M. Weyrich, a member of the New Right, a conservative coalition, said Wednesday. When Weyrich was asked if he wanted immediate action against terrorism, despite the more than 40 U.S. hostages whose lives hang in the balance, he replied, "Basically, yes."

Weyrich's statement reflects the frustration most Americans are feeling concerning the hostage crisis. But, his words also show a lack of concern for the lives involved.

Try to explain to the mothers, wives and children of those hostages that their loved ones may be killed to demonstrate our lack of tolerance for terrorism.

Some people believe the hostages are doomed. Others feel their lives may have to be forfeited to save the lives of potential future victims of terrorism encouraged by the "success" of the Lebanese hostage taking.

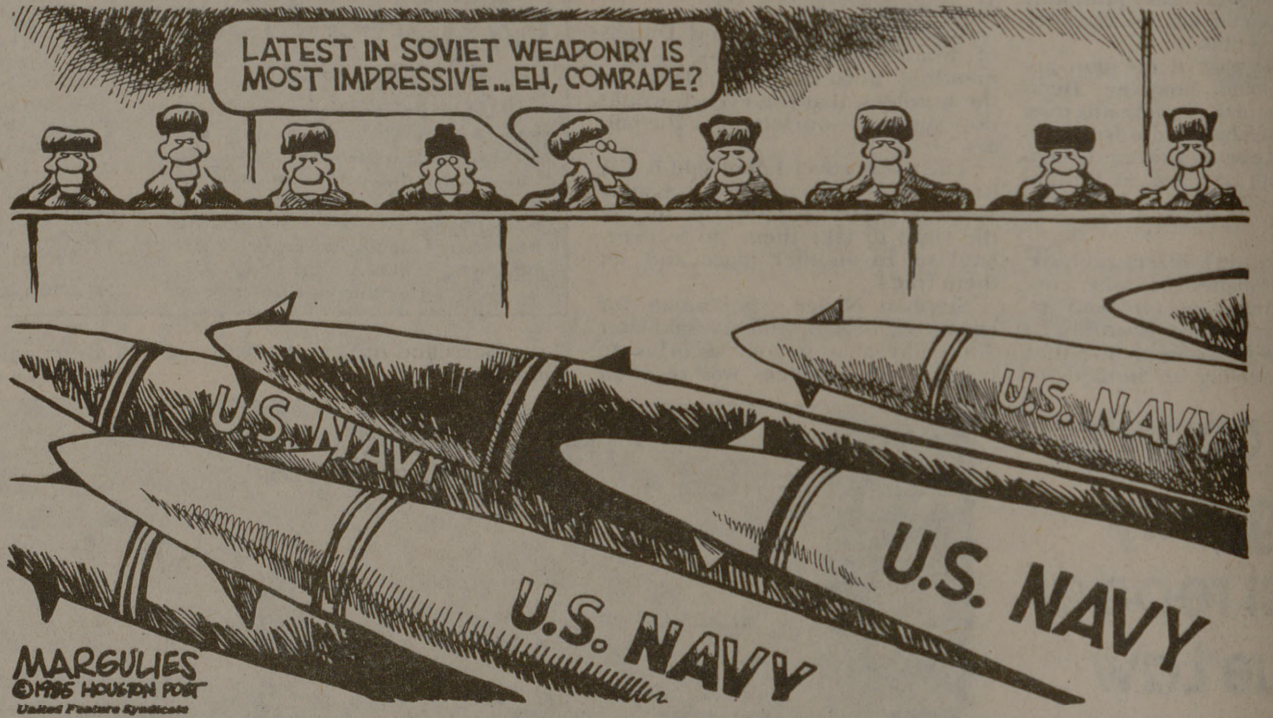
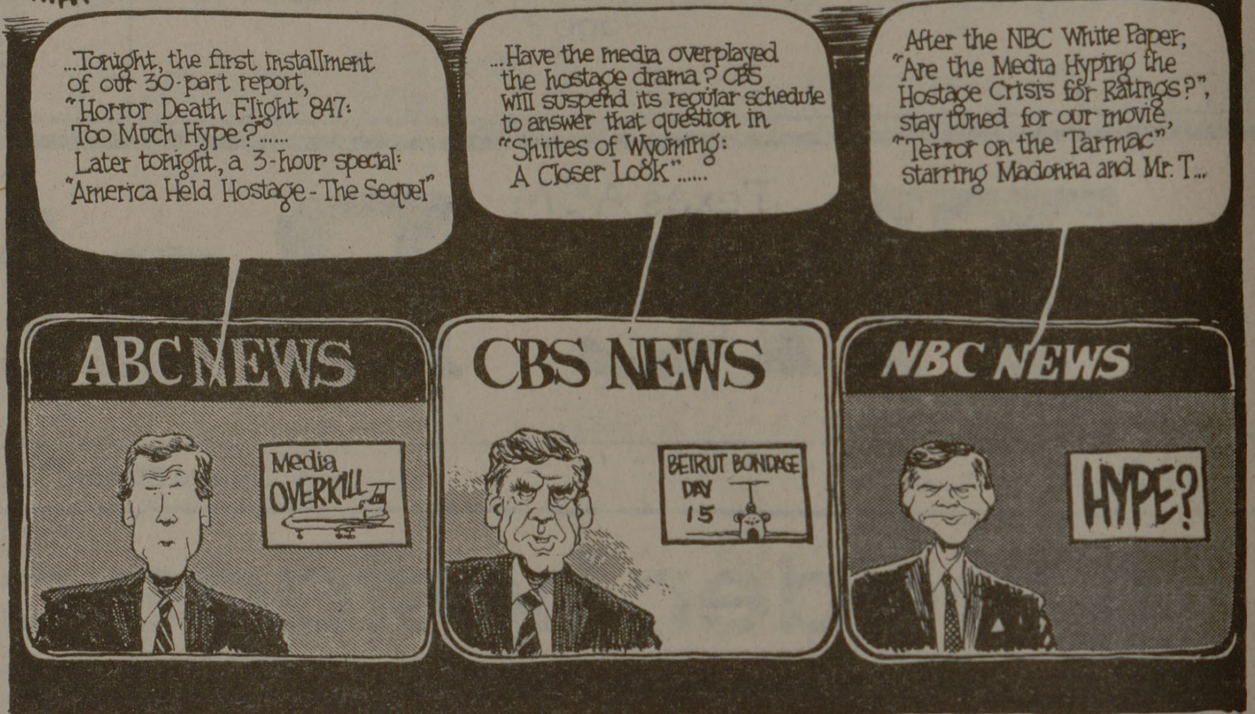
But retaliation, especially the "pounding of terrorist camps," must be applied conservatively. As long as the hostages have a chance of survival, we must use our weapons sparingly. True, diplomatic and economic retaliation seem ineffective, but giving Lebanon a good "pounding" is an action of vengeance, not an attempt to free the hostages.

Our primary objective is to get our people out alive. If the hostages are killed by the terrorists in response to aggression on our part, then, really, the terrorists have won.

Sure, it would be easy to go in leading with our fists, but when it comes to pride versus American lives, we need to exercise extreme caution in our actions.

The Battalion Editorial Board

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Mail Call

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.

Chem controversy continues to boil

Last semester I started a tutoring program known as "Chembusters" because the freshman chemistry program has been changed in the last few years to "weed out" students.

My 539 tutored students felt the tests were too long, the homework was irrelevant, test questions were poorly written and extremely difficult, and the book was not understandable.

This summer the same problems exist. On test 1 in Chem. 102, my tutored students averaged 78 percent (including 6As, 7Bs) . . . non-tutored students averaged 65 percent (1A, 6Bs.)

On test 2, with about 50 percent of the students being tutored in the class, my students averaged 75 percent . . . non-tutored 48 percent (the average was "announced" — no grades were

posted!) That's 13 points on Test 1 and 27 points on Test 2! Let's face facts and get honest — the tests are too hard, and the teachers (lecturers?) are not communicating on the students' level. If there isn't enough time to properly explain the material to their employers, THE STUDENTS, then be realistic and cover less material. They need to remember who they are really working for!

With only six extra hours of tutoring a week, half of the students are "magically" converted to C instead of F averages . . . perhaps the authors of the text can explain to the Texas A&M chemistry department why they cover less material and give out 20 percent to 27 percent As.

Wake up! It's time to renovate the old program. Let's educate, not lecture; let's evaluate fairly, not curve.
Michael Coad

Columnists should experience all they can. I think I picked that phrase up from a journalism professor, but regardless of where I first encountered it, those six words have become my motto.



Loren Steffy

Each time I visited a Texas Department of Corrections unit, those words ran through my brain. As I was driving down seven miles of mud road to a camp for emotionally disturbed adolescent girls, those words repeated themselves in my head. They have gotten me through the film "Silent Screams" and caused me to read literature from the Ku Klux Klan.

Until a few mornings ago, I never realized the full impact of my adopted motto.

As I fumbled with the coffee maker, I shot a glance out the window. The passenger door of my car was open, even though I had locked it the night before. A quick investigation revealed my tape deck had been stolen during the night. As I looked at the splintered dashboard and the gaping hole where the tape player had been, the words came to me again. Columnists should experience all they can.

I had never experienced being ripped off. I had never experienced the paranoid feelings of insecurity. I had never experienced the feelings of frustration that result from knowing that I slept soundly while, 10 feet outside my window, my personal possession was being violated.

I've accepted that my tape deck is gone. I now feel only mild frustration when I mechanically reach to turn the knob and grab only air.
Luckily my insurance will probably

pay for the damages. And the vandals are probably running their grubby fingers through the profits from the sale of my tape player. So I'll get what I want now — my car fixed and my tape deck replaced — and the crooks get what they want — easy money.

The strange thing is, at least in this scenario, crime *does* seem to pay — for everyone. I get a newer tape deck than the one that was stolen; the crooks get the bucks; and without such thieves, the insurance company would have less work, and thus, less revenue.

Another phrase I adopted is "there's no such thing as a free ride." Someone has to pay for it. Columnists should experience all they can.

This columnist just experienced what it's like to pay for someone else's free ride.

Loren Steffy is a junior journalism major and the Opinion Page Editor for The Battalion.

Farewell to Dr. G's

R.I.P. fun in Bryan-College Station

I've never had to write an obituary before, but now I feel I must. Fun in the Bryan-College Station area has died.



Karl Pallmeyer

To have fun you must have three things: good friends, good beer and good music.

Good friends are not too hard to find but once you found them you have to find a place to go to have fun. Good beer is not too hard to find but at some places you have to pay a lot of money for it. Good music is hard to find, especially if you don't like the new wave, disco or country music that most places play. It's even harder to find good live music. But, until recently, there was one place where you and your good friends could go to drink some good cheap beer, listen to some good live music and,

most importantly, have lots of good fun. The place was Dr. G's.

Most clubs play a single type of music. At Dr. G's you could hear new wave, punk, country, blues, reggae, rock 'n' roll and other music that could not be classified as a single format. Dr. G's would also have live plays, movies, games, political speakers and Monday Night Football. Variety is the spice of life and you got that spice at Dr. G's.

Neil Young once sang that "live music is better". Dr. G's was the place for live music. Dr. G's brought many great local bands on stage, including Four Hams on Rye and High Chicago. Dr. G's brought many great Texas bands on stage, including the Dishes, the Judy's, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, Joe Ely, and Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns. Dr. G's brought many great legends of rock 'n' roll on stage, including Bo Diddley and John Sebastian. Dr. G's even brought a no-talent bum like me on stage during one of their open stage nights.

Dr. G's was a great place to see bands. At most "concerts" you pay a minimum of \$15 to sit in an uncomfortable seat and watch the band perform at some great distance. At Dr. G's you would pay an maximum of \$7.50 to come in and dance, drink or whatever while the band performed right next to you. I spent \$10 to sit on a dirt floor in some barn while Joe "King" Carrasco played on a stage some 50 feet from me. Another time I spent \$5 to go to Dr. G's where Joe "King" knocked over my beer when he jumped up on the table where I was sitting. I spent \$14 to sit up in a balcony while Bo Diddley played down below. Another time I spent \$7.50 to go to Dr. G's where I got to shake Bo Diddley's hand and kiss his daughter after they had finished playing.

There was a special atmosphere at Dr. G's. You didn't have to worry about how you were dressed or how you looked because Dr. G's was a very laid-back place. You could hear good music and drink good beer for a small amount

of money. Money, or rather the lack of, is the reason Dr. G's had to close down. Maybe someday someone will re-open Dr. G's and be able to retain the spirit of the place. We can only hope.

Dr. G's will be open for the last time Saturday. There won't be a band but the owners will be holding a "garage" sale. From nine until four you will be able to buy t-shirts, bumper stickers, kitchen utensils, glassware, furniture, beer, wine and anything else that is lying around. They will also have free draft beer as long as it lasts.

I was there when Dr. G's opened in October of 1983. I will be there when Dr. G's closes in June of 1985. I hope to see you there. We can raise our glasses to the memory of a great place.

Karl Pallmeyer is a senior journalism major and a columnist for The Battalion.

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