

Opinion

Message of apathy

The Faculty Senate voted 13-42 not to study divestiture of Texas A&M's business holdings in South Africa. The vote sends a disturbing message of indifference to minorities at A&M and abroad.

The resolution to not investigate the University's holdings in companies that do business with the South African government is the epitome of apathy. The decision says not only is A&M not willing to withdraw money being used to support government-sponsored segregation, but the University is not concerned even with finding out how much is being invested.

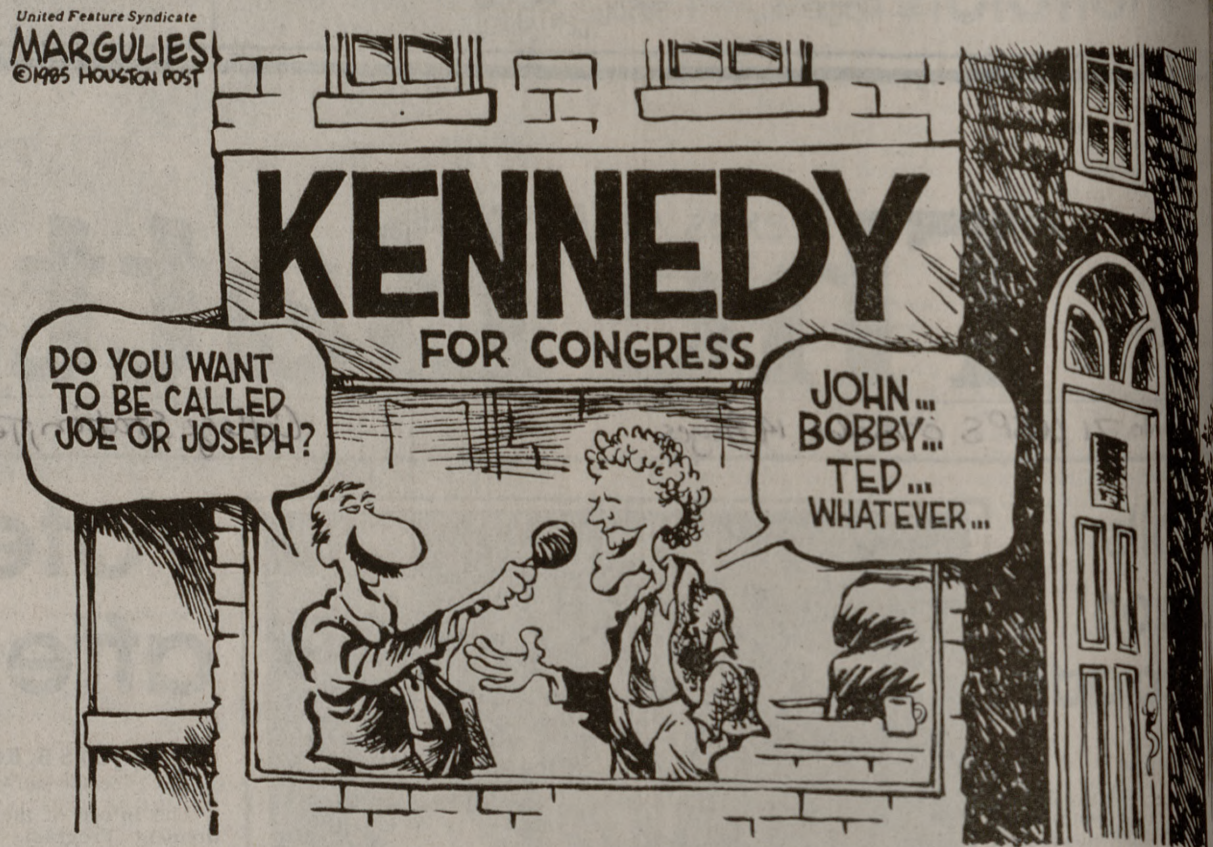
Senator Murray Milford justified this lack of concern by saying the Senate should concern itself with the problems of minorities at A&M rather than abroad.

However, this attitude toward apartheid will reflect on the problems of minorities at A&M. How many black students or faculty members will want to come to a university that won't even investigate how much of its money is being used to uphold a system of racial oppression?

If A&M is going to attract more minorities, it must show that it is concerned with the welfare of these minorities. Discrimination is ugly whether it be in South Africa or on our own campus.

The Battalion Editorial Board

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No way to stop the black crayons from getting through

I was over at Barry Israel's the other night when his 8-year-old daughter Alison came into the living room.



Art Buchwald

"Have you done your homework?" her father asked.

Alison handed him a sheet of paper with a crayon drawing on it.

"What is it?" "It's Star Wars," Alison said. "This is the sun and this is the house and this is the mommy and this is the daddy and this is the little child, and this is the cat and this is a tree."

"That's fine, but how do you get Star Wars out of that?"

"This blue circle over everyone is Star Wars. The rockets can't get through to kill the mommy, daddy, the child and cat."

"I don't see how that blue arc can stop missiles from hitting your family," Barry said.

Alison pointed to three red missiles bouncing off the arc. "You see? The bombs are stopped and can't hit anyone."

"Where did you get the idea that a blue crayon can stop a red one?"

"I saw it on television. It said if everyone supports Star Wars we will be safe from getting killed."

"Don't lie to me," Alison's father said. "She's not lying," I told him. "I saw

the same TV commercial. It's put out by some outfit called 'Peace Shield' to convince people the President's Strategic Defense Initiative works. They're hoping if they make it simple enough Americans will buy it."

Barry said, "What a crock. They're using a kid's drawing to sell a pie-in-the-sky idea."

I said, "Don't jump to conclusions that a child was the artist. I know several scientists who could easily have drawn it."

"The drawing doesn't convince me we should spend zillions on Star Wars."

"It's not intended to convince you — it's supposed to convince Alison. After all, it's her generation that is going to have to live with laser beams and enhanced deterrence. If kids believe a blue

crayon can stop a red one then they won't be afraid."

Alison was just standing there sheepishly. Finally she said, "Is my drawing all right?"

Her father replied, "As far as it goes it is. Hand me a red crayon and a black one. Okay, now watch carefully. The red crayon can't get through the arc, and the house and family are perfectly safe. Right?"

"Uh-huh," Alison said, not knowing where her father was going.

"Now I take the black crayon, and it slices right through the shield and knocks out the sun, the house and the family of three."

"Why?"

"Because black crayons can always go

through blue ones. Even a nuclear umbrella won't stop them. That's why a blue crayon is not going to save us."

Alison looked at me for some help. "I have to agree with your father," she told her. "There are too many different colored crayons for one blue arc. Even if only one color got through, it would wipe out your mommy, daddy, and child."

Barry said, "Did you hear what Uncle Art just said? Listen to him. He knows everything."

Alison's lower lip was quivering. "He ruined my drawing."

Her father replied, "I just want to teach you a lesson. Don't believe anything you see on television."

Art Buchwald is a columnist for Los Angeles Times Syndicate.

Mail Call

The ultimate hypocrisy

EDITOR:

You have committed the ultimate of hypocrisies. I hung my head in shame as I opened to page 9 of Monday's Batt. The Battalion, the final bastion of enlightened journalism, was running an advertisement for the sale of South African krugerrands. The ad read, "For the holidays, the gift of gold." Gold what? Golden chains of oppression? Golden tear gas guns?

Your advertisement indirectly supports a government of racism and hatred. Your entire readership is owed an apology.

Edward A. Hudacko

EDITOR'S NOTE: As we have stated several times, Battalion Advertising is considered state-sponsored. The editorial staff has no control over ad content. The Editorial Board has written several editorials (including the one on this page) stating our opposition to the apartheid government in South Africa. Perhaps this is a hypocrisy, but it's one we don't have any control over.

Thinking of the unborn

EDITOR:

When I saw the publicity in The Battalion from the forum "Abortion: Who Has the Final Say?", my first thought was, "Certainly not the unborn."

In her closing remarks, Sarah Weddington said that as long as medical, religious and science experts cannot agree on when life begins, the decision will remain with individuals, and isn't it great for women that such a choice can be made.

After the forum I asked Weddington, "If there is even the remotest possibility that the 'experts' may some day agree that life begins at conception, shouldn't we today come out on the safe side (and defend that being in the womb rather than destroy it)?"

She told me I was not thinking of the mother and her future. It would have been more correct to say I was simply thinking of the future of the unborn. But the point is that if it is a human life which exists in the womb then it is a life on equal par with the life of the mother (and father and the rest of humanity) and no one has the right to deprive the unborn of his life.

Which of us cannot identify with himself as he existed in the womb? Who of us, who have been given the privilege of human identity and life, can turn around and deny another being the same, or even allow such a "procedure" (as Weddington called it) to take place? Yet we as a nation condone the crime.

Mother Theresa spent a lifetime among the poor people of the world. But when she received the Nobel Peace Prize she said, "To me that nations who have legalized abortion are the poorest nations. They are afraid of the unborn child and the child must die."

Indeed. Indeed.

Paul R. Koch

A final poem

EDITOR:

T was the night before finals and all through my room, loomed an air of preparedness for the impending doom. My books were all open and spread 'cross the floor

giving forth all the knowledge they had in their store.

My roommate was snoring, asleep in his bed.

While nightmares of Calculus danced in my head.

Beginning to nod off o'er the book in my lap,

I decided to settle for a quick little nap.

When up from my desk there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

After glancing around, I started to wonder,

what sort of thing sounds louder than thunder.

I found that the noise was causing no harm.

It was merely the sound of my blaring alarm.

When what to my weary old eyes should appear,

but the time for my final exam was now here.

The class was still noisy, they were checking the book.

The professor was giving us one final look.

With black suit and tie and face full of gloom,

he looked like a hangman delivering doom.

He passed out the questions, to him 't was a game.

He whistled and shouted and called us by name.

"Johnson and Williams and Jackson and Keegan,

Murray and Miller and Lopez and Regan.

From front row to back, leave one seat in between,

and please do not cheat, I don't want to be mean."

The next ninety minutes were really a fright,

I wasn't quite sure if I'd gotten it right.

Then he called for the test, most of mine was still blank.

I knew that I just had my "short" nap to thank.

As I turned in my paper, I kept up my hope.

There was naught I could do, so why start to mope?

And I swear he did say as he strolled out of sight,

"There will be a big curve, Merry Christmas, goodnight."

Steven R. Hart '86

EDITOR'S NOTE: Even The Battalion Editorial Board has a sense of humor. Opinion Page Editor Loren Steffy nixed this poem in favor of letters dealing with issues of more importance to the general student body, but somehow the poem just wouldn't die. A last minute plea to the big cheese (outgoing Battalion Editor Rhonda Snider) saved the poem from file 13. This one's dedicated to you, Loren. Good luck on your finals — we know you need it, monsieur.

Understanding Greeks

EDITOR:

This is in response to Ken Ankele's letter published Dec. 3.

Fraternities serve several purposes. They build leaders through administration and people interactions — much the same way companies and governments do. Just look at the credentials of Supreme Court Chief Justices, presidents and senators as well as many successful businessmen.

We also provide lifelong friendships. Not only with the Aggies in

our group, but with the people who chose other schools. Many of my own ideals. And we provide social activities. Drinking bashes like the movies portray, mind you, but weekend games, intramural activities and barbecues for parents, alumni and friends. Add to that our community service!

As for recognizing fraternities, being "detrimental to the good of A&M," without recognition we were doing quite well. (Greeks) had resentful feelings toward a University that refused other social clubs while refusing us. What could be more than hundreds of students resenting the very place they lived and learn at?

The hundreds of dollars Ankele speaks of are exaggerated. I expected that. A little research would illustrate that we (Greeks) are not that expensive, and especially for the benefits. Dorms, for example, live, take \$30 a semester for two or three drinking bashes. More, and varied activities than that. And how many dorms do alcohol Awareness programs as well? We also take steps to insure safety of our party guests where alcohol is served. I, myself, stayed dry and subsequently driven people home. Once again, many dorms do that?

And on the subject of Silver Taps, yes, we had a rush party that night. But we turned the lights off for 20 minutes and quieted down. A couple of people pledged us because we showed that we cared. And, we have a group at all other Silver Taps ceremonies. We're ahead of time and go together.

So, let's not have any more of this dribble about Greek two-percenters or bad Ags unless you have concrete facts to support. Remember, there was a fraternity here while the College was mandatory that was accepted! Does that make them bad Ags?

Kepler Johnson

Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 words in length. The editor 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 address and telephone number of the writer.

The Battalion

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Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the Editorial Board or the author and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Texas A&M administrators, faculty or the Board of Regents.

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