

# Opinion

## Don't America's spies have better things to do?

The FBI and the CIA have one of the hardest jobs in the country. These organizations have to protect Americans from a variety of villains including spies, terrorists, bank robbers, counterfeiters, bootleggers, crooks, kidnapers, pornographers, mother rappers, father stabbers and even father rappers.



**Karl Pallmeyer**

The FBI and the CIA have to protect us from such villains as John Dillinger, Al Capone, Fidel Castro, Charles Manson, Daniel Ortega, John Lennon and Rock Hudson.

Last month the *Dallas Times Herald* reported that the FBI had a 34-page file on the late actor Rock Hudson. When the *Times Herald* requested Hudson's file under the Freedom of Information Act, the FBI released 20 pages of the file but withheld the other 14 because they were considered classified "in the interest of the national defense or foreign policy." The *Times Herald* said the 20 pages it received were censored heavily. The FBI began its investigation into Hudson's private affairs in 1960, when it was rumored that he would play an FBI agent in a movie. The FBI had discovered that Hudson and several other prominent Hollywood figures were involved in homosexual relations. The names of Hudson's sexual partners were deleted from the files that were released.

The investigation ended when the FBI discovered that Hudson was going to play a New York City policeman instead of an FBI agent. In 1966, one of President Lyndon B. Johnson's secretaries requested a check on Hudson through FBI files. The FBI sent a report to the White House that didn't mention the earlier investigation but did mention that in 1965 an informant admitted to having an "affair" with Hudson several years before in New York. The informant said that he knew that Hudson was a homosexual. When Hudson, one of Hollywood's sexiest leading men, died of AIDS last October, many people were surprised to learn that he was homosexual. It's nice to know that our country's top law enforcement agency knew about his private life

and the names of those he shared it with. The CIA also has had an interest in Rock — not Hudson but music. After Watergate it was revealed that President Richard M. Nixon had ordered the CIA to keep close surveillance on several people he believed were threats to national security. The CIA techniques included phone taps that had to be approved by the president. Yippie leaders Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, *Washington Post* reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, Dr. Timothy Leary, Daniel Ellsberg and several other government employees were tapped by the CIA. One of the most dangerous phones the CIA listened to belonged to the late rock star John Lennon.

The agency had every reason to keep tabs on Lennon. As a member of the Beatles, he led the British Invasion into America. Because of Lennon, American radio was filled with a new style of music and American children started wearing new styles of clothes. Because of Lennon, young American boys started to wear their hair long. Nixon had good reason to try to get Lennon out of the country. While Nixon was sending thousands of Americans to their deaths in Vietnam — and was responsible for the deaths of thousands of Vietnamese, Cambodians and Laotians — Lennon was singing "Give Peace a Chance" and "War Is Over (If You Want It)." Lennon expressed himself best when he released tapes of his music. He expressed himself best when he tried to stop the release of tapes of his music. Our country has problems. It has security problems that the CIA should solve. Don't the FBI and CIA have things to do than to follow around the and rock stars like crazed, teenage fans?

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



## No age limit for freshmen

This scene, or something like it, is being played all over the country right now. "Hi, Dad. The reason I came home is that I just had a great idea." "What's that, son?" "I want to go to college this fall. I'll make a wonderful student." "But your 35 years old. Why didn't you go to school when I begged you 17 years ago?" "I was trying to find myself." "All those years?" "It took me longer than I thought it would. Aw c'mon, Dad. What can it cost you — a lousy five grand a year?"



**Art Buchwald**

"Colleges don't cost five grand a year anymore. They cost 15 grand. While you were out searching hither and yon for yourself the admissions people were multiplying everybody's tuition by three." "I always suspected you didn't want me to have an education."

"It's nothing personal, son, but after you left to work as a bartender, I decided to invest the money we set aside into something more meaningful, like my retirement. The truth is both your mother and I decided you were on your way when you became night grillman at the Burger King." "Boy, that is something — that is really something. I never thought you'd take my education money and squander it on your old age." "I know it's selfish, but how could we know after all these years that you would have the urge to learn? The offer I made to you when you were 18 years old was not open-ended." "Look, if I go now I'll graduate when I'm 39 years old." "You'll be the oldest student to matriculate." "No, I won't. I know a lot of guys who will be older. You remember Henry Landwirth, the guy who played in the band I managed after I gave up Burger King? He's only a sophomore and he's 45." "Did he find himself?" "He says he was never lost. He claims he just needed a break after high school before he started college."

"Why is he going to school now?" "He decided without a college diploma you are nobody. With a sheepskin he feels he can charge twice as much to play gigs on New Year's Eve." "What do you want to study?" "I don't know, Dad. I figure I'll go to college and something will turn me on." "You're telling me you want to go back to school and you don't know what you want to be?" "I'm not one to go to college just to get a job. It must be a more meaningful experience to cherish forever." "Good point. But you'd be so far ahead of the game if, at age 35, you knew what you wanted to do." "If you won't give me money, I'll work my way through college." "What a wonderful idea. It will give you moral fiber." "But if I have to work I'll be cheated out of what everyone says should be the happiest days of my life." "If you could just give me some hint of your goals I might reconsider your request." "Give me a break, Dad. Just because I found myself doesn't mean I have any idea of what I want to do."

## Mail Call

### The devil and Mr. Ed

EDITOR:

The furor continues in Hollywood over recent allegations linking the sitcom star Mr. Ed The Talking Horse to Satan-worship. Last month two Ohio evangelists went public with accusations that Mr. Ed was sending satanic messages backwards in the theme song of his television show, now in syndication. So far the illusive equine, who can sometimes be seen trotting in the neighborhood of his palatial Bel-Air stable, has not spoken out on these charges.

But a spokesperson and long-time friend of the herd recently had this to say: "It's true that in the series Ed played a somewhat devilish character, but there isn't an ounce of truth in these charges. At first Ed was upset, but you have to remember that he is an old warhorse. He rode out the dark days of the Hollywood blacklist, and I have no doubt that he will be able to hoof the latest problem."

Indeed, controversy has plagued Mr. Ed since it was announced last year that he had been admitted to the Betty Ford Center in Palm Springs to receive treatment for the abuse of grain alcohol and horse pain killers.

The current rumor is that Ed is considering appearing on Pat Robertson's "700 Club" television show to publicly refute the satanic message allegations. Robertson, a popular "televangelist" and presidential hopeful, is leading the fight to ban the current widespread sales of backward-playing record players to college and high school students.

Gene Scott '74

### Don't miss the chance

EDITOR:

June has arrived and Father's Day is fast approaching. Many dads will receive the obligatory tie or cologne. Some may be taken to dinner or to the lake, but will they receive what they truly deserve?

My dad wasn't incredibly handsome or highly athletic. He was just someone who could make anyone feel at ease around him. I can truthfully say that there wasn't single person who didn't like my dad after they met him. Perhaps no greater tribute can be said about anyone.

As I was growing up, I realized that this man was not just my father, he also was my best friend. A weekend didn't seem complete unless we had gone hunting or fishing or been to a football game. My mother always knew that given half a chance, we would leave the grass unmowed to see if we could catch our limit of bass that day.

When I went to college, my dad and I didn't have much time to spend together. However, he used to call me from work with the latest joke he had heard or just to talk for a while. Unfortunately, I always seemed to be busy when he called. My trips home were few, so we had less time to hunt and fish together.

Finally, about two years ago, I came home for Thanksgiving. We spent the day stuffing ourselves with turkey and watching football on TV. Then we took off for the weekend to hunt deer. We had the best time, considering that we had done so little together in the past year.

As I was leaving to return to College Station, I got the strangest feeling that I might never see my dad again. I wanted to hug him and tell him how much he meant to me, but instead I just dismissed my feeling as irrational and left for school.

The next Saturday, my mom called and told me that my dad had suffered a heart attack and died. My best friend had left me without a proper goodbye.

Now when I go hunting, fishing or watch a football game, the enjoyment is considerably lessened by the absence of my dad. I miss his calls and his teasing me about spending Saturday nights at home.

There have been times, especially this past year, when I have wished God had taken me with my best friend. But I know that my dad would rather have me finish my education and take care of my mom and sister. My deepest regret is that I didn't tell my dad that day how much I loved him.

So I urge everyone to use this Father's Day to tell their dads how much they mean to them. Don't just assume they know. I know they would enjoy such a gift many times more than anything that can be bought in a store. I know I would give anything to be able to say this Sunday: "Happy Father's Day, Dad! I love you!"

Steve Lovelace

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