

Opinion

The Battalion

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The Battalion is a non-profit, self-supporting newspaper operated as a community service to Texas A&M and Bryan-College Station.

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.

The Battalion also serves as a laboratory newspaper for students in reporting, editing and photography classes within the Department of Journalism.

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Crime at A&M?

Texas Aggies might not lie or cheat, but they have among them more thieves than any other Southwest Conference university. With 834 thefts reported for the 1985-86 school year, A&M has stolen the record.

Sgt. Roy Horner of the University Police Department says former students are responsible for much of the theft on campus. But that's not entirely true.

The blame for A&M's high theft rate can be placed squarely on the shoulders of current students, though the University Police Department says most of the thieves aren't current students.

The much-touted motto of Aggieland — "Aggies do not lie, cheat or steal" — contributes to the misconception that A&M is somehow immune to the criminal element.

While wholesomeness may be a wonderful ideal, it will never be reality. Instead, those students who set aside common sense in favor of uncommon decency will continue to get ripped off, and crime will continue to flourish in the land of the maroon backpacks.

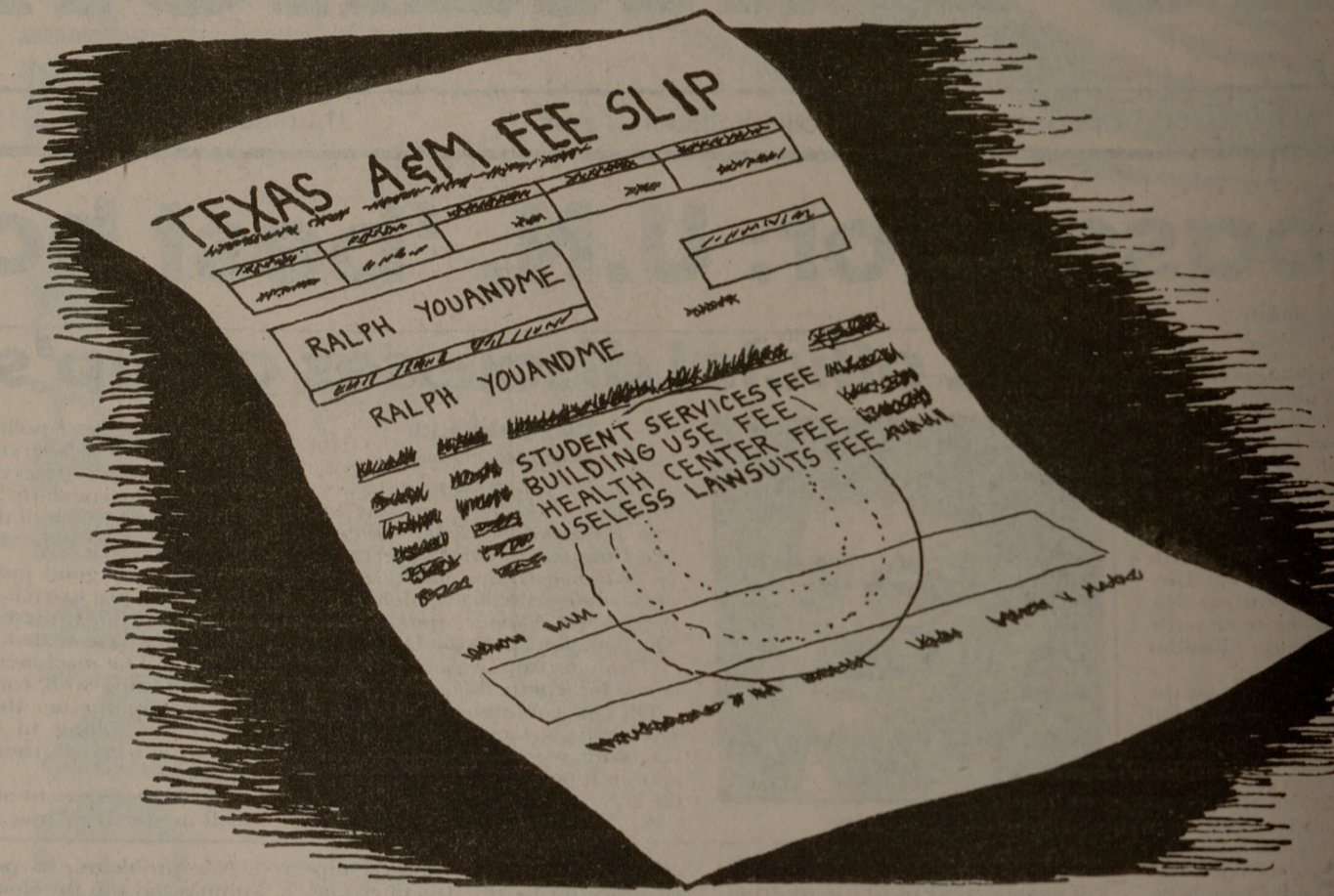
There is a better way.

When students leave their tables in the library, they might ask a friend to watch their belongings, or better yet, they might take their belongings along. It sounds sensible enough, but the University Police Department says many books and backpacks are stolen from unattended tables.

Simple things like locking dorm room doors and bicycles also might help the university police combat the high theft rate.

Most of all, however, we need to realize that not everybody subscribes to the Aggie code of honor.

That Aggieland is not crime free and never will be is not such a harsh reality. After all, most people wouldn't leave their things unattended at Disneyland, either.



First love is always special

In honor of St. Valentine's Day, I thought I would write a column about my one true love.

It might shock some people to know that she and I have been living together for the past five months. We are not mar-



Karl Pallmeyer

ried and I doubt that we ever will marry, but that doesn't change the fact that I love her very much. She depends on me for almost everything, and, if it weren't for her, I probably would be pretty lonely.

I took her home with me over the Christmas break, and my parents seemed to approve. They didn't think we should be sleeping together, though.

I love the way she wakes me up in the morning. Each day about 7:30 a.m. she starts jumping up and down on the bed until I get up and make breakfast. On days when I don't have class, we lie in bed and play around for most of the morning. In the mornings, she has to be with me constantly. Sometimes it's hard to shave and shower because she is either sitting on the sink or jumping in the tub with me. It seems she always wants to be close to me.

When I get in late at night, tired from a hard day's work, she is usually full of energy. She either wants to play or sit in my lap while I try to watch TV or study or whatever.

One of the best things about her is the way she always is willing to listen to my problems. She never utters a harsh word or makes a cruel statement.

She will accept nothing more than my full attention at night when we go to bed. If I try to read, she will snuggle up against me or even lay on my book until I give up and turn off the light. We always fool around for awhile before going to sleep.

Sometimes she likes to sit on my face. Sometimes she gets a little rough and starts to scratch, bite and kick. I don't mind because it's kind of fun. I just throw her on the floor. She always comes back for more.

She has green eyes and a cute little nose. Her hair is short and black with a few traces of white and orange that give her a kind of punkish look. She's very small and slender. She needs to shave her legs because it tickles when she rubs up against me.

When I'm feeling affectionate, I call her Kitty, but most of the time her name is just Cat. On those occasions when she has missed her litter box or

has smashed everything in my apartment, I call her *\$%. When she goes to the vet her name is given 4758A. I haven't given her a proper name because I think everyone should be allowed to choose what they want to be called. If more people followed this philosophy, there would be fewer Calences, Marvinns, Gertrudes, Howard Ethels, Normas, Alvins and Jenses in the world.

Cat came into my life back in September when one of my roommates brought her home one day. We had been wanting a pet for a while, and my roommate had a friend whose cat had just had kittens. We had a fourth roommate.

When I moved out of the house and into my own apartment, Cat came with me. It was kind of like a divorce—old roommates got the house and I got the cat.

When you have a cat, you have to assume a whole new set of responsibilities. Your life is filled with feeding, boxing and putting your apartment back together after the cat has been an extremely curious and playful mess.

When you have a cat you have a responsibility to the rest of the cat world. That's why I'm going to take me to the vet in a few weeks to have her spayed. I have never figured out why she refers to that operation as "having the fixed." The cat works fine before she gets ahold of it.

Texas singer, songwriter, novelist and amateur detective Kinky Friedman said that cats are a lot like women: they have no sense of humor and they're interested in anything unless it pleases them or intrigues them. Friedman says he prefers cats to women because he's never heard a cat use the word "relationship." I tend to agree with him.

Karl Pallmeyer is a journalism graduate and a columnist for The Battalion.

It's been the scoop of the year

B.T. Bottomly, III, the managing editor of The Daily Planet, began the afternoon news meeting by wondering aloud why Americans are tiring of the Iran arms deal story, as indicated by a recent survey.



Lewis Grizzard

"How can that be?" asked Bottomly, III. "This is the most fun I've had since Watergate."

"Perhaps we are guilty of overkill on this one, sir," offered Hendershot, the news editor.

"Nonsense," the M.E. replied. "We have a duty to inform our readers, even if it means cramming the news down their throats, the ungrateful wretches."

Bottomly, III, felt like he was making an important journalistic statement, much as his great grandfather, who founded the paper, did when he uttered the immortal words, "The only good editorial page is a dull editorial page."

"But sir," Hendershot continued, "we've got 66 stories on the Iran deal just for tomorrow morning's edition."

"We've got to be able to compete with the Times and the Post," said Bottomly,

III. "By the way," he said to Finn, the wire editor, "what are the Times and the Post saying for tomorrow?"

"The Times is carrying a piece quoting unnamed sources as saying that when Col. North was a child he had a lemonade stand and used his earnings to purchase a pump action BB gun and a dozen rolls of caps for his toy pistol, indicating a history of financial wheel-



ing and dealing and interest in the procurement of arms."

"And the Post?"

"The Post says it wasn't a lemonade stand at all," Finn continued. "It was a paper route and the BB gun was cock-attack, not pump."

"Sir," said Marchman, the feature editor, "Peanuts" has an Iran angle tomorrow, too."

"Peanuts?" asked Bottomly, III, an expression of disbelief crossing his face.

Marchman explained, "Snoopy makes believe he's a White House correspondent and he bites Sam Donaldson on the nose at a presidential news conference when Sam's follow-up question takes 15 minutes to ask."

"If there's anything I can't stand," says Snoopy, "it's a long-winded muck-raker."

"And the syndicated columnists?" Bottomly, III, asked Peterson, the editorial page editor.

"Jack Anderson reports George Bush giving Pat Buchanan the hot foot during a recent Iran strategy session."

"That's still not overkill," said Bottomly, III. "At least the sports department isn't writing about Iran."

"Guess again," said Hendershot, "Sports is carrying a story saying that some of the funds shifted to the Contras may have been used by rebels to bet on the Super Bowl."

"Was the president directly involved?" asked Bottomly, III.

"Sort of," said Hendershot. "He told them to take Denver and the points."

Bottomly, III, grinned a wry grin and whispered to himself, "Eat your heart out Ben Bradlee."

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Mail Call

Role of the Corps

EDITOR:

"Is the Corps of Cadets at Texas A&M an archaic animal whose time has passed? To respond positively is to imply that integrity, leadership, patriotism and discipline no longer are cherished by our society." This quote from Garland W. Wilkinson's *Farmers Write!* column is an insult to the student body.

To say that you have to be in the Corps to gain these qualities of integrity, leadership, patriotism, and discipline is outrageous. With 2,000 cadets out of 36,000 students, it's obvious the Corps is on death row, especially with half the Corps on scholastic probation.

Garland said that America needs leaders. Oh, God, don't get rid of the Corps — we won't know what to do. Wilkinson also said that what is taught and learned through a four-year Corps experience is more valuable than what is taught in the classroom. This is easy to say when the Corps cannot brag about scholastics. The Corps was far below the University grade point ratio last semester with half its cadets on Scholastic probation. Redass.

I was in the Corps last semester and when I was told by my upperclassmen that with a 2.5 I had the third highest GPR out of the 30 freshmen in my outfit, I knew I was in the wrong organization for grades.

Oh yes, Wilkinson, spare us the speech that America enjoys a luxury known as freedom, and that cadets will be called upon to serve. Do you not think that most every person on this campus would not serve if called upon? I enjoy freedom just as much as you do and I would serve in a moment's notice to protect what is here. To say that shining brass, polishing shoes, and learning campusologies will make the difference is outrageous.

We were all touched by the story of a kid from a West Texas town who was transformed into a man because of the Corps. By golly, if you need the help, then I guess the Corps does serve a purpose.

Cary D. Moore '90

Pity the ignorant

EDITOR:

I would usually never think of writing to *The Battalion*, but something happened last night that I can not ignore.

My friend, Laura Ann, and I were walking home from Charlie's at about 11:30 p.m. She was holding on to my elbow, using me as a guide. Laura Ann is blind.

As we were walking by Schuhmacher Hall, a guy was walking

toward us and said "Howdy." We echoed his "Howdy" and before we had passed him he retorted, "You two make a cute couple."

I was shocked. I could not believe he had the nerve and the mentality to say something so stupid and rude. Laura Ann was barely touching the back of my elbow.

She had told me that when she walks with girls they often get strange looks, but that it's awkward to try to walk, talk, and concentrate on where she is or what her cane is picking up all at the same time.

I am not liberal-minded and I don't like homosexuality any more, and maybe less, than most people at A&M. But we need to think about what we do and say to people and about what kind of conclusions we jump to.

I think that Laura Ann is lucky because by being blind, she's not blinded by her sight.

Sarah Granberry '88

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 classification, address and telephone number of the writer.