

Opinion

The Battalion

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The 'results' are in, the answers are out

The results of Texas A&M's in-house investigation into alleged NCAA violations by the Athletic Department are out, and they proclaim that, like the rotund guard on "Hogan's Heroes," the University knows nuh-zink. As expected, key parts of the more than 800-page report were edited and the "results" such as they are, raise more questions than they answer.

Nowhere is mentioned charges that quarterback Kevin Murray received \$3,550 in 1983-84 from Dallas school booster Rod Dockery for cleaning printing presses. Yet this allegation was an impetus for launching the investigation in the first place. If it was investigated, it should have been released. If it wasn't investigated, it certainly should have been.

For the \$35 price tag, the report offers: copies of each page of the A&M student athlete handbook, A&M staff manual, University regulations manual and Cain Hall dorm policies — six pages of which deal with Cain Hall fire escape procedures — and hundreds of pages of "results," some of which are almost devoid of type.

The highlights of the report, faithfully reproduced here in the style of the document, follow.



Fond memories of sisterhood



Jo Streit

I haven't seen my sister since she got married last summer and moved to California. It seems strange after living with someone for 17 years and then attending the same university together that one brief ceremony can take them from you. Of course my sister Marie and I have kept in touch, but it's sure not the same thing. It's hard to get in trouble together over the phone.

All kids get into trouble, but one of the advantages of having a brother or sister is you do it together. Of course there are advantages to being an only child — such as not having to share anything — but that also means not having anyone to share the blame with. Let's face it, if something breaks in the house, the kid is gonna get blamed. One of my dad's favorite lines for explaining every disaster is, "the kids did it." Naturally only children end up taking the blame for everything. A five-year-old kid has no chance of convincing his mom that it really was dad who tracked in the mud.

I remember when my family first moved to Texas. I was in sixth grade and we moved from California to Dallas

during one of the worst winters here. I hated it. In California we lived right by the beach, but moving to Dallas was a lesson in living without any type of vegetation. No trees, no shrubs and no grass. We had moved to a new neighborhood and there were only two other houses besides ours on the entire block. I was surrounded by dirt.

I think Marie hated it too. And I'm sure my parents hated Marie and me because we fought from the time we got up until the time we went to bed. One of our favorite places to fight was in the bathroom. My dad would beat his fist against the wall adjoining my parents' room and the bathroom almost every morning in an effort to make us quit fighting. Eventually Marie and I made new friends and got involved in school activities. This greatly reduced our morning bouts.

Of course we still argued about some things, washing dishes after dinner was one of them. Both of us wanted to load the dishwasher and dry anything that had to be washed by hand. It was agreeably better than rinsing off the food that was stuck on the plates and a hundred times better than scrubbing crusty pots.

Usually my mom did the dishes, but one night after dinner she and Dad went for a walk. Marie and I had the thrill of cleaning up. We argued for a few minutes about who washed the last time and I lost. Being the brat I was, I got even. Right after I had polished the last pot I wrung out the dirty dishrag over Marie's head. Of course I had to spend the rest of the night in the bathroom with the door locked for fear of death, but Marie never told on me.

Actually Marie was a pretty good kid. I was a different story. I guess being the youngest child, I had to play the part. I don't think my mom ever had to have a

parent-teacher conference with one Marie's teachers. She was smart, involved and well-behaved. In the other hand, was reasonably smart, involved and loud. I spent a lot of time being grounded.

Marie and I were only a year apart, age so it wasn't unusual for me to be one or two of the same teachers she had had the year before. Unfortunately, I never worked to my advantage because Marie was the perfect student, and teachers expected the same from me. I seemed like every year I would be "Oh, you must be Marie Streit's little sister." I had to resist the urge to let them tell them I was actually her older sister but I had spent the last three years in juvenile detention center.

During the first day of junior English class, my teacher read my name on the roll and gave the typical cry that she had Marie last year. However, she mispronounced my last name. When I corrected her she gasped, explaining the mispronunciation Marie's name the whole year. I hate when people get my name wrong, but Marie is so good-natured and quiet that she would never repeatedly bring something like mispronouncing her name to the offender's attention.

Naturally, everybody liked Marie. Who wouldn't? She is really one of the best people I've ever met. Occasionally it's hard to believe we're related. I'm proud to have her for my sister. Growing up I was often jealous and annoyed by her reputation as such a nice person. I sometimes thought I would scream if anyone else told me how nice I was to have her for a sister. I finally grew up and realized they were right.

Jo Streit is a senior journalism major and a columnist for The Battalion.

Espionage just isn't the game it was in the days of Mata Hari

The spy John Walker Jr. sold the Soviets blueprints of American coding equipment. The damage to U.S. security was profound. "If there had been a war, we would have won it," remarked Vitaly Yurchenko, the KGB official who defected to the United States and then defected back to the Soviet Union. Yurchenko was characteristically confused. If there had been a war, no one would have won.



Richard Cohen

Two former Marine guards at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow are now under arrest. They are charged with allowing Soviet agents virtual free run of the embassy, including the most secure rooms on the building's seventh floor. One of the Marines, Sgt. Clayton J. Lonetree, reportedly admitted that he felt for a Soviet employee who worked at the embassy and then cooperated with her "uncle," a man named Sasha. In such a way did the Philistines give Sampson a haircut.

For the United States, the arrest of two alleged spies is an almost commonplace event. In the last year or two, a gaggle of them has been shipped off to the clink. Walker, his son, his brother, and an associate, Jerry Whitworth, were among the first. A former employee of the top-secret National Security Agency, Ronald Pelton, sold information to the Russians. Jonathan J. Pollard spied for Israel and Larry Wu-Tai Chin spied for communist China.

All these operations have a few things in common. Either at the time of the arrest or just before sentencing, a high U.S. official — often a U.S. attorney — estimated the damage as incalculable. Sometimes this was echoed by a high administration official. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger offered such an assessment in the Pollard case.

Second, none of the alleged or convicted spies turned traitor for ideological reasons. These were not the contemporary equivalents of the communist spies of the 1950s. Pollard comes closest, but even he apparently just wanted to help Israel, not harm the United States. For him, the Soviet-U.S. struggle was totally extraneous. No matter. Based on the Chicken Little statements of the prosecutor and Weinberger, a judge sentenced Pollard to life — the same sentence given to spies who sold information to Russia, our so-called mortal enemy.

Third — and maybe most interesting — all these operations seem to embody a nonconformist wisdom, as dissent from conventional thinking. It's hard to know precisely what's in the mind of a spy, but the actions and statements of some of them add up to a rebuttal of the remark made by Yurchenko — "If there had been a war, we would have won it." What the spies seem to be saying is, "Nonsense, the stakes were never that high."

Experts concede they have a point. That hardly means the information spies peddle is not important, maybe critically important. But none of it essentially can change the Soviet-U.S. equilibrium. Neither side can win the

next war. One side may be able to survive it better than the other, but winning — as the word always has been used — is no longer possible. What we are talking about, instead, are degrees of losing — a war after which, as someone has remarked, the living would envy the dead.

That reality makes spying less damaging than it used to be. There is no single piece of information-mobilization plans, railroad capacities — that can substantially affect the outcome of the next war. The era of Mata Hari and Benedict Arnold is over. Only in newspaper headlines and the sentencing of judges does spying retain its old importance. The spies, it seems, know better. What they do is too damaging to be called a game, but it has elements of one. We spy, they spy, but nothing fundamentally changes.

None of this excuses spying. It just puts it into a contemporary perspective — one that prosecutors, judges and administration officials seem to lack. For different reasons, they all have a stake in continuing to insist that the latest spy caught represents the most severe, damaging breach of security since — well, since the last breach of security. They continue the ultimate fiction that the next war can be won, or lost, and that human beings can make the difference.

For budgetary or career reasons, government officials are the last romantics of espionage, providing spies with an importance they either don't have or, with a new technological development, they soon will not have. Handcuffed and hang-faced, the spies go off to jail, retaining their ultimate secret: Their notoriety is deserved only partially, not so their jail sentences.

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Mail Call

What's the point?

EDITOR:

It would amaze me to hear that Mike Sullivan can, with a straight face, call himself a responsible journalist. Yes, it would be incredible if Sullivan actually thought himself a credible journalist, rather than the elitist liberal bandwagoner he really is and truly wants to be.

In his most recent piece of editorial garbage, "Boxing in the name of God," on Wednesday, Sullivan lashes out at TV evangelists, making total fools of them (and his reason for doing so is not included in his editorial. Why? If the day ever comes when this guy is a measure of higher intellect, will be the day I pack my bags.

He apparently feels it ridiculous to take the Bible literally, and that all of Bakker's assistants are "brain-dead." I'll tell you what brain-dead is, it's when some clown up at The Battalion newsroom uses the Opinion Page of a campus-wide newspaper to spout what he considers humor (that's "liberal" humor) and cares nothing about bringing a valid point (be it liberal or conservative) into the open where it can be discussed.

Furthermore, there is no point in his column. What could it be? All Christians are fools? Everyone that trusts any TV evangelist is a fool? There is nothing in this column that might resemble a point.

Not only was I offended by this column, I was astonished, as a journalist myself, that this type of junk actually goes to press.

Pete Sukonek

End the tyranny

EDITOR:

In South Africa, a system of racial segregation exists that allows a white minority to suppress and brutalize a black majority. This system, known as apartheid, is one of the last outposts of the legacy of Western imperialism.

The system of apartheid is by no doubt wrong. It infringes on basic human rights and is unjust and unequal. It violates many of the ideals that America was built upon. If you would like to help end the tyranny of apartheid, please come to the South African Divestment March on Friday, April 10, will begin at 4:30 p.m. on the Texas A&M golf course across from the College Station city hall.

Jeff Dyess '89

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 include the classification, address and telephone number of the writer.