

Opinion

The Battalion

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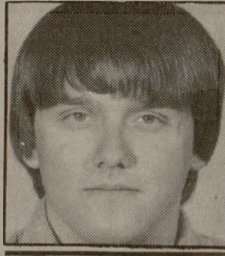
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Will the real Paul Simon please stand up?



Karl Pallmeyer

It won't be long until the 1988 Presidential elections are upon us. That's too bad.

Unless George Bush gets caught on a yacht with the Ayatollah Khomeini's ex-girlfriend or something else of a similarly disgusting manner, he will probably land the Republican nomination. But who is going to run against him?

Gary Hart blew himself out of the race for one simple mistake — he got caught with Rice on his boat. He should have taken a lesson from almost every other past president and waited until after he was in office before he started his monkey business. Most presidents get oversexed while in office and can't resist screwing the entire country.

Thankfully Ted Kennedy won't run. I guess the presidency is yet another bridge that Teddy can't cross.

Pat Robertson has claimed that God wants him to run for president. I doubt that God is registered to vote and I'm pretty sure He could find a better candidate.

Alexander Haig also has thrown his hat into the ring. If he wins who would take over if he was shot? Ronald Reagan?

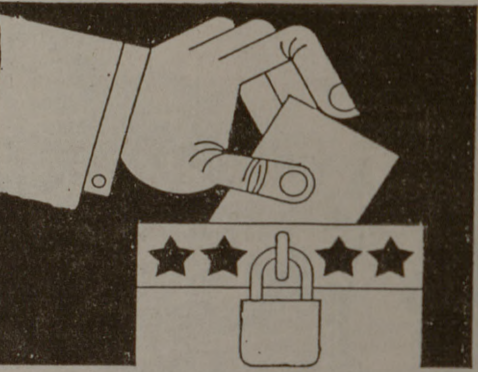
There are a few others who have designs on the White House but none of them have the necessary acting experience needed to be president.

That leaves us with Paul Simon.

I'm not talking about the little twitty senator from Illinois who wears bow ties and looks like the guy Mr. Rogers once brought on the show to explain the fundamentals of accounting to all the little neighbors. I'm talking about the Paul Simon who plays guitar and sings.

Simon would be a good president. First of all, he has acting experience. He had a bit part in Woody Allen's "Annie Hall" and he starred in and wrote the screenplay for "One Trick Pony." Although "One Trick Pony" wasn't the best film ever made, it sure beat such Reagan classics as "Code of the Secret Service," "Cattle Queen of Montana," "Hellcats of the Navy" or "Bonzo Wins One for the Gipper."

If Simon were elected president he would be the first Grammy winner ever



to hold that office. Although Lyndon B. Johnson's "L.B.J. Sings Cattle Songs and Vietnam War Ditties" sold several thousand copies here in Texas, no president has ever had a successful recording career. Richard Nixon would have been a major contender in the "Best Recording of Profanity by a Public Official" category back in 1974, but the best bits of his tapes were erased.

I think that Simon could deal with the problem of apartheid in South Africa. Unlike previous presidents, Simon seems to have a great understanding of the human condition. His songs "The Sounds of Silence," "Mother and Child Reunion," "Slip Slidin' Away" and "I Am a Rock" show a deep insight to human nature. His songs "America" and "American Tune" show a true love for his country.

President Simon would be

sympathetic to the cause of the ("Mrs. Robinson"), the unemployed ("The Boxer"), juvenile delinquents ("Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard") and photographers harassed by Sean Penn ("Kodachrome"). He opposes ("Scarborough Fair/Canticle") civil rights ("He Was My Brother") despises religious hypocrisy ("Sparrow," "7 O'Clock News/Night").

Although Reagan claims to understand the situation complex has never even been to South Africa, Simon, on the other hand, has been to South Africa and has worked with several black South African musicians while recording his "Graceland" album. Perhaps, the music, apartheid could be abolished.

If Simon were to run for president his running mate would have to be Garfunkel. Naturally, Garfunkel would be a great vice president since he would have to do is just stand there and look good and occasionally harmonize with what the president is saying. Garfunkel's movie career is even more extensive than Simon's in that he has had starring roles in several films including "Carnal Knowledge" and "Catch-22."

The cabinet of the Simon administration would be incredible. Dylan could be secretary of state. Springsteen could be secretary of defense. Jerry Garcia could be secretary of agriculture. Barry Manilow could be secretary of the interior. Dee Dee could be secretary of education. Biala could be secretary of defense. David Crosby could head up the president's special committee on abuse.

Simon and Garfunkel in '88. About time we elect someone who can say something to say and can say it in music.

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

Punish the vandals

Finally, the University took action against the vandals in Davis-Gary Hall. After nearly a year of flooding halls, burning mattresses and scribbling on the walls, the students were reassigned to other dormitories.

It's about time.

Granted, some students who were not guilty of vandalism will be forced to move because of the irresponsibility of others. But the innocent students are probably relieved to be rid of the pranksters — and the bad reputation that comes with them.

Best of all, the students and taxpayers won't have to shoulder the financial burden of replacing broken windows, smoke detectors and locks for those who were not mature enough to come forward and pay for the damage.

But if the old saying, "One bad apple spoils the barrel," is true, the University could be in for more of the same. Nothing keeps the vandals from destroying property in their new dorms, too. Perhaps more radical action should be taken next time, something that these young men's childish minds can understand. Like suspension.

Or a spanking.

Vietnam memorial stirs memories for visitors

As the visitors approach the memorial, their conversations fade. Even children, who have no idea what the memorial represents, sense there is something special about this place and grow quiet.

Known simply to locals as "The Wall," it is known officially as the Vietnam Veterans Memorial.

The Wall was built in 1982, but I first visited it three years ago as a college freshman. I knew a little about Vietnam, but what I had learned were the typical history book facts every student learns in a standard American history course. I was in no way prepared for the outpouring of emotion felt by the visitors who were old enough to remember that era, especially the veterans visiting The Wall that day.

Recently, I went back. This time I approached the memorial with some trepidation. I now knew much more; not just the history behind the conflict, but also the emotion. For two months last fall I worked on a special Veterans Day section which was published in *The Battalion*.

The two months, in a way, were like a crash course in the conflict and almost every emotion it generated:

- Veterans told us about the insults and suspicion they came home to instead of the cheers and congratulations which greeted veterans of other wars;
- Former A&M prisoners of war

Kirsten Dietz

Guest Columnist

shared the horrors of the infamous Hanoi Hilton, their home in captivity;

• One A&M student, who served in the South Vietnamese army during the war, told us, "The dead bodies were green and smelled putrid. There were so many of them that they were just shoved along the sidewalks waiting for relatives to come pick them up;"

• And families of 12 Aggies still missing in action freely shared a very sensitive part of their lives — the nightmare of years of waiting for a letter or phone call. Through their memories and the information they provided, we got to know these men.

It was with these experiences in mind that I visited The Wall this second time. But, because I understood, it really was my first visit.

The memorial makes a statement not only about Vietnam, but about the futility of any war. The Wall is not just a memorial, but it is 58,007 memorials, a memorial for each man or woman whose name is carved in black granite. The listing of all these names, spread over 140 adjoining panels, underlines the loss of individuals rather than the loss of a nameless group of people. Friends and relatives aren't just visiting a memorial, they're visiting a loved one. Physically touching the name brings that loved one closer.

The polished black granite used to construct the memorial makes a statement of its own. Reflected from the names of the dead are symbols of the living — people, grass, trees. Experts don't know why, but hairline cracks began appearing in the granite last year.

Never underestimate the power of a woman, especially a wrestler

The big news in professional wrestling is that a group of women have joined the tour and will be grunting and groaning at an arena near you very soon.

I like some of the women wrestlers' names. There's Queen King, for instance. And Bam Bam, who must be somebody from a tag team with another lady grappler (an old term left over from my sports-writing days) called Thank You, Ma'am.

Wrestling fans, those who can talk, may be saying, "I'm not going to pay good money to watch a bunch of women rasslers."

That is the wrong attitude for the obvious reason that this is 1987 and women have every right to be out there bilking the idiots who believe this stuff is real and making a few quick bucks right alongside their male counterparts.

That is also the wrong attitude because there are some women who can deliver some rather sound whippings not only to other women, but to men, too.

I learned never to underestimate the fighting ability of my opposite sex back in the third grade when I had my first confrontation with the school bully, who, believe it or not, was a girl.

Cordie Mae Poovey, who was as big as a train wreck and twice as ugly, saw me on the playground one day sucking on a grape Popsicle.

"Gimme half of that Popsicle," Cordie Mae demanded.

I refused and she put a headlock on me and rammed my head into the tetherball pole until I gave her my entire Popsicle.



Lewis Grizzard

Where was Bernhard Goetz when he needed him?

Cordie Mae even beat up my boyhood friend and idol, Weyman Wannamaker Jr., a great American.

Weyman was walking down the hallway of the school one day and accidentally ran into Cordie Mae.

The collision knocked him, and Cordie Mae's books to the floor.

Weyman, not wanting a confrontation with Cordie Mae, and hurried away from the scene.

Cordie Mae said, "Weyman, I thought when a lady dropped her books, a gentleman helped her pick them up."

"Yeah," replied Weyman, "and thought the Titanic sunk."

Weyman was able to return to school three days later when the swelling down in his eye.

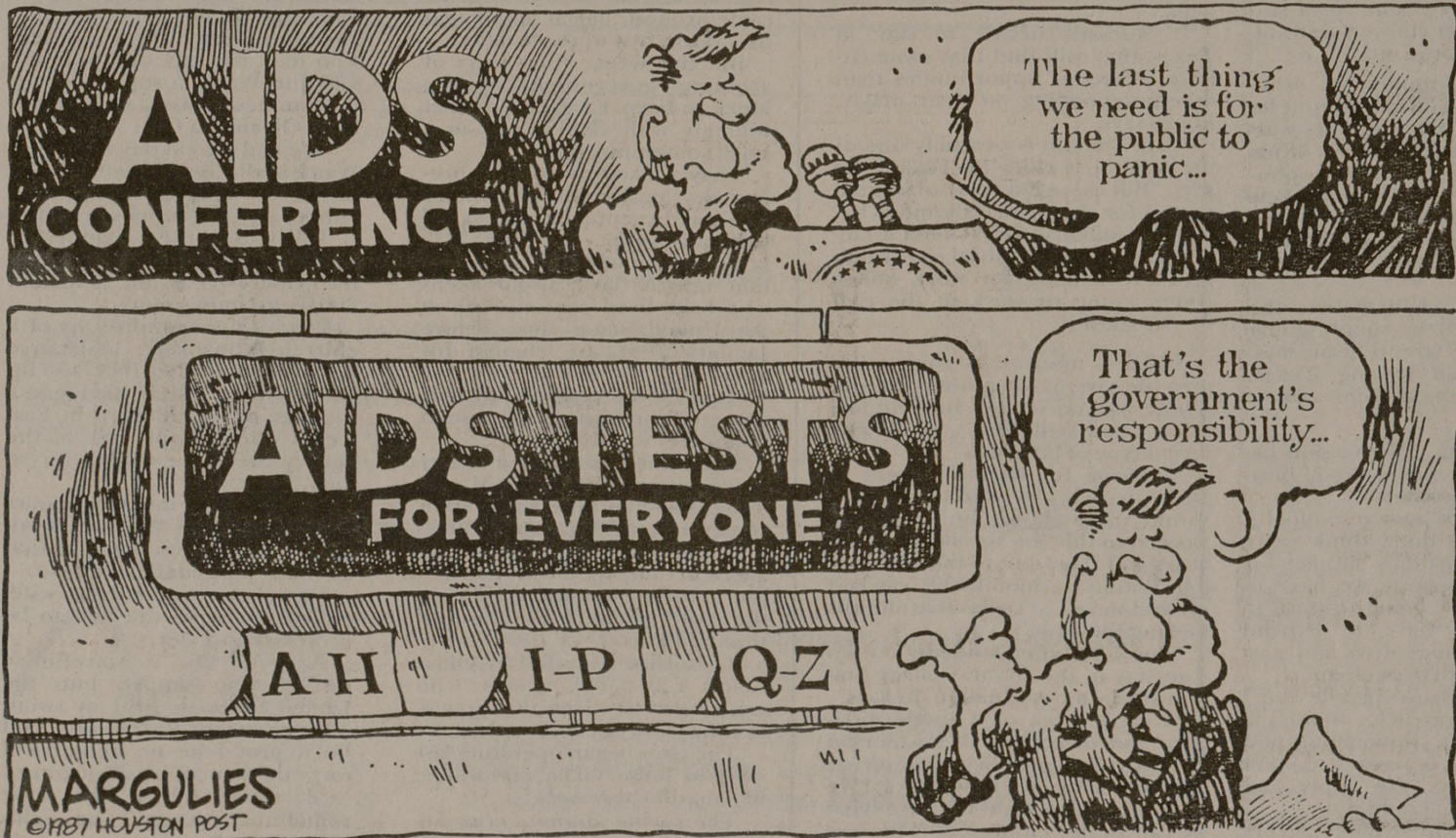
One year at the county fair there was a contest. Anybody who could stand the ring with a gorilla for five minutes could win \$50.

The gorilla, so the story went, was from show business soon after his fight with Cordie Mae, who put out one eye, broke three of his fingers, set his little toe flat, before the gorilla manager gave Cordie Mae \$100 and begged her to take the money and him and his partner alone.

I lost touch with Cordie Mae after high school. Somebody said she had a Hog Philpott, who was as big as she and they restored a grain elevator and moved into it.

It's too bad Cordie Mae isn't still in her prime so she could turn professional and join the women's wrestling circuit.

The fans would go ape over her which is only fitting. They already like one.
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