## **Opinion**

# An Aggie's thoughts turn to registration St

Ah, registration.

It's that time of the semester again, when the schedule books appear outside Heaton Hall and an Aggie's thoughts turn to conflicting section times, nasty pre-requisites and unknown professors.



Sue Krenek

I've done this registration thing seven times now — more if you count summer sessions. I've stood in three-hour lines in 90-degree weather at the Pavilion (summer before my freshman year). I've stood in three-hour lines in 40-degree weather at the Pavilion (fall of my freshman year). I've endured three-hour treks from the Pavilion to the journalism department to get signatures had to fill out, an adviser had to sign needed for honors classes (sophomore and that were inevitably outdated by the

year). I've put up with three-hour waits to get through to the new phone registration system (junior year), even if I didn't wait in the three-hour lines to call from the library and the MSC (it was easier to crack the system from those phones than from the ones in the

I really should be a pro at this by now.

But somehow registration always brings out the worst in people, and I'm no exception. Along with the harried advisers of my days as an underclassman (when they actually made you talk to a real live human being about your schedule), I flinch at the sight of trial schedule forms, course request forms, raise limits forms, blocked-student-trying-to-get-unblocked forms, ad infinitum, ad nauseum.

The worst were always the add/drop forms. You remember, the kind you

time you got to the Pavilion with them. over) the number of hours you already actual problem of registering is By that time the section you wanted had closed anyway, since your only clue as to whether a section was open came from computer enrollment printouts that were always archaic and had approximately 9,234 x 1023 rabid students fighting for the chance to see if all the aerobics sections were full yet.

And speaking of P.E., I remember the days when you had to register for P.E. 199 and hope for the best. Go to G. Rollie on the first day of class and wander about with the rest of the confused masses, seeking that elusive aerobics or venture dynamics class and knowing that by the time you got to the front of the line you were going to be stuck with badminton or folk dancing. It was horri-

And if I thought it was bad as a freshman, imagine my dismay at discovering the special hell they save for you as a senior: Degree plans. Degree checks.

have. Counting (over and over and over and over) the number of hours you still need. Panicking when your calculations show you need 23 hours — including 12 hours of laboratory science, preferably in graduate-level astrophysics — to graduate in May. Then realizing that you inadvertently deleted an entire semester. Then going a bit delirious and thinking how nice it would be if you really could delete all those academic faux pas from your record.

The nightmare that is registration never goes away. It only changes its form so as to trick you into thinking it might not be so bad. But the guy who wants to talk about differential equations when you're stuck in the threehour Pavilion line from hell is really the alter ego of the sadistic "buzz buzz buzz tration system. buzz buzz buzz buzz buzz buzz buzz " you get with phone registration.

And even though the way you regis-Counting (over and over and ter has changed since I've been here, the

the same: what to take.

As a liberal arts major with a ber free electives, I've discovered thejo sifting through class options ran from the obscure to the just plain we Do I take Philosophy of Under Photographic Calculus or Economic Applied Horticultural Psychology erature of a Small Region in North ern Zimbabwe from May 1890 to 25, 1966? Or Survey of Off-Track ting in the Himalayas? Creative Fin ing Through Increased But Hid Fees? Or Special Topics in Human's uality for Political Deviants (taugh visiting professor Gary Hart)?

The possibilities are limitless. To again, so is the amount of time I a spend trying to get into the phonen

I'd better start dialing.

Sue Krenek is a senior journalism: jor and opinion page editor for

### Mail Call

#### Lack of understanding

James Sexton's letter criticizing the negative viewpoints on Brian Frederick's articles illustrates a total lack of understanding of the issues. Frederick was not being called a fascist because of his "standard of ethics," but because he has been promoting an elitist domination of our Democratic system by people he deems better than the rest. This, of course, includes himself. But in our pluralistic society no person or group holds a monopoly on moral value judgments.

I consider myself patriotic. But patriotism does not mean that I must tolerate the undermining of my civil rights and those of the rest of the world in order to allow a pompous few to perpetuate their exploitation of the less

The person that has no guts is the one who feels that he must unreasonably threaten the lives of the rest of the world in order to keep his own. Instead of really understanding what is happening in this world, Sexton — like many — chooses to remain ignorant and resort to flag-waving, biblical distortion and violence. If that is morality, I wish to have no part of it.

Terry Baumgartner '88

#### Women being treated badly

I agree with Jane Landry about centerpole and the incident at bonfire. Some Aggies, and many men, forget that their existence would not have been possible without those women out there. And it is also time that Aggies, as well as many men, stop using phrases like "those women out there." Women and men must understand that they are not on the opposite side of the perimeter called life.

In order to fully live it must be understood and felt, by these men out there, that they cannot expect true happiness without a deeper and fuller understanding of women. From my experience, as a man, it seems women hardly have been treated like true human beings.

It is not only women but men also who suffer from the existing attitudes such as the ones about the perimeter and the centerpole. If not for the good of all women but their own, it is time that each man took a deep breath and thought about how a woman truly feels, thinks, and is. But they too, must realize the fault is not all theirs. The society, whatever the word means, has programmed us in these insanely insane ways. Beyond the immediate ugliness, which the perimeter incident is just symbolic of, lies great beauty in us all. And men as well women are to greatly benefit from this opportunity to write these words. And apologies to all if and when I have been one of "those men out there.'

Dharam V. Ahluwalia grad student

#### We don't need women at bonfire

After reading Miss Landry's letter, I got the feeling that she was implying that the men who work on bonfire are just male chauvinists. According to my handy dictionary, she is correct. It states that chauvinism is the prejudiced belief in the superiority of one's own group. However, my handy dictionary also defines chauvinism as a fanatical patriotism. Hence, the men who work on bonfire are bonfire chauvinists - ones who love and defend the spirit and tradition of bonfire

But hey, can you blame us? Women cannot produce the amount of labor that is needed to build bonfire. I have seen the women that Miss Landry wrote about, the ones "helping" cut down trees at cutting site. Women come out for half a day and spend the whole time cutting down their "dorm log" that the men have to go in and carry out. Granted, there are women out there almost every weekend - riding around in the back of a truck. Gee, thanks for

Since this is the type of help we get from women and since they want to help us even more, we had better make bonfire a year-round project. That might give women enough time to produce the amount of wood required to build bonfire. So you face the facts, Miss Landry — women are not wanted in perimeter. You are of no use to us in there.

Paul Schwarz '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

The Battalion

(USPS 045 360)

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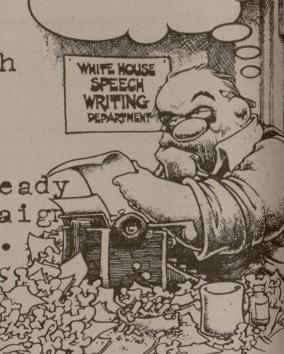
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Americans want justices who won wake the law, but simply propit by it

It's time we replaced judicial activism with judicasi confirets of interest.

Our opponents are already waging a vicious campaign of out-and-out truths.



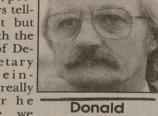
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WAS TOUGH ----

## Weinberger: The end of an ero

end of an era last week. I know, people are always telling you that but this time, with the resignation of Defense Secretary Caspar Wein berger, we really did. After he leaves office, we will not look upon

hope not.



Kaul his like again any time soon. At least let's

Weinberger was the chief architect of the most expensive, least productive "defensive buildup" in our history. He never met a weapons system he didn't like; the B-1 bomber, the MX missile, the Trident submarine, the super-carrier, the Strategic Defense Initiative, he was for them all. Money was no object to "Cap the Knife," a nickname he picked up while Richard Nixon's budget director and one his later career rendered ri-

He spent money on weapons until he had broken the bank, then he spent on credit. In the name of constructing a credible defense he and his boss brought this country to the brink of an economic ruin that, ironically, has materially weakened our ability to defend ourselves. They acted without 600-ship navy.

thought to the link between military and He came into office crying " economic strength. All of which would have been bad enough had he delivered on his promise to make us stronger in a narrow military sense, but he didn't. There is a problem with his wondrous weapons; they don't work very well. He would never admit it, of course, but the fact is that while defense spending during his stewardship jumped from \$181 billion to \$274 billion, our military establishment remains mired in incompetence and interservice rivalries. Look at the record:

Our invasion of Grenada in 1983 was a botch, successful only because it could not fail, given the weakness of our opponents. Our bombing of Lebanon in that same year was a disaster, leading to the murder of our Marines there. The raid on Libya, a country that was soon to lose a war to Chad, was a lumbering success, but one that seemed to strain our logistical resources to the breaking point. When one of our warships in the Gulf was bombed and badly damaged by a stray Iraqi plane, we failed to courtmartial the captain of the ship because of what the process would reveal about the ineptitude of our naval high command. And when we sent our Navy into the Persian Gulf, our warships wound up cowering behind the oil tankers we were there to protect because we didn't have any modern mine-sweepers in our

fraud and abuse" and sought to cure! situation by throwing huge sums money at the wastrels, frauds and a ers. It didn't work. In a well-run adn istration Weinberger would have b fired by now; instead, he leaves a her

Weinberger's great trick was his a ity to scare a spineless Congress into ing the Pentagon money by yell "The Russians are coming! The R sians are coming!" That well has be running dry recently, but he drewal of water out of it in his time.

It was Weinberger's apparent the that the Russians could be deter from aggression by the sheer weigh the money we spent on arms. Fo how well we spent it or on what, the fact that we were willing to com enormous sums to weapons was a to of our resolve. That we kept coming short in the real world conflicts that posed themselves on us didn't seem matter much.

Predictable, then, he always opportunity arms control agreements with Soviet Union. His military philosof was as direct and simple as the econo philosophy of the great turn-of-the-0 tury labor leader, Samuel Gompe

In any case, Congress is a harder these days. The times, they are a-chi gin'. Thank God.

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