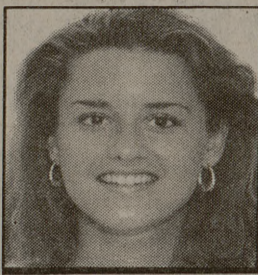


Opinion

It isn't that easy being the cat woman

I am a cat person. Cat people, as we are often referred to, are often stereotyped as being neurotic, strange, obsessive, introverted hermits that live and breathe for our cats. Now, sensible persons know this not only to be false but not even close to the truth. Why is it that self-confessed cat lovers are treated with such malice? Cat people are often taunted by those who do not share our interest and amour of these lovely beasts with an array of methods.



Barbara Jones

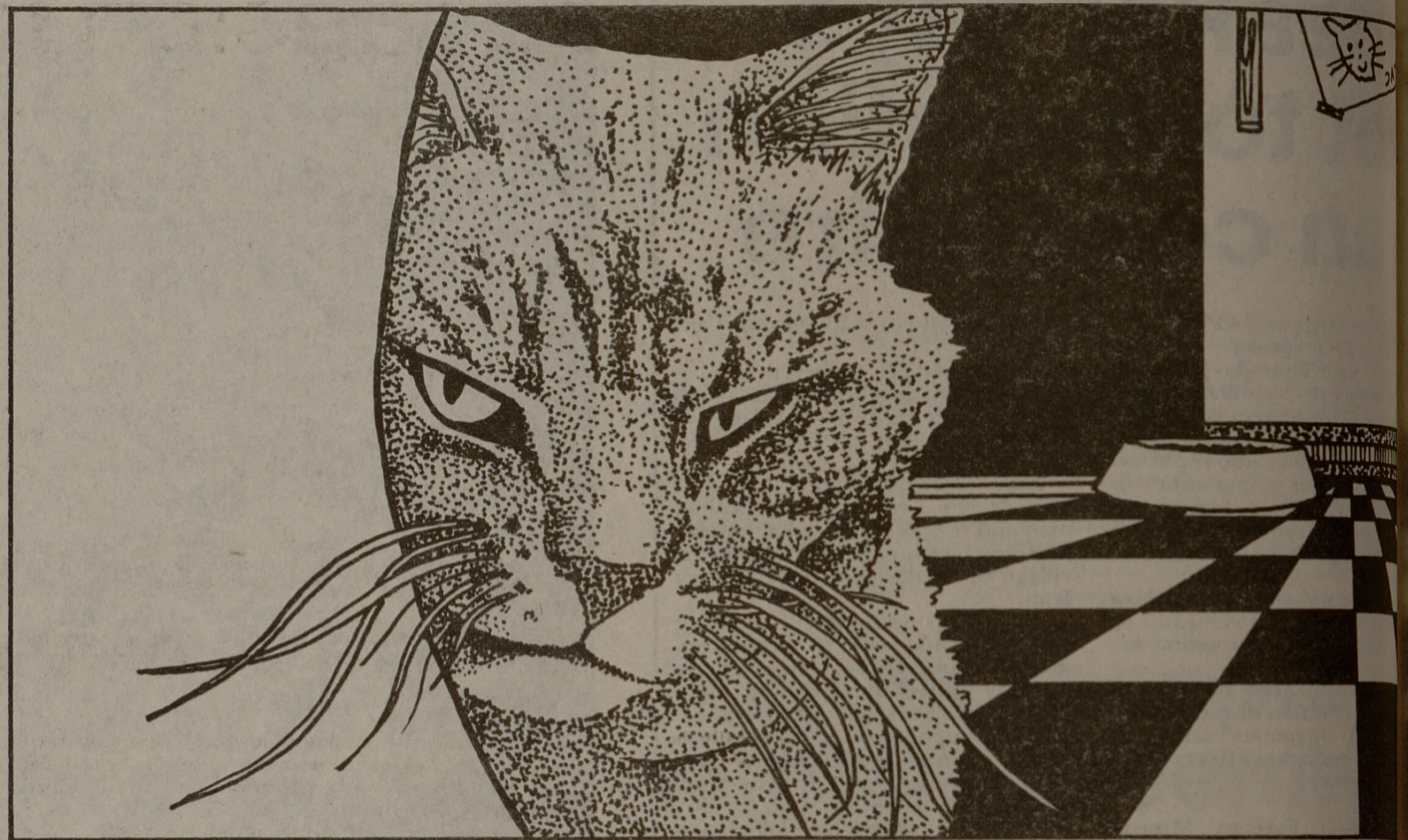
There has not been a Christmas or birthday that I have not been blessed with receiving books, manuals or calendars of the latest in cat-torturing techniques. Friends take pleasure in sending me cards with sayings like "10 things to do with a dead cat." My question is: Why don't you ever see "dead dog" comic paraphernalia? If a dog is man's best friend, what does that make cats? Man's favorite things to torture and mame? I hate to generalize, but I have found that men in particular delight in telling me their multitudes of cat horror stories. With a boyish gleam in their eyes I have heard guys' confessions of throwing cats out of windows, putting them in mail boxes, swinging them by the tail, throwing them out of moving cars, running them over with bikes, hanging them from trees and my favorite — trying to run them over with cars. I am always stricken with horror when I hear such stories and ask why they would ever do such things to any crea-

ture of such beauty. Their reply is usually ironic: "Cats are mean and they are too independent." Well I certainly don't understand why a cat would not want to be loving and dependent upon such a person who gets his kicks from torturing cats. Who ever said that cats are dumb?

I am living with three cats; two are mine and one is my roommate's. I find cats to be very enjoyable roommates and minus the litterbox, quite easy to take care of. Cats truly enjoy only three things in life: eating, sleeping, and playing. My utopia! Perhaps in another life I could be reincarnated as a cat.

Many people believe that all cats do is "lie around". Well, not my cats. They have bursts of incredible energy when they go ripping from room to room with this incredibly possessed look in their eyes that says "You better get out of my way, sister!" Which I promptly do. They will run into and out of a room like a bat out of Hell then run straight up the curtains in my living room and just hang there. It is as if they have been occupied by some evil spirit with which I have no connection. Then suddenly they will stop, look at the startled look on my face, then yawn and go back to whatever activity they were doing before this fit of energy. My theory is that my cats enjoy freaking me out.

Cats love to play games with your head. Being a rather jumpy and paranoid person myself, these little "head games" are particularly effective. I am scared of all small and moving things: mice, bugs, spiders, beetles, lizards, snakes, frogs, bees. You name it, if it is small and moving I am scared of it. Yes, indeed I am a joy on camping trips. My cats unfortunately love to play with such



Carol Wells/Batt

little creatures. I had one cat named Sydney who would frequently proudly deposit the decapitated body of her victim of her daily hunt at my feet. On nights when I am alone in the apartment my cats often put me "on edge," which for me is not usually a difficult task. All the sudden they will all turn and intently listen for some mysterious (or perhaps imaginary) noise. It is as if they are saying, "Uh oh! What

was that?" I feel like they are trying to warn me about some invisible presence. I am usually so startled I answer them, "I don't know, what do you think it was?" By now my heart is racing, but the cats have promptly forgotten it and have returned to their play.

My mother often says, "You'll never find a husband with those damn cats!" My friends tell me that I am going to end up being one of those old spinsters

who weighs 250 pounds and has 20 crawling all over her counters. I wish that cats are wonderful, graceful, and beautiful creatures that should be treated with respect and love. And spend the rest of my life with cats, it.

Barbara Jones is a senior journalist and a columnist for The Battalion.

Mail Call

Keep the library open

EDITOR: I would like to call your attention to an up and coming World Class University. I am talking about none other than Texas A&M — a university that can afford to spend millions of dollars on buildings each year, keeping them air-conditioned and lighted all day and all night, even when they are closed to the public, a university that can afford to repaint a water tower twice in four years with not one or even two, but three coats of paint and two coats of primer. This is the same university that can keep its library open 24 hours a day for two weeks before finals during the fall and spring semesters but cannot keep it open past 8 p.m. even the night before finals during the summer session.

I have attended this university for four years and have come to accept many of the changes. This includes the Quack Shack, which now only has doctors available in the building from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays instead of 24 hours a day seven days a week. I understand this is because of budget cuts, even though I am paying more now than I used to. I understand that building use fee and computer access fee are spent for something or the other.

I would feel much better if they could use just some of this money to keep the library open for a few more hours, the week or even day before finals. Admittedly, I could have gone to the MSC or Rudder to study, which I did. But even these buildings close down at 11 p.m. and were packed with students. I don't think I am the only one who has this complaint. After talking to my roommate I found that there was a student sitting at the entrance of the library counting the number of people who complained and what their verbal reactions were. I doubt many of their reactions were fit to print, I know mine was not.

Puneet Sharma '88

We're not all that bad

In response to the column written by Jill Webb entitled "Let's think before we judge," I would like to encourage everyone to think before they judge all Christians. Not all Christians think AIDS is from God. AIDS is a transmittable disease that is passed through homosexual activity and also through intravenous drug use. Similarly, not all television evangelists are power hungry and greedy. To judge the motives of all preachers based on the acts of a few individuals is not fair.

Christians are accused of being narrow-minded. True Christians desire to please God and live pure lives. To do this they make every effort to avoid what the Bible defines as sin. Society perceives the Christian as narrow-minded because of the refusal to conform to the ideas that are not of God.

Christians oppose drug abuse, crime, and abortion, and stand up for holiness, purity and honesty. They are interested in ministering to people through love and compassion while introducing them into a relationship with Jesus Christ. Christian churches around the world are responsible for social programs that touch millions of lives.

Not all Christians claim to be perfect, but there are many of us who are striving to serve God the best we can. I am not ashamed of being a Christian, rather, I find it a joy to serve God. God fearing Christians stand up for what is right knowing that one day everyone will have to give an account to God for the things they have done. I still find it disturbing that people who don't believe in God or His Word seem to know more about God than Christians who are actively seeking Him and are interested in what he says.

David Van Dyke '90

Homosexuals, please go home

Without Biblical scripture to back him up, even the most devout humanist can discern that the homosexual act is unnatural. Just as bestiality, incest and the entire host of perverted sexual acts are amoral and a great disservice to mankind. These amoral sexual acts have recently become the funeral dirge of the human race. AIDS has swept the globe, and without a cure on the horizon, it has killed more than the equivalent of two-thirds the number in killed in Vietnam. I am not asserting that homosexuality continues to be the only culprit of the AIDS epidemic today. The disease has spread to the heterosexual world through the more perverted bisexuals (Why can't they make up their mind?) and through our national blood supply. My greatest sympathy goes out to those who have been infected by blood transfusion. They are victims of the homosexual, bisexual, and "beast-sexual" promiscuity that has risen to the ranks as a legitimate minority compliments of the Supreme Court. No matter how much our government spends on the President's Commission on AIDS, they will not find the answer until they admit the truth about AIDS. Sexual revolution in the 1970s and early 1980s, which cultivated the homosexual movement, destroyed the Judeo-Christian morals and ideals that are the basis of our Constitution. Now we are paying the price, and even you may be the next AIDS victim.

Joe Hyde
Guest Columnist

During my tenure as a student at Texas A&M, the gay rights movement

was in full swing. Marco Roberts, a professional student, was the president of the GSSO — the Gay Student Services Organization. They fought in the courts and won the University's recognition as a student organization. Good 'ol Marco was a student before I entered A&M in June 1982, and he was still there after I graduated in 1986. He probably is still around coveting his *University recognized* decadent gay dating service. If AIDS has surfaced at A&M, the first place I would look for the infected mosquitoes would be the GSS. The sad part is that a portion of each and every Aggie's dollar paid to the administration supports homosexual activity through the Student Programs Office.

I owe Texas A&M an apology. Even though I was radically against A&M following the example set by other "world class" universities by recognizing a gay organization, I sat on my rear end and let this travesty of justice occur right under my nose. Besides a humorous letter I wrote *The Battalion* labeling the GSS as "a bunch of contaminated little fruit flies" (I was labeled a Nazi in a liberal rebuttal), I resigned to apathy about the whole situation. The gays had the U.S. District Court on their side. That was too much for one outspoken C.T. to combat.

What I did not realize then was that a vast majority of my fellow Aggies also felt that recognizing the GSS was a disgrace to Texas A&M; and it still is! We were brainwashed into thinking that not recognizing the GSS was a barrier to becoming a "world class university." My friends, if becoming a world class university means cultivating amoral organizations with institution funds, you can

kiss my a . . . Why doesn't Texas A&M an institution responsible for creating the world's greatest leaders, soldiers, businessmen take the lead from Harvard, Yale and t.u. and denounce funding of gay activity by our school administration?

As Americans, we have the right question the actions of our government's leaders — even the Supreme Court. If you believe what I am saying and I feel a majority of you do, get and do something about it! You protest at the Memorial Student Center or refuse to pay that part of your tuition that is funnelled to the GSS. These are your rights.

By being apathetic to the gay rights movement, even though you are apathetic, is contributing to their cause. I am apathetic primarily because I was busy getting my degree to devote my time to the opposition. My side of the battle did not have a "professional" like Marco Roberts, who dropped out of school at his convenience to fight the battle. Nor did we have funding of the Socialist organization called the American Civil Liberties Union.

Perhaps one day America will realize that homosexuality is wrong, that morality is wrong and does not deserve the title of a legitimate minority. Hopefully we will do so before we fall as the Roman Empire did centuries ago. It is not that widespread homosexuality and morality preceded the fall of the Roman Empire. It is funny how we ignore lessons history teaches us.

I welcome your questions and comments.
Joe G. Hyde is an '86 graduate.

The Battalion

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