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The Battalion



100 years at Texas A&M

EDITORIAL

Boycotting the Klan Alternate rally a bright idea

Hundreds of Aggies attended the "Whoopstock Unity Fest," planned as an alternative to the Ku Klux Klan rally Saturday.

Their choice to avoid the Klan rally showed maturity and intelligence.

Everyone from law enforcement officials to University faculty agreed that the best response to the Ku Klux Klan was to ignore it.

Chief Deputy Johnny Beddingfield of the Smith County Sheriff's Department said in an interview with The Battalion last week, "Curiosity-seekers need to stay away. They only make the crowd look bigger."

The Texas A&M Faculty Senate, in its resolution condemning the Klan's College Station appearance, also urged people to stay away, calling the Klan's aims "myopic and divisive."

Apparently, Aggies listened;

organizers estimated 650 people attended Whoopstock.

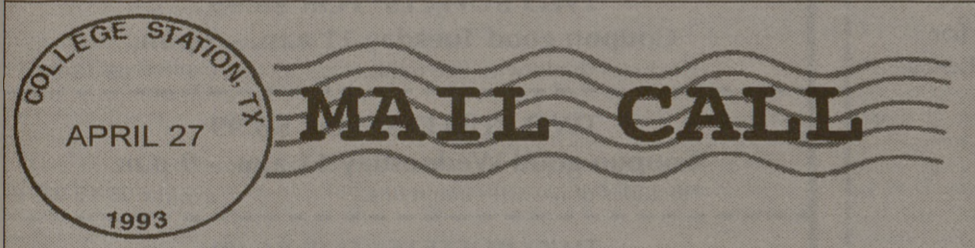
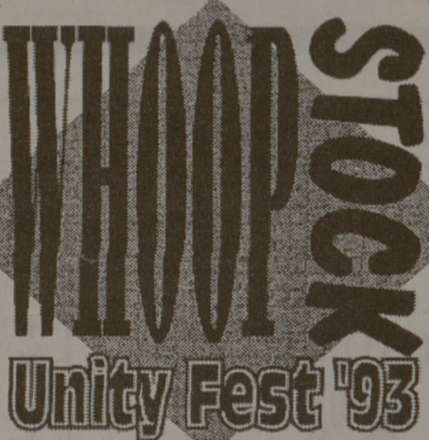
About 200 people showed up at the Klan rally.

Whether they were there to protest, to support or to simply observe the Klan, the Klan will count them all as attendees.

However, if the Ku Klux Klan thought Bryan College Station and Texas A&M University were fertile ground for their brand of hate and racism, the Whoopstock Unity Fest showed them the truth in a more effective way than any protest could have done.

If actions do indeed speak louder than words, the fact that people of all races did something as simple as get together for an afternoon of fun spoke volumes.

Whoopstock proved the Ku Klux Klan's message wrong in the most eloquent fashion.



Corps intimidation totally uncalled for

Be proud those of you who have the courage to view your dissenting opinions! Shannon Maher, don't apologize for your comments about the Corps! What did you do wrong? All you did was exercise your guaranteed right to free speech!

It's a shame that we still have people in this great University that have to result to death threats and harassing phone calls in order to stifle people's voices. Now I'm not pointing the finger at anyone, but I have a few questions for whoever made these despicable calls. What did you actually think you were going to accomplish? Did Maher's letter actually threaten you so much that you had to harass her and give her death threats? Did it occur to you that she probably still holds the

same position (if not a worse one now) and apologized just to satisfy you?

Now I could say that Texas A&M is not a world class university because of recent events, but I would be lying to myself. I believe it is a world class university because of its culturally diverse policies and aspirations. It's a couple of the people and their actions (notice I said actions, not opinions) who attend here that mar A&M's image. The University has no control over what these people do. You can go ahead and make your death threats and harassing phone calls to me but I'll let you know in advance — they're not going to affect me and my daily living. And I'm certainly not going to apologize! Why should I? I'm just exercising my right to free speech. A great big HOWDY! to all those good Ags who make this one-of-a-kind University so great to attend.

Greg Kemper
Class of '96

Five minutes of Ring Dance bliss Posh, candlelight dinner and cream puff dresses

Ring Dance finally came. Although it was a very nice event, my monetarily deficient boyfriend Edward had to pay \$50 for five minutes of fun. We had planned to take our Ring Dance pictures at 7:30 p.m., but between 5 p.m. and 7:30 p.m., plans changed.

Around 5 p.m. my three roommates decided they wanted to go to Ring Dance, so the hunt for dates began. I was not at all surprised by my roommates' spontaneity. Just a few nights ago two of them climbed Sugarloaf Mountain in Hearne at midnight. They didn't know, however, that the land had a new owner and it was now considered trespassing to climb the mountain.

My roommates began calling a few of their guy friends. Many of the men they called had a deep fear of my roommates. Perhaps their fear stemmed from their insecurity of women taking on the more traditional masculine role of men and calling someone up for a date. I can just imagine the thoughts going through these men's frightened minds:

"This woman might just be using me just to have a man by her side. I probably am an object, an end to a means. I can't handle being used. I can't handle a one-night affair. She may smile and treat me nice today when she needs me. But tomorrow, she will say hit the road slime ball. My huge ego can't handle that kind of cruel, inhumane treatment. Yes, I am a man full of testosterone, but I am sensitive too. I am like a little tiger, if you will. Yes, me, Tarzan but me tiny kitty, too and I too scared to go out with you."

Despite what some men might have thought, the bold and daring men who agreed to go out with my roommates agreed to a night full of wonder. And for that type of unusual courage to be at the mercy of such beautiful women, these men are to be commended.

So at 6 p.m. my roommates ran to the mall to get dresses. While they were getting ready, I called and made reservations at the Posh Country restaurant in Calvert. Edward and I left around 8 p.m., but since my roommates and their dates were still getting ready they said they would meet us later.

I was really happy that my roommates were going to Ring Dance, until they entered the restaurant. Edward and I arrived at the restaurant an hour before they did. We



JANET HOLDER
Columnist

were eating by candlelight, trying to get romantic and look into each others eyes, like they do in the movies. For the most part we were succeeding in being romantic, but all our efforts failed when the mob walked through the door.

When my roommates and their dates arrived, all the love birds in the restaurant took a hint and left. I guess I never knew how quietly people "in love" talk in a romantic restaurant as compared to a bunch of pals. In addition, it is hard to be in the mood to whisper sweet nothings into someone's ear when a large group of people nearby are talking about local religious customs. Since Edward and I had to leave early to take pictures, Edward was able to capture a little bit of the romance back. He just stuck in a Bryan Adams tape, and as always, it worked.

When Edward and I arrived at Ring Dance it was 11:30 p.m. We immediately got in line to take pictures. We had been there only a few minutes when Edward started critiquing all the women's dresses. It was as if by some freak of nature I changed from the beautiful swan I was when he picked me up to some plain ol' dumpy duckling. Everyone else's dresses were more interesting. I felt like jumping up and down and saying, "Hey, look at me, look at me, don't I look pretty? Are you tired of me already when just hours ago you lavished me with compliments." After an hour and a half of waiting in line, Edward's constant critiquing of dresses caused me to contemplate destroying all my female competitor's dresses.

At one point I considered taking a little Bic lighter and lighting one of those cream puff dresses. But then I thought I would probably be apprehended by the police and then Edward would have to get me released. I can see him telling the officer that I meant no harm; I just simply have frequent bouts of jealousy. They would then understand since they knew that is often a problem in relationships. After considering all the consequences, I decided against getting out a lighter.

After experiencing such emotional distress, it was difficult to smile next to the man who had driven me to such temporary insanity. But I did manage to crack a smile and the Ring Dance picture was finally taken. It was 12:55 a.m. when we met up with my roommates and their dates. Finally, we were able to enjoy our five minutes at Ring Dance. Next year we will probably just go to the dance.

Holder is a senior journalism major.



Late one evening, on his way back from the library, George notices something suspicious behind Sbisas.

I'm writing in response to two letters that appeared in the Batt May 23. Apparently, Shannon Maher received several death threats and harassing phone calls due to an earlier letter she wrote criticizing the Cadet Corps. If this is true, then how dare these people threaten her, or any Aggie for that matter. If she wants to tell the Corps to march down Highway 6, then that is her God-given-right—if you don't like it, then write your own letter to the Batt. If you are going to make threats like that, then you should start going down 6 too because you sure aren't acting like an Aggie (or like any other civilized person).

As far as the Corps issue goes, it's time for a reality check — we are ALL Aggies and the Corps does not hold an exclusive copyright on Aggie traditions.

Also, in S.E. Hayes' letter, he seems to differentiate between blacks (or Afro-Americans) and whites (European-Americans?). I believe he needs a reality check, too. There is no "my people" and "you people," we are all people. Yes, racism still unfortunately exists, but comments like his only make it worse. If anyone does not want to follow A&M traditions, then that is their choice, but it is NOT a racial issue, as some on both sides of the argument try to make it out to be.

What I'm trying to say is that we are all Aggies, and more importantly, we are all human, so try and remember that next time.

Jon Williamson
Class of '95

Muster overcrowding displays Aggie spirit

We here at AggieLand take pride in traditions, right? Well I am afraid a new one has begun that is extremely disturbing.

My roommate and I had planned on attending Muster for a week, we changed personal plans and God forbid, I even skipped a class. What a shock we had as we stood in line for nearly an hour (arriving at 5:45 p.m.) and then were told that if we did not have reservations (as if this ceremony that honors "old Ags" could be compared to a fancy restaurant) we could not even try to find a seat. Now, I am not trying to delve into the past, but last year Muster did not have this problem and I can only wonder why. I wonder why a couple in front of my roommate and me that had driven from

Conroe to attend had to drive back with out even a chance at a seat. I wonder why seniors were turned away since this is the last Muster they most likely will be able to attend for years. I wonder why a friend of a student that has passed away was told they could not enter the building because it was "full."

O.K., I think that I have made my point. All I can say is that I am glad everyone was so eager to attend, it shows the true Spirit of AggieLand is still alive—WHOOP! Just remember I will be a senior next year, so if you see a group of people camped out in front of G. Rollie on the night of April 20, 1994 that will be me and hopefully a few of ya'll waiting for the doors to open for Muster '94.

Dori McCantlies
Class of '94

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