

Dishonorably defending honor

Attacks on Corps critics assault Corps' own values

Like countless other Corps cadets before and since, I had to memorize "campusologies," facts about Texas A&M or quotes from some of its notable leaders.

One such, and one of my favorites, was the inscription on the statue of Lawrence Sullivan Ross. "Lawrence Sullivan Ross; 1838-1898; soldier, statesman, knightly gentleman; Brigadier General, C.S.A.; Governor of Texas; President of the A&M College."

I, like some other cadets before and since, memorized the words to these campusologies, or campos, without stopping to consider their meaning.

When some cadets last spring made threatening and harassing phone calls to a young woman who had written a letter to The Battalion, a letter critical of the Corps, I wonder if they knew the meaning of those words: soldier, statesman, knightly gentleman?

When some cadets passed her phone number around in the dining hall so that others could call her, I wonder if they thought of Governor Coke's advice to the students of Texas A&M:

"To the students: let your watchword be duty, and know no other talisman of success than labor. Let honor be your guiding star in your dealings with your superiors; your fellows; with all. Be as true to a trust reposed as the needle to the pole, stand by the right even to the sacrifice of life itself, and learn that death is preferable to dishonor."

There are no campos about using any means, even repressive or dishonorable ones, to defend the Corps at all costs, especially against a single person writing a harmless, if critical, letter to the Batt.

There is nothing knightly about harassing and threatening a lone female to the point where she is cowed into writing a retraction.

In fact, the episode was the sort of thing to make me sick, and the sort of thing that would probably have Sully and Governor Coke turning over in their graves.

It's not that the Corps is bad. I have always argued that its goals, producing men and women of character and promoting the values of duty, honor and country are noble and worthy of pursuit.



JASON LOUGHMAN
Editor in chief

It is simply the actions of some of its members that are not worthy of the Corps.

Perhaps they have forgotten about the values the Corps stands for and can only think to defend the institution itself without regard for those values.

Having the benefit of a dead zip's hindsight, I suspect that to be the case, since I too had memorized the words with no understanding of the spirit of those words.

Will cadets continue to mindlessly assault its critics, ignorant of the concepts of honor and knightly behavior? Will any of them call to berate and threaten me?

I hope not. I hope that cadets will instead choose to emulate the men whose words they memorize, and adopt for themselves the values embodied in those words.

For if everyone in the Corps were men and women of character; soldiers, statesmen, and knightly gentlemen; then who but a fool could criticize them?

Loughman is a senior journalism major who hopes like hell he graduates this month

Purple peril threatens American way of life

Warning: The following column may be too intense for some readers.

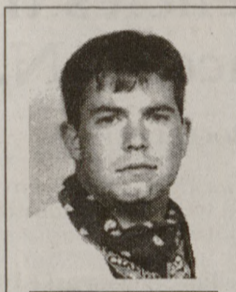
According to a Houston Chronicle report, Barney the Dinosaur is set to release his first album on Aug. 31. This must be stopped.

The U.S. government does not think twice about throwing billions of dollars at international problems such as Yugoslavia and Somalia. The government spends countless hours debating congressional pay raises and pork barrel projects.

However, not one federal finger has been lifted to stop this Barney atrocity. The album is to be called 'Barney's Favorites Volume 1,' which suggests that there may be more.

President Clinton has already shown his willingness to send in air strikes against threats such as Iraqi and Somali warlords. Will he save the American people from this domestic disaster, or is he too a minion of this terrible troglodyte? The American people must consider the effect this Barney-Fuhrer is having on American children.

Barney is warping and twisting the minds of our young, but with an intensity that has never been seen before.



DAVE THOMAS
News editor

Utilizing their biggest weakness, the television, the purple parasite has attached itself to the subconsciousness of the impressionable young. Following a marketing scheme that puts Batman to shame, the demonic dinosaur will soon release an album.

A simple album may not seem to be a threat, but played relentlessly, it can expose these children to Barney's horrible hymns to any and all times of the day. If one can imagine the dangers of listening to Billy Ray Cyrus non-stop, then one can predict the impact that this album will have on children and adults alike.

Releasing an album is a calculated decision recognizing the importance that music plays in the lives of youth.

This Jurassic juggernaut is attempting to ensnare older children as well as maintain his control over the young. We are dealing with a devious dinosaur who will stop at nothing short of utter chaos.

If we do not stop him now, soon we may see Billy Ray Cyrus singing "I love you, you love me" or Barney himself singing "Achy Breaky Heart." We dare not think of the cosmic consequences this would have.

If the government is powerless to stop this horror, then the people must rise up against this violet vermin before it's too late.

We're all doomed.

Thomas is a senior journalism major



MARGULIES
© 1993 THE RECORD
NEW JERSEY

NOTICE

Thursday, Aug. 5 is the last day of publication for The Battalion this summer. An interim issue will run Wednesday, Aug. 25. Regular publication resumes with the Back-to-School issue on Monday, Aug. 30.

Students become meat on the hoof in university stockyard

It's that time again. A scholastic season has come to an end and Texas A&M readies itself to sell off another truckload of graduating seniors.

Whenever a semester tapers to a close, a soft sense of death encompasses the campus; an aura of sadness that many are leaving never to return. For most, graduation is a time of elation and forging ahead into a new and exciting life.

However, just what is that new life going to be anyway? Excepting the novelty of your first real job, your first self-earned new car, and perhaps your first spouse, the newness of life in the Real World may wear off.

Although those of you entering fields where the scenery is frequently changing may thrive on the un-

explored, there is no uncharted territory like the vast expanse of knowledge we DON'T have. This is where the Real World and universities part company.

The Real World is just that, "real," you are trained in a specific manner to perform a specific task to earn an amount of money to live a particular way. It's really quite mechanical and mundane, but at the same time very natural and not unlike a bunch of ruminating animals milling around trying to survive. Farm animals.

However, if one takes this point of view, it is necessary to view college in much the same way, with the exception of the goals involved. If you think about it for a moment, university students also behave much like animals; not in reference to party-animals, sex-crazed animals, or guys who live like animals, but a specific animal we Texans are all familiar with.

Cows. I'm a cow. You're a cow, too. In fact, we all are cows wallowing and munching away in this multi-level, concrete laden academic feedlot we call school. But before those of you who are dieting storm the Batt office, let me say that I'm really referring to all college students regardless of age, sex, mor-

phology or fodder preference.

When I left the barn and made College Station my new home, it was a Corps breakfast where I first heard the phrase, "Geez, I feel just like a cow" uttered right beside me as my buddies were pushed and prodded through Duncan's doors. At that very moment it was decided that, yes, I too was a cow, and the bovine behavior was only beginning.

In the next four years many, many more similarities of students to happy heifers became apparent, especially during registration when those carpeted partitions are arranged to channel students into the "sweet old lady" corral for trough assignment. Often, when the line streamed out the Pavilion doors, and the crowd would strain to make it into the air conditioning, I would break the ice with my neighbor by asking, "Don't you feel you're a cow?"

Usually there would be a somewhat quizzical glance followed by a forced smile and a, "Yeah, uh huh, sure."

Sometimes however, interesting conversation would break out using my brilliant lead-in; with me learning names, cheap happy hours, good pro-

fessors and to be really careful when asking a girl if she's a farm animal.

I must have said "No, no, I didn't mean it THAT way" a dozen times. Once in a particularly packed crowd I even Mooed. Someone answered.

Now that a number of you are thinking to yourselves that you possibly do have cowish tendencies, let me remind you that when you drive to your hometown, or if you've ever passed a feedlot (surely you would remember), what you are actually witnessing is the animalification of college. Think about it.

There they all are in a terrific social environment with no more prodding by higher-ups, living on their own, eating like animals, and even engaging in occasional romantic practices.

The feedlot, like college, has a purpose: to fatten. Many times you and I have felt we were full, that we just couldn't take in another byte, but the trough wasn't even close to empty. As the pounds accumulate, we anticipate the weigh-in where we will be deemed fat enough for commercial use.

Unlike the hapless Hereford, however, graduates can usually escape being made into fajitas.

At this point I must say that even af-

ter chomping at the bit to exit this feedlot, spending four years in the slaughterhouse can make one so thin and hungry that return is eminent. I guess you could say there's just more feed here. Moo.

Stanford is a graduate philosophy student

Editorials appearing in The Battalion reflect the views of the editorial board. They do not necessarily reflect the opinions of other Battalion staff members, the Texas A&M student body, regents, administration, faculty or staff. Columns, guest columns, and Mail Call items express the opinions of the authors. The Battalion encourages letters to the editor and will print as many as space allows in the Mail Call section. Letters must be 300 words or less and include the author's name, class, and phone number. Contact the editor or managing editor for information on submitting guest columns. We reserve the right to edit letters and guest columns for length, style, and accuracy.

Letters should be addressed to:
The Battalion - Mail Call
013 Reed McDonald / Mail stop 1111
Texas A&M University
College Station, TX 77843