

Yell leaders make joke of Aggie Spirit

Do we demand too much? After all, the name pretty much sums up the job description: Yell leader.

Of course, we all think yell leaders are more important than their name implies.

Melane Reynolds, chair of Traditions Council, said, "They are representatives of the University — they represent our spirit; they represent how we feel about A&M. They show class above and beyond the other schools."

Maybe this is why the yell leaders disgusted me so much at Saturday's football game. They failed to represent the spirit of A&M in any positive light, and they showed a lack of class that rivaled the low level the University of Texas set.

After uninspired performances at the first few football games, most people's criticism of the yell leaders centered on their silence at the games.

They did only a few yells during the games, and contented themselves with primarily performing those bizarre gestures that look like they are throwing a boulder or splashing water on their faces. "More yells," Aggies cried, and the yell leaders delivered.

Unfortunately, they went overboard at Saturday's game.

During halftime, the Longhorn band took the field and played a march, making formations similar to our own band. Apparently, some people took



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this as a shot at our band.

But, instead of allowing our own band to show them how to form straight lines and play a march with energy, the yell leaders felt the need to take action themselves. They led the apprehensive crowd into a "beat the hell outta t.u." yell. Many people followed; others didn't.

To many of us in the crowd, the thought of interrupting a band during its performance with a derisive yell is tasteless and completely disrespectful.

Whether or not people liked what the band was doing was irrelevant, especially since it wasn't clear it was trying to make fun of our band. The issue should have been how Aggies behave, and never should Aggie Spirit be confused with rude, childish behavior.

Still, the yell leaders weren't finished.

Following the game, Texas fans rushed the field. Although no one could condone that behavior, particularly after they were asked politely to stay off it, several hundred members of the Corps of the Cadets approached and started beating a few of

them. At best it was silly; at worst, it was assault.

In addition, a few of the yell leaders got involved in the brawl. While some of the yell leaders were doing their jobs by leading the

have a responsibility to show what A&M stands for. Hopefully, that does not include bad sportsmanship in defeat.

Rather than being the noble men on Kyle Field, they repeatedly chose to

dejected crowd in yell practice, one was being forcibly separated by the police from a guy carrying the Longhorn flag.

True, the Longhorn fans were behaving inappropriately on the field, and to see drunk and obnoxious t-sips belittle Kyle Field enraged us all. But violence was not a fitting response.

Here was a chance for the yell leaders to take the high road and to show the 70,000 fans at Kyle Field which university has more class. As our elected representatives at football games, they

accept the low standards the University of Texas set throughout the game.

For me, it made a sad experience even worse. This was my last game as a student, and for the first time, I saw our football team play a game at Kyle Field it did not deserve to win.

Worst of all, based on the behavior of the yell leaders and members of the audience, our University didn't deserve to win, either.

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EDITORIAL

TWO WRONGS ...

Fighting after the game was an embarrassment to Aggieland.

As the most heated rivalry in Southwest Conference history, few things could overshadow the Texas-Texas A&M football game Saturday.

But something did. When the game drew to a close, University of Texas fans celebrated their victory by storming Kyle Field, despite repeated requests by the public address announcer to stay off the field.

Although the actions of the UT fans were inappropriate, the response of many A&M students was inexcusable.

In a display of bad sportsmanship, several members of the Corps of Cadets chased the Texas fans and then physically abused them.

Initially, members of the Corps made a noble attempt to prevent the Texas fans from walking onto the field and trampling an A&M tradition. However, after being unable to restrain them peacefully, some opted to tackling and hitting the Texas fans.

Violence is rarely warranted, especially when the targets themselves are not being violent. True, many A&M fans were frustrated by the game, and the obnoxious and disrespectful behavior displayed by

the Texas fans did not help matters.

However, the assault of the Texas fans was an embarrassment to Texas A&M and contradicted the true meaning of Aggie Spirit.

The violent behavior displayed by members of the Corps does not represent the entire organization, however. Many cadets tried to restrain their unruly colleagues, shouting, "Do not fight. That's not what we're about."

Unfortunately, many of the 76,000 spectators will have a negative impression of the Corps and A&M because of the barbaric actions of a few.

While attempting to uphold the sacred traditions of the University is a noble and just cause, it must be done appropriately.

In the future, similar situations could be avoided by explaining the meaning and traditions associated with Kyle Field, instead of just requesting that everyone stay off the field. If more fans understood the significance of the tradition, fewer would attempt to challenge it.

If walking on Kyle Field is disrespectful, fighting on it should be even worse.

Fight shows poor sportsmanship

Postgame antics proves Aggies aren't what they pride themselves to be

Distinguished alumni, I weep for thee.

As the Texas-A&M football game ground to its grueling close Saturday evening, ending both our Kyle Field winning streak and our unquestioned dominance of the now defunct Southwest Conference, the people I felt the most sorry for were not even on the field.

After all, our football team had fought the good fight. In the future, I just think they should try to get the ball to the guys who happen to be wearing the same colors as themselves.

And the offensive coordinators should make a note that sending Leeland McElroy up the middle seventeen times in a row probably gives the opposing team a good idea as to what play they should be defending against.

But hey, you win some, you lose some. And believe me, we did lose. We weren't outscored, and we didn't run out of time, as some have insinuated. These categories do not exist, unless they reside somewhere in our own little Aggie-ized minds.

But it's not the end of the world. The University of Texas doesn't suddenly gain the right to shut down our campus and deport us all to Siberia as slave laborers.

We just lost a football game. There are greater tragedies in the world.

Maybe we should work on keeping that in mind in the future.

Alas, some of the more motivated and less intelligent members of our student body and the Corps of Cadets decided to show the nation what they were made of after the game. As they dogpiled unsuspecting Texas students and beat them senseless because they had happened to violate some relatively obscure tradition concerning Kyle Field, I couldn't help but think that our students were living up to their assigned roles.

But, I'm not that idealistic of an Aggie. I don't expect much more than this sort of be-

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havior from the majority of the student body. Of course they are going to get into a fight and get revenge for their athletic inferiority complexes if they lose.

It's either that or confront the fact that our hated rival Texas was the one who "beat the hell out of" somebody on Saturday.

As I cheered on with the rest of the unruly mob that had become the Texas Aggie fan club after the game had ended, I happened to look up and catch the eye of the woman standing directly in front of me in the stands.

By this point in the day, I almost approved of our embarrassing behavior. I was thoroughly brainwashed.

I had spent the last five hours balancing on one foot in the six inches of bleacher room that had been allotted to me, wincing as my face baked slowly in the sun.

I had suffered several heat strokes and burst two blood vessels in my forehead.

I was still afraid to sit down, lest I be slapped with the dread label "two-pcenter" and cast from the ranks of Aggie favor.

Yet, as I humped it for the three hundredth time, weak with hunger and ready to sign my organ donor card and step off the wood one last time in order to die in peace, the Aggie faithful and their ideological machinations had me firmly in their grasp.

I wanted blood. I wanted our football team to pulverize the Longhorns. I was a convert, a disciple and a believer in the maroon and white.

I was an animal, plain and simple.

The lady in front of me and I had a confrontation earlier in the game, when the announcer told the class of '96 that they could join the Aggie yell practice being held at halftime if they gave the field officials their "Aggie word" that they were in fact seniors.

I snickered when the announcer said this and announced in my typical cynical manner that the Aggie Code of Honor did-

n't mean a whole hell of a lot to a whole hell of a lot of people.

She responded with a five-minute lecture on what the Aggie Code of Honor did in fact stand for. I ended the conversation by stating that I didn't think she and I would ever be in complete agreement.

After all, wasn't she being a bit too idealistic in her conception of what made up the typical Aggie student?

As we watched our own little Aggies fighting with the Longhorn students, punching women in the face and generally wreaking havoc, I almost felt satisfaction.

Not only did I approve at the moment, I had been proven right. These Aggies might not have been lying, cheating or stealing, but they sure weren't behaving too honorably.

Then I happened to notice that the woman in front of me was not upset by this apparent violation of her dearly-held Aggie ideals.

She was smiling as well, and cheering on as the fighting continued and got even uglier.

If an Aggie graduate can deliver a tearful lecture on the Aggie Code of Honor to those of us who have gone ideologically astray as she cheers on the Aggies fighting on the field before a national television audience, what the hell does that say about us current Aggie students and our hopes for the future?

Regrettably, not too much.

I came to my senses after the game and realized what we were doing on the field after the game was stupid, immature and just plain poor sportsmanship.

She was able to spout off Aggie platitudes that obviously meant almost nothing to her while looking on with delight as we made a mockery of our school and its reputation.

Maybe this is what happens after you have been indoctrinated for too long.

Perhaps I shouldn't be weeping for the alumni after all.

Instead, I think I'll just worry about what's going to happen to me.

Chris Stidvent is a senior English and philosophy major.



MAIL CALL

Aggies right to beat the hell outta t.u.

Once again, we showed the t-sips which school is better. This time, however, it was not in the usual way of beating them at football. We showed our superiority by our ability to lose with dignity. I would like to commend the 12th Man, and the Corps for their outstanding show of support after Saturday's upset.

The Corps did an excellent job beating the ever livin' crud out of the t-sips as they disgraced Kyle Field as the 12th man, the postgame yell practice showed t.u. that you might be able to beat us at football, but you will never beat us in school pride.

*Jared White
Class of '98*

It was a sad day in Aggieland December 2nd when we experienced our first loss on Kyle Field in 31 games. However it was an even sadder day when we were forced to defend our field from our opponent's fans.

I would like to commend our Corps of Cadets for their behavior at Saturday's game. As the t.u. fans attempted to trample onto Kyle Field, all members of the Corps moved down to the field to protect and stop the t-sips from getting on the field. I was extremely impressed as to

how well they quickly formed a human blockade to stop those ill-mannered fans from dishonoring Kyle Field.

I was just as impressed with the manner in which the yell leaders kept the remaining Aggie fans in the stands from joining the chaos on the field by doing several yells.

I just transferred to A&M this semester and I have never been so glad to be an Aggie as I was yesterday when everyone came together to protect and honor Kyle Field. We should all give them a huge pat on the back.

I would like to extend my warmest thank you to the Corp and the yell leaders. You should all be proud of yourselves. We may have been outscored but we still beat the hell outta t.u. Thanks for keeping the tradition alive.

*Kara McElhone
Class of '97*

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