

September 10, 1997  
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# You ain't nuthin' but a hound dog

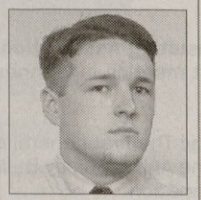
Reveille grave site controversy complicated by irrelevant debate, discussions

h, the grand ol' traditions of the nation's finest university: the 12th Man, day at Valley Ball practice and the Fightin' Texas Aggie Bonfire. But, let's not forget dear old Reveille, our beloved American collie mascot, who has given frustrated alumni nothing better to do than waste our valuable time over a few deceased canines and the planned Kyle Field expansion.

Lets face it. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to realize the mutts are dead, as in six-feet under. They have all battled the Grim Reaper and lost. How can you expect Reveilles I-IV to watch the Aggies battle on Kyle Field when they have ceased to breathe?

Even if the dogs were living, their eyesight would not be good enough to see the scoreboard. The field is 140 yards from the north endzone to the scoreboard. Back the dogs up another 30 yards to the former grave sight, and it would be impossible for them to see the length of the field, even with the new Sony Jumbotron in place. If you can't see the scoreboard, it is difficult to keep up with the game.

Assuming the dogs could watch, they would have rolled over in their graves with the way the Aggies played last season at home. A 3-3 record with losses to the University of Colorado, Kansas State University and Texas Tech University would've had the bitches



**JAMIE BURCH**  
sports writer

tossing and turning in their eternal resting place.

So why does it truly matter if Wally Groff and the administration decided to give the old mascots a new home? They have been relocated adjacent to Cain Hall where they can give the athletes support and encouragement on a daily basis. The athletes in return can now pay daily homage to their fallen friends. Prior to the move, the burial plots rested next to the Eternal Flame only to be visited on game day.

And did the flustered alumni, who ought to move to a retirement village in Florida and leave the rest of the known world alone, actually think a few petition letters and phone calls would reverse the decision to move the burial plots? If there is one thing the alumni should have learned about Texas A&M during their college days is that the university is a business. The institution operates for the sole purpose of making money. Any university that would build a toll booth on campus is in it for the profit. It is all about the bottom line. So why would the administration scrap the costly expansion plans for a couple of decayed canines?

Before all the die hard Aggies call for an end to the ravings of a stark raving lunatic, I do realize the symbolic meaning behind allowing Rev to join the crusade of the 12th man in support of the Aggies battle on the gridiron, also known as Kyle Field. At the same time you must realize how insane it is for a bunch of spirited graduates to rant and rave over one negative aspect of a stadium expansion which will only

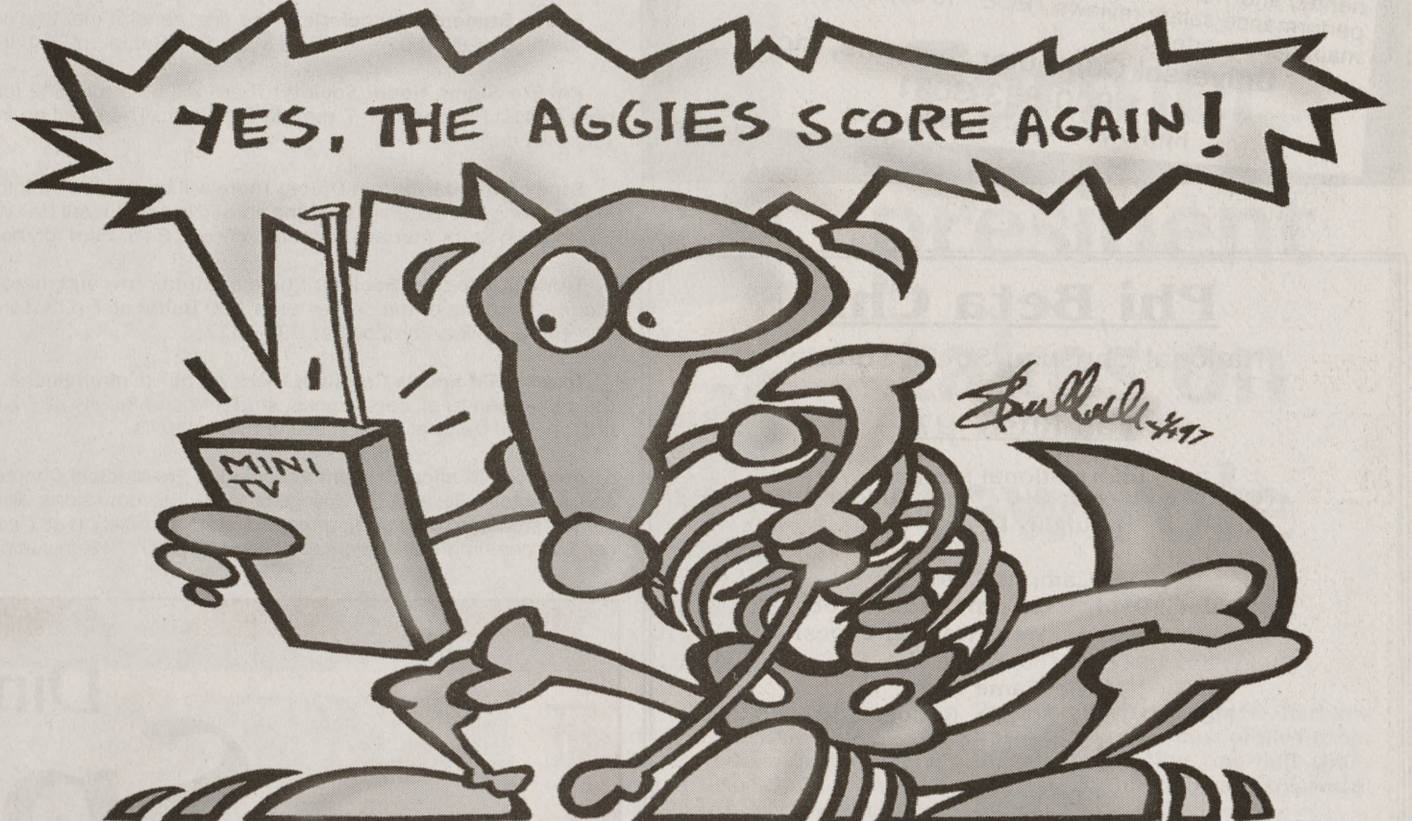
add to the unequalled experience of watching a college football game in Aggieland, Home of the 12th Man. Just consider how much more memorable the experience will be with an added 8,000 Aggies packed into the confines of the newly remodeled facilities.

In the spirit of compromise, I and a

group of arbitrators have devised a solution that takes into consideration both parties wishes. Move the dogs back to the original site and build the new deck with luxury boxes over the dogs. The mob used the same solution for former Teamsters Union President Jimmy Hoffa. Hoffa is now a season

ticket holder of the New York Giants and a permanent resident at the Meadowlands. If it's good enough for the Italian Mafia, it must be good enough for Aggieland.

Jamie Burch is a senior speech communications major.



# Mascot problems resolved by introducing a mutt successor

There she was on Saturday, the First Lady of Aggieland, prancing around Kyle Field, barking at the Sam Houston State University football players, and making herself known.

With the beginning of the fall semester and football season, Aggies are being reacquainted with their beloved mascot Reveille. The current incarnation, Reveille VI, has graced the University since November '93.

While Reveille VI is a recent addition to Texas A&M, it is never too early to start planning for the future. When the time comes to find a new Reveille, the dog chosen to be the next University mascot should be a mutt.

Obviously many Aggies will balk at making the next Reveille a mutt. After all, the single-most dominant force at A&M is inertia, the resistance to change. But a mixed-breed Reveille is an idea whose time has come.

First, mixed-breed dogs are less prone to the



**JOHN LEMONS**  
columnist

genetic problems that plague pure-bred dogs. Although the limited gene pool available to breeders who breed full-blooded dogs preserves the desirable characteristics of a breed, it also preserves undesirable genes.

Reveille VI, herself, suffers from epilepsy, which she inherited through her parents. Fortunately, her disorder is kept under control through medication.

According to Jeff King, the commander of company E-2, Reveille VI takes phenylbarbital for her epilepsy and has not suffered a seizure since November '96. If the dog chosen to be Reveille VII is a mutt, however, it is unlikely that she too will suffer from a genetic disorder.

There is some precedent for making Reveille VII a mutt. While the last four Reveilles have been inbred... er, pure-bred American Collies, the original Reveille was a mongrel.

Legend has it that the original Reveille was hit by a group Aggies who were driving through Navasota. The cadets brought the little black and white colored dog back to campus where she soon became miss, Reveille, ma'am.

A mixed-breed Reveille would provide A&M

with a tangible tie back to Ol' Army days. As A&M is a place that is obsessed with its past, a mutt would be a friendly reminder of days past.

Moreover, a mutt Reveille would be a marketing coup. Each year thousands of Reveille T-shirts and stuffed animals are sold to an adoring public.

The publicity A&M would receive from changing Reveille's breed would generate statewide, if not nationwide, attention. Children of former students across the nation would clamor for their very own stuffed Reveille.

As A&M is an institution which embraces diversity, adopting a mixed-breed Reveille would communicate a positive message about A&M's commitment to accepting differences.

The current line of Reveilles only supports A&M's stereotype as an inbred, homogeneous place. A mascot of mixed-heritage, however, would emphasize that A&M is willing to pursue diversity in every aspect of its existence.

Perhaps the best reason to trade out Reveilles, however, is the example of community service A&M would provide. By adopting a mutt from a local animal shelter to be the next Reveille, A&M will be saving the life of a dog.

Besides, adopting a dog from an animal shelter is a bargain.

Kathryn Bice, the executive director of the Brazos Animal Shelter, said that the shelter's adoption package is worth over \$150.

"It [adopting a dog] costs \$65 and includes a neuter, the first vaccination, worming, a two-week health warranty, a leash and coupons for free grooming."

Surely, some alumni is willing to fork out \$65 to buy the next Reveille. Sixty-five dollars is well worth the price of keeping a dog from being euthanized.

The reign of the Lassie-dogs at A&M is coming to an end. Making the next Reveille a mutt makes too much sense to ignore. While A&M bears little resemblance to the school it was 60 years ago, a mixed-breed Reveille is just the infusion of Ol' Army that this school needs.

Besides, if Aggies are willing to paint their Fish Pond purple, changing Reveille should not be too traumatic.

John Lemons is an electrical engineering graduate student.



## MAIL CALL

**Aggies first' details campus organizations**

In response to Dan Cone's September 5 column:

Fraternities have the option to weed out the "different" folk, and they exercise this option more often than not. Instead of a bizarre tossed salad of buddies and co-

orts, they find people who act, think, dress and look just like the rest of the fraternity members. Homogeneity may be good for unity and such, but it's not the Aggie way. People can spout off about how all Aggies are alike, but the fact is that those who are involved with the different legitimate facets of "Aggiedom" are answering to only one standard: School Pride.

Although the different sects of the on-campus cultures have their little disputes and rivalries, they are unanimous in their belief that all things aside, being Aggies is what matters — not just Aggies first (as A&M's greatest living oxymoron, the Aggie Greeks put it), but Aggies, period. The rest is just something to keep us busy.

I ask everyone to consider his or

her own response to this situation: An organization that makes a point to look down on everything you stand for has set up camp at a nearby location for recruiting purposes. Would you let the group go about its business unhindered?

You can rest assured that the Corps of Cadets wouldn't look kindly upon non-regs setting up a tent in the Quad, encouraging its fish to quit and come live in a dorm. Fraternities wouldn't allow an "informational display" in front of their respective houses detailing the evils of Greek life.

I hope next time Cone will step around his arrogance and his narrow views before he starts another column.

Brent Ruple  
Class of '97

Accompanied by 22 signatures

# Cynical students give A&M reputation of bad attitudes



**CHRIS HUFFINES**  
columnist

It's the second week of class. By now, the effects of Fish Camp have worn off and reality has set in.

The freshmen now understand that we're all going to die; die or rot our lives away in a three by three box, squished in with other cubicles tighter than Amnesty International would allow in the most squalid third world death camp. Why is this? Why do we all basically mistrust human nature, looking for the knife in the back rather than the hand extended in friendship? It is because we are cynics.

This wave of cynicism could be traced to a number of causes. No one says "howdy" anymore. No one uses turn signals. Beer no longer tastes great, it's just less filling. Campus bicycle riders seem to get extra points for pedestrians. The Oilers moved to Tennessee. Or, maybe, it's because we have become so wrapped up in our own lives, that what is happening to us is that we just don't care enough about each other to do the little things that make life better.

Admittedly, not using turn sig-

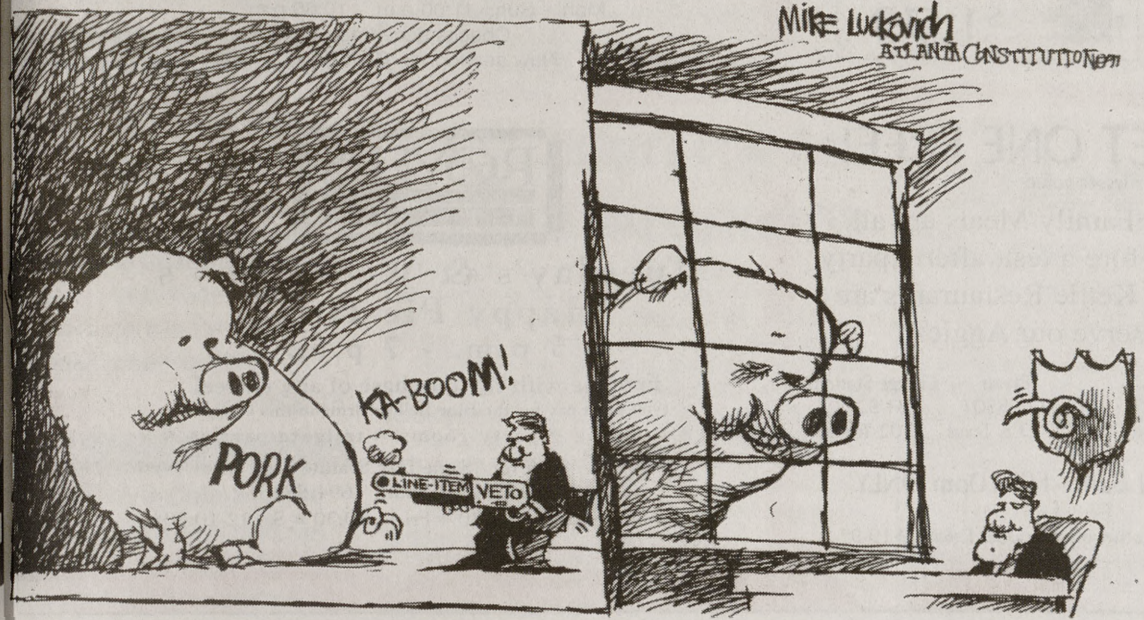
nals will not bring about the kind of post-apocalyptic freeway gun-battle we all wish John Wayne and Lee Marvin had starred in movies about. The AAA Gestapo will not come haul you away for not signaling a lane change. Signaling lane changes and turns, however, reduces accidents, lowers the collective blood pressure of drivers around you and is polite. But there is no real incentive to use them either, except for reduction of the anarchy we call driving in College Station.

I have to admit that the world won't end because students don't say "howdy." Some black and maroon ArchAggie of Death will not come swooping down from Heaven to rain 50 million volts of penance on two-percenters everywhere.

But, as the Mail Call whines with alarming regularity, saying "howdy" does make other people's day that much better. It gives them a ray of sunshine to know that the student body has at least one person who is not wrapped up in his or her own selfish world. Admittedly, there is no real incentive to saying "howdy." You would just have to do it because you are an all-around good person.

And, bicycle riders aren't all deranged Hell's Angels wannabes. There are kind, considerate people who ride bicycles. Actually, there are quite a few. The rest seem to think that the large distance be-

Chris Huffines is a sophomore speech communications major.



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