

VIEWPOINT

THE BATTALION
TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY

TUESDAY
OCTOBER 14, 1980

Slouch

By Jim Earle



"There it is: an official application to the Guinness Book of World Records for the first two-day football game in history."

Getting Astros broadcasts was simply a matter of ABCs

Well, the season's over now — there are no miracles left for the Houston Astros.

Too bad we had to wait for ABC to come along to show us just how much we'd been missing all summer, only 90 miles away.

In the next few days, everybody who's anybody in the Texas sports media is going to devote some space to congratulating the Astros on a fine season.

I'm not a baseball expert, so I'll leave the analyzing to the experts.

But I am a fan, and as a fan, I'm upset.

Why did I have to wait for ABC? I and thousands like me got no chance at all this season to follow the Astros. On radio or television. Play by play. Game by game. The only way to follow baseball.

My frustrations began in April, when I found that none of the local radio stations was affiliated with the Astros radio network. No matter that there are 30,000 college students around here, many of whom are from the Houston area. No matter that there are many thousands of us yearning for the familiar play-by-play voices of Gene Elston and Dwayne Staats. No matter that the Astros have one of the largest radio networks of any professional baseball franchise.

No matter even that Houston is only 90 miles away — try as much as you would, you still couldn't pick up Astros radio broadcasts.

Sidebars

By Dillard Stone

Oh, but yes ... if my cable was working just right, I could listen to KSAM, Sam Houston State University in Huntsville. But I make a sure bet that the cable would fade ... with two out in the bottom of the ninth, the bases loaded, Cheo Cruz at the plate and the Astros behind by a run.

Good reception was about as frequent as a Craig Reynolds home run.

And, speaking of the cable, if I got lucky, the Astros would be playing the Atlanta Braves. Then, I could go home after a hard night's work and catch the replay on WTCG-TV, Atlanta, courtesy of the cable. But that's only 14 games.

Both those options proved to be so fruitless that I gave up two weeks into the season.

Shot down in that attempt to follow the glory-bound 'Stros, I turned to my saving grace: United Press International. I might not have been able to follow the play-by-play, but I could at least get the results faster than anyone else in

the area. UPI got me a few new friends the summer.

Then came the playoffs. Thank God for work TV. Finally, after 160 game broadcasts the 161st game, ABC got the game and the playoffs.

But, as any manager will tell you, at the beginning of the season counts as one at the end. I'll guarantee you the are remembering Houston's four-game at the season's outset.

That's what baseball is all about. Play Game by game.

With six radio stations in Bryan and Station, surely one would have had sight to buy into the Astro broadcasts, ing all us sports-hungry collegians. No Astro broadcasts anywhere.

And surely one of the cable companies broadcast KRIV-TV in Houston allowing us to see at least all the out-games. Wrong again. We get endless tion of network feeds; whatever happens the variety cable TV proponents promise.

The Astros showed they needed less than a chance to prove themselves; even got the chance to have that proof our way.

How about a little consideration for fans, area broadcasters?

Carter's campaign missing the light touch

By DAVID S. BRODER

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio — If Harold Ickes were alive, Jimmy Carter would have a better chance of being re-elected President.

Back in the 1940 campaign, the "Old Curmudgeon," who was Franklin D. Roosevelt's Secretary of Interior, took it upon himself to deal with the efforts of Wendell Willkie to defeat FDR's bid for a third term. Willkie, a former Democrat, was presenting himself as a non-traditional Republican and inviting Democrats to cross party lines.

Ickes delivered a blow from which the small-town Hoosier never recovered when he teed off on Willkie's utility company ties and labeled him "the barefoot boy from Wall Street."

If Ickes were around today, watching ex-Democrat Ronald Reagan campaigning in the steel mills of Youngstown and other industrial cities, he would know what to say: "Ah, Ronnie Reagan ... the Hollywood hard-hat. The populist from Pacific Palisades!"

A candidate like Reagan who, a few weeks from possible election as president, muses aloud about the curative power of the smoke in the Smokies and the therapeutic effects of a southerly breeze crossing the Santa Barbara oil slick — such a candidate might be thought ripe for satire.

But Carter is incapable of the light touch — and instead uses blunderbuss tactics that always end up backfiring on him. And that is one reason Reagan is still out front in this election.

The real Ronald Reagan is a committed conservative with a deep distrust of the federal government. He is, goodness knows, entitled to all the votes that he can get with his skillful and practiced rendition of that popular political tune.

But his parading himself as the working man's candidate is a charade that would stir an Ickes to ridicule. A new Reagan brochure, unveiled here, is headlined, "Elect a Former Union President, President." It is preposterous.

Reagan was president of a rather special kind of union, the Screen Actors Guild, for six years. For eight years after that, he was a salaried employee of General Electric Co., giving motivational and political talks at its plants and factories and playing host on its weekly television show. Anybody who thinks he got his job with GE — which then had a particularly right-wing, anti-union management — because of his militancy as a union leader would believe that

Reagan's and my favorite team, the Chicago Cubs, may yet win the pennant this year.

At the end of this seventh decade, Reagan is not likely to adopt a new political philosophy — even if he is now changing positions on some specific labor and economic issues at the prompting of his managers.

Anyone who knows him knows that he is not the evil, malevolent man that Carter has been drawing in caricature. But he is — like all of us — the product of his environment and experiences. The "kitchen cabinet" cronies from Beverly Hills and Pacific Palisades who decided after his Goldwater speeches that Reagan could be promoted as governor of California are big-businessmen. The breadth of their social vision is measured by their belief — which Reagan shared — that everything from a state open-housing law to income tax withholding in Sacramento was a threat to their way of life, and therefore, to the public good.

It should be noted that Reagan eventually came to accept both policies as necessary. That is the pattern of his politics. He starts with the reflexive belief of his social set that change is dangerous and eventually is persuaded that it is necessary. That approach applies not only to domestic affairs but to such foreign policy questions as the recognition of China, which he also opposed and then accepted.

If America wants a President who — as Adlai Stevenson, another Illinoisan with Ickes' wit, once said, "has to be dragged kicking and screaming into the 20th century," — Reagan is the man. But Carter's inability to make that simple point with style or grace or good humor is absolutely stunning.

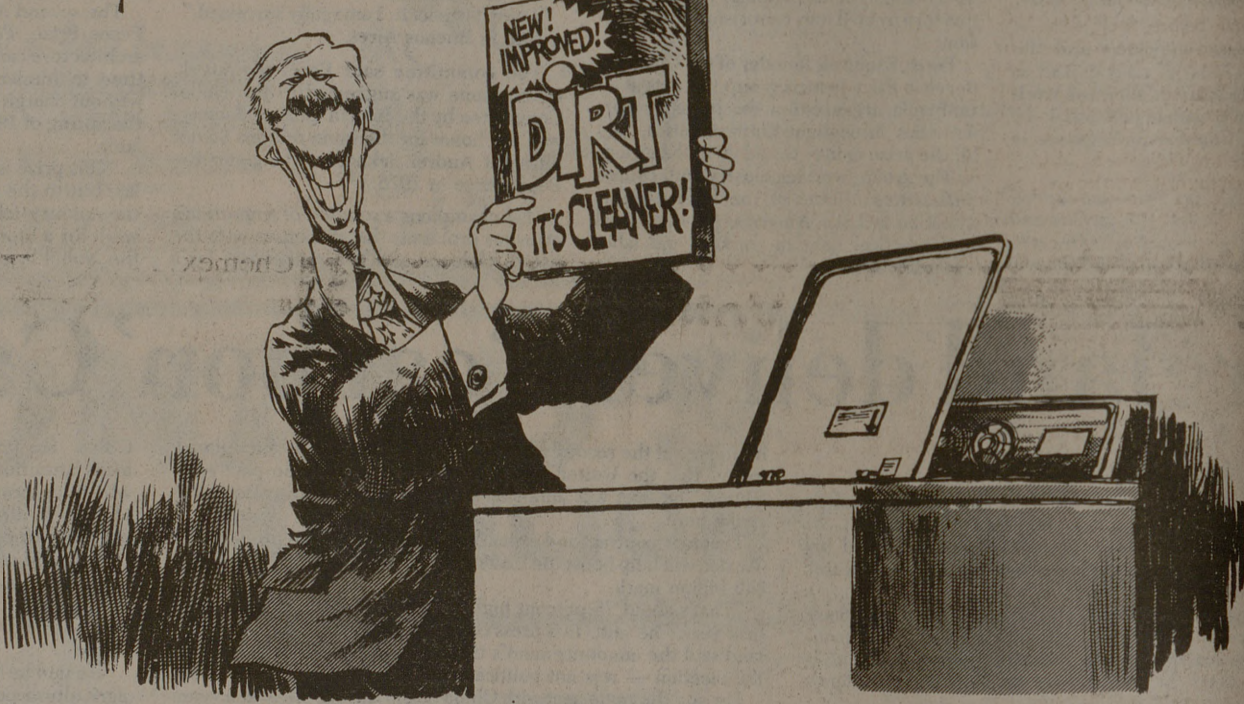
One reason is his own woeful lack of humor. Even his loyal (and funny) press secretary, Jody Powell, says, "You give him a funny line and, somehow, he changes it so it comes out hard."

But the deeper reason is that humor requires a degree of detachment — an ability to see your own follies and failings, as well as the other fellow's.

Carter is such a solemn, self-righteous man that he cannot see what easy pickings Reagan would be for a politician who is not puffed up with pride himself. But if that same inflated ego which convinced Carter that a lame duck governor of Georgia could run off with the presidency now has convinced him that if he is defeated by Reagan, the country will face nuclear war or civil way — or maybe both.

It is to laugh.

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It's your turn

Bell-savers thanked by Tech student

Editor:

As a visitor from Tech (and the son of an A&M graduate of '42) at last week's game, I would like to relate a personal experience I encountered and recognize three people for what they did to help me. Yes, I'm a Saddle Tramp who fell victim to yet another one of those immature pranks that is generated by Tech-A&M football games (whether it involves Tech band plumes, senior boots, trumpet banners, or Saddle Tramp bells).

After the game was over, I was waiting outside the Red Raider locker room (along with players' parents, cheerleaders, the president of Texas Tech, the mayor of Lubbock, and Tech athletic staff). Suddenly, a Corps member grabbed my bell and took off for the gate. By the time I could react, he was well on his way back to the Corp dorms. To say the least, I was upset and I could easily see that everyone around me shared my sentiments.

But luckily the story doesn't end here. Not more than ten minutes later, my bell was back in my hands. Melissa and Paul Silvernail brought it back to me. From what I understand, the Corps Chaplain (Blake Purcell) stopped my bell snatcher and Paul (who is a former Aggie

Band member) talked him into giving the bell back. Well, so much for the incident.

This letter is meant to recognize those three individuals: Melissa, Paul, and Blake. I can't say enough to describe my deepest appreciation for what you did. And I speak for all of those around me who witnessed it too. I know Dr. Cavazos (President of Texas Tech) was impressed with your action. Again, I thank you.

Gregg Hudspeth

Grad student can't wait

Editor:

My letter is an addition to Glenn Gardner's in Tuesday Oct. 7 Batt.

I'm really glad to see that tradition and are being upheld at Texas A&M. I was a graduate student in Jan. '81 and I wasn't enough to attend a fine undergraduate party. But through hard work and a lot of including encouragement from a great beautiful friend — I have been accepted Grad. school at Texas A&M. I'll live in room or sleep in a shack if need be and I guarantee you that the traditions of Texas A&M always be honored in my presence. I thank for a chance to attend "The University" you. A future Grad student.

Frank C.

Warped



By Scott McCullar

THE BATTALION

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