

Slouch By Jim Earle



"Not only did I not get any studying done, but I forgot my books and notes and left them at home."

GTE should instruct students to use new phone system too

By DENISE RICHTER

Battalion Staff
Has anyone figured out the new phone system? If you have, would you be willing to share your knowledge? Just call me at 845-2611. Or 5-2611. Maybe you'd better try 9-845-2611. Or how about 260-2611?

Frankly, I'm confused. Prior to GTE-Day (the day the new dormitory phone exchanges went into effect), I was proficient in the art of phoning. I could make a call with relative ease and finally had memorized the really important numbers like the student locator, Mr. Gatti's pizza delivery and Brazos Savings' Time and Temperature number.

Now that knowledge is worthless. Oh, the numbers haven't changed — but what good are they if I can't figure out how to dial them?

I'm convinced that the average college student tallies up just as much telephone time as the average University employee. But were we included in the training sessions GTE sponsored to teach University employees how to use the new phone system? No.

All we received was a "Student Telecommunications Guide." I'll admit it's a nice little booklet but it fails to answer a few basic questions:

— Why is it necessary to dial 9 plus the entire

Second thoughts

by Denise Richter

number to call a dorm room from a number on the 845 exchange? Isn't 9 used to reach off-campus numbers? Did I miss something? The next time the University decides to move all the dorms off campus, I wish someone would let me know.

— Why isn't it necessary to dial 9 when I want to call my off-campus cronies from a dorm but have to dial the 9 before I can call off campus from an 845 number? Is it because the dorm is closer to the edge of campus or is it just another ploy to keep us confused?

— Why did GTE change the exchange from 845 to 260? I liked 845 — it had a nice ring to it. Still, I'm not totally against change, I would have

accepted a new number if GTE had something with a little life to it — that spelled out a word or something only two words that 260 spells out ("boo").

All of the above are minor irritants. year or two I'll adapt. The real object is explained in this sentence GTE: the students guide (at least they did fine print):

"If you do not contract for long-distance service, you cannot reach the long-distance number to make collect or credit card calls."

Does this make sense? Why would I make collect calls if I had long-distance? And why would I shell out for long-distance service if I only planned to make calls and not foot the bill anyway?

GTE does make a feeble attempt to reassure phoners by reassuring us that still use a pay phone to make collect card calls. Okay, if GTE wants to use a phone on the third floor of Keathley if not, forget it.

You know, there has to be an easier way to reach out and touch someone.

Does anyone know how much to a telegram?

The Washington Star must live as a free voice

By DAVID S. BRODER

WASHINGTON — Once before, a few Christmases ago, I asked the indulgence of readers outside Washington while I used this space to talk about The Washington Star and the importance of its being saved as an independent journalistic voice in the nation's capital. Last week, Time, Inc., the latest owner of The Star, pulled the plug on the struggling newspaper and said it would be shut down on Aug. 7 unless a new buyer could be found.

So, once again, I am impelled to talk about the Star and what it represents — this time with the sickening feeling that it may be a eulogy and farewell to my old friend. I am not objective about The Star. I worked there for five happy years. I have many friends on its staff. And, for the last 15 years on the staff of The Washington Post, I have had the constant stimulus and benefit of the strong competition The Star and its staff provided.

Let me tell you what kind of paper it was when I worked there in the early 1960s under editors like Newbold Noyes, Charles Seib and John Cassidy. Its lead political columnist was a man named G. Gould Lincoln, who was nearing 90, but was physically vigorous, mentally acute and, of course, unrivaled in his knowledge and experience of three generations of politicians.

The Star was wise enough to recognize the irrelevancy of "retirement age" for a man like Gould Lincoln. But it was also gutsy — or foolhardy — enough to let a 30-year-old novice go to cover the West Virginia primary and to print his finding that, contrary to the conventional wisdom, John Kennedy was very likely to beat Hubert Humphrey.

There's something else I will never forget about my first few months on that paper. The editor was Benjamin O. McKelway, a gentleman of innate dignity and character, a power in American journalism and a friend of all the mighty. In the spring of 1960, I was sent to Austin to cover my first-ever Texas political story, involving the Texas Democratic convention's endorsement of Lyndon B. Johnson as its favorite-son candidate for President.

The process involved some real arm-twisting and wheeling-dealing by Johnson, Sam Rayburn and their friends. Fascinated, I wrote of it in some detail. The next morning, while I lingered in Austin, the Senate majority leader was back in Washington. He did not like what he saw in the first edition of The Star and he picked up the phone and advised his friend McKelway that The Star should get rid of that young reporter before his bad reporting caused further embarrassment.

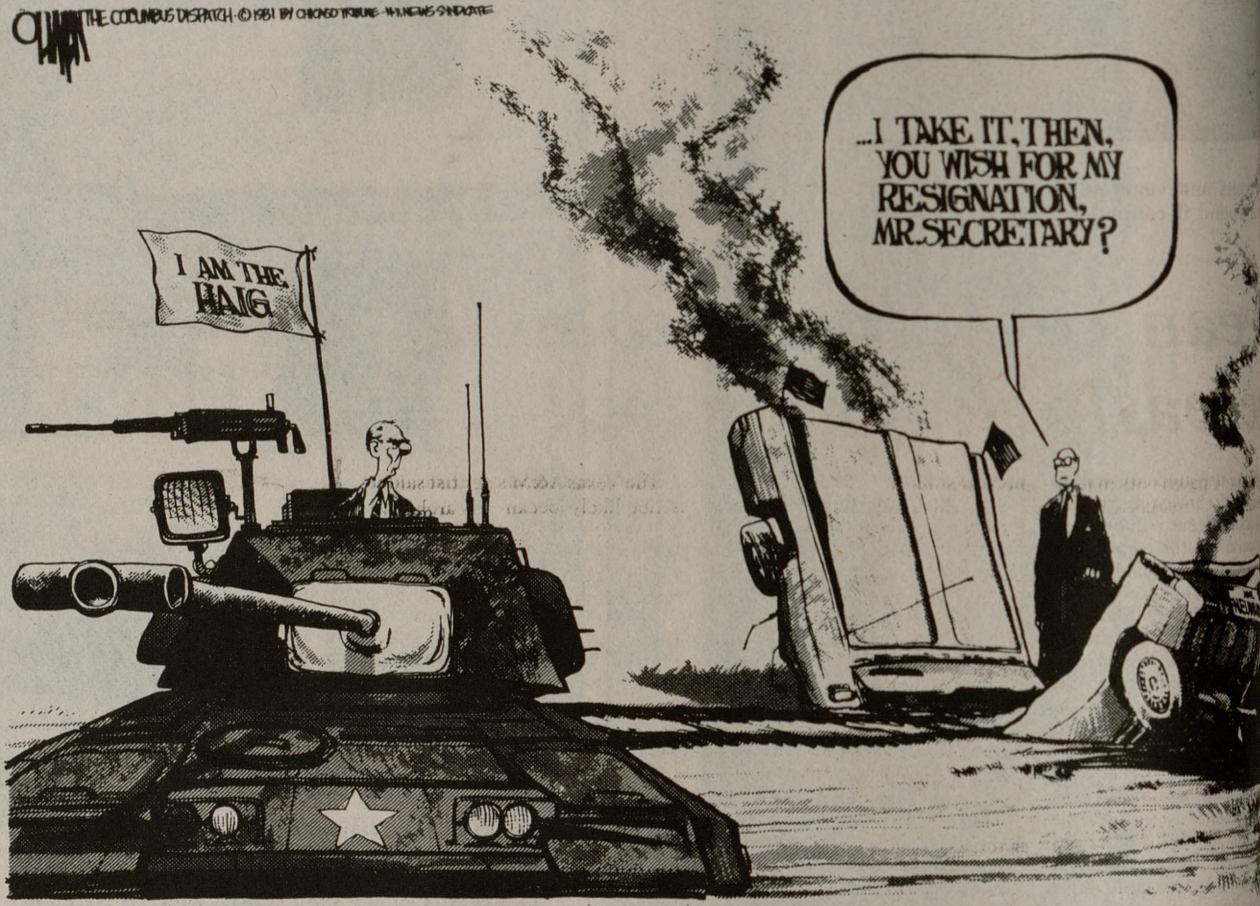
When I was awakened by a phone call from the editor, recounting the conversation and asking for further information to back up the story, I was in a panic. A few hours later, my memo went off and I waited — sure that my fate was sealed. When McKelway called again, it was simply to say he was satisfied our account was right and just to go on about my job and let him worry about the majority leader.

That kind of honesty and independence is the rarest, most precious commodity in the news business. It is, of course, inestimably important in the supercharged partisanship of Washington, D.C.

What has strangled the Star are the increasingly familiar bugaboos of afternoon newspapers — traffic problems disrupting circulation, TV news shows bringing later information, advertisers shifting their dollars in other directions. The special problem for The Star is that the Washington Post, my paper, has been both journalistic and commercially a smashing success.

Obviously, I take pride, in that success. But it gnaws me that it should have come at the expense of The Star — let alone its destruction. We need The Star.

The country is governed now by people who believe that the marketplace is the rightful arbiter of human and business destinies. But somehow The Star has fallen through the safety net. And that is a loss we really cannot afford. I wish some of those companies that are lusting after Conoco would lift their sights above the almighty bottom-line and demonstrate, for once, that businessmen recognize there are values that loom larger than a profit-center. The Star deserves to live.



Condiments need vigilance

By DICK WEST

United Press International

WASHINGTON — Last month, as is his wont, Sen. William Proxmire made sport of the Army for drawing up 17 pages of specifications for Worcestershire sauce.

I can see how so much fuss over condiment guidelines might strike a senator as excessive, and some of Proxmire's jocular comments may have been well taken.

But when he questioned the "national defense" relevance of loose labels, he was perhaps on shaky ground.

One section the Wisconsin Democrat quoted verbatim reads in part:

"Label adhesive shall be examined for water resistance as follows: Submerge glass container, with label affixed, into room temperature water for four hours. Remove from water and remove excess water by blotting with paper towel. Press finger firmly against the label (in area where the adhesive has been applied) and move finger

(still pressed against the label) towards the bottom of the bottle. Displacement of the label indicates failure to meet this requirement."

Yes. Exactly.

In failing to grasp the importance of this test, Proxmire apparently overlooked the opportunities for practical joking that are afforded by Worcestershire sauce.

Possibly he was unaware that in some circles the highest form of wit consists of steaming off the labels of Worcestershire sauce bottles and attaching them to bottles of ice cream flavoring. And vice versa.

It is patent the first thing any rogue bent on such devilment would do would be to soak the bottles four hours, making certain the water was room temperature. Then he would remove excess water with a blotting towel, press his finger firmly against the label and push downward.

Any Worcestershire sauce labels failing to meet federal specifications would slide right off and could easily be transferred to

the ice cream flavoring. With dis-

some minds hilarious, consequently rather remote. Still it is comforting

a Worcestershire sauce label will drop off, denuding the bottle and one to mistake it for massage

label-switcher striking our pantry rather remote. Still it is comforting a Worcestershire sauce label will drop off, denuding the bottle and one to mistake it for massage

I can tell you from bitter experience a Worcestershire sauce rubber duck soak in the Jacuzzi is no way to tension.

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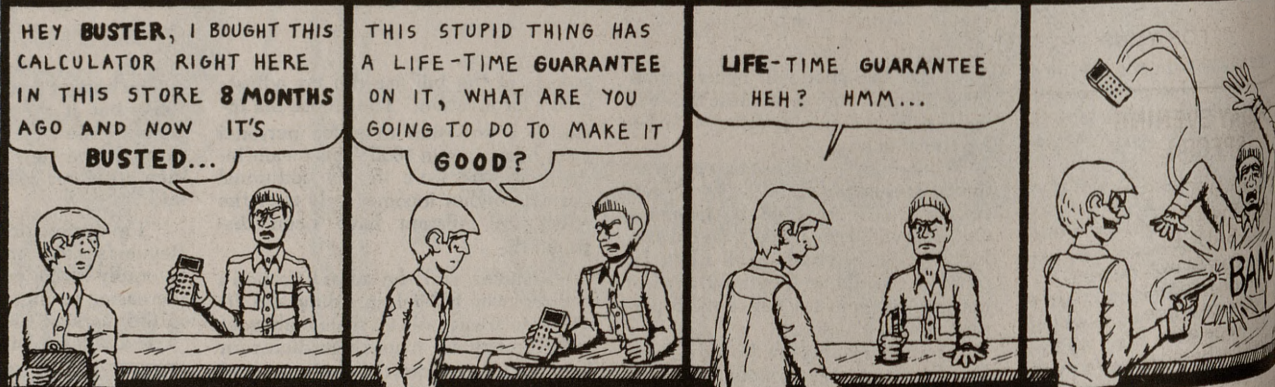
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The Battalion also serves as a laboratory newspaper for students in reporting, editing and photography classes within the Department of Communications.

Questions or comments concerning any editorial matter should be directed to the editor.

Warped



By Scott McCullar