

Batt's spring '84 Board bids farewell

The curtain slowly falls. The polite applause — or catcalls — may now begin.

This is the last editorial of The Battalion Editorial Board for the spring semester of 1984.

Why have the members of this board, day in and day out, tossed their views out into the maroon haze to be examined by Texas A&M community?

Why don't we start with some of the reasons that aren't true.

First, we aren't agents of the University of Texas, the KGB or the Communist party.

And we aren't in favor of cancelling Silver Taps, or Muster or even yell practice.

Yes, we do like orange on the front page every couple of weeks. Color — any color — tends to liven up the dull-gray sameness of a newspaper's front page.

Our views may have leaned a bit more to the left than those of the campus mainstream. Our daily writings

were not presented for every person to agree with. Sometimes members of the board were divided on their opinions, and some days we received backlash from our staff for our opinions.

But we weren't writing to make friends, and we didn't endorse a candidate for student body president just to get our candidate into power.

So why did we devote time every day to write editorials?

One student leader wandered up to a member of The Battalion Editorial Board earlier this semester and gave us the answer.

"You know," he said, "what you guys write, really makes me think."

— The Battalion Editorial Board
 Rebeca Zimmermann, editor
 John Wagner, managing editor
 Kathy Wiesepape, editorial page editor
 Tracey Taylor, news editor
 Patrice Koranek, city editor
 Donn Friedman, sports editor



Slouch

by Jim Earle



"It can't be on wrong-side-outwards! I checked it in the mirror after I put it on."

End of college days is now in sight

Elation, sadness, anxiety, relief. All these feelings pervaded my study-worn soul when, on April 10, 1984, I preregistered for my last semester of college.

I went through the motions in a daze, for the first time not having to wait in lines. This year, the process was changed and instead of lines a mile long — literally — eight people were preregistering. About 30 obviously bored ladies sat at their assigned tables, not worrying about having to lead these students through the process. This was the seniors' day.

Click.

I smiled my last morbid smile for my last morbid college ID.

And suprisingly, I finished in five minutes, not three hours.

What a way to go.

I realize some of you May graduates might be thinking my mixed emotions are a trifle premature. After all, I do have an entire semester left and don't graduate until December.

But lately, the days have zipped by with the speed of a Boeing 747.

In less than eight months, I'm going to be thrown to the lions — the real world. More and more, I find myself counting my blessings.

Mom's counting hers, too. Only eight more months of supporting her precious little college girl who flunked economics, of all things. She couldn't believe I didn't understand about the supply and demand of money. She said I had it down to a tee — she supplied every time I demanded.

Thanks, Mom.

Thanks for the gas credit cards you threaten to take away at least once a

month — when you get the bill.

Thanks for the Southwestern Bell calling card that seems to have the same effect on you as the gas cards.

Thanks for doing my income tax every year and sending me the tax return money.

Thanks for paying the insurance on my car every year and for coming through each time ol' Blue throws a fit

jamie hataway

and conks out on me.

Thanks for rescuing me every time I call you with one month left in the semester — broke.

I guess I could go on and on, but it's starting to depress me. I'm finally beginning to see how much of a headache it must have been to supporting a college student.

But then, I've had my share of headaches.

The first headache came from trying to decide what in the world I wanted to be when I grew up. This took about two years of switching from major to major, sampling all the different roles I could act out once I graduated.

Then, my junior year, I discovered journalism. The liberal in me was sparked by the energy and concern of a handful of college professors who, for once, seemed to care. In the College of Business Administration, I was just a number. When I registered in

the Department of Communication, I joined a family.

I guess there is a place for everyone — somewhere.

Yes Mom, it's been worth it. I've learned that no matter how much intelligence you have, as long as you understand people, you can get places. Before I tried to understand everyone else, I knew I had to understand myself.

That almost impossible feat was accomplished during that summer in Spain. Two weeks of travel and two weeks of study in a country where nobody knew who you were, or cared who you were, was a priceless experience. It gave me the opportunity of finding out for myself just who I am. Heck I was and just exactly what I wanted out of life.

And that is to be happy. To live those dreams that I once thought were only fantasies.

What's next? After graduation where will I go?

I always wanted to see what New York was like. And maybe even explore the notorious state of California. Lots of sun and lots of fun. I didn't go to college for nothing.

From there, I might head out to Kentucky or Tennessee. I always wanted to be a jockey. And from an article I read in Cosmopolitan, I learned that being a jockey involves a lot of public relations skills. That's specialty — b.s.

Oh yeah, Mom — about law school. Are you sure you don't want a dependent daughter for three more years?

Jamie Hataway is a senior journalism major.

Letters

Who's Ford Albritton?

Editor:

It should be noted that the Ford Albritton who is financing the carillon for our campus is the same Ford Albritton who in 1965 donated the windows and doors for the President's Home, who has endowed four \$30,000 scholarships for student athletes, who has given a \$25,000 President's Endowed Scholarship and who is a charter member and a permanent Diamond Century Club member of the Association of Former Students.

Albritton has served as a member of the Board of Regents, as president of the Association of Former Students and twice as a member of the executive committee of The Aggie Club.

Nelda S. Green
 Office of International Coordination

We's world class now

Editor:

Ah cain't wait 'til we git ahr bell tahr, so's we kin be great jus' like Harvard 'n' all them other schools that has bell tahr.

Boy, we really showed them teapigs up this time, didn't we? Ah mean, they think they's gittin' to be fuhrst-class by gittin' a \$32-million endowment. And they's spendin' it on professorships, of awl things.

We's gittin' to be fuhrst class on only

\$800,000, though. And we's doin' it with somethin that looks good — a bell tahr. Ever one kin see a bell tahr and tell we's fuhrst class.

Ain't nobody kin see a professorship at t.u. and tell that that place is fuhrst class. Boy, jus' think how fuhrst class t.u. could be if they built themselves a \$32-million bell tahr. Shh! Don't tell 'em. They might get wise afore it's too late 'n' see the light.

Thank Gawd Mr. Albritton didn't do somethin foolish with his money, like donate 32 Prezident's Endowed Scholarships. Mr. Albritton and the regents has recognized wut it truly takes to be fuhrst class, 'n' Ah plan to be at the dedication.

Ah kin see the headlines now: "A&M dedicates bell tower; Aggies now first class."

Dillard Stone, Jr. '80

One basic question

Editor:

To Woodrow W. Coppedge: Are you for real?

Agustin Restrepo

An invitation to prayer

Editor:

From the poignancy of George Washington's legendary prayer in the snow of Valley Forge to the dangerous times in which we live today, our leaders and the people of this nation have called upon Divine Providence and trusted in God's wisdom to guide us through the chal-

lenges we have faced as a people and a nation.

On Thursday, May 3, students and faculty will gather at Rudder Fountain from noon to 12:15 p.m. to pray — a way in which all Americans can truly make a significant contribution to our nation at a moment in history when we desperately need God's intervention. I encourage everyone to take part.

Gary Slinkard

Profs publish or perish

Editor:

We do not know the policies of other departments at Texas A&M, but from what we have seen in the horticulture department, woe unto the professor who exhibits too much interest in the welfare of students.

We have seen two men fired, and now another good man is being coerced into leaving. It makes us angry. These are people who not only show a sincere interest in students, but go well beyond the call of duty to help out when we are having problems.

Professors must set their priorities in research, department policies and students. If they choose students as number one, they can start packing.

We are tired of being second-class citizens at this University. We are tired of being preempted by research. The real future of this nation is in the hands of the youth as well as in research.

The time has come for the old "publish or perish" policy to be put to rest. Not only are we losing fantastic educators, but all the pressure to publish is producing a huge quantity of garbage research.

Department heads, deans and regents need to stop political games with the teacher's tenures and their lives.

Edward Cawley '84
 JoAnn Peery '84
 Quincy Spurling
 Sarah Welder '81
 John Meeks '82

Meet Albritton halfway

Editor:

The main area of conflict in the raging controversy concerning our new bell

tower is the replacement of the World War I memorial by the Albritton Bell Tower. Despite complaints from the student body, construction continues unhindered.

I propose a compromise between the wealthy elite and the common student body. Why not a new memorial the Albritton Memorial Bell Tower?

This would satisfy Mr. Albritton's ego. It would also relax some of the tension toward the tower that has been thick and heavy as the humidity here.

Glenn Class

The Battalion

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managing editor, city editor, news editor, editorial page editor and sports editor.

Letters Policy

Letters to the Editor should not exceed 100 words in length. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit letters for style and length, but will make every effort to maintain the author's intent. Each letter must be signed and must include the address and telephone number of the writer.

Reader's Forum columns and guest editorials also are welcome. Address all inquiries to the Editorial Page Editor.

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