

Convention burden shouldn't be placed on poor in Dallas

A \$1 million bill has been left for the citizens of Dallas by unwanted guests.

Dallas taxpayers, the Dallas Morning News reported Thursday, will have to pay off \$1 million in unanticipated convention costs from the Republican National Convention. A long standing pledge by the city that it wouldn't use city dollars to finance the Republican National Convention may be broken.

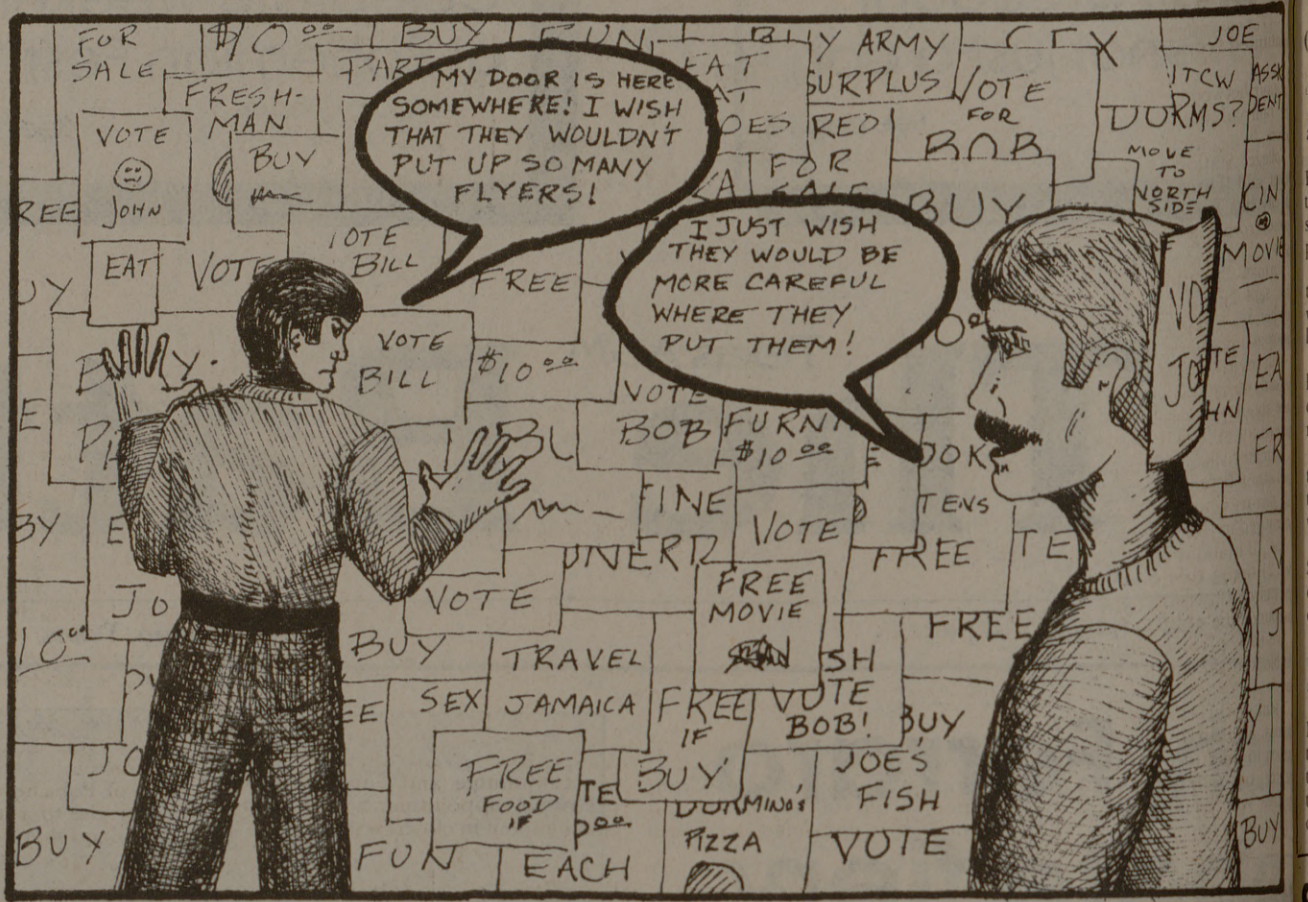
"We were promised it would be funded by the GOP ... and we boasted we could have the convention without city money," Dallas city council member Max Goldblatt said.

Former Dallas Mayor Jack Evans told the Morning News that the city shouldn't dip into local tax money to pay off the debt. In 1982, when he signed the contract to host the convention he promised private fund-raising would meet all convention costs. The city has requested that the Republican Party help pay off the debt, but have received no reply.

It appears another promise will be broken. And this one, the Republicans won't be able to blame on former President Jimmy Carter.

This is a debt the Republican Party can, and should, make good. It's a debt the people of Dallas should not have to pay. If any Dallasite has to pay a cent to finance this extravaganza it should be those who profited from it — hotel owners, restaurant owners and the like — not the poor people whose city was invaded by the hordes in three-piece suits and party hats.

— The Battalion Editorial Board



Pets act just like their people

Pets, they say, are reflections of their owners. Or perhaps owners are reflections of their pets. I'm not sure which is the case — if either, because most stuff "they" say is phlooye — but this thought was brought forcefully to my mind Wednesday as I sat on the couch in my apartment.



Robert McGlohon

The thing is, you see, it's not really my apartment. I share it with my roommate, Dave, who also is my brother, which brings us to the whole im-pet-us for this column — Dave just bought a snake ... a python ... and I was dumb enough to let him drape the three-foot slimy thing around my neck.

EeeYUck. Anyhow, after this thing, which doesn't have a name yet because Dave doesn't even know its sex, had scroomed its way onto the floor, I cogitated for a while on the symbolic and psychological significance of owning a snake. All I could remember was that it had something to do with sex. So I told Dave he is oversexed, figuring that even if it isn't true, it'd make him feel good.

Well, Dave just ignored me, because after 20-plus years he's used to my non sequiturs. But while he was ignoring me, I was delving into this insight about people, pets and reflections.

First, I considered my own case. I own a cat. Or more accurately, Wendy (or Wimpy) owns me. And it was here that I was thrown for a loop. She — or rather it, now — is probably the weirdest cat in the world, small and skinny

and of no particular color. I, on the other hand, avoid redness and, for the most part, am of one color.

There are other differences as well. But finally, I decided this was an exception to the rule because I didn't acquire Wendy, she acquired me. (Back when I was a journalist rather than a journalism student, I moved into a house with a hippy couple from New York. They stayed a week later, leaving me with the unpaid rent and a ratty kitten.)

Anyhow, after I had rationalized all this to my own satisfaction, I took the quantum leap my subconscious had been aiming for all along. I started speculating on the types of famous people should own.

I started with Ronald Reagan, and finally decided on Irish setter. Reagan too has red hair, is Irish and kind of stinky. And Irish setters aren't all that smart.

Walter Mondale was easy. He should own a bulldog. They are ugly things that appear rather wimpish at first glance, are, pound for pound, the toughest, meanest creatures the face of the earth. Mondale grabs an issue the way a dog tackles an opponent — grabbing on for dear life, letting go come hell or high water. And after Sunday's debate, Fritz rather fits this image.

I couldn't decide about George Bush, but whatever it should have a pedigree.

And let me suggest to Geraldine Ferraro that she buy a pig, nope, abort that thought.

Tip O'Neill should buy a pig.

Bob McGlohon is a weekly Battalion columnist. His column appears on Fridays.

Two seconds: that's all it takes

"SEAT BELTS: to help lessen the chance of injury and/or the severity of injury in accidents or sudden stops..."

From the 1981 Chevrolet Owner's Manual for the Chevette, page 1-5.

Reader's Forum
Reader's Forum
Reader's Forum

I doubt many of the people reading this letter have read the above quote. If you were to read your car owner's manual, you will probably find, essentially, the

same thing; "To help lessen the chance of injury and/or the severity of injury, ..." I do not plan accidents. Nobody does. But I had one on October 4, 1984 at about 8:30 p.m.

I was going to Houston to spend the night with my best friend and his wife. Friday was going to be filled with a meeting of the Southwest Catalysis Society. Friday night with some racquetball and swimming. Return Saturday morning. Simple. What could go wrong? I have driven to Houston more times than I can count.

Six miles south of Navasota, something went wrong. Terribly wrong. All I remember was seeing a tan/brown object, a brake/tail light, and a license plate — that was it. Then the impact and the sound.

The windshield shattered. The hood crumpled and I was thrown 20 yards from the car. The roof buckled in. The engine tore free. The passenger door crumpled like a piece of paper. The back seat flew into the front seat area. Everything that was in the back moved forward: my racquetball bag, backpack, and two 6x9 triaxial speakers. The dashboard disintegrated. The right fender was now in the passenger seat. The sound was stopping. Glass covered everything. Blood was spattered about.

My blood. I was going about 55 mph and the car stopped in about 25 yards. My car and I had moved a full hay truck 25 yards. From a little math and physics, the accident took about two seconds. Two seconds.

One of the reasons I am writing this letter is this: I wore my seat belt. It took about two seconds to put on. Two seconds. Because I wore my seat belt, I could have walked away from the wreck. I was cut by glass fragments and bruised by the impact.

I needed two sutures for a puncture in my right elbow. It will be a while before I will be jogging or playing racquetball. But I will.

I lost some things. My watch is gone and so are a pair of glasses. The car is totaled. Six cassette tapes. A racquetball racquet. A pair of court shoes. A shirt.

What didn't I lose? A finger. A toe. A hand. A foot. A leg or arm. My life. I will not quote the facts about accidents. I don't need to. You see, I can walk, talk, see, smile, eat, laugh ... I hope you do not have an accident. But if you do, I hope you will be able to write a letter like this one. All it takes is two seconds. The time to put on a seat belt.

Richard K. Hess
Class of '82

LETTERS:

Ag volleyball, football deserve respect, support

EDITOR:

In my opinion, running down one part or organization of Texas A&M to support another is in very poor taste. I am referring to the opinion printed by the Battalion Editorial Board in Wednesday's paper that ran down the Aggie football team in order to build up the Aggie Women's Volleyball team.

I went to the A&M vs. UT game Wednesday night, not because the Editorial Board would like me to think I would have had a better time than at the football game, but because the Aggie women needed my support along with the 3,000 others that attended.

I was greatly impressed by what I saw.

The Women's Volleyball team could have stood on their own merit and gotten the same attendance. They didn't need you to insult another team to gain support for them.

I feel very sorry for the people who call themselves the Editorial Board, who after only one conference game show their support growing very weak.

Is it going to be that same weak Board that supports the other athletic teams in the seasons to come? I sincerely hope not! This is the time that you should either speak out for all of our teams or put your pens down until you have something that really needs criticism!

Louann Nunnallee
Class of '84

Alders: a humble guy as President

EDITOR:

We would like to express our opinion concerning the degrading comments made against David Alders in the Battalion on October 10th.

It is our intent to explain to the authors of those comments that had they ever taken the time to personally meet David, they would not have been so harsh.

After having a personal visit with David, anyone would recognize and appreciate his humble nature.

David has a desire to portray a professional image since he has the responsibility of representing such a large group of adults. We personally are proud to have him as our Student Body President, because we would not feel comfortable being represented by someone who did not have the honesty and integrity which David upholds.

As for the comment about Student Government being too busy to talk, it is a known fact the David has an open door policy regarding student concerns.

We believe that everyone should give David a chance.

As to his use of a dictionary, it would not hurt us all to dust ours off and increase our vocabularies a little.

Anne D. Cochrum, Class of '85
Sharon L. Clifford, graduate student

Bring back the fight in maroon and white

EDITOR:

Okay, enough is enough.

Ever since Jackie Sherrill has taken over as coach of Texas A&M we've adopted a new school color. That color is gray. To my best recollection I can seem to have ever remembering the football team's uniforms having gray included.

I've frequently asked fellow Aggies their opinions were on these gray pants and their answers were all very similar — stating that they make the uniforms look dull. They echoed my feelings precisely.

I personally feel that the uniforms look more attractive with the maroon and white pants with the maroon strips down the sides. These are the pants that are worn on the road games, and define the maroon of the jerseys more attractively.

After all, our own school song says "... Fight, Maroon and White, White, Gray, Gray, Gray ..." Even the striped maroon pants that were introduced at last years' t.v. game are more appealing.

C'mon Jackie, let's go back to the good ol' maroon and white. Besides, evident some changes are needed. We don't start with appearance?

Jose Tamez
Eric Ferris
Robby Bayliss

The Battalion

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Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the Editorial Board or the author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Texas A&M administrators, faculty or the Board of Regents.

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

Letters Policy

Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 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.

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