

OPINION

Registration blues return to Pavilion

Registration and drop-add normally mean long lines and lots of waiting. Originally, Texas A&M had the "walk through" method that used no computers. Next, A&M upgraded registration with computer technology, but the "walk through" system was retained for summer school sessions.

Even during the spring and fall semesters when computers were used, drop-add still meant a lot of waiting. Last year, the drop-add period was extended, which helped the course change requests flow more smoothly.

This second summer session marked the end of the two archaic methods. Starting with fall registration, a new computer system is being implemented.

In keeping with Aggie tradition, it doesn't work. The new system crashed Monday. Schedule print-outs were held up and lines of students formed. The Pavilion was in chaos.

No matter how hard the registrar's office tries, it seems unable to make registration and drop-add a peaceful and efficient operation. The new system was tested during the last session of summer school and was supposed to be ready to go.

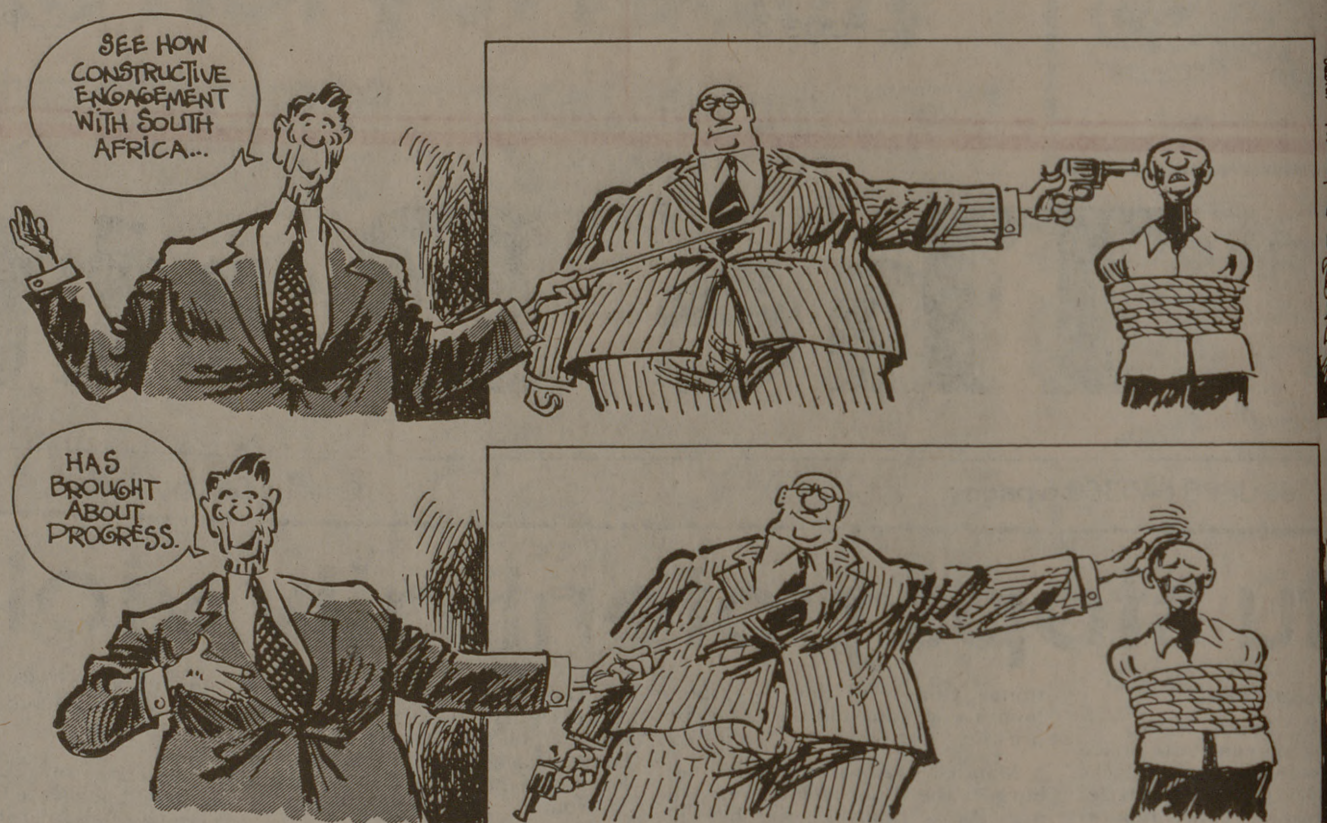
Again, the influx of students was underestimated. The Pavilion was understaffed, and, apparently, the computer was overloaded. One worker said, "There's just too many names being put into the computer." But that's supposed to be the purpose of the new system — to have names put in it.

Undoubtedly the new system will be an improvement once the bugs are worked out. Each department will eventually have its own computer terminal, which will reduce the lines. To have fewer registration woes later, students will have to put up with a little frustration now.

It's hard for students who have driven many miles to register to be patient with the recurring incidents of Murphy's Law. But the system is as new to the people who operate it as it is to the students. They, just like us, need time to adjust.

Remember: to err is human. To really screw things up takes a computer.

The Battalion Editorial Board



Visitors just want guns

Disneyland isn't enough

By ART BUCHWALD
Columnist for The Los Angeles Times Syndicate

Whilst Art Buchwald is on vacation we reprint some columns from the past.)

Hardly a week goes by when some head of state doesn't visit Washington. In the old days if they saw Disneyland while they were in the United States

they went home happy.

But things have changed. Most heads of state now come to Washington to see how much military aid they can get out of the United States.

Several months ago Prince Kowtow, the Grand Dipthong of Zemululu, arrived in Washington for a state visit. The Zemululan ambassador to the United States met him at the plane, as did the American Secretary of State and an honor guard from the U.S. Army, U.S. Marines and U.S. Air Force.

The Zemululan ambassador whispered to the Prince, "The first thing you must do is review the honor guard."

The Prince said, "Those are nice rifles they're carrying. Can I have them?"

"No," said the ambassador, "not yet. We have to take a helicopter to the White House where the President will greet you."

After reviewing the troops the Grand Dipthong got into the helicopter. "Should I ask the Secretary of State for 34 of these?"

"It's too early in your visit. We have to go through formalities."

The Prince looked very disappointed.

The helicopter landed on the White House lawn where the President and First Lady were waiting to meet the party. The President made his opening remarks, calling Zemululu one of the great countries of the world and a friend the United States could not do without.

The Zemululan ambassador said out of the side of his mouth, "It is now your turn to respond."

"Good, I'll ask him for two squadrons of F-15s and three squadrons of F-16s."

"Wait. It's not the time. You never ask for military equipment in the Rose Garden. It's against protocol."

"What should I say?"

"Just say the ties between Zemululu and the United States are stronger than

they have ever been, and the admiration for America as the preserver of peace is something every Zemululan cherishes."

"All right, but I think we're wasting a lot of time. I have only two days here."

Prince Kowtow made his remarks which were followed by a 21-gun salute.

Then the Prince took out a notebook. "I almost forgot the cannons. How many 105-mm cannons should I ask for?"

The ambassador replied, "I think they said they'd give us five."

"Five? My generals told me to come back with no less than 50."

"We'll talk about it later. We have to go in to lunch."

Then Prince Kowtow said, "When can we go to the Pentagon and see the stuff?"

"We have to have lunch with the President first. After that we must place a wreath at the Lincoln Memorial."

"That will blow the whole afternoon," the Grand Dipthong complained.

"The Pentagon is just over the bridge from the memorial, Your Highness. We can go there after the wreath-laying."

"How late do they stay open?"

"Five o'clock."

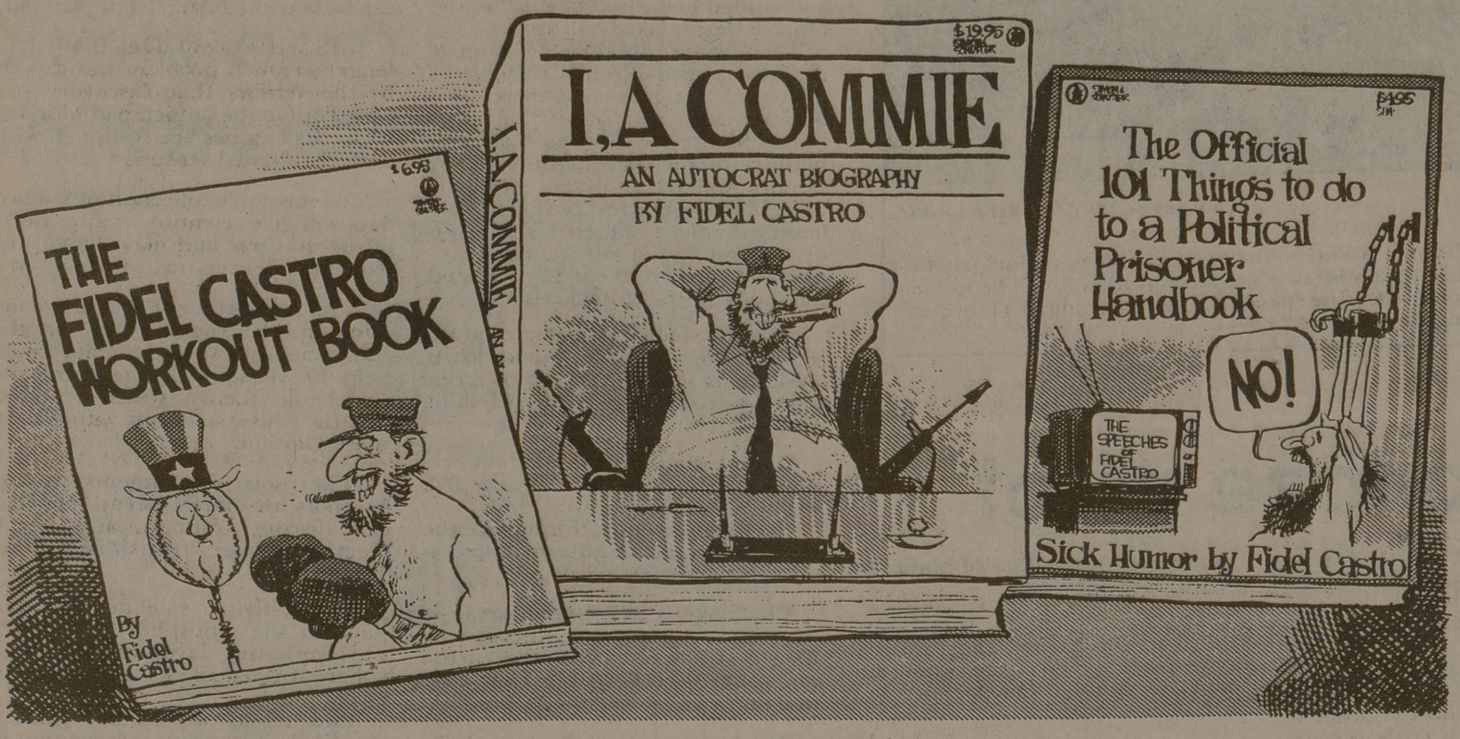
"Five o'clock? I won't even have time to pick out any gunboats for our navy."

"We'll go back the next morning."

"Suppose all the F-15s are gone by then?"

"The Pentagon always keeps a dozen in the stockroom for its special friends. Oh, by the way, there is a state dinner tonight and Beverly Sills is going to sing."
"That's nice. Maybe I can talk the President out of some cruise missiles during 'Madame Butterfly.'"

The Fidel Castro Book Club Published by Simon & Schuster



Time is running out for Jackie and me

"Old Ags don't die, they just wait 'til next year!"

Teri Balog
Guest Columnist

Well, for Jackie Sherrill and me this is next year. This year had *better* be our year.

Jackie and I arrived at A&M during the same time frame in '82. I transferred from Oklahoma State University and Jackie transferred from the University of Pittsburgh.

We arrived with high expectations from ourselves and others. Jackie was receiving a generous salary, and I had a clean GPA. Jackie was going to take the team to the Cotton Bowl and I would graduate with a marketable degree.

However, we didn't go as far in the three years as others had hoped. Jackie hasn't been invited to the Cotton Bowl, and I haven't received a diploma.

This had *better* be our year.
Loyal fans are getting restless and

doubtful that their players will triumph.

Mom and Dad are convinced their daughter should stop spending their money and come home or produce a degree. Pumping money into a three year program without a tangible product is not what they had in mind when I arrived at A&M. It is time for results.

Former students and the Board of Regents are wondering about the choice of their investment. Jackie's honeymoon is over.

First year excuses, such as a new program, new ideas and new players, are not as believable as before. By now, the players should be adjusted to the program. Ideas no longer have the same novelty, and the young players are no longer first-time college football players. They should know what is expected of them and show results.

Not only are the fans getting restless but they are becoming scarce. Fairweather friends have migrated to bluer skies.

I know *my* fan club is down to the minimum number of charter members — Dad, Mom, Cathy, Mike and Emy, a friend from high school that has not graduated from college yet either. But, then again, she's in dental school.

Although the season ended with two wins, things were still dismal. Fans returning to The Jackie Sherrill Fan Club heralded the season as a success when they saw the Aggies beat TCU and t.u.

Now that the team can win, this new-fangled idea needs to carry over into this season. We need consistent wins and not only when the coach's job is on the line.

This can be the year.

Game plans are under way. Football practice is held several times during the week. The team is lifting weights and reshaping their bodies into power machines. The first football game is less than a month away and will be played on Sept. 3, in Birmingham, Ala. The University of Alabama needs the

emotional boost to start their season, however, the Aggies need the momentum for this to be the year.

I'm also working toward my success.

I'm trying to save money and I'm enrolled in summer school. I've had a degree plan and degree check completed so that there are no surprises. I have petitioned classes that Heaton Hall and I did not agree belong on my degree.

I have invested in an interview suit, and my portfolio with my resume is almost completed. Accommodations are reserved for my loyal fans during a special weekend in May at a local Holiday Inn.

Now Jackie's team must prove they are contenders for the Cotton Bowl, and I must prove I'm academically sound enough to receive my degree.

THIS WILL BE THE YEAR!

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