

Opinion

Justice for all?

The Supreme Court ruled Monday that police may "trick" lawyers so that they can question a suspect without having an attorney present. The ruling not only perverts the intentions of the Miranda Rule, it is a hypocritical decision on the part of the court.

In a 6 to 3 vote, the court reversed a lower court decision that threw out a murder confession because police did not tell the suspect his attorney had tried to contact him earlier.

The Miranda Rule specifically states that a suspect has the right to have an attorney present prior to and during questioning. Unless the suspect waives his rights, no evidence obtained in the interrogation may be used against the accused.

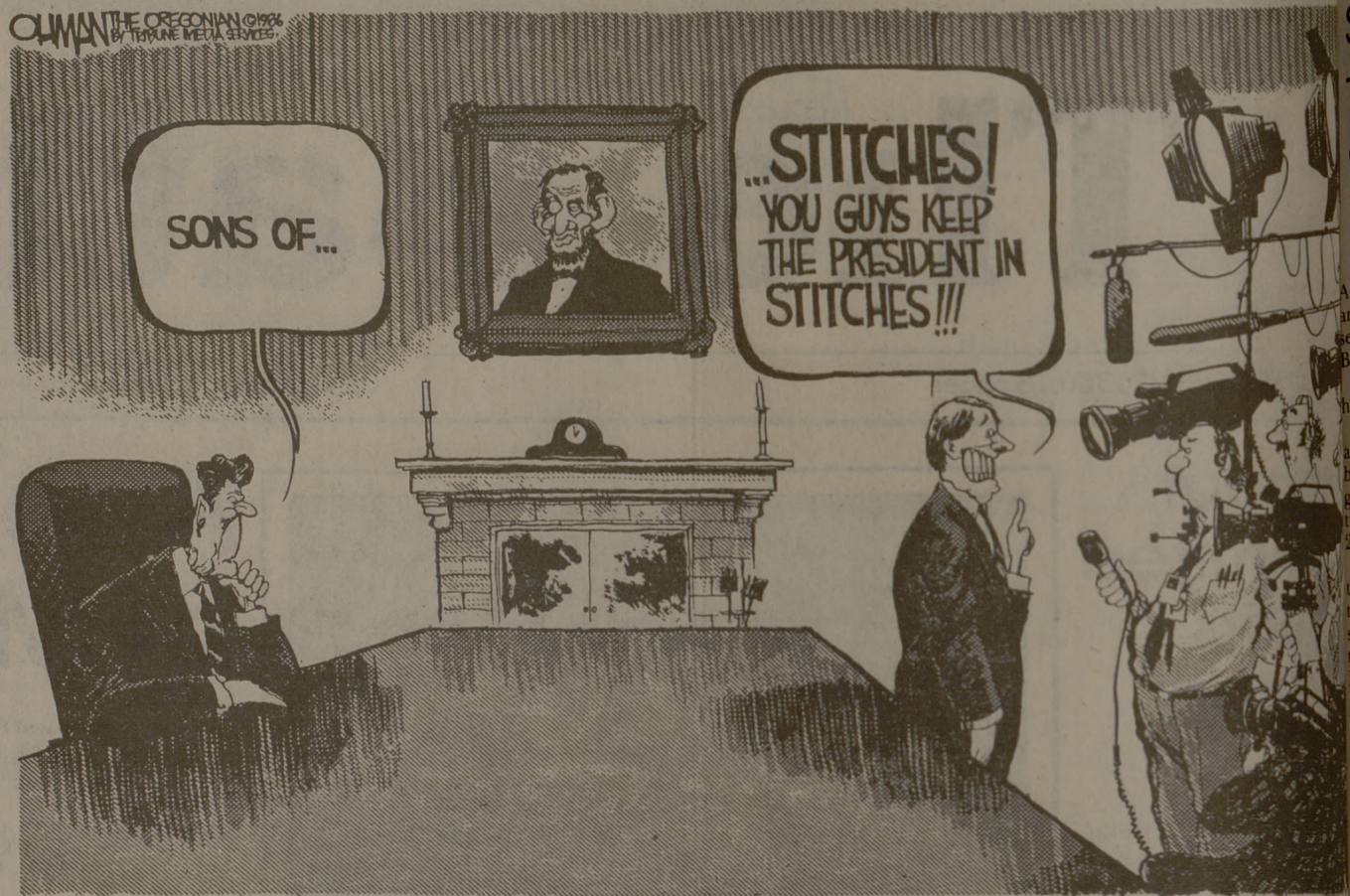
If police prevent a suspect from having an attorney present they violate the Miranda Rule.

Justice Sandra Day O'Connor said while the justices "share (a) distaste for the deliberate misleading" of an attorney, "we have never read the Constitution to require that the police supply a suspect with a flow of information to help him calibrate his self-interest in deciding whether to speak or stand by his rights."

Not only is this advocating dishonesty in the legal system, it contradicts the court's 1966 ruling. The new decision takes advantage of suspects who aren't aware that certain statements may violate their self-interest. It opens the legal process to all sorts of chicanery.

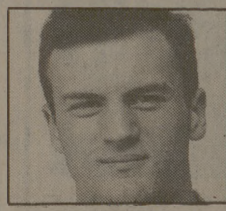
The Miranda Ruling answered a need for suspects to be aware of their rights and to prevent unfair interrogation by police. The new ruling could disrupt this vital contact between the accused and his lawyer.

The Battalion Editorial Board



Regents test new styles to change stuffy image

Bored with its stuffy, conservative image, the Board of Regents has decided to "lighten up."



Glenn Murtha

Apparently, this all started when one regent was walking through the MSC on his way to the Association of Former Students office when he spotted a female Ag clad in a white long-sleeved Oxford cloth shirt (10 sizes too big), baggy flood pants, white socks, black vinyl high top shoes, orange hair and ears exposed with about a dozen earrings in each. Initially taken aback by the sight, the regent mumbled, "th' baw's driss'd lik eh garl."

Back at the board meeting, the shaken regent mentioned the incident to the others. "Whet's th' world cummin' t'?" he inquired.

One of the newer, more liberal members of the board spoke up. "Gentlemen," he suggested, "I think it's time you changed your image. Follow the examples of some of these students. Open your minds. Show a little less conformity and a little more creativity in your thought."

"Ya theenk he's rahht?" one queried. "Ahh dun't know. Lit's geeve it eh trahh," came the response.

The other board members probably took the advice a tad more seriously than intended. They immediately filed into the MSC main hallway to look for the "baw" with the right look. Spotting one, they proceeded to wrestle "him" to the ground demanding to know where "he" had purchased his clothes. The "baw" managed to respond that "he" usually shops at second-hand thrift shops like the mission in Bryan-College Station. After "he" explained that the mission was not a store in Post Oak Mall, the board members set the "baw" free and promptly fled the MSC in search of transportation.

Citing an emergency, the board members hijacked an A.P. Beutal Health Center ambulance and embarked on their mission to the mission. After a quick stop near the Quad to drop off a cadet who had stubbed his toe and required medical attention, the board headed for town.

Arriving at the mission, one overzealous regent cried, "Mek way fer th' Board!" as he skipped through the doors. In quest of individuality (conformity?), the others followed "suit."

The regents exchanged their maroon suits and shoes for a box of old clothes. A student who had helped them to select their "new" attire suggested that they do something about their hair.

"Whet heir? a regent demanded, "Ahh hev'n't hed heir fer yeeris!" She then suggested wigs for the clan.

Proudly embellished in their fashion, the regents took off for the Aggie Wiggery. The Aggie Wiggery, a new addition to the town and thought that it would last — it only maroon wigs.

One maroon wig of the spiked-variety caught their attention. A fighting over it for a good while, a saleswoman revealed that there wasn't enough spiked wigs for everyone. The regents agreed that they would purchase a spiked maroon wig.

The Aggie Wiggery also sells Aggie makeup — maroon rouge and lipgloss. The saleswoman suggested that the regents would add a nice finishing touch to their new look. The regents agreed.

True to the Aggie tradition, the regents are considering a proposal to require all Ags to conform to their style of dress. What better way to instill a sense of unity than to require everyone to look the same? (Rumor has it that Aggie Wiggery is planning to open another store.)

So the next time you see an older Ag with spiked maroon hair, old clothes and a maroon tint to his face, tell him what you think — let him know that you are proud that he serves on our Board of Regents.

Glenn Murtha is a senior political science major and a columnist for The Battalion.

Mail Call

Letters to the Editor should not exceed 500 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.

A hero in our midst

EDITOR:

I would like to take the opportunity to thank the fearless protector of law and justice that saved not only my life, but possibly the lives of thousands of other Aggies.

On Mar. 7, I was walking home from a test at around 9:30 or 9:45 p.m. in the vicinity of Heaton Hall on almost deserted Ross Street. The only other activity in the area consisted of a few other unsuspecting pedestrians and two cyclists heading west on Ross. The bikes were in their allotted paths when all of a sudden one cyclist decided to pass the other (a much slower bicycle).

This is when our hero jumped into action. Without any thought of his own safety, he turned on his lights and pursued this hardened, potential pedestrian-killer. After a pursuit of at least 50 yards, at speeds nearing 15 miles per hour, the criminal was finally stopped. Granted, there was absolutely no other traffic on Ross at the time, but our noble guardian of safety must have noticed some unspeakable travesty of justice. After writing out a citation to that monster, the officer went back on patrol to assure that no other rude cyclist tried such a dastardly scheme.

Again, thank you sir. If for some reason your job as a Texas A&M University police officer is ever lost, may I make a suggestion? Check with the Kremlin. As I understand it, they operate their police force in a similar manner. I am sure they would be able to use your tactics for apprehending dangerous enemies of the authority, too.

Robert Albin

Youth recaptured with one sip of an egg cream

Sometimes after giving a speech, someone asks how as a columnist I have made a difference. At that, I double up with false modesty and declare that, given the complexity of the world, I could never hope to make a difference. Now, however, I can. I have invented the low-calorie egg cream.



Richard Cohen

The words "egg-cream" might call for an explanation. I know that because I once mentioned the drink in a column and was questioned by an editor of unimpeachable American-Gothic credentials. I changed the reference to "root beer," a wonderful drink in its own right but not — I tell you — an egg cream. That very day I heard, Avery Corman, the writer, being interviewed on the radio about his latest book. The interviewer said just one thing in the book stumped him. "What's an egg cream?" he asked.

I will tell him. An egg cream is a little

gift from the gods. It is what the Greeks were referring to when they made such a fuss about wine (things got mangled in translation). And it is what would replace wine as the drink ordinaire of the people extraordinaire, should they ever serve it in France. It is quite simply, heaven in a glass. In other words, it is chocolate syrup, soda water and a little bit of milk.

It is also fattening. This was not a problem for me when I was a kid and addicted to egg creams. They cost a dime and I had at least four or five of them a day. Back then, you could get an egg cream anywhere — a candy store, a drugstore — and I used to make them at home. I was so addicted to egg creams that even when the know-nothing dermatologist told me that they cause pimples, I drank them anyway. Given a choice between clear skin, popularity with girls, romance, sex . . . and egg creams, I chose the latter. You would, too, if you ever had one.

But alas, it had been years since I had had one. Even though there is no egg in an egg cream, there is still chocolate syrup and milk. That's a lot of calories. Maybe 312,000. Just to think of an egg cream is worth maybe 126 calories and

to say the word is 546. I turned to diet root beer instead. It was my version of methadone.

Then some time ago, Bob Greene, a fellow columnist and, you can see from his pictures, a guy with a bit of weight problem, discovered Canfield's diet fudge drink. He wrote about it in his column and I, like lots of others, tried it. Delicious. For two calories, you got a terrific chocolate drink. God, how I envied Greene. Here was a columnist who actually had made a difference. I thought he should have won a Pulitzer prize for clueing us all in. Instead, it went to some wonk for writing a column that made no difference in anyone's life.

What Greene started, I have finished. One night, about to down a Canfield's, my eye stopped on a container of (2 percent) milk. The lightbulb of genius flashed. I reached for the Canfields. I reached for the milk. I poured a little of the milk into a tall glass. I added the Canfield's. I watched that head of foam rise to the top. With shaking hands, I raised the glass to my lips. Oh, boy! An egg cream.

You can not imagine my joy. I had one and then another. I made my wife

taste one. My son, too. I experimented some more. A little more milk. A little less milk. Finally, I had the right proportions. Here they are. Put some milk into a glass and add the Canfield's. The important thing is to put the milk in first. That way you get a good head. It is also traditional.

I concede that the new Cohencream (patent pending) is not without calories. By actual count there are precisely 32 of them — more or less. Two come from the Canfield's and 30 or so from the 2 percent milk. (Non-fat milk would not have enough body for a good Cohencream.) For calories, this is really nothing. It is about the same as one tablespoon of cornstarch (29 calories), one large raw broccoli spear (32), 4 ounces of frozen yellow crookneck squash (24) or 1/2 cup of whey (32), whatever the hell that is. It also tastes better than any of those things.

It is not everyday that you can recapture your youth with a mere drink. But my egg creams of old have brought a new bounce to my walk. I feel like playing stick ball in the street, stoop ball on the stoop (where else?) and a sip brings the Dodgers back to Brooklyn. Everything would be perfect, but in the inter-

est of full disclosure, I must admit to fly in my new ointment.

I've broken out.

Richard Cohen is a columnist for the Washington Post Writers Group.

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