Opinion

Is phone registration too good to be true?

As I was saying last week, the real test of the phone registration system came this

Mike Sullivan

week. And after I spent the weekend teasing all my friends about how I got to register early and got paid to write an article about my experience, they wound up with the last and loudest

Being a paranoid person, I decided to call the registration computer back on Monday to make sure my schedule was still intact. I called at 8 a.m. on the dot, and after only three or four tries, my old friend Mr. Registration Computer greeted me.

I punched in my I.D. number and my personal code like he asked, but instead of letting me enter the course listing code, he rudely interrupted me.

There may be a time conflict in your schedule," Mr. Computer said, "call the registrar's office for verification." I was

How could he do this to me?, I asked myself. Just last week he assurred me over and over again that my schedule

I hung up and dialed the registrar's office just like Mr. Computer told me to. I explained my problem to a lady at the registrar's office and she insisted that Mr. Computer shouldn't have told me to call her, and that I needed to call him back and dial the "help" code.

the system the second time, and when I did, I got the same message from Mr. me the times of the course. Computer. I ignored him and dialed the "help" code.

The operator answered right away section I was enrolled in and add the

and I told her my problem. "I'm sorry, I can't help you with that problem," she said, "apparently the course you enrolled in has had a scheduling change." She told me that both sections of my troublesome marketing course had been

I asked her how students were supposed to find out about time changes, but she didn't seem to know. Then I tried bargaining with her.

"Why don't you just enroll me in the other section and see if there's a time conflict?" I asked. She told me she couldn't do that and gave me a number

I hung up and called the number. A lady answered the phone, "Freshmen Admissions, may I help you?" Now I was really back at square one. I explained my problem. She transferred me to the front desk. I explained my problem to the lady at the front desk. She told me to call the system "help" code. I told her I did. She transferred

"I don't know what we're supposed to do about it," the lady in records said.

By this time I was having trouble focusing my eyes, and I decided it would be best to abort the mission and head to my 10 a.m. class.

Later in the afternoon, I went to the marketing department and they gave me the straight stuff. A professor had just given notice, was leaving the University, and the department had to re-It took a little longer to get back into schedule the course to accommodate the new professor. The new professor gave

> I decided to ignore Mr. Computer's message once again and try to drop the

A phone-y reply to scheduling woe

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A: The only thing you hear with

Karl Pallmeyer is a senior journal major and a columnist for The Bank

new phone registration system.

section that didn't conflict with my

But by that time it was 5 p.m., and somehow every line on campus was busy. I tried to get through at various times right up until 10 p.m., but it was impossible. I set my alarm clock for 7:59 a.m. and went to bed.

Tuesday morning, bright and early, I began calling again. The line was still busy. I had no idea so many students could dial as fast as I can.

By 10 a.m. my fingers were sore, my ears hurt and I couldn't have cared less if Mr. Computer had skipped town, taking every senior's schedule and diploma

When I arrived at The Battalion an tion progresses.

hour later, some kind person informed me that I might be able to get hold of Mr. Computer if I called from a phone on campus. I quickly picked up the phone, dialed the magic number and there he was, cordial as ever.

He gave me the same old message about hanging up and contacting the registrar's office, but at this point I was out of control, and my fingers just started dancing on the buttons.

I punched in the code to drop the Computer fairly well, and there conflicting section, added the new one, pressed the listing code and that was that. I no longer had a schedule conflict.

Obviously the computer can't explain this to students, but with A&M's budget problems, there will undoubtedly be other professors resigning as registra-

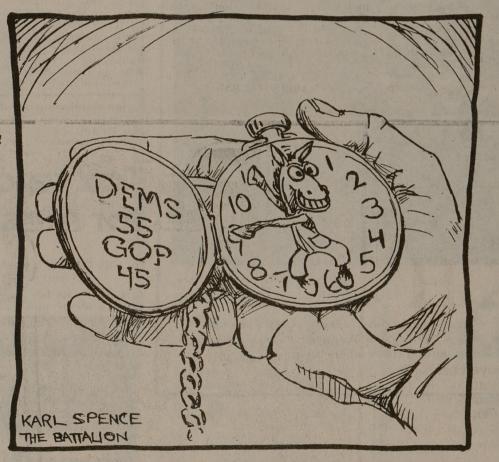
To avoid unpleasant surprise your account statement arrives, commend calling the system back the week and checking your schel you find that some of your classes flict according to the computer, h according to the class schedule, the individual departments shouldn't be too difficult to fix.

This last week I've come to know thing I can say about him despite of the problems I've had. No n how much you verbally abuse him always polite.

Mike Sullivan is a senior jour major and a staff writer for Thele

... AND AS A TOKEN OF OUR APPRECIATION, WE, THE ELECTORATE, WISH TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS GOLD WATCH





What would Dad say if he knew?

I happened to be in a gathering of all males recently, and I don't remember how the subject came up, but a man said, "I'm glad my daddy didn't live long enough to see me getting my hair cut in a beauty parlor.'



Grizzard

I immediately thought of my own father, who died before I stopped getting my hair cut and started getting my hair

I used to go to Grover's Barber Shop. Now I have followed other modern men, and I get my hair shampooed, conditioned and styled at a place called "Blowout."

Melissa does my hair. Quite often,

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ing their hair done, too. That's all the to report to the post physician right place needs to be a bona fide beauty away. Do you understand

I had become fairly comfortable in that setting, but after what the man said about his father, I somehow felt I had betrayed my own.

My father was a military man. He was wearing a crew-cut the day I was born, and he was wearing one the day he died. I have to temper this story for a fam-

ily newspaper, but a man who served in the Army with my father told me this: We had some new recruits in around

'54, and the captain (my father) had them standing at attention.

"He went down the row, asking each recruit where he was from, and he came to a kid with what was considered long hair back then.

'The captain said, 'Soldier, how long has your hair been in that condition?

The kid replied, 'Since I started high there are ladies on each side of me hav- school, sir.' The captain said, 'I want you

Editorial Policy

tion.

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The kid said, 'Yes, sir, but what do I

do when I get there?' The captain replied, 'Ask him to give you a complete physical to verify whether or not you're in the wrong outfit and need to be transferred to the WACs.

My hair is not that long by today's standards, but if Daddy could see me now, I am certain he would be shocked.

I can hear him now: "In the name of God, son, Liberace doesn't have that much hair.

My father considered Liberace to be the epitome of the lowest form of male

There are a number of things I do today that would shock my father were he

Besides the hair on my head, I have a mustache and a beard.

'Only movie stars and homosexuals have beards," he likely would say, "and I haven't seen any of your movies lately."

I play golf. He abhorred golf. "Silly game," he'd say. "Hit the ball and then go find it.'

I don't wear socks very often. After my father left the Army, he became a teacher. I saw him send two 10th-graders home during a basketball game, telling them not to return until they were wearing "the proper footwear."

And I get my hair cut in a beauty parlor. If you're listening, Daddy, forgive

And consider this: At least I don't use

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Mail Call

It all came out in the wash

A few weeks ago I was washing my clothes at washroom 2, near the ball hall. Since it is extremely hot inside the washroom, I went outside to stud while my clothes were in the dryer. Upon returning, I found that most of them were burned, yet not all of them were even dry. I did not realize how much my clothes were worth — the value I was entrusting to that machine More than \$100 worth of clothes was in there. If most students are likeme, they cannot afford to replace those clothes.

The next day I went to the washroom to see what could be done. I was told that the dryers were owned by an independent contractor. The cloths were sent to the contractor so he could see them. A day later he telephone me and said that his equipment was responsible for burning my clothes. agreed that I could give him an estimate of what the clothes were worth. gave him the estimate, and then he decided to clean the clothes. Four days later I telephoned and the man I talked to said he would send the clothes money to washroom 2 to be picked up. The next day I received a call from the contractor I had spoken to originally. He said a repairman had checken the dryer and that it was not responsible for ruining my clothes, so there we nothing he could do. I told him I had a witness, but he simply stated that didn't prove anything, only that I got the articles out of the dryer burned

He finally said that in order to keep his "good" name and his "reputation," he would pay me only a portion of the money for the clothe

if the money meant that much to me.

Do students that use the facility located near the band hall realize the dollar amount of the clothes they are trusting that machinery with? What they had to replace all of the clothes they put into a dryer while doing the

Rhonda Woolf'88

More to school than school

Many students are under the impression that they will not have any problems finding work when they graduate if they have good grades. The best efforts go toward academics, with the faith that a lot of hard work and studying will pay off come graduation day with a good job.

I hate to say so, but the "real world" doesn't work quite that way. From professional work experience, which includes a stint with Exxon — where worked for a while interviewing graduating seniors on site visits - the academic record of an applicant only establishes a minimum standard. A high grade-point ratio unlocks the door to a good job, but does not open

Other things besides academics are important. A resume that shows participation in extacurricular sports, religions or other activities is impressive. That sort of experience indicates that an applicant has the incentive and ability to work well with other people, in the sort of teamest by which most of the best companies operate these days. An applicant may smart and have good grades, but that doesn't ensure a prospective emplo that he will be competent in a competitive business environment, wherebe able to communicate adequately with other people — co-workers, superior or competitors — is often more important than just knowing the business.

William H. Clark

Unrecognized projects

The Student Services Committee of Student Government has been working on several projects this year that have gone unrecognized by many students. Some of these include: trying to reduce the Aggie Point Plan deposit, installing more bicycle racks around Zachry Engineering Center, providing insurance for graduate students, improving the aerobic trackan revising football ticket distribution.

The committee welcomes ideas and suggestions from the student body Students can contact their senate representative or attend a student service meeting.

Patricia Fuller '88 accompanied by 18 signatures

Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words in length. The editorial staff reserves the Each letter must be signed and must include the classification, address and telephone num