

EDITORIALS

Going out of business

Newspaper buyouts affect us all

Pittsburgh, Pa. will be the next town to lose one of its newspapers according to recent reports. San Antonio will soon become a one newspaper town as well. Dallas has been served by a single newspaper for over a year now, and many other major U.S. cities have also had their competing newspapers swallowed up by large media conglomerates. Unfortunately, this trend will probably continue.

Cities with competing newspapers are quickly becoming a thing of the past as independent newspapers become rarities. All of this hurts the quality of journalism available to most people in this country. Lack of competition allows one newspaper to dictate which stories will be covered and how well they will be covered. Conglomerate ownership fur-

ther encourages a newspaper to rely on generic wire service stories and to ignore the more difficult task of investigating local issues.

Television and its increasing outlets for news have obviously cut into newspaper readership over the years. However, it seems to be the increasing incidence of competitor buyouts by huge media conglomerates that is really changing journalism today. Television may be to blame for the continued loss of profitability by newspapers in general, but buyouts, however, are impoverishing the quality of journalism for us all by replacing competition and local commitment with the glib stuff that television is made of.

Hopefully, newspaper owners have not completely forgotten the ideal of serving newspaper readers.

Parental guidance suggestions

Viewing moms and dads through the lens of age

Parents are no angels. They're either a step above, or a step below, but according to recent studies conducted by the Society of Highly Intelligent Teenage Students, most parents are only human.

One father said parenthood is like a prison sentence — 18 to 25 years — and the parents are only hoping for good behavior. On my 13th birthday, I remember my father stopped at the door and watched me shave for the very first time. He stood there, gazing down proudly at his man-child — whose face was covered no longer by peach fuzz, but by countless tiny spurts of blood — and wondered why he didn't name me Nick.

"I'm very proud of you, son," he said. "These next few years are going to be exciting — and tough — for you, your mother and me. You're going to grow in body and mind. You're going to reach a point where you'll think you're smarter than your mother and me, and you won't agree with many of the things we tell you. You may even think us stupid..." He went on predicting how we would tough it out through my tempestuous teen years and how I would eventually consider my parents wise once I myself became a parent. I tried to listen patiently as I continued slicing into my face.

Parents, my father told me, can do no wrong in a child's eyes. From day one, everything "mommy" and "daddy" do is the right thing. Whether they wear blue collars or white, eat crumpets or crumbs, parents set the standard by which all the world is measured in a child's mind. Anything else is foreign and therefore, inferior.

But children eventually develop their own sets of standards, based on their own experiences. These experiences are often defined by opportunities provided by parents working to give their children something better than they themselves ever had. As a result of this hard work, children one day discover that their parents are only human.

I will never forget the day I realized my mother was merely a mortal. Everyone had gone home from school that day and I sat alone wondering where my ride was. I was about 10 years old and began to cry when I considered the possible reasons for my mother being so late. She could have died in a crash, I thought. Or she might have been

kidnapped. My mind began to blur with endless scenarios which could keep my mother from coming for me. After three hours I saw my mom's white station wagon pulling up the drive. At that moment, it looked like a limousine.

I got in the car and examined my mother, searching for scratches or rope burns. "What happened?" I asked. "Why were you late?"

"I'm sorry. I forgot," she said.

I sat quietly watching her, waiting for further explanation. All I heard was the roaring of the car's engine. And I noticed for the first time that my mother had gray hairs.

I didn't think about the hundreds of times she had been there waiting when the bell rang and I came running out after school. I didn't think about all the times she had dropped me off at school on time, only to rush back into traffic and fight to make it to work on time. I didn't even consider that my mother wouldn't be working if her children went to a public school where transportation was provided. I only concentrated on those words, "I forgot." They were stupid words. My mother had no business saying them.

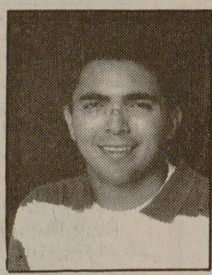
As children grow they see new sides of their parents. Once simply the ultimate authority, parents become sounding boards, advisers, and in the best cases, friends. In some instances parents can be something of a pain. They might show a cutting, sharper side usually reserved for defensive purposes. That's when it's best to determine who is the offender. Anyone suffering from abuse should get out and get help. But if parents are merely showing a hint of their human side, then it's time for children to learn a tactic fundamental to parenthood; forgive, and try to forget.

A few weeks ago I heard from a friend in Japan. She said her mother had been ill. Some days she was fine; other days she appeared disoriented. One evening, my friend said, her mother went for a walk. She never returned. The family found her clothes and shoes on the shore of a nearby lake. That evening was the last time she saw her mother.

All too often, children assume their parents are perfect. When the seemingly infallible display their darker, human side, the flaws can seem devastating.

Understand that parents can make mistakes. The perfect parents are first a myth, and then a memory. Forgive them, love them, make the most of them. Enjoy your parents, while they're still human.

Vasquez is a senior journalism major



ROBERT VASQUEZ
Columnist

What money can't buy

Volunteerism shows character

Some college graduates are showing that sometimes money is no object.

While the national economic downturn is making many job searches longer and more difficult, some applicants are looking to the less fortunate as possible job opportunities.

More than 500 college seniors in Boston attended a career fair last week for volunteer and public service jobs which, students say, won't pay much in dollars but will be just as rewarding.

Many said they see the corporate world as a stifling environment, a place where people are forced in little boxes with no flexibility and lim-

ited creative opportunities.

One national newsletter advertising job openings in the public sector has grown in the last few years to more than 100,000 readers as more and more students consider the alternatives to private employment.

Other students say they simply hope to reverse some of the greed engendered in the 80's when huge salaries were the number one career objective of most graduates.

Students looking to graduate soon should follow the example set by those in Boston and broaden their career alternatives to include public service positions and prove that those who have the gold don't always make the rules.

MARGULIES

1992 THE RECORD NEW JERSEY



Now, folks, this here's exactly what I've been talkin' about...
\$60 MILLION JUST DOESN'T BUY WHAT IT USED T'...

MAIL CALL

Letter about gays used twisted logic

Nice try, Zeke and Owen. The term "sexual preference" applies to consenting adults only. "[A] man who decides to engage in sexual intercourse with your children, whether they are dead or alive, is protected by his right to sexual preference." Wrong! This action is rape — not sexual preference.

By your twisted logic, any rapist/murderer could go free. This obviously does not occur because a rapist is not exercising his "sexual preference" — he is raping someone and violating his or her rights.

A child does not consent to pedophilia.

An animal does not consent to bestiality.

A dead person certainly does not consent to necrophilia.

Homosexuals are consenting adults

who do choose to exercise their sexual preference.

Your bigotry is not hidden by your "logic" or by your disclaimer.

David B. Nash III
Class of '93

Need one-hour class to fight ignorance

In response to Maria Bell and Anne Walthall's Oct. 29 letter, I must disagree. While my parents also taught me to see all others as equals, I didn't experience multiculturalism until much later. My parents had a theory that people of other races were equal, but theory was all I understood it to be. When I was 7 my family moved from Dallas to a very small, white anglo-saxon Protestant town.

Even though my parents still taught the same ideals, I was learning from my teachers and peers.

Between Catholic school and country school, I experienced culture shock. The lingo was totally different, and it included words like "ain't" and "nigger." Racist jokes and attitudes were the norm. As I matured, my philosophy consolidated into the belief that all people should be treated equally; but they aren't. So, what I "learned from the beginning" only played a minor role in my attitudes.

When I got to college, I experienced living near and with people from different cultures. I began to see the beauty and value in diversity. Things started to make sense. A class required me to attend a multicultural event, so I went to a presentation about black history. I was surprised that African-Americans were aware of the bias, and I was even more surprised to learn of the struggle against it. That's how naive I was. Thank God my values and ideals weren't "cemented" when I got here.

Here's my point. Bell and Walthall are right; the Sigma Alpha Epsilon incident doesn't imply stupidity. It implies ignorance. Isn't fighting ignorance why we are students? A one-hour class may not solve the problem, but at least it would put people on the right track.

And as for that ridiculous idea that people would resent other races for having to take the class... I'm more concerned with having had to take Chemistry 101.

Terry Boatman Kimmel
Class of '93

Reviewer should stick to easy movies

So reviewer Jenny Magee is disappointed that no one even kisses in "A River Runs Through It." I suggest that maybe she should stick to "Far and

Away" or "Lethal Weapon III." Obviously Magee has been conditioned by a bit too much MTV and its maxim of instant gratification. Now, maybe if she would be a little more patient, she would find that "monumental" events are not always accompanied by the report of a gun, the crack of a fist, or the smacking of lips. Magee comes close to realizing this when she concludes that the basis for the movie (and the novella) is "life." But there is nothing "simplistic" about "just plain life," and if one takes the time for a little introspection, the suspense and yes, the romance, become apparent. Of course, if Magee doesn't want to "work this hard," "Far and Away" should be out on videotape soon. Hmm, maybe Pitt and Sheffer should have kissed each other. Now that would have been monumental.

Miles Klaff
Graduate student

Remember your place at Silver Taps

This letter is in reference to the Nov. 3 Silver Taps. I would like to thank all the Ags who took time out of their schedules to pay tribute to their fellow Ags who had recently passed away. I was impressed with the size of the turnout considering the weather. The

number of people made me realize just how much of a family we are. The only thing I did not appreciate was the cavalier attitude people displayed during the ceremony. As the Ross Volunteers marched by where I was standing, the crowd started following the RVs.

In a short period of time, no one was left standing along the walkway. This action made me feel that most of the people who were out there considered the ceremony to be a spectacle.

We, as Aggies, are not attending Silver Taps to watch others honor the fallen. In the future, please keep in mind the fact that all who attend are participants, not spectators, and that a certain level of decorum should be maintained during Silver Taps.

Mark Taylor
Class of '94
Sean Olson

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