

Reggie Free...
to be another
reggie defeat.
gies still hang-
in the second
a stepped up
21 second half
the Longhorn

ch
s off every
&M Head
one has a
coat and
the game

s Desk is
ng look at
and worst

me Result
-70 UT
-70 UT
-70 UT

The gaffes and laughs emanating from our local paper can be heard all over the country.

Paper's childish media games hurt community

Way back in 1957, some bad bull went down in this megalopolis we call Bryan-College Station. The Texas A&M administration got their collective noses a wee bit out of joint over some criticism found in The Battalion back in that fine annum.

DAVID TAYLOR
COLUMNIST



Maybe we can do better next year. Jay Leno was good enough to make sure the whole country heard the sad news of our underutilized federal holiday on *The Tonight Show*.

Even the laws of science fall at the whim of The Eagle. On Jan. 14, The Eagle readers were greeted with a picture of a woman whom the caption indicated to be 19 months pregnant.

Last year, one local radio station decided to do something about it.

For several months, the morning jocks over at WTAW 1150 AM provided their listeners with nearly endless entertainment at the local paper's expense. Everyday, it seemed, The Eagle was a source of evermore creative adaptations of the English language.

And WTAW made sure everyone knew. One would think that our local purveyor of the print medium would seek to improve itself, or at least minimize the errors, in order to avoid embarrassment.

One would have been wrong. Rather than hire a copy editor who knew where the "spell check" could be found, The Eagle decided to play dirty.

Things started simply; The Eagle readers learned that Bryan High Football games may be heard on 1240 AM, but read nothing about the A&M Consolidated games on WTAW.

The then-Eagle's publisher began to tell local charities that if their events were sponsored by WTAW or related stations (KAGG or KTSR), The Eagle would make no mention of them.

In other words, if WTAW was involved at all, the activity would not be found in the commu-

ty's paper. This irresponsible policy could have resulted in innocent people paying the price for the paper's inability to laugh at itself.

The newspaper never contacted WTAW to inform the station of the policy, it was just done. I guess this is what is meant by The Eagle's motto of "Serving the Communities of Bryan and College Station..."

Fortunately, the management of WTAW saw the potential for harm in this ridiculous episode. Rather than risk any further action against innocent people — many of whom probably could have shown The Eagle where to find that underused spell check — WTAW bowed out.

The manager of the station went on the air to declare The Eagle "the winner" to end the whole nasty chapter.

Unfortunately, the community was the real loser. Recently, A.H. Belo Corporation purchased The Eagle. Belo already owns a number of television stations (including WFAA channel 8 in Dallas and KTRK channel 13 in Houston), radio stations and newspapers (The Dallas Morning News) all over the country.

Despite its propensity to bust Aggie boosters who pay athletes for not working, The Dallas Morning News is a quality newspaper. Maybe some of this quality can be exported to the Bryan-College Station area.

One only hopes Belo doesn't find the First Amendment quite as childish as it's local publishing outlet did back in 1957, and abandons The Eagle's childish games on WTAW.

It's high time for The Eagle to grow up and serve the community it claims to cover instead of covering itself in front of the community it claims to serve.

Dave Taylor is a senior management major

THE BATTALION

Established in 1893

Editorials appearing in The Battalion reflect the views of the editorials board. They do not necessarily reflect the opinions of other Battalion staff members, the Texas A&M student body, regents, administration, faculty or staff. Columns, guest columns, cartoons and letters express the opinions of the authors. Contact the opinion editor for information on submitting guest columns.

Editorials Board

- Sterling Hayman
Editor in Chief
- Stacy Stanton
Managing Editor
- Michael Landauer
Opinion Editor
- Jason Brown
Assistant Opinion Editor

EDITORIAL

GOOD START

The University should continue to help students with children

With the purchase of the Grenada Building on West Campus, Texas A&M University has demonstrated its commitment to providing convenient, affordable day care for students, faculty and staff. Still, the University should recognize that his work is not done.

Since the fall semester, the administration made it clear that child care was an important issue by holding forums and gathering input from students on the issue.

This culminated in December with the acquisition of the Grenada building, part of which will be converted to a child-care facility and opened for use in September.

Obviously, the University is not kidding around with the issue of child care, but as Assistant to the Vice President for Student Affairs Sandi Osters admitted, "We have just scratched the surface."

The current plan allows for only 50 students' children to use the facility, but 100 children of faculty and staff may utilize it.

Given the financial situation of many students with children, the formula should be readjusted to allow more students the opportunity to take advantage of the low-cost day care center. President of the Graduate Student Council Stepheni Moore was correct in saying, "Fifty students is just a drop

in the bucket." The demand for quality, affordable day care, especially by students, will increase as the University expands. The administration should remember that in any plans it makes.

The attempts to alleviate the child-care problem are encouraging. However, the proposed center falls short.

Also, being a student is not an 8-to-5 job. Most students will not need their children supervised for eight or nine hours a day. Many will need child care at night, since many undergraduate and graduate classes meet in the evening. The plans should account for students' irregular schedules in order to maximize the use and benefit of the facility.

The speed with which the administration has handled this issue has been notable, and it deserves praise for assessing and dealing with the need for child care so quickly.

The attempts to alleviate the child-care problem are encouraging.

However, the proposed day-care center falls short of students' needs.

If the recent actions by the administration are any indication, then this will only be a small step in ensuring that all students have access to day-care facilities they can afford.

GRUMPY OLD MEN



The Pavilion's Long and Winding Road

The Departmental Deposit window seems to have no real purpose

Departmental Deposit window, bane of my existence.

CHRIS STIDVENT
COLUMNIST



Why do you persecute me so? As I strolled confidently into the Pavilion last week in search of a missing loan check, I had a clean criminal record and a deep faith in the bureaucracy that oversees the daily life at our University.

Regrettably, both of these admirable character traits were about to be changed for the worse.

I noticed that there were five open cashier windows in the Pavilion, and only three of them seemed to be doing business.

I figured maybe the other 50 students waiting in line hadn't noticed the two vacant spots, where two young women sat filing their nails and reading copies of Glamour that I now suspect had been stolen from the MSC Browsing Library.

Unable to believe my stroke of good fortune, I sidled up to one of the windows and foolishly began to speak.

"Hello, I just wanted to know what happened to the check that I thought I was supposed to receive by now. They told me that I should come here to track it down."

The woman working the window glared at me as she stuffed her swindled magazine out of sight.

"Do you have a departmental deposit to make?"

"A departmental deposit? I have no idea what you're talk-

ing about. What I'm looking for is —

"These lines are for departmental deposits only; go to the back of that line over there."

"But there isn't anybody in this line. Aren't you supposed to be helping students? Our fees pay your salary, after all."

"Listen, troublemaker, I'll ask you one more time. Do you have a departmental deposit to make or not?"

"No, and apparently nobody else does, either. Nobody has even approached these two windows in the last 10 minutes. You're reserving 40 percent of your available spaces for transactions that nobody makes."

"Uh oh, looks like we got a math major, here. I'll tell you one more time, college boy, we're keeping these lines open for departmental deposits. Now get into the line over there with the rest of the rabble."

Thirty minutes later, I reached the front of the "rabble" line and began to plead my case once again. My arrival was preceded by a warning from the woman in the dreaded departmental deposit line.

"Careful with that one — he's got a mouth on him."

I assumed my most humble expression. I figured I had gotten off on the wrong foot with these people, but I was willing to try again.

"I'm trying to locate a loan check I think might have been misplaced."

"Careful, he tried that loan check crap on me!"

Vainly trying to ignore the catcalls and hoots of the Departmental Deposit staff, who by now had assembled bravely around their comrade-in-arms, I asked the woman again. She looked for my check. She didn't find anything.

"We don't have any check for you here, and we don't have any record of any check."

As she said this, a cheer went up in the Departmental Deposit section. Hands and butts were slapped in profusion. A holiday was declared

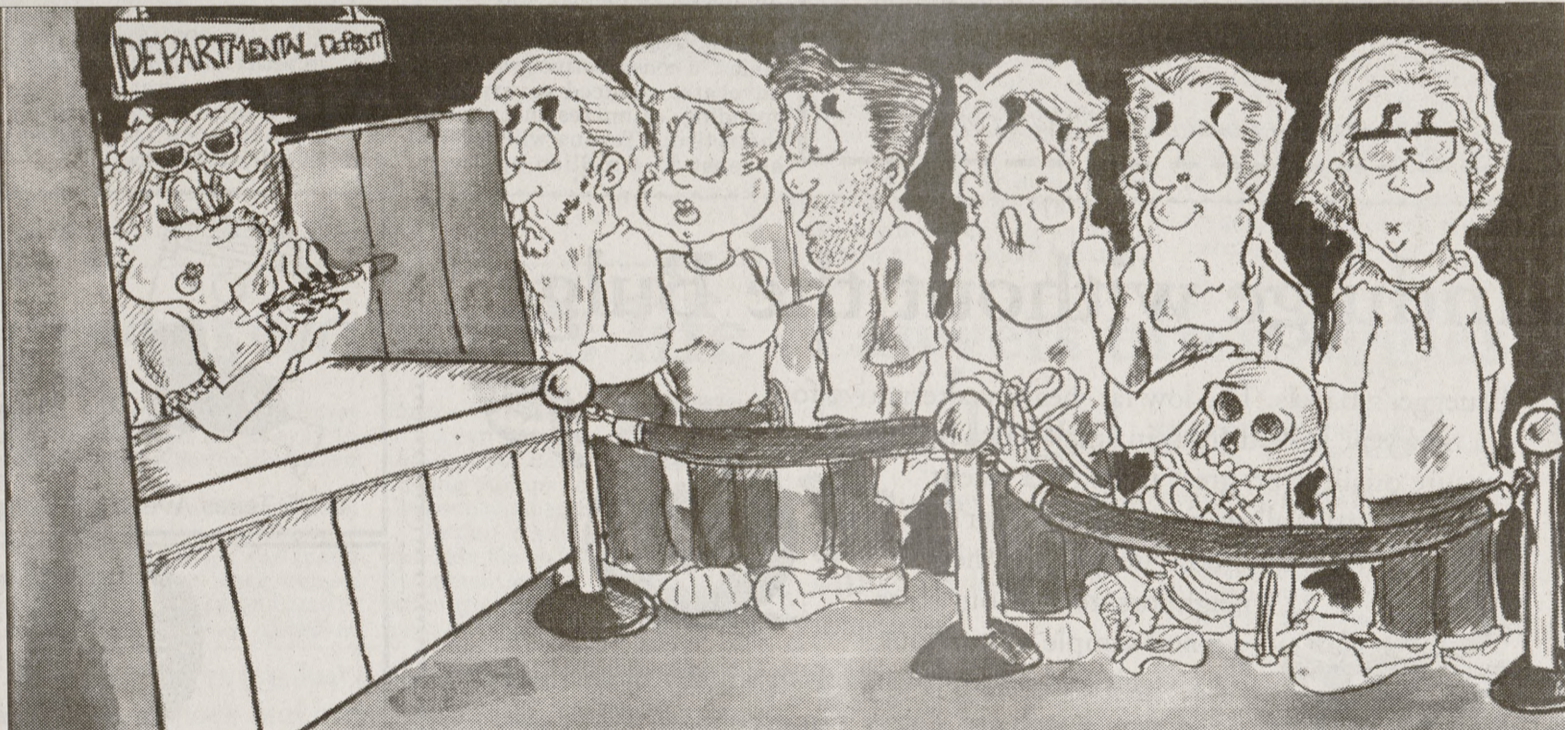
and raises were given all around. I swore revenge.

"Do you know, back in the old days, worthless members of society were taken out and stoned so that the village could survive the winter," I mumbled. "You're lucky these are modern, more enlightened times."

This gave the departmental deposit lady, who had yet to receive a single customer, her chance.

"I knew it! Did you hear that? He's stoned. Quick, somebody call the cops."

The lady at my window, who had finally found a problem that she could solve, quickly



grabbed a pamphlet entitled "Irrational Customers Who Have Abused Controlled Substances: Friend or Foe?" and began to thumb through it.

"Listen, lady. I just want to find out what happened to my check."

"Yep. I think you're right. He's showing all the signs. Irritable, raises his voice, keeps talking about some fictitious check. Somebody here has been smoking marijuana, and it ain't one of us. I'm calling the cops."

"Where is my money?"

"Now he's trying to rob us! Please, mister, I've got three

kids. Just leave us alone."

Poverty-stricken and a fugitive from justice, I made my escape before I was arrested.

I did take pleasure in noticing that, as I slipped out of the door, the police were running up to the Departmental Deposit line to ask them where I had gone.

I figured that ought to tie them up for at least 10 minutes, while everybody made certain that the police did not, in fact, have a departmental deposit to make.

Chris Stidvent is a senior English and philosophy major