



# Making peace over world's fa

**United Press International**  
**WASHINGTON** — Already this year, President Reagan has undertaken to restore peace in the Falklands without unduly offending the British or Argentineans, and achieve peace in Lebanon without unduly offending the Arabs or Israelis.

And if these situations weren't sticky enough, he now finds himself drawn into a dispute between Chicago and Miami.

Both cities have applied to the Commerce Department to have themselves designated as the site of a 1992 world's fair celebrating the 500th anniversary of Christopher Columbus' voyage to the New World.

It will be up to Reagan to choose between them later this year.

Chicago claims to have time on its side while Miami's chief ally is geography.

There is no doubt that Chicago, scene of an 1893 Columbian Exposition, already has received preliminary approval from the Paris-based Bureau of International Exhibitions for a "universal" category show 10 years hence.

It also has a track record going for it. Chicago's "Century of Progress" exposition in the 1933 enriched the world of culture with Sally Rand and the fan dance. Which certainly should count for something.

Miami, on the other hand, being located only 400 miles east of the spot in the Bahamas where Columbus landed, has a clear shot at the proximity title.

As a Miami publicist has pointed out, of Chris "never got as far as Chicago."

Moreover, the Windy City is unable to counter Miami's geographic advantage with a claim that it is closer to the edge of the Earth.

Modern scholars dismiss as myth the old canard that the crews of the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria, believing the Earth to be flat, feared the ships might encounter a jumping-off place.

Historians now say the seamen who accompanied Columbus were more concerned that he would be unable to find his way back to Spain.

The latter apprehension apparently was

eminently justified.

The fact that Columbus landed in Miami than he did to Chicago while reaching India seems largely to have been a matter of navigational caprice.

Some years later, Jacques Cartier, an explorer trying to reach China, sailed St. Lawrence River.

Had Columbus drifted a little north, he might have done the same, continuing on that route until he reached the Great Lakes, one of whose shores is by Chicago.

Of just such might-have-beens a lot of history determined.

In any event, I don't envy Reagan's choosing between the two cities. The strewn with political landmines. Reactions from the decision could spill over the 1984 campaign.

I mean, if you thought the Argonauts were sore losers, wait until you get a municipal official whose bid for a world has been rejected.

## Survival of swiftest the safest way to go

**by Dave Spence**

Animals, it is said, are either built for fight or flight. Body structure, in other words, determines whether an animal holds its turf against, or flees from, a predator. Where a rhino charges, a gazelle hooks it.

I am most definitely built for flight. Swift flight. Furious retreat, in fact. The bulk of the muscle on my six-foot frame surrounds my thighs and calves, not my shoulders, chest, or knuckles - which tells me something.

"Dave," I said to myself as I nurtured my first bloody nose in third grade, "you should've run."

Since then, I always have.

That technique of survival, however effective, was never an easy one to practice in eighth grade.

Butch Bloodlock's white knuckles before me. A taunting mob of P.E. students to my right. Coach Greeley, an ardent boxing fan, to my left smiling permissively at Butch. And a flat, open playground behind me.

I carefully considered my options: Whether I fought or not, Coach Greeley would always think my curly hair made me a fairy. The crowd to my right would be disappointed with a KO in round one, anyway. Butch Bloodlock was sixty pounds heavier than me. I had just watched him guzzle five Cokes on a dare. And my tennis shoes were three shades whiter than his. He'd never catch me!

Puffing hard across the playground, I could hear Butch's phlegmatic footsteps a safe distance behind me; beyond that, my classmates' references to me looking like a certain domesticated fowl; and beyond that, Coach Greeley grumbling in confirmation of his assumptions about my hair.

Oh, well. Regardless of them, I returned to class with my facial features still intact.

Surprisingly though, even at an institution of higher learning, I am still placed in that same kind of bestial predicament. In fact, with the unregulated amounts of beer now available to the Butch Bloodlocks at school, a fight-or-flight situation can be even more touchy than before.

Yet, with the proper mouth-foot coordination, toying with a drunken brute can be oh-so fun.

Last spring, I consented to "joining the fun" on Thursday night at the Hall of Fame with a dear friend of mine, Cindy, and her boyfriend. As usual, inside the place an atavistic orgy was brewing and it didn't take long for some over-brewed clod to make a "remark" to Cindy, because, I suspect, she was simply the best-looking blonde in the place.

"David?" she said.

"Yes, my dear?"

"See that guy over there?"

"That one," I pointed.

"No, the taller one."

"And hairier?"

"That's the one," she confirmed.

"Why?"

"Well, I don't want to grumble," she grumbled, "but he asked me to dance, and I said I was with my boyfriend, and he says real nasty-like, 'Well, honey. You ain't nearly as pretty as you think you are.' Wasn't that rude?"

"It certainly was," I agreed. "You are as pretty as you think you are. Why didn't you tell your boyfriend to beat 'im up?" I wondered.

"Because he'd beat 'im up. The guy doesn't deserve that; he's just had too many beers," she sympathized.

"You're right. What he needs is a subtle jolt to his ego. Let me take care of it," and I approached the culprit.

Staring him straight in the navel I said, "Pardon me."

I believe he struggled to answer with the monosyllable, "What," but his grunt was all the recognition I needed to continue.

"Would you like to dance?"

"Grunt?" he repeated in disapproval.

"No? Oh, well. I just wanted to say you're not nearly as attractive as you believe you are."

Puffing hard across the dance floor, I could hear my predator's footsteps a safe distance behind me; beyond that, the band playing "Why Did You Run Away When I Wanted You So Badly," and beyond that, Cindy sighing at my dutiful heroism.



## Letters: Respect Aggie traditions

**Editor:**

This letter is not directed to the entire student body of Texas A&M, but just to those who do not have respect for the traditions of this great University.

I just walked in from the football game and I must say that I am deeply disturbed by the actions of some of my fellow Ags. First of all, Kyle Field is a memorial. I must say I was shocked at the number of people who wore hats inside the stadium. I was even more shocked at the attitude they showed after they were politely asked to remove them. I never knew people could be so rude, especially Aggies. Who cares if the sun was in your eyes? Just think what it would have been like if the Ags of World War II would have given childish excuses like that. So come on Ags, get on the ball and uncover while you're in the stadium.

The second thing that upset me was the number of people who left during the fourth quarter of the game. All Ags know that if we do get outscored that there will be a yell practice after the game. Even the football team stayed to help keep this tradition going. It really upsets me to think that some people only care about winning. How can we expect the football team to stay inspired if the Twelfth Man walks out on them during the game?

To end, I would like to thank all the Ags who stayed until yell practice was over. To the ones who wore hats and left during the game, I would like to say that if you don't like the way things are then leave.

Scott Cummings '85  
 Jason Clark '82  
 Byron Nelson '82

others have been? I personally think Jackie Sherrill's the best thing to happen to this University in 40 years. His strength of character reminds me of the last great coach we ran off — Emory Bellard. Are we to mock his talent with such shortsightedness? Let's rally behind him in this hour and prove to him what Aggies are really all about.

As one insightful Houston sportswriter noted, Texas A&M's future was not Saturday night. Let's open our eyes to the same fact.

Steve Smith '82

male handicapped student in a chair negotiating the sidewalk on the way to an 8 a.m. class. Since he unfortunately did not have an electrically powered chair, his progress, although steady, was quite slow.

A fellow student, on foot, one of them and politely took command of the wheelchair and both students were swiftly on their way to class.

That the helping student happened to be female and black reflects the diversity that have occurred at Texas A&M in the past 20 years. What she did reflect the fact that some things have not changed and the true spirit of Aggieland lives on.

Gig'em!

Gene F. Brossman, MA

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### The Battalion

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