

# Opinion

## A Halloween warning: Beware the Stink



Mark Nair

So, it's almost Halloween, the time of the year when candy corn makes its dramatic appearance. It's the season for haunted houses (you know, the old peeled-grapes-for-eyeballs bit), time for multi-colored, polyester, flame-retardant wigs and wax bubble gum lips. It's a time for the entire family to cuddle around and x-ray the Hershey bars. And it's a time for horror stories.

In the best interest and spirit of the holiday, then, I present to you my version of the classic Halloween ghost story. The following is true. No names have been changed to protect the innocent.

I live near the Stink of College Station. For those of you who do not know what this is, feel lucky. But be brave. I shall do my best to describe it.

The Stink resides behind the Hilton, around the Spring Loop area. It usually comes out of hiding at night, although recently it has been more daring, peeking out during the day. It is a slimy, grotesque, ponderous fabric of sewage smell, sweaty tennis shoes, sewage smell, rotten eggs, and more sewage smell. It oozes through the air, stripping paint off cars and ripping concrete from sidewalks.

Stephen King would be proud. The other morning I took a casual stroll out to our front yard to pick up the newspaper. Two seconds later, it hit me. The Stink rode up on the wind,

slamming into me full force in the chest. I was thrown back 25 feet in the air. I ran inside, barely conscious. I looked outside through the windows but couldn't see anything; they were covered with a thick, green moving slime.

Like I said, Stephen King would be proud.

The next day, I got an old Ozarka water container and captured a sample of the air. I subjected three roaches to it, and they all died within five seconds.

Not even a nuclear holocaust can do that. Wow.

I was too afraid to leave the house. Enough was enough.

As a concerned citizen who actually votes in city elections and has a faint idea of who the mayor of College Station is, I called City Hall. The taxpayer versus City Hall, round one.

"City of College Station."

"Hello, I'm calling about the Stink."

"What?"

"I'm calling about the Stink. Down here on Spring Loop. The Stink, you know."

"Oh, that Stink. That's not our fault. You must call the City of Bryan on that one."

"Gee, thanks."

Great, even in our beloved metroplex, I can't avoid the bureaucratic finger-pointing. Oh, well. I called City Hall in Bryan.

"City of Bryan."

"Yes, I'm calling about the Stink."

"Fine."

"Fine?"

"Fine."

"Hello? Hello? I'm calling about the Stink. Hello?"

"City of Bryan."

"I need information about the Stink in the Spring Loop area. I want to lodge a complaint."

"Sorry, that's in College Station, not Bryan."

"Aaaargh. But College Station City Hall told me to call you."

"About what?"

"The Stink. The Stink! THE STINK!"

"Oh, that. They're aware of the problem and are working on it right now."

I hung up.

But the next few weeks went by, and the Stink became worse. I suppose they were aware of this too and no doubt were working on it. Wink, wink, nudge, nudge. Say no more.

On a particularly stinky day, I reached the end of my patience. I was

set and determined to find out what was happening. I donned my radiation suit, made sure to bring extra oxygen, checked the magazine of my abnormally expensive, shoots-up-to-30-feet, looks-like-an-Uzi water gun, and started my investigation.

It took me an hour to reach my objective. I trudged through the dead forest, whacking away at the purple grass with my machete. After avoiding several mutant frat guys, I saw it: a generic white building surrounded by an electrical fence. The green gas puffed out of the 14 smokestacks on its roof.

"Halt," said a small, blue-green guard dressed in fatigues. He had curly purple hair and wielded a menacing cattleprod.

"Hey," I said, "you're an Oompa Loompa."

The little man frowned. "Halt. I've got a riddle just for you."

I looked around. All the workers at this mysterious gas plant were Oompa Loompas.

"You're an Oompa Loompa," he said again. "You're all Oompa Loompas!"

"Halt!" he said.

I ran.

And so we come to the conclusion of my little horror story. To tie it up, I offer my analysis: The putrid gas is actually an advanced form of a severe chemical weapon. Those subjected to turn into little Oompa Loompas. The Oompa Loompas are then sold to the highest bidder in Hollywood for either the sequel to "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" or midget wrestling.

Either that, or the City of Bryan can't fix its sewage problem. But, naaaaaah. That's not it.

Take this as a warning, then, all you who don't know about the Stink. And happy Halloween.

Boo.

Mark Nair is a senior political science major and a columnist for The Battalion.

## Which Group of Fanatics Threaten to Bring America to its Knees?



## Commies infiltrate U.S. through decadent music

Richard Williams  
Guest Columnist

Something is wrong with America. Something is wrong that must be corrected soon if we're to keep from sinking into the rotting pit of commie influence.

Just look around. We have preachers running huge companies, bimbos running after preachers, Chrysler buying Lamborghinis and people actually buying Chrysler's cars.

What is causing the problem? After considering possible solutions, I have finally eliminated, among other things, scab football, Oprah Winfrey, Gumby, and Captain Kangaroo. I have come to the conclusion that the music America listens to is the problem.

Americans listen to several types of commie music:

The "hippie communist drug type" music (rock, soft rock, classic rock) is part of the problem because it promotes hippies, commies, drugs and murder. Just listening to that music for 10 minutes is enough to make any real American want to take drugs, move to Moscow and beat up his mother with a sledgehammer.

The "I want to do weird things to my body with a chainsaw" music (punk, new wave) is another form of commie influence. This music has a message in it that makes its listeners wear dog collars and chase trucks. Just writing about it gives me the urge to spell America without a capital letter.

The "I love my wife, but I sleep with flocks of sheep and drink kegs of beer while she is out sluttin' around with the entire Navy" music (country and western) is the cause of most divorces in the good ol' U.S. of A. How can anyone expect Junior to listen to this music while young and not grow up to be a wife-beating, drunk, slut-chasing, sleep-with-sheep type of person?

The "do it to me baby cause the music is so sexy" music (jazz) causes more premarital sex than condom ads on TV. Rumor has it that Pat Robertson and Gary Hart were listening to jazz before they did the naughty things they did.

The "all the women want my body" music (soul) is designed to boost the male ego to the point that men no longer care about the commies. This music is a Soviet plot to turn our minds to sex and away from killing commies.

The "Big broom of boom, doom and gloom in my room" music (rap) gets all of our kids trying to find these words to rhyme. Then they don't have time to keep an eye on the commie threat.

All I can say about the "bore me into the ground" music (Muzak) is that voodoo people use this stuff to make zombies. Listen to Muzak for about an hour and you will see what I mean.

The "get a bunch of old commies together and drink Geritol" music (big band) really doesn't need much of a mention. The fact that big band music has turned commie is the reason the stock market took the big plunge.

The "I can't understand the words" music (opera) is the cause of most traffic accidents in America. Jonathan Wadsworth Andrew Lamar Clayton Hill VII is driving down the road listening to opera. Suddenly he gets this image in his mind of the fat lady singing with the viking hat on. While trying to clear this terrible image from his head, he fails to see the Mack semi pulling out in front of him and... it's too horrible for words.

The "I can write music, but I don't know how to write the words" music (classical) is another reason for auto accidents. Jonathan is driving down the road again and listening to classical. Because this music has no words he starts making up his own. Everyone else driving down the highway starts watching this fool singing in his car, and they fail to see that same truck. Another commie-caused wreck occurs.

I haven't mentioned religious music for a simple reason: Religious music seems like the kind of music God would listen to. And if he listens to it and likes it, I am sure not going to be the one to tell him he is wrong. The last time someone tried to tell him about the music he got real mad, and to be frank, I just haven't got my flood insurance paid up yet.

Richard Williams is a junior agricultural journalism major and makeup editor for The Battalion.

## Mail Call

**Difficulty not related to numbers**  
EDITOR:  
This is in regard to Kevin Walters' letter of Oct 23. I become very impatient with people who think that in order to be difficult, a major must involve manipulating numbers. Even though I am stronger in my verbal skills, I imagine that with a better grounding in math, I would do all right as an engineer. My math score on the SAT was almost equal to my verbal score.

As it happens, I have a stronger base in English and history. Therefore, it makes sense for me to be in liberal arts, but it isn't easy. I have a 16-hour course load this semester, for which I have 24 books to read and six papers — about 50 pages of prose — to write. I'm not looking for sympathy; I'm just asking that one not judge what one has no real knowledge of. I wouldn't trade my six papers for all the circuit diagrams in the world — I hated them when I took physics.

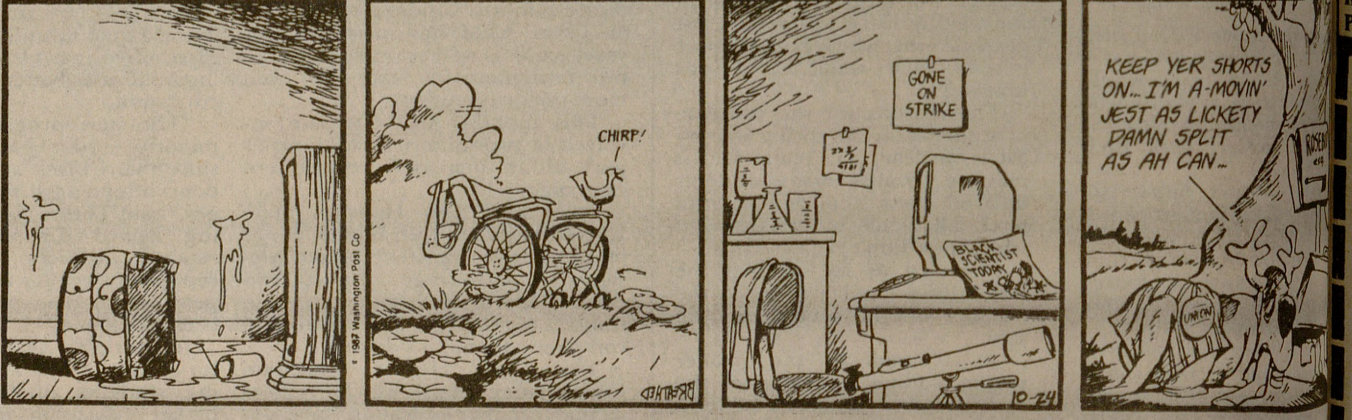
Nancy Turner '88

**My kingdom for a copier**  
EDITOR:  
I am writing to complain about the grossly insufficient number of working photocopiers on campus. I frequently have to use the copying machines, and I always run into some kind of problem. In the library, where many of the copiers are located, there are usually lines of five or six people at one copier because all the others are broken. The situation is the same in Heldenfels and around campus. I usually have to wait an hour to an hour and a half just to copy a few pages. For the sake of all students, I hope this situation changes in the near future.

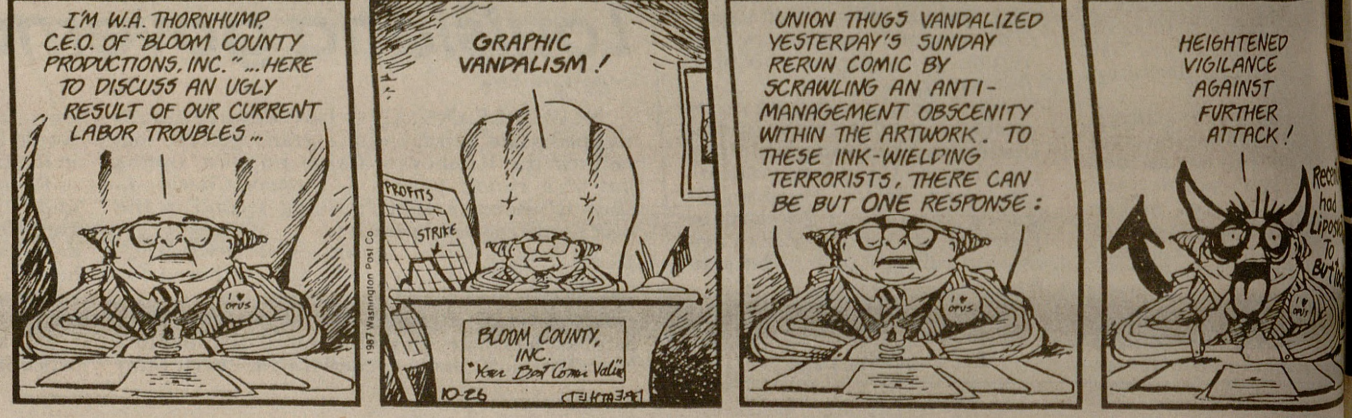
Jerry Vara '91

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## BLOOM COUNTY by Berke Breathed



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