

THE BATTALION Editorial Board

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EDITORIAL

Battle stations

The tea-sips are on their way!

The Longhorns are coming. Lock up your valuables and defend the freshmen because it's going to be ugly. The tea-sips are here with their AK-47s, daggers, switchblades, 18-inch swords, gunpowder, cannon fuse and "The Anarchist's Cookbook" to help the elephants die.

The men in burnt orange are bringing their emasculated steer to ravage Kyle Field. If we're not careful, they might trash the campus before the juniors and seniors have a chance to do it.

Will the forces of evil succeed? Not against WonderDog, Reveille V and her trusty sidekick Rev VI.

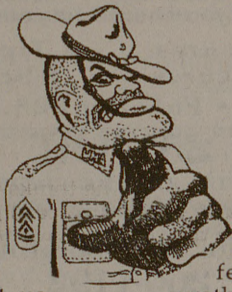
Send out the University Police to guard Highway 21 to protect us from the rebel forces. Highway 6 will need extra protection, since it runs both ways. We'll need a special task force to guard a certain chemistry professor in order to keep the tea-sips from acquiring the vital secret of turning mercury into gold.

We must set up extra troops around Bonfire to keep the long-haired, incense-burning, Birkenstock-wearing hippie-horns from accidentally lighting it in one of their frenzied pot parties.

A better idea might be to disguise it as a giant wood-recycling project so that the tree-huggers will stay off the polo field and keep from accidentally running into some red pot's ax handle.

Special care should also be made to keep crazed horns from scaling Albritton tower and shooting their own kind.

MSC officials should set up a high-voltage electric fence around the grounds to prevent errant tea-sips from wandering onto the grass.



Also, special sharpshooters should be set up within the MSC to gun down those with the audacity to wear hats.

No precaution is too much. We must defend our land from the wrath of the traditionally incorrect, evil communist pinkos that live down the road. To the right. Then turn left, then right again.

So man your ax handles. The Longhorns are coming.

Editors' note: This editorial is not real. It is a bunch of stupid sentences made up by some person at Texas A&M who we hardly even know. It's an ignorant, thoughtless, groundless, completely irrational editorial. But for some reason, the stupid thing makes us laugh.

Hospitality, kindness know no bounds American visitors find pleasant surprise among French

CAEN, France — Bonjour, mes amis! That's the French term for "Howdy."

Yes, I made it across the chilly, shark-infested Atlantic in one undigested piece.

The Rudder Normandy Scholarship study-abroad students landed in Paris last Tuesday. We were tired, jet-lagged...and ready to paint the town rouge.

Everyone we turned, we saw beautiful art, beautiful buildings and beautiful women. Ooh-la-la!

For you lady Ags, Jean Luc says, "Bonjour." The cafe where he works is highly over-rated and so is the service. We didn't tip him.

France is truly beautiful, but we tourists come with a certain prejudice, looking for the fabled landscapes, inspired architecture — and barbarically rude people. The biggest problem we have faced seems to be one of communication. To me, the problem is clear. We speak English, and they don't.

We have simple words like "please." They have words like "s'il vous plait." It's hard to understand this, but it's like a whole other language.

To demonstrate the confusion, herewith is a typical French/American conversation:

"Bonjour, Monsieur," says the nice French person.
 "Yes," I say, smiling warmly.



ROBERT VASQUEZ
Columnist

"Comment vous appelez vous?" asks the nice French person.

"Yes," I say, smiling warmly.

"Vous êtes un Américain stupide, oui?"

"Yes, of course," I say, smiling warmly.

You see it's really not that difficult. Anyone can do it. Even my friend, Sean, has found that communication doesn't really have to be a problem.

"I think anyone can understand you," he says, "if you shake them enough while you're saying it." Sean is a little unconventional. I hope he survives this trip.

Everyone I've met thus far in France has been very friendly. As part of the study-abroad program, the students are introduced to host families who invite the students to dinner, show them their homes, and allow the students to witness, on an intimate level, the typical life of a French family.

The homes of these families often are older than our entire nation, their foundations laid before George Washington was born. No lie.

As I ate dinner with my host family, the children clamored in French, asking their parents why we spoke in English and not in French.

"You must learn to speak English, too," the mother told them.

"Why?" one child asked.

"Because English is spoken in America, and you must learn about America."

"Why?"

"Because America is important."

"Why?"

"Because France was at war once. We were fighting to be free. We were fighting to be happy as we had been once before. And then the Americans came and helped us.

They saved us. We owe them our thanks. We owe them our lives."

The child didn't say anything. He was dumfounded, but no more than I.

Here I sat in the magnificent home of a French family who had welcomed me into their lives. They fed me. They drove me around town. They got me drunk on some locally grown apple cider that tastes a lot like diesel fuel — only smoother and with a kick.

And they were thanking me as an American for saving their land. I had done nothing for them. I didn't know what to say.

I had always heard that the French loathed Americans. But that isn't what I have found. I was prepared to fend off the rude and snobby people who worshiped their own superior culture and detested the de-classé American.

I expected dirty, crowded cities filled with people who would tell me, "If you don't like it, Air France runs both ways."

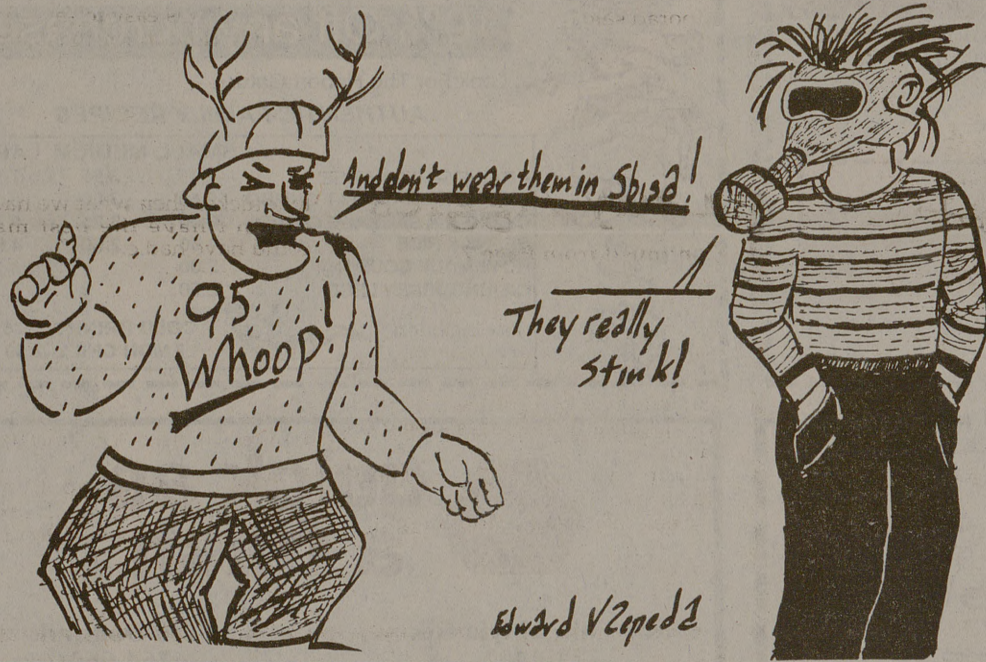
I was prepared for the worst. I'm so glad I've been disappointed. The France my friends and I have found is lined with cobblestone streets where people walk arm in arm. They pass store fronts and fountains and stop at the corner to buy flowers. In the distance they see the spires of cathedrals and centuries-old castles.

And, finally, they stop in at a smoky cafe where French lovers can linger for hours, sipping espresso and rambling in a language as lyric and melodious as a slow love song.

And in the corner, displaced Americans sit and watch, amazed and quiet, simply happy to be there.

Robert Vasquez is a senior journalism major

You've built it, now burn those grodes!
 Freshen up the tradition.
 Don't smell the hell out of bonfire.



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Throw off the chains of your oppressors and get some sleep

There is one fundamental scholastic truth that is a commonly ignored item in every major — sleep is necessary.

College students are either extremely dedicated to achieving academic excellence, or they are dead set on defying nature. Because no matter how many wonderful things a college career offers a young person, sleep is not one of them.

The ability to go without sleep is an admired attribute on a college campus, like long hair or defined muscles. Starting about two weeks before finals, pick-up lines are suddenly changed from "Hey baby, I can bench press twice my weight," to "Hey baby, I've been awake since my freshman year, and I'm not tired yet."



JENNY MAGEE
Columnist

It's no laughing matter, college students tally sleepless hours the way little kids count the days until Christmas. Just the other day, I noticed a chalked message on the sidewalk, "LuAnn hasn't slept in 72 hours."

It seems a shame to think that some college organization hasn't capitalized on the money-making possibilities surrounding the whole obsession with staying awake. Wouldn't it be nice if campus clubs ditched koozies and R.C. Slocum autographs for fund-raiser sales and featured a "Sleepless Nights Counter Calendar." The calendar could be hung along side the student's final schedule, and after each sleepless night, the student would get the small prize attached to that night's pocket. That way students would be paying money for a useful item instead of adding to their final stress by trying to figure how to get empty Coke cans out of a koozie.

The stories that fill A&M's sleepless nights hall of fame are told with the rigor and insight of old army stories. One student tells about a year when he stayed up for the entire finals week. He says that at the time, he was absolutely certain that

his chemistry exam paper took flight during his Wednesday afternoon exam.

No one seems too worried about the fact that the body requires sleep the same way that it requires... oh, food and air. College students are invincible. With the help of extra-strength coffee, Vivarin and Jolt soda, the mere heaviness of eyelids, fatigued limbs and blurred vision are ab-

Inspired by the approaching finals week, I have decided that the time has come for A&M students to rise up and do something about the lack of sleep.

olutely no reason to go to sleep. There are bonfires to be built, exams to study for and parties to attend.

Unfortunately, at some point or another, all the little cells in our bodies decide to collaborate and send hypnotic messages to our brains. "You will find a bed and sleep now; you will find a bed and

sleep now..." That is the real reason why the body is subjected to seizure-like spasms when one attempts to stay awake during an important lecture.

Inspired by the approaching finals week, I have decided that the time has come for A&M students to rise up and do something about the lack of sleep among our students. Too many have fallen into the hands of caffeine addiction. Too many of the expensive books that students must buy are damaged by drool marks. And too many are forced to walk through campus with various indentation marks on their faces after they fall asleep in class. The oppression must end. College students must once again be able to close their eyes for at least six to seven hours of uninterrupted snooze time each night.

Since we all know that this is not possible, we must come together and petition for a mandatory daily nap time to be implemented into the course requirements for the University. After all, administrators and students alike have spent the last four months fighting over the implementation of the multicultural requirement; at least almost everyone could agree on the

nap time requirement. Of course, there might be a small protest from insomniac support groups. A few may also question the similarity to the Mexican siesta.

However, on the whole most students and administrators would be in favor of a daily nap. The '90s have proven to be an era in which people are focusing on being sensitive to others as well as themselves. I can't think of any better way for A&M to bolster its world class university status than by rewarding students for being self-observant and sensitive enough to realize the need for sleep.

If universities don't take the initiative to do something about the gross lack of sleep among college students, pending lawsuits may cause the government to take serious action. It is very conceivable that the government could mandate warning notices to be put on college applications — Surgeon General's Warning: It has been proven that enrolling in college can be hazardous to your sleep pattern.

Jenny Maggie is a sophomore English and journalism major

assumes a risk of injury if an aircraft crashes nearby. My wife was scared that if the aircraft had a problem, it would fall on our family and the crowd. This pilot's behavior upset my wife to the point that she did not enjoy our yearly outing to a game.

I, too, feel the pilot was "hot dogging" with a captive audience below. We would not accept a person drag racing in our streets. Should we accept this pilot's disregard for the public safety because he is in the air above us? I believe this pilot should be reprimanded for this behavior. Private pilots can have their license suspended for this type of behavior. Maybe the Army needs to do the same. Thank you for listening.

Alan Pittman '77
Brenham

Big fish, small pond

Although David Winder's column in the Nov. 17 Battalion tried to be humorous, it really showed how closed-minded he and other "die-hard" Aggie football fans are.

The only reason why Winder made fun of Lee Corso and Craig James is that they don't give A&M any respect. Do you blame them? Corso talks good about FSU because he is an alumnus. Any Aggie would do the same, if he was in that position.

It doesn't take a Bill Walsh to tell you that A&M is in no league with Notre Dame, FSU and Miami. Also, the SWC (Soft Worse Club) is nothing like the Big 8 or SEC conference. Maybe Winder is just

upset that he has to report his pro-Aggie football/anti-Corso opinion, because he is afraid of good Ags getting on his case!

Let me state that I wanted more than anything for the Aggies to win a National Championship last year. I actually thought they had a good chance, but I have come to realize that without having a harder schedule (consistent year after year), A&M will never be in National Championship form.

(Yes, Winder, I really think that A&M needs to start playing more teams like OU, Nebraska and Miami to gain some respect. Until then, A&M will only be fifth-grade champions in a kindergarten conference.) Beat the hell outta West Virginia!

Patrick Krawietz
Class of '93

COLLEGE STATION, TX
 NOV 23
MAIL CALL
 1993

Stunt flying at A&M

Each year my family and I attend at least one home football game. It is one special day I can return to the campus and allow my daughters to experience the Aggie tradition. Recently, we attended the Louisville game. On the way into the stadium, we had a fly-by of an

Apache helicopter. This pilot started doing maneuvers over the crowd entering the stadium. The first flight over us was near the campus police building. As we moved toward the tennis courts and to the stadium, he continued to fly over us until we arrived at the south west gate.

The pilot was doing maneuvers one would see at an air show. When one goes to an air show, one should realize that he