

## THE BATTALION Editorial Board

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## EDITORIAL

### Olympic glory

#### Winter games display human spirit

The 1994 United States Winter Olympics team melted the hearts of the country, as well as the ice and snow in Norway, with the hottest performance in team history. Terms like "glory" and "domination" are normally reserved for the Summer Olympics team, but for once, the winter team grabbed a little glory of its own.

None of the 13 medals won by the U.S. team seemed to come easily. All of the medalists seemed to have a John Wayne "True Grit" attitude that commanded respect.

When the games began, everyone expected speed skater Dan Jansen to easily win the 500-meter race, and when he slipped the entire world mourned. So the stage was set for the final race of Jansen's illustrious career — his last chance to bring home a medal. He wasn't a favorite to win. Americans just love drama.

In truly American fashion, Jansen won his race, claiming the world record, the gold medal and the hearts of everyone in the arena. The poignant image hit home with a shot of Jansen's wife, her tear-streaked face turned towards heaven,

saying, "Thank you, God."

Bonnie Blair claimed her place as the most decorated woman in U.S. team history winning two gold medals, for a career total of five Olympic golds. This was her last Olympics as well, and she went out with a bang.

Tommy Moe came out of nowhere, winning two medals (a gold and a silver), making the cover of Sports Illustrated and receiving a birthday serenade from the Norwegian crowd. Not bad for a guy from Alaska of whom no one ever had heard before the Olympics started.

The success stories go on and on — thirteen of them to be precise. There are also the athletes who didn't win medals but, nevertheless, did their country proud.

The people of the United States should come together and thank every athlete, from the hockey team to the figure skaters and everyone in between, for the outstanding performances they gave. These athletes weren't performing for their own personal glory — they were bringing glory to the folks back home.

## Where do you think of such dumb stuff? Columnist embarks on quest for the perfect subject

While I was walking across campus the other day, I accidentally bumped into a fellow pedestrian. After apologizing for my failure to merge right, my victim gave me the strangest look.



DAVE WINDER  
 Columnist

Victim: Hey, you look familiar. Where do I know you from?

Me: You probably recognize me from my column in The Battalion.

Victim: That's where I know you from. You know, your columns really suck. Where do you think of such dumb stuff?

My mind creates all that dumb stuff, but it is not as easy as it looks. It takes countless hours of research and numerous "Three's Company" reruns before I even start to think of a topic. Every day is a quest to write the perfect column.

8:00 a.m.: Turn off alarm and immediately start thinking about a topic for my next column. Roommate pushes the snooze on his alarm.

8:27 a.m.: Step into shower after falling asleep while brushing my teeth. Make a mental note to remove clothes before actually stepping into the shower.

8:41 a.m.: Look through morning paper for columns to plagiarize as I head off to class. Roommate pushes the snooze on his alarm.

9:18 a.m.: Get back statistics test with a grade of 59. Spend the rest of the class thinking of columns and drawing stick figures.

10:12 a.m.: Go to The Battalion offices to try to see if any of my ideas will work. Spend most of the time staring at a blank computer screen.

10:47 a.m.: Score 23 points and grab 10 rebounds as the conservatives defeat the liberals in The Battalion Finals of 3-on-3 desk chair basketball.

10:56 a.m.: Go back to computer and try to think of the perfect column beginning.

"A topic that usually makes people laugh hysterically is a column about..."

"A humorous subject that practically writes itself is a column with..."

11:10 a.m.: Go to my next class. Ask a guy if I can borrow his notes sometime and leave. Make a mental note not to ask the professor next time.

11:17 a.m.: Arrive home just in time to get a call from my friend, Dennis.

Dennis: "Dave, when are you going to put my name in your column? You've put all your other friends in columns. Why not me, Dave?"

Me: "You know, Dennis, I would love to put your name in my column, but my editor wants me to start writing about serious stuff. Maybe some other time, all right?"

11:56 a.m.: Look at list of serious column topics.

- Great moments in dental floss.
- Country songs with "foreplay" in the title.

Leave for next class. Roommate pushes the snooze on his alarm.

2:07 p.m.: Go back to The Battalion offices

to work on column some more. Try to start typing but end up talking about the Winter Olympics.

"All I want to know is who came up with the idea for the two-man luge competition. I mean, were some guys just sitting around one day bored to death? Just imagine what that conversation must have sounded like."

Sven: "Hey guys — why don't we do something instead of being bored to death?"

Olav: "Yeah! Let's all put on skintight body suits, lay on top of each other and go down an ice track on a sled." (Thunderous roar of laughter.)

3:22 p.m.: Still staring at blank screen.

4:49 p.m.: Two new leads for columns.

"When writing a humorous column one can not pass over the subject of..."

"A rabbi, a priest and a minister all walk into a bar..."

5:31 p.m.: Look at Lewis Grizzard and Dave Barry books trying to find something to plagiarize. Ask editor if she will reprint last week's column.

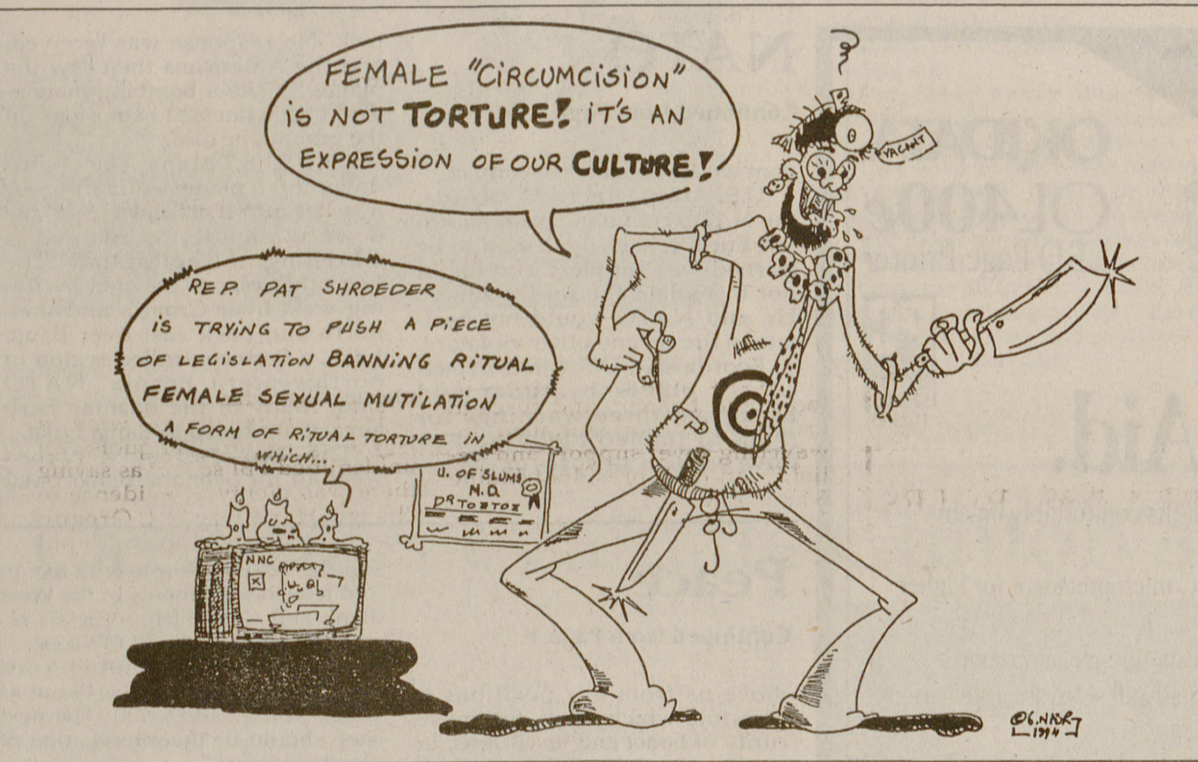
7:02 p.m.: Tell parents about the 98 on my statistics test. Promise father that I won't make fun of him in my columns anymore, then tell him where to look for the remote control. Roommate pushes the snooze on his alarm.

10:17 p.m.: Come up with the perfect lead for a column.

"While I was walking across campus the other day, I accidentally..."

11:44 p.m.: Finish column. Roommate gets up to go to classes.

Dave Winder is a sophomore journalism major



Editorials appearing in The Battalion reflect the views of the editorial 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.

The Battalion encourages letters to the editor and will print as many as space allows. Letters must be 300 words or less and include the author's name, class, and phone number.

We reserve the right to edit letters and guest columns for length, style, and accuracy.

Contact the opinion editor for information on submitting guest columns.

Address letters to:  
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## A few words on the world famous Fightin' Texas Aggie Band

A few days ago, my roommate and I were rushing to Blocker, when out of the blue appeared a film crew.



ERIN HILL  
 Columnist

"Do you two have a couple of seconds?" asked two men with a camcorder and microphone. My roommate was behind a nearby bush before I could say "No comment," so it was up to me to appease the filmmakers.

"Sure," I said. "Great! What do you like best about the Aggie Band?"

This caught me off guard. I was expecting a more current topic, maybe something about figure skating or regents or now-defunct athletic conferences. I blanked.

The first image in my mind was the block "T," so I blurted, "I like the block 'T.'"

"OK," he said, obviously searching for the deeper meaning behind that apparently stupid comment. "What about it do you like?"

This was becoming complicated. "I like the way they move within the 'T' yet stay in the same shape."

"Cool," he said, "What else do you like?"

What else do I like? Is this twenty questions? More importantly, was I going to appear on any kind of program, and if so could I brush my hair?

I said, "I like watching them at the football games... really, I do... uh, um..."

They said thanks and left, and I put my brief moment of fame out of my mind.

Until I remembered that this is the centennial year of the Fightin' Texas Aggie Band. I reflected more upon the question "What do you like most about the Aggie Band?" and came up with lots of things. Then I started to worry. What if the tape

was for a centennial birthday party, a tribute to 100 years of greatness?

Could I make a new statement, please? Sure, everyone loves the band, but I REALLY love it. I always say if I'm in a terrible mood either bring Reveille over, or let me watch the band.

I had never heard of A&M growing up in Minnesota (I hate to admit this) and had definitely never seen a band like our band.

**The band isn't just about music or marching but represents precision and discipline. It provides a link with the history of Texas A&M.**

So imagine my reaction during the half-time of my first football game. I was in awe of those cadets "now forming on the north end of Kyle Field." When I fell, I fell hard.

On the videotape I could have talked about about the road trip to the football game against the University of Oklahoma. After our band marched, the Sooners in our section were wide-eyed and open-mouthed. One Oklahoma fan said the Sooners band ought to just stay on the sidelines, and our Aggie hearts swelled.

I could have told those guys about watching the Cotton Bowl '94. At my insistence, everyone sat down in front of the TV during halftime. My family and friends finally were going to see the pulse of AggieLand, and I was excited.

First NBC showed the Notre Dame band — every long minute of it. Interest waned and people drifted back toward the kitchen. Then I saw military uniforms lining up.

"EVERYONE COME HERE THIS INSTANT!"

The crowd reappeared, food in hand, expecting something special. They weren't disappointed.

Then NBC flashed to broadcasting headquarters for pregame reports on the

Orange Bowl. They cut off my band, and I wasn't taking it well.

"WHAT is going on here?! I want the Fightin' Texas Aggie Band back and I want it back RIGHT NOW."

My family consoled me, insisting they had seen enough to appreciate the band.

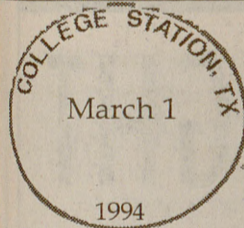
"But you didn't see the block 'T' or hear the War Hymn..."

Frankly, I was surprised by the intensity of my disappointment. After all, I could buy a videotape of the band. But unconsciously I had been counting on the band to show everyone in Minnesota what A&M was about.

For me, the band isn't just about music or marching but represents precision and discipline. It provides a link with the history of Texas A&M. To me, it is tradition, stepping together and following the stick. No matter from which angle you view it, our band is special.

That's what I should have said.

Erin Hill is a senior English major



## MAIL CALL

### Holler House crowd important tonight

Saturday afternoon and tonight at 7 p.m., the Texas A&M men's basketball team will play two of their most important home games in the last five years. Victories in these last two home games will clinch a share of the Southwest Conference Championship.

Attendance at C. Rollie White has really been lacking this season, especially considering the success of the Ags.

However, we can make up for it these last two home games by filling the coliseum and making it the "Holler House on the Brazos" once again. If just one-fourth of the people with all-sports passes come to the game, we'll have a sellout.

Thank you for your support, and we'll see you at the game.

Scott Torn  
 Yell Leader, Class of '95

Scott Whitaker  
 Yell Leader, Class of '95

### Batt headline insults Kappa Alpha, Greeks

I am writing in response to the Battalion's cover story and the anonymous letter in the Feb. 28 edition dealing with the four KA's in the Walker case.

Although this is a very unfortunate incident, and I only hope Mr. Walker the best, I feel that The Battalion's handling of the Feb. 22, article and the anonymous letter fail to see the damage done to the Kappa Alpha fraternity and the A&M Greek System. In no way should an organization (fraternity, sorority, club, department, etc.) be included in the headlines of a cover story if a minority of its members were involved. I know that The Battalion is not pro-Greek, but I saw the headline to the Walker case as another attempt by The Battalion to belittle the entire Kappa Alpha fraternity and further damage the

already "critical" image the Greeks portray on this campus. So, I hope the Batt enjoys their little escapade, but I guess it's just another day at the "frat-daddy" slaughter house for them.

Michael Cordova  
 Class of '95

### Gun control bullseye

Frank Stanford's column on gun control (Feb. 24) was very well thought out. Reading this article, I understood for the first time why many people hold a pro-gun stance. Also, by comparing gun control to drug and alcohol control, he introduced some very scary possibilities that could result from making guns illegal.

Greg Mormolejc  
 Class of '94

### Enlighten liberal arts

I cannot believe what I read in the paper on Thursday. The College of Liberal Arts has decided in its infinite wisdom to ignore the Interim President's decision. Why does Liberal Arts insist on ignoring everyone's opinion but their own? Why not ask students what we think? I would guess that the majority of the students don't believe in a multicultural requirement. But we really don't know what is good for us and the College of Liberal Arts does. I think the College has decided to ramrod the requirement through, and anyone who disagrees has been "clearly politicized" or needs to be enlightened. Since the College of Liberal Arts has decided to be my mom, I wish they would help with the bills instead of rounding out my personality. Thank God I'm an engineer!

Jim Anders  
 Class '93