

# Take a boat ride into Cape Fear

## Danger at sea pumps 'rush' of adrenaline through your veins

Have you ever been really scared? I mean so full of fear your body shook and your heart felt like it was going to leap right out of your chest?

**FRANK STANFORD**  
Columnist



Fear is experienced in two ways. The first is the wimpy kind. When you're seven years old and have to go out in the dark to retrieve your bicycle, every beast in every book or TV show, including the shark from "Jaws," is out there and hungry for a little kid in pajamas. This fear is completely unfounded as dad is watching at the front door and Roy Scheider killed the shark. Yet, the fear is still intense and you don't have to be seven for it to occur.

Periodically, we've all been in frightening situations when our eyes were alert and as big as Bart Simpson's. These reactions your body generates are made up of increased heart rate, muscle contraction and adrenaline, and although abhorred by most, some consider it a "rush." The "rushes" are also called "fear-lovers."

The second type of fear is for survival. These instinctive fears are the ones we usually try to avoid, but are most familiar with. Women often suffer them in dark parking lots. I get them on my motorcycle in heavy traffic. This is a good fear, and if the tendency for self-preservation is high, it is most effective for "fear-haters."

Unfortunately, I fall into the category of "fear-luster." While trying to remain out of the hospital and certainly away from the grave, slightly life-threatening situations seem to attract me once or twice a year. Usually water is involved.

My first heart-pounding was at a high school beach party where I was one of seven students in a Toyota Land Cruiser that drove off a marina bank at high speed. It sank like a rock of course, but we all managed to make it ashore with little more than the sniffles.

Having grown up in Corpus Christi, the water played a large role in my life and influenced my interest in sailing. One summer, a friend and I decided to sail 18 miles to Port Aransas on my 15-foot racer. Because he had no experience whatsoever, I naturally gave him the helm and shouted commands like, "Make the boat lean more." The boat flipped over while miles offshore and because of a neglected repair it sank like a rock. We were wide-eyed to say the least. Someone radioed a Coast Guard helicopter, which hovered over us just like on TV.

My next boat was a 22-foot sloop with a small galley and even "slept five" (they must've meant five pre-schoolers). I took some friends night sailing in the dead of winter at Lake Conroe. The boat's electrical system was in a state of disrepair, so illumination was reduced to the use of a flashlight. Since we were guzzling ice-cold beer and freezing our butts off, I decided to use the alcohol stove for both light AND heat. I only had rubbing alcohol for fuel (wrong kind - big mistake). Soon we had much more

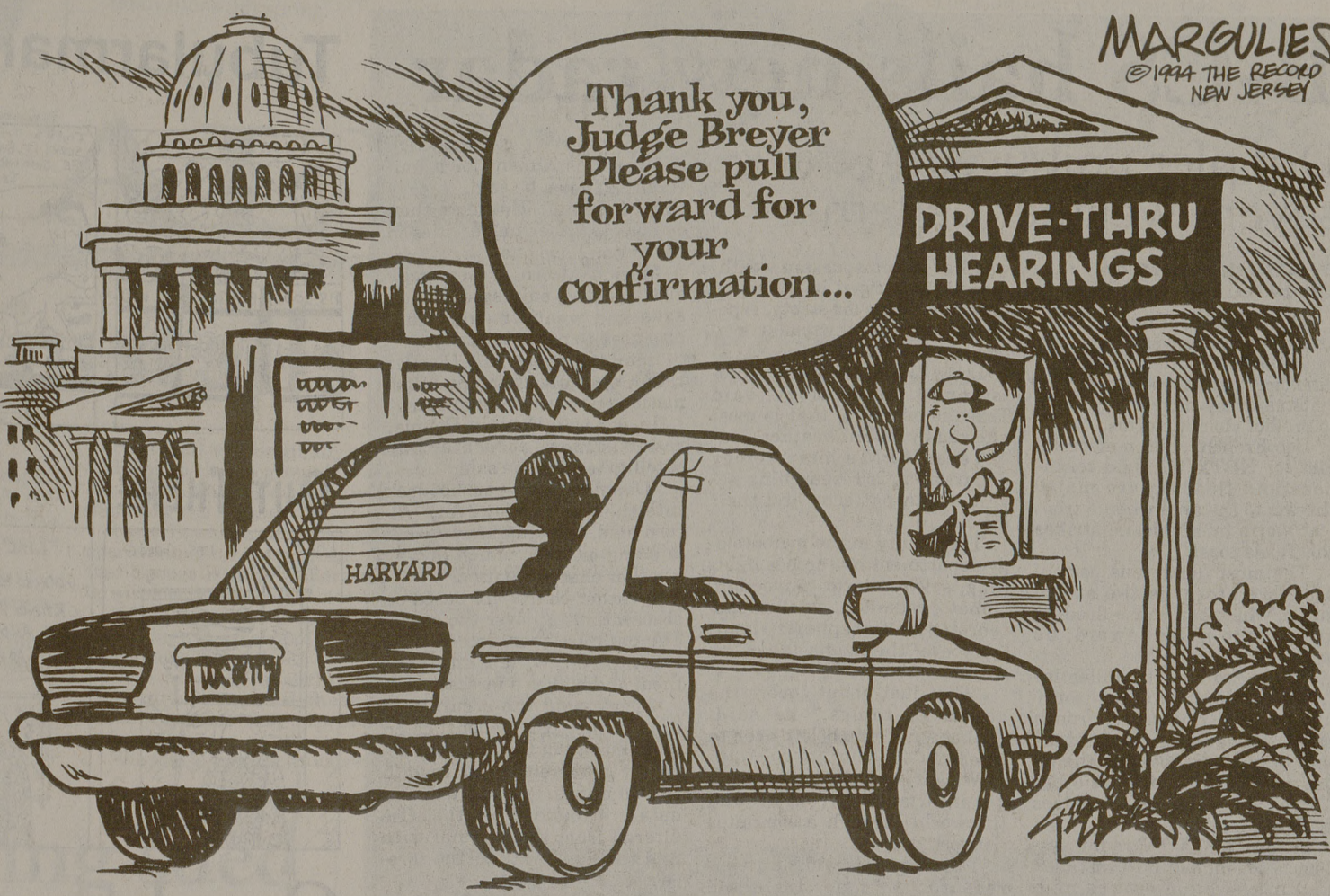
light and heat than we planned. It took five of us frantically scooping water and beating the inferno with parkas to fix the problem. We were sober in minutes.

That summer, two roommates and I decided to sail across the Gulf from Freeport to Corpus Christi. We started really late, but no problem - we had charts, food AND lights. After about 50 miles and total darkness, we realized the charts were useless. Someone forgot to light the entire coast of Texas. No matter - I forgot the binoculars anyway. We anchored the boat in the surf and waded ashore for a seaweed fire and the most miserable, wet, sleepless, mosquito-infested night of my life. At 5 a.m. we were on our way back to Freeport.

My last and perhaps most frightening nautical experience occurred on a large yacht in New England. Three years ago we found ourselves in Newport, R.I., during a hurricane warning. After dropping the yacht owners at a hotel in town, the crew went looking for a hiding place in Narragansett Bay. As we entered the area, our on-deck TV announced: "Hurricane Bob is turning sharply into Narragansett Bay." During the next two hours of 100 mph winds, zero visibility and 70 degree rocking, our electricity went out, our radar failed and our anchor broke loose - sending us rotating freely and blindly. I was so scared I didn't even get seasick. Although everything turned out OK, I was left with one prevailing thought regarding all my nautical disasters: "The sea is a beautiful place, especially when you're not drowning."

Boating anyone ... ?

Frank Stanford is a graduate philosophy student



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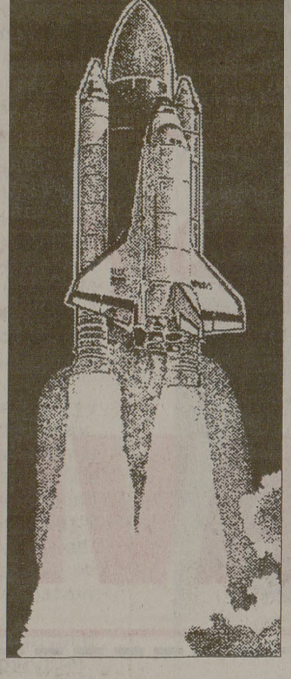
## EDITORIAL

# JULY 20, 1969 - R.I.P.

## Apollo triumph neglected after 25 years

Today, we celebrate the 25th anniversary of the day Neil Armstrong stepped off the lunar shuttle of the Apollo 11 mission and onto the surface of the moon and utter those memorable words, "This is one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."

The benefits of space exploration are worth their cost and crucial to the future of the development of American technology. The future of research is in space. Pharmaceutical and biological studies conducted aboard the space shuttle during the past decade have launched those fields forward in numerous areas. This research will lead to important new scientific discoveries, like vaccines, treatments and preventive medicines.



That moment is frozen in the minds of the millions of Americans who witnessed it. Even today, Americans take pride in this remarkable achievement. It signified to them the defeat of the Soviet Union in the space race and marked the United States as the leader in space exploration and new technology.

The United States will fall behind its European and Asian competitors and could become a second rate power if it allows other nations such as Germany and Japan to take the lead.

Today, the United States must renew its emphasis on space exploration and development of space technology.

Research is often the first thing to feel the budget axe because there is little immediate return on the investment. However, it is incredibly shortsighted to abandon the American space program. Its long-term development is of highest importance to the future of this country and the world. Tomorrow's technology depends on the research of today.

NASA has seen its budget trimmed in recent years because of perceptions of it as a large, inefficient bureaucracy. While NASA has had its share of problems lately, the exploration of space is too important to neglect.

Whether NASA needs a major administrative shakeup or even replacement by another agency, the United States must support an active space program.

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America has always expanded its horizons by bravely venturing into the unknown and unexplored. We must not turn away from this tradition.

to play in the Special Events Center (12,500 seats) either - maybe Kyle Field. If a band chooses not to play here, it is not necessarily because our coliseums won't hold enough people, often a performer can't sell enough tickets in a smaller community like B-CS. Bands play in Houston, Austin and Dallas over College Station because there are more people, with more money in those cities, the band is almost guaranteed a sell-out. With the population of B-CS at just over 100,000, we are

festation of this country itself. I find it appalling and in bad taste when people raise the flag up to the level of a religious icon. To die in order to protect this country and the values we hold is honorable. To die in order to save the flag would be mere foolishness.

Dr. Richard Stadelmann, faculty adviser for the College Republicans, said the race could go either way at this point.

I further take offense at the way some writers have criticized the University Police Department in their performance of hanging the flag. These hard working men and women are here "to serve and protect" the campus and its inhabitants. The hanging of a few flags is the least of their worries. I feel to criticize the UPD in this one aspect of their many duties is to be disrespectful and ungrateful. Surely the members of our police force are no less patriotic than you or I.

Dr. Gary Halter, faculty adviser for the Aggie Democrats, said voter turnout will be the key to the election.

Given the current national situation, it may not be appropriate to hang the flag upside down. If all we can do is complain that the flag is unlit, we are surely doomed.

"It's a little too early to tell," he said. "But all of the polls indicate that this is likely to be a close race."

Paul Herrera  
College Station

Dr. Richard Stadelmann, faculty adviser for the College Republicans, said voter turnout will be the key to the election.

Stephen Sandlin  
Class of '96

"If we have a low turnout, I will expect George W. Bush as governor," he said. "If there is a high turnout, then Ann Richards will win."

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 for length, style, and accuracy.

# Everybody does not need college

## Graduation, degree should not prevent pursuit of life's dreams

My mother used to tell me that if I worked half as hard on my homework as I did on my piano, I'd be a straight-A student.

**ELIZABETH NICOL**  
Guest Columnist

Since my high school graduation, I have spent ten months in England, attended two universities, enrolled in a spectrum of majors (among them drama, engineering and Russian), worked seven jobs, driven two Volkswagens and a motorcycle, been in the Corps and out, lived on campus and off. I guess you could say I have a schizophrenic personality, but the one thing that remains constant is that I love to play my piano.

I have one remaining semester before Aggieland becomes a distant memory for me, and at this point something has suddenly become very clear: I was not meant to be a college student.

I'm sure many people have felt this way some time or another, but the majority of graduates will either attend grad school or seek work in their chosen field. Not so for me. In fact, I am going in the opposite direction. After enduring one last fall - at the end of which I am scheduled to get a degree in anthropology - and whether I pass math or not, I am moving to New York City to become an actress.

You might scoff, or you might console me that at least I have a degree to fall back on. Try consoling me about the \$20,000 debt I've accumulated. My mother tells all her friends that I'm going to New York for a year to get the acting bug out of my system and will attend law school upon my return. Needless to say, the only person for whom I am earning a degree is her - so that when I am covering on a sidewalk on 42nd Street with a tin cup full of change, I won't have to hear those ominous words: "If you had gotten your degree, Elizabeth, you wouldn't be groveling to all those lawyers who can afford to go to the theater."

My mother groomed me in preparation for sororities, the search for a rich husband, the Junior League, death. I rebelled in every way possible. Ninety-five percent of our arguments were based on the way I dressed, which was ever-offensive to my mother, who looks like she just stepped out of Vogue. I smoked for a while. I bought a motorcycle. I dated a guy with pink hair. I got a tattoo. I played my piano until they shouted at me to go to bed. I was what you'd call a difficult child.

**I have one semester left at Aggieland, and at this point it is very clear: I was not meant to be a college student.**

I enrolled in the drama department at UT and excelled in all (and only) my theater classes. Mom was chagrined. I don't know if it was her nagging, some ingrained army tradition I was brought up with or my aforementioned schizophrenia, but after one year I left UT and came to A&M to join the Corps, because that's what I was supposed to do.

My piano was gone. After a two-year stint of physical and emotional character-building hell, I am now in an apartment and I have my grandmother's piano. Mine burned down, along with our house, four years ago. Mother is a prime suspect.

When I returned from England, nearly all of my girlfriends had gotten married and were pregnant (not necessarily in that order). Now that I am about to leave school, another cycle of friends has entered into married/engaged life. There is a reason I have never had a boyfriend or any serious kind of emotional attachment. I am not cut from the same mold that says marriage plus kids plus steady paycheck equals happy life and a gold watch for retirement.

I see so many people who struggle and work like dogs so that they can keep up with the Joneses, who would be failures in their mind's eye if they did not complete a degree. I made five dollars singing with an old saxophonist on St. Peter Street outside Preservation Hall in New Orleans, and it was the best five dollars I ever made.

Aggieland might be a special place for a lot of people, but Tin Pan Alley holds just as many friendships and memories as this place ever could. Broadway is the stuff that dreams are made of - where talent and intense desire supercede the degree you hold. Where the neighbors don't bang on the ceiling because you're playing the piano too loud. Where if people worked half as hard on their homework as they do on the piano, they'd be Nobel Prize winners.

Elizabeth Nicol is a senior anthropology major

## Angers

Cleveland ab r h bi	3 1 0 0
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Amaro cf	1 0 0 0
Vizquel ss	4 0 0 0
Baena 2b	2 1 2 1
Espinoza 2b	2 0 0 0
Belle lf	4 2 2 1
Murray dh	4 2 2 1
Thome 3b	4 1 1 3
SALMIR c	4 2 2 0
Srento lf	4 2 2 3
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Bas rf	2 0 0 0
Verec p	0 0 0 0
Onnels 3b	1 0 0 0
Ortiz lf	3 0 0 0
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Fedeno ss	3 0 1 0
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## MAIL CALL

### Size of coliseum does not

Fragment P2 hit Jupiter Wednesday morning, becoming the 5th piece of comet Shoemaker-Levy 9 to batter the giant planet.

### Today's BATT

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bernatoral race was lucky to get the performers that we do, how Texans perceived it. Reba, George, Willie, R.E.M., Richards' record versus George W. Bush's qualifications, local party officials said.

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"It's a little too early to tell," he said. "But all of the polls indicate that this is likely to be a close race."

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