

From dorms to yells, some traditions might look 'bad'

Now, where is that bus?

AJA HENDERSON

Columnist



I glanced at my watch and shifted my weight from foot to foot as I waited for the one marked "Rudder." I can find few positive things to say about waiting at a bus stop, except that one can hear some interesting conversations - take it from me, the gal notorious for "just missing" that darned bus. (I refuse to shame myself by waving madly at the bus, only to be left in front of the rush hour Blocker crowd).

On this particular occasion, I found myself standing next to two little wrinkled blue-haired ladies. Being the good Ag that I am, I tried my best to shut out their conversation. Really, I did. But, what can I say? Their words just seemed to float into my brown lobes. I turned in fascination as I overheard their banter.

"I'm telling you, Myrtle. I don't know what these kids are thinking nowadays! I'm up here visiting my grandbaby Reggie, and guess what those boys in his dormitory call themselves? Cocks! Cocks that are hard as rocks!"

"Ooh, I know what you mean, Rosie Mae. My grandson, Nick, has the cutest little friend. I thought she was the sweetest little thing until I found out that she lives in a dorm full of flirts! Just imagine!"

I stifled my laughter as I watched Myrtle and Rosie Mae each clasp their hearts with one wrinkled hand, then pat their blue hairdos with the other. Funny old ladies. You should have seen their pointy faces, all full of shock and disgust.

I was still chuckling under my breath when the bus finally arrived. Still, after claiming my seat, I found myself thinking about our campus as the bus pulled away from the curb.

Now that I think about it, if you aren't on Aggie soil every day like we are, well ... some things around here could be taken the ... um ... wrong way. I mean, it really doesn't take a giant stretch of the imagination to see that some things around here are, well ... very open to interpretation.

For instance, let's look at the excessive lip locking in Aggie land. At Yell Practice, the lights go out at a certain time and mass foreplay ensues. This is nothing compared to the next day, though. At the game, it is customary to kiss whenever the Aggies score points. Of course, since we now have such a great football team, many an Ag leaves Kyle Field with chapped lips

from extended smooching sessions.

One doesn't have to go so far as Kyle Field, though. Our residence hall nicknames are pretty spicy, to say the least. I know I went through great pains to lean against the nickname on the bulletin board in my dorm at the beginning of the semester. Naturally, I had already informed my parents that my dorm was a serious, studious one. Yeah, right.

Hmm, let's see, there are the Keathley Kissers. Puryear Playboys. Briggs Babes. Hotard Hilton. Neely Knockouts. Haas Honeys. Crocker Cocks. McFadden Flirts. Spence Sweethearts. Oh, and

lurched to a stop. I shook my head. No! It couldn't be. Surely, the two blue-hairs were just reading too much into things around here. Why, we Ags are perfectly innocent, aren't we. They were clearly out of line to think differently!

As the bus continued to roll along, my eyes wandered over to the random wood I have dubbed Bonfire II. Ding! A light bulb went off in my head. Could it be? Nah. Could it be that Bonfire might hold some hidden meaning?

Just think - the bigger bonfire is, the better. The longer it stays up, the better. Endurance, baby! It is lit to represent our "burning desire to beat the hell outta t.u." Now, where have I heard of that "burning desire" phrase before? I know - all over the place in my aunt's dusty Harlequin romance collection. Burning logs, burning loins, yes, these could be connected.

No, it could not be. Those little old ladies were just way off track. We had finally reached my stop. As I gathered my books, I recognized one of the Schumacher Semen - I mean, Seamen.

I waved. Perfectly innocent, we Ags are.

Aja Henderson is a sophomore finance major

Could Bonfire hold some hidden meaning? The bigger, the better. The longer it stays up, the better. And it represents our "burning desire ..." Where have I heard that before?

We can't forget the famous Eppright Loveshack! The list goes on and on. There's no doubt about what students are thinking about down here.

"Does anyone need out at the Architecture Building?" I was jolted back to reality as the bus

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EDITORIAL

NOT VALUABLE PLAYERS

Don't give out awards when they don't play

Baseball most valuable player awards should not have been given this year, regardless of the players' talent and ability.

This is not to say that Jeff Bagwell of the Houston Astros or Frank Thomas of the Chicago White Sox were undeserving of the award, but it shouldn't have been given out in the first place.

It would have been one thing if the season had been played through its entirety to the World Series, but with a players strike it doesn't seem fitting that such awards are presented.

Because players did not have the chance to play the whole season, some did not have the opportunity to show all their talent and ability. Awarding MVPs for half a season of play doesn't seem fair to those who may have shown remarkable skills later on.

Furthermore, baseball and its

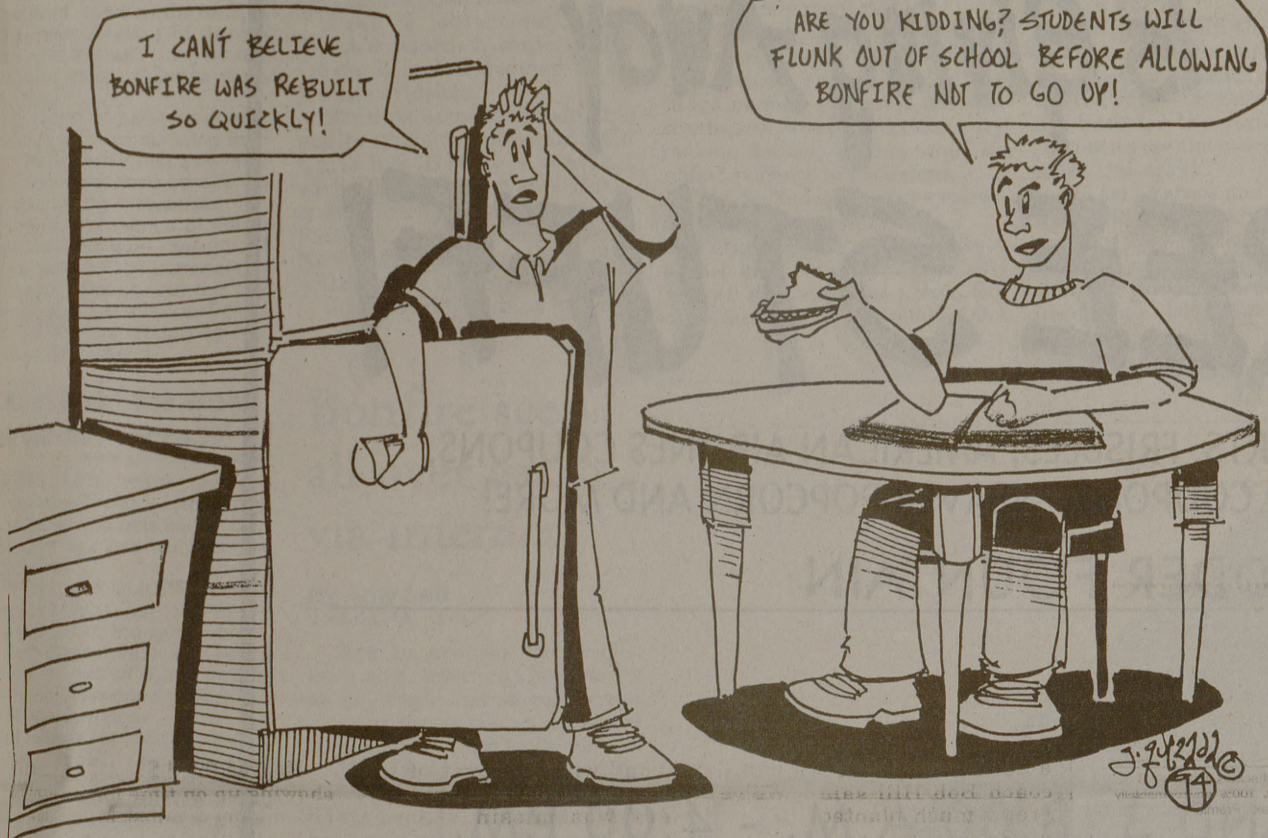
players do not deserve any attention or recognition. After all, baseball was taken from the fans this summer because of greed.

No one should be rewarded for that, no matter what their batting averages and home run percentages.

Fans didn't get a World Series, so players shouldn't get MVPs ... period.

Professional sports are glamorized as it is, but when players receive awards for playing only half a season, something just isn't right. Bagwell and Thomas may be fantastic players, but that doesn't erase the fact that baseball fans were stripped of their joy this summer.

Restore baseball as America's pastime and bring a World Series to fans next year. Owners and players need to solve the salary cap problem and allow a full season of play next year. Then, perhaps, MVP's will be well-deserved and justified.



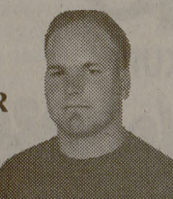
Whiners, quit your bellyachin'

Complainers should consider listeners when they bitch

My back hurts right now. My head, too. I don't feel like writing and I have a lot of reading to do. I have no dating life and no money. And, most of all, I'm sick of complaining.

MICHAEL LANDAUER

Columnist



No one cares about how much reading I have or if I feel like writing. No one wants to hear our sob stories about dating and money. So why do we tell them? Humans have a tendency to invite people into their minds to sort out their worries. We know whales communicate, but I wonder if they do as much trivial bitching as humans do.

Everyone has experienced this - trivial bitching, not communicating with whales. We sit down in class and the person next to us tells us how many tests they have this week, that they're fighting with their best friend and that their alarm clock is broken and they missed the bus. Sometimes we have to ask ourselves, "Why me?" Sometimes I feel like I have a sign on my head that says, "Bitch to me."

In the past year I have learned a few great phrases I wish more people lived by. Bonfire has certainly taught people the importance of "sucking it up." People have been sucking it up 24 hours a day for a week now out at Stack. They have rebuilt Bonfire, but in everyday life sucking it up builds character.

People should discriminate when they unload their problems. If you plan to bitch and whine to someone, ask yourself if you would be willing to listen to their problems, too.

Another buzz word is "Hakunah Mattattah" which, as we learned in "The Lion King," means "No Worries." It would be great if things didn't get to us all the time, but they do. Sometimes everything seems to be falling apart.

Whether it is a bus stop bus, Bonfire, our ranking in the AP football poll or more personal problems, we rarely pass up an opportunity to gripe and moan.

If someone opened a complaint stand and charged a dollar for ten minutes worth of empathy it would not be long before they were rich. They would make even more if they offered discounts to people discussing Bill Clinton or Rush Limbaugh. But, we don't need a stand like that as long as we have friends. These people either care about our problems, or at least don't

question our right to be upset. So, how do we know when we are good enough friends with someone to be able to unload our problems on them? There should be a whining license you have to apply for to regulate it. When two people agree they are ready to listen to each other's trivial problems, they could go buy one. It would be a great way to acknowledge your true friends.

More importantly, it would be a great way to quiet down those borderline friends who bore you with their complaints. You could just tell them, "Sorry Bob, but I just don't remember us getting a whining license together. I'd love to listen to your problems, but it would be illegal."

Of course the world could never work this way. The truth is that we know who our friends are by how much they put up with our crap. We know they are a good friend when they listen and do not offer advice - they just empathize and admit your situation sucks.

When they tell you their problems, they don't expect any words of wisdom, either. One friend of mine surprised me with her attitude when she told me some painful stories about her past. Before I could even begin to react, she was telling me that the past didn't matter and there was nothing she could do about it - so why worry.

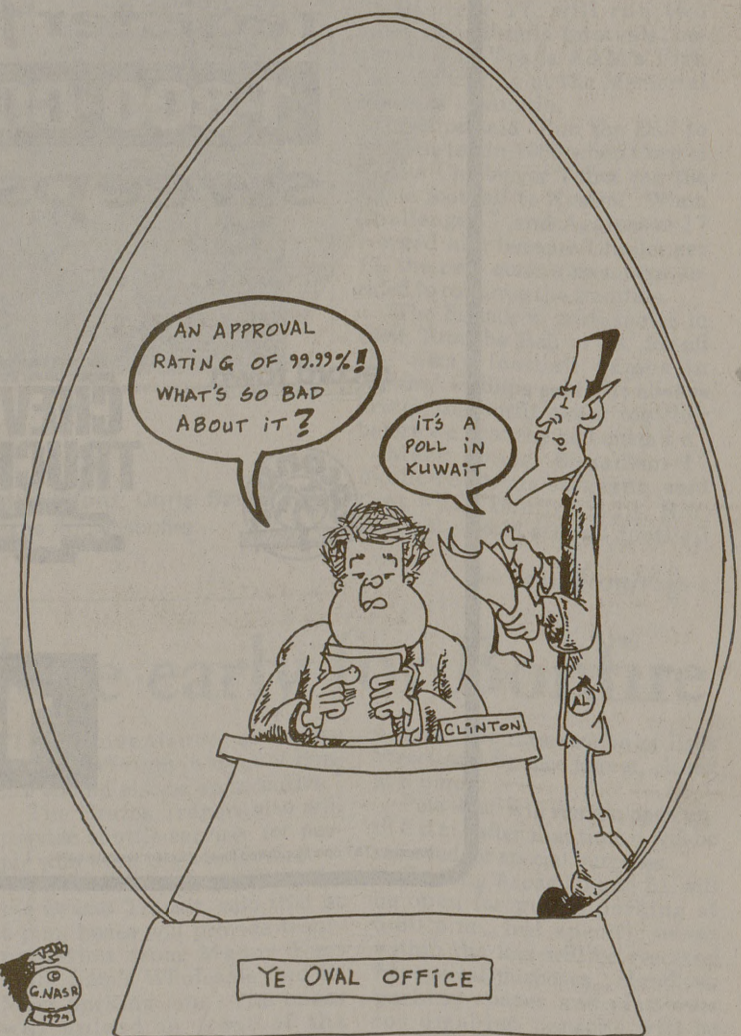
We need more of these people in the world. Some people are positive and others are liberals - I mean negative. We are all in negative moods sometimes, but we should control our urge to unload on people who don't care. If we tell everyone our problems it undermines true friendship.

Sure, you'll share your thoughts with your friend, but you'll also tell the guy who sits next to you in chemistry. We should feel honored when our friends confide in us, but it would be worthless if they confide in anyone who will listen.

Maybe it sounds cold-hearted, but people should learn to discriminate when they look to unload their problems. Not everyone cares. If you plan to bitch and whine to someone, ask yourself if you would be willing to listen to their problems, too. You'll be surprised how few people you will want to tell about your crappy day.

I'm done complaining now, strangers. Thanks for listening.

Michael Landauer is a sophomore journalism major



Opinions cannot please every Aggie all the time

I read with some interest the Oct. 31 letter by Jim Staley. Staley feels that The Battalion does not have columnists who accurately represents the views of our student body.

Now, let me be the first to say that there is some merit to this. I have yet to agree with any of Frank Stanford's columns, for example.

However, consider that this is a campus with more than 40,000 students. There is a total of eight columnists. Assuming that each of the

40,000 students has well-defined views and opinions, doesn't it seem unfair to expect these eight to completely mirror the views of each student?

Granted, there are times when it seems the Batt is leaning a little bit to the left (a guest columnist writing an "objective" recap of the George Bush-Ann Richards debate truly crystallized this view for me), but there are times when it leans a little bit to the right.

There have been days when I've seen letters in the Batt complaining

about the liberal and the conservative slant to the editorials on the same day.

This is a sign that the Batt is offending everybody, which is not necessarily a bad thing.

I've been here for five years, and let me tell you, these columnists are a well-balanced, moderate group compared to the ranting and ravings we were subjected to by Ellen Hobbs and Irwin Tang.

Erin, Jay and Melissa, thanks for some great reading, and keep up the

good work!

David Hill
Class of '93

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