

Life's true heroes: parents

'Daddy's little girl' proves to be a true representation, not another cliché

Sports Editor



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I have always had this image of my father: strong, stern, dependable, caring and most of all, military. My dad has always been the epitome of what it means to succeed in life. He has always done his very best — whether it be on the job or just doing yard work. He never complains and always gives

everything 100 percent. I have always considered myself fortunate. My parents have been together for over 25 years, and because my father is in the military, I have had the chance to see many different places. How many people by 10-years-old, have lived in Europe and been to North Africa on vacation? I had a rough bunch of teenage years; after all, who doesn't? I didn't respect my parents, and my relationship with my father just came apart. He was always proud of everything I did; I was sort of an overachiever, and I cared what he thought about me. To some degree, I was Daddy's girl.

But during this rough period my father was a burden, someone who wasn't cool, the father who was always traveling and the man who made and enforced the rules. I probably didn't have a real conversation with my dad for about five years. And I now wonder why all I get are one word answers from him.

In high school classes we were asked to name a hero or an idol. Everyone, including me, named a movie or rock star. But deep down, I always wanted to put my father. I worship my father, even though he does not know it. I strive to accomplish the things he has and prove myself in the world like he has.

My best friend has always joked that my parents are aliens. That is because they both have highly classified jobs. I never knew what my dad did for a living, never went to his office; all I knew was that he majored in aerospace engineering at Texas A&M.



and where we want to go. It is definitely a confusing time. But as I listened to the ceremony, I realized that what gives us a purpose is doing something we love and doing our best. My father made me realize this after 21 years.

My father was praised left and right, and he was rightfully a little embarrassed by all the praise. But he deserved it. I sat there and thought, what about 30 years from now? Will people be holding a ceremony to celebrate my

years of service? Will I feel like I have done something important? I hope so.

Although my father's life was somewhat secretive (this is what fueled the alien theory), it did not matter what exactly my father did. In fact, he could have been a trash collector, a tax collector or even a dog catcher — it did not matter. What did matter was that he cared about what he did and did it well. That is the lesson that we all need to take away.

Opinion Editor



JAMES FRANCIS
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Smoking cigarettes, you know those "cancer sticks" that cause severe health problems, and what most people began puffing away on just to be cool, clears the mind. Although many people have said this same sentiment, its truth value is remarkably accurate, despite the cigarette fumes cutting off their air supply and convincing them that smoking is making their thoughts organize in a more fluid manner. Today, I have devised a game of smoking cigarettes. For each drag taken, a new University problem arises, but as the smoke is exhaled, the problem will be solved — it's as easy as that.

So I stroll on over to the local Zip 'N and pick up a pack of Camel Special Lights. I'm walking down University, passing the aromatic winds from Zonko's and packing down the tobacco in my hand. I pull out one cigarette, pop it in my mouth and light it up with my neon-green, clear plastic lighter. Before I cross the street, I inhale a deep drag; my mind clouds over, and in the distance I can see the stadium seats of Kyle Field.

In my thoughts comes the picture of Reveille VI, the "grand lady" of Texas A&M. I can imagine the pain she must feel from knowing that her past Reveille title holders might soon see their graves being moved in order to complete expansion of Kyle Field. Reveille VI and the other colliers have made a great contribution to the University — tradition. As most students would say, this school was built on tradition, so how could the administration even consider moving the graves. It seems to be an extremely complex situation, but as the smoke returns to the atmosphere from my lungs, a brilliant quote seems to conclude the entire issue: "Let sleeping dogs lie where they may."

I'm now nearing the Blocker Building, but I do not glance toward the construction where everyone's favorite trees were cut down. Instead, I take another drag, my mind once again becomes hazy, and the Fish Drill Team comes to mind.

Hazing this and hazing that. It seems that is all we ever talk about. The Fish Drill Team has been disbanded, and that is unfortunate; another tradition has been lost. But hazing should not be tolerated, and if it is to continue, it should be acted out in the open, where all students and officials can judge for themselves whether the actions committed were too harsh. As far as I'm concerned, Student Fee Statements should be considered hazing; when you receive the bill, everyone around you gets to share in the pure terror of seeing your face turn green and witness the eventual passing out. If people must display their reactions to University bills and policies, so should the Fish Drill Team, the Corps of Cadets and all fraternities that commit acts of hazing. Another whirlwind of white smoke leaves my mouth.

Finally, I am at the stairs of Reed McDonald and my cigarette is almost out. I take a final drag, the same process occurs. Before my eyes close, I take notice that PTTS has not given me a ticket for being in a 15-minute load-

A smoke in one hand

...can help create solutions to University problems



Graphic: Brad Graeber

ing zone for over two hours.

Students on this campus walk, bicycle and drive. For each of these modes of transportation, a person can be ticketed — jaywalking, not conforming to the bicycle lane and parking illegally.

But the most common run-in with PTTS involves students who want to whine and complain about receiving tickets when they know they have parked illegally. Since this situation has a simple solution, and because the smoke is choking me from inhaling so deep, I'll make this a no-brainer. Don't park where you are not supposed to park. And if you do get a ticket for illegal parking, don't complain about it — just laugh and say to yourself, "What a moron I am for parking illegally."

The smoke pours into the air, and I walk to the bottom of the stairs. I flick my cigarette butt into the ash can outside the basement door that leads to The Battalion. Only three drags ... it's been a long and stressful day. My last puff of smoke is gone and I casually walk to the back of the newsroom where my desk awaits me. As I plop down into my swivel chair, I think how easy it was to solve the problems of the University. If only others would listen to my reasoning, then they would understand that A&M can be "world class"; it just depends on the students. But then again, I am the Opinion Editor, controlling the voices of the masses for this school. And if no one wants to acknowledge me in person, there's always Mail Call.



MAIL CALL

Drill Team disbanding dishonors University

While I am not a former Fish Drill Team member, as an ex-Cadet, I am disheartened by the events leading to its disbanding.

I believe the things that made the University unique were its traditions, traditions which arose from isolation on a prairie, and a sense of esprit de corps that was felt by the student body, which at the time, was 100 percent Corps of Cadets.

In case you didn't know, esprit de corps is defined as a common spirit of devotion and enthusiasm among members of a group.

It was this spirit that led to the development of our traditions, which were developed by members of the Corps, the Corps that produced John David Crow, James Earl Rudder, eight Congressional Medal of Honor winners and more commissioned officers in WW II than any other school, including West Point.

I contend that the traditions that the Corps keeps (including disciplinary ones) are not just about the Corps, but about being an Aggie. There is a "spirit that can never be told" is the best way I can explain it to my University of Texas friends who don't understand what we're about.

It saddens me to see the Fish Drill Team disbanded. The entire school (not just the Corps) is being punished for a situation only involving a few individuals.

I am sorry for these cadets because I believe that they were not trained properly, nor did they receive the same discipline that I received in the Corps. The Corps is not about hazing; it is about discipline and tradition. This is why I participated, even though I had no interest in a military commission.

I can truly say that it was the best experience that I have ever known. I encourage you not to think negatively of the Corps, for it truly is a "spirit that can never be told."

What I believe to be negligent Trigon leadership and undisciplined behavior on the part of a

few cadets, this whole situation has brought dishonor to the Corps, the Fish Drill Team should not be disbanded and the Corps must move forward.

I leave you with the advice given to graduating Aggies by Governor Coke (c. 1878):

"Let your watchword be duty, and know no other talisman of success than labor. Let honor be your guiding star in your dealings with your superiors, your fellows, with all. Be as true to a trust repose as a needle to the pole, and stand by the right, even to the sacrifice of life itself. And learn that death is preferable to dishonor."

Anthony H. White
Former Corps of Cadets Member
Class of '88

Church worship calls for diversity

In response to David Recht's August 7 column:

Recht failed to make a distinction between one's belief and worship style.

Our beliefs and creeds are directed by *The Bible* and *The Book of Discipline of The United Methodist Church*, not *The United Methodist Hymnal*.

When I joined the United Methodist Church, I vowed to confess Jesus Christ as my personal Savior, put my whole trust in His grace and to serve Him as Lord. At no time does a United Methodist commit to a particular worship style. It is our belief in Jesus Christ that unites us as a denomination, not our different worship styles. In fact, Jesus unites all Christians into one universal church.

The church must appeal to all Christians. There is a reason that eight different United Methodist churches exist in this area. As David said in his column, "People become comfortable in how they worship their God." Each church has its own worship style, it is this difference in worship that keeps the church alive.

The same Jesus is being praised as we sing Jars of Clay music or a song from the *Hymnal*. Many college students enjoy singing contemporary Christian music while others enjoy songs from the *Hymnal*. It would be a shame for us to pick one type of music to sing exclusively because many would feel uncomfortable and not join in our Christian Fellowship.

Alan McGrath
Class of '98