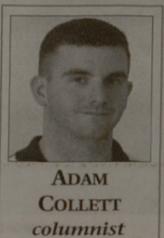


CAMPUS CONNECTION

A Yankee's adventures in AGGIELAND

Hello, group. My name is Adam Collett. I am a Yankee. So would you like to see my first appearance at YA - Yankee Anonymous support group for New Yorkers, Canadians, Australians and other non-natives living in College Station. North, of course, the word "Yankees" at most refers to peo-



ADAM COLLETT
columnist

born in the Northeast/New England area, and more often to New Yorkers. On this side of the Red River, however, I've found that the word refers just about anyone born outside of Texas, whether North, South, East or West of the state.

When I took my vehicle in for registration, the question wasn't "What kind of vehicle do you drive?" it was "What color truck do you have?"

now born with thermal underwear skin.

But the cold doesn't affect us like it does Texans. Here, the slightest layer of ice on the roads prompts a virtual statewide shutdown as DJ's warn, "For God's sake don't go out there unless you really have to."

Up North, by contrast, we don't really feel comfortable on the road unless there is a good couple of feet of snow on the ground.

In fact, Yankee drivers are often thrown off guard by rare hot weather and consequently have the bulk of their fender benders during the summertime.

Even summertime itself is a quite different. In Texas, summers last almost all year. Yankee

state pride is enough to shock even the most gung-ho Northerner. In Yankee-land, remembering what state you are from is considered pretty fervent. Down here, the pride is so intense that even those who are not active in the secessionist movement sometimes think Texas is its own country. Last semester, for example, I paid for something at the mall with a check. When I produced my Ohio driver's license, the clerk commented, "We don't often get foreign ID's around here." That really happened.

Now on to the Yankees and the non-Texan world from which they come.

First of all, yes it is cold. In fact, it's so cold that northerners have evolved and are

summers, especially in Michigan, last approximately five minutes on one afternoon in July. If you happen to be indoors during that five minutes, you have to wait until next year.

Diet varies between the two regions as well. Yankees can't spell brisquet and they don't know what it is, much less do they actually eat it. In the North, Taco Bell and Chi Chi's are considered real Mexican food. And perhaps the most shocking dietary difference is Yankees only use ranch dressing on, of all things, salads.

More specifically, beverages help distinguish a Yankee from a Texan. Your typical yank, you see, does not consider beer as one of the four food groups (it should be noted here that Copenhagen is also not considered a food group).

The more noticeable difference shows up, however, when a Texan and a non-Texan try to communicate with each other about carbonated beverages. The non-Texan asks the Texan for a Coke and of course the Texan replies, "What kind of Coke do you want? Mountain Dew, Pepsi, Coke? Which one?" This is because in Texas, everything is a Coke (with the exception of Dr. Pepper, which is piped into every home's kitchen in lieu of tap water).

By contrast, Yankees most often generally refer to soft drinks as "pop," or (in the Northeast), "soda."

Of course, there are numerous other differences and it is the preponderance of these mismatches that sometimes leads to poor relations between the two groups. But now that British Prime Minister Tony Blair has successfully brokered peace in Northern Ireland and is taking a crack at the Middle East, he should be fully prepared to come down here and ease the tension between Texans and Yankees in Aggie-land. Until that happens, I hope this clears things up.

Finally, don't construe any of this to mean that I am anti-Texan. After all, I'm marrying one this Sunday. Still, what a strange, wonderful place this Texas is. I think I'll stay for awhile.

Adam Collett is an educational administration graduate student.



PERSPECTIVES

Students must realize time is invaluable, soon gone

It is hard to believe that my second round of college finals is already here. In a week, I will have filed my freshman year as an Aggie into the past. One down, three to go. But I definitely do not expect the first year to pass so quickly.

Oh sure, you hear rumors about time flying. Enjoy college, they said. It will be over before you know it, they winked. "Nah," I said. "I have four years to go." Now make that three. Maybe you think three years is still too many years of tests, all-nighters, and parking tickets, but that is precisely the trap that you cannot fall into. Do not underestimate time, or posterity will underestimate you.

The plain truth about time is as obvious as it is powerful; it is here today, and gone tomorrow. Literally. Each second enjoys its moment on the stage of history, and then it bows out, sometimes unassumingly and sometimes extravagantly, into oblivion. There went another one, just as you finished that sentence. There goes another one. And another. And the eight or ten hours that is today will be gone tomorrow. I will not have this day to live ever again.

But here is the powerful part: while this second is here, while this day exists, the choice of whether it passes quietly into history or with a bang into the past, is mine. And yours. Because time is the one thing that gains its value only after you spend it.

Its value does not appreciate as time passes. (Because there went another second.) And when we speak of "saving" time, we really mean it as a euphemism for finding ways of rushing through it, for wasting it.

No, time is only valuable when you spend it. And when you spend it wisely.

Okay, so maybe I'm being a bit too dramatic. (You do not seem surprised.) Maybe I'm waxing a bit too philosophical. (Hey, it's me!) Maybe I'm thinking a little too idealistically. (I swear there is a silver lining. Really.) Well, I don't care.

Those of you who think that all of this "time" stuff is hogwash are precisely the ones who do not under-



CALEB MCDANIEL
columnist

stand it. And those of you who, like me, realize how quickly this year has passed, and how quickly the next year will follow it, know exactly how I feel. You are learning the most important lesson of growing up — that it happens. And that time does fly. If you can catch it as it zooms by, faster than a speeding Batt Boy, you are doing good. If you can seize the day, then the day is yours. Carpe diem.

If you don't seize today, then the only thing that will await you tomorrow is regret. Regret that you did not use today to stop and smell the roses; you were too busy smelling the coffee from last night's cram session.

Regret that you did not use today to meditate a little more on what this thing called life is all about; you were too busy complaining about it.

Regret that you did not use today to tell someone that you love them; you were too busy worrying whether others love you.

You were too busy, in short, to live. I guess that Dave Matthews of Dave Matthews Band fame has the best bead on this of anyone I can think of. (Who did you expect? Shakespeare?) Like him, "I can't believe that we would lie in our graves / wondering if we had spent our living days well." Spend your days well and you will not have regrets. Waste them, and they will lay you to waste before you know it.

I guess I am writing these things because I need to read them. And all of us need an occasional reminder that life is more than the sum of our grades or the amount of sleep we got last night.

Time rushes on, and I rush right along with it, and suddenly my freshman year is in the books. And I guess it has taught me to appreciate the time that I have.

So I thank you for spending your time reading this much newsprint. Without realizing it, you have given me a non-refundable gift — your time.

What were you thinking? Get out there and live it up. Tell him today that you appreciate him. Call her now and tell her how you really feel. Have a cup of cappuccino. Take the time to look at the stars. Enjoy this day. Because you won't be able to tomorrow.

Caleb McDaniel is a freshman history major.

by Ferguson's allegations that we are a group composed of "stoners." We find his comments both inflammatory and libelous.

As students at Texas A&M we are further offended by Ferguson's systematic attacks on student groups such as ours, the Pagan Student Association, the National Organization for Women, the Atheist and Agnostic Association, the Academic Vampirism and the Greek system.

Ferguson's ignorance and bigotry abound in his misinformed opinion, and we do not appreciate having our student organizations defamed nor do we condone the use of *The Battalion's* opinion page to do so.

The fact that these student groups do not conform to Ferguson's narrow viewpoint does not give him the right to belittle

them. The opinion page should not be a vantage point utilized by uninformed individuals to slander harmless student groups and A&M institutions.

We, the members of Cepheid Variable, believe Donny Ferguson and *The Battalion* should proffer apologies to our organization and all of the other slandered groups.

Diana Liga
Chair, MSC Cepheid Variable
Accompanied by 36 signatures

Self-righteous quips offend, alienate

I am writing in response to Reggie White's "interesting quips about A&M." What a charming man! In his short, self-righteous speech, Reggie White somehow

managed to alienate everyone on campus who was not exactly like him. I cannot think of any group on campus that escaped his sanctimonious judgments.

I was surprised to read that White is an ordained minister. I found the comment about campus being better off if a few bikers were embedded in radiator grills especially Christian. Not only was this comment un-Christian, but also hypocritical after condemning the National Organization for Women chapter for supporting an abortion clinic.

But I guess running over bikers for no reason is different than having abortions even though they are both deadly any way you look at it.

Perhaps Reggie White could clear this up for those of us who are confused. He seems to have

all the answers.

After reading his commentary on Texas A&M, I realized what it would take for A&M to reach Reggie White's state of perfection. We would all have to be just like Reggie White.

Sororities and fraternities would have to be outlawed. Not to mention bicycles. We would have to get rid of the environmentalists too.

I mean, we only have one earth to preserve, but the environmentalists apparently do not fit into Reggie White's perfect society. And God forbid women have their own opinions either. We would definitely have to put a stop to free thinking of any kind.

Yes, perhaps this is a bit sarcastic. Perhaps Reggie White's comments do not even dignify a response. Perhaps Reggie White

should keep his mouth shut and stick to football.

Miranda Swiderski
Class of '01

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

The opinion editor reserves the right to edit letters for length, style, and accuracy. Letters may be submitted in person at 013 Reed McDonald with a valid student ID. Letters may also be mailed to:

The Battalion - Mail Call
013 Reed McDonald
Texas A&M University
College Station, TX
77843-1111

Campus Mail: 1111
Fax: (409) 845-2647
E-mail: batt@unix.tamu.edu

For more details on letter policy, please call 845-3313 and direct your question to the opinion editor.



MAIL CALL

Columnist owes groups apologies

Response to Donny Ferguson's May 4 column:

As an MSC organization, Cepheid Variable does not condone the participation of its members in illegal activities such as the smoking of marijuana. As an organization, we are offended