

## Staff Editorial

### No school safe

Recently, a number of school shootings have occurred across the nation with three of these devastating crimes taking place in a week's time:

- Oct. 2, 2006, a 31-year-old disgruntled milk-truck driver, Charles Carl Roberts IV, carried two guns into an Amish school in Pennsylvania and opened fire on a dozen girls. He killed three of the victims execution style before shooting himself. Two more died later in the hospital.

- Sept. 29, 2006, Eric Hainstock, 15, shot and killed his school principal in Cazenovia, Wis. He was angry because the principal reprimanded him for having tobacco on school grounds.

- Sept. 27, 2006, 53-year-old Duane Morrison sexually assaulted six girls at a high school in Bailey, Colo. and then used them as a human shield against law enforcement officers before killing one of the victims as well as himself.

On Oct. 3, 2002, the World Health Organization (WHO) reported in the first *World Report on Violence and Health* that each year more than 1.6 million lives are lost worldwide due to violence, the leading cause of death for people between the ages of 15-44. It also stated that youth violence was on the rise.

Psychologist James Presscott researched the cause of violence in an anthropological sense. He stated that repression of sexuality, the punishment of children and lack of mother-child bonding are the cause of violent societies.

However, authorities in the case of Hainstock stated that the teen had complained about being teased by other students and decided to confront non-caring teachers and the principal with a shotgun and handgun, which he had "acquired" from the bedroom of his parents.

That doesn't sound like repression of sexuality.

And the milk-truck driver? He was man with a grudge who called his wife during the police stand-off by cell phone and told her that he was getting even for some long-ago offense. State Police Commissioner Jeffrey B. Miller stated that the gunman told his wife that he had molested young children decades ago and he left a note saying he had "dreams of molesting again."

That doesn't sound like the punishment of a child.

In addition, in the case of Morrison, who sexually assaulted the young girls, he had chosen the girls based on hair color. According to authorities, he had "apparently favored blondes."

Does that sound like a lack of mother-child bonding?

What are school and government officials going to do to stop this slaughter of innocents?

Commission more police officers to protect and guard the schools and campus across the nation?

Spend more tax dollars on metal detectors and state-of-the-art surveillance equipment to protect students and teachers?

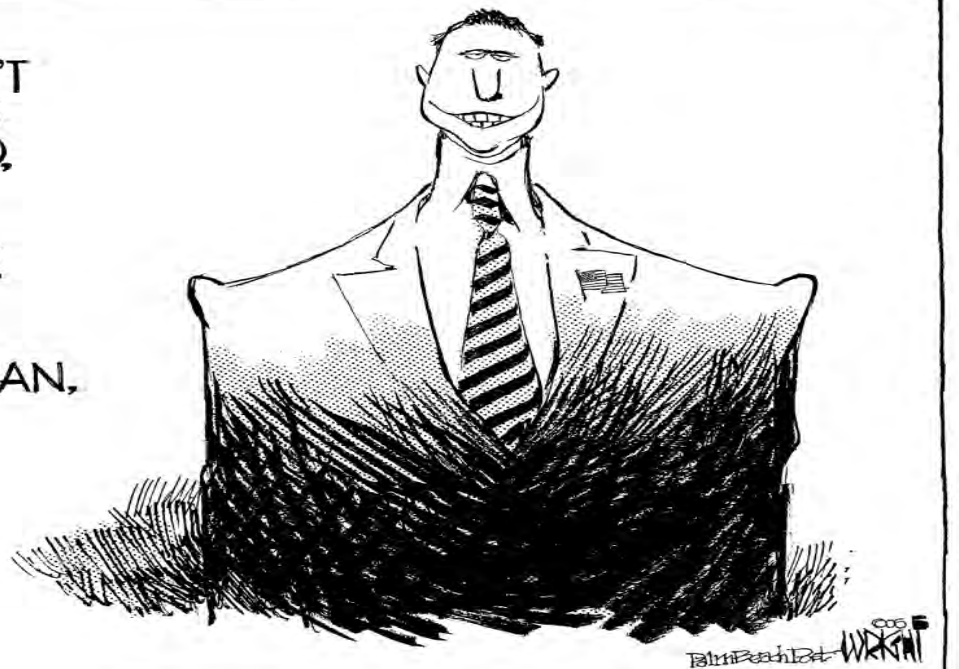
Build 20-foot tall cement walls with barbed wire strewn across the top and hire a small army of security and guard dogs to protect the seekers and teachers of education?

According to the book "Less Law" by Irvin Waller, U.S. taxpayers spend more money each year on police, prisons and judges – a record \$200 billion.

Waller states that the standard way of responding to crime is ineffective. He believes that addressing the social issues that lead to crime will contribute to creating a safer society and keep kids and adults from taking the wrong path toward a life of crime.

So before government and school officials place another brick in the wall, they should do something that the criminals in these public school shootings failed to do – think before they act.

MOST VOTERS DON'T HAVE A CLUE. THAT'S WHY I USE SLANTED, MORONIC TV ADS. I THINK A LOT OF THEM WILL BELIEVE THAT JUNK. I'M A TYPICAL AMERICAN POLITICIAN, AND I APPROVE THIS MESSAGE.



## Falls Fest brings out animal in humans



**CARRIE SULLIVAN**  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

through an invisible portal somewhere that de-evolves their brains to a more Neanderthal-like state.

I met up with a couple friends at about 7 p.m. We entered the gates and emerged into the land of festivities. A sea of tattooed biker guys and gals appeared before me. That was cool, but I was really looking forward to seeing the main event, Bo Bice, not really for his music, but for his gorgeous long hair. Carrying our folding chairs, my friends and I found a really great spot close to the main stage where The Mammals were playing their last song. I thought it might be fun to buy a funnel cake, so I took off in search of a ticket booth.

I spotted one when all of a sudden the entire right side of my body became drenched in cold water. It scared the daylight out of me. I looked up (with a glint of fire in my eyes) to see a teenage girl some

distance off, smiling like an ape and holding a water gun. What was this? A water park?

Okay, I thought. It's the environment. People get a little crazy. It's all in good fun.

But it was still irritating.

Next, I stood in line to get my tickets when two very large, very tipsy men behind me started gripping at the top of their lungs at how much the beer tickets were. I turned around and came face to face with a thick beard and rancid breath. The gorilla winked at me and I quickly turned around, wishing I had a potato sack to put over my head. I got my tickets for my funnel cake and began to stride away. I heard gorilla order not one, not two, but 10 beer tickets. *Somebody* was going to have a headache tomorrow.

I found the funnel cake booth. At about that time, I realized how many children were at the event. The place was crawling with youngsters. They were hanging off their parents' arms, running through the dirt—and kicking it up into my quickly clogging sinuses—and screaming for more junk food.

Now, I like children but when a little monkey boy is screaming at the top of his lungs for more tickets and then throwing himself on the ground and wailing if he doesn't get his way, it's time for a spanking. Pity a lot of parents don't understand this fact. I'm sorry, new age

psychologists, but a good whack with a belt is a necessity sometimes. Trust me. It will not ruin their self-esteem. It will save them from being killed later in life.

Back at the stage, I devoured my funnel cake and sneezed and listened to The Fabulous Thunderbirds and sneezed and dreamed about getting to see Bo Bice's hair very soon and I sneezed. Good grief, there was so much dirt in the air.

The band was pretty good. Couples began to get a little cozy as they danced. People shook their butts and bobbed their heads and held their beers high. I'm sure the blood content was lowering in their alcohol system with every gulp. A good example of this was the shirtless man in front of me. He kicked back bottle after bottle of brew until he began to sway, dragging his arms like an orangutan. I watched until the inevitable moment when he fell to the side in the clumsiest way imaginable and sent a whirlwind of dust into my face. I sneezed some more. And laughed at him. And sneezed.

My eyes began to water. I turned to my friend, having to yell over the music, and said something to her about the mall. Because of my demolished sinuses, "mall" came out sounding like "ball." It took us about five minutes to get straight what the heck I was saying.

Giving up on the conversation,

I noticed an elderly monkey standing holding a stuffed animal, her boobs down to her knees, her hair in a bun. She smoked a cigarette and smiled, showing one remaining tooth. Sights like that make one realize that despite all your troubles, your life could be worse.

Before the main attraction, Bo Bice, stepped onstage, a drunk guy fell down, fireworks filled the air and every teenager this side of the equator crowded in front of us. What was up with that? We'd gotten there two hours early to get a good seat. But it was no use. A plethora of primates were now blocking our view, jumping on each other's backs, as if that might help them get closer to Bo Bice.

The star of the evening ran onstage to the sound of roaring screams. The audience just went nuts. I mean, it was as if Led Zepplin had stepped onstage. Wow. Okay, Bo Bice is cool and he can rock out, but he's no Led Zepplin. Come on, people. Then again, this is Wichita Falls.

We didn't stay for the whole set. We thought it best to escape before the monkeys got in their cars and we had a *real* problem.

But before we left, I maneuvered my head around the climbing apes and caught a couple of precious glimpses of Bo Bice's beautiful hair, which I'm glad to say made every sneeze I endured worth it.

## Key to happiness in just 10 easy steps



**CARLY BURRES**  
FOR THE WICHITAN

one who wants to read a column about how livid I am about the raise in tuition, how corrupt I believe the campus cops to be, or how Time Warner has angered me by making the CW a subscription only channel, then this is the wrong place for you as well.

But if you are a person who is just trying to find some easy reading and maybe some advice to use to get through life, or just the day, then this is the place to look. For here I offer to you a list of advice that just might help you to get through all of the trials and tribulations that one

must encounter on a daily basis. So read and enjoy.

10. There are no material objects that a person just can't "live without." Whenever the question arises "what is one thing you can't live without?" I struggle because when I really think about that, I can't think of one single material possession that I can't live without. There are tons of things that I would be incredibly sad to lose, and it would be hard to live without them, but I can live without everything that I have. What I can't live without are my friends and my family.

9. Never doubt your friends. When you think that you're friends are doing you wrong, don't. More than likely you are just being paranoid and all you are going to end up doing is starting trouble. If they are doing you wrong, then you will find out in due time. Everything will work out the way it is meant to.

8. Don't be afraid to show emotions. I'm emotionally retarded and sometimes I wish I wasn't. This is something that I have to work on. But don't be afraid to tell people you love them, don't be afraid to cry

when you need to, don't be afraid to give hugs to those you care about. You miss out on too much when you don't show people you care.

7. Work out. Find some form of working out that you enjoy and that works for you. Working out isn't only about staying fit and healthy, but it's a stress reliever. If you find the right thing it makes you happy, it frees your heart and your soul of all those heavy things that weigh you down. Even if it's only for an hour or so.

6. Don't let the small things get you down. It's alright to complain about the small things in your life that get you down and all those things that hurt you. Just because it sucks, doesn't mean that you won't move on. If you spend all of your time stressing out about the small stuff, then you won't have time to enjoy life. So complain about it and then get over it and move on.

5. Don't be afraid to dance. If you are alone in your room or out with your friends at a club, it's all right to dance if you feel like it. It doesn't matter if other people think you dance badly as long as you are

dancing because you want to. Dancing is about having fun and expressing you, so dance away.

4. Work hard for what you want. Don't let everything be handed to you on a silver platter. The harder you work for something the more its worth to you.

3. Never be afraid to do something. If you feel like talking to someone, then talk to him or her. If you feel like jumping in your car with your best friend and driving to Lawton just for a quick fix of Chick-fil-A, then do it. It's all right to not know how things are going to turn out. It's just a matter of taking chances.

2. Don't have any regrets. Every stupid, smart, silly and embarrassing thing you do is done for a purpose. Whether you know it or not. So just suck it up and deal with it.

1. Everything happens for a reason. I've been through a lot in the last few years, and I've come to realize that every thing that happens to you, big or little, happens for a specific reason. You have to take everything that is thrown at you and use it the best you can.

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