

Staff Editorial

Heed the signs!

Someone doesn't want Midwestern State University students to eat or drink in classrooms.

They went so far as to put up signs next to each classroom.

Some students may view the polite use of "please" on some of the signs as a request and not a rule.

The posting of signs means it is a rule, not a suggestion and not a request.

Yet, MSU students are bringing breakfast, chips, candy and snacks into classrooms.

They are toting steaming Starbucks' cups, bottled water and canned soda into the classrooms.

Besides being rude, this is a blatant violation of the rules.

The sign says "No food or drink in the classrooms."

This applies to everyone entering the room. It means do not bring food or drink into the classroom.

Why are adults still bringing breakfast sandwiches, candy bars and sodas into the classrooms?

Do they believe the signs are a joke?

Do they think rules are only for other people?

When each professor reads his or her syllabus and reiterates the rule, it is difficult to believe that violators don't understand it.

Students are required to sign the syllabus and return it to the instructors. The acknowledgement of this rule is on record.

Some professors reprimand violators. Some professors turn blind eyes to soda cans and croissant sandwiches. Some professors are the violators.

MSU has easy access to food and drink for students and faculty.

The Clark Student Center offers The Mesquite Café and the Sundance Food Court as well as a commuter lounge with vending machines.

The new Dillard Building hosts the Corner Perk Café featuring Starbucks Coffee. Vending machines can be found in each building.

A vast number of trash receptacles are situated at strategic places around campus.

Students and faculty can have their snack and their drink, and dump the trash without entering classrooms.

If a traffic sign says 'one way,' anyone caught going the other way is subject to a fine. Should the 'no food, no drink' violators be subjected to fines?

That's one possibility.

Maybe the professor should kick them out of class.

Another possibility would be to just grow up and heed the signs.



Wine: High-class redneck's essential



JESSICA COODY
FOR THE WICHITAN

My family is Irish. My family drinks. A lot. Alcohol is one thing we all have in common. We enjoy nothing more than k i c k i n g back with a

whiskey and coke or a glass of wine and catching up.

Whether it sounds bad or not, drinking is a bonding experience for my relatives.

So, upon arriving at my Granny's house for Thanksgiving (on Sunday, of course, since my family never seems to do anything on time), I was greeted with the usual:

"There is beer in the cooler outside, whiskey in the kitchen and two boxes of wine in the fridge."

And yes, I said *boxes* of wine. The high-class redneck essential, no doubt.

And for the first time in years, I did the unthinkable.

I drank water.

I drank sweet tea.

I did not drink alcohol.

Ordinarily, this lack of consumption would not occur. I am usually the first one to pop a top, or to loosen the nozzle on the boxed white zinfandel.

However, I was scheduled to be at work that evening, and if being comatose from all the turkey wasn't going to be bad enough, adding even one adult beverage to the mix could have been devastating to both me and my customers.

So, there I was, watching my family drink and laugh and talk ... I admit, not much was different at first.

Due to the red plastic cups (another high-class redneck essential), at first glance no one could have guessed that I wasn't joining the rest of the adults in the fun.

That is until the first box of wine landed in the trash can and the second 12-pack of beer was opened.

Then it became obvious. I was the outsider.

Granny began telling her jokes. My aunt began to laugh that "half snorting, half giggling" laugh she

has become famous for.

One cousin began talking more than usual.

The other cousin began stepping outside for 'a smoke' every 10 minutes ... they were feeling the booze.

I was not.

Being the optimist that I try to be, I took this time to sit back and really look at my family ... no altered judgment involved.

I watched the women, laughing and talking about their latest body flaw.

I noticed how none of them seemed to be complaining and fishing for reassurance. They were honest, and laughing about it.

"The hell with worrying," my Granny even said when love handles were mentioned. "We've still got good wine!"

I watched the men, standing around the food, talking less than their female counterparts but still somehow saying all they needed to.

A nod here, a couple hand gestures there and several chuckles and head shakes at the ladies.

They all seemed so confident, so content.

And so happy that the Sooners made it to the Big XII Championship that nothing could ruin their day.

I watched the children, running and playing football in the unseasonably warm sun.

With not a care in the world, my little cousins chased the dogs and collected leaves. They rolled in the grass with reckless abandon.

Up and down the stairs, banging on the piano, slamming the screen door with each entrance and exit, they are truly the heart of our family, and they don't let us forget it.

They are far too noisy to forget about.

So, I didn't partake in the family tradition.

I didn't join in with the glass clinking and joke telling.

I watched.

And I learned something about my family.

It isn't the alcohol that has bonded us all these years.

It's the pride and love for each other and the appreciation for traditions, whatever they may be.

And the fact that we are all high-class rednecks, no doubt.

Unborn daughter sparks protective nature



JASON KIMBRO
ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

My life has always been in a perpetually pell-mell state.

One minute I'm living the life of your typical, debauchery-driven bachelor,

and the next I'm changing diapers on a regular basis.

One minute I'm pretty much a drunk 24/7, and the next I am clean and sober ... well, at least six days out of the week.

Something wholly different is about to happen to me again and though I have had nearly nine months to prepare for this, it is coming out of the left-est of fields.

I am about to be the proud father of a baby girl.

Some of my guy friends are calling it karma in its most vengeful of states.

They seem to think I have been a manipulator of women all my life, which in actuality couldn't be fur-

ther from the truth.

I just allowed so many of them to manipulate me.

And now I must be a father to one of them, and I'm afraid that this little girl will have the easiest time with the manipulation of one Jason Alvie Kimbro.

So what can I do to prepare for the next 18 years and beyond?

Do I become a sharp, scornful father with an overprotective sense of "knowing what is best for my daughter?"

Do I pull a Herbert Hoover and take a laissez faire approach to parenting my daughter and just pray she doesn't end up with vaginal cauliflower before Guardasil is available to her?

How about I tread somewhere in the middle and portray a comedic sense of being a protective father, scaring the hell out of each boy when they first come in and then become their best friend?

I like to call it the *Cosby Show Approach*.

It is much more complicated than that.

My mother has a large number of grandchildren. She has yet to have a biological granddaughter.

Having somewhere in the neighborhood of 12 grandsons and yearning for years to have a little girl to spoil, this places another grand dilemma upon my table.

The significance of this child's sex goes beyond my mother's excitement.

The entire family seems to either be excited for me or hate me with envious reproach, if that type of feeling can even exist.

So now I must find ways to balance the plane between my daughter and my two sons, the biological one and the chosen one.

(I call him this because I feel I actually got to choose him as my son instead of relying on the mysteries behind birth.)

I will not tolerate any favoring between my children.

I don't even want to hear any sort of nonsense about how some individual in my family may love them both the same, but he or she just likes the other one better right now.

Having another child is going to be rough, but now that I know the child is a girl (I know they tell you at the sonogram that the likelihood is only about 75 percent but let me

tell you, it was very obvious), I am more scared than ever.

I'm going to have to ward off boys like me.

I'm going to have to make sure my two boys don't become little perverts if she has a sleepover in the next 13-18 years.

I'm going to have to be ready to show her how to use certain feminine hygiene products in case mommy isn't around when she has her first "woman's day" (that's the *Cosby Show Approach* again).

I'm going to have to be ready for any kind of torture that will most definitely be thrown my way:

Harder diaper changes, little pink dresses, uncomfortable bathings in the 5- to 7-year-old range, training bras, tampons or pads, safe sex practices, pushy boyfriends, questions of approval from boys (if I'm lucky), walking her down the aisle unable to control the flow of tears and the hell of having to let her go.

When it all comes down to it, I wouldn't miss any of it for the world. Now to get a few things snipped here and there before God really decides to play a joke on us with twins.

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