

ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS

OPINION | ANGER MANAGEMENT

Having a short fuse leads to conflict

Bobby Bush
Editor-in-Chief

Once upon a time, I was what some might consider to be "such a nice boy." Sure, I had my moments when I

would get out of line, as children often do,

but I always tried to be respectful to others and not lose my temper.

But at work the other night, I had a revelation: I am an angry person most of the time. I thought of this as the waiter I work with cranked up the jukebox, which was set to "Wherever I May Roam," by Metallica, with customers still in the restaurant.

Not that I dislike the song, but he just can't do that. Didn't he care? Probably not, and for that, I was livid.

I wanted to tell him, "You don't own this place," but I figured the other fifty things he's done that I have complained about haven't sunk in, so why waste my breath? I'll just have another cigarette and calm down.

That was a better experience than what had happened the previous week when he would come back to the kitchen and change my CD, mid Interpol, and walk away. After many warnings he continued to do it, so I ripped the cord out of the wall socket, yelled profanities and took the stereo to the other end of the kitchen and was mean to him.

Without any professional opinion, I tried to trace my anger through my past to find out what went wrong.

I was actually a very outspoken child who acted like a little comedian. I might have been a tad on the obnoxious side, especially in the eyes of one of my aunts. She made it a point to tell me how much I got on her nerves. From then on, I was always conscious of my actions and usually timid around others.

When my parents divorced, I experienced many emotions, including sadness and anger, and I wrongfully took them out on my new stepmother. That ruined our relationship. No matter how hard I tried to respect her and do as I was told, I felt there was no way to get on her good side again. At times I felt like she hated me and did not want me around. I've never had the courage to address this to her.

I started my current job eight years ago. There was a cook who worked there that was angry all the time. If any of his fellow employees did something wrong, he would let us know by using profanity and a loud, stern voice.

I am not blaming these people for my mentality. In the movie "This Boy's Life," the main character Jack is mistreated by his stepfather. He realizes that he also begins to treat other people the same way.

I think for some reason, I have redirected all of the anger I have had or witnessed onto other people. I believe I must work harder to be patient with the people who anger me or else I will just create a whole new breed of angry people wherever I may roam.

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OPINION | REFLECTION

Searching for the unknown uncle

Laurel Kanipe
Assistant Editor

I feel like I am a detective chasing ghosts this week; well, memories really, about a man I never knew.

When I graduated from high school in 2003,

a card arrived in the mail with a fifty-dollar bill inside. The card was brief and formal, wishing me the best luck in my future. While I was thrilled by the thought of graduation mail, there was only one problem - I had no idea who the sender, Gary Kanipe, was.

My father later explained to me that Gary was my great uncle. So I responded with a thank you letter in which I expressed my hope that one day I might be able to thank him in person. Three years later, I got some form of response from him, only it was through my grandmother, informing me that Gary had lost his battle with AIDS and died while I was working on the newspaper.

What happens if a family member of yours dies and you never knew him? Should you cry? Should you feel nostalgic? These are the questions I am asking myself this week.

Mainly, I feel stupid that I didn't get a chance to know him before he died. So, to correct this, I have started asking about him through my family.

What I have found out is the person who shared my last name was a 57 year-old car buff who was known for his good sense of humor and his

"Kanipe" temper. The reason I never actually met my great uncle was because he lived in Dallas. Also, because of his battle with AIDS, he had frequent illnesses that prevented travel. It's also been passed down the family rumor mill that he felt uncomfortable with visiting.

I can understand why someone would feel uncomfortable visiting my family due to the fact that they are weird, even by my standards. My family is a very "Republican" family with morals that seem to come straight from the golden-era of the 1950's. They go to church, enjoy golf and, on a festive occasion, a margarita. I, of course, am nothing like the Kanipe side of the family (unless you count the occasional margarita) and neither was Gary, who was gay.

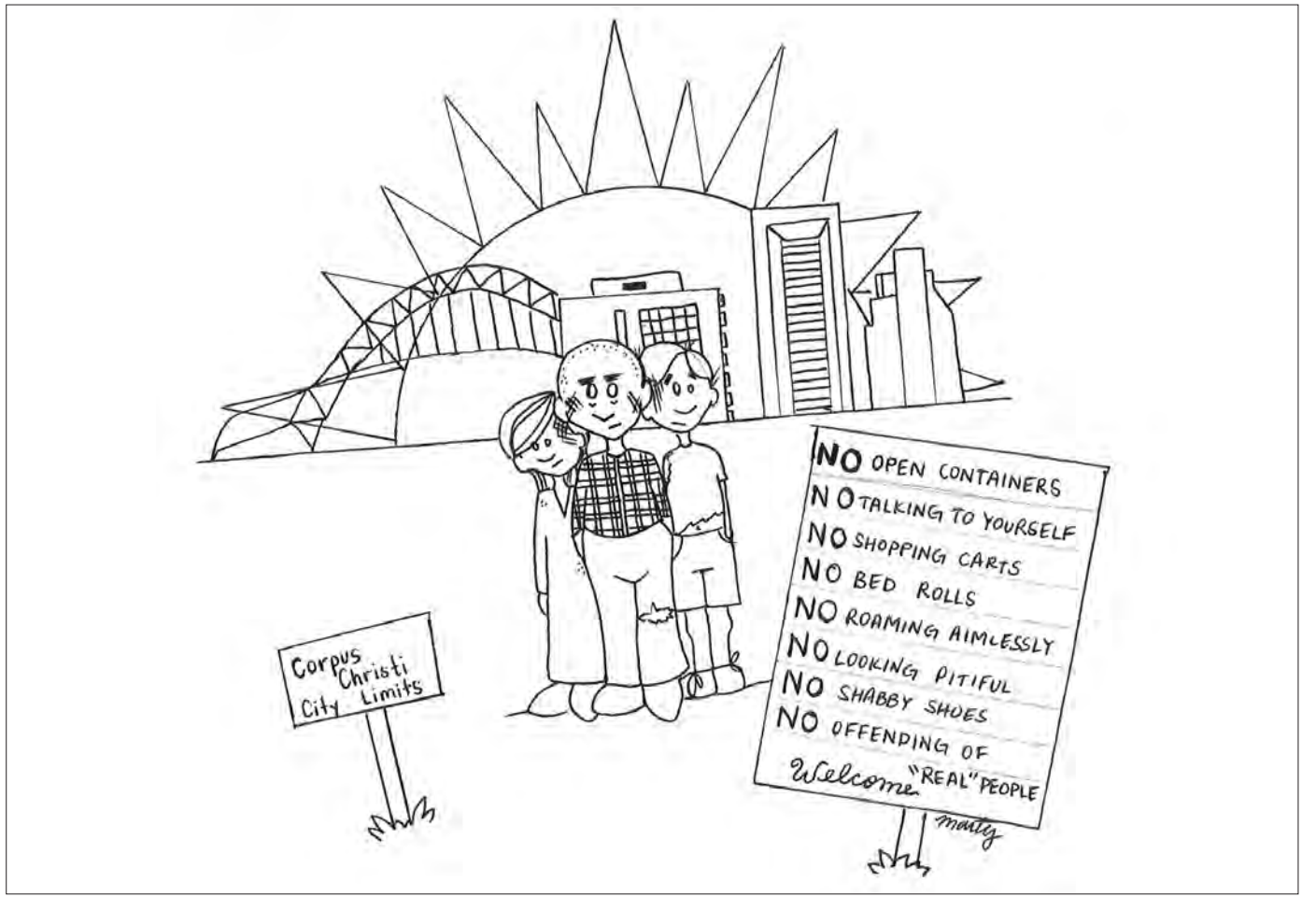
He was never condemned for his lifestyle, but it was never talked about either. Another thing that wasn't talked about was the fact that he was sick with AIDS.

While I am not gay, I feel like I missed out on knowing a kindred spirit, another outsider with the ability to understand what it's like to feel like you don't completely belong.

It's kind of similar to the whole "tree falling in a woods" metaphor. If a tree falls in the woods, and no one is around to see it, does it fall? And if a family member you never met dies, do you miss them?

The answer, for me, is yes.

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Marty Rodriguez | FOGHORN

EDITORIAL | IRAQ WAR

Troops must take step back in Iraq

Attacks coordinated by Sunni insurgents against a revered Shiite mosque in Iraq have escalated a growing civil strife between the two groups into near civil war.

In doing so, the insurgents have guaranteed that a quick and speedy withdrawal of U.S. troops from the region is no longer a viable goal to aim for.

Growing hostilities between the two groups has been building since government elections held last year gave majority control

to Shiites for the first time in nearly a century.

Attacks have been carried out against Shiites all across Iraq in an effort to belittle the new government's role and undermine their authority. Confidence in the new leadership has been shaken as a result and the majority of Iraqis have more faith in smaller, independent militias than in the nation's fledgling security forces.

With these latest attacks on one of the holiest sites to Shiites, Iraq seems on its

way to a full-blown civil war. As a result, U.S. forces are now caught in the middle of a growing division among two of the largest groups in Iraq.

It goes without saying that order must be maintained in the region if both democracy and the new government are to take hold and restore peace.

However, that task must be, for the time being, left primarily to Iraqi security forces. The animosity that is felt towards the United States in the Muslim world

makes it a priority for American troops to take a step back and simply become quiet observers. Security for the country must be handled by Iraqis, not Americans.

Should the situation spiral further out of control and become too much for the Iraqi security forces, only then should the American forces step in.

As an occupying power, it is the duty of the United States to ensure stability in a country already set on crumbling in upon itself.

EDITORIAL | PHARMACY SCHOOL

County wrong in trying to fund school

The Irma Lerma Rangel College of Pharmacy at Texas A&M-Kingsville will receive \$3 million to use however it likes if Nueces County officials succeed in approving a contract with the school.

The school has been fighting for the last five years to gain funding so it could open its doors to prospective students looking to become pharmacists. Instead, the Texas State Legislature has been unwilling to grant any type of funding to the school, leaving it to fend for itself and come up with the necessary funds needed to begin classes.

The proposed contract would give

\$1 million a year for three years to the school that it may use in any way it sees fit, which supposedly will go to the Rangel College of Pharmacy. While it is understandable Nueces County seems to have good intentions in what it seeks to do with the contract, the fact of the matter is that this is a state matter.

Nueces County taxpayers should not have to pay to fund a school in another county simply because the state legislature is inept at funding what is ultimately their responsibility.

The proposed funds that would be going to the pharmacy school can be utilized more appropriately in other

areas within the county, such as infrastructure-type needed projects.

The answer to the pharmacy school's funding problems lies within pushing the state legislature. The answer is not to manipulate the law in an effort to find loopholes in order to get something done illegally.

The school must continue to seek resources from private donors, such as former alumni of the Texas A&M system, or continue to plead their case to the state legislature.

Nueces County can be a partner in that struggle, but not by trying to supply funds of that caliber in a way that is, in essence, dishonest.

OPINION | PERSONAL GROWTH

Distance part of becoming adult

Tim Olmeda
Opinion Editor

Distance is a funny thing.

I have never really spent my life wandering too far from home like other people. In all reality, as

much as I complain about Corpus Christi being a pretty worthless town, it's still my home. My memories, my childhood, they are all here.

However, it wasn't until a few months ago that I really began to see just how difficult it is to live life away from home.

I'm not really talking about myself, though. I'm, in fact, referring to having two things I love being in

two different cities: my family and my girlfriend.

For 23 years, Corpus has been my home, and for each of those years, I had my brother at my side, my sisters following us around, and my mom doing her best to raise us all as best she could as a single mother.

In August 2005, my mom announced that her husband, my step dad, would be moving to New Orleans to accept a higher paying position with the company he worked for. She told my brother and I that she would be going with him, along with my sisters. My brother moved up there in November, less than two months after they left.

I decided to stay because I had too many reasons to stay in Corpus - my work with the *Foghorn*, a new job

with a magazine, and a certain someone who I realized I had begun to develop feelings for.

It's been months since the day they moved away and it's been difficult to say the least.

I miss sitting in my room and having my sister watch television with me. I miss having my mom telling me to lower my music, which usually consisted of the dulcet tones of Corey Taylor at lead vocals for Slipknot.

Also, I am involved with that certain someone - she's a student at the University of Texas.

Long distance relationships are more difficult to deal with than I think most people realize. You wind up thinking about that person the whole time they're away, especially when things come

up that require support only that loved one can give.

I've had my fair share of bad occurrences over the last few months that have put a strain on both my mental and emotional health. The one thing that has kept me relatively sane is the knowledge that I have her support, no matter how many miles are between us.

It goes without saying that I've had to grow a lot over the past few months. I've made my share of mistakes and I know I still have a lot to learn. That kind of growth comes with the territory, however. It's a vital part of life.

After all, no one ever said this would be easy.

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