

# Did you ever know that we're your heroes?

By Crispin Sartwell  
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Editor

Humbly, we offer ourselves to a world hungry for heroes. It has been said that there are no heroes in our postmodern age. Instead of simply whining about this like so many others, we are doing something about it. Admiring and emulating us will bring meaning to your tiny, empty lives.

What makes us heroes for a postmodern age?

It's not because of our ethics (we haven't got any); it's not because of our IQs (though we have always disputed the diagnosis of "retardation"). It's because we are media-savvy, incredibly svelte even though we eat creatine, and ordinarily opposed to children being blown up by land mines. We have buns of steel and principles of plastic.

Some folks, caught in an era of moral relativism, go postal. We're going papal. Here's the bull.

Courageously, we favor education and family values for you, cocaine and casual sex for ourselves. We will not be silenced in our opposition to death, disease and famine. We are deeply opposed to kiddie porn, Stalinism, and vehicular homicide. Though the whole world may disagree with us, we say this: taxes are too high and incomes are too low.

We will fight for you until it becomes inconvenient to do so.

We probably cannot be bought.

You can believe us, because we're sometimes right and we rarely lie.

George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton: they were great heroes, leaders, men of character. They were heroes for their time, but not for ours. Can you imagine the great Katie Couric in a powdered wig and wooden teeth? And besides, it turns out that Jefferson was having children with Sally Strothers: heroic, perhaps, but hardly "sexy" in a contemporary, pornographic sense.

"I didn't really have the polling numbers at the turn of the 18th century," Jefferson told Larry King, who has wooden hair and pow-

dered teeth. "The hairpiece and Bill of Rights thing worked for a while. But how was I to know by 1801 people would be more into the lambada?"

We don't wear wigs, yet we're not afraid to powder our hair. We fear nothing, in fact, except what we perceive to be dangerous.

We have television experience. We've appeared on the 7-Eleven security monitors at 3 a.m. And we looked damn good to ourselves, despite the Slurpee mustache and 15 camera-added pounds.

We will believe whatever the polling numbers indicate you want us to believe, as long as it is not threatening to us, and we will believe it with apparent sincerity. Tell us that new Coke was better than Classic Coke. Tell us that Marilyn Manson and Luciano Pavarotti are the same person (you never see them together!) Tell us whatever you want to tell us and together we will go fearlessly forward to a thrilling new tomorrow.

We are boldly thumbing a free ride to the new frontier of the 21st century. We've got the demographics. We've got the focus

groups. We've got the celebrity spokesmodels we need to take us into a glorious new American millennium.

We even have a plan to deal with the Y2K problem: we like to call it "deferring to the experts." It is the same basic strategy that "Honest Abe" used to hold together a ruptured spleen.

We digitally sample the ideals of our forefathers. We are dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, but not in an extreme way. We will gallantly hoist the flag above the sands of Iwo Jima. We will sunbathe on the shores of Tripoli. We will market Tagamet and Tums in the Halls of Montezuma.

We will be all we can safely be. More importantly, we'll be all you want us to be.

Follow us, if you dare, for we are men of character, men of values, men who march forward with you like lemmings into our glorious future, men whose names are synonymous with sex. We are billboards. We are sitcoms. We are the affable hosts of this week's webcast. We are the world.

## Remember the true meaning of Veterans Day

By Rick Dietz  
For the CapTimes

In case you missed it, Nov. 11 was Veterans Day. For some, this is a welcomed break from their work week; for others it was just another day. But how many people really take the time to reflect on the meaning of this day?

When you say the word veteran, some people think of the doughboy who lived in mud and inhaled mustard gas during WWI. Others may have History Channel visions of the GI fighting his way onto Omaha beach on D-Day, the turning point of WWII.

When you mention the Korean War, the most anyone can tell you about it is that it was the backdrop for the hit TV series M\*A\*S\*H. Vietnam was a poorly supported war that finds its veterans in a seemingly endless search for well-deserved recognition and praise.

And of course, who can forget the more popular skirmishes since then: Grenada,

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Desert Storm and Somalia. Yes, these are the images that come to mind when we think of veterans.

This Veterans Day, like all the others, I remembered a friend. Patrick Moore was my roommate in flight school. While the Army taught us to fly OH-58 Scout helicopters, Pat was always there for me when I needed help studying. There is not enough space here for me to convey what a great friend Pat was; let's just say I would have taken a bullet for the guy.

We were in the same unit when we were deployed for Desert Shield/Storm, and I re-

member his enthusiasm as we left on our first mission. On Feb. 24, 1991, I watched Pat's helicopter plow into a sand dune. He left behind a wife and a 3-month-old daughter.

Cliff Wolcott is another name I remember. Although I didn't know him, I will never forget the image of him as Somali citizens dragged his burnt, mutilated body through the streets. Cliff also left behind a wife and child.

These men are not the only ones we should keep in mind on Veterans Day. We must not forget those who, at this very moment, are serving in our armed services.

Right now there are thousands of men and

women at work maintaining the sovereignty of this nation. They are in the Army, Marine Corps, Navy, Air Force and Coast Guard. Some of them are in the active service; others are in the National Guard or Reserves. All of them volunteered to serve this country and keep it safe. They wake up early, they go to bed late and some do it for less money than they could have made flipping burgers!

Let's not take this day for granted anymore. There are too many people who work hard or have paid the ultimate price for us to treat Veterans Day as if it were just another inkblot on our calendar. Take just a few seconds to show your gratitude.

You may know someone who has served our country. In fact, that person may be sitting in your class right now. Although it may sound corny, walk up to that person and say, "thank you" for the time they spent protecting America and its interests. You might be surprised at just how heart warming those two words will be.

## Athletes should be held accountable for their actions

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heck take it. So, I am not blaming it on the whole money issue. But what I am saying is with the allotment of money there must come responsibility. And the majority of today's pro athletes do not realize that at all, and that is where the problem is. Now when we add that to the stupidity of Leonard Little, the result is the death of Susan Gutweiler.

Little who is now charged with involuntary manslaughter, a charge rightly given only faces up to four years in jail under sentenc-

ing guidelines. Though we all know if it had been you or I, we'd be facing a lot longer time in jail. But as we have witnessed with the O.J. Simpson trial and many others, if you are famous and have lots of money, you can either walk or get a slap on the wrist.

It is disgusting at how our justice system works, because for us as Americans it is supposed to be the one thing we can take pride in and put our trust in. But just as we have seen psychos like O.J. get off easy, it's no surprise that we'll see idiots like Little just get sent to the corner for a timeout.

And to top it off, Little's teammates wore his jersey number, 57, on their wristbands the game after the accident. What they should have done was wore the name of Susan Gutweiler on their jerseys. It is her death that brings my anger to the forefront.

It is time for our professional athletes to realize the responsibility they have, whether they like it or not. They need to sit down with the greats who have realized it, like Michael Jordan, Joe Montana, Cal Ripken, Jr. and Mike Singletary. Those players have realized that with great power and money comes great

responsibility, to their families, friends, employers, publics and to themselves.

I don't care if Little gets locked away forever, but I do care if all he gets is a few years. Because what kind of message does that send to those watching and desiring to be a pro athlete? Whether they want to be role models or not, they are. It's a shame, but they are.

Will we ever see the end of athletes being paid enormous amounts of money? No. Will we ever see professional athletes take responsibility? I hope so, but it doesn't seem likely.