

Rather than lament the current climate of distrust and fear I propose that we embrace the opportunities. Across the nation, but especially just south of our state border, guns may soon be carried on campuses. Our academic and sports rivalry demands that we respond. But since the reason to pack heat is to deter the maniacal mass murderers that lurk among us, why conceal our dominance displays? Also, since the capacity of clips may be restricted, and you can't see them, I propose we openly wear crisscrossing bandoliers to send a clear message to our fellow staff, teachers, students, and visitors. This would also solve the problem of low capacity clips. But perhaps the most exciting opportunity lies in our sublime exercise of taste. Concealing one's firepower ruins our chance to make a fashion statement. Why limit ourselves to the cowboy or James Bond motif? It's so passé and besides, hanging out in a gun range is loud and smelly, offers little exercise, and the liberated lead dims the wits. So what to do? I'm considering carrying a beautiful hickory baseball bat openly to my classes. But since that may not have the deterrent effect needed I might add 4 inch spikes. But on second thought perhaps a sword would be better. For those of slight build a razor sharp foil and a plumed hat and cape ala the Three Musketeers would help announce ones deadly potential while also appearing the dashing Casanova type *bon-vivant*. For the more brawny among us perhaps a two handed broadsword. Such claymores should be worn openly and the opportunities for stylish adornment are endless. Imagine strolling the halls with one's broadsword slung across one's back in a hand-tooled leather scabbard studded with rhinestones and adorned by one's fraternity letters. Awesome! Being neither slight nor brawny I may go with the samurai katana featuring an enameled metal-flecked buckle and damascened-inlaid *tsuba* or hilt. What a debonair professor I would be! Elegant yet dangerous with a hint of the exotic. I'd add a cigarette but they are too dangerous for campus and they don't fit my handsome ensemble. Cigarettes go with guns but not swords or bows. Which alas brings me to the sad truth that though romantic swords are limited in their deadly reach? But there is another suave alternative. I think I might begin carrying the Welsh longbow. It effectively ended the use of heavy armor at the Battle of Agincourt. With some practice they are effective to at least 300 yards. And I could decorate my bow and my arrows and quiver with the OU colors, or maybe cupid. Others may prefer the Hungarian, Mongol, or the Lakota Sioux bow, the latter said to be so powerful that it could pierce a bull bison's skull. The quiver could be expanded for more rounds. Or maybe I'll get a crossbow to carry around. I'd keep it loaded and locked with a bolt tipped with the latest steel broadhead. That too could be ornamented with mother of pearl (ivory, thanks to the gun, is in short supply), gold inlay, and a custom stock using rare hardwoods. Perhaps a laser sight would give me the sophisticated flare of high tech without diminishing the classic look. I can imagine exchanging salvos across Owen field especially when Texas A&M comes to town. And finally, my fashion sense, my elevated status would help out sword and bow manufacturers whose lobby may feel shorted at state capitals. But the principle in its genius leads inextricably from fist to sword to spear to bow to gun. Finally, it would seem that the essential humanitarian value of everyone being armed should be extended to all humanity, lest we be lacking in our morality leaving only the criminals with guns, and to practical deterring value. So I propose that this principle be applied by assuring that every nation on earth, indeed every state and province be supplied with a thermonuclear weapons system in order to assure the salvation of our peace of mind and body. Given the sanity of world leaders, who by definition enforce law, this is the only logical conclusion. Salvation can only be had but by putting deadly weapons in every hand.

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