

THE MIND OF MISETA

Liberals are truly 'frightening'

ED MISETA
lecturer of economics

It has been a long time since something has come along that stirred up the emotions of millions of Americans.

A few years ago many liberals were up in arms over the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. If you remember, they staged protests in major cities and even allowed themselves to be arrested, all while carrying signs calling the President and our soldiers 'killers.'

Now that there is a democrat in the White House, they seem to be quite content with the wars and our young men dying overseas. I guess it was just a matter of time before something new came along to stir up the masses and give them reason to take to the streets in protest. That thing now appears to be the new Arizona immigration law.

Personally, I think the only thing more frightening than the

Arizona immigration law is the over reaction of people who seem to know nothing about it.

A recent letter to the editor of the Erie newspaper tried to compare this law to Nazi Germany, which tattooed and exterminated millions of its legal citizens. The letter writer stated that "(the Arizona) law could give police the right to stop anyone" and "demand their papers."

This is absolutely ridiculous and is the hysterics of yet another person who wants to comment on the law but has not taken the time to read it.

The new law explicitly states that police CANNOT stop just anyone and ask such a question. This lie is similar to President Obama's, when he said police could stop anyone going out for an ice cream.

The police can only ask for papers if someone has already been stopped for another reason, AND there is reason to believe the individual may be here

illegally. (Someone wearing a shirt that says "I just crossed the border illegally, and all I got was this lousy t-shirt" would certainly qualify.) I don't remember the Nazi's extending any such courtesies to its Jewish citizens.

Furthermore, as has been noted numerous times, this law does not contain ANYTHING that isn't already law, except that the state is taking it upon themselves to enforce a law that the federal government, for unknown reasons, refuses to enforce.

Last year I was driving in the city and was pulled over at a DUI checkpoint. The police officer there insisted that I produce my license and registration. I am a citizen of the US and was not doing anything wrong (yes, it was one of the rare nights that I was out but NOT at a bar).

Why is this ok but the Arizona law is not?

Last week, I was watching an

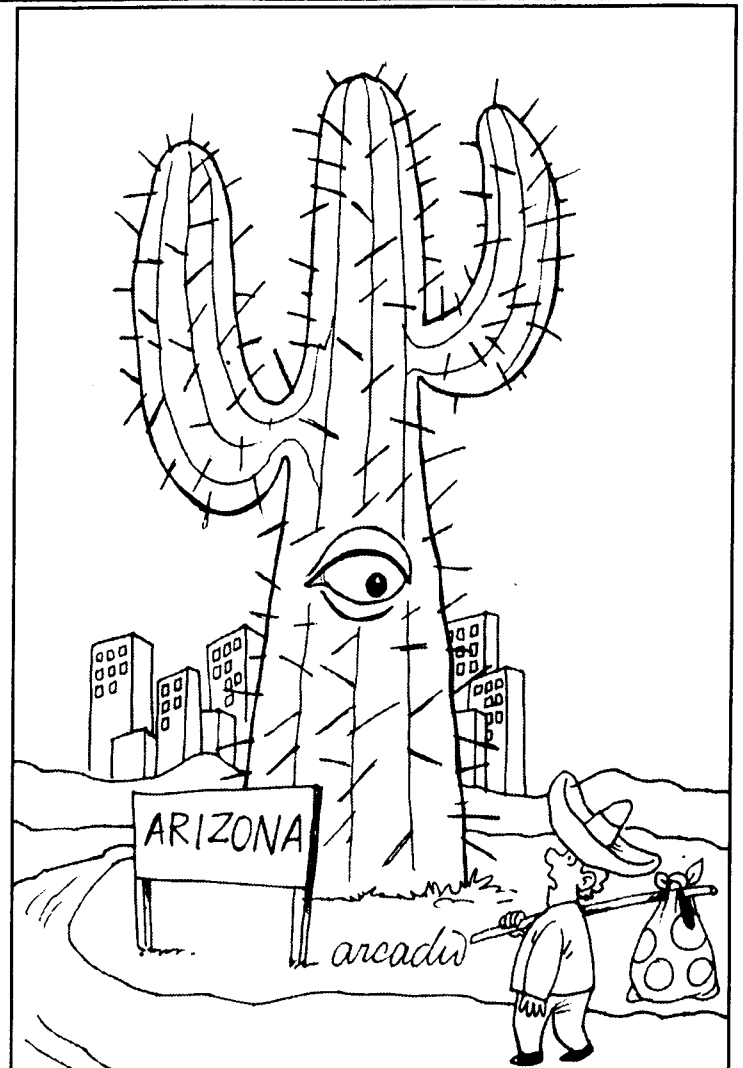
episode of Campus PD on TV. A young girl who appeared to be intoxicated was stopped by the police and asked to produce identification. When she refused to do so, she was told to face the squad car, was handcuffed, and then taken to jail.

No, she was not Hispanic.

Again, how is this any different? Like it or not, everyone in this country is asked for papers often, especially when doing something that is illegal. Since most illegal immigrants do not carry a US drivers license, how else are police supposed to identify them?

We need to stop blaming Arizona for protecting the lives and rights of their citizens, and start blaming officials of the US government for not doing the job that they are required to do and which we are paying them to do.

Perhaps they need to be reminded that they took an oath when they took office.



Enticing eateries

ANISSA CHAMBERS
contributing writer

Are you hungry?
I know I am!
Biggest questions of the year:
Where do you want to eat?
Bruno's or Dobbins?

While both seem to have the updates on what and what not to eat, prices are a big deal for broke college students, especially since that tree made of money has yet to grow.

Personally, I love going to Bruno's. I can walk right out my hall into Reed and eat there any time until about ten at night, but at that rate my meal plan money will be non-existent. I could never be biased, since I work for Dobbins and

all but preference is slowly changing. Four words: ALL YOU CAN EAT.

At Dobbins, whatever you can possibly think of is available to you at a fixed price, and don't forget to grab some to go. I just can't handle paying 4.99 for chicken fritters everyday at Bruno's.

It's a lose, lose situation. "I want to eat now but Dobbins isn't open until their specified times", or "I want to eat now but I'm going to pay an arm and a leg for some food to really fulfill my hunger." I guess at times like these you just ask yourself...

"What would my stomach do?"

Insuring fame

BRANDON BOYD
opinion editor

Troy Polamalu is known for two things: his tremendous play and his luscious locks.

Earlier this week, it was announced that number 43's curly 'do became a million-dollar mane, as his hair was insured by Head and Shoulders for one million through insurance company Lloyd's of London.

While these insurance policies are aimed more as a way to catch the media's attention, Polamalu is not the first to have a specific body part, or hair, or whatever can be possibly imagined insured.

Lloyd's of London has also insured Keith Richards' fingers, Tina Turner's legs, Celine Dion's vocal chords, and the smile of America Ferrera, from the show Ugly Betty, for ten million, according to the always reliable Wikipedia.

I'd like to imagine that when someone says "you have a million-dollar smile" to America, she corrects them by saying that she actually has a ten million-dollar smile.

It's doubtful, though. At any rate, the recent insuring of Polamalu's hair gave me an idea - what other things should be insured by Lloyd's of London?

After all, if we can insure hair and smiles, we can insure just about anything, right? Why don't we have a look:

Brett Favre's career - Here's a sure bet for Lloyd's of London. After all, Favre's career will never end.

LeBron James' image - Oh, no, wait a second...Lloyd's of London would have to pay for that one after LeBron ditched Cleveland in the debacle known as "The Decision".

The Situation's Abs - Last week I wrote about how much I enjoy watching Jersey Shore, and one of the things that always seem to show up is my boy Situation's abs. He's always pulling up his shirt and the ladies swoon over him. In fact, he's practically the Elvis Presley of this generation. Alright, not really - Elvis actually had talent.

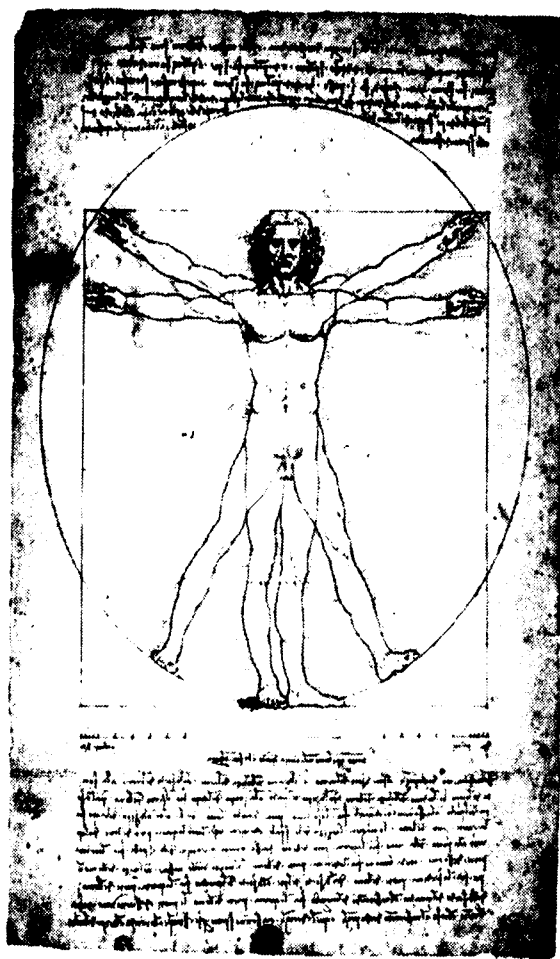
Lady Gaga's loony get-ups - Let's get this out of the way: she's really out there. Although it seems at times like Gaga has gone cuckoo, a lot of people like her songs and her flamboyant fashion statements.

Osama Bin Laden's hiding spot - The ultimate spot for hide-and-go-seek.

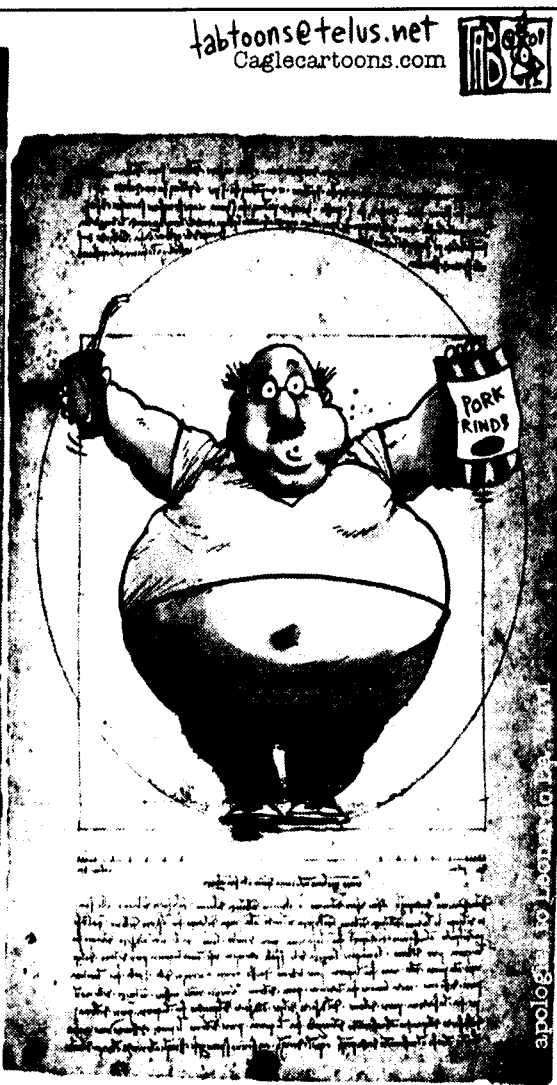
The "Like" button on Facebook - It's become a necessity. How else can we let people know that we like what they have said in their status without actually typing something out?

Paris Hilton and Lindsay Lohan - Because really, what would we do without them?

This opinion page - Not because it's that great, but just because I could use the money.



THEN..



NOW..

The reality of being a chubby country

BRANDON BOYD
opinion editor

We no longer live in the United States of America.

No, we live in a United States full of Fatties.

This is not news to most people - statistics from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention suggest that obesity rates have been high for quite a while.

What is news, at least to me, is that despite a bunch of diet fads, healthy eating choices, and shows such as *The Biggest Loser*, the United States is still the fattest country in the world.

The love handles around California and the Carolina's are starting to get a little ridiculous. The most recent statistics

show that 30.6% of America is obese - and that's not even counting those who are slightly overweight. For the math majors, that's only 2.7% away from 1/3 of the population. That's scary, considering that if I grab three random people, one of them will be obese.

For those wondering, the second place country is Mexico with 24.2% of their citizens participating in their own battle of the bulge (and we're not talking World War II).

Because I doubt all of the immigrants crossing the border are Mexicans whom are mucho gordo, these statistics show that America has no self-control. Apparently, we're still eating what we want when we want it. We've heard the tips a thou-

sand times, yet we as a nation are still not listening. You don't need your chicken fried - it's just fine to eat it when it's grilled. In addition, you only need one patty on your burger, not three. And, to conclude the tips, the only time I should hear the word "ho-ho" is when it comes from Santa.

I know I'm a 6'1" 150 lbs. telling people not to eat junk food, but it's not like you have to give it up completely. Food is not a magnet attracted to your mouth - believe it or not, you can actually control how much you put in.

I know that at the very least we can get under 30%. There's a difference between being pudgy, chubby, chunky, or husky and being obese. We can

go from being a nation of fatties to a nation of a low percentage of slightly overweight people. And while we're aiming for lofty goals that probably won't happen, let's see if we can at the very least move down the list a little bit.

Let's start feeding Mexico a little bit more.

To be serious, those who want to shed weight will - those who don't want to won't. No matter what I say, this article is likely going to be nothing more than entertainment for a few people.

But if people continue their eating habits, will we ever resign our crown of being the chunkiest country? Fat chance.

Finally, football has returned

BRANDON BOYD
opinion editor

The shaking has subsided, the cold sweats have dried, and I'm no longer in withdrawal.

No, I'm not addicted to cigarettes, alcohol, or drugs. I'm addicted to something far more powerful: football.

The last time I had a chance to watch football that actually meant something, Drew Brees of the New Orleans Saints was

celebrating amidst confetti while holding his year-old son.

While the image was both thrilling and heart-warming, it signaled an end to my fix for the year and a beginning to the horrors of withdrawal.

After all the suffering I've gone through for the past few months, it's finally back as signaled by Thursday's college football games.

Although we were subjected to watching teams like Ohio

State and Pittsburgh, football is football.

Unless it doesn't count, which is why I'm not a huge fan of preseason football. Yes, I watch it, but it's like giving non-alcoholic beer to an alcoholic.

It just makes you crave the real thing.

And this Thursday, I get even more of my fix as a rematch of the NFC Championship occurs. Will Brett Favre get revenge

on the team that ended his 19th season? Or will the Saints go marching in as defending champions and walk out as winners once again?

It doesn't matter to me. As I said, football is football, unless it doesn't count.

So, if you couldn't tell by now, my answer to Hank Williams Jr.'s Monday Night Football theme song is that, yes, I am ready for some football.

Write for the opinion page of
the *Behrend Beacon*!

Send us an e-mail at:

psbopinion@yahoo.com

**HAPPY LABOR
DAY!**

-from the Behrend Beacon Opinion Page