

The Makings Of A President

"Pick a card, any card", a sneaky looking man said outside a row of presidential campaign offices. The man was definitely interested in legerdemain and prestidigitation. As a look of sheer excitement laced his face, he smiled, and bellowed again, "Pick a card, any card." I picked up a card and peeked at it. He said, "Take another one," until I had five cards in my hand, a Kennedy, a Carter, a Bush, a Reagan, and an Anderson.

"Hey, what kind of trick is this?" I irritably inquired, "All these cards have jokers on them!"

The man then became quite said and wailed, "Exactly my son, exactly."

Right then, I became very worried over who the heck I could vote for this November. I took an earnest look at all the candidates and was convinced that the stack of contenders could not be con-

sidered a stacked one no matter how one tried to look for good points.

Ronald Reagan: Certainly this man can no longer be called the "Unknown Comedian." He has come out of the comedian closet with his stirring rendition of how to offend two prominent ethnic groups with one duck joke (Italians and Poles). If there is one thing this man shows, is that mediocre actors can become mediocre politicians. He may be a favorite of middle aged men who want a president who uses Grecian Formula just like they do. No one has done more in the Republican party to make Gerald Ford look good. He may sway many non-committed voters to the Democrats. Things could change for the better for Reagan if he divorced his wife, took away Linda from rival Jerry, and ran on the "Rock and Roll Republican" ticket. He may win

the Republican nomination if he sticks to knock-knock jokes. It kind of turns the stomach to think of how many of his old movies will pollute TV waves if he wins the whole thing.

Edward Kennedy: Well, as the old saying goes, "You can become anything you want, if you have money." Ted lurks, lives and breathes in the shadow of the Kennedy name. Ted always wanted to be a good politician but never quite made it. Sometimes I wonder about a man who claims victory in the New Hampshire primary when he had fewer votes than Carter. One thing looms large in the back of everyone's mind. If you can't spell or pronounce the place of infamy, just remember, "A Rich Chap Acquired."

The incident taught American youth a valuable lesson: Always carry an American Express Card. If Ted was thought to be

just an everyday American he would be busting rocks for the rest of his prison life. But on that morning after, Ted was fortunate, he didn't leave home without it. He smiled at the police coming to get him and said "You may not recognize me, but my brother was President of the United States and my family owns almost the whole of New England." Yes, kids, money does talk.

Well, Ted does have a unique campaign approach. He yells. Yes, he yelled about losing in Iowa and he yelled about how Carter should do something very harsh in Iran. One place where Teddy is quiet, is in the Senate. He is never there anymore. (In his spare time, Mr. Kennedy is a Senator). Mr. Kennedy will probably not win the nomination of his party this year.

The scary thing is, Teddy is a young man with more Presidential campaigns in front of him. His money looks like it is holding up and Scotch is selling well this time of year. (Well, that's another scandalous story).

James Earl Carter: Jimmy once wrote a book "Why Not the Best?" He still asks himself why he isn't. Maybe he should have done a book on the thing that won him the 1976 election, "My teeth. Why Not the Whitest?" I often wonder how the American public could have been so badly fooled by a set of teeth. Mr. Carter chose his cabinet like a housewife selects her kitchen cabinets. She got what was cheapest, knowing that she could replace them when she got tired of their color. Maybe the thing that sums up Jimmy best, is how people rate him. His mother rates him seventh on the all time Presidents' list. Maybe Carter should do something smart like keep his promises to the "little people."

Jimmy and the rest of his babbling Democrats should start to live up to their promises. After all, they are in power, not the Nixonian Republicans. So why isn't legislation being passed on energy and a plan proposed to curb inflation and unemployment? You got lucky this time, Jimmy, because nobody respectable is running against you. Until November, he's going to let the nation's problems go so he can campaign. A suggestion Jim, you should start to use your family a little more on the political scene. Wouldn't it be



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ROTC Prof Favors Draft

(Editor's Note: From time to time the Collegian will present guest editorials from students and faculty members. These viewpoints are not necessarily those of the editors or staff.

For articles to appear, they must first be given to staff members or handed in at the R.U.B. desk to be placed in the Collegian mailbox.)

I have spoken with several students on the Behrend Campus and am disturbed that many students do not know what President Carter actually said when he made a draft registration proposal.

Gross exaggeration, distortion and misrepresentation abound in the initial reaction to the proposal to register 19 and 20-year-old men and women. Young men and women are not being told to pack their blowdryers and head for the Khyber Pass. They are asked only to walk to the post office. The most deadly weapon they have to handle is a Bic pen.

Registration is not the draft, nor necessarily even the harbinger of a return to peacetime conscription. Neither is it the preamble to a declaration of war. It would, however, demonstrate National Resolve and willingness to Sacrifice to friends as well as foes. The U.S. has been and will be asking Western allies to go along with economic and political

reprisals against the Soviet Union - measures that in some cases will entail more sacrifice from them than from us. Registration would be a meaningful symbol that this nation too will sacrifice - a fact subject to international question over the last decade. Registration is a signal to the Kremlin that the trauma of Vietnam has not so damaged the national psyche that the U.S. won't fight back when its interests or allies are threatened.

Although in military terms registration does not improve conventional capabilities, certainly it can be viewed as part of a broader effort to enhance U.S. readiness to respond to a national emergency.

If war broke out tomorrow and President Carter ordered immediate and full mobilization, it would take more than a month before the first inductees could be processed. Right now, the Pentagon doesn't even know where to find them. Under the Registration proposal, which provides a list of bodies, the first inductions would occur 13 days after mobilization.

Those who oppose registration do so largely on the ground that it is a step toward war, a show of militarism. For some reason, many of these same anti-war activists consider it dishonorable

to prepare oneself for a possible conflict. That's for the war mongers, they say. They want Amtrak - to ride in the opposite direction. But it is difficult to find a war in which a country was attacked because of its nonpareil military prowess. Poland wasn't the demonstration project for every European bully since Catherine the Great because it afforded a tough match. "You noticed that the Soviets attacked Afghanistan, not China" notes one administration official.

As for young people themselves - women included - Registration should prompt serious reflection on their personal obligation and commitment to country, a process missed by half a generation. Picking up that registration form is likely to make you think about what kind of commitment you are willing to make and what your priorities are in life. Universal conscription of both men and women, either into the Military or for some other service to the country, is a very desirable idea. Two years of service to one's country is not too much to ask for the tremendous privilege of living in the greatest democracy the world has ever known.

By Robert Schneider,
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Bombard The Russians!

By Joe Englert

I was discussing the Middle East situation with a friend recently. He told me that the Russians' mission was to take over the whole world and spread their Communist doctrine into the free world. (Sometimes I think the Americans sound like the Protestants of the 17th century fearing Papal plots). He continued to say that we must stop them sooner or later and Afghanistan is as fine a place as any. Then he started joking that maybe we could win over the Russians' minds by an American Gas.

The idea was funny at the time, then I began to think. "What if Americans could bomb Russian with American Gas?" Not the kind your father has after he has consumed a large plate full of baked beans but the propagandizing kind. We've tried almost everything else on the Soviet Union. We had a Cold War (something other than a snowball battle that a couple of phrase makers made up in the fifties). We tried to be nice to them by showing them how to get the snow off their colored TV's and how to make the labels straight on their Vodka bottles. Then we tried to

fight them in a couple of indirect wars in the Near East, using trained puppets. But their puppets were better fighters than ours. That's why you can't find a half decent prostitute in the south of Vietnam and Saigon Hilton is now the Ho Chi Minn City Commrade Towers. It's time the Americans made some American GAS and bombed that hot bed of Communism, the USSR with it. Picture Boris and Natasha sitting in a little Moscow diner having lunch when a bomb of American Gas is dropped on their city. Boris would push his bowl of Borsht away from himself and order a Salami sandwich, with an order of fries and a Miller. All of a sudden, Natasha would cut her conversation on the Party's economic program and suddenly have a strange urge to comb her hair, look into a mirror every ten minutes and go to the bathroom 20 times during a date.

As we walk into the streets it is quite apparent that the bomb has done much damage. Kids walk down the streets near the Volga with loud blasting radios and spit a lot on the sidewalk. One couple talks of going to a disco that evening which is unusual because there are no discos in the U.S.S.R. (maybe the Russians do

have some good ideas after all). Two clean cut youths ask a man on the corner for some grass even though they know it as the stuff on the blades of the Toro lawnmowers in their dads' old American sporting magazines bought on the black market.

As we walk to the more industrialized section of the city the American bomb has left the town in almost entire U.S.A.ism. A group of workers picket outside of the Spartaca plant and hit a person crossing the line calling him a "Scabsky". An old lady is mugged as a whole group of people say to themselves they don't want to become involved. The night of the bombing, President Breshnev (who was in Afghanistan at the time and who did not become Americanized) gives a talk on nationwide television to tell his fellow comrades what the Americans have done to them. No one tunes in, instead they watch studio wrestling on the only channel not carrying the address.

President Carter makes an announcement: "The World has been saved by democracy, no more Russians." The American takeover is finalized the next day. McDonald's and Levi's announce they are moving 100 franchises

into the U.S.S.R. Suddenly, America has a bigger problem

than ever. Who can they have to hate now?

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