

/Opinion

Loyalty vs. Patriotism

Or Stockman As Hero

***Editor's Note:** The following was submitted to the C.C. Reader last term. It was written in response to the much talked-about article in the Atlantic Monthly by Budget Director David Stockman. Though we regret its lack of timeliness, we nonetheless feel it of sufficient importance to print now.

We always welcome the thoughts and opinions of the faculty, staff, and administration of Capitol Campus.



By Prof. Elmer N. Lear

How can a Wizard turn into a Boob? How can a circumspect member of the federal meritocracy exhibit the foot-in-mouth syndrome? Above all, how can a loyal, self-effacing subordinate cause such grievous embarrassment to his chief? These and a host of related questions come catapulting from the mouths of Washington's sophisticates. Not alone perplexity but fury too finds expression—fury that hard-headed skepticism yielded to the fast-talking rhetoric of budgetary jugglery.

David Stockman's allegedly ill-conceived piece hursting from the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly" seemingly throws President Reagan's supply side economics into disarray. It implies that the theoretical understructure of the Administration's package rests on very shaky assumptions. It also suggests that the budgeteer himself had developed haunting doubts regarding the efficacy of his proposals. Nonetheless, out of an obstinate loyalty to the Administration and its shibboleths, Stockman perseverated, employing self-hypnosis as he went along. And the operating figures he contrived seemed to dispel lingering doubts (except, ironically, on Wall Street).

We can only surmise that an irrepressible intelligence and a dormant conscience were gnawing away at this super-bureaucrat and inducing a terrible malaise. Obviously this country's economic health was not improving. What is more, the prognosis was gloomy. Unemployment was increasing, interest rates continued high, the investment climate remained unfavorable, and the disadvantaged were groaning under the heaviest burdens.

Stockman looked around and he perceived that the affluent alone were the gainers. Could a person of rectitude, respected as a talented expert, acquiesce in this quagmire of stupidity and deception? Above all, should a devoted American, a policy-maker affecting the well-being of his countrymen, allow misplaced loyalty to render him mute? How escape?

What if Stockman were deliberately to commit an indiscretion? Dare he shed temporarily his role of conforming loyalist? Might he hint that the imposing budgetary edifice was but a house of cards? Would not all hell break loose about his head? Would he not become the scapegoat for the colossal blunderings (and with respect to the poor, the malfeasances) of Reaganomics? So be it. Patriotism and intellectual integrity before servile loyalty! The rest is history.

Battling Ad-versity

By Sue Brown

Several times during each half-hour segment of television viewing, the average American is presented with two options: a trip to the refrigerator or an uncomfortable 60-second commercial.

A survey published through the courtesy of a Diet-Ayds commercial telling us that 30 percent of all Americans is overweight seems to indicate that the refrigerator trip should be eliminated. This leaves us with the unpleasant option of sitting through the commercials.

Bad as they may be, the quality of most commercials has improved considerably over the years, however ridiculous the products might be. In early TV commercials, a product was generally presented by a pitchman who stood woodenly before a camera clutching, for instance, a box of Duz soap powder and expounding to the homemakers of America that "Duz-does-everything."

Occasionally, things would liven up somewhat when Uncle Miltie put on his fire chief hat and sirens accompanied his "Tex-Tex-Texaco" slogan.

Taped commercials were unheard of in the early years of television. If a salesman flubbed his lines, he and the sponsor lived with it in the live shows. Sometimes, the sponsor would use animals, which, like babies, possess universal appeal and, as everyone knows, natural perversity. One never-to-be-forgotten (at least by the Ralston-Purina Corporation) example was a spot of Ed McMahon with a lovable St. Bernard and a bowl of Purina dog chow. Just as Mr. McMahon finished assuring the audience of how much Bruno loved his Purina chow, Bruno sniffed the bowl disdainfully and walked away from the camera.

However, the mistakes and disappointments of live shows were soon to be no more. With the advent of the taping of commercials, and advertising budgets which permitted filming all over the world, the caliber of performances and presentations became equal—in some cases superior—to many of the live shows. Disregarding products, which, as I stated earlier, sometimes are themselves ridiculous, some 60-second spots are worth putting up with the

average show to see. For instance, the Coke commercial with Joe Greene of the Pittsburgh Steelers and a young fan was a classic. In it, the viewer saw more emotion than the average soap opera unfolds. A weary, defeated football hero, overcome with exhaustion and depression, is annoyed by the boy. The lad, trying so hard to be helpful, offers him a Coke. The anger at himself is evident in Joe's refusal, but the young fan doesn't understand the complex emotional situation his hero is undergoing and responds with hurt pride. Joe sees this, accepts the Coke, and the boy is pleased to be able to help a famous football star. His pleasure turns to exhilaration when he is rewarded with a jersey—not too clean and a little damp looking, but a jersey worn by Mean Joe in a Steeler game. In my opinion Academy awards have been won by films containing less emotional impact.

The caliber of the actor has also changed much in recent years. The Paul Masson Vineyards bottle excellent domestic wines, and are publicized in many magazines and newspapers. But who among us can doubt the efficacy of one of the theater's finest voices reassuring the prospective buyer that "Paul Masson will sell no wine before its time"? Even the pleasantly obese figure of Orson Welles visually savoring a glass of Emerald Dry can send one rushing to his local state store.

Sir Laurence Olivier, an actor whom Shakespeare might have written exclusively for had they met, soliloquizes over Polaroid cameras, and kindly old Doctor Marcus Welby, who never lost a patient and made house calls too, convinces us that the need to de-caffinate ourselves is vital.

It is, therefore, a decision of some importance whether to watch the commercials or flirt with obesity now that their quality has improved so vastly. The pleasure of watching Louis Jordan softly murmur, "Because she deserves the very finest" is guaranteed to keep most women watching their sets. Time enough to go out into the kitchen when Howard Cosell comes on camera again.

Letters to the Editor

Wumke's Optimistic

Editor:

Happy New Year! I'm optimistic it's going to be another great one. The recession will end, inflation will decrease, federal taxes will go down, unemployment will decrease, investments will increase, social programs will be funded in private by those of us who want them, and, most important of all, I'll be able to afford a beer and a shot at Thirsty's. LEONARD WUMKE here, welcoming you back to the Ionized Lion Campus of the Pennsylvania State University.

I hope you all had as nice a holiday as I did and trust Santa was good to you and didn't let his reindeer run over Grandma (as the song says). I just took my tree down last weekend. I figured it

was time when I touched it and the whole right side disintegrated into a pile of brown needles. Somebody told me I should've dumped 2 scoops of brown sugar and a cup of Chlorox in with its water. So that's what Christmas trees are grown in!

But enough of this levity! One-liners do not a responsible journalist make. And I've been responsible all my life, or at least accused of it.

A nice leadership conference was held two Saturdays ago. High university officials made comments concerning alcohol-related events, i.e., Keggers, on campus. Solutions to the problems caused by these events? I have none at this time. Maybe we should impose a "Three Beer Rule." Now really, guys...

I hope all of you took time to go to the State Farm Show and look at the Dairy Princesses and other interesting exhibits. You might even have seen me there with my feed cap and bib overalls on.

In my next letter I will announce the rules for the 2nd Annual LEONARD WUMKE Teddy Bear & Duck Bath Contest. In the meantime, you should all try bathing with your bears and ducks while playing Iron Butterfly at 78.

Like molasses in January, in suspended animation I remain

LEONARD WUMKE

Trite Cerebral Action

Editor:

What do I think of the new name for Vendorville? Well, Lion's Den is horse hockey. Of all the unimaginative names! I believe it is time to give Lion's Den a break. We have been subjected to it ever since Daniel was thrown into one. This choice reflects the true nature of the

administration which runs this "institution of higher learning." The cerebral action is trite, hackneyed, and traditional. If the provost had any intestinal fortitude he would have sent the list back and said, "Upper division students can be more creative than this." Instead, he just, as always, satisfied a requirement.

The selection committee should bow their heads in shame. They capitulated to the pressure of 41 entrants who named Lions Den. This should have indicated that originality was sorely lacking.

Name withheld upon request

