

Bob presents presidency platform

Bob Caton
Capital Times Staff

Well, campers, we have only about a year until fifteen or sixteen people get out and vote in a new president. Seeing as how the Democrats have yet to have anyone recognizable even admit to BEING a Democrat, and since good old George is only concerned with a country's unemployment and economy if that country happens to be Yugoslavia, the time is ripe for some new blood to come in.

Yep, you guessed it, I am running for President of the United States of America.

I thought the fact that I'm not 35 years old would be a problem, but, through a simple application of the "American Way" (sending cases of "Jose Cuervo" Tequila, gobs of cash, and an ample supply of barely pubescent prostitutes to a majority of legislators), I have solved the problem.

The problem of a political party has been solved also...I am running under the newly formed banner of the Immoralitarian Party, with the slogan "A six-pack in every fridge, an NFL team in every city!" My running mate will be the fine actress Traci Lords...what the hell, if "Gopher" from the Love Boat can be a U.S.

Representative (think I'm kidding?), Traci can be V.P. Besides, with her on my side, what guy would vote for Bush and his mom, uh, I mean wife.

I figure...since I'm about to graduate, I

Voice from Hell

gotta get a job that approximates the workload of a college student...Ronnie proved that naps and horoscopes are the way to success as Prez, so I'm perfectly qualified!

Why should you vote for me? Well...here are my list of guaranteed campaign promises. If elected, I promise:

--To have Barry Manilow publicly executed for his crimes against humanity, by nailing him to a speaker cabinet at a Slayer concert.

--To let the San Diego Chargers and Tampa Bay Buccaneers play in the Super Bowl before the end of the century...whether they deserve it or not.

--To sever diplomatic relations with countries that have goofy names, like "Tanzania" or "Lichtenstein", until they change their names to easy-to-pronounce words like "Loserland."

--To have the Strategic Air Command drop a Thermonuclear device onto the campus of the University of Southern California...just because.

--To publicly execute all citizens who describe themselves as "nutty, kooky, or wacky."

--To mandate that ALL abortion protestors who blockade clinics be required to adopt one (1) inner-city crack baby before being allowed to protest.

--To require the Washington Redskins to have at least five blind players on the field at all times...one being the quarterback.

--To make 55 M.P.H. the MINIMUM speed limit.

--To force Dan Aykroyd to not make another movie until ALL prints of "Nothing but Trouble" have been inserted into his ass.

--To legalize marijuana and prostitution, and outlaw "Juice Twisters" and "Full House" reruns.

--To require that ALL television stations show at least one hour per day of "M*A*S*H."

--To force all white males (who are NOT signed to recording contracts by Def Jam Records) that watch "Fresh Prince of Bel Air", and then use words like "fly",

"dope", and "def" as adjectives to eat five pounds of undiluted "Tang" drink mix per word usage.

--To force Warner Bros. to make a cartoon in which Wile E. Coyote truly pounds the righteous snot out of the #^\$%ing Road Runner.

--To give one tax-free year of existence to all who can prove they voted for me. (This one oughta be REAL popular)

--To have beaten to death with old "Duracells" all ad executives that worked on the "Energizer Bunny" commercials.

--To require that all players on the New York Giants, Chicago Bears, San Francisco 49ers, and Denver Broncos learn to play the oboe before being allowed on the field.

--To pardon Pee-Wee.

--To have ten sticks of TNT inserted into the mouths of each "New Kid On the Block," and to detonate them unless they can prove actual traces of talent in their bodies. And, if they can't sing because of the TNT...well.

--To appoint Sam Kinison as Secretary of Education, Arnold Schwarzenegger as Secretary of Defense,

See Voice, page 8

Skies will be "Sonny" in Senate

Jeff Hildebrand
Capital Times Staff

Fear not, Democratic party faithful. While George "what domestic policy" Bush appears a shoo-in to wrap up the Republican party's fourth consecutive White House victory, the '96 campaign will end the GOP stranglehold on First Ladies.

In case you missed it, Palm Springs Mayor Sonny Bono has officially declared his candidacy for the soon-to-be-vacated U.S. Senate seat of Alan Cranston.

No, this is not a joke. It only sounds like one.

Bono's election is a virtual lock. Remember, he's running in California. As a transplanted Californian, I speak from an authoritative position (lotus).

I figure it this way: By promising reruns of the "Sonny and Cher Show," Sonny automatically gets all the votes of all Californians over age 45, regardless of party affiliation.

The Cher-less one also automatically gets all the votes from the 18-29 age group. The sun-damaged populace will see the name "Bono" and figure they're voting for U2's lead vocalist.

Sonny's official campaign song will, in fact, be a parody of a U2 standard. The revised title: "Where the Candidates Have No Brains."

With Senator Sonny (hold your stomach) rapidly becoming a party favorite by livening up public speeches with anecdotes about his classy ex-wife, the Republican party need not look far for its 1996 VP candidate. Senator Sonny fits the bill to a tee.

Consider the facts. Danny Quayle, based on his qualifications, will get the nomination and actually be the GOP

candidate for the presidency. (Amazingly, I typed that without laughing.) In order to

Just a Thought...

take the heat off Quayle, the GOP will need someone with a goofier public image than the current VP: Senator Sonny.

Someone who will make Quayle appear competent by comparison: Senator Sonny.

The GOP recognizes the success of former Hollywood types when it comes to filling out celebrity guest lists: Senator Sonny.

The Japanese have stated a problem seeing eye-to-eye with U.S. policy

makers. We need someone short: Senator Sonny.

With Senator Sonny's influence, just think of the possible appointments. Imagine Secretary of Defense Clint Eastwood telling Saddam Hussein to "Go ahead, make my day."

Imagine "Night Court's" Judge Harry Stone on the U.S. Supreme Court.

Imagine Sean Connery as CIA chief.

Imagine the reincarnated John Wayne (it could happen) beating the lips off strip miners as he brings true enthusiasm to his job as Secretary of the Interior.

Imagine the press releases from White House Press Secretary Rona Barrett.

Imagine Robin Williams and Bob Goldthwait as White House spokesmen.

Imagine Roseanne Barr singing "The Star-Mangled Banner" before every press conference.

Imagine Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker as Secretaries of the Treasury.

Imagine Captain Kangaroo as Secretary of Education.

Imagine Cheech and Chong as drug czars.

Imagine it actually being quiet in the PSH library.

Imagine a tuition decrease.

Imagine the guy above me writing a column of positive observations.

Imagine blue poodles in red underwear.

Hey, maybe Quayle and Bono will be the hot '96 ticket.

Imagine this column ending.

Reader asks "What about Bob?"

Dear Editor:

I am compelled to respond to a letter by Paul Mertel that appeared in the opinion section of last month's issue of the Capital Times.

First, I have been a full-time student at PSH for two years. Throughout this period, the Capital Times has maintained a very professional image as a quality newspaper. That is evident in that they even printed the opinion of a sorely misguided and uninformed person such as Mr. Mertel. All opinions should have a voice, and the Capital Times has consistently provided that voice.

I write this letter because someone should inform Mr. Mertel of his mistake.

It would be beneath Mr. Caton to do so, and I happily look forward to doing it.

First of all, Mr. Mertel, "The Voice From Hell" appears in the op-ed section of this newspaper. That, by definition, is not investigative reporting. It is simply an opinion and/or an editorial comment, it is not "news" as you somehow think it should be.

Secondly, one does not have to agree, or even read, those opinions. You may easily turn the page and not read Mr. Caton's eloquent words of wisdom. You remind me of the person that wants a radio or TV show cancelled because he doesn't like its content. A radio and a TV both have two knobs on them. One to turn the device on or off, and another to change the

station. I fear, however, that your type has trouble with *anything* that has two knobs on it.

Thirdly, as general manager of WPSH, I am lucky to have a creative genius such as Bob Caton as program director. His wit and his cynicism keep us on our toes and prevent us from swallowing everything that Penn State tries to spoonfeed us as gospel.

Lastly, and most importantly, anyone who thinks a newspaper should be censored is nothing but a pimple on this great country's ass. It bothers you on occasion, but if you pop the little bugger, it will go away.

Terrance L. Wolf