

GOP frustrates, but still the best political option

While the GOP misses on some issues, they are the only party that gets the big picture right.

Thankfully there's only 11 months until the next Presidential election. I don't think I could tolerate another full year of intra-party mudslinging by the Democrats and the inter-party barbs constantly directed at the Bush administration. Both parties seem more geared



Doug Hutton

OLD GOLD AND BLACK COLUMNIST

toward the active destruction of each other than a productive mission for the American people.

Yet I still believe the Republicans provide the better alternative.

As I stated earlier this semester, Bush's foreign policy is still in need of repair; his Thanksgiving arrival in Baghdad said much about his resolve but little about policy. Yet the economic news is brightening – jobless claims and unemployment are at lows not seen in two years, while GDP growth and consumer confidence have rebounded to pre-recession levels. Dubya has restored dignity to the office of President while Senate Democrats stall judicial votes simply because they can.

Yet why am I still slightly frightened about the future of the party, if not for this upcoming election, but for the future? Because for too long now Republicans have been an exclusive club, much like an executive country club, with little room for the disadvantaged, minorities or non-Christians.

Obviously everyone in the club believes the ideology, mostly because it benefits them – it is time for Republicans to show those outside the club how that ideology can benefit them as well. If it cannot, the ideology needs to be abandoned and revamped.

In order to become the true majority party and be a viable party for the future, Republicans must lead by example and not resort to the tactics of the left that they purport to despise. For instance, to lead this country by morals and virtue, Republicans cannot simply demonize those who do not follow the same moral code. They must prove that the moral path they set is truly the right one.

To lead this country into a future free of discrimination and hatred, Republicans should not be proud to be endorsed as the next Jesse

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Helms or a new-age McCarthy. Great patriots though they were, both have a stigma attached that will automatically turn voters away, voters who may otherwise agree with the conservative ideology. Local candidates Nathan Tabor and Vernon Robinson would be wise to heed this lesson.

To truly be believed on matters of foreign policy and intelligence, Republicans must not only support President Bush but must be sure that the policies they promote will truly foster worldwide democracy as well as national security. As the world's greatest democracy, it is our duty to make that image a reality in Iraq and Afghanistan.

To prove that a growing economy also means more jobs, Republican businessmen need to create jobs along with profits. In order to do this, Congress must pursue legislation that gives business greater incentives to hire during economic rebounds, rather than merely distributing profits to already wealthy stockholders.

Above all, Republicans need to promote themselves rather than demean their opponents. The high ground in American politics has been lost, and the American people struggle because neither party wants to reclaim it.

Americans are virtuous and generous people willing to support policy that coincides with their belief systems. They will never support partisan bickering that sounds more like haughty individualism.

In truth, Republicans don't need the media-bashing Ann Coulter; they only need to cultivate ethical and objective journalism.

They don't need the Christian Right as exemplified by Pat Robertson; they only need to live lives free of scandal that display the principles they preach.

They don't even need to raise hell about the liberal monopoly in university life; they simply need to engage in productive academic discourse and obtain more professorships.

Republicans need bright young minds that are willing to tackle the problems of America without increasing the size of the government or the tax burden of the American people.

What they don't need are crazed conservatives telling everyone that the way the Democrats want to do it is wrong. They need to show that how they want to do it is right.

Doug Hutton is a junior political science major.

Generalizations irritating

Partisan sniping about Dems' roles simply untrue.

I am not even sure where to begin deconstructing Al Rattacasa's last editorial ("Terrorism Due to Dems'

Erik Jacobson

GUEST COLUMNIST

Compromise" Nov.19). The article is so rife with inaccuracies, contradictions and circular logic it could leave a politician scratching his head.

It is *doublethink* on an Orwellian scale, or in this case, *double-un-think*. The author begins his rant by assigning the deaths of 18 Americans in Somalia to Bill Clinton. What was his rationale? "(Clinton) denied their request for armored division support."

President Clinton had nothing to do with that decision and Rattacasa knows it. U.S. Defense Secretary Les Aspin made that choice. If Clinton were at fault then I doubt General Garrison, the man responsible for every detail of the operation, would have felt the need to give the President a handwritten apology for the poor planning behind the mission.

Superimposing the author's same logic, Bush Jr. is responsible for every decision each individual commander makes, which leads to the death of an American in Iraq.

If you really want to blame a President for the death of

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U.S. soldiers abroad, then you must blame him for sending the troops in the first place, not for tactical decisions made by his subordinates. So why didn't Rattacasa make this argument? Perhaps it is because he knows that Bush Sr. was the one who sent the troops into Somalia, and that President Clinton tried to replace them with U.N. forces since his first days in office. But let's go along with him for a moment.

Sure, say Clinton is responsible for the deaths of 18 soldiers fighting al-Qaeda-trained fundamentalists in Somalia. President Bush got 37 U.S. soldiers killed just last week, also fighting fundamentalists. Yet if anything, Rattacasa seems to argue that Bush should wear those deaths as a badge of honor; patriots slain in the defense of the motherland.

Apparently, the author believes it is "noble" for hundreds of soldiers to die for a Republican administration, but a travesty when 18 die under a Democrat, even if it was Bush Sr. who sent them there.

But why stop here? Rattacasa didn't. He goes on to blame Clinton for the deaths of six Americans killed in the first WTC bombing, a year after his inauguration in 1993. That's interesting.

Didn't Bush Jr. preside over a similar bombing a year after *his* inauguration? I suppose the logic is as follows: if you are a Democratic President when a terrorist attacks occurs, it is your fault; but if you are a Republican President when an even bigger terrorist attack occurs, it's not your fault. You have to admire the conservatives for trying.

The crux of Rattacasa's argument is essentially that Bush Jr. is "cleaning up the mess" Clinton left him. In his own words, "Al Q'aeda had attacked us numerous times before and had never felt the force of our military."

Is it not obvious? By failing to invade a nation with zero connection to al-Qaeda, Sept. 11th or any evidence of a "grave and gathering danger," Clinton is unilaterally responsible for any and all terrorist attacks, past, present, and future.

God forbid we look at this issue logically and realize that Bin Laden specifically cited Bush Sr.'s march into Iraq and Saudi Arabia as the impetus for his terrorist attacks. Apparently Rattacasa expects us to believe what Bin Laden truly fears is another invasion of Iraq.

What I want to know is, what part of swelling the ranks of al-Qaeda and pissing off the Muslim world makes Bin Laden quake in his camelskin sandals? Are we not playing right into his hands? Rattacasa's editorial soundly proved you cannot replace history and logic with mindless Clinton-bashing.

Erik Jacobson is a junior.

Holiday season just too confusing for one festival

In a busy holiday season, columnist extends thanks to those who have made his year.

Ho-Ho-Ho. Merry Christmas. Oh, and so you don't get us mixed up with the Howler, Happy Ramadan, Kwanzaa and Hanukkah.

I apologize for being so late with the Christmas edition, but I always seem to forget that the



John Harman

OLD GOLD AND BLACK COLUMNIST

holiday season starts sometime right after September. Must be a leap year, 'cause I'm used to starting after Halloween.

So here we are at the beginning of December, and with one break past us and another rapidly approaching, I've realized two things: One, that I'm looking forward to my final semester at Wake Forest, and two, that I failed to write anything about Thanksgiving.

I was really debating what to do with it and eventually I came up only one possible solution: Thankmas. Sure, it's a lame moniker, but who cares? They're pretty much the same holiday.

Thanksgiving falls within the 6-month span given to Christmas and during both everyone reflects back upon the previous year, eats too much, then gets drunk while watching the Packers lose another close one. In honor of this wonderful tradition, I'd like to open with a few of my first (and last) Thankmas awards.

When this year started, I believe we all had a hint of optimism toward our football team. They started off great and appeared as though Wake would add another strong effort to its athletic department. What I *wanted* for Christmas was a winning record, what I ended up with was, well, something less.

I don't mind having a mediocre (wait, "underachieving") football team; I can deal with that. It's when someone gets your hopes up, pretends they care, takes you out on a couple of dates, lets you get to second base, then dumps you for your best friends because they don't have an ST... sorry, got off topic, but you know what I mean.

But (and there is a "but") I am fortunate enough that I can be thankful this holiday season for our basketball team. At least with Prosser and

My final salute goes out to that extraordinary individual who stuck with me all semester. It's not that often that you find someone that helps you through all the good times and the bad, through thick and thin, even when the chips are down. *Insert generic comment here.* It was quite the difficult semester for me as I realized you can only do so much with a political science major. Yet, even so, this last gift deserves a lot of credit for getting me to where I am today. So while I wait desperately around for the refund check on my degree, I am so incredibly thankful for you, Mr. Anheuser Busch.

Company we can expect a loss to UNC and Dook.

Now, my second bag of recognition goes out to those lucky enough to have a significant other. While we all know that the guys wanted a nice freshman co-ed under the tree (or bed), be thankful for those special someones. Especially the girlfriends.

Sure there's something to be said for a younger girl, but be appreciative of the fact that you don't have to deal with the whining, the complaining over some guy's one-night stand and the *slight* weight gain.

You'd think one of these years the frosh girls would just stop drinking so much liquor, beer and those loads of navy guys out at sea. Oh well.

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So, until we meet again next year, Sack, Ethan, Liz, Jackie, MS, Jebus, Allen Iverson 2, Lindsay, Professor Dorsey; I love you all, just stop asking me for money.

John Harman is a senior political science major.

Getting sick not terminal

Getting sick now stops at Student Health.

Being sick in college is kind of like being sick on your honeymoon. You're in a place where you should



Sarah Crosland

OLD GOLD AND BLACK COLUMNIST

just constantly be having fun, but you definitely need to get the job done. And you can't. Because you're sick.

I have been sick in college more times than I can count. I can't imagine why. I mean, I live in dorm rooms where I am allowed approximately two and half feet of space and I'm pretty sure mold grows better in my room than any petri dish in a Salem lab. I subsist on a nutritional diet of multiple Chick-Fil-A products a day with the occasional dairy intake in the form of Ben and Jerry's. I get a good three to four hours of sleep a night. I get a great work out walking from Kitchin to Tribble and back multiple times a day and there have to be some bonus points because half of my classes are on the third floor!

Needless to say it is not completely inexplicable why I may feel like my immune system could shut down at any moment. I spent part of my Thanksgiving break with my eighty-year-old grandmother. Nobody wins when their

Needless to say it is not completely inexplicable why I may feel like my immune system could shut down at any moment. I spent part of my Thanksgiving break with my eighty-year-old grandmother. Nobody wins when their grandmother looks and acts significantly more healthy than they do.

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Being seriously sick at Wake generally demands that one make the trip to Student Health. Most people seem to avoid the place at all costs because, as one friend told me upon my return, "Whatever Sarah, no one thinks you're really sick, everyone knows that you only go to Student Health if you have an STD." I couldn't imagine how my sexual history would come up in an appointment involving my throat hurting though, so I felt pretty safe.

This did not take away my fear of going to the doctor. Actually, I don't necessarily have a fear of the doctor, but a distinct fear of needles and for some reason every time I get near a doctor's office someone feels the need to stick sharp objects under my skin. I'm not comfortable with that.

So I went to Health Services. The first time they gave me antibiotics and Tylenol and sent me on my way. The second time they told me to go

get Advil. The third time they decided to run "blood tests." After taking about sixteen Advil in twelve hours with little result, I was willing to consent to the "blood test," until they couldn't find a vein. Then the nice "blood lady" stuck the needle in my hand. I promptly passed out. I hadn't passed out since fourth grade when I'd held my breath for too long to see how red my face would get.

Conveniently, while I was down on the floor, she managed to stab me in the other arm and get some blood. On the off chance that feeling like someone ripping apart my throat from the inside and having a fever weren't enough, I now felt like I'd prefer to lay for an indefinite amount of time on the floor of Student Health to prevent further passing out. It was a low point for me.

However, whatever the "blood test" turned up convinced them that Advil wasn't going to be sufficient and so now, three weeks, four Student Health visits, and lots of drug treatment later I feel like a normal person again. It has been a real learning experience. Despite my personal vote that they perhaps should put carpet in the lab part of Student Health (preferably very soft and warm carpet), I have found that they can be trusted. They don't always prescribe the legendary magic mouthwash. They aren't really obsessed with our sexual history. And most importantly they take care of you to ensure that you too can soon be back out on Wake campus having fun and getting the job done.

Sarah Crosland is a senior political science major.