

Opinion

February 11, 1992

THE REBEL YELL

6

Rowdy protesters ruin it for all

On Friday this university was graced by the presence of James and Sarah Brady. It was then disgraced by the more than 200 anti-gun control activists who booed them off the stage.

The audience was filled with 30- and 40-year-olds who heckled the Bradys while "rowdy" college students begged them to be quiet so they could hear the speech.

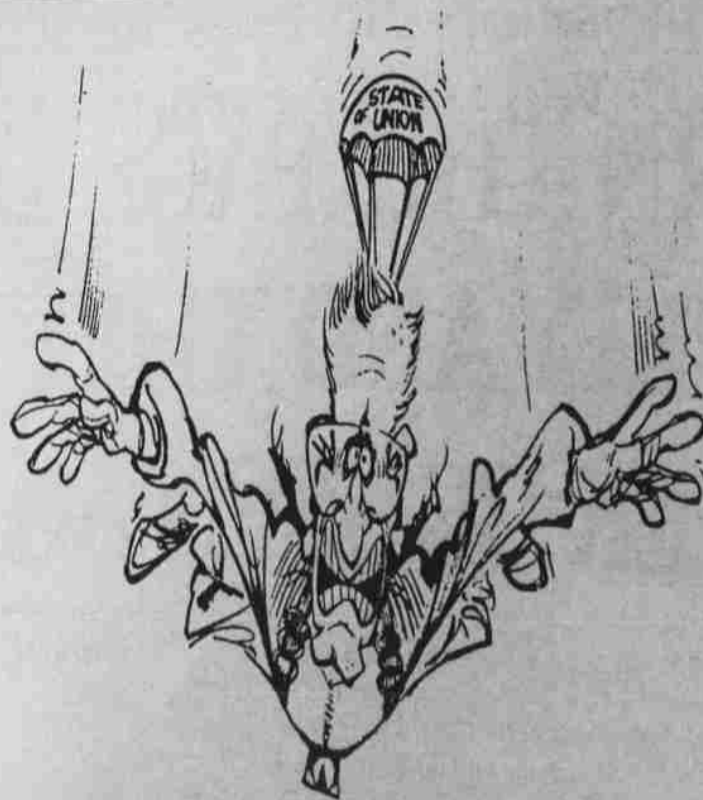
It was an embarrassment to the students of this university and a terrible display of immaturity, rude behavior.

And these people want support so their guns are not taken away?

Our Student Government worked hard to bring the Bradys here. Our student fees paid for it. And the residents of our city who don't believe in gun control ruined it.

Next time—if there is a next time—come to learn or don't bother to come at all.

The above is the opinion of The Rebel Yell. All other articles on the opinion pages reflect the opinions of the authors and not necessarily those of The Rebel Yell.



THE SPOKANE REVIEW SPOKANE CHRONICLE
Distributed by Tribune Media Services

'Buy American'? Yeah, you try it



by Mike Royko

The general who said that war is hell wasn't entirely correct. We're in a war right now, and it isn't all that terrible. At times, it's even fun.

That because we're fighting it with bumper stickers instead of bullets, bombast instead of bombs.

I'm talking, of course, about the great war of words with Japan and the growing "buy American" crusade.

The fighting really broke out in earnest when some crotchety old Japanese politician made sneering remarks about much of our work force not knowing how to read or write and being lazy and greedy.

In other words, he said ex-

actly what Americans have been saying about each other for years.

The war escalated when the people who own Nintendo said they want to buy the Seattle baseball franchise to keep it in that city.

Baseball fans were horrified as they heard this news on their Japanese-built TV sets, to which their Nintendo machines are attached.

With Japan-bashing at its highest level since World War II, we have gas stations offering American car owners a discount, municipalities rejecting Japanese products, and shoppers peeking at the back of products to see where they're made.

So how will this war end? My guess is that it will just fade away as soon as something livelier comes along. In fact, Gov. Bill Clinton's love life may have already pushed it aside on the nightly news.

The problems with fighting this war is that there's little opportunity for action except for loud talk, sputtering, and table-pounding.

It's easy enough to "buy American," as the slogan urges, if you're going down to the corner store for a quart of milk or a box of Twinkies. (I'm not sure about the Twinkies. I know they are made here, but I don't know where the additives come from.)

But if you're buying anything that you have to plug into a socket, turn on an ignition key or install batteries in, how do you know?

I own two American cars. But are they really American products? I have no idea who made the engine parts, the tape players, the speakers or any of the many things that rattle and squeak.

A friend has a Japanese car. (Hiss, hiss!) But it was put together in this country by American workers with American-made parts. For all I know, his Japanese car is more American than my American car.

Maybe you are a golfer planning on buying a new set of clubs this spring. But only a couple of American-owned golf companies remain. That wedge might have "Ben Hogan" stamped on it, but the company

is owned by some sushi-eater.

So if you seek out those American-owned golf companies and buy their clubs, you will be able to say with pride that you are buying American, right? Not really, because all they do here is assemble shafts and club heads they buy overseas.

The last night of my vacation, I dashed to a hardware store to buy a wind-up alarm clock so I could be sure to arise early and return here to compose drivel.

When I set the clock, I spotted the words stamped on the back: "Made in China." I stared at it. A commie clock. And for all I knew, the words had been put there by someone who once sat in a foxhole in Korea, hoping for a chance to shoot me dead. As it turned out, the clock didn't work. But a fine American bird squawked with the dawn and woke me up. Or maybe it wasn't an American bird. Could it have flown here from Cuba? You just can't tell.

I suspect that much of the current Japan-bashing is a reaction to President Bush and

those overpaid car salesmen going to Japan to ask them to take pity on us. Some Americans found it embarrassing.

On the other hand, when was the last time anyone barfed on Japan's prime minister.

In the Japanese culture, I'm told, it is considered extremely insulting to barf on someone. Especially on a prime minister. Of course, it isn't considered proper behavior here, either, unless you are a hockey fan.

So what Bush did may have been a cunning and calculated political move. When the presidential race heats up in the fall, it wouldn't be at all surprising to see a commercial showing the barfing scene, but with Bush's voice saying, "OK this is what I think of you. Take this! Barf, barf."

And on the next trip, if there is one, they ought to bring Dan Quayle along. He could drool on the shoes

© 1992 by the Chicago Tribune
Distributed by Tribune Media Services, Inc.