

Governor Reagan - President?

by Robert Chodos
For Canadian University Press

BALTIMORE (CUPI)— The Ronald Reagan jokes (First Hollywood producer: "What do you think of Ronald Reagan for Governor?" Second Hollywood producer: "Ronald Reagan for Governor? No, Jimmy Stewart for Governor and Ronald Reagan for best friend.") are seldom heard now. They were never very funny anyway.

What is heard is increasingly respectable speculation that Ronald Reagan will be on the Republican ticket in 1968, either as Presidential or Vice-Presidential candidate. Since James Reston first discussed the possibility of a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket — "it has everything against it except for one thing — it might win." — in The New York Times a couple of months ago, the idea has been receiving wide attention in the press. Two weeks ago it even made the cover of Time magazine, which treated it as a 'dream ticket': "Here is Rocky, launching his campaign from the steps of a Harlem tenement and blazing a triumphant trail through the nation's big cities; there is Reagan, wowing the farmers at the plowing contest in Fargo, North Dakota, and, as he stumps through the cornfields of the Midwest and the canebrakes of the South, leaving in his wake legions of charmed citizens, particularly women, who will have 62 million votes next year — 4,000,000 more than U.S. men."

One factor that may act against such a ticket's ever coming about is that Reagan himself may be in no mood to settle for second place. He is at the moment one of five serious contenders for the Republican nomination (the other being Rockefeller, Richard Nixon, Gov. George Romney of Michigan and Sen. Charles Percy of Illinois). He has so far denied any interest in a national campaign in 1968, but such non-candidacy is one of the strange traditions of American politics. In the last few weeks he has been perhaps the most visible Republican — he upstaged Romney and the rest of his colleagues at the floating Governors' Conference in the Virgin Islands and has since been on Page One all over the country with his speaking tour of the Midwest.

One thing Reagan has already done is to silence those people who were singing funeral hymns over the dead body of the American right after Barry Goldwater could carry only five states in 1964. The corpse turned out to be very much alive. Despite Reagan's supposed 'moderation' in office in Sacramento, his ideology differs from Goldwater's only in details. He said last week that public welfare in America has been "a colossal and almost complete failure" and he out-hawks Lyndon Johnson and nearly everyone else on Vietnam: "I don't think anyone would cheerfully want to use atomic weapons. But the last person in the world that should know we wouldn't use them is the enemy. He should go to bed every night being afraid that we might." He believes "it would be pretty naive to rule out the part the Communists played" in the widespread October 21 peace demonstrations; "You don't have to look under your bed anymore for Communists. You can just look out in front of your city hall."

This sounds uncomfortably like the sort of

rhetoric we heard in 1964, and we all know that 1964 was supposed to be a debacle for the Republican party and the American right. How then to explain Reagan's appeal? First there is his personality; personality has always been a more important factor than issues in American politics, and hence Reagan's past career as an actor (if what he and his ilk did in the movies can be called acting) provides him with perhaps the best possible background for a Presidential campaign. The Baltimore Sun described his performance at the Governors' Conference as "dazzling". It is probably largely because Ronald Reagan is Ronald Reagan that he could do in 1966 precisely what Nixon had failed to do four years earlier: unseat wishy-washy Democrat Pat Brown in California, and by a million votes at that.

But there is a deeper reason as well. It is becoming clear that the forces that propelled Barry Goldwater to national prominence were forces whose strength was only beginning to be felt. James Q. Wilson, a Harvard professor of Government and a native of southern California, thinks that Reagan's appeal in his home state is the result of the transplantation of fundamentalist Protestantism from the small town to suburbia, of a growth-oriented society and of a deeply-rooted belief in business values and the sanctity of property. Southern Californians believe that the function of government is to create the proper climate for business and are more likely to respond to symbolic, moral issues than to bread-and-butter ones. Professor Wilson also thinks that this approach to politics is spreading to other areas of the country and will challenge the security-oriented politics of the last two generations.

If he is correct, then anyone to the left of William Buckley (who sees Reagan as the voice of "responsible conservatism" and defends him against attacks from the Eastern liberal establishment, although he does not yet write about him in the worshipful manner in which he still talks about Barry Goldwater) can look forward to 1968 and beyond without enthusiasm.

The Johnson-Goldwater campaign of 1964 moved the entire American political scene several degrees to the right; the dominant theme of the Johnson Administration has been not the War on Poverty in Appalachia and the ghettos but the War on People in Vietnam. To reverse this trend, it would be necessary for Johnson to be seriously challenged from the left in 1968. About the best that could be expected is that the Republican candidate would be a dove on Vietnam and a 'me-too' on everything else. But a Johnson-Reagan campaign would simply accelerate the trend and still more firmly establish the far right as a force in American politics — if Reagan loses. In a year when as Esquire magazine said, "the Republicans could easily defeat Lyndon Johnson if only they didn't have to run a candidate against him," it is hard to discount the possibility that we will wake up in the morning of January 21, 1969, and find that Ronald Reagan is President of the United States.

Windsor President, Vice-President Resign

WINDSOR (CUP) — The president of the University of Windsor students' council resigned Monday blaming academic pressures and lack of co-operation from council members for forcing the decision.

In explaining his resignation, Rick Wyszynski said the patience of non-voting council members must be applauded since they were forced to sit through "the stubborn, venomous, and unproductive barrages that cross the council table weekly."

He was critical of council members who were continually plotting the demise of "one of the council members". This was a reference to council's lack of unity and the feeling of some members that Wyszynski was not running

council efficiently. Resigning with the president was Minister for External Affairs, Bob Sommers. He had waged an unsuccessful campaign in mid-October to get the U of W out of CUS.

In referring to the academic pressures involved, Wyszynski said, "I want to get into an ivy league college. I don't care which one, as long as it is ivy league, and I need four A's to get there."

He said he had already fallen behind in his courses and was not prepared to give full concentration either to student council nor the course load "in the present situation".

"I must make a very selfish decision", he said, "and favour the latter."

JELLYBEANS

by Tom Murphy

THE BATTERED CHILD

I lived a kind of a battered up childhood. Not that I was the victim of the so-called "battered child syndrome", but rather, I was the victim of kids bigger than I was. I was kind of little and fun to beat up, I guess. All the time, people would be slugging me out, and I would say, "What you do this for?", and they would say, "Because it is fun.", and I would say, "Oh, I never thought of that." Then they would hit me for being so stupid.

You might say I was a bit of a pacifist then. I rarely fought back. How could I? People used to throw rocks at me too — and snowballs and all kinds of hard things. I have a big scar on the left side of my head where someone threw a horseshoe magnet at me. Another time, I was the near victim of an axe. Being treated so bad and all, you think I would some sort of a complex wouldn't you? But I was almost a normal kid except that I had more bruises. After a while you get to accept it . . .

. . . like children fighting, men boys, perhaps, eighteen, nineteen years old, rank and file. LEFF, rah, LEFF, rah, LEFF, rah . . . a thousand feet, hitting the ground, but one click — trained till blisters that all feet must land and only one click must be heard. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK — like little machines, only sometimes they are like little men.

"Now you all know what this is — it's a gun. Guns aren't toys, get it. When you use this thing, you aim directly at the chest — that way, you have the most chance of killing him — at least causing grave injury. But don't forget — you fire first, or you may not fire at all. That's the name of the game."

LOOKING FOR A CAREER WITH
A BRIGHT FUTURE? THE MARINES
CAN OFFER YOU EDUCATION,
EXCITEMENT, OPPORTUNITIES FOR TRAVEL
— A CHALLENGE FOR
ANY YOUNG MAN. JOIN TODAY

Dear Madam,

I regret to inform you of your son's death which occurred September 14, 1967. He was a victim of a savage Communist attack, which cost him his life. He died in the honor of his country, in service for others. You can be proud of his death — it might have helped stopped Communism from entering your home when you were shopping or taking the kids to school.

It will be fifteen days before the flag-draped coffin will reach you. We would ask that you not open the sealed casket, as your son is in no condition to be viewed. Besides the odour is terrible.

Once again, my deepest sympathy.

Sincerely,
Mr. President

P.S.

You probably noticed the ear enclosed in the envelop. It is a souvenir that your son asked us to pass along. It is from the head of a Viet Cong. This fad of clipping ears off, current among American troops in Vietnam, is a real morale booster.

. . . Times, times of little boys and butterflies, a patch on jeans and muddy shoes. A toad moonlighting — oh God — I called it fun and laughter — tears and joy. To live but not to die. Cry, Cry, dead one, but I cry to live . . . even little boy's fights — where peace always comes sometime, friends.

Battered children and peace and happiness; love — A Day in the Life. "Hush now, to the Lake Isle of Nowhere Men and I must say truly love's best life is neither this nor this nor that." Where water flows beside the cave, the voice rings in melancholy search.

"Where?" she asked.

"There!" I said.

And there before us was a kind of a world — so strange, so high (unlike a physical place), mists of mind seething in and out of heart — peace, no war. So as not to destroy this essence, we dropped out like little foundlings. And never a word was spoken.

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One of the problems on this campus is that people do not know how to argue. Thus most arguments get nowhere. Next Week — an analysis and a few tips on campus arguing.