

Slouch By Jim Earle



"This is the last year I rent a mailbox. I figure that each letter this year has cost me \$2 when I figure in box rent!"

Haig resignation a career change

by Art Buchwald

The difference between our political system and some others I won't mention is that if you are a high official and fall in disfavor with the leader, instead of asking political asylum you become a very hot literary and show biz personality.

While Al Haig may have lost many of the perks he was entitled to as Secretary of State, his lively career and combative spirit give him an opportunity to laugh all the way to the bank.

This is what happens when someone with a very high profile gets the boot from the government.

The first call he receives is from Fast Fingers Dundy, the literary agent. "Al, I just talked to Burntwood Press. They made me an offer of \$1 million for worldwide rights to your book."

"I don't have a book."

"You do now. You're hot, Al. Before you walked the plank for Reagan, I couldn't get \$50 for your memoirs. But after your resignation the phone rang off the hook. Give us a lot of Watergate, a lot of Nixon and a lot of the inside stuff about how the Reagan White House gave you the sword, and you'll be the Reader's Digest foldout for February."

"I'm not sure I want to write a book."

"Don't play games, Al. You're hot now, but the attention span in this country is down to 10 minutes. Every week you delay, they'll chop 200 grand off the offer."

The phone rings in the Haig household again.

"This is Hiram Beaumont with the Beaumont Lecture Bureau. Sorry to hear you lost your job, Mr. Haig, but we were wondering if you would take a lecture date for the Junior League Town Hall series in Rochester this fall?"

"I don't have a lecture put together."

"Just wing it. They want to see you as much as hear you. Tell them how Weinberger did you in, how Bill Clark doesn't know El Salvador from Las Vegas, how Richard Allen got his Seiko watch, and how they sat you in the wrong seat on Air

Force One when you went to France. We're talking big money now, Mr. Haig; not the peanuts we got you when you left NATO."

"How big?"

"While your popularity lasts, I can get you as much as they pay Kissinger. Of course after six months you may have to start doing Kiwanis dates again. But people are funny and willing to pay just to see how you are holding up under your ordeal. There's nothing that excites an audience like a guy who has just been personally sacked by the President."

"I'll get back to you."

RING, RING, RING.
"General Haig. This is the Dabney Advertising Agency. We were making up our late 1983 advertising schedule for one of our clients, and we were wondering if you would be interested in doing a TV commercial a year from next December."

"Who is your client?"

"The American Express Credit Card people. All you would have to do is stand up in the lobby of an airport and say 'Do I look familiar? I used to be the secretary of State. Nobody knows who I am any more and that's why I never leave home without my American Express Card.' It only takes a day, General, and you get paid every time it runs. If you have any questions, call Senator Sam Ervin. The commercial has given him a whole new career."

"I'll have to talk it over with my wife."

RING, RING, RING.
"Al, President Gerry Ford speaking. Sorry to hear about the falling out between you and Ronnie. What I'm calling about is, now that you've got time on your hands, I was wondering if you'd still like to play in my Pro-Celebrity Tennis Tournament here in Palm Springs."

"I didn't think you'd still want me to play in your Tennis Tournament now, sir."

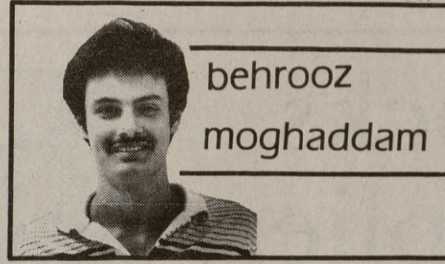
"I sure do. Just because a man leaves public office doesn't mean his career is over."

West Beirut — a last stand?

With overwhelming military superiority, Israel will soon achieve its objective in Lebanon. Effectively containing the 6,000 Palestinian guerillas — and nearly 250,000 innocent Lebanese civilians — inside West Beirut, Israel's terms for peace are no less than in complete withdrawal of the Palestinian Liberation Organization from all of Lebanon. The inextricable dilemma for the PLO is in deciding whether to concede defeat and leave, and if so where, or to fight on.

The Arab states face two obstacles in accepting patronage over the PLO. First, presuming they accept the responsibility and the PLO resumes its raids into Israel, regardless of the host government's involvement, they would risk imminent Israeli wrath. Lebanon is a frightening case in point for them.

The second inhibition is a consequence of the domestic constraints existing in all the Arab states. In short, because dictatorships are ubiquitous in the Middle East, latent instability is coincidentally present. The Shah of Iran's fall has substantially reinforced this reality. Hence, there prevails the fear of a potentially albeit, indirectly, destabilizing threat to the various governments with the presence of thousands of armed and independent guests.



As such, it is not surprising that Jordan fought a bloody war with the PLO in 1971 or that Syria has not allowed PLO use of its soil as a base for raids against Israel. Egypt, for its part, will accept PLO presence only if the latter desist from military activity. Even Lybia, the most anti-Israel of them all, advised only that the Palestinians commit suicide to immortalize their cause, rather than offering the sanctuary. The list goes on.

Hence, the end result for the PLO in moving out is, above all, military impotence. The inevitable question Yassir Arafat must ask himself, therefore, is whether his remaining diplomatic strings will suffice to eventually pull Israel toward compromise on the Palestinian homeland issue. A brief review of Tel Aviv's diplomacy vis a vis Palestinian claims paints a gloomy picture.

The Jewish state has never recognized

the PLO as the legitimate voice of the Palestinian people — something the world has done. Israel continues to maintain military rule in the west bank, presumably preparing to annex it finally, following the return of the Sinai to Egypt in April, Menachem Begin swore to never again relinquish an inch of territory under Israeli control.

Something tells me the PLO's dramatic weight will be compelled to soon as it runs out of bullets. Not to condone or promote military solutions can nevertheless appreciate the realities awaiting this Palestinian organization if indeed it disarms and retreats from the battlefield.

Thus, it appears the second alternative, namely fighting on to the man if need be, may after all be the choice.

In the last analysis, no matter what choice is opted for, the Palestinian nation will not go away. Other PLO emblems and other Lebanons will survive. The only difference will be that the row's guerillas will have one more cry.

Israel must come to the realization that the issue is not a few thousand guerillas with guns but two million Palestinians without homes.



Save the PLO: mission impossible

"Gentlemen, as your battalion commander, I've called you together to give you a briefing on our next mission."

"Where are we going, sir?"

"We've got orders direct from the White House, men. We're going to stand by to supervise the withdrawal of PLO personnel from west Beirut."

"Are we going to be armed, sir?"

"Yes, of course. We'll carry full combat gear."

"So if the PLO shoots at us, we can shoot back?"

"That's not the idea. We're supposed to get them out of Lebanon, not shoot them."

"But what if they shoot at us first?"

"Just make sure they don't. Next question."

"What if the Israelis shoot at us by mistake, sir?"

"The Israeli gunners are better than that. If they shoot at us, it won't be by mistake. Next question."

"How many of us are going to go?"

"We'll have to wait for the President and the news services to decide. The President's last statement talked about a BLT of 1,800, but some of the wire services and the TV networks are still putting the figure at 'about 1,000.' My best guess is that they'll compromise at about 1,500, that being a nice round figure and all."

"A 'BLT,' sir? I thought eating bacon was against their religion or something."

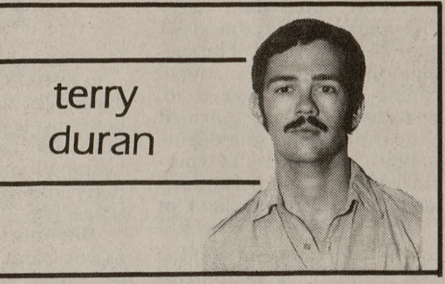
"A BLT is a Battalion Landing Team, Private, not a sandwich. And these aren't Jews, they're Moslem. But some of the natives are Christian. If you have any more questions, go ask the chaplain. Next question."

"Where are we going to take them, sir?"

"The Sixth Fleet is going to split them up and take them to some other countries away from Israel."

"Where are they going to put them, sir? There's not much extra space aboard a destroyer."

"Well, either they'll bring in some



troop ships, or they'll stack them in the holds of the aircraft carriers. I don't think that part's been figured out yet."

"But what will deporting them solve, sir? Couldn't they just agree to meet somewhere again?"

"Probably, but since all they're going to have to eat are bullets and hand grenades, they probably won't get far."

"You mean they're going to get to keep their weapons? How are we supposed to take them somewhere else if they're still armed?"

"Well, they won't be allowed to take any heavy weapons with them, so they won't be able to seriously hurt any of our ships. All they can keep are light weapons, like pistols and rifles and sub-machine guns and hand grenades, so all

they'll be able to hurt is people. Now you need to worry about, Corporal."

"Why do they get to keep their weapons, sir?"

"It's part of the American ethic of play, Private. This way, they don't feel much like they actually surrendered. They're just quitting and going somewhere else, and we're giving them a ride. And the Israelis don't have a terrorist organization right in their back pocket. We're big enough to do things like that. After all, we sided with Britain during the Falkland Islands crisis, but we're friends with Argentina, because we didn't really do anything to help the British."

"So it's kind of like a big brother being up a fight?"

"You might say that. The PLO hates Israel so much they won't negotiate. We're going to help both sides. And I hate the PLO so much they don't want to talk to them, either."

"Sir, what if they decide they don't want us, either? After all, the PLO's been fighting with the Israelis for years now. The Israelis are pro-American."

"No, Corporal, that's not the way America is pro-Israeli. There's a difference."

the small society by Brickman



©1981 King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved.

The Battalion

USPS 045 360

Letters Policy

Member of Texas Press Association Southwest Journalism Conference

Editor: Diana Sulstenfuss
City Editor: Bernie Fette
Sports Editor: Frank L. Christlieb
News Editors: Tracey Buchanan, Daniel Puckett, Diane Yount

Staff Writers: Cyndy Davis, Susan Dittman, Terry Duran, Colette Hutchings, Hope E. Paasch, Joe Tindel Jr., Rebecca Zimmermann
Copy Editors: Gary Barker, Carol Templin
Cartoonist: Scott McCullar
Photographers: David Fisher, Peter Rocha, John Ryan

Editorial Policy

The Battalion is a non-profit, self-supporting newspaper operated as a community service to Texas A&M University and Bryan-College Station. Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the editor or the author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Texas A&M University administrators or faculty members, or of the Board of Regents.

The Battalion also serves as a laboratory newspaper for students in reporting, editing and photography classes within the Department of Communications.

Questions or comments concerning any editorial matter should be directed to the editor.

Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 words in length, and are subject to being cut if they are longer. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit letters for style and length, but will make every effort to maintain the author's intent. Each letter must also be signed, show the address and phone number of the writer.

Columns and guest editorials are also welcome, and are not subject to the same length constraints as letters. Address all inquiries and correspondence to: Editor, The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843, or phone (713) 845-2611.

The Battalion is published three times a week — Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday — during Texas A&M's summer semesters, except for holiday and examination periods, when it is published only on Wednesdays. Mail subscriptions are \$16.75 per semester, \$33.25 per school year and \$35 per full year. Advertising rates furnished on request.

Our address: The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald Building, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843.

United Press International is entitled exclusively to the use for reproduction of all news dispatches credited to it. Rights of reproduction of all other matter herein reserved.

Second class postage paid at College Station, TX 77843.