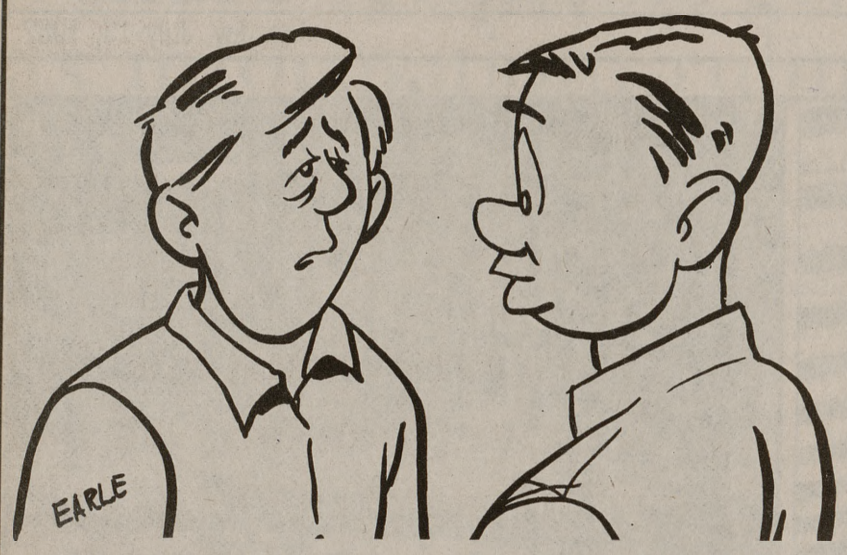
Slouch By Jim Earle



"It was last week? Do you mean I stayed up all last night to see an eclipse that happened last week?"

Letter: Vandiver's world university idea

Editor:

I have some questions about President Vandiver's world university concept.

One, why did he leave out private industry in his view of possible solutions to world problems of hunger and pestilence? Since private enterprise and a (comparatively) free market have been the very source of the United States' high standard of living and support for land-grant institutions, I fail to see a rational reason for this huge omission. Two, why did he fail to recognize the differences between governments whose basic premises are almost opposites; specifically, the difference between a professor in the U.S. whose salary is paid directly or indirectly through the benefits of free minds in a free market and a professor in the Soviet Union whose salary is paid from a totalitarian system which exists off of the toil it extracts from its undernourished citizens?

His main concept is valid, that of improving the world with man's reasoning mind. But to assume that a state university can be blind to the founding principles of its creating state (which set man's productive mind free in the U.S.) is absurd.

Frank Knickerbocker
306 Redmund

From Sesame Street to second childhood

by Dick West
United Press International

WASHINGTON — Omni magazine reports that between a third and a half of all children invent imaginary playmates by the time they are 5 or 6 years old.

"The development of a fantasy friend may be one of the first great creative acts of the growing child," it quotes a Yale psychology professor as professing.

Furthermore, these childhood figments don't necessarily fade away with exposure to the reality of schoolyards and other corporeal manifestations.

"There are recorded cases of imaginary companions lasting a decade or more," Omni notes.

Yes, and sometimes our fabricated friends turn up again in our second childhood, usually looking for a loan or trying to sell us insurance.

While Omni doesn't delve into the second childhood aspects of figmentary companions, I would estimate that as many as 27.8 percent have the capacity for reappearing.

The amazing thing is how badly they usually turn out.

The creative acts of a preschooler's brain seldom amount to a hill of beans.

Some do make it big, I suppose, but do they give you a call when they're in town? Ha!

The pattern for successful dreamed-up companions who reappear in second childhood is to pretend they don't even know you. The ingrates!

How quickly they forget that if it weren't for your fertile imagination, they would never have existed at all.

The little chums my fevered brain cooked up when I was a lad were named Chudder and Dryder, which now sounds like a law firm.

One of them — Dryder — did become a high-powered attorney, knocking off huge fees for opening tax loopholes, serving on government commissions, sending junior partners to ... but I am getting ahead of the story.

Shortly after my sixth birthday, my family moved out of the old neighborhood and I lost track of my imaginary buddies.

Chudder, I heard someplace, dropped out of school, got into trouble with the law and eventually joined the French Foreign Legion.

I never thought of him again until one recent evening when I was at home alone I fancied I heard the doorbell ring. I turned on the porch light and there, big as fantasy, stood Chudder.

He looked about like he did when I first fabricated him, only a bit seedy. Kind of down on his uppers. Know what I mean?

Chudder told me that since his most recent parole, he had worked as a door-to-door aluminum siding salesman, after his unemployment compensation ran out.

I must admit I gave him the brush-off and again thrust him out of my mind.

As for Dryder ... Well, if that stuck-up, Fancy Dan of a shyster ever pokes his nose into my second childhood, I'll give a small but elegant dinner party in his honor. It's the least I can do for an old imaginary friend.

Correction

In a story about the College of Agriculture published July 7 in The Battalion, two figures were incorrectly reported. The corrected figures are: total enrollment for the college in 1976 was 5,399 and the total enrollment in the fall 1981 was 4,923, reflecting a drop of less than nine percent.

The Battalion regrets the error.

The Battalion

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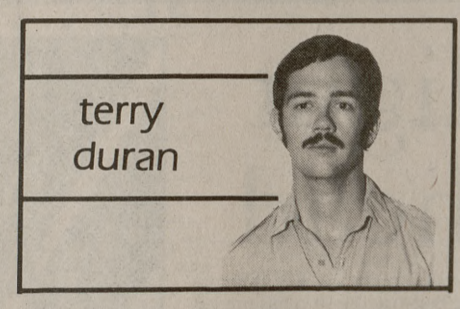
The Battalion also serves as a laboratory newspaper for students in reporting, editing and photography classes within the Department of Communications.

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

Terrorism — the real meaning



It's funny how the same word can mean different things to different people.

Like terrorism.

The dictionary defines the term as "terror, violence and intimidation used to achieve an end."

The Symbionese Liberation Army, the Weather Underground and the Ku Klux Klan all perpetrate examples of home-grown American terrorism. Bombs in lockers and on school buses, burning crosses — the land of the free and the home of the brave is no stranger to such acts of violence.

In June, when the furor was fresh over the Israeli task force's invasion of Lebanon, signs and people at an MSC hallway table condemned "Israeli terrorism." I asked one guy for his definition of terrorism.

He said: "Terrorism is killing people without a point. If you're killing for your country or for a purpose, it's not terrorism."

By that definition, nothing is terrorism. The right and the wrong of the situation rests on how the parties involved define their terms. Sounds reasonable enough, right? I mean, everything's relative, after all, right?

Garbage.

The SLA had a purpose: rip off enough banks so they could start their own country in the middle of California. The Klan had (and has) a purpose: get rid of those who are Different, i.e., black, Catholic, Oriental, whatever. The Weather Underground had a purpose: they planted bombs in airport lockers and such to protest the war in Vietnam.

Saying that "killing with a purpose" isn't terrorism is a cop-out, pure and simple. A burglar that shoots the homeowner he's robbing has a purpose, too: he doesn't want to get caught. That doesn't make what he's doing right.

And that brings us to the situation in the Middle East, and a surprise:

Both sides are wrong.

The Palestinian Liberation Organization is aggrieved and indignant because the Israelis got tired of having buses blown up, bombs planted in airport lockers, officials' cars exploding — indiscriminate killing, about as honorable as a knife in the back and nailing as many grandmothers as grenadiers.

The Israelis have overreacted in their decision to finally take some decisive action. Civilians have been killed in the Israelis' bid to root the PLO and Syrians out of Beirut. That's just plain wrong, as wrong as a bomb on a school bus end never justifies the means.

If anything, they should have st get-in-and-get-out mission to crip PLO by removing its leadership – kind of lightning surprise raid the well. That would have accomp their goal — getting the PLO out o hair — and saved the lives o Lebanese civilians who have since caught in the crossfire.

Of course, if the PLO had been to stand up in the light of day, eit negotiate honestly or to a knock-d drag-out fight, instead of burrowin a civilian city, the situation would have existed.

The PLO *is* a terrorist organiz they are bomb artists who strike your back is turned, who blow up cr on buses because they are too egotis stiff-necked to negotiate for wha want — and who don't have enough organization or discipline to stand pitched battle except when forced i

The Israeli task force *is not* a ter organization: they are part of a na armed force that is being misused.

It all boils down to meanings of again, this time the words "right" "wrong." If someone wants some and they don't care who else has to for them to be satisfied, then very becomes "wrong." Anything—lies murder, terrorism — becomes justi in the light of what someone perce the greater good.

Whether or not that someone's be correct is a different matter.

Last column on CIA — maybe

by Art Buchwald

This may be the last column I write about the CIA. A recent law signed by the President makes it a criminal offense to name names "in the course of a pattern of activities intended to expose covert agents, if the government has reason to believe that such activities would impair or impede the foreign intelligence of the United States."

On paper it sounds good, but the law is so broad that none of us knows exactly what it means in terms of reporting the news.

In addressing the CIA at Langley when he signed the bill, President Reagan opened up his talk by telling an old joke. It used to be told about Moskowitz, but the President switched it to Murphy.

The story was that there was an agent named Murphy overseas who couldn't be contacted. So they sent another CIA agent over to locate Murphy. The code phrase to make contact was, "Tis a fair day and it will be lovelier this evening."

The agent went to a pub in a little town in Ireland and asked the bartender, "How would I get in touch with Murphy?"

The bartender replied, "Well, if it's Murphy the farmer you want, it's two miles down the road, and it's the house on the left. If it's Murphy the bootmaker, he's on the second floor of the building across the street." And the bartender added, "My name's Murphy, too."

The agent picked up his drink and said, "Well, 'tis a fair day, but it will be lovelier this evening."

"Oh," said the bartender, "it's Murphy the spy you're looking for."

Everyone in the audience laughed except the reporters. The reason they didn't is they were not sure under the new law if they could print the story, or not.

It was obvious the bartender had violated the Intelligence Identities Protection Act by revealing the name of Murphy as a covert agent and the poor man could be sentenced to three years in prison and fined $15,000 for the indiscretion.

But worse still, if the bartender was charged with the crime, a newspaperman could not tell about it without blowing Murphy's cover.

Even the President of the United States would be liable for arrest for r vealing how the agent found out w Murphy was working for the CIA. S Mr. Reagan is a government emplo his carelessness could cost him 10 year prison and a $50,000 fine. Not onl Mr. Reagan name an agent, but he gave away a CIA code phrase wh gravely harmed Murphy's intelligen activities, and probably compromi our entire covert operation in Irelan

It wouldn't surprise me if, at this v moment, the Irish counter-intelligen people are checking out every Murph the boondocks.

Some people might say that I've tak an extreme case, and the President wo not have mentioned Murphy in his j unless the agent had already left t country.

But it does dramatize the problems t new law presents for those of us in a out of the government.

Now you know why this may be my l column about the CIA. I'm not going do three years in the slammer the n time Ronald Reagan tells his old joke a out Murphy. (Besides, his name is re Moskowitz.)