

Saying 'shut up' results in job loss

by Art Buchwald

I was sitting in Lafayette Park facing the White House when an unshaven man in a rumpled suit, and no shoe laces, sat down next to me, and looked hungrily at my lunch.

"Would you care for a bite?" I asked. "If it isn't too much trouble," he said, "I'm unemployed, as you can probably gather."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said sincerely. "Where did you work?"

He pointed to the White House. "Over there."

"I didn't know the White House was laying off people," I said. "Ordinarily they aren't. But they made an exception in my case. I was the guy who invited Gary Arnold to attend the President's pep rally in the East Room for congressional candidates."

"Gary Arnold? You mean the fellow who started haranguing Ronald Reagan about his tax program, until the President lost his temper and told him to 'Shut up.'"

"That's the one. I sent out the invitation to him in San Jose, Calif."

"Here have another sandwich," I said. "Didn't you have any idea he would make trouble when you invited him?"

"What did I know about Gary Arnold? He was just another pretty face on a computer. My orders were to invite all the Republican faithful to the White House, so Reagan could give them a pep talk for their congressional campaigns. I figured anyone from California was a team player."

"You would think that," I said. "It wasn't your fault he became a household word."

"That's what I told Meese, Deaver and Baker. But they said I should have smelled he was an off-the-wall conservative. I believe the thing that really got to them was when Arnold started shouting 'We have a Tylenol taxing situation here, and we have Reagan-mortis setting into the nation's body politic.'"

"He shouldn't have said that in the

President's house."

"Look, you can keep the left-wing kooks out of the White House, but where do you draw the line on the right-wing fringe?"

"You should have been tipped off when you saw the guy had a beard. A conservative with a beard is much more dangerous than a liberal with one."

"We know that now, but we didn't then. In fairness to me, he was wearing a suit and a tie."

"That should have been your clue. A right-wing guy with a beard wearing a suit and tie is bound to cause trouble in the White House. You want an apple?"

"I'd rather have your banana. I haven't told you the whole story. After I invited all the congressional candidates for the pep rally I got a brainstorm. I suggested the President make it a media event and invite in all the press and television cameras to cover it. I said the President wouldn't have a more loyal audience in the East Room during his entire term, and they would pitch him nothing but softballs so he could articulate his program. The guys around the Oval Office thought I was a political genius, until Gary Arnold said the Emperor had no clothes on."

"I have a hard-boiled egg," I said. "The way I see it, you did everything right, and they're just making you the fall guy because the Republicans can't keep their right-wing fanatics under control."

"That's nice of you to say. You don't have any salt for the hard-boiled egg do you?"

I handed him my salt shaker. "So just because a hothead congressional candidate dumped all over the White House Republican party in the East Room in front of the TV cameras and press, you were given your walking papers. Didn't you at least try to take your case to the President?"

"I did as soon as the meeting was over."

"What did he say?"

"He told me to shut up."

Let's leave Andy and Koo alone

by Maxwell Glen and Cody Shearer

It's truly like something out of "Masterpiece Theatre." But, unlike another whirlwind royal romance, it won't provoke any forthcoming television specials.

Yes, we're talking about the affair of Andrew and "Koo." And, no, we are not amused. A free-spirited American woman steals the heart of a sailor-prince and, together, the couple earns the immediate condemnation of a voyeuristic world.

The affair began naturally enough eight months ago when Kathleen Norris Stark, a 25-year-old actress, scolded England's Most Eligible Bachelor in a chic London disco, known as Tramps, for talking loudly. Bells rang. Somewhere, strings could be heard. For the moment, love had conquered again. Then, as Alistair Cooke might have had it, Andrew was called off to war.

When the prince returned (victoriously, and, some said, a hero) he revived the dormant relationship, spending every available moment with Koo at the theater and the like. Soon, as most any other self-respecting 22-year-old would have done, Andrew planned a getaway, expenses permitting.

With his parents' knowledge, Andrew secured the use of Aunt Margaret's Georgian-style house on a remote Caribbean island, where he was to fly via British Airways with his beloved, under the name of "Mr. and Mrs. Cambridge."

Within days of the couple's departure, however, London's Daily Express col-

umnist, William Hickey, began to reveal all of the benchmarks in Koo's short life. It wasn't long before the worldwide press was running color photos from the blue movie "Emily," in which Koo engages in some energetic shower scenes with another woman.

By the time reporters finished their "investigations" three days later, it was clear that Koo was a woman with both a history and a past. Everyone from Brighton to Brisbane could detail the poor girl's films, flings and features. I seemed as if a kind of instant indignation would surely see the prince publicly scolded — perhaps even grounded — by his mum at Buckingham Palace, right after the changing of the guard.

Andy 'n' Koo are a good story if only because some percentage of English-speaking people probably wouldn't pass up the chance to maroon themselves on a tropical island with either a prince or a soft-porn princess. And, if past experience is any measurement, the tabloid scribblers on Fleet Street should have no trouble stretching this scandal well into November.

But at the risk of sounding like apologists, we think Andrew and Koo deserve a break. First, they're only doing what comes naturally. Moreover, few ever trot as gracefully from adolescence into maturity as their parents would have liked. Most of us have stumbled, and repeatedly.

Except in extreme cases, most young people try to honor their parents' best wishes, even as they knowingly stray

from the rules. When they trip, it's if they've deliberately shattered artifact.

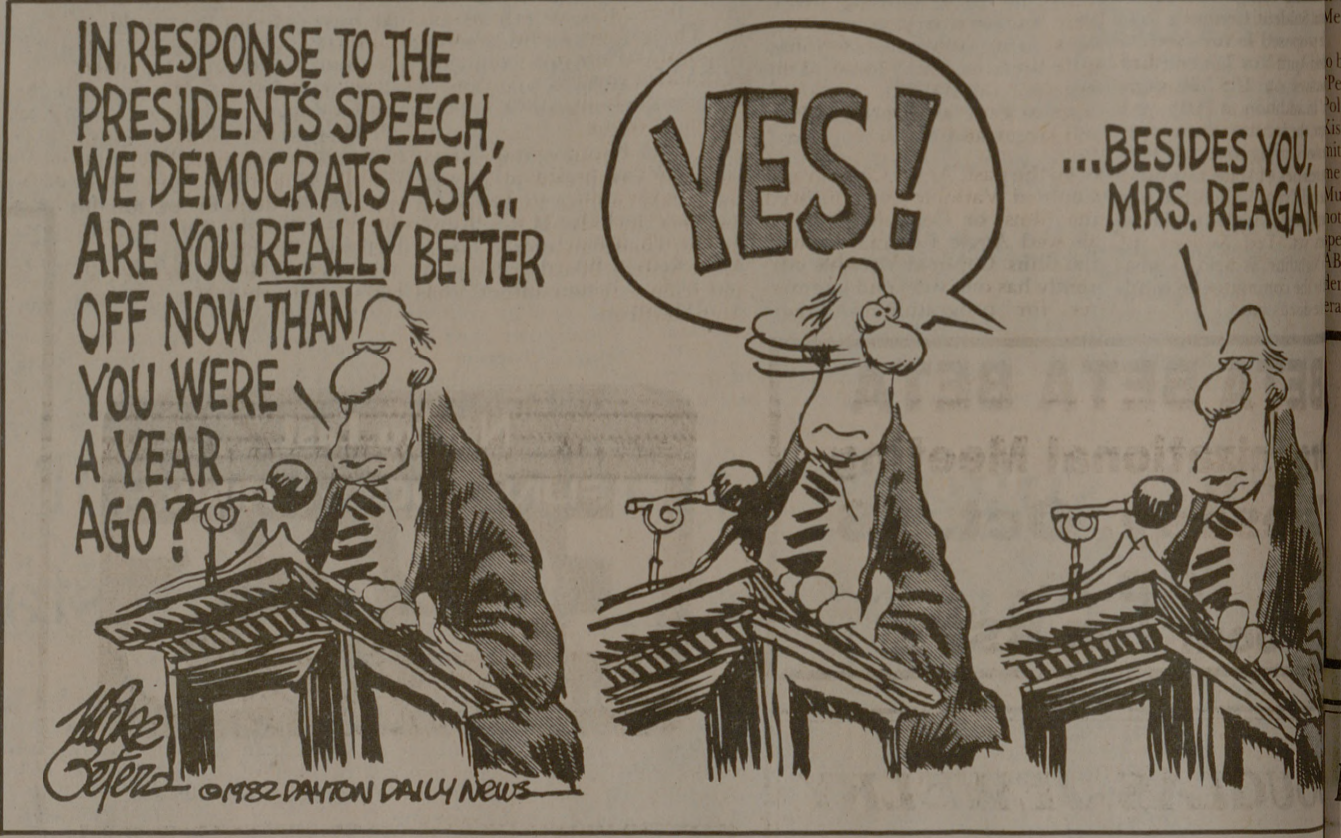
The blame for generational course, is shared. From day one, we strive to steer their kids into clothes, schools and circles — all encouraging that which makes the piest. Since happiness is inevitable, cated on parental conditions, these courses aren't always par-

But if there's a tendency to youthful freedom to make mistakes, many young folks also let their parents be the best of them. Even if Andrew was among the last to learn of his friend's background, he ought to have been the only one to decide their affairs.

Indeed, it seems as if the royal proposal may already understand that the stately House of Windsor doesn't missteps and false starts (the fact, in fact, helps explain why Charles were such a smash hit last year. Princess Margaret's almost nuptials alongside rock and film star daughter Anne's continuing "ment" from her husband, Marily, seems likely that the Crown will blush for long over the prince.

So, as we watch the magic of the Koo unfold, we'll take it for what it is — two healthy young people enjoying each other's company — than two irresponsible sex-crazed

Those who suggest the latter order than they can see.



LBJ - a paradox, says Reedy

by Helen Thomas

WASHINGTON — Former White House press secretary George Reedy, to get a lot of his chest, has written a book about Lyndon B. Johnson.

Reedy calls it a "memoir" and many of those memories obviously were very painful for him. It could have been called "Feelings."

Johnson would have hated the Reedy literary catharsis. Nor will other members of the Johnson family like it.

LBJ comes off as a towering political figure on the landscape of American history, but the accent is on the negative in terms of his personality and conduct.

He sees Johnson as a paradox, as most close observers did — a mass of contradictions. He speaks of the tall Texan as paranoid with a deep inferiority complex.

The book is "Lyndon B. Johnson — a Memoir" by George Reedy, Nieman professor of journalism at Marquette University.

Of Johnson, he writes, there is "no doubt about his nastiness in dealing with individual human beings. But neither can there be any real doubt about his sincerity in trying to do something for the masses. His feelings for blacks, Chicanos, dirt farmers were not feigned. He felt their plight and suffered with them — as long as they did not get too close."

He pulls no verbal punches on the nation's 36th president, describing him as "a bully, sadist, loud and egotist" whose ambition and personality was formed under the domination of a strong stern mother Reedy called an "unrelenting snob." "I, myself, am glad to get him out of my life at last," Reedy wrote.

"I do not believe anyone could be happy around him for any length of time. But I would be very happy to see him back in government — in a position where he could pick up the loose ends as he did in 1952 and in 1963 (years when he became Senate majority leader and president), and weld them into a unified whole."

He said that Johnson was abusive and "cruel even to people who had virtually walked the last mile for him." Many times Reedy did that.

Without naming names, he refers to Johnson's womanizing patterns and speaks of his "boudoir" activity and heavy drinking at times.

"Of all of LBJ weaknesses, perhaps the

most important was his inability to understand the press," Reedy said.

He said that journalists "totally baffled" Johnson and that in the White House tensions mounted between the president and the press. Johnson had five press secretaries but barely tolerated any. He thought that public discussion was dangerous government, and that ways should be found to divert reporters' attention.

"Our relationship became more and more tenuous, especially when I told him privately I thought Vietnam was going to be a disaster," Reedy wrote.

Reedy left the Johnson White House but remained on fairly good terms. Later, however, he wrote "The Twilight of the Presidency," a book he insisted was not about Johnson. In the book he wrote that "even someone who is

absolutely bananas could be elected."

Apparently, that did it. Johnson was personally, and never spoke to Reedy, although a reconciliation seemed to have taken place when LBJ died in 1973.

Whenever Reedy feels too harshly his former boss, he says, "I can always go to the era of McCarthy and the rights debate and decide that working was worthwhile."

"On both occasions, our society was desperately and on both occasions through."

In an interview, Reedy summed up ambivalent emotions about Johnson as "the greatest leader and the greatest heel."

Berry's World by Jim Berry



"Sure, I'm for a flat tax.' Why not! I'm just about FLAT as it is now."

The Battalion

USPS 045 360

Member of Texas Press Association Southwest Journalism Conference

- Editor: Diana Sultenfuss
- Managing Editor: Phyllis Henderson
- Associate Editor: Denise Richter
- City Editor: Gary Barker
- Assistant City Editor: Hope Pasch
- Sports Editor: Frank L. Christlieb
- Entertainment Editor: Nancy Floeck
- Assistant Entertainment Editor: Colette Hutchings
- News Editors: Rachel Bostwick, Cathy Capps, Johna Jo Maurer, Daniel Puckett, Jan Werner, Todd Woodard
- Staff Writers: Jennifer Carr, Susan Dittman, Beverly Hamilton, David Johnson, John Lopez, Robert McGlohon, Carol Smith, Dana Smelser, Joe Tindel, John Wagner, Rebecca Zimmermann
- Copy editors: Elaine Engstrom, Bill Robinson
- Cartoonist: Scott McCullar
- Graphic Artist: Pam Starasinc
- Photographers: David Fisher, Octavio Garcia, Michael D. Johnson, Rob Johnston, Irene Mees, John Ryan, Robert Snider

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 ex-

pressed 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 Policy

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 and 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 daily during Texas A&M's fall and spring semesters, except for holiday and examination periods. 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.