

opinion

From a summer 10 years past . . .

Heroes of Watergate find image fading

by Clay F. Richards
United Press International

WASHINGTON — Ten years ago this summer millions of Americans sat glued in front of their television sets as the drama known as Watergate unfolded in the Senate Caucus Room.

Public television brought those hearings back last week in a two-hour documentary titled "Summer of Judgment," relying heavily on the hours of taped hearings in the files of its Washington station, WETA.

It was a summer that made household names out of a couple of dozen senators, House members and key staff aides. The business of toppling the president of the United States was the kind of stuff that made American heroes.

The heroes that summer — Sen. Sam Ervin, the Bible quoting constitutional expert from North Carolina; Sen. Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, the first Republican to blow the whistle on the leaders of his own party; Sen. Howard Baker, who bored through the politics and insisted on knowing what the president knew and when he knew it; and the others seemed frozen in history.

Now, 10 years later, their hero status has faded.

Baker has aged considerably, not from Watergate, but from a decade of frustration as minority and now majority leader of the Senate. He is about to retire from the Senate — some say to run for the presidency down the road. But that is a long shot.

Weicker has become even more of a maverick and has had to fight off not

only Democrats, but challenges from within his own party to hold on to his seat. Ervin has gone back to being a country lawyer.

Of the other members of the committee, Sens. Edward Gurney, R-Fla., Joseph

The business of toppling the president of the United States was the kind of stuff that made American heroes.

Montoya, D-N.M. and Herman Talmadge, D-Ga., would find their own integrity under attack before they retired from the scene.

Samuel Dash, the committee's chief counsel who relentlessly questioned each

witness like a prosecutor building his case brick by brick, has spent a quiet 10 years back teaching law at Georgetown. His peaceful academic life is interrupted every year by reporters doing anniversary stories.

In those old Watergate hearing tapes there is always behind Ervin a boyish round face, often puffing a pipe. He was the chairman's counsel, Rufus Edmiston, who is now the attorney general of North Carolina. He is a favorite to capture the state's governorship next year and could become the first in the cast of characters to go places.

Over on the House side, none of those members who sat in judgment of Nixon on the Judiciary Committee's impeachment hearings has changed much.

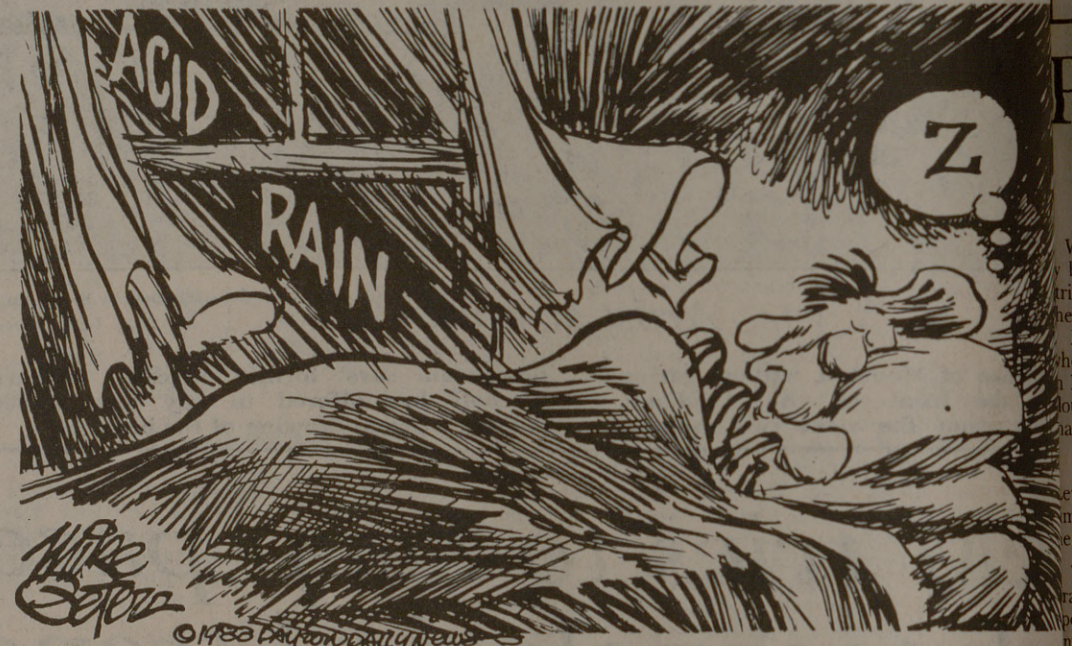
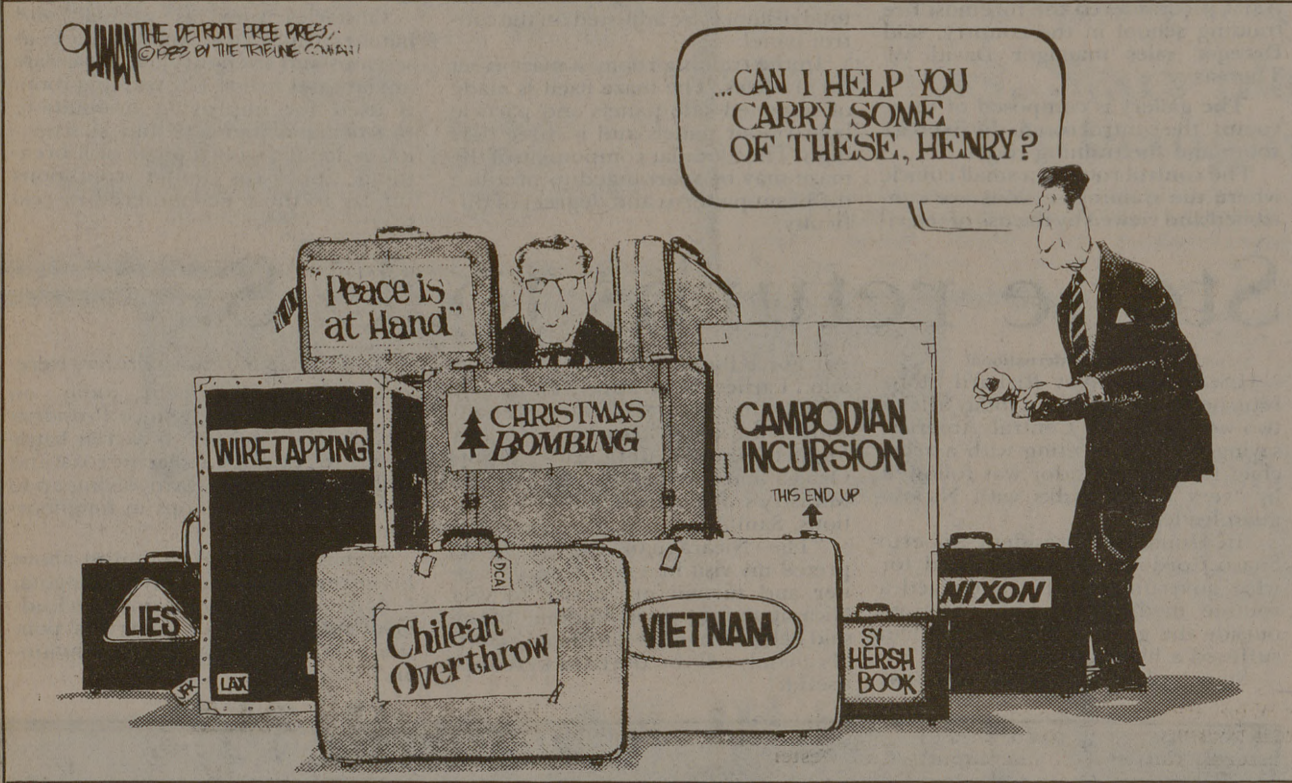
Two, Republican William Cohen of Maine and Democrat Paul Sarbanes of Maryland, have moved to the Senate, but

both hold marginal seats and fight for re-election every six years.

Barbara Jordan, the eloquent who was widely thought of as the high office or the Supreme Court teaching law school.

Charles Wiggins of California, president's articulate and commanding defender, has left the House by his former colleagues.

Peter Rodino of New Jersey, to quietly and modestly chair the tee that voted to recommend House impeach Nixon. That summer a decade ago for the most party ordinary people the Senate and House, had their over what Ervin called the tragedy in the history of America moved a president from office, returned them to their old roles unchanged by their momentary



IT'S RAINING..IT'S POURING..THE OLD MAN IS SNORING

Jagger deserves her chance to speak

by Maxwell Glen
and Cody Shearer

WASHINGTON — When right-wingers encounter real-world complexities, their paranoia sometimes takes on a fitful, even incredible, dimension. It's called "Jane Fonda Syndrome."

Washington's latest case of this malady, first diagnosed during the Vietnam War, focuses on Bianca Jagger. For years now, the divorced wife of that famous Rolling Stone has championed the cause of poor people in Central America, including those in her native Nicaragua.

In the eyes of Reaganite Washington, however, her advocacy has made Bianca a threat to national security — a scapegoat, like Jane Fonda, for America's latest misguided conflict.

Bianca, 33 years old (she says) and a Nicaraguan citizen, stands accused of lobbying Congress on behalf of the Sandinistas and using her glamour-girl status to foment trouble for Reagan policies both here and there.

William Safire of The New York Times was particularly incensed that a Massachusetts college, albeit small, would give her an honorary degree.

Another pair of administration sup-

porters, columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, declared last week that Bianca's July 5 meeting with two staffers had "confirmed" the leftward shift of a once-bipartisan House Intelligence Committee.

Reached by phone at the Managua Intercontinental Hotel last Monday morning (July 25), Jagger conceded that, yes, she'd called on the Intelligence Committee staffers (bearing evidence, she said, of Honduran military action against a Nicaraguan town only days before).

In fact, she admitted, "I've been visiting Congress for about three years," as many who've seen her at past hearings can attest.

Jagger, however, pooh-pooed the notion that she supports, let alone lobbies on behalf of, the Sandinistas. As proof, she cited her published criticisms of Nicaragua's political and press restrictions and added that her family has fled the country within the last three months.

"I sometimes have difficulty making myself understood (in the U.S.)," Jagger said, "because what I am trying to do is not to advocate that the Sandinistas have such a great government, but that the Reagan administration's actions in Central America are not the most mature way

of looking at the situation . . . I'm trying to advocate negotiations. Otherwise, we're going to have major bloodshed . . ."

As for her relations with members of Congress and their staffs, Jagger hardly sees herself as some Sandinista siren.

"I think that access to (Congress) doesn't come overnight — especially (to) members of the Intelligence Committee," she said, adding, "I don't . . . see liberals of the House because I feel they are convinced. I don't have to convince them."

Indeed, a former Intelligence Committee staffer contended that Jagger had met with panel staff only once before her rendezvous on July 5.

Therein lies dubious evidence of a Jagger juggernaut. So why all the indignation over the energetic, educational efforts of a woman who has witnessed the plight of innocent civilians?

Conservative envy, for one. As William Safire asked, "Where are their counterparts?" referring to both Jagger and Lisa Fitzgerald, an outspoken American nun who has spent much of the last two years helping war-ravaged civilians near Nicaragua's border with Honduras.

Though Safire wrongly asserts "the

glamorous female celebrity has always been a property of (what about Anita Bryant, Clara Luce and Shirley Temple Black) rightly cites a dearth of conservative female celebrities speaking out on Central American matters.

More importantly, however, Jagger hysteria reflects the same paranoia that prompts the White House to send at least six warships on anti-air patrol off Nicaragua's coast, to mount a ported major expansion of the managed guerrilla activities in Nicaragua, and to maintain a joint U.S.-Honduran military exercise involving 5,000 American troops. This, of course, in the face of a State Department called a "positive diplomatic proposal last week by Secretary of State Alexander Haig and Vice President George H.W. Bush."

Bianca Jagger simply has a right to share, one rooted in first-hand experience in a region that most Americans dare not visit.

If Henry Kissinger, who mentioned El Salvador, Nicaragua, Central America in his recent chair a presidential commission region, then Jagger deserves a chance to speak.

The Battalion

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Banks like only 'right' money

by Fred Ferguson
United Press International

NEW YORK — When the banks won't take your money, it must mean something.

It's not paranoia. We don't just think they don't want our money. They really are reluctant to take it.

Take what happened the other day. We were in trouble from the start. The guard watched with acute suspicion. We were lugging this big plastic bag.

He kept watching during the writing of a deposit slip and the approach to the teller's cage. The contents of that plastic shopping bag — actually two, one inside the other because of the weight — were plopped on the counter in front of the teller. Thump, thump, thump.

People turned their heads to the tune of that thumping. It was mildly embarrassing.

This particular bank hails itself as a friendly people's bank where you get personal attention. It's not like the bank we used to go to where you didn't get personal attention. You got computerized instead.

The friendly people's bank's computer is less visible. Tellers have to go to it to check up on you. It doesn't sit blinking at them in their cages.

Our favorite friendly people's bank teller let out a yelp before running off to check up on the account in the computer. "Harry," she said to the guard, "why do you do this to me? Didn't you see what he's carrying?"

"Mr. Ferguson," she said, reproachfully. "It's 2:45 on a Friday. You couldn't come in earlier? We close in 15 minutes."

"I was working."

"You couldn't work some other time?"

There didn't seem to be an answer to that. She began to gather in the money with great distaste. One would have thought she didn't like money. Maybe if you handled it all day, you wouldn't either.

She counted: 19 rolls pennies — \$9.50; 10 rolls nickels — \$20; 4 rolls dimes — \$20; 3 rolls quarters — \$30. In all, \$79.50, the product of a lot of careful hoarding.

"You shouldn't do this," she went on. "You're hurting circulation." We felt hurt.

"You know we can't count this today," she said. "We'll have to debit you if it comes out wrong."

"OK."

All this time, there was the sound of shuffling feet behind us. This was accompanied by groaning and moaning. The friendly people's bank's lines are seldom long. But our pennies were holding up other customers' deposits. We looked around furtively to meet stares of frustration and anger.

Eventually, our deposit book was returned almost reluctantly. The fact it showed a higher balance, after all, might encourage such conduct. So there was a parting admonition about coming in earlier next time.

The experience left us with a feeling we should try another method. Perhaps we should buy something with all that money we occasionally bring the bank.

But we've tried that before. It upsets cashiers. They don't like our kind of money any more than bank tellers.

Slowly an idea is dawning. Our money must not be the right kind. Only paper money is in vogue.

But how do you get paper pennies?

Slouch

By Jim E.



"It's my laundry mark"

David I. Colorado Lake So

by Mary La

Battalion When the Jan boarded an ria a year ago they didn't know Boguslaw Le when they arriv in Houston cla clothes, they mis ate right away

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Plan, J

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by Rose M

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