

Opinion

The impeachment of Gov. Mechem is not pretty

Impeachment is not pretty. Ask Arizona Gov. Evan Mechem, he'll tell you. You see, last Friday poor old Evan was impeached by the Arizona House.



Mark Nair

What an ugly, ugly business. But then again, what an ugly, ugly man.

You may remember that it was Evan who abolished the Arizona state holiday honoring Martin Luther King, Jr. It was Evan who had a strange habit of making crude, insulting, offensive remarks about various ethnic groups. It was Evan who usually ended up chewing on both of his feet for these remarks.

All in all, my friend Evan Mechem made Archie Bunker look like Snow White in a nunnery. (Actually, I'm fully convinced that Evan Mechem and

James Watt are the same person, although it could be true that they are fraternal twins, separated at birth by a vicious civil rights incident that left them both scarred and stunned for life. I wonder if Evan likes the Beach Boys?)

But the Arizona House didn't impeach Efficacious Evan on these trivialities. No, sir, they had charges made of much sterner stuff: concealing campaign loans, using state funds for his auto dealership, attempting to block an investigation of a death threat — or as the House resolution impeaching Evasive Evan said, "high crimes, misdemeanors or malfeasance in office."

Gosh golly, that is what politics is all about.

Anyway, some of the buds and I were sitting around chugging down cherry Slurpies yesterday, and we decided to hold a somewhat intelligent conversation about our pal Emetic Evan and his future in the worldly world of voter registration. How we arrived at this topic of conversation is still a mystery. Despera-

tion in conversation can do strange things to people.

"String him up by his nose," said Fred, "that's what I say."

"What do you think about Mechem's impeachment, Loyd?" I asked Loyd. Loyd was unusually quiet.

Loyd took a bite of his Super Chili Cheese Dog. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I'd rather be impeached than impaired."

We all laughed in a friendly, joyous manner, guffawing at timely intervals.

"What?" asked Phil. "Mechem in trouble?"

"Impeached," I said. "Impeached by the Arizona House."

"Well," said Phil, "I don't think they should impeach Mechem. I mean, that book of his, *Texas*, wasn't all that exciting, but they shouldn't impeach him just for that."

"What?" I asked. "What?"

"String him up by his nose," said Fred.

"Mechem, let's impeach 'im," said

Loyd. That Loyd, what a card.

"So," said Phil, "this Mechem guy, is he kicked out of office now?"

Since I was the resident political adviser, fortuneteller, and epicure of current events, I was obliged to answer.

"Not yet," I said, "at least, not permanently. Now this business goes to the Arizona Senate. They'll have a trial, and if the Senate convicts him, he's out of here. Gone. Poof. Dislodged. Kicked out. Removed from that high office."

"Right," said Fred. "I think we got the message."

But I was on a roll. "And then, and then," I waved my arms wildly in the air, hitting the wall with a violent yet caring blow, "if nothing happens in the Senate, in May the voters will hold a recall election. He's gone. Any way you look at it, he's gone."

"String him up by his toes," said Fred.

We began to utter a rousing chant of "Impeach, impeach, impeach." The neighborhood urchins, who were busily engaged in a friendly game of "Rambo I

Kill You" turned and began to pelt us with small handfuls of sediment. Our chant continued. We were to We were going to change the world.

We got to my apartment, turning the TV and there he was, Mechem, his bigoted glory, talking about how the Senate would "vindicate him, changed the channel." Gilligan's was on; it was one of the lost episodes.

And yet, the trials and tribulations of Evan Mechem remain. If he is kicked out of office, there will be not a hole in our hearts for this ugly man, also a hole in the Arizona government. Who could live up to this man's charm, his subtle critiques of the man situation?

Jimmy "the Greek" for governor. Mark Nair is a senior political science major and opinion page editor for The Battalion.

10 million isn't enough

"What would you do," asked Slat Grobnik, "if you had 10 million bucks?"



Mike Royko

I would put it into conservative tax-free municipal bonds that would earn me about \$700,000 a year. I would move to a warm climate, buy myself an air-conditioned golf cart with a built-in bar and never again set foot in this saloon or engage in foolish conversations with you. Why do you ask?

"Well, I was just reading about this old politician in Texas, John Conally. Used to be governor. Ran for president."

Ah yes, he has fallen upon hard times. Took a terrible beating when the Texas real estate market slumped. Most of his worldly possessions sold at public auction.

"Right, and it says in this story that he had tears in his eyes. And that the people who came to buy his stuff gave him a big cheer when he walked in."

It did take courage for him to be present when his furniture, art collection and personal memorabilia were being sold.

"I dunno. Me and my old man and my mother and my brother Fats was present once when the landlord evicted us. Put our living room sofa right out on the sidewalk next to the fireplug. All the neighbors was looking, but none of them said my old man was courageous for being there. Of course, he wouldn't have heard 'em anyway. He was soused and sleeping it off on the sofa."

What does that have to do with John Conally or your question about the \$10 million?

"Because it says here the reason Conally went broke was because he wanted to get rich. And that's why he and another guy borrowed hundreds of millions from banks to put together all these big real estate deals that flopped."

That's painfully true.

"Then the guy must have been goofy."

How can you say that? Becoming rich is part of the American dream.

"Yeah, but it says here that before he jumped into all those deals, he was making big money as a Texas lawyer and that he was already worth 10 million bucks."

So?

"So this. If he was already worth 10 million, didn't that make him rich?"

By your standards or mine, yes. But such things are relative.

"Relative? It says here that they auctioned off his gun collection. He had 41

guns. There are underprivileged stickup guys in this city who have only one gun. Here's a guy who had 41 heaters and he wasn't even heisting gas stations for a living."

I see your point. But you have to understand that in the social and business circles Conally traveled in, \$10 million might be considered a mere trifle.

"Then he could have faked it. That's what I do. Before I have a party, I get a bartender pal to give me empty bottles with the best labels, and I fill 'em with the cheap stuff, but nobody can tell the difference."

I don't think that would have saved Conally from bankruptcy. We're talking about millions of dollars in unpaid bank loans.

"Yeah, I wondered about that, too. How'd he get those bankers to let him have so much money? When I went to get a mortgage to buy a house, they almost stripped me down to my shorts. When I went for a loan to get my roof repaired, I almost had to leave my kids as collateral. So how does he get, what, a couple hundred million? I didn't know they could type that many numbers on a check."

Because he's a man of reputation and substance.

"What does that mean? I been in the same job for 35 years and I never missed a payment at the credit union and I never bounced a check because I always pay by money order or cash. How come banks give me the old fish-eye and him all the millions he wants?"

It means banks have confidence in prominent people of considerable means and proven business judgment.

"Hah, so they have confidence in him and he sticks 'em for more than a hundred million they'll never see again. Then they got to jack up the mortgage rates on guys like me to cover what they blew because he gave them the old glad hand."

Nobody has infallible judgment.

"I guess so. But I see that even though he owes all that money and can't ever pay it back, he gets to keep his big house and 200 acres of his ranch. And he gets about 60 thou a year in pensions because he was the governor and he can still practice law and make money."

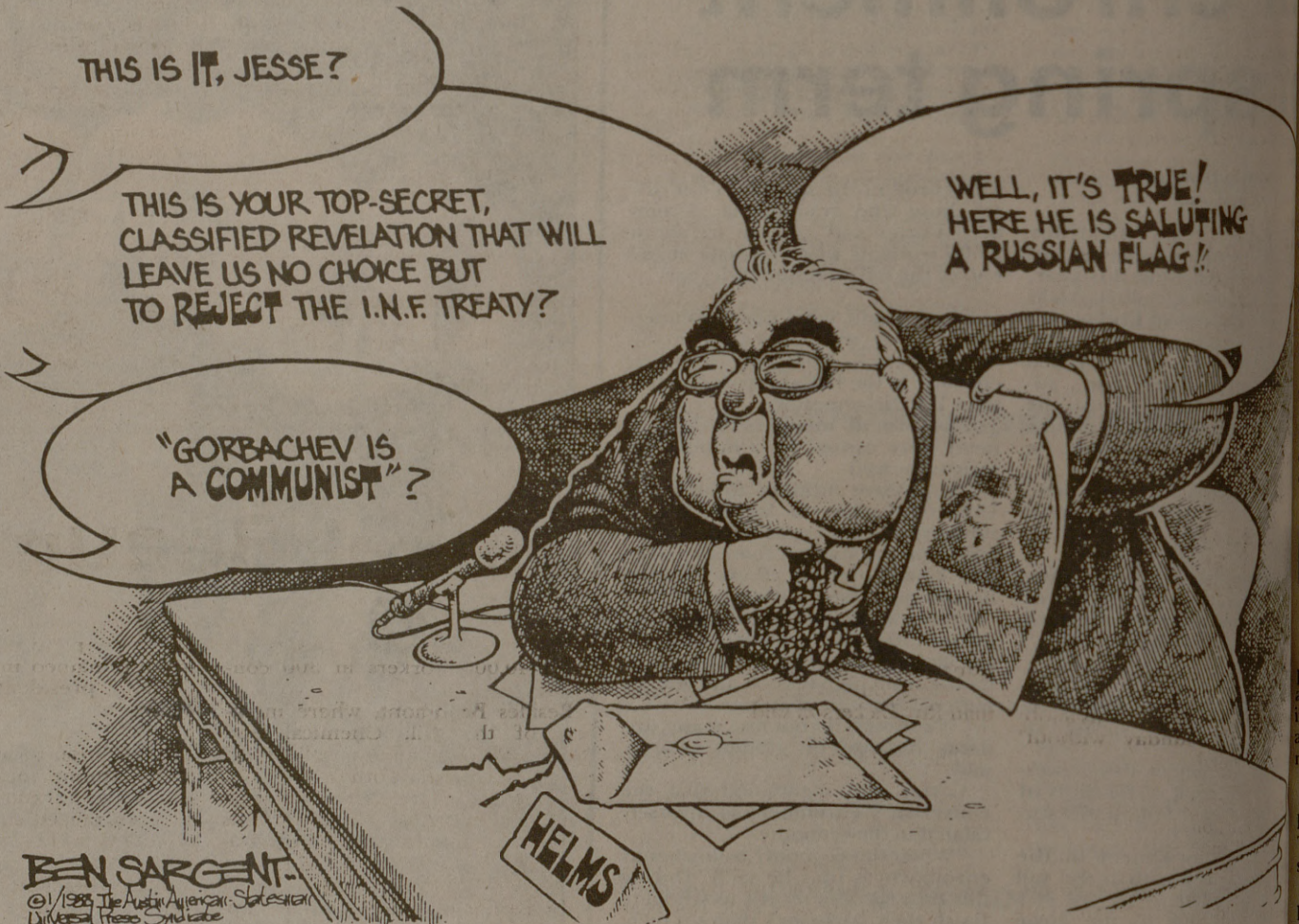
Yes, it's quite a step down for him, but he says that he's going to keep his chin up and start a new life.

"Put me in a big house on 200 acres with 60 grand a year, and I'll keep my chin up and start a new life, too."

Sometimes you lack compassion.

"Nah, if Conally came by tonight, I'd pour him a drink. Hey, you think he can tell the difference between Jack Daniels and Jim Beam?"

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Mail Call

Give our parking spaces back

EDITOR: I would like to know which authority figure decides who is to park where? As a junior who has had a blue sticker for one full semester, I feel there is a need for change in the parking situation here. The parking lot in front of Zachry has gotten to the point where I wake up in the morning with parking on my mind and a saying to myself "I wonder if I will be one of the select few to get a spot today, or will I have to park illegally again." I would like to know the reasoning behind the changing of approximately six student parking rows into staff parking this semester in the Zachry lot. Last semester, without those extra spaces, the allotted spaces for the staff seemed more than adequate, and student parking was bearable. This semester, parking is unbearable and walking to

Zachry from my occasional parking place through the three-quarter full staff lot just adds to the frustration.

I know parking on a large university campus has always will be a problem, and the fact that our own university is expanding at a rate almost equal to that of the environment over the last few years only compounds the matter. But there has to be some sort of happy median!

All that is needed is more thought be put into the distribution of the parking spaces. And a great place to begin correcting the problem would be the reallocation of those six staff rows back to us, the deserving students.

Robert Hostinak '89

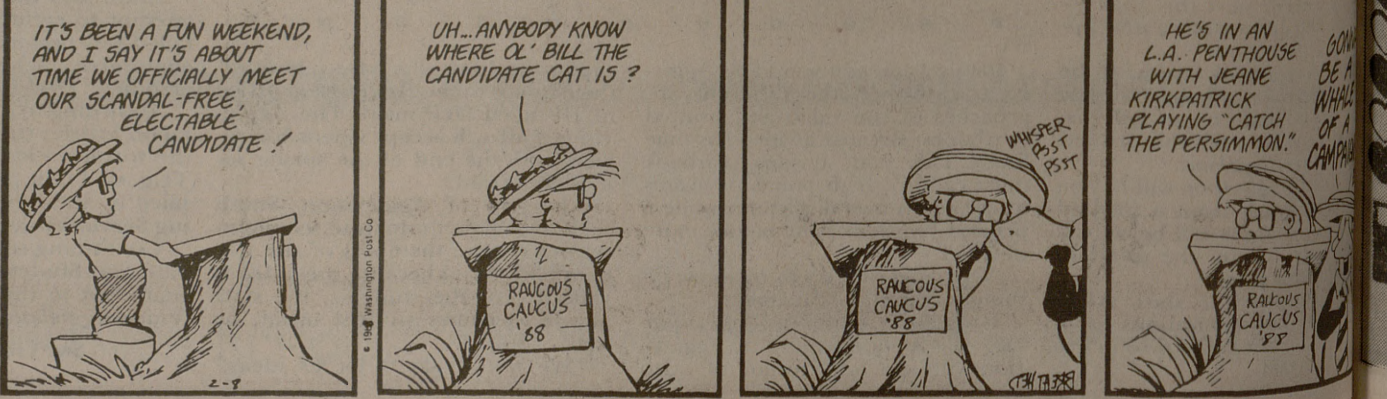
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BLOOM COUNTY



by Berke Breathed

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