

9-7-96

Mr Brian Lamb
C-SPAN

Dear Sir -

I enjoy your program--
watch it every day. At age
77, and shut in, I am no
longer active in anything.
But I'm still able to read
and think.

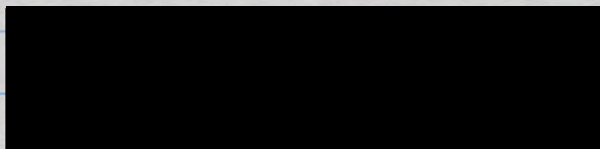
Hearing so many vicious
statements about the Clintons,
I thought you might like
to read something from
the Arkansas Times--a
small weekly paper
from Little Rock. Some
of us love our President
and First Lady.

O. WJ

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Thank you for your
superb coverage of the
political campaigns.
You should get an
Oscar or something
special?

Sincerely





Orville Henry

Henry lives in own personal sort of hell

■ Danny Ford's agile mind often out-races his speaking skills. He can sound crude and unfeeling when he

truly is a most compassionate person.

Just ask former fullback Oscar Gray.

Like, it sounded raw this week when Danny said he didn't have time for Tyrone Henry.

The truth is, there is *not* time during the back-breaking, mind-boggling period of two-a-days for a head coach to chase down his non-appearing, then disappearing sometime fullback and minister to him—for the umpteenth time—no matter what the problem.

The traditional rule is, a man unavailable during this part of the season won't be of use in a fourth quarter against Alabama or Tennessee.

We all know that.

What has happened is that a Tyrone Henry not in practice (after never realizing his potential in games) is getting more ink than the loss by knee surgery suffered by Madre Hill, last year's money back in the breakthrough season in the SEC.

And we've barely scratched the surface.

Eventually, we will see that Tyrone Henry feels overwhelmed, almost helpless by all the things in his life that are out of control. The enlarged heart doctors' tests have revealed is only part of the deal.

The dominating fact may be that, in the year or two since he finished high school at Rivercrest in Mississippi County, he has encountered great personal pressure and the tragedy of a friend who was shot to death.

Tyrone is way over his head everywhere he turns.

What he faces every day could give a man chest pains.

I used to try to explain to Ken Hatfield in his dealings with wayward athletes that what he considered sinning may not be felt as sin by a true sinner. Such a person might not view a few beers as a ticket to hellfire and damnation.

I can recall the last words of Hatfield's popular, happy-go-lucky Donnie Centers.

When, in his senior year, the elusive little Razorbacks receiver was tagged as the coed pulled up in her Porsche and let him out at the dorm at 6 a.m., Donnie shrugged and said, "Well, it was fun while it lasted."

For him, it lasted three-plus unforgettable years as a player and, well, player.

If Centers was a sinner, and that is for someone else to say, and could handle the ups and down with experience and elan, Tyrone, I suspect, is not.

Tyrone, I feel sure, lives in daily hell.

If football could provide salvation, he's been given every chance to redeem himself. The patience of his coaches, trainers and doctors has been stretched but still not exhausted.

He's not the first Razorback to find himself in such a tangled web.

I recall one who disappeared for a month one summer when he thought he would be shamed by something that happened at his job that actually never proved a problem. It took the late Lon Farrell to find him, bring him back before he could be counted out.

Then, in the old days, there were all those who, upon missing *one* practice, and, knowing the inflexible rule, just disappeared. Practically forever.

Jack the golfer

Jack Crowe tells an Arkansas reporter that he is done with coaching, now that he has been fired by Baylor, too. (Crowe did, however, pay a call on Frank Broyles, who is the major coaching broker in the field, and who holds no grudges.)

If he weren't 45, even if a young 45, I'd suggest to Jack that he take up golf.

At Arkansas, he played no serious golf (not that he ever has) and showed up only for such things as the obligatory charity scramble. Then he'd spend much of his time with a putter over his shoulder, chatting up people.

We played together twice, once at Pinnacle (then Champions). There, we took three hours to cover nine holes, letting everybody go through as we sat in the cart talking about the very entrails of college football and the Razorbacks.

Despite his apparent disinterest, Jack has as natural a power move with his wrists and forearms as a golfer could want. You've got that or you haven't, period. On the seventh hole, one of those par-fives Greg Norman rated "unreachable", the then Arkansas head football coach drilled a driver and a 3-wood to the first cut behind the green (and almost chipped in for an eagle).

He could be good.

Barnhillers

Maybe 60 or more football Razorbacks who played in the John Barnhill era, 1946-49, will return to celebrate their 50th reunion Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, around the SMU game weekend, their keeper of the flame, Harold (Sonney) Henson, reports.

Hall of honor

On that Friday night, Sept. 6, the U of A Sports Hall of Honor will induct a knockout list: Eugene Lambert Sr., 1927-29 football and basketball star, later basketball coach, 1942-49; Preston Carpenter, halfback, 1953-55; Joe Falcon, distance runner, 1984-88; Bob Cheyne, sports information director, 1948-68; Bill Montgomery, quarterback, 1968-70; Nolan Richardson, coach of NCAA basketball champions, 1995; Melody Sye O'Reilly, track, 1985-89; Billy Moore, All-American quarterback, 1960-62; and Barry Switzer, center, 1957-59.

Only two of them, I'd guess, required more than a high school diploma (Cavage) to enter the U of A.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

**Bob Lancaster**

current issue that he has been "thin-skinned." The president and his missus both—"extremely thin-skinned."

There are reasons to belabor this president, to fault his administration of our public affairs, but touchiness isn't one of them. His political hide during the last four years has been about as thin as an elephant's. His stoicism, which he claims to have got from Marcus Aurelius, has been a right smart remarkable.

Surely the most vilified president in history, including even Lincoln, he has groaned publicly maybe a half dozen times in four years about the unrelenting violence to his good name and good intentions. Mostly these were grumbles over the dissing of his wife. And what few complaints he has made have been brief and muted, and he has quickly returned to the stolid pose of allowing the storm to howl about him unremarked.

A couple of times he has subsequently apologized for having said in self-defense perhaps more than he should have, to the detriment of the dignity of his office. He respects the office, if his trashier detractors don't.

President Clinton might be not only the most vilified president but the most vilified person in history. Audiences numbering finally in the billions have heard him called every manner of miscreant that Paul deplored in First Timothy—murderer, whoremonger, sodomite, liar, perjurer, "and whatever else is contrary to sound doctrine." Purveyors of the Mena airport myth picture him as one of the all-time big-time drug pushers. Book writers and tabloid scuzz have him as a traitor, a draft dodger, a seducer, a fop, a defiler of the White House Christmas tree. An investigating committee of a hostile Congress has slimed him repeatedly and persistently, calling him a crook, smearing him with innuendo when it couldn't establish grounds for specific charges, and has loosed an army of investigators to scrutinize every jot and tittle of his pre-presidential life, in the fading hope of turning up a damaging indiscretion somewhere back there if not a felony. Something he once said or did; *anything* that might be creatively construed as defamatory of his character. And unable to turn up any evidence against him, these fearless sleuths punish him vicariously by harrying his friends and associates,

Thin-skinned like an elephant

■ Maybe the dumbest of all the criticism of President Clinton to date is Parade magazine's contention in the

ruining them financially if unable to do so otherwise.

The coincident assault on his wife's reputation has been every bit as frenzied, every bit as unrelenting, every bit as unjust. No First Lady has ever been so maligned. Time magazine's cover had her as a horned demon, a notion the editors thought amusing. And what had she done to earn all the abuse? Well, she's a bitch, everybody knows that. She once had an imaginary conversation with Eleanor Roosevelt. One time she made some money in the commodities market. She can't remember minor details of brief telephone conversations she had with minor

clients of her law firm more than a decade ago. She's said by the disgruntled to be an arragator of the presidential privilege, and by Republican col-

THEY HAVE SUFFERED THESE FOOLS WITH REMARKABLE APLOMB.

umnists, nostalgic for Nixonian treachery, to be a congenital liar. And her response has been to suffer these fools with even more aplomb than the president has shown. Such grace under pressure suggests a number of adjectives, but "thin-skinned" is not one of them.

Consider how many cruel, sleazy allegations and insinuations about the president or his wife, or about both of them, ghouled their way up out of the Vince Foster suicide. A tarter, more outraged response might have been in order, but the Clintons erred if at all on the side of restraint. Thin-skinned they were not.

Here's a personal peeve, a triviality but one that always grates because it's so cheap and vulgar and trashy and small. It's the refusal of these Republican twerps and Christian Righteous phonies to call the president the president. They call him "Bill Clinton," and only Bill Clinton, as if by refusing to pronounce the title they can somehow hold themselves above the intolerable acknowledgment that such a reprehensible creature actually won the office. It's a snotty little gesture of contempt, a smarmy little display of self-righteousness at the expense of the nation's leader. In stark contrast to how this president behaved when he ran against the last one: he always did him the respect of referring to him as President Bush. Just good manners, common courtesy and an inconspicuous indication of respect for the office.

With all the hectoring, the badgering, the crap, with these low-lives constantly yipping at his haunches, through it all the president has presided right along, evenly and cheerfully and well. Domestic affairs, foreign affairs, have never been in better order. Unlikely that a thinner-skinned president could have brought it off.