

1063-90

APR 18 ANS'D

Brian Lamb
C-SPAN
444 North Capitol Street, N.W.
Suite 412
Washington, D.C. 20001

MAR 05 REC'D

15 Feb 90

Dear Mr. Lamb:

You take a lot of crap from some callers. Hang in there.
You're doing all right.

Enclosed is a column that I wrote called: "When Senator Robb
Speaks...." I'm a free-lance, out of the belt-way writer looking
for a home.

If you would like to use this in the C-SPAN Update, you may
have first serial rights in exchange for a copy of the Update in
which it appears. Send it to the address below. While I used to
be a subscriber, I am not currently, since I am traveling.
Please display my copyright with the material.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]

Wahiawa, HI 96786
[REDACTED]

P.S.

I got you into the Washington Journalism Review, Jan/Feb 90, p64.

When Senator Robb Speaks...

As a C-SPAN fan, I must admit there are times when I find myself dozing off. It's not C-SPAN's fault. There ought to be a law that says "at the end of every day the men and women of Congress have to watch a video tape of what they put out on our Nation's airwaves."

Take this example. First, let me say that I have nothing against Senator Robb, or Democrats, or Virginians. I chose this example for one reason. It almost killed me.

Let me explain. It's 4 P.M. I'm lying on the floor soaking up sunshine through the patio window. And to add something meaningful and productive to this moment of bliss, I'm listening to C-SPAN.

C-SPAN is televising the Senate Budget Committee hearings. The witnesses are Defense Secretary Cheney and Chairman Powell of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The hearing has just started and a handful of Senators are making their opening remarks. Opening remarks are pretty drizzly stuff if you've ever heard them.

So with eyes closed, attention paid, totally relaxed, my breathing slows, matching the baritone, dulcet tones of Senator Robb. He begins a commentary on the military operations Panama. He speaks slowly, thoughtfully. I'm breathing at his pace. I exhale as he speaks. I inhale between sentences.

Then he drops this one on me:

I had an opportunity, as both of you did, to view that situation first hand, and as one who had some concerns about the coordination, in particular, and other aspects of the Grenada operation, although supportive of it, and as one who had some concerns about what appeared to be our response in the aftermath of the failed coop that the PDF began on October 3rd, I thought that most of the concerns that had been raised by others, and had been expressed in a variety of different fora, had been clearly addressed, and the operation of our forces in that particular instance, I think, gives us a sense of reassurance about our ability to fulfill the missions, particularly in that area with the special operations forces and others, and as one who is identified with a particular branch of the service, I take tremendous pride in being able to say that I thought all of the services and the coordination were superb, and it's as close to perfection in an operation involving forced entry at night of over 20,000 forces as I think we are likely to get to, so I just wanted to reiterate that publicly.

I thought I had dozed off in the bathtub, and my head was sliding under, and water was filling my nose and mouth, and I abruptly sat erect to suck in a huge gulp of air, but almost swallowed my tongue, and gasping for air and grasping for deleted expletives, but I couldn't speak, and started to cough and cough and cough, and threw my chest out while rolling my head back, and then rolling my eyes back, as I gave one last deep cough and threw my head forward till my tongue hit the back of my front teeth, and I could breathe again. There ought to be a law.

[REDACTED]
WAHIAWA, HI 96786



[REDACTED]
Wahiawa, HI 96786