Media bombardment of Somalia landing mistaken

There isn't a story on this planet worth the life of a soldier. The yowling media dogs kind enough to leave a little room on the Mogadishu beach for a few thousand Marines to come ashore should be sen-tenced to life playing Shemp in had Three Stocges episodes, lucklessly threading through eternity on endless film loops.

film loops. I'm referring to last week's Circus Circus episode in Somalia, when U.S. Navy Scals, and, later, an advance team of U.S. Marines, tried to land quietly on the beaches for reconnais sance purposes. Each team, thinking it was on a se-

Each team, thinking it was on a se-cret mission, went in under cover of darkness only to land and be welcomed by dozens of well-appointed journalists in freshly pressed Eddie Bauter official jungle garb, fring off flashes and fring up those hot jittle lights on top of TV compares

cameras. (It will derail my argument if I allow

ou're probably tired of reading the usual end-of-the-year dia-tribe about how commercializa-tion has ruined Christmas.

OK, so how about this: Santa Claus is a benign agent of Satan.

Now, i'm nowhere near what you'd call a religious man, so this is no hard-core Bible-thumming polemic. But I enjoy drawing attention to irrational behavior. (I once referred to the fans of the atte Fenton Blue Devils as devil

So let's examine the facts. The pur-pose of Christmas is allegedly to cele-brate the birth of Jesus Christ.

It's reasonable then to assume that

anything drawing attention away from the "true" meaning of Christmas can easily benefit Satan.

Enter the eternally cherubic Santa Claus with his list of good and bad children (sounds like the IRS), bag of

worshipers.)

for the fact that military intelligence somehow should have known their ad-vance teams were landing in nests of journalists, so I'll save that for another time.)

time.) Then, of course, came the main land-ing, well-publicized so far in advance that the criminals choking off the Mo-gadishu food lines had enough time to stroll into the hillsides with all their heavy artillery and wait out the invad-ing forces. Even National Public Radio led one Morning Edition broadcast with: "Ma-rines land in Mogadishu — only shots fired wero over the heads of journalists to back them off." I perfectly understand the circum-

to back them off." I perfectly understand the circum-stances that lead to such overkill. Had the media not been diligent in Victnam, we wouldn't know about some of those minor annoyances like My Lai, Agent Orange and soldiers missing in action (then and now). Had the media not been diligent in



its coverage of President Reagan's he-roic, TV Western-style storming of Granada, we wouldn't have known that not only was there no real enemy avail-able to fight, but that the rules of war don't include shooting at unarmed col-lege students who were trying to study. Had the media not been denied ac-cess to almost everything during the Persian Gulf war, we might know more than we do now. However, other than a

daily briefing in an air-conditioned tent in the middle of the nowhere, re-porters in the gulf were kept on such a short leash that they couldn't report anything. They were watching CNN, just like

They were watching CNN, just like we were. And that's the problem. The media are making up for the shabby treatment they got at the hands of an over-protective Army in the Per-sian Gulf. This time, nobody's going to tell them what to do. And they've saving too far in the wrong direction. Cover Operation Re-store Hope? Certainly. Limit media ac-cess? Absolutely not — that's how un-tidy little details stay covered up. Im-plore journalists to use a little common sense? You bet. You know things have gone too far when:

Marines are chugging across the beach at midnight in full gear and wiseguys in Banana Republic outfits

shouldering television cameras are keeping pace. Houses that don't look like they could survive a moderate rain have been crowned with satellite dishes. Journalists heap shame on the despicable, murderous, heavily armed, drugged-out-of-their-minds teenage thugs driving around Mogadishu in Jeeps with machine guns bolted to the "" roof, only to turn around and hire those"

same teens as bodyguards, guides and drivers. The media have hurt themselves on

The media have hart themselves on this one. Next time - hopefully there won't be a next time, but we all know better - someone in the military will want to treat the journalists who cov-ered Somalia as arrant children, and it''. will be hard to argue with them. Philip Sherman is the editor of the West Bloomfield/Lakes Eccentric and has a son who fought in the Persian Guif war. He can be reached at 644-1100, Ext. 264.

toys, flying reindeer and non-union workforce of midgets.

Santa is a fleggelly prescient (how else could he know if your kids have been good or bad?) and possessed io maje powers that enable ibm to do the work of 10 billion more in one night. He can likewise make ordinary reindeer fly, slip into every house in the world through the chimmey (despit ho his obesity) in one night and still have enough spare tilue io eat the milk and cookies you all leave out for him.

And I thought only God was capable of that sort of stuff.

There's only one answer that makes sense if you're religious. Santa Claus is a clever invention of Satan designed to undermine belief in God.

Granted, Santa is a happy fellow; he doesn't get drunk and beat up his wife

Santa's largess draws more attention to Satan than God **RALPH ECHTINAW**

or kill people or rape women or pass slower traffic on the right. His alleged

网 it's reasonable to assume that anything drawing attention away from the 'true' meaning of Christ-mas can easily benefit Sa tan. Enter the eternally cherubic Santa Claus with his list of good and bad children (sounds like the IRS), bag of toys, flying reindeer and non-union workforce of midgets.

mission is one of altruism. He even gave Rudolph a job when no one else would hire him.

However, Santa Claus reputedly brings gifts (i.e., worldly possessions) by the ton to the Earth's children, while Jesus gives them nothing they ean put their hands to. Who's a kid to trust? The friendly guy who gives away toys unconditionally, or the busybody who dictates how life should be lived?

At a time of year when little Chris-tian boys and girls might be learning about the life and times of J.C., we've got them greedily contemplating just what sort of largess will be laid before them on Dec. 25 by that fat old man in a red suit.

No harm done, you might say, be-cause we all learn eventually that San-ta isn't real, but God and Jesus are.

But consider this: Many parents al-

low their kids to believe in not just Santa Claus and God, but the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy, too.

Then at a certain age the kids learn that three of the four are frauds, clever tricks played on them by adults.

Who's to blame the kids then if they also conclude (at least subconsciously) that God is likewise a bogus being con-jured up by adults to keep them in line?

Like I said before, I don't subscribe to the Christian doctrine (or any other religion), but if I did, I wouldn't be shoving a lot of bovine exerement like Sonta Claus down their throats.

Ralph Echtinaw is a county reporter for Observer & Eccentric Newspapers, You may leave a voice mail message for him by dialing 953-2112.

