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The Daily Tar Heel

85th year of editorial freedom

First-class travel a waste

For big-time executives, the three-martini lunch is a luxurious habit. For government bureaucrats, it's first-class passage on the world's airlines that is becoming a habit-forming luxury.

Last spring, the General Accounting Office, which serves as the auditor of the federal bureaucracy, studied the travel practices of five governmental agencies and departments and discovered that 15 percent of all travel was unnecessary. And the House Government Operations Committee determined that approximately \$375 million of the total expenditure for travel was going to waste.

But the government has a history of doing little or nothing to curb its excesses. A proposal passed the Congress in 1975 to cut travel spending by 10 percent, but it was repealed just a few months later after various departments and agencies complained that a mandatory cutback would make their jobs difficult.

It seems ironic that these same agencies, rather than seeking to streamline their travel budgets on their own, have in fact increased spending on plush air passage since then. It is predicted that the federal government will spend nearly \$2.7 billion on travel during this fiscal year — which represents an increase of almost \$1 billion since 1973.

A four-week investigation by United Press International (UPI) highlights where a lot of this \$2.7 billion is going. As an example, UPI recounts a journey to Geneva and Bonn last June by Secretary of Labor F. Ray Marshall and two assistants. They flew first-class and rang up a bill of \$1,484 each. If they had followed federal guidelines, which require that officials fly economy class except in rare cases, they would have saved more than \$400 each.

Marshall has flown first-class in nearly all of his 37 trips this year. And other cabinet members prove to be just as inconsiderate of the taxpayers' money. According to spokespersons, Atty. Gen. Griffin Bell, Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal and Agriculture Secretary Robert S. Bergland usually fly first-class, as does Secretary of Commerce Duanita Kreps.

Other examples abound, and only would serve to substantiate further what already is apparent — the federal government is wasting our money in its own version of the three martini lunch.

Strict legislation is in order here. Like martinis, first-class passage can become a habit — in fact, it looks like our government is on the verge of getting hooked. Swift action by the Congress can shake the departments and agencies before it is too late.

Businessmen pay for their own martinis. But the public picks up the tab for luxurious bureaucrats.

Who watches TV news?

Ever since Marshall McLuhan, the electronic prophet, brought us the "global community," "the medium is the message" and his other cosmic canons of the modern media, the omnipotence of television in society has been axiomatic. For instance, in the sixties researchers rushed off gleefully to prove that television violence is the cause of the tremendous amount of real-life violence, but in most cases they came home empty-handed. In this and other cases, it began to look as if television had unduly assumed mythic proportions in the global village.

Two UNC researchers have done considerably more to strip away that myth. Assistant Prof. Robert Stevenson and journalism graduate student Kathy White set out to deflate Burns Roper's claim that the majority of Americans depend on television for news. Stevenson and White dug through a large body of work on the subject and established that one-third of the population is a more realistic estimate of the number of persons who get their news from TV.

The Roper report was based on the total time television sets were turned on during news shows. Citing studies which used live cameras to monitor actual watching time, the researchers note, "Not surprisingly, the set was playing to an empty living room a good deal of the time."

The UNC report echoes the conclusions of Edwin Diamond in his 1975 book, The Tin Kazoo. "It just may be," Diamond wrote in a campaign post-mortem, "that television is no longer as potent a political tool as the textbook wisdom holds."

Television is not George Orwell's "Big Brother." The hot medium is leaving people cold. Or is the cold medium not so hot anymore? Oh well, McLuhan never made much sense anyway.

Gubernatorial succession--proposed amendment 'larger' than Gov. Hunt

To the editor: Contrary to what Chairman Broadfoot would have you believe in her recent letter ("Succession a 'Hunt' bill," Oct. 17), the proposed succession amendment is not a Hunt bill. The consequences are far larger than Gov. Jim Hunt and the above partisan interpretation. That the amendment would apply to Jim Hunt is irrelevant to the merits of succession.

If a governor knew that he would face the people after four years he could not afford the luxury of ignoring the people's needs. He would have increased leverage with the legislature as he would not be a lame duck upon taking the oath of office. He would be able to gain national recognition as well. But the most important benefit of succession is that the people of North Carolina could vote to retain a governor if they feel he is doing a good job.

The proposed succession amendment is not a referendum on Jim Hunt. It is a means of enabling the people to re-elect or reject a governor. The amendment's passage does not guarantee Gov. Hunt's re-election by any means. It circumvents neither the Democratic primary nor the general election of 1980. But perhaps Chairman Broadfoot would feel differently if Jim Holshouser (who supports the succession amendment) were still governor.

Edward D. Adams 1707 Granville West

To the editor: Ms. Broadfoot's letter serves to prove one of the major points of my previous letter. While outlining some of the major arguments for succession, I noted that N.C. Republicans opposed the amendment solely on the basis of the inclusion of Gov. Jim Hunt.

Ms. Broadfoot provides us with the resolution of the N.C. Republican party which reasons that because no previous succession bill has applied to present governors, this one should not either. The problem is that no previous succession bill, while excluding present officeholders, has reached the voters. Therefore, it appears necessary that the present governor includes himself to at least get the issue to the voters.

Ms. Broadfoot completely ignored the policy arguments made in the DTH article and my previous letter. The purpose of both of these writings was to point out the arguments for and against succession and urge that the fate of the amendment not be determined on one man's popularity. I hope North Carolina voters will be able to do just that on Nov. 8.

Dean Hobbs UNC Law School

'We forget so easily'

To the editor: Many thanks to Jon East for his article. Allen Bakke too young to know Linda

'UNC Goes To London' Summer school abroad 'exceptional experience'

By TOD HUGHES AND BONNIE WATKINS

London: to rock-music lovers, it is where groups such as the Beatles and the Rolling Stones got their starts. To theatre-goers it is the drama capital of the world. To students who participate in the "UNC Goes to London" program, it is an idyllic summer school setting, a chance to earn six hours of course credit and the material from which memories are made.

As the cultural heart of tradition-steeped England, London graciously accepts her responsibility to share her historical riches with tourists. The Beebeaters at the Tower of London entertain hundreds daily with their tales about everything from executions in the Bloody Tower to the legend of the ravens. The British Museum opens its doors to all at no cost, with absorbing exhibits ranging from ancient clocks to Egyptian mummies. In the same way, the National Gallery invites everyone to enjoy the magnificent paintings of Raphael Reynolds, Van Gogh and countless others. Visitors enjoy reasonable prices at the theater, compliments of the British taxpayer. Big Ben steadily and brazenly chimes the hour while the Post Office Tower watches over the whole city. London's most priceless treasures are offered time and again to eager tourists, often with her compliments.

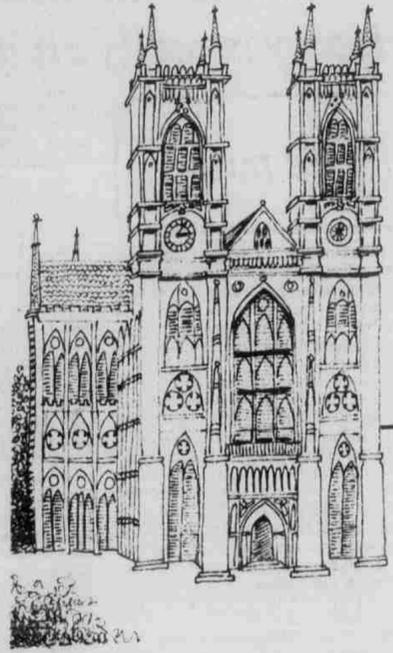
For the past three years, an entourage of about 50 UNC students has reaped the benefits of a summer abroad. Among these benefits are the opportunities afforded by living in a culture different from your own for four weeks, and six hours of credit under the guidance of two of the University's most outstanding and entertaining professors. The courses, English 46 (Studies in Drama) taught by Christopher Armitage and Gerald Unk's Education 41, are so much more

than just another six hours logged, for they utilize the fantastic facilities London provides. Eight plays are included in the price of the trip, and Armitage is careful to choose a wide variety of plays to suit a wide variety of interests, from the Royal Shakespeare Company to contemporary experimental fare. Many students make play-going a regular habit, taking in performances other than those viewed for the course. Education 41 compares the familiar American school system with the unique British system. Unks arranges field trips to a variety of schools, allowing program participants to see the English system in operation.

Group trips to the English countryside also enhance the program. In years past, students have visited Oxford, Stonehenge, Salisbury, Coventry, Blenheim Palace, Birmingham and Stratford-on-Avon. Yet these organized excursions are not so frequent as to become stifling; ample free time allows for exploration of London as well as places of interest outside the city. Afternoons are good for city sightseeing or short trips to such places as Dover, Canterbury, Cambridge, Brighton and Bath. Free Fridays make longer journeys feasible: Scotland, Wales, Ireland and Paris have been favorite weekend destinations in the past.

The summer in London is an exceptional learning experience. The city along the Thames has so much to offer; one month cannot begin to do justice to all there is to see and do. One of the most intriguing aspects of the program is discovering that the country to whom we owe our heritage is so different from our own. George Bernard Shaw once said, "The British and Americans are two people divided by the barrier of a common language." Make that discovery yourself this summer. We're glad we did.

Tod Hughes and Bonnie Watkins were participants in the 1977 "UNC Goes to London" program.



Westminster Abbey

Revelation on the 13th floor

The Angel: An alternative to the Prophet

By RICHARD McMANUS

An angel of the Lord appeared on the 13th floor of The Northampton Apartments and identified itself to a resident of that floor who was on his balcony buffing a pair of shoes with English saddle soap. Addison Mandamit was seated facing northwest in a plastic piece of contortionate patio furniture, working in slow, lathery circles over the shoes he expected to wear that evening to a discussion of the latest works of Basco Eszeki, the Hungarian short story writer. It was a mild October afternoon, and Addison's wife would have said it was perfect tennis weather, but she was off visiting a pregnant relation. Addison was happy to be performing a simple task which both

occupied his hands and freed his mind. On this particular afternoon he was thinking of fun, he was thinking of sun.

The sun was behaving as warmly as could be expected, considering that the earth was turning her disinterested cheek away from it. In this weather bees were going crazy. The sun, though warm, and as dominant a feature of the daytime sky as ever, was not making it hot enough for the insides of bee bodies to function adequately. Bees under these circumstances behave erratically. And one of these insects made it to the 13th floor of the Northampton Apartments.

Addison, as I've said, could be absorbed by the most menial task into a state of blissful abstraction. As a youth he relished newspaper delivery and lawn mowing. On this afternoon he was fondling his shoes and

failed to notice a yellow jacket playing around the lip of his Coke soda. The bee alighted on the top of the can, swooned in the sugar and tumbled into the carbonation, which caused him to retch and void. The bee made special sounds to attract the attention of his mates and would have implored heaven for aid had it been in his power to do so. But the rest of the bees were pursuing their own ritual demises, and God was far off where even the news of a sparrow's death would have been three days in the mail.

Addison reached for the drink, without looking, and drank. He had seen what Coke did to nails when they were left overnight in the can. Had God not wanted us to drink Coke he'd have given us iron stomachs, he mused. By this time the bee was almost killed. Cokish waters had clotted up all of the

ventricles, mandibles and eye pods, the lyric antennae were limp and his hairs were corroded clean off of the body. Death was in the can now.

When Addison looked out toward the highway his eyes perceived such things as bowling alley signs, television transmitter towers, banks and gas stations. He thought of the devil. But he really was looking past an angel that sat upon his balcony railing. This angel, the angel Margo of the 16th Floor, was a member of that legion that could come into physical-intellectual contact with humans after supervising a combination of 175,000 true heartbeats and 34 honest excuses. They had a lot of free time. Thus Margo was bee watching when she appeared on the balcony, shortly after Mandamit had roiled in trivial blasphemy.

"Do not be afraid," said the angel. "Be it done unto thee according to thy will," said Addison who had undergone post-training in order to react with inappropriate gibberish in social situations demanding complete self-control. "Strangers," taught post-ideologue Heinrich Buckmaster, "are likely to be as miserable and timid as you are, so there is no reason to treat them with undue respect. Unless of course they are wealthier than you, or centered, in which case they will either ignore you or cause you to move to the edge." The angel turned a retributive gaze on the folly of man.

"You killed a bee." "You're pretty close to death yourself." "I am an angel." "I am scared." "Shall we dance?" "Of course."

Later, over drinks: "How much longer do you have?" "Ten minutes... call it an eternity." "Well, could you bring the poor thing back to life, then?" "Alright."

The angel disappeared, the bee stung Addison in the ass, and Addison took Valium, cursing God and man.

Richard McManus, a senior, is an English and American Studies major from Little Nut, Md.



letters to the editor

That this present generation of white people would have to suffer for some of the sins of our fathers and mothers is not a new idea. We forget so easily.

Jim Riddle The Community Church

Thanks for support

To the editor: We would like to express a deep and heartfelt thanks to the fans who attended the Carolina-State game in Raleigh this past Saturday. Your tremendous spirit and enthusiasm made our job a great deal easier and proved without a doubt that, in addition to the football team's first-place ranking, the Carolina fans are No. 1 in the ACC.

goes to Sharpe's Formal Wear of University Square and its manager Mr. Sandy Rasnake for the donated use of the "tails." With support like this from area merchants, the Heels will always possess that extra touch of class.

Once again, thank you for caring and for setting an example of school spirit that every other university should follow. We love you!

The 1977-78 Varsity Cheerleaders Male rodents

To the editor: As I walked down the alley towards Granville the other day, a strange sight caught my attention: there was, incredibly, a group of male rodents (I believe of the Frat

Rat species) sitting on benches and holding up numbered cards. All had the general rat-like facial features, but someone had dressed them up in knee-crotch-length khakis (I assume to accommodate their tails), wrinkled white shirts and topsiders. They were trained to hold up numbers as the girls passed — evidently the Frat Rat trainers spend many hours preparing these experiments — but the experiment failed, because, as I was told later, the rats eventually abandoned their game and returned to their natural habitat — the garbage dump.

Phaedra Solon 900 Granville East

'Save our students'

To the editor: Disturbed about the turbulent political situation in West Germany, we feel it our duty to express our concern for the safety of our overseas students, especially Tom Evans, the controversial exchange student from Wisconsin. Herr Evans is currently residing with the Thiele family in Bonn. Many Carolina students have been made aware of Tom's plight through their studies here in the German department. The continuing saga of Tom intrigues us daily. The unfortunate young man, who once enjoyed carefree outings to the Drachenfels, the romantic Rhine, the concert halls and

wine rooms that characterize West German culture, lives now in constant fear. Fear of riots, violent protest and general civil unrest has stifled his creative and intellectual efforts. Is education under such conditions education at all? And more importantly, is Tom Evans alone in his dire straits? Certainly not! The American Embassy has received and made public two pamphlets on the subject. These two informative pamphlets, "Nach dem Ausflug" and "Bundeshauptstadt," lead us to believe that the outlook for all American students in West Germany, while not immediately dangerous, will inevitably worsen.

Clearly, this is a situation to be reckoned with. If concerned, please send your suggestions to: S.O.S. (Save Our Students), c/o 100 Whitehead Dorm. All comments will be appreciated greatly. Also, watch the personal ads in the DTH for announcement of an action meeting.

Signed by 14 students of German

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes contributions and letters to the editor. Letters must be signed, typed on a 60-space line, double-spaced and must be accompanied by a return address. Letters chosen for publication are subject to editing.