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The Daily Tar Heel

86th year of editorial freedom

letters to the editor

Phillipine anti-nuke activist speaks tonight

To the editor: Tonight we will be fortunate enough to have an individual active in the Philippines anti-nuclear power movement speaking on the UNC campus.

- Following are some facts on nuclear power in the Philippines:
• Westinghouse Corp. is selling a \$1.1 billion nuclear plant to the Marcos dictatorship.
• The U.S. export-import bank is lending \$644 million of taxpayers' money to the Marcos regime to fund the project.

The campaign for a Nuclear-Free Philippines is spearheading efforts to pressure the Nuclear Regulatory Commission not to grant the license to Westinghouse.

Nov. 30 will be an international day of protest against the exportation of nuclear technology.

Signed by eight members of ECOS

Outgrown its purpose?

To the editor: Has this University grown so large that it must fall short of fulfilling its major



purpose—providing a quality education, encouraging the pursuit of knowledge and responding to its students' academic needs?

Large classes and the resulting bureaucracy within the classroom have led to deterioration in our educational system.

The first possible type of test is the objective question test, which rarely demonstrates any real thought, only

memorization and a lot of luck. Another possibility is the large lecture essay test. These "subjective" tests are often graded objectively by TAs who are looking only for a few regurgitated facts from the lectures.

A further problem with the "objective" tests is that the questions and answers are often ambiguous and the subject matter covers not the essence of the lectures, but the information covered by one of the TA's discussion groups.

The following are a few possible alternatives to be considered in ameliorating the disincentive problem:
• TAs might teach their own sections

or be given more authority in teaching and grading for the larger sections;

- Professors might encourage individual projects;
• Professors might encourage student input into test drafting;
• Professors might encourage one-to-one contact with students;
• And most important, professors in larger classes might be more willing to correct test errors.

Much time, effort and money are being invested by both professors and students. Why not do things right?
Debbie Gray
A-8 Carolina Apartments

Private aid

Thursday's vote by the Committee on Educational Planning, Policies and Programs of the UNC Board of Governors against a request for more state aid to North Carolina's private college students apparently came as no surprise to anyone.

And it's easy enough to see why Oliver's historical rule of thumb would hold true. While the educational pie provided by the legislature can be assumed to remain more or less the same size relative to the rest of the state's budget, the way it's sliced and distributed might be expected to change somewhat more;

In memoriam

The facts surrounding the 1974 death of Karen Silkwood remain a mystery. Though more spectacular than most, the Silkwood story is but one chapter in the book of unanswered questions regarding nuclear energy and the hazards accompanying it.

Four years ago Silkwood was an employee for the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union and had been investigating alleged violations of safety regulations at a nuclear reactor in Oklahoma.

In memoriam to the former plutonium worker, a nationally observed Karen Silkwood Week has been established through Friday.

While the events leading to Silkwood's death are but speculation, a principle still stands; while arguments differ concerning the degree of risk involved with nuclear reactors, the threat of disaster remains.

The Bottom Line

Hooray for...

Most towns across the country are content with a rather simple sign to identify their community. A Lions Club emblem here, a slogan ("The friendly town") there...but certainly not anything too extravagant.

It's a story that began in 1923, when developers of a subdivision called "Hollywoodland" decided to advertise their investment. They constructed the 13 letters that comprised the area's name—each letter towering 45 feet high, 450 (that's 388,800 point-size) for all you printers out there!

Although the last four letters soon fell by the wayside (an interesting coincidence, when you think about it), "Hollywood" lasted 54 years. When the elements finally took their toll on the world famous logo, citizens of the filmmaking capital of the world were in obvious despair.

A "Save the Hollywood Sign" movement was staged. Construction of the new letters cost \$27,000 each, and financing was aided considerably when rock star Alice Cooper donated a complete sum toward one letter.

The sign's unveiling took place last Saturday evening, accompanied by all the hoopla given to any big-time Hollywood premiere.

With the event came the reaffirmation that Hollywood is truly larger than life.

The Young and Political

Now we've all heard of government of, for and by the people. But thanks to a little-known law passed by the 95th Congress permitting the use of federal buildings for recreational, educational and cultural purposes, the phrase has gained new meaning.

Just ask Celia Ribando and Christine Brim, two sisters taking advantage of the new law. Their brainchild is U.S. Surplus Soap, a political-mystery soap opera series featuring irate secretaries exacting revenge from the congressional bosses.

U.S. Surplus Soap made its debut a few weeks ago in the hallowed halls of the Commerce Department. Every

week another episode unfolds at that or some other government locale.

While the sisters and their acting troupe (six actors described as "professionals looking for a break") aren't getting rich from the \$1.50 admission price, they are getting famous.

The audiences, though small, are composed primarily of bureaucrats on their lunch breaks. And even some of the paper pushers have taken part. For instance, a White House aide was murdered in time to make it back to his desk.

What all of this means we aren't sure. But we hope the bureaucrats aren't paying too much attention. After all, their own scandals take up the working day, but the lunch break, that's sacred.

And that's the Bottom Line.



Riding airwaves with the voices of the night

By REID TUVIM

I miss Pete Franklin. Oh, you know who Pete Franklin is. Unless you've never driven interstates on a winter night with only an AM radio to keep you company.

I used to have that problem a lot. But since my parents now live in Charlotte and I bought my FM converter, those six-and-a-half hour jaunts home to Atlanta with Pete have ceased.

Keep thinking, you'll remember whom he is.

He's that obnoxious SOB from Cleveland who knows every single thing you'd ever want to know about sports—past, present or future. (You're wrong, Statistician Breath.) And he tells you as much.

The only reason you listen to him is because he's on one of those 50,000 watt clear-channel jockies that hardly ever fade out as you cruise past all those two-bit towns with their 500 watt static-laden country music stations. Oh sure, there are other monsters that beam across 38 states and five Canadian provinces, but a lot of them play Top 40 crap. How many times can you listen to "Copacabana" in one night?

I tried the music for a while. But along with the insipid tunes they play, WABC (New York) and WLS (Chicago) feature typically wonderful AM disc jockeys, cute little jingles, "from-Bobby-to-Linda" dedications and darling prepupsents who call in to win the latest giveaway album from K-tel. (Okay, I admit it. I used to call in, too. But only for concert tickets.)

My salvation came one night in South

Carolina on one of those state highways Sears could use in their "backroads of Morocco" commercials. Charlotte's WBT faded into Cleveland's WWVE. ("This is three double-you ee, Cleveland.") And there was the Pete Franklin Sports Call-In Show.

Now do you remember? Come on. He's the guy who cancels school when it snows real hard in Cleveland. When was the last time it didn't snow real hard in Cleveland? The school board doesn't much care for Pete.

But Pete is not the champion of children by any stretch of the imagination. Just listen closely the next time you hear a kiddie call on the toll-free number and ask some stupid question. "Go away, kid. It's past your bedtime." Or his favorite retort: "I'm not a babysitter!" Bzzzt, wrong.

But you travel another 30 or 40 miles, and even Pete begins to disappear. Never fear—you still have alternatives to "Boogie Oogie." There's 24-hour news on New York's WCBS (with horse-race results every hour) and Philly's KYW (KYW News Time, 11:13). Or you can try the CBS Mystery Theater; it's bound to be on some affiliate some where.

Then there's basketball. There's never a shortage once college season cranks up. Even the small-town stations forego the C&W for the hoops. You can pick up the Heels on several North Carolina stations and Kentucky on some giant from Louisville.

But the pros are where you get the interesting announcers. If you want to know what's going on in an Atlanta Hawks' game, don't listen to Skip Carey. But he's the man for commentary on a

player's shooting and dribbling and the refs' calls that you'll find only one other place—with Pete. Skip's by no means a "homer," though. A few years ago, when the Hawks were even worse than usual, Skip used to lament halfway through each third quarter, "Well folks, this one's about over. The only reason I'm still here is because I've got to be."

And then there's Mary Albert, who does the Knicks. Mary's vocabulary centers on the word yes. That's all you hear. "McAdoo from the key...yesssss." For years it was "Frazier from the corner...yesssss." Now it's "Webster's tip...yesssss." Does Mary get tiring? You tell me.

My favorite solution is to go puck hunting. So what if the play-by-play man rapid fires a dozen unknown minor league names at me ("Dub-you oh, dub-you oh, Fort Wayne") or the color

commentator is some French Canadian with an intense Gallic accent ("The sports voice of the South, WSB, Atlanta"). It keeps me awake.

Between the cadence used by seemingly all announcers—every seventh syllable is screamed—and the noisy crowd reacting to every hipcheck...well, have you ever tried sleeping during a hockey game? My only complaints are with the Detroit (WJR) man...who can't pronounce the names of the players, and with the Philadelphia (WCAU) announcer, who abuses every sixth syllable.

If all else fails, there's always God. Literally. Somewhere on the dial is this all-religious station I found once and have vowed never to find again.

'Spose I'm damned forever.
Reid Tuvim is a junior journalism major from Charlotte.

THE Daily Crossword by Sophie Fierman

- ACROSS
1 Impede
5 Payment request word
10 Trickle
14 Timber wolf
15 Zola
16 Particle
17 Fixed quantity
18 In the money
20 Indicate
22 Ushers
23 A Roosevelt
25 Hot time in Nimes
26 Dress protection
29 Taste
31 Borders
35 Catnap
37 Acheson or Rusk
39 Cereal
40 Diving bird
41 Fortification
43 Fraulein's name
44 Writing fluid
45 Against
46 Temper
48 Conquers
50 Beast of burden
52 Hackneyed
53 Possessive
55 A likely story!
57 Shoe material
61 Spanish money
65 Rich
67 Vatican vicinity
68 Feminine suffix
69 "It's a sin to - lie"
70 Eve's garden
71 In order
72 Purpose
73 Admonitory word
24 Jewish language
26 Off-the-cuff
27 Likely
28 Chess pieces
30 Pod item
32 Ms. Meir
33 Artist's stand
34 Metric measure
36 Piscivorous bird
38 Plus
42 Greek letter
43 Showing a loss
45 - crow flies
47 Lethal stingers
49 Certain donations
51 Pilant
54 Cuits
56 Tablelands
57 Fibs
58 Within: comb. form
59 - boy!
60 Ostrich look-alike
62 Commotion
63 Prayer word
64 Dispatched Berry

