

EARLE '79

"Was that your can of shaving lather that exploded?"

OPINION
Seabrook: bad news on both sides

The weekend brawling at the construction site of the nuclear power plant in Seabrook was a noisy, unwise, and unnecessary fiasco that didn't do anything for the reputation of the protesters or the police.

The protesters, in attempting to force their way onto private property in defiance of the law and civilized conduct, gave the anti-nuke movement a black eye.

And the police, in using clubs, Mace, tear gas and fire hoses indiscriminately, did likewise to the law-and-order doctrine of using reasonable force to quell disturbances.

That was not civil disobedience at Seabrook. It was attempted breaking and entering, and the police and National Guardsmen posted inside the fences the protesters sought to breach were justified in resorting to reasonable force to repel them.

But what they did do in many cases went beyond what was needed to protect private property. Too many of them appeared to take the opportunity to wallop or prod protesters with their clubs, to squirt Mace when it was in no way necessary, to shatter gas masks, knock people around with blasts of water from fire hoses, to drag, pull, and push those who did not move fast enough to satisfy them.

Some of those Maced and manhandled happened to be news photographers and reporters who were there not to protest, but to do a job. The credentials they displayed prominently — which had been issued by the New Hampshire National Guard — did not deter some cops from letting them have it.

The tactics used by the police and Guardsmen ought to be investigated by Gov. Gallen of New Hampshire.

Boston Herald American

the small society by Brickman



Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.

10-11 Brickman

THE BATTALION

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LETTERS POLICY

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ANALYSIS Are French execs really deprived, or do they just hide their wealth?

By JACQUELINE GRAPIN
International Writers Service

PARIS — Grumbling is a French national trait, and corporate executives here are no exception to the rule. But despite their complaints, they do well compared to company managers in most other countries.

Not that their incomes match those of big American businessmen, many whom regularly report salaries, bonuses, stock options and other benefits of a million or more dollars per year.

On the average, though, the French are better off than their West German counterparts. And they are far ahead of the British, who are in an underprivileged class.

French executives gripe a good deal, however, because they considered themselves to be caught in a squeeze between pressure from the government and from the labor unions.

They contend on the one hand that the government's freeze on salaries, part of its current drive against inflation, blunts their incentive to work harder. At the same time, they argue, the unions constantly harass them for being overpaid.

One of their major frustrations, though

they cannot express it publicly, is that they cannot easily fatten their incomes through tax dodging, as self-employed professional men do.

Their salaries are relayed directly to authorities, while doctors, lawyers and other professionals make their own declarations. As a consequence, taxes paid by French executives as a group account for more than 40 percent of France's revenues from income taxes.

Executives here also lament the bigger and bigger bites from their paychecks for various social security deductions. But in fact, they are not as hard hit as their colleagues in other countries.

A French executive who earns the equivalent of \$40,000 per year, for example, takes home 76 percent of his wage. An American, in contrast, keeps 73 percent and the benighted British manager only 49 percent.

What the directors of French companies actually make is very difficult to ascertain, since the subject of individual salaries is so secret that even stockholders of a corporation cannot probe its mysteries. There is nothing here like the annual hit parade of top U.S. earners published by Business Week, the American magazine.

This may reflect the Catholic tradition in Latin societies, which somehow regards money as evil. It also mirrors the very real French obsession with privacy, and it certainly stems from a fear of being persecuted by tax collectors.

Nevertheless, experts here estimate that the senior directors of the largest French firms earn between \$165,000 and \$500,000 per year, depending on their rank. For all companies, the range runs from \$45,000 to \$120,000 per year.

The sectors that pay the best are the food, pharmaceutical and steel industries as well as banks and insurance companies. A diploma from one of the great French academies, like Polytechnic, is also a passport to affluence.

The gap between salaries within a company can be dramatic, as are the wage differentials between companies.

A junior executive in a very big corporation, for instance, earns only a tiny fraction of his boss's salary. And a young manager who may be getting only \$25,000 per year in one company could be making five times more performing the same job in a more prosperous firm.

The equalizer in many cases are prerequisites like expense accounts, company

cars, special retirement plans and which are hidden forms of income that have the advantage of eluding authorities.

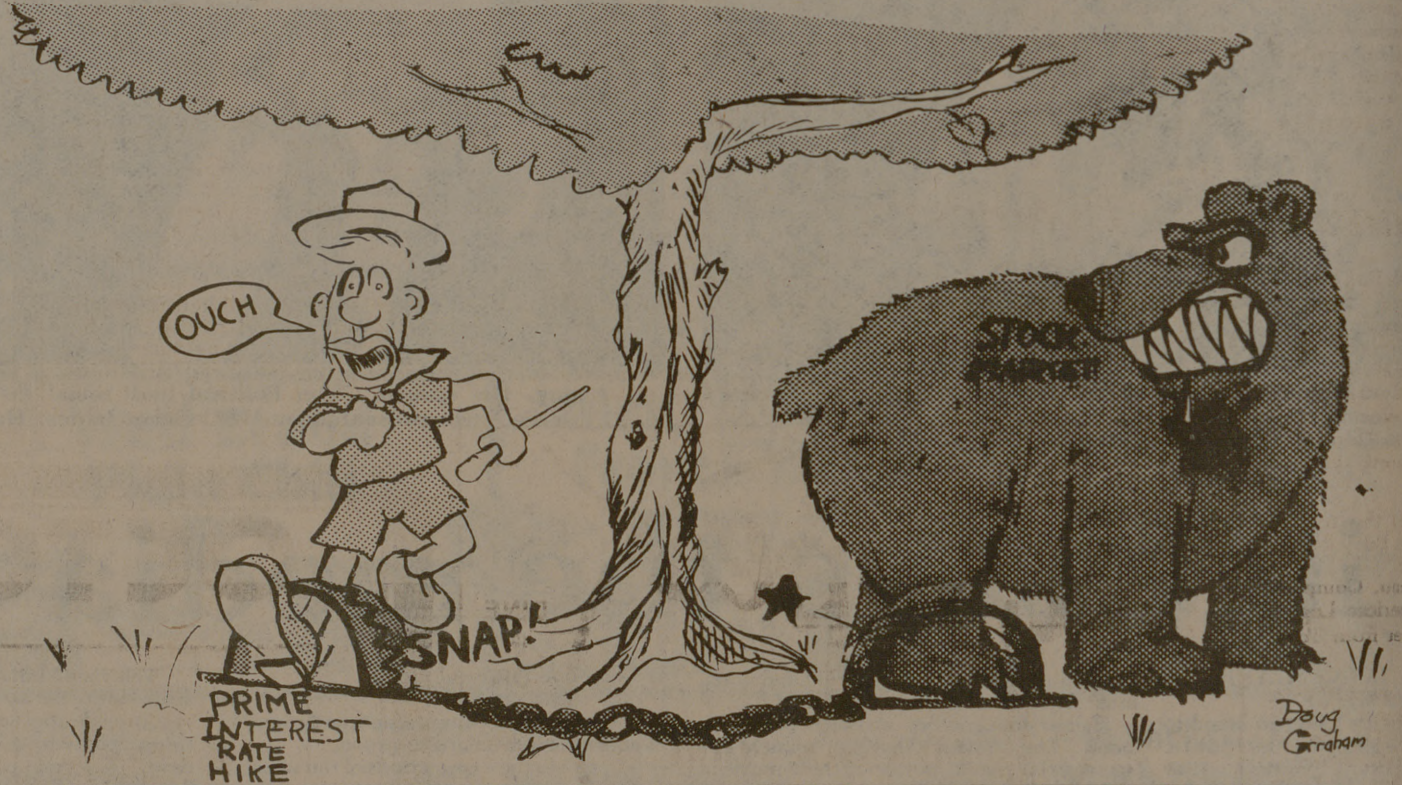
A recent study undertaken by the European subsidiary of the Management Association, for example, shows that more than 60 percent of executives rely on company cars for personal use, a privilege worth nearly \$1,000 per year.

According to the study, a proportion live in homes provided by the firm, and employ servants. Numbers also interest-free loans to buy houses, and other camouflaged vacation bonuses.

With all this, it seems to me that the standard of living is considerably higher than they like to admit — especially in France, where it is in bad taste to talk about wealth.

So many executives here are French in that they are really conforming to the national moan and groan, portray themselves as deprived.

Ms. Grapin writes on economics for Le Monde, the French daily



DICK WEST Let's celebrate the '29 market crash by throwing a Black Tuesday party

By DICK WEST
United Press International

WASHINGTON — On Monday, Oct. 29, America will observe the 50th anniversary of the 1929 "Black Tuesday" stock market crash.

Although the Smithsonian Institution is opening a special exhibit in honor of the occasion, that sort of commemoration doesn't seem quite festive enough. A celebration this momentous calls for a party, and it isn't too early to start making plans.

One of the nice things about having a Black Tuesday party is that you can pay off a good many social obligations with relatively little expense.

Since the '29 Wall Street panic is generally credited with precipitating the Great

Depression, all sorts of bargain rate entertainment possibilities suggest themselves.

For decorations, all you need do is drape the premises with replicas of the famous Variety headline: "Wall Street Lays an Egg."

As for food, Mr. and Mrs. Clever Host and Hostess will want to duplicate as closely as possible one of the famous "soup kitchens" of that era.

For dessert, set up a card table on a simulated street corner and sell apples for a nickel apiece.

For party favors, pass around confetti made out of old ticker tape.

Since 1929 was a prohibition year, serve only 3.2 beer. If your beverage dealer doesn't carry anything that impotent, a

reasonably accurate facsimile can be created by pouring one of the modern "light" beers into a pitcher and mixing it with equal parts of water.

Should any of the guests desire something stronger, require them to "bootleg" their own in hip flasks, or else buy it at a "speakeasy" you have set up in the bathroom, complete with a tub full of gin and a couple of corrupt aldermen.

To add to the fun, make it a costume party.

Male guests can dress in Salvation Army handouts or military uniforms of the type worn by the troops who broke up the "Bonus March" on Washington. Women guests can come as "flappers" with short skirts, rolled-down stockings, bobbed hair and rouged knees.

The most vivid mental picture of Black Tuesday is that of financiers pouring out of brokerage office windows into the stock exchange district. A 52-minute enactment undoubtedly would make grand climax to your party.

If you don't happen to know any Wall Street magnates personally, ask your friends to impersonate them as ruined tycoons. Position them around a piano or refrigerator and have them perform the jazz band you have hired for evening plays "Brother, Can You Squeeze Dime."

If the timing is right, older guests will relive the economic collapse and younger ones will experience vicariously. Either way, a good time had by all.

LETTERS Student says stadium must be safe because builders must follow codes

Editor:

In reference to R. Christian Harris' letter which appeared in Monday's Battalion: We realize you are concerned about the welfare of the spectators at the football game Saturday, but we feel that a few points need to be clarified.

In the first place, H.B. Zachry is an old Ag and he wants Kyle Field finished just as much as we do. Secondly, he is a qualified engineer and would not be where he is today if he built faulty structures. And more importantly, Zachry does not control the weather and he's doing the best he can given the circumstances.

As for Coach Bellard, that matter is irrelevant to the renovation of Kyle Field. Stress in people and stress in buildings are incomparable. Granted there will be a remarkable amount of stress on the columns of Kyle Field; however, builders are subject to federal building regulations and safety codes, and competent persons are in charge of the renovation.

In closing, nobody is forcing you to attend the game. You are welcome to sit at home and listen to the game on the radio. — Autumn Brown, '80

Dirkson. This man spent nine years in the military, witnessing the gruesomeness of battle. But he lost his tolerance to adversity and threw up after witnessing, right before his very eyes, the reluctance of an administrator to display weapons in the MSC. Well, Joe, I hope you're feeling better now. And if it's any consolation, I think you had a good point buried somewhere in your outburst.

But if you're going to criticize war, and killing, and guns, you can't brag about

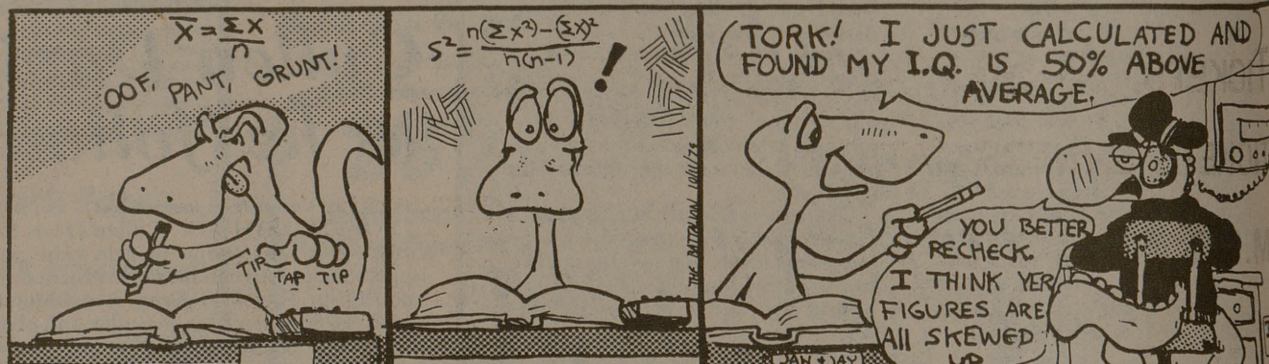
them at the same time. You mockingly say that the "little tin soldiers" here are "afraid of big bad guns," but you seem to abhor the violence associated with them. Well, I wish more people weren't so damned casual about big guns and nuclear missiles — national leaders and terrorists included.

So the MSC was dedicated to the bravery of Aggies who died in war, but doesn't condone pride in weapons or war itself. There is an admittedly fine line of distinction, but I think it should be emphasized

whenever possible.

In agreeing with your point, I merely differ with your methods. I feel that people should be more concerned with the utter horror of organized murder. But don't publicize, as you say, "the little toys of war." Publicizing tragedy, the pain, and the loss of what that was loved very much at home had the unfortunate opportunity to have wasn't afraid of big guns. — Kyle Scarborough

THOTZ



by Doug Graham

You can't do both

Editor: This letter is in reference to that of Joe