

"That does it, Leonid ... you turkeys just blew your Pepsi franchise ..."

OPINION

U.S. proud of hockey team

By now, everyone's probably sick of hearing about the United States winning a gold medal in ice hockey. I'm not.

I'm not an outwardly patriotic person. I don't always sing the national anthem before football or basketball games. I don't even know the second verse to "God Bless America." I'm not thrilled over the possibility that I might be drafted and sent to the Middle East.

Still, I can honestly say that I'm proud to be an American. Maybe it's for a silly reason — winning a few hockey games — but I got goose bumps when I saw the awards ceremony Sunday. I felt a smile forming on my face when the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and the flag was hoisted high in the Olympic Arena.

I don't even like ice hockey, but I watched all of the games religiously.

I get the feeling that I'm not the only one who felt this way. Ice hockey was the hot topic all over town. There were people talking hockey strategy who have never understood the game. One conversation in a supermarket check-out line went like this:

Old Woman: I just couldn't believe that icing call in the third period, could you?

Older Woman: Neither could I.

Old Woman: What is 'icing', anyway?

Despite an apparent lack of knowledge about the game, Americans have stood behind their team.

Winning the gold medal served as a catharsis for America. After the frustrations of inflation, the Abscam scandal, and the troubles in Afghanistan and Iran, beating the rest of the world — and especially the Soviet Union — in ice hockey is something to be proud of.

— Roy Bragg

the small society

by Brickman



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THE BATTALION

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VIEWPOINT

THE BATTALION
TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY

TUESDAY
FEBRUARY 26, 1980

New 'dukes' of England are insurance, realty, banking firms

By GODFREY HOGSDON

A generation ago, much of Britain's lovely countryside belonged to aristocratic families who had inherited large land holdings and to wealthy businessmen who had bought vast tracts in hopes of imitating the aristocrats. But now, huge rural domains here are being acquired by a breed known as the "new dukes."

These modern nobles are neither old gentry nor rich industrialists, but insurance companies, real estate syndicates and other financial institutions.

Among the biggest investors in agricultural property are labor union pension funds. So the leaders of the proletariat, some quite left-wing in their views, have ironically become the landlords they regularly denounce in their speeches.

In addition to reversing British social history, this trend toward impersonal land acquisition is having another significant effect. It is driving real estate values up to giddy heights, and thus contributing to inflation.

An example of soaring prices is illustrated in a transaction that took place last year, when the Prudential Assurance Company, the biggest insurance firm in Britain, bought a 16,000-acre estate in Herefordshire, a beautiful county of productive

farms set among the rolling hills and valleys of the border between England and Wales.

Prudential paid the equivalent of \$45 million for the estate — more than 10 times the price paid in 1961 by its previous owner, the late Sir Charles Clore, a shipbuilding, manufacturing and merchandising magnate.

This property is only one of Prudential's more than 80 estates, each of which once supported a lord or baronet. These holdings, which stretch from the Scottish highlands to the Romney marshes on the English channel, consist of 100,000 acres worth at least \$200 million.

Although, the "new dukes" own some 550,000 acres of rural real estate, and they are adding to these holdings at the rate of 50,000 acres per year. By way of comparison, they royal family's properties amount to little more than 400,000 acres.

The Church of England still possesses about 170,000 acres, roughly the same owned by the Oxford and Cambridge colleges, whose endowments date back to the Middle Ages.

It could be argued that the new institutional landlords, who represent number of workers and holders of insurance policies, are turning the clock back to the days when

Britain was mainly an agricultural society of small property-owners.

Over the years, land became more and more concentrated in fewer hands as poor farmers, forced to sell their holdings, became tenants.

By the 19th century, an enormous proportion of Britain's property belonged to a few thousand landowners, who rented parcels to farmers and lived in ease in their great country houses or London mansions. At the top of this social and economic pyramid were a couple of dozen multimillionaire dukes.

Many of these nobles have been wiped out by high taxes and death duties. But many survived handsomely by turning to sophisticated farming methods, smart tax shelters and other devices.

The Marlboroughs, the family that spawned Winston Churchill, still run an Oxford estate worth millions. The Duke of Bedford started a fun fair and a zoo for tourists at his country seat at Woburn.

But just as the best of the old aristocrats felt a responsibility toward their tenants, so the "new dukes" are behaving conscientiously on their properties. Many of their agents, indeed, are the scions of traditional landed families.

In general, therefore, tenant farmers here seem to accept their institutional landlords with equanimity. The agricultural community as a whole, however, is unhappy with the changing pattern of ownership.

Its main complaint is that, by buying rural property at almost any price, the companies and pension funds are causing an upward spiral in land values, thus making it difficult for individual farmers to buy real estate. Between 1976 and 1978, according to one government report, an acre shot up from \$2,300 to \$4,200.

Even so, property values here are lower than those in Holland, Denmark and West Germany, where an acre of farmland sells for \$6,000 or more. Dutch farmers, in fact, have been buying rural real estate in Britain.

On balance, though, the shift in land ownership away from the old aristocrats and rich businessmen to the large institutions is salutary.

The estates are being managed well by professionals. And besides, the program indirectly being returned to the people who possess a share of the land through their insurance policies, pension funds and other investments.

International Writers Service



New pesticide has vermin squirmin'

Insects 'bugged' by heart problem

By DICK WEST

United Press International
Mankind's ceaseless quest for better pest control may be about to take another quantum jump at the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

The department's Science and Education Administration has just announced a \$53,000 research program to develop more information about chitins.

No, honey chile, not chitterlings. Chitins. When we southerners pronounce chitterlings as "chitlins" they may sound something like chitlins, but they definitely aren't the same things.

Chitterlings, or chitlins, are dealt with in another recent Agriculture Department press release. It reported that well, there is

just no way to explain this in polite company.

Let's just say point-blank that chitterlings are pig intestines prepared as food and that a recent study found this traditional Dixie delicacy was more nutritious than pig ears, pig tails and hog maws. There!

Chitins, on the other hand, you wouldn't want to eat no matter how nutritious. Not even southern fried.

Chitin, according to the Agriculture Department, is the major component of an insect's tough outer covering. Let us examine how it fits in with the epic struggle of man against bug.

The modern epoch may be said to have begun with the discovery that many chemical pesticides, such as DDT, were doing

in man as well as bug. That led to the search for more, ah, subtle method of insect control.

The modern approach, then, is not to slay bugs outright, flyswatter-style, but to set Mother Nature to work against them.

First came sterilization — rendering bugs impotent by radiation, the theory being that an insect incapable of reproduction was as good as dead, and maybe better.

Then came "juvabione" — a substance extracted from balsam fir trees. Although not fatal, juvabione was found to keep oox elder bugs and certain other insects from developing into adults.

In other words, and in keeping with the indirect technique, it left insects alive but stunted their growth.

And so it went. Triumph after triumph. Which brings us back to chitlins.

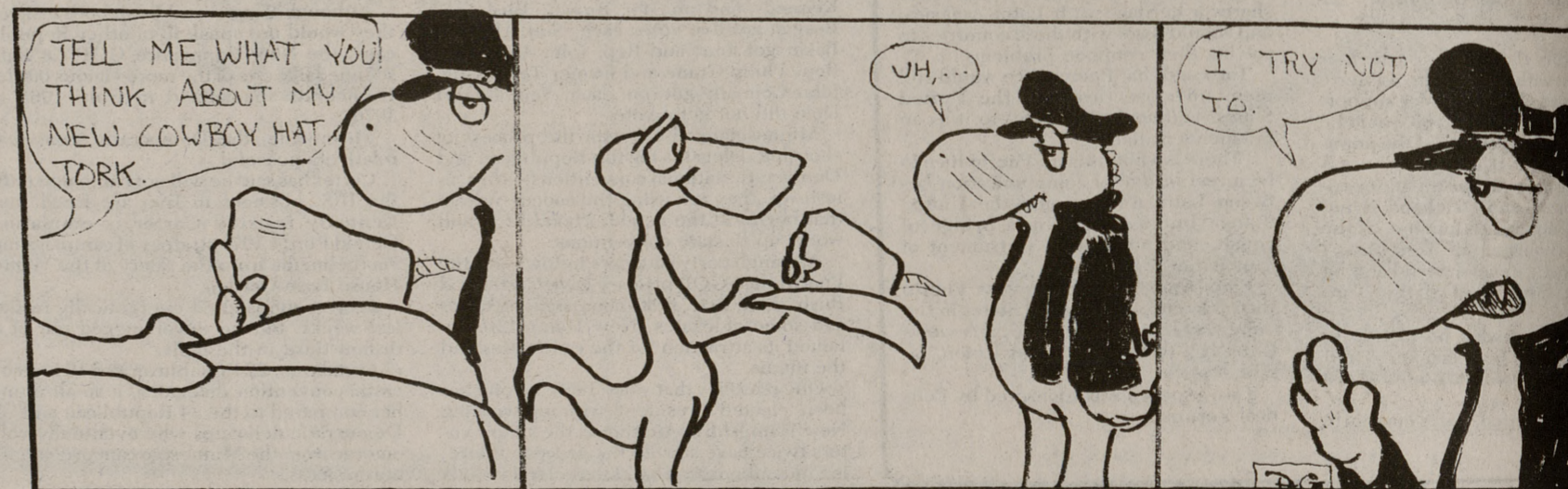
In the study being underwritten by USDA, scientists will examine the covering of insects to see how they formed. Then they will try to produce synthetically and to develop supporting materials.

The idea is to curtail the development of a bug's protecting covering, thus exposing to the harsh elements, predators and other of life's rigors.

Which brings us back to chitterlings. Although more nutritious, chitterlings were reported to have much higher cholesterol and about twice as much cholesterol as pig ears. Terein, perhaps, lies the ultimate indirect pesticide.

It doesn't kill bugs, but obesity and clogged arteries make them prime candidates for heart attacks.

THOTZ



By Doug Graham