

Not fading
away at all

It might come as a disappointment to some of Nixon's cronies and admirers, but former Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox refuses to make like an old soldier and just fade away.

Cox has admitted that he was indiscreet in accidentally leaking information about possible White House involvement in the ITT affair. A high-ranking official has been quoted as saying that the documents involved do not implicate the President in this scandal. But former presidential aide Charles Colson, told the Watergate committee another story last August. He said the secret documents would "directly involve the President" in the scandal.

Once again, enter Cox. He has said that if Nixon appoints a special prosecutor, he might not have the

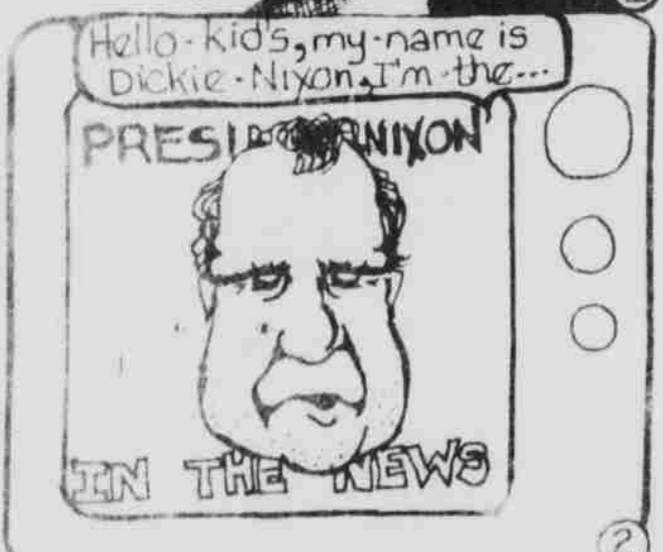
authority to dig into anything but the Watergate burglary and the cover-up of it. Cox bases his opinion on a presidential statement that the prosecutor "would look into the Watergate matter." Cox believes that might mean a limitation on the prosecutor's authority.

All these things, the possible broadening of the probe to include the ITT affair, the possible limitation of the soon to be named special prosecutor, and the now well known pressure on Cox, point toward the need for a new special prosecutor independent of the President.

Congress must act to appoint such a person if the public is to know the full story of Watergate.

Michael (O.J.) Nelson

Contemporary cartoons offer drivel, not fun



Remember when Saturday morning shows were fun...?



Saturday morning television probably should be viewed from beginning to end, from the test pattern to *American Bandstand*. But *Sunrise Semester* is sometimes just too esoteric and at 11 a.m., when the *Saturday Superstar Movie* appears, cartoons seem a little stale. Besides, the real action is in the middle of the morning, between *Bugs Bunny* and *Josie and the Pussycats*.

Bugs Bunny's show is as it has been for years, with Bugs, Daffy Duck, Yosemite Sam and that amazing sheepdog, Whichwaydidhego. It's so much like it's always been, it may have been an ancient rerun.

Something ought to be said here about dates of movies and TV shows. Unless one is a Latin scholar, able to read long rows of Roman numerals in the space of seconds, the date may as well be omitted. Why not 1969 in place of MDLXIX?

keith landgren

desperate remedies

At 7:30 a.m. the networks begin a long series of cliches, poor puns and stock characters. Some channel switching is required, and a remote control might be handy, but it's possible to watch the same show for three and a half hours.

Bailey's Comets, *Scoby Do*, *Where Are You?*, *Butch Cassidy*, *Speed Buggy*, *Mission: Magic* and *Josie and the Pussycats* have a lot in common with each other, especially everything.

In each of them there's a dumb blond, an evil scheming brunette, a muscular, intelligent male star who does all the work and a klutzy sidekick. Often there's an animal prodigy in *Butch Cassidy* it's Elvis the dog. In *Josie* it's Sylvester the cat.

The networks should be excused for much of the programming on Saturdays, because it's generally an over-response to the criticism aimed at children's programming in the national media.

No one gets killed in the new wave of programs. No one even gets injured. The heroes deal with timely topics like air pollution and some previously ill-treated groups make an appearance. The *Bugs Bunny Show* is the only old-style cartoon left on Saturdays and it's at seven in the morning, out of reach of most children.

But the violence of the Popeye-Road Runner-Daffy Duck crowd has been replaced by drivel. *Butch Cassidy* is the leader of a rock and roll band named, naturally, the Sun Dance Kids.

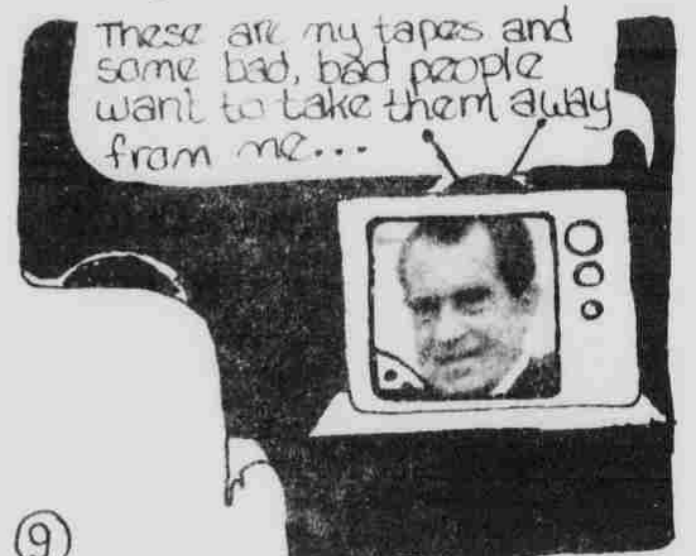
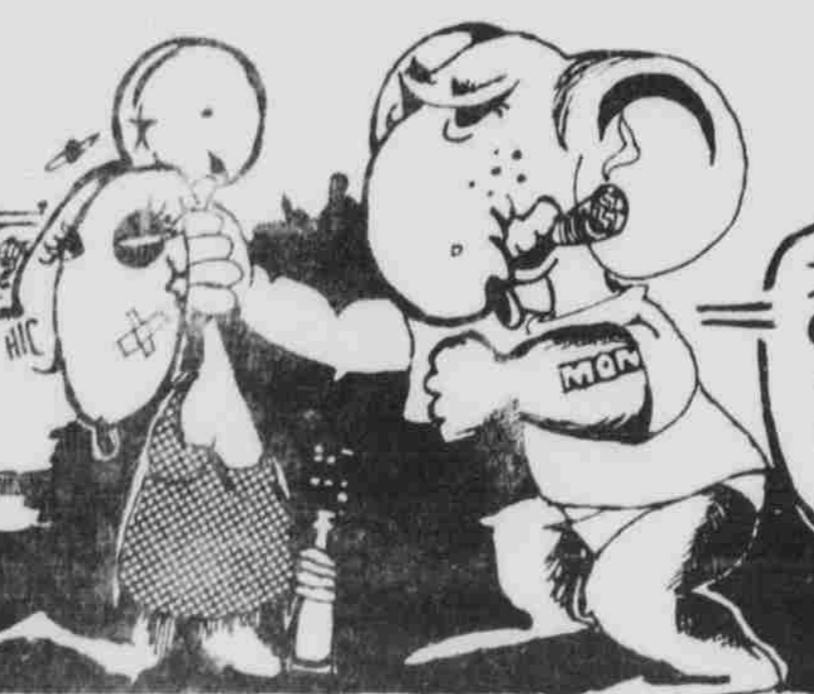
Bailey's Comets is a roller derby team on an endless quest for a "clue" which only tells them where to go for another clue. They find two clues a morning, no more, no less.

The inhabitants of the *Speed Buggy*, a talking dune buggy, do battle with villains like Goldfever.

Josie and the Pussycats, the oldest of the genre, is about an all-woman rock band who run across mysteries in their travels. One of the few blacks on Saturday mornings is a member of the *Pussycats* but she doesn't do much, oddly.

This group of shows thoroughly dominates TV on Saturday morning, so that *In the News*, with headlines about the terrible things going on in the world, seems like a breath of fresh air.

Although it is possible to watch the same show for three and a half hours, it's not a good idea. The *Saturday Superstar Movie*, featuring the *Mini-Munsters*, might have been terrific but after watching *Josie and the Pussycats* all morning, who cares?



So now what do you see and hear on Saturday mornings?

