

THE CHOMICLE

Gnusfile

Too nuked to puke: A White House official reported Sunday night that the USSR has launched a full scale nuclear attack. When asked if the U.S. would retaliate, he said President Reagan had not yet been awakened for consultation. "The man is 73 years old and senile," the official said. "It's all we can do to get him up long enough to sign presidential fitness awards. We just hope we can keep up this ruse long enough to get reelected. Please do not print what I just said." See page 17.

UNC frat 'blowout': A tornado that swept through North Carolina, killing 44 and seriously injuring over 800, was just a "fraternity pledge task prank," according to administrative officials at UNC-Chapel Hill. When asked if the incident would cause the University to disband the fraternity, Dean of Deans Dean Smith said, "I don't want to talk about that. I just want to talk about my seniors. Boo hoo hoo."

Fleece takes 'train': New accusations have fallen on Edwin Fleece, currently under scrutiny for shady deals that may cost him the Attorney General's job. A special investigator is looking into three charges: first that he hired Lee Harvey Oswald to shoot Democratic President John F. Kennedy; second that he was in 1982 involved with the alleged fraternity gang rape at Duke University; and third that he once "shot the bird" at Speaker of the House Pork Tips O'Heel. See whatever page you want to. We're flexible, man.

Inside

Free press or Tahiti?: We had this great story listing all the professors whose A's could be bought - with a list of prices, three simple risk-free steps to stealing IBM personal computers from the North building and seven of the best stalls in Perkins for collecting "for a good time call" numbers. It was accompanied by a photo of someone in an avuncularly compromising position. But don't look for any of it in this issue, everyone has his price and the Caribbean is beautiful during finals.

COMING TOMORROW:

PINK

AND

BLUE

PREPS AT DUKE

The Chomicle, following its tradition of unfairly singling out and stereotyping groups, focuses on the L.L. Bean set in a 69-part series. Students explain the significance of ducks, faculty comment on the social meaning of button-down collars and administrators reveal that a "preppiness" quotient partly determines an applicant's admission chances. And, Muffy, it all starts tomorrow.

Hospital caves into sinkhole

By KAY MILLER
Duke Views Service

Minnie Farmer was walking her dog yesterday afternoon behind Duke Hospital South when the pavement collapsed, sending Fluffy plummeting 100 feet into a dark abyss.

"She was such a cute dog," said Farmer of Fluffy, a cocker spaniel that always wore a red ribbon on her head.

Fluffy, though, wasn't the only dog hurt in the accident. Two others - a German shepherd named Ralph and a Pekinese that answered to Boopsy - also perished. In addition, about 4,000 patients, administrators and employees died when Duke Hospital plunged into the gigantic pothole on Flowers Drive. The mishap, which observers called "the most terrible thing to happen to Duke since Greg Went to Detroit," caused an estimated \$5 billion in damages.

"I'm not sure how we'll recoup the loss in equipment," said William Anygland, Herr Chancellor for unhealthy affairs, "and - oh yes - it's regrettable that all those people died too."

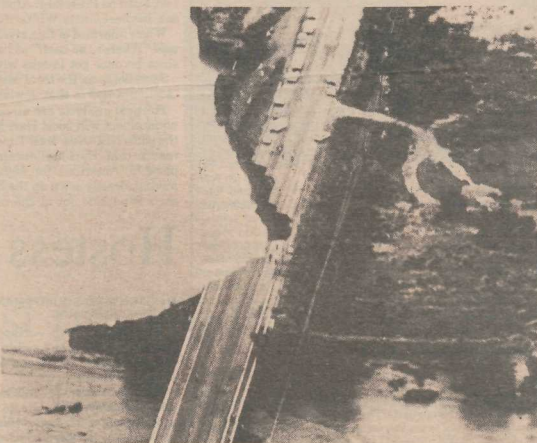
Last night, by the light of a brilliant full moon, rescue workers directed by Anygland searched through the wreckage for salvageable equipment. They also placed corpses in body bags when they happened upon them.

Families of the approximately 4,000 people and the owners of three dogs immediately filed suit against the University, each for about \$1 million. University Counsel Ronald McDonald, reached at his home last night, said 4,003 times: "No comment."

McDonald said the cases would probably go to trial and that if Duke did not agree with the verdict, the University would appeal until it got "the right decision or hell froze over, whichever comes first."

In a related matter, the Board of Trustees met in special session last night to discuss a possible tuition hike. "I would expect it would be somewhere in the neighborhood of 200 - I mean 20 - percent," said "Big Wheel" Williams, trustee chairman.

In the aftermath of the hospital's disappearance, University officials tried to trace



GRANDMASTER FLASHCUBE/THE CHOMICLE

The Flowers Drive sinkhole swallowed the Hospital yesterday, which is kind of a drag for all the poor people who died in the accident.

its cause. "I'm not sure what caused it," said University Architect Ricky Nelson. "I'm not sure why the sun rises. I'm not sure why I became an architect. I'm uncertain why I have this job. I'm not sure what I'm saying."

Duke geology professor Hott Rocks reiterated his claim that the construction of the pond in Sarah D. Puke Gardens caused the ground to buckle, leading to the debacle. "I'm not sure. I'm not sure," Nelson responded.

In a possibly related incident, water from the pond seeped through to the pothole making recovery of valuable equipment difficult and flooded the Gardens, ruining some perfectly good plants and drowning two unidentified students found naked in a compromising position in the process.

"They came," said Duke public safety director Paul Dumbass, "and then they went." The Gardens were immediately renamed the Sarah D. Puke Reflecting Pool.

Repairs on the hole will begin as soon as possible. Contractors from the companies that built the Suez and Panama Canals will arrive on campus today. The project will cost approximately \$100 million.

The hole, which began forming in January, is now more than a mile long and one-fourth mile in diameter, or just about the size of the largest craters on the moon. It had caved in the north-bound lane of Flowers Drive and a parking lane and now it has consumed part of the hospital. And, it also ate Fluffy, causing despondency in Minnie Farmer.

Hey Mickey!

Central Campus to be turned into Magic Kingdom

By HILARIOUS SCARF

Plans for the \$250 million Central Campus Magic Kingdom Proposal are near completion, according to Joe Pietropagooli, the assistant University business manager.

"Students who delight in taking 'Mickey Mouse' classes will now be able to live in his neighborhood," quipped Pietropagooli, as he donned felt ears. "We don't even need to replicate Cinderella's castle - we have that monstrosity on West Campus you can see for miles around."

Pietropagooli said the project's architectural style will be, as on Duke's West Campus, "fake gothic, with wear-away stone to make it look authentic."

The plan includes a multi-purpose building, a convenience store, a warehouse, Mr. Toad's Wild Ride, a pub, Space Mountain, another pub, a pool and hall, a speakeasy, two bathrooms and a large marble-covered building of unspecified purpose with Pietropagooli's name on the mailbox.



MR. ROGERS/THE CHOMICLE

The first structures for the new Central Campus Magic Kingdom have been erected.

"The omni-purpose building will be used for everything and its brother," Pietropagooli said. "We hope students will

go there to socialize, study, play basketball, run marathons, sing Gregorian chants, practice silly walks, eat tofu, perform strange unnatural acts, quote Kennedy, get psyched, play hackey-sack, tweak each other's noses and generally be crazy college kids."

The location of the pool has been moved from a lot on central campus to the Duke Gardens. "Well, we kinda already have one started," said Al Gionfriddo, director of facility planning. "We've had some problems with [the move] - Everyone in the hospital administration is really up for having a beachfront view."

Duke Views Service spokesman Bendthuh Waters said the pond in the gardens has been misunderstood from the beginning. "It's all been part of the Kingdom Project - it's an emulation of Disney's seven seas lagoon. The press keeps calling it a sinkhole - well it's not. Hey, we planned this way all the time. Lay off!"

World & National

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April 1, 1984

THE CHOMICLE

Associate news editor Don Ho
 Assistant news editor Name withheld
 Assistant edit page editor Rupert Murdoch
 Harold Evans
 Assistant feature editor A big fat guy Named Waldo
 Assistant sports editor Captain Lou Albano
 Copy editors Hugh Beaumont
 Jerry Mathers
 Associate photo editor Jimmy Olson
 Day photographer Ugly George
 Desk Mahogany or Oak
 Night editor Yoko Oh Noi
 Watchdogs Benji and Toto
 Wire editor Dion and The Belmonts
 Advertising production Odd Jones
 Composition Della Reese
 Connie Mack
 Paste-up Ellen "Ms. Congeniality" No doze
 Ronald Reagansburg

Corrections? Not.

Questions or complaints about a story that has appeared in the Chomicle? Tough darts. The staff has decided that inconsistencies are not in the way we write, but in the way you read.

Hart to use God-given name

By JACK N. DIANE
 N.Y. Crimes Gnu Service

THE HEARTLAND — "I've made it big enough now so that I can go back to using my real name for the rest of the campaign," said Democratic Presidential hopeful Gary Hart in a surprise announcement last night. "From now on refer to me as Gary Hart-Mellencamp."

"It's time I stopped being an American Fool," Hart-Mellencamp said in a prepared statement, or, what he called a "prepared ditty." "People were criticizing me and some of the insults hurt so good. But now I realize, Uh-huh, that I have to reach people, and more people, for if I do, I can be President. Ain't that America, something to see, baybee, little White Houses for you and me!"

When informed of this, rival candidate Walter Mundane said "Where's the beef?" as he has said to everything else since he once got laughs with it three weeks ago.

Jesse Jerkson, the third man in the three-man race, said, "Mellencamp? Is that Jewish?"

Political analysts are already forecasting that this announcement will boost Hart-Mellencamp tremendously in the polls. NBC-New York Times pollsters said, "This should insure that Hart-Mellencamp gets the votes from the powerful American Top 40/AM radio bloc. With Jerkson having already sewn up the Disco/R & B vote, this could leave Mundane out in the cold."



YO' MAMA/THE CHOMICLE

Democratic Presidential candidate Gary Hart-Mellencamp addresses reporters with his key advisors outside of his campaign headquarters "somewhere in the Heartland."

Hart-Mellencamp said he would wait and see, and if this announcement helped him enough, he would go back to his real age before the next primary, and if that works, he would start liking his wife again before the convention.

"After all, me and my wife were just two American kids growin' up in the heartland," Hart-Mellencamp said.

Hostess HoHo's abduct Happy

By BARNYARD SQUIRTSMAN
 N.Y. Crimes News Service

HOHOVILLE, Ho. — Happy the HoHo, spokesman for Hostess HoHos, was forcibly seized Friday and sealed into a dual snack pack by an angry mob of his peers, according to a Hostess official.

"He was sealed for freshness," said Number 123, Lot 45678, leader of the HoHo Liberation Front. "He was always such a wise guy. Happy wasn't a bit better than any of us — he was picked entirely at random."

It was Happy's wild life style that turned off some

members of the Front, according to Number 78, Lot 98985. "He had his Limousine, he had his fancy cape — and he knew he could pick up any Little Debbie in town."

"It's just another case of the privileged minority feeding off the broken dreams of the majority," said 123.

Production and packaging of HoHos has been cut short by the incident. In a letter to Hostess president Insulin Overdrive, the Front demanded "A land of our own, a place to safely raise our children and a right to be more than a number."

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Campus

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April 1, 1984

Today

J.B. Fuqua speaks on the benefits of endowing a university. J.B. Fuqua Hall, J.B. Fuqua School of Business, 3 p.m.

Dishonor council conference, "Virtues of plagiarism in the University," in the section, 8:03 p.m.

Tuesday

Genetics colloquium, "After Michael Jackson — What?," presented by hormone analyst Fabian, 2002 Duke Hospital North, noon.

Get-Those-Bucks-From-Gullible-Alumni Telethon, Finch-Yeager building, Wallace Wade stadium, 7-10 p.m.

Office of Continuing Education Counseling Service, "What Do I Do When You Give Me What I Want," Bishops House, Least Campus, 7:30 p.m.

Freewater film, "Classic Sub-titles on White Linen Tablecloths," Bryan Center film theater, 7:30 and 9 p.m.

Professional wrestling, Duke vs. The Legion of Doom, Dorton Arena, Raleigh, 8 p.m.

We made a boo-boo

In Friday's editions, The Chomicle maliciously and without cause misquoted Greg Napalm, president of the College Republicans. He did not say: "I think we should exterminate blacks, Jews, financial aid recipients and all other scum." Rather, he said: "I think we should question and always demand explanations from the government on such issues as civil rights statutes and financial aid."

Also, Napalm has never been a member of the John Birch Society, the Ku Klux Klan or the Hitler Youth, as stated in the article, though he does have Aryan features and has been seen with a white cloak.

The Chomicle does not regret the errors. We just do this to avoid a costly lawsuit.

ASSDUDU does nothing again

By A FIRST-TIME REPORTER

PRELAWVILLE — In its weekly meeting Sunday night, ASSDUDU, as usual, spent over two hours debating absolutely nothing of interest or importance.

"Point of personal privilege," said David Cranius, vice president at-enlarged head. Alleggs Perished, speaker of the legislature, argued, saying, "You're out of order. Any opposing debate?"

Tina Frogbrain, legislative representative for second-floor Trent Hall, said, "I'd like to say something in support of the bill." Several seniors, who all joined ASSDUDU this year in desperation attempts to get into law school, pelted her on the back of the neck with agenda spitballs. "If you'd come to even one other meeting before, like I have," remarked one, "you'd know what was going on as well as anybody else in here."

In other business, ASSDUDU unanimously recommended placing an electronic message board over the Chapel's altar. "Church goes can save their souls and find out about ASSDUDU functions at the same time," said Mike Barf, author of the bill. "I might add that last week's recommendation to place a board in every dorm room, along with a two-way camera, is moving smoothly through the University administration."

"Bill [Crouton] and I hope this will cut down even further on infractions of state statutes about those nasty crimes against nature," he added.

Noting the success of its financial aid lobbying effort in Washington last week, the legislature voted to send itself to the Riviera to protest semi-nude sunbathing.



ALLAN FUNT/THE CHOMICLE

We tried to get an action shot at last night's ASSDUDU meeting but there was no action, so here is a head shot of some peon legislator.

After 22 weeks, debate almost ended about how the sign over the ride/rider board in the Bryan Center should read. See USELESS on page 5

Capitalist pig speaks; yaawn!

By DUKE SNOOZE SERVICE

"I'm only here because they want me to give money, but I'm going to bore you anyway," said Ignorant Moneybags, speaking to an audience of half-crooked public policy professors and brown-nosing students in the Bryan Center Film Theater on Wednesday.

"I'm especially looking forward to leering down the dresses of rich young girls at Joel Fishhead's dinner tonight," said the vice president of Make Money Inc.

Moneybags discussed the recent breakup of his company resulting from a Supreme Court decision on anti-trust laws. "I'd say it all worked out for the better; we've been retrenching for a year now, and it looks like we'll be able to pretend that we haven't sustained any losses."

He said the company's investments in new technology were the most promising areas for expansion. "We plan to make more useless communication gizmos in the near future."

But, Moneybags added, "We still want people to think of us as Ma Bigstick at heart."

Moneybags said he noticed the beautiful tans Duke students sport. "Your tans remind me of the way our workers glow when they leave our new nuclear weapons plant everyday."

He said worker-management relations are a prime area where his union-less organization and Duke both excel. "We have great concern for the welfare of our workers; like Duke, we organize work schedules to the way we think is best for our employees."

Moneybags cited his company's recent movement of night shift workers to daytime shifts. "It may not be convenient, but it gives employees who have worked night shift for thirty years a chance to rearrange their lives to suit our whims, and it saves us money too."

The 69th speaker in Duke's Sloan Colostomy series said he was happy his wife had been invited, but glad to be offered a "sweet" for himself at the Hot-L Asia while she stays at the Rice Diet Facilities.

"After all, I want some time to enjoy the Women of the ACC. Where do they keep the cheerleaders?"

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"Wow" — an overwhelmed film co-ordinator

"That's what you said last time!"

— a co-ordinating assistant sick and tired of taking flak from O. F. C.

"Shut up, jerk, or you won't get to go to Jake's farm and feel embarrassed about swimming"

— O. F. C.

"You're not the only one whose got something to be embarrassed about with those chicken legs!"

"Chicken Legs? What about your zits? They'll leave an oil slick on Jake's pond"

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CASCET to fight, not switch

By MIGHT S. RIGHT

"We're not going to take any more of this egg-throwing business," said Kate Likoska, a leader of the Central America Solidarity Committee for Equality and Togetherness (CASCET). "If the fascists try to pull that kind of a stunt on us again, we're not going to get mad, we're going to get even," she said, showing her new Soviet-made submachine gun.

She was referring to last week's CASCET protest march on campus during which the marchers were pelted with grade-A eggs by unidentified opponents.

She said CASCET has started a march on Washington that will mark the beginning of a new era for the movement.

"We have outgrown the flower child image. We all realized how ludicrous we looked with our flowers, holding hands, and singing antiquated songs," said Diana Prepp, CASCET member. "The time has come to annihilate the bourgeois oppressor swine pig," she added.

Likoska said, "I can't wait for the cops to try to stop us. We haven't tried our new weapons yet and most of our comrades are getting restless."

Juan DeJesus, CASCET marcher, said he was totally clueless as to how to operate his 65-inch weapon. "All I know is that lots of people will be afraid of me and, caramba, that is enough to make me happy," he said.

The marchers, who left Duke's campus Sunday, hope to get to Washington by the end of April. "Our walk up North will prove to the world that we ain't no wimps. Nope," said Likoska.

Greg Napalm, a member of the newly formed Students for a Fascist Central America (SFCA) said his group does not plan a counter-protest in Washington.

"We're tired of liberal-hunting," he said. "The military will take care of that for us. Moreover, when some of those pinko-commie pigs bite the dust, we won't get into trouble with the deans."

President Raygun announced in a two-minute press conference he will make a point of being out of Washington when the marchers arrive at the capital. "I see no reason to listen to those morons," he said. "I am certainly not going to lose any sleep over it," he added.



PETER YUK YUK/THE CHOMICLE

CASCET bleeding hearts will adopt a tougher approach with the use of artillery. The fatigues on the women cover their unshaven legs.

Secretary of State George "Let's not panic" Salt, who asked not to be identified, said, "The armed forces are on alert. If those weirdos [CASCET members] try anything radical, we'll teach them that democracy is only for conservatives."

Duke University president Terri Blee Sinful said, "If I was in the White House, I would invite the marchers for tea. They are lost souls who just need someone to say 'yes, I care.'"

Sex and violence

From staff reports

A male Duke student was gang-raped by girls of the Pi Eta Phi sorority, who claim he had enticed them, according to Capt. Dudley Doornight of Duke pretend police.

Doornight said, "Our officers are so jealous, they refuse to investigate." He refused to reveal that the victim is Barry Smith, better known as Barry-the-law-student.

Susie Watchyourlick, dean of student private life, said the victim is so cute, she could understand the girls' move. "I would go for him anytime," she said. "It goes without saying that I will not revoke the sorority's charter."

Doornight also reported the theft of a pound of cocaine from a room of the Beta Alpha High fraternity section. He said the police will help the victim find his possession for a moderate 50 percent of the whole.

The victim was dismayed. "Now I have to ask my parents to send me more," he said.

Campaign goes pfft

From staff reports

Vice Chancellor Joel Flesh-man said the official announcement of the Capitull Campaign for the Farts and Sinuses would be postponed for the third year in a row.

"I want to emphasize that we do not have an official campaign," said Flesh-man, who has raised all but \$10 million of the anticipated \$200 million goal. "We will not announce until we have all but 37 cents raised. After all, there's a lot of nasal and gastro-intestinal disorders out there depending on us. I should know. I'm a sufferer. Ah-choo! Blatt!! Think its easy to raise cash when you're this offensive?"

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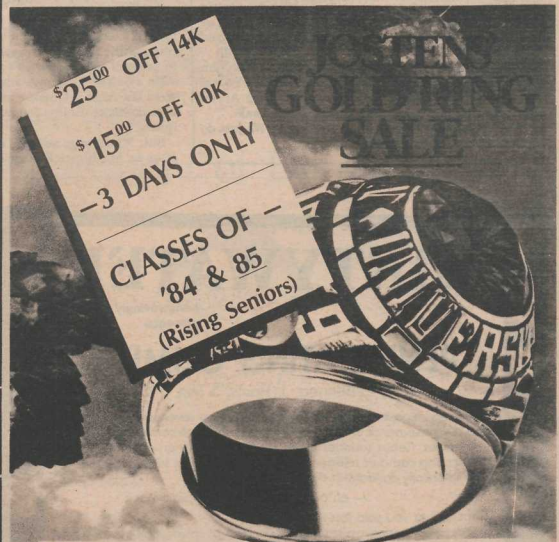
WEDNESDAY: Scrambled Eggs, Sausage Patty, Biscuit, Choice of Fruit.

THURSDAY: Corned Beef Hash, Poached Egg, 2 Pieces of Toast w/Butter.

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WEAK says 'the hell with it;' only Charlotte residents notice

By ALAN HANDLEMAN

After months of periodic failures, WEAK's transmitter problems continue to upset station manager Kevin Lame, so much so that he has decided to "bag it."

"We tried everything — we even sent the transmitter to CAPS for therapy — but nothing worked," the Lame excuse went. "So we figured, what the hell, nobody listens to us anyway — why bother?"

Lame said operations have been suspended off and on the whole semester. "Nobody at Duke noticed, since our antenna is pointed away from campus. We had a few inquiries from Charlotte, where they can hear us, but it's not their student activities fees that are paying for us, so who cares? We decided to come clean and admit it."

Don Fearman, of Radio Saustems — the company who sold WEAK the receiver, said, "Yeah, our equipment [stinks], but so does their music. We consider our part in this a public service."

The few students who claim to have picked up WEAK between 88.7 and 92.7 on their FM dial say they forgive the station its fickle nature. "All we hear is radio gah-gah, radio goo-goo," Aandrea Queen, a Trinity sophomore who jogs with a walkman, "but radio, we still love you . . . when we can hear you."

Lame said the station's failure has not daunted him, however, and he plans to spend his senior year transforming Duke's Cable 13 to the first University-owned network station. "The big three have had their day — all I need is some more student ac-



How much would you pay for this radio equipment? WEAK paid \$29.99. But wait, they got a free spaghetti steamer also. Now, how much would you pay?

SPECIAL TO THE CHOMICLE

tivities fee money to make my dream a reality."

Tadpole Falling, chairman of ASSDUDU's student organization committee, could not be reached for comment as to the plausibil-

ty of Lame's proposal. ASSDUDU sources say the merry megalomaniac, last seen sporting a maroon members-only jacket, was busy lobbying to make his own fan club an ASSDUDU line item.

Useless group wastes time

USELESS from page 3

Barf lobbied heavily for "ASSDUDU rider/rider board," but some legislators, worried that the sign would "further ASSDUDU's self-serving reputation," wanted simply "Ride/rider board."

As has happened in past weeks, several factions gathered and cordoned off their areas. The "Ride/rider board," sponsored by ASSDUDU, group attacked Barf for "lack of class." A gathering of legislators calling for "ASSDUDU's own rider/rider board" asked for "credit where credit is due."

The "ASSDUDU rider/rider board" faction, made up entirely by students who own cars, split early and went to Pete's. "Ride/rider board, having nothing to do with ASSDUDU" was suggested by students who would otherwise make no comment.

ASSDUDU President Whitebread Barker, who inherited the discussion from predecessor Crouton, wrote an emergency bill proposing that "the damn thing be torn down." It passed with a large majority, but a dissenter pointed out that the group didn't have a quorum, so the bill was then tabled for consideration next week.

Barker, member of the DTD (Doit Tillya Drop) fraternity, dictated a resolution to install beer taps through the sprinkler systems in new dorms. Recording secretary Mandy ("Never Embarrassed") Belowe, suggested Barker install the system in his room first, and offered to test it out.

Interested in discussing

HUMAN SEXUALITY?

P.I.S.C.E.S. will be accepting applications for Counselors from Monday, April 2, 1984 to Friday, April 6, 1984.

Interviews will be held Monday, April 9 through Friday, April 13.

Please pick up an application in PISCES office, 101 Flowers and sign up for an interview time.

For further information, please call 684-2618 or stop by the PISCES office.

DARK MOOR

... THE STUDENT-MADE FILM ... WILL BE SHOWN IN THE BRYAN CENTER FILM THEATER, FROM MARCH 30—APRIL 2

FRIDAY, MARCH 30: 9:30, 11:20
SATURDAY, MARCH 31: 7:00, 9:00, 11:00
SUNDAY, APRIL 1: 2:00, 4:00
MONDAY, APRIL 2: 7:00, 9:00, 11:00

ADMISSION IS FREE

New movie good yet bad

By JIMMY JEFFY PAULY

As Swann said in Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past," ("Les Souvenirs de Temps Perdu"), the overpowering yet subtle work by a dying yet healthy man, dynamically revealing the pre-existential crisis of the French zeitgeist, "I want eggs for breakfast." "Daughter Gets The Goat," the most recent yet old oeuvre by oft-acclaimed yet underrated director Peter von Dler, opening at the Midway, is a startling entry into the nether regions of scatological sensibility.

This libidinous genre, traditionally denuded of probing emotional reflection, comes into its own with this film yet movie. Von Dler's film daintily exacerbates today's proclivity towards beastiality — it is humble without being obsequious, tender without being tawdry, decadent without being diseased, and the girl has huge tits. Never has a film about the dreary yet glamorous career of goat-tending explored with such depth the ins and outs and the emotional and physically rewarding tactile and visual pleasures of the profession.

Seka puts out an arousing and ultimately satisfying portrayal as a latter day, female equivalent to Brecht's Swiss Cheese. This is a part she can grab hold of. Never did Madame Bovary say "Let's do it doggie style" with such gratuitous abandonment. The callipygous Miss Seka consistently shows us her best side. She is a heroine of our time; tempestuous and tortured, she is ultimately superficial and shy. Her tendency toward scratching body lice only adds to the realism of this Rossellini yet Antonioni-esque film.

As the goat, Billy enacts with explosive, incandescent *passion fauna's undeniable* — and *undeniably superfluous* — drive to procreate, to replicate, to fornicate, to screw. It is a role he approaches with meek hauteur, a satyr in search of satiation.

Perhaps most indicative of the film's pounding strength is the scene with the Boy Scout Troop, in which thirty pre-pubescent Weeblos tie up Miss Seka in impeccably executed square knots, and, the camera an impartial yet leering voyeur, the tedious yet exciting tots deny the rites (so well-detailed in Director von Dler's previous film, "My Hand on Yours") of Onanism, by eschatologically probing their adolescent angst. A trumpeting yet dying swan song to an antidisestablishmentarianistic genre, this scene is



an epiphonic little poem, an American haiku, the free verse of a post-Miltonian classicism.

Director von Dler manipulates with undeniable rhythm this turgid, painful, agricultural epic to its terrifying, post-Equus-esque climax. The cinematography, never inexpressible, mixes throbbing, thrusting close-ups, with revealing long shots, soft-focused without being flaccid.

The insurmountable dichotomy between man and manger, between a dumb drug-addicted slut and a semi-intelligent goat, is the fount of our surrealistic yearnings. The myth-making of the Relationship-Never-Meant-to-Be, of a crime so heinous, a passion so repulsive, yet attractive, left this reviewer stuck to the edge of his seat.



Playing with herself

UD PHOTO

Princeton freshman Creeke Shields recently joined the most popular club at her school, the Self-Idolatry Club.

Art insignificant

Highschoolium Musicum: The Duke Highschoolium Musicum will perform the following program tonight in the Ozzie W. Nelson music room: The Dead Kennedys' "Too Drunk to F***" for oboe in C minor, Op. 59; The Anti-Nowhere League's "I Hate People" for fugue in D major with harpsichord accompaniment; The Tubes' "White Punks on Dope," for cello in no particular key whatsoever. The public is not invited and can go to hell.

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DEADLINE FOR APPLICATION MARCH 30th, 1984.

Pete's doing us wrong

Shame on you Mr. Pete Rinaldi, exemplary citizen and community leader. For years students, Kiwanians, derelicts and madmen alike have depended on your unique southern-style meals. Though the chicken is indistinguishable from the fried steak and the biscuits have dangerous exponentially expanding ingredients, you have a devoted following. The food at Pete's is cheap.

In the past, we have tolerated the necessary inconveniences the orchestrated versions of "Yesterday" and your flamboyant costume, to mention only a few. But the latest cutback, eliminating the second biscuit from the three-piece combo, is inexcusable.

Patrons of this culinary pleasure-chest should organize a 24-hour vigil on Guess

Road protesting this gross disregard for the biscuit-loving public. A bipartisan, trilingual ad hoc post hoc propter committee should do an in-depth study. An emergency meeting of Duke's Executive Committee should occur without delay. Gary Larson should do a cartoon about it: "Late at night, and without representation, the Durham magnate plotted deviously."

Generally, all forces short of chemical warfare should be mobilized to correct the discrepancy.

After all, what would Rufus "Mr. Justice" Edmisten say if he found out? This cannot pass for care, only premeditated and self-serving disregard for the chicken business. Remember your promise. Certainly, the Colonel would turn in his grave.

Students get fired up

The recent fires in BOG dormitory and a certain fraternity section is yet another indication of the ingenious nature of Duke students.

For years campus residents have been warned not to use of fire extinguishers for purposes other than to put out fires. Never mind that a spent extinguisher cannot be resented if a fire occurs. The real danger occurs if a student is caught. The loss of his housing license is automatic; suspension is possible.

However, pour a few beers into a college student, and the desire to play with one of these toys is often insurmountable.

The recent fires indicate that students who want to play with fire extinguishers but are afraid of getting caught have overcome this problem. The solution: set your own fire.

What better excuse is there for shooting off a fire extinguisher than to put out a fire?

A simple idea, perhaps, but nonetheless, ingenious.

The BOG fire is a classic example of this. A few students torch a bulletin board, grab a few extinguishers, and the fun and games begin.

The recent fire the fraternity section shows that students have perfected the process. Set the fire in a commons room, then nobody gets blamed. Also, the commons room fire allows passers-by who would normally be left out of the fun to join in.

Who ever said that Duke students are not clever? This is a classic example of practical solution to a problem which has plagued them for years. Their actions are commendable.

Everyone join the fun. Start a fire. It's fun; it's funky. Just be careful not to put your eye out.

Then the fun and games will be over.

Even the losers get lucky

The University's Presidential Search Committee, looking for a replacement for soon-to-be departed Terry Sanford, enters in the next months its most crucial decision period. The field of candidates who have the most important credential for the job is growing and will be complete by July.

It is no coincidence that Search Committee is looking for Sanford's replacement at the same time as candidates are dropping like flies out of the race for the Democratic presidential nomination.

In fact, the University's only required qualification for Sanford's replacement is that he be, like Sanford, a Democratic presidential has-been.

The field of candidates for the position is weak. Therefore, the University should choose the loser of the Hart-Mondale race.

The others, most of whom have already dropped out of the race, are just not the quality losers who can meet the demands of the office. The early favorite, Ernest Hollings, who looked for a while to be Sanford's hand-picked successor, has to be dropped from consideration after his poor showing in the early primaries.

Jesse Jackson has a hard enough time trying to speak on campus.

The choices are few. If we must have a loser in the race for the Democratic nomination, we may as well get a high-visibility loser. Go with the Hart-Mondale loser.

Letters

'Glut' debate complete

To the editorial board:

I have read with great interest the debate on the "doctor glut" which has graced the centerfold of your newspaper in recent weeks. I think it is time my side of the story was heard.

I am a 36-year-old doctor, practicing in the Durham area. I live in a \$200,000 condominium, drive a new Ferrari, and vacation in the south of France. I eat in the best restaurants, run with the best-looking women, and do coke until my nose bleeds.

After hearing all this, you probably think that I am one very happy individual. But you are wrong. Forget about the fact that every day I am poking around in someone's brain, where one slip of the scalpel will turn my patient into a vegetable. The real reason for my unhappiness lies in the fact every year medical schools like Duke churn out hundreds of new doctors.

Professor Brofenbrofen does not need to tell me what this means. If this keeps up, my salary will dip below \$150,000 before you can say "housecall."

I don't know why I worry. The AMA has a monopoly on the doctor business, and they will not let this "glut" nonsense get out of hand.

I don't even know why I am writing you this letter. I guess I am just trying to piss you off.

Dr. Bob

At the country club

What's \$60,000, anyway

To the editorial board:

Well, it's like this. I wanted to make a movie, and I wanted to call it Darkmoor. You see, I wanted to capture the turmoil of a madman's soul, complicated by the death of his mother and hidden from the truth about his father, which periodically erupts in fits of violence and despair, exacerbated by the decadent mores of his college-age peers and all of society — symbolized by the television: the omniscient eye of the technological age — removed and driven from the memories of his disciplined

childhood only to face a vicious "no-man's land where no man ought to be."

So what if the movie was horrible, this is what I wanted to do. It doesn't matter that the plot is totally incoherent and the dialogue boringly trite, my dad is Richard Harris whose a big-shot actor. I'll make it big some day, just you wait.

Jer Harris

Spending \$60,000

Peeing on the lions

To the editorial board

The North Carolina Nu chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon would just like to clear up a little bit of confusion concerning what we feel is the greatest misconception at Duke.

Most people feel that we have two gold lions out in front of our section because we are preppy snobs. This is simply not true.

The real reason we have the lions is so our little sisters can watch the SPE pledges when they come down and urinate on them every year.

The SAE's

Phi Alpha

Comments from Christ

To the editorial board:

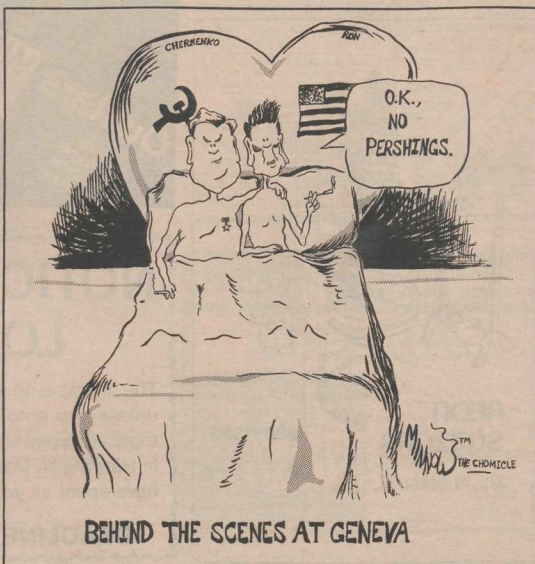
I am delighted to see the classified section of The Chronicle being utilized to its fullest potential by the evangelical Christians of this wonderful campus. It is such a bold, innovative way to spread my Father's word.

Hell, I wish there were classics when I was alive. Instead of trudging through disease-ridden towns, getting blisters in my Dr. Scholl's, I could have stayed home and preached through the paper. Why, Satan could have even tempted me by using these modern forms of expression.

I would have rather have been crucified by the news media anyway.

J.C.

Folk Hero



THE CHOMICLE

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The Chronicle, Box 350, Boston, Mass., 02134. Come on and zoom-a-zoom-a-zoom. Don't forget to send us a SASE.

Letters

Wasted at Cable 13

To the editorial board:

This week's schedule will highlight the Dead concert from '79 and more of the same old crap since we have no organization or initiative to make anything creative on our own. Yet, one of our new features will spotlight "jkxj&DKldeffrddof..."

Oops! We're just screwing up the sound again. Hope you can deal, you don't want to have to listen to Webb Milsap anyway.

The Betas
Wasting Cable 13

Sanford not dead, honest

To the editorial board:

It may have been noticed that the flags around campus have been flying at half-mast for the last three months. Let me reassure you that this has no connection to the fact the University President Terry Sanford has not been seen in public during this period.

The fact of the matter is that Mr. Sanford is at home nursing a small cold. He is very sensitive to this kind of illness, so I have assumed all his normal duties.

Also, for those of you who have seen Mrs. Sanford wearing black recently, it is only because she has an affinity for this color. No need to worry, I'm in charge here. When WEAK starts playing classical music, then you worry. Da?

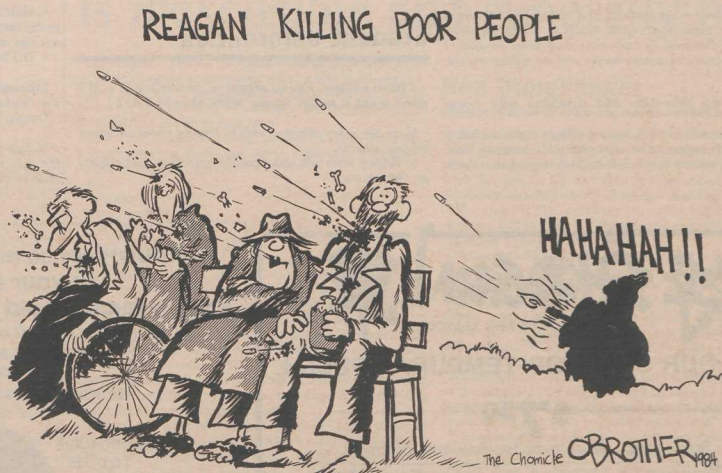
H. Keith H. Keith Brodine.
Holed up in Allen Building

More DUFUS changes

To the editorial board:

Ushering in a new era in institutional food services at Duke, we at DUFUS announce the following changes:

- The Garden Terrace, formerly the



Rathskeller, will be changed next September to the Bomb Shelter. Because this facility is no more a garden terrace than the Floyd's Disco Cafe is a fine delicatessen, we feel that it should carry the name of what it truly resembles. The new menu will include a wide assortment of canned and dried food and plenty of bottled water.

- The Cambridge Inn will be converted to a take-out Chinese food restaurant, to compete with Hunan for the best seven-minute lunch in town. Real burgers will no longer be served; however, the egg rolls on the menu, in true C.I. tradition, will be aged for at least a week and will be raw in the middle.

- The Floyd's Disco Cafe will from now on be called the Joe Pishkipo Cafe au Terrace. Though this is only a nominal change, we feel that the new name will attract those who don't eat Ho-ho's and cold cheeseburgers.

- For the cosmopolitan-types who just cannot find the right place in Durham to eat, we will reintroduce the hot dog stand

on main quad. Tentatively called Sabretts on the Green, all-beef kosher franks will be served from 12-4 p.m. daily. Relish, mustard, onions and artichokes will be available.

- The University Room will be made a Western-style eating facility, called the O.K. Corral. There will be a hitching post at every table for those students with horses or beefy dates.

These changes will make DUFUS a totally incongruous system, leaving Duke with no culinary identity, and therefore give us an excuse for running another several hundred thousand dollar deficit.

Barry Scurvy
Head honcho, DUFUS

A minor opinion

To the editorial board:

Several issues have come to my attention recently concerning the existence of minorities. My extensive research into their social patterns in this part of the country

allows me to make several gross overgeneralizations.

How is it that all minorities live in poor areas? This doesn't happen by accident. I see it as a carefully disguised plan by the liberal figures in our government to manipulate public emotion and create sympathy for these most undeserving people.

Government is not designed to benefit any particular group. It is an institution created by the people and for the people. How many minorities do you think participated in its founding? I'll bet you a Republican dollar there wasn't one.

It's time we let the government do its job, which is to make it easy for me, a rich spoiled snob, to get a headstart on the less fortunate. Minorities are born without a silver spoon in their mouths for a reason: they would probably just hock it to buy drugs and cheap wine, anyway.

Minorities do not deserve your sympathy. Misguided fascists like myself do.

"Soupy" Campbell
Hidin' behind the Ray-Bans

All things bright, beautiful, grating and otherwise

Death is everywhere today. Even on Duke campus where life seethes in and out of vital young members of the student body it is a subject form which there is no escape.

So widespread is the misery that there is no point in addressing the problem in a continuous fashion. Instead, the intention here is to create an impression of the hideous and inescapable rot which undermines and warps supposedly happy lives.

So many professors are really old. One finds it very difficult to rise from bed in the morning and contemplate with relish the fast approaching sight of some pasty gent in a moth-eaten jacket, wheezing and teetering against a podium. I fear the deleterious effects that such sights might produce in the student. This is not only a physical reminder of that which will reward us all in the near future, it ultimately saps the vitality and intuitive thought of the student.

Imagine coming into a philosophy class on a sunny Monday morning and being told by some carcass that everyone alive on the Earth today will be dead in 100 years. It was clear that this professor was jealous of our youth and our prospect of a longer life

Howie Smurlock

span than he had to look forward to. Such attempts at perverting the students' mental states by such fossils can be stunting to the progressive thought of our new generation.

I have often arrived at an English class and been told that all the meanings I had deduced form a certain writing were in direct opposition to those of the professor. I hate papers that are returned with comments such as, "Cogent reasoning and some interesting thoughts - not at all what I wanted." C.

With the advent of Spring one's mind naturally turns to the rejuvenation of life. The gardens are populated with new buds and burgeoning brown bodies. The silent sap of Spring affects us all. Well if you hadn't noticed there is no living grass left on the lawns on main quad in front of the chapel. In the shadow of the stony monument to continuing life is a little Sahara desert.

The last instance I will relate is also ironic in its having been created by a right-left group. During last week's Central

American Solidarity Committee rally the participants were pelted with eggs. This was a hideous waste. Chickens are God's creatures too, and to have embryonic animals transformed form potential beings

into yellowish stains on campus drive, to be ridden over by the insensate tires of a bus, is unacceptable.

Howie Smurlock is a Stygian graduate, intent on developing meaningful prose.

LIBEL POLICY

Man's greatest gift should be obvious to all women, the ability to still perform when under the influence. Not for this reason, but for another one we won't divulge, The Chomicle encourages all members of the Duke community to sue us for libel. Go ahead, punks, make our day.

The Chomicle attempts to print all letters it receives within a month or so. If we feel like it. The Chomicle reserves the right to trash any letters that do not adhere to the following:

- All letters must be written in crayon and pasted to a 2x4 piece of cardboard.
- Letters must be signed in blood and sealed with a kiss.
- The Chomicle will print all letters that contain racial, ethnic or sexual slurs, inside jokes or personal innuendos, vulgar language or libelous statements. We always enjoy a good laugh at someone else's expense.
- The Chomicle reserves the right to edit letters for length and clarity. If it's too short to fill the space, we'll add our own views to it.
- The Chomicle reserves the right to withhold letters or portions of letters that we don't agree with, or letters that contain promotional information concerning ASSDUDU.

Oooh, gross! Leave those chancres alone, ick

Unfortunately, many students find nowadays that part of the "college experience" often includes STDs (sexually transmitted diseases). In our continuing series on student sexual problems, we examine herpes and the college student.

Can eating chocolate and drinking cola cause herpes?

This is a common myth among college students today. There doesn't appear to be any correlation however. Still, it can't hurt to keep in mind: It isn't what you eat, it's who you eat.

Student deformities

I have herpes. I'm so afraid of spreading it and I don't want it to get worse. What should I do?

Here are a few simple rules to live by when suffering herpes attacks:

- Refrain from talk about painful urination, particularly on first dates.

- Habitual pressure may increase lesions. That doesn't really mean much though, because lesions are from acne, not the scarlet 'H'.
- DO NOT PICK YOUR CHANCRES.

I thought that "good girls" couldn't get herpes. Now, I'm "chancre-city!" I don't understand.

Oooh, sick!

If deformities are a problem in your life, don't feel like the only mutant in town. Send your queries to: Student Deformities, The Chomicle.



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Sports

Page 11 April 1, 1984

Basketball

Milford 72, Central 71 (3 OT)

Sports quiz

Today marks the 53th anniversary of the Canadian sport of curling, that athletic endeavor of bed-pans, broomsticks and buffalo chips. In honor of this momentous occasion, Sports Quiz today offers five brain teasers totally unconnected to curling.

1. When Roger Maris led his assault on Babe Ruth's homerun record in 1961, how many times did he scratch himself in the privates during the season?

2. The year was 1970. The Baltimore Orioles won the World Series, the Kansas City Chiefs were Super Bowl champions, and Bruno Sammartino held the World-Wide Wrestling Federation title. Who is buried in Grant's Tomb?

3. More Americans attend horse racing than any other sport. Why? But that's not really the question. The question is: How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

4. Slim Whitman claims to have outsold Elvis Presley and the Beatles worldwide. Elvis' favorite outfit contained 3,000 rhinestones. Elvis liked to shoot TV sets and lay around with scantily-clad teenage girls. Elvis also had a strong aversion to soap and water, and died on the toilet. But that's not important right now. What size feet does Wayne Gretzky have?

5. Joe Frazier and Mohammed Ali had three classic fights, with Ali winning two. Howard Cosell has a big schnozzola. And Don King scrubs dirty dishes with his hair. A two-part question — How come Mike Krzyzewski couldn't buy a vowel or two on "Wheel of Fortune"? Did he put the money on a gift certificate or trade it for a year's supply of Rice-A-Roni?

The behavior of Blue Devil fans is inexcusable and generally bad

DURHAM — In over 10 years as an irresponsible journalist working for a newspaper with an overblown reputation, I have never witnessed anything as horrible and deserving of a scathing column as I saw in Cameron Indoor/Outdoor Stadium Saturday.

There was supposed to be a basketball game Saturday. A game between Duke and North Carolina. A game. This is my writing style.

Short.
Choppy.
Paragraphs.
I hope you like it.
I hope you don't like Duke.

What these spoiled, insolent teeny-boppers did to Maryland's Herman Outlet in Cameron one week ago was minor compared to what took place Saturday. These kids deserve a swift kick in the ass, that's what I say! Somebody needs to put his foot in his mouth. That foot is me.

The afternoon began innocently enough. This was a battle between archrivals. It was prime time. A war between the aircraft carriers — UNC's Brad "The Candy Man" Doughboy and Duke's Marty "Crunch" Nessley. The Duke fans came prepared for some fun, wearing aluminum halos and holding newly-sharpened axes.

The pre-game activities were a sign of things to come. The students chanted such witticisms as "Hey, Dean! We're going to castrate you!" and "Roast in hell as a servant of Satan, Matt Doherty!" When Duke President Fred G. Sanford entered the stadium and found his seat, these Boo Devils hurled eggs and flaming copies of the letter that Sanford had sent the students earlier in the week.

Sanford took cover, but to no avail. His hair caught fire

Ken Dungslinger

when a letter drifted into his head. He is recuperating in Duke Hospital. The incident forced Sen. Fritz Hollings, whose campaign Sanford was involved with, to withdraw from the race for the Democratic nomination, and forced Sanford to cancel a 50-city Pepsi-sponsored speaking tour.

The Duke ROTC unit bore the colors for the National Anthem, but was quickly dispersed by some hand grenades launched from the buffer zone.

Referees attempted to restore order, assessing two technical fouls on the crowd prior to the game's start. But to the chagrin of everyone sitting on press row, these fans-turned-Nazis showered the court with axes as the Tar Heels were introduced. The metal death missiles embedded in the hardwood and in several Heels, including All-Latham, N.Y., forward Gumby Poikins.

"My arm, it's gone!" Poikins was heard to have screamed. "Who do these Blue Brats think they are? How can I play in the pros now? I'll still get drafted, though, because I'm Gumby, dammit! Geez, that really hurts. Ouch! Ow, don't touch it! I'll just have to grow another one!"

The refs declared a forfeit. The crowd stormed the court, pulled the axes out of the floor and chased the officials and Dean Smith for four miles down Route 15-501.

"O.K., so our fans got a little out of hand," said Duke coach Nikita Kruschewski after the forfeit had been declared, dropping his team to 10-1 in the Atlantic Coast

See DUKE on page 15



Leftover hippies living on East Campus protest Duke fan behavior.

THE MOD SQUAD/THE CHOMICLE

Hart reveals true professional wrestling identity

By SERGEANT SLAUGHTER

Presidential hopeful Gary Hart, looking for an edge in the struggle for the Democratic nomination, stunned political observers Saturday when he revealed that he is actually "Playboy" Gary Hart, legendary professional wrestling manager.

Speaking before a crowd in New York's Madison Square Garden, Hart paused while discussing foreign policy, ripped the toupee from his head and shouted "Give me that blue-eyed albino Jimmy Valiant in a Texas Death Match!"

Hart then introduced the proposed members of his Presidential cabinet. These

include: Vice-President — Ninja warrior "The Great Kabuki"; Secretary of State — Ivan Koloff, the so-called "Russian Bear"; Secretary of Defense — N.C. State 400 lb. heavyweight Tab "Don't call me Tub" Thacker; Attorney General — Ernie "The Big Cat" Ladd.

Also: Secretary of Agriculture — Don "The Pride of the Carolinas" Kernodle; Secretary of the Interior — Dirty Dick Slater; and Secretary of the Treasury — German grappler Baron Von Raschke.

When informed by the media that foreigners cannot hold cabinet positions, Hart had a response already planned. "You didn't read the fine print of the U.S. Constitution," said the Chicago Playboy.

"If you look carefully, you will see that my ancestor 'Playboy' Ben Franklin inserted a clause that reads as follows: 'If any cabinet nominee has ever wrestled in an 'Indian Strap Match' or been victorious in a 'Canadian Lumberjack Match,' he must be automatically approved for the position regardless of nationality.' So, I feel that the law is on my side," Hart said.

"I think that having a Russian [Koloff] in the cabinet will certainly help superpower relations," said Hart. "And Kabuki, as vice-president, will prove valuable in dealing with third-world countries. My cabinet should help get legislation passed. If some congressman won't go along with me, I'll just have Kabuki shoot green mist in his eye or have Slater plectrifier him."

Hart then refused to answer any more questions and left the Garden to appear at a wrestling card in Greensboro.

The other Democratic candidates were stunned when informed of Hart's revelation. "I might have to withdraw from the race," said front-runner Walter Mondale. "I've followed pro wrestling for years and am very familiar with Playboy Gary Hart's accomplishments. Any man who could lead the 'Korean Assassin' Pak Song to the Georgia title would make a great leader for our nation," Mondale said.

Rev. Jesse Jackson said, "Playboy Gary Hart is a god on the streets of Chicago. He's been the most powerful man in town since Mayor Daley died. I think it was a brilliant play on Hart's part to wait until this critical juncture in the campaign to reveal his true identity."

Locally, Duke president Fred G. Sanford, after learning of Hart's move, immediately turned in his resignation in order to manage Hart's campaign. "Very few people know this," Sanford said, "but in the 40's I wrestled professionally under the name of 'Pretty Boy' Sanford."

"I have a great appreciation for wrestling managers. They have traditionally been the shrewdest, most intelligent men in the profession. Since Fritz Hollings withdrew from the race, I've been looking for a candidate I could fully support. Playboy Gary Hart fits the bill," Sanford remarked.

In keeping with the spirit of things,

Sanford named Duke wrestling coach Bill Harvey interim president and recommended that the trustees give Harvey the job permanently.

"Even though Bill's involved with that fake amateur crap, he'll make a fine president. Heck, the students can run around calling him 'Uncle Bill' just like Buffy and Jody did on that great television show 'Family Affair,'" said Sanford.

Harvey was happy. "With me as University president, I'll really be able to recruit some good wrestlers. Who knows, maybe I'll finally get a kid on the team who's good enough to go pro," Harvey said.



Gary Hart.

WALTER MONDALE/THE CHOMICLE



Gary Hart.

ANGELO MOSCA, SR./THE CHOMICLE

Crassifieds

Page 12

April 1, 1984

Announcements

18-35 YEAR OLD MALES are needed for the THIGH MU FOR MAL coming up next week. Call Truggie for arrangements for an unforgettable date.

1985 MEDICAL SCHOOL APPLICATIONS — 18 days until reading period. How's the old GPA doing? Ha ha ha ha ha. STUDY A BROAD — Join us at an informational meeting outside the third floor Cleland showers. Tuesday at 9:00. Bring binoculars.

PHETAS — Get super-duper-mega psyched for the awesome, funtime mixer tomorrow night. KLAPPA alfa pheta! KLAPPA ALFA pheta! KLAPPA alfa PHETAS!

LEBANON — Interested?

GEEK WEEK '84, April 2-April 9. Flash that checkbook!

How can we prevent Pete Rinaldi from further raising prices or cutting portion size? Come to a 28-part symposium to hear provocative ideas on confronting the issue of our time. Tonight, Hubert Parker on "The Banana Pudding Price Wars." 8:15 p.m. Reynolds Film Theater.

College Republicans — Pass the news. Great Nipple and Jewelry Spuds are getting together to proliferate their own private market. All are invited to the big event.

WEST CAMPUS PREPROFESSIONALS — Don't forget the Valium study break tonight at 10 p.m. Learn to deal with your problems just like mommy.

INTERVIEWS TODAY: Jim Hardon, Alex Pearshaped, Mike Barf, Paul Hammer, David Nahueloumoudous, and Jumpy John Breaker will hold private interviews tonight for dates for Friday's ASDU ball. Sign up at the Bryan Center Information Desk, the Ride-Rider board, or the ASDU check-cashing service. Better yet, stop by the "conference room" in the ASDU office. Anytime.

DGLA/FOOTBALL TEAM DRINK-OFF — Meet at the Hideaway tonight at 9:30 for the big annual event. Later, Twister at Bobby's. Get psyched for a rough 'n' tough evening, fellas.

PRESIDENT'S HORROR COUNCIL — Nominate someone who makes you sick for next year's horror council. Pick up nominations. Due dates will be enforced.

TRI-GESTALTS present Chugging for Charity. Not just another superficial philanthropy event. Support us before we lose our charter.

Want to learn more about Michael Jackson, Menudo and the other important events of our day? **READ TIME**, A serious newsmagazine. Subscriptions on sale everywhere.

For Rent

PASTE-UP PERSON. Slightly used. Some parts damaged and/or need repair. Contact Lisa at 684-2663 after 9 p.m. Tuesday.

Suction Patrol

NUKE the little feller before he gets to coat-hanger size. In a daily CAFETERIA-STYLE facility in Chapel Thrill. Cost: \$19.95. BUT WAIT! You also get a free box of Placenta Helper. NOW how much will you pay? Allow 12 weeks for delivery — oops — Call 1-800-555-1000. From East Campus call 1-800-555-6969.

Write us an anonymous letter and we'll write you a lurid Front-page story

Stolen

The Baltimore Colts. Believed in the possession of a madman. Last seen heading north on I-70. Contact William Donald Schaefer with any information.

My virginity. And I was saving it for Kelly! The BOG life is just too wild and crazy for this former ASSDONT president!

Help Wanted

Summer Camp counselor. Must have genuine interest in little boys. Photography experience preferred. Salary plus room, board and rubber sheet. Contact — Camp Granada, San Francisco, CA.

Student with no graphic experience and no taste in design and/or layout to work in The Chronicle's ad production office. Must be willing to be dominated. Send in a finger painting about yourself to 6,996Columbinus, Box 469, Specializeville.

Entertainment

Boredom, tedium, stupidity, fidelity, morality, trust — all those things we hold near and dear to our hearts. Welcome to **ANOTHER REPETITIVE CLASSY**. Tune in tomorrow for the same ad.

He loved the American Dream with a vengeance! AN ASSDUDU executive who overcame a flutulent student media to place message boards all over Miami. **SCHARFACE!** Starring Gary Burghoff. Tonight, 7 and 9:30 p.m. Check message board near you for time.

Poisonals

One: Uncle Terry loves you if you behave at sporting events. The **Anuncular letter**. Verse 3.

Two: It is possible to find love, sexual satisfaction, a great summer job and the perfect new hairstyle to complement the slim, fit you. **Glamour**. June '83

Three: Brewskis are the only solution for the uptight individual. Budweiser advertisement. 1984

Four: Get a grip. Mi filosofía. April '84

MARGARINE MAN: We're so psyched that the big Campaign is almost ready to go off! Yes, we are so proud of you that we could just scream! Love ya, PPS.

Beth, is it still not that time of the month? Bruce.

DEAR MIFFY — I never liked snotty, little freshmen bitches before but now that you're my little sister! I love you! Let's have a mongo-fun! time tonight! **YBS**

Bruce. The rabbit died. You suck, Beth.

WALTER — I'm a lover, not a fighter. Gary

MY DEAREST EVERYTHING — Since we met on that memorable evening a year ago life has never been the same for me. You know that song, "You touched me and suddenly nothing was the same?" — well since that night a good night's sleep has taken on new meaning. If the baby sleeps until 4 I consider myself lucky. Love, the mother of your first-born.

Beth. Are you sure it's mine? Bruce.

Adonis lives where? Must've had the wrong address after all.

Yo, Mr. Macho — "Real Men" don't put their underwear on backwards and drop their soap on a rope. Get lost.

Get psyched for the **PIMP- WHORE MIXER** in the BOZO section. Do it. Love in our beds, the Bozos.

B.D. — Remember freshman orientation when you booted all over our cutesy FAC? How about bestiality at the shake-up party? Getting the State girl knocked-up? How about the time we lost the bet and didn't do laundry for a semester and a half? You sure are one sick puppy but I love ya, S.M.

To our little sisters: You're the best and we love you. Now get your asses down to the section and bake us some cookies. Beta lu.

Buffy — This will be the longest personal ever!!! Remember all the FUN times: two are better than one... Twins? ... bahamam mamas over spring break... guys we'd like to forget... guys we wish would remember... so who's turn is it next... the LONG wait... after all that rum... skinny dipping with guess who... I shouldn't tell you, but yes, I DID!!! Keep the tan going... but don't get BURNED (I know what it feels like)... Yes, the big O is like a sneeze, I think, or maybe he wasn't so good after all (ha, ha)... a first for everything... a first for nothing????? ... You know it's all been so much fun!!! We love you — The Trent two whores!!!

Crassified Rates

Chomicle Crassifieds may be dropped off in the Crassified Depository outside our office on the 3rd floor of Flowers Bldg., right under the huge sign that says "Chomicle Crassifieds" which only a moron could miss, so don't come inside the office and ask some poor Chomicle editor the same goddam question, "What do I do with Crassifieds?" He's liable to tell you just what you can do with them. **The rates?** Don't worry, YOU can't afford them. **Deadline?** Don't worry, YOU won't make it.

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Down and out ex-superstar QB needs chauffeur for late-night forays home from Dissatisfaction. You get to drive a nifty car and all. My other Corvette is in the garage. Contact my agent and probation officer at 684-2633.

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2. We now have "California Coolers".
3. It is the official bar of the 1984 Olympics.
4. We've got the breathalyzers back.
5. Our breathalyzer record is .28. Can you beat it?
6. We got a wild new pinball machine.
7. For those with such an inclination, we have beers from behind the Iron Curtain.
8. We don't play the "top 40".
9. Just "because"...
10. If I bring in this ad I can get 2 free toppings on a large pizza. Offer good until 4/30/84.

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D'Armi signs Opie to grant-in-aid

By EARNEST T. BASS

Duke baseball coach Tom D'Armi announced Sunday that Opie Taylor has signed a grant-in-aid to pitch for the Blue Devils next season.

Taylor is a 5-10 righthander out of Mayberry High School, located in rural North Carolina.

"I'm as excited as hell," D'Armi said. "This is the biggest thing to happen to our baseball program since Butters decided to historically restore Jack Coombs Field.

Taylor's signing ends months of speculation as Duke, North Carolina and Mount Pilot State were all in a fierce recruiting battle for the hurler's services.

"It was a really tough decision for me to make," Taylor said. "The folks back in Mayberry really wanted me to go to Mount Pilot, but I wanted the chance to fish for those big goldfish in the Duke Gardens' pond."

Taylor, a first team Prep All-America, credits much of his success on the mound to his aunt, Bea Taylor. "If it wasn't for My Aunt Bea, God rest her soul, I wouldn't be where I am today," Taylor said.

"She used to take me out to the backyard before supper and work on my curve and knuckleballs with me. If they had allowed females in the major leagues she would have

been a Hall of Famer. That woman had an incredible arm."

Taylor also said that his father, Sheriff Andy Taylor, has had a important effect on his pitching. "I think Paw had a big stabilizing influence on my pitching," he said. "Paw really wanted me to go to Duke. He said it was a gooooooood school!"

Taylor has never openly admitted that he throws a spitball but it is rumored that Mayberry deputy Barney "Fast Gun" Fife used to tutor him in the illegal pitch late at night after Bea Taylor went to bed.

"Aunt Bea never wanted me to throw a spitball," Taylor said. "She thought that it was very unsanitary."

Taylor forwent a major league contract with the New York Yankees to play for the Blue Devils. The contract was reportedly worth more than \$100,000 per year to the young pitcher.

But close friend and neighbor Floyd "The Barber" Lawson advised Taylor against signing with the Yanks. "I told Opie that the Yankees all need haaircuts. And George Steinbrenner isn't very . . . niice," Lawson said.

"The contract was a big temptation for me," Taylor said.

"But Paw always said that an education is more important than material items."



BARNEY FIFE/THE CHOMICLE

Pitching phenom Opie Taylor (left) chows down at the training table in younger days with pitching coaches Aunt Bea (center) and Paw.

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Yanks name new skipper as baseball season opens

By BRICKY CHOKES

Saying "A month is too long for a manager anyway," Yankee owner George "The Fat Man" Swinebrenner fired Yoga Berry and replaced him with Archbishop Abraham

Moscowitz, a Brooklyn man of the cloth. "Looking over the roster this year, I see we need the type of divine inspiration only I can provide if we are to win any games at all," said Moscowitz, whose Catholic roots

are still unclear. "I think I can stop this team from going to hell."

Moscowitz had earned a reputation as a strict disciplinarian, managing in such minor league cities as Lynchburg, Va., and Charlotte.

"I do have a couple of ground rules" he said at the press conference. "No beards or cursing, no spitting tobacco juice on my beads, and no players are allowed to have abortions during the season."

Yankee roadrunner Omar Morono said, "I bet this guy doesn't let us steal any bases either."

"With no bullpen, this might be the only way for us to get saved," said catcher Very Butch Vinegar.

"Holy Holy!" said the Scooter, Pill Rizzuto. "This is a bold move," said Baltimore Orioles manager Joe Altobelli. "It worked for Pittsburgh, though, in the 1950s when they got that guy Preacher Roe. The Astros and Giants also did well with Jesus Alou in the 1960s and 1970s."

Berry said he knew the change was imminent when the "no pepper allowed" sign behind home plate in Yankee Stadium was changed to "pepper playing is immoral," some time Sunday.

For Swinebrenner, this marks the 12th manager he has fired in the last three months. "I'm not a lunatic," he said. "Now give me back my yo-yo!"



BILLY MARTIN/THE CHOMICLE

New Yankee manager Abraham Moscowitz preaches, "I would sell my soul to the Devil for a win in the World Series. Dave Righetti will stay in the bullpen."

Rinaldi hired as new SID

By COL. HARLAN SANDERS

In a shocking move Friday, Duke athletic director Tom "Squeeze" Parkay fired the entire Sports Information staff - Director Tom Mickle and his cronies Johnny Moore and John Roth. Parkay named local chicken entrepreneur Pete Rinaldi as the new sports information director. No announcement was given as to who would replace Moore and Roth.

In a prepared statement, Parkay said, "The job of sports information director is mostly unnecessary. All an SID really does

is arrange for catering in the press room during basketball and football games.

"Therefore, Pete Rinaldi is just the man for the job. With Mickle, all the writers ever got to eat were stale sugar cookies and flatulence-inducing chili. With Pete, the food will be so good that the press will say, 'Landsakes, it's good.' That should bring Duke some positive publicity through the media," Parkay said.

Mickle was surprised at his dismissal. "I didn't do anything wrong," he said. "In fact, See CHICKEN on page 15

THIS WEEK'S

17
cable

SPECIALS

CONCERTS

THE EAGLES. Monday, April 2 at 11:30.

DUKE UNIVERSITY JAZZ ENSEMBLE SPRING CONCERT with special guests Kevin Eubanks on Jazz guitar and David Eubanks on bass guitar. Tuesday, April 3 at 4:00.

MOVIES

THE SILVER STREAK, starring Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor. Wednesday, April 4 at 9:00 and 11:30. Thursday, April 5 at 4:00.

INTERVIEWS

WILLIAM RODGERS. Founder of the British Social Democratic Party. Wednesday, April 4 at 5:30.

SHERE HITE. Author of *The Hite Report on Sexuality* Thursday, April 5 at 11:30.

SPECIAL PROGRAMS

THE FUQUA FOLLIES. A Musical-Variety Show featuring the Fuqua Business Students. Sunday, April 8 at 4:00.

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Deadline for Reservations April 9th

Make Reservations in Chapel basement daily 9-4 or send to
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Chicken magnate hired

CHICKEN from page 14

I didn't do much of anything. That's what Tattoo [Moore] and Roth were there for — to do the work. It's their fault, not mine." Roth responded to Mick's comments. "Johnny and I did all the dirty work. We were the guys who covered water polo and fencing. Mick had limited responsibilities, and he just couldn't handle them."

Reached at his Guess Rd. franchise, Rinaldi was ecstatic. "Tom [Parkay] approached me and said, 'Pete, take care of the chicken business [TCB] in my press room.' As much as I love Duke, I told him it would be an honor. Besides, there are some mighty big bellies in search of a free meal waiting to be fed at halftime."

The possessors of some of the aforementioned bellies expressed delight at the thought of Rinaldi catering media events.

"I've spent countless millions buying Pete's food," said Elson Armstrong, Jr., former sports editor of the Carolina Times. "Getting it for free will be terrific!"

Local freelance writer Jimbo Furlong agreed with Big Elson. "Pete's fried chicken aces the hell out of dinner at 'The Pits,' even though you don't get 'all you can eat,'" remarked Furlong.

Former referee turned used car hawk Lou Bello was equally pleased. "Even though Pete stopped giving two biscuits with the 'No. 4,' I still love him like a son. Only Pete's grub could fill an ample gut like mine," chuckled Bello.

The laid-back Mickie apparently will be moved to the Duke Medical Center, where he will be in charge of the hospital newsletter. Commented the ever-energetic EX-SID, "It'll come out about twice a year."



THE CHICKEN/THE CHOMICLE

Chicken magnate Pete Rinaldi assures Iron Dukes that he will be an excellent sports information director in a recent game at historically out-of-the-way Jack Coombs Field.

Duke fans make me puke

DUKE from page 11

Conference, 22-3 overall.

"But that's no reason to forfeit the damn game. Our team was ready to go. This just proves that there's a double standard in this league. If it had been anybody but Carolina, the game would have gone on."

"I'm just sorry for our seniors that they couldn't play in their last Duke game," said UNC coach Dean "Bignose" Smith, a man of distinction who runs a classy program and who is the best coach in the history of the game. "Something like this would never happen at Carolina. You writers remember that."

The fans' behavior?

Sad support.

Sick support.

But not a true story.

Actually, none of this happened. I wasn't even there. I was home watching the Bullets and the Knicks on the tube, having a few

brews, and trying to come up with a column idea for today's paper. Since I didn't get into Duke when I applied, I decided to really stick it to the students there, blowing their actions all out of proportion and triggering a national media crusade against their behavior.

Duke won the game, I think. I don't know for sure. My hangover Sunday morning was so bad that I couldn't read the newspaper and check the scores. Listen, I've got a wife and kids. I have to come up with something controversial to write about and put some dinner on the table, if you know what I mean.

I didn't mean any harm, I just wanted to write something I could send with my application to the National Enquirer. Come on, Duke, forgive and forget, all right?

Ken Dungslinger is supposedly a sports writer for the Washington Post, but nobody is really sure.



MARILYN BARNETT/THE CHOMICLE

It's raining girls

Washed-up tennis star Billie Jean "Queen" King in a candid pose.

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Pose with a Stroh's Official Rules

1. To enter, submit a photograph (B&W or color) of a scene that you feel best depicts the "Pose with a Stroh's" theme. Slides and transparencies not accepted.
2. No purchase necessary to enter.
3. Print your name, address and zip code on the official entry form or on a plain piece of paper. Attach the entry form to the back of the photograph and mail your entry to the address shown.
4. You may enter as often as you like but each entry must be mailed separately.
5. All entries will be judged on the following basis: originality 0-50 pts., relevance to theme 0-40 pts., photographic technique 0-10 pts.
6. Prize winners will be selected by the local distributor in each market area, based on the previously stated criteria.
7. All entries become the property of The Stroh Brewery Company with all rights, including the right to edit, publish and use any photo without further consideration of payment to the entrant. No correspondence about entries will be entered into, nor will photos be acknowledged or returned.
8. Before receiving a prize, each winner must warrant their age and that they have full rights to the photograph.
9. The contest is open to U.S. residents, except employees and their families of The Stroh Brewery Company, its affiliates, advertising and promotion agencies, wholesalers and retailers. Void where prohibited by law.
10. All federal, state and local regulations apply. Taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners.
11. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in the state of their residence as of January 1st, 1983.

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